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AND THE

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NO LATITUDE NOR LONGITUDE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM to-day enters upon the twenty-first year of publication, and the forty-first volume. With the new volume we make a change in the day of publication. Hereafter the paper will be put to press on Tuesday of each week instead of on Wednesday, as heretofore. The change, which has been prompted by the growth of our support in the West and South, is intended to give a larger circle of readers the advantage of receiving the paper in the week of publication, and may be taken as a further step in our aim to make the journal more fully than ever before national in scope, character, interest and influence.

From the beginning we have not asked nor claimed subscribers for the FOREST AND STREAM as representing any one particular section or division of the country. We have never appealed to sectional pride nor sought to batten on sectional prejudices. In our discussion of the topics of the time, in our attitude toward the questions of the day, we have never been influenced by considerations of the points of the compass, nor of latitude or longitude. Our sympathies have been continent-wide. Our ambition has been to make this in the widest, truest, most liberal sense, an American journal for American readers. The ambition has in a gratifying degree been fulfilled.

If any justification or demonstration of the wisdom of this broad editorial policy were required, it would be found in the measure of the paper's standing in those sections which have had their own particular, self-constituted, no-trespass-here organs. For instance, FOREST AND STREAM has a larger circulation, a more appreciative reading, a livelier interest, a more genuine respect and a more powerful influence in Chicago and the West, than may be credited to any other journal of its class.

In this year of celebrations of discovery and adventure and conquest, Columbus-wise we have set our caravels to the Westward. There is no near-by point nor corner most remote where the FOREST AND STREAM is not read. There is no section set off by circles and parallels where it is not destined to become still more widely known in 1893.

If all the big bears and big snakes and big fish reported by the papers to have been started for the World's Fair have reached their destination, the nations of the earth will have a chance to see what we can do in the way of bigness in fur and feathers and fish scales. The FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit shows Mrs. Stagg's record-smashing tarpon, and if it had been practicable to secure the space required we should have shown "the big fish that got away," the most interesting exhibit, it is needless to remark, of the Angling Pavilion.

TWENTY YEARS OF BIG-GAME HUNTING.

THE history of big game hunting in the West for the past twenty years shows a constant decrease in the amount of game and a constant diminution of the area occupied by wild animals. The hammer blows that drove the spikes in the first railway across the continent knelled the extermination of wild game and wild Indians alike. This first railroad furnished a market for the flesh and hides of the game of the region which it traversed, brought in a horde of hunters, made the country possible for settlement. Great quantities of game were slaughtered for gain and from lust of blood; vast areas that had been game range became farm land. The wild beasts that were not killed were crowded out from their ancient feeding grounds.

Twenty years ago the extermination of the southern herd of buffalo had been going on for two or three years, and was well on its way toward completion, yet even at that time these animals were still often to be seen in the valley of the Platte River in Nebraska, and were abundant on the Republican in Kansas, and over much of the Indian Territory. North of the Platte they were yet found in the Loups, and from those streams north, to far beyond the British line. In that year they occurred as far east in Nebraska as the mouth of the Cedar River.

Twenty years ago elk were still to be found in Iowa though they were not very plenty there even then. But all through Dakota and Nebraska they were very abundant. In August, 1873, there were hundreds of them near the mouth of the Cedar River, a tributary of the Loup, where deer of both species were very abundant. This region has long been settled, is traversed by railroads and is a prosperous farming country. There is probably not a wild deer within one hundred miles of the place to-day, nor a wild elk within four hundred. In June, 1874, the command of Gen. G. A. Custer set out for the then unknown Black Hills of Dakota. During the expedition the only human beings seen that did not belong to the command were hostile Sioux Indians. In the Black Hills deer were most abundant. Every little open park that one entered contained a few, and they were constantly seen in the timber. It was estimated that in a single day the command killed 100 deer. On the plains from Fort Lincoln west, antelope were always in sight. On several occasions bands of them which tried to cross from one side of the command to the other ran through the marching column. When the Little Missouri was crossed many mountain sheep were seen in the Bad Lands. Elk were killed in the hills. The Black Hills is now a country of mines and farms.

Twenty years ago mountain sheep abounded on most of the rough peaks in the Western mountains, as well as on the rugged buttes and Bad Lands far out on the plains. The range of the species extended from mountains whose bases were washed by the Pacific Ocean, east through the mountain country to the plains. Outlying spurs of the Continental Divide, like the Sweetgrass Hills, Bear Paw, Little Rocky, Judith and other mountains were their favorite haunts, but perhaps nowhere were they more abundant than in the wonderful Bad Lands of the Missouri River and along the pine-clad buttes of the Yellowstone. Naturalists and hunters who were with General Sturgis's expedition of 1873, or who journeyed among the Bad Lands of the Missouri and the Little Missouri in that and subsequent years well remember their abundance and the noble pictures they presented as they watched the passing batteaux or steamboats from their lofty perches on the bluffs. To-day a man has to go far and climb high to secure a shot at a mountain sheep. It is probable that in the United States moose, caribou and white goats are nearly as abundant now as they were twenty years ago. What has been lost for the first two species in the West has been gained in the East—in Maine. Only within the last ten years have white goats begun to be hunted, and the labor attending their pursuit is so very arduous that their extermination will not be speedily accomplished.

Twenty years ago the good hunting grounds of the West extended from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. Of course game was not to be found at any time all over the region, but it would be found at some time of the year almost anywhere. Even then there were a few places where it no longer ranged. In the few settlements then existing it did not occur. One did not expect to find mountain sheep or elk in the streets of Salt Lake or Denver. And there was often a belt of gameless country a few miles back from the railroad. Yet we have seen antelope race through the streets of Cheyenne, have killed elk within half a dozen miles of Bozeman, and have had the railway train on which we were riding stopped to let the buffalo herds cross the track.

To-day the hunting grounds for big game in the West are scarcely found on the Atlantic watershed, except in the immediate vicinity of the National Park. In Montana there are a few sheep, deer and goats. In Wyoming and in Colorado some elk, sheep and deer. In the year 1877, in the bend of the North Platte River, in the Shirley Basin, Wyoming, elk were still as abundant as perhaps they have been anywhere during the last forty years. During a long day's travel on foot we have passed through continuous bands of feeding elk, which scarcely troubled themselves to move out of the way. Deer were seen as often as elk, but in smaller groups. Either species was too abundant to be counted, but a fairly good shot who wished to make a record as a butcher could easily have killed in that day 100 elk. A few years later, an English hunting party discovered the country and marked its trail by a line of rotting carcasses of cows and calves which were never touched by the knife, and served merely to fatten the bears. Later still, the ranchmen from Colorado took to coming here for their winter's meat, and in the last five years there probably have not been five elk killed in that country. They have been exterminated.

North Park, Colorado, was twenty years ago another ideal hunting ground, abounding in deer, elk, antelope, bear, mountain sheep, beaver and bison. It was one of the regions of which the old time hunters and trappers always spoke with enthusiasm, and ranked with Jackson's Hole, Brown's Hole, Estes Park and a hundred other secluded nooks in the mountains, which had then been penetrated only by a few adventurous spirits. Now cattle, mines, farms—yes even summer hotels and perhaps tennis courts—occupy the ground where the antelope fed and the beaver trapper camped.

As the great game of the West grows more scarce the rapidity of its extermination will decrease. In the roughest timbered ranges a few elk and deer will long survive. There is much hope, too, in the growth of public sentiment in favor of the protection of these species, which has been fostered by the teachings of FOREST AND STREAM. This sentiment was never so strong as it is to-day, and the seed sown by this journal has yielded an abundant harvest. To-day the land is full of men earnest for game protection, each one of whom is doing his share to influence public sentiment. True it is that the heathen are still many when compared with the elect, yet there is a generous leaven of worthy sentiment which is constantly growing. Of all the signs of the times perhaps the most hopeful that we see is the setting apart by the Government of generous forest reservations in different parts of the West. The Yellowstone Park we have always with us, and the vast increase of game within its borders in the last twenty years shows plainly enough to any comprehension what protection will do for a limited area. If the forest preserves which have been set apart within the last two or three years shall be guarded as efficiently as the National Park has been, there is no reason why any important species of America's great game should ever be absolutely exterminated. Such protection will render each one of these reservations a preserve abounding in game, whose overflow, passing beyond reservation boundaries into the adjacent country, will furnish splendid hunting for generations of rifle-bearing Americans. All that is required to bring this about is systematic and thorough protection of these forest reserves. There have been times within the past ten years when it has seemed as if the next generation could use the rifle only at the target, but the events of the last few years seem to promise better things, and it may be that the American of the future may yet be able to follow through forest and over mountain the track of the big game, and may bring it to bag with the weapon used by the pioneers of his race.

MR. LOUIS BAGGER, the well-known rifleman and sometime contributor to this journal, has been elevated to the Knighthood of his native country, Denmark, by King Christian the Ninth, who has conferred upon him the royal Order of Dannebrog, one of the oldest and most highly-prized orders in the world. Mr. Bagger, who has for many years represented the Kingdom of Denmark as Consul at Washington, is an ardent sportsman, an expert in firearms, and the owner of one of the largest and finest private collections of guns in this country.

DANVIS FOLKS.—VIII.

The Paring Bee.

ON the evening appointed for the entertainment the full moon was seen, but as a pale and dimly defined blotch behind the gray veil of cloud that overspread the sky and blended with the vague rim of the horizon.

There was a dull, sullen chill in the air, which was motionless in the expectancy wherewith nature so often awaits her changes. The night was jarred by the rumble of wagons jolting over the frozen roads and pierced by the merry voices of coming guests.

Some of these were occupants of the wagons, above whose rumble and clatter they strove to make each other heard between abrupt breaks of the thread of conversation when a wheel struck a stone or dropped into a rut. Some were coming across the fields on foot in couples and squads, but it was noticeable that the couples emerged from the half gloom before their voices were heard, while the gabble and laughter of the groups ran far before them to herald their coming.

Beams of light shone hospitably forth from every window of the kitchen and square room, and the heavy latch clanked and the door slammed announcement of the frequent arrivals.

The women folks came forth from the bedroom, where they had bestowed their hoods and shawls and cloaks on Huldah's bed, each with an apron shielding the front of her tidy calico or homespun woolen gown. The men hung their coats on the pegs of the kitchen wall and became comfortable in their accustomed indoor shirt sleeves.

Soon pans and knives were brought forth, bushel baskets of apples lugged in, chairs drawn into convenient groups, and the business of the evening began.

Tom Hamlin and another almost as famous an apple parer, bestrode their machines, placed on the seats of high-backed chairs, and entered upon such a strife for the championship that the clattering din of their clumsily-geared machines was almost incessant, and the parings spurting from their knives in curved jets, were scarcely broken in the quick shifting of the apples on the forks. Presently a dozen pairs of hands were busy quartering the peeled apples, as many more were coring them, while others strung them with wire needles on long strings of pack thread for drying.

Every one except Tom Hamlin and his rival was talking, and almost every voice strove to make itself heard above every other and the deafening clatter of the machines. Some couples with heads close together utilized the uproar to say things meant for no other ears.

In the center of an interested group, Uncle Lisha, splitting apples with his shoe knife, roared like a lion concerning the wonders of the West, and to as interested a feminine audience, Aunt Jerusha quavered shrilly of the discomforts of Western life while she industriously strung the quarters of apples in her pan.

"Fifty an' a hundred acres in one field o' wheat an' the hull on 't as level as the Forge Pawnd," Uncle Lisha shouted.

"Ten miled tu the nighest store," shrieked his wife to her group of listeners, "an' when you got to 't, the tea an' snuff they kept wan't wuth a kerrying hum, though goodness knows they ast enough for 'em. Land sakes! how be I goin' to git a pinch of snuff, wi' boths my han's in these ere apples?"

"Jest look o' Mandy Varney," cried a buxom damsel to those around her. "She haint done nothin' only chank every identicle quarter she's cored, an' listen to that Jim Putnam, sence she sod daown. Wonder ef she thinks it's a sparkin' bee steaddy a parin' bee?"

"What s'pose the reason is, the' haint none o' Cap'n Peck's folks come?" inquired another high-keyed voice, to which a middle-aged matron answered, with a backward toss of the head, while she kept her eyes rigidly fixed upon her apple and knife, "Proberbly the're 'bove goin' to such common duins, naow 't he's sot in the Leegislatur. Ef 't was 'fore 'lection the'd all ha' come fast 'nough."

"They du say 'at on the stren'th on 't she's ben tu V'gennes an' bought a hull set o' flowin' blue dishes. Clapham hadn't nothin' quite good enough for a member o' the Leegislatur's wife," cried another.

"Highty tighty," said the elder matron, "an' there be them 'at haint so turrible old that remember when the hull fam'ly eat the' puddin' an' milk aouten braown airthenware bowls, an' glad 'nough to get 'em." Even Danvis was not without its social jealousies.

"Suthin' ben a ketchin' Joel Bartlett's sheep," announced one of a knot of married men, who, assembled apart from their wives, were not laboring very assiduously. "Some thinks it's dawgs an' some thinks it's a animil."

"'Taint no ways likely it's a bear," another remarked, "the time o' the year 's agin that. But it might be a painter."

"Wal, no, I don't favor the idee, 'cause the' was ten or a dozen sheep 't was killed aout an' aout; jest the' thrut cut. A painter wouldn't ha' killed more 'n one or two, an' sati'fied hisself a eatin' the meat. Haint thatso, Samwil?" appealing to their host, who had come within call as he moved from group to group to see that each was properly provided for.

"I cal'late it's a wolf," he said, "from what I've hearn tell o' their duins. More 'n all that, I've consaited all the fall 'at the' was one a hangin' raound, for I've seen signs 'at I couldn't lay to no other critter. But if he don't make himself scase 'fore many hours, I reckon we'll have a chance to find aout what he is, for if it don't snow before mornin' I miss my guess."

"I'm a goin' aout tu take a look o' the weather jest fer greens," said one of the party, rising with a sigh of relief and dropping his pan in his chair. After an absence which must have enabled him to make a thorough study of the weather, he re-entered the kitchen so powdered with snow that he did not need to proclaim that "it was snowing like fun."

Many of the company needed further ocular proof of his report and hastened forth to obtain it, while others were content to cool their noses against the window panes and stare out upon the landscape grown more obscure behind the veil of falling snow, all dull and lifeless, but for the candles' weird reflections—unreal lights by which, perhaps, witches were holding carnival. Perhaps it was the hope of beholding them that so long kept some fair cheeks in close proximity to bearded ones.

"If it holds up by morning I'll take a rantomscoot up back o' Joel's and see what tracks I c'n find," Sam said and hurried away as Tom Hamlin, tossing away the last apple and kicking over the empty basket, shouted, "Fetch on your apples ef you want 'em skinned."

So with unflagging zeal and unabated clamor of voices, and clatter of implements and machines, the work went on till half a dozen bushels of apples were on the strings and ready to festoon the kitchen walls and poles that hung from hooks in the ceiling, and the welcome announcement was made that the labor of the evening was over.

"Now then," said Sam, making his way with careful steps across the floor, slippery with scattered skins and cores, "we'll clear up the thickest o' this mess and then we'll see ef aour womern folks has saved any cold victuals for us. I believe I saw some cold 'taters in the buttry an' I do' know but the's some o' Drive's johnny cake left."

But before the floor was cleaned, a dozen girls must try for their lover's initials with apple parings whirled thrice above their heads and cast over the right shoulder to the floor behind them.

"Wal, fer all the world," cried Amanda Varney, blushing as red as the apple peeling she just cast behind her, and was now regarding with surprised delight, "ef it haint a perfeck P."

"It might be most anything," said Mary Ann Jones, who in the early evening had called attention to Amanda's flirtation.

"'Twould be good enough ef you'd ha' made it," said Amanda, "I'll leave it tu Uncle Lisher ef 'taint a good P," as the old man drew near the circle widened to admit him.

"Yes," he said, after adjusting his spectacles and critically examining the initial. "It's julluk handwriting. But it don't stan' fer Putnam ner fer Peggs. It's tew long and lank. Guess it stands fer Peltier. Come here, Peltier."

The young man, who was moping in a corner, made his way toward them. "It 'pears tu be p'inted by fortin 'at you've got tu dance 'long wi' Mandy. Naow, you be ready tu take your place wi' her soon's we get suthin' tu eat." Then whispering into his ear like a blast of northeast wind, "Naow du try tu shake some o' the sorrow aout o' your heart when th' dancin' begins."

"Gosh, Uncle Lisher," said Pelatiah, aghast at the plan and casting a hopeless glance upon his big boots. "I can't dance no more 'n a thirty-foot ladder."

"Wal, 'f you haint got the tools, I do' know who hes, an' you've got tu use 'em if I hafter yard ye top o' the hot stove. Come, gals, le's get things sot tu rights so 't we c'n eat an' git tu the real business o' the evenin'."

Then the guests, ranged along the walls of the kitchen and square room, were amply served with Huldah's doughnuts, pies and cheese, and Sam's cider received its usual compliments.

Then the young people engaged in romping games, the Needle's Eye, wherein every one who could sing and every one who could not, sang, or tried to sing at the top of their voices:

"The needle's eye, that doth soffy the thread that runs so true,
It has caught many a smiling lass and naow it has caught yeou!"

or with a volume and zest that would have pleased Gran'ther Hill more than the melody, "We're marching onward tow-ard Quebec." In every game the forfeits were invariably kisses, given and paid in the simplest and most direct manner, or when so decreed, in the contortions of a "double and twisted Loddy massy." The movements of another popular game were timed to the words of, "Come, Philander, le's be a marchin'." The elders looked on in amused toleration, while a few joined the young folks' games only to be reminded by grudgingly paid forfeits, that the freshness of youth had departed from their wrinkled cheeks.

"Come," at last cried Uncle Lisha, who by tacit consent assumed the office of master of ceremonies, "you young folks orter be abaout cl'yed wi' bussin' an' we ol' folks has eat saour grapes long 'nough, so les' all turn tu an' hev a leetle sensible enj'yment a dancin'. Where's thet aire leetle fiddler."

"He haint come anigh," Sam answered. "He promised he'd come sartin sure, but I'm most afraid he's run agin a snag tu Hamner's 'at he won't git clear on 'fore mornin'. It's tew tarnal bad."

"Well, that's a pretty how de do," said the old man, "but we won't be cheated aout'n aour dancin' by one drunken fiddler. Tom Hamlin, 'd ye fetch you jewsharp in your pocket? er can you dig one up, Samwil?" Tom "hedn't never thought on 't," nor could Sam find the only instrument upon which he ever played.

"Wal, then, I've got tu sing, which I'll make you hear me, ef I don't charm none. Chuse your pardners naow or never an' form ont' the floor. Come, Peltier, git Mandy and stan' up to the dough dish."

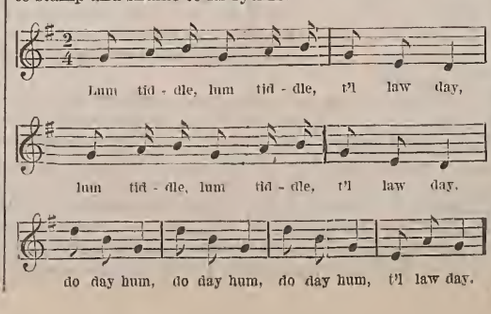
Pelatiah hung back bashfully till Amanda, seeing her rival, Mary Ann, led out by Putnam, blushing with vexation, met him more than half way, and he found his unwilling feet taking him to his place in the waiting ranks.

"All ready. Naow I'm goin' tu sing," shouted Uncle Lisha, and began to roar in stentorian tones:

"Lum tiddle, lum tiddle, t'l law day,
Lum tiddle——

"Good airth an' seas! Why don't ye start yer hommels? D' ye s'pose I'm goin' tu set an' holler all night for you tu stan' an' gawp julluk tew rows o' stancheled calves?"

Thus adjured the first couple paddled and sailed down the middle, when he again took up his wordless song and twenty-four pairs of feet, impatient for their turn, began to stamp and shuffle to its rythm:



Antoine, sitting by Uncle Lisha, and attempting to catch the time in snatches of undertone, played an imaginary fiddle and pranced time with both feet after the Canadian fashion, evidently considering himself the chief performer.

The dancers quickly caught the inspiration of well-meant, if unmelodious, strains and whirled and capered in perfect abandonment to their influence. Even Pelatiah's bashfulness melted away in the excitement and he made wild rushes at wrong moments and in wrong directions, which involved him and his partner in bewildering entanglement with other couples.

"Turn yer pardener half way raound,
Lum tiddle, lum tiddle, t'l law day,
Half way raound, half way raound, do day hum, t'l law day."

Uncle Lisha sang at him vociferously, and Antoine chimed in with, "Turn yo' pahdny wrong side aout," to Pelatiah's complete bewilderment. Then young Putnam, striving to outdo his own agile steps, as he pranced down the middle with Mary Ann Jones, slipped on a fragment of apple peel and fell headlong, plowing his way along a rank of dancers and turning a furrow of them on top of himself. Uncle Lisha still sang on, his voice rising above the din of shrieks and laughter, till it dawned upon him that no one was dancing and his music was being poured forth to no purpose.

In the lull that presently succeeded the confusion the company became aware of the notes of a fiddle, whence coming no one could conjecture, faintly yet distinctly playing the familiar air of "Money Musk." While all breathlessly listened, some puzzled and some breathless, superstitiously alarmed, Solon Briggs oracularly voiced the prevailing feeling in a solemn, awe-stricken tone:

"That fiddle haint performed by no livin' han's. Watson Parmer has pairished, mis'rable, in the element of the snow, and his speerit has come to fulfill his 'pintment made to Samule. It's Watson Parmer's indivisible apperagotion."

"Beeswax," cried John Dart, listening at the open door. "Go to thunder wi' yer speerits. It's someb'dy in the woodshed. Gimme a light an' I'll see who 't is."

Taking a candle and protecting it with his hollowed hand, he made his way to the woodshed, followed by the bolder of the company, close at his heels, the more timid crowding one another in the rear, where the light of the open door mistily illumined the falling snow. Under cover of the shed, and held high above Dart's head, the candle struggled with the gloom till it disclosed a dismally comic little figure crouched in a limp heap, with its back against a barrel, its disproportionately long legs looped over the bar of a saw horse on which it had attempted to seat itself. The snow-laden hat had fallen over the face, and the short body was hidden by the fiddle which the owner was playing with a skill that had survived inebriation, while in a thin and drunken voice he prompted the movements of a country dance.

"Firsh cou'le. Daow' er mi'le. Balansh. Daow' a rou' shide."

"Wal, I swan," Dart ejaculated, "'f 't aint sperits, arter all. Hamner's, inside o' Wat Parmer. Hamner 'd ortu be kicked tu death by cripples for a-lettin' on him git so. Wat," taking the hat from the fiddler's face, shaking the snow from it and adjusting it in its proper place, "don't be a-wastin' your music on the wood pile. You can't get no dancin' aout on 't. Come int' the haouse."

But the hunchback's face, vacant of everything save its habitual expression of pain, only stared blindly into space and the merry tune went on.

"You might as well talk tu a post. Take a holt o' the light, some on ye," and giving the candle into other hands, he got behind the little man, and placing his arms under the limp legs, lifted him as easily as one might a child, and in such a position the playing of the violin was not interrupted and so, preceded by the candle-bearer, bore him into the house. As they entered, Palmer's drunken fancy moved him to strike up, "The Campbells are Coming."

"The camels is comin'," cried Beau Putnam, "Don't ye see the hump?"

"Shut yer head, you blasted monkey," Dart growled so savagely that the grin faded out of Putnam's face, and the laugh that his coarse jest created died out in a suppressed titter.

"Here's your music, Lovel," Dart announced, as he deposited his light burden on a chair, "the best fiddler in Charlotte county. He's a leetle mite tired jest naow, but when he gets rested he'll set all your feet flyin' in spite of ye. Mis' Lovel, won't ye give him a cup o' tea, hot an'. strong?"

When the little man had been somewhat restored to his proper self he tuned his violin and then drew from it such blithe and melodious strains that all forgot his deformity. Even he, with loving eyes fixed upon his instrument, his worn face alight with a tender emotion that softened the lines which pain and dissipation had drawn upon it, seemed for the time also to have forgotten it.

Uncle Lisha, relieved of his musical labors, abandoned himself to the pleasures of the dance with a grace and agility that filled Aunt Jerusha's heart with pride, albeit they were such as a sportive bear exhibits. Antoine was given the floor for a while, as, to a tune of his own choosing, he danced a Canadian jig. Every one was a wide-awake and active participant in the gayety except the baby and the old hound, the one sleeping, undisturbed by the noise and commotion, whereof the other was a resigned but unhappy spectator under the circumscribed shelter of the stove.

When the dance ended, and the guests, even now acknowledging no fatigue, began to depart, the morning star was shining through the breaking clouds and the day was faintly dawning upon a world whose new whiteness looked strange to eyes that last beheld it dun and gray with the dreariness of late autumn.

"Naow fetch on that leetle fiddler," John Dart commanded when he had tucked his Sarah Ann snugly in the buffalo skins. "I'm a goin' tu get him safte past Hamner's ef I hafter lock him up in his fiddle box. We wanter keep him for another apple cut. Here, Wat, cuddle in there 'twixt me an' Sary Ann, we're both on us small. Here ye be. Good night, Lovel, ef 'taint tu airly. I'll be on hand ef the's a wolf hunt. G'lang, Bob."

"It's complete trackin' snow," said Sam to a group of hunters who lingered last at his threshold, and he stooped to imprint the snowy banking with his finger, "I'll see what it's got tu tell us an' let you know. Good mornin'."

The wagons moving over the muffled roads, and the

quiet of the sleepy junketers, marked their departure with silence as noticeable as the noise of their coming.

FERRISBURGH, Vt. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

CAMPS ON THE MANITOWISH.—I.

THE smell of the wilderness was beginning to get into my study. The particular wilderness was 500 miles away, but that made no difference. A man with the instinct of a confirmed outer can smell the pine woods further away than that. There was only one thing to disturb my serenity as the day for departure hurried on. I had told some considerable stories on my return from an outing in the Wisconsin wilds a year before, thereby exciting the angling ambitions of some of "the boys," and they had made up a crowd to go with me this time. I believed I had told the truth. All anglers do, of course. But would the fish be as big and fight as hard this summer as they did in my stories during the winter? That was the soul-harrowing question which kept me awake o' nights. But I refrained from hedging and trusted to good fortune to keep my reputation whole.

The party consisted of Tom, Doc, Sam, Ira, Charlie, "Kansas," Mr. M. and the Parson. According to the testimony of the Parson, it would be hard to get together such another aggregation of good fellows.

We went by way of Chicago, the gateway to the finest fishing country in the nation. Leaving Chicago at 5 P.M. Monday evening, Aug. 15, we were whirled 400 miles north that night on a road which will do anything to accommodate sportsmen, the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western, reaching Manitowish at 6 o'clock in the morning. At one of the three or four houses we succeeded in getting breakfast. Our plan was to take boats and go down the Manitowish River. It was an unknown country for which we were making. Only one party had ever preceded us, so far as we could learn, and they had hurried down the Manitowish and up the Turtle without fishing much. Only Indians and woods cruisers had fished the waters toward which we were turning.

The Parson had tried his hand at boat building. He had brought along the result in what looked like a bundle of boards. Tom volunteered to help him set it up on the depot platform, growling some and predicting the thing would never fit together. Tom was right; after a struggle of an hour or so with the stubborn thing the remains were pitched aside and the Parson's ambitions as a boat builder were shattered. About 10 o'clock we got our stuff and ourselves, with two guides, Ed and Frank, into three boats and two birch bark canoes. The wind was dead against us, that is for the first few rods. After that it came from all directions, for the stream is as crooked as the letter S. It is not more than 15yds. wide at the railroad bridge, and sportsmen crossing on the cars can hardly guess at the sport which it yields a few miles further down.

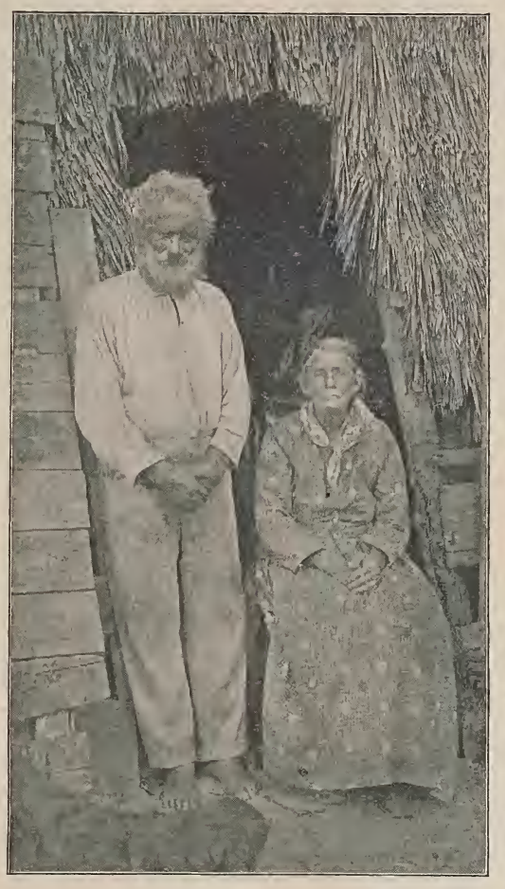
We were eager to wet our lines and had jointed our rods for a cast at the first likely spot. And right here we made a mistake; the fishing is not good above Bear Creek. Tom and I got off first and soon began to toss our frogs into the deep holes. These were so frequent that by dinner time we had made only about three miles and had caught only a half dozen fish in the whole crowd. But Sam produced a basket which his wife had filled for our first day out. There is a great deal of consolation in such a dinner as that basket turned out for the hungry crowd. "Mrs. Sam" was instantly made an honorary member of the expedition. During the afternoon the fishy looking places grew more abundant, but the frogs on which we depended for bait were scarce. The log drive two months earlier had driven them out, so the guides thought.

It was almost dark when we reached the mouth of Bear Creek, said to be ten miles from the railroad. It seemed considerably further to us. The boys were already pretty badly frazzled, and we had not accomplished one-fourth of our journey. There was a subdued air about the crowd as they climbed up to the high point of ground opposite Bear Creek and pitched one of our tents. Here loggers have camped for years and the Indians pitched their tepees time out of mind. We soon had our first camp-fire blazing and ferns cut and strewn on the tent floor for a bed. This was the best stuff at hand, as there was no balsam near us. Indeed there are better things for a bed in the woods than balsam boughs according to my way of thinking. I, of course, am a heretic in this, for it is a cardinal point of faith with the ordinary outer that the balsam bed is a great luxury. I think I know how to make it as well as any man, but have never found it half so soft as the six or eight inches of moss and mold to be found covering the ground of the North Woods where no fire has swept through to destroy it. Spread a rubber coat and a blanket down on this and it beats balsam and wire mattresses. Next to it a good armful of swamp grass well dried makes a good couch for tired fisherman or weary hunter. Last of all take balsam boughs and imagine yourself comfortable.

After supper we began to feel a little more cheerful, and the incidents of the day were recounted. Only 13 fish had been caught. Seven of these had fallen victims to Tom's rod and mine, and one of them was a muscalunge, not a large one, but big enough to begin with. I had seen a young duck go sailing down the stream, and was watching, gun in hand, for it to rise and give me a shot. Tom was raising a vigorous ash breeze. My frog was twisting along a few yards from the boat, when the 'lunge made a grab for the batrachian and my reel began to sing the liveliest tune I had heard for a year. The duck was forgotten, and after a sharp but lively battle the fish was brought in. Mr. M. had caught the first fish, a wall-eyed pike. The evening was warm and the mosquitoes began to give us a cordial reception. They did not seem to remember that we were strangers and might resent the familiarity of their conduct. They pressed their attentions upon us still more warmly after we crawled into the tent. A thunderstorm came up and one terrific clap lifted every mother's son of us, except Tom, who was sleeping peacefully with his head wrapped in his blanket. Tom and the mosquitoes attended strictly to business through all the crashing of the elements. The rest of us tossed about till daylight delivered us from this purgatory.

The next morning we were off by 7 o'clock bound for the unknown. A lively skirmish along the shore now and then would yield us a few frogs—the best all-around bait for Wisconsin waters. A Skinner No. 5 spoon is about the right size for trolling, and with a half or three-quarters grown frog attached makes a killing bait. I have long since ceased to fish these waters with a bare spoon. With the frog, or even a good-sized minnow attached, the number of strikes is largely increased.

The morning was bright and hope was high. We began to appreciate the beauty of the stream. The bottom is everywhere a golden yellow sand. The sun shining on the surface ripples covered the sandy bottom with waving masses of delicate, tangled shadows. It looked like intricate lace work done in threads of silver upon cloth of gold. In half an hour from our start the river plunged into the woods, and the wonder is that with all its twistings and turnings it does not get lost. The boats were soon scattered along the river, stopping here and there to fish a little. The guides were paddling the two canoes, and we found them about the middle of the forenoon cutting out a log jam. Ed's ax soon cut through one log which keyed the others in place and an opening was made wide enough for our boats to go through with a rush. About noon we passed the first and worst rapids. Just here Mr. M. had a fine battle with a small-mouth, a three-pounder. Tom and I watched the contest with admiration. Kansas and Mr. M. were in a boat together. They did not say much but it was manifest from their faces that they were feeling deeply. The fish never sulked for a moment but kept up a steady tug accented with plunges and darts and jumps and dives which made plenty of excitement for us all, until he lay panting in the boat. Below the rapids, always a good place to fish on these Northern streams, we caught several bass and wall-eyed pike and then stopped for dinner, when Ed and Frank called from the bank that all was ready. The amount of creation which we moved at that meal would have impoverished the larder of a fair-sized hotel. We were beginning to find our appetites, which were among the things we had come half a thousand miles to hunt up.



THE OLD SETTLER OF PANTHER KEY.

Born in 1781. From a photo in 1893.

See "To the Ten Thousand Islands," page 16.

As we started down stream again, Tom and I began to talk over the situation. It was evident we would not get through that night. As the afternoon wore on we resolved to push on as fast as possible and keep the boats going as late as possible. Doc, Sam and Charlie got their dander up. They thought we were trying to run a race and they spurted ahead. We kept pushing them hard, though they kept well in advance. As we stopped just before the sun dropped out of sight and selected a camping place, the crowd looked rather weary. It had been a long day, and the guides thought it was at least six miles yet to the mouth of a creek up which we had planned to go to reach a chain of lakes which had never been fished. I had expected a hard trip, but this was proving rather tougher than I had looked for. By the time we had the tents up some of the boys began to growl a little. I could not blame them much. The bloodthirsty mosquitoes were biting them, their muscles were sore, and they could not forget that sometime or other they must pull back again up that interminable stream. Supper was a solemn meal. The night grew rapidly cool. That proved fatal to our little tormentors with long bills and soprano voices. Indeed, we were little troubled with them from that time on. It was mid-August, but the nights were so cold that no man had any blankets to lend. As we gathered about the camp-fire, Doc gave us some of his army experiences, and they were vastly entertaining. A rare man he is in camp, full of good nature, making the best out of everything.

Tom and I were the last to put oars in the water, the next morning. After catching a lively 2lbs. bass and losing a good sized muscalunge in the first bend, we hurried on to find Doc, Sam and Charlie with their boat resting against a snag in mid-stream, and each of them playing a fish. One landing net was not enough for that boat for awhile. They had struck one of the best pike holes we found on the river. These fish lurk under any logs or brush that may lie near the bottom of the stream. They dart out from these hiding places and will often strike a spoon with all the savageness of a 'lunge. They are hard to hook, and after being played about for awhile will slip off. Their mouths are hard and not easily pierced with the barbed steel. They are vigorous fighters while their strength lasts, but they are soon tuckered. The boys had already forgotten the woes of the downward voyage in the joys of successful fishing.

We found the mouth of the creek was only about a mile below our camp of the previous night. But Kansas and Mr. M. had gone by it, and while we waited one of the guides hurried down the river a couple of miles to bring them back. The only consolation they had for their extra pull was the sight of a big buck and doe which came out on the river bank, not 50yds. off, and stood looking at them.

The creek was too shallow for rowing. There were not enough hip boots in the crowd to furnish one apiece, so there was nothing to do but to jump into the water and wade. We managed to get soaking wet above the knees, but no one seemed to mind that. At home such an adventure would have given us all the pneumonia, but we felt no ill effects from the wetting. The creek swarmed with frogs, and we laid in a supply of a hundred or so. Charlie got ahead with a gun and knocked down a brace of young ducks. We saw nothing but local ducks during our stay. The flight ducks from the far North begin to come into the rice beds of northern Wisconsin about Sept. 1. About a mile up the creek we came to a dam where we portaged and found ourselves at Fishhook Lake. The wind was blowing great guns as we came out on to the lake. But we worked our way over to the north shore and found a pretty camping place. That evening Sam and I took a turn around the lake after the tents were up. The water was black with tannin—unlike the clear water of the northern lakes. The dam has backed the water up among the brush, and this is probably the cause of its being so impregnated with the tannin. If there were any fish in it we did not find it out. One stray little pike ran against Sam's spoon. We concluded it was purely accident on his part. He probably didn't see the spoon in the black water in time to get away.

That night we had a royal time in camp. We built up a roaring fire and every fellow was put through his best paces as a story-teller. It developed that we had a fair quartette in the crowd, and it exhausted its repertoire over and over again as the evenings went by, even down to scraps and snatches of old half-forgotten songs.

Diligent attention was given to the rods, for the next day was to be devoted entirely to fishing. Kansas had brought a coffin-like looking chest, awkward enough to have in the boats, but a capital thing now when he began to open its trays and tills and corners, stocked with everything one could possibly need in rod mending. Several rods had been badly damaged by the big pike in the river, and Kansas looked on good-naturedly while we made a raid on his supplies for repairs.

Fishhook Lake is the most northerly of a system which forms about the only group of unfished lakes in Wisconsin. We were bent on exploring them. The next morning we were early afloat, having sent Ed back to the railroad for mail and bread—a ninety-mile trip. Frank, the Frenchman, stayed behind to row Mr. M. about, but during the day they failed to catch a fish. We pushed into Townline Lake, trying to find Boot Lake to the south by walking through the timber. We traveled by compass, but either the map we had was wrong or we veered from the true course, for no lake could we find. When we had gone stumbling in Indian file through the almost impenetrable swamps for a long time, it fell to my lot to climb a tree, but nothing could be seen to the south but still more impenetrable swamps. Fortunately we had carefully blazed our way or we would have found it hard to get out of the woods. We stumbled our way back to the boats, and consoled ourselves over our failure by the fact that we had not gotten lost. A tenderfoot, lost in those wilds, might about as well hang himself to the first tree, for his chances of getting out would be small indeed. The morning was gone and our long laid plans seemed entirely defeated. W. H. Smith, of Fifield, Wisconsin, an old woods cruiser, had told me wonderful stories of the bass and muscalunge in Boot, Bear's Paw, Loon and Crooked lakes, and we longed to reach them. But we never could have gotten even a birch bark canoe through the woods anyway. The maps showed a little stream coming into Fishhook Lake, but not as having any connection with Boot Lake. We resolved on pushing up this. Within a hundred rods we came to brush so thick that it seemed impossible to go through. Kansas and Sam, however, were not to be turned back. Tom and I were afraid of snagging our birch bark, and Doc and Charlie "didn't believe there was any lake up that pesky little creek, anyway." Once in a while he would yell, and Sam's voice would come back fainter and fainter. Each time, as he answered, it looked as if we were being left behind, so we fought our way through the worst tangle of bushes I ever saw. After a while the creek opened out clear again. On and on we went, led forward by the delusive hope that the next open looking space ahead would prove to be the lake. But no lake appeared. We hated to give up, but finally turned back. We afterward found out that if we had gone a few rods further our eyes would have rested upon what is probably the finest lake in Wisconsin for big small-mouth bass. And Crooked Lake beyond it swarms with big-mouths. Beyond, and a little more to the east, is a chain of small lakes which, from the best information I have, are alive with hard fighting muscalunge of the largest size. Sam says we will reach them next year, and I believe we will.

We returned to camp a little crest-fallen. As explorers we were a little off color. Also a little off on our muscle. Before night fell Mr. M. and I determined not to leave the day an entire blank, went out with Frank to row and enticed three pike into the boat. They must have been lonely. It was a mercy to rescue them. I think they were the only the fish in the lake.

That night the rear column, consisting of Ira and a guide, pulled into camp about an hour after dark. Ira had not been able to start with the rest of us, but by hard rowing the guide had brought him down the river in one day. On the way down, trolling, Ira had caught three fair-sized muscalunge and a small-mouth bass, not bad

for one who was not fishing but just going somewhere. It put us in the notion of going back to the river. What was the use of putting in our good elegant time looking for lost lakes when we could be catching fish? What had we come for anyway? We had blisters and sunburn and perpetually hungry stomachs. What we were pining for was fish. We had had enough to give a fishy flavor to the skillet and that was about all.

Mr. M. and Kansas said they had seen a fine spring about where the deer came out on the river bank and gazed at them. That was another inducement, for the lake water was not good to drink.

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Natural History.

SPITTING SNAKES.—II.

Naja hœmachates of South Africa has so strongly established a reputation, not only of "spitting" venom, but of spitting it into the eye, that it is commonly spoken of as "the spitting snake." This is the *spoek*, or *spoof schlang* of the Dutch colonists, but I am not sure of this adjective *spuik* or *spook*, as each person whom I asked spelt it differently. I can only say that it implies the act of spitting, of which no more need be said than that it is the ejection of venom by the forward dash of the serpent's head in the act of striking. These *Najas* are not very long snakes; and, like the rest of the *Etapidæ*, are slender. Those I have seen rarely exceed 5ft. They are generally black, or with white spots or marks about them. They also expand the neck, cobra-fashion, though in a less degree. Their peculiar characteristics bring them into prominence, rendering them a very frequent, if unwelcome, topic; from the diversity of opinion regarding their manner of biting, the potency of their venom, and their breach of good manners. I allude, of course, to competent authorities and not to popular prejudice.

My paper of May 26 in FOREST AND STREAM last year contained an account of a ringhals (this is its popular vernacular name) "spitting" into the eye of Dr. Greathead, of Grahamstown, Cape Colony. Requesting the opinion of Mr. Trimen, of Cape Town, on this subject, he writes: "The case of Dr. Greathead is a strong one. That snake is much given to this disagreeable habit, and I have on several occasions seen it eject with great force a good deal of saliva when excited, but I have never seen any one hit in the eye. I am not clear whether the actual venom from the gland of the fang is ejected." Roland Trimen, F.R.S.F.Z.S., etc., speaks with the circumspection of a scientific man. He does not say "spit," nor does he say that pure venom is ejected. Mr. Trimen is an accomplished naturalist, the author of a splendid work on "The South African Butterflies," and as Curator of the South African Museum at Cape Town he has an extensive experience of the native fauna.

The ringhals has a small head and short fangs, and I also should doubt whether its glands could contain so much venom as the large quantity of saliva seen to fly from its mouth; but any saliva from the mouth of a snake would cause pain to so sensitive a part as the eye. The Dr. Schonland also mentioned in my former paper has kept these snakes for the purpose of studying them, and he affirms that he has never known anything to be killed by one, and thinks that either they fail to strike or that the venom is feeble. One of his ringhals caught a toad by one leg and in due time swallowed it. After several hours Dr. Schonland saw that the toad was still moving about inside the snake, proving at least that the venom had little effect on the cold-blooded amphibian.

All the authorities agree that this *Naja* is an aggressive and extremely vigilant, active serpent, evincing great ferocity, and when disturbed rearing up with expanded neck prepared to stand on the defensive, or open-mouthed to attack, its venom (or saliva) flowing and often ejected. This is Dr. Andrea Smith's character of it, and confirmed by all more recent experience. The natives dread it more than any other snake, more even than the puff-adder. So much for a vicious and defiant attitude, which would seem to stand it in place of deadly power, since one has not heard of any further harm that it did, excepting the ready spouting of its venom. A gentleman whose life on a farm afforded him ample opportunities for observing snakes, told me that on one occasion, while riding, he disturbed a ringhals which immediately reared itself up for attack, pursuing his horse and keeping up with it, striking at its hind legs, and sometimes in its fury striking the ground between the legs, and this for a long distance. The horse was not hurt, perhaps was not even conscious of the blow, which while trotting quickly could not have been very severe. My informant, an intelligent and observing man, doubted if the ringhals ever does bite, but as to the "spitting" he had no doubt whatever.

I have yet one more authority to quote, though the primary point of the subject—namely, does a snake actually and intentionally spout venom into the eye of a foe—must still be left as an unsolved question. Colonel Bowker, a well-known naturalist of Durban, in Natal, writes me: "I think there is but little doubt, if any, that the spitting snakes aim at the eye, so all who are acquainted with them say. Last week my nearest neighbor sent up to me to ask what was the best remedy, as one of his coolie boys had got a shot in the eye from an umferzie (a native name for either the ringhals or another *Naja*). In speaking of the accident to one of my own boys (coolies) he said, 'Oh, yes, I was also suffering for some time from the same cause.'"

The bite of a snake is usually directed toward the foot or leg, or a hand if near the ground, and one wonders how a serpent on the ground should so elevate or poise its head as to aim at the human eye. A serpent in a cage on a stand might be more on a level and accidentally reach an eye. But this question was fully discussed in Chap. 19, p. 351, of my work on "Snakes," and the marvel has lately been increased even to doubting point by reading in FOREST AND STREAM of May 18, that the poor little lizard, *Phrynosoma cornutum*, commonly known as the "horned toad," actually squirted "a stream of red fluid" from one of its eyes into a tall man's face, six feet it was estimated, reaching the man's hat. Also that another of these spiky little reptiles spurted as much as a large spoonful of blood into Mr. S. F. Denton's eye! "Between a teaspoonful and a tablespoonful." Well, one would like to know the relative positions of man and reptile. Was the latter on a table or on a level with the face? and as for the quantity, was it collected and measured? We all know the wonderfully diffusive capacity of ink when upset on our writing table. Or a glass of water! In a moment every article is saturated; it pours on to the floor and is half across the room—we might suppose the glass had contained two quarts at least; so does a little fluid in a wrong place magnify itself. One would not suppose that the whole of the little reptile's body contained a tablespoonful of blood. Some of the FOREST AND STREAM correspondents doubted the fact of a *Crotalus* gland containing a teaspoonful of venom, and now the little *Phrynosoma* can eject a tablespoonful of blood from one eye. I may be pardoned for this digression as *apropos* of the subject. I have had a pet "horned toad" and many other pet lizards, and have watched "spiky" on many occasions, and shall carefully investigate the present subject, hoping duly to report to FOREST AND STREAM. But now to return to our snakes. The same effect which increases the water in a drinking glass to an apparent half gallon when spread inconveniently about, would seem to exaggerate a spurt of venom if even a few drops entered the eye. Supposing a charge of venom was spurted toward a face, the small portion which entered the eye would claim prior attention and would be most keenly remembered and recorded; but in relating the incident for purposes of science it would be necessary to accurately describe every detail. It is looseness of description which has led to the many myths and false impressions which have obtained in natural history books ever since natural history became a popular science. Many of the FOREST AND STREAM's correspondents afford such valuable information in their contributions, that I am sure all who really desire to advance true science will pardon me for pointing out the importance of accuracy.

In concluding the subject of the ringhals, I find on referring to my note-book an account of some which were in the Zoological Gardens of London in 1877—the first I had ever seen. They were three young ones of the same brood and excited a good deal of interest. My impression of their manners then has been singularly confirmed by my more recent knowledge of them in their native country. "They were very black and very shy, and for a long while one could see nothing more of them than three little heads in a row peeping out from under their blanket, watching with their large round black eyes and vanishing like a shot at one's approach. When they did give us an opportunity of looking at them after a time we found that one was entirely black and another was speckled with white. They erected their heads and distended their necks defiantly. Whether because they were young and inexperienced or because they were naturally stupid, of all the snakes I watched none ever went to work so awkwardly in feeding. They seemed to bite the prey anywhere without much effect, sometimes retaining it in the mouth without attempting to eat it, sometimes beginning at once. A frog was ten minutes from the time it was struck until it was swallowed. The little snake began at a hind leg, then put it down and began at the side with no better result; the legs were in the way. Then the snake gave it up and let the frog go, and presently another ringhals struck the half dead thing and took five minutes to eat it. With very young sparrows the same awkwardness was observable. The bird was bitten on the tip of a wing, and the snake held it helplessly for a quarter of an hour while the bird was struggling violently. Not getting good hold the snake put it down and began again, so that the poor little sparrow was twenty minutes in being swallowed, gasping to the last, and evidently very feebly poisoned. In no other venomous snakes have I seen such prolonged suffering caused by stupidity or bungling as in those young African ringhals. Their fangs are, however, exceedingly short, as I afterward found on examining a dead one, and this may account for their slow effect."

I may add that when taking these notes I stood with my watch in hand, so that I could ascertain the time between the bite and the death of the victim. In Chap. XXX. of my work I have entered more at length into these observations.

CATHERINE C. HOPLEY.

PAIGNTON, Devonshire.

A Midnight Marauder.

ALLEN and William Laverty who own "Hunters' Home," six miles from Elizabethtown, N. Y., lost five sheep a week ago as the result of an onslaught of some wild animal. Their next neighbor, Chas. Coclan, also lost five the same night. Though bears are very common in this neighborhood the marauder is supposed to have been a panther, both from his tracks and from the fact that he did not attempt to eat or carry off the sheep he had killed. Each sheep was killed cleanly by a bite on the neck. But one old one managed to escape her antagonist. Deer hunting promises to be better in this section this fall than ever before.

J. B. BURNHAM.

"FOREST AND STREAM."

An acrostic reminiscent of tours in the Adirondacks.

Fondly I dream of the mountain and vale,
Often in fancy o'er forest streams sail,
Recall the bright pleasures of days gone by;
Enter again the woods tow'ring high.
Stately and grand are the noble old trees,
The kings of the forest with crowns of leaves.

And woodlands I trail, with blaze nigh effaced,
Noting a pathway oft dimly traced,
Directing to lakes by mountains embraced.

Scenes of such beauty what art can portray?
The gleaming and gloaming of June's perfect day,
Rivers of grandeur, whose wild waters pour
Enchantingly seaward through varied shore.
Ah! what rare visions come as I dream,
Musing o'er pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

OHIO. E. S. W.

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Game Bag and Gun.

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OUR NORTH CAROLINA TRIP.

MONDAY, 3:50 P. M., Nov. 28, found us, myself and wife, also our pointer dog, an important member of our party on all our hunting trips, awaiting the arrival of the Royal Blue Line from New York at the B. & O. station in Philadelphia, due at 4:05, which would carry us to Baltimore. Our wait of a few minutes seemed ridiculously long, yet what sportsman would not understand our impatience as we sat there dreaming of the expected pleasure with gun and dog. We can already see our pointer quartering the field, the stand, or a flock of bluebills circling to our decoys, as we in our blind anxiously await the proper moment to give them a warm reception.

Finally our train came, and as usual on this elegantly equipped road, furnishing such superior service, pulled us into Canton exactly on time, where we took a transfer tug for the Norfolk boat. After a sumptuous dinner we retired to a comfortable stateroom and slept as only one can sleep with the cool air blowing in fresh from the water.

We awakened at Old Point Comfort, and by the time we dressed and breakfasted the boat was making fast at the wharf at Norfolk; here we walked across the city and took the Norfolk & Southern Railroad for Elizabeth City. Arriving there about noon, we found we would have to wait until 6 P. M. for the steamer Neuse to take us to Roanoke Island, our destination, which time we employed in looking around this old, quaint and pretty Southern town, and hunting some kind of an apology for lunch. Even this, when found, was rather of a questionable character. We, however, made good our sacrifice of lunch at the supper table on board the Neuse.

Arriving at Roanoke Island, we found Mr. Evans, the proprietor of the Tranquil House at Manteo, awaiting us with his team, as had been prearranged, and after a drive of a countryman's three miles, reached his hostelry and were glad to turn in, after a hard day's trip ending about 1 A. M., to further dream of quantities of game and wonderful shots.

The following morning, owing to our late arrival, found us rather imbued with some of the sluggish traits of our Southern brethren, and arising rather late for sportsmen, and a still later breakfast, about half past eight, we started out to view the surrounding country, and see the little village in which we proposed to make our home for a couple of weeks, while we awaited the arrival of our trunk. We found a beautiful cool crisp morning, old Sol shining in the brightest of his glory upon the white sand, which in our experience taught us we were close to the sea, and in many respects resembled our dear old summer resorts on the Jersey coast.

On making the rounds of the different stores on a "still-hunt" for the post office, which, of course, proved to be in the last visited, we were surprised to find, in this little village of a few scattered houses and a Methodist church, five general stores carrying the usual country line, everything imaginable from a paper of pins to a fisherman's gum outfit, but we afterward learned that this was the general distributing point for the whole island, where fishing is the chief and, we might say, the only industry.

We saw the fishermen come in from their different camps, a description of which we will give later, for their week's supplies on Saturday afternoons and evenings, leaving again on Monday morning from 2 o'clock on, for their bleak, meagre, but not permanent, abodes, while following their vocation.

Strolling from the little settlement into the pine forests, where the love of nature, in her wild vegetation, led us, we followed an indistinct path called a road for several miles, and wandering from it we soon came to the water's edge, where a sight greeted our eyes that would make the oldest sportsman's heart beat with a quicker, stronger throb and send the blood tingling through his veins. About a quarter of a mile out a reef runs parallel with the shore, which in calm weather is the resort of thousands of wildfowl. This particular morning it was occupied, I should say, with a hundred or so swan. With now and then a flock arriving, others departing, the flapping of their wings, their pure snow white plumage, with the sun glistening upon their beauty, gave us a never-to-be-forgotten sight of splendor. Being unarmed, our traps packed in the delayed trunk, we could but look and admire, and had I had my Winchester I very much doubt caring to spoil that wild sight of nature.

Another point of interest was the peculiar formation of what are termed "sand dunes," caused by the wind driving the sand in great banks, which frequently completely cover the tall pines; they, in fact, help create the so-called "dunes," forming a resistance to the sand as it gradually piles against their trunks and limbs, and the changing of the wind to different directions forms many unique shapes. It was a very common thing to see one of these sand piles of an immense height with the upper limbs of what would have been an enormous pine waving some four feet above its top as the tree bent to the wind.

We strayed for several hours along the water's edge,

"Listening to the music of the winds,
Æolian strains through lofty pines,
My soul goes forth, my being thrills,
I love the woods, the stream, the hills,"

and were deeply thankful to be alone from all civilization.

During our explorations our trunk arrived, and with a hearty dinner of roast swan as a foundation for our afternoon's sport, we took a small sailboat, and with a brisk breeze flew to one of the many islands. We arranged our decoys for the evening flight, but the wind was in the wrong direction, so we were unable to bag anything but a few coots.

But the pleasure of lying in that blind under the bright cloudless heavens, the breeze from the water fanning our cheeks, every breath of which we could feel, giving us that strength and health that nature's medicine can only provide.

Oh, the longing for the continuance of such a life where we could constantly drink in nature as our Creator intended us to enjoy His gifts, and which in the solitude

and vastness of His work brings us nearer to Him who controls all things!

It was this afternoon that my wife shot her first duck of the season; she used a light 20-bore full choke single-barrel, which she handles at close range as quickly and accurately as many of the stronger sex do their 10s and 12s, and with as keen an enjoyment as the oldest hunter.

I wish to say here a word of advice to all sportsmen. If your wives show any interest in your pleasures in this line, encourage them, teach them the use of firearms, get them thoroughly familiar with gun and rod, and take them with you on your trips, you will enjoy your vacation a hundred times more, besides giving your wives an outing and adding untold treasures to her health and strength.

Next morning, our sportsmen desires fully aroused, found us not laggards, but we were up and had hastily swallowed an impromptu breakfast long before daylight. We had intended to have a go at the geese with Mr. Evans's live decoys, kept for that purpose, but the weather clerk still persisted in sending the wind from the north, while it was a southern breeze we were anxiously praying for. Knowing there would be no flight until the wiud changed, we took our little cutter for a day with the marsh birds and meadow larks among the islands.

The first half of the morning gave us great sport among the larks on the higher and drier ground. Keeping our pointer "to heel" and using him only for retrieving purposes, as the birds were wild and flushed at the least sound, the only successful way was to work them against the wind. The latter part of the morning and early afternoon we spent in the lower end of the island for snipe and sedge hen, the former was rather scarce, the latter quite numerous but hard to raise, owing to the very thick swamp grass, making hard work for both gunner and dog. Frequently the dog Guy would stand and before we could raise the birds he would slowly draw upon them for fully 25yds. Considering the dense cover, our score of seven snipe, ten sedge hen and a baker's dozen of larks, satisfied our desires in one way and created them in another, the question of lunch.

We were by this time a long distance from our boat, and having sent our guide after it with instructions to meet us at the life saving station, about a mile and a half above, we wandered to a near-by fishing camp in search of something to satisfy the inner man.

The camp in question proved to be a wooden shanty set up about 4ft. from the ground on stakes, reminding one of the small boy on stilts. As we approached we noticed a number of men standing, sitting or idly lounging on the side nearest us in the sun. Seeing us coming, the captain, as the head man or owner of the camp is termed, came to meet us with that courtesy and easy manner so apparent and estimable in all the Southern people, from the most humble to the most cultured. A noticeable and most praiseworthy trait among these people to us Northerners is their wonderful hospitality. They always invite you into their homes and make you welcome to all they have, no matter how humble their abode or meager their supplies. The captain was no exception to this rule, and we were immediately made welcome into his and his men's temporary quarters, where we had our first chance to see their mode of living while attending their nets.

Entering the living room we found the floor covered with a thick mass of rushes, one end being partitioned off as the sleeping apartment, a glance into which showed us the rough bunks, one over another, reminding us in a diminutive way somewhat of the emigrants' quarters on one of our transatlantic steamers.

The captain told us that on account of rough weather they had been unable to do any fishing for several days, the surf being too high, which explained the idleness of his men. They regretted they could not offer us lunch, but on account of it being near the end of the week, and with that and the poor fishing, their supplies were nearly exhausted. The owner of the camp having been an old sea captain for many years, and visited numerous foreign ports, had many interesting stories and jokes to tell, and on leaving about an hour later, with the whole camp's good wishes, we felt as if our time had been well spent.

A tramp of a mile through the loose sand, which seemed to us as if it were two, and without a feather to be seen except the ever present gull, brought us to Uncle Sam's life-saving station. Hardly replying to the keeper's pleasant good afternoon, our question was "Can you give us a bite to eat?" In about five minutes we were making sad havoc with a large plate of the best biscuit we had ever eaten, and with excellent coffee and butter as an aid to digestion, for which our kind host, with the usual hospitality, would accept nothing but a thank you and our best wishes, which we gave him with a grateful heart, as only a hungry sportsman can fully appreciate. This station being similar to all of those places along our coast, proved of little interest to us, and after a short rest we walked to the sound side and found our boatman awaiting us; the wind had entirely died out so the oars were our only salvation, and under this slow locomotion we proceeded and finally arrived at Manteo for an 8 o'clock supper.

The next day the wind was still stubbornly holding to the north, thus upsetting our arrangements of the night before to make an early start for the geese. On going to the window the direction of the wind was soon ascertained, and crawling back into bed geese were forgotten in that last enjoyable morning snooze. A tramp for quail proved to be the programme for this day, and we were soon on the ground, with the pointer carefully quartering the field and closely hunting all likely places for this much-prized game bird. We flushed several coveys, but were not very successful, as it required almost entirely snap shooting, the fields and open country being very small, the birds getting into cover in quick order, and such cover entirely impenetrable for man and dog. As regards the hunting of this bird, it was a failure, as it always will be here until the country is considerably better cleared. We spent the morning facing these difficulties, and had overcome so few by dinner time that we concluded to let the quail rest in peace, as in reality they were doing at that time. The afternoon was lazily spent in cleaning our guns, lying in hammocks, and reading or talking of incidents of the previous day, which in that warm climate was thoroughly enjoyable.

All things come to them who wait, and on the evening of our quail hunt the wind shifted to the south. With all arrangements completed for an early start we retired. Long before daylight we were on our way across the sound, with our live geese decoys "honking," as if they too were eager to deceive their wild brethren, who little dreamed of the reception they would encounter as they circled to their calls. Although in the warm country of the balmy South the evenings and mornings are cool and frosty at this season of the year, so with gum boots, heavy coats and thick gloves, and the pleasant sensation of the hot coffee so lately swallowed, we were in a position to enjoy the calm beauty of the full moon shining upon the rippling waters and the sparkling reflection of thousands of diamonds from the frost-covered grass of the numerous islands as the bright rays were gradually hidden by the western horizon upon the approach of the dawn of day. Our little craft dancing merrily over the mirror-like reflection before a southern breeze, seemed hardly to touch the water except for the widening trail left in the wake.

A few light streaks in the east warned us our time was growing short, and that we must hurry to get our decoys advantageously placed and ourselves snugly hidden in our blinds before the morning flight began; as we pulled our little craft a point or two nearer the wind, and shaved closer some of the islands, we heard the flapping of many wings and saw the dark forms of the fowl take flight, as our near approach disturbed them from some choice haven where they had been spending the night.

After reaching our point, and with much splashing, "honking," flapping of wings, wading and placing of decoys, and water pretty well distributed over us, we took to our blinds and made ourselves comfortable until such a time as the geese and ducks saw fit to honor us with their presence.

The manner of using live decoys may prove of some interest. The geese are genuine wild ones, taken when young, or possibly hatched and raised by the owner. The birds have the first joint of their wing taken off, making it impossible for them to fly any great distance; around the leg just above the foot they wear a leather strap, made into a slip-noose; this is never taken off; to this is tied, when using them, a rope 8 or 10ft. long, with a stake attached. When placing these decoys we wade, using hip boots of course, to about 2ft. of water, pushing the stake well into the bottom and placing a tuft of sod near by about 6 or 7in. from the surface, so that they may stand on it and not become too wearied from constantly floating or swimming. It is surprising how accustomed these birds get to the gun being fired over them, it is somewhat similar to a hunting dog, they know what they are there for, do their duty, and never flinch at the report.

By the time we got ourselves comfortably fixed and a few moments to spare, day was made glorious by old Sol's full rays bursting upon us. A warning word from Mr. Evans told us that that watchful sportsman had seen something to our interest, and a minute later the "honking" of our decoys also proved that something was on the wing. Pretty soon a V-shaped flock put in an appearance, but much to our disappointment failed to decoy; a little while and another small bunch headed our way, answered our geese and swung nicely in front of us. Ah! how sure, I at least, was of a goose, if not a pair. How it happened none can tell, but a clean miss with both barrels knocked all the conceit out of me. What was it? Something the matter with the gun or ammunition surely; some excuse must be found, but I could find none, and could merely say the fault was mine and I was badly rattled. Mr. E. being in another blind had no shot, and my wife thinking the game too large at that distance for her 20-bore, refrained from shooting, so I had it all my own way and fear I breathed something more expressive than elegant as

"Playfully she turned that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she marked how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone."

The next time our visitors found us at home, and yet it was not fully a success; they swung nicely, but before they were in good range they became suspicious and concluded to go further on. Mr. E. opened up and secured his bird, my left broke another's wing and down he came with a great splash. At that moment Mr. E. called the news of another flock arriving. We immediately hid in our blinds. They, however, failed to come near us, and on going to retrieve my wounded goose could not find a feather. With such luck as this I had to content myself, swearing vengeance on those next appearing for this defeat. Now for a time we had nothing to do, and hearing Mr. E.'s gun occasionally, who had moved further down and put out some wooden stools for the smaller fowl, we joined him. Here we all had good shooting for an hour or so. Sheldrake, black ducks and coots were principally the sufferers. My wife here had great sport, we of course giving her the preference on all close range shots, and I was fortunate in making a double. After this things quieted down and we returned to our former blind to lunch and nap in the warm sun on our coats and wraps and await the afternoon and evening flight.

In the afternoon we jointly secured three geese and one swan, and all in about a half hour's time. After that the flocks seemed further apart and not inclined in the least to decoy. An incident worth mentioning occurred. An unusually large flock passed over us, but out of range, answered our decoys, but went on and settled some 500 or 600yds. beyond our birds. These also acted as decoys to all those passing within calling distance, and we learned from our host that this is always the case. The birds will invariably go to the largest bunch. We had to get them out of the way or our shooting would have been at an end for that day. By bringing a rifle into play, which we had with us, and shooting among the flock, they were finally raised, giving our birds a chance to further use persuasive powers.

The bright red glare of the sun

"Bathes in deep joy the land and sea,"

as sinking below the water's edge in the west, he bids the world farewell for the night, and warned us that it was time to take our departure. The wind had again died out; a row home and a late supper ended the day and also the week.

Sunday an unusually late nap, a late breakfast and a quiet day spent lounging about the house, reading, lying in hammocks, and a walk among the noble pines in the afternoon proved the history of that day of rest for both man and beast.

Monday was a hot, sultry day, with no breeze whatever. We started across the island thinking to get a little shooting, but found it so warm we were glad to return, and stopping at a house for a drink of water were more than thankful for a glass of cool, home-made grape wine.

In the afternoon, a breeze springing up, we packed our traps and hired a colored man to sail us to Collington, where we intended stopping with a fisherman, Tom Cronk by name, a place about ten miles from our present location and also on an island. We got off about 3 o'clock, and the air being light we made slow progress, arriving something after six.

It was to this place we were recommended through the FOREST AND STREAM by the Rev. Thos. Dixon, Jr., of New York, who while stopping at Nag's Head Hotel had Mr. Cronk as his boatman and fisherman. While we do not wish to punish Mr. Dixon too severely for recommending a stopping place he knew nothing of, we think it would be only just retribution should circumstances compel him, while on some of his fishing trips, to board a month with Mr. Cronk; we could not but help in our innermost hearts rejoicing a little as we imagine the reverend gentleman's discomfiture.

From the foregoing the reader will naturally form the wrong conclusion of Tom Cronk. Tom is a whole-souled, poor, ignorant fisherman living in a little frame cabin on the island of Collington, with his wife and innumerable children; he is a good-hearted fellow and willing to do anything in his power to please you, but it is the last place on earth to board; he does not know how to do, nor has he anything to do with, which a few of our following experiences will show.

On arriving, it being after dark, our first caution was "Look out Mr. you don't fall through the pier, it is rather shaky," and indeed was this structure, termed pier, a few stakes driven into the water with boards of different thicknesses nailed crosswise running some fifty feet or so, more than shaky, and we had to use great care or the wabbling structure would have thrown us, even were we fortunate enough not to fall through. Entering a small barren room, uncarpeted, but the floor sprinkled with sand, we found a wood stove and several chairs. Our room consisted of an old bedstead with a hard mattress, a bolster, uncovered, no pillows, one sheet and an old quilt with a hole in the center as big as your head, and a rickety wooden chair completed the furniture, with a bare floor. On asking for more bed clothes we were told they had none. On the porch a tin basin, bucket and ladle, a towel hung on a nail near by, and an old brush and comb completed the toilet articles of the establishment. Add to this what they termed the "cook house," a separate building entirely, where we ate our meals, with stove in one end and table covered with oil cloth at the other, steel knives and forks and not always enough to go round, coffee, heavy hot biscuit, an apology for what we term corn pone, about as thick as an ordinary buckwheat cake, fried duck, fried bacon, fried fish, everything fried, with quantities of grease, and as a special favor an extra cup occasionally, this for breakfast, dinner and supper, and with no sanitary arrangements whatever, you have a fair idea of our quarters at Collington.

Here we stayed two days, finding the ducks anything but plentiful for shooting purposes; there were quantities of fowl, but on account of the adverse weather they were unapproachable, as they fed far out on the shoals, and the game laws of North Carolina prohibited non-residents from shooting on the water. As we saw no signs for a favorable change and our quarters being very undesirable, Tom's sloop took us to the wharf of the Neuse on Thursday afternoon, where we sat down to what there seemed to us the best home meal at the agent's house we had ever eaten of fried fresh bluefish, elegant hot biscuit, with good butter and coffee that was fit nectar for the gods.

We took the Neuse at 3:30 A. M. for home and had an uneventful trip, spending one day in Norfolk, where we got ourselves brushed up in somewhat civilized form, the writer feeling like a new man in getting rid of a two weeks' beard.

The night boat for Washington found us on board and the next morning we were in that city, where we spent Sunday with some friends, enjoying a pair of ducks on their table from the small bunch we were taking home. We left Monday morning on the five-hour New York flyer of the "Royal Blue Line," arriving home that afternoon, just two weeks from our start, better in every way for our trip, rich in experiences, and having since afforded many an evening's pleasure to both ourselves and friends as we recount each separate incident.

As I write our faithful old pointer is lying at my feet, I doubt not anxiously awaiting next fall for a similar trip to some other part of the country, which we are also looking forward to with pleasurable anticipation.

A word regarding our accommodations at Manteo. They were primitive, yet comfortable, and one must not expect to find luxurious apartments on a hunting trip as a rule, and especially in the Southern country, nor does he pay the corresponding luxurious price; but he will, or at least we did, find the most hospitable set of people it was ever our good fortune to meet, willing to do anything in their power for your comfort and amusement, and always anxious to act on any suggestion you may make. And while things are not kept in the same manner we are used to at home and the cooking entirely different, it is merely another side of life of our wonderful country. We cannot speak too highly of our host's and hostess's efforts at Manteo to make us comfortable and give us an enjoyable time; nor does this merely apply to those with whom we stopped, but to everybody with whom we came in contact on the island.

As regards shooting, there are quantities of game, and if you are fortunate in having the right kind of weather and wind in the proper direction, you can secure large bags; and then again, if unfortunate, you may wait many days without much sport to vary the monotony.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 9. C. H. CULIN.

Did You Hear that Quail?

NORWICH, N. Y., June 25.—The meeting with old friends after a long absence gives an unspeakable pleasure. Such was my feelings this morning as I lay half asleep to hear that old familiar call "Bob White." Could it be possible? I got up, raised my window and listened. Then from across a creek which faces my house came that old musical note. I immediately went to the next house to notify my brother-in-law, but just as I put my hand on the door knob, he opened it with the remark "Did you hear that quail?" He had never shot any, but I have given him glowing descriptions of days spent with them in the Hoosier State. A quail in Chenango county, N. Y., is something I have not heard before. R. J. M.

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN.—I.

Chatty Notes from the Great Wolverine State.

LANSING, June 12.—One of the oldest, most popular and most flourishing sporting clubs of Michigan is the Lansing Rod and Gun Club. Its membership is large and includes men in most every position and circumstance in life. Good management of the club affairs on the part of the club officers, and good fellowship and honesty of purpose on the part of the club membership, has laid the foundation, broad and strong, for the present and future existence of the club, and at no time during the past ten years has there been greater promise of usefulness in sporting matters than at present. In a futur · paper I will tell you something of its organization and of its individual membership, and try to interest you in o ir doings.

The club has a weekly shoot at the State Fair Grounds, but owing to a modesty on the part of its management, and a slight protest on the part of some of the members, the record of the shooting is not allowed to be published. This action is taken to prevent the outside public from getting an erroneous impression as to the shooting ability of the club members, some of whom are almost, if not quite, expert shots, while others with much less opportunity at the trap are extra good shots, but occasionally score a miss.

A few weeks ago the Michigan State tournament was held here, and a continuation of the shoot by the Lansing Rod and Gun Club was a very pleasant feature of the meeting. The club has grown in usefulness and membership very greatly in the past five years. Some of the older members have dropped out, some have died, others have moved away, and an infusion of new blood has resulted in a very great interest in sporting matters.

Years ago the meetings of the Michigan State Sportsmen's Association were often held at Lansing, and the influence of these meetings, and the healthy sentiment which their proceedings established, were productive of much good, and fostered a feeling that has been instrumental in game and fish protection, and of a higher standard of sportsmanship among those who enjoy a few days during the open season in the field or by the stream with the rod and gun.

At Pine Lake and at Park Lake, a dozen miles away, the fishing is good, better than for many years, and some extra fine strings of bass and pickerel have been taken this season. These lakes are resorted to quite largely by the members of the Lansing Rod and Gun Club, and three or four cottages have been built there by members of the club. Some day I will tell you of their jolly doings and give you in detail an inside history of the pleasant outings and of the enjoyable fish and frog breakfasts which they get up for special occasions.

This part of central Michigan, including Pine Lake, Park Lake and the Grand River region, was the home of an extensive tribe of Indians ruled over by the old chieftain Okemos. Around these lakes and for miles up and down the rivers, on either bank, one may find abundant evidence of the substantial appreciation as a fishing and hunting region in which these lakes and rivers were held by the numerous tribes of Indians, who hunted and fished here long before the white man ever visited this section. It is related that on one occasion the old chief Okemos visited the Senate chamber at Lansing, when the Senate was in session; that the old fellow wrapped his dirty old blanket around him and strode down toward the speaker's desk, and stopping at a desk then occupied by the late Senator Zach. Chandler, began to grunt out his disapproval at the way the white man treated the Indian. Senator Chandler stood the old fellow's insolence as long as he could, and then, greatly to the amusement of his fellow Senators, he took the old fellow by the neck and booted him out of the chamber, down the stairs, and way out into the street. It is quite needless to state that the aged chieftain never insulted Michigan's great Senator again. These Indian tribes have all passed away, but the early settlers are here, and they tell us interesting legends relating to the Okemos Indians and of their history and doings, in a day long before Lansing was thought of, and Michigan was in the ranks of the great unknown.

The deer, the bear and the wild turkey found a congenial home in this great primeval wilderness, and in winter large yards of deer could be found almost anywhere in the dense woods, in the lowlands around the lakes and along the rivers. There are many people now living in Lansing, and in the country about here, who remember this wilderness-like condition, and can pleasantly entertain us hour after hour with their stories of hunting and camping, and of the early-day sports which could be had almost in their own dooryard. "Michigan, my Michigan," was quite as popular then among the gun-loving people of that day as it is now with those who must be content with following the sprightly little cottontail or spending a few days in November with the quail or ruffed grouse.

Jones Lake, a couple of miles north of Lansing, is a nice little body of water, deep and cool and clear, and it is the home of some big fellows, that used to be and that have been record-breakers in their day. The islands in Grand River are quite numerous, and in extent vary from the size of a good sugar-cured ham to a few rods long and as many feet wide. The banks of the river are quite picturesque in their varied loveliness of woodland, farms and cozy villages, and the river winds around the little hills and through the pleasant valleys of central Michigan with a seeming holiday abandon, which can only be well appreciated by a canoe ride in early autumn, from the junction of the Cedar and the Grand rivers to their far-away lake terminus at Grand Haven. Every season parties of gay voyagers take this way of enjoying nature and a week of camping out, and at times the river, thus enlivened, presents a busy scene of enjoyment and pleasure, that can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who are fortunate enough to be a member of one of those gypsy-like parties. The little folks, in particular, enjoy the fun. The river is shallow, can be waded almost anywhere, and in early autumn, with good fishing, an occasional duck and with running rapids, and again dragging the boat over a shallow drift, there is given abundant opportunity for exercise of mind and body, which is long remembered as a bright spot in the journey of life. Two of the most pleasant outings, made right on this dear old river and camping on these same little islands, were the best that I ever enjoyed in my life. We boated, fished, camped, hunted and enjoyed two weeks, in early September, two years ago, in a way that has made me ever since wish to try it again at the very first opportunity.

Years ago great flatboats, loaded with the commodities of trade and the necessities of a frontier life, were poled, pushed and dragged over this same course, and the path of this same lovely river was the only highway of commerce to the then unknown wilds of central Michigan. Every now and then one meets with a pioneer of those early days, and his interesting story of frontier home life as it then existed is listened to with much pleasure. The old settlers are rapidly passing away. The Pioneer Society of Michigan is getting together material to perpetuate the work of those heroic people, and at their yearly meetings held in Lansing the old residents delight to tell the story of their early-day experience. The proceedings of the society are published each year, and this book is the only connecting link between the pioneer life of Michigan and the people of the present day. Wild and weird are the stories of their lives and hardships while clearing the great forests away and making homes for themselves and for us. The Indian, the bear and the deer are gone; the old settler will soon follow after. Here and there up and down the Grand River little mounds mark the final resting place of some aboriginal. Occasionally these mounds are opened and they are sure to give up their story of Indian life to the ethnological student.

In the winter the woods and swamps of central Michigan are filled with hare, and our people have jolly times hunting bunny with their hounds and beagles. The great Chandler Marsh, a few miles north from our city, is the home of the fox and the hare, and when this immense swamp is frozen over, so that the hunter can get around comfortably, it is a favorite place for winter hunting.

Of our sporting men and their ways and methods, you shall be familiar; and as time and inclination presents I will acquaint you with their doings. Michigan people are sporting people; it is born in them, and they delight in camping out and in hunting and fishing. They are usually well equipped for a full enjoyment of all of these luxuries of nature, and whether in the woods or by the stream, they are in their native elements and at home. If you have cast your lot in some far-away Eastern city, and a business necessity has hemmed you in with huge walls of brick and stone, where the sunlight can seldom enter, you can little appreciate the beauties of a lavish nature as it is spread before the happy people of central Michigan. When you get a few days off, come and see us. Inquire for any member of the Lansing Rod and Gun Club and you will be cordially welcomed. Do not be afraid to come, for our people are open-hearted and they will care for you to the best of their ability. Not that we have the finest fishing and hunting in the State right at our door, but such as we have, you are welcome to enjoy equally with ourselves. JULIAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Arkansas.

CHICAGO, June 10.—Mr. Jos. W. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., writes me as follows about the game in his country:

During my residence in Kansas near our mutual friend, Will Carney, I enjoyed some very fine shooting at waterfowl as well as chicken and quail, but aside from chicken and geese, Arkansas is the greatest all around State I know for sport. If it should ever come in your way stop off here and I will show you some of it. Our quail are doing nicely, as well as all kinds of game. Last winter we had elegant mallard shooting here in what is known as pin oak flats, where they go to feed in large numbers, and they decoy beautifully in the open places in the woods. Our fishing has been poor up to date owing to high water, but it is going down fast now, and next week it will be fine.

Wish I could tell you about a trip with Col. Felton and his friend, Mr. Jacus, from Buffalo last December on a deer hunt, a few miles from here. I laughed myself sick. We shot quail and ducks and shot at a number of deer, Mr. Jacus firing six shots at one deer, and then let him get away. They were a jolly party, however, and enjoyed their stay very much.

I shall be glad to give you any points of interest from this part of the country, and shall do myself the pleasure of calling on you when in Chicago.

They are Corkers.

My friend, Mr. C. W. Lee of the Chicago Canoe Club, sends me a letter received lately by that body from a gentleman in South Englewood, a suburb of Chicago. From the meager details given by the writer in regard to the two heads in question, they must be either autochthores or corkers. The letter is, verbatim:

To the Club:

GENTLEMEN—I have brought to this city two (2) of the largest and finest natural speciments ever seen by white man. They are immense. I killed last fall in the far North a *Moose* and *Carabo*. The largest and finest of their kind ever killed by white man. I had their *Heads* put up in good stile and intended them for the World's Fair, but I find that I have to get back North at once, so that I must dispose of the Heads, and knowing that some of the clubs pride themselves on collecting the finest natural speciments they can find, I will give you a *bargain* as I must *sell at once*. They would be quite an addition to the beauty of your club room. The *Moose* weighted 2,000 pounds, age between *50 and 60* years old. The Carabo 1,200 pounds, age 90 years. That will give you some idia of the size of their *Antlers* or *Horns*. They are immense size and perfect in form—to see them is to want them and to own them to feel proude. They cannot be matched in this country. The club that gets them will have the *Boss*.

Please bring this to the notice of the sporting gents of the club and the club may be the richer for it. Hoping to hear from you by return mail.

Wants Fur.

Mr. H. A. Pierce, of North Fairfield, O., has a great deal of confidence that I know a whole lot of things, for he writes me as follows:

Being a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, I take the liberty of addressing you for a little information, seeing your kindness to others who are after the same. Being in poor health I have made up my mind to take to the woods and put in the fall and winter trapping. Would you kindly tell me where in Michigan or Wisconsin I would be likely to find the best place for a winter camp, with fur-bearing animals reasonably abundant. I would like, if possible, to locate on a lake or chain of lakes, so as to avoid as much as possible the packing of supplies on one's back, and also get a little fishing this fall. If you do not consider this asking too much I would be pleased to hear from you.

I do not know any place in Wisconsin or Michigan which I could guarantee for a winter camp for fur, or the above conditions. If I wanted to trap I should build a cabin boat and start down the Arkansas River, say near the Kansas line, and hold up among the delta wet lands in the Mississippi bottoms. I knew of a party who made a successful trip. They found mink, otter and (at that time) beaver, also deer and turkey. E. HOUGH.

In a pleasant, chatty letter from Mr. W. W. Titus, Waverly, Miss., one of those letters which, after it is read to the end, a fellow wishes there was more of it, I find the following in reference to quail:

"I have wondered if the present wet weather would harm the quail. I have about come to the conclusion that they are all right. Around my house I have several small patches of grain, and there are at least six pair of quail in this, a radius of 200yds. of my house. I never go to the post-office but what I see a half-dozen old cocks or more, and it is a distance of barely a half mile to the office. I think that the quail will raise well this year if June is a dry month.

"I did not kill any birds about me last fall, consequently have abundance of old birds as breeders.

"As I sat on the back porch to-day after dinner something whirled over the palings and lit in the yard. I looked, rubbed my eyes, and looked again. Yes, there was no mistake, it was a 'sure-enough' cock quail.

"He ran with spreading tail and raised crest to where I had fed some chickens, and the 'grits' and corn they had left seemed to strike his palate about right, as he was eating busily. Not over four feet from him lay a three-and-a-half months' old puppy in the grass. It was used to chickens of that size, but this saucy cock quail struck him as a new and different kind of chicken from what he had ever seen. It slowly raised its foreparts and then remained motionless, to all appearances pointing, turning its head and looking after the quail, when he ran up to within three feet of the step I was sitting on. The cock then ran back of the puppy a few feet, flew up and lit on a picket. A moment later it and its mate, which I had not seen, flew over into the oatfield. As I write I can count from my window five different quail 'Bob Whiteing.'" B. WATERS.

Moose Easily Tamed.

NEW GLASGOW, Nova Scotia.—Near Mr. Nelson's place on Fifteen Mile Stream last yearsome young men engaged in lumbering caught three moose calves, which they took there. One of them died, one the women folks fed and raised, the other was raised near by by another lad. These two were sold at six months of age to an American who took them to Massachusetts or New York State. They grew very rapidly and at six months were as large as two-year-old trotting colts and tamer than calves would be. Once before two moose calves were captured near by which were raised at Nelson's place until two years of age, when they were purchased and sent to the King of Italy. In fact, it is no trouble to get them in the spring, and little trouble to raise them. After the first few weeks they go to the bush for their living, returning home for rest early in the morning, apparently feeding only in the evening and night. J. F.

Small Game in New Mexico.

EDDY, New Mexico, June 23.—Our colored janitor has two kids, both of whom are also colored. He also has a young wolf. When it was brought in from the foot-hills, it was about the size of a prairie dog, but now it has grown into a long-legged, awkard, gawky, good-natured brute, and follows its partners around as any ordinary puppy would do. It has become well acquainted with some of the rest of us and whenever it comes near us will jump on us, fondle us and lick our hands and faces if it gets a chance. In fact, in all its habits and movements it is very much like its canine cousins. The group posed before my camera the other day, for a few minutes, but it was impossible to keep the wolf still for even a second. The photograph herewith shows that he moved his head a trifle, just at the critical moment, and yet the portrait is a fair one, all things considered. G. O. SHIELDS.

Quail in the South.

I AM happy to inform you that the quail were not exterminated by the cold weather in Virginia and North Carolina. My friends write me that plenty of them are now whistling on the fences and in the fields.

R. C. LOWRY.

An Appeal to the Charitable.

will the one that opens this letter besur to give it to the Editor it will be a great kind to a poor fellow

Dear sir

i send you 12 cent what i want to say I have seen your grand paper and know the editor must be a true sportsman. think over some of your hunts then think yourself in this poor fellows place he can not walk a step, is very poor earns his living cane seating chairs hard work and small pay think sitting all the time. he has the greatest love for fire arms and hunting of any one I ever saw. Knowing all sportsmen have kind hearts I ask will you please send FOREST AND STREAM to him for as long as you can iff you could see the care he take of a few old copies he has far back as .81 aud .86 he reads them over lays them away again he has but a few years to live the dr's. say any way. think of the papers you throw away every week think the pleasure it will give this poor fellow to have one every week. think sitting day after day seeing others go hunting. Please send paper for 5 years or for life iff you will. show this letter to some of your friend ask them iff they have a Marlin model 1891 .22Cal. rifle that will hold 18 rifle, 20 long 25 short Cartridges in sam rifle, that they can give to him he so longs for one, any kind will do but like that best a .32 cal., american arms Co hammerless revolver, or Foehl & Weeks. the Perfect safety hammerless, or smith & Wesson, or swift automatic safety hammerless or X.L. Bull dog folding hammer 5 shot Merwin, Hulbert & Co. make: C., fir Columbian automatic, or Columbian safety hammer, or any other good revolver, all above are .32 center fire also a .22Cal., to take a long or long rifle cartridge, russian model handle, a X.L. Bull dog 7 shot 4½ barrel folding hammer or any single or double action .22 long revolver they will send him A Frank Wesson .22Cal., with reversible firing pin useing rim or center fire Cartridges in the same rifle, then he can some time get a .32 or .38 barrel for it. have it light weight. Please ask or write some friends for a book by Greene, the gun and its development, also gunsmiths manual. Atlas of the New Jersey Coast. the pistol, and any books on hunting, fishing, shooting, Natural history, taxidermy iff you only knew him as I do you would send him a whole library think the pleasure the books that are laying idle would give him, that have been read and thrown by no use to them. Please make up a box for him put in a .22cal., marlin rep. rifle, a .32 revolver, a .22 revolver, and any other rifle .22 or .32 or revolver they will, any books, papers, I will be verry thankfull to you as I know how he longs for them think of him as you go fishing. send paper sure. iff you will not send F. S. right along send a lot back ones. I send 6 stamp, postage on 3 pounds. can you send some book or send name that full description of all guns, rifles, revolvers, or some paper that has the address of makers of firearms so he could get catalogues from them. dealers do not give any description of them only some old kind S. & W. or colt

he would like a marlin .32cal model 1891 useing rim or center fire Cartridge in same rifle to hold 20 short cartridge iff not but one send .22cal. but I hope both. think the pleasure they will give him to look at and use at target and crows, and rats. Please send something you will get your reward put in some cartridges and reloading tools for he will load his cartridges to .32 rifle and revolver makeing cost but little. a .25cal., Stevens rifle would be nice for him. center fire he could use 10. or 20 grains powder as he wish. do not think I ask every thing, but name what I know he likes best and you send what you can to him. iff you write him send letter, not postal I will send you stamps. I send you stamps for postage on back F. & S. a lot only costs you 2 cents a pound

I promish he will not sell or give away anything you send him do no forget him

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

VII.

The Cowboy Race.

Governor John P. Altgeld, the man who wants to abolish the State Fish Commission, was so busy this week pardoning out a lot of anarchists that he forgot to arrest the wicked cowboys who were racing from Chadron, Neb., to the World's Fair, and the winners arrived here safely June 27, registering at Buffalo Bill's plaisance at Sixty-third street. Jack Berry was winner of the race, getting in at 9:30 A. M. His time for the 1,000 miles was 13 days, 15 hours and 50 minutes. His horse was a five-year black stallion, Poison, a vigorous and compact animal which certainly looked none the worse for wear. The next rider in was Emmett Albright, who registered at 11:13 A. M. "Old Man" Gillespie was third, at 1:35 o'clock. He is 58 years old, and the feat for himself and his phenomenally well preserved gray, Billy Shaffer, is to say the least remarkable. The fourth man was C. W. Smith, on Dynamite, at 1:47. Dynamite looked anxious to do another 1,000 miles before dark.

These men can sure ride plenty easy. I used to have occasion once in a while to ride fifty or sixty miles without getting out of the saddle, and I never had a horse which, after the one day's ride, did not look worse used up than any of these horses did when I saw them at the Wild West stables, at the close of a 1,000-mile ride. Incidentally there is talk about freight cars, but I trust it will not be shown that the boys were scared by Governor Altgeld into secreting their horses in box cars, while they were marching through Altgeldom. For those interested the following is added to the record, showing names and horses of the starters:

J. Emmett Albright, Crawford, Neb.; weight, 165lbs.; horses Outlaw and Joe Bush.
James H. Stephens, "Rattlesnake Pete," Ness City, Kas.; weight 140lbs.; horses, Gen. Grant and Nick.
George A. Jones, Whitewood. S. D.; weight, 118lbs.; horses, George and Romeo.
"Doc" Middleton, Chadron, Neb.; weight, 165lbs.; horses, Geronimo and Jimmy.
C. W. Smith, Hot Springs, S. D.; weight, 165lbs.; horses, Dynamite and Red Wing.
David Douglas, Hemingford, Neb.; weight, 130lbs.; horses, Monte Cristo and Wide Awake.
Joseph Gillespie, Turne Butte, Neb.; weight, 189lbs.; horses, Billy Mack and Billy Shaefer.
Joseph Campbell, Denver, Col.; weight, 118lbs.; horse, Boomerang.
R. Fisher, Chadron, Neb.; horses, Nigger Baby and Dixie.
John Berry, Chadron, Neb.; weight, 130lbs.; horses, Poison and Sandy.

The W. W. Greener Exhibit.

In the British section of the Manufactures Building we met Mr. Harry Greener, of the firm of W. W. Greener, Birmingham, Eng.; also Mr. H. J. Sprengle, who remains in charge of the Greener exhibit after the return of Mr. Greener. Together we went into the spacious glass-walled house which makes the firm's booth for the display. The booth itself is handsomely and expensively gotten up, and tastefully ornamented with heads of big game, etc. Outside and in it bears the mark of very thoroughgoing and tasteful work, and both it and its contents deserve the most creditable notice.

There are 130 different guns in this exhibit, and the display is by reason of its wide scope of the greatest interest to even a very amateurish lover of a gun, to say nothing of the knowing ones. Most people who take in only the common impressions believe that the Greener gun means chiefly the 12-gauge Greener pigeon gun now so common at our traps. This is only getting into the edge of the Greener product. The firm make all sorts of guns, and show here an assortment which will give you a busy hour of curiosity and surprise. You can see here a little .41-caliber shotgun, for killing small birds in collectors' work, and near by can take up a single-barrel 4-bore which throws a handful of shot 200yds. with the most destructive effect. There are all calibers, all sorts, and all prices, from $65 to the $600 special double twelve. Not only shotguns, but also rifles, revolvers and pistols are made by this firm, very good each in its class. The elephant rifle is practically unknown in America, and many gaze with wonder at the 17lbs. double 4-bore rifle used for this game of a foreign hemisphere. It is a tremendous arm, but wonderfully well balanced and easy of handling. I have 10-gauges which seemed as heavy.

Further in rifles the gentlemen showed us the curious oval-bore rifle, which made so distinct a sensation in the world of gunnery; also the 12-bore double rifle, another arm not known in America, but I should think a good one for bear. Still another odd gun was the combined rifle and shotgun, one with the side by side arrangement of the barrels, and one over and under. This is a favorite gun in South Africa. The gun of the lot which most attracted me for American big game work was the .50 double express rifle. This was really an admirable arm, handling nicely as the best balanced shotgun.

Still another oddity to our eyes was a four-barreled .45-caliber pistol, for use at close quarters on big and dangerous game. It is claimed that this arm with its proper cartridge gives an extraordinary penetration. Much prettier, if not so deadly, were the small caliber pocket revolvers shown. Oddest of all, and to remain odd, since its use is so unfrequent, was a harpoon gun with lance boom for use in the whaling trade. This gun is of ancient model, but is standard and has been for half a century.

Mr. Harry Greener speaks very highly of the "sporting Martini" as a sportsman's rifle, and says it is a great Africa favorite. It is of simple mechanism and will take a lot of knocking about. Both this and the Lee-Speed-patent repeating rifle are shown at the W. W. Greener exhibit in the firm product. The action of both these arms, and also of the ejecting shotguns, are made plain and simple of comprehension by the full sets of sectionals shown. The process of barrel manufacture as illustrated is especially interesting, as for instance in the sectional views of the Henry, the oval smooth bore, express and other rifle barrels of the choked portion of the shotgun barrels. Take all in all, the many curious guns, the many standard and well known ones, and the details of their construction as displayed, the books of W. W. Greener (in many different languages), and above all the artistic arrangement of so diverse a whole, I question whether many exhibits could contain more to please the connoisseur or entertain the curiosity seeker. Moreover the firm have done one excellent thing. They have gotten up a special descriptive catalogue of this exhibit, not touching upon any articles not shown. Any interested person can by aid of this little book obtain unassisted a perfect idea of the exhibit in all its parts. For instance, in describing the specially made 12-gauges, which alone would have made a handsome and efficient exhibit for any firm, the catalogue speaks as follows:

"The eight guns following have been specially designed and made for the Chicago exhibition, and are specimens of the finest workmanship ever produced in gunmaking. Several styles of ornamentation are exhibited, among which are guns with elaborately carved actions representing oak leaves and acorns, horns and scroll work. Gold inlaying, chasing and damascening also adds elegance to the weapons, they are all suitably engraved in keeping with the designs, and artistically finished in the very best style. Not only has the extra care and attention been expended on the external appearance, but infinite trouble has been taken to secure the best possible workmanship procurable from the selection of the iron, steel and wood which forms the foundation, and through every subsequent stage, even to the making of the screws and pins."

We may, therefore, conclude that the English firm has brought to the World's Fair the best possible specimens of its handicraft. At the Fair the American and all others may examine them. The one and the other are to be complimented and congratulated on the deed and the day.

Other English Gun Exhibits.

Near the Greener booth in the British section are also the handsome cases of W. & C. Scott & Son and of Charles Lancaster. These handsome goods should not come all the way over here without a word of welcome, but unfortunately there was no attendant at either case at any time when I happened by, so that a later visit must be made here before we can speak as we would like.

Lieut. Peary's Tents.

This week's dispatches tell of the departure for the far North of the intrepid young explorer, Lieut. R. E. Peary, who expects to spend two years in Arctic regions in the effort to reach the Pole. Through reading FOREST AND STREAM Lieut. Peary purchased, during his visit to the Fair, two of the compact and comfortable Protean tents, for summer use by himself and wife. One is 7×7 and one 8 ×8. It is a far call to the cold North Pole, but I hope the Chicago tent will get there and use the hitherto useless thing for a center pole.

The Other Direction.

Next to this tent space is the boat exhibit of A. G. Spalding & Bros., as I have said. On the same day the tent started north one of the St. Lawrence pleasure boats started south, for San Martino, Mexico, via Vera Cruz. It was bought by Senor E. G. Gillow, and the freight was over $70.

Visitors.

Mr. Thos. H. Wentworth, of Bangor, Maine, Commissioner of Fisheries and Game for that State, is in the great and only city for a few weeks. I hear there are only four or five persons left back East now. They have to come to Chicago. It is like the bridge of Avignon, "Tout le monde y danse en ronde." That is French. I learned French at the Algerian village this summer.

From the other side of the continent, likewise leaving a card for FOREST AND STREAM, comes Mr. P. M. Fisher, of Oakland, California. Mr. Fisher is director of the Pacific Excursion Company.

Mr. J. M. Yorgey, steward of the Diana Shooting Club, Horicon Marsh, Wis., called this week, and paused before the big photograph showing a scene on the Horicon Marsh, which is one among the varied FOREST AND STREAM gallery of sporting views. There are many inquiries whether these pictures can be duplicated for sale, and also many inquiries for the originals in the FOREST AND STREAM amateur photography competition.

E. HOUGH.

The Cape Colony Exhibit.

THE exhibit of Cape Colony occupies a large space in the Agricultural Building. It is one of the most interesting in that department. By the way, the title of the department—that is, the Agricultural Department—is, in a way, misleading, or rather is not comprehensive enough in its meaning. Those who imagine it is devoted to threshing machines, plows and pumpkins are deceiving themselves, and denying themselves much information and pleasure if they refrain from visiting it. In it are exhibits from every clime, containing not only the agricultural implements and products peculiar to them, but the utensils of domestic life, photographic illustrations of the natives and their homes, and the flora and fauna of the country, as shown by colored pictures of the former and mounted specimens of the latter.

One will be surprised, too, at the variety and novelty of animal life. It is true that we live in an age of progress, but the greatest student cannot keep pace, in his knowledge, with the great sum of knowledge evolved by the progress of the world.

One has but to go through the Agricultural Building to realize by it, more than any other, how the world at large has advanced and developed in the last two decades.

Particularly is this true in respect to Africa. Where, twenty years ago or less, vast regions of it were in the atlases of that day marked "unexplored," or "uninhabited," or "desert region," are now large settled countries, with fixed boundary lines, permanent government and growing prosperity. Civilization is displacing and superseding barbarism. Not so much by destroying the barbarian as by restricting and educating him in so far as his simple nature will admit.

Civilization.

As I gazed at the map of Cape Colony, showing boundary lines, provinces, cities and towns, a gentleman standing beside me broke out in enthusiastic speech. His accent was mildly English.

Said he: "England has done a great deal for the civilization of the world. See, where a few years ago were wildernesses and savages, now under the development and beneficence of civilization. Is it not grand?"

"Yes," said I, but reserving mentally my prerogative as a dogman to concede nothing without a kick, "yes, but it is sad to contemplate that all this civilization and beneficence was handed to the African on the points of bayonets. In India, out of a mortar."

He replied kindly: "You must concede that we did not make good savages as the Americans make good Indians. When they were subdued, England treated the savages kindly, and bettered their condition. Even if civilization was forced on them, was it not better than savagery?"

I was forced to admit that it was. The fact is that almost every nation has a glass house of some kind, and it does not do to throw stones too carelessly. I had forgotten that we helped ourselves to the Indians' land first, offered him civilization in an economical way second, and third, periodically prodded him into warlike activity for general results.

Mr. Robert Lee.

This gentleman, Mr. Robert Lee, had charge of the large and valuable exhibit of Cape Colony.

I saw a number of skins spread out here and there in the exhibit, skins of strange animals, some sewn into robes, others whole by hemselves. In short, there was so much which was strange, I was constrained to ask Mr. Lee for information. I found him a most affable and communicative gentleman, and thoroughly familiar with his country's resources.

In reply to my query whether there were any game birds in Cape Colony, he said:

"We have a variety of game birds. There are wild ducks, quail similar to the American quail so far as I have been able to judge by the specimens I have seen, Guinea fowl, native pheasants and partridge."

I then asked him if setters and pointers had been introduced into Cape Colony.

"Yes," he replied, "there are quite a number of them, but they are used chiefly by the military and a few of the wealthier people. Setters and pointers are not at all strange in our country."

"What are your varieties of large game?" I asked.

"There is a large variety of big game. Springbok, reib buck, bless buck. There are also leopards, elephants, lions and several kinds of the tiger species, though no tigers. The hunting is confined to certain comparatively small districts. Among the best are certain parts of British Bechuanaland. Civilization has already had its effect in exterminating big game."

Noticing no fish exhibit, I asked: "How about your game fish in Cape Colony?"

"The rivers have very few good fish in them," he said. "The summers are very dry, and then the rivers in consequence have very low water or dry up entirely. There is not, as you might imagine, a scarcity of water in summer. At a depth of 12ft. in most cases, or at 20ft. at the greatest, plenty of water is found all through the provinces. There are underground rivers. There is an abundance of fish caught on the coast. About 50 or 60 varieties of food fish are found there. There is a very large crab, resembling a lobster in a manner, which sells for one cent. A snook, weighing from 16 to 18lbs., sells from 4 to 6 cents in equivalent of American money. Cape salmon, 12 to 15lbs., about 8 cents. There is very little inland fishing."

Mr. Lee gave me much interesting information on the wild animals of the South African country. While the exhibit is a grand one it was a mistake to neglect making a full exhibit of these wild animals. Such as are exhibited are more in relation to domestic usefulness or commercial value than to them as being *ferœ naturœ*.

There were a number of robes made up of skins. One was of tiger cat, and was valued at £20. It did not approach, in beauty or quality, robes of American manufacture, made up much better and at a lower figure. Skins of the Zambesa cat were shown, and of the lynx, the latter highly valued by the natives for its supposed curative powers when worn by persons who are afflicted with rheumatic ailments. Undoubtedly good flannel would have the same curative effect.

A tawny skin of a lion was draped on the side of a table. Two holes in it showed where the bullet of the hunter snuffed out life. A lion's skin does not look very lordly when the lion is absent from it. The skull of the lion was nailed up among a lot of Zulu ornaments, utensils and weapons. If the expression of the skull, with its strong, curved fangs, large eye sockets and strong jaws is any data by which to judge the animal in life, it must have been a most petulant brute. Skins of the silver jackal did not suggest beauty. Why they are called silver jackal is difficult to understand, as they are said to be of a variety of colors. Skins of the leopard and laughing hyena were not uninteresting.

A springbok, indifferently mounted, was the single representative of the deer family. It was a tiny specimen, weighing, when alive, about 40 or 50lbs.

Two Boer goats, specimens of descendants of the wild goat, but now representing the domestic goat, were most interesting studies. They are large, strong animals, cleaner and longer of limb than our domestic goat, short coat, and in body shaped more like a six-months-old calf. The head somewhat resembles that of our domestic goat, though the horns are much smaller. The larger specimen would, in life, have weighed fully 200lbs., the smaller about 150. They were set up on an elevation about 5ft. from the floor, and, with Angora goats, fat-tailed sheep and the springbok, made an interesting group.

The Ostrich.

Two ostriches, a male and female, were the center of constant admiration. They stood on an imitation of desert sand, out of which was an imitation growth of the small, stunted, scraggy bush, growing only one in a place, the food of the ostrich. On the ground were young ostrich chicks, about the size of common hens.

It occurred to me that ostriches might be shot over the

points of pointers and setters. I was tempted to ask Mr. Lee about it, but thought it better not to ask too much information at one time. However, I know some men who have shot a great deal, yet I firmly believe they can hit more ostriches over a dog's points than they can hit quail under like conditions. The fact that the ostrich does not fly would not make any difference in the results of the shooting. The ostrich would be a most valuable addition to our list of game birds. For a dog with a poor nose, and a man between whom and his gun there is a grievance, the ostrich would fill a long felt want. Ostriches at $500 apiece would be prize shooting.

A pyramid of ostrich eggs had a most pleasant suggestion of custards and ice creams, but I did not learn whether ostrich eggs are good in months which have no r in them or not. There were many hung up for decorative purposes. Some were halved, had a pretty landscape painted on them, and were nicely framed or secured to panels.

By the way, it may not be out of place to mention that in Cape Colony the ostrich is now a domestic bird. The wild ostrich is no longer a factor in furnishing the beautiful feathers often seen on three-decker hats at theatres and elsewhere. As an industry, ostrich farming is one of the chief industries of Cape Colony. Previous to 1860, feathers were secured by killing the birds in the wild state. Their destruction was enormous, and if continued meant extinction. In 1866 there were only eighty domesticated birds in the Colony, yet 17,522lbs. of feathers were exported. The average yield is estimated at 1¼lbs. per bird. This meant the destruction of 13,938 birds in one year. Probably many more were wounded. The pursuit was so keen and relentless that the birds sought refuge in the interior wilds of the wilderness. In 1854 a number of chicks were captured, but their domestication was not a perfect success. They were sufficiently tame to be plucked of their feathers, although this was attended with difficulty, the birds being almost unmanageable. Their progeny was wilder and more difficult to domesticate. It seemed as if the venture was a failure. However, the incubator solved the problem. In 1869 it was introduced. Birds hatched by it were raised by hand and took kindly to domestication. Their ancestral wildness did not thereafter appear. Ostrich farming then became an established industry. In 1875 there were 21,751 domesticated ostriches. That year 49,569lbs. of feathers were exported, and five years afterward the exportation of 163,065lbs. of feathers showed how the industry had increased. That exportation was valued at £883,632lbs. In 1882, 253,954lbs. of feathers were exported at great profit, selling for £7 17s. per lb., bringing in a total of £1,993,980, but so many then engaged in the business that over-production resulted, prices fell and ruin came to many in consequence. There is always now a steady demand, notwithstanding the changes and whims of fashion, so that ostrich farming is on a firm, conservative footing.

The high prices of 1882 stimulated attempts at this industry in other countries. The exportation of birds and eggs alarmed the home government. A duty of £100 on every bird and £5 on every egg exported was imposed. This step prohibited further exportation. It is supposed in Cape Colony that that country has an exclusive monopoly of ostrich farming.

The Angora goat, from which is taken the mohair of commerce, is also cultivated.

Wool was shown in many varieties and qualities.

A large case was crowded with mounted specimens of native birds, bright in color and beautiful in form. The game birds, I regret to say, were neglected in the exhibit, not one being represented.

A most interesting collection of the native weapons and domestic utensils of the aborigines was shown. The fatal assagai of the Kaffir, bows, poisoned arrows, spears, shields made of hide—a most flimsy protection—rude knives, etc., a most primitive array of force as compared to the modern outfit of the white man when equipped for gore.

The domestic utensils were very few and simple. A gentleman, who is interested in archæological conundrums, told me that the stone implements were precisely similar to ones he had seen on the Pacific coast, used by the aborigines of that section. The rude rock pictures were also similar. He is a student in those matters. He said that his studies had proved that primitive man throughout the world had lived in much the same manner under similar conditions.

This sketch has merely touched on the attractions of the exhibit. In its agricultural features it is most abundantly represented. Those who wish to see how people live about 6,300 miles from New York or London can do no better than to visit the Cape Colony exhibit, where they can pass a most profitable half day, and withal a pleasant one.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

IF YOU HAVE a friend, good and true, whom you would like to remind of *his* friend, fifty-two times in the year—once every week—why not ask us to see that a FOREST AND STREAM wrapper has his name on it, with your initials in the corner of the address label?

You are invited

to visit the "Forest and Stream's" exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the entrance from the main hall of the Fisheries Building, in the World's Fair.

Sea and River Fishing.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

ON EDGEMERE POINT.

WE talked it over five minutes, then it was settled. We would go fishing. Very few fish had been caught, and the chances were against us.

"A cloudy day for pike," said Brower, the business man, who has caught tarpon South, mascalonge North and everything between.

"Go anyhow, I'm a mascot," said the ingenue, who was on her vacation.

So we went.

A trifle less than fifty miles south of New York city, on the Jersey coast, lies Deal Lake, a famous spot. We took six rods and gave the actress her selection. With rare good judgment she picked out the 8oz. Prime rod—named by its makers after that veteran and thoroughbred angler, A. C. Prime. With enough lunch to last three healthy appetites for two days, and a bucket of live minnows, we spread camp—a rubber blanket—on Edgemere Point, and fished still, with six red floats popping out of the water like miniature beacons. The actress made her own cast and did well. It was 10 A.M.

"We will now prepare to take life easy," said Brower, deliberately, as he filled his pipe, "for it's a dead minnow against a pipeful of sinkers that we will not get a strike until 4 o'clock, if we get one then."

The actress was a bunch of nerves, and she regretted she had not brought field glasses the better to observe the floats.

In an east wind, with the sun shining brightly, and just as a gang of Italian laborers on the tracks of the Long Branch railroad stopped work for dinner, the red float which buoyed the actress's minnows shot obliquely downward and out of sight.

"Let him eat it up," said Brower, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice, "and when he has the hook where his suspender buttons ought to grow, reel in and you will have caught a catfish."

I laughed, but the actress declared it was a pike. "A six-year-old call-boy would know it wasn't a miserable catfish," she said, scornfully.

She had the rod in her hand, and stood in an attitude for a picture. Her cheeks were red with excitement, and the wind made her blonde curls dance a jig. She braced herself like a feminine Rock of Gibraltar. Then we heard a welcome noise—you've all heard it, and you know how it sends the blood rioting through your veins.

"Whir-r-r-r-r," it went, while the actress said, calmly:

"What did I tell you?"

In two seconds there were two men on their feet—two excited, advice-giving men who felt not only a trifle ashamed, but a trifle envious as well.

"Let him run a little!"

"Now give it to him!"

The line cut the water at an angle, but there was a firm little hand on the reel and a young woman who knew a thing or two owned the hand. Slowly she brought the unwilling fish like a mother dragging a boy home to a whipping. Once he made a rush and he was given about twenty feet, but his head was twined around again and inside of ten minutes we saw him coming slowly through the shallow water—the leopard of the lake.

"Gaff him for me, you big, strong fishermen," she said, and we lifted him in over the snags and up over the dead leaves. There were 8lbs. of him there, and he was a picture for a frame as he hung gasping from a low branch of the nearby cedar tree.

Talk about precedent—it was nowhere. What did the east wind, bright day and noon hour count for when a woman went fishing?

There were many enjoyable days ahead for us, we thought, as we trudged home astonishing the natives with the monster.

The enjoyable days amounted to one calendar week. Then a long-haired gentleman launched a big bait box, sharpened at one end like a clumsy wedge. He called it the Bonaventure.

He put in batteries and a screw, and took people in at the rate of 20 cents a head to sail around the most beautiful lake ever hedged in by natural scenery. Every time this boat makes a trip it sends volt upon volt of electricity through the water. The fish have ceased to bite, and the angler has turned his back upon his most promising ground. The Bonaventure plunges up and down, wheezes and snorts, and the long-haired man gathers in about $1.30 a day as the result of his enterprise.

The lovers of angling have concluded to make at least one good effort to suppress the "bait box," and with Mr. Leonard Hulit at the head, it is likely something will be done.

Deal Lake has been noted for years for its pike. It holds besides a quantity of landlocked striped bass. Specimens as heavy as 14lbs. have been taken while trolling with a phantom minnow.

But now, unless something is done, *vale* fishing.

The actress proposes to pension the long-haired man.

B. A. N.

Bass at Cape Vincent.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., June 28.—Bass fishing is now in its prime at Cape Vincent. The hotels are all filling up with anglers, and the catches of bass are something unprecedented. Yesterday's catch is only an every-day occurrence. Mr. Esterbrook, of New York, is in his glory with 444 bass for the last 10 days.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Weeks, of Brooklyn, brought in yesterday a string of 76lbs.—several over 2lbs. each.

Mr. Rudolph Keppler, of Wall street, New York, and his son Emil brought in over 50lbs. bass.

A. Sturo, of San Francisco, Cal., had much sport with a 3lbs. bass and 40lbs. of lesser weight.

Messrs. J. W. Ege and J. D. Bedle, Jr., of Jersey City, brought in over 60lbs. They have had that average all during the past week. Mr. E. Beadle, of New York city, caught 22 fish, weighing over 38lbs.

Many other fishermen have had equally as good sport. This is by far the best point for bass fishing on the St. Lawrence I have struck.

G. H. A.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WATERS.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 23.—Massabesic Lake, four miles out, is where most of the anglers of this city put in their day or two of boat fishing each year, as their business will allow. Perch, with an occasional bass or pickerel, is their only reward. Once in a while one who is well posted about the points of the business on that sheet of water will get a string of pickerel or bass, but a large catch of either, in size or number, is rare. Arthur P. Spiller, as painstaking and persevering an angler as there is in the world, showed me Wednesday evening a bass that weighed 2¼lbs. and a pickerel that tipped the scales at 2lbs., which he had taken that evening from the lake. Pouts have been plentiful there this season and many hundreds have been taken, mostly small.

Lake Sunapee, the alleged home of the black bass, and Newfound Lake, where trout are said to abound, are extending less attraction to our fishermen at this time than they have in years gone by. The facts in regard to both as relating to the average fisherman are, that they have been overestimated as fish reservoirs, and like all good places easy of access, have had their full quota of fishermen. Whenever any lucky fellow makes a strike of a good sized bass or trout, the world, or the best part of it—all of the United States—hears of the occurrence through the medium of the newspapers, by the special efforts of the local hotel men, whereas the thousands who visit the "crack" fishing grounds of the Granite State with indifferent success, never have their poor luck made known by others, and content themselves by staying away thereafter. While there are good fish at all places, which can be caught at the proper time by those who know how, before one goes to either place expecting immense results, he must make allowance for the stories heard about the "big ones" others have captured, and know that fishermen are not the only liars living, as most natives, those in search of shekels in particular, around summer resorts and popular fishing grounds, can give the best disciple of Walton a pretty good tussle in spinning yarns. Dr. George H. Fowler of Bristol, an old schoolmate of mine by the way, seems to have all the large fish of the Newfound Lake located; I think he watches their growth, and holds a mortgage on them, which when he thinks they are of proper size he forecloses and lands them. He takes many large ones each season, and is one among many hundreds who try and are thus rewarded.

Lake Winnipiseogee well sustains its reputation and has furnished Manchester people with many nice trout this summer. The most recent catch was by Mr. J. B. Estey and a party of four, who spent a day on its surface and captured five which weighed in the aggregate 20lbs. There seems to be no limit to the number of finny inhabitants within its depths.

Dr. J. H. Riedell and Mr. Fred H. Thurston, two thorough sportsmen and ardent fly-fishermen, returned Thursday last from an eight days' trip to northern Maine, a Mecca that all New England sportsmen visit whose business, purses, or "pull" on the railroads will sustain and allow. They were disappointed in finding the streams filled with logs and the water far too high for fly-fishing they designed to enjoy, but before returning they managed to get a day's sport on a small pond which yielded a fair string that would average 1lb. each, called by the people there "small trout." They saw two moose and a large number of deer; so numerous and so often were the latter seen that the visitors ceased to remark their presence. At one time they counted eight, and on many occasions saw from two to six at once, and they would frequently quietly feed within a couple of rods of the fishermen without fear, a condition of things that will radically change when fly time has passed and the deer hunter appears on the scene.

PAYSON.

ADIRONDACK NOTES.

FROM information gathered on a recent trip through the southeastern portion of the Adirondacks it would seem that deer are on the increase all through this section and that the hunting has never been better of recent years than at present. Sections that a few years ago were barren of deer now furnish their quota of game, while in other sections the hunting has been wonderfully improved. This condition of affairs, so pleasing from the hunter's standpoint, is attributed to two causes: The first and most important is the improved observance of the game laws. In this part of the Adirondacks it is a rare thing to hear of deer being killed out of season, and public sentiment is decidedly in support of the law. Twenty years ago crusting was common, and the entire deer of certain wild localities were often skinned out, leaving it an unproductive wilderness till the crop was gradually recruited from the neighboring county. Crusters killed sometimes for very wantonness, or again merely to break in a hound pup. The deer were generally so poor at the time of year they could be hunted in this way that their meat was scarcely fit for food. Crusting was probably the most destructive method of hunting to which deer have ever been subjected, but there were many other ways, since rendered illegal, by which the supply was cut down.

Another cause which in certain sections has operated to largely increase the number of deer, is the establishment of private parks or reserves, in which hunting is only allowed under certain limitations. These parks furnish refuges and breeding places for the deer, and as they increase they gradually wander off into the surrounding country.

The Adirondack Reserve has not allowed hunting on its 40,000 acres of land since it came into possession, a period of some seven years, and as a result the hunting in contiguous sections has been greatly improved. Hunters living fifteen or twenty miles from the borders of the reserve ascribe a certain portion of the deer increase in their localities to its fostering influence. The land of the reserve is mostly covered by primeval woods, and in such woods there is not so much food suitable for deer, as a rule, as there is in a country that has been lumbered over. Deer are very fond of young and tender growths, such as spring up in a country that has been recently burned or lumbered over; and a certain number from the surplus of the reserve are no doubt constantly wandering away.

One of the sections that has profited most by better laws and a better observance of them is the country around Schroon Lake. It is said that last fall 50 odd deer were killed within a radius of 15 miles from the head of the lake. To a party of which Wm. Pickhardt, of New York, who owns a large stock farm near Schroon Lake, was a

member, is ascribed the feat of going out six consecutive days and bringing in with them each day one or more deer. This happened two years ago.

Schroon Lake is well supplied with hotels. Among these are the Leland House, the Ondawa, the Taylor and the Watch Rock. At the lower end of the lake is the Pottersville Hotel, and at Chestertown, six miles further south, is the Chestertown Hotel, well and favorably known to sportsmen. At these places the very best accommodation may be had and first-class hunting and fishing.

In Schroon Lake and neighboring sheets of water such as Paradox, Pharaoh, Friend's, Loon and Brant lakes is fine black bass and trout fishing. In Pharaoh Lake are brook trout, and in most of the others lakers and black bass. There are also several trout brooks, and from one of these a trout was taken this spring that weighed 3lbs. Partridge shooting is, however, probably the best sport afforded by this section. There is probably no better ground for this game in the State of New York. A few years ago, when market-hunting was allowed by law, one storekeeper by his own narration shipped 300 pairs from the town of Pottersville. Since the new law, which does not allow their shipment, partridge have still further increased, and a good shot with a good dog can make a remarkably good bag.

To the northeast of Schroon Lake stretches a tract of 40,000 acres of wilderness owned under one title. This is an excellent game tract and contains many deer. Nine miles north and east of Schroon Lake is Pyramid Lake, on which is a good summer hotel owned by Orrin Harris. This lake claims the distinction of furnishing fine brook trout fishing in connection with black bass and is also in a good game country. It is one of the few places where bass and brook trout live side by side. One can fish in water up to fifteen feet deep for bass and then let out a little more line and catch trout. That is still-fishing. Whether the trout and bass fraternize on the surface and take the fly equally well I am unaware. This lake is very deep and to this fact is ascribed the unusual relationship existing between the trout and bass. Nine miles north of Schroon Lake village is Root's Hotel, which is a celebrated stopping place for hunters. There is also good trout fishing in this neighborhood.

Altogether this section is a very desirable one for those fond of the rod and gun. The hotel accommodations are of the best and the hunting for large and small game better than many places deeper in the woods, and celebrated alone for their game. This country is, moreover, very accessible to New York, and one can take a night train and be on the ground the following morning. B.

TROUT IN QUEBEC WILDS.

BOSTON, July 1.—Many sportsmen have yet to find that there is still a glorious region in the North, almost unexplored, where trout are abundant, small game abounds, and where moose and caribou, if not the red deer, are not nearly exterminated. Take the map of the Province of Quebec and look at the numerous streams and lakes north of the St. Lawrence in the valleys of the Saguenay, the St. Maurice and the Gatineau rivers. The country, up to nearly 200 miles north of the St. Lawrence, is literally dotted with lakes and ponds, the home of the trout and the salmon, while all these lakes and ponds lead by the wildest and most picturesque of streams and rivers down into the St. Lawrence. Much of the country is broken, though no very high mountains are the result But many of the lakes are several hundred feet, in half as many miles, above the larger streams. But sportsmen are gradually finding their way into these valleys and considerable of the land is already under the control of sporting clubs, both English and American. The Laurentian Club is one of these. It is made up of some 250 members, including many New York and Boston sportsmen. It has control of a large tract of country, including a great many lakes and streams in the valley and the water shed of the St. Maurice. Its principal lakes, ponds and streams are in the vicinity of Lake Edward, and from 50 to 70 miles north of the St. Lawrence. It has already a large number of club houses erected, with trails completed from lake to lake, and around falls and rapids to serve for canoeing.

Mr. N. N. Thayer, of Barry, Thayer & Co., of Boston, has just returned from a visit of several weeks to this region. Mrs. Thayer was with him, a lady well known as an annual visitor to the Rangeleys. In fact Mr. and Mrs. Thayer have been to the Rangeleys a great many times, and have taken some remarkably large trout. They encamped on their recent Canadian trip the most of the time within ten or fifteen miles of Grand Piles, P. Q., in the St. Maurice country. But they also visited other lakes and streams more remote. They made one excursion of some twenty miles to a lake in the north, and the wonders they saw would delight a sportsman's heart. They saw live caribou and plenty of moose signs, convincing them that big game was really plenty. They saw several beaver dams, inhabited, and got sight of Mr. Beaver at home. The journey was made by canoe and carry, a long part of the distance by carry, around rapids and waterfalls. One waterfall Mr. Thayer says is a wonder of the world. A river some 200ft. wide dashes madly down a gorge and then over a precipice, falling, he estimates, 100ft. at least. He wonders that more people do not visit this fall, and believes that the neighborhood will yet be famous with tourists.

The trouting was all that heart could wish, though they took no very large brook trout. Mr. Thayer says that the trout remind him greatly of the trout taken at Kennebago, in point of size, and the lakes and ponds north of that famous resort. But the trout are generally far brighter in color, and the flesh is a deeper red. He accounts for this from the fact that the streams and ponds are simply beds of rock, and almost entirely destitute of muddy bottom. Some good-sized togue, or lake trout, were taken in some of the lower lakes. But the upper lakes and streams, he believes, will be forever free from any other fish than the brook trout, for the reason that no other fish can surmount the waterfalls and rapids that lead out of these upper lakes.

The greatest drawback Mr. Thayer experienced on this trip was the presence everywhere of innumerable black flies. Rangeley, in its earliest days, was never half as badly afflicted as is this region north of the St. Lawrence. Fly-casting was rendered almost a misery rather than a pleasure from the fact that the black flies must constantly be fought from the nose and the eyes, though the rest of the flesh was well protected, either by clothing or tar and oil. Mosquito netting was a failure. The flies have learned how to manage that. They get up above it, fold up their wings and legs, make a dive downward through the meshes and they are with their victim. Mr. Thayer says that this is no fancy sketch; he actually saw them going through the mosquito netting in that way. Tarltan too thick to breathe through will stop them.

Another drawback to the country, to the ordinary Yankee, is the fact that the guides all speak French, and it is not easy for one to make them understand unless he has a fair command of the Canadian French patois. He could make them understand well enough to get enough to eat and go about, but if they came to a beaver dam or any other curious feature of the wild region they were in it was next to impossible to get any information about it, though the guides are good woodsmen. It is a curious feature that there are few or no deer in the region visited by Mr. and Mrs. Thayer. They saw no signs of deer, though caribou and moose must be plenty. It is explained that years ago the deer were destroyed by wolves, and that they have never been seen there since. SPECIAL.

SALMON OF THE MERRIMAC.

LAWRENCE, Mass., June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with pleasure that the writer has the opportunity of reporting to you the result of the untiring zeal of one of Lawrence's citizens, who had the good fortune of hooking and landing a 12lbs. salmon in the Merrimac River last Sunday evening. The particulars are given in the *Eagle*, of Monday:

In the window of Henry P. Doe's jewelry store was exhibited yesterday a very fine specimen of Merrimac River salmon. It was caught Sunday night about 6 o'clock by Patrick McCarthy, whose reputation as an angler is not confined to these parts. Mr. McCarthy cast for nearly three hours before making a strike. This salmon was struck a few feet below Lewis' scouring mill, Mr. McCarthy making his casts from the shore. When hooked, the fish ran out about 50yds. of line and then shook like a terrier, rising out of the water fully 5ft. This operation was repeated five times, until the salmon, tiring of his exertions, permitted himself to be gently drawn by the skill of the angler to a point near shore, when McCarthy handed the rod to a friend and performed the last act of the piscatorial drama with the gaff himself after a fight of about twenty minutes.

The Lowell bridge and the south bank of the river were lined with spectators during the struggle.

The fish was as gamy a specimen as ever was hooked. Not only did it jump high out of the water and shake itself many times in its endeavor to escape from the cruel hook, but the fisherman found that the salmon was one of those peculiar fish which nose down stream, for with all his skill Mr. McCarthy found it impossible to turn its head up stream.

The fly used was a patren, the feathers being green and speckled. The dimensions of the fish are: Length, 2ft. 8in.; depth, 7in.; thickness, 3in. It is the second fish of its kind taken in local waters with a fly, Mr. McCarthy having the proud distinction of landing both—the first, a much smaller fish, a year ago this time.

The Merrimac River flows through the center of Lawrence, dividing the city into two districts, known as North and South Lawrence, and upon the northern bank of the river are some of the largest textile manufacturing concerns in the world, among them the world renowned Pacific Mills, which alone employ 8,000 operators, and upon the south bank of the river are two paper mills, worsted mill, commission dyehouse, machine shop, leather board mill and a wool-scouring mill. I mention these simply to inform your readers of the large amount of refuse that must naturally be turned into this stream and with all have salmon in the finest condition in the very heart of these large industries.

I remember five years ago when the gentleman in question, Mr. Pat McCarthy, and myself and two others were on our way to Moosehead on a trout fishing excursion, we happened to stop off at Bangor, and hearing that a salmon had been hooked and landed by Mr. Fred Ayer, it was suggested by Mr. McCarthy that we go to the pool below the dam and try our luck at salmon fishing. The result was that McCarthy hooked three salmon that afternoon and lost them all, owing to old and imperfect leader. This was too much for Mac, so we continued our journey to Moosehead, and while there decided that we should at once prepare for next season's salmon fishing at Bangor. When the season came around it found us at the pool well equipped, and to show that we were so our party hooked and landed eleven beautiful salmon, not losing any.

I forgot to say that this same gentleman caught a 10lbs. salmon last June in the same pool as the one caught yesterday, which is situated exactly opposite the Pacific Mills on the south side of the river and behind the E. Frank Lewis scouring mill. FRANK W. LEE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Good Fishing.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 30.—The fishing season began late, but it began in earnest. The fish are biting everywhere, all over Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin, except where local conditions are temporarily bad. Parties back from the trout lake region, Wisconsin, including W. H. Haskell and Frank Grey, among others, report all the mascallonge and bass any one could ask. Mr. Stewart, who was at a new water, Pike Lake, is wild with enthusiasm over the sport he had. The lower Wisconsin lakes are now offering better sport than was the case a week ago. The small-mouth bass are biting well in the Kalamazoo and Grand Rivers, Michigan south peninsula. Mr. Ben. O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, writes that a few days ago a party caught thirty-five small-mouths in a little while, but then had the misfortune to break their stringer and lose the entire catch. "This," says Mr. Bush sagely, "shows that you don't always have anything safe even if you have a string to it."

For Grayling.

Archie Babbitt, a guide of the grayling country, south peninsula, writes as follows to Mr. J. B. Battelle, of Toledo, O., who is kind enough to hand me the letter:

Yours of May 16 came to hand. I have been very busy and am five miles from a post-office and do not go out often and have so neglected a reply. I would recommend the Au Sable as a stream for your friend for fish, scenery, etc. I cannot look after any parties. My brother Walter, of Grayling, would, I think, care for your friend's party. The wages of a guide are $2.50 per day and board. For a party of two or three no camp man would be needed, provided parties did not fish too many hours in the day.

Mr. Battelle thinks the last two weeks of August about the best of the grayling season.

Casters Casting.

The city press thus reports the last meeting of the Fly-Casting Club: "Excellent casting was the rule at the fourth weekly contest of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club yesterday at the large pond of Washington Park. In the first event, a trial of long-distance fly-casting, Wilkinson, Isgrigg and Johnson were tied for first place, but in the cast for the medal Isgrigg won by a foot, casting 71ft. The score was: Johnson 67ft., Morrell 60, Wilkinson 68, Davidson 59, Babcock 60, Isgrigg 71, Clark 55½. The second event, for fly-casting for distance, accuracy and delicacy, was won by Johnson, who scored 86½ points out of a possible 100. The score was: Wilkinson 65½ points, Davidson 79, Babcock 68¾, Isgrigg 66½, Clark 76. The last event was a trial of skill in bait-casting, Wilkinson winning the medal by scoring 219⅜ points. The score was: Davidson 204½ points, Clark 182⅛, Wilkinson 219⅜.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Tropical American Fresh-Water Fishes.

WE have received from the U. S. National Museum a Catalogue of the Fresh-Water Fishes of Central America and Southern Mexico, which was prepared by Prof. Carl H. Eigenmann for volume 16 of its Proceedings. The region covered by this catalogue includes the fresh waters north of the Isthmus of Panama to the Tropic of Cancer.

Among the fishes enumerated are many that would be recognized by our readers from similarity to our common fresh-water forms. A lamprey is found in Guanajuato; a blue shark in Lake Nicaragua; a bony gar in Mexico and Guatemala; a square-tailed catfish and a fork-tailed species resemble kinds familiar to us in the United States.

A carp-sucker is mentioned from Central America and a red-horse from Guanajuato. Four representatives of the minnow family are known in Mexico, and the waters swarm with the toothed-minnows, which begin to occur in our States only in Texas. A mud-shad, or gizzard-shad is found in Lake Peten. Mummichogs related to some of ours are well distributed, and there are many others unlike any in our territory. The so-called four-eyed fish is among them.

The rivers and lakes are densely populated by a family of fishes closely related to the cunner and tautog of the east coast, which furnish amusement for the angler and an important part of the food supply. The list concludes with a generous show of gobies, some of which extend northward into the Gulf States. In these the bell fins are modified into a sucking disk which enables its possessor to cling tightly to rocks and even climb out of a bucket in its efforts to escape capture.

Four Quarts of Fingerlings.

ON June 25 I was at Port Henry, where I had been trying the waters of Lake Champlain with indifferent success. Not so, however, with a party who arrived at the Lee House at about 10 o'clock that same evening after a day's "fishing" on one of the neighboring trout streams. This catch was brought to my room for my admiration, and consisted of 100 to 150 fish in a four-quart pail. They were all trout; the largest one visible was certainly not over 6in., while the greater portion appeared to range from 3 to 5in, many of them considerably smaller than the minnows I had used on the lake for bass and pike.

I have seen and read in your paper cases of the violation of the fishing laws, but never such a wanton, hoggish slaughter as on the occasion referred to. There was no effort at concealment; on the contrary, the approbation of those they were shown to was eagerly solicited. I sympathize with a gentleman of that same place, who, at a sacrifice of time and money, had stocked several of the streams in that vicinity, as stated by him in your issue of June 15. Presumably these fingerlings were the result of his labor. I heard of a case of dynamiting the lake at Crown Point on the same day. I consider that fish anarchist a sportsman as compared to the murderers of the trout referred to. They are well known at Port Henry and apparently fear no penalty. W. I. I.

Onondaga and Oneida Lakes.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This extract from a letter written by Game Protector Hawn speaks for itself. Great work has been done here by Chief Pond and his assistants, Hawn and Crossley. Protector Hawn writes from Cicero:

We returned from our trip Monday, captured one trap net and two pirates. Nets are very scarce on Oneida Lake. Seventeen of the Oneida Club were in camp on Oneida Lake, looking after nets. If they had come out two years ago it would have been a great help to me. A world of eel flies on the waters yet, still they are making great catches of pike and pickerel. I have 130 cases to get ready for court, which I shall put my immediate attention to, as ordered by the chief. Skaneateles and Otisco people are behaving themselves well. I spent sixteen nights there this season; found everything straight. Those that opposed us at the first are now helping us openly. They see the benefit of protection.

The report of Special Protector Jackson, who has been employed by the Onondaga Anglers' Association to enforce the laws, shows that within the last three months he has pulled eight fyke nets, five gill nets, three flat nets and one trap and has made five arrests. It also shows that 150,000 muscalonge, pike and trout fry have been planted in near-by waters since May 1.

Fishing has not been so good in Onondaga and Oneida Lakes within fifteen years, for pike and pickerel. I took 60lbs. of those fish in three hours from Oneida Lake last week. HENRY LOFTIE.

A Frog's Scream.

WARREN, R. I.—The panther scream season being over, will you kindly permit me to submit a scream from a somewhat lowlier member of the animal kingdom? Last Sunday I was fishing with a friend in a reservoir here, and seeing a mammoth frog near the bank my companion angled for, hooked him and pulled him up on the bank. I grabbed his hindlegs and was about to "do him," when he uttered a yell like that of a cat in pain. He started with a moderate yowl, and increased each succeeding one until he was doing an act that a panther might be proud of. A. B.

Lake Merrill.

MR. LOUIS B. AKIN, of Portland, Ore., has established a lodge for sportsmen at the south end of Lake Merrill, Etna, Wash., where, he tells us, the comers will find the best of trout fishing, and after Aug. 15 good hunting grounds for elk, deer and bear. The lake is reached by steamer from Portland, via Woodland.

Sale of Trout in Close Season.

BOSTON, Mass., July 1.—The Gilbert trout matter has made another important step toward a final settlement. At the Superior Court, in Plymouth, Mass., on Thursday, June 29, in the case of Commonwealth vs. Walter L. Gilbert, the court rendered a proforma verdict of guilty of selling trout out of season, and the case was appealed to the Supreme Court. Failing to secure the enactment of his bill to permit the sale of trout Mr. Gilbert resolved to take the existing law into his own hands, and test its constitutionality. It was only one or two days to the beginning of the legal open season on trout, but this had nothing to do with Mr. Gilbert's purpose. He openly caught and sold one of his own trout to a resident of Plymouth, then he caused a complaint to be made out, had Chief of Police Manter arrest him, and appeared before Judge Davis of the third district court charged with the crime of selling trout in the close season. He was convicted, in fact he expected to be convicted, and appealed to the Superior Court, giving bonds for his appearance. Now the Superior Court has found him guilty, and the case is to be carried up to the Supreme Court, on the question of the constitutionality of the trout close time law, as affecting the owners of artificially reared trout.

A decision rendered in Mr. Gilbert's favor would affect the integrity of the entire code of fish and game protective laws in the State of Massachusetts, and other States even; but there is little danger of such a decision. Still, the question has never come before the Supreme Court of this State in just the same form, though the constitutionality of the game and fish protective laws has several tiues, I believe, been passed upon by that body, and their entire integrity and reasonableness been established. The question will be presented by Mr. Gilbert, through his attorney, in the form that a man has a constitutioual right to take and sell his own production (raising) whenever he pleases. But Mr. Chamberlayne, for the Fish and Game Protective Association, will answer, that a man has such a right only under certain reasonable restrictions, restrictions made for the greatest good of the community. A man has no right to kill and sell infected cattle, or calves under a certain age, no matter whether raised by himself or another. Neither has he a right to take and sell trout in the breeding (the protected) season, no matter whether from his own stream or pond or that of another, or whether he may have stocked that stream with fry or not.

SPECIAL.

The Size of the Mouth.

NYACK-ON-HUDSON, June 14.—I send the following copy of a letter I recently received from the superintendent of a club to which I belong, in answer to a letter advising him that I had shipped some bass to the club, and also asking what success some members had had in fishing a lake for small-mouthed bass. I think it might prove interesting reading for some of your subscribers. The letter is from a Long Islander, and is as follows: "June 12.—Dear Friend: I will be on lookout for the bass, and it is a very nice thing your getting them. Now about our bass trip to that lake. The fishing in the lake is good, the fish run large and seem plenty and are very good fighters. The above are facts. Every one was having a large time, until a member said they 'were large-mouthed bass and no good, and that said fish were like logs and he had rather catch sticks; in fact he could not think of staying in a locality where there was a lake that had them in.' Well, after such a description of course no member dare enjoy catching one for fear he would not be considered a sport; and so they all made arrangements to come home as soon as possible. There was one exception, Mr. M., he reasoned this way: 'I am here at a lake where there is good fishing, the best I have found; the fish are very game, and I cannot see why the size of their mouth should spoil my pleasure in catching them.' So he remained over and had the pleasure of catching twenty-five bass weighing from 1¼ to 3lbs.; we got one there that weighed 6¼lbs. Mr. M. took three to Dr. P., who pronounced them small-mouthed bass and took them to a friend who also pronounced them the same. I consider the fishing there very good, let the mouth be large or small." W.

Redwood Lakes.

REDWOOD, N. Y., June 30.—A short outing through Jefferson county led me first to Edwardsville on Black Lake. This is a beautiful sheet of water twenty miles long by two to four in width and of great depth. Bass and pickerel are abundant and of large average size, giving ample scope to the angler's skill, which is usually well rewarded. From here I went to Redwood on R., W. & O. R.R. This, with its chain of six lakes, called Redwood Lakes, is my ideal of choice fishing. The lakes comprise the Butterfield, four miles long, and four others about two miles each, whose waters, connected by small streams, pass through the Butterfield and thence on to Black Lake. One clear lake, fed entirely by springs (no outlet), contains only salmon trout, and there seems to be no limit to their numbers. In all the others bass, pike and pickerel are plentiful and run large, weighing from 5 to 20lbs. All these lakes are within two miles of Redwood station, where first-class hotel accommodations are found. One of the hotel men here makes this statement, "No fish no pay," open to all comers for the season. John Dollinger, the veteran guide, has an excellent boat livery, and in his quiet, whole-souled way, takes you to the exact spot where the fish lie, and his smile seems to have an attraction that draws them. Don't miss a visit to Redwood if coming this way.

Pere Marquette Waters.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., June 28.—Fishing at the Pere Marquette Club waters has been good for the last two weeks. Large trout from the Pere Marquette River have been running into the deep holes in our stream and several large fish have been taken; one rainbow trout, weighing something over 3lbs., and several small ones, as well. The other evening I took 17 trout, weighing 13¾lbs. That is a pretty good average from a stream you can almost jump across. They were all taken on a small inimitable May-fly, just at dusk. M.

A peculiar fish called the globefish has the power to inflate its body with air so as to make it assume the shape of a ball. FISHY.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

*Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—*her *luck.*

POTTERSVILLE, N. Y., June 28.—Judge John J. Friedman, now stopping at his cottage at the foot of Schroon Lake, caught three lake trout, the largest weighing 21½ lbs., the smallest 16lbs. He was very much elated over the catch. Prospects very good for more of the large beauties. J. B. WILLS.

SALEM, Mass., June 30.—Capt. George P. Berry, one of our best known sportsmen, is spending a few weeks at East Wakefield, N. H., where he is taking large numbers of small-mouth black bass. Mr. Berry is owner of the famous bloodhound Berry's Bradshaw, now entered for the bench show at the World's Fair. Mr. Samuel S. Pendar, who has been a guest of Mr. Berry's for the past week, returned to-day with a fine string of bass. Mr. Berry has the reputation of being the expert fly-caster of this city and a king-pin with the landing net. H.

WAWBEEK, N. Y., June 28.—Caught in front of Hotel Wawbeek, one trout weighing 21½lbs. Trout fishing in deep water for large fish promises to be good from this out. H. H. C.

LAKE RONKONKOMA, N. Y., June 27.—Fishing is very good. Numbers of oswego and black bass are taken out every day. The largest fish this year was caught by Mr. R. C. Wilson, of Brooklyn, the fish weighing 7lbs. 2oz. Mr. G. F. De Vere, the well known theatrical manager, comes next, catching a large-mouth black bass 6¾lbs. Among the many who take large strings away are Col. A. Wagstaff, Judge A. H. Camen and C. H. Mack. B.

Fishculture.

Statistical Review of Fishculture in Europe and North America.

BY N. BORODINE, DELEGATE OF THE RUSSIAN ASSOCIATION OF PISCICULTURE AND FISHERIES.

Read at meeting of American Fisheries Society, June 16, 1893.

INTERNATIONAL exhibitions give a good opportunity to reckon up the work done in different branches of human activity, and I thought it opportune to do the same thing with regard to the most recent industry—fishculture.

During the last two years I have made a special study of fishculture outside of my country, and visited many hatcheries of importance in Europe and North America. I was thus enabled to collect some material, which is summarized in the following short review. The figures of North America were taken from the reports of the U. S. Fish Commission, State Fish Commissions, annual reports of the Ministry of Marine and Fisheries of the Dominion of Canada, and from the report of the Superintendent of Fisheries of New Foundland. Those reports, regularly issued, are uniform, but they do not include any information about private fish hatcheries. For Europe the figures have been taken from scattered information in special literature, from official information furnished by the respective governments, and private information from the proprietors of fish hatcheries which I visited personally.

I do not consider the following figures as absolutely exact; on the contrary I am sure that one of them, for want of regular reports, are less than reality. Nevertheless I believe that a review of figures already known upon this matter may have some interest. Concluding these introductory remarks I ought to say that I do not deal in this paper with pond culture, the only object of comparison being the hatching of fish in the establishments specially constructed for that purpose.

The following table gives an idea of the number of fish hatched (in one season) in different countries of North America and Europe, indicating the date of information, the number of fish hatcheries and the expenses of the government for fishculture.

NORTH AMERICA.	Date of information.	Number of fish hatcheries.	Number of fish hatched, millions.	Annual appropriation for fishculture.
United States:				
State fish hatcheries	1882-92	46	416.	$174,040 00
U. S. Fish Commission	1891-92	20	491 2	150,000.00
Total U. S.		66	907 2	$324,040.00
Dominion of Canada	1890-91	13	128.	39,496.50
New Foundland	1890-91	1	581.	6,100.00
Total N. A.		80	1,616.2	$369,636 50
EUROPE.				
Norway	1890	58	214.5	4,166 50
Germany	1891	90	25.5	21,815.00
Switzerland	1890	84	13.7	2,207.00
Great Britain	1891	16	8.6	.....
Sweden	1891	34	5 4	.....
France	1891	17	4.2	3,960.00
Austria-Hungary	1891	96	2.8	.....
Italy	1891	5	1.1	.....
Netherlands	1891	2	1	2,084.00
Russia	1891	14	1.	2,800.00
Total of Europe		416	277.8	$37,032.50
Grand total	1891	496	1,894.	$406,669 00

The most of the figures relate to 1891, so that we are able to consider the grand total for this year. On the other hand, all the principal countries being included in the table, we may estimate this total as representing the figures of fishculture in the entire world. Four hundred and ninety-six fish hatcheries are registered in the record, 416 of them in Europe and 80 in this country.

The fish hatcheries of North America, included in the table, belong without exception, to the respective governments.

Most of the European fish hatcheries are private establishments, and only 82 out of 416 are controlled by their respective governments, viz., 14 in Switzerland, 1 in Germany, 5 in France, 2 in Italy, 58 in Norway, 1 in Great Britain and 1 in Russia.

The totals of fish hatched in North America (1,616,027,192) as compared with Europe (277,973,016) show that only about 14% are produced in Europe; among European countries, only Norway thanks to the active part taken by its government, can be considered as a serious competitor of the countries of the new world. The average production of one fish hatchery is 668 thousands in Europe and 13,4 millions in North America. Such a striking difference of the new world depends principally upon the difference in the character of the hatcheries on both continents. As before mentioned, the European fish hatcheries being private establishments, do not pursue the task of restocking public streams, but only the streams belonging to the proprietors, and very often they produce fry for sale to other proprietors of fish ponds, etc. Another circumstance to be mentioned in connection with the small size of European establishments is that no hatcheries—or very few—exist here for hatching of *Clupeidæ*, *Percidæ* and salt water fish; the hatching of these kinds of fish, to be successful, ought to be carried on on a large scale. The last and the most important question is the financial one. While the Government of the United States, of different States, of the Dominion of Canada grant very considerable amounts of money for fishculture and take direct interest in this work, in Europe, with the exception of Norway, Germany and Switzerland, the respective governments do not pay much attention to it.

The Government of the United States has a very important bureau, known as the U. S. Fish Commission, with annual appropriations of $298,000, viz: $150,000 for propagation of fish, $50,000 for distribution, $53,000 for maintaining vessels, $5,000 compensation of Commissioner, and $20,000 for scientific investigations and statistical work. Besides this regular budget the U. S. Fish Commission receives for extraordinary expenses, as for instance, the construction of new hatcheries, new vessels, fish cars, etc., a considerable amount of money.

The governments of separate States compete in usefulness of this work with the Federal Government, making large appropriations for building hatcheries and distributing fish. I must particularly mention the State of New York, with a yearly appropriation of $34,000, the State of Michigau, with an appropriation of $22,500, and the State of Pennsylvania, with a grant of $15,000. The total amount of money granted for fishcultural work by all the States is equal to $109,040 (1891).* The present appropriations are likely to be increased, because in very many reports I have examined the Fish Commissioners were asking for a larger amount of money.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada has been for a long time actively engaged in the propagatiou of fish. The expenditure for this work was in 1891 $374,202, which includes $39,496 for fish breeding and $83,050 for fish propagation.

The New Foundland Government works also quite successfully with an appropriation of $17,300, that is, $6,100 for fishculture and the remainder for fish protection and fishery administration.

In Europe, Germany expends the largest amount of money for fishculture work, say $21,815, which includes $12,500 of subsidy to the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, the leading association of its kind in Europe, and $9,315 for the governmental fish hatchery in Hüningen. Many private hatcheries exist in that country, thanks to the orders for hatched fry given by the above association, which has no hatchery of its own. The Hüningen fish hatchery—perhaps the largest on the continent—has no value from the standpoint of the modern fishculturist, and with regard to the accommodation for the work, many private establishments† in Germany leave far behind this big, but inconvenient, old-fashioned hatchery, which, I think, has completed its historical rôle in fishculture. Norway is now one of the leading countries in regard to the work for all kinds of improvements in fisheries. Its Government grants for this purpose an amount of $57,788 yearly, which includes $41,665 for fishculture in particular.‡ One of the largest salt-water fish hatcheries in the world, at Flodevigen, near Arendal (200,000,000 cod fry hatched in 1891), is controlled by a local fishery association, and gets a subsidy of 9,000 kroners from the Government. Next comes Switzerland, which operates, as compared with its area, on a very large scale. The federal government of that country has an appropriation of $2,207 for the fry planted by private men in the public waters. Besides that, almost every canton has one, two and sometimes several cantonal fish hatcheries.

France—the cradle of pisciculture, the country which has contributed toward the development of this new industry more work than any other country—now ranks far behind many European countries. The French Government does not pay much attention to fishculture in general, having an appropriation of 19,860 francs ($3,972) to maintain five not very large governmental fish hatcheries and subsidize a private one (for shad hatching at St. Pierre les Elbeuf, on the Seine River). Only quite recently, thanks to the statements made by the Société Centrale d'Aquiculture de la France, the attention of the French Government has been called to fishculture work, and I am informed that negotiations are being made to establish a special fishculturist school at the Gremaz fish hatchery, which belongs to M. Lugrin (inventor of the method of propagating artificially live food for fish fry).

Italy has only recently begun fishcultural work under the control of the Government, which has appropriated 32,000 liras ($6,500) for the construction of a large fish hatchery at Brescia, now in operation, and has opened another small one at Rome.

The Netherlands Government appropriates only 5,000 gulden ($2,084) for the salmon fry planted in the Rhine River. No appropriation is made by the Austria-Hungary Government, the fishculture work being carried on by private initiative of landlords and associations.

The same remarks must be made in regard to Great Britaiu with the single exception of Scotland, the fishery board of which erected last summer a salt-water fish hatchery at Dunbar; no special appropriation was made for this purpose, the expenses having been covered by money assigned for scientific investigation (£1,800 yearly).

The Swedish Government contributes to some extent to the improvement of the fishery industries in its country, having a yearly appropriation of 47,000kr. ($13,155), but that does not include any expense of fishculture work in particular.

And finally Russia has an appropriation of $2,800, which is in comparison with its area, quite insignificant. That includes 3,000 roubles for maintaining one governmental fish hatchery at Nicholsk, Government of Novgorod, which was founded by the well-known Russian fishculturist Mr. Vladimir Wrasky, the inventor of the so-called Russian or dry method of impregnation, and 5,000 Finnish marks of subsidy to the Fishery Society of Finland.

When we compare the total amount of money spent for fishculture work by all European countries ($37,032.50) with the appropriations of North American countries ($369,636.50), we shall not be surprised by the enormous difference in the work done in this line in the Old and New World. Of course that is only an explanation of the fact, but not an eulogy.

Europe has originated and developed the methods of fishculture, but it becomes an industry only in America, and a very important one, from the standpoint of the government. Only here is fishculture carried on on a large industrial scale and, in connection with it, here are invented and introduced in general practice, methods suitable for large operations, quite different from those used in Europe.

There is no better testimony of the importance of fishcultural work than the large appropriations made by the body of representatives of the country, and only in North America is this work duly appreciated by the Government as well as by most of the population.

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* General expenses of same States for fish protection and carp culture are not included in this total.

† I can mention here the well-situated and nicely-fitted fish hatcheries in Selzenhof, near Freiburg (8,000,000 trout eggs capacity), and in Seewiese, near Gemünden, Bavaria (4,000,000 capacity).

‡ The total of 203,040kr. is thus distributed: For scientific investigation in fisheries, 5,200kr.; subsidy to the fishery associations, 45,000kr. (that includes 8,000kr. for the hatchery at Flodevigen); maintenance of fishery schools in Bergen and Bodo, 11,500kr.; fishculture work, 7,250kr.; and the remainder for fish protection and fish administration.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 23.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone. Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. E. D. Adams, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Type of Great Danes.

BY A. H. HEPPNER.

(*Continued from page 570*).

THE German breeders at one time attempted to make a division in weight and tolerate a heavy dog only in competition in a heavy class just as in pointers, and the same with a light dog, requiring of the latter, first, beauty and then size; and of the former, size and substance first and then gracefulness. But it happened that in the same litter there would be specimens for both classes, and as the limit was hard to draw it was found impracticable. The answer to the following question is in my opinion also the answer to our problem: What is easier to do, to breed from a coarse half-breed, 200lbs. block of a great Dane, a pretty typical dog of graceful carriage, with plenty of substance, in other words, breed type from substance; or to increase substance in typical dogs? The answer to this is the direction in which we must breed. I think we can always use a coarse specimen on the bitch's side to get typical specimens heavier, more readily than to take coarse specimens and touch them up with type. If we keep on breeding coarse dogs to coarse bitches we will land at the point where Germany started in 1870.

Nobody can deny that Germany has furnished all other countries with prize-winners and consequently her method of producing prize-winners I assume to be correct. Why should we embark in experimental proceedings when the experiments have been made by some other country and resulted in a success? Would it not be the proper policy to take the present standard of great Dane breeding in Germany and proceed in our own methodical way in the same direction and parallel with Germany; we would certainly have the greater advantage inasmuch as Americans are more talented breeders, have more shows, the advantage of a superior educational sporting press, and, besides this, are able and willing to put more money and labor in the work than Germany. Therefore let us unite, you fanciers of calves (!) and you, fanciers of greyhounds; let us breeders amalgamate our ideas and let us produce something like Hannibal. Do not endeavor to advertise your own dogs as the only good ones in order to gain a few dollars, but let us all try and help the cause of great Danes by producing a dog that combines the heavy but noble features of the mastiff with the make-up for speed of the greyhound, to result in a dog not as heavily built as a mastiff and yet not as light as a greyhound; not as clumsy as the former and not as swift as the latter, but able to run with a horse for many miles and to carry a shape which a trained as well as an untrained eye would acknowledge to be beautiful.

Let it be understood that if England had bred the St. Bernards unaided by other countries she would never have succeeded in obtaining a great, grand dog of tremendous height and substance, and yet with an abundance of type. As it happened, while England commenced breeding St. Bernards in 1860, with a lot of short or long-coated half-breeds, then called St. Bernards because some such dogs were kept on the Alps; Switzerland started fully 10 years later, when she began to understand the grand success the breed was making in England, to breed on her own hook. While England aimed to produce great, powerful dogs with a massive head, she frequently came back to Switzerland in order to get type for her big dogs, as the latter country was breeding in an entirely different direction, *i. e.*, for type first and all the time, and size secondarily. I claim, with all due respect to the intelligence of English breeders, that their St. Bernards of to-day would not be the grand, typical dogs they are had not Switzerland time and again sold them grand, typical, celebrated sires with the most noble expression, though weedy in body. Germany had to rely on her own resources for breeding typical great Danes, and has always endeavored to breed first for type and let size come when type was fixed. She has always been careful not to breed type at the expense of constitution, but has managed to breed a Hannibal, the universally acknowledged climax of type, size and nobility. She has pursued a course of keeping show dogs distinctly apart from dogs for breeding. A coarse, roomy, heavily boned bitch, though lacking perhaps in fine coat, thin tail and with a big throat, is often selected as a brood bitch and used with great success to a grand, typical, truly cut dog, while a show bitch may never be used for breeding.

"Where will we land in breeding for substance only?"

We will get a dog like a calf, upon which people with a taste for good form will turn their backs and exclaim that they would rather have a mastiff or St. Bernard, because they want a noble dog. Where, on the other hand, would we be if we were to take a finely-cut, houndy bitch with a snipy muzzle and greyhound makeup, with the same 120lbs. dog as aforesaid. We could get something like a pointer or a large hound, something fit to be carried as a watch charm, but not a dog intended to represent a noble, commanding, grandly formed great Dane.

Again, I say, type means beauty combined with size, and a great Dane like Wenzel as seen last by me is not such a dog. The most successful great Dane judge will pick specimens of that combination. In order to make myself more clearly understood I would like to draw as a parallel the situation in setters. Some judges will look for show form in conformity with their own conceptions of beauty as to coat and make up. Others, perhaps enthusiastic field trial men, will choose in a bench dog as their idea such forms as indicate speed and ability for practical work. Just so in great Danes. The one wants a big dog adapted for watch purposes, a dog that will paralyze a man by the expression of his face and is able to knock the bark off a tree by the wag of his tail, while the other would only appreciate a dog sufficiently pretty and diminutive to be suitable for a parlor ornament.

The successful judge in setters is the one who picks out dogs with field trial makeup, yet at the same time satisfactory in regard to beauty. The successful great Dane judge, on the other hand, will pick a dog of type and high breeding and will remember that the word "type" implies a certain height and substance. I for one do not consider a great Dane of less than 140lbs. a first-class specimen, no matter how typical otherwise he may be. But if I have to choose between a 200lbs. so-called great Dane and a 120lbs. real great Dane as to build, then I would certainly be in favor of the lighter dog, on account of its being easier to obtain, by judiciously adding coarse stock, the desired size with type, while it is almost impossible to get from a big, common cur dog alone such a thing as type and breeding-on ability.

I should now like to submit to you the German and the so-called American standard. We all agree, as you said, on body and legs, and our differences are only type, which is mostly indicated by head qualities. Strictly speaking, we have no American standard to-day. The only one existing was originated in Chicago by gentlemen who had never seen any but their own dogs, and selected one of them, measured him and put these measurements down as the most important feature of the standard. These measurements show, compared with others, that these gentlemen did not know what a great Dane should be.

I have compared these measurements with those of a number of crack dogs and give you herewith a table representing the same:

COMPARATIVE MEASUREMENTS.

Dog.	Between Eyes.	Height.	Length Muzzle.	Forearm.	Second Thigh.	Thigh.	Loin.	Chest.	Muzzle.	Neck.	Skull.	Tail.	Shoulder to tail	Occiput to shoulder.	Nose to occiput.
G. M. C.'s measurement in inches.	.....	32	.....	10	13	17	32	38	12	26	24	22	34	14	12
Harras II.	.....	34 3/8	4 4/8	10 2/8	.....	.....	29	37	.....	30 2/8	21 5/8	24	32	12	12 2/8
Corvin.	.....	32	.....	9 6/8	.....	.....	26	38 2/8	13 5/8	21	21 5/8	24 4/8	28	10	11 5/8
Hermes.	.....	31 5/8	.....	10 3/8	.....	.....	27 5/8	38	.....	.....	23 3/8	25 3/8	32 1/2	11 5/8	12 1/2
Sandor and Imperator	.....	35	.....	11	.....	.....	29 5/8	40	.....	.....	24	25 5/8	32 1/2	12	13
Melac.	.....	34	.....	10 2/8	13 1/4	19 1/4	29	39	15 1/2	.....	24 3/4	25	30 1/2	12	13 1/2
Prince (Heinerle's).	.....	31 3/8	.....	9 7/8	14 1/2	21 1/4	28 3/4	38 3/4	13	22 1/2	23	22	30 1/2	10	12

You will see, by comparing these measurements one with the other, that the Chicago club dog would be snipy in muzzle; would be too long-coupled in body; too big in skull, with an impossibly long neck; not tucked up enough in line and too light in thigh. We all know that measurements do not amount to anything, and that a trained eye does not need their aid. The measurements of two dogs may widely differ and yet both dogs may be built symmetrically. I mention those measurements of the German Mastiff Club of Chicago, however, in order to show that the standard adopted by that club, based on these measurements, cannnot be a good one, because at the time, in 1889, there was no good dog nor medium dog in Chicago nor in America from which the members of that club could have obtained an idea which enabled them to draw up a guide for others. Next week the different types of heads will be shown by illustrations.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

American Field Trials Club's Derby Entries.

THE entries for this Derby number 54, and include 32 English setters, 6 Irish setters and 16 pointers.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

MACLEOD—J. A. McLeod's (Elta Lad—Nannie B.).
DON M.—J. A. McLeod's (Elta Lad—Nannie B.).
JEAN M.—J. A. McLeod's (Elta Lad—Nannie B.).
BESS OF AVONDALE—T. W. McClelland's (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl).
RODRIGO—J. T. Mayfield's (Antonio—Nellie Hope).
NELLIE HOPE'S LADY—J. T. Mayfield's (Antonio—Nellie Hope).
COLUMBIA—C. J. Hartmetz's (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade).
LADY GAIETY—C. P. Mingst's (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade).
LILLIAN B.—George E. Gray's (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl).
OPAL—G. E. Gray's (Count Gladstone—Diamond).
SAN ANTONIO—John A. Gude's, agent, (Antonio—Nellie Hope).
REVENUE—J. M. Freeman's (Antonio—Nellie Hope).
HOOSIER BOY—J. H. & J. A. Hunter's (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).
DAISY HUNTER II.—J. H. & J. A. Hunter's (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).
DAKOTA BELLE—Geo. E. Gray's, agt. (Gath's Hope—Trap, Jr.).
KENWOOD—Chas. Proctor's (Cinch—Steven's Ruby).
HOPE'S PRIDE—W. A. Hinesley's (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).
LOTTIE H.—W. A. Hinesley's (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).
MOLLIE—J. A. Peabody's (Roderigo—Lillie Boxer).
HOPE'S QUEEN—J. E. Isgrigg's (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble).
MARK—Fred Snider's (Race Noble—Fannie S.).
DUKE OF VERAGUA—L. W. Smith's (Roderigo—Fannette).
NANNIE—O. E. Lewis's (Elta Lad—Nannie B.).
FAUST—Scottswood Kennels' (Pembroke's Grouse—Kate).
PRINCE—A. C. Waddell's (Royal Prince II.—Jane H.)
LADY K.—St. Louis Kennels' (Rock—Madge).
FANNIE RICE—Jackson-Denmark Kennels' (Gladstone's Boy—Manitoba Peggy).
EARL PALMER—Jackson-Denmark Kennels' (Frank Whitley—Dulcina).
CANADIAN BELLE—T. G. Davey's (Lark—Leda).
MONK OF FURNESS LILL—T. G. Davey's (Monk of Furness—Sue of Hatchie).
MAY WIN—S. E. Corbett's (Prince Lucifer—Lady Gladys).
HOPE'S GLIDE—G. T. Kerr's (Gath's Hope—Lady Lit).

IRISH SETTERS.

PATSY ELCHO—Perry & Hamilton's (Claremont Patsy—Nina).
PATSY'S RANGER—Perry & Hamilton's (Claremont Patsy—Nina).
NINA'S ROSE—Perry & Hamilton's (Claremont Patsy—Nina).
DICK FINGLAS—Gus Leisy's (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore).
DARIN—Frank E. White's (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore).
MAID OF ERIN—Frank E. White's (champion Duke Elcho—Aurora).

POINTERS.

LULU K.—G. R. Howse's, agt. (Ossian—Pearl's Pride).
STRIDEAWAY—Geo. E. Gray's (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot).
FRED OF IDESTONE—Idestone Kennels' (Shotmaster—Pearl of Idestone).
THE FRIAR OF IDESTONE—Idestone Kennels' (Shotmaster—Pearl of Idestone).
LITTLE NED—W. N. Kerr's (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton).
ALICE LESLIE—E. M. Beale's (King of Kent—Belle Randolph).
RHET—W. J. Wilson's (Dan—Martha).
PRIDE OF AVONDALE—T. W. McClelland's (Rush of Lad—Graphic's Pride).
FAYETTE ALEXANDER—Joe H. Alexander's (King of Kent—Bonnie Bijou).
BEPPO'S GENUS—Dr. J. R. Daniels's (Beppo III.—Lord Graphic's Gem).
KENT'S PET—J. F. Shepley's (King of Kent—Keswick II.).
PLUTE—Castleman Kennels' (Fritz—Tilley).
NELLIE S.—Castleman Kennels' (Fritz—Tilley).
LEHMAN—Jackson-Denmark Kennels' (Gordon—Fanny B.).
LONDON—T. G. Davey's (Lord Graphic—Lassie Faust).
QUEEN OF OSSIAN—A. B. Reeves's (Ossian—Hops II.).

Northwestern Field Trials Club's Derby Entries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Below you will find entries for the Derby of the Northwestern Field Trial Club, with exception of two, all whelped in 1892. The All-Age Stake closes July 15, and for the championship tankard, presented by G. F. and I. Galt, on Aug. 15. For the latter, entrance is free, and $5 to start, open to any dog having won a Derby or All-Age Stake. The winner takes the tankard. THOS. JOHNSON, Hon. Sec.-Treas.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

HOODOO—W. F. Ellis's black, white and tan dog (Duke of Manitoba—Cora), May 24.
MOLLIE—J. W. Peabody's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Lilly Boxer).
LUNA—W. B. Wells's black, white and tan bitch (Cincinnatus—Daphne), May 10.
MARS—W. B. Wells's black, white and tan dog (Cincinnatus—Daphne), May 10.
CYNTHIA—W. B. Wells's blue belton bitch (Toledo Blade—Cambrina), May 1.
MONK OF FURNESS STING—Eddy and Armstrong's orange and white dog (Monk of Furness—Sue of Hatchie), June 13.
WHALER—W. T. Hunter's black dog (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), June 12.
PHŒBEA—J. C. Philips's black bitch (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Bess), June 18.
NIGGER—J. C. Philips's black dog (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Bess), June 18.
MINNIE—John Wootton's black bitch (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Patti), March 9.
BLACK PRINCE—Thos. Johnson's black dog (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Patti), March 9.
MANITOBA SANCHO—Thos. Johnson's black dog (Manitoba Toss—Manitoba Bess), June 18.
MANITOBA PONTO—Thos. Johnson's black dog (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), June 12.
CHLOE—Thos. A. Montgomery's black bitch (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), June 12.
FROST IV.—Thos. A. Montgomery's black, white and tan bitch (Bruce M.—Frost III.), April 27.
SNAP—John McDonald's black, white and tan dog (Rego—Nell), September.
LETHBRIDGE LASS—Dr. L. G. D. Vebre's black, white and tan bitch (Frank Simpson—Trixie), Feb. 21.
LOVSA A.—Chas. W. Armstrong's white and black bitch (Roy McD.—Flirt A.), April 30.
BOWDEN—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Novelist), March 23, '93.
CIGARETTE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Norah), May 17.
HESTER PRYNNE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), May 17.
TOPSY ROD—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), July 4.
PHALIST—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), March 4.
TATE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black and white dog (Jean Val Jean—Mamie Avent), Aug. 12.
BOWLES—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black and white dog (Chance—Hattie), April 28.
SOLITAIRE—F. R. Hitchcock's black and white dog (Roy d'Or—Toy Diamond), Jan. 5.
MONK OF FURNESS LILL—T. G. Davey's blue belton bitch (Monk of Furness—Sue of Hatchie), June 13.
BRIGHTON BELLE—T. G. Davey's lemon and white bitch (Rock—Leda), March, '93.
KENWOOD—Chas. Proctor's black, white and tan dog (Cinch—Stevens's Ruby), March 3.
VICTORIA—Frank Althouse's black, white and tan bitch (Rego—Nell), September.
DUKE OF VERAGUA—L. W. Smith's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Fanette), June.

POINTERS.

IGHTFIELD DOGWOOD—A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Cowslips), March.
SELAH—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly Dexter), March.
LITTLE NED—W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton), April.
LONDON—T. G. Davey's liver and white dog (Lord Graphic—Lassie Faust), March.
FRANKIE—A. Gales's lemon and white bitch (Lord Graphic—Bab Bab), March.
RECTOR—Thomas Johnson's black and white ticked dog (Ightfield Upton—Patsey Bang), April.
PAUL FRANCKE—Thomas Johnson's black and white ticked dog (Ightfield Upton—Genevieve), February.
DON—Bennett & Lane's liver and white dog (Sam—Mona), February.
RESURRECTION—Thomas A. Montgomery's liver and white dog (Lord Graphic—Igbtfield Bunty), July.
DOLLY SHAW—R. & T. Shaw's black and white ticked bitch (Ightfield Upton—Genevieve), February.
BANK—W. T. Hunter's lemon and white dog (Bankrupt—Pet), August.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

A Fair Offer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed Mr. Muss-Arnolt's article entitled "A Fair Offer" in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM, June 1. More important matters have engaged my attention up to the present time, chief of which was a visit to the Windy City and some eight or nine visits to the World's Fair, of which two days, in company with a doggy friend, were spent looking for that unfinished building in which Mr. Buchanan was to have his great dog show; but after two days' hard walking we gave it up, not being able to locate any unfinished building in the Department of Agriculture. But I trust Mr. Buchanan will be equal to the emergency, and by September find a place suitable for the great Dane and pointer judges to guess at their respective classes. Of course, should it so happen that there will be only nineteen entries at the time of closing, the building will have to be still unfinished, and those judges will be out of a job till some time in the uncertain future. Now that I have told Mr. Muss-Arnolt and other readers of FOREST AND STREAM what I have been doing with myself this last month, I hope Mr. Arnolt at least will excuse this long delay in answering his "Fair (?) Offer."

In regard to Mr. Arnolt's offer to send Melac and Wenzel on a tour to prove certain ideas of his own or disprove them, I beg to say that I am not particularly interested in proving or disproving Mr. Arnolt's personal theories. I am only interested in them in so far as they have had a direct public bearing in his capacity as a public judge. Even if all the judges were opposed to him he could still maintain that he was right, since he says of our recognized judges who have reversed his decisions: "Does Mr. Goodman honestly believe that the celebrities in dogdom he names have any more right to their views than I, because they are excellent and approved judges of a number of breeds? I beg to differ with him; to them it is their fifth wheel and they take great Danes along to judge like any other breed," etc. According to this, every breed is taken as a fifth wheel so that all our judges are therefore fifth-wheel judges. It is discouraging to argue with a gentleman who admits no exact knowledge in others.

Mr. Muss-Arnolt does me too much honor when he asserts that my "fame will be always coupled with having ruined any decent entry for the World's Fair show," etc. I fail to see what that has to do with judgeship. Mr. Arnolt is unfair in that statement. There were mismanagement, a fake list of judges, damaging delays, unjust exactions, oh, yes! and an unfinished building, etc., which did the damage. I was but one of the many who objected to such things. Had there not been a principle of right and justice on the side of those who opposed mismanagement, they would have been defeated and confounded.

One thing more and I am done. Mr. Arnolt says: "Was it Mr. Goodman's sporting sense which let him carry Mr. Hagan's Imperator in his crate from New York to Washington, never putting him on the bench, although he was always entered?"

I am pleased to see that Mr. Arnolt is so circumstantially exact. It gives one full confidence in all his other statements. There is but one circumstance, a trifling one, that is incorrect in it, and that is, I never had Imperator in charge from New York to Washington, nor did I ever have him in charge or in any crate at any other time. *Voila tout.*

HARRY L. GOODMAN.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 30.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

I NOTE, on reading a clipping from a California paper, that Mr. W. P. Brown, recently of Chicago, but now of Santa Ana, Cal., has already made a reputation as a sportsman in his section. Following is the mention: "Mr. W. P. Brown, the gentleman who has recently purchased an interest in the Brunswick Hotel in Santa Ana; Mr. J. D. Thomas, a recent arrival from New York State, and J. 'Almost' Jones, returned yesterday from a four-days' fishing and hunting trip in the wilds of Bell Cañon, in the Santa Ana Mountains. The gentlemen's sun-blistered faces are evidence that they were exposed to the gentle rays of a California summer sun. A wagonload of fish, cotton-tails and other game amply repaid them for their exertion."

Competitors and Judges.

CHICAGO, Ill.—I am heartily glad that there are some associations which have sufficient courage to manage their own affairs. The impertinence of some owners, in the matter of influencing the selection of judges, has been growing so much from year to year that it has come to be an abuse. Because a man owns more entries than some other man, it does not give him any right to dictate to the association, under whose auspices he competes, what it shall or shall not do.

It is an injustice to other competitors, if one or more competitors are listened to or considered in the matter of judges. It is an insult to an association for a competitor to attempt to influence it in appointing its judges. Palpably there is some advantage sought in attempting to get certain judges appointed, or there is an overwhelming egotism which craves notice regardless of propriety. The following extract from a letter received recently from Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnepeg, is a good one for the consideration of every field trial club in America. He says:

"Mr. ——— sent eight entries to Mr. Hunter for our Derby and reiterated his demand for certain judges. * * * Mr. Hunter desired me to write him (Mr. ———) and compromise matters, but I called a meeting of the committee of the club and wrote him as follows:

"Any of the names you mention would be quite acceptable to this club, but the stand we take is this: We cannot and *will not* permit any individual handler to dictate to us whom we must appoint as judges. The desire of this club is to get fair and impartial judges, and they will try to do so; but they feel that if you have no confidence in our club wanting to do right, that we have as little desire for your entries as you have to make them, and that it is only your prominence in the field trial world that has elicited a reply to what to us seems a gratuitous insult.

"Please say *by return mail* if the entries stand or if I shall return your check."

That letter is a good one to study. It has some sense. Nothing is more wanting in associations in general than courage enough to run their own business. Nothing is doing more to kill field trials to-day than the competitor who is, or tries to be, a manager of a trial in which he competes. This growing evil must be choked or there will be great injury to field trials. What inducement is there for a man who owns one dog, and has no voice in the appointment of judges, to enter in a competition against a competitor who owns four or eight dogs and has had such judges appointed as he approved? The smaller owner stays out. They are the very men whom the clubs should induce to stay in. Drive the amateur and small owners out, and the competition narrows down to some large kennels all the way around the circuit, and year after year. These large kennels alone can not make up a proper entry. Drive the small owners entirely out, and the field trials are ended. Nothing will drive them out quicker than to learn that a large competitor has a voice in the judging. The small owners are dropping out. The day has arrived for associations to be less timorous. A firm, manly policy is the best because it is right, and the best, too, because it is successful.

Of the same nature is the error of allowing the professional breeder and handler to be a member of an association in whose trials he competes. Such handler has a decided advantage over his fellow handler. He has a voice in the management of the club's affairs on one hand and is also a competitor for the club's prizes on the other. The management cannot be kept too distinct and apart from interest in the competition, nor can the competition be kept too distinct from the management. There is no question raised here about a handler, or breeder who is a handler, being eligible to membership as a gentleman. It is the impropriety of the matter, from questions of equity. This evil should not be tolerated, because it is improper in principle and unjust to every other handler who runs dogs in field trials.

The effort to placate owners or influence entries by giving the largest competitors a voice in the selection of judges may help to swell the entries at one trial, but it is sure to have its ill-effects at the next or later trials. If an owner does not like the judges appointed by an association he is privileged to remain away. There is less harm done when such owner takes offense and remains away than when he appoints the judges and is pleased. B. WATERS.

Toronto Dog Show.

THE following judges, Mr. Stone tells us, have accepted the invitation to judge at the Toronto show, commencing September 11: Mr. C. H. Mason, New York city: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, Newfoundlands, greyhounds, collies, bulldogs, bull-terriers, black and tan terriers, Scotch terriers, fox-terriers, poodles, pugs and all classes of toy spaniels, and the miscellaneous and selling classes. Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.: Pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, bloodhounds, Irish terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Bedlington terriers, Airedale terriers, toy terriers and Italian greyhounds. Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York city: Field spaniels, cocker spaniels, Clumber spaniels, Irish water spaniels and retrievers. Mr. A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.: Beagles, foxhounds, harriers, dachshunds, Scotch staghounds and Russian wolfhounds.

The entries close Aug. 31. Those who wish to show at the World's Fair the following week, according to present dates, will be provided with accommodations, so that they can stay in Toronto until ready to start for Chicago. We are pleased to learn that the litter classes which were found so objectionable last year, and which we spoke strongly about at the time, will not be *en evidence* this year. Judging will commence on Monday, Sept. 11, at 2 P. M., and dogs will have to be on hand by 1 P. M. The show closes at 2 P. M. on Friday following.

Later.—Mr. H. B. Donovan writes us:

Mr. Stone will send you official notes of the doings of the dog show committee of the Toronto Industrial exhibition; however, there may be something he has overlooked in the following items: The litter classes, which were found so objectionable last year, have been eliminated. The following changes have been made in the list: Handlers' prizes increased to $30 and $20; and $10 is offered to the Canadian handler and owner making the largest number of entries, not less than ten. A silver medal, value $20, is offered the owner of kennel showing the largest number of dogs. Deerhounds changed to read Scotch staghounds and challenge classes doubled up. English and American foxhounds must compete together for the kennel prizes, and so in the challenge classes. The class for harrier puppies has been cut out. The open classes for bull-terriers have been divided into 30lbs. or over and under 30lbs., an open class added for Airedales of $7, $3 and diploma, and also challenge classes of $5 and diploma for Dandie Dinmont and Scotch terriers. The latter are also given a puppy class of $3, $2 and diploma. Skye terriers have a challenge class added, but the black and tan challenge class has been divided up. Classes for poodles divided into French and Russian. The whippet class and that for Clumber puppies have been cut off. The money in the challenge classes for beagles 13in. and under, has been increased to $10 and diploma, and in open classes to $10, $5 and diploma. The fox-terriers are well treated, the novice classes being divided into smooth and wire, and two challenge classes, with $10 and diploma added in wires. Wire-haired and smooth puppies must compete together. Several other changes of minor importance have also been made.

Spaniel Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

THE numerous letters on spaniels that I have recently seen in your columns have revived my old love for this ancient and invalnable breed of sporting dogs. Scarcely a day passes at the end of our partridge season, that I do not regret that I am without a good spaniel to hustle the birds out of the impossible (for pointer or setter) places, that these birds take refuge in then. In fact, at that time of year far more shots can be had over a brace of thoroughly trained spaniels than over any other kind of dog. But to be satisfactory they must be trained to perfection, and have the extraordinary energy, pluck and love of hunting that is peculiar to the breed.

As to their shape, size and so forth that is a secondary consideration in my opinion; for so long as they do their work in the right shape, there cannot be much wrong with them in these respects, nothing but a true spaniel will work like one. Of all the good ones I can recall to mind, not one of them was otherwise than handsome—though I have seen a few that were too pretty, and reminded me of what would be called in the army "fine weather soldiers."

As to the practicability of holding spaniel field trials; I can see no particular difficulty about it, a scattered covey of quail would answer the purpose for testing a dog's quality and training well enough; more desirable game is too scarce in general.

Training spaniels is a very easy matter as compared with training other shooting dogs, for all they are wanted to do is to keep within range, hustle up the game and then stop, hunt where they are ordered and retrieve. Of course, it takes time and practice to train them, but that is about all.

Shooting over a team of these dogs in a rough country is more lively work than other sport. A frosty morning, pleasant companion, with a fair amount of mixed game, ought to make any boy feel happy. C. E. MCMURDO.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., June 25.

The Bulldog.

The effects of misleading expressions on different breeds of dogs is sometimes far-reaching, and the FOREST AND STREAM would not be doing its duty if it did not by all in its power strive to counteract the misplaced antipathy to certain breeds of dogs, the bulldog in particular, that has arisen through ignorance and the vaporings of the average newspaper paragraphist who persists in alluding to the bullet-headed mongrel bull-terrier as a bulldog. Even "Podgers" humorously scores the bulldog in our last week's issue, page 560, but we appeal to his sense of justice whether, even if the "bulldogs" which he speaks of were in reality thoroughbred English bulldogs, which is very doubtful, these dogs were not doing their duty when they took such a "stern" view of his case. In the comparatively limited sphere of a class journal, compared to that of a daily newspaper, it is difficult to reach the general public and so inculcate as we should wish, and as we intend, a better opinion of the bulldog. We defend the bulldog because, with the possible exception of the Newfoundland, it is the best abused dog in America. We reiterate that the bulldog is not the companion of a certain class of individuals of pugnacious instincts. The bull-terrier may be, but not the bulldog pure and simple.

DOG CHAT.

A Show at Newark.

The New Jersey Kennel League held a special meeting at Newark on Friday last to finally consider the advisability of giving a show there, as was suggested at the annual meeting. There were present W. O. Kuebler, vice-president, who represented the president, E. H. Radel, who at present is in Canada; Dr. L. R. Sattler, E. R. Christopher, Walter Browe, Dr. Kitchell, Frand Link, Dr. Fred Seitz, J. N. Sinnock, and others were represented by proxy. The local and sporting press were also represented. Mr. W. O. Kuebler occupied the chair, and after a general debate regarding prospects of financial success, local interest in dogs, etc., it was decided that, as about $2,000 had been subscribed as a guarantee fund and everything was favorable, a show should be given Nov. 21 to 24, which should be undertaken by the executive committee with power to call on members for aid. The executive committee then convened, with Mr. Christopher in the chair. The committee appointed to make the inquiries preliminary to a decision was by resolution made permanent. Messrs. Browie and Link, committee on hall, were instructed to arrange for the one recommended for the week decided on. Mr. Morris was instructed to definitely claim dates Nov. 21 to 24 with the A. K. C. and make announcements. Mr. J. C. Eisele offered the club the use of his office for the bench show committee, which was accepted with thanks, and he was unanimously elected treasurer for the bench show fund. The meeting then adjourned until July 14.

Lexington Dog Show.

The premium list of the Lexington dog show came to hand as we go to press. The show will be held Aug. 30 to Sept. 2. In the important breeds the prizes are: In challenge classes in which sexes compete together $10, in open classes $10 and medal, and in puppies a medal—whether silver or bronze or gold we are not told. Dandies, Skyes, Yorkshires, black and tans and toy terriers get $5 and medal in open, and $5 in challenge for first three named. Whippets, toy spaniels, Mexican hairless and miscellaneous the same. Pugs have novice classes with $5 and medal, and Italian greyhounds are better treated than any, having two challenge classes with $5 each and $5 and medal in open classes and puppies divided. In many of the breeds kennel prizes of $15 to $10 are given by the Blue Grass Kennel Club. There are already a number of other specials offered, among which is $50 for handler showing largest number of dogs entered by one exhibitor. Irish and Gordon setters get cases of whisky and there is also a $10 special for best exhibit of dogs from Canada entered by one exhibitor, not less than four. Entries close Aug. 23, fee is $2.50, with Roger D. Williams. George H. Hill is the superintendent. Those exhibitors who intend showing at Toronto can stay over the intervening week at a cost of $1.25 per day.

American Field Trials Club Derby Entries.

In sending us the entries for the American Field Trials Derby, Mr. W. J. Beck, the secretary, says that the pointer class will not by any means pay its way out. In view therefore of the seeming reluctance of pointer men to make entries, the club will have no separate All-Age for pointers, both breeds running together. We do not think that the American Field Trials Club has much to complain of, for a young club they have done well in getting twice as many entries of pointers as the much better known Eastern Field Trials Club, which offers better prizes as well. The entries for the All-Age stake at the American Field Trials will close Aug. 1, with $5 to nominate. $10 on Oct. 1 and $5 to start. The prizes are $150 to first, $100 to second and $50 to third.

National Beagle Club.

It is about time the field trial committee of the N. B. C. convened and came to some definite arrangement of classes for the coming trials. The New England Club has already done so and the older club cannot afford to be at all dilatory in this matter. It is not enough to think there is plenty of time yet; beagle men want to know in good season what they must prepare for, and if suitable dogs for entry are not in their own kennels they need time to look around and purchase something that will do. The quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club will be held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, on Monday, July 17, at 4 P. M.

United States Field Trials.

Mr. Madison writes us that at the urgent request of many of this club's patrons, the time of closing the entries to the Grand Junction Derby has been extended to Sept. 1 The second payment will be due Nov. 1. It is hoped this change will prove beneficial to all parties concerned. He expects to be able to announce the name of the third judge by that time. The second payment to the Bicknell Derby will be due Aug. 1, as originally announced.

The World's Fair Judges.

We have received from Chicago a type-written sheet containing the names of the judges for the World's Fair already published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is headed: "The Executive Committee on Awards have selected the following *men* as judges in the Kennel Exhibit." Miss Whitney's name heads the list. The circular is not signed. Three of the judges on the list, Messrs. John Davidson, James Mortimer and E. Court-Rice, will not serve, and dogmen are inquiring how it is Dr. Twaddell's name appears as a Gordon setter judge. His specialty used to be beagles and dachshunds; perhaps it was A. C. Waddell that was meant.

English K. C. Rules.

The new English Kennel Club rules relating to classifications at shows, are intricate enough to turn the head of the ordinary exhibitor not gifted with a mental grasp that can think of six different things at the same time. What with championship, winners, open and novice classes, confusion seems worse confounded, but it will probably all come right in the end, though disqualification will be the bitter mentor in a good many cases.

N. E. K. C. and a Fall Show.

In March last the New England Kennel Club claimed with the A. K. C. the dates Nov. 28 to Dec. 1 for a fall show. On inquiry of Mr. Brooks as to whether a show would be held on that date, he advises us that there will be no show in the fall, but one as usual in the spring.

Spratts Patent Co. shipped to America, per steamship England, June 11, the red brindle bulldog Sheriff, for E. K. Austin, New York; a bull-terrier bitch for Wm. Tomkin, of Macedonia, Ia.; bull bitch Watch for R. D. Winthrop, New York; bulldog Damon for F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn. This company is gradually building up a good reputation in this line among dogmen, who are never averse to paying a little extra when they know they can confidently expect good treatment.

Mr. A. B. Truman, of San Francisco, Cal., paid a visit, in company with his wife, to the Oak Grove Kennels on June 26 and purchased the Irish setter dog Clifford (A. K. C. S. B., Vol. IV., Pt. 2, No. 6,428), by champion Bruce out of

Zelda. He was broken by Mr. Stoddard, N. C., who pronounced him an excellent field dog. In addition to his good qualities as a field dog, he should, with care and attention, be able to do some winning on the bench. He is a dog of good color, possesses a good head, good legs and feet, and should make a first-class stud dog for the coast; and we, with Mr. Fowler, hope Mr. Truman will meet with every success with him.

Among the new special ads. this week we find that H. E. Peers offers pointers for sale; E. E. Beach, blue belton setters; Bellevue Kennels, Italian greyhounds; E. L. Gilmer, English setter pups; Dr. Spanogle, beagles. In the stud: Robt. Leslie places pointer King of Lynn; Dr. Spanogle, beagle Lee Dorsey; G. O. Smith, English setter Count Noble, Jr.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

C. R. P., Mahwah, N. J.—1. How can I register dogs, to be able to send them to a dog show, and which are not eligible to be registered in the A. K. C. stud book? 2. What taxes must be paid for a kennel? 3. How must I claim the name for a kennel? Ans. It is not necessary to register dogs in order to show them at any of the A. K. C. shows. You simply send name, breeding and date of birth (if known), together with 25 cents fee, and your dog is "listed" and becomes eligible to associate with the canine aristocracy which is registered, and which can show three generations back on each parental side, or which have won two first prizes at A. K. C. shows. 2. There are no taxes for a kennel beyond the local tax there may be for each dog you possess. This, if you are anxious to pay you can ascertain of your village authorities. You can claim a name in the FOREST AND STREAM, and it is by courtesy allowed you, unless it conflicts with another already chosen. If, however, you wish to claim a kennel prefix or affix, which is protected by the A.K.C.—and this is the better plan—you must send in your application to the secretary of the A.K.C., 44 Broadway, New York city, accompanied by a fee of $3, and this application will be referred, as soon as possible, to the executive or advisory committees of the A. K. C. Your application will be published in the A. K. C. *Gazette*, and if any other kennel owner sees fit to object to the name you have chosen, he may do so by sending his protest and reasons to the A.K.C. secretary and the evidence will be heard and the decision given for or against your application, at a future meeting of these committees. By a reference to the official list of prefixes published in the A.K.C. *Gazette* you will see what we mean.

J. T. N., Bear Lithia, Va.—Will you please tell me whether Ulmer dogges, great Danes and German mastiffs are the same? Also, can you tell me what it will cost to bring one over from Germany, and what will the tariff be? Ans. German mastiff is the name invented on this side of the ocean. The proper name is "Deutsche dogge" (translation impossible). Some Chicago Germans, however, made it German (Deutsche) mastiff (dogge). Any man who calls this breed in Germany to-day Ulmer dogge is a know-nothing in kynology. If he offers Ulmer dogges he has no dog answering points as established for the Deutsche dogge, called here and in England great Dane. The cost on a steamer is $20; for box and freight to seaport $15. Spratts will charge a little over and above actual outlay as above. Free entry for German dogs is difficult to obtain unless your dogs have pedigrees certified by Consul extending back three generations. Duty is about 25% *ad valorem*, but you are subjected to appraisement if value seems too low as given, and there is nothing to prevent the officer in appraising each dog up to $250 or more.

H. S. J., Manchester, Ia.—1. Canker of the ear. Syringe ears out with warm water and apply following lotion:

Sig. plumbi sub acet	ʒ iv
Acid carbolic	———
Glycerine	ʒ i
Aq. ad	ʒ iv

Mix lotio. A little to be poured into the ear twice a day. 2. One year.

F. D. B., Mt. Morris.—Please tell me through the delight of all sportsmen, FOREST AND STREAM, what to do for my pointer's eye. The hooks or haws on the inside corner of his eye is badly inflamed and nearly covers the eye. Has grown so in two days. Ans. Foment the eye with hot water and apply following lotion frequently:

Zinc sulph	ʒi
Tr. opii	ʒ iii
Aq. ad	ʒ vi

Mix lotio. If enlargement continues after inflammation is allayed, have it removed.

F. D. H., Waltham, Mass.—Will you kindly state cause of death in my English setter? He was 11 years old, very fat, and until this time never had a sick day. Some ten days ago refused food, except now and then a little milk; raw meat he seemed to relish. Thirty-six hours before death he would have gagging spells and throw up a yellowish white slime. I treated for indigestion with little success. At times restless; at last unable to keep anything on stomach. Near the end his tongue was a deep liver color and the vomit showed considerable blood, which increased in volume. He suffered little pain. What would you call his complaint? Could he have been saved? Ans. Gastritis. Very probably had he been treated.

H. M., Paterson, N. J.—Will you please tell me what is the matter with my great Dane bitch? She had pups and afterward a large lump gathered on the milk bag. Ans. An ulcer must have formed. Apply hot fomentations and rub gently with camphorated oil. Give a dose of castor oil. If ulcer forms have it opened.

Business.

STRAWS WHICH SHOW.—New York City, June 29.—Through the ad. I put in your paper last Saturday, I have sold one pair of my English setter pups (dog and bitch) to Mr. Leop. Pavia, who is sending them by Friday's steamer to Rio de Janeiro. R. S. INCH.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

7. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Fall River.
8. Riverside, An., Riverside, Ct.
8. Beverly, Marblehead.
8. Knickerbocker, Club, Sloops and Cutters, College Point.
8. Monatiquot, Cash Prizes, Weymouth.
8. Savin Hill, First Cup, Dorchester Bay.
8. Cape Ann, Open, Gloucester.
8. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
8. St. Lawrence, A, 30ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
8. L.Y.R.A., Royal Hamilton, Ham
10. Riverside, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
10. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
10. L. Y. R. A., Royal Canadian, Toronto.
13. Miramichi, Newcastle to Chatham.
15. St. Lawrence, 25ft., 18ft. and skiff classes, Montreal.
15. Phila., Pen. and Sweeps Race, Delaware River.
15. Commonwealth, 1st Pen, Boston
15. Jersey City, Cruise.
15. Cor., Marblehead, 1st Cham.
15. Winthrop, Cash Race, Hough's Neck.
15. Atlantic, Cruise, rendezvous, Cold Spring.
15. Sippicon, 1st Champ., Marion.
15. Minnetonka, club race.
15. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.
15. Staten Island, Open Regatta.
17. Rhode Island, Cup.
20. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth.
22. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
22. Rochester, Skiff, Charlotte.
22. Riverside, Special Cup, Riverside, Conn.
22. Cor., Marblehead, 21-footers.
22. Beverly, 3d Open Sweep, Mon. Beach.
22. Savin Hill Union Race, Dorchester Bay.
22. Royal Can., 21ft. Class, Tor.
24. N.Y.Y.R.A. Cruise, L.I. Sound.
24-30. Hempstead Bay, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
27. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Mount Hope Bay.
28. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
29. Sippicon, 1st Open Sweep, Marion.
29. Buffalo, An. Crnise, Lake Erie
29. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, Conn.
29-30. Cor., San Fran., Masquerade and Cruise.
29. Hull Cor., Cash Race, Hull.
29. Royal Can., Lansdowne Cup, 40, 35 and 30ft. Classes, Tor.
29. Minnetonka, club race.

COM. COLT, of the Larchmont Y. C., has made a generous offer of a cup costing $1,000, to be raced for after the America Cup races, over a course from Larchmont around Stratford Shoal, 63 miles, and open to the American yachts and Valkyrie.

New Rochelle Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 1.

THE annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. on July 1 just missed being a failure through the very light weather on Long Island Sound at the end of the week. The calm of Friday kept away some of the entries, but still a large fleet, thirty-eight yachts, was present in the morning in Echo Bay. The start was made at noon in a very light S.W. breeze, and race was very slow throughout, many of the yachts failing to finish, but as races go this year the club may be considered very fortunate to have made a race at all. The usual courses of the club were sailed. The official times were:

CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS 53 TO 58FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Anaconda	12 07 03	6 12 05	6 05 02	6 05 02

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS 40 TO 46FT.

Moccasin	12 05 50	6 22 58	6 17 08	6 17 08

CLASS 3—CABIN SLOOPS 35 TO 40FT.

Nellie	12 10 00	Din not finish.		
Zingara	12 07 19	Did not finish.		
Genevieve	12 10 00	Did not finish.		
Sasqua	12 06 25	6 25 52	6 19 27	6 15 10

CLASS 4—CABIN SLOOPS 30 TO 35FT.

Tally-Ho	12 10 00	Did not finish.		
Eurybia	12 10 00	6 28 25	6 18 25	6 18 25
Nautilus	12 06 41	Did not finish.		
Wacondah	12 09 37	Did not finish.		
Mary C	12 07 37	Did not finish.		

CLASS 5—OPEN SLOOPS 25 TO 30FT.

Forsyth	12 14 20	6 16 28	6 02 08	6 02 08
Amazon	12 15 00	6 26 00	6 11 00	6 06 50
Vee Vee	12 15 00	6 34 44	6 19 44	6 14 44
Fearless	12 15 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS 6—OPEN SLOOPS 25FT. AND UNDER.

Duster	12 13 08	6 44 47	6 31 39	6 31 39
Guess	12 14 39	Did not finish1		

CLASS 7—YAWLS, 25 TO 30FT.

Audax	12 17 04	6 03 46	5 46 42	5 46 42
Kittie	12 17 33	6 21 41	6 04 08	6 01 38
Evelyn	12 18 18	6 38 31	6 20 13	6 15 13

CLASS 8—CABIN BOATS OVER 25FT.

Roi	12 12 58	6 02 38	5 49 40	5 49 40
Aura	12 12 16	6 19 07	6 06 51	6 05 21

CLASS 9—CABIN CATS, 28 TO 25FT.

Almira	12 14 49	5 57 24	5 42 35	5 42 35
Myrtle	12 15 50	5 54 42	5 38 52	5 35 52
Twilight	12 12 39	6 34 44	6 22 05	6 17 05
Wenonah	12 12 00	6 19 32	6 07 32	6 04 32
Archer	12 14 30	Did not finish.		
Keora	12 13 30	6 32 27	6 18 57	. . . .

CLASS 10—OPEN-CATS, 20 TO 23FT.

Caper	12 11 37	6 23 20	6 12 43	6 12 43
Addis	12 13 49	Not tined.		
Melita	12 11 07	Did not finish.		

CLASS 11—OPEN CATS, 23 TO 26FT.

Sirene	12 11 15	6 12 16	6 01 01	6 01 01

CLASS 12—OPEN CATS, 19 TO 23FT.

Typhoon	12 11 35	6 28 01	6 16 26	6 16 26
Punch	12 16 59	6 30 53	6 13 54	6 10 47
Sadie	12 14 24	Did not finish.		
Ida K	12 13 43	6 21 14	6 7 31	6 04 24
Phyllis	12 16 36	5 51 58	5 35 22	5 32 15
Zelica	12 16 26	Did not finish.		

The regatta committee included Messrs. Fred Alder, W. F. Moore and J. W. Rough.

The New British Yachts.

IN the last two races reported, the Royal Largs Y. C. on June 30 and the Royal Clyde on July 1, Valkyrie has been beaten by Britannia, and in the former by Satanita as well, the times being, Britannia 3:09:32, Satanita 3:12:20 and Valkyrie 3:14:37 in the former race, and in the latter Britannia 7:10:26. Prior to these races Valkyrie had repeatedly beaten the others, and it seems probable that her skipper has not yet got the hang of the boat since her alterations. There is as yet no news of her fitting out for this side, so it is unlikely that she will be seen here before the middle of August, or even later.

The official measurements of the new British yachts are as follows:

	L.W.L.	Sail Area.	Rating.
Valkyrie	86.82	10207.4	147.70
Britannia	87.73	10327.4	151.00
Calluna	81.95	9563.3	130.61
Satanita	97.65	9923.0	161.49
Dragon III.	46.74	2560.5	19.94
Deirdre	47.07	2545.4	19.96
Vendetta	60.45	3967.1	39.96
Lais	60.35	3969.5	39.92
Meneen	24.22	600.0	2.42
Gavotte	26.54	551.0	2.48
Gareth	29.15	532.5	2.58
Manx Cat	28.44	525.7	2.49
Modwen	26.70	530.8	2.36
Morwena	18.49	324.0	0.99
Sacharissa	20.89	385.0	0.99
Vikendor	22.50	363.7	0.98
Wolfhound	19.11	269.2	0.94

From this table it appears that Satanita is comparatively a long craft with a small sail area. She has lately undergone important alterations, her mast being lifted out and cut off 3ft. at the heel, a lessening of 2cwt. of weight. Her boom, 18in. diameter, has been sawn in two and hollowed for 70ft., leaving about 10ft. of solid wood at each end, the diameter of the hollow being 8in. After the two halves were joined they were seized together at intervals with wire. The reduction of weight is estimated at 12cwt. Upward of 7 long tons of lead have been put in the keel, most of this being taken from inside.

Calluna has also been greatly changed, the lead keel being reduced in her case, and a new and larger spar and sail plan provided.

The two 40-raters, Lais and Vendetta, are about one foot longer than those of last year, and the forties also show a little more length and less sail. The measurements of the three Dragons of 1889, '90 and '93 are interesting:

Dragon I. (Idalia)	45.75	2621	19.98
Dragon II. (Molly)	45.72	2623	19.19
Dragon III.	46.74	2560	19.94

The measurements of the two new Herreshoff boats, Meneen and Modwena, as compared with their class competitors are also interesting, showing less length and more sail. Thus far Meneen has taken second or third prize in her class on most occasions when she has missed first, while Modwena has taken a number of firsts.

Delaware River Racing.

On June 17 a race was sailed on the Delaware River from Delanco to Riverton and return, for yachts of the Corinthian, Riverton and Philadelphia yacht clubs, under the auspices of the Morelton Inn. The times were as follows:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yvette, P. Y. C.	3 00 00	4 19 28	1 19 28	1 19 23
Narounya, C. Y. C.	3 00 00	4 23 20	1 23 20	1 23 20

THIRD CLASS.

Narina, C. Y. C.	3 00 00	4 25 34	1 25 34	1 25 34
Mermaid, C. Y. C.	3 00 00	4 46 49	1 46 49	1 44 12
Siren, P. Y. C.	3 00 00	4 45 10	1 45 10	1 45 04

FOURTH CLASS.

Nettie, R. Y. C.	3 05 00	4 24 53	1 19 52	1 19 52
Sea Gull, R. Y. C.	3 05 00	4 44 17	1 39 17	1 37 17
Olga, R. Y. C.	3 05 00	4 42 34	1 37 34	1 37 34

MOSQUITO FLEET.

A. B. Cook, R. Y. C.	3 11 00	4 13 23	1 02 23	1 02 23
C. C. Ranhard, R. Y. C.	3 11 00	4 16 00	1 05 00	1 05 00
C. & W. Lippincott, RYC.	3 11 00	4 18 58	1 07 58	1 07 58
C. W. Davis, R. Y. C.	3 11 00	4 20 12	1 09 12	1 00 12
F. B. Frismuth, R. Y. C.	3 11 00	Did not finish.		

LAUNCHES.

Elizabeth, P. Y. C.	3 30 00	4 29 42	0 59 42	0 59 42
Folly, R. Y. C.	3 30 00	4 39 06	1 09 06	1 00 08
Fleur-de-lis, R. Y. C.	3 30 00	4 39 19	1 09 13	1 09 13

Pavonia Y. C. Annual Regatta.

COMMUNIPAW—NEW YORK BAY.

Monday, June 26.

THE annual regatta of the Pavonia Y. C. was sailed on June 26 in a strong wind, but under otherwise unpleasant conditions, the day being cold and rainy and the water so rough that many of the guests on the club steamer Cygnus passed a very painful morning and afternoon. There was a good list of entries, the courses being:

Classes D, E and F—From a line between Oyster Island Buoy No. 13 (formerly No. 19) and a stakeboat anchored to the eastward of the buoy, to and around Perch and Ball Buoy No. 13, located to the westward of Southwest Spit, leaving it on the port hand, and return over the same course; 25 nautical miles.

Classes D, 1 and 4—From the same starting point to and around Red Bell Buoy on the northwest edge of the Romer Shoals (formerly No. 8), leaving it on port hand, and returning over the same course; 20 nautical miles.

Classes 2, 5, 8 and 8 A—From same starting point to and around Buoy No. 9 (formerly No. 13), located to eastward of Swinburne Island, leaving it on port hand, thence around Fort Lafayette, leaving it on port hand, and return to starting point; 15 nautical miles.

All yachts keeping to the eastward of all west bank buoys, Nos. 7, 9 and 11 (formerly Nos. 9, 13 and 15), except in cases of rounding.

The start was made on the last of the ebb, the wind being then N.E., the fleet starting before it with topmasts housed and two reefs in. A number of mishaps occurred on the outward course, and several yachts were compelled to withdraw. The small catboat Mist, of Newark, N. J., lost her mast and capsized, throwing her crew of five into the water. The boat sank, and one of the men who could not swim was in serious danger, but his comrades supported him until they were all rescued by the steamer Canonicus. The 25ft. Freyja sailed a very good race, though handicapped by the mean length measurement, being a modern boat. In spite of her clipper stem and long counter she was able to save her time over the racing boats with little or no overhang. The full times were:

CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 38 TO 45FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Mignon	12 09 37	3 25 08	3 15 31	2 20 55
Avalon	12 07 19	Broke down.		
Phantom	12 07 08	Broke down.		
Gipsey	12 06 43	Did not finish.		

CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 32 TO 38FT.

Evadne	12 04 28	3 35 44	3 31 16	2 25 15
Mascot	12 06 20	3 47 48	3 41 28	2 33 25

CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 27 TO 32FT.

Freyja	12 06 46	3 45 09	3 38 23	2 19 35
Pavonia	12 07 39	3 50 58	3 43 19	2 23 40
Forsyth	12 07 14	Did not finish.		

CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, UNDER 27FT.

Christine	12 04 53	3 10 00	3 05 07	1 58 53
Soutter Johnnie	12 07 06	3 14 30	3 07 24	2 03 42

OPEN SLOOPS, OVER 27FT.

Helen	12 13 00	3 07 00	2 54 00	1 56 49

OPEN SLOOPS, 23 TO 27FT.

J. A. Cameron	12 19 13	2 31 00	2 11 47	1 25 39
Thorn	12 19 00	3 06 30	2 47 30	1 58 51

CABIN CATS, OVER 23FT.

Truant	12 14 06	3 06 00	2 51 54	1 51 06
Acorn	12 15 31	3 10 15	2 54 44	1 51 56
Falcon	12 20 56	3 27 27	3 06 31	1 57 59
Annie J.	12 15 24	3 43 07	3 27 43	2 15 55

CABIN CATS UNDER 23FT.

Water Witch	12 15 19	2 32 30	2 17 11	1 22 42
Willie K.	12 17 56	2 46 30	2 28 34	1 35 05
Juanita	12 17 35	Dismasted.		

CATS, UNDER 20FT.

Frank	12 15 51	2 32 30	2 16 39	1 18 40
H. C. Miner	12 21 10	2 45 30	2 24 20	1 26 29
Mosquito	12 20 20	Did not finish.		
Mist	10 21 07	Did not finish.		

The winners were: Mignon, W. H. Rowe; Evadne, W. A. Brady; Freyja, W. Davis; Christine, Messrs. Smith and Chester; Helen, L. M. Kayser; John A. Cameron, John McCarty; Truant, F. L. Townsend; Water Witch, T. M. Randall, and Frank, C. D. McGlehan.

Mr. George E. Gartland, New Jersey Y. C. was the judge.

Hull Y. C. Regatta.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 1.

THE Hull Yacht Club sailed a very good race on Saturday, July 1 in spite of several mishaps and accidents. The wind was not much to speak of, light S.E. at the start, falling still lighter for a time, but coming in fresher from S.W., so that all the yachts were able to cover the course. No class 2 boats present, but a special handicap class was made up of the 40ft. cruiser Vandal, Joker, Wapiti and the knock-about boat Santa Maria. Vandal allowed Joker 1m. and Santa Maria 6m. Wapiti did not start. The third class sailed a very good race, but in fourth class Vanessa made a late start and finally gave up. In the sixth class Mab carried away the jaws of her gaff and sent a man aloft to repair damages, the result being a capsize. Dandelion gave up and went to Mab's aid. The times were:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrice, John Cavanaugh	30.11	1 34 34	1 10 45
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	30.11	1 36 03	1 12 14
Hiladee, S. N. Small		1 37 34	
Gipsy, A. C Drinkwater	28.08	1 42 09	1 16 36
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw		1 40 58	.....

FOURTH CLASS.

Exile, J. F. Small	26.05	1 20 34	59 10
Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr.	24.03	Withdrawn.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Aurisa, H. M. Faxon		1 27 44	.....
Magpie, H. G. Otis	22.04	1 29 25	1 04 46
Hagedorn, C. Y. Souther	22.05	1 30 05	1 05 30
Operchee, W. P. Barker	22.02	1 34 38	1 09 05
Koorali, R. C. Robbins		Withdrew.	

SIXTH CLASS.

Primrose, H. M Faxon	17.11	1 25 20	55 15
Don, W. H. Shaw	20.02	1 32 27	1 05 48
Mah, John Shaw	17.02	Withdrew.	
Dandelion, A. Adams	18.04	Withdrew.	

SPECIAL CLASS—HANDICAP.

Joker, Barclay Tilton		1 18 09	1 12 09
Vandal, H. Friend		1 16 16	1 16 16
Santa Maria, J. J. Souther		1 19 56	1 18 56

Hiladee and Gipsy protested Beatrice and White Fawn for starting too soon, and the protests being allowed, make Hiladee winner, with Gipsy second and Moondyne third. In the fifth class the winners were Aurisa, Magpie and Hagedorn.

Hull Corinthian Y. C. First Championship Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Sunday, June 24.

THE first championship race of the Hull Corinthian Y. C. was held in bad weather on June 24, the day being rainy and the wind strong N.E., shifting to S.E. The times were:

SECOND CLASS, SIX MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Undertaker, F. C. Welch	16.03	1 43 33

THIRD CLASS, SIX MILES.

Hagadorn, C. V. Gouther	19.10	1 28 30
Margarie, G. W. Bouvong	18.05	1 29 30

FIFTH CLASS, THREE MILES.

Marion, H. E. Yerxa	14.11	45 17
Noname, J. R. Hooper	....	44 19
Phyllis, W. A. Conrey	....	49 34

Undertaker, Hagadorn and Noname each win a leg.

Navahoe.

SINCE sailing from Boston on June 22 Navahoe has been reported three times, having been sighted on June 24 by the Anchor liner Assyrian, on June 25 by the Rhynland of the Red Star Line, and on June 26 by the schooner George E. Vernon, just arrived at New York from Hamburg, as follows: "June 26, latitude 40° 19', longitude 62° 33', passed an American sloop yacht, painted black, under single reef mainsail and jib, heading southeast; heavy sea; wind east at the time; making good weather; behaving splendidly."

Lawley has finished the new hollow boom, and it was shipped by steamer July 1. As to the probable date of Navahoe's races, the *Field* speaks as follows: "It is probable that the matches for the Brenton Reef and Cape May cups will be sailed from Ryde and Cowes to Cherbourg and back the last week in July, as Navahoe will not now be in time for the Clyde regattas, and is scarcely likely to go to Kingstown; but if she did the cross Channel matches could still be sailed the last week in July. The matches for the Royal Victoria gold cup are quite enough for September, and it is just as well that the matches for the two challenge cups just referred to should be disposed of as soon as possible and before the September gales set in."

Douglaston Y. C. Regatta.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 29 you state that my yacht Chippewa was disqualified for sailing the wrong course in the annual regatta of the Douglaston Y. C. The Chippewa was not disqualified, and she sailed the course in accordance with the sailing instructions. A protest was lodged against Chippewa by the Duster. This protest is now being considered by the regatta committee. The misunderstanding was caused by two programmes of the regatta and two sets of sailing instructions, which differed slightly, having been issued by the regatta committee. THOMAS CLAPHAM

ROSLYN L. I. June 30.

Canarsie Y. C. Annual Regatta.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, June 24.

THE annual regatta of the Canarsie Y. C. was sailed ou June 24, the wind being fresh N. W. The times were:

CABIN BOATS—CLASS 1.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Adeline	2 58 00	5 31 30	2 33 30	2 32 45
Duchess	3 01 50	5 44 00	2 42 10	2 35 05
Welfare	3 05 20	.....	.....	.....
Bulkur	3 04 40	5 41 30	2 36 20	2 36 20
Leona	3 10 30	.....	.....	.....
Louise	2 59 20	.....	.....	.....
Athela	2 58 45	.....	.....	.....

OPEN CATS—CLASS 2.

Selfish	2 57 30	5 08 10	2 10 40	2 09 38
So So	2 58 15	5 18 50	2 19 35	2 16 20
Siren	3 01 30	5 35 00	2 33 30	2 31 20
Jannet	2 58 30	.....	.....	.....
Aurora	3 05 50	.....	.....	.....
Caddie	2 59 20	.....	.....	.....
Minuie	3 10 00	.....	.....	.....
H. H. Adams	3 05 52	.....	.....	.....

OPEN CATS—CLASS 3.

Ideal	3 11 25	5 45 00	2 33 35	2 33 35
Flirt	3 07 00	5 42 05	2 33 05	2 35 02
Lochiuor	3 09 05	5 46 00	2 36 05	2 35 25
Wave	3 06 00	.....	.....	.....
Spray	3 07 10	.....	.....	.....

OPEN CATS—CLASS 4.

Crest	3 06 00	5 39 00	2 33 00	2 31 22½
Anita	3 06 40	5 38 30	2 31 50	2 31 50
Meteor	3 08 45	5 43 40	2 34 55	2 34 55
Tessie	3 06 42	.....	.....	.....
Martha	3 06 40	.....	.....	.....
Bert	3 10 50	.....	.....	.....

New Haven Y. C., Annual Regatta.

NEW HAVEN—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, June 22.

THE twelfth annual regatta of the New Haven Y. C. on June 22 was started in a light S.E. breeze, the wind coming in later from N.E. and quite fresh. The course was off Pardee's Bar Buoy, around the buoy at the mouth of the Housatonic River. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nymph	5 01 41	5 01 41
Sea Belle	6 10 53	6 00 41
Ione	Not timed.	
Stranger	5 39 43	5 22 14
Vidette	Not timed.	
Venus	5 15 48	5 03 22
Castanea	5 29 10	5 28 29
Gossip	5 18 12	5 18 12

Nymph won the special prize of a cup in Division C for the best corrected time. In Class 3 Sea Belle won the Warner cup, which she has held for three consecutive years, and won her class prize in money. Stranger won in her class and Gossip in hers.

The regatta committee included I. M. Goodridge, John I. Goodrich and S. D. Baker, and the judges were M. H. Bacon of New London, James Gallagher, Jr., and C. M. Peck.

Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

THE first race of the season for the Royal Nova Scotia Y. S. was sailed on June 10, the prize being the cup presented by Lord Alexander Russell. The day was rainy and foggy, with a southerly wind. The course was from the squadron wharf to Dartmouth Cove, thence to the flag buoy, off the squadron wharf, thence to Ives's Knoll buoy, thence to Mars Rock buoy and finish off squadron wharf. The times were:

Wyn	5 04 00	Youla	5 08 20
Lenore	5 04 20	Mentor	5 47 00

Albatross did not finish.

Youla was delayed by an accident to her rigging. The second race, for the Lord Russell cup and squadron prizes, was sailed on June 17, the course being: Starting off squadron wharf to flag buoy in Dartmouth Cove, leaving it on starboard hand, thence passing it to westward of George's Island, to Point Pleasant Buoy, thence to buoy off Woodside refinery, thence to outer flag buoy off squadron wharf, leaving these marks on port hand, theuce to Point Pleasant Buoy, leaving it on starboard hand, and finish off squadron wharf, $9^2/_{10}$ miles. Time limit, 4 hours. The times at the finish were:

Wyn	4 27 25	Etienne	4 42 00
Lenore	4 23 00	Valkyrie	4 49 00

Youla, Albatross, Mentor not timed.

Excelsior Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SOUTH BROOKLYN—NEW YORK BAY.

Sunday, June 25.

THE annual regatta of the Excelsior Y. C. of South Brooklyn was sailed in a moderate S.W. wind on June 25, the course being from off the club bouse down the Bay and return. The times were:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Black Duck	11 14 15	2 22 00	3 07 45
The Owl	11 16 45	2 41 35	3 24 50

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.

Ellie S	11 24 25	2 11 00	2 46 35
Surprise	11 28 40	2 05 00	2 41 20
Kitty K	11 21 20	2 24 15	3 02 55

CLASS E—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Harry T	11 30 16	2 17 15	2 56 58
Toddles	11 34 00	2 12 00	2 38 00
Maud	11 29 40	2 22 00	2 52 20

CLASS C—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Tony	11 31 20	2 34 45	3 03 25
Nellie C	11 31 00	2 12 30	2 41 30

Winthrop Y. C. Race.

HOUGH'S NECK—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 1.

THE race of the Winthorp Y. C. for cash prizes on July 1 was sailed in light weather, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Lengtb.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, W. H. Myrick	21.11	1 37 22	1 10 20
Climax, C. H. Howes	Not m'ed.	1 43 10	. . . .
Ermine, S. H. Cann	Not measured.		

THIRD CLASS.

Magpie, C. Pike	20.04	1 35 50	1 09 11
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	22.09	1 34 35	1 10 30
Marion, Chesterton & Haney	22.00	1 42 15	1 17 17
Myth, Edward Cook	Not measured.		

FOURTH CLASS.

Cadet, C. Smith	19.00	1 00 50	0 40 52
Florrie, W. Leighton	18.01	1 05 10	0 42 27

The judges were Howard Gould and C. A. Haney. The winners were Eclipse, Magpie aud Cadet.

New York Y. R. A. Cruise.

ADMIRAL SUTTON has issued the following orders for the coming cruise of the New York Y. R. A.:

To the Members of the New York Yacht Racing Association:

GENTLEMEN—At the earnest request of a large majority of the clubs represented at our last meeting the regular annual cruise of tbe association will take place during the week of July 23-29, on Long Island Sound. Your President will assume command as Admiral of the fleet, and your Vice-President as Vice-Admiral. The hearty co-operation of every yacht owner is earnestly requested to bring out a strong representative fleet worthy of tbis association of yachtsmen; the largest in the world. Every enthusiastic yachtsman belonging to this association will endeavor to bring his yacht to the rendezvous. Captains having business engagements during the cruise will be excused, at any time after the reudezvous, by applying to the senior officer. Secretaries and delegates will please see that a copy of annexed order is furnished to every yacht owner in their respective clubs.

B. FRANKLIN SUTTON, President N. Y. Y. R. A.

On Board Flagship Schooner Loyal, lying off New York, June 20, 1893.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 1, c. s.—Ex-Admiral A. J. Prime is hereby appointed fleet captain. B. FRANKLIN SUTTON, Admiral.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2, c. s.

1. The annual cruise of the entire fleet of the New York Yacht Association will start on Monday morning, July 24, 1893.

2. Yachts will rendezvous in New Rochelle Harbor, Long Island Sound, "off club house" on Saturday and Sunday, July 22 and 23, and report to the fleet captain at once, on board flagship Loyal; and remain at anchor over Sunday.

3. The fleet shall be composed of a squadron from each club in the association, and each squadron will be commanded by the commodore or senior officer represented by tbe squadron, who sball receive all orders from the Admiral, and execute the same.

4. All yachts will carry the association's flag at the masthead, and the club flag at the peak; but yachts may display both flags at tbe masthead when at anchor.

5. Daily meetings of the commodores or senior officers of each club will be held on board tbe flagship to determine destination.

6. The admiral will make such changes in the general orders or destinations (at any time) as be may deem proper to insure tbe comfort or safety of the fleet.

7. All changes in sailing directions will be made by signal from main masthead of flagship, with a gun calling attention to same.

8. The time of starting and destination of each day's sail will be communicated by signal and a gun from flagship, to prepare, one-half hour prior to the start.

9. The starting signal will be two guns fired within a moment of each other.

10. All yachts must remain at anchor until the two successive starting guns are fired.

11. The first yacht reaching tbe destination for tbe day will take her own time of arrival, anchor in some convenient place; hoist an ensign; and take the time of all the other yachts, all of which must pass between this yacht and tbe nearest shore.

12. The record of each day's run sball be delivered to the fleet captain immediately after the arrival of tbe last yacht.

13. Yachts desiring to leave the fleet must first obtain permission from the Admiral.

14. The following souvenir prizes will be given:

To tbe club reporting the greatest unmber of yachts (irrespective of size) at the rendezvous, a complete set of international code signal flags.

To the club reporting tbe second greatest number of yachts at the rendezvous, a suitably inscribed decorative flag souvenir for the club room.

To the commodore of the club reporting the third greatest number of yacbts at the rendezvous, a suitably inscribed gold souvenir badge.

To the commodore of tbe club reporting the fourtb greatest number of yachts at the rendezvous, a suitably engraved medal souvenir.

Souvenir mugs suitably engraved will be presented to yachts making tbe best average time in their respective classes during the cruise.

By order of the Admiral, A. J. PRIME, Fleet Captain.

The Cup Defenders.

THE second trial trip of a Cup defender took place on July 1 off Bristol, the new Vigilant being under way for the first time, with Com. Morgan, Mr. Iselin, Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, Capt. Hansen and her crew on board. Tbe centerboard was not shipped, but will go in this week. In company with tbe scbooner Lasca and the steam yacht Ituna she beat down to Fort Adams in a moderate breeze and ran back. The trip, so far as it went, was very satisfactory, the yacht giving good promise of power and the sails sitting well for new ones.

Colonia is about finished, but has not yet left Bristol. Through a succession of delays Pilgrim was not floated from the dock until June 29, when she was towed to City Island, where the tug R. C. Veit took her hawser and started for Boston. Mr. Stewart and Capt. Sherlock being on board the yacht with the mate and two hands. She had a successful trip around Cape Cod and reached Boston on Saturday. Tbe work of fitting out will be burried as much as possible, and the trial trip will take place next week.

The third out of the four boats was the Paine fin-keel Jubilee, who made her first trip on Saturday, though in an incomplete condition, her headsails being old ones belonging to Volunteer, while her new blocks with aluminum sbeaves in the wooden ones and the metal oues entirely of aluminum, were not ready. She was towed out of the barbor and sailed to Marblehead, and was also under sail on Sunday and Monday. The centerboard was not used, the winch not being ready. From all accounts tbe initial performance of tbe yacht is fully up to expectations.

Larchmont Y. C. Annual Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, July 4.

AFTER the general failure of all the spring regattas from bad weather or from lack of entries, it was a pleasant surprise for all concerned to find a large fleet at anchor and a fine N.W. breeze blowing at Larchmont on Tuesday. Out of seventy entries over fifty yachts started, and with the visiting yachts of the Philadelphia Corinthian, the Brooklyn and the New Haven clubs there was at least as many more under sail, while a large fleet of steam yachts, all gaily decorated, accompanied the race.

The new yachts were out in goodly number, Emerald, Loyal, Dagmar (*nee* Titania), the two Cary Smitb schooners, Elsie Marie and Ariel, the new Stewart and Binney scbooner Serkara, a small but stylish craft, the new yawl Audax and tbe Ellsworth cat Mary.

Tbe usual club courses were sailed for classes A, B, C and 2, from Larchmont around stakeboat in Hempstead Harbor, around stakeboat anchored off Stamford Harbor Lighthouse, around stakeboat in Hempstead Harbor again, and across the line at Larchmont; 27 nautical miles.

For classes D, E, 5,6, 7, 8 and 9, around the Hempstead mark, tbence around a stakeboat anchored off Captain's Island Ligbthouse, around the Hempstead mark and home; 20 nautical miles.

For classes 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16, from Larchmont around red spar buoy on Scotch Caps' Reef around the Hempstead mark, around red spar buoy on Scotch Caps' Reef aud across finish line; 10 nautical miles.

For classes 10 and 11, from Larchmont around the Hempstead mark, around black spar buoy off Matinicock Point, around the Hempstead mark and across finish line; 13 uautical miles.

The first leg, to Hempstead, was almost free, spinakers being carried; to the Stamford mark was a reach out and back, and to Captain's Island was a close reach out with sbeets eased on the return to Hempstead, the last short leg bome being to windward.

The race was started at 11:35 for the larger classes, Emerald leading over the line, followed by Elsie Maire. Spinakers and balloou jibtopsails were set, the fleet making a pretty picture, with smootb water, a clear blue sky, and the white sails against the green background of Long Island and the New York shore. Dauntless, Ramona and Brunhilde were classed together. The old Atlantic and the new Elsemaire were in the next class. Lasca and Dagmar failed to start leaving Emerald and Alcaa in the next class. The smaller schooners were Viator, Azalea, Triton and Serkara, Loyal being under way but not starting. Katrina and Huron sailed together, Wasp was alone in her class, and the Fife 42-footer Uvira was matched against Mocassin, Cboctaw not starting.

The leaders were timed at Hempstead:

Emerald	12 02 30	Viator	12 06 40
Azalea	12 06 00	Serkara	12 06 50
Dauntless	12 06 01	Ramona	12 06 52
Brunhilde	12 06 02	Atlantic	12 07 10
Alcaea	12 06 30	Triton	12 08 25
Elsie Marie	12 06 35		

The little Azalea had made rather a late start, but had made it very smartly, and was second at the mark, Mr. Alley, who sailed ber, making a very neat turn inside of the larger boats. As her foreboom went over it struck Mr. Fisber, one of her Corinthian crew, as he was at work on the cabin trunk, and tbrew him into the sail and thence into the drink. Seeing that he had been struck by tbe boom and that he did not rise quickly, the yacht's steward bravely jumped after him, and the two soon came up astern. With the fleet crowding down for the mark it was impossible to put about for them, and as both were good swimmers it was unnecessary. Mr. Fisher striking out for the markboat, disregarding the buoy thrown to him, and the steward swimming for the bobstay of Alcaea and climbing on board tbat yacht.

Azalea went on, setting a balloon jibtopsail, which was too much for her and pulled her head off before it could be taken in, while Viator, at once luffed out and took a good weather berth for the Captains Island mark. The wind was no wquite fresh and the big schooners were having a good race for the Stamford mark, though Dauntless and Ramona needed more wind. Emerald was sailing well and gaining slightly on Alcaea, and Atlantic caught and passed Elsemaric. The times at Stamford were approximately:

Emerald	1 06 00	Brunhilde	1 16 45
Dauntless	1 09 00	Atlantic	1 19 00
Ramona	1 09 40	Elsie Marie	1 22 30
Alcaea	1 10 00		

With the breeze to her liking Viator was leading her class, Azalea being on her lee beam, both carrying baby jibtopsails. When a couple of miles from Captain's Island Azalea lost tbe end of her bowsprit and was forced to withdraw.

The times at Captain's Island were approximately:

Viator	12 55 00	Serkara	1 01 30
Triton	1 01 30		

The race home made a fine sight, as the various divisions of the fleet came together for the Hempstead mark, the little Pyxie beside the big schooners. Viator did good work, especially on the windward leg across, and was first to finish. The full times were:

CLASS A—SCHOONERS OVER 90FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona	11 40 49	2 56 24	3 15 35	3 13 10
Dauntless	11 38 40	2 58 43	3 20 03	2 20 03
Brunhilde	11 39 09	3 20 17	3 41 08	3 41 08

CLASS B—SCHOONERS 81FT. TO 90FT.

Atlantic	11 40 19	3 12 50	3 32 31	3 32 31
Elsie Marie	11 56 33	Disabled.		

SPECIAL CLASS B—SCHOONERS 81FT. TO 90FT., 29 MILES.

Emerald	11 36 28	2 43 06	3 06 28	3 08 50
Alcaea	11 41 48	2 56 22	3 14 34	3 14 34

CLASS D—SCHOONERS 60FT. TO 71FT.

Viator	11 37 16	2 21 40	2 44 24	2 44 24
Serkara	11 37 50	2 36 30	2 58 40	2 54 25
Triton	11 42 43	2 39 43	2 57 00	2 57 00
Azalea	11 41 35	Disabled.		

CLASS 2—SLOOPS, 69 TO 77FT.

Katrina	12 03 48	3 19 15	3 15 27	3 15 20
Huron	11 56 18	3 17 06	3 20 53	3 15 32

CLASS 3—SLOOPS, 40 TO 55FT.

Wasp	11 57 53	2 37 15	2 39 22	2 39 22

CLASS 6—SLOOPS, 43 TO 49FT.

Uvira	11 57 16	2 43 40	2 46 24	2 46 15
Moccasin	11 55 21	2 51 03	2 55 42	2 55 42

CLASS 7—SLOOPS, 36 TO 43FT.

Daffodil	11 57 34	3 22 08	3 24 34	3 24 34
Eurybia	11 59 15	3 29 27	3 30 12	3 29 05
Kathleen	11 59 34	3 30 45	3 31 11	3 26 11

CLASS 8—SLOOPS, 30 TO 36FT.

Marjorie	11 57 58	3 36 33	3 38 38	3 38 38
Fair Wind	11 56 25	3 37 38	3 41 13	3 41 13

SPECIAL CLASS 9—YAWLS—20 MILES.

Kittie	11 58 12	3 34 02	3 35 50	3 31 55
Audax	11 57 26	3 33 02	3 35 36	3 35 36
Evelyn	12 01 34	4 01 43	4 00 19	4 00 19

CLASS 9—SLOOPS 25FT. TO 30FT.

Freyja	12 05 00	3 45 14	3 40 14	3 40 14
Susie J	12 05 00	3 55 31	3 50 31	3 50 31
Wanda	12 00 51	Withdrew.		

CLASS 10—SLOOPS 25FT. AND UNDER.

Pyxie	11 59 39	2 27 41	2 28 02	2 28 02
Wahneta	12 03 04	2 44 12	2 41 08	2 41 08

CLASS 11—CABIN CATS OVER 25FT.

Almira	12 01 47	2 31 38	2 29 51	2 29 06
Mary	12 02 44	2 33 00	2 30 16	2 30 16
Rol	12 04 08	2 35 26	2 31 28	2 30 57
Anemone	11 59 41	2 34 27	2 34 46	2 31 02
Oconee	12 03 04	2 41 14	2 38 10	2 33 10
Myrtle	11 59 05	2 36 22	2 37 17	2 36 14
Nymph	12 04 06	2 42 29	2 38 24	2 38 24
Aura	12 01 28	2 42 08	2 40 45	2 40 45
Elfin	12 01 47	2 45 10	2 43 23	2 40 55

CLASS 12—CABIN CATS 25FT. AND UNDER.

Tabitha	11 56 56	2 38 57	2 42 01	2 42 01
Caper	12 00 40	2 48 07	2 47 27	2 47 27

CLASS 13—OPEN CAT OVER 25FT.

Edna	12 04 40	1 50 35	1 51 55	1 51 29
Sirene	12 05 00	Witbdrew.		

CLASS 14—OPEN CATS 20FT. TO 21FT.

Ramona	12 02 22	2 10 22	2 08 00	2 04 41
Punch	12 04 06	2 15 51	2 11 45	2 06 53
Violet	12 05 00	2 30 36	2 25 36	2 20 20
Typhoon	12 05 00	2 30 14	2 25 14	2 25 14

CLASS 15—OPEN CATS 20FT. AND UNDER.

Phyllis	12 01 39	1 55 40	1 54 01	1 54 01
Giggle	12 05 00	2 09 07	2 04 07	2 02 27
Sadie	12 03 28	2 06 39	2 03 09	2 03 09
Ione	12 01 26	2 11 45	2 10 19	2 07 07
Zelica	12 05 00	2 16 05	2 11 05	2 10 02
Martha	12 05 00	Withdrew.		

Ramona wins in the largest class, Atlantic in Class B, Emerald beats Alcaea in Class B, special. Viator takes first prize and Serkara second in Class D. Katrina barely saves her time from Huron, and Wasp has a sail-over. Uvira, after passing Mocassin to windward on the return from Captain's Island, beat her home easily and wins in the class. Daffodil, Marjorie, Kittie, Freyja and Pyxie each win first prizes. Almira wins first in her class, and the new Ellsworth beat Mary and wins second out of a good fleet. Tabitha and Edna each win firsts. Ramona wins first and Punch second, and Phyllis beats her class easily, with Giggle second. There were no protests, and the race was well managed from start to finish in the able hands of Messrs. Lovejoy, Sarony and Baretta, of the regatta committee.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The firm of Cbas. L. Seabury & Co. have of late beeu very busy at their Nyack sbops; on July 3 the large and elegant steam yacht Enbla was launched and much smaller work is still in hand. The steam yacht Claymore, 80ft. long, is now being completed, and will be ready for launching in a short time. Her speed is guaranteed to be 18 miles per hour and she is fitted with a Seabury pateut safety water tube boiler of the bent tube type. The accommodations for owner are good, including laige cabin, state room, dining room, etc., and also galley and toilet rooms, also crew's quarters, so that comfort is not entirely sacrificed for speed. No masts or spars are carried, and she is of the flush deck type, with mahogany pilot house and small bridge on deck. The 42ft. launch Coot, formerly owned by Dr. R. H. Derby, has been sold to Mr. A. Bleecker Banks, of Albany, N. Y., and she will be run to Bar Harbor, Me., under her own power, where Mr. Banks will use her tbis summer. Seabury & Co. are also building a 70ft. twin screw steam yacht with two of their fore and aft compound engines and water tube boiler. The boat is for a New York owner and will be finished about Sept. 1. Mr. Archibald Rogers bas just purcbased a very fine steam launch, which is to be used in connection with bis Cup defender Colonia. Her dimensions are: Lengtb 44ft., beam 8ft. 3in., draft 3ft. The forward cockpit is arranged with a glass cabin, with lockers under all seats, also a buffet, etc. Tbe after cockpit is fitted with canvas sides or storm curtains which roll down and fasten on coaming. In the stern lockers of this cockpit there is fitted a water bowl or hopper on one side, and wash basin on the other side, with water connections. The deck fittings are of brass with brass rails. The interior furnishings and fittings are very fine, which consist of curtains, cushions, linoleum, etc. Tbe machinery consists of a Seabury fore and aft compound engine and patent safety water tube boiler, allowed a working steam pressure of 260lbs. Her speed is 11 miles per hour, and her seagoing qualities are unexcelled for a boat of her size. She will be in commission and ready for service by July 10.

Mr. Percy Chubb, owner of Queen Mab, has despatched the large tug E. V. McCauley to Bermuda to bring up the disabled Queen Mab. The tug was to start on July 1, and the yacht may be looked for in a few days. She will come to New York and refit at once for the August cruise. The Bermuda *Gazette* publishes an absurd story of the yacht capsizing, as follows: "June 25, Capt. Schlossbauser, of tbe British yacht Queen Mab (on a voyage from Cowes, Isle of Wight, bound to New York), reports having left Cowes on May 25, had favorable weather up to the 19th inst.; on that date the barometer fell to 28.80; made everything snug as possible on board. About 4 A. M. on the 20th inst., in latitude 39° north, longitude 60° 35′ west, tbe full force of the hurricane struck us; we managed to weather it out pretty well. After the hurricane had passed we had a tremendous sea to contend with. I had given an order to the mate and went below. I could not have been below more than a minute when I felt the vessel turn completely over and it seemed to me that she remained in that position for about three minutes and then righted herself again. During tbis time the crew were washed completely away from the vessel, but managed to get hold of some of tbe spars and sails that were towing astern, and when the vessel righted herself succeeded in getting on board again, with the exception of one poor fellow, who was never seen again after the vessel was thrown down. After clearing the wreck decided to run for Bermuda; made the light on the 24th inst., and was boarded by Pilot Smith, who anchored the vessel in Five Fathom Hole, and on Sunday morning, tbe 25th inst., was towed into St. George's by the tug Britannia."

The fourth annual regatta of tbe Riverside Y. C. will be sailed off Riverside, Cos Cob Harbor, Conn., on Saturday, July 8, starting at 11 A. M. The race is open to yachts enrolled in the New York, Seawanhaka-Corinthian, Atlantic, Marine and Field, Larchmont, American, New Rochelle, New Haven, Hempstead Harbor, Stamford, Indian Harbor, Douglaston, Knickerbocker, Horseshoe Harbor and Cedar Point yacht clubs. Prizes will be awarded in each class. The measurement of all but open yachts for their racing length and time allowance will be by the Seawanhaka rule, viz.: Square root of sail area plus waterline length, divided by two. Open yachts will be classified by waterline length only. The boats will be divided according to rig and length, the classes being as follows: From 90 to 100ft., from 70 to 80ft., from 60 to 70ft., from 55 to 60ft., from 50 to 55ft., from 40 to 50ft., from 35 to 40ft., from 30 to 35ft., from 25 to 30ft., from 20 to 25ft., and under 20ft. There will also be a 25-rating class. The course for all schooners, sloops and cutters will be from a stakeboat southwest of Captain Knapp's Island to Little Captain's Island, to Matinicock Point, to Center Island Reef and back to the starting point. For all yawls, catboats and open jib and mainsail boats, the course will be from the same starting point past Little Captain's Island, around a stakeboat 4 miles S.S.W. of it, to a second stakeboat 4 miles east by north and back to the starting point. The first course is 17 miles and the second 13.

The Manchester (Mass.) Y. C. held its annual meeting on June 4 and elected the following officers: Com., E. P. Stanley; Vice-Com., A. H. Higginson; Rear Com., Chas. Jackson; Sec'y and Treas., Chas. A. Cooley, and Meas., E. A. Carter. The club voted to accept a challenge cup offered by Vice-Com. Higginson, to be sailed for every year over an outside course. The club has a very bright future before it. It has now three challenge cups, two for the 21ft. class and one for the 25-footers. Its race for the Sunset Hill cup on June 17 was sailed in a very heavy S.E. breeze. Its fixtures for this year are so far, July 6, annual race, open; July 22, cup race; Aug. 20, 27 and Sept. 3, cup race. There will also be several other races later on, the dates of which are not yet decided on. The club's headquarters are at Pulsifer's Point, Manchester, Mass., and the anchorage in West Manchester harbor is very good. The club sails under the Seawanhaka rule.

*Sail area + waterline.
2

For the past two years the International Publishing Co., of New York, has had in preparation a work entitled "The Yachts and Yachtsmen of America," the first volume of which is now nearly ready. There will be two volumes, the first dealing in particular with the history of yachting and the evolution of the sailing vessel from the most primitive forms. The history and details of every American yacht club will be given, with views of the club houses and portraits of prominent members, this part of the work being divided between the two volumes. The main feature of the second volume will be a treatise on steam and other motors used in vessels. The work is being prepared with great care, a special corps of photographers having been at work all last season, and it promises to be a very valuable book of reference. Dr. Henry A. Mott is the editor.

The jubilee celebration of the Royal Southern Yacht Club was quite one of the events of the year, and the fine display made by Valkyrie in the trial to windward was quite the best thing seen this season. It seems almost incredible that a vessel could be made so much superior by the wind to the other new vessels and the old craft Iverna; and the superiority is not only in the manner she can be laid on the wind, but in head-reaching also. But then one of Watson's best vessels always seems at least two seasons ahead of the others, and this year he has quite surpassed himself in producing Britannia and Valkyrie. With a northwest wind the big craft will have a good stretch of water to turn over this day (Saturday) outside the Mersey Bar, and the record may be altered by one of the unlucky ones; but as the case at present stands Valkyrie is the first vessel of the year.—*Field, June 24.*

Dr. C. D. Miller, the designer and builder, is just completing at his yard at Poughkeepsie a steam yacht for Wm. R. Sands of New Hamburg. The new craft will be 106ft. over all, 80ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam and 5ft. 6in. draft, the hull of wood. The engine is 9, 14½ and 22 and 22x 14in., with a Roberts safety watertube boiler. The yacht is well arranged below and handsomely finished. Dr. Miller has also built this year a special yacht tender of his own design, 25ft. over all, 5ft. beam and 3ft. depth, with a triple compound engine which, with its pumps, weighs but 225lbs. The yacht has a light coil boiler and the hull is very lightly but strongly built, the total weight being under 2,500lbs. The engine indicates 18 H.P.

The second annual regatta of the Baltimore Y. C., on June 24, resulted as follows:

	Start.	Finish.
Albatross (schr)	2 10 45	4 55 18
Leona (schr)	2 10 45	5 01 28
Ibis (schr)	2 10 45	5 09 20
Lagonda (sloop)	2 10 45	5 10 55½
Flossie (schr)	2 10 45	5 12 27
Gaetina (schr)	2 10 45	5 14 38

Nepenthe was ruled out by the judges for not rounding the buoy at the turn.

The regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. on June 24 had but few starters. Victor winning in the first class cats and Rarus in the second.

The annual opening of the Tacoma Y. C. took place on June 17. Arrangements are being made for a sailing race open to all yachts of the different clubs and members of the International Yachting Association. It is proposed to raise by subscription about $400 for prizes and for entertaining the visitors. It is understood that the yachts participating in the regatta of the International Association at Port Townsend on July 4 have been invited to a regatta at Seattle on the 5th, and it is the intention of the Tacoma Y. C. to hold their regatta about July 7. The races will be sailed under the rules of the International Yachting Association.

The accommodations for yachts at Tebo's Docks, Twenty-third street, South Brooklyn, are now being greatly increased, a new pier 1,600ft. long being built on the north and dredged to a depth of 14ft., while a new drydock is now under way, to be completed in September. It will be 200 by 81ft., and will take on anything up to the largest steam yachts. Tebo's has become most indispensable to New York yachtsmen, and the present improvement will still further increase its usefulness.

The old schooner yacht Countess, after many vicissitudes, will be broken up for junk. The last people who attempted to keep her in commission were some young men in Kenwood, but they soon tired of the expensive sport. After lying in an Illinois Central slip for three years, the Countess was taken to the ship yard at South Chicago the other day. It was hoped she could be fitted out for World's Fair service. The examination of her timbers shows them to be rotten and the old hulk was not worth repairing. It is now being stripped of rigging and equipment preparatory to abandonment.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

The St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co. has just completed for Chas. P. Lyon of Ogdensburg a very handsome "Scarecrow," built from Mr. Stephens' design in the FOREST AND STREAM. She has a fin-keel of 660lbs. which can be hoisted by an ingenious arrangement devised by the builders. The sail plan, made for her by Mr. Stephens, has 450sq. ft. in a mainsail and jib. The boat was launched on June 20 and was under way at once, carrying her sail in a good breeze.

The Thirty-fifth annual regatta of the Jersey City Y. C. on July 24 was spoiled by light winds, while the finish was so late that the proposed reception in the evening was postponed. The winners in the different classes were as follows: Class C, Forsythe, Alexander Roe; Class D, Beulah, John Collins, Jr.; Class E, Bessie, Van Horne; Class F, Knight Templar, Robert Doushca; Class G, Greta, Lyons & Ziegler; Class H, Lizzie B., G. W. Bowker; Class I, Anita, J. J. Voorhees.

The skiff sailors of Lake Ontario held a meeting on June 23 at the house of the Toronto Sailing Skiff Club, and it was decided to form an organization for the promotion of skiff sailing, to be modelled after the Lake Y. R. A. The first formal meeting was set for July 5 at the same place. It is hoped that all on the lake who are interested in sailing skiffs will unite to make the association a success.

Elsemarie, the schooner designed by A. Cary Smith for Jerome B. King, of New York, and built by John P. Smith, of Nyack, was launched on June 28. The yacht is a centerboard, 90ft. over all, 70ft. l.w.l., 21ft. 2in. beam and 8ft. 6in. draft, of the usual wooden construction. Capt. Peter Darby will be in command.

The high speed steam yacht built last summer by Wood & Son of City Island for Hugh J. Baxter is just completed, and has been named Nada. The hull was very fully described in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM. The dimensions are 85ft. 9in. over all, 11ft. 6in. beam. The engines, designed by C. D. Mosher, are 8, 12 and 18x12in., and she has a Mosher boiler.

The Minnetonka Y. C. sailed a race on July 1 in which Onawa did not start. Alpha beat Kite, with Apakwa third. Mr. Dyer, builder of Onawa, has completed another boat for an unknown owner. She is 27ft. over all, 22ft. 6in. l.w.l., 8ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. depth amidship, with an iron centerboard and a sail plan of 575ft.

The steam yacht Cadet has just reached Boston after a cruise to Chicago and return, some 4,000 miles, with a party of students from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, under the leadership of Bertrand R. Collins, instructor in mechanical engineering, who planned and managed the trip.

The cabin cat designed by Philip Ellsworth and built by Capt. Louis Tonns at Mariners' Harbor, Staten Island, for the Ellsworths, was launched on July 1 and christened Mary. She is a large, powerful boat, of the Cape style, and has a second centerboard in her deadwood aft. She will enter the races this week.

Barracouta, steam yacht, recently purchased in England by R. Willoughby Weston, is now in commission in New York waters. She arrived in New York on June 20, making the passage from Cowes in 15 days 6 hours, in spite of some bad weather.

The report has been generally circulated and promptly denied that Mr. James Gordon Bennett has given the order to the Cramps for a steam yacht 340ft. long to steam 23 knots and to equal the new Vanderbilt Valiant.

Linta, cat yawl, built by Pryor for J. W. Hill from designs by the Boston Yacht Agency, has been completed and launched. Pryor is now busy with a 60ft. steam launch for Mr. Goodyear, also designed by the Boston Yacht Agency.

A new boat has been built at Newburyport by Paul J. Lowell from designs by V. D. Bacon, of Barustable, a Cape cat with the modern bow. She is 24ft. over all, 19ft. l.w.l., 9ft. 4in. beam and 2ft. draft, with 800lbs. of inside and 1,000lbs. of outside ballast.

On June 24 the American Y. C. gave a lawn party at the club station, Milton Point, a large number being present. The harbor was full of yachts, while many guests drove in from different points in the neighborhood.

Capt. Wm. McKay of Newburyport has completed a racing boat of the Alpha type, named Cornet, 30ft. over all, 19ft. l.w.l., 8ft. 6in. beam, 1ft. 6in. draft. Her hoist is 20ft., boom 28ft., gaff 18ft. and bowsprit 6ft. outboard.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. fared very badly on July 1, the date of its annual regatta, there being no wind all day, although there was a very good fleet of racing boats in the harbor. As it was calm on the Sound as well as inside, no attempt was made to sail the race.

In the event of the training ship St. Marys being put out of commission by the city of New York, Mr. James Gordon Bennett has offered to take twelve of the boys on his steam yacht Namouna.

New Jersey, steam yacht, recently purchased by H. M. Farr, of Leon Abbett, was burned at Holyoke, Mass., on June 29. The yacht was insured for $5,000, or some $2,000 less than the price paid by Mr. Farr.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of year hooks from the Hull Y. C., the Larchmont Y. C., and the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

Gadabout, stmr., the third or fourth yacht of the name owned by E. M. Fulton, Jr., has arrived at New York from Montreal, where she was built from designs by J. Beavor Webb.

Dare Devil, the open boat once owned by the late Com. Dilworth, of the New Jersey Y. C., has been completely rebuilt at New Haven, and will be raced this season.

Comanche, steam yacht, has recently been fined $100 by the collector of Chicago for an alleged violation of the anchorage regulations at that port.

Fanita, the Ellsworth sloop, for some years owned in Boston, has just had her rig cut down, the mainsail being reduced 4ft. in hoist.

The annual challenge cup regatta of the Portland Y. C. on June 19 had but two starters, Chaos and Lelia, the former winning easily.

The annual regatta of the Schoodic Y. C., of Calais, Me., was sailed on June 22, King Fisher winning.

Wanderer, schooner, is refitting at Lawley's Basin, and in accordance with the prevailing fashion will come out in a white coat.

Clytie, schr., has recently been sold to Partelow Bros., the builders, of Marblehead and Boston, who will use her themselves.

The annual regatta of the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet will be sailed on Aug. 26 off the club station, New Rochelle.

The June number of the *Century Magazine* contains a very interesting article on yachting in Florida, by Lieut. Henn.

Norah, sloop, of Belleville, has been rebuilt about the deck and a new cabin house.

Whim, schr., has been chartered through Hughes Agency to H. C. Daniels.

Alert, schr., has been chartered by John N. Luning to Geo. W. Weld, owner of Gitana.

The fifth annual regatta of the Yonkers Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on June 17.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

1-15. At. Div. Meet, Clinmon's Island.
15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
29. Red Dragon, Delaware River.
22. Toronto, International Paddling Trophy Race.

AUGUST.

11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Orange An., Arlington, N. J.
4. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
4. Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass.
16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

A Canoe Trip Through Iowa.

HAVING cruised down the Des Moines River in the spring of 1892 from Humboldt to Des Moines, a distance of over 200 miles, and having had such a pleasant time, the Des Moines Canoe Club (consisting of two members) decided to finish up the river this year to the Mississippi.

The fleet and crews were as follows: Canoe Dabchick, a 14×28 Racine veneer, crew Tac Hussey, and canoe Tumsie, a 15×30 clinker-built cedar, crew, the writer. We each had our canoe tent and outfit for a week's cruise, probably about 75lbs. baggage apiece.

We had arranged to start at 8 o'clock on June 13, but it was nearly 9 before everything was stowed and the word was given to go ahead. Part of the dam had been washed out this spring, so we dropped through the gap, passed the nine bridges and said farewell to Des Moines. The day was very hot, and being our first day out, we both suffered considerably. The country through which we passed was very pretty, but was all, or nearly all, farm lands, with a fringe of timber along the banks.

There had been heavy rains north of us some two or three days before, and the river had risen about 5ft., and had since gone down again, leaving the banks very muddy, and when night came we had great trouble in finding a place where we could get our canoes up on shore, but finally we found a sandy beach, up which we carried our boats, and made our first camp under the shelter of a small grove of trees. After a good supper we felt better and turned in about 9 o'clock with the whippoorwills singing us to sleep.

Any one who has camped out will know how one feels the first night out; how the bugs come thump! against the tent; how a stray mouse will get inside and run over your face, and various other minor discomforts. And how, just as you have dozed off an owl will come and perch on a tree close by and awake you with a screech that makes your blood curdle, and makes you think a band of Apaches are after you. Anyhow, I thought that first night was terribly long, and I was glad when daylight came and it was time for us to turn out.

We got started about 7 o'clock and passed through a different style of country to that we had gone through. Farms got scarcer near the river and the banks got rocky and heavily timbered, at places the river running between high bluffs. About 10 we were treated to a very heavy thunder shower, the rain coming down in torrents. We kept right on, with deck hatches fastened down and rubber capes on, and did not ship a drop of water. Just after the shower we passed a deserted quarry on the left bank. We lay to for a time to admire the beautiful picture made by the old quarry. The rocks rise up from the river almost perpendicularly to the height of about 150ft., being dark red with a few layers of a lighter color, and dark green shrubs and foliage growing out in places, and capped by a heavy growth of good-sized trees. The part which has been worked is to the south, and huge slabs of rock are lying round just as they had been cut out. About 200yds. south of the quarry is the town of Red Rock, now entirely deserted, the store buildings and houses still standing, but all unoccupied; a ferryman and his family are the only inhabitants. Only a few years ago this was a prosperous little village with a boom on; now it is dead.

During the afternoon we had a narrow escape from what might have been a serious accident. In asking information from a man we passed, we learned that we could save about three miles by going through a cut-off just below. When we came to the entrance it looked nice and wide, so we turned down. After going about 50yds. it took a sudden bend, at the same time narrowing and rushing over a riffle. We then saw our mistake, and Hussey who was in the lead called to me to go back, but we found it easier to say than to do, and we were carried down, through rocks, stumps and trees at a quicker rate than we liked, but managed, about 200yds. down, to turn into an eddy and run to the bank, grasping the overhanging branches of a tree and holding on for dear life. Just below was an uprooted tree thrown right across the stream, and if we had failed to stop when we did we would have had the pleasure of being smashed to pieces. After about a half hour's hard work we got back to the main channel and we did not try again to save distance by going through cut-offs.

Late in the day we passed another quarry at Harvey; this is in operation, but is not at all a pretty sight.

About 6 o'clock we found a good camping place and proceeded to carry up. Just as we had everything piled up in confusion we heard a shot fired some distance up the river and saw a large flock of pelicans coming straight toward us. I had with me a very light single 12-gauge gun which I had had made specially for canoeing, but unfortunately my ammunition was covered up, and I only had one cartridge at hand, and that a small load of No. 7. I fired and hit one, but he only dropped behind a little. There were sixteen in the flock.

Along this part of the river we saw abundance of quail, which are very tame, and in several places I almost kicked them up. We also saw lots of wood-ducks, but we could not find a squirrel or anything to shoot. Turkey buzzards, owls, hawks, eagles and other such birds were plentiful.

Thursday morning we got a good start, both feeling considerably better than the previous day, having had a better night's rest. We still had heavily timbered banks on both sides, with an occasional clearing. During the forenoon we came up to a pelican which appeared to be partially crippled, and was probably the one I hit the night before. After chasing him about two miles he got away without my getting near enough for a shot.

About two we reached the town of Eddyville, where we stopped for about an hour to get supplies. We had quite a crowd down to see the canoes, which were great curiosities to the people all along the river, the only boat which the majority had ever seen being the home-made, flat bottomed variety, which usually leaked so much that it was necessary to take along a man just to keep baling out. The questions they asked were innumerable and very often hard to answer. A small brass boat-hook which I carried was the cause of considerable conjecture, most of them thinking it was a new kind of fish spear. They hung around till we pushed off, and even when we were half a mile down stream, we looked back, and they were still watching us from the bridge. Just below the town we came upon one of the native boats with three boys in. They were of the ordinary type of country boys, barefooted, clothing not of the newest, etc. After asking of us all about the canoes, one of them got quite enthusiastic over them, and finally declared that he'd he "gol durned if he didn't have one of them things before next spring." But after hearing the probable cost of one he was not quite so much inclined to talk.

Along in the afternoon we passed an excursion party from Ottumwa in a small stern-wheel steamboat and had pressing invitations to stop awhile, but the looks of the crowd—all men—was enough for us, so we excused ourselves. Good camping spots were again at a premium, and it was past seven when we found one to our liking. It was on a small island, and in running in we both had narrow escapes from an upset; Hussey getting jammed on a sunken log, and I being swept by the current sideways on a rock. But we finally got camped, and after a hasty supper turned in. We were disturbed later in the evening by the excursion party mentioned above returning home. They were shooting off guns, yelling and making themselves pleasant in general. What queer ways some people have of enjoying themselves.

Next morning we paddled down to Ottumwa, about 6 miles. The river for 5 miles above the city is very pretty, being very wide, and hardly any current. It is a beautiful piece of water for boating purposes, and I am surprised that there is so little interest taken in the pastime. We found that the dam here, which is a fine one, was not to be shot safely, and that the carry was very long, so we hired wagons and had our canoes hauled round, and after partaking of a square meal for a change, and transacting what business we had to do we prepared to depart.

Rather an amusing incident occurred just as we were getting ready to start. We had unloaded our canoes, etc., from the wagons close to the bridge, and were carrying them down to the water, a good-sized crowd looking on, when a policeman made his way up to me and asked me if we were the two fellows from Des Moines. I said yes, and he then said that the sheriff at Des Moines had telegraphed to stop us. I was rather surprised and somewhat annoyed, as the crowd had heard the conversation and were passing remarks freely. After a little talk we found that the policeman was a little too previous. The sheriff had given Hussey the description of an escaped prisoner who was supposed to be in hiding somewhere down the river, asking him to look out for him, and having captured him in some other direction, had telegraphed the chief of police at Ottumwa to look out for us and notify us of the fact. It was about 1 o'clock when we left Ottumwa, and from there down to the town of Eldon, which we reached at 5, the country is nearly all cultivated right up to the river. Eldon, as seen from the river above us, is a very picturesque little town, built on a high bluff, surrounded by thick timber. From here on the river banks were mostly timbered. That night we camped in the corner of Davis county.

Saturday morning we passed several small villages in Van Buren county. Near the middle of this county the river takes a bend in the shape of a horseshoe, the distance round being about sixteen miles, while across from the entrance to the finish by land is only two and one-half miles. Keosauqua, the county seat, is about half way round the bend, and we reached there about 2 in the afternoon. The town is a very quiet, old-fashioned town, and, although there were a great many farmers in for market day, there was not much life. We tried to get a meal, but none of the restaurants would take the trouble to cook us one at that time of day, though most of them were doing nothing, so we made our purchases of ice and supplies for Sunday and shook the water off our paddles on the place and departed.

Below Keosauqua the river grew more picturesque, one bank rising abruptly from the water's edge about 60ft., capped with large trees, and the other being low, with a heavy growth of brush, occasionally interspersed with fine farm lands, showing a prosperous country. About 5 o'clock we found an ideal camping place and proceeded to make special preparations, as we intended laying up till Sunday. The place we chose was a grass-covered bluff, about 20ft. above the water, well shaded, with a high hill sloping up behind, covered with thick trees; the river was crescent-shaped, we in the center of the arc, giving us a view both up and down for about two miles. At the extreme point in sight, two miles below, were two villages, Bentonsport on one side and Vernon on the other, looking very pretty with the white houses and churches thereon in relief against the dark green background of a high bluff. We enjoyed a very quiet Sunday, lying in the shade and resting. In the afternoon we had quite a number of visitors from the surrounding country.

Monday morning we started early, feeling greatly refreshed with our long rest. At Bentonsport we had to shoot the remains of a dam, not a very difficult feat, but still just enough to make it interesting. A little before 9 we reached Bonaparte, where we found a high dam, around which we had to carry. At this dam there is no fishway, and we found men engaged with huge dip-nets catching an enormous quantity of fish; but the most of the catch is carp—not worth much. This dam spoils the fishing for all the river above, and the parties owning it should be made to put in a fishway. The town of Bonaparte is quite a lively little place, the most businesslike town we found on the river.

After leaving Bonaparte we passed through a wild-looking country, rocky and heavily wooded. Farmington was reached by noon, and we stopped awhile for supplies. As usual, we had a good-sized crowd round us and we had to answer the usual questions. A few miles below we came to the State line between Iowa and Missouri. Some distance down we passed two villages, one, Croton, on the Iowa side, and the other, Athens, on the Missouri shore. The latter is completely deserted. At Belfast, a small station on the Iowa side, I stopped to buy some butter which we had forgotten. The first man I met was sitting on a fence whittling. I asked him if there were any stores there, and he said, "Yes, two;" and asked me what I wanted. I told him, and he said, "Well, I guess the fellow at that first store has got some; if not, holler to me. I keep the other store, and I will get you some." I thought that was a good way to sell goods.

That evening we had the worst luck in finding a place to camp, and it was past eight before we found one. A heavy storm was coming up fast and things looked very bad for a while. We hustled round and made camp in a great hurry; just managed to get supper when the storm broke, but fortunately we only caught the edge and it was soon over, leaving us to sleep comfortably in our little tents. Tuesday morning we paddled down the remaining fifteen miles or so of the Des Moines. The country was not at all prepossessing; flat, sandy and uncultivated. After reaching the Mississippi we had about four miles up stream to paddle to get to Keokuk, which we reached about 10:30 A. M., thus making the trip of over 300 miles in a week.

After spending the day looking around the town and the Government canal, etc., we put our canoes on board the cars and next morning found ourselves back home again in Des Moines, feeling greatly benefitted by the outing, and promising ourselves another trip in the future.

WALTER WEATHERBY.

The W. C. A. Meet.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 1.—Messrs. O. A. Wordruff and Nat Cook, of Dayton, O.; Messrs. E. H. Holmes and W. Gregg, of Milwaukee, and others of the Western canoe men are having a little reunion in Chicago prior to their big reunion at Ballast Island a couple of weeks later. The latter two gentlemen, together with the full quota of the Mahn-awauks, of Milwaukee, will start a few days in advance of the opening day of the meet, leaving Milwaukee by lake boat for Detroit. From Detroit Commodore Davis takes them on his yacht down the river and across Lake Erie to Ballast Island. In this very pleasant trip the members of the Chicago C. C. are invited to join. All things point to a large attendance at Ballast this month.

E. HOUGH.

Atlantic Division Meet.

THE meet of the Atlantic Division A. C. A. is now in progress at Clinmons Island, near South Norwalk. A large number of canoeists were present over July 4. Vice-Com. Lake was very unfortunate at the beginning of the camp, falling down stairs in a small farm house on the island which is used by the canoeists. The fall dislocated his shoulder but he continued in camp, the parts being set in plaster. The annual meeting of the Division for the election of officers will be held on Saturday, July 8, at 8 P. M.

A. C. A. Prize Flags.

CONTRIBUTIONS have been received since last acknowledgment, as follows: Paul Butler $5, Brooklyn Canoe Club $5.

To the Ten Thousand Islands.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla.—The Scribe had been busy all winter, and the winter was gone. The warm spring days made him think that a change was absolutely necessary. When the skipper of the Knapp suggested a trip to the Ten Thousand Islands, nothing loath, he consented. The Knapp and the Kingfisher were soon ready. The Knapp is a Rushton cruiser and the Kingfisher a sharpie yawl.

Stores were put aboard, water kegs filled and on a clear morning in May the fleet hauled out for the Springs. The Topsey, with Capt. C. and Com. P., escorted them to Bird Island, where with a good-bye blast of the horn we turned our prows to the south'rd. This is to be a happy-go-lucky cruise, as far and as long, stop where we please, and start when we get ready, the prime object being health and recreation. The party consists of Mr. and Mrs. K., Mr. Henry Penniman and the Scribe.

We turn down toward Hogg Island, the wind is fair, the Topsey is just disappearing around Bird Island, and now the world is all before us.

Our old stamping ground, Hogg Island, looks green and cool, but we have no leaning toward it now; it is too near home. The breeze freshens, the white caps dance, the two boats speed along with started sheets and all the wind they want, and the two crews are happy as lords.

Noon finds us headed into the narrows, and 2 o'clock found us in disgrace, stuck on the flats. The night was cool and sleepful with no insects to annoy, and we made as pleasant a night as one could ask. In the morning away again, making a short stop at Indian Pass for dinner and again away. Through Boca Caja Bay, past John's Pass, Blind Pass and Pass-a-Grille. We round Pine Key on the inside, just getting a glimpse of Dr. Edgar's Cocoanut Grove; and Tampa Bay opens out in all its beauty. The wind drops fast, we just manage to reach a sheltered anchorage under Mullet Key and the wind is all gone.

By the time our supper was ended, the festive mosquito had put in an appearance. However, we managed to circumvent him and made a very pleasant night of it. Made an early start but for several hours had hardly steerage way; the flood carried us well up the bay so that when about 8 A. M. the wind came out the S.W. strong, we had a nice little brush to windward to make Sarasota Bay. Getting dinner off Palmanola Bay, we pushed on making a fine run, which brought us to near Indian Beach.

In the morning made a call at the Palms, a place kept by Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Homosassa memory. Here it was discovered that the Kingfisher had some water. A little investigation showed the leak to be a seam in centerboard case. The boat had been idle all winter and consequently the above-water parts had dried so as to let in a little wet. This was soon cured, and pushing on we made a dash for the Mangroves. Now if any future cruisers contemplate a run through the Mangroves I would say, don't. On this particular occasion Mr. K. had signified a desire to view that wonderful place called the Mangroves, so we went through. Four o'clock P.M. found us at the pretty little inlet called Little Sarasota Pass, one of the best fishing points on the Gulf of Mexico.

Next morning with light air from the east we push out and start on our twenty-six miles run down the beach to Stump Pass for dinner, after which we up anchor and run up to Johnson's. Everybody knows, or should know, where Johnson's is. The genial, whole-souled Johnson, just above Stump Pass on Lemon Bay. Here we overhauled our bread stores, visited, told stories and ate paw-paws, etc.

Next morning we make a call on Col. Lewis, the proprietor of a noble pinery on the east shore of Lemon Bay. The Colonel and his good wife were at home, and when, after a look at his fine pineapple ranch and a social chat, we started for the Cut-off, it was with genuine regret that our stay could not be longer.

The Cut-off is another of those places that Mr. K. wanted to see, but fate was against us, or rather the tide was too low. After trying in vain to get through we turned and ran into and down Bocilla Pass. This is a small pass just below Stump, the channel runs just inside and parallel to the beach for several miles, the water is of uniform depth (about 6ft.) and clear as crystal. The wind hauling ahead as we neared the mouth of the Pass, we decided to come to for a run on the beach, and a hunt for turtle eggs. We found two schooners at the Pass, bound for Key West, and incidentally trolling on the way. We did a little fishing and idled away the time to our mutual satisfaction.

Went on the beach next morning and met the crews of the schooners, they had been out all night and had turned three turtles. Weather looked bad, but after dinner brightened up, so we slipped out and into Gasparilla Pass, made a fine run up the bay, and came to under some keys near Boca Grande. It blew heavy all night.

Morning, still blowing heavy. Fished a little, no luck; some very heavy squalls, and toward night some rain. Took dinghy and pulled over to interview some fishermen. Prowling round in the small boat we got caught in a shower and wet through. Nothing but fresh water; won't hurt.

Cleared away some time in the night, and after breakfast we started across Boca Grande. Quite a sea on from the wind of the past twenty-four hours, but nothing to hurt.

Ran down to Mondongo, made a call on Capt. Spearing and wife, whom we found as pleasant and social as ever. We took a long walk through interior of the island, rather a pretty place, but there are many insects. Capt. Spearing took us to the place where report says there is buried treasure, as the Captain has not tried it yet. I suppose he is reserving it for a rainy day. Left Mondongo about 10 A. M. for St. James, where we arrived about 2:30 P. M. St. James, it will be remembered, is the famous tarpon headquarters, but alas! it is one of the has beens, and to-day is duller than a last year's almanac. We went ashore, mailed some cards, and after a look around pushed out for Entero, some seven miles away. Made the run in grand shape and went on down the bay to Gilbert's. Went ashore in the evening and had a jolly time. The Gilberts are old friends of ours and we appreciated their kind greeting.

Here we filled some fresh water in the morning, and went on down to "Petty's," a short distance from Canlo's Pass. Here one of the party was acquainted, and as a consequence the whole party received a royal welcome. We found Mrs. McL. at her best and as cheerful and gracious as ever. Walked out to the beach with Mr. Petty, passed through some very fine hammock; there is good land here, but how any one can stand the insects is a question. Entero is quite a large island, with much good land, and will grow almost anything. Messrs Gilbert and Petty ship large quantities of tomatoes and other garden truck.

Just inside Canlo's Pass is Mound Key, owned and occupied by a Mr. Johnson, who has some reputation as a guide for the Ten Thousand Islands.

We hardly thought best to make a stop at Mound Key, and so ran on past it and down to the lower end of Entero Bay. Here is a small passage called The Auger Hole, by which boats can go through to Surveyor's River, a fine stream and good water. At the entrance and indeed all through the Auger Hole there is plenty of the finest oysters, and although there was no R in May, we found them delicious.

The Auger Hole is very narrow, very crooked, quite deep in places, shallow in others, and owing to the overhanging bushes somewhat difficult to navigate. Still Mr. K. had signified a desire to go through, and through we went. Mr. K. made the remark afterward that although he was not sorry he went through, he did not want to try it again. From Surveyor's River one can keep down through a tangle of mud flats and mangroves and come out at Wiggin's Pass. By turning up the river one can go up into the Everglades.

There is some very fine land near the headwaters. Soon after the war a company from Alabama started a sugar ranch, put up cabins, store houses, mills and everything necessary, but in a few years had to give it up on account of the difficulty of transportation and getting labor. At this time there are only two men living on the river, one a Swede and the other a native.

After we had passed the Hole we hove off for the beach. When we came out at Little Hickory Pass, where we could see blue water and get the pure air right from the Gulf, we were happy.

At Little Hickory we found a large turtle turned on the beach and places where some one had been digging eggs. We are now away from home long enough to show some peculiarities. The captain of the Kingfisher begins to quarrel with his cook and Mr. K. develops an insane craving for angel wing shells.

During the night at Little Hickory both boats got aground. Mr. K. and the Scribe had a nice bath trying to get them afloat. Made an early start this morning. Wind S.E., very light. Once fairly outside wind howled ahead and commenced to blow. As there was a very heavy swell from the S.W., this was uncomfortable, and we ran into Wiggins Pass.

Here we found two sloops, one the Lillian, of Tampa. Both were turtling and had been quite successful. It blew heavy all day. Mr. K. had a severe attack of shell fever, and captain and cook of Kingfisher at loggerheads as usual.

Blew hard all night and sunrise brought a cloudy morning. Strolled on the beach, saw the turtlers at work, fished, and otherwise amused ourselves. About 5 P. M. commenced to rain. Rained at intervals all night.

Next day lightened up a little. Had frequent squalls through the day, growing lighter all the time. Comparatively quiet night, and in the morning pushed out. Quite a heavy swell, but we got along. Make Little Marco at noon. Run down to Big Marco and ate dinner in the shade of the cocoanut grove. Big Marco is quite a place, one of the finest harbors on the coast, and some land as good as Florida contains.

Capt. Collier, the genius of the place, is port master, store keeper, ship builder, etc. He is an old acquaintance of the Scribe's, who has always found him square. After dinner our camera fiend donned his weapons and went on the war path. Mr. K. sat and mourned because he could find no angel wing shells and Mrs. K. and the Scribe went up hunting paw-paws, sapodillos, tamarinds, etc.

Capt. Collier has a fine boat shed here; he builds many small vessels. Big Marco is about at the northern limit of the Ten Thousand Islands. Some of the islands are quite high and have small patches of very good land. There are many settlers scattered about through them who make a fair living, bird hunting, alligator hunting, raising garden truck, cutting wood for the Key West market, etc.

Capt. Collier has several schooners that make regular trips through the islands and to Key West, carrying tomatoes, fruit, wood, and whatever the people have to send to market.

After spending a pleasant day and night at Big Marco, we start through the inside passage for Coon Key. It is only twelve miles, but we have a head wind all the way, and a head tide part of the way, so that when we get there we are ready to come to for the night. There are harbors in plenty and one has not far to look.

Morning again; an uncertain look about the weather, but after breakfast we push out and lay our course for Panther Key; that is, we tried to, but the wind headed us off till it became a dead heat. However, we made it in good season, but none too early, for the weather looks badly; is looking worse all the time.

The Kingfisher, being the fastest sailer, made the island first, but as the skipper did not know the harbor he went on the wrong side of the island, but that was nothing, he only had to come back again, and we are out for sailing.

Our object in visiting Panther Key was to see the oldest man in America, John Gomez, who, with his wife, has lived here some seventeen years. He claims to have been born in 1781, and no one who knows him doubts the statement. He is hale and hearty and apparently able to take care of himself for years to come. I have met many people who have known Gomez for, some forty and some fifty years, and they told me that he was Old John Gomez when they first knew him.

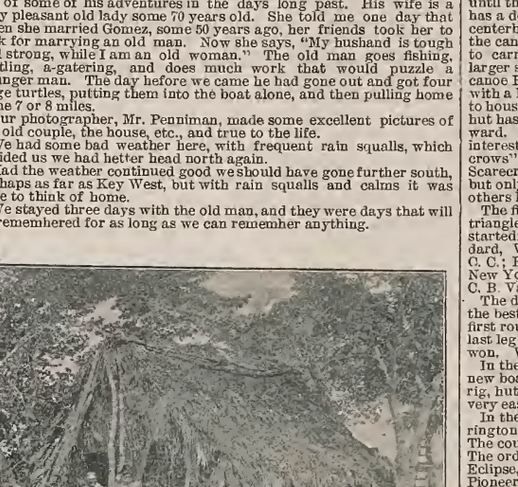
Old John served in the Seminole War, and also in the Civil War. He is as full of stories as an egg is of meat, and it is a treat to hear him tell of some of his adventures in the days long past. His wife is a very pleasant old lady some 70 years old. She told me one day that when she married Gomez, some 50 years ago, her friends took her to task for marrying an old man. Now she says, "My husband is tough and strong, while I am an old woman." The old man goes fishing, turtling, a-gatering, and does much work that would puzzle a younger man. The day before we came he had gone out and got four large turtles, putting them into the boat alone, and then pulling home some 7 or 8 miles.

Our photographer, Mr. Penniman, made some excellent pictures of the old couple, the house, etc., and true to the life.

We had some bad weather here, with frequent rain squalls, which decided us we had better head north again.

Had the weather continued good we should have gone further south, perhaps as far as Key West, but with rain squalls and calms it was time to think of home.

We stayed three days with the old man, and they were days that will be remembered for as long as we can remember anything.



THE GOMEZ ROOF TREE.

Made an early start on the back track, took dinner at Coon Key, and reached Marco at 4 P. M. Here we bought a few stores, and the next morning said good bye to Marco, its cocoanut groves, its sapodillos, its bananas and its millions of mosquitoes (who all urged us to stay), and bore away for home. We made a fine run to Johns Pass, just below Gordon Pass, where we were stopped by had weather. Starting the next morning with a very light wind we made a fine run past Gordon Pass, Naples on the Gulf, Hickory and Carlos Passes and anchored early in Estero. Here the mosquitoes were bad, the Scribe and sweltered under his bar until midnight, and had finally got asleep when there came a hail. As the Scribe pokes his head out he hears a sail flap, and the voice of Mr. K., "I can't stand this, I am going outside." "All right," says the Scribe, "I'll find you to-morrow somewhere," and crawls back in his bar.

Morning comes, mosquitoes disappear, and the Scribe crawls out as naked as he was born. A glance over the side shows the water clear, and with a splash he is in it. How good it was and what a fine bath that scribe did have all by himself. Then a brisk rub with a towel, a light breakfast and the Kingfisher is poking her nose out the pass, a fair wind and a straight wake for St. James, where the Scribe expects mail. As the Kingfisher nears the wharf the Knapp is seen creeping up from under Sanibel; they meet at the wharf, and it is unanimously voted that Tarpon is the place they all want to see.

Off and away again, through fair winds, head winds and calms, they work up to Captiva, where the Scribe stops long enough to fill a sack with shells for his best girl, and away again.

Across Boca Grande and up to the Four Brothers, where they anchor for the night. Just in time. They were only fairly snug when there came a lively squall from the N.E., gradually hauling to the south, where it blew itself out and left us in peace for the rest of the night.

Morning again, and a fair wind down the bay to Little Gasparilla, the Kingfisher goes out and into Bocilla, while the Knapp holds up for the Cut-off. They soon came together again in Lemon Bay, Kingfisher going down to look at Stump Pass, so as to be able to get out early, the Knapp going over toward Col. Lewis's.

They meet in the evening for a visit to Johnson's, and early next day push out the pass.

This was a grand run. The 30 miles to Big Sarasota was covered before dinner, and the party felt as if they were 'most home. After noon the wind hauled ahead. The boats beat up to Buttonwood Harbor and came to for the night. A heavy squall at night, but fair wind in the morning, and we are away, headed for Tampa Bay. Across the bay at noon. Get dinner at Pass-a-grille and with varying wind work up by Johns Pass and come to.

Day brings a fine breeze from the south'rd. We go through the Narrows, get dinner in the mouth of the river, and at 2 o'clock we are home, brown as berries and happy as kings.

Go thou and do likewise.

S. D. KENDALL.

Racing Courses for Sailing Canoes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A regatta committee is always torn with conflicting emotions, whether to lay out a sailing course for the benefit of the spectators or to so place the buoys that the best test can be had of the merits of men and boats. The usual half-mile sided triangle is a spectators' course, pure and simple. The canoes are in plain sight all the time from the starting point, and the whole fleet can be watched with ease on all points of the wind, and every sail is a part of the picture. It is very pretty and interesting to watch, but mighty unsatisfactory to take part in. The larger the fleet is the prettier the picture and the more unsatisfactory from a racer's point of view.

The absurdity of the half-mile sided triangle as a course for a large fleet, such as sails in the races at the meets every year, has been shown again and again in these columns. The trophy race at last year's meet illustrated it very emphatically, when Oxholm and Butler had such a close tussle for the cup, which Butler finally won, simply because he got a slight lead at the start and his rival could never pass him, though he came near to doing it several times.

The races at the Marine and Field Club regatta on June 25 were sailed over a course having mile sides; and it proved to be perfectly satisfactory in every way, from the contestants' point of view. The windward work could not be done in one tack to advantage, and therefore the men split tacks and did not interfere with each other; and not once did it occur that the man first over the line at the start won. The advantage of a good start is great in any event; but on such a course the others have some chance of passing the one in the lead. All can not get over the line at the start first, or even together, and even the best sailors cannot get the lead every time. A large fleet can start on a mile beat dead to windward, and each man have an even chance to win without hindrance from the others.

A six mile race is better than the customary one of four and a half miles, as was shown also by the races above alluded to. The longer the course the more chance for variation in the force of the wind, and consequently the better is the test and fairer the race. Will you arrange your course for the onlookers or the racers? That is the question. The nine mile trophy race last year only took a little over an hour and a half to sail—surely a short enough time for any race to take.

C. BOWYER VAUX.

Marine and Field Club Regatta.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, June 24.

THE fifth annual canoe regatta of the Marine and Field Club, held off the club house, Bath Beach, on June 24, was by far the most successful event of the season, but at the same time the racing was by no means up to previous years. While some well known men were present, there were no new canoes, and nothing specially novel in fittings and rig. The small advance of late in canoe building is shown by the fact that Mr. Butler is still sailing Wasp, an old boat, while Mr. Goddard has Bee, another old boat now, and the original Eclipse, built in 1888, is still in the racing and probably as fast as any canoe afloat. During the past winter Capt. Ruggles took her in hand and replaced the old deck and long open cockpit with a handsome new deck and bucket well, leaving the lines of the hull unaltered, but making some improvements in board and fittings and strengthening the hull to carry a sliding seat, for which it was not originally intended. As a result Eclipse to-day compares well with anything built in the last five years. The only notable new boat was the Damosel, designed by Gardner for Mr. Whitlock and built by Stevens last year, but not sailed until this season. She is somewhat like her predecessor, Bubble, but has a deep keel approaching a fin in the middle, through which two centerboards drop, one forward of the other. Just before the regatta the canoe was taken to Ayers' shop and a scag of sheet brass added, to carry the fin further aft, and in consequence she required the larger sail aft. Mr. Vaux is this year sailing the bulb centerboard canoe Pioneer, built by Captain Ruggles last year for Mr. H. C. Ward, with a lead cigar pivoted on the lower corner of the centerboard so as to house when the board is raised. Mr. Howard is still sailing Aztec, but has lately made some changes, shifting the board and seat forward. The other canoes are well known to all canoeists. Quite an interesting race was looked for from the large fleet of new "Scarecrows" and other similar craft, La Gloria, La Puce, Fin-de-Siecle, Scarecrow, Viking, Goblin and the new Ruggles canoe yawl Infanta, but only three or four of the boats were in condition for racing, the others being not yet fully rigged.

The first event was the senior sailing, two rounds of the three-mile triangle in Gravesend Bay, with eleven entries, of which only seven started: Wasp, Paul Butler, Vesper, Lowell, Mass.; Bee, D. S. Goddard, Vesper, Lowell, Mass.; Torment, F. C. Moore, Knickerbocker C. C.; Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn C. C.; Aztec, W. W. Howard, New York C. C.; Damosel, Wm. Whitlock, Marine and Field; Pioneer, C. B. Vaux, Marine and Field.

The day was clear and warm with a puffy N.W. wind. Pioneer had the best start but Wasp soon took the lead and held it through the first round and well through the second with Aztec second. On the last leg a shift of wind favored Aztec and she ran up to first place and won. Wasp was 13s. astern and Bee third.

In the cruiser's race only three boats started, La Gloria and the two new boats Goblin and Viking. These two are identical in model and rig, but Goblin was the better sailed and in better condition and won very easily.

In the club representative race all the entries turned up except Barrington of the New York C. C., and Vaux in Pioneer took his place. The course was two rounds, in a light N.W. wind with puffs at times. The order at the end of the first round was Wasp, Pioneer, Torment, Eclipse, Damosel. Wasp finally won with Torment second and Eclipse, Pioneer and Damosel in order.

The principal race, for the Marine and Field Cup, to be won twice in succession, was sailed over the same course, the wind now being quite strong at times but still N.W. The starters, out of eleven entries, were Aztec, W. W. Howard; Bee, D. S. Goddard; Eclipse, F. L. Dunnell; Pioneer, C. B. Vaux, and Torment, Schuyler Schieffelin. Bee led until the third leg of the second round, the first leg being a reach, the second a run, and the third to windward, but while Bee had a good weather berth on the last leg, the wind jumped suddenly around to S.W., blowing quite hard, and sending the fleet home free with hooms alternately dragging in the water and lifting to the masthead as the little craft rolled. Most of the men had all they wanted to keep on top of their boats, but Mr. Goddard, after a preliminary capsize and righting with some difficulty, handled Bee beautifully, keeping her steady all the while; he had lost too much, however, and finished just a minute astern of Torment.

It was now after 6 o'clock and the water was quite rough under the freshening breeze, so the four-paddle race was postponed for a time, but was finally started just before 8 o'clock. Only two crews entered, one from the Ianthe C. C. and one from the Bayonne C. C., the former leading from the start and winning by about three lengths. When just over the line at the finish the Bayonne boat capsized, causing some excitement, as it was known one of the crew could not swim, but he was aided by the others until the judges' boat reached him. Taken altogether the regatta was a success and furnished a good deal of amusement to the many canoeists and ladies who were present. The officers of the day were: Referee, James R. Lake, Vice-Com. A. C. A.; Starter, J. P. O'Shea. Knickerbocker C. C.; Clerk of the course, J. C. Mowbray, New York C. C.; Regatta Committee, W. S. Elliott, Chairman, Arthur Hurst, C. Bowyer Vaux.

The Eastern Division Meet.

HADDAM ISLAND, JUNE 16-19.

THE division meet of the Eastern Division of the American Canoe Association was held as per programme from June 16 to 19 at Camp Winne, Haddam Island, Connecticut River. Canoeists were present from the various New England clubs, among them Messrs. Barney, Butler and Lawson. Mr. Winne came over from Albany, Mr. W. W. Blow, of Oakland, Cal., was present, and also Messrs. C. V. Schuyler, of Arlington, N. J., and D. B. Jaques, of Toronto. Vice-Com. Parmele was in command, Mrs. Parmele also being in camp with the pet cat Winne, of the last A. C. A. meet. Purser Lewis had charge of the arrangements and Mr. R. A. Wadsworth was signal officer. The races were held on Saturday, the results being:

Hurry scurry:	
H. D. Banks, Springfield C. A.	1
F. J. Burrage, Newton B. C.	2
John F. Linder, Newton B. C.	3
Standing paddling:	
H. D. Banks, S. C. A.	1
John F. Linder, N. B. C.	2
Hand paddling:	
G. B. Smith, N. B. C.	1
H. D. Banks, S. C. A.	2
F. J. Burrage, N. B. C.	3
Visitors' race:	
C. F. Schuster, Holyoke C. C.	1
H. M. Smith, Middletown, Conn.	2
One mile straightaway:	
C. A. R. Euson, S. C. A.	1
W. S. Warren, S. C. A.	2
A. H. Crosby, Hartford C. C.	3
Tandem:	
Drake and Burrage, Newton B. C.	1
Warriner and Euson, S. C. A.	2
Cheney and Morrell, Hartford C. C.	3

The two sailing races were won by C. F. Schuster, of Holyoke, Mass.

At the annual meeting of the Division the following officers were elected: Vice-Com., E. H. Barney, Springfield; Rear-Com., C. F. Schuster, Jr., Holyoke; Purser, E. C. Knappe, Springfield. Executive Committee, Dr. G. L. Parmele, Hartford; Paul Butler, Lowell; R. Apollonio, Winchester.

A. C. A. Notes.

COM. COTTON has gone to the Northwest on duty and will be absent until July 5.

A great deal of enthusiasm is being manifested in Kingston over the coming meet.

The Cataraqui C. C. is determined to give the A. C. A. men a royal welcome.

The regatta committee is trying to arrange a war canoe race. Montreal has five war canoes, Ottawa two, Toronto one, and as transportation from these places is easy, a race ought to be put on without much trouble.

Skiff racing is the sport on the St. Lawrence now. An effort will be made to have the St. Lawrence Skiff Racing Association put on a race during the meet. Such a race will prove an interesting feature to a great many members who have never seen a crew of six men in a 21ft. skiff carrying 500 sq. ft. of canvas.

It is hoped that the division meets in the Atlantic and Eastern divisions will not interfere with the general camp. The World's Fair is not going to prevent a successful gathering.

Mr. J. W. Sparrow has had a new canoe built in Peterborough and says he will get the record this year or know the reason why.

Mr. K. A. Cameron, of Kingston, has completed a canoe built for the most part by himself from his own designs. She is a good model and beautifully finished. Mr Cameron has had much experience in skiff racing and may prove to be a dark horse in August. The fact that he lost his right arm some years ago does not interfere with his management of a boat, nor does it prevent his accomplishing a task that would balk a good many men with two hands, the building of one.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

THE territory of the Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association, including parts of the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, is blessed with a variety of canoeable waters that could hardly be surpassed, including everything from the mountain brooks of the Alleghanies to the open expanses of Delaware and Chesepeake Bays, and even the great Atlantic itself. Of them all, salt and fresh, there is none that offers a greater charm to the canoeist than the Delaware River which, in its length of over 300 miles, passes through every stage of growth from the shallow mountain rill to the wide open roadstead of Delaware Bay. The lower half, from Trenton downward, is best suited for the sailing canoe or canoe yawl; but from that city to its source the river offers untold charms to the canoeist of the Rob Roy school, who rejects the uncertainties and fascinations of sailing for the more poetic and primitive Rob Roy or Canadian canoe and the double blade. The story of a cruise on this portion of the river, of its difficulties and danger and its many charms, is told in "Two Hundred Miles on the Delaware River," written by Mr. J. Wallace Hoff, of Park Island Canoe Association, of Trenton, N. J., and published in a neat octavo volume of some 200 pages. The cruise was made in the summer of 1891, by a party of five, one of them being ex-Sec'l Treas. Carter, so well-known and so highly esteemed by A. C. A. men; starting from Hancock, N. Y., and running the many rifts and falls for which the river is famous. The story will be found interesting by all cruisers, and is particularly useful as a guide to those cruising on the river. Mr. Hoff has condensed into a separate chapter a great deal of the early history of the region and its Indian inhabitants.

Canoeing, a sport which was at one time very popular hereabouts, has completely died out, and is fast being forgotten. Several years ago the Pittsburgh Canoe Club flourished, and was one of the most prominent athletic organizations in the city, but gradually the members began to lose interest, till now even its name is scarcely ever mentioned. The waters about Pittsburgh are not adapted to canoeing, and this perhaps more than anything else has tended to kill the sport. The current is too swift and then there are too many puffing steam boats going back and forth. Still, since the building of the Davis Island Dam, a very material improvement in the water is noticeable. Another thing that was against canoeing is the great distance between Pittsburgh and other cities interested in aquatic pastimes. Taken together it was too much for the club, and like many another organization with perfectly good intentions it was compelled by force of external circumstances to pass into oblivion.—*Pittsburgh Despatch.*

The canoe clubs, the Trenton, Kwoneshe and Unamus, have been ordered to move their club houses from below the upper Delaware Bridge, that the construction of the sea wall may be commenced. They have twenty days in which to move and it is undertood that when the wall is completed they can not return. The canoeists are somewhat indignant over this action. Below the bridge is the only place on the river where a club house can be built to stand all the year round, safe from freshets and storms. The canoeists claim also to have several thousand dollars worth of property stored in the houses and think it wouldn't be safe to move them to the Pennsylvania shore, the next best place, without a watchman night and day, which would entail an expense greater than they care to pay.—*Trenton Advertiser.*

We have lately been visited by two old friends from the West, Com. Blow, of the Oakland C. C., who was at the 1887 meet; and Mr. Charles Fox Gardiner, formerly of New York, one of the handful of canoeists present at the organization of the A. C. A. at Lake George in 1880. Mr. Gardiner is now living in Colorado, where he is practicing as a physician, and still spends a part of his time in camping and hunting, the nearest approach to canoeing that is possible there. Com. Blow has been visiting the East for his health, and has been at most of the recent canoe gatherings. Last week he sailed on a short trip to Europe.

Dr. Douglas, of Canada, has brought to the exposition an invention in the shape of a canvas boat, which he will exhibit as an improvement over the present style of boat used on sea and lake-going vessels. He sailed to Chicago in it from Collingwood, a distance of 500 miles, and arrived here Sunday evening. One of the claims made by Dr. Douglas, who is an ex-army surgeon, is that it can't be sunk, and he believes it should take the place of the old style for the reason that it can be rolled up and put in a small space out of the way.—*Chicago Tribune.*

We have received from A. S. Comstock of Evanston, Ill., a new catalogue of tents and fittings, including the iron tent pin recently patented by him and also a very convenient carry bag. The tent pin appears to be just the thing needed, and it is reasonsable in cost and indestructible. The Protean tent has been tested and generally approved by canoeists.

An English caricaturist represents Mr. Gladstone as a canoeist with bared head and arms, seated in a decked Canadian canoe which is named Home Rule, with a shamrock on the bow. The canoe is poised on the edge of a steep fall and the motto of the picture is "And After?"

Purser Dunnell has sent out a notice giving particulars of transportation to the A. C. A. meet and requesting to be notified of canoes and duffle for which room will be needed in a special car.

Mr. C. E. Archbald, of Montreal, has this year a new "Mah," designed and built for him by N. Gilbert of Gananoque. She has an outfit of three interchangeable sails, by Hemmenway.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Frank A. Curry, Gardiner, Me. Atlantic Division: W. Chauncey Coles, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. H. Sherwood, Bensonhurst, L. I.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Give Us a New Target.

NEWARK, N. J., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested in the article published in your last issue from the pen of Mr. E. H. Lahee, of Alton, Ill. Mr. Lahee hits the nail on the head when he intimates that American riflemen should have a uniform form of target in order that accurate comparisons of scores may be made. Mr. Lahee says his club uses the old Massachusetts target for out of doors and the Zettler target for gallery shooting. In New Jersey and the major portion of New York State the shooting on out of door ranges is done on the American standard and the German 25 (24in.) ring target. The former, like the Massachusetts, has an 8in. black, while the German ring-target has a 12in. black. At Walnut Hill range the American Standard is the only recognized target.

Under certain weather conditions, for instance when the light is a perfect gray (seldom found), the 8in. black is perhaps a good sighting object, but that it is extremely trying to the eyes every shooter will admit. It was for this reason that Maj. Hinman began a few years ago to include the 7-ring in the black of the American standard target, making the black 11in. in diameter, a poor compromise between an 8 and a 12in. black, and the rings being too far apart to give a shooter anything like the fair value of his shots.

There is one target, however, which is but little known, but which has a bullseye of a size to make sighting a pleasure instead of a trial, and with ringing sufficiently close to give each shot its true value. The target to which we refer is known as the American champion target, and was designed and patented by Mr. Wm. Hayes, the well-known Schuetzen expert of this city, its first trial being at the festival of the International Sharpshooters' Union, held in the Newark Shooting Park, July, 1888. This target has a black 10in. in diameter, the center counting 15. The rings are exactly 1in. apart, counting down to 1, the counts in the black being 11 to 15, inclusive. This ringing is sufficiently close for all practical purposes, while the 10in. black gives a perfect sighting object under almost any weather conditions, making a pleasing compromise between 8 and 12in. blacks. Why would not this be a good target to recognize as "the standard" for all records?

What say the riflemen of America to a test vote to decide upon what in the future shall be "the" target? The 12in. black is too large and the ringing too close; the 8in. black is too small under ordinary weather conditions, besides which the ringing is too irregular, so why not compromise by adopting the "American champion?"

Let us hear from riflemen in every part of the Union, and see if with the adoption of the new target rifle shooting cannot once more be brought back to its old popularity. Y'RATILIM.

Zettler Club Bi-Monthly Shoot.

THE shoot at Cypress Hills Park on July 2 was not as well patronized as usual, the hot weather and the visit of some of the regulars to Chicago last week will probably account for the most of the absentees.

The nine members who participated in the morning's practice set a lively pace for the markers at the butts. Fred. C. Ross distinguished himself again by making five elegant scores. They were shot consecutively and are as follows: 215, 224, 235, 225, 225; total, 1,117.

The two old veterans, C. G. and B. Zettler, were way out of form, and as a consequence received more or less sympathy from their more successful competitors.

Ten shots, possible 250, 200yds.:

Fred C Ross	25 23 24 24 22 24 21 22 25 18	228
	21 22 20 23 25 23 22 23 24 22	225
Henry Holges	21 23 21 24 24 25 19 21 19 24	221
	22 19 23 24 17 18 23 22 21 24	213
Geo W Plaisted	19 24 20 24 24 21 24 23 24 20	223
	18 24 22 21 21 23 22 24 17 17	209
Chas G Zettler	24 24 19 19 25 23 25 16 23 25	212
	23 24 19 23 21 24 22 22 19 17	214
Philip F Schmidt	21 21 25 25 22 19 20 21 23 21	218
	22 19 20 21 21 24 24 17 21 19	208
M B Engel	22 22 18 23 20 23 17 22 17 23	207
	19 21 21 21 21 20 18 20 21 23	204
B Zettler	25 20 17 15 22 21 21 22 20 19	202
	20 20 23 17 15 19 19 21 18 24	196
Geo W Downs	22 19 16 18 20 18 18 25 19 19	194
	19 21 21 18 12 14 21 15 19 23	179
Jos Günther	20 18 18 16 21 18 22 23 15 19	185
	20 20 16 20 18 22 17 19 19 17	183

New York Rifle Club.

FIVE of the regulars met at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on July 1 for their weekly competition for club trophies. The most of the members are wedded to the little .25cal. and it is amazing at times to see the high scores that are made with this Liliputian cartridge. Last week Dr. Chadbourne, with his Stevens (.25-10 rimfire) rifle, with U. M. C. factory ammunition, made (off-hand) five scores of 90 to 95 on the Standard target. The scores from to-day's shoot are good, considering that the weather conditions were not favorable for brilliant shooting:

E R Chadhourne, M.D	8 10 9 9 10 7 8 10 8 9	88
	9 10 8 9 9 9 10 9 8 6	87
	8 9 9 9 8 7 10 9 8 8	85
M Herington	8 8 8 9 8 9 10 10 9 8	87
Maj Geo Shorkley	10 9 9 8 8 7 10 6 7 8	82
	8 8 8 6 7 9 9 8 6 9	77
	9 6 7 7 6 10 8 6 8 9	76
Thomas Lloyd	10 9 8 8 6 10 6 7 10 7	81
	8 10 7 7 7 10 6 8 8 10	81
F C Hamilton	7 7 7 7 8 9 9 9 8 8	79
	8 9 6 8 7 7 8 6 10 8	77

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE weekly outdoor shoot in Armbruster's Park, Greenville, N.J., on Friday, June 30, brought out five members of the club for practice for the club medal. Ten shots, German ring target:

John Speicher	18 23 21 22 24 16 25 22 25 23—219
Wm Weher	24 21 24 22 25 23 23 14 22 20—217
L P Hansen	19 23 21 17 24 20 24 23 27 23—211
J C Boyce	25 23 20 19 20 23 21 17 23 20—211
Jas Hughes	16 17 16 23 20 18 22 21 23 19—198

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

THE weekly shoot at its headquarters, No. 142 East Forty-second street, June 29, developed a lively contest between Messrs. Ochs, Jantzer and Walter. The scores are appended; 10 shots per score, three scores to count:

J Ochs, Jr.	246 243 245—734	J Krampert	242 241 242—725
G E Jantzer	243 248 242—733	J Oberle	232 236 240—708
H Walter	242 245 243—730		

New Jersey Rifle Association Meeting.

THE third annual prize meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association will be held on the State ranges at Sea Girt, twelve miles below Long Branch, on Aug. 14 to 19, inclusive, and judging from present indications it will be one of the greatest military shoots ever held in America. The camp will be at its best at that time, which is also the height of the season at the various watering places within easy reach of the camp. As in former years, all competitors will be furnished by the State of New Jersey with everything requisite in the way of camp equipage, such as tents, cots, mattresses, blankets, etc. and will furnish ammunition at cost. Special rates for meals will be given at Greason's restaurant, near the 600yds. firing points. Brig.-Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Inspector General of Rifle Practice, will be the executive officer, which is equivalent to saying that the entire meeting will be run as smoothly as a well-oiled piece of machinery. Jimmy Thomas and John Hayes will again be found at the cashier's desk, so there need be no fear of delay in securing tickets or in getting any information desired. In addition to the State matches for teams and individuals, the programme will again include the Wimbledon cup match, Hilton trophy match, and the Interstate military match for merly shot at Creedmoor. The full detailed account will be published in these columns as issued. Y'RATILIM.

Columbian International Shooting Festival.

CHICAGO, June 27.—In the Columbian international prize shooting at Sharpshooters' Park, West Pullman, the following shooters were present on June 25 and 26: Bob Rieder, New Glarus, Wis.; S. A. Schindler, New Glarus, Wis.; F. Hildebrandt, Chicago; Henry Krauslich, Chicago; W. T. Stoeker, Omaha; L. Schneller, Neillsville, Wis.; T. Martin, Brooklyn; Frank Schwikert, Rochester. The Columbian medal was awarded to all. The following scores were made: Bob Rieder 11 bullseyes out of 100 shots, S. A. Schindler 9, I. Martin 18, L. Schneller 4.

Stich target, three flags, F. Toggenburger 37, T. Martin 39.

People's target, L. Schneller 46, T. Martin 60.

Man target, Bob Rieder 58, S. A. Schindler 75, L. Schneller 62, T. Martin 87.

Columbus target, L. Schneller 46, T. Martin 63.

King target, L. Schneller 159, T. Martin 210. A. BOESE, Sec.

The Greenville Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot for club trophies June 30 was highly interesting. Geo. Furkess still retains his lead for first position by a small margin, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds. Scores: Furkess 244, Plaisted 242, J. Boag 238, Robidoux 237, Collins 237, C. Boag 236, Dodds 235, Gotthardt 230, Spahn 230, Chavant 225, Gassman 220.

At the outdoor shoot of the club in Armbruster's Park, on Saturday, July 1, ten members participated. These weekly outings are having a beneficial effect upon all the members who have followed them up and a decided improvement in averages is the natural result. The scores are appended, 10 shots, German ring target, distance 200yds.: Chavant 219, Collins 211, Spahn 206, Robidoux 201, Furkess 200, C. Boag 198, J. Boag 192, Hill 170, Gotthardt 165, Becker 155.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

AT the weekly rifle shoot of the Excelsior Rifle Club at headquarters on Tuesday night, June 27, the following appended scores were made by the members participating: C. Thomas 239, L. P. Hansen 238, J. Binns 238, J. Spicher 235, R. H. Duff 225.

Rifle Notes.

That young and enterprising club known as the Greenville Rifle Club, of Greenville, N. J., will dedicate its new club house and ranges on Sept. 4 (Labor Day), with a grand prize shoot; cash prizes on the ring target ranging from $40 to $3, and on the bullseye target from $15 to $2, will be offered for all comers.

The fall festival of the Zettler Rifle Club, will be held in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, on Sept. 10 and 11; cash prizes to the amount of $500 will be put up for the lovers of the rifle to compete for.

The Paterson Rifle Club, of Paterson, N. J., was recently organized and it already comprises in its membership a number of the best sporting riflemen in the town. The club intend sto go in for shooting on the range instead of doing the "newspaper shooting" indulged in by so many similar organizations. It now stands ready to pit a team of any number of men against teams representing any club in New York, New Jersey or elsewhere. Here is a chance to do something toward reviving an interest in this sport which is sadly in need of a boom. The Paterson Rifle Club is distinctively an outdoor shooting club and will notice no challenges for gallery matches. Here is a chance for the Zettlers, Millers, Excelsiors, Hudsons or other. Who will be the first to arrange a match?

"Rifle shooting is on the decline!" "Rifle shooting is dead!" "There is no more interest in the sport!" These and kindred exclamations are heard on all sides but no one seems to be willing to make an effort to stop the decline in interest. The sport cannot be revived by big festivals; it cannot be revived by individual contests nor will practice shoots of the various clubs go far to excite an interest except among those directly interested. But team contests between clubs, no matter whether the teams comprise five or twenty-five men each, and no matter how brilliant or otherwise the scores may be, will do a great deal toward bringing the sport back to where it was in 1888 to 1890.

Trap-Shooting.

Communications for publication relating to business should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. If addressed to an individual they will be subject to delay in that individual's absence.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

July 6.—Open-to-all shoot, 20 live birds, $20 entry, at Williard's Park, Paterson, N. J.

July 6-8.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at St. Louis, Mo.

July 11.—New Jersey State League and open tournament, on South Side grounds, Newark, N. J.

July 12-13.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' fourth tourna ment, at East Liverpool, Ohio.

July 14-15.—Helena (Mont.) Rod and Gun Club's annual tournament.

July 19-20.—Dixie Gun Club tournament, at Pensacola, Fla.

July 20-21.—Penberthy's trap-shooting tournament, at Massillon, O.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Ed. W. Sandys has the following in the July number of *Outing:* "No need to dwell upon the gun this month, for it has no business out, its case, save for inspection to prove the last cleaning was thorough or for an afternoon's use at the traps. Those who cannot let a gun altogether alone during the close season, may find pleasure and useful practise in smashing a few strings of inanimates. A match now and then with a friend at artificial birds can he made very pleasant, and will also keep one's hand in and keep the gun coming smoothly to one's shoulder, but only artificial targets should he used during the heated term. Live birds, excellent in season, should he suffered to breed in peace during every month without an 'r' in it. Pigeons are in poor condition and feather during warm weather, and there is no glory in grassing even straight strings when the conditions are all against the birds and in favor of the man at score. Stopping clipping, cold-weather birds, and potting listless summer flyers, are vastly different performances, and the true sportsman will hardly care to face the traps when birds are not fit."

Tuesday next will be a great day for the South Side Gun Club of Newark, and for the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League in general. It will be the occasion of the monthly team contest in the series for the State championship and in addition the South Side Club will offer an attractive programme of sweepstake events, open to all comers. The open programme will be started at 9:30 A. M. and continue until dark, the events to be at 10, 15 and 20 targets. The team shoot will begin at 2 P. M., the contest being open to club teams of five men each, at 25 bluerocks per man, rapid fire. There will be a refreshment tent on the grounds and plenty of ammunition for those who run short. A good day's sport can always be depended upon on these grounds.

All shooters who would be willing to take part in a 50-target match, $5 entry, to be shot in Newark on Saturday, July 15, are requested to send their names and addresses to C. H. Townsend, trap editor FOREST AND STREAM, 318 Broadway, New York. This event would he started at 1 P. M., and would be preceded and followed by events at 15 targets, $2 entry. All events at known traps, unknown angles, and the targets will he thrown not less than 60yds. Targets extra in 50-target event, the other entries including the targets. Money divisions: 8 or less entries, 2 moneys; 9 to 12, 3 moneys; 13 to 17, 4 moneys; 18 to 24, 5 moneys; 25 or more entries, 6 moneys. Targets 3 cents each.

The mid-summer tournament of the White Plains Gun Club will be held at their grounds, White Plains, N. Y., Aug. 3 and 4. The grounds are about ten minutes' walk from the depot of the Harlem Railroad, and thirty trains run out of Grand Central Station daily, all stopping at White Plains. The grounds are splendidly situated for shooting, and we guarantee every one a pleasant time. L. C. PLATT, JR., Sec.

The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association holds its next tournament at East Liverpool, Ohio, next Wednesday and Thursday. The tournament has been liberally boomed by the East Liverpool and other Ohio papers, and there should be a big attendance. It is likely that the entry lists will show the names of a number of well-known cracks from Cincinnati, Columbus and other places in the State. "Shorty" Bacon, the Miamisburgh tobacco-grower, who hurried the boys so at Knoxville is expected to be on hand.

The Winchester Gun Association of Winchester, Va., on the Valley Branch of the B. & O. Railroad, anticipates a big attendance at its tournament next Tuesday. The grounds of this association are splendidly situated and provided with an abundance of shade. The members of the club are all enthusiastic and can he depended upon to "stay" during all the events. The team race will be a special feature. The club adds $100 to the day's purses.

During the 1894 shoot of the New York State Association an entire day will probahly he devoted to live bird shooting. If the target men are entitled to four days the devotees of live bird shooting should certainly have one day. Inability to shoot live birds except in the Dean Richmond contest is what keeps the majority of the Long Island shooters away from the State tournaments.

One of the chief attractions in the Onondago Club's tent at Rochester was Holloway's "Stomach Bitters," a dose of which was said to be worth 20 per cent. on a string of breaks. "Old Pepper" was not in it while the medicine held out.

Harry Thurman says the tournament of the Pier Gun Club to he held at Atlantic City on August 7 and 8, is bound to be a success. He has "promises to attend" from shooters in a dozen different places.

Jack Parker says the third international shoot to be held at Des chree-shos-ka Island, August 22, 23, 24 and 25, will be a record breaker in point of attendance. He guarantees the presence of the "Kazoo Band."

The Bismark (N. D.) Gun Club, has elected R. M. Donnelly, President; Oscar Ward, Vice-President; Claude Holly, Secretary and Treasurer; George Walson custodian, and Henry Yost field captain.

Harry Squires is at work getting out a new catalogue of sportsmen's goods. It will comprise over 500 pages and will cover everything in the sporting goods line.

The monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club will take place on Erb's grounds next Thursday. The new system of shooting should draw out every member.

Louis Miller, of Dexter Park, says he is already assured of a big entry list for his 25-bird sweepstake to he held in Octoher. He will add $200 to the purse.

The fourth shoot of the series between the Unions, of Springfield, and Boiling Springs will be shot July 25 at Boiling Springs.

The next tournament of the Michigan State Trap-Shooters' League will he held at Muskegon, Mich., July 25 and 26.

The West Shore Gun Club of Syracuse will hereafter shoot on Saturday instead of Monday afternoons.

An extra set of traps will be used by the South Side Gun Club during the New Jersey League tournament on Tuesday.

The Rochester *Herald* has established a department devoted to sports of the rod and gun.

Those handy score cards of ours are just the things for club shoots. Send for a pad!

The Climax Gun Club is of "Union" instead of Marion county, as printed last week.

Rene Clayton is making a boom with his swivel front sight.
C. H. TOWNSEND.

Annan Cup Shoot.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., June 24.—The silver cup presented to the Richfield Gun Club by the late Ed Annan, Jr., of Brooklyn, was won by Mr. A. Barker at the eighth and last shoot last Friday afternoon. The score stood a tie between the two Barkers, but the senior proved the steadier in the final contest. The cup has to he won three times before it becomes the property of the shooter.

MENDON TOURNAMENT.

Mendon, Mich., June 28.—Things were lively in Mendon this morning for the trap-shooters are coming into town to participate in the first tournament of the Mendon Gun Club. The grounds are finely situated near the outskirts of the village upon the farm of the four Marantette brothers, who are as widely known in Michigan shooting circles as are the famous Kleinman brothers of Chicago.

Instead of tents for awnings to screen the shooters from sun and rain there is a great grain barn with wide open doors which invites one to its shelter. The floors are strewn with sawdust, all is neat and clean within and the summers breeze drifts cool and fresh through its every nook and cranny. A well of cold water is close by, the bucket is always full, while the tin cup hanging upon a nail says, come quench your thirst and be happy. Many shooters and visitors are present, a number of ladies being interested spectators. Of the shooters present we notice N. W. Holt, the president of the League; Sam A. House, secretary of same; Oswald Von Lengerke of Chicago. Ben O. Bush, Henry Waruf, Wm. O'Byrne and Edward Kastead of Kalamazoo, J. E. Nichols and Casper Schelling of Lansing, Martin Waalks, Gustave Neumeister, J. J. Heath, Wm. Houtcamp and J. H. Scott of Muskegon, Dallas Carpenter of Battle Creek, John Parker of Detroit, George Searles of Mason, James Neve of Indianapolis, W. L. Walton and W. O. Woodworth of Grand Rapids, E. W. Pendleton, W. B. McLaughlin and N. Stacy of Sturgis, Ed Henning and Harry Burrell of Cold Water, Greely Spicer, H. D. Baker and Fred Shulters of Vicksburg, C. A. Schutt of Leonidas and D. W. Cook of Fulton.

The shooting passed off pleasantly, there being no wrangling or kicking, as sometimes occurs at tournaments. The principal event of the day was the team race for the League trophy. This match was won by the Lansing team with the very creditable score of 70 out of a possible 75. The Mendon team, composed of F. C. Marantette, Charles Marantette and W. W. Marantette, were looked upon as sure winners of the match; but W. W. Marantette, or "Doll," as the boys call him, being the genial boniface of the Hotel Wakeman, where all the shooters stopped, had too many duties to perform, dropping five targets in consequence.

The Kalamazoo team could have won it handily had Bush shot up to his form; but the occasion is very rare when in a team of three or more that one member does not drop below his average.

At the business meeting of the League it was decided to hold the next meeting and tournament in the city of Muskegon on July 25 and 26, under the auspices of the Muskegon Gun Club and the Joe Hunting Club of that city. The Muskegonites are very hospitable, and as there are four gun clubs in that city, the success of the tournament is already assured.

The last match of the day was a prize shoot, the prize consisting of fifty tickets in a raffle for a $300 Colts gun and supposed to be the finest ever made by Colts Patent Fire Arms Co., the same being raffled in the evening and won by a Kalamazoo syndicate. The owner of the gun held 128 of the 300 chances, but nevertheless lost the "gem of rare beauty," as he termed the gun to be. John Parker won first average to-day. Scores of the first day follow:

No. 3, 10 singles:

Experts.
F C Marantette......1011011110— 7 Holt..... ....0111010111— 7
Parker..............1011111010— 7

Semi-Experts.
Searles.............1111101011— 8 Neumeister.........1000110101— 5

Amateurs.
Nichols.............0111111111— 9 Schelling ....1111101100— 7
Tando...............1100111110— 7 Burnell.............0010101101— 4
P H Marantette......1101111111— 9 Spicer..............1011110111— 8
Von Lengerke.......0111111010— 7 Henning............0111101100— 6
Waruf...............0111111111— 9 Desvoignes.........1111101101— 8
Heath...............0111111110— 8 W Marantette.......1101111111— 9
Scott................0011110011— 6 L E Marantette.....1011111111— 9
Howes..............1111111100— 8 O'Byrne............1101100111— 7
Bush ....1111111111—10 Kasted ....1011101001— 6
Houtcamp..........1111110100— 7 Carpenter..........1011110110— 7
Waalkes............0011000010— 3

No. 4, 15 singles:

Experts:
Bush...........001111110111101—11 Nichols ....111111111011111—14

Semi-Experts.
P H Marantette.011001111111111—12 W Marantette..111001011010111—10
Waruf.........111101111110111—13 L Marantette...111110111010010—10

Amateurs.
Von Lengerke..111110101101011—11 Carpenter......111011100111111—12
Searles.........111011101111111—13 Burnell.........000100011001000— 4
Schelling ....101100111011101—10 F C Marantette.111101110111111—13
Neumeister ....111111011011000—10 Tando ....111100101111100—10
Scott ....011111001010101— 9 Desvoignes.....111110111111110—13
Walks..........011000000100100— 4 Spicer..........111111110011100—11
Howes.........111111101111111—14 Stacy...........011111111101001—11
Parker........111111011111110—13 Heath ....111111111101000—11
O'Byrne........111011111010111—12 Pendleton ......011111011011100—10
Kasted.........100011100000011— 6 McLaughlin....011111001101011—10
Houtcamp......111100111110011—11 J Neve.........100110010000110— 6
Holt...........101111111110111—13

No. 6, 15 singles, entrance $1.95:

Experts.
Parker ....111111111111111—15 O'Byrne........101111111111111—14
F C Marantette.111011111101111—13

Semi-Experts.
P H Marantette.111110110101111—14 Pendleton.......100101001111010— 8
L Marantette...111100011111111—12 McLaughlin.....101111101111011—11
Searles.........111111111111110—14

Amateurs.
Nichols.........101011111011101—11 Holt...........111111111111011—14
Waruf.........111111111111111—15 Burnell.........000101000111101— 7
Howes.........111111111111101—14 Heath..........101101001100111— 9
Desvoignes .....011111111111000—11 Carpenter......111110111111111—14
Von Lengerke..111111011111111—14 Stacy..........111101111011100—11
Neumeister.....111111001100010— 9 Spicer ....010011101111101—10
Bush...........111111111101011—13 W Marantette...101111111111111—14
Schilling........111111111111111—15

No. 7, team shoot for the Michigan team championship:

Lansing Team.
Searles ....1011111111110011111111111—22
Schelling.............................1111111111111111111111011—24
Nichols...............................1110111111111111111111111—24—70

Battle Creek.
Carpenter.............................1101110111111111110001111—20
Holt...................................1111111111011000111011110—19
Howes ....1001001111111111011111111—20—59

Kalamazoo.
Waruf.................................1111111111111111111111011—24
Byrne.................................1111111111111111101011100—21
Bush...................................1100010111101110011111111—18—63

Muskegon No. 1.
Heath..................................1111110011101011111101001—18
Houtcamp ....1110110111011011111111111—21
Neumeister...........................0110111111000011111000111—16—55

Mendon No. 1.
F Marantette.........................1111111111111111111111111—25
W Marantette.........................1111110101111101010111110—19
P Marantette.........................1111111111010111110111111—22—66

Muskegan No. 2.
Parker................................1111111110111111111111110—23
Scott.................................1111111111000111011001001—17
Waalk.................................1010100100101110111000011—13—53

Vicksburg.
Spicer.................................1110111110111111101111111—22
Shulters..............................1111111110101110011111011—20
Ames..................................1110000000101101000010111—11—53

Mendon No. 2.
L Marantette........................ 1111111101111110010111101—20
Devoignes............................1011111111111101111111111—23
Tando.................................1101111111100100110101101—17—60

No. 8, 10 singles: Parker 6, Schelling 6, Waruf 6, O'Byrne 7, Searles 9, Howes 9, Von Lengerke 9, Holt 6, Carpenter 6, W. Marantette 7, Nichols 9, Kasted 3, Nere 7, Neumeister 6, Scott 7, P. Marantette 6, Waalks 3, Pendleton 7, Heath 8, Bush 8, Henning 5, Bunnell 7, McLaughlin 8, Stacy 7, F. Marantette 8, Desvoignes 8, L. Marantette 8, Thresher 8, Tando 8.

No. 9, 15 singles:

Experts.
Searles.........111111111111101—14 Von Lengerke..110110011110111—11
Howes.........111110010111111—12 Nichols.........111111110111110—13

Semi-Experts.
Bush...........111101110111001—11 Desvoignes.....111101111010101—11
Heath ....001001011011100— 7 L Marantette...101110111101100—10
McLaughlin ....100101101110101— 9 Thresher........000101010111010 – 7
F Marantette...111111011111111—14 Tando..........111110110100110—10

Amateurs.
P Marantette...111011111011110—12 Holt............111011101111111 –13
W Marantette..111111111010111—13 Neve...........011101101011111—11
Neumeister.....110011011010100— 8 Pendleton ......010110111110111—11
Schelling.......101111110011110—11 O'Byrne........111011111011111—13
Stacy..........101111110011101—11 Waruf..........111000111111111—12
Carpenter ......110101111111111 –13 Parker..........110110111111111—13

No. 11, 15 singles:

Expert.
Searles........111100101111101—11 F C Marantette.111101111111101—13

Semi-Expert.
W Marantette..111101111111111—14 O'Byrne........111111110111111—14
Holt...........011111111101111—13 Parker..........111111111111111—15

Amateur.
Neumeister.....101011011111101—11 McLaughlin.... 111101111111110—13
P Marantette...011111111111111—14 Heath.......... 111010101101100 – 9
Stacy..........001111001111110—10 Pendleton...... 110111111011110—12
L Marantette...111101011110111—12 Desvoignes..... 111111100111111—13
Schelling ......111111111111111—15

The Second Day.

The weather was favorable again to-day though pretty warm, the chief event of the day's shooting being the match for the expert trophy and the semi-expert and amateur medals. These were won by F. C. Marantette, L. E. Marantette and Ellsworth Desvoignes respectively, all residents of Mendon, which goes to show that although Mendon may be small in size yet she is big on the shoot. The day's matches were completed just at sundown, thus ending the most successful tournament that has been given in the name of the Michigan Trap-Shooting League. Scores of second day:

No. 4, 15 singles;

Experts.
Searles.........111111111101111—14 P H Marantette.010101010110111— 9
Parker.........111100111111111—13 Walton ....110011111011110—11
Holt...........110111101100001— 9

Semi-Experts.
F C Marantette.111111111101111—14 Bush ....111101010101011—10
Waruf ....111111101111111—14 Schilling.......111111110110111—13
W Marantette..111110110111111—13

Amateurs.
L Marantette...111111001111100—11 Neve...........110011100110010— 8
McLaughlin.....101111110011111—12 Scott ....111110110011111—12
Von Lengerke..111110111111111—14 O'Byrne........011011111111111—13
Neumeister.... 110110001110111—10 Stacy...........110111011111111—13
Howes.........111111111110101—13 Tando ....111111111111010—13
Woodworth ....001011011111111—11

No. 5, 15 singles, $25 guaranteed purse:

Experts.
Searles.........100110110111111—11 Waruf.........110100111111001—10
F C Marantette.111100111111110—12

Semi-Experts.
Parker.........011111111111111—14 Tando..........001011101111111—11
W Marantette..111111111111110—14 O'Byrne........110101110111011—11
Schelling.......010111110111111—12 Stacy...........110110100111011—10
Howes.........100010101110111— 9

Amateurs.
L Marantette...110100101010001— 8 Pendleton.......111110011100111—11
Walton.........001000111011111— 9 Scott...........110111111111110—13
Woodworth ....110101101100011— 9 Bush...........110111111111111—14
Neumeister.....110111001100111—10 Holt...........111111110111011—13
P H Marantette.111111111101110—13 McLaughlin....101111110111111—13
Neve...........101001111011011—10 Desvoignes.....011111011111111—13

No. 6, 15 singles:

Experts.
Von Lengerke..111110111111111—14 W Marantette...011111101001111—11
Parker.........111111111010111—13 Bush ....110101011110111—11

Semi-Experts.
P H Marantette.111011100111101—11 McLaughlin.....111101010111111—12
Scott ....111101111011111—13 Desvoignes.....101101111110010—10
Holt ....110111111111111—14

Amateurs.
Heath..........010011110101111—10 Tando ....110111110110111—12
Neve...........111010111100111—11 Searles ....110110111111011—12
Walton.........111101001011010— 9 Pendleton ......101101101110101—10
Neumeister....110111111111010—12 Stacy...........111100011110001— 9
Walks..........000100001010100— 4 Schelling.......111111111111111—15
Woodworth ....101101011110110—10 O'Byrne........111111111010011—12
Waruf.........111111101111110—13 Howes ....111111111101111—14
F C Marantette..110111100111011—11 L Marantette...111011111110110—12

No. 7, 25 singles:

Experts.
Parker.............................1011011111011011110001110—17
Schelling..........................0111100001111111001010111—16
Searles............................1111101111111101111111111—23
Waruf.............................0010111111100111111110110—18
P H Marantette....................1001111010101010111011011—16
F C Marantette....................1111111111111111111111110—24
W W Marantette...................111011110w.

Semi-Experts.
Holt...............................1001111110011011001011110—16
L E Marantette....................1111111111111111111011111—24

Amateurs.
Tando..............................1110110111111100111111111—21
Scott..............................0111101111011001111111111—20
Neumeister........................1110111111111111011011011—21
Woodworth ....1111100101111111001010100—16
Walton............................1011101111011110101010110—17
Waalkes...........................1000000011110001110101110—12
Neve...............................0110111110111101111011111—20
McLaughlin ....0111111111111010111111100—20
Heath ....0111110011101011111110111—19
Howes.............................1111010111101111101111111—21
Pendleton.........................0111011011011111101001110—17
Desvoignes........................1111111110111111110111111—23

No. 1?, 15 singles:

Experts.
Neumeister.....111011111110100—11 P H Marantette.110110111101101—11

Semi-Experts.
Searles.........011111111111111—14 Bush............011111111110101—12
Schilling.......111111111111111—15 W Marantette..111111111111111—15

Amateurs.
L Marantette...101001101010111— 9 Von Lengerke..111011101111110—12
McLaughlin ....010110111111011—11 Parker.........111111111111111—15
Holt...........011111001111011—11 F C Marantette.101111101111111—13
O'Byrne.......111110011111111—13 Waruf.........111101111111011—13
Stacy..........101111011111110—13

No. 13, 10 singles, prize 1,000 loaded shells, divided 300, 230, 200, 150, 100: Parker 9, Waruf 7, McLaughlin 5, Pendleton 5, Tando 8, P. H. Marantette 9, Von Lengerke 8, O'Byrne 9, Heath 8, F. Marantette 9, W. Marantette 9, L. Marantette 6. Searles 10, Desvoignes 6, Houtcamp 7, Neumeister 9, Stacy 9, Holt 9, Schelling 9, Howes 7, Bush 9.

Shooter.

Eureka Gun Club.

Following are the scores of the club shoot Saturday, June 21:

No. 1: Bingham 22, Adams 14. O'Brien 18, Patterson 19, Carsons 19, De Wolf 15, Lamphere 23, Steck 20, Dudley 8, Glover 19.

No. 2: Bingham 24, Adams 24, O'Brien 23, Patterson 20, Carson 16, De Wolf 11, Lamphere 19, Dudley 8, Glover 20, Ferguson 16, Niles 14, Moran 23, Funk 19, Tunnicliff 23, Goodrich 14, Taylor 12.

Medal Shoot.
Bingham ....1011111110111111111111111—23
Adams..................................1111111111111111111111111—25
O'Brien.................................1101101111111111101111101—21
Patterson..............................1110010111111110111111111—21
Carson.................................0011111011000111011110111—17
De Wolf................................1011010111001001110100110—14
Lamphere..............................0110110010110011011100111—15
Steck...................................1011111111111111111111111—24
Dudley.................................0100100000100011101111101—12
Glover..................................1011111011111101111001110—19
Ferguson...............................1111100101011110011111111—19
Miles...................................0100000101100110001000100— 8
Moran..................................1100111110111111101111111—21
Funk ....1110011111111111111011011—21
Tunnicliff...............................1111011111010011110100101—17
Goodrich...............................1111101110110111111110111—21
Taylor ....1111110110011100011100100—15

Class A, Adams; B, Steck; C, Goodrich.

No. 4: Bingham 21, Adams 19, O'Brien 22, Patterson 17, Carson 15, De Wolf 13, Lamphere 21, Dudley 7; Moran 19, Funk 22, Tunnicliff 18, Goodrich 12, Glover 16, Taylor 14.

B. Waters.

Wilkesbarre Gun Club.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 30.—Following are the scores made June 26 by a few members on the shooting grounds at the Wilkesbarre gun factory:

First event, 25 Keystones, known angles: Dr. Warren 23, E. H. K. 20, Roth 18, Park 17, Harris 17, Smith 15.

Second event, 25 Keystones, unknown angles: Dr. Warren 22, Harris 20, Park 20, E. H. K. 18, Roth 14, Smith 14.

W. Barre.

Vernon Rod and Gun Club.

The members of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club held their club shoot at Dexter Park on Saturday. Eight shot at 7 birds each, club handicap, American Association rules. W. Cantor won the first prize with a straight 7, and the second was divided. Score:

G Osterhont............1110111—6 Dr Schilling............1022110—6
Dr Little...............1021011—5 C Broard...............0011010—4
W Cantor...............1110110—7 Dr Wichert.............1121210—6
W H Thompson.........2110100—6 Dr Lamadrid...........1102102—5

Coney Island Athletic Club Cup.

The sixth contest for the $500 cup given by the Coney Island A. C. for competition by the Kings county gun clubs, took place at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Tuesday, June 27. As the tournament draws to a close the interest in the shoots seem to be dying out. Only five of the original eight clubs were represented, the Crescent, Glenmore and Northside gun clubs having withdrawn from the contest. The attendance was rather small, as the weather was miserable and the birds, a rather poor lot, were also interfered with by the rain, which came down steadily until near the close of the shoot.

The Parkways were the first to the score and they scored a total of 68, E. Helgans, L. Moeller and J. Bennett being the best scores with 14 each. The New Utrechts came next and scored 72, C. Furgueson, Jr., D. Bennett and G. E. Nostrand with 15 each were the best scores. The Coney Island team scored 71, Ike Hyde and Dr. Van Zile with 15 each, F. Pfaender and S. Northridge 14 each. The Atlantics were again the highest scorers with 73. F. Quimby, J. B. Voorhees, C. E. Morris and H. Balzer scoring 15 each. The Vernon Rod and Gun Club was the last of the five and scored 69; Gus Greiff and W. H. Thompson scored 15 and G. Osterhout 14.

The next and last shoot in the tournament will be held on the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club's grounds, West End, Coney Island, on Tuesday, July 25.

The Atlantics have been first in the six contests three times, with scores of 65, 68 and 73, with an aggregate total of 382. The New Utrecht team has won twice and tied once for the first place, and they have a total of 389, with a lead of 7, which will be hard to beat in one more shoot. The scores and standing of teams to date are:

The cup shoot:

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.
W Hartye..101111012111222—13
E Helgans..212220121211222—14
L Moeller...221221111012121—14
A Botty....202202211211222—13
J Bennett..220111212212221—14—68

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.
C M Meyer..221221022211102—13
Furgueson .212211121121112—15
D Bennett..222211111111111—15
G Cropsey..111111111210211—14
G Nostrand 122112111122122—15—72

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.
I Hyde......111111111221111—15
F Pfaender.212211212101221—14
Dr Van Zile.221211112112212—15
C Detlefsen.111012111111011—13
Northridge .121121122022222—14—71

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.
D Monsees..121111120011111—13
F Quimby..111111222222121—15
J Voorhees.111111111121222—15
C E Morris..221112222212222—15
H Balzer....122111122211212—15—73

Vernon Rod and Gun Club.
G Greiff ....221111121111111—15
Dr Little....222210022021112—12
F Thomps'n212122112112010—13
W Thomps'n212112111211121—15
G Osterhout212011111111121—14—69

Referee, Mr. Hugh Gordon. Scorer, Mr. C. A. Dellar.

STANDING OF TEAMS TO DATE.

New Utrecht	58	66	62	67	64	72—389
Atlantic	65	64	50	62	68	73—382
Coney Island	58	62	60	64	61	71—376
Vernon	46	65	61	60	64	69 365
Parkway	56	60	54	61	58	68—357
Glenmore	54	58	59	67	51	..—289
Crescent	49	55	58	55	*55	..—272
Northside	54	55	54	38	†10	..—211

* 70 birds. † 15 birds.

Connecticut State League.

The fifth tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League was held at Hartford, June 29, on the grounds of the Colt Gun Club. The scores in the team race and merchandise events are as given below. The day was a good one for trap-shooting and many fine scores were made. The Winchester rifle given by Frank Potter for the longest run of continuous breaks was won by Burbidge with a run of 90 straight without a miss. The division of purses at this shoot was as slow as molasses in January, which caused the shooters to kick like mules, and several of the old "rounders" shot an event at 25 singles, in which there were but 10 targets missed out of the 250 shot at.

New Haven.
Longden ....101110111111111111111110111111—27
Potter...........................111111011111011111111111111111—28
Savage ....111111111111111111111011111111—29—84

Colt, Hartford.
Sterry...........................111111111111111111111110111111—29
Risley. ....111111011111111111111111111111—29
Burbidge.........................111111111111111111111111111111—30—88

Willimantic
Edgarton........................111101111111111110111111110101—26
Mac Farland.....................111111001111101110010101111—23
Webb............................111101111111111101101111111001—25—74

Bristol.
Memross ....111111101110110111111111111111—28
Hotchkiss........................111111111111101111011111011—26
Rockard..........................111111111111111111111111111111—30—84

Moodus.
Fowler...........................110111111111111111111111111111—29
Treat.............................011111111111111111111101111111—28
Banning..........................111111011111111101111111111111—28—85

Bridgeport.
Blakeslee........................101111101111111111111001111111—26
Saunders.........................111101111011011111111111111111—27
Thomas...........................110110111111110110110111111101—25—78

Ansonia.
Sterry............................011111111111111111101111111111—28
Hotchkiss........................111111111111110111111111111111—29
Hills ....101110011010100110111111111110—21—78

No. 5, 15 singles:

Strong.........111111111101111—14 Manrow.......111110111111111—14
Cowie.......... 111111111101111—14 Decker.........111111101111111—14
Blakeslee.......110110110110111—11 Sterry..........101111111111111—14
Dailey..........111111111111111—15 Longdon.......111111111111111—15
Webb..........101111111111111—14 Nelson.........001011001111010— 8
Mack.......... ..111111111011111—14 Fowler.........110101011111111—13
Edgarton.......111111011111111—14 Mills...........110111011111111—12
Savage ....111111101111111—14 Risley.......... 111111111111111—15
Sanders ....111111000010101— 9 N H Clark......111111101111111—14
Thorp.... ..... 100000011111111— 9 Albert..........111111101111110—13
Burbidge.......111111111111111—15 Cook........... 111110111111010—12
Potter..........111101111111111—14 Bailey..........011111110111111—13
Thomas ....110110111101101—11 Willey..........110011111111111—13
Sperry..........111111111111101—14 Capron.........011111111111111—14
Hotchkiss ......111111111111111—15 Viberts.........101011011110111—12
Rockwell.......101111111111111—14

No. 7, 25 singles, entrance $2.50, last event: Burbidge 25, Rockwell 25, Albert 25, Edgarton 24, Sterry 24, Savage 24, Thomas 24, Potter 23, Willey 23, Clark 23.

First German Gun Club.

Fourteen members of the First German Gun Club competed at Dexter Park on Thursday, June 29, for the club's gold medal, at 10 birds each, H and T traps Long Island rules, 25yds. rise. J. Schwaack was awarded the medal, as N. Lichtenberger and C. Ronig withdrew from the shoot off of the tie with 9 each. A series of three matches followed between J. Schwaack and N Lichtenberger at 15 birds each for $10 a side. The latter was the winner with a score of 3 to 2. Score:

J Schwaack..........1111101111—9 J Wise...............0011001101—5
J Brandhurst.........0101011010 –5 H Morsch............1000001101—4
N Lichtenberger .....1101111111—9 C Dietz..............0111110101—7
A Neusch............0111101101—6 A Goetz ....1110010111—7
P Neusch............1100000110—4 J Ristett.............0000101010—3
G Pfaff...............0111110111—8 H Borth..............0101100001—4
C Ronig..............1101111111—9 J Brower.............1010000001—3

Match shoots, 15 targets each. $10 a side: J. Schwaack, 1st, 8; 2d, 13; 3d, 12. N. Lichtenberger, 1st, 10; 2d, 11; 3d, 14.

10 birds, $5 a side: J. Schwaack 7, N. Lichtenberger 6.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Twenty-one members of the Hell Gate Gun Club, of New York, held their regular monthly club shoot at Dexter Park on Tuesday, June 27. Each shot at 20 bluerocks for the best averages at the close of the season. E. Doeinck, J. H. Voss and W. H. Voss were the highest scorers. Sweepstake shoots followed. J. Dannelfelser, W. Thau and J. H. Voss were the principal winners. The score:

Club shoot, 20 targets: E. Doeinck 7, J. H. Voss 16, H. W. Voss 13, J. Dannefelser 13, J. Webber 13, C. Rieger 12, H. Thau 11, J. Lindner 11, F. Knodel 10, J. Schubert 10, J. Sehm 10, C. Stradtman 10, J. Fraenzwick 9, H. Trostel 9, J. Peterson 9, F. Kiechle 9, H. Bonkamp 8, W. Hogan 8, J. Mollenbrook 8, J. Brode 8, J. Woeful 8.

Sweepstake No. 1. Doeinck 7, Webber 4. Stradtman 4, Trostel 4, Knodel 5. Kiechle 5, Thau 3, Peterson 0, Hogan 1. Mollenbrook 3, Rieger 4, Brode 0, Schubert 5, J. H. Voss 6, Wgeful 1, Sehm 6, H. W. Voss 2, Bonkamp 2, Dannefelser 8, Franzwick 3.

No. 2: Doeinck 5, Webber 6, Stradtman 4, Trostel 6, Knodel 3, Kieckle Peterson 1, Hogan 4, Mollenbrook 1, Rieger 4, Brode 2, Schubert 2, J. Voss 7, Woeful 1, Sehm 2.

No. 3: Doeinck 9, Webber 8, Strad man 5, Trostel 7, Thau 12, Brode 3, Schubert 5, J. H. Voss 11, J. Woeful 6, H. W. Voss 7, Dannefelser 8, Fraenzwick 11, Lindner 10, C. Woeful 5.

SHOOTING IN THE COAL REGION.

THE Schuylkill County Shooting Association held their second annual tournament June 28 and 29 at Mahanoy City. This city is nestled away up in the mountains of Pennsylvania between the headwaters of the Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rivers, and it depends on the coal mines for its support. On all sides are high mountains, and in the sides of them, look in what direction you may, you will see either a coal breaker or large heaps of culm. The town lies in a narrow valley running north and south, and of course is a long narrow town with one principal street running the whole length of it. The grounds of the shooting association, or at least the baseball grounds, where they held their shoot, are situated at the north end of the city, and in the narrowest part of the valley, in fact the valley is hardly more than 300yds. at this place. The grounds are about 150yds. square and perfectly level with a high broad fence all around. The straight away birds fly right up the valley and give you an elegant sight, but the right and left quarterers go toward culm banks or large heaps of coal dirt 300 or 400ft. high, and the bluerock being black and going toward a black foreground made very hard shooting. Bluerock targets and traps were used and gave perfect satisfaction. The flight of the birds was strong, but for all this some very good scores were made.

The programme consisted of five 10-bird, two 15-bird, two 20-bird and one 25-bird race each day, and where over 8 entries purses were divided in four moneys, under 8 in three moneys; all ties were divided. The boys in this part of the country are all game and stick until their last dollar is gone, or they have the last of some one else and are true friends and will stick to a friend to the last.

The manager of this shoot is Feu Cooper, a well-known shooter in Pennsylvania who was ably assisted by Rene Clayton, one of the biggest hearted and best known live bird shots not only in this State, but all through the East. He has just patented a switched sight for a shotgun for use where matches are known angles and traps. It is a great thing, saves all calculation as how far to lead a bird. You aim right at it and the sight gives you the lead. John Linton is the cashier, and, of course, is in great demand. Mat Cooper also assisted with the shoot. Mr. Peter Gorman, the proprietor of the Mansion House, although a new shooter at tar, as the boys call them around here, is shooting away in every event and making some good scores. Most of the boys from out of town are stopping at his place. In fact, on our arrival on Wednesday morning the first shooter that we saw and knew was Will Clark, of Wilkesbarre, who was waiting on the hotel porch for his dinner before taking in the afternoon shooting. After a hand shake and a wash up, dinner being announced, we went into the dining room and enjoyed ourselves for a good half an hour. Clark is shooting a new hammerless Wilkesbarre gun and the way he puffs out crockery shows that their shooting qualities are all right.

On our arrival at the grounds we were very warmly greeted and introduced to those whom we did not know, and among those from a distance were some who will go to any shoot given by any of their friends. I mean the boys from Reading. There are here from that town John Shaaber, Jim Smeck, A. Ford and Brook Harrison, and these say to-morrow will bring several more who could not get away to-day. From Hazleton are Dr. Myers and Frank Deach, who while on a fishing trip this spring caught three small black bear cups and something over 700 trout. Now they want to sell the bears. From New York are Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, of wood powder fame, and it is nip and tuck between Milt and his wife to know who makes wood powder the most popular; and of course we all take our hats off to a lady who takes so much interest in her husband's business that she can run it just as well as him when he is called away from home. From Philadelphia are John Tredway, who says no more sore shoulders if you use a Tredway recoil pad on your gun. Along with him are Harry Thurman and Chas. Irvin. Irvin has charge of J. T. Bailey & Co.'s loading department at their new sporting goods house in Philadelphia, and is making a great run on his hand-loaded American wood powder shell. From Danville we find A. Spicer, spicy enough for any one to shoot against, and John Rehrig, of Weissport, shooting in good form.

The weather, although threatening rain this morning, cleared and gave us the nicest kind of a day.

No. 1, 10 singles:

Shaber.....1011110111— 8   McDuff.....1111101010—7
Smeck.....1100111111— 8   Lutinberger.....0111100101—6
Harrison.....0100011011— 5   Clayton.....0111111111—9
Rehrig.....1011111111— 9   Park.....1010111111—8
Ford.....0100111000— 4   Gorman.....0000011011—4
M Cooper.....1111111111—10

No. 2, 10 singles:

Shaber.....1011001111—7   Solliday.....0010000000— 1
Smeck.....1111111101—9   Deach.....0110011110— 6
Rehrig.....1111111110—9   Gorman.....1111000110— 6
Ford.....0111110011—7   Park.....1111111111—10
Harrison.....0110111111—8   Clayton.....0111111111— 9
M Cooper.....1111110111—9   McDuff.....1011001110— 6

No. 3, 15 singles:

Shaber.....011111111101011—12   Harris.....111111111111111—15
Smeck.....111000101010011— 8   Rehrig.....111111111111111—15
Ford.....110111101111110—12   Gorman.....000100111101101— 8
Deach.....010011101111000— 8   Clayton.....111111111111011—14
Davis.....000010111001001— 6   Solliday.....010010000101001— 5
Park.....101101111011101—11   M Cooper.....111110111111111—14

No. 4, 20 singles: Shaber 19, Smeck 20, Rehrig 15, Ford 14, Gorman 13, Harrison 16.

No. 5, 10 singles:

Deach.....0111001100—5   Gorman.....0000100110—3
Park.....1111110110—8   Ford.....1101111111—9
Davis.....0100011000—3   Smeck.....1111111100—8
M Cooper.....1011111101—8   Harrison.....1111101111—9
Clayton.....1111101111—9   Shaller.....1111100110—7
McDuff.....1101101111—8   Rehrig.....1111101111—9

No. 6, 15 singles:

Shaber.....111111111111111—15   Harrison.....111111111110111—14
Smeck.....011010011011110— 9   Gorman.....101100111011011—10
Rehrig.....111111010111110—11   Deach.....000001100001001— 4
Ford.....111111010111110—12   Clayton.....111111110111111—14
Park.....011110111111111—13   F Cooper.....101111011111110—12

No. 7, 10 singles:

Shaber.....1111111101— 9   J Davis.....10110001101— 5
Smeck.....1111110101— 8   McDuff.....0111110101— 7
Rehrig.....1011111111— 9   M Cooper.....1101111111— 9
Harrison.....1111111111—10   Holliday.....1010011100— 5
Clayton.....1111111110— 9   Gorman.....0001111101— 6
Fo u.....1101011111— 7   Deitch.....0000000101— 2

No. 8, 15 singles: Shaber 14, Smeck 11, Rehrig 15, Clayton 12, Harrison 13, Gorman 9.

No. 9, 15 singles four moneys:

Ford.....11011110101110011111—15   McDuff.....11110111111111111111—19
Schmeck.....00010111111111101111—15   Thurman.....11111111111101111111—19
Clayton.....11111111110101101111—17   Treadway.....11111111111110011100—16
Rihrig.....10111101111101101111—16   Gorman.....00000101100100000100— 5
Shaber.....11111111111111111111—20

No. 10, 10 singles, three moneys:

M Cooper.....1111111110— 9   Shaber.....1111111110— 9
Harrison.....0111110111— 8   Smeck.....1110100110— 6
Gorman.....0111000010— 4   Ford.....1111111111—10
Clayton.....1111111110— 9   Rehrig.....0111111111— 9
Holliday.....0100111001— 5   F Cooper.....0111101111— 8
McDuff.....1111000111— 7

Fo. 11, 10 singles, four moneys:

Gorman.....1110111011— 7   Tredway.....1101111110— 9
Weber.....0000001101— 3   Spicer.....1111101111— 9
F Cooper.....0111111011— 8   Shaber.....1111101111— 9
Clayton.....1111111111—10   Rehrig.....0111111110— 8
Park.....1011010010— 5   Smeck.....1101101110— 7
McDuff.....1100100111— 6   Harrison.....1111111111—10
Ford.....1100111110— 7   Deitch.....0101010001— 4
Thurman.....1111111011— 9   Solliday.....0100010100— 3

No. 12, 15 singles, four moneys:

Thurman.....111101111110111—13   Schmeck.....101111001110111—11
Tredway.....111111111111111—15   Rehrig.....101101101110111—11
Spicer.....111111111111011—14   Clayton.....111111111111111—15
Ford.....011110100111000— 8   McDuff.....101110111001001— 9
Gorman.....101101001111100— 9   Shaber.....111111111111101—14
Harrison.....101111111111000—11   Wiler.....011011011010101— 9

Amateur event for those who have not won anything in previous events; 7 singles:

Weber.....0010100—2   McGinty.....0110011—4
Anstock.....0000000—0   Hanigan.....0000101—2
Krouse.....1101011—5   Wiler.....0001100—2
Gorman.....0110100—3   P Schlier.....0000001—1
Deach.....0011011—4   D Schlier.....0010100—2
Soliday.....0000001—1   Kelley.....0001000—1
Lutenberger.....0001000—1   Rheng.....0000001—1

No. 14, 10 birds, entrance $1: Harrison 9, Gorman 4, Thurman 0, Treadway 7, Park 9, Spicer 10, Rherick 9, Shaaber 9, Smeck 8, M. Cooper 8, Clayton 9, Ford 8.

No. 15, 10 birds, entrance $1: Gorman 10, Thurman 9, Tredway 8 Spicer 8, Rherick 8, Shaaber 7, Smeck 7, Ford 7, Wiler 5, Harrison 8, Lindsley 7, Park 10, M. Cooper 10, McDuff 6, Clayton 10.

No. 16, 15 birds, entrance $1.50: Gorman 10, Spicer 14, Thurman 15, Rherick 12, Lindsley 11, Smeck 13, Park 15, Shaaber 14, Weber 11, Tredway 14, Ford 12, Harrison 13.

No. 17, 10 birds, entrance $1: Spicer 10, Clayton 10, Lindsley 9, Smeck 10, Rehreck 10, Park 10, Harrison 9, M. Cooper 9, Thurman 10, Tredway 8, Shean 7, Gorman 6, Ford 4, Weber 8, McDuff 9.

No. 18, 10 birds, unknown angles, entrance $1: Lindsley 7, Berrick 8, Spicer 8, Park 6, Smeck 7, Shaaber 4, Tredway 9, Thurman 8, Ford 6, Gorman 0.

No. 19, 10 birds, entrance $1: Ford 9, Tredway 7, Thurman 9, Shaaber 7, Gorman 6, Dr. Myers 7, Harrison 10, Weber 4, Smeck 10, Spicer 9, Lindsley 8, Clayton 8.

No. 20, 15 birds, entrance $1.50:

Thurman.....111101111111111—14   Smeck.....011110011111101—11
Clayton.....111111111111101—14   Gorman.....110011001000101— 7
McDuff.....111111111111111—15   Dr Myers.....000011110001010— 6
Weber.....111101010010111—10   Tredway.....111111101111110—13
Lindsley.....110111111111111—14   Wanda.....010110111101111—11
Spicer.....111101111111110—13   Ford.....111111111111101—14
Harrison.....110111111111111—14   Shaaber.....111111011100111—12

No. 21, 10 birds, 21yds., use of both barrels, entrance $1: Clayton 7, Lindsley 8, Spicer 7, Thurman 9, Shmeck 8, Tredway 10, Gorman 6, W. Myers 4, Berrick 8, Paul 3, M. Cooper 5, Weber 6.

No. 22, 6 pairs, entrance $1:

Spicer.....10 11 10 10 11 10— 8   Clayton.....00 01 11 11 10 10— 8
Smeck.....10 10 10 11 00 10— 6   Thurman.....01 11 01 10 11 10— 7
Tredway.....11 10 11 10 11 10— 9   Ford.....10 11 10 10 01 11— 8
Lindsley.....10 10 11 11 11 11—10   Berrick.....10 10 11 10 10 01— 7

The Second Day.

opened with a bright sun shining, and when he showed his face over the mountains this morning every one knew we were going to have a hot one and we were not disappointed.

This morning brings some new shooters, most prominent among whom are John Millspaugh, president of the Williamsport Rifle and Gun Club, and F. P. Abercrombie, of the same place, and H. C. W. Matz, president of the Reading Shooting Association, and along with him are John Ritters and John Freed. From Philadelphia comes H. L. David (Landis), who, since he has been using a Smith ejector, is shooting a great streak.

No. 1, 10 birds, entrance $1:

Thurman.....1111111111—10   Clayton.....1111111111—10
Tredway.....1111111111—10   Green.....0100001101— 4
Smith.....1000111111— 7   Castle.....1110101000 — 5
Millspaugh.....1001110110— 6   Kissinger.....1111000110— 6
Landis.....0111110111— 8   Gorman.....1110000001— 4
Smeck.....0111111111— 9   Ritters.....1111101111— 9
Ford.....1111111011— 9   Matz.....1110001100— 5
Harrison.....1101101111— 8   Park.....1111111111—10
M Cooper.....1111111111—10   Dr Myers.....1100110001— 5
McDuff.....1010001110— 6   Shaaber.....1111111111—10
Lindsley.....0101101101— 6

No. 2, 10 birds, entrance $1:

Lindsley.....1101111111— 9   M Cooper.....1101001011—6
Thurman.....1111111111—10   Freed.....0110101111—7
Tredway.....1111011111— 9   McDuff.....1111111101—9
Millspaugh.....1110000001— 4   Ritter.....1111111110—9
Smith.....1111111111—10   Matz.....1111100110—7
Smeck.....1110111111— 9   Ford.....1100110101—6
Landis.....1111111110— 9   Shaber.....0011111111—8
Park.....1101001111— 7   Gorman.....1001101111—7
Hamson.....1111011011— 8   Deach.....1011101000—5

No. 3, 15 birds, entrance $1.50:

Millspaugh.....110111111110011—12   Freed.....110011011111111—12
Smith.....011110101100011— 9   Harrison.....110111111111101—13
Thurman.....111111111110111—14   Park.....111111011111111—14
Lindsley.....111111010111111—13   Matz.....101111011111011—12
Tredway.....111101111001011—11   Ritter.....011101111111111—13
Smeck.....111101111111111—14   Ford.....110100111111111—12
Landis.....111111111111111—15   McDuff.....111011001101111—11
Shaber.....110011111001111—11   Clayton.....111110111111111—14

No. 4, 20 birds, entrance $2:

Lindsley.....11110111100110101111—15   Ritter.....11011111111110111110—17
Smeck.....11101111111101011111—17   McDuff.....11010100101000010111—10
Millspaugh.....00111101111010101111—14   Landis.....01111111111111111101—18
Smith.....01110111111101101001—14   Matz.....01111110111111010111—16
Thurman.....11111111110110101111—17   Ford.....11111110101110111111—17
Tredway.....00111110111011111110—15   Shaber.....01101111110101111101—15

No. 5, 10 birds, entrance $1:

Smeck.....1111111101— 9   Tredway.....1111101111— 9
Millspaugh.....0011111101— 7   Thurman.....1111011111— 9
Smith.....1110101111— 8   Gorman.....1111111000— 7
Harrison.....1011111101— 8   Dr Myers.....0011010000— 3
Freed.....0111101011— 7   Burke.....1101011110— 7
Park.....1110111011— 8   Spicer.....0011111111— 8
Ritten.....1111111111—10   Landis.....1101101110— 7
Ford.....1011100101 — 6   Matz.....1011011111— 8
Lindsley.....0101111010— 6   Shaaber.....1001111111— 8

No. 6, 15 birds, entrance $1.50:

Lindsley.....011110101111111—12   Matz.....111010111011111—12
Thurman.....111100101111101—11   Clayton.....111110111111101—13
Smith.....111001111111011—12   Ritter.....111010110111101—11
Millspaugh.....111000011111111—12   McDuff.....011111101100111—11
Landis.....111111111111111—15   Spicer.....111111111111111—15
Smeck.....111111111111011—14   Freed.....111011110111111—13
Tredway.....001101111111111—12   Shaaber.....111110111110010—11
Ford.....011010111111111—12   Gorman.....110111001111010—10
Harrison.....111101101111101—12

No. 7, 25 birds, entrance $2.50:

Lindsley.....1111111111101100111110111—21
Smeck.....0111111111111100111011111—21
Millspaugh.....0111111110101011011011111—19
Smith.....0010001100110111111110011—15
Thurmau.....1111001101111111111111100—20
Landis.....1111111111111110110111111—23
Matz.....1111111111111110111111011—23
Ritter.....1110111110110111111111111—22
Tredway.....1111101111111111111011101—22
Clayton.....1111111011011011111111100—20
Shaaber.....0111111111111011111111101—22
Spicer.....1111110110111110100111010—18
Freed.....1101101111000111101101000—15
McDuff.....1010111111111111111111110—22
Ford.....0111011111010111001110110—17
Harrison.....1011111010101111111111110—20

No. 8, 10 birds, entrance $1:

Spicer.....1101011111— 8   Tredway.....1111111111—10
Park.....0011011001— 5   McDuff.....0111111111— 9
Green.....0010010111— 5   Harrison.....0010010111— 5
Clayton.....0101111111— 8   Matz.....1110110111— 8
Smith.....1011100111— 7   Ritter.....1111110111— 9
Thurman.....1111111110— 9   Shaaber.....0111111111— 9
Wanda.....1111000000— 4   Freed.....0011001011— 5
Landis.....1001111111— 8   Smeck.....1101001101— 5
Millspaugh.....1111001111— 8

No. 9, 20 birds, entrance $1:

Landis.....01010111111111101111—16   Spicer.....11111100111101111110—16
Smeck.....11110111011101010011—12   Tredway.....11111111011111100111—47
Millspaugh.....11011111111101110001—15   Bob White.....01000111010110011100—10
Thurman.....01111101110110101111—15   Shaaber.....001001110w
Smith.....10111111110101100011—14   Freed.....01101111011110111100—14
Matz.....11101111010011111101—15   Ulmer.....11101100110010101000—10
Lindsley.....10011111011111001010—13   Clayton.....11111010111001111111—16
Ritter.....11111110111111111111—19   Dr Myers.....11010000111101111110—13
Gorman.....11110111111111001100—15

No. 10, 10 birds, entrance $1:

Millspaugh.....1111001101— 7   Spicer.....1111111111—10
Matz.....1100011110— 6   Gorman.....1011111110— 8
Smith.....1101111101— 8   Thurman.....1111111110— 9
Ritter.....0111101110— 7   Tredway.....1010110111— 7
Landis.....1111111111—10   Green.....1000000110— 3
Wanda.....1001011100— 5

H. T.

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

THE last shoot of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club's season was held at Dexter Park, L. I., on Wednesday, June 28. In the regular club shoot 14 members entered for the Claus diamond badge at 7 birds each, class handicap, modified Hurlingham rules. J. Gastieger, C. Engelbrecht, W. Vorbach and F. Maier tied with 7 straight. On the shoot-off Gastieger won for the third time during the season of 1892 and 1893.

By winning at this shoot he tied with C. Engelbrecht, who had already won the badge three times, and it was decided to shoot off the tie at 3 birds, then miss and out. Gastieger was again the winner with three out of four. A sweepstake shoot then took place, E. A. Vroome and A. Eppig being the winners. The scores:

J Gastieger.....1121211—7   W Hartye.....2011011—5
J Schliemann.....1011122—6   E A Vroome.....1101121—6
A Eppig.....1112020—5   J Still.....1112022—6
Dr Boehm.....1101101—5   H McLaughlin.....1111•22—6
C Engelbrecht.....1122111—7   R Lambert.....0012021—4
W Vorbach.....1111111—7   F Maier.....1112111—7
W Levens.....1201220—5   J Froelich.....0221102—4

Ties for the ownership of badge, 3 birds, then miss and out:

J Gastieger.....1022—3   C Engelbrecht.....1100—2

Sweepstake, $1: J. Gastieger 3, A. Eppig 4, F. Maier 5, E. A. Vroome 5, J. Schliemann 5, R. Lambert 5.

Down Town Gun Club.

THE members of the Down Town Club held their usual monthly outing at Dexter Park, L. I., on Friday, June 30. Fourteen members shot at 8 birds each, club handicap, H and T traps. The scores were poor, the birds being too good for the class of shooters. H. Miller won the club medal with 6, and J. Huff the second prize after outshooting L. Maisch and J. Lang. Scores:

L Maisch.....00111101—5   W Flack.....01011001—4
H Zahn.....01002101—4   W Joost.....10101200—4
F Breitstein.....00201110—4   H Wiessing.....10100010—3
C Wolff.....01020110—4   J Huff.....11011100—5
H Fajen.....00101201—4   J Schwenger.....01011001—4
H Lang.....12110002—5   C Fuchs.....02200101—4
A Goetz.....10011010—4   H Miller.....11110011—6

Peekskill Gun Club Tournament.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., June 30.—The summer tournament of the Peekskill Gun Club came to a close yesterday, and has been a gratifying success. Among the shooters present I noticed Messrs. Quimby and Van Dyke of New York; John Baker, of Ridgewood; E. D. Miller, of Springfield; "Dutchy" Smith, of Plainfield; Eddy Collins, of West Hoboken; W. R. Hobart, of Newark; Messrs. Platt, Ed and Thomas Ward, Halpin and Valentine, of White Plains; and S. M. Lyon, of Brooklyn. The local club turned out in good numbers.

An unusual amount of interest was manifest in the team race restricted to New York State. Between Newburgh and Peekskill it was a tie for first up to the fourteenth round, when Mr. Likely for the former dropped his 14th and 15th and Mr. Everinghim completing his 15 straight won the race by two birds for Peekskill.

The scores of the principal events are here given:

No. 6, 15 bluerocks, entry $1.50:

Horton.....111111110001001—10   Baker.....110111110111111—13
Apgar.....111111101111111—14   Meyer.....111111111111111—15
Hobart.....001101111011111—11   Frosting.....100010111111111—11
Lee.....111101011010111—11   Rhodes.....111111111111111—15
Mason.....111110011100111—11   Gettle.....101111111110111—14
Lyon.....111101111100011—11   Ward.....111111111111111—15
E Ward.....110111111111111—14   Miller.....110111101111111—13
Taylor.....110111111111111—14   Dutchy.....111111111111111—15
Halstead.....110011111101111—12   Sutton.....010101111111011—11
Van Dyke.....111111111111111—15   Quimby.....111111111111111—15

No. 7, 10 bluerocks, entry $1:

Hobart.....0110111111— 8   Lent.....1111011110— 8
McPartland.....1111111011— 9   Halsted.....1111001011— 7
Taylor.....1101111001— 7   Quimby.....1111111111—10
Apgar.....1111111111—10   Sutton.....1010111000— 5
Lee.....1111111101— 9   Baker.....1110011111— 8
Lyon.....1111111011— 9   T Ward.....1100111111— 8
Meyer.....1011111101— 8   Rhoades.....0101100000— 3
Horton.....1111011010— 7   Austin.....1101111101— 8
Blumenburg.....0101111111— 8   Richmond.....1101001000— 4
E Valentine.....1111011111— 9   Dutchy.....1111111111—10
E Ward.....1111101111— 9   Miller.....1111111111—10
D Valentine.....1001101100— 5   R A G S.....1111111111—10
Engels.....0100111111— 7   Gettle.....1100111001— 6
Van Dyke.....1110101111— 8

No. 8, 20 bluerocks, entry $2:

Halstead.....10111101110000111011—13   Miller.....10011111111111111111—18
Raymond.....10111111111110111111—18   Quimby.....01101111111111111011—17
Lee.....10110111110111111111—17   Lyons.....10101100111111110110—14
Taylor.....11111111110111101110—17   Sutton.....10101100110111111101—14
Wood.....10100001110110000001— 8   Horton.....11110111111011110101—16
Ward.....01100101111011111110—14   Mason.....01110111110111111111—17
Dutchy.....01111111111111111111—19   M'Partland.....11111111111111011010—17
Apgar.....11101111111111111111—19   D Ward.....11111111111101111101—18
Hobart.....11111100011111111110—16   Collins.....01100111111011111111—16
Van Dyke.....11111111110111111111—19

No. 10, 10 bluerocks, entrance $4:

Halsted.....1111001111— 8   Horton.....1110111111— 9
Rayland.....1101111001— 7   Mason.....0111111101— 8
Lyons.....1110001110— 6   T Ward.....1101111111— 9
Taylor.....1111111111—10   Collins.....1110001111— 7
Wood.....1010010000— 3   Turner.....1111111110— 9
E Ward.....1111111111—10   Myers.....1110011100— 6
Dutchy.....0111111111— 9   Gettle.....1100111111— 8
Apgar.....1111111111—10   P Emz.....1110111101— 8
Hobart.....1110110111— 8   Blumenburg.....1111110111— 9
Van Dyke.....1011111111— 9   Baker.....1111111000— 7
Miller.....1111111111—10   Lent.....1110101111— 7
Quimby.....1110110111— 8   Richmond.....1011000001— 4

No. 11, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1:

E Ward.....1111100111— 8   Taylor.....1111111111—10
Halsted.....1101111111— 9   Rags.....1111011111— 9
Tinner.....1111110001— 7   Perry.....1101111011— 8
Baker.....1000011010— 4   Gettle.....0111011111— 8
Horton.....0111010001— 5   Higginson.....1011111011— 8
T Ward.....0111010111— 7   Mason.....0101001011— 5
Apgar.....1101111111— 9   Blumenburg.....1111111101— 9
Van Dyke.....1111111111—10   Ingle.....1001100101— 5
Dutchy.....1111101111— 9   Austin.....1010100111— 6
Miller.....1111111111—10   F Rose.....0010001010— 3
Collins.....1110110110— 7   Weygant.....0111000111— 6
Hobart.....1111111111—10

No. 12, 10 bluerocks, entry $1: Gettle 4, Perrey 7, Turner 3, Harrison 7, Wood 9, Higginson 9, Dutchy 8, Apgar 9, Van D. 10, Hobart 9, Collins 8, Milier 8, Taylor 10, Rags 7, B. Burg 8, Ingle 7, Gettel 7, Frost 2, Baker 6, Halstead 7, Horton 7.

No. 13, 15 birds, $1.50:

T K.....111110111111111—14   Miller.....111111111111111—15
Van Dyke.....111111111111111—15   Quimby.....111110110110111—12
Halstead.....110111111111111—14   E Ward.....111111101110111—13
Higginson.....111111101101001—11   Raglan.....111111111111110—14
O Ward.....111111111111111—15   Platt.....110111111110110—12
Hobart.....111110110111111—13   Halpin.....110111111101110—12
Dutchy.....111111110111111—14   Likely.....100110110100111— 9
Taylor.....111111111111111—15   Frost.....000100100110011— 5
Apgar.....111111110111111—14   Horton.....110001111111111—12

No. 14, 10 bluerocks, entry 1: Wissells 9, Wygant 7, Horton 8, Austin 5, Perry 8, Engle 9, Van Dyke 9, Gettel 9, Collins 9, Dutchy 8, Hobart 8, Apgar 10, Baker 8, B. Berg 6, Halstead 8, Engle 5, Austin 8.

No. 17, 15 bluerocks, entry $1.50:

Collins.....111111111111011—14   Sandrow.....111000011001111— 9
Hobart.....100111111111111—13   Platt.....011110111111111—13
Miller.....111111111110111—14   Halsted.....111111111111111—15
Van Gel.....110111111111111—14   T Ward.....111011111111110—13
Van Dyke.....111101111111111—14   E Ward.....111100101010011— 9
Horton.....111011111111111—14   Borden.....101111111111111—14
Taylor.....111111111111111—15   Likely.....111111100011111—12
Quimby.....111111011111110—13   Raylaud.....111111101111100—12
Turner.....100111011100010— 8   Loder.....111111111101011—13
Dutch.....101110111111101—12   Richmond.....110001000111010— 7
Hig.....011100011111111—11

No. 18, 21 bluerocks:

Hobart.....11111111111011111111—19   Halsted.....11111111111111111111—20
Collins.....11111111111111111101—19   Loder.....11001011111111111011—16
V'Leng'rke.....11111111111111111111—20   Halpin.....00111111111111101111—17
Miller.....01111111011111111111—18   Barden.....00001110010000011110— 7
Horton.....11111110111111001111—17   Rag.....10111111111110111110—17
Van Dyke.....11111110111111111011—18   T Ward.....10111111111011110110—16
Dutchy.....11101111111111111110—18   Baker.....01111111011111111010—16
Taylor.....11111111111111111010—18

No. 19, team race, three men, only clubs in New York State, entry $4:

Newburgh Gun and Rifle Associa'n   White Plains Gun Club.
Taylor.....111110110111111—13   T Ward.....101111111111011—13
Rayland.....111111111111110—14   Platt.....101101011110110—10
Likely.....111010111111100—11—38   E Ward.....111011111111111—14—37

Peekskill Gun Club.
Dr Horton.....111110101111101—12   Everinghim.....111111111111111—15—40
Halsted.....111111110101111—13

No. 20, 10 bluerocks, entry $1: Perry 7, Wygant 5, Halsted 10, Richmond 7, Turner 7, Von Lengerke 9, Collins 6, Van Dyke 10, "Dutchy" 7, Miller 10, Quimby 8, Hobart 9, C. Lent 10, Soder 9, Wood 5, Baker 6, Borden 7, E. Ward 10, Mason 5, Halpin 7, Taylor 10, T. Ward 5, R. A. G. 9, Harrison 6.

No. 21, 25 bluerocks, entry $2:

Collins.....1111111101111111011111111—23
Van Dyke.....1110100011111111111111111—21
Hobart.....1111111111011111011111111—23
Miller.....1111101110111111111111111—23
"Dutchy".....1111111111111111111111110—24
Von Lengerke.....1111111111111111111111110—24
Perry.....1011001001111101001001011—14
Taylor.....1001111111111111111111111—23
Halsted.....1111111111111111001110111—22
Mason.....1101110101011010110110111—17
Horton.....1111011110111111111111111—23
Soder.....1011101111111111011111101—21
E Ward.....1111111111011111111111111—24
Halpin.....1001111011111111101111101—20
Likely.....1010111110001111111111111—20
T Ward.....1010101011101111111111111—20
Rag.....1111111111111111111111111—25

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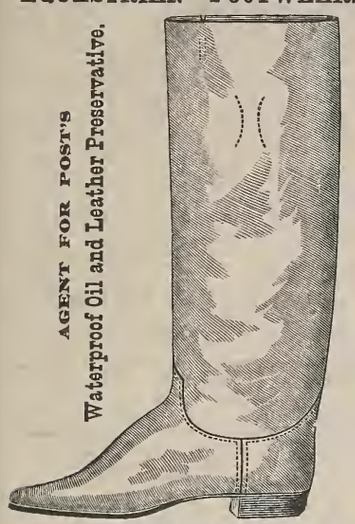

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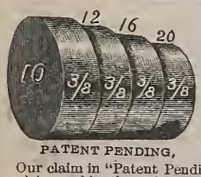

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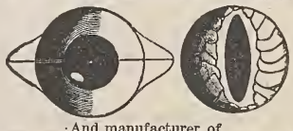

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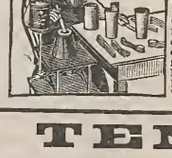

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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

GOOD GOVERNOR AND WICKED DOCTOR.

WHEN you come upon an Illinois man, living out on the prairie, whose recollections of boyhood days run back to the woods and lakes and mountains of Maine, you may be sure that in him you have found a sportsman. But if such a person, being a sportsman, professes public spirit, and undertakes to increase and protect the game supply, look out for him; he is a wicked schemer and will bear close watching. Eternal vigilance against his game protection wiles is the price of freedom for all who dwell in his neighborhood.

When you come upon the Governor of a State, of Illinois or any other, who babbles of abolishing the Fish Commission and makes a jail delivery of bomb-throwers, he, too, will bear watching, not apprehensively, but with the confiding trust that he will unveil and nip the schemes of game protection conspirators, and preserve their liberties to the people.

Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Illinois, was a Maine boy; and his neighbors in Macomb will tell you that he is an accomplished sportsman. He has been credited with his full share of public spirit and is known to have been interested in the introduction of foreign species of game birds and their protection. Even the FOREST AND STREAM has been led to speak with approval of Dr. Blaisdell and his game importing enterprises. But now, and none too soon, his neighbors have found out that the Doctor's public spirit has been a deceit, a sham and a fraud; now they understand that while posing as a philanthropist bent on doing good he has really been conspiring against the liberties of his fellow citizens; that under the pretense of conferring benefits upon them he has been scheming to put them in jail. And thanks to the dunder-headed stupidness of the Illinois Legislature, that is precisely where he would have landed them, had it not been for the shrewdness of Gov. Altgeld and the promptitude of his official action. The Good Governor was up to the tricks of the Wicked Doctor. He interposed his veto of the Blaisdell bill, and insured to the dwellers of Macomb county that enjoyment of freedom and security which in Illinois under the Altgeld administration is not denied the humblest Anarchist in the land.

For a conception of the cool, covert, calculating and cold-blooded character of this cunningly contrived and carefully concealed scheme to compass the incarceration of his fellow creatures, it must be told that the Wicked Doctor had been engineering it for months. He pretended that he wished to improve the shooting in Illinois. He sent in one direction to Oregon, and in the other direction thousands of miles to India, for foreign species of game birds, to stock the cornfields and brush thickets of Macomb county. The determined nature of the man is shown by the fact that all this cost money, and he footed the bills with funds out of his own pocket. The birds came, and gave promise of stocking the Macomb covers. Then the Wicked Doctor took the next step. He sought out a friend in the Senate at Springfield, and the friend conspired with others to hoodwink the Legislature for the furtherance of the scheme. They plausibly represented that the new game birds would prove a highly desirable acquisition to the State; that their introduction was solely for the public good; that if everybody turned out after them with shotguns the first season or two none of them would survive; that a close term of several years should be provided for them; finally—and this we shall see was the true object of the whole plot—that if any one did shoot them in the close term he should be fined or in default of payment be sent to jail. The Illinois Legislature appears to have been easily gulled. Apparently it did not discover what a Wicked Doctor it was dealing with; the bill passed both branches unanimously, and was sent to the Governor.

Dr. Blaisdell is a sportsman, and all sportsmen at some time in their lives get out of bed at an unconscionably early hour in the morning; but no Wicked Doctor ever rose early enough to get ahead of a truly Good Governor—at least not ahead of Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois. When the bill reached Mr. Altgeld, he saw into it and through it at a glance. He pulled away the mask, stripped off the disguise, unveiled the horns, and the tail, and the cloven hoof. It was as clear to him as the sunlight at noonday to an Anarchist just out of jail, that the bill had in it not a shred of public spirit; that its purpose was not to increase the game supply: that it was purely a plot to put innocent persons into jail. And it is a serious mistake, declares the Good Governor, in his short-shrift veto of the Wicked Doctor's measure—

> It is a serious mistake for a great and enlightened State to be carrying a jail around in every neighborhood, and trying to put somebody in it, not for committing a crime or doing anything of a criminal nature, but for doing some trivial thing which is innocent in itself, but is sought to be made a crime by unwise legislation.

There you have it. There is acumen for you, not to say the gift of second-sight. There is a Good Governor who can smell a rat. There at length is the unmasking of the whole scheme of game protection—one vast conspiracy to tote jails around to people who would never dream of going to the jails. In the wake of the Chinese pheasant, jails spring up as laundries follow Chinamen; when for the first time the Macomb county man hears the cackle of one of Dr. Blaisdell's chuckor partridges, he knows that a new jail is on the way, and the next thing he's in it. Game protection, that means caging jail-birds. So says Altgeld; and he knows.

Why was the Wicked Doctor up to such a business? Heaven knows. Perhaps when he had more Macomb county people in jail than on the outside, he was planning to run for the office of prison purveyor of pills. Nothing is too bad to believe of a man who wants to jail the community. On this point Gov. Altgeld leaves us in the dark; his second-sight appears unfortunately to have failed him here. But he tells us that the game of Illinois is almost exterminated already, and what is left is bound to go soon; the farmers' sons with their double-barreled breechloaders will dispose of it in short order; foolish to try to save it by putting the boys in jail. Perish the thought, we say, and the game along with it! Confusion upon the Wicked Doctors, who would cart around jails and try to put people into them. Preserve the liberties of the people! Long live the Good Governors to defend them!

A VISITOR to the Adirondacks sent us not long ago an impassioned plea for the protection of deer against the rapacity of sportsmen. Subsequently the friend of the deer was put under lock and key to await trial for the murder of a woman. The author of a poem extolling the self-sacrifice of a cur dog, which died to save its master, was not long thereafter electrocuted for having poisoned his wife. These are two instances of the contrarities and complexities of human nature. It would be an error to assume that their teaching was to be shy of those who have a soft place in their hearts for gentle deer and heroic dogs. The true lesson is that even in the soul of the wretch who poisons his wife there may be a redeeming spark of goodness.

The committee of the Illinois Sportsmen's Association, appointed at the late convention to provide for a national sportsmen's convention in Chicago, have determined to arrange a meeting for Sept. 21, to which sportsmen of the United States and Canada will be invited, for discussion of game protection.

GAME IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

ALTHOUGH travel in the Yellowstone Park began more than a month ago, the snow is still very deep in many places. A party of soldiers, recently sent down Snake River to carry rations to the station there, were unable to make their way through and were obliged to leave the supplies twelve miles from the station to be carried down later on snowshoes.

Game in considerable numbers is seen by travelers through the Park, mainly deer, elk and smaller animals such as porcupines. The bears which were so numerous about the Fountain Geyser last year have not made their appearance yet this season. Recently about sixty buffalo, among which were thirteen calves, crossed the road near the Gem Geyser going from west to east. They were seen by three of the soldiers, who went among them and found them very tame, not disturbed at all by the presence of man. It is thought that they tried to cross on to the plateau southwest of the Upper Geyser Basin, but were prevented by the depth of the snow and turned back.

The roads and bridges of the Park are under charge of Major Jones, of the Engineer Corps, whose office is in St. Paul. Usually there has been an engineer officer stationed in the Park through the spring and summer to look after the care of the roads, but this year there is no Engineer officer there, and the roads are suffering from lack of attention.

It is understood that before long Secretary Hoke Smith will visit the Park. This is a cause for satisfaction, for in this way Mr. Smith will gain a personal knowledge of the reservation, which cannot fail to be of great use to him in his subsequent management of the region. Capt. Anderson, whose knowledge of the Park is so ample, and whose ideas of its needs are so just, will hardly fail to call Mr. Smith's attention to the various matters which require it.

SNAP SHOTS.

Mr. Wm. L. Force, who died at his home in Plainfield, N. J., last Monday, was a busy man of affairs, who found time for pleasure and recreation in the sports of the field. He was active in the organization of the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Association, and filled a large place in its work.

The mention in our Boston correspondence of a fisherman, who, though deprived of sight, still enjoys the successful use of the rod, recalls the case of the distinguished Professor Fawcett of England who when totally blind was a skillful salmon fisherman. Doubtless the list is not a short one of those, who, suffering a like misfortune, have found similar pleasure in angling. A blessed recreation indeed is that which has in it such possibilities even for the blind.

Allusion was made recently to the frequent hoaxes perpetrated by "fake" newspaper correspondents, who tell of blind men shooting birds, tracking big game and performing other impossible feats. Such stories are not only foolish, but brutal and cruel as well; and the most extraordinary thing about them is that they are occasionally published by goody-goody editors who hold up their hands in deprecation of the cruelty of field sports.

We have known men whose consuming ambition was to have a new fish named after them. Mr. R. B. Marston, the editor of the London *Fishing Gazette*, may not have been ambitious in this direction, but he would be more than human were he not gratified at the giving of his name to the new trout described by Prof. Garman in our angling columns, the name having been suggested by Mr. A. N. Cheney.

British manufacturers and dealers have taken a cue from those of this country, and are organizing an Inanimate Bird Shooting Association, to promote the sport of trap-shooting artificial targets. They have followed the lines of our own associations, and there would appear to be no reason why the sport should not become as popular in Great Britain as it is in the United States.

"Game keepers are already in charge." That is growing to be a familiar statement in the papers. The latest publication of the announcement refers to the 20,000 acres taken up by Mr. George W. Vanderbilt in Henderson and Transylvania counties, N. C. Mr. Vanderbilt, we are told, intends to make it one of the finest game preserves in the world: and "the game keepers are already in charge."

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMPS ON THE MANITOWISH.—II.

[*Concluded from page 4.*]

NEXT morning the guides had the fire going and the coffee boiling early, and we were soon packing up to hunt a new camping place. Our carefully made balsam beds were left for the porcupines, if they wanted them. The handy table, with its big piece of green hemlock bark stretched over its rude framework (the quickest way to make a smooth camp table), with log so conveniently beside it, finer to sit on than any Turkish couch you ever saw, the pretty view of the placid lake (fraud of a lake), were soon left behind.

With a portage over the dam, a struggle among the rocks and through the grass and mud of the creek, we were back once more in the river and trying to get further away from civilization. Ira, Sam, Doc and Charlie were ahead. When the rest of us rounded a bend a mile down we found them perched on a big mass of granite boulders at the water's edge. Their faces were each six inches shorter than when they left us an hour before. The reels were singing, and as we drew near we could hear the flap of a big tail as the big bass and pike they had already caught floundered about in the bottoms of their boats. Tom and I pushed the nose of our boat between two boulders and proceeded to take a hand, or a couple of them, in the furious fun. And here I pause or hurry to relate a curious though not altogether novel experience. Tom and I were using the same kind of rods, the same size and color of line, hooks just alike, frogs which looked like twins. Sometimes he would cast in above me and sometimes I would cast in above him. In a very little while I had an even dozen of good big lusty wall-eyed pike stowed away under the thwarts, and Tom did not have a fin, tail or scale, and Tom knows how to fish. Later in the day, at another place, we had the same experience, only that we changed records, the fish all going Tom's way. For some reason or other Tom seemed more cheerful and seemed to take a brighter and more hopeful view of life in the latter part of the day than he did before dinner.

Dropping down stream another mile we found Mr. M. and Frank with a camping place selected where the bank was low but dry. Frank had made an excellent dock by staking a 6in. sapling just at the water's edge and shoveling some dirt in behind it; simple enough but a great convenience in getting in and out of the boats.

The first thing done was to stretch a rope between two trees with the catch of the morning strung on it; the Kodak was unlimbered and several shots taken at the string of beauties. I mean the fish, of course, when I say beauties, and do not refer to the boys who lined up behind the string to "have their pictures took." It was an hour's catch only, but the half hundred pike and smallmouths weighed over a hundred pounds. It began to look a little as if we were in a fish country. When dinner was at its height, and Doc asked his favorite question, "Where are we at?" I think the crowd agreed that we were somewhere in the neighborhood of where we wanted to be.

The tents were pitched after dinner. We had two, a small A tent and a big shanty tent. We strung both of them on the same stout rope stretched between two trees. This is certainly the quickest and least troublesome way to make a camp which is liable to be shifted every few days. Fortunately there was no balsam near by for our beds. While we stayed in that camp we had no "balsam feather" stems to dig us in the back or get between us and the "soft-as-downy-pillows-are" moss-covered breast of old mother earth. Nothing better than this elastic, mossy deposit and growth of centuries to walk on as a carpet or sleep on as a mattress.

In the afternoon we fished down the river with good success. Only one thing marred our contentment—we had seen very little as yet of *Esox nobilior*, the wolf of the waters, though we were certainly in his country.

That night it rained—nothing remarkable about that; but there was something remarkable about the way it poured down into the big tent. Tom and I had taken pains with the A tent, stretching it carefully and ditching it well, and it shed water beautifully, though the material is the lightest of duck. The way a tent is put up has more to do with its being waterproof than has the material it is made of. In our eagerness to get to fishing the other tent was put up loosely, and now each fellow found out with what remarkable precision a stream of water from a leaky tent can always strike a man squarely between the back of his neck and his shirt collar. If the FOREST AND STREAM had offered its prize in photography for the most pathetic picture, and we could had gotten a successful shot at the group of discouraged figures perched on heaps of wet bedding, we would have taken the prize sure.

The next day was the Sabbath. Fishing was not in order, but some of the boys felt in an exploring mood; we still hankered for lake fishing. One of the maps showed a sheet of water near us and Sam and Kansas proposed to find it in the afternoon. They were successful and discovered one of the prettiest little lakes one could see. As a reward for their great personal bravery in entering the unknown wilds without a commissary department, and in return for the illustrious service which they had rendered to the Consolidated Association of Amalgamated Fishing Cranks, we named the lake after them, calling it King-Sims Lake. We respectfully request that all future visitors to that region give the lake that name in tender memory of our hardy explorers.

Next morning, when the sun was giving the tree tops his first kiss, we started for King-Sims Lake with high hopes. The boys in the first boat called out to me that there was a duck close in by the shore, and to shoot it, for I had brought my shotgun along from camp. I saw the duck, it looked like a young teal and seemed not to know enough to fly. It was but a few yards away, I lifted my gun to shoot it as it sat there, but it seemed like murder to throw a big charge of shot at the innocent little thing. If I had thought it a full-grown bird the trigger would have been pressed quickly enough. Sam, in the next boat, saw the situation and whipping out his revolver shot the bird squarely through the neck. A few yards further on a sandsnipe was running along the shore, and he bored a hole through it with another bullet. No one after that seemed disposed to seriously question anything which Sam had to say. A man who could shoot like that was entitled to a certain amount of respect. And we afterward found that those shots were not exceptional for him. We left the river a rod above the rocks where we fished on Saturday morning. We had to push and pull our boats up a little winding, 5ft. wide creek for a hundred yards, and there was the lake. We shuddered to think of the perils Sam and Kansas had braved in making this voyage alone the day before. The lake was as clear as crystal and unmarred by a ripple. It covers, perhaps, 400 acres with many coves and points. Mr. M., with Frank to paddle, was creeping along the farther shore. The other boats were just in advance of us. But Tom and I had barely dropped our spoons in the water when I had a strike. It was a prime fighter—a two-pounder bigmouth, fighting every inch of the way to the boat, and leaping again and again clear of the water. The bigmouth doesn't fight? You have never fished in the right place for him if you say so. A few yards further on I hooked a muscallunge. Now, a muscallunge strikes like a wild broncho on a lariat. He is all there, surges against the hooks with his full weight and is likely to be well hooked. Sometimes he will permit himself to be reeled up to the boat without a struggle, but look out when you go to gaff him. He will be off like a flash. He has tremendous strength. If under half a dozen pounds he is apt not to make a long fight. But a fish weighing from 12 to 30lbs. will keep a man's muscle and skill in play until both are weary. Our method on getting them near the boat was to shoot them. This is the best way to get them ready to be taken in out of the wet. There is something terrific in the struggles of a muscallunge just as he is lifted from the water, unless he has first been stunned.

That day on King-Sims Lake was a magnificent one. We took 102 splendid fish. They would average at least 2½lbs. There were 14 muscallunge, 41 bass and 47 pike. Mr. M. was high line for the day, having 21 noble fish packed in the bow of the birch canoe, among them five muscallunge ranging from 6 to 10lbs. As he tenderly lifted the ferns from them to give us younger fellows a glimpse of what the senior member of the party could do his smile beamed out along the lake shore like an electric search light.

That afternoon it clouded up and rained, and the fish lost their interest in the glittering frauds we were dragging behind our boats. We saw a queer sight. A pouring rain played upon one half the lake, while the other half, where we were fishing, was untouched by the shower, which for a quarter of an hour struck millions of liquid notes into a harmony of sweet sound.

When we pulled up at camp and spread out the day's catch it was very evident that Ed. would have to start early the next morning for the railroad. We had sent him on one trip already with fish for the poor folks at home whom we wanted to make sorry that they did not come along. By bringing ice down in each boat as it returned we succeeded in sending out all our fish in good condition. There was not a man in the crowd with so little conscience that he could have enjoyed the sport of catching these beautiful game fish, if we could not have made proper use of them. The hog who goes out to catch fish only to throw them out on the shore to die, ought to be shot and buried under the rotten heap which he leaves to defile the untainted breezes of the wilderness.

The boys certainly got one on Doc that day at King-Sims Lake. They were still-fishing near some floating logs.

"Look at that frog," said Sam.

"Where?" said Doc.

"Over on that log," said Sam, "he has been there for half an hour. Let's catch him for bait."

Whereupon it was discovered that it was Doc's frog which had grown tired waiting for a bite, and had crawled out on the log to sun himself. Doc had wondered "why the pesky fish had stopped biting." The boys spent the rest of the day explaining the matter to him.

The next day was not spent in very vigorous fishing. There was at least one exciting event, however. Doc and Charlie were within a stone's throw of camp, when the latter had a heavy strike in very shallow water. It was a big lunge, not far from a 20-pounder, for the boys had a number of good views of him. Like most of the river muscallunge he had been lying in the shallows just above a deep pool. He started with a full head of steam on for the deep hole. He ran under a log that was just below the surface of the water, dragging out, perhaps, a hundred feet of line, and there he hung. Neither rod nor line would stand the strain of reeling him in, with the line under the log. The big fish swashed about like a boy in a "swimmin' hole" while Charlie yelled for the boys at the camp to come with another boat and a gun. But the shooting-iron arrived too late. The big fish shook the barbed wire out of his jaws at last and was off.

Next morning Charlie, Ira and Mr. M., a royal trio to camp with, started with two of the guides for the railroad and civilization.

The rest of us delayed twenty-four hours, and then struck tents, and said good-bye to the lower camp. Friday night was spent on a high point about half a dozen miles below Bear Creek. Tom and I took a fancy to the place and stayed there till Monday.

As usual, we lost our biggest fish. It was in the river, and our boat was drifting at the edge of some weeds. Tom's line was snarled, and he was trying to untangle it, Three feet of it, perhaps, was hanging in the water, when suddenly it began to run out. We could look down into the clear water of the river and see a muscallunge with frog, spoon and all in his mouth. A slight tug and the hooks were firmly set in his jaws, but that alarmed him. The line was kinked and would not run through the guide rings. With one flirt of his tail and one toss of his head, the huge fish broke the strong line as though it had been a bit of cotton thread, and went away to pick the hooks out of his mouth and meditate on the evils of an unbridled appetite. We could have touched him with an oar when we first saw him. He would have weighed at least 20lbs. There were two mourners in our boat for an hour or two, with Tom acting as chief. Then we found consolation. Just above the mouth of Bear Creek, perhaps 20yds., for half an hour we had great luck with the small-mouths. Our rods were bending most of the time with these splendid fighters tugging to break them. The heaviest of the lot weighed 4½lbs. and fell to Tom's rod, while none were under 3lbs. The big one made a terrific fight. Rod, reel, line and fisherman were all tested in that battle. But the leaps into the air, the struggle for the weeds, the dives for the bottom and all the tricks of a wily and powerful fish were in vain. He was finally mastered and lay panting in the bottom of the boat, a handsome prize.

The Manitowish is certainly a beautiful stream. No finer canoe trip could be planned than a paddle down this narrow, twisting, clear-as-crystal stream. The maples and birches crowd out on the high ridges, which run down to the stream, and along these the deer make their highways to the water. The soft soil on the grass-grown or sandy margins was printed thick with their hoof marks. On a sandy point here and there, where a sharp turn was made by the water, it looked as if the deer might have taken a waltz, so thick were the cuttings of their feet, Every few yards, in the bend of each elbow, the water is from three to ten feet deep. The bushes hang down into the water. Drift catches and piles up against them, and here the big bass lurk. Not big-mouths, but big smallmouths, that will put up such a fight as will astonish a tenderfoot.

The last Sunday in camp was one of the rare days. Tom and I went to bed on Saturday about 10, well tired out, and slept the clock around. The sun was high in the sky when we turned out, and breakfast was a leisurely affair. We felt the solitude of the place. The unbroken wilderness was about us. The sweet solitude was undisturbed by man's enterprise. Its silence was unbroken save by the cry and chirp and twitter of the wild things that inhabit the solitary places. There was the high note of the squirrel singing up in the pine tops. At long intervals through the day a bird note would be heard. But the sounds were few save the song of the pines, that weird, unwearying song, which is the same under the summer's sun or the winter's clouds. The breeze, untainted with the vile odors of human communities, came to us laden with the sweet smell of balsam and pine. To breathe it was to drink great draughts of delight. The day was spent in reading and a little talking. Not much talking, though, for the river sweeping by without a whisper, the soft and mellow sunshine, the utter absence of any human sounds save those we made, invited to quiet thought rather than the clack of tongues. The wind died at sunset. The unweary pines were still. A solitary bird uttered a plaintive note in the woods across the river. A squirrel scolded, perhaps because the day was gone, or going. Silence reigned in the wilderness, falling like a benediction upon the quiet camp, and looking up through the pines we could see the old familiar stars, which look down with the same eternal calmness upon pines and plains and peaks and seas.

Some one had been riving out hemlock shingles, perhaps for the old logging camps further down the river. The rejected ones were lying in heaps a little way from the tent. We brought a quantity of these for our campfire. They made the flames leap high and dance like living things. Stretched on our backs full length on the ground, we had a splendid light for reading. We were absorbed in a couple of books and did not notice the increasing illumination until I happened to look around. The extra pile of shingles was ablaze. The fire had spread into a heap of old treetops lying near by. It was running swiftly out into the woods. We saw at a glance how a forest fire might start and thought we had one on our hands. We instantly organized a small but vigorous fire department. Tom dashed down the bank for water. I got the axe and rushed in front of the red fiend to clear away the brush and logs. The flames were already leaping up several tree trunks. The deep moss on the ground was burning. But by an hour of hard work we got the conflagration under control. The quiet day had ended with commotion. Tired out, we went to bed, but first unanimously adopted a resolution to keep a closer eye on the fire thereafter.

By the time we got our heavily loaded boat up to Bear Creek on Monday it was getting cloudy, and we pitched our tent on the spot first occupied on the down trip. A cold rain set in, which lasted thirty-six hours. Provisions were running low, and worst of all, we suddenly discovered that a piece of bacon, all the meat we had left, save fish, had been left lying on a stump at the last camp. A pall of gloom settled upon the duet. How could we cook fish without grease of any kind? But I succeeded in broiling a pike on a stick split and spread like a hand, with strips of birch woven in between, and our lives were prolonged.

Our worst experience was in going up to the railroad on Wednesday. We started early in the morning, but did not finish the 10 (?) miles until 5 o'clock, though using four oars and pulling steadily all day. The dam, 14 miles above the railroad, had been opened, and the river current was like a mill race. Before the long pull was over we felt the loneliness and wildness of the vast wilderness so oppressively that to have seen an Indian, we agreed, would have seemed like civilization. At last we finished the long pull and were greeted by Joe Odgers, who had furnished us our guides and boats. And I will say right here that no one can do better than by putting himself under Joe's direction if he wants to fish or hunt in the neighborhood of Manitowish. Larson, the section boss, a whole-souled fellow, took us to his house and gave us a good supper. So ended a glorious trip. We heartily hope to see its like again, though perhaps we will never make as good a score again, for we took 460 big fish—among them 52 muscallunge. We fished about six days altogether, and that, too, in wholly unfamiliar waters. We were not ashamed of our score. It was neither too large nor too small.

RICHARD GEAR HOBBS.

The Epitaph of Bush.

SOWERBY, Ontario.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the epitaph over my dog's grave, referred to by "Kingfisher" in his account of Big Basswood Lake. Mr. Hickman, you will remember, wrote that he had mislaid his copy:

In memoir of a true friend, pure and honest, an example to humanity, more honorable than the Star or Garter, a simple canine whose remains are interred at the root of this maple tree, by its owner, G. F. Dyer.

Here lies a dog that was almost a man, murdered by a man who was almost a brute. This faithful dog

"Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear to his that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

His name is Bush, a dutiful companion of his owner, murdered by a Fiend

July 26th, 1889.

The Dog was superior to its Assassin. It had a Pedigree.

G. F. D.

Natural History.

ANIMALS IN CAGES.

TACOMA, Mich., June.—Some time ago I read in your paper that the wolverine was very difficult to keep in captivity, could not be tamed, etc. Edwards Bros. of this city, have one caged which has been in their possession for several months. I went to their place a few days ago. The wolverine was curled up in some hay in an iron lined box, some 3ft. wide by 5ft. in length, and 4ft. high, with bars in front. Edwards, Sr., poked him with a stick at which he growled and got up in rather a slow and lazy manner. He did not show fight or offer to bite at the stick, and when let alone immediately resumed his form. The old man said he expected him to get very tame. The animal I should judge to be about half-grown. While looking at the various cages of small mammals, Edwards pulled aside a screen and asked me to name a fierce-looking creature which stared and blinked at us in a very feline manner. It was a lynx, but no bob cat like the kind so abundant here, nor was it like the gray species of Canada and northern New England. It was gray but had tufts on its ears and its feet were different. I called it a Canada lynx but Edwards said it was not, and that it was called "the link cat," whether meaning "connecting link" or lynx cat, I know not. He told me it was "roped" in the Palouse country by some cowboys, that it was a new species; that the Crescent Creamery of this city has got one and had it mounted and sent to the World's Fair; that it was found in California and Oregon and rarely in Washington. The creature was savage and met any advances half way with a vicious dig.

Among other animals an anteater from South America evinced a desire to cultivate a close acquaintance with every dog that came near its cage; although a small creature, its formidable claws boded no good to the unhappy canine that came within its reach, and Edwards said it had used up several dogs.

I read with pleasure the arrival of the capercailzie, this is the country for him. WALTER B. SAVARY.

Five wolverines, one living and four dead, have been brought into Tacoma since Feb. 20. The dead ones were killed in the valleys and foothills of the Cascades, adjacent to Tacoma. The living specimen fell a victim to the wiles of a sly old Willapa trapper, and now lies curled up in the corner of a metal-lined box at the office of taxidermist Fred Edwards. His faculty for gnawing out necessitated the zinc-lined box. The woolly old sportsman who captured him, did the trick with a No. 1½ steel trap, and brought his prize out of the brush inextricably mixed up in blankets and old grain sacks. The animal is full grown, uneducated to the refinements of public society, and weighs 40 to 50 pounds. The wolverine is probably the unregenerate customer which his biographers agree in portraying him. I offer nothing in defense of his character, nor in extenuation of his face when he smiles. In repose he displays no ivory, but wrinkles his nose with the promptness and grace of a social snob upon the approach of a person who does not belong to his set. Seen in front his face looks like that of the bear. In profile the strong likeness to the weasel family is seen in his snout, his flat head and low set ears. His beady, glittering, restless eyes complete the resemblance. His feet seem plantigrade, his tail and carriage remind one of a skunk.

We have a "what is it?" here in the cat line. An enormous gray cat, barred black, exactly after the pattern of any old domestic Tommy, pointed ears, big, honest round head, yellow eyes, and all the well known characteristics of the house cat, except an abbreviated tail. He is more than twice the size of the "bob-cat" (or lynx), with which we are all so familiar, and does not resemble that animal. He weighs 75 to 80 pounds, and would crowd a big mastiff for height and square build. He was lariated by a cowboy near Ellensburg, and brought to Tacoma in good health and spirits.

Speaking of bears, by way of a change, Tom Dean killed a large black one 4½ miles west of the city, and 1½ miles south of the electric car tracks, April 30; and Wm. Meers, Dr. J. S. Wintermute and Tom Dean killed another in the same place May 6. Dean's hounds are beagles; Meers put three deerhounds into the pack, and the doctor contributed one small harrier. Willock, of Kitsap, hunts bear with two hounds and a setter, and says the setter is the best of the lot.

Henry Spence hunts bear with deerhounds. Last fall, while Henry and I were deer hunting up on the Nisqually with old Crusoe alone, the hound nosed a big black bear out of his nest under a fire-hollowed log, and by cutting off his retreat toward a near-by bottom, we captured him in ten minutes after the dog first gave tongue.

There are no regularly bred bear dogs here. All our hunters require of a dog is nose, courage and ability to stay in a hot chase through rough country.

J. A. BEEBE, M.D.

SPITTING SNAKES.

MISS HOPLEY'S article in FOREST AND STREAM of June 29 is interesting and valuable. Incidentally she refers to my criticism of Prof. Cope. I think she does not quite understand me. I understood Prof. Cope to say that it was a common or invariable natural habit of the rattlesnake to hold his mouth open with erect fangs dribbling poison into the open mouth, which by violent blowing the enraged reptile threw upon his enemy keeping beyond the reach of his fangs. This I thought scarcely compatible with the proverbial wisdom of serpents. Why should nature bestow a deadly armament and then impose a foolish and useless habit of self-disarmament? Prof. Cope explained that he was describing what he observed in a specimen he had teased for an hour and a half on a very hot day. Miss Hopley explains that "a snake can no more control the excitement or stimulus of its salivary apparatus than we ourselves can." She concludes that the snake's poison is only a modified saliva. And so also Prof. Cope said in his rejoinder to me. I am aware that from the standpoint of the comparative anatomist the term "modified" covers everything. Man, for example, is a "modified" monkey, in individual cases perhaps not much "modified."

Now snakes, venomous and non-venomous, have salivary glands and true saliva, which is a lubricant assisting deglutition and a digestive fluid doing important work in the digestive process. Let us agree, then, that the poison gland is a "modified" salivary gland and its secretion a "modified" saliva; it is not a salivary gland and its secretion is not saliva. Does Miss Hopley contend that we possess any evidence that the secretion of venom is stimulated or increased by the efforts of deglutition, or by the effects of rage or excitement, or even the act of biting? On the contrary, the evidence seems to be that the contents of the gland are nearly exhausted by the act of biting, quickly repeated a few times, and are not replaced until after the lapse of a considerable interval, during which the snake is comparatively harmless. Therefore I say the snake would not be that wise creature it is held to be if it spat away its terrible armament at an enemy out of reach, in impotent rage. The reputation of Prof. Cope is very high, the charm of Miss Hopley's writings very great, but I fail to be convinced. I admitted that a venomous snake striking with intent to use its poison fangs, yet missing its mark, would forcibly eject its venom and spurt it into the air several feet. I stated that I had seen the copperhead do this repeatedly, but I have never seen the rattlesnake do it. I have no doubt he does do it under the same circumstances. I have no doubt that some of the stuff seen frothing in the mouth and blown at the enemy by snakes sometimes happens to be saliva, and not poison; spit, so to speak, and not venom or "modified" saliva.

Most important and most interesting are Miss Hopley's remarks on the striking power of snakes. She seems to confirm an opinion I have always held that they can strike from any position in any direction; and that the "killing circle" occupies the full sweep of a radius equal to the length of the snake; and in exceptional cases reaching even beyond it.

I have no doubt from what I have seen them actually do, that a full-sized diamond rattler could strike a man of full stature between the eyes while standing erect. To strike at a reptile so active, so powerful and so frightfully armed from a position within possible reach of his fangs, is a thing most foolhardy and perilous. Those who believe that the rattlesnakes are sluggish in all their movements have repeatedly lost their lives in this very way, sometimes laying down a loaded shotgun to attack one of these dreadful creatures with a short slight stick or buggy whip, only to be fatally bitten. The extraordinary skill, precision and suddenness with which one of these deadly and powerful reptiles will dodge a blow aimed at them with a stick, and strike back at the assailant, can not be imagined by one who never saw them do it. The rule should be invariable—shoot them on the spot or keep without the deadly circle. M. G. ELLZEY, M.D.

A Black Snake and his Prey.

BOSTON, July 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Recently while tramping through the country, observing the birds and their nests, I was somewhat startled by a buzzing noise in the grass at my feet, and leaned over to investigate, finding the commotion was caused by the tail of a large black snake rattling among the leaves. We were mutually surprised; he (or she) reared its head very high, and with mouth open and tongue darting north and south, eyes set steadily upon me, body squirming or contracting, my specimen looked formidable. Blood was in his eye, he wanted fight, but being unarmed, I hesitated. I did not want to look for a stick, being afraid of losing him. I called to my companion telling him to bring on the clubs, as they were to be trumps pretty soon. I was forcibly impressed by the almost human manner and peculiarly cunning motion the head and eyes presented while turning from one to the other of us.

A blow below the belt finally stopped that look in his eye; we cautiously tied a handkerchief about his neck and brought him home, feeling real proud. He was 4ft. 7in. long and 6in. in thickest part of the body. Took him to the taxidermist, who pulled a snake about 15in. long out of his mouth. I presume it was his supper from the night previous.

The taxidermist was greatly surprised, he never knew of a like case before. Perhaps some of our observers of snakes can enlighten us on this habit.

I have wondered if this species of snake were poisonous, but have been unable to ascertain.

I am looking forward to September with pleasure, not that I expect to bring home great bags of grouse or quail, because they are things of the past, but for the sense of freedom one feels when tramping about through thicket and upland.

My shooting partner dropped a fine great horned owl last fall, measuring 25½in. from horn to tail. He is at present looking at me from on top of my book case.

While out through the Blue Hills yesterday we found partridge or ruffed grouse fairly plentiful; young ones fine and strong. The quail were merrily whistling on either side of us, so that we may hope for a jolly day occasionally this coming fall.

I like the idea of "our paper" going to press earlier, for you cannot get it here too soon to suit us lovers of FOREST AND STREAM. J. P. W.

[The black snake is not venomous.]

Chuckor Partridges in Illinois.

MACOMB, Ill., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am very sorry to inform the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that the Governor of our State vetoed the bill that passed both branches of our Legislature without opposition, protecting our foreign game birds. You will see by his veto message, he has no use for law and jails. It is quite discouraging to try to introduce birds without laws to protect them.

The caccubis chuckor partridge I imported from India last winter are doing nicely. One of them has laid forty-seven eggs and is still laying, and shows no symptoms of sitting yet. We set the eggs under bantams. One bantam hatched out ten little spotted beauties a few days ago. They are very smart and could fly when only one day old. We have two more bantams sitting on ten eggs each and have about twenty more eggs to set. It now looks as if we shall make a grand success in importing these beautiful game birds, and the whole country has become interested in their introduction into America.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

ADVENTURES IN THE FOG.

I HAD been mining all summer on the Columbia River, running a grizzly (not a bear, but a machine for saving fine gold); had made my last clean-up for the season, piled up my boxes, covered up my grizzly, dried and put away my burlaps, and had gone down to the post; sold my dust, bought my winter's grub, except meat, and for that article I substituted a few boxes of cartridges. I had my provisions hauled to the opposite side of the river, and ferried them across in my skiff, having plenty, such as it was, and good enough, what there was of it.

On the 24th of November it snowed a very little, and on the night of the 25th the snow fell six inches. I got up early, shouldered my little rifle, and started to the high mountain for meat. The fog was very thick up above me.

After a while, following the alarm bark of my dog, Frank, I came to where three big bears had gone along. They were either very large bears, or had very large feet.

It was nearly a mile to the top of the mountain, and the probability was that the fog was half a mile thick now. If I could come out of the fog only a little way behind them, I would have the best of it. I kept on. In less than fifty yards the fog got so thick I could not see the ground. I was compelled to stoop down, and then I could discern a tunnel which the bears had made. The fog got so dense that I could not leave the tunnel. I was in hopes that every step I would emerge from my prison, as it were, to open daylight. The mountain was very steep, and I was compelled to imitate the bear by crawling. I had gone but a short distance when I bumped my head against an obstruction. I put my hand forward, and there was a bear sure. I poked my rifle through the fog until I could tell it touched the back of his head, and fired. As soon as I was satisfied that it was dead, I cut away the fog sufficiently to allow me to get past. I had crawled not more than ten feet when the tunnel was blocked. This proved to be the second bear, which in like manner I killed. That done, the air in the tunnel was not of the very purest. I concluded I would crawfish back. I cut away the fog sufficiently to allow me to turn around. But my rifle being like the panther's handspike tail, refused to be turned around. I had to take it along breech foremost. When I got back to my first bear, there was Frank. He was afraid to crawl over the dead bear, and the fog was so thick he could not turn around. I had some difficulty in passing him, but when I got past, I took him by the tail and dragged him back through the tunnel, and soon had the satisfaction of coming from midnight darkness to open daylight. Being very well satisfied with my day's work, I kept on down the mountain toward home, which I reached at 3 o'clock, tired and hungry.

That evening I began figuring out the profits of the day's hunt. The bear skins, should they prove to be grizzlies, would be worth $25 each. The gall of the last one I sold to the Chinamen for $4.50. The oil should turn out four gallons, worth $1.75; the skulls $1.50 to the Smithsonian Institution; the deer skin 75 cents; making $69. The price might go down a little. Say all was worth $60. Very good for a piece of a day's hunt, with one day thrown in bringing in the game.

The next morning early I saddled my horse, and with a light heart was on my way for the game. On the way I saw a coyote on a little mound distant about 250 yards. I raised the rear sight on my rifle, and fired. I had good aim, but had underguessed the distance. The ball struck just under his forefeet, and it was laughable to see him scamper up the mountain. Then I started for my bear. I had no difficulty in following the tracks in the snow, for the fog had lifted. I soon came to the end of the track. There was blood and the entrails of the two bears I had killed, but where were the bears? After looking all around, and not being able to account for their mysterious disappearance, I looked up at the bottom of the fog. There were my bears in the grip of that fog, and not more than ten feet from where the second one was, hung the third one by the ears. It was kicking and pawing the fog all to no purpose. The fog hung on to that bear's ears like death to a dead duck. I raised my rifle, and fired at the head. Down came the bear. I thought that this was pretty good; one bear out of three without a scratch or having to climb a tree. I could not see the ground where it struck. I securely tied my horse, and walked over very cautiously to the spot. There was no bear in sight.

I went back disgusted to where the entrails of the two bears lay, and cleaned off the grease, and started for home, which I reached quiet early. While meditating on my bad luck, I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and upon looking up, saw an Indian coming as fast as his horse could carry him.

There had been a time when I should have run for my rifle, and hidden behind a tree or stump, and fired as soon as he got in range; but being at peace with the Indians and the rest of mankind, I let him come up. It was Indian Pete. "I want you to come up to my house," said he; "I want to show you some thing. A little while ago Christine was playing out doors, and was leading that little dog, when a dead grizzly bear fell down out from the cloud and killed the dog. She screamed like a panther, and her mother ran out, and just then another bear fell, and came near striking her. She ran back into the house, scared nearly to death. I went out, and two bear's ears fell down right by my feet." Peter had picked them up, put them in his pocket, and brought them down to show to me. I examined them. There was a bullet hole in each. Then I knew how I had lost that third bear. When I shot at the coyote I had raised my sight, and had forgotten to turn it down, and when I shot at the bear's head I had shot a little too high. I told Peter about my hunt, and showed him in proof the sack of grease.

"Well," said he, "come; go up; you can have one bear, and I will take one, for if it had not been for me, you would have lost both."

I went up; and when he told his wife she was much pleased, yet she sympathized with Christine in the loss of her pet dog.

After stretching my bear skin and eating my supper, I revised my memorandum by knocking 50 and 10 per cent. off the estimated profits.

Taken all in all, this was one of the most memorable hunts I've had since 1857. LEW WILMOT.

OKANOGAN COUNTY, Washington.

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

VIII.

The Transportation Building.

THE Transportation Building is not behind any other of the great storehouses of wonders which make up the Columbian Exposition. Indeed, in respect to its exhibits, I think it is in the lead of most of them, for while all show us more or less of the productions of the world, the treasures of the Transportation Building, besides exhibiting the great object lessons of present development, carry us far back into unknown ages, to a time when the things we now call crude beginnings were the most finished productions of human skill.

The building itself, as compared to some of its fellows, is not so vast or so ornamental, although, if placed elsewhere, it would be vast. The dimensions of the main building are 250 by 960ft. The main floor and galleries have a little more than nine acres of area. The annex, in which are the railways, railway plant and equipment, is 425 by 900ft., and has a floor area of 9.2 acres. Thus a little over 18¼ acres of flooring are available for transportation exhibits.

The main feature of the exterior is the great single arch of the main entrance, called the "Golden Door," from its profuse ornamentation in gold leaf. It also has a great number of carving and bas relief ornamentation.

Notwithstanding the liberal floor space, many of the departments are pressed for room, the railroad exhibits in particular filling their allotted space most thoroughly. Two of the most beautiful vestibule trains, one of them the Empire Express, have been placed alongside the annex and awnings built over them.

Barring the broomsticks on which witches took their nightly rides, there is hardly a kind of transportation which was not represented either by model or original. The vehicles of primitive man and the modern record breakers by sea and land are present in endless variety, thus the countries of the world and the centuries since man became inventive are brought together. The old order of things are not the least wonderful. The majestic engine, No. 999, with a record of one mile in 32 seconds, or at the rate of 112.5 miles per hour, made while drawing the Empire State Express, from New York to Chicago for exhibition, is no more wonderful than its neighbor engine, the De Witt Clinton, the latter a rough, feeble, uncouth infant as compared to its 200-ton brother. Small and inelegant though it be, the De Witt Clinton is a creation made from chaotic data, while No. 999 is but an improvement. The Transportation Building, in a general way, has three divisions, namely, railways, vessels and vehicles.

The Railway Exhibits.

In the railway exhibits, the evolution of the locomotive and railway equipment are most completely shown. Dozens of the most grotesque rudimentary engines, far below the beauty and dignity of a common steam thresher, represent an era in travel yet within the memory of man. There are all kinds representing the immediate degree of development. Many of the engines are historical, and also mark important epochs in the development of the nation. There is in the nine or more acres of railroad exhibits more history than could ever be written. The exhibits are not without their suggestions for the future. Such short intervals mark such great improvements that the modern locomotive, with all its beauty, size, power and speed, may be a crude mechanism a few years hence.

The vehicles representing transportation by land, are in profusion of models and makes. There are all kinds, from the lightest bicycle to the heaviest drays and freight wagons. The variety of wheelbarrows, carts, pleasure and business carriages, omnibuses and racing vehicles, are endless. There are grades and kinds to suit rich or poor, and for those who are well, or sick, or dead. Harnesses resplendent in the glitter of gold and silver mountings and high polish, made a complementary exhibit to the vehicles.

There were baby carriages worked cunningly in elegant designs and richly furnished in silk, lace and satins, made for single or double occupants. One model was particularly noticeable in that it was collapsable. By giving a twist and a shove, it became instantly as flat as a board. It could be then packed in a trunk and taken along on a journey. Thus do all the comforts of a home continually thrust themselves on people who do not want any home. Fleeing to the wilderness for peace and rest will soon avail naught.

Probably the sedan chair and palanquin embody the simplest idea of a vehicle. Some of them are made highly ornamental, yet the principle is the same as that employed by two fishermen who tie their fish to the middle of a pole or oar, each places an end on his shoulder and walks blithesomely homeward. That is the principle when they have the fish; but no fish, no principle.

The works of primitive man and modern man were in many contrasts. An ox-cart made and used by the Indians of Pueblo, of Acoma, N. M., was about the crudest and coarsest in construction of any. It was made entirely of wood. The two wheels had three pieces each. The middle piece, in which was the hub, was made out of a log. A cross section of the log had been left for the hub, which thus was cross-grained, and the rest had been worked down to about 3in., the ends forming part of the circumference of the wheel. Two rough pieces, one set on each side of the middle pieces and pinned to it, made a rickety wheel with a lumpy circumference. Neither wheel was true on its axle. A rough tongue, set in the middle of the axel, formed the means of traction. What untold tortures the oxen must have suffered when drawing such a burden for the noble Red Man, the Child of the Forest. The idea, however, is an advance over tying the lodge poles to a pony, piling the family belongings on the dragging end, while the Light of the Home rides astride pony and poles, with a few pappooses hung about miscellaneously wherever there is a place to fasten them.

A bullock cart from the Maderia Islands presented at sight a very strong claim to worthlessness. It was simply a sled with iron-shod plank runners, with a cheaply-made coach body set on side springs. It was marked "Carro Des Bois or Bullock Cart," and the inquirer was informed that no wheels are used in that country.

A Turkish country carriage, resplendent in gilt and white, yet inelegantly designed, was shown to be drawn by oxen, two mounted specimens illustrating the manner.

But to go into a description of the different kinds of wheeled vehicles and saddles of domestic and foreign countries would fill volumes.

Water Transportation.

The means of transportation on lake, river and ocean was most elaborately exhibited. From the light canoe, worked in elegant design and finish and weighing but a few pounds, to vessels, large and small, deep and shallow, wide and narrow, were shown either by originals or models. The great ocean steamship companies illustrated their leviathan craft by fine models, some quite large. Nor were the vessels confined to the peaceful ways of life. There were dozens of models of warships, terrible destroyers, mounting heavy guns to batter down and destroy all protection to the enemy, and many machine guns bristling out of every unoccupied corner, ready to slaughter men in job lots. There were models of torpedo boats, dredging boats, ferry boats—vessels of all kinds, propelled by sails, steam or electricity, for pleasure, business or war. There, too, were many models which have sad, pathetic, tragic or sentimental associations. Probably the most intense interest, because of the recent calamity, is that shown in connection with the model of the sadly unfortunate Victoria. The model of this vessel, so recently the just pride of Great Britain, is set up not far from the "Golden Door." It is large and worked out in elegant detail. A raised platform, brass railed, runs along about 12ft. parallel in front of it for spectators, and an aged seaman has charge. The heavy black draping on it suggests its fate.

It is the constant center of a small crowd which though constantly changing never seems to diminish in size the whole day long. The old salt in charge tells, in endless repetition, the story of the Camperdown's ram cutting deep into the hull of the Victoria, the consequent foundering, and therewith the destruction wrought by swiftly revolving screw blades, hot water and steam and the deep sea. The model, built on a large scale, represents a noble modern battleship, floating on a calm sea, with torpedo nets set—a giant at rest. The half model is set against a mirror, which, by reflection, makes a complete whole.

Only a few yards away from the Victoria is a roughly made large row boat, protected from vandals or relic hunters by a stout framework. On its bows it bears the name Grace Darling. It attracts the constant attention of the sightseers and divides honors and interest with the Victoria in holding the attention of the public, though the story of Grace Darling is over a half century old and is a simple story of noble effort. A type-written piece of paper above the boat tells briefly the well-known story as follows:

THE GRACE DARLING.

In this boat on the morning of September 7, 1838, Grace Darling, then twenty-two years of age, with her father, rescued nine people from the wreck of the Forfarshire, at Longstone, on the Farne Islands.

There were large models of the Pinta, the Nina and the Santa Maria, the latter being specially honored by several models, each one different from the other. Yet that is not remarkable, as the different portraits of Columbus differ. Heretofore, I have always considered Columbus's crew as a cowardly, craven lot for talking back to Columbus, and wanting to go home when the mighty Columbus had made up his mind to discover India on its outside and thereby make himself rich and famous. That America happened to be in the way and stopped him from going to India, I never thought detracted from his merits as a discoverer. But, since I have seen those models, my mind is changed about the crew. I believe that they had good sense in objecting to prowling around an endless ocean so far from home in the Santa Maria, whose quarterdeck, two or three stories high, was up near the main top, whose steersman stood in the hold, and whose tublike hull and poor rigging suggested slowness, inefficiency and discomfort. That crew had sense.

A dugout, from Central Africa, was made out of a crooked log, a segment of a circle. A man would need a wheel in his head to row it straight.

One of the most interesting crafts was a Bimba or canoe, from Benguella, Africa. It was made of round poles, 3 to 4in. in diameter, tied together and made in shape something like an ordinary boat, though much deeper and without any sheer. It was about 12ft. long, 3 wide and 2ft. deep. A couple of roughly-squared timbers, about 4×5in., placed across and fastened at the ends, made two rude seats. There was nothing placed between the poles to keep the water out. It was free to come in or go out as it pleased. Nothing could be grander than the sight of an African king, dressed in his kingly raiment, seated in the royal Bimba with the queen, and gently floating down the Kuango River. In the Dahomey village on the Midway Plaisance the king each day drinks much of the fire beer of the white man, and while his eyes look ugly, and he makes many useless and aimless motions, he does everything with such decorous dignity and gravity that no monkey could show more seriousness. His subjects appear to respect him if not to love him.

A model of a boat used on the Sea of Gallilee, the same as used in the time of Christ, is a marvel in its way. It is about 6ft. long, 3ft. beam, and seemed to have been modeled after a half watermelon, a bit sharpened at the ends. In the exact center was the place for a mast. It was truly going to sea in a tub. The Gallilee sailors were brave men if they went down to the sea in such crafts, though the Sea of Gallilee is not very large.

A model of an ancient canoe-shaped craft, the original of which was found in the marshes of the Baltic Sea, in length 75ft., in width 10ft. 6in., 15 oars on each side, was a curiosity.

In walking about, one runs across gigantic implements. A great trip hammer, said to be the largest in the world, towers high above the other exhibits. The hammer and foundations weigh 2,400 tons. The weight of the falling parts weigh 125 tons, and they have a stroke of 16ft.; yet this enormous weight can be used with more precision and delicacy than a man can use a tack hammer. Traveling cranes, which can pick up tons of weight with ease, are in many models.

In fact, most modern wonders are tons in weight. A 12in. breechloading rifled cannon, 36ft. long, 3ft. 9in. in largest diameter, powder charge 425lbs., is not a small mass of iron, yet it is small compared to the great Krupp gun. Near it lay a cylinder of cast steel, 15ft. long, 4ft. 6in. in diameter, which weighed 108,190lbs.

A section of a barbette, one of thirteen, a monster sheet of iron, 12ft. 1in. high, 8ft. 4in. wide and 17in. thick, weight 69,798lbs., stood on edge in lordly majesty. Large as it is, it is none too large for protection from the modern gun, as various other plates, all thick and heavy, showed the destructive powers of the modern rifled cannon. Some plates were pierced clear through or were shattered where the shot impinged. These numerous plates also showed the development and resisting force of armor as improved since 1863 to 1892.

But all these will not be so interesting as a mention of what concerns the needs of the present day and where the exhibits of manufacturers can be found.

Mr. J. H. Rushton's Exhibit.

In the gallery, Section E, near columns 31, 32, near the large entrance called the Golden Door, is the exhibit of Mr. J. H. Rushton, Canton, N. Y., who is famous as a manufacturer of pleasure boats and canoes. In great contrast to his finished productions with their graceful lines and elegant finish are some rude crafts in an adjoining exhibit. One of them, a straw Balsa from Lake Titicaca, Peru, thick, almost flat, and more like a mammoth straw horse collar sewn together, hung over a red cedar Haida canoe, from Queen Charlotte's Islands. For neighbors they had an ungraceful canoe from Colon, U. S. of Colombia, a spruce Tlingit canoe, Upper Yukon River. This canoe was very narrow. A bark canoe made from one piece of bark, a half cylinder in shape, is tied at the ends with tough strips of bark in the same manner that sacks of grain are tied. It was a most primitive vessel. Indeed, it seemed to be only one remove from the raft. This was from Lake Tyers, Gippsland, Australia.

Mr. Richard Allen, in charge of Mr. Rushton's exhibit, very kindly showed me through it and explained the special features of the productions. There were ten boats on exhibition. There was an Adirondack or Saranac Lake boat, 16ft., smooth skin. A two-man cruiser. A Rushton cruiser. A racing sailor, 16 by 20. A racing paddler. A beautiful pleasure boat, with awning and elegant furnishings. All the boats are made in different grades. Several beautiful canoes made up the rest of the boat exhibit. Two figures of men with canoes resting bottom up on their shoulders showed the manner of transportation in the wilderness, or where other transportation is not available.

Specimen oars, spoon and straight blades, double and single blade paddles, of exquisite handmake and finish, were part of the exhibit. All kinds of canoe and boat furnishings were displayed.

Mr. George B. Carpenter & Co.'s Exhibit.

This exhibit is in the eastern gallery, near column 42. It is roomy and contains a most elaborate display of different varieties and designs of blocks, oars, binnacles, compasses, cordage, sail cloth, lanterns, yacht anchors, steerers and furnishings. In short, the display covered the larger part of a vessel's rigging, besides a variety of marine goods. A colored canopy over the exhibit added much to its attractiveness. The firm makes a specialty of making sails and flags.

The exhibitors who have space in the galleries are most unfortunate in not being on the main floor, simply because the galleries are sadly neglected by the sightseeing public. In fact, the galleries are comparatively deserted. That is not strange. The Exposition is so vast and the sightseer soon becomes so fatigued that he or she does not care to climb stairs, easy though they be. Moreover, there are endless wonders at every hand to distract or engage the attention of visitors. But a small percentage of visitors know that there are galleries, although there are notices stuck up here and there informing the public of the fact. While the main floors are thronged with thousands, the galleries thus receive little attention.

Gas Engine and Power Co.'s Exhibit.

This company was fortunate in being on the main floor of the building, which undoubtedly was due to the fact that it manufactures heavy craft. The light boats were placed in the gallery. The company had six boats on exhibition, elegant specimens of their workmanship. They were placed to show to good advantage. They were Pinta, 30ft., six-horse power; Nina, 25ft., four-horse power; Santa Maria, ten-horse power; Isabella, 18ft., two-horse power; Ferdinand, 21ft., two-horse power, and a small boat named Me Too. The display is most artistic and elegant.

Thomas Kane & Co.'s Exhibit.

This exhibit was in charge of Mr. J. W. Shaw, who informed me that the company had eight boats in the Fisheries Department besides those in the Transportation Department, which were one 25ft. steam launch, three-horse power, burning either coal or wood, three steam yachts, one cruising canoe, one cutter model of 1893, one catboat, skimming dish model, and three mahogany row-boats. This company furnished twenty-five of the electric launches used on the lagoon. The boats were nicely finished and fitted.

The Detroit Boat Works' Exhibit.

The exhibit of this company is on the main floor, near column 22. Mr. W. J. Partridge, a practical boat builder himself, has charge. Nine boats comprise the exhibit. The largest and most conspicuous is a finely finished electric launch, similar to ones furnished the officials of the fair by this company for conveyance on the lagoon. One double catboat, two canoes, and five row and sail boats all elegantly modeled and finished, make an interesting exhibit, though representing but a fraction of the scope of the company's business. A life raft was shown as part of this company's manufactures.

B. N. Morris's Exhibit.

In the eastern gallery, near column 45, is the exhibit of Mr. B. N. Morris. There were only six boats, but they

were models of elegance and fine finish. There was one Canadian paddling canoe, one sailing canoe, one paddling cruiser, one Penobscot River skiff, one Indian model paddling canoe and one yacht tender.

The Seamless Steel Boat.

A pressed seamless steel boat excited much interest. It was made on beautiful lines. It was quite a large rowboat. The process of manufacture is said to be very simple. Each half is stamped out of a sheet of steel; the two sides are then soldered or fused together by heat.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. B. WATERS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., June 30.—Mr. E. A. Carroll, of Little Rock, Ark., writes me as follows:

"Mr. Lacy Tilghman, while out exercising his dogs a few days ago, found a quail's nest containing twenty-four eggs. Yesterday he happened to be in the vicinity of the nest and thought he would take a look at it. Imagine his surprise at finding the nest occupied by a kingsnake and the eggs gone. He killed the snake and found that it had swallowed the whole two dozen eggs. Thus another covey passes on to the golden whence, without hearing the crack of a gun or being honored and flattered by the earnest attention of a dog."

It do seem like the life of a Bob White is a continuous Scylla and Charybdis. I never heard of so pronounced a case of quail omelet as this kingsnake evidently had in mind.

Shot Do Ball.

An esteemed contemporary published at Chicago has within the last few years published about 17,569,387 columns of unique matter under the intensely interesting heading "Do Shot Ball?" In the meantime everybody knows shot do ball, but the stereotyped head goes on its thrilling journalistic career. Well, this isn't what I was going to say, though I might add that the inventor of the above catastrophe-head might satisfy himself in his mind and give case to his readers by making a little trip down to the Wild West and having a talk with Mr. Frank Butler, the manager of Miss Annie Oakley. From the head of the arena where Miss Oakley stands while doing her beautiful and almost unbelievable feats with the shotgun it is perhaps 125 to 150yds. to the big canvas screen which surrounds the artificial Rocky Mountains at the back of open space. This canvas is well riddled with shot, but that isn't what I was going to say. The other day, while Miss Oakley was doing her turn, a gob of shot became solidified in the discharge, which, I take it, is equivalent to saying that they balled, and the resultant mass of lead, or balled shot, cut a clean, round hole as big as a half dollar through the Rocky Mountains, passed across the alleyway at the stables, went through an inch upright board screen which surmounted one of the buildings, crossed the street beyond the inclosure and struck the front of the mission church which stands on the other side of the street, about 200yds. in all from the firing point. The mass of lead did not enter the board front of the church, but left its mark and fell to the ground. May we hope that this will, peradventure, give ease to the eagerly questioning journalistic mind which seeks to tear away the mask and to wrest from Truth the information whether or not shot do ever ball? Will this suffice to take down the haunting question mark? To gaze too long upon an infinitude of the same question mark is dangerous, damaging and dizzifying. It causes us to cast the mind free upon the brink of an abyssmal doubt, there to hang, shuddering and unstaid, uncomforted of human hand. Let us away with this. Let us settle the question and go on house-keeping. Do shot ball—oh! do they ball? They do, they do. You can see the holes. Gladly and exultantly I announce it. They do! They do! Now let the agitated country go back to peace and to its calmer associations.

A Pleasant Reception.

I was speaking of Miss Annie Oakley. It is a pleasure to speak of a celebrity whose vanity has never grown and whose head has never been turned. The recipient of princely and royal favors, as testified by gold and gems, and petted the world over, this American girl has always remained the same, simple, unaffected and frank as a child. She shoots so easily and naturally that it is a question whether she values her own skill. At any rate, there isn't a shooter in America who wouldn't fight for her. And yet, although known in all corners of Europe and America, in her own native State of Ohio she is most nearly without honor. This week Gen. A. M. Anderson, a member of Congress and State representative of Ohio at the World's Fair, wandered into the home-like tent where Miss Oakley receives. He learned that Miss Oakley was an Ohio girl (from Darke county, one of the northern woods districts), and he was so pleased at his "discovery" that he resolved to do something in memory of the occasion. He accordingly decreed a State reception in honor of the State's representative at the gun, and Wednesday, June 28, 11 till 1 o'clock, was Annie Oakley day at the Ohio building at the World's Fair. I am glad of this, and I know all the boys will also be glad to know of it, for this honest and simple little woman is a favorite all over the shooting world.

Odd Names.

In the North we have deep water ducks and "marsh ducks." In the South the latter are called "puddle ducks." The bluebills of the North are called "grayhacks" in Texas, and are also called "do-grees." I couldn't figure out that last name for a while, till it occurred to me that it meant "*dos gris*"—Galveston French for "gray back." The latter seems the general Southern or Texas name for the bluebill.

Even more puzzling was the term "pull—does," which I found was the common name for our mud hens in the South. Yet when you think of the French "*poule d'eau*," or "water hen," the rest is easy.

The Speed of Canvasbacks.

One reads much of the estimated speed of flight of wild ducks under full headway. Mr. Percy Stone, of this city, tells me of an interesting way in which he once estimated the speed of canvasbacks. The birds were flying down the Fox River, over Grass Lake to Fox Lake. There was a blind at the old bridge, and a shooter in the blind. From the bridge down stream to the fence at which Mr. Stone had his blind was a distance of exactly one mile, as the section lines were marked by the road at the bridge and the fence at which Mr. Stone was located. When a bunch of canvas passed the bridge a puff of smoke from the shooter's gun there was the signal for "Go!" on their mile run. Taking the time at the puff of smoke for the start, and again timing the same birds as they passed over his fence, Mr. Stone found by a simple and very accurate calculation that they were going at a rate of 90 to 110 miles an hour. The redheads and bluebills did not fly quite so fast. This is the most accurate method of timing the flight of wildfowl of which I ever heard, and the results would seem practically conclusive.

It Means Indians Also.

Mr. Thos. Johnson writes me from Winnipeg, Manitoba, June 9 as follows:

"You will note from the inclosed clipping from to-day's Winnipeg *Free Press* that the sportsmen of the Northwest are getting in their work. The Indians did more harm to game by shooting them at all times, in season or out, summer and winner—than even your snipe shooting spring shooters."

The clipping reads:

"The Indian Department issues notice that on and after the first day of January, 1894, the laws respecting game in force in the North-West Territories shall apply to the following Indians:

Band.	Reserve.	Band.	Reserve.
Enoch	Birdtail Creek	One Arrow	Batoche
Oak River	Oak River	Okomasis	Duck Lake
Oak Lake	Oak Lake	Beardy	Duck Lake
Kah-do-min-Ie	Turtle Mountain	John Smith	Saskatchewan
Pleasant Rump	Moose Mountain	Red Pheasant	Eagle Hills
Striped Blanket	Moose Mountain	Stony	Eagle Hills
White Bear	Moose Mountain	Moosomin	Jackfish Creek
Oh-Chah-Pow-Ace	Round Lake	Sweet Grass	Battle River
Kah-Kee-Wiss-Haw	Round Lake	Poundmaker	Battle River
Cow-Ess-Ess	Crooked Lake	Thunder Child	Battle River
Sakimay	Crooked Lake	Little Pine	Battleford
Piapola	Qu'Appelle Lakes	Lucky Man	Battleford
Carry-the-Kettle	Indian Head	See-Kas-Koots	Onion Lake
Standing Buffalo	Qu'Appelle L'kes	Michel	Sturgeon River
Pasquah	Qu'Appelle Lakes	Enoch Lapotac	Stoney Plain
Muscowpetung	Qu'Appelle Valley	Ermine Skin	Bears Hill
Pee-Pee Kee Sis	File Hills	Sampson	Bears Hill
Okanese	File Hills	Bobtail	Battle River
Star Blanket	File Hills	Louis Muddy Bull	Battle River
Little Black Bear	File Hills	Bull's Head	Near Calgary
Muscow-E Quan	Little T'w'd Hills	Old Sun	Bow River
Geo. Gordon	Little T'chwood Hills	Eagle Tail	Old Man's River
Day Star	Touchwood Hills	Red Crow	Delly River
Poor Man	Touchwood Hills		

Stragglers at Medicine Hat, Maple Creek, Moose Jaw and Swift Current."

909 SECURITY BUILDING. E. HOUGH.

Ring-Necked Pheasants for Nova Scotia.

THE introduction by the Game Society of the English pheasant into Nova Scotia, is an important and interesting step in relation to future sport in this province.

For some time a number of gentlemen, foreseeing the gradual decrease of our partridge, have been urging the introduction of this most prolific game bird; but only last winter did a circumstance arise which induced the society to give this bird to the public of Nova Scotia. Mr. Price, of Kentville, who in England had much experience of pheasants, last year raised a few of these birds at his place in the outskirts of that town. They were put out in the woods to take care of themselves. Some of the chickens were killed by various accidents, but out of the lot three cocks and one hen spent last winter in the open. Though one of the severest winters in living recollection these birds all turned up in the spring in capital condition. They had been seen at times during the severest weather of the winter apparently not in the least distressed by the cold. They fed themselves, and in their own persons demonstrated the proposition that the pheasant can thrive in a Nova Scotian winter.

Mr. Price communicated this result to the Game Society, and that body immediately ordered from England fifteen hens and three cocks. They arrived in May, in splendid order. They are the "ring-necked" variety, the very best now in England. After being taken to the residence of Mr. Piers, the secretary of the society, at Dutch Villiage, that gentleman has distributed them in favorable places. Four hens were sent to Kentville, to furnish mates for the cocks there under Mr. Price's care. A quartette was set free in the rear of the Dutch Village, another on the Margaret's Bay road and another at Green Head, a secluded spot on the Nine Mile River. In each case the birds have been placed under the care of a person near whose place they were put, and who, taking an interest in them, will use every exertion for their protection. As the cost of the birds was large, the society preferred to have them all where they will be under the eye and care of its own officers. If they succeed and increase they will next year be distributed all over the province. Since their being set free they have several times been heard from. The cocks in particular have been seen in various clearings, and the hens are supposed to be setting, as they have not shown themselves often.

Of course the law forbids the killing of these birds, and also prohibits, under heavy penalties, having them in possession.

The society relies on the aid of all citizens in protecting these birds and aiding the society in giving to the people of this province the most prolific and estimable of English game birds. No trouble or expense will be spared to give them every chance. The society also contemplates introducing other game into the province—principally the Newfoundland grouse, and the red deer. Arrangements are now being made with the government of New Brunswick, to permit a herd of the latter to be caught and exported to this province. There seems no reason why these beautiful animals should not thrive here, and, with our fast increasing moose, help to make our forests the paradise for profitable hunting, which it was in days of yore. The New Brunswick government has consented to the exportation of the deer upon receiving the assurance of our government, that they will be taken care of by some public society and kept for the public good. This has been given and the animals will be sent over as the conditions are favorable. One of the pheasant hens was seen yesterday afternoon with a large brood of chickens.—*Halifax (N. S.) Mail.*

Hanging up a Deer.

THIS is my way of hanging up a deer out of the reach of coyotes and other varmint: After I have taken out the entrails and cut off the windpipe and swallow from the root of the tongue, I insert the pole in the ground about 3ft. from a tree; then place the other end in the deer's neck between the jaws; then up-end the deer and let it lean against the tree. LEW WILMOT.

GRAY FOXES IN CONNECTICUT.

DERBY, Conn., July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been truly said that no New England valley affords more material for bird shooting and fox hunting than that of the picturesque Naugatuck.

At a point some ten miles from its source, the rolling, tumbling Naugatuck River joins the smooth and stately Housatonic. The town of Derby is at this junction and it was near here that the following incident took place:

The tale was told to me by Mr. Joseph M. Hoadley, a fox hunter, resident in this place for some forty years Mr. Hoadley has hunted through this State in quest of birds and foxes for nearly fifty years, and no man knows more about the woodcraft of Connecticut, nor has any one hunted over more ground in our State, than he. The stories he can tell of his days in the fields and woods are both interesting and instructive, even to non-hunters.

In December of '92, accompanied by Mr. Peck, another fox hunter on whom the hand of time shows its work, Mr. Hoadley went to Turkey Hill, some three miles below Derby, taking three hounds, Hector and Jim owned by Mr. Hoadley, and Drive by Mr. Peck.

The honor of starting the fox fell to Jim, but soon all three were in full chase. The fox, a gray one, ran around in rather a small space, so that the hounds were always within hearing, and to make things more interesting two rabbit hunters were in the woods with their three dogs. As the foxhounds swept by with their blood-curdling yelp which only fox hunters know how to fully appreciate, the three rabbit hounds joined the chorus and the six dogs filled the woods with their music. After running about fifteen minutes the fox, in his circuit, passed where Mr. Peck was lying in wait, but for some reason when he fired at the fox he only succeeded in wounding it. Close in the fox's wake came the six dogs in full cry, but soon they stopped and began to bark.

Mr. Hoadley was the first to arrive at the scene of the disturbance, and there found the six dogs in a circle around an elm tree. Looking up, he saw to his surprise the fox in the lowest branches of this tree, some thirty feet from the ground. There was only one way for him to get there. That was to climb, as there were no trees near, and the tree in question had a smooth trunk. The tree was some ten inches in diameter at its base.

Mr. Hoadley did not shoot, but whooped to Mr. Peck, who soon came up. He had previously said that foxes had never been known to climb trees, and that he would not believe it possible until he had seen it. He now found it not only possible, but an actual fact.

All six dogs were barking at the foot of the tree in wild excitement, and they had to be tied up, when Mr. Peck shot the fox, in order to keep them from tearing each other to pieces. Mr. Hoadley says that in all his thirty-five years' fox hunting he never witnessed anything so exciting as this chase.

While the reader has the gray fox in mind it may be well to add a few words, giving Mr. Hoadley's opinion of its habits, size and mode of living.

The gray fox, or wood gray as it is sometimes called, is a recent arrival in Connecticut. Twenty-five years ago they were unknown in these parts but now seem to be very numerous in the southern New England States. They are found in nearly all of the ledges, and, unlike our common red fox, they do not lie in the swamps. When chased by the hounds the gray fox seldom leaves the vicinity of his burrow, which is almost always in some ledge.

The grays are much less afraid of the dogs than the red, and often run not more than twenty or thirty feet ahead of the hounds. They run in circuits, which affords more sport to the hunter. Still it is much more difficult for the hounds to keep the track of these foxes as they do not leave a strong scent. Whether their endurance is less or their attachment for home greater than the red I am unable to say, but they do not run on an average more than an hour at a time. At times they will run two, three and even five hours.

In some respects their habits resemble those of the coon. They are very fond of apples and some vegetables, and like the red are not averse to carrion. They have all the cunning of the red fox with some of the coon climbing ability. It is Mr. Hoadley's opinion after his intimacy with them that they whip the red fox.

One peculiar feature is their sensitiveness to cold, for in very cold weather they do not leave their burrows.

In form the gray is in many respects different from the red. He has a shorter head, legs, flag, and a much smaller foot, but the body is larger. C. H.

[The gray fox (*Vulpes* (*Urocyon*) *cinereo-argentatus*) is a common species and is noted for its tree-climbing powers. It appears to be somewhat more abundant in the South than in the North, yet some of the books say that it is distributed over the whole United States. It is not to be confounded with the cross fox, a color variety of the red, which is also gray in color.]

A Story of "Sters."

IF every man makes a new "ster" out of something, I am beginning to fear that we shall shortly see stories like the following, in our favorite paper: Once upon a time there was a famous gunster and rodster. He had a couple of friends who were also great devotees of the rod and gun. One was also a noted dogster. These three good friends had been chums ever since they were youngsters, and were now well seasoned campsters, canoester and pun(t)sters. These three jolly comrades kept clear of all tricksters, and never allowed a shyster near their camp. After due talk and smoke (they were all yarnsters and smokesters), they decided to go for an outing, of a week or ten days duration. Before setting out they had to buy provisions for the trip. They bought bread and biscuits from a bakester, beer, etc., from a brewster. They went to a hookster for fishing lines, hooks, etc., and also visited a porkster for ham and bacon, and last of all a cowster for butter and cheese. They preferred to be flysters, but they also took a good sized can from the wormsters. They engaged a cookster and canoester, but the start was scarcely made when the wind turned to a nor'easter. Soon they were all in a fluster, and being such coinsters and punsters, the canoe sank and they were all drowned.

VON I.

It Becomes a Necessity.

LANCASTER, N. Y., June 17.—I have been a subscriber for FOREST AND STREAM since the commencement of its third volume, and although I've had to give up a good many things in the past few months, I can't give up my FOREST AND STREAM. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

MULE DEER HEADS.

THE male mule deer, often erroneously called blacktailed deer, has been blessed by nature with a very prolific growth of horns, and while many are very symmetrical and perfect, a great many strange shapes and freaks are often found. The two heads illustrated here are as good specimens of their kind as I have ever had the good fortune to secure, and a brief description of where they were secured and of the bucks that wore them may be interesting.

The one on page 29 came from near the Trinity Lakes, Elmore county, Idaho. These lakes, sixteen or more in number, and ranging in size from a mere pool up to a body of water making a respectable lake, are situated in the valleys or more properly depressions made by the surrounding high peaks of a very rugged and high detached chain of mountains, lying northwest of the South Boise River, about fifty miles from Mountain Home station on the Oregon Short Line Division of the Union Pacific Railway, and reached by stage line to Pine Grove, or Rocky Bar, thence by a very rough and little traveled trail. In fact so few travel this route that it can hardly be called a trail. The larger lakes are teeming with the genuine mountain trout, and to catch fifty or sixty of the beautiful little fish in an hour's fishing is comparatively easy. The water in most of the lakes is as clear as crystal, being fed by springs and the melting snows from off the granite peaks. All about the lakes are high rolling mountains and hills; and deer, a few elk and bear are to be found, while on the roughest peaks the white goats make their home.

Late one November, after the first snows of winter had fallen on the upper mountains, driving the game down toward the river, our party of two made a short trip toward Trinity Lakes, and the noble buck that wore the magnificent head of horns shown here was one of the trophies brought out. It was late one evening when one of the party was trudging toward camp. The snow was falling fast and partly obscured the landscape, but the trained eye of the hardy mountaineer caught a glimpse of a dark object slowly moving along, 200yds. away. Is it a deer? Yes. See, he stops, throws up his head and shakes the fast falling snow from off his lordly crest; he snorts and stamps his foot; he breathes the evening air with mighty whiffs; he has heard a sound of cracking stick, or rolling stone, or rustling bush; but where he knows not, for the wind bears to him no taint of human presence. The hunter silently drops on one knee, the "Centennial" Winchester is raised, a steady sight and a loud report followed by the sharp spat of the leaden missile, and with a bound the buck is off. But not far does he speed. He staggers, and headlong plunges down the mountain side, shot through the heart, and "Uncle" pats himself on the back as he wends his way to where the fallen monarch lies, with, "By the Almighty, that was a good shot." When dressed and ready for the pack horse it was found that the buck made as large a load as any of the ponies could pack in, and no doubt in weight was over 250lbs.

To the south of the Trinity Lake range lies another small chain of detached mountains called locally the "Dog Creek Mountains." They are really the same range, but as the Trinity, a dashing mountain stream, and Dog Creek, another stream, head on the opposite sides of a divide, the two names are used locally to designate the lay of the country. The Dog Creek mountains are not so high as the Trinity range, and are nearer the South Boise River. There are more bears in the rough country round about, but not as many deer until in the fall of the year.

The buck that wore the above odd set of horns was over 300lbs. in weight, and was killed in September before every vestige of the "velvet" had been worn off or disappeared. The weight of the animal was so great that it broke a pack saddle, and proved too much of a load for the jack that we used for a pack animal, and it took the assistance of one of the horses to get the carcass down to the river. Although the body of this buck and its antlers were enormous, its head seemed small in proportion. The horns had a great spread, and the beams were thick and massive. The photograph gives but a poor idea of the size and oddity of this specimen.

This head was purchased from me by a Detroit gentleman to present to a New York athletic club, and it may be that some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have seen it. It does not compare with No. 1 for beauty, but is one that might never be matched by a hunter in a lifetime.

F. F. FRISBIE.

Another Notable Shot.

THE other fellows must not have all the say. I once made a notable shot myself. It was when I was a boy of 10. My weapon was an old brass pistol barrel, mounted on a block, cannon fashion. The load consisted of a handful of powder, several wads of grass, well rammed, and a pint or less of gravel stones, with a number of buckshot mixed in, for luck. I had in intent the slaying of a regiment of wooden soldiers, whittled from shingles and painted red to imitate the Britishers whom my ancestor had mowed down at Bunker Hill.

"Fizz!" said the fuse. "Boom!" the gun. The smoke went out to settle over the arena of conflict, which was the public square of my village. Had any soldiers fallen? No, not one. I had aimed too high, so I would try it again. I was on my knees in the act of reloading. Then from out the ether at my rear, taking a base advantage, shot the foot of a human catapult. There were stars above, around, below me. My ascension was too high for measurement by any instrument of earthly make. Then the hand of the catapult followed the foot. More stars. I sought the earth, but there was no repose. In a twinkling the catapult had become a wool carder which would not card, and then it was a catapult again. I was beyond the region of the stars, and space was claiming me for her own. But why recall the things of that ancient exaltation? For it was only my neighbor preparing me that I might be led by the ear to view the result of my notable shot.

One "Bill" had been sufficiently footed. The other read:

4 lights plate glass @ $3.50	$10.00
2 chandelier globes @ .60	1.20
Damage to lace curtains	8.00
Repairs of wall	1.50
Total	$20 70

EL PASO DE RABLES, Cal. W. H. K.

BRUIN IN THE BUTTERY.

WE had been camping far up on the headwaters of one of the noble rivers of northern New England and were on our return journey toward the settlements. In the morning, at an hour when the majority of city people are fast asleep, we had eaten our breakfast, struck camp, loaded the canoes and started down stream. All the forenoon we plied our paddles steadily, for the sky was overcast with threatening clouds and there was every indication of a severe storm.

HEAD OF MULE DEER.

DOG CREEK, IDAHO. PHOTO BY F. F. FRISBIE

We hoped to avoid the drenching which seemed imminent by reaching a camp a number of miles below, but between us and our destination was a series of falls and rapids, where we would have to make several portages and carry the canoes, instead of being borne by them. We glanced often at the sky, and the light canoes sped onward as if they shared our feeling of haste.

Mile after mile was covered between banks clothed to the water's edge with unbroken forest, which appeared unusually grim and gloomy under the forbidding sky. Once, as we rounded a bend, two deer, a buck and a doe, which were standing in the edge of the water, gave us a startled glance, and then leaped up the bank and disappeared in the woods. In due time we landed at the head of the first pitch, and the rain had not yet commenced to fall. One of the canoes was turned bottom up and the supplies and various camp utensils were placed beneath it for protection. My companion and myself each shouldered as large a load as we could care for, the guides took the other canoe, and we started across the carry. The path around the fall was a mere trail which could hardly be distinguished from the surrounding forest, and our way was strewn with rocks, fallen trees and logs, which made the trip anything but a pleasure stroll. The trees were so thick that the light was dim, and the ground was so soft and spongy with damp moss that our footsteps made little noise. There was no wind, and the woods were so still that one might have thought we were the only living things in the vicinity; but the occasional hoofprint of a deer or moose gave ample proof that there was life somewhere in the wilderness.

In several places we saw on the gray trunk of some great pine or spruce deep scratches in the bark where bears had stretched themselves and sharpened their claws, and when we reached the lower end of the carry there were bear tracks in the mud on the bank of the stream. We placed our loads under the canoe and turned back for the balance of our outfit, which had been left behind. Before we had covered half the distance a few large drops of rain began to patter on the dead leaves, and the trees were shaken by sudden gusts of wind. In a few moments a perfect deluge was descending, which threatened to drench us in spite of the protection afforded by our rubber coats. The mossy forest floor absorbed and held the moisture like a sponge, and at every step the water oozed up around our feet. The trail was soon transformed into one long mire, where puddles were far more plenty than stepping stones, and the dripping foliage of the trees and bushes seemed to take malicious delight in wiping the wet leaves across our faces and in sending little streams trickling down our necks.

The two ends of the carry are known respectively as the "taking out place" and the "putting in place," and when we reached the former, after our half-mile tramp, we sought refuge for ourselves under the canoe.

There is no better roof than the bottom of a birch. We crouched there for a while watching the storm and listening to the melancholy soughing of the trees in the surrounding forest.

The rain beat a tattoo on our bark shelter and the surface of the stream was covered with innumerable diminutive fountains, so fiercely was it pelted.

When the storm showed some signs of abating we made our second trip across the carry, but before we reached the "putting in place" it was raining harder than before, if such a thing were possible. However, we launched the canoes, put the luggage aboard—covering it with rubber blankets as best we could, and continued on our journey. Two miles down stream we came to the second fall. At this place the delay was slight, for only a single ledge extends across the river, and the canoes were lifted around one end without trouble. Then came another stretch of dead water and the "long falls" where for a mile or more the river is one chain of rapids, falls and pitches. The water, crowded between walls of ragged, broken rock, leaps and dashes through the wild gorge as if angry at restraint. A few pools are interspersed between the stretches of quick water, and canoes can be taken through without making one long carry around. The first two pitches we "ran," shooting through the foaming water guided by skillful paddles, and emerged into a basin of deep, black water behind a great rock. Here the canoes had to be carried over into another pool to avoid a fall, whence they were lowered by the painters through some more quick water. Then they were taken out again and carried some distance over the rocks, when they were once more consigned to their native element. In this manner, alternately carrying the canoes and having them carry us, we gradually worked our way through; but long before we put them in the water for the final stage of the day's journey we were all wet to the skin. The rocks were wet and slippery, and we were thankful when this worst place of all was behind us.

But "it is a long road which has no turn," and at last we were afloat with only five miles of smooth dead-water between us and our destination. The sky was lighting up a little in the west and the rain did not fall so copiously.

We were wet, cold and hungry, so that with visions of warmth and plenty at the camp we paddled vigorously. The banks stretched away on either hand, the same two unbroken lines of forest trees which all day long we had been passing; but about three o'clock in the afternoon we saw a clearing on the right, in which was the house where we intended to spend the night. It was a low, unpretentious structure standing, with its adjacent log hovels, in the middle of the clearing several rods back from the stream, but to us it was as welcome as the most magnificent of city hotels could have been.

On landing we placed our goods under the canoes as before, and then hurried to the house, taking with us our rods, rifles and personal luggage. We were given a hearty welcome by the old backwoodsman who lived there, and he soon had a roaring fire blazing like a conflagration, around which we grouped ourselves, enjoying the genial warmth. Our saturated garments hung from hooks in the beams overhead, but in various nondescript, but dry, substitutes furnished by our host we were very comfortable.

In a short time he announced that our dinner was ready, and in a very much shorter time we were discussing the venison steak and other viands set before us, with appetites rendered keen by life in the open air and the long fast and exertion of the day. After our meal we again sat around the fire chatting with our host and with each other.

"There seems to be plenty of game this fall. Two deer came out into the clearin' t'other day, 'n' we sot on the porch 'n' watched 'em a spell afore they went back into the woods. We didn't shoot, for we had plenty of fresh meat in camp. Did you boys see much game on your way down stream?"

"Yes," one answered, "we saw plenty of deer and moose sign, as well as several deer themselves, and there are fresh bear tracks up at the carry."

"Yes, bears are pretty thick this year, but it's a rather cur'us fact that people don't see nothin' much on 'em in the woods. As a gin'ral thing bears are pretty shy, and don't want much to do with human critters, if they can help it, though they'll fight if cornered, and a she bear don't want much foolin' round her cubs. It's surprisin' too, how quick one 'll git out o' sight if ye do run across him. He'll give one tremendous jump into the bushes, makin' noise and crashin' enough for an elephant, but after that first jump when he gits out o' sight, you won't hear another sound. They slip away dretful quiet like."

"Me and my brother, we come across bear in woods las' winter," said my Indian guide, "he had hole under the roots where big spruce blow over, and we kill him with axe. We been in woods choppin' and don't have no gun."

"Well, we had a scrimmage with one, two or three years ago last spring, without goin' very fur away from home," continued the old man. "One night I had gone to bed and was jest settlin' down to sleep when I heard an awful racket down below, and a boy who was workin' for me came up and said there was a bear in the butt'ry. There was an Indian here that night named Mitch, and after I turned in he and the boy sot here by the fire talkin' and smokin', when they heard a sound of somethin' or other movin' round in the butt'ry. Then some tin pans tumbled down, makin' a terrible din, and they jumped up and opened the butt'ry door to see what was the mat-

er. They thought perhaps one of the dogs had got shut p in there, but they slammed that door to a good deal uicker 'n they opened it, 'cause there was a big black ear in there, and they didn't have no idee of tacklin' im bare-handed, and their guns wa'n't loaded. They lidn't even have no axe handy to swat him with, as you nd your brother did, Sebattis." Here the old man paused o light his pipe, for, like any other old sailor or back-voodsman, he could spin a yarn much better with the elp of the narcotic weed.

"I dressed myself as soon as I could and we loaded our ifles. I told Sam, the boy, to open the door quick after ve were all ready, and Mitch and I took different posi-ions in the room here, so that one or t'other of us could end a bit of lead where it might do the most good. You ee, the butt'ry is a pretty big one, but with Mitch over here, and I about where I be now, we could cover the vhole of it.

"Well, when we got all ready, Sam he slipped up to he door, yanked it wide open and jumped back. But by nat time the bear had gone. The butt'ry winder had een left open and he had climbed out the same way as e got in. I guess the things he knocked down fright-ned him, for they made noise enough, nd the butt'ry was a sight to behold.

"He had knocked down two pans of nilk and a mess of corned beef and ork and had made a dretful muss of . He didn't seem to have eaten much, o we thought perhaps he might come ack if we kept quiet, and I told Sam nd Mitch that if he did for them to ip out the door and each one go round ie house. One was to go round one de and one round t'other. Then if he ot away from me one o' them would e pretty sure to get a shot.

"So we sot there, keepin' quiet and ot saying a word, and after a while ire enough we heard him climbin' in gin. Sam and Mitch went out and I ened the door jest in time to see him isappear through the winder.

"I yelled to them to look out for him, it it was an awful dark night and ney couldn't see him. As he ran round ie corner of the house he went plump ito the Indian, who was going round om the other way. He pretty near nocked the wind out of Mitch and I n't know which was the most fright-ned. The bear got off with a whole ide that time, however, and disap-eared in the darkness.

"Mitch came in puffin' and we sot own agin to wait. We didn't much ink he would come back but thought e'd wait and see. After a while we eard him but he was pretty wary, and e could tell that he wasn't climbin' in ut was sniffin' round outside. Then e seemed to move away and Sam got p to peek out the winder in this om. The winder was down, but all a sudden Sam up with his rifle and lazed away right through the glass.

The bear had run right by the wood ile out there, where the ground was l white with the chips that were rewn about, and as his black hide owed up agin 'em Sam drew a bead n him. We rushed out and when we ot there the old feller was kickin' his st kick. It was a pretty shot, but I less there was some luck about it too. m got the bounty and sold the hide, the shot was wuth somethin' to him yway, luck or no luck. The two as wuth $25 to him and that, with hat I paid him, he spent for schoolin' own to the settlements the next win-r. He was a good boy, Sam was, d was tryin' to save some money to et an eddication, so I was glad he got e bear."

We spent that night beneath his humble but hospitable of, and in the morning continued our journey beneath sky as blue and serene as if clouds and storm had never en.

Wm. A. Brooks.

HEAD OF MULE DEER.

Trinity Lake County, Idaho. Photo by F. F. Frisbie

THE SOUTHERN CAMP HUNT.—I.

It has often occurred that, among the horde of hunters id sportsmen inhabiting this great country of ours, few ow anything of the methods of our old time "camp nting in the South."

These hunts were usually conducted by gentlemen well own to each other; and all disagreeable persons were cluded. None but genial, active and useful men were lowed to go along—except superannuated old "fellows the craft" who were invited and implored to go, every mfort and consideration being at all times shown to em, for nothing so adds to the pleasure of a "camp nt" as the presence of one or two of these old hoary-aded knights of the horse, hound and gun; to rest by e blazing camp-fire, and relate great stories of their perience to the younger lads, and quietly smoke their pes.

One of these hunts has ever lingered in my memory. lived in the great State of Texas, and a brother had itten me to come at once to Mississippi and join in a "camp hunt." When I arrived at my brother's house was making things lively, preparing for the hunt. is was on Saturday in November, and we were to start the following Monday morning to join the rest of the rty at old man Purvis's at Strong River Bridge, in Smith unty, a distance of 20 miles. Everything was made ady by Saturday night. The two-mule wagon packed ith every conceivable commodity thought conducive to e comfort and pleasure of an outing. Two half-breed otch terriers—one as black as ebony, the other white as polar bear, and game from the tips of their shaggy coats the marrow of their bones—and three deerhounds, con-tuted our share of the dogs; and then there was Wash, e of my brother's late slaves, whom even the intoxica-n of freedom could not separate from him. He was ut as Hercules and brave as Geronimo; nothing could cause him trepidation, nor has a lie ever polluted his tongue or given deceit to his master—hence, taken "up one side and down the other," a better negro never was created than Wash. Wash was to go with us, of course, and with his high top boots, red opera overshirt, big home-knit gloves, and with his 1×4 grin, revealing a wealth of ivory only less in display than an octave of piano keys, was the ideal personification of a camp hunt teamster.

Sunday, the weather began to show ominous indications of a snowstorm, and by night had turned quite cold. Monday morning we were up early; three inches of snow lay upon the ground. The morning was gloomy, the sky overcast with black, smoky clouds, with a few straggling flakes still falling. My brother paced the floor with both hands stuck in trouser pockets, while his slouched hat hung over his face, and my own pulse beat was less than normal; yet the hour was up and no time for vacillation now. The "word was out" and we must meet the others at the bridge this day, so my brother says, "Charles, are you willing to try it?" "I am," was my quick reply, as I wished to infuse a little enthusiasm into his drooping spirit. "We will go," he said firmly. Then I advised by way of a clincher, I never knew it to snow two days in the South, and I thought the weather would soon moderate, as the clouds were already breaking into clumps. In twenty minutes more we were in the saddle, and Wash having harnessed up the mules, all were on the move.

On these "breasting hunts," as they are termed, there is little use for long range hounds, although we had them along, of the best material, yet their daily use is not essential. The better dog, called a "branch dog," for the purpose, is a mongrel, the best type of which is a cross between a well-bred hound and Scotch terrier. This dog surmounts all obstacles, will out-run, out-jump, out-fight anything on earth, and will whip anything of his weight that wears a hide. He has the bottom of the best foxhound, with a speed second only to the grey-hounds, and makes the best "branch dog" to rout the skulking deer from inaccessible brakes and copses; a deer once wounded had as well hand in his ticket.

All dogs are kept in the rear until a deer is shot and wounded, at which time the shooter makes the fact known by three long blasts of his hunting horn, when all hands proceed at once to the signal. The dogs are then shown the trail, or blood of the crippled deer, upon which they dart like arrows, usually in broken tongue, until the quarry is sprung from its hiding, then with increased alacrity and incessant "yaf, yaf, yaf" the half-breeds go like the wind, while the hunters follow on horse to see the spring and view the chase, when, be the game a stocky old buck, there will be lively work, until a hunter ends the struggle by a shot.

Late in the afternoon brought us to Purvis's, where we found most of the party awaiting us, every man aglow with merry anticipation of the glorious scenes soon to be enacted, of which, having so many foretastes, they knew full well the measure to expect.

We have seventy long and rugged miles yet to go to reach our central hunting ground. Two good wagons stand before the gate, one with mules and the other with oxen, one to carry the corn and feed for the teams and the other everything else essential to camp-hunt life.

The crowd now has its complement, consisting of eight hunters, mounted and equipped. There are two other men for cooks, camp-minders and to drive the teams. These go along for the fun and an equal share of the spoils—otherwise "non-combatants." One is Wash and a white fellow, and another darky as general "supernumerary and roustabout." Next comes the canine representation. And all being ready, a blast of the horn, crack of the whips, a yell or so from the young bloods, and the unique and picturesque caravan moves.

It is still overcast and cold, and for two long and freezing days we quietly travel on, but that ever rollicking, eternally joking predilection, so proverbial of the Mississippian, never knows an end.

We passed over some of the most enchanting country to a hunter's eye, that I have ever seen, and many a time did I crave the order from our leaders to stop—but no, it was, not yet; until the closing of the fourth day, when our cavalcade drew up at the ford on Rocky Creek, in Jones county. A more charming spot I never beheld, to make the standpoint of a carnival, the which we came to do.

This famous camp-hunters' rendezvous holds a claim in modern military history. Here on this identical spot, as evidenced by the many scarred pines where we camp—the dashing Federal raider, Grierson, and his men, were attacked and scattered over these pine hills, in confusion, by a band of Confederates.

Having no special head in control of these hunts, all parliament was of a conventional nature, each member having his say, even to the cooks and camp-minders; however, the more experienced individuals did the planning.

To set the camp in shape is the prime consideration of all, and requires judgment and system. A place to pitch the tent, to feed the stock, to build the camp-fire, and spread the sleeping pallet, to butcher the deer, stretch the hides, and pound the steaks, and every other appointment must be attended to before any start is made to hunt, and the men, dogs and teams must have a good rest.

Many a fool goes into the woods to hunt, never once giving the camp a thought, until night, with all its impossibilities, has overtaken him, with not one preparation made. The first thing he does on arriving at camp is to get out his gun and plunge into the woods to shoot something, yes, shoot something, make a noise, make himself generally conspicuous, to the disgust and bother of all others in the camp, frightening the horses, having the dogs all running and barking, disturbing all the game within miles around; but let me tell you that kind of chap don't creep into our mess but once; for then it is his fault, but the next time the fault will be ours. The first time we pay the penalty, the next time he does.

What a pleasure to the thoughtful man to lie on the pallet before the great log fire, and hear the tired horses munch their feed in the troughs, and the faithful dogs lying promiscuously around, agitating from time to time the shifting fleas, while they sniffle the teasers over their own hides, with sensitive noses, and you smoke your pipe and listen the while to the mirthful jokes and guffaws of cheerful darkies from their corner of the ample camp—indeed, sir, there's nothing like it under the sun.

The big camp-fire, built of oak logs cut 12ft. long, and laid on skids to keep them off the ground and admit free ventilation, the interstices of the logs stuffed with "fat" pine knots, makes the grandest fire that ever graced the somber solitudes of a pine forest.

The great camp-pallet formed of sundry blankets and quilts, like Jacob's coat "of many colors," forty or more in number spread lapping edge on edge, make a bed ample for all, 15×7ft. in extent, spread before the glorious blaze—twice the width of its length. When all are disrobed we crawl beneath the adequate covering, and as by a common impulse all are a-snore, lulled to sleep by the crunching of horses, sniffling and pawing of restless dogs and crackling and seething of the magnificent fire, only a yard from the margin of our capacious resting place. I have told you how it is done, and ere the sun flickers above yon straw-covered hill we must all be in motion. Oblivion!

I hear the rustling sound of "shucking" corn, stamping and crunching of the horses, clanking of the ox's horns as one prods his mate to keep his own side—all else as still as the "chancel halls of death." I lie and await other movements soon to follow. "Mas Jim! Mas Jim!" "What's up, Wash?" my brother answers from under the warm coverlid. "I 'spec it time us is gittin' up. I hear de owls hollin, and de moon, it des pearin 'bove the hill back dare, and dese mules and hosses and steers pears lack dey wants dair breakfus an' all, so b'lieve by dat, day is mose here, we all better be gittin' up an' stir'n 'roun' ef yer 'spec er soon start, I tell yer."

That was enough for my brother, for he, like all the rest, was anxious to be up and among the "moss heads," and with one simultaneous bound all were up. The glorious fire by this time had smouldered to a heap of living coals, yet all aglow in the dim, anti-diurnal darkness that as yet enshrouded the weird camp.

Every one was now astir, but the quiet and system that reigned reminded vividly of a company of soldiers preparing for battle by the pantomimic order that prevailed. The cooks soon had a smoking breakfast ready, which must be the last meal we take of domestic material alone, all subsequent ones must yield the spicy aroma of the flesh of the wild deer. Then all are rapidly loading the guns, counting down the pellets, ramming home the wad, click-click, and the cap is placed upon the nipple, dogs are fed, horses saddled, and the anticipated hunt organized.

C. L. Jordan.

Sea and River Fishing.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

AMONG THE LAURENTIDES.

BY appointment I met Mr. and Mrs. S., of Chicago, in Montreal on a bright day in June, 1892, for carrying out a long cherished desire to visit the Laurentide Mountains, whose picturesque beauties have been so frequently described by visitors to that charming region of dark forests, frowning rocks, foaming rivers, lovely lakes and magnificent trout. We had planned to make our first stop at Lake Edward, but fate willed otherwise. At the station in Montreal we met Mr. Louis F. Burroughs, vice-president of the Laurentides Club, an association of anglers and sportsmen, who control numerous lakes and many miles of the best trout streams in Canada. Mr. Burroughs informed us that he and his friend were bound on a two-weeks' fishing trip to the preserves of their club and kindly invited us to partake of their hospitality for a day or two at their club house, which is situated about a mile and a half from the railroad station, assuring us that rare sport with the trout would be one of our rewards. It is needless to say that this invitation was joyfully accepted.

Laurentides station is about midway between Quebec and Lake St. John, and is situated on the banks of the roaring Batiscan, one of the most charming rivers in Canada. Here at 11 o'clock we left the train and found three sturdy guides with their boats. Including the guides, our party now consisted of eight persons, and as we marched single file (guides in the lead, bending under their burdens) up the steep hill, through the magnificent forests, the picture was one long to be remembered.

A half hour's tramp brought us to Lake No. 1, on the opposite shore of which stands the club house, to which we were quickly rowed.

After a substantial dinner we sallied out to try our luck with the dazzling denizens of the dark waters that abound in this wonderful region. The trout were hungry and rose eagerly to the fly, and we soon had our creels well filled. We returned to the club house about 6 P. M., and after partaking of a delicious supper, skillfully prepared by the wife of the guardian of the club house, settled ourselves in easy chairs and passed a most delightful evening with our new-found friends.

Next morning we were up with the lark and went out to feast our eyes on the glories of the magnificent scenery that surrounded us. Here we were in the very heart of the Laurentides—majestic mountains, covered with dense evergreen foliage from crown to foot on either hand, and nestled at their feet lay two sparkling lakes, separated only by a narrow neck of land, upon which stands the club house. The sudden transition from the busy world to the restful and sublime solitude of this matchless wilderness enthralled our senses and filled our souls with peace and contentment.

The morning hours were spent in that fascinating sport known as the "gentle art," and we were rewarded with a good catch of the peerless fish with which these waters are abundantly supplied.

The hour for our departure from this lovely spot had arrived, and we reluctantly said good-bye to our generous host and retraced our steps to the railroad, bearing with us the remembrance of a day delightfully spent in a delightful spot with delightful companions. Success to the Laurentides club and the rare men who founded and maintain it.

We reached Lake Edward in time for a late dinner, after which we procured guides and boats and started out to try our luck with the trout, for which this lake is so justly celebrated; but our success was indifferent and we returned to the hotel with half filled creels. Evidently we had not struck the right spot for trout.

Next morning, bright and early, we were taken in tow by the little steam launch belonging to the hotel, and started on a ten-mile trip down the beautiful lake to the place "where trout hide," and such a panorama of the beauties of nature as we had never before beheld passed before our delighted and bewildered vision. The lake is irregular in shape, some twenty or twenty-five miles in length, and is studded with islands from the size of a haystack to those of many acres in extent, all covered with rich green foliage from the water's edge to their highest point, no two of the same size, no two of the same shape. The lake is surrounded with mountains of modest height, wooded, too, like its lovely islands, and has scarcely a sign to indicate that man had ever before invaded its charming precincts.

A two-hours' ride brought us to the fishing grounds. The anchor was cast, our rods quickly strung, and the sport commenced. Within an hour we had landed a dozen trout, weighing all the way from a pound to 2½lbs. each. The sport was exciting in the extreme, but such luck would not last always, and by noon the trout seemed to have business elsewhere. Therefore, we concluded to reel in, weigh anchor, go ashore and prepare dinner. A suitable spot was found, a fire started, lunch basket unloaded. The guide dressed some of the trout, and soon had them, with salt pork, sizzling over a hot fire in a frying pan; a rude table was improvised, and a meal "fit for the gods" was soon spread before us.

The afternoon's fishing yielded small returns, but we enjoyed the superb scenery, and returned to our hotel in the evening well satisfied with the day's sport. Next day being Sunday we rested. On Monday we left Lake Edward for Lake St. John, where we arrived in the evening, and were charmed with our first view of this noble inland sea. We had planned to visit the Grand Discharge the next day, but a severe storm set in early in the morning and raged furiously all day, rendering navigation unsafe.

While at the Roberval Hotel, where we were stopping, we made the acquaintance of a young Englishman from London. This was his first visit to America, and he was anxious to try his hand at whipping an American trout stream. We invited him to join us, and on Wednesday morning started for the Ouiatchouniche River, which was said to be swarming with trout. An hour's drive brought us to our destination, where we found an octogenarian Frenchman, who owned an antediluvian boat. It was moored on the bank of the river at the foot of a steep bank, down which we slid at the risk of breaking our necks, and into this rickety, leaky, old flat-bottomed boat we all tumbled. Our English friend took a seat in the bow, with Mr. S. and myself amidships, and our "ancient mariner" in the stern, where with one paddle he undertook the task of paddling us up stream against a pretty stiff current. Our English friend evidently was inclined to be a little nervous, and every time the boat tipped a little he would sing out, "Ough, is the water deep?" Our progress was necessarily slow, but we soon got the hang of the boat, and as the trout were rising freely all around us, we commenced casting, but for some unaccountable reason the wary fellows scorned our tempting offers and declined to be made captives. Later they became more eager, and we would occasionally land one of fair size, so that by noon we had secured enough for dinner, when we decided to land and initiate our English friend into the mysteries of preparing a trout dinner on the banks of an American trout stream in the wilds of Canada. Thanks to our foresight in bringing with us pepper and salt, a chunk of salt pork, some bread and a frying-pan—our dinner was a success, and our English friend testified his appreciation by eating heartily and pronouncing it good.

Thursday, a most charming day, we visited the wonderful falls of the Ouiatchouan. A buggy drive of four miles brought us to the river. Here we left our team and took the trail that leads to the foot of the falls. This trail for nearly half the way leads along the bank of the wild river, which here rushes madly through a deep rocky gorge, strongly resembling the Ausable Chasm of Adirondack fame, and is equally as wonderful and picturesque. A delightful walk of a half hour brought us to a point where the magnificent water-fall burst in full view on our astonished vision. High up between two towering mountain peaks is a narrow gorge through which the noble river pours its mighty volume of dark clear water over an almost perpendicular precipice 200ft. high. During its plunge into the abyss below it strikes projecting rocks, which transform the water into a maddened mass of feathery foam, white as eider-down. The roar of the mighty torrent can be heard for miles, and its grandeur is overwhelming

We spent an hour enjoying the beauties of this peerless work of nature, and then returned to our hotel and made preparations for our departure. At 9 P. M. we boarded the train for Quebec, where we arrived the next morning at 6 o'clock. Immediately after breakfast we chartered a caleche and had an exhilarating drive to Montmorency Falls, which appear tame when compared with the falls of the Ouiatchouan, but still very beautiful and fully entitled to the praises that have been bestowed upon it. The next morning we found ourselves in Montreal, where we separated, after having spent ten of the most delightful days of our lives. F. W. D.

ST. LOUIS.

A NEW CANADIAN TROUT.

Salmo (Salvelinus) marstoni, sp. n.

B. 11 to 12; D. 13; A. 13; V. 9; P. 14.

THE specimen described is close upon 12in. long. Body subfusiform, pointed at the snout, slender at the tail. The height of the body is about one-sixth of the total length; head one-fifth, crown convex. Snout one and one-third, and interorbital space one and one-half times the eye. Eye little less than one-fifth of the head, two-thirds of the space between the orbits on the forehead. Mouth large; maxillary straight, reaching almost as far back as the hinder edge of the eye, with strong teeth along its lower edge nearly its entire length; teeth on intermaxillary and mandibles stronger. A series of four strong hooked teeth at each side of the tongue, and behind the glossohyal, on the basibranchials, a narrow band of several series of smaller ones. Gill rakers straight, short, sharp, denticulate, 8+14 on the first arch. Opercle thin, with few striæ. Scales very small; apparently there are about 230 in the series immediately above the lateral line, and more than 250 in one five or six scales above this. Distance from first ray of dorsal to end of snout little more than that from the same ray to the tip of the adipose fin. The middle of the total length falls halfway between the tip of the hinder rays of the dorsal and its base. Dorsal and anal fins slightly emarginate at ends of median rays.

Pectorals and ventrals small; base of latter slightly behind the middle of that of dorsal. Caudal pedicel slender: caudal notch very deep; hinder border sinuous, as in *S. alpinus*; lobes pointed. Excepting *S. namaycush*, the notch is deeper than in any other of the American species.

Back dark brown, with an iridescent bluish tint; unspotted. Dorsal dark, clouded somewhat, but without spots or bands. Pectorals, anal and ventrals orange in the middle, yellowish or whitish toward their bases and margins. The dark color of the back shades into whitish, with a tinge of pink below the lateral line. Head black on top, silvery on the cheeks, white beneath. Ventral surface white, no doubt red in breeding season. Flesh pink. Caudal fin yellowish toward the base, brownish, or darker, toward the hinder border, which has a narrow edging of light color. Faint areas of lighter tint suggest that there may have been a few spots of reddish or yellowish along the lateral line on one of the specimens; but the condition is such that the matter must remain in question, likewise the number of cæca, and the presence of parr-bands, of which there are several very faint indications.

This fish evidently is closely allied to *Salmo oquassa*, the blueback of the Rangeley Lakes: it reaches a greater size than that species, and is readily distinguished by the maxillary and its dentition, the caudal fin and the coloration. Similarly when compared with *S. stagnalis* and *S. rossi* it is seen to be quite distinct. With the introduced saibling, *S. alpinus*, of the Sunapee Lake it has still less in common.

The specimens were taken in Lac de Marbre, Ottawa county, Province of Quebec, Canada, whence they were sent by favor of the Hon. J. G. A. Creighton. They reached us at the instance of A. N. Cheney, correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, who when asked to suggest a specific name replied, "Name it for Mr. R. B. Marston, editor *Fishing Gazette*, London, an Englishman overflowing with good feeling for everything pertaining to fish, fishing and America, and who is doing much to enhance friendly interest between the people of the two countries." It is a pleasure to introduce one of the handsomest of American chars in the name of a man who answers to such a description. S. GARMAN.

MUS. COM. ZOÖL., Cambridge, Mass.

There is little to be added to Prof. Garman's statement, which I send herewith, but I must add a few words that credit may be given to another friend, and at the same time note a coincidence. One morning a few weeks ago the express brought me from Prof. John D. Quackenbos, of New York city, a beautiful trout, unlike anything that I had before seen. I repacked the fish to go to Prof. Samuel Garman for identification, and two hours after its receipt and before the express had taken it to Cambridge, a letter came to me from Mr. J. G. A. Creighton describing the Lac de Marbre trout just then called to his notice. Mr. Creighton's description fitted the fish sent me by Dr. Quackenbos, and this was my first knowledge of its habitat. Later Mr. Creighton procured other specimens which were sent to Prof. Garman, as he relates. The largest specimens so far procured were about 18in. long, but so lean and lank that they weighed only about 1¼lbs. each, instead of nearly 3lbs. The Marston trout are deep-water fish and all the specimens have been taken with bait. Of all the species of trout that I have seen not one surpasses in beauty of coloring and outline the fish that Prof. Garman has described, and I fully appreciate the compliment that he paid me when he asked me to name the new trout, and it was a pleasure to name it for my friend, Mr. Marston, the founder of the Fly-Fishing Club, London, who is deserving of the honor. A. NELSON CHENEY.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

SUCCESS is sure to be remembered as well as defeat. This is true of the angler and the shooter, as of other people. A little over a year ago Mr. A. W. Tompkins, of Foster, Weeks & Co., received a box of trout via the Bangor steamer. In the box were a couple of brook trout that weighed nearly 4lbs. each and a couple that weighed about 2lbs. each. The trout were sent him by his friends "Skip," or "Skipper," Somes and A. S. Hartwell, both of Waltham, where Mr. Tompkins himself resides. An account of these fish was published in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time. It was also mentioned, as a matter of surprise, that such monster trout could have been taken in the vicinity of Somes' Sound, only a short distance from Bar Harbor, that most noted summer resort. But "Skip" Somes was born at Somesville (I believe that it is called Somesville in the near vicinity of Somes' Sound), and he assured his friends at the Waltham watch factories, where he is a machinist, that he should bring home some big trout. The trout sent to Mr. Tompkins were a part of this promise. They have gone again, Mr. Somes and Mr. Hartwell, and the temptation has been too great; Mr. Tompkins has followed them. He left Boston on Saturday by steamer for Bar Harbor. But he will spend very little time at that resort of fashion and gaiety. Those big trout are over in Eagle Lake and Long Pond, only a short distance from Mount Desert and Bar Harbor. Our sporting friends will be pretty sure to take some fine fish. Indeed there is not a doubt of it, if anybody in the world can get them; "for Somes and Hartwell are there."

Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will remember frequent mention of Mr. W. S. Hills, a Boston gentleman, who has become entirely blind within a few years, and yet who keeps up his love of angling just as much as in the happy days gone by. For many years Mr. Hills visited Moosehead Lake with the Kineo Club, of which he is a member. For a couple of years he has fished the same waters, though as a blind man. Casting the fly, of course, is very difficult for him, without the aid of his eyes, but there are the several forms of bait-fishing and trolling open to him. A year ago he fished with the Kineo Club, and for quite a time he was high line. He fished earnestly and a good deal of the time, and doubtless his brother fishermen blessed with eyesight could scarcely realize the amount of pleasure he derived from the sport. He had thought about it—dreamed over it—for months. This year he is sea fishing off Bunton' Reef on the southeast shore of Long Island. He has succeeded already in landing some very fine tautog. He goes out in his boat, Lizzie, with his attendant, G. Horton, almost daily in good weather. The other day they were very successful, landing in three hours 40lbs., the fish averaging 6lbs. But Mr. Hills is missing his old associates and associations at Moosehead. He has put on a good "salty" look and "seagoing" air, however, and soon expects some real sport with the bluefish. He is a lover of the FOREST AND STREAM, every word of which he has read to him, and, Mr. Editor and brother anglers, if you could know with what pleasure he will read these lines you would feel a spirit of thankfulness that there is such a paper and that your eyesight is spared to make it and read it. I shall long remember the occasion when Mr. Hills stopped me on the street to give me an account of his last attempt to get a moose in Maine. Then he remarked that he was using his left eye to shoot with, the right eye being almost wholly blind. "And," he remarked, "I fear that I have got to give up shooting, much as I love it, for my only eye is fast becoming blind."

Now comes the latest yarn in natural history, not one word of which I shall vouch for the truth of till I have had time to investigate. The Maine papers say (it started in the Aroostook *Pioneer*, I believe) that when Francis Chase, of Moro, went to the cow yard to milk the other evening he saw a strange sight. He had made veal of the calf of one of his heifers a short time before. The bereaved bovine mother had adopted, evidently, the calf of a caribou, and the little stranger was with her. The farmer's cows are pastured in a back lot, contiguous to the woods, and it is surmised that a caribou with a couple of calves—perhaps only one—had, either willingly or unwillingly, submitted to the adoption of its offspring by the bovine. The report winds up with the remark that "the calf seems contented, and it is hoped that Mr. Chase will raise it." I shall do my best to get at the truth, or the untruth, of this story, and the FOREST AND STREAM shall have the advantage of the investigation. SPECIAL.

On the Greenbrier.

FORT SPRING, W. Va., July 7.—The Greenbrier River is stocked with bass, and expert fishermen pronounce it one of the finest streams for bass fishing. Last season Prof. Humphreys, who boarded with me, caught over 600. There are still some catfish in the stream. They are an excellent food fish, very firm and sweet. The season for bass fishing is now at hand, and parties are having fine sport.

Fishing parties or individuals can get board very reasonable here. Fort Spring is a little village on the Greenbrier River, and is a popular place for those seeking health and pleasure in the mountains. R. A. C.

THE STORM.

A LIGHT gray scud was flying across the lower sky. Above great masses of cloud, black as factory smoke, rolled in dense volumes. Far in the west a light gray streak was rising, indicating heavy rain.

Below not a breath of air stirred. B—— Lake lay like a great mirror, not a motion on its surface save the light ripple made by our boat.

We were far out on the lake, our boat a mere light shell.

"John," I said, "we are going to have a bad storm."

"Yes, I think we are," answered John.

"Well, hadn't we better try to get ashore, John? The western shore we can't make, for that would be going right in the face of the storm, but the eastern shore is not over a mile away. Hadn't we better pull for it?"

"All right if you say so, Mr. Sherman; but I'll tell you one thing possibly you don't know, and that is, just before a storm every muscallonge in the water starts out on the rampage, and he'll snap at everything he sees. There's no time like just before a storm to catch muscallonge; and a little ways from here there's a bar I have never taken you to yet. If you say so we'll give it a trial and then pull for the shore."

"But will your boat stand a storm and heavy sea, John?"

"Ride it like a cork."

"All right, then, pull for the bar."

I was fishing with two rods that day and John with one. I fastened fresh minnows on all the hooks, and placed one of my rods across the boat so it extended out to the right. John's rod was out to the left and my other rod lay across the stern. So the minnows were all far back of the boat and well separated.

While I was fixing the lines John was slowly rowing northward.

"Well, now, isn't that a go?" said John. "Three bites at one time. I'll wager you a day's pay against a dollar that we lose two of them."

"Done; I'll take it."

It was no small problem, three fish hooked and a storm coming. Finally I placed the rods so the reels would work perfectly. I then pulled a part of the line off each reel; fortunately the fish remained quiet while I was fixing the rods. I then placed a separate line between each of the fingers of the left hand, so that the presence of the fingers would put a strain on the fish. I kept the right hand free so as to catch any line that was being pulled too hard. There was no time to be lost. I gave one line a sharp pull with the right hand. Up shot the fish into the air, then away to the right. I let him have his run, then pulled him in as I far as I dare, coiling the line carefully in the boat. Then in succession I pulled the other two lines. Each fish jumped out, then had his run, then allowed me to bring in a little line. I was surprised to see that all the fish were large.

Suddenly the boat began rocking. I looked up—Heavens, what a sight! The lake was a mass of foam, the hollows of the waves were like ink, the full force of the wind struck us and almost lifted us out of the water, the water seethed and boiled about us. It seemed impossible for a boat to live in such a sea. But with the first motion of the water the oars dipped and now all the force of John's muscular arms was put into rowing against the waves to keep the boat as near as possible in the same place. But in spite of John's best efforts we began drifting, all three of the fish beginning to run at the same time. For ten minutes there was the liveliest sport I have ever experienced. Think of it, three strong, active muscallonge rushing and tearing through the water, each held by a light silk thread and the boat drifting before a storm that was a perfect tornado. Time and again the lines were stretched to their last limit, time and again the thin silk conquered and the fish yielded. At last they showed signs of exhaustion and seemed willing to follow after the boat, their runs were less frequent and less difficult to stop; gradually I got them to follow in the wake of the boat.

"Stop rowing, John," I said, "I think these fellows will follow."

John stopped rowing and the boat drifted fast before the storm. Then followed an interesting feature of this singular fishing. The fish followed after the boat, swimming on top of the water. Every few minutes one of the fish would turn his head to the side and try to run off, but a quick, sharp pull would bring him back into line. There was an odd fascination in watching this disposition to rebel and in quickly checking it.

I began to thoroughly enjoy it, when suddenly there was a hissing sound and the rain began falling, or rather drifting, blowing, whirling in blinding, drenching sheets of water. It obscured everything. The air was like a dense cloud or fog, the eye could not penetrate it twenty feet, cloud and foam seemed to mix; the tops of the waves seemed caught by the wind and dashed into our faces. The way we were sitting we had of necessity to face the storm. The water poured from our hats and clothing in streams. It began to fill the boat and soon we were ankle deep in the water. I was forced to drop the lines and abandon the fish to chance, first taking the precaution to fasten the rods to the side of the boat. I then gave all my attention and both hands to the work of bailing out. In spite of all I could do the water kept gaining on me, every wave adding its portion to it. I worked hard and worked without ceasing, until my arms were numb and my back stiff. There was no lull, no diminution of the storm; the wind seemed to increase, the lake to grow ruffer, the lightning sharper and the thunder was fairly deafening.

The boat, half full of water, was becoming heavy. Instead of riding the waves live a cork as John predicted, it mounted them with difficulty, it was in danger of being swamped at any moment, our position was beginning to grow alarming. At last I was forced, from sheer exhaustion to rest, no difference what the result, I could work no more. I dropped the bailer and rose up. I had scarcely got my head up, when—slap—something hit me in the face.

The blow was so severe that it bewildered me for a moment; I could not realize what had happened. When I recovered from my confusion I found to my surprise a huge black bass splashing about in the boat, evidently bewildered by the storm, or possibly touched by an oar, he had leaped into the air only to encounter my head. He was a fine fellow and worth saving, so I caught him, and with a piece of twine secured him to the side of the boat.

This consumed valuable time, and when I took up the bailer again I found the water had gained very considerably on me. The boat sat very low in the water. It took all John's strength to keep it in place.

I had just emptied the first bailer, when suddenly I heard behind me a short, sharp snap; I glanced over my shoulder. It was as I feared, an oar had broken.

Almost instantly we were whirled into the trough of waves, and a moment later we were both struggling in the water, eyes, ears and mouth were filled.

I struck out almost mechanically without considering direction. A few strokes and I struck something hard. I got my hands and knees on it. I then raised my head to look around and was surprised to find myself not 10yds. from shore. I was kneeling on the bottom of the lake in water not 2ft. deep. All this distance we had drifted in the storm.

A minute later we were on shore, and were fortunate to find shelter from the storm in an old boathouse, two as wretched, dilapidated, miserable looking fishermen as it is possible to imagine.

When I recovered a little I remarked, "Your boat didn't ride like a cork, John?"

"No," he answered. "But I told you they'd bite just before a storm."

At last the rain ceased and we ventured out to see what damage had been done. Far up along the beach we saw our boat right side up apparently uninjured, and as we approached it we saw our three rods in the places where I had fastened them. We hurried forward as fast as we could in our wet clothes and secured the rods. To our surprise there wasn't a line on any one of them; lines, hooks and fish gone. Even the bass I had tied to the side of the boat was gone.

"John," I said, "this must be what they call 'a water haul'."

"Yes," he answered, "and a wet one."

F. I. SHERMAN.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WATERS.

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All that is needed to determine the number of people who love to "go-a-fishing," which a place contains is the general opportunity for such love to assert itself. The Fourth furnished the chance for such observation in Manchester. Nearly all the mills and workshops being closed from Saturday night till Wednesday morning, about every pole and piece of tackle of whatever design or age was brought to the light of day and put into the service. Massabesic Lake, as usual, suffered the most from the onslaught. Ponds and brooks within a radius of fifteen miles were each visited by scores of anglers, with mostly indifferent success. I saw two Frenchmen that, having failed in getting a mess of fish, came marching triumphantly home with a turtle that would weigh 30lbs., hanging between them, and smacking their lips in anticipation of the soup that would come later. A few good strings in count were taken and some large bass. Among the latter one of 1½lbs. by R. J. Barry, and one of 4½lbs. by John Scanlon, a boy of fifteen years, who undoubtedly passed the happiest Fourth of any person in the city. The fish measured 22in. and was taken at the outlet of Massabesic.

Many palatable meals, as bony as they were in the main scant, were enjoyed, and with the renewed physical vigor obtained by the participants, they are voting the three days' vacation a success. On the Fourth I visited the Merrimack River, a few miles out, as an experiment, in search of bass, never having tried the stream before, and hearing of very few doing so, but as no boat could be obtained, and the river being high on account of the mills being closed, it was impossible to do any satisfactory work, though I was convinced that bass are there, as I captured samples of the gamiest kind, and with favorable conditions, I have no doubt a good string would have resulted.

Melvin Hall, of the adjoining town of Auburn, a short time since, in that town caught a 7lbs. string of thirteen brook trout. The largest weighed 1½lbs., a size that is very rare in this locality, but not a surprise in "Mel's" hands, for if any man can land the big ones he can, and to complete one of his characteristics, his friends, Mayor E. J. Knowlton and Chief Engineer T. W. Lane, were remembered from his basket. "Mel" is not only a fisherman but an all-round sportsman. Coon hunting is his special delight, and in company with T. W. Lane and the latter's dog Jack, a team is formed that is hard for "coony" to beat. Jack was purchased by the late Hiram P. Young five years ago, since which time he has added 244 coons to his credit. He is a handsome black and tan beagle, nine years old, and now badly used up with what appears like rheumatism, and although receiving the best of treatment at the hands of his owner, to whom he was given by his close friend Mr. Young, just before his death, I fear he has treed his last coon. "Mel" is also a great stayer in a rabbit swamp or on a fox chase and seldom gets "skunked."

John H. Andrews and son Harry, W. B. Moore and Will Eames, are enjoying a two weeks' fishing trip at the Connecticut lakes, whence they started the 30th. They write "good luck and lots of fun."

An ardent pair, William Stevens and Joseph A. Chamberlain, who know the business thoroughly, work well together and love the recreation, captured a nice string at Gorham Pond last week.

James McGregor, one of Manchester's oldest and best known sportsmen, died of liver trouble, this afternoon, at his home, a road house on the way to Massabesic Lake, aged 73 years. This State has few men who have given as much time to the successful use of the rod, dog and gun as "Jim." He had lived, hunted and fished around this city, and particularly the lake, for more than fifty years. Sport he followed because he loved it, and the effects of his free outdoor life was amply shown in his well preserved frame, steady nerve and quick eye. Generous, jovial and true he will be missed and mourned by many.

PAYSON.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

*Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—*her *luck.*

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., July 3.—The bass fishing here is in full swing, and not for years have the catches been so large. Saturday, among others, were the following catches, each by one boat: 117, 115, 80, 67, etc. Two large boat liveries furnish beautiful and safe boats, and experienced guides can be had at reasonable rates.

ROBT. S. FOWLER.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., June 30.—I think the following list of some of the catches of black bass made by gentlemen here in the past two days will be of interest to some of your readers. Mr. Esterbrook, New Jersey, June 29, 91; June 30, 81. Mr. Kepler, New York, June 29, 75; June 30, 48. Mr. Weekes, New York, June 29, 42; June 30, 68.

C. T. SACKET.

BARNEGAT, N. J., July 2.—Fishing poor in the bay but large catches outside. Yesterdy Peterson, Cox and Ridgway caught about 600lbs. of sea bass, porgies, etc., out to sea. No fish in bay whatever. Cannot say anything for the coming week.

W. C. INMAN, JR.

KENNEBAGO LAKE, Me., June 29.—C. W. Whitney and O. C. Whitcomb of New Hampshire, in four days ending June 29 have caught 519 trout, the largest 2½lbs. Monday, 26th, Charles Staples, Jr., of Maine, caught 100 trout.

CAPT. G. A. ROYAL

CLAYTON, N. Y.—Jack Gordon, of Texas; Harry Crosby, of Chicago, caught 5 pickerel and 155 black bass in four and a half hours on July 3.

A GUIDE.

REDWOOD, N. Y., July 7.—Wm. Comstock, of Evans Mills, caught July 6 in Mill Sight Lake, at Redwood, 45 bass, 30 small and 15 large-mouths; the largest small-mouth weighed 3½lbs., largest big-mouth 5½lbs. Oarsman John Dollinger. Fishing is of the best and Dollinger House guarantees a catch of fish, if not, board bill free.

ZOLLER & SPRINGER.

SCHROON LAKE, N. Y., July 6.—Trout fishing at Schroon Lake is very good. Mr. F. L. Cross has made some very nice catches, ranging in number from 76 to 210. On Saturday last Messrs. Wood and Locke caught 123 of the speckled beauties in Schroon River; largest 3lbs. 7oz. Messrs. Knox and Bruce caught 23 weighing 31lbs. Bass fishing has just commenced. Mr. Tompkins, of New York, caught five to-day, one weighing 4½lbs.

L. R. & E. D. L.

KENNEBAGO LAKE, Me., July 6.—Mr. S. C. Deyer, of Boston, caught on July 3d 33 trout, 4th 103, 5th 104, 6th 50, a total of 340. Dr. E. P. George, of Thomaston, caught on July 4 250 trout; Dr. Nathaniel Jewett, of Ashburnham, on the 6th 50. All were taken with the fly.

G. A. R.

Bewitched Rods.

A CORRESPONDENT, "Sancho Panza," writes of a recent fishing trip to a lake, which on their arrival was found to have been ditched dry: Determined to have a pike fish, we drove over into Licking Creek to the old tan factory dam. An old man named Kinder had charge of a sawmill at the dam, and he told us that the owner of the dam would allow no one to fish. We told him we had driven twenty miles to have a fish, and that we were all acquainted with the owner of the dam and would run all risk, and fish. The old man did not like it, but said no more, so we started in to fish. After an hour's fishing without any luck, we invited the old man to partake of our refreshments. After that he began to have a better feeling toward us; and at last said in broken English: "I am sorry vor what I done to you men." "What was that, pap?" "I pud a spell on you." "Can't you take it off?" "Nod till the sun goes down." And so we discovered why we were having such hard luck. He assured us we would not get a pike if we should fish all day. He told us that a party of hunters had incurred his displeasure, and that he had put a spell on their guns, so that they were unable to kill any game. However, toward evening his spell did not work, for one of us succeeded in getting several nice pike. The old man does not know till this day that his spell did not work.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club

HELD its weekly meeting and quarrel yesterday, July 6, at Washington Park. Petty jealousies and quarrels have come up at nearly every meeting. At the last meeting the special quarrel was on Montgomery Ward & Co.'s employing an expert, who also is a member of the club, and who "hogs" (fly-casting vernacular) the medal. Mr. Isgrigg, the party objected to, declined to participate. The objection was peculiar in that those who objected were employed by dealers in sportsmen's goods. Still it might as well be one thing as another. But it seems that out of a club of about eighty members there should be a larger attendance. E. E. Wilkinson cast 70½ft., B. W. Goodsell 70ft., G. W. Strell 63ft., W. E. Davidson 64½ft. Best percentage for long distance, 79½, by W. E. Davidson. Meetings each week will be held at Washington Park till further notice.

B. WATERS.

Off for the Kiamichis.

SHERMAN, Tex., July 7.—A party of six sportsmen left yesterday for the Kiamichi Mountains, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, for a two weeks' hunting and fishing trip. Great sport is expected, as reports from this section say that bass, trout and other game and fish have been taken in large numbers. The route is to Stringtown, I. T., where they will have two wagons in readiness to convey them to the camp, about 20 miles east. In the party are Thos. Bass, John Myers, Ed. Hildebrand, Chas. Dickerman and Dupon Lyon, and two or three others. The "boys" are all old fishermen and expect great sport.

Adirondacks.

THE attention of sportsmen is called to the advertisement printed elsewhere in our columns of an Adirondack preserve, embracing a beautiful lake surrounded by virgin forest, and affording good trout fishing and hunting. The owners offer one-half interest in this preserve for sale, and the opportunity is certainly worth investigation.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

Plant Yearlings Where Needed.

BY WM. F. PAGE.

A paper read at the Twenty-second Meeting of the American Fisheries Society, Chicago, Ill., June 15, 1893.

THE term "yearling" as heretofore used (and as must from the necessity of the case continue to be used) is faulty in that it signifies only that the fish under discussion has reached a certain age, acquired a certain degree of intelligence, and cost a certain sum for attendance and food. The cost of a yearling will depend, other things being equal, upon the general cost of living in the locality in which it has been grown. The intrinsic value of the yearling for stocking purposes, if normally developed and in health, should depend upon its size, as it certainly would if the fish were to be used for the table. Latitude and elevation above the sea regulate to a large extent the possibilities of any particular hatchery for raising fish within a stated period to a given size. There is in the United States a variation in this respect of nearly 1,000%. All consideration of the relative values of fry and yearlings for stocking purposes should be confined to the product of some particular hatchery or at least hatcheries under like climatic and hydrographic conditions.

In the past, particularly at the last meeting, the opponents of raising fish to yearlings prior to planting have used arguments which would fall under the following heads:

(a) The excessive cost.
(b) Its want of analogy to other processes.
(c) The large number of fish which would unavoidably be lost, and
(d) Its want of permanent and commensurate results.

To an answer to these points I ask your attention:

The main element of cost heretofore discussed has been that of food. It is, in fact, almost, if not altogether, the chief factor of expense in raising from fry to yearlings. The attendance need not be counted (except perhaps in some particular case) for the preparation of the food and the feeding of it to the fish can safely be intrusted to the care-taker, who looks after the brood stock and other property.

There are among fishes, in common with other animals, several dietaries, some followed from a matter of choice, some from necessity and others from ignorance on the part of the attendant. They may for convenience be thus classified: First, bare subsistence diet, merely sustaining life and resulting in stunted, deformed fish or starvation; second, healthy diet, promoting normal growth and development; third, fattening diet, fitting for heaviest marketable weight, and fourth, over-fattening diet, causing a temporary or permanent suppression of the functions of the reproductive organs, a partial or total destruction of the eyes and inflammation of the intestines, frequently resulting in death. The first and fourth of these diets have killed very many fish, the second has hurt none and the third is outside the proper object of this paper. The question largely turns upon what constitutes a healthy diet? What does it cost? and is that cost excessive? No phase of this question is more obscure, more diversified in practice or richer in possibilities.

In the following paper wherever reference is made to the "daily rations," "allowance," or "formulas," the amount and proportions given apply to yearling trout unless otherwise stated, the intention being to express only the artificial food supplied without taking into account the natural food the fish secure. Nor have I considered the highly important though ever-varying elements of "initial vitality," "range," and "space" in discussing the growth and size acquired by fish at different establishments. It will rarely or never happen that these conditions are identical at different establishments, for we know that at any one they are found varying from year to year and frequently in the same season. In our considerations of artificial food and growth we must for the present disregard, or assume as constant, the initial vitality, natural food, range and space.

For convenience of study I have adopted as a unit "the average daily rations in pounds per thousand yearling trout." I am aware that the unit would be more expressive and exact if it were based upon the number of pounds of fish rather than upon the number of fish to be fed. I have the data of the amount and character of food and rate of growth of the fish at sixteen trout cultural establishments in the United States and Great Britain, the régime and results of which may fairly be assumed as typical of fishculture in general. These data present the astounding variation in the daily rations per thousand yearlings of from 2½oz. of animal (or flesh) food, in ponds containing very little natural food, to 101bs. of animal food in ponds abounding in natural food. I have calculated the weight of one thousand of the average yearling trout raised at these places to be 52.75lbs., and the average daily rations to be 3½lbs. In other words, the average allowance for yearling trout is 6½% of their weight. This, it seems to me, is out of all proportion to their necessities, and certainly is not warranted by analogy. It is true, as before pointed out, that the rate of growth depends to a large extent upon the location of the hatchery, and the corollary follows that the food allowance will also vary with the location. The allowance of a hatchery in a warm section cannot be considered a guide for one in a colder or more elevated region. For instance, trout reared in the Ozarks acquire a weight 700% in excess of those grown in the mountains of Colorado. The Colorado trout could not consume the allowance of the Ozark trout, and the Ozark trout would stunt or starve on the Colorado allowance. On this subject Mr. Stone says in "Domesticated Trout" (page 236): "The quantity [of food] varies with the season, the quality, quantity and temperature of the water, and other circumstances, and cannot be definitely stated. Green says 5lbs. for a thousand two-year olds. I should say this would be an average feed through the year. I think it safe to say that under favorable circumstances large trout of any age will eat 1-50 of their weight in summer, that 1% of their weight will keep them in good condition through the year, and that they would do very well on half that allowance." Dr. Slack, in his book, "Trout Culture," stated that his brood stock throve very well on ⅛ of 1% of their weight per day.

In the report of the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries for 1884 is a translation of Mr. Carl Nicklas's book entitled "Pond Culture." In this work Mr. Nicklas enters exhaustively into the character and quantity of food necessary for fish. On page 112 he says: "As there are no data on the subject, it will be difficult to lay down exact rules as to the quantity of food. It will be correct to presume at least approximately the same principles will have to serve as a basis as those prevailing in the feeding of cattle, and we shall, therefore, be enabled to fix a standard which will come as near the true one as possible." Reasoning on this basis, Mr. Nicklas concludes that 1,000lbs. of carp will require 15lbs. or 1½% of their weight of food per day. When we consider that a carp will consume, and probably requires, more food than a trout, we see that these three writers are in fairly close accord; and that the average practice of feeding 6½% of their weight to trout is in excess of the amount required. However, it must not be forgotten that these growing yearlings would most likely need a higher per cent. than the matured fish; but I cannot believe that the process of growing would require six times the material found necessary for maintenance after growth was accomplished.

So much as to the amount of food necessary and that given in actual practice. Let us look now at what constitutes the food of trout under domestication. At sixteen places I find liver is used. Curd, horse meat and mush at three places. Maggots, mussels, boiled fish and hens' eggs are each used at different places. At four of the places natural food is very abundant in the waters and largely depended upon for a portion of the year. You are all familiar with these various forms of food, and I shall not make further reference to them except to touch upon the points of natural food and the mixture of vegetable and animal food for trout. No little was said in the meetings of 1891 and 1892 upon the former subject, and I should not now refer to it except that on the part of some an incredulity was expressed as to the possibility of producing an adequate amount of natural food for more than a few hundred fishes. The following letter from Mr. Andrews will, I hope, satisfy the incredulous on this point:

WESTGATE HOUSE, Guilford, England, May 6, 1893.—Dear Sir: In reply to yours of April 18 it gives me great pleasure to comply with your request, and if the following is of any use to you I shall be very glad. I presume you have kept a copy of your letter to me, and I therefore simply answer your questions as numbered.

1. I have two hatcheries, the principal one being at Guilford with capacity for hatching between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 ova. The other hatchery is at my ponds at Haslemere and is smaller.

The principal rearing ponds, and also ponds for the larger fish are at Crichmere, Haslemere, and are from 200 to 300ft. above sea level.

3. Temperature of the hatching water at Guilford is pretty uniform at 49 to 51 deg. Temperature at my ponds varies from 49 deg. in winter to 56 deg. in summer. Occasionally it rises 2 or 3 deg. higher, but very seldom.

The quantity of water passing through my Crichmere ponds amounts to nearly a million gallons per diem, and is only very slightly affected by a long drought and not to any visible extent. The place is, moreover, not subject to flood, as all the springs rise on my grounds. The same applies to the other places which I use as fish farms.

4 and 5. I cannot tell how much liver and horse flesh is given to the yearling fish, but as natural food, viz., *Gammarus pulex*, *Limnæa* and larvæ of all water insects are present in great quantities, I can safely say the artificial food given to the fry is very, very small, and in two out of the three of my sets of ponds no artificial food whatever is given to the fish. We cultivate the natural food to a large extent, leaving one or more ponds every year for the purpose, and it is not an uncommon thing for us to transfer 150 gallons of *Gammarus pulex* and 20 bushels of *Limnæa* from one pond to another.

6. We get yearling fish of *fario*, *levenensis*, *fontinalis* and grayling from 4in. up to 8 and 10in. in length in 10 to 11 months, and there is very little difference in size of the four varieties above named. I do not care for the *S. trideus* and have only had a few which were given me by Sir Jas. Maitland some four or five years ago. I need hardly say that the best yearlings are from fry planted in January and February, and the smaller yearlings are from fry planted later. Our fish begin to spawn late in October and I have taken eggs as late as March 20, but I place less value on these late ova.

7. Weight of 5in. yearling is about 350 grains, sometimes 450 grains, and this will apply to *fario*, *levenensis* and *fontinalis*, but grayling are a little lighter, being a slighter made fish. We include *levenensis* in the *fario* variety.

American *fontinalis* do well with me, reaching a large size, and I have breeders of this kind of 4 and 5lbs. Many of my two-year-old fish weigh 1¾lbs. and 2lbs. in the second year, but I do not supply fish as two-year-olds over 12in. I am, dear sir, yours very truly, (Signed) THOS. ANDREWS.

It must be evident, I think, to every progressive fishculturist that a change is coming over the spirit of the dream of fishculture, and in view of the fact that this change has its origin in, and is spreading from the Old World, we must look at our laurels or else abandon the boast that we are the most advanced nation in fishculture. Only one thing can be urged against the new departure, and that is the cost of the land and the construction of the larger plant necessary for such a self-feeding establishment. But when we reflect that in cramped Great Britain private individuals without Government aid have successfully accomplished this thing on a paying basis, we must acknowledge that in broad and comparatively scantily populated America it can be done. If fishculture as a private business expands in this country as I hope to see it the artificial propagation of natural fish food will be undertaken and accomplished. And to him who first does it will come the cream of the profits of the business. It will be by this process we will secure a rational, healthy diet at a minimum cost.

But however willing and ready we might be to take up the propagation of natural fish food on a scale commensurate with the demands, such an undertaking would necessarily be slow in its accomplishment, and probably considerable time would elapse before it became sufficiently developed to be understood and relied upon. In the twentieth meeting Mr. Seal told us how easy it was to secure a start and propagate natural food in any desired quantity. My own experiments fully confirm his statements, and by consent of the Commissioner I hope soon to test them on a larger scale. In the last meeting Mr. Fairbank told us how abundantly and cheaply this food produced itself at his place, and how well his fish throve upon it. Pending the development of this new method, which I feel sure will yet be undertaken and prosecuted by Americans, I submit for your consideration the methods of feeding trout as practiced at Wytheville and Neosho Stations of the U. S. Fish Commission and also at the Troutdale Fish Farm, at Mammoth Spring, Ark. The method followed at these three places is not, so far as I know, prosecuted elsewhere. The differentiation consisting in an admixture of vegetable matter with the flesh or animal matter, heretofore constituting the sole food for trout under domestication. A few notes on the methods of preparing and administering this food at the Neosho Station will illustrate the method of the three places where it is used. A thick mush is made by cooking "shorts" or mill-middlings in boiling water, which, after it has thoroughly cooled and stiffened, is mixed with liver ground to a fineness suitable to the size of the trout to be fed. The very young trout have never been subjected to this diet (though it is not doubted that they could be induced to eat it), but they are started and kept upon a pure beef liver diet until they are thoroughly trained to congregate for their food. When the fry have been on liver for about two months we commence to mix in a little mush, and gradually increase the proportion of mush (and quantity of food) until by the time they are six months old the mush and liver are in equal proportions. After that time the addition of mush is made freely, so that when the fish are yearlings the liver may be reduced to a minimum.

Exigencies have arisen, making it desirable to economize on liver. At such times we have not hesitated to put the trout on a diet of pure mush. They do not allow this food to sink to the bottom and eat it only when pressed by hunger. On the contrary, they rise to the surface, sometimes eat it in the air, and rarely or ever allow a particle to reach the bottom. To 1,000 yearling trout we have been giving a daily average of 1.87lbs. of this mixture, in the proportion of 3.79 mush to 1.0 liver. Their average length at one year old was 6in., and the weight for an average 1,000 was 51.86lbs. The loss in raising 40,000 trout to yearlings on this diet was 6 per cent. of the number of fry. That the fish produced by this diet were normal and healthy is beyond all question, and if evidence is wanted it is to be found in that their progenitors, spawning them at two years old, were raised on the exact same diet. The natural question is, what does this food cost? Shorts cost at Neosho, Mo., 90 cents per 100lbs. One pound of shorts makes 3.61bs. of mush. Mush therefore costs one-quarter of a cent per pound. Liver during 1892 was delivered in Neosho from Kansas City for 3½ cents. per pound. From this I deduce the cost of an average daily ration for 1,000 yearlings was 1.707 cents. If this food is not cheap enough to suit your views, I then ask your attention to the following condensed history of an experiment in feeding trout which I undertook last summer. On Aug. 9 12,000 healthy trout fry which had up to that time received the same general treatment and allowance of food as we usually give, were deprived of all animal or flesh food. From that time until they were shipped in February, 1893, not an ounce of animal food was given them, and it is certain that the natural animal food which they might have obtained was the very least. Their allowance throughout this time was 45lbs. of mush per day, costing a fraction under one cent per 1,000 fish per day. At the end of the year they averaged 4in. in length, and an average thousand fish weighed 27.5lbs. The fish were normal and healthy, and though under the average size for Neosho, they were above the average of at least two American establishments.

In closing this branch of the subject let me say that the food composed of a mixture of animal and vegetable matters more nearly approximates than any other artificial trout food in use a rational, healthy diet; and when we consider its capabilities of creating and sustaining the heaviest growth in the shortest time, we must admit that it is not an extravagant diet. A study of Mr. Nicklas's article heretofore referred to conclusively shows that fishes need the smallest proportion of hydrate of carbon; and further, that the best fish food is that containing the largest proportion of nitrogenous materials. He says on page 111: "The most suitable articles of food are blood, horse flesh, fish guano, curds, meat dried and ground fine, refuse from slaughter-houses, etc. All these, however, require to be mixed with other articles of food containing less nitrogen so as to restore the proper proportion of nutritive substances. On the whole, the food for carp will have to be mixed very much on the same principle as that for cattle and other domestic animals." (In the passage just quoted Mr. Nicklas has reference to carp, but his remarks apply with equal or greater force to trout.) This is just what we claim to be doing in mixing mush with liver. It is probable that we are not at present combining these elements in the best possible proportion for fish, the Neosho formula being 1.0 meat to 3.79 mush, yet I believe we are using a more rational and inexpensive diet than is to be found in any one element of animal substance. If you answer me that the trout is naturally a carnivorous animal, I reply by reminding you that the trout we feed in our ponds are domesticated animals. The jakal and the wolf are carnivorous, but your domesticated dog sickens and dies when restricted to the only food acceptable to his ancient progenitors.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Kingston (Ont.) K. C., at Kingston. H. C Bates, Sec'y,
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone. Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park. D. C. Collins, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. E. D. Adams, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Hamilton Kennel Club.

THE dogs which have been donated by different Canadian fanciers to the Hamilton Kennel Club, to help pay off the guarantors of the last show are well worth winning. According to the list sent us by the assistant secretary, Mr. Tulk, many of the animals are of the very best breeding. First on the list is Canada First, a cocker presented by Mr. Geo. Bell, and is by champion Fascination out of champion I Say, whelped Oct. 11, 1892. Vixen, a dachshund, is presented by Mr. C. W. Ricketts, and is by imported Comrade out of Saja and whelped June, 1888. She has won first prizes at Buffalo, N. Y., and London, Ontario. Marionette is a collie bitch, whelped Sept. 5, 1891, and is by Metchley Wonder II. out of Dawn. She is donated by Mr. R. McEwen, the well known collie breeder. Iocaste is a fox-terrier bitch, whelped August, 1890, by champion Blemton Trump ex Bacchante. She is presented by Mr. A. A. MacDonald, of Toronto, and is in whelp to his imported Dark Eye.

Noble Regent is a St. Bernard, whelped April, 1893, by Nice ex Lady Amber and is presented by Mr. Murray Williams, of Oakville, Ont. He is said to be well marked. Wentworth Thora is one of Dr. Griffith's bull-terriers, whelped October, 1892. She is by Principio ex Kathleen Mavourneen, which shows good breeding. Bright Light is a liver and white pointer bitch which Mr. T. G. Davey contributes to the fund. This bitch is by Signal ex Brighton Leda, both imported. Black Silk is a cocker donated by Mr. J. Kennedy, proprietor of the Raven Kennels, Hamilton, Ontario. This dog is by King Raven ex Gyp, and is a likely winner. Another fox-terrier bitch, Miss Coronet, by Suffolk Coronet ex Bonaily Belle, is given by Mr. F. R. Close, Hamilton, Ont., and her breeding is more than good. She was whelped Oct 17, 1892. Another dachshund, the well-known Combat, a winner of several prizes, is given by Mr. C. W. Ricketts of Hamilton, Ont. Combat is by Contest ex Mischief and was imported from England. Mr. J. A. Spracklin parts with a nice cocker in Black Pete II., by champion Black Pete ex Althea. This dog was first at London, Ont., 1890, and has not been shown since. The twelfth donation is from Mr. James Luckwell, of Woodstock, Ont., and is a cocker, Florence G., by champion Black Duke ex Woodland Cricket, and was whelped in October, 1892. It will, therefore, be seen that the affair is well worth the attention of any fancier. Mr. W. J. Tulk will furnish any particulars about the drawing, which will come off Aug. 4 at the Royal Hotel, Hamilton, Ont., at 8 P. M. The spirit in which the dogs have been given is most exemplary, and shows that Canadian fanciers, though credited with being a little cantankerous at show times, are "comrades" when trouble comes along.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, July 8.—I notice that in FOREST AND STREAM of June 29, one of my kennel notes was held over by mistake till it was out of date. I refer to the one mentioning the Beagle Club meeting at the World's Fair, June 14, which was sent about June 1.

From Mr. J. E. Fisher, of Riverside, Ind., the well-kuown trainer, I received a letter from which I quote the following:

"Dog owners are now looking around, some placing their dogs with trainers for field trial preparation, and some are having them trained for private shootiug.

"Why does not the U. S. F. T. Club give later dates than July 1 for closing its entries? The far West people have dogs which they would like to start if the dogs would qualify. The Derby closes before the owners have time to correspond with the handlers. I had a very promising dog for the Derby in Trials A, but the time to make arrauge-ments was too short. The owner, having other business to atteud to, wrote a day or two too late, and thus the dog was shut out."

I am impressed with the belief that the unpleasant occurrence was due more to the owner's negligeuce than to the date of closing the entries. Mr. Fisher will readily see that if the entries were kept open till every owner calmly and leisurely got good and ready to make up his mind and later on wrote that that interesting cerebral movement was completed, the trials might not be held till far in the future.

It is a great loss to the field trial interests that the Central Field Trials Club will hold no field trials this year. It was one of the most popular and successful fixtures in the circuit. It would not be too late even now to arrange for a trial, although there is but little probability that such will be done. Mr. Wallace with his experience aud ability could conduct a trial most skillfully. Furthermore, he is most popular with field trial patrons. On this subject a correspondent writes me: "It certainly is too bad to let such a good club, on such a firm footing, fall flat just because there is no one to move in the matter."

The A. K. C. Management.

Under the above caption Mr. Heppner had a long communication in FOREST AND STREAM of June 15. The communition was originally a letter to the secretary of the Great Dane Club of America. Prefixed to it is a resolution by the club, which indorses Mr. Heppner's action as delegate. Just why it was necessary for this club to indorse its delegate's action, when no record is presented showing that his action was questioned, and just why the delegate wrote a very long, fulsome letter on the A. K. C. mauagement on matters entirely outside his acts or official powers as delegate, also is not shown by the record. Still, Mr. Heppner may have felt that the canine world needed the light which he could turn on it, and the manner of it, so that it was good, is of little importance. That Mr. Heppner has set everything all right by his personal assurance that everything is all right, will doubtlessly be received with rejoicings. One little paragraph among many similar ones, does not seem quite logical. It is as follows:

"But the A. K. C. considers it beneath its dignity to answer anything that is outside of an interpellation by a delegate at the proper time of quarterly meetings."

Some persons might be pleased to term such as being negligence, sulkiness or obstinacy. How it would affect its dignity is not at all plain. The A. K. C. is a creation of the kennel world and it can not well have more dignity than its creator. But all this about dignity is too fulsome and frivolous to consider seriously.

What I desire to touch upon is the following, in which he says: "For instance, the FOREST AND STREAM had an item the other day from its Western correspondent to the effect that the A. K. C. taxed the doggy world too highly and piled up a great deal of money which really belonged to the dog-men, and wound up with the remark that there was some $6,000 in bank. Now I say that such a statement should not be admitted, and if it appears in arguments in favor of a rival club, then I say to the embryonic rival of the A. K. C., 'Beware of your friends.'"

Now that Mr. Heppner's opinion on what is proper to publish and what is not, is known, I feel that the writers will carefully govern themselves accordingly, with a proper sense of gratitude for the admonition. But compare this disapproval with the latitude he bestows on the A. K. C. membership quoted later herein.

When I said, many weeks ago, "It is not a money-making concern, or at least such is not its purpose, yet it has over $6,000 in its treasury, according to its treasurer's last report." That was the report of the A. K. C. meeting Feb. 22, the treasurer's report showing a balance of $6,200.66. I do not object to being quoted, but I do object to garbling or misrepresentation.

Of course, there must have been money expeuded since Feb. 22. I presume the stud-book printing, salaries, etc., had to be paid, but the stud-book will bring back returns in sales, so that it is not entirely a debit item.

Mr. Heppner further says: "I do not believe, gentlemen, that any fair-minded American could conclude, however, that because a man is an officer of the A. K. C. he should be deprived of the privilege of expressing his private opinion on any subject whatsoever, even as to World's Fair judges."

Mr. Heppner being undoubtedly a fair-minded American, I ask him if the press of America has not the same right to express its opinion as he concedes to the A. K. C. Yet he has expressed the opinion that it has not.

Mr. Heppner's proposition to canvas among the delegates to get the stud book fees reduced, provided some one else would pay any deficiency, is too absurd for consideration. A secretary is paid for doing the work at a salary of $1,800 a year, yet he is in the employ of another concern and only gives the A. K. C. affairs such time as he chooses. Yet one-third of his salary is charged to the stud book. Before Mr. Heppner makes any propositions of that kind he should see that it is not entirely a jug handled affair.

In regard to the parts referring to Dr. Perry, I have every confidence that that gentleman can easily take care of them.

Unparalleled Brutality.

In a letter to me, under date of July 7, Mr. J. T. Mayfield, of Bicknell, Ind., says: "A most inhuman crime was committed in this place (Bicknell, Ind.) at 3 A. M., July 7: Geo. McLin had some dogs in charge to train. He had them confined in a building 9×18ft., with no window for ventilation or yard for exercise. On July 6 a gentleman asked me if I knew the condition of McLin's dogs. I did not, but I went over with him to see them, and the sight I saw (after breaking the lock) was horrible. Four of them were dead, and half eaten with maggots. The other four could walk, but could not bark. I had McLin arrested for cruelty to animals. He gave bonds in $200. This morning the building and dogs were burned.

"Five of the dogs belonged to Mr. F. H. Perry, of Des Moines, Iowa. Parties owning the others will please write to me, or to Messrs. J. M. Freeman, Chas. Hoover, or Rev. L. Peck, Bicknell, Ind. They can find out more about the matter from them. I ask the owners to assist me in pushing this case to the end. Don't delay."

These are acts so atrocious that words are empty and forceless in denouncing them. Mr. Mayfield's call for action best expresses the situation. If money is necessary to carry on a vigorous prosecution, the dog owners and handlers of this country should see that it is promptly forthcoming. Such atrocious cruelty should meet a legal punishment so prompt and swift that there will be the least possible interval between the crime and its punishment. The execration of mankind should follow forever. It is inconceivable how any man could so heartlessly leave a lot of dumb, helpless dogs, gentle and loving by nature, to swelter in confinement and die of hunger and thirst. In his letter, Mr. Mayfield further said that it was proven that McLin had not been near the dogs for a week. Aside from the heartless cruelty exhibited, there are serious business considerations involved. Taken all in all, it is one of the crimes which occur betimes and which have no measure of comparison, for they stand alone. But the law can be invoked and the public can express its loathing for a man who cannot be called a brute, for no brute would do such an act. It properly is the domain of fiends. All praise to Mr. Mayfield for his act.

I learn that Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburgh, eminent as a sportsman and field trial judge, has had misfortunes in his kennel. Distemper caused the death of two one-year-old puppies, one by Count Eric—Tessie, the other by Dick (a grandson of Count Noble and Belle Gladstone).

Automatic Register for Dogs.

The following excerpt is taken from a letter written to me by Mr. Royal Robinson, Indianapolis. It is a satire on the sportsmen who advocate keeping a score card and determining a dog's qualities by addition and subtraction:

"Two or three years ago I was favored hy the inventor with a diagram and explanatory notes of 'A Scrub's Automatic Game Annunciator for Dogs, with the nose in the wrong place.' It was a practical application of a very happy idea, and I hoped the device would he put upon the market and come into general use, especially upon field trial dogs, where, as you know, something of that kind is badly needed. Some cause, prohahly his well known modesty, has operated to keep 'A Scrub' from doing anything with it, and the public is the loser.

"This little device, so useful upon a dog of perverted nature, suggests to me something which should prove of great value to the fraternity, but I lack the mechanical genius to put it in shape, hence I must give the idea away. I propose to put upon the dog a close-fitting, but very light, electrical jacket with a convenient pocket for a score card, upon which would be automatically registered the value of his various qualities as shown while in competition.

"The absolute fairness and accuracy of decisions reached would commend this scheme to field trial patrons generally, and especially to those who always have the best dog, but are beaten by the judges.

"Judges would no longer be needed except to lend dignity to the head of the procession, and 'discretionary power,' that bugbear which keeps our friend, 'A Scrub,' awake of nights, would be killed at a blow.

"The good people who have tried so long to devise rules under which the dogs would be properly placed regardless of the judges' qualifications, could take a long and much needed rest, while they who have insisted that the relative merits of two dogs could be as easily and accurately measured as the contents of two wood piles, would say, 'I told you so,' and the score card advocates would shout with glee. But you know all this better than I do."

Mr. J. T. Mayfield, of Bicknell, Ind., well kuown as a successful trainer, writes me that he never saw breeding birds more plentiful. He says: "I find six and eight pair in almost every stubble. A most favorable condition for successful running of the U. S. F. T. Club's trials.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Where is the Spaniel as a Sporting Dog?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ever since the first letter appeared in your issue of March 23, prefixed "Where is the Spaniel as a Sporting Dog?" I have been pleasurably looking forward to a letter appearing that I might exclaim, "Ah, there is a man after my own heart; there is a man that shoots woodcock, aud hunts them with cockers, a man thoroughly conversant with the habits of the bird, and the mode of hunting them with the cocker, and that really does hunt them." I have waited in vain, for I have not seen that letter yet.

I shall try to give my reasons for the above statement as I go along. "Cocker" writes: "That the black dog is a pretty fellow no one will deny; but who has shot over a black or solid liver dog in the late afternoon of an autumn day and not heen thoroughly disgusted at his inabilty to distinguish the dog from an inanimate lump of sod at twenty or thirty feet? With the old liver and whites this trouble of not being able to distinguish the dog would be so little as to he almost unappreciable."

A solid black or a solid liver cocker can be seen long after the shooter can see to kill a woodcock, a fact well known to all woodcock shooters.

"Solus" writes: "Staying at a farmer's house a few years ago, I had the pleasure of seeing one pointer, one setter, three field spaniels and at least a dozen cockers, nine of which were modern and the balance 'very ancient,' work through a brier swamp near by, etc."

Heavens above! Fancy a sportsman (a woodcock shooter) going out to shoot woodcock with fifteen spaniels, with a pointer and setter thrown in. Why, in the covert "Solus" describes, if there were fifty birds in it, fifteen good spaniels would have every bird up in five minutes. The writer says the dogs were taken to this place not to find game but as a test to the spaniels. A test for what?

Another correspondent writes that the cocker cannot be seen in thick cover. To this I would ask, At how many woodcock out of one hundred killed over cockers are the dogs in sight of the shooter when the birds were killed? My answer to this question is, not fifty. Your cocker in a thick covert may be within twenty yards of you and not visihle. What does it matter whether the shooter sees his dog or does not when the woodcock flushes, the bird will tell you by his loud whistle that he is up, and where he is. This is just as absurd an objection to the cocker as any of the other objections that have been made.

In your issue of June 22, your correspondent, signing himself "It Seems to Me," writes: "There is a standard that any man can understand, and a pretty good one at that, and it seems to me that in at least two shows the working cockers were placed over the toys, with a jolly row on paper in consequence. It seems to me that not so long ago Mr. Bell disputed this same statement that the dog show winners were not hunters, and offered to wager good money that his dog could hunt game as well as "mugs." Mr. Bell certainly did issue a challenge to, I think, Mr. Keyes, of Ottawa, for a field trial for cockers to take place during or after the field trial held at Chatham, Ont., in the latter part of November, but Mr. Bell, not being a woodcock shooter, any more than Mr. Keyes, was not aware that after November there is not to be found half a dozen woodcock in Ontario, if any. Mr. J. Otis Fellows, in your issue of June 22, writes: "'Spaniel' is all right, he knows something about a working cocker." I am much obliged to Mr. Fellows for his opinion. My reason for saying that Mr. Keyes is not a woodcock shooter is that he took no notice of Mr. Bell's challenging him to a field trial for cockers late in November. Of course, I understood the trial to be run on woodcock, woodcock being the only bird except ruffed grouse that the cocker is used for, and to have a field trial on ruffed grouse at Chatham, Ont., would be simply ridiculous. A few sportsmen may and do (as I do myself) use their cockers for snipe, but it is not usual to do so. Field trials with a pigeon in a basket as proposed in FOREST AND STREAM, will not do at all. Field trials in the coverts for the cocker would not be a fair test, as one dog might be put down in a covert where there were several birds; another dog in a covert which contained only one or two, the next dog into a covert *nil*, and so on. Again an inferior dog might get the covert with the greatest number of birds, and being a wide ranger get up most of the birds by merely stumbling on them. The covert, perhaps, being thick, the judges might not see this, and likely not being first-class judges (which, judging from the letters in FOREST AND STREAM, are few and far between) might not notice this defect, and award the prize to an inferior dog.

Spaniel men that wish to have field trials for the cocker can do so, and I am happy to tell them how to proceed. Procure a field or common of five, ten or fifteen acres—a pasture field, if possible. Get a recently killed woodcock, tie a string to one of its legs, and trail the bird from one end of the field to the other. When near the upper end diverge to one side about 50yds., still trailing the bird, and leave it there. Now bring out a brace of the cockers entered for the trial, each dog being accompanied by his master or trainer, and place them in the field. Allow each man to work his dog as he desires. When the dogs have worked the trail to the head of the field where the trail diverged, discharge a gun and tell the dogs to seek dead and find. Each brace can be tried in the same manner, and the best picked out for a final trail. The same plan can be followed in the covert. One-eighth of an acre will suffice for the covert trial. For each brace of dogs drag the bird freshly over the same trail or as near to it as possible. Do not trail the hird all over the field, as that would not be fair for the dogs coming after. After the above trial is gone through, try the dogs at retrieving the woodcock. Stand and throw the bird from you. This will test his mouth and retrieving powers. Take each dog out separately for this trial. Lastly, take the dogs to the water and give them a trial at retrieving from the water, and do not forget to stand well back from the shore and penalize the dog heavily that on reaching the land leaves his bird there instead of bringing it to his master.

The above is written on behalf of the handsomest, most affectionate and easiest taught dog in the world—the spaniel. I hope my remarks will hurt nobody's feelings. If they do, my excuse must be my great love for the spaniel, especially the black cocker and black field spaniel. SPANIEL.

COOKSTOWN, Ont.

The Rhode Island Show.

THE Rhode Island State Fair Association, Mr. Collins, the secretary, tells us, have taken hold of the bench show in connection with their annual State Fair, deliberately and strongly, which has been something that for the past five years they have been gradually bringing to such a point that their sound and conservative committee would adopt. The history of the introduction of dogs in the State Fair dates back to 1886, when the present president, Mr. Fred E. Perkins, was superintendent, the first year the department was inaugurated. The association was poor and composed largely of agriculturists, who could only see good in the valuable breed of collie dogs, and to encourage the breeding of those dogs in the State they offered only diplomas. Between twenty and thirty entries was the result. Since then they gradually, year by year, added a few classes and built a few benches in the poultry building. The interest, locally, gradually increased, until last year they had in round numbers 150 dogs exhibited. Nothing was given in prizes except diplomas, and wins did not count. When the present committee decided last December upon the reorganization of the State Fair, Mr. Perkins and Secretary Collins saw the opportunity that they had so long waited for to push forward the kennel interests. They looked the ground over and found the dates of the fair clashed with no other organization, and at once forwarded their check and applied for membership in the A. K. C. Now that they find themselves in conflict with the World's Fair management, a fact which they most sincerely regret, it does not have any influence upon them other than to stimulate them to make their present bench show a creditable success. The poultry show occupies a building 155 by 60, and the bench show a new building, which is almost completed, 180 by 90. The greatest fear has been that they would not be able to do full justice to the exhibitors in the dog show. They have therefore called to their aid the best possible assistance, and chosen Mr. Walter J. Comstock as chairman of the dog show committee. They feel confident that his judgment in many matters is most excellent. His ideas are good and he works with a feeling of pride that he would like to have the show one that would receive the approhation of kennel men. Mr. Collins writes us: "We endeavor to be just and equitable to all exhibitors in every department. We are impartial and without sentiment or prejudice in favor of any individuals or cliques. You will observe that while this may lose some of the social features that exhibitors may enjoy in a dog show held alone, it has its advantages from a purely business standpoint."

Dispersal of a Noted Kennel.

WE are rather startled to hear that owing to press of business cares the firm of Toon & Symonds will dissolve partnership. This firm has been familiar to all readers of show catalogues during the past couple of years, and we sincerely trust the kennel will still be kept up by Mr. Symonds. The dogs are all for sale and many of them are well-known prize winners fit to strengthen any kennel. Some of the noted ones are: Scotch terriers—Tiree, Rhuduman, Kilstor, Scotch Hot, Highland Roy, Norwich Mouse, Gipsey Yet aud Bella II. Irish terriers—Jack Briggs, Manxman, Salem Witch, Judy, Paddy Doolan and Cissey and the 7mos. puppies by Jack Briggs out of Salem Witch. Among the pointers are Devon Banger, in rare form and thoroughly broken. Anticipation and Expectation, by Naso of Strasburg out of Ruby VII., one of the best bitches when shown on the English bench, having won a lot of first prizes and specials. The black and tan terrier team is well known and includes Prince Regent, Gipsy Girl, Rosette and Meersbrook Empress. The St. Bernard bitch Lady Monkton and the three pups by Baron Rudolph also swell the list. The beagle bitch Jenny Lind, quite a nice one too, will seek a new home. Then there are the whippets Boston Model and Perfection, and Sheffield Lad, the Pomeranian. Two good smoth fox-terriers in Endcliffe Spice and Lady Roseberry will also go, and so will the wire-haired Barton Sting. Strange to say, of the breed this kennel started out with—Yorkshire terriers—there is only one left, Jenny, a capital specimen and a winner at Boston. There are also some greyhounds in the kennel, of the names of which we have not been advised. Mr. Symonds is getting up a descriptive catalogue and the dogs will shortly be on the market.

A Canine Cyclone.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 22.—The adlet was discontinued at my request. Figuratively speaking, I became the center of bewitched and bewitching dogs, all anxious to adopt me as their master. Letters and printed matter came to me from every point of the compass, offering bow-wows of all kinds and degrees of excellence. I did not know that two or three lines in FOREST AND STREAM could raise such a storm of dogs—a cyclone, in fact. B.

DOG CHAT.

Foxhound and Bloodhound Match.

It is to be hoped that the proposed match between a native foxhound and English bloodhound to show that the former is quite the equal of the latter as a man trailer will not be allowed to fall through owing to inaction on either side. We are firmly convinced from observation that the foxhound will be found to be the equal of the bloodhound in trailing the boot, in fact there are trained hounds now used for that purpose. We have known setters and a fox-terrier to do the same thing, though it must be said that in these cases the person trailed was well-known to the dogs. Mr. Wade, who takes the foxhound end of the match, is on a still-hunt for his champion, and we believe that no definite arrangement has yet been made. Dr. Lougest, on whose estate the match, if it comes to anything, will probably take place, tells us that he has over 500 acres of woodland at Mt. Vernon, and his neighbors have given him full permission to hunt over their grounds, so that there would be more than 1,000 acres at the disposal of the competitors. Dr. Lougest, in a letter to us, states that he is not aware of any bloodhound in this country specially trained for this work, so that it would be necessary to send to England for a bloodhound or spend considerable time in training one over here. We certainly understood that Mr. Winchell has several bloodhounds that are good man-trailers. If the match comes off Dr. Lougest will allow his Belhus to join in the hunt if necessary. Such a trial is sure to prove very interesting, and we trust nothing will occur to prevent it, especially as Dr. Lougest, if the match takes place on his estate, gives all sportsmen a cordial invitation to take part.

Collie Ears.

A writer in the English *Stock-Keeper* some time since, signing himself "Every Day Collie," remarked, when speaking of the long, clean head and small, semi-erect ears, that "The latter is possibly the greatest improvement that has been made in the collie for many years. Good ears have been most difficult to obtain, and are not yet bred with any certainty. These points have been greatly valued, and very rightly so, but in the race to obtain good heads and ears, we now find fine, long, weak heads and prick ears. I have very carefully examined many winners during the year, and have reason to think many of them are prick-eared dogs faked. Several have been weighted until entering the show ring; some have glue on when shown; others, it is plain to see, have been tampered with; have no hair on inside of ear or ears, as the case may require. They may keep in position just while the judging lasts; see them a very few hours later; you are astonished. Should the show last two or three days, you find they are prick-eared dogs, when it is plain to see what has been done. Why not disqualify these dogs, and award prizes to those shown in their natural state?"

To Guarantee Prize Money.

The English Kennel Club, alarmed at the frequency of delinquent shows in the matter of paying prizes have, accordiug to *Stock-Keeper*, Eng., made out a form which must be signed by the principal officers of the show committees intending to hold shows under E. K. C. rules. In this form we find that committees must undertake before receiving any dogs, to have their show benches properly disinfected to the satisfaction of the regularly appointed veterinary surgeon and, further that the whole of the prize money shall be paid within a reasonable time after the closing of the show. Six of the principal members of the committee must sign this guarantee, and if any member holds a public appointment, such as mayor, etc., such particulars must also be stated, with the name. This is a good move and will certainly do much toward restoring confidence, and will do away with "shyster" shows held under cover of E. K. C. rules.

Gerda II.

Dr. Lougest's mastiff bitch Gerda II. whelped July 2 a litter of 8 pups to Mr. Winchell's Beaufort's Black Prince. This would not be remarkable in itself, but taken in consideration of the fact that this makes the third litter within 12 months, it stamps matron Gerda as a prolific treasure. On

IDEAL GREAT DANE DOG.

July 12, 1892, she whelped her first litter to Dr. Lougest's dog Igleside Maximilian; second litter Dec. 25, 1892, to the same dog, and now this last litter. Dr. Lougest's dogs are all in capital health, "Thanks," he remarks, "to the fresh air and green fields of Mt. Vernon." This is cheap kennel food and we recommend it in large doses at this time of the year.

Miss Caution.

In regard to the important question as to Miss Caution's disability or otherwise it may be of interest to know that J. F. Pritchard, who had charge of Mr. Whitney's kennels of which Miss Caution was some time an inmate, tells us that they never had any trouble in breeding Miss Caution; the only trouble, and a serious one, was that no litters resulted from the mating. The treatment that this bitch has now undergone will, however, we hope, overcome this difficulty, and a promising litter from her make its appearance in the Peoria kennel.

The A. K. C. and Lawyers' Fees.

It has been intimated from time to time that included in the bill of $3,802 paid by the A. K. C. as lawyers' expenses was the expense that Secretary Vredenburgh, as Mr. Vredenburgh, incurred in the suit for libel against Mr. Peshall. Had this expense been included in this payment of $3,802, it would have been an imposition on the American Kennel Club, especially after its president in open meeting stated that none of this expense should fall on the club, as it was a private suit, etc., etc. With a view to giving Mr. Vredenburgh an opportunity to deny the rumors we asked him to state his side of the case. He was unwilling at first to give the subject sufficient importance, but eventually said the sum of $3,802 paid to lawyers was incurred only through the Gallup suits for libel against the A. K. C. officials and also in protecting the associate members when Mr. Peshall served them with summonses to answer several suits that Mr. Peshall intended to bring, but which have not yet come trial. Included in this sum were the expenses incurred in preparing their defense and obtaining a history of the complainant, which the club has now in its possession. Mr. Vredenburgh further states that any member of the advisory committee is entitled to see the vouchers, etc., for this bill now in the possession of the A. K. C.

Closing of Field Trial Entries.

There is some dissatisfaction expressed among field trial men on account of clubs postponing the original date of closing of entries. There is certainly some cause for complaint for it does not seem fair that one owner should make his entries in good faith on July 1, and then find that if he had held off he would have had until September 1, to make

NOT CORRECT TYPE.

"A faulty head, in Wurttemberg called by the nickname 'Berliner'. The frontal bones are higher than the occiput; lack of proportion in skull and muzzle; eye too large, etc."

up his list. One prominent owner, feeling the injury that has been done him by postponement, has determined to cancel the entries he made before July 1, and the club having broken faith would, we believe, not be justified in retaining the money paid for these entries.

In the case of a man who enters six dogs, not knowing until some months later which of them will be qualified to compete, it works a serious injustice. Another owner who has not been so punctual may by the latter date know just what his dog can do and enter accordingly, thus effecting a saving of many dollars. This practice if persisted in will surely be detrimental to large entries in the Derbies especially, for when entries close promptly, say May or June 1, not a fifth of the dogs entered fill their engagement, but the club is so much to the good on the original forfeits. Dogs that fill do not by any means pay for the stakes offered.

Yorkshires.

Mr. P. H. Coombs, known to the fancy as an old breeder of Yorkshire terriers, intended to fill the place of Bradford Harry, which died lately, by purchasing another good show and stock dog, but now he is almost out of the breed, having concluded to sell his Merry Duchess to Messrs. Barnes Bros., Wellsville, N. Y., together with a daughter of hers by champion Bradford Harry. This purchase will give considerable strength and value to the Wellsville kennel, which already contains a son of champion Ted and some other fashionable blood. In Merry Duchess they get a daughter of Banks' Royal by the famous Old Royal, and in the puppy they get the value of champion Bradford Harry with two distinct crosses to Huddersfield Ben.

Postpone the World's Fair Show.

WE understand that at the advisory committee meeting of the A. K. C., called by President Belmont, it was resolved that the president of the A. K. C. be instructed to communicate with the World's Fair management suggesting that the show, conflicting with dates claimed by a club a member of the A. K. C. be postponed till October. Dogmen all over the country will, we feel assured, pray that this resolution may have the desired effect. If Mr. Buchanan wishes his show to be the success it should be he will listen to the call for postponement, and in the meantime ascertain how many more of the judges on his list are not willing to serve.

Apropos of the above we may be allowed to correct the wilful misstatement of our Philadelphia contemporary which we can only attribute to the effects of the heated term through which we are at present passing. For its information we may remark that FOREST AND STREAM consults the interests of the dogmen, and if we, through contact with dogmen, find that their interests are not sufficiently consulted we do not hesitate to so inform personally the proper authorities who have it in their power to correct. Finding that there was a feeling that the World's Fair show should be held in October we went to Mr. Vredenburgh on Tuesday, June 27, and brought the fact to his notice and represented that, as the A. K. C. was the only body Mr. Buchanan seemed willing to pay attention to, why not call an advisory committee meeting. Mr. Vredenburgh entirely agreed with our suggestion and asked us to inform Mr. A. D. Lewis, acting secretary, as we were on the way to the A. K. C. office, that he would like to see him, intending to instruct him to ask President Belmont to call a meeting. This was done and afterward a meeting was called with the result as stated, and in our issue of June 29 appeared the suggestion as made to Mr. Vredenburgh. It could not possibly come out before but it was quite early enough to be ahead of any other paper, and has influenced our contemporary to again misrepresent the facts.

Handlers' Methods.

A merciful man is merciful to his dogs. On reading the account of the cruelty of which handler Maclin, of Bicknell, Ind., has been guilty we are reminded very forcibly of what led us to speak of the different behavior of dogs to their handlers at the Bicknell trials in 1891. We had then in mind the cowering, cringing manner in which this handler's dogs behaved when approaching him, and which convincingly showed that the rod of iron hung low in this kennel.

Novel Bulldog Match.

Another bulldog match will take place shortly, or rather it is proposed, for it is under rather novel conditions. The match arises through the question as to which is the superior mover, Dockleaf or King Orrey. This is to be settled by a walk of ten miles. The match as it stands at present strikes us as little less than cruelty; five miles will probably be found quite sufficient for both under the best conditions of weather and roads.

Not True.

The Portland (Me.) *Express*, in speaking of Miss Whitney and her ability as a judge of St. Bernards, etc, gets along very well and complimentarily until it says: "In attire Miss Whitney is just a trifle 'mannish.'" Those who know this genial, womanly woman will bear us out in the statement that few women, nowadays, show less cause for such an accusation.

More Bulldogs.

Mr. Gillmore, of New York, *Stock-Keeper* says, has purchased the bulldogs Cameron and Reve Royal, and will bring them over in August.

Bonnet.

Mr. A. A. MacDonald has purchased the wire-hair fox-terrier Bonnet from Mr. W. Brodie and she will be mated with his new dog, Dark Eye.

St. Augustine, the recently imported smooth-coated St. Bernard, is now at Mr. Bousfield's kennels at Bay City, Mich., and is looking well and improving rapidly. Robert Davison, who came over with St. Augustine, is now in charge of the kennels. Mr. Davison is said to have had considerable experience with St. Bernards, having been for some time in Mr. Rotheram Cecil's kennels in England under the tutelage of Lewis Pugh, well known in his special sphere. Mr. Bousfield has built new kennels, which are well situated in lots of exercising room and with two acres of shade. He intends to extend the buildings shortly, so that the kennel will be able to take dogs to board and condition for shows, and this part will be entirely in Davison's charge.

After the Brooklyn show Dr. W. F. Kenny, an enthusiastic Irish terrier breeder of Providence, R. I., purchased Crib, the winner in open dogs. On May 30 his Irish terriers Cathelene and Belle of Shaunon were safely delivered of twelve pups between them, by Crib. Four of these were born without tails, a concession to docking that must have surprised the Doctor no little. According to the Providence *Journal*, on two of the pups there is no semblance of a tail; on the others a small bunch appears where the tail should be.

The English *Stock-Keeper* of June 2 has this to say: "The American Kennel Club is offered some extremely wholesome advice in FOREST AND STREAM of May 18. From simply following the history of the club in the columns of our transatlantic contemporaries we should be inclined to think the words of warning are timely, and so evidently well meant as to merit attention."

We distinctly characterize as untrue a statement in our Philadelphia contemporary regarding Mr. Wade and the Brooklyn show. We have never yet knowingly broken confidence on any news matter confided to us with the proviso "not for publication," and this rule has sometimes worked to our detriment. In this instance there was no secrecy that we are aware of. We simply "happened" on the news, like so many of the good things that FOREST AND STREAM gets hold of and knows how and when to use.

The St. Bernard bitch Sabitha, that Mr. Patterson bred to Sir Herbert and afterward shipped to Mr. Alex. Alkinan, Redondo Beach, Cal., whelped May 22, eleven pups, six of which are dogs. All are doing well and are likely to help the good cause along the Pacific coast.

The St. Bernard Kay, probably better known to the public than most prize winners, because he was owned by the wife of President Cleveland, died last week from the effects of being tapped for ascites. This operation, which took place at the Harvard veterinary school, where the dog had been sent for treatment, consists in the insertion of a tube into the abdomen, permitting the accumulated fluid to

IDEAL GREAT DANE BITCH.

escape. The operation is a very simple and easy one, requiring the administration of only a small amount of ether, just enough to render him partly unsconcious. The dog was very weak after the operation and finally succumbed July 6. It is said there are only two known cases of recovery in dogs after this operation.

United States Commissioner Allen's St. Bernard dog Pope, by champion Valentine out of Venus, died last month and his owner thought so much of the dog that he could not bear to see it buried in the ordinary manner in which dead dogs in a city are disposed of. He therefore had a neat casket built and in this the remains of Pope were shipped to Burlington, Vt., where Mr. Allen has his country seat, and here among the hills of Vermont, under the shade of a spreading tree and a small monument, Pope awaits a dog millennium.

Many of the hills about Pittsburgh are pierced by horizontal shafts leading to the rich deposits of coal. In these shafts a race of hardy dogs are employed as beasts of burden. A team of two dogs is generally used to drag a little car loaded with coal on the narrow gauge tramway.

The Capt. J. M. Taylor, spoken of as judging at the W. K. C. show in 1877 is not the well-known setter judge of the present day, as was supposed at the time we wrote "Twenty Years of Bench Shows" in our issue of June 29.

We bespeak a welcome among dogmen on the other side of the water for Mr. A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, Ont., who sailed for Europe on July 1. Fanciers will find the secretary of the Hamilton K. C. a thorough lover of a dog and a good all-round man into the bargain.

The Type of Great Danes.

BY A. H. HEPPNER.

(Continued from page 11.)

THE standard of the German Mastiff Club, of Chicago, describes the head of a great Dane as follows: The head or skull should neither be domed nor flat, rather lengthy and not too broad, the frontal bones slightly raised; little indentation between the eyes, with very little or no stop; cheek muscles well developed, face not too broad. The whole formation and expression of head and face should rather more resemble the hound than the bulldog or mastiff, except the muzzle, which is not like that of any other breed, as the German mastiff or great Dane has a muzzle peculiarly his own, the entire head and face, but much heavier, but more nearly resembling those of the approved bull-terrier than of any other breed. Too much resemblance to the hound is a fault.

The German standard is: Head moderately stretched out and rather high and more condensed sidewards than appearing pressed flat. In profile the forehead and bridge of nose with a perceptible stop; skull and bridge of nose must appear parallel. In a front view the width of the skull must not be much greater than the strongly developed flews; cheek muscles not projecting, so as to give the head a clean-cut appearance from all sides, clearly defined in its lines. Straight, wide bridge of nose, apparently slightly rounded, terminating in a wide nose not projecting over the lips. Lips in front blunt and not very lippy; flew moderately developed; teeth of lower and upper jaws meeting even; the eye always nut brown, of good size, round with a penetrating expression; eyebrows strongly developed; ears lightly set, not too far apart and upright.

This standard was issued in Hamburg, 1880. Before that time there was no collective name as at present, *i. e.*, German Dogge, and previous to that time there existed specific strains, subdivisions, as I may call them, of the great Dane, under the name of Ulmer dogge, Dänische dogge, Hatzrüde, Saufänger, etc. All of these names meant special strains and indicated certain exterior (points) of these dogs. These different strains have been bred, separately within themselves, for centuries and, queerly enough, have been kept pure by virtue of the fact that certain territories of Germany preferred one or the other of these strains. It shows that the great Danes of to-day, as Germany breeds them, is less a matter of merit than of necessity, compulsory as it were. German breeders had to produce typical dogs, because they could breed to no other but their neighbor's dog. We find the Hatzrüde and Saufänger more particularly in Würtemberg, as a dog used for practical purposes, combining substance and courage in the practical work in former times of chasing wild boars and large game.

We find the more graceful and heavier-headed Ulmer dogge also in the south of Germany, but more so as an improvement on the coarse and ugly Hatzrüde We find the Dänische dogge confined to the northern parts of Germany, more especially in large cities, where a big, powerful animal is a nuisance and a graceful, medium-sized, velvet-coated, noble little dog is naturally preferred as a pet. Now let us proceed to describe these strange breeds, each one by itself, and we will have explained why a Melac and why a Wenzel can exist when these different strains have only been combined by name as Deutsche dogge or, as called in this country great Danes.

Toronto Dog Show.

THE following are the railway and express companies' arrangements, so far heard from, for the transportation of dogs to and from Toronto show, September 11 to 15: Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Railway, and Toledo, Saginaw and Muskegon Railway, will carry all dogs free of charge. Chicago and West Michigan Railway and Detroit, Lansing and Northern Railroad, will carry dogs free at owner's risk. The Baltimore and Ohio will carry dogs free. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Co. state dogs must go by express. Wabash Railroad Co., per dog, 1 to 100 miles, 25 cents; 101 to 250 miles, 50 cents; over 250 miles, 75 cents. Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad will transport dogs in baggage cars free of charge. Canada Atlantic Railway Co., same arrangements as the Grand Trunk Railway. Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan Railroad will carry one dog free, all in excess to go as excess baggage or by express at owner's risk. Intercolonial Railway of Canada will be the same as Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways. Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad Co. will carry dogs at same rates as the direct lines.

In cases where exhibitors wish to show their dogs at various exhibitions before returning to the original starting point they may be charged for their dog from the first point of exhibition, and from the first point of exhibition to each subsequent exhibition, and dogs will be returned free from the last exhibition to the original starting point on production of the necessary certificates from each exhibition as herein provided for.

This arrangement will be in force for three days, not including Sundays, after the close of each exhibition.

The following express companies—Canadian, Dominion, United States, Wells, Fargo Co. and National—will return dogs free over their lines whose owners have paid regular rates going.

A Fair Offer Withdrawn.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Goodman effectually dodges my proposition. I did not want to prove my theory, or I would not have proposed such a public and expensive way, of which Mr. Goodman is well aware, and never touches upon in his reply, as the carrying out would have, if wrong, exploded my theory very quickly. I will relieve his mind by withdrawing my fair offer, it being now impossible to fulfil the contract, even if Mr. Goodman should not have backed out, the great Dane Wenzel having fallen a victim to that heinous fiend, the poisoner. It is a pity poor Wenzel was a blue and not a brindle, you would have seen them all crazy about him then. Mr. Goodman's other remarks I will not reply to now, and in regard to Imperator's not being under his charge during the spring show season, I owe him an apology. He declares he did not have him; then it was somebody else, and a queer business it remains still. I should like to see your Chicago staff member interview Imperator's owner about it.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., July 8.

International Coursing Meeting.

A COURSING meeting, open to the world, will be held on Oct. 3, 1893, and following days at Huron, S. D. The stake will be for 64 greyhounds or less, with a proportionate deduction in the winnings if the stake does not fill. The running will take place on the plains near Huron. Huron is situated on the Chicago & Northwestern R. R., 20 hours from Chicago.

Greyhounds from abroad will be entered at the port of New York free of duty, through arrangements made by the committee with the customs authorities, and may remain in the United States for six months. The meeting will be run under National Greyhound Club rules, which are substantially the same as the rules of the National Coursing Club. Judge, Mr. Roger D. Williams, of Lexington, Ky.; slipper John Brett, Northvale, N. J.

The stakes are: The Columbus cup, for 64 or less, all aged greyhounds at $50 each, to which will be added $2,000; winner, $2,000; second, $1,000; third and fourth, $250 each; four dogs, $80 each; eight dogs, $50 each.

The Columbus purse, for 32 dogs beaten in the first round of the cup; winner, $300; second, $100; third and fourth, $50 each; four dogs, $30 each.

The Columbus plate, for 16 dogs beaten in the first ties of the cup; winner $200, second $80, two dogs at $40 each.

The entry fee is $50; 10 per cent. will be deducted from the winnings in the cup and purse, and 5 per cent. from the winnings in the plate, for expenses. Nominations may be taken upon payment of $25 each, at any time prior to Sept. 1, 1893, on which date the balance of entrance money will be payable. Nominations may be sent to J. Herbert Watson, chairman of committee, 26 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. A. A. Macdonald is now the owner of the wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Bonnet, imported by Mr. Brodie. Bonnet at the first try took the special for the best terrier bitch at the recent Toronto Kennel Club show. She will be bred to Mr. Macdonald's new dog Dark Eye.

My British Columbia correspondent writes me that Mr. J. S. Graham, of Seattle, Wash., was so much taken with Dr. Milne's (Victoria, B. C.) winning cocker puppies that he induced him to part with the brace, Mt. Tolmil and Baby Mine, at a very satisfactory figure. Mr. J. C. Carmichael's liver and tan cocker bitch Lady Giffee, has received the attentions of Dr. Milne's Captain Hunter and it is hoped the result may give a fillip to "our national dog" on the coast.

The Seattle show has stirred the British Columbia fanciers up and it is on the tapis that an Eastern judge will be brought out for their next show.

The English *Kennel Gazette* for June sagely remarks: "There seems to be a tendency in Canada to take up the spaniel fancy * * *." Well rather! I have heard a rumor or two that appears to point that way. H. B. DONOVAN.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Thasmo Socie. By F. M. Thomas, Catskill, N. Y., for fawn pug bitch, whelped Sept. 13, 1892, by Pug Bailey (Teddy—Trinket) out of Thasmo Nell (Olo—Doll).

Lady Vix. By Thasmo Kennels, Catskill, N. Y., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped June, 1891, by champion Chip (Quail— ——) out of Nora (Rory O'More— ——).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Bessie Roy II.—Prince L. A. J. Lewis's (Central Falls, R. I.) English setter bitch Bessie Roy II. (Cincinnatus Count—Bessie Roy) to his Prince L. (Royal Prince II.—Nina Laverack), May 13.

Sadie B.—Prince L. A. J. Lewis's (Central Falls, R. I.) English setter bitch Sadie B. (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton) to his Prince L. (Royal Prince II.—Nina Laverack), March 3.

Maud Noble—Count Noble. Inwood Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Maud Noble (Gyp—Fan) to their Count Noble (Ben—Belle), May 28.

Neva B.—Alberts's Druid. R. H. Alherts, Jr.'s (Hoboken, N. J.) English setter bitch Neva B. (Pride of Dixie—Fairy Belle) to his Alberts's Druid (Soudan—Gwynnie), Feb. 16.

Wonna Gladstone—Spex Noble. R. H. Alberts, Jr.'s (Hoboken, N. J.) English setter bitch Wonna Gladstone (Gun—Victoria Laverack) to his Spex Noble (Count Roderigo—Queena), May 8.

Bessie Girl—Axtel King Don. T. E. Roberts's (White Plains, N. Y.) pointer bitch Bessie Girl (Voltaire—Renie) to Bronx Valley Kennels' Axtel King Don (King Don—Meteor's Dell), May 13.

Harte's Rose—Red Duke. W. Harte's (St. Louis, Mo.) Irish setter bitch Harte's Rose (Duke Royal—Sunol) to his Red Duke (Beau Brummel—Winnie II.), April 17.

Harte's Sally—Red Duke. W. Harte's (St. Louis, Mo.) Irish setter bitch Harte's Sally (Chief of Tara—Shamrock Belle) to his Red Duke (Beau Brummel—Winnie II.), April 27.

Harte's Besie—Red Duke. W. Harte's (St. Louis, Mo.) Irish setter bitch Harte's Bessie (Carless—Jessie Loraine) to his Red Duke (Beau Brummel—Winnie II.), March 8.

Alice—Hundesport's Bergmann. Wm. Loeffler's dachshund bitch Alice to his Hundesport's Bergmann, April 19.

Lina K.—Hundesport's Bergmann. Wm. Loeffler's dachshund bitch Lina K. to his Hundesport's Bergmann, April 30.

Seatchon—Hundesport's Bergmann. R. L. Surtees's dachshund bitch Seatchon to Wm. Loeffler's Hundesport's Bergmann, May 10.

Polly—Hundesport's Bergmann. H. G. Schwarzrock's dachshund bitch Polly to Wm. Loeffler's Hundesport's Bergmann, May 20.

Miss Fortune—Hundesport's Bergmann. Ch. Zeltelhack's dachshund bitch Miss Fortune to Wm. Loeffler's Hundesport's Bergmann, May 16.

Miss Rogers—Racer, Jr. Sbrewsbury Beagle Kennels' (Red Bank, N. J.) beagle bitch Miss Rogers (champion Royal Krueger—Velva) to their champion Racer, Jr. (Racer—Vickey), June 20.

Hope—Racer, Jr. Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' (Red Bank, N. J.) beagle bitch Hope (Fleetwood—Countess) to their champion Racer, Jr. (Racer—Vickey), June 17.

Romp C.—Racer, Jr. Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' (Red Bank, N. J.) beagle bitch Romp C. (Tony—Skippy) to their champion Racer, Jr. (champion Racer—Vickey), June 4.

Kate—Tony. F. H. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Kate to his Tony (Dot—Tina), April 24.

——*—Byron.* F. H. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch —— (Roma—Pert) to his Byron (Winks—Idiom), May 18.

Pansy Blossom—Byron. F. H. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Pansy Blossom (Dot—Tina) to his Byron (Winks—Idiom), April 17.

Gip—Byron. M. H. Ranlett's (Rockland, Me.) Italian greyhound bitch Gip to F. H. Hoyt's Byron (Winks—Idiom), May 27.

Leona—Byron. J. Hawkin's (Rockville, Conn) Italian greyhound bitch Leona to F. H. Hoyt's Byron (Winks—Idiom), June 9.

Dolores—Byron. F. H. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Dolores (Winks—Pansy Blossom) to his Byron (Winks—Idiom), May 13.

Trixie—Byron. F. H. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Trixie (Winks—Pansy Blossom) to his Byron (Winks—Idiom), May 15.

Marguerite—Tot. Mrs. Moore's (Sharon, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Marguerite (Milo—Pansy Blossom) to F. H. Hoyt's Tot (Elf—Dream), June 12.

Bloomo II.—Duke of Hessen. Rinada Pointer Kennels' pointer bitch Bloomo II. to Hempstead Farm's Duke of Hessen, May 5.

Colleen Bawn—Romulus. D. Dows, Jr. (Brooklyn, N. Y.) Irish terrier bitch Colleen Bawn to Hempstead Farm's Romulus, March 9.

Nellie—Fenian Boy. V. Mott's (New York city) Irish terrier bitch Nellie to Hempstead Farm's Fenian Boy, March 9.

Madge—Woodmansterne Trefoil. R. McEwen's (Byron, Ont.) collie bitch Madge to Hempstead Farm's Woodmansterne Trefoil, Feb. 25.

——*—Conrad II.* B. E. Valentine's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) collie bitch —— to Hempstead Farm's Conrad II., March 5.

Gem of Kippen—Sandford Druid. Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) pointer bitch Gem of Kippen to their Sandford Druid, May 22.

Hempstead Peggy—Prawn. Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) pointer bitch Hempstead Peggy (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game) to Mr. Heywood Lonsdale's Prawn, May 6.

Merrylegs—Sandford Druid. Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) pointer bitch Merrylegs to their Sandford Druid, April 13.

Zmeika—Groubian. Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) Russian wolfhound bitch Zmeika to Seacroft Kennels' Groubian, May 10.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Neva B. R. H. Alherts, Jr.'s (Hoboken, N. J.) English setter bitch Neva B. (Pride of Dixie—Fairy Belle), April 16, seven (five dogs), by his Alberts's Druid (Soudan—Gwynnie).

Sadie B. A. J. Lewis's (Central Falls, R. I.) English setter bitch Sadie B. (Warwick Albert—Princess Belton), May 1, five (three dogs), by his Prince L.

Lady Noble. Inwood Kennels' (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Lady Noble (Don—Lady), June 8, ten (six dogs), by their Count Noble (Ben—Belle).

Stella Brush. Clover Kennels' (Philadelphia, Pa.) cocker spaniel bitch Stella Brush (Bamboo—Josephine), June 17, five (four dogs), by G. Douglass's Woodland Duke (Black Duke—Woodland Jude).

Harte's Bessie. W. Harte's (St. Louis, Mo.) Irish setter bitch Harte's Bessie (Careless—Jessie Loraine), May 11, six (three dogs), by his Red Duke (Beau Brummel—champion Winnie II.).

Drytime. J. H. Watson's greyhound bitch Drytime, June 11, three bitches, by his Royal Crest.

Belle. F. M. Thomas's (Catskill, N. Y.) Irish setter bitch Belle (Sarsfield—Red Flash), May 28, nine (six dogs), by his Thasmo Ned (Charlie W.—Lady Learnerd).

Prudence. Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels' (Red Bank, N. J.) beagle bitch Prudence (Forest Boy—Lady Lee), June 21, four, by C. S. Wixom's champion Royal Krueger (champion Bannerman—Cora).

Tina. F. H. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Tina, May 30, three (two dogs), by his Byron.

Pert. F. H. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Pert, April 27, four (two dogs), by his Tony.

Pansy Blossom. F. H. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Pansy Blossom (Dot—Tina), June 25, three (one dog), by his Byron.

Brunette. F. H. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) Italian greyhound bitch Brunette, May 14, three (one dog), by his Dante.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Nellie L. Blue belton English setter bitch, whelped June 12, 1892, by Prince L. out of Sadie B., by A. J. Lewis, Central Falls, R. I., to J. H. See, Providence, R. I.

Fred L. Black and tan English setter dog, whelped June 12, 1892, by Prince L. out of Sadie B., by A. J. Lewis, Central Falls, R. I., to C. E. Bassett, Pawtucket, R. I.

Scamp. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped May 21, 1892, by Windrush Rioter out of Lina K., by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to M. Liebermann, Menominee, Mich.

Alice. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped Dec. 7, 1885, by Waldmann II. out of Crawl, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to M. Liebermann, Menominee, Mich.

Miss Fortune. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped Sept. 28, 1891, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Lina K., by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to C. Zeitelhack, Jefferson, Wis.

Cecil. Black and tan dachshund bitch, whelped July 29, 1892, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Alice, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to G. Knowles, same place.

Spartan. Chestnut and tan dachshund dog, whelped May 21, 1892, by champion Windrush Rioter out of Lina K., by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to G. Knowles, same place.

Hektor and Black Crook. Black and tan dachshund dogs, whelped July 26, 1892, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Alice, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to R. L. Surtees, Brighton, Mich.

Milwaukee Jewel. Black and tan dachshund dog, whelped May 21, 1892, by champion Windrush Rioter out of Lina K., by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to R. L. Surtees, Brighton, Mich.

Hilda. Chestnut and tan dachshund bitch, whelped May 21, 1892, by champion Windrush Rioter out of Lina K., by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to W. Mariner, same place.

Hans. Chestnut and tan dachshund dog, whelped July 26, 1892, by Hundesport's Bergmann out of Alice, by W. Loeffler, Milwaukee, Wis., to W. Marlner, same place.

Gully the Great—Countess of Dufferin whelp. White bull-terrier bitch, by Eberbart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Dr. H. J. Groesbeck, same place.

Topsy. Black and tan toy terrier, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Bellevue Kennels, Newport, Ky.

Manola. Apricot fawn pug bitch, whelped Feb. 5, 1893, by John Bull out of Lady Verne, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to J. S. Franz, Tampa, Fla.

Mignion. White French poodle bitch, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to C. N. Miller, Covington, Ky.

Spex Noble. Black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped April 4, 1890, by Count Roderigo out of Queena, by Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., to R. H. Alberts, Jr., Hoboken, N. J.

Alberts's Ruby. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped Jan. 29, 1892, by Soudan out of Gwynnie, by R. H. Alberts, Jr., Hoboken, N. J., to Dr. J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn.

Thasmo Tip and Thasmo Top. White, black and tan fox-terrier dogs, whelped Sept. 14, 1892, by Hillside Tarquin out of Nora, by Thasmo Kennels, Catskill, N. Y., to A. W. Waugh, Ridgewood, N J.

Thasmo Glad. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 16, 1891, by Charlie W. out of Lady Learnerd, by Thasmo Kennels, Catskill, N. Y., to H. Jackson, Woodside, L. I.

Thasmo Ben. Fawn pug dog, whelped Jan. 4, 1893, by Pug Bailey out of Thasmo Midget, by Thasmo Kennels, Catskill, N. Y., to Miss A. Speechley, Coal Hill, Pa.

Pert. Fawn Italian greyhound bitch, by F. H. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa., to J. C. Carter, Manchester, Conn.

Ingomar. Fawn Italian greyhound, by Dante out of Marguerite, by F. H. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa., to E. L. Chapman, Larned, Kan.

PRESENTATIONS.

Sir Archy. Pointer dog, by Ridgeview Dazzle out of Dauntless, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to Wm. Fleiss, New York city.

Maud Kippen. Pointer bitch, by Lad of Kippen out of Lady Scaron, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to C. Engelhrecht, Jersey City, N. J.

Alice Carneal. Pointer bitch, by Lad of Kippen out of Lady Scaron, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to Quinton McGall, Orange Valley, N. J.

Kip of Kippen. Pointer dog, by Lad of Kippen out of Lady Scaron, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to Henry Werner, Hoboken, N. J.

Don Kippen. Pointer dog, by Lad of Kippen out of Lady Scaron, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to W. Damon, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Boston. Pointer dog, by Ridgeview Dazzle out of Dauntless, by Rinada Pointer Kennels, Massapequa, L. I., to W. E. Lewis, Norwalk, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

A. H., Boston, Mass.—Consult our advertising columns. The Cumberland Kennels, Nashville, Tenn.

J. H. P., Sistersville, W. Va.—You are right. The momentary stopping of the dog cannot be called a false point. Roading is the act of the dog in following footscent.

G. G. H., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Will you kindly give me the extended pedigree of the Irish terrier Bruce, by Peter II. out of Kate; his winnings are, very high com., New York, 1892, and high com., Brooklyn, 1893. Ans. Bruce is not registered, and neither are his sire and dam in the English Stud Book, therefore we are unable to give pedigrees.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

17. Rhode Island, Cup.
20. Monatiquot, Ladies' Day, Weymouth.
22. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
22. Rochester, Skiff, Charlotte.
22. Riverside, Special Cup, Riverside, Conn.
22. Cor., Marblehead, 21-footers.
22. Beverly, 3d Open Sweep, Mon. Beach.
22. Savin Hill Union Race, Dorchester Bay.
22. Royal Can., 21ft. Class, Tor.
24-30. Hempstead Bay, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
24. N.Y.Y.R.A. Cruise, L.I. Sound.
27. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Mount Hope Bay.
28. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
29. Sippicon, 1st Open Sweep, Marion.
29. Buffalo, An. Cruise, Lake Erie
29. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, Conn.
29-30. Cor., San Fran., Masquerade and Cruise.
29. Hull Cor., Cash Race, Hull.
29. Royal Can., Lansdowne Cup, 40, 35 and 30ft. Classes, Tor.
29. Minnetonka, club race.

THE summary of the British races which we give this week shows several interesting facts. In the first place the breakdowns have been frequent in all the large boats, and each in turn has been kept out of races to make repairs. As to the merits of the four new yachts, Valkyrie is thus far first and Britannia second, but Satanita has shown much greater speed of late, and with further tuning up is likely to give trouble to Britannia after Valkyrie leaves for America. Calluna has not been fully tried under her new rig, and it is impossible to say where she will be at the end of the season. Most of the races have been sailed in light weather, and only one or two in a sea and wind, so that Valkyrie's superiority under these circumstances is decidedly in her favor. Nothing has yet been said about her starting for New York, and as it will take from one to two weeks for her to fit out for the trip, and three to four weeks

more to cross, she is not likely to be here before the middle or even the end of August.

WITHOUT accepting as true all the extravagant reports that have been published of Jubilee's great speed and of 13 to 14 knots with nothing to hurry her, it is a fact that the yacht has been going very well on her trials, and this from the start, before she is fully rigged and in good condition. From all accounts she carries her canvas ably and steers easily, and will require no material alterations of lead or spars, a very important thing in favor of a new yacht. She has not tried her centerboards as yet, but is stiff and handles well without them. After some days' sailing about Marblehead and a very successful brush with Volunteer, she has returned to Lawley's for the final finishing.

BUT little is heard of the two Herreshoff yachts Colonia and Vigilant, as they are sailing quietly about Bristol, out of the way of chance observers, but report says that Colonia will be hauled out for the addition of some lead to her keel. It is also reported that Vigilant is still leaking a little. Colonia is to have a new mainsail, made by Wilson & Silsby, the first one not being entirely satisfactory. Pilgrim is still at Constitution Wharf, Boston, the work of fitting out going on very slowly, and it is doubtful whether she will be ready for trial this week. She has been delayed in ironwork, blocks and other fittings, and to an extent that is likely to be felt in her early races.

THE news was received in New York on Sunday that Navahoe had just passed in by the Scilly Islands, presumably after a successful passage. Her spars are awaiting her at Southampton, and she should be ready for sailing by about July 19, so that she will have ten or twelve days before the regatta of the Royal London Y. C. on July 31, the first race she will be able to start in, as the fleet has not yet returned from the North. Tom Diaper, the old racing skipper of Norman, Valkyrie and other famous racers, has been engaged for the season by Mr. Carroll as pilot. Navahoe reached Cowes shortly after noon on Sunday, Lord Dunraven being one of the first to visit her.

QUEEN MAB has at last reached New York after a long and severe passage, arriving at Tebo's on July 9, in tow of a tug from Bermuda. She will refit at once, so as to be ready for the races of the New York Y. C. cruise.

THE weather about New York for the past two weeks has been in marked contrast to that which prevailed during the June regattas, the winds having been quite strong from N.W. or west, making very fine sailing.

AN unusual number of heavy blows, ranging from a severe thunderstorm up to a cyclone have been reported throughout the country, and much damage and even loss of life has resulted on land, as well as afloat. On Saturday evening a number of boats and small yachts were capsized about New York, and several persons drowned; and on Sunday afternoon Chicago was visited by a very severe windstorm, which swept the Lake, capsizing one shoal sloop and drowning four or five persons, while there is reason to fear that several other boats met the same fate. However necessary the shoal wide centerboard yacht may be in some localities, it is little less than murder to take out a party of ladies and children in such a craft, and the use of them by the careless or ignorant is almost equivalent to suicide. The number of fatal capsizes thus far this season, most of which we have made no mention of, is really serious; hardly a week passed without news of the drowning of one or more persons through the use of capsizable and unseaworthy yachts.

Cape Ann Y. C. Open Regatta.

GLOUCESTER—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Cape Ann Y. C. of Gloucester, Mass., sailed a very successful regatta on Saturday, the wind being light at times, but the yachts making a good race in the various classes. The little Exile did some fine sailing, beating all but one of the larger boats on even time. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chieftain, A. Brown	31.01	2 12 33	1 38 19
Magic, E. C. Neal	31.07	2 22 15	1 43 27
Adonis, M. Warren	28.04	2 23 30	1 46 04
Mary E., A. Bishop	25.10	2 34 05	1 52 34
Keewaydin, J. B. Burnham	27.04	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Spurt, D. B. Pierce	21.09	2 24 00	1 44 00
Judith, W. Pigeon	23.04	2 28 47	1 50 00
Viola, D. Fraser	23.08	2 37 52	2 50 00
Mavis, C. Brown	21.06	2 41 51	2 01 00
Vivian, F. E. Beckman	22.00	2 48 00	2 08 00
Augusta, Trusdale	23.08	2 47 59	2 10 00

THIRD CLASS.

Exile, J. F. Small	21.07	2 13 57	1 34 10
Yankee Maid, E. S. Stanley	19.04	2 44 57	1 34 10
Gleam, P. J. Lowell	20.01	2 44 30	2 01 30
Lotus, A. Fenton	19.02	2 43 02	1 59 24
Mocking Bird, McLaughlin	19.03	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Chippie, W. E. Tucker	16.09	2 41 17	1 42 00
Live Yankee, H. T. Moody	17.11	2 04 05	1 44 00
Rodie, G. Rodigrass	15.08	2 37 55	1 47 00
Madcap, C. A. Elmer	16.08	2 37 02	1 49 00
Alice, W. G. Wilson	17.01	2 37 07	1 49 00

FIFTH CLASS.

Wizard, C. E. Cartright	15.04	1 14 17	1 51 48
Vorna, J. W. Woodward	14.08	1 16 48	1 54 00
Flirt, H. Wheeler	14.05	1 20 07	1 57 00
Dot, W. F. Douglass	14.08	1 24 30	2 01 42
Prema, F. N. Balch	14.06	1 27 40	2 04 48
Minnie D. A. Center	15.04	Withdrew.	

Dot protested Wizard and Madcap protested Rodie, but neither protest held. The judges were Franklin Davis, Henry A. Norwood and J. R. Pringle.

Monatiquot Y. C. First Championship Race.

WEYMOUTH—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 8.

THE first championship race of the Monatiquot Y. C. was sailed on Saturday in a strong S.W. wind, the yachts being reefed down. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	1 47 00	1 18 37
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw	1 48 59	1 19 58
Gypsy	Disabled.	

SECOND CLASS.

Opeeche, W. H. Barker	1 35 33	1 08 08
Diadem, L. W. Hayward	1 49 20	1 11 24
Aurisa, H. M. Faxon	1 39 45	1 12 20

Gypsy held first place from the start, but broke her boom and withdrew. The judges were T. P. Willey, Dana Smith, F. H. Cowing.

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Mosquito Fleet Y. C. of South Boston sailed a championship race on Saturday in a strong S.W. breeze, the times being:

FOURTH CLASS—5 MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	14.11	1 06 55	1 06 50
Kismet, Norman & Andrews	14.11	1 10 08	1 09 58
Annie, E. H. Rich	14.10	1 13 20	1 13 10
Spook, Fred Lynch	14.10	1 14 10	1 14 00

SIXTH CLASS—2 MILES.

Cigarette, Jr., E. P. Sharp	18.00	0 30 25	0 27 25

Tantrum and Cigarette, Jr., each won a leg. Iota, fin-keel, capsized before the race.

Corinthian Y. C. Club Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed a very good race, the seventieth regatta, on July 4, the courses being: For second and third classes from judges' line, leaving Buoy 3, Midchannel Rocks, Buoy 4, (W.S.W. Eagle Island), Halfway Rock and Bell Buoy on outer breakers off Pig Rocks on starboard, Tinker's Island, Tom Moore's Rocks and Buoys 1 and 3 on port to finish, 11 miles; and for fourth and special classes from judges' line, leaving Buoy 3, Midchannel Rock and Cat Island on starboard, Buoys 1 and 3 on port to finish, 6½ miles. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, W. W. Keith	28.06	2 13 38	. . .. ..
Madge, W. W. Wendell	....	2 16 43	. . .. ..

THIRD CLASS.

Reaper, H. P. Benson	24.00	2 04 58	2 02 44
Freak, A. L. Cochrane	25.10	2 02 16	2 02 16

FOURTH CLASS.

Korali, A. F. Robbins	23.04	1 38 53	1 38 33
Madge, W. N. Thayer	22.09	1 45 33	1 44 46
Typhoon, J. T. Taylor	23.09	1 48 15	1 48 16

CLASS A, SPECIAL.

Gladys, W. P. Fowle	....	1 31 22	1 31 22
Brybill, N. D. Smith	....	1 49 57	1 32 57
Marena, W. Taylor	....	1 40 43	1 32 43
Keewaydin, J. L. Burnham, Jr.	....	1 37 04	1 32 04
Iris, G. Owen, Jr.	....	1 52 28	1 40 28
Modoc, A. P. Loring	....	1 59 51	1 44 51

CLASS B, SPECIAL.

Nina, E. Y. C.	....	1 59 58	1 49 58
Carl, H. C. W. Foster	....	1 58 59	1 41 59
Kraken, P. Chase	....	1 44 45	1 44 45
Betsy, T. Jones	....	1 55 45	1 47 43
Delphine, C. M. Barker	....	1 51 26	1 45 26
Pinta, E. Y. C.	....	2 02 28	1 52 28
Francis, S. H. Wheeler	....	2 00 45	1 48 45
Don, L. N. Burlen	....	2 13 00	1 58 00
Jane, C. W. Parker	....	1 55 37	1 47 57
Teal, C. T. Lee	....	1 06 08	1 51 08

The winners were: Second clas, Susie, $10; third class, Freak, $10; fourth class, Koorali, $10; special class A, Gladys, $10; Keewaydin, $7, and Marena, $5; special class B, Carl, $10; Kraken, $7, and Delphine, $5.

Kill Von Kull Y. C. Open Regatta.

PORT RICHMOND—NEWARK BAY.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Kill von Kull Y. C., of Port Richmond, Staten Island, sailed an open regatta on July 4, over a 5-mile triangle off the club house, at the junction of Newark Bay and the Kill von Kull, two rounds being sailed in a fresh N.W. wind that capsized the Maggie P. at the start. The times were:

CLASS C—JUNIOR AND OPEN SLOOPS, 22 TO 28FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lizzie C., E. Lissenden	12 40 00	2 53 50	1 35 50	1 38 50

CLASS D—OPEN SLOOPS, 22 TO 18FT.

Just Woke Up, W. Houseman	12 30 00	2 13 00	1 34 00	1 27 53
Cyclone, R. Edwards	12 45 00	2 50 30	2 05 30	1 57 41

CLASS E—JUNIOR AND MAINSAIL, UNDER 18FT.

Unknown, W. Van Buskirk	12 45 55	2 12 42	1 54 47	1 39 07

CLASS G—OPEN CATS, 26 TO 20FT.

Miami, C. Notz	12 03 35	2 45 55	2 02 20	1 57 54
Torment, W. Houghwout	12 43 05	2 57 53	1 48 48	1 36 16

CLASS I—OPEN CATS, 20 TO 18FT., SHIFTING BALLAST.

Bon Ton, E. Post	12 42 55	2 21 38	1 38 43	1 26 53
Playmate, James A. Hart	12 43 35	2 25 25	1 11 50	1 32 56

CLASS I—OPEN CATS, STATIONARY BALLAST.

Etha Laura, I. Anderson	12 43 45	2 45 55	2 02 10	1 51 02
Lillian, John Croak	12 44 05	2 46 30	2 02 25	1 53 00
Dora D., Bayonne Y. C.	12 45 13	2 32 10	1 46 57	1 37 32

CLASS J—OPEN CATS UNDER 18FT.

Mist, J. Sandford	12 47 55	2 42 12	1 54 17	1 42 02
Shamrock, R. Johnson	12 48 00	Did not finish.		
Millie, E. A. Passmore	12 47 55	2 38 35	1 50 40	1 37 32
Maggie P., C. Lissenden	12 48 30	Did not finish.		

CLASS K—OPEN CATS UNDER 17FT.

Wide Awake, H. Fisher	12 45 55	2 54 23	2 06 28	1 47 48
Topsy, T. D. Nolan	12 27 55	Not timed.		
Irving H., J. I. Houseman	12 47 10	2 44 05	1 56 55	1 39 21

Mr. E. M. Post's fast Bon Ton won the prize for best elapsed time.

The judges were R. K. McMurray, Staten Island Athletic Club, and Frank Fisher, Kill von Kull Y. C., and the regatta committe were George Ross, H. E. Buell, George Swartout, Frank Fisher and T. F. Donovan.

Audubon Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—HUDSON RIVER.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Audubon Y. C., of 153d street, New York, was sailed on July 4 in a fresh N.W. wind, the course being a 6 mile triangle on the Hudson River, two rounds making 12 miles. The times were:

CLASS 1—OPEN SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lizzie F., M. Flint	3 32 00	3 32 00
Hilma, J. Kurstelner	Withdrew.	
Agnes N., Henry Kennel	Withdrew.	

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS.

Alta, W. L. Frost	3 23 20	3 23 20
Aller, Baker & Osborn	3 20 45	3 14 28
Winona, J. E. Grover	3 32 35	3 24 30
Clara R., V. Schnitz	Withdrew.	
Theresa K., G. Kohlasch	4 11 13	3 58 28

CLASS 3—OPEN CATBOATS OVER 20FT. WATERLINE.

Pauline B., C. S. Raymond	3 19 18	3 17 15
Frankie V., A. B. Van Riper	3 53 37	3 49 22
Bonafide, J. J. Murphy	Withdrew.	

CLASS 4—OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 20FT. WATERLINE.

H. C. Miner, Chas. Rea	3 31 55	3 31 55
J. L. Miller, J. Luther	Withdrew.	
Julia, C. Walden	Withdrew.	

The winners were Lizzie F., Alta (Aller, second prize), Pauline B. and H. C. Miner. The judges were C. J. Leach, Daniel Sherman and J. S. Birrell.

American Y. C. Naphtha Launch Race.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, July 4.

The American Y. C. has made no attempt to hold its usual sailing regatta this year, but on July 4 a special race for naphtha launches took place, the course being four miles out on the Sound and return. There were two classes, 30ft. and under, and over 30ft., the allowances being based both on length and power, 24 seconds per foot or fraction of a foot, and 40 seconds per H. P. per mile, naut. The times were as follows;

CLASS 1—OVER 30FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cleopatra, Alex. Stein	2 34 06	3 31 20	0 57 14	0 49 46
Rambler, W. D. Ellis	2 34 57	3 39 15	1 04 18	1 04 18
Iota, Jacob Lorillard	2 34 09	2 36 06	1 02 17	0 49 03

CLASS 2—UNDER 30FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Daisy, D. P. Duffie	2 35 23	3 54 26	1 19 03	1 09 08
Argo, C. F. Street	2 36 28	4 03 22	1 26 59	1 24 08
Halcyon, D. S. Hammond	2 33 42	3 55 26	1 21 44	1 20 32

The prices were won by Iola and Daisy.

The regatta committee included George W. Hall, William S. Alley, Stephen W. Roach, Isaiah Paxson and John R. Hegeman, Jr.

Riverside Y. C. Annual Regatta.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Riverside Y. C. was specially fortunate in having a fine southwest wind for its regatta on Saturday, and with a fleet of 30 yachts there was plenty of sport for the guests and members on the club steamer Alcedo, as well as for the various crews. The courses were:

Course 1, for sloops and cutters: From a line marked by two stakeboats anchored southwest of Capt. Knapp's Island, to black buoy off eastern end of Little Captain's Island, keeping same on starboard hand, to black buoy off Matinicock Point, keeping same on port hand to black buoy off Centre Island Reef, keeping same on port hand, thence to starting line. The black buoy on the east end of Little Captain's Island is to be passed on port and red buoy off western end of Greenwich Point to be passed on starboard returning; 17 nautical miles.

For all yawls, catboats, and jib and mainsail boats: From a line marked by two stakeboats anchored southwest of Capt. Knapp's Island, to black buoy off eastern point of Little Captain's Island, keeping same on starboard, thence around a stakeboat four miles south southwest, leaving it on port, then around a stakeboat four miles east by north, leaving same on port hand, thence home, keeping Flat Neck Buoy on starboard and black buoy off eastern end of Little Captain's Island Light on port; 13 nautical miles.

The wind was fresh from southwest throughout the race. The times were:

SLOOPS—60FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Eleanor	12 48 59	3 30 23	2 41 24	2 15 07
Whitby	12 50 00	3 30 08	2 40 08	2 23 48
Nirvana	12 50 00	3 37 14	2 47 14	. . .. ..

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—50FT. CLASS.

Moccasin	12 45 46	3 25 37	2 39 51	2 10 11
Alcedo	12 49 48	3 38 23	2 48 35	2 13 57
Zingara	12 58 09	4 09 20	3 13 20	. . .. ..
Alice	12 50 00	3 56 20	3 06 20	2 24 05

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—40FT. CLASS.

Daffodil	12 47 00	3 38 51	2 51 51	2 16 42
Eurybia	12 47 44	3 47 58	3 00 14	2 24 31
Kathleen	12 46 24	3 40 15	2 53 51	2 21 11
Nomad	12 46 24	3 53 32	3 12 08	. . .. ..
Vorant	12 46 35	3 46 19	2 59 44	2 18 44

SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Alma	12 48 21	4 11 30	3 23 09	2 25 53
Pyxie	12 47 58	3 54 00	3 06 02	2 08 40
Vee Vee	12 46 42	Did not finish.		

YAWLS—35FT. CLASS.

Audax	12 53 57	3 29 19	2 35 22	1 59 31
Kittie	12 52 24	3 40 45	2 48 21	2 10 27

CABIN CATS—30FT. CRASS.

Aura	12 54 10	3 37 05	2 42 46	2 02 48
Almira	12 51 44	3 28 00	3 36 16	1 57 40
Myrtle	12 51 47	3 38 00	2 46 16	2 05 22
Twilight	12 54 29	3 51 51	2 57 22	. . .. ..
Wenonah	12 53 07	3 45 22	2 52 15	2 09 19

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Pearl	12 53 07	3 50 13	2 58 11	2 12 57
Nahma	12 51 42	Did not finish.		
White Cap	12 55 00	Did not finish.		
Tabitha	12 51 56	3 45 37	2 53 41	Not meas.

OPEN SLOOPS—20FT. CLASS.

La Puce	12 54 54	Did not finish.		

OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Gertrude	12 51 43	3 50 34	2 58 51	2 08 09

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Phyllis	12 52 34	Did not finish.		

The regatta committee included C. T. Pierce, F. B. Jones and W. A. Huffington. Oconee did not start, as her owner was a member of the regatta committee. A reception was held at the club house in the evening.

Volunteer Sailing Club.

NEW HAVEN HARBOR.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Volunteer Sailing Club of New Haven, Conn., sailed its second annual regatta on July 4 over the regular four-mile course on New Haven harbor. The race was started at 11:30 A. M. in a moderate N.W. wind. The times were:

CLASS 1—SHARPIES 17 TO 20FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Veto, L. F. Conklin	17.07	0 51 33	0 51 33
Maggie, J. H. Jooss	17.07	Not timed.	

CLASS 2—SHARPIES 14 TO 17FT.

Lassie, J. Jobuson	15.06	1 03 30	1 01 00
Lottie, G. W. Verwholt	15.01	0 59 40	0 56 40
Belle, L. M. Cooney	15.00	0 54 40	0 51 34
Trixy, R. W. Judd	14.10	0 59 50	0 56 32

CLASS 3—SHARPIES UNDER 14FT.

Volunteer, A. Halfinger	13.06	1 03 00	0 58 06
Nanna, S. H. Bennett	13.02	Not timed.	

CLASS 4—SLOOPS AND CATS UNDER 17FT.

Whisper, Wm. Maier	16.09	0 48 90	0 47 00
Veneta, F. F. Upson	15.09	0 55 00	0 54 00
Wasp, Wm. Pflueger	10.11	1 01 30	0 54 42

This race is the second of a series of three. The first was sailed on May 30 and the last will be sailed on Sept 4; prizes will then be awarded for the best records in each class.

Race committee, J. W. E. Johnson, chairman; F. F. Upson, Bernard McDermott, B. W. Rhea. G. W. Daymon, Judge.

Dorchester Y. C. Second Championship Race.

DORCHESTER—BOTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Dorchester Y. C. sailed its second championship race on Saturday in a strong S. W. wind, the yachts being reefed. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mudjikeewis, W. P. Whitmarsh	1 35 06	1 09 37

SECOND CLASS.

Wasp, Woodsum and Ladd	1 21 28	0 53 58
Halcyon, Carl Pohlson	withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning	1 20 15	0 49 08
Pearl, Teale and Wing	1 43 00	1 13 42
Meteor, C. E. Bockus	withdrew.	

Savin Hill Y. C. Club Race.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Savin Hill Y. C. had some exciting racing on Saturday, two of the yachts capsizing. The larger one, Romance, is one of the widest and most powerful of the 21ft. class, carrying a very large sail plan. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Romance, L. Sears	Capsized.	

FIRST CLASS.

Adolph, H. F. Moebs	1 40 15	1 11 54

SECOND CLASS.

Egeria, F. L. Howard	1 24 50	0 57 06
Onoqua, L. A. Horton	1 28 30	1 01 11

THIRD CLASS.

Agnus, J. T. Bache	1 25 00	0 53 27

FOURTH CLASS.

Midget, W. H. Besarick	1 01 27	0 37 38
Smash, C. E. Hodges	1 02 37	0 38 10
Merkyn, Percy Hodges	Capsized.	

Squantum Y. C. Opening Race.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE first race of the Squantum Y. C. was sailed on July 4 in a squally northwest wind, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ineta, H. Flood	20.07	2 37 05	2 06 40
Gretchen, J. N. Tewksbury, Jr.	25.00	2 40 17	2 09 01

JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Inez, C. A. Jenkins	19.00	1 31 58	1 13 58
Aleta, J. S. Burch	16.06	2 27 55	2 04 40

THIRD CLASS.

Estella, Burrell & Bryden	17.00	1 22 18	0 59 33
West Wind, C. F. Marr	16.03	1 23 23	0 59 57

The judges were E. A. Snow, F. E. Badger and J. E. Drew.

Jamaica Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.

ROCKAWAY BEACH—JAMAICA BAY.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE members of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. celebrated both the opening of their new club house and the national holiday with a regatta for two classes of catboats, sailed in a fresh N.W. wind, the courses being 20 and 15 miles. The times were:

CLASS A—CABIN CATS 20FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tessie S., O. L. Schwenke	2 31 45	4 19 35	1 47 50
Leisure, Wm. Sheer	2 31 10	4 20 35	1 49 25
Bennie B., L. U. Pearsall	2 31 20	Withdrew.	
Truant, F. La Fonce	2 33 15	4 29 40	1 56 25
Josie P., Charles Frey	2 46 20	Withdrew.	

CLASS B—CATBOATS 17FT. AND UNDER.

Edith, Charles Wood	2 46 20	4 39 50	1 53 30
Nettie, L. M. Pearsall	2 52 05	3 47 00	5 54 55

Leisure won, beating Tessie by 55s. corrected time; Nettie wins in her class.

Boston City Regatta.

BOSTON HARBOR.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE annual open regatta of the city of Boston was sailed as usual on July 4 in a moderate westerly breeze of sufficient force at all times to make a good race; while with some 70 starters the sight from City Point was a fine one. The courses were:

For first and second classes: From judges' steamer down West way, leaving Thompson and Rainsford islands on starboard, Long and George's island and Point Allerton buoy 3 on port, and back through the Narrows, leaving Fort Warren, Gallup's island and Nix's Mate bell buoy on port, buoy 6, Lower Middle, on port, buoy 7, Castle island, on port, to flagboat anchored off Marine Park pier, leaving it on port, passing between judges' steamer and flagboat; 13 miles.

For third, fourth and special (21ft.) classes: From starting line, leaving Old Harbor buoy No. 4, Dorchester bay, on port, Black buoy No. 1 (nearly opposite) on port, Castle island buoy No. 7 on starboard, Sculpin Ledge buoy on port, buoy No. 6, Lower Middle, Castle island buoy No. 7 and flagboat off Marine Park on port, passing between judges' steamer and flagboat; 8 miles.

For the mosquito class and Whitehall boats: From starting point leaving buoy No. 4, Dorchester bay on port, buoy No. 1 (nearly opposite No. 4) on port, buoy No. 7 on port, flagboat off Marine Park on port, passing between judges' steamer and flagboat; 4 miles.

The times were:

FIRST CLASS—KEELS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gracie, M. J. Sughrue	3 06 58	2 35 17
Camilla, John Blanchard	3 12 24	2 37 00
Mamie	Withdrew.	
Saturn	Withdrew.	
CENTERBOARDS.		
Violet, H. J. McKee	2 47 39	2 15 23
Maggie, E. C. Neal	2 51 24	2 16 11
Lamont, J. N. Green	2 54 19	2 23 00
Neptune, Neptune Associates	2 58 00	2 30 12
SECOND CLASS—KEELS.		
Swordfish, Hall and Johnson	2 58 37	2 15 27
Wasp, William Nolan	3 13 17	2 34 56
Sadie, A. J. Schultz	3 21 42	2 42 42
Ella May	Withdrew.	
Emma L.	Withdrew.	
Hope	Withdrew.	
CENTERBOARDS.		
Harbinger, William Daly, Jr	2 35 35	1 57 39
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	2 45 41	2 03 06
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	2 47 41	2 04 32
Climax, M. F. Kelly	2 51 44	2 11 26
Moondyne, H. G. Shaw	3 01 40	2 19 31
Awilda, J. J. Bligh	3 02 29	2 20 04
Minnie R., T. D. Rice	3 01 47	2 20 14
THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.		
Hiladee, S. N. Small	1 16 59	0 49 09
Ustane, Karshick	1 20 18	0 50 32
Spurt, D. P. Pierce	1 22 23	0 51 46
Gipsy, H. R. Drinkwater	1 20 04	0 54 04
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	1 32 11	0 56 19
Black Cloud, S. H. Taylor	1 21 07	0 53 47
Wapiti, H. L. Stickney	1 23 22	0 55 06
Vivian, F. C. Deckman	1 27 58	0 59 21
Norna, P. C. Fitzpatrick	1 28 26	0 59 23
R. G., James Stuart	1 32 58	1 02 38
Ideal, F. Williams	Capsized.	
KEELS.		
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	1 24 32	0 56 42
Helen, George Collins	1 26 06	0 59 19
Wahneta, Smith and Cobb	1 29 25	1 00 01
FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.		
Magpie, H. G. Otis	1 25 16	0 53 05
Arab, W. F. Scott	1 24 58	0 53 08
Harriet, L. H. Harrington	1 24 08	0 53 18
Aurise, H. M. Faxon	1 27 05	0 53 37
Magpie, C. P. Pike	1 26 46	0 53 50
Egeria, L. T. Howard	1 25 16	0 54 14
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	1 24 53	0 54 21
Cadet, C. D. Smith	1 31 24	0 54 40
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning	1 31 47	0 56 07
Keowa, A. W. Leonard	1 35 42	0 59 38
Sadie, S. F. Temple	1 33 57	1 02 00
Elsie, Keating & Dailey	1 33 15	1 02 03
Don, W. W. Shaw	1 33 20	1 02 55
Wraith, J. F. Berrigan	1 37 51	1 07 01
KEELS.		
Astrea, R. M. Benner	1 21 08	0 49 24
Topsy, C. M. Peterson	1 32 04	0 59 16
Composite, James McIntyre	1 34 27	1 01 27
Phantom, G. M. Haskell	1 35 42	1 03 06
Ada, H. Bullard	1 38 41	1 04 01
JIB AND MAINSAILS.		
Exile, J. F. Small	1 10 13	0 40 21
Romance, Loring Sears	1 18 22	0 48 19
Rodie, George Rodigrass	1 28 27	0 51 02
Gleam, P. J. Lowell	1 24 38	0 53 18
MOSQUITO CLASS.		
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	0 40 29	0 20 47
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	0 40 55	0 21 55
Tuxsene, C. B. Greenlow	0 45 49	0 24 07
Cutty Sark, M. M. Torrence	0 46 00	0 24 18
Laurel, J. K. Hutchins	0 45 39	0 25 18
Annie L. Rich	0 47 23	0 25 41
Bubble, J. P. Bullard	0 48 09	0 26 13
Princess, Samuel Ware	0 46 50	0 26 26
Phyllis, W. A. Connery	0 51 12	0 29 30
Spook, A. H. Andrews	0 49 44	0 30 02
Maniac, W. F. Norman	0 51 59	0 31 09

The winners were: First class keels, Gracie first prize, Camilla second; first class centerboards, Violet first, Magic second; second class keels, Swordfish first, Wasp second, Saidee third; second class centerboards, Harbinger first, Beatrice second, White Fawn third, Climax fourth; third class centerboards, Hiladee first, Ustane second, Spurt third, Gypsy fourth; third class keels, Judith first, Helen second, Wahneta third; fourth class centeboads, Magpie first, Arab second, Harriett third; fourth class keels, Astrea first, Topsy second, Composite third; 21ft. class, Exile first; mosquito class, Tantrum first, Alpine second, Tuxsene third; Whitehall boats, Nellie first, Nancy second, Quickstep third, Alice fourth, Three Brothers fifth.

The judges were: Wm. Daly, Jr., chairman; J. S. Cushing, James Bertram, F. O. Vegelahn, C. J. Rushton, T. D. Rice, Harry Hutchinson, James Otis Fallon, Ambrose A. Martin.

The number of amateur designs among the winners is quite worthy of note. Swordfish was designed by John B. Paine, Ustane, Tantrum and Exile by T. J. Small, and Hiladee by his brother, S. N. Small.

Strange to say, out of so large a fleet there were no protests, and only one mishap, the capsizing of Ideal at the start. A special class for fin-keels of over 28ft. was on the programme but had no entries, Handsel being the only one elegible except the 46ft. Carmita.

White Bear Lake.

THE White Bear Lake Yachting Association held a race on June 24 for the Gotzian prize in first class and the Kitten prize in second class, the times being:

CATBOATS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nushka, J. P. Elmer	1 09 54	1 09 55
Katherine, W. S. Morton	1 13 46	1 11 14
Albatross, W. H. Murray	1 13 25	Disq'l'd.
Bonnicastle, W. F. Swan	1 18 25	1 16 55
Galatea, Maj. Espey	1 17 15	Not meas.
Neko, O. L. Taylor	Broke her mast.	
SLOOPS.		
Wapsie, Sam Stickney	1 10 23	1 08 38
Valkyrie, G. Schelle	1 13 26	1 12 49
Fortuna, J. M. Welch	1 14 38	1 12 14
Stranger, J. E. Ramaley	1 14 03	Not meas.
Mischief, G. Fales	1 20 26	Not meas.
Nancy Ruth, L. Corning	Withdrew.	
Kitten, A. McKechnie	Capsized.	
Loon, R. Neely	Withdrew.	

Lake Y. R. A., First Regatta, Rochester Y. C.

CHARLOTTE—LAKE ONTARIO.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE programme of the Lake Y. R. A. round of 1893 is shorter and less interesting than usual, and promises a smaller fleet and less good racing. The start was made at Charlotte, N. Y., the port of Rochester and the station of the Rochester Y. C., on July 4, the fleet going next to Hamilton, where the regatta of the Royal Hamilton Y. C. was set for July 8, and then continuing on to Toronto on July 10, where the fleet will probably disband. The assembly at Charlotte, on July 3 was quite small, Yama and other noted boats being absent. Cinderella did not start, and the old New York sloop Onward with the Watson 20-rater Vreda made up the largest class, only Zelma and Dinah being in the next. The course was a triangle of four mile sides, 24 miles for the larger yachts and 12 miles for 25ft. and 18ft. classes. The day was perfectly clear and sky bright, with the lake as smooth as a table, the wind being moderate from N.W. Vreda, sailed by Mr. Jarvis, was about 2m. astern at the end of the first round, but finally won easilly. One of the buoys had been missing and a skiff anchored in its place, most of the yachts turning it in the absence of the usual buoy. When the 40-footers finished the first round they reported that they had not found the buoy, and Dinah gave up, but Zelma, on learning the change, completed the second round. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS—START 10:50.

	Finish	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	3 13 50	4 23 50	4 17 19
Onward	3 20 13	4 30 13	4 30 13
40FT. CLASS—START 10:50.			
Zelma	4 46 25	.....	.....
Dinah	Withdrew.		
35FT. CLASS—START 11 A.M.			
Cyprus	4 35 25	5 35 25	5 35 25
Ripple	4 48 35	5 48 35	5 47 23
Edith	Withdrew.		
30FT. CLASS—START 11:10.			
Vedette	4 04 50	4 54 50	4 54 50
Nadia	4 45 25	5 35 25	5 35 19
Latona	Withdrew.		
25FT. CLASS—START 11:10.			
Nox	2 04 25	2 44 25	3 43 58
Maud B	2 07 15	2 47 25	2 47 25
Salola	2 20 58	3 00 58	3 00 47
Nydia	2 39 15	3 19 15	3 07 56
18FT. CLASS—START 11:20.			
Dot	3 44 05	.....	.....
Pastime	Disabled and withdrew.		

American Model Y. C.

BROOKLYN—PROSPECT PARK.

Tuesday, July 4.

IT is very discouraging, to say the least, that the American Model Y. C. did not this time make a better showing than last year. The yachts being very slow to come to the line, were debarred to a certain extent from competing; then again the excuse was the wind was too fickle, it being N.W., drawing to the westward in the afternoon. A northwest wind on this lake is a great drawback to good sailing, and will always be. The only yacht to start in the second class was Comet, going over the course once, thereby having a hollow victory, her time being for the ½ mile 11m. 45s.

The first class, called next, only three yachts starting in first heat, Marguerite, Neola and Ohyiesa, the latter withdrawing after going one-third of a mile. Marguerite failed to round the ¼ mile stake and Neola won the heat. In the second heat Neola took the lead. Marguerite soon after starting carried away her steering gear, putting her out of race. Neola finished and won. The third class showed up a little stronger, making quite an agreeable change from the previous events, six yachts starting, Ampere winning from Star and Mignon in the second heat by 1m. 04s., and in the third heat from Star by 2m. 18s.:

SECOND CLASS—42 TO 43IN. L.W.L.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Comet, G. W. Townley	10 44 00	10 55 45	11 45	.. ..
FIRST CLASS—48 TO 53IN. L.W.L.—First Heat.				
Marguerite, H. Fisher	11 45 00	Failed to round mark.		
Neola, G. Pfeiffer	11 34 12	11 44 59	10 47	10 29½
Ohyiesa, C. Van Ness	11 36 55	Withdrew.		
Second Heat.				
Marguerite	11 54 33	Disabled.		
Neola	11 54 15	12 05 36	11 21	11 03½
Ohyiesa did not start.				
THIRD CLASS—35 TO 42IN. L.W.L., TRIANGULAR ½ MILE—First Heat.				
Vesta, G. D. Casey	1 27 10	1 45 30	18 20	18 20
Dolphin, J. Smith	1 28 15	Withdrew.		
Mignon, H. Fisher	1 26 55	1 41 47	14 52	14 38
Ampere, G. Pfeiffer	1 26 50	1 40 52	14 02	13 44
Star, G. W. Townley	1 27 35	1 41 40	14 05	13 43
Anna, G. C. Meyer	1 27 36	Withdrew.		
Second Heat.				
Vesta	1 48 40	2 07 40	19 00	19 00
Dolphin	Did not start.			
Mignon	1 48 35	2 03 30	14 55	14 41
Ampere	1 48 30	2 02 25	13 55	13 37
Star	1 49 12	2 04 15	15 03	14 41
Anna	1 48 55	2 08 27	19 32	19 17
Third and Final Heat.				
Vesta	2 12 22	Not timed.		
Dolphin	Did not start.			
Mignon	2 12 15	2 27 54	15 39	15 25
Ampere	2 12 08	2 25 12	13 04	12 46
Star	2 12 58	2 28 34	15 36	15 14
Anna	2 12 31	2 29 50	17 19	17 04

July 1 the first leg for the Pfeiffer cup was sailed and won by Marguerite, Neola second. The winner will have to win it six times before becoming the owner of cup.

FRANK NICHOLS.

The Royal Novia Scotia Yacht Squadron.

THOUGH practically isolated from the fellow clubs of the United States and Canada, the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, of Halifax, N. S., has kept up a prosperous existence for some fifteen years, and is now in a flourishing condition, with a fleet of thirty odd yachts, and an active membership of 250. The club is noted for its hospitality to visiting yachtsmen, and the honorary list contains the names of Lieut. Henn, Com. Colt and other foreign visitors. Last year the club sailed thirteen races as follows:

	Rating.	Starts.	Firsts.	1st.	2d.	3d.	Percent.
Wynn, cut., Wm. Young	3.6	7	57	4	1	0	
Youla, cut., H. M. Wylde	3.4	11	54½	6	2	1	
Etienne, sl., I. E. Butler	2.8	5	40	2	1	0	
Lenore, cut., F. H. Murray	3.7	12	8⅓	1	4	2	
Minnehaha, sl., F. K. Warren	3.0	4	0	0	1	1	
Psyche, cut., Bell and James	3.0	1	0	0	0	1	
Mentor, cut., R. R. Kennedy	.....	3	0	0	0	1	

Prizes.—Wynn won the Ruth cup, Lord Alex. Russell's cup and $30, and first ladies' prize. Youla took the Wintrel Banks cup, the Wenonah cup, the Chauncy cup (final win) and $67, and Capt. Leonard Russel's cup. Etienne carried off the Lansdowne cup and $28; Lenore the second ladies' prize and $40; Minnehaha $10, and Psyche and Mentor $5 each.

The fixtures for this year are 11 in number, beside the annual cruise. The officers are: Com., Jas. Fraser; Vice-Com., Jas. W. Stairs; Rear-Com., John E. Butler; Secretary, H. M. Wylde, box 520, Halifax, N. S.; Hon. Treasurer, A. E. Jones; Measurers, F. H. Bell and H. Flower, Halifax; F. W. Hindman, Charlottetown, and J. Rudolf, Lunenburg; Mr. Thos. Manning is the hon. agent of the squadron in New York. Two special cups were presented last winter, by Com. A. C. Edwards and Mr. L. J. Hesslein, to be raced for under special conditions, the first for the 3-rating class, excluding new yachts with outside lead ballast, the second and annual handicap prize for all classes, to be owned by the member winning it twice.

Shrewsbury Y. C. First Annual Regatta.

RED BANK—SHREWSBURY RIVER.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE first annual regatta of the Shrewsbury Y.C., was sailed on July 4 off the new club house at Red Bank, N. J., and was the most successful ever sailed on the Shrewsbury River, both as to number and quality of entries.

Last fall several gentlemen got together, including Mr. John F. James of Brooklyn, Superintendent Byrnes of New York, Mr. Henry C. Miner, the theatrical manager, and Clinton R. James, the owner of the racing cat Undine, and formed the Shrewsbury Yacht Club. A piece of land 100ft. on the river by 1,000ft. was purchased on an eminence where a fine view could be had, within half a mile of Red Bank, at a cost of $8,000. Ground was broken in February of this year and there has just been completed at a cost of some $5,000 a house 85ft. front by 50ft. deep, three stories in height. The lower story contains two bowling alleys, billiard room, kitchen, toilet rooms and shower bath. The first story will be used for the dining room and steward's department. The second story will be used for a ball room; there is also a large ladies' room on this floor. On the northeast corner there is a large observatory, where a fine view can be had both up and down the river. A long dock over 100ft. long has been built in front of the club house. With the possible exception of the Larchmont and Seawanhaka club houses this is the largest yacht club house around New York. In addition to the annual regatta this was the opening of the club house, the colors being thrown to the breeze at 8 A. M. During the day a band of music entertained about 500 people, the guests of the club, who witnessed the race from the broad verandas of the club house.

The race was announced to start at 10 A. M. promptly, and the preparatory signal was given 35 minutes later by a gun from the judges' boat, and at 10:40 the starting gun was fired. The day previous the courses were marked out by red flags on stakes numbered from 1 to 5. Classes A, B, C and D, sailed the following course: From an imaginary line between a red flag stake and the judges' boat anchored off club house to and around flag stake No. 1, at Guion's Point, leaving same on starboard; thence to flag stake No. 2, in Boyd's Cove, leaving same on port; thence to flag stake No. 3, off Brown's Dock, leaving it on starboard; thence to flag stake No. 4, off Fair Haven dock, leaving it on port; thence to flag stake No. 5, at the head of the flats, leaving it on port; thence back to No. 4, leaving it on starboard, thence to No. 3, leaving it on port, thence to No. 2, leaving it on starboard; thence to No. 1, leaving it on port; thence between judges' boat and red flag finish; 10 miles.

Class E: Starting same as other classes and turning stakes Nos. 1 and 2, thence to a blue flag stake at mouth of McClees Creek, leaving it to port; thence back over same course, turning judges' boat to starboard and repeat, finishing between judges' boat and red flag; 10 miles.

At the start the wind was fresh and squally from N.W. and continued so during the race, though the water was smooth.

Much interest was centered in the race in Class C between Jintzy, a riddle boat from the South Shrewsbury, belonging to Fred Oakes, and Twilight, a Mills boat, belonging to H. B. Duryea, at present on Navahoe. Jintzy was sailed by her builder, while Jim Millis, brother of the builder, sailed Twilight.

In Class D Mr. Fred Oakes's Enigma was pitted against John M. Sawyer's Arrow, that sailed her maiden race, having been built last season by Wallin & Gorman. This race was robbed of much of its interest through the carrying away of the hook of the throat halliard block. Five minutes was lost making repairs, the Enigma finally winning by 1m. 14s.

The following are the full times:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Minerva, W. T. Conover	28.00	Did not finish.	
Edla, M. P. Sherman	27.07	1 30 54	1 01 29
Zulu, Fraser & Worthley, N. S. Y. C.	26.09½	1 42 38	1 12 25
Vixen, Louis Wunder, Br. Y. C.	26.06	1 51 21	1 20 51
Christine, Seth A. Chester, P. Y. C.	25.06	1 44 54	1 13 22
CLASS B—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.			
Iroquois, Wm. W. Genet, N. J. A. C.	23.00	1 36 56	1 02 33
Muzzie, A. W. Cruikshank, P. Y. C.	25.00	1 36 48	1 04 44
CLASS C—CAT-RIGGED, 23FT. AND OVER.			
Jintzy, Fred. Oakes, S. Y. C.	24.10¾	1 30 00	0 57 49
Zariadres, John H. Cook, S. Y. C.	24.07	Capsized.	
Twilight, H. B. Duryea, S. Y. C.	23.11½	1 34 25	1 01 11
CLASS D—CAT-RIGGED, 20 TO 23FT.			
Josie H., Geo. Hendrickson, Jr.	22.02½	Did not finish.	
Irma T., Forman R. Smith, S. Y. C.	22.00	1 40 08	1 04 29
Enigma, Fred. Oakes, S. Y. C.	21.11¾	1 37 01	1 01 21
Arrow, John M. Sawyer, Jr., S. Y. C.	21.09	1 38 34	1 02 35
Tip Top, George W. Gillig, S. Y. C.	20.09¾	1 44 06	1 06 51
Quartette, Stewart Good	20.06	1 45 55	1 08 14
Shrewsbury, Carl Wagner, S. Y. C.	21.09	1 39 10	1 03 11
Jessie, Andrew Murray, S. Y. C.	22.00	Did not finish.	
CLASS E—CAT-RIGGED, 17 TO 20FT.			
Tam O'Shanter, B. A. Fliess, S. Y. C.	19.11¾	1 35 35	0 57 08
Mosquito, F. H. Hegler, P. Y. C.	19.11	Did not finish.	
Cinch, H. M. Knapp, S. Y. C.	19.11	1 31 21	0 52 49
Oolah, H. S. Battin, S. Y. C.	19.10½	Did not finish.	
Maygus, E. D. Miner, S. Y. C.	19.10	1 24 09	0 55 30
Annie B., Chas. E. Burd, N. S. Y. C.	19.10	Did not finish.	
Dolphin, Henry Sillcocks, S. Y. C.	19.05	1 34 01	0 54 44
Florence, Henry Carroll	19.03	1 35 32	0 55 59
Gertrude A., S. W. Roof, Jr., S. Y. C.	18.05	1 34 28	0 53 35
Doctor, F. T. Barber, M.D., K. v. K. Y. C.	18.00½	1 36 29	0 54 58
Francis R., Robbins & Marks	18.00	1 37 51	0 56 16
Pauline, J. Frank James, S. Y. C.	18.00	Did not finish.	
Rich. K. Fox, Thos. C. Baughan, P. Y. C.	17.03¼	Did not finish.	
Clytie, Delphord M. Fisher, S. Y. C.	16.02½	1 44 02	1 00 42
Yum Yum, Vantini & Chadwick	16.01	1 46 15	1 02 55
Louisa, Frank Taylor	15.01½	1 52 28	1 09 08

Edla (formerly the open sloop Fowler) wins first prize in Class A, beating Zulu, who takes second prize, 10m. 50s. Iroquois wins in Class B, beating Muzzie 2m. 11s. Jintzy wins in Class C, beating Twilight 3m. 22s.; also taking the pennant for the fastest time over the course. Enigma wins in Class D, beating Arrow 1m. 14s., Arrow taking second prize. Cinch wins in Class E, beating Gertrude A 46s., Gertrude A. taking second prize.

The prizes, all of silver, were on exhibition at the club house, and presented to the winners after the race.

George E. Gartland, of the New Jersey Y. C., and Henry C. Miner, Jr. and George Williams, of the Shrewsbury Y. C., were the judges. Much of the success of the opening and of the regatta is due to the untiring efforts of its young commodore, Clinton R. James.

Beverly Y. C. First Buzzards Bay Championship.

MONUMENT BEACH—BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday, July 1.

THE 196th race of the Beverly Y. C., first Buzzards Bay championship, was sailed on July 1, and in spite of the fact that two other races close by drew off several boats was a great success. The race started in a fair W.S.W. breeze, which increased till all the third class were forced to reef.

The second class race over a 10¼-mile course was very close. Gymnote took the lead but Anonyma ran her coming home and a first-rate luffing match ensued, Gymnote crossing the line one second ahead and winning a leg for the pennant, but losing first prize on allowance by five seconds, while Mist was only twenty-five seconds astern of her. The new boats Ulala and Agawam did much better than on June 17, and the fifth boat was only 2m. 58s. behind Gymnote.

In the third class Nobska proved a flyer; she did not point quite as high as the old boats, but went through the water faster than any 20-footer ever did before in Buzzards Bay. Puzzle broke down while doing well.

Nobska is a new boat, with very long overhangs, rather narrow, light forward, light rig, and a heavily-loaded centerboard. There were two other boats of similar type, Kaloola and Colymbus, but the former was overpowered with too large a rig, while the latter, a Boston production, had such an absurd rig as to be unmanageable till she took in three reefs, long after she was hopelessly out of the race.

Fin, as usual, had it all her own way in the fourth class, but Dawdle did exceedingly well. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	23.09	2 02 40	1 48 56
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	23.08	2 02 41	1 49 01
Mist, G. H. Lyman	23.09	2 03 06	1 49 35
Ulula, W. H. Winship	22.08	2 05 18	1 50 18
Agawam, J. G. Young, Jr.	23.08	2 05 39	1 51 54
Lestris, J. Crane, Jr	22.08	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Nobska, A. A. Beebe	19.08	2 01 02	1 48 14
Doris, John Parkinson	19.08	2 07 43	1 49 55
Eina, John Parkinson	19.11	2 08 49	1 51 23
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, Jr.	19.10	Broke down.	
Kaloola, Henry Richards	19.08	Withdrew.	
Daisy, Howard Stockton	18.02	Withdrew.	
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor	19.09	Withdrew.	

Course for this class, 9½ miles; that for fourth, 1¼ miles to windward and return, twice round; fifth class, same course, once round.

FOURTH CLASS.

Fin, sloop, L. M. Stockton	17.00	1 09 35	0 58 00
Dawdle, cat, R. S. Hardy	16.03	1 11 19	0 59 01
Kitten, cat, Toby Club	17.00	1 17 45	1 06 10
Squall, cat, J. G. Palfrey	17.00	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Weona, H. Ware	14.00	0 44 56	.....

Legs for championships won by Gymnote, Nobska, Fin, Dawdle and Weona. First prizes by Anonyma, Nobska and Fin. Second prizes by Gymnote, Doris and Dawdle. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Indian Harbor Y. C., Plant Cup.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, July 3.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. held a good race on July 1 for a cup presented by Vice-Com. Plant for catboats, a special prize being also offered for boats under 25ft. in the event of the cup being won by a yacht over that length. The course was across the Sound and back, 13 nautical miles, the wind being easterly and of moderate strength. Oconee, designed last year by Gielow, soon took the lead and held it. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	1 02 20	3 25 11	2 22 51	1 40 34
Wenonah, T. T. Taber	1 01 34	3 31 16	2 29 42	1 48 45
Almira, Wilmer Hazau	1 02 33	3 26 19	2 23 46	1 45 11
Myrtle, J. R. Maxwell	1 01 56	3 26 03	2 24 07	1 43 18
Tabitha, N. T. Lawton	1 03 47	3 38 38	2 34 51	1 45 55
Crocus, G. A. Wright	1 03 02	3 43 18	2 40 16	Not meas.
Mary, Joseph Elsworth	1 04 19	3 29 47	2 25 28	Not meas.
Nymph, F. W. Flint	1 03 23	3 27 26	2 23 58	Not meas.
Caper, P. H. Howard	1 06 00	3 39 50	2 33 50	Not meas.
Dosoris, G. P. Vail	1 04 12	Did not finish.		

House-Boating Again.

THE writer read with unflagging interest a recent series of articles in FOREST AND STREAM on house-boating. His interest was due to the intelligence of the articles, and to the circumstance of his having shipped several seasons aboard of a house-boat in a capacity that corresponds to that of a man before the mast on a merchantman or an able seaman on a man-of-war. He is prompted to contribute something from his experience, because it may further an acquaintance with a healthful pastime comparatively unfamiliar in this country. The writer can hardly refrain from giving at first an emphatic indorsement of house-boating. He can understand why the uninitiated may not agree to this. Indeed he has heard the merit of house-boating discussed from the standpoint that it calls for none of the more rohust virtues. Let it be admitted that it does not require the heart of a sailor, "hound with triple brass," nor the endurance of a hunter to be a good enough house-hoater. But as a pleasure like the pleasure of the naturalist or of the angler, as a minister to the disposition there is in healthy minds to be out of doors in good weather, house-boating is not easy to he surpassed. To the mere picknicker it is ideal. For simple eating and drinking, and lolling out of doors it is, in street language, "out of sight." House-boat voyages are along shore. The trees, the green hanks, the sky's panorama, the plants, the flowers of the water and shore, the changing phases of the river, the lake or canal, are all about to rest the mind and delight the heart of him who goes a house-boating. To him who has wit enough to know about some other life than man's dull existence, to the botanist, the zoölogist and to the artist and that sort of person no hetter field than the opportunities aboard a house-boat could be afforded. To house-boat is to he translated with your house, your room, your chairs, your congenial bed, your kitchen and cook stove, your drawing room, if you say so, away from the town on to some river or lake in the country. If one hath no disposition for that sort of thing, why enough has been said among gentlemen. But who will deny that through his brain cohwebbed with the dusty tanglements of business there sweeps a fresh breeze when once he has gone into the sun and wind, on the grass and among the trees? Who will deny that his grosser appetites, his hunger, his thirst, his sleep, to speak of nothing better, get in short time a better tone? These sentiments are trite enough, but like good sermons they bear repetition.

House-boating is no idle business of necessity. The real artist in any pleasure and the greatest enjoyer of it understands that he must he of its activity. He must stalk the deer and follow the stream, even hew the wood and draw the water, man the tiller and haul on the ropes, cook, if he has that great gift, lay out routes and take responsibility. House-boating furnishes this opportunity for activity.

If we remember correctly, one sort of house-boating was little noted in the articles referred to. It is easy to appreciate the pleasure to he had with the house-boat, as it is seen every summer on the Thames—that ancient stream which ever pours refreshing waters for the appreciative Briton. To come from the "roar of St. Paul's" and the life of the business and politics of such a monster as London and step aboard a broad and airy house afloat on the cool river and moving tide, beneath the green trees to dine and pass a quiet evening with good friends, to sleep unvexed and to awake amid the country scenes of the night before—is to enjoy. We can understand the satisfaction of the artist or the hunter who anchors his water house on the shore of the lake where his vistas and his quarries are near at hand; we can understand that there is pleasure in a household that carries in its interior a boiler and an engine that shall puff it wherever the owner wills, but we must be excused for affirming that beyond all these is the pleasure of the house-hoater, whose lot is cast where his hoat may be moved through the landscape by some quieter but sufficient power. This has the change, the variety, the life of coaching, minus its dust, close quarters, cramped positions and its shaking up. Such is the pleasure on a houseboat whose habitat is a canal, for instance, and above all a canal which parallels a river, and where opportunity affords, hecomes part of it.

The canal has a poor position among highways. The popular idea about it is that it is a low sort of place from end to end, trodden only by spavined horses and lop-eared mules driven by swearing drivers, and all monopolized hy a rough company generally. That it proved to be the highway to the Presidency on one occasion was not enough to lift it even a little in popular estimation. This is all a mistake, and arises from a lack of its acquaintance. In cities the canal is apt to merit these charges, and its squalid appearance in cities is attributed to it unjustly everywhere. Escapiug the contaminations of the town aud breathing the pure air of the country, the canal hecomes a thing of beauty and a joy forever. We defy an apostle of æsthetics to say aught hut in praise of it there. The following bit of poetry does the canal some justice. No description that the writer might give could tell of it so well, and for that reason it is here introduced without other apology:

THE CANAL.

The smooth canal, where level meads extend,
Lies with the sunlight glittering on its breast;
So softly on their way its waters wend,
They hardly stir the rushes from their rest.

The towing path, a narrow strip of gray,
Follows one curving hank; its further bound
A hedge of tangled rose and hawthorn spray,
Beyond, a sweep of undulating ground.

And past the pastures, where the placid herds
In undisturhed contentment graze or lie,
A wood—a very paradise for birds—
Unfolds its fluttering pennons to the sky.

A foot hridge high above the current flung,
Of woodwork still unstripped of bark, and slight,
Looks like a forest branch but newly swung
For sylphs to watch the waters from its height.

And should perchance a laden harge draw near,
The silent boatman stationed at the helm,
The slow horse and the gliding hull appear
Part of some pagcant in that fairy realm.

Then silence or the lull of blending songs
From winds and waters, rustling leaves and reeds;
From sylvan minstrels, and the gentler throngs
That chant the measure of our dreams, succeeds.
—*Henry Rose, in Gentleman's Magazine.*

The house-boat is at its hest when moved, not propelled hy boiler and engine within itself, hut towed hy a steam launch or by horses, yea, even by that maligned beast, the faithful and persistent mule, than whom there is no better toiler. The landscape moves aloug like the fairest of panoramas. There are the ever shifting vistas of the trees, the recurring fields and pastures, the hanks blooming with flowers and plants and hung with vines. Even human characters fit into the scenes, and flocks of sheep, hroods of ducks or processions of dignified geese are the very animation for a picture. Such excursions may be extended far into the country. They are hound to no time tables or schedules. Where night overtakes there may the traveler take his evening meal, smoke his pipe of peace and lay him down to slumber. What gypsying is this?

On such tempestuous voyages as are here attempted to he indicated, it has been the good fortune of the writer to go. Many a time has he shipped simply for his bed and "keep," and what compauy there was. His duties were small, to be sure; to handle lines at the locks, to pole the boat off the walls of masonry, at times to man the helm, and with as much skill as could be summoned to perform the delicate business of sliding the hoat and her valuable freight unjarred into the dark pocket of the lock. The B. and S.—which, by the way, does not stand, as ordinarily, for hrandy and soda—was a house-boat horn under a lucky star, lucky in its owners and lucky in its home port.

Where the Oswego, a broad river next to the largest if not to the longest in the State of New York, pours its hasty stream into Lake Ontario, and where is a terminus of "Clinton's hig ditch"—the Erie Canal—there are its moorings. Its heginnings were humhle but significant, for its very first employment in the world was to carry saud. Happening into the possession of appreciative persons who discovered beneath its rough frame and homely presence adaptability to a loftier career, it was overhauled by carpenter and painter and returned to the "foaming main" rejuvenated, heautified and transformed. A simple house of light construction was built upon its deck, in the rear a capacious kitchen, next forward a dining-room of ample dimensions and furthest forward an observation apartment, all lighted hy hroad sliding windows, seated with cushioned seats from front to kitchen and withal, the usual furniture of comfortable and pleasing apartments. The writer was employed as a deckhand aboard this craft several seasons and was a witness to many of its delightful excursions. Although occupied with his menial employments he could not be out of from the pleasures of these occasions. To perform his duties, as, for instance, peeling potatoes, the task being transacted at the kitchen window looking forth upon the green banks and hills as they quietly slid by, was a positive pleasure. The making of the locks, the roar of the incoming waters, the cool shade of the lock walls, the slow rise of the boat to the next level, the gradual opening of the gates on a new view, the tightening of the tow rope and the slow reuewal of the voyage were pleasant to witness, aud a menial could appreciate them. When once the writer unlocks the reminiscences of his service with the proprietors of this house-boat—who are always considerate and always "good pay"—he knows not which to recount nor where to make an end. Perhaps it was hetter to end now after such a formidable heginning.

G. T. C.

JUNE, 1893.

A Novel House-Boat.

A UNIQUE vessel, known as the Half Moon, will leave Baltimore to-day for New York if the wind is favorahle. It represents a new departure in yachts, widely different from swift steam vessels or stately sailing sloops and schooners. The new vessel is known as a house-boat and is the product of the Baltimore shipbuilders, Wm. Skinner & Son.

The Half Moon is an idea of Mr. Wm. Kent, a New York lawyer. He calls it an experiment, hut there is said to be no douht of its being a success. As the old bluff-sided vessel Half Moon, commanded by Hendrik Hudson, carried astonishment to the natives along the shores of the river that now bears the famous navigator's name, so Mr. Kent's house-boat is expected to attract interest among the owners of the many-typed craft which abound in the waters of New York Bay and Hudson River.

The new hoat is 84ft. long, 18ft. beam, and 7ft. hetween floor and upper deck. She has all her compartments on one floor and perfectly inclosed within her wooden walls. There are twelve of the compartments, all private and comfortable. With the exception of a small space forward to work the windlass, mooring lines and anchors, and a corresponding open space aft for the helmsman and in which to handle the mainsheet, the hoat is inclosed.

The first compartment, entered from a forward companionway, is the owner's private room, 10×13ft. Thence a passageway extends aft to the galley.

Mr. Kent's two children have on the starboard side dainty berths, and opposite is a toilet and dressing room.

Next opens the saloon and dining room combined, which is 14×15½ft. Rising from the ceuterboard well, which is about 4ft. above the floor, heavy cherry leaves can he moved and a table to seat a dozen persons improvised. Transoms covered with Russian leather cushions are on each side of this apartment, which will seat many guests.

Just outside the saloon, on each side of the fore and aft passageway, are two guests' staterooms, each 7ft. square.

A handsome stairway leads to the open deck above. The stairway is of ash with cherry balustrades and handsomely carved posts.

The steward's room and owner's hath room, each 6×7ft., occupy opposite sides of the stairway, and then the galley or kitchen, which is 6×15ft., ends the quarters reserved to Mr. Kent and his family.

Abaft the galley is the crew's mess room, 9½×8½ft., with wash room adjoining, hut separated hy a bulkhead. The crew's quarters are 6½×18ft.

The deck above is 64ft. long hy 17ft. wide. It is a delightful promenade, enclosed by iron railings and fitted with stanchions for the spread of awning. A natty naphtha launch and gig swing from davits alongside.

The interior is lighted hy ten large wiudows on each side, fitted in heavy cherry frames, inclosing French plate glass panes 18 by 24in. in size.

The vessel has two rakish-looking masts, the mainmast heing much shorter than the foremast. She will carry fore and mainsail and one jih, which were made by Francis P. Murhpy. The stationary washstands, toilets and all the plumhing are by James McCart. Shirley furnished the glassware, Minch & Eisenhrey the hedding and Klipper, Webster & Co. the furniture. John J. Madden & Sou did the varnishing of the natural wood finish of the boat which prevails inside and out. The only paint used on the vessel is on that part under water.

The Half Moon will draw hut 2½ft. with all her weights on hoard. She will he sailed to Chesapeake City, and thence reach New York hy the inland route.

This season Mr. Kent proposes to use his vessel under sail, visiting places in New York Bay and Hudson River, moving when and where he pleases with all the comforts of home about him. The boat is so huilt that steam can he added and used as an auxiliary power.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The British Racing Yachts.

IN the FOREST AND STREAM of June 15 we gave a description of the Thames and East Coast courses and a summary of the races up to date. Since then a dozen more races have been sailed about the Isle of Wight, the Mersey and the Clyde, and the four large yachts in which the interest mainly centers have been worked up to much hetter form, although hreakdowns are still plentiful. The race from Southend to Harwich on June 3 was followed by the two regattas of the Royal Harwich Y. C. on June 5 and 6. The first was sailed over a course of 37 nautical miles, from off Harwich, around the Bell Buoy, past the Cork Lightship, Shipwash Lightship, Sunk Lightship and hack past the Cork and Bell Buoy. A short but severe storm at the start sent all away with wet sails, hut in light airs. Satanita sailed well at the start, hut hurst her hohstay plate and withdrew. The final times were: Valkyrie 7:21:12, Britannia 7:32:37, Iverna 8:35:07, Calluna 8:35:50. Valkyrie won first and Britannia second prize. In the 40-rating class Varuna heat Lais and Vendetta quite badly.

Next day was fair, with the wind rather stronger and steadier, but still light at times. Valkyrie led all day and won easily, the finish being timed: Valkyrie 4:32:26, Britannia 4:34:45, Satanita 4:46:32, Iverna 4:58:14, Calluna 5:08:09. Again Varuna heat the two new hoats quite hadly.

After Harwich the next meeting was on June 10, in the Nore to Dover race of the Royal Thames Y. C., sailed in a good hreeze and in remarkably fast time. The distance was 52½ nautical miles, 19 miles to windward, 15 miles of free reach, and 18 miles hefore the wind. The elapsed time was 4h. 53m. 5s., and Satanita is credited with a speed of 14¾ knots in the hour's reach between two known marks, though she had a tide of two knots or more with her. Britannia and Valkyrie were practically tied, the finish being timed: Britannia 3:03:05, Valkyrie 3:03:22, Satanita 3:08:57, Calluna 3.10:31, Iverna 3:21:37, Amphitrite, schr., not timed. Britannia won by 6s., corrected after a measurement of both hoats, with Valkyrie second and Calluna third. Calluna carried a cluhtopsail, the others carrying jihheaders.

On June 12 the regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Y. C. was sailed over a course of 44 miles, naut , two rounds of a triangle from Dover Bay around the Varne Buoy and South Goodwin Lightship (see chart June 15). Satanita had left for Southampton for alterations. The wind was moderate and the sea smooth, all carrying cluhtopsails. Valkyrie led Britannia by 2s. at the end of the first round, but on the second Britannia was slightly delayed by some fouling of her gear, and later Valkyrie, after passing the Varne Buoy for the second time, carried away the hanger of her throat halliard block and was compelled to withdraw. The times were: Britannia, 3.34.12; Calluna, 3.51.41; Iverna, 3.57.32. In the 40-rating class Vendetta hurst her bobstay and gave up after the first mark, Lais finally beating Varuna hy 15m.

The race next day across the Channel to Boulogne and back should have been one of the finest of the season, with a long open course and a stroug breeze at times; hut it was spoiled at the very start by a triangular foul between Vendetta, Valkyrie and Britannia. The following description is from *Land and Water:*

"All were carrying hig topsails, and getting jihtopsails and balloon-staysails ready. Vendetta had her bowsprit end nearly up to the line and had sprung up on her course clear ahead of Valkyrie, the forty having at once began to luff to avoid getting covered by the hig ships. Valkyrie, however, with an eye on Britannia, luffed close round the mark hoat, and her weight carrying her on, she had not room to keep way, hut in trying to do so she hit Vendetta on her quarter, and in slewing her round fouled the hackstay and brought topmast down. Britannia was like a rat in a trap, and in trying to ease an inevitable foul with Valkyrie fouled the mark hoat and then threaded her bowsprit inside Valkyrie's rigging. Vendetta, directly the hig ships had done forcing her forward broadside on, swung round, lost her bowsprit and settled close alongside Britannia, and some gear getting foul she settled with her stern about Britannia's port rigging and her how almost under the hig cutter's counter. Britannia and Valkyrie had now filled on starhoard tack and were sidliug along in shore with the forty in charge, Britannia laying down to the wind, owing to having only leeway on, pressed her mainsail on to Vendetta's port crosstree, and the sail split up from foot to head. For ten minutes the trio were fouled, and Valkyrie's crew partly chopped off Britannia's bowsprit, Vendetta first got clear, and then Britannia twisted round, and her bowsprit breaking off, the sister ships got clear, Valkyrie alone coming out of the mess without damage. Meanwhile the rest of the fleet had heen racing away, and Iverna and Calluna were in the van, with Mabel, Lais and Varuna close together, Valkyrie starting off in chase 12½m. late."

Valkyrie had a long stern chase ahead, hut at the Boulogne mark she was 6m. astern of Calluna and but 2m. astern of Iverna. The finish was timed: Calluna, 3.23.37; Valkyrie, 3 29.04; Iverna, 3.32 29. In this race Lais heat Varuna hy 6m.

The disahling of Vendetta took place Tuesday morning and a friendly steam yacht towed her over to Ryde on Wednesday, the yacht going over to her huilders, Summers & Payne, on Thursday morning, where an entire new outfit of spars was shipped the same day. Her halance rudder had previously been replaced by one of the ordinary type. Britannia also required extensive repairs after her share of the fun. Satanita was meanwhile at Fay's yard for alterations. Her mast was lifted out and shortened 3ft. at the heel, her boom, 18in. in diameter, was sawn in two and hollowed, leaving the walls about 5in. thick, heing then glued up and seized with wire at intervals, and about seven tons of lead was transferred from inside to the bottom of the keel. The mast was lightened about 2cwt. and the boom 12cwt.

June 16, the first day of the Royal Southern Y. C. Jubilee regattas, had no race for the large yachts, and the weather was light and fluky, so that the course was shortened hy the regatta committee in the 40-rating race, Vendetta being the winner hy 2m. over Varuna and 4m. over Lais.

On June 17, the second day, the hig ones were all out again, the weather being light hut giving a very good race. The course was 44 miles, naut., about the Solent. Calluna made a good start, hut soon took the ground and was hung up for some time. Valkyrie took the lead and gained gradually all day, the finish heing timed: Valkyrie, 4.42.59; Britannia, 4.48.31; Satanita, 4.59.03; Calluna, 5.49.08; Iverna, 5.51.30. Varuna led the 40-raters all day until her main halliard holt broke, when she withdrew, Lais thus winning, with Vendetta 9m. astern.

The next meeting of the racers was in another jubilee event, that of the Royal Mersey on June 24-26, the former the first reefing hreeze of the season, Valkyrie was not ready and did not start, though at anchor with the fleet, and Calluna was so late in getting under way that she did not start, thus losing a fine chance for her small rig, the others carrying single reefs and housed topmasts. An inside course was chosen on account of the sea on the Mersey Bar, three rounds making 57 miles. Iverna was beaten just 18m. in the first 18 miles and withdrew, leaving Britannia and Satanita to fight out a very pretty duel, in which the former won hy 2m. 40s.

On Monday the weather was fine, with a smooth sea and a moderate N.W. wind, the course heing 60 nautical miles. Calluna left for the Clyde to ship an entire new outfit of longer spars, her original rig having proved too small, leaving the other four to fight it out. Valkyrie led the way, the finish heing timed: Valkyrie 6:12:42, Britannia 6:22:47, Satanita 6:24:42, and Iverna 6:59:00. Satanita sailed well, having had a poor start. Iverna was very hadly heaten hy all the new ones.

From the Mersey the racers continued on to the Clyde, the first of the great Clyde regattas, that of the Royal Largs Y. C., heing sailed on June 29 over a 50 mile course made up of many short legs, the day heing clear, with smooth water and a strong N.W. wind. Britannia led all day, but was hard pushed hy Satanita, while Valkyrie was hut third. Iverna withdrew after the first round. The finish was timed: Britannia 3:09:32, Satanita 3:12:20, Valkyrie 3:14:37. The Royal Clyde Y. C. was hooked for two days' racing, July 1-3, but the first day was a mere drift, Britannia finally winning and Valkyrie saving her time over Satanita, Calluna heing last and Iverna giving up. The race started in a fresh N.E. hreeze, several of the yachts having one reef in, hut the wind soon died out. The finish was timed: Britannia 7:12:37, Satanita 7:14:12, Valkyrie 7:15:37, Calluna 7:17:50.

On the second day the wind was light and fluky, but Calluna took the first place, the times being: Calluna 4:35:55, Valkyrie 4:26:48, Satanita 4:35:22, Iverna 4:38:14, Britannia 4:46:33.

On July 4, the day of the Royal Western Y. C. regatta, there was more wind, hut with squalls and calm streaks mixed together. Britannia led for a time, hut sprung her mast and withdrew, and Calluna also met with a mishap which put her out of the race. Satanita did poorly compared with her work of the preceding races, and finally fouled a mark and withdrew. Only Valkyrie and Iverna finished, the former winning hy 11m.

On July 5 the regatta of the Mudhook Y. C. was sailed in a fresh and squally N.E. breeze. Britannia and Calluna were both out, needing new masts. Satanita led for a time, but was passed hy Valkyrie, she finally finished ahead, but failed to save her time on Valkyrie, the finish heing timed: Satanita 4:37:43, Valkyrie 4:38:10, Iverna 5:03:40.

The regatta of the Clyde Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on July 7, Britannia heing ready with a new mast, hut Calluna was still in the dock. The wind was very light and variable and a poor race resulted. The finish was timed: Valkyrie 4:59:58, Britannia 5:01:28, Satanita 5:03:17, Iverna 5:05:30.

On July 8 the Royal Clyde Y. C. held its regatta, a severe thunderstorm striking the fleet early in the day and robbing Satanita of her bowsprit. Britannia finally won after a very fluky race with Valkyrie 40m. astern.

Embla.

THE new steam yacht Embla was launched early this morning at Seahury & Co's yard at Nyack-on-Hudson. The launch was to have taken place yesterday afternoon, hut the tide did not serve high enough, and Mr. Hanan and his party of friends had to wait until 1 o'clock this morning. The yard then looked like fairyland. Powerful searchlights made it as hright as day, and the yacht was decorated with electric lights and lanterns. As the yacht slid off the ways, Miss Lizzie Hanan broke a bottle of champagne on her bows and christened her Embla.

The Embla is a handsome white boat, with a buff-colored smokestack, and is schooner rigged. She is 162ft. in length over all, 183ft. on the waterline, 20ft. beam 11ft. depth admidships, and 8ft. draught.

The keel is of white oak, also the stern post, stem post and deadwoods, and the frames or timbers are of steel. These are closely centred and extend from keel to gunwale in one length each. The reverse frames, keelsons, and deck beams are steel, securely fastened and riveted to the frame. Yellow pine and white oak is used for planking. All fastenings are galvanized and composition through bolts. There are five steel bulkheads so arranged as to make watertight compartments.

The interior accommodations are very complete. She has 9 staterooms and 17 guests can sleep on board. Mr. Hanan's quarters are aft, and arranged with all conveniences. There are two connecting staterooms, with dressing cases and toilet complete and hathrooms. These rooms are all finished in mahogany panelwork. Aft of the owner's room comes the saloon, extending the full width of vessel and 16ft. long. This is arranged with bookcases, tables, piano, writing-desk, open grate fireplace, huffet and icebox. The finish is in mahogany panelwork. Next aft of the saloon are 4 staterooms, finished in cherry, for use of the owner's family and guests. Each room is fitted with dressing cases and wash hasin, having hot and cold water. There is also a hath and toilet room on the port side aft. The hathtubs are also connected with salt-water supply as well as fresh water.

In the stern of the yacht is a large douhle stateroom finished in white and gold. Forward of the engine room are 2 more staterooms, fitted with haths and finished in cherry. Then comes the galley, which is very large and extends the full width of the hoat. It is fully equipped with dressers, icehox, racks and shelves. Next comes the officers quarters and mess room, while the crew's quarters are in the forecastle. The entrance to the owner's quarters and saloon is through the after deck house, which is divided so that part can be used for a smoking room, while the dining room is in the forward deck house, which is 28ft. long, and connected to pilot house. It is directly over the officers' quarters and galley and has a dumb-waiter from the galley. These deck-houses are huilt of mahogany, with windows of plate glass. The fore part of the deck-house is the captain's room.

The machinery is an 800-horse power triple-expansion engine, surface condensing, and two safety water-tube hoilers. Coal hunkers are arranged ou hoth sides and ends of the hoiler room. They will hold 40 to 50 tons. The boiler water tanks have a large capacity, and separate tanks are supplied for culinary and domestic purposes. Her speed will be 18 miles an hour. Steering gears are arranged in the pilot-house and on the hridge, which runs the full length of the forward deck-house. In all of the yacht's equipment everything is modern and complete. A steam windlass will be used. An electric launch 22ft. long, will he carried on the davits. It is charged with storage hatteries for six hours' run and 7 miles per hour, and the hatteries may he recharged while the launch is on the davits. Besides the launch she will carry 2 large gigs and 1 cutter. She is lighted by electricity throughout, has a 5,000-caudle power searchlight, and is heated with steam.—*New York Times.*

Quincy Y. C. Second Championship Race.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed its second championship race on Saturday afternoon, several of the yachts having already sailed a lively race in the morning in the Monatiquot Y. C. The wind was still blowing hard from southwest, with rough water and reefs turned in. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Beatrice, John Cavanaugh		1 57 32	. . . ..
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw		1 37 22	. . . ..
White Fawn, A. E. Jones		Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Opeeche, W. P. Barker	19.08	1 25 53	0 58 45
Aurisa, H. M. Faxon	19.08	1 28 18	1 01 10
Vision, George Crane		1 31 41	. . . ..
THIRD CLASS.			
Mab, John Shaw	17.08	1 35 30	1 05 41
Sunbeam, Harold Faxon		1 41 53	Not meas.
Elsie, Keating & Bailey		1 43 58	Not meas.

This made two firsts for Beatrice in one day. The judges were H. L. Rice and P. H. Gavin

The twenty-second annual regatta of the New Jersey Y. C. that failed for lack of wind will he again attempted on Wednesday, August 23, and will be sailed over the upper and lower hay courses.

A Disaster on Lake St. Louis.

THE St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, one of the most active racing clubs on fresh water, has met with a terrible calamity in the drowning of the commodore and the wrecking and sinking of a number of yachts in a sudden storm on July 8. The sailing waters of the club are on Lake St. Louis, a widening of the St. Lawrence River above Montreal, the lake being very shoal in many places, especially around the club anchorage, so that the yachts are practically limited to a maximum draft of 8ft. The fleet was formerly composed of open racing boats of the New York sandbag type, with unlimited crews and under a length rule. Through the efforts of some members of the St. Lawrence Y. C. the rules have been changed during the past three years, shifting ballast and unlimited crews being prohibited, and the Seawanhaka rule adopted. Some new yachts have been built to meet the altered conditions, one of the best of them, Valda, being illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 29, 1891, and the old boats have been reduced in rig and more or less altered. The racing is done mainly in light winds, and although the lake is subject to severe storms at times, the boats as a rule are wide, 2½ to 3 beams to length, of 2½ and 3ft. draft, and heavily rigged.

The race on Saturday started at 3:40 P. M., in threatening weather, the starters being Rita, Valda, Chaperone, Molly Bawn, Coquette, Eagle and Frolic. Molly Bawn is a Burgess boat, built for the Lake, and Frolic was once well known in the Atlantic Y. C. of Brooklyn, built by John Munn.

On the second leg of the course, with Eagle and Valda leading, a furious storm of wind, rain and hail broke over the lake, tearing up a bad sea in a few minutes and capsizing Eagle, Chaperone, Rita and two yachts which were not racing, Petrel and Butternut. Frolic and Coquette lowered sails and rode out the storm safely, and Molly Bawn and Valda pulled through all right, Valda rescuing three men from Chaperone.

Mr. A. W. Morris was on the lake in his naphtha launch Idle Hour with a party of ladies, but when the storm broke he landed them quickly and called for aid, Messrs. C. J. McCuaig, A. D. Dumford and Lyall Davidson responding instantly. The little launch put out in the face of the storm, though hardly able to make headway against the sea, even if she kept afloat herself. The yachts had been capsized for a long time before the launch reached Rita, on whose bottom were C. O. and W. Clarke, Church and Lucas. The party bravely declined to be taken off, as others were in more danger, their boat floating and supporting them. The launch then made for Chaperone, which had floated for a time, and picked up Messrs. Alnon, Oswald and Davidson, Valda taking care of the two Messrs. Clouston and Mr. Bogert. Chaperone floated until her air tanks burst and then she sank.

Eagle, a sloop 39ft. over all, 35ft. l.w.l. and 10ft. beam, had suuk on capsizing, her crew keeping themselves afloat on planks and spars for an hour, but some three minutes before the launch reached them Com. Chas. H. Levin became exhausted and sank. Messrs. Ross, Simmons, Robertson and George and Carl Gohler were picked up in an exhausted condition, but were revived by the rescuers, though Mr. Simmons and Mr. Ross were nearly beyond aid.

On Petrel were Mr. and Mrs. Davidson and Mr. Fidler, and on Butternut were Mr. Mosler with his son and daughter and Mr. Jamieson; all were rescued by rowboats. Com. Levin's body was found next day by a searching party in a war canoe near the spot where he sank. Eagle lies in 30ft. of water.

Beverly Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 8.

THE 197th race was sailed at Marblehead, July 8; a brisk S.W. wind which forced all the third class cats to reef. Prizes were open to other clubs. Champion pennants on actual time to B. Y. C. boats only. In second class Irene, Emma L., Black Cloud and Madge, which had entered, failed to appear. Tyrant started with a handicap and withdrew, as did Korban. Hiladee and Susie sailed a very close race, both crossing the line on a puff that gave them more than they wanted.

Susie protests Hiladee's measurement, and result is given subject to this protest. In third class sloops Freak entered but did not arrive in time, though she joined the others on first leg and sailed the course. Koorali and Magpie sailed a very close race, and former might have won had she not been forced round and blanketed at finish by Reaper. The knockabout boats did well, Carl heating Reaper, having more wind, as she started later, and not being cramped as Reaper was by too much sail. Summary:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hiladee, S. Small, H. Y. C.	27.02	1 57 10	1 47 30
Susie, W. W. Kieth, C. Y. C.	28.06	1 58 21	1 49 37
Tyrant, C. W. Wilson, L. Y. C.	20.05	. . ..	. . ..
Korban, E. Horton, Q. Y. C.	23.08	. . ..	. . ..

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.

Reaper, Com. Benson, B. Y. C.	24.00	2 18 15	1 56 31

THIRD CLASS—CATS.

Koorali, R. C. Robbins, B. Y. C.	23.04	2 09 19	1 56 53
Magpie, H. G. Otis, B. Y. C.	22.04	2 09 38	1 56 05
Typhoon, J. T. Taylor	22.09	2 11 34	1 59 35

FOURTH CLASS.

Alpine, C. J. Blethen, L. Y. C.	19.03	1 15 06	1 06 23
Sheerwater, T. G. Stevenson, E. Y. C.	17.02	1 19 45	1 09 28

KNOCKABOUT CLASS.

Carl, C. H. W. Foster, B. Y. C.	....	2 03 33	. . ..
Susan, Henry Taggard, E. Y. C.	....	2 08 31	. . ..
Jane, C. S. Parker, C. Y. C.	....	2 13 05	. . ..
Santa Maria, J. J. Souther, H. Y. C.	....	2 14 02	. . ..
Francis, G. M. Wheeler, C. Y. C.	....	2 18 07	. . ..
Betsy, Theo. Jones, E. Y. C.	....	2 23 20	. . ..

Santa Maria parted throat halliards at end of first round, but repaired damage and kept on. Koorali and Reaper take legs for pennants. Hiladee, Magpie, Alpine and Carl take firsts, Susie and Susan take seconds. Juddge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Manchester Y. C.

THE Manchester Y. C. held its second race for the Sunset Hill cup on Monday, July 3. The wind was southeast, and at 2 in the afternoon it blew about about 24 knots. Three of the yachts, Hornet, Albatross and Wraith carried whole sail, while the Yankee Maid went out under mainsail and forestaysail. The start was made at 1:45, the yachts crossing the line: Hornet, Wraith, Albatross, Yankee Maid.

The first and second marks were passed in the same order. At the finish Yankee just caught up to Albatross.

The times were, start 1:45:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hornet, Chas. Jackson	1 11 59	1 11 57
Wraith, A. H. Higginson	1 17 02	1 16 08
Albatross. A. W. Craigir,	1 24 07	1 26 08
Yankee Maid, E. P. Stanly	1 24 13	1 23 05

On July 6 the third class sailed its annual race, Mr. Boardman's Snipe winning by 3s. The times were as follows:

	Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Snipe, E. A. Boardman	17.01	2 41 30	1 40 00	1 40 17
Alice, F. E. Stanwood	16.11	2 41 30	1 40 20	1 40 20
Tiny, F. L. Huidekoper	17.11	2 41 30	1 51 22	.....

The wind north, light and puffy. Two yachts of the second class, the Wraith and Yankee Maid, sailed a match race. The start made was a good one, Wraith getting away a few seconds ahead. On the first leg the Yankee Maid slowly gained on Wraith and rounded the first mark some 40s. ahead. By the second mark Wraith had gained about 1m. on her competitor, but on the last leg Yankee Maid overhauled and won by 1m. 45s. Times were:

	Start.	Finish.
Yankee Maid, E. P. Stanley	2 34 00	3 49 45
Wraith, A. H. Higginson	2 34 00	3 47 01

Knickerbocker Y. C. Special Race.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed a special race on Saturday for cabin sloops and cutters, the course being a triangle from the club house to Borretto's Point, and Clausn's Point, five miles, sailed twice. The starters were few in number, though a fresh S. W. breeze gave every chance for a fine race. The times were:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 26FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alice	3 21 23	4 43 27	1 22 59
Nahwa	3 21 00	4 51 19	1 30 19
Liberty	3 21 42	4 53 40	1 31 58

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS UNDER 26FT.

Annie	3 20 40	4 49 06	1 28 26
Alpha	3 21 32	4 52 30	1 30 58
Nanita	3 21 00	4 55 58	1 34 58

The Sippican Y. C. of Marion, Mass., on Buzzards Bay, is a prosperous young racing club with a fleet of over fifty fine boats, nearly all catrigged. We are indebted to the secretary for a copy of the lub book.

A Corinthian Blowout.

THE other day we Corinthians, of San Francisco, gave a sort of "al fresco sworry" to the Encinals of Alameda, inviting them to join us in a little mild outdoor dissipation. As it is something near impossible for us to beat the Encinals on their own ground, the idea of a reception at the club house was abandoned—we're not in it with the Encinals there—and an all-night excursion to Corte Madera Creek, about seven miles from our headquarters, organized in its stead.

A good-sized craft was provided to carry to the scene of trouble all those whose friends had forgotten to invite them to sail the ocean blue with them. Tents, camp-fires, chowder, coffee, hard-tack, beans and one or two other things in kegs were provided "agin anybody got cross;" and there being no commodore on hand (one had gone to the Fair and the other to Japan) an efficient substitute was found in a gentleman who would long ere this have had a flag of his own if it had not been for his repreheusible conduct in abstaining from owning anything to fly it on; anyhow, as a land commodore he was an eminent success.

Owing to the fact that a very important part of the supplies had to be sent up in the White Wings, and that the noble craft got confused in the darkness and lost the wind, afterward being towed aground in a masterly manner by the tug Cyretta, some of the yachtsmen were a good deal incommoded by thirst (chronic), but in course of time their sufferings were assuaged and by 11 P. M. there was hardly a dry whistle in the congregation. We were grouped in a gracefully-abandoned manner by the side of a road which—not appropriately, I hope—led down to the State prison, reclining under some more or less spreading oaks or laurels (it was too dark to see which) on a number of tons of hay provided for the purpose by the thoughtful care of the committee, and with the smoke of the camp-fires generally blowing away to leeward we listened to stories so good that it's a pity I can't repeat them, and music galore, both vocal and otherwise. Our craft having a character for sobriety to sustain, we left about 1 A. M. to turn in, but a good many, I think, saved the trouble of getting up in the morning by staying up all night. At any rate, it sounded a good deal that way.

On our way down stream we were startled by a loud splash, and thinking some one might have come to grief in the darkness rowed in the direction of the sound, to be informed by a gentleman aboard one of the fleet that their blanket skiff had gone adrift and his shipmate had gone overboard after her. We kept on in the direction we supposed boat and swimmer to have taken, for as the poet remarks, it was "A naughty night to swim in," until we judged by the sounds that he had overtaken the derelict, pushed her to the shore, waded through the mud and scrambled in. It was pitch dark harring the stars and the riding lights of the twenty-five boats in the fleet, but we were soon aware of a white object advancing rapidly but not silently through the gloom. It proved to be a gentleman, like Eve before the fall, "mit nodinks on," who was rowing lustily and swearing even as did our army in Flanders, doubtless with the design of avoiding a cold. Concluding from the vigor of both performances that he was in no need of our assistance we resumed our journey.

Some time was spent next morning in paying visits, but as this was an essentially free and easy pic-nic everybody got out killick when to him seemed best, some of the smaller Encinals starting bright and early to get across the Channel before the regulation forty-mile zephyr got its boots on; some delayed too long and had to wait for high water that night; the majority, however, got away in good style, though the channel of Corte Madera Creek is laid out on the most economical principles and there is no more of it than is absolutely required.

Barring a little too close an acquaintance with the bottom there were no drawbacks, nobody got hurt, and everything, I believe, passed off to the satisfaction of our guests. W. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

Excelsior Y. C. Club Race.

MINNEAPOLIS—LAKE MINNETONKA.

Saturday, June 24.

THE first regatta of the recently reorganized Excelsior Y. C. of Lake Minnetonka was sailed on June 24 in a strong S.E. breeze, the course being 10 miles and times as follows:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Idler	1 31 30	1 18 06
Oriole	1 47 00	1 47 00
Genevieve	1 32 30	1 23 55
Mystic	1 36 45	1 28 09
Waterwitch.	1 25 30	1 16 54
Cupid (cat)	1 39 00	1 20 20
Elvira (cat)	1 40 00	1 31 24
Aurora	1 26 00	1 23 40
Advertiser	1 26 00	1 16 00

The judges were Col. Puckett, W. E. Wilbur and H. A. Kent.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Owing to the American Model Y. C., of Brooklyn, N. Y., having offered a handsome challenge cup as an inter-club trophy under certain conditions, the model yachtsmen of Philadelphia have been put upon their mettle. The conditions are that boats must sail under the length and sail area rule. Hitherto the majority of the clubs in this city have sailed under the length-over-all rule, without any restrictions as to sail area. In order to compete with the Brooklyn club a series of experiments have been made with new boats designed with a view to meet the Brooklyn club rules. On July 4 the Manayunk Model Y. C. sailed a race for a clock presented by Dr. Evans. The contestants were: Navahoe, Dr. Evans; Zip, J. Hart, and Quickstep, J. G. Rosenhaum. The two last named are exaggerations of what can be done under the waterline and sail area rule, being about 68in. over all with a waterline of about 42in. The wind was shifty from the W.S.W. when they started at 11:10 A.M., with Navahoe leading. The course was from the boathouse to Glen Willows and return, off East Manayunk. The two "lead pipes," as they were named, could not hold a steady course and were soon left astern. The times at the turning buoy were: Navahoe 11:52:30, Quickstep 12:06:08, Zip 12:12. There was a shift of wind on the homestretch and again the complicated steering gear of the new boats proved a source of trouble. Finally both gave up and Navahoe went in a winner at 12:34:06. The clock will be sailed for again by the regular yachts of the club on July 16, as, of course, Dr. Evans cannot take his own prize. The steam yacht race, held under the auspices of the Philadelphia Model Yacht and Cruising Club, on July 4, on the Schuylkill River, resulted in a victory for the Minnie, which craft proved herself a veritable flyer. The start was made from Girard avenue bridge at 3:05 P. M., the following obeying the judge's signal: Paragon, C. Dulen; Cushing, W. F. Payne; Minnie, F. Mitchell. The latter at once took the lead and, steaming along very steadily, was several lengths in advance off the point. Here the Paragon gave up, her steering gear having given out. Cushing held on but was left further and further astern. Minnie crossed the line off Turtle Rock a winner at 3:17:27, with Cushing second at 3:19:37. The crowd was somewhat nonplussed at the result, as every one believed that the Paragon would prove the winner. They nevertheless heartily cheered the Minnie and her owner. The Minnie would have made better time only she was driven out of her course by a heavy westerly squall and had to battle against a head wind.—*Philadelphia Times, July 5.*

The boats of the Bilge Water Y. C. were gathered in a fleet at Fishermen's Wharf at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, and at about 10 o'clock started for a trip around the bay. The fleet stood away from Arch Rock and afterward proceeded to Sausalito and Angel Island. A landing was made at the island and all hands participated in a clambake. There was plenty of breeze on the bay on the home trip and the Bilge Water boats presented a pretty appearance as they stood in toward Meiggs Wharf. About a dozen sloops, a number of plungers and a whole fleet of smaller craft took part in the regatta, which was a great success from start to finish. The Bilge Water Club is composed of members of the boating fraternity along the front, and has proven to be a very successful organization. It would have been hard work to hire a boat on the front yesterday, as nearly all of the knights of the oar and who cater to the boating trade were off with the Bilge Waters' picnic.—*San Francisco Call.*

The Buffalo Y. C. sailed a race on July 4, the times being:

40FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merle	12 00 25	2 42 30	2 42 30	2 41 45
Cricket	12 00 00	Did not finish.		
Cypress	12 01 30	Did not finish.		

30FT. CLASS.

Kathleen	12 03 00	1 36 00	1 33 00	1 31 42
Alcyone	12 02 00	1 40 00	1 38 00	1 38 00

25FT. CLASS.

Winona	12 02 00	1 54 00	1 52 00	1 52 00
Hindoo	12 02 45	2 01 00	1 58 15	1 58 10

Referee, Edward Varlan. Judges, Chas. Aldinger and A. F. Read. Time-keepers, Howard D. Pulsifer and W. W. Read.

At the suggestion of Mr. August Belmont, steam yacht Ituna, the Long Island Railroad Company has kindly established a yacht landing at Long Island City for the convenience of yachtsmen using the anchorage at Twenty-sixth street, East River; or who may desire to land at Long Island City, direct from their yachts. The float is a good one, and the surroundings have been made attractive as well as convenient. It is believed that this landing will be of special service to members of the club, whether landing from their own yachts o from those of their friends, when on their way to any point on Long Island; as more than half an hour can be saved, as against going by way of Twenty-sixth street and the ferry.

The postponed race of the Massachusetts Y. C. for catboats was sailed on July 6, in Dorchester Bay, with hut two starters, the wind being N. W. and so puffy that Arab turned in a single reef and Magpie a double one, Arab carrying full sail on the second round. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed	Corrected
Magpie, H G Otis	22 4	1 07 50	0 41 25
Arab, 1 E Olmstead	20 8	1 10 25	0 42 55

First prize—Magpie, $10.

Arab lost a man overboard, but he was picked up by another yacht.

The *Yachtsman* has published its second annual midsummer number, a special number double the size of the regular weekly edition. The present one for 1893 is a very creditable production, containing several readable yachting and sea stories and a number of excellent illustrations. The latter include pictures of Volunteer, Calluna and Satanita and four large collotype reproductions, one a very good picture of Mayflower in her original cutter rig.

The Shelter Island Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com. R. B. Lynch, sloop Gavilan; Vice Com., R. B. Roosevelt, Jr., cat Olga; Rear Com., J. B. Edson, steamer Palos; Sec. and Treas., C. Pliny Brigham, sloop Naroma; Meas., Charles Olmstead. Trustees: R. B. Lynch, W. H. Bradley, D. P. Hathaway, F. A. Schroeder, T. A. Howell, J. A. Aspinwall, H. E. Nitchie, J. B. Edson, C. H. Otis, H. L. Coe and Dr. J. L. Keep. House committee: J. B. Keep, E. O. Hamilton and C. Pliny Brigham.

The Pine Lake Y. C., of Oconomowoc, Wis., re-elected Com. Fred Riethrock, Sec. A. C. Riethrock and Treas. August H. Vogel. John Barth was elected vice com., and the executive committee now includes O. C. Hanseu, Henry L. Atkins and Henry Niedecken. The annual meeting decided on July 15 as the date for holding the annual regatta for sloops. The corresponding event for cat-rigged yachts will not occur until Aug. 26. In the meantime bi-weekly contests for the commodore's cup are quite sure to occur.

Eben Holmes, of Marion, Mass., on Buzzards Bay, has just completed for H. R. Reed a centerboard sloop with an extreme deck length, her dimensions being: Over all 49ft. 3 in.; l.w.l. 29ft. 6in; beam 14ft. and draft 5ft. The forward overhang is the longer. With such extreme dimension the yacht naturally has ample room below. Her name is Isem.

The annual regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Club will be sailed on July 15, starting at 1 P. M. off the club house, Glen Cove, L. I. The race will be open to yachts of the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Stamford, Marine and Field, Douglaston, Riverside, Corinthian of New York, American, New Rochelle, New Haven, Atlantic, Indian Harbor, Knickerbocker, Horseshoe Harbor, Cedar Point, Columbia and Sea Cliff yacht clubs. The yachts will be classed by l. w. l. and measured by the Seawanhaka rule.

Fleur de Lys, schr., built in 1890 for George Trotter, sailed from New York on July 3 on a cruise to England and Norway. The yacht was originally designed by Mr. Burgess for a cruise around the world, which was postponed at the time of her completion; but she is off now for a long trip, and may make the round passage before she sees New York again.

It may not be generally known hut the James McGiehan, who was killed some days ago at Parkville, L. I., was the oldest son of the well-known builder P. McGiehan, of Pamrapo. Young McGiehan was a good boatman and sailed many races. He leaves a widow and five children.

The Gas Engine and Power Co. has lately issued a very artistic and attractive pamphlet describing the naphtha launch made by them. Another of their advertisements is a small pamphlet in the shape of a shell.

Carmita, the 46ft, fin-keel, has been hauled out at Lawley's, where some two tons of lead will be removed from her keel and a longer bowsprit will he shipped. Her bottom was very foul when hauled out.

The wreck of the steam yacht Alva has been finally removed by the contractors, Kelly & Van Sandt, of Atlantic City, and there is now 24ft. over the middle and 30ft. over the ends. Upward of $7,500 of explosives has been used.

The "Who Won" Publishing Co. has in preparation an immense pennant 54×36ft., made up of the burgees of American yacht clubs, each burgee being 36in. hoist. The pennant will be hoisted at the World's Fair some time this week.

The fin-keel Folly which started for New York under sail, met with such bad weather that it was not deemed advisable to force her around the Cape, and as she is wanted at Oyster Bay she has been shipped by steamer to New York.

The fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, after a rendezvous at Larchmont on July 4, is now on the annual cruise through Long Island Sound to Newport. Com. Wilkinson is in command in the flagship Speranza.

"Yachting in Southern California" is the title of an attractive article by Walter Mayhew in the June number of the *California Illustrated Magazine.*

Au Revoir, steam yacht, Wm. Dupont, was in collision on July 3 with the tug James McFadden, striking her twice and nearly capsizing her. The yacht lost her bowsprit.

Iroquois, schr., has been laid up in Wintringham's Basin, her charter to the owners of Vigilant having expired, and Mr. Ellis being still abroad.

The Philadelphia Y. C. sailed on June 30 on its annual cruise down the Delaware and through Chesepeake Bay. Com. Brown is in command.

The American Y. C. gave its second lawn party on July 8, a large number of members and guests being present.

White Layde, steam yacht, has been chartered by Mrs. Langtry to an American owner with the privilege of purchase.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
22. Toronto, International Paddling Trophy Race.
29. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

AUGUST.

11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Orange An., Arlington, N. J.
4. Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass.
4. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

IT is not a little discouraging to men who visit the general or division meets every year to find the same blunders of location and transportation repeated annually, and to undergo the same tiresome and disagreeable experience of a night in some country hotel instead of the anticipated pleasures of the arrival in camp, and then to sit for half a day on some sunny dock waiting for the boat that never comes. The worst part is that no committee ever profits by the experiences of previous ones, but each starts out in sublime self confidence, to meet with the same failures as the inevitable results of the same natural causes. In the matters of location and transportation the division officers this year have profited nothing by the fruitful experience of the A. C. A. officers in 1890, and the consequence is that the division camp on Chimmon's Island is but a miniature of Jessup's Neck, a good place when one gets there, but a terrible place to get to.

IT is all right for those who have a couple of weeks to spare for the entire term of the meet, and who can afford to waste a day or two in getting to camp with their duffle and as much in returning; but for the majority of the members, to whom time is precious, and who need quick and sure transportation for tents and canoes, or who wish to run out to the camp for a few days during the meet, the Norwalk Islauds might also as well be in Lake Champlain or the St. Lawrence River as in the Sound. The general location is poor; apart from the sentimental objection that Norwalk, Conn., is well outside the Atlan

tic Division, it is a long way from New York and very far, indeed, from the geographical center of the division. What is worse, on reaching South Norwalk one is by no means at the camp, and he is very lucky if he can find any method of getting there. The committee has made several futile experiments, one in the way of a naphtha launch, another with the small steamer that runs past the camp to Roton Point, and the third by a small open sailboat, but each of the three has proved a failure, and the only reliable means of reaching camp is to hire one of the small flat bateaux to be had at South Norwalk and to row the three miles. Those who came up on Saturnight for the annual meeting and to spend a Sunday in camp were unable to get to the island at all until a late hour Sunday, and as the Connecticut blue laws tie up nearly all of the trains in the State on Sunday, those who were compelled to be in New York that night were limited to an hour or two in camp.

HAD the camp site possessed any special advantages that could not have been found elsewhere, there might have been some reason for going to a spot that was practically inaccessible, but on the contrary the *mosquitoes*, the many oyster stakes and the great rise and fall of the tide made it anything but an ideal camp site, and justified the unfavorable opinion of the committee which visited the Norwalk Islands in search for a site in 1890. The comfort and enjoyment of those who attend the meets depend so much on the getting to and from camp easily, quickly and surely, that a failure in this direction is more serious than in any other of the camp arrangements.

THOSE who were lucky enough to get to camp for the full time report that the meet has passed off most pleasantly, with a large number of men and tents and a specially pleasant ladies' camp. The Norwalk C. C. has worked from first to last to aid the visitors from the sister division.

THE races of the Royal C. C. thus far, including the noted challenge cup race, have been very tame, and with few entries, and it is plainly evident that the club made a most serious blunder in prohibiting sliding seats at the last annual meeting, as well as in continuing the absurd and obsolete regulations for the second class. The canoe yawl is constantly gaining in favor among British canoeists, and these craft are found in many races in competition with the narrow canoes. The unlimited use of the sliding seat, and probably the removal of the restriction on sail as well would give a certain stimulus to British canoeing which is very badly needed, and in any event could do no harm, as canoeing is now in a most unsatisfactory condition in the Royal U. C., if not throughout England.

Western Canoe Association.

THE ninth annual meet of the Western Canoe Association will begin on Saturday at the original camp site, Ballast Island, Lake Erie, and will continue for two weeks. Camp will be opened Saturday July 15; the first week will be devoted to racing, beginning Tuesday, July 18, and continuing until Saturday, July 22, under the direction of the regatta committee. The races for each day will be posted upon the bulletin board at 8:30 A. M. and 1 P. M. Special sports and the carnival will be announced in the camp. The date of the annual business meeting will be announced by the commodore at the meet. A camp postoffice will be established at headquarters.

CAMP RULES.

1. A member of the executive committee will be appointed daily by the commodore to act as officer of the day.
2. Tents may be pitched to the liking of each individual or club, under the supervision of the commodore.
3. The occupants of each tent are requested to put their tent and the surrounding space in order each day before 9 A. M.
4. No visitors will be allowed in camp before 10 A. M.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Ballast Island can be reached by daily steamers from Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo and Detroit, leaving each city about 8:30 A. M.

Canoes and duffle will be carried free of cost on the steamers, provided the owners are with them.

Mail should be addressed to Canoe Camp, Ballast Island, via Put-in-Bay, Ohio. A branch postoffice will be established at headquarters.

Camp supplies can be obtained at Put-in-Bay at moderate prices.

Those who do not desire to cook in camp may procure meals at the dining hall of the Ballast Island Club, which, during the coming season, will be under the management of Mr. C. H. Kelso.

A dark room and conveniences for the use of photographers will be provided by the Association.

Headquarters and bulletin board at commodore's tent.

A canoe hop will be given at Wehrle's Pavilion, Middle Bass Island, on Thursday evening, July 27. The invitations will of necessity be limited and restricted to members of the Association and their immediate friends. It is especially requested that all who expect to attend will procure tickets from the secretary before noon of the day of the ball.

The night for the carnival and illumination will be announced in camp by the executive committee, and all canoers are requested to bring a supply of Chinese lanterns and fireworks for the occasion.

The programme of the races is as follows:

1. Paddling—Class I—One half mile.
2. Paddling—Class II—One half mile. Record event.
3. Paddling—Class III—One half mile. Record event.
4. Paddling—Tandem, all classes, one-half mile.
5. Paddling—Upset.
6. Hurry-scurry—Run fifty yards, swim fifty yards and paddle one hundred yards.
7. Sailing and paddling—Classes A and B—One and one-half miles. Sail first half mile, paddle second and sail third. Record event.
8. Sailing for Gardner cup—Free for all classes—Best two heats in three. Each heat to be two turns of the course, or three miles. Record event for A and B.
9. Sailing for the W. C. A. trophy—Classes A and B—Best two heats in three. Each heat to be two turns of the course, or three miles. Record event.
10. Sailing for Longwortb cup—Class C—Best two heats in three. Each heat two turns of the course, or three miles.
11. Sailing (man overboard.)—Free for all classes—At a given signal, crew to throw a paddle overboard to leeward, pick it up and continue on course across the line.
12. Sailing—(Passenger race)—Free for all classes—Three miles. All races will be governed by the W C. A. rules.
12. Sailing—Columbian melée—Three miles within one hour of starting, sides to be chosen by two canoeists, the latter to be designated by the regatta committee till all available canoeists present are chosen. Points to be counted by the committee at the finish, and the side having the greatest number of points to be declared the winner.
14. Consolation race.

G. P. Mathes, G. G. Case, J. H. Ware, M. C. Smith, regatta commitee.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Grand Rapids (Mich.) Boat and Canoe Club is busy training its men for the rowing races on July 26-27, and for the rowing regatta at Detroit in August.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, has a canoe club which has lately installed itself in a new club house, and is rapidly filling its membership to the limit, which is 100.

The Shrewsbury C. C., of Red Bank, N. J., held a race for the commodore's cup on July 4, a paddling race of one mile, William Allaire won, for the second time, with Louis Frick second and William Rudolph last. The cup must be won three times to become the property of the winner.

The Rochester C. C. held the first of a series of trophy races on July 1, the course being two rounds of a mile and a half triangle. The times were:

Nan, F. L. Smith.....0 53 00 Massawippi, W. H. Martin..1 06 00
Gull, Henry McVean.....0 54 30 Pollywiggle, C. D. Martin..1 12 00

A paddling race for the new trophy was set for July 8, and the next sailing race will take place on July 22.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, of the New York C. C., writes from Gmünden on the Traun Sea, Austria, that he has just cruised the Moldau, the chief river of Bohemia, from Budweis to the Elbe; and the Elbe on to Torgau. He reports canoeing as growing rapidly in Germany. Caribee is the first American canoe on the Moldau. Mr. Bigelow is planning another canoe to succeed her, a purely cruising canoe, something after the early Nautilus type, with both ends well rockered up, no rudder and small sails.

The A. C. A. Meet.

PURSER MCKENDRICK has sent out the following characteristic invitation to the members of the Northern Division:

TORONTO, June 24.—Gentlemen—As the canoeing season is now in full swing we wish to turn your thoughts down the St. Lawrence to where our annual camp is to be held, on Wolfe Island, a few miles from Kingston.

Previous camp grounds have been good, but this one surpasses the best of them. Commodore Cotton and Secretary Burns, knowing that the World's Fair would be in competition with them, have entered the lists and promise the best outing the Association ever had. For full particulars consult your year book.

The ladies' camp is especially well adapted for the purpose; so bring your wives, chaperones and sweethearts along with you. There are no mosquitoes, centipedes, sand flies, burglars or stray goslings around the premises. There are good race courses and race programme, plenty of shade trees, grass sod to pitch tents on, sloping beaches to bathe from, clean store to buy provisions from, a dark room provided for photographers, large ice-house filled with ice free from cholera microbes, and the air is so filled with ozone that the A. C. A. physican (Dr. Winne) declares we will eat the caterer bankrupt inside of two weeks. Special rates have been secured for members on the railroads, so arrange to spend your two weeks' holiday with us among the prettiest of the Thousand Islands.

Don't forget that your fees of $1 were due Jan. 1. If you haven't paid them yet please do so and save me wasting postage collecting it.

As it will be four years before we can have the general meet in our territory again we would like to make it a huge success by bringing in as many new members as possible. Fill in the inclosed form and inclose $2 for fees for a new member.

Remember the date, Aug. 11 to 26.

W. G. MACKENDRICK, Purser Northern Div. A. C. A.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

International Columbian Prize Shooting.

THE following shooters from the Independent Rifle Club of New York and others were present July 2 and 3: Gebhard Kruse, Herman Weber, Wm. F. Baab, Reinhold Busse, Jacob Bittschier, Geo. Leower, Bernhard Walther, Alexander Stein, John Eusner, Wm. Söll, Geo. Bauer, Michael Heuman, Ambros Stoltenburger, Henry Weiler, Gustav Zimmermann, F. C. Halbe, John Bodenstab, Friedrich Haas, Capt. W. B. Weber, New York; Edward Maas, Brooklyn; Aug. Begeron, Wm. Hayes, Newark; Ernst Fisher, Hoboken; Carl Graeff, Bingen-on-Rhein, Germany; Max Rosenthal, Milwaukee, Wis.; Dr. Julius Wirth, Highland, Ill. To all the shooters the Columbian medal was awarded.

The following scores on the different targets were made:

Columbia Target.—A. Busse 66 rings, Dr. J. Wirth 58, B. Waltber 55, Max Rosenthal 67, G. Krause 64, A. Begeron 58, E. Fisber 57, A. Stein 51, W. Hayes 60, F. Schwickert 57, Gus Zimmermann 63.

King Target.—T. Bittschier 170, G. Leower 123, Dr. J. Wirth 184, B. Walther 202, M. Rosenthal 195, E. Fisher 181, R. Busse 192, G. Krause 190, A. Begeron 187, Wm. Hayes 198, F. Schwickert 188, Gus Zimmermann 214.

Man Target.—Wm. Hayes 94, G. Zimmermann 93, M. Rosenthal 91, E. Fisber 90, A. Stein 90, R. Busse 90, B. Walther 87, G. Krause 88, Geo. Reitzbaupt 86, A. Begeron 83, F. Schwickert 82.

Standard Target.—Gus. Zimmermann 45, W. Hayes 45, E. Fisher 45, A. Stein 43, R. Busse 43, F. Schwickert 39, M. Rosenthal 36, G. Kraus 83.

People's Target.—Gus Zimmermann 71, E. Fisher 71, Wm. Hayes 71, G. Krause 69, A. Stein 69, R. Busse 68, T. Martin 68, B. Walther 68, M. Rosentbal 67, F. Schwickert 62, J. Bodenstab 62.

Bullseye Target.—Wm. Hayes 34 out of 100 shots, E. Fisher 21, R. Busse 20, Gus. Zimmermann 16, B. Walther 16, J. Rittschier 16, Alex Stein 15, G. Krause 14, A. Begeron 11, F. Schwickert 10.

Greenville Rifle Club.

WEEKLY gallery shoot for class medals, July 17: Capt. Robidoux with 242 is now only 4 points behind Purkess in the race for first. Plaisted and C. Boag are both close up to the two leaders. Score, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: Robidoux 242. Plaisted 240, Purkess 238, Collins 236, J. Boag 236, C. Boag 231, Chavant 230, Gottbardt 227, Dodds 215, Lembeck, 200, Gassman 197.

The Saturday outing of the Greenville Club in Armbruster's Park on July 8 was well attended and many good scores were made. A 50 shot race between Messrs. Ross, Dorrier and Plaisted developed the following totals: Ross 1,089, Dorrier 1,058, Plaisted 1,015.

The following 10-shot scores were made by the members present: Ross 224, Chavant 223, Plaisted 217, Dorrier 217, Spahn 208, Pfeiffer 200, Collins 196, Purkess 195.

Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, O., July 2.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended below. 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	80 87 93	Martin	78 74 64	Drube	69 .. ..
Payne	79 77 82	Stegner	63 63 62	Puthoff	56 55 50
Weiuheimer	74 72 71	Randall	76 74 87	Nagel	49 37 39
Topf	69 54 59	See	74 71 70		

Revolver Shooting in England.

THE National Rifle Association of England have decided to reintroduce the rapid firing competition for target revolvers, which they had intended to omit this year. They will also allow bead front sights in the military revolver competitions, which seems a pity, as, though it will lead to improved scores, it will do away with the distinctly military character of these competitions, and in fact competitors will be able to use the same revolver that they use as a target revolver.

Harlem Rifle Club.

THE following scores were made July 7 by members of the Harlem Rifle Club, at 75ft., off-hand: J. A. Boyken 243, C. Hutch 241, E. W. Busby 241, W. H. Cochran 238.

J. BONENSTAB, Sec'y.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

THE club keep up the interest of its members in shooting matters during the hot weather by the introduction of team matches. This week the teams were Ochs and Krampert vs. Walter and Oberle. The scores are appended:

J Ochs, Jr.	245 240 245—730	H Walter	242 236 241—719
J Krampert	237 234 241—712—1442	J F Oberle	230 238 239—697—1416

Excelsior Rifle Club.

WEEKLY shoot in Armbruster's Park, Greenville, N. J., July 7. Ten shots, German ring target, 200yds.: L. P. Hansen 208, C. Ward 200, J. Hughes 173, J. Speicher 159.

New York Rifle Club.

CYPRESS HILLS PARK, L. I., July 8.—Six members met for competition for club trophies; 10-shot scores, standard American target; E. R. Chadbourne, 93, 92, 92, 90; M. Harrington, 89, 89, 85, 84; Thos. Floyd, 87, 82, 83; Hamilton, 78, 76; Major Shorkley, 83, 83; Geo. W. Downs, 70, 72, 80.

The Millers.

THE following scores were made July 5 by the members of the Miller Rifle Club, Capt. E. Fisher, at headquarters, 423 Washington street, Hoboken: Miller 240, Schlicht 239, Kloepping 238, Meyers 236, Rogers 230, Meyer 232, Caragher 229, Liele 235, Murphy 228, Sohl 236, Bach 229, Vogel 233.

RIFLE NOTES.

On Friday, July 14, the New York Schuetzen Corps will hold its regular monthly outing and practice shoot in the Union Hill Park, Union Hill, N. J.

On Wednesday, July 19, the Independent New York Schuetzen Corps will hold its monthly shoot in Washington Park.

The members of the Independent New York Corps arrived home from Chicago on Friday, July 7. All report having experienced a very pleasant time. Several of the members of the corps distinguished themselves at the Columbia international shoot by their fine shooting. The report of our Chicago representative gives a full report of the individual scores of the members of the corps. Gus Zimmerman adds new luster to his reputation as a rifleman by his fine score of 214 on the King target. This score will be hard to beat and may stand high to the close of the festival.

A team shoot for $500 a side, 100 shots per man, takes place at the Glendale Park, Long Island, Friday the 14th. The teams are Waltber, Krauss and Busse vs. Zimmerman, Martin and Pittschler.

The New York riflemen should not forget the shooting festival of the South New England Bund, which takes place in Hartford, Conn., on July 24 and 25. The prizes on the ring target range from $45 for the first down to $1, the twentieth, or last prize. The bullseye target will have many attractions for the steady holder, where with 10 shots for $1 he can get 50 cents in return for every red flag (2½in. center) made. The tickets are limited only to the extent of the shooter's pocketbook.

Many of our riflemen are diligently seeking for relief from the onerous labors attached to shooting the patched bullet. When in the shooting house at Greenville on Saturday last we met that old veteran of the butts M. Dorrler, who was shooting his Ballard from the machine rest, using the lubricated bullet. We applied our rule to one of his 10-shot strings and found that it measured only $10^{13}/_{16}$in. from center to center; many of our patched bullet devotees would consider that good work with their favorite. Barney Zettler has promised to let us in on a ground floor basis on the theory and practice of the lubricated bullet. Should we succeed in connecting our syphon to his well of information on these matters the patrons of FOREST AND STREAM shall have a draught of it.

In last week's issue there was an open-bore challenge fired by the Paterson fraternity in the direction of New York. Some of the scattering pellets ricochetted in the vicinity of the Greenville Rifle Club, at Greenville, N. J. Now the Greenville boys would like to have the Paterson folk try another shot full-choked and aimed directly for Greenville. The Greenville contingent will make good game for the Patterson riflemen to practice upon before crossing the Hudson. As the New Yorkers are said to be more tenacious than the celebrated Chicago hard bird, the Paterson men will profit by the preliminary practice. The Greenvilles are well feathered at the present time. Get your gun, Paterson.

Trap-Shooting.

The Fourth at Lynchburg.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 5.—The Lynchburg Gun Club held its sixth annual picnic on the 4th. This time it was a family occasion and a general gathering of friends. It was a most enjoyable affair and was fully appreciated by the five hundred or more visitors. At 1 o'clock a great lunch was spread, one of the kind that runs into a feast. Just right here is where happiness actually commenced and the enjoyment of the day reached the highest point. Out under the big oaks for one hour there was a most contented and happy gathering. We all missed our dear old Arthur Du Bray. While we hope he is having a large time at Chicago, we should have liked to have him here on this event. Below are the principal scores of the day:

No. 1, team shoot, 10 singles:

Nelson	6	Smith	4
Terry	8	Miller	6
Dornin	10	Withers	6
Moorman	6	Hamlet	6
Stearns	3	Chambers	7
J Cleland	5—38	Jenkins	4—33

No. 2, 5 pairs for a lap robe: Dornin 7, J. Cleland 4, Moorman 7, Nelson 7, Stearns 6, F. Christian 5, T. Christian 3, Miller 4, Terry 7, E. Cleland 5, Adams 6, T. S. Jennings 4, Edmonds 6, Smith 4, Durphy 6, Empie 8, Jenkins 5, Hamner 4, Withers 5.

No. 3, team shoot, 10 singles:

Nelson	7	Stearns	8	P Christian	7
Terry	9	Adams	5	T Christian	6
Dornin	10	Jennings	2	Empie	7
Moorman	8	Smith	4	Withers	6
J Cleland	8	Edmonds	4	Hamner	1
Jenkins	5—47	Averett	5—28	Durphy	9—36

No. 4, 9 singles and 3 pairs, for Silverthorn badge: Nelson 10, J. Cleland 10, Terry 14, Wren 9, Spencer 12, Empie 11, G. Langhorne 10, Dornin 13, Moorman 10, Stearns 11, Old 6, Averett 6, Jenkins 10.

No. 5, 10 singles, for hunting vest: Nelson 10, Dornin 8, Cleland 9, Hamlet 6, Stearns 9, Payne 4, Terry 8, Moorman 8, Empie 9, Wren 8, Chambers 8.

No. 6, team race, 10 singles, unknown angles:

Terry	6	C Wormley	7
Nelson	10	Stearns	7
Dornin	9	Wren	3
Moorman	8	Chambers	8
J Cleland	8	Hamlet	4
Empie	6—47	H Langhorne	5—34

No. 7, 5 pairs: Nelson 9, Dornin 9, J. Cleland 3, Empie 8, Terry 4, Moorman 7, Stearns 3, Wren 2.

No. 8, team shoot, 10 singles:

Nelson	10	J Cleland	9
Dornin	9	Hamlet	3
Durphy	5	Empie (re-entry)	6
Wormley	5	Terry	6
Moorman	8	Stearns	6
Empie	7—44	C Wermley	6—36

Extra event, 10 singles: Nelson 9, Stearns 9, Dornin 9, Terry 10, Empie 8, Chambers 4,

W. W. Dornin made greatest average during the day's shoot. J. Cleland won the Field shoot on a clean score. D.

Pelhamville Sweeps.

PELHAMVILLE, N. Y., July 5.—Inclosed please find full scores of sweepstakes shot here yesterday. Owing to scarcity of pigeons main event had to be reduced to 7 birds. Pigeons good, taking season in consideration; weather all that could be desired. The gentlemen shooting belonged to the following organizations: W. H. Brickner, L. E. Miner, F. Knof, Wauregan Gun Club of New York; McKenna, Codey, Dr. V. G. Hudson, Emerald Gun Club of Brooklyn; H. G. Eff, not attached to any club. M. F. BRICKNER.

No. 1, 3 birds, 3 moneys, birds extra, entry $1, Hurlingham rules, 60yds. boundary, 26yds. rise:

W H Brickner	2e1—2 ...	Dr Little	001—1 ...
Dr V G Hudson	121—3 121	Codey	123—3 0
Osterhout	111—3 112	L E Miner	221—3 222
McKenna	122—3 120		

No. 2, 5 birds, 3 moneys, birds extra, entry $3; otherwise as in previous event:

W H Brickner	12111—5	Dr Little	11022—4
Osterhout	22211—5	L E Miner	02211—4
Codey	11122—5	McKenna	20001—2
Dr Hudson	22101—4		

No. 3, miss and out, with privilege of re-entry if missing on first round, entry $1, rules as before: Dr. Hudson 4, Osterhout 3, L. E. Miner 4, W. H. Brickner 3, Dr. Little 1.

No. 5, 7 birds, 3 moneys, entry $4, rules as before, winner of first money to take handsome gun case given by Mr. M. F. Brickner:

W H Brickner	1221112—7	Osterbout	0101221—5
Dr Hudson	222e112—6	H P Eff	e221021—5
F Knof	12112e—6	L E Miner	00e1210—3
Dr Little	2012012—5	McKenna	0200000—1

Match for the price of the pigeons. Long Island rules:

Dr Hudson	212—3	H P Eff	1e0—1

No. 7, 10 keystones, 2 moneys, entry $1, A. A. rules, 16 and 18yds. rise:

Dr Little	1111111111—10	Codey	1011111101— 8
Osterhout	1111110111— 9	H P Eff	0110001101— 5

No. 8, same as No. 7:

Dr Little	1111111111—10	Spencer	1110111110— 8
Codey	1111111111—10	H P Eff	0111111011— 8
Osterhout	1111101111— 9		

Referee, Mr. Jacob Pentz.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

THE following scores were made at the Fourth of July shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club:

No. 1, 15 singles: Worth 9, Meyer 9, Hadley 9, Fletcher 4, Lewis 6, Borst 7, Rogers 8, Mann 8.

No. 2, 15 singles: Hadley 15, Lewis 10, Worth 11, Meyer 15, Fletcher 9, Borst 13, Rogers 12, Hicks 10, Lane 14, Van Ostrand 8, Gardner 12, Mann 14.

No. 3, 10 singles: Lewis 4, Hadley 8, Fletcher 7, Weller 7, Borst 6, Van Ostrand 6, Meyer 10, Worth 7, Rogers 4, Gardner 7, Hicks 9, Lane 5, Mann 5.

No. 4, 10 singles: Hadley 9, Lewis 4, Fletcher 3, Van Ostrand 1, Weller 4, Borst 2, Rogers 3, Meyer 8, Worth 4, Gardner 4.

No. 5, 5 pairs and 5 singles: Van Ostrand 8, Meyer 12, Hicks 8, Borst 10, Rogers 10, Lewis 8, Lane 10, Gardner 7, Hadley 8, Weller 8, Worth 12, Mann 11.

No. 6, 10 singles: Borst 7, Lewis 6, Van Ostrand 3, Meyer 8, Hadley 4, Hicks 6, Harvey 0, Worth 3, Lane 4, Weller 7, Mann 10.

No. 9, 15 singles: Lane 12, Worth 11, Borst 9, Van Ostrand 11, Hadley 8, Weller 14, Marble 9, Meyer 11, Kay 7, Gardner 10, McCarthy 9, Hicks 15, L. T. Meyer 4, Mann 14.

No. 10, 10 singles: Van Ostrand 7, Meyer 8, Worth 6, Hicks 6, Kay 6, Fulton 6, Hadley 8, Weller 5, Borst 6, Mann 6, McCarthy 6, Lane 5.

Eastern New York League Tournament.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., July 4.—The Riverview Gun Club was certainly favored with a cool and pleasant day for their mid-summer tournament. During the morning a stiff west wind made the shooting quite difficult. The tournament was held on the club's grounds which are conveniently located on the highlands, on the south side of the Mohawk River, overlooking the city; and is not three minutes walk from the West Shore or N. Y. C. R.R. depots. The club have expended a considerable amount of money this summer in grading and have erected a commodious and very convenient club house, cashier's office, and have one of the most convenient and best trapper's screen we have ever ssen. They certainly had everything in excellent shape for a large gathering of shooters. The shooting was done at Cruttenden & Card's kingbird targets, which worked perfectly in the expert traps, not more than 25 birds were broken by the traps all day.

The fine programme ought to have called out full lists of entries, but just why there were not more shooters present it is hard to say. The club had reasonable expectations of a fair attendance, as some of its members had attended all the league shoots this year—but one.

The visiting shooters were Frank Northrup, Johnstown, N. Y.; J. D. Banta, Springfield, Mass. (also a member of Johnstown Gun Club); W. N. Armstrong, Little Falls, N. Y.; Chas. W. Scharff, Canajoharie Gun Club, came at 4 o'clock, having been detained at home on account of a death; Mr. Geisel, Charles Beckford ("Rock") and Horace B. Darby, secretary of the Eastern New York Trap-Shooters' League, all of Albany; Mr. Scowden, Coeyman's Junction, N. Y., and Frank Hall, of Ridgefield, N. J. Mr. Hall is a member of the Riverview Gun Club, and came up to spend the "Fourth" and to call on his many friends here. He is an excellent shot when in practice, but has scarcely fired a shot since he was here last September. However, he carried over to New Jersey the handsome gold-lined silver shaving cup and brush which the club put up in the miss-and-out event; he also won second average, breaking 87½% of his birds. The rest of the shooters present were members of the home club, and if they had not entered as they did the tournament would have been a grand fizzle. The cashier's box was in charge of Messrs. D. S. Pierce and Elmer Trull, who did their work quickly and very efficiently. President Hartley and Captain Briggs did the hustling. Z. R. Jacohy and Horace B. Darby scorers. Frank Linnebecker had charge of the pull. Everything passed off in excellent shape—with no kicking. All present got all the shooting they wanted. Some of the shooters fired nearly 300 shots during the day.

On the whole, notwithstanding the small attendance, it was the most pleasant meet, taking everything into consideration, we have attended this season. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 kingbirds, "Jack Rabbit," American Shooting Association rules, entrance $1.30:
Northrup...........1111111111—10 Rock...............0111110011— 7
Armstrong.........1001110000— 4 Trull.................0010010100— 3
R M Hartley........1111011011— 8 Briggs..............1111011111— 9
Linnebecker.........0101011111— 7 Miller................0010100110— 4
Geisel................0100010100— 3 Pierce...............0101110011— 6
Banta.................1101111010— 7 Warring............0111101111— 8
G V Hartley.........0110110111— 7 Scowden............1101011011— 7

In this event those breaking 60% of their birds got 10 cents for each target broken. The surplus divided 60 and 40%.

No. 2, 15 kingbirds, entrance $1.95:
Northrup.......100111110111111—12 Warring........110111101111111—13
Armstrong......100101101110100— 8 G V Hartley....101101111001110—10
R M Hartley....011110111111111—13 Scowden........001101010111011— 9
Rock...........100110111111111—11 Briggs.........111111101101111—13
Geisel.........111000001010101— 7 Young..........000011011011010— 7
Banta..........111000100111111—10

No. 3, 10 kingbirds, entrance $1.30:
Northrup............1111111111—10 Warring.............1101100111— 7
Armstrong..........1001111110— 7 G V Hartley.........1100001011— 5
R M Hartley........1111111101— 9 Briggs...............1011110111— 8
Rock.................0101010011— 5 Young................1001011111— 7
Geisel...............0011111111— 8 Hall...................1100111111— 8
Banta................0100110110— 5

No. 4, 15 kingbirds, unknown angles, entrance $1.95:
Northrup.......111111111111111—15 Warring........010111011100111—10
Armstrong......000100111011110— 7 G V Hartley....101100110010111— 9
R M Hartley....111100011101110—10 Briggs.........010011010101111— 9
Rock...........001010011101100— 8 Scowden........111011110011111—12
Geisel.........110101111111000—10 Young..........100111101111111—12
Banta..........111101001111100—10 Hall...........111001011100111—10

No. 5, 20 kingbirds, entry $2.60:
Northrup..11111111011011111111—18 Brickbat...11111111110101110111—17
Armstrong11111010111110111110—16 G Hartley..10001111100111111010—13
R Hartley.11110111111110011110—16 Briggs.....10110111110111100110—14
Rock......10101011001010111111—13 Scowden...00110111111100110100—12
Warring...10011111111101111101—16 Young.....10110111111101010111—15
Banta.....00111011111011110111—15 Hall.......01111111111101111111—18

No. 6, 10 kingbirds, unknown angles, entrance $1.30:
Northrup.............1110111111—9 G V Hartley..........1111101111—9
Armstrong............1110111011—8 Briggs................1100000110—4
R M Hartley..........0110111111—8 Scowden..............1110110000—5
Rock..................1110011010—6 Young.................0101010011—5
Warring..............1101110100—6 Hall...................1110111111—9
Banta.................0011011011—6 Trull..................0010100010—3

No. 7, 15 kingbirds, $1.95 entry:
Northrup.......111111111011111—14 G V Hartley....111111110111111—14
Armstrong.....011001101110000— 7 Briggs.........111101110111011—12
R M Hartley...110110111111111—13 Scowden........010011100110111— 9
Rock..........010010111110101— 9 Miller.........000100000001000— 2
Warring.......111111011110101—12 Hall...........111111111111101—14
Banta.........111110111001110—11 Showerman.....101111110010010— 9

No. 8, 15 kingbirds, unknown anglers, $1.95 entry:
Northrup.......111110111111111—14 Banta..........001110111111011—11
Showerman.....011101010100111— 9 G V Hartley....100111111111110—12
Scowden........111100110011100— 9 R W Hartley...011101111011110—11
Rock...........110101111011101—11 Hall...........111011111111110—13
Warring........111101010010000— 7 Young..........111101101001010— 9

No. 9, 20 kingbirds, $2.60 entry:
Northrup..10111111111111101111—18 Young....11111011110100101011—14
Rock......11111111101110111111—18 Armstrong11010110110110111111—15
Warring...11011000010110111111—13 G Hartley.10011101001100111011—12
Banta.....01110111110100001011—12 Linneh'ker 11011010111110111111—16
R Hartley.10111111101110101111—16 Briggs.... 11111111111010110101—16
Hall......11110111111111111111—19 Scharff....01011111011111111010—15

No. 10, 15 kingbirds, entry $1.95:
Northrup.......111111111111111—15 Young..........111111111111111—15
Rock...........011011111111110—12 G V Hartley....111100111111110—12
Warring........011101110110111—11 Linnebecker....111101111001111—12
R V Hartley....111100111111111—13 Briggs.........101101000101111—10
Hull...........111011111111111—14 Scharff........110111101011101—11
Banta..........110010101101111—10 Pierce.........001010101110110— 8

No. 11, miss aud out, 3 merchandise prizes, entry $1:
Northrup......................10 Rock..........................10
Scharff.....................1110 R M Hartley....................0
Hall.......................11111 Briggs........................10

Tles on third: Northrup 3, Briggs 3, Rock 4.

The club offered for best averages in aggregate scores in Events No. 3 to 10 inclusive, as follows: First average, $5, won by Frank Northrup, Johnstown, N. Y., 113, 120, 90 5/12%. Second average, $4, won by Frank Hall, Ridgefield, N. J., 105, 120, 87½%. Third average, year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, won by R. M. Hartley, Amsterdam, N. Y., 96, 120, 80%. Fourth average, $2, won by G. V. Hartley, Amsterdam, N. Y., 86, 120, 70 1/6%.

Extra No. 1, 10 kingbirds, divided 60 and 40 per cent.:
Hall.................1111001101— 7 Rock................1100011100— 5
Scharff..............1011111100— 8 Briggs..............0111000100— 4
R M Hartley.........1111111011— 9 G V Hartley.........0111001001— 5

Extra No. 2, unknown angles, same:
Hall.................1111011001— 7 Briggs..............1111010110— 8
Scharff..............1111000110— 6 Young...............0001111000— 4
R M Hartley.........1111111111—10 G V Hartley.........1110111011— 9

Extra No. 3, unknown trags, same:
Linnebecker.........1101111101— S G V Hartley.........1001111110— 7
Scharff..............1111111010— 8 Young...............0011101111— 7
R M Hartley.........1111101010— 7 Warring.............0100100111— 5
Hall.................0001111101— 6

Extra No. 4, 5 pairs:
R M Hartley......10 01 00 10 01—4 Warring..........10 00 10 01 11—5
Hall.............01 10 10 10 01—5 Scharff..........00 00 10 10 01—3

Extra No. 5, 5 pairs:
Hartley..........11 10 01 11 11—8 Scharff..........11 00 10 00 01—4
Hall.............10 10 11 10 01—6 Young............10 10 00 11 00—4
Warring..........00 00 00 00 11—2

Extra No. 6, 10 birds, gun below elbow, unknown traps:
Briggs...............1111100111—8 G V H................1001000000—2
Hall.................1101110011—7 Linnebecker..........1011010110—6
Trull.................1001101110—6 Young................0010100000—2
R M Hartley..........1110111111—9

Extra No. 7, same as last:
Briggs...............0010111011— 7 Hall.................0111111111— 9
Trull.................1101110010— 6 Young................1110101100— 6
G V H................0011111111— 8 Scharff..............1010111011— 7
R M Hartley..........1111111111—10

Extra No. 9, 10 kingbirds, entrance 50 cents:
Briggs...............1111110111— 9 R M Hartley.........1001111111— 8
Trull.................1110110000— 5 Linnebecker.........0001010111— 5
G V Hartley.........0111100011— 6 Hall................1111111111—10

Extra No. 9, 10 kingbirds, entrance 50 cents:
Briggs...............1111010110—7 Hall.................1111100110—7
Trull.................1000001010—3 Degraff..............1111111101—9
R M Hartley..........1101101111—8 Young................1101001100—5

CHUCTENUNDA.

Coldwater Gun Club.

No. 1, 10 singles, Parker handicap:
Flick................1111111111—10 Stacy................0111111111—9
Turner...............1011110110— 7 Holt.................0110111011—7
Burnell..............1111011010— 7 Nixon................0011011111—7
R Preston............1101110111— 8 Barker...............1001010110—5
Pherman..............0101101000— 4 Heming...............1110101111—8
W Preston............0001010110— 4 Bair.................0110001110—5

No. 2, 10 singles:
Flick................1111111001— 8 Holt.................1111111101—9
Stacy................1111101101— 8 Nixon................1011110111—8
R Preston............1111111111—10 Bair.................1000001001—3
Heming...............0010000111— 4 W Preston............0111001100—5
Turner...............1101100110— 6 Pherman..............0110011010—5
Burnell..............1110100000— 4 Barker...............1111101111—9

No. 3, 10 singles:
R Preston............1011000001— 4 Nixon................1101111111—8
Holt.................0101111111— 7 W Preston............1001111111—8
Barker...............1101111110— 8 Pherman..............1001100111—6
Flick................1111111101— 9 Burnell..............1110010001—5
Stacy................1111111111—10

No. 4, 15 singles:
Stacy..........001110100101110— 8 Neve...........110101110011101—10
Flick..........111011111111101—13 Wilcox.........101100110011110— 9
Holt...........101011111111111—13 Juckett........000000010100001— 3
Barker.........111101110011111—12 Nixon..........111111111111101—14
R Preston......101101110110111—11 Chandler.......000001010000010— 3
W Preston......101010000110111— 8 Burnell........101100100001110— 7
Pherman........011100001001010— 6 Harding........111111111111101—14

No. 5, 25 singles:
Nixon..............................1101111111110111011101101—20
Holt...............................1100000111111101100011101—15
Flick..............................1011110111111111111111110—22
Barker.............................1110111111111101111011111—21
Henning............................1111011100000110110011111—16
Burnell............................0111101001111111001111011—18
Stacy..............................1111101101111111111111111—23
Neve...............................0011001111110111101100111—17

W. N. LOW.

President Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, 1893-4.

No. 6, 10 singles:
Stacy................0011101011— 5 Leroy................0000000000— 0
Harding..............1111100101— 7 Nixon................1111110110— 8
Flick................1111111101— 9 Wilcox...............1001010001— 4
Neve.................1111101111— 9 R Preston............1110100011— 6
Holt.................1111111101— 9 W. Preston...........0001111101— 6
Burnell..............1101011011— 7 Barker...............0101111111— 8
Bair.................0001001111— 5 Juckett..............0010000101— 3
Pherman..............0011100101— 6

No. 7, 15 singles, 3-man team race:
Stacy.......111000011001100— 7 Burnell.....101001101010011— 8
Wilcox......110001001101001— 7 R Preston..111111111111110—14
Holt........111011110011111—12—26 Nixon......110111011110011—11—33
Pherman....101011000000001— 5 Neve........111001111111011—12
W Preston..110110011100110— 9 Barker.....110111111111111—14
Flick.......111101110111111—13—27 Harding....111111111001110—12—38

No. 8, 25 singles:
Flick..............................0011101110101111011111000—16
Holt...............................1100101011010111101101110—16
Nixon..............................1111111111111101111001111—22
Barker.............................1111110111111111111100111—22
Stacy..............................0111001011011101111001110—16
R Preston..........................1101110011111111100110010—17
Brunell............................1011110011111101001100111—17

No. 9, 10 singles:
Nixon................1000110101— 5 Clark................1101001001— 5
Barker...............1011111111— 9 Baker................0101011110— 6
Brunell..............0101111001— 6 Nichols..............1100010100— 4
W Preston............0000011101— 4 Wheeler..............0000010110— 3
Holt.................0111011111— 8 Burr.................0100000000— 1
R Swaffield..........1000101100— 4 Benedict.............1001010110— 5
Stacy................1111101111— 9 Henning..............1101000111— 6
R Preston............0111111011— 7 Juckett..............0001100110— 3
Bair.................0001011111— 6 Warren...............1100011110— 6
Sherman..............0000011110— 4 Cleveland............0001001110— 4
Neve.................1101101111— 8 Atwater..............0000011101— 4
Leroy................1101100100— 5 Flick................1111111111—10
Harding..............1111111111—10

No. 10, 20 singles:
Barker....11111110111111111111—19 Nixon.....01110011111111111101—16
Flick......11111111111111111011—19 Stacy......11110111101111000111—15
Holt.......10101111110011111111—16 R Preston..11111111110111110111—18
Neve.......01111010100111101111—14 Brunell....10111110111111111011—16
Harding...11111111111111111101—19 W Preston.11100101011001101001—11

No. 11, 10 singles:
Harding..............1110111111— 9 Holt.................1100111111— 8
Flick................1101111111— 9 R Preston............0110111111— 8
Stacy................1111010111— 8 Brunell..............1111001101— 7
Barker...............1111111101— 9 Clark................1111001011— 7
Neve.................1011111110— 9 W Preston............1110110010— 6
Nixon................1111111111—10 Henning..............1110001011— 6
De Corn..............0011111111— 7

Maplewood's Monthly.

ORANGE, N. J., July 31.—The monthly cup shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club was held on Saturday, July 1. Conditions were 50 single bluerocks, Keystone system; scores appended:

W N Drake.............1111111101011111111111111—23
                      1111111111111100111111101—22—45
J Warren Smith........1101111111110111111101111—22
                      1101111111101111111111111—23—45
A A Sickley...........1000101011111111101010110—16
                      1111110100111111101011010—18—34
O L Yeomans...........1111111000111001111111111—20
                      0110111111111111111111111—23—43
Van Idestine..........1101111001110001111010101—16
                      1101100110110110110101011—16—32
Dr Fisher.............1001111001101001110111111—17
                      1110010111111100111011110—18—35

MOHEGAN.

Union Hill Gun Club.

JULY 4.—Capt. Hayes, referee; Wm. Papart, scorer. Medal shoot, 10 live birds: M. Lindsley 7, F. W. Bender 7, John Woolmington 3, W. Bermes 5, H. Untereiner 7, J. Berkery 9, F. Denehy 7, G. Woolmington 8, J. Worth 2, J. Welling 6, J. Waller 7, H. Lange 6, P. Sullivan 6, A. J. Volk 5, C. Woolmington 10, J. Hughes 5, J. Moylan 5.

Sweepstakes, 5 birds each: J. Waller 2. P. Sullivan 4, J. Welling 5, M. Lindsley 5, A. J. Volk 4, W. Burnes 2, C. Woolmington 5, F. W. Bender 3, J. Hughes 1, J. Moylad 5, J. Worth 1, H. Lange 2, H. Untereiner 1,

The Maplewood's Fourth.

No. 1, 10 birds, entry 50 cents:
C M Hedden.........1000010111— 5 W Van Idestine.....0011010101— 5
R H Breintnall.....0111101111— 8 O L Yeomans........1111111111—10
J W Smith..........1110111111— 9 Proctor............0101000011— 4
E A Geoffery.......1001111111— 8 N Money............0111101011— 7
Dr Fisher..........1010111101— 7 Crevelling.........1111111100— 8
W N Drake..........1111111111—10 Streator...........0001010100— 3
A Parry............0100001110— 4 R Streator.........0010000000— 1

No. 2, 10 birds, entry $1:
Hedden.............1111111110— 9 Geoffery...........0111101000— 5
Yeomans............1110111111— 9 A Streator.........0100001000— 2
Breintnall.........1111010011— 7 Drake..............1111011101— 8
Smith..............1011111100— 7 Money..............1111111101— 9
Crevelling.........1110011111— 8 R Streator.........1010001000— 3
Fisher.............1010011100— 5

No. 3, 10 birds, entry 50 cents:
Hedden.............0100110110— 5 Fisher.............1110110111— 8
Money..............0011111111— 8 Crevelling.........1101100101— 6
Yeomans............0011011100— 5 Proctor............0011101011— 6
Breintnall.........1111101111— 9 Parry..............1110011010— 6
Geoffery...........1111111111—10 Drake..............1111111111—10
Smith..............1111111111—10 R Streator.........0100001110— 4
A Streator.........1010110100— 5 W Jackson..........0111001110— 6
Van Idestine.......1000001011— 4

No. 4, 15 birds, entry $1.
Hedden.........111010111111001—11 Fisher.........100100010001001— 5
Breintnall.....110111111101110—12 Geoffery.......111011111011111—13
Money..........001100101111111—10 Van Idestine...111010111110011—11
Yeomans........111111111111101—14 Drake..........111111111111111—15
Crevelling.....111111011111110—13 Smith..........111110111111111—14
Streator.......001000000010000— 2 Proctor........011010110110100— 8

No. 5, 15 birds, entry $1.50.
Hedden.........011111101111011—12 Streator.......001111011000000— 6
Breintnall.....111101101101011—11 Geoffery.......111111111111111—15
Fisher.........110011110110011—10 Smith..........111111111101111—14
Drake..........111111111111011—14 Yeomans........111111111111111—15
Money..........101110101111011—11 Hoffman........110111111101101—12
Van Idestine...111001111011011—11

No. 6, 10 birds, 50c.
Crevelling.........1011101111— 8 Hoffman............1110011011— 7
Hedden.............1111111110— 8 Geoffery...........1111111111—10
Breintnall.........1111111111—10 Fisher.............0111111111— 9
Van Idestine.......1100111111— 8 Sopher.............0110001100— 4
Money..............1111111111—10 Sickley............1111111110— 9
Proctor............0000101110— 4 Smith..............1110101111— 8
Yeomans............1101111110— 8 Drake..............1000100000— 2
Streator...........1100011011— 6 Miller.............1011111101— 8

No. 7, 10 birds, entrance $1:
Smith..............1111111101— 9 Geoffery...........1111111111—10
Breintnall.........1111111111—10 Drake..............1110111100— 7
Hedden.............1111110111— 9 Hoffman............1111010111— 8
Yeomans............1111111111—10 Fisher.............0101101111— 7
Crevelling.........1010001101— 5 Van Idestine.......0111010010— 5
Sopher.............1111001111— 8 R Streator.........1010010000— 3
Sickley............1111111111—10 Miller.............1111111011— 9
Streator...........1100111001— 6 Thomas.............0011011100— 5
Money..............1111111111—10

No. 8, 20 birds, entrance $2:
Smith......11111110111111111111—19 Drake......11101110011111111111—17
Yeomans..10011111110111101111—16 Hoffman..11111000111111111111—17
Breintnall..11111111111110111111—19 Jackson...00111011011101000010—10
Hedden....01111111110110111111—17 Sickley....11111111101111111111—19
Miller......11111111111111111111—20 Hobart....11101011110111111111—17
Crevelling.00111111111111111101—17 Morris.....10010100010110001001— 8
Money.....10111011111111011111—17 Thomas....11111111111011111111—18
Geoffery...11111111111101111011—18

No 9, 10 birds, entrance 50 cents:
Sickley............1111111111—10 Jackson............1110000110— 5
Smith..............1111011111— 9 Miller.............1111111111—10
Hedden.............1011111100— 7 Breintnall.........1111111101— 9
Yeomans............1111111111—10 Terry..............1001010011— 5
Streator...........0101001010— 4 Eager..............0101010001— 4
Crevelling.........0100011111— 6 R Streator.........0001110001— 4
Money..............1101111110— 8 Hobart.............1110101101— 7
Sopher.............1101111101— 8 Drake..............0101101011— 6
Geoffrey...........1101110111— 8 Parry..............1110111111— 9
Hoffman............1010110110— 6 Thomas.............0001011011— 5
Nick Smith.........1000110011— 5 Fisher.............0011111011— 7

No. 10, 15 birds. $1 entry:
Sickley........111011011111111—13 Canfield.......000100010110001— 5
Smith..........011111011011111—12 Money..........111111111101111—14
Hedden.........110010110111011—10 Geoffery.......111101111111111—14
Yeomans........111111011111111—14 Hoffman........011101111111111—13
Thomas.........110101111001111—11 Siggins........000101111111011—10
Crevelling.....101101011111111—12 Parry..........110100011110011— 9
Breintnall.....011111111011101—12 Drake..........111101011111111—13
Miller.........111111111110111—14 B Streator.....001010010000011— 5
Hobart.........011010111001111—10

No. 11, 10 birds, $1.50 entry:
Sickley............1110110111— 8 Miller.............1111111111—10
Thomas.............1111110111— 9 Breintnall.........1101011111— 8
Smith..............1011111111— 9 Money..............1111111111—10
Yeomans............1111111111—10 Geoffery...........1111111111—10
Crevelling.........0111011111— 8 Van Idestine.......0100111101— 5
W Jackson..........1110111001— 7 Canfield...........0001110100— 4
Sopher.............0111111101— 8 Hobart.............1111111011— 9
Siggins............0111111111— 9 Hoffman............1111101111— 9
Heckel.............1000001000— 2 Drake..............1001111100— 6
Culberson..........0001000001— 2 Morris.............0100000010— 2
Hedden.............1011001110— 6 Terry..............0110111110— 7
Doctor.............1111000121— 7

No. 12, 15 birds, $1 entry:
Sickley........010110110111111—11 Thomas.........111111111111011—14
Smith..........111111101111111—14 Drake..........111111111111011—14
Miller.........111111101110111—13 Hedden.........101101111001101—10
Crevelling.....110111101011100—10 Breintnall.....111011111111111—14
Yeomans........111111111111111—15 Geoffery.......111101111110111—13
W Jackson......000111111111101—11 Sopher.........111101100111011—11
Money..........100111101111110—11 Hoffman........111011111111111—14
Hobart.........110111100110110—10 Dr Jackson.....001000111111101— 9

Orangeville.

ORANGEVILLE, Baltimore Co., Md., July 4.—Wood Powder Gun Club, seven contests at 10 Standard Keystone targets each, entry $1, A. A. rules, 5 traps. No. 1:
Hartner............1111111111—10 J Hill.............1111011010— 7
Bire...............1011101111— 8 Gegner.............1111110111— 9
Catiz..............1111111111—10 Hess...............1101101111— 7

No. 2:
Hartner............1111111110— 9 J Hill.............1111111100— 8
Catiz..............1110111011— 8 Gegner.............1111111111—10
Bire...............1100111101— 7 Hess...............1100110011— 6

No. 3:
Hartner............1110111111— 9 Gegner.............1101111111— 9
J Hill.............1110011011— 7 Hess...............1010101011— 6
Bire...............1111111001— 8 Catiz..............1101110111— 8

No. 4:
J Hill.............1101110111— 8 Wonder.............1101111011— 8
Link...............1000100101— 4 Fitch..............1010110111— 7
Bire...............1101010111— 7 Catiz..............1111101110— 8

No. 5:
Wm Hall............1110110111— 7 Gegner.............1111101011— 8
Bire...............1111011101— 8 Hortner............1111111111—10
Catiz..............1111011111— 9 Catiz..............1101110111— 8

No. 6:
J Hill.............1101110011— 7 Gegner.............1111111111—10
Link...............1001010011— 5 Hartner............1111111111—10
Bire...............1111110101— 8 Hess...............1101000111— 6
Catiz..............1111101111— 9 Wm Hall............1100101000— 4
Shackleford........1011011011— 7 Steever............1101111011— 8
Wonder.............1101101110— 7 Wahr...............1001101101— 6

No. 7.
Wonder.............1101011101— 7 Kimble.............1001100111— 6
Gegner.............1111101111— 9 Catiz..............1110111111— 9
Steever............1011110111— 8 Shackleford........1101110110— 7
Hess...............1010101011— 6 Wm Hall............1010001011— 5
Wahr...............1010110111— 7

J. A. Hartner was backed to break 45 Standard Keystone targets out of 50; he made the remarkable score of 50 straight:
J A Hartner..............1111111111111111111111111—25
                         1111111111111111111111111—25—50

J. A. HILL.

Port Chester Gun Club.

PORT CHESTER, N. Y., July 4:
E B Lyon..................0011100000100101000101111—10
J Anthes, Jr...............0010001001110011101111111—15
S B Rice...................1111111110111111101011101—21
H Klaus....................1011001010111100011011101—15
F Place....................0100000010010011111111110— 5
F Slagts...................0010000000000100011100110— 8

Gateway City Sportsmen's Club.

La Crosse, Wis., July 5.—The following scores were made yesterday at the tournament of the Gateway City Sportsmen's Club, American Association rules governing:

No. 1, 7 bluerocks, known angles, entry $1.25: West 7, Poze 6, Lehman 7, Dresden 6, Hunt 7, Holcomb 7, Lalor 3, Artz 5, Schmitz 6, Sibler 4, Keating 5, Toland 3, O. H. Clark 7, Kratchwil 7, Eusel 7, Boyd 2, W. H. Clark 3.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks, entry $1.50: West 6, Poze 6, Lehman 9, Dresden 8, Hunt 8, Holcomb 7, Lalor 9, Artz 7, Schmitz 7, Sibler 7, Keating 7, Toland 5, O. H. Clark 9, Kratchwil 7, Eusel 8, Boyd 8, W. H. Clark 8, Singer 8. Pair of ladies' satin slippers to winner, won by A. L. Lebman.

No. 3, 10 bluerocks, unknown angles, entry $1.25: West 6, Poze 7, Lehman 7, Dresden 8, Hunt 9, Holcomb 9, Lalor 6, Artz 4, Schmitz 8, Sibler 6, Keating 8, Toland 7, O. H. Clark 7, Krutchwil 6, Eusel 6, Boyd 3, W. H. Clark 8, Singer 8. Silk umbrella to winner; won by A. O. Hunt.

No. 4, 15 bluerocks, entry $1.75, $10 added by club:

West	011010111101111—11	Keating	101111101110110—11
Page	111110111111011—13	Toland	010111000010101— 7
Lehman	111111111111111—15	O H Clark	011100111110011—10
Dresden	101111110110010— 9	Kratchwil	111011111110010—11
Hunt	110111110111111—13	Ensel	111111001111111—13
Holcomb	111010110111011—10	Boyd	111010101100111—10
Lalor	111111110111110—13	W H Clark	011001111111011—11
Artz	111111010111111—13	Singer	111111101011111—12
Schmitz	111011011011111—12	Strout	100011011111111—11
Sibler	110010111110101 - 10		

No. 5, 10 bluerocks, eutry $1: West 9, Poze 7, Lehman 9, Dresden 6, Hunt 10, Holcombe 9, Lalor 8, Artz 9, Schmitz 8, Keating 7, Toland 6, O. H. Clark 6, Kratchwil 6, Ensel 9, Boyd 7, W. H. Clark 5, Singer 8, Strout 8, Petrick 7. Split-bamboo fishing rod won by A. O. Hunt.

No. 6, team shoot, 20 bluerocks, entry $1:

Gateway City Sportsman's Club.

West	11011111111001111111—17
Hunt	11011011001111111111—16
Lehman	10110011010101111111—14
Ensel	11111110111111101100—16
Keating	10101111111111110100—15—78

Winona Sportsman's Club.

Lalor	11111111011111111101—18
Schmitz	11111101111111101000—15
Poze	01111111111111001101—16
Artz	11111110110110110111—16
O H Clarke	11111111101011111111—18—83

La Crosse Team No. 2.

Dresden	01100111111111111111—17
H H Clark	01010111110111111100—14
Kratchwil	11111111110111110101—17
Boyd	01111111111111011010—16
Holcomb	11111111111101011111—18 -82

No. 7, 5 pairs and 5 singles, entry $1.50:

West	01 10 00 11 10—01111— 9	Schmitz	00 11 00 00 00—00101— 4
Poze	11 00 10 11 10—11111—11	Keating	10 01 00 10 10—10000— 5
Lehman	11 10 00 10 10—11111—10	O H Clark	11 11 10 11 01—10111—12
Dresden	10 10 10 10 10—01011— 8	Kratchwil	11 11 11 10 11—10111—14
Hunt	10 10 11 10 11—00111—10	Ensel	10 00 10 10 00—10100— 5
Holcomb	10 11 10 10 10—11111—11	Boyd	10 10 10 11 10—11110—10
Lalor	11 00 10 11 00—11101— 9	H H Clark	10 10 01 10 10—10000— 6
Artz	10 00 10 10 10—11101— 8	Singer	10 01 11 00 00—11011— 8

No. 8, 15 bluerocks, $10 added by club, entry $1.50:

West	111111111111111—15	A H Clark	110101110101011—10
Page	110001010111011— 9	Kratchwil	011110111111111—13
Lehman	010011111111111—12	Ensel	111101111001110—11
Dresden	010001101001001— 6	Boyd	010111101100101— 9
Hunt	111011110111001—11	W H Clark	100011111111111—12
Holcomb	111111011111011—13	Singer	011111100111110—11
Lalor	111110101111111—13	Strout	111101111101010—11
Artz	110011111110101—11	Petrick	111110101111000—10
Schmitz	111110001100011— 9	Grigg	011010001000001— 5
Sibley	011010111101001— 9	Fay	011000100000001— 4
Keating	101100111111011—11		

No. 9, 10 bluerocks, entry $1.25: West 9, Poze 9, Lehman 10, Dresden 5, Hunt 10, Holcomb 9, Lalor 9, Artz 10, Schmitz 6, Keating 3, O. H. Clark 8, Kratchwil 9, Ensel 6, Boyd 9, W. H. Clark 8, Strout 7, Petrick 9, Fay 7.

No. 10, 10 bluerocks, entry $1: West 9, Poze 9, Lehman 8, Dresden 8, Hunt 9, Holcomb 6, Lalor 10, Artz 8, Keating 5, O. H. Clark 7, Kratchwil 9, Ensel 7, Boyd 5, W. H. Clark 9, Strout 4, Petrick 7, Fay 5.

Best average, gold medal and box cigars, H. O. Hunt; second average, Novelty dress pattern and 100 cigars, Lehman and Lalor; third average, silk umbrella, dress shirt and slippers, W. W. Holcomb; fourth average, buffalo horn brush case and set Shakespeare's works, M. Kratchwil; fifth average, stand lamp and pocket flask (loaded), H. E. West.

The Fourth at Grand Rapids.

The first open tournament of the Valley City Gun Club was fairly well attended by the home shooters, and Messrs. Wm. Watts, of Jackson; S. A. Crowell, of Hastings; J. E. Nichols and H. Sweet, of Lansing, and Ben. O. Bush and Wm. O'Byrne, of Kalamazoo, were also participants in the various matches. The club has a large membership, composed of influential sportsmen, and the shooting grounds are finely situated and easy of access, being but twelve minutes' ride over an electric line of cars which lands you but a block distant from the grounds. The club has a good shooting house, the traps are well pitted and screened, while to-day an awning covers the entire length of the firing points, and three tents, with chairs, tables and gun racks therein, have been placed to accommodate all visitors. A caterer served a fine lunch at noontime, the same being duly appreciated by every one who partook of same; and nothing marred the pleasure of the day's sport until a thunder shower came up in the afternoon. In a few minutes after it began to rain the electric pull refused to work on account of improper insulation as caused by the wet. Four new batteries were added to strengthen the electric current, which improved matters somewhat, although the pull still worked imperfect and uncertain, causing much annoyance. In order that the shooting public may know that Grand Rapids is alive, the club will give a big tournament in 1894, adding at least $500 to the purses. Scores:

No. 1, 10 singles, known traps and angles: Natton 9, Falcon 8, Holcomb 10, Hughart 4, Nichols 9, Nessbaumer 7, Sweet 9, Kelsey 6, Calkins 8, Frelligh 7, Morse 6, Faulkner 3.

No. 2, 10 singles: Frelligh 6, Morse 8, Kilsey 8, Sweet 6, Hansen 2, Coleman 6, Allen 3, Nessbaumer 6, Davidson 5, Calkins 8, Macfie 6, Gould 8, Nichols 7, Walton 8, Holcomb 7, Faulkner 4, Wharton 6, Hughart 5.

No. 3, 15 singles, known traps and engles:

Falcon	111111111010011—12	Nessbaumer	001010010111110— 8
Walton	111111111011111—14	Macfie	101001001000010 — 5
Morse	110111111110011—12	South	010100111101011— 9
Kelsey	111011001111100—10	Davidson	111011110111011—12
Holcomb	111011111111111—14	Freligh	111110111110111—13
Nichols	111111101111111—14	Calkins	000101000111101— 7
Faulkner	001011011111100— 9	Hansen	101010000000101— 5
Coleman	111101111111111—14	Bush	111101111110111—13
Sweet	110101010111000— 8	O'Byrne	110111111111111—14
Hugbart	010011101001000— 6	Carpenter	011100110000101— 7
Allen	001000110000000— 3	Crowell	101111011110111—12

No. 4, 10 singles, traps and angles unknown, one man up, 5 traps:

Hughart	0000110011—4	Davidson	0011110101—5
Kelsey	0101001111—6	Hansen	0011100000—3
Faulkner	0111101011—7	Crowell	1100111111—8
Holcomb	1011100100—5	Bush	0011001010—4
Nichols	1110101001—6	Watts	1111101011—8
Nussbaumer	0100100101—4	O'Byrne	1111011000—6
Monse	0011000110—4	Carpenter	0101110010—5
Wharton	0101110011—6	Norris	0001010000—2
Gould	1111101010—7	Calkins	0101110101—6
Walton	1110100011—6	Freeleigh	0110101001—5
Macfie	1010011010—5		

Trap Shot.

Western Traps.

In a letter to the Western office of Forest and Stream, under date of July 6, Mr. John Watson, who is famous as a provider of instantaneous birds, explains his plans for a fall tournament as follows:

"I have commenced arrangements for a big shoot, 'World's Fair International,' or anything you see fit to call it, but it will be a fact at any rate. The probable dates will be October 2 to 7; in fact, will be, unless something comes up to cause a change. I had thought of September 25 to 30, but I see the Pennsylvania Association hold their tournament September 26 to 29.

"The first two days will be given over to sweepstakes shooting at live birds and targets, in the ordinary fashion, and the third day will open up with a great international sweep at live pigeons, 100 birds, entrance $125, including cost of birds. The highest scores to win—under five entries, one money—five to eight, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.—nine to twelve, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.—over twelve, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The American Shooting Association rules will govern, with a few exceptions—the boundary, for instance, will be the Illinois horseshoe; no gun larger than a 12g. 8lbs. allowed; rise, 30yds.; charge of shot limited to 1¼oz., Dixon dipper. In order to get up some kind of a trophy to present to the high winner or champion, tickets, good for the tournament, will be sold at $1 each, and the entire proceeds of the tickets will be devoted to the purchase of such trophy. I hope the purchasers of tickets will come forward liberally so that something worthy of the event may be produced. As for myself, I shall give the collecting and care of birds my personal attention and use my best efforts to furnish the finest and evenest lot of pigeons I ever trapped." B. Waters.

Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club.

Mount Kisco, N. Y., July 4:

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, 75 cents entry:

Birrell	1010000110— 4	Sutton	0111011010— 6
Betti	0110001111— 6	Ward	1.11111111—10
Schortemeier	0101111111— 8	Woodruff	1110111001— 7
Paulding	0101100001— 4	Capron	1111111101— 9
Sent	0111111101— 8		

No. 2, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry:

C Lent	1111110111—9	Sutton	1101001110 -6
Schort	1111111011—9	E Ward	1110110111—8
Woodruff	0111010101—6	Betti	1011100110—6
Capron	1010111101—7	Birrell	0011010011—5
Paulding	1011000011—5		

No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entry:

Lent	111010111111011—12	Capron	010111101111101—11
Schort	111101110111111—12	E Ward	111111111111111—15
Woodruff	111111011110101—12	Sutton	011010110111110—10

No. 4, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry:

Capron	1111111111—10	E Ward	0111111111— 9
Woodruff	1011111111— 9	C Lent	1111110110— 7
Schort	1111111111— 9	Bettl	0111110110— 8

No. 5, 10 bluerocks, $1 entry:

Woodruff	0111011111— 8	Lent	1111111110— 9
E Ward	1111101111— 9	Dunn	0000001000— 1
Short	1110110011— 7	Sutton	0110100111— 6
Capron	1111111101— 9	Paulding	0000100110— 3

No. 6, 10 bluerocks, entry $1:

Lent	1011100111— 7	Woodruff	1110110100— 6
Field	1000001000— 2	Capron	1111111111—10
Hoff	1001011010— 5	Odell	1011101011— 7
Sbort	1111101111— 9	Ward	1001010111— 6

No. 7, 15 bluerocks, 5 singles and 5 doubles, entry $1 50:

Capron	01111 10 00 00 11 10— 8	Odell	00110 00 11 00 00 11— 6
Short	11011 11 00 00 10 10— 8	E Ward	11111 00 10 10 11 10—10
Woodruff	10001 01 01 11 11 10— 9	G Sutton	01010 10 10 10 10 00— 6

No. 8, 7 live birds, four moneys, entry $5:

C Lent	1211021—6	Woodruff	1111212—7
Short	1221122—7	Capron	1000112—4
E Ward	1110221—6	J T Hyland	1001201—4
Paulding	0100200—2	J Heuff	1102101—5
Odell	0201121 – 5	Wesley	2211010—5

No. 9, 10 bluerocks, entry $1:

Ellard	0101101111—7	Hyland	1000100101—4
Sbort	1101110110—7	Diehl	0110101000—4
Woodruff	1100101100—5	Sberwood	0100110100—4
Capron	1011111111—9	Huff	1001011100—5
Lent	0111011111—8	Sutton	1011010011—6

No. 10, 15 bluerocks, entry $1.50:

Capron	111111110111101—13	Odell	001011001111100— 8
Sbort	111111110111111—14	Lowden	001010100001010— 5
E Ward	010111111111111—13	Platt	011010111100111—10
Woodruff	010011011111100— 9	Betti	110001101011010— 8

No. 11, 10 bluerocks, entry $1:

Platt	1111111100—8	Capron	1111111111—10
Schort	1011011110 – 7	E Ward	1110111101— 8
Woodruff	1001101111—7	Odell	1001110010— 5

No. 12, 10 bluerocks, entry $1:

Platt	0111101111— 8	Schort	1111111111—10
Capron	1111111111—10	Woodruff	1100000111— 5
Ward	0111111111— 9	Sutton	1101010110— 6

Live-bird miss-and-out, entry $1:

Platt	0	Wesley	11110
E Ward	11111	Ward	110
Schort	11110	Odell	10

New London Gun Club.

New London, July 7.—Inclosed please find scores made by the members of the New London Gun Club at a regular weekly shoot held on their grounds this day. The weather was fair and hot, with a soft, gentle southwest breeze off the Sound which made life bearable, but would not keep the gun barrels very cool. The attendance was light for a club with a large membership; but people have to work in New London during the summer months when the city folks are here in order that they may look to their dogs and guns when the close season is off. The shooting was very difficult, the targets being thrown from the new expert traps, which makes the amateur stop and wonder what he was pointing at. But I tell you, boys, it is interesting and a great deal of satisfaction when you do "smother them."

No. 1, 20 Keystones: Penrose 16, Strong 13, Bindlass 13, Bush 13, Wetherell 8, Clinton 8.

No. 2, 10 singles: Penrose 8, Strong 6, Bindlass 6, Wetherell 1.

No. 3, 15 singles: Penrose 15, Strong 11.

No. 4, 25 singles, Club Championship Race.

Penrose	1111111111111111111111111—25
Strong	1011100010101111010010101—14
Bindlass	1011100111101110111110101—18
Bush	1100101001100111100001100—12
Wetherell	1010000100100010100000111— 8
Clinton	0000100101101101011110010—12

No. 5, 25 Keystones: Penrose 19, Strong 20, Bindlass 17, Bush 17, Clinton 18. Klint.

Takoma Gun Club.

Takoma, July 5.—Below find winning scores made at the tournament of the Takoma Gun Club yesterday:

No. 1, 10 targets: Carroll and Brasshears 10, Crensbaw and Hunter 9, Osborne 8.

No. 2, 10 targets: Osborne 9, Carroll, Brassbears and Ford 8, Hunter and King 7.

No. 3, 15 targets: Hunter 13, Osborne, Carroll and Brassbears 12, Stubbs and Crenshaw 11.

No. 4, 10 targets: Osborne 8, Carroll, Brasshears, Hunter, Crensbaw, Stubbs 7, Ford 5.

No. 5, 20 targets: Steel 17, Osborne 16, Hunter and Carroll 15.

No. 6, 10 targets: Carroll 10, Steel 9, Hunter and Stubbs 8.

No. 7, 15 targets: Osborne 14, Carroll 13, Ford and Hunter 12.

No. 8, 10 targets: Stubbs 10, Carroll and Brasshears 9, Crensbaw and Hunter 8.

No. 9, 15 targets: Carroll and Steel 14, Hunter 13, Brassbears and Ford 12.

No. 10, 20 targets: Osborne 20, McKelden 19, Hunter 18.

No. 11, 10 targets: Stubbs, Ford, Carroll and Steel 9, Crenshaw, Hunter, Brasshears and Mattingly 8, Osborne 7.

No. 12, 10 targets: Stubs 10, Hunter and Osborne 9, McKelden 7.

No. 13, 10 targets: Lay 9, McKelden, Gibbs, Ford and Stubbs 7, Brasshears 6.

No. 14, 10 targets: Crenshaw, McKelden and King 10, Stubs 8, Brasshears 7.

No. 15, 10 targets: Viers 10, Dawson 9, Hurley and Babbett 8.

No. 16, 10 targets: Peter 9, Brasshear and Gibbs 7, Hurley 6.

No. 17, 25 target team race, six men on each team, between Takoma Park Gun club and Rockville rod and gun club:

Takoma team		Rockville team.	
Carroll	24	Peter	24
McKelden	23	Rabbett	21
Brasshear	23	Hurley	20
Lay	21	Viers	19
Crensbaw	20	Warfield	19
Ford	14—125	Dawson	14—117

Shooting at Ingersoll Park.

Des Moines, Ia., July 5.—The following scores were made yesterday at Ingersoll Park:

No. 1, 10 single targets: Bennett 3, Whitney 8, Ulner 10, Hiatt 1, Yawger 7, Thrailkill 2.

No. 2, 10 singles: McCartney 3, Hiatt 7, Hinkson 2, Wm Kessler 5, C. H. Kesler 0, Daugberty 4, Ward 3, Yawger 4, Thrailkill 2, T. C. McCartney 2, Campbell 3, Whitney 7.

No. 3, 10 singles: McCartney 5, Hiatt 5, Ward 3, Daugherty 5, Thrailkill 1, Wm. Kessler 6, C. H. Kessler 7, F. C. McCartney 3, Sale 3, Campbell 4, Hursh 2, Eustis 4, Whitney 6, F. Campbell 4, Switzer 0, Younker 4.

No. 5, 10 singles: Bragg 3, C. H. Kessler 1, Oelke 0, Hursh 3, Whitney 5, Smith 5, W. Kessler 5, Augleberger 5, Younker 5, Forbes 3, Madden 1, Conger 6.

No. 6, 10 singles: Brown 6, Stewart 3, C. H. Kessler 1, Kinzie 4, Smith 4, Forbes 5. Angleberger 8, Madden 6, Sherwood 4, W. Kessler 6, Bragg 7, Hursh 0, Oelte 1, Buck 0, Whitney 6, Hinken 5.

No. 7, 10 singles: Hursh 4, Stewart 3, Brown 5, Angleberger 6, Younker 2, Sherwood 5, Hinkson 6, Haughtling 6, Forbes 6, Whitney 7, Bragg 7, Smith 7, Kinzie 6, Kessler 7, Jones 2, Schuyler 3.

No. 8, 10 singles: Kessler 6, Bragg 5, Augleberger 8, Hinkeson 5, Brown 2, Scbuyler 4, Forbes 7, Scott 2, Yawger 8, Milner 9, Keyes 3, Erwin 3, Smith 4, Godby 2, Hursh 2.

No. 9, 10 singles, $1 equitable: Kinzle 3, Gwinn 7, Bragg 4, Schuyler 1, Godby 3, W. Kessler 4, Yawger 8, Angleberger 10, Crain 1, Hinkson 6.

No. 10, 25 singles, special: Hiatt 10, Milner 23, Jones 5, Gwinn 24, Angleberger 17, Kessler 14.

Calumet Heights Gun Club.

Calumet Heights, Ind., July 5.—The members of the Calumet Heights Club spent their Fourth of July at their shooting grounds, the main attraction being the shooting contest. The contest was between club members only, but there existed sufficient rivalry between them to make the sport very interesting.

The first event was a sweepstakes, with 16 entries, at 5 live birds. The following brought down 5 birds: W. M. Booth, G. C. Lamphere, Dr. C. Carson, F. R. Bissell, Wells Isbell. A. C. Patterson, L. F. Lang, Jas. T. Hall and Dr. F. A. Hodson killed 4 out of 5.

In the second event, at 10 live birds, Booth took first prize, 100 loaded shells, and T. N. McCauley the second, a handsome leather shell box. Dr. Carson, R. A. Turtle and W. M. Booth won first money, and Lamphere, Bissell and Laing took second.

Ten live birds furnished the sport for the next event. Booth brought down the full quota. Turtle and Dr. L. L. Davis took second money. Booth was given the gold medal for having made the most birds in all the four contests. The medal is of gold, having a pigeon stamped in the upper half.

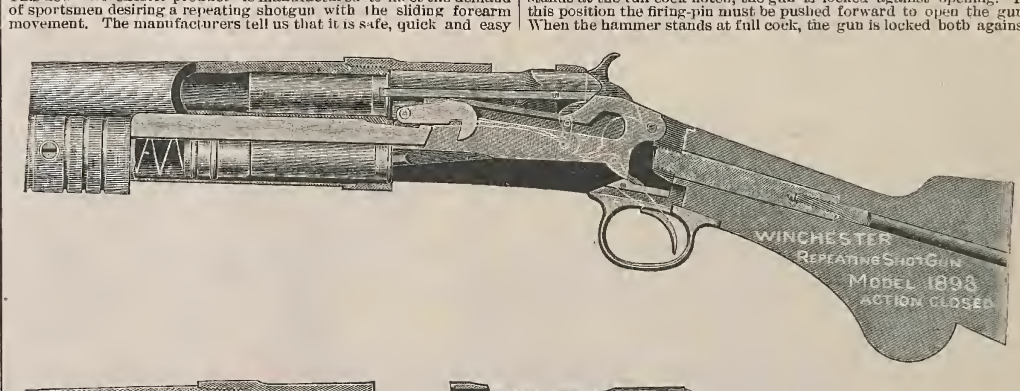
The programme closed with a shoot at 25 bluerocks from unknown traps. A great number of entries competed for the four prizes. The results were: Bissell, first prize, casting rod, 20 birds; Lamphere, second prize, shooting blouse, 17 birds; Patterson, third prize, set of loading tools, 16 birds; Carson, fourth prize, pearl-handled knife in case, 15 birds.

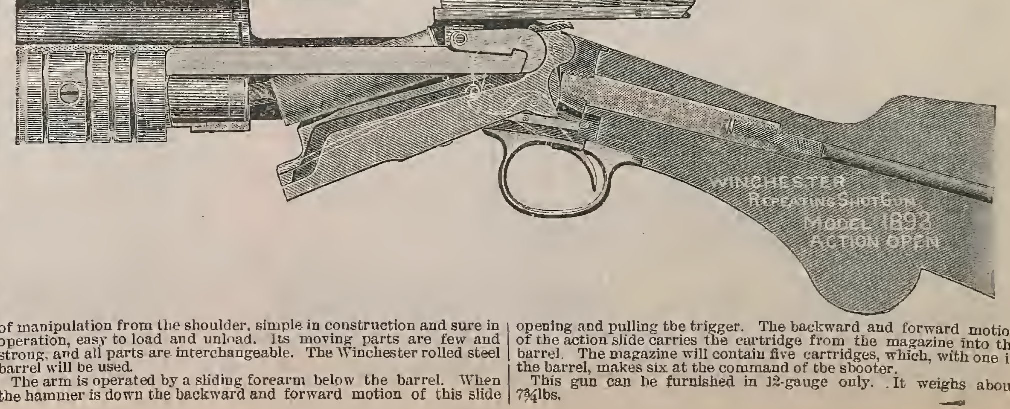
Many of the members brought their families and friends, and several picnic parties were held along the shore of the lake. The club has a fine fleet of boats which were extensively patronized. The beach in front of the club house is unexcelled for bathing, and many enjoyed themselves in the waters of Lake Michigan. Of the 90 members enrolled, fully 60 were present with their families yesterday.

A New Repeating Shotgun.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. are about to put on the market a new repeating shotgun, which they designate as the model of 1893. This new "Winchester product" is manufactured to meet the demand of sportsmen desiring a repeating shotgun with the sliding forearm movement. The manufacturers tell us that it is safe, quick and easy of manipulation from the shoulder, simple in construction and sure in operation, easy to load and unload. Its moving parts are few and strong, and all parts are interchangeable. The Winchester rolled steel barrel will be used.

The arm is operated by a sliding forearm below the barrel. When the hammer is down the backward and forward motion of this slide unlocks and opens the breech-block, ejects cartridge or fired shell and replaces it with a fresh cartridge. The construction of the arm is such that the hammer cannot fall, or the firing-pin strike the cartridge until the breech block is in place and locked fast. While the hammer stands at the full cock notch, the gun is locked against opening. In this position the firing-pin must be pushed forward to open the gun. When the hammer stands at full cock, the gun is locked both against





opening and pulling the trigger. The backward and forward motion of the action slide carries the cartridge from the magazine into the barrel. The magazine will contain five cartridges, which, with one in the barrel, makes six at the command of the shooter.

This gun can be furnished in 12-gauge only. It weighs about 7¾lbs.

Towanda Gun Club.

TOWANDA, Pa., July 5.—The traps are in place, trappers at their posts, squads filled, the shooters line up facing the traps for the first round, a voice that has been out the night before celebrating the glorious Fourth sings out "pull" and the tournament of the Towanda Gun Club has opened for July 4, 1893. An object resembling a black saucer, with a yellow ring frescoed thereon, is seen flying through the air, the gunner facing No. 1 trap takes careful aim as he supposes, but the target lands among the reeds and willows along the river margin, to be retrieved as referee calls out "lost bird." The next two flying disks are broken, the following five lost, and so continues the sport until all present are satisfied.

Our grounds are situated on the banks of the Susquehanna River, many targets falling in its waters, being low and shallow at this point, and at this season of the year a number are retrieved. A large gravel bar covered with dark green willows makes a dark green background. Bluerock traps, having the new Standard-Keystone carrier adjusted, with Keystone targets, were used, and being thrown very swift and hard, a stiff breeze often making them vary in flight, mad the shooting difficult, as the scores will testify.

The following persons participated: Joe Adams, Waverly, N. Y.; Wm. Von Wolfradt, J. H. Albert and F. Forbes, Athens, Pa.; Wm Meehan, Long Valley, Pa.; Fred Emery, Evergreen, Pa.; Wallace Dimock, Liberty Corners, Pa.; Willard Shiner and Jay Ward, Towanda, Pa.; Montanye, Rittenhurg and Dittrich, also of Towanda.

All events but Nos. 6 and 7 were 75 cents entrance, rapid-firing system, under American Assocition rules.

No. 7, 10 singles, rapid firing system, 9 singles unknown angles and 3 pairs, American Association rules, for county and club badges, entrance $1.50:

Montanye	1110101111011111111	10 11 11—21
Albert	0100100101111111011	00 00 01—13
Dittrich	1100101101111000110	00 10 10—13
Ward	1001111101000000111	10 00 10—13
Von Wolfradt	1100001111000011111	10 00 00—12
Shiner	1011000100111101010	10 00 00—12
Adams	1000110100001000001	00 10 01— 8

W. F. DITTRICH, Sec'y.

Thanks from Knoxville.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Knoxville Gun Club feel it to be a duty as well as a pleasure to express to their many friends among the sporting fraternity their sincere appreciation of the numerous kind words of commendation we hear expressed directly and indirectly relative to the success attendant upon our meeting of May 23, 24, 25, 1893.

It is with pleasure and thanks we beg to assure the trap editors of the FOREST AND STREAM, and each and every shooter who was with us upon that occasion, that we fully appreciate and are deeply gratified for all such expressions as: "Largest attendance; best purses; less kicking, smoothest run; clock-work precision; best system of handicap; nothing like the fine system of office work; gentlemanly patience to all inquiries; in fact, the best all round shoot I ever attended."

We do not claim perfection, but we do claim business principles and gentlemanly assistance from the shooters themselves, combined with the great aid of our editorial friends of the sporting papers is bound to make a successful issue to any tournament.

Come again, boys, May, '94, and we will be glad to see you all and promise you even a better shoot, and, we trust, just as pleasant a time. Thanks to one and all for courtesies.

Respectfully,
KNOXVILLE GUN CLUB,
Per R. VAN GILDER, Sec'y.

Fourth at Red Hook.

RED HOOK, N. Y., July 5.—Inclosed I send you condensed scores of our shoot of the Fourth. Bluerock targets and traps were used. The shooting was at known angles, excepting that a cross wind made the flight of the targets very uncertain.

R. J. CARROLL, Sec'y.

Fifteen targets in each of the following contests:

	1	2	5	6	7	8			1	2	5	6	7	8	
Dr Cooking'm	12	8	8	7	6	..	41	W S Smith	..	11	10	12	11	10	13—67
O Haviland	..	7	7	8	6	11	..—39	Dewey	..	7	6	8	11	5	7—44
Geo H Cramer	13	10	12	11	11	..	..—57	Hainor	..	7	5	6	7	7	—32
Wm Weston	..	11	12	12	13	8	12—68	Dr R J Carroll	14	15	12	13	15	..	..—69
John W Bain	..	14	10	11	12	12	..—59	H V Steenbu'h	9	6	10	..	..	..	..—25
J H Decker	..	10	9	9	9	8	6—51	Link	..	5	5	5	..	..	..—15

No. 3, 2 man team race, 24 targets, known angles:

Cramer	16	Cookingham	12
Bain	16—32	Carroll	21—33
Weston	18	Decker	11
Dewey	11—29	Smith	20—31

No. 4, 9 targets: Rev. O. Haviland 3, Rev. W. Philips 4.

Colt Gun Club Medal Shoot.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 1:

Willey	111111111111111111111111	—25
Hotchkiss	111111111111111111111111	—24
Melrose	111111111111111011110111	—23
Manross	111101101111111111111111	—23
Decker	110111111111111101110111	—23
Williamson	111111101111101101111111	—22
Vibberts	111111001101111111111111	—22
Olmsted	111011101101111111011111	—21
Cook	010111011111111101111111	—21
Collins	011010111111101101011111	—19
McMullen	100010111001011101111011	—16
Sexton	100111101010110110101111	—16
Colt	100000101010110110001011	—11
Peard	110001000001001001010011	—10

The Standard Gun Club.

THE Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, Md., gave an all-day shoot at their shooting ground, Acton's Park, on July 4. The programme consisted of four 10-target sweeps, two 15-target events and a 50-target race for the individual championship of Maryland, the club in this race giving a handsome silver cup to the winner. The race was won by Mr. H. T. Ducker, of the Standard Club, after tying Mr. Hunt, our last year's champion on 46 breaks out of 50, and then shooting him out in the tie.

No 1, 10 singles: Franklin 10, Bond 7, Hunt 8, Willey 5, Smith 8, Devall 8, Claridge 9, Dyson 7, Bosly 5, Jory 8, Gross 8, Williams 5, Kalter 6, Buckbee 9, Ethridge 5, Chase 6, Lotz 5, Storr 8, Lupus 9, Clements 9.

No. 2, 10 singles: Franklin 9, Bond 8, Devall 6, Willey 8, Chase 4, Smith 7, Claridge 10, Ethridge 7, Hunt 9, Bosley 5, Lupus 9, Buckbee 5, Jory 7, Clements 9, Williams 7, Lotz 6, Ducker 9, Storr 9.

No. 3, 15 singles: Franklin 13, Ducker 14, Bond 11, Deval 14, Willey 11, Smith 12, Claridge 12, Tracy 9, Jory 10, Bosley 7, Williams 8, Gross 12, Lupus 13, Clements 14, Chase 10, Lotz 11, Buckbee 12, Storr 12.

No. 4, 10 singles: Hunt 9, Storr 7, Bosley 7, Joy 6, Willey 10, Jack 10, Clements 7, Claridge 6, Lupus 9, Bond 7, Lotz 8, Williams 8, Chase 7, Tracy 7, Buckbee 8, Devall 10.

Championship race, 50 singles:

Franklin	41	Storr	37
Devall	41	Jory	37
Bosley	21	Edel	36
Willey	39	Chase	30
Bond	42	Ducker	46
Smith	38	Ethridge	27
Hunt	46	Lupus	39
Buckbee	40		

Claridge 41
Williams 37
Lotz 29
Clements 43
Gross w
Kalter 25
Dyson w

Tie shot off at 20 singles:

Hunt 17 Ducker 19

H. E. LUPUS, Sec'y.

The Findlay Gun Club.

THE following scores were made at the Fourth of July shoot of the (Ohio) Gun Club:

No. 1, 25 singles: Ritter 22, Karg 21, Tritch 18, Yerger 14, Clark 13, Stein 12, Nisely 9, Loonis 9, Guise 8 and Barton 6. The prizes were awarded in the order named and were a deerfoot knife, a smoking set, a pair of kid gloves, a necktie, hammock and a roast of beef.

No. 2, 10 singles: Evans 9, Boggs 8, Karg 7, Clark 6, Guise 5, Rosenbaum 4, Nisely 5, Stein 4, Ritter 4, Hibbet 8, Barton 1 and Tritch 9.

No. 3, 25 singles: Only persons who never shot were allowed to contest: Elsea 13 Coons 11, Gillespie 10, Thompson 8, Skinny 7, Morrison 6, Duffield 5, Gass 5, Jarbeau 5, Dennison 3 and Kimmons 2.

No. 4, 10 singles: Guise 7, Rosenbaum 5, Evans 8, Spear 4, Clark 4 Johnson 7, Ritter 7, Dennis 6, Boggs 7, Duffield 6, Gillespie 8, Barton 3, Stein 8, Yerger 5, Shaefer 5, Gallagher 6, Tritch 6, Thompson 5, Coons 1, Dennison 4, Loonis 7.

No. 5, 25 singles: Evans 19, Boggs 22, Duffield 16, Dennis 16, Elsea 13, Gillespie 17, Coons 12, Rosenbaum 13, Dennison 11, Barton 9, Clark 10, Niseley 4, Guise 14, Ritter 18, Wilcox 19, Steen 17, Yerger 15 and Spear 11.

No. 5, 10 singles: Guise 8, Yerger 7, Dennison 3, Evans 10, Clark 5, Ritter 7, Rosenbaum 8, Grubb 1, Dennison 7, Duffield 3, Steen 3, Elsea 9, Graves 2, Thompson 5, Dennis 4, Gillespie 6, Loonis 4, Bartoon 3.

No. 7, 15 singles: Guise 10, Evans 11, Clark 9, Ritter 11, Bartoon 11, Dennis 7, Loomis 10, Duffield 10, Elsea 12, Steen 13, Gillespie 10, Graves 3.

John Ritter got the silk umbrella for making the best average. Charley Steen got the second best average. Clark had the lowest average.

Paterson's First Live Bird Shoot.

PATERSON, N. J., the great city of silk and locomotive manufacturies, boasts of over 60,000 population. This population is a mixed one, as in all manufacturing cities, and includes several thousand Englishmen. Now Englishmen, as a rule, are fond of live pigeon shooting from the trap, and it is rather strange that while live bird shooting has flourished in all the towns immediately contiguous to the city, its inhabitants had never had an opportunity to witness an open contest on their native heath previous to Thursday, July 6. Private matches were shot occasionally hut as these were not advertised the public knew nothing of them until they were by-gones. On the above date, however, they were given an opportunity of witnessing the initial open contest, which was arranged by T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, and C. H. Townsend, of FOREST AND STREAM. About 200 availed themselves of the privilege thus accorded. Had the shoot been held on the previous day, when all the factories were closed, the attendance would have been heavy.

Williard's Park is situated on the Little Falls road, about three miles by electric cars from the Erie depot. On the opposite side of the road flows the Passaic River, the water at this point being as clear as crystal. About 100yds. back from the main entrance, nestling in a pretty grove is the park hotel, and about 100yds. in the rear of this is the baseball ground where the shoot was held. The grounds are inclosed, and to the left of the entrance is a well huilt and commodious grand stand. The traps were set on the diamond, the center trap being eastsoutheast from the score, toward the corner of the grounds. The background was the green hills about a mile distant. The ground was almost perfectly level. The boundary was the fence on three sides and the dead line was marked by lime from corner to corner of the grand stand. Some of the old veterans present declared this to be the finest ground on which they had ever shot. The weather was delightful, the sun shining clear and bright and there being a brisk southwesterly wind to take the edge off the heat of the sun and to assist the birds in their flight.

The shoot was announced to begin at 10 A. M., but it was after the dinner hour when the first shot was fired. At this time among those present were M. F. Lindsley and his wife, "Wanda," of West Hoboken; Mr. and Mrs. John Leonard and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Class, of Morristown; J. H. Richmond and G. T. Hollister, of New York: Chas. Lenone, of Passaic; Eddy Collins, of West Hoboken; J. W. Hoffman, of German Valley; W. S. Canon and Samuel Castle, of Newark; W. G. "Holhs," of Harrison; "Dutchy" Smith, of Plainfield; T. W. Morfey, of Paterson; C. H. Townsend, of FOREST AND STREAM; Aug. C. Deitrich, Wm. Dutcher, F. R. Wolf and John Ranson, of Paterson.

SAMUEL CASTLE. CHARLES SMITH.

Soon after noon it was proposed to have a "warmer" in the form of a sweepstake at 5 birds, $5 entry, 3 moncys. The result of this will be seen below, third money being shot off, miss and out, and finally divided after killing 7 each by Morfey and Canon. The birds used in this sweep were a mixed lot, poor to medium, being the culls from the 500 on hand:

Lindsley	12222	Lenone	10011
Morfey	2021•	Hoffman	22202
Class	12121	Canon	21100
Richmond	12122	Castle	12111
Hollister	22201	Green	12112
Collins	22221	Smith	1•101

—3 —4 —5 —3 —5 —4 —5 —3

Here a half hour recess was taken for dinner, and in the meantime several more shooters appeared, among them being Chas. M. Hedden of Newark; James L. Smith, of Hackettstown; T. C. Wright, of Paterson; E. C. George, of Little Falls; R. S. Roche, of Kearney, and T. Duncklee, of Paterson. Al Heritage, of Jersey City, also appeared, and a little later came John Erb, of Newark, and Noel G. Money, of Oakland.

At 1:35 P. M. the big event of the day was started, the conditions being 20 live birds per man, $20 entry, modified Hurlingham rules governing. Chas. M. Hedden, of the Newark Gun Club, was selected as referee, and the scoring was done hy the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

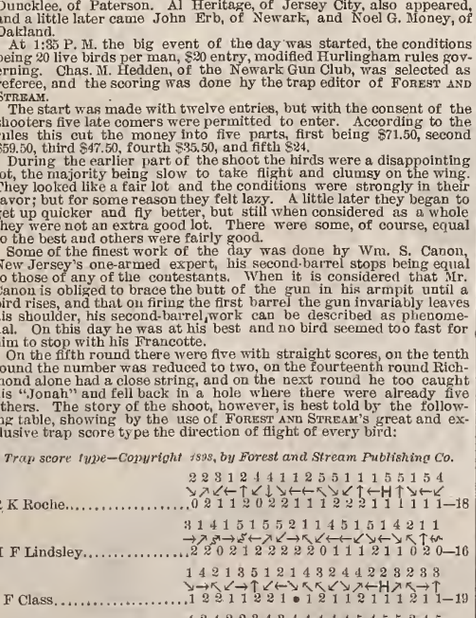
The start was made with twelve entries, but with the consent of the shooters five late comers were permitted to enter. According to the rules this put the money into five parts, first being $71.50, second $59.50, third $47.50, fourth $35.50, and fifth $24.

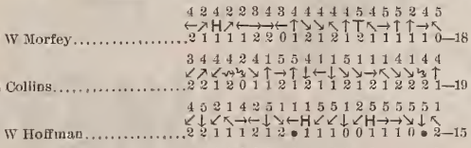
During the earlier part of the shoot the birds were a disappointing lot, the majority being slow to take flight and clumsy on the wing. They looked like a fair lot and the conditions were strongly in their favor; but for some reason they felt lazy. A little later they began to get up quicker and fly better, but still when considered as a whole they were not an extra good lot. There were some, of course, equal to the best and others were fairly good.

Some of the finest work of the day was done hy Wm. S. Canon, New Jersey's one-armed expert, his second-barrel stops being equal to those of any of the contestants. When it is considered that Mr. Canon is obliged to brace the butt of the gun in his armpit until a bird rises, and that on firing the first barrel the gun invariably leaves his shoulder, his second-barrel work can be described as phenomenal. On this day he was at his best and no bird seemed too fast for him to stop with his Francotte.

On the fifth round there were five with straight scores, on the tenth round the number was reduced to two, on the fourteenth round Richmond alone had a close string, and on the next round he too caught his "Jonah" and fell back in a hole where there were already five others. The story of the shoot, however, is best told by the following table, showing by the use of FOREST AND STREAM'S great and exclusive trap score type the direction of flight of every bird:

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.





First and second were shot off, miss-and-out, Class Collins and J. L Smith dividing the former on the seventh round, and second being divided by Morfey, Canon and Castle, after shooting eleven rounds each, when the supply of birds gave out. Roche drew his pro rata of second. Third was divided. Lindsley was fortunate in being alone for fourth, as was Hoffman for fifth.

Thus ended the first open shoot for this town, but that it will not be the last goes without the saying. If the management was not satisfactory, the fact was not stated on the grounds, in fact the unanimous opinion of all was that they had spent a most enjoyable day, and would be only too glad to pay another visit to Williard's Park.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

The Hollywood Columbia Jubilee.

A big crowd of spectators assemhled at the Hollywood grounds on July 7 to witness the Columbia Jubilee contest at 50 live birds, 30yds. rise, ties at 10 birds, $100 entry, of which 60% to first, 30% to second and 10% to third. The match resulted in a victory for L. S. Thompson on 47 kills, Welch, Hoey and Murphy heing tied for second. On the shoot-off at 10 birds Hoey missed his second and fifth, Welch and Murphy killing 10 each; and on the second run Welch won second, Murphy taking third.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

BRADDOCK, Pa., July 5.—The Eagle Gun Club, composed of some of the best amateur shots in this vicinity, of which Superintendent Gayley, of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works; Dr. Reed, of Camden; and George Anderson, of the Seventh Avenue Hotel, are leading lights, have delightful trap grounds on the topmost elevation on the hill north of Braddock. They held an all-day shoot there to-day, and had many a good argument with the shells. Joe Anderson led in the singles, breaking 109 bluerocks out of a possible 140, and Messrs. Kirk and Charley Anderson got 107 each. There were none obtained less than 95. In doubles C. A. Anderson hit 22 out of 24 and Joe got 20. Both Mr. Gayley and A. M. Scott did remarkably well for marksmen out of practice and are excellent wing shots. A sumptuous spread was served among the trees.

The International shoot to be given hy Jack Parker on Aug. 22, 23, 24 and 25, on the famous Des-chree-shos-ka Island, at the mouth of the Detroit River, promises to he an exceptionally attractive affair. Mr. Parker will have a shoot each day for a guaranteed purse of $200; also a team race with $75 for first money, entrance price of targets and a shoot for $100 purse with entrance price of targets only. There will be two trophies shot for, one at live birds and one at targets, for the championship of the United States and Canada. The tent and exhibits of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, will he on the grounds during the entire shoot.

The Meadville and Franklin (Pa.) gun clubs shot a team race on the Meadville grounds on July 4, five men per team, 25 targets per man. The scores: Franklin: Frazier 22, Mallory 20, Crawford 18, Gray 12, Wilson 25; total 97. Meadville: Miller 19, Smith 22, Clark 16, Leberman 12, Gundaker 18; total 87. The score in the second shoot was not quite as good for either team, the Franklin boys, however, holding up nearly to their previous record. Result: Meadville: Kelso 16, Porter 16, Barrackman 16, Hotchkiss 14, Winegar 18; total 81. Franklin: Frazer 20, Mallory 12, Crawford 17, Gray 24, Wilson 21; total 94.

A card from Henry Goodman and A. C. Dick ("Richard"), of Cincinnati states that at the request of numerous friends who took part in the 1892 Coney Island shoot, they have decided to repeat the affair, and have selected as the dates Aug. 16, 17 and 18. The shoot is sure to he well attended, as the two gentlemanly managers have hosts of friends all over the country. Cincinnati merchants will donate a large sum of cash to he added to each event. Programmes will be ready in a few days.

Frank Northrop of Johnstown, N. Y., was in great farm at the end of the targets he shot at. He took part in ten regular events, getting in for first place eight times and for second place twice. He shot a new Wilkesharre gun, which was completed only a few days before the shoot. His scores make a splendid showing for the gun as well as for his holding.

The Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will hold their third annual shoot at Little Rock, on Aug. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, and it is the intention of the committee to make this surpass any previous event held in the State. The shoot will be open to the world. There will he added money in a number of events.

"Uncle Dan" Lefever of the Lefever Arms Co., has presented to the West Shore Gun Club of Syracuse, a $10 gold medal to be shot for by members on the first and last Saturday of each month, and to become the property of the member winning it five times.

The sixth annual tournament of the Standard Keystone Target and Trap Co. will be held on Aug. 22, 23, 24 and 25. The Standard Keystone trophy will be shot for on the first day; L. C. Smith cup on the second and the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy on the third. The fourth day will be known as championship day. The Pequot House will be the shooters' headquarters.

The Hollywood Independence Handicap was shot on July 5, the conditions being 15 birds each. The entries were: E. L. Post, 28yds.; J. R. Ellison, 29yds.; Captain Money, 30yds.; Edgar G. Murphy, 30yds. and Phil Daly, Jr., 28yds. The entrance fee was $20. Money and Ellison divided the stake, each killing 12 birds.

The Sigourney (Ia.) Gun Club issues an attractive programme for its second annual tournament, to be held on Aug. 8, 9 and 10. The programme shows hoth live bird and target events, and on the last day there will be a special match shoot at 100 live birds each, between C. W. Budd of DesMoines and C. M. Grimm of Clear Lake, for $100 a side.

The Continental Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., held a shoot on the Black Bear Inn grounds on July 4, each man shooting at 25 targets. The scores were: Abraham Helman 23, A. Geyer 15, James Kuhns 14, Frank Kuhns 13, Harry Matz 14, Joseph Rorig 11.

TACOMA, June 30.—The final challenge match for the McNaughton Gun Co's. trophy was shot last Wednesday on the Tacoma Gun Club's ground, with the following result: A. Mc.Naughton 42, E. E. Ellis 46.

Edgar G. Murphy, of New York, and Robert S. Welch, of Philadelphia, are to shoot a match at Hollywood on July 19, at 100 live birds each for $1,000 a side.

In our account of the State shoot at Rochester, we credited Gus. E. Greiff with a residence in Carlstadt, N. J. This was an error as Mr. Greiff is a resident of New York city.

T. W. Morfey, T. C. Wright and other Paterson enthusiastics, are about to organize a gun club. They will probably arrange to hold their shoots at Williard's Park.

There will be a three days' tournament at Frank Class's Morristown (N. J.) Driving Park this fall. The first two days will be devoted to bluerock targets and third day to live birds.

The 1894 grand American handicap of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will he held at Dexter Park, on April 4, 5 and 6.

The 50 target sweep which was to have been shot in Newark, N. J., on July 15, has heen postponed. The date will be announced later.

The Michigan State League will hold a shoot at Coldwater on July 18 and 19.

The Essex Gun Club will hold its monthly shoot at Marion next Thursday.

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Flemington Gun Club.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., July 4.—Inclosed find scores made at to-day's shoot of the Flemington Gun Club. All shooting was at the new empire target from three unknown traps, 16 and 18yds., American rules. Event No. 1 was the club shoot for three merchandise prizes, consisting of 100 loaded shells, sack of shot and one can E. C. powder. The balance of the afternoon was taken up by sweepstake shooting. The boys all swear by FOREST AND STREAM. BEANER.

No. 1:

J Chamberlin	1111101111111111111111110—23
Stout	0111110000101010011001111—14
Tott	0010110010010111010011111—14
Moore	0111011101111101111010101—18
Hyde	1111111110011101101000001—16
Henzler	1011100001110110101110111—16
D Boso	0001001110110111110111011—16
Reading	0110101111001111100111110—17
*Sheppard	1010010001001111111111011—16
A W Boss	1011010100111001101101011—15
Hulsiger	0001010011001111010011010—12

*Non member.

No. 2, 6 singles, entrance 25 cents:

Chamberlin	110101—4	Stout	111011—5
Reading	101101—4	Moore	100101—3
Henler	010100—2	Sheppard	111110—5
Hyde	111011—5	Hulsizer	110100—3
Lott	011111—5	D Boss	001000—1

No. 3, same:

Chamberlin	111110—5	Stout	001110—3
Reading	111011—5	Moore	011111—5
Henzler	001111—4	Sheppard	011110—4
Hyde	111111—6	Hulsizer	011101—4
Lott	111001—4	D Boss	011001—3

No. 4, same:

Chamberlin	101101—4	Stout	010001—2
Reading	111011—5	Lott	110011—4
Hyde	110001—3	H G C	101001—3
Hulsizer	001010—2	Henzler	000100—1

Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Ass'n.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fifth tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will be given at Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 16, 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Let me also announce, arrangements have been completed for holding the second annual grand American handicap at live birds, at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 4, 5 and 6, 1894. The conditions are 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 50yds. boundary and $1,000 guaranteed.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. H. G., Oneida, N. Y.—New York game laws say following birds are not protected: "English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow blackbird, common blackbird and kingfisher." I very much want to know whether the "redwing" blackbird is or is not protected? Ans. The red-winged is the "common blackbird," and as such is unprotected in this State.

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FROM the first issue of this paper it has been used, and for nearly twenty years this particular space has been occupied by

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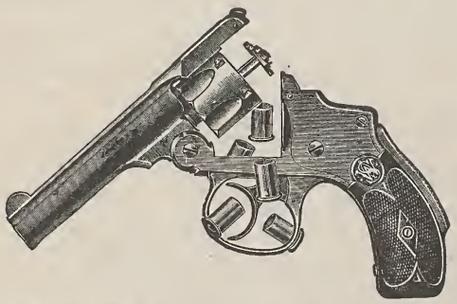

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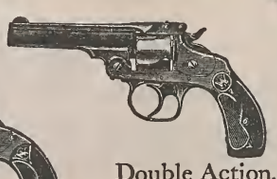

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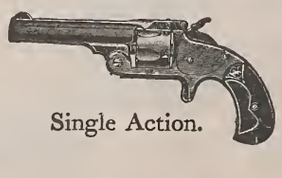

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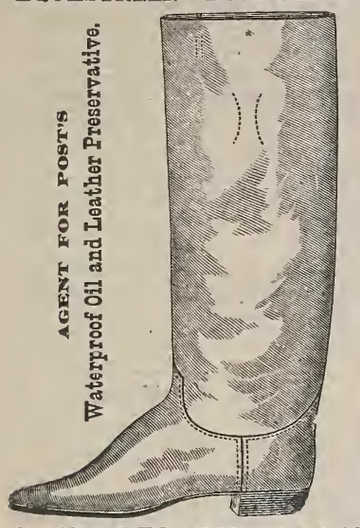

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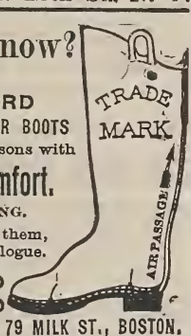

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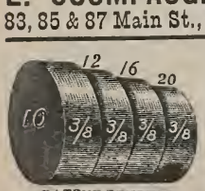

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1893.

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

You are invited

to visit the "Forest and Stream's" exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the entrance from the main hall of the Fisheries Building, in the World's Fair.

WHAT ABOUT THE ELK?

NOT many weeks ago we printed a communication from a Rocky Mountain hunter, who lives in an elk country, urging that a stop should be put to the capture of live elk for purposes of domestication. Our correspondent took the ground that for each elk captured for this purpose several others were killed or driven away. We have just received a private letter from another Rocky Mountain hunter, who lives in an elk country, and this is what he says: "Nothing can save the elk but domestication, and unless measures are taken to capture a number and breed them in confinement, before very long they will be as scarce as the buffalo. When I was out this spring I captured one bull elk, for I needed meat, but I killed no more, though I had many opportunities. The snow was from 6 to 10ft. deep, yet this elk was in good condition, living on fir and willow branches. If I had the capital I would stock the great plains with animals that will never suffer from the hard winter."

Here then are two opposite views held by two men, each of whom lives in a game country. Which is right?

The writer of the letter last quoted goes on to speak of the destruction of elk in his country, instancing the killing of about thirty by one party for bear bait this spring, and of seventy by another last autumn for the skins and hide, and all this in the face of a very stringent game law just passed by Montana.

We cannot but believe that unless public sentiment shall soon manifest itself more strongly in favor of game protection in the Rocky Mountain States, the large game must ere long be practically exterminated everywhere except in the National Parks and in the forest reservations.

We have frequently expressed the belief that elk could be profitably reared in domestication. They are very easily kept, but of course would have to be held under fence to be protected from hunters. We know of no reason why an adult elk should not at the proper season be worth as much money as a fat steer, and certainly it could be reared to maturity with much less danger than a steer.

We look forward to a time when many of our native species of big game shall be domesticated, or at least reared on farms and estates in a condition of semi-domestication. The experiment has been successfully tried with a number of species and we have not yet seen the end of it.

GAME BIRD IMPORTATION.

EXCEPT in the case of two species, the discussion about the introduction in America of foreign game birds has thus far amounted to very little. Attempts have been made to introduce European quail, several old world partridges, pheasants of various species, black game and capercailzie. Of these the pheasant alone have become firmly established, and that chiefly on the Pacific slope.

Many will recall the interest that was felt in the wholesale importation of European quail (*Coturnix communis*) which took place in 1879, mainly through the energy and public spirit of Mr. Horace P. Toby, of Boston, Mass. Some thousands of these little birds were brought over from Sicily, and were distributed among sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs in the United States. The birds were hardy, bore the voyage well, and when turned out were in good condition. From time to time they were seen, either singly or flocked, and it is certain that they bred, for on one or more occasions very young birds were sent to this office for identification. Notwithstanding all this, in the course of a year or two the birds all disappeared, and now it is long since we have heard of the capture of an individual of this species. It was believed by many people that when the winter approached and they began their migration, they flew out to sea, and so perished. Whatever the cause, their introduction was a complete failure from the point of view of the gunner.

With the Asiatic pheasants the case was very different. The birds introduced by Judge Denny on the Pacific coast did wonderfully well, and have spread over all of Oregon and Washington, and are now slowly making their way southward into California. Nineteen birds turned loose near Victoria, Vancouver Island, having received protection for a few years increased to thousands, multiplying to such an extent that they have furnished good shooting near that city for years.

English pheasants were introduced some years ago at Tuxedo, by Mr. Lorillard, and later at Jekyl Island, and while they did fairly well and to some extent spread over the surrounding country, they cannot be said to have added greatly to the game supply. Within a year or two past a number of gentlemen have experimented, chiefly with *Phasianus torquatus*, which has proved itself a most hardy bird, and perfectly well able to withstand the rigors of the winters of northern New York.

Only in the case of the migratory quail and the pheasants have these experiments in acclimatization been tried on such scale as to offer any hope of success. The introduction of partridges, capercailzie and black game has been by individuals, and these species have failed to gain a foothold.

Besides the importation of foreign species, efforts have been made to introduce in parts of the East various grouse and quail of the West, and our Bob White has been taken to Utah, Idaho and California, and has done fairly well.

With the growth of the preserve system in this country comes the demand for greater abundance and variety of game birds, such as exist in America, in Asia or in Europe. There are enough different kinds of birds to be experimented on, there is land enough on which they can be protected, and there are enough people interested to bear easily the expenses of such an importation.

We should be strongly inclined to recommend that efforts be made to introduce here black game and capercailzie, hardy forest-inhabiting species which would not fear the severity of our northern winters and which would have to be protected only from the gunner. Such experiments, if successful, would benefit not alone those individuals who should control the preserve on which the birds might be turned out. If the introduced species did well and increased in numbers, the overflow from any preserve would soon furnish sport to those who might shoot near its borders; the preserve owners might soon be in a position to distribute eggs or birds to other associations desiring to introduce these birds, and so in the course of a few years a very large number of persons might be benefited.

Of course, at first every thing must be experimental, but in view of the enormous sums of money annually spent by those who take their recreation with the gun, and the importance of the matter if success were attained, it seems well worth the while of shooting individuals and clubs to carefully consider this whole subjcet of the introduction of exotic game birds.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE salmon has not yet fairly been established in the Hudson as a fish for anglers, but already there is bruited a scheme to organize a club of fishermen for the purpose of getting sole control of the fishing privileges at Mechanicville. The reasons given are that under existing conditions some of the salmon now killed are taken in an illegal manner, and that the crowd of fishermen is too great, while the fishermen lack the polish of cultivated salmon anglers and fail to observe the ethics of the craft. We suspect that the plan to gobble up the fishing is prompted by some other motive than solicitude concerning the law and the gospel. Both of these may be maintained without sequestrating the fishing for the benefit of a favored few. The Fish Commissioners have an ample, able, efficient and intelligent force of protectors at command, and President Huntington and Chief Pond may be depended upon to see that the law is enforced. The ethics of salmon angling may be inculcated by admonition and example. The vast proportion of fishermen who go to Mechanicville are now, no doubt, in distressing ignorance of the proprieties, but they may be educated to better things. If the State has spent its money to stock the Hudson with salmon the citizens of the State—and of other States, for that matter—should have what benefit there may be in the result so far as they afford opportunities for angling.

Attention is called anew to the changed press day. This journal is now put to press on Tuesday instead of Wednesday, of each week. Correspondents sending communications intended for publication should mail them so that they may reach this office by Monday at the latest, and as much earlier as may be practicable. The earlier publication day has been adopted in order that the FOREST AND STREAM'S increased army of subscribers in the West may receive the paper more promptly. We mean not only to give the Western sportsman and the Eastern sportsman, and the Northern sportsman and the Southern sportsman, the best sportsman's journal, but to give it to all in the week of publication.

The Scientific Alliance of New York—an association of the different scientific societies and clubs which have their headquarters here—has set on foot the project of raising a fund to the memory of the late Dr. Newberry. It is proposed that this be called the John Strong Newberry fund, and that the income of it be used to promote original scientific research in the departments of geology, paleontology, botany and zoology. The fund is to be administered under the direction of the Council of the Alliance, and it is hoped that it may reach the sum of $25,000.

The Commissioners of Fisheries of New York have been inspecting Oneida Lake with reference to the establishment of a fish hatchery; a report of their visit is given by Gen. D. H. Bruce in our fishing columns. Should the Commissioners decide to select a site on Oneida Lake, the selection would not only be fully warranted by the natural advantages, but would be a fitting recognition of the public spirit, enterprise, generous effort and common sense methods of the anglers of Syracuse and vicinity.

The claim was made by our Florida contributor "Tar pon" the other day, that John Gomez, of Panther Key, whose portrait we published, was the oldest man in America. Gomez was born in 1781, and is now 112 years of age. But the editor of the Walker (Ia.) *News* sends us a note of an older person still, Christian Conrad, of Manchester, Mich., who reached the age of 114 in May of this year. Of the two the Michigan man holds the record.

It is worthy of note as a sign of the times that the prize essay at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., this year, read by Mr. Chas. W. Duvall, had for its theme the economic importance of insectivorous birds—a much more lively, timely, sensible and important topic than the greatness of Julius Cæsar or the poetry of Göthe.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THROUGH THE HEART OF PERU.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

ACCOMPANIED by two friends one May morning I sailed for Colon, sometimes called Aspinwall, on the steamer Crescent City. The aim of our journey was to cross South America at its widest part, and to this we were impelled by no motives geographical or scientific, but rather, weary of the life of clubs, we wished for a change to endure a certain amount of hardship and privation. As to the gratification of our desires in this respect later on, we had no reason to complain.

The idea of the trip had originated with one of my friends, who had somewhere read an account of a journey from the Argentine Republic to Chile, which, entailing a many days' ride across the pampas, is a monotonous but no means difficult undertaking. When at Lima we found how widely our proposed journey differed from what we had supposed it to be; but we were committed, and no one suggested a change of programme.

Nine uneventful days took us to Colon where some of our sailors, having become somewhat disorderly under the influence of drink, were escorted on board by the local police, colored men, barefooted, with tattered uniforms, carrying in their hands drawn sabres, the nicked and rusty appearance of which gave them anything but a formidable look. The next morning we started for Panama. On the train was a physician, who many years before had served in his professional capacity during the building of the road. According to him the number of deaths among those employed in its construction had been grossly overestimated, some having put the number at no less than 70,000. The true figures, he stated, were fever 300, cholera 150, felo de se among the Chinese 800, other causes 250, in all 1,500.

At Panama we passed three days waiting for the departure of our steamer, part of the time being employed testing our firearms on the beach, where we saw numbers of crabs of a bright red color looking quite ready for the table. The steamer upon which we took passage for Lima was comfortable in the extreme, each of our party having a large and airy deck-cabin. On the morning of the third day we sighted the coast of South America, having previously crossed the equator and later were able to distinguish Plata Island, the former rendezvous of the Buccaneers, and especially of the famous Morgan. The next day we reached Guayaquil. This Ecuadorean port is not very inviting and the walk through it (during which we were asked to buy monkeys, parrots and bananas over a foot in length) quite sufficed to satisfy our curiosity. We left for Payta after taking on board a great number of deck passengers, who occupied squares marked off in chalk on the deck. With them were their goods and chattels, consisting of pots and kettles, great quantities of pineapples and bananas, with ant-eaters, monkeys, paroquets and various gay-plumaged birds.

The next day we reached Payta and visited the cathedral, where among the pictures of saints and other devotional works of art we noticed a colored lithograph of Washington at Trenton and the flags of all nations. At this place the cemetery is surrounded by a white-washed wall, upon which a native artist, who, I was told, had never seen any vegetation whatever, Payta lying in a desert, had painted some blue trees. Our next stopping place was Callao, the seaport of Lima, our destination.

At Lima we passed eighteen days making preparation for our journey and sight-seeing. Notable among the sights of Lima are the cathedral, the bull fights of Callao and the amateur bull fights of Magdalena del Mar, where ambitious novices face bulls whose horns are tipped with rubber. It is worthy of remark that in all Lima no statue of Pizarro can be found, since even at the present day any honor to the conqueror would give deep offense to the Indian population.

That which excites the greatest wonder and interest around Lima is beyond question the Oroya Railroad. This wonderful road, begun by Henry Meiggs, an American whose enormous wealth and stupendous enterprises once excited the wonder of the world's ablest financiers, had for its proposed terminus Oroya, 15,645ft. above the level of the sea and 120 miles distant from Lima. It is related of Don Henry, for so the Peruvians used to call him, that on the afternoon of the day on which the contract was awarded hand-bills calling for laborers were circulated in every part of Lima, and that on the succeeding morning two thousand men were at work. The contract price of the road was 27,000,000 soles, the silver sol being at that time equal to our dollar, but the bad faith or poverty of the Peruvian government virtually brought the work to a standstill, it having been completed to Anchi, at an altitude of between 12,000 and 13,000ft. Don Henry died leaving his affairs much embarrassed, and with him ended for many a long year all work of extension upon the Oroya Railroad.

This wonderful road ascends the mountain side by a marvelous system of tunnels and inclined planes, the grade sometimes reaching as much as 4½ft. in 100, a chasm at one place being bridged by means of a pier 258ft. in height, then the highest in the world.

It may not be out of place here to relate an anecdote illustrating the character of him who undertook so great a work. After leaving San Francisco Henry Meiggs went to Chile where he laid the foundation of his enormous fortune by the construction of various railroads. It was before his departure for Peru that he made this characteristic proposition to the Chilean government. The Araucanian Indians had successfully defied the early Spanish conquerors and even up to Don Henry's time the flower of the Chilean army had been unable to accomplish more than yearly to wrest from them about half a mile of the territory, which was fortified and held. The lands of these Indians were rich in the precious metals, and Don Henry proposed to the Congress of Chile to subjugate the entire territory of the Araucanians at his own expense, putting up $4,000,000 as a forfeit in case of failure and asking no compensation for all this beyond each alternate quarter section of the conquered land.

The Chilean ministry, desiring further information, inquired as to the methods of which he proposed to make use. To this Don Henry replied that the matter was simple enough. His plan was to visit California, to make known the extreme metallic richness of the land, to secure the services of 10,000 miners and to let them loose upon the territory. Don Henry's offer was carefully considered, and finally declined with thanks, it being furthermore stated "that the Chilean ministry preferred the Araucanians." Had the proposition been accepted, not Araucania alone but Chile would have been essentially American to-day.

At 9 A. M. on the morning of the 21st of June, accompanied by an officer of the Oroya Railroad, we started in a private compartment to inspect this wonderful feat of engineering. The upward course began at once, following the valley toward the base of the distant Andes. At 10 we breakfasted in our compartment and about noon, having reached the mountains, began the steep ascent over terraces where looking out of the car windows one could drop an orange hundreds of feet on portions of the track below, through tunnels drilled into the solid rock, and over bridges spanning yawning chasms, until at about 3 P.M. our destination was reached at an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet.

Beyond a slight quickening of the pulse none of our party suffered from sorroche, an attack from which, however, the height attained could hardly have led us to expect. This malady, of which so much is heard among the Andes, has for its symptoms palpitation of the heart, blueness of the face and violent vomiting. As in the case of sea-sickness, many are totally exempt from it, while others are always affected. That this affection is so much better known in South America than in other mountainous countries is probably accounted for by the fact that greater altitudes are there more readily reached. Monte Meiggs is comparatively not difficult of ascent, and yet it cannot be far from 20,000 feet in height.

After a very substantial dinner, which the keen mountain air rendered doubly acceptable, we prepared for our return. The descent was to be made in a hand-car and by gravity, since a car started on any portion of the Oroya Railroad can, without any other motive power, run into the station at Lima. This hand-car had been brought up with us on the train, and upon putting it together it was noticed that the fastenings of two of the wheels were broken. After a hurried consultation, for it was growing late, some telegraph wire was found by the men who were to conduct the descent, and the broken portions were tied together. They hoped this would answer, they said.

"And if it does not?" I asked. They shrugged their shoulders.

I looked askance at my companions, but they stood by in silence. Probably, like myself, they would willingly have seconded a proposition to return by the regular train, but were too proud to make it. Without a word we took our seats on the car. Silently one of the employees opened a bag, from which he took three Colts revolvers, and keeping one handed the others to his two companions. These they cocked and placed between their feet.

"It is not uncommon," one thoughtfully explained, "for desperadoes, since this car is used by the paymaster, to throw it off the track and open fire with Winchesters upon the survivors. I got a tumble and a bullet myself not so very long ago."

Again I looked at my companions. It was perhaps owing to the high altitude that each seemed to exhibit the preliminary signs of sorroche. As for myself, my heart was in my mouth; but it did not trouble me long, for of a sudden the brakes were taken off and with a spring the car shot forward, apparently leaving at the point of departure my entire internal economy. Down we rushed with ever increasing speed, the car swaying from side to side, on one hand the mountain wall, on the other a drop of perhaps a thousand feet, through tunnels of midnight darkness, around sharp curves where the broken wheels fairly creaked with the strain, whizzing across the Puente del Infiernillo—the bridge of hell—while the shades of evening were thickly gathering. The starless night closed in around us, shutting from our straining eyes all view of the track in front. It was now simply a question of chance as we plunged into the darkness.

"We ought to have started sooner," muttered one of the men, "a stick or stone or even a dog on the track would throw us into the valley." All talk, difficult enough before on account of the rushing wind, now ceased, and in silence we watched the sparks fly from the wheels. Thoughts of the armed outlaws and of the broken fastenings kept running through my mind, and the journey seemed almost endless. At length the sudden twists around the sharp curves ceased. We were in the valley. Presently a big light burst upon us.

"Down brakes, Sykesey," cried one of the men. The station was before us. Thank God!

Before leaving Lima we finally engaged a man speaking Spanish and English to accompany us as interpreter, several others who had been suggested having decided not to make the journey with us. Each member of our party had two small bags containing a change of clothing and a few necessities. These bags were arranged to balance on either side of the back of a mule. We had also ponchos* of rubber and wool, and our arms consisted of two shotguns, a Winchester carbine and four heavy revolvers. Our stores were packed in three small wooden boxes with hinged tops and fastening with padlocks. These boxes were mainly filled with canned meats to be used only in case of necessity. Cooking utensils were carried in a bag and were supposed to balance one of the boxes of provisions. Tents we had none, owing to the great difficulty of transportation, though blankets of course were taken. One member of the party in addition started with a spring overcoat, a silk umbrella and a bottle of cologne, but these outgrowths of civilization did not form a portion of our outfit upon our arrival at the other side. About the heaviest part of our impedimenta was our silver coin, carried in bags, since the paper money of Peru circulated but a comparatively short distance beyond the coast.

From Lima to Pacasmayo is a two days' journey north by sea. The steamer was bound for Payta, and was crowded with passengers for the various intermediate ports. The captain of the steamer informed me that this was called the "hog route," owing to the very uncleanly habits of the local passengers, and added that he had frequently seen Peruvians while leaning over the bulwarks turn and eject tobacco juice upon the deck.

At Pacasmayo we remained three days the guests of the officials of the railroad. The first day we visited on horseback the adobe ruins of the Temple of the Sun at Jecquetipec, now hardly more than immense mounds of earth. Near by was a hill which had served as a cemetery, and on the surface in every direction lay skulls, bones, fragments of huacas* (clay vessels for food or water often placed with the dead), shrouds and hair, while under ground the relics of mortality were in such profusion that the butt of a riding whip readily brought them to view. The next day we went up the road about sixteen miles on a special train, taking a couple of peons armed with spades, and opened a burial mound. After half an hour's digging we were rewarded by the discovery of two huacas and a number of earthen pots, one still partly filled with corn. Subsequently we unearthed a pair of bronze tweezers and later a skeleton, the teeth slightly green from a bit of copper held in the mouth, perhaps to pay toll over some sub-Peruvian styx. The next day was passed at a large hacienda where hundreds of Chinese were employed in the manufacture of sugar. Four hours by rail on the succeeding morning took us to Laviña.

Here began a twenty-day journey on mule back, exclusive of time spent in waiting at various points since the arrieros or mule drivers declined to accompany the traveler with their beasts for a period longer than five or six days. Our route lay over the mountains to Cajamarca, where Atahualpa, the Inca, was taken; from there to Celendin, thence to Chachapoyas, the capital of the department of the Amazonas, where that delicious fruit, the chirimoya, is found at its best; and on by way of Molino Pampas to Moyabama. During this time we were thrown with all sorts and conditions of arrieros or mule drivers, some intelligent (comparatively speaking) and some of the densest ignorance. Upon one occasion an Indian boy attached to the party, picked from the ground a paper ring from a cigar which had been thrown away. This he strung around his neck for a talisman. Another time we had an arriero, whose idea of Peru was of the most exalted kind. According to him it produced everything. "Any bears here?" we once asked. "Plenty." "Any lions?" "Yes indeed." Any elephants?" (After a long pause during which his truthfulness was evidently struggling with his patriotism) "No, but there are foxes."

The mules were at times more intelligent than the arrieros who accompanied them. So steep were the mountain paths that the saddle was fastened by a loop under the tail to prevent its slipping over the animal's head. Flights of steps on the mountain's side often required the wary beast first to plant the fore and then the hind feet upon one flat stone, so that all four hoofs were included in a space hardly larger than a man's handkerchief, and this many times repeated at length achieved a descent at first seemingly impossible. Again the path lay over 20 or 30ft. of limestone rock, down which trickled a tiny stream, the descent being too steep and slippery to walk, and accomplished only by the mule drawing all four feet together and sliding down. Once near Chachapoyas on a very narrow way, skirting the mountain wall, our path led directly over an ugly rock having about 3ft. of level earth on the outer side. Wishing if possible to avoid passing over the slippery surface, I turned the animal's head toward the margin referred to. The mule advanced very slowly, and keeping its weight mainly upon three feet, pressed with the other upon the part indicated; when all of a sudden the entire mass of earth and stone fell crashing into the valley, 1,000ft. below. The mule drew back its foot and stood trembling for full a minute.

Our journey by mule-back, while arduous, had furnished but little of real adventure, though once I got into a very unpleasant position. While riding along the narrow path, having on one side the mountain wall and on the other a precipice, my foot became entangled in a small bush against which the mule had borne me in its efforts to keep away from a sheer drop of 1,000ft. on the other side; and the beast continuing to advance, my foot was carried back and the rowels of the Mexican spur were driven deep into its body. The animal, wild with pain, reared on its hind feet and found little difficulty in throwing me off, half unseated as I was. Fortunately I fell lengthwise, as the path was too narrow to allow me to lie in any other position. There I lay with my foot jammed into the stirrup, completely at the mercy of the mule. The vicious animal was not slow to avail itself of its opportunity and delivered kick after kick in rapid succession, fortunately with unshod feet. I never before felt so helpless. Next the beast started to run, dragging me a short distance over the rocky path, when finally the rusty stirrup opened at the top, cutting my boot completely across, but freeing my foot. I jumped up and shook myself; no bones were broken, and beyond some cuts and bruises I was unhurt. I found my navy revolver at full cock, probably from contact with a stone.

After our three weeks of muleback over roads often differing in no way from inclined planes of stone, sometimes serving as water courses by way of variety, and after days of weary waiting for lazy arrieros at wretched Indian villages, we rode, my three companions and myself, into the level country around Moyabamba. We had left behind us chain upon chain of the Peruvian Andes of ever decreasing height; behind us the vampire bats, on account of which we had passed many a night booted and with muffled throats, and to whose existence the faint and bleeding mules bore ample witness in the mornings; behind us the sorroche with its headache, palpitation of the heart and bleeding from the nose; behind us the garapatas, small insects that bore into the skin, the cause of never-ending sores and sometimes death, according to the natives. We had left home "to rough it" and had certainly succeeded to our hearts' desire and more, with cold nights spent in mountain tambos† or on the ground; often so hungry that our dreams were of food, and we awoke with jaws moving mechanically; at times drenched with tropical rains, and occasionally with hardly enough water to prepare our meals.

Everything in Peru, so far, with two exceptions, had surpassed our expectations; the chasms bridged by trees did not equal the blood-curdling wood cuts seen in geographies; and the bull fights, where the bull was by no means as fierce and powerful as the gaudy pictures in raisin boxes would lead us to believe. At times the scenery had been superb. Once halting our mules on a mountain pass, with condors soaring around and trains

* Poncho, a blanket with a slit in the center through which the head passes; a garment much in vogue in South America.

* The huacas seen in collections in Lima are very interesting and of various shapes and sizes. Some are modeled after men and women and animals of all kinds, the chirimoya and other fruits. Curious whistling huacas exist, having been used to hold water. They are so arranged that when their contents are poured out, the air rushing in through a hole constructed for the purpose, gives a whistling sound.

† Huts.

of llamas* winding along the narrow path, we gazed down 2,000ft. on the green valley below, where a tiny stream, the Marañon, the headwaters of the mighty Amazon, flowed like a silver thread. A horse could have jumped it there. We had no thought to follow it down, however, a journey never then accomplished, for further on its banks teemed with unseen warriors, whose air-guns and poisoned darts sent traveler and trader alike on a longer journey than the one they had undertaken. One of these tribes, by an unknown process and without any apparent incision after decapitation, removes all traces of bone from the heads of the slain and allows the flesh to dry. Of these heads, one seen by us was no larger than an apple, and yet the features were perfectly preserved, and with the long hair had rather a ludicrous appearance.

Well, our mountain journey was over; if we had danced we had also paid for the music. As we rode through the plain the scenery became more tropical, birds' nests 3 or 4ft. long hung from the trees, and swarms of butterflies arose from the ground and hovered round us, flitting to and fro in such dense masses of color that they looked in places for all the world like the shifting scenes of a kaleidoscope. At length we reached Moyabamba, the capital of the department of Loreto, the great wooded district of Peru. It was the home of a Prefect to whom we had letters and who took us in until we could secure peons to carry our luggage, for here our journey by mule-back terminated, since further over the low but precipitous hills and across the fords and torrents not even a dog could follow.

The Prefect was a bachelor and really seemed overjoyed to have us with him, and over brandy and water urged us to make a protracted stay and take a rest. But in those days it made us tired to rest, and I counseled my friends to give the Prefect no peace until our quota of peons was secured. We passed a sleepless night, as is usually the case when one first rests under cover after camping in the open air. The population of Moyabamba is almost entirely Indian. Many of the women are really beautiful, plump, with high color, and some with Madonna-like faces; indeed, Moyabamba is celebrated for two things—the beauty of its women and the excellence of its Panama hats. These hats were the finest in the world until the more enterprising inhabitants of Guayaquil bore off the palm; for in all the seven thousand inhabitants of Moyabamba I think there could hardly be found as much enterprise as is possessed in one real live Yankee. The Limanians and the people of the coast, Heaven knows, are indolent enough, and to every request requiring action they invariably return the same reply, "Mañana," to-morrow; but the residents of the chief town of Loreto surpass even them, their answer under similar circumstances always being "Passado mañana," day after to-morrow. There is nothing like leaving a good safe margin.

Moyabamba draws its supplies from Brazil, finding it somewhat cheaper, though American flour at the time of our visit was worth forty dollars a quintal, about one hundred pounds. We sold our saddles and bridles at nearly their cost price in Lima, and also our heavy blankets, retaining ponchos of wool and rubber.

CLARENCE BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

* Llamas (pronounced yamas) are ill-tempered beasts and spit viciously when aroused. Llamas in Peru are all domesticated. The huanaco, which much resemble them, is found wild, as is the now rare vicuna, with long silken fleece in former times reserved for the garments of the Incas alone.

Natural History.

LOS CLARINEROS.

A BROAD veranda runs around three sides of the inner court, the patio, which is entirely surrounded by the house itself. On the red bricks, each nine inches square, with which the corridor is paved, stands the table at which we sat for our 11 o'clock breakfasts and our 5 o'clock dinners. Café at 7 in the morning each took in his or in her own room, and chocolate about 9 in the evening we had in whatever one or more of the rooms we happened to be gathered in when the girl appeared with tray balanced on her head and cups and cakes and chocolate on the tray.

When at table on the corridor my back was to the wall of the casa, which was as white as snow and as smooth and hard as marble. Before me was a well-supplied table. Beyond it an orange tree rose from a little circle in the cobble-paved patio, and bore at times a profusion of snowy blossoms most generous of their rich fragrance; at other times a multitude of golden balls which one had only to reach, almost from the edge of the corridor itself, to enjoy in all their fresh juiciness. The walks, laid with thick flags sawn from soft gray talpatati quarried from the side of the mountain which looks down upon the table where we sat, were bordered by geraniums and hollyhocks, by oleanders and jasmine, and pomegranate and roses, that half hid the great circular basin of concrete wherein lilies forever bloomed in water which ever fell from the fountain that rose from the center of the pool.

Beyond these, and on either hand, were the red roofs of the casa, sloping far down from ridge toward the court within. The tiles which covered the roof once were red, but lichens now covered great spots, and in the gutters formed by the tiles fuzzy, prickly cacti grew, their rounded heads adorned by pretty blossoms above the needle-like thorns. Over the roof we saw the pines that fringed the crest of the white cliffs of La Leona, a thousand feet above the city it overlooks. High above them the zopilotes floated among the sunlit clouds that drifted southward before the never ceasing northeast trades.

Whenever we sat at table in our ideal dining-room we were sure to see strutting on the roof the veriest dandy and braggart of all bird creation—a fellow filled to overflowing with delightful vanity, abounding impertinence and limitless audacity. There was also no little music and plenty of cheerfulness in his soul. Somewhat of a robber he was, too, but he disdained sneaking ways in which the cunning or brain takes the place of courage and of that might of muscle which so long made sole right of man—in which our brave bird may possibly not be much worse than some who imagine that they are of higher type of creation.

Whenever we gathered at table some clarinero would surely alight on the roof, strut mincingly about for a moment, and stop expectantly to eye us. Then he would trot down to the edge of the roof, cock his head aside and survey the patio and the table. I would fillip a crumb of bread or a bit of tortilla toward him. He would hop straight up in the air as soon as he saw the flying bit of food, then settle on the edge of the tiles and carefully survey the ground. If he could see no sign of his implacable foe, the chachalacca, the sleek pheasant whose duty it was to keep watch and ward over the young chickens, and whose pleasure it was tyrannically to rule all other birds about the place, if nothing could be seen of that harsh-voiced enemy of peace and quiet, our glossy, black-coated dandy would drop to the ground, seize the crumb and in great haste fly back to safety on the roof.

There he would thresh the piece on the tiles until it was broken into bits small enough for swallowing. That done he saucily cocked his big white-rimmed eye at us, lifted his wings and gave them a quick flirt, jerked his trim tail up and down two or three times, pointed his bill straight toward the heavens, turned his head around until the lower part thereof was over his resplendent, metallic green and black neck and shoulders, and opened his throat. Out from his swelling breast poured a rich volume of high, clear notes, sweet and pure—the song that has given to him the name of *el clarinero*, the trumpeter.

It was a pleasure to go, early in the mornings, to the ancient bridge of brick and stone and mortar that has bound them together these centuries for resistance to the attack of swift floods from the near mountains. There I would lean on the smooth, rounded top of the parapet and look down on the broad backs of dusky Indian girls as they arose, glistening like seals, after a plunge in the clear pool.

On the rocks and gravel near by, and in the shallow water that rippled about them, the clarineros trotted about. Now and then one would thrust his bill suddenly into the water, then throw his head up. A gulp would follow, and a minnow was forever lost to sight.

The clarinero is by no means an exclusive bird, nor is inclined to confine himself to city life. He contributes to the cheerfulness of every hamlet, and never neglects the lonely hacienda. Indeed, he is often seen and heard near the yet more lonely rancho, in which laborers sleep and the herdsman rests from the arduous task of watching his cattle. If there should be staked on the ground to dry in the bright sunshine the skin of a newly-slaughtered goat or bullock, our clarinero will be by no means backward about helping to pull off whatever shreds of flesh or fat may be attached to the hide. Nor is he bashful when he finds the flesh cut into long strips, hung on poles and raised high on a frame in the open air, to dry into tassajo, but he promptly alights on the strips and tugs away at any bit of meat on which he can get a good hold.

E. W. P.

HONDURAS.

The Mourning Warbler in Niagara County, N. Y.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., July 9.—In my list of birds of Niagara county, N. Y., published in FOREST AND STREAM September, 1889, I intimated that the mourning warbler (*Geothlypis philadelphia*) breeds in this county, mentioning that on June 8, 1888, I saw a male of this species and three days later a female at the same place, but did not succeed in finding a nest.

June 13, 1891, I secured nest and three eggs, as well as the female bird. This nest was in a small opening of a dark, heavy timbered woods, and placed in the center of a cowslip. This nest and eggs are now on exhibition at the World's Fair, in Mr. Frank H. Lattin's exhibit of rare nests and eggs.

In 1892 I searched these woods and others in the vicinity thoroughly, but failed to find this species. On May 30 last I could not get into these woods on account of so much water, and concluded that it would be useless to look for these birds there in June. I therefore have not visited the vicinity until to-day.

I was gathering wild flowers when I noticed that some small bird seemed very much excited, probably on account of my presence there. On looking at it through my glass I saw it was a female mourning warbler with a small worm in its bill. Soon the male bird came, and I had a good view of them for some time, but did not succeed in finding their nest or young, although convinced that they were there.

An hour later, in another piece of woods, while watching three young screech owls sitting in a row about 10ft. from the ground—which were also watching us, with their heads turned nearly half way around—we saw another pair of mourning warblers, which also seemed anxious about the presence of ourselves or the owls. We watched the warblers for some time, often being within 10ft. of them, but were again unable to find their nest or young, although fully satisfied that they were there.

The mourning warbler is not a rare migrant in Niagara county, as was formerly supposed, but it is an uncommon summer resident.

J. L. DAVISON.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States. Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

THE SOUTHERN CAMP HUNT.—II.

[*Concluded from last week.*]

THERE are eight hunters, and a deploy of one hundred yards apart will make a line a half mile in extent, which will cover a good belt. The irregular V, or crescent, is the thing as nearly as can be maintained in a broken country. There is a right, a left and a center guide.

On this occasion my brother was selected as center guide, as he rode a white pony and could be seen further by the terminal guides, thus acting as a pivotal bearing to all concerned, as all moved by the center guide, and both right and left wings swung around him as the course of the hunt and topography of the country indicated.

The rules of the hunt are these; when a deer is sprung, or "jumped," the one who bounces him hollers "Look out" or shoots, or both as the case may require, then all hands immediately stop. The deer will usually run ahead a short distance, then surely turn to the right or left, when the guns will begin to play upon the flying quarry and some one is apt to grass him before he gets through the gantlet. If the deer is killed outright the killer gives three long blasts of his horn, when all hands assemble to him as soon as possible. The deer is quickly skinned, cut in quarters, put in the wallets, with which each one is provided, when the line is again deployed and the "breasting" resumed. This is called "breasting," and the most exciting and war-like of all the methods of deer hunting, and when you have been on one of these hunts with the right kind of men you will get enough to last a year to the day; but you will want to do it some more every year so long as you live. When the line encounters a broken piece of country one guide gives two toots of his horn, the other two guides reply with one long blast each, thus enabling all to maintain a regular line in the roughest country.

The dogs are kept in the rear as much as possible, never allowed to follow false scent or break over until put after a wounded deer. In open woods it is easy enough to control the dogs; but occasionally, when the line is traversing a black-jack rough or morass, or reed brake, the dogs see their chance for fun, and there's no use, no argument will stop them—the loud yelp of an old hound will stir the enthusiasm of the other hounds and "gush" of the half-breeds; then the deer and hunters must look out. As the hounds warm up, the half-breeds rush in with their *yaf, yaf!* and the deer is up. Now a general cry ensues and a wild pandemonium is turned loose in the jungle, and out come the frightened deer in every direction without regard to the order of running or the person or thing run over, when a wild, reckless fusilade takes place among the excited hunters.

There is great excitement in this way of hunting, nor is there another place where it is so practiced as in the localities I have mentioned, and in few other points in Florida, Alabama and lower east Louisiana.

The face of the country is irregular; sometimes only undulating, then quite broken, but universally covered with a tall, rank grass, three to six feet high, interspersed with an evergreen shrub, the gallberry, which forms in dense patches from a few yards in extent to as many acres, from two to eight feet high. In these patches the deer often lie; but if not much hunted, they prefer the open ground if the weather is warm, and lie in the tall grass, and will so lie at times until the hunter rides right upon them; then, like a bunch of quail, they suddenly burst from under your horse's nose, and with keen snort, great branching horns and flourish of white plumes are up all around you. You wonder whence they came or why you did not see them before, and unless you have the staunchest of horses, you will also wonder why you are lying on the deer's bed, as I did on this memorable trip.

The line had passed across a valley between two long ridges, and as we rose upon an open plateau on the summit, Dan Miley was riding to my right, but with no one else in sight, when four deer bounded up obliquely before us to my right and to his left—two does and two yearlings. I fired my shot barrel at one doe: my fool horse wheeled and prevented another shot. Miley put in both barrels. I saw a yearling he had slightly crippled slip into a treetop and squat. I dismounted and ran there as quickly as I could, whereupon the deer sprang out, but the first leap met my rifle ball through his shoulders and he changed ends The doe went but a short distance and was dead. Miley had drawn first blood from the fawn, hence the claim was his. This was my first and only luck on the hunt, as my horse, a borrowed one, was unmanageable. The two deer were soon disposed of and the hunt resumed.

Having gone but a short distance I heard the crack of Joe Miley's rifle very near me, across a ravine, then the *ripity-rip-rip* of a heavy deer as he ran down a long point of ridge through the black-jacks. I shouted, "Look out! look out!" which was answered by the double discharge of a gun, and a few minutes later there were other shots at remote distances, then all was still. Three low toots from the old man's horn and I appeared on the scene. He had killed an immense buck by breaking his neck with his rifle. Had ridden upon two big fellows as they were "chawin' their cud, same as cows," he said, "and I drawed er bead and broke that un's neck, see? T'other tuck er tree on me only ter run over them 'tother fellers whut couldn't hit the wheel-house uv er steamboat. Jes' listen ter them dang fools er shootin', it's bang! bang! all day an' kill nuthin'. I'd ruther be split'n' rails then be bothered with sech derned fools."

"Well, Mr. Miley," I said, "all can't be good shots, and you know the boys will have their fun."

"Well, yas, I reckin yer right."

By this time my horn had attracted the other hunters, and this monarch was soon dressed and divided into the sacks, and in a little while all are in the saddle again.

The line had scarcely spread its length when the cry of a dog broke upon the ear, and almost simultaneously, a yell of "look out! look out!" bang, bang, "look out!" bang, bang, look! bang, bang, bang. I stopped my horse and held my breath, my heart set up a tattoo, then a long pause, save for the mingled cry of the mongrel pack that now had full sway, and were rasping the hills and hollows with their wild demoniacal cries, up and down, round and round the broken knobs, grassy gulches and tangled reed brakes. Then a still remoter fusilade broke upon the ear; bang, bang, bang. Then the screaming pack seemed to swell into greater volume as they crossed an elevation, now softening down into gentler cadences as they passed beyond the distant hills; when bang, bang, came again in subdued quavers, and all was painfully still, like the calm when a storm has passed. Not even the breathing of my horse could I hear, the tumult had so subdued his nerves. But the suspense does not last. Now comes the long, keen wail, in three notes, from my brother's horn, another from Dan Miley's, then a third from beyond the hills. Riding quickly to the horns I find my brother with an immense buck and not far from him Dan Miley with another similar one. They were in a deep hollow when the main break was make, and "a perfect band of old bucks burst upon them." My brother shot one dead the first barrel, and his gun hung fire on the second, hence a miss. Miley put both barrels into one. One of the others got a fine doe.

Everybody, dogs and all, being now in, we proceed to butcher the two big bucks to put into the wallets and take the doe in whole, and it being now 3 o'clock, we must return to camp. We were all soon in the saddle and the line stretching out, not, however, to so remain.

I had just crossed a small branch or stream and gained

the summit of a sharp ridge, when bang, bang, b-b-bang, "Look out, boys, look out!" and a finer sight I had never witnessed. A tremendous five-point buck had sprung from the "branch" in the very midst of the deploying line, making straight up a long open slant. Everybody shoots, and nothing but a frightened old buck could run like that. With his big horns laid back and plume spread like a fan, he seemed to cleave the air. Somebody has hit him, but his gait is little retarded. His flag waved defiance, as he gained the crest of the ridge and sank from sight beyond, bound for a big reed brake a half mile away. The whole pack of hounds and half-breeds are now enjoying the result of their raising and simultaneously "break into song" as they spin along the quarry's track.

Some of the men had gained the other side of the brake by heading it. The old stag, having gained the morass, began his tactics. The brake is several miles long and from 100 to 300yds. wide—an oozy quagmire, covered with reeds, bamboo brier and bay trees—and would bog a bed quilt, so man nor horse would attempt a penetration, though deer and dogs have a secret about getting through that has yet to be learned. But now the row is in full progress, the cunning game plays his part well. The yelling, yaffing, screaming of the mongrel pack, mingled with the bang, bang! of the guns now and then, and the excited "hollering" of the hunters, until now I hear the keen *pi-yow-ah!* of old man Miley's rifle ring out through the pine forest—then the closing in chorus of the pack, and all is still again. The day's hunt is now virtually ended. All rapidly close around the new quarry and quarter him up and divide into sacks. It is now growing bitter cold, and the dogs, black and wet with ooze, are shivering until their teeth chatter with rigor. We are soon snug in camp. The night has drawn around us and all is dark, save the glorious fire; and then comes the welcome announcement: "Supper ready, gen'lemen; yer's had big luck ter-day, en' I reckon yer's tired an' hongry, so I 'cluded to fix yer all up er more bigger supper than las' night, en hopes as how yer'll do hit justis."

My brother, who has acted the part of clerk to the party for years, calls the roll, the purpose of which is to keep a correct account of the expenses of the camp, and a diary of every day's proceedings and results, so there is never a dispute after the camp adjourns.

When the roll is called each one is required to tell the number of shots he made, and heads and character of game killed, so that all claims are settled then and there. After all this formality the general abandon begins and goes on till all yield to the requirements of sleep; but here is where the mirth-provoking yarns, repartee and detail, so characteristic of the "Mississippian," crop out. When each has narrated his experience for the day, and all have pulled their heads under and are dead asleep, it may be midnight, or 2 A. M., when suddenly some fellow has thought of something he has failed to tell in the general parley, and up he gets with a voice that chills your marrow. "Jim; oh, Jim; I forgot to tell you 'bout—" and out he gets, regardless of the discomfort he is affording those next to him by the sudden exposure to cold, rushes to the fire, builds up the smouldering chunks, and, lighting his pipe, begins a fresh recitation of what he failed to add in the general convention, thus awaking another fellow who has "forgot something," and then the smoking, shivering, talking and laughing crowd of ghosts talk until chilled by the cold. At last the jargon ceases, they crawl under the cover, and once more all are asleep. But my rest is broken and there is no sleep for me. The night has grown old, the gaunt forms of tall pines begin to materialize in the new-forming light. Shimmering stars one by one have quenched their spark amid the deep blue ether of heaven. The frisky fox squirrel has perched upon yonder pine knot to chaff the new invaders. The big horned owl is "blowing his gourd" in that dense clump of pine. The teams and hunting horses are pawing and munching their morning fare. Wash is humming a dirge as he feeds the stock and smokes his pipe. A heavy white frost enshrouds the bosom of earth, and the dawn of day is here.

Hello, fellows! and all are up. Everything is quiet, pantomimic bustle, no shouting, blowing of horns or unnecessary firing of guns here. The true hunter hates a noise out of order. The timid game is ever on the alert for unfavorable sounds, the slightest impression of danger may place a fine old buck miles away. Breakfast, and then we are off. The more experienced heads have planned the "beat," and the line is soon in motion. The guides resume their original places to avoid confusion.

The line has scarcely deployed, when there comes the sudden report of a gun that awakens the stillness of the cold, frosty morning, and reverberates along the heavily timbered slopes, and I see a white puff of smoke and a couple of deer spinning across the open vale, until with rapid strides they clear the ridges and are gone. A clean miss, as no signal comes. The crowd moves slowly along, with every nerve strung, and an eye and ear to every moving grass blade or scraping leaf. Bang, bang, bang, look out, fellows! look out! bang, bang, look out! here! here! here! run here with the dogs! here! here! toot! toot! too-t! run! b-bang! bang! "I told you so, I got 'im! I got im!" All has hushed. Ah, there's the three long toots, and old man Joe and I move slowly and watchfully toward the signal, crossing some broken knobs covered with rank grass above our horses' backs, and as we reached the crest of a narrow ridge, and looked down a narrow valley just in time to see my brother and white pony emerge from a thicket, two powerful bucks got up right under his horse, but on the wrong side to shoot, so he threw up his feet, turned all hold loose and fell off. Springing to his feet, he fired on the biggest buck, which was behind and dropped him, then some seventy yards, but he was up in an instant and going, he had fired the other barrel at the smaller one too far, and missed him. The two bucks passed along a portion of the line whose guns belabored them terribly, but there was no other hit. The Scotch half-breeds were near us, and I soon had them stretched out after the big buck, which they overhauled, and it was dispatched; but the others are not idle. The hounds having taken vantage of this turnoil have each a deer or two to himself, and the wild chaos that now pervaded that region was simply overwhelming—the cry of the half-breeds, the big bell notes of the hounds, mingled with the incessant *yaf, yaf, yaf* of the terriers; bang! bang! bang! *yeow, yeow, yeow*; bang! bang! "Look out, boys! look out over there, Jim! he's er comin'," bang, "run here, Sam, and bring er dog. I've crippled a buck; shot all the load into 'em. Fetch old Ring! Sick 'em, Ring, sick 'em!" *Yaf, yaf, yaf*; bang! bang! "I got 'em that pop, I told you so." And the grand hurly-burly has hushed as still as if there was no living creature in a hundred miles; but what is the narrator doing the while? Let me tell you. Down off his horse, frozen nearly to death from the combined force of cold and excitement, trembling from head to foot like a gristmill in action, and never a deer, dog or man in sight, but having a fine lot of shivering, and listening to the racket. So much for one's luck.

Ere long the signals begin to wail out upon the crisp morning air, one, two, three, or four, are sounding the death knell of some unlucky deer, while I mount my trembling steed and seek the nucleus of the convening crowd.

Arriving, I find everybody talking, everybody asserting claims and making much ado; three fine deer are here, two grand old bucks and a fine doe. One of the bucks to my brother's gun, the other between Miley and Dukes. The doe to Pervis. The cold still intense, a pine knot fire is built at once to warm up our benumbed hands and feet.

These fine animals are soon dressed, quartered, put in the sacks, pipes lighted, all remount, and the "breast" again resumed. I had ridden but a short distance and just as my horse had waded a clear running creek, bang! came a solitary report scarce 100yds. from me, and a rapid toot, toot, toot. I hastened quickly to the horn. Dan Miley had jumped a large buck, and having slightly wounded him, saw him lie down in the grass not a great way off, so calling up some of the dogs, the men began to deploy in a V-shape front and forward move. The dogs are put on the trail, the deer being the nucleus of all attention. The dogs had gone less than 200yds. when a loud scream from the hounds proclaimed the hot scent, and out came the old fellow right amid the dogs and equidistant from the enfilading lines of the hunters. I am behind the dogs, and again out of range, but a grander sight I never beheld, before or since, as he sped up the open glade in front of both lines, and although grand and thrilling, yet amusing, to see the old fellow with head laid back, and great spreading tail waving as he cleared the gauntlet of a dozen guns pouring into him, and to see the dogs run him by sight, and everybody "hollering."

But the chase does not stop here, this being only initial. All having gathered for consultation, Jim Dukes and my brother agreed to follow the dogs, as they were good riders and unencumbered with meat, and struck out in pursuit, as the hounds were in full cry, still in hearing. After a short parley, the rest of us turned about and resumed our trend in the direction of camp, moving leisurely along, jumping deer now and then, out of range—then a "Look out! look out!"—bang, bang, until some one kills another deer. So now having all the "venison" we could conveniently pack, the day being far spent, and we fatigued and hungry, we strike square for camp, which we reach a while before sundown. We had been in camp but a short time, when my brother and Dukes came in with the big buck. They had run this deer from near noon until late afternoon, and when they killed him were ten miles from camp.

This closed the second day's hunt with five more as fine deer as man ever saw. Four of them big, fat bucks, with splendid horns, and one fine doe, aggregating near 600lbs. of venison to pack down, for that day.

The undressed deer and the rest is all carefully salted down in boxes and barrels brought with corn in them, to be returned full of meat, as a foregone conclusion.

The next two days' hunt were a repetition of the first two, and I will spare you the detail, although the scenes were as glorious as those related. Nineteen fine deer being the final bag, fourteen of which, immense bucks. Not a pound of this fine meat was lost or wasted. I ate of some of the hams the following summer.

On the morning of the fifth day in camp the wind had shifted to the east, the sky overcast, and a cold drizzling rain began to fall. The wagons are packed in snug order and the teams started for home near ninety miles, where we arrive in prime shape after three days more travel.

C. L. JORDAN.

CAMP-HUNTING IN FLORIDA.

FLORIDA is a good place for sport. Hunting and fishing can be indulged in to one's heart's content, and though the deer are gradually disappearing from the settlements, there are still a few haunting the old favorite spots, while by going a reasonable distance they are still to be found in good numbers. Turkey, quail, snipe and duck also abound to gladden the gunner's heart, though the close season for turkey and quail commences March 1 and ends Nov. 1. The game law has only been in force now for two seasons, and it will be interesting to note how it affects sport. The deer are supposed to get eight months' rest also, but as they vary their breeding time considerably in different parts of the State; it is left to the Commissioners of each county to say what four months shall be the open season. This gives one a chance to get a little more work in, as in this county (Polk) the close season ends Nov. 1, and in the adjoining one (De Soto) it ends Oct. 1; so by crossing the county line one gets five months' hunting in the place of four.

It is unquestionably a most delightful life one leads when camping out in Florida. Personally, the distance from a postoffice is by no means a small consideration; but the perfect air of freedom, the charming surroundings, the splendid climate, the jolly goodfellowship, the strong feeling of health, the success of the day, the glorious uncertainty of the morrow, the sound, healthy sleep resulting from healthy exercise—a hundred things combine to make it charming. The abundance of good water and "lightwood" renders it a simple matter in selecting a camp. Of course rain occasionally interferes with one's comfort, but winter as a rule is a dry season, and the cold is seldom severe enough to do more than make a good fire acceptable. And oh, what an appetite one gets. Nice juicy tenderloin or "backstrap" of venison, barbecued ribs or backbone stew—nothing comes amiss, and the cook has to hump himself.

It is advisable to take a good supply of canned provisions, etc. on these trips, but it is hard to make beginners believe this. Consequently things run pretty fine at times. Luck often hangs fire for some days, and, moreover, it generally takes a few days in a new country to get fairly on the run of the deer. In company with two good hunters (one a cracker who has killed hundreds of deer) I started on a trip on the 12th of February, '89. We were tantalized with occasional glimpses of game, but the country had been disturbed a good deal and the grass recently burnt off, so the deer were very wary and it was not till the 16th that we did any good. Of course when luck came, it came in a hurry—as on the 15th we bagged four deer and on the 17th two more. We had no meat in camp except some of the most rancid bacon I ever ate when the first batch of deer came to hand, so it will be easily imagined how welcome they were.

Again, only last month (February) I, with two others, started on the 6th for a camp-hunt. One of the others, who was taking his first hunt, undertook to look after the commissariat; accordingly I was more or less prepared to find the supply slim, but when it was discovered that all our stock of bacon had been left behind, well? A few quail along the road helped matters along, but when by the greatest good luck we bagged a fine fat doe on the evening of the 8th, one small can of potted ham—not a lunch for a hunter—was absolutely all the meat we had in camp, and 42 miles to a store.

It is doubtful whether a hunter could be induced for a pecuniary consideration to do as hard a day's work as he sometimes does for nothing. Let me quote a case where I doubt if any one would have paid enough to make either parties concerned undertake it knowingly.

In October last F. W. and myself were on a camp-hunt. One evening it was decided to try some fresh country, some miles from where we camped, and accordingly at daylight next morning the wagon was hitched up and we drove about four miles to where we intended to hunt. We were doing all our hunting on foot, as the deer were lying out in thick palmettoes, where horses had great difficulty in getting about. After leaving the wagon we tramped for some distance—two or three miles—with no success, but at last a fine buck got up near F., who was about 200yds. to the left of W. and 300yds. from myself. F. and W. had Winchester rifles and I a shotgun. For some reason F., who is really a fine shot, failed to touch him. I fortunately stopped my dog, and we went on, W. and I turning to the right and F. following the buck in hopes of another chance. After another long tramp, up jumped a buck and doe about 40yds. from myself, and the buck bit the dust, W. apparently wounding the doe slightly.

We butchered the buck, hung him up and proceeded to trail the doe, but there were apparently so many trails that the old dog got completely bothered, and we abandoned it, more especially as we could find no traces of blood on the doe's trail, and we feared the buzzards would have found our buck. When we had got back within sight of the dead deer we separated to go each side of a high palmetto patch which skirted a pond, W. going on the pond side on my right, and Smiler—my dog—being off some distance to my left. Almost immediately I heard W. shoot and give a triumphant shout. Thereupon I turned back round the patch into the pond to join him and had got to where he had shot (he had walked on ahead), when the dog, who was coming up to the shot dashed into the palmettoes close to me, and the next thing heard was a desperate struggle and the bellowing of a deer. Naturally thinking it was W.'s cripple I drew my knife to go in and finish it, when suddenly the deer—a large doe—struggled gamely clear of the palmettoes and broke Smiler's hold, rushing close by me with a large gash in her throat and one side of her face peeled. Still thinking it was the wounded deer, I expected Smiler to catch her, but seeing that she was gaining fast on him I shot and broke her neck.

"Here she is," I cried. "Yes, all right—go on butchering—here's mine," shouted W., holding up the head of a grand buck. The doe having the wind of me and hearing W. down wind had evidently squatted, and Smiler must have run on to her.

Well, here was a nice lookout and no mistake, five long and weary miles to the wagon and three large deer to carry! The country was quite an impossible one for a wagon, besides which the time occupied in going for it and returning would have kept us very late. Therefore there was nothing for it but to put our backs into it.

Fortunately F. came up shortly and we dispatched him to keep the rapidly gathering buzzards away from our first deer, and at length we started; W. being the stoutest, carrying the big buck, and F. and I the other buck and the doe respectively. Stoppages occurred at every pond for water, for it was hot, and we had to rest frequently as well. I thought things nearly as bad as they could be, but I had to be enlightened yet.

When a little more than a mile and a half from the wagon a buck ran across about 150yds. ahead. In spite of the deer on their backs F. and W. went to work at once with their Winchesters, and W.'s third shot turned him over with a broken back. This made matters worse than ever in the way of porterage, but they had to be faced, and after the customary offices had been performed W. took the two lightest deer, one on each shoulder, and on we went wearily. The wagon was reached at last, and just at dark we got to camp simply tired out. We had taken nothing since daylight but a pint of whisky (and lots of water), so F. went to work at once to prepare supper, while W. and I proceeded to skin and cut up the deer. As we were bound to be home in two days it was absolutely necessary for the meat to be salted that night preparatory to smoking it on the morrow, so that it was about midnight when we finally washed ourselves, changed our blood-stained garments and crawled to bed. We did not start out at daylight next morning. R. F. B.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Took to the Woods.

MR. WM. C. HELD, of Saginaw, E. S., Mich., writes me as follows to-day. It would seem that the season has been so wet that the snipe have taken to the woods. I have known of several instances where snipe have perched upon objects high above the ground, and have seen the upland plover perch upon a fence. Such cases are very rare. Mr. Held's picture shows a hunter standing at the edge of a wood and holding up a bunch of snipe. It is a pretty little bit by itself. The letter reads:

"I herewith send you a Kodak view of one of the places where we killed our snipe this spring—in the woods and fields, where in this section of the country you will always find the little rascals when the water in the marshes is high. Have you ever seen a snipe sitting on an object of any kind, such as a log fence or limb of tree? I have seen them perched upon the above-named objects on

several occasions this spring. It looks terribly out of place for them."

That Reminds Me.

On my desk the other day I found a card with the following inscription: "Sorry I can't see you. Yours in FOREST AND STREAM, O. O. Smith." I am sorry, too, that I could not meet Mr. Smith. But is not "Yours in FOREST AND STREAM" a good thing? It is much better than "Yours in F. O. B.," or "Yours in R. S. Q.," or in about anything else? The fellowship, the freemasonry and the comradeship of the friends of a good, big, clean paper are pleasant things, and "Yours in FOREST AND STREAM" just covers the whole situation accurately and concisely.

But speaking of Mr. O. O. Smith reminds me of Mr. Bob Smith, now or once a well-known attorney in Boston, Mass. I never met Mr. Bob Smith, and do not know whether or not he is still living, but I can tell a mighty good story on him, just the same. The story came to me through a shooter whom we will call Billy for short, who was out on this hunt, years ago, when the incidents in hand occurred. The parties on the hunt were Mr. Bob Smith, Mr. Wirt Dexter and Billy. Mr. Wirt Dexter died not many years ago, and when he died one of the noblest sportsmen of Chicago passed away.

Mr. Dexter was a good shot, but Mr. Smith—well, he wasn't, according to Billy. They were shooting prairie chickens, out in Nebraska, and Mr. Smith's gait on these easy birds was about one in thirty, according to Billy. Moreover, he was troubled with a wild pointer dog, which would persist in breaking in and chasing after the birds which his master couldn't stop. "I guess the dog allowed that was the only way he could get a mess," said Billy, "but I knew the dog was spoiling Mr. Smith's fun, and I told him how to break the dog of running in. I told him to wait till he broke in the next time, and when he got off about forty or fifty yards, to slap a load of shot into him. I knew that a few doses of that sort of medicine would stop almost any dog from chasing.

"Well, Mr. Smith went out the next day with his dog, and from the shooting we heard over his way we thought he must be having rattling good sport, but he came in after lunch and didn't have a bird.

" 'Didn't you have any luck, Bob?' Mr. Dexter asked him.

" 'Oh, no; no luck at all,' Mr. Smith said, 'I cawn't hit them. I cawn't hit them.'

" 'How about the dog? Have you got him broke from running in?'

" 'Oh, no; he's bad as ever, just as bad as ever,' said Mr. Smith, and he turned to go away.

" 'Well, why didn't you try shooting him, the way Billy said?' says Mr. Dexter.

" 'I did try it,' says Mr. Smith, 'but it's no good.'

" 'Why, what's the matter? That usually works,' Mr. Dexter says.

" 'Why, confound it, man,' says Mr. Smith, 'if you must know it, *I cawn't hit the dog!*' "

Very Gun-Shy.

Speaking of unpleasant field dogs reminds me of a dog we had out with us on a little snipe hunt over at Warsaw, Ind., not long ago. This dog was a setter of lofty parentage, and was a beautiful fellow, but so gun-shy he would run if you spoke to a friend about going shooting. We took him up in the country to trade him off, his owner, Mr. Austin Funk, auditor of the county, having offered a liberal commission to any one who would sell him or give him away. Charlie Irvin was auctioneer, and every farmer we met got an interview on the subject of buying a handsome dog, worth $900, at the low sum of $3.25. The farmers all seemed to think, from Mr. Irvin's looks, that he had stolen the dog, and so we couldn't make a sale. We went on out to the shooting grounds, and after the first shot our dog left us and went under the wagon, where he stayed all day. When we started home we decided to make a cut rate on dogs, and offered the retiring canine to three farmers at $1.50, $1.25 and $1 respectively. It wouldn't do. We passed a wayside grocery, and resolved to sacrifice the dog for two bottles of ginger ale. This was declined, and we made it one bottle, but no takers. The man there knew Mr. Irvin to our misfortune. "Why, Mr. Irvin," said he, "you wouldn't have any dog along that wasn't a good one. That dog is worth $200, and you're only fooling with me." We couldn't say anything to shake this belief, and left much discouraged. We were well nigh in despair after we had tried four different times after that to give the dog away, and throw in the collar and chain. No one would take him, and we arrived in town with the dog still in our possession.

At last late that evening we found a man who needed a dog to chase the chickens out of his garden. He was willing to stand a round of cigars if we would give him this dog. We joyfully agreed to this, and he led the dog away. Next morning at 8 o'clock he was around trying to get us to take him back. He said that when he struck a match to light a fire in the morning the dog broke a window trying to get away. He couldn't afford any such dog as that, and was satisfied something was wrong with him, emotional insanity or something of that sort. We told him the cigars were all smoked up, and we couldn't think of robbing him by trading back. Then we all went over to the auditor's office and claimed commission on the sale of the dog. We allowed a round of cigars was about right for the commission (there were five of us who were trying to make the sale) and Mr. Funk settled cheerfully. Since then I hear that the present owner of this useful property has been to Mr. Funk a dozen times begging him with tears in his eyes to take that dog back, but Mr. Funk says he can't think of robbing him. "You keep on shooting over him," says Mr. Funk, on each of these occasions, "and maybe you'll break him of that gun-shyness some day—if the ammunition holds out."

About the City.

Mr. Merrill Funk, late of Warsaw, Ind., is now connected with the great house of Montgomery Ward & Co., going into the shell-loading department with Rolla Heikes and Eddie Bingham. Mr. M. E. Moran by the way, one of the gunmakers in the same house, is a Warsaw man. Mr. C. E. Irvin, of Warsaw, is in town to-day, and there is a sort of a Warsaw reunion over on Michigan avenue.

Any Coyotes To-day, Lady?

Mr. Martin L. Cummins, of Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., asks, "Where can I buy half a dozen coyotes, and at about what price apiece?" Most of the coyotes right around here are caught off, but can not some Kansas or Montana friend call to mind some boy who has dug out a litter? If Mr. Cummins will write to Mr. L. F. Bartels, Denver, Col., he may be put in the way of getting what he wants. Or perhaps Mr. E. Hofer, in charge of the Hunter's Cabin, Jackson Park, Chicago, has the address of Montana men who can supply coyotes. Mr. Hofer was in charge of the work of capturing young wild animals in the Yellowstone Park, for the Smithsonian Institution and other concerns, and if he were now in Montana could get the coyotes himself. Prices on coyotes vary. I have bought a very good coyote for fifty cents, and sold him for a can of tomatoes, but they may be held at $5 or $10. The coyote is not staple.

At the Wild West.

Often as one sees Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, it gives him goose flesh to go there and see the boys ride. Taking the cowboys, the Mexicans, the American Indians, the Cossacks, the Arabs and the cavalrymen of England, Germany, France and the United States, I presume one would most fancy the riding of the cowboys, and then perhaps that of the Mexicans. The U. S. cavalrymen ride well, far better, it seems to me, than the English troopers now with the Hon. William's show. The seat of the Englishmen seems clumsy and unsteady. The Cossacks and Arabs ride all over a horse, and I should think would kill up a lot of stock.

"Probably you don't know where the best riders are to be found," said Mr. Frank Butler, manager of the bright little shooting specialist, Miss Annie Oakley, who does so much to make the programme interesting. "The American cowboys are splendid horsemen, of course, but the Italian cowboys of the Campagna can ride any bucking horse that our boys can. The Australians are good riders too, and can handle 'buck jumpers' all right."

Mr. Butler has been with the Wild West Show eight years. He says that accidents sometimes happen to the most skillful riders. Harry Shannon, one of the best of the cowboys, was nursing a sprained ankle while we were there, and that same evening we saw one of the best Arab riders thrown. His foot hanging in the stirrup he was dragged and kicked by the horse, and finally helped out of the arena with a broken rib, a most fortunate escape from a helpless position and from what seemed probable death.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Sea and River Fishing.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

A CHOICE BUT CHEAP VACATION.

DURING a series of years in school and college and afterward in professional life, I have tried all sorts of plans for making my vacation pleasant and profitable. I have camped at the sea-shore, tramped the Adirondacks, fished the woods of Maine, traveled through Europe, visited the Catskills, the White Mountains and the various watering places of New England, but for a complete change, for solid rest, and for utter inexpensiveness, I have never found anything equal to that of which I am about to speak.

One summer while in Yale College, my uncle said to me, "Nephew, what are you going to do this vacation?" I replied that I had formed no plans as yet. "Well," said he, "Let me tell you what to do. Select a congenial companion, and take with you a suit of old clothes, a few changes of flannel underwear and plenty of good reading matter. Take the Shore Line Road from New Haven to New London, Conn. Five miles beyond New London, on the same railroad, is a little village called Noank, from which go out a great many fishing vessels during the summer season. Some go to Block Island for bluefish, making a voyage of about a week. Others visit Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard, fishing for cod. These are gone two weeks or more. Others still go to the Banks of New Foundland, and are absent some six weeks. These boats are regular fishing smacks, staunchly built, and able to ride the roughest weather. They have a crew of six or eight men, with berths for one or two more. The crews are chiefly of American birth, and for the most part are as brave and manly a set of fellows as one would wish to meet. They are usually glad to take along one or two passengers, giving them their board for the fish they catch. The board is good and so is the fishing, and if you want a right royal good time, take my advice and go to Noank."

A few days after the term closed I was on my way to Noank with a companion. We arrived about noon, dined at a quaint little restaurant, and in an hour's time had found two smacks which were going out the next morning. These boats had room only for one passenger each, so we decided to separate. The captain and crew of my boat were all Americans, except the cook, who was an old Portugese sailor who had been all over the world. During the afternoon we helped lay in the supplies, consisting of fresh and salt meat, vegetables of all kinds and canned goods of every variety. The next morning we set sail, stopping at Block Island, to take in a supply of ice and a quantity of whitefish for bait. Our destination was Nantucket, and the trip outward was very delightful. To a boy brought up on land, such an experience is full of interest and novelty. To watch the working of the ship, the mysteries of the cook room, and to listen to the stories which old sailors know how to tell so well, affords a never-ending variety, while the ever-changing scenery as we gradually leave the land behind us, the flight of the sea gulls, the rolling of porpoises and the occasional spouting of a whale, all lend an enchantment to the scene which makes the days very short.

Once on the fishing grounds the business begins. The cod and haddock lie near the bottom in about twenty fathoms of water. They are caught with a hook, and though they are not a very gamy fish, yet sometimes they make a fierce fight, and coming up as they do with their large mouth open, they feel much heavier than they are. They run from 5 to 15lbs. in weight, and occasionally we took one weighing 20 or 25lbs. Not unfrequently a shark will swallow cod, hook and all, and if he is hooked so that he cannot bite the line, you are sure of genuine sport. All hands are summoned to the line, and then comes the tug of war. If the line does not break, the shark can be drawn to the surface, and shot, but the very large ones usually get away.

At times the cod bite furiously and business is brisk, and then again they are indifferent to the bait, and for hours and perhaps days, one has nothing to do. At night the fish are dressed and packed away in ice. There are usually many boats on the fishing grounds, and at night the crews visit each other, and vie with each other in telling yarns. The weather was good with one exception, when we had a severe gale for two days, during which time I could do nothing but lie on my stomach and blow the fog horn. It was an experience, however, so grand that I counted it the best part of the trip. In two weeks' time we had loaded our vessel and sailed for New York, where I remained with the ship for two days while they were disposing of the fish, and then returned home by rail. The two weeks' catch netted the crew $80 each, after all expenses had been paid. They offered to give me a share of the proceeds if I would return with them, but I had other plans for the balance of my vacation. It was one of the most delightful outings I have ever had, and it cost actually nothing except the railroad fare to Noank, and from New York.

I trust that all the young Americans who read this paper will not pounce upon Noank at once, for some of them might be disappointed, but a reasonable number of them could probably be accommodated. It might be well to write to the postmaster or some one who lives in the village for definite information before starting, as the number of boats going out from there is somewhat limited.

N. W. P.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

OF American anglers the cry here is, "Still they come." Never perhaps has there been before such a rush of fishermen from New York and the New England States into northern Quebec. And never before have those who fished here enjoyed sport equal to that reported from the Lake St. John country this summer. Numbers are flocking to the Grande Discharge after the ouananiche, and all are catching lots of fish. I was almost saying that all were enjoying lots of sport. But I recollect that Mr. Robert C. Lowry finds no sport in catching thirty-two ouananiche a day, though he admits that some of them weighed 3, 4 and even 5lbs. each. It would necessarily be a very funny world, this one of ours, if everybody in it thought alike. And if all men's tales were equal what a poor chance some of us would have for the good things of this life, or rather for what we in our blissful ignorance choose to consider the good things of this life. There would soon be very little angling left in most localities if all the world were lovers of the gentle art; and perhaps it is lucky for the future sport of noted fishermen of ouananiche, like J. G. A. Creighton, Kit Clarke, E. J. Myers and others who have sung so loudly and so enthusiastically the praises of the wily warrior of Lake St. John, that all who angle are not as enraptured as they are with the sport afforded at the Grande Discharge. Still it must be admitted that the majority of those who have fished for ouananiche under most favorable conditions are decidedly of the opinion that ouananiche is far away ahead of trout fishing. But because of Mr. Lowry's reputation as an angler and from the temper of his letter on the Lake St. John ouananiche, I am satisfied that he did not catch ouananiche under the most favorable conditions, though in all my experience I have never seen so little sport, as Mr. Lowry describes it, in so splendid a catch of fish as he reports. But anglers know that there are days and seasons when the gamest fish are heavy and slow, and Mr. Lowry unfortunately failed to hook any of athletic or gymnastic temperament, such as those which have to be sought in the revolving foam that covers the deep heaving pools at the very foot of the heavy rapids. The sport which these afford is no more to be compared with that which is had from tired or lazy fish reposing in the comparatively calm water about the rocks than the struggles of a trout are to those of a chub or ouitouche. And as for the ouananiche that is hooked on a troll, I cannot see what sport is to be expected of him. But *"Chacun a son gout."*

Three Quebecers, Hon. L. P. Pelletier, E. B. Garneau and Frank Pennee, killed 62 salmon in one day this week at the Grande Discharge, and many other such catches might be reported.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Myers, of New York, who went to Lake St. John a few days ago have passed through to the river Mistassini, and intend to go as far as the Fifth Falls.

Messrs. Brewer and Merriam, of Springfield, have gone up to their preserve on the lower Metabetchouan, Mr. Brewer being the president of the Amabalish Club there.

The new lessees of the Grand Cascapedia, Messrs. De Forest, Dun, Vanderbilt and Dr. Mitchell, have taken possession of their property, the Earl of Derby and party having left it on the day of the expiry of the lease to the Governor-General—July 3. It is Lord Derby's last fishing in Canada, as he is about to return to England, and it has been very poor. Only 23 fish were taken during the party's stay upon the river. Mr. Walter Brackett has killed a few fine fish upon the Marguerite, and Mr. Blanchard is now with friends upon his branch of the stream. Messrs. Edson Fitch and J. D. Gilmour have had good sport upon their river, the Trinity, but upon most of the south shore streams the fishing has been very poor. Such is the report brought from the St. Ameedes Mountains by Mr. Henry Hogan and from the Restigouche by parties who have returned disappointed at the small number of fish killed there up to present writing. On the north shore streams a good season is anticipated until the weather becomes too hot.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 8.

A Rabbit Fish.

JOHN B. WILLARD of the Willard Mirror & Frame Manufacturing Co. of New York, caught a rabbit fish in Jamaica Bay, July 13. The fish, which is now being mounted for him by Fred Sauter, is extremely rare in waters so far north, but is common about Cuba and the West Indies. It has a peculiarly shaped mouth which in position and form bears a striking resemblance to that of a rabbit, and from this feature it no doubt gets its name. Otherwise it is a scaleless fish about 20in. long and resembling in color the Spanish mackerel.

AROUND MINNESOTA LAKES.

THESE notes are written from Two Brothers Camp, on the shore of Lake Melissa, where Jack and I have been for two weeks. Fishing? Well, a little, just enough to keep up our reputation. Why Two Brothers Camp? Oh, because everybody not acquainted with us always takes us for brothers when they see us together. We are nearly always together somehow, and I doubt if two friends who love to go a-fishing and have outings in general ever had better times than we do.

There has not been such pike-perch fishing known in years as the lakes of northern Minnesota have furnished this season. It has been amazing, the strings which have been brought in, and the large average size has been a constant theme among the fisher folk. Several have been caught weighing over 6lbs., and that is heavy for a pike-perch in these lakes. Jack and I have made some fine catches this summer.

The black bass did not begin biting until very late. I caught two in Lake Sally the middle of May, weighing 2 and 2½lbs. They were the first bass caught this season. A. R. Stephens caught 8 fine small-mouth bass in Monson Lake two weeks later, and about the same time Col. Bartram and Cap. Day sneaked out of town one morning, returning the next day with 79 large-mouth bass, which they caught in Lake No. 6. On this trip they saw a deer near at hand and also a bear. The bear came to the edge of a slight bluff and stood looking down at the fishermen in the boat only a few rods away. The day Jack and I went into camp here these same two men went to Trobridge's Lake, and in two days caught over 90 pike-perch and 50 large-mouth bass.

The other day I went over to Fair Haven House on Lake Sally, where genial landlord McNeil keeps a smile, a hearty greeting, good beds and boats for all who come during the summer. My errand was to get a boat for use at our camp, and while at the pier selecting a boat Mac showed me his new bath houses, eight in number, of which he is very proud, as well he may be. Miss May McNeil came along and said, "Papa, have you shown Mr. Cooley the fish?" "Oh, I nearly forgot; come here and I'll show you something that will interest you much more than new houses and things of that sort." I went along and found the something to be four small-mouth black bass weighing 5, 4½, 4¼ and 4lbs., also three pike-perch weighing 6½, 6 and 5lbs. They were a pretty sight and excited me greatly. They were caught in Lake Sally by a gentleman from Iowa.

This has been the worst season for winds ever known. Last week for three days the wind blew a gale, and to-day the lake is foaming and roaring at a great rate. In May there was a heavy three days' blow that washed away a rod or more of the beach for a mile each way from where or tent stands. During his blow Mr. Rob Corbett, who lives here, picked up out of a pool behind a log two black bass, one weighing 6¼ and the other 5lbs. They had washed in and were stranded there by the storm. A pike was also caught, of size exceeding great, that came to grief during the same storm.

Jack and I have not caught the prize bass yet but we soon expect to. Mr. H. E. Wilson, of Red Lake Reservation, is urging us to come up there in July and catch bass until we are tired of them, and last week I had a letter from Dr. Mahaffey, of White Earth Agency, telling me to come right up there and go bass fishing with him. A man cannot be everywhere at once, so Jack and I have declined these and other kind invitations and rest content in Two Brothers Camp. MYRON COOLEY.

DETROIT CITY, Minn.

MR. HARDING'S SALMON.

BOSTON, July 15.—The season for shore bird shooting in Massachusetts opened on Saturday, July 15. Some of the gunners have their ammunition ready, but the weather is hot and the marshes are generally worse by reason of low water and dry weather than is usually the case. No flights of birds are yet mentioned and it is doubtful if much sport is enjoyed till the weather changes. A few days of east wind and rain would doubtless bring down some flights of summer yellowlegs and jacksnipe. There is a long stretch of coast in the Bay State, with numerous bays and marshes. The locations are numerous where summer shore bird shooting may be enjoyed, but the gunners have manifested little interest up to date.

Reports indicate a plenty of bluefish off Nantucket and Boston sportsmen are trying them occasionally with good results. It is also reported that bluefish are coming up Buzzards Bay and that President Cleveland tries them frequently. Mr. W. H. Caggin, with Dwinel, Hayward & Co., and whom the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember as having made that most delightful trip into northern Aroostook county, Me., last November, stopping at the lumber camps, has a cottage at Falmouth, Mass., for the summer, and with a friend he was to try the bluefish in Buzzard's Bay early this week.

C. F. Goodwin and Ed. Weston report the taking of a 6lbs. landlocked salmon in Sebago Lake last week. They took this fish when still-fishing with bait in deep water. It has long been claimed that landlocked salmon could not be taken otherwise than by trolling in that lake in the spring, but this is a case to the contrary. Two 10lbs. salmon are reported as being lately taken in Sunapee Lake in New Hampshire. Occasional catches of a salmon or two are reported from Rangeley Lake and Mooselucmaguntic.

Boston salmon fishermen continue to fit out for the Canadian and New Brunswick salmon rivers, and some of these spare no expense in these outfits. The tackle people here tell me that outfits costing $500, $600, $800, and even up to $900, are the good things of their experience which sometimes come. Some of the salmon anglers are also returning, but with reports of low water, hot weather and rather poor success. Mr. Richard O. Harding, with Appleton & Bassett, and secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, came back on Saturday from a most delightful salmon trip to the Northeast Branch of the St. Marguerite. He was absent a couple of weeks and was the guest of Mr. David H. Blanchard at his salmon preserve on that river.

The readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember Mr. Blanchard as the champion of the celebrated petition for the restriction of salmon netting in Canadian waters. This petition, though not attaining its full object, has resulted in much good, as salmon anglers will gladly testify. Mr. Blanchard has been for some time determined that Mr. Harding should take a salmon. They went to Mr. Blanchard's salmon preserve together last season, but alas! Mr. Harding was obliged to leave before he had caught a salmon. This year he is a happy angler. He brings back to Boston a 20lbs. salmon, measuring 43in. in length, and taken by himself on a Jock-Scott fly. This elegant fish was shown in Appleton's window on Saturday, and Richard's many friends dropped in to congratulate him. He bears his honors easy, only hoping to go again. The fishing was bad all the first of his absence. The weather was hot, and the water was low, and not a salmon could they get to rise for several days, though they tried them faithfully every day. At last the welcome rain came, bringing a rise of water. Then the fun begun. The first day they got a couple of rises, and landed one fish. The second day after the rain they got five rises and landed four fish, including the big one taken by Mr. Harding. It took over an hour to bring this fellow to the gaff. He leaped out of the water six times, once clearing the air for fully 10ft. The catch of these gentlemen thus far has weighed respectively 13½lbs., 16½lbs., 22½lbs., 24lbs. and 29lbs. Mr. Blanchard will remain a few weeks longer, and sportsmen will wish him all the success he so richly deserves.

One salmon gave Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Harding a good deal of sport, and so severe did it become that it ceased to be sport. One of the guides had been casting out from the shore into a pool some feet from the bank, near which the water was still. He had not had a rise, and was leisurely reeling in his line, the fly dragging across the pool and over the still water. Very near the shore a salmon made a pass for the fly, but did not hit it. He went over the line, however, and the guide struck. The hook caught the fish in the deepest part of the belly. Here was a chance for a tussle. The salmon, maddened by the sting of the hook, started off. The rod was given him as hard as the line would bear, and in this way he could be checked a little. The first man played the fish till he was exhausted, then the other would take it and work the reel and the rod till his hands were ready to give out. Mr. Harding says that he has had the privilege of handling a good rigging with a big salmon at the other end till he could hold him no longer. They took turns in trying to subdue the fish, till at last he was brought to the gaff, after more than two hours of reeling and running, leaping and sulking. Mr. Blanchard was mightily pleased with the sport, though he does not recommend hooking salmon in the belly as a general practice. It takes too long to subdue them.

Governor Russell is off for the waters of the Miramichi, and with his friend A. H. Wood and possibly another friend. They are after salmon, and are probably the guests of the venerable actor Joseph Jefferson, at his salmon preserve. Mr. Jefferson will be likely to follow later, though at present he doubtless has his hands full in salt-water fishing with President Cleveland at Buzzards Bay.

W. H. Fox, G. W. M. Guild and Geo. D. Loud are off for the fishing ranch of the Magaguadavic Club, on the river of the same name in New Brunswick. Mr. Silas D. Dizer, of Prouty & Dizer, an enthusiast as to the Rangely waters, has just returned from a fishing trip to Kennebago. W. B. Hastings, a Columbus avenue grocer, and L. Dana Chapman, of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, had a good day with the bluefish at Nantucket, July 4. They took nine fish weighing 8¼ and 8½lbs. each.

H. M. Burt of the Boston *Globe*, and Henry B. Calender have gone to the Miramichi for salmon. Harry H. Crocker has just returned from a trip to the Megantic preserve. He had most remarkable luck with trout, making a big catch, the real number of which may be published later. He saw nearly 100 deer, one moose and two caribou, while on the trip. Thomas W. Bryant of Torrington, Conn., is at the Megantic Club preserve, with a couple of friends. Gilbert Hodges, with his son and a friend, has just returned from a two weeks' stay at the Megantic preserve. W. A. Macloud and Dr. McConnell are about starting on a trip to Tim and the Seven Ponds, in Maine. SPECIAL.

BLACK BASS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

"Should you lure
From his dark haunts above decaying brake
Or under rock, the monarch of the lake,
Behooves you then to ply your finest art."

THE open season when black bass can be lawfully taken is from June 15 to April 30, except Spofford Lake, in the town of Chesterfield, which is protected fifteen days later, leaving but about six weeks in the State at large in which they are covered by the law, but as they feed only about half of the year, abstaining during late fall and winter months in this latitude, there remains but about four months when they can be taken with hook and line. They have been introduced into probably more than three-fourths of the 600 lakes and ponds and a large number of the streams of the State, and there is a law and $100 penalty, prohibiting the putting of them or their spawn in waters where they are not already found, without the consent of the Fish Commissioners.

There is considerable difference of opinion among sportsmen as to whether their presence in our waters is desirable, many claiming that with their aggressive characteristics they kill or drive away better fish than themselves, but their friends are gaining in numbers, and soon only those who fish for something besides sport will be opposed to them. As the true angler, the man who takes enjoyment from the exercise of skill with rod and reel, knows that the pleasure attending the capture of one fair-sized bass is greater than results from the filling of a boat with the small yellow perch, which appear to be the only victims of consequence the bass succeeds in destroying. Before they were put in Lake Sunapee, which claims to be the black bass headquarters, only a few salmon or trout were caught annually there, and the water swarmed with small yellow perch. Now, with the large supply of bass there, the catches of salmon and trout show great gains, and the perch have mostly disappeared. I admit that if a young salmon, shad, chub, sucker, any kind of perch, minnow, or smelt, etc., should come in the way of a bass, and he was hungry, he would take them in, and I believe an 8in. bass would swallow another fish 5in. long, and larger ones in the same ratio, but like the pike, pickerel, or pike-perch, which are almost entirely piscivorous in their diet, as their teeth indicate, he will not make either of them a special object of pursuit, and his food naturally consists mostly of insect larvæ, crustaceans, frogs, crawfish and the like.

They spawn from February to midsummer, each full grown female producing from five thousand to ten thousand, which, with her self-reliant, pugnacious disposition, she succeeds in caring for until they can look out for themselves. On good feeding grounds they will grow one pound each year until maturity. Assuming beef as the standard of 100 in nutritive qualities, the flesh of the black bass stands at 86.5, brook trout 84.2, yellow perch 80.9, smelt 73.8, and salmon 107.9. When properly dressed, which should be done very soon after taking from the water, and should include skinning, on account of a strong, oily secretion under the skin, with the exception of brook trout and salmon it is the sweetest and best of eating. For the table nothing is ahead of brook trout for me. For sport, my experience with both shows bass to be far in the lead for fighting and general game qualities, weight being equal. And I think my experience coincides with others in this particular. I have found, too, that, as they are harder to land after being hooked, it is much more of a lottery than with other fish as to whether you will hook them at all or not. They seem to have off days, when nothing will induce them to take a bait. Another peculiarity of the bass is that their taste for different days varies, if it does not for each hour of the day; the latter I have often thought was the case. At times the angle worm is good enough, generally helgramites capture them, artificial bait of a silvery hue for trolling, the live minnow or small frogs are all temptations they do not resist—when their cranky spell is not on, but should the latter condition exist, after trying part or all of the above without success, as I often have where I knew there were thousands of bass within the sound of my voice, one might as well reel up and go huckleberrying, or home, till they are in better humor. With all their imperfections as weighed from the standpoint of those who love fishing for the sport, more than the fish, they have attractions to draw anglers to the State in advance of any species of fish here, though perhaps not among such as two men who went last Sunday to spend the day fishing in a pond in Dunbarton. They derricked in a fish weighing over two pounds and immediately went into ecstacies over their "black bass" and continued to chuckle until an old lady came along and told them they had a large sucker. Such will of course be happy when eels, pouts and suckers are plenty, and if they have hard cider for sauce supremely so, but the intelligent fisherman, acquainted with black bass and their ways, will always long for waters whose bottoms are as rocky and rugged as the scenery of their New Hampshire shores, the paradise of the bass, and in which he knows those gamiest of denizens lurk and thrive to perfection. PAYSON.

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 13.

At a meeting of the Governor and Council, in Concord yesterday, Mr. Wm. H. Shurtleff, of Lancaster, was appointed Fish and Game Commissioner, as successor to Col. Elliot B. Hodge, who retains his office of superintendent of State fish hatcheries. Mr. Shurtleff is successfully engaged in the insurance business. He is an enthusiastic, hustling sportsman, thoroughly awake to the interests of that class in the State, and being possessed of large executive capacity and the tact for doing well whatever he undertakes, it is confidently expected that his appointment will result in a great change for the better protection and propagation of fish and game in the whole State. PAYSON.

ANGLING NOTES.

The Spider and the Salmon.

ONLY a short time ago while fishing in Sunapee Lake New Hampshire, with Dr. John B. Quackenbos, the doctor was reminded of an incident that occurred at about the place we were fishing. The lake contains landlocked salmon which are taken at the surface for a time after the ice leaves the lake, but as the surface water gets warm the salmon retire to the bottom and are caught only by still-fishing with live bait. The favorite bait is the smelt, of which the lake has an abundance of the landlocked form, and the salmon, Sunapee saibling, brook trout and at times the black bass, all feed on them. To attract the smelt a buoy is anchored in water from 50 to 75ft. deep and the place is baited by tying a piece of meat in a bag to the buoy rope close to the bottom of the lake. After the spot is baited for a few hours it is ready to be fished. The smelt cannot be kept alive in the warm surface water for any length of time, so you must catch them as you need them. The angler takes with him a bucket of minnows and his salmon rod is baited with a live minnow until a smelt is secured on a hand line or smelt line as it is called, when the minnow is taken off and the smelt is put on. For salmon it is desirable to have a smelt of good size, for small Sunapee saibling, smaller than one wishes to kill, may take the small smelts if the hook is baited with them. The late Fish Commissioner Powers and Dr. Quackenbos were fishing on "the banks" where the water is fifty-five feet deep and where the Doctor and I were fishing when he told me the story. Mr. Powers had put on a minnow on his salmon rod, then got his smelt line in operation and caught a smelt about nine inches long, which was quickly put on the hook in place of the minnow, and then fishing for a big salmon fairly began. There was scarcely enough breeze to ripple the water, but that made little difference to the fishermen, for they were fishing for salmon more than fifty feet below the surface. A spider was noticed on Mr. Powers's rod, and the anglers watched it as it crawled toward the tip and spoke about it. When the spider reached the end of the rod Mr. Powers shook his rod gently, throwing the insect into the water, where it struggled for a moment, and then a salmon, which both observers estimated to weigh over ten pounds, swam slowly up, sucked the spider into his mouth without breaking the surface, and backed slowly away and disappeared.

An Escape and Capture.

The following curious incident happened to two fishermen only a short time ago, and as they related it to me I thought if ever a book is written about "Strange but True Angling Tales" this should have a place in it. I once told in FOREST AND STREAM of a somewhat similar incident that occurred in Lake George, and this, too, occurred at the same lake. Mr. Alexander Canfield and Mr. C. H. Hitchcock, both of Glens Falls, were fishing for pike (the pickerel of this State) from a bridge over Dunham's Bay Creek, which enters the lake on the east side about four miles from Caldwell. Mr. Hitchcock tells me

that he was watching a suspicious acting individual who had a bag that looked as if it might contain a net, and stuck the end of the wood reel on which his line was wound in a crack in the bridge floor, while his baited hook remained in the water. He returned to his fishing just as there was a splash in the water and a sharp noise of wood striking wood on the bridge. The splash was made by a big fish jumping in the creek below the bridge with his hook in its jaw, and the other noise was the wood reel striking the rail of the bridge as it went overboard into the water below. The next moment the fish headed down the creek, dragging the float, line and wood reel behind. Mr. Canfield watched the rapidly disappearing float and reel, while Mr. Hitchcock ran around by the road to the nearest house on the bay for a boat at least a quarter of a mile distant. As quickly as possible a boat was procured and he rowed back to the place where the fish was supposed to be. About eighty rods out in the bay he discovered his float as it occasionally bobbed to the surface, and he chased it until he was tired. Once he got an oar under the line but the fish was off like a flash before he could get the line in his hand. At last quite by chance he saw his wood reel fast in the weeds, and with his oar secured it and pulled in the line, only to find the fish gone with a good portion of the line, including the cork float. Mr. Hitchcock was about to return the boat to the landing and give up the search, when Mr. Canfield, who was still on the bridge, called to him that he could see his lost float coming up the creek, and undoubtedly the fish was towing it. Mr. Hitchcock as quickly as possible rowed up the creek until he saw a piece of his line trailing on the bottom, and fishing it up he found the fish on and played and killed it in almost the same place where it was first hooked, or rather hooked itself. That night when the fishermen returned home, the pike that was caught, escaped and recaptured, weighed 8lbs. 2oz.

How to Make a Fishing Wind.

I was fishing at Sunapee Lake last month, and day after day the wind came from the east, which is not considered a good point for the wind to come from. Dr. Quackenbos has on one of his boat houses a carved and gilded Sunapee gaibling (and it is an excellent representation of the fish too), for a weather vane. One morning the doctor stepped out on the veranda before breakfast and looked at the gilded fish which was pointing due east—away from the lake. A colored servant, John, was passing and the doctor said: "John, can you not make that fish look just the other way, out over the lake, for we have got to have a west wind." A few moments later John was seen coming up the beach with a rake in his hand, and the doctor asked him where he had been. He said, "Up on the boat house to turn the fish around with the rake handle sir, so it will point over the lake." A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Fishing at the Trap.

IT WOULD have surprised the first inventor of an artificial target if he could have seen with a prophetic eye the development which the sport of shooting at the trap was destined to attain. At first no one thought well of shooting at anything but live wild birds. At present no one goes fishing for anything but live wild fish, and there is no actual measure of skill in the art of angling except as that may be determined in the highly artificial and none too interesting, casting tournament with bait or fly-rods. It would be a great thing, would it not, if some one would invent a way of fishing at the trap?

Well, some one has done it. He is a Chicago man, and his name is James Munn. Mr. Munn is also the inventor of a weedless hook which has found favor. He is an employee in the County Clerk's office here, is an ardent fisherman and of a highly inventive turn of mind. This last invention of his is something unique, and shows well how much thought and care are expended in matters of modern sportsmanship, and to what perfection, albeit an artificial one, our sportsmanship has attained. Shooting at the trap is now recognized, admitted, acknowledged, and no further discussion exists in regard to it. Shall we presently reach a time when fishing at the trap shall have attained the same status? Mr. Munn thinks so, or at any rate claims that he will furnish fishing where there are no fish, make possible an accurate test of skill at angling, and furnish the dry sport of tournament casting with an additional and vital zest.

I called on Mr. Munn, and after some talk induced him to show me one of his traps. He brought out a box about 13 inches long, and 4 by 6 inches in end section. It was innocent looking enough, and was indeed quite bare on its outside, except that across the open top of the end section a flat piece of metal extended from side to side, raised about an inch above the wood.

"This is my trap," said Mr. Munn. "At the determined distance, say 30 yards, I bury this box in the water, standing it the long way up. This flat piece of metal that you see here will then be just at the surface of the water. It will be invisible to the caster where he stands, as indeed the whole top will be. He can't see a thing. It's all just smooth water as when you're out fishing. If the casting is in a competition for accuracy, the position of the trap can be indicated by a little flag. In any case, the trap itself is concealed entirely.

"Now, here is my black bass," and Mr. Munn produced a nice bass just 12 inches long, made of tin, and quite realistic. "You see, I put this bass into the trap, tail down. He stands on his tail, head up, waiting for a frog. You have noticed that bass come out of water head first, and as if shot up by a spring? Well, there is a spring in the bottom of this trap, which you can't see. When I put the bass down in the trap, I set the spring. It is just exactly the principle of the Jack-in-the-box, which we used to see when we were boys.

"Two things remain to be done. We must make the bass strike at the frog and we must make him take hold of it. You are laughing. Well, just wait.

"You observe that this bass does not open his mouth. Do you see these two steel wire jaws, one on each side of his head? We have to make believe these are his jaws, only they have square-pointed hooks on the end of them, and they open sidewise, instead of up and down, as the bass mouth really does.

"We put the bass down in the box, which sets the propelling spring. Then we pull his jaws apart, one on each side of the trap, six inches wide say. We catch each jaw in a trigger, the spring of the jaws holding the trigger in place. The trigger, you will see, is governed by this flat piece of metal which crosses the end of the trap, but which never covers up the aperture of the trap where the bass has to come out. This piece of metal I call the trip.

"The trip, as I have said, is just at the surface of the water. If you pull on the trip you spring the trigger, which releases the jaws. You also at the same instant loosen the propelling spring at the bottom of the trap. Now then, supposing you are casting a frog. You know you must cast over or beyond the trap—bass, I mean—and that you must be accurate to within six inches. You make your cast. Your frog goes 10ft. beyond this little flat bar, or trip, but your line passes across the top of the trip, and when you begin to reel in, your hook, or frog, catches on this trip, which is level with the surface of the water. At the first pull off goes the trigger. Up jumps Mr. Bass out of the box, three feet high, and looking as much like a bass as if he were alive. As he goes up his two wire jaws spring together, the hooks on the ends of them crossing and clamping on the line in such a way that it is impossible to pull a hook or even a sinker through them. You now have had your rise and your fish has been hooked. The trap will do this every time you cast a line across this horizontal trip.

"But this is not all. It is only half the fun in striking a fish. You've got to play him. You think there is no play in a tin fish? There is where you are mistaken.

"You will see that this bass is ballasted with cork until it has just about the specific gravity of water. After the bass jumps out of the box and grabs the line he lies still a while, as any bass will do, swallowing the bait. You wait till he has had about time to swallow your frog and then you strike him—see? Aha! do you see his fins work? The fact is the wire jaws are attached to springs inside the bass which work the tail and fins. My model is not yet quite complete in this, but both tail and fins will work and this will give the bass motion and resistance in the water. You can have quite a lot of fun playing a tin bass if it is only the right kind of a tin bass.

"All these motions I claim for my trapped bass. It will do these things every time. I am not quite ready to show the thing in complete operation, but hope soon to be, and believe it to be perfectly practical."

The rough working model shown me by Mr. Munn convinced me thoroughly of the possibility and practicability of everything he claimed. The trap will work for either bait or fly-casting. It is the intention to have several of the traps, set at intervals, as a "battery" in casting tournaments, and the Chicago Fly-Casting Club may use the trap at their tournaments this summer. If so, the public may have the chance of seeing in operation one of the most unique ideas ever known in sportsmanship. But angling at the trap, and professional fish shots—shades of good anglers, what are we coming to!

Mr. Munn told me that he did not yet have his trap ready for a club market, indeed not entirely completed in all its details, and added that several newspaper men were waiting to write it up when he got it finished. Perhaps this description may be of assistance to the other papers in their subsequent handling of what is really a very interesting bit of news. Mr. Munn has done something new under the sun, and I wish and believe that he may make a success out of his invention.

Alas! Santa Ana.

Mr. O. H. Hampton, well-known as a FOREST AND STREAM correspondent, is a traveling man. Under recent date he writes me from Mayville, Wis., near by Kekoskee, and says:

"Santa Ana is dead. The bullhead habit was the cause of his untimely departure. He had grown so fond of them that he would eat nothing else, and when the supply gave out he would eat nothing else, and starved himself to death."

As the above was written from the hostlery of mine host D. Puls, proprietor of the American House (wonder why he calls it the American House?), there is every reason to believe it is correct, because Mr. Puls knew Santa Ana well. Alas! poor Santa Ana, that noble horse! His death is a disgrace to the citizens of Mayville and Kekoskee. Unthinking men, was it then impossible, in the past winter of plenty, when bullheads were well nigh copious as of yore, to lay up a store which would sustain Santa Ana until another season of plenty? By such unreasoning want of care are nations ruined, homes destroyed and cities brought into premature decay. Without Santa Ana, Mayville is doomed. It is anathema Maryanntha, in the words of the prophet. Und ach! dot Santy Anny. It is a tausend pities.

Tarpon and Salmon.

The other day I met at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit at the World's Fair a young gentleman who seemed much interested in the big tarpon. He mentioned that he was from England and was on a long trip of pleasure in this country, his card declaring him to be "Henry Craven, Smedley Lodge, Manchester."

"I should think a tarpon would make an ugly fight," said he, "though I don't fancy the sort of tackle it seems one must use for them. They are heavier than any salmon, to be sure, but I can't see how they can be much livelier. It's grand sport, salmon fishing. Last year I killed a salmon, up in Scotland, that weighed 50lbs. It was a great fight. And, do you know, in Scotland one is not allowed to use a gaff in landing a salmon. The opinion is that too many fish get away in an injured condition when the gaff is in use. We have to land our fish there in a vast landing net.

"I see you have here in the building the skin of a brook trout that weighed 9lbs. or better. It is a very handsome fish. What would you say to a brook trout that weighed 40lbs.? There was one taken of that weight in Wales. It was a monster. You may see we have some fishing in a way in the old country, but it is no such vast a region as this. Last year I took some of your black bass in New England, and liked the sport very much. A mascallonge I have never killed, but I judge from the mounted specimens I see here it must be a fighter, and as I am now not so far from the mascallonge country, I should be delighted to have a go with one, if possible."

Wants a Rough Trip.

Mr. H. Ashbrook, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Where can I find good bass fishing in northern Wisconsin or Michigan, in lakes that have not been fished too much? It does not matter how much of a wilderness I get into or how rough the country is. If the readers of your valuable paper would write me, some who are thoroughly posted, I would thank them."

If Mr. Ashbrook will go to Trout Lake via Woodruff, Wis., cross the lake and portage a mile and a half over to Rice Lake, he will find pleasant camping grounds and be at hand to Crooked Lake, Boulder Lake and the Manitowish River. Especially in the river he will find all the bass fishing he likes, and can take all the wall-eyes he wants, and very likely have fine muscallonge fishing. These are as good waters as lie in Wisconsin, but if they are too easy, guides can be obtained at Trout Lake who will take the adventurous hundreds of miles over the inner waterways and lose him to his heart's content. Mr. W. H. Haskell, of this city, Mr. J. C. Cooper, Mr. J. M. Clark or any of many others to whom I can forward mail, will no doubt be glad to tell about that country to any one who wants a pleasant trip there. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

ONEIDA LAKE.

ONEIDA Lake is situated northwest of Syracuse, the outlet being 12 miles distant. It is some 30 miles long and 5 miles wide, and shallow in depth. Many streams empty into it, the principal one being Fish Creek, which has its head on the margin of the Wilderness. The feeding grounds are everywhere, and the feed abundant. It is an admitted fact that, to say the least, there are no better breeding waters in New York State.

This lake is connected by rivers and streams with a vast area of water. Cayuga, Seneca and Onondaga lakes are the most important bodies of water connected with it, except Lake Ontario, into which the Oswego River empties. The Cayuga and Seneca flow through the Seneca River via Montezuma and Baldwinsville to its junction north of Syracuse with the Oneida River through which Oneida Lake, twelve miles away, discharges its water. At the place of this junction of the Seneca and Oneida rivers the Oswego River begins and the place takes the name of Three Rivers, although the Oswego is but a continuance of the Seneca, the Oneida coming in from the east at a right angle.

To show the fertility of Oneida Lake, I am able to present a few facts given to me by Hon. H. B. Johnson, Commissioner of Public Works of Syracuse. For many years he was a dealer in fish at Brewerton, where the outlet of the lake is, and the record of his transactions is still preserved by him. He bought the greater part of the product of the numerous nets for some fifteen years before laws prohibiting netting were passed. Here is a statement for four months in 1878, which, Mr. Johnson says, is a fair average of the business for fifteen years:

Months.	Barrels.	Pounds of sunfish and perch.	Pounds of pike, pickerel and bass.
August	417	55,196	28,321
September	527	66,912	38,488
October	578	73,432	41,470
November	511	70,107	32,093

The largest shipment made by him in one day was 98 barrels, 19,120lbs. In the winter of 1876–77 he shipped 84 tons of pike which were caught through the ice.

These figures show the value of Oneida Lake for breeding purposes. They are verified too, if verification were necessary, by the rapid increase since netting was almost entirely stopped within the last two years. Nobody now living ever knew such excellent fishing as that lake now affords. Mr. Johnson, than whom none knows the lake better, more intelligently, says that "with the present excellent protection continued and the help of a hatchery, it can be made the most wonderful fish-producing water in this country." For that matter nobody doubts this fact.

At the request of Mr. Henry Loftie, who in conjunction with others has personally spent a large amount of both time and money in a successful effort to increase the fish food supply throughout central New York, the Commissioners of Fisheries yesterday visited the lake, a few friends of Mr. Loftie accompanying him and them. All were guests of Mr. Loftie who provided for them sumptuously. With the aid of a steam yacht Constantia was visited, where a stream comes into the lake from the trout region on the north. It was at once apparent to all that it was not only a choice place for hatching pike and some other kinds of fish, but that trout could also be produced as well as at almost any other hatchery in this country. The desirability and practicability of a hatchery at this point cannot be questioned. In no manner can the waters of central New York, Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River be so well supplied with fish as from this lake. It can be made a great and inexhaustible reservoir.

Without committing themselves in relation to the establishment of a hatchery, the Commissioner conceded that as the waters of central New York were so well protected central New York was entitled to have requests made of the Commissioner well considered. An order was given to Munroe Green on the spot to send 50,000 muskalonge to the lake in the belief that such fish would flourish in this water even better than in the St. Lawrence.

I append some particulars of the Commissioners' visit and of their observations elsewhere, which, I assume, are of general interest. D. H. BRUCE.

SYRACUSE, July 15.

From the Syracuse Daily Journal, July 14.

The New York State Fishery Commission arrived in Syracuse last night in a private car on the Central-Hudson road and registered at the Yates. The Commissioners are: L. D. Huntington, New Rochelle, President; Edward P. Doyle, New York, Secretary and Engineer; W. H. Bowman, Rochester; A. S. Josline, Tottenville; D. G. Hackney, Fort Plain, and Robert Hamilton, Greenwich. Mr. Hackney is not with the Commission, but they are accompanied by Munroe Green, brother of the late Seth Green, originator of the hatchery system. The Commissioners came here as the guests of Henry Loftie and with a view of examining the waters of Oneida Lake as to their condition for fish propagation. It has long been held that Oneida Lake is the most favorable water in the State for a pike hatchery, and it is quite likely that one will be established there. At 9 o'clock this morning the Commissioners left the Yates and drove to South Bay, accompanied by Henry Loftie, H. W. Jones, Carroll E. Smith, Gen. D. H Bruce and J. N. Babcock. The party will return this evening.

The Commissioners came here from Saranac Lake. They began their tour of inspection last Friday, and their first work was the investigation of the fishways on the Hudson River at Mechanicville and Northumberland. These had been reported to them as in such bad condition as to interfere seriously with the passing of the salmon to their spawning ground. These fishways were ordered repaired and plans made for extending the aprons 10ft. further into the river.

While at Mechanicville the Commissioners were convinced that the Hudson could be made in time a good salmon stream, for they received the information on good authority that three large-sized salmon had been taken with a fly at that place. This will be welcome news to

the lovers of this sport, as it will obviate the necessity of their going to Canada after their fish.

From the Hudson the Commissioners went to the Fulton Chain to inspect the hatcheries. While there plans for the new hatcheries were approved, and the work of building them began to-day with the laying of the foundations. Nothing was done at Saranac Inn, because the title to this property is in dispute between Dr. S. B. Ward and the State. The property will, therefore, remain unimproved until the Attorney-General, to whom the Commissioners have referred the matter, gives some decision.

Edward P. Doyle, the Secretary of the Commission, said that the location for the two new hatcheries for which the last Legislature made an appropriation of $10,000, would be decided upon by the first of next month. Mr. Doyle also said that the distribution of fish for this year had exceeded that of any preceding year by over 40,000,000. For the first time in the history of the Commission, lobsters had been successfully hatched on a large scale.

The car in which the Commission travels is fitted up in such a way as to afford traveling accommodations for the Commissioners and also provide room for the transportation and hatching of small shad fry. After their inspection of Oneida Lake the Commissioners will return to New York, and later in the season will make an inspection of the hatcheries in the western part of the State.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her luck.

CLAYTON, N. Y., July 10.—Geo. S. Brownell, Albert Ault, Cliff Ault and Chas. Schubert, of Cincinnati, O., stopping at the Columbian, Thousand Islands Park, caught 23 fine large pickerel on the 10th. This is a good start for this season. O. P. HADCOCK.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 8.—Last Saturday, with Mr. J. M. Pemberton, a shooting and fishing companion, I visited Old River, fourteen miles from this city, and with live bait we took in two and a half hours upward of 60 bass, averaging from 1½ to 3½lbs. I have since tried them very successfully with the fly, the Johnson-fancy being the most killing fly I have tried. JOS. W. IRWIN.

TOTTENVILLE, Staten Island, N. Y., July 12.—Four weakfish at half flood. One weighed 5¾lbs. one hour after taken; the others were large fish. Prospects for the coming week seem good. JOHN T. HAWKINS.

HENDERSON, N. Y.—Catch of C. F. Beatty, New York, at Brooklyn House, Henderson: July 3, 18; July 4, 42; July 5, rain; July 6, 47; July 7, dead calm, 9. All smallmouth bass. Average weight, about 1¾lbs.
A. WILKINSON.

MR. T. F. SECOR, who has just returned from Chincoteague, Va., reports the fishing unusually poor for this season of the year. Last year he had good sport previous to July 10 in these waters, but this year he caught nothing worth mentioning. He reports that there are some "trailers" caught, but no large bluefish and no weakfish. No doubt the fishing will improve as the season advances.

MERRILL, Clinton County, N. Y.—A guest of the Indian Point House, on Upper Chateaugay Lake, caught three brook trout July 10 that weighed 4lbs. One weighed 2lbs., one 1lb. 7oz., and one 7oz. The fishing is fairly good at present, and some nice trout have been taken.
R. M. S.

SAYVILLE, L. I., July 8.—There is good fishing in Great South Bay at present. Bluefish and sea bass are biting well. One boat reported a catch of forty bluefish this week. Flounders are also caught in large numbers on the "Cinders." Boats may be had at Sayville, Bay Shore or Islip. *July 17.*—The bluefish have gone; but flounders and sea bass are taking the hooks.

LAKE RONKONKOMA, L. I.—The bass fishing in this lake is unusually good this year. Since Mr. Wilson's capture of a 7-pounder several other large fish have been taken, including one of 6¼lbs. weight. Bass take the fly well at present, but the largest catches are made casting with the frog.

DANVERS, Mass., July 15, 1893.—Frank Brown caught a brook trout here a while ago that weighed 1¾lbs. We call that a pretty good catch for this part of the country.
W. B. C.

JULY 15.—Mr. Harry Crosby, of Chicago, while fishing in Clayton waters for black bass on 8th inst., hooked and landed a 24lb. muskallonge on an 8oz. rod and light tackle. Mr. Crosby had just one hour's hard work before the fish was finally captured and safely in the skiff.
J. G. FRASER.

STEVENSVILLE, N. Y., July 15.—Mr. Fred Sanford, of Liberty Falls, caught one pickerel weight 4lbs. 10oz., and one pickerel, weight 3lbs. 12oz. in Stevensville Lake, today. He was out about three-quarters of an hour. Prospects for next week good. H. M. STODDARD.

THREE LAKES, Wis., July 13.—Mr. Walter Stager and son, of Sterling, Ill. caught in four days' fishing 483 black bass largest 5¼lbs., and two maskallonge, largest 15½lbs. Fishing is good For information address
F. R. FRENCH.

ADIRONDACK, N. Y. (Riverside), July 12.—Watch Rock Hotel, on Schroon Lake.—Bass are now running, some good ones being taken. One of our guides landed a 12¾lbs. lake trout last week, and Judge Freedman, of the New York Superior Court, caught one a few days ago weighing 21lbs. Brook trout fishing is good, one of the guests having a 3-pounder in his catch Monday.
GEORGE CECIL.

Where to Go.

ANYONE desiring information with regard to the hotels advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, such as rates, routes, or fishing and hunting opportunities, should address FOREST AND STREAM Information Bureau, where all reasonable inquiries will receive prompt answers.

A Walton Celebration at Niagara.

TORONTO, July 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a curious fact that while the 300th anniversary of the birth of the father of angling and the chronicler thereof, Izaak Walton, is being duly celebrated in various places in England and the United States, as yet very few points in Canada, the abundant home of all the finny beauties of the continent, the happy hunting waters of so many fishermen, have intimated their intention of doing honors to the revered Izaak. There is, however, one place which will celebrate the Walton tercentenary and that is Niagara-on-the-Lake, the picturesque and historic old town (now known chiefly as a summer watering place) situated at the mouth of the Niagara River, where its waters go to make Lake Ontario. The waters here have been famous for the excellence of the black bass that are captured in large quantities every year. The water is probably the purest of any in America, as it comes aerated, crystallized and thoroughly filtered by its plunge over the Falls of Niagara and its rapid cleansing career of thirty miles from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario. This fact accounts for the black bass being as fine if not finer than any game fish found elsewhere on the continent. They are all large, small-mouthed, firm-fleshed, none of your flabby large-mouthed fish, and are magnificent eating, having a peculiarly delicious flavor. They are caught at this season with hook and line, the best bait being young minnows, but occasionally they will rise to the trolling spoon.

At such a spot as this the three hundredth anniversary of Izaak Walton will be celebrated on Aug. 9. A large number of noted anglers from Toronto, Montreal and other Canadian cities, and from Buffalo, Lockport, Rochester and neighboring cities in New York State, will gather. The day will be spent in following the bass, and in the evening the anglers' dinner will be held at the Queen's Royal Hotel, in the spacious ball room of the hotel. It will be a fish dinner, and the courses will be the various fish found in the Niagara waters, such as black bass, lake herring, the splendid whitefish, the tasty perch, while such delicacies as whitebait and brook trout will add to the tastiness of the event. After dinner a smoking concert will be held, at which there will be speeches and all the talk that makes fishermen so companionable. It is likely that this occasion will be the beginning of a series of annual gatherings at which anglers from both sides of the border may meet in common waters. WALTONIAN.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Mr. E. E. Wilkinson won all the events at the tournament at Washington Park on July 13. In the first contest, for accuracy fly-casting, distance 50ft., E. E. Wilkinson was first with an average of 79½ft., J. E. Isgrigg second. Second contest, long distance fly-casting, E. E. Wilkinson was first, he casting 66ft.; J. M. Clark was second with 65½ft. Third contest, long distance and accuracy bait-casting, E. E. Wilkinson was first with an average of 99$\frac{8}{15}$, distance 135½ft.; F. B. Davidson second, average 99⅔, distance 128ft. B. WATERS.

Fishculture.

Plant Yearlings Where Needed.

BY WM. F. PAGE.

A paper read at the Twenty-second Meeting of the American Fisheries Society, Chicago, Ill., June 15, 1893.

(Concluded from page 32).

IS THE cost excessive? That is something every man must work out for himself. In commercial fishculture the problem is soon solved by reference to the cash account. In governmental work it is a matter between the authorized agents and the legislative body controlling. It depends upon so many things that no one can say the cost is or is not excessive except for a particular locality. A food which we can well afford to use in Missouri is found too costly in the East.

Leaving then the question of expense, let us see wherein does the planting of yearlings lack analogy to other processes. Last year the attempt was made to draw a comparison between stocking a stream with fish and raising an orchard, and with the parallel but half drawn it looked rather adverse to the yearling idea; but had the parallel been carried to its legitimate conclusion we would have seen that the young trees to thrive were in constant need of attention and protection. Food, water and protection from enemies all young trees must have or only the fittest survive. Forgetting or ignoring these fundamental principles of husbandry, it was concluded that because one could raise large trees from small ones, therefore one could to the best advantage stock wild waters with infant fish. There is no true simile at any point between the two processes. In the former case we domesticate the trees and in the latter case we naturalize the fish. These are widely divergent processes, in so much that in naturalization we omit, or at least do not extend, the protection always accompanying domestication. A fair comparison cannot be drawn between the two. A fairer comparison might be found in the colonization by man of new countries. Who among the advocates of infant fry planting would support a scheme for colonizing a new America by sending out a cargo of babies? Let us look at this simile and see if it won't parallel better than that of the orchard. The history of the early colonization of this continent and Australia contain accounts of the death from disease, enemies and murder by savages sometimes of entire communities. Truly these were "lambs placed in the lion's den for safekeeping" somewhat on the order recounted (page 83, twenty-first meeting) of planting two-pound lake trout in a lake infested by pickerel. The moral is, if you will put your lambs into lions' dens, don't think it strange if others put their sheep into a sheepfold. But, further, we see that wherever on proper lines colonization has been undertaken, success has crowned the effort, and so it will eventually prove in the naturalization of fish.

As a practical workman I wish to enter my negation to the doctrine advanced in this association in the past of the very large percentage of loss unavoidable in raising fry to yearlings. One member last year said if you have good luck with one million fry you may have 600,000 fish at the end of the year. In other words a loss of 40 per cent., and another member placed the unavoidable loss at 50 to 75 per cent. I prefer to look upon these statements as fancy born and not as the expressions of experience. Twenty-five years ago they might have held good. But to-day with proper appliances and a proper understanding and knowledge of the work a loss of 75, 50 or even 40 per cent. from fry to yearlings should be considered inexcusable. (This be it understood to apply only to the product of such eggs as have not been subject to transportation.) As touching this matter I ask your attention to the following quotation from Mr. Livingston Stone's work, "Domesticated Trout" (third edition, page 190): "I must, nevertheless, venture to disagee with them if they mean that there is any necessary inherent cause of death in the young fry which cannot be removed. Some will die, say 5 per cent., though it ought to be less than this, of weak constitutions. They are born into the world so weakly constituted that they cannot stand the wear and tear of life, and must die. I admit there may be perhaps five per cent. of these necessary, unavoidable deaths; but that the rest come into being already doomed to premature death, or that young trout have any mysterious or peculiar inherent cause of death in them, any more than young calves, or pigs, or chickens, I do not believe. In the present state of information of the art, young trout fry may be more liable to accidents than other young domesticated creatures, and it may be more difficult to guard against their diseases, but this is another thing. Careless breeding may, and careless hatching will, produce a progeny of young trout of which 90 per cent. will die; but this is also another thing. Careful breeding and hatching will produce trout which are just as likely to live, in my opinion, as the same number of lambs or chickens; and if the young fry die it is not because of any mysterious, innate cause peculiar to them because they are trout, but it is because they were killed, deliberately killed, by external causes, just as much as lambs or chickens are killed by storms, or by parasites, or from starvation or poison. It is true that they are killed from ignorance of their wants, and not from wilful neglect, but it is the same thing abstractly—the cause of death is external and removable, and not innate and necessary. Their wants are peculiar, of course, and more occult and intangible than those of pigs and colts, and to a beginner it will sometimes seem as if they died without being diseased. But if they were as large as pigs and colts and could be studied as easily, I do not think their wants would be found to be any more mysterious or peculiar; and if the cause of disease could be magnified, so as to be observed and studied clearly, I think that no more trout would die when nothing was the matter with them.

"I am further convinced that study and experience will eventually clear this subject, notwithstanding the difficulties which surround it, and that at some time it will be known how to raise trout and make them live, as well as is known how to raise turkeys and chickens. I believe that there are energy and intelligence enough now interested in the cause to accomplish this end. I take this ground, partly because any other is unphilosophical and uncomplimentary to the intelligence of those who are studying the art, and partly because the facts of experience confirm it."

On page 149 of the "History of Howietoun," Sir James Maitland, speaking of a loss of 20 per cent. in a particular lot of *S. levenensis*, says: "This is a very heavy percentage, and is probably 8 per cent. too high," and in another place he gives his losses as 11 per cent. and 13 per cent. My own experience with healthy eggs and fry is that the loss should not reach 10 per cent. These figures are not guesses. They are founded on actual counts. My method is this: In the spring about or a little before the average time of planting fry our young trout are transferred from the hatching troughs to the outdoor pools. We commence by taking out 500 of the most advanced fry and putting them into a pool by themselves. No other fry are added to them until they have been taught to readily congregate in the pool for their food. This training occupies two, three, four or five days, depending upon the fish and the condition of the weather. When they are thoroughly trained in this, a thousand more fry are added. It is expected, and rarely fails, that the 500 trained fish teach the 1,000 new fish to assemble at feeding times. Day by day we add fry in lots of 1,000 until the pool receives its quota. Now, the test of the whole matter comes in the succeeding fall, when the messenger brings his orders for so many yearling fish. Let us suppose his order calls for 5,830 fish. Then, that is just the number which we give him. But how? As a shipment of fry was formerly determined by counting a pan of 500 and estimating the balance? By no means. The fish are counted. At the Neosho Station three men ordinarily require less than two hours from start to finish in counting and loading an average carload of yearlings. The captain of the car is at liberty to supervise and check the count. At its completion he gives a receipt for the number of fish. This receipt is subject to a check in that the messenger must obtain a receipt or receipts from the final recipient or recipients of the fish for the like number, or stand the onus of having lost the fish in transit. The total of the receipts given by the messengers, subtracted from the total of the fry counted into the pools represents the loss in raising from fry to yearlings. A little while back I made the statement that this loss need not exceed 10 per cent. Let us see what this loss has been during the history of the Neosho Station. In 1890 on rainbow trout, 9 per cent.; in 1891, on rainbow trout, 7 per cent.; on Von Behr trout, 34 per cent.; on brook trout, 26 per cent.; in 1892, on rainbow trout 6 per cent. and on brook trout 8 per cent. The average of these six instances is 15 per cent. This is 5 per cent. too high, and was occasioned by the excessive loss of 34 per cent. and 26 per cent. respectively in the Von Behr and brook trout of 1891. In the report of these two lots of fish, written before this loss occurred, it was stated that they were very inferior lots of fish, with low degree of vitality, and unlikely to reach maturity. But the rainbow eggs of the seasons of 1890 and 1891 were strong and healthy, and their fry suffered a loss of only 9 per cent. and 7 per cent. respectively. The lowest loss, 6 per cent., was in the lot of rainbows raised from eggs spawned at Neosho—from eggs which had never undergone transportation. I have a belief that the very best results in fishculture will be attained by hatching from eggs which have not been subjected to transportation.

The successes which have attended our methods of raising trout fry to yearlings in pools are in the nature of a guarantee or proof that in principle it is very near correct. How different it is from the practice of planting several thousand fry at one time in one place. Some eighteen years ago when we were getting ready a shipment of California salmon fry an old gentleman who frequently visited the hatchery asked, "Who's going to stay down at the river to care for those minnows and chop liver for them?" The question at that time provoked a smile; but to-day, in all seriousness, I ask it of the advocates of fry planting. Who is to take care of your fry after they are planted? In this connection it was well pointed out in the last meeting that the condition of the fry when planted was such that they must have food at once or they perish. While on the other hand the yearlings are in condition to go without food for a considerable length of time. It has frequently happened in the past, and will I fear frequently happen in the future, that a plant of fry has been dumped in a stream at some point instead of being properly scattered in the smaller streams. Two of the best writers on trout culture have hinted at the danger of this. In the "History of Howietoun," this significant passage occurs (page 69): "It must never be forgotten that fry of salmon and trout do not roam in search of food, but take up fixed positions, and snatch at particles carried past by the current; and they do not forage like yearlings until they are three or four months old. Many of the failures in fishculture are attributable to this habit being overlooked, although as early as 1873 it was noted by Livingston Stone, who says ("Domesticated Trout," page 171): 'As they continue to grow, they increase their range, and by the first of September or a little later, they take their food like old trout.'" Now, what are the consequences of these fry thus taking up a fixed abode for several months? Unless the number be small or the food be unusually abundant, some of those which escape the thousand and one dangers of the fry stage will be stunted and never attain any size. But of the vast majority, what? They simply go to join the vast majority on the other side of trout life. Listen for a moment to a partial list of the destructive agencies which are waiting, watching and searching for them. But no, I won't inflict you. Their name is legion. You all know some of them, but none of us know them all. During the past four years we killed at Neosho Station, 530 predatory birds, 239 piscivorous snakes, 2,500lbs. of crayfish, besides very many other enemies. We try to exemplify the motto that "Eternal vigilance is the price of fish." And yet we lose young carp, tench, bass and other pond fish. Lose by the hundreds, yes, thousands. Not from disease or inherent weakness, but by enemies so insidious, so

persistent, so minute, so numerous that we cannot totally eradicate them. Gentlemen, you will find it an enormous task to rear enough fry to counteract the destruction caused by natural enemies, and especially so unless all your plants are made under the best conditions with the greatest care. You will find also that the cost of distribution when your fry are thus planted to the best advantage will commence to approximate the cost of distributing yearlings. Stocking a stream with yearling fish requires every degree of careful forethought; but stocking a stream with fry demands an intimate knowledge of the stream and its inhabitants, a more careful and wider distribution of the plant, and in many cases an accompanying or prior deposit of natural food adapted to infant trout diet.

In the Transactions of the Twenty-First Meeting of this Society, on page 113, occurs the following quotation: "I have seen it stated in some of the streams of the Yellowstone, or West, several attempts were made to plant with fry, which failed, and other attempts made with yearlings succeeded. Now, the question naturally arises, suppose those yearlings do succeed and spawn there, what is to become of their fry when they are hatched? * * * It strikes me * * * if the fry cannot live in those streams, and nothing but yearling can, you have got to put in yearlings there every year." The foregoing remarks, no doubt, had reference to the plants of yearling trout made in the waters of the Yellowstone National Park by the United States Fish Commission in the autumns of 1889 and 1890, a concise history of which can be found in the Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries on the Explorations in Montana and Wyoming in the summer of 1891. (Senate Mis. Doc. No. 65, pages 51, 52 and 53). I do not know the authority for saying these streams had hitherto been unsuccessfully tried with fry—though possibly they had. But I have the very best authority for saying that in at least one of these streams most unfavorable conditions prevailed for stocking with fry, and in one other the conditions were adverse for stocking with yearlings. One of the streams, the Upper Gibson River, contained the blob, or miller's thumb (*Cottus bairdi punctulatus*), and in the other, the Yellowstone River, the native mountain trout (*Salmo mykiss*) was abundant. The infernally destructive propensities of the miller's thumb are too well known to need remark here. The native trout of the Yellowstone has well been called voracious, and to him has been credited the destruction of at least one entire plant of fry. Professor Everman, reporting on his reconnaissance of these waters, made in the summer of 1891, says: "At least the brook and Loch Leven trout, which were planted in 1889, spawned in 1890, as we found young of these species that could not be over a year old." Here is definite proof that yearlings planted in a stream are capable of reproducing and rearing their young, under conditions which would have, we may fairly say, been detrimental if not destructive to a plant of fry. How this was accomplished will, I think, show why it will not be necessary to annually restock a stream with yearlings because fry would not primarily live in it. That the trout do not exercise any direct parental care (one of the most potent and necessary factors in the reproductions of animals in general) I freely concede, and yet more freely that the young fry are under natural environments at all times the prey of numberless enemies. It is not asking too much to suppose that the yearlings would and do destroy, either as food or from self-protection, and in some cases from wantonness, very much of the animal life which would otherwise find a ready and acceptable subsistence upon the eggs and fry of the trout in the following year. It may be too much to state, but at least it cannot be contra-proved, that the adult trout destroys many of these enemies of their young from a sense of the necessity of the case. The yearling and the adult fish when planted in new waters in their subsistence on its animal life, and in their fight for survival, in short, in their very living in these waters prepare them for their progeny. It strikes me that in this they but parallel the only lines mankind has found practicable in colonizing new countries. The fact that a plant of trout fry in a particular stream, presenting outwardly all the conditions necessary for a happy trout life, has been barren of results should not be considered as conclusive argument that trout could not live and multiply in it. Try that stream again with enough yearlings sufficiently large to war upon the enemies of baby trout. And if the case is urgent and the stream is worthy, try it with a few two or even three-year-old veterans. Take the case of the Yellowstone waters as an assurance that the fish will attend to their own multiplication and save you the trouble of annually replanting yearlings.

The relative values of fry and yearlings for stocking purposes will probably never be determined. It is certain that they both have their uses and advantages. There are times and places where fry can and will do all that is necessary for stocking a given body of water, and there are places where yearlings will be required to produce the desired result. For one I am far from denying that very much of the magnificent result already achieved by fishculture is due to plants of fry. But, gentlemen, fry exclusively were planted when American fishculture was in its infancy; now that it has reached its majority it should stand ready to do a man's work of planting yearling fish where necessity demands, reserving its plants of fry for streams presenting favorable conditions of water and animal life. In this broad country of ours, with its diversified water systems and aquatic fauna, there are streams where fry planting will prove all sufficient, and others wherein only yearlings can suceeed.

Food and cost of 28,000 rainbow trout raised at Neosho, Mo., Station from fry to yearlings, on a mixed diet of beef liver and mush, commencing when the fry were transferred to the outdoor pools, April 1, 1892, ending January 31, 1893:

Period.	Daily Allowance.		Total for the Month.	
	Lbs. of Liver.	Lbs. of Mush.	Lbs. of Liver.	Lbs. of Mush.
30 days of April	7.0	8.4	210.0	252.0
31 days of May	7.0	8.4	127.0	260.4
30 days of June	8.4	25.2	252.0	755.0
31 days of July	8.3	35.0	195.3	1,085.0
31 days of Aug	12.0	45.0	372.0	1,395.0
30 days of Sep	12.0	60.0	360.0	1,800.0
31 days of Oct	12.0	54.0	372.0	1,674.0
30 days of Nov	12.0	60.0	360.0	1,800.0
31 days of Dec	15.0	60.0	465.0	1,860.0
31 days of Jan	15.0	60.0	465.0	1,860.0
306 days			3,268.3	12,742.4

3,268.3lbs. of liver, at 3½ cents a pound, cost.....$114.39
12,742.4lbs. of mush, at ¼ cent a pound, cost..... 31.86

Cost of food for 28,000 rainbow trout from April 1 to Jan. 31.. $146.25

Cost per 1,000 $5.22; or each fish cost a fraction over ½ct. Average cost per day per 1,000 was 1.707 cents.

Average allowance per day per 1,000 was 1.87lbs. of the mixture (in the proportion of 1 of liver to 3.79 of mush).

The fish were two sizes. On Feb. 11 '93, they were measured and weighed:

4,000 averaged 7 in. long, and 107.5lbs. per 1,000, or 430lbs. gross.
24,000 " 5½ " " " 42.5 " " 1,000, " 1,020 " "

28,000 yearlings weighed.....1,452lbs. gross.

A cost per pound of a fraction over 10 cents.

Food and cost of 12,000 "vegetarian" rainbow trout raised at Neosho, Mo., Station from fry to yearlings, commencing when the fry was transferred to the outdoor pools, April 1, 1892, and ending Jan. 31, 1893.

Period.	Daily Allowance.		Total for the Month.	
	Lbs. of Liver.	Lbs. of Mush.	Lbs. of Liver.	Lbs. of Mush.
30 days of April	3.0	3.6	90.0	108.0
31 days of May	3.0	3.6	93.0	111.6
30 days of June	3.6	10.8	108.0	324.0
31 days of July	2.7	15.0	83.7	465.0
31 days of Aug	....	45.0	....	1,395.0
30 days of Sep	....	45.0	....	1,350.0
31 days of Oct	....	45.0	....	1,395.0
30 days of Nov	....	45.0	....	1,350.0
31 days of Dec	....	45.0	....	1,395.0
31 days of Jan	....	45.0	....	1,395.0
306 days			374.7	9,288.6

374.7lbs. of liver at 3½ cents a pound cost.....$13.11
9,288.6lbs. of mush at ¼ cent a pound cost..... 23.22

Cost of food for 12,000 rainbow trout from April 1 to Jan. 31.....$36.33

Cost per 1,000 $3.03; or each fish cost a fraction under ¼ct. February 11, 1893, they were measured and weighed: 12,000 averaged 4in. long, and 27.5lbs. per 1,000, or 330lbs. gross. A cost per pound of about 11 cents.

NEOSHO STATION, FEB. 11, 1893.

Measure and weight of yearling rainbow trout.

100 of the largest, mush and liver fed, 10.75lbs.....7 in. long
100 medium size " " " " 4.25lbs.....5.5in. long
100 of those fed on mush only 2.75lbs.....4 in. long

NEOSHO STATION, FEB. 11, 1893.

Measure and weight of yearling brook trout.

100 average size, fed on mush and liver 7.5lbs.....6 5in. long

NEOSHO STATION, JUNE 5, 1893.

Size and allowance of three-year-old rainbow trout.

1000 three-year-old trout in Pond No. 1 are supported in perfect condition on 2lbs. of liver and 40lbs of mush per day.

10 of the largest weigh.....17.5lbs.
15 of the medium weigh.....19.5lbs.

25 of the three-year-olds weigh.....37.0lbs.

Or each fish 23.68oz., making the weight of the 1,000 1,480lbs. The allowance per day is less than 3% of their weight of the mixture (in proportion of 1 of liver to 20 of much), costing now 19 cents. per day.

FEEDING AND GROWTH OF RAINBOW TROUT IN THEIR SECOND YEAR.

Feb. 20, 1893, counted 1,500 13-months-old extra select rainbow trout into Pond No. 2 to be raised for future brood stock. Total weight, 140.5lbs., an average of 93.67lbs. per 1,000. Average length of trout, 7in.

April 26, 1893 (65 days afterward) these trout were reweighed and found to average 260lbs. per 1,000, and to measure from 8 to 9in., being an increase in weight of 178%. During these 65 days they had been given 185lbs. of liver and 1,008lbs. of mush, costing $9.29, or each pound of trout gained (after Feb. 20) cost a fraction over 3 3-5 cents.

May 20, 1893, 90 days after the fish were first put into No. 2 Pond they were again reweighed and found to average 320lbs. to the 1,000 fish, and to run from 9 to 9½in. long, being an increase in weight of about 24½%. During these 90 days they had been given 305lbs. of liver and 1,627lbs. of mush, costing $17.01; or each pound of trout gained (after Feb. 20) cost a fraction over 5 cents.

N. B.—Prior to April 1, 1893, liver cost 3½ cents a pound, after that the price was 4½ cents a pound. The cost of mush remained unchanged, namely one-quarter of a cent a pound.

Up to the time these fish were transferred to Pond No. 2 they had been all the time in a pool 8×22ft., among a lot of 6,000 other yearlings. The element of range so essential to the growth of fish was entirely lacking, as was also that of space and natural pasturage. Pond No. 2, into which they were transferred, supplied to a certain extent these requisites. It has a water surface of about 6,000 square feet and a greatest depth of 36in. Whereas the pools had a greatest depth of only 2ft., wooden sides and bottom, and with a constant change of 55 gallons of water per minute, the maintenance of pasture under these conditions being impossible. Pond No. 2 is, for at least one-quarter of its area, less than 6in. in depth, containing considerable aquatic flora and breeding no little natural food.

NEOSHO, MO., JAN. 25, 1892.

Specimens of trout shipped from Neosho to Washington, D. C., Jan. 25, 1892, to be cast for the World's Fair.

No. 1. Male fish, rainbow trout, hatched from eggs received from Wytheville Station in January, 1890. Weight, 30oz.; age, 2 years.

No. 2. Same as No. 1. Weight, 21oz.

No. 3. Brook trout, hatched from eggs received from Northville Station Jan. 25, 1891. Weight, 6oz.; age, 12 months.

No. 4. Same as No. 3. Weight, 6.5oz.

No. 5. Von Behr trout (*S. fario*), hatched from eggs received from Northville Station Feb. 5, 1891. Weight, 3.5oz.; age, 11 months.

No. 6. Same as No. 5. Weight, 3.5oz.

No. 7. Rainbow trout, hatched from eggs received from Wytheville Station Jan. 17, 1891. Weight, 3oz.; age, 12 months.

No. 8. Same as No. 7. Weight, 1.5oz.

"Statistical Review of Fishculture."

IN the valuable statistical review by Mr. N. Borodine, printed in our issue of July 8, page 10, third column, forty-first line, for "protection" read "propagation."

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

Hannaford Ventilated Boot Co.:

THE ventilated rubber boots I ordered from you last fall have given great satisfaction. They do not sweat the feet. I have worn them a great deal this winter duck and snipe shooting, wading in water knee deep, and returned to camp at night with dry and warm feet, and I would say that no sportsman should be without a pair of your rubber ventilated waterproof hip boots. Very respectfully, A. H. HANNA, Attorney at Law, Austin, Texas.—*Adv.*

Minneapolis and St. Paul

Are reached most directly from either Chicago or St. Louis by the Burlington Route. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington Route dining cars.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Kingston (Ont.) K. C., at Kingston. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone. Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park. D. C. Collins, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. E. D. Adams, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials. Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Kennel Interests in Finland.

WE received last week a pleasant call from Mr. Dan. Joh. Wadén, a resident of Helsingfors, Finland. This gentleman was on his way home from a visit to the World's Fair. One of his objects in coming so far was to attend the World's Fair dog show, and he was naturally very disappointed at the postponement. Surprising to relate Mr. Wadén met no dogmen in Chicago, but on his return to New York he lost no time in seeking the FOREST AND STREAM, which journal, he tells us, is known even in far off Finland "as one of the most excellent in the world, through translations served for the Finnish public in Swedish and German sporting journals." By the way, there is a sporting journal in Finland called *Sporten, Tidskrift för Jägare och Fiskare*, edited by Mr. Alex. Kintse.

Mr. Wadén speaks English quite fluently and an hour's pleasant chat ensued on sporting matters in the far north country. The publicity given to shows and field trials in England created an interest in well bred dogs, and three dog shows have already been held in Finland. The first two were international affairs for all breeds of dogs and held in May, 1891-92 at Helsingfors. In December, 1892, a specialty show was held for the Finnish "spitz" at Uleaborg, in the north of Finland. This year, however, there will be no show.

Mr. Wadén is a sportsman and is very much interested in field trials, and wishing to get every information as to the manner in which they are conducted in this country, we furnished him with copies of field trial rules and also a W. K. C. marked catalogue of this year's dog show, so that now our Finnish friends will have no excuse if their bench shows and field trials are not conducted with all modern improvements. Mr. Wadén tells us that the first field trials held in Finland will take place Sept. 23 under the auspices of the Finnish Kennel Club (Finska Kennel Klubben). Of this club Mr. Wadén is the president. As may be imagined, there are no professional trainers in Finland, and most of the owners will handle their own dogs in the coming trials, and about a dozen entries are expected.

Mr. Wadén has a kennel of about twenty dogs, chiefly pointers, and they are from dogs selected for him by Mr. Pooley, the late secretary of the English Pointer Club. The most popular dogs in Finland are foxhounds and "harehounds," but there are few kennels in our acceptance of the term, most sportsmen owning one to three dogs. Among "bird" dogs English and Irish setters are held in equal favor with the pointer.

The game on which the trials will be run are ptarmigan and black bird, which we presume is black cock, and the country hunted over is not thickly covered; something like the Scotch moors we should image from Mr. Wadén's description, the cover being low underbrush or heather. He says that in passing through parts of Canada and New England on his way from Chicago he saw a good deal of country that would be suitable for the ptarmigan.

Mr. Wadén was charmed with the Fair and said it was "very beautiful," and quite consoled him for the disappointment in not seeing the dog show. He sailed last Wednesday on the Augusta Victoria for Southampton and from there he goes to Hull, Yorkshire, Eng., where he takes the steamer for Helsingfors, which is a four days steam. Helsingfors is 300 miles from St. Petersburg, Russia, eight hours by rail. Before he sailed Mr. Wadén visited the Hempstead Farm Kennels.

Bulldogs or Bull-Terriers?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read some of the articles in your paper in regard to bulldogs, I would like to take up the cudgels in their favor. Most of the prejudice against them arises from dogs kept by half-grown boys or vicious men, who seem to think that all they are for is to worry and tear other animals, and, therefore, do all they can to make them mean and vicious by setting them on everything in sight and encouraging them to fight at every opportunity.

On the other hand, I claim that any one who will take a well-bred bull-terrier puppy before he has had any chance to get spoiled, and bring him up in the right way—that is, not allow him to fight, except in self-defense, or worry other animals—I will guarantee that they will lose all their prejudice (if they ever had any) and say he is the nicest dog in the world. I also contend that he is the safest dog with children, because he is never snappish; being naturally brave, he is not easily aroused. He will stand more pounding from a child than any other dog. Will mind his own business better and never fly at any one without cause, nor will he bark all night at nothing and keep all the neighbors awake. I once owned a dog such as this and have seen several others belonging to different parties, who would be willing to testify with me. One especially fine dog of this breed is (or was) owned by Capt. Anson, of the Chicago Base Ball Club. He is said to be one of the smartest dogs in this country of any breed.

H. C. SMITH.

THOMASVILLE, Ga.

[Mr. Smith unconsciously bears us out in our contention that a good deal of the bad reputation the bull-dog has incurred is due to the hazy conception most people have of the difference between a pure bulldog, a bull and terrier and a pure-bred bull-terrier. While we admit all he claims for the bull-terrier, we must remind him that the latter are not now under discussion; they must take care of themselves—which they are abundantly able to do—for the present the bulldog, pure and simple, is on the defensive.]

The American Kennel Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

He who would advocate changes in the constitution or the regulations which bear on clubs or dog shows may confidently expect to meet with the solemn assurance that "it is dangerous to tinker with them." Accepting that the term means "to mend," this well worn injunction has the ring of superstition, and only when such peculiar structures are absolutely perfect can it be wrong or dangerous to try to strengthen their various parts, or build on and thus provide for the natural increase and other demands of the times. But of course the line must be drawn between meddlesome interference and intents with well fixed purposes based on careful study of the conditions, and after an experience that is likely to beget understanding.

That the A. K. C. is not doing all that it might in the interests of those for whom it was organized and by whom it is now supported, is a conviction of mine—briefly expressed and perhaps somewhat indefinite—that has been given quite wide publicity, and very naturally I have been urged to go further and as publicly consider the remedies which, in my opinion, might rightly be applied with a good prospect of clearing the atmosphere of the existing discontent and favoring advancement in our part of dogdom. But this I am reluctant to attempt, for while convinced that the general condition of things therein might be much improved by a little judicious tinkering, I am not familiar with all weak spots or requirements; therefore, I cannot suggest a distinct line of action. However, physicians in these days are treating symptoms rather than disease, and if I keep in the same line surely no harm can result if I fail to do good; for those responsible for the welfare of the A. K. C. are not at all likely to follow advice unless it seems timely and wise. Reasoning thus, possibly there is no good excuse for declining the requests made; consequently I will hastily view the situation from my own standpoint, and mark here and there where there appear chances for improvement. And to favor convenience, as well as ready appreciation of my meaning, I will frame a few resolutions on the way. But in the very beginning let me urge that these will be in the rough and likely far from perfect, for there are but few constitutions or rules which do not have sections that can be wrongly interpreted without stultification. However, errors will be harmless, for they must soon be detected by dogmen.

Conservatism is certainly highly commendable where large interests are at stake, yet the question suggests itself, is not the A. K. C. carrying this principle a little too far and thereby seriously obstructing its progress? If the answer is in the affrmative, then the constitution and rules governing clubs should be amended.

At the present time it is required of every association desiring to hold a show under the A.K.C. rules that it organize as a kennel club and become a member of the A.K.C., otherwise its show will not be recognized. To me this seems distinctly wrong, and if so a resolution something as follows deserves consideration:

Whereas, It appears that the field of dog shows is capable of enlargement through the medium of agricultural fairs, and possibly other exhibitions of like character.

Whereas, Were more shows held by the associations formed for the purposes aforesaid, the interest of dogs and their owners would be greatly promoted, the attendance at them being usually very large.

Whereas, The interests of the breeders and exhibitors of this country, either individually or collectively, cannot be advanced by the existing rule that every association must be a member of this club before it can hold a show under its rules, be it therefore

Resolved, That associations as aforesaid may be permitted to hold shows under the rules of this club, provided they are of creditable standing and guarantee to abide by its rules. That such associations shall not be required to organize as kennel clubs and become members of this club. That it shall be the duty of the secretary to influence by correspondence or personal interviews all associations that might wisely do so to hold dog shows, and assure them of the warm interest of this club in their success.

At this point the pertinent fact suggests itself that at some of the fall agricultural fairs there are not less than 250,000 visitors, and were a show held by one of these, more people would examine the dogs than at all shows on the present circuit.

If the foregoing resolution is tenable, then something like this would be necessary:

Resolved, That in the first paragraph of the "Regulations Governing Clubs Holding Shows Under A. K. C. Rules," in the first and second lines the following words be stricken out: "a member of the American Kennel Club."

That paragraph will then read: "Any club or association may hold a dog show under American Kennel Club rules, provided it abides by the following regulations."

It is always easy for a club of great size and working over a large territory to entangle itself when legislating on rules. And it would certainly seem that the A. K. C. had been as unfortunate when handling Article I, which is as follows:

"Applications for dates must be filed with the secretary of the American Kennel Club for approval by the executive committee or such sub-committee as may be empowered to grant dates.

"Such approval, however, shall be subject to the subsequent indorsement of the premium list as being in accordance with the requirements of the American Kennel Club."

Should not this article be stricken out and the entire rule abolished? Very many will, I am sure, say "Yes." Certainly it has occasioned no little embarrassment, and especially to the A. K. C., against which there has been much ill feeling excited by this direct and special clause. In my opinion the A. K. C. should have nothing whatsoever to do with the matter of dates, and if they conflict, the responsibility should rest on the show managements; moreover, if this club is to extend the field and encourage a considerable increase in the number of shows yearly, and that they be held with fairs, etc., it simply could never handle the question of dates. Finally, the club cannot handle it satisfactorily and judiciously even to-day, and with only a membership of less than 60 clubs. If I am right in these assertions then the following would be appropriate:

Resolved, That Article I.—in its entirety—of the "Regulations Governing Clubs Holding Shows Under A. K. C. Rules" be stricken out.

It would seem right and proper to exact of each association not a member of the A. K. C. a reasonable sum for permission to show under its rules. And this might without impropriety be termed a license fee. The question intrudes itself, should it be fixed and invariable, or might it not properly be made less for a small association with limited attendance than for a large one sure to be attended by several hundred thousand people? This does not deserve consideration now, but it may in the future, and it would appear wise to pave the way for it while we are "tinkering," for the work would likely require several months, and the club might wish to settle this question and all relating to it without delay. Consequently Article II., which reads as follows, presents itself for consideration:

"Applications for dates must be accompanied by a fee of $25, which will be forfeited in the event of the show not being held, or failure to comply with the requirements of the American Kennel Club as set forth herein."

If the club is to charge a "license fee" this seems a good point at which to bring out the fact, and since to meet the changed conditions the article would have to be patched, convenience suggests that this remedy be applied:

Resolved, That Article II., of the "Regulations Governing Clubs Holding Shows under A. K. C. Rules," be stricken out and the following substituted:

Every application for permission to show under this club's rules shall be accompanied by the regular license fee, and in addition thereto by $25, which latter shall be forfeited in event the show is not held, or of failure to comply with the requirements of the American Kennel Club as herein set forth; but otherwise it may be returned.

This resolution is based on my interpretation of the existing rule, but, of course, I may not render it rightly.

It would be well to glance at Article V., which runs as follows: "No show can be held under American Kennel Club rules at which the prize money is less than $500."

This might prove obstructive, and just why the club should fix it I fail to understand. Certainly if it is to encourage the holding of shows, assuming that "the more the merrier," then this would likely have to come out. And really if dog owners are willing to show for small prizes, all else duly considered, it is not easy to see wherein it can concern the A. K. C. If the matter appears to others in this light then the following might be offered:

Resolved, That Article V. of the "Rules Governing Clubs Holding Shows under A. K. C. Rules," be stricken out, and all articles which follow be properly renumbered.

Among the rules for the government of dog shows there is one which I have openly criticised. I refer to XIII. As it is now it is suggestive of strabismus. But that is not its serious fault.

There is no mistaking the fact that the frequent exhibitor soon acquires preferences for judges, and oftentimes sends his dogs on long journeys for the simple reason that a certain man in whom he has implicit confidence is to judge them. Now, is it right to confer upon show committees the power to fill vacancies without saying to the interested exhibitors even "by your leave," and especially since in many instances their selection cannot be favorable to the majority? The fair and liberal minded will scarcely answer "yes" to this question. Exhibitors enter their dogs with the understanding, fixed in black and white, that they are to be judged by certain men, and in my opinion it would be clearly wrong for show committees to foist on them whomever they may choose; moreover, the exhibitors concerned would rightly resent this unwarrantable assumption, so distinctly antagonistic to accepted rights; and as a matter of fact they have resented it, time and again, in the plainest possible manner.

At the solicitation of several prominent exhibitors I introduced at the last meeting of the A. K. C. a resolution to cover this point, and thought that it was accepted and passed after slight modification; but if so there is a serious error in the newly printed rule, which is as follows:

"Should an appointed judge be unable to fill his engagement the committee shall have the right to fill the vacancy. All the separate classes of any breed of dogs must, however, be adjudicated upon by the same judge, or judges acting in conjunction."

Here is practically the resolution which I offered:

Resolved, That the "Rules for the Government of Dog Shows" be changed as follows:

That Article XIII. be stricken out and the following substituted:

"In event a chosen judge is unable to fill his engagement at a dog show, and the fact cannot be duly published before the entries for it have closed, his place shall not be filled by the show committee until after the show has opened, and a meeting of the interested exhibitors been called, and a vote taken by them on the best available men present, who shall have the indorsement of the committee. And the man receiving the majority of the votes of said exhibitors shall on that occasion act as judge for the absentee's classes."

If exhibitors wish this provision it should be made, and without discussion, for it is clearly their right. I am impelled to add a modest criticism, and since I made it in the meeting of the A. K. C. I cannot justly be accused of lack of good taste in repeating it here. It is a fact that a large proportion of the most zealous delegates at this club's meetings are members of show committees, and it is but natural that when considering questions on which they may be said to be arrayed against exhibitors, they will lean toward their own side. Now on this they may oppose the resolution because it interferes with their convenience, but in my opinion that should weigh not one jot; moreover, I am told by a member of the committee of the largest show held this year that he could not see wherein this resolution was unreasonable, nor why it should not be passed. Furthermore, that he thought it only fair, perfectly right and proper.

Any other construction of it does not seem possible. Some have hitched over the word "available." In using it I mean this: Assuming that the mastiff judge is absent, and as soon as the fact was made known to the committee they had a large card hastily painted and displayed in a conspicuous place; and that sign bore the place and hour of the proposed meeting. Now, when the exhibitors assemble, the committee say Mr. A. is absent. We have here Messrs. B., C. and D., who in our opinion are all capable, but if you do not think so look around and pick your men, unless we have serious objections to them we will agree to your choice, and he shall judge your classes who receives the majority of your votes.

Assuredly this would be easy, and who will say that it is more than an act of courtesy which every well-meaning committee will be pleased to show to the men to whom they are so much indebted for their success. Some critics have urged that it would be a troublesome matter to get the interested exhibitors together, but that is absurd. A notice that a judge is absent and the call for the meeting placed as stated, the committee is nearly relieved of responsibility, for exhibitors who will not take the trouble to attend can have no grounds for complaint if a judge against whom they are prejudiced is selected by the other exhibitors who look to their own interests.

Not impossibly the constitution would stand a bit of "tinkering." The associate members are now entitled to three delegates, and it is provided that for every one hundred members over three hundred they shall have an additional delegate.

The question has been asked, Why should a little unimportant specialty or other club composed of three or four members have one delegate, while a large important body which is continually paying revenue to the A. K. C.—that is, the associate members—has but three delegates? The criticism is made, and it will stand, that this is not fair and equitable representation. Of course three small clubs of three members each could have as much lagislative force as the whole associate members when it comes to voting.

In truth the associate members have not increased very much. As a matter of fact, at the time they were organized there were 375 associates, while at present there are only 303. But whereas when this branch was formed there were 36 clubs there are now 57. And since many of these are very small, and doubtless the members of some can be counted on the fingers of one hand, it is certainly not too much to ask that the associate members have at least one delegate for every fifty. Assuredly a club of this membership would be a large one, and doubtless the average is not over fifteen or twenty. Again the more associate members—whose membership is made up of our most prominent breeders and exhibitors—there are in it the better it will be for the A. K. C. And they would seem needed to balance the very large element from show committees. If this view of the matter meets wide acceptance, then the following might be offered:

Resolved, That Article XI. Section 5, of the Constitution of this club be changed as follows:

That the words "one hundred" in the eighth line shall be stricken out and the word "fifty" substituted. Also, in the next line, that the words "three hundred" be stricken out and the words "one hundred and fifty" substituted.

The method of electing officers has been the subject of much criticism and might properly engage attention. I am under the impression that at yearly elections a committee is appointed and a slate made up by it. I may be wrong here, but no harm can be done if so. At the last meeting when the officers were elected there were about a dozen delegates present. Surely it is not too much to presume that two or three influential men might in such case, did they choose to do so, have elected an entire board to suit themselves. If such opportunity exists, it should exist no longer, nor a peg be left on which to hang a suspicion that the election rests with a few. And under the circumstances some such resolution as the following might be advisable:

Resolved, That at the September meeting a committee of five be elected by ballot for the purpose of nominating five men for each of the offices of president, vice-president and secretary, also fifteen other men from whom to choose three members of the advisory committee. That said committee shall be officially notified of their election by the secretary of this club within forty-eight hours of the same. That their duty, as aforesaid, shall be completed within six weeks of the day of their notification, or earlier if possible, and they shall report without delay to the president of this club, and at the same time send copies of said report to not less than five of the most prominent kennel papers of this country. Finally, that the list of nominees appearing in that report shall contain names of men only who have formally agreed to accept office in event of election.

Before going further let us briefly consider some of the qualities of the average dogman, who is of much better material than generally supposed. He is fairly well-to-do, intelligent, large-hearted and open-handed. In a word he is a good fellow. Yet some might call him a bit "peculiar," and they are right in so far as you can prevail on him, and you cannot drive him. His individuality is quite pronounced. He will meet you with hearty cordiality if you exhibit the same spirit; but any considerable amount of dignity does not "wash well with him." In fact, as the gamin would put it, "he does not awe for a cent."

It would seem that one ingredient of the remedy which is evidently required at this time to "keep peace in the family" is an evident and strong desire to conciliate. Certainly Vanderbilt's notorious expression can never be safely applied to dogmen. They must be met fairly, courteously and very kindly always, and in fact as gentlemen. If their demands are unreasonable, patience in large amount should be exhibited, and every effort made to show them wherein they are so. And not until they will not listen to reason and be convinced when they are wrong, is it wise to tell them to seek his Satanic Majesty?

The impression is prevalent that the expenses of the A. K. C. are too heavy. Whether or not this is so I cannot testify, for I only know of the salary account, which is a trifle over $3,100, yearly. Those who are in doubt might, of course, wisely elect, by ballot, a committee, of say five, to carefully look into the expenses and recommend cutting if it is indicated. Certainly the expenses should be as low as possible consistent with good service, and the demands upon dogmen scarcely more than sufficient to meet the actual requirements or current expenses, for in no sense should the club be a money-making organization.

The advisory committee have been accused of being meddlesome and considering cases in which they should not have acted. There will be scarcely any grounds for this complaint after the next meeting, for the committee have put themselves on record and clearly defined the nature of the cases which, in their opinion, they can properly consider. And this resolution once before the executive committee, thereafter that committee must bear the entire responsibility.

The present laws governiug the importations of dogs are said to be severe, and if this is true the following might possibly lead to better conditions:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to carefully consider the laws bearing upon the importations of dogs, and if the same are found unnecessarily severe or awkward to go report to the club at its next meeting, and at the same time suggest the remedies and prepare a petition to the proper authorities.

Express companies surely are fit subjects with which to wrestle, for their charges are unjust, and if some of their subordinates were stood on their heads occasionally not nearly so many dogs would die on their hands. The chances of a remedy are indeed very small, but still it would seem that they were worth taking, and if others feel this way the following might do for a beginning:

Whereas, The charges by express companies for transportation of dogs are unreasonable and unjust, be it therefore

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to duly consider this subject and correspond with the heads of the various large express companies whom they cannot personally interview, with the purpose of securing a decrease in the disproportion now existing between charges for transportation of dogs and other freights.

Be it further resolved, That said committee shall be empowered to provide themselves with postage stamps and such stationery and printed matter as they may require in the line of this duty, and the bills for the same shall be paid by the treasurer of this club when presented with their approval.

Since it is very generally believed by dogmen, including even delegates, that the A.K.C. has a large surplus, and that the same should be expended in prizes or other ways to promote the interests of dogs and their owners, since, moreover, the notion of a large surplus is highly prejudicial and creates dissatisfaction, it would seem that this subject deserved attention, and if all the figures necessary to make the actual facts clear were given, the present conditions would be somewhat improved. And, after all, it is only right that the dogmen know exactly how their club stands, and the statements furnished be in the matter of completeness and simplicity within the understanding of all.

I have rambled far and wide, but as intimated at first, this is merely a chat with dogmen, yet I trust that here and there will appear some of the elements which can be properly included in the combination which seems demanded at the present time to quiet the feelings of uneasiness and discontent. These by the way are doubtless uncomfortable and disturbing, yet I am sure they are what physicians would term functional, and not evidences of real disease. That the dogmen have cause for complaint I have no doubt, and in acknowledging this I bear my share of the responsibility as one of the executive committee of the A. K. C. and a member of its advisory committee. But in all honesty I say to you who feel unkindly, I do not know, and I am sure that the A. K. C. does not know, all your reasons for complaint. In fairness, then, you should tell us wherein we have done and are doing wrong. This will be easy for you since the kennel press is markedly liberal and never disposed to refuse any logical and temperate criticism.

If I have hit upon some of the causes of complaint I hope that dogmen individually and collectively will duly consider the resolutions suggested, discuss them freely, right them where wrong, fortify them by others, and finally instruct their delegates in the course to be pursued on each as it comes up at the next meeting.

J. FRANK PERRY.

BOSTON, Mass.

Queen Vic.

The litter that the now celebrated Irish setter Queen Vic has by Ch. Tim should prove of more than passing interest to the "Red" men. She whelped six dogs and three bitches, and all of them are strong and healthy. We all know the good dog that Ch. Tim is and the many victories of Queen Vic last spring stamped her as in the very front rank. Through Kildare these pups get the blood of Ch. Biz, owned by the late Mr. McIntosh, of Pittsburgh, and therefore besides bench merit it is well to remember that dogs of this strain are likely to be good field dogs, as Ch. Biz was one of the best Irish setters that ever ran at public trials. Had Mr. McIntosh lived and been able to carry out his plans the standing of the "red" in the field would probably be better than it is at this day.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The McLin Affair.

CHICAGO, July 15.—Sportsmen throughout the country will deplore the miscarriage of justice in respect to the pariah, George McLin, who so cruelly starved some of the dogs which were intrusted to him to train. When public indignation was aroused and prosecution started, the building in which the dogs were confined was burned, and with it the bodies of the dogs both live and dead, eight in all.

The legal prosecution of McLin began on the 6th inst., and early the next morning the kennel and inmates were burned. For cold-blooded, heartless cruelty, the act of McLin stands alone. He appears to have had no moral responsibility or honesty in fulfilling his contracts with his employers. Utterly devoid of manly sentiment, of kindness, of common honesty, the dissipated loafer wound up his business career in the dog world with a succession of horrible cruelties. Withal, there was a most vicious defiance of law in burning building and dogs, aside from the inhumanity of the act.

In a letter, under date of July 11, Mr. J. M. Freeman, of Bicknell, Ind., writes me concerning the affair, some parts of which I quote. He says:

"McLin was acquitted before a Justice of the Peace yesterday, because proof enough could not be shown that on July 6, the dogs were not properly cared for. It's an awful thing to happen right here where the trials will be held. We have not heard from Mr. F. H. Perry, of Des Moines, Iowa, who owned three or more of the dogs. I think, if he could come here, he might do something. A good lawyer could surely get up a case that would send McLin to the pen."

After such a travesty of justice, as dealt out by this Justice of the Peace, Bicknell would seem to be a good place for all sportsmen to stay away from. If a community is so organized that it can find no wrong in such a barbarous act as "McLinizing" dogs, that community is not a good one for sportsmen to encourage. No one knows in what form it may be repeated. I believe that a community ought to have some strength of character, some individuality for good action, as well as the ordinary citizen should have. A community whose legal machinery is such that it could find no proof of guilt in such acts as McLin's, and acquitted him of them, though the witnesses against him were sufficient in every way, such community should be avoided by all dog owners and handlers.

Under date of July 10, Mr. J. T. Mayfield, a trainer of dogs himself at Bicknell, writes me as follows:

"They let the brute free. I wish the handlers were here to help me. The brute swore that the four live dogs were all he had. I had fifteen witnesses to swear that there were four live dogs and four dead ones, but he and his father, brothers and uncle swore that four were all he had and that they were in good condition. * * * If they allow that brute to be free I will send my dogs home and quit the business. I will not be in a place or a business where that wretch is allowed."

As for Mr. McLin being in the business of training, he is not nor will he ever again be in it. But Mr. Mayfield's letter shows that there are some hard swearers in Bicknell. With such a justice and such McLins, Bicknell has a most foul element in its population. It owes it to itself to see that justice is done. If it is not done, sportsmen owe it to themselves to hold aloof from it.

On July 11, Mr. Mayfield wrote me as follows: "I have a little cooler head this morning and will try to give you the particulars of the case as it now stands. I filed the complaint on the 6th day of July. McLin had a smart lawyer who bulldozed the case from the start. The prosecutor not being here, the deputy undertook it. No evidence was allowed except what witness saw on July 6. I had six witnesses to testify and they told facts, but they did not see McLin feed the dogs on that day. He, with his father, swore that he fed them a tobacco bucket full of mush and meat, whereas he had bought no meat in the shop for weeks. I had nine more witnesses, but the prosecutor stopped the case. If I had had a good lawyer it would have been different. The people told me that the one I had was as good as the prosecutor and that there could be but one ending to the case.

"I attempted to prosecute him for arson, but found that the building had to be worth at least $20 and insured, and that the poor dumb brutes counted for nothing legally.

"* * * The neighbors wanted to arrest him for nuisance, but each said, 'I am afraid he will burn my house.' I told them that they were a set of cowards. Have I not more than a house to burn? With twenty-five dogs and their lives to protect, should not I be the one to be afraid? But I am not. McLin is a coward. You know there is no fight in such a brute. I told him he was a brute, and that he would have to take the dogs down and feed them that night, but the constable ordered them left where they were till morning.

"He could not be found after the trial. I think the owners of those dogs and the dogmen in general will not let such an act pass unpunished.

"His lawyer asked me if I liked McLin. What could I say? I told him I did not consider him a man. He made me repeat it again. What cared I when or where I said it! There was a murmur of lynch running through the room, it could be heard on street corners. If some one would have led, every one would pull except his relatives."

The action of Mr. Mayfield deserves all praise. The owners and handlers of this country owe Mr. Mayfield their gratitude and their indorsement. It should never be said that he made the struggle single-handed, or supported by a few local adherents. There was a deal of moral and physical courage shown in struggling for what was right under such circumstances. Were I an officer of a humane society Mr. Mayfield would have the best medal within the society's power of gift. Let us hope that Mr. Mayfield will not abandon dog training on account of the acts of McLin. It is the good men who should stay in. Let the bad ones go. Probably never again will dogs be McLinized.

In a letter dated July 9, from Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the U. S. F. T. C., I learn that Mr. Charles Proctor, Union City, Ind., owned one or more of the McLinized dogs, and that some of the dogs were entered in Derby A, which is arranged to be run at Bicknell. He further and earnestly says: "No punishment would be too severe for such a brute, and I hope to see him landed in State's prison. The dogmen of the country should contribute to a fund for his prosecution."

The owners should never rest till every legal measure for punishment is exhausted.

The Northwestern Trials.

Under date of July 10 Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, secretary of the Northwestern Field Trial Club, writes me as follows: "I had a number of letters from those who had made Derby entries in the Northwestern Field Trial Club's trials, mentioning therein that they would like to enter in the All-Age Stake also, but would first like to know how their puppies were developing. The club has decided to extend the date for receiving entries for the All-Age Stake until Aug. 20.

"A report was circulated, from an unfriendly source, that the farmers in the vicinity of Morris would not permit our trials to be held on their lands. I wrote to Mr. McLowrie if any objection had been made to our holding the trials, to which he sent me the following:

"MORRIS, July 1.—We the undersigned, property owners of the municipality of Morris, agree to prosecute any one found hunting or running dogs over lands until after the field trials of the Northwestern Field Trials Club, to be held on September 4. (Signed) James Lawrie, F. McKenzie, J. W. Kastner, Robert A. Lawrie, Wm. Wait, John M. Philips, John Lawrie, Robert McTavish, John McTavish, Joseph Hawksworth, Albert Allright, S. J. Callom, S. McTavish, Wm. Micklejohn, James Connery and for the Mennonite Settlement, D. G. Theisin. The above names represent the owners of lands within a radius of nine miles of Morris."

"Sefton Hallam (a brother of Tom Hallam, now with T. G. Davey) leaves England this week and will bring Mr. Lonsdale's dogs and run them in our trials, after which he will have charge of my dogs. Birds are reported as having nested well and are very plentiful." B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Later.—McLin has been arrested and indicted for perjury. Trial set for July 31 at Vincennes, Ind. B. W.

The Watson—Luse Protest.

NEW YORK, July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Three meetings of the Board of Directors of the National Greyhound Club having been called for the purpose of hearing read the report of the committee appointed to decide the appeal from the American Coursing Club's decision in the D. C. Luse alleged wrong entry of the greyhound Laura or Laura B., and no quorum being present at any of the meetings, I have been instructed by the president of the National Greyhound Club to send you the report of the case in question for publication. H. W. HUNTINGTON, Sec'y.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PROTEST OF J. HERBERT WATSON AGAINST D. C. LUSE, FOR VIOLATION OF THE RULES OF THE AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.

BUTTE, Mont., March 20, 1893.—To the Hon. The Executive Committee of the National Greyhound Club: A review of the testimony in the above entitled cause discloses the following facts: That a protest was lodged by J. Herbert Watson against D. C Luse and the greyhound Laura, or Laura B., during the running of the Great Bend Derby of 1892, on the ground that the said Laura was over age, and therefore entered in said stake in contravention of the rules of the American Coursing Club. This protest was supported by the affidavit of Arthur Massey, and that of Richard Taylor. Mr. Luse had a hearing before the two remaining members of the executive committee (he himself being the third member), at which testimony was offered on each side, the judgment of which committee was that Mr. Luse was guilty as charged. The American Coursing Club, upon the report of said committee, failed to take any action to punish Mr. Luse, and the matter was appealed to the National Greyhound Club by Mr. Luse.

The first affidavit of Taylor is unsatisfactory in that he does not state that he knew Jessamine, or that he had any knowledge that the pups he saw at Lorine's place were Jessamine's pups, except from what Massey told him, which, of course, is incompetent testimony. He further fails to state that he knew Laura to be one of the pups that he saw on that occasion, but says that he "verily believes" her to be one of them. In his second affidavit Taylor says distinctly that he does not know the pups that he saw at Horine's to be Jessamine's pups, and that he does not know whether he ever saw Laura before he saw her at the coursing meeting where this matter arose. Summed up, Taylor's testimony is simply that in November, 1890, he saw some greyhound pups at Horine's.

Massey states in his affidavit that on the occasion of his visit to Horine's, in November, 1890, he saw a litter of pups by Lord McPherson out of Jessamine, but does not state how he knew their breeding. He does not state that he saw Jessamine with the pups, or that he knew of her having been bred to Lord McPherson at a time which would bring the pups to the ages at which he saw them at that date, or anything of that kind; he simply makes the bare statement that he saw a litter of pups by Lord McPherson out of Jessamine at the time and place stated. It is true that he further states that he saw Jessamine from time to time from November, 1890, until she was shipped to Colorado, and that she had no other pups during that time, and that he saw the pups from time to time from November, 1890, up to the date of the race, but on the other hand, we have the testimony of ten witnesses—D. C. Luse, N. C. Ridenour, C. G. Newell, Eleonora Newell, Harrison Horine, George Horine, William Horine, T. Langford, C. F. Wilkins and H. B. Byers—who state positively that Jessamine had only two litters of pups, one in April, 1890, and one in June, 1891; and three of these witnesses—D. C. Luse, George Horine and William Horine—all testify positively that Laura was one of the litter whelped in June, 1891, leaving out of consideration the affidavit of Louie Woodburn, who states the same thing; but his testimony is open to some doubt, as he testified to the contrary at the trial before the executive committee. To me this testimony is more satisfactory than the naked statement of Mr. Massey, as all these witnesses testify to matters within their immediate knowledge and observation, and it is more likely that one man, Mr. Massey, should be mistaken as to a date than that ten men should.

The report of the proceedings at the trial of Mr. Luse should not be considered by this committee. In the first place, it is not before them, and in the second, being a newspaper report, it is entirely too general, and the facts are too much mixed with the opinions and conclusions of the reporters.

To sum up: We have the statement of Mr. Massey for the plaintiff, unsupported by any corroborative evidence, while for the defendant we have the testimony of ten witnesses as to the dates of Jessamine's litters, and three that Laura was one of the litter of June, 1891. I therefore have no hesitancy in finding for the defendant, and do so find, and advise that the judgment of the executive commitee of the American Coursing Club be reversed, and that D. C. Luse be adjudged not guilty of the charge preferred against him, of running an over-aged dog in the Great Bend Derby of 1892. LOUIS F. BARTELS.

I concur in the above finding.—GEORGE MACDOUGALL.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PROTEST OF J. HERBERT WATSON AGAINST D. C. LUSE FOR VIOLATION OF THE RULES OF THE AMERICAN COURSING CLUB.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 4, 1893.—To the Honorable Executive Committee of the National Greyhound Club: The undersigned, one of the members of the committee to whom was referred the appeal of D. C. Luse from the decision of the executive committee of the American Coursing Club, would respectfully report that he is compelled to decide that the judgment of the executive committee of the American Coursing Club be reversed and that D. C. Luse be adjudged not guilty of the charge preferred against him of running an over-aged dog in the Great Bend Derby of 1892. The undersigned is of the opinion that a decision which was rendered by gentlemen of the character and standing of C. G. Page and H. C. Lowe, who constituted the majority of the executive committee of the American Coursing Club, should not be disturbed or reversed without very clear and strong evidence of error on their part. These gentlemen composing the committee tried the case at the time the protest was made by J. H. Watson, had an opportunity of orally examining the witnesses and seeing their character and demeanor, and in the absence of any imputation of fraud or bias on their part, their decision is, under the circumstances, entitled to very great weight and respect. Necessarily a trial before this committee, separated as the members of it are by a thousand miles, and based upon affidavits of parties with whom the committee are not familiar, with no opportunity for cross-examination, must be, to some extent, unsatisfactory; but, as it is the only available means of determining the appeal, the testimony in the form of the affidavits furnished me must be considered and the rules of the evidence applied to them.

In my opinion, the testimony of Richard Taylor and Louie Woodburn should be entirely discarded as unworthy of belief. These witnesses voluntarily, at the original trial, testified to one state of facts, and now make affidavit to an entirely different state of facts. What inducements, if any, have been offered to these parties, or what promises have been made to them, the testimony does not disclose; but the evidence of witnesses of this character is entirely unworthy of serious consideration.

The statements of D. C. Luse, in his affidavit as to the number of stakes he had won, and his efforts in bringing coursing before the American peple, savor of a great deal of self-adulation and egotism, even if true, and are certainly irrelevant and incompetent in the issue involved in this appeal, and the undersigned desires to say have had no influence whatever in bringing him to his conclusion in this case.

Unsworn written statements from D. C. Luse to outsiders very abusive to witnesses were improperly submitted as testimony to this committee.

The affidavits, however, of N. C. Ridenour, C. G. Newell, Elenora Newell, Harrison Horine, George Horine, William Horine, T. Langford, C. F. Wilkins and H. B. Byers, who state positively that Jessamine had only two litters of pups, one in April, 1890, and one in June of 1891; and the testimony of D. C. Luse, George Horine and William Horine that Laura was one of the litter whelped in June, 1891, must necessarily outweigh the single affidavit of Arthur Massey, although the similarity in form and language of the several affidavits makes it probable that the affidavits were prepared by the same person, and simply signed and sworn to by the different witnesses; but still, the preponderance of the testimony is undoubtedly with D. C. Luse, and, much as the undersigned dislikes to disturb the finding of the executive committee of the American Coursing Club, as above stated, I am compelled, according to the rules of evidence, to decide that their decision was erroneous, and to concur in the finding of the other two members of this committee. ROGER WILLIAMS.

DOG CHAT.

Newfoundlands.

It is a great wonder that some of our new fanciers do not take up Newfoundlands. We should think that puppies properly advertised, and if the breed was well shown at our shows, would bring remunerative prices. The outlay in

"NO PLUG HANDLERS, THESE."

CHAS. TUCKER, S. C. BRADLEY. J. M. AVENT, D. E. ROSE.

founding a good team would not be nearly so great as for St. Bernards, mastiffs, pointers, setters and other now popular breeds, and consequently the stock could be disseminated at moderate prices and still afford good interest on the investment. Since Mayor of Bingley's importation, and he was too old to do much good, even if there had been anything to breed to him, the only fairly good ones have been Prince George and his son, Prince Hal, though one or two fair native dogs were shown about seven years since. Myro, belonging to Mr. McCuen, was one. Still there has been no decided effort to breed Newfoundlands by importing a good class of females. Mr. Marshall, of Troy, has kept at it in a desultory sort of way, but the dogs are not shown as they should be, and thus probably do more harm than good. It has been said that the breed is not patronized as well as it might be in England, but the fact that the Newfoundland bitch White Squall was sold last month for $1,125, shows that there is little cause for complaint over there. Furthermore, it is said that $1,250 was refused for Master Jumbo, from the same kennel. More noble dogs, or handsomer animals for either hearth or lawn it would be hard to find than the well bred Newfoundland. The mongrel black dog that passes as a Newfoundland with the general run of people in this country has probably been the means of bringing the breed into disrepute; many of these black dogs exhibited at nearly every show are surly, and with danger signs up the visitors hurry past and Newfoundlands drop another step in popular favor. We trust there will be a change soon. Several people have been thinking of going in for them, but that is as far as they have gone yet. Whoever does take the breed up must be prepared to spend a little money at first in exhibiting and properly keeping them before the public, the dogs will do the rest, we feel assured.

How It's Done.

Mr. Freeman Lloyd, in his "Din of Dogdom," gives a thrust at English fanciers over the manner in which they take up a new breed: "The Timbucto terrier has yet to be brought before their (the British public) gaze at our shows. As soon as he appears on the bench a specialist club will be formed for his benefit and the description of an A1 specimen will be printed and sent to the fancy papers. The next step will be to appoint a list of judges for this new and remarkable variety, and the magnificent features of the breed will be trumpeted forth wherever the English language is spoken. The natives of Timbuctoo will not be consulted at all; for let it be known the Englishman is the finest man in the world to instruct the foreigner as to the make and shape and general characteristics of his (the foreigner's) dogs."

Kingston K. C. Show.

There must be the material of which good fanciers are made in those Kingston, Ont., dog lovers. In the face of two heart-breaking failures to interest the public of this pretty Canadian town in their commendable undertaking, the Kingston Kennel Club, with Mr. C. H. Corbett at their head, are determined to try it again. This time they will

hold the show the week before Toronto, and they are therefore pretty sure of a good entry. This, however, will avail them nothing if their fellow-townspeople do not evince a little livelier interest in their efforts than hitherto. At a meeting held July 10, the officers elected were: C. H. Corbett, President; W. C. Darby, First Vice-President; T. A. Carson, Second Vice-President; H. C. Bates, Secretary-Treasurer. The dog show committee was formed with the above officers and J. B. Walkem, Dr. Clark, Carl T. Ford, A. E. M. Loscombe and John P. Oram.

Canadian Kennel Club Meeting.

An executive meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club was held on Thursday last at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto. Dr. Wesley Mills, the president, was in the chair; others present were J. G. Michener, H. Bedlington, Dr. Niven and H. B. Donovan, secretary. Several important questions came up for discussion. One was the recent action of the A. K. C. in abrogating the reciprocal relations hitherto existing between the two clubs. The subject was earnestly considered and resolutions finally drawn up and the secretary instructed to forward them to the A. K. C. These resolutions point out the trouble which will ensue in discontinuing the old relations; extra expense and annoyance to exhibitors and the necessity of registration with both clubs; the encouragement it will give to dishonesty in dog show matters, owing to the nullifying effect of disqualification by either club, etc.

It was decided to reopen the entry list and again choose 200 dogs for the Canadian exhibit at the World's Fair. Mr. A. D. Stewart having resigned the position of superintendent, another one will have to be elected, and two candidates are now in the field—Mr. J. G. Michener, of Toronto, and Alfred Geddes, of Ottawa. A mail vote of the members of the C. K. C. will be taken to decide who shall be elected. It was settled that Messrs. Michener, Stone and Donovan shall pass on the new entries. A charge of $1 is now to be made for each dog to cover the cost of certificate and other incidental expenses. Entries to close Aug. 15. If the Government grant of $300 still holds good, exhibitors will be be apt to kick at this; or was the original grant expended in preparing for the June date? The constitution and rules of the C. K. C. came in for a good deal of attention, and the committee was hard at work until a late hour. Among other matters it was moved by Mr. Bedlington, seconded by Dr. Niven, that rule 8 in the proposed constitution be amended as follows: The annual dues shall be $2, payable in advance and afterward on Sept. 1 of each year, members shall be entitled to register five dogs each year; for all over this number a fee of 50 cents shall be charged. Non-members shall be charged $1 per dog for registering and 50 cents for listing. A list of uames of members in good standing was ordered to be printed in August *Gazette*.

"No Plug Shooters These!"

We give this week the portraits of four noted handlers at our field trials. They are all known as "high class" men. These are the men who by kindness and proper methods of training do so much to make field trials popular; and while we have such men in the business, owners of valuable dogs need not be afraid that "McLinism" will become rampant. Mr. Tucker is well known as the man who piloted Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s dogs to victory in so many important stakes last fall, and is one of the oldest hands at the business. Mr. Simon C. Bradley, the "dwarf," is as big in heart as he is in stature, and is a general favorite. His name is identified with Rowdy Rod, the late Harry C. and other good performers. Mr. J. M. Avent is known to every one, and has turned out more high-class performers than probably any other man in the business. He is now in partnership with that all-round sportsman, Bayard Thayer. Mr. D. E. Rose is a typical Southerner, but that he does not indulge much in the *dolce far niente* is proved by the way in which he prepares his dogs. The Blue Ridge Kennels are fortunate in having first call on his services. His victorious season in 1891 with Wun Lung, Hope's Mark and Bob Cooper will long be remembered. His dogs like him, too. The picture was taken at the Central Field Trials last year.

The Show at Cranston, R. I.

The building that has been made for the dog show on the Rhode Island State Fair Grounds, by inclosing the cattle sheds with a monitor roof, will accommodate 600 dogs, and the benching will be made from cedar boards. There is another building running parallel with it and the space between affords an alley-way 25ft. wide, in this the judging and exercising rings will be placed and judging done there, weather permitting, if not, rings will be set apart in the dog building. Messrs. Mortimer and Davidson have both signified their intention of carrying out their promise to judge there, the latter writing to the management, said: "I have been asked to judge at the Rhode Island show in September and I intend to do my part and with good health attending me will be on hand bright and early"—as usual, we may add. It is probable that Mr. A. H. Wakefield will be asked to take the bounds and beagles, and those who remember Mr. Wakefield in the palmy days of Little Duke and others in this successful kennel should, if he judges, flatter him with a bumper entry. Boston terriers will also probably have a special judge.

Dogs Poisoned.

Mrs. A. Grinnell, of Greenpoint, L. I., who showed three second prize winners at the late Pet Dog Club show, is in sore trouble over the loss of four of her Mexican hairless dogs; Pedro, also second, New York, 1887, Beauty and Dandy are three that were shown. The death list also includes a deerhound. On Sunday, July 9, Mrs. Grinnell took her dogs out for a stroll, and passing a neighbor's house the dogs were seen to pick up some meat. Shortly after they died, showing every evidence of poisoning. Mrs. Grinnell returned to the place where she saw the dogs feeding and picked up a piece of meat, which, upon examination was found to be covered with strychnine. Mrs. Grinnell had some trouble with her neighbor and this person was heard to say that he would poison the dogs. The matter will be brought to the attention of the S. P. C. A.

Otter Hounds for America.

When we were at Mr. E. Brooks's place at Hyde Park, Mass., last winter, he mentioned the fact that he intended getting a brace of otter hounds over from England. Now we hear that Spratts Company imported a brace for him per S.S. Europe. In the country back of Mr. Brooks's place, toward the Blue Mountains, otter have been seen in the streams, and Mr. Brooks will doubtless enjoy a novel, to this country, and very exciting sport this summer, as the Dandies will probably be drafted in to make up a scratch pack.

Important.

Now that FOREST AND STREAM comes out on Wednesday instead of Thursday we ask our friends and readers to bear this fact in mind and send in all news of their kennels, advertisements, &c. by Monday at the latest, to insure insertion in the current issue. We go to press on Tuesday afternoon.

Toronto Show.

Among the specials offered at the coming Toronto show we find that Mr. A. W. Smith helps the black and tan cause along by donating $5 each for best dog and bitch. The Pointer Club of America offers $10 each for best dog and bitch owned by a member of the club; also $10 each for best dog and bitch in open classes. The Toronto Silver Plate Co. give a trophy valued at $25 for the best cocker owned in Toronto. Mr. Geo. Bell gives $50 for the best spaniel sired by one of his stud dogs. The Canadian Fox-Terrier Club's specials, twelve in number, will also be competed for.

Death of Champion Dryad.

The celebrated bull bitch champion Dryad has followed her whilom kennel mate British Monarch to the long rest. Her death is most unfortunate for Mr. Woodiwiss's kennel interests, for besides being one of the most noted show bitches in England, having among other triumphs won the Bulldog Club's fifty guinea challenge cup eight times, she has proved herself an excellent matron. Among her progeny that have won honors are Queen Rose, German Monarch and Carrie, which we believe came over here. Dryad died in whelping, British Pedro being the sire of the puppies. She was by Dou Pedro out of Ecrue.

A Field Trial Club at Los Angeles, Cal.

At a meeting recently held in Los Angeles, Cal., the Southern California Field Trials Club was organized and Jan. 1, 1894, was set as the date to hold the trials. The officers are E. K. Benchley, Pres., and B. C. Hinman, Sec'y-Treas. The judges are R. T. Vandevort, Pasadena; D. M. Pyle, Bakersfield; J. C. Crenshaw, San Diego. The new club starts with a membership of twenty-five and bids fair to be a success.

National Beagle Club.

A quorum not being on hand at the proposed Beagle Club quarterly meeting that was to have been held at 44 Broadway last Monday, Mr. Appleton moved the meeting adjourn, and Mr. Schellhass, in the absence of the president, stated that the meeting would be called for the same date on which the field trial committee will be held, in about a fortnight. Messrs. Schellhass, Appleton, Bateman, Tallman, Lewis and Lacy were on hand.

The Bulldog Walking Match.

The bulldog match between Dockleaf and King Orry, to walk ten miles, has been made more interesting by the addition of Don Solano, owned by Mr. Ford, and Guido, belonging to Jack Ellis. The match was to take place last Monday night at 7 P. M., on a road in the suburbs of London. It was expected that the distance would be covered in two hours and a quarter, but this we should say is a rather sanguine view of the work that may not be borne out by the result.

The Rhode Island Show.

The premium list of the Rhode Island State Fair Association's dog show was received too late to give it extended notice this week. We find that St. Bernards, mastiffs, pointers and all setters get challenge classes with $12 prizes, open $12 and $6, puppies $8 and $4. Other breeds $10 in challenge, $10 and $5 in open and $6 and $3 in puppy classes. The classification seems liberal and the association offers $15 kennel prizes in the important breeds. Entries close Sept. 4 with the association at Cranston, R. I. Dr. F. G. Sherwood is the "vet."

Cribbage.

It is definitely settled, Mr. H. W. Smith writes, that the crack wire hair fox-terrier Cribbage is now his property, but he will remain in England until a noted bitch, Surrey Janet, that Mr. Smith has also purchased, is bred, and they will come out together.

An Appropriate Purchase.

Lieut. Peary, before he left, secured one of E. H. Moore's St. Bernards to be the special protector of Mrs. Peary, during his expedition to solve the North Pole problem.

Dog catchers in our large cities are more or less a necessary evil, but when they exceed their authority, neither political pulls not anything else should save them from just puuishment. We are pleased to see that the toughs who maltreated a woman in Williamsburg, N. Y., when she tried to recover her dog after these fellows had stolen it from her doorstep, got their deserts. One man will take a vacation on the Island for ten days and another for twenty nine.

One of the striking figures in the Russian palace at Gatschina is Peter, the large Danish hound, that stretches his powerful form in the hall leading to the private apartments of the Czar. This dog is said to be one of the largest of his kind and was presented to the Czarina some years ago by her father, the King of Denmark. It is said that the Czar took a liking to the animal from the first, and never goes any long journey without him.

One of our prominent dogmen when asked how he liked FOREST AND STREAM's change of publishing day, said: "Good! but it upset my calculations altogether this week. When the paper came before I knew it was Thursday and always counted from that day, now I have another day's work to put in before Sunday."

Pterodactyl, the noted dachshund, that should have come to this country and that Mr. Manice has been angling for some time, is now an inmate of Mr. Sydney Woodiwiss's kennels at Upminster, Essex. The price was $750.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's purchases in English colliedom led to trouble over commission for sales that the Collie Club claim as their due. The matter will shortly be settled by an appeal to the courts.

According to *Sporting Mirror*, Mr. Hopton, who will have charge of Mr. Gillmore's Kennels, will bring the bulldogs Cameron and Reve from England. By-the-way, this reminds us that several Englishmen have come over recently with the idea of getting places as kennel managers. We might as well say that the demand is not very brisk just now, there are so few kennels that need the services of an expert.

This journal also mentions a new habit among kennel owners of picking out a dog of a different variety for breeding purposes and mentions an instance that has come under his notice. The resulting litter of whatever breed, if fit for show, may be registered and the kennel club has no means of detecting the fraud, as they do not inquire into the antecedents of sire and dam. He then goes on to say that a certain kennel of St. Bernards had been greatly improved by the introduction of mastiff blood, and for deepening and shortening up the muzzle, securing the shadings, etc., the excuse is evident and it would be interesting to know which kennel had resorted to such means. We heard it said a year or two ago whose mastiffs were used, but the St. Bernard end of it has been well kept.

The Pointer Club will meet at Mr. John S. Wise's office, 44 Broad street, New York, July 31, at 2 P. M.

We learn that Mr. J. W. E. Clarke, the manager of the Woodlawn Kennels, has resigned and that the kennel will be dispersed. We sincerely hope this may not be the case, especially in view of the important position the kennel now holds. The Hiltons, however, we understand, are paying more attention to the equine than to the canine part of their establishment.

Mr. Wixom has a pretty big farm at Covert, N. Y., but as he cannot feed his beagles on fence rails and fresh air all the time, he intends to clear out some of the 36 pups and 38 old dogs that the Hornell-Harmony Kennels now contain. Among the recent additions to the kennel a litter of six (three dogs) out of Velda (champion Royal Krueger ex Baby W.) by Sherry, is most welcome; the pups are large and strong, and, Mr. Wixom says, the best marked ones he ever bred.

We acknowledge the receipt of a very good photograph of Mr. M. B. Draper's (Grand Rapids, Mich.) English setter Sir Ranger on a point.

The New York St. Bernard Kennels have not had very notable good luck in their breeding operations hitherto, but the lane has a turning at last. Miss Jerome, one of the bitches Mr. Reick brought over with him from England a month or two since, has whelped eight well-marked pups (five dogs), by Duke of Maplecroft (Marvel—Princess Florence). The pups are doing well and are of good size. Mr. Reick sailed for Europe again last Wednesday aud will be absent for a few weeks. It is not likely, however, that any St. Bernard purchases will be made.

Mr. William Alder, secretary of Spratts Patent in England, is dead. Mr. Alder has been identified with the company since its inception about twenty-three years ago.

Among the uew "specials" this week we notice that G. O. Smith offers some trained high class English setters; Joe Lewis, trained English setter and pup, Thasmo Kennel, pointer and other breeds; J. H. Lyke, St. Bernard pups, J. Feulner, English setter pups, W. K. Purington, English setter pups and pointer Keut; C. S. Wixom, some well bred beagles; N. Billings Gordon setter pups. In the stud, G. W. McNeil's pointer Coronet.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Schmunzel, Pomponet, Ben, Cupitaine, Muffy II. and Pouffy. By Count Rudolf Palffy, Mahwah, N. J., for silver fawn pug dogs, whelped April 1, 1893, by My Boy (Muffy I —Lady Flirt) out of Nana II. (Bello —Nana I.).

Rosi, Nana III. and Toy. By Count Rudolf Palffy, Mahwah, N. J., for silver fawn pug bitches, whelped April 1, 1893, by My Boy (Muffy I. —Lady Flirt) out of Nana II. (Bello—Nana I.).

Lucy Gath. By J. J. Thayer, Charleston, W. Va., for black, white, tan and ticked English setter bitch, whelped July 29, 1897, by Gath's Mark (Gath—Gem) out of Lucy Lee (Roderigo—Lee Gladstone).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Nan—Regnald H. W. H. Worth's (Chicago Lawn, Ill.) Gordon setter bitch Nan (champion Argus—Laura) to his Regnald H. (Leatherstockings—Smith's Rhoda), June 17.

Diane—Jack. S. D. Ripley's (Hempstead, L. I.) dachshund bitch Diane to Hempstead Farm's Jack, April 25.

Hilda—Bendigo. H. F. de B. Cameron's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Hilda to Jersey Cocker Kennels' Bendigo, May 19.

Grace Briant—Flash. Jas. Black's (Sheepshead Bay, L. I.) greyhound bitch Grace Briant (Aberbriant—Grace Ridley) to his Flash (Huic Halloa—Phebe Mayflower), May 25.

Grace Albert—Flash. A. Voorhees's (Gravesend, L. I.) greyhound bitch Grace Albert (Prince Albert—Grace Briant) to Jas. Black's Flash (Huic Halloa—Phebe Mayflower), June 15.

Fancy—Flash. M. Murphy's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) greyhound bitch Fancy (Gay City—Suppliant) to Jas. Black's Flash (Huic Halloa—Phebe Mayflower), June 15.

Ormskirk Julia—Conrad II. Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Ormskirk Julia to their Conrad II., May 2.

Duchess of Highlands—Sandford Druid. E. Smith's (New York city) pointer bitch Duchess of Highlands to Hempstead Farm's Sandford Druid, June 9.

Lady—Hempstead Zulu. W. W. Tucker's (New York city) collie bitch Lady to Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Zulu, June 10.

Marguerite II.—Duke of Hessen. John H. Dey's (Red Bank, N. J.) pointer bitch Marguerite II. to Hempstead Farm's Duke of Hessen, April 13.

——*Woodmansterne Trefoil.* Capt. Freeman's (Bensonhurst, L. I.) collie bitch —— to Hempstead Farm's Woodmansterne Trefoil, April 2.

Spinaway IV.—Duke of Hessen. Philip Daly, Jr.'s (Long Branch, N. J.) pointer bitch Spinaway IV. to Hempstead Farm's Duke of Hessen, March 30.

Green Mountain Lass—Woodmansterne Trefoil. Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Green Mountain Lass to their Woodmansterne Trefoil, March 19.

Lorna—Conrad II. Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Lorna to their Conrad II., March 26.

Hempstead Meg—Conrad II. Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. .) collie bitch Hempstead Meg to their Conrad II., April 9.

Woodmansterne Deborah—Woodmansterne Trefoil. Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Woodmansterne Deborah to their Woodmansterne Trefoil, April 27.

Meadowbrook Meg—Woodmansterne Trefoil. Hempstead Farm's (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Meadowbrook Meg to their Woodmansterne Trefoil, April 25.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Nana II. Count R. Palffy's (Mahwah, N. J.) pug bitch Nana II. (Bello—Nana I.), April 1, nine (six dogs), by his My Boy (Muffy I.—Lady Flirt).

Belle of Eltham. D. C. Lusc's greyhound bitch Belle of Eltham (Jester—Bit of Fashion), June 3, six (three dogs), by his Living Yet (Trales—Dick's Darling).

Dick's Darling. D C. Luse's greyhound bitch Dick's Darling (Coleraine Diamond—Daylight), May 25, three (one dog), by his Norwegian (Jester—Bit of Fashion).

Buenretiro. D. C. Luse's greyhound bitch Buenretiro (Greentick—Cosy), May 13, eight (five dogs), by his Norwegian (Jester—Bit of Fashion).

Queen of the Valley. T. E. Baker's (Logan, O.) pointer bitch Queen of the Valley (Bang Graphic—Dolly), June 24, six (three dogs), by F. C. Rochester's Friend Dave (King of Kent—Babe Graphic).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lucy Gath. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped July 29, 1892, by Gath's Mark out of Lucy Lee, by A. C. Shallenberger, Alma, Neb., to J. J. Thayer, Charleston, W. Va.

Gaiety. Fawn Italian greyhound dog, by F. H. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa., to J. C. Carter, Manchester, Conn.

Dolores. Fawn Italian greyhound bitch, by Winks out of Pansy Blossom, by F. H. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa., to Mrs. Moore, same place.

Neula. Italian greyhound bitch, by Roma out of Pert, by F. H. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa., to Mrs. Moore, same place.

Goldie. Fawn Italian greyhound bitch, by Beauty out of Bessie, by F. H. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa., to E. L. Chapman, Larned, Kan.

Indigo. Blue Italian greyhound dog, by Tiny out of Idiom, by F. H. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa., to Dr. V. H. Sterm, St. Louis, Mo.

Bonny Boy. Fawn Italian greyhound dog, by F. H. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa., to W. Moore, Terre Haute, Ind.

Kate. Fawn and white Italian greyhound bitch, by F. H. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa., to J. W. Mack, Newport, Ky.

Brunette. Fawn Italian greyhound bitch, by F. H. Hoyt, Sharon, Pa., to T. P. Owens, Old Fort, O.

Thasmo Peg. Fawn pug dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1892, by Pug Bailey out of Thasmo Bell, by Thasmo Kennels, Catskill, N. Y., to Eugene Waugh, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thasmo Yum and Thasmo Yum Yum. Fawn pugs, dog and bitch, whelped June 4, 1892, by Pug Bailey out of Thasmo Midget, by Thasmo Kennels, Catskill, N. Y., to H. Schwarzwalder, New York city.

Dot. Black French poodle bitch, whelped March, 1892, by Brave out of Folette, by E. H. Morris, Hackensack, N. J., to J. D. Brown, New York city.

Harte's Sally. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 17, 1892, by Chief of Tara out of Shamrock Belle, by W. Harte, St. Louis, Mo., to L. A. Schoenberg St. Peter's, Mo.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

R. N. B., Ovid, Mich.—I have a young foxhound 14mos. old. About six weeks ago he was taken with a twitching in his right foreleg and shoulder. It did not make him lame at first, but seemed to be very painful; he would lie and cry and is very uneasy with it. I bathed it with liniaments, but it did no good; he is quite lame and weak on it now; acts as though his shoulder was stiff. He is very nervous also, and the least excitement causes him to howl and act as though he was going to have a fit, and if not checked will start and run away and hide himself in some out of the way place. He has a good appetite and looks well. I have been giving him Fowler's solution, commenced by giving him three drops twice a day and increased one drop every two or three days, until I was giving him seven drops twice a day, when he got flighty and I discontinued it. I thought he had chorea. Will you please prescribe? Ans. Treat for worms. Continue arsenic and in addition give 5grs. of phosphate of iron twice a day.

G. E. C., Thomaston, L. I.—Robert le Diable, by Croxteth out of Spinaway, by Pilkington's Garnet out of Keswick; Garnet, by Pilkington's Tory out of his Jessie; Keswick, by Pilkington's Faust out of Faith; Croxteth, by Lowe's Young Bang out of J. C. Macdonna's Jane; by Lord Sefton's Sam out of his Flirt; Young Bang, by S. Price's champion Bang out of Davey's Luna. Mona, by Duke of Bergen out of Dora, by Sensation out of Devonshire Lass; Duke of Bergen, by Bang Bang out of Fan Fan, by champion Graphic out of Lady Belle; Bang Bang, by Price's Bang out of Princess Kate. Naso of Kippen, by Naso II. out of champion Maggie, by champion Bang out of Leache's Belle, by champion Sancho out of Fan; Naso II., by Naso out of Miranda, by Cotter (brother of General Prim) out of Miranda; Naso, by Duke out of Fairy. Kate VIII., by Donald II. out of Bell, by Dux out of Norah, by Riot out of Statter's Sappho; Dux, by Garth's Drake out of Sturgeon's Moll; Donald II., by Rock out of Fan.

J. S. M., Marlboro, N. H.—Will you kindly give me the pedigree of the pointer dog Bang Bang, by Pierce's champion Bang, for four generations, also owner of same? Ans. By Price's champion Bang out of Princess Kate, by Ponto out of Sappho, by Bang II. out of Juno, by Sancho out of Juno; Bang II. by Bang out of Belle; Ponto by Don Juan out of Juno, by Bang; Don Juan by Random; champion Bang by Coham's Bang out of Price's Vesta, by Brockton's Bounce out of Francis's Belle, by Old Sancho out of Dido; Bounce by Newcastle's Bounce out of Juno; Coham's Bang by Whitehouse's Hamlet out of Venus I., by Bird's Bob out of Gilbert's Bloomer; Hamlet by Bird's Bob out of Juno. Bang Bang was owned by the Westminster Kennel Club at the time of his death several years ago.

J. O., New York City.—I have eight bull-terrier pups, seven weeks old, four of them have shown considerable swelling on each side of the throat for the past week, and it seems to be increasing (the others are perfectly well). They seem to have a slight trouble in swallowing. I can feel that the glands are swelled. Kindly advise me what to do. They are kept in a dry place, and the mother had plenty of milk for them. They look fat and well. Ans. Apply tincture of iodine to swelling daily.

H. E. S., Washington, D. C.—I have a cocker spaniel about seven months old who has a small enlargement on his right forefoot. It is red but does not seem painful to the touch. He is fed twice a day on Spratts dog cakes, with milk and sometimes a little meat. Kindly tell me what it is and the remedy. Ans. Open the lump. Soak the foot twice a day in a solution of creolin (one to thirty).

J. W. P., Wilkinsburgh, Pa.—You will find Rip Rap about the best choice you could make.

NEW YORK, July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 12 appears a statement to the effect that but two cases of ascites (abdominal dropsy) have been known to have been cured. We have had numerous cases of the above-named trouble, many of which have recovered. The latest recovery we bring to mind occurred in a pug bitch last spring, owned by Mrs. Anderson, residing at 243 West Thirty-eighth street, this city. This bitch entirely recovered and had a litter of puppies during the summer. Another case was in a pointer dog. In both instances the dogs were tapped three times.

GLOVER & FRENCH.

[We are pleased to publish the above correction.]

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

24-30. Hempstead Bay, Cruise, L. I. Sound.
24. N.Y.Y.R.A. Cruise, L.I. Sound.
27. Fall River, Ladies' Day, Mount Hope Bay.
28. Savin Hill, Moonlight Sail.
29. Sippicon, 1st Open Sweep, Marion.
29. Buffalo, An. Cruise, Lake Erie
29. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, Conn.
29-30. Cor., San Fran., Masquerade and Cruise.
29. Hull Cor., Cash Race, Hull.
29. Royal Can., Lansdowne Cup, 40, 35 and 30ft. Classes, Tor.
29. Minnetonka, club race.
29. Gt. South Bay, An., Bay Shore.
29. Chesapeake Bay, Special, St. Michaels.
29. Royal Nova Scotia, 3-raters, Halifax.

IF the reports in the daily papers are to be believed, the new Cup defenders have attained a speed in their trial trips which is simply phenomenal. Jubilee is credited with passing steamboats going at full speed, and now comes the story of Vigilant sailing easily across the bows of a steamer which was going 14 knots. There is no doubt that the new quartette will surpass all previous records of speed, but when they are really racing, and it is possible to measure their actual speeds, the figures will be a revelation to the scribes who are now writing of 16 to 17 knots under lower sails and with no competitors.

PILGRIM, the last ready of the four 85-footers, made her trial trip on Saturday last, and from all reports behaved most satisfactorily. She is said to steer easily, to carry her sail remarkably well, and to go through the water very cleanly and easily.

MR. A. CARY SMITH is noted, among those who know him well, as a yachtsman who never goes out of his way to look at a yacht unless as a matter of business. Last week he paid Mr. Watson a very high compliment by breaking this rule and going over to Tebo's expressly to look at Queen Mab in the dock. He characterized her as one of the handsomest models he had ever seen.

MESSRS. OGDEN GOELET and James Gordon Bennett have presented to the Union des Yachtsmen de Cannes two cups to be raced for next year by yachts of over 20 tons, by the French rule, and those of 5 to 20 tons. The races will be sailed at Cannes in March, 1894, open to yachts of all nations.

Aquilo.

THE steam yacht which was begun at Lawley's yard last February with so much absurd mystery as to her ownership has been duly completed and delivered in New York to Mr. George A. Thayer, an old member of the Atlantic Y. C., and former owner of the Herreshoff schooner Triton. Aquilo, as the new yacht is named, is one of the largest and finest steam yachts built by the Lawley & Son Corporation, being designed by Mr. George F. Lawley. She is a composite vessel, 103ft. over all, 85ft. 6in. l.w.l., 15ft. beam and 7ft. draft. The hull is planked with yellow pine over the usual steel angles and strapping of a composite yacht. The engine space is 17ft. long and contains a triple expansion engine with cylinders 9, 14½ and 23½ by 14in. There are two Almy boilers set together, tested for a working pressure of 250lbs. The stoke hole is closed, a 36in. fan driven by a 3½×5in. engine furnishing the forced draft. A dynamo is provided for thirty 16 candle-power lamps throughout the yacht. The owner's quarters are forward of the engines, owner's room, saloon, guests' rooms and toilet room, wardrobes, etc. Abaft the engines is the galley, then the officers' mess room, officers' quarters and forecastle. There is one deck house, the forward end being arranged as the pilot house and abaft it being the dining room and companion. The yacht is well built throughout, the hull strongly put together and the cabins handsomely finished and decorated. She is rigged as a two-masted schooner.

Queen Mab.

SO MUCH has been said about the inherent weakness of the shovel bow and the exaggerated counter of the later racing yachts, as well as of the faults of modern racing construction, that the recent experience of Queen Mab is of more than ordinary interest. In the inquiry made by the Yacht Racing Association last fall, the probable performances of this type of boat at sea were discussed at length, and adverse opinions were expressed as to the forward overhang, and in fact to the model as a whole. Later on, when Queen Mab started for the Mediterranean and returned, it was stated by one yachting journal that those aboard were afraid to go to sea in her. If the long and severe passage of six weeks across the Atlantic is to be taken as a test of seagoing, it must be admitted that the little yacht has given a good account of herself and has come through a very hard experience in good shape.

As she laid on the dry-dock at Tebo's last week there was no external signs of the battering she had gone through, and in spite of the loss of her mainsail and spars the hull itself was uninjured. While the bow is not as long as that of Gloriana, it is at the same time long enough to be classed with the Herreshoff boats, and the after overhang is long and finely tapered. At the same time the copper and planking from stem head to taffrail showed no signs of wrenching or working, the seams were close, and the putty unbroken, and though there were evidences everywhere of rough handling by the sea, the hull had come through with no outward signs of damage. The decks, bulwarks and what position it may be left in. A telltale in the passageway shows the position of the board.

The main companion is narrow and spiral as in most English yachts, opening below on a passage or steerage on the port side. Here is a sofa, toilet room and various closets, and on the starboard side the corresponding space is occupied by the owner's room. Abaft this space are two staterooms in place of the usual ladies' cabin, but the fore and aft partition is now being removed, making a single room of the conventional proportions. Abaft this room is a second large toilet room, and abaft all, the sail room in the counter.

Forward of the companion is a large and wide saloon, the characteristics of the type being indicated in the moderate beadroom, which, though ample, is less than one would look for in a cutter of this size. The floor is wide and the lockers as well. The next 7ft. of length is given up to a captain's room to starboard, and a pantry, etc., to port, the forecastle occupying the entire bow and being long and large, with beadroom over the after part and of course plenty of length forward. The saloon and staterooms are neatly finished in mahogany and white pine, or its British equivalent, the panels being light frames covered with tapestry.

On deck the fittings and ironwork are very complete and elaborate. There are no channels, but merely an angle bar to keep the chain plates clear of the rail. The mast bands, pin rails, bitts, etc., are small and neat and excellent examples of good smithwork. The bowsprit, which is very short, houses in a steel box, the bitts proper being on deck immediately aft the bowsprit, a steel casting with two circular heads. Abaft this is a Reid capstan and two compressors for the chain. The forestay leads down, passing through a score in the bowsprit well inside the gammon strap, and then over a leading sheave under the deck to a turnbuckle which is shackled to one of the angle bars which serve as bilge clamps.

"VALKYRIE."

CUTTER, 86FT. L.W.L. DESIGNED BY G. L. WATSON FOR LORD DUNRAVEN. BUILT BY HENDERSON & CO., GLASGOW, 1893.

hatches were in good condition, the iron work intact, and the damage was confined to the rig. The mast and bowsprit were uninjured, but the mainsail and gaff were entirely destroyed.

The reported total capsize of the yacht, she lying keel up for four minutes, which some papers were gullible enough to announce as a fact, amounted to nothing more than a very severe knockdown when the first force of the wind and sea struck, heaving her down until the mast was level with the water, but the boom broke at once and the mainsail split, allowing her to right. The disaster was a serious one at best, endangering the lives of those on board and actually drowning one poor fellow, others being swept overboard and regaining the yacht with great difficulty; but so far as strength of form and the excellence of modern construction are involved, there is nothing to justify the opinions so freely expressed last winter.

The real weakness of the type at sea is in the rig, with the mast well forward, making it impossible to lie to. Queen Mab started with a cruising mainsail, the boom end just over the counter, and no trysail aboard. With this sail it was impossible to lie to, and the serious part of the voyage may be laid to this cause.

Queen Mab is a racing cutter designed last year by Mr. Watson for the 40-rating class, her length over all being about 90ft., l.w.l. 59ft. 2in., beam about 16ft. and draft about 11ft., the sail area by the Y. R. A. rule, which includes a clubtopsail of moderate size, being 4,052sq. ft. Above water she shows a bow not unlike the new Herreshoff cutters, but the after overhang is much fairer and finer, being carried out into the usual Watson counter. The topsides flare all over, giving a very large out-of-water body. Below water the keel contour is much the same as in the Fife boats Minerva, Jessica and Yama, a triangle with an excessive rake to the sternpost. From the fore end of the waterline to the heel of the sternpost is almost a straight line. The midship section shows a very strong S curve, with round bilge and great hollow underneath.

The centerboard is 20ft. long, of Delta metal, an alloy of the nature of gun-metal, and used abroad as Tobin bronze is here. The weight is stated as 3½ long tons. The lower edge is of course sharpened off, but the plate is some 3in. thick. The board houses entirely within the keel and deadwoods, and except the case for the pennant there is no evidence of a centerboard boat on the inside. The hoisting gear is very powerful, to the board is shackled a wire rope sheave some 10in. in diameter, fitted to slide up and down freely in the prolongation of the trunk to the deck. The pennant of ⅞in. diameter wire rope, is made fast at the deck, leads down and around the sheave, and then over a second leading sheave at the deck. From this it leads to a powerful hoisting winch on the deck just abaft the main companion, a combination of worm and bevel gears operated by double cranks. The gear is self-locking, so that the board cannot run down no matter

lar heads. Abaft this is a Reid capstan and two compressors for the chain. The forestay leads down, passing through a score in the bowsprit well inside the gammon strap, and then over a leading sheave under the deck to a turnbuckle which is shackled to one of the angle bars which serve as bilge clamps.

The construction is very elaborate, a steel frame of angle bars sheer strakes and diagonal plates far in excess of what is called composite construction in this country, the whole sheathed with teak planking 2in. thick. All the principal fore and aft members, such as the stringer plates and sheer plates, are perforated with holes 2 to 3in. in diameter to save weight. The deck beams and gusset plates are forged in one solid piece. The yacht is being thoroughly overhauled after her voyage and new sails and spars made, the work being under the supervision of Mr. J. Beavor Webb.

Owasco Y. C.

AUBURN, N. Y.—OWASCO LAKE.

FIRST race of the season, July 4. Course: Dolphin club house to Edgewater (1¼ miles), to Long Point (4¼ miles), to starting point (3¾ miles); total, 9.25 statute miles (8 miles, naut.). Weather clear and bright. Wind about ten miles per hour. Summary:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.
Bee, N. B. Burr	17.04	1 15 00	3 24 50
Asp, Douglass Beardsley	21.10½	1 15 00	3 32 50
Mystery, H. B. Lewis	22.00	1 15 00	3 33 30
Idleways, Com. F. I. Allen	31.02	1 15 00	3 43 40
Tamapsa, C. E. Thorne	21.10	1 15 00	Did not finish
La Fiancee, J. M. Brainard	16.09	1 15 00	Did not finish

Allowances based on waterline length. Bee is a Herreshoff boat and Asp is the Hunt 21-footer which raced about Boston last year. The race was started from the gun. Five prizes were offered. First, Bee; second, Asp; third, Mystery; fourth, Idleways; fifth, not given. Out of 14 yachts enrolled only 6 started. Regatta committee—Com. Allen, C. E. Thorne, W. R. Hopkins, N. B. Burr, C. N. Chedell. Referee, Judge John D. Teller.

A yacht club has just been organized at Mandeville, La., near New Orleans, the members being mainly residents of that city. The officers are: Com., Geo. Moorman; Vice-Com., J. Hawkins; Rear Com., F. A. Cousin; Treas., Jos. Garcia; Sec., M. J. Guerin; Captain of the Fleet, T. S. Allen; Governing Committee, W. J. Castell, T. M. Moorman, E. L. Cousin, A. Tabary, R. Woeste. A regatta is proposed for Aug. 5 or near that date.

New Yachts on Lake Minnetonka.

WHATEVER adverse opinions may be held in regard to the modern "freak" designs, it must be admitted the present era of radical experiments is at least conducive to progress; and that while the immediate results may not be of the best, they are throwing a light on designing which is fatal to old time conservatism, and which is likely to lead in time to far better types of yachts. Just now the tendency is distinctly toward the racing machine, but lessons are being learned from all the new departures which will enable the clubs to frame restrictions for the conservation of a moderate type of yacht if such a course shall at any time be considered desirable.

There was a time when all progress was confined to the old yachting centers on the coast, the out-classed racers being sold inland, but now the West is doing its own experimenting and inventing, as is shown by the following description, from an exchange, of some of the new yachts of Lake Minnetonka. We may say incidentally that the use of cypress for planking is well known in the East, though cedar is usually preferred. The well alluded to for clearing the fin of obstructions was used last season by John B. Paine, in the 21ft. Freak.

"Among the most interesting of the local productions is certainly the boat designed by F. B. Long, and built under his instructions. She is named the C. L. C., and is owned by Geo. Cook, Lou Long and Charles Champion. The sailing length of this craft is 22ft. 10in., length over all 30ft., beam 8ft. and sail area 733sq. ft. She is built to compete with the first class sloops, and will try conclusions with the Alpha. A representative of the *Journal* saw the boat a few days ago and looked her over carefully. Great credit is due Mr. Long for this effort in yacht designing, for the result is a remarkable one. It is to be questioned whether any boat built in the West is more skillfully constructed than this one which is just now interesting the yachting gossips in this part of the world. Her planking and finishing is artistic to a degree, and she has some distinctly odd features, the operation of which will be watched with no little interest. The planking under water is all of cypress, and there are no known instances where this wood has been used before for outside planking. The principal advantages claimed for it are that it is extremely light and impervious to the action of water. The statement is also made that it will not shrink or swell. The boat has also a peculiar arrangement for keeping the fin keel—for she is a fin—clear of weeds. It is often a difficult matter to dislodge weeds from this keel, and Mr. Long has invented a sort of telescopic arrangement, coming up parallel with the forward end of the keel through which he looks down into the deep, and is enabled to see any obstruction attaching itself to the fin. There is an iron rod rigged in such a way as to be used in dislodging accumulations of weeds. Differing from any other boat on the lake, the C. L. C. is flush decked, having no cockpit. There are two small man holes, one for the helmsman and one for the jib tender, and the rest of the boat is decked over air tight. In order to prevent the boat from filling in case of knockdowns, Mr. Long has two canvas bag arrangements, which are air tight, and fit into the man holes. No more water can get into the boat than these bags will hold, and the boat is therefore nonsinkable as well as easy to right when upset. It will be a hard matter for the crew not in the man holes to hang on the slippery decks of this boat, but life lines have been rigged along both sides to prevent accident.

In type, the C. L. C. is a compromise between the fin and the old sloop type. Her forward lines are fine and easy, but she carries her stern well aft, differing in this respect from the usual fin boat, which has as long lines aft as forward. Mr. Long expects that this will give her good bearings, and thus offset the additional dead water that so much stern occasions. The sails are being made at Wayzata by a well known and competent sailmaker, and the material for the sails has been imported from Sweden. Mr. Long expects to have a well trained crew, and in Will Raymond he will have a most skillful helmsman to guide the new boat to victory. The craft is the result of Minneapolis inventiveness and enterprise, and it is to be hoped that she will justify the expectations of her owners, and show the Alpha a clean pair of heels.

Another new boat is the Alpha Phi, also designed by Mr. Long. She is built by Moore of Wayzata. Mr. Long has a laudable ambition to tackle not only the first class champions, but also those of the second class, and in this pretty little boat, the Herreshoff flyer Bird will have a rival worthy of her metal. The length of the Alpha Phi is 18ft. beam 7ft. Those who have seen her say she has beautiful lines and ought to prove speedy.

Ray Moore has turned out many well known boats of the Minnetonka Yacht Club fleet, and this latest of his will certainly be heard from during the season. Another boat is being put up by the same builder for that most enthusiastic of yachtsman, W. A. Ramsey. Mr. Ramsey is patriotic as well as enterprising, and has accordingly named his new craft the Columbia. She is built to compete with the first class cats. Her classified length is 20ft. 11in., beam 9½ft. and sail area 500ft. In design she is very much like the catboats on the lake, though her lines are a re a trifle finer and give promise of great speed. It is evident that the old champion cats, Atlanta and Ida, will have to look to their laurels when Columbia crosses the starting line. Moore thinks he has improved a good deal on the lines of the Ventura, which boat did so thoroughly well last year. The advent of this new boat will promote a healthy rivalry among the first class cats.

A new competitor in the special class of 16-footers is the Coquette, owned by Louis B. Newell. Her length is 16ft., beam 7ft. 6in. and sail area 320ft. She will be cat rigged. This boat is certainly one of the prettiest models old Capt. Brown ever turned out. Those who have watched her construction say that she is sure to make them wake up in her class, and that she is likely to give the Kestrel and Kingbird a hard tussel.

Lake Y. R. A. Round.

ROYAL HAMILTON—HAMILTON.

LAKE ONTARIO, for all its fine weather, usually has one good blow in store for the fortnight of the L. Y. R. A. races; in 1884 the fleet caught it at Oswego, next year the wind was waiting at the west end of the lake, and drove the yachts into all the ports on the north shore, the battered fleet being some three days in making the rendezvous at Oswego. In 1890 the annual blow turned up in the middle of the regatta at Kingston, sinking Volante, giving Vreda's steel side some marks which she carries yet, and crippling others of the fleet. This year the winds favored Hamilton with a visit, bringing disaster to a number of the yachts.

The second regatta of the round was set for July 8, under the management of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., the courses being off the piers of Burlington Bay, the leeward mark being set four miles out in the lake, with a second mark at two miles. The first, 46 and 40ft. classes sailed three times over this course, 24 miles; the 35 and 30ft. classes sailed two rounds, 16 miles, the 25ft. class sailed once around the four mile mark and once around the two mile; 12 miles in all, and the 21ft. class was to sail twice around the short course, 8 miles. The rules of the L. Y. R. A. class all yachts by sailing length, measured by Seawanhake rule.

The wind was moderate S.W at the start, but in a little while it went round to N.W. and blew all day in a succession of violent squalls that brought all the yachts down to one or two reefs at times, and compelled some to give up entirely. The starters were:

First class, Vreda, Onward; 46ft. class, Condor; 40ft. class, Dinah, Aggie, Zelma; 35ft. class, Alert, Cyprus; 30ft. class, Nadia, Vedette, Samoa, Volante, Erma; 25ft. class, Salola, Maud B., Nox, Mona, Clipper; 21ft. class, Caprice, Caruli, Okeika, Gwendoline, Rustler, I. C. U., Wa Wa, Eclipse, I'll Away, Ethel, Thistledown, Spray.

The times of the start were: The first class started 10:30, the 46-footers at 10:40, the 40-footers 10:50, the 35-footers 11, the 30-footers 11:10, 25-footers 11:20, 21-footers 11:30.

The wind was but moderate when the leaders crossed the line under spinakers, but it soon increased so that all came down to lower sails. The 21ft. class soon came to grief, Mr. Jarvis's new fin-keel Thistledown carried away her mast near the head and withdrew, being towed in by Psyche; Ethel fouled the mark, and I. C. U. capsized, I'll Away and Eclipse going to her aid. The race in this class will be resailed. The first round was timed:

Zelma	12 27 27	Nadia	2 00 00
Dinah	12 35 37	Erma	2 12 20
Aggie	12 40 40	Nox	1 50 40
Samoa	2 28 15	Salola	1 57 00
Volante	1 30 45	Maud B	1 57 10
Vedette	1 33 55		

Onward is a centerboard sloop of 52ft. l. w. l., built at Islip, L. I., in 1875, and Vreda is the first of the British 20 raters, 45ft. l. w. l., built in 1888. The cutter was far ahead at the end of the round, the sloop having two reefs down and withdrawing after completing the round. The strong wind did a good deal of minor damages, halliards parting and sails tearing, and some of the yachts withdrew. The leaders on the second round were timed:

Vreda	1 57 20	Dinah	2 27 10
Zelma	2 22 31		

The race finished in a heavy thunder storm, Zelma coming down to two reefs and Vreda parting her throat halliards at the finish. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS—START 10:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	3 18 20	4 48 20	. . . .
Onward	Withdrew.		

46FT. CLASS—START 10:40.

Condor	Withdrew.		

40FT. CLASS—START 10:50.

Zelma	3 40 35	4 50 35	4 50 35
Dinah	3 48 45	4 58 45	4 55 16
Aggie	Withdrew.		

35FT. CLASS—START 11:00.

Cyprus	3 54 40	4 54 40	. . . .
Alert	Withdrew.		

30FT. CLASS—START 11:10.

Vedette	3 14 15	4 07 15	4 09 59
Samoa	3 25 44	4 15 44	4 15 37
Volante	3 37 45	4 27 45	4 27 45
Nadia	4 00 35	4 50 35	4 50 09

25FT. CLASS—START 11:20.

Nox	3 00 40	3 40 40	3 40 13
Salola	3 04 15	3 44 15	3 44 06
Maud B	3 08 16	3 48 16	3 48 16
Wa Wa	Disabled.		
Clipper	Withdrew.		

Ripple, of the Rochester Y. C., was left at anchor in the bay, her crew being on board of Onward for the race. She dragged her anchor and went on to a sunken crib, her bottom being holed and her bows sinking, causing serious damage to her cabins. The sloop yacht Isle of Wight, owned by Wm. Jutten, of Hamilton, was also sunk by a Lake schooner which came in between the piers during the gale and struck her, carrying away topmast and injuring the hull so that the yacht sank. The races were under the management of W. Q. Philips, association timekeeper, assisted by W. J. Grant and Charles Powis. The regatta committee of the R. H. Y. C. included Messrs. W. J. Grant, E. H. Ambrose, Thomas W. Lester, J. H. Fearnside, J. F. Monck and W. J. Wallace.

Royal Canadian Y. C.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Monday, July 10.

THE annual regatta of the Royal Canadian Y. C. of Toronto, the third and last race of the Lake round, was sailed in so light a breeze as to rob it of all interest. This is the fourth year that Toronto has provided such light and fluky weather for its share of the L. Y. R. A. racing. The start was very poor, the yachts being slow in working out from the bay to the line, off Exhibition Wharf, and some being handicapped over half an hour. The usual course was sailed, the 21-footers sailing inside the bay. The official times were:

FIRST CLASS—START 10 A. M.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	3 02 20	5 02 20	4 55 59
Onward	3 01 05	5 01 05	5 01 05

46FT. CLASS—START 10 A. M.

Condor	3 53 03	5 53 03	. . . .

40FT. CLASS—START 10 A. M.

Zelma	3 03 30	5 03 30	5 03 30
Aggie	3 13 12	5 13 12	5 12 56
Dinah	3 22 30	5 22 30	5 19 01

35FT. CLASS—START 10:10 A. M.

Vision	2 06 30	3 56 30	3 56 30
Cyprus	2 13 17	3 03 17	4 02 02

30FT. CLASS—START 10:10 A. M.

Vedette	1 57 20	3 47 20	3 47 20
Erma	2 04 43	3 54 43	3 54 34
Nadia	2 15 32	4 05 32	4 05 23

25FT. CLASS—START 10:30 A. M.

Salola	1 53 12	3 43 12	3 42 58
Lavolta	2 19 19	4 09 19	4 04 45
Maud B	2 15 12	4 05 12	4 05 12
Nox	2 22 00	4 12 00	4 11 29
Wa Wa	2 26 45	4 16 45	4 10 43

21FT. CLASS—START 2 P. M.

Thistledown	3 50 13	1 50 13	1 46 17
Gwendoline	3 59 38	1 59 38	1 53 28
Kathleen	4 01 28	2 01 28	1 58 58
I C U	4 04 18	2 04 13	2 00 20
Ethel	4 04 33	2 04 33	1 50 22
Missularion	4 12 40	2 12 40	2 05 50
Viola	Not timed.		

In the evening a dinner and smoking concert at the Royal Canadian club house finished up the ceremonies and ended the circuit of 1893. Compared with former years the fleet and the racing is decidedly below the mark, the cruise was a short one with only three races, and comparatively few yachts took part.

Beverly Y. C.—2d Sweepstakes.

QUISSET—BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday, July 8.

THE 198th regatta, 2d open sweepstakes, was sailed at Quisset on July 8 in a good reefing S.W. breeze. This is the first race sailed over this course, and a rather unfortunate incident occurred. One member of the regatta committee was unavoidably absent, another was looking after the race at Marblehead, sailed at the same time, and this left the club shorthanded.

The printed course told hoats to round Wepecket Shoal buoy, some question was raised as to depth of water there, and the regatta committee put a stakeboat a little beyond the buoy, making course round stakeboat a trifle longer than round buoy. It was supposed that all boats were notified to round the stakeboat in place of the buoy. but there were more entries than expected, and Doris and Gymnote were not so notified. Both rounded the buoys, and Anonyma protests Gymnote for not rounding the stakeboat, while Nobska and Doris counter-protest each other, Nobska's protest being identical with Anonyma's, while Doris protests Nobska for leaving the buoy on the wrong side after rounding the stakeboat on the right side. These protests will be decided next week, and this report is made subject to decision of protests.

The times were:

SPECIAL SLOOP CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nymph, H. W. Harris, Quissett	40.00	3 04 53	3 04 53
Chapaquoit, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	29.10	3 06 21	2 51 57
Reliance, N. H. Emmons, B. Y. C.	37.00	3 19 35	3 15 49
Sistae, J. B. Rhodes, N. B. Y. C.	28.05	Not taken.	

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Gymnote, W E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	23.09	1 40 44	1 29 45
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 42 44	1 31 40
Agawam, J. G. Young, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 45 51	1 34 48
Ulula, S. E. Winship, B. Y. C.	22.08	1 48 00	1 35 52
Lestris, J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C.	22.09	1 49 52	1 37 53
Orchid, — Osborne, Cotuit	21.04	1 59 45	1 46 15
Helena, G. E. Phinney, Mon. Beach	22.09	Withdrawn.	

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Nobska, A. A. Beebe, B. Y. C.	19.09	1 50 20	1 34 55
Doris, John Parkinson, B. Y. C.	19.08	1 53 48	1 38 17
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	19.07	1 55 47	1 40 20
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, 2d, B. Y. C.	19.10	1 57 13	1 41 58
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., B. Y. C.	19.08	1 58 24	1 42 38
Caprice, H. N. Emmons B. Y. C.	19.06	2 01 13	1 45 35
Barbee, R. G. Morse, B. Y. C.		2 02 15	. . . .
Hermione, R. L. Barstoup, B. Y. C.	19.10	2 06 21	1 51 09
Scud, J. W. Talmay, Osterville	20.00	2 06 42	1 51 39
Elna, John Parkinson, B. Y. C.	19.04	Withdrew.	
Phenomenon, D. L. Whittemore, B.Y.C	19.04	Withdrew.	
Saunterer, J. D. Parker, B. Y. C.		Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	16.08	1 50 25	1 30 49
Marketta		2 03 51	. . . .
Zora, J. D. Parker, B. Y. C.		Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS JIB AND MAINSAL.

Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., B. Y. C.	11.00	1 02 01	. . . .
Axe, Louis Bacon, B. Y. C.	11.08	1 05 59	. . . .
P. D. Q., R. W. Emmons, B. Y. C.		Withdrew.	

Courses: Special class 20 miles, second and third classes 8½ miles, fourth class 7 miles, fifth class 4 miles.

Special class, first prize, Chapaquoit; second prize, Nymph. Second class, first prize, Gymnote; second prize Anonyma; third prize, Agawam. Third class, first prize, Nobska; second prize, Doris; third prize, Gilt Edge. Fourth class, first prize, Dawdle Fifth class, first prize, Raccoon. Second and third class prizes subject to decision of protests.

Judges, L. M. Clark, H. W. Carruth.

In the Beverly Y. C. race No 197, the protest of Susie vs. Hiladee is withdrawn and Hiladee takes first and Susie second place.

We have received from Mr. Henry Gilbert, Jr., of St. Johns, N. B., three photos of an enlarged "Scarecrow," built by him from the designs published in the FOREST AND STREAM last fall. The boat is 26ft. 8in. all over, 18ft. 9in. l. w. l., 6ft. beam, and with a centerboard of 350lbs. and 400lbs. inside carried 375sq. ft. of sail, boom and gaff mainsail and jib set on a short bowsprit. The photos show every evidence of good workmanship and Clytie, as she is named, is quite a shapely little craft. Another enlarged "Scarecrow" is Thistledown, built for Mr. Emilius Jarvis, of Toronto, the design being enlarged and adapted by him to fit the 21ft. sailing length class of the Lake Y. R. A. Thistledown was in bad luck in her first race at Hamilton, losing her mast, but she was ready again a couple of days later at Toronto, beating her six competitors by a large margin. She is a veritable bulb-fin, like the original Scarecrow, but the fin is a fixture, not fitted to hoist.

American Model Y. C.

THE second leg for the Pfeiffer cup was sailed on Saturday, July 15, in a very strong southerly wind, the yachts making very good weather of it, carrying their small topsails and whole lower sails. Only two yachts came to the line for the first heat, Hornet arriving too late to start, but eventually started in the second heat; Neola winning the first heat from Marguerite by 1m. 35s. elapsed, 1m. 42½s. corrected, Neola being nursed a little too much for fair sailing after rounding the stake for the finish.

In the second heat Hornet showed up and did some very fine sailing with the rest. Great disappointment was felt as Marguerite met with an accident to her steering gear after getting under way for the finish line, throwing her out of the race. From all appearances she would have made it very hot for Neola. Neola won the heat and race from Hornet by 1m. 57s. elapsed, 1m. 33½s. corrected. Below is the summary:

FIRST HEAT.

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marguerite, H. Fisher	3 35 41	13 46	13 46
Neola, J. E. Pfeiffer	3 35 25	12 21	12 03½

SECOND HEAT.

Marguerite	3 52 51	Disabled.	
Neola	3 52 47	11 18	11 00½
Hornet, J. C. Meyer	3 53 05	13 15	12 34

The next regatta will be on Labor Day, Sept. 3. The club has decided to hold a sweepstake race to windward only, the winner in each class to meet in a final race, with time allowance and 5s. tax for every time an owner touches his boat while racing. This mode is very popular, and we expect a full list of entries. FRANK NICHOLS.

Eighth Annual Chesapeake Bay Y. C. Race.

CLAIBORNE, MD.—CHESAPEAKE BAY.

Saturday, July 6.

The eighth annual open race of the club took place off Claiborne July 6. The entries were Island Belle, 35ft. 11in. long, of C. B. Y. C., and Neptune Club of Baltimore, owner E. L. Woodside. Albatros, 37ft. long, of Tilghman's Island. Ma Belle, 35ft. long, owner Mr. Crane, of St. Michaels.

The wind was a fresh breeze from N.N.W. The course was from a line drawn from stake boat to wharf at Claiborne, thence to Bodkin buoy, a close reach, thence to Wade's Point buoy, wind abeam, thence to stake boat dead off the wind. This course repeated three times, making twelve nautical miles. There will be a special open race off St. Michaels on Saturday, July 29. The following is a summary of the race:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Island Belle, E. L. Woodside	11 55 30	1 42 00	1 42 00
Albatros, Jno. Harrison	11 56 00	1 59 00	2 00 48
Ma Belle, Mr. Crane	11 55 30	1 55 00	1 55 36

Manchester Y. C. Cup.

MANCHESTER—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Tuesday, July 11.

COURSES from starting line in W. Manchester Harbor to black buoy off Baker's Island. leaving it to starboard to little Nast buoy, leaving it to return; distance 8 miles; weather fair; wind S.W., blowing fresh.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Cor.
Yankee Maid, E. P. Stanley	18.6	2 00 00	3 42 47	1 42 47	1 42
Wraith, A. W. Higginson	18.10	2 00 00	3 42 00	1 42 00	1 42
Hornet, Chas. Jackson	20.01	2 00 00	withdrew.		
Albatros, A. W. Craigie	21.00	2 00 00	withdrew.		

The Wraith and Yankee Maid sailed a very close race, the other yachts were out of it from the start. Wraith and Yankee Maid tie for first place.

Regatta committee: A. H. Higginson, C. A. Cooley, A. W. Craigie.
Judges: Max Saill, J. A. Burnham, Jr, S. L. Huidekoper.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

It is to be hoped, for the sake of English ship builders, that it will not become fashionable to import American-built yachts in the small classes. Last year Miss Suttou brought over the half-rater Wee Winn, designed and built hy Herreshoffs, and she won nearly everything she sailed for. Nothing has been heard of the hoat this year, though there is nothing in the class that could hope successfully to compete against her. Miss Sutton, however, imported the Morwena, designed and built by the same firm, and this little boat is proving herself quite as formidable an opponent as the Wee Winn. Then Mr. Hardie Jackson, who built and raced the 2½-rater Faugh-a-Ballagh last season with a success that placed him at the top of the season's record, went in for a "dark horse" this year, which proved to be a boat of the same class, also from Hereshoff's yard, and she has proved to be a perfect flyer in light winds. She has started in nine matches, and has been "placed" every time. All her wins, however, are not first prizes, and taking the general character of the matches in which she has raced, it does not appear that she has done much, if anything, better than Faugh-a-Ballagh had she been in commission. The last-named hoat is the property of Mr. Hussey, of the Abbey, Crewkerne, who bought her just before the close of the racing season of 1891, but has made no show of fitting her out, and she is, we hear, in the sale list.—*Western Morning News, Plymouth, Eng.*

A new hollow boom for Colonia has just been completed at Poillon's yard, South Brooklyn, under the direction of Mr. Driscoll, the superintendent of the yacht work of the yard. This "creation" is nothing less than a barrel 97ft. 6in. long and 23in. in diameter at the middle, tapering to 11in. at the ends. The skin is in two thicknesses and is, of course, hollow, except for the moulds or bulkheads of thin stuff, spaced some 8ft. apart, on which it was built. These moulds, circular in shape, and diminishing in size to fit the taper of the spar, are first set up on stocks, like the moulds of a boat, and connected by a double series of cross braces of 1½in. stuff. The first layer of planking is of matched spruce, in long lengths, 1¼in. thick, the joints laid in lime and cheese cement, and the planks screwed to the moulds. After this layer is on the spar is rounded up and the outer layer, of 1¼in. Oregon pine, also matched, is put on and screwed into the inner planking. Each of the outer planks is hollowed on the inside and they break seams with the inner ones. After the spar is finally planed up it is seized at intervals with wire rope in place of solid hoops. It is expected that the spar will be very stiff and decidedly lighter than a solid stick.

Capt. J. C. Summers, the founder and publisher of the yachting annual "Who Won," has organized a stock company under the name of the "Who Won Publishing Co.," of which he is vice-president and general manager, J. A. Harriman, president, and H. B. Thompson secretary and treasurer. The new concern will continue the publication of the yacht list in four parts, issued quarterly every year, thus including all additions and the many changes which are made after the publication of most annual lists. It will also hegin in September the publication of a semi-monthly journal under the name of *Burgee and Pennant*, devoted to the Naval Reserve and yachting.

The annual cruise of the Massachusetts Y. C. will begin on Saturday, July 29. The fleet will rendezvous off Thompson's Island at 2 P.M. At 2:30 o'clock a gun will be fired or whistle blown from the commodore's yacht as a signal to prepare to get under way. At 3 o'clock a second gun will be fired or whistle blown as a signal to proceed to Boothbay, which will be the first stop. The time of each yacht will be taken until 3:30. A first and second prize will be awarded to yachts making the best corrected time. On arrival at Boothbay yachts will anchor inside Mouse Island, and the first yacht will take the time of the fleet

A new steam yacht named Emeline was launched at Roach's shipyard, Chester, on July 6, where she was built for John B. Roach. She is 108ft. over all, 16ft. 6in. beam, 6ft. 8½in. hold. Her engines are 9½, 14 and 24 by 14, and the screw is 5ft. diameter and 7ft. 3in. pitch. She is of steel and schooner rigged.

In the Lake Geneva Y. C. race on July 4 the noted eastern crack Rival built and raced by Com. Burritt, was beaten by Vanadis, a boat of the same type built by J. H. Cornwell. Vanadis is owned by Messrs. Billings & McCrea, and the Rival was recently purchased by Mr. Carpenter, of Chicago.

Saganore, steam yacht, is now refitting at Cowes after her voyage across from Philadelphia, and will soon start again on a long cruise in foreign waters, her owner, Edgar Scott, son of the late Thomas Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, being accompanied hy his mother and sister.

Messrs. Bishop, of 205 South st., New York, request us to state that Jeffries Marine Glue is no longer to be had at that number, the agency having been removed. Messrs. Jeffries have lately shipped a large invoice of glue to their Boston agents.

Newburyport, Mass., has a new yacht club called the Merrimac Valley Y. C., the officers being: Com., Joseph Newell; Vice-Com., Morton P. Gould; Sec.-Treas., John W. Bartlett; Fleet Captain, Charles Newell; Meas., Edward A. Amend.

The Great South Bay Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Alden S. Swan, Vice-Com., F G. Bourne; Rear-Com., H. S. Jewell; Sec'y, F. C. Bliss; Treas., Miles Bergen. The annual regatta will be sailed on July 29.

A re measurement of Huron and Katrina shows that the former wins

by 40 seconds in the Larchmont regatta of July 4. Katrina was originally reported as winning by 5 seconds.

The fifth annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. will be sailed on July 29 off Greenwich, Conn. The steamer Crystal Stream will leave New York foot of Thirty-first street, East River, at 7:30 A. M., following the race.

Vivian, steam yacht, recently sold by J. L. Hutchinson to Mr. Evans of New York, has been re-named Toinette. She has received an electric light plant at Lawley's.

The championship race of the Minnetonka Y. C. on July 15 was won by Mr. Burton's Onawa.

Canoeing.

Two correspondents take exception to our comments last week on the Atlantic Division meet, but there is nothing in their statements which was not considered by us in writing as we did, after a very unpleasant personal experience, which we shared with a number of others equally desirous of reaching camp. We were fully aware, as Mr. Smith states, that the selection of the site was made hastily after other plans had failed, but the conditions at Captain's Island would probably have been much the same, a still greater distance from the railroad to the shore, and then a mile or so of water with no means provided by the committee for crossing it.

The trouble lies in selecting a site which can only be reached certainly and surely by a steam launch; when, either from lack of funds or neglect on the part of the committee, no such means is provided.

It may be possible, as Mr. Smith states, to get from Chimmons Island to New York in an hour and twenty minutes, but on the other hand there are times when the only train during a whole long day takes an hour and three-quarters, schedule time, from South Norwalk to New York. No doubt the islands are very beautiful and possess many advantages, but under the circumstances we still consider the arrangements as very defective.

Our experience covers a longer time than Mr. Dorland's letter indicates, we were unfortunate enough to be in South Norwalk from 5 P. M. on Saturday until 9:15 A. M. on Sunday, and during all this time there was no means of reaching camp but by an open boat, starting in the rain late at night, and with no reasonable certainty of getting anywhere in the faint breeze. A boat was promised to leave for the camp at 8 A. M. on Sunday, but up to 9 o'clock it was not visible, and the necessity of reaching New York that night made it necessary to take the only train during the day. There was ample time to have reached camp on Saturday before the storm came up, but there was no boat, and by the time one was ready the storm was about breaking.

If this were a solitary instance we should not have commented on it at all, but it has been, and from all appearances is still likely to be, the regular thing to blunder over the matters of location and transportation. The exact cost of the present meet is not yet known, but it is certain to prove a very expensive camp, and in any case, enough money has been spent to have afforded, with judicious management, suitable means of reaching and returning from it.

The B. C. A. Meet, Lough Erne.

THE seventh annual meet of the British Canoe Assseciation will begin on July 31 and terminate on Aug. 21, the camp being located at Derrygore, near Enniskillen, on Lough Erne, Ireland. The general regulations of the camp are as follows:

Friends of members and any one already a member of a recognized canoe or sailing club may join the camp on payment of 10 shillings, such subscription to be counted as the annual subscription to the B. C. A. for 1893 in case of election, application to be made to the vice-commodore not later than July 26 to Elm View, Maple Road, Surhiton, and after that date at the camp.

Any gentleman thus attending the camp agrees to abide by the rules and regulations which may be made by the camp officers.

"Married Quarters" will be arranged for near main camp if sufficient names are sent in and will be in charge of the senior married lady camping. The services of a camp attendant and a boy with boat will be at the disposal of members. A large committee tent will be erected, at which it is proposd to hold camp dinners each evening, and a piano will be provided for sing-songs, etc. There will be the usual camp kitchen under the charge of camp attendant. A supply of paraffin and metbylated spirits will be on sale. Members must make their own arrangements as to getting supplies at Enniskillen, but probably some of the tradesmen will call at camp for orders; milk, eggs and water can be obtained close by camp. Very few, if any, sailing boats can be hired at Enniskillen. All members attending this meet are specially requested to fly the burgee and wear the badge of the association. Members are requested to bring an assortment of flags and Chinese lanterns, etc., for the decoration of the camp, and also for an illuminated procession of canoes if thought desirable. All those who can contribute to the amusement of the camp, either vocally or instrumentally, are requested to bring their instruments and music for the purpose of holding "camp-fires" during the meet. Lodgings can be obtained close by the lake, at Enniskillen, at reasonable charges. There is excellent fishing to be obtained; salmon and trout are preserved, but any one can fish for pike, perch, etc. Although the camp is a fixed one, it is proposed to make several excursions up and down the lake, camping out for the night and returning the next or following day. Such arrangements will be discussed at the camp dinners and a programme posted on the camp notice board, which members can avail themselves of or not as they wish. During the meet a B. C. A. regatta will be arranged. Letters or telegrams for members at the camp should be addressed—British Canoe Association Camp, in care of J. Arthur Irwin, Esq., Derrygore, Enniskillen. The annual general meeting of the association will be held on Aug. 10, preceded by dinner at 7 P. M., at Enniskillen. All members are particularly requested to be present.

PERCY NISBET, R. C. C., Vice-Com., British Canoe Association.

The Atlantic Division Meet.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Kindly permit me to differ most decidedly with your comments on the location of the Atlantic Division meet at Chimmons Island. I was one of those unfortunates who were not able to spend two weeks, but did run up from New York on two occasions to spend two or three days in camp. On both occasions there was little delay in getting to the island, and after arriving there, although we were considerably bothered Saturday and Sunday, July 1 and 2, with mosquitoes (owing to the high grass at that time on the island and sultry weather) I found the camp very pleasantly located, in good cruising grounds and amid a group of islands that I for one should be pleased to return to.

Your genial editor should bear in mind that his attempt to get to camp was unsuccessful very largely on account of the heavy rain and wind storm of that evening. Had he arrived earlier in the day he would have reached camp and formed very different ideas regarding it; and after the storm the crew of the war canoe which went over to Norwalk, unfortunately did not locate him. IRVING V. DORLAND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having just read your severe article on the A.C.A. meet at Chimmons Island, I think I ought to, in justice to the hard working members of the camp site committee say a few words in their behalf: First, they had completed their arrangements to go to Captain's Island off Greenwich and at the last moment discovered some of the owners of Captain's Island objected to the camp being located there and the committee then had to look about for another site and accepted my offer of Chimmons Island; I too was very sorry so few days intervened before the opening day, and the committee worked hard to make the camp what it should be and provide communication with the main land, but for want of time no boat could be had for daily use to and from the depot. If I may be permitted though the pleasure of having the A.C.A. meet again at Chimmons Island, I assure you as well as the members of the association a far pleasanter time, the grass will be cut, beaches cleared of sea-weed and the island will assume a ship-shape look, and furthermore it will be easy of access, but this time please consider the suddenness of the call and remember no other meet ever had this sudden change of all their plans to contend with, and I think you will agree with me that this was after all a pleasant camp—it is reached from New York in an hour and twenty minutes with a proper launch, and with time to secure one there need be no excuse for not finding here a perfect camping site for the A.C.A. and they are always welcome. WARREN E. SMITH.

CHIMMONS ISLAND, Norwalk, Conn., July 14.

A. C. A. Notes.

THE telegraph cable of the G. N. W. Co. crosses Wolfe Island at Brophy's Point, and the company's agent at Kingston has promised to station an operator at the Point during the meet in August, if requested to do so. This will prove a great convenience to members and will enable newspaper correspondents to send off reports more readily than has hitherto been possible.

Mr. Bropby bas sent a good piano down to the Point. As there is a dancing floor on the ground this combination ought to prove a pleasing one to members.

Mr. Carruthers, chairman of the regatta committee, is fitting out his handsome steam yacbt, the Marquis of Lorne, and will have ber on hand in August to use in laying out courses, etc.

Negotiations are in progress regarding a boat between the camp and Kingston. An efficient service will be provided.

Subscriptions to the Prize Fund have not come in as readily as might have been expected. The list is still open.

A. C. A. Membership.

NORTHERN DIVISION: K. A. Cameron, H. Cartwright, R. B. Crombie, R. W. Garrett, Cataraqui C. C., Kingston, Can.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

A remarkable feat was performed on June 17 by Lieut. H. R. Sayce, of Bristol, who succeeded in crossing the English Channel in a miniature boat. The little craft bas been patented by him as the Midge Pneumatic Collapside Lifeboat, and is designed to be serviceable for fishing, shooting or sailing. The weigbt is under 35lbs., length 8½ft. with only 32in. beam. It is entirely covered in with canvas, leaving just room enough for a person's body to come through, and is inflated with air by means of tubing, so as to render it unsinkable. The boat was fitted with a little foresail about the size of a woman's apron, and a still smaller mizzen, the boat when afloat having exactly the appearance of a large toy boat. Leaving the Waterloo Crescent, Dover, at 3 A.M. on Saturday morning, Mr. Sayce unfolded his boat and filled it up, which was the work of a very few minutes, and then launched in it from the beach. He was accompanied by a small sailing lugger, the Four Brothers, on board of which were two boatmen. A small supply of refreshments were put aboard, consisting chiefly of biscuits and lemonade. Daylight was just breaking, and there was a light wind from N.N.E. A course was steered straigbt for Cape Grisnez, the party being uncertain whether they would make Calais or Boulogne. Sailing was very slow work, but the little craft behaved remarkably well. Mr. Sayce was provided with a double paddle, which be kept in constant use. The little craft entered Boulogne Harbor at 5 o'clock, the voyage having occupied fourteen hours. During this time Mr. Sayce did not once leave his remarkable little craft, which was brought back by the lugger to-day. When a breeze sprung up yesterday it did not look possible that such a toy could remain afloat, but it made not the slightest difference to her. The remarkable part of it was that she shipped no water, and when Boulogne was reached she was quite dry inside.—*Western Morning News, Plymouth, Eag.*

The Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association will, this summer, for the first time in its history of 25 years, depart from a strictly rowing programme and add a tandem and single paddling race, each under A. C. A. rules. The regatta of the N. A. R. A. will be held over the Belle Isle course, at Detroit, on Aug. 11, 12, the two days following the regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

For an Universal Target.

MORGANTOWN, W.Va., July 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am much pleased to see the letters in FOREST AND STREAM relative to a new target and for one that all can recognize as a standard target. The German shooters have had a target, in which the circles are ¾in. apart; it has given the best of satisfaction for many years, and I have through an experience of fiftcen years or more heard no complaints as to its fairness of count or impracticability for the expert marksman. This is the target, the rifle of any weight, with double triggers and a bolder attached, is allowed to shoot on, and the "possible" of 250 in 10 successive shots has never been made in a public matcb.

A target for a standard should be one that can be easily drawn or manufactured at bome or the club bouse, not for saving the item of buying only, but in case through an oversigbt the supply of targets becomes exhausted and the marksmen who go to the range on practice day bave to return home disgusted and disappointed, when if a target of regular divisions in inches, instead of hundredths of an inch, was the standard, it could be easily drawn with a string and lead pencil and the shooters not lose the enjoyment of their practice. I am pleased at the suggestion of a target with the rings one inch apart, and if we can have and use such a target without paying for a copyright or being obliged to purchase of one particular maker, shall vote for such target. If I am correctly informed any club or individual that should manufacture the Standard target now copyrighted by Mr. Hinman, would infringe on the copyrigbt and it would be unlawful for them to do so.

How is it, "Y'Ratilim," can we have the inch ring target without restrictions? W. MILTON FARROW.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE weekly outing, July 15, brought out the usual number of members of the club. Capt. Mahlenbrock, of the Hudson Rifle Club, of Marion, N. J., paid the Greenvilles a visit during the afternoon, and helped to liven matters in the shooting house. Messrs. Dorrler and Plaisted, in the absence of Ross, had a lively race between themselves in a series of 50 shots. The totals are as follows: Plaisted 1,067, Dorrler 1,064. The following 10 shot scores are appended: Plaisted 226, Dorrler 219, Chavant 215, Mahlenbrock 210, Collins 208, Robidoux 198, Spahn 189, Dodds 182. Purkess 178, Gassman 170.

The weekly competition of the members of the Greenville Rifle Club on the gallery ranges continues to draw the usual quota from the several classes to the club house on each ensuing shooting night. On Friday, July 14, the following appended scores were made, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: J. Boag 242, Spahn 240, Purkess 239, Plaisted 239, Collins 237, Chavant 236, C. Boag 235, Robidoux 235, Gotthardt 234, Dodds 228, Pfeffer 219.

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, July 10.—I enclose you scores made by the Hartford Rifle Club at their regular sbhot on Saturday. Standard targets, 200 yds., light good, but a brisk, changeable wind.

H M Pope	10	10	8	9	10	8	10	7	8	6—86
	10	19	7	9	6	8	8	8	11	10—86
	7	8	8	7	9	9	6	9	10	9—82
F K Rand	7	10	9	9	9	8	9	8	4	8—82
	9	8	6	10	9	5	8	9	10	6—80
J M Foote, Jr	8	10	8	10	8	7	7	7	8	7—80
	6	10	9	6	10	6	9	10	6	8—79
F B Covel	5	10	6	8	10	7	6	9	7	9—77
	8	9	7	9	8	5	8	8	7	7—77
W J Dunbar	7	9	10	4	10	9	9	9	8	5—77
	9	10	6	5	7	10	6	4	6	7—70
J Edwards	8	9	5	9	5	7	7	6	7	8—72
	10	5	9	7	8	6	7	7	7	6—72
F Seaver	7	7	7	9	5	8	4	9	4	6—69
	8	8	5	5	7	6	7	9	5	8—68
J C Wiseman	6	10	4	10	4	9	4	4	7	6—64

Pope finished the series of medal matches to-day, winning a bronze medal on 10 scores of 70 or over with 82, 74, 86, 80, 79, 75, 70, 77, 75 and 82—780; the silver medal on 10 scores of 80 or better, with 83, 85, 81, 84, 80, 81, 81, 84, 80 and 82—821; and the gold medal on 10 scores of 85 or better, with 85, 92, 85, 86, 85, 88, 87, 87, 86 and 86—867.

H. M. POPE, Sec'y,

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE monthly practice shoot of the New York Corps, Capt. Henry Offerman, at Union Hill Schuetzen Park on Friday, July 14, was not as well patronized by the members of the corps as usual, still it brought out a sufficient number to make the shooting house very lively during the afternoon.

H. M. Pope, secretary of the Hartford Rifle Club, of Hartford, Conn., was a visitor in the park during the afternoon.

Scores on the ring target are appended, 10 shots, German ring target: B. Zettler 215, John D. Strahmann 212, Fr. Schmidt 208, H. B. Michaelsen 201, John D. Wilkens 199. H. Strate 197, Chas. Grosch 195, John Bunz 192, Ph. Feigel 190, John C. Bonn 189, Aug. J. Christen 188, F. Facompre 181, Wm. Hahn 180, F. Plump 180, A. W. Lemcke 179, Jac. Schmitt 173, H. Buthfer 165, B. Mayborg 165, N. G. B. Beversten 154, H. Meyn 159, John G. Thoelke 151, R. Abrens 151.

Point target, 10 shots, possible 30: Ph. Feigel 18, John C. Bonn 15, Chas. Grosch 14, Fr. Schmidt 12, H. Buthfer 12, Aug. J. Christen 11, H. Strate 10, H. Heinecke 10, Wm. Wessel 10, B. Zettler 9, Wm. Hahn 8, Sam Galle 8, F. Plump 8, H. Lohden 8, John Bunz 7, F. Facompre 6, John G. Thoelke 6, A. W. Lemcke 6, John D. Strahmann 6, D. Buthfer 6, J. N. Herrmann 6, H. Offermann 6, Fr. Hoops 6.

Red flags: Fr. Schmidt 2, Ph. Feigel 2, H. Buthfer 2, F. Plump 1, D Butbfer 1, H. Heinecke 1, John C. Bonn 1, Sam Galle 1, J. N. Herrmann 1, Aug. J. Christen 1, H. Hanschen 1.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE bi-monthly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club, at Cyprus Hills Park, on July 16, was not as well attended as usual, only six members were on hand to shoot out the programme.

Fred. Ross was in good form and made the following appended scores: 220, 214, 219, 220, 222—1,104.

The scores of the members present are appended:

F C Ross	25	18	22	24	22	24	24	24	23	22—229
	22	22	20	23	23	22	24	23	21	22—222
R Hamainn	23	25	23	20	23	21	23	22	22	23—225
	25	17	23	24	23	24	21	17	21	24—219
H Holges	17	23	23	20	24	23	23	24	22	22—221
	22	20	22	23	18	24	21	23	23	25—220
G W Plaisted	22	22	21	21	21	21	12	24	25	24—223
	21	19	20	20	23	20	25	22	24	23—217
Geb Krauss	24	22	21	22	22	20	17	22	23	18—209
	18	22	21	15	22	24	13	25	16	23—199
J A Boyken	24	18	19	23	20	18	19	22	24	19—206
	16	21	22	16	19	21	19	20	17	19—190
Geo W Downs	22	19	22	14	18	21	16	18	21	20—191
	17	23	21	16	17	18	20	14	23	16—185

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery sboot of the Turtle Bay Club, at its headquarters No. 156 East 42d Street, N. Y. city, on Thursday night, July 13, was the occasion for another lively race between the following teams. The conditions were 10 shot scores on the 25 ring target, three score to count, distance 20yds.:

J Ochs, Jr.	244	241	242—727
J Krampert	241	238	243—722—1449
G E Jantzer	246	245	242—733
H Walter	240	238	232—710—1443

New York Rifle Corps.

THE Saturday outing of the New York Rifle Club at Cypress Hills Park, July 15, found only four members on hand ready for competition for the club trophies. The following appended scores were made by the members participating, standard American target: Jas. Duane, 86; Thos. Lloyd 83, 89, 80; M. Herrington 85, 85; E. B. Barker (rest), 106, 104, 103.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

ONLY three members of the Excelsior Club went out to the Greenville Shooting Park on Friday, July 14, to shoot in the competition for club prizes. The scores: Chas. Thomas 211, O. C. Boyce 202, L. P Hansen 182.

RIFLE NOTES.

We saw an illustration last week of how one is helped along in his efforts for a record. One of our riflemen started out with a 10 shot score, his first three shots were 24, 24, 24, this caused the other riflemen present to become interested in the individual, for here was an opportunity. Should he keep up the gait the record of 239 would be a thing of the past, in fact a back number. In consequence there was a chorus of admonitions to be careful. The fourth shot was 24. This last shot created a desire upon the part of some present to remove the dust from the shooter's back, which was freely indulged in. The fifth shot was a flag (25) with the marker's hat resting on the top of the staff. This, of course, was an extra inducement to the shooter to hold both his grip as well as his nerve. All hands present kept lock step with the shooter from the stand to the loading table, and back to the stand again, accompanied with the usual back dusting and chorus of "Be careful." With the sixth shot all were helping to pull the trigger (in their minds). The result was a 21. There was one unanimous "Oh!" long drawn out, and then the chorus came, "Too bad!" Then one individual relieves the monotony with the remark, "He's all right yet; only eight points off from a full score." But the spell was broken. Then the most of the shooters returned to their individual shooting and left the shooter to himself. His seventh shot was another flag (25), and with the flag came every individual in the shooting house to see that flag. Then came out the pencils and paper and down went the figures. Seven shots in the target only 8 points off from a full score, a possible 242; a new record in sight. Again the chorus, "Now, old man, here's your chance; hold for all you're worth; take your time; don't pull until you are right." In fact all hands were pulling. Off goes the gun. The chorus, "What is it?" Up comes the number, 16. The record is safe. Another ambition blasted for the time being.

THE captains from the several corps connected with the new Schuetzen Bund, organized in New York last month, met in the headquarters of the German-American Society, No. 12 St. Marks Place, July 14. The payment of the first installment of the initiation fee or tax assessed upon each society was in order. A general discussion over the question of the good and welfare of the association was freely indulged in by many of the prominent leaders present. That the carrying out of the proposed festival in 1895 will meet with a hearty response from the shooting fraternity through the entire country seems to be the unanimous feeling of all who have had an opportunity to post themselves by conference with riflemen outside of New York. Just as soon as the Bund has become thoroughly organized and in working order, applications for entrance to membership will come rolling in from all parts of the country.

The proposed team match between Messrs. Zimmerman, Marten and Pittschier on the one side and Messrs. Walther, Krauss and Busse on the other, which was to have been decided at the Glendale Park, L. I., on Friday, July 14, has been postponed for the present. Mr. Zimmermann's old rheumatic affliction is upon him again and necessitates his laying aside his rifle for the time being.

We have seen among the riflemen, as in other kindred sports, many occasions where individual effort has been made to make a record. With the rifleman, to make a score a little higher than has been heretofore made. These ambitions are natural, and all riflemen like to see a brother put up a big score, provided of course it is not going to spoil his individual record or is not in a contest in which he is a contestant.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Aug. 7-8.—Pier Gun Club tournament, at Atlantic City, N. J.

Aug. 7-12.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Little Rock, Ark.

Aug. 9-11.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, at Paris, Mo.

Aug. 16-18.—Coney Island tournament at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Aug. 16-18.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fifth tournament, at Charlotte, N. C.

Aug. 22-25.—Third international live bird and target tournament, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich.

August.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Wheeling, W. Va.

August.—Keystone Target Company, seventh annual tournament, at New London, Conn.

Sept. 4.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.

Sept. 14-15.—Riverside Gun Club's second annual tournament, at Red Bank, N. J. John P. Cooper, Sec'y.

Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.

September.—Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.

October.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Allentown and Bethlehem, Pa. (combined).

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

The third of the series of team matches between the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, and the Boiling Springs Gun Club will take place at Rutherford on Monday, July 24. As each club has already won one contest, the third will be an interesting one.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Chadwick's second midsummer shooting tournament will be held at Culver Park, Marmont, Ind., on Aug. 29, 30 and 31, and $150 in cash and merchandise will he added to the purses. The events will be at 10, 20, 25 and 50 single targets. The programme speaks thus of the spot where the shoot is to be held: Culver Park is located on the north hank of Lake Maxinkuckee, one mile from Marmont Station on the Vandalia Railway, 33 miles south of South Bend, 33 miles north of Logansport, and 75 miles east of Chicago. It is one of the finest summer resorts in the State, with its refreshing and health-giving mineral waters, its shady nooks and cooling breezes, and its superh facilities for rowing, fishing and sporting of any kind. All who wish rest, health and comfort should attend the second annual midsummer tournament. Mr. Culver has spent thousands of dollars in improvements on these grounds, which consists of Culver Park Hotel, the big Tabernacle of Sam Jones and Talmage fame, inuumerable pools, bowers, walks, shrubs and flowers. Come prepared to stay a week or two at the best summer resort in Indiana.

The second annual shoot of the Crescent Park Gun Club was held on July 4 at Sioux City, Iowa, live hirds and inanimate targets being used. The results of the matches were as follows: Ten single clays, entrance $1, 3 moneys: Lyon 7, Pecaut 9, Sweet 7, Burger 3, Ward 5, Hardy 6, Atkins 4, Harrison 6, Bard 7, Myers 7. Ten single clays, entrance $1, 3 moneys: Pecaut 8, Sweet 7, Harrison 3, Bard 8, Hardy 5, Atkins 5, Myers 6, Hunter 3, Lyon 7, Burger 7. Fifteen single clays, entrance $2, 3 moneys: Burger 12, Hardy 10, Myers 10, Harrison 12, Atkins 9, Hunter 9, Sweet 13, Pecaut 14, Scoville 11, Lyon 12. Ten live hirds, entrance $5, 3 moneys: Bard 6, Wilson 4, Harrison 8, Scoville 7, Lyon 9, Pecaut 9, Sweet 8, Hardy 5. Miss-and-out at live birds, entrance $1: Sweet 1, Harrison 2, Lyon 1, Scoville 2; Scoville and Harrison div. first money. Second miss-and-out, entrance $1: Sweet $1, Harrison 4, Scoville 4, Lyon 5; Lyon won. Seven live hirds, entrance $2.50, 1 money: Sweet 6, Lyon 7, Harrison 4, Scoville 4. Miss-and-out at live birds, entrance $10: Sweet 6, Lyon 5.

Live bird shooters will be interested to know that during the second or third week in September they will again have an opportunity to test their skill and nerve on the splendid Paterson (N. J.) shooting grounds known as Williard's Park. The shoot will be at 25 live birds per man, $25 entry, Hurlingham rules to govern, the money divisions to be as usual. As an additional incentive a trophy to cost $50 will he put up, this to be shot down to a finish by the high guns. It is hoped that this incentive will bring entries from a number of Pennsylvania and New York experts as well as those in New Jersey. Williard's Park, in the opinions of the seventeen men who took part in the 20-bird sweep on July 6, has the finest shooting ground in the East, the field being almost perfectly level, the background perfect and with abundance of shade for contestants and spectators.

DETROIT, Mich., July 11.—Please change dates of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, at Wheeling, from Aug. 2 and 3 to Aug. 1 and 2. A large attendance is assured. The pleasant location and the $100 a day and trophy given by the association is sufficient assurance of a good attendance. Mr. J. A. Penn writes that shooters are coming from Parkersburg, Pittsburgh, Columhus and other neighhoring cities. The dates at Allentown, Pa., will he Sept. 12 and 13.—JOHN PARKER, Manager M. T. S. A.

The Hazleton Gun Cluh, of Hazleton, Pa., will hold a tournament on Aug. 3 and 4, the programme to include both live hird and target events. The club will offer $100 to any two men in Philadelphia who will defeat R. T. Clayton and partner in a race at 25 live birds per man. Mrs. M. F. Lindsley ("Wanda") has been asked to give an exhibition during the tournament. The shoot will be under the management of Messrs. Clayton and Cooper. Hazloton is a town of 15,000 inhahitants and is full of enthusiastic shooters.

By some unaccountable error a curious transposition of names took place in our last issue. On page 43 were printed, side by side, halt-tone portraits of Charles Smith, the famous "Dutchy," of Plainfield, N. J., and of the 63-year-old field and trap shot. Samucl Castle, of Newark, N. J. Mr. Castle's name appeared under the picture of Mr. Smith and vice versa. We sincerely hope that no harm has been wrought by the transposition.

There is a rumor that William Tell Mitchell, of Lynchhurg, Va.. and Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield, N. J., may soon come together as opponents in a match at 100 live hirds each for $250 a side. Both of these men are shooting in fine form and a contest betweeu them would be worth traveling a long way to witness. So far as skill and nerve are concerned there is little if any choice.

The North Parma Gun Club, of Rochester, N. Y., has changed its name to the Manitou Rod and Gun Cluh. The new officers are: Pres., John Louden; Vice-Pres , Theodore Lane; Sec'y-Treas., T. H. McGuire; Capt.. Clarence Lane. The club is ready to receive challenges from any in the State.

D. Nish has heen elected secretary of the Natioual Gun Club, of Elgin, Ill., in place of D. A. Riddle, who has removed to another town.

W. J. Maun has resigned the position of secretary of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club and N. C. Fulton has been elected to fill the vacancy.

PLAINWELL, Mich., July 4.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Plainwell Gun Cluh, shooting at 25 targets each: S. B. Negus 20, O. F Burroughs 19, J. H. Madden 19, R. L. Soule 14, S. Heath 13, F. Heath 12, C. Machemer 9, G. Gilkey 4.

PLAINWELL, Mich., July 7.—Inclosed find scores of the last shoot of the Plainwell Gun Cluh, which took place to-day, each man shooting at 25 singles: O. F. Burroughs 20, N. A. Balch 19, R. L. Soul 19, J. H. Madden 18, F. Heath 15, S. Heath 14, J. W. Gilkey 14, S. B. Negus 13, Geo. Gilkey 9, Wm. Cox 6.

The team match between the Clifton Gun Club, of Staten Island, and the Newark Gun Club has heen psstponed until fall. By that time the Newarkers will have thoroughly mastered the obsolete rules under which the match will be shot.

Harry Matz writes us that the summer tournament of the Reading Shooting Association will be held at the Three-Mile Hruse, on Aug. 15, 16, 17 and 18, both targets and live birds to be used.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Close Work in the Jersey League.

THE members of the New Jersey State Trap-Shooters' League had splendid weather for their sixth monthly team contest, held on the grounds of the South Side Gun Cluh, in Newark, on Tuesday, July 11. These grounds which are situated on the edge of the Newark meadows, below the Emmett street station of the Pennsylvania railroad, afford a good background and on this day there was scarely any breeze to interfere with the flight of the hluerock targets. All the shooting was done from one set of traps, this necessitating an entire stoppage of sweepstake shooting while the team match was in progress. Had there heen two sets of traps as announced, there would have been many more targets thrown.

The South Side Gun Cluh had arranged a good programme of events, all at 15 targets each, $1.50 entry, and these were well patronized from the commencement. I. D. Terrill and W. R. Hobart had charge of the management and did their work in good shape. The club had provided a large marquee for shelter for the shooters and in oue end was a supply of soft drinks, sandwiches and ice cream. Dinner was eaten at Brauer's Hotel, a couple of blocks from the grounds.

The attendance of State team shooters was good and quite a number of spectators were on hand during the afternoon. Among the visitors was the genial H. L. Edgarton, the well known expert from Willimantic, Conn., who shot in his usual great form and received a warm welcome from the Jerseymen.

The team race was for teams of five men each, at 25 bluerock targets per man, and a hot race it was between three of the teams, the Unions of Springfield finally crossing the wire a hare break ahead of the South Sides and Maplewoods. Major J. M. Taylor was referee aud "Uncle Jake" Pentz scorer of the team race. Below are the scores of the day:

THE STATE TEAM RACE.

Passaic City Gun Club.			
Bowes	0011110111111111111101111	21	
Coman	1111011110111111111110111	22	
Jellame	0110011111101011011100011	16	
Beatty	0010001001000100001110100	8	
Abbott	1011111111000111001101110	17	84
Union Gun Club.			
Chas Smith	1111111111111111111100111	23	
J L Smith	1111111110111111111111011	23	
Brantingham	1101110011111111111111111	22	
Sigler	1111011111101111111111101	22	
Miller	1111111111111111110111111	24	114
Boiling Springs Fish and Game Club.			
Apgar	1111111111111111101111011	23	
Greiff	0101111110101101111110111	19	
Elev	0011011000111010111100111	15	
Hollister	1010101111111111110111111	21	
Richmond	1111111111111111111111110	24	102
South Side Gun Club.			
Breintnall	1111111111101111111110111	23	
Hoffman	1101111111111100111111011	21	
Geoffroy	1111111111111111111111110	24	
Walters	1111011111111111111111111	24	
Thomas	0101001111111111111111111	21	113
Maplewood Gun Club.			
Sickley	1111110110110111111111111	22	
Wm Smith	1101101111111111111111111	23	
Drake	1111111111111111111111011	24	
F Van Dyke	1111111111111111011111111	24	
Dean	1111111110101011101101111	20	113
Endeavor Gun Club.			
F Post	1110111111111111111110111	23	
T H Keller	1101110110111011011111100	18	
E Collins	1111111111101110111111011	22	
C W McPeek	1101101111101111101110101	19	
Heritage	1111111101111111111111100	22	104
Myrtle Park Gun Club.			
Young	1111100010101011101111110	17	
Compton	1111111111111111111111111	25	
Smith	1010111111111111111110110	20	
McCallum	0101001000111111101111110	16	
Terrill	1111011111111110011111111	22	100

No. 1, entry $1.50: Breintnall 14, Creveling 9, Hedden 9, Hoffman 13, Edgarton 10, Dutchy 10, Miller 12, Strader, Jr. 6, Sutton 2.

No. 2, entry $1.50: Breintnall 14, Edgarton 13, Hoffman 13, Hedden 12, J. L. Smith 10, Dutchy 12, Miller 14.

No. 3, entry $1.50: Breintnall 12, Hollister 9, Geoffroy 13, Edgarton 12, Hoffman 12, Dutchy 11, J. L. Smith 10, Creveling 13, McCallum 6, Miller 14, Hedden 13, D. Terrill 10, Richmond 14, Collins 13, Sutton 4, Apgar 14.

No. 4, entry $1.50: Breintnall 14, Greiff 13, Hollister 13, Dutch 12, Hoffman 14, Edgarton 12, Geoffroy 13, Apgar 12, Collins 13, Miller 13, J. T. Smith 11, Walters 12, Keller 11, Hedden 11.

No. 5:

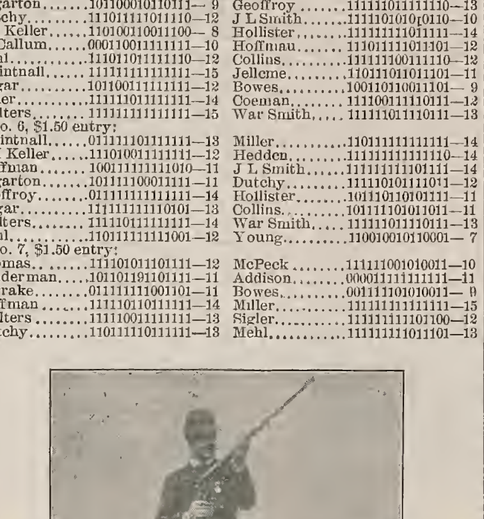
Edgarton	101100010110111	9	Geoffroy	111111011111110	13
Dutchy	111011111011110	12	J L Smith	111110101010110	10
T H Keller	110100110011100	8	Hollister	111111111011111	14
McCallum	000110011111111	10	Hoffmau	111011111011101	12
Mehl	111011011111110	12	Collins	111111100111110	12
Breintnall	111111111111111	15	Jellcme	110111011011101	11
Apgar	101100111111111	12	Bowes	100110110011101	9
Miller	111110111111111	14	Coeman	111100111110111	12
Walters	111111111111111	15	War Smith	111110111110111	13

No. 6, $1.50 entry:

Breintnall	011111101111111	13	Miller	110111111111111	14
T H Keller	111010011111111	12	Hedden	111111111111110	14
Hoffman	100111111111010	11	J L Smith	111111111101111	14
Edgarton	101111100011111	11	Dutchy	111110101111011	12
Geoffroy	011111111111111	14	Hollister	101110110101111	11
Apgar	111111111110101	13	Collins	101111101011011	11
Walters	111110111111111	14	War Smith	111110111110111	13
Mehl	110111111111001	12	Young	110010010110001	7

No. 7, $1.50 entry:

Thomas	111101011101111	12	McPeck	111111001010011	10
Sunderman	101101191101111	11	Addison	000011111111111	11
J Drake	011111111001101	11	Bowes	001111101010011	9
Hoffman	111110110111111	14	Miller	111111111111111	15
Walters	111100111111111	13	Sigler	111111111101100	12
Dutchy	110111110111111	13	Mehl	111111111011101	13



ON THE SOUTH SIDE GROUNDS.

Greiff	011101011111011	12	Post	111101111011111	13
Breintnall	111110110100111	11	McCullun	110000001110001	6
Collins	010111001111111	11	Heddcn	011000111111101	10
Jellem	011111011110001	10	J L Smith	011110001011111	10
War Smith	110111111111111	14	Brantingham	111011111101111	13
Geoffroy	111010011111111	12	Eley	101010011000101	8
Hollister	011110110101100	10	Apgar	111010111111111	13
Pane	111110111111101	13	Abbott	111110011111110	12
Edgerton	111111011110101	12	T Keller	111110011111111	13

No. 8, entry $1.50:

Breintnall	111111111001111	13	Coman	001100110101111	9
Geoffroy	111101111111111	14	Greiff	111110111110111	13
Hoffman	110111101110111	12	Dutchy	011110111001111	11
Collins	011011111101101	11	Creveling	101100000101110	7
Sunderman	101111011110111	12	Compton	101111111111111	14
Lemons	111011001000011	8	Paul	001111000011011	8
T H Keller	111011101111101	12	Post	101101101110111	11
Apgar	111111110111111	14	Hollister	011111110011110	9
Eley	101001110011001	8	Addison	011011011101111	11
Abbott	101110011110111	11	Sigler	110111111111111	14
Edgarton	111111111111111	15	J T Smith	111011111100111	12
Miller	011111111111111	14	Van Dyke	111110111111111	14
Drake	011111101111101	12	Hedden	101011011111101	11
Walters	111110111111111	14	Mehl	110111110111101	12
Thomas	111111011110100	11	Heritage	011110111111111	13
War Smith	111111110111011	13	Brantingham	111111111010111	13
Beatty	100100000000010	3	McPeck	101010010100101	7

No 9, 15 singles:

Apgar	101111111110011	13	Lemon	001011110100001	7
Sigler	111011101111111	13	Brantingham	011111111001111	12
Anderson	111111101111011	13	J L Smith	111111001111110	12
Edgarton	111110111111111	14	T Keller	101010111111111	12
Thomas	111111111011110	13	Miller	101110111110111	12
War Smith	110101111111111	12	Crevcling	011011100010001	6
Van Dyke	111101110111111	13	Drake	111110111111111	14
Hoffman	101110101111001	10	Deau	011101110111111	12
Geoffrey	100101111111111	12	Mehl	110101110111111	12
Hedden	011111110011101	11	Breintnall	101110111001101	10
Dutchy	111110110000111	10	Collins	010111111111010	11
Walters	111111111101110	13	Heritage	110111110110101	11
Sunderman	110111111101101	12	Compton	111111111011111	14
Paul	111111010011100	10			

No. 10, entry $1.50:

J L Smith	111111110100111	12	Dutchy	110111111111111	14
Thomas	010111111101110	11	Van Dyke	111110111101111	13
Breintnall	111111111101101	13	Geoffroy	111111111111111	15
Hoffman	110111111011101	12	Sigler	111011111111111	14
Walters	111101111101110	12	Mehl	011101100011010	8
Addison	101011111111111	13	Collins	111101111110111	13
Hedden	111010110100111	10	Compton	111110111111111	14
Apgar	111111111111111	15	Heritage	101101010101111	9
W Smith	110111111111101	13	Drake	101111111111011	13

No. 11, 10 targets, entry $1: Breintnall 9, Thomas 5, Van Dyke 6, Watters 8, Dutchy 6, W. Smith 6, Hedden 8, Geoffroy 7, Collins 7, Compton 9, Apgar 8, Hoffman 8.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club was held on Wednesday, July 12, at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I.

Seventeen members competed for the State diamond badge and extra added club prizes. The hirds were not very good, hence the big scores. Dr. Van Ord won the trophy and first money, W. Lair the second, A. Rockfeller third, T. Buckley the fourth and F. McLaughlin the fifth.

A sweepstake shoot followed hut owing to the birds giving out the first money was divided after three killed fourteen straight. The scores:

D Lynch	0002101	3	H McLaughlin	2211111	7
C Plate	1112111	7	W Schulze	1100102	4
Dr Van Ord	1112121	7	M Elsasser	2110110	5
T Buckley	1120001	4	J Schlieman	1221211	7
H Dohrman	2210211	6	F McLaughlin	1102000	3
W Lair	1011121	6	H Claus	0122222	6
F Pfaender	2121211	7	C L Meyer	1211122	7
Z Pearsall	1212011	6	Dr Little	1220120	5
A Rockfeller	1212200	5			

Central Gun Club Tournament.

DULUTH, Minn., July 6.—The first annual tournament of the Central Gun Club of Duluth, Minn., was held on their club grounds July 4 and 5, as per arrangements made hut a short time previous. For the information of those not acquainted with the head of the lakes as a trap shooting field, where once one participates in a tournament they will always cherish a desire to return, a hrief history of our flourishing young organization will not be out of place. This club was organized March 8, with 19 charter members, of whom, with but few exceptions, some never saw a trap and the others were never in trap shooting contests. To-day we have nearly 50 members, and additions are being made at every monthly meeting.

Our club house and grounds, which can be reached by water in small craft or large steamers or by rail, are located seven miles from the city, in a pretty valley about four hlocks from Spirit Lake, one of the picturesque lakes for which Minnesota, in the vicinity of Lake Superior, is noted, and here our memhers meet weekly to practice on the festive birds. How diligently they have lahored and how well they have done we will leave to the reader's good judgment, by the appended full scores of our tournament, in which three-quarters of the entries were club members.

Those who took part and witnessed the shoot from outside clubs and cities were Mr. Genevey, wife and daughter, of Minneapolis; Messrs. Duke, of St. Paul; Cameron of Owen Sound, Ont.; Heneage, of West Superior, Wiss.; Mrs. Dr. Day and Messrs. McClure and Coone, of Duluth.

The first day dawned raining hard, but those who had previously determined to take part were all on hand, and by 10:30 A. M. the rain had stopped, the tourney opened, Genevey to the score, and from the time the first shot was fired until the close of the two-days' shoot the noise would do credit to any Fourth of July demonstration ever held in this city. It continued dark and threatening all day, but rain did not interfere with the contestants until the end of the sixth event, and only long enough then to give the boys, who were warmed up from a good day's work, a little rest and clearer sky for the last event. The features were Day and Dodge's straights and Genevey's quick actions on doubles with his Spencer repeater. With a good night's rest and dreams of all straights, the boys arose and faced an ideal sky for the second closing day of the tournament. There were many more present than on the previous day.

During an intermission several different views of the grounds with those present were photographed. The features of the day were Day's straight in the last event, thus opening and closing his tournament with straights, and Proctor's double from one trap, killing his bird and accidentally hitting a cow in the ear, doing no harm to the animal, however, owing to the distance.

The excellent working of the bluerock traps, which were operated by the electric pull, was the admiration of everybody, not a moment's delay was occasioned and hut few birds broken, hut through no defect in them, and it was not necessary to change traps during the two days.

The rapid-firing system was the manner of hustling the squads through, and it was rapid, too, to which the event clerks and scorers will testify. Too much praise cannot be given our president, Mr. J. W. Nelson, and his committees for their hard work in making the tournament such a graud success. Our visitors were profuse in their compliments of their treatment while here, and the manner in which every detail was carried out as per programme without a hitch. Altogether it was a jolly and interesting meeting, which we hope will result so annually.

Our first medal shoot, which occurred on the Thursday previous to the tournament resulted as follows: Club medal 25 singles: Dodge 19, Pearson 16, Nelson 15, Owen 14, Moore and Green 12, Day 11, Dewar and McDonald 9, Proctor 8. Hulberg Brothers' medal, 15 singles, unknown angles: Nelson and Dodge 9, Pearson 7, McDonald and Moore 5, Day and Owens 4, Dewar, Proctor and Green 2. Nelson won ou shoot off. These medals will be contested for on the last Thursday of each month. The club medal, if won by the same marksman in three successive shoots, hecomes his property. The Hulberg Brothers' medal will be worn by the holder only so long as he can defend it. Both are very handsome solid gold souvenirs and will add much interest to the club contests.

H. L. HEISLER, Sec.

No. 2, 15 singles, entry $1:

Day	011100011001111	10	McDonald	101110011111111	12
Duke	110101111110101	11	Cameron	100001000001100	4
Genevey	111110111111111	14	Proctor	001111100000000	5
McClure	110001001011011	8	Nelson	100111010110111	10
Dodge	111111111111111	15	Alexander	011111110100100	9
Pearson	110100111101000	7	Coons	100110101101010	8
Bonehill	001000110111001	7	Heneage	100001000110111	7
Remington	110001010010000	5	Eaton	000101101100000	5
Porter	011011000001100	6			

No. 5, 20 singles, 50c. entry:

M. Donald	10110111110101101111	15	McClure	11011001100111111110	14
Moork	00100011110111110001	11	Proctor	00010010110001111011	10
Genevey	11111111011100111101	16	Atkins	10110111010010111000	11
Pearson	11000011101100010110	11	Eaton	01101010111110111100	13
Alexander	00000110000001100111	7	Nelson	10111111011000101011	13
Duke	11111011111011111111	18	Coons	10100111101011010001	11
Bonehill	01101111110000011111	13	Day	10101100001111111101	13
Remington	11001111001001000001	9	Dodge	11110111110101001011	14
Grecn	11111110111111000001	14	Larsen	01010111101000100101	10
Heneage	01111101101100000000	9	Porter	11010000010010011011	9
Cameron	10000110001000110000	6			

No. 7, 15 singles, 50c. eutry:

Cameron	001000011001011	6	Alexander	011101001110011	9
Bouehill	011000100110100	7	Proctor	011001000011100	6
Eaton	111011010111101	11	Duke	100001101001111	8
McClure	101101111011010	10	Dodge	111101111111011	13
McDonald	110110010010110	8	Nelson	111110111101100	11
Day	000101111111101	10	Moork	101001001101100	7
Genevey	111011101111111	13	Green	110111111011111	13
Coons	111000011111000	8	Atkins	110101101101010	9
Pearson	111101010111111	12	Remington	100010110100101	7

No. 9, 15 singles, $1 entry:

Duke	100101101101110	9	Coons	101100101001001	7
Genevey	011101111111111	13	Dodge	101111011011101	11
Larsen	111110010001100	8	Alexander	101000011010111	8
Huntoon	010001110011000	6	Green	011111110110001	10
Kampaska	011100100011110	8	Nelson	001010001101111	8
Bonehill	111111011010110	11	Day	111011110000010	8
Proctor	110011100001010	7	McDonald	010011100110110	8
Remington	010010001001001	5	Atkins	111111000011011	10
Eaton	110001000100111	7			

No. 12, 20 singles, 50c. entry:

Day	01010011000100101011	9	Pearson	01101101111100011011	13
Alexander	10111110000110011000	10	Remington	11011010110001111100	12
McDonald	01010100011100010011	9	Kampaska	10010100110010110100	9
Dodge	10011000111100111111	13	Coons	10001100000011110010	8
Genevey	10111111101111111111	18	Proctor	00101011101010101111	12
Duke	11111111011011110111	17	Nelson	10110011111111111111	17
Green	00111101110111111010	14	Moork	10110100111100010111	12
Bonehill	10111101110110110111	15			

No. 14, merchandise, 15 singles:

Duke	111110101111100	11	McDonald	111010010010101	8
Genevey	111111110111111	14	Proctor	010110110110111	10
Green	110011011101101	10	Alexander	111111100011011	11
Coons	110111111000100	9	Bonehill	011111111011000	10
Moork	000100910110111	7	Heneoye	000000 01111101	6
Kampaska	001110011110101	9	Atkins	111110101011111	12
Gunderson	001000001001001	4	Remington	100110000001110	6
McClure	101111011111101	12	Nelson	010101111111101	11
Dodge	011111111110111	13	Pearson	001111111110101	11
Day	101011011011111	11			

Averages and prizes according to programme: 1, Genevey broke 169, 2, Dodge, 160; 3, Duke, 152; 4, Nelson, 144; 8, Pearson, 138; 6, Day, 127; 7, Bonehill, 124; 8, McDonald, 120; 9, Coons, 112; 10, Proctor, 110; 11, Alexander, 206; 12, Remington, 88.

Mr. Mitchell Claims the Championship.

LYNCH STATION, Va., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time since in your presence at Charlotte, N. C., I challenged Mr. W. F. Summerson, of Staunton, Va., for the cup he held, emblematic of the championship of Virginia at target shooting, which he accepted and promised to name an early date for the race. On my return from Knoxville I wrote him, only to receive a special plea for time, and as the rules governing this cup said the holder must defend it once a month if challenged, I did not think he had any right to change them and so informed Mr. Summerson, and also that I would expect him to comply with the rules or forfeit the cup, and thinking he would not shoot, unless forced by public opinion, I sent you the challenge, that was published in your journal. After using every means in his power to postpone indefinitely the match he has at last made a complete backdown and forfeited the cup and title, but so far clings to the cup with a death-like grip; hence I think the shooting shooters of our State had better make him a present of the cup, retiring it from competition, and inscribing on it: "Held by W. F. Summerson hy friendly intervention and pleading the invalid act until presented to him by the shooters of Virginia, who recognized his worth as a man, but not as a shot."

Truly these champions are wonderful men, and were they to display as much skill in handling their guns as they do in shifting out of matches they would be invincible.

W. TELL MITCHELL.

The Lafayette Tournament.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., July 8.—Inclosed are scores of shoot held bere on July 4, 5 and 6: No. 1, 10 bluerocks: Krause 10, Partington 9, Sey Gav 9. Park 8, Sam Gay 8, Levenguth 8. Rosa 8, Long 7, Elliott 7, White 7, Boyer 7, Willard 7, Hickes 6, Williamson 5, John Gay 4.

No. 2, 15 bluerocks:

Elliott..........100101010111110— 9 Grube..........111111111111110—14
Partington.....111011111101101—12 Gentle..........111111111111011—14
White..........111111111111111—15 Bebm...........001111110101010— 9
Levenguth......011111101011111—12 Wildback.......111100111010100— 9
Krauss..........111111011100111—12 Williamson.....110111111111111—14
Long............100111111111111—13 Willard.........110111111111111—14
Hickes..........111111111111111—15 Sey Gey.........011101110111110—11
Sam Gay.........101011111101101—11 Kosen...........001000110000110— 5
Park............101101111011101—11 Boyer..........111111100111101—10
Lockwood.......111111111111111—15 Slow............111110101101111—12

No. 3, 15 bluerocks, $2 entry:

Experts.

Livenguth......101011011011100— 9 Sam Gay........111111011111001—12
Krause..........110001100111111—11 Willard..........011101111001111—11
Voris...........011111011110110—12 Williamson.....101001111100110— 9
Hickes..........010111101111110—11 Lockwood.......111111111111001—13
Partington......111010111111101—12 Gentle..........111001101001101— 9
White...........111111111111111—15 Grube...........101111111111110—13
Elliott..........111010011101110—10 Slow............111010110111111—12
Park............111111111111011—14

Amateurs.

Rosa............011110111111100—11 De Hart........111100111001111—11
Allen...........111111011010111—12 Titus...........001000001111101— 7
Sey Gay........010111001110000— 7

No. 4, 20 bluerocks, $2.50 entry:

Experts.

Livenguth.11111010111111111111—18 Partington 01111111101111111111—18
Long.......11111010001011111111—15 Voris.......11100111110111111111—17
Grube.....11111111101110111111—18 Williamson11010011111101111111—16
Hickes.....11111111111111011111—19 Willard....11111111111111111111—20
Krause....10111111111000111111—16 Rising.....11100111110111111001—15
Park.......11101111111111111111—19 Lockwood.11011011111111111011—17

No. 5, 20 bluerocks, $2.50 entry:

Experts.

Hickes.....11111011111110111110—17 White......10111000111111111111—16
Willard....01111110111111111101—17 Livenguth.10111111110111011110—16
Parks......11111100111101111111—17 Thompson.10100111001111111111—15

Amateurs.

Krause.....11111111011111011101—17 Lockwood.11101011111111111111—18
Long.......11110101111110111111—17 Williamson11111111101111110011—17
Partington 11111101111111111110—18 Grube......11111110101111110111—17
Wildback..10111110111011011100—14 Allen.......10011011011111011110—14
Voris......11110111011111100111—16 Sam Gay...11111101111011111111—18

No. 6, 10 bluerocks, $1.30 entry; Experts: Lockwood 7, Grube 5, Krause 8, Hickes 8, Willard 9, Long 6, Williamson 4, Thompson 8, Partington 10, Livenguth 8, Wbite 8, Park 9. Amateurs: T. Ruder 4, J. Ruder 7, Voris 6, De Hart 5, Titus 6, Rosa 8, Johnson 6, Gushwa 7, Behm 5, Sutton 6, String 8, Slow 9, Miller 9.

Twenty bluerocks, $2.60 entry, guaranteed purse $50:

Experts.

Partington 11111111111111011110—18 S Gay......11111110111001111111—17
Thompson.11110111111111111101—18 Livenguth.11111111101011111111—18
Willard....00111101101110111111—15 White......11111110111101101011—16
Krause.....11111110111111011110—17 Park.......11001111101000111111—14
Hickes.....11111011111111101111—18

Amateurs.

Voris.......11111111111101111111—19 Wildback..00111111111110011010—14
Allen.......11011010111111111110—16 J Ruder....10111010111111000101—13
Lockwood.11111101111111111111—19 Spring.....11101101101010001001—11
De Hart...01011110011101101101—13 Slow.......10001101111111010001—12
Long.......10111111111111111101—18 Williamson10111011111011011111—16
Grube......10111011111111011101—16 Titus.......00110010101100111110—11
Gushwa....11111111100110010111—15 Elliott......11111101110110100 11—15
Miller......10110011111111011111—16 Gentel.....10110011110011011111—16

No. 8, 10 singles and 3 pairs bluerocks, $2 entry: Thompson 14, Hlckes 14, Partington 13, Voris 13, Lockwood 10, Willard 10. Amateurs—Sam Gay 11, Ruder 6, Long 12, Miller 11, Elliott 9, Grube 11, Krause 12, Williamson 10, Livenguth 13, De Bang 10.

No. 9, 20 bluerocks, $2.60 entry, $50 guaranteed:

Experts.

Thompson.01111111111111011111—18 Voris.......11111111111110010111—17
Hickes.....11011111111111111111—19 White.......11111111111111011111—19
Partington 10111111111110111111—18 Livenguth.11111111111101011111—18

Amateurs.

Willard....10111101011110111111—16 Grube......11101010111101111111—16
Elliott......01011111111111111111—18 Park.......11111110111111011111—18
De Hart...01111101111111111111—18 Krause.....11101010111011111001—15
Titus.......11110010010111111110—16 Sam Gay..01011111111111111101—17
Lockwood.11111111111110111000—16 Long.......10111111111111111111—19

No. 10, 15 singles, $2 entry: Expert: Partington 15. Thompson 12, Elliott 12, Hickes 14, Livenguth 14, Williamson 7, Long 7, White 9, Krause 10. Amateur: Sam Gay 11, J. Ruder 6, Behm 10, Smith 11, Gushwa 12, Voris 14, Willard 13, De Bang 12.

No. 11, 10 singles, $1.30 entrance: Experts: Park 7, White 8, Voris 4, Thompson 10, Partington 8, Willard 9, Livenguth 9, Hickes 9. Amateurs: John Gay 7, De Hart 6, Williamson 6, Elliott 6, T. Ruder 6, J. Ruder 5, Hutton 6, Spring 6, Slow 6, Krause 7, Behm 3, Long 7, Gushwa 4.

The Second Day.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, $1.30 entry: Partingtan 10, Willard 6, Hickes 8, Voris 5. Shobe 8. Simmons 8, Livenguth 9. Washburn 7, Krause 7, Davy 5, Sam Gay 9, Elliott 7, Thomas 5, White 7, Fugate 7, Thompson 8, Sey Gay 4, Long 6, Boyer 5, John Gay 6.

No. 15 bluerocks, $2 entry:

Expert.

Thompson......011101110110111—11 Sam Gay........111111100110101—11
Partington......111101111011110—12 White...........110111111010111—12
Livenguth.......011111111001111—12 Park............011111111110111—13
Hickes..........111111111111110—14

Amateur.

Petit............110011000110001— 7 Shobe...........101001011110111—10
Voris............111011111111011—13 Long............101111111110111—13
Elliott...........100101011111111—11 Willard.........100111111111011—12
Washburn.......111111111111111—15 Willis...........111111011111111—14
Krause..........000111101001101— 8 Behm...........001100100110011— 7
Davy............111011010111110—11

No. 3, 20 bluerocks, $2.60 entry:

Expert.

White......11011111111111111011—18 Washburn.11101111011110111010—15
Partington 11111110111101111011—17 Willis......11111111101111111101—18
Hickes.....11101011111111111111—18 Park.......10000111111101110110—13

Amateurs.

Elliott.....11010011011100110101—12 Willard....11111111111111111111—20
Voris.......11011110100010110 —10 Davy......00010101011000001101— 8
Livenguth.01111011101111111111—17 Shobe.....11111111111111010110—17
Sam Gay...11011111111110111111—18 Long.......00111111111101111111—17
Thompson 11011111101100111010—13 Coldwalder01011110111101101011—14
Krause.....00111111110111111110—16 J Gay......01010111110111001100—12

No. 4, 15 singles and 3 pairs bluerocks:

Experts.

Willard..................................011111101011111 10 10 11—16
Partington...............................111101011011111 00 11 10—15
Weller...................................001011111111101 11 10 10—15
Hickes...................................111001111010111 11 11 10—16
Elliott...................................110010111010110 00 10 10—11

Amateurs.

Davy.....................................111111111000111 11 10 10—16
Livenguth...............................111110011111001 11 10 10—15
Thompson...............................111100111011111 11 11 11—18
Krause...................................111111011101111 10 10 10—16
Washburn...............................111111111111111 10 00 11—17
Voris....................................001111111111011 10 01 11—16
Long.....................................110111111110011 11 10 11—17
Park.....................................110101001111010 01 10 00—11

No. 5, 15 bluerocks; Experts: Washburn 11, Partington 14, White 13, Hickes 12, Willard 13. Sam Gay 11. Amateurs: Behm 9, Willis 14, Voris 11, Krause 15, Coldwater 12, De Bang 13, Davy 14, Park 14, Shobe 14.

No. 6, 20 bluerocks:

Expert.

Hickes.....11111111111111111111—20 Park.......11111111111111111110—19
Williard... 00011010101101111011—12 Krause.... 10110110011010001011—11
Partington 11101110000111001110—13 Shobe......11111110111101111111—18
Willis......10111111111110111111—18

Amateur.

Voris......10111111111100111110—16 Slow.......10110101110011111111—15
Elliott.....00110111101111001011—13 Livenguth.11111111111101111111—19
Long.......11110111101111111111—18 Coldwater.11011111001111001110—14

No. 7, 50 bluerocks:

Park...............11111010111111110111111111111111001111111111111—45
Krause............1001010111010011111111111110111110111110111111111—41
Partington........11111111111111111111111111011111111111010011111110—45
Willis.............11101110111111001111111111101111110111111101010110—40
Livenguth.........111101111111001111111111110111111011111101001111—42
Washburn.........0101111101111011110111111111111111111110111111111—44
Long..............1011011111101101110110011111110111111101111110111—39
Thompson.........11110111101111100011111111011111011110101011111111—40
Shobe.............11111011111111010111111101111111111111111111111011—45
Davy..............11111011111011101111001101111011111001110111110 1—39
Voris..............11111111010111101001111101110010111001111011111100—36

Park, Parkington and Shobe shot off at 15 targets, Park and Parkington again tying on 15 breaks each. Shobe breaking 14. The two then shot off again, this time at 5 pairs, Park winning by breaking 9 to his opponent's 8.

No. 8, 30 bluerocks, $5 entry, $100 guaranteed:

Experts.

White...............................111101111011111111011111111111—27
Washburn..........................111111110111111011110111011100—24
Heikes..............................111111110111111111111111111111—29
Livenguth..........................111110011001111011111011101111—23
Partington.........................111110111111011110111110111110—25
Sam Gay............................111111101111111111100111111111—27

Amateurs.

Thompson..........................111111110111111111111111111111—29
Voris...............................101111110111111101111111111111—27
Willis...............................111101111110111110111101111111—26
Park................................111111111111101111111111111111—28
Willard.............................001111111111011101111111111011—25
Krause..............................111011111011111101100010011101—21
Long................................001011111010100001111111100111—19
Shobe..............................100111010111111111111111111110—25
Litteral.............................101011111101111111111110011100—23

The Third Day.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, $1.30 entry: Experts, Park 9, Heikes 8, Thompson 9, White 10; Amateurs, Willard 9, Livenguth 9, Krouse 10, Elliott 8, Long 8, Boyer 8.

No. 2, 15 bluerocks, $2 entry! Expert: Heikes 12, Willard 10, Krause 11, White 12, Thompson 10, Livenguth 13, Park 12, Long 10, Elliott 13, Boyer 8.

No. 3. 20 bluerocks, club guarantee $50; Expert: Heikes 17, Livenguth 20, Elliott 14, Park 18, White 19. Amateur: Krause 13, Long 12, Willard 12, Thompson 12.

No. 4, 10 singles 3 pair doubles, $2 entry; Expert: Heikes 13, Livenguth 11, Park 12, White 14. Amateur: Thompson 6, Willard 12, Long 12, Krause 12.

No. 5, 25 bluerocks, entrance $2.50; experts: Heikes 25, White 23, Park 21, Livenguth 21. Amateurs: Thompson 17. Willard 24.

No. 6, 15 bluerocks, entrance $2; experts: Heikes 13, White 14, Willard 12, Livenguth 14. Amateurs: Long 15, Krause 10, Thompson 13, Slow 9, Reed 6, Park 15.

No. 7, 30 bluerocks, entrance $3, club guaranteed purse, experts: Heikes 27, Long 22, Livenguth 26, Park 25, Thompson 25. Amateurs: Willard 25, DeBang 27.

Shooting Affairs in Germany.

BERLIN, Germany.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two great shooting tournaments have taken place at Cologne and Berlin respectively this month. Iu both cases the rules of the German Shooting Association—Deutscher Schiessverein—which has its headquarters in Berlin, governed the shoot. Gunners had in both instances the opportunity to demonstrate their skill at clay pigeons, at a running hare target and—with the rifle—at a running wild boar target.

Preuss, the champion wing-shot of Germany, was especially lucky at Cologne. He won the three highest prizes advertised for the clay pigeon match, for the running hare and the running wild boar respectively. Five traps were used at Cologne for throwing 100 single and 10 pairs of clay pigeons at unknown angles. Preuss broke 110; next to him came Geyger with 107 kills, and five other members of the German Shooting Association carried off high prizes at Cologne.

The third annual great shooting tournament of the German Shoot-

1 2 3 4 5 6

1. Herr Kurt Killisch von Horn, Chairman German Shooting Association. 2. Herr A. Tenner, Manager. 3. Herr Max Prehn, champion wing shot of the Province of Brandenburg. 4. Herr Albert Preuss, champion wing shot of Germany. 5. Herr H. Schuster, Secretary. 6. Herr Oskar Geyger.

ing Association followed immediately after the Cologne shooting competition. Preuss had to defend the title "German champion wing-shot" the third time. The competition for the championship was independent from the main shooting match, and only a comparatively small number of sbooters undertook the difficult task to beat Preuss, who so far has not found his master in any public shooting match for clay pigeons.

At the main shoot the same number of birds were thrown for each competitor as in Cologne, but the traps used at Berlin were the best of their kind, and shooting was rendered very difficult. The targets were thrown from five electric traps masked by the same number of screens at 20yds. rise and in unknown angles. The targets had to be broken at distances averaging 50yds. and over. Preuss again managed to secure three first prizes and to win the championship for a third time. He achieved the highest score at the main match with 109 breaks, Geyger coming next with 105, and Prehn third with 102, and broke from 200 single targets at the shoot for the championship 183, Prehn second with 173, Geyger third with 169. Preuss won the first prize offered for the running hare by scoring 38 kills out of the highest possible of 40.

At the close of the exciting tournament a photograph was taken on the shooting grounds of the three best trap shots of Germany and the principal officers of the German Shooting Association, from which the accompanying cut is taken.

All 38 prizes shot for at Berlin were won by shooters using the Walsrode powder.

ARMIN TENNER.

Shooting Around Wilmington.

WILMINGTON, Del., July 17.—The much-talked-of live bird match between David J. Wilson, of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, and Charles Buckmaster, of the Wawaset Gun Club, took place on Thursday, July 6, in Goodley's Meadow. The match was at 20 birds for $25 a side, Rhode Island rules governing. The men trapped and handled for each other. Wilson outshot Buckmaster in the eighteenth round winning by a score of 15 to 12. The score:

Wilson.......0•111111011111111—15 Buckmaster.101101110111111000—12

Charles Fehrenbach and David J. Wilson. of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club, defeated James White and L. Maul, of the Wawaset Gun Club, in a friendly match at 30 singles and 10 doubles by a score of 71 to 65 on the grounds of the Rod and Gun Club, on Tuesday, July 11. The losers are to pay for the targets and a supper for twelve. The score:

	Singles.	D'bles.	Total.		Singles.	D'bles.	Total.
Fehrenbach	24	13	37	White	24	9	37
Wilson	20	14	34	Maul	20	12	32
	—	—	—		—	—	—
	44	27	71		44	21	65

Out of this match sprang another between the same principals at 5 live birds each for $25 a side. The shoot took place at Pennsgrove, N. J., on Friday, July 14. Fehrenbach and Wilson were defeated by a score of 9 to 8. The scores:

Maull...................10111—4 Fehrenbach............•1122—4
White...................12122—5—9 Wilson.................1222•—4—8

Sweepstake at 6 birds, $2 entrance: White 4, Maull 6, Fehrenbach 6

JABBERT.

Waverly Gun Club.

SIX members of the Waverly Gun Club had a very pleasant afternoon's shoot at bluerocks on Tuesday at Dexter Park. In the club shoot the veteran, H. Van Staden, won the medal and a special member's prize with 8 out of 10. G. Helmstead took the second. Several sweepstakes were shot off, with G. Helmstead the principal winner. Scores: H. Van Staden 8, O. Hilmer 6, J. Fehliesen 4, J. Ruger 5, G. Helmstead 7, L. Gracie 5.

Niles Gun Club Tournament.

NILES, Ohio, July 8.—The shoot of the Niles Gun Club, which began on the 5th and closed yesterday, was a pleasant affair throughout. Among the visitors were J. A. Stinger of Uniontown, Pa.; W. J. Penberthy of Massillon, Ohio; Mr. Baumstiner of Cambridge, Ohio: E. Jones of Steubenville, Ohio; H. C. Fry of Youngstown, Ohio; E. Tully of Penza, Ohio; Wm. Jones of Mineral Ridge, Ohio; E. Sherman of Pittsburg, Pa., and G. W. Philips of North Benton, Ohio. The scores:

The First Day.

No. 1, 10 singles, known angles and known traps, entry $1: Joe Rummel 9, J. O'Conell 8, J. Stinger 7, R. Williams 3, H. Fry 6, E. S. Sherman 5, W. Turner 5, W. J. Penberthy 6, G. W. Phillips 6, J. Naylor 7, T. Tully 5, G. Rummell 7.

No. 2, 10 singles, entry $1, $10 added: J. Stinger 8, J. O'Conell 10, E. Tully 7, J. Rummel 7, W. Turner 8, R. Williams 4, W. J. Penberthy 8, H. Fry 9, S. Sherman 4, G. W. Phillips 3, J. Naylor 5, L. Rummell 7, T. Tully 8.

No. 3, 15 singles, entry $1.50, $20 guaranteed:

J Stinger.......111100111111110—12 H Fry...........111011111101000—10
J O'Connell.....110101111101011—11 J Naylor........011101011111110—11
Robuck.........000011001100111— 7 J Rummell......111101010111111—12
Penberthy......100110111100111—10 S A Winfield....011100010010001— 6
Sherman........110011010100101— 8 T Tully..........001111100111101—10
Williams........111101001010000— 7 Philips..........101100000010000— 4
Turner..........000101101111111—10 L Rummell......100100100010000— 4

No. 4, 10 singles, entry $1: J. Stinger 5, Penberthy 6, Robeck 5, J. O'Connell 3, Williams 5, Turner 7, Phillips 4, J. Rummell 9, J. Naylor 7, Fry 10, Sherman 7, E. Tulley 7, Winfield 6, L. Rummell 1.

No. 5, 15 singles, known traps and unknown angles, entry $1, $10 added:

J O'Connell.....101101001111111—11 Turner..........001111111111111—13
Sherman........001111101110110—10 Roebuck.........111101011011111—12
Stinger..........111111101111111—14 L Rummell......100101111010111—10
H Fry...........110001111111111—12 R Williams......110100111011011—10
Pemberthy......111000000101111— 8 E Jones.........111111111001010—11
J Rummell......010111011111101—11 Winfield........001101111111011—11
Phillips.........010111001010011— 8 J Naylor........000010111001101— 7

No. 6, 15 singles, known traps and angles, entry $1.50, $20 guaranteed:

J Naylor........111101100100111—10 Turner..........110110100011111—10
H C Fry.........111110101100000— 8 Phillips.........111101000000111— 8
Sherman........011111011101110—11 E Jones.........110111010111111—12
O'Connell.......011001110101000— 7 G Naylor........111000111000111— 9
J J Witherspoon101100011100111— 9 Winfield.........011110110111010—10
Stinger..........101111101110111—12 Henicker........011000101100100— 6
Penberthy......100011100001100— 6 J Rummell......111000011111011—10

No. 7, team shoot, two-men teams, entry $2 per team:

J O'Connell......1100000101— 4 Jones.............1100000001—3
H Fry...........1101011111— 8—12 J Rummell...... 0011111000—5— 8
Stenger..........1111011111— 9 G Naylor.........1110110101—7
W Turner........1111111111—10—19 T A Winfield......0111011111—8—15
Sherman..........0101001111— 6 J Naylor..........1001010010—4—10

No. 8, 15 singles, known traps and known angles, entry $1.50, $20 guaranteed:

Jones...........101111101111100—11 Stenger.........111111111111011—14
H Fry...........101100111111011—11 Phillips.........110001110100100— 7
Turner..........011111111100111—12 Penberthy......010011110110011— 9
J Rummell......110111111111011—13 J Naylor........111010000010100— 6
J O'Connell.....001010111101001— 8 G Naylor........111111110011110—12
Robuck.........001101101011000— 7 Winfield.........101101110100111—10
Sherman........111101100000111— 9 L Rummel.......101001011001010— 7

Extra event, $1 entrance: O'Connell 6, J. Rummell 10, Stenger 7, Turner 8, Honicker 3, Sherman 8, Penberthy 7, Phillipps 5, Jones 8, Winfield 7, J. Naylor 5, Wetherspoon 4, G. Naylor 9.

The Second Day.

No. 1, 10 singles, known traps and known angles: J. Rummell 9, Stenger 5, Sherman 10, Grace 4, O'Connell 6, Penberthy 6, W. Turner Wilson 5, S. A. Schairer 3, J. Naylor 7. Fry 8, Williams 10.

No. 2, 10 singles, known traps and unknown angles, $10 added. entrance $1: Baumgartner 6, H. C. Fry 9, Stenger 8, O'Connell 5, Penberthy 8, Grace 5, G. Rummell 5, W. Turner 7, R. Williams 9, Wilson 7, J. Naylor 6, Sherman 4.

No. 3, 15 singles, entrance $1.50, $20 guaranteed:

Sherman........101111011110111—12 Turner..........011111011101110—11
O'Connell.......110111111101111—13 Frye.............111111011111101—13
J Rummell......111101101110011—11 J Naylor........110110011001101— 9
Grace...........111000100100100— 6 T Cralmer.......111011100111100—10
Stenger.........011111111111011—13 R Williams......001011110011111—10
Penberthy......111010011111111—12 Baumgartner...111001000111111—10
Schairer........001010100101110— 7 H Miller.........111101111111100—12
Wilson..........010101111000110— 8

No. 4, 10 singles. entrance $1: J. Rummell 9, O'Connell 6, Stenger 8, Penberthy 6, W. Turner 9, Fry 10, Andrews 8, Grace 6, Miller 10, Williams 8, Sherman 6, J. Naylor 4.

No. 5, $1 entry, $10 added:

Grace...........001100111010001— 7 Andrews........011111111111111—14
Baumgardner..011011011111111—12 Naylor..........100101011100111— 9
Rummel.........111111101110110—12 J O'Connell.....111101111111111—14
W Turner.......111111111111111—15 H Miller.........000111011101011— 9
Stinger..........001001101111001— 8 R W Williams..100111111111111—13
Penberthy......111111111111011—14 Schairer........001011011110101— 9
H C Fry.........111111111010111—13 Wilson..........111111101110110—12

No. 6, $1.50 entry, $2 guaranteed:

Bumgardner....010100100110111— 8 W Turner.......111111110111110—13
Stinger..........111111110111110—13 J O'Connell....111011111111111—14
J Rummel.......011111111011111—13 Grace...........011001110111101—10
Andrews........001011011111110—10 J Naylor........111011111111110—13
Schurman.......111010111011110—11 H Fry...........011110111111100—12
T Cramer.......001111111111100—12 Wilson..........011011100111100— 9
Penberthy......111111011011011—12 H Miller.........011101111011110—11

No. 7, team shoot, 2 men per team, $2 per team entry: Stenger 8. Turner 10—18, Penberthy 8, Rummell 8—16, H. C. Fry 10, O'Connell 10—20, Miller 7, Andrews 6—13, Naylor 6, Sherman 5—11.

No. 8, $20 guaranteed, entry $1.50:

W Turner.......111110011111111—13 Andrews........100001010100101-- 6
Baum...........101011111111101—12 Stenger.........111111101111111—14
Sherman........001101111110101—10 O'Connel.......011110111111110—12
Penberty........101011010110100— 8 J Naylor........111111110100110—11
Rummell........111111001111111—13 Fry.............001111111011110—11
Cramer.........110010110001001— 7 H Millar.........010011100000011— 6
Grace...........011110000111001— 8

The Third Day.

No. 1, entry $1: J. Rummell 9 W. Turner 10, Baumgardner 7, J. O'Connell 9, H. C. Fry 8, J. Naylor 6, T. A. Winfield 6, R. Williams 7, J. Witherspoon 4, T. Tulley 7, Sherman 8.

No. 2, $10 added, entry $1: H. C. Fry 8, Spooney 4, McDermont 5, O'Connell 10, Baum 5, Rummell 9, W. Turner 9, F. Tulley 3, T. A. Winfield 7, J. Naylor 9, R. Williams 8.

No. 3, 15 singles, entrance $1.50, $20 guaranteed:

Baumgardner...111110100110100— 9 W Turner.......011111111111100—12
J Naylor........011111001000101— 8 O'Connell.......101111011111111—13
Sherman........110100110001111— 9 R William.......000111111110111—11
Spooney........010110100101010— 7 Tulley...........101101111110111—12
H C Fry.........111001101111110—11 Winfield.........001110011110111—10
T Cramer.......101111111010111—12 Rummell........111011111010110—11
McDermott......101100101001100— 7

No. 4, 10 singles, entrance $1: Winfield 8, Turner 9, Rummell 9, Fry 7, Sherman 4, Witherspoon 6, O'Connell 8, Baumgardner 9, Tulley 10, J. Naylor 6, Williams 4.

No. 5, 15 singles, entry $1.50, $20 guaranteed:

Sherman........101011111111110—12 Rummell........110001110110111—10
Turner..........110111111111111—14 Steveson.........001110111111111—12
Spooney........000011100110011— 7 Fry.............111111111111111—15
Baumgardner...101101101111111—12 Tully............111111111110100—12
O'Connell.......111001111111111—13 Naylor..........110101101111000— 9
T Cramer.......101101111010110—10 Williams........0001110w
Winfield........101110011111111—12 Nickolis.........00110010w

No. 6, 15 singles, entry $1.50, $20 guaranteed:

Baumgardner...101100111101111—11 Sherman........100100111001011— 8
O'Connell.......011111111111001—12 Stevenson.......001111111001111—11
Rummell........111111110111111—14 Fry.............111111111011110—13
Turner..........111111111111111—15 Naylor..........101111101110110—11
Tully............111011011111100—11 Spooner.........001111010000011— 7
Spooney........010111101101011—10 Cramer.........111010111011101—11

Unknown Gun Club.

Fifteen members of the Unknown Gun Club had a good day's sport on Thursday, at Dexter Park. It was the regular montbly shoot, also the closing one of the season. Each member sbot at seven birds, under Long Island rules, H. and T. traps. The birds were so fast tbat only C. Munch was able to make a straight score and took the first money. P. Sweeny, a new member, took the second with six; the third was divided.

After the regular shoot the ties for the yearly prize, a silver cup, were shot off, E. A. Vroome, H. Knebel, Sr. and C. Hubbell having won it three times each during the year. The conditions were three birds, then miss and out. A. Knebel, Sr. won on the seventh round. The score:

J. Akhurst 5, H. Otten 3, J. Flynn 4. H. Skidmore 4, J. Sampson 3, H. Van Staden 3, J. Rankin 2, G. Marlborough 5, E. Vroome 5, H. Knebel, Sr. 2, C. Hubbell 4, Dr. Little 4, P. Sweeny 6, C. Munch 7, H. Schumaker 4.

THE EAST LIVERPOOL TOURNAMENT.

THE Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, held at East Liverpool, O., on July 12 and 13, was a pleasant and successful affair, with a good attendance. A feature was the absence of the experts, not one appearing. This of course gave more average money to the other classes.

On the first day first average money in each class was $37.85 and second was $20.70. In B Class G. E. Snyder won first on 74.04, N. E. Money and C. A. Young dividing second on 73.03. In Class C, W. J. Vance won first with 74.04, H. C. Fry second with 65.05.

On the second day N. E. Money won first average in B Class on 81.01, G. E. Snyder taking second on 77.09. In C Class D. Ritchie and E. Jones divided first on 75.09, H. C. Fry winning second on 74.04. First money in each class was $10 25 and second $6.15.

On each day the *Sportsmen's Review* offered one year's subscription to the maker of the highest score in each event, and these were won as follows:

First day: Event No. 1, A. H. King, Pittsburgh, Pa.; No. 2, D. Richie, Beaver Falls, Pa.; No. 3, H. C. Fry, Youngstown, O ; No. 4, N. E. Money, Oakland, N. J.; No. 5, G. E. Snyder, Pittsburgh, Pa.; No. 6, W. J. Vance, Braddock, Pa.; No. 7, C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; No. 8, E. Jones, Beaver Falls, Pa.; No. 9, "Jim Crow," Pittsburgh, Pa.; No. 10, E. H. McWhorter, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Second day: Event No. 1, W. M. C. Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa.; No. 2, B. Bessemer, Bennett, Pa.; No. 3, "Old Hoss," Pittsburgh, Pa.; No. 4, J. Myler, Beaver. Pa.; No. 5, J. N. Crable, East Liverpool, O.; No. 6, W. M. Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn.; No. 7, W. S. King, Pittsburgh, Pa.; No. 8, D. C. Braden, Beaver Falls, Pa.; No. 9, J. Edmundston, East Liverpool, O.

No. 1, 10 targets:

Jim Crow............1111111100—8	Walters..............0101010001—4
Bessemer............1001100000—3	Mack................1111011110—8
Old Hoss............0011011101—6	McCord..............0111001101—6
Snyder..............0001000110 3	S Shaner............0110011001—5
Money...............0001110111—6	Modoc...............0100100010—3
W M C Jones.........0001101100—4	Griesinger..........1011111000—6
Sands...............0110100011—5	Burd................1000100110—4
A H King............1111011111—9	E Jones.............0011010011—5
Young...............1001101111—7	J L M...............0111110000—5
W S King............1110011101—7	Wilfing.............1010101001—5
Cochran.............0101111100—6	Ritchie.............1101001111—7
Johnston............0011001000—3	Ackerman............0101001101—5
Kelsey..............1111010101—7	Crockett............0101110110—6
Bad Shot............0100110101—5	H C Fry.............0101001011—5
J S Ross............0000111111—6	Burlingame..........0101010011—5
Thomas..............0111011100—6	Crable..............0111111010—7
Vance...............1110111011—8	Edmundston..........1010000101—4

No. 2, 10 targets:

Crow................1001110111— 7	Walters.............1000101110— 5
Bessemer............1000101000— 3	Mack................0011101011— 6
Old Hoss............0111100001— 5	Burlingame..........0010100101— 4
Snyder..............0111111011— 8	Crable..............0011001010— 4
Money...............1101110111— 8	Edmonston...........0011111111— 8
W M C Jones.........0000011111— 5	Vance...............1100111000— 5
Sands...............1000011011— 5	McCord..............0011100111— 6
A H King............1011111111— 9	Burd................1010000000— 2
Young...............1110111110— 8	Chalis..............0001100101— 4
W S King............1010110010— 5	E Jones.............1101100011— 6
Cochran.............1110000001— 4	Greisinger..........1100110000— 4
Johnston............1011001110— 6	J C M...............1010010011— 5
Bad Shot............1101011000— 5	Richie..............1111111111—10
J S Ross............0010011001— 4	Crocket.............0000110001— 3
Kelsey..............1000110100— 4	Fry.................0101001101— 5
Vance...............1111011110— 8	Ackerman............1111101100— 7
Thomas..............1000010001— 3	Modoc...............0100110010— 4

No. 3, 10 targets:

Crow................1011101110—7	Mack................1001111100—6
Bessemer............1011111101—8	Burlingame..........0001111111—7
Hoss................0111101011—7	Thomas..............0110110001—5
Snyder..............1011111010—7	Crable..............0111101111—8
Money...............0101101111—7	Greisinger..........1100010011—5
U M C Jones.........0110001110—5	E Jones.............1111011001—7
Sands...............1101100110—6	McCord..............1000101011—5
A H King............1101111111—9	Richie..............0101110101—6
Young...............1110110101—7	Burd................0000000000—0
W S King............1001110111—7	Shaner..............1111100001—6
Cochran.............0110101111—7	Kingsbury...........1000010001—4
Johnston............1001001110—5	J L M...............1110111000—6
Kelsey..............0011001011—5	Ackerman............0100111011—6
Bad Shot............0111110101—7	Modock..............1110001101—6
Ross................1100111110—7	Fry.................1110111110—8
W J Vance...........1110001100—5	Edmonston...........1010001011—5
G Walters...........0100000011—3	Crockett............1001100011—6

No. 4, 10 targets:

Crow................1101101001— 6	Mack................1010100011— 5
Bessemer............0100011011— 5	Burlingame..........1111010111— 8
Hoss................0001111001— 5	Thomas..............0000100100— 2
Snyder..............1001111110— 7	Crable..............1010001111— 5
Money...............1111111111—10	Edmonston...........0100010110— 4
U M C Jones.........0111111101— 8	Crocket.............1010011111— 7
Sands...............0010010011— 4	Greisinger..........0010101101— 5
A H King............1110111010— 7	Shaner..............0101011110— 6
Young...............0011010111— 6	Richie..............0010011000— 3
W S King............0111111101— 8	Burd................0011101100— 3
Cochran.............0000111110— 5	Ackerman............1111111100— 8
Johnston............1110111110— 8	Modoc...............1011011001— 6
Kelsey..............0101011100— 5	J L M...............0100000111— 4
Bad Shot............0110100011— 5	McCord..............0001111100— 5
Ross................1101101011— 7	E Jones.............0100010011— 4
W J Vance...........1110110110— 7	Fry.................1001101111— 7
G Walters...........1111001010— 6	Kingsbury...........1110111100— 7

No. 5, 15 targets:

Crow..........011111101110111—12	Mack..........010111001100011— 8
Bessemer......110111011001110—10	Burlingame....001001010111110— 8
Hoss..........110111011111110—11	Thomas........110010101000101— 7
Snyder........101111110111111—13	Crable........101000011100111— 8
Money.........111110010111011—12	Edmonston.....110000010000101— 5
U M C Jones...110011011110011—10	Richie........111001101010101— 9
Sands.........111010111101100—10	Shaner........101111000111111—11
A H King......111110110110101—11	Crocket.......100110101111011— 9
Young.........110111111101101 —12	McCord........111001011110010— 9
W S King......011111011100111—11	Greisinger....101111010010011— 9
Cockran.......100010101100011— 7	Fry...........111100110111010—10
Johnston......001011101000100— 6	Modoc.........101011101111000— 9
Ross..........101100010101001— 7	J L M.........001010010010100— 5
Bad Shot......100010010100100— 5	Ackerman......100010010011111— 8
W J Vance.....111001111111110—12	Kingsbury.....001101000001000— 4
G Walters.....011011110111110—11	

No. 6, 10 targets:

Jim Crow............1110011100—6	Mack................0010101001—4
Bessemer............1001111011—7	Burlingame..........0101101111—7
Hart................0111010110—6	Thomas..............1011010101—6
Snyder..............1101111111—9	Crable..............1000101001—4
Money...............1011000110—5	Edmonston...........1000001011—4
U M C Jones.........1011000110—5	Greisinger..........1001101000—4
Sands...............1011101010—6	Richie..............0110111001—6
A H King............1000101001—5	Crocket.............1000100011—4
Young...............0111010111—7	Shauer..............0011100110—5
W S King............1110011111—8	Ackerman............1110101110—7
Cockran.............1011001100 - 5	Wilson..............0011111000—5
Johnston............1110111111—9	E Jones.............1011111111—9
Ross................1110110111—8	Modoc...............0110111100—6
Bad Shot............1001111100—6	Fry.................0111011010—6
W J Vance...........1111111101—9	McCord..............1001101111—7
G Walters...........0110100000—3	J L M...............1110001100—5

No. 7 10 targets:

Crow................1100101111— 7	Mack................1110110110—7
Bessemer............0011111111— 8	Burlingame..........0101110000—4
Hoss................0000001101— 3	Thomas..............1001101110—6
Snyder..............1111111110— 9	Crable..............1100101100—5
Money...............1011010111— 7	Edmonston...........1001100100—4
U M C Jones.........1011000110— 5	Griesinger..........0111011110—7
Sands...............1101110110— 7	Shaner..............0001111111—7
A H King............1110000110— 5	Crocket.............1101110111—8
Young...............1111100111— 8	Richie..............1010111011—7
W S King............1001101011— 6	Ackerman............1101011111—7
Cochran.............0001101000— 3	Modoc...............0101000110—4
Johnston............1111011100— 7	J L M...............1110001011—6
Ross................1010010000— 3	C J W...............0001000111—4
Bad Shot............0010111000— 4	E Jones.............1011110100—6
N J Vance...........1111111111—10	McCord..............1000101111—6
G Walters...........0010000100— 2	Fry.................0011101111—7

No. 8, 15 targets:

Crow..........111000001111110— 9	G Walters.....000100001101011— 6
Bessemer......111011110001110—10	Mack..........111011110000111—10
Hoss..........111111110010101—11	Burlingame....111111001010001— 9
Snyder........010101101011111—10	Thomas........101000100101011— 7
Money.........101111111011011—12	Crable........000101011101111— 9
U M C Jones...001001011100101— 7	Edmonston.....000111101001101— 8
Sands.........111101110110000— 9	Ackerman......000010010111110— 7
A H King......101000111111100— 9	Richie........100111001110111—10
Young.........111111101010100—11	Crocket.......010101000011011— 7
W S King......000101111111111—11	Greisinger....010101101110011— 9
Cochran.......011100011111110—11	J L M.........101100010000100— 5
Johnson.......010101111111100—10	Modoc.........101101011011101—10
Ross..........00000w.	E Jones.......010111101111111—12

W J Vance.....011100111111101—11	Fry...........100100111101111—10
McCord........101001111100011— 9	

No. 9, 10 targets:

Crow................0111111111—9	W J Vance...........1011111900—6
Bessemer............0110001101—5	G Walters...........1000000000—1
Hoss................1111011110—8	Mack................1110101011—7
Snyder..............0011111011—7	Burlingame..........0010110001—4
Money...............0111111011—8	Thomas..............1101101111—8
U M C Jones.........0111101011—7	Crable..............0111100001—5
Sand................0110001100—4	Edmonston...........0101110100—5
A H King............1111101110—8	Modoc...............1001111101—7
Young...............1001111100—6	Shaner..............1101000001—4
W S King............1101110000—5	Challis.............0100101000—4
Cochran.............0001111101—6	Crocket.............0110001100—4
Johnston............1111111010—8	C J W...............0001100000—4

No. 10, 10 targets:

Crow................0011111010—6	Burlingame..........0110110101—6
Bessemer............1111111001—8	Thomas..............1011101010—6
Hoss................1110110010—5	Crable..............1001110111—7
Snyder..............1010010101—5	Edmonston...........1110110111—8
Money...............0100100111—5	E Jones.............1110101011—7
U M C Jones.........0110100100—4	Modoc...............1101101110—7
Sands...............1111101011—8	Fry.................1110100100—5
A H King............1111110111—9	Shaner..............1010010111—6
Young...............1111110111—9	Crocket.............1110111010—7
W S King............1001100000—3	C J W...............0001101010—4
Cockran.............0001011111—6	Richie..............0100000110—3
Johnston............0111001111—7	Ackerman............0010001001—3
Vance...............0010111111—7	J L M...............0001111111—7
Walters.............0011101110—6	Griesinger..........0010110011—5
Mack................1110111111—9	

The Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets: Money 7, Young 8, Jim Crow 7, Snyder 4, Hoss 6, Sands 8, U. M. C. Jones 9, Vance 7, Bessemer 4, King 7, Richie 5, Thomas 5, Mack 6, Crable 9, Fry 7, E. Jones 7, Crocket 5.

No. 2, 10 targets: Money 5, Young 7, Crow 8, Snyder 7, Hoss 5, Sands 7, U. M. C. Jones 8, Vance 8, Bessemer 9, King 7, Richie 6, Thomas 8, Mack 8, Crable 7, Fry 8, E. Jones 6, Crocket 6.

No. 3, 10 targets: Money 10, Young 8, Crow 7, Snyder 7, Hoss 8, Sands 7, U. M. C. Jones 7, Vance 6, Bessemer 8, King 7, Richie 6, Hart 5, Thomas 6, Mack 6, Crable 6, Fry 8, E. Jones 9, Crocket 5.

No. 4, 10 targets: Money 8, Young 8, Crow 5, Snyder 8, Hoss 5, Sands 7, W. M. C. Jones 7, Vance 9, Bessemer 7, King 6, Ritchie 8, Hart 5, Thomas 2, Mack 8, Crable 5, Fry 8, Crocket 5, E. Jones 6, Myler 7.

No. 5, 15 targets:

Money.........111111110101011—12	King..........011111001011001— 9
Young.........111111110111100—12	Richie........111011111111111—14
Crow..........011010101011111—10	Myler.........101110101101111—11
Snyder........111111011111111—14	Thomas........101001001111100— 8
Hoss..........100001010011101— 7	Mack..........101101101001111—10
Sands.........101101001101111—10	Crable........111111111101101—13
U M C Jones...111111111010111—13	Fry...........100110100110110— 8
Vance.........111111100001100— 9	Crocket.......001001000111011— 7
Bessemer......110111100111111—12	E Jones.......111001110101111—11

Team shoot, 25 targets:

Pittsburgh Gun Club.

Snyder	1101111110111111111100110—20
Crow	1101111100110101011111011—18
Bessemer	1111011001111111111101011—20—58

Herron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Vance	1110101100110101110010101—15
King	1111011010111011110111111—20
Jones	1111111001110100111111011—19—54

No. 6, 10 targets: Money 9, Young 8, Crow 4, Snyder 6, Hoss 7, Sands 8, U. M. C. Jones 9, Vance 9, Bessemer 4, King 6, Richie 9, Myler 5, Thomas 7. Mack 6, Crable 6, Fry 3, E. Jones 8, Crocket 7.

No. 7, 10 targets: Money 7, Young 6, Crow 7, Snyder 8, Hoss 2, Sands 9, U. M. C. Jones 9, Vance 6, Bessemer 7, King 6, Richie 6, Myler 4, Thomas 8, Mack 7, Crable 6, Fry 9, Crocket 4, E. Jones.

No. 8, 15 targets:

Money.........111111110110111—13	King..........110111111110101—12
Young.........110101101111011—11	Richie........111101111001000— 9
Crow..........110111111011011—12	Myle..........111110111100111—12
Snyder........011101101101011—10	Thomas........001000101010100— 5
Hoss..........011011001001010— 7	Mack..........010011111011111—11
Sands.........001011111111111—12	Crable........111001111111101—12
U M C Jones...110111100110011—10	Fry...........111110101011101—11
Vance.........011101111111000—10	Crocket.......001111111100101—10
Bessemer......111000111000111— 9	E Jones.......111101110011011—11

No. 9, 10 targets: Money 8, Young 8, Crow 8, Snyder 8, Hoss 8, Sands U. M. C. Jones 6, Vance 7, Bessemer 7, King 7, Richie 7, Myler 5, Thomas 3, Mack 8, Crable 8, Fry 6, Crocket 6, E. Jones 9, Hart 3, Johnston 7, Edmonston 9.

No. 10, 10 singles:

Money...............1101101010— 6	Richie..............1111111110— 9
Young...............1110111101— 8	Myler...............0101010111— 6
Crow................0001100111— 5	Thomas..............0001100010— 3
Snyder..............1110111111— 9	Mack................1101111100— 7
Hoss................0001010011— 4	Crable..............1011111110— 8
Sands...............1111111111—10	Fry.................1111111111—10
U M C Jones.........1000101110— 5	Crocket.............1100000000— 2
Vance...............1101111111— 9	E Jones.............1010111011— 7
Bessemer............1001111001— 6	Edmonston...........1111000111— 7
King................1101101110— 7	

St. Louis Tournament.

THE weather is very hot in St. Louis during the month of July for a shooting tournament, but it did not deter the shooters in this vicinity and surrounding country, from turning out in good shape, for the two days' shoot of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association. Trap-shooting has been, comparatively speaking, dead in St. Louis for the last year or so, but this tournament has given it a new impetus, and better attendance is already assured at the different club shoots in the future. The tournament was held on the grounds of the Independent Gun Club, which are nicely adapted for a shooting tournament, being situated on a piece of high ground, on the edge of Forest Park, one of the largest natural parks in the country, comprising 1,300 acres. The traps were arranged directly in front of club house and grand stand, with association's tent on the left. Quite a number of spectators were in attendance daily, and viewed the exhibits of Parker Bros , Hunter Arms Co., American Wood Powder Co. and Cleveland Target Co. with interest. A great deal of benefit is derived from this practical form of advertising, as several persons present, having no guns, used some of the exhibit guns, and several declared their intention of purchasing in the near future, a gun similar to the one they were using, others using some of the wood powder shells, having never used anything but black powder before, improved their shooting so much that they vowed they would shoot nothing else in the future. John Parker, the association's manager, managed the shoot to the satisfaction of all, and was ably assisted by Messrs. Jas. E. Haggerty and Ed. Prendergast, who are the back bone of trap-shooting interest in St. Louis. Mr. John Schaaf handled the office of cashier in good shape. The tournament met with the approval of all, on all sides satisfactory remarks were heard. The trap-shooter of to-day has become quite a critic; herewith are some of their criticisms:

Dr. W. H. Cotton, St. Louis.—For the sport whose objects are to throw the most targets, shoot most rounds and win the most money, the walk around system seems indispensable. For the sportsman whose object is practice, recreation, and the satisfaction of knowing he is improving his marksmanship. the new system so ably introduced and managed by this association cannot be improved upon. By all means let us adopt it.

Dr. M. C. Starkloff.—This tournament is doing a great deal of good; trap-shooting was dead hereabouts. Why? Because the boys became tired of the same old thing. This is the only way to shoot. If you can shoot at all you can win more than your entrance back. At the last club shoot we had only four members in attendance; look at them here to-day.

Jas. E. Haggerty, St. Louis.—This is what we needed—a shoot like this. To be sure the shooting is hard, but if a man shoots any kind of a gait he will quit winner. We will shoot that way in our club shoots hereafter.

Ed. Prendergast, St. Louis.—I can't hit 'em, but I am off anyhow. If I was at myself I would be a good winner in this kind of a shoot.

G. H. Rawlings, St. Louis.—Best kind of a shoot I ever attended. going to have the boys shoot that way in our club shoots in the future. I only shot 55 per cent. and was not much loser.

Will Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.—I like it; nice way to shoot; could win some money at that style of shooting, but have a new gun; ain't used to it yet; besides, just got married.

G. Crosby, Sr.—Just the kind of a tournament; more like actual shooting.

J. A. R. Elliott—It's all right; that championship race is just the thing; there ought to be something done toward putting up a trophy for the target championship of the United States to keep up interest in shooting; it is somewhat falling off.

W. B. Cosby, Kansas City—Where will the next shoot be? Will go sure, if it's not too far.

A. L. Bennett, Kansas City—Nice way to run a tournament; am a good winner; wish I was here yesterday.

J. Sieminskie, St. Louis—Would not have missed this shoot for a good deal; must get me a 12-gauge gun; will not shoot any more black powder.

Chas. Strawn, Jacksonville, Ill.—A nice shoot; like it first-rate; wish it was two days more; just getting on.

A. Harris, Woodburn, Ill.—I like that new way of shooting; am a good winner.

J. P. Lenhardt, St. Louis—Am surprised at myself; had no idea I would win trophy; it's a "beaut."

The First Day.

No. 1, 10 singles: Strawn 6, Bradley 10, Pendergast 10, Elliott 10, Class 10, Brown 9, Meade 7, Hagerty 7, Crosby 6, Westus 7, Crosby 9, Gimble 8, Edwards 7, Zed 7, Peaur 7, Harris 8, Fink 8, Siemiskie 7,

No. 2, 10 singles: Bradley 5, Pendergast 6, Elliott 6, Class 7, Brown 6, Cosby 7, Meade 7, Westus 9, Siemiskie 8, Fink 9, G. Rawlings 8, G. Pendergast 6, Cotton 5, Zed 7. Crosby 7, Gimble 9, E. L. Spencer 7, Harris 10, Strawn 6, Hagerty 8, Peany 6, Edwards 7, Knowlton 8, Kling 10.

No. 3, 15 singles:

Bradley.........101111111110111—13	Cosby.........111110111101000—10
Westus..........111001111111011—12	Zed...........111100111000111—10
Brown...........111111111101010—12	Gimble........111111111100011—12
E Prendergast..010010111000010— 6	Cotton........101001000001111— 8
Elliott.........111101111101011—12	Crosby........110111110011110—11
G Rawlings.....010011110000100— 6	Clas..........111011001101110—10
G Prendergast..011100000011111— 8	Knowlton......011110111101111—12
Meade...........111001011101100— 9	Harris........111011111111010—12
J Prendergast..111111000110101—10	Edwards.......101011010111110—10
Kling...........000111101111010—10	Hagerty.......001110010111110—10
Fink............110111111011111—13	Strawn........000000010110101— 5
Siemiskie.......111011111110011—12	E L Spencer...110011101101111—11

No. 4, 5 pairs: Elliott 7, Bradley 7, Kling 7, Sieminskie 7, E. Prendergast 8, G. Rawlings 4, J. Prendergast 6, Harris 6, Brown 6, Zed 7, G. Prendergast 1, Fink 8, Cosby 5, Clas 5, Pray 3, Edwards 6, Gimbel 7, Cotton 3, Meade 6, E. L. Spencer 3, Haggerty 3, Westhus 6.

No. 5. 10 singles: Harris 7, Kling 6, Westhus 7. Fink 10, Gimbel 10, G. Rawlings 7, Hagerty 6, Brown 8, Elliott 8, Bradley 8, Zed 7, Sieminskie 10, Clas 9, Strawns 6, E. L. Spencer 5, Crosby 10, Ed. Prendergast 6, G. Prendergast 8, Edwards 7, Meade 9, J. Prendergast 10, Cotton 7.

No. 6, 15 singles:

Hagerty.........111100000101101— 8	Fink..........001011111000100— 7
Elliott.........111110111100101—11	Westhus.......101101011000110— 8
Brown...........111010110101011—10	Ed Prendergast110011110000111— 9
G Rawlings.....010001001001000— 4	J Pendergast...001011011100110— 8
Zed.............001011100010110— 7	Sieminskie....111000011101001— 8
Bradley.........111110111111110—13	Cotton........111001100101111—10
Harris..........110011101101101—10	Edwards.......110011010000111— 8
Kling...........010100111101000— 7	Meade.........101111001110100— 9
Gimbel..........111001011101111—11	Cosby.........001101111110011—10
Clas............111111111101101—13	E L Spencer...110110110100110— 9
Strawn..........010010000100110— 5	Geo Pond......011111111010001—10
Crosby..........001100110111111—11	

No. 7, 10 singles: Fink 6, Gimbel 10, Sieminskie 4, Cosby 6, J. Prendergast 5, Meader 9, Clas 9, Brown 9. Bradley 7, Zed 9, Westhus 10, Kling 7, Harris 7, G. Rawlings 5, Crosby 5, Hagerty 4, Ed. Prendergast 8, Elliott 9, Strawn 9, G. Prendergast 7, Colton 9, E. L. Spencer 6, Paide 7.

No. 8, 20 singles:

Cosby.....01111211001101011101—14	Hagerty...10001111111110112011—15
J Prendergast.....10010212001020002201—10	Crosby....11110011111011011110 -16
Elliott.....11102111021110190112—15	Brown.....00212220022022012111—14
Kling......11100120110212010111—14	G Prendergast.....00101010010002111211—11
Bradley...01110000101202112011—12	Clas.......11100011002102102220—12
Westhus...01022220221121211000—14	Fink.......00020110000011001210— 8
Meade.....20100100110222122111—14	Colton.....11000111121000112011—13
Harris.....11110211122122222111—19	Redon.....20110120121010101220—13
Zed.......12021100001010021000— 9	Ed Prendergast.....11110212111121112110—18
Sieminski..11112011001211002120 -14	Paide......00010021020002110002— 8
G Rawlings02010121022102111101—14	E Spencer.01112100001211011001—12
Gimbel....01011111110222011101—15	
Strawn....10101100202201112122—14	

No. 9, 15 singles:

Brown...........100111101111111—12	Bradley.......111110111011111—13
Cosby...........111101101011111—12	J Prendergast..101111101111110—12
Kling...........111111110110111—13	Harris........111111111111111—15
Elliott.........111110111111111—14	Jones.........010110101101001— 8
Crosby..........111111010111111—13	Strawn........110101111101111—12
Ed Prendergast.111111101110111—13	Zed...........100110111011111—11
Clas............111111101111011—13	Westhus.......111101111111111—14
Hagerty.........001101111100110— 9	G Prendergast..111111011111101—13
E L Spencer.....111011111111111 —13	Gimbel........101111111111111—14
Siemiskie.......111111110110101—12	Cotton........110110111110111—12
G Rawlings.....111001111010110—10	Fink..........111111111110111—14
Meade...........011111011111111—13	

Extra No. 1, 10 singles: Strawn 6. E. Prendergast 9, Redon 5. Siemiskie 10, Brown 10, Haggerty 9, G. Prendergast 8, Westhus 10, Cosby 10, Kling 9, Meade 9, G Rawlings 6, Paide 8, E. L. Spencer 8, J. Prendergast 9, Clas 9, Zed 6, Elliott 8, Harris 9, Bradley 6, Fink 9, Cotton 9.

Extra No. 2, 15 singles: Ed Prendergast 15, Bradley 13, Haggerty 14, Zed 13, Brown 13, J. Prendergast 12, Strawn 14, G. Prendergast 14, Westhus 14, Kling 15, Cotton 11 Elliott 14, Clas 15, Mud 13, Siemiskie 13, Cosby 14, Fink 13, G. Rawlings 10, Harris 15.

Extra No. 3, 10 singles: Brown 10, Hagerty 9, Ed. Prendergast 10, Kling 10. Bradley 9, J. Prendergast 7, Geo. Prendergast 5, Strawn 8. Zule 8, Westhus 10, Mud 10, Cotton 7.

Special shoot, 25 singles, known angles and traps:

Hagerty	1111111101111111110111111—23
Ed Prendergast	1111111101111111111111111—24
Geo Prendergast	1000110101011011011011111—16
Westhus	1111111111111111111011111—24
Parker	1110111111111111110101111—22
J Prendergast	1111111111111111111111110—24

The Second Day.

J. P. Lenbardt of St. Louis won the M. T. S. H. trophy, score 45. It was a popular winning. A good many stayed over until Saturday and indulged in live bird shooting, but the weather was so hot that the birds would not fly well and everything dragged so that everybody became tired and went back to target shooting and smashed bluerocks until dark. Ho! now for Wheeling, W. Va., Aug. 1 and 2, fifth shoot of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association.

No. 1, 10 singles: Class 10, Lenhardt 8, Elliott 10, Bennett 6, Brown 10, Steffan 6, E. Prendergast 10, Hagerty 8. Sieminskie 9, Westfield 9. Bradley 8, Westhus 10, G. Prendergast 6, Fink 9, A. Rawlings 3, G. Crosby 5, Strawn 9, Gimble 9, Harris 8, G. Harris 6.

No. 2, 10 singles: Brown 6, Elliott 7, Clas 8, E. Prendergast 7; Westhus 8, Sieminskie 6, Westfield 8, Fink 8, Strawn 6, Gimbel 8, Hagerty 7, G. Prendergast 8, Bennett 10, A. Rawlings 3, Lenhardt 8, Cosby 10, Bradley 5, N. Crosby 7, A. Harris 9, Steffan 7, G. Harris 6, J. Prendergast 7.

No. 3, 15 singles:

E Prendergast..100111111100011—10	Clas..........111101001100101— 9
Brown...........111110110010111—11	Lenhardt......111000111100010— 8
Cosby...........001101111111111—12	Bennett.......111101111111011—13
Hagerty.........100000111111010— 8	G Crosby......111111011101111—13
Westbus.........010010001011000— 5	St Clair......111011110100111—11
A Rawlings.....100101000011001— 6	Bradley.......110011111011101—11
Sieminskie......101011111110111—12	Steffen.......110001010011110— 8
Elliott.........111011011011111—12	Westfield.....001110010111110— 9
Gimbel..........111111111101110—13	A Harris......111101011011011—11
Knowlton........011101101111010—10	Strawn........100110101111011—10
G Prendergast..001000111011001— 7	G Harris......011100010110110— 8
J Prendergast..111000101011001— 8	

No. 4, 5 pairs: Brown 4. Hagerty 7, Elliott 6, E. Prendergast 7, J. Prendergast 7, Ski Ski 7, Westhus 6, Strawn 5, Clas 8, Bradley 5, Bennett 8, A. Rawlings 3, Cosby 5, G. Prendergast 5, Westfied 6, Lenhardt 5, Steffen 5, A. Harris 6, G. Crosby 7, Gimble 6, St. Clair 8, G. Harris 7.

No. 5, 10 singles: Cosby 8, Bennett 7. A. Harris 7, E Prendergast 6, Brown 8, Hagerty 10, J. Prendergast 8, Strawn 7, Clas 7, Elliott 9, Ski Ski 9, A. Rawlings 2, G. Prendergast 7, Zed 10, Westhus 6, Lenhardt 8, Westfield 8, Bradley 6, Gimble 7, Steffen 6, Selzer 6, Fink 8, G. Harris 6.

No. 6, 15 singles:

Hagerty.........101110011011111—11	G Prendergast..111001110110110—10
E Prendergast..010011001110100— 7	Lenhardt......101101100101111—10
Brown...........101111000101101— 9	St Clair......110010010010110— 7
Clas............111111110110111—13	Ski Ski.......110111111110010—11
J Prendergast..010101110011110— 9	Zed...........010101111101011—10
Westhus.........110010111111011—11	Steffen.......111110110101111—13
Elliott.........111111111111110—14	Gimble........011110011111111—12
A Rawlings.....010100100100100— 5	Strawn........010001001111011— 8
Bennett.........111111110111111—14	Bradley.......110111111011010—12
Cosby...........111001111101100—10	G Crosby......101101111110111—12
Selzer..........001010110000110— 6	Charles.......000011100000000— 3
A Harris........011110100111111—11	Kling.........111111111110110—13
Zed.............110110010100110— 8	G Harris......011100011101101— 9
Westfield.......110010111111100—10	Jones.........100011110011010— 8

No. 7, 10 singles: Experts: Hagerty 7, Ved 6. Semi-Experts: Elliott 8, Skiski 9. Amateurs: Brown 10, Ed Pend 9, J. Pend 8, Westhus 9, Kling 7, Bennett 9. Cosby 8, H. Rawling 6, G. Harris 8, Lenhardt 10, Westfield 10, Clas 9, G. Pend 9. H. Harris 10, Steffen 9, Red 8, Bradley 9, Selzer 8, Strawn 6, Charles 6, E. L Spencer 9, Jones 6, Gimbel 7.

No. 8, 20 singles, both barrels:

Haggerty..11111122111210012121—18	A Rawlings20000000200010000100— 4
E Pren'g'st01011120211022122101—15	G Pren'g'st21100200011011121120—13
Westhus...22111111101121112202—17	G Harris...21100202122022201000—12
Bennett....10111101111011101210—15	Charles....20001011211110101101—13
Elliott.....21211211121011121112 19	Selzer.....11100000001211011111—12
Ski Ski.....12112110112120111210 —17	Westfield..00111001112200110010—11
Brown......11101111112121111100—17	A Harris...00111112212000112111—15
Kling......11100111211110121110—16	Lenhardt...10000101111002212111—12

St Clair....11111110011002110211—15 Zed.........10101010210021211121—14
J Pren'g'st 00012121212111100202—14 Red ....01200001210000010101— 8
Cosby......12111001210011011022—14 Gimble ...22111011201100211011—15
Clas........00100111100111001001—10 Strawn....11011101001012111210—14
Bradley....12221122211012000010—14 G Crosby..22111110101010102102—14
Steffen ....11110100110111111202—15
No. 9, 50 singles:
Crosby............11111111111111111101110111111010111111111111111100—44
Ed Pend...........01011101111111111111111111000010110001110111100101—36
Red...............11110010011111100110111011100111100110100101001110—31
Hagerty...........11010010111101011111111011111010101100111110011110—35
Brown.............11111111011110111111111111110001100111111111110001—40
Colton............11111111110111111111101110010011101010110011111101—38
J Pend............11101000111011111111101111101011100001101101110010—32
Ved...............01101101111101111110101111110100111011111010101110—35
Clas..............01111101110111111111101111101111111101111011111111—43
Kling.............11001001110111111111111111101010101111101101111111—39
Selzer............11111110100111101101111100101011111111100011111—38
Lenhardt..........11110111110111111110111111011101111111111111111111—45
Schaaf............11011101111111111011110110001101111111101101101011—38
Skiski............11011011111111111111101111111110111100111111111101—42
Bennett...........11111111111111111111001111111111101111110110110110—43
Westhus...........10111111101111001111110100111111111111111110111111—42
Elliott...........01110111110011101101111111111111101110111111111101—41
Steffen...........10111011111111111010111011011001111101111111111111—41
G Pendergast......10111100111111111001111111011111111011111100110111—39
Huckins...........10111111101011110111111119101111111010111101111110—37
G Harris..........11101001110010110111101011111111010111111111011110—37
Strawn............11111110111101111111101001111111111111010111101111—42
Weaver............00001001011100011000100011100111110101101001000100—22
A Rawlings........11111111111111001101110110111111111110111100101011—40

The Third Day.

No. 1, 7 live birds, $5 entry:
G Prendergast..........0120112—5 Collenberger...........1122221—7
Ward...................2121102—6 Elliott................1101222—6
McBrown................1202112—6 Harris.................0101111—5
Burnett................1221022—6 Hagerty................1120100—4
E Prendergast..........1210111—6 Crosby.................1102221—6
No. 2, 10 live birds, $10 entry:
Hagerty............2200111111— 8 Elliott............0212111211— 9
Bennett............2122222112—10 Harris.............2121211112—10
Word...............0022211121— 8 Collenberger.......1111011111— 9
G Prendergast......1112121112—10 E Prendergast......0211111110— 8
Brown..............1111201121— 9

Parkersburg.

PARKERSBURG, W.Va., July 8.—I herewith hand you the score of the shooting tournament, which was held July 5 and 6, on the grounds of the Parkersburg Gun Club, at Parkersburg, W.Va. The principal feature of the tournament was a friendly team match between the Wheeling Island and Parkersburg gun clubs, six men each, 50 bluerock targets per man, under the American Association rules, 5 expert traps. The race was lost by the home club, whose score perhaps would have been better had not two of the members been considerably handicapped on account of shooting a strange gun and sore eyes. The weather was propitious excepting a hot sun and strong breeze which marred the pleasure of the shooters to a certain extent, otherwise the affair was a pleasant one, and will be remembered as such by the home club, who endeavored to make all things satisfactory to their guests.
G. M. COVER, Sec'y P. G. C.

The First Day.

TEAM RACE.

Island City Gun Club.
Burt.........................1111001111111011111111111—22
1010111110111111111011011—20—42
Lemon........................1111111011101111010111101—20
0010111001001111111111111—18—38
Scott........................1111111111010111111111110—22
1011110110111110111110111—20—42
Greener......................1111111111101111011110111—22
1111101101111111111111111—33—45
Dinger.......................1111111111110111111111111—24
0111111011111111111011111—22—46
Wright.......................1111111111111111111111111—25
1111111111111111111111111—25—50—263
Parkersburg Gun Club.
Verges.......................1111100111011011101101111—19
1111111011111001101111111—20—39
Oliver.......................1111111111110111111101111—23
1101110111111111111010101—20—43
Clark........................0110111110111101001011—18
0111101111111111011111111—22—41
Goodno.......................1111110111111111101111110—22
1111011011111111111111111—23—45
Stephens.....................1010101111101111110111111—20
1111111011011111001101111—20—40
Cover........................1111111111100111111111111—23
1111111011111110111111110—22—45—253
No. 5, $2.50 entry:
Cover.....11111111001111111111—18 Stephens..01011011111111011001—14
Wright....11111111111111111111—20 Scott......11111011111101101111—17
Verges.... 10111111101111111111—18 Goodno....11011111101111111101—17
Burt.......11111011101111010111—16 Clark......01111111001110101101—14
Lemon.....10110011011011111111—15 Dinger.....11111111111100011001—15
Oliver..... 11111111111111101111—19 Cole.......10001111011001011011—12
Greener... 11111111111111111011—19
No. 6, 25 singles, $3 entry:
Cover......................................1001101101110111111111101—19
Wright.....................................1111101111110111111111111—23
Verges.....................................1001101111101110111111011—19
Burt.......................................1101111011011111111111110—21
Lemon......................................1101111001111110111111011—20
Oliver.....................................1110110111111101111110101—20
Greener....................................1111110111111111111111111—24
Stephens...................................0111111011111111111111111—23
Scott......................................1111011111111110101111111—22
Goodno.....................................1010011111101101111111111—20
Dinger.....................................1111111101111111111111110—23
Cole.......................................0010111011111101101111111—19
No. 7, 10 singles, $1 entry: Cover 9, Wright 9, Verges 8, Lemon 10, Burt 10, Oliver 8, Greener 8, Stephens 7, Scott 9, Goodno 9, Dinger 10, Cole 8, Schlicher 7, Bibbee 7.
No. 8, 15 singles, $.50 entry: Wright 15, Verges 12, Lemon 13, Schlicher 8, Cover 13, Bibbee 10, Stephens 11, Clark 8, Burt 14, Greener 14, Dinger 12, Scott 13.
No. 9, 15 singles, $2 entry:
Wright.........111111011111111—14 Oliver..........111110110111111—13
Lemon..........010101111101110—10 Burt............111010100101111—10
Scott..........101111111100111—12 Greener.........111101111111011—13
Schlicher......011011010111010— 9 Stephens........111111110110010—11
Cover..........101111111111011—13 Clark...........011111011111101—12
Bibbee.........001101111000111— 9 Goodno..........101101010111110—10
No. 10, 20 singles, $2.50 entry:
Wright....11111111111101111111—19 Burt.......11111111111011111111—19
Lemon.....11111111111111111111—20 Clark......11111101011011111111—17
Scott......11111011101111111111—18 Greener....01111111111111011111—18
Schlicher..11110111111110111111—18 Stephens...00011111111111111101—16
Cover......11100110111111101111—16 Cole.......11111000111110111111—16

The Newark Gun Club's Monthly.

ERB's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark were the scene of some lively shooting on Thursday, July 13, when the Newark Gun Club held its monthly outing. The heavy hail and rainfall which occurred between one and two P. M. had no effect on the attendance, nine members showing up for the sport. The weather, after the shower, was warm and clear, with a light breeze coming down from the direction of the Orange Mountains. The birds were a good lot throughout and few needed flushing. Lem and Duke, Mr. Erb's black retrievers, alternated in the work of gathering and as usual did their duty in fine form.

The opening events were two events at four birds each, $3 entry, two moneys, which resulted as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Breintnall	1111—4	0222—3	Hollis	2222—4	1221—4
P Jay	1121—4	1212—4	Walters	1012—4	1112—4
Morfey	2211—4	1121—4	Erb		1111—4
Roche	2112—4	1122—4			

The tie for first money in the second event was carried over to be decided by the scores in the club shoot which was next on the list. This was at ten birds per man under the new system of point allowance:
Breintnall............1102121112—9 Walters...............0211121212— 9
P Jay.................2110101122—7 Erb...................1001011101— 6
Morfey................1102220112—8 Hedden................1221212211—10
Roche.................1110010110—6 Griffen...............2212120110— 8
Hollis................1221011111—9
Breintnall gained 2 points, P. Jay 1, Morfey 1, Hollis 2, Walters 2, Hedden 3 and Griffen 1.
Then came No. 4, a 7-bird sweep, $5 entry, 2 moneys:
Breintnall..................1111211—7 Hollis.....................1202120—5
Morfey......................1112111—7 Erb........................2111100—5
Roche.......................0102120—4 Griffen....................2212120—6

The final events, which exhausted the supply of birds, were miss-and-outs, $1 entry:

	No. 5.	No. 6.		No. 5.	No. 6.
Morfey	20	111111121	Griffen	20	210
Roche	1220	111210	Hollis	1120	112120
Erb	221120	0	Walters	112112	112122111

In No. 5 Walters captured the pot alone and in No. 6 he divided with Morfey.

On the first round of event No. 6 Mr. Erb killed a bird which was decided "no bird," it being claimed that the bird was shot on the ground. This was not the case, as the bird was clear by at least 6in. when the charge hit it. No change was made in the decision, however, and Mr. Erb, with the remark that if he could not get what belonged to him he did not want anything, walked to the score and shot himself out by a clean miss.

When there is a shadow of a doubt in regard to a bird being shot on the ground the shooter is always given the benefit, but in this case there was not the slightest reason for calling "no bird."
C. H. TOWNSEND.

Garfield Gun Club Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 9.—Inclosed find scores of the tenth trophy contest of the Garfield Gun Club, which took place yesterday. The Class A shoot was won by Boss and Class B by Lauterbach. I also send scores of several other interesting events which took place during the day:

Nos. 1 and 2, 15 and 10 singles, unknown angles:
Cop................................111010111110111 1111111111—22
Drake..............................100111001111101 0011101111—17
Scott..............................000010101101010 1110011011—13
O'Brien............................111001110110110 1011101111—18
Northcott..........................101100111110011 1110111101—18
Pilz...............................100111001100111 1001100001—13
Bowers.............................110111101001111 0101110110—17
Hicks..............................111111111111011 1010101111—21
Mott...............................000110101000100 1000111011—11
Patterson.......................... 1110111111— 9
Palmer............................. 0111101110— 7
Young.............................. 0111011111— 8
Lauterbach......................... 0101111100— 6
Ackerman........................... 1010000011— 4
Tenth trophy shoot:
Cop................................1111111111111111111100111—23
Drake..............................1001111111111111010111111—21
Scott..............................0110111111100011111011001—17
O'Brien............................1111011111101111111101101—21
Bowers.............................0110010000011110001111110—13
Northcott..........................1111100010111111111110001—18
Pilz...............................1001011101101010111111101—17
Hicks..............................1011111111011111111101101—21
Mott...............................0100111100001101101110100—13
Patterson..........................1110101111110011110011110—18
S Palmer...........................1000110101101000111100001—12
Young..............................1111100110011111111100010—17
Ackerman...........................1001110011001111000110010—12
Lauterbach.........................1101011110110011111110011—19
Tefft..............................1100011111011010111101111—18
Richards...........................1011111111110011110011011—19
Dr Meck............................0011011111111011011101111—19
G Norfolk..........................0001011011111010110101100—14
Conover............................1001010100110001001111011—13
Bortree............................0100111111011001001011111—16
O'Neil.............................1001101111110011111011101—18
No. 3, 15 singles, unknown angles:
Cop............111110111111111—14 Patterson......111111110111111—14
Drake..........011101001101111—10 Palmer.........111100001101011— 9
Scott..........010101110110111—10 Young..........111110111100010— 9
O'Brien........111111110011111—13 Ackerman.......011100011110110— 9
Bowers.........011111110101101—11 Lauterbach.....001101111100010— 8
Northcott......111001101011111—11 Teffts.........011111101011111—12
Pilz...........101110011111111—12 Richards.......011110111111111—13
Hicks..........110110111101111—12 Eivens.........010111111011000— 9
Mott...........101110010111010— 9 Norfork........111011000100111— 9
No. 5, unknown traps, unknown angles:
"Cop"...............1011011111—8 Patterson...........1111101010—7
Drake...............0100010111—5 Palmer..............0011110111—7
Scott...............0010100111—5 Young...............1011101010—6
O'Brien.............1000100110—4 Ackerman............1010101110—6
Bowers..............1110000010—4 Lauterbach..........0111111010—7
Northcott...........0000000011—2 Tefft...............1010101111—7
Pilz................1100100100—4 Richards............1010100100—4
Hicks...............1100111011—7 O'Neil..............0111011111—8
Mott................0100111101—6 Pray................0000010101—3
No. 6, team shoot, 15 singles, unknown angles:
Richards ..111111111111111—15 Hicks.......110111111101110—12
Cop........111111111111111—15 Tefft.......111010011111111—12
Drake......111011101111011—12 Pray........011010110001101— 8
Palmer.....001010100011111— 8 Patterson...101010111100111—10
Northcott .100011110011011— 9 Young.......101110010011111—10
Lauterbach011011101110111—11 O'Neil......101010010010101— 7
Bowers.....110011111011111—12 Ackerman....101111111111010—12
Bortree....101100111111000— 9 Norfolk.....101101101011111—11
Pilz.......100110110111001— 9—100 Conover.....011101111011001—10—92
No. 7, 6 pairs:
Cop...............10 11 11 11 11—9 Young.............10 10 10 01 01—5
Drake.............10 01 10 10 00—4 Ackerman..........10 10 10 10 10—5
Bowers............11 10 01 10 11—7 Lauterbach........11 10 00 00 00—3
Northcott.........11 11 10 00 11—7 Tefft.............11 11 10 10 11—8
Pilz..............10 11 00 10 10—5 Richards..........00 10 10 11 11—6
Mott..............11 10 10 11 10—7 Conover...........10 00 10 01 10—4
Patterson.........10 11 10 11 11—8 O'Neil............10 10 10 10 10—5
Palmer............11 11 01 11 11—9
No. 8, sneak shoot:
Cop.......................11111—5 Palmer....................10110—3
Drake.....................w Young.....................01110—3
Bowers....................01111—4 Ackerman..................w
Northcott.................00000—0 Lauterbach................w
Pilz......................w Tefft.....................01010—2
Mott......................00000—0 Richards..................11100—3
Hicks.....................11111—5 Conover...................10100—2
Patterson.................11111—5 O'Neil....................11111—5

Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association.

LYNN, Mass., July 5.—The Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association, an organization recently organized in this city, and composed of some of Lynn's prominent business and professional men, held their opening tournament at the association's grounds at Lynnhurst yesterday. The weather was magnificent for trap-shooting, and some good scores were made by local and visiting sportsmen. While this association has recently been organized, it tends to be a promising club, and some fine events will be offered to the shooting public in the near future. Our membership roll comprises some of the best experts in this section of the commonwealth, and many amateurs and novices. We charge no membership fee, and our contests are open to the world. Parties desiring to become members of this association will please send names to W. F. Brown, 48 Arlington street, Lynn, Mass. The following officers have been elected for the year: M. Sims, Pres.; W. A. Witherbee, Vice-Pres.; W. F. Brown, Sec'y; S. S. Chandler, Treas.; The first event was called to order with G. L. Baxter at the traps. Lunch was served at 1 P. M. Following are the scores:

July 4.

No. 2, 10 standards: W. F. Brown 10, Baxter 8, Wetherbee 8, Chandler 8, Fairchild 6.
No. 3, 5 straightaway: Pinkham 4, McIntire 3, Bean 3, Chandler 4, Fairchild 2, Baxter 2, Wetherbee 3, Brown 3, Bodwell 2.
No. 4. 6 standards: Brown 5, Baxter 4, Renaud 4, Wetherbee 3, Dodge 3.
No. 5, 10 standards: Renaud 8, Brown 8, Chandler 7, Dodge 4, Wetherbee 4, Baxter 6, Bolby 5.
No. 6, 6 standards: Brown 6, Wetherbee 6, Baxter 4, Fairchild 3.
No. 7, team race, 5 birds per man: Capt. Wetherbee—Wetherbee 4, Fairchild 3, Chandler 4, total 11. Capt. Brown—Brown 4, Baxter 4, Kenerson 2, total 10.

Second Shoot, July 8.

No. 1, 20 standards, unknown angles, entrance $1:
G Chandler11101110110111111111—17 S Chandler11110101111110111011—16
W Brown..11111111110111111111—19 Larrabee...11110110110110111111—16
Stoddard...11111111110101101111—17 Vose.......11110110110110110111—15
No. 2, 10 standards, entrance 50 cents: G. Chandler 8, Brown 10, Stoddard 9, S. Chandler 7, Jones 7, Stearns 7, Vose 9.
No. 3, 25 standards, entrance $1:
W F Brown..............................1111111111111111011111111—24
S Chandler.............................1011111011111110101011100—18
Stoddard...............................1111111011111111111011111—23
G Chandler.............................1110111110111111111111111—23
Larrabee...............................1111101101110111101011010—18
Jones..................................1111111110111110111111011—22
Stearns................................1110110111110101010111111—19
Parker.................................1101111011110111101010111—19
Vose...................................1111111111110111110111110—22
No. 4, 10 standards, unknown angles, entrance 50 cents: Brown 10, S. Chandler 7, Stoddard 9, G. Chandler 9, Larrabee 7, Vose 7, Stearns 7, Parker 9.

Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Ont., July 12.—The Hamilton Gun Club held its annual meeting last night, there being a large attendance and much interest taken in the proceedings. Secretary A. Smyth presented his annual report, showing the finances of the club to be in a healthy condition.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Wm. Stroud, President; James Crooks, Vice-President; Harry Graham, Secretary; J. E. Overholt, Treasurer; J. H. Hamilton, John Stroud, A. Smyth, Executive Committee; Capt. E. V. Spencer and F. Kaiser, Auditors.

Dr. J. E. Overholt, who has been president two years, declined re-election and the club tendered him a hearty vote of thanks. He was made a most efficient presiding officer. Mr. A. Smyth, the retiring secretary, was also given a vote of thanks. The election of Wm. Stroud, who has been a lifelong enthusiast and one of the best live and artificial bird shots in the country, to the presidency with a staff of officers of experience and standing, insures the future success and prosperity of the club. The annual tournament has become a fixture, and is the means of drawing experts to the city of Hamilton from all parts of Canada and the United States.
E. V. S.

Cowie cup, handicap:
Clifford (21)...............................10100011100 — 5
Wilson (20).................................0111110111111111111 —18
Bowman (21).................................1110011100110111111011 —15
C Smith (21)................................1010111101111101101 —16
W Stroud (24)...............................1011111111011111110111101—20
Hamilton (24)...............................1111011110110100111100011—16
J Smyth (21)................................1111001011111101001011 —14
J Crooks (24)...............................1111111010011111111001100—17
H Grayhen (21)..............................1110111100101100110211 —13
J Stroud (26)...............................0000011011101010110110110—12
Hopkins medal shoot, 21yds. rise, each to pull his own trap:
James......110000111111001100 1—11 J Smyth........000r.
Crooks.....1101011101111111110 —14 C Smith........1111100r.
W Stroud...1010000110011110 01 — 9 Bowman.........00100011010010 — 6
W Smith....010000100w. Wilson.........110110110111111—12
Thomas.....01000000r. Graham.........1010111001 — 6
Ten-bird sweep, $1 entry:
Graham...............1110011000—5 W Stroud............1111111110—9
J Crooks.............1111111100—8 Bowman..............0010001001—3
C Smith..............1011111111—9 Wilson..............1011111111—9
Hamilton.............0111101101—7
Challenge medal, 15 singles and 5 pairs, unknown angles:
W Stroud.....................101100111011010— 9 10 11 00 10 10—5—14
Wilson.......................111010101111110—11 00 10 10 11 10—5—16

Shooting Matches.

A THREE-HANDED sweepstake shoot was arranged to be shot off on Friday, July 14, at the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club's grounds, at Coney Island, between B. T. Langcake, C. E. Morris and J. E. Collins, for $50 each, the lowest to pay expenses and the highest to take the pool. The first match was between Langcake and Morris, 25 birds each, Collins not showing up. Morris won by one bird. The second, under the same conditions, resulted in a tie with 22 each. Just as the third match commenced Collins put in an appearance, and the originally arranged match was shot off. Morris and Collins tied with 24 each and Langcake was low man with 21. The score:
No. 1, 25 live birds, entry $50:
B F Langcake..........................2212121122102201211202121—22
C E Morris............................0222222222212222012122220—23
No. 2, same conditions:
Langcake..............................0212211021221221220122221—22
Morris................................1211202122212222121200122—22
No. 3, same conditions:
Langcake..............................1111021012111111111220011—21
Morris................................2121211211210211111112122—24
J Collins.............................2121122220221221221211212—24

West End Gun Club.

OTTUMWA, Iowa, July 8.—Inclosed find scores made at the two last shoots of the West End Gun Club, at the club grounds, Friday, June 30, and Friday, July 7.

The shoot of June 30 was one of the best shoots since the club has been organized and was a credit to all members; but the shoot of July 7 capped the climax, every one shooting like an overgrown school boy who had never seen clay pigeons in his life before, and a badge shoot at that. There is a talk that bushel baskets will be thrown at the next shoot.

Scores of June 30:
P C Eldredge..........................1111111111111110111111111—24
J F Powell............................0111111111111111101111111—23
J R Young.............................0111111111111111101111110—22
Wm Heather............................1010101111111111101111111—21
J W Hedrick...........................1110010111111111111111001—20
S E Ayres.............................0111111111101011001101111—19
K N Eldredge..........................0111111110011110111101011—18
J T Emerson...........................1001001110111111101111011—18
C Romes...............................1010101000111110001111111—16
S Hardesty............................1111001000111101101011011—16
A J Fairchild.........................1010100101011010010111110—15
Dick Price............................0101110010111101001011110—14
C T McCarroll.........................1111000001111111001011000—15
C O Taylor............................0100100100100010101101110—11
C A Smith.............................1010100101001100010010001—11
Lee Podolski..........................0100101000110010010100010— 9
John Erbacher.........................0000101000000001010010000— 5
July 7.—Class A:
J W Hedrick...........................1111111011011011111000111—19
P C Eldredge..........................1011101111101010100111110—17
J F Powell............................1110101100101100110110111—16
Wm Heather............................0101101110111100101101001—15
C Romes...............................1001011001010011110011111—15
J R Young.............................1011101010110101011011001—15
A C Steck.............................1110011100111100000010001—13
N J Potter............................0100010100111000111000010—10
N B Cole..............................1011001101101011111000011—15
Class B:
C T McCarroll.........................0001111110101011110011101—16
F Fiedler.............................1100101110110000000011111—13
K N Eldredge..........................1110000101101000111110100—13
S E Ayres.............................1000101010101010111010001—12
C O Taylor............................1010100100001000011000101— 9
C A Smith.............................1100111000001001000000011— 9
J W Soule.............................0001100000000011100110011— 9
J Erbacher............................1000010011100000000001101— 8
Hedrick won badge A and McCarroll won badge B.
R. H. T.

The Eureka Gun Club.

FOLLOWING are the scores of two shoots of the club, July 1 and July 8:

No. 1, 30 singles and 10 pair, unknown traps: Bingham 37, Willard 34, Heikes 43, Patterson 36, Lamphere 27.

No. 2, 25 singles: Bingham 21, Willard 18, Patterson 21, Lamphere 20, Heikes 22, Carson 9, Lewis 18, Steck 18, Goodrich 10.

No. 3, Medal shoot, 25 bluerocks: Bingham 24, Willard 24, Patterson 19, Lamphere 20, Heikes 23, Carson 15, Lewis 19, Steck 22, Goodrich 16, Ferguson 10, Maltby 12. Class A, Bingham and Willard tie. B, Steck. C, Goodrich.

No. 4, 25 bluerocks: Bingham 23, Willard 22, Patterson 19, Lamphere 18, Heikes 24, Carson 16, Lewis 10, Colvin 14, Ferguson 14, Maltby 12.

No. 5, 25 bluerocks: Bingham 21, Willard 23, Patterson 23, Lamphere 13, Heikes 24, Carson 17, Colvin 14, Ferguson 16, Maltby 11.

No. 6, 25 bluerocks, unknown angles: Willard 19, Heikes 22, Patterson 17, Ferguson 16, Maltby 15.

July 8.—No. 1, 25 bluerocks: Heikes 22, Steck 20, Glover 16, Marshall 11, Willard 21, DeWolf 5, Lamphere 17, Taylor 9, Goodrich 6, Young 9, Van Dusen 5, Ferguson 7.

No. 2, medal shoot:
Bingham...............................0111110011111111010111111—20
Heikes................................1111111111111111111111111—25
Steck.................................1111111111111111111010110—22
Glover................................1100010101000101110100100—11
Marshall..............................1000000010100010001111111—11
Willard...............................1100110011111101011111101—18
De Wolf...............................0110101000011000000011010— 9
Lamphere..............................1111101111001110111111110—20
Taylor................................1111011010111111111110100—19
Goodrich..............................1111110100001100100110010—13
Young.................................0111101001100011100101001—13
Van Dusen.............................0011010011010111000110001—11
Ferguson..............................0001101001011011100101111—11
Thomas................................0001000101000100001000101— 6
Frothingham...........................1011110111111111111111001—21
Maltby................................0011001111010010100011110—13
Weart.................................1101011101111111101001110—18
Class A, Heikes; Class B, Steck; Class C, Goodrich and Maltby tie.

No. 3, 25 bluerocks: Heikes 22, Willard 22, Glover 22, Marshall 17, Ferguson 14, De Wolf 11, Taylor 17, Goodrich 13, Young 17, Lamphere 20, Calvin 14, Thomas 12, Frothingham 17, Maltby 14, Weart 13, Willman 19.

No. 4, 25 bluerocks: Heikes 23, Willard 24, Glover 17, Marshall 11, Ferguson 17, De Wolf 7, Goodrich 12, Frothingham 20, Maltby 11, Willman 13.
B. WATERS.

Shooting in Florida.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 5.—The Jacksonville Gun Club celebrated the Fourth with one of the most successful shoots in its history. The exceeding heat of the day did not defer the sharpshooters from firing away at the clay pigeons with a persistency truly to be admired. About a hundred people had gathered on the club grounds in Springfield where the contest began.

Quite a number of visiting sharpshooters entered in the contest, and the Forest City Gun Club, of Savannah, was represented by eleven marksmen. They were E. J. Kieffer, F. G. Jangstetter, C. A. Lamotte, John Rocker, John Ruderman, Geo. Lamphart, Geo. Shaffer, Geo. Eberwine, Jack Monehan, H. Wanyen, Wm. Davidson. The others from a distance were H. Lempki, E. W. Connors and J. F. Ulmer, of Savannah; J. C. Phelps, of Chorlotte, N. C.; S. Van Gilder, Knoxville, Tenn.; J. H. Mooney, Orlando; J. D. Kirkpatrick, W. R. De Witt, S. Hendricks and W. Hendricks, Green Cove Springs; Dr. D. S. Smith, of Jasper.

The scores made were as follows:

No. 1, 15 singles: J. L. Marvin 10, B. Taliaferro 9, B. H. Barnett 12, Mooney 12, Monehan 12, Fairhead 10, Van Gilder 11, Wescott 11, Rocker 13, Ulmer 13, Davidson 10, Lempke 8, Coachman 12, Reedeman 8, Kirkpatrick 2, Lamott 5, Jangstetter 11.

No. 2, 15 singles: Marvin 9, Taliaferro 14, Westcott 11, Davidson 3, Lempke 8, Reedeman 11, Woeltzen 9, Smith 9, Connor 10, Jangstetter 14, Lamott 6, Ulmer 5, Rocker 5, Barnett 9, Mooney 9, Monaghan 6, Fairhead 9, Coachman 12, Van Gilder 13.

No. 3: Barnett 14, Mooney 13, Davidson 12, Wescott 13, Ulmer 10, Lempke 5, Taliaferro 12, Jangstetter 9, Van Gilder 11, Connor 7, Reedeman 7, Marvin 12, Rocker 14, Lamott 6, Woeltzen 12, Smith 6, Eberwine 3, Coachman 14.

No. 4: Mooney 11, Wescott 12, Van Gilder 13, Lempke 11, Woeltzen 6, Ulmer 12, Connor 11, Taliaferro 14, Jangstetter 13, Davidson 14, Monahan 9, Fairhead 13, Marvin 12, Reedeman 9.

No. 6: Taliaferro 10, Coachman 11, Monahan 10, Mooney 12, Woeltzen 5, Reedeman 12, Lempke 10, Ulmer 12, Connor 11, Wescott 11, Rocker 13, Barnett 13.

No. 7: Barnett 13, Ulmer 12, Taliaferro 15, Coachman 13, Van Gilder 14, Lempke 11, Wescott 11, Connor 13, Monahan 9, Davidson 14, Hendricks 10, Jangstetter 11, Marvin 12, Fairhead 10.

No. 8: Taliaferro 12, Van Gilder 10, Davidson 13, Fairhead 13, Barnett 14, Monahan 12, Connors 10, Ulmer 12, Coachman 15, Marvin 11, Rocker 14, Lamotte 11, Hendricks 4, Reedeman 10, Jangstetter 13, Mooney 14.

No. 9: Coachman 12, Rocker 12, Barnett 12, Fairhead 9, Conner 11, Lempke 10, Ulmer 13, Wescott 14, Van Gilder 11, Taliaferro 11, Marvin 12, Lamotte 11, Woeltzen 10, Davidson 14, Jangstetter 10.

No. 10: Westcott 10, Davidson 11, Ulmer 12, Barnett 12, Taliaferro 13, Jangstetter 11, Coachman 15, Marvin 8, Connor 10, Lempke 13, Fairhead 10, Van Gilder 14, Mooney 11, Monahan 11, Rocker 11, Woeltzer 11, Lamotte 13.

North Side Gun Club.

THE members of the North Side Gun Club turned out 11 strong on Tuesday, July 11, at the club shoot at Queens County Driving Park, Maspeth, L. I. Each one shot at 7 birds for the best averages of the season. Four killed 7 straight and five killed 6 out of 7. Some good miss and out sweepstake shoots followed; in the second one the birds gave out and five divided with 9 each. The shooting of Charles Meyer was very good, not scoring a miss during the shoot. C. M. Meyer also shot well, making one miss. The scores:

M. C. Manning 5, J. Tiernan 7, G. Sieme 4, H. Heyer 6, Chas. Meyer 7, C. M. Meyer 7, J. H. Menke 6, A. Duryea 6, J. H. Wahlen 6, H. Otten, Jr., 7, E. Barlow 6.

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

FOURTEEN members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club shot for the three class prizes and the club's gold medal at Dexter Park, on Wednesday, July 12. Each shot at 7 birds, class handicap; three tied with 7 straight for the medal, which was won on the shoot-off by A. Botty, who also won the Class A prize. H. Bramwell won the Class B prize and A. Andrews that in Class C. The scores:

Class A, 28 and 30yds.: E. Helgans 6, D. Monsees 7, A. Botty 7, H. Bookman 4, J. Young 2, A. Walding 4, J. Bennett 4. Class B, 25 and 27yd.: T. Short 5, H. Bramwell 5, M. Ellis 4. Class C, 23 and 25yds.: A. Andrews 7, J. Woolly 5, H. LeMaire 6, H. Selover 3.

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

THE members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club had a fine afternoon's sport last Monday at Woodlawn Park. It was the regular monthly shoot for the club prizes. Six entered at ten birds each, then miss and out. Three tied with ten straight and fifteen more on the shoot off, when the birds gave out and they threw the dice to decide the winner of the prize. G. W. Cropsey was the lucky one. A. A. Hegeman won the second prize after a good race and W. F. Sykes took the third prize with the only eight. The score: C. Furgueson, Jr., 25, D. Deacon 25, G. W. Cropsey 25, C. A. Sykes 17, P. Adams 16, A. Squires 15, R. R. Sweet 15, W. F. Sykes 8, A. A. Hegeman 18.

Crescent Gun Club.

SIX members of the Crescent Gun Club were present at the regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, on Monday, July 10. The birds were a good lot and the shooting for the prize gun was very keen, no less than three making full straight scores, the best to count at the close of the season. In the sweepstake shoots the money was about equally divided. The scores:

Club shoot for annual prizes: L. Hopkins 7, C. Mohrman 4, C. Hubbell 7, W. Coulston 6, O. Hillmer 5, W. Gilman 7.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. M., New York.—Will you kindly inform me through your next issue the weight of largest pike recorded? Ans. The limit of size of this species is involved in some uncertainty. By reference to Goode's "American Fishes" we find that Continental Europe is credited by one author with an individual weighing 145lbs., which was caught at Bregentz in 1862. A Scotch specimen weighing 72lbs., and measuring over 7ft., appears to be the largest of the monsters of Great Britain. The European pike is identical with the American pike, but no such mammoth specimens as the above have been recorded from American waters. From 16 to 17lbs. seems here to be the maximum.

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It gives directions for preparing and preserving Skins, Antlers, etc. Also prices for Heads and Rugs, Birds and Fish, and all kinds of work in Taxidermy.

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When You Order A gun or a rod or a thousand shells or a lot of flies, tell your dealer to put in a copy of *Game Laws in Brief*. It will only cost you 25 cents extra. All dealers can supply it.

FROM the first issue of this paper it has been used, and for nearly twenty years this particular space has been occupied by

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

who now say that they have given up advertising at least for the present.

Notice to Fishermen! Cut Prices for 1893.

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and not decreasing the quality, it increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at $1.58 until all are sold. Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction.
Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.
Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.
A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 90 cts.; 60yds., $1.00; 80yds., $1.10; 100yds., $1.20.
Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.
Brass Click Reels, 40, 60, 80 or 100yds., 28 cts. each; 5 cts. extra for postage.
One lot of Multiplying Raised Pillar Reels with Balance Handles and Lifting Drag: 40yds., 38 cts.; 60yds., 48 cts.: 80yds., 58 cts.; 100yds., 68 cts.; 150 yds., 78 cts.
A special lot of Trout Flies at 30 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.
A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5 cents each sent by mail, 1 cent extra for postage.
All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 1 cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage
300ft. Braided Linen Reel Line on Block, 41 cts.; 300ft. of Hand-Made Linen Reel Lines on Block, 9 thread, 38 cts., sent by mail 3 cts. extra for postage.
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Single Gut Leaders, 3ft., 4 cts., 45 cts. per dozen. Double Gut Leaders, 40in., 5 cts. each. Treble Gut Leaders, 32in., 7 cts. each. Four-ply Leaders, 32in., 8cts.
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Send for revised price list.

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EGGS AND FRY
of the same in season. For information inquire of J. ANNIN, JR.,
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have for sale healthy BROOK TROUT ranging size from young fry to four pounds weight, suitable for stocking public and private waters.
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10-ga. Colt hammerless, $80 grade	for	$50
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4-ga. single muzzleloader	"	$10
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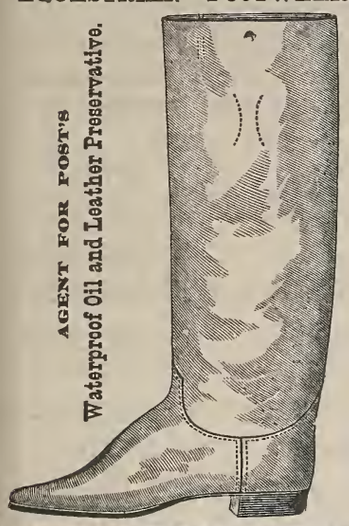

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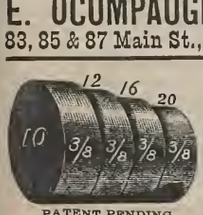

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There has just been incorporated under the above title the finest fishing and gunning association in Canada. This preserve consists of 102,000 acres, having within its borders over fifty lakes and a score of rivers and mountain streams, all of which swarm with trout ranging from 6lbs. (*Salmo fontinalis* only.) The virgin wilderness teems with small game. Of the larger kinds the caribou abounds. Moose and black bear are fairly plentiful, as also beaver, otter and other fur-bearing animals.

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A limited number of shares is offered to gentlemen of unexceptionable references.

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Camp Ground,

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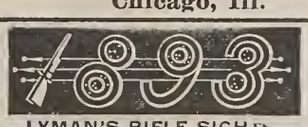

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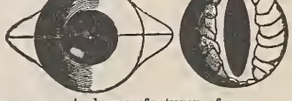

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At Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia,

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On and after this date all persons not guests of Attean Camps will be excluded from fishing or hunting in the territory leased by me, which includes the townships of Attean, Dennis, Number Four and Number Five, also Holeb, Spencer and Attean Falls, Moose River. Any person trespassing on the above territory will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. ITHAMAR HOWE,
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BIG GAME AND TROUT IN WASHINGton.—A sportsmen's camp in a new country, near Mt. St. Helens, Wash. Fly-fishing on lake, open season May 1. Elk, mountain goat, deer and bear, open Aug. 15. Good guides.
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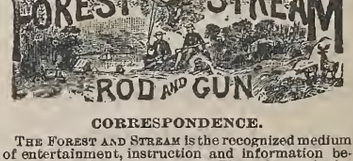

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TOO MUCH IRON.

WHEN the Haytians were fighting the Haytians, last time, they sent to New York for a war ship. The contractor purchased a tramp steamer, grown old in commerce; ran her into dry-dock; fortified her with iron armor to ward off the gun shots; and put to sea, bound for Hayti. A violent storm was encountered; the steamship, overladen with her armor, was wrenched and wracked by the waves, and went to pieces; and of all the souls who sailed in her not one was ever seen again. The disaster was due to too much iron.

When more effective game protection is demanded, not infrequently those interested think to effect it by securing a stronger statute, raising the prescribed fine of $50 to one of $500—piling on the armor, and with iron a-plenty converting superannuated merchantmen into men-of-war. Thus it has come about that in some parts we have game laws which are commonly spoken of as iron-clad. Some are of iron from the keelson up; but more have timber frames with an iron sheathing to make them look formidable. When these encounter stress of weather they go to pieces.

Missouri's iron-clad law to regulate the sale of dynamite and to prevent the destruction of fish by explosives has been commented upon before. Put to test, the statute has just been declared to be unconstitutional because of a defective title. It is designated as an act for "the protection and preservation of fish," whereas, the court holds, it is an act for the regulation of the sale of explosives. The failure of the law, then, is not due to the iron-clad nature of its provisions; the question yet remains to be determined whether a statute of similar import properly entitled would be a practicable and serviceable law. If otherwise, no doubt the ingenuity and acumen of Missouri legislators will be equal to the task of finding some other effective mode of putting an end to the fish dynamiter. The remedy must be devised in some way, for the evil is one not to be tolerated.

While Missouri has been studying how to get the better of its fish murderers, Michigan has been engaged in an endeavor to solve the problem of game marketing and exportation. The latest move in this direction is the adoption of an iron-clad statute, which, if ever enforced, would cause no end of trouble for a game dealer who might fall under suspicion and be brought up with a turn by the energetic Mr. Hampton.

Following the example of some other States, and a very sensible example it is, too, the law first provides that no person shall at any time or in any manner acquire any property in any game, or subject it to his dominion or control, but that under all circumstances and conditions it shall be and remain the sole property of the State. Game taken in the times and the modes authorized by law, and for the purposes authorized by law, may be used at such times and for those specified purposes, but not otherwise.

One of the forbidden purposes is shipment out of the State. If an exporter were to attempt to send out venison under a plea that it was not the meat of Michigan deer, he would find himself estopped by the new statute, for one of its further provisions is that possession of any game shall be *prima-facie* evidence that it was killed in Michigan. To disprove this and show that it was killed elsewhere the owner must produce the testimony of the person who actually killed it elsewhere.

Nor is this the end of the evil, for further the statute reads that when the possessor has proved that his venison was killed in another State, this again shall constitute *prima-facie* evidence that it was killed contrary to the laws of that other State; the possession of such unlawfully killed game is forbidden in Michigan; and the fresh presumption may be overcome only by direct and positive evidence to the contrary.

Just how this new iron-clad law is to be enforced, and just what it is designed to accomplish, we confess we do not clearly see, but we understand that it was suggested by Game Warden Hampton, and as he is the practical agent of game protection in Michigan, he no doubt had a good reason for asking the Legislature to give him the novel statute. All friends of Michigan game protection will indulge the hope that he has over-weighted his ship.

NOTHING FOR A SPRAINED THUMB.

TELLING of a fishing trip among the lakes of northern Wisconsin, the other day, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean related that the party put up at a hotel specially maintained for fishermen, and designed to fill their every want. One day, when Dr. Bean and his companions were fishing on the lake there came up a tremendous thunder storm. They went ashore, hauled out the boat, turned it bottom up, crawled under it to keep dry, and as usually is the case, were all thoroughly drenched. In righting the craft one of the party seriously sprained a thumb, and on his return to the hotel asked for some whisky or brandy to bind on the painful member. There was not a drop of whisky to be had, nor of brandy, nor of rum, nor a drop of anything of the kind, not even an empty bottle in which there had been a drop. The host explained that he kept a hotel for anglers, but that liquor was not in his outfit. The man with the thumb turned wrong-side-before partially forgot his pain in reflecting upon the characteristics of angling in the year 1893, when an anglers' resort was whiskyless.

After all there was nothing curious about the fact, nor anything surprising in the principle illustrated. This Wisconsin fishermen's inn is not unique among angling resorts because devoid of bar appendages. Some people drink whisky and other malt and distilled beverages, at home and abroad, in or after business hours; and when they go fishing they drink beforehand, in anticipation of their luck; during, in its celebration; and after, in joyful memory thereof. Other men do not drink whisky at home but feel that they must carry a flask or a demijohn with them when they go fishing. They constitute a less numerous class than formerly. Then there is another contingent of fishermen, and this we believe makes up the great and growing army, which, unaccustomed to the use of liquors at home, does not carry a bottle into camp nor patronize the bars of fishing hotels. In short, the average measure of the consumption of liquors by fishermen on their fishing excursions corresponds with the average measure of the consumption of liquor by men going about their every day business. The day has gone by when a fishing trip of necessity means a carouse.

The day has gone by, too, and for this the editors of at least one angling journal thank heaven, when the chroniclers of fishing trips thought it essential to make an inventory of every drink swallowed, and to record with loving particularity how good it tasted. When we come to think of it, even if a man does take his nip in camp there is no special reason why he should expect an editor to perpetuate the momentous event in cold type. The average world is not dying to learn that after landing his big fish Tom Jones took a drink. As a matter of fact, it is comparatively a rare libation that is recorded in the FOREST AND STREAM. Perusing its columns as every good State Executive should, the Governor of North Carolina might well remark to the Governor of South Carolina upon the long time between drinks therein recorded. The future student of Nineteenth Century social customs and development, who shall refer to these files for data, will never conclude from what he finds here, that the fisherman of this age was a guzzler beyond others of his day and generation.

This is not to say that sportsmen as a class are temperance crusaders and preachers and prophets of prohibition. Some may be. Others are not. There is a certain sportsmen's club house not far from this city, where provision is made for members and their wives. Upon the approach of a public holiday, the experienced member who happens to be sojourning at the club house with his wife, knows enough to come with her to town to avoid the bacchanalian uproar impending. This is not to say that sportsmen as a class are given to revels and racket. Some may be. Others are not.

Abundant opportunity for misconception lies wrapped up in that term "class." With respect to their drinking proclivities "sportsmen" are not a "class," any more than they are a "class" as to the color of their hair or a fondness for baked beans or their religious faiths or political opinions. It is a popular error to regard the men who fish or the men who shoot as for that reason being set apart from other men in a special class, marked by common likes and dislikes, virtues and shortcomings in other things than shooting and fishing. Forty years ago, when Frank Forester was picturing the doings of his heroes in the field, the common error quite naturally instilled by his writings was that sportsmen as a class were excessively given to drink; and that Nimrod must be not only a mighty hunter before the Lord but a mighty drinker as well. Forester was not alone in ascribing to the sportsman of that day valiant prowess with the bottle. The *Spirit of the Times* was the accepted organ of the craft, and many of the writers who contributed stories of shooting and fishing successfully emulated Herbert in their chronicles of drinking achievements. An examination of the files of the old *Spirit* would show that there was abundant ground for this complaint of a correspondent whose letter was published in one of the September numbers of 1855:

> Another of your correspondents goes on a hunting expedition with two or three gentlemen. His description of the sport is very exciting and makes us wish that we were of the party, but from a perusal of the introductory paragraphs you might suppose that he was about establishing a wholesale liquor shop in the backwoods, where free lunches were to be dispensed to all who might travel that way. After the day's hunt is over he tells you how the party conducted themselves, and you certainly could not be censured for saying that our friend is either given to exaggeration or else the party of gentlemen have altogether forgotten what belongs to their character. The Rev. Mr. Beecher can give us a "A Day's Fishing" without catching a trout, and some of your correspondents have given "A Day's Hunt" in most bewitching colors without killing a deer, or getting drunk. Let your correspondents always remember that the hunt—the sport—is the thing we want, not the quantity of liquor drank, the number of cigars smoked or the amount of provender which one of the party contrived to stuff into himself. (In one case an individual is described as eating for breakfast as much as would certainly serve half a dozen laboring men for a whole day.)

In spite of an occcasional protest like this, the good things to drink continued to be dwelt upon with affectionate minuteness and prolixity by the *Spirit* writers, and as the public drew from that journal its notions of sport and sportsmen, it quite naturally put the man of the gun and his companion of the rod in a class specially addicted to the consumption of cocktails. Long years ago the *Spirit of the Times* gave up its shooting and fishing correspondence, and the FOREST AND STREAM stepped into favor as a substitute. Long years ago, too, the FOREST AND STREAM deliberately gave up shooting and fishing correspondence in which the bottle played a conspicuous part; and by this time it should be commonly understood by all intelligent people that the old order of things has passed away. Nevertheless so tenacious has been the popular association of the bottle with fishing and shooting, that even in these days a fisherman is astonished to find an anglers' hotel in the wilderness with never an emergency drop of whisky for a sprained thumb.

WE publish a particularly interesting article on salmon fishing in Monterey Bay, California, contributed by our sometimes correspondent, Mr. J. Parker Whitney of Boston, known among many of our fishing fraternity as one of the most persistent and experienced anglers in the country. In fact Mr. Whitney's experience with salmon and trout in hundreds of waters, extending over a period of the greater part of half a century, make him eminently qualified to present and review the novel subject he has presented. Mr. Whitney's village of buildings at the Richardson lakes, of the Rangeley waters, which he has frequented for the last thirty-five years, are well known to the visitors of that locality; and there he has passed months yearly, and his record of trout and salmon have been hardly equalled.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THROUGH THE HEART OF PERU.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

AFTER a six days' wait in Moyabamba we discovered that absolutely no efforts were being made to secure us peons, and that this arose, not from the pleasure of our society, but from the fact that one of our party was a physician, and as the profession of medicine was unrepresented in the place, it was thought well to allow him plenty of time to remove numerous wens and other kinds of tumors, which seemed to be prevalent in the town. By dint of united effort we finally persuaded the Prefect to let us have three soldiers, who, with an old Indian and his wife and a resident of the town who volunteered to carry a third of our load*, we hoped would enable us to transport our luggage. The old lady was warranted to carry a stout load herself, and certainly her garments could not impede her movements, for all she wore was a single skirt reaching from the waist to the knee. Just before starting we were fortunate enough to secure the services of two more peons, stout young fellows, one accompanied by his wife, a plump girl of eighteen, with piquant face and *retroussé* nose. Her costume was the same as the old lady's, but as we had previously passed through a number of villages where all the women were attired in this way, with the addition of a quantity of blue paint on the face, we were not as forcibly impressed by the lack of apparel as we might otherwise have been.

On the afternoon of the seventh day of our stay we set out, having first presented our pleasant host with a revolver. He gave us letters to the Governors of Yurimaguas and Balsa Puerto, to the naval commander of Iquitos and to Señor Sisley, a prominent citizen of Yurimaguas, also an official order on every Governor in the whole Department of Loreto, commanding them to forward us on our journey with all due dispatch. The term "Governor" in Peru is equivalent to our Mayor, the official presiding over a town simply.

A two hours' walk brought us to Guninge. The peons and soldiers came straggling in later, the latter drunk and having neglected to bring any food. They wanted six reals (sixty cents) for plantains. We gave them. Next they demanded a chicken. Our answer was negative, couched in very forcible language. Next morning we made an early start after paying the Governor of the town his very moderate charge of three pesos, $2.40, for our room and food, consisting of chicken, coffee, yucas, chocolate and eggs.

Our poor old Quichua † woman could hardly walk owing to tertianas, a kind of chills and fever. A liberal dose of quinine, however, enabled her to keep along. The path was very muddy, but otherwise not bad. One of the soldiers gave out. We lightened his load by degrees until he carried nothing, but still he declined to proceed. Finally, with the aid of some native rum and threats of violence, we got him to keep on his feet until our arrival in the evening at the hacienda of Señor Gomez, Jesus del Monte, the last house on our journey before reaching Salina. There we spent the night and replenished our stock of provisions. We were also fortunate enough to secure one more peon.

We made an early start next morning and found the path extremely bad. Up and down hill, in mud and water to the knees, over slippery logs and moss-covered rocks we made our way, pulling ourselves up perpendicular ascents by means of vines and projecting roots, fording one stream nineteen times, now and then getting pretty severe falls, and drenched to the skin by torrents of tropical rain.

We were now in the heart of the virgin forest. On every side were enormous trees overrun with trailing vines and with orchids here and there growing on the moss-covered limbs. In many places so thick was the growth above, that for long stretches we passed over sodden ground where the rays of the sun never fell. There was an absolute dearth of animal life; we saw no snakes, a piece of good fortune probably, since parts of this route are supposed to be infested by them, and a peon shortly before, we were told, had died from the bite of one. In fact between Jesus del Monte and Balsa Puerto we saw no animal living or dead with the exception of a puma, which an Indian had just shot, using a cheap Belgian gun looking like a toy, into which he had put a round bullet. We pushed on and in the evening reached a small hut called Tambo Pinquillo. The tambo consisted of some upright sticks with boughs for a roof. No fire would burn, and we spent a wretched night with the rain dripping through the covering of the tambo.

Next morning we learned that one of the soldiers had not come in the night before. Among the things which comprised his load were 300 silver soles, my letter of credit and all of my tobacco. We sent back two peons in search of him and spent our time lying in the tambo in the dripping rain. In the afternoon, greatly to our relief, the peons and the soldier with the luggage turned up, but the rain was too heavy for us to proceed. The old Indian with his wife sat at a distance from the others and employed his time in making a wooden comb. He never exchanged words with any one, and he and his wife cooked plantains, their only article of diet, entirely apart from the rest. It is worthy of remark that all peons in this district, though carrying heavy loads through long days' journeys, subsist on the plantain alone, which they roast in the embers. Their burdens are supported upon their shoulders and kept in place by strips of bark or cloth which broaden into a band worn across the forehead, where comes the principal strain. In walking they lean heavily upon a stout stick, and I have seen a number of places in ascents and descents where holes from 3 to 6in. deep have been cut into the soft and porous rock by the constant placing of these sticks on the same spot by great numbers of peons through long periods of time.

The following day was clear. We walked four leagues over a somewhat better trail, though we were obliged to ford four streams in their various twists and turns a score of times. We reached Tambo Chuculluyaco in the middle of the afternoon and found the little tampo already occupied by some Indians, who very graciously yielded it to us, and with their machetes or long, heavy knives, which all Indians in the interior use in place of axes, they speedily made another for themselves.

It is seldom that over one or two Indians in the party are wealthy enough to possess a machete. These precede the others on the march, lopping off small branches, hanging vines, etc. The Indians will accept only American steel for the blades, and I have been told that savages up the Marañon who cannot even count, know how to detect an American trade mark.

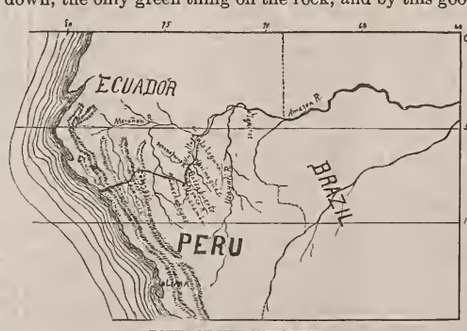
We made an early start the next morning and ascended an interminable hill for four hours. Twice we mounted rocks 40ft. long almost at an angle of 45°, down which ran small streams of water; next we came to a waterfall 150ft. high and 50ft. in breadth. The river was too deep to ford and too rapid to swim, and could be crossed at but one place only 3ft. above the edge of the fall, where the water became shallower, reaching half way between the knees and the waist, and where a ledge of rock running across the stream served as a brace for one foot and the walking stick, while with the other foot the traveler would have

A TROPHY OF WAR.

One of these tribes, by an unknown process and without any apparent incision after decapitation, removes all traces of bone from the heads of the slain and allows the flesh to dry. Of these heads, one seen by us was no larger than an apple, and yet the features were perfectly preserved, and with the long hair had rather a ludicrous appearance.—*Part I., page 61.*

to work his way over. The position was a very trying one. A number of peons had been drowned at this place.

Prior to crossing, an incident occurred which might have brought my journey to an abrupt conclusion. The stream ran between high banks, and at the fall between a mass of rock on either side. This rock sloped toward the stream but at a still greater angle toward the fall, an angle so acute that a body must roll or slide into the falling water unless in some way enabled to check its progress by outside means. I reached the rock first and proceeded to descend the wet and slippery side, when suddenly my foot shot from under me and down I rolled over and over toward the middle of the cataract. At this stage, when death seemed certain, I managed to seize a projecting root of a small bush which grew in a cleft about 20ft. down, the only green thing on the rock, and by this good



ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION.

fortune I succeeded in checking my progress. The descent was too steep to permit me to rise to my feet, yet not steep enough to throw very much of my weight on the bush as I lay extended. My companions, thunderstruck for an instant, quickly let down a long piece of tough vine and pulled me up.

With nerves somewhat shaken we made the dangerous crossing and pushed on to Salina, a descent of six miles, so steep in places that we could scarcely keep our feet. We arrived before dark, having ten times forded the Cachiyaco.* At Salina that night I slept on a bed for the first time in many days. It boasted no mattress, having only slats, and my body the next morning somewhat resembled the American flag, but still it was a bed, and very much better than sleeping in a puddle of water.

The following day we reached Balsa Puerto early in the afternoon, two of us getting there somewhat ahead of the rest and far in advance of the peons, one of whom had my pantaloons which I had given him to carry on account of the numerous streams to be forded. Attired in my undergarments only, I walked into the presence of the Governor and delivered our letter of introduction. He seemed slightly suspicious of us, but became more affable later on. He billeted us upon one family for a room and upon another for food. Shortly after our arrival we were joined by a Frenchman, who had drifted to the place and taken up his abode there. He was perfectly delighted to find that two of us spoke his language, one very fluently. Taking us to his house he insisted upon our joining him in drinking a couple of bottles of wine. This wine was a kind of new port from Portugal, via the Amazon, and from here on we found it where it was possible to get anything. Upon the arrival of the peons I resumed my trousers, which I think rather increased the Governor's confidence in us. One peon did not come in with the rest and we sent two men after him. His continued absence with part of our luggage, and the swollen streams, kept us three days at Balsa Puerto. At the end of this time the peons who had been sent back returned with our baggage. They had found their companion ill in the woods and had left him there, promising to pick him up on their return. We never heard what became of the poor fellow.

During our stay at Balsa Puerto our friend, the Frenchman, gave a fandango in our honor which we all attended, although I had never danced a step in my life. The ball was held in a log house with a floor of earth, and lighted by tallow candles, stuck here and there on the walls. Upon a table were numerous bottles of the rather heady port previously mentioned, and of aguardiente, the native spirits.

Besides our party there were about fifteen Indian girls, young and graceful, and as many men. The music consisted of the beat of a drum and the voice of the drummer. The dancing begins by two girls approaching the men with whom they wish to dance and slowly waving their handkerchiefs; the men rise instantly, also handkerchief in hand, which, during the dance, all wave in unison, with graceful movements of the body, somewhat resembling the motions of the East Indian Nautch girls. When the dance is completed the men select partners in a manner similar to the girls and the figure begins again. During all this time the girls who are not taking part in the dance are filling tumblers of port, from which they take perhaps a mouthful and then send them to the men whom their choice dictates, the recipient being expected to drink considerably more than the lair one to whom he is indebted for the wine. At first the young and supple Indian girls let us severely alone, but at length the wine began to have its effect and finally as many as three glasses reached me at once, while six soft, dark eyes looked at me ready to return my salute when the wine touched my lips (I shall confine myself to my personal experience at the ball). I was having a most enjoyable time drinking my port and watching the dancers when, to my intense horror, a young girl advanced and waved her handkerchief before me. I looked appealingly at the Frenchman. "You must do it," he whispered, "to refuse would be a deadly insult, and would be promptly resented by her male friends." Oh horrors! I have as much ear for time and tune as a cow and can dance about as gracefully, and the idea of making a spectacle of myself was simply appalling. I drained a glass of port and arose to my feet and the dance began. It was justly watched with intense interest by the entire room and lasted a veritable eternity. Finally it ended, and with a long, deep sigh of relief, I returned to my seat beside the Frenchman. The music stopped and there was an expectant pause. "Now, you must select a lady," said my friend. Good gracious! was the agony to be endured again? "I'll take the same one," I said, "perhaps she has learned my style." "Oh, no," replied he, "that would be too marked an attention; it wouldn't do." Nerved by another glass of port I walked over to a beautiful girl of about fifteen, who in the most embarrassed manner declined. It was immediately explained, however, that no insult was intended, and that timidity alone prevented her from joining in the dance; my next attempt was more successful, and at length I was free. I returned to my bench and was watching the dancers, when suddenly the larger part of those present ran pell mell out of the room, and at the same time some one, as I thought, lifted up the end of my bench and very nearly threw me to the floor. I looked around to see who had taken this liberty. I was alone. In a minute or two the guests came straggling back, and to my inquiry as to what had occurred, my French friend answered, "An earthquake." This broke up the ball.

On the afternoon of the fourth day at Balsa Puerto we made a start down the Cachiyaco. Two dugouts, one 35ft. long for ourselves, propelled by four Indians, and one 10ft. shorter, with three to handle the paddles, for the luggage, furnished our means of conveyance. We reached Esperanza after dark and slept on the floor of a little hut, our rest being somewhat troubled by swarms of rats. In the morning we bought 25lbs. of salt fish for the men and an abundance of native rum; for while in America "money makes the mare go," here in the heart of Peru aguardiente is far more efficacious. The banks of the rapid Cachiyaco are tropical in the extreme. Bananas, towering palms and trees of hard wood, interlaced by a matted mass of vines, form an impenetrable barrier of foliage. Flocks of screeching parrots and gorgeously-plumed macaws, with here and there curious looking birds of the heron family, hovered over us, all contributing to make a scene never to be forgotten.

About mid-day we turned into the less swift Paranapuras. Before dusk the scene fairly beggared description as we lay in our canoe on piles of blankets, lazily gliding down the stream in the blue and pink sunset. The half-clad Indian paddling at the bow, the steersman seated in the stern, the air filled with flights of parrots, noisily seeking their roosting place among the lofty palms. Long after dark we reached Muniche, a town of six houses.

Making an early start next morning at about 1 P. M., we turned into the Huallaga and an hour later reached Yurimaguas. The principal houses of this town are built in a square, the pavement being raised about a foot

*A full load sometimes exceeds 100lbs.

† Native Indian.

* Yaco is the Quichua for "water," and nearly all the names of rivers in this section terminated in it; as Pumayaco, the tiger water, etc.

from the street and inclosed by a fence. Those wishing to enter a house or a shop must go to a gate at the end of the street and walk up inside. The paling is put up to keep out the cattle that frequent the plaza. In spite of warnings as to poisonous fish, fever and other terrors, we took a dip in the river. It seems there is some danger of pirañas,* a species of fish which bores through the flesh to the bone. I have seen ugly scars from these wounds.

In the evening we delivered our letter to the Governor, who promised to have a "balsa" constructed for us. The native balsa consists of a number of logs of wood so light that nails will not hold, bound together with a species of vine. In the center a house is built of poles covered with plaited leaves and floored with cane, large enough to accommodate the party. In the rear a table with a layer of earth on top serves as a fire-place for all culinary needs.

The next morning we called upon the Governor again, and found that nothing had been done. The procrastinating spirit of these people can be best illustrated by a little incident. Early in the day a woman called upon us and explained that she was suffering from a tumor, that there was no doctor in the place, and that she had learned that there was one in the party. Our physician examined the tumor and found that a comparatively slight operation would effect a cure. This he explained to the woman, who replied that she would call round the next day. "But to-morrow we shall have left," said he. "That's too bad," answered the woman; "I should like to have it removed to-morrow." We passed the day in idleness, smoking cigarettes of Tarapota tobacco.

On the following morning we discovered that no steps had been taken toward the construction of the balsa. We called upon the supine Governor, and showing our order from the Prefect of Loreto, supplemented by another from the Minister of War in Lima, we peremptorily demanded that something be speedily done. The orders worked liked a charm, and the Governor, apparently pretty well aroused, went to work at once. He got out the police force and promptly seized four Indians belonging to a neighboring tribe living on the river's bank and confined them in jail. Next he set his policemen at work on the balsa, which was speedily completed. Then the officers of the law escorted the four Indians from the calaboose to the balsa, managing to lose one en route, who broke away and took to the woods. The Governor assured us that when caught he would receive fifty blows and undergo imprisonment.

Our crew was nearly nude, having their faces covered with achote, a crimson paint, and wearing tightly bound around their waists strips of snake skin, while suspended from their neck were alligator teeth pierced through the center. The skin and teeth are worn as charms against snake bites and drowning. Nothing but the quintessence of laziness could have caused these gentry to be averse to making a short trip where liberal pay and abundant food were assured them. But such is the Peruvian Indian; and such, I may say with equal truth, is the Peruvian.

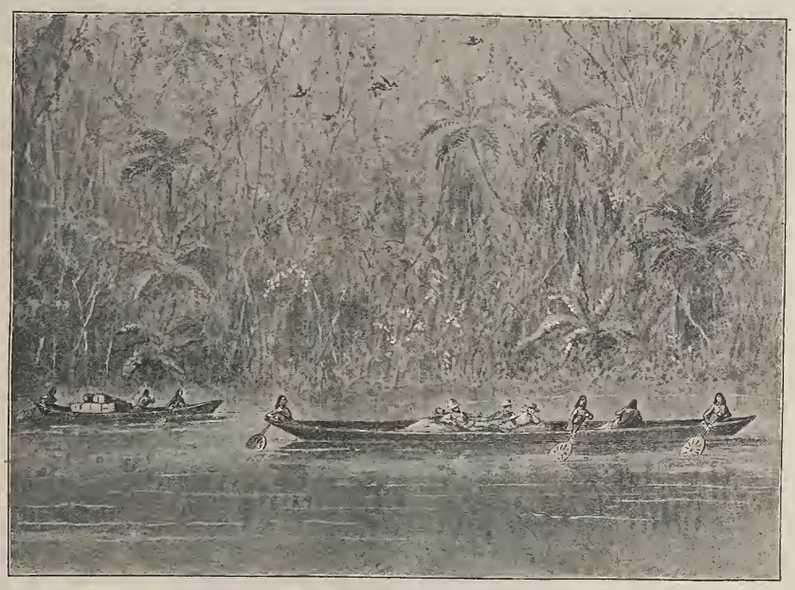
About noon we took leave of the Governor, and having promised not to report him, started on our journey. Oh, what luxury to have nothing to do! After our long ride and the hardships of the walk, how delicious to recline on the balsa in the moonlight and blow clouds of smoke from our cigarettes.

The succeeding day we spent gliding down the Huallaga, every now and then shooting at, and uniformly missing, large cranes a long distance away on the river's bank. In the afternoon two of us got into a small dug-out, that the Indians had brought along for their return, and paddled along the shore. The men seemed much astonished to see me paddle from one side, as the custom in this region is to change at each stroke when paddling singly. My friend shot a few strange birds looking like very small vultures which the Indians cooked and greedily ate. Our Indians did very little paddling, but were ever ready to accept aguardiente and cigarettes. The next morning the sun rose bright and clear upon the banks of the Huallaga. I got into our canoe with a companion and paddled along the shore, which here and during the rest of our journey was covered with trees, around and between which grew such a dense mass of vegetation, such a solid tangle of vines and parasitical plants that to effect an entrance would have been impossible without hewing one's way step by step. My companion shot two fine cranes, and a large duck of a species unknown to us.

In the afternoon we arrived at La Laguna. Our Indians whose term of service ended here (having been paid in advance) took their canoes and promptly started home, perhaps fearing another Governor with his police force. We secured four Indians after about five hours' delay, myriads of mosquitoes assailing us through the afternoon on our trip down the river. During the night we entered the Marañon, which we had seen as a tiny stream early in our journey.

*Also called caneros.

The following day my companion and I had an adventure which might have terminated seriously. We paddled away from the balsa in pursuit of a duck which we wounded and chased for some time. After securing our game we looked for our raft. It was not in sight. We paddled rapidly down stream and shortly came to a place where the river divided into three branches. Still no signs of the raft. We took the middle course, and after a time were convinced by the diminished speed of the current (about three miles an hour on the Marañon and Amazon) that we had taken the wrong channel. To return against the current was not to be thought of, and after two hours' hard paddling through slack water we came to a small natural canal running through the woods. This we followed for a time, and presently came out on



DOWN THE CACHIYACO.

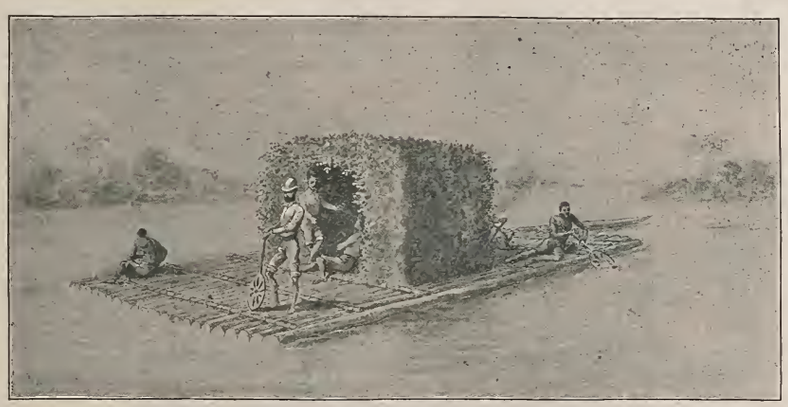
Drawn by A. Tholey.

the open river. But where was the balsa, above or below us? If above, we must wait. If below, every instant was precious, as night was coming on and we were in a perfect wilderness. My companion was unskilled in the use of a paddle and I was worn out by long exertion, heat and excitement. At length we pushed on, choosing a point near the bank where the current was most swift, but filled with the branches of trees and sharp-pointed snags. One of the pointed stakes, through a miscalculation in steering, made an ugly rent in my nether garments, without, however, touching the skin. At length far below we spied a speck on the surface of the water, which might possibly be our balsa; and such it turned out to be. We had been absent five hours and found the rest of the party greatly relieved to see us.

The next day we reached Parinari, from where our Indians, after receiving two dollars apiece for the journey, were to return to La Laguna. It takes six or eight days to paddle back against the current, and during this time they live upon fish which they harpoon. We found the Governor away from home, but the chief citizen of the place promised to procure us Indians and presented us with two bunches of bananas, each banana being about the size of one's finger and of the most delicious flavor. The skin was so tender that it broke like the skin of a peach.

After a wait of a number of hours four Indian boys of not over fourteen years of age were shoved on board and we started. The poor little fellows seemed frightened to death, but their fears did not prevent them later on from going soundly to sleep. Awakening them was of no avail, and during the rest of the trip my companions and myself kept regular watch at night. There was but one danger to apprehend, that the raft drift among the snags near shore, which pointing up stream at an acute angle, could very readily inflict a serious wound.

From Parinari to Iquitos was a journey of three days and nights, characterized by the same superb weather, interspersed here and there with tropical rains of an hour's duration. During this time we passed the town of Nauta, where the Yucayali flows into the Marañon. We often varied our diet by eating the flesh of fat parrots made into a delicious soup. These birds flew in large flocks above the balsa and it seemed a shame to kill creatures of such gorgeous plumage.



ON A BALSA.

Painted from description of author by A. Tholey.

Iquitos*, where to our great regret our journey by balsa ended, is the capital of the Department of the Bajo Amazonas, which borders upon Brazil. It had 1,357 inhabitants at the time of our visit, and was once quite an important place, being the Peruvian Naval Station on the Amazon. The only room we could secure had a puddle of stagnant water in the middle and no window. This was out of the question, and we proceeded to deliver our letter to Captain Smith, Sub-Prefect of the Department, who took us all in and gave us a room with looking glass and table. Such magnificence fairly turned our heads, and to be in keeping we shaved and donned our first linen shirts in many weeks. Captain Smith was of English descent, and was married to a charming English woman. During our nine days' stay in Iquitos, they did for us everything that lay in their power, frankly telling us that it was impossible to procure such food as they could wish, and that we must content ourselves with the dishes of the country; this of course we were only too glad to do The menu during our stay consisted either of turtle steak, tasting like veal, or the meat of the manitee, or sea-cow; with yucas, the native potato of very delicate flavor, and turtle eggs, in lieu of buttter. For dessert we had plantains fried in sugar and bananas with cheese, after the Brazilian fashion. During dinner a large parrot stood by the captain's plate helping itself to some dainty morsel from time to time and thrusting its head forward to be scratched. At dessert the first day, the bird paid me a visit and rewarded my attempts to be friendly by a sharp bite on the finger.

Captain Smith lived in a cool, airy house which was at all times comfortable, as the thermometer at Iquitos stands within 5 degrees of 80° all the year round. Mrs. Smith had as a maid a young girl about 17, with dark blue, or rather violet eyes, and a superb head of flaxen hair; her complexion was dazzling and the effect produced was all the stronger, inasmuch as for months we had seen nothing in the shape of women beyond sallow Peruvians and the more swarthy Indian maidens. She belonged to that mysterious tribe, fast decreasing in numbers, remnants of which are still found in the interior of Peru; as fair as the fairest Saxons, all trace of their origin is lost. Are they the last of the Incas, the race that ruled the Indians when Pizarro came? Who can tell? This young girl spoke some English, and I made many opportunities to talk with her and quite won her heart by giving her a number of pictures of assorted saints that had been left over from our trade with the Indians.

Everything in Iquitos was upside down. The town depended wholly upon salaries from the government, which for two years had been paid in certificates of indebtedness. There was not a particle of specie in the place, and all debts were allowed to accrue until they amounted to a good round snm, when they were liquidated if at all by the certificates (which usually were for about one hundred soles each) at fifty per cent. discount. The town was in a ferment of discontent.

One day our party with our host, accompanied by John Parker, an Englishman, fourteen years resident in Iquitos, started for the cabin of the latter, some eight or ten miles up the river. A large canoe paddled by four stout peons carried us there in a couple of hours. We killed a good sized alligator en route. These animals were very numerous, and apparently had never before heard the sound of fire-arms, as they lay perfectly still until struck, while shot after shot was fired. Upon our arrival we were welcomed by Mrs. Parker, a full-blooded Indian, who took a good look at us and remarked in Spanish, "Why, they are quite like Christians," her ideas of North America being very vague.

It was here that I first drank masato, and I may add that my first drink was the last. Neither Smith nor Parker touched it, but I am ever ready to experiment. After I had drained a glass (the taste resembled buttermilk) they explained the process of manufacture. In the evening women, as a rule old and ugly, since the younger ones have usually something better to do, sit around a tub and chew yucas. They expectorate into the tub and the saliva, when fermented, constitutes masato. What a powerful lever in the cause of temperance were whisky manufactured in this way. None slept that night, owing to the mosquitoes.

At 4.30 A. M. we started for a point where we had some fine parrot shooting. Next our four peons with machetes cut a pathway through the solid tangle of vines into a small pond, which we poisoned with bar-

*490 miles from Yuramaguas.

basco. Barbasco is a root, which pounded in water causes the water to assume a milky appearance, and imparts to it the property to intoxicate fish, which then skip around the surface of the pond and are readily speared from canoes. We half filled a small dugout, the fish being of various species unknown to us.

We returned to Parker's and breakfasted off a portion of our spoils, and soon after started for Iquitos, taking a short cut through a small creek. Never had I seen such a sight before. Enormous trees rose on either side, while graceful palms overhung the water's edge. Parrots, macaws, toucans, herons and cranes flew in every direction; woodpeckers, with crimson breasts and greenish backs, darted in and out among the trees, while kingfishers as small as swallows with plumage like burnished copper flashed here and there in th sunshine. The vines trailing in the water from overhanging trees were alive with little birds with heads of yellow and of scarlet, and the whole air was noisy with the chattering and twittering of the feathered tribe. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

Upon our return to Iquitos we found that the small steamer which was to take us down the Amazon had arrived. It brought the news, via Brazil, that Captain Smith's brother, Colonel Smith, whom we had met in Lima, had been elected to represent the Bajo Amazonas in the Peruvian Congress. The tidings had spread through the town and a crowd soon surrounded the sub-prefecture, and after three rousing cheers an Indian stepped forward and made the following speech, which was certainly brief and to the point:

"Long life to our new Deputy. Long life to our Sub-Prefect. Aguardiente for the boys."

Two days later, taking the steamer, we started on our twenty days' journey down the Amazon.

CLARENCE BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XII.

Waiting for Tidings.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prolonged revels of the previous night, several neighbors dropped in at the shop in the Linter the evening of the following day to learn of any news of the ravager of Joel Bartlett's flock. Sam had not yet returned from his quest, and while they awaited his coming with different degrees of patience, they fell very naturally into the accustomed ways of the old shop.

Solon Briggs took his seat behind the stove. Joseph Hill seated himself with laborious care on the chair of most doubtful stability, Antoine sat on the floor with legs crossed after the fashion of Turks and tailors. Pelatiah perched uncomfortably, as became his state of mind, on the corner of the shoe bench. With the autocrat of the little realm on his leathern throne, the social pipes alight, Pelatiah ruminating his innocuous cud, they could hardly realize that the old familiar intercourse had suffered a three years' hiatus.

Uncle Lisha yawned over his work till he pounded his thumb with a misdirected stroke, and then while he sucked the injured digit, impatiently cast aside hammer, awl and lasted shoe.

"Consarn it all," he grumbled, "carummuxin don't sarve so well wi' seventy odd as it does wi' twenty odd year. Jest one night on 't hes made me sleepier 'n a Quaker meetin', but when I was Peltier's age I c'd go it eight nights in a week an' work busy 's a bee all day. Dumbd if I try tu work. Seem's ef 'twas 'baout time for Sam tu come hum."

"I should raly like to know what specie of savagarous beast has been a deevastatin' Joel's sheep."

"Proberbly," said Joseph, venturing to tilt his chair on its front legs to enable him to spit at the stove hearth, "it's a wolf er suthin'." The chair gave a creak ominous of collapse, and he carefully readjusted it to its complete if precarious support of his weight. "Seem's 'ough this 'ere chair was a leetle mite more weewaw 'an it uster be," and he leaned cautiously to one side and the other to inspect the spreading legs, "but I don't know as it is," slowly bending forward for a general survey of them, between his spread knees, "I guess it'll stan' a spell."

"I wish 't you'd bust the tarnal ol' thing, Jozeff," said Uncle Lisha, with nervous impatience. "It's squeaked an' it's squoke till I am sick an' tired of it."

"It best was, you'll soet where Ah 'll was, Zhoseff, den it ant da danger for fall off or broke up you sit, ant it?"

"Judgin' f'm what I hearn," said Uncle Lisha, after watching the chair with a hope of the fulfillment of his wish, "I s'pect it's a wolf. It's ben a good spell sen there's ben one on 'em raound these parts. It's a massy the varmints ain't so thick as they used tu be. When I was a boy you c'd hear 'em a yowlin' up on the maountain, most any night, 'nough tu make yer back freeze. Naow an' agin, they used tu kill folks, I s'pose. I never knowed o' their killin' anybody fer sartain, but some on 'em 'lowed they killed Cephas Worth an' eat him clean up, an' then agin, some cal'lated they didn't."

"Haow was 't?" Pelatiah asked agape, the swab wherewith he was greasing his boot, arrested half way between it and the pot of neat's foot oil.

"If it wan't 'at I got feelin's for ye," said Uncle Lisha, regarding his employment with some severity of expression, "I wouldn't allow you tu waste that precious intement on none o' Clapham's store boots. That aire was made for honest boots, but it don't signify, ile away. Why the way on 't was, ye see Cephas was sugarin' way up on the aidge o' the maountain a mild f'm hum. He hed him a shanty an' kerried up provisions tu last him tew three days an' wouldn't go hum on'y abaout oncte in so often, jest puttin' in his best licks makin' sugar, when there was a big run o' sap. Well, it run all along one spell, nigh onter a week, an' he didn't come hum, an' his womern begun tu tew abaout him, 'cause it wan't no gre't sugar weather an' she knowed his victuals must be all used up, 'cause he was hearty tu eat, an' bimeby she raousted aout the neighbors tu go an' look him up. Another thing 'at made 'em oneasy abaout him was 'at the wolves was turrible sassy that spring, an' they'd hearn 'em a yowlin' up in the neighborhood o' Cephas's camp oncommon, so up they went, Beedy along wi' the rest on 'em. Obedience her name was, but they all called her Beedy. When they come to 't, the shanty was hove hither an' yon, an' tore tu flinders, an' not a sign o' Cephas on'y a piece o' kwut, an' a dozen bones gnawed clean. Some was cock sure they was his'n, an' some hed the' daoubts on 't, an' there was some sprinkle o' blood an' wolf tracks all raound thicker 'n spatter, an' ev'rything clawed and chewed, 'ceptin' the tub o' sugar. Beedy hed it kerried hum an' sol' it off spry. I s'pose the' was a kin' of a skeery flavor tu it, made folks hanker arter it.

"Wal, Beedy took on dreffly an' hed a tantrybogus fit on 'caount o' Cephas bein' killed an' eat up by wolves so 't there wan't 'nough on him left fer a fun'al, scacely. But she made 'em peek up the bones an' they took 'em hum an' there wa' quite a respectable fun'al considerin' the remains, wi' preachin' an' prayin' an' cryin'. An' Beedy, she hed a grave stun sot up an', twixt hoin' an' hayin', she pulled up stakes an' went off somewhere, said she couldn't stan' it tu stay where she'd suffered such a loss. But there was lots o' folks 'at didn't believe the' was no 'casion fer a fun'al. Cephas was turribly in debt an' his creditors a threatenin' tu jail him—the' useter jail folks fer debt in them times—an' he was awful scared o' bein' shet up, an' so they cal'lated he'd jest made a show o' bein' clawed an' chawed an' eat up, an' had cleared aout an' Beedy 'd gone tu fin' him. An' the' was others at stuck to 't he'd raly been killed. I do know the rights on 't, mebby he was an' mebby he wan't, but tew three year arterward the' was a peddler, name o' Treuman Weeks, 'at useter travel over three four States, come raound here an' he tol' tu the tarvern 'baout a feller 't he staid with way aout in York State 'at faound aout he'd ben in these parts an' enquired turrible particler baout everybody in Danvis. But the nub on 't was the feller said he'd lived in Vermont forty year, a warrin' with God and wild beasts till they beat him an' he'd gi'n up an' put aout ther' tu 'scape 'em. The feller's name as he gin it the' didn't nob'dy remember, but the peddler said he'd allers remembered the name the feller called his wife, 't was sech a odd saounding one, Beedy. Puttin' this an' that together, folks s'mised 'twas Cephas Worth, but I d' know. Why on airth," turning and peering out of the broad, low window, "don't that Samwel come along hum?"

"Dat mek me rembler," cried Antoine, hastening to improve the first opportunity offered him to speak, "baout one mans in Canada ——"

"Consarn that everlastin' man in Canady," Uncle Lisha growled.

"But Ah 'll wan tol you baout it an' baout de loup garou dat was be mans wen hee'll min' to an' wolfs wen hee'll min' to."

SMALL BOY AND BIG TROUT.

"Antwine, shet yer head. Samwel's comin' an' he'll hev suthin' wuth a tellin'."

The noise of stamping feet was heard on the doorstep and Samuel entered. All eyes were turned inquiringly upon him, for he wore the triumphant air of one who bears important tidings.

"Wal?" Uncle Lisha laconically voiced the impatience of the audience.

"Arter a good deal o' sarchin', I faound the track an' follered it tu a spreuce cobble a mild east o' Joel's, an' I cal'late he'll lay up there till he gits hungry agin. I've tol' ev'y body 'long my way hum, an' neow you fellers want to start right straight aout an' pass raound word to ev'ybody to rally in the mornin' an' meet at Joel Bartlett's. S'posin' Solen an' Joseph notify the folks up their way an Antoine them up his'n, an' Peltier daown west, an' as soon's I get a bite o' suthin' tu eat I'll go over to the store where there'll be a lot a loafin' raound 'at I can send word to heaps o' folks. It's airly in the evenin' an' the's time tu raoust aout a party 'at 'll make it lively for the ol' wolf. Turn 'em aout, Uncle Lisher."

The visitors arose to depart, Antonie sighing as he went.

"Bah gosh, Ah 'll hope it aint one loup garou. I'il goin' tol' you 'baout dat, firs' chance Ah'll gat of it."

"Make it a p'int tu stop int' Varney's an' tell him 'baout the wolf hont, Peltier," Lisha whispered, as he followed his visitors to the door. He watched them depart their several ways in the moonlight, and then looked up to the star-bejeweled sky.

"It's clear as a Christian's conscience an' not a breath a stirrin'. I s'pose I might go aout an' holler the news in the doo' yard so't some on 'em c'ld hear it. But I might skeer the wolf an' so I guess I'll go tu bed. It'll be a good day for the hunt, Sam." ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

"PODGERS'S" COMMENTARIES.

I SEE you have taken up the case of the alligators and lament their gradual destruction. For the life of me I can't see anything worth preserving in that ugly brute of a saurian, nor can I find any bond of sympathy in my soul for him. Of course he has a right to live if he can manage it. Between the darkies hunting his hide and the tourist who bangs away at him from the deck of a steamboat he has a pretty lively time of it. It is the darky that is most to be feared, as he creeps upon him and shoots at close quarters, while the Florida tourist seldom hits anything.

I think I have a latent prejudice against the alligator from my having lost many a duck by him when shooting in the South, as he has a sly way of rising just under the duck and absorbing him as you essay to pick up your bird. If you can point out any redeeming qualities the beastly thing has I will in a spirit of justice give him due credit, but to my eyes he appears at his best converted into a club bag, with nice gilt lock and trimmings. I think he would be reconciled and proud to see himself in a show window or the hands of a pretty woman. It is a very rare case of such supreme ugliness converted into things of such beauty.

On the whole, I think it justifiable to bag the alligator to get the alligator bag—and I shall not mingle any crocodile tears with you over his extinction, inasmuch as I am already looking forward to the cheapening of the article to acquire one.

Small Boy and Big Trout.

I notice you have struck in on fish stories again with illustrations of catches as confirmatory proof of the truthfulness of the statements; not a bad idea, and it suggests sending you the photo of a big fish and a precocious small boy. You will observe that it is a trout—a veritable trout, a veritable boy and a veritable pipe. It is merely a sample of many that have been and can be caught in a stream 'way back, a private reserve and preserve, I may say, simply because few fishermen will take the time and trouble to go so far as a two days' journey by rail to get to it, so it is virtually a preserve that few reach.

The fish exhibited is not of my catching, but that of a friend who is both a fisherman and a camera fiend, hence backs up his fishing with the photos.

It is a mutifying and lamentable condition of things, when fishermen have fallen into such a moral estimate as to be required to back up their statements in this way; but pot-fishermen have so demoralized the calling that it seems to be necessary apparently.

Grizzly Bears in California

are almost things of the past, and nearly extinct, but now and then an old fellow pops up to get popped at, as was the case a few days since down in Kern county. An old fellow that had been hanging around the locality for several years, doing no little damage to sheep and young stock, and cunningly eluding all attempts at capture, but met his fate at the hands of a couple of hunters a few days since. It was a running fight lasting many hours and required over thirty shots to kill him. The caliber of the rifles was .32, showing that however effective that caliber may be for ordinary game it won't do for large. Old grizzly scarcely minded the first dozen shots, although some were found to have penetrated and even passed through the heart, and also several through the head, which fact shows the failure in effect of such a light ball or the toughness of the grizzly. It, however, proves most conclusively that if you are after grizzlies you had better use a heavier arm, or the chances are the grizzly will be after you, and it was in the present case very remarkable that the one in question did not turn upon his assailants as usual when wounded. Possibly he did not consider a .32 bullet a sufficiently serious matter to justify until too late. PODGERS.

Natural History.

SOME OF THE WAYS OF BEARS.

VERY few people know that bears take to water naturally. They roam over the mountains and through the forests, dig open rotten logs for ants and worms, and secure all the hornets nests they can, tear them to pieces and eat the young grubs; pick and eat all the berries of every kind they can find, and would seem to belong to the exclusively dry land animals.

The fact is otherwise. They love the water, not, perhaps, as well as do the moose and deer, but better than most dry land animals. They are very fond of fish. I am not prepared to say they are epicurean, and choose what we esteem game fish, such as the salmon varieties, but as far as I know a fish is a fish to them large or small, and of whatever kind, and they show more cunning and instinct, if not reason, in capturing fish than many city chaps I have seen about the lakes.

I once came suddenly upon a very large bear in a thick swamp, lying upon a hollow log across a brook. I found after he had left that there was a large knot hole through the shell of the log, and he had run his paw through the hole, holding it in the water until he felt a fish, when he would close his paw on it. Thus he had secured quite a string of fish. The old fellow had been so interested in his sport that he did not notice me until I had got very near him, so I could see just how he managed his sport. After I had watched his movements awhile he finally discovered me and made off on a double quick into the dense underbrush, and, as luck would have it, I had no gun with me that day, and perhaps that may account for my being here writing about it now.

This brook was fairly alive with little trout, red-side suckers and black suckers, so our bear let himself out on this sport—he did not eat their heads. There was quite a pile of the log. I suppose the oil on his paws attracted the fish and baited them even better than a fly hook, and his toe nails were his hooks and sharp ones too, and once grabbed the fish were sure to stay.

Bears also catch frogs in these forest brooks and drink of the pure cold water in the hot summer days, and love to lie and cool themselves in the cozy pools, so they frequent the lowlands of the forest and follow the winding brooklets for pleasure as well as for food, and make deep paths, which every bear happening to go that way will follow. They often cross narrow places in lakes and rivers. They are good swimmers and appear to love to take a turn in the water. I once saw one swimming across from the main land to Students Island in the Moosehuemaguntic Lake, just a streak of his back showed above the water, looking like a floating log on the water. Some I have seen with the head only above the water. I account for this difference by the condition the bear is in—if he is fat he will more easily float, if lean he sinks deeper in the water. Some bears when shot in the water will sink at once to the bottom, and only rise when the gases accumulate, which is generally in ten days or two weeks. Others float when dead. I cannot account for these phenomena. We may all be allowed our opinion. What do you think about it?

If you row your boat up to a bear in the lake he will try to get hold of the boat or the oars and will capsize you if you do not look out. There should be two persons to capture bears in a boat—one to row and the other to

shoot, or to keep the bear from the boat, for he will surely try to get on board.

I have heard old hunters say, if you place an oar across the back of the bear's neck he would drown himself by putting both his forward paws up over the oar, holding his head under, and being unable to release himself, will drown.

An old hunter by the name of Leverett shot a bear swimming in Cupsuptic Lake from his boat, and rowed up to him to take him into the boat, and as he took hold of the fur of his back, the bear opened his mouth to bite. Leverett then let go, snatching his arm away, when the bear immediately sank out of sight and he lost him; but going that way some ten days later, the bear had come to the surface, and Leverett cut off the bear's nose and secured the bounty, but the fur was spoiled. When a boat approaches a bear in the water, the bear will open his mouth very wide, gnash his teeth together and make a loud mumbling, growling noise, enough to frighten almost any one. When a bear gets caught in a trap, he will make for water if possible, and if it is deep enough will drown, whether purposely or accidentally I cannot tell.

I know a party from Boston who were rowing up the Magalloway River and had Joe West for guide. When some seven miles up river they saw not far ahead an old mother bear and three cubs swimming the river, and by hard rowing cut them off before they reached the shore.

The party shot the old bear and the guide jumped overboard and secured a cub alive before they got to shore, the others they had to shoot, as in the melee they reached the woods. They had quite a circus and like to have upset the boat. It is always best to keep a cool head, but we may think what we should do in certain emergencies with wild beasts, but when the time actually arrives and it becomes a reality, the thing looks differently and we most likely become excited and use so little common sense as to be ashamed of it afterward. J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, Maine.

THE BABY CARIBOU.

I LEARN that the story of a baby caribou following up a farmer's heifer, which I gave in the FOREST AND STREAM a couple of weeks ago, is really true. I have a letter from Brother Gilman, of the Aroostook *Pioneer*, declaring that the story is true, and saying that two of his trusted men—the photographers mentioned below—have seen the caribou; that the little fellow is alive and well, and also inviting me to come down, and he will take me to see the natural wonder. I fear I have done Brother Gilman an injustice in presuming to doubt an item in so reliable a paper. Later I have a letter from the farmer himself, a respected citizen of Moro, who writes: "Yes, the caribou story is true, or nearly true. The 29th day of last May my son, while looking at our cattle, saw a very queer looking animal sucking our heifer, that never has had a calf. At a distance it looked like a rabbit, and it was about the size of a large rabbit when found. It was about a day old from appearances. It seemed weak for want of food and could just stagger around. He brought it home and sent for me. In the meantime my folks had sent the boy for a rubber in order to feed it from a bottle, but before he got back it had drank nearly a quart of milk without a rubber and seemed much stronger. It followed the boy around the yard and around the room. It made a noise, a grunting sound, or something like a duck—*haunk* or *aunk!*—without using the lips, probably using the tongue slightly, the noise being made in the throat. We felt that we were in rather an awkward situation, it being close time on such animals. Two ladies called one evening, just as the cattle were being driven into the yard. Among them was the heifer. Immediately the little caribou went for her again and sucked I should think five minutes, the two ladies clapping their hands and laughing at the sight. They said: 'Keep it by all means, and feed it.' This we have done. We thought that if it sucked the heifer it might suck our old cow. She is very gentle. I had killed her calf in the spring and my little girl had got another and put on her. I had killed that also. The cow let the little caribou suck about a fortnight, but as the little fellow grew stronger it would put both feet against her bag and butt, causing the cow to look around in astonishment. I feared she might hurt the little fellow, so we did not bother to let it suck, as it took so much attention three times a day. We now feed it milk three times a day. It seems to be all right and healthy. I lead him down into the woods, and he will play and caper, but at the least noise he will start for home. It is a buck caribou, the horns are just coming through. Mr. Mansur and Mr. White, of Houlton, called the other day and took his photograph.

J. FRANCIS CHASE."

The letter is a good one, and Mr. Chase will have the gratitude of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM for it. Later some more facts concerning the little fellow will be very pleasing to sportsmen and lovers of natural history.

SPECIAL.

BIRD NOTES FROM FLORIDA.

Feeding Habits of Ospreys.

ATLANTIC, Fla.—I have been very much interested lately in observing a number of fish-hawks who come over every day from the west bank and beyond of Indian River, and after a long or shorter trip to the ocean, wing their flight homeward, each bearing a fish in his talons. They cross two rivers, the Indian and Banana, each at least two miles wide at this point, and the narrow strip of land which forms the south end of Merritt's Island. These rivers swarm with fish far easier to obtain, it would appear, than to catch them in the ocean. So it would seem that the hawk prefers the flavor of a fish from the sea to one pickerel out of the Indian or Banana rivers. If this is not the reason, what is? For he comes a long distance and must shun many a tempting opportunity to catch a fish on the way. It goes to show much of intelligence and what may be called a cultivated appetite even a fish-hawk can possess.

Disappointed Buzzards.

Another incident occurs to me, which at the time afforded a great deal of amusement to a friend of mine and myself, who were for nearly an hour witnesses of how even a bird may be mistaken in his reasoning from the results of his ordinary observation. It occurred last winter near New Smyrna, on the Halifax. Among the numerous islands that make the river so picturesque was one not far from the shore, which was in reality only a sand bank, between which and the shore the water at low tide was very shallow. Across this water a single cow had strayed, looking for the few tufts of marsh grass that were scattered over the otherwise barren surface of the sand banks. Meantime the tide began to rise, and so the cow having eaten all the grass in sight stood still, as if waiting for the tide to fall that she might regain the shore. Suddenly, from out the sky, a buzzard appeared; and wheeling around, alighted close by the meditating animal.

As all who have observed these birds know, the alighting of one is the signal for all his far-sighted companions sailing in the blue sky for miles around to accept this as an evidence of a feast at hand to which no invitation to join is needed, and so from every quarter they came until more than fifty by actual count stood around that meek-looking cow evidently waiting for her to die, or else astonished that she should be in that place if not already dead.

And so they waited, and some of them slowly walked around while the greater number stood perfectly still with an air of patience comical to see. After a while, however, it seemed to dawn upon some of them that something was wrong, and after waiting and watching for more than half an hour one or two, after taking a last observation, and concluding that the cow was not likely to die very soon, took flight and disappeared. In a few minutes another and another followed, and so one by one, a disappointed lot, they all left except four or five, who were apparently determined to see the thing out, and we finally left them to keep company with the cow until she should conclude to wade the deep water to the shore. It may have been a spot where the currents were accustomed to float and strand dead animals, and so the buzzards reasoned that any animal appearing there alive or dead was their meat. We were not able to find out about it, but certainly no more ludicrous exhibition of disappointed expectations was ever shown by a company of birds. W.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

ADIRONDACK DEER LAW.

WHATEVER may be the differences of opinion with regard to the deer hunting laws between the advocates of hounding, jacking or still-hunting, and those opposed to one or more of these methods, there is a remarkable uniformity of sentiment on one point, at least so far as those most interested are concerned. All who are uninfluenced by purely selfish considerations, agree that the season as at present begins too soon and ends too soon. The general opinion seems to be that hounding should be extended through the month of October, and twenty days taken off the beginning of the season to compensate.

Through the eastern Adirondacks, in Essex county, for example, the writer has been accustomed to hear an almost universal condemnation of the present season ever since the law has been in force. This sentiment has become so strong in places that the native hunters of the better class will not hunt during the first part of the season, unless to accommodate non-resident sportsmen. Their reason for hunting, in addition to the sport, is to obtain meat, and they do not believe in killing for the mere pleasure of the sport. Experience has taught them that a deer killed in the fore part of the season is as likely as not to prove unfit for food. If it runs any distance before the dogs it becomes heated, and is likely to spoil in a few hours. Moreover, most of the hunting is done at a distance from the settlements, and in warm weather it is practically impossible to get the meat out untainted.

Mr. Carl Pickhardt of New York tells me that a few years ago thirteen dead and decaying deer were lying beside the road between Newcomb and Schroon River. They had been killed in the early part of September by one party, probably from Port Henry, who attempted to take them out in their wagons, but the weather, which had been cool, turned suddenly warm, and every deer they had killed spoiled and had to be dropped by the way. And this only represented a portion of the waste allowed by a law ostensibly passed in the interests of protection and economy of the game supply, a law which allows the deer to be killed but which does not allow them to be eaten, which operates in the interests of the few and against the needs of the many.

Taken alone the above is an unanswerable argument against the present season. It cannot be answered and no attempt is made to answer it. The only argument ever advanced in favor of the law as it stands is the purely selfish one of the hotel keeper or man who finds it most convenient to be in the woods in August and September. No one who cares for his game after he has got it, which includes all true sportsmen, wants the season to open when it does. The head, hide and carcass of the deer are none of them prime till a month after the date of the legal commencement of the season, Aug. 15, and the sport of hunting is not to be compared with that of the latter part. In hounding, which for all intents and purposes is hunting in the Adirondacks, the early season is hard on the starters, dogs and deer alike. There is not the snap and energy or the exciting chases of the October day.

Moreover, in many localities it is said that an early season lessens the future supply because the deer killed are almost entirely does. In the region of high mountains the does are said to be on the low lands and near water at the commencement of the hounding season, while the bucks, whose horns are not yet in condition, are on the very tops of the mountains. The result is that the does are started and killed while the bucks escape. And when the does are killed their fawns either die or grow up stunted and poorly.

Later the bucks come down from their retreat in search of the does, and then the big deer are killed. But in parts of the woods that are much hunted the injury done the supply by the early hunting is irreparable.

There are few complaints against the length of the season, and the law as it stands is conceded to be vastly better than no law at all. The supply of deer all through the mountains has undoubtedly increased of late years. But while good in that it puts an effective check upon indiscriminate slaughter, the present law is, to say the least, open to improvement as regards the time of the open season. Why is it that this faulty law is allowed to stand when New York neither finds its acceptable to her people nor after the precedent of neighboring States?

There is no State in the Union climatically or physically similar where the season opens so early or closes so early as in New York. In Maine the deer hunting season begins Oct. 1 and lasts till Jan. 1. In New Hampshire the season opens Sept. 1, is the same with the exception that hounding is allowed only from Sept. 15 to Nov. 1. In Pennsylvania, with the exception of Pike county, where the season closes Dec. 1, deer may be killed from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. In Wisconsin the month of October is open season. Even throughout British America, including Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, etc., which are as a rule much colder than New York, in no case does the season open so soon. Only in some of the Southern and Western States, where the game laws have never received much attention, and where there are few restrictions against killing at any time, may a parallel be found to New York's unseasonable season.

The reason generally given to explain why this faulty law remains is that it is due to the political influence of the hotel men in the Western Adirondacks, where they have much water and jack-shooting. No doubt there is something in this explanation, but on a recent journey through the lake region, I was told that the hotel interests were not to blame, and that hotel men and guides alike strongly condemned the early season. The onus was thrown upon either the owners of private parks or the ruling party in the State Legislature. Nine out of every ten men I talked with wanted the season put later, and these men included guides and hotel keepers alike—the most representative class of the native population. Unfortunately the Adirondack "back counties" send representatives to the State Legislature who are of another political faith from the dominant party, and who consequently cannot always have things as they want them.

There is a nigger in the woodpile somewhere, and the present law is a disgrace to the State. J. B. BURNHAM.

MOOSE HUNTING IN 93.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A gentleman called here a few days since who is going to Nova Scotia moose hunting in September. He was greatly interested in some heads I have here, particularly one of a moose, and said: "I am going to stay in Nova Scotia until I get one." I cautioned him against telling his guide so, as the latter might make the trip a long and expensive one. I found he was going to grounds which I had previously hunted, and advised him to engage at once a certain Indian whom I think is the best man he could have for that section. Were I going to the same region I should get this particular member of the Mic-Mac family. He knows the ground thoroughly, is a keen hunter, and, unlike most of his tribe, is a hard worker. Heretofore I have had good luck with him, and feel sure I could add another moose to my score should I go with him. In a letter he says: "If you want to kill another moose come here and take me. I can find them, and I know you will kill one if you get a chance; we kill one sure."

I think, however, I have had enough of moose hunting, during the last three years I have killed three and have let others go without shooting at them. There are plenty of sportsmen who have never killed a moose and who want to. Moose are getting scarce in the places I have been notwithstanding some of the reports of how they are increasing. There are still some to be found, and if a man will go where they are and is willing to rough it and is not easily discouraged, his chances are good of getting shots. I am willing to give sportsmen any information I can about the grounds I have hunted. I will say now that I do not know of a place where you are perfectly sure of getting one or where you can find them without some hard work.

I think there are now more moose in Nova Scotia than in any other place which can be reached in the same amount of time. Large bulls, however, are getting scarce, and those left are very wary, and it is very difficult to get shots at them either by calling or still-hunting. Hunting parties are very numerous and often interfere with each other when calling. On a still morning when calling you are likely to hear others doing the same in different directions. Calling is also overdone, and the moose hear so much of it that they have become very suspicious.

In the part of Queens county where I hunted the country was almost entirely bogs and timber; the ground was quite soft and a moose would leave a plain track almost everywhere. I saw more tracks and signs of yards than in any other part of the Province. In Digby county, where the gentleman I speak of intends going, the ground consists of bogs, barrens and timber, and is perhaps as good as can be found. You are liable to see moose at any time traveling around the edges of the bogs and barrens, and the latter are good places to look for bears. I saw five in about a week when I was there.

Last fall I hunted in Shelburne county, near the head of the Shelburne River. My reason for going to this part of the Province was on account of its being more remote and not overrun by so many hunting parties. True enough, we were not troubled in this way as on previous trips, but also we did not find the game we wanted. The ground was almost entirely barren, with patches of small bushes; in fact, there was not cover enough for moose to stay in. Our guides said that moose did not stay in that region, but traveled across it a good deal, and many were killed when doing so. It was very evident they were not traveling in that section when we were there. In fact, it was the poorest moose hunt I ever had in Nova Scotia. There is some satisfaction to me in seeing plenty of signs of the game I am after, even if I cannot get a shot. I would often say to myself last fall (after spending the night anywhere from two to five miles from the main camp and turning out at daybreak on a frosty morning to listen to my caller, when there were no indications that there was a moose within five miles of us), "What a fool you are to travel so far and to work and expose yourself in this way when you do not want another moose." After staying out twelve nights I got a shot, and killed what is probably my last moose. Had I never killed a moose, I should stick to it till I did, if it took five years. A it is, I am satisfied to stop. C M, STARK,

DUNBARTON, N. H., July 17,

Connecticut Deer and Mongolian Pheasants.

MR. COLLINS spoke especially of the law passed by the last Legislature to protect deer in the State. Many had laughed at this law as useless as there were no deer in the State. He said that there were a number in Connecticut. They swim the Sound from the New York shore where they are more plentiful. Not long ago a deer was shot while swimming the river at Glastonbury, and it floated down the stream. Deer are often seen in localities along the Sound shore.

He also spoke especially of the Mongolian or Chinese pheasants of which there are soon to be a considerable number liberated by several gentlemen who have been breeding them in this vicinity. A law was also passed by the Legislature of '93 protecting these birds. They are brought from China, are very hardy and are excellent eating. Noah Wallace, of Farmington, now has four cocks and eight hens. The eggs are hatched out by bantam hens, and they are as easy to raise as are turkeys. They take to the woods as easily as ducks to the water. A number of men hereabouts have pooled issues, are raising the birds and will liberate them as early as practicable.—*Hartford Post interview with Game and Fish Warden A. C. Collins.*

Washington Woodcock.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 15.—A member of a certain gun club here in Washington not long since took a dozen half grown woodcock to a dealer in Center Market. He was told never to bring such stuff (small-sized birds) there again.

Can any of the oldest inhabitants remember a prosecution for the illegal killing and selling of game in this city? The case referred to above is one of the worst we have heard of recently, and the miscreant should be brought to justice.

A full grown woodcock was caught a few days ago in a yard on Sixth street Southeast, between A and B streets, by a cat. This locality is an old portion of the city, fully built up, and the presence of the bird there is a mystery.

BART.

Winter-Killed Quail.

BALTIMORE, July 20.—I have just returned from a trip through eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia, also portions of Delaware. While there I learned that quail had fared quite badly during the past winter, many coveys being found frozen. Rabbits met a like fate. It appeared that the further south I went on the peninsula the greater was the destruction, probably owing to the rarity of such severe weather as visited them last winter. Some of the farmers and resident sportsmen humanely fed and sheltered the birds, enough being protected in certain sections for "seed." Birds wintered fairly well in the western and northern sections of the States mentioned, being used to severe weather and better able to withstand it.

MOUNT ROYALL.

Wisconsin Logging Camps and Deer.

FROM an eminently trustworthy source I learn that deer are killed now in large numbers in northern Wisconsin regardless of legal restrictions. The deer are now in the red and frequent the waters to escape the annoyance of the heat and flies, so that their slaughter is easy. The great logging camps ignore the game law entirely. Their isolation in the wilderness and common guilt make the collection of evidence almost impossible. Deer are very plentiful in northern Wisconsin, according to reports from that section. Their destruction is also great. My informant says that but a small part of a deer is used by the loggers. The best part of the hindquarters is reserved and the rest is thrown away. And thus is the deer following the wild pigeon and buffaloes.

B. WATERS.

New York Close Seasons.

FOLLOWING are the close seasons for game as fixed by the law of 1892 and amended in 1893. The seasons are of general application except in counties specified:

Deer.—Nov. 1-Aug. 15. Protected at all times in Ulster, Greene, Sullivan and Delaware counties. Hounding forbidden Oct. 11-Sept. 10; and at all times in St. Lawrence, Delaware, Greene and Ulster counties. Only one carcass may be transported, accompanied by owner. One person may kill only two deer in a season. Fawns may not be killed at any time

Black and Gray Squirrels, Rabbits.—Jan. 1-Sept. 1.

Wildfowl.—Web-footed wildfowl (except geese and brant), March 1-Sept. 1; may not be killed between sunset and daylight.

Quail.—Jan. 1-Nov. 1. Protected at all times in counties of Genesee, Wyoming, Orleans, Livingston, Monroe, Cayuga, Seneca, Wayne, Tompkins, Tioga, Onondaga, Ontario, Steuben, Cortland and Otsego for a period of five years.

Woodcock, Ruffed Grouse, Partridge, all Grouse.—Jan. 1-Aug. 15.

Snipe.—Wilson's or English snipe, plover, rail, mud hen, gallinule, grebe, bittern, surf bird, curlew, water chicken, bay snipe, shore bird, May 1-Sept. 1.

Wild Birds (except game birds named and English sparrow, crane, hawk, crow, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher) protected at all times.

Robin.—Protected at all times.

Meadow Larks.—Jan. 1-Nov. 1.

Local County Close Seasons.

Allegany.—Ruffed grouse (partridge) may not be hunted with a dog, in Birdsall and Rushford, for 3 years.

Columbia.—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, partridge, any grouse, Dec. 1-Sept. 1. Quail, Dec. 1-Nov. 1. Black and gray squirrels, rabbits, Dec. 1-Oct. 1.

Dutchess.—Hare, rabbit, Jan. 1-Oct. 1. Woodcock, partridge, Jan. 1-Sept. 1.

Livingston.—Mongolian ring-necked pheasant protected to Dec. 1, 1895. Ferrets for rabbits or hares forbidden for two years from May 2, 1893.

Madison.—Woodcock, partridge, squirrel, Jan. 1-Oct. 1.

Otsego.—Forbidden to kill woodcock or partridge with dog for five years from May 1, 1893, in Burlington or Pittsfield.

Putnam requires $10 license fee from non-residents to shoot game.

Sullivan.—Woodcock, Jan. 1-Sept. 1. Ruffed grouse, partridge, Jan. 1-Oct. 1. Hares, rabbits, Sept. 1-Oct. 1. Ferrets forbidden.

Wayne.—Woodcock, ruffed grouse, partridge, any grouse, Jan. 1-Sept. 1. Plover, rail, mud hen, gallinule, grebe, bittern, surf bird, curlew, water chicken, bay snipe, shore bird, March 1-Sept. 1.

Yates.—Ruffed grouse, partridge, woodcock, Jan. 1-Oct. 1. Quail to Nov. 1, 1897. Non-resident license fee, $10.

Long Island.—Wildfowl (except geese and brant), May 1-Oct. 1. Snipe, plover, etc., Jan. 1-July 1. Quail, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. Woodcock, Jan. 1-Aug. 1. Ruffed grouse, partridge, hare, rabbit, black and gray squirrels, Jan. 1-Nov. 1. Deer, except Nov. 10-Nov. 16 inclusive.

Week before last FOREST AND STREAM celebrated its twentieth birthday, and in doing so told the story of its birth and subsequent development. As a paper it occupies a field all alone by itself, for it is the only one in the world covering the several departments of the forest, field and stream, and yet making each as complete as if a publication by itself.—*Albany Times-Union.*

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

British Guiana.

British Guiana has a large space near the northwest corner of the main floor of the Agricultural Building, and is particularly novel and interesting. Large logs set on end close together form an inclosure to the exhibit. The logs make quite a forestly exhibit in themselves, being specimens of the various wood grown in the forests of British Guiana. Many kinds take a most beautiful polish, are very dense and hard, and the grain of some of them is very beautiful. All the names of the woods are meaningless to the average American. Here are some of them: Letterwood, kakaralli, eta palm, cabucalli, tooro palm, kantaballi, yellow sanders, paddle-wood tree, moraballi, towaranero, pakoorie, black greenheart, monkey-pot, locust souari, tonka bean, purple heart hoobooballi, hackia, crabwood, yellow cironaballi, wamara, wallaba, waibaima, siki-siki-danna, oolu, kooriky, toglekop, and dozens of other kinds.

Cassa bread, made of mandioc roat, rice of many varieties in and out of the husk, coffee, cocoa beans, and canned fruits of strange kinds—strange to the people of the Temperate Zone at least—gavé a fair idea of the food products of the country.

Bark fibres, apparently of good quality and color, had names no less strange than the different kinds of wood. There were wadadura, wadara, kakarally, cocoanut, palm, bamboo, wina and mahoe fibres, and silk grass and hemp, the latter being a necessity wherever there are sheriffs or vigilantes.

But the animals of the country were no less numerous in variety than the woods. An ant bear or young anteater and the little anteater both appeared to have full ant eating powers. Monkeys there were in more kinds and varieties than could be imagined by the most delirious imaginer. They were in size from that of a common squirrel to the size of a big cat; and, in colors, they were yellow, black, brown, mixed, long and shorthaired; but every one had the same air of sober benevolence so characteristic of an aboriginal ancestor.

An iguana, a monster lizard, a weird creature with a lot of natural passamenterie growing down its back and around its neck, is said to be a rare good tidbit for the table. Its looks are against it, but probably the looks could be corrected by proper cooking, as I imagine it looks better cooked.

A tapir and jaguar formed a large centerpiece to the exhibit, and a cayman or great alligator, with a mouth which could speak volumes all at one time if it could but speak, was a most impressive sight.

Here and there in vacant places between the upright logs of the inclosure, were placed stuffed wildcats of many varieties, though none of them were large. Raccoons of different kinds, peccaries, ocelot, wood deer, manatee or water cow, armadilloes, hacka tiger, common otter, broad-tailed otter and young opossum, spiny rat, vampire bat (a vegetable eater, and not a blood-sucker as falsely represented) made a most interesting collection. There were birds of many kinds, bright and dull plumage. A few varieties of ducks were the only kind of interest to the sportsman.

The fishes, too, were represented in variety, and most of them had a most uncanny appearance. One kind, the baghea, of the salmon family, had teeth fully an inch long, shaped like canine teeth, yet the fish when alive would not weigh over 5lbs. or 6lbs. The visitor will see many other weird things. Bugs of monstrous size and shape, crabs, forest rodents (some of them as large as an average-sized Italian greyhound), tiny deer, etc. There also are some beautiful specimens of handicraft, made of feathers, fish scales worked into artificial flowers, delicate rice and shell work. It is astonishing how many beautiful things can be made of such common material.

Domestic utensils, primitive weapons, etc., are shown.

The Bowdish Manufacturing Co.

In Section E, near columns 27 and 28, Entresol Hall, Transportation Building, I noticed two models of steamboats made by the Bowdish Manufacturing Co., one the Robert Fulton, built in 1814. That steamboat was the first one which ran on Long Island Sound. The other one, the John W. Richmond, was built in 1838, and was a famous Long Island steamer. These models are in the exhibit of the Providence and Stonington Steamship Co.

Messrs. Stewart & Binney's Exhibit.

The exhibit of this firm (successors to Edward Burgess) is in the gallery, columns 36 and 38, Section E. It consists of a number of models of famous yachts, among which are the Jathniel, Fancy, Gossoon, Harpoon, Puritan, Tomahawk, Constellation, Volunteer, Sirocco, Mayflower, Merlin, Shearwater, Papoose and Jamboree. To the yachtsmen these beautiful models are both instructive and interesting from association with great events.

Montgomery Ward & Co.'s Exhibit.

In my perambulations about in the World's Fair Buildings, I noticed exhibits of the firm of M. W. & Co. in the Transportation Building, columns 11 and 12, aisles X and Y, and in Sections 105 and 169 E in the annex of the Agricultural Building.

B. WATERS.

Forest and Stream's
exhibit at the World's Fair will be found in the Angling Pavilion of the Fisheries Building. You and your friends are invited to visit us.

Minneapolis and St. Paul

Are reached most directly from either Chicago or St. Louis by the Burlington Route. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington Route dining cars.—*Adv.*

New Publications.

"The Wilderness Hunter."

It is satisfactory to be able to welcome in Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's "The Wilderness Hunter" (Putnams) a noteworthy and valuable addition to the very brief list of good books on American big game hunting. Most books on this subject are marred by two very serious faults. On the one hand the thirst for blood, the butcher spirit, appears often uppermost in the writer's mind, and he seems to rejoice in enumerating the number of his victims and in describing their dying struggles. More tiresome, though not so offensive, is the repetition in such a volume, of the camp jokes, which, however amusing they may be to those who hear them for the first time, and in the light of the circumstances and surroundings, enjoy them, fall drearily flat when they come under the eye of the reader, who knows only so much of the people or the events as he can gather from a brief and often illwritten sketch. Such offences against good taste and good literature are not to be found in Mr. Roosevelt's books.

The qualities which we hope for in the author of a book of this character are eyes open to see and a soul to appreciate nature. If to this we add the happy gift of telling what he has seen so that others may see and feel with him, we are likely to come very near to a perfect book. The open eyes and the appreciative spirit are a large part of the equipment of the real sportsman. To these qualities of brain and heart add a good physique and experience and training in woodcraft and we have the ideal sportsman, who, after all, is only a gentleman trained in a special way. He may not have the polish of the cities nor wear good clothes, or, on the other hand, he may be in appearance the most exaggerated dude to be found on all the length of Fifth or Commonwealth avenues, but if his heart is right, the gun, the rod, the rifle or the sbaps will even all things up, for in camp in the West clothes don't count, and one man is just as good as another if he shows that he can do a man's work. Your true democracy is found on the plains and in the mountains. A man such as this does not dwell with gusto on the blood he has spilled, the number of elk he killed out of one band, or the number of times he had to shoot a wounded animal. He will talk to you rather of the curious shots he has made, of what the bear or the sheep did during a half day when he lay hidden behind the rocks watching them, being unwilling to fire at them because he was so interested in the work or the play of the wild creatures before him that he would not disturb them.

Most of the blood and the killing may be left out of the books; we can get enough of that by interviewing an employee at a slaughter house. And, in fact, we believe that nowadays most men who have had some experience carry their rifles with them more as a matter of habit, and as an excuse for their trip, than because they want to kill anything. Of course, they do kill now and then, to keep the camp in meat or to try and secure some unusually large or odd heads. But the amount of meat that can be eaten in a given time—even by hungry hunters—is limited, and to kill without an object is surely not sportsmanlike. We recall the case of a friend who on a two months' hunting trip in the mountains expended only nineteen cartridges.

In many cases then, the hunting trip is made and the rifle carried nominally to get game, but really to furnish an excuse for the out door life that we all so much long for. The inherited fetters of civilization bind us all so fast that we must have a definite object in view, even for our vacations. It may be nothing more serious than to catch trout out of some special stream, to go by canoe down a particular river, to kill a few head of game or to climb a certain mountain, but we must have an object, some end to be attained. Few young or middle-aged men, who have much energy, would care to spend their vacations sitting on a hotel piazza. But given the object—this certain thing to be accomplished—the young man of the present day is likely to throw himself into it heart and soul and to carry it through with the same earnestness which he usually devotes to the so-called serious pursuits of life.

Mr. Roosevelt is sufficiently known by his earlier writings as a keen sportsman, and one who looks at sport of whatever description from the best standpoint. His first book on this subject, "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," was a charming volume, and the same may be said for the later "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail." To the present work he brings a riper hunting experience, and a literary style even more attractive than in his earlier works. There is a freshness and a breezy out-of-door flavor about it that calls up vividly to the mind the high dry country where the cattle range, and the lofty crags where the white goat lies on the snowbanks in the shade. In imagination or in memory we can see under the starlight the cattle bedded, with the night herders riding round them, the little clouds rising up out of the north, hear the cow punchers singing and calling in the denser blackness, the rising of the uneasy herd, and then see the blinding flash and hear the rush and roar of the stampede. Or we lie in camp high up on some mountain side, by the tumbling stream, and as we wait for sleep we listen drowsily to the rattle of the brook, the sighing of the pines, the nearby sounds of small night creatures, and the distant whistle of the bull elk. As Mr. Roosevelt tells it, it all seems very real to us, and for the moment we forget all about the printer, the desk, the copy and the rattle of the carts in the streets outside, and mingle again in all the old scenes, with the good horse between the thighs and the rifle under the leg. There is delight in having these scenes so vividly recalled, but there is pain too.

Mr. Roosevelt has killed all the different varieties of big game commonly found in the United States, and he devotes one or more chapters of his book to each species. From peccary to moose and from buffalo to big wolf, they are all described and many interesting details given of their habits, and of the exciting times he has had when hunting them. He also gives, incidentally, many graphic pictures of life in the cattle country and in the mountains. He is as keen to detect the points of interest in a new type of man as in a new species of game, and has an eye too for the small creatures of the forest, the mountain and the plain, and tells us something of how they live. In fact the book is notable for its excellent proportion and balance. It is written throughout with real art, and yet so simply that in reading it we feel doubtful whether in writing it art, balance or proportion were at all considered.

Mr. Roosevelt's book is an admirable one, yet we do not agree with all the views that he expresses. For example, on the first page of his chapter on the whitetail deer we think that—by implication at least—he does that cunning animal very scanty justice. It is true that "it is an inveterate skulker and fond of the thickest cover," but this, to our mind, is only another way of saying that it is better able to take care of itself than other game, and so, that a greater degree of skill is required to hunt it successfully. To say that "it usually has to be killed by stealth and stratagem and not by fair, manly hunting," is, to our minds, to misstate the case. What is all stalking of large game but stealth and strategem—the successful matching of the hunter's craft against the keen senses and inherited alertness of a wild animal ever on the watch against danger? The whitetail is "easily slain in any one of half a dozen unsportsmanlike ways," and yet we think that there is no feat of hunting more creditable than to kill by the fair, manly stalking, that Mr. Roosevelt so heartily approves a cunning old whitetail buck. It is not easy to do this, for of all the hoofed game on this continent the whitetail is the shrewdest, keenest and most difficult to circumvent. But when it has been successfully accomplished, there is more satisfaction in it than in the killing of half a hundred stupid elk. We believe that Mr. Roosevelt thinks so too. Of course such methods as water-killing, crusting, jack-hunting and the like, do not enter into consideration by sportsmen.

There is abundant humor in this volume, and the chapter entitled "In Cowboy Land" is full of good and characteristic tales of the cow punchers. Of these perhaps the most amusing is the account of how when a trail outfit struck a three-days-old town, the cowboys after a night of revelry cut the court house (a tent) up into "pants."

"The Wilderness Hunter" presents a series of accurate pictures of outdoor life in the West, and these pictures are so cleverly drawn that the book will be interesting to the reader whether he is familiar with such scenes or not. He who has taken part in such scenes and adventure will, as he reads the volume, be stirred over and over again by old-time memories.

The book is elaborately illustrated by twenty-four full-page engravings drawn by Remington, Frost, Sandham, Carter Beard and Eaton and by a multitude of appropriate head and tail pieces. In paper type and binding it is very handsome.

An *édition de luxe* of the volume is promised in the fall.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

Sea and River Fishing.

"Game Laws in Brief." June, 1893, revised. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

SALMON FISHING WITH FISH BAIT.

THIS is a comparatively new method of fishing, and one which salmon fishermen are almost entirely ignorant of.

Little is known of the salmon after its exodus from fresh water. We all know the habits of the salmon after it returns to the stream where it was hatched, and where it playfully disports itself in the pools and running waters. It returns in its prime, fresh from the invigorating briny depths, and from the time it reaches the fresh water it goes without food, even for months, until it again returns to the sea, when lean and lank from its long fasting, it soon recuperates and adds fresh weight.

Of the spawning habits of the female we are familiar, also of the young life of the smolt or parr, which, remaining in the stream of incubation for from one to two years, takes to the sea, where it rapidly gains weight, and returns the following year to the fresh water as the grilse, weighing from 3 to 9lbs.

But it has been a sealed book as to the life of the salmon in the sea, its wanderings, its habitat, its methods of feeding and varieties of food. How far it wanders away from its native stream, and its sea life we know little of.

MONTEREY SALMON.

Taken by Mr. J. Parker Whitney, of Boston, at Monterey, Cal., June 23, 1893, with a 10oz. rod. Seventeen fish. Weight, 274lbs.

We know the unerring instinct so-called, which guides the salmon from his sea wanderings back through the pathless ocean to the pleasant pools of its infancy. But it may well be doubted if it is instinct which guides the salmon on his return, or if the sea is pathless. The scent of the salmon family is keen, perhaps not surpassed by the most favored of the canine tribe. That sense of smell, which in animals so far surpasses that of the human race, that it may almost be accounted a new sense with them, is probably possessed by the varieties of salmon, trout and other fishes in perfection; and it may reasonably be presumed that the outreaching odors of streams, each peculiar and distinctive, extend by the currents of the ocean for perhaps hundreds of miles from the shores. These currents, permeated more or less, constitute to the denizens of the deep routes as familiar perhaps as landmarks on the shore to the animal race.

To those interested in the king of fishes, the salmon, the harbor of Monterey presents an opportunity of peculiar interest. Here the salmon is found in pursuit of its natural food, and exhibiting many features which give an insight into the ways which have been so mysterious before.

As an old fisherman of many years experience with salmon and trout, I have become intensely interested. The method of taking the fly by the salmon in fresh water is different from that of the trout, although the game qualities are alike. I am, however, struck by the similarity of the two fish in feeding, by the salmon in salt water, of the method of striking the bait, and of following it up, and of other features which would have attracted my particular interest, even if I had not known of the existing relationship. Almost yearly the salmon come into the Bay of Monterey, as well as that of Santa Cruz, and a few other places on the coast, where they sometimes remain for months, and pursue their feeding as other fish do, and where they are readily caught with fresh fish bait.

I have lately had the great pleasure of taking a few score, and for the benefit of those who, like myself, have been in the habit of taking these noble fish with the fly, I will give the result of my experience.

When the salmon strike in about the bay, and generally near the shore, which occurs here about the 10th of June, they do so in the pursuit of squid, sardines, anchovies, smelts and other small fish, and their presence is first indicated to the fishermen by the occasional disturbance of the surface water by the small fish in their efforts to escape. This is a signal for the Italians, Portuguese and other market-fishermen to go out for them, which they do in both sail and rowboats. These men all fish for the market and waste no time in sentiment. They are equipped with stout cotton lines sufficiently strong to pull in salmon hand over hand. A stout sea hook is used with a sinker weighing half a pound. The line is about 200ft. in length, the sinker is attached a short distance above the hook, and the line is payed out about 100ft. from the boat, and in the slow sailing or rowing, which is about the same speed as followed in trolling for trout, the bait sinks down twenty odd feet. The sardine or small fish, if not too large, or over 6in. in length, is put on whole, otherwise it is cut diagonally, making two baits.

Some of the fishermen use a spread as followed in smelt fishing, in this instance being of stout steel wire, 4ft. long with 5 or 6ft. of line on each end of the spread, two lines and hooks. The salmon seizes the bait and hook and is pulled in alongside the boat without ceremony, where it is either yanked in or gaffed. Fully half of the salmon hooked are lost by the careless manner of handling, and about two baits are stripped to a salmon hooked. About once in twenty or thirty times two salmon are brought in at one time. I have reason to believe that at times when salmon first come in and in schools that the fishermen catch doublets often in succession.

My first experience was in going out with two fishermen in their boat, and in witnessing their method. The boat I was in secured three salmon by the hand-lines, the other boats did better, some taking as high as eight or ten, about a hundred salmon were taken by the fifteen boats out that morning.

I could find no record of taking the salmon with rod, excepting that of my friend, Mr. A. L. Tubbs, of San Francisco, from whose information I was induced to look up the fishing. His rod fishing is the only one I have heard of as applied to the salmon in salt water, and I have seen no other during my fishing except that of Mr. Simpkins, of Boston, who accompanied me on one of my fishings, and who succeeded in catching one of the largest salmon I have ever seen caught here, weighing 32lbs. I equipped myself in San Francisco with the best I could get, two cheap bamboo trolling sea bass rods of 14oz., and 9ft. in length. My additions were light sea bass linen lines No. 18, 600ft. long. No. 4-0 Kirby hooks, the hooks I had soldered to a short link of strong brass wire, to which were attached three more additional brass wire links with swivels between, adding to the wire above the shank of the hook a small brass wire projection without barb, to hold the bait-fish head in position, long ½lb. lead sinkers with holes in each end. These with a multiplying reel completed my outfit.

I found my heavy sinker a great disturbance in playing the salmon, so after my first salmon I attached the sinker with a short cord to my line some 35ft. from the hook, tying with a peculiar bow knot, so that it could be easily pulled off as I brought my salmon near the boat. This I found to answer admirably, being the same method I have pursued for years when trolling in summer for trout in deep water. The heavy sinker is necessary to get the hook down 30 or 40ft. from the surface, and I have frequently used for trout in trolling as heavy a sinker as required for salmon in Monterey Bay. So I brought into requisition the same method I have followed in deep water trout trolling, of removing my sinker by a simple pull, which relieves the line of all weight but that of the salmon and gives complete opportunity for play. It is not difficult to fetch the salmon up where the sinker can be reached from the boat side.

This is accomplished by allowing the fish to sink down and play slowly about, rowing the boat over him, keeping up a gentle pressure on the rod. The game commences when the salmon is brought toward the surface. Then the salmon will frequently strike off on the surface in a straight line several hundred feet. In two instances I have trembled for my line, being compelled with all the strain I dared to put on to allow the fish to take out within 50 or 100ft. of all I had, although the boat was being propelled as rapidly as two men could row toward the fish. But it has been rarely that I have payed out over 400ft.

Not so often as in fresh water does the salmon leap out of water, and seldom more than two or three times.

My daily catch has averaged nearly 8 fish and given most exciting sport. The careful weight of 69 salmon caught I find to be 1,133lbs, or almost 16lbs. each; the smallest was a grilse of 5lbs. and the largest of 30lbs.

All my catches have been in the early morning, starting out at 4 o'clock and getting back to the Hotel Del Monte in each instance but one for lunch. The exception was an all-day fishing, when I secured 18 salmon, weighing 286lbs.

As with trout, I have found the morning the best, and after 10 o'clock the fishing falls off. Two or three miles of rowing has been required to reach the fishing ground from the Monterey pier, and the fishing ground I have found, so far, to extend over an area of about two miles long by a mile wide, although I have no doubt that the salmon could have been found out two or three miles beyond that limit. I have caught in addition to the salmon brought in, half a dozen rockfish, called bluefish by the fishermen, but not bluefish as known East, weighing about 5lbs. each; also two codfish of 5 or 6lbs. and two flounders of 5 and 8lbs. In a dead calm the fishing about ceases, as with trout in trolling; but with a return of the breeze the fishing takes on again. The method of taking forcibly reminds me of the trout. Shyly at times, and again boldly; sometimes striking several times at the bait, and with following up and striking at intervals of a few seconds; at times biting off half the bait and in following up for the balance; and in one instance following up the bait, with frequent half-decided action, until the bait was within 10ft. of the boat, and then fiercely seizing it while I had the line in my hand. It proved a close call in a double sense, as the fish was a heavy one of 25lbs., and carried the line out of my hand and the sinker attached, which rested in the boat, and very nearly got away with my whole outfit. I fortunately still held my rod in hand, and although I payed out nearly the whole of my 600ft. of line, the fish was well hooked, and in fifteen minutes was brought to gaff. In boldness and general action the salmon have reminded me constantly of trout—paying but little attention to the boat, occasionally passing in sight within a few feet and striking on the surface at an occasional small fish, and at times going entirely out of the water in pursuit.

For experiment I tried the spoon, but fancied I did not do as well as with bait, although I caught two salmon with it. I also tried the spoon with fish bait, catching one that way; but believe the fish bait alone to be the best, The salmon upon being opened seem to have more squid inside than other fish, although at times full of sardines, and oftener with anchovies. Sardines are, however, the best bait, and squid but indifferent, while I have had some success with smelts and young shad. At one time out of bait, I used a strip of salmon belly, which did well enough to catch two salmon.

As I have my salmon rods for fly-fishing, I shall later on try a little surface work with the fly, but I do not anticipate much success, still I believe they will take under favorable circumstances, when they are as plentiful as I am informed by the fishermen they are outside the harbor at times in deeper water, when the fishermen have sometimes observed several salmon at a time, even up to a dozen in number, following the bait up almost to the boat's side.

The fishing in the harbor is in more or less turbid water, with a depth of from 6 to 10 fathoms, while outside the bay, in deeper water, it is clearer, and the salmon can be more distinctly observed. I am informed by the fishermen that at times the salmon are so plentiful a few miles beyond the harbor that they are enabled to fill their boats in a few hours. These occasions, however, are rare, and where the salmon are found plentiful one day they may not be found the next. It has been usual, however, for the salmon to remain about and in the harbor for several weeks each year, although they skip their annual visits occasionally. The small fish, which the salmon follow into the harbor, come in countless numbers, often in large, moving masses, and their presence is indicated to the fishermen by the hovering sea gulls, pelicans and other predatory birds. These are seen busily at work on the salmon grounds, and often indicate the most favorable places for fishing. While the salmon evidently come in schools at first, it would appear that they scatter more or less about, instead of remaining together, although they mass more or less when in the vicinity of large schools of small fish. The fishermen are more or less guides for each other, and may be scattered over a square mile without doing much in catch. Presently one or two commence hauling in, which congregates all the others in the vicinity, and the fishing goes on merrily for a while. Then a scattering takes place again, and a regathering afterward. Still I have found about as good success in passing up and down in certain localities, as in following the fishing boats.

The average time I have found necessary to fetch my salmon to gaff I should estimate at eight minutes, occasionally less, and sometimes fifteen or sixteen minutes. I believe, however, I am more rapid in landing salmon and trout than the average fisherman, many of whom take more than half an hour with a salmon and ten or fifteen minutes with a two-pound trout. I have never, except in very rare instances, been more than half an hour in landing a salmon with a fly-rod, and though I have taken, I may safely say, during over thirty-five years of annual trout fishing, many thousands of trout weighing from two to over eight pounds, I have never to my remembrance been so long as fifteen minutes in landing a trout unless from an outside hold.

My later fishing, however, has required a little more time, as I have pursued it with a light ten-ounce steel rod eight feet in length. I have found it, notwithstanding the prejudice I had against steel rods, to be almost perfect for the fishing and altogether superior to the cheap bamboo rods which were the only trolling rods I was able to get. More than half of my catch has been done with the steel rod, and while I have strained both of the bamboos the steel rod is as correct as at the commencement. It is also much lighter and more flexible, and I would have no hesitancy in taking a trial with it over a sixty-pound salmon or a sea bass of the same weight. The market-fishermen, as I have previously observed, lose fully a half of the salmon they hook, it is a straight overhand pull and no give except that which is compelled by want of strength. The line and hooks are strong and the fishermen have no time to wait. If the salmon are plentiful they do not much mind the losses, which often occur from neglect in using the gaff. With the light rod the fish, if hooked, is seldom lost. I brought in several with skin holds, which would not have held for a moment in hand fishing. One salmon which I caught had been on one of the market-fishermen's line, and had a torn out hook mark in his mouth and a cruel gaff cut between his ventral and anal fins. The gaff cut was nearly three inches long and had penetrated nearly to his other side, and was too serious to have ever healed up again.

The fish was a large one, of about 21lbs. in weight, and in fine condition, although the gaff cut was evidently two or three days old. The wound had evidently made but a slight impression on the appetite of the fish, as it struck fiercely and fought hard. The cut is conspicuously shown in the photograph accompanying this article, seen in one of the front salmon. I found the salmon which exhibited the most gamy qualities to do their fighting near the surface, seemingly to disdain any depth after once being brought up, and to often make an almost complete circuit of the boat. Certainly a more beautiful sight than a salmon exhibits with his brilliant colors, as he strokes along with his powerful tail, near the surface in the clear

water and bright light, never gladdened the heart of a fisherman. We all know the dangers to which the salmon is exposed in fresh water, and from which but few survive, as it is doubtful if but very few if any ever return from the upper streams which they ascend after the spawning season, at least when such upper waters are far removed from the sea. If they have the exposures in the deeper waters of the sea which follow them in the shoal water of Monterey Bay, their lives are indeed beset with constant risk. I saw daily in the bay on the fishing grounds, the enemies and consumers of the salmon at their deadly work in the form of seals, porpoises, sharks and cow fish. One day when I was out, which was very foggy, I was startled by the uprising of a curiously peaked hump, two boat lengths ahead. It seemed to me like a boat's end elevated with a black cloth over it, but a moment later revealed, the half of an enormous bewhiskered sea lion, which raising itself half out of the water, revealed a form which must have weighed at least a ton. In its mouth was a large salmon which it had evidently just caught. The insatiable appetite of these monsters of the deep, of which hundreds abound in the vicinity, would indicate that they are not slow to avail themselves of the salmon invasion. Well, I thought, the part which man plays in the devastation of the salmon in the sea, is but trifling compared with that which occurs from their natural enemies beneath the waters. One of my oarsmen told me that the sea lions at times made great havoc with his fish nets, as well as all the fish they contained.

He told me also that one day as he was hauling in his salmon he found his haul temporarily checked, after which, in completing his haul, he found half his salmon bitten off by a seal, and shortly after saw the seal swimming off with the half of a salmon in its mouth.

On the Pacific coast there are five distinct varieties of salmon, some of which are not highly esteemed for food. Of the latter it is probably because they are not of the spring run, but autumnal fish, and deteriorated by being out of condition.

Those of Monterey Bay are of the highest class, the king salmon or quinnat (*Oncorhynchus tschawytscha*). These are of the Sacramento, San Joaquin and Columbia rivers. As an article of food they are probably of more importance than all the other fish of the Pacific coast.

In the Columbia River the average weight is 22lbs. In the Sacramento River the average is 16lbs. Occasional instances are quoted of from 60 to 100lbs. In addition to the enormous quantities which are seined on the coast and in the rivers for immediate eating, there are annual packs from the Sacramento, Columbia and up the Yukon, of fully 1,500,000 cases of 48lbs. each, representing fully an annual pack of more than 70,000,000lbs., or some 4,500,000 fish. There is no apparent diminution in quantity. The other varieties of salmon are known as the blue back (*O. nerka*), which weighs from 5 to 8lbs., which predominates in the Fraser and Yukon rivers; the silver salmon (*O. kisutch*), weighing from 3 to 8lbs., which is found in nearly all of the salmon rivers of the coast; the dog salmon (*O. keta*), from 8 to 12lbs., found in the Columbia and Frazer rivers; the hump-backed salmon (*O. gorbuscha*), found in the northern streams. The latter is the smallest salmon on the coast, seldom running over 3 or 4lbs. The salmon of the Pacific coast differ but slightly from the general salmon family, the difference being in an increased number of gill rakers, as well as glands about the stomach, and the number of rays in the anal fin.

The quinnat or king salmon is as perfect in form, color and activity as any salmon could possibly be. Its silvery gleaming is as brilliant as any of the salmon family. On the sides of the head it has a distinctive coloring, a peculiar metallic lustre of a pale olive cast, that which might arise from a mixture of lead and silver highly burnished. A feature which has strongly attracted my attention has been the changing colors of the quinnat in salt water. With every changing angle of the sunlight the flashing, iridescent hues have varied with kaleidoscopic rapidity, from the deepest olive green to a light green, and a gleaming white to a silvery, and from a dark brown to black, and then so neutral as to be lost for a moment from view. Changed indeed are the salmon, or the few which survive to return from the spawning season in fresh water to the sea. From the day of estuary passage a falling off in every respect commences. Food is no longer sought or taken. The silvery sheen and iridescent hues slowly disappear. The stomach and its auxiliary glands shrink away to one tenth of the normal size. The color gradually changes to black. The flesh becomes dry and insipid, and if the fish ever returns to the sea after a long passage to the headwaters of its stream, it comes in a sadly demoralized conditlon, with its fins and tail worn away, bruised, blotched, distorted and often blind. It is not probable that the salmon is a very deep water fish, or that it goes far from its native stream, but seeks its food from the small fish which keep the vicinity of the shores. The fact that they are seined every month of the year on the Pacific coast, to a considerable sense evidences this.

It is clear that the salmon of Monterey Bay are those which belong to the Sacramento or San Joaquin River group. Their average weight confirms this, and that they are not of the Columbia River. The distance from Monterey Bay to San Francisco Bay, into which the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers pour, is about ninety miles. Monterey Bay and that of Santa Cruz, a few miles north, and at some of the sounds and bays north on the coast, are the only places known where the salmon is found engaged in taking his food, and where it can be caught with fresh-fish bait. It certainly presents a favorable opportunity for studying the salmon in its normal condition, in its prime, engaged in seeking its natural food. Here its manners and peculiarities can be examined with ease and some knowledge obtained of the class of food upon which it best thrives. All this can be obtained and the salmon brought to gaff in his superior condition before the advanced condition of the organs of reproduction have reduced its delicious flavor or weakened the vigor of its efforts.

It may be claimed by those fishermen who are so wedded to the artificial fly that trolling with a spinning anchovy or sardine is not the proper deceit for the king of fish, but it may be a question if such a view is not of the fanciful and fantastic order, rather than the resulting conclusions of the experienced all-around fisherman, who disdaining an unfair advantage over his game, does not decline the acceptance of a lure, which may to an extent compensate his victim for the risk which it undergoes.

MONTEREY, July 12. J. PARKER WHITNEY.

SALMON ANGLING IN THE HUDSON.

A GREAT many times during the past ten years I have written in FOREST AND STREAM about salmon in the Hudson, but it has been about planting salmon fry, or yearlings, or the capture of salmon in shad nets, or something of that sort, and never until this time have I been able to use the caption that I do now, which means killing salmon with the fly. In former years a few, very few, salmon have been killed on spoon bait when the fishermen were seeking other fish below the dam at Mechanicville, but I believe that until this year not a single salmon has been killed by fair angling with a fly in the Hudson River. There was an account—rather misty, to be sure—of one being taken with a fly a few years ago in the tidal portion of the river, but I think the story was never taken seriously, and last year it was reported that three or four or five salmon were killed with the fly at Mechanicville, but I inquired about the details of the capture, and found that the fish were taken by trolling a hook or hooks on which a bunch of deer's hair was fastened to make what is called in the South a "bob" or "mop," and this does not properly come under the head of salmon flies. When I was at Mechanicville with Mr. R. C. Lowry early in June I know that he left with Mr. Pratt salmon leader and flies (black-dose and Jock-Scott, I think), that he might try the fish when the water was right. It was not to be expected that the fishermen there would all of a sudden understand fully about salmon fishing, and they were not prepared with proper tackle. Mr. Pratt was quick to avail himself of the opportunity to try the salmon and was among the first to kill a salmon with a fly. The following is the score of salmon killed at Mechanicville up to the date of writing. The fish marked with an asterisk were killed on a fly, as Mr. Pratt assures me, and those not so marked are said to have been killed with a fly, with the addition of a piece of salt pork on the hook.

Date.	Fisherman.	No.	Weight—Lbs.	Lbs.
June 20,	W. H. Vandenburgh, Mechanicville	1	11¼	
June 23,	T. L. Pratt and H. S. Miller, Mechanicville	2	*9¼	*10¾
July 7,	Louis Boucher, Mechanicville	1	9½	
July 13,	Louis Boucher, Mechanicville	1	8½	
July 14,	Louis Boucher, Mechanicville	1	16½	
July 14,	Chas. H. Wilson, Troy	1	10¼	
July 18,	Louis Boucher, Mechanicville	2	17½	8
July 18,	Dr. R. D. Bloss, Troy	1	*9½	
July 18,	T. H. Dutcher, Troy	1	10	
July 18,	Oscar Barnes, Mechanicville	1	8	
July 18,	T. L. Pratt, Mechanicville	1	*12	
July 18,	Albert Barnes, Mechanicville	1	10¾	
July 19,	W. H. Vandenburgh, Mechanicville	1	*10¼	
July 19,	E. A. Starks, Mechanicville	1	10	
July 20,	Platt Burk, Mechanicville	1	8½	
July 20,	Oscar Barnes, Mechanicville	1	9½	
July 20,	Name not given	1	12	
July 21,	F. J. Tompkins, Lansingburgh	1	10¾	
Total		20	202¾	

I am not to blame because a salmon which has appeared in several newspaper items as being captured by another angler does not appear in the foregoing list, or more correctly the fish is in the list although the angler's name is not. This is explained in this extract from a Mechanicville letter: "Mr. Blank is a thorough fisherman, and has been here a number of times, but has not killed a fish yet, though he tried faithfully to throw his fly over the back of a rising fish on Friday and hook him, but was unsuccessful. I saw him doing this and he also told me that he tried it. The fish he took away with him, mentioned in inclosed newspaper clipping, is one that Louis Boucher killed."

Whatever others may do, there should be no excuse for one who pretends to be a fly-fisherman and attempts to foul-hook a rising salmon. Kill them fairly or let them go for some one who will! Another gentleman writing to me on this subject says: "You should come down here and see how the salmon are caught, and doubtless you would get points that would enable you to write a chapter on 'pork-eating salmon.' If you should bring a camera you might get something for FOREST AND STREAM to reproduce. You should have first a photograph of the cast—a gang of three hooks and one or two flies tied to the leader above them, and on the points of the flies a small piece of salt pork. One piece of pork goes a long way, for the salmon are taken on the gang."

Mr. Dutcher was credited in a Troy paper with killing a salmon of 20lbs., and if this was so it was the largest salmon killed at Mechanicville, and I sent there to make sure before I included it in the score. My correspondent writes under date of July 21: "The 20lbs. fish you have in your list credited to Mr. Dutcher is the 17¼lbs. fish caught by Mr. Boucher. Mr. Dutcher bought it. The salmon caught by Dr. Bloss was an honest catch. I saw the fish rise to the fly, and as I landed the salmon I was in a way to know. There is great excitement here over the fishing, and I think there were at least fifty anglers here yesterday from out of town. The majority fish at one place, from the bank, and not less than seventy-five people were fishing there yesterday in a space of about 300ft., and this afternoon I will have them photographed. E. A. Starks, of this place, hooked a fish yesterday morning below the bridge at 6:15 and lost him at 8:25 within 100ft. of the dam. The fish did not break water at all or show himself in any way, and I am of the opinion that it was a large sturgeon, for it did not act in the least like a salmon. When they got to the dam the men were exhausted, and the fish seemed to be on the bottom stirring up the mud, and when they reached for him with the gaff he broke away.

"Mr. Starks also hooked a salmon this morning early and sent to the hotel for me to come and help him land the fish. I came down and found Mr. Starks and his friend and his boat on one side of a ledge and the salmon on the other. I took Mr. Starks into my boat and then got the fish into deep water, where he was played for 30 minutes and lost. Mr. Starks was using an 8oz. rod, and the fish had played the men out, but was as lively as ever when it got away. There are a great many fishing to-day, but not a fish has been killed yet." I had written so far when I received a message stating that a 10¾lbs. fish had been taken on the 21st by Mr. F. J. Tompkins, of Lansingburgh, and I have added it to the score.

The result at Mechanicville, as shown in the score, demonstrates that Mr. Lowry, whom I quoted in FOREST AND STREAM, June 29, was wrong in his theory, which was acquiesced in by Mr. Ramsey, of Montreal, that salmon would not rise to the fly so far from salt water. They will rise, because they have risen and been killed in a sportsmanlike manner, and I have no doubt that in a short time, with tackle better suited for salmon fishing, all who engage in the sport will abandon methods adopted perhaps in the excitement of the moment, and adhere only to legitimate fly-casting.

Last week the New York Fish Commissioners had the fishway at Mechanicville cleaned out and put in working order, so that the salmon can now proceed up stream should there be a freshet in the river. The break in the Troy dam undoubtedly permitted a large number of fish to run up to Mechanicville, and now that the dam is about repaired it is hoped that means may be found to place the fishway in working order also.

Mr. Rogers, of Amherst, Nova Scotia, inventor of the Rogers fishway, in use at Mechanicville and Thomson's Mills, wrote me that he would pay for cleaning the fishway of drift, which should not have entered them if the slats provided had been kept in place, but the Fish Commissioners have made a personal outlay by Mr. Rogers unnecessary. There are good pools above Mechanicville, and another year anglers will have more room to display their skill in tempting the king of game fishes to his destruction with rod, reel and fly, cast in an orthodox manner, for if a salmon will rise to a fly baited with salt pork, it will rise to the fly without the pork. Pork is not a factor in fly-fishing for any kind of fish.

A. N. CHENEY.

PORK BAIT FOR SALMON.

FOR those who are credulous as to what salmon eat and what they take for bait, I beg to refer them to the following statement contained in the Troy *Times* of July 15. It is a bit of solid testimony which wipes out hypothesis and conjecture at one stroke. It is to this effect: "Of the four or five big salmon caught at Mechanicville [Hudson River] this year, pork was the bait with which each was captured."

Now, most anglers who are interested in the subject actually believe that salmon in the rivers will take no lure but fly, and that they eat nothing at all in fresh water. Doubtless they have gathered these notions from irresponsible writers of angling books, or possibly they may have inherited them from a goodly line of piscatorial ancestors who had generations before them been ridiculed by *dilettanti* anglers who affected to be "gentlemen sportsmen," into eschewing the vulgar bait because it was "not the correct thing." None of these, I dare say, have ever thought of testing rising fish with bait of any kind, yet bait-fishing was the primitive method, just as it was for trout lang syne. We in America are behind the times. Let me quote from a Scottish journal which prints the comments of a resident observer. It says:

"More than ever is bait-fishing becoming the vogue now in Scottish salmon rivers. Not so very long ago an angler detected in the act of using any other lure than the fly would, in most districts, have been looked upon as a pot-hunter and poacher, and shunned by true sportsmen accordingly. Now, however, with the march of progress, *tempora mutantur*, and the minnow, prawn or worm is unblushingly mounted, and salmon and trout are killed by men who know as much about fly-fishing as does a jackass."

These fishermen are merely reverting to original methods. Reversion is always warring against progress, and thus history repeats itself. For all who are credulous as to what salmon eat, and what they accept for bait, I beg to refer them to pages 37–42 of my last work, entitled "The Salmon Fisher." Views of anglers on many points will undergo a change as soon as ever popular errors are controverted and corrected. CHARLES HALLOCK.

HADLEY, Mass.

Fishing in Lake Champlain.

WESTPORT, N. Y., July 19.—For the last few years, by adopting the St. Lawrence methods and using live bait, I have had no trouble in making good catches of black bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel. I have not the least doubt that anybody keeping run of fish as St. Lawrence boatmen do would find the fishing compare very favorably with that out of Clayton. We run more to pike and less to pickerel than they do there, and I find the black bass about the same. Black bass will take a fly readily early in the season, and then go into deeper water and need live minnows to tempt them. The pike and bass run about the same weight and feed on the same grounds. You are apt to find them off any of the points along the New York shore in from 10 to 30ft. of water on the rocky ledges.

Seven miles from Westport, at the mouth of the creek on the sandbar known as the Drop-off, there is an excellent ground for all fish, and from there south on the Vermont shore there is always a good chance of taking good pickerel and bass. A reef about a half mile south of Button Bay Island on the Vermont shore four miles from Westport is another fine ground, and Barber's Point, on the New York shore two miles from Westport, a fine pike ground with a good bass shore for several miles to the south.

I have taken a bass of 6½lbs., but they are not plenty over 2lbs. Pike run about same weight. Pickerel up to 10lbs., but not common over 4lbs. Chub minnows are abundant in New York streams and a demand would insure abundance of bait at reasonable figures.

There are few fishermen here who know the grounds, but there are one or two available boatmen who do know them well, and I have no doubt that any one knowing the habits of fish would find sport sufficiently good to repay them well for breaking in a boatman and contending with the difficulty of getting new men to understand what is wanted.

I regret to say that dynamite has been much too freely used in these waters for a number of years, but with stopping of blasting flux limestone on lake shore I hope cartridges will become less accessible and a method of fishing so destructive to all interests be discontinued. This is an abuse our game protectors seem unable to cope with, and wherever it occurs one may expect to find dead bottom and the best of grounds ruined for several years. I saw no signs of dead fish last summer and hope we may soon see the end of it. T. L.

Tarpon Weights.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., July 16.—A letter from my friend, Capt. John Smith, an old fisherman, of St. James City, on the Gulf Coast, tells me that the largest tarpon caught last month was 6ft. 11in. long, and weighed 195lbs.

JOHN VEDDER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Camp "Forest and Stream."

MUKWANAGO, Wis., July 11.—Three years ago J. B. H. and myself blundered on Phantom Lake, about eighty-five miles north of Chicago, when we were purposing a summer camping trip along the Upper Fox River. We pitched the first "Camp FOREST AND STREAM" on a high knoll upon the east shore, and there abode in peace and plenty for two weeks. Last year I sought for a new place for J. B. H., in whose honor the yearly trip is made, and who, being past three-score years and ten, could hardly take a rough woods journey. Strive as I might, I could not find in all this region so lovely a spot as this bit of Waukesha county, with its pure springs, its hardwood timber, its beautiful rolling hills. So we returned and made a second camp upon the bluff adjoining our first one, upon which, alas, a summer cottager had cast his eye. Again we had our season of content, and again poured libation of much coffee to the spirit of Phantom Lake. Once more the year rolled around, and J. B. H., who lives in placid Iowa, clamored for his yearly trip to a country wilder at least in its look. Again I sought for a new spot to please him, and sought in vain for one to equal the old one. Not even the famous Madison Lakes seemed fit in the eyes of the Chief-with-Two-Stomachs, who was courier in our quest for a time. Oconomowoc, Geneva, Delavan, Twin Lake and all the Fox Lake system—none of these would do. We sat in council and voted again for Phantom, where we had good water and big bass.

Camp '93.

So here we are again, on the west shore this time, and much dismayed, for out of the ashes of our last year's camp-fire there has sprung a $30,000 summer hotel, and in the tiny lake the whistle of a beastly little steamer shames the crowding hills. We can forgive the hotel, for we know Chicago must have breath in summer; but we cannot forgive that absurd, asthmatic and utterly abominable steamer. I fear we shall have to go further north next year. Even the size of our little lake has proved no protection, and it has been nearly gobbled, as so many others hereabout have been gobbled utterly, by the girl who giggles and the young man who wears a sash.

Nevertheless we are here far from the sash and the giggle on our side of the lake. Here it is still quiet and untrodden. No hand has lopped a tree on the west shore of Phantom, and the turf has never felt a spade. We have dug us a new spring at the foot of the bluff. Great oaks line the path we have worn up to the high top of our hill. At the top there is a wide Druid circle, now clothed in short blue grass and clover. Above this the oaks try to touch hands, but cannot quite. Back of us more woods, in front of us the water, the hated hotel quite out of sight, the loathed steamer for the most part unheard—thus lies Camp FOREST AND STREAM for '93, the prettiest of all our camps, and as sweet and clean a place as ever caused rebellion in the heart of a man who kicked at sitting down to write copy when he wanted to go fishing. Our two little tents front toward the morning sun, which cannot reach them till it is mid-morning. We have hardwood sidesticks to our little fire, a fine new table at least two feet square, and—luxury almost too much—this year we have two lazy-back camp chairs of the sort which fit any figure. This morning at breakfast we saw two gray squirrels foraging near by, and last night at supper we watched a hungry bass which was pursuing with murderous intent a frog among the rushes near our landing. So it is wild enough, and quiet enough, and good enough for anybody.

The Choosing of the Coffee-Stick.

The cookery of the camp should be no hap-hazard matter, but should be, as all other camp economy, ordered with all regularity and due observance of form. There should be a place for each utensil about the fireplace, and it should never be left elsewhere. The table should never be moved except in case the sun shines upon it too directly. The camp ax should have a local habitation. No chips should scatter over the door-yard of the tents, neither any straw litter the floor of the canvas house. Loose-ended camping is a perpetual disgust and there is no comfort in it, but the camp proper is a constant delight.

In the camp proper there is always a coffee-stick, to be used for no other purpose but in setting the coffee-pot on and off the fire. Under no conditions can the coffee-stick be used to poke the fire, nor must it be used about the fire except sparingly, and only when there need be more coals raked up against the coffee-pot. One coffee-stick should last throughout the entire camping trip, and it should never be destroyed or injured, nor should it be replaced by any other stick. It is the medicine stick of the camp, potent for good or evil. Its choice should therefore be made with care and due formality. In a cabinet at home I have the coffee-sticks of our former camps, gnarled and charred it is true, but strong medicine still to conjure up pleasant dreams. This year we have chosen for the high function of coffee-stick a slender but tough one, with knotty knob upon the end to catch the bail of the coffee-pot. It makes excellent coffee, and since we have installed it there has not been even a headache in our camp. True, during his first evening in camp the Chief-with-Two-Stomachs by mistake took the coffee-stick to stir the fire and burned it nearly in two, but this he did in ignorance of the fact that it was the coffee-stick. This was a bad omen, but the Chief having made apology for what was ignorance and not carelessness, we hope that all may yet continue well, and that the coffee-stick of '93 may never bring up memories of aught but large fish and pleasant days.

About the Fish.

As to the fish, we have plenty of them. The waters hereabout are fished continually, but not expertly. Using frogs we have always taken large bass here. In 1891 J. B. H. took the largest bass I ever saw, and one which I think must have weighed between 8 and 10lbs. Last year the Chief caught one that weighed 6½lbs., and three that weighed over 5lbs. each, all in one afternoon. This year I killed one that weighed 5½lbs., and we have had several already that have weighed over 3lbs. These are all large-mouths, and our big ones were until lately taken in the creek and mill-pond near by, and not in Phantom Lake proper, where the bass run small, though very fine and sweet.

In our wanderings we fell upon a little lake back in the woods, about 40 acres in size, a perfect gem of a lake, and set handsomely deep down among hills robed in oak and cedar in singular contrast. This lake we learned was called Giller's, or Gillar's or Gilliar's, or Gillard's, or Diller's, or Dillard's lake, we never could learn which. It was bought last year by Mr. Asa Craig, of Mukwanago, who keeps up the traditions of earlier owners, and did not permit a boat to be put upon it. To us the lake looked much like bass. We sought out Mr. Craig, stated the case to him frankly, and received his assurance that the lake did not only have bass in it, but mighty big ones. He furthermore was so courteous as to tell us to take our boat over and try it for a day. This to strangers was a favor they had no right to expect, and we valued the privilege highly.

Yesterday we made our trip to Mr. Craig's Lake, and to this we owe one of our most delightful experiences here. We took seven bass, all good ones, and one of them weighed 6lbs. 2oz. The fish of this deep and cold lake were all full of game and fight. They struck hard and ran far, and gave us all we wished to do. As for the big fellow, he afforded the most spectacular fight I ever saw made by any bass, and was as lively and full of ginger as any youngster, while his great weight and strength made him a dangerous customer indeed. He fell to the Chief's rod, who seems unable to catch any but big bass, and that calm philosopher for the time seemed galvanized into a state bordering upon excitement, though he handled his rod with a coolness and skill which alone could have made him victor in the war. We struck the fish near the lily pads, but a few strokes of the oars took us out into deep water, and here we had the prettiest session ever was. Even the stout casting rod could not kill the fish in less than ten minutes, and I know there never was a small-mouth that made a better fight or a longer. He employed all the tactics known to the bass family, pulling, yanking, sawing, sulking and running long and far. Four times he went high out of water, mad as a hornet, fins up and head shaking, and once he got under the boat in spite of us, but the rod clung to him, and at last we got him in. He was a beautiful, clean, bright fish, with nothing of the dull rusty color usual in heavy big-mouth bass. He was a regular bright bronze green, in all the handsomest bass we ever took in this section, and by odds the hardest fighting bass I ever saw. The Chief and I are thinking that, with our two bass of 5½lbs. and 6lbs. 2oz., we are apt to have a good comparison to offer the winner of the prize offered by the Natchaug Silk Co. for the heaviest bass caught on their lines, even should not our top fish take the big-mouth prize. We are using the Natchaug lines, and if they were not right we could not have broken the bass record for this county twice in our first week here this year, for the conditions of the fishing here demand the most trustworthy tackle. At the hotel (the Phantom Inn) our fish lie in state on ice, and attract the populace, who say they never knew before that there were such big fish about here. They don't know how to fish, that is what is the trouble with them. As for us, we think we know where we can catch a bigger one yet.

The White Man's Buffalo.

The Indian utilized all parts of the buffalo. The white man uses all parts of the swine. Not the ox, but the plain hog, is rightly to be called the white man's buffalo. The camper-out rarely takes along too much bacon. Fish, birds and game, fruits, soups and relishes may appeal and later pall, but nothing can wither the charm of bacon, not too brown but still just brown enough. It is good for three meals a day—in camp, nowhere else—just as buffalo was always good to the Indian. They are cooking some bacon now, about twelve feet from where I sit, and it makes me mighty uneasy. * * *

How to Cook a Bass.

There are many ways to cook a big-mouth bass, and he is more or less good in any one of them. You can, if you are rather new yourself, try the brown paper, or green leaves, or clay-bake method, or you can broil your bass, or spoil it on a stick. At cooking a big-mouth bass J. B. H. surpasses any Delmonico, whether of the city or the wood, and this is the way he does it. In the first place, he will not cook any bass except those taken from pure, cold water. We call the lower end of Phantom Lake our ice box, and when we want fish for breakfast, to eat and not to weigh, we go over there the evening previous and catch two or three little fellows, about a pound and a half each. These we keep alive on the stringer until we reach the cool green bank by our spring. There J. B. H. kills and carefully cleans the fish, and salts them in a covered tin box, keeping them cold over night. In the morning he washes them clean of salt and fries them till they are brown in half a skilletful of extract of bacon freshly prepared thereto. The fish are cooked thoroughly, the test being the easy admission of a fork tine through every portion. They can not be hurried, and the fire must be just hot enough. The fish are seasoned before cooking. Prepared in this way we find that the bass have no musky flavor and do not taste of grease in the least. They are sweet, perfectly hard and firm, nutty, and not in any degree of that unpleasant fishy taste which so often characterizes the restaurant or domestic fish. This is a practical, easy and good way to cook bass in camp. You can not get so good results in town, perhaps, because there you can not get so perfect fish. Nothing is more unpleasant than a "fishy" taste, but these fish do not taste of fish at all. I think perhaps the soaking in salt improves them.

A Half-Dozen a Day.

We have taken in all since our arrival here I presume thirty or forty bass. Before I left town, I remember, I heard of one sportsman who was killing sixty a day. We cannot eat so many, and out of the six or eight bass we take when we go out fishing, we find it necessary to give away all but two or three. J. B. H., who is past 70, and is active and vigorous yet, does well on the doctrine of moderation. I cannot see that sportsmanship would suffer under that doctrine. At any rate, J. B. H. says about half a dozen bass a day are enough in a week's camp, and what he says goes here. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 20.—Bass fishing in Arkansas is very fine just now. I took last evening in an hour's time 12 beauties. On the trip I landed 24 black bass with "Johnson's fancy" fly. JOS. IRWIN.

BOSTON FISHERMEN.

MR. L. R. HOWE and Mr. E. C. Hodges, of Boston, went after salmon to the northwest branch of the Miramichi a few days ago, and it is rumored that they struck the fish they were after the first day. If such is the case their fortune is better than that of most of the sportsmen who have been in that region of late. Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the veteran actor, and Mr. A. H. Wood, own the southwest branch of the same stream, and Mr. Jefferson visits the stream every season for salmon fishing. It is now understood and is no secret that a party of Boston gentlemen are negotiating for the Northwest Branch, and doubtless their efforts will be successful.

It may be a sin to go sailing after bluefish on the day between Saturday and Monday and it may not be; so a number of my Boston friends cannot claim that I have called them sinners, since I have not published their names. But it may be added that a good many boats and boatmen were chartered for that day (July 23) in Buzzards Bay, at Hyannis, at Martha's Vineyard and at Nantucket.

Mr. John B. Drake, for a long time in the fruit business in Boston, died on Tuesday, July 18. He has for many years been a visitor to the Maine and New Hawpsire trout waters, though of late years he has found it very hard to get away from his business. But all the time he kept up his interest in such matters.

Another member of the long-to-be-remembered Eugene Clapp party, to the Rangeleys, is gone. Mr. Horace Haskins died at his residence in Somerville, Sunday, June 16. He was 64 years of age, and had been a member of the firm of Haskins & Montague for 41 years. Rarely has he missed his annual trouting trip with the Clapp party, and a more genial gentleman and a greater lover of angling never lived. Only Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Paine are now left of that party.

Sportsmen will also be pained to hear of the death of Mr. Warren Rawson, of Arlington, Mass. Mr. Rawson was one of the pioneer gardners of that town, from which business he amassed a handsome fortune. He was one of the most practical men of the stern New England type, but he never forgot his annual trouting trip to the Rangeley waters. At Camp Beamis was his favorite trouting place, where he early became a warm friend of Capt. Fred C. Barker. He dearly loved to spin his trout yarns, among which was the one of taking three trout on one cast, one morning at Bemis. This story was given in the FOREST AND STREAM two or three years ago. Mr. Rawson was of the sturdy Rawson race of Oxford county, Maine, having been born in Paris, in that county, 72 years ago. It was one of the pleasures of his life, as well as his annual fishing trip, to visit the humble home of his boyhood. He was never ashamed to acknowledge that he had begun at the very bottom of the ladder; in fact, he has often been heard to remark that he began in business for himself not worth 50 cents. Later in life his charities were many, often to poor widows and orphans of his native town. He had lived in Arlington over 50 years, of which town he was a prominent citizen. SPECIAL.

FISHING LIGHT IN CANADA.

REPORTS from almost all the Canadian salmon rivers show a great falling off in the catch this year as compared with previous seasons. Even the far-famed Restigouche has failed to yield anything like its usual quota of sport, while the various north shore salmon streams were too low during the whole of last month—the temperature of the water having risen to nearly 70°, that few fish could be induced to rise. A number of both American and Canadian anglers have already returned disappointed with their season's sport. The Trinity was almost the only exception to the general rule this year among the north shore streams, Messrs. Edson, Fitch and J. D. Gilmour having slightly exceeded their catch of last year upon it. Mr. Brackett took but five fish this year in the Marguerite, one of which was over 30lbs. in weight, however. About the largest fish killed in Canadian waters this season so far was a salmon of 48lbs., taken in the Grand Cascapedia by Mr. C. B. Barnes, of Boston. It is quite evident that the unfavorable character of the weather, and not any diminution in the number of salmon in Canadian waters, is responsible for the small catches of fish by anglers. The net fishing in the mouths of the streams was never more abundant than this year, and large quantities of fish have been seen through the all too clear water lying in the pools of the various rivers. Sea trout fishing is just now yielding good sport in the Saguenay River in the vicinity of Tadousac.

In the various trout fishing preserves in this Province, and especially in the waters of the Triton Club in the Batiscan Valley, and in those of Lake Edward, large fish continue to be taken despite the recent heated term, but usually in the vicinity of cold springs. Mr. Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse, and Mr. Curtis, of New York, have since fishing the Triton tract had good sport with trout in La Belle Riviere, near Lake St. John. Messrs. Brewer and Merriam, of Springfield; Bryan, of New York, and Campbell, of Plattsburg, have been very successful in their trout fishing upon the waters of the Amabalish Club, in the Lower Metabetchouan, and Messrs. Bryan and Campbell have followed up their sport there with a day or two among the ouananiche of the Grande Discharge. No less than 300 ouananiche were taken last week in the Grande Discharge by a party of three American anglers.

Some fine catches of large fish are also reported from the vicinity of Isle Maleine, some seven miles below Lake St. John. Mr. E. J. Myers, of New York, has just had some magnificent fishing for ouananiche at the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, whence he returned to Roberval on Saturday to take Mrs. Myers up the river. Trout fishing is now good both in the Ouiatchouan River above the falls, and also in the Ouiatchouaniche, a day or two's journey back from Roberval. The usual rush after heavy fish by anglers ascending the large northern tributaries of Lake St. John may be looked for early next month. As this territory with its network of lakes and rivers becomes better known, it is likely to become the favorite summer and autumn fishing and camping ground for both American and Canadian anglers. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC CITY, July 17.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., July 21.—I spent two days at the Pere Marquette Club waters last week. Black bass fishing was good; trout were not taking the fly well but were gorged with shrimp and caddis worm, so we did not get many. M.

THE CHICAGO FLY-CASTING CLUB.

THE club held a regular meeting in the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on the evening of July 18. The president, Mr. Geo. W. Strell, presided. Seven members were present. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Mr. W. H. Thurston's resignation was accepted. The secretary reported ten or twelve inquiries in respect to World's Fair tournaments of the club, from New York, Vermont, Maine, Indiana, Michigan, Kentucky, Iowa and Illinois. A balance of $226.09 was reported on hand, out of which $101.54 is deducted for an overdraw on account of the Walton House, which sum will be refunded. The Walton House cost $594.54, and $30 additional for the pier. Of this sum, $275 have been raised and $100 more subscribed. The shortage is placed at $259.54. Some schemes for raising the money to meet this shortage were proposed. One was that each member should contribute 10 cents, then each should write to two of his friends, those two to two friends respectively, and so on in geometrical progression until the fourteenth series, when the debt would be exceeded by the receipts. This was objected to on the score of its charitable aspect. In the dog world, I do not think it would be practicable for material reasons; first, because after the third or fourth series had been passed there might be some compound vicarious friend who did not have two friends of his own, and in any series there might be a good friend whose dimes were not present, or whose giving was absent. Mr. Clarke proposed that the members pay what they could and trust to sportsmen's generosity to pay the balance. Mr. Smith suggested that the club get what revenue it could by renting space in the Walton House for advertisements. He further made a motion that the chairman of the executive committee draw up a statement of the Walton House fund and learn from such members as had offered contributions how much they would contribute. By motion, the president and chairman of the executive committee were appointed to select for the house and place thereon such sign and inscription as would identify it and designate its purpose. The one informally considered was as follows: "Chicago Fly-Casting Club's Fishing House. A *fac-simile* of the Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton fishing box on the River Dove, England."

It was carried that a photograph of the club house be made for the frontispiece of the constitution and by-laws, rules, programmes, etc. It was carried that the four hundredth birthday of Izaak Walton be honored by the club with a picnic and banquet, at Momence, on the Kankakee River, $1 per plate and $1.50 for round trip railroad ticket. Members are privileged to invite their gentlemen friends.

Arrangements will be made if possible with dealers in sportsmen's goods to secure exhibits to be placed in the house, with Mr. Wilkinson in charge to practically illustrate as an expert the manner of using rods and tackle.

B. WATERS.

OREGON NOTES.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: As anticipated by many, the arrest and prosecution of our cold-storage game dealers by our fish and game protector proved a farce. The precedents suggested by FOREST AND STREAM for consideration by the powers that be, if ever presented or even considered at all, seem to have exercised little or no influence on the deliberations of those whom our people have selected to construe the laws and administer justice. Addison says: "There is no virtue so truly great and god-like as justice;" and it may be possible that justice in these particular cases is so god-like and of such a transcendently superior quality, that not only laymen but some lawyers may be excused for not being able to apprehend the point or appreciate the justice of the adjudication. Strange things are continually happening out here in Oregon; as for example, the exhibition given by our last Legislative Assembly, which so nearly upset the mental equilibrium of Editor Reynolds, compiler of the *Game Laws in Brief*, when he undertook the job of reconciling its "Acts." The days of miracles are past, and Mr. Reynolds cannot reconcile these "Acts" any more than he can reconcile oil and water. The best thing to do with them is to dispose of them in job lots to the highest bidder without guarantee and without recourse.

I would like to ask "Podgers" to state the extent of his observations on the matter of salmon feeding in fresh water. I am satisfied from his published expressions that he believes that they do feed; and probably there is no other man in the United States, who has had better opportunities for observing. I believe that salmon feed while in fresh water, notwithstanding the positive assertions of the most eminent ichthyologists in the country and the dicta of the U. S. Fish Commission, and I have heretofore published some facts that seem to bear me out in the assertion. To-day I received a letter from Mr. W. H. Lewis, of eastern Oregon, something like 500 miles from the ocean, from which I quote regarding this subject: "By the way, I told you I would keep my weather eye open for proof of salmon taking food while in fresh water. In the month of April last, in North Fork of Meachem Creek, above Wilbur Station, Thos. Whittingham shot and killed a 3ft. salmon; and when opened, in its stomach was found a trout about 4in. long. This was in presence of Charles Overly and D. Dickinson. Whittingham is now working on section at Wilbur, and Overly is section foreman at North Powder." Mr. Lewis told me last spring, that he had seen the stomachs of many salmon with food in them and then promised to procure for me the affidavits of men to the same effect. When received I shall ask FOREST AND STREAM to give me a hearing.

This will probably go of record as the coldest year in the history of Oregon. Most certainly will this be the case unless the fireman soon begins to pile in his combustibles and poke up his fires. So far it has been something more than five degrees below the coldest ever before known. As a natural consequence the mountain streams have been full and cold all through the spring and early summer so that now, when fly time proper is upon us, we find the streams full of fine fish. We hear good reports from every direction. The pan-fisherman (bad luck to him,) has not been "in it" this year, and for once the fly-fisherman is happy. Next Saturday Mr. J. Robert Mead, Billy Newman (the "Billy" of happy memories,) Mike, my wife and myself leave for a two weeks' vacation in the Molalla country. I'll bet that we have a good time. S. H. GREENE.

FLY-CASTING RULES.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

I.—All competitors shall be members of the club. All competitions shall be managed by the tournament committee, who shall elect a captain to enforce its orders.

II.—All rods used by competitors must be singlehanded rods and not exceed 11ft. in length, and all casting shall be done single-handed only.

III.—Competitors may consult their own inclinations in the choice of casting lines; but such lines must not be knotted or weighted; one knot for fastening line and leader shall be allowed.

IV.—Competitors shall use a single gut leader of not less than 6ft. in length.

V.—The flies used by competitors shall be furnished or approved by the tournament committee. One fly only, of not larger than No. 5 size, shall be used.

VI.—The members of the tournament committee shall appoint a timekeeper at each contest, whose duty it shall be to allot the contestants their respective turns, time the duration of each competitor's casting, and observe that the rods and tackle are at all times during the contest in accordance with the rules and requirements of the club, and that each competitor when casting does not advance beyond the marked boundary.

VII.—Three members of the club shall be appointed as judges by the members of the tournament committee present, decide the merits of the cast in accordance with the rules. Any member making remarks to the judges, or detracting their attention in any way while the contests are in progress, or the attention of a member while casting, shall forfeit all rights and be suspended for 30 days. The decision of the judges shall be final.

VIII.—The contests shall consist of three events, namely: 1, fly-casting for distance and accuracy combined; 2, long distance fly-casting; 3, black bass bait-casting for distance and accuracy combined.

IX.—The judges shall suspend from the contests, for the day on which it occurs, any member found guilty, in their opinion, of conduct unbecoming a gentleman.

Events.

No. 1. Fly-Casting for Distance and Accuracy Combined.—The casting shall be done at three 6in. buoys, 45, 50 and 55ft., 5 casts at each buoy; ties, 3 casts at 55ft., and 5ft. further for every additional tie. The distance of the fly from the buoys at each cast shall be added together and divided by 3; the total shall be deducted from 100, which shall be the percentage. The one having the highest percentage shall be declared the winner.

Each contestant shall be allowed not over 30 seconds in which to extend his line. Time shall be called on the back cast.

Should any emergency arise not covered by these rules or the general rules of event No. 2, the judges shall be allowed to use their discretion in settling the matter.

No. 2. Fly-Casting for Long Distance.—Each contestant shall be allowed 5 minutes in which to cast for distance. He shall stand upon a given marked point and make his cast paralled with a line of buoys placed in the water at measured intervals. The length of the casts shall be measured from the standpoint of the contestant to the spot reached by his fly. The competitor who makes the longest cast shall be adjudged the winner. No other than fair overhead casting shall be permitted. Switch or roll casting shall be barred. Should any competitor whip off his fly he shall replace it with another one. No cast shall count when the fly is missing. In case of a tie, the contestants whose scores are tied shall contest 3 minutes more.

No. 3. Black Bass Bait-Casting for Distance and Accuracy Combined.—The casting shall be done on land, in a straight court 30ft. wide, a tape line running the full length equi-distant between the boundaries.

(1) Only practical fishing tackle allowed, otherwise no restrictions.
(2) All casts shall be made single handed, that is with one hand only.
(3) The weight cast shall weigh ½oz.
(4) Each contestant shall make five casts for record, three trial casts being first allowed.
(5) The average of five casts shall constitute the record.
(6) Casts shall be measured as follows: If within 1ft. of either side of the tape line full measure shall be counted; for every foot over 1ft. away from the tape line, one point shall be deducted from the length of distance cast; thus, if the weight lies 3ft. away from the tape line at the 140ft. mark, then 138 shall be credited; if 15ft. away from the 140ft. mark, then 126 shall be credited, and so on, the foot to be counted nearest which the weight lies; no fractions allowed.
(7) The general rules for fly-casting, where they do not conflict with these rules, shall apply.

No. 4. Black Bass Casting for Distance.—Whenever the tournament committee so decide, an event for record only may be added, to be known as long distance black bass bait-casting.

Potomac Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Black bass fishing has not been so good between the city and the Great Falls. Further up the river it has been better. A veteran angler says that there is too much bait in the river in the way of live minnows, making the fish independent of the half dead offerings of the hook and line fishermen.

One of our fishing clubs is about to erect an establishment on the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

Brother Mohler experienced a new kind of milk shake last Sunday. He drank the milk first and had the shake an hour later. The can from which he had a glass of milk was emptied and from the bottom there rolled out an innocent little salamander some three or four inches long, dead, and apparently not quite so fresh as the milk. Then Brer M. experienced his shake, lost his supper and the glass of milk.

This little salamander (*Spelerpes ruber*) is known as the "spring-keeper" in Virginia, is protected by farmers as of good to their springs, freeing them from insects, etc., and is generally common from Maine to Nebraska, east of the Alleghanies south to the Carolinas. BART.

The Fisherman's Delight.

THE novel device consists of an attachment which can be affixed to a fishing pole and which indicates or records every nibble as well as a bite. The line runs over a dial journal in such a manner as to raise or lower the dial, thus pointing out not only the number of nibbles but the variety of fish desiring to leave the water. All the fisherman needs to do is to look at the indicator when he hears the alarm bell, and if the fish is of such variety and size as he desires he simply pulls it out and sets his hook again. If the variety or size does not suit him he simply "presses a button and the fish does the rest." The whole is neatly inclosed in a glass case. On the opposite side is another indicator showing the weight of the captive fish. The device recorded 40lbs. on the trial test as applied in the presence of witnesses and in the Okaw's murky waters. The device may be seen at any time by calling upon the inventor, Robt. Sattley. River rights for sale.—*Bethany (Ill.) Echo.*

Fishing at "the Cape."

HERE'S a record of one day's fishing at the Cape, On Thursday last, John Wallace, of New York, captured 58 bass weighing 58lbs; his son, Allen Wallace, caught 60 weighing 59lbs.; Winfield Brewster came in with 150 bass, 120lbs. in weight; John Fisher was the next man, with 102 in number, weight 93lbs.; Geo. W. Weeks, of New York, was also lucky, taking 98 which weighed 98lbs.; E. Bender also came in with 36 exceedingly fine ones. These are only a few of the good catches that are made daily. Surely we are correct when we say that for good bass fishing come to the Cape.—*Cape Vincent (N. Y.) Eagle, July 13.*

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her *luck.*

FINE VIEW, Clayton, N. Y., July 18.—The largest fish of the season was captured by John Young opposite Fine View about 8 this morning, when a 30-pound muscallonge was landed after a hard battle with the gamy fish. John Young is the captain of the Gad About, a yacht owned by Hon. George N. Kennedy, of Syracuse, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of the Fifth Judicial District, who is now at his cottage at Thousand Island Park. The engineer of the yacht is C. P. Knight. They started out along this morning to get some minnows, and the captain had his line out while they were opposite Fine View. A big muscallonge came along and gobbled the Gardner M. Skinner bait, mistaking it for a breakfast feast of flies and angle-worms, and then and there got himself into trouble. The hook caught the old fellow firmly in the jaw, and his presence at the other end of the line was soon felt by the captain, who began to pull in on his line. He came along the first 50ft. peacefully, but afterward he resisted and showed fight, taking a plunge toward the bottom of the river. The captain played with him for a long while and finally got him up near enough to the surface of the water so that they clubbed him over the head with an oar and stunned the big fish. Just as they got him alongside the yacht the hook became unfastened from his jaw and the fish was at liberty to glide away, but before he could collect his wits he received a stunning blow from a club and was then easily hauled into the yacht. The white flag was then hoisted on the yacht, a signal that a muscallonge had been captured, and the Gad About steered away for Thousand Island Park with her big fish and proud captors. The yacht Ella, owned by J. W. Oliphant, of Brooklyn, sighted the white flag on the Gad About and ran alongside of her to see the catch. One of the passengers on the Ella offered Capt. Young $10 for his prize, but he refused. This muscallonge tipped the scales at 30lbs., is 4ft. 3in. long, and has a girth of 19in.—*Troy Times.*

SHELDRAKE, N. Y., July 17.—Messrs. Peter Clark and James O'Neil, of H. B. Claflin & Co., N. Y., caught forty very fine pickerel and black bass. Largest weighing 4½lbs., mostly all run nice size. ED. MISNER.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 17.—On the afternoon of 15th inst., J. M. Pemberton in Old River, fourteen miles from this city, took three bass at one cast. They weighed 2½, 3, 3½lbs. How's that—8½lbs. at a cast? JOS. W. IRWIN.

NEW RUSSIA, N. Y., (Westport), Essex County, July 19.—Black bass and trout biting good. W. H. Scheper, of New York, caught on July 17 forty-five brook trout in the A. M. On July 18 twenty-one bass, weight from 1 to 3lbs. each. Fishing promises to continue good.

LAVERTY BROS. (Hunters' Home).

MR. J. L. MUNN, of the Saranac Club, Adirondacks, caught three lake trout July 8 whose aggregate weight was 48lbs. Their respective weights were 12lbs. 11oz., 16lbs. 8oz., and 19lbs. They were caught trolling off Johnson's Island in the upper Saranac. Mr. Munn's guide was Hi Benham.

CORTLAND, N. Y.—E. Robbins and a friend have just returned from a short fishing venture in the Adirondacks, near Mud Pond. Here is what they say concerning the trip: "It's great work at the end of a fly-rod up there now. The first afternoon we fished along a stream that was fairly alive with trout, the sport of pulling out the fine gamy fellows soon got monotonous, and we went to shooting at a mark. Fishing along that stream was just like digging potatoes. There wasn't enough chance for horse play and sizing up the scenery. We could have caught wagon loads of trout had we cared to."

M. C. H.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., July 21.—The bass fishing is as good as ever, as you will see by the following:

July 18.		July 19.	
Mr. Weekes, New York	123	Mr. Weekes, New York	101
Mr. A. Wallace, New York	101	Mr. A. Wallace, New York	71
Mr. Mackey, New York	93	Mr. Mackey, New York	126
Mr. J. Wallace, New York	86	Mr. J. Wallace, New York	90
Mr. Thomson, New York	68	Mr. Thomson, New York	91
Mr. McKinley, New York	70	Mr. McKinley, New York	100
Mr. Kerr, New York	44	Mr. Kerr, New York	79
Mr. Robinson, New York	23	Mr. Robinson, New York	99
Mr. Esterbrook, New Jersey	87	Mr. Esterbrook, New Jersey	41

C. T. SACKET.

BERTHOUD, Col., July 17.—Just returned from a trout fishing trip up Big Thompson Cañon. Fishing only fair. Fishermen too plenty. In a day and a half I caught fifty-three, largest ¼lb. In years past I have taken three to four hundred in two to three days at same place, all nice ones. Best fishing to be had now near here is on the Little Sault Paudrie, some forty miles in the mountains.

A. A. KNOTT.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.—A friend writes me of the fishing at Owl's Head, Lake Memphremagog: "The fishing for lake and brook trout is very good. Recently two lake trout were caught weighing, respectively, 17 and 18¾lbs., by still-fishing, the grounds being previously baited. In trolling yellow perch quite frequently take the spoon and are of quite good size. The trout are in deep water and it requires some little patience to catch them." S. T.

On Chippewa Point.

MESSRS. C. HERBERT, Anthony and Charles Beebe, of Gouverneur, N. Y., spent a week in camp last March upon the banks of the St. Lawrence River, in quest of ducks, which fly in great numbers at that season of the year, when the ice is breaking up. With Ed. Senner and Eb. Forrester as guides, they walked across the ice on Chippewa Bay, hauling their "duffle" on sleds, two miles to the "Point" on which the camp was pitched amid a grove of trees, which protected them from the cold winds which sweep along these shores. The bow-house was located on Broad-Bill Island about fifty rods from camp, and was a most natural one of rocks, needing only a few branches of pine to make it a perfect blind. Chippewa Point commands an uninterrupted view up and down the river.

Ducks can be seen coming in a long distance, following the open water, and few were the flocks that sailed by unnoticed, most of them gracefully turning and settling among the decoys. Many who escaped the contents of the shotguns were brought down by the Winchester of Ed. Denver, who, by the way, is known as the best wing shot on the river, and Forrester is not far behind in his line. The party secured a good variety of the birds, among them being redheads, whistlers, broadbills and a few shelldrake. Wild geese were seen flying high and a pair of bald eagles flew majestically down the river. The accompanying illustration of the camp was taken by Mr. Anthony, an amateur photographer of considerable merit.

CHIPPEWA.

A New Indiana Association.

RIVERSIDE, Ind., July 17.—The following clipping from a local paper will give the news this week. Lots of jack salmon (we so call them) are being caught. I will send you photographs soon of several fish taken:

"State Fish Commissioner P. H. Hirsch, of Columbia City, was in Attica Saturday, he having been called here to look after some violations of the fish law, which have been practiced on Pine Creek in the vicinity of Rainsville and on the Wabash near Portland for the past two months. Evidence has already been secured sufficient to bring about several indictments at the next meeting of the grand jury. At the suggestion of the Commissioner a fish and game association has been organized in this city within the last few days. The purpose of this organization shall be to prosecute any persons violating the fish laws of the State. Any person who assists the organization by furnishing evidence which leads to conviction will receive a reward of $10 from the association. It shall also be the purpose of the association to stock the streams with fish, and have been assured the assistance of the State Fish Commissioner in all matters necessary to bring about the enforcement of the laws. Arrests have recently been made at Crawfordsville by a similar association, and wherever they have been organized they have proven a valuable protection to the fish in the streams."

J. E. FISHER.

The Missouri Dynamite Law Fails.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Missouri dynamite law proved so obnoxious that no attention was paid to it except to bring a test case before one of the circuit courts to have the law decided unconstitutional, and it was very promptly decided so, on the ground that its title did not properly describe its object; it being entitled an act for the protection of fish, when it was in fact an act to regulate the sale of dynamite. It has met the fate predicted by your correspondent. Legislation of so severe a character as this law can not be enforced.

From the tone of H. Clay Ewing's letter it seems he thinks me opposed to legislation protecting the fish, but it is not the case. No one is fonder of landing bass with rod and line, nor more opposed to their wanton destruction than I am, and the law was attacked solely because its uselessness was foreseen.

It may be surmised that a business interest was the cause of the attack on the law, but every one familiar with the subject knows that the quantity of dynamite used for killing fish is too small to be worth a moment's consideration, and three-fourths of what is used for that purpose is stolen from legitimate users of it.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Waban Notes.

WELLESLEY, Mass., July 20.—The fishing up our way has been remarkably poor for the first part of the season, but is now improving very much. I went up to the lake last evening and caught a fine string of very large yellow perch. The big ones are away out in deep water.

Last summer I put a number of white perch in our lake, but this fish must have been in there before, as several large white perch were taken from the lake early this season, and all I put in were small ones. I want to see them plentiful there, for they are, to my thinking, one of the best fishes we have, both for sport and for the table.

We had a good laugh at a friend's expense the other day. He was sitting in a boat watching his little girl fish with his new split-bamboo rod, when a large bass took hold and pulled the rod from the child's hands and put off with it to the bottom. The rod and reel being heavy did not rise, and *pater familias* spent a half day dredging before he recovered the tackle. The bass had made his escape.

After seeing the Fair we will meet in Arkansas, in which State we mean to camp out and rough it until we are tired of collecting and fishing.

S. F. D.

Fishculture.

Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

GOVERNOR PATTISON has appointed the following State Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries: Henry C. Ford, of Philadelphia; H. C. Demuth, of Lancaster; John Gay, of Greensburg; Fred W. Ebel, of Harrisburg; S. B. Stillwell, of Scranton, and Louis Streuber, of Erie.

Two changes are noted, Messrs. Welshons, of Pittsburg, and Powell, of Harrisburg, retiring from the Commission, and Messrs. Gay and Ebel taking their places.

The retiring officers were both active members of the board, Mr. Welshons being corresponding secretary and Mr. Powell treasurer, besides being especially energetic in a justifiable crusade against the pollution of the Susquehanna and her tributaries by coal culm and other refuse.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Kingston (Ont.) K. C., at Kingston. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone. Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park. D. C. Collins, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. E. D. Adams, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Appointment of Substitute Judges.

IN THE CASE OF AN ADVERTISED JUDGE NOT FULFILLING HIS ENGAGEMENT, SHALL THE COMMITTEE OR THE EXHIBITORS CHOOSE THE SUBSTITUTE?

Editor Forest and Stream:

The A. K. C. has no member or friend who wishes it continued success more than myself, or one who better sees the good it has done and the power it is in the kennel world to-day.

There has been grumbling by meddlesome parties of no weight; their writings filled so much space in the sporting papers, nothing more. They generally originated from those who wanted to run the club their own way, or their dislike to some of its officers. The dire calamities which they predicted would happen to it only made themselves more open to ridicule.

All dogmen and friends of the A. K. C. will read Dr. Perry's letter and say there is something in what he says. It is the first time a letter has been given to the kennel press criticising the A. K. C. honestly and freely. I am sure the Kennel Club will accept the Doctor's wish "to mend" in the same spirit as it was given. The Doctor rightly considers the importance of the various country agricultural societies. I am sure they could easily be induced to hold regular yearly bench shows if it could be done without too much red tape. I as well as others must perfectly agree with him when he says:

Whereas, It appears that the field of dog shows is capable of enlargement through the medium of agricultural fairs, and possibly other exhibitions of like character.

Whereas, Were more shows held by the associations formed for the purposes aforesaid, the interest of dogs and their owners would be greatly promoted, the attendance at them being usually very large.

But I cannot quite agree with his third, though I may not see it as he does:

Whereas, The interests of the breeders and exhibitors of this country, either individually or collectively, cannot be advanced by the existing rule that every association must be a member of this club before it can hold a show under its rules.

My belief is, anything that is worth having is worth asking for. I think the rule requiring them to organize as a kennel club might be modified in some way. I have had considerable experience at some of the county and State fairs. If you establish a rule that they can hold a dog show under the Kennel Club rules, then pay or make application afterward, it would be a mistake in my estimation. After a show is over it would be difficult to get anything done for the protection of the exhibitors; it is but just that they become members of the Kennel Club and abide by its rules. Exhibitors will not patronize them unless they are governed by the Kennel Club rules and these wins count.

Make the form of admission as easy as possible, encourage them by every means in your power. I live in the neighborhood of four large county fairs. At two the daily attendance averaged 30,000 people. There is always a small show of dogs of recognized and unrecognized breeds. The managers are waking up to the fact that if they could give a first class show it would add greatly to the attractions.

At my suggestion two of the largest societies proposed to give a first class Kennel Club show this fall. One of them applied to the Kennel Club for admission and dates for their show, but the application for membership, not being made out as required, it was returned for correction. But it requiring possibly another meeting of the society to arrange the details it was never returned to the Kennel Club. Besides, as there were previous applications for the same dates claimed in Canada as for both these societies, the agricultural societies concluded to postpone their intended shows until another fall, then I confidently expect to see two or three first-class Kennel Club shows in this section. Had there been no question about securing the dates there would have been at least two first-class shows this fall. Country fairs should be allowed to hold a show under Kennel Club rules on their regular dates. First reqnire them to join, then allow them to hold the show whenever they choose, and do not require them to make application six months before the proposed show.

All exhibitors will agree with me, I think, that the rule allowing the committee to select whoever they choose for judge, in case the one advertised could not serve, is unjust to the exhibitors. They make their entries with the promise of having a certain judge officiate, and it is but just that if another is to be appointed they have a word to say. Article XIII. should be changed as proposed by Dr. Perry.

In regard to the present laws regarding importing dogs, if I am not much mistaken it was enacted after several consultations and by the recommendation of some of the leading dog breeders, I cannot remember just who at present. Is it not better as it stands than patched up so that mongrels could slip through?

When the good Doctor attacks the express companies he chooses a fit subject with which to wrestle. There is a universal feeling among all dogmen that they are unjustly treated by the express companies. I am sure the feeling would not be so general was not justice with us. If you see the officers I am sure you will find them jolly good fellows and the committee will have a pleasant remembrance of their visit. By all means let the Kennel Club foot the bill for stamps, etc. The express companies will tell them they are carrying dogs at a loss, which is true as far as the dogs go. No reduction will be made. If the express companies would only meet us half way and agree to discharge and never employ a messenger in whose care a dog was injured through his carelessness, it would create a better feeling as far as the dogmen are concerned. If a complaint is made no attention is paid to it. If we pay double rates we have a right to expect our dogs to at least receive humane treatment. For my part I do not so much object to the double rate if it would insure proper care and attention. But it is not just, after we have paid for extra care and dispatch, that we should have our dogs set to one side, or smothered, by some careless official.

Only last week I shipped a valuable mastiff bitch to Canada. The trip should have occupied less than one day, but instead it occupied two. She was somewhere, no one knows where, and when she arrived she was taken from the box seemingly breathing her last, in other words nearly smothered. Only by the best of care and attention did she recover. Of course it will do a permanent injury to the bitch. Had she been received by almost any other party she would not have been brought round. As it stands now, the express company received double rates for the care they gave her, and the owner has besides a long bill to pay the veterinary. The messenger or whoever was responsible still enjoys his situation with the same chances to do the same thing again. There have been cases where a dog was smothered through the fault of the shipper, but this one was in splendid condition, nine months old and shipped in a light new box made especially for hot weather, with one side open as far as possible. By all means appoint a standing committee for this work, consisting of the most persuasive sort of fellows in the club. Instruct them to keep up the "wrestling" and to report progress.

J. L. WINCHELL.

FAIR HAVEN, Vt.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to the substitution for Article XIII. of Bench Show Rules of A. K. C. proposed by Dr. Perry, I beg leave to submit FOREST AND STREAM the following considerations: Above all, allow me to assure Dr. Perry of my hearty indorsement of his proposal, it being equitable to both contracting parties; exhibitors and bench show officials, protecting as it does either party against having an objectionable judge foisted on them. With Dr. Perry I can say that I believed such or similar proposed change had been accepted at the last A. K. C. meeting, until I saw the printed report to the contrary; but, on the whole, I cannot see how any fairer way could be suggested to avoid future trouble on this point.

I am fully in accord with the best part of Dr. Perry's able suggestion, especially as regards the representatiou of Associate Members. I may except, perhaps, his ideas about election, or rather, the making up of a slate for election, of officers, it being simply impracticable, to my mind, as he will find no fitting man for such offices willing to serve in such lucrative (?) positions, where all is diligent and sometimes most unpleasant work, but very little honor, unless that being "nagged" at is honor. I repeat, he will find no man to lend his name for nomination under the proposed conditions, at the same time be quite reconciled to being defeated, because only one can be elected.

I may be wrong, but I should decidedly object to being nominated were I put in such a position. I give it, of course, only as an illustration, having resigned from all clubs I belonged to; and I am convinced that you will find most fanciers, who are in it for fancy's sake only, to hold the same view.

There is one point on which I should like to hear the opinion of such an able framer as Dr. Perry and also of others, viz.: How to stop the discreditable jockeying by stuffing or starving dogs up to or down to proper weight in heavy or light-weight classes? my own proposal—"To compel a dog 18 months and older to remain thereafter in its then declared class"—having been rejected at the last A. K. C. meeting.

This is a very important point, and is conducive to much funny business at every show just before judging, when handlers and owners can see what they have to compete against.

Everybody of course will indorse Dr. Perry's suggestions concerning "importation" and "express charges," and if future committees should be more successful than former ones it will be a thing much wished for; but I am afraid it is a matter of great doubt at present.

I do hope that Dr. Perry's logical and able proposals will bring forth, as he desires, a fair and unbiassed discussion without underlying personal motives, because the rules fairest to all will also be fairest for each individual honest exhibitor and fancier.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., July 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to Dr. Perry's resolutions, I should like to say that the A.K.C. will be sure to do the wrong thing; whenever they have the choice of two roads they always take the wrong one. They have always been notorious for doing foolish things, and it would not do for them to pass any laws that would benefit breeders and exhibitors. I see the A.K.C. has some thousands of dollars in the bank, but since it was organized it never gave *one cent* to improve the dogs of America. The A.K.C. should help the doggy interests and not blow in our money for law suits. I used to pay $5, but found it was like pouring water into a rat hole, the rats got a drink and it did not hurt the hole.

If a club advertises a judge, many will make their entries because they have confidence in the judge, and they expect he will be there. We pick our judges and only show under certain men, because we have tried them all and found many wanting. It is public talk that a judge got the stomach ache just to give another man a chance to work off a grudge against exhibitors he did not like. Exhibitors should of course vote on who present would be acceptable. Then if any exhibitor did not like the one appointed, the show should be made to return his entry fees.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., July 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Respecting the appointment of a dog show judge to fill the place of a judge who is absent from the show where he has been advertised to act, in my opinion, the rule should be left as it now stands, as very many of the large exhibitors do not attend the shows, but send their kennel men. Even if all the exhibitors did attend, and the choosing of the judge were left to them, it would only give an additional opportunity for rankling and ill-feeling, of which there is altogether too much now.

The dog show committee appoint the judges in the first place and have the show in charge. They make the different classes and pay the prizes, and if the judge fails them it is their province to fill his place.

H. W. SMITH.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 20.

At the meeting to be held by the Kenmore Coursing Club, at Goodland, Kan., which we drew attention to recently, there will be the Goodland Stakes, for 16 or more all-age greyhounds, entrance fee $20 for members, $25 for non-members; $100 of the citizens' cash and 50% of entrance money to the winner; $50 cash and 50% of the remainder of entrance fee to the runner up; balance of entrance money to be equally divided between dogs equal at the finish. Then there is the Kenmore Derby, for puppies under 18mos. Entrance $10 for members and $12.50 for non-members; winner gets $50 cash and 50% of entrance money, 50% of balance of entrance money to runner up, and balance of entrance to those equal at the finish. Entries close night of Oct. 16. Dr. Van Hummell last fall told us that the country round Goodland was excellent for the purpose, and expected that a good meeting could be brought off there.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The Northwestern Field Trials.

CHICAGO, July 22.—In a letter to me dated July 15 Mr. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, writes as follows:

"Mr. Brailsford cables me to enter in our All-Age and Championship Cup, Musa, winner of the All-Age Pointer Stake at the late Pointer Club trials. I expect that Hallam has started with Mr. Lonsdale's dogs for Manitoba ere this."

Everything auspiciously points toward a successful trial for the Northwestern Field Trial Club.

The Northwestern Beagle Club of America.

In a letter from Mr. Louis Steffen, secretary-treasurer of the club, he writes, under date of July 17, that the prospects for a successful trial are excellent. The date selected, November 1, is at a time of year when the rabbit crop and grounds are at their best. Mr. Steffen, in behalf of the club, invites all beagle fanciers to become members. The initiation fee is but $5 and the annual dues $3. The secretary's address is No. 781 Thirty-eighth st., Milwaukee, Wis.

McLin.

The young man who so recently distinguished himself by coarse brutality to dogs in his charge, which he had under pretense of training them, is in a fair way to meet the legal punishment he so earnestly merits. It is most gratifying that the people of Bicknell did not let the matter rest after a farcical justice trial in which McLin was acquitted. I do not know the attainments of the justice in question, but I feel certain that he is possessed of an intellect of incandescent brightness aad a sense of justice and humanity such as appertain to the demagogue.

The following excerpts from a letter dated July 16, written to me by Mr. J. T. Mayfield, explain themselves:

"I have made another attempt to secure punishment for the wretch, and he is now in the county jail. His bond is $500, and I think he will be unable to secure a bondsman. The warrant for his arrest was based on the charge of perjury. The trial is set for July 31, before the Mayor of Vincinnes. He will be bound over for trial. We (Joe F. Balmer and I) thought best to hire an assistant prosecutor. We engaged a good one.

"It will cost us not less than $200 to carry this case through court, and may be more. What we want, if it is possible to obtain, is a small contribution from each sportsman who feels disposed to assist. We also urgently request the owners of the dogs to be at the trial July 31. We want them to testify to the number of dogs they had in McLin's charge, and hope that they will be present.

"I promised the constable a fee if he would catch McLin. He ran McLin fifteen miles across the river and brought him back from where he was hidden in White River bottom. It is a State case, and there are no fees for the officers."

Mr. J. M. Freeman, of Bicknell, who is also active in the case, under date of July 18 writes as follows: "McLin is now in jail where he will remain until the 31st inst., when he will have his trial before Mayor Miller, of Vincennes. The charge on which he is now held is perjury and cruelty to animals. We have secured the best criminal lawyer in southern Indiana to help the prosecutor. It will cost some money to give the case proper attention, but I feel that the dog owners will be willing to help us out. We have agreed to pay the attorney $50 for the preliminary trial and $50 more if it goes to the circuit court, and there will be other expenses which will have to be met. Mr. Mayfield has just received a letter from Mr. F. H. Perry, in which he says he will attend the trial."

That the people are aroused to earnest action, the following letter from Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the U. S. F. T. C., still further attests. He says:

"In his trial at Bicknell, Geo. McLin was acquitted of cruelty to animals, the charge on which he was tried. He swore that he only had four dogs in his hands this year. It is positively known that eleven dogs were sent to him, and only one has been taken away. McLin is now in jail, having been re-arrested last Saturday. The charges are cruelty to animals, perjury and arson. There is no question about the perjury, the penalty of which, in this State, is three to fourteen years.

"McLin hired Lawyer Pritchett, of Vincennes, to defend him in his Bicknell trial, promising to pay $20 for his services. When McLin was acquitted he walked out and failed to pay his lawyer.

"Pritchett is now employed to prosecute this case, and the dogmen must pay it. Contributions are in order and should be sent to J. M. Freeman, Bicknell, Ind.

"Mr. D. C. Bergundthal gave $10, I gave $5, J. M. Freeman $5, John T. Mayfield $5, John Gude $5, Dr. J. McDowell $5, J. A. Balmer $5.

"On my visit to the ruins of McLin's kennel I saw the charred remains of eight dogs. It is sickening to think of."

The sportsmen of this country should not ignore the opportunity to contribute to the prosecution fund of such a cause. Any sum, however small, will be a help, and, if the sportsmen respond numerously, small sums will make a sufficient total. Those who are interested in dog training, and more particularly trainers and handlers, should particularly avail themselves of the opportunity to contribute to the prosecution fund.

In view of recent developments I owe the people of Bicknell an apology for my remarks last week, and for the same I tender an apology to them. When in the justice trial McLin was acquitted, there was nothing in the reports to indicate that further action against him would be taken. It seemed to me that such apathy and inaction as the reports implied, by a town which had received so many material benefits, and was to receive more next fall by the presence of the U. S. F. T. Club, was in itself an offense. I am heartily glad that such is not the case. Had the matter rested with the decision of the learned local cadi, there would have been cause for complaint against the townspeople of Bicknell. As it is, there is none, and I beg leave to withdraw my strictures of last week on them.

Mr. C. C. M. Hunt, of Palmyra, N. Y., has been in Chicago some days recently doing the World's Fair. He sat in the Vienna village, Midway Plaisance, one afternoon eating Frankfurter sausage with a friend. The sausage was supposed to be imported, hence cool and refreshing. After eating a few mouthfuls Mr. Hunt gravely said: "This tastes too much like native. I do not believe it is registered in the A. K. C." B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—Mr. T. McKay Robertson writes me that his recent cocker importation, Green Craft Nellie, is in whelp to Red Obo. Something good should result from this union, Nellie's breeding being of the best. Her winnings include seconds at Pembroke, Carmarthen and Aberdeen, firsts at Pontardulis, Naubeth, Cardigan, where she also won the special against 67 competitors.

Mr. Hugh Falconer has added another of Mr. Wiuchell's mastiffs to his kennel, in H. R. H., a young bitch, by Beaufort's Black Prince out of Winchell's Bess.

A correspondent writes me asking if wins at Canadian shows this year will count in the A. K. C. records, to which I may say distinctly that they will not, the A. K. C. having decided that in future that club will not recognize wins at shows under C. K. C. rules. This of course does not refer to any winnings in the past, but dates from the date of dissolution of the then existing agreement. On the other hand, winnings under A. K. C. rules will not count as records at Canadian shows.

Dr. Wesley Mills has received letters from several of the most prominent dogmen in Canada congratulating him on his nomination to judge pointers at the World's Fair and urging him to accept.

Some weeks ago I noticed the purchase of a new St. Bernard dog, Refuge V., by the Bowmanville St. Bernard Kennels. It appears the dog, an orange and white, with dark shadings, was put on board an Allan liner in charge of the steward, a deck cabin passage having been taken for the dog's accommodation. On the arrival of the steamer at Montreal the dog was so sick that he had to be seut ou a stretcher to the Veterinary College. When he left England he was a typical orange and white, but the sea voyage so metamorphosed him that he arrived a mongrel with no white at all. Here is where the extraordinary part of the tale comes in. It seems evident that a worthless dog was exchanged for the original dog, when or by whom is unknown, and the former probably given a soothing dose a short time previous to the arrival of the boat in Montreal, as he died but a few hours after his removal. I understand the case is now in the hands of the proper authorities for investigation. H. B. DONOVAN.

Coursing at the Golden Gate.

A MORE than ordinarily interesting coursing event took place July 2 and 4, at the Ocean View Park, San Francisco, Cal. The occasion was the meet of the Golden West Coursing Club, and many well-known Californian greyhounds and lovers of the leash took part in the sport. The interest taken by the public out there in coursing is shown in the fact that about 4,000 people were present on Sunday, the first day. The well-known and able judge, Mr. John Grace, held the flags, and his no less able coadjutor, Mr. James Wren, handled the slips and as usual gave satisfaction.

The first to the slips was the crack Valley Queen and Cleverness, the former owned by J. J. Edmond, and the latter by J. M. Kelsly. The ground was in good order and the hare a strong one, and after a capital course the red flag went up, showing Valley Queen the winner. The next brace were P. Tiernan's Glen Farron, a past master in the game, and W. Dalton's Blue Boy. Glen Farron proved himself easily the best stalling off some great spurts on Blue Boy's part. T. J. Cronin's White Rustic proved altogether too fast for Mr. Lenahan's Menlo Lass in the next course, though the latter ran a splendid course. J. O'Shea's Salvator had no chance with T. J. Cronin's crack Depend On Me, who practically did all the work. After a short course between D. D. Roche's Dolly Varden and H. J. Gerdes' Judge Morrow, Dolly gained the verdict, and P. Tiernan's Long John and T. J. McHugh's Maggie M. had a long course before the flag went up for Long John. The rest of the first round resulted as follows:

W. Ford's Pennyroyal beat Al Stead's Nattie.
D. D. Roche's Dan C. beat J. J. Edmond's Vida Shaw.
T. J. Cronin's Dottie Dimple beat J. Perigo's Wee Lassie.
P. J. Canavan's Examiner beat D. D. Roche's John Mitchell.
T. J. McHugh's Sculptor beat J. O. Shea's Nellie Get There.
E. P. Kennel's Eureka beat J. Perigo's Longfellow.
T. D. Nolan's Dark Rustic beat James McCormack's Dashing Wave.
James McCormack's Little Rose beat T. J. Cronin's Jack Dempsey.
D. D. Rooche's Mountain Hare beat George Dougherty's Peter Jackson.
T. J. Cronin's Fairy beat A. Stead's Stonewall Jackson.
E. P. Kennel's John W. beat W. E. Wadham's Twilight.
J. M. Kilsby's Billy the Masher beat P. D. Nolan's Sting.
J. M. Kilsby's Plumas beat E. P. Kennel's Extra Pale.

The day was nearly spent when the first round was completed and it was found impossible to run off more than a few of the ties, which resulted as follows:

Valley Queen beat Glen Farron.
White Rustic beat Depend On Me.
Long John beat Dolly Varden.
Pennyroyal beat Dan S.

The rest of the ties were postponed till July 4, on which day a Consolation Stake was also arranged for.

On Tuesday, Independence Day, the crowd was equally large and there was considerable betting. Eventually in the

Third Round

Valley Queen beat White Rustic.
Long John beat Pennyroyal.
Wee Lassie beat Sir John.
Fairy a bye (with Valley Queen, and outpointing her).

Fourth Round.

Long John beat Fairy.
Wee Lassie a bye.

Final.

Long John beat Wee Lassie.

The stake amounts were $100 and cup to first, $75 to second, fourth and fifth $20 each, and the next five $5 each.

In the Consolation Stake Longfellow, after beating Glen Farron, ran through the stake and gained the verdict over Dottie Dimple in the final after a very exciting course, on which a great amount of money changed hands on the result.

The Toronto Show.

THE premium lists for the Industrial Exhibition Association's fifth annual international bench show of dogs, to be held at the city of Toronto, Sept. 11 to 15 next, are now ready for distribution and can be had by applying to the secretary, C. A. Stone, 82 King street, East, Toronto. The list contains 192 classes, over $3,000 are offered in cash, besides specials. Sweepstakes are provided for greyhounds, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, collies, bull and fox-terriers, field and cocker spaniels and beagles, and are for American-bred dogs, any age, which have not won public money. Challenge classes are provided for mastiffs, rough and smooth-coated St Bernards, great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, pointers, all the setter classes, collies, bulldogs, bull-terriers, Irish, Dandie Dinmont, Scotch, Skye, black and tan, smooth, wire-haired, fox and Yorkshire terriers, poodles, Clumber, field and cocker spaniels, dachshunds, beagles (two classes) pugs and King Charles spaniels. Thirty-three kennel prizes are offered, ranging from $20 to $10. A selling class is also provided for and a rule which reads that in any class made for dogs and bitches, shonld there be any more than six entries the classes will be divided and extra money given: C. A. STONE, Sec'y.

No Field Trials for New England.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At a meeting of the New England Field Trial Club, held in Boston, it was voted not to run the field trials as advertised next fall. This action was taken because of the poor condition of the game and grounds of the club.

WM. M. LOVERING, Sec'y.

TAUNTON, Mass, July 17.

DOG CHAT.

Are Foxhounds Courageous When Alone?

The opinion is advanced by the London *Spectator* that the courage of the foxhound in isolation is not shown to the same extent as when in company, and that no hound will attack a fox with the determiuatiou of a terrier. Yet the passive courage of the foxhound is immense. To see, speaking of English hunting, lagging hounds come up through a field of horsemen, to watch the pace with which they charge the thickest hedges and the endurance they show during a long run, will convince most of this. An instance is related, as showing that combination supplies courage, of a pack of English foxhounds that were taken to France for wolf hunting. When a wolf was put up each hound as he caught the scent dropped his tail between his legs and refused to follow. When, however, some French hounds, used to the game, had been added to the pack, the foxhound hunted eagerly. But now they ran with their bristles up—to kill, not to eat. The fox they regard as a dinner; not so the wolf. The same may be said of many dogs who have not been regularly entered to the game they are expected to bring down. Old champion Mac, the deerhound, made a sorry exhibition when he saw his first wolf, but soon afterward became one of their fiercest foes.

The English foxhound is the highest development of speed, strength and endurance. Ten miles to the meet, an ordinary experience, five hours' hunting at an average of ten miles an hour, during which two foxes are run down, and ten miles before supper, is but an ordiuary day's work. It is not an exaggeration to say that many a hound could cover 100 miles in a day without being greatly distressed. But for this he would need companionship. Alone he would tire sooner than a slim-legged pointer or setter, whose steady gallop over grass or heather is another marvel of animal endurance. In this relation it would be interesting to prove what the English hound, with his long training of association, would do if he had to go it alone, as so many of the foxhounds of this country habitually hunt. Marvelous tales have been told of the endurance, courage and tenacity of purpose of the American hound when hunting alone, and if one could depend upon their authenticity they would go some way to prove the greater ability of the two breeds in this direction. Of course it is impossible to compare the carefnlly bred, well nurtured, "packing" hound of the old country with the hounds which pick up a living in our mountainous fox-hunting districts. It could, however, we believe, be easily shown that the American foxhound does not requre company to show his best traits. Some of our old fox-hunting readers could probably throw further light on this interesting subject.

As Another Man Sees It.

Not every one is imbued with a love for dogs, and it is sometimes good to turn from the fulsome praise that dog lovers in general pour over their favorites in generous doses, and hear the opinions of other, no less intelligent, people who don't see things just as we do. A writer in the Dallas (Tex.) *News* says that the dog if sufficiently civilized would no doubt prove a transcendant blessing, bnt he is not prepared to say that even in his unpolished state he is an unmitigated evil. In a great majority of instances—and this is a country in which the majority rules—the dog could be dispensed with and the world still move—with less noise, hydrophobia and tamales, no doubt, but move nevertheless. "Wherever a man is or has been and blown six fingers off with giant powder, there has been the dog also to hearken unto the seeming danger of the situation and flee unto a haven of safety and there fulfil his mission as man's protector and bark until the welkin rang. History would be incomplete with the dog not in it—as incomplete as the household of the poor man deeply involved in debt. But the dog is in history, and that sharply, and to expunge him therefrom would be no less difficult than to remove him from the living present with the limited number of hoe handles at our command. There are many kinds of dogs, from the majestic St. Bernard down to the plebeian brindle pup, all varying in minor detail, but possessing certain indestructible and corresponding attributes that tend to constitute them one homogeneous family, among which are the acute sense of smell, the capacity for sustaining effort in a nocturnal barking match and the propensity for smelling unlike crab-apple blossoms when he gets wet. Man no doubt owes much to the dog for his faithfulness and fidelity, but the fact should not cause us to lose sleep, for he will ultimately collect the debt if his appetite holds out and the doors are not securely bolted. But for the dog the flea would have been lost in the shuffle and the bird hunter would have been an unknown quantity. He has preserved the one through the vicissitudes of the past, and promises to lead the other to loftier heights in the future."

A Martial Dog.

One of the most interesting bits in the representation of the defense of Rorke's Drift at Tattersalls, Chicago, is the fox-terrier Paddy, belonging to Lieut. Rawson Turner. Paddy marches in with the column and does not fail to pay a visit to the commissariat tent as soon as it is pitched. When the bugle sounds the alarm, however, Paddy is on the alert, and after one dismal howl at the bugler for disturbing him, he joins the company and trots about inspecting everything as if he knew all about it. When the Zulus advance and the firing begins Paddy is in his element. He rushes out at the dusky warriors, barks at them and snaps viciously at their heels, keeping this up until the "cease firing" is sounded, and the Zulus retire in dismay. Paddy is quite to the manor born. When the soldiers under Gen. Stewart were marching across the desert in the land of the Nile to rescue Gen. Gordon, Paddy was born, Jan. 15, 1885. His mother was carried in a bucket, and though his eyes were closed his ears soon became accustomed to the noise of conflict. The fight at Abu Klea, in which poor Capt. Burnaby was killed, took place the day after Paddy's birth. His next appearance in action was at the battle of Gamazeh at Suakim. His third engagement was at Torki, on the Nile, and he once more came out of the fray unscathed. When he left the regiment he was presented with a medal and three clasps for the three actions, and the Khedive's star. He is a regular attendant at parade, and in his own way inspects the men. He shares the antipathy which most soldiers feel for the bugle at reveille, and whenever it sounds he answers with a dismal howl.

Toronto Dog Show.

Although some time since FOREST AND STREAM published some particulars of the premium list of the above show, the receipt of the regular premium list reminds us that it would be well to draw attention again to the good things provided. While the amount of prizes in some breeds has been curtailed, other classes have been added so that the list is about on a par in value with that of last year. Mastiffs and St. Bernards get $15 and diploma in challenge classes and $15, $10, $5 and $3 in the open division, puppies $7 and $3, and novice class $10, $5 and diploma in mastiffs; St. Bernards $7, $3 and diploma. Great Danes get a challenge prize of $15, open classes $10, $5, $3 and diploma, puppies $7, $3 and diploma. Those breeds having challenge prizes of $10 and diplomas are "Scotch staghounds" and greyhounds, bulldogs, bull-terriers, black and tan terriers, beagles, fox-terriers, wire and smooth. Open classes in these breeds get $10,

$5 and diploma, except fox-terriers, which have a third prize of $3. Pointers, all setters and collies get $10 and diploma in challenge and $15, $7, $3 and diploma in open classes. Spaniels, always a great feature of this show, are provided with classification No. 1 of the A. S. C. Field spaniels have in challenge $10 and diploma, open classes $10, $5, $3 and diploma. Cockers get the same in challenge but $10, $7, $3 and diploma in the open classes. Most of the remaining breeds get $5 challenge prizes and $7, $3 and diploma in the open. Kennel prizes are given by the association for best kennels, ranging from $20 to $10, and by a number of specialty clubs, notably the Greyhound, Pointer, Spaniel and Fox-terrier clubs. The association also offers other inducements such as $30 to the agent or person having the largest number of entries in his charge, and $20 to the one having second largest team. The largest Canadian entry in charge of one exhibitor or agent gets $10, and the association offers its medal, value $20, to the owner or kennel showing the largest number of dogs at the show. The rates and privileges on the railroads we have already drawn attention to. American exhibitors sending dogs by express must fill out a certificate that clears the customs, the dogs going in on bond of the Association. All dogs from this side must now be listed in the C. K. C., and this costs 50cts. a dog. The regular entry fee is $2, and entries must be sent in by Aug. 31, to Mr. C. A. Stone, 82 King st., Toronto. The judges are: C. H. Mason, Philadelphia, Pa.: Mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, Newfoundlands, greyhounds, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, collies, poodles, Scotch terriers, black and tan terriers, pugs, King Charles, Blenheims, Prince Charles, ruby and Japanese spaniels, and the miscellaneous and selling classes. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.: Pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, bloodhounds, Irish terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, Bedlington terriers, Airedale terriers, Skye terriers, Yorkshire terriers, toy terriers and Italian greyhounds. A. Clinton Wilmerding, New York city: Irish water spaniels, Clumber spaniels, field and cocker spaniels, retrievers. A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.: Beagles, English and American foxhounds, harriers, Scotch staghounds, wolfhounds and dachshunds.

Pacific Coursing Club.

The Pacific Coursing Club is probably the largest coursing club in the world, as it boasts upward of 700 active members, which is expected to be materially increased this season. They have sent a challenge to Australia to course 16 dogs against those of the antipodes, and expect an answer every mail. In the event of an acceptance arrangements have been made, it is said, to distribute $3,000 in prizes. The club held a meeting July 6 and elected the following officers: President, Henry Hull; Vice-President, P. D. Nolan; Second Vice-President, J. Dean; Treasurer, M. W. Kerrigan; Secretary, James W. Darragh; Executive Committee, P. E. Canavan, O. W. Lewis, J. Cranston, P. Ryan, J. McCracken and Dan Toland.

Wolves and Coyotes in Montana.

Mr. W. P. Turner, of Lucille, Mont., is doing good work for the cattlemen in his district. He is a ranch owner himself and has a team of greyhounds and deerhounds, and with them he is perceptibly diminishing the wolves and coyotes that infest the Marias range. Recently he had 22 wolf and 171 coyote skins punched, and this represents the work of his dogs so far this year. While there are hundreds of these pests left yet, the cattlemen are gainers by Mr. Turner's activity in this direction, and the effect will be apparent in an increased calf crop hereafter.

Death of Donald.

The well-knowu St. Bernard Donald, owned by Miss H. E. Cushman, Franklin Park, near New Brunswick, N. J., has joined the great majority. The cause of death is not known. Donald was an immense dog, and was one of those dogs that really did touch the beam at 35in. or a little more, and weighed over 200lbs. His last appearance was at New York in 1892, when he won second to Sir Bedivere, beating Lord Melrose. His size was his chief attraction, for he was deficient in St. Beruard type and character. He was imported about 1890, and was over five years old. A dispatch states that a funeral service will be held over the dog when he is buried.

Bull-Terriers Change Owners.

Mr. Chas. L. Symonds has purchased from Mr. H. A. Harris, North Wilmington, Mass., the well-known bull-terriers Prince Gully and Mermaid, and they will be included in the coming sale of the Anglo-American Kennels. Mermaid is now in whelp to White Wonder and the union of these two good ones should prove exceptionally happy in its result. Prince Gully and Mermaid, it will be remembered, were brought over in the early spring, having been purchased in England by Mr. Raper.

Death of Honor Bright.

We are sorry to hear of the death of such a good greyhound as Honor Bright, and so soon after his advent to this country. He was run over on the railroad. Honor Bright was imported by Messrs. Toon & Symonds before New York show, this year, and won first aud special for best in the show under Mr. Raper. Then he was purchased at that show by Mr. H. Nelson, owner of the Maybrook Kennels, who showed him at Boston, winning first again. He was bred by Mr. Skinner, whelped in August, 1890, and was by Stripes of Honor out of Beatrice.

McLin Prosecution Fund.

We trust that all field trial men, especially, although the cause appeals to all dog lovers, will help the Bicknell sportsmen, Messrs. Mayfield and Freeman, in their efforts to put McLin where he justly deserves to be. Two hundred dollars should be easily raised by those who wish to see such men made deterrent examples of. Further particulars of this brutal affair are found in "Points and Flushes."

Transfer of Pet Dogs.

The King Charles spaniel Royal Roy, a winner of several prizes in America, and who was imported from Mrs. Forder's kennel, with his mate Twinkle, has been purchased from Mr. August Knoblauch by Mr. E. H. Morris, who has the Union Pet Dog Kennel, at Hackensack, N. J. We understand that Roy will in future be exhibited as Union Roy, taking Mr. Morris's kennel prefix.

N. E. F. T. Club's Trials Off.

It is a most regrettable fact that the New England Field Trial Club will not hold their trials this fall. The abandonment of the event will be a great disappointment to a large number of New England sportsmen whose dogs have been undergoing preparation. Mr. Lovering, the secretary, writes us that the club needs a little more time to turn itself and then will put forth every effort for 1894. The decision not to have the trials this year is final.

Apropos of some of the bobtails now being shown in this country as such, Mr. Freeman Lloyd, a well known authority on the breed, in speaking of the old English sheepdog says: "But I must say in many instances of late I have seen prizes given to dogs of very indifferent texture of coat, and in type far removed from what was originally intended. I do not like to see these poodle-like dogs on the bench. Interested in the breed as I have been for several years, I have always been taught that the quality of coat was a considerable desideratum. Some judges to-day entirely ignore this, and so long as they have a frame with a lot of stuffy hair covering it to look at they are pleased to make awards, and think they are recognizing the qualities of true specimens of this breed. I am aware that most of the bobtails of to-day have a poodle appearance, but that does not alter the fact that it is the incorrect type." We owned one of these dogs while living in Monmouthshire, on the borders of Wales, and it was said to be a capital specimen, though entirely different to those shown at Wissahickon both in length of body and texture of coat, and it was a real bobtail into the bargain. It resembled in a great degree the picture of Sir Cavendish published in this country some three years ago. A cleverer dog with cattle and sheep a man could not wish to have, and he was smart enough on his legs to keep his original owner's humble larder well supplied with ground game.

World's Fair Show.

One of FOREST AND STREAM'S representatives in Chicago called on Mr. Buchanan last week, and in his absence saw his secretary. The latter stated, as his opinion, that the date for the World's Fair show would not be changed. There had been no action taken on the matter nor on judges to fill vacancies.

National Beagle Club of America.

A field trial committee meeting will be held at A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, Monday, July 31, at 3 P. M. The classes, judges, prizes, etc., for the coming year will be considered, and a full attendance is expected.

American Coursing Club Meeting.

It has been decided that this meeting will commence Oct. 24, at Great Bend, Kan. Mr. E. H. Mulcaster, who judged last year, has again been invited to raise the flags.

English Setter Importation.

Mr. Geo. O. Smith, of Wheeling, V. Va., has imported through Spratts Co. the English setter Gambit.

Spratts Co. have imported for Mr. E. K. Austin, Flatbush, L. I., a winning bull bitch. Also a hutch of rabbits for Mr. J. Bernard, of Utica, N. Y.

Mr. A. D. Stewart has arrived in England, and according to *British Fancier*, is now inspecting kennels in "Bonnie Scotland."

We note that Mr. McNeil offers his pointer Coronet for sale this week. This dog was broken by Mr. S. C. Bradley and is said to be a capital all round dog. Mr. McNeil's reason for selling is that he thinks him entirely out of place in the city.

That is a queer case Mr. Donovan mentions in another column in regard to Refuge V., the St. Bernard. We have often wondered that more cases of this sort do not occur, as opportunities for such exchanges must be ample. It is to be hoped this particular one will be thoroughly investigated.

Mr. McMahon, of Far Rockaway, L. I., is another sufferer by the poison fiend, losing his pointer Duchess and St. Bernard Rex, July 20. Whether it was the work of spiteful persons or burglars is not known.

Another elephantine St. Bernard has been brought out in Scotland. Mr. W. S. Clarke is the lucky owner. He showed it at Carluke show and calls him Gold Finder. "Segusian," in *Scottish Fancier*, says he is just about the best in the United Kingdom at present. Mr. Reick is in Europe now, but perhaps he will rest on this and let Col. Ruppert have another go.

A rather shabby trick was played on a judge in Scotland recently. A well-known man was asked to judge at a show in place of the appointed judge, who was ill. He wired back "Coming," and at considerable expense went to the show, where he found he had been hoaxed. It seems certain people had spotted him as the writer of a letter to the *Scottish Fancier* objecting to the appointed judge as incompetent, and they wished to see if he would act himself if asked to judge all classes. The matter has been placed in the hands of the authorities and there is fun ahead.

In our business columns Mr. Joe Lewis places his well-known English setters, champion Paul Gladstoue and Viscount, and Italian greyhound Spring at stud. Breeders in Connecticut should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure some of the best blood in English setterdom.

We have received the Constitution and By-Laws and Running Rules of the Nortwestern Beagle Club, lately formed. They are practically the same as the National, and have therefore been commented upon before. All beagle men will be pleased to hear of the formation of this club and the progress it has already made.

It is probable that Mr. Symonds will continue the Northfield Kennels with George Thomas still as manager. Mr. Toon is the defaulting member of the combiue. His business interests in England require too much of his time.

We are again compelled to hold over the continuation of "Type of Great Danes;" several letters on Dr. Perry's A. K. C. resolutions must share the same fate.

The pointer bitch Abingtou Juno sold by Mr. Fred Inglis, of Abington, to Mr. C. T. P. Smith, of Bristol, is intended for exportation to America, so *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) says. This pointer won firsts at Glasgow and Ayr, Scotland, shows.

The Detroit dog Toledo Bee will run in the All-Age Stake at the Manitoba trials. It will be remembered he won at the International trials at Chatham, Ont., last year. Monk of Furness Sting will run in the Derby. It seems to be becoming fashionable to send dogs up to Manitoba to get in shape for the later trials. The season begins earlier in that region than elsewhere, and as the country is good the dogs are able to get into nice shape and develop speed for the trials later on. Mr. J. M. Avent has gone up there with a goodly string of new ones.

Mr. Albion L. Page's kennels at Stanley Park, N. J., look almost deserted, he having sold off most of his kennel of deerhounds. We saw, however, a capital-headed dog by Bruar out of Lufra that will speak for himself when he is shown. He is not quite two years old now. His name is Lochiel. A bitch, Minna, was nursing a litter of five vigorous pups by Lochiel, two days old.

A rather peculiar case came before the English Kenuel Club recently, and as a result an exhibitor at the late Pet Dog show, H. Hartell, is disqualified for two years. He sent insulting letters to the secretary of the show demanding the return of his entry fees because of a judge's partial conduct in the ring, as he claims. He insists that Mr. Tom Ashton awarded a prize to one of Mrs. Foster's dogs half an hour before the class was judged. He says he saw Mr. Ashton write something in his book when the dog was shown him in the hamper, and then heard him say, "You are all right." Unfortunately for this accuser he could not prove his charges, having no witnesses, and for sending insulting letters and a postal card he was disqualified. In reading of this and other cases passed upon by the E. K. C., we are reminded that it would be well if the letters, charges, etc., read and passed upon by our advisory committee, should be made public in the A. K. C. *Gaz-tte*, so that the dogmeu at large could judge whether those whom they elect to office are doing their duty properly.

Mr. Winchell, of mastiff and bloodhound fame, has arranged all the photographs of his noted dogs in a large frame and this in turn has been photographed, making a very interesting sort of pocket edition of celebrities.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Al De Ber Eclipse. By Al De Ber Collie Kennels, North Attleboro, Mass., for light sable and white rough collie dog, whelped June 9, 1892, by Archie L. (Roderick of Ruthven—Airedale Duchess) out of Pansy Blossom (Maney Trefoil—Spoiled Miss).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Queen of the Valley—Friend Dave. T. E. Baker's (Logan, O.) pointer bitch Queen of the Valley (Graphic's Bang—Dolly) to F. C. Rochester's Friend Dave (King of Kent—Babe Graphic), April 23.

Dot II.—Metchley Wonder, Jr. Maple Grove Kennels' (Logan, O.) collie bitch Dot II. (Christopher—Active) to their Metchley Wonder, Jr. (Metchley Wonder—Barby Rose), June 18.

Flossie May—Metchley Wonder, Jr. Maple Grove Kennels' (Logan, O.) collie bitch Flossie May (Randolph—Maple Grove Luath) to their Metchley Wonder, Jr., May 10.

Maple Grove Lady—Metchley Wonder, Jr. Maple Grove Kennels' (Logan, O.) collie bitch Maple Grove Lady to their Metchley Wonder, Jr., May 12.

Patient—Bendigo. B. Alton Smith's (North Attleboro, Mass.) collie bitch Patient (Charlemagne—Patience) to J. Pierpont Morgan's Bendigo (The Squire—Bertha), June 25.

Maritana—Al De Ber Eclipse. B. Alton Smith's (North Attleboro, Mass.) collie bitch Maritana (Scott—Robert's Fly) to Al De Ber Collie Kennels' Al De Ber Eclipse (Archie L.—Pansy Blossom), June 24.

Rose—Marengo II. B. Alton Smith's (North Attleboro, Mass.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Rose to his Marengo II. (Boatswain—Wheeler's Gladys), June 16.

Hilda—Bendigo. H. F. de B. Cameron's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Hilda to C. F. Backus's Bendigo, May 20.

Rochelle Sultana—Monarch. R. H. Erdman's black and tan terrier bitch Rochelle Sultana (Broomfield Sultana (Broomfield Sultan—English Lady) to Dr. H. T. Foote's Monarch (Halifax Charlie—Nell), May 4.

Dora Dott—Kent Elgin. A. W. Bealer's (Atlanta, Ga.) pointer bitch Dora Dott (Meteor, Jr.—Belle S.) to T. T. Ashford's Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), June 18.

Jessica—Mainstay. G. W. Amory's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Jessica (Beppo III.—Sal) to his Mainstay (Mainspring—Barmaid), May 15.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Pitti Sing. T. T. Ashford's (Birmingham, Ala.) pug bitch Pitti Sing (imported Othello—Jule), June 18, six (five dogs), by A. F. German's imported Drummer (Bruce—Patience).

Mack's Juno. T. T. Ashford's (Birmingham, Ala.) pointer bitch Mack's Juno (Rex Morgan—Fleet), June 10, eleven (six dogs), by his Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang).

Luck of Raby. T. T. Hillman's (Birmingham, Ala.) pointer bitch Luck of Raby (Brown Stout—Jaunty D.), June 17, six (four dogs), by T. T. Ashford's Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang).

Lassie Jean. T. W. Jewell's (Montgomery, Ala.) pointer bitch Lassie Jean (champion Pommery Sec—champion Fan N.), June 24, twelve (seven dogs), by T. T. Ashford's Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang).

Jessica. G. W. Amory's (Boston, Mass.) pointer bitch Jessica (Beppo III.—Sal), July 17, eight (four dogs), by his Mainstay (Mainspring—Barmaid).

Lotta. R. H. Erdman's (Janesville, Wis.) black and tan terrier bitch Lotta (champion Sir Wallace—Lively), May 16, four dogs, by his Rochelle Sultan (Broomfield Sultan—Meersbrook Maiden).

Lulu Gladstone. H. C. DeFuy's English setter bitch Lulu Gladstone (Dan Bryson—Grace Bryson), June 11, nine (three dogs), by his Dakota Chief (Qui Vive—Bettina Bondhu).

Whittle. Dr. H. T. Foote's fox-terrier bitch Whittle (Warren Rattler—Warren Daytime), May 25, seven (six dogs), by R. F. Maybew's Brittle (Brick—Vamp).

Meersbrook Maiden. Rochelle Kennels' black and tan terrier bitch champion Meersbrook Maiden (Meersbrook Chance—Meersbrook Empress), June 10, seven (five dogs), by their champion Broomfield Sultan (champion Broomfield Turk—Broomfield Belle).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Dazzle—Flurry IV. whelps. Sable and white collie bitches, whelped March 24, 1893, by B. Alton Smith, North Attleboro, Mass., one each to Seminole Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Pa, and J. L. Lincoln, Jr., Chicago, Ill.

Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno whelps. Pointers, whelped June 10, 1893, by T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., a liver and white dog to J. J. Laughran and a black and white bitch to Thad. Mullins, both of same place.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

C. B. C.—Write to W. W. Titus, Waverley, Clay county, Miss.

R. B. D., South Bend, Wash.—Under the circumstances you could not do better than feed the dog at noon. Evening is usually the best time.

A READER, Lenox, Mass.—I have a pointer bitch 14 years old, that was bred four times when she was young. I bred her last spring to a pup about a year old, but she did not prove in whelp. She is very healthy and lively. Is it possible for her to have pups at her age, and should I try another dog? Ans. We fear she is too old. However, you can try again, and see that she has four or five services.

T. B. G., Blacksburg, S. C.—Will you kindly advise me what to do for my Irish setter bitch. She has pups five weeks old, has been doing well until the last ten days. She has no appetite, does not seem to be sick, but will not eat. Ans. Give the following:

℞ Pot. bicarb.	ʒ i
Tr. gent. co.	ʒ ii
Aq. ad.	ʒ vi

Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day.

R. E. M., Bellefontaine, O.—My pointer bitch was due to whelp May 13, but missed. She made milk as though for large litter. Her teats are yet very large and full of milk. About two weeks before her time was up she began to get very fat, and is so still, although she gets but one feed of table scraps each day. How can I reduce her in weight, as she weighs over 70lbs., though only of small build? Will the milk hurt her in any way? Ans. Feed once a day on lean meat (raw in preference to cooked), with a little bread. Give more exercise, also give an occasional purgative. No.

J. B., Jersey City.—I have a young cocker spaniel bitch, two years old, which has, I believe, a slight attack of mange. The hair in the neighborhood of the tail is coming out and a sort of scab has formed; she is rolling and scratching all the time. Would you kindly publish in your next issue a remedy for this? Ans. Apply the following dressing daily. Sulphur sublimed, 6oz.; oil of tar, 5oz; cottonseed oil, 40oz. Mix together and apply. Also give this mixture:

℞ Mag. sulph.	ʒ i
Ferri sulph.	ʒ i
Acid sulph. dil.	ʒ i
Aq. ad.	ʒ viii

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

T. E. D., New York City.—I have a fine Irish setter dog, about two and a half years old and very large, weighing 61lbs., though very thin.

He has not been well for a year past and I do not know what the trouble is. He frequently vomits up his food as soon as he eats it. His mouth is always dripping with saliva and he will refuse food for a day or two at a time. Eats grass often and seems trying to find a certain kind. Gets plenty of exercise, running loose. Gets little meat, never raw, and plenty vegetables. Ans. Examine mouth and teeth; see that they are all right. Treat for worms and then give this mixture. Feed well, giving raw meat at least once a day. You might also give a little codliver oil twice a day.

Ferri. phosph. } āā 3i.
Tr. nucis vom. }
Aq. ad. ℥iv.

Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day.

G. M., Tuckahoe, N. Y.—Kindly offer in following cases advice as to whether I should bother with the animals or if there is chance of recovery: 1. Pointer dog, 8mos., absolute paralysis, result of distemper. Have blistered whole length of spine from occiput to root of tail, and administered medicine prescribed by you. Eats, has regular passage and urinates. No change whatsoever. 2. Four months' beagle pup had excruciating pain like rheumatism in right shoulder. Applied camphor and chloroform, gave morphine and kept in hot bath for three days, but did not help. Then got all at once chorea, and after three days more identically the same condition as pointer—paralyzed, only aggravated by twitching. If the beagle had distemper it did not show; but treated her for it about a month ago, and she seemed to be all right till she commenced limping. Ans. 1. With regard to the pointer, if there is no chorea present with the paralysis I think he will recover. Blister the spine again and again if necessary—not the whole length, about half. Give the following pills:

Strychnin sulph. gr. i
Ferri phosph. āā 3 ss
Ex. ergot. āā 3 ss

Mix and make 30 pills. Give one three times a day. Should there be any twitching of the muscles at any time, stop the pills for a few days and then commence again. In addition to all this use galvanism. 2. The beagle will never completely recover. The paralysis may disappear, but the chorea will always remain, though it may become less in time.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

29. Sippican, 1st Open Sweep, Marion.
29. Buffalo An. Cruise, Lake Erie
29. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, Conn.
29-30. Cor., San Fran., Masquerade and Cruise.
29. Hull Cor., Cash Race, Hull.
29. Royal Can., Lansdowne Cup, 40, 35 and 30ft. Classes, Tor.
29. Minnetonka, club race.
29. Gt. South Bay, An., Bay Shore.
29. Chesapeake Bay, Special, St. Michaels.
29. Royal Nova Scotia, 3-raters, Halifax.

AUGUST.

2. Monatiquot, 1st Cham., Weymouth.
4. Savin Hill, 2d Cham., Dorchester.
5. Cor., Marblehead, 2d Cham.
5. So. Boston, 2d Cham., So. Boston
5. Beverly, 2d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
5. Knickerbocker, Club, Cabin Cats, College Point.
5. Riverside, Pen. Regatta, Riverside, Conn.
5. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
5. Commonwealth, Ladies' Day, Boston Harbor.
5. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass
5. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass
5. Winthrop, Ladies' Day.
5. Royal Can., 21ft. Class and McGaw Cup, Toronto.
5. Royal Nova Scotia, Lansdowne Cup, Halifax.
7. Royal Nova Scotia, An. Cruise, Halifax.
7. New York Cruise, Rendezvous and Com.'s Cups, Glen Cove.
8. Massachusetts, Open, Under 23ft., Dorchester Bay.
8. New York Cruise, run to Morris Cove.
9. New York Cruise, run to New London.
9. Sippican, 2d Champ, Marion.
10. Miramichi, Stewart Pen, Black Brook.
10. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
10. New York Cruise, run to Newport.
11. New York Cruise, Goelet Cups, Newport.
12. Hull Cor., 2d Cham., Hull.
12. Beverly, Marblehead.
12. Winthrop, Cash Race.
12. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st, 30 and 25ft. Classes, Toronto.
12. Minnetonka, cup race.
12. New York Cruise, run to Martha's Vineyard.
13. Cor., San Fran., Rowing Races, Tiburon.
14. Hempstead Bay, third Club, Hempstead Bay.
14. New York Cruise, run to New Bedford.
14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsummer Series.
15. New York Cruise, run to Newport.
16. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
19. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass
16. Savin Hill, Sail-off, Dorchester Bay.
19. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
19. Riverside, Ladies' Day Race, Riverside, Conn.
19. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass
19. Beverly, 1st Open, Quissett.
19. So. Boston, 3d Cham., So. Boston
19. Winthrop, 2d Cham.
19. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.
19-20. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Goat Island.
19. Savin Hill, Union Open, Dorchester Bay.
21. Rhode Island, Open.
22. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay.
22. Fall River, Open, Mount Hope Bay.
24. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
24. Commonwealth, 2d Pen, Boston
25. Staten Island, Ladies' Day.
26. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
26. Cor., Atlantic City, Annual.
26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham.
26. Monatiquot, 3d Cham., Weymouth.
26. Minnetonka, sail off.
26. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
26. Sippican, Open, Marion.
26. Cor. Mos. Fleet An. New Rochelle
26. Royal Nova Scotia, Open, Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.
26-27. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Petaluma Creek
26-28. Royal Canadian, Cruise.
28. Eastern, Weld Cup, Marblehead.
31. Atlantic, 85ft Class, New York
—. Cor., Sweeps, 85ft. Class, Newport.
—. New York Cruise, Astor Cups, Newport.
—. Seawanhaka, 85ft. special.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Savin Hill, 2d Cup, Dorchester Bay.
2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off.
2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open Boats, College Point.
2. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass
2. Rochester, Cruise, Charlotte.
2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
2. Winthrop, Consolation Race.
2. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st Class, Toronto.
2. Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, Open, Halifax.
4. Fall River, Club, Mount Hope Bay.
4. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.
4. Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Beach.
6. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point.
9. Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 85ft. Class, Larchmont.
9. Beverly, Marblehead.
9. Cor., San Francisco, Channel Cruise and Race.
9. Commonwealth, 3d Pen, Boston
9. Buffalo, Cruising Sweepstakes, All Classes, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Can., Prince of Wales Cup, Toronto.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, triangle
9. Sippican, 3d Champ., Marion.
14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
14. Rochester, Review and Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
14. Mos. Fleet, Open, Cash, South Boston.
15. New York, autumn sweeps, New York.
16. Royal Nova Scotia, Special Class, Edwards Cup.
16. Royal Can., 30ft. Class, Tor.
16. Phila., Open, Delaware River.
16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Royal Can., Cosgrove Cup, 25ft. Class, Toronto.
23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and Corinthian Games.
7-9-11-13. New York, Trial Races, Sandy Hook.

OCTOBER.

5-7-9. New York, America's Cup, Sandy Hook.
7. Miramichi, Chatham-Newcastle
7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day.
14. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor.
—. Colt Cup, 85-footers, Long Island Sound.

QUITE a stir has been created in New York, and especially within the New York Y. C., by the receipt last week of a letter from some source not yet announced, conveying the news that Viking (nee Wendur), the holder of the Cape May Cup, had surrendered it to Valkyrie, and that Navahoe would have to meet the challenger for the America Cup in a battle for the less important trophy. In default of fuller and more positive information it is hard to believe that Lord Dunraven has taken upon himself the defense of another trophy at a time when every effort is required for the races on this side. Valkyrie has apparently left the racing fleet, but whether to fit out for the Atlantic passage or for the racing at Cowes is not yet known. The time is getting short, however, for further racing in England, and if she is to sail against Navahoe the race must come off very soon.

The possibilities of such a race are numerous and perplexing. It is quite likely that in any continued series of races in British waters Valkyrie would prove a winner, but only one race is to be sailed for the Cape May cup, and it is quite likely that fluky weather or an accident to one boat or the other may decide the result. Should Valkyrie win, no great harm would be done, but should she be defeated, even by an accident, the interest in the America's Cup races would at once disappear, while if the race should show that she was really inferior to the American boat, her defeat on this side would not only be assured, but her owner and his crew would have a most disheartening task ahead, to make a voyage of some 6,000 miles with the certainty of defeat ahead.

THE four American yachts are now in the hands of their owners and skippers and sailing regularly day by day, but no two of them have yet come together, and it will be several weeks yet before an opinion can be formed as to their relative speeds. The British quartette, however, has now been out for two months, during which time many alterations and repairs have been made, and the yachts have been worked up into pretty fair racing form. The two Watson boats have fared best in that they have required less alteration than Calluna and Satanita, but the latter two are now showing up much better than at first. Satanita in particular has proved a very fast boat. While it is impossible thus far to say which is the best, it is certain that Valkyrie has won for herself a good record, and if she has not proved herself incontestably the fastest no other of the four has yet done so. The following summiug up by *The Yachtsman* is very close to the mark:

"The conclusion of the Clyde meetings brings us to nearly the middle of the normal British racing season, and yet no very definite opinion can be formed as to the respective merits of the four new first class cutters. The Clyde matches have for the most part been devoid of the interest attaching to fairly contested races, sailed in true winds, yet enough has been seen to make it clear that the Satanita is a vastly improved vessel, and it seems probable that before the season is over she will have created an enviable record.

"Calluna has not, however, so far asserted what many believe to be her real speed as to greatly modify the opiuions formed of her on the Thames. The open waters of Belfast Lough—one of the finest courses in the United Kingdom—may perhaps furnish a decisive test of speed.

"Valkyrie has, on the whole, been the most successful vessel of the lot, her total winnings up to the present time being represented in filthy lucre by the handsome sum of over £700. It may fairly be taken that the Valkyrie, even if we had the liberty of selection, would be chosen unanimously for the purpose of competing for the America's Cup. She will possibly be called upon to meet a craft of quite a different type in the States—*i. e.*, if one of the bulb fin vessels be selected to defend the Cup. If, bowever, the Herreshoffs have the honor of turning out the successful Yankee candidate, the Valkyrie will meet a craft of very much her own pattern."

THERE is a possibility that the looked for meeting of the quartette of Cup defenders may not take place after all on the New York Y. C. cruise, and that a bit of useless red tape may again stand in the way of something which every oue wishes to see. One of the four, Pilgrim, is owned by a syndicate, several of whom are members of the New York York Y. C., but she is at present in the name of Mr. Stewart, her designer, who is not a member. By the rules of the club she cannot compete in any of the cruise races, and from present appearances she will have to wait until the Corinthian sweepstakes, after the New York cruise, before she can race with the other three. Being built practically for the use of the New York Y. C. in defending the Cup, it will be a serious injustice if she is not admitted on equal terms to all races in which her mates take part

THE question of the mutual relations of newspapers, reporters, clubs and committees has been under discussion for some time in New York, and a great deal of nonsense has been written on both sides, prominent among which is a recent editorial in the *Journalist*. An interesting phase of the question is involved in the recent reports in a daily paper of the cruise of one of the larger clubs. In these reports the whole story of the cruise is centered in the performance of one yacht, a craft possessing no pretensions to speed, but which has led the fleet, on paper, from port to port. This method of newsgathering has not been entirely unknown in previous cruises of the club, but this year it has been carried to an excess. There can be no question of the folly, to say nothing of the unfairness, of such false reports; the only question is, who is most responsible for them, the reporter who writes them or the yachtsmen who indorse them, tacitly or otherwise, when they might easily stop them. In the present case it is quite possible that there may yet be a sequel to the lengthy yarns which have amused outsiders by their absurdity and angered the owners of other yachts by their unfairness.

Colonia.

HOW MUCH has been lost to yachting through the stoppage of international races owing to the action of the New York Y. C. in 1887 will never be known, but it is probable that one ample and productive field for experiment has been passed unheeded during the last six years, and that many opportunities have been lost in the sudden jump to the fin-keel that has characterized the present revival of racing in the large class.

Although all of the Cup defenders from 1885 to 1887 were centerboard boats, Mr. Burgess was a strong believer in the keel, and with the rapid improvement of keel yachts which took place in 1889 and 1890 it is quite probable that he would have essayed a large keel yacht had not the class been destroyed by the new deed of gift. In the ordinary course of events, following the success of Minerva, Gloriana and Wasp, the chief feature of the present revival of the 85ft. cutters would have been the development of the American keel cutter of large size. The introduction of the fin-keel, however, has changed all this, and the building of an 85ft. keel cutter to defend the America's Cup has attracted no special attention. Much has been written about Colonia, but no more than would have been the case had she been a centerboard boat like Vigilant, and much less than if she had been a Herreshoff fin-keel.

It is now eight years since New York yachtsmen journeyed down to the Erie Basin to inspect the first large keel cutter of recent times, Genesta, which was docked there in the latter part of August. We, in company with many others, sat on the coping stone of the big drydock through nearly all of a hot day, and watched the successive waterliues as they revealed themselves in the gradually falling water. Considering the rule and conditions under which she was built, Genesta had much to recommend her model, and with ample lateral plane, by virtue of depth all over, including the forefoot, a flat side to leeward and another to windward, it seems quite probable that she could hang on, although of moderate draft in proportion to her length. In spite of her failure in light winds she made a very creditable showing to windward in the last race as compared with a remarkably good centerboard boat, Puritan.

The next representative of the keel class, Galatea, first seen out of water on the balance dock at the foot of Pike street, in 1886, was much like Genesta, but of greater displacement and inferior in model, as her subsequent performances demonstrated.

Still a year later and we spent another day on the hot stones of the Erie dry dock, watching the form of Thistle as she was slowly left by the falling water and wondering, as we noted her cut away forefoot, moderate draft and very round side, how she could hold to windward as compared with Genesta. From the rail down the bilge, under the floor and around the bottom of the keel, were round lines and surfaces that seemed meant to induce the easy flow of water athwart ship and to give a minimum of lateral resistance, as events proved to be the case.

The latest fashion of keel, exposed for several days last week on Downing & Lawrence's railway, has nothing common with either Genesta, Galatea or Thistle. It is unlike the plank-on-edge or the wider cutter, and is far more on the bread tray order, the body of the boat, which may be considered as apart from the keel, showing a rather round section, very long ends, and long, clean and fair diagonals. Below this hull is the deep fin, an integral part of the hull in construction, but nevertheless in effect a fin or appendage. Compared with the older cutters named, Colonia relies for stability on much more beam, 24ft. extreme, and also on lower ballast, her draft being under 16ft. as against 18ft. in Genesta and Thistle, while the lead keel itself is of a bulb shape, disposing of the weight at the lowest possible point.

As to lateral plane, a comparison is hardly possible with the older boats; the hull proper is of a form that can be easily driven, in spite of round and full waterlines, and the fin itself is effective to a degree never approached in the flat-sided cutters, and certainly not in Thistle. That reduction of surface friction which was sought in Thistle through the rounding off of all angles and flat places is attained in Colonia by the cutting away of the deadwood at each end, leaving only the deep fin amidship. That the yacht will be weatherly cannot be doubted, but at the same time it is a question whether she will be as weatherly as Vigilant with her big centerboard or the two fin keels, and in looking at her and remembering the sail she must carry as compared with other large keel boats, one instinctively wishes that the keel could be dropped still lower. It is quite possible that the lead is low enough for all purposes of stability, but when it comes to lateral resistance the proportionate depth between her and Wasp, of half her length, is very great.

While full in the waterlines, Colonia is decidedly finer than Wasp at each end, but still she may be described as an enlarged copy of that famous boat. The forward overhang is long, especially as compared with the stern, but by virtue of these long ends the fore and aft lines are clean and easy. The stern itself is not handsome, the after end of the deck is elliptical and the plating merely meets it; but it is probably as serviceable as a fair tapering counter would be.

The deck is very roomy and attractive, a fine place to work on. The planking stops about 6ft. from the stemhead, leaving the steel deck exposed. To this steel deck are riveted two large steel rings or short tubes, in which the bowsprit houses. The fid is of steel, held by two heavy braces rivetted to the deck at the stern-head. Abaft the bowsprit is a Providence capstan. The deck is fitted with cleats in all places where they can possibly be needed. Special forgings are fitted for the main runners and preventers. There are two travelers for the main sheets. On the starboard quarter is a quarter-bitt for the main sheet, but opposite it on the port side is a Herreshoff capstan, of the pattern used on their steam yachts, by which the sheet may be readily got in. The main shrouds are five on a side, the two forward ones, which are rattled down, leading to the spreaders and thence to the upper caps, the next two leading to the hounds, and the after one leading straight to the upper cap. Of course all are set up with turnbuckles. The pin-rail around the mast is of steel tubing. On each side of the main boom is a small winch for the topsail sheet, attached to the boom at the strap of the gooseneck.

Below the yacht has good head room fore and aft, the forecastle is light and roomy and the galley and pantries are large and well arranged. The middle portion of the yacht is given up to one large room, the sails being piled in the center while on the sides are hammock cots for a dozen of the crew. One corner of this room is bulkheaded off for the captain's room. Abaft this large room is a small saloon at the foot of the main companion, with a state room on each side, and further aft is the ordinary ladies' cabin, extending across the yacht. The overhang is used as a boatswain's locker. The small saloon and the staterooms will be used by Mr. Rogers and those interested with him in the management of the yacht. The joiner work is plain and light, and no elaborate finishing has been attempted. The new boom has been completed at Poillon's and Mr. Low's riggers have done some neat work in the wire seizings, which are spaced from 2 to 4ft. apart. The boom was shipped last week and the hull was painted outside, white above and green below, by Mr. David Clark. The yacht was launched on Friday, and returned to Newport on Saturday. Poillon's have also made a new mast, in reserve, which is still at their yard.

Capsizes.

THE sloop yacht Mary B., of the Pavonia Yacht Club, of Jersey City, was struck by a squall yesterday afternoon and capsized off Highland Beach. On board the yacht were Mr. J. W. Bolen, Mrs. Bolen and their young child. The accident was witnessed by a large crowd of people on shore, and a party composed of Percy McGonigal, Harry Mears, Wm. D. Emery and Philip Lynch, all connected with a bathing house there, immediately went to the rescue of Mr. Bolen and family. When they reached the capsized yacht they found Mr. Bolen and the child clinging to the side of the boat, but Mrs. Bolen was in the cabin. With considerable trouble she was taken out and brought ashore in an unconscious condition. A physician was summoned, who, after examining her, pronounced her condition as not serious.—*New York Herald, July 10.*

The owner of yawl Alice, of Philadelphia, who is a summer resident of Mattapoisett, recently had shipped to this port from Philadelphia on schooner Mount Hope a small sloop yacht of the skimming dish pattern commonly called a "skip jack." She is a pretty little yacht, and was brought around this way, it is understood, to do some racing in Buzzards Bay.

The little craft was rigged with spars by Johnson & Howland and was then taken down to Beetle's yard on French avenue and hauled out on the railway. She was ready for a trial spin Saturday and her owner made sail on her in the afternoon with a good southwest breeze which came in puffs across Clark's Point. The yacht was tacked back and forth and did quite well considering that several who saw her start off thought she was not ballasted enough.

When off Eleven Foot Bank Buoy the yacht got a heavier puff than usual and she went over and sank, throwing the owner out. Several small boats in the vicinity were quickly on the scene and rescued the amateur yachtsman. The steamer Cygnet also came upon the scene just as the man was rescued.

The boat seemed to float a little at the bow and she was towed into the beach at Beetle's and hauled out and made dry, and yesterday she sailed for Mattapoisett in company with yawl Alice.—*New Bedford Mercury, July 10.*

With but an hour's warning a gale swept out of the northwest yesterday afternoon near 5 o'clock and churned the sand from the bottom of Lake Michigan. Over two dozen yachts were caught out on the lake, and one was overturned, drowning four of its nine occupants. Another yacht, the Seashell, did not arrive up to a late hour last night, and its owner said that he thought it had gone to the bottom without doubt. The little lateen-rigged boat Chesapeake was caught by the blow two miles out in the lake north of the waterworks crib. On board were a party of seven men and two women. They had ample warning of the gale, and as they did not have time to run for shelter they furled their sails and prepared to weather the blow. Their boat was an open one, light in construction, but they could pursue no different course. The heavy north wind struck the boat, but under bare poles it seemed likely to weather the storm. Suddenly the ropes holding the sails became unfastened and the sails spread out to the wind. The little craft gave a lurch and rolled over, throwing the occupants into the water. Five of them managed to get hold of their boat, which was turned bottom side up, and clung to the centerboard and wreckage until they were taken off by the tug Robert Tarrant of the Dunham line. Four were imprisoned by the capsized boat and drowned. Five were injured.—*Chicago Tribune, July 10.*

The yacht in question was a Chesapeake Bay buckeye, presumably without ballast.

More Scarecrows.

DURING the past week we have heard from two more Scarecrows built, one in England and the other in Port Townseud, Washington, 6,000 miles apart, from the design in the FOREST AND STREAM. The former, named Picaroon, is a ½-rater, the design being reduced to make a waterline of 16ft., which with a sail area of 188ft. gives the required measurement. The little boat is owned by Capt. Henry E. Bayly, of Exmouth, England, owner of Buccaneer, Spankadillo, Scaramouch and Jack o'Lantern, and Mr. G. A. Passingham, and was built by W. E. Hodge, of Dartmouth. The *Yachtsman* says of her: "The ½-rater Picaroon, built by Hodge, is just completed and looks a little beauty. She made a trial trip on Saturday (July 1) and seemed to beat out of the harbor well, though not properly cauvassed. Her sails are being made at Lapthorne's, and if they arrive in time, the Picaroon will sail in Wednesday's match. It ought to be a good race between her and Semibreve."

Picaroon is built specially for racing, and her construction is probably much lighter than any of the others of the model. Her keel is 4½×1½, keelson of the same dimensions, frames of American elm 1×½in. spaced 6in., oak floors, eight in number, 2×½in., planking ⅛in. before finishing. The complete hull weighed before launching but 315lbs., and the fin and bulb 56lb, the boat trimming exactly to her waterline with her crew of two on board. The fin has been cut away on the fore side to reduce the surface, but the bulb is of the proportionate size of the original. The sail plan has a lug mainsail and a jib, the latter set on a bowsprit about 18in. outboard. The lug mainsail is very nearly identical in form with the leg-of-mutton of the first Scarecrow. The mast is 15ft. deck to head, and the boom 14ft. 6in. Owing to a delay in receiving the sails the boat missed some of the early races, making her debut on July 5, her new sails being bent in the morning before the start. She not only defeated the three boats in her own class very easily, but beat the 1-rater Moharanee in the next class.

The Washington boat was built by the Port Townsend Boat Factory of Port Townsend, Wash., the manager, Mr. F. R. Perrot, enlarging the design to make 21ft. l.w.l. for the class, 20 to 25ft. sailing length. She carries a fin 5ft. deep and with a bulb of 350lbs., and has a sail plan of 500sq. ft. The cockpit is but 4ft. long. The boat is over-rigged, but has proved fast in light weather, winning on May 25 by 9m. On July 4, in a good breeze, she was overpowered, doing well at first but being unable to carry sail when the wind freshened.

The New Yankee Doodle.

NONE of the later high-speed steamers have created more interest than the little Buzz, designed and built by C. D. Mosher in 1887; and taken altogether, the achievements of this, the smallest of such craft, have hardly been surpassed. After making a record of a mile in 2m. $12\frac{1}{2}$s. in comparatively shoal water on the narrow Schuylkill River last year under her new name of Yankee Doodle, she met with a rather sudden and inglorious end, being set on fire by the dropping of a lantern in her boiler space while at anchor down the Delaware River one night last fall. Her owners, who were off on a shooting trip, escaped in the yawl, but the yacht was burned and sunk.

The original boiler was designed by Mr. Mosher, of the locomotive type used in torpedo boats; but at the time that Yankee Doodle made her fast runs on the Schuylkill it had been replaced by a new pattern of tubulous boiler patented by Messrs. McBride & Fisher, of Philadelphia, the McBride brothers being the owners of the yacht. The construction is shown in the accompanying cuts, the dome lying athwartships, instead of fore and aft, as in other boilers of the same general type.

Whatever speed record the new Yankee Doodle may make in the future, she will always be remarkable from the fact that her hull was built in the short space of three weeks, and a very satisfactory trial trip was made at the end of the fourth week. Last spring it was decided to search for the wreck in order to use the engine and boiler in a new boat, and it was finally located by a diver beneath a scow load of mud which had been dumped upon it. When finally raised, the machinery was found in excellent condition, no changes being necessary; but the owners decided to replace the tubes, otherwise the engine and boiler are the same as in the original boat.

"YANKEE DOODLE" No. 2.

The hull was designed by Mr. Fisher and the Messrs. McBride, and is 71ft. 6in. over all, 7ft. beam, 3ft. depth, and draws 6in. forward, 13in. amidships and 19in. aft. The keel is a single stick of Oregon pine, 70ft. long; the ribs are of selected white oak, sided 1in., moulded $1\frac{1}{4}$in. and spaced $5\frac{1}{2}$in. The planking is of selected Oregon fir, $\frac{3}{4}$in. thick, and the fastenings are phosphor-bronze screws, of which 8,000 were used. The deck is of $\frac{1}{4}$in. Spanish cedar, tongued and grooved. The planking is carvel-laid, but in place of the usual cotton caulking a flat ribbon of copper is forced half into each plank, making a seam that is very strong and stiff and perfectly watertight.

The small cut, from the *Philadelphia Record*, gives an idea of the general appearance of the yacht. The model is entirely different from the later Mosher-Gardner launches, being practically double-ended, or canoe-shaped, instead of being carried out flat at the stern. The lines are clean and fair, and from such trials as have been made thus far under the disadvantages incident to all new yachts, the boat promises to be very fast. The dimensions of the original Buzz were: Length over all 50ft., beam 6ft. 6in., depth 3ft., draft 9in. forward and 16in. aft. The engine, used alike in the old and new boats, 8×8, double cylinder inverted vertical, with piston valves 3in. diameter and 7sq. in. of port opening, the reversing gear being a modification of the Porter-Allen. The piston rods are of $1\frac{1}{4}$in. steel, and the total weight of the reciprocating parts is 33lbs., the entire engine weighing 703lbs., and the total weight of engine, boiler and connections, including the screw, being under 4,700lbs. The displacement of Buzz was $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons. The original Mosher boiler was 32in. diam., 5ft. long, with 250 brass tubes, the heating surface being 357sq. ft. and the grate surface 9sq. ft., the working pressure being 150lbs. A Sturtevant blower driven from the main shaft was used in connection with a close ash pit for the forced draft.

The McBride boiler has 8sq. ft. of grate surface, 300sq. ft. of heating surface and 204 seamless drawn steel tubes of 1in. outside diam. The boiler weighs 2,075lbs., the grate bars 74lbs., and the total weight with water in is about 2,500lbs. Only the tubes are exposed to the fire, the steam drum, downflow pipes and waterlugs being outside the casing. The makers claim that the boiler can make steam from cold water in two minutes and that priming is impossible.

The propeller shaft is $2\frac{1}{2}$in. diam., and fitted with ball hearings for the thrust and a very ingenious universal joint, the inboard section of shaft being parallel with the keel, allowing the engine to be placed low down, while the after section rakes $1\frac{1}{2}$in. to the foot, coming out at the heel of the sternpost. The balanced rudder is hung forward of the wheel, the rudder shaft being on one side of the propeller shaft. The propeller is 34in. diam., 5ft. 10in. pitch and has two blades. It was designed by the Messrs. McBride. The engine turns up 500 to 550, at which speed it runs without material vibration, and the boat does not run out forward. The hull was launched on June 22, being carried down to the water by 150 men. The energy and push which has characterized the work thus far give promise of some gratifying results when the yacht is in perfect running form.

Club Cruises.

THE season of club cruises is now well under way, and most of the ports between New York and Vineyard Haven are enjoying the visits of the various club fleets. Among the cruises of the past week are those of the Atlantic, Larchmont, New Rochelle, South Boston and Corinthian of Philadelphia. The cruise of the New York Y. C. will begin early next month and the following order has been issued by the newly appointed fleet captain, Gouverneur Kortwright:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2. Flagship May, July 15.

The squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove Harbor on Monday, Aug. 7.

On the same day a race will be sailed for cups presented by the commodore.

In the evening the commodore will be pleased to see the captains and their guests at an informal reception on board the flagship at 9 o'clock.

The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, will be as follows:

Tuesday, Aug. 8—Glen Cove to Morris Cove.
Wednesday, Aug. 9—Morris Cove to New London.
Thursday, Aug. 10—New London to Newport.
Friday, Aug. 11—Race at Newport for cups presented by Captain Ogden Goelet.
Saturday, Aug. 12—Newport to Vineyard Haven.
Sunday, Aug. 13—The fleet will remain at anchor.
Monday, Aug. 14—Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.
Tuesday, Aug. 15—New Bedford to Newport.

At Newport there will be a race for cups presented by Captain J. J. Astor.

During the cruise there will be the usual races for the owl and game cock colors, and a race for naphtha launches.

The regatta committee will furnish details for the races from port to port, and other racing events. By order of the commodore,

GOUVERNEUR KORTRIGHT, Fleet Captain.

The leading feature of the cruise will be the meeting of the four new 85-footers, Vigilant, Colonia, Jubilee and Pilgrim, the quartette being united for the first time in the Goelet cup race on Aug. 11. It would be a matter of gratification to many if the four were entered in the opening race of the cruise, which this year, by way of novelty, will take place off Glen Cove, Com. Morgan having presented the cups and arranged the race so for the benefit of the members and friends of the club who are unable to be present later at Newport. Vigilant and Colonia will probably be with the fleet at the rendezvous, but the two Eastern yachts will not be likely to come further west than Newport, reaching there in good season for the Goelet cup race. It is hardly likely that the big boats will accompany the fleet from Vineyard Haven to New Bedford and thence back to Newport, and it is quite possible that none of them may go further than Newport, waiting there for the return of the fleet and the special races which follow for the Astor cups and that of the Corinthian Y. C. None of the four are likely to try to visit New Haven with the fleet, and it now seems likely that the racing runs of the cruise will be neglected by them, and that their racing will be mainly about Newport.

If this is the case it will rob the cruise racing of its chief interest, and will afford additional proof, if any is needed, of the desirability of encouraging a smaller class, such as the 70ft., in which the absolute draft, though proportionately great, shall still be within such limits as to permit the racers to accompany the fleet.

It is hard to say at this time what the prospects are for the regular cruise racing, but in the schooner classes, from the largest down, there has been sufficient vitality and excitement, though of a mild kind, to justify the hope of a general turnout of the various classes.

Dauntless, Ramona, Brunhilde, Coronet and the other big ones are all racing this year; the 90ft. class is fairly certain of a good fleet, with Alcæa, Emerald and the older boats, and the new boats Ariel, Else Marie and others will keep alive the racing in the smaller classes. Iroquois is tied up and cannot he raced in the club during her owner's absence, and Marguerite has been sold out of the club, which rather cripples an important class.

The outlook among the single-stickers is by no means promising; there is not a class from the 70 down to the 40ft. which is not practically dead, but at the same time there is a chance that the owners of the many good hut out-built boats, in the 40 and 46ft. classes especially, may appreciate the opportunity for good sport which the racing runs afford, and avail themselves of it. Apart from the racing, there is every prospect of a large general turnout of yachts at Glen Cove to meet the new commodore, and of a very large fleet in the wake of the May from port to port. The steam division of the fleet is likely to he larger than ever.

There has been some talk in the East of an extension of the cruise to Marblehead in order that the Eastern yachtsmen may enjoy a sight of the four new boats; but such an event is hardly possible, as the time is too short, and too many important races are to he sailed about Newport and New York. It is very unfortunate that the new boats in this country cannot be ready for racing before the middle of the season; as matters are now some $300,000 will be expended in the construction of four yachts whose racing life will begin on Aug. 11 and end about Oct. 11, or barely two months; after this the four are practicly useless, as in the event of the continuance of the class next year they would undoubtedly he out-built. It is time that the clubs, the New York in particular, took some steps toward the earlier arrangement of all international races, so that building might begin as early here as in England, the new yachts racing there in the last week in May, while here they are hardly ready hy August. The advantages which accompany this earlier preparation are too obvious to be overlooked any longer.

The annual cruise of the Atlantic Y. C., which began on July 15 with a rendezvous at Cold Spring Harbor and ended on July 20 at Newport, was a very pleasant and successful affair, the fleet meeting fine weather and good breezes from first to last. The yachts of the fleet were:

Schooners.—Water Witch, Com. David Banks; Grayling, Latham A. Fish; Una, J. Fred Ackerman; Vidette, H. F. Munn; Lydia, Henry W. Banks; Siren, J. K. Emmett; Loyal, B. Fronk Sutton.

Sloops.—Rival, Vice Com. P. G. Sandford; Saona, Rear Com. A. P. Ketcham; Awa. C. E. Cameron; Choctaw, T. L. Arnold; Moccasin, N. D. Lawton; Daffodil, James R. Whiting; Tigress, James Weir, Jr.; Penguin, George E. Brightson; Daphne, A. W. Booth; Athene, Charles A. Rich: Concord, H. C. Room; Rover, J. S. Manning; Roamer, S. D. McElvoy.

The first run was to Black Rock, the fleet getting under way at 10 A. M., and running before a nice S.W. breeze, passing the fleet of the Larchmont Y. C., also just starting on its cruise. In getting under way Loyal, schr., was in collision with the steam yacht Trophy, damaging the steamer's rail and stanchions, the schooner's bowsprit going aboard without ceremony. The fleet anchored between 1 and 2 P. M. The next day, Sunday, divine service was held on board the flagship, after which the fleet got under way for Morris Cove, 15 miles distant, anchoring at 3 P. M. The sail on Monday from Morris Cove to New London was very slow, the wind being light, and the fleet reached harbor late in the evening.

Two cups were offered for the run of Tuesday, one by Vice-Com. Sanford for the three 40-footers, Awa, Moccasin and Choctaw, and one by James Weir, Jr., for the larger sloops, Penguin, Athene and Roamer. As the 40ft. cup was given by Vice-Com. Sanford, he entered his own yacht, the 40ft. sloop Rival, with the larger boats, instead of with the forties. The start was made at noon, but the three forties were handicapped, the times being:

Athene	12 00 03	Moccasin	12 05 00
Penguin	12 02 18	Choctaw	12 05 00
Roamer	12 02 22	Awa	12 05 00
Rival	12 03 40		

The Moccasin was handicapped 37s., Choctaw 3m. 50s., and Awa 4m. 8s.

The course was to the Bug Light in Gardiner's Bay, the wind being light S.W. Rival is the smallest and oldest boat of the lot, being built by John Munn in 1883 for Mr. John H. Dimon, a centerboard sloop of very good model for those days. She did good work from start to finish, and beat the new forties as well as the larger boats of her own type. She is but 38ft. 3in. l.w.l. The times were:

FOR VICE-COM. SANFORD'S CUP.

	New London Light.	Bug Light, Gardiner's Bay.	Elapsed.
Awa	12 05 00	4 18 20	4 13 20
Moccasin	12 05 00	4 25 20	4 20 20
Choctaw	12 05 00	Not timed.	

FOR THE JAMES WEIR, JR.'S, CUP.

Rival	12 03 40	4 15 50	4 12 44
Penguin	12 02 18	4 19 54	4 17 37
Roamer	12 02 22	4 28 36	4 26 14
Athene	12 00 38	4 31 20	Disqualified

Athene went the wrong course and was disqualified. On Wednesday the fleet ran across to Newport in a very light breeze and there disbanded.

The fleet of the Larchmont Y. C. sailed on Saturday, July 15 on the annual cruise, reaching New Haven that night. On Sunday the fleet sailed to New London and on Monday to Newport, arriving at midnight in a fog and calm and being obliged to anchor outside the harbor. The fleet numbered about 25 yachts, among them being: Dauntless, Ramona, Katrina, Atlantic, Phantom, Victor, Gevalia, Southern Cross, Tioga, Winona, Nonpareille, Peri, Mistral, Flash, Nixie and Vision. The others were not timed. The steam yachts Jessie, Thyra and Ladoga.

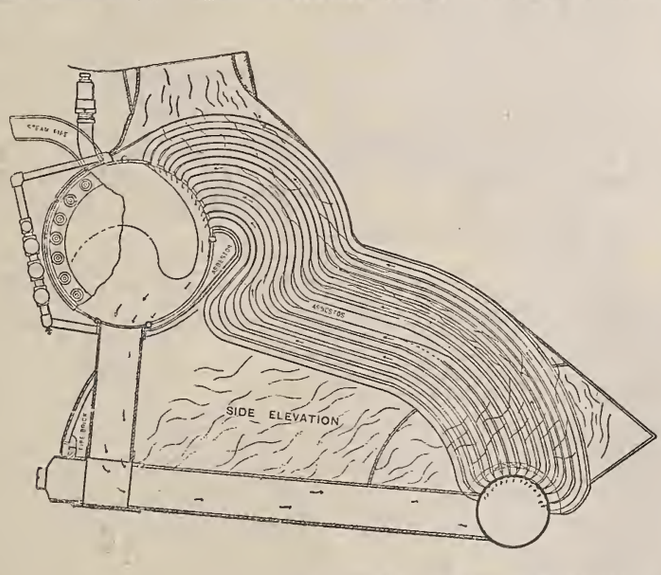
Considerable rivalry exists between the big schooners Dauntless and Ramona, and the former has recently had her canvas thoroughly overhauled bo Sawyer with good results.

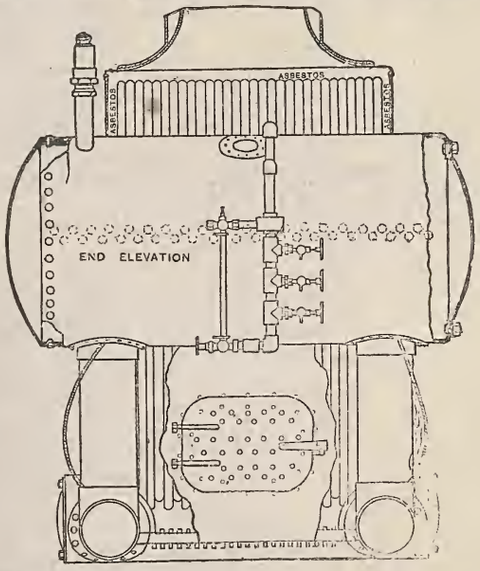
The fleet of the New Rochelle Y. C. started on the annual cruise on July 15, with Com. Andrus in command in the flagship Sasqua. The South Boston Y. C., also sailed on July 15, the destination of the cruise, which will last two weeks, being Boothbay, Me.

A Long Cruise.

THE little steam yacht Niobe made fast to the dock in a slip at the foot of Randolph street viaduct yesterday afternoon, and completed a cruise of over 6,000 miles. She was built in St. Louis and is owned by Will D. Campbell. On board are Charles A. MacKnight, engineer; C. H. Harpham, pilot; F. L. Mowder, Allie Cullnaine, and Frank Booth, steward. The Niobe is a small boat to start on a cruise like the one she has just completed, being only 38ft. long and 10ft. beam. She is run by kerosene, having a water tube boiler and compound engines.

The Niobe left St. Louis last October and started for New Orleans. Arriving there early in the winter, the party spent their entire time cruising around the coast and visiting the smaller lakes which abound in Louisiana. They lived aboard their boat all the time, and dined sumptuously on the game, oysters and fish, which southern Louisiana affords so plentifully. Arriving in New Orleans again early in May, the Niobe was headed up the Mississippi River on May 11. The trip up the Father of Waters was a leisurely one. Every town and city on the route was visited and thoroughly inspected. The members of the party have four pneumatic bicycles aboard, and at each stop these were brought out, and the sight-seeing done with comfort. When the mouth of the Illinois River was reached the Niobe was headed up this tributary, as the party wished to visit the World's Fair. When near the canal the water was found so foul that it foamed in the boiler and interfered with the smooth working of the machinery. So a cask was put aboard and connected with the boiler and all water used for steam was stored in this improvised tank. Mr. Campbell reports the water all the way down the canal as being in horrible shape.





THE McBRIDE & FISHER STEAM GENERATOR. Patented November 29th, 1892.

The Niobe might be termed a cabinet, for she is full of drawers and lockers from stem to stern. Not one square inch of space is wasted, and in spite of so many lockers the cahins are large and comfortable. The sides of the cahin are flush with the rail of the boat. The windows are fitted so as to he water tight and can be taken out in a few minutes and stored away. The lockers along the sides of the cabin make comfortable bunks, and the lockers themselves hold the bed clothing. The floor can he taken up, and under it can be stored supplies for a long cruise. The kerosene burner does not make as much heat as a coal fire would, and so the heavy bulkheads are left out. Along the side of the engine-room are closets and lockers containing tools for repairs in case of breaking, oil, and the other necessaries of an engine-room. The absence of coal bunkers economizes space here. In the forward cabin two bunks are arranged along the sides, while another one can be made overhead, just under the ceiling. The floor of the pilot-house is raised to a level with the deck, and this space is taken up with a wardrobe. On the roof the canoe is lashed and also the bicycles.

Mr. Campbell has many mementos and souvenirs of his trip in southern waters. Among them are several oyster shells, whose size may be imagined from the fact that three of the bivalves made a meal for the entire party. "Our trip has been very enjoyable," said Mr. Campbell yesterday. "We have taken our time in coming up, so that the time consumed can not he taken as a sample of what the Niobe can do. We will remain in the city quite a while, and see the Fair. *Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Hull Y. C. Cruisers' Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 15.

THE cruisers of the Hull Y. C. was sailed in a strong S.W. wind, that was more than the little hoats wanted. Course No. 6 was sailed, the times being;

	Corrected.		Corrected.
Santa Maria, J. J. Souther	1 19 20	Joker, B. Tilton	1 28 15
Vandal, Friend Brothers	1 22 03	Wapiti, P. F. Folsom, Jr.	1 32 10

The prizes were Santa Maria $15, Vandal $10, Joker $5. Judge, E. C. North.

Vandal unrove her mainsheet and was thus delayed. Santa Maria is a new "knockabout," designed by Stewart & Binney

Savin Hill and Dorchester Clubs.

Saturday, July 22.

On Saturday last the Savin Hill and Dorchester Yacht Clubs, located opposite each other on Dorchester Bay, sailed a union regatta in good weather and with the classes well filled. The day was clear and warm with a fine S.W. wind, which fell dead near the finish, an easterly breeze coming in to bring the boats home. Some of the boats carried two reefs at the start, wind was strong most of the time. Romance sailed at 22ft. l.w.l., leaving only Exile and Thrush in the 21ft. class, the former winning very easily. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Exile, J. F. Small	20 09	1 31 08	1 01 16
Thrush, C. E. Bockus, Jr.	20 10	1 39 30	1 09 44

FIRST CLASS.

Adolph, W. F. Mocks	22 01	1 40 29	1 12 08
Romance, Loring Sears	22 01	1 42 31	1 15 05
Dorothy, F. C. Blanchard	22 01	1 44 01	1 15 34
Pioneer, J T Turner	21 00	1 47 17	1 17 42
Annie Maude, F. A. Vegehlan	23 03	Withdrew.	
Mist, E. L. Pond	21 06	Withdrew.	
Keewedin, G. V. Bacon	21 00	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS.

Arab, W. F. Scott	19 01	1 32 32	1 04 40
Egeria, L. F. Howard	19 09	1 32 38	1 05 29
Wasp, Woodsum & Ladd	19 06	1 37 31	1 10 01

THIRD CLASS.

Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning	16 05	1 33 08	1 02 03
Jackdaw, R. B. Williams	17 08	1 37 38	1 06 52
Mallory, J. T. Roche	16 01	Withdrew.	
Viento, G. W. Chesley	15 03	Withdrew.	
Circe, P. N. Kenney	16 03	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Icurez, T. A. Walsh	13 10	0 52 40	0 30 36
Midget, W. H. Besarick	11 06	0 52 50	0 30 36
Transit, S. N. Small	12 08	0 53 20	0 32 09
Swash, C. E. Hodges	12 00	0 54 25	0 32 41
Princess, C. E. Main	14 00	0 55 05	0 35 15
Baby, J. I. Carr	12 08	Withdrew.	
Crab, W. P. Whitmarsh	14 00	Withdrew.	

Dorothy protests Romance, Icurez protests Midget and Egeria protests Arab, so the winners are not yet known.

The judges were Messrs. Rice, Davenport, Smith, Fox and Robinson.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 22.

Two races took place on Saturday at Oyster Bay, one for naphtha launches and one for the Roosevelt Memorial cup. The times being as follows:

Naphtha launch race, cup presented by Colgate Hoyt. Inside harbor course, club float to Cold Spring Light, to Moses Point buoy and to club float, 4 nautical miles; weather fair; wind moderate; tide, ebb; one-gun start at 10:59.

	Length, ft.	H.P.	Elapsed. m. s.	Cor. m. s.
Bedouin, C. W. Wetmore	30	10	38 07	38 07
Vixen, G. W. Bullock	30	10	38 47	38 47
Elsa, Jacob Smith	25	4	40 20	38 08
Jeannette, Girard Foster	35	10	37 44	34 04
Tide, Colgate Hoyt	35	10	38 21	34 41
Isis, C. R. Agnew	30	6	38 43	33 11
Underhill, F. T. Underhill	21	2	50 28	37 56
Mermaid, Sydney Chubb	21	2	did not finish.	

Elsa won. The race was a handicap. Bedouin and Vixen were handicapped by a bad start and further by imperfect condition, Vixen having a bent shaft and Bedouin a broken pin.

Alfred Roosevelt Memorial Cup, first annual race. Courses, Bell Buoy triangle, Bell Buoy to Center Island Buoy (about 1 mile close reach), to Lloyd's Neck Buoy (3-mile run), to Bell Buoy (2-mile beat), repeat; 12 miles, naut. Weather fair, warm. Wind W., stiff breeze. Tide, ebb, slack, flood. Start at 1:19:

	Handicap. min.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Indolent, S. V. R. Cruger	05	2 21 02	2 16 02
Mirth, J. J. W. Beekman	00	2 16 57	2 16 57
Pilgrim, E. M. Townsend	04	2 22 46	2 18 46
Folly, Geo. Bullock	04	2 31 03	2 27 03
Beatrice, Wm. Oshorne	09	2 54 52	2 45 52
Trinket, T. S. Young, Jr	09	Withdrew.	
Meteor, Wm. Trotter	12	Withdrew.	
Dodo, E. M. Townsend	12	Withdrew.	
Ola, H. C. Rouse	23	2 53 50	2 30 50

Indolent won. Handicap race for small yachts, any type. Folly's first sail, in very incomplete condition. She will do much better when in trim. Judges, R. W. Gibson, W. T. Cox.

Hull Y. C. Third Club Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 22.

The third club race of the Hull Y. C. on Saturday was sailed in a fresh breeze, with clear weather, over course No. 5. The times were:

THIRD CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrice, J. Cavanaugh	1 49 21	1 25 32
Hiladee, J. F. Small	2 03 46	1 36 50
Posy, R. G. Hunt	2 06 17	1 42 28
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw	2 35 00	. . . .

FOURTH CLASS.

Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr	1 29 21	1 06 18

SPECIAL CLASS.

Joker, Barclay Tilton	1 19 30	1 12 30
Santa Maria, J. J. Souther	1 21 20	1 20 20
Vandal, J. A. Stetson	1 23 06	1 23 06
Mabel D., J. Foster Clark	1 29 24	1 16 34
Wapiti, P. T. Folsom	1 30 03	1 15 03

FIFTH CLASS.

Magpie, H. G. Otis	1 29 20	1 04 51
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	1 32 05	1 08 18
Hagedorn, C. V. Souther	1 32 41	1 08 06
Aurisa, H. M. Faxon	1 37 15	1 10 47
Opeechee, W. P. Barker	1 38 32	1 14 01

SIXTH CLASS.

Mah, John Shaw	1 16 20	0 50 52
Dandelion, A. Adams	1 23 22	0 50 45

Commonwealth Y. C. First Championship Race.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 15.

The first championship race of the Commonwealth Y. C., of South Boston was sailed on July 15, the wind blowing strong from S.W., so that the yachts were glad to reef. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Zadie, A. Shulz	25.01	1 46 00	1 06 49
Nellie, W. E. Harrington	....	1 46 30	....
Hope, Libby & Barry	....	1 58 00	1 21 18

SECOND CLASS.

Wanita, Smith & Cobb	21.17	1 36 20	1 03 45

THIRD CLASS.

Mina, C. F. White	16.05	1 22 28	0 51 26
Eda, H. Bueler	17.08	1 20 34	1 10 31

SPECIAL CLASS.

Helen, F. Pfund	19.08	1 35 10	1 00 10
Tike, J. Leveridge	withdrew.		

The judges were Messrs. C. W. Heath, L. J. Lang and J. B. Smith.

Hempstead Harbor Club Annual Regatta.

GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 15.

The annual open regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Club was sailed on July 15, in a strong southerly wind, and though many of the entries did not start a good fleet turned out, and the race was a success. The cabin boats sailed under the Seawanhaka rule and the open boats under a measurement of length plus ½ overhang. Unlimited crews and shifting ballasts were allowed as usual in the open boats. The courses were:

FOR ALL BOATS OVER 18FT.

Starting across a line drawn between two stake boats anchored off the club house, thence around spar buoy on easterly end of Execution Reef, leaving same on starboard hand; thence around spar buoy off Matinicock Point, leaving same on starboard hand; thence across finish line off club house, 12 miles.

FOR ALL BOATS 18FT. AND UNDER.

From starting line around spar buoy on easterly end of Execution Reef, leaving same on starboard hand; thence across finishing line off club house, 7 miles.

The strong wind brought a number of boats to grief; Lohengrin capsized and Concho withdrew to help her, Giggle parted her halliards and withdrew, and Tom Cod lost her rudder but was steered to a finish by an oar. The Clapham boat Chippewa made the best time, beating the fleet very easily. The official times were:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS, 30FT. AND NOT OVER 35FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ilderan, W. Southwick	1 10 00	3 49 34	2 39 34
Fantasie, R. C. Field	1 10 00	4 10 00	3 00 00

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS, 25FT. AND NOT OVER 30.

Chippewa, Thos. Clapham	1 10 00	3 29 42	2 14 32
Ione, W. H. Woodcock	1 10 00	3 33 00	2 43 00
Beatrice, W. F. Herbert, Jr.	1 10 00	Withdrew.	

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS, 22FT. AND NOT OVER 25.

Susie W., A. T. Duryea	1 10 00	3 56 25	2 46 25
Wahneta, H. E. Doremus	1 10 00	3 59 32	2 49 32

CLASS D—CABIN CAT BOATS, 25FT. AND NOT OVER 30.

Kittie, Hazen Moore	1 10 00	3 42 12	2 32 12
Almira, W. Hanan	1 10 00	3 38 45	2 28 45

CLASS E—CABIN CATS, 22FT. AND NOT OVER 25.

Oconee, C. T. Pierce	1 10 00	3 41 20	2 31 20
Nellie, Samuel Stenson	1 10 00	3 39 00	2 29 00
Myrtle, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	1 10 00	Withdrew.	

CLASS F—OPEN SLOOPS, 25FT. AND NOT OVER 30.

Fantasia, R. C. Field	1 20 00	4 10 00	3 00 00
Jennie Willets, Joseph Willets	1 20 00	3 37 24	2 27 24

CLASS G—OPEN CATS, 22FT.

Elftua, A. S. Post	1 20 00	3 37 42	2 47 42
Fairy, F. W. Towie	1 20 00	3 47 30	2 37 30

CLASS H—OPEN CATS, 20FT.

Giggle, Duncan Sterling	1 20 00	Withdrew.	
Concho, D. E. Smith	1 20 00	Withdrew.	
Sadie, B. M. Wallace	1 20 00	4 01 36	2 51 36
Baby, G. A. Corry	1 20 00	4 04 20	2 54 20
Lohengrin, C. M. Pratt	1 20 00	Capsized.	

CKASS I—OPEN CAT, 18FT.

It, C. W. Sedgwick	1 20 00	2 54 06	1 34 06
Ida May, A. G. Freidrich	1 20 00	2 59 05	1 39 05

CLASS J—OPEN CATS, 16FT.

Lark, E. G. Unitt	1 20 00	2 54 00	1 34 00
Tom Cod, I. Cozzens	1 20 00	3 14 43	1 54 43
Presto, H. Watson	1 20 00	Withdrew.	
Meadow Hen, W. Hicks	1 20 00	3 08 55	1 48 55

The regatta committee included Messrs. I. R. Coles, chairman, Ward Dickson, Samuel Hewlett.

Corinthian Y. C., First Championship Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 15.

The seventy-first regatta of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, was sailed on July 15, being the first championship race. The wind was strong S.W., with a sea, and all the boats were reefed. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, W. W. Keith	2 38 28	2 38 28
Ariel, James Bennett	Disahled.	

THIRD CLASS.

Reaper, H. P. Benson	2 22 37	2 20 23
Freak, G. L. Cochrane	2 23 24	2 23 24

FOURTH CLASS.

Koorali, R. C. Robins	1 14 10	1 14 10

SPECIAL CLASS A.

Kelpie, W. Bassett, Jr.	1 21 31	1 14 31
Keewaydin, J. A. Burnham	1 13 07	1 13 07

SPECIAL CLASS B—CRUISERS.

Moses, F. E. Peabody	1 20 49	1 29 49
Teal, C. F. Lee	1 33 30	1 21 30
Edith, T. M. Wood	1 21 13	1 13 13
Kraken, Percy Chase	1 19 00	1 19 00
Bonita, C. O. Hood	1 17 22	1 10 22

KNOCKABOUTS.

Betsy, Theodore Jones	1 17 52	1 11 52
Nina, E. Y. C.	1 18 01	1 14 01
Pinta, E. Y. C.	1 13 38	1 09 38
Susan, H. Taggard	1 13 07	1 09 07
O'afsu, F. O. Norris	1 20 30	1 17 30
Frances, G. H. Wheeler	1 18 40	1 13 40
Jane, C. W. Parker	1 16 55	1 10 55
Boh, E. Harding	1 24 27	1 24 27
Carl, C. H. Foster	1 15 06	1 15 06

Ariel parted her peak halliards and withdrew. Freak parted her jib tack just as she neared the finish line a short distance astern of Reaper. The winners were: Second class, Susie, $10 and a leg in the championship; third class, Reaper, $10 and a leg; fourth class, Koorali, $10 and a leg; special class A, Keewaydin, $15 and a leg; special class B, Bonita, $10 and a leg; Edith, $7, and Kraken, $7.

Sippican Y. C. First Championship Race.

MARION—BUZZARDS BAY.

Saturday July 15.

The first championship race of the Sippican Y. C. was sailed at Marion on July 15, in a strong W. S. W. breeze. There were entries in only the first, second and third catboat classes. All the boats started reefed. In the second class Gymnote gained from the start and Venture soon withdrew, leaving her to finish the course alone.

The best race was in the third class. Tycoon had a good lead at the end of the first leg to windward, and Doris was well up with Nobsca, but running home Nobsca outran the fleet and won handily. Buzzard did not seem to understand that the starting time was taken from the gun and started three minutes late. With a good start she would have beaten Puzzle.

In the fourth class Cat and Edith did not have full crews and Squall had things all her own way. When Edith was about half way on the second round, one of her crew lost his hat, and she withdrew to recover it. Then she was about six minutes behind Squall and two minutes ahead of Cat. The scores were:

SECOND CLASS, COURSE FIFTEEN MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	23.3	2 21 32	2 00 39
Venture, J. D. Jenney	23.10	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS, COURSE EIGHT MILES.

Nobsca, A. A. Beebe	19.11¾	1 28 22	1 13 42
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole Jr.	19.9	1 29 50	1 14 56
Doris, John Parkinson	19.8	1 31 25	1 16 26
Puzzle, G. G. Amory	19.8	1 33 10	1 18 11
Buzzard, A. B. Shepley	19.11¾	1 35 05	1 20 23

FOURTH CLASS, COURSE SEVEN MILES.

Squall, J. G. Palfrey	16.11¾	1 32 40	1 06 25
Cat, H. W. Bellows	16.3	1 32 45	1 15 30
Edith, J. Whiting	17·0	Withdrew	

Judges: J. C. Palfrey and F. W. Palfrey. Legs for championship won by Gymnote, Nobsca and Squall. E. F. Raymond has been elected secretary in place of G. G. Van Rensselaer, resigned.

White Ladye.

Mr. Ogden Goelet, for some years owner of the schooner yacht Norseman, has chartered for a period of five months, with privilege of purchase, the steam yacht White Ladye, owned for the past year by Mrs. Langtry, and the yacht is now in this country. Mr. Goelet has already had her under charter during the spring in the Mediterranean.

The Ladye Mabel, as she was originally named, was designed by W. C. Storey of London and built by Ramage & Ferguson of Leith, where she was launched on Jan. 12, 1891. The owner was Lord Ashburton. The hull is of steel, with five bulkheads, the scantling exceeding the requirements of Lloyds, and extra strength being provided, as the yacht was intended for long voyages. She is 204ft. extreme length, 27ft. 2in. beam. and 16.45ft. depth of hold. Her engines are triple compound, 18, 27¾ and 47×33in., and she has one very large single ended steel boiler with four furnaces, the working pressure being 160lbs. The rig is that of a three-masted schooner, with pole masts. Her tonnage is 693, Thames measurement. There is one large deck house, and forward the yacht is elaborately fitted up with the usual saloons and staterooms, while in addition to the officers' and crews' quarters aft are other staterooms, the bachelors' quarters. The yacht is fitted with every modern appliance, electric lights, steam steering gear and capstans, ventilating fans, hot water pipes, etc. She was purchased by Mrs. Langtry last year and made a trip to the Mediterranean last winter, putting into Lisbon after some severe handling by the sea in the Bay of Biscay.

Cypress Planking.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have noticed an article in Forest and Stream of July 22 in regard to cypress planking as follows: "The planking under water is all of cypress and there are no known instances where this wood has been used before for outside planking." The writer of that article is mistaken for we have built from 150 to 200 boats planked with cypress, the boats ranging from 34 to 38ft. in length, requiring about 500ft. to each boat.

Higgins & Gifford.

Gloucester, Mass., July 21.

Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

Though boasting of a comparatively small racing fleet, the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron numbers plenty of keen sailor men, and racing plays quite an important part in the season's work. The record of the racing thus far is as follows:

Saturday, June 10, Capt. L. G. Russell's cup and squadron prizes. Race sailed, but all yachts competing were disqualified for the non-observance of club rules. The race to be resailed at a date not yet fixed

June 17, 9²⁄₁₀ miles, weather fair, wind moderate south, starting gun 2:30:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Youla, cutter, H. M. Wylde	36.00	1 54 33	4 24 03
Wym, cutter, Wm. Young	36.00	1 57 15	4 27 15
Lenore, cutter, A. F. Buckley	37.00	1 59 13	4 29 13
Etienne, sloop, Rear Com. Butler	26.00	2 11 25	4 41 25
Valkyrie, schr., Lieut, H. E. Marsh	28.10	2 19 00	4 42 00
Mentor, cutter, R. R. Kennedy	20.09	2 37 20	5 03 19
Hildred, sloop, H. S. Jones	23.04	Did not start.	
Alhatross, schr., F. K. Warren	32.06	Did not finish.	

Youla wins Lord Alex. Russell's cup (final win) and $10, Wym $10, Etienne $5. Officers of the day, Vice-Com. James W. Stairs and C. J. Wylde

Race for the Ruth cup and Squadron prizes was started on Saturday, June 24, at 1:30 o'clock over course No. 2. The following yachts started: Albatross, schr., F. K. Warren; Lenore, cutter, A. F. Buckley; Youla, cutter, H. M. Wylde; Etienne, sloop, Rear Com. J. E. Butler; Hildred, sloop, H. Y. Jones; Valkyrie, schr., Lord H. E. Marsh. At the outer mark the wind fell and the race had to be adandoned to be resailed on Aug. 19.

July 1.—Starting off Squadron Pier to Flag Buoy in Dartmouth Cove, to Litchfield Buoy, thence to Inner Automatic Buoy, thence to Thunn Cup Buoy, thence to Litchfield Buoy, thence to outer buoy off Squadron Pier, thence to Point Pleasant Buoy and finish off Squadron Pier. Weather fair; wind S.W. light:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Youla, cutter, H. M. Wylde	36.00	4 02 12	4 02 12
Valkyrie, schr., Lord A. E. Marsh	28.10	5 02 47	4 52 14
Lenore, cutter, A. F. Buckley	37.00	Did not finish.	
Alhatross, schr., F. K. Warren	32.06	Did not finish.	

Winner of first prize, Youla, Wenonah challenge cup. Officers of the day Rear Com. J. E. Butler and W. H Troop.

July 8.—Handicap race; weather fair, wind S.W. moderate:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Valkyrie, sch., Lt. H. E. Marsh	28 10	2 22 00	4 29 00
Mentor, cutter, R. R Kennedy	20 09	2 30 00	4 30 50
Hebe, cutter, G. E. Francklyn, Jr.	25 04	2 15 40	4 32 40
Etienne, sloop, Rear Com. J. E. Butler.	26 00	2 14 50	4 37 50
Lenore, cutter, A. F. Buckley	27 00	2 11 50	4 38 20
Youla, cutter, H. M. Wylde	26 00	2 09 20	4 39 20
Alhatross, sch., F. K. Warren	32 06	2 41 05	4 47 55
Meda, cutter, Dr. May	24 00	2 54 40	4 54 40
Hildred, sloop, H. T. Jones	Did not start.		

The winners were: First, Valkyrie, Hesslein cup and $10; second, Mentor, $10; third, Hebe, $5.

Officers of the day, C. J. Wylde and W. H. Troop.

July 15.—Weather fair, wind S.W., strong:

	Rating Y. R. A. rule.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Youla, cutter, H. M. Wylde	3.6	2 00 06	4 27 46
Lenore, cutter, A. F. Buckley	3.6	2 05 40	4 33 20
Hebe, cutter, G. E. Francklyn, Jr.	4.8	2 17 10	4 47 10
Etienne, sloop, Rear Com. Butler	2.9	2 19 45	4 45 30
Valkyrie, schr., Lt. H. E. Marsh	1.7	2 27 10	4 47 55
Hildred, sloop, H. T. Jones	2.0	2 28 52	4 55 30
Mirda, cutter, Dr. May	2.7	2 57 20	5 22 26
Mentor, cutter, R. R. Kennedy	2.3	did not start.	
Irene, schr., Capts. Elliott & Hartley.	1.3	did not finish.	

The winners were: First, Youla, Winsted Banks cup (final win) and $10; second, Lenore, $10; third, Etienne, $5.

Officers of the day: J. T. P. Knight and J. T. Lithgow.

American Model Y. C., Pfeiffer Cup.

BROOKLYN—PROSPECT PARK.

Saturday, July 22.

The third leg for the Pfeiffer Cup was sailed on Saturday, only two yachts starting. Great credit is due the owner of Marguerite in keeping up the interest and fighting Neola for the trophy, which is, without doubt, worth fighting for, and it would be more to the credit of the owners of the other first class yachts, who are content to watch the contest between these two crack boats, if they would enter their yachts and thereby greatly increase the interest in model yachting.

FIRST HEAT.

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marguerite, H. Fisher	4 22 05	11 50	11 50
Neola, J. E. Pfeiffer	4 22 05	11 04	10 46½

Neola wins this heat from Marguerite by 46s. elapsed, 1m. 3½s. corrected.

SECOND HEAT.

Marguerite	4 34 55	12 04	12 04
Neola	4 35 00	11 17	10 59½

Neola wins this heat and leg by 47s. elapsed, 1m. 4½s. corrected.

Newburyport Y. C. Opening Race.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Saturday, July 15.

The first race of the Newburyport Y. C. took place on July 15, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.
Truant, N. N. Rodigrass	26.00	1 27 29
Augusta, Hersey Bros.	22.08	1 38 00
Vivian, J. E. Beckman	22.00	1 40 38

SECOND CLASS.

Spurt, D. B. Pierce	19.11	2 03 20
Vever, George Murphy	20.00	2 04 32

THIRD CLASS.

Rodie, G. W. Rodigrass	14.11	1 19 35
Wizard, C. E. Cartwright	14.04	1 09 51

Mosquito Fleet Y. C. Third Championship Race.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 22.

Only three yachts of the South Boston Mosquito Fleet Y. C. were ready on Saturday afternoon for the third championship race, and Tantrum, the winner of two legs was not among them. The race was sailed in a strong S.W. wind, shifting to the east. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Annie, E. H. Rich	14.08	1 01 29	1 01 09
Nellie J. O'Leary	15.00	1 01 10	1 01 10
Spook, Noonan & Andrew	14.11	1 04 15	1 04 10

The judges were Messrs. W. T. Fisher, T. A. Maguire and J. F. Barry.

Winthrop Y. C. Second Club Race.

GREAT NECK—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 15.

The second club race of the Winthrop Y. C. for cash prizes was sailed on July 15 in a strong S.W. wind and rough water for the little fellows which competed, only three venturing out. The times were:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elpsed.	Corrected.
Myth, Harry Hutchinson	24.03	1 24 15	1 01 13
Maggie, C. P. Pike	20.03	1 36 05	1 09 27
Harriet, L. T. Harrington		Withdrew.	

The judges were Chas. Henney and Howard Gould.

A serious accident occurred off the club house of Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., at Oyster Bay, on July 14. The sloop Madcap, the flagship of the Sea Cliff Y. C. with Com. Sheridan on board, came to anchor off the club house at 12:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The customary salute was fired and answered from the shore. A few minutes later men in the club house were surprised to hear another report and noticed that there was considerable excitement on board. The launch was sent out at once and it was found that in trying to extract a cartridge from the gun with a knife the sailing master had touched the priming and the cartridge had exploded. The knife was hurled in the leg of Com. Sheridan and the sailing master's hands and face were badly burned. The wounded men were taken ashore and their wounds were bound up. Doctors were summoned from Oyster Bay at once. They said the wounds were serious. The bone in Com. Sheridan's leg was splintered and there was an ugly flesh wound, and the sailing master's right hand was badly shattered. His face and neck were severely burned. The two men were taken to Oyster Bay station on the steamer Dunderherry, and then by train to Sea Cliff, where Com. Sheridan is staying. He had his family physician summoned from Brooklyn to meet him at Sea Cliff.—*New York Times.*

Beverly Y. C.

THE 199th regatta, third open sweepstakes, was sailed July 22, at Monument Beach in a strong two-reef S.W. wind.

In second class Gymnote started off with the lead and held it. At windward mark Anonyma broke her boom in gybing, but kept on. All but Gymnote shook out reefs and Mist tore her sail so badly that she witbdrew. Lestris parted mainsheet. Gymnote, with a long lead, took things easy and did not shake out reefs. This proved a mistake, as the difference in the time of start and allowance gave prize to Ulula, subject to Gymnote's protest on her measurement.

In third class Gilt Edge was dismasted soon after start, but the other three made a very pretty race; Doris started 62s. abead of Nobska and gained a little in windward work, but lost running home, completing first round with a lead of 45s. In beating back to Pines she lengthened her lead to 80s., but in the 1¼ mile run home Nobska reduced this to 23s. and won.

Nobska cannot point anywhere near the other boats, but reaches through the water faster than any 20-footer ever seen in tbe bay.

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	23.09	1 55 41	1 42 02
Ulula, W. H. Winship, B. Y. C.	22.08	1 56 37	1 41 37
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 57 34	1 43 39
Agawam, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.08	2 00 41	1 46 56
Mist, Geo. H. Lyman, B. Y. C.	23.09	Disabled.	
Lestris, J. Crane, Jr, B. Y. C.	22.08	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Nobska, A. A. Beebe, B. Y. C.	19.09	1 47 14	1 31 52
Doris, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C.	19.08	1 47 53	1 32 20
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, B. Y. C.	19.08	1 49 34	1 34 07
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	19.07	Dismasted.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	16.08	1 13 46	1 01 52
Cygnet, R. B. Fenner, Falmouth Y. C.	16.10	1 14 51	1 03 07

Winners in Class 2, Ulula first, Gymnote second, Anonyma third; Class 3, Nobska first, Doris second; Class 3, Dawdle first. Prizes in second class subject to remeasurement of Ulula. Judges, J. G. Palfrey, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

The protests have been decided as follows: The buoy being the mark named in printed cruise, and only a portion of the boats told of the intended substitution of stakeboat for buoy, remains the mark, and prizes are awarded to Gymnote, Anonyma and Agawam in second class, Doris, Gilt Edge and Puzzle in third class, Nobska being ruled out. Doris's second protest is disallowed. As, however, Nobska went round boat by order of regatta committeeman in charge, sailed longer course and came home first, and is ruled out for an error of the club and no fault of her own, a special prize of equal value with first prize is awarded her. For similar reasons Anonyma's prize is made equal with first prize, as it is possible the extra distance may have lost her the race. W. L. J.

Manchester Y. C.

THE Minot's Ledge cup race was sailed on July 22. Course, from starting line in West Manchester Harbor to Egg Rock, leaving it to port, thence to Graves Whistling Buoy, leaving it to port, thence to Marblehead Rock, leaving it to starboard, thence to starting line; 29 miles. Weather, fair; wind S.W. and N.W. No time allowance—yacht for yacht:

	Length.	Start.	Turn.	Finish.
Yankee Maid, E. P. Stanley	18.08	8 20 50	12 20 02	2 42 01
Albatross, A. W. Craigir	21.00	8 30 02	12 24 03	2 49 59
Wraith, A. W. Higginson	18.10	8 30 01	12 40 11	2 50 01
Hornet, Chas. Fackson	19.11½	8 30 10	Withdrew.	
Snipe, E. A. Boardman	16.10	8 30 03	Withdrew.	

A very good start was made, the Wraith and Albatross getting away well ahead of the bunch. On the first leg of the course the race was lost and won, and the winner has to thank the weather as when 5 miles of the first leg was over the Wraith was leaving the Yankee Maid 2 miles or so. For a long pace Wraith and Albatross stood together. At last they split tacks, the Wraith going out after S.W. wind while Albatross and Yankee Maid stood in shore after the N.W., which prevailed in the air. The yachts rounded the first mark as follows: Yankee Maid, Albatross, Wraith. Snipe had carried away her jib and Hornet her peak halliards, and both had withdrawn. Balloon jibs were set and carried till the yachts rounded Misery Island when spinnakers were set to port.

Albatross protests Yankee Maid for not rounding Marblehead rock, decision has not yet been given but race will probably be resailed. Regatta committee: A. H. Higginson, A. W. Craigir, Chas. A. Cooley. Judges: Max Scull, J. A. Burnam, Jr., P. T. Collins.

Eastern Y. C.

ON Aug. 28 the Eastern Y. C. proposes to hold at Marblehead a special race for schooners of the first class (over 75ft. l.w.l.) for a handsome cup, to be called the Weld cup, given in memory of the late commodore, by Mrs. Wm. F. Weld. Four yachts must start to make a race.

At the same time, there will be prizes for second class schooners, and for all classes of sloops, where three or more start; the amounts and classes, witb other details, to be fixed at an early day.

The committee hopes to have a large list of entries in all classes, and especially the first class schooners, in recognition of the liberality of the gift.

On Sept. 2, the fleet will probably rendezvous at Marblehead for the annual cruise, and sail to the westward.

A Prize for Model Yachts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very much interested in model, or miniature, yachts and their racing, as much can be learned from the little fellows that is of use in designing larger craft. That has been my experience, at any rate. I wanted very much to see the regatta of the American Model Y. C. that was sailed on Prospect Park Lake on Decoration Day, but another engagement prevented, and now I would like to make a proposition to this club, if possible, to arrange another race. I have had about nine years' experience building and modeling boats, and lately bave made several miniature yachts, all fast. My last one, some 48in. long on deck, made a ¾-mile run in a stiff wind and high sea in a little less than 10m., close bauled. I would like to offer to the American Model Y. C. as a prize, to bc sailed for some time during tbe month of August, a miniature yacht 59in. long on deck; the model will be fully rigged as a sloop, and to be finisbed very finely with bright deck and mahogany trimmings. I build my models from lines, and frame and plank them the same as a large boat is built, using bent oak for frames and ¼in. cedar for planking, screws being used for all fastenings. The shape of boat is on the same principle as Bouncer or Chippewa, but with round bilges, and more nearly resembles the finkeel boats, which are on much the same idea. I will guarantee that the boat will be a good one in every way, in fact, as good as I can build so far as work goes; I offer a boat I would not duplicate for $60. I would like to see an inter-club race sailed at Prospect Park, with representative boats from some of the other model yacht clubs invited and competing, and should tbiuk it could be arranged.

GLENWOOD LANDING, L. I., July 18. G. G. CLAPHAM.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

A handsome naphtha launch belonging to C. H. Moss, a member of tbe Stock Exchange and a resident of Perth Amboy, N. J., disappeared on Wednesday night from her moorings at the Perth Amboy Y. C. Mr. Moss informed Inspector McLaughlin of bis loss, and Detective Sergeants Hanley and Wade were sent out to look for the boat. After investigation along the river front, they got a clew from James Fleming, dock master at the foot of East Fiftieth street. Mr. Fleming was hailed on Thursday by a man in a launch, who wanted to sell the boat. The man said it was a deserted launch which he had found drifting, and he would like to sell it for $250. Seeing at once that tbe boat was worth much more, Fleming accepted the offer, giving the man a $2 bill to bind the bargain. On learning this, the officers explored the river near there and found the launch tied up to the school ship St. Mary's, off the foot of East Fiftieth street. Asleep in the stern was the young man. Wben arrested be described himself as James Morris, 21 years old, of Newark. He said at first that he had owned tbe yacht for two years, but afterward broke down and admitted tbat he had stolen it from Pertb Amboy and had been cruising about in solitary grandeur since tben. At Jefferson Market Court yesterday be was remanded. The launch is valued at $1,000.—*N. Y. Sun, July 15.*

The annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C on July 29 will be open to yachts of the following clubs: New York, Larchmont, Atlantic, Seawanhaka Corinthian, American (of Rye), Corinthian (of New York), New Rochelle, New Haven, Riverside, Field and Marine, Stamford, Douglaston, Knickerbocker, Hempstead Harbor, Sea Cliff, Horseshoe Harbor, Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, Staten Island, Cedar Point, Bridgeport Boating Association and the clubs of tbe New York Yacht Racing Association. It will be sailed in accordance with the racing rules of the Indian Harbor Y. C. under the direction of the regatta committee. Tbe yachts will be classed by waterline length, tbe cabin yachts being measured by tbe Seawanhaka rule, and the open boats sailing on l.w.l. plus one-third overhang. The start will be made at 11 A. M. off Little Captain's Island. Tbe regatta committee includes Frederic S. Doremus (chairman, 20 Nassau street, New York), Frank Bowne Jones, Richard Outwater. The steamer Crystal Stream has been chartered for tbe use of the club members and their guests, and will leave from pier foot of East Thirty-first street, New York, at 7:30 A. M. on the morning of the regatta. The steamer will land at tbe steamboat dock, Greenwich, at 10:15, and the Indian Harbor Hotel dock at 10:30, and will accompany the yachts over the course, returning to New York after the race.

Lloyd's Yacht Register for 1893 has just been received in New York, and is the same useful volume as usual. The list of yachts contains the names and particulars of 6,817 vessels, of which 3,417 are owned in Great Britain and 293 more in British colonies. Of the first number 2,603 are sailing vessels and 814 steam. The total tonnage of the sailing vessels however is but 59,642 tons, while the steamers show a total of 85,418 tons. The list sbows quite a large number of yachts built this year in Great Britain, though many of them are of small size. Tbe book is compiled with the usual care and the various tables are very well arranged. The rules for building are published in a separate smaller volume. The number of names of American owners among the permanent subscribers shows the estimation in which the register is held here. It is issued under the supervision of A. G. Drydurst, the secretary of the society, and Mr. Thos. Congdon, of No. 1 Whiteball street, New York, is still the principal surveyor for the United States, and the New York agent of the society.

The Morgan boat shop at Noank has turned out to the last stage of completion two lobster boats that are a novelty in tbeir way and embrace some very clever ideas. The boats, named respectively Bo Peep and Mizpah, look like the ordinary 30ft. jib and mainsail lobstermen that sail from tbat place in pursuit of the palate-tickling shellfish, but differ from them in the fact that they have a little boiler and engine in tbe cabin attached to a screw. Smokestacks would be in the way, so the mast is made of steel and hollow, and through that tbe smoke from the fire finds its way up some 25ft. to the open air. Any one who has tried knows that pulling lobster pots by hand is pretty hard work. So tbe crew of this craft just connect tbe line attacbed to the pot to the engine, then it is simply press the button, the screw does the rest, until about two miles of line come up and finally the ensnared lobsters. Tbe boats promise to be a big success.—*New London Day.*

At the dinner of the Imperial Yacht Club in Kiel on July 9, Emperor William announced his intention to found a Hohenzollern prize to be awarded annually at the club's regatta. The conditions of entry will be that every competing yacht shall be built within the year since the last race in a German shipyard from German materials and after German designs. Accoring to the size of tbe victorious yacht, the prize would be 4,000, 3,000 or 2,500 marks. The Emperor has already founded a Meteor Goblet prize for an annual race between Kiel and Travemuende. The competitors will be yachts of the first and second classes. The owner of a first or second class yacht can become owner of the goblet by winning three of these races. The two prizes take their names from the imperial yacht Hohenzollern and the Emperor's racing yacht Meteor.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. sailed a race on July 15 for its skiff class, the wind being fresh S.W. at the start, falling during the race. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ole Girl	3 00 00	4 35 39	1 35 39
Viola	3 00 00	4 40 27	1 40 17
Uneasy	3 00 00	4 43 34	1 43 24

The Toronto Skiff Sailing Club sailed a race for the 19ft. class on July 15, the times being:

	Start.	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Last Leg and Finish.
Ethel	3 10 00	3 53 50	4 44 15	5 24 20	5 45 06
Rambler	3 10 00	3 55 50	4 46 45	5 31 50	6 03 15
Zephyr	3 50 30	4 45 50	Withdrew.		

The next race will be sailed on Saturday, July 29, and will be for 16-footers.

Far up in the northwestern corner of the United States, in Port Townsend, Washington, a yacht club has just been organized by the name of the Key City Y C. The club starts with 60 members, the officers being: Commodore, John Barneson; Vice-Commodore, Frank Perrott; Rear Commodore, F. A. Bartlett; Fleet Surgeon, C. M. Baldwin; Measurer, C. J. Leigbton; President, J. B. Libby; Vice President, B. A. Burnett; Secretary, J. W. Jones; Treasurer, A. C. Pbillips. The Regatta Committee includes K. T. Mayo, F. L. Macondray and J. R. Mason The club will hold races throughout the season.

Tbe new Fife 20-rater Zinita, which from all accounts was intended for a fast cruiser ratber tban an out and out racer, is showing good speed and is likely to take a foremost place in tbe 20 rating class. Another new 20 is just completed, the Lady Honor, designed by C. E. Nicholson for Lord Dudley and described as a bread tray. Mr. Nicholson has been very successful in the smaller classes, making quite a hit last year in tbe 5-rater Dacia, but the new boat is his first venture in the larger classes.

Yampa, schr., is now under charter to Wm. C. Whitney, of New York.

The Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed a special race on July 15 for the cabin cats of Class F which did not finish in the June regatta. The wind was fresh from S.W. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.
Melita	3 24 00	5 00 20
Willanda	3 23 30	Disabled
Torino	2 25 (0	Withdrew

H. J. Gielow has completed the designs for a cruising 25-footer for Rev. Lindsay Parker, of St Peter's Church, Brooklyn. She will be 26ft. 6in. over all, 24ft. 8in. l.w.l., 11ft. 6in. beam, 10ft. 3in. beam at l.w.l. and 3ft. 8in. draft. The interior will give a good deal of room, being carefully arranged.

Mr. Edgar Scott, of the steam yacht Sagamore, has purchased of Summers & Payne a handsome new half-rater designed by Arthur E. Payne and just completed. The boat will hang at the davits of the steam yacht and be used for sailing and racing.

Mr. F. W. Flint, of Larchmont Y. C., has given a cup costing $100 for cabin catboats of 25ft. l.w.l. and under, with a second price of $50 if five start, the race to be sailed off Larchmont on July 29.

Wild Duck, steam yacht, J. M. Forbes, has returned to Boston from her cruise to Chicago. The trip occupied nineteen days, and two weeks were spent at the Fair.

Whitewings, slp., of Toronto, was partly stove in while entering the Tuscarora River on July 4, and is now at Buffalo for repairs.

Destree, slp., bas been chartered through Hughes's Agency to Edwin B. Sears, of Buffalo.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM tbeir addresses, with name, membersbip, signal, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

JULY.

15-30. W. C. A. Meet, Ballast Island.
29. Red Dragon, Delaware River.
29-Aug. 5. Owanux, Camp, Merwin's Point.

AUGUST.

11-12. N.W.A.R.A., Canoe Races, Detroit.
11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Orange Ad., Arlington, N. J.
4. Ianthe, Ad., Passaic River.
4 Holyoke. Fall. Holyoke, Mass.
16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

THIS is a world of trouble and sorrow, and now it is tbe editor's turn; he has again come witbin range of Mr. Vaux's sarcastic pen. Mr. Vaux's opinions as to the infallibility of the A. C. A. officers are well known to our readers; but as regards tbe facts wbich he mentions in support of them we must differ with him, having been present at the early meets at Lake George. Through the earnest efforts of Mr. Bishop and other officers and members of committees the arrangements in the first two years were specially good. As the Interstate Commerce law was not then in existence, much work was necessary to obtain reduced rates and free carriage of canoes, but the arrangements tben made will compare favorably with any later ones. Through Mr. Bishop the canoeists were boarded at Crosbyside for tbe nominal charge of twenty-five cents per meal, and in the second year, on Lorna Island, a log house was built as headquarters, mess shed built and run, with a fairly good table, the noon meal being taken at Crosbyside. The Association fortunately bad not then acquired a luxurious taste for tent floors, and none were provided, but the general arrangements of mess, railroads, etc., were very satisfactory.

One source of trouble in the case of the late meet was that some of the officers and committeemen for whom Mr. Vaux speaks did little and others did nothing, so that those who, including the Vice-Commodore, really did work, had their labors doubled or trebled, and even then much was badly done. Without attempting to argue as to the exact responsibility of unpaid officers, we still maintain that it is unfair to the members who attend the meets to start them on their journey in the belief that certain arrangements have been made, leaving them in the end to find that whether, for good reasons or bad, the plans of the officers bave miscarried, and that they must get to camp as they can. This was done at Bow-Arrow Point in 1887, at Stave Island to a certain extent in 1889, at Jessup's Neck in 1890, at Willsboro Point in 1891, and yet the Atlantic Division profited nothing by tbe experience. If it is necessary or desirable to locate the camp in a distant place that men must reach by their own efforts, then they should be notified in good season of the exact state of the case, and the phantom steam launch which none can ever find should disappear from the programmes of the transportation committee, where alone it has existed.

THE latest announcement of the transportation arrangements from the American side to the A. C. A. camp promise poorly, as tbe steamer will only run five days a week, omitting the very days which are most important, Sunday and Monday. The Saturday night trains from Boston, New York and Albany, carry more men to the meet than on any other day, and naturally all will wisb to go by way of Clayton, as the shortest and most convenient. This route is now out of the question on two days of the week, both going and returning. The route via Cape Vincent is slower and involves the waste of some hours at Kingston, and a late arrival in camp. A man who leaves New York at 7 P. M. can be in Clayton by 5:30 the following morning, and it ought to be possible for him to cover the remaining 15 miles in a couple of hours and have his tent pitched by 10 A. M.

THE sailing war canoe is a new departure, but the Crescent Athletic Club has just purchased one with two sails.

AFTER the very full and voluminous reports which our Western correspondent has furnished for two years of the Western Canoe Association meet, we were prepared for a glowing account of the glad return to Ballast Island in the Columbian year. It was with something of a shock that we read the brief telegram from Mr. Hough, which we print in full. Such a meet can do little good to the Association, and it now remains for tbe new officers to set to work earnestly to put matters on a better footing for the future. After the experience of last year in a new location, many were opposed to the return to Ballast this year, but the matter was forced by a few who threatened that if the meet were held anywhere else they would not play. As events have proved, it was unfortunate for the Association that the majority submitted to this sort of argument. The West is a big place, and the Western Canoe Association might be a great deal bigger than it is if a wise and liberal policy had been followed from the start.

The Atlantic Division Meet.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two recent editorials in your paper have scored the officers of the Atlantic Division for various offenses in connection with the division meet, and I deem it a good chance, with your permission, to get in a whack at them myself. Not being able to attend the meet, naturally I was very anxious to hear all about it, and I turned eagerly to your paper for the full details of the doings and races. Imagine my disgust at not finding anything there but an editorial on bad management, and the next week's issue carried on the management discussion and omitted all news. Some officer is to blame for this, and I want the responsibility placed. Those who did not attend the meet, and many of your canoeing readers did not, are vastly more interested in wbat the officers and men did do at Chimmon's Island than in what they failed to do.

Another point: In the army the officers are in command and are obeyed. When any disciplining is to be done they do it. In the A. C. A. the members discipline the officers, the members' wants and wills are law and the officers are unpaid servants, I may say slaves. This is all wrong. We must get officers wbo can command and not make excuses and ask for pardon and mercy. Can't a man be found who will stand up and really govern the members, and not meekly do as he is told, and if the task imposed is greater tban he can bear, apologize for not being superhuman.

Tbe fault is all with the officers and always has been. They have been indulgent parents and tbe child has been spoiled. What can you expect under such circumstances? Even the editors have been indulged to such an extent in former years that if they are placed out of reach of an electric button for a few hours at a local meet they feel there is criminal negligence on the part of those in command, and there is no hesitation about saying so.

Contrast wbat was expected by the members of the officers in the early days at Lake George. Tbe dues were the same then that they are now. There were no transportation committees, and each man got to camp tbe best way he could—he generally paddled there. There were no camp site committees to furnish tent floors and landing skids at cost. There was no caterer and each man cooked his own food—and procured supplies as best he could. There was no ladies' camp, in fact, nothing but an island wbich three of the members owned and allowed the A. C. A. to use. Did the members kick? Perhaps they did, but not the officers. If things went wrong they kicked themselves. It is about time the abused officers turn and do a little kicking themselves, and I for one hope the first man they jump on with both feet will be tbe one who is responsible for the lack of a report of tbe meet in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

NEW YORK, July 22. C. BOWYER VAUX.

Western Canoe Association Meet.

BALLAST ISLAND, Lake Erie, July 24.—There are 20 canoes here, but the interest is not intense. Only one officer of the association, the secretary, is here. The complaints over this are undisguised. Tbe racing has developed no very great interest. F. B. Huntington, of Milwaukee, won the trophy race. Nat. Cook, of Chicago, won the Longworth cup. Emil Hansen, of Milwaukee, won the Gardner cup. Tbe latter race concluded late Saturday. The weatber is pleasant and there is a good sailing wind. Tbe attendance is from Milwaukee, Detroit, Cincinnati and Dayton mainly. Chicago has only one canoe here. This seems an off year and much discussion prevails as to causes and remedies. At the annual meeting only 17 members were present. O. A. Woodruff, of Dayton, O., was elected commodore, F. B. Huntington, of Milwaukee, Vice-Commodore; L. K. Liggitt, of Detroit, Rear Commodore; James Gardner, of Cleveland, Secretary-Treasurer; Executive Committee, T. J. Kirkpatrick, of Springfield; G. B. Ellard, of Cincinnati; S. B. Mettler, of Jackson, Mich. Mr. E. Hough, of the FOREST AND STREAM, was elected an honorary member. The question of allowing standing rig in Class D received discussion.

E. HOUGH.

A. C. A. Transportation.

According to the latest arrangements the Empire State does not run from Clayton to Kingston on Sunday or Monday. Members coming to camp via N. Y. C. or R. W. & O. will therefore go via Cape Vincent on those days.

The times of leaving New York and arrival at Clayton, Cape Vincent and camp are as follows: Via Clayton: Leave New York 7.30 P. M. (except Saturday and Sunday), arrive Clayton 5.45 A. M. Leave Clayton 9.50 A. M., arrive Brophy's Point 11.10 A. M. Via Cape Vincent: Leave New York 9.15 P. M., arrive Cape Vincent 9. 50 A. M. Boat leaves Cape Vincent on arrival of train reaching Kingston about 12 M. Leave Kingston 4 P. M., arrive Brophy's Point 4.30 P. M.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Charles T. Rogers, Boston, Mass. Northern Division: A. J. Watson, W. H. N. Taylor, A. F. Rooney, Cataraqui C. C., Kingston. Central Division: Wm. R. Nichols, James Burton, John C. Hugbson, Dr. Wm. Hailes, Albany, Albany, N. Y.; Colton Woolworth, Castleton, N. Y.

Canoeing Among the Thousand Islands.

IT is with some diffidence that I start to write up our little cruise on the St. Lawrence, because its beauties have been extolled by so many pens in poem and in prose, so many able writers have painted pen portraits of its winding channels, verdure-clad isles and picturesque nooks and corners, but it may be that a crude description may induce some reader to visit and see for himself that which cannot be adequately described.

Leaving the boat house in Kingston on Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, Charlie and I turned the prow of our canoe eastward, and with paddles moving in that rhythmic unison which comes of long practice, started on our eighteen mile run to Gananoque. Soon the harbor is past, Fort Henry frowns down upon us on the north and is left behind, we pass Cartwright's Point, where several patient fishermen are tempting the wary bass, run inside Milton Island and seek the shade afforded by the high shore at Rudd's quarry, for the sun though getting down is still unpleasantly warm.

Gates Island comes next and then we enter the North Channel between Howe Island and the main shore. Following this with a rest for supper at Kelly's dock, we reach the foot of the island as the dusk creeps up the river in the wake of the now vanished sun.

A thunder storm coming up in the north warned us to seek a shelter and, refreshed by the cool breeze from the east, which now threatened to develop into something stronger than a breeze, we cut across the river, pass the lighthouse at Petrie's Island, the head of Lindsay's Island and Hay Island and drop paddles and spring ashore on the platform of a boat house with "Kalaria" painted on its gable and a board off, which admitted us and our canoe.

We don't know the gentleman who owns the cottage and boat house with this musical name suggestive of old Ireland, but we are none the less grateful for two nights' lodgings.

Spreading our blankets on the floor we prepared to retire for the night, but before getting into bed we heard the sound of paddle-wheels approaching, and curiosity kept us at the boat house door. The sounds came closer and closer till in a few minutes in a blaze of light the St. Lawrence appeared with a search-light excursion on boat. Lighted throughout with electric lamps in many colored globes and with the brilliant search light flashing here, there and everywhere, seeking out picturesque bits of scenery and giving a weird and ghostly look to places that by daylight might seem commonplace, she presented a very striking appearance.

About 5 o'clock on Sunday morning the boards got so very hard under our blankets that we could stand it no longer, so crawled out, had a dip, and started up the river again toward the head of Grindstone Island on our way to Clayton. This well-known resort was reached about 8:30, we reported at the Custom House and then went up to visit some friends, who gave us breakfast—our second that morning—and with them we stayed until noon.

Reluctantly refusing an invitation to stay to dinner, we hoisted the sail in a rather desultory wind and slowly drifted down in the current past Central Park, Thousand Island Park and many handsome and expensive cottages, till finally we were opposite Alexandria Bay and thought it time to go ashore and do something for the inner man.

This being happily accomplished we pushed off again, and touching for a few minutes at Westminster Park to have a look at the Lake of the Thousand Islands, we sped on our way, and soon reached the foot of Wells Island with Rockport in view on the Canadian shore.

After leaving Alexandria Bay we inspected the Devil's Oven, a cave in the otherwise solid granite, accessible only from the water, of which there are traditions for those who care for old wives' tales. The water was high enough to make an entrance with the canoe impossible, but looking in one was reminded of "The Toilers of the Sea," and almost expected to see the tentacles of the devilfish waving back and forth in the still, dark water.

The contrast between the American and Canadian sides of the river was most marked at this point on our cruise. Although the season had hardly commenced, and most of the cottages—why these costly habitations should be called cottages I don't know—were still unoccupied. There was a bustle on the river, a life and motion ashore, on the American side, which vanishes at once when you get into the channel. Here the islands are, for the most part, as they were when turned out of nature's workshop, and you could imagine that no boat more noisy than the silent birch-bark ever disturbed the calm of its clear, swift-running water.

But while we have been moralizing our paddles have not been idle, and we are at the foot of the Lost Channel, one of the prettiest spots on a river that abounds in pleasing scenes. The current now makes itself felt, and we take the eddies wherever possible, running from one island to another in the swirling water that twists the canoe round in spite of the most careful steering. Up through Fiddler's Elbow, past the lighthouse, and we are again away from the little islands, and have a stretch of water before us that reaches to the foot of Wolfe Island, ten miles or more up the river.

Keeping to the shore of Wells' Island we steadily paddled on, and in due time reached its head. From here we crossed Eel Bay, passed the foot of Grindstone, where the A. C. A. camps were held, and, warned by a gray sunset that wet weather might be expected, determined to make for the same quarters we had occupied the previous night.

Kalaria was reached about 9 o'clock, and after a consoling pipe we again betook ourselves to the arms of Morpheus, well prepared by our thirty miles' paddle for a good night's rest.

When we woke at 6 on Monday morning it was to find that the prediction of rain was fulfilled. As the sky gave no promise of better weather, we had a plunge, got into the canoe and paddled over to Gananoque in time to catch the Richelieu for Kingston.

The St. Lawrence is looking its best at this time of year, and I know of no better way of seeing all its wealth of beauty than a cruise in a canoe. The narrowest cuts afford a safe passage, the most sheltered and best hidden recesses are reached and explored, and in coming up the stream it is easier to take the eddies than in any other kind of craft. ZERB.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Owanux Canoe Association will hold its camp at Merwin's Point, Woodmont, July 29 to Aug. 5. The regattas will be held on Aug. 1 and 2. The camp committee is T. F. Vose, Albert Lanzettel, Dr. Sydney Bishop; regatta committee, J. H. Rowland, G. H. Langzettel, Henry L. Orters.

The A. C. A. regatta committee acknowledge the contribution by the Yonkers C. C. of $5 to the prize fund.

The Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, has just purchased from the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe & Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y., a very fine war canoe, 25ft. long by 50in. beam, built of white cedar, decked with mahogany and finished in quartered sycamore, varnished natural color throughout; has water-tight bulkheads fore and aft, and has two large "leg o' mutton" sails. The canoe is well built and very handsome, and will doubtless be heard from during the season.

The sailing race of the Toronto C. C. took place on July 15, the wind being southwest and squally. The times were;

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kalula, H. Ford	4 10 00	5 20 30	1 11 30	1 05 00
Dixie, A. M. Rice	4 10 00	5 30 00	1 20 00	1 05 00
Rush, H. R. Tilley	4 10 00	5 21 00	1 11 00	1 11 00
Fritz, F. Rogers	4 10 00	5 41 00	1 31 00	1 13 00
Kalula 2, A. E. Bell	4 10 00	5 54 00	1 44 00	1 15 00
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	4 10 00	Did not finish.		

Mr. Sparrow sailed a new canoe and withdrew in consequence of an accident to her rigging.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

San Francisco Ranges.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.—As the FOREST AND STREAM seems of late to aim at the revival of interest in rifle and pistol shooting, I venture to forward a few items regarding the present status of this sport in and about San Francisco.

Two well-equipped 200-yard ranges afford ample accommodations for the riflemen, viz., one at Shell Mound, near Oakland, 45 minutes from the city, under the direction of Capt. L. Siebe, who, with his family, reside within Shell Mound Park. This range is resorted to by several rifle clubs and militia companies on Sundays (for we have no restrictive Sunday laws here). On week days any one by the payment of 50 cents per hour for marking may shoot *ad libitum*. Adjoining is a 50 yard pistol range used by the recently organized pistol club; also a 100-yard range.

The other prominent range is situated near San Rafael, one hour from this city, and is owned by the California Schuetzen Club Building and Park Association, composed of members of the California Schuetzen Club. This range has been in existence for two years and is well patronized by several shooting clubs. It is finely equipped with conveniences for rifle shooting, but is disliked by some of our marksmen on account of the frequent prevalence of fitful, gusty, fish-tail winds caused by the situation of the range amid high hills. Such a thing as a whole day without wind on either range is a rarity, thus giving our Eastern riflemen a great advantage over us during several months af the year. As we never have snow or ice, however, we can practice the year round, thus practically evening up the conditions.

A very large majority of the membership of all the rifle clubs of this vicinity are Germans, Swiss and other foreigners by birth, but several of the Schuetzen clubs are open to any rifleman who will conform to their rules and regulations. The ¾in. 25-ring target is in universal use by all the civil clubs.

The chief organizations are the California Schuetzen Club, with 200 odd members; the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, with a somewhat smaller membership; the Germania, Eintracht, Turner, North German, Swiss and Grütli clubs, each having a membership of 50 to 100.

The California Club embraces almost all of the expert riflemen of all the other clubs. Prominent among these may be mentioned F. O. Young, Geo. Helm, D. McLaughlin, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, E. Hovey, F. Kuhnle, A. Strecker, J. Utschig, H. R. Brown, A. Johnson, C. Meyer, Capt. Kuhls, J. Stanton, A. Gehret, etc. This club is divided into five shooting classes, viz., champion, first, second, third and fourth. Much emulation exists among the members and a large turn out can always be counted on on the first Sunday of the month at the medal shoot. All the clubs, as a rule, hold a shoot for cash prizes twice a year open to all comers. In addition the California Club offers 100 merchandise prizes at their semi-annual festivals, ranging in value from $75 to $2.50 each.

The "boys in blue" of course conform to the usual shooting rules and customs governing the militia. Among the experts at this style of shooting are: H. R. Brown, F. R. Young, E. Hovey, C. Meyer, S. I. Kellogg, A. Johnson, Capt. Klein, the Heeth brothers, etc. There is much enthusiasm among the devotees of the big bore.

The Pistol Club was organized three months ago with 25 charter members. In adopting regulations for its government it followed in the main the rules of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. This club uses the standard American target at 50yds. in the open air, open sights and 3lbs. pull of trigger.

Class medals are contested for in a string of 10 shots on the second Sunday of the month, and on the same day and under the same rules the 30 shot State championship medal is shot for and is open to all comers.

The club is divided into three shooting classes, viz., champion, first and second. A large majority of the members are beginners at this style of shooting, though a number are experienced shots, *e. g.*, Col. S. I. Kellogg, F. O. Young, E. Hovey, S. Carr, Mr. Barney, H. Heeth, Capt. Klein, L. Barrere, etc. Some of the beginners also show promise of developing into successful shots, such as Mr. Dais, F. Gehret and Dr. L. O. Rodgers. The members are enthusiastic and hope to do some creditable work in the future. The weapon most favored is the Stevens .22cal., 10in. barrel; though a few Remingtons are used. The appearance of the Smith & Wesson .32cal. target pistol is looked for with interest, though the general impression is that it will prove too light for satisfactory work. The Stevens, while very accurate is unaccountably high-priced. The ".22 long rifle" cartridge is most used, although the ".22 short" is preferred by more than one careful shot.

I shall take pleasure in occasionally forwarding to you scores of both rifle and pistol; and I think I but give voice to the general sentiment of all lovers of fine shooting when I say that if the various sporting journals would give to the rifle and pistol but a little of the energy and space expended in behalf of the "scatter gun," we would soon see an encouraging revival of interest in a sport that fosters and develops faculties and virtues which are possessed only by the man of true manhood. L. O. R.

The New Army Rifle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the U. S. Government has adopted the foreign rifle for its service arm, and of a caliber small enough to satisfy the most exacting expert, it seems to me the riflemen of the country ought to take some notice of the fact, and let us have a discussion pro and con, why there are no American inventors capable of producing a rifle the equal if not superior to the "Krag-Jorgensen gun." The impression we get from the papers is that it is a bolt rifle, with the fastening device on the forward end of the bolt, and having a magazine holding but five cartridges in reserve. When it is remembered how positively it was put forth, and quite officially I believe, by other examining boards and other expert army officers high in authority, that a "bolt rifle" would never be adopted by the U. S. Government, the selection is quite a surprise to one marksman to say the least. I can remember how positively it was dwelt on and so certain was it given out, that a friend of mine, an expert marksman and inventor, Mr. J. H. Brown, of New York city, produced a magazine rifle with a straight falling breech block, obviating any chance for a premature discharge in forcing in a refractory cartridge, by the firing pin pressing on the primer, as has been the case with many bolt rifles, as well as with the old Springfield musket, to which the Government has clung so persistently.

If I am rightly informed, American inventors of small firearms, such as are under discussion, have never received much encouragement or reward from the boards of experts appointed to represent the Government of the United States, and make selections in such matters, and it is rather humiliating to the rifle-shooting fraternity and the National Guard as well that they must ere long learn to defend themselves and perchance their country's honor with a rifle which is the result of foreign brainwork, and is recognized by the Government of the United States as something superior to anything American can produce.

When we speak of the Government of the United States how few there are who know just what that in reality means; the ordinary mind takes it as some invisible, just and perfect power that is sure to grasp the right and never the wrong, to establish justice and never make any mistakes, where Americans or American ideas are under consideration. Seldom do they think the whole power is swayed and even boards sometimes guided and their decisions moulded by the will of some one man, whose peculiar aptitude and position is such that he happens to be the "right man in the right place" for the accomplishment of that identical purpose. How many, many instances can be quoted to support this fact, not that we would intimate that the present selection is the result of such maneuvering, but that such things *do* happen can be gleaned from those people whose wisdom has been bought by their experience; and it is our opinion, despite the unnecessary—and never experienced in actual warfare—sand tests and rust tests, that just as serviceable and just as reliable American inventions would answer for our national arm as any foreign invention. W. MILTON FARROW.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

International Columbia Prize Shooting.

ON Sunday and Monday, July 8 and 9, at Sharpshooters' Park, Chicago (West Pullman), the following shooters were at the stand: Henry Hoehn, Fr. Karlen, Monroe, Wis.; William Ehrenpfort, Albert Ehrenpfort, San Francisco; C. B. Schmidt, J. D. Regennitter, C. W. Ranyon, Eduard Berger, John F. Bredon and Emil Beag, Davenport, Ia.; Eduard Richter, Milwaukee; John Zimer, Chicago; F. A. Cook, St. Louis. To all these the Columbian medal was given. Scores as follow were made on the different targets:

Columbia, possible 75: Emil Berg 66, Albert Ehrenpfort 67, J. F. Bredon 66, C. W. Rantzon 65, Eduard Berger 61, F. A. Cook (St. Louis) 56, Wm. Ehrenpfort 53, F. D. Regennitter 53, Henry Hoehn 50, C. B. Schmidt 35, Fr. Karlen 41.

King target, possible 225: Emil Berg 216, J. F. Bredon 217, A. Ehrenpfort 203, H. Hoehn 201, C. W. Rantzon 199, F. A. Cook 194, Edw. Richter 192, Edw. Berger 186, Fr. Karlen 171, J. D. Regennitter 155, William Ehrenpfort 152, C. B. Schmidt 158.

Man target: J. D. Regennitter 70, Edw. Berger 89, Emil Berg 89, J. F. Bredon 85, H. Hoehn 84, C. W. Benyon 84, Edw. Richter 83, F. A. Cook 82, C. W. Rantzou 74.

Standard target: Emil Berg 46, Edw. Richter 44, Edw. Berger 42, Martin Grace 40, Henry Hoehn 40, J. D. Regennitter 39, F. A. Cook 37, Geo. L. Reitzhaupt 35, Wm. Ehrenpfort 36, J. F. Rantzon 34.

People's target; Emil Berg 71, Edw. Berger 68, Edw. Richter 68, H. Hoehn 66, C. H. Rantzon 65, J. F. Bredon 65, J. D. Regennitter 65, G. L. Reitzhaupt 64, F. A. Cook 63, Er. Karlen 61, Wm. Ehrenpfort 59, C. M. Weinberger 59, H. Thornearth 57.

Bullseye target, 100 shots: Edw. Berger 26 bullseyes, Emil Berg 24, J. F. Bredon 23, J. D. Regennitter 17, C. B. Schmidt 13, C. W. Rantzon 14, Henry Hoehn 11, A. Ehrenpfort 9, G. L. Reitzhaupt 9, Edw. Richter 8, Fr. Karlen 6, Wm. Ehrenpfort 5, John Zimer 3.

The shooting Sunday and Monday was, on account of the extremely warm weather, of no account. Only two shooters were firing at the Columbia target, and only for the medal. They were G. F. Schmidt and Dr. Harvey McVile, Chicago.

Frd. Pfeifer, of Chicago, made a good score on man target, 93.

A. BOESE, Sec'y.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular monthly shoot at Washington Park, July 19, did not draw the usual number. The hot weather, however, was no bar to the making of good scores on the part of some of the shooters in attendance. Gus Zimmerman made a full score of 60 on the man target and Fred Simon the fine score of 116 points out of a possible 125 on the ring target. Conditions were 5 shots, possible 125: Simon 116, Hayes 113, Jantzer 104, Krauss 103, Pittschier 101, Meyer 94, J. Lowie 89, Herman 89, H. Kuhn 86, E. Hutz 82, Greiner 51, Hoepfner 82.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: Gus Zimmerman 60, Wm. Hayes 56, Fred Simon 55, Alex. Stein 55, F. Pittschier 55, Ignatz Marten 53, Geb Krauss 53, G. E. Jantzer 48, M. Kuhn 46.

Red flags; G. Zimmerman 15, F. Simon 12, G. E. Jantzer 6, Alex Stein 6, Wm. Hayes 5, M. Greiner 5, F. Meyers 4, Geb Krauss 3, Dietz 3, Dr. Herald 3, Herman 3, Baab 3, Begerow 2, Pittschier 2, J. Lowie 1.

Germans at the Target.

THE annual festival of the German societies of New York, known as the Badische Volksfest Verein, in Washington Park last week, was a great success. During the three days of the festival the park was filled to overflowing with jolly German citizens, their wives and sweet hearts, and between athletic sports, shooting and bowling, our German friends had three days of solid enjoyment. Gus Zimmerman, who is a native of Baden, was one of the many riflemen who participated in the shooting programme. His diligent work and good holding earned for him the kingship of the festival. The ceremony of crowning the victorious shooter at one of these German festivals is both unique and interesting. Capt. Zimmerman gave himself up to the occasion. Seated upon his carriage of state (a gun caisson) he was drawn around the park amid the booming of cannon and the strains of martial music. Following the crowning of the king came the distribution of the prizes to the lucky winners, whose scores are appended, three shot scores, possible 54, three best tickets for five first prizes and the two best for balance of prizes.

Zimmerman	54 53 53—160	Plaisted	51 51—102
Holges	54 53 52—159	Beyer	51 52—102
Wehlein	53 53 54—159	Daab	52 50—102
Ross	54 52 52—158	Steckler	51 50—101
Grimm	52 52 52—156	W Buss	51 50—101
L Buss	52 53—104	Gensch	51 50—101
Nowak	52 52—104	Steinel	52 49—101
Busse	52 51—103	Falter	51 50—101
Schlicht	52 51—103	Wenner	50 50—100
Thomas	53 50—103	Hoefler	50 50—100
Lindloster	52 51—103	Schütz	51 49—100
Krampert	52 50—102	Weber	51 48— 99
Roll	51 51—102	Wagner	50 49— 99
Koeppler	51 51—102		

Premiums for most tickets: First, Zimmerman, 188; second, Hoefler, 35; third, Wehlein, 35.

Flags: Falter, Hoefler, Zimmerman, Plaisted, Raiser, Falter.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE weekly practice shoot in Armbruster's Park July 22 had its usual attendance of the members and friends of the club. Capt. Mahlenbrock, of the Hudson Club, was on hand again and devoted the afternoon to rifle practice with the Greenville folk. The afternoon was devoted to pool and team shooting on the German ring target, 5 shots per man:

First pool: Plaisted 111, Dorrler 107, Chavant 103, Spohn 102, Collins 101, Purkess 99, Mahlenbrock 94, Boag 86.

Second pool: Dorrler 106, Collins 97, Spohn 97, Plaisted 95, Mahlenbrock 92, Boag 83.

Team match, 10 shots, German target:

Chavant	189	Dorrler	214
Plaisted	209—398	Mahlenbrock	169—376

At the weekly gallery shoot for class medal July 21 the following scores were made, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: Purkess 242, Robidoux 241, C. Boag 239, J. Boag 237, Collins 235, Chavant 235, Dodds 232.

The club will soon lose one of its best team men in the person of Fred. C. Ross, who contemplates returning to Brooklyn to reside.

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 22.—The regular shoot of the Hartford Rifle Club was held this afternoon, and owing to the heat of 93° in the shade, was lightly attended. The scores averaged, for us, very high. Pope's 94 is the highest ever shot in Hartford, and his second full score. Standard target, 200yds.; light, bright, wind, strong and requiring careful watching:

H M Pope	10	10	9	9	9	8	10	9	10	10—94
	20	8	8	9	10	8	10	8	8	7—85
J M Foote, Jr	8	9	9	10	7	7	7	9	10	9—85
	7	7	9	7	5	10	5	10	9	10—79
D S Seymour	8	7	8	8	9	9	7	10	10	8—84
(five pairs)	9	9	7	7	8	8	10	10	7	7—83
F K Rand	10	10	8	8	9	6	10	7	8	7—83
	8	10	6	8	8	6	10	8	9	7—80
W J Dunbar	8	6	7	7	10	9	9	4	5	7—72
	8	7	8	6	10	7	8	6	7	5—72
A H Tyler	6	6	5	0	10	4	0	5	4	5—45
	3	5	0	8	10	4	2	5	4	4—45

H. H. POPE, Secy.

Cincinnati Rifles.

CINCINNATI, July 16.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended below. Conditions 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Owing to the extremely hot weather the attendance was rather small, as also were the scores:

Gindele	8	9	9	10	10	10	6	8	9	7—86
	6	6	9	5	9	10	10	10	8	8—81
	10	6	10	10	6	8	8	6	8	8—80
Payne	8	10	10	10	6	8	5	7	6	10—80
	8	5	8	10	8	10	5	8	8	10—80
	7	6	10	7	5	9	9	7	8	9—77
Randall	9	8	9	6	9	8	6	7	9	10—78
	6	7	8	8	8	8	8	10	7	6—75
	7	7	8	6	5	7	6	8	10	10—74
Toff	8	7	4	5	6	5	3	7	5	8—60
	6	6	4	6	4	9	9	5	4	7—60
	4	8	7	5	4	7	9	6	6	4—59

The Alton Gun Club.

IN a rifle contest recently on the grounds of the Piasa Club, Alton, Ill.; Mr. H. R. Wills won the handsome silver cup of the Alton Gun Club. This is the third time Mr. Wills has won the trophy, which has been contested for in the weekly shoots during the past season. It is now his personal property. The cup shoot was at 200yds., 100yds. and 25yds., 10 shots to a string, 30 shots to the score. Mr. Wills used a .22 rifle. There are 20 members in the club, some of whom are excellent marksmen. In a trial shoot recently, Mr. Wills placed 20 consecutive shots in the bullseye at 100yds. The club varies its programme occasionally by contests with the shotgun on bluerocks. The Western office of FOREST AND STREAM can testify to Mr Wills's skill with a rifle from practical experience as competitors. He has a most discouraging habit of making bullseyes in such unbroken succession that competing against him is competing against a fixed quantity. A most generous and affable gentleman, he is a host in himself as a competitor with the rifle. B. WATERS.

Hudson and Paterson.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 16.—*To Paterson Rifle Club, Paterson, N. J.:* GENTLEMEN—In the issue of July 8 it was noticed that your club is ready to pit a team against any club in the State. In reply would say that the Hudson Rifle Club, of Marion, N. J., is ready to accept the offer, and would like to arrange a ten-men team match for Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 4, 1893. Distance 200yds. If this be accepted please communicate with the secretary at once, giving location of range and all necessary information. We remain, yours very truly,

HUDSON RIFLE CLUB, C. E. BIRD, Secretary.
H. MAHLENBROCK, Captain.

The Hudson Rifle Club.

AT the last meeting this club decided to close its club house during the summer months, and open Sept. 1 with new life and vigor, and get in good form for the winter months. The club is now ready to make arrangements with the New Jersey clubs for a match or series of matches to begin after Oct. 1. Who will be the first to accept?

THE EAGLE.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

The third annual prize shoot of the Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, will be held at Greenville Schuetzen Park, corner Seaview and Bergen aves., August 25 and 26. Shooting committee: L. P. Hansen, first shooting master; Wm. Weber, second shooting master; O. C. Boyce, John Speicher, J. Hughes, W. J. Channing.

Choice of Target.

HARTFORD, Conn., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note the agitation in favor of the American champion target. The Hartford Rifle Club would favor this target if it could be commonly used. I think this is the best target made. It could be used with the dial count by using red, blue and white flags for 15, 14 and 13, thus making it quickly handled. H. M. POPE, Sec'y.

Harlem Rifle Club.

FRIDAY, July 14.—Scores:

E Busby	245	C Hutch	243
J Bodenstab	243	H Cochran	242
J A Boyken	242	W Weeks	238
G Walsh	226	F Frizzie	225

Excelsior Rifle Club.

This club is out with programmes for its third annual prize shoot, to be held in Amhruster's Park, Greenville, N. J., on Friday and Saturday, August 25 and 26. There are 15 (cash) prizes on the ring target from $50 to $2; 10 prizes on bullseye target from $20 to $2.

At the regular weekly practice shoot the following scores were made:

Ward	22 19 22 15 22 25 24 21 23 21—214
P Hansen	21 25 24 17 20 19 20 20 19 12—200
Wm Weber	21 21 20 21 20 21 14 17 19 24—198
Hughes	19 18 18 17 23 20 16 19 22 16—181

Distance 200yds.; German ring target.

Rifle Notes.

The New York Central Corps, Capt. A. Richter, will hold a two days' festival in Washington Park on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 2 and 3.

The New Jersey Schuetzen Association will bold a festival and prize shoot in Ambruster's Park, Greenville, N. J., on Monday, Aug. 7.

The New York City Corps, Capt. C. Rehm, will hold its monthly outing and practice shoot in Washington Park on Friday, July 28.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

The weekly shoot July 21, was devoted to a team match between six members of the club; 10 shot scores, 3 to count:

E Jantzer. 247 244 243—734	J Ochs, Jr. . .246 244 245—735
Walter. . . .240 246 240—726	C H Plate. . .239 239 235—713
Krampert. .232 240 241—713—2173	J F Cherle. . .234 236 239—699—2147

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Aug. 7-8.—Pier Gun Club tournament, at Atlantic City, N. J.

Aug. 7-12.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Little Rock, Ark.

Aug. 9-11.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, at Paris, Mo.

Aug. 16-18.—Coney Island tournament at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Aug 16-18.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fifth tournament, at Charlotte, N. C.

Aug. 22-25.—Third international live bird and target tournament, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island Detroit, Mich.

August. Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association tournament, at Wheeling W Va.

August.—Keystone Target Company, seventh annual tournament, at New London, Conn.

Sept. 4.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.

Sept 4.—Endeavor Gun Club tournament, on Al Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.

Sept. 14-15.—Riverside Gun Club's second annual tournament, at Red Bank, N. J. John P. Cooper, Sec'y.

Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H M F. Worden. Cor. Sec'y.

September.—Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.

October.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Allentown and Bethlehem. Pa. (combined).

Oct 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The annual summer tournament of the Reading Shooting Association to be held at Harry Matz's Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa., on August 15 to 18 inclusive, should attract a large attendance, judging from the programme of events. Each day there will be six 10-target events, $1 entry; two 15-target events, $1.50 entry; one 20 target event, $2 entry and one 25-target event, $3 entry. On Tuesday and Wednesday each there will also be an event at 50 targets, $5 entry. On Thursday there will be an event for teams of three men, each at 25 targets per man, $7.50 entrance per team, and on Friday one for teams of six men each, 25 targets each, $10 entry per team. The new Keystone expert trap and Keystone targets will be used. All shooting will be rapid-fire, known traps and angles, two sets of traps to be used. The team races will be open to teams from any regularly organized gun club in the country, all shooters to reside in the State where their club is located. In each team race $10 will be added to the purse and $5 will be added to the purse in each of the 50-target events. The shooter making the longest run of breaks during the tournament will receive $5, and $3 will be given for the second longest and $2 for the third longest string.

The fourth annual tournament of the Union Rod and Gun Club to be held at Milford Center, O., Aug. 9 and 10. promises to be a big success Applications for programmes are coming in fast and we have every reason to believe that there will be fully fifty shooters present. At the last tournament there were over forty. The programme is now ready for mailing and will be gladly mailed to applicants. The programme announces ten events each day, the entrance ranging from $1 to $3. Expert traps will be used, sprung by electric trap pull, and North's handicap will be used, thus placing all shooters on an equal footing. The grounds are among the finest in the State, with plenty of shade in rear of score and an open background. This shoot will positively be held, rain or shine, as there will be ample covering to protect shooters from sun or rain. Milford Center, O., is located on the P. C. C. & St. L. and C. C. C. & St. L. R R., twenty-eight miles from Columbus and Springfield. For programme and other information address C. W. Toony, Irwin, O., who has the management of the tournament.

The committee in charge of the Pier Gun Club tournament to be held on Young & McShea's Pier, Atlantic City, N. J., on August 7 and 8, have announced the following attractive programme: First day, 10 targets, $1 entry; 15 targets, $1.50; 10 targets, $1; 20 targets, $2; 10 targets, $1; 50 targets, $5; 10 targets, $1; 20 targets, $2; 15 targets, $1.50; 5 pairs targets, $1. Second day, 10 targets, $1; 15 targets, $1.50; 10 targets, $1; 20 targets, $2; 25 targets, $2.50; 10 targets, $1; 25 targets, $2.50; 20 targets, $2; 10 targets, $1; 5 pairs, $1. Shooting will begin at 9 A. M., each day, one-half a cent per target will be paid for average money each day in events 2 to 9 inclusive. "Old Father Time" Rainbow Thurman will be general manager and hustler.

The Sheboygan (Wis.) Gun Club will hold a tournament on Aug. 4 5 and 6. The first day's programme includes five 10-target events, three 15-target events and two at 20 targets each. In one of these latter a purse of $40 is guaranteed. On the second day there will be four 10-target events, three at 15 each and three at 20 each, one of them with a $50 guarantee On the third day there will be four events at 10 targets, three at 15 targets, two at 20 and one at 25 targets. In one of the 20-target events there will be $75 guaranteed.

The Myrtle Park Gun Club, of Irvington, under whose auspices will be held the August tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, has fine grounds within ten minutes walk of the Irvington Hotel. On the day of the shoot they will have a stage running between the hotel and the grounds. The September shoot, which will end the series, will be held under the auspices of the Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, at Rutherford.

Wheeling, W. Va., will be the center of attraction for target shooters on Aug. 1 and 2, when the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association will hold a tournament on the grounds of the Island City Gun Club, on Wheeling Island.

The Eighth Ward Shooting Association, of Reading, Pa., which has shooting grounds on the north of the city, has elected Harry Schwartz President, Albert Yeager Secretary and Geo. M. Rhodes Treasurer.

The Climax Gun Club will hold a two-days' tournament on its grounds near Fanwood station, N. J., in September. One day will be devoted to targets and one to live birds.

The Lake Geneva (Wis.) Gun Club will hold an open to all tournament on Aug. 11 and 12, during the annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Gun Club anticipates a big attendance at the tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, on Aug. 17 and 18.

After the Hoffman-Canon match at Marion Mr. Canon offered to make another 50-bird match for $200 or more a side, but Mr. Hoffman declined for the present.

The North Reading (Pa.) Gun Club has elected the following temporary officers: President, Daniel Smith; Secretary, Bert. Chadwick; Treasurer, I. S. Clous.

The Yellowstone Gun Club, of Livingston, Mont., will hold a tournament on Aug. 4 and 5, and on the 6th will run a fishing excursion up the Yellowstone River.

The Columbia Gun Club, of Lancaster, Pa., have secured new grounds at Chickie's Park, where they will erect a club house.

Leavenworth, Kans., is to have a gun club, with finely equipped shooting grounds and a modern club house.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Hoffman Defeats Canon.

On Friday afternoon, July 21, about one hundred lovers of trap-shooting gathered on Al Heritage's grounds in Marion to witness a match at 50 live birds each between Wm. S. Canon, the one-armed shooter of Newark, N. J., and John W. Hoffman, of German Valley, N. J. The match had been made several weeks before, Mr. Hoffman being the challenging party, the match being made through the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, who acted also as stakeholder. Several months previous to this the two principals had taken part in a live-bird sweep on John Erb's grounds and got into a tie, which Mr. Canon proposed they should shoot off, miss-and-out Mr. Hoffman declined to do this, whereupon Mr. Canon expressed dissatisfaction at being obliged to divide the purse. Mr Hoffman did considerable thinking over this, and being rather sensitive, he concluded that Mr. Canon had cast a reflection upon his skill and nerve, and the challenge resulted. The match was under Hurlingham rules, for $100 a side, loser to pay all expenses.

The start was announced for 1:30 P. M., but upon reaching the ground and opening his gun case Mr. Canon found, much to his disgust, that he had left his fore-end at home. The only thing to do was to send for it, so Mr. Wm. G. Hollis, the well-known Harrison member of the Newark Gun Club, volunteered to take a trip to Newark to get it. Now, the Pennsylvania Railroad is in the lower portion of Newark, while Mr. Canon's domicile is in the extreme upper portion, so that Mr Hollis did not get back to the grounds until close to 4 o'clock. In the meantime the crowd had good naturedly passed the time without murmuring at the delay. In the party were J. L. Smith, of Hackettstown; Charles Smith and Dan Terry, of Plainfield; E. O. Geoffroy, W. G Hollis, G. L. Freche and C. M. Hedden, of Newark; "Uncle Billy" Hughes, of Jersey City, and T. W. Morfey, of Paterson. Alderman Keogh, of Marion, presided over the lunch and refreshment counter. Al Heritage and J. L. Smith furnished the birds, which were, with a few exceptions, as fine a lot of summer birds as we have seen for many a day. But few had to be flushed, and even these, once they caught their wings, proved to be strong flyers. The majority were prompt to start, and a large number were possessed of the knack of doing some ugly twisting.

The start was made a 3:42 P. M., "Uncle Jake" Pentz being referee, Major J. M. Taylor and C. H. Townsend scorers; Dan Terry was trap-puller and Al. Heritage, Jr., handled the birds.

Canon was first to the score and he opened by losing a fast right-quartering incomer which put on all the curves known to science. Hoffman opened by killing a hoverer. Canon went along and lost six out of his first ten birds, Hoffman losing two. Canon seemed to be unable to get up on his birds. On the first seven rounds he killed only one, while Hoffman killed six, this giving Canon a heavy handicap. The first half of the race ended with 20 kills for Hoffman against 14 for Canon. On the second half Hoffman got on a ragged streak and killed only four out of his first ten. Canon killed eight and thus got within two birds of Hoffman. The handicap, however, was too heavy and Hoffman pulled out a winner with a score of 36 to 32. On the last 43 rounds Canon killed 31 birds and Hoffman 30, Canon thus losing the race on his first seven rounds.

Neither man was up to his usual form, this being particularly true of Canon. Hoffman is weakest on birds bearing to the right, the score showing that of the 14 birds he lost 9 took this flight. The difference in the style of the men is very marked. Hoffman leans far to the front, with his right arm and shoulder drooped, brings the gun to his shoulder for a sight drops the butt perhaps 3in., calls "pull" and instantly brings the gun to his shoulder. Canon, on the other hand, stands erect, with the butt of the gun held between the right arm and breast, and after calling "pull" does not throw the gun to his shoulder until the bird is on the wing. Having only one arm with which to control the gun it invariably leaves his shoulder upon the discharge of the first barrel, rendering it extremely difficult to put in an effective second. He does so, however, in great shape, and some of his second barrel kills are phenomenal. In this race he not only had the handicap in regard to arms and losing 6 out of his first 7 birds, but had as well the hardest birds as a whole.

Both men did some fine killing, the particularly good ones being as follows: Canon, 4th, fast bird, went to fence; 10th, 11th and 17th, twisters and fast birds; 19th, very fast and a fine second barrel kill; 34th, fine first on fast bird; 45th, awfully fast bird, hit by second at fully 60yds.

Hoffman, 5th, a hot one and a fine first; 18th, elegant second on a fast bird; 30th, ditto.

The score of the shoot follows. Both men shot at 30yds. rise:

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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             1 3 1 5 3 2 2 3 3 5 3 4 3 1 3 1 5 5 3 3 4 1 1 3 3
             ↘ ↝ ↑ ↭ → ↖ → ← H ↗ ↑ ↘ → → ↗ ↓ ↖ ↘ ↗ ↓ → ↗ ↖ ↑ ↖
W S Canon....0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 1 2 1 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 0 • 1—14

             4 2 3 1 1 4 2 3 2 3 3 5 2 4 1 2 3 5 4 3 2 4 4 3 4
             H ↗ ↗ ↗ ↝ ↗ ← ↘ ↑ ← ↓ ↗ ↘ ↝ ↑ ↓ T ↖ ↗ ↗ ↙ ↙ ↙ ↓ ↗
             1 2 0 2 2 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 0—18—32

             4 1 3 4 2 3 2 3 2 5 4 3 2 5 5 3 3 4 4 3 4 3 5 1 5
             H H ↘ → ↗ ← H ↗ → → → ↓ ↘ → ↖ ↗ H ↝ ↖ H ↗ ↗ → ← ↑
J W Hoffman..1 1 0 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 2 0 • 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1—20

             5 3 3 1 3 2 4 1 9 1 4 4 5 1 4 3 2 4 3 4 4 4 1 3 4
             ↗ ↝ H ↗ ↗ ↑ ↑ → ↖ ↑ H ↑ → ↑ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↭ → ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗
             0 • 2 0 2 2 2 0 0 • 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2—16—36
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A few birds were left after the match, and these were shot off in a miss-and-out, $2 entry, the result being as follows, Geoffroy and Canon dividing the pot:

Geoffroy	222122•	C Smith	1110
Hoffman	0	J L Smith	1110
Canon	1212220	Hollis	0
Morfey	110		

C. H. TOWNSEND.

The Climax Monthly Shoot.

The rapidly growing Climax Gun Club, of Union County N. J., held its second monthly shoot on Tuesday, July 18, at Brenner's Grove, South avenue, Fanwood, a dozen members being on hand. The day was intensely hot, and the splendid shade trees which surround the hotel were a boon to the shooters, as were the comfortable hammocks. Herr Brenner had his usual assortment of cooling lotions on hand, beside which there was a supply of splendidly baked clams, to which all hands did full justice. The club shoot was an interesting one, and first place was tied for by the limit man and one who shot at 30 targets. The scratch men shot at 25 each. The scores:

J Darby (35 shot at)	01110111101110101110111101001010011—23
A Frentz (33)	010010001101100000111100111100001 —15
T Robinson (32)	10100111111010101101101111111001 —22
S Terry (32)	01101111110001000001111011111111 —21
W Squires (30)	101111010100001111100110100 01 —17
W Terry (30)	101001011110101111110101111000 —19
A Trust (30)	111111111111011110011001111001 —23
H Campbell (27)	101111101111111011110011101 —21
D Terry (25)	1110110101101111011110110 —18
C Smith (25)	1011111111111101111101111 —22
T H Keller (25)	0111011101110111111111111 —21
T Brantingham (25)	1111111111111110101111110 —22

Sweepstake at 15 targets, unknown angles:

Smith	111011111111111—14	A Frost	111111011110111—13
Frantingham	111111011011111—13	S Terry	111111101111101—13
Killis	101111111111011—13	W Squires	110100111111111—11
D Terry	011011101101111—11	A Loper	111111011100111—12
T Darby	010011110111111—11	Frentz	011111101011110—11

Sweepstake at 10 targets:

Smith	1001001110—5	A Frost	0001111101—6
D Terry	1101010101—6	W Terry	1010010111—6
Killis	1111111101—9	S Terry	1010100111—6
J Darby	0111111111—9		

Union Hill.

The summer monthly shoot of the Union Hill Gun Club was held at their grounds at Gutenburg on Wednesday, July 19. 10 live birds each for club medal of 1st and 2d class—won by M. Linsley, 1st class, N. Crusius, 2d class. Mr. Crusius, the baby member, shot remarkably well for the first time at live birds, and also the first time as a member of a gun club. Messrs. Waller and Volk, who were off in the shoot, tied for the leather medal. Match at 26 and 28yds., 10 live birds:

C Woolmington	2011002211— 7	P Sullivan	0002111221— 7
F W Binder	1010101110— 6	J Berkiry	0012101011— 6
J Waller	0001001001— 3	M Linsley	1011111111— 9
J Woolmington	0002100102— 4	N Crusius	0100111120— 6
A J Volk	0010200020— 3		

Garfield Trophy Shoot.

Chicago, Ill., July 16.—The following scores were made at the eleventh trophy shoot of the Garfield Gun Club yesterday. Cop winning the trophy in A class, Dr. Meek that in B class and Scott that in C class:

Cop	1111111111101111111111111—24
Drake	1001111110000111111011110—17
S Palmer	1110101101111111101111111—21
Pilz	1011101010001100100010010—11
Bowers	1100110110110011110010110—15
Tefft	1111101110111011111111111—22
Hicks	1111110111001111111111111—22
Hodson	0111101101111101100110111—18
Blatherwick	0110111110001111011101111—18
Young	0110000101111110101000111—14
Lauterbach	0101000011111111111011111—18
Richards	1111010111101011111111111—21
J Northcott	1011111111011000000110111—15
W Palmer	1110001101010101101111010—15
Scott	1110110101111011011111111—20
Robbins	1111101010111110111111111—21
Dr Meek	1111111111111011100111111—22
Bortree	1101101101111001111110100—17
Crover	1011000101111111110111011—18
Adams	1100110010011101111011111—17

Match for 5-men team, championship of Illinois, at 30 singles and 10 pairs:

Cop	110001111011111111111101111011
	10 10 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 10—40
Richards	101011011100111011110110110111
	11 10 10 01 11 11 11 10 11 10—36
Tefft	101111111010101111111111111111
	10 10 11 11 10 10 11 11 11 11—42
Hicks	111100011101111111100101111111
	10 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11—40
Palmer	100100011011010100011001000001
	11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10—31—189

Jack Robins judge for competing team, F. E. Adams judge for Shooting and Fishing Pub. Co., Geo. Lauterbach referee.

No. 3, 15 singles, unknown angles:

Cop	111111111111111—15	Richards	111111111110110—13
Palmer	011111010110111—11	Robbins	111100001011111—10
Bowers	110101111101111—12	Gruber	110111000000101— 7
Tefft	111011011111111—13	Lauterbach	111111111111100—13
Hicks	100101010111111—10	Flanagan	000000110100000— 3
Young	100000011111111— 9		

Connecticut League.

Ansonia, July 19.—The Connecticut Trap Shooters League held its sixth tournament on the grounds of the Ansonia Rod and Gun Club. The scores in team race and merchandise events are as given below. The next league tournament will be held at Bristol the first week in August.

New Haven.

Lonzden	001111111111111001111011110111—24
Savage	110011111011110011111111111111—25
Potter	111111111111111101111111111111—29—78

Willimantic.

Edgarton	101101111111111111011111111110—26
Mack	111101100110111100111110110110—21
Card	111011110101110111111111110111—25—72

Bristol.

Dailey	100101011000101011101011110111—18
Hotchkis	111101110101001101111111111111—24
Rockwell	111111110111111111111011111111—28—70

Ansonia.

Currin	001010110110111101010111101001—18
Sperry	110111001110010111111111110101—22
Hotchiss	101100111011111011111111101101—22—62

New London.

Penrose	011111111110001110111110110010—21
Connor	110111001101101010101001111111—20
Brown	011111011001011111111011111001—22—63

Bridgeport.

Blakeslee	111111101111011010110001111000—20
Saunders	101100101111111011110010011110—20
Thorpe	100000100000110001111000000110—10—50

Merchandise shoot at 15 targets:

Dailey	100001111111111—11	Savage	111111110111111—14
Phelps	000110111111001— 9	Penrose	111110110101011—11
Currie	011111111010010—10	Manross	011111111111111—14
Mills	001011111111101—11	Hill	100000011111101— 8
Sperry	111111111111111—15	Burbidge	011111001111111—12
Hotchkiss	011011110100111—10	G B Clark	001110001001111— 8
Blakeslee	100110110111001— 9	M Clark	001110110010001— 7
W H Thomas	000000001001010— 3	Albert	011110111111111—13
Rockwell	111111101111111—14	Brown	010001111111101—10
Saunders	111101111111111—14	Bristol	111110010101111—11
Miles	100110110110111—10	Connor	010001101111111—10
Edgarton	111110111111111—14	Capron	010111111101111—12
Mack	111111110001111—12	Folsom	100100101000011— 6
Thorpe	111100010010001— 7	Phelps	101111100110001— 9
Longden	110111111001111—12	Parish	000000110011111— 7
Card	011111010101101—10	Parmelee	010100000001100— 4
Potter	011110111101111—12	Keef	100010100000011— 5

Eureka Gun Club.

Pleasant weather prevailed Saturday July 15, this favoring the weekly shoot of the Eureka Gun Club.

No. 1, 5-men team championship.

Heikes	110111111111111111111111111111—29
	11 11 11 11 01 11 01 11 11 10—17—46
Paterson	101001011110110010110111010010—17
	11 01 00 11 01 11 01 00 01 00—10—27
Von Lengerke	100111110111111111111011101100—23
	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—20—43
W S McDonald	011101101110111110111111111110—24
	11 01 11 01 01 01 11 11 11 01—15—39
Bingham	110111110110111111110111111111—26
	11 11 11 10 10 11 11 11 10 11—17—43

No. 2, medal shoot, 25 bluerocks:

Heikes	1111111111111111111011111—24
Bingham	1111111111111111111111111—25
Willard	1111011101111010110111110—19
Paterson	1011111111011111111111111—23
Von Lengerke	1110111110110010111111011—19
Ferguson	1100001001110000100110111—12
McDonald	1111101111111111111111110—23
Malthy	1110100111001111010101001—16
Goodrich	1001001011110000000000111—10
Steck	1111111110101111111110111—22
Marshall	1011101110111111111101101—20
Funk	1111111111111101111111110—23
Moran	0011111110010111111111110—19
Morgan	1011011110101111110101110—18
Deiter	0011111101111101110111111—20
Frothingham	1111111111101111110111111—23
Ellis	0111001110000001001011010—11
Du Bray	1011010010111111110111111—19
Miles	1001010011001000100101111—12

Class A, Bingham; Class B, Paterson; Funk and Frothingham tie, Funk wins in shoot off. Class C, Malthy.

No. 3, 25 bluerocks: Heikes 22, Willard 19, Paterson 21, Ferguson 17, McDonald 21, Steck 23, Malthy 8, Goodrich 14, Marshall 22, Funk 24, Du Bray 19, Morgan 15, Deiter 20, Frothingham 20, Ellis 10, Moran 18, Miles 11.

No. 4, 25 bluerocks: Heikes 23, Willard 17, Paterson 20, Ferguson 17, McDonald 22, Malthy 4, Goodrich 14, Marshall 22, Miles 12.

No. 4, 10 bluerocks: Willard 9, McDonald 10, Paterson 9, Ferguson 8, Goodrich 3, Marshall 7, Maltby 2.

B. WATERS.

Two Minnesota Shots.

St. Cloud, Minn., July 18.—The first of the series of three events between Mr. William Thielman, of this city, and Mr. C. N. Lafond, of Little Falls, the marksmen, took place at Little Falls yesterday. The shoot was 100 singles each, unknown trap, the man who pulled the traps pulling any one of the three he chose to. The shoot was won easily by Thielman, he making a score of 91 to Lafond's 86. Quite a crowd witnessed the defeat of the Falls man, and the next event of the three will take place in this city Thursday, July 27. Each is for $25 a side. The following is the score by innings:

Lafond	1100011110— 6	Thielman	1011111111— 9
	1001111101— 7		1111111011— 9
	1111111111—10		1111111111—10
	1100111101— 7		1111111111—10
	1011111111— 8		1010111111— 8
	0111111111— 9		1111111111—10
	1111111111—10		1111111111—10
	1111111111—10		1111111011— 9
	1111111111—10		1111010101— 7
	1101111111— 9—86		0111111111— 9—91

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

THE members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club held their third annual outing and shooting festival at Dexter's Park on Monday, July 17. The attendance was not as large as expected, on account of the hot weather; the eleven events as arranged were shot off with an extra. The bluerock events did not fill very well, but the live bird events drew a fair lot of shooters; the birds were good flyers and were shot under Association rules. Nearly all of the Long Island clubs were represented on the grounds, but a good many did not shoot, the majority complaining of the heat. The shooting commenced at 10 o'clock and was kept up until 6:30 with a slight intermission for lunch.

At the close of the shoot the members and friends adjourned to the picnic park and spent the balance of the day in dancing, etc. The scores of the shoot:

No. 1, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance:

T Short	0010111100—5	S Lyon	0111010111—7
C Stuetzle	0100100101—4	W Levens	1111111011—9
R Wood	1111011011—8	A Brower	0110001010—4

No. 2, 10 birds, $1 entrance:

T Short	1010010100—4	R Woods	110111111 —9
J Schwaack	1001101010—5	A Brower	0110000010—3
S Lyon	1011001001—5	W Levens	1111111110—9

No. 3, 15 birds, $1 entrance:

T Short	101001101011111- 10	C Stuetzle	100010010110111— 8
R Woods	111111101011011—12	S Lyons	101111111111110—13
W Levens	101111111111110—13	J Bennett	101110011101111—11

No. 4, 20 targets, $1.50 entrance: J. Bennett 16, R. Woods 18, W. Levens 15, S. Lyon 15, T. Short 10, J. Schwaak 10.

No. 5, 15 targets, $1 entrance: J. Bennett 10, R. Woods 12, W. Levens 11, T. Short 10, A. Brower 10, S. Lyon 13, Dr. Little 13.

No. 6. 20 targets, $2 entrance: E Helgans 12, R. Woods 18, W. Levens 15, Dr. Little 19, S. Lyons 12, J. Bennett 18.

No. 7, 5 live birds, $3 entrance:

J Bennett	12111—5	R Woods	21121—5
S Lyon	11110—4	E Helgans	11211—5
A Brower	21110—4	T Short	02001—2
Dr Little	11102—4	F McLaughlin	21001—3
J N Meyer	12211—5	W Levens	10012—3
W Hartye	11122—5	P J Sweeny	01222—4
H Bookman	11100—3	H McLaughlin	12111—5
W Lair	21211—5	C M Meyer	12202—4

No. 8, 7 birds, $5 entry:

W Sair	1111121—7	A Botty	0011102—4
Dr Little	0020101—3	G Osterhout	1111010—5
F McLaughlin	2121111—7	E Helgans	2122022—6
J Bennett	2002211—5	R Woods	1211122—7
J N Meyer	2100220—4	H Bookman	0112111—6
P J Sweeny	1211000—3	W Harlye	1121110—6
A Brower	1112222—7	C M Meyer	2121110—6
S Lyon	2220220—5		

No. 9, 5 birds, $4 entrance:

J Bennett	21111—5	E Helgans	11222—5
C M Meyer	00111—3	R Woods	21112—5
J Young	11200—3	Dr Little	20202—3
S Lyon	11021—4	F McLaughlin	2211•—4
W Lair	01111—4	G B Osterhout	10111—4
A Brower	22120—4	A Botty	20121—4
H J Bookman	11101—4	H Le Maire	01022—3

No. 10, 8 birds, entry $6:

J Bennett	10011111— 6	C M Meyer	22222110— 7
E Helgans	22221100— 6		

No. 11, miss and out, $3 entry:

E Helgans	112221	J Young	11112
C M Meyer	122211	Dr Little	1
J Bennett	1120		

Extra, 10 targets, $1 entry:

C M Meyer	1111100100— 6	J Bennett	1111011111— 9
Dr Little	1010100101— 5	R Woods	0011001111— 6
S Lyons	1111111011— 9	E Helgans	0110101101— 6
W Levenx	1100101110— 6	H Bookman	1111110111— 9

Tournament at Lake Geneva.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., July 8.—Inclosed find scores made during the two days' tournament of the Lake Geneva Gun Club:

The First Day.

No. 1, 10 singles, entry $1.30:

McDonald	1111111110—9	B Wilson	1110000111—6
Dunnill	1111110110—8	Delziel	0100101011—5
D Wilson	1010011111—7	Stemley	1001111011—7
Reynolds	1111111001—8	Lenon	1010100000 - 3
Howard	1111001111—8	Conroy	0101111001—6

No. 2 12 singles, entry $1.30: McDonald 12, Dunnill 9, D. Wilson 9, Reynolds 8, Howard 8, B. Wilson 7, Delziel 6, Stemley 10, Lenon 2, Conroy 8, Paddock 11.

No. 3, 10 singles, entry $1 30: J. McDonald 10, Dunnill 9, D. Wilson 7, Reynolds 7, Howard 7, B. Wilson 8, Delziel 7, Stanly 8, Conroy 3, Paddock 3. Kimball 5.

No. 4, 15 singles, $2.45 entry: McDonald 13, Dunnill 12, D. Wilson 12, Reynolds 8, Howard 13, B. Wilson 10, Delziel 7, Stanly 7, Conroy 4, Paddock 12.

No. 7, 15 singles. $2.45 entry: McDonald 15, Dunnill 12, D. Wilson 11, B. Wilson 9. Delziel 11, Warner 8, Kimball 9, Conroy 6.

No. 8, 10 singles, $1.40 entry: McDonald 10, Dunnill 9, D Wilson 5, B. Wilson 7, Delziel 8, Warner 6, Howard 8, Paddock 7, Rich 8, Conroy 6.

No. 5, 10 singles, Jack rabbit system, $1.30 entry: Rich 5, McDonald 9, Dunnill 8, D. Wilson 8, Reynolds 6, Howard 7, Warner 3, Paddock 3, B. Wilson 7, Kimhall 7.

No. 6, 20 singles. $3.60 entry: Rich 14, McDonald 20, Dunnill 15, D. Wilson 15, B. Wilson 16, Howard 13, Conroy 6, Paddock 13, Warner 12

No. 9, 15 singles, entry $2.45: McDonald 14, Dunnill 11, Dad Wilson 6, Bob Wilson 11. Conroy 8, Kimball 6 Lemon 7, Paddock 11.

No. 10, 10 singles, entry $1.30: McDonald 10, Dunnill 9, D. Wilson 7, Howard 9, B. Wilson 8, Dalziel 6, Stanley 7.

This concluded first day's shoot.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 singles, entry $1 30: Napper 7, Kimball 6, Rich 5. D. Wilson 7, McDonald 10, Dunnill 8, Stanley 6, Howard 9. Dalziel 7, B. Wilson 8.

No. 2. 12 singles, entry $1 60: Napper 9, Kimhall 9. B. Wilson 7, McDonald 10, Dunnill 7, Stanley 6, Howard 8, Dalziel 6, D. Wilson 9.

No. 3. 10 singles, entry $1.30: Napper 8, Kimball 6, B. Wilson 6, McDonald 9, Dunnill 7, Stanley 5, Howard 8, Dalziel 5, D. Wilson 8, Rich 4.

No. 4, 15 singles, entry $2.45: Napper 12. Kimball 12, B. Wilson 8, McDonald 13, Duunill 14, Howard 12, Dalziel 9, D. Wilson 11.

No. 5. 10 singles, entry $1.30: Napper 8, Kimhall 9, D. Wilson 9, McDonald 10, Dunnill 9, B. Wilson 6, Howard 9, Rich 4, Kohn 3.

No. 6, 10 singles, entry $1.30: Napper 8, Kimball 10, D. Wilson 8, McDonnell 10, Dunnill 6, B. Wilson 7, Howard 8, Kohn 4, Lenon 4.

No. 7, 12 singles, entry $1.60: Napper 10, Kimball 9. D. Wilson 8, McDonald 12, Duuuill 8, Howard 10, Rich 7, B. Wilson 8. Kohn 6.

No. 8, 10 singles: Napper 6, Kimball 9. Dunnill 6, B. Wilson 8, Rich 8, McDonald 9, Howard 7, Kohn 8, Lenon 2, Delziel 3.

No. 9, 10 singles, entry $1:30: Napper 9, Kimhall 9, B. Wilson 7, Rich 6, McDonald 8, Howard 4.

Shooting in Michigan.

INCLOSED I send you the scores made by the Lansing Rod and Gun Club, of Lansing, in their five-man team race in the State championship gotten up by the Shooting and Fishing Publishing Co. This contest was at 30 singles, one man up, unknown traps but known angles, and 10 pair of douhles, shot under the American Shooting Association rules as revised. The Lansing Rod and Gun Club had sent the names of their team to Shooting and Fishing before they had published the rule that all that was necessary was for a shooter to reside inside of the State in which he shot so that the cluh as entered by Lansing were all members of the Lansing Rod and Gun Club and had been for years. The scores are as follows:

C Schelling	111011110111111111011011011101
	11 11 00 10 10 11 10 10 11 10—37
J E Nichols	111111111110111111111111111111
	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—49
H Sweet	110110101111111111111111110011
	10 11 11 10 11 00 11 10 10 11—39
E F Cooley	000100010010111101111110111111
	10 10 11 10 10 10 10 11 10 11—32
G Searles	011111101111111111110111011111
	11 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 11—45—202

J. E. N.

Emerald Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was held at Dexter Park on Tuesday, July 18. Twenty shot at 10 birds each under the club rules and handicap, each class owing so many points on their score. The birds were good. Gus Grieff and P. J. Fitzgerald were the only straight scores of 10. Sweepstake shooting closed the day's sport, all ties being divided. The scores:

P Butz	2120201012— 7	J H Moore	1111101002— 7
N Maesel	2210011102— 7	M F Lindsley	0200222202— 6
Dr Hudson	0012110112— 7	J Horn	0101111220— 7
J H Voss	1010210111— 7	J Maesel	0110112121— 8
L Schortemeier	12•2121211— 9	W Hogan	1012000100— 4
J Woefel	1202021022— 7	T Cody	22•12•0001— 5
G Grieff	1111112121—10	H Thau	0110211100— 6
C Maesel	2120202101— 7	S Lyon	•200211221— 7
G Nowak	2000120011— 5	P J Fitzgerald	2111111122—10
E Doenick	0222122121— 9	T F Russell	12210•2110— 7

Sweepstake, 15 bluerocks: S. Lyon 11, L. Schortemeier 14, J. H. Voss 10, E. Doeinck 10, J. Maesel 7, T. Cody 6, M Lindsley 13, N. Maesel 5, W. E. Hogan 6. Woefel 6, Wanda 10, Fogarty 14.

South Chicago Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Burnside, Ill., July 12.—The following scores were made yesterday at the shoot of the South Chicago Gun Club at 20 live birds per man, for club medal:

		Ties	
L C Willard	22112202122102211122—18	22122	12210
Sibley	20201022222200102220—13		
Larkin	11221211011210212122—18	11121	22221
Leanning	21120110101101210011—14		
Club medal shoot, 30 targets:			
Sibley	000100010110w.		
L C Willard	111011111111011111010111111—26	10111	11111
D Larkin	100011000101011100101110101010—15		
I Watson	111111111101100011111111111011—26	11101	01111

JOHN WATSON.

Plainville, Mich.

PLAINVILLE GUN CLUB, July 21, 25 targets, 15 known angles and 10 unknown angles:

Burroughs	10	6—16	Madden	8	3—11
Negus	10	4—14	F Heath	5	5—10
Soule	9	7—16	J W Gilkay	11	5—16
Machemer	9	2—11			

J. H. MADDEN.

Chicago Traps.

AT a meeting of the special committee of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, July 20, an effort was made to fix the date of holding the national convention on Sept. 21, at the time the Exposition dog show is held. It is also contemplated to have a Sportsmen's Day in connection with the Exposition. Famous leading sportsmen of every class of sport will be present to discuss matters of national interest. Uniformity of game laws will he considered. The management of the Exposition has given much encouragement to those having the affair in charge.

Since accepting Capt. A. H. Bogardus's challenge to shoot a match at 100 live hirds on behalf of an unknown, Mr. Frank E. Butler, manager of the winsome shooter Miss Annie Oakley, has had many inquiries as to whether the unknown is Miss Oakley. During a conversation with him on Friday, July 21, he assured me that Miss Oakley was not the one who would shoot the match mentioned. It will be remembered that the match is somewhat novel in that the conditions are all in favor of slow shooting. Briefly they are as follows: Guns 12-gauge under 8lbs., one or two traps, 15yds. rise. 80yds. boundary, use of one barrel only, birds to he retrieved by a dog. A circle to be drawn around the traps 20yds. in diameter, and any hird killed within the circle to be scored a lost hird. If one trap is used the match to be a trap and handle one; if two traps are used, choice of traps to he tossed for, trap to be that known as the H and T trap. Position of the gun to he any that the shooter chooses. The match will be shot between Sept. 2 and Oct. 1.

B. WATERS.

Match Shoots at Coney Island.

A SERIES of four matches was shot off at Coney Island on Friday July 21, between C. E. Morris, B. T. Langcake and J. B. Collins. The conditions were two matches under Hurlingham rules and two under modified Long Island, 25 hirds in each match, 28yds. rise, $100 each; the highest to win and the lowest to pay for the hirds and expenses. Morris was the winner with 88 out 100, Langcake second with 83, Collins 64. The score:

Hurlingham.	
C E Morris	2212210222222211122202222—23
B T Langcake	1011211012101111112111111—22
J B Collins	1021021120021010001002110—14
Gun Below the Elbow.	
C E Morris	1221101110020122011222112—20
B T Langcake	1101101020010120111111111—18
J B Collins	1111001011202010011111011—17
Hurlingham.	
C E Morris	2212221011122211112012211—23
B T Langcake	1222021211121211210111111—23
J B Collins	0110010020111000021121111—15
Gun Below the Elbow.	
C E Morris	2122011111111211110112120—22
B T Langcake	1112110210011211111101111—20
J B Collins	0100210012221211211111000—18

New York German Gun Club.

THE members of the New York Gun Club had a very pleasant day's outing at Dexter Park on Wednesday, July 19. It was their regular monthly shoot at live birds. Each man had 8 at 25yds., the best two scores to count for the two club medals. F. Huff won the first and Capt. F. Sauter the second. Several sweepstake shoots followed at 3 hirds each, all ties divided. The scores:

Club shoot, Hurlingham rules:

P Garms, Sr	00002011—3	F Huff	22211112—8
G Winter	00000001—1	P Garms, Jr	21102112—7
A Schmidt	02202001—4	J Klein	11220001—5
F Sauter	22122211—8	J P Dannefelser	10212111—7
J Schlicht	21011110—6	L C Edwards	01111211—7
M Bondon	20011022—5	J Fraser	10111002—5
H Thomford	10000020—2	J Steurnagel	11111102—7
J H Bosenecker	11110111—7	W Muller	21121121—8
J Carwein	21201011—6	A Lucas	10112110—6
H Nobel	02021201—5	G H Smith	11111120—7
J Wellbrook	01010121—5	N Busch	22010100—4
J Goerlitz	11111110—7		

Sweep, 3 birds, entrance 50 cents: A. Lucas 1, Edwards 1, Frazer 2, Schmidt 1. Sauter 0, Busch 2, Schlicht 3, Steurnagel 0, Bonden 0, Bosenecker 2, G. Smith 3, P. Muller 1, Thomford 3, Carwein 2, Wellbrock 2, Dannefelser 2.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. C. P.—You will find the information in our shooting columns.

F. M. B., Macomh, Ill.—Will you kindly say whether the Legislature of Arkansas passed a law requiring non residents to pay a license fee to hunt or fish in the State? Ans. No, hut there is a law forbidding the exportation of fish or game. This was enacted in 1889.

PINE TREE, N. B., Canada.—I have recently observed a to me new bird. Size and shape about that of the canary. Plumage, a dull ashy brown. Its chief characteristic is its motions, which are identical with those of the teter snipe; is a persistent searcher on the ground for insects and larvæ. Can you from this imperfect description identify it? Ans. It is impossible to say with certainty what the bird is. However, we can guess, if that will do, and our guess is that it is a warhler of the genus *Sciurus*, either the so-called golden-crowned thrush or oven bird, or the water thrush.

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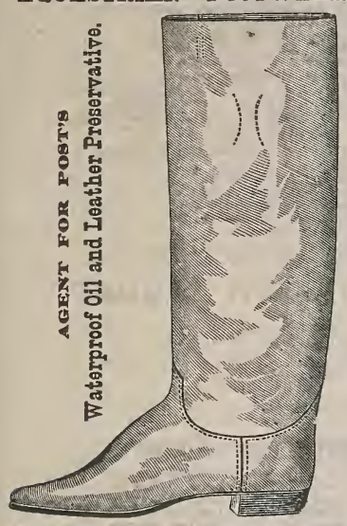

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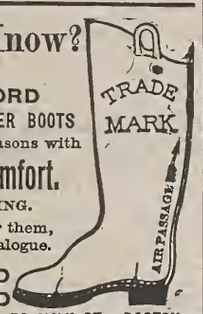

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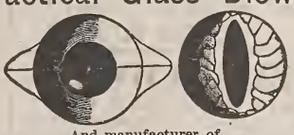

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DOLLARS AND CENTS.

THE Yellowstone National Park is to-day the center of large game abundance in the United States. If a circle whose radius is 200 miles be drawn about a center where the boundary lines between Idaho and Montana meet the border of Wyoming, it will include more of the great game of this country and in richer variety than any other similar area within our borders. Nearly a dozen species occur in more or less abundance here, and if the integrity of the National Park is preserved will continue to be abundant long after sportsmen of the present generation have been gathered to their fathers.

Without considering the Park, which is useful as a source of supply, there are still many localities within the territory referred to where game is sufficiently abundant to afford hunting which will satisfy the most ardent rifleman; but that game is decreasing with shocking rapidity on account of the absolute disregard of the game laws which is shown by hunters who kill for hides and horns, either for the general market or to supply taxidermists. This matter is one which on sentimental grounds touches all sportsmen, but for the citizens of Montana, Wyoming and Idaho it has a nearer interest. It touches or soon will touch their pockets.

The hunter from the East who wishes to spend a month or two hunting big game in the Rocky Mountains is well aware that nowadays he cannot do this for nothing. He knows that he must pay his guide, his packers, his cook; that he must hire from five to ten saddle and pack horses; that supplies of food must be purchased from the stores of the town from which he starts out. For all these things coin of the realm or good greenbacks must be exchanged. After the intending hunter has corresponded with the man who proposes to furnish the outfit and has got his prices, he tots up the figures and realizes that besides his railroad fare, sleeping car and other expenses of reaching his starting point, he will have to spend from $400 to $1,000 for the trip.

Now the average man desires to receive some value for his money. Just as if he pays a fair price for a pair of shoes, he wants to feel sure that they will last a reasonable time, so if he hires a guide and outfit for a hunt, he wants to feel a certain confidence that he will see some game. If he is after elk he will not spend his good money to go into a country from which owing to the depredations of illegal hunters the elk have all been killed off. If he corresponds with an honest guide, who will set before him a fair statement of the game conditions, he is likely this summer to find the prospects for game very much less than they were a few years ago, very different from the notions which he has gained from books and from newspaper articles, most of which refer to the more or less distant past. Thus the intending excursionist is likely to be discouraged and to turn his thoughts in other directions, while the conscientious guide by his honesty loses the work which might have yielded him a fair profit. People who are thus discouraged are likely to go to Canada or else to some point where other guides promise great things in the way of game.

It need hardly be said that it is a good thing for any town to have a stranger come within its borders and spend $500 or $600, which, but for this visit, would not have been put in circulation there. It is not only the railroad which brings the stranger, and the guide who takes him out, that are benefitted, but the hotel where he stops, the store where his provisions are bought, the saddler where he purchases his spurs, and every other store is benefitted. The money which he spends passes from hand to hand, and helps each man in the community to pay his debts or in some way add to his comfort. It is a lubricant which makes the wheels of trade run so much the more easily in this particular place.

It might be thought that people like those dwelling in the new States of the Rocky Mountains would realize all this, and would see that it was for their interest to attract within their borders as many people of this class as possible; that it is more for the benefit of the State and of the community to have a man spend several hundred dollars for the sake of getting half a dozen elk, deer or sheep, than it is to have one of their own citizens earn and spend $15 or $20 in the same way, but in violation of the law.

We have no doubt that every head of wild game killed by an outsider brings into these States $100, while the illegally killed game brings in little or nothing.

The citizens of these States should look at this matter purely from a business point of view, from the standpoint of dollars and cents. No people in the world are keener business men than the citizens of these communities or quicker to see a business point. Is it not worth their while as business men carrying on affairs in the towns of these new States to consider this question and to take an active interest in having the game laws enforced, and in frowning down all violations of it? The business men can influence the newspapers, and in a short time public opinion can be so altered that men who have been accustomed to violate the law would no longer do so, finding themselves in danger of prosecution on the one hand and on the other without a market for their skins.

Such a change would put an end to the violations of the law encouraged by certain taxidermists who put a premium on illegal killing by purchasing specimens which they know have been secured in violation of the statutes.

Although no statistics are at hand, it may be safely said that the money spent by hunters in past years in the three States named has mounted up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars; but this will not continue unless there is big game enough left to attract the hunter. Nowadays we hear almost as much about men going to Canada or Newfoundland for moose, deer and caribou, as we used to about those who wanted elk, sheep and antelope in the Rockies.

The residents of the new States should not allow the goose which has been supplying them with golden eggs to be killed by their law-breaking fellow citizens.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE correspondent who writes of the relations of farmers and town sportsmen undoubtedly represents with substantial accuracy the views of some people who are not in sympathy with sportsmen nor with our fish and game protection codes. Nevertheless, there is not room for a wide difference of opinion on most of the points he makes. We will all agree that the sportsman's right to trespass and to tear down fences is dubious, and that a farmer has an unquestioned right to save himself from ruin by destroying the game that is eating him out of house and home. And we will all agree that it is exceedingly unfortunate that game and fish laws should be regarded with disfavor as being class laws, intended for the sole benefit of the town sportsmen. On the other hand, and there is abundant reason for satisfaction here, this mistaken notion of "class" legislation is sorely on the decline. The farmer, the land owner, the dweller in rural districts, the community at large is coming to a clearer understanding of the truth that game protection is for the common good of all. The country philosophers who hold the doctrines expressed by our correspondent are less numerous than formerly. Their contentions have no basis in the principles of the protective system; but they do borrow some color from the misdoings of arrogant sportsmen. The laws were never intended to shield the "hogs" who break down fences. They were and are designed to save a game supply for the reasonable benefit of decent people, who wish to shoot and fish, whether those people live in town or in country, and whether they are living now in 1893 or shall be living by and by in 1950. The one end and design and aim and purpose and object of the game laws is to keep alive a stock of game. If farmers suffer from the raids of fence-breakers, let them enforce the trespass laws. The rowdyism of a few or of many should not condemn all.

A campaign against the all-swallowing pound nets of the New Jersey coast has been entered upon by the rod and line fishermen of Asbury Park and vicinity. At a meeting on Wednesday of last week the New Jersey Amateur Anglers' Association was formed, with the expressed purpose of suppressing pound fishing along the coast resorts. Mr. C. S. Detre of Philadelphia was made president, and Mr. W. E. Bedell of Asbury Park, secretary. Just what measures will be adopted to secure the abolition of pounds has not yet been determined. There is nothing in the present law which in any way affects pound fishing in ocean waters unless it be that the prohibition against Sunday fishing might be applied. It is not clear that the chapter containing a prohibition of Sunday fishing would be held to apply to sea fishing, nor that the maintaining of the pounds in position on Sunday would be construed as fishing on that day within the intent of the statute. If New Jersey coast resorts are to be cleared of pounds, this must be accomplished by work at Trenton, and before anything can ever be done there the shore county members of the Legislature must have been pledged to the support of a statute against pound fishing. The new Asbury Park Association has taken upon itself no child's play. The pound fishermen have large capital invested; their interests are enormous; they may be depended upon to defend these interests; and the movement against them can be made successful only by the expenditure of time and effort, and untiring, persistent work.

One principle involved in this pound fishing discussion is that of State control of sea coast waters. This principle is clear and well defined. The State has territorial jurisdiction over its sea waters for a marine league from the shore. This has been recognized as the law of nations; and that the State control over such waters may apply to their fisheries has been decided by the courts. Massachusetts enacted a law prohibiting the use of any "drag, set or gill-net, or purse or sweep seine," in Buzzard's Bay. It was held by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and the decision was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, that the State has control of its waters within a marine league of the shore; that Buzzard's Bay was properly included in such limits; that the State could control the fisheries therein: and that the law against nets was valid. The statute was directed against the menhaden fishermen. The law has been enforced; it is operative at this very moment. The press dispatches of July 31 reported that on the day before the fish and guano works of the Church Brothers at Portsmouth, R. I., had ceased operations; and their eight fishing schooners were idle. The shut-down, it was reported, was due to a scarcity of fish in waters where fishing is permitted, although there are great hosts of them in Buzzard's Bay where the Massachusetts prohibitory law is in force.

Ex-State Senator Donald McNaughton, of Rochester, N. Y., who died in Chicago last Sunday, belonged to that limited class of public men who take an intelligent, lively and patriotic interest in fish and game protection. Mr. McNaughton was an active member of the Cheaper Fish Food Association of Rochester; he did much to promote the international fish conferences of 1891 and 1892; when in the Senate at Albany his voice and his vote were always on the side of protection; and by his death those who are working in these fields have lost a respected and valued ally.

A suggestion that there was any relation between the silver question and the game supply might at first blush be considered fantastic, but it appears that the depreciation of silver and the shutting down of the silver mines are already affecting the game near the mining camps. A correspondent who writes us from Rico, Cal., reports that as the miners are absolutely idle they are going out in every direction in the mountains and hunting game to save expenses in the meat line. "I saw over twenty start out this morning," he says. "If the mines had not been closed not a man would now be after game. If this camp is representative of the others in the West then good-bye to the deer, elk and other game."

The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—X.

The Hunting of the Wolf.

THE morning sunlight had not touched the treetops of the crest of the western Danvis hills, when half of the arms-bearing population of the township were arriving at, or tending toward, the appointed gathering place, some in sleighs, some on foot, each bearing some sort of firearm. The morning was not far spent, when a formidable force had gathered about the premises of Joel Bartlett, a strangely warlike array to be mustered in those peaceful precincts, yet Joel beheld it with a kindly and approving eye as he stood in the doorway, with Jemimah peering timidly out behind him.

"It's a heavy weight on my mind to see so many men bearin' carnal weepons," she said with a very audible sigh; "it seems too much like the marshallin' of the hosts for battle."

"But thee sees, Jemimy, it haint for no puppus of sheddin' humern blood ner even for larnin' an' practysein' the weeked art o' war, but jest tu quell the ravenous beasts of the wilderness, which can't be wrought upon by the word nor by returnin' good for evil."

"Yes, I s'pose thee 's right, Joel; but I can't help my mind a-dwellin' on what guns was mostly made for, in times formerly. Ah, me. But, Joel, won't thee tell these good folks to come in an' get some nut cakes and cheese if any on 'em has occasion. Some must have eat breakfast uncommon airly this mornin'."

Joel loosened the pucker of his lips, and loudly proclaimed the "invite," which was accepted with great alacrity by many who stood in no need of refreshment, and with more diffidence by some who already were reminded they had breakfasted at an unwonted hour.

"Wal, I guess abaout ev'ybody's got here 'at 's comin'," Sam Lovel said, after a careful survey of the roads and cross-lot bypaths, "an' we h'd better choose a captain an' be a-moggin'. I move we hev Captain Peck for aour captain. Half his comp'ny's here an' 'll foller his orders nat'rally."

"If they don't do better 'n they du tu trainin', it'll take a corp'ral tu ev'ry private tu keep 'em in line," said John Dart, struggling with a dry mouthful of doughnuts and cheese. "Then, agin, he haint no hunter. We want you, Lovel."

"No, it'll look better tu hev Captain Peck," Sam insisted, "you secont him, Dart."

"Wal, I don't care. I secont Cap'n Peck, wi' Sam Lovel for leftenant."

"You hear the nommernation," Solon Briggs said, taking upon himself the office of moderator, "As'el Peck for capting of this hunt, wi' Samwel Lovel for leftenant, sort of aidycong to give advices and et cetery. You that's in favor, say 'aye,' contrary minded, say 'no.' The ayes have it an' you chose the above-mentioned to serve you as here to before stated."

Captain Peck, a brisk little man, somewhat swelled up with the importance of his dual offices, held a brief consultation with Sam, and then in his biggest military voice, usually reserved for trainings, gave the order, "Fall in, men," and, presently, "Forrid, march," and the motley company, numbering fifty or more, went forward in disorderly ranks toward the objective point.

"You must stop your gab, men," Sam continually insisted, as he passed along the talkative line, "erless you'll skeer that aire wolf clean tu N' Hampshire. You haint got nothin' to say but what'll keep till we git a line araound the cobble, an' then you c'n shoot off your maouths as much as you're a min' ter."

A half hour's march brought them to the foot of a rocky hill densely clad with a black growth of spruce and fir, whose blue shadows deepened into a twilight obscurity, that the infrequent shafts of sunlight pierced but to make the deeper. Three sides abutted on partially cleared fields, the other swep up with a long curve to the steeper declivities of the mountain.

The triple column, now separated in two single files, one led by Captain Peck, the other by Sam, began to inclose the hillock. When the leaders met on the further side, without discovering the outgoing track of the wolf, word was passed that the circuit was completed, and the order given for the men to take proper distances and move toward the center. Gradually the circle narrowed. The gloomy depths of thicket after thicket invaded and passed. Each moment the more excitable hunters grew nervous with expectation, the cooler more steadily alert. To some, every moving shadow took on a wolfish semblance; steadfast rocks and stumps became endowed with grim, alert life; now, a gun was leveled to an unsteady aim and its useless discharge forestalled by the sharp, peremptory caution of some clear-eyed and cool-headed veteran, till at last the word came too late to prevent one careless shot, which was the signal for a scattered fusilade from various posts of the encircling line.

The random firing aroused the wolf from his lair and sent him sneaking from one border of his constricted limits to find another as effectually guarded against his passage. Then he swept around the circle, searching with eager eyes some vulnerable point, disclosing fleeting glimpses of himself that drew upon him occasional shots, which increased his long, regular lopes to a wild scurrying flight, now, bounding from side to side of the cordon, now, skirting it in an agony of fear, whimpering as he ran, now, halting, half cowering, while he looked in vain for some loophole of escape.

Once, as he thus crouched for an instant, Sam's quick eye caught sight of him and taking an instantaneous aim, he saw the sight shining in bright relief against the dark gray fur of the wolf's side. As he felt the trigger yielding to the pressure of his finger, his heart filled with anticipated success, but with the dull click that was the only response to the fall of the striker, it collapsed and sank like a plummet.

"Cuss them caps o' Clapham's," he groaned wrathfully, "if one on 'em ever does go, I wish he might be shot with it."

A shot from Captain Peck's gun cut loose a shower of evergreen twigs above the wolf, who cringed beneath their light downfall and then sprang away, vanishing like the shadow of a wind-tossed branch in the gloom of the thicket.

Pelatiah's post was on the valley side of the hill where he had caught sight of the wolf several times, and once had taken a hasty and ineffectual shot. It had all happened in a flash and he was confusedly trying to remember whether he fired at the wolf or into the treetops, and to formulate an excuse for his miss that should be satisfactory to himself as well as to others, when he was startled by a sudden crash of dry twigs on the crest of the ledge just above him, and almost at the same instant he saw the animal flying at full speed down the sharp declivity directly behind him, so close upon him that he could only think to shout lustily and brandish his gun to scare the brute back into the woods, but it only swerved a little from its course and rushed madly on.

Not many paces to Pelatiah's left stood Beri Burton, as gaunt and grim as the wolf himself, and so transfixed with surprise at the sudden apparition that he stood stock still, his large jaws agape till the wolf was within his gun's length of him, and he stepped backward to make way. His heel caught a fallen branch and he fell sprawling on his back. The wolf, snapping and gnashing his white fangs, swept over his prostrate form, and clear at last of the perilous cordon, sped away toward the hills.

A HALT FOR LUNCH.
FOREST AND STREAM AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Pelatiah vainly attempted to cover him with a pottering aim for a moment, then took the track and presently disappeared among the blue shadows and gray tree trunks.

Beri Burton slowly got upon his feet, sputtering and mumbling, till having come to as intelligible speech as was possible to him, he shouted loudly:

"Wolf gone. Wolf gone ter Jerooslum. Gol dumb sech er wolf." Then as one and another of the party came hastening up, he related again and again the incidents of the wolf's escape. "Gol dumb sech er wolf. Run kerchug right ergin me an' knocked me over, kerwollopp. Flopped one foot int' my maouth. Wisht I'd bit foot off. Yes, sir, flopped dumb foot right squeer in my maouth."

"Can't blame him as I knows on," said John Dart. "He'd got tu put his foot somewheres."

"By the gre't horn spoon! we're a smart lot o' men," said Sam, joining the gathering group, "to let that wolf get away from us in that way. All Adams an' Pocock 'll be pokin' fun at us fer a year to come."

"Why didn't some o' you smarties shoot him then?" Beri growled, "hed chances 'nough, I reckon, by the bang-whangin'. Gol dumb sech shootin'."

"Don't seem's 'ough Adams an' Pocock hed no 'casion to laugh," said Joseph Hill. "It wan't their wolf, leastways it haint got their ear-mark er brand o' any one o' the towns, fer 's I c'n see."

"'Taint aour wolf nuther, fer 's appears," said Sam, "But what way did he head? Where's Peltier? Someb'dy said he seen him last."

"Dumb fool 's chasin' on him," Beri mumbled, "'Spec he's goin' tu ketch him, prob'ble."

"Peltiet was mos' crazy in hees head," Antoine explained. "He was kanna he-widder, cos hees gal goin' leff him 'fore he'll got marree togedder."

"His head's straighter 'n aourn on this business," said Sam, "an' we might as well mog along arter him. The hunt is up for tu-day. But the critter may lay up on Hawg Back to-night an' give us a chance to-morrer."

And so the dejected and disappointed wolf hunters made their way into the clearing, each one loudly blaming every one else and himself, silently and less satisfactorily, for the barren result of the hunt.

On the morning of the great hunt there were at least two non-participants, who through being such were quite as heavy-hearted as were now any of the baffled hunters. Uncle Lisha sighed heavily as he returned to the shop for the last of several tours of observation which he made into the back yard, where he could look across the fields to the rendezvous and see the men already clustering in knots in Joel Bartlett's yard, and hear the subdued jangle of arriving bells.

"Ho, hum, suzzy day! I'm tew short-winded and stiff-j'inted tu keep within hollerin' distance of the oldest an' laziest on 'em, an' I might jest as well seddaown an' go to workin', but I wisht a feller's laigs wouldn't grow ol' no faster 'n his speerits. Ho, hum, suzzy day!" and settling himself into his seat, he picked up his board, leather and knife, and endeavored to lose sight of age and infirmities in the intricacies of his craft.

Aunt Jerusha looked in through the open kitchen door and saw his hands resting idly on the board, his eyes staring abstractedly out of the window, and she said in a coaxing voice:

"What makes ye try to work, Lisher? I wouldn't ef I was you. The' haint no men folks workin' to-day. Put on yer kwut an' hat an' mittens an' go over to Joel's. You c'n see 'em start an' git the fust news when they come back. Wouldn't you, Huldy?"

"Sartainly. It'll do you good an' I sh'd like to go myself," Huldah said encouragingly, as she looked in over Aunt Jerusha's shoulder, and the baby, pushing between their skirts, scrambled over to the old man, bearing one of his mittens in his milk teeth.

"Well, I swan, ef bubby an' the hull kit on ye are sot on gittin' red on me, I guess I'll hafter." And so smiling down upon the crowing child, as he donned his outdoor gear, he trudged forth across the fields.

"It's mighty pooty idee 'at I aint a goin' tu turn aout along wi' the rest on 'em. Tew ol'? Haint so spry's I useter be? I'm younger an' spryer an' you be, Joe Hill, ef I be risin' eighty-seben." So Gran'ther Hill growled and roared as he stamped to and fro across the kitchen in his stocking feet, glowering at his son's abashed face as at each turn it was brought within range of his angry eyes.

"Don't seem's 'ough it 'ould be noways best, father," Joseph feebly argued, "it's tew exposin'; you'd get rheumatiz an' neurology."

"Rheumatiz an' ol' rology more like. Ef I got 'em they wouldn't hurt me none. A man 'at's marched to Canady in the winter aint agoin' tu be skeered aouten a wolf hunt by a pain in his laigs er a tooth ache, 'specially when he haint got no teeth. Noaw, look a-here, Joseph," turning before his son and assuming a less aggressive tone, "I've got to go an' show 'em haow. The' haint a man jack on 'em 'at knows beans about wolf huntin', never see a wolf an' wouldn't know one if they did see him. 'Taint no ways likely the' is a wolf, but ef there is, he'd orter be hunted as he'd ortu be."

"Jes' so, father," said Joseph, catching hopefully at the veteran's skepticism, "I don't b'lieve th' is no wolf, an' the' haint no need o' you er nob'dy else's goin', 'taint nothin' on'y dawgs."

"You must be a idjit, Jozeff Hill, tu think 'at dawgs 'ould kill sheep in the way them was killed. I tell yer it's a wolf, an' by the Lord Harry I'm goin' tu help kill the cussed varmint. Gi' me that aire gun."

"The' haint a ball er a spoo'ful o' shot in the haouse, father."

"That's almighty pooty haousekeepin'; no shot ner ball? You'd a tarnal sight better be ketched wi'out tea an' sugar, yes, or rum, an' wi'out ammernition. Bub, where's yer fish lines? Fetch me ev'y sinker you got."

The younger Josiah obeyed the order with an alacrity stimulated by a desire to further his grandfather's purposes, which, if carried out, might make him his necessary attendant.

"I wouldn't go if I was you, father," pleaded his daughter-in-law, "it's tew hard fer you, an' then again, I want you tu stay an' ta' care o' me."

"You don't need nob'dy. The wolf aint a-goin' tu come in the haouse an' eat you. Jozeff c'n stay."

"But you see, father, I sorter promised to go an' I've got tu."

"So hev I got tu. Gimme my boots."

"Father," said the son, playing his last card, with an air of deep dejection, "I'm turrible sorry, but I took 'em over to Uncle Lisher's las' night tu git 'em mended," and he breathed a silent prayer, "The Lord forgive me fer lyin' an' keep me from gettin' ketched at it."

"You etarnel, infernel, meddlin' idjit," his father roared, his voice shaken with anger, "haow dast ye send my boots to get mended? Haow'd you know I wanted 'em mended, say? It does beat hell amazingly, what tarnal luck I did hev, a bringin' on ye up. I don't wisht you was dead, but I swaar, I wisht I hadn't never hed ye. Clear aout. Go an' hunt ye tarnal wolf, but ye shan't take my gun. Not a step aouten this haouse does that aire gun go, w'thout me a kerryin' on't. You c'n take Bob's bow-arrer, it's good 'nough for you. Er borry Joel Bartlett 'ol britch-burnt, hang-fire, Quaker gun. Yeou shoot a wolf, Lordermighty!"

Joseph fled in dismay from the rattling volley of his father's wrath, nor stayed his steps till they brought him to the meeting place, while his wife, with all the children but the eldest boy, retreated into the fastnesses of the pantry. Little Josiah, secure in his position as his grandfather's favorite, remained, the sole and undismayed spectator of the old man's rage.

"Blast 'em. Kerryin' off my boots," the veteran fumed, still pacing the rounds of the kitchen. "I'm a good nineter go in my stockin' feet, jes tu spite 'em. I hope the Lord it haint nothin' but a dawg. The idjits wouldn't know the diffunce."

The boy held out two plummets of hammered lead and one half bullet. "What was you goin' to do wi' 'em?"

"Load this ere gun wi' 'em," was the hoarsely whispered reply. "I've made killin' shots at two-legged and four-legged varmints wi' wus slugs an' these. Gimme a holt on

'em an' I'll load her jest fer the fun on 't." He took the big gun from its hooks and carefully measured in his palm a charge of powder from the great ox-horn, poured it into the barrel and wadded it with tow, dropped the sinkers in one by one, wadded them and primed the piece, while the boy's eyes closely followed every movement.

Maria heard the clang and thud of the iron ramrod and peered anxiously through the pantry door.

"Why, father, what be you a-doin'?"

"I'm gittin' ready tu ta' keer on ye again the wolf tackles ye, M'rier," he chuckled scornfully. "Shet the door, M'rior, an' tend tu yer cookin'; me an' bub's stan'in' guard." He fondled the gun and wiped the dust from the barrel with his coat sleeve.

"Du ye wanter go awfle, gran'ther?" whispered Josiah.

The old man nodded his head repeatedly without withdrawing his aim from the center of the clock face.

"Sh-h-h, I know where your boots be. In the paoundin' berrel in the back shed. I'll fetch 'em when ma goes down suller arter the taters."

The grandsire's slow, senile stare gradually gave way to a look of intelligence, and the two conspirators, in pantomime, enjoined secrecy.

Wondering at the sudden silence, Maria peeped through a cranny of the door and saw the old man quietly seated in his chair, and called to him as she bustled about her work:

"I'm turrible glad you gin it up so sensible, father."

"Sho, I hadn't no idee a-goin'. I was jest a-foolin' Jozeff. Ketch me a-goin' dawg huntin' along wi' that mess o' idjits," and he winked hard at his grandson, who, under cover of the stove, was growing red with smothered mirth.

"My sakes," said Maria, coming out and looking at the clock, "I mus' get the pertaters and put that fish a-fresh'nin'."

As her step was heard on the last cellar stair, Josiah stole out to the back shed and presently appeared with the boots, which his grandfather drew on in tremulous haste, while the boy, after driving the small children back into the pantry and closing the door upon them, brought the old man's hat and cane.

"Haint it lucky Ruby's over to Briggses? Hurry up, gran'ther. Ma 'll be up in a minute," he whispered as he hovered about the ancestral chair in a fever of excitement. Then he opened the door and the old man passed out as noiselessly as his stiff joints would let him, with his long gun trailed in careful avoidance of lintel and posts, just as the muffled thud of the last potato announced the filling of the pan.

"Can't I go with you, gran'ther?" Josiah asked eagerly; but his heart sank as he read refusal written in the stern yet half regretful face bent upon him.

"Couldn't, nohow, sonny, 'twouldn't dil any good an' might du hurt. Them idjits 'll shoot awful keerless an' might hit you. You gwup an' look aouten the saouth garret winder, an' you c'n see Haidge Hawg Cobble where they say the wolf's lyin' up. Naow go an' tell 'em I've gone aout tu the barn, an' so I hev, an' mebby, a leetle beyend." He gave the boy an approving pat on the head that gave some comfort, though it drove the coarse seal-skin cap over his eyes.

The veteran's departure was covered by the barn, from the observation of the inmates of the house. As he plodded across the snowy fields his thoughts went back to the old days of humble, unrequited heroism, when he marched with Warner and his Green Mountain boys to Canada. In a misty day dream he saw the frozen level of Champlain stretching in lifeless loneliness behind the rangers' march, the wintry gloom and desolation of the forest opening to them the only path beyond. He heard again the click and swish of snowshoes, the low cautious word of command drifting back along the triple files: For a little space it quickened his pulse and pace, and for a moment he was young again, till tired by climbing a high rail fence, he leaned against the nearest stump to rest, and realized that he was but a feeble old man, the superannuated, sole survivor of the band, to follow whom he lingered a little on the verge of the eternal mystery.

"A goo' for nothin' ol' critter as orter stay tu hum wi' womern an' younguns," he sighed, half minded to turn back, when his eye was caught by a moving speck far away toward Hedge Hog Cobble. Something familiar in the movements of the distant object drew upon it the veteran's closest scrutiny.

"That haint no dawg, it's tew big for a fox. By the Lord Harry, it's a wolf, an' he's a comin' stret tu me."

He sank stilly behind the stump and cocked his gun while he steadfastly watched the beast's swift approach. Now he could see the wild, cunning eyes, now the red tongue hanging slavering from the white-fanged jaws, and now he aimed, with all the skill that eye and nerve could command, just before the pointed nose, and with a prayer as devout as he ever uttered, pulled the trigger, as with swift, long lopes the wolf ran past, fifty yards away. With a snarling yelp, a long, floundering fall and a quicker recovery of his feet, with a broken foreleg helplessly dangling, the wolf charged wildly at the fence, clung a moment to the top rail, fell back, and then plunged at the nearest but too narrow interstice between the rails. The impetus of the leap drove him half way through, but there he was caught at the hips. He pushed desperately with the uninjured foreleg and clawed vainly with his hindfeet for a hold on the nether rail and was slowly worming his way through when Gran'ther Hill pounced upon him, seizing him by both hindlegs, and bracing his own feet against the fence he held on and shouted lustily for help at the top of his high-pitched, cracked voice.

The wolf writhed from side to side, and snapped his wicked jaws within two feet of his captor's hands, without being able to harm him, but his struggles were fast exhausting the strength of the old man, who, almost in despair, saw the prize slipping, inch by inch, through the fence.

Then he heard rapid steps, and turning his head he saw Pelatiah's lank figure close beside him.

"Ketch a holt here, quick," he gasped.

Pelatiah lent one strong hand to his relief and the old man loosed his hold, and snatching the gun from Pelatiah staggered to the fence, and with a cruelly deliberate aim at three feet range bored the wolf's skull with the heavy charge of buckshot. "There," he panted, as with a grim smile he regarded the last struggles of his victim when Pelatiah had drawn it forth from the fence, "he knows naow what he gets by runnin' agin a real ol'-fashioned hunter. S'pose he cal'lated the' want none left an' the' haint on'y one. But I'm almighty glad you come, young Goove, fer I was nigh abaout tuckered, an' ef I hed tu let go, the critter might ha' flummixed along a good piece afore I c'ld ha' loaded up. Good lord," he gasped aghast at the sudden recollection that he had no ammunition, "I hedn't another charge. Wal, I be glad you come, young Gove. Where's the rest of the idjits? Git up onter the fence an' holler like a loon."

Pelatiah's triumphant shouts soon brought in the foremost of the straggling pursuers, who, as they beheld the dead wolf and heard the story of his death were variously moved with admiration of his slayer's prowess and chagrin for their own lack of it.

"By the gre't horn spoon!" cried Sam, stroking the wolf's gaunt side almost tenderly and looking up at the old man's serenely happy face, "I'd ha' gi'n the ol' Ore Bed tu ha' shot the critter myself, but I do' know but I'm gladder you done it, Cap'n Hill."

"I reckon 'at my chances is gettin' a leetle scaser 'n yourn, Sammy. But you might profit more by them 'at you git ef I'd hed the bringin' on you up. I consait you hed the makin's of a hunter in ye ef ye'd on'y hed me er even Peleg Sunderland tu edicate your nat'ral gifts."

"Hooray for Danvis!" roared John Dart as he came upon the scene. "Adams, ner Pocock, ner nary other town can twit us at losin' aour wolf naow, Lovel. I was growin' shameder an' shameder tu meet any on 'en, an' was studyin' more lies tu tell 'em 'an I c'ld ever ben forgive for under any circumstances. You've saved the credit of your taown, Cap'n Hill, an' mebby my soul."

"Gol dumb sech savin'," Beri Burton growled. "Danvis haint got much tu brag on when it's got tu ressureck the dead a'most, tu kill a wolf."

"Shet yer head," Dart growled, savagely.

"An' call aout the infants," Beri persisted. "He wouldn't er shot er wolf if that aire shimble-shanked Gove boy hedn't er hel' his laigs."

"He'd waounded him, so 't he couldn't but jest go, an' he'd got him e'en a'most killed when I come up," Pelatiah magnanimously protested.

"It was some prooty good lucky, dat wolf's ant be one loup garou. You'll can' keel dat kan o' wolfs 'less you'll shot it wid silver ball."

"Well, I swan that was lucky," said Dart, "I don't believe you could rake up a charge o' silver amongst the hull bilin' of us. I don't s'pose copper change 'll pass wi' them aire thingumbobs, would it, Antwine? Wal, le's stop out gab an' start aour caravan. We've got tu show tu the village this afternoon. Where's Captain Peck?"

"Skinned it fer hum, half an hour ago," some one answered.

"Wal, let him go. I was goin' tu propose 'at we fired a s'lute, but nev' mind. Who's got a gun 's long 's Cap'n Hill's? Fetch it here. Lay it daown 'longside o' his'n. Naow, lay the wolf top on 'em. Naow, Cap'n Hill, you set top o' the wolf."

"Yes, du." "Yes, du," other voices shouted with Dart. The hero of the day rather reluctantly complied.

"Ketch a holt o' the muzzles, Lovel, an' I'll take the butts. Up he goes," and the veteran hunter and his grim quarry were lifted aloft and borne forward, amid the chorus of the party.

"What's up?" Joseph Hill panted, breathless with his exertions to overtake his comrades.

"Your superannual ancient sire is, Jozeff," said Solon, "him an' the wolf. Haint you hearn haow he slewed him?"

"Good Lord," Joseph groaned; recognizing the elevated countenance of his father, his eyes anxiously sought his feet.

Catching sight of him the old man bent upon him a frown, the severity of which was somewhat softened by the pride of his achievement, and laughed down at him scornfully, "You ondutiful leetle cuss, you hid my boots, did you? Did you s'pose a man 'at had took Ticonderogue an' fit tu Ben'nt'n an' went tu Canady 'long wi' Seth Warner an' hunted Tories wi' Peleg Sunderland, couldn't smell aout his own boots? You must be an almighty smart boy."

Though conscious that his artifice was justified by his headstrong father's infirmities, Joseph fell to the rear in confusion, and the procession continued its triumphal progress to Joel Bartlett's.

Uncle Lisha had waddled forth to meet it, roaring a welcome that was heard at every house in the neighborhood. When Joel beheld the grim trophy he was startled from his accustomed propriety by the whistle that escaped unwittingly from the long puckered lips.

"Friends," he said, chanting in the monotonous tone in which his sermons were set, "I feel to thank you, one an' all, for a-girdin' on your swords an' a-goin' forth tu battle against the beasts of the field which they ravage aour folds, an' as it ware, spile our barnyards. I thank you, friends, for a-stretchin' forth your carnal weepons in behalf of a man whose ways has been more led untu the plowshare an' the prunin' hook 'an tu the sword an' the spear. There's suthin' due more 'n thanks tu mortal man, an' I feel it bore in on me tu ask you, one an' all, tu enter my haouse" (as he paused and ran his eye over the company, as if making a mental computation of its numbers and capacity, more than one hungry stomach yearned for the anticipated offering of doughnuts and cheese) "an' get intu the quiet an' render silent thanks tu Him 'at has been pleased to reward your indivors with victory. Arter which," Joel continued after a solemn pause, "Jemimy, my wife, will pervide some sustenance for your carnal bodies, tu which you will be most welcome."

Few were inclined to accept the invitation to a repast the first course whereof was likely to be long and unsatisfying to their present need, and so with thanks and excuses almost all hastened to avail themselves of the more exhilarating and substantial refreshments that were to be found at the tavern and store.

Gran'ther Hill's crown of laurels was further weighted with fresh contributions, some sprigs of which he generously permitted to adorn the youthful brow of Pelatiah, and was more content to enrobe himself in the misty glories of the past alone, than to share these present flimsy honors with another. R. E. ROBINSON.

FOREST AND STREAM in its issue of June 29, records its high appreciation of Mr. Charles Hallock, the founder of that journal. Anglers throughout the land will heartily concur in this by no means too florid estimate of the exceptional gifts which have elevated Mr. Hallock to the distinguished position which he occupies in all that relates to piscatorial accomplishment, whether as skilled in the craft, or as a lucid and learned writer on topics pertaining thereto.—*New York Sun, July 9.*

A STORM.

Out of the sky to the westward
Came rolling the ordnance of God,
Snow white, ink black,
Like a demon pack,
Leading a host of souls long lost
Through a land no man hath trod.

Never a leaf in the treetops
Stirred in the awful quiet,
Nor voice of bird
Or of beast was heard,
But only the moan and the undertone
Of heaven's great powers run riot.

Moved as by some dread foreseeing,
A trembling falls on the forest,
Then a nearer flash,
A swift, sharp dash
Of wind-tossed rain through the ripened grain,
And the charge rushes breast to breast.

Trees hold up their arms in pleading,
But the wind smites them down at a breath.
No pity knowns he
For man or tree,
In crazy revels with legions of devils
He whirls in his fierce dance of death.

A horror sweeps over nature,
And the heart is deep burdened with gloom;
While the great gun crash
And the wild lights flash,
And a cry uprolls, like a shriek of souls
At the sound of the trumpet of doom.

Out of that Stygian blackness,
As swift as the fall of a star,
Speeds down white hot
One fatal shot,
And a life all bright goes out with the light
To stand at the judgment bar.

Grows silent the din of the battle,
The smoke drifts away overhead,
Sweet flowers look up,
A gem in each cup,
A bird song floats from a thousand throats—
And I am here alone with my dead.

J. H. LA ROCHE.

"PODGERS" TELLS A TALE OF WOE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6.—The only possible merit I can see in a noisy Fourth of July, with its nuisance of small boy and firecrackers, is the holiday it brings, and the possibilities of a fishing trip. This year we were particularly fortunate, Saturday being a half-holiday, then Sunday and the Fourth on Tuesday. Monday was declared a holiday also, thrown in as it were, giving four good square days for an outing. What a blessing to the hard-worked young men, although for that matter holidays are not scarce with us. What with the New Year, February 22, Labor Day, Decoration Day, July 4 and Christmas we are almost as bad as the Mexicans, who it is said use up about 260 out of the 365 days of the year in fiestas and saints' days. Their saints are very numerous, and are well remembered.

I always leave some one else behind me to celebrate. My patriotism oozed out years ago, having been slightly discouraged by the unparliamentary proceeding on the part of another youth of about my size dropping a portion of a lighted pack of firecrackers down the slack of a pair of rather loose-fitting trousers converted over from my older brother's. This, by the way, is, or was in my time, one of the trials of the soul of the small boy, and a perpetual burning indignity in his estimation, to be thus relegated to his older brother's outgrown clothes. In my opinion this being obliged to wear older brothers' clothes, warmed over as it were, has caused a great loss to the world of able men, who were thus nipped in the bud, and failed in the promise of greatness, caused by the depressing influence of made-over clothes upon the mind and character of the small boy. In these days of cheap clothing for boys there is less of that sort of thing, and boys are emancipated from this discouraging feature, and hence there is more manliness.

But pardon the digression. The trousers I wore on the occasion referred to had slack enough behind and around the waist to accommodate several packs of firecrackers. The chap that exhibited the dancing turkeys (a great wonder, until it was discovered that a hot stove top covered with sand caused the dancing) would have engaged me at a large salary if he had seen me dance. It requires but a dull imagination to see the effect naturally resulting. It was what might truly be called "a warmer," and the family cat had unlimited and undisputed possession of my special chair, for the next two weeks. I took no interest in chairs, and dined from the bottom of an inverted wash tub in the kitchen.

What of the small boy who struck out for an original exhibition of patriotism? Well, we will draw the curtain over events that followed immediately, while the subject was fresh in my mind and trousers. There was another boy missing from school for the next two weeks, during which time there was an unusual demand for raw beef and flaxseed poultices. I never see a small boy on the Fourth very industriously doing his level best to blow himself up and blind all those surrounding him that my mind does not run back to my juvenile experience, and I at once wish myself out of town, and generally get there, as I did on this occasion, which I am going to tell you all about as soon as I get to it, which you are hoping will be soon. I suppose so. There are two things that are ever a drawback on the inclination of scribblers to be garrulous, one is the everlasting nuisance of having to think how much space am I going to occupy and to be obliged to write to measure, as your clothes are made, and the other is the proneness of the leathery conscience of the editor, who cuts you down and cuts you up as if your article was a piece of cheese.

But to my story. Meeting a friend in the street a few days before the Fourth, we mutually deprecated the idea of remaining in town on that noisy day, and the conference finally resulted in an agreement to go for a raid on the trout. My friend had been told of a stream away back in the mountains in Sonoma county—far enough away we thought, to be out of reach of the pot-fishermen. So on Saturday two men whose fishing outfit proclaimed them Izaaks, could have been seen (had any one cared to

look) duly ensconced in the smoking car of the North Pacific R.R. with a very boisterous crowd of those young men who try to show their manliness by getting drunk and noisy on the outset of a holiday. These cubs made it very unpleasant for half the journey, but finally left the train much to our relief.

It is a peculiarity of California to name places and towns from something that never existed on that particular spot. For instance, we have a Strawberry Valley up in the mountains, but no one ever heard of a strawberry within forty miles of the place. There is a legend, however, that it was named after a man who kept a roadside inn; he was named Berry, and advertised good spring beds, which proved to be of curled straw, hence Straw Berry.

Cloverdale is charming, being surrounded by vineyards and fruit orchards in every variety. It is in a beautiful valley, or rather at the termination of the one through which the railroad runs, and here are villages with cottages hidden and almost buried from sight in rose bushes and every kind of flowers. In one of these lovely spots resides your correspondent "Marion," on whom I should have been greatly pleased to call, only that railroad trains are obdurate and like the tide wait for no man. I found in the train a resident of her village who knew her, and in that way heard late news of her.

Arriving at Cloverdale we secured our rooms at the neat little hostlery, ate our welcome supper, and then proceeded to a stable to engage our horses for our next morning's long ride over the hills and dales that intervened between us and our fishing ground.

We then settled down to the social comfort to be had out of an arm chair on the piazza and the little brier wood pipes, the solace of the sportsman, where we sat in the moonlight, smoked and planned our morning work, until that delightfully sleepy feeling that one feels only in the country sent us off to bed, and oh, how we did sleep. The next morning in good season we mounted our horses and set out. For four hours we climbed steep grades up and then steep grades down, generally dismounting and walking down the worst, though the roads were good, until we finally struck off from the main road into a private trail that took us down, down into one of the beautiful valleys so characteristic of California.

As neither my friend nor myself had ever peregrinated in the direction we were traveling, although familiar with the country in almost every other, we stopped every man we met to inquire our way to our rather obscure destination. The last wagon we overtook, in which two young men were driving, proved to contain the very parties we were in quest of, owners of the ranch where we hoped to stop. Our proposition was very heartily assented to by our to be hosts, and much to our relief, as otherwise we would have been obliged to camp for the night or return without having any chance at the trout. We arrived at the ranch about noon, and after a hearty lunch our two young hosts laid aside their ranch work and accompanied us to the creek we had such high hopes of. A walk of a mile brought us to the water, to be dreadfully disappointed, for it proved to be a mere rivulet, too low to promise good fishing, as proved to be the case. It was rough fishing, a muchness of big boulders and rocks, with a good deal of underbrush, that abomination and great annoyance in fly-fishing, and more especially unless one is using a very short rod. In the present case a six-footer would have been ample length. It is needless to say we found virtually no fishing. Those we caught were mere fingerlings, and all not injured were thrown back. We had a healthy tramp and returned with hearty appetites to supper, and after a smoke were tired enough to turn in early.

Our friends told us of another creek that emptied into the one we had tried, about two miles below our previous day's tramp; and they thought the additional waters of this creek would give the one we had tried sufficient water to furnish better fish. So mounting our horses, after an early breakfast the next morning, we started down, following a faint and by no means smooth trail along the creek, with many ups and downs, through brush and over fallen trees, which none but a California-bred horse could ever be persuaded to face; and we finally had to dismount and lead ours, not being able to ride under the obstructions. At one obstacle, a large tree that had fallen and extended entirely across the creek, we dismounted; and my friend essayed to lead his horse under, but made a miscalculation as to the height of horse and saddle. The pommel caught on the tree. The moment the horse felt the strain, he sprang forward, as California horses trained to the lasso are wont to do. As the California saddle never gives away, and a big tree is not likely to, the next thing was for the saddle to be carried back until the cinch came under the loins of the horse, and then there *was* music. The horse whirled and plunged down the steep bank and "bucked" as only a California horse can buck. In his first plunge he struck my friend, knocking him about ten feet, landing him in a pile of limbs and rubbish left by the freshet at the roots of an overturned tree; and followed on himself until brought up by the same obstruction, and pranced and kicked over the prostrate body of my friend, who lay flat on his back directly under the horse. I tried to drag him out, but that horse seemed to have a dozen legs, and all were in motion, flying in every direction. At last at the word "Whoa!" the animal subsided, all in a tremble. It was not viciousness, but pure and unadulterated fright that was the matter with him.

My friend crawled out from under the horse, and to my hurried inquiry how many legs and arms he had left in a sound state, he replied that he thought he had enough left to wag along with, and wonderful to relate, he had escaped any serious damage.

I offered a wager at odds that he could not do it again under same conditions and come out as well. He said it was not his betting day, and declined.

Having adjusted the saddle and gathered up the scattered impedimenta, we made a fresh start, but encountering another fallen tree which shut us off the trail, we essayed to cross the creek and scale the opposite bank to get around it. We did get part way up, but the undergrowth was too dense, and our horses having scarce a foothold we tried to get back again, but there was no room for the horses to turn around. They were getting excited and threatened a second catastrophe, but by soothing them we managed at the risk of all going down in a heap in the creek to extricate ourselves from the unpleasant predicament, and finding a level spot on the opposite side of the creek, we tied up the horses and hoofed it the remaining distance, to find the creek we were in quest of at so low a stage as to add but little volume to the main creek, and the fish no larger. So we concluded to throw up the sponge and return to our horses, mount and retrace our steps to the ranch. After a light lunch we set out on our homeward ride, reaching our hotel at dark somewhat tired and sore after our experiences and long ride. We turned in, with a mutual agreement to take the early train home the next morning, which we did.

My last trouting had been in Canada, at the outlet of Lake Edward, where I dealt with two and three-pounders, and the contrast caused the painful consciousness that the good old days when I was wont to fill my basket with good-sized trout from Sulphur Creek and other California streams had passed; and I determined that my next essay would be next fall after Navara River salmon.

I had been spoiling like the Irishman for a fight, *i. e.*, a try at the trout, and I had it, with results as described; and as the Frenchman, who was also spoiling for a fight and got licked, "I am satisfy." I will have it out with the salmon next October though, to make amends. No fingerlings then, but ten and fifteen-pounders.

My yarn is not very interesting, I admit, but just you wait until I go up to Navara, and I will tell you of fishing that will make your mouth water, and will take out of mine the taste of this failure. But as for any more Fourth of July excursions after fingerlings—in the words of the poet, I am not in it. PODGERS.

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN.—II.

LANSING, July 20.—Like the summer girl, everybody in Michigan goes to the forest in hot weather. Some go camping, others go fishing for a day or two, other take a boating trip down some of the rivers to the Great Lakes, but as a rule everybody who can go is bound to go, and get into the outing swim in some way. A few days ago I had a pleasant visit with ex-Representative Watson, of Caro, Tuscola county. He had just returned from the upper lake region, brown as a berry, and tanned like an Indian. The skin on the back of his hands and wrists was peeling off in flakes an inch or two square, and his face was like well-tanned sheepskin. He had not got enough of it yet, and he and a friend were having a boat made at Grayling for a trip down the Sauble. They were to start Thursday last. I may, perhaps, find out some of their doings, and if I do I will give them to you in detail.

One of the jolliest, best feeling and all day sportsmen of Lansing is A. H. Whitehead. He is a hunter and fisherman "from 'way back." Just when, or where, his sporting days began, memory runneth to naught. He is a member of the Rod and Gun Club and active in its affairs. He can break a clay-pigeon with the best of men and as a field shot he gets the game every time. He is well to do and nicely fixed in worldly matters, and no man enjoys his friends to a greater extent than Mr. Whitehead. He has two nice cottages on Pine Lake, and owns entirely the only island in the lake. His cottages are nicely furnished throughout and they are kept in shipshape the year around. About every Saturday afternoon he takes the train for the lake and returns early Monday morning. He very seldom goes alone; more often he takes a few choice friends with him. He has ample accommodation for the entire party, and what he has goes free as water. He reads FOREST AND STREAM regularly and has done so for the past twenty years. His place of business is gaily decorated with pictures of animals which have come from time to time with FOREST AND STREAM, and one feels quite like being at Barnum's menagerie when inside of his sanctum.

Mr. Whitehead is the champion fisherman of Pine Lake, and he holds the post of honor against all comers. Last spring he invited Burt Robson, Dr. Dickson and Hart Farrand to take a trip to the lake after frogs, and the story goes that they caught more frogs than a big wash boiler could hold; it was a great day for frogs, so they said. Mr. Whitehead has guns and tackle enough to equip a whole regiment of men, and few men can handle the goods to better advantage than he. To go hunting or fishing and not have Cornie along, is like Hamlet with Hamlet not in it.

Pension Examiner Maxwell is at Lansing for the summer. Maxwell is the kind of a fisherman who can go out with his rod almost anywhere, be gone a couple of hours and return with a half dozen nice fish. He is a born fisherman, and if there is a fish in the river he seems to understand when Maxwell is around, and to save all parties time and trouble the best fish in the neighborhood tumble into Maxwell's basket as promptly as good breeding will admit.

Mr. Frank E. Briggs, executive clerk in the office of the State Treasurer, and Mr. Chas. E. Baxter, Deputy State Treasurer, are arranging for a trouting excursion to northern Michigan. Last spring Mr. Briggs visited Mr. Frank Hershler at Alba, Mich., and while there he did nothing but catch trout. He was so delighted with his experience that he is fully determined to try it again. Frank has a fine outfit, and takes more comfort sorting his tackle and laying in supplies than most men can enjoy in a long lifetime of actual experience. Mr. Clif Foster, of Pine Lake, is the sometime hunting partner of Mr. Briggs and it is pretty well understood in this section that what Clif don't know about fishing and hunting is hardly worth knowing. Clif and his great friend Hammond are a team hard to beat. Clif has a fine farm on Pine Lake, and his home is open to his friends at all times. He is a prince of good fellows, and his good wife is never so happy as when assisting Clif to entertain his sporting friends. A day at Foster's home is a pleasant one long to be remembered.

Mr. Bassett, of Chicago, and Mr. C. P. Downey, of Lansing, caught the largest and finest string of bass and pickerel at Pine Lake, one day last week, that ever was brought to our city. The string was at least ten feet long and it was all a strong man could do to take it out of the wagon. Mr. Bassett has fished in many of the lakes in the West, but he says that he never saw such a string of fish before. It was a great sight. The same day Mr. Rollo Fillmore and Frank Hollister caught at the same lake fourteen nice bass. The largest one weighed 4lbs. and 14oz. Jack Cary, Jim Price and Charles Clippinger are in camp in Clare county, about three miles from Dover. Mr. Cary, Mr. Price and their wives went overland by wagon, and sent their camp equipage by rail to Clare and from there by wagon to the camp ground. Mr. Clippinger went up by rail next day. They are after trout. The next morning after they went into camp they caught 47 fine trout before breakfast. They are having great luck. Mr. Howard Sweet and Mr. J. E. Nichols are arranging to take a run out to Iowa in September and try their hands at chickens. These gentlemen are both great shots, and it is a good chicken that gets away from them when they once get located.

Capt. R. M. Fillmore, Dr. Dickson, Dr. Hyatt, Jim Edmonds and Will Grove, of Lansing, and Fred Hyne, Chas. Cushing, Peter Locke, Robt. Serteis, and two or three other gentlemen of Brighton, have been in camp at Oar Lake for about two weeks. They have just broken camp and returned home, and they report one of the most enjoyable outings that they ever had. Before leaving Lansing they laid in a good supply of eatables and fishing tackle, and necessities for camp life.

Oar Lake is a charming little body of water in Oakland county, about three miles southwest of Brighton. Suky Lake, Strawberry Lake, Bass Lake and several other small lakes are all connected with each other, and with Huron River, and they form a system of water communication in central Michigan which makes that section one of the finest camping regions in the State. People from Ann Arbor, Jackson, Ypsilanti and other near-by towns have built many cottages at the lakes, and many business men with their families spend the summer there. At Oar Lake the Brighton boys leased a tract of land some ten years ago of Luther Moon, and they have built a nice cottage 18×26, with a lean-to, for sleeping rooms. They have a good barn, ice house, three boat houses and plenty of boats and tackle. The house is comfortably furnished, has beds, tables, crockery and everything that is needed in camp life. If the number of campers is too great for the cottage to accommodate nicely, Mr. Moon opens his house, that all may be comfortable. The ten-year lease of the ground will expire next season, but the boys hope to be able to get another lease, and as Mr. Moon is one of the best of good fellows, and enjoys the visits of the campers quite as much as the campers like Mr. Moon, it would seem that there was nothing in the way to prevent the camp being a permanent one for some years to come. The fishing at Oar Lake is excellent, bass, pickerel, bluegills and perch abound.

If one tires of Oar Lake a little pull of a few miles will take him to any one of the half a dozen lakes which are joined together by little outlets, which empty into Huron River. Mr. Bilding, the Brighton livery man, in driving the luggage wagon, had the misfortune to lose the three loaves of bread which had been taken along as a base of supplies; so that the old-time staff of life was just a little scarce. A fine spring of water bubbles out of the ground near the camp, and makes a beautiful little brooklet, which is one of the attractive features of the camp. Peter Lake officiated as cook during the outing. Capt. Fillmore dressed the fish. The captain is quite an expert fish dresser. His method is to cut a deep cut along the back and belly, cutting well around the fins, and to strip off the skin from either side. He never scales a fish, and he claims that no one who will take the trouble to learn how to skin a fish will ever dress a fish in any other way.

I was amused at their story of float-fishing. They took a couple of dozen three-pound cans that had been used for canning corn, took the cans to a tinsmith and had him cut off one end of the can and solder a long funnel-shaped tin cup on the end, which made the entire arrangement air-tight. At the tip of the funnel part they set in a hook and swivel, and to the swivel tied about 10ft. of stout line, put on a large hook baited with a good big sunfish, and threw the entire rigging overboard and let it go. They had twenty or thirty of these arrangements floating around the lake most of the time. The cans were all painted white, and when a fish took the minnow and started away with the can, the can could be plainly seen and followed up and the fish captured. When a big pickerel takes a can it is said to be great fun to watch the can bob up and down. A fish soon tires out and gives up the fight much quicker when he gets hitched to a can than when he is caught by rod and line. Dr. Dickson and Charlie Cushing did the frog act and kept the camp well supplied with frogs. The mail came over every evening, so that the boys kept well up on World's Fair matters and the doings of the outside world. Mr. Prout and Will Grove took the largest fish, and a happier man never lived than Will Grove when he unloaded six pickerel that weighed 36lbs. and distributed them among his Lansing friends. The return of the campers has set the whole town almost wild on the camping way of taking an outing, and other jolly parties are sure to try their luck.

Some years ago Mr. E. W. Sparrow, of Lansing, with Peter White, John M. Longyear and Horatio Seymour, of Marquette, Mich., organized the Huron Mountain Hunting and Fishing Club. The new club house at the mouth of Pine River on Huron Bay was formally opened last Monday. The club house is built of selected Norway pine logs with a frontage of 104ft. and with walls 22ft. high. The club was incorporated in 1889 and own and control the hunting and fishing rights of over 10,000 acres of land. This property includes six lakes in the heart of the Huron Mountains, the most beautiful spot on the south shore of Lake Superior. These lakes are easily accessible from the waters of Lake Superior, and contain salmon trout, black bass, great northern pickerel and wall-eyed pike, while the streams have an abundant supply of brook trout. Deer and bear, also ruffed grouse, are found upon the lands of the club more plentifully than any other grounds within a number of miles.

It is proposed to make this region a hunting and fishing park, to build a club house and keep up the supply of fish by restocking the streams and lakes. The grounds of the club can be approached by water by Lake Superior, by road from Marquette, and also by a road which is about constructed from Huron Bay—the Iron Range & Huron Bay road—which will greatly shorten the distance by rail. This road will be completed from Champion, on the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railroad, to the foot of Huron Bay during the prerent season.

The membership of this organization is limited to 100, and it is a stock corporation, the par value of the stock being $100. No one is allowed to subscribe to more than five shares of stock. A number of shares of this corporation are for sale; $50 to be paid upon the delivery of the stock and the balance when called for.

The club association is strictly a private one. The membership is limited to the immediate friends of the gentlemen who were instrumental in organizing the club. It is desired to make the club a homelike retreat, not open to the public, where the members can go for rest and to enjoy good shooting and fishing. The club is destined to be one of the most popular and influential clubs in Michigan. JULIAN.

Natural History.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

THE ARCHER FISH OF SIAM.

Dwellers along the seashores have become familiar with several types of fishes which have the mouth and adjacent parts curiously modified to adapt them for some peculiar habits in obtaining food. The pipe fish, sea horse and flute-mouths will readily occur to mind in this connection.

An equally remarkable instance is recalled by Mr. Baldwin's accompanying illustration of the archer fish. In this genus the bones of the jaws are greatly elongated and are connected laterally by membrane, while the mouth opening is small. The result of this structure is a slender tube capable of being employed, and very effectively employed, as a blow pipe for the capture of insects by the discharge of globules of water. The jaws, moreover, are provided with fine brush-like teeth.

The archer fish, jaculator fish, or enceladus, inhabits the east coast of Africa and the seas of India, the Malay Archipelago and China. It appears from the published accounts that the fish is not confined exclusively to salt water but occurs also in brackish water and, probably, in fresh water ponds.

The same habit of ejecting drops of water from the mouth with sufficient force to dislodge insects and precipitate them into the water has been attributed to other Javanese fish, but, in the opinion of recent writers, the subject of our present sketch is the one to which this singular power is rightfully ascribed. Travelers have long known about this peculiar method of capturing insects, although observations have been comparatively infrequent and some doubts have arisen as to the identification of the actual archer. The following account is an abstract by Dr. Francis Day from Schlosser's article in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society for 1764:

"The jaculator fish frequents shores and sides of rivers near the sea in Asia in search of food. When it sees a fly sitting on the plants which grow in shallow water, it swims to the distance of 4, 5, or 6ft., and then, with surprising dexterity, it ejects out of its long and tubular mouth a single drop of water, which never fails striking the fly into the sea, when it becomes its prey. This aroused Governor Hommel's curiosity, and he had a large tub filled with sea water, in which he placed some of these fish. When they were reconciled to their situation a slender stick with a fly pinned on its end was placed in such a direction on the side of the vessel that the fish could strike it. It was with inexpressible delight that he daily saw these fish exercising their skill in shooting at a fly; and they never missed their mark. Pallas continued this account from Governor Hommel's letters two years subsequently, remarking that when the jaculator fish intends to catch a fly or any other insect which is seen at a distance, it approaches very slowly and cautiously, and comes as much as possible perpendicularly under the object; then the body being put in an oblique situation, and the mouth and eyes being near the surface of the water, the jaculator stays a moment quite immovable, having its eyes fixed directly on the insect, and then begins to shoot without ever showing its mouth above the surface of the water, out of which the single drop shot at the object seems to rise. With the closest attention, Governor Hommel never could see any part of the mouth out of water, though he has very often seen the jaculator fish shoot a great many drops one after another without leaving its place and fixed situation."

When about to leave Washington to install the Fish Commission exhibit at Chicago I learned that two officers of the U. S. Navy had seen the archer fish feeding in Siam and obtained from them a promise to lay before the readers of Forest and Stream the recollection of their experience in this connection. The following letters were kindly sent me with permission to publish them:

"Civil Engineer's Office, United States Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., April 10, 1893.—*Dr. Tarleton H. Bean:* Dear Sir—Your favor of the 2d inst. asking for my experience with the archer fish in Siam was duly received. It gives me much pleasure to relate to you that in February, 1873, I was serving on board the U. S. S. Monocacy when we made a visit to Bangkok, the capital of Siam.

"While there we were invited by one who was then called the Second King of Siam to visit his palace. He took us into his private garden and stopped by a small fish pond. In a few moments a man appeared with a small twig which was completely covered with some kind of small insect. The butt of this twig or branch was stuck into the ground just at the edge of the pond and slightly inclined over the water.

"Immediately a small school of fish came to the surface near the twig and began shooting drops of water from their noses at the insects. As the insects were struck with a drop of water they fell into the pond and were devoured by the fish. In a very short time the twig was cleared of the insects, and, as I recollect, there seemed to be more than one hundred of them.

"I also noticed that when a fly tried to cross the pond it would be chased by the fish, all of them sending drops of water after it, and the fly was usually captured. The drop of water seemed to go about six feet.

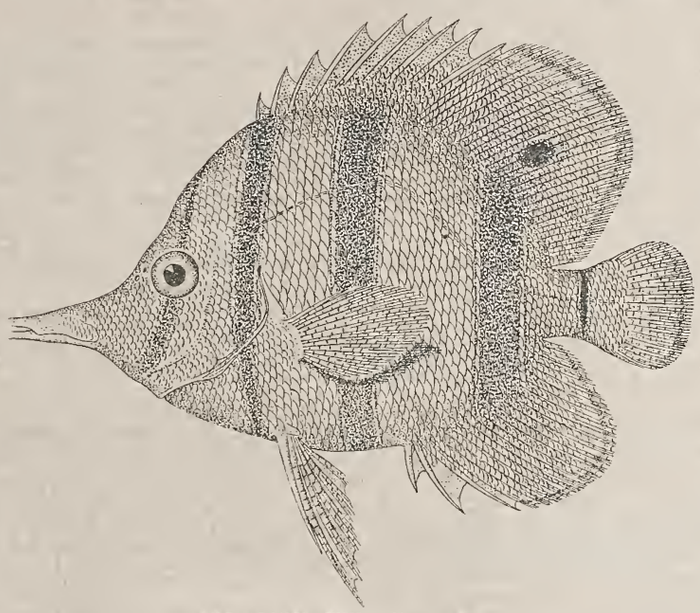
"The fish looked, as I remember, something like our yellow perch, but darker, and about 5in. long. The water they were in was, I think, fresh. The performance of these fish on that occasion was one of the most interesting things I have ever seen.

"I have told this incident occasionally, but it seems to be skeptically received, probably being considered a sailor's yarn, but it is absolutely true. Very truly yours,
F. W. Dickins, Commander, U. S. Navy."

"United States National Museum, Washington, April 7.—*Dr. Tarleton H. Bean:* Dear Sir—In reply to your letter of the 2d inst., I send you the following brief account of the archer fish. I regret I cannot give you a more definite description of the physical proportions and markings of this fish, but nineteen years has dulled my memory.

"The U. S. S. Monocacy was at Bangkok, the capitol of Siam, in February, 1874. During a reception given to the officers of the ship by the Second or Vice King, His Majesty conducted us through his palace and the extensive garden surrounding it. In this garden was a pool of clear water, but whether it was fresh, brackish or salt I am unable to say, and in the pool was a large number of the archer fish. When we arrived at the pool, one of the King's attendants brought a bushy limb, two feet or more long, and set one end of it in the ground so that the bushy portion overhung the water. Immediately from all parts of the pool came the fish, and on arriving near the bush they commenced to bombard it by ejecting each a drop of water among the branches. We soon discovered that this bombardment had a definite purpose, for the branch was peopled by a great number of small ants, and nearly every drop of water shot by the archer hit an ant and knocked it off the branch into the water where it was instantly snapped up by the expectant fish. As long as any ants remained on the limb the firing was incessant; but in a very few minutes all commotion ceased. The last ant had fallen with the last drop of water.

"To show that the fish were sharpshooters and not firing at random, the King caused some flies to be let loose over the pool. This was an affair of wing shooting with a bullet, and so well was it done that few of the flies reached the shore safely. I do not mean to say that every fish hit a fly every time he fired his drop, but he always came very near the mark, and as several were usually after the same fly the chances of escape for the latter were limited.



THE ARCHER FISH.—Natural Size.

"The fish, as I remember it, was about 4in. long, flat, and of brilliant coloring. When he ejected the liquid at his prey his mouth appeared to be slightly above the surface of the water. As the bush with the ants upon it was placed about a foot and a half above the surface of the pool, I judge that was about the distance at which effective shooting could be done by this fish, for if he were able to hit at longer range we would probably have had a further exhibition of his skill. The ease with which an ant was dislodged from the branch to which he was clinging suggests the possibility that the drop that disabled him might not be water, but a secretion from the mouth or throat of the fish and of a viscous character. From the personal interest taken by the King in giving us this exhibition, it is probable that the archer fish is rare in Siam. I have never seen it elsewhere. Very respectfully,
C. H. White,
Medical Inspector U. S. Navy.

There remains to be said about the archer fish that it is small, seldom exceeding 5 or 6in. in length. It is brightly colored and bears five dark bands, one of which passes above and below the eye, while the soft dorsal fin is ornamented with an ocellated black spot encircled by a narrow white ring. Cantor states that the Malays consider its flesh excellent, and eat it both fresh and dried.

T. H. B.

Mother Love.

What seemed to our household a curious and beautiful thing happened one day last week. A tiny baby bird fell with piercing shrieks into our kitchen doorway, and without waiting for an invitation, hopped across the room and perched on the wash-tubs.

Its cries, which never ceased, and which seemed marvelous coming from such a tiny throat, were so penetrating that soon the family were assembled in the kitchen. I put out my hand to the fluffy little creature, when to my surprise it hopped on my finger and perched there.

A cry from the cook made us turn, and in through the window flew a beautiful yellowbird. She circled round above our heads, all the time uttering the shrillest cries. We sat motionless, watching. All at once she darted toward me, alighted on my shoulder, ran down my arm, hopped to my hand and poked a squirming worm down the little one's throat. Then away she flew out of the window.

That was a week ago. Since then we have put the baby bird into a cage, and at whatever window we place it the watchful parent quickly finds it. Day after day she comes, sometimes with a wriggling and unhappy worm or a buzzing horse-fly, then by way of dessert, as we say, dainty white moths or slender mosquitoes are brought.

When I take the little one from the cage, as I sometimes do, and let it perch on my hand, it seems quite fearless, and often tucks its head under its wing in apparent content. All night it is as quiet as a mouse, but early in the morning we hear sounds which tell us that parent and child are giving each other greeting. In fact, as day by day the faithful little ministrant flutters like a streak of sunshine at our window, we feel our hearts gladdened, and we remember that some have entertained angels unawares.

B. T.

FOX AND DEER PETS.

I saw the other day a statement that a certain person had a tame fox and a tame deer, and the writer said this was a remarkable fact, as these animals were the most difficult to be reduced to the dominion of man. Now, I have seen several foxes as gentle as kittens, though I think all were under the restraint of a chain.

While driving in Allegany county, N. Y., last summer, I saw two little boys playing with a fox which was fastened to a stake. The boys were clothed very much as the Lady Godiva, of fragrant memory, and were lying on their bellies literally, rubbing the belly of Reynard with their hands, just as one plays with a kitten. The fox lay on his back and permitted, and even invited, this human attention, showing signs of satisfaction, licking the boys' hands and nibbling their fingers and squirming about with all four legs limp in the air. He would then jump up and spring away to the length of his tether, but would shortly return to the boys, who had not moved, and the same performance would be repeated. It was a hot day and the horse was permitted to enjoy the shade, standing in the cool stream, while the fox and the boys disported for my enjoyment.

When I was a boy of 12 living in western Pennsylvania, my elder brother caught a fawn about the time of wheat harvest. There were no game laws then, and precious little game in consequence.

Some one had killed a doe, and the little spotted daughter, deprived of the maternal font, came out of the woods into a wheat field, where our old dog, Rover, found and chased it.

Rover, I suppose, was a mongrel, but he was a close friend of mine, and I love his memory still. He would chase anything as long as it would run, but I don't think he ever bit a living thing except a flea or an unruly pig. Well, he found the poor fawn and chased it through the wheat, and perhaps you can surmise what the cradlers said on the morrow. There were no reaping machines in those days. My brother followed and found the dog lying down, with tongue out, guarding the corner of the fence, where the fawn had lain down from sheer exhaustion. The fence was too high to be jumped, and the space between the rails too narrow to be passed. When brother came up the fawn tried to do both alternately, but was caught by the tyrant man and brought home.

My brother's clothing was not worth mentioning when he got to the house, the sharp hoofs of the frightened fawn having stripped his raiment into ribbons.

She was put in the barn, and by my father's direction I went there, and opening the door very softly, stepped in and set down a basin containing half a pint of milk, and looked at the animal a few minutes without trying to approach her; but even then she was so frightened she tried to get through the cracks on the further side of the barn.

I came away quietly and in about an hour father told me to go out again with a little milk; to stand still and look at the deer a short time, and if she had drank the milk in the basin to replenish it and withdraw. Well, the milk was gone, but the deer was frightened at sight of me, though not so frantic as before. I poured in the milk and came away.

About an hour afterward father told me to repeat the feeding in same manner. When I opened the door this third time she came up and laid her little nose confidingly in my hand, and that is all the taming she ever had. Thereafter she would follow me as faithfully as Rover did; and dog and deer became fast friends. I was very proud of her companionship, for she preferred mine to any other human society, doubtless remembering the hand that first fed her.

Father, who was an old deer slayer, said that a deer, especially a young one, could be very easily tamed by gentle kindness, and my limited experience shows that he was right.

I will not tell you of Fanny's tragic death, for even at this distance of time it is painful to recall.

Augusta, Me. Kenn E. Bec.

Curious Cullings.

A run of salmon in the Nehalem River, Wash., last fall was so extensive that thousands were speared by the residents.

The climbing perch is a native of Asia and possesses the peculiar power of walking over dry land. The *Anabas* is another fish remarkable for this.

The sea horse, another monstrosity, is greatly like the quadruped from which it takes its name, and the likeness is heightened by two apparent ears that project from the sides of its head. And so on without limit from the wriggler in a mite of water to the mighty wriggler of the deep.

The depictions of form assumed by varieties of fish without any ascertained purpose being gained thereby seems wonderful. Instance the starfish, the pipefish, the dogfish, the eyed torpedo, the skate. The egg cases of the skate are popularly called skate barrows, being wonderfully formed like a common hand barrow.

Fishy.

Game Bag and Gun.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

GOLDEN DAYS IN NORTH DAKOTA.

CHICAGO, Ill.—On a golden autumn morning, with four others, I found myself pulling out of Grand Rapids, North Dakota, behind horse-flesh of well known qualities, and all of us hopefully bound for the Missouri at a point near Fort Yates. Our motto was "Missouri or bust;" and as we never reached our destination, self-convicted, we must have certainly been in that interesting state of "bust." We were a gay party as we started out that auspicious morning for the long line of hills which ever seemed just a little way ahead, but over which in reality we were traveling from the very start.

This part of Dakota—western part of La Moure, Logan and Emmons counties, is one continuous panorama of rolling land and low hills; the hills getting higher and rougher as you go west, being more or less covered with stones and boulders.

The first day was uneventful. We stopped at noon for dinner and a game of cards under the wagon. Our water was carried in a barrel in the wagon. We also carried a supply of wood and some oats for the horses. Our stove was a very simple affair. It consisted of a small square hole dug in the ground covered over with an iron grate. On this you can set your kettles and pots, and have dinner in no time. This arrangement takes very little wood—a big item where it has to be carried—and does not roast a person along with the victuals. After dinner we carefully replaced our utensils in the wagon, piled in ourselves and resumed our jolting, joyous journey; telling stories, smoking and reading, for we had not yet reached the game region. At night, however, we were beyond all signs of civilization and from then on we traveled by compass. Our tent was pitched at night on top a high knoll. We cut some grass in the slough for the horses, ate supper, put the horses in the tent (this was the idea of the owners, who owned most of the outfit, and who were anxious that the horses be saved from the carnivorous mosquitoes), and went to bed in and under the wagon, with a gentle breeze stirring the canvas and countless stars nodding us good-night. A tremendous crash awoke us all with a start; the stars had gone to bed and the cover which nature had drawn was belching forth torrents of water, while jagged lightning was playing everywhere. But I was so weary that I went into the tent and lay down on a pile of harness and was immediately in the land of nod.

The morning was bright and sunny, and the breeze was inexpressibly fresh and invigorating. After breakfast we threw our tent, wood, cooking utensils, ourselves, etc. into the wagon, and away we went westward. We shot some ducks and plover as we journeyed. The water for the horses had given out, and as we were desirous of a small guzzle we stopped at an inviting slough; waded in three abreast, with much noise, in order to drive the wigglers to other shores, and strained out a barrel of nice, yellow, warm water; and we could now look the horses in the face. Incidentally we drank a little ourselves.

As we journeyed we noticed long, winding, deep, parallel paths stretching far away across the hills. They were melancholy reminders of happy days long passed, made by countless buffalo, and all around lay bleached skulls and bones. The tops of the hills hereabouts were covered with small circles of stones. I was at a loss to account for this, but afterward learned that they were placed there by the Indians to hold down the bottom of their wigwams.

Night again found us at another encampment. We sat late around the camp-fire that night, conjuring up the past. We were in the heart of the past, as it were, and our group was no less silent than the spirits of those who were once encamped on the very spot occupied now by ourselves. I slept that night in the tent with the horses and dog, and my lullaby was the swish, swish of the horses' tails as they caressed the joyous mosquito

After breakfast we put our guns in the wagon, carefully covered them with the tent, wood and cooking utensils, and jogged toward our destination. One of my colleagues was reading aloud for the edification of the horses, when our schooner came to a sudden halt. Right in front of us, on the opposite side of the knoll, there stood looking at us about twenty beautiful antelope. I carefully dug down into the bottom of the wagon, upset the barrel of water as gently as possible, sat down in the box of crackers, and at last found my rifle. Strange to relate, the curious creatures had not moved, but stood watching us with great calmness. The horses would not stand still enough for me to shoot from the wagon, and so I accommodated them by jumping out. Standing on the ground I could only see the heads of my poor victims. I selected a head with a nice pair of horns, and shot just to see if I could satisfy their curiosity, and I found myself entirely successful. Away they went. By this time my companions got out their long range shotguns, and after waiting until the antelope were far enough away to shoot without being too badly mangled, began a Fort Sumter bombardment. Meanwhile I was pumping the Winchester. I must have overshot. Let me advise whoever goes after antelope not to overshoot. It is also very bad not to shoot quick enough. The dog became disgusted and took a hand. He made a dive from the wagon, to which he was chained. Something gave way and away went the dog in hot pursuit. If he hadn't been distanced he would have been running yet. He was a Newfoundland, a fine dog on skunks, but a little rusty in this line. The same owner who owned the horses, tent, wood, cooking utensils, etc., owned the dog.

That night our camp was by a deep, wild-looking, wooded ravine. A most romantic spot. After dark I went a short distance from camp, and sat me down on a boulder to view the effect made by the tent, wagon, horses, camp-fire, moving figures and the dog, set off to good effect by the gloomy ravine as a background. Traditions and stories of frontier tales began to flit across my mind, and were made all the more real as I viewed our own camp.

In the morning I found an eagle's nest, and appropriated two young birds which I found in it. I was very proud of them. We carefully put the dog in the wagon, threw in the tent, wood, eagles and cooking utensils, and toddled along. All day, ever and anon, deer and antelope were sighted on adjoining hills. We killed ducks, plover and snipe on this day, as we did on every day of our trip, but we did not exert ourselves sufficiently to kill any larger game. We preferred to loll in the wagon and shoot what got in our way, rather than undergo the trouble of much walking. One member of our party, who rode the only saddle horse in the party, rode down into the bed of a slough prospecting for fresh water. As he got among the long grass up jumped a big buck not 10ft. away. The deer removed to an adjacent knoll and looked the situation in the face. Charlie, who was the one looking for the water, did not have his gun with him. Of course not. What does a person, who is looking for water, want of a gun? O, no; his gun was in the wagon under the various paraphernalia. We were not far off in the wagon. I grabbed my rifle and the others their long-distance shotguns, and the skunk dog grabbed his voice and let out an unearthly howl. Forgetting that he was a captive he shut his eyes and jumped. His chain tightened and his hindlegs only touched the earth. He gave up another wail at this juncture. The disease was infectious, and the horses took a hand and stampeded, showing great speed. The dog dangled 'twixt heaven and earth. I sent up a fervent prayer that he would be strangled. Vain request. The devil was with him; his collar broke, and he was as free as Monte Cristo. In the meantime Charlie had run the horses down, and we were in running order again. One of us, Burt by name, a light, graceful youth, jumped lightly into the wagon and sat himself down on my young eagles. Their graves are near that spot.

I will not weary you any longer. The grain which we brought along for the horses finally gave out, and as the grass was too meager and dry to sustain them we were obliged to turn homeward. As it turned out one of the horses gave out just as we reached home; and it was only by an effort that he was saved. We only got about half-way across Emmons county. From a hunting standpoint so far as large game was concerned, the trip was a failure; from a healthful, happy, romantice standpoint it was a great success. The days were fresh and sunny; golden gems as they come to my memory now. This was five years ago. Game must be scarcer there now. But in those days that part of Dakota was a paradise. If we had made the effort, undoubtedly with the assistance of the dog, we would have killed much game. But as we had a destination in view, and a limited time to make the trip, I will leave those as my excuses.

We arrived home brown, healthy and with a wonderfully developed faculty for sleep. OLD AVALANCHE.

DUCK SHOOTING IN NEBRASKA.

THE spring of 1892 was an exceptionally rainy one for Nebraska, causing numerous wet weather lakes in portions of the State, thereby making splendid lays for ducks and geese, more especially ducks. Purchasing a team of ponies, wagon, etc., the writer, in company with his brother Nate, loaded camping outfit and were off for a trial at ducks.

Having had very rainy weather for three weeks past we naturally figured on a let up soon. The roads were very heavy, nevertheless we pushed on en route for Boone Lake. Needless to recount in detail our flounder in a mire hole. Suffice it to state that we landed on the opposite side, mud and water being the principal part of our make-up. However, we were repaid shortly by running right into some fine jacksnipe shooting, and mud and water were soon forgotten. I scored some good shots which had a tendency to rattle Nate, but he redeemed his record on the outcome by returning to the wagon with a goodly number of jacksnipe.

Resuming our journey, a few miles further brought us to Boone Lake. A good-sized patch of timber, standing about 100yds. from the lake afforded an excellent location to pitch camp, which we did in short order. Nate had caught sight of 200 or 300 ducks collected in good-sized flocks, quietly feeding here and there on the lake, but the agreement was that camp should be made before any hunting was allowed, as it was still early in the day, and wehoped to obtain even better shooting by waiting till toward evening and catch the ducks coming in for the night. Nevertheless the sight of those ducks gave Nate an impulse that I had never seen exhibited in him before (barring a movement he once readily assumed on a bear hunt with me), and the way things moved for a while would have done credit to a much more pretentious person than Nate. Tent up, a hasty meal, ponies hobbled and turned loose, a good supply of loaded shells, and our "waders" on and away we went.

Did the reader ever experience trying to hold an excited sportsman within bounds as you were making a sneak upon a bunch of ducks? If so, you can appreciate the part I played in covering that 100yds. between timber and lake. Withal we made a very good sneak, and succeeded in emptying four shells of No. 4s at long range among a flock of mallards, six being secured. On the rise several good shots were scored by both.

The ducks began rising all around the lake, but kept circling, and seemed decided in staying for the night. The truly fine sport then opened. Wading out into the water, where I was partly concealed by the tall weeds and rushes, I had excellent shooting, which lasted about an hour; and for the gather I was obliged to make several trips into the lake, coming out loaded, while Nate put in a goodly portion of his time inventing excuses as to his position, action of his gun, etc.

Gathering our shoot, we returned to camp, had supper, enjoyed a smoke, built up a good fire in the tent stove, and lay around commenting on each other's shots of the evening's sport. Confidentially between the reader and myself, Nate is a better wing-shot than I myself; but it takes a dandy to beat me around the camp-fire. After making a programme for the morning's hunt, a game or two at cards to decide who would be elected to build fires and prepare breakfast, which as usual resulted in Nate's election, we turned in.

Five o'clock A. M. Rain, rain; will it never stop? Nevertheless as soon as breakfast is over, dishes washed (an unusual action in the average camp), we put off for the lake. Shooting similar to that of evening previous, except that Nate put the writer to shame by more than doubling his record. The score now stood two to one in Nate's favor. Something must be done on the morrow. How I worked and did close shooting, taking but few chance shots. But the result of the previous day repeated itself. Before starting to gather what ducks I had shot I was careful to get the exact location of Nate, so as to allow him time to gather and start for camp and not come into contact with him, as I did not wish him to see what I had killed. Upon reaching camp with our game, we usually tied the ducks on a heavy cord and hung them on a tree near by. In relating this special part of the hunt, I am obliged to divulge a secret thus far kept to myself, which, should this come before the notice of Nate, will explain something which heretofore has been a mystery and a source of joking at his expense. As before stated, I had allowed time for Nate to gather his ducks and return to camp, then gathering what few belonged to my credit, I started for camp also. As expected, Nate was in the tent starting a fire in the tent stove. Upon coming up to the tree where hung the trophies of previous shooting, I quickly severed a string containing twenty or more ducks, and as it was raining and blowing, and Nate was busy at the fire, my movement was not noticed by him, and I had no difficulty in adding my morning's shoot to this string; and walking into the tent I indifferently remarked that we had had pretty good shooting. Nate said, "You must have had it then, because I did poor enough." About that time he caught sight of the string I had carelessly tossed on the floor. It was a stand off between his mouth and eyes as to which opened widest. A hasty count, a long breath, and then "You are the luckiest man that ever pulled trigger. Every duck that raised off of that lake kept circling until some stray shot from your gun accidentally hit him."

I took in the cot, and attempted no answer. That string of dead ducks filled the purpose. "Never mind, my boy," continued he, "I'll rub you on this evening's shooting." And I could readily see a determination, which would call for closer shooting on my part than I had done that morning. Often since have I listened (with secret delight) to Nate recounting this same duck hunt, with the result of the score (about ten in my favor), and have felt that he ought to be rightly informed. But fearing to spoil a good story have remained quiet until now. Should this come before him, as I expect it will, as he is a close reader of FOREST AND STREAM, I have a brother's trust that he will pardon me, even though he did come from Chicago to outshoot a Nebraskan. The following day we broke camp, being obliged to secure a large team of horses to pull us out of the mud; for the continuous rain had made extremely bad roads, which necessitated our giving up further hunting, although our intention was to travel northwest to be absent three weeks or more, as ducks and geese were very plentiful. I shall some time give an account of one or two of Nate's and my experiences in the Rockies of Colorado on a recent deer and bear hunt. If there is any one place where Nate does loom up it is on a bear hunt. J. S. O.

FARMERS AND TOWN SPORTSMEN.

WILMINGTON, Delaware.—Having read your publication from its inception, and as a subscriber after the first and second year, and having had much pleasure from the perusal, as well as information, listening to the pros and cons, I feel it only fair to ventilate my views.

Your columns have been loaded with the views of city sportsmen and fly-fishers to such an extent that it might be inferred that it was a crime to live in the country, and own land and farm the same. City sportsmen legislate to pass certain laws prohibiting this, that and the other, upon lands they have no right or title upon, then haul up the son of a farmer and fine or imprison him for violation of law for killing or trapping, while they themselves propose to go scot free for trespass on property of farmers, regardless of breaking fences and other damage. To a fair-minded man this seems a little one-sided. As a fair man I see no reason why a farmer, owning or not owning the land, is compelled or stayed by the law from killing, taking or trapping any quail, pheasants, or rabbits (as they may become a nuisance) upon his property, or having such right, cannot delegate it to others.

The law as enacted says (virtually) you may not kill or destroy. Suppose quail become a plague, am I compelled to keep them to the extent of being driven from my farm (if I had one) for the benefit of others who have enacted a law for their benefit, leaving me in the cold?

Again, the law says that traps and snares are illegal. Suppose I owned 500 acres of land which belongs to myself and children. Quail, rabbit, pheasants, etc., are costing me in a year ten times their value. Am I debarred from getting them out of the way? Well, I would risk it with a game warden at my side and doubt whether he would not better be out of the way than in it. Suppose the farmer had children and was too poor to buy the boy or boys a gun. Farmer, wife and family like quail, pheasant, rabbit. Why should they who have fed the game not have it? They have fed the game; the game lived off of them. Suppose the farmer and family are not wealthy, have no time to learn to shoot on the wing, no $50 dog and no gun. Why should they not trap and snare (as they like quail) upon their own premises? And if they did, who would know it but a trespasser, who is equally breaking the law by being upon premises he has no right upon?

Having upon the soil of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Delaware, Iowa, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Kansas, Illinois, Oregon and Washington, and many other States, kicked and torn down snares set by the owners and inheritors of the soil upon which the snares were set for quail, pheasants, etc., I have often and frequently wondered whether I did right in so doing. Why, were I a farmer's boy, with no money to buy a gun, no money for cartridges, no dog to show the game, and no time to be an expert wing shot with a gun, yet liking game as well as my city brothers, why should I not have it? Surely the end justifies the means.

How many of us would starve to death in a deer country in a close season, close season or not? and where would the man come from to prosecute us?

I am aware that the above sentiment would, or will, open the flood gates of controversy, but to me it seems that the so-called city sportsman has laws passed too entirely for his own benefit and does not sufficiently look at the other end of the stick. Fairness and equity look at both sides. How many city sportsmen (gunners and fishermen) obtain permission to trespass? I will plainly say, with them I have broken (in climbing over) more panels of fence in one day than a mechanic's wages for a week would rebuild. Being modest and unassuming I

did not wait and ask for the bill. In Iowa once, when three of us were prairie chicken shooting, one man at each post pressing the wire fence down and the other driving over it, I have often wondered what in equity we owed for fence. In these parts there are many panels of fence down to my debt, and with the elastic conscience of the city sportsman, all I have so far to say is the fence was too weak (to carry a 180-pound man).

Now, I am not a growler, but, honestly, I have gunned with sportsmen who would let on that they would rather be shot than take any advantage of the birds. I have started with such but never returned with them, a few honorable exceptions excepted. I am a fisherman also. Fly-fishers nearly invariably use bait and catch the largest fish with it; so while I start with them I rarely return with the A1 fly-fisher. They become demoralized and when nothing else is effective use bait.

Should this be of sufficient importance it may be taken exception to, and as I do not desire controversy, I will say that I am not a country boy. I own no land except in a city. I am not sufficiently poor to be compelled to trap or snare game. I would, if the reverse were the case, upon my own place, and would fight any one who meddled. While blessed with more of this world's goods than the average country boy, I see no reason why you compel him and his parents to do without the toothsome quail, pheasant, rabbit and trout, which are as sweet to him even when not taken by your standards. Living in a city where the taxes are very high, as I do, how would I like the countryman and his family to step in and further increase our taxes, with no corresponding advantages to me? Is not the case parallel? Let us be a little more kind to those who feed the game. Ask for permission to hunt, and, like men, pay for broken fences and such damages as are committed. For years I have thought that the country boy and farmer, with a good taste and love of sport, have been living under the rule of hogs, by which title sportsmen designate all who do not agree with them, and just kill sufficient game to keep within the limit which each self-styled sportsman sets up for himself, outside of which one is a hog. Having lived over half a century, having dwelt in handsome civilization, and having camped out in the Rockies and southern California, Arizona and New Mexico for a year, having been hungry and thirsty, and as age creeps on, I hope, growing more charitable, I would speak for those who, as many of us, like game, but cannot, or, at least, can ill afford, to kill it by a standard which many of us have legislated for. I question whether our legislation or the farmer's boy is right.

M. U. SKRAT.

Quite Rightly Dubbed "Cattle."

SAGINAW, East Side, Mich., July 26. *Editor Forest and Stream:* When the Michigan Game Warden Bill was first passed a number of the sportsmen here in Saginaw raised a fund by private subscription to put a game warden in the field, as our board of supervisors would not pay for any services of this kind. We employed Henry Connor, who did good work for us as long as we were able to keep him in the field. Since then he has been on the police force, and still retained his interest in game protection matters. He is a thorough sportsman and a pot-hunter that violotes the law is liable to get into trouble if Henry knows it. Last night he came to my house with a little box in which were the bills of five freshly killed woodcock. They had been sent him by some law-breaker who gloried in shooting out of season and took this means of rubbing it into the ex-deputy game warden. It is a shame that the guilty party cannot be ferreted out and given a dose of justice. Evidently was not hunting for the market or he would not have cut the bills off from them, neither did he know enough to have them properly cooked or he would not have mutilated them. He was probably one of the kind that took them home and had them boiled, and could not tell by the flavor whether he was eating blackbirds or pork. It is too bad that this kind of cattle exist and thrive on this green earth of ours, but they do just the same. W. B. MERSHON.

A Miss and a Hit.

AMONG the most singular shots in the experience of the sportsman was that made by Edward Douthet of Huntington, W. Va. Near the Ches. and Ohio R. R. shops is a swampy ground, the resort of snipe in the spring and occasionally ducks. While hunting in this place a snipe rose before him, flying low. He fired and missed it. Immediately a number of teals flew out of the weeds and grass. He then heard splashing ahead, and going to the place from which the noise came he saw, to his great astonishment, that he had killed four of the ducks. His surprise was a double one, that he killed ducks of whose presence he was not aware, and missed a snipe in plain view; for our friend Douthet is a formidable competitor in the field of any of our wing shots. N. D. ELTING.

Bad, but Funny.

IT happened many years ago, but is worth relating. Some parties living near Highland, on the Hudson, were out sailing in a rowboat one night when they discovered a flock of ducks swimming in the mouth of a small stream that empties into the river. "Ha! a prize." They had settled it in their minds that wild ducks would not fly by the light of the moon, and they accordingly tested their faith by their good works and killed every web-foot with their oars. The next morning, when doubtless one of the party was debating on the comparative utility of gun and oar as a "persuader" of ducks, he found that his call of "peely, peely," had not its usual effect, for no ducks responded; they laid dead in his own house.

N. D. ELTING.

Sheathing Paper for Camping.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.—"Up North" last week I ran across a new idea in the camping line. One of my customers takes in a roll of heavy sheathing paper, puts up a frame and covers with paper. The idea to me seems good and I would like, through the FOREST AND STREAM, some of the brethren's ideas and plans for frames for this, say a portable form. L. S. S.

Cresson Springs on the Pennsylvania Railroad.
The Pennsylvania Railroad announces that all through trains will stop, until further notice, at Cresson, on the Summit of the Allegheny Mountains. This will afford passengers to and from the World's Fair an opportunity to break the journey and enjoy a few days at this delightful resort.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

ANGLING NOTES.

Sunapee Lake.

RETURNING home after an absence of two weeks at Sunapee Lake, N. H., I very naturally looked over FOREST AND STREAM to see what had occurred while I had been away, and read Payson's letter in the issue of July 8. One sentence struck me with peculiar force, under the circumstances. It is this: "Lake Sunapee, the alleged home of the black bass, and Newfound Lake, where trout are said to abound, are extending less attraction to our fishermen at this time than they have in years gone by." The particular expression that caught me is that Sunapee is the "alleged home" of the black bass. Possibly I do not understand what constitutes really the home of this fish, but my experience has taught me that this is what Sunapee Lake actually is. It is not like waters that I have fished in Canada, where one could catch 200lbs. of black bass per day and salt them down by the barrel if so inclined; nor like Glen Lake, in New York, where I have caught small-mouth black bass of 8½lbs. in weight; nor like Lake Champlain, where I have caught 50lbs.; on occasion, before breakfast; nor like some other waters that I might mention where I have made large scores of bass, but it is a place where one can go out and by casting a fly take a dozen or two bass that will afford all the sport that a reasonable man should desire. I took with a fly, by casting, eighteen bass one day; they were not large, 2½lbs. being the largest, but they were more than could be used, so I put back all that could not be used at once. A man who fished nearly all one day in one place with live bait, said he caught forty bass. Why he did so I do not know, for he could not use them. I might have equalled this number, but I had no use for the fish and I never waste fish simply to make a score. I have been about the country quite a bit seeking fish, but I do not know of a pond or lake, large or small, that affords prettier fly-fishing for black bass than Sunapee Lake. I have never made a business of fishing for black bass at Sunapee for the reason given, but I have seen enough bass on the shores and shoals to know that they are very plentiful in the lake, and very much at home. Quoting from the journal of my first visit to Sunapee in 1890: "Monday and Tuesday while I was catching trout and hoping to catch a salmon, Mr. Cleveland devoted himself to black bass fishing. One could scarcely go amiss of good fishing grounds for bass of the small-mouth species, the only kind that Sunapee contains. Monday he brought to the hotel fourteen bass and returned far more than that number to the water. Tuesday he brought in twenty-three, and again returned many to the water to grow. The bass were not large, the largest being 2½lbs.; but every rocky point and every shoal furnished its quota of bass." This year I found young bass in large numbers along the shores, showing that they are breeding rapidly. Some of the bass that I caught the last of June had not spawned, but on July 1 I saw a brood of young bass just hatched. There has been one trouble with the bass fishing in Sunapee which is now corrected. The bass went down the outlet stream and escaped forever from the lake. A screen is now in position at the outlet which keep the bass in the lake, and the bass fishing must improve, although it is good enough now for splendid sport, and any fair fisherman can catch more than he can use.

Moths.

Every man who possesses a fly-book containing flies knows that moths are fatal to the well-being of the flies, and one must be constantly on guard to prevent the ravages of these pests. The moths, like Bill Arp's pills, work night and day, and if one has three or four fly-books and does not wish to put them in a bank vault behind a time lock, or in some other similar place, where they cannot be easily got at, they require as much care as so many babies in their second year.

I had a big chest made to hold my rods, with trays flush with the top of the chest for reels, fly-hooks, landing-nets and the thousand and one things that go to make up an angler's outfit. In one of the trays was a wooden box, the cover held down by a brass hook, and in it I kept a lot of spoon hooks. I opened the spoon box one day and found that moths had eaten the feathers of one of the spoons, and had left the skin of a moth larvæ on the feather. One feather only was eaten and nothing left of the moth but the skin of the case. Both the cover of the chest and the cover of the spoon box were fitted so closely that I did not think it possible for a moth miller to get even into the chest. I have held that instance up for several years as evidence of what moths can do when they try. I held it up no longer. One evening this summer Mr. F. F. Gunn, of the faculty of Indiana University when Prof. Jordan was president, came in to see me. Mr. Gunn said he was going out bird hunting, not to kill them but to study them, and that his field glasses were not at hand. I offered him mine and went to a closet where they were hanging on a hook by the strap and got them. I remarked that I had not used them for a long time, but presumed they were in order, and at the same time took the glasses from the case, the cover being held down by a strap and buckle. I turned the glasses in my hand and noticed something which in the uncertain light appeared to be on one of the object glasses, but it was inside the lense. Unscrewing the object glass a dead moth miller was found inside the tube on the glass. Mr. Gunn and his wife and my wife were watching me as I unscrewed the glass and saw the dead miller as I have described. If any one will tell me how that miller got inside the tube of a pair of field glasses I will be greatly obliged.

Two Kings at Mechanicville.

The Troy *Times* of July 22 stated briefly that on the morning of that day a bald eagle was seen to fly down to the surface of the water at the salmon pool in Mechanicville, and then mount slowly as if wounded, and fly to the shore, where it was found that the eagle had taken a salmon from the pool. Mr. T. L. Pratt, of Mechanicville, vouches to me for the truth of the story, and gives the details as follows: "It was not quite as stated in the paper. The eagle seized the salmon at the surface, and twice the fish carried the bird under water, the second time the eagle lost the salmon, but in a moment captured it again. The bird did not rise from the water, but kept up a rapid motion with its wings, and fairly towed the fish ashore, and dragged it up about 30ft. on the beach of the first island below the bridge." The salmon weighed about 8lbs. and was taken away from the bird by Rockwell Jewell. The question in my mind is, was it an eagle? Two kings and three pork-bait fishermen would be hard to beat.

Since my last letter the following salmon have been killed at Mechanicville:

July 22, E. A. Starks, Mechanicville.....1, 11½lbs.
July 22, D. Burk, Mechanicville.....1, 14 lbs.
July 23, J. E. Bunce, Mechanicville.....1, 11¾lbs.

The rains of the past few days have raised the water in the Hudson to a pitch which has enabled the salmon to proceed up stream, which they did, passing through the fishway and leaving the pork pool deserted. Large numbers of salmon were seen at the mouth of the Hoosick River, at Mechanicville, leaping from the water. When the flood came down and the salmon started up the river the wheel pit at the pulp mill just below the fishway was literally filled with rushing, struggling salmon. If the fishway at Thomson's mills is in order, as I presume it is by this time, the salmon can now go up as far as Fort Edward, where there is a dam that they cannot pass. There are several branch streams of last resort that the fish will probably go into and spawn. Unless all signs fail there will be a big run of salmon next year, the result of planting 450,000 fry and 12,000 fingerlings in 1890.

A friend, a veteran salmon angler, who has killed salmon with the fly in Scotland, Canada and the United States, after reading the account of catching salmon with the pork bait, wrote me: "Had Dr. Johnson been alive to-day he probably would have amended his famous saying to read, 'Angling is a line with a piece of hog at one end and a whole hog at the other.' It is a grand thing to give the people free salmon fishing, at the same time it is a pity that the king of all game fishes should be made to suffer such an ignominious death."

A. N. CHENEY.

SALMON ANGLING AT MECHANICVILLE.

THE time has arrived when, to the satisfaction of every one, it has been proven that salmon can be taken in the Hudson on a fly. During the last week many salmon have been taken at this place, and though the catch has fallen off at present, the excitement still keeps up. The register of the Hotel Tallmadge, kept by J. H. Campbell, formerly chief detective of the city of Troy, shows that many fishermen arrive daily. As this is the first season that salmon have been taken with the rod, the fishermen are not yet acquainted with many pools where they may be taken. The best ones discovered so far are at the mouth of the creek that flows from Round Lake and discharges into the Hudson in the middle of this village, and another one directly in the rear of Hotel Tallmadge at lowest part of village. In the river bank in the rear of the hotel are many cold springs which overflow into the river, and in the cold water within twenty feet of the shore are salmon which no man can number. The river banks are lined morning and night with anxious fishermen with every description of tackle yet discovered. Others secure boats and cast their flies from them with more or less success. Among the lucky ones are the following. The list is not complete, but as far as given is correct. Louis Boucher has taken the greatest number, also the largest one, which was taken last Tuesday and weighed 17½lbs. The same day T. H. Dutcher, of Troy, took one of 10lbs on a Jock-Scott; Dr. Richard Bloss, of Troy, one, 10½lbs; Thos. Pratt, of Mechanicville, one, 12lbs.; C. O. Barnes, of Mechanicville, one, 8lbs.; Louis Boucher, of Mechanicville, one, 8lbs.

After 8 o'clock in the evening one was hooked by Fred Shears and was not landed till after 9 o'clock, which was found to weigh 13½lbs. On Wednesday John Burke and Oscar Barnes each took one weighing 8½ and 9½lbs. On Friday morning a large salmon was hooked by E. A. Starks of this village, and after playing it for two hours broke loose and was lost. On Saturday Mr. Starks lost another, and hooked and landed another weighing 10lbs. Mr. Starks is an experienced fly-fisherman. On Friday Wm. Vandenbrog took one of about 10lbs., also Geo. Satterly one of 8½lbs. It is expected that the fishing will be better after a smart shower. Dr. Bloss and family are registered at Hotel Tallmadge, to stay until the season closes. State Game Protector Barber takes a hand in fly-casting from time to time, and sees that the law is observed. While many of these fishermen cast the fly, and will take their fish in no other way, it is not true of all who have taken salmon. The daily papers all over the State have been full of accounts of salmon being taken on pork. The pork dodge is simply bosh and is worked in this manner: On the end of the line is a gang of three large hooks like those used on a spoon, and above them on the same line are strung from three to five hooks with or without flies, and on one or more are placed a small piece of salt pork. The salmon are so plentiful and so near to the river bank, that these persons fish from the banks, and by casting ont and jerking the hooks in the water many salmon have been hooked, and in all parts of body, one being hooked in the tail.

The story has gone abroad that salmon are taken on pork, but I find that the hook which has the pork does not hook the fish. Sportsmen disdain this method and have taken several honestly on flies, either on the Jock-Scott or silver-doctor. Some who claim to be sportsmen, after casting the fly for a while without success, have worked the pork racket with the rest, and not being successful in that have bought them at from $5 to $8 each, and the next day their names would appear in some daily paper with a full account of the capture. It would hardly be fair to give their names to the public, but there are fish hogs at Mechanicville who should be served up for salmon bait. The true sportsmen are also known and respected and will always be welcomed to our village. If these practices above mentioned are continued by some of those who claim kinship with old Izaak, but who are a reproach to his name, they will be exposed in a manner which will pluck their pinions and cause them to "take a tumble."

MECHANICVILLE, N. Y. JOCK-SCOTT.

Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence.

THE tenth annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River was held at the Walton House, Clayton, N. Y., last Wednesday.

OLD CONNECTICUT SALMON SWIMS.

My summer home is under the Hadley elms; old elms bending with the weight of two centuries, but still heavy with frondage, thanks to beneficent nature, and harboring innumerable birds which continually flit, chatter or sing, according to their moods and the time of day. It is within easy walking distance of what was once one of the most abounding salmon swims on the continent, none in Canada excepted, though now, alas! as bare and empty as a worn-out circus ring and twice as sad to contemplate. Few fish have been caught there since 1800.

That was the year when my father was born.

Of course he never wet a line or dipped a net at that epoch, but my grandfather, I dare say, often stopped on his evangelical circuit, in the latter part of the century, after the Revolutionary War was over and he had laid down his musket and bandoleer, to watch the fishing operations of the farmers and market netters during the height of the salmon run in May, gathering as they did from all parts of the Connecticut valley. The experience, therefore, is quite within my ancestral lines, and being only two removes back, genealogically, seems almost within my day—for I remember my grandfather very well; and when I pass my trailing fly over the familiar face of the pool I incontinently expect to move a fish. But, alack! it is like gazing into vacuous eyes from which the sight has departed, yearning for telepathic responses which never come. One may flail the empty air with equal chances of evoking a rise as to whip those tenantless waters for salmon now.

One morning last June I put a St. Lawrence skiff into the river at the north end of old Hadley street and took a six-mile pull around the great horseshoe bend which incloses the town site and meadow, and came out at the south end, rather less than a mile by land from the starting point. [There are three parallel streets in Hadley which cross the peninsula, each sixteen rods broad, lined with stately elms and maples, and carpeted with lawn, and there are no avenues to compare with them in all the land.] It was a phenomenal boat ride through a purely pastoral landscape, with no up-stream current, and capable of indefinite repetition by simply hauling the skiff across the neck back to the place of beginning—one of those few and fluent passages of a chequered life so often longed for but seldom realized. In the bucolic stretch of river there were at least three notable salmon swims in the olden time. One was below the mouth of Mill River, on the Hatfield side, and it is a reputable place even now for black bass and pickerel, and an occasional mascalonge. A still more important swim was a little east of the lower end of old Hadley street, at a period when the river flowed close up to the bank, instead of being separated by a wide alluvial flat as at present; and a third was in Hockanum Meadow, right under the brow of Mt. Holyoke, near the Northampton Ferry. All of these are long sweeping reaches with gently moving current, where the salmon loved to disport and rest after the ascent of the arduous falls below, an ascent so difficult, indeed, as to effectually bar the upward passage of shad. The depth of these swims varies from 6 to 20ft., and in no respect whatever do they resemble the tumultous Laurentian pools, or even the Connecticut above Bellows Falls.

Looking off from the commanding summit of Mount Holyoke over the extended landscape which verges on four States, it is a grand sight to survey the expansive river plain, with its circumvallant mountain ridges, and, tracing out the sinuous course of the majestic stream, note the lackadaisical way it has of meandering through the meadow after it has chafed and elbowed its impetuous exit from the rugged gateway of the New Hampshire Notch. It is a vivid expression of the moods and vicissitudes of human life. The Indians called this region Norwottuk, signifying "the midst of the river," which is appropriate. Elbridge Kingsley, the inimitable artist who has his home and birth-place here, has transferred some wondrous sweeps of this grand scenery to broad canvases, every line of which, and bit of color, is full of inspiration. Kaleidoscopes the like of this do not offer themselves at every odd corner of the earth, and happy is the man who can revel in the phantasmagoria. Mr. Kingsley has made good use of his opportunities, and I commend his studies to such lovers of nature as are fortunate enough to have access to them. One may spend hours of pleasure in his quaint studio.

Sylvester Judd, the historian, of Hadley, says that Elihu Warner (who lived until 1850, or later) remembered when forty salmon were caught in a day near the lower end of old Hadley street, about the year 1773, the largest of which weighed between 30 and 40lbs. Josiah Pierce and six others operated a seine in Hadley in 1766, from which they derived considerable joint income, and Northampton men had fishing places on the river at Hockanum. In South Hadley there was a noted salmon stand near the mouth of Stony Brook, and another above Bachelor's Brook against Cook's Mill. Many salmon were taken at those places. Twenty-four were caught at one haul of a seine near Stony Brook which ran from 6 or 8 to 40lbs. in weight. Falls, wherever occurring, were always choice fishing stands for both Indians and settlers, who caught them in pens and scoop nets. South Hadley Falls, called Patucket in the aboriginal vernacular, was the favorite place of all. Dipping salmon was arduous but exciting work. I have seen it practiced on the Columbia and on the rivers of Nova Scotia. Men stood in mid-stream in boats and skiffs, or on the margin on eligible rocks, and with a down stream sweep of the deep, long-handled scoop bagged the salmonheaded up current. In like manner they dipped for shad in after years, when it had come to be no longer regarded as a disreputable fish; but up to the year 1700 those who dipped for salmon threw the shad away, when they happened into the meshes. So numerous were the fishermen along the Connecticut during the season that they and the lumbermen together sufficed to support a goodly inn kept for many years by one John Stickney, whose house, a brown, gambrel-roofed one-story building, stood near the mouth of Stony Brook for more than a century.

Quoting Sylvester Judd: "Salmon were seldom noticed in records of the seventeenth century. Salmon nets began to appear in 1700, and some salmon were salted in casks by families before and after 1700. They were seldom sold, and the price in Hartford in 1700 was less than one penny per pound. Fish were so plenty in the Connecticut and its branches that laws were not necessary to regulate fishing for a long time. There was a law in Massachusetts against erecting weirs or fish dams in rivers without permission from the Court of Sessions. Petitions for liberty to erect weirs to catch fish in the Hampshire streams began in 1729, and there were several after 1760. In Northampton salmon were sold from 1730 to 1740 at one penny per pound 'in lawful money.' The price in 1742 was a penny ha'penny, and from 1750 to 1775 it was commonly two pence per pound. The price was from two to three pence in 1781 to 1787, four pence in 1794, and it advanced to seven or eight pence in 1798. The first dam at South Hadley, about 1795, impeded the salmon, and the dam at Montague was a much greater obstruction, and salmon soon ceased to ascend the river."

This curt record is enough to make anglers weep. Dammed for 100 years, the Connecticut has been a fruitless stream. Recently reports have become current that salmon have been taken in its upper waters. Let us pray that this noblest of New England rivers will be speedily rehabilitated, then we can all swing the two-handed rod, and perchance even dip, as our forefathers did. And what if the price of those regal fish would once more drop to a penny a pound! Wouldn't it be gay?

Hadley, Mass. CHARLES HALLOCK.

BOSTON ANGLERS.

The salmon fishermen are returning, some of them, while the more fortunate men of leisure will stay another month. The reports from the Canadian and New Brunswick waters are conflicting. Generally they mention poor fishing for the season, but of late these reports are better. More salmon have been taken, but the size runs rather small. Mr. H. M. Howes, of Boston, is back from the Southwest Branch of the Miramichi. He was absent but a few days, yet he took two salmon, one weighing 12lbs. and the other 10½lbs. He also took a number of grilse. Mr. I. W. Adams and John Fottler, Jr., have been fishing the St. John, Gaspé, as usual, and they have had good sport. Mr. Adams has been trying an experiment and keeping a careful note of the temperature of the water. He has fished almost altogether with the Jock-Scott, though using different sizes. He is convinced that any good fly will take a salmon, if of sufficient size, when the temperature of the water is between 40° and 60°. When the water is warmer, he concludes that it is of little use to fish. The salmon then seem to be sluggish and will not rise, no matter what the fly is. The largest salmon taken this year on the St. John weighed 28lbs. Mr. L. Stackpole has had good success on the Nepisquit.

Mr. Daniel Gunn, the veteran Boston printer, as well as lover of angling, has again made a trip down to the Provinces for sea trout. He is just back to business, and he says: "I have done it again." It must not be forgotten that it was Mr. Gunn who was making a speech before the Massachusetts House of Representatives on some fisheries subject, when the speech was so good that the old wooden codfish that has ornamented the house for so many years, "turned and winked his eye." This time he has been down to Prince Edward's Island. Landing at Summerside he tried the trout in that section for a day or two without much success; there were too many Americans there for the same purpose. He next went over to Souris. Here he found a number of American fishermen also and they were getting some good trout. But they were jigging them and taking them with bait—any way to get them—and this Mr. Gunn did not like. The landlord at the hotel where he stopped suggested that he fish with the other guests, but when he objected he said that he had a boat and would go himself. So he rigged a boat on wheels, fixed a nice cushioned seat for Mr. Gunn, and they drove off each day where they pleased. They fished Eagle Lake and Black Pond, both arms of the sea—or regularly filled with tidewater. Mr. Gunn says he never saw better fishing, when the tide was right. The trout were particularly beautiful and silvery. He took up to over 3lbs. in weight, but generally they were smaller, from 1½lbs. to 2lbs. The other sportsmen at the hotel became interested. Mr. Gunn was beating them, in spite of jigs and bait. The evening before he came away he took 36 trout—a most beautiful string. As he brought them to the hotel the sportsmen all gathered around, admiring the fish. They desired Mr. Gunn to give them the name of the fly he used, particularly as it was his last time fishing. But that gentleman is not naming his flies to jiggers and bait fishers, though I have not the slightest doubt but what it would give him pleasure to post any reader of the Forest and Stream desiring to fish fairly.

Fishing for cod is popular at this time with Boston sportsmen who cannot get away for something better. The other day the employes of the Boston Chamber of Commerce chartered a tug and went over to the fishing grounds after cod. Mr. E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, and J. Carlton O'Brien, who holds the same position on the Boston *Journal*, were invited guests. They caught a number of fish. They made up a pool, each putting in a small sum, the man taking the largest fish taking the money. As usual, Mr. Gillam was high line, taking the greatest number of cod, with a sculpin or two, but the largest fish fell to the hook of Mr. Burgess, of the ship news department of the Chamber. Later in the day the wind blew a gale, with a shower, which put a stop to the fishing.

Mr. Harry B. Moore, already known to the readers of the Forest and Stream for his good stories, and sometimes practical jokes, has just returned from a most enjoyable trip where codfishing came in as the chief incentive to him. He was the guest of Mr. Robert S. Gardiner, president of the Rand & Avery Supply Co., also the publishers of the *Pathfinder*, at the Algonquin Hotel, at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, of which hotel Mr. Gardiner is part owner. The entertainment was perfect, and among other features was fishing for cod from a little steamer in Passamaquoddy Bay. The bay is beautiful, with the finest of scenery. But Harry was scarcely pleased with the want of enthusiasm evinced by the other members of the party. They would sit and fish almost stupidly over the side of the boat with scarcely interest enough to occasionally draw up their lines to see whether their hooks were baited. Mr. Moore was getting about all the fish taken. He resolved that he would interest them in the scenery, if they did not care for fishing. "What a beautiful view!" he remarked, at the same time turning his head away from the fishing. The gentleman next to him turned around to look. Harry gave his line a tremendous tug, but his hand was away before the owner could turn his head. "Goodness!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet. "What a bite I had!" Then he was interested and fished in good earnest. "What do you suppose it was? A whale, a big cod or a shark?" Harry did not know. All hands fished then in good earnest, bound to catch the big one. "Mr. Moore will please not call our attention to the view again," one gentleman remarked. But when he said view all eyes were turned voluntarily to look. The view was truly beautiful. That gentleman felt a sharp jerk at his line, but Harry was fishing earnestly. Again all hands tried for the big fish that had nearly jerked the line out of the hands of two of them. In the meantime Mr. Moore had caught 12 cod, a couple of haddock and a sculpin or two. He was high line, in fact the others had caught very few fish from sheer lack of interest till the big bites came. They wondered over and talked of the big bites till reaching the hotel. Mr. Moore explained that it was his own hand that had given their lines the jerks. Special.

THOUGHTS ABOUT FISHING.

Walton wrote: "We may say of angling as Boetler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." This in a mild way tells a plain truth, as many a humble disciple of its famous author will testify. Where would the angler look for the amusement now furnished by his search for the finny tribe? Where would he look for any apology of a substitute for it? How could he spend his day afield in midsummer without it? Furnishing, as it does, enjoyment for all classes, rich and poor, high and low and intermediate, bait being the same, the man with his millions or the boy with his dimes, are on the same level, with the chances in favor of the boy getting the most fish, and both enjoying themselves equally well. There are numberless sports, such as baseball, tennis, target practice, horse racing and the like, all good in their places for certain classes, but no thoroughbred angler would agree to substitute either of them for his favorite sport for recreation, any more than the average man would visit country cousins for a month, or attend an ordinary church sociable and call it enjoyment, though he might enjoy either of them for a brief change—like castor oil, a little is good for a purpose, but that little will go a long way.

There are fishermen and fishermen, most of them good fellows, none of them angels, all of them with their own ideas of the sport and favorite ways of enjoying it; and a jealous set I have found them to be when plying their art, always afraid the other chap or party will get the first, most, or largest fish, yet generous to a fault when another has had bad luck, loses or lacks anything needed during his outing.

The ways of a fisherman as he applies them to sport, I have found a good criterion of his ways of doing business in the everyday walks of life. The man who has a day's sport arranged and agrees to be at a certain place at an appointed time for a start, and is late, it is safe to set down as a laggard and drone among his associates, and not to be depended upon in anything that requires promptness and nerve. The best company on an outing is he who is on time at the start, and will tell you if the start is an early one, that he has "looked at the clock every hour during the night," being afraid his alarm clock would not work and the start delayed. Such a man can be counted on as an enthusiast, and will not complain school-girl like, nor wish he had remained at home should the fish not bite the first hour, the sun prove a little warm, or the day be a trifle cold or wet. Of all the disagreeable company to encounter, the grumbler, the man never satisfied with the day's sport, continually reminding you that he is wasting his time, disliking to pay his share of the expense, etc., is the worst and most uncomfortable. Such are not sportsmen, and for the sake of peace of mind should be avoided. I well remember hearing an eminent sportsman say that "game is secured by being game yourself and staying till you win." As perseverance is necessary for success in hunting, business, or anything with a goal worth reaching, so it is essential in its fullest sense with the fisherman, supplemented with pluck and skill, if he would make a showing.

The fishing interests of the State are not all a matter of sport. As an investment by the State they pay handsomely. One of our best lawyers and legislators recently said: "We receive back ten dollars into the State to every dollar paid out. The first question a man looking for a place to spend a vacation nearly always is—What is the fishing in the locality?" Such being the fact it behooves the State to stock our waters so that they will teem with all desirable kinds of fish, particularly the streams with trout and other bodies with bass. Much is expected of our new Fish and Game Commissioner, W. H. Shurtleff, as with his known abilities and intense love for sport it is natural to expect a boom in this long neglected matter. Prolific, and cheaply handled as fish are, there is no excuse for poor fishing in any part of the State.

The largest string of brook trout brought into the city this season was by Frank Lamper and weighed 9lbs. He is a specialist in that line and stands without a peer.

The closing of the mills in the city and throwing the 15,000 people out of employment, I predict will increase the number of anglers here for a time and have a tendency to decrease the number of fish in this vicinity. Payson.

Manchester, N. H., July.

The Kingfishers in Camp.

The Kingfishers have gone into camp again, "Old Hickory" writes, on Platte Lake, Michigan. They have laid out a programme of fishing, exploring and yarning, to last until Aug. 25.

Monterey Salmon.

Monterey, Cal., July 20.—The largest salmon caught, mine, as mentioned in my article, was given at 30 or 31lbs. Since then I have caught one of 41lbs., and the total catch up to date is 85 salmon, weighing 1,418lbs.

J. Parker Whitney.

SEA FISHING FOR SEA BASS.

FISHING for sea bass may be made a gentle art or a boisterous sport, as the angler chooses. He can fish for the dark, sharp-finned fellows in quiet channels and creeks, where the sweep of the sea wind is broken by lonely, peaceful stretches of sedge and grass, and where the waters lie still and glassy day after day; or he can pass the sandy gates that separate the bay from the big rollers of the open sea and cast his line in the Atlantic Ocean, where the fishing is a struggle not with the bass alone, but with every force of marine nature. Each method has its pleasures and its triumphs. But while the fishing in the open sea is invigorating and exhilarating fun, it does not require a knowledge of angling as an art; and it is of sea bass fishing as an art that this article will treat. In the quiet waters of the bays and creeks the sea bass are wily and sly, and as changeable in appetite and temper as a woman. Sometimes they will bite furiously at the most ordinary bait, however inartistically offered; again, they will scorn almost everything and evade the most cunning and tempting lure. Then the catching of the bass demands the exercise of every art learned in years of communion with the sea.

The sea bass is not a game fish like the gorgeous squeteague or the piratical bluefish. But he is a fighter from his bulldog head to his stout chunky tail, and when he feels the hook and the strain of the line he will test the tackle well before he is brought to the boat. The first rush of a hump-backed bass as he takes the hook is often so much like the savage strike of a weakfish or a bluefish that it deceives even practiced anglers. After that first rush, the bass does not run off or leap clear of the water as the game fish do, but he gives a good honest fight that makes him a prize to be proud of, providing he has been honestly caught with light rod and line that gave him a fair chance for his life.

The best rod for bass fishing is one about 10 or 12ft. long, with a tip just stiff enough to support the lightest lead that can possibly be used. How light that lead may be depends, of course, on the varying strength of the currents in different localities. As a rule salt water anglers err by using leads that are much too heavy. With a thin line a surprisingly small amount of lead will suffice to hold bottom. A very slight decrease in the thickness of the line will make possible a remarkable decrease in the weight of the lead, for the thinner the line the less influence will the current have on it. For ordinary sea bass fishing the line used for black bass casting is just right. The hooks should be large, from 1-0 to 3-0, for the sea bass has a wide mouth and takes generous bites when he feeds. When live bait is used, the Aberdeen hooks, being thin and almost invisible in the water on account of their blue color, are perfection. But many anglers prefer a stouter hook and use sproats. Few hooks of other shapes are equal to these for sea bass fishing. For the smaller sea bass, like those that come in the spring, there is no need of gut leaders to fasten the hook to the line. But when the big yellow bass come late in the summer, the leaders will be found useful. A double-strand gut, 1 or 2ft. long, is best.

There are three "runs" of sea bass. The first comes in the latter part of May or early in June. These fish are small, dark bass, rarely weighing more than a quarter of a pound. The best bait for them is hard clam or sand worm, but they are not very particular about their diet, and shrimp, big sea clams called skimmers, killies, the salt water minnows, and the little queer fiddler crabs will all prove killing baits at times. Sometimes when nothing else will tempt them, the soft part of that marine householder, the hermit crab, will catch them. But to all except experienced baymen the hermit crab is harder to find than bass, consequently ——. A tiny bit of red feather tied to the shank of the hook will often attract the early bass.

The first run lasts till well in July. Then a second run comes from the sea. It consists of larger bass, with deeper bodies, and instead of being dark brown the fish are of a deep bluish tinge. They bite sharply, as a rule, like their predecessors, but they are much more lively on the hook. They are a little different, also, in the matter of food. They still take all the baits that the early bass did, but they are often much more eager for live bait, and the killie will frequently entice them when they will touch nothing else. Toward the middle of August, perhaps later if the weather be very warm, these dark blue fellows disappear and go back to their mysterious homes in the ocean. There is a lull in sea bass fishing for a week or two. And then come the big sea bass that make bass fishing a joy. Great savage fellows they are, with sturdy shoulders and big humps that are armed with stout fins, sharp as a saw. They are different in every way from their predecessors. Instead of being dark in color, they are yellow and indigo, their heads are longer, their jaws larger and firmer, and the curious hump on their backs adds to their warrior-like appearance. Fresh run from the sea they are as savagely hungry as wolves and as supple and powerful as athletes. They are mostly old fellows, wary as a fox, quick as a flash, and experienced in all the wiles of an angler. They know a hook when they see it, and it is a well-concealed hook that they can't see. That kind of bass is the only kind that a real angler ought to care for. And the right way to learn how to catch them is to consider the problem in a boat at the end of a rod with one of the sly old rascals stealing the fattest killies as fast as they can be put on the hook.

The proper way to put the killie on the hook is through the lips. That doesn't hurt the killie and allows it to swim around and look cheerful. When the bass are biting well they will always snap at the head of live bait. Then they usually hook themselves. But when they aren't biting well, and approach the hook in a critical mood, they dawdle along carelessly and approach the killie from behind and nose it rather gingerly, with their big tails bent, ready to flirt them instantly out of harm's way. If they find nothing suspicious, they take the killie's tail end tenderly into their mouths and tug ever so gently. And now, if the angler is a fool, he will strike sharply, and that bass will let go in a hurry, or at the most, bite off the killie's tail and flee far away from the man's line. Then the man will go ashore and tell lies about the whopper that nearly pulled him out of the boat.

If the angler is not a fool he will let the old bass tug away, and instead of restraining him he will carefully, ever so carefully, give him inch after inch of line.

When the old fellow meets with this courtesy he appreciates it, and instead of taking alarm and spitting the killie out of his mouth, he will begin to gorge it slowly. First he works it around until he holds it crosswise in his big jaws. Then he gradually gets its head into his mouth, and about the time this happens he makes up his mind to move off. After a good many weeks of study with a rod an angler begins to tell by the "feel of it" when the bass does all these things, and he will learn to know that they tug and distinguish it from other tugs. When your bass thus begins to gorge the killie your hand is the stronger in the game, but you need not give up all hope of losing your fish. All you need do is to strike sharply and savagely. Then the hook will almost always be jerked out of the bass's mouth and you will escape catching him. If, on the contrary, you simply increase the tension of the line suddenly but gently, and only to a slight degree, you ought to hook your bass.

AN AFTERNOON IN THE WOODS.

From the Boston *Journal of Health*. By courtesy of Dr. J. Frank Perry.

For these big bass there is only one bait, the live killie. Other baits they will take, but that is what they appreciate most, and that is the only bait that is worthy of the sturdy fish. It is not every killie either that will suit the big yellow bass. There are killies and killies. There is the big delusive night killie, white with black stripes, like a little striped bass. It is of no more use than a white and black rag, which it resembles after it is on the hook for a few minutes, for the night killies have a delicate constitution and cannot survive capture. No self-respecting fish would touch them. Even old hardened sea spiders, real old tramps of the sea, have been known to resent the offer of one of these killies as an insult. Better, from a bait collector's standpoint, is the beautiful little killie with a light green back, and fins and tail mottled with orange. If no other killie can be had these will often do very well. But *the* killie is the dark green, white-bellied fellow. That is the kind that the bass will take ravenously when they will take no other. It is the hardiest of salt water minnows and thrives on misfortune. It will live for hours with a hook through its upper lip, and apparently enjoys the experience. It can be kept out of water for half a day if it is kept in a cool shady place; and it is as plentiful, if not more so, as any other killie.

While in recent years the value of live bait has led most boatmen at fishing resorts to keep live killies for their patrons, still there are many places where they are not to be had unless the angler catches them himself. And as the necessary appliance for doing so is only a common minnow net with a long handle, it would pay the angler who goes to strange waters to take one along. The method of capture is so simple that even the fool who Johnson said is at one end of a fish line, can get the knack of it easily. He must only remember that the killies frequent shallow places only, preferring spots near overhanging banks. Also, as a rule, more are to be found under the windward shore, as they run to the bank that breaks the wind. They have a keen scent for food, and shy as they are ordinarily, they are thoroughly reckless when they find something good to eat. So all that it is necessary to do is to put the net into the water, letting it lie flat on the bottom, care being taken that no part of it waves to and fro in the current. Then drop a broken clam into the center of the net. Let the shell adhere to the meat so that it will sink to the bottom. Soon one killie will swim slowly to the clam, smell of it, and dart off like lightning. Then he will come again. If he finds nothing suspicious he will attack the bait. As soon as he begins to pull at it all the killies in the neighborhood seem to find it out and they will swarm into the net, forgetting all shyness in their anxiety to share the feast. What the fool mentioned before now has to do, he ought to know without being told, unless old Johnson overestimated him.

Killies are generally kept in a bait car, a small wooden box with a perforated bottom, which is tied alongside of the boat. But when the tide runs very swiftly, it is better to haul the car in, for a swift current swirling through it will drown them.

In sea or bay fishing the sea bass is found almost always in deep water over rocky or "cinder" bottoms. The "cinders" particularly are favorite places, and where such bottom is found there is a fair chance for catching bass. "Cinders" are curious coral-like formations, of brittle material, and they are the homes of small marine worms. Small crustacea and minnows also frequent such bottom, offering inducements to all fish. In bay fishing the best bass grounds as a rule are in water from 15 to 30ft. deep at mean low tide. Sea bass not being game fish, do not usually run into shallow water in pursuit of their prey, like weakfish and bluefish. They seek their food in the deeper water, and the best plan is to anchor just at the edge of a channel. Old wrecks, after they get covered with barnacles and shellfish, are always famous places for sea bass, and wreck fishing is the kind most practiced by the fishermen who go out to the deep sea.

For bay fishing, Jamaica Bay has more good spots than any resort within a few miles of this city. There are the "Cellars," long reaches of cinder bottom, in Deep or Irish Creek, which connects the western part of Jamaica Bay with Sheepshead Bay. The fishing here is about 10 or 12ft. of water, is done within 2 or 3ft. of the bank and as there is little tide and no danger from storms in the creek, the fishing is delightful, though uncertain, as the bass sometimes forsake the place for weeks. A quarter of a mile from the Jamaica Bay outlet of the creek is another good place, in the Island Channel. Following this and approaching Barren Island, the angler will find water 40 and 50ft. deep, about half a mile from that unsavory island, near the Slop Meadows. The crib dock at Barren Island is sometimes a good place for very big fish, but the smells and sights are nauseating. Across from Barren Island, and within a quarter of a mile of the Life Saving Station, on Rockaway Beach, is the "Blockhouse wreck," a good place, though it is better for blackfish than bass.

Following the Beach Channel eastward, one may fish on the famous Neptune wreck, opposite the old Neptune House. Then comes Broad Channel, with its fishing along the spiles of the Long Island Railroad bridge. Further on come the Pot and Silver Hole. Following the railroad bridge northward are Goose Channel and Goose Creek, both excellent places. Thence the angler can move on into the deep, long channel called The Raunt. The Black Wall, Yellow Bar, Pumpkin Patch, Steamboat Channel and Canarsie Breakwater are all good places at times.

In Gravesend Bay there are two wrecks near Norton's Point in Coney Island which have furnished grand sport in past years. Off Norton's Point is a good place also.

Staten Island offers Prince's Bay and Huguenot as sea bass grounds. The numerous other resorts there are better for weakfish and bluefish, as a rule.

Sea fishing is done almost entirely by parties who hire a steamer, or preferably a sloop, with a captain who knows all the good places along the coast. Off Rockaway, the favorite place is the famous wreck of the old steamship Black Warrior, which was lost there many years ago. Southeast of this is the Spanish wreck. Then comes the "Stone Pile," a big granite breakwater in front of the Oriental Hotel on Manhattan Beach. Out toward Sandy Hook is the "Monument," a rock which bears a beacon at the tail of the Romer Shoals. Flynn's Knoll, just inside of the Horseshoe, is another favorite place. Then along the Jersey coast are innumerable places, where the Seabright fishermen fish for market. In another direction lie the Cholera Banks, where a fleet of fishing boats may be found daily.

For sea fishing the tackle must be very strong. There is no time, and the heavy swell of the ocean allows no chance, for playing the fish. When he is hooked he must be reeled in at once. The rod should be stout, stiff and short, the line thick and the hooks large and strong. Treble and quadruple gut should be on the hooks. The sinkers must be heavy enough to take the line to the bottom as swiftly as possible and to keep it there, no matter how the waves may roll or the winds may blow. When the fish bites, it is the hard pull and the strong pull that lands him. The fish are huge ones, and though it isn't true sport, it is very good fun, and a pleasant day of such fishing, almost or entirely out of sight of land, is worth remembering, if the angler doesn't get seasick. M.

ANGLING TALK.

Charlestown, N. H., July 21.—Let me add my congratulations to those of many of your other readers on the change of date of going to press.

I got my copy of the dear old paper last week and this on Thursday morning instead of waiting, as I often have of late, till Saturday noon or evening. What numbers your late ones have been too! I can say as Shakespeare said of Cleopatra:

"Age cannot wither nor can custom stale, your infinite variety!"

My attention is caught this morning by your answer to "A. M. M.," as to the size of pike, which I indorse, 19lbs. being the heaviest I have ever seen, though the great Northwest may furnish larger ones.

I had been intending to refer before to the capital photo of fish from Black Lake, on page 516, of June 15, which shows the light, oblong spots of the true pike very clearly, and ought to help those who persist in calling them all pickerel.

The 47-pound pike from Lake Tschotagama, on page 519 of the same number, is to my eye an unquestionable mascalonge, though the photograph may deceive me. To be sure, they all belong to the pike family, but a little more accuracy in writing of them would render the reading less confusing. I would advise those of your correspondents who are ransacking the world for mascalonge to try that unspeakable Canadian lake.

The pleasant letter of your new correspondent "Payson" requires a little comment. I am inclined to agree with him on the whole as to the small danger from putting black bass in trout waters, but am not fully satisfied yet.

There were no salmon in Sunapee when the bass were put in, and none were introduced until ten years later, and the brook trout had been nearly exterminated by spearing, clubbing and shooting in the fall when on the way up Pike Brook, where the State hatchery now stands, to their spawning beds, and the Commissioners of that date, instead of trying to stop the destruction, put in black bass to help it!

It was not until 1876, when the board of which I was a member came into office, that measures were taken to stop this slaughter and restore the *Salmonidæ*, for which the lake was admirably fitted, and I cannot help thinking that the great plants of brook and Loch Leven trout and "winninish" which have been put in since then would have afforded still better fishing, if the bass had not been there. I was instrumental in getting the law passed prohibiting the introduction of bass in trout waters without the consent of the Fish Commissioners, and it was done thus. Commissioner Stilwell, of Maine, wrote me that a certain writer of guide books to the Rangeley Lakes had been refused permission to put bass in those lakes, and had defied the Maine Commissioners with a threat to put them in Umbagog Lake, the lowest of the chain, which is in New Hampshire, and I immediately "blocked his game" by getting that law passed, imposing a heavy penalty for any such act.

Although Dr. Quackenbos and Com. Hodge think the bass do not destroy the trout and salmon to any great extent from their different habitats, I am not fully convinced of the fact, and had rather see them kept out of the chance of danger. Still "Payson's" comments on the favorite food of the bass are decidedly sound.

I am very much disappointed that Commissioner (not Colonel) Hodge was not reappointed, for he has done more to carry out the fish and game laws than any man in the State ever did, unless it was the late A. H. Powers, who broke up the slaughter at Sunapee.

Still, with ten hatcheries to superintend, I think he must have his hands full, and if he had to give way to the favorite New Hampshire dogma, of "rotation in office," I know of no better man in the State for Commissioner than my good friend Judge Shurtleff, who is a true sportsman in every sense of the word, "with all that that implies." I should like to meet him at Diamond Ponds again. Von W.

FISHING ON THE LONG ISLAND COAST.

In the ocean bordering Long Island fishing has been unusually good for the past week, and large catches of bluefish and weakfish have been taken by boats from Sayville, Islip, Babylon and points on Jamaica Bay. Capt. B. L. Dunbar's boat, from Oceanus, caught 36 weakfish July 24 ranging in weight from 3½ to 8lbs., and other boats have since reported even better catches. The method pursued in catching weakfish "outside" is to sail through a school and jig the fish by means of an adroitly thrown squid.

July 26 one boat from Rockaway brought in 64 bluefish of large size. Good luck is reported on all sides, and fishermen are able to substantiate their stories by the exhibition of chafed and bleeding hands, which bear good witness to struggles with the gamy blues.

A large school of bluefish are now in the Great South Bay. Large numbers of heavy fish were taken last week and the prospects are good for some days to come. One fish was taken weighing 12lbs., and several 8lbs. A few weakfish have been caught by squids. Monday large bluefish were caught off the inlet. Boats and men can be had at Sayville, Islip, Bay Shore and Babylon.

The following clipping is taken from a New York newspaper: "Spanish Mackerel on Tap Off Long Island's South Shore.—Immense schools of Spanish mackerel ruffle the waters off the south side of the Long Island coast from Fire Island to Montauk Point. Old fishermen say they have never before been so plentiful. Sunday a school of them ran into the breakers opposite Sayville, and for a time the beach resembled Fulton Market on fish day. Thousands were strewn along the sand, and a party out bluefishing gathered a two-horse wagon load before the stranded fish got to sea again on the high tide."

This note is wholly unreliable and misleading, and on a par with much of the so-called fishing news published in the New York dailies. The Sunday in question a gale was blowing ashore, and no boat could have lived to have landed through the surf as the bluefishing party is said to have done. The narrow strip of land opposite Sayville on which the ocean beats is composed of sand dunes, and if the clipping is taken to mean that the "two-horse wagon load" was carried off in a two-horse wagon, it is again highly improbable. Probably no two-horse wagon was ever on this strip of land—certainly not last Sunday week.

The fishing in Jamaica Bay has been nothing to boast of lately. It will improve very much as the season advances, but good fishing can hardly be expected before the middle of August. A few nice blackfish and fluke have been caught in the neighborhood of the breakwater, and some fair catches of weakfish running from 2 to 4lbs. at other points in the bay. July 27 a party fishing off the Shell Bank caught fourteen. The upper part of the bay near Far Rockaway seems to be the best point at present for weakfish. For fluke the Point of Beach at the Inlet is perhaps the best. One boat from Seaside (Boerum's) caught twelve fluke July 27 at Ruffle Bar.

A great many bluefishing parties start from Canarsie, which is easily reached from New York or Brooklyn, and where there are a great number of fine fishing boats. These boats can be had for from $8 to $10 for ordinary days, and from $12 to $15 for holidays. The prices vary according to the style of boat and accommodation. The parties often sleep overnight on the boats so as to get an early start the following day. The hours just after sunrise are the best for bluefishing, and after 11 o'clock very little fishing is attempted. If the blues cannot be found the captain often takes the party to fluke pounds and drifting for the big flat fish is indulged in. As these boats will accommodate 8 to 10 persons easily the individual expense of such a trip is not great.

July 28 a party consisting among others of Hon. John Zeller, of Guttenberg; Lewis Braun, of Paterson, and Wm. Eckhardt, of West New York, N. J., fished outside off Rockaway. They made a large haul of fluke and caught also a few nice bluefish. They reported hundreds of weakfish to have been caught by jigging. Michael Hain of the Romet captained their boat.

Mr. Eckhardt is the gentleman who holds the record for the largest black bass caught at Greenwood Lake this season. It was a large-mouth caught trolling with spoon early in June and weighed 8½lbs. It was caught in the evening near the island and opposite Cooper.

THE WININNISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I want to smile a smile born of a letter printed in the Forest and Stream, dated June 29, and written by Mr. Robert C. Lowry, in which he laments the deficiency of game qualities in the "much-written-about-and-largely-advertised" wininnish of Lake St. John. Mr. Lowry says "It makes me smile now when I read the high-flown accounts of the far-famed ouananiche."

Imprimis I do not propose to take up the battle on behalf of the wininnish, for a long and varied experience with the fish has convinced me that it is eminently fit to do so for itself, but I cannot conceive how an angler can begin to estimate the game qualities of any fish taken on the murderous spoon, as Mr. Lowry says he did. It is one of the deadliest and most merciless devices ever invented for destroying fish life, and its use is justified only in the case of the unprincipled mascalonge and its flat-nosed relatives.

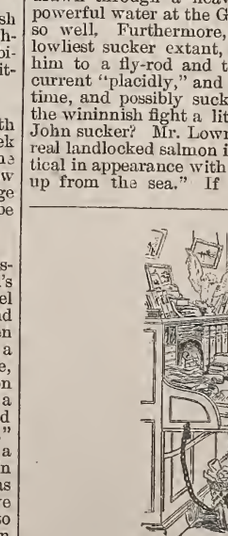
However, in spite of a mouthful of relentless and sanguinary hooks, the fish made "one or two leaps out of the water," says Mr. Lowry. Well, under the conditions I think the fish did remarkably well, and like a chosen few of the angling fraternity, clearly exhibited a marked repugnance toward the treacherous spoon and its deadly gang of hooks.

Mr. Lowry says frankly that he was "curious to see this renowned fish," and without stopping to ask whence came its world-wide celebrity, I must confess I do not blame him, as it is well worth a week's journey to look upon this cross-bespangled salmon, with its glistening silvery back and sides, but he adds, "He had the head, the mouth and the shape of a trout."

Your correspondent adds that he killed a pickerel "of 3lbs. weight which gave us almost as much of a fight as the ouananiche." To this proposition I can add nothing because it all depends upon what one considers "a fight," yet it forces me to laugh right out loud when I read the comparison between such game fish.

After this Mr. Lowry went at them like a good, honest democrat, and cast flies, wasting his energies in the foam, and then, moving to a "large rock that jutted out from the shore, around the end of which a heavy current was flowing." Here, with a "silver-doctor" he hooked a 5lbs. wininnish that "came to the net in the most placid manner." You can fasten a dead weight of 5lbs. to a fly-rod and it will never come to the net "placidly" when drawn through a heavy current, more especially the powerful water at the Grande Discharge which I know so well. Furthermore, you can take the meekest and lowliest sucker extant, give him 5lbs. of weight, hitch him to a fly-rod and try to pull him through a heavy current "placidly," and the chances are that you will lose time, and possibly sucker and tackle. Question: Don't the wininnish fight a little bit harder than the Lake St. John sucker? Mr. Lowry states that he has killed the real landlocked salmon in Maine and it is "almost identical in appearance with the regular salmon that comes up from the sea." If this statement "goes" then the pigeon and the grouse are twins, the poodle and the mastiff are "birds of a feather," and dragging 5-pounders with a fly-rod through a heavy current "placidly" becomes an undeniable fact, especially when that heavy current is like "the rush of the waters of the Niagara."

Mr. Lowry says that he would rather "kill a 3lbs. bass than an ouananiche of double that weight," and would get more fight and more sport out of him. Does he mean with the spoon or with the fly? Kit Clarke.



CHAINED TO BUSINESS?

Can't go fishing? Do the next best thing. Read about it in the "Forest and Stream."

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her luck.

Hell Gate, New York, July 26.—Mr. George R. Bird and friend caught 12 striped bass yesterday while trolling about Hell Gate; none were under 1lb. and the largest weighed 3lbs. Wm. H. Rockwood.

Clayton, N. Y., July 27.—Mr. Lasselle, of Fine View, and Oarsman J. Nulty, caught 13 pickerel and 3 bass, the largest weighing 10lbs., within sight of Fine View Hotel, 40 being caught within two days. Fishing is good. Geo. W. Brutsch.

Redwood, N. Y., July 27.—The guests of the Dallinger Hotel have been fishing with these rewards: A. C. Salisbury and wife (Mr. S. is superintendent of the D., L. & W. R. R.), 45 bass, 16 pickerel. R. M. Smith (proprietor St. James Hotel) and John Pifferfe, of Utica, 87 bass (largest 5½lbs.), 9 pike, 14 pickerel. F. L. Mould, of Sanquoit, and W. C. Truman, of Arizona, three days' fishing, 175 bass, 12 pike, 16 pickerel; last day's fishing, 55 bass, largest 6½lbs., smallest 2lbs. Dr. Laird, of Watertown, and Dr. Ryan, of Redwood, one day's fishing, 11 bass (largest 6½lbs.), 5 pike (largest 4lbs.) and 6 pickerel. Fishing is of the best; bait abundant. Z. S.

Highgate, Vt., July 21.—So far fishing has been very poor here and at the springs. The seine fishing in the bay near the springs cleaned out the waters in that vicinity, and the sawdust has choked out the fish here in the river. It is fast making our once beautiful stream a stinking, reeking mass of filth. A few good bass and maskinonge are, however, caught here, but unless there is a change soon they will be extinct. We receive with pleasure the new variety of trout (*S. marstoni*). I was, I believe, the first to call attention to a fish that was in some of the Canadian lakes, which, while called the *fontinalis*, was a different variety (see page 193 in "Game and Fishing Resorts" of Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer," which information was furnished by me). Yesterday, in company of Rev. Horace Jones, I visited an old fishing ground up the Black Creek bottoms through the Newton meadows, and had but indifferent sport. It was the old story. Persistent fishing in and out of season has nearly spoiled that once noted locality. The only way to save our game and fish is for the sportsmen in every town to form themselves into a club and then rent for preserves the best localities and then post and protect them thoroughly. Stanstead.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 29.—Under the guidance of the best boatmen obtainable, and over grounds which in days gone by have yielded abundant catches, I have fished in vain so far this season. True, a goodly number of drum and a few bluefish have been caught outside, but shrimp, crab, clam and minnows fail to lure weakfish, seabass or kingfish. Flounders are caught to some extent. Have all the others gone to Buzzards Bay? R. M. M.

Long Lake, N. Y., July 27.—Jas. Hammer caught in a half day, 32lbs. of lake trout. Harry Williams caught in a half day, 10lbs. of brook trout. Both of Long Lake, and both fished for me. Anderson and Moynehan.

Tottenville, Staten Island, July 29.—The weakfish have been running well this week, and were worthy of attention—from 16 in an hour and a half, to 20 for the tide to a boat. John T. Hawkins.

Barnegat, N. J., July 25.—The fishing is very poor in our bay yet. Not over 150 weakfish were caught last week, but sea fishing is good. Peterson, Cox, More and Bollers caught big lots of sea bass and porgies, etc., outside last week. Eight sheepshead were caught in bay last week. Wm. C. Inman, Jr.

Fort Dodge, Ia., July 26.—Fishing in the Des Moines River near this place is fair. The fish taken are black bass, wall-eyed pike, pickerel and blue or channel catfish. Messrs. Sackett, Burnham, Loomis, Robertson and Holm have just returned from a trip up the river. They were gone nine days and had a very nice trip. The camp was two cars side-tracked at the junction of the east and west forks of the Des Moines, at the bridge of the M. & St. L. R. R. over the east fork. Some very fine bass and pike were caught by the party, some of the pike weighing over 7lbs. Frogs proved to be the best bait for both pike and bass. The Des Moines River is one of the best streams in the country for small-mouthed black bass. But there is a lawless element who destroy the fish by dynamite, spears and such other devilish contrivances, that a fine bass stream is nearly spoiled by their infernal work. If—alas for the if—there were no fish taken from the Des Moines except those taken lawfully with hook and line, the fishermen of this vicinity would soon have a stream to be proud of. Convis.

Bass of Dallas Club Lake.

Mayor W. C. Connor, of Dallas, Tex., sends us a photograph of a catch of fine fish made by him at the Dallas Fishing and Hunting Club Lake, situated 12 miles from that city. The lake contains some 500 acres, is well stocked and owned by some thirty of the citizens of Dallas. The Mayor writes: "I left Dallas alone at 1.30 P. M. with a bucket of live minnows, reached the lake about 3.30 and was fishing by 4 o'clock. I fished until good dark and my catch up to that hour was 66. I went out after supper with a torch and fished for an hour and a half and landed 17. Next morning about 6 I was out again and by 3 P. M. my entire catch was 147 calico bass (or white perch) and big-mouth black bass. The calico bass would average 2lbs. each, and the black bass ranged from ¾lb. to 7lbs., which is the largest ever landed out of

the lake. I caught them until my hands were sore, and when strung together they measured 16ft. long, and it was all that three men could do to put them in the wagon. I used a No. 11 Bristol steel-jointed rod, 8ft. 6in. in length, and 3-0 snell hooks. With a varied experience I can truthfully say it was the best angling I ever had. If any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM ever come down in this country 'out under the setting sun,' and will give me a call, I will arrange to spend a few days with them at the lake and promise good sport.

"W. C. CONNOR."

WALTON TER-CENTENARY.

A CONGRESS of anglers will be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada, on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 9 and 10, 1893, to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the father of angling. It is proposed that the gathering should be of both a piscatorial and convivial character. The convenient situation of Niagara-on-the-Lake, its easy accessibility by railway or steamboat to cities on both sides of the border, the excellent accommodation furnished at the Queen's Royal Hotel, the high quality of the black bass at the mouth of the Niagara River, the historic nature of the fishing grounds, and the picturesque scenery of the surroundings, mark Niagara as a most appropriate place for the celebration of an occasion of this kind. A programme has been marked out as follows:

Wednesday, Aug. 9, the morning and afternoon will be devoted to fishing and to the other amusements afforded at the watering place. In the evening a fish dinner will be held in the ball room of the Queen's Royal Hotel, followed by a smoking concert. Fish stories will be asked for from the assembled anglers, and a committee will award a prize to the teller of the best story, without limitation as to its verity or originality.

Thursday, Aug. 10, a fly-casting competition will be held, for which valuable prizes have been kindly presented by Mr. Henry Winnett, of the Queen's Royal Hotel. Entries for the competition close on Aug. 9, at 9 P. M.

It is believed that a gathering of this kind, in addition to being attended with much enjoyment, will lead to a fruitful discussion on the best interests of the sport, and it is suggested that an anglers' association should be formed.

It is requested that those who intend to be present will send their names to the secretary of the committee of arrangements, who will also be glad to receive any suggestions.

All anglers are invited to attend. Reduced rates will be given to them and their families at the Queen's Royal Hotel. For those at a distance special rates to Niagara Falls are given by railway companies. The secretary may be addressed care of the Standard Life Assurance Company, Toronto, or Niagara-on-the-Lake, Canada.

CHARLES HUNTER, Sec'y.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

THERE was a fair attendance of members at the club's tournament held on Saturday, July 29, on the Lagoon, close by the Walton House, on the exposition grounds. Messrs. Strell and Goodsell judged the different events.

The first event was for accuracy and distance combined. Following are the scores: B. W. Goodsell 86⅝, F. Smith 73⅝, J. E. Isgrigg 89⅞, F. B. Davidson 87⅝, J. M. Clarke 80⅝, W. H. Babcock 89⅛, G. W. Murrell 84⅛, E. E. Wilkinson 86⅞. Ties at 53ft., 3 casts, J. E. Isgrigg 99⅝, W. H. Babcock 93⅝. Isgrigg won the medal.

The second event was long distance fly-casting. The scores are as follows: Goodsell 65ft., Smith 51, Isgrigg 68, Davidson 56, Clarke 61, Murrell 48, Wilkinson 63. Isgrigg won.

The third event was bait-casting for accuracy and distance. Following are the averages: Wilkinson 106, Babcock 105⅞. Mr. Babcock was a very close competitor in each event.

The open to the world tournament will be held in September between the 19th and 21st, while the sportsmen's convention is held in Chicago. Only a club tournament will be held on Aug. 9, when the Walton House is dedicated.

B. WATERS.

EDWARD B. OSBORNE.

ANOTHER sincere lover of camp life passed quietly away on the morning of July 20, after having reached the ripe age of seventy-eight years and eleven months.

Few men in active business life have spent more time among the woods, lakes and streams of our diversified country than Hon. Edward B. Osborne, and none have more thoroughly enjoyed the lonely camp than did he.

He was kind and genial to all and a capital story teller, many tales being of incidents in his own experience in his various outings. He was also a good singer, and his songs often added much interest and helped to while away the hours spent around the cheerful evening blaze or the lonely, stormy days in camp. He was ever ready to take his full share of toil on the tramp, in the tent or bark shanty. In short, he was a most desirable outing companion, as all who have been with him will readily and cheerfully admit. It has passed into a proverb that "really to know a man's true character you must camp out with him." This test he bore admirably, as the writer has abundant reasons to remember.

His first visit to the North Woods—as they were then generally called—was in the fall of 1856, and very few years since then have passed that he did not visit some portion of them. He never stopped long at any of the numerous hotels on the more traveled routes, much preferring the lonely tent to the crowded places of more fashionable resort. Being owner and editor of a daily and weekly paper, he sent home occasional sketches for publication from his various tenting places, far and near, including the Adirondacks, St. Lawrence River, Upper Canada, eastern shore of Maryland, and a 400-mile canoe trip, with Indian guides, on the Michigama and Menominee rivers. Some of these letters, with various poetical articles, he has very recently put into book form at the request of personal friends—a fitting close to his varied life.

Thus, one by one the older devotees of rod and gun, and lovers of forest and stream and of camp life, are passing off the stage; but new ones are taking their places, who, although they will never have the rough paths of their predecessors, will reap health and real enjoyment from their more showy and fashionable outings.

J. H. D.

POUGHKEEPSIE, July 24.

Popular Excursions to the World's Fair by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Special train of newest and best standard passenger coaches containing all modern conveniences, will leave New York at 9:00 A. M. July 31st via Pennsylvania Railroad for Chicago. Fare for the round trip, $20. Tickets good ten days. Other excursions fixed for August 12th and 16th.—*Adv.*

Omaha and Kansas City

Are reached most directly from either Chicago or St. Louis by the Burlington Route. Daily vestibuled trains with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington Route dining cars.— *Adv.*

What It Has Done for the Old Gentleman.

Have kept and sold Hires' Rootbeer several years. I have drunk it exclusively this summer. Am 78 years old and feel like a boy. It is ahead of sarsaparilla. H. VAN WAGENEN, M.D., Darlington, Wis.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky.. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Kingston (Ont.) K. C., at Kingston. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone. Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park. D. C. Collins, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept. of Agriculture.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis.. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. E. D. Adams, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 6.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Express Charges on Dogs.

AMONG many good things so kindly, yet forcibly, presented by Dr. J. Frank Perry in his article entitled "The American Kennel Club," in FOREST AND STREAM of July 22, there is one in which all sportsmen should take special active interest at all times. Not that this one thing, the exorbitant express rate, is in respect to its consideration by the A. K. C., superior and more worthy of consideration than the other important matters which Dr. Perry wisely suggests for reform, but that it is a matter near and dear to the pocket of every dog owner, inasmuch as all shippers of dogs are required to pay the exorbitant charges of the express companies.

It is a matter affecting canine interests at large, and not as an A. K. C. measure, that I consider it most important. But being a matter of common interest, all sportsmen should give energetic support to any movement whose aim is relief from the unjust and unnecessary exactions of the express companies.

The plea made by the express companies many years ago, namely, that there were greater risks, greater troubles and annoyances in transporting dogs, was good at that time. Dogs were then presented for shipment in some rickety old box, which had already served its purpose in holding merchandise; or, more simple yet, the dog might be sent with an old rope or chain to his collar, which, when fastened to the car stove or a trunk handle, was a complete arrangement for shipment. Or an empty flour barrel, with chunks cut out of the side for ventilation, both heads in, was not infrequently used. In short, any makeshift, however flimsy or humble, was cousidered good enough to put a dog in for shipment, and there was little protection from death, injury or escape. With all the risks entailed by the shipper's careless and slovenly methods of shipment it is not surprising that express companies made their rates commensurate with the risks. If there was loss on one hand the high rate reimbursed them on the other.

But during many years the manner of shipping dogs has been greatly improved. They now are shipped in expensive crates, this being secure from any injury incident to proper handling in transit, nor can they escape. Arrangements are also made in the mechanical construction of the crate that the dog can be fed and watered without opening the crate door. Many crates have receptacles for carrying a supply of food sufficient for a journey. With all these modern perfections which insure as easy and rapid handling of the dog as any ordinary box of merchandise, impossibility of escape, etc., the old rates made for entirely different conditions, are still in force. The rates which were made to meet risky ventures years ago are in force now when there is comparatively no risk at all.

To illustrate this more fully, I present herewith a bona fide contract between myself and the Southern Express Co. The sum of $6.50 was double first class rates, and also included a premium for insurance by said company, yet, notwithstanding their liability both as insurers and common carriers, they absolutely refused to accept the dogs unless the shipper signed that contract. It was not done at the shipper's request, but was a compulsory demand of the company. The dogs were in a good crate, but the agent refused to accept them unless each dog was securely chained within the crate. They were so chained.

Of course, in law, such a contract is not good, for no company can release itself from the obligations it assumes to perform. This contract, however, will show the absurdity of the present tariff rates. It is as follows:

Agents will use this form for live stock, etc., in lieu of the regular form of freight receipts.

Agents will fill up two copies of these receipts, both of which must be signed by the agent and by the shipper.

One copy will be delivered to the shipper, and the other will be retained and filed away by the agent.

SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY.

SPECIAL CONTRACT FOR THE TRANSPORTATION OF LIVE STOCK OR OTHER ANIMALS.

In consideration of $6.50, which is a special rate, given at the shipper's request, the Southern Express Company has received the following articles, viz.: One box with two dogs, consigned to W. B. Stafford, at Trenton, Tenn.

"Valued by Shipper at three hundred dollars per head, it being understood and agreed between the parties hereto, that in no event is this company to be liable for a greater valuation per head, for the above property than is here by the shipper fixed." To be carried by the said express company *at the exclusive risk of the owner*, to its office or place of business nearest destination, and then forwarded by a connecting line of transportation to the above address.

In consideration of the above rate, it is expressly agreed that the owner of said property has insured the same elsewhere in a non-assignable policy of insurance for his indemnity alone, or has assumed as an insurer himself, in consideration of the above special rate, all the risk of loss or injury thereto, by death, escape, detention, accident, bruises or injuries of any kind, accident to, or occurring during transportation whatever, and the said Southern Express Company shall not be liable for any injury whatever occurring to said property. And the owner thereof hereby releases the said express company and the railroad companies over whose roads said property may be transported, from all liability for injuries, loss or damage to the same from any cause whatever. And the shipper and owner hereby severally agree that all the stipulations and conditions in this receipt contained, shall extend to and inure to the benefit of each and every company or person to whom the Southern Express Company may intrust or deliver the above-described property for transportation, and shall define and limit the liability therefor of such other company or person.

It is further agreed that the receipt in good order of a connecting line of carriers to which said property may be delivered to complete transportation, shall terminate the liability of this company, and estop the owner of the same from making any demand upon this company for loss or injury occurring thereto thereafter.

Signed in duplicate at New Orleans this third day of February, 1893. For the Southern Express Company, ELLIS.

B. WATERS, Shipper.

If any company could be induced to make a just tariff sportsmen throughout the country, by patronizing such company exclusively, could bring the other companies to a more reasonable view of the matter.

The World's Fair Dog Show.

I venture on this subject with a feeling of reluctance. It in its way has been heard in season and out of season so much that it is almost as tiresome as "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" and other tunes one hears from early morn to dewy eve.

On Monday, the 24th inst., I asked Mr. Buchanan if the dates of the Exposition show would be changed so as not to conflict with the Rhode Island event, and in accordance with the prayer of the A. K. C. He said: "The World's Fair dog show will be held on the dates advertised, if it is held at all."

In regard to judges, Mr. Buchanan said he had no knowledge that there were any vacancies in the list selected—that is, no official knowledge. He had seen in the papers that some would not act, but they have not so informed him. He says entries are coming in. That is all the news of the World's Fair show at this end of the line, though World's Fair dog show news has about reached the thirtieth attenuation. I would not be at all surprised if there was a World's Fair show or if there was not.

Good Ideas.

The following is from an eminent trainer, of whose writings I have to complain that they are too short and too infrequent, they being founded on sound practical knowledge and presented in a clear, gracious manner. These are excerpts. He says:

"I was glad to see your remarks about the gentleman who wanted to select judges for the Northwestern trials. I believe with you that if trials are run perfectly fairly to all, and that more care is taken to have plenty of birds on the grounds, so that every dog shall have ample opportunities of showing how he can perform in finding and pointing, as well as how he can go at that killing pace (which no level-headed dog ever does go at except when chasing a rabbit), then will field trials increase in popularity.

"Can you tell me why the Eastern and other clubs' rules say, 'A dog should be thoroughly trained?' Why not 'must be?' I think that a thoroughly trained dog may misbehave once in a way, and the judges should make allowances for what may be called accidents; but it is unfair to let any dog, which does not show that he is thoroughly broken, beat one which is thoroughly broken; for who knows that he has not some shyness or fault in his disposition, that makes it impossible to break him without reducing his dash.

"From a letter in a contemporary, there seems to be an idea of having pointers, Irish setters and Gordons in one class. Now I don't think that would be a bad plan, because there are so few men who are breeding pointers fit for trials at present.

"I have had spaniels on the brain a little lately. After having read most of the letters on the subject which have recently been published, I am forced to the conclusion that the true specimens of the breed must be very scarce. The real use of a cocker is to do what a setter or pointer cannot do, certainly not with propriety, viz., worry out game in any kind of wet or rough ground. I believe that the introduction by dog show men of the black ones some years ago has had much to do with it. I know one, an imported one, which was sent to me to train, and he was quite as much terrier as spaniel in his ways; I could see an outcross in his appearance. I remember very well, when looking at a very handsome one at a show, making the remark that it did not look as if it could be any good, and a great dog show judge and fine sportsman replied, 'Of course not.'"

From all sides come earnest denunciation of McLin for his grievous cruelty. Mr. H. B. Anderson, well known as a gentleman and handler, writes me as follows on the matter. He says: "I did not suppose that there was a human being on earth who had so much brutality and such total depravity. His indeed must be a depraved nature, to starve and burn dogs who were his friends. Law is not severe enough for such a brute, nor is language comprehensive enough to express the loathing in which he ought to be held. I am sure that the conscientious handlers of the country will condemn such an act for its extreme inhumanity.

"However, it ought to teach a lesson to those owners who are always looking for a cheap trainer. There are handlers who haven't a particle of honesty in their dealings with their customers, and who do not care a rap for the customer so long as they get their money. Of course, there are many who are honest, conscientious and capable in every direction, who seek by hard work to give entire satisfaction. Such men deserve the confidence and patronage of owners. But such handlers cannot handle dogs cheaply, because they bring intelligence, experience and hard work to bear in their dog training."

Mr. C. W. Tway, Irwin, O., asks me for a good place to locate in Illinois or adjacent States for the purpose of giving his string of dogs some work on chickens. I do not know of such place. Perhaps some one of the large family of FOREST AND STREAM readers can give him the information he seeks, he being a most amiable and obliging gentleman himself, one who would gladly do as much for others. He writes that he has a fine string of dogs for the Manitoba trials and Northwestern trials, among which are Graphic's Juno and Graphic's Queen, and Mr. G. O. Smith's imported English setter Gambit.

In respect to the forthcoming trials of the new club in California, Mr. H. M. Tonner, proprietor of the Solana Kennels, North Ontario, Cal., writes as follows:

"The Southern California Field Trials Club recently organized in Los Angeles, it is hoped will prove an efficient factor in the developing of the field setter and pointer. With perfect grounds at its command and quail in almost unlimited numbers, coupled with the rapidly growing interest in sporting dogs, the outlook certainly is encouraging.

"The rules adopted by the club are practically the same as those of the E. F. T. Club and U. S. F. T. Club and others, and it is the intention to, as far as possible, have the best dogs put to the fore, regardless of the luck which is supposed to be inseparable from field competitions. It is possible that the judges may err, but the men selected to act in this capacity, Messrs. Pyle, Vandevort and Crenshaw, are men of known honesty of purpose, and there is no doubt but what the best dog will win. The officers of the club, who will act until our meeting in January, are: President, E. K. Benchley; Vice-President, J. H. Kiefer; Secretary, B. F. Hinman. The membership, while not large, is composed of ardent sportsmen who will take a keen interest in the affairs of the club. The stakes, while not unusually large, will be sufficiently so as to offer good inducements to handlers to have their dogs under perfect control and to give them work enough to fit them for the trials.

"In adopting the spotting system we hope to save time consumed in running dogs that have no possible show to win, and who detract from the interest in the trials. This being an organization of sportsmen, we desire the typical sportsman's dog to win, or, in other words, the dog who does the best average work on coveys, singles and retrieving. While some favor the abolishing of retrieving, a dog that will not retrieve will not win in the All-Age Stake."

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Bulldog Pedestrian Match.

WHATEVER may be said to the contrary, there is no place on this earth where more interest is taken in the bulldog, his general properties and capabilities, than in London town, and Monday last, July 17, was a memorable day and will be never forgotten by those who had the pleasure of being present at the walking match between the celebrated Dockleaf, owned by Mr. S. Woodiwiss, of East Finchley, London, and the great-headed King Orry, the property of Mr. George Murrell, of Deptford.

I need hardly tell you across the water that several have objected to the manner in which the first mentioned has from time to time moved in the ring, and some have gone so far as to call him nothing more or less than a cripple. This Dockleaf's breeder and backer, Mr. J. S. Pybus-Sellon, resolved to contest, and obtaining the loan of the dog from the East Finchley Kennels he was matched to walk the heavier and leggier dog on Monday evening last from the Roebuck Inn, at Lewisham, to Bromley Town Hall and back, a distance of ten miles.

I have now been knocking about dog shows and matches in the neighborhood of London for some years and I confess I never knew such excitement over a competition as this. By 6 o'clock all sorts of vehicles were driven up to the Roebuck filled with dogmen who have made their names in the canine world. All were on pleasure bent, and as the start was not to take place till 7 o'clock they enjoyed themselves at the billiard tables in the capacious saloon of the Roebuck.

Lewisham, I ought to tell you, is just a few miles out of London and immediately on the outskirts of the country. At about half a mile from the starting place you enter a well kept quiet road, where you are comparatively free from the traffic.

A huge crowd had collected by 7 o'clock, and from what a policeman told me, I gathered that although they have from time to time all parts and sizes of matches and competitions down that way, never was more excitement than on the occasion of this first bulldog walking match on record. The referees agreed on were Messrs. George Krehl, the kennel editor of the *Stock-Keeper*, and Mr. Edgar Tarman, a well known owner of bulldogs and popular all round with his fellow club men, who by-the-way mustered on this evening as they never had before. The first to appear on the scene was King Orry, and he had been trained down to a nicety; and if ever a dog looked fit for a ten mile walk it was Mr. Murrell's representative. Although the writer, among others, had a bet on as soon as possible, I found that the odds were on King Orry—he started at 6 to 4 on—although there was a lot of money about for Dockleaf last week. But I confess I never had an idea that Dockleaf would win, and greedily got all that was offered, for knowing that one was longer in the leg, a superior mover and better trained than the other, I never but thought it was quite 10 to 1 on one, and that King Orry.

Punctually at seven o'clock they started, and with a cheer the men and dogs taking the center of the road, when the great crowd cleared away, and it was one of the most amusing sights that ever dogmen witnessed. Cheer after cheer arose from a large number of the Deptford water side men who had been attracted to the spot to give a good send off to their representative dog, for King Orry's owner resides at Deptford Green. These fellows cheered to the echo, but the Dockleaf party were not so encouraging in their cries, in fact they kept more or less quiet and being of a respectable turn of mind, they did not give way to their feelings. Away the bulldogs traveled along the road, but King Orry immediately showed to the front, and it was at once seen that Fred. Milledge, who had hold of him, was an athlete, and Jack Harrison, his kennelman, who carried the bottle and sponge, also knew his business.

As was expected, Dockleaf soon commenced to crouch, and I regret to say that before he had gone a mile the match was practically over, for Harry Smith and Tom Bundle, Mr. Woodiwiss's head kennelman and greyhound trainer respectively, did all they could to urge on the son of Dandelion, but the dog would not continue his journey. At a mile from the starting point the Deptford dog was out of sight, but Dockleaf, who seemed to be pulling away from his leader (who was on the near side) and going extremely lame on his off shoulder, was humanely picked up at Sloper's Island, between two and three miles out, and was sent back in a conveyance in attendance.

There were some dozen well-filled vehicles following King Orry, and the cheers that enlivened the air when the Deptford men heard that the other dog had failed must have been heard by the villagers and the people for miles around. As it was, at every cross road there congregated men, women and children with open mouths watching agog the peculiar sight of a man and dog walking as it were for dear life.

Soon we got to Bromley, rather a quaint old place, and here if the town hall had been on fire more excitement could not have been caused, for the fresh cheers of the Deptfordites had evidently awakened the inhabitants to a sense that something wonderful was on. From Lewisham to Bromley is five miles, and King Orry covered the ground in just one hour and a couple of minutes.

Bromley was emptied as quickly as it was filled, and like a snowball, the company swelled the further it went; we were not only waited on by ladies and cyclists, but the little gypsey boys from an encampment gave us an exhibition of their tumbling powers and greedily picked up and fought for the coppers that were thrown to them. A sort of half-way house was the Tiger's Head; here we stopped on the outward and homeward journeys, and every man Jack refreshed himself at this quaint old place. One bulldog went out with his owner for a run to see how he could manage the distance, took occasion at this trysting place to make the acquaintance of a well-known dogman who resides at Westbourne Park. Although it is not very pleasing to have the jaws of a bulldog round your hand, the incident on Monday evening was the most laughable one I ever witnessed. If Mr. Hoppett carries to his grave the teeth marks of Baby Bacchus I am sure he will have no cause to forget the occasion on which it happened.

But this by the way, we were soon again on the road back to Lewisham, the weather holding up beautifully until we were just about a mile from home, when a slight shower fell which appeared to make the dog more faster than ever, and he kept up a continual gait of five miles per hour, and if he was wanted, I think he could have kept on at this pace for twenty miles. When at 9:24 P. M. a tremendous cheer arose, it was known that King Orry had passed the winning post outside the Roebuck, and here there was indescribable excitement, for although as soon as it was known Dockleaf had been picked up, it was a foregone conclusion. Yet very few thought King Orry would accomplish the distance in two hours and seven minutes, and appear as fresh as a daisy and as strong as a lion.

I do not wish to be harsh on any dog, but I really think that not only can King Orry beat at this game twenty Dockleafs, but he could give a good start and a beating to any show dog of his weight.

At one time it was thought that that most active dog Guido, the property of Mr. Jack Ellis, would have started, but last week the Hackney Road dog cut his foot and was withdrawn from the contest.

After the walk on Monday night Mr. Murrell offered to give Guido one mile start in ten miles, but Mr. Ellis was not having any, and he as good as remarked that he knew what King Orry was, and that his number was a size too great to take down.

The utmost good feeling existed notwithstanding that some money changed hands, and it did not go into the pockets of the Dockleaf party.

The only sad and regretable incident about the whole matter was, that the breeder and backer of Mr. Woodiwiss's dog was unable to be present because of the death of his brother, Mr. Reggie Pybus-Sellon. The greatest sympathy was felt for Mr. John Pybus-Sellon, who has always done so much for the bulldog men of England, and is so greatly respected.

In conclusion I ought to say, many were the remarks in reference to the match, one being, "What is the use of such a match as this?" Well, I think it had its lessons. Firstly, it demonstrated conclusively that a leggy dog can travel better than a short-legged one; secondly, that the show bulldog can do his five miles an hour with ease, and, thirdly, that the formation of King Orry's shoulders is correct. That these three facts will be of the greatest benefit to bulldog breeders I have no doubt, and I am sure that the good-humored company who enjoyed themselves in the charming lanes of Kent on Monday evening will never regret being present at a match which caused far more excitement than any other that has been known to dog show men in my time.

The two chief items to remember in this competition are, that King Orry walked ten miles in two hours and seven minutes, and that he started at 6 to 4 on.

FREEMAN LLOYD.

LONDON, July 18.

Appointment of Substitute Judges.

Editor Forest and Stream:

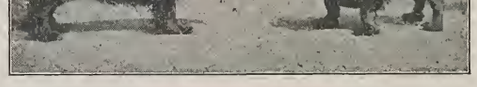
Regarding the question as to what action bench show committees shall take where an announced judge is unable to officiate, I would most strongly protest against canvassing among the exhibitors present as to who should fill the vacancy. It would open the way to too much junketing. Some folks have made a great hue and cry about bench show committees asking prominent exhibitors as to judges that would be acceptable to them. This I regard as all moonshine. I have been a constant exhibitor since 1879 and have won probably two hundred prizes, if not more, yet I do not recall ever having been asked in these fourteen years what judge would be acceptable to me. Where a judge is not able to act it strikes me very forcibly that the proper way is for the bench show committee to appoint another judge in his stead without consulting exhibitors or any one else, advise the exhibitors by telegram at their expense, if the time is short, that a change has been made, and what the change is. This enables the exhibitor to withdraw his dogs if he wishes to do so, or show them if it so pleases him. If the time be so short that they cannot write, a telegram as well as postponing the judging one day will overcome all difficulties. Canvassing among exhibitors is only opening a loophole by which a distasteful judge can be slipped in simply because some one large kennel knows his preference and so exerts its influence regardless of the others. Let the bench show committee appoint some one to fill the vacancy and the rest will take care of itself.

H. W. HUNTINGTON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think that most of Dr. Perry's amendments are desirable Certainly the one giving exhibitors the right to choose a substitute when the advertised judge fails to appear, is just and reasonable. I cannot agree with Mr. H. W. Smith when he says that the committee choose their own judges in



FASCINATION AND TROUBLESOME.

the first place, make the classes and pay the prizes, and therefore should appoint substitutes in case of vacancies.

It is true they select their own judges, which is perfectly right and proper, and we can stay at home if we are not pleased with the judge, and nobody is hurt but the show committee, who lose entries. But, if the judge is acceptable and a large number of entries are made on that account, it is not right for the committee to substitute some one who is not acceptable to the exhibitors who have paid their entrance fees and express charges to the show. If the owners are not there themselves to vote, it can safely be left to the handler having the dogs in charge. I would be willing to have Ben Lewis, for instance, vote for me if he had my dogs in charge. He would not be likely to vote for Mills in preference to Mason, Mortimer and other good judges, while some committees would.

Ask a man to promise entries for your show. The first question he asks is, Who will judge my class? When he sends his entrance fee he expects the advertised judge to act, and it is as much a part of the contract as it is to pay the prize money, and when it is impossible to have him act, the exhibitors should choose a substitute.

A. W. SMITH.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to record myself as most emphatically against the proposed modification of the rule regarding the election of substitute judges. Firstly on the principle that the A. K. C. is now ruling too much and is becoming meddlesome; secondly because the rule is to no purpose, as long as the judge can be refused by the bench show committee. There is just as much propriety in the A. K. C. describing the manner of election of a substitute, as there would be in the appointment of the original judge. A bench show is a business undertaking, and the show committee will naturally strive to please, in order to make a success. By all means keep the A. K. C. out of the judge question. Let this thing regulate itself. If a rule must be made, then I would propose, that in the event of the substitute judge not being satisfactory to him, that the exhibitor is entitled to withdraw his dog and to get his entry fee back. That will make a bench show committee think twice before acting against the majority. In adopting the rule with the proviso that the bench show committee may approve or reject the elected judge (which by the way is a correct proviso), the rule will have no effect, except having drawn the A. K. C. into more trouble, and causing rows between an elected judge who is refused and the bench show committee.

A. H. HEPPNER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to Dr. Perry's resolutions, I believe that in case of an advertised judge failing to act, the exhibitors present should have the privilege of appointing a judge to fill the vacancy. Also an exhibitor should have the privilege o withdrawing his entries in case of the advertised judge no acting. All exhibitors of any experience have their favorite judges, and I do not believe it is treating them fairly to compel them to show under a judge they do not fancy.

Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt's remarks on the jockeying of dogs from light weight to heavy weight classes and *vice versa*, are timely. Still I can hardly agree to his proposition, viz., "To compel a dog 18 months old or over to remain thereafter in his then declared class." As most of this jockeying is done at the show and just before judging, and after the expert handler has "sized up" the classes, I suggest that a dog should be shown in the class he is entered in. If the owner has made any mistake in making his entry let him stand or fall thereby.

WM. H. HYLAND.

NORTH TARRYTOWN, July 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think Dr. Perry's suggestion a good one in some respects, still I am of the opinion that the calling together of the exhibitors for a meeting to get individual views in the matter an arduous and impracticable undertaking, fraught with delays and long discussions that, as a rule, will prove unprofitable and unsatisfactory both to the dog show committee and to the exhibitors themselves. Any live committee can see at once how matters stand in regard to the selection of a judge, and in five minutes can select a substitute for the absentee, whereas if a meeting is called and some of our doggy friends get possession of the floor, it will take five days, instead of five minutes, to place the other poor fellow in that privileged position where he can subsequently taste the sweets of getting his hair pulled.

A. CLINTON WILMERDING.

NEW YORK CITY, July 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letter of Dr. Perry, published in your last issue, suggesting the modification of the rule governing the appointing of judges to fill vacancies at our dog shows I think is a very wise suggestion, and believe it would give perfect satisfaction to all exhibitors if adopted by the A. K. C. I also think the FOREST AND STREAM is deserving of the thanks of our breeders and exhibitors for the trouble they have taken to ascertain the opinions of their patrons on such an important subject.

MRS. J. M. NICHOLSON.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to the rule regarding dog show judges, it appears to me that in case the judge advertised to judge a breed of dogs is not present that the exhibitors should by a two-thirds vote decide upon some one present.

RINADA POINTER KENNELS.

NEW YORK CITY, July 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Respecting the appointment of substitute judges, I think that in case a judge fails to keep his appointment the matter of selecting a substitute should be entirely left to the exhibitors or their representatives.

EDWARD BOOTH.

NEW YORK, July 30.

BOSTON, July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am hardly in sympathy with my friend, Dr. Perry, on the question of filling vacancies in the list of judges at dog shows. I would rather suggest that the A. K. C. qualify a list of judges which they recommend to the various kennel clubs, and that each club from this list choose whom they want, with a secondary list or alternate judge in case of the inability of the first-named judge to serve. I would never for an instant take the authority or responsibility of the conduct of the dog show away from the committee and place it in other hands. Let us have judges qualified by the A. K. C. and let exhibitors show under them. If one cannot serve, take the next. The Doctor's scheme would, I am sure, lead to a wrangle among the exhibitors, and it provides for no one to straighten it out.

EDWARD BROOKS.

Toronto Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have just received notice that the Michigan Central Railroad will carry over their lines one dog free on chain, and when crated they can be checked and 150lbs. will be allowed free, all over will be charged at the same rate as excess baggage. This is a special rate granted to dogs going to and from the Toronto Industrial Dog Show. Mr. H. Brooks, of West Medford, Mass., donates the following specials for Scotch terriers: $15 for best kennel of four, $10 for best dog, American or Canadian bred, and $10 for best bitch, American or Canadian bred.

C. A. STONE, Sec'y.

Dog Gone.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ten days ago my lemon and white setter dog Report, by Breeze Gladstone—List Noble, was stolen from Wallingford, Delaware county, Pa. The dog has an evenly-marked lemon and white head, dark eyes and nose, with a lemon patch on back, well feathered, cobby built, of about 40lbs. weight. Any information, concerning a dog answering the above description, from brother sportsmen that may aid me in recovering my dog will be thankfully received.

FRANCIS G. TAYLOR.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

The Ohio Field Trials Club.

CANTON, O., July 26.—Persons who have made entries or received entry blanks will please notice that the Ohio field trials will commence Nov. 22, and the All-Age Stake entries will close Nov. 18; Derby Stake entries close Sept. 1.

G. V. L. MELLINGER, Sec.

A Mitchell Club Meet.

MITCHELL, S. D., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been suggested by several outside coursing men that the Mitchell Coursing Club should hold a meeting following the International at Huron. A move is now being made here to this effect, and doubtless a meeting will be held Oct. 10.

H. G. NICHOLS.

Lexington (Ky.) Dog Show.

The Blue Grass Kennel Club is getting together numerous specials for their show that takes place the end of this month. For the best dog or bitch, owned in Louisville, Ky., $10 is offered. The Collie Club of America offers the club medal for best collie in open classes, exhibited by a member of the club. The following additional classes have been added: Class A, novice R. C. St. Bernard dog or bitch, $5, first; medal, second. Class B, Dandie Dinmonts, open class, dogs or bitches, $5, first; medal, second. Class 129, challenge pug dogs, $10, first. Class C, challenge pug bitches, $10, first. Class D, black pugs, open class dogs or bitches, $10, first; medal, second. Classes 111 to 114, inclusive, should read Irish terriers. The committee also say that present indications point to a very large entry. On the back of the entry form will be found a very good plan of the dog show building, showing rings, benching, etc. The ground floor is 300ft. by 100, and ventilation and light is said to be perfect. The exercising facilities are unsurpassed, as across the electric road there is a covered track and the inside space is two acres of grass.

The Type of Great Danes.

BY A. H. HEPPNER.

(*Continued from page 35.*)

FIRST we will take the Hatzrüde—called in England boarhound. This strain was inclined to be savage, rather devoted, as indicated by the English name, to chasing and fighting a bear or a boar than to be the pet of a family; and his general make up corresponded with these facts. Standing on powerful legs, with well let down stifles, with a houndy-curved back, flank tucked up, deep, narrow chest, rather long, coarse coat, abundance of loose skin on all parts of the body, especially over the shoulders and under the throat; colored generally brindle and harlequin; weight, by virtue of bone and muscle, over 150lbs. The head of the Hatzrüde is a peculiar characteristic; very wide and flat; skull round, cheeks prominent, eyes bulging, no chiseling whatever, as shown in the following illustrations:

This shows how far a Great Dane can go toward a mongrel and explains why there was once a movement to expell this breed from the show bench.

ULMER DOGGE.—This dog is rather more on the order of the German dogge only not as racily built. There is a marked difference in texture of coat in favor of the Ulmer dogge, while at the same time the head may be big and the throat coarse. There was more character about them and it was this strain that guided the Germans in their taste for a modern great Dane. The head of the Ulmer, compared with the Hatzrüde, was better chiseled and showed more breeding. This dog was more adapted as a pet than as a sporting dog, and was bred more for the eye than for usefulness.

DANISCHE DOGGE.—This showed the extreme to the other side, something we would call to-day "weedy," weighing possibly 100lbs; a nice, upstanding dog on the greyhound order; similar in feet and way of standing, and, like the greyhound, having an appearance of gracefulness and activity. This strain was generally of different shades of blue. Clean cut, well chiseled, narrow head, lacking depth of muzzle.

GERMAN DOGGE.—Mr. G. Lang, of Stuttgart, who acted as judge at Hamburg in 1880, then and there formed about himself a circle of doggy men and advocated the plan of taking the best qualities of these three strains and combine them in a whole under the above name. They took the gracefulness of the Danische dogge; with its fine breeding qualifications, and the Ulmer (of course, quality as to breeding and type at that time does not mean a Hannibal of eleven years later) and the substance and constitution principally of the coarse Hatzrüde, and strove to breed in this combination a dog best described now as Hannibal the Great. If in the meantime some headstrong and one-sided breeder leaned toward one or the other strain in his breeding manipulations, of course, one cannot blame him, because tastes will differ. But this difference of object among breeders explains the differences among the representatives of our present German dogge, here called great Dane. The difference of type among them here or in Germany to-day, where it exists, means simply the fact that the particular strain has not been sufficiently and desirably blended, as it should be. We may get from Germany to-day, as well as we could in 1880, if we look for it, a Hatzrüde, an Ulmer dogge, or a Danische dogge, just as you wish, and undoubtedly and very likely any one of these will come under the name of German dogge, and with explanations, affidavits and everything desirable in regard to proof of thorough breeding, pedigrees a yard long, consisting of a half a dozen Cesars, Paschas, Mincas and so forth. On receipt of which the American exhibitor swears high and low that his dog is right and typical, and that somebody else's is not.

Now, gentlemen of the fancy, decide what you wish to have—a Hatzrüde (boarhound), an Ulmer dogge or a Danishe dogge. I, for one, want a German dogge (great Dane), *i. e.*, a combination of the better qualities of each of these strains, in a degree. The graceful movement of the Danishe dogge in a measure, the substance of the Halzrüde to a degree and the breeding merits of the Ulmer in a dog like the illustration called "Ideal Great Dane Dog." If I were a professional breeder I would rather strive to get a larger and heavier ideal than a lighter one, but by all means a typical, finely bred dog.

Now we have incidentally arrived at the conclusion of this part of our article and have, I think, explained the existence of a Melac and a Wenzel, both under one name, that of great Dane. I do not believe Wenzel to be a representative of the medium between a mastiff and a greyhound. I think he was as much of the greyhound order (see Danishe dogge) as Melac

HATZRÜDE (EARLY PERIOD)

is of the mastiff (boarhound) order. Were we well supplied in this country with greyhoundy Danes, the selection of Wenzel as head of affairs in New York in a strong class of fair specimens would have been a serious mistake, but we are well supplied with dogs of the other extreme—boarhounds—and while we are in danger of going too far toward the boar hound, I think the decision of Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt was only justifiable as a protest against a wrong policy of breeding, though I should have liked to see a real great Dane and not a Danische dogge beat the boarhound-Ulmer combination which produced Melac.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Brunswick Fur Club.

The Brunswick Fur Club has issued a new edition of its constitution and running rules. The new rules are radically different from the old ones, the club having fallen into line and adopted the spotting system. This club now boasts of a membership of over eighty men interested in foxhunting, exclusive of a list of twenty-seven honorary members. The new rules were revised by vote of the club last April. We cannot print the new rules, but those interested are referred to the secretary, Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, Cottage street, Dorchester, Mass., who will forward a copy on request.

DOG CHAT.

The Rhode Island Show.

The Rhode Island Fair Association seems to be in touch with this progressive age. On the entry form is printed A. K. C. Rule XXVIII., referring to closing of entries and the pains and penalties which that body will inflict on the club that transgresses. This is a gentle hint to the intending exhibitor not to lead the Association into temptation by sending in late entries. It is a hint that might be embodied in every dog show entry form. On the back of the form, in addition to particulars relating to the coming show, the following sentence will strike exhibitors as particularly grateful and soothing: "It is the policy of the Association to make all entrance fees as low as practicable, believing that exhibitors' expenses are quite enough without their being obliged to form a sweepstake and compete for their own money." Those associations which charge a $2 or $3 entry fee for a $5 prize, should frame that sentence and hang it up in a conspicuous place in the club room.

Death of Fascination.

Mr. George Bell has had such a pheuomenal run of luck for some years past in showing dogs and picking up veritable bargains in cocker flesh that we almost thought he was impervious to the misfortunes that overtake kennel owners sooner or later. At Wissahickon show in the sudden death of Troublesome he realized how it feels, and now that he has

HATZRÜDE (IMPROVED TYPE).

lost the apple of his kennel eye, Fascination, he experiences the full meaning of the dog man's term, "hard luck." Fascination died in the early part of last week, but from what cause we have not yet been informed. This handsome cocker has filled a conspicuous place on the bench lately and his winning career is too well known to the fancy to need repetition here. He was by Mr. Bell's Obadiah out of his well known bitch Amazement, and was whelped July 29, 1891. Mr. Bell has our sincere sympathy in his loss. The Toronto show is near at hand, but the Toronto man will scarcely be caught napping on his own doorstep.

"Dandies."

It is peculiar that the Dandie Dinmont does not become more popular over here. Game, not quarrelsome, a merry companion and one that can be depended on to take its part in almost any canine emergency, his merits should meet with more attention than is now the case. Our principal breeder, Mr. E. Brooks, feels quite discouraged that his efforts to bring the breed into prominence bear so little fruit. Still, we trust that he will keep the fight up and eventually prevail upon others to go into the fancy. Perhaps if more of the blue dogs were shown they would catch on quicker.

Foxhunt by Moonlight.

The secretary of the Brunswick Fur Club, Mr. B. S. Turpin, contrives to get a good deal of sport out of this life. He writes us that on the night of July 27 he with a number of friends went to Waltham, Mass. They took six hounds just outside the town and starting a fox had a fine run. The music could be heard most of the time, the fox not going more than a mile from the party, and frequently within a hundred yards. He sums it up this way, "Full moon, fine hounds, good company, perfect night, splendid lunch. What more do you want?" Nothing, unless it be the brush.

A Show at Newcastle, Pa.

The Lawrence County Agricultural Society, at Newcastle, Pa., will hold a dog show Aug. 29 to Sept. 1. Mr. W. L. Washington is the judge for sporting classes and Dr. A. Lewis for non-sporting. The prizes are $3, $2 and $1. Entry fee, 50 cents. There are other "miscellaneous" classes provided, with prizes of $1, entry to which is 25 cents. The show is given under the auspices of the Newcastle Kennel Club, organized last year.

The Rinada Kennels have issued a couple of very interesting catalogues of the breeding stock and the dogs for sale in these kennels. To a studcnt of pointer form the one treating of the breeding stock is especially interesting, as Mr. Pickhardt, the owner, has set forth their merits of breeding in a manner that convinces any one who knows of the stock his dogs are bred from, that he is on the right track. Such well known sires as King of Kent, Duke of Hessen, Lad of Kent, Ridgeview Panic, Pontiac, etc. have been used. Among the stock for sale are some broken dogs that should find ready sale. A synopsis of the breeding is not the least important part of these neat catalogues. Mr. Pickhardt's kennels are at Massapeuqa, L. I.

The noted Scotch terriers Kilroy and Kilcree do not spend all their time "fettling" up for the bench. They have been taken to Brockton, Mass., where they will have some rough and tumbles with the woochucks.

It does seem rather hard lines that a man cannot enjoy the society of his dog without being subject to loss of liberty on the mere word of any passer-by. An Englishman was sitting in the park, one day last week, with his St. Bernard, when two men came up and one claimed the dog as his property. Despite the protests of the Englishman that the dog was his and had been sent to him from Australia three years ago, and the growls of the animal when the men tried to coax him away, they complained to a policeman, and dog and owner were taken to the station house and locked up for the night. Next morning when brought before the justice, the Englishman was able to prove by papers and letters received from the former owner in Australia who asked after the dog that the dog was really his, and was duly released. According to the published accounts of the affair there seems to have been considerable injustice done in the case and some ignorance of his rights on the young man's part.

We learn with regret that the well-known beagle breeder and late President of the Beagle Club, Mr. F. W. Chapman, has been seriously ill with rheumatism and is still confined to his home. We trust this enthusiastic beagle man will shortly be on his feet again. The beagle trials will soon be on and without the "Chapman lope" one half of the fun will be lost.

Mr. C. A. Loud, owner of the Shenandoah Kennels, in California, is selling out. He will locate at Antioch, Cal., and give up breeding as soon as his stock is disposed of. Mr. Loud is the setter man that Mr. Raper got into controversy with over the kennel prize award and the decisions at the late San Francisco show.

Mr. C. D. Bernheimer, part owner of the Hepburn Kennels of great Danes, having lost his father recently, finds his business responsibilities too great to admit of giving further attention to the kennel, and he reluctantly gives up his dog breeding interests for the present.

Nurse (as she puts Robert to bed)—And what would you say if your mamma should have a little baby brother or sister for you when you woke up in the morning?

Robert—Tell her I'd rather have a dog.—*Puck.*

At the meeting of the Pointer Club of America, held July 31 at 44 Broadway, the following officers were elected: John S. Wise, president; Fred'k S. Webster, vice-president; Adrian C. Pickhardt, secretary and treasurer. Mr. George Jarvis was elected a delegate to the A. K. C. Messrs. Chas. Heath and B. F. Seitner were elected to the executive committee. Mr. R. A. de Russy and Mr. George W. La Rue were elected members of the club. Everything looks bright and prosperous for the club.

The Pacific Fox-Terrier Club, according to *Breeder and Sportsman*, must be in a flourishing state. They expect to have $150 on hand for prizes at the next show. Two new members were elected at the last meeting.

Trivvet—"Is this your advertisement in the paper for a lost dog?" Dicer—"Yes." Trivvet—"Why you never had a dog to lose." Dicer—"I know; but I want one now, and I think I can make a satisfactory selection from the animals the advertisement will bring in."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The foxhounds of this country are being rapidly increased. Mr. J. W. Sloan, of Temple, Ind., now writes us that his American foxhound bitch Spark whelped July 22 16 living pups, sexes evenly divided, sired by Rowdy Frank.

Kitten (dancing and singing)—"Papa wouldn't buy me a bow-wow."

Old Cat (severely)—Stop, my child. Don't you know that a bow-wow is the very worst thing that you could have?—*Harper's Young People.*

In the "up to date" dictionary that Funk & Wagnalls will shortly publish, considerable space is given to the dog. Argoss will represent a Russian wolfhound, champion Spinaway, a greyhound, and Carney, a bull-terrier.

BICKNELL, Ind., Aug. 1.—[*Special to Forest and Stream*]: The preliminary hearing of Geo. McLin was set for today before the Mayor of Vincennes. He waived examination and was sent to jail in default of $500 bail to wait action of grand jury which meets in September. J. M. FREEMAN.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Mirth and Glee. By F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., for white, black and tan beagle bitches, whelped June 10, 1893, by Stormy out of Myrtle the Mouse.

Sweet Fern. By F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., for black, white

DANISCHE DOGGE.

and tan beagle bitch, whelped June 16, 1893, by Ransack out of Gussie D.

Earl of Deboniar, Songster, Trinket II., The Queen and Her Grace. By F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y., for white, black and tan beagles, two dogs and three bitches, whelped June 3, 1893, by Ransack out of champion Twinkle.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Wee Millie—Frank Forest. F. B. Zimmer's (Gloversville, N. Y.) beagle bitch Wee Millie to Rockland Kennels' champion Frank Forest, July 19.

Bennett's Flirt—Duke of Kent II. Glenrock Kennels' (leased) pointer bitch Bennett's Flirt (Grandee—Daisy) to their Duke of Kent II. (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso), March 8.

Ridgeview Patch—Duke of Kent II. Glenrock Kennels' pointer bitch Ridgeview Patch (Beppo III.—Lady Norrish II.) to their Duke of Kent II., July 20.

Bessie Kakas—Dash. Glenrock Kennels' (leased) pointer bitch Bessie Kakas (Sancho of Auburn—Ino H.) to Dash (litter brother to Duke of Kent II.), March 25.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Hilda. H. F. de B. Cameron's (Detroit, Mich.) cocker spaniel bitch Hilda, July 24, six (four dogs), by C. F. Backus's Bendigo.

Little Girl. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Little Girl (Ben Butler—Nell), July 20, seven (four dogs), by his Murkland Ranger II. (Murkland Ranger—Beaulah).

Blossom. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitc

Blossom (Ben Butler—Maud), July 18, ten (nine dogs), by his Murkland Ranger II. (Murkland Ranger—Beaulah).

Ruby. Dr. G. W. Dixon's (Worcester, Mass.) ruby spaniel bitch Ruby (Carter's Blenheim—Carter's Lady), July 30, three (two dogs), by Merryview Kennels' Philadelphia Boy).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Bob White. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped July 11, 1893, by Bradford Ruby II. out of Sara Bernhardt, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to M. M. White, same place.

Loris. Siver fawn pug dog, whelped May 5, 1893, by Happy Toby out of Midget Nellie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to M. M. White, same place.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

M. A. F.—Write to W. W. Titus, Waverley, Clay county, Miss. Also consult advertising columns.

W. S. B., Rochester, N. Y.—I have a Scotch terrier bitch who whelped two pups and both were dead. Since then she has been in more or less pain owing, I suppose, to her not being suckled. Her teats are caked and somewbat inflamed. What treatment would you recommend to relieve her? Will the milk dry up in her bag gradually and nature tbus relieve her? Ans. Give a dose of castor oil and repeat in a few days. If teats are very hard, milk sufficiently to relieve pressure. Foment teats with hot water twice a day and rub with camphorated oil.

W. P. D.—1. Can a beagle be O. K. tbat is tan and white and ticked, but minus the black? 2. What should the spread of ears measure? 3. Should dew claws on pups be removed, and should they have them? 4. What should be limit of height of adult bitch? 5. How can I find out all about registering dogs? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. A good length of ear is to reach the tip of the nose when pulled forward; too long is not desirable for working beagle. 3. They are of no use and should be removed. 4. Fifteen inches. 5. Write the secretary of American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, New York, for blanks. Fee $1 each dog.

W. E. R., Reading, Pa.—Would you please tell me what is wrong with my dog, an English setter, 5½yrs. old? Seems to be constipated all the time. I gave him a few worm lozenges to move his bowels and a few small worms came from him. He seems to have trouble in his throat, as if sometbing was there. He makes a funny noise, as if he was hacking at his throat. Ans. Give a sharp purgative and then the following mixture:

℞ Morphia sulph	grs. ii
Tr. nucis vom	ʒ i
Tr. rbei	ʒ ss
Aq. ad	ʒ vi

Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day.

C. B., Providence, R. I.—What treatment is my dog in need of? The dog in question is an English setter, about 3yrs. old, and for the past year or so has been troubled with an eruption on the skin which seems to shift from place to place, and is more apparent from time to time; sometimes going away almost entirely. It first appears in small bunches from ¼in. to ½in. in diameter, which gradually matterate and come to a head, causing more or less uneasiness and discomfort to the dog. I have given the dog Fowler's solution of arsenic and a low diet, but with little apparent effect. There is and has been periodically a discharge from the eyes, but I supposed this was due to a cold. Ans. Treat for worms. For a dressing, see mixture for "J. B.," issue of July 29.

G. L. S., East Foxboro, Mass.—Will you kindly tell me what ails my cocker spaniel, and how to treat him? He is six years old, has a distressing cough, each attack ending with an attempt to vomit. He raises a yellow colored phlegm which he cannot seem to eject from his mouth. If he runs any he falls over as if in a faint, which lasts about a minute. He has a breaking out on the flaps of his ears and under his legs, has a good appetite and keeps in good condition; have treated for worms but without effect. Ans. Give a purgative and then the following mixture:

℞ Mag. sulph	ʒ vi
Pot. bom	ʒ ii
Morphia sulph	grs. ii
Aq. ad	ʒ vi

Mix. Give one dessertspoonful three times a day.

J. H. G., Middletown, Orange county, N. Y.—A pointer puppy nine months old had a slight cough or rather a sneeze, moderate appetite, eyes and nose in good condition, would at times lie down on his belly as if distressed. This he kept up for about three or four weeks, then began to grow poor and became quite thin. Three weeks ago I took him for a walk, he seemed a little weak in hind quarters. During the walk of about one mile, while playing in a pond of shallow water, he gave a sudden start, sprang out on the bank, and in spite of my effort to whistle him back, ran away from me and ran in a circle, when about 300yds. from me. When I got to him I found him lying on the ground struggling and frothing at the mouth, and he died in about ten minutes. His litter brother, in good condition and a much heavier dog, began to show weakness in all his limbs; was playful and had fairly good appetite. He would run to me to play, when all his legs would give out, and he would fall over sideways; would recover at once and repeat the same, falling over and over again. This continued five days, and he too died in a convulsion. If he had worms we could not discover any signs. These dogs had, as their breeder said, distemper while quite young. I had had them about five months. Please give your opinion as to the cause of their death. Ans. The convulsions (fits) which caused death may have been due to weakness and poverty of blood—anæmia, this could come on without worms.

H. B. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.—I have a St. Bernard bitch and two male whelps, of which she is the mother, each 3mos. old. In the early part of June I had the bitch clipped, as she has a very rough coat, thinking to make her comfortable for the hot months. A day or two later she began to cough, a long wheezy, yet hoarse cough, followed by a guttural sound like the clearing of the throat of phlegm. As she was at the same time a little costive I gave her a dose of castor oil, buckthorn and white poppy mixed in equal parts, each morning, together with a cough pill recommended by Dalziel. Also two or three outward applications of turpentine, etc. The cough left her about two weeks since, but almost immediately after one of the whelps began to cough in the same manner as the mother, the cough being accompanied by looseness of the bowels. I gave him cough pills, one in the morning, another in the evening, but while the bowels are now all right the cough remains. About a week ago the other whelp began to cough, and at the present time both cough. Will you kindly tell me whether this is simply a cold or a form of distemper, and what treatment would you recommend? None of the ordinary symptoms of distemper are present except that the dogs have lost flesh. Ans. From your description it looks like distemper. Keep the puppies quiet, continue the cough pills as long as necessary and also give them one grain of quinine three times a day.

J. H. M., Harrisburg, Pa.—What is tbe matter with my St. Bernard dog, smooth coat, 2½yrs. old? When I take him out for a walk and after going a square or two he gets so weak in the hindlegs that he can hardly drag them along. He becomes so tired that he falls down on his haunches and can go no further and must take him bome. He can't stand any length of time, his legs get so weak, and has a dry cough as if something was in his throat. A horse doctor has been doctoring him for three weeks, but he does not seem to help him. Sunday I saw some sticky stuff on his back and found it came from a hole in the middle of his back, big enough to stick your finger in, and comingout of and around the hole were worms. I put some carbolic acid mixed with water on it, and the worms that were in the hole and near it went in and out of sight. The worms were as big as a rotten chestnut worm. Ans. It is very probable the dog has distemper and the loss of power in the hindlegs is the result. Give the following mixture:

℞ Syr. hypophos. co	ʒ iv.
Tr. nucis vom	ʒ i
Liq. arsenicalis	ʒ ss.
Aq. ad	ʒ viii.

Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day. To the spine apply some stimulating linament. The dog must have had a sore on the back, in which the flies have deposited their eggs, which accounts for the maggots in it. The sore is "fly-blown." Syringe the wound out well with a strong solution of common salt and water, or a solution of creolin and water (1 to 30).

A Necessary Visitor.

THE FOREST AND STREAM has reached and celebrated, by an appropriate issue, its twentieth anniversary. It has long since become a necessary visitor to every well-informed sportsman in this country, and as a reliable and able journal is highly prized by the entire body of sportsmen. It has recorded all of the more notable advancements made in field sports, and as a link between the old and new presents a fund of interest not to be found in any other publication in the entire country.—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

7. Royal Nova Scotia, An. Cruise, Halifax.
7. New York Cruise, Rendezvous and Com.'s Cups, Glen Cove.
8. Massachusetts, Open, Under 23ft., Dorchester Bay.
8. New York Cruise, run to Morris Cove.
9. New York Cruise, run to New London.
9. Sippican, 2d Champ, Marion.
10. Miramichi, Stewart Pen. Black Brook.
10. Rochester, Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
10. New York Cruise, run to Newport.
11. New York Cruise, Goelet Cups, Newport.
12. Hull Cor., 2d Cham., Hull.
12. Beverly, Marblehead.
12. Winthrop, Cash Race.
12. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st, 30 and 25ft. Classes, Toronto.
12. Minnetonka, cup race.
12. New York Cruise, run to Martha's Vineyard.
13. Cor., San Fran., Rowing Races, Tiburon.
14. Hempstead Bay, third Club, Hempstead Bay.
14. New York Cruise, run to New Bedford.
14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsummer Series.
15. New York Cruise, run to Newport.
16. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
16. Savin Hill, Sail-off, Dorchester Bay.
19. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
19. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass
19. Riverside, Ladies' Day Race, Riverside, Conn.
19. Quincy,ClubRace,Quincy,Mass
19. Beverly, 1st Open, Quissett.
19. So. Boston,3dCham.,So.Boston
19. Winthrop, 2d Cham.
19. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.
19-20. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Goat Island.
19. Savin Hill, Union Open, Dorchester Bay.
21. Rhode Island, Open.
22. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay.
22. Fall River, Open, Mount Hope Bay.
24. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
24. Commonwealth, 2d Pen,Boston
25. Staten Island, Ladies' Day.
26. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
26. Cor., Atlantic City, Annual.
26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham.
26. Monatiquot, 3d Cham., Weymouth.
26. Minnetonka, sail off.
26. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
26. Sippican, Open, Marion.
26. Cor.Mos.Fleet An.NewRochelle
26. Royal Nova Scotia, Open, Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.
26-27. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Petaluma Creek.
26-28. Royal Canadian, Cruise.
28. Eastern, Weld Cup, Marblehead.
31. Atlantic, 85ft. Class, New York
—. Cor., Sweeps, 85ft. Class, Newport.
—. New York Cruise, Astor Cups, Newport.
—. Seawanhaka, 85ft. special.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Savin Hill, 2d Cup, Dorchester Bay.
2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off.
2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open Boats, College Point.
2. Quincy,ClubRace,Quincy,Mass
2. Rochester, Cruise, Charlotte.
2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
2. Winthrop, Consolation Race.
2. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st Class, Toronto.
2. Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, Open, Halifax.
4. Fall River, Club, Mount Hope Bay.
4. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.
4. Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Beach.
6. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point.
9. Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 85ft. Class, Larchmont.
9. Beverly, Marblehead.
9. Cor., San Francisco, Channel Cruise and Race.
9. Commonwealth,3d Pen,Boston
9. Buffalo, Cruising Sweepstakes, All Classes, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Can., Prince of Wales Cup, Toronto.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, triangle
9. Sippican, 3d Champ., Marion.
14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
14. Rochester, Review and Ladies Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
14. Mos. Fleet, Open, Cash, South Boston.
15. New York, autumn sweeps, New York.
16. Royal Nova Scotia, Special Class, Edwards Cup.
16. Royal Can., 30ft Class, Tor.
16. Phila., Open, Delaware River.
16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Royal Can., Cosgrove Cup, 25ft. Class, Toronto.
23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and Corinthian Games.
7-9-11-13. New York, Trial Races, Sandy Hook.

OCTOBER.

5-7-9. New York, America's Cup, Sandy Hook.
7. Miramichi,Cbatham-Newcastle
7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day.
14. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
14. Commouwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor.
—. Colt Cup, 85-footers, Long Island Sound.

DURING tbe past week a good deal has been said about a recent alteration of that article of the New York Y. C. rules relating to the method of measurement, some claiming that the rule as now worded calls for the presence on board of the full crew of the yacht. We have not been favored with a look at the new year book of the club, but from all we can learn the old rule has not been altered in this particular, and the rule must be interpreted as it has been in the past, that those who may be on board must remain admidship while tbe measurement is being taken. The whole matter is a trifling one, and has received much more attention than it deserves.

COLONIA has gratified her owners and friends by a fast run from New York to Newport, leaving Bay Ridge at 8 A. M. and anchoring at Newport at 6 P. M., the distance being nearly 140 miles, naut. The run was made under favorable conditions, a strong breeze on the port quarter.

NOTHING has yet been done toward barring the fin-keel. It has raced without interruption in England for several years, and on this side yachtsmen generally are rejoicing over the fact that two large fins have been built to defend the America's Cup. The yachtsmen of St. John, N. B., have, however, taken alarm at a new fin-keel in their waters, and the proposal has been made to prohibit her entry in a race soon to take place.

IT is quite possible that the New York Y. C. is taking too deeply to heart the possibility of Valkyrie defending the Cape May cup, as it now appears that she and Navahoe were certain to meet in the ordinary course of events. The question of superiority between them is likely to be settled within the coming week through their meetings in the ordinary races, and after that it makes very little difference whether they meet for the Cape May cup. It would of course be very hard on Mr. Carroll if he should win it from Valkyrie and then lose it through a later challenge from Britannia or Satanita, and we hope that should he be lucky enough to win it on the merits of his yacht he will be allowed to bring it home with him unchallenged.

THE news of Navahoe's first performance in foreign waters, and also of her first race, is most gratifyiug, as she has sailed practically even with two yachts which have raced steadily since the end of May, and after thorough working up are presumably in first-class racing form. All things considered, the first race, in foreign waters and among a strange fleet, the performance was a remarkable one; and while no final conclusions can be based on it, the prospects of Navahoe's success are far more encouraging to-day than they have been since tbe yacht was launched.

THE present month has been marked by the unusual prevalence of strong westerly winds about New York and Boston, making it a pity that there has not been more racing. The conditions on Long Island Sound for the last three or four Saturdays bave been of the finest for yacht racing, clear bright weather with whole sail or even single-reef breezes from the southwest. The Saturday races about Boston have also been favored in the same way. It is a curious question whether the same weather last year would have materially affected the performances of Alpha as compared with the fin-keels; and if so what the effect on designing in the small classes would have been.

ONE result of the strong and often squally winds is seen in the large number of capsizes, many of them with fatal consequences, which have been reported in the daily papers. While some of these disasters are due to carelessness or ignorance in handling, the malu cause lies in the type of boat which is used in all weather and by persons of only ordinary skill. Whatever good reasons may exist for the use of wide, shoal boats, partly decked, over canvassed and badly ballasted, such use should be confined to experienced hands, and for ordinary pleasure purposes, especially where women, children and landsmen are among the passengers, safety should be the first consideration, and speed should give way to it.

THE following advice, from the *Marine Journal*, is very timely in this connection: "There is just one practical caution for those in charge of pleasure craft that will prevent disaster if heeded; keep your eyes wide open, your head clear, hand steady and maintain a sharp lookout. If you can't tell by the look of the clouds and the sea when a squall is coming, and prepare to meet it, then you ought not to assume the responsibility of taking other people out in a boat. Disasters occur to sailing craft because the man in charge has been careless or negligent, or, not infrequently, because there is no one man in charge, and in the moment of emergency all hands get rattled. Keep one hand on your tiller, the other on your mainsheet and your eyes always on the lookout."

Corinthian Y. C.—2d Championship Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 29.

THE second championship race of the Corinthian Y. C., on July 29, was sailed in connection with a special invitation race for the 21-footers, which, however, brought out only the two fins, Reaper and Freak. There was a strong S.W. wind in the morning, but by 2 P. M. it had fallen, and reefs were shaken out just after the start. The times were:

SECOND CLASS—21 TO 25FT. W.L., START 2.10.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, Keith	2 10 15	.....
Ariel, Barrett	2 21 33	.....
THIRD CLASS—16 TO 21FT. W.L. KEELS, START 2.15.		
Freak, Cochrane	2 03 04	2 03 04
Reaper, Benson	2 06 08	2 04 06
FOURTH CLASS—16 TO 21FT. W.L., START 2.20.		
Koorali, Robbins	1 29 40	.....
Bonita, Hood	1 42 46	.....
CRUISING, CLASS A—21 TO 35FT. W.L., START 2.21.		
Allowance m. s.		
Keewaydin, Burnham 08 00	1 20 15	1 12 15
Gladys, Fowle	1 23 55	1 23 55
Marena, Taylor 11 00	1 36 30	1 25 30
CRUISING, CLASS B—16 TO 21FT. W.L., START 2.30.		
Carl, Foster 07 00	1 27 52	1 20 52
Jane, Parker 06 00	1 28 15	1 22 15
Otatsu, North 06 00	1 31 50	1 25 50
Susan, Taggard	1 28 30	1 28 30
Frances, Wheeler 10 00	1 39 54	1 29 54
Edith, Wood 08 00	1 41 02	1 33 02
Betsy, Jones 06 00	1 39 32	1 33 32
Nina, E. Y. C 08 00	1 42 42	1 34 42
Teal, Lee 15 00	2 00 56	1 45 56
Kraken, Chase	1 47 04	1 47 04

The winners were: Second class, Susie, first prize, $10; third class, Freak, first prize, $25; class A, Keewaydin, first prize, $15. Class B, Knockabouts, Carl, first prize, $10; Jane, second prize, $7; Otatsu, third prize, $5. Others, Edith, first prize, $16; Teal, second prize, $7.

Koorali, cat, wins a leg of tbe championsbip, Bonita, jib and mainsail, sailed with her.

Great South Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BAY SHORE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, July 29.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Great South Bay Y. C. was sailed in a heavy rain and a strong S.W. wind on July 29, a very good race resulting. The chief interest was in the sloop class, in which were entered, beside the new Bonnie Doon, the old sloop Berkley, a local boat renowned for her speed, and the Herreshoff 30-footer Edith M., built last year. Edith M won but was disqualified as not being a cabin boat. Bonnie Doon defeated Berkley, but as neither was measured the corrected times are not known. The official times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edith M	3 09 28	3 09 28
Berkley	3 15 22	Not meas.
Bonnie Doon	3 12 46	Not meas.
CATBOATS—CLASS 1.		
Ethel	2 12 23	2 12 23
Squaw	2 18 49	2 16 24
CLASS 2.		
Siren	2 42 11	2 42 11
Delusion	2 37 42	2 25 23
Bess	2 32 48	2 29 10
CLASS 3.		
Beatrix	2 36 35	2 36 35
Louise	2 46 14	2 46 14
Black Swan	2 35 07	2 32 52
Liza	2 43 03	2 42 14
Lida J	2 54 10	2 52 47
Sparks	2 44 54	2 42 43
Jessie	2 44 09	2 40 26
CLASS 4.		
Altbea	2 47 31	2 47 31
Becky	Withdrew.	
Outing	Withdrew.	
Cecelia	2 44 41	2 42 11
Minnie	Withdrew.	

Barnstable Y. C., First Regatta.

BARNSTABLE, MASS.—CAPE COD BAY.

Saturday, July 29.

THE first regatta of the Barnstable Y. C. was sailed on July 29 in a variable breeze, the yachts carrying two reefs at times. The course was 9 miles. The times were:

	Length	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	25.11	1 50 06	1 50 06
SECOND CLASS.			
Borgie, V. D. Bacon	21.03	1 22 35	1 20 16
Shark, Dr G. Bacon	22.01	1 22 20	1 21 17
Greyhound, L. W. Mortimer	23.03	1 32 55	1 32 55
THIRD CLASS.			
Attempt, G. Shiverick	18.06	1 23 25	1 21 25
Sequid, Watson & Lorty	17.10	1 26 25	1 23 25
Iris, J. Crowell	17.09	1 31 24	1 28 17
Sea Gull, D. Nickerson	19.08	1 35 15	1 35 55
Silver Spray, F. M. Hinckley	19.11	1 35 00	1 35 00
FIFTH CLASS—SHARPIES.			
Lena C., W. Hinckley	.....	1 18 26	. . ..
No Name, L. Mortimer	.....	1 19 50	. . ..
Banner, J. H. Beal	.....	Capsized.	

Banner capsized, her crew being rescued by another boat. The judges were E. B. Crocker, Freeman Taylor and W. Parker, Jr.

Hull Corinthian Y. C. Club Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 29.

THE first race of the Hull Corinthian Y. C. for cash prizes, on July 29, had very few starters, and two classes sailed over for half money. The wind was strong S. W., the boats carrying two reefs. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
FIRST CLASS—SIX MILES.			
Vanessa, Homer Bigelow	24.03	1 55 00	1 55 00
THIRD CLASS—SIX MILES.			
Helen. R. M. Sawtell	21.00	2 04 38	. . ..
Hegedorn, C. V. Soutlier	20.05	Disabled.	
Marjorie, G. W. Bouve	20.07	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS—SIX MILES.			
Mab, John Shaw	18.06	2 23 00	2 23 00
FIFTH CLASS—THREE MILES.			
Marion, H. E. Yerxa	14.08	1 11 12	. . ..
No Name, J. R. Hooper	14.11	1 11 50	. . ..
Phyllis, W. A. Cooney	12.09	1 23 02	. . ..

The judges were H. O. Stetson, C. E. North and F. H. Smith, Jr.

Owasco Y. C., Second Race.

AUBURN, N. Y.—OWASCO LAKE.

Friday, July 28.

The course was from Dolphin Club house to Edgewater, to Long Point and finish at Dolphin club house; distance 9¼ miles, weather clear, wind strong from north.

	Length.	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bee, N. B. Burr	17.4	1 10 43	3 06 07	1 55 24
Idleways, F. J. Allen	31.2	1 10 15	3 22 53	2 12 38
Mystery, H. B. Lewis	22.00	1 11 27	3 34 52	2 23 25
Asp, D. Beardsley	21.10½	1 14 15	3 42 04	2 27 49
La Fiancée, J. Brainard	16.9	1 12 28	Did not finish.	

The winners were: First prize, Bee; second, Idleways; third, Mystery.

Out of fourteen boats in the club only five started. Part of the boats sailed with one reef, and tho balance with two.

Regatta committee: C. E. Thom, F. J. Allon, W. R. Hopkins, N. B. Burr, C. U. Chodell.

Judge: W. P. Allen. Timokeeper: H. J. Case.

International Racing.

THE following letters settle the dates for the Cup racos, and also the time whon Valkyrie and her owner may be expected here. The time of crossing is considorably later than in the casos of previous challengers, but Lord Dunravon is naturally unwilling to throw away the very good chances of winning in the many important races of the Cowes week:

NEW YORK, July 27, 1893.

DEAR MR. SMITH: I have a lotter to-day from Lord Dunraven, in which he says that, as he has heard nothing from the Cup committee with regard to the dato for the races, he is now assuming that they are definitely sottlod for Oct. 5, and that he intends to race the Valkyrie over there until Aug. 12, sailing her thence about Aug. 20 or 22, and leaving himself about the middle of Septomber. I understood the desire of everybody to be that the date should be Sopt. 23 or 25. I merely mention this, as it is absolutely nocessary to let Lord Dunraven know at once whon you are determinod to have them, as otherwise the Valkyrio will not be hore in time to race by the 23d or 25th. It is most essential that he should be advisod immediately as he has a good many arrangomonts to make. Yours very sincerely,

H. MAITLAND KERSEY.

To James D. Smith.

Ex-Commodore Smith's reply was as follows:

NEW YORK, July 27, 1893.

DEAR MR. KERSEY: I havo yours of oven date. It has been the desire of the America Cup committee to make the date earlier than Oct. 5 in compliance with the suggestion of Lord Dunraven, but they have been unable to make the arrangements to change the date. Your intimation that he desires to know at once the docision of the committee, and if the date is not changed it will permit him to race the Valkyrie in England gives me the opportunity to say, in confirmation of our previous correspondence and to make the date positive, that the date for the races is definitely settled for Oct. 5 next, as per our agreement, unless changed by mutual consent, and I infor from your letter you will advise Lord Dunraven by cable. Yours sincerely, JAMES D. SMITH.

To H. Maitland Kersey.

Navahoo has been docked at Southampton and her bottom has been coated with Cramond's composition, the topsides being painted. The size of her spars and the lightness of her rigging have excited considerable comment among yachtsmen, and she has been compared to Satanita in appearance, while her bow is likoncd to Vendetta. Fay & Co. have done the painting and other work on the vessol, and her racing spars being shippod and everything put in complete order.

The *Yachtsman* describes Navahoe as follows:

"The chief yachting event of the week here has been the arrival of the Amorican yacht Navahoe, which came up from Cowes on Wednesday afternoon, and droppod anchor at the Itchen buoys off Crosshouse. Here she at once commenced divesting herself of her jury rig, which consisted of a stump bowsprit and topmast and short boom, preparatory to shipping her huge racing spars, which have been waiting here for about three weeks, having been brought over by the Inman liner Berlin. The passage from Boston to Cowes is reckoned to have been made in 18 days 19 hours. Tho Navahoe, which is built of steel, has of course boen an object of great curiosity to Itchen-siders. Her huge mast is a marvel in the way of sticks. Standing on dock one cannot but be struck with her enormous beam, yet elegance of form, and a glance up her enormous mast to hounds is something to take one's breath away, and to lead to a feeling of wonder as to what the ship will look like when fully rigged. The saloon and cabins, access to which is gained by a mahogany brass-railed staircase—not an ordinary companion ladder—are elegantly, but not expensively, fitted, white being the prevailing color, with delicate cretonne upholstery and electro-plated fittings. She has a bathroom which would do credit to a small ocean liner. Her main cabin is a noble apartment, and has ample headroom for even a tall man. The ladies' cabin, which is on the starhoard side, is also a fine room. She has staterooms right aft, and these were cram-full of canvas in the voyage across the Atlantic. Her forecastle makes up sixtoen berths, and looked at from a short distance, Navahoe appears above the waterline perhaps more like Satanita than any other of the English quartette. On her arrival at Cowes, Navahoe was at once joined by Captain T. Diaper, who will be her pilot in English waters."

Mr. Carroll has taken a house at Cowes, the "Rosetta," for four months.

The first race of the Cowes meeting was sailed on Monday, the regatta of the Royal London Y. C., the course being from off Cowes, eastward along the north shore of the Isle of Wight past Ryde, and around the Warner Lightship, then back past Cowes and to the westward around the Lepe buoy, and back to the starting line, two rounds, 50 miles, naut. The course is a crescont of moderate curvature, and with the wind N.W., the first leg to the Warner was free, the second to Lepe buoy was to windward for about 8 miles, with a reach of 4 miles, thon nearly before the wind back to the Warner. The starters were Valkyrie, Britannia, Navahoe, Iverna, Satanita and Calluna.

The wind was fresh and puffy from the N.W., all carrying club topsails. The start was made at 10 A. M. The order over the line was Valkyrie, Iverna, Britannia, Satanita, Navahoe and Calluna. Britannia ran ahead, but a little later spinakers were sot and both Navahoe and Valkyrie passed her. Valkyrie was first around the Warnor, but with the other two very close. Navahoe, though not standing as straight as the others, made a good showing in the windward work, taking the lead and gaining a little in the reach which followod, the time at Lepe buoy being Navahoe 12:34:43, Valkyrie 12:35:12, Britannia 12:35:32. With spinakors set the fleet ran past Cowes, the first round being timod:

Navahoe	12	48	34	Satanita	12	55	35
Valkyrie	12	48	42	Calluna	12	59	50
Britannia	12	49	36	Iverna	1	00	58

Navahoe held first place to the Warner, where the times were: Navahoe 2.04.30, Valkyrie 2.04.33, Britannia 2.04.48, and Satanita 2.09.45.

In the windward work Valkyrie soon passed Navahoe, and then Britannia worked by the two, making a lead of about 1m. before the reaching bogan, and holding it to the finish, whore the times were:

Britannia	3	46	16
Valkyrio	3	47	19

Navahoe | 3 | 47 | 12

Iverna gave up and the times of Satanita and Calluna were not reported. During the race the German Emperor was out on Meteor, though she did not enter. On Tuosday tho race of the Royal Yacht Squadron, for the Quoen's Cup, was sailed, Navahoe not boing allowed to start, as she is not enrolled in the souadron.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Iroquois, schr., has been chartered again by Mr. Ellis, and has fitted out at Wintringham's yard.

Nirvana, steam yacht, dosigned and built by Dr. C. D. Millor for W. R. Sands, of New Hamburg, was successfully launched at Poughkeepsie on July 22. She is 106ft. over all, 80ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam and 5ft. 6in. draft.

The regular meeting of the New York Y. C. on July 20 was held in the large hall of the Equitable Building, Vice-Com. W. Butler Duncan presiding in the absence of Com. Morgan. The most important business transacted was the election of the following mombors: James R. Whiting, W. E. Duryea, G. B. French, Thos. Perry, U. S. N.; George H. Mairs, Casper F. Goodrich, U. S. N.; M. Ogden Jones, J. Hayward Ford, John H. Hall, John L. Purcell, U. S. N.; Henry W. Lamb, Otis C. Tiffany, U. S. N.; John Hubbard, U. S. N.; Arthur B. Speyers, U. S. N.; N. James De Blois, Adam W. C. Cochrane, Bradford B. McGregor, F. M. Smith, J. Andrew Swan, William H. Everett, U. S. N.; Leonard J. Busby, Charles Gould, Francis G. Landon, William Hoster, T. Bailey Myers Mason, U. S. N.; William Trenholm, James Laughlin, Jr., Harrison B. Moore, Thomas W. Pearsall, Jr. Edward H. Harriman, John Nichols Brown, Marcus L. Miller, U. S. N.; F. F. Fletcher, U. S. N., and Edward S. Caldwell. Treasurer F. W. J. Hurst reported that the club's assets were $49,477.10 in cash and registerod bonds. Mr. Frank T. Robinson reportod that the silver cup for the cruisor New York, purchased by the club at a cost of $1,000, was ready for presentation. A letter from Lord Dunraven was not road, as the America's Cup committee was not present.

We are indebted to the Lake Champlain Y. C. for a copy of the new club book for 1893.

Although St. John, N. B., has no yacht club, it boasts quite a fleet of yachts, and the aldermen of the city have presented a very handsome cup to be sailed for on Aug. 8, at which time the cruiser Blake is expected in port. The racing fleet includos some fifteen yachts from 19 to 31ft. l.w.l., mostly of local build, though two, Piqua and Irex, were designed by Mr. Burgoss. Messrs. Temple and others have just completed a very handsome steam yacht, 56ft. long and 9ft. beam. She is fitted with a Roberts boilor and a triple expansion engine of 100 horse power, and on hor trip made some very fast miles. Messrs. Fairweather and others have also launched their new steam launch, 45ft. long, 7ft. 6in. beam. She is also fitted with Roberts boiler and compound engines.

On Saturday afternoon, during a thunder storm, the yacht Gooseberry, containing a party of Utica and Syracuse young people from Thousand Island Park, was struck by lightning and its occupants prostrated by the shock. The boat is rowed and sailed hy Edward P. Lyon, son of Captain Lyon, of Ogdensburg, and in the boat were also Miss Grace Butterworth, of Utica, and Miss Lina Atwell and Frank Andrews of Syracuse. Mr. Andrews was rendered unconscious by the shock and so remained until onergetic measures were takon for his relief. All the occupants of the boat were partially paralyzed by the lightning and wore unable to manage their vessel. A fishing skiff near at hand went to their relief. All have now recovered.—*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel, July 24.*

In the 21ft. race of the R. C. Y. C. on Saturday the Thistledown, with a good breoze, again demonstrated her ability to walk away from the others of hor class. Mr. Emilius Jarvis's fin-keel was in the lead right from the start. The starting buoy was unfortunately displaced shortly after the start and another was put in its position. The two buoys, however, confused the yachts, some of them rounding one and some the other. On this account the officials in charge of tho race reserved their decision until to-day, but it is altogether probable that thoy will docide that it shall be sailed over again.—*Toronto Empire, July 24.*

The new book of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., is decidedly the finost book of the kind yet published, the work of the De Vinno Press. It is very handsomely printed on a thin paper, the cover being of Union silk, such as is usod for light sails, with the club emblom in gold. The club has a membership of 413, and a fleet of 190 yachts; 51 steamers, 31 schooners, 66 cutters, sloops and yawls, and 42 open yachts.

We have received a very neat programme of the season from the Tacoma Y. C., of Tacoma, Wash. This young club is now woll established and in a flourishing condition.

The challenge of Zelma for the Fisher cup, held hy Onward, of Rochester, was accepted some time ago, and Saturday was fixed as the date of tho race. Mr. N. B. Dick of Zelma is now informed by Onward's owners that tho sloop will bo away cruising and ho is invited to cross the lake and sail over tho course for the cup. Mr. Dick wants the trophy, hut he wants to win it in a raco, and he has offered to alter the date to suit the convenionce of Onward's owners.—*Toronto Globe, July 26.*

Columbia, schr., has been charterod by J. T. Perkins to Mr. Sloane, of New York.

The Watertown (N. Y.) *Times* is responsiblo for the statement that a flash of lightning struck the "sail pole" of a yacht.

Almy, steam yacht, Frodoric Gallatin, sails this week from Now York on a cruise to Groenland, calling first at Queboc and Montreal.

The rumor of a new steel yacht for Wm. A. Slator, former ownor of the steam yacht Sagamore, has taken definite form, and the Bath Iron Works is credited with an order for a steam yacht 227ft. over all and fitted for ocean cruising.

Mr. Sears's 21-footor (?) Romance was measured last evoning by the official measurer of the Dorchester Y. C. and was found to be 22ft. 8in. on the watorline. She therefore had a right to sail in the class for boats over 22ft. in tho regatta last Saturday. Perhaps there aro some othor pretty long 21-footers in this harbor.—*Boston Herald.*

The cruiso of the New York Y. R. A. has failed to como up to expectations, only about twenty yachts taking part. Tho fleet sailed from New Rochelle to the Thimble Islands, where the cruise ended.

Carmita, fin-keel, has been put in shape at Lawley's, and is now complete, with all her new sails. Harpoon has boen laid up, Gloriana is still tiod up at Boverly Bridges, and her yawl has heen deckod and rigged for Mr. Hopkins's use about Newport, so that only Wasp is left in the 46ft. class, and neithor she nor Carmita will start in the Goolot cup race.

The regatta committeo of the Soawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., is actively at work over the race for the $1,000 cup offered for the four cup defenders. The quostion of a date is somewhat difficult, there hoing so many events already scheduled, while more or less will be roquired for docking and preparation for the trial races Two very good courses have been laid out on the Sound betweon Lloyds Nock, Ponfield Reef and Crane Neck, each buoy a minimum depth of nearly 10 fathoms.

From the latest reports, the Herreshoff 2½-rater Menoon, is doing botter than at first, taking a number of first prizes. The *Yachtsman* reports that her boom and gaff mainsail has been replaced by an English lugsail with good rosults. Momena is doing very well.

One of the features of Cowos week is the yachting exhibition on board the schooner yacht Daphne, under the management of West & Son, the yacht photographers. The yacht will cruise from port to port during August and September, with an exhibit of yachting goods, modols, photos, books and all kinds of hoats, instruments, etc.

Emperor William is at Cowes this week with the imporial yacht Hohonzollern and Meteor (Thistle). The latter will enter against Navahoe and the British cutters.

The report is current that the Eastern Y. C. proposes to ostahlish a club station similar to those of the New York Y. C., the location being on Long Neck, Great Harbor, Vineyard Sound.

Vashti, cutter, built hy Lawley in 1888 for Chas. A. Welch, Jr., has just been repurchased by that gentleman from John A. Stotson, who has owned her for some time.

Fleur de Lys schr., G. A. Trotter, arrived at Plymouth, Eng., on July 22, having sailed from New York on July 2.

The catboat Gypsy, of the Audubon Y. C., when on her way to Sandy Hook on a fishing trip late on July 22, was struck by a heavy squall off Bay Ridgo, and John Drexler was knocked overboard hy the hoom in jibing. In spite of every effort his companions were unable to pick him up. The young man was a carpentor, living in Harlem, and a memher of the club.

Indria, cuttor, was reported ashore on the morning of July 23 at the mouth of Edgartown Harbor, Martha's Vineyard, but was hauled off with little damage. There is no yacht of the name in the American Yacht List, and the yacht is probably the Indra, formerly Melusina.

Palmer, schr., is fitting out, her owner, Mr. Ruthorford Stuyvosant, having returnod from Europe last week. Drusilla, owned by Mr. Louis Ruthorford, is still laid up at Wintringham's yard.

The regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed on July 29 in a strong wind and rain. Loyal, schr., ran on the roef off Little Captain's Island before the start, and laid there until hauled off by the Chapman Wrecking Co. She very luckily sustained little damage.

Ballymena, steam yacht, built in 1888 by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for the late George S. Brown, of Baltimore, has been sold by Alexander Brown to J. N. Brown, of Providence, R. I., for $55,000. She was the first steel yacht built by the firm.

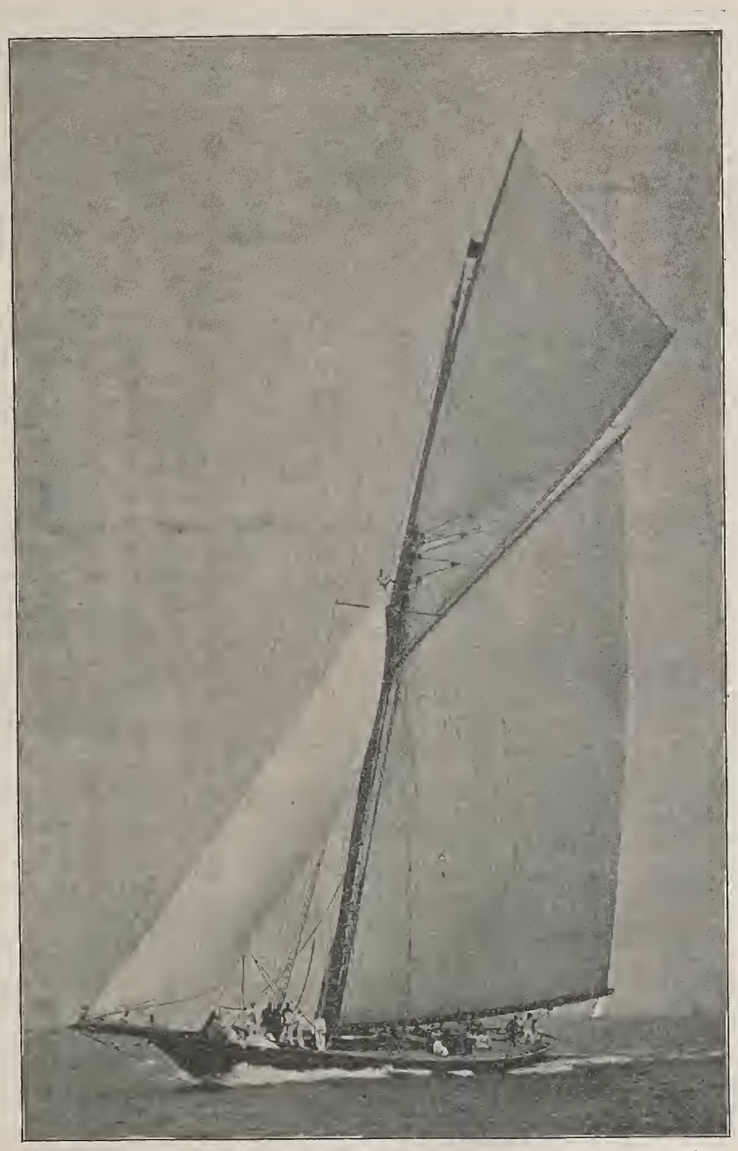
Aida, steam yacht, Messrs. F. A. and George Homer, of New Bedford, went aground in a fog on Cedar Tree Neck, Vineyard Sound, on July 19, and was holod and sunk. She was raisod and taken to Vineyard Haven on July 24. She is not the woll known Aida, formerly the Permelia, owned by W. P. Douglas.

Emhla, steam yacht, designed and built hy Soabury & Co., for J. H. Hanan, made a very successful trial trip on July 21; making, as reported, 18¾ miles in one hour's run and 36 milos in two hours. Her contract speed was 17 miles.

Marguerite, schr., will be eligible to sail again in the New York Y. C. fleet, her new owner, Henry W. Lamb, having heen elected a member of the club at the last meoting.

The sailing committee of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., has decided that the race for the 21-footers, in connection with the L. Y. R. A. regatta, on July 8, will have to be re-sailed early in August, over a course in the hay.

The capsize of the Eastern Shore canoe in Lake Michigan, by which four lives were lost, has created a projudice in some quarters against one of the fleetest and most seaworthy of crafts. This canoe, known as the Chesapoake, was built for the World's Fair at St. Michael's, Talbot county. The boat was out in the Lake and a storm arose. As it approached, the navigator furled the sail around the mast. The violent wind loosened and filled the sail and upset the boat. If the hoat had boen managed by an Eastorn Shoreman, as one of our Eastern Shore contemporaries points out, the disaster would not have happened, because he would have taken the mast down, or "unstepped" it, as it is termed. The Chesapeake canoe or "kunner," as it is popularly known on the Eastern Shore, is, as we have already sa'd, a



"CALLUNA," CUTTER.—DESIGNED BY WM. FIFE, JR., 1893.

From a photo by West & Son.

most seaworthy craft. But it must be handled by those who understand it. Under the management of an inexperienced person it is dangerous and liable to capsize in the most sudden and unexpected manner. It is as liable to turn over as a bicycle ridden by one who has had no practice. But under the command of an Eastern Shoreman tbey can weather almost any ordinary storm in the Chesapeake. They can sail "close to the wind" and glide through the water at an astonishing speed. The Eastern Shore waterman takes to his "kunner" as the duck takes to water. It comes next after the cradle and lasts through life. It is his carriage and horses, his pleasure yacht, his workshop, his farm. The fleet of canoes coming in at evening to a Chesapeake fishing town is as beautiful a sight as one can hope to witness.—*Baltimore Sun, July 22.*

A new steam yacht, named Claymore, was launched at the Seabury works at Nyack, on July 26, in the presence of the owner, Mr. J. Kennedy Tod and a party of his friends. Mrs. Todd christened the yacht. The Claymore is intended for daily service between New York and Mr. Tod's home at South Beach, Conn., and is of the torpedo boat type, with a flush deck and turtle back sides, her speed being 19 miles. She is 80ft. over all, 10ft. beam, 3ft. 6in. draft, and has Seabury engines and boiler, the former being triple compound. The working pressure is 275lbs. The frame is of oak, the planking of yellow pine, in two thickness, and she is copper fastened and rivetted throughout. On deck is a mahogany pilot house and small bridge, and below she has a large cabin, state room, dining room, toilet room and quarters for crew.

The Herreshoff Mfg. Co. has received an order for a steel steam yacht for F. L. Osgood, of New London, owner of Cosette, steam yacht. The new craft will be 130ft. over all, with a speed of 18 miles.

Nokomis, schr., has been sold by H. Putnam, Jr., to G. W. Hunt.

Cora, steam yacht, owned by J. A. Morris, was in collision with a working sloop off the Battery, New York. The yacht had her owner and a party on board, bound from Throgg's Neck to the races at Monmouth Park. Tbe sloop struck her on the quarter, but did no serious damage to the hull.

Shearwater, steam yacht, Henry R. Wolcott, rescued the captain and crew of a capsized vessel in Long Island Sound, off Saybrook, on July 23, landing the shipwrecked men at Westbrook, Conn., after supplying them with clothes and money.

Britannia has been selected by the Royal Victoria Y. C. to defend its gold cup, and the races will take place the second week in September.

It is possible that Valkyrie may not defend the Cape May cup, as Navahoe will be in the Royal Southampton regatta on Aug. 5, the day suggested by Lord Dunraven. In this event there is some talk of Satanita being chosen, but the great difference in length of the two would make the race less interesting, Satanita being 98ft. l.w.l. or 13ft. longer than Navahoe. Calluna now holds the Brenton's Reef cup, but nothing has been decided about the race.

Colonia has been at Newport for a week, making a very fast run from New York, but she has returned to Bay Ridge. Her new hollow boom has not proved satisfactory, and she is again using the solid one. In preparation for the cruise next week, on Tuesday she was docked at Downing & Lawrence's railway, next to Poillon's yard. Vigilant has been sailing about the Sound, but on Tuesday she was hauled out on Piepgrass' railway, City Island.

Pilgrim has been sailing regularly of late and is now in very good shape. Secretary Herbert has given Messrs. Stewart & Binney permission to use the drydock of the Boston Navy Yard, and tbe yacht was to go out there on Tuesday of this week in place of coming to the Erie Basin as at first proposed. It is still doubtful whether she will be allowed to join the New York Y. C. fleet on the cruise. Jubilee is nearly ready for the cruise, though her sails are not yet in good shape. She will haul out at Simpson's drydock, East Boston, this week. In any event neither she nor Pilgrim will come west of Newport, and the first real race of the class will be for tbe Goelet cups on Aug. 11.

American and British Models on the Pacific.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 29 a correspondent speaks of the yachting enthusiasm which exists in the extreme Northwest, and of the rivalry between the British and American yachtsmen, and refers to the cutter of English design as being the prevailing type of British Columbia yacbt, a type which has proved unsuccessful in racing against the American centerboarders. The fact is that the spirit of enthusiasm he speaks of is so lacking among my fellow countrymen that tbe Victoria Y. C., young, small and not remarkable for wealtby members, is the only club belonging to the International Association. The enthusiasm of this small body does not sufficiently compensate for lack of capital to enable it to build the cutters spoken of. The reason of our boats being beaten by the American centerboarders is easily explained. The boat of British Columbia is the common or garden sloop. The only cutter (not counting a little toy of 19ft.) which has taken part in the international regattas was designed here in Victoria for a cruiser, and had neither form, rigging nor sails suitable for racing. The only racing machine in our club is of the smallest class and belongs to the bulb-fin tribe. She was designed for the English Y. R. A. rule of rating, which we use in our club, and could hardly be expected to compete successfully with sandbaggers of unlimited sail spread. Our rule—Length multiplied by Sail Area, divided by 6,000—is a bad one, but not so bad as the remarkable rule under which the international races are sailed—l.w.l. plus half overhang, divided by 2—with shifting ballast in all but the A class. This method of measurement for time allowance was recommended to the association by the committee formed to report, as having afforded great satisfaction about New York and in the East generally. The result of this formula is called "corrected length." I have heard of corrected length rules, but never of corrected length arrived at in this way, as being in use by yacht clubs of note. Moreover, the type of boat which has proved, as your correspondent says, most successful under it, cannot properly be called a yacht.

Fortunately for the cutter, which if she be slow is also safe, a resolution was adopted at a meeting of international delegates at Port Townsend creating a class below the A class for boats with fixed ballast, so that when we can afford to do so we may build a boat which will not turn turtle, and still have a chance of prize winning. Our seas are deep, cold and apt to be turbulent, whereas our American friends sail most of their races in comparatively smooth, landlocked waters, and are welcome to the agile skimmer.

H. Hardey Simpson.

[Mean length and shifting ballast, so far from giving general satisfaction about New York, have almost entirely disappeared, nearly all clubs racing under the length and sail area rule.]

Quincy Y. C. Pennant Race.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Thursday, July 20.

The Quincy Y. C. sailed a pennant race on July 20, in a fresh S.W. wind and with a good lot of boats in each of the three classes. Since last season the old Secret has received a new shovel bow and other alterations, and made her first appearance in this race. The little Herreshoff cat Mab sailed a fine race, beating her class easily. She is lightly canvassed, but the wind was strong enough to bring her down to a single reef. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr.	1 31 15	1 03 40
Beatrice, J. Cavanaugh.	1 39 00	1 04 12
Hiladee, J. F. Small.	1 38 45	.....
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw.	1 35 30	1 09 42
Gipsy, H. R. Drinkwater.	1 36 00	1 09 58
Adolph, H. Moebs.	1 39 55	1 11 49

SECOND CLASS.

Magpie, H. G. Otis.	1 38 15	21 07
Speechee. W. P. Barker.	1 30 20	1 03 12
Aurisa, H. M. Faxon.	1 31 55	1 04 47
Secret, E. F. Linton.	1 38 20	.....

THIRD CLASS.

Mab, John Shaw.	1 28 30	0 58 41
Imp, G. Maybury.	1 33 18	1 01 53
Primrose, H. M. Faxon.	1 32 45	1 03 38
Dandelion, A. Adams.	1 37 30	1 07 48
Sunbeam, H. E. Faxon.	1 38 40	1 09 45
Flora Lee, C. D. Lanning.	1 37 20	.....

Mattapoisett Y. C.

The Mattapoisett Y. C. sailed a sweepstake race on July 26, the times being:

THIRD CLASS:

	Start.	Finish.
Algul, J. R. Bullard, Jr.	2 05 06	4 41 38
Nobska, A. A. Beebe.	2 03 05	disabled
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole.	2 02 25	4 48 20
Hermine, R. L. Barstow.	2 31 10	withdrew

FIFTH CLASS.

Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	2 18 56	3 14 06
Nameless, none given.	2 14 32	3 52 06
Axe, Lewis D. Bacon.	2 13 05	3 12 00

The winners are Algul and Raccoon.

Capsizes.

On July 23, a 20ft. sloop owned by Thomas W. Johnson was capsized in a squall off Fawn Bar, and sank, her ballast shifting. Of the five persons on board three were drowned, Joseph Murphy, Albert T. Scott and a boy, J. W. Johnston. The other two, T. W. Johnston and C. K. Skimming, held on to the masthead, which was above the water, until rescued by the sloop Wren, Chas. N. Anderson. Young Johnson held on for a time, but was washed away finally, the sea being bad during the squall.

The sloop yacht Allie comma nded by Captain Nathaniel Price, with a party numbering eight, of which three were women, was capsized yesterday just at the point of the inlet of Far Rockaway. Those on board were thrown into the water. Fortunately all the men could swim, and at once went to the aid of their companions. The women were placed alongside the upturned yacht, where they remained holding on until relief came from shore. Several rowboats put off to the place of the accident, and soon had the unfortunate people safe on land. The accident was caused by the sail jibing.—*Tribune, July 18.*

Ellis Atwood, Otto Kallusch, Ned Alling, Mr. McKay and Miss Stevenson started from Forest Lawn Saturday afternoon in a yacht for Charlotte, and their craft was upset by the wind a long distance out. The lookout at the life-saving station saw the accident, gave an alarm and Captain Doyle and his men reacbed the party in time to save them. They were clinging to the boat.—*Post-Express, Rochester, July 17.*

Saturday, William Goggins of this city, accompanied by his son Miles, a young man named Noble and two boys, started in a sailboat for Quahaug Bay for a Sunday outing. While between Pumpkin Knob and Long Island a gale struck them, and every minute the occupants of the boat expected sbe would be capsized. All control of the craft was lost, and the anchor was thrown overboard. The rope attached to the anchor parted, and one of the boys jumped overboard and secured it; the craft being aground on the ledge. They stayed on the ledge all Saturday night, and had a narrow escape from death.—*Boston Herald, July 25.*

Tbe schooner Lizzie Raymond, of Port Jefferson, N. J., owned and commanded by Captain D. S. Davis and loaded with shells for oyster beds off Norwalk, was struck by a squall off Westbrook this afternoon and capsized. The cook, William Philips, was lost. The schooner is still afloat and she will be towed into this port. (New London.)—*New York Herald, July 24.*

The high wind which prevailed yesterdeay afternoon played sad havoc with numerous small craft which were so unfortunate as to get caught in it. Five different capsizes and several narrow escapes were reported in Jamaica Bay. The large sloop yacht Lucille, Captain James Ruland, of Canarsie, left shore early in the morning with a party of twelve on board. The day was spent fishing in the ocean. About 3 o'clock the yacht started for bome. She was under a double-reefed mainsail and had just left the breakwater opposite the Canarsie landing, when a squall struck her, and in a second the boat capsized. The entire party were thrown overboard. Captain Charles Cuddy, who had witnessed the accident, put out from the shore in his yacht Grover Cleveland, and rescued all. The small catboat, owned and sailed by Edward Masters, of Canarsie, was capsized. After anchoring the boat Masters swam to the shore. The yacht Happy Thought, Capt. John McAdam, of Bay Ridge, left the Old Mill Creek early in the morning with five, including the captain, on board. While at anchor in the Pumpkin Patch the heavy sea caused a leak. The sail was hastily hoisted to take the yacht into shallow water, but the wind caught it and the little boat capsized. The party were rescued and taken to Canarsie. Two little boys, Samuel Avery, twelve years old, and Edward McAvoy, fourteen years old, were sailing around the landing in a small skiff late in the afternoon. The boat was capsized and the boys thrown into the water. McAvoy could swim, but his companion couldn't, and was in danger of drowning when Captain Alfred Posey, of Canarsie, put out from the shore in a rowboat and rescued him.—*World, July 24.*

Bridgeport, Conn., July 23.—The tug Zouave, of New York, Captain J. S. Williams, towed into this harbor this evening the 30-ton sloop Agent, which was capsized off Penfield Reef, four miles from this city at a quarter to 12 o'clock this morning. The Agent was bound from Branford, Conn. to South Amboy, N. J., and had reacbed the reef when she was struck by a squall which overturned her. Captain J. C. Prout and two hands were nearly drowned, but Prout succeeded in keeping afloat by clinging to the edge of the boat, which showed above the water. At the expiration of three-quarters of an hour the Zouave was hailed, and Captain Williams anchored his tow of barges at the reef and brought the Agent to this city. For more than a mile the Agent dragged on the hard bottom, and the loss will be a large part of the cost of the boat. Captain Prout fears a chest in the cabin containing $500 has gone to the bottom. The Agent will be righted to-morrow morning.—*New York Herald, July 24.*

Buzzards Bay, Mass., July 24.—A report was received here this morning that a large cat-boat, painted black, was capsized in Buzzards Bay, off West Falmouth, yesterday afternoon, with several men and women on board. The boat was seen some distance from the shore, when a violent squall came up and capsized her. Mr. Dennison, the tag manufacturer of Boston, who is summering tbere, immediately put out in his steam launch, and another boat put out from Cotuit, but nothing could be seen of the boat or its occupants. Word has been received from West Falmouth practically confirming the report, but the identity of the boat and those on board cannot be ascertained. —*Evening Post, July 24.*

A catboat sailed by Dr. N. Kenney, of New York, was capsized in a squall on Niantic River, off the Oswegatchee House yesterday. Dr. Kenney was rescued by a boatmcn.—*New York Herald, July 25.*

Salem, Mass., July 24.—There is little doubt that the men reported drowned in Salem Harbor by the capsizing of a yacht yesterday were Anton Liebsch, about fifty years old; Andria Liebsch, his sixteen-year-old son, and James E. Dixon, foreman of the *Salem Gazette* office, about fifty years old. An oar and a hat found bave been identified as belonging to Liebsch, and they were in a boat answering a description of the one known to have capsized and sunk.—*Tribune, July 25.* Tbe yacht has since been raised with the bodies aboard.

A small boat in which a man was sailing off Revere Beach, near the Narrow Gauge Hotel, about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, was capsized and the man was drowned. The accident was observed by persons from the shore, but there were no means at hand for rendering assistance. The police were notified and an effort was made by them to recover the body by grappling, which proved successful about 11:30 o'clock last night. From the description given by Fred Locke, who rented the boat, tbe man is supposed to be Mr. R. C. Dickey, a building contractor of Maplewood.—*Boston Herald, July 22.*

Minnetonka Y. C.

A race was sailed on July 15, in whicb Onawa was again victorious, beating Katie; Alpha did not start. The times were:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Onawa, Ward Burton.	1 52 05	1 40 03
Kite, Wm. Peet.	2 01 09	1 56 54
C. L. C., Cook, Champion and Long.	2 03 21	2 01 30
Waterwitch, Anson and Gillette.	2 13 30	2 05 54
Aurelia, C. S. Langdon.	2 08 54	2 06 32
Ida, George Brackett.	2 10 23	2 07 02
Apukwa, E. T. Teft.	2 15 01	2 09 42
Aurora, T. E. Gaty.	2 12 08	2 10 29

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Omega, C. J. Bintliff.	2 32 35	2 27 29

FIRST CLASS CATS.

Pearl, C. McC. Reeve.	2 22 25	2 13 04
Mabel, Nickels and Peckham.	2 23 32	2 14 11
Columbia, W. A. Ramsey.	2 25 19	2 16 58
Bonita, C. T. Thompson and W. S. Harris.	2 33 52	2 17 17
Curlew, Eustis and Young.	2 25 33	2 17 29

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Kestrel, Roy Wyman.	2 29 33	2 14 28
Kingbird, A. McMullan.	2 31 25	2 15 45
Coquette, L. Newell.	2 37 37	2 21 45

SPECIAL CLASS.

The Kid, D. D. Tenney.	2 41 18	2 22 21
Coquina, W. G. Hollis.	2 52 23	2 27 15
Hermes, M. D. Ridgewad.	2 57 43	2 32 35

Oak Point Y. C.

The Oak Point Y. C. sailed a sweepstake race for jib and mainsail boats on July 23, the course being from off Oak Point around the Stepping Stones, 12 miles. The wind was strong N.W., and Paula capsized, Mignon lost her mast and Laura lost her jib, which blew out of the boltropes, leaving Fanny to finish alone as follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Fanny, James Grant.	2 45 00	3 45 00
Laura, Freeman, Frazer & Roz.	3 07 00	4 07 00
Mignon, George Gent.	Withdrew.	
Paula, Otto Buschow.	Capsized.	

Steam Yacht Racing.

The owners of the new Yankee Doodle are out with a challenge to the other high speed steam yachts for a race, the course to be from one to thirty miles, on smooth or rough water, for $1,000 per side. The following letter has resulted from a meeting between Vamoose and Javelin some short time since, in which both claimed the victory:

Tebo's Dock, South Brooklyn, July 20, 1893.

Capt. Brady, Steam Yacht Javelin:

Dear Sir—I understand your people are not satisfied that the Vamoose can beat the Javelin in a speed contest. I am authorized by Mr. Follansbee, who is now using the Vamoose, to make a match race with the Javelin for eighty knots, giving you five knots start, for fun or for any part of $15,000 a side. Hoping for an early reply, I remain sincerely yours, Theodore Heilbron.

A good deal has appeared in the New York papers of late about another new steam yacht, the Rex, but so far from being a new yacht she is the old Dandy lengthened and rebuilt.

Riverside Y. C. Annual Regatta.

RIVERSIDE, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 22.

The Riverside Y. C. was unfortunate in its annual pennant regatta on July 22 in having few entries, and those of all sizes, so that out of eight classes seven sailed over. The Sound was in perfect condition for racing, as has been the case very frequently during the present month, with a strong S.W. wind. The times were:

SCHOONERS—70FT. CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nirvana, G. I. Tyson.	1 44 56	1 44 56

SLOOPS—90FT. CLASS.

Whitby, H. H. Tyson.	1 51 01	1 51 01

SLOOPS—50FT. CLASS.

Alcedo, W. A. Hamilton.	Went wrong course.	

SLOOPS—35FT. CLASS.

Vorant, G. G. Tysyn.	2 10 03	2 10 03

SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.

Alma, C. E. Diefenthalen.	1 57 54	1 57 54

20FT. CATS.

Almira, H. W. Hanan.	2 01 46	2 01 46

25FT. CATS.

Pearl, Gilbert Potter.	2 12 54	2 12 54
Nahma, Walter Luke.	Withdrew.	
White Cap, John B. Lord.	2 18 07	2 18 07

20FT. OPEN CATS.

Chippie, H. R. Hatfield.	Withdrew.

Greenville Y. C.

The Greenville Y. C. sailed the first of a series of championship races in a strong westerly wind on July 22, the course being around Oyster Island, three turns. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alida.	2 54 00	Disabled.		
Yankee Boy.	2 55 00	5 27 47	2 33 48	2 33 47
Lizzie B.	2 52 10	Upset.		
Arrow.	2 53 45	Cracked her mast.		
Eureka.	Withdrew.			
Maggie P.	2 54 10	Disabled.		
Torment.	2 53 40	5 29 28	2 35 48	2 32 03

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

11-12. N.W.A.R.A., Detroit. Canoe Races, 11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Orange An., Arlington, N. J.
4. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
4. Holyoke, Fall. Holyoke, Mass.
16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

Our Western correspondent has ventured to criticise the recent meet of the Western Canoe Association, and from our experience in similar cases we can sympathize in advance with him over the reception which his comments are likely to meet with from some canoeists. So far as we have been able to learn, his criticism is fair, unprejudiced and honest, but there are not a few who contend tbat in a case of this kind, where the officers are not paid for their services, all faults and blunders should be ignored, and only a delightful *couleur de rose* should pervade all reports.

As a rule it is best in reporting events of this kind to show only the bright side, making the best of everything, perfection being seldom attained in this world, and the most perfect plans being liable to derangement. There are, however, cases, and we believe this to be one, where the blunders and mistakes are all perfectly avoidable, and where it is the duty of the honest writer to report things as they are, and not as he and all friends of the parties would have them. In tbe present case, as our correspondent points out, the trouble is due to several causes, most of tbem being involved in the issue of Ballast Island as a new camp, which was decided last winter in deference to the wishes, or rather the threat, of a few members.

One cause of the failure of the meet appears to be the apathy of the officers, only one of whom was present during tbe entire time. It has been repeatedly urged by some of our correspondents that as the officers are not paid in any way they should not be held to account for tbeir mistakes or omissions, but however much there may be in this view, there is another side to tbe question. The officers, in accepting a nomination and election, assume certain obligations toward the members, and are bound to exercise all diligence in providing for tbe wants of those visiting the camp. The questions of just what the members may rightly expect, and whether they do not often expect too much, have nothing to do with this pbase of the case; the officers and committees assume office with the understanding that these are to perform certain work necessary to the successful carrying out of a meet, and when tbis work is neglected, or even badly done, tbey must expect to shoulder the blame.

Eastern canoeists will be interested in knowing that tbe new canoe Electra, which figures so prominently in the W. C. A. races, is the well-known Gleenwood, sailed so well by Mr. Oxholm last year at the A. C. A. meet.

The Columbian Regatta at Lake Geneva.

The Chicago Navy, which includes the rowing clubs of Chicago, is now preparing for a grand Columbian international regatta, to take place at Lake Geneva, Wis., on Aug. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. A special feature of tbe racing will be the canoe races, as given in tbe programme. Very bandsome medals have been prepared for all the events, and tbe committee of the navy is desirous of securing good entries from members of the American Canoe Association, both from the States and Canada. Invitations have been sent to tbe A. C. A. and the Atlantic Division. The canoeing portion of tbe programme is as follows:

Canoe Events.—Single paddling, half mile straightaway; upset canoe race; tandem paddling, half mile straightaway; water polo; tub race; swimming race, for oarsmen only.

Entry Fees.—Single shells $5, pair oars $10, double shells $10, four oars $10, six oars $10, eight oars $15, ten oars $15, single paddle $5, tandem paddle $10, water polo $10.

Regatta Rules.—All races 1½ miles with a turn, excepting the eight-oared shell races and "special event" races. Two or more entries required in each class to insure a race. Entrance fee must in every case accompany the original entry. Same will be returned after crews entered participate in their respective races. No entry will be accepted unless signed by an officer of the club.

There shall be sent to the secretary in all cases of entries for eights, a list of not more than twelve names; for fours not more than six names; for double sculls not more than four names; for single sculls not more than one name; and from these tbe actual crews shall be selected.

Races at this regatta are to be rowed under the rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen.

Entries close Aug. 7. Entries mailed on Aug. 7, bearing tbat postmark, will be received. All entries must be addressed to B. V. Johnson, 508 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

A. C. A. Prize Flag Fund.

The regatta committee beg to acknowledge the receipt of $5 from the Mohican C. C. and flags from C. V. Winne and Miss Mackerras.

THE W. C. A. MEET.

Ballast Island, Lake Erie, July 25.—The earth is composed of land and water, of which one-fourth is land and three-fourths water. This arrangement redounds to the convenience of canoeists, who being amphibious seek an amphibious home. Ballast Island delights in the name of the "Home of the W. A. C.," itself being one-fourth land and three-fourths water. There are only about nine acres of the land, and all of it would not support one New Hampshire sheep in a year of plenty, but the large preponderance of water near about it renders it attractive to beings of the nature of sailormen.

Ballast Island is owned and controlled by a half dozen gentlemen, who kindly give permission to the members to infest it annually. Ballast Island, being provided by the owners with some summer cottages, has come now to be inhabited very largely by that interesting creature known as summer girl.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

The summer girl existing here in such quantity and in such state of high efflorescence, so to speak, is in the opinion of many the reason why a great many members of the association think that Ballast Island should always remain the home of the W. C. A. Where, they ask, shall we find such a spot as Ballast, where the wyndes are soft and steady, the waters always of proper consistency, where the tall and spreading oaks offer so grateful an umbrageous canopy, where the evenings are without dew and without mosquitoes, and where the Summer Girl is to be found in such high state of evolution? Indeed (say these), Ballast Island is the true home of the W. C. A.

Upon the other hand, there be some older and sedater souls, perhaps hardier, perhaps more thoughtful ones, who see in the trail which the summer girl has left on Ballast the mark of the serpent which rejoiceth in ruins, which stalketh about at mid-day and saith, Ha! ha! Rome (say these) fell because of the ladies, God bless them, and so will the once virile and adventurous body of the W. C. A. pass to its decline and fall if it thus drift into ways of house tents, permanent and easy fixtures, and of places set apart for congregation of these same ladies, whom may Providence continue always nevertheless to look upon with favor.

Herein lies the only division. If division it may be called, in the well-knit body of the W. C. A., and herein grounds the only question now asked—although it is asked this year anxiously. It is Ballast or no Ballast, a permanent camp or one not permanent, an easy meet or a hustling meet, big tents or smaller tents, permanent docks or new docks, old scenes or new scenes; and, we might as well add in candor, summer girls or no girls. Toward the first half of these questions, there are many here this year who lean vehemently, not to say violently. Others support the latter alternative. It certainly is matter for serious thought for the newly-elected executive committee, who will decide upon the spot for next year's meet. Their decision should not be made with any personal bias whatever. The convenience of themselves or of their clubs should not be consulted for a moment, nor should they act solely of their own motion. They should endeavor to get, as nearly as possible, the sober opinions of the majority of the members of the Association. The convenience and personal preferences of the Cincinnati club, the Detroit club, the Chicago club or any other club should not be allowed to weigh beyond their natural share. When all is in, it will be found that the questions of interest will be pretty much as above cited. It will be found also that they are serious beyond all mere trifling import. My own opinion is worth no more than that of any other man, and certainly the association should handle its own affairs; yet being old and passing wise, and having looked upon that ruin which has in history universally followed hard upon the heels of luxury, and having in my own heart more admiration for a Viking than for a gondolier, for a trumpet than for a guitar, for an earnest man than for a *dilettante*, I cannot help saying that it seems to me better to support the second half of the bracket in the above list of questions, and to lean toward the side of hardier if more troublesome reunions. To be sure, to even such reunions the cruisers would not come, and to be sure there would, even at such reunions, gradually go on the inevitable development of that competitive idea which has in its result of practical professionalism, ruined the sport of bicycling, of trap shooting and many other sports, not sparing perhaps even yachting, and not to spare in the end even the one clean amateur sport left us, that of canoeing. But such meets as these, a bit outside the lap of luxury and ease, would in one humble opinion, be more nearly in keeping with the virile, independent and rugged genius of canoeing, and they would, if they did no more, postpone that evil day of disintegration and disorganization which careful observation will show to be to-day threatening nearly all branches of sport.

Translated, then, this opinion is that Ballast should not be the only home of the W. C. A.; that no narrow spot should circumscribe its ambitions or its accomplishments; that ease and laziness, little racing, less cruising and much of that noble pastime known in the parlance as "girling" should not be the controlling features of a canoe meet, and that when age and enervation have taught easy belief to the opposite, it is high time for the association to have new blood, since it is approaching senility, decay, slippers, coffins and the grave.

ONE YEAR NOT CONCLUSIVE.

The above is written at the close of a meet brought prematurely to an end at the close of the first week, a meet where the total camp registry only shows twenty seven names, where the racing, though good, attracted little interest, where, in short, everything was at low ebb, and even the most sanguine could not call the affair all that was to be wished. Yet this should by no means be taken as criticism of the status of the W. C. A., and certainly it should not be attributed solely to the fact that the meet was held on Ballast Island. One year is not conclusive, least of all this year, which was planned to be the greatest of all American sporting years, and which is in reality the poorest, a year marked throughout by scant attendance at all sorts of conventions, association meetings and events of sport. Among the causes which have hurt the whole season of sport, in the West at least, we must seek the real causes for the hurt done this year to the W. C. A. It may be that the World's Fair is responsible. It is probably even more likely that the panicky state of business matters in the West has most to do with it. Possible, on Monday, yesterday, the total Milwaukee contingent started home, called there by bank failures, complications that needed personal attendance, and several other members explain their absence on purely business grounds. Such reasons as these, we may safely say, will not obtain every year, and a year marked by light attendance from such causes should not be taken as the index of all time in the history of the W. C. A. That body is destined to better things and bigger meets in the future, we need not doubt.

PHASES OF THE MEET.

We may be good-natured, however, yet must still be accurate, and candor compels criticism on one feature of this meet. There was only one officer of the association present, the active young secretary, Mr. Huntington. The commodore of '92-'93 was not present, nor was he represented by any active effort. As much could be said for some of the others. It is not right to take the honor of an office from a body, and then not give that body the equivalent of either honest work or a swift resignation. The work must be done, and it is not right to leave it all to one man, as it was left to Mr. Huntington this year. The fact that no one else was here to assist in the task of mustering the difficult class of men enjoying a vacation led to a general laxity of interest. The races as sailed were good, but it was hard to get entries. The programme was not run through, the paddling race necessary to complete the record events being brought off yesterday, and marking the cessation of all hostilities in the racing line. This paddling race was won with perfect ease by Leggett, of the Detroit Tigers, in a 32lb. redwood shell of his own make. Huntington of the Mahn-a-wauks was second. On the meet's record, Huntington was first, with a total of 170 points; Legget was second, 130 points, and Emil Hausen, Mahn-a-wauk C. C., third, 80 points.

The Cincinnati boys had a large and commodious tent and a mess of their own. The rest of the members messed at the island club house. There was a very good representation of able seamen from Jackson, Mich., the sort of men that help a camp on wonderfully, and Detroit's young and promising club had a good showing. The Detroit C. C. sent three boats, including the big war canoe lately purchased by that body from the Chicago C. C. The latter comfortable ship gave a pleasant evening to an extempore crew, who paddled her over to Put-in-Bay and back in a stiffish sea, which she took beautifully.

It was the intention to keep the camp up two weeks at least, but to-day, Tuesday one week from the start, marks the practical close of the meet. The Jackson, Milwaukee and Detroit men all left yesterday, and the Cincinnati tent falls this afternoon, as does also the neat canvas domicile of Col. Bartlett, of Fremont. Col. Bartlett intended to stay here two weeks and then go on to the A. C. A. meet, but instead, as this now alters his plans, he goes to Chicago on the yacht Wasp, Com. G. W. Gardner, of Cleveland, who will cruise through the Lakes to the Fair. Grandpa Gates and Commodore Woodruff, with the faithful Nat Cook, of Chicago C. C., will act as the Old Guard, which dies but never surrenders, and may remain for 24 hours longer.

The meet had few camp-fires, little music and no midnight alarms. It was quiet, very quiet, a veritable Y. M. C. A. assembly, indeed, and a good place to eat, sleep and be torpidly peaceful.

The election of the new Commodore, Mr. O. A. Woodruff, of Dayton, Ohio, is a popular one and will prove itself wise action. Mr. Woodruff is not afraid of work, and has still the working enthusiasm of the good canoe man. If next year's meet is not a success the fault will not be attributable to lack of patient effort on his part. As much may be said for others of the new board of officers, whose members are well distributed and representative. The results of the election were sent by wire last week, at which time also report of the races was submitted.

The camp registry was as follows: N. H. Cook and J. F. Turrill, Chicago C. C.; F. B. Huntington, Emil Hansen and A. W. Friese, Mahnawauk C. C., Wilwaukee, Wis.; Louis K. Liggett, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit C. C., Tigers; Chas. J. Steadman, H. D. Crane, Geo. B. Ellard, E. W. Murphy, H. G. Grossbeck, C. M. Weeks, Longworth C. C., Cincinnati; Thos. S. Gates, Columbus, O.; Sam. B. Mettler, Harry E. Chapin, Gaylord G. Case, W. W. Todd and Frank M. Yerick, Jackson (Mich.) C. C.; J. R. Bartlett, Fremont, O.; G. Harry Gardner and J. O. Gardner, Cleveland; J. W. Hepburn and C. A. Armstrong, Toledo C. C.; T. J. Kirpatrick, Jabberwock C. C., Springfield, O.; O. A. Woodruff, Ruckawa C. C., Dayton, O. There are 18 less names than appeared on last year's registry at the Lake Winnebago meet.

POLITICAL VIEWS OF MEMBERS.

Commodore Woodruff.—Once more we meet to confirm the scientific discovery that man has a laminated nose, resembling the tender onion plant. This is the only thing we may safely call established.

J. F. Turrill.—When time calls for my epitaph, write me as the friend of the summer girl.

Nat. Cook.—I don't see how we can heat Ballast, and it seems wrong to leave this charming spot, where I have already learned to say "Gesundheit" and "Du zauberschöne."

T. J. Kirkpatrick.—Yes, I invented the Kirkpatrick sheet-clutch and other canoe jewelry. I also invented Ballast Island.

Grandpa Gates—My new canoe is to be called the Kittie. She is a bird.

Geo. B. Ellard—I used to write in Forest and Stream years ago over the name of "Kelpie." After that I found another man, the Kingfisher, Michigan, Kelpie, using the same *nom de plume*. Then I built a canoe I called the Kelpie, and blamed if I didn't find another man at the A. C. A. meet who had a canoe he had named Kelpie, and what's more, he was six months ahead of me with the name, too. But I was the original Kelpie man.

Col. Bartlett—How could the meet be a great success? The first night in camp I heard an owl hoot, and at the very first meal there were 13 at the table.

L. K. Liggett—Our Detroit club has 35 members and will soon have 50 We will be one of the most active clubs in the country, and we mean to work and keep on working.

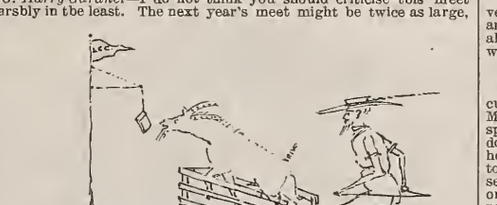
C. T. Pennewell—In my capacity as commodore of Lost Island, I command peace. Let the next year's meet be where it will, we will be there.

Emil Hansen—The fin-keels may not be handsome, but they took two cups here.

A. W. Friese—Nothing would please me so much as to see my new Electra go east to the A. C. A. If she is as fast as we think, it would be a pleasure to see her beaten by an eastern boat.

Secretary J. O. Gardner—The Cleveland Canoe Club is no longer a powerful body, but it will be a long time before canoeing dies in waters such as these.

G. Harry Gardner—I do not think you should criticise this meet harshly in the least. The next year's meet might be twice as large,



THE INTERESTING PROPELLER.

Invented by a Cincinnati Canoeist.

and for no apparent reason. Times are hard, and everything is against us this year. The slim attendance is not due to the location alone this year.

Sam B. Mettler—The Jackson boys will take hold and heave hearty, whether next year's meet goes to Mullett Lake, Ballast Island or the Fiji Islands.

The Summer Girl—Good-bye, you darling boys. Come and see us again.

The Boys—We will, we will; either here or somewhere else.

The Future Canoe Song?

"They'll spike the keelson sheet,
They'll reef the boom and cleat,
And comport themselves like sailors all so handy, oh,
And at the summer meet,
They'll rig in flannels sweet,
Though they can't tell a mains'le from a dandy, oh!"

THE RACING.

The first heat in the Longworth cup race was not called until Wednesday morning. N. H. Cook in Lotus, got away across the line first, and Bartlett in Nereid second, with Armstrong, Weeks, Leggett, Grosbeck, Crane and Hepburn following in the order named. On the reach Cook gradually increased his lead to the first buoy, with Bartlett and Anderson tailing behind. The run to the second buoy lessened his advantage, however, as Anderson and Bartlett gained somewhat, but at the third buoy Bartlett's steering gear broke and he retired from the race with Weeks, Grosbeck and Crane, who had also met with accidents. Cook and Armstrong made a pretty race over the balance of the course, finishing in the order named, with Leggett third. The second heat was a red-hot race from start to finish. Armstrong's sliding seat broke before the starting gun was fired and he was obliged to withdraw. Cook and Leggett crossed the line together, with Bartlett only one second behind. Running to the first buoy Bartlett passed Cook, but the latter made the second 30s. ahead of Nereid, Leggett following 10s. later. Sailing free to the home buoy, Bartlett and Cook made a pretty race, coming in winged out, Cook reaching it only 15s. ahead of Bartlett. The windward on the second round was very pretty, Nereid reducing Lotus advantage 14s. At this juncture Anderson, who was cruising about in Friese's Electra, started after the class C racers, crossing the line 3m. 30s. behind Cook. At the first buoy Electra had reduced the lead 2m. 40s., making the half mile in 4m. 10s., and catching Lotus and Nereid at second buoy. Down the last stretch the three racers came with canoes winged out, making a fast exciting finish that excited the applause and admiration of the spectators. Lotus crossed the line first, making the course in 46m. 28s., Bartlett second, 46m. 24s. Electra's time for the one turn of the course was 21m. 10s.

The next event was the race for the Gardner cup, open to all classes, two turns of the course. The entries included Cook in Lotus, Bartlett in Nerlid, Friese in Electra, Leggett in Dorothy, Armstrong in Mira, Hepburn in Gypsey, Huntington in Milwaukee, Hansen in Avis, Ellard in Kelpie, Weeks in Bessie and Crane. Milwaukee started first, Lotus second, Avis third, Nerlid fourth, Dorothy fifth, Mira sixth, Gypsey seventh, Kelpie eighth, Bessie ninth and Electra tenth. Lotus rounded buoy first, Wilwaukee second, Avis third, Electra fourth, Nereid fifth, Mira sixth, Dorothy seventh, Bessie eight, Kelpie ninth, Gypsey tenth. In jibing Electra capsized, but was righted after some delay. Milwaukee caught Lotus at home buoy and in the second time around secured a good lead, winning the first heat, with Lotus second, Mira third, Avis fourth, Electra fifth, Dorothy sixth, Kelpie seventh and Bessie eighth.

In the first heat of the tropby contest, eligible only to Class B canoes, the entries included Huntington, Hansen, Friese, Mettler and Case. Huntington crossed the line first 20s. ahead of Hansen and 1m. ahead of Friese and Case, and made the first buoy far in advance of the others, who stood out too far in working to the windward and were becalmed, while a shift in the wind enabled Huntington to gain a big advantage, which the others could not make up, finishing first in 1h. 31m., Friese second, Hansen third and Case fourth. The wind was very light. In the second heat Friese did not sail the Electra, the use of a standing rig ruling her out of the contest, and Armstrong handled the sheets. Huntington crossed the line 3s. in advance of Hansen, Armstrong third and Case fourth. Electra passed the first buoy, however, 22s. ahead of Milwaukee, Hansen third and Case fourth. Armstrong capsized and Milwaukee went to the front. Down the stretch Milwaukee had a lead of 7s. over Electra, when the latter, in jibing, went over again, Huntington winning in 47m. 49s., Armstrong second, Hansen third and Case fourth.

The man-overboard race had six starters—Cook, Huntington, Hansen, Friese, Leggett and Armstrong. Huntington did not throw paddle off to leeward and come about for it, and was ruled out. Cook won, with Friese second, Hansen third, Leggett fourth and Armstrong fifth.

The half-mile paddling race was won by Leggett.

A stiff breeze was blowing when the starting gun was fired, late Saturday afternoon, for the next heat in the Gardner cup. The qualified starters were only two—Emil Hansen, canoe Avis, Class B, Mahn-a-wauk C. C., and L. K. Leggett, canoe Dorothy, Class C, Detroit C. C. There were three others who took the course, viz., F. B. Huntington, canoe Milwaukee, Class B, Mahn-a-wauk C. C.; G. Harry Gardner, in Col. Bartlett's Nereid, Class C; Nat Cook, in Mr. A. W. Friese's canoe Electra, Class B. Mr. Huntington was not eligible through having won a previous cup at the meet. Mr. Gardner sailed a canoe not his own, and Mr. Cook was not only in another member's canoe, but in a canoe which sported a standing rig, the latter fact being disqualification under the rules of the W. C. A. First heat for special prize, steering gear, donated by A. W. Friese.

Under such conditions it might be thought that the heat would show small interest, but so far from this being the case, it proved to be one of the most eventful races in the history of the Association, not from its relations to the cup winning, but from a single incidental feature. In brief, this was the sailing of the canoe Electra by her pseudo-captain Nat Cook. This boat is not the wild and erratic lateen Electra of last year's meet, but a second boat made by the Davis Boat and Oar Co. of Detroit, for Mr. Friese, who bestowed the same name upon a craft entirely different from the old one. The new Electra is the fastest canoe here this year, and it is thought that in the event now in question she undeniably made a record for this Association, if not for all associations. Nat Cook took her twice around the course, supposed to be 3 miles in all, in 37m. 10s. It is almost a certainty that the entire distance is nearer 5 miles than 3 miles, though the course has not yet been logged out properly. At any rate the speed of the new Electra was so strikingly superior to that of her competitor in the race that the latter fell out of all consideration, the attention of all being centered on the flying craft which showed so far in front at every buoy. The race was reaching or free all the way, not a skipper making a tack, and the wind continued stiff and steady throughout. Electra was first away, and led from the start, making the so-called half-mile handily in advance. Then she flew foot to inch by the others, and thence around was about the only thing observed. The total time, 3 miles, was as follows: Electra 37m. 10s., Milwaukee 43m. 23s., Nereid 43m. 35s., Avis 43m. 7s., Dorothy 45m. 38. Avis of course took the beat for the cup, but the great difference between Electra's time and that of the other good boats, sailed by such able skippers, will strike any one as being one of the most remarkable things ever known even in the freaky performances of the most freaky of all craft.

The run home was free and all the skippers winged out excepting Nat Cook on his first round. The boats made a pretty sight as they came down, especially as they steadied to round the home stake, where it was all the skippers could do to hold them up. Nat Cook, not especially familiar with the standing rig, seemed to take to it handily, getting his dandy out of the road by flirting it up and wrapping it, boom and all, about the mast, thus giving him easier lines by he rounded the stake close in. At the close of the race Electra grew sportive, and as Nat was cooling her out previous to docking, broke a sheet and threw him five feet up into the air as she lay down. He swam after and easily righted her, the modern bathtub cockpit hardly taking up enough water to wash a handkerchief.

Mr. Huntington's new Gardner fin-keel Milwaukee showed herself very clever and got her quota of applause from the dock as she swept around with her youthful captain using all his board. Mr. Gardner also got a hand as he came about and was honored with a gun, at which he tried to bow and lost his cap in the drink.

GARDNER CUP—FINAL HEAT.

The breeze still held when the fleet went for the final in the Gardner cup. In this only Avis and Dorothy were eligible, of course, though Milwaukee again sailed, Mr. Huntington being after the Gardner special prize for second in this event—a steering gear. Again the double round was made without a tack, all wing and wing on the run home, and all for a mile and a half the three were so well bunched as to leave a guess for first. Then Milwaukee drew ahead, Avis a good second, Dorothy gradually dropping back. They finished in this order, Huntington flagrantly taking it easy the last half, though he rounded the stake ahead of Hansen. Time from the gun for the total, 3 miles: Huntington 46.02, Emil Hansen 45.29, L. K. Leggett 47.00.

Emil Hansen, Mahn-a-wauk C. C., Milwaukee, thus won for the second year in succession the Gardner cup, using this year the same boat as last, the fin-keel Avis, B class. E. Hough.

Toronto C. C.

The annual regatta of the Toronto C. C. was held on Toronto Bay on Saturday, July 22, and in spite of a very strong northwest gale was a decided success, some very fast time being made. The officers of the day were: Referee, James S. Wallace; Judges, Fred. Rogers and Fred. Woodland; Starter, George Sparrow; Clerk of Course, Robert B. Elgie.

The first race was called at 3 o'clock, the novice being won by Bert. Smith in 5.09, T. C. Kemp second, W. Armstrong third.

Juniors, single blade, was the most uninteresting of the day, H. Ford winning it easily, with B. Smith second, Baillie third.

Senior singles had two starters, M. F. Johnston and A. E. Bell. Johnston led at the turn by two lengths, but on the return Bell overtook him, and in passing was run into and fouled by Johnston. Bell in his excitement put his hand on the gunwale of Johnston's canoe, thereby fouling him. Bell finished first in 4.46, Johnston a length and a half behind. A foul has been claimed and the race will have to be paddled again.

In the handicap tandem four crews started well together, no advantage being gained by any until the turn, when Ford and Baillie drew ahead and won by one length and a half from Ellis and Kemp, Dale and Purdy third, Rice and Armstrong in the rear.

Only two crews faced the starter in the club tandem. Stewart and Bell appeared to be in the best form and won by three lengths from Johnston and T. G. Elgie. Time, 4.01.

The fours was won by Bell, Ford, Wilkie and Stewart in 4.05, defeating a crew composed of Ellis, Smith, Tilley and Brown.

The gunwale race was won by one length by Johnston, Bell second, Tilley 3ft. behind.

The lady passenger race was the closest of the day, M. F. Johnston managing to paddle his lady across the winning line first, R. B. Elgie 3ft. behind him and 1ft. ahead of H. R. Tilley for second, Major E. Leigh bringing up the rear.

Johnston also won the upset race in 39s., with Bell and Ford second and third.

In the hurry-scurry, swim, paddle and carry canoe, T. G. Elgie and Johnston first, Rice and Kemp second, Bell and Sparrow last.

The race for the Toronto Canoe Club international paddling trophy has been postponed on account of the few entries until September, also with the object of getting all the winners of the A. C. A.'s paddling tropby to come to Toronto and try conclusions with R. G. Muntz, the present holder, Johnston, Tilley and others.

If any American paddlers decide to come they will be treated like princes by the Toronto boys. Notice of the exact date will be published in the next issue.

A. C. A. Transportation.

A committee has been organized by the clubs about New York for the arrangement of all details of transportation, and the following circular has been sent out:

As has been announced the general camp of the association will be held Aug. 11 to 26, 1893, at Brophy's Point in the Thousand Islands, and an excellent site has been selected.

Train time tables, expense, mess arrangements, etc., have been sent you, and now we have only to arrange transportation.

We have secured a special car for our canoes, duffle, etc., which will be at the K. C. C. house, foot 152d st., N. Y., on or about Aug. 7.

The Knickerbockers have generously offered the hospitality of their house, and all we want now is to ascertain how many are going, so as to provide accommodations.

The N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co. have made a special rate of $14.25 for round trip, but to secure this fare and car, tickets must be bought at No. 413 Broadway, N. Y. city.

If you expect to go please do these things, viz.:

1. Notify undersigned chairman of committee.
2. Have your canoe duffle at K. C. C. house on Aug. 6.
3. Buy your tickets at No. 413 Broadway, F. Y., and get so many others as you can to go, so as to enable them also to have a good summer outing.

Committee: James K. Hand, F. C. Moore, D. B. Goodsell, C. V. Schuyler, W. W. Howard, R. J. Wilkin, chairman, 170 Montague st., Brooklyn.

Members reaching Clayton on Sunday or Monday can take boat to Cape Vincent the same morning, arriving at the Cape in time to catch the steamer for Kingston. If in sufficient numbers, the Cape boat will take members directly to camp. On Sunday the R. & O. (mail line) steamers leave Clayton at 11:30 A. M., arriving at Kingston 1:30 P. M. A service is being arranged between camp and Kingston which will prove satisfactory. Particulars will be published later. No extra charge will be made for going from Clayton to Cape Vincent on Sunday or Monday.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

Kirk Munroe, of the New York C. C., is now on a long trip to Alaska and then south to Mexico, his purpose being to gather material for future books.

Mr. Tac Hussey, one of the old canoeists of the West, has just made an interesting cruise with a friend down the Des Moines River.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

THE programme of the third annual meeting at Sea Girt, N. J., Aug. 14 to 19, is as follows:

No. 1. Members' Match.—200yds., open only to members of the New Jersey State Rifle Association. Rounds, five. Position, standing. Weapon, any military rifle. Entrance fee $1; re-entries allowed. Prize, the members' championship gold badge, shot for annually and held by the winner during the year, to be shot at any time during the meeting.

No. 2. The Kuser Match.—Seven shots at 500yds. Position, prone, head toward target. Rifle, any military. Open to all comers. Entries $1 each, or three for $2, if taken at one time; re-entries allowed.

No. 3. All Comers' Military Match.—Open to everybody. Distances, 200 and 500yds. Position, standing at 200; prone with head toward the target at 500. Five shots at each distance. Entrance fee $1, or three tickets for $2, if taken at one time.

No. 4. The Schuetzen Match.—All comers' continuous match. Distance 200yds. Position, standing. Number of shots, seven on the standard American target, with 11in. bullseye (the bullseye including the 7 ring). Any weight rifle with any trigger pull, palm or other rest allowed. When firing the muzzle of the rifle must be kept outside the loophole of the shelter. The allowance for military rifles will be 4 points on each string. Cleaning allowed between shots. The aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes.

No. 5. New Jersey National Guard Match.—Open to teams of six from each regiment of the National Guard of New Jersey. (As fully provided for in circular, Department of Rifle Practice, dated July 11, 1893).

No. 6. Regimental Team Match.—Open to teams af six from the regimental, battalion and separate company organizations of the following States: New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, Maine, Massachusetts, District of Columbia, New Jersey. (As fully provided for in circular, Department of Rifle Practice, dated July 11, 1893).

No. 7. The Columbia Trophy Match.—Presented by the District of Columbia National Guard to the National Guard of New Jersey. The competition therefor will be between teams of six men each from the regiments of the National Guard of New Jersey.

No. 8. The Perrine Memorial Match.—Open to officers and enlisted men, National Guard of New Jersey. Distances, 200 and 500yds., five shots at each distance. Position, standing at 200yds.; prone, with head toward target, at 500yds. Entrance fee 50 cents, re-entries allowed. To be shot at any time during the meeting. Rifles, those in use by the National Guard.

Matches of the National Rifle Association, under the following terms and conditions imposed by the N. R. A.:

No. 9. Wimbledon Cup Match.—Open to all citizens and residents of the United States; distance, 1,000yds.; 30 shots; weapon, any rifle within the rules; cleaning allowed; position, any without artificial rest; entrance fee, $2. First prize is the Wimbledon cup; presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain to the National Rifle Association of America, to be competed for on conditions to be decided upon by the National Rifle Association of America, and to be held by the winner till the next fall meeting, when it will be shot for on the same conditions; value, $500. Match on Aug. 19 at 8 A.M.

No. 10. Hilton Trophy Match.—Open to teams of twelve from the following: 1 The United States of America. A—The Army of the United States, one team from the troops stationed within each of the three military divisions—Atlantic, Pacific and Missouri (three teams in all). B—The United States Navy one team. C—The National Guard, or uniformed militia of the several States and Territories, including the District of Columbia (one from each State or Territory). 2. Other countries. England, Ireland, Scotland and each of the Provinces of Great Britain, and all other countries, one team each from the following: A—The regular army. B—The militia. C—The volunteers. D—The navy of any country. Distances, 200, 500 and 600yds.; rounds, 7 at each distance; position, standing at 200yds. and any at 500 and 600yds.; weapons, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or Government; ammunition, any; entrance fee, $2 each man. Prize.—A trophy presented by Hon. Henry Hilton, of New York, to be shot for annually at Creedmoor or such other range as the National Rifle Association of America shall select, to be held during the year by the head of the corps or organization whose team may win it, to be returned to the N. R. A. at the expiration thereof; value $3,000. Also a medal to each member of the winning team. Match on Aug. 18.

No. 11, Inter-State Military Match.—Open to one team from each State or Territory in the United States consisting of twelve members of the regularly organized and uniformed national guard or militia of such State or Territory, including the District of Columbia, chosen in such manner as shall be prescribed by the military authorities thereof. They shall appear in the uniform of their corps. Distances, 200 and 500yds. Position at 200yds., standing; at 500yds., prone. Weapon, any military rifle which has been adopted, authorized or issued as an official arm by any State or government. Ammunition, any. In cases where the State has adopted no particular model (which must be certified to by the adjutant-general), the team will be allowed to use the rifle in use by the regular army of the United States, or by the uniformed militia of any other State. Rounds, ten at each distance. Entrance fee, $2 each man. Prize.—To the team making the highest aggregate score, a large bronze "Soldier of Marathon," presented by the Commander-in-Chief, on behalf of the State of New York, to be shot for annually, and to be held during the year by the adjutant-general of the State whose team may win it; value $350. Also a medal to each member of the winning team.

Bullseye Targets.—1. Bullseye target will be open all the time during the annual meeting. 2. Tickets, entitling the holder to one shot at any bullseye target; range, 10 cents each, or 12 for $1. 3. Each competitor making a bullseye will receive a bullseye ticket, provided he fires in the position authorized at that range. 4. At the close of the firing each evening, the pool receipts (less one-half retained for expenses) will be divided *pro rata* among those making bullseyes, on presentation of their tickets. 5. No person will be allowed to fire more than three shots consecutively at any bullseye target, provided others are waiting to fire.

The State of New Jersey will supply tents, cots and blankets to all teams. Restaurant on camp grounds—Gleason & Co., of Newark.

International Columbian Tournament.

SHARPSHOOTERS' PARK, WEST PULLMAN. Chicago, July 23, 24.—The Columbian medal was awarded to the following: Edward Rugger, Monroe, Wis. Martin Grau, Chicago. L. J. Kretzschmer, Detroit. Charles J. Wallich, Detroit. Julius Helmold, Chicago. Rudolph Grim, Chicago. Albert Boese, Chicago.

Bullseye target.—L. J. Kretzschmer 15 out of 100 shots. Ed. Rugger, Monroe 13. Chas. J. Wallich 12.

Columbia.—Chas. J. Wallich 48. L. J. Kretzschmer 38. Edward Rugger 47.

People's target.—Edward Rugger 68. Fr. Toggenburger 63. Dr. H. Merkel 63. M. Grau 57. L. J. Kretzschmer 53. Chas. Wallich 52. A. Rensch, Toledo, 50.

Standard.—Wm. Ehrenpfort, San Francisco, 39. Dr. H. Merkel 35. Edw. Rugger 32. Chas. Wallich 31. L. J. Kretzschmer 26 F. Toggenburger 27.

King target.—Chas. J. Wallick 165. L. J. Kretzschmer 185. Edw. Rugger 186.

Man target.—Dr. Merkel 82. F. Toggenburger 80. A. Rensch, Toledo, 80. L. F. Ingersoll 72. M. Grau 76. E. Rugger 70. Wm. Ehrenpfort 57.

A. BOESE, Secy.

South New England Riflemen.

THE twenty-fourth annual festival of the united shooting societies of southern New England, known as the South New England Bund, was held on Monday and Tuesday of last week in Union Grove Park, Hartford, Conn. The early morning trains running into Hartford on Monday brought a legion of riflemen, accompanied by their families and invited guests. Germania Hall was the headquarters of the Bund, and it was at this point that all the societies rendezvoused for the opening ceremonies preceding the parade to the park.

The ladies' committee of the Hartford Shooting Society prepared a substantial lunch for the visitors. That their efforts were appreciated goes without saying. At the close of the lunch Mayor Hyde addressed the visitors and extended to them the freedom of the city during the festival.

It was expected that there would be a large delegation of New York riflemen present to take part in the festival, but only six representatives from the Empire City put in an appearance. These were Messrs. F. C. Ross, B. Zettler, H. Holges, G. W. Plaisted, M. Krumsieck and F. Fracompire. Among the many shooters engaged in the contests were to be seen T. J. Lyon, Collinsville, Conn.; Geo. Stelze, New Haven; Capt. Bucholtz, Springfield; Capt. Molter, Providence; Z. C. Talbot, Springfield; H. F. Bardwell, Amherst. Of the Hartford folk there were Geo. Schiller, chairman of the general committee of the Hartford Society; Herr Staub, the State Comptroller, a member of the society; Capt. Julius Huebler, Cuno Helfricht, Chas. Groenke, F. K. Rand and H. M. Pope, and a host of others whose names we could not catch.

The Bund was represented by societies from Ansonia, Meriden, New Haven, New Britain, Bridgeport and Rockville, Conn., Holyoke and Springfield, Mass., and Providence, R. I. The honor of kingship on the king or honor target fell to the home society (Hartford) in the person of Harry M. Pope, with a score of 69 out of a possible 75.

The second prize over the honor target was also captured by one of the Hartford society members, Mr. F. K. Rand, with a score of 62 points. The premium for the best three tickets shot on Monday was contested for by Messrs. H. M. Pope, F. C. Ross and T. J. Lyon, and at the close of the shoot Monday night the result was a tie between Messrs. Ross and Lyon, with Pope close up.

With the opening of the range on Tuesday morning came a renewal of the struggle for first place on the prize list between the above mentioned shooters. By good holding and a little element of luck Mr. Pope succeeded in putting up a score of 73, this score with 71 and 66 gave him a good comfortable lead for first place.

From this point on to the close Messrs. Ross and Lyon had a nip and tuck race for the second place, and when the last shot was in the target and the shoot brought to a close, the two contestants found themselves a tie, with scores of 71 70—141 points.

The scores on the prize target are appended, best three tickets to count for first prize, two best tickets for next three prizes and best single ticket for remainder of prizes:

H M Pope	73	71	69	Hy Holges	68
F C Ross		71	70	G Stelzle	67
T J Lyon		71	70	F Eichel	66
A F Bardwell		70	69	G W Plaisted	66
F K Rand			69	B Jahn	64
E T Stevens			69	J M Foot	64
B Zettler			68	S Stele	64
W W Tucker					63
W Lieberman					63
A Jannekin					62
F C Winnewisser					62
J Glassnapp					61

Premium for most flags, first, F. Eichle; second, F. K. Rand.

The Zettler Club Bi-Monthly Shoot.

THE usual quota of regulars from the ranks of the Zettler Rifle Club met in Wissel's Cyress Hills Park, on July 30, for competition in the season practice shoot. A bright sun and a cool north rest wind made the day a most enjoyable one for outdoor sport. The scores will be found appended, 10-shot scores, German target:

Dr J A Boyken	22	18	19	23	21	23	25	22	22	20	—215
	18	23	20	22	25	21	24	24	21	22	—220
F C Ross	24	24	24	22	19	22	21	25	12	22	—215
	25	22	21	23	23	21	18	18	24	25	—220
R Hamann	24	25	24	24	16	21	18	11	23	24	—210
	19	21	24	21	20	23	18	22	24	21	—213
P F Smith	21	20	24	17	24	23	22	19	22	19	—211
	21	23	25	20	23	17	23	19	24	16	—211
B Zettler	24	23	18	22	21	16	21	22	20	24	—211
	22	23	22	22	22	19	19	22	23	25	—219
Hy Holges	22	24	23	22	24	16	24	20	24	12	—211
	18	19	23	22	24	18	22	23	21	21	—211
M B Engel	23	24	19	15	21	15	22	20	19	18	—196
	22	19	20	20	20	20	22	24	24	22	—213
C G Zettler	19	18	17	18	20	22	23	20	18	19	—186
	19	22	16	23	22	20	21	17	22	20	—202
Jos Günther	16	24	19	18	11	19	17	12	19	13	—178
	17	19	19	17	21	19	19	18	20	0	—169

Smith & Wesson Pistol Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 29.—At the weekly practice shoot last night the following scores were made in the revolver competition:

At 20yds.

Z C Talbot	8	9	9	10	10	9	9	8	8	9—89
C L Smith	7	8	10	10	7	4	5	9	9	7—76
C S Axtell	6	7	7	8	8	9	10	10	10	10—85
H D Banks	5	8	4	0	5	0	5	5	3	3—38
J R Buchanan	5	5	7	7	7	7	8	8	10	8—72
W H Stodden	4	5	5	5	6	7	7	8	10	10—67
Orrin Hodskins	6	6	9	10	9	10	9	7	6	8—80
D W Ware	6	6	6	6	10	4	6	6	8	8—66
J W Russell	8	10	10	9	6	10	5	7	10	7—82
A C Sonthall	7	7	8	9	7	7	9	8	7	9—78

At 50yds.

Z C Talbot	7	7	8	9	9	10	10	10	10	10—90
A C Sonthall	7	7	8	8	8	8	6	6	5	9—72
C S Axtell	9	9	10	7	9	9	8	10	10	3—90
O E Hodskins	10	10	10	10	9	9	5	8	8	8—87

Z. C. TALBOT.

Greenville Rifle Club.

AT the weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Club for class medals, at headquarters on Friday, July 28, the following appended scores were made, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds: Geo. Purkess 242, C. Boag 240, Plaisted 239, J. Boag 238, Robidoux 237, Collins 237, Spohn 236, Gotthardt 234, Chavant 235.

GREENVILLE, N. J., July 29.—The members of the Greenville Rifle Club had their usual Saturday outing at Schuetzen Park this afternoon. Messrs. Mahlenbrock and Brown, of the Hudson Rifle Club, were the guests of the Greenville Club. The scores are appended, 10 shots, German target: W. C. Collins 210, C. H. Chavant 210, G. W. Plaisted 208, H. Brown 204, J. Spohn 200, H. Mahlenbrock 200, George Purkess 191.

New York City Corps.

THE monthly shoot of the New York City Schuetzen Corps, in Washington Park, on Friday, July 28, had its usual attendance of club members. Messrs. Zettler and Busse tied with 203 on the ring target. J. Facklam carried off the honors on the man target with a score of 58. The scores on the ring target are appended, 10 shots, German target.

Ring Target.—C. G. Zettler 203, R. Busse 203, H. Radloff 180, Otto Uihlein 169, Wm. N. Sternkopf 158, H. Munz 152, John Facklam 152, Otto Urnstein 152.

Man Target, 3 shots, possible 60: John Facklam 58, R. Busse 55, Otto Uihlein 52, Christ Rebm 52, H. Radloff 51, C. G. Zettler 48.

Bullseye.—R. Busse 5, H. Radloff 2, Wm. Sternkopf 2, C. G. Zettler 1, A. Range 1, H. Munz 1, John F. Gerdes 1, Christ Rehm 1, Adam Keller 1.

Flags.—John Facklam 6, H. Radloff 4, R. Busse 3, C. G. Zeteler 1.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE weekly shoot of the Excelsior Club of Jersey City at Armbruster's Park on Friday, July 28, had more than its usual attendance. Messrs. Hess and Bachman, of the Portchester (N. Y.) Rifle Club, visited the park during the afternoon. C. Thomas, the "Juvenile," of the Excelsior, is developing good shooting qualities. The scores are [appended, 10 shots, German target: L. P. Hansen 219, J. Spicher 214, C. Thomas 212, O. C. Boyce 204, C. Ward 194, Wm. Weber 180.

Hartford Notes.

AMONG the many interesting features of the Hartford shoot was the shooting of Mr. A. F. Bardwell, of the Amherst (Mass.) Gun Club. This gentleman shot a .45-70 Marlin with 70 grains of powder and a 500 grain lubricated bullet. We witnessed his making the scores of 69 and 70 on the prize target, which gave him fourth position on the prize list. That such shooting could be done with this style of a rifle filled us with amazement, which was followed by a desire to interview the shooter and examine his gun and ammunition. Upon introducing ourself and expressing a desire to examine his rifle and ammunition, the worthy shooter met our advances with the best of grace, and proceeded to give us all the information desired both as to his rifle and himself. Mr. Bardwell is an ex-member of the Massacbusetts National Guard, with a record for two years as champion in individual marksmanship. He also holds the record for the best 10 shot (off-hand) score on the standard American target at 200yds., viz.: 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 9—99. Mr. Bardwell informs us that the above score was shot on the Amherst Gun Club range on Decoration Day of the present year, using the repeating rifle and ammunition mentioned.

Hartford is a city of cyclists. The Hartford shooters have adopted the bicycle as a means of conveyance to and from their range. Even the farmers from the outlying districts seem to have adopted this mode of conveyance to and from the city.

W. W. Tucker, one of the old timers of the days of Hans Becker and others of his class, was a prominent figure in the shooting house during the festival. While his holding ability is not as it used to be, his wit is as keen as ever.

H. M Pope, of shooting and cycle fame, set out from Hartford on Thursday of last week to take in the World's Fair, and incidentally the International Shooting Festival.

A snap shot in the direction of the Nathan Hale monument at an early hour on Tuesday morning, would have caught two of the New York riflemen in the act of drawing inspiration from the shades of Connecticut's heroic son.

Mine host W. E. Smith, in his new uniform, was just immense. The dinners gotten up by his better-half were so.

The individual who got away with our gun cover in the shooting house on Tuesday afternoon was considerate in not taking the whole outfit.

It would be well for the Hartford Rifle Club to enlarge their shooting house in order to give better accommodations to visiting rifle men. It is a loss to the society and a matter of much annoyance to the shooter to have to while away his time in idleness waiting for an opportunity to get his turn at the target.

RIFLE NOTES.

W. MILTON FARROW's letter in last week's issue, in which he bemourns the fact that the American soldier must submit to be armed with a foreign made rifle is all right from a patriotic point of view. But the soldier in active service cares but little where his gun comes from so long as it is as good or better than that in the hands of the man on the other picket line. To find your rifle action choked with sand and unfit for use after a long and tedious maneuver over a series of sand hills, for an advantageous position, plays havoc with one's sentiment.

An old shooter, of German extraction, informs us that the German ring target of the past consisted of 2in. center and 1in. rings, but that the improvement in the shooting ability of the riflemen, led to the reducing of the rings to ½ and ¾in. This being a fact, W. Milton Farrow need not submit to the monopoly of a copyright.

The future success of John H. Brown, and his wire gun, is a matter of much interest to the many friends of this old time rifleman.

The shooting of Emil Berg at the Columbia International Festival at Chicago is proof that this old veteran of the butts is in the swim yet.

Thos. Maier, a San Francisco rifleman, was a guest of the New York City Corps, at Washington Park, on Friday last.

We hear that experiments are to be made by some of our local riflemen, with smokeless powder in the near future. The results will be a matter of interest to our rifle shooting patrons.

Don't forget the prize shoot of the New York Central Corps in Washington Park on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. There will be $400 in cash prizes for those who make the best scores.

At a practice shoot of the Hoboken, N. J., riflemen at Union Hill Park last week, 10 shot scores, German target, the following good scores were made: F. Simon 225, Emil Berckman 214.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Aug. 7-8.—Pier Gun Club tournament, at Atlantic City, N. J.

Aug. 7-12.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, at Little Rock, Ark.

Aug. 9-11.—Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, at Paris, Mo.

Aug. 16-18.—Coney Island tournament at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Aug. 16-18.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fifth tournament, at Charlotte, N. C.

Aug. 22-25.—Third international live bird and target tournament, at Des-chree-sbos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich.

August.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Wheeling, W. Va.

August.—Keystone Target Company, seventh annual tourbament, at New London, Conn.

Sept. 4.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.

Sept. 4.—Endeavor Gun Club tournament, on Al Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.

Sept. 6-8.—The Veteran Tournament, Indianapolis, Ind., during National G. A. R. Encampment, under the management of the officers of the North End Shooting Club. H. S. Humphrey, President.

Sept. 14-15.—Riverside Gun Club's second annual tournament, at Red Bank, N. J. John P. Cooper, Sec'y.

Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.

September.—Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.

October.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Allentown and Bethlehem, Pa. (combined).

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

THE Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association is out with a fine programme for its third annual tournament to be held at Little Rock on August 7 to 11, inclusive. The guaranteed money is estimated at $4,000, and the contests are open to the world. On the first day there will be contests for Herman Kahn Co.'s, Little & Cotton's, Charles S. Stiff's, George Little's, Mutual Life, Dickinson Arms Co.'s and Wolf & Bro.'s gold medals, six medals in all, these being the only contests open only to members of the association. On the third day there will be a contest for the State Association medal, open to club teams of four men each, 25 targets each, $10 entry per team. On the fourth day a 3-men team race will occur, open to all clubs in the State, 15 singles per man, $3 entry per team, for the Keeley silver cup and three moneys. The main attraction on the fifth day will be a 50-target race, $3.50 entry, $20 added by the Capital Gun Club. There will also be four live bird contests during the week, one at 5 birds, $3 entry, $20 added; one one at 7 birds, $4 entry, $20 added; one at 10 birds, $6 entry, $25 added, and one at 15 birds, $8 entry, $40 added. One-and-one-third single fares have been secured for round trips on all railroads entering the city. The officers of the club are J. A. Woodson, president; J. W. Irwin, vice-president; E. L. Reaves, treasurer, and W. H. Croxson, secretary.

The Richmond & Danville railroad has granted a special rate of one and one-third single fares for the round trip between Washington and Charlotte, N. C., for the benefit of those who attend the shoot of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association to be held on Aug. 16, 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club. This shoot is likely to be one of the most successful of the season, as the wholesouled sportsmen who constitute the membership of the Charlotte Gun Club are well and favorably known wherever there ar etrap-shooters. We can personally vouch for their hospitality, having been the guest of the club during their May tournament. They should receive good support from Knoxville, Baltimore, Altoona and other places where their club has been well represented at past tournaments. It is almost sure that the entire shooting strength of the Greensboro Gun Club will be present. New Jersey will send a jolly contingent comprising Noel Money, Enoch Miller, Eddie Collins, Ferd. Van Dyke, Tom Morfey, John Hoffman, Neaf Apgar, "Dutchy" Smith and several others. They will leave home together on Aug. 15, and while there will endeavor to master the novelty rule so as to make big records at New London the following week.

The sixth annual tournament of the Standard Keystone Target and Trap Co., to be held at New London, Conn., on Aug. 21 and following days, will attract all the boys who can possibly get away from home, and some great work may be looked for. Every alternate event on the regular programme will be shot under the novelty rule, which is becoming immensely popular. The first day will be known as Standard Keystone day, the second as L. C. Smith day, third as Peters Cartridge Co. day, fourth as championship day. If the championships are not ended on Friday the shoot will be continued on Saturday. Over $1,200 in prizes and $675 in guaranteed purses will be the incentives. In addition to the popular match between teams from the East and West and the one between New Jersey and Connecticut there will be a contest for teams of six men from any State. The Pequot House, on Long Island Sound, will be the headquarters for shooters. Busses will run to the grounds every half hour. New London may be reached either by the Norwich Line of steamers or by the Shore Line trains from the Grand Central Depot, Forty-second street, New York.

The Atlantic Trap Shooting Association's grand tournament, open to the world, no handicap, American Association rules adopted, will be held on the association grounds at Lynnhurst, Mass., Aug. 18 and 19. Shooting will commence at 9 A. M. Shooting on the regular programme will commence promptly at 10 o'clock. Secretaries will please notify W. F. Brown, 48 Arlington street, Lynn, Mass., as soon as possible the number of men they expect to send.

On Aug. 17 Ferdinand Hilfers, of the West Side Gun Club, and Chas. Neigert, of the West End Rod and Gun Club, both of Newark, will shoot a match on the grounds of the latter club, each man to shoot at 50 bluerock targets for a stake of $50 a side and the expenses of a dinner.

The programme of the fifth annual tournament of the Standard Gun Club, Baltimore, Md., Aug. 8 and 9, shooting grounds, Acton's Park, Md., offers an interesting series of matches.

Harry Thurman is confident of a big attendance at the Pier Gun Club shoot at Atlantic City, on Aug. 7 and 8. A goodly number of Jersey men will be on hand.

The summer tournament of the Reading Shooting Association, at Harry Matz's Three-Mile House on Aug. 15, 16, 17 and 18, is sure to attract a big turnout.

Don't forget that during the tournament at Charlotte, N. C., the Charlotte Gun Club will add $100 to each day's purses.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, will hold a tournament on its grounds at Marion on Sept. 4.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Coney Island Athletic Club Tourney.

THE NEW UTRECHT ROD AND GUN CLUB WIN THE KINGS COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

THE seventh and last shoot for the championship cup given by the Coney Island Athletic Club for competition by the Kings County Gun Club was held at the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club's grounds at West End, Coney Island, on Tuesday, July 25. Only four of the original eight clubs entered put in an appearance for the final contest. At the start it was generally conceded that the New Utrechts would win the $500 trophy, they having a lead of 7 birds on the aggregate total score, with the Atlantics next and the Coney Island third. On the third round of 15 birds the Atlantics caught up and made a tie, with the New Utrechts having a case of rattles. This was soon changed, the two best shots on the Atlantic team, W. F. Quimby and H. Balzer, failing to be on hand at the stipulated time, and the captain having put in two substitutes, they lost the cup by 7 birds, the Coney Island team being third and the Parkways fourth. The latter team led the day's score with 66 out of 75, the New Utrechts and Atlantics with 64, and the Coney Islands with 63. The following table gives the standing of the teams at the close:

STANDING OF TEAMS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
New Utrecht	58	66	62	67	64	72	64	—453
Atlantic	65	64	50	62	68	73	64	—446
Coney Island	58	62	60	64	61	71	63	—439
Vernon	46	65	61	60	64	69	w	—365
Parkway	56	60	54	61	58	68	66	—423
Glenmore	54	58	59	67	51	w		—289
Crescent	49	55	58	55*	55	w		—272
North Side	54	55	54	28*	10†	w		—211

* Only 70 birds shot at. † Only 10 birds shot at.

Score of last week:

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club—No. 1.

F Pfaender.....0011211012201—11	Dr Van Zile....1111111211121—15
S Northridge...2212121111211122—15	I Hyde.....1100211010112001—10
C Plate.....1221012111●1101—12	—
	63

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club—No. 2.

D C Bennett....1210110110011111—11	G E Nostrand..1010221111112112—13
G W Cropsey...2111●0111212110—11	C Furguesen Jr.2221111122102211—14
D Deacon.....1111211112121112—15	—
	64

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

J B Voorhees...2111●1101210211—12	G Morris .....0101110111121110—11
C E Morris.....2212121212.2122—15	A A Hegeman..0120111101112112—12
D Monsees.....1122●1211111212—14	—
	64

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

E Helgans.....1222212212111112—15	A Botty.....1121211022022●1—12
W Hartye.....1110021212012102—11	H J Seaver.....1121122●1221222—14
J Bennett.....21221●122112211—14	—
	66

● Dead out of bounds.

Referee, Mr. Hugh Goodwin. Scorer, C. A. Deller.

An impromptu shooting match between two amateurs with the shot gun took place at Coney Island on Tuesday after the team shoot. The condition were 10 birds each for $25 and the birds, the loser also to pay for a basket of wine. The score:

J Armstrong.....0002010120—4 Kid Benson.....1121010110—7

Sweep; 5 birds. 28yds rise, $2 entry: C. Furguesou, Jr., 5, C. M Meyer 4, C. E. Morris 3, G. W. Cropsey 3, E. Helgans 5, C. Detlefsen 4, C. A. Sykes 4, P. Hegeman 5, A. Botty 3.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

TWENTY-FIVE members of the Hell Gate Gun Club were present at Dexter Park, Long Island on Tuesday, July 25. It was the regular monthly shoot for the best percentage of scores under club and class handicap, ten birds each, association rules. E Doeinck was the only straight scorer with ten. The birds were a good lot and fast. The members of this young club are rapidly improving and making fair scores at such good birds. The score of shoot:

J Linck.....0111101110— 7	R Linder.....0010001110— 4
J Sehm.....0101110122— 7	H Petersen.....1102010020— 5
P Woelfel.....0221102111— 8	H Knodel.....1010000111— 5
J Schubert.....0100100221— 5	J P Dannefelser.....0122021210— 7
C Webber.....1212012221— 9	E Doeinck.....1111111111—10
J Brode.....0100100210— 5	H Than.....1110211122— 9
C Rabenstein.....1211000211— 7	H Boonekamp.....0000020220— 3
J H Voss.....1111111102— 9	G Daniels.....2102120002— 5
F Mollenhach.....1100201202— 6	A Kiechle.....2121201010— 7
F Drostel.....2212101111— 9	W Hogan.....0021220011— 6
J Strahman.....0111002102— 6	G Beck.....1210221000— 6
R Stadtfeld.....2101101121— 8	C Rieger.....0220022102— 6
H W Voss.....0021002011— 5	

Sweeps at 15 clay birds: Drostel 8, Riger 6, Schuber 6, Than 12, Fitzgerald 8, J. H. Voss 13, Doeinck 12, Hogan 5, Webber 6, Rabenstein 3. Brode 4, Dennis 4, Stralman 7, Woefel 2.

Linden Grove Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Linden Grove Gun Club was held at Dexter Park on Friday, July 28. Only four shot at 10 birds each for the club's gold medal. P. J. Eppig, the president of the club, shot in good form, winning the medal and three matches with Frank Ihert. He also shot 22 out of 25 picked birds. The score:

J Bernel.....1022011221—8	H Wisman.....1210101112—8
P Eppig.....1222021212—9	F Ihert.....1001222010—6

Shooting matches. $10 each and birds:

	1	2	3		1	2	3
P Eppig	8	10	10	F Ihert	7	8	7

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club was poorly attended on Thursday at Coney Island, only six entering for the club's two cups. A. A. Hegeman won the first, and H Knebel, Jr., the second. A good match followed at fifty birds each, which T. B. Langcake won. The scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 10 birds:

M Van Brunt.....1111121021—9	H Knebel, Jr.....2211121010—8
A A Hegeman.....1121201212—9	Ira McKane.....0120022222—6
J B Voorhees.....0112111221—9	M Bonder.....0200210020—4

Sweepstake, $1 entry, 3 birds: M. Van Brunt 2, A. A. Hegeman 3, J. B. Voorhees 2.

Shooting match, $50 each and the birds:

J B Collins.....2211110111122101001101101121011111110010100212 22—88	
T B Langcake.....1212110111120100101112111021011011111021111101111—41	

Glenwood Rod and Gun Club.

OWING to the death of the wife of Assistant District Attorney Maguire, of King county, the Gleumore Rod and Gun Club, of which he is a member, had a very small attendance at their regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park, on Wednesday, July 26, only eight members competing for the three monthly prizes at 7 birds each. Two small matches followed for $10 each and the birds, between J. Gastieger and T. T. Edgerton. Honors were about even. The score:

W Levens.....2121222—7	H Knowlton.....1111121—7
T T Edgerton.....1011111—6	W Sinuington.....2121110—6
E Vroome.....1101112—6	J Gastieger.....1012021—5
R Woods.....2111222—7	J Schlichtner.....1001020—3

Charlotte Interstate.

THE programme of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, of Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 16-18, will be as follows: Aug. 16.—Event No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $2; No. 2, 15 targets, $2, $10 added; No. 3, 15 targets, $2, $10 added; No. 4, 15 targets, $2, $10 added; No. 5, 25 targets, five-man daily team race, entrance for three days $10 $50 added; No. 6, 20 targets, $2.50, $10 added; No. 7, 20 targets, three-man daily team race, entrance for three days $15, $30 added; No. 8, 20 targets, $2.50, $10 added. Aug. 17.—No. 1, 15 targets, $2; No. 2, 15 targets, $2, $15 added; No. 3, 15 targets, $2, $10 added; No. 4, 15 targets, $2, $15 added; No. 5, 25 targets, five-man daily team race; No. 6, 20 targets, $2.50, $10 added; No. 7, 20 targets, three-man daily team race; No. 8, 20 targets, $2.50, $10 added. Aug. 18.—No. 1, 15 targets, $2; No. 2, 10 targets, $2, $10 added; No. 3, 15 targets, $2, $15 added; No. 4, 15 targets, $2, $10 added; No. 5, 25 targets, five-man daily team race; No. 6, 20 targets, $2.50, $15 added; No. 7, 20 targets, three-man daily team race; No. 8, 20 targets, $2.50, $25 added.

The Summer Shoot of the Pot Covers.

THE Pot Cover Trap Club, of Fredericton, N. B., held its midsummer shoot on the twenty-sixth birthday of the Dominion, at Camp Comfort, Hart's Island, about five miles above the city. The camp is the property of an outing club, a number of whose members belong to the gun club. The beauty of the location is only surpassed by the quality of the hospitality dispensed there, and fortunate indeed is the outsider whose lines fall in so pleasant a place. On the Saturday of the shoot, and the day following, the club entertained about a dozen guests. Among the ladies who honored the event with their presence were Mrs. A. Moore, Mrs. W. H. Moore, Mrs. W. H. Lawrence and Miss Bertie Cremin. Joe Raul, the Indian guide who named the bluerocks "pot covers," presided over the culinary department, and everything passed off in good order and with considerable dispatch.

The day was one of those hot, grilling blisterers which are all very well to read of, but somewhat disagreeable to encounter. Early in the morning the "lord of day" sent down a select assortment of "unmitigated rays" After a startled pause the mercury went at a bound as far up the tube as it could get without chartering a step-ladder. But if at any place, and under any circumstances, such a day could be passed agreeably, it would be under the shady groves of Hart's Island in the company assembled there.

The boys being out of practice, high scores were scarce. The heat of the sun softened the targets to such an extent that they did not break readily (this is not a joke), and some that lay on the ground an hour or so after being thrown were warped to the shape of a floor cloth. Two-thirds of the unbroken birds that were brought in from in front of the traps were punched, and one with four shot-holes in it preserved its original shape and was scored a lost bird. This was not so vexatious as it seems at first sight. Evidently some one did very good shooting; and in his fond imagination each of us can be that person.

Our Uncle Adam Moses was in the thick of it with his big 10-gauge hammerless, and at first so good seemed his prospects for a straight score that some one spoke of asking Chief Justice Allen, who was one of the spectators, for an injustion to restrain our friend from beating the rest of us too badly; but he slipped up on the "soft tar" and merely pulled out a comfortable winner. It is said that he gained an advantage over the rest of us by browning his gun barrel with iced lemonade, thus neutralizing the glint that troubled the rest so sorely.

Harry Chestnut has still some of the healthy tan accumulated during his five months' camp out in Florida last winter, in which he killed a deer and a lot of ducks, and one day missed a whole lot of ducks. He did not shoot in his last autumn form, for he actually missed a 60yds. incomer, and he never was known to do the like before. But then how can a man shoot in his autumn form on a blistering day in midsummer?

David Cremin, sometimes known as "Second Trigger David," was one of the fortunates who braced up and finished strong. For some time it has been a standing joke that he can kill nothing except with his second barrel; but on this occasion he showed his ability to pound

MR. EDDIE BINGHAM.

Winner Board of Trade Badge and Live Bird Championship of Illinois, 1893.

out four out of five at unknown angles with his first. His critics account for this by gravely asserting that he has lately acquired the habit of "pulling the second trigger first." David shoots a hammer gun, and I will back him against any other man in the universe to cock both hammers with one hand and at one motion.

William Chestnut was on deck with a new Lefever. He is always ready for a round with the target, and if between times, any one wishes to order a Lefever, he can accommodate on as favorable terms as any other man. His house (R Chestnut & Sons) will import any style of gun its customer craves; but William believes that in the Lefever you get the best value for your outlay, and that is what many are after. He has shown his faith by ordering still another of that make for field shooting.

He says that it is all nonsense for any one to get the idea in his head that it costs $5 a day to enjoy one's self in Florida, for if a man is willing to camp out and rough it, he can get along comfortably on $2 a week. Although a young man, he has hunted in nearly every quarter of North America, and is now planning to revisit Dakota after geese.

The majority of the shooters suffered from the severe punishment inflicted on them by their guns, and W. H. Lawrence was one of those who had to pull out before the shoot closed, for this reason. He says, that hereafter he will shoot a half dram less powder in hot weather.

W. H. Moore has been recently "hitched double," as the metaphor goes, and his "other half" was among the spectators. It is needless, therefore, to say that he was especially desirous of showing off his best clip, which would have been a much easier feat had he been less anxious. Many of us know how to sympathize with him.

Mr. Stewart Campbell made his maiden attempt at target smashing, and the congratulations showered on him when he broke his first bird seemed to lack nothing in heartiness. Mr. Parter was especially demonstrative, and paid an eloquent tribute to the patience and perseverance of his friend. But when Mr. P. was cleaning his gun, Mr. Campbell could detect a pit in the barrel, where no one else could see a speck. Thus does one good turn beget another.

Mr. Byron Phair shot the oldest, the best fitted and the nicest feeling gun on the grounds. He loads his cartridges on the "average system." Some are regular canned earthquakes, and must contain a small shovelful of powder. When one of these gets after a target, it is all day with it. But others sound like a loosely tamped firecracker, and cannot have more than a pinch of the explosive. These were probably intended for use on incomers. His spaniel pup Mag was one of the regular institutions around camp, and as a mascot divided the honors with Harry Chestnut's Gordon, Pedro, which same Mr. Campbell persisted in calling McGinnis.

Mr. Adam Jackson is well up on everything pertaining to shooting; but there are other matters on which he seems to be not so well posted. For instance, when he takes a seat in the war canoe, by the side of and to the left of an attractive young lady, he should not hold his right hand above his head in a stiff and constrained position. He ought to reach boldly out and grasp firmly the opposite gunwale. If I meet him this fall at the annual hunt of the Catawampus Club, I hope to direct his feet in the proper path.

Mr. Arthur Porter tried a new Lefever at this shoot and found it not wanting. Billy Chestnut says it was a ten-bore originally, but was an eight when he got done cleaning it after the shoot. Mr. Porter forswore the use of black powder and evinced his faith in the nitro by ordering five pounds of S. S. For the first time in the history of the club the spiteful crack of the nitro mingled with the roar of the "soft coal." The Messrs. Chestnut and the writer had some shells loaded with American wood, and our Uncle Adam pulverized them with S. S.

The programme included nearly every form of shooting that the ingenuity of man could invent. There was a team race, the sides being captained by A. Moore and W. Chestnut. Moore's team won by three targets. It was in this match that Cremin got in his finest work.

At the close of the shoot the traps were loaded and a "flock" of incomers thrown at a line of shooters ranged 60yds. from the trap, each firing in turn from right to left.

Mr. Phair fired the last shot of the meet. The event was not on the programme. About 10 P. M. the word was passed around that a porcupine had treed right over the camp-fire. Nearly everybody rushed to verify the report, and Mr. Phair did not forget to take his gun. In a couple of seconds there was one "hedgehog" less. Phair did not want "Mag" to contract the vain habit of wearing feathers at so tender an age.

Mr. Porter protested that the visitor had met scurvy treatment. The incident, he said, could be so construed as to be a severe reflection on the hospitality of the club. He thought, when Mr. Phair saw it in its proper light, his conscience would trouble him for many days to come. "I have in my time," said he, "done many wicked acts, but I was never so base as to slay a poor, innocent, confiding porcupine that merely came to pay me a friendly call." Phair thought the animal could not reasonably find fault with the warmth of his reception

L. I. FLOWER.

Chicago Trap News.

AT Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., the open sweepstakes on live birds and targets will continue Thursday and Saturday of each week till Sept. 23 inclusive; Aug. 5 and 10 the sweepstakes will be on live birds, the following Thursday and Saturday on targets; so on each week alternately live birds and targets. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock P. M. each day. The Watson instantaneous live birds are interesting phantoms to watch with a charge of shot in hot pursuit of them. They afford great tests of skill These events will afford visiting sportsmen a fine opportunity to test their capabilities against each other and against the local shooters, under the best of conditions fair play, good grounds and the best of birds.

In a conversation with Capt. A. H. Bogardus, at his shooting school 6,068 Stony Island avenue, close by the Exposition grounds, he assured me that the match with the unknown would surely come off in September. He has not the sligh est idea who the unknown is, but he suspects it is some Englishman. He would prefer in this match some one of the young shooters who have sprung into prominence a skilful performers, so that there might be a test between the o school and the new.

The Captain deplores the action of the Fair management in refusing him space for performances inside the grounds, before the Exposition opened, their refusal being for the reason, as they said, that nothing would be allowed in the Exposition to which an extra admission fee would be demanded, yet, the Captain justly observes, "There are now admission fees charged from one end of Midway Plaisance to the other."

The match, the Captain says, under the conditions governing it, will as near as possible resemble actual field shooting and will be a far greater test of skill and good judgment than simply snapping a bird the moment it opens its wings from a trap. He predicts a most interesting competition.

B. WATERS.

The Keystone Sixth Annual.

NEW LONDON, Conn., July 29.—Posters announcing our sixth annual tournament to be held during the fourth week in August, 21st to 26th, have been mailed to gun clubs and the trade throughout the country during the past few days The famous Pequot House, which is beautifully located at the junction of the Thames River and Long Island Sound, will be headquarters this year, and as the managers of the hotel are enthusiastic sportsmen nothing will be left undone for the comfort and entertainment of visiting shooters. The score at the shooting grounds will be covered with canvas to protect participants from the sun and every detail that will add to the pleasure and comfort of our visitors will receive our careful attention and we will be in readiness to receive as many of the trap-shooters of the country as may favor us with their presence on the 21st of August. From all indications this will be the largest tournament ever held here. We have purchased a very handsome diamond ring, which will become the property of the shooter winning the Individual Championship for 1893.

A trophy race will be shot each day, as in previous years. The national team race between the East and West for the championship will be the event of the season, as usual. Mr. M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken, N. J., will captain the Western team, and Mr. H. L. Edgarton, of Willimantic, Conn., will captain the Eastern team. Both captains are confident of winning the race, and the teams will consist of the best trap shooters in the country. The State team race this year is attracting a great deal of attention. The following States have entered teams: Massachusetts, O. R. Dickey, Captain; Connecticut, J. B. Savage, Captain; New Jersey, Noel E. Money, Captain; New York, Gus. Grieffe, Captain; Pennsylvania, Wm. E. Wolstencraft, Captain; Maryland, J. A. Hartner, Captain. Any State is at liberty to enter one or more teams. Entries will be received up to the day of the race.

There will be a team race between the New Jersey and Connecticut Trap-Shooters Leagues. The former will be captained by E. D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J., and the latter by C. E. Longden, of New Haven, Conn.

I will personally manage this tournament and have an efficient corps of assistants.

H. A. PENROSE.

Utica Sweepstake.

THE O. C. S. A. will give a grand sweepstake shoot on Saturday, Aug. 5, at Utica, N. Y. The principal feature will be a sweepstake at 100 ringbirds each man, known traps, unknown angles, entrance $12.50 per man for the 100 bird championship of central New York, and money divided as follows: 50% to be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10, the remaining 50% to be divided into four purses as follows: Each 25 birds 12½% of the whole purse, which will be divided into 3 moneys. To illustrate suppose there are 20 entries, this makes $200 in the pool, 50% of this or $100 goes on the 100 birds $30, $25, $20, $15, $10. The remaining $100 is divided into 4 purses of $25 each; each $25 goes on each 25 birds in the 100 bird race and is divided $12, $8 and $5, this prevents all dropping and really makes 17 moneys. Other sweeps during the day. Called at 1 P. M.

W. S. FRENCH, Sec.

A Dupont Smokeless Powdor.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may interest your readers to learn that there is a new nitro powder offered trap and wing-shooters, manufactured by the well-known gunpowder manufacturers, Messrs. E. I. Dupont De Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del., and also of 32 Pine street, New York city. A recent test of this new nitro powder was made July 15 at Watson's Park, Chicago, by Messrs W. L. Shepard and M. J. Eich, both of whom have an extensive acquaintance among shooters and are known to be competent to make the test. The new smokeless powder was tried for penetration with a 12-gauge gun, 34in. strock, 1⅛oz. No. 7 Tatham's chilled shot. The results obtained were superior to all previous tests with other nitro powders and under identical circumstances and conditions. For pattern the result was absolutely perfect, regular and evenly distributed. Recoil was scarcely perceptible. As to smoke, it proved what is claimed for it—smokeless. As to quickness, the test was made on live birds, King's traps, 30yds. boundary, same load as for penetration. Results were most perfect and satisfactory.

A. HYNDMAN.

Watson's Park.

JULY 18.—Chicago Shooting Club, miss and out for diamond ring:

R B Wadsworth.....111120—5	L M Hamline.....211211—6

July 19.—Audubon Gun Club, handicap shoot:

Chas Kern.....0221011010212— 11—4—15	
Chas Morris.....0230020000121 0— 6—5—11	
C S Wilcox.....0001100020212 2— 8—3—11	
R B Wadsworth.....22222102w	
L M Hamline.....2202221112211 1—14—2—15	
McAuley.....2222121222111 02—14—2—15	
M L Shepard.....1122012121121 0—13—3—15	
F R Bissell.....0220112211021 21—12—3—15	

RAVELRIGG.

Team Shoot.

A TEAM shoot between members of the Ridgewood Gun Club was held at Deckelman's Ridgewood Park, on Friday, July 28. The conditions being $40 a side and a wine supper—ten birds each, Long Island rules. Kramer's side won by four birds. The score:

J Kramer.....1111000101— 6	C Lagger.....0101110010— 5
C Nicols.....1101111111— 9	I Martin.....1010010111— 6
J Welz.....0101111110— 7	G Durst.....1110111111— 9
A Schneider....1111111101— 9—31	J Wiegold.....1110011011— 7—27

Stray Carrier Pigeon.

BRADLEY BEACH, N. J., July 27.—On Sunday, July 16, at half past 7 P. M., a carrier pigeon came to my pigeon coop, it had been shot and was fagged out. I have it caged, and as it is pretty near well, if you know who it belongs to, they may have it by sending me their address. There is a band on its leg marked "W. 3686." I would like to know where it came from.

H. D. GREEN.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

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Maplewood Monthly.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., July 23.—Inclosed find scores of the last monthly cup shoot of the Maplewood Club. Conditions, 50 single bluerocks, Keystone system:

J W Smith	1111111111111111111111100—22
	1111111011111111111111111—24—46
O L Yeomans	0111011111101111111101111—21
	1011011111111111111111111—23—44
H Quad	0101101010110110100110—14
	0111110111101001100100001—15—29
E Reeves	1100101111000100111101011—15
	1110001111011111101011100—17—32
W N Drake	1111111100011111011101—20
	1111111111111111111011111—24—44
W Van Idestine	0110101110111111111111101—20
	0110101101111011111001110—17—37
Dr Fisher	0011111011111111010111010—18
	1011011001111111111111011—20—38

MOHEGAN.

Valley City Gun Club.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., July 28.—The Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is in a flourishing condition, the membership being at present about 60. The club holds semi-weekly shoots. The regular days being Tuesdays and Saturdays. To make it of special interest and to promote good shooting the club has adopted a monthly prize contest for its members, and have up a championship trophy which must be won three times in succession in order to be owned, and shot for at unknown traps and angles; 5 traps, one man up. Also an ownership prize, which is owned by the winner on the day of the shoot. This being shot for under a handicap.

At a prize shoot given Monday, July 24, the championship trophy was won (for the second time) by W. S. Coleman, who will own it if he succeeds in winning in the August shoot. After this event some remarkable shooting was done for the ownership prize, which was a silver flask. Shooting was at known traps and unknown angles. It being a little late only six entered this contest; 25 birds were thrown for each man; 150 birds were thrown and 119 of them were broken in fifteen minutes. Mr. Gould and Coleman each scoring 22, it was necessary to shoot off the tie in which the former won.

T S White	1111110100001111100101100—16
W S Coleman	1111110111101011111111110—22
W H Calkins	1111010111101111111011110—20
C B Kelsey	1101101111111101110011111—20
M K Walton	0111110011011011011111111—19
Geo Gould	1111111111111011111111001—22—119

Central Gun Club of Duluth.

DULUTH, Minn., July 27.—Monthly medal shoot, American Shooting Association rules. But few of the regulars who were expected to contest put in an appearance at the second monthly medal shoot, owing, no doubt, to the warm weather and winds which have prevailed the past week. The appended full score shows the result and winners of medals.

Club medal, 25 singles:

Dodge	0111101111101101011111111—20
Nelson	1101111100110111110011110—18
Moore	0111111111110010011010111—18
Green	1111001101001110101111101—17
Owen	1001001111011111111001110—17
McDonald	1110111110111101000100110—16
Day	1111001000001010111111100—14

Hulberg Brothers' medal, 15 singles:

McDonald	011001110101111—10	Nelson	101101111110111—12
Owen	110111101101111—12	Dodge	001000w
Day	101110011106111—10	Moore	0000w
Green	010110111101111—11		

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. W., New York.—Greenwood Lake for black bass.

J. T. C, Lima, N. Y.—1. Can deer be hunted with hounds in St. Lawrence county this year? 2. What time does the hounding season open in New York State? Ans. 1. No. 2. Sept. 10. Send for *Game Laws in Brief*, 25 cents.

J. T. H., Baltimore.—Will you kindly let me know in your Answers to Correspondents a good remedy for poison oak. Ans. Paint the affected parts with tincture of iodine, which will prevent the poison spreading. Prick the poison blisters and dust with face powder. This process will effect a speedy cure in bad cases of poisoning.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NADA THE LILY.—By H. Rider Haggard. Longman, Green & Co., New York. Paper, 50 cents.

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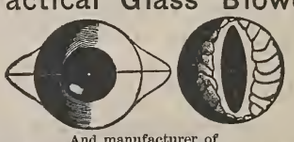

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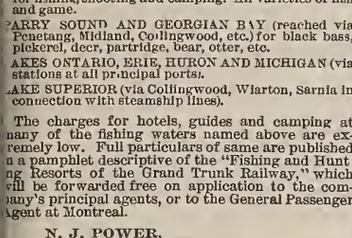

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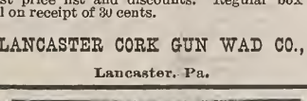

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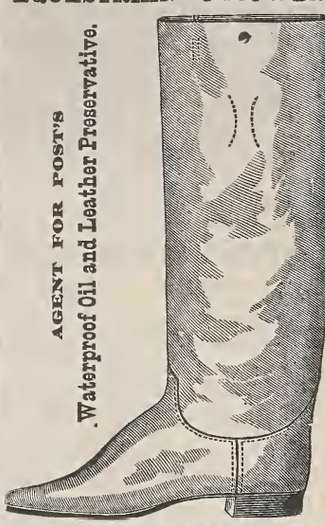

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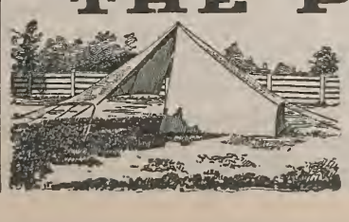

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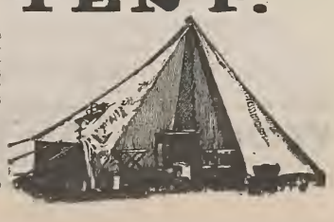

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SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

THE early warnings of approaching autumn are upon us. Already, a month ago, the tops of the chestnut trees had begun to be patched with masses of long feathery filaments, shining white against the dark green leaves. Slowly the clusters of whiteness yellowed and turned brown, and when their work was done they fell to earth to carpet the green grass with slender shriveled stems. Now on the tips of the great trees' twigs hang the tiny rough balls, which, after nature shall have completed the changes, wrought by her mysterious alchemy, will, at the coming of the early frosts, open their prickly fingers and shower down on the withering grass the shining nuts, dearest to the vagrant small boy and the hungry squirrel, but valued also by nutters of larger size.

The fall of the chestnut blossoms is no great event in nature, but it is full of suggestion. No sudden change follows it, for a time. The weather is only a little hotter, the air only a little more lifeless, the dust in the roads a little deeper and drier, the leaves of the trees a little duller and dirtier. But we know that a change is going on. The half-hour of the year has struck. Since midwinter all the wonderful forces of nature, those mysterious old but ever new processes which have been working under our eyes, have been tending toward life, growth, increase. The long hand has been moving away from the twelve. But with the falling of the chestnut blossoms begins that other opposite change, not less beautiful when rightly seen and not less important in the economy of nature, which we call maturity, death, decay; and when we see the chestnut blossoms falling we are reminded that soon the ripened chestnuts and the ripened leaves of the year will fall together, and return to the earth which gave them birth.

As we sit out of doors in the evening, longing for some movement in the heavy air, we hear now-a-days the cheerful trill of the cricket, who, standing at the door of his home, keeps up his monotonous cadence all through the night. He is good company for the tired man, and though shrill, his voice has power to soothe. He may seem to be within a foot or two of where we sit, yet it is not easy to place him. Though he ventures close to us, the cricket is shy, and at the least alarm he is silent, and at a movement he vanishes backward into his hole. Now, too, begins nightly the drowsy undertone of some dweller in the treetops, sounding as a faint distant bass to the cricket's high pitched treble; and we begin to hear the sharp rattle of the locust—quaintly marked according to boyish legend for St. John the Baptist, or dreadful threatener of wars to be declared during the coming year—and as the scorching days go by, the children will bring us dead ones, and insist on knowing what they are and all about them. Only a little time will pass before we hear the voices of the earliest katydids, at first only sleepy mutterings, confidentially exchanged between a few speakers who are far apart, but later rising to a shrill chorus from the contentious multitude who with angry contradiction give each other the lie all through the lengthening night. Six weeks before the first frost, we are told, the first katydids are heard—and the time for them is almost here.

In the ways of the birds we now begin to see another sign of the passing of the year. The mellow voice of the robin sounds but seldom, and rarely in the twilight do we catch the liquid note of the belated woodthrush. Most of the birds have finished their nesting and turned their broods adrift, though families of spotted-vested robins as large as their parents may still be seen on the lawn tagging about after an industrious mother, too tender-hearted to force her lazy offspring to forage for themselves. The melancholy call of the rain-crow may yet be heard as she tends her tardy brood, and sometimes the turtle-dove complaining from the edge of the wood, and nightly the quivering cry of the little screech owl. But most bird songs are silent now, for the birds are resting and beginning to renew their plumage for their coming journey.

And now along the seashore sands, or above the wide salt marshes, or over the pastures where the cattle feed, the swallows are gathering by thousands. All day long they play about, swinging here and there in wide circles, now high in air, then low along the ground, sometimes sweeping close to the resting cows or again disappearing in the cloudless blue. Already they have begun to gather on the telegraph wires and twitter and chatter to one another, and in little companies to take short flights into the air. The annual swallow parliament is being held. Not all are there, but of barn and cliff and bank swallows there is a full contingent, and there are some rough-wings and tree swallows. The chimney swifts are absent. After all have come, speeches are made, ways and means discussed, and soon a decision is reached. The company flies away to the south, not to return for nearly nine months.

Now the few ducks that breed with us are leading their broods to the best feeding grounds, and the young are getting strong and their feathers cover them. A few beach birds are seen along the shore. Close-flying flocks of blackbirds shoot across the wet meadows, bobolinks that have laid aside their gorgeous springtime livery of buff, black and white, and become now simple reedbirds, modestly colored like the ripened grass, swing on the stems of the rushes and call to each other in unmusical notes. The blossoms are showing on the stalks of the wild rice, and the filling heads begin to nod. The flags in the marshes have attained their growth, and the stiff brown cat-tail spikes—their flowers—show above the green masses of ribbons yielding before the passing breeze. Soon the rail will be in season.

It is almost time to get out the gun.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER SEASON.

THE present law defining the period for hunting deer in the Adirondacks opens the season on Aug. 15. This date was not chosen because any one believed that the game was then fit to be hunted, or that at that time might be hunted in a decent way. Aug. 15 was selected because the personal convenience of a handful of individuals demanded it; and this handful had enough influence to make their demand heard. Besides these individuals, there were some fishermen, going into camp in August, who hungered for venison, and claimed the privilege of killing it for camp supply; and some hotel keepers, who vociferously declaimed that without August deer killing their business would go to the bow-wows.

In a communication printed the other day it was stated that the law has not given satisfaction to Adirondack deer hunters, the great majority of whom would favor a change. Those opposed to August deer hunting are resident sportsmen and guides, and many of the hotel keepers. It is probable that a canvass to determine local feeling would show a sentiment strongly in support of changing the beginning of the season to a later date.

Such a change would work no hardship anywhere. With the improved transportation facilities of the present, trout fishermen may supply themselves with provisions without killing August venison; and for that matter, there is no more reason for giving the fishermen August deer hunting than for giving them July and June hunting as well. The deer season should be fixed for the benefit of deer hunters, not of trout fishermen. Nor would the hotel-keepers lose anything by the change. For the patronage of such August guests as visit the woods purely for the purpose of deer hunting, they would have full compensation in the patronage of other sportsmen who would visit the woods later in the year. The communication alluded to represented the hotel men as now being in favor of a later date.

The Adirondack deer question long ago ceased to be a consideration of game protection proper or of sportsmanship proper. It has been made a question of the personal interests of individuals and classes. These considerations will rule. The hunting season will always be determined by them. We would like an expression of opinion, then, on the part of those who may be interested in the deer of the Adirondacks, as to what season would best serve their interests.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE work of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River is an object lesson of what may be accomplished in a practical way to protect the fishing for public advantage. The Association began its work at a time when there was much prejudice to be overcome among certain classes of dwellers in the vicinity. Not the least noteworthy among its achievements has been the education of large numbers of its opponents, and their conversion to a hearty support of the work. The Association has worked hand in hand with the local district protector, and the result has been just what has rewarded such a course everywhere.

What is the rule about shooting into wildfowl sitting on the water? There are two schools of partridge or grouse shooters, one which maintains that it is sportsmanlike only to shoot the bird on the wing, and one which goes in for potting it on a limb. All are agreed that quail may not be shot on the ground. What is the principle, and what is the practice, with respect to ducks? There are professors of sportsmanship, those who set up to give instruction, guidance and counsel in the art, who write books for the benefit of the novice, and who tell us that a duck is a lawful target whenever and wherever and however it may be covered. In a company of ten duck shooters, how many would subscribe to such a ruling?

A citizen of Newark, N. J., who has refused to comply with the ordinance which requires him to pay a $5 license fee for a terrier, bases his refusal on the contention that the tax is unconstitutional; and he has obtained from the Supreme Court a writ to carry the new law to that body for review. Prevailing systems of dog taxing, licensing, impounding and destruction, are the gradual outgrowth of loose legislation; and there is hardly room for doubt that some of their requirements and practices would not stand the test of the higher courts. The dog license laws are enforced year after year chiefly because the average person prefers to pay the fee or the fine, however considerable it may be, and so to have done with it, rather than to vex himself with a fight about it in the courts.

The chained-to-business philosopher, who makes the best of it, by perusing the fishing columns of FOREST AND STREAM, may find here in these days a store of reading, for the equal of which in extent, variety and quality one might search the world in vain. The fact is that the FOREST AND STREAM gives an amount of material weekly in its several departments which has no equal; it is not only the largest journal of its class in America but the largest printed anywhere.

Mr. Armin Tenner's proposal to establish a proof house for the testing of guns is likely to be well received. Such an institution would prove of decided advantage to individual shooters by determining the most effective charges for their guns.

At the Izaak Walton celebration at Niagara-on-the-Lake, last Wednesday, there was a go-as-you-please competition in fish stories. Had the Keekoskee fish story man been there he would have been first, with no second.

The vivacious and original "O. O. S." appears to be laboring under the delusion that this is a journal of food and feeding.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XI.

Hasty Puddin'.

DESERTION by its men folks had not brought complete quiet to the Lovel homestead, any more than to others that day similarly deserted in Danvis, for the women's tongues enjoyed unrestrained freedom to wag at will.

Aunt Jerusha fully realized the privilege, when, after stooping at the shop window to watch her husband's slow progress across the fields, she re-entered the kitchen, and seating herself restfully in her favorite chair, she took out her snuffbox and regaled herself with a long-inhaled pinch of the fragrant powder, to which she in turn invited each nostril with impartial twists of her mouth from side to side. When she had returned the box to the deep pocket and fumbled forth her copperas-checked, homespun handkerchief, she settled back in her chair and made declaration:

"I will say, Huldy, twixt you an' me an' the whippin' pos', 'at it's a raal comfort oncte in a while tu be clean red o' men folks. Not tu say but what I set store by well-behaved men folks sech as aourn be, an' consider 'em a necessary blessin', but you du git cl'yed o' the best o' things arter tew long spells."

Huldah picked up the baby from the floor, seated him on her lap, wiped his chubby cheeks with a moistened corner of her apron, and kissed them with long inhalations of their subtle fragrance that only a mother can catch, before she answered.

"I spect 'at th' was a time when you couldn't hev tew much of Uncle Lisher, an' begun to hanker arter him the minute he was out of sight."

The russet of the wrinkled cheeks was tinged with a faint blush, that kindled a responsive glow in Huldah's conscious face, and both laughed an acknowledgment of the touch of nature that makes youth and age akin.

"I haint denyin' young folkse's foolishness, but that don't signify. What I du say is, 'at when folks gets settled daown tu the tussle o' livin' there be times when it's restin' tu hev men folks aouten the way. Women wants a chance tu talk about consarns, an' argy their own way. Somehaow men can't argy, but keep a-givin' their reasons an' their whys an' wherefores. Women know a thing is so, an' jest steck tu it, an' thet's argyin' 'at gin'ally fetches men araound er shets 'em up, which answers the pup-pus."

"Yes," Huldah concluded, as she trotted her boy at arm's length and looked at him in absorbed admiration, "I s'pose the common run o' men folks is sot an' onreasonable, but it doesn't seem 's 'ough Sam was, on'y mebby a leetle grain 'baout goin' huntin' an' sech."

"Wal, I can't say 'at father is nuther, not in a gin'ral way, ner yet yer father Lovel. Semanthy argyed him aouten that. But all men folks ain't like aourn, an' I like tu get shet of even them oncte in a while, an' have a raal ri' daown women's talk. I do' know as I enj'yed it much wi' George's wife, 'cause she was everlastingly blamin' George, which went again my gizzard; for if there ever was a commerdatin', clever man, George is, if he is my son, an' she'd orter know it. But with you, Huldy, I enj'y talkin'." So they fell into comforting discourse, which continued till Huldah became aware that the fire was burning low, and a glance at the clock apprised her that it was drawing toward noon.

"My sakes," she cried, hastily setting the baby on the floor and rising with the same movement, "ef it haint jest warnin' fer 'leven an' I haint done a stroke 'baout dinner."

"Wal, Huldy, it don't signify. Le's don't git a reg'lar dinner, but jest make us a cup o' tea an' hev a col' bite; the' haint no men folks tu be p'tic'lar."

"I tell ye what," said Huldy, moved with a sudden inspiration, "le's hev some hasty puddin'. I ben hankerin' arter some this ever so long, but Sam says it's dog-robbin' an' father Lovel he don't like it. You like it, don't you?"

"Good land, I guess I du. The' haint no hulsomer ner cleaner-tasted victuals, ner cheaper ner easier got. Lisher likes it, tu, but he says it don't stay by him none, an' ef he's goin' tu eat puddin' an' milk fer supper he wants tu ondress him fust an' sit on the aidge o' the bed an' swaller as quick as he can an' then tumble in and go tu sleep afore he gets hungry. My land, these ere apples is a dryin' complete," as she ran her hand along the tawny festoons and critically pinched some of the lower quarters, "they feel real luthery a'ready. Be you goin' tu sell 'em tu Clapham er trade 'em off tu peddlers? I spose you can't git cash nary way."

"They say they pay cash for 'em tu V'gennes an' I'm goin' tu coax Sam tu take 'em down there when he sells his fur," Huldah said, amid the clatter of setting the kettle of wa er on the stove.

"Wal, so I would, the' haint no sense in lettin' Clapham er peddlers makin' tew profits on sech barter. Du you wet up your meal in col' water fust er stir it right in when the water biles?"

"Oh, I stir it right int' the kettle as soon as it biles," said Huldah, bringing the pudding stick and the basin of meal, "an' I salt it well when it's about as thick as gruel."

"So du I," and the old woman nodded emphatic approval of the dry meal method. "It's more partic'lar work and there's more danger of it's bein' lumpy; but it needn't be if you're keerful tu sprinkle in slow an' keep a-stirrin' the same way all the time. I think it's tastier made so. Old ways is best ways as a gin'ral thing. But law sakes, I du despise lumpy puddin'. Crumbles o' dry meal breakin' up in your maouth an' chokin' you when you're expectin' nourishment!"

She critically watched Huldah as she sifted the meal into the seething kettle with one hand and stirred it with rapid turns of the other, while the wholesome fragrance of the boiled meal and the parching of the few grains scattered on the stove began to diffuse itself through the room. Then when the stick was lifted and dripped its burden in an even stream, her face relaxed to an expression of satisfaction.

"It's as smooth as 'lasses, Huldy. Naow be you goin' tu make a lawful puddin'?"

"I never heard abaout no law fer puddin'."

"Wal, there was in Connect'cut in an airly day. Ye see most ev'ybody 'at was anyways forehanded, useter hev printice boys an' gals bound tu 'em till they come of age, an' some on 'em useter keep the' printices on hasty puddin', an' made it so thin 'at it wan't much more 'n gruel an' starved the poor creetures so 't they wouldn't sca'cely make a shadder; an' so the Leegislatur passed a law 'at they got tu make hasty puddin' so thick 'at the puddin' stick 'ould stan' right up in the middle of the kittle. But I'd ruther not have it quite so thick fer me tu eat bein' 'at I haint a printice gal. You've got it thick 'nough. Naow set it on the back o' the stove an' let it blubber a spell. Oh, hum suzzy day! Heow that blubberin' kittle o' b'ilin' hot puddin' does kerry me back tu ol' times, when the bear come right int' the haouse an' tipped over aour kettle o' puddin'. Didn't I ever tell ye on't? Wal, 'twas when I was a gal an' we lived in a lawg haouse, an' father an' mother 'd gone off tu see a sick neighbor an' left us younguns tu keep haouse. But we let the haouse keep itself pooty much, an' hed high jinks till it got tu be 'long in the arternoon, an' the children begin tu git hungry, an' I sot tu an' made a kittle o' puddin fer 'em. Wal, I'd took it off 'n the trammel an' sot it on the hairth tu cool, an' the children was stan'in' raound wi' th' maouths a-waterin' an' the' wooden bowls an' pewter spoons in the' hands when I ketched a glimpse of a shadder tu the open door, an' lookin' raound what did I see but a gret, monst'ous bear a-lookin' in at us. My, if I didn't hustle them younguns up the ladder int' the chamber an' I up arter 'em an' pulled the ladder up arter, quicker'n scat. We c'ld hear the critter's claws clicken' along the floor towards the fireplace, an' when we got over bein' scairt a leetle, we peeked daown through the cracks an' seen him go up tu the kittle an' smell on't. Then he poked his nose in an' lapped a mou'ful, an' he kinder squealed aout an' lapped his chops. He made at it agin an' got burnt agin, an' that made him mad an' he hit the kittle a whack 'at sent it clean across the floor an' sent the puddin' flyin' fer it wan't lawful puddin' an' he got some on't on tu his feet, an', of course, it scalt him, an' you'd orter seen that creetur dance araound an' whine an' suck his paws, julluk a boy wi' his finger pinched, an' we lay there an' snickered. He got a taste o' the puddin' an' took a sensible view o' the case, an' sot tu an' eat up ev'y smitch on 't an' arter awhile went a-shoolin' off. We lost aour puddin' but we cal'lated we hed fun 'nough tu pay for 't. Ho, hum! Folks was thankful tu git hasty puddin' an' samp them times. Father an' mother come here jest afore the 'Sca'ce Year' when lots o' folks hed tu bile beech an' basswood leaves tu live on. Aour folks hed one caow 'at they fed on browse 'nough tu keep her givin' a leetle mess o' milk, an' father 'd ketch traout an' minnies an' mother 'd kinder stew 'em in the milk an' they kep' soul an' body tugether on sech livin' till things took a turn. More'n oncte next winter father went forty miled on his snowshoes tu git a bushel o' Injin meal an' left mother an' my oldest brother, not so ol' as bubby here, wi' the wolves a haowlin' all araound the lawg haouse. I wonder 'f aour men folks will git that aire wolf. Haow Gran'ther Hill will tew 'cause he can't go. Course they won't let him, but I don't wanter be in M'rier's shoes this day. In course I'll draw up," and Aunt Jerusha hitched her rocking chair to the table and tasted her first mouthful of pudding and maple sugar, and still continued to discourse of the old pioneer days.

"Folks was glad an' thankful tu git hasty puddin' an' milk an' johnny cake in them times, er even no-cake. You never hearn o' no-cake? Wal, that was parched corn paounded up in a mortar an' eat wi' milk ef they hed it, an' ef they hedn't, jest mixed up wi' water. They l'arnt that of the Injins, an' they lowed it 'ould stan' by a man longer 'n any other Injin corn fixin's. Then they uster make samp in the Plumpin' mill, big mortars they was, 'at went wi' a spring pole, an' they'd change off ontu samp when they got sick o' no-cake. Hasty puddin' an' johnny cake they couldn't hev, 'thout gittin' the corn graound tu a reg'lar mill, an' them was mebby forty miled off. Bimeby they got tu raisin' wheat, an' then some folks begin tu stick up the' noses at Injin. But aour folks didn't 'cause they come f'm Rho' Dislan' an' allers sot gret store by all sorts o' Injin victuals. Father allers would hev his johnny cake fer breakfus' an' hev it baked on a board, long arter they hed' em a stove. You never eat a johnny cake baked on a board? You don't say. Wal, then, you do' know what johnny cake is, Huldy. Haow did they make 'em? Wal, jest stirred up the meal wi' b'ilin' water an' salt not tew thick ner tew thin, an' then spread it ontu a oak board 'at was made a puppus an' sot it up afore the fire, tilted a leetle mite at fust agin a flat iron, an' kep' a-settin' it up stretter an' stretter till that side was done an' then turn it over an' bake t'other side an' all the time keep a-bastin' on 't wi' sweet cream an' then eat it an' be thankful 't the Lord made Injin corn tu grow an' give his creeturs the knowledge tu use it proper. But as I was sayin', the' was folks 'at got 'shamed o' eatin' Injin, 'cause once they'd ben obleeged tu, an' they just turned the' backs on the' ol' friend, they was so much beholden tu jest as folks allers has, an' will. The's folks here now 'at won't tech Injin. They say Cap'n Peck hes got some three-pronged forks, an' they're jest a-starvin' 'emselves tryin' tu eat their victuals wi' 'em, but I d' know. Haow father did uster laugh," she continued meditatively, stirring the maple syrup into her saucer of pudding, "a-tellin' 'baout onct when he went intu a neigbor's, an' they sot tu the table eatin' breakfus', an' he seen the womern ketch up suthin' an' hide it under her apron. Of course they ast him tu set by, an' he did, for all he'd jest eat, an' fust thing arter he'd set daown, he says, 'Molly Hackstaff, take that aire johnny cake outen your apron, fer I want some,' an' she did. Most o' folks hes got over sech foolishness, but there's some 'at haint an' denies 'emselves good hulsome victuals outen pride. But my land sakes, Bubby haint a-goin' tu, du jest see that chil' reachin' fer the spoon faster 'n you give it tu him," and she looked intense approval of the baby's assaults upon the pudding, "an' his cheeks is all daubed wi' lasses, but it can't make 'em no sweeter, no, it can't. No, thank ye, I can't eat another maou'ful."

"Then, I guess," said Huldah, beginning hurriedly to clear away the few dishes, "I'll get the things washed up an' the puddin' kettle aout o' sight fore—"

"Why, Huldy Lovel," Aunt Jerusha laughed, "I du b'lieve you're afeared the men folks 'll come hum an' find aout we ben hevin' hasty puddin'. Why, there's puddin' 'nough left for Drive's supper, ef you don't fry it fer breakfus, an' it is propper good fried."

The men did not return from the village till the evening chores called them. Huldah could scarcely share her husband's satisfaction in the achievement of Gran'ther Hill, for it seemed to her that the honor should rightfully have fallen to the mightiest hunter of Danvis. The supper table talk and the later conversation around the glowing fire were all of the day's events, nor was the subject exhausted when some of the tired hunters, frequenters of the shop, began to drop in.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A DISCIPLE OF OLD PY.

MY vacation has come and gone. The annual outing week of my chum and myself is a memory. Only a week can we spare, for we are very busy men, but that week is like an oasis in the desert, a rift in the clouds, a let up from the toothache, a zephyr from Araby, one balm from Gilead or the 1st of September when your wife's relatives go back to town. We need all of this, for the mental worry of a whole year after we return as to where we shall go next time is wearing in the extreme.

I won't bother you with the minutiæ of the trip. You can get these most anywhere and how. There is only one artist in this line and that's "Kingfisher," and I am not going to try to imitate him. I'll just give you the principal incidents, "boil it down," and let your imagination supply the rest.

Monday—Started early, but not before breakfast, please don't forget that. A royal breakfast it was, fit to set a man at peace with all the world and his neighbor's hens. Ben, my chum, (he's a bach.) came over and helped me get away with it. Well! You ought to have been there and seen us. I remember Monday chiefly on account of that breakfast. There's a halo all over it. Broke away at last. Duffle, duds and bric-a-brac to the train. All day ride. Lunch at noon from the basket filled with wife's goodies fit for epicures. We lingered fondly just thirty miles or one hour over that assortment, and when we finally abandoned it there was ample reason, there was no assortment left. And my wife said as she put it up, "There, that'll do for supper too, for you'll be tired when you get there, and won't want to cook anything."

Welasco, our railroad destination; was there at half-past 5—also Tim Hollit, the man with the team. Bundled in. Off through the odorous pine woods. After five or six miles Lake Wawkasum. "A gem of purest ray serene," set in a wreath of darker green. I drop off that way sometimes. Unloaded. Tim turns his back on us and disappears in the darksomeness. Tents up on a little knoll. Trees around. Lake in front. Unpacked. Fire. Then supper. Ben was cook and I was rustler or wrestler, rustling for wood and water and wrestling with the dishes after meals, though I could boil a pot of water on a pinch first-rate, or cook the nose or handle off a coffee-pot. It didn't take long to get that supper. Just a pot of tea to boil, the rest cold. Luncheon beef, sliced ham, jellies, light rolls, Saratoga chips and cake did very well to begin camp life on; and as the shadows came down and the moon came up, the fire flickered and the katydids did, we lolled on our blankets, poured down the fragrant decoction, sampled the savory supper, talked, ate, drank and planned for the morrow, until cloyed nature, replete to repletion, would no more. Then we pulled the pipes, and for an hour the smoke arose in a voluptuous swell and puckered lips sucked smoke through lips that puffed again. Then the cots were unfolded, blankets spread, and as the lonesome loon awoke hysterics from the sleeping lake and a derisive owl sent cold shivers down the back of a blasted pine, we slept.

Next morning we were out early, and after a delicious plunge in the wash basin, I evoked caloric from the material thereto collected and Ben laid himself out on breakfast while I made suggestions, and between us there was as fine a spread as heart could wish. Ah! The aroma of that Mocha. It lingers around my nostrils now. It mingles its odor with the perfumes of the morning, floating far and wide upon the dewy air, until the twittering birds flitting from bough to bough, gather expectant. Long we lingered, tickling the palate with the savory food until the rising sun warned us to "cut it short." Next thing we put the Osgood together, and with trolling lines out pulled along shore a mile or two without a strike. Came to a creek; beached the boat, caught some minnows and frogs; off again. Fished up and down and across and went back to camp with two bass and a small muscallonge. Dressed them and set about dinner. Fish fried brown. Ah! There is nothing like fish right out of the water and into the pan and out of it into you—or me. Firm, white and toothsome, with a dash of sauce, it hits the spot. No week-old occupant of a refrigerator, this, limp and flabby, served with an apology, gingerly tasted and put by; but picked to the last glistening bone before we leave it, wishing for more, it sends a soul-satisfying swash of bliss from center to circumference, and soothes to rest. Pigs in clover! Cows in the cornfield! Indians at a beef issue! Bears in a bee tree! How we did eat! Grim havoc cut loose and red-handed destruction got there with both feet. But there is a limit to some things, more's the pity, and acknowledging defeat, reluctantly we drew off in some disorder, and leaning up against a friendly tree with pipes aglow we sent the fragrant smoke in circling wreaths aloft.

When we were well rested we took the canvas again, and rowing over to a little bay in the lower end of the lake, where the grass in some five feet of water gave promise of lurking bass or pike, we stopped outside within good casting distance, and by sundown, moving easily from place to place, had a nice string of small-mouths playing gracefully on the string at the boat side. Then easily campward we went in the light canoe that scarce touched, and ere the gloaming gloamed one single gloam, Ben had outdone himself again, and we fell to. Shades of your grandmother! Hot light biscuit right from the Dutch oven, and maple syrup! I was a boy again in Vermont, trudging over the snow crust across the fields to my uncle's sugar camp, and in the evening at the supper table feasting on hot biscuit and syrup.

"Ben," said I, "you're a trump, two trumps, a whole handful. Let us to the fray."

And we went, company front, double quick, ch-a-r-r-g-e! Um-m-m! What a supper. Tea that titillated the utmost nerve in the system, flushing the entire being with a carmine flush that was a revelation of Nirvana; chipped beef, tender, transparent and tasteful; cheese that furnished a taste of dissolution as sudden as it was easy and brief. But what's the use? No description furnishes any idea of that spread and its disappearance. We never could have had such appetites anywhere else. That's what we came for. Once a year it's good to feel "wolfish"

and "ravenous," and to tell about it. But why wasn't a man's palate given twice the power and the duration of sensation quadrupled? We cleared away the debris after a while, smoked, discussed to-morrow, listened to the frogs and crickets and nature's lullaby, and by and by went to bed.

We had agreed to go away up the lake several miles the following day. So we rose early, or I did, and built the fire, brought the water, got some fish from the fish box and dressed them, put the coffee on and woke Ben, who jumped into his clothes and to business, and the way raw material was worked up inty attractive and useful goods was pleasant for to see. The coffee pushed the lid off it was so impatient. The fish, done brown, peeped over the edge of the pan imploringly. Crisp fried potatoes leered at us, while flapjacks flipped into the air and turned somersaults kersmack! The scene was tumultuously suggestive and inspiring. Resultant incapacity, expansion and regret. We tore ourselves loose in time, and with a nice lunch crept aboard the canoe and sailed away into unknown seas.

But fortune frowned upon us, when she didn't grin, and the fish that came to hand were small and seldom. The only entirely satisfactory event of the day was the landing at noon in a little cove where shade and a bubbling spring enticed to rest, and there contributing with alacrity to the pleasure of our palates. 'Tis not all of fishing to fish. There's a good deal in the lunch basket. We lay there an hour or so idly enjoying life, while the fleecy clouds drifted lazily aloft, a sleepy sigh from Æolus gently crinkled the surface of the lake and curious pismires explored our trousers legs as we burned Lone Jack without a stake and wished there were nevermore trial balances with an odd cent or two which refused to show up. We knew the way back without a guide, and without undue exertion the buoyant Osgood bore us safely to the landing.

I had thought in the morning that my appetite had gone glimmering, galley west, all to pieces, was knocked out beyond resuscitation; but a few hours at the oars brought it back as clamorous as ever, and after a deft manipulation of pots, pans and contents we struck our gait once more and thought of many a poor fellow in town who hadn't any. Ben is a phenomenon. He can get more tempting dishes out of a grub box than any man you ever saw. I'd as soon think of going to the Columbian Exhibition without a penny as on an outing without Ben. I love to fish, of course, but there are other enjoyments too. The food went in and the stars came out. A great big full-grown hush settled down silently and stifled noise; even the derisive loon forgot to laugh and the owl to hoot, and under the spell of a 480-grain peace we softly stole to bed.

Next morning was on time to a dot—not so we. My hands were sore and some of my bones ached. The sun had kissed the drowsy pines several times and the proverbial squirrel was skipping around the dooryard ere we rolled out.

"The dew lay glittering on the grass,
The mist lay over the brook"

Some time ere the fishers their bunks forsook. We didn't have 140 bass and half of them dead, in the fish box, but we had enough for breakfast, and preparations began and leisurely proceeded. Appetite waited on them and grew impatient and complained. But the bugle sounded at last, and we moved to the attack with no doubt as to the victory. There was the ever satisfying coffee with Highland cream; spuds with bursted jackets, grinning with their mealy mouths; hot cakes, light and fluffy, with maple syrup; golden butter, hard and cool from the lake, where we had anchored it; fish fried with one soupçon of salt pork and several of excellent judgment. It was lovely. You have no doubt heard of zest. Lusty, gusty zest. It was there. It burst from the bushes with a skip and a hop and proceeded to work things. It hovered o'er the board. It pulled in the lead. It got behind and pushed. It lent a hand at the bow oar, starboard and stroke, and acted as coxwain. It stimulated the elbows and fingers. Likewise the salivary apparatus. It was chief factotum at the feast, whooping in its glee and raising a very revel of a row, until tired out with its antics and labors it glid off on a fainting zephyr to recuperate in the solitude of sylvan shades, while we lay back exhausted.

Subsequently we took the canoe, put out the spoons and cruised along shore to the creek for bait. Had a strike near the creek mouth. Big fish. Battle royal. Got him nearly in. Flap, swish, splash—gone! "Put out again, quick," quoth Ben. "No," said I. "We won't get back in time for dinner," for we had to catch bait, and one of us had agreed to go up to a farmhouse on the hill and see if we couldn't augment the commissary department. So we landed and I went for bait, while Ben betook himself to the house where the day before he had seen what appeared to be a young and comely woman on the porch. By the time I had got some minnows and a few frogs he returned with a couple of dozen of eggs, some buttermilk, sweet ditto, and some luscious early harvest apples. Well! If I didn't split the welkin at sight of this reinforcement. I fractured it. Ben said he'd have brought a chicken or two but he only had two hands. However, as he would have to return the basket and pails he'd get them next time. Fish didn't get a chance to bite much going back. What do you s'pose Ben did with the apples? Built up some of the most mouth-watering dumplings that ever pursed up their lips at you, sweetened with sauce freckled with nutmeg. The eggs were boiled soft. Hot biscuit again. Milk to drink. Tapped a jar of honey to keep the biscuit from being lonesome. Ah—h! What an array! Biscuit and bliss, eggs and eggstacy, dumplings and delights, honey and happiness, praties and pleasure, gravy, glory and gratitude. The "creaking board," laden with the "delicious viands," groaned with the weight thereof, and so did we later, when satiety, having seen the load completed, jumped on top and tramped it down. As I lay back so that the burden might adjust itself easier, I said as I dozed off: "Ben, lez go fishin'"—and Ben replied faintly, "Lemme 'lone."

The sun was about 45° high when we "came to," and quoth Ben:

"I have an idea."

"Ventilate it."

"We'll go up where we saw those big batrachians yesterday and catch some *for* supper."

"Bless your dear heart," I murmured, "what a treasure you are!"

So we sallied and frogged and came back in the gloaming.

Did you ever eat frogs' legs by moonlight, with a dash of Worcestershire and crisp fried potatoes, and currant jelly and flaky biscuits so light you had to put something on top of 'em to keep 'em down, and a cup of tea so cheerful it set the loon a-laughing? If not you've got a heap to learn. We didn't wash any dishes that night. We just went to bed.

We had breakfast next morning just the same, and how we did enjoy the good things, over which we lingered long and lovingly, rolling the delicious morsels upon our tongues or discoursing the while on the delights of camp life. Ben had to take the basket and pails to the farmhouse, so we took the canvas and started. I handled the oars and Ben put out a spoon, and before we got half-way he hooked a whopper, a perfect monster, that towed that canoe as a healthy dog would tow a tin can. How he yanked and cavorted and tore up the vasty deep! I set the oars and so checked somewhat his rushes; if I hadn't, I believe he'd have spilled us. As it was we had to trim ship pretty lively now and then. But a muscallonge can't last forever, and after awhile he began to lead, coming after a break away or two quietly alongside, when with a desperate surge and sweep of his tail he tore the hooks out, threw a shower of water all over us and went.

Great Scott! What a fish and what a pity! You ought to have seen Ben's face. It lengthened so that it came near pushing the rest of him overboard. It took the heart clean out of him so that he took it up to the farm house with the basket and pails soon afterward. When he returned in the course of time I had two or three bass and he had two as nice plump chickens as ever went to roost. Pure young things they were, just in the morning of life, in the heyday of youth, uncontaminated as yet by the viles of the tempter and the seductions of a gay world, just budding into usefulness with two buds and with a lovely look of trustfulness into their liquid hazel eyes. Then we went to camp. Ben had a half dozen cucumbers and some weak onions, too. How do you cook your chickens generally? We didn't cook ours that way. We stewed the rawness out of them and then put them into a mighty hot skillet with some butter, and when they came out they had not only budded but bloomed, now I tell you. Talk about Lucullus and nightingale's livers and those things, they weren't in it. Didn't seem as though we could fill up. Worse than guinea pigs, but maybe you don't know about them. Can't fill 'em up. Just try it once. Well, we had it all over again. Zest was there again renewed and exuberant. And there was the usual "rich effluvia," and "reeking fumes," and "redolence," and "sumptuousness," and "festal board," and "libations," and "wolfish appetites," and "luscious viands," and "steaming Mocha," and "buzz-saw appetites" that you've read about so often.

I won't enumerate further. It ran along about this way until Saturday morning when we packed up. Tim came for us and away we went. We had had a royal time. We are no pot-hunters or bass hogs but we do love to eat.

Pythagoras said once that "we eat to live, not live to eat." I agree with Old Py on that, and as the highest sort of life should be our ambition, we have got to eat correspondingly—stands to reason. I notice that many of your correspondents are on the same side the fence, so I thought I'd add my voice to the general sentiment.

O. O. S.

"PODGERS'S" COMMENTARIES.

San Francisco, Cal., July 24.—I am in receipt of an advance copy of your reproduction of the small boy and big fish I sent you. In your personal criticism of the photo, you insinuate that both boy and fish have a very much blown up or stuffed appearance. As to the fish, he is or was, *au naturel*. The boy, I grant you, is swelling with impatience, and so you would have "swelled" to have had at this time of life the handling of a fish of such dimensions. He was a very proud boy; and add to that the dignity of having arrived at the pipe stage, a step probably in advance of all the other boys. No wonder he was fairly bursting with impatience.

Speaking of the fish in question, "reminds me" that the same gentleman who caught that one has just returned from a camping expedition to the same river with two or three friends; and had even better luck than on the last occasion. Their fishing was simply superb; they landed many large fish, one nine and one ten-pounder. All were caught with the fly and light tackle. Now, a 10lbs. brook trout is something of a fish, considering that we seldom hear of one being caught with fly weighing over 5 or 6lbs. But of course that is in the East, where things are on a small scale (except stories). California, you know, does things on a more liberal standard. Such fish as I am writing of, are not within close reach; to get them, involves a three days' journey into the wilds outside of ordinary civilization and going into camp.

I am glad to see that Forest and Stream is making fishing news a feature of the paper; being a wool-dyed lover of the sport, I read all that is to be found on that head with great interest. I am willing to surrender my interest in bear stories in favor of fishing yarns. There is not so much of the hair standing straight up feature in fish stories, and more or fewer hair-breadth escapes. By the way, did it ever occur to you that the breadth of a hair is very limited, and makes a very close call as a margin for an escape? What a lot of impossibilities we weave into our expressions and similes in our descriptions of things and occurrences! "Miraculous" will do in speaking of an escape, but the hair-breadth business is getting down very fine—very. Exaggeration and imagination give color and point to the subject, season it, as it were, to interest the reader or listener, but is this not taking liberties with truth and veracity? I admit a plain, unvarnished tale is like a piece of furniture—a good deal better for the varnishing. This is not a prelude to any "plain tail from the Hills" that I am going to tell, for I have no designs on you. I am innocent of guile on this occasion. I had nothing to write when I sat down and I have written it.

I was much interested in reading in the last number of Forest and Stream the account by Mr. Clarence Bloomfield Moore of his trip over the Andes, having made the same trip myself and recognizing much of what he describes. His reference to the monkey and banana market at Guyaquil I can indorse, for I was rash enough to invest a dollar in the stock and trade of an old lady with a trading establishment under a tree, giving an open order as it were for the money's worth to be sent aboard the ship, and was seriously embarrassed, when, as the ship was getting under way, the old lady came alongside and dumped my purchases on deck, consisting of a monkey, a parrot, a bushel of oranges and half a dozen bunches of bananas. All were loose and rolling around deck, and a soft banana gave the first officer a fall, which brought forth such a torrent of profanity and fierce inquiry for the owner of the garden sass and menagerie as to lead me to join the other passengers in a general disclaimer of all ownership. I never bought so much nor such an assortment of worldly goods for a dollar before in my life—nor since. Things are cheap in Guyaquil, and I imagine the old lady never had such an unlimited order or made any one transaction of that magnitude during her life experience in the fruit, monkey and parrot line.

While on the subject of fishing I forgot to tell you about the salmon fishing at Santa Cruz, a fashionable seaside resort on the coast, a matter of 50 miles from town. Even the ladies are enjoying the sport, and go off early in the morning in the Italian fishing boats in front of town and troll with feathered spoon and hand lines. During the last week the run of salmon has been large, and parties have taken as many as a dozen before breakfast, some of them very large, running up to 30 or 40lbs. Two gentlemen, a day or two since, took over 250lbs. in one morning's fishing with rod and reel. The fishing is broad out on the ocean a mile from shore and in the bay, almost within hail of the hotel piazzas. It is a feature of salmon fishing heretofore unknown, I think. I have never heard of a similar instance, at least, of salmon taking the hook at sea; but California salmon partake of the characteristics of the country and strike out original methods for themselves and scorn to be imitators.

California is not what it once was for fish and game. Too much civilization, which means law breaking, pot-hunting and indiscriminating slaughter. But it does pretty well considering. You can't turn out many Eastern States where there is such a variety of game and fish, especially trout and salmon, of the size referred to. I do not remember ever to have known of a 10lb. brook trout being caught with fly in any Eastern waters. Have you? Let us hear from the cow counties on that question.

Podgers.

Natural History.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

PEARLS IN THE UNITED STATES.

A paper read by George Frederic Kunz before the American Fisheries Society, Chicago, 1893.

Pearls are lustrous concretions, consisting essentially of carbonate of lime interlaminated with animal matter, found in the shells of certain mollusks. They are evidently a result of an abnormal secretory process caused by an irritation of the mantle of the mollusk consequent on the intrusion into the shell of some foreign body, as a grain of sand, an egg of the mollusk itself, or perhaps a cercarian parasite. It has also been suggested that an excess of carbonate of lime in the water may cause the development of the pearl. Accepting the former theory as the more probable one, it is easy to understand how a foreign body, which the mollusk is unable to expel, becomes encysted or covered as by a capsule, which gradually thickens and assumes various forms—round, elongated, mallet-shaped, and sometimes as regular as though it had been turned in a lathe. It is suggested that the mollusk continually revolves the inclosed particle in its efforts to rid itself of the irritation, or possibly that its formation is due to natural motion, which is accelerated by the intruding body.

In regard to the formation of pearls the following general statements may be made: Whatever may be the cause or the process of their production, these interior concretions may occur in almost any molluscan shells, though they are confined to certain groups, and their color and lustre depend upon those of the shell interior, adjacent to which they are formed. Thus the pink conch of the West Indies yields beautiful rose-colored pearl shells consisting of three strata: first, the outer yellow or brown conchioline (cuticula or epidermis); second, the prism stratum, consisting of layers formed of minute prisms arranged vertically to the layers and the shell surface; and third, the interior nacreous layer, composed of finely folded leaves parallel to the surface of the shell. The last two strata consist chiefly of carbonate of lime. These formations were illustrated by transverse cuttings and microscopic sections. When a wound has been received by the animal in any soft part the tissues become moistened with a lime-like material and especially with the nacre substance. This often happens in the muscles which serve to close the shell, and the irregular concretions thus formed are called "sand pearls." When the growth of the pearl is abnormally strong the pressure which it exerts on the outer wall of this tissue pocket becomes so powerful that the pocket is absorbed on the side toward the shell, bringing the hard pearl directly against the latter. It then becomes impossible for the pearl to grow any more at the point of contact, for there is no tissue to secrete the lime substance; but it grows on the rest of the surface, and the thickening layers, as they are formed, pass directly into the nacre layers on the inside of the shell, and thicken the shell itself. Through these over-layers the pearl is connected with the shell as though by a succession of covering-clothes. At first it clings to the shell at one point only, afterward enlarging the area of its adhesion. In this manner twin or united pearls are formed. Whatever be the method of their formation, it would seem that pearls can be formed only at the expense of the shell, for every substance necessary to their growth is drawn from sources which normally secrete the shell. Normal appear-

ing shells rarely contain pearls, while on the other hand those that are deformed often contain pearls of great beauty. There are three indications on which pearl fishers rely for detecting from the outer aspect of the shell the presence of pearls. These are, first, the thread, that is, the recess of elevation extending from the vertex to the edge; second, the kidney-shape of the shell, that is, an indentation on the ventral side; and third, the contortion of both shells toward the middle plane of the animal.

The families with iridescent interior layers are the following: Among cephalopods, the Nautilus and Ammonite groups, the latter wholly fossil, and among gasteropods, the Turbo and Haliotis families. In all these forms, the removal of the outer layers of the shell reveals the splendid pearly surface beneath. Such shells, thus "cleaned" with dilute acid, are familiar as ornamental objects, while those of the common oyster and clam are dead white or dark purple, according to their proximity to the part of the mantle which secretes the white or the dark material of the shell. The true pearly or nacreous (iridescent) interior belongs to only a few families of mollusks, and in these alone can pearls proper be formed at all; while in point of fact they are obtained only from a very few genera of shells.

None of the air-breathing mollusks (the land snails) produce a nacreous shell; and among fresh-water mollusks none are pearl-bearers except certain of the bivalves, notably those belonging to the group appropriately called the Naiades, of which the common river mussel (Unio) is a typical example. The soft internal parts of these mollusks are covered by a thin, delicate membrane called the mantle, from the surface of which and particularly from its outer edge, material is excreted to form the inner layers of the shell. The shell consists of two parts, the epidermis and the shell proper, the latter composed of numerous layers. The epidermis, which resembles horn, is chiefly composed of a substance called "conchioline" and is soluble in caustic alkalies.

The pearls of commerce, however, are almost wholly obtained from bivalve (lamellibranch) shells, of which the following families have a nacreous lining: Aviculidæ, Mytilidæ and Unionidæ, the latter being wholly fresh-water shells, also known as the Naiades. A few families of other genera are also brilliantly pearly, but need not be here discussed. The true pearl oyster (Meleagrina) of the Pacific and Indian oceans belongs to the first of these groups, and has from time immemorial yielded the bulk of commercial pearls, while its large and thick shell furnishes the mother-of-pearl for countless ornamental purposes.

The Naiades are of particular interest in this country, as it is in North America that this group is the most abundant, and it is only of the occurrence of pearls, and the preservation of the fisheries of the United States that my paper will treat. Many hundred species of Unio, Anodon, etc., have been found in our great rivers and lakes; the Mississippi basin teems with them; for the most part in forms quite distinct from those of the Atlantic watershed and of the Old World. The Unios, while all iridescent, vary greatly in tint, exhibiting all the delicate shades of pink, brown, purple, etc., as well as white. The rivers of Europe, of Mesopotamia, and of China also yield large numbers of Unios; while the allied genera Hyria and Castalia are found in the rivers of South America.

The same causes and operations that result in the production of pearls or free nacreous concretions in the soft animal substance of the pearl oysters or mother-of-pearl shells, also produce in a modified way the tuberculous or knoblike protuberances and irregularities of surface that are frequently seen on the pearly inner surface of the valves and projecting therefrom. The flatter or less pronounced forms of these nacreous excrescences are often called "blister pearls," because of their resemblance to vesicular eruptions, or water blister caused by burns.

Fresh-water pearls are found, as before stated, in various species of Unios, more frequently, according to Dr. Isaac Lea, in the Unio complanatus, but also in the following: U. blandianus, U. buddianus, U. costatus, U. elliotti, U. fragilis, U. globulus, U. gracilis, U. mortoni, U. nodosus, U. orbiculatus, U. ovatus, U. torsus, U. undulatus and U. virginianus. Not one pearl in a hundred from the Unios is of good shape, and probably not more than one in a hundred is really fine; therefore, as the worth of a pearl depends on lustre and form, the greater number obtained from this source are of slight value.

A hundred pearls have been found in a single shell; but as a rule, these have little or no value. Very curious nacreous groups made of many small pieces are at times found attached to the hinge, but these are generally without sufficient lustre to be of value, and are rarely collected. These groups are caused by the aggregation of many small ones cemented by a deposit of nacre, and are often half an inch across.

In color, the Unio pearl presents an extended series of shades, from dead opaque white, having but little value, through various tints of pink, yellow and salmon, passing through a more decided form of these colors, or a faint purple, into a bright red, so closely resembling a drop of molten copper as almost to deceive the eye. Some are very light green and brown, others rose color, and still others are pale steel blue or russet and purplish brown. The white and the pink pearls are exceedingly beautiful, and the finest, owing to their delicate sheen or layers, are at times more lustrous than even the best Oriental pearls. This lustre is increased by their greater transparency, and a really fine white, pink, yellow or iridescent pearl is often found quite translucent. In addition to their color and lustre they are beautifully iridescent. They are found in many odd and remarkable shapes.

Elongated fishlike forms, formed and found near the hinge of the shell, and called hinge baroque pearls, are abundant. Others, with but a slight addition of gold and enamel, seem to represent human and animal heads, bat and bird wings, and similar objects. Mallet-shaped pearls are found with fine color and lustre at each end, but generally with opaque sides; also grouped or bunched masses of pearly nacre, made up of from one to over one hundred distinct pearls in fanciful shapes, are of occasional occurrence. Featherlike forms, with curiously raised points, and an odd, rounded variety, with raised, pitted markings, are quite abundant. A pearl was mounted in this country that strikingly resembles the bust of Michael Angelo, and a number of unique designs have been made of baroques, similar to those mounted by Dinglinger and exhibited in the Green Vaults at Dresden. Although the pearls used here have not been as large as those shown in Dresden, greater taste has been employed in mounting them. The variety of the forms being so great, an artist has a wide field for imagination. The pearls, however, have but slight value unless they are beautiful and lustrous.

Frequently pearls have an opaque appearance and seem to be worthless, but upon the removal of their outer layer are found to be clear and iridescent. This outer layer may be removed by dipping them in a weak solution of acid, which dissolves the opaque coating, or it may be peeled with a knife, although sometimes the pearl is not of the same material throughout and cannot be.

That conchologists make so few references to pearls is probably accounted for by the fact that the pearls are contained in old, distorted and diseased shells, which are not so desirable for collections as the finer specimens. Collectors who have opened many thousands of Unios have never observed a pearl of value.

Large and valuable Unio pearls have been obtained in New Jersey. In 1857 a pearl of fine lustre, weighing 93 grains, was found at Notch Brook, near Paterson. It became known as the "Queen Pearl," and was sold by Tiffany & Co. to the Empress Eugenie of France for $2,500. It is to-day worth more than four times that amount, and is finer than any pearl shown at the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition. The news of this sale created the first great pearl excitement that led to the search for pearls which spread westward throughout the country. The Unios at Notch Brook and elsewhere were gathered by millions and destroyed, often with little or no result. A large round pearl weighing 400 grains, which would doubtless have been the finest pearl of modern times, was ruined by boiling open the shell.

Within one year pearls were sent to the New York market from nearly every State. In 1857 fully $15.000 worth, in 1858 about $2,000, in 1859 about $2,000, in 1860 about $1,500, in 1868, when there was a slight revival of interest, and since then many Little Miami River pearls have been found. Since 1860 pearls have come from a comparatively new district, the supply from which is apparently on the increase. At first few were found, or rather, few were looked for, west of Ohio, but gradually the line has extended to Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas, and now Wisconsin is the principal pearl-producing State, while some pearls are sent from Florida, Nebraska and Washington State.

Some of the earliest American pearls that were found came from near Waynesville, O., $3,000 worth having been collected in that vicinity during the pearl excitement of 1878. At that time Israel H. Harris, of Waynesville, began what has since become one of the finest and best known collections of Unio pearls in this country, purchasing, during many years, every specimen of value that he could find in that part of the State. Among his pearls was one button-shaped on the back and weighing 38grs., also several almost transparent pink ones, and an interesting specimen showing where a pearl had grown almost entirely through the Unio shell. His collection contained more than 2,000 pearls, weighing over 2,000grs., and is in all probability the last collection that will be made from that district. It was exhibited in the jewelry department at the World's Fair in Paris in 1889.

A pearl from Montpelier, Vt., was sold for $300; one from Waynesville, O., valued at $200; one from Boston, Tex., valued at $250; one pink pearl, 19½grs., from Murfreesborough, Tenn., valued at $80, another at $150; one from Llano, Tex., valued at $95, have been sold in New York.

The production during recent years has been a follows:

September, 1881 to 1882	210 lots worth $7,500
September, 1882 to 1883	72 lots worth $5,000
September, 1883 to August, 1884	71 lots worth $5,000

American pearls until within the past few years were generally sold at a figure below their real value, and the values of the above to-day would be fully two or three times those amounts, and at present the local value is often exaggerated several times above their true value.

Since 1889 pearl fishing in Wisconsin has been extensively carried on along the Pecatonica River and the creeks emptying into it, principally between Darlington and Argyle, Lafayette county, as well as on Apple River. Many fine pearls, remarkable for brilliancy and lustre, have been obtained, among them some of the finest copper-colored, russet, purple and rich pink tints ever found. Some simple pearls weigh over 50 grains, and the finest ones command from $500 to over $1,000 each. It has been estimated that over $300,000 worth of pearls have been found in the course of the past few years; the pearls frequently commanding higher prices here than the Oriental pearls, and as a result, pearls sent abroad were returned, the prices being abnormally higher than the foreign markets would pay.

Some of the finest pieces of jewelry shown at the World's Columbian Exposition were made of American pearls and American precious stones. A fine collection was on exhition in the Wisconsin Exhibit of the Mines and Mining Building, World's Columbian Exposition; the value of this collection was estimated at over $100,000, but the prices were somewhat fancy ones induced by local demand. During the summer of 1890 the pearl excitement extended to Manitowoc county, Wisconsin, and numerous small lakes that lie in Calumet county. From one to fifty pearls have been found in a single Unio. When numerous, they were usually hinge pearls. As in the former times of excitement, hundreds of men, women and children made trips to these creeks, the men and boys removing the shells from the river while the women and girls opened them.

In the same year the pearl-hunting fever extended along the Mackinaw River and the creeks running into it in McLean, Tazewell and Woodford counties, Illinois. Pearls have also been found in the vicinity of Traer and Geneseo, on Wolf Creek, Iowa. A fine pink pearl was found near Walla Walla, Washington State, and a number have been sold at Seattle, Wash.

One of the most singular circumstances connected with the New Jersey "pearl fever" of 1856 was the discovery of several shells which proved that the local savants had experimented on the pearl-bearing Unios by dropping mother-of-pearl buttons inside the shell, hoping that the mussel would cover them with its secretions. The specimens found had apparently been experimented on over 30 years before, at a time when European scientists were interested in shells received from China, containing small images of Buddha. These images were moulded in tin and placed between the mantle and the shell. The mussels were then returned to their natural environment, and after several months the layer of mother-of-pearl became of sufficient thickness, and the images were removed.

In a shell of the Lea Collection of Unionidæ, which has lately been presented to the United States National Museum, an oval piece of white wax, flat on the lower side and rounded on the upper, which had been inserted in the valve near the hinge, is entirely coated with a pink nacre. It has been broken out of the shell, the pearly nacre of the lower or flat side remaining in the shell, whereas the dome-shaped piece is covered with this material.

The writer knew a New York lady who purchased a button-shaped Unio pearl that had a black, diseased appearance on one side. It was so set that the imperfection was all below the mounting. When applauding at the opera one evening the pearl was broken, and upon examination it was found to consist of a very thin nacreous layer, inside of which was nothing but a hard, white greasy clay.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Another Infant Caribou.

I TOO have seen a domesticated caribou baby. Last September, while being towed in a canoe up the St. Maurice River, in the Province of Quebec (alas, that I cannot repeat the trip this year!) one of our guides suggested that if we cared to see "a leetle caribou—*toute petite*—in a barn," we might do so by pausing at a farm house on the bank of the river. We did so and found the little fellow apparently enjoying himself in the company of one or two calves. He was fairly tame, and greeted us with a peculiar note of welcome, sounding like a combination of a snort and a cough. The owner was absent, so we could obtain no particulars as to his capture.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Game Bag and Gun.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

A CLOSE CALL.

BETHEL, Me.—A pond about one mile long and one-half mile wide in the town of Hanover, adjoining Bethel, has always been a noted place for brook trout and bears. A cottage camp near its shores is named "Camp Bruin," suggested by the number of bears that are yearly trapped and otherwise captured in that vicinity. The pond is named Howard's Pond.

About two months ago a party from the town of Norway, on a fishing trip, occupied Camp Bruin for a week's outing. In this party was an energetic young fellow, Fred H. Cummings, whose father has a small menagerie of wild and domestic animals. Fred took his dog Hercules along with the party. Hercules is a very brave dog for his size, for he weighs less than eight pounds and is nicknamed by his neighbors "Slim Jim," he has such an inferior look; but he is a very courageous little cur, as the people of Oxford county will testify, for at the races in Riverside Trotting Park in Bethel, Hercules made much sport by persistently sticking to the track, even when many horses were doing their best to win the race on the Fourth.

One pleasant day Fred, with Hercules, went about a mile to an old pasture in the woods to pick some strawberries; and after filling his dish, started for the camp. He had not gone far when he saw three cub bears just starting to climb a tree. Fred took in the situation at once—if he could only capture one of those cubs for his father's menagerie—and acting on the impulse seized one. Although the cub screamed, scratched and bit, yet he got him under his arm, back toward him, and started for camp on a double quick, still holding on to his dish of strawberries.

After getting on the last half of the distance to the camp he heard, as he thought, one of his party coming behind him in the woods, and he called to him, but receiving no reply he looked around, when, to his horror, there within a short distance, and making fearful leaps, was the old mother bear, with open mouth and blood in her eyes. Young Cummings very well knew he could not carry that cub and escape the ravening beast, which was gaining on him at every leap, so he dropped the cub and called to Hercules.

As he looked behind to see if the dog was coming, still keeping up his race, nip and tuck with the bear, he saw that the old mother bear took no notice of the cub he had dropped, but was rapidly gaining on him. Again he called to his dog with a loud voice, and had the satisfaction of hearing him yip very near. The bear was now so near that he imagined he could feel her hot breath on his back, and the dog, bear and young man were then all doing their best in the free-for-all race.

Now comes in the interesting ending of this singular race for life. Hercules nipped the bear's hind legs and detained her, while Cummings made the most of it and arrived at camp out of breath but still holding on to his strawberries.

Bears are very plenty in the vicinity of Bethel. There is no better place on earth for hunting bears than Bethel.

We have four passenger trains each way, east and west, on the Grand Trunk R. R. of Canada, and the officers of this road are very obliging to sportsmen. Bethel is within five hours' travel of the foot of the Rangeley Lakes, the Paradise of big game hunting. J. G. RICH.

Mongolian Pheasants on Long Island.

THE Wyandanch Club, whose headquarters are at Smithtown, and who control the shooting privileges of a very large tract of land in the towns of Huntington and Smithtown, have recently liberated on their grounds about 200 Mongolian pheasants. The club officers imported four pairs of the birds, and hatched out 200 young ones under chickens. Now the young pheasants have been turned loose, and will, it is presumed, increase largely each year.

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

THE GAME OF VENTURA.

VENTURA, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Possibly very few of your readers have ever heard of this county, situated in one corner of California, and off from the great lines of travel, still it is one of the most fertile and productive counties in the State, and an important factor in the economy of this great commonwealth. The county has a great future before it, with a variety of climate and resources unequalled in this or any other State. It far exceeds any other county in the amount of beans produced, raises oranges in some portions that rival the famous fruit of Riverside; the apricot crop each year amounts to thousands of tons; four different dryers are required to cure the immense yield, and fortunes are made every year by the fortunate owners of orchards. The honey crop represents thousands of dollars. Not least among its resources are the minerals contained within its hills; its quarries of red sandstone are equal to any in the State, it has mines of gold and silver, and most important of all is its oil, for this is the leading oil-producing county of the West, more oil being produced here than in any county west of Pittsburgh; the California Oil Co., at Santa Paula, is one of the great institutions of the State. With over fifty miles of sea coast on the west and the great coast range on the eastern portion, any climate desirable may be obtained in a few hours' travel, from the hot summers and moderately sharp, cool winters of the foothills to the even, unvariable and pleasant climate of the coast.

In times past Ventura county has been the sportsman's paradise, all kinds of game could be found here, grizzly bear (it was in this county that the San Francisco *Examiner* captured the grizzly now on exhibition at Golden Gate Park), deer, rabbits, quail, squirrels, doves, wild ducks, geese and cranes. The ponds and sloughs along the coast were filled with thousands of ducks and geese, and a wagon load as the result of a day's hunt was not considered an extraordinary large return. Along the eastern portion of the county is the Simi country, a stretch of rolling valley land and low foothills, covered with short sage brush not much higher than the knees; here were thousands of quail, in bands of hundreds, where capital fine sport could be had with a good dog. Then came the boom of '87; the great ranches were bought by syndicates, and subdivided into small tracts; settlers flocked in; stretches of wild land that had been filled with quail and rabbits, were transformed into orchards and wheat fields, the country became more settled, and the territory in which game could find room and shelter grew more restricted; Los Angeles in the meantime became a large city, and then the market-hunter appeared upon the scene, the hotels and restaurants wanted game; here was his opportunity, he availed himself of it, and after exterminating the game of Los Angeles county, he turned his attention to this county, with the result that he has almost done for us what he has done for other counties and other States—nearly wiped the game from off the face of the earth. Where once quail and ducks could be found in almost unnumbered thousands, now only a few lone stragglers can occasionally be met with, awaiting the day of doom. But there are still portions of the county remote from the railroad, and distant from the centers of population where game is as plentiful as ever, and it is with the purpose of preserving what game we have left and of again restocking other portions of the county, that the sportsmen's club of this place have induced the board of supervisors to pass the following ordinance:

Ordinance No. 71.—SECTION 2. Any person hunting quail, partridge, wild duck, or doves, in the county of Ventura, for market, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; hunting for market as used in this section, is the taking or killing of game at any time, with the intent to sell or ship the same; provided, however, that the sale or shipment of less than two dozen quail, partridge, wild duck, or doves, in any one week, shall not be a violation of this section.

SECTION 4. Any person found guilty of a violation of any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be fined in a sum not less than twenty dollars nor more than two hundred dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail for not less than five nor more than thirty days, or be punished by both such fine and imprisonment.

If we had a State law of similar import, the wholesale and wanton slaughter of game would cease, and the game would be preserved for those who hunt for sport, recreation and amusement.

The game law of the State is at present in a very unsatisfactory condition, having been "monkeyed with" by the last Legislature, apparently in the interests of the game dealers. A bill was presented at the last session, which, while it contained some very excellent provisions, was at the same time weighted down with two very obnoxious clauses, especially to the San Francisco sportsmen, who claimed that it was gotten up in the interests of the wealthy clubs. The clauses referred to was one compelling non-resident sportsmen to procure either a written invitation or a county license costing $25, and the other was a clause with regard to notices posted on uninclosed land. The sportsmen of San Francisco sent a couple of gentlemen to Sacramento to lobby against the bill, who, while they might have been splendid lawyers or have understood the requirements of the hat trade, and may have been a howling success as lobbyists, were certainly ignorant of the requirements of a law for the protection of game, even in counties adjacent to San Francisco, not to mention the more distant counties. For illustration, they placed the open season for quail on Sept. 1, when any one at all posted with regard to the habits of quail well knows that in most all the northern and central counties the quail are not more than half-grown by Sept. 1, and besides the month of September is too hot in this State to work a dog on quail. They extended the season for doves to Aug. 1, which is from one month to six weeks too late all over the State, as in a great many counties the doves begin to leave by the middle of July. The deer law they placed at Sept. 1, a time when the deer are running and not fit to eat. The result has been that the boards of supervisors of the different counties have been compelled to pass county ordinances to suit the climatic conditions, and the gentlemen who mutilated and butchered the Emeric bill have come in for no small share of censure.

If we had a State law to suppress market-hunting, possibly we would have game in California in greater or less quantity for all time, as the conditions here are favorable for the preservation and even increase of game, for we have no severe winters, and in southern California it is almost perpetual summer as compared with Eastern winters, and the game has merely its natural enemies to contend with.

Whether or not, in obedience to the law of the survival of the fittest, the game of the world is doomed, whether man can by artificial propagation and stringent laws repair the ravages that he has wrought and maintain the balance of nature, or whether all our other game will share the fate of the buffalo, the wild pigeon and the great auk, and eventually disappear, is an open question. But effort ought to be made by carefully framed laws to postpone the evil day and protect the game that in every State is getting too scarce. A. P.

CAMP ON CHIPPEWA POINT.

From an amateur photo by Mr. Anthony.

See issue of July 29, page 80.

AN AMERICAN PROOF HOUSE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I herewith beg leave to submit to the readers of your esteemed paper the following prospectus for the establishment of an American Proof House for systematically testing firearms and ammunition. In several European countries every sporting gun, rifle, etc., prior to its being offered for sale, passes the proof house once or twice for the purpose of being tested as to strength of its barrels and its action.

The management of these proof houses rests in some cases directly in the hands of the State authorities or in the hands of private corporations, organized and operated under the rules and regulations established by statute.

Independently of, and in addition to these proof houses, a number of European States have also established institutions for the purpose of testing the shooting qualities and determining the ballistic merits of sporting arms, gunpowder and ammunition.

The work of these institutions is conducted on a thoroughly scientific principle, and with the aid of various instruments and apparatuses. Their main object consists in serving the gunners at large, as well as the manufacturers of and dealers in the class of goods in question, and it is now generally admitted that the object sought in establishing these institutions has been fully realized.

They are, without exception, purely private enterprises founded and maintained with the aid of the shooting fraternities of the various States.

In spite of the fact that the shooting sport in America is followed by a much greater number of men than in any other country on the globe, and that as a class the American gunners watch and are anxious to avail themselves of every progressive step made in the production of sporting arms and ammunition, our country still is without either of the above sources of information and guidance. We are in both respects dependent upon Europe, and this fact is certainly not agreeable to our national pride, nor in accordance with the highly developed state of our home industry.

While the question whether we are in need of a law governing the strength and trials of gun barrels, and whether all our home-made guns should be tested and stamped before going into the market, may still be regarded as one open for discussion, there can on the other hand be no doubt that an institution devoted to a systematic and impartial testing of sporting arms and ammunition from a gunner's point of view, and for the benefit of both the sportsman and manufacturer, is not only a matter of desire, but of extreme necessity.

Experiments made by single individuals have, as a rule, only a very limited beneficial effect for the gunners in general. No matter how much time and pains may be devoted to them, they can rarely, if ever, be brought to a satisfactory issue for the simple reason that they lack a uniform method of comparing the results and because the latter, in the absence of the requisite scientific instruments, are frequently misleading.

To conduct such trials, experience and practical knowledge must co-operate with the agents of science, namely, the necessary instruments and apparatuses.

As the result of experiments carried out systematically, it has been proved in Europe that often a gun is blamed, when, in fact, the cause for an unsatisfactory pattern or penetration, or both, really rests with the inferior quality of the powder. Again, the powder is often pronounced wanting in ballistic merits, when the real source of the trouble is to be sought in the wadding, the method of crimping or the primer. In a similar manner mistakes will occur in determining the cause for damages apparently done by the powder to the gun.

These institutions have achieved a gratifying result in another direction: Exhaustive tests have shown that the shooting quality of a gun is governed largely by a proper relation between the powder and shot charges, and to some extent by the diameter of the wad, and that these relations must be established for every kind of powder.

One of the objects of such an institution is to ascertain for every gun the most advantageous method of loading the shell, for which a standard rule cannot be established as long as the boring of gun barrels is not uniform; as long as they are made of different material and the expansive conditions vary; as long as the cartridge chambers in gun barrels are of different length and the taper of the barrel from the cartridge chamber to the bore proper vary in shape and sizes; and as long as the combustion and the development of the gases of one powder charge takes place under different conditions from that of another charge from a differen propulsive compound.

The gunner can further be taught by such an institution to what an extent a particular powder is affected by heat, cold or dampness, and how these detrimental effects can be neutralized. In short, the working sphere of such an institution is manifold and broad and of constant and lasting benefit to the intelligent gunner and manufacturer.

A few of the aims of the proof house may be specified as follows:

1. To ascertain the merits and ballistic qualities of American-made sporting arms, powder, ammunition, shot, etc., as compared with similar products of foreign origin, and to distinguish between foreign rubbish and meritorious goods.

2. To enlighten the shooting fraternity of this country on the real value and merits of all new improvements pertaining to sporting arms and on the ballistic qualities of all powders offered in the market.

3. By publishing and publicly discussing the results of all tests involving a general interest to advance among American sportsmen a better and broader understanding and knowledge on all points pertaining to gunnery or of a ballistic nature as far as hand firearms are concerned. No decision has, of course, so far been arrived at as to where the contemplated American proof house should be located.

In view of the large territory of this country, it will most likely be found expedient to establish and maintain at least two places where gunners can send their guns and ammunition for trial, one in the East and one in the West, both, of course to be conducted on precisely similar principles, and serving the same end.

These proof houses are to be established with the aid and for the benefit of American gunners and manufacturers and are to serve alike the gunners at large and the interested trade. For this purpose an American Proof House Association is to be formed, of which every person of reputable character can become a member. The members of the association are to be divided in two classes, ordinary and life members. The annual fee for the ordinary member is intended to be fixed at $5. Life membership can be secured by those contributing $25 and upward at one and the same time to the association fund.

Membership in the association will entitle the sportsman to have his gun or guns tested at the proof house for the purpose of establishing its shooting qualities and for determining the most advantageous loading of the cartridge to obtain the best results for each particular gun. The only charge for such tests would be the cost of the ammunition consumed. The charge for non-members to be fixed hereafter by the board of directors, will be governed by the nature of the test desired and the amount of time involved.

Each member shall be entitled to one vote only in all meetings of the association, and this vote can be exercised by proxy.

All gunners favoring the object herein set forth are herewith invited to have their names enrolled on the membership list of the association.

The organization of the association will be effected as soon as the membership list numbers 100 names, or when $1,000 have been subscribed to the association's fund. Notice will be served on all persons applying for membership as to the place and date of the first general meeting called to frame and adopt a constitution and by-laws and to elect a board of directors.

Unless and until the board of directors decide otherwise, the technical management of the proof house will rest in the hands of Mr. Armin Tenner, an American citizen and late manager of the German Shooting Association at Berlin, Germany, and for several years past superintendent of the above named association's department for testing firearms and ammunition. Mr.

Tenner, who came to this country upon the solicitation of a number of his American friends and fellow-sportsmen, not only possesses the necessary experience for such an office, but he also brought over with him a full set of instruments of the most improved and approved construction, among them an apparatus for ascertaining the gas pressure or bursting strain in gun barrels as produced by the various powders, a new force gauge for determining the penetrative force of the pellets, two chronographs le Boulengé for measuring the velocities of shot and bullets, etc.

All sportsmen desirous of placing America on a level with the European States as regards a better knowledge on all questions pertaining to gunnery, gun powder and sporting ammunition, are invited to communicate with the undersigned temporary secretary of the American Proof House Association.

It should be borne in mind that a proof house will not only serve as a source of valuable information, but it should, and unquestionably will, also prove a beneficial agent to the manufacturer who frequently is too much pressed for time by his regular business engagement as to allow of his devoting the necessary attention to all the details of ballistic laws. ALBERT STETSON.

50 BROADWAY, Tower Building, New York city.

Another Camp Material.

ESSEX, N. Y., Aug. 4.—In current issue I notice a suggestion by "L. S. S." for sheathing paper for covering camps. What is in my opinion far better than sheathing paper is Neponset red-rope roofing paper. It is practically indestructible, not being affected by cold, heat, rain, or snow, is tough, and unlike sheathing paper, which when wet is easily punched through by falling limbs. It is cheap, being 1c. per sq. ft., easily transported and easily applied, and with a small supply of perforated tin or zinc caps, which may be home-made (I cut out mine) a roof may be put on a camp in half an hour that will last at least two years unpainted, and if put on a good smooth roof and painted will last years. The tin caps should be nailed on the lap of the joints and scattered through body of roof. The Neponset red-rope roofing paper is manufactured by F. W. Bird & Sons, East Walpole, Mass., and sold also by Williams & Monogue, Troy. KIN.

Mississippi Game.

PELAHATCHEE, Miss., July 31.—The wet weather has not affected the production and rearing of quail in this section of Mississippi, judging from the large coveys of well grown birds that may be seen along the line of the A. & V. R. R. Turkeys growing scarce, owing to "baiting" and shooting from blinds; and deer owing to the hounding in and out of season. If these nefarious practices were stopped, this country would soon fill up with all kinds of game, for the reason that most of the negroes having left here, the country is growing up in timber, affording better cover for game than before clearing and better resource for food; but as the old school sportsmen fade away, the imitation has little sentiment about selfish greed, and less esteem for the public interest, hence their progeny will in two decades not know a turkey from a vulture or a deer from a cane hare. CHAS. L. JORDAN.

The Adirondack Deer Season.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The opinions of Mr. Burnham respecting the Adirondack deer season, as set forth in your issue of July 22, are those held by us here. We would like to see the proposed change to later dates. H. BENHAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant

SALMON IN SALT WATER.

IN continuation of my article in FOREST AND STREAM of July 29, relative to features which I have observed of the salmon in salt water, I make some additions, which, although uninteresting to some, will I am sure be attractive to others, who like myself have pursued the pastime of fly-fishing for the noble fish in fresh water. To myself, the spectacle of the salmon in the salt water in the normal condition, feeding upon its accustomed food, with its methods of taking, pursuit, action and habits, so far as I have been able to observe, has been of most absorbing interest. At the present time the salmon are stretched over an extent of about 27 miles along the coast, commencing 11 miles south of Monterey Bay and extending north of the bay toward San Francisco for 17 or 18 miles more, to the watering place of Santa Cruz, where the salmon seem to be as plentiful as about Monterey. I have not gone north of Monterey Bay, although I have fished over the 11 miles south, which comprises an open sea of exposure, without the protection which is given inside the bay. Out from the land as far as three miles I have found the salmon in quantity, and in water of over a hundred fathoms depth, although the average of fishing water is comparatively shoal, and I have caught the salmon in not over 15ft. of water.

It is probable that salmon have frequented the coast as now witnessed from an ancient period, although the attention of fishermen was not attracted until late years, first of the market-fishermen some twenty-five years ago. I learned of the fishing a decade ago, from my friend, and that all-around accomplished sportsman Mr. Austin C. Tubbs, of San Francisco, who at my fishing home on the Rangeley Lakes in Maine, told me of his rod trolling experiences with the salmon in Monterey Bay in the year 1890, when he with a few friends engaged in the sport, and captured over fifty salmon.

This I believe was the first attention given by sportsmen to the capturing of the salmon on the coast by a proper and artistic method. The hand line as used by the market-men is a base and plebian method, excusable among those who fish for a livelihood, but unworthy of a sportsman who can avail himself of a higher and more skillful appliance.

The King salmon of the Pacific coast, the Quinnat or Chinook, which is the salmon of Monterey Bay, has a red or orange colored flesh, and for delicious flavor at this season is unsurpassed by any. It is an extremely full-blooded fish, and at times from the gaff cut will bleed profusely. It is not uncommon when fresh cut, to see a stream of the red fluid spurt up to the height of four inches, and to the extent of a teacupful. I have looked in vain for one of those hooked bill males of large size, which are so familiar to the fresh-water fisherman, but have not seen one, or any approach toward that peculiarity, which leads me to believe that none of the fish which I have taken or seen, have ever ascended the fresh-water streams.

In fact I am led to believe that the opinion of Professor Jordan of the Leland Stanford University Junior, to whom I am indebted for information regarding the Pacific salmon, is correct. That few if any of the salmon which ascend the fresh-waters treams of the Pacific coast ever survive to return to the sea. In fact none do which ascend to the higher tributaries. They all perish ignobly, at least the latter, the milters as well as the spawners, and if any do return it may be questionable if they are in a condition to survive the hardships they have undergone. Those of the autumnal run, or some who do not ascend far may perhaps return and put on a vigorous aspect again, and make the phenomenally large fish which are sometimes caught.

The ascent of the Pacific coast salmon extends in some streams for several hundred miles, distances which require several months to complete, more than six months in some instances, and the sadly worn out condition of the fish at the upper waters makes it an easy prey to the prowling animals, and millions annually are left to die by the retreating waters. I have personally witnessed the dying condition of thousands, huddled up, whipped out, worn out and exhausted, and half blind, struggling vainly in confined pools, where the shores were white with their bones and skins, left by wild animals which had dragged the salmon to shore.

None of the Pacific coast salmon take the fly, this is unusual and unfortunate. There may be isolated cases of their taking the fly, but few and far between. Grilse are taken readily in San Francisco Bay with shrimp and other bait, and a few salmon are taken with roe bait in the rivers, and the fly-fisherman's labor is lost with the salmon of the Pacific, but the sea is open to their taking when the salmon is in a higher condition than he is ever found in the fresh-water streams, and when his game qualities are at the best.

The best fishing I have had has been at the Bay of Carmelo, eleven miles south, where there has been but little fishing, and where no accommodations exist for getting boats or fish bait or putting up over night, which has compelled me to send down my boat and two men the night before. After the first trip down and back I sent down the boat again and kept it there for two days, going down myself by the road early in the morning, starting as early by team as half past three, which brought me to the fishing grounds as early as five o'clock. In fact the early fishing is far better than that of any other part of the day, unless it be that of the late evening, and upon all the excursions I have now made, about a score, I have not in any instance commenced fishing later than five o'clock, and almost always have quit at half past ten, although in two instances I have fished straight through the day, having been encouraged by the holding on of the fish. Upon these two occasions I made notable catches. How distinctly the salmon in the sea is a nocturnal feeder I cannot say, but from what I have seen from its food-seeking before night, and what I have learned from the experience of the market-fishermen as regards the success they have sometimes had far into the twilight, I am led to believe that, like the trout, the salmon is a nocturnal prowler and feeder. An hour before sunrise is better than any two after, and the salmon commence feeding earlier than I have been able to get after them, and I have several times commenced fishing when daylight had hardly commenced.

On my last trip to Carmelo Bay I witnessed a condition which I had heard of from the market men, and was fortunate enough to see. It was scarcely dawn after my drive of ten miles in the dark from the Del Monte Hotel to my boat, where my men were waiting. The morning was warm and breezeless, and the glassy sea was without a ripple. The long green waves in their weary passage from the Asiatic coast were about to feel their first check on the California shore, and in those moderate swells were thousands upon thousands of salmon, full of lusty strength and silvery glistening, eagerly pursuing an immense mass of anchovies, which, scattered and demoralized, were vainly seeking escape. A few pulls at the oars brought the boat from its rough sheltering rocky wharf into the midst of active life. The water was clear and attractive in its bluish green hue. Down many feet could be seen the silvery anchovies scattered here and there, and easily followed by their slight but flashing brightness. Among the anchovies were the salmon seeming at play, but with a play as wanton as that of the tiger with its victim well in the thorny clasp. Within an area of a few acres were half a dozen breaks and swirls at the instant, and this continued for the space of half an hour or more, until the anchovies had passed away from the immediate vicinity of the boat, chased on toward the combing waves of the beach to the right. Blue flashing streaks occasionally passed near the boat a few feet below the surface, which were salmon in passage, and now and then a salmon broke fairly out of water, not with the playful leap as seen in the fresh-water salmon pools, but as the trout breaks from one wave to another in headlong pursuing flight. Only once did I see a salmon come up vertically, head on, and that occurred within two feet of the boat. It was bold and vigorous. He came up with a rush from below, undoubtedly for anchovies above. It was an exciting moment, for I had a salmon on at the time, which was wild with fight, and it seems to me that the leaping salmon would come into the boat. As I fought my salmon to gaff, which had struck my bait as I was bending on my sinker line 40ft. from the hook, which, however, was fully completed, and which carried out my line fully 300ft. on the first rush, but which I brought around in ten or twelve minutes, my sinker was caught by another salmon as I was lifting it clear from the water to detach as usual from the boat side, and carried it off. This was within 6ft. of the boat, and I plainly saw the rush, the open mouth, the strike and the tear away. The sinker line fortunately broke, leaving my half exhausted salmon on my hook line, which I safely after brought in. Striking at the sinker is by no means rare with the salmon, this being the third I have had carried away, and I have several times seen the salmon strike the sinker within 6 or 10ft. of the boat and strike at it several times in rapid succession, and am quite sure that with a hook bent on the sinker end I would occasionally hold a salmon, but the rush of fishing has been on so strong that I have had little time to experiment, and I have been quite satisfied to hold a single salmon with its vigorous life and game fight. I am confident I could get doublets and even tripletts if I chose, but when the salmon are as plentiful as I found them on the occasion I am referring to at Carmelo Bay, I am sure that by having my leading line sufficiently strong with its hooks to play the salmon off against each other until exhaustion occurred, that I would be enabled to bring them to gaff. I am sure they could not run so far as a single salmon, and it would, with proper care, be but a question of time in fetching them up to the surface and boat. I am sure also they could be brought around with the light steel rod of 10½oz. which I am using, slowly but surely, by right management of the boat, and when I get toned down to the normal condition and over the stirring excitement which the catching of over six score of salmon has not yet abated, and have the time and the proper occasion, I shall experiment with it. Upon the occasion referred to, I dispensed with my sinker after the first fish, and had my bait of fresh sardine taken about as fast as I could get it out. I have always considered the playing of the salmon as a period of great satisfaction, but this time with the salmon so plentiful about, I could not but begrudge the enduring vitality of my fish. I saw what I had heard the market-fishermen speak about, the following in the clear water of several salmon at a time after the bait, when the envied and successful striker left his comrades to seek other and less dangerous lures. There was no difficulty in following the school, although the ruffled water made the surface breaks less conspicuous, for the friendly shags, muirs and gulls came in for the harvest also, following up the salmon breaks for the demoralized anchovies, which, driven to the surface, fell readily to the bills of the birds.

So on to the combing beach went the anchovies, the salmon and the birds, and less slowly my boat, impeded by the necessity of fighting hooked salmon. But we followed on, finally into the jaws of the ground swell, where for half a mile in length, on the shore, the salmon held the anchovies for at least two hours. Back probably from the advancing file of pursuers, were other contingents of breakfasting salmon, and no cessation of quick biting occurred until the sun was an hour high. Then the salmon fell back into deeper water, but in fact large numbers had been there all the time, and by noon I had seventeen salmon in the boat. For an hour or two after eleven, I trolled with but little success, getting quiet strikes and bait strippers, and losing several good fish. At one o'clock more vigorous striking commenced, and by five I had twelve more salmon in the boat, making a total catch of twenty-seven, which after weighing, I found to be 482 pounds. I was satisfied and had my glut, and a carnival of fishing I am sure I shall not soon see again.

My largest fish of the day was 33lbs. and the smallest 13lbs., and the average 17¾lbs.; somewhat larger than the usual average of my whole fishing, of which the average weight has been about 17lbs. The salmon came in about June 10, and my fishing has been from the 20th of June to the 25th of July, during which period I have been out sixteen times, taking 129 salmon, weighing a total of 2,233lbs. My largest salmon was one of 41lbs., which required 20 minutes to bring to gaff. One of 54lbs. has been taken by the market-fishermen, and several of from 40 to 48lbs. On the day of the large catch, I lost twelve fish which had been hooked and played from five to fifteen minutes. Ten I lost from the hook; one, and the only instance I have had occur, ran all of my line and parted it, despite all my greatest exertion, and another sprang out of the boat, a 30-pounder, after being gaffed and brought in, before receiving the usual quietus of a blow on the head.

A singular result occurred twice on that day, that of fetching in two salmon with broken hooks. In each instance the hook had first entered the inside of the mouth, coming out at the eye hole, a firm hold, the hook and two links of the brass wire had followed to the outside of the head, and the two links had thrown over the first and remaining link, there being a large brass swivel between each link, and there locked, leaving the hook dangling, and in each instance broken at the hook bend I have puzzled myself to account for the occurrence happening twice exactly alike, and I cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that the dangling hooks were broken by the powerful mouths of the fish.

All salmon fishermen have observed the powerful head-shaking force of the fish, of which a common illustration is given in the black bass, which terrier-dog-like motion shakes out the hook. It has seemed to me that this force is intensified by the salmon in the sea over that exhibited in fresh water. In the fresh water the first exertions of the salmon are indicated by a run; in the salt water, after the first hook set, the characteristic and almost invariable action is the violent vibration resulting from head shaking, which indicates the strike as that of a salmon as against another fish. Its runs do not generally occur until the fish approaches the surface. After the first shaking it almost invariably works down, sometimes over 150 and sometimes 200ft. As the strain continues it allows itself to be gradually brought up, when the sinker can almost always be taken off without difficulty, attached as it is by the slip bow 40 to 60ft. from the hook. When within 15 or 20ft. of the surface it starts off, but with nothing like the rush it does when it gets to the top. There, unimpeded by the dragging line and sinker, it goes off with a flash which gives warning against allowing an overrunning of the line, or a handle catch. It may be one hundred, it may be three hundred feet without a stop, it may be more, but generally not over two hundred feet. At the stop, the violent head shaking occurs, and that is the great moment of anxiety, and the spells of head shaking seldom cease until the white belly turns. I have watched this head shaking close at the boat before exhaustion had occurred, when no run of consequence had happened, and of all the wild fierce working of a fish in its flurry, never saw it equalled.

Time and time again have I seen the hook seemingly well set in the salmon's head, at and above the water

surface, thrown out with its links twenty or thirty feet, and brought in before the salmon, yet conscious of its liberation, quit its head shaking. So I account for the singular situation of my links in the cases referred to, as resulting from the lack of strong flesh hold in the eye, although it could not retrograde, and of its being thrown through with the following links during the head shaking, and so locking together, while the hook dangling was crossed by the powerful jaws of the fish, resulting in the snapping of the hooks at the bottom of the bends.

I have observed at times large masses of shrimps in the water which are probably much more plentiful on the Pacific coast than elsewhere, and I have seen the salmon with open mouth passing through them, and have in the examination which I have made of the stomachs of the fish, found them at times full of shrimps. I have found in the stomachs a great variety of small fish, more squid than anything else, next sardines and anchovies, with smelts, tomcods, shad, and varieties of small rock fish, and my opinion is that the salmon is an indiscriminate feeder on any small fish which he can swallow without mastication. That in the salt water it is a bold, fearless and active feeder, full of life and affording a sport unequalled in any other fish.

New runs seem to be continually coming in, and undoubtedly a large number have started on the way to Sacramento, as I have lately observed a rapid growth in the roe, which a month ago was scarcely larger than mustard seed shot, but which now in some is as large as goose shot, and even larger. From what I can learn, I believe the salmon more or less will remain about for a month or even longer. Following them will come the bonita, the barricuta, the yellowtails, and the sea bass, the latter running up to sixty pounds in weight, all after the swarms of small fish which come along the coast.

J. PARKER WHITNEY.

MONTEREY, Cal., July 30.

LAKE WENTWORTH BASS.

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 28. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* Before a man can enjoy an outing there are three essential points to be met—expense, and when and where to go. There are plenty other matters of detail to arrange, but when these three are overcome all else is easy, and the outing is assured. Mr. Arthur P. Spiller and myself met the trio of difficulties satisfactorily, and Wednesday morning, the 19th, found us on our way to Wentworth Lake for a few days' bass fishing.

The lake is situated in the town of Wolfeborough and was formerly called Smith's pond, the present name being given it in honor of Gov. John Wentworth. who was appointed to the office by King George III. in 1766, and served till the Revolution, when, attaching himself to British interests, he was obliged to leave the Province. He once lived on the shores of that lake, and the location of his once magnificent house and fertile acres, and also a large boulder in the water near by that is named for him are pointed out to visitors as matters of interest. We reached our destination by way of Weirs' Landing, across Lake Winnipesaukee, a name of Indian origin given to a beautiful sheet of water, and meaning "the Smile of the Great Spirit." I heartily concur with what Edward Everett once said of it, "My eye has yet to rest on a lovelier scene than that which smiles around you as you sail from Weirs' Landing," and what will apply to that particular spot will also properly describe a large part of the lake. The shores are not as abrupt as on some of our lakes, but in the background many grand views of mountains can be seen, notably those of Sandwich, Ossipee, Whiteface, Chocorua, and the White Mountains. I also noticed the white tents of the boys from the Rindge, Mass., Manual Training School, on a very pleasant and elevated field near the lake, and the large, elegant, castle-shaped residence of Dr. Greene, of "Nervura" fame, on Long Island, where he has a very large farm.

Our 20 miles' ride on the steamer Lady of the Lake was thoroughly enjoyed, heightened by the courtesies shown us by her able captain, J. S. Wadleigh, and his obliging clerk, Porter Hughes, who is a wide-awake, good-natured encyclopedia of lake lore, answering questions continually, silly and sensible, with the same genial smile. Arriving at Wolfeborough Falls, one mile from the steamer landing, we found quarters at the substantial and roomy house of Mr. Dearborn Hersey, who has at times entertained 35 boarders and whose wife knows how to make things comfortable and home-like for strangers, as well as to also serve meals that cannot be excelled. Our guide had been arranged for in advance, Mr. John H. Lowd, a relative of Mr. Spiller, a veteran of the war, jovial, whole-souled, accommodating, and withal an excellent fisherman, who knows the 20 square miles of Lake Wentworth and its numberless ledges, both above and below the surface, and its 15 small islands thoroughly, and also owns a good, safe rowboat.

Supper over, 6:50 o'clock that evening found us with artificial bait trolling on Crooked Pond, situated near the lake and connected with a small stream. It was also close to our boarding house. Before dark we had taken 7 nice bass and retired that night with visions of other and larger fish we were to conquer in the lake that day.

With our guide, lunch baskets, and a variety of bait, an early hour the next morning found us on our way to the lake, a first glimpse of which was anxiously awaited. The morning was a glorious one—sun shining bright, air clear and pure, and a gentle ripple on the surface of the water presaged a perfect day for our sport with comfort and safety. We had heard of the strings of two, three, four and five-pounders previously taken there, and like most castles built in the air, our anticipations had been gauged at an excessively high pitch and were doomed to disappointment at the start, and as it proved, revived afterward. Mr. Spiller caught the first bass, a small one, using a helgramite for bait, and nothing further broke the monotony, except our persevering guide's labors in handling the anchor and oars as we changed from ledge to ledge, till noon, when we put in to a small island and ate lunch. During the whole afternoon our work continued, all being resigned to the eccentricities of the species of fish we were after, and the result was twenty-one that we had kept, ranging in weight from ¼lb. to 1¼lbs. each.

The second day was practically a repetition of the first, except that the wind was more brisk and the fish numbered twenty-three.

Saturday, the day of the gale, was one to be remembered. We had watched the rising clouds, noted their brassy and threatening appearance, and guided our actions accordingly. A few minutes before the storm burst we landed on Loon Island, about one-fourth acre in extent, two miles from the main land, composed of rock, with sufficient soil on its top to support few pine and oak trees, small but sturdy specimens, also a small house occupied the lee side of the rocks, built there six years ago by Mr. John Estes, for the use and entertainment of sportsmen and boarders. A few moments after we landed the storm burst with tremendous fury, sweeping everything movable before it. The water from the lake and rain seemed to go in sheets about ten feet high across the lake at a frightful pace, and we fully expected to see our place of refuge accompanying those sheets, particularly an unfinished addition Mr. Estes is erecting. The building rocked and swayed, boards, shingles, etc., took their departure, but we "held the fort," and within an hour were out sailing again, soon to return a second time to wait till there was less breeze and a pleasant moon to light us villageward. After the cyclonic disturbance of the water the current past Loon Island was very strong, caused by its return to a normal state of rest. Other fishermen were less fortunate than ourselves. One boat with a Dover party of four men was abandoned as it came on the rocks near shore. Another was overturned and three men thrown into the water, afterward being rescued. Many trees, some a foot in diameter, were broken off or torn out by the roots, on the main land, near us. Mr. Estes's place, when completed, will contain office, kitchen, dining room and thirteen sleeping rooms, besides a well-filled ice house, making an ideal place for a party to spend a few days bass fishing, being right on the grounds, hence doing away with the long pulls and waste of time incident to boarding at the village.

The last day we spent at the lake did not produce any tornadoes, but the wind blew nearly a gale the entire day. Our guide induced his brother, Charles Lowd, to accompany us. He is spoken of by all his many village acquaintances whom I met as the best bass fisherman of that locality. It was my good fortune to occupy a seat in the boat with him; Mr. Spiller and our "old reliable" guide using another boat. We worked near together during the forenoon, the rivalry between the two crews being intense; but Charles and I soon took the lead of our adversaries, and at 11:30, when camped under our boat to escape a ducking from a shower, we could show nearly two to their one. After disposing of our lunch and starting for the afternoon's and final effort, the wind steadily increasing in force, our companions suddenly weakened and started for an island to avoid it. But with the peculiar, distinctive qualities of a successful fisherman, my partner decided to take his chances with the elements, and I was no ways averse to the decision if the chances were even for landing more bass. Accordingly the boat's bow was headed down the lake for a place one and one-half miles away.

By the time we reached our ledge it required extreme care to prevent the water from breaking into the boat continually, and we shipped a large quantity directly over the bow despite our efforts. "If bass like rough water they ought to bite now," said Charles, and I was agreed. It was wild work for a land lubber like myself, but as long as my partner seemed at ease, and continued to bait his hook, I would not show timidity, by following his example. I kept drowning the worms, which our experience of the week had taught us was the most killing bait, and taking in each unfortunate that molested them. The sun at last nearing the horizon, and the breeze dying down, the anchor was put in the boat for the last time, and our boat headed for the boarding house, which we reached at 9:30, cold, wet and hungry. On counting up we found we had brought in forty-seven and the other boat thirty-one, making the day's catch seventy-eight bass, ranging in weight from ¼ to 1¼lbs. each.

Regretfully bidding our friends good-by, we started for home much pleased with our friends throughout, and the Wolfeborough people in particular, Mr. Spiller declaring that he was going to bring fish enough to back up some of the stories he should tell—and he did, barely. PAYSON.

ANGLING NOTES.

Black Bass and Trout in Conjunction.

I THINK it is fair to say that it is within twenty years last past that the black bass has become famous as a game fish. By this I do not mean to be understood that the fish was previously unknown, or that its game qualities were not recognized and valued in local waters, but its history had not been written and published; its fame had not become national, and it had not been recognized in the countries of the Old World, and the fish itself introduced into their waters. There was good reason for this in the fact that the angling literature of this country, the home of the black bass, was young and apparently not of the sturdiest growth, and gave no promise of the luxuriant fruitage of the present day. With the growth of angling literature the fame of the black bass and the fish itself spread from one end of the land to the other, and across the sea. FOREST AND STREAM played an active part in diffusing accurate knowledge concerning the fish, for the first important articles regarding species, habits, etc., were printed in its columns more than seventeen years ago, and gave an impetus to black bass fishing, black bass transplanting, etc., that has been continued to this day. With all the valuable information that has been given there has crept into print other information, misleading and valueless, in consequence of which the black bass has received a very bad name as a fish destructive of nearly all other species of fresh-water fishes. This comes largely, I think, from planting black bass injudiciously in waters unfitted for them, and because they do destroy other fish in a small, shallow pond, it is given out that they will destroy other fish in a large lake or stream. This is not the natural sequence, as there is ample evidence to prove. Black bass have even been charged with killing fish, not for food, but for the love of killing, but no satisfactory evidence pointing in this direction has been produced. The black bass is a fighter, an agressive fighter when its stomach is to be filled, but I have often had cause to wonder if, after all, the black bass is more destructive, the conditions being equal, than the brook trout so long idealized and glorified by the artist's brush, the poet's pen and the angling writer's pocket pencil. This matter was brought freshly to my mind by what my friend Von W. says in last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, that he is not fully satisfied of the advisability of putting black bass in waters inhabited by trout and salmon. It certainly is not advisable to put them in all waters so inhabited, but he refers specially to Sunapee Lake, N. H. During several visits to Sunapee Lake I have made diligent inquiry among the fishermen to find if black bass were ever caught that had any of the salmon family, excluding smelts, in their stomachs. So far I have not found a single instance of this sort; but only this summer I did find a man who in the spring caught a 2½lbs. brook trout while fishing from the Newbury dock at the south end of the lake, that had in its stomach seven black bass from two to three inches long each. Another fisherman caught a landlocked salmon with two small black bass in its stomach. Last year when it was proposed to introduce black bass into an Adirondack lake to destroy the pike that had found their way into the water inhabited chiefly by lake trout, it came out that a lake trout had been taken with a whole brood of small pike that it had safely pouched. Herr Von dem Borne wrote me from Germany that the young black bass in one of his ponds were nearly all destroyed by a few pike of the same age that had found their way into the pond, and that a German prince who had stocked his waters extensively with black bass had lost them all in the maws of his pike. So there are two sides to this question, and conditions that obtain in our case may fail utterly in another.

From a Veteran Salmon Angler.

Mr. John Mowat of Campbellton, New Brunswick, who for fifty-five years has been intimately associated with salmon fishing in Canada, and who was selected years ago by the Dominion Government to accompany H. R. H. the Princess Louise as an expert angler on her salmon fishing expeditions, and also to accompany the American commissioners sent to settle our fishing complications when the Dominion wished to entertain them with salmon fishing, has read about fishing for salmon in the Hudson with pork bait, and in a personal letter refers to it, although he did not at the time understand that the pork bait was simply a blind for jigging the salmon. He says: "Salt pork bait might be taken by a spent fish on its way down to sea, but my experience is entirely at fault when it comes to a fresh-run salmon in this country touching anything but a fly. True, a fish may go so near a spinner out of curiosity as to get caught, but never in the mouth."

Mr. Mowat gives a poor account of the salmon fishing in Canada this year except in rare instances, because of low water and lack of rain. This state of affairs applies particularly to the early run of fish, for a later run of salmon has given some good fishing in the upper pools of some of the rivers A few days ago, I had a talk with an old friend, Mr. Edson Fitch of Quebec, who leases a river on the north shore, and he gave me an account of the North Shore rivers similar to that related by Mr. Mowat of the New Brunswick streams. Mr. Fitch told me, however, that he was fortunate enough to kill thirty-three bright fish in his own river. For a number of years I have been trying to get specimens of trout from the lower St. Lawrence, about which there seems to be a mystery. Twice it seemed as though I had their fish in hand, but they evaded me and I began to think there were no such fish. While talking with Mr. Fitch he said: "We have a fish in our river that I would like you to see, and I do not believe that any one knows positively what they are, for there are various opinions held by anglers about them." Then followed the description of the mysterious fish which I have heretofore chased unsuccessfully, but which I now have a good prospect of getting my hands on. Among other things that Mr. Fitch said to me was that in buying some article of a fishing tackle dealer in the United States, the dealer to make change sent him a silver-doctor salmon fly. As he was accustomed to use Scotch salmon flies he put the silver-doctor in his fly-book, rather than on his leader, but one day he was obliged to use it, and in one day he killed eleven salmon on it, and the fly was then good for other fish.

Salmon at Thomson's Mills.

Since the salmon in the Hudson River left the pool at Mechanicville and went up through the fishway on the freshet, which only lasted a few days, I have not been able to hear anything about them except that they were seen jumping at one or two places above the Mechanicville dam. Mr. F. H. Parks, vice-president and general manager of the Glens Falls Paper Company, has instructed the men at the Fort Edward mill to watch for the appearance of the fish at that place, but at noon to-day Aug. 5, he told me not a fish had been seen, and that the water was very low and clear, and if the fish were there they would make their presence known. This evening I saw Mr. John A. Dix, of Thomson & Dix, who own the mill at Thomson's Mills (Fort Miller), and he tells me that three salmon were killed in the river below the mill by one man yesterday, Aug. 4. Mr. Dix also informs me that the fishway in his dam is repaired and in working order, as I have surmised in FOREST AND STREAM that it would be, but that the water is so extremely low that no fish can pass it. The freshet that brought the salmon over the Mechanicville dam came chiefly from the Hoosick River, and the Thomson Mills fishway did not get the benefit of it. A. N. CHENEY.

Greenwood Lake.

THE bass fishing in this lake is better this summer than in any time during the last ten years. Guests at the Brandon House have had good sport with Geo. W. Garrison as guide. Monday last Mr. Oakley caught twenty-four, and on Thursday thirteen, running from 1lb. to over 2lbs. Still-fishing with minnow and helgramite is the game just now. L.

A Striped Bass Haul.

A GREAT school of striped bass made its appearance at Carpenter's Point, near Havre de Grace, Md., on July 25. Perry K. Barnes caught nine tons at one haul of his seine. The number of fish taken must have been fully 4,000. What an opportunity this school would have furnished to anglers!

The Anti-Pound Association.

THE officers of the Amateur Anglers' Association of Monmouth County, of Asbury Park, N. J., are as follows: President, Mayor Frank L. Tenbroeck; Vice-President, Leonard Hulit; Treasurer, John L. Schneider; Secretary, William E. Bedell.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Wildwoods Extortion.

Mukwonago, Wis., July 8.—It is often matter of wonder to the man of average honesty of purpose why it is that, when a human being has established an inn for his fellow being's comfort in the wilderness, he so generally by that same token takes leave of all conscientiousness, of all charitableness of purpose and of all those kinship touches which should bind the body general of humanity into one harmonious whole whose sole thought should be a gradual and concerted progress toward the stars. The wildwoods hotel man bethinks him not of the stars. He remembers only that his season is scant three months, and he governs himself accordingly. He is never behind the door when the time comes to charge for things. He values not the stars, but to him unstreaked pork, sad beans and shameless coffee are pearls of great price.

Long acquaintance with sportsmen has taught me to believe that as a class they are free with their money, good wanters and good buyers. Still more liberal than usual are they, and still more liberal also is even the man not to be called a sportsman, when the time comes to meet the expenses of an outing trip. The most penurious man becomes careless of cost when the vacation fever has assailed him. The smell of the woods is in his nostril, the music of the trees sings in advance upon his ear, and while this is so he cares not whether breakfast bacon be 18 or 19cts. a pound. He is eager only that the market man shall pack these things in his bag, and get them down to the depot quickly. He asks for no prices and for no bill until all is piled in a heap upon the counter, and when the grocer asks what sort of coffee it shall be he conditions only that it shall be the best. A trifle close with his own family this same man may be at home in the humdrum, but now that the day of liberty has come he is liberal, even though his family be going with him to the woods.

This liberality of the buying sportsman is one great reason why Forest and Stream is, thousand for thousand, so much more valuable than the ordinary journal to its advertisers. Without doubt this journal sells more goods for its customers than could a daily paper of ten times higher rates and many times the circulation. The latter goes to a mixed class. The class of sportsmen is not a mixed one, and there is no other like it to be reached in any line of trade. It is a class by reason of the personal characteristics of the men who make it up. The sporting journal sorts out of all humanity the liberal minded men. It has its sifting done when it offers its columns to a customer.

The truth of the latter statement being well fixed in my mind, a connected idea occurred to me not long ago. In view of the fact that a great many men go on camping trips each year, and hence must necessarily use a large amount of provisions, it seemed to me strange that no firm in this entire country had ever gone in for that line of sportsmen's outfitting which has to do with the purely culinary side of camp life. Thousands of dollars are for instance spent in Chicago every summer for camp supplies. This score is scattered among grocers, butchers, bakers or candlstickmakers, any one of whom might, by reaching out his hand through Forest and Stream, centralize a large position of the trade and make a good thing of it—far better than he could of a non-vacation, household, dollar for dollar trade. It would be a great comfort to many a tent dweller if he knew of some place where he could give his order for everything he needed for his trip, where he could get bacon, eggs, bread, coffee in canisters for safe keeping, sugar in tins, canned goods, preserves, fruits, and all those things which the camper of the usual sort is bound to take with him. It would be a great convenience to the camper say, in Wisconsin, if he could wire down the outfit man to send him up a fresh supply of any article which had run short, resting sure that it would come promptly as ordered, and sent by one understanding the needs of the customer. To the dweller in a small town this would seem a needless attempt at differentiation in the grocery trade, but to the man who has outfitted in a big city and spent a day in getting together the stuff he needed for a week's trip, these will seem words of wisdom.

I was tradesman enough to see an opportunity in this, and an opportunity not yet embraced by any one in Chicago or any other city, and not having any shop of my own, I resolved to let another man into the idea. I went to the shrewd young man who manages a market where they sell fish, beef, bacon, young radishes, sugar, tea and all sorts of things good and bad to eat, tinned, in bulk, in big or little, and I told him that, if he cared to work for it by means of Forest and Stream, he could develop a line of trade unique and valuable. The shrewd young man, not knowing what the sportsmanship of even one city signifies in these days, said ha! ha! and laughed me to scorn. Him I rebuked by spending some doubloons for sundry goods (which he delivered a day too late, after the fashion of his kind), and him I shall some day further rebuke by sending him the doubloons of some of my friends, for his bacon, albeit tardy, was exceedingly good.

The Gist of It.

This is apparently to wander from the original idea, about the extortion of wilderness and summer resort hotels, but really the idea has only ramified and is lost. What I wished to say is first, that the sportsman on his pleasure trip is careless of money and does not mind paying the bill of the resort keeper provided that the robbery be not too flagrant; second, that this robbery often is so flagrant that the sportsman should not submit to it. As corollary to this I submit that sportsmen rather than be robbed by inn keepers of the unscrupulous class should become their own inn-keepers and camp out.

An Instance of Extortion.

Forest and Stream carries the largest assortment of advertisements of sportsmen's resorts probably ever collected in any one journal. These stopping places are run by reputable men, and deserve the patronage of sportsmen. Should that patronage prove to be abused by the owner of any resort advertised, it is hardly likely that particular advertisement would have a very long life. But these men are business men and follow business methods. They expect to be in business at the same place next year, and they are not so crowded for money that they feel disposed to treat a man as though they neither hoped nor wished to see him again. Such resorts, therefore, do not come within the scope of what I am saying, and are not, indeed, what I mean when I speak of the wildwood inn.

I mean the one-armed country hotel, with no conveniences and no cuisine, with no cleanliness and no godliness, with no excuse, indeed, for being, except the accident of situation in some sporting locality, where a lazy and unwholesome "landlord" presides, unwilling to do a favor to any one outside his own community, and eager to bleed to the last penny the stranger from the city whom chance has brought within his gates. A city man is the prized prey of such a "landlord," and a city man is his own true delight. For this sort of landlord, and this sort of inn, I have got it in, now, to-morrow and forevermore.

There are many "hotels" of this sort in our northwoods country here which has, indeed, hardly a single sportsmen's resort worthy of the name—but I have in mind one which will do as the type for the class. It is now some weeks since I saw the letters, painted in red paint on the rough pine boards, which indicated that the shanty on the right of the railroad track at Basswood, north peninsula of Michigan, was johnSon's hoTel; yet the game put up by the said Johnson at the said hotel was such as to linger long in my mind, and indeed to form the reason and impelling cause for the remarks above on wildwood hotel rates.

There were in our little trouting party who visited the Brule and the Paint Rivers on that trip five members: Messrs. C. W. Norris, C. E. Corrigan, A. L. Hough and Ole Petersen, of Florence, Mich. We had with us abundant supplies for camping, but concluded to put up in town. The lower-case Mr. Johnson lodged us in a shed across the railway track, five in a room, and a small room too. We gave him the only meal we had served us, also butter, bread and other supplies to the value of far more than our hotel bill. This was fortunate, else we had had little to eat, for Mr. Johnson was not always successful in the trout fishing, which seemed to form the main pursuit of his life, his wife, a very pleasant and obliging young woman, being apparently the mainstay of the family. In view of our own supplies being in use we got along very well as to life in a dollar-and-a-half hotel, for such the local men informed us was the rate. We were catching plenty of trout and having a good time, and thinking not at all of finances. When we came to depart, however, we discovered the true function of the lower-case Johnson. It was to do the charging. He charged us just $2 a day straight, and 50cts. for cleaning one lot of trout. This he did in an easy, off-hand way, which showed no twinge of conscience, whatever.

"You only charge $1.50 a day as a usual thing, don't you, Mr. Johnson?" we asked. "Yes," he replied, naïvely, "I can't charge these here lumbermen no more'n a dollar'n half. They wouldn't pay it."

We paid it, but we didn't like it. We paid him $20 and gave him $20 of provisions for two days "entertainment," in which he gave us the use of a board shed and little else. Not one of us would have objected to paying $5 a day for the sport we had, but we all knew thoroughly that the charge was extortion and imposition, and we felt the resentment any man feels when he knows he has been imposed upon deliberately. Decent treatment would have made us disposed to send our friends to Basswood and to Mr. Johnson. As it is now, what could we say, except to advise all sportsmen to give the place a wide berth unless they go prepared to camp out?

This is what I call wildwood extortion. If my friends know of other "landlords" who raise their rates for city sportsmen, I should be glad to give those gentlemen a bit of advertising which shall not cost them a cent.

Larger Trout Than Ever.

There have been more large trout taken on Castalia Cold Creek stream (that of the so-called "upper club") this year than ever before, most of the fish being brown trout. On May 9 Andrew Englert, the club keeper, took a 5½lbs. fish, a fine specimen, in the inlet of the meadow stream. This fish was intended for display at the World's Fair, alive, but unfortunately it got out of the live box one day when the lid had been left open. The old fellow has been seen since, but has gained wisdom.

On June 20 Mr. H. L. Cross took a 2lbs. 5oz. brown trout. On July 4 Mr. G. W. Oswald, of Toledo, took one which weighed 3lbs., together with a splendid lot of others. On July 19 Andrew Englert, the keeper, was again fortunate, and in "Robinson's Curve," at 9 P. M., raised and killed a brown trout scaling 5lbs. 4oz. This was on a Jock-Scott No. 4 fly. On July 18, not counting in this last fish, the total record for the season to date was 2,725 trout, weighing 1,094lbs. There was not the least apparent diminution in the abundance of fish.

The King of Castalia.

But I have kept to the last the mention of the fish which has made the club prouder than anything else—the largest trout taken in sport out of any preserved water of the country so far as is known. This fish was a monster brown trout, taken by Andrew Englert at 9 P. M. of June 16. It weighed 7lbs. 6oz., and received the title "King of Castalia," being the largest fish ever taken in the stream to date by either club.

Andrew took this fish on an imitation Jock-Scott fly, No. 4 hook, in the big pool between the railroad bridges, a deep water about 60x100ft. in extent. He was alone when the fish struck, and had no landing net. He did not at first know he had on so large a fish, but left the bridge and went to the bank, where he had to fight the old fellow for over an hour. The fish never broke water once during the whole fight, but just lugged down. There are some more old lunkers in that pool, and the members wish they were out of the pool and out of the stream, for they have driven all its brook trout from their habitat, or have eaten them up.

Where to See the King.

Fit end for so royal a fish, the King of Castalia has gone direct to the place of all others, which the anglers of the country would name for him—to wit, the Forest and Stream exhibit at the World's Fair. For this courtesy of the members of the Cold Creek Sporting Club the thanks of Forest and Stream, as well as those of the anglers who visit the Fair, are certainly due. The fish has been handsomely mounted under the supervision of Mr. J. W. Oswald, of Toledo, who made excellent life-size photographs of it. There is no more prized feature of the Forest and Stream installation, and it will give pleasure to very many who have read with the greatest interest of the wonderful Castalia stream. This is the best the stream has ever done—the King of Castalia.

E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

TROUT FISHING IN THE SKAGIT.

Mount Vernon, Wash., July 15.—The Skagit, a noble river, flowing majestically from near the British line in a southwesterly curve for a distance of about two hundred miles, springs into life at the foot of one of the great glaciers of the Cascades, and fed by innumerable mountain streams and other rivers, empties into Puget Sound about twelve miles below Mount Vernon, the county seat of Skagit county, and a cheerful, bustling town, with a host of good fellows in it.

When the river passes there it is a little turbid, but cold as ice, and abounding in three varieties of trout, with plenty of salmon at different times of the year. The salmon you can catch only occasionally with hook and line, and it is not often that the water is clear enough to make a fly available for trout; but with bait you may take the rainbow, cut-throat and Dolly Varden to your heart's content. Fishing with salmon eggs is not artistic, but when the salmon are running the trout scorn every other food, and if you care to hear an experience with that sticky stuff I will tell it in my blundering way.

One afternoon in the early part of this week four ardent anglers strung themselves along a log that juts out into the river, a few minutes' walk above the town, armed only with the lightest tackle, with no gaff or landing net, and not at all prepared for the difficulties that followed. The fishermen were John Munch, who knows all about chemistry; Dr. Henderson, whose surgical instincts are so strong, he thinks the way to remove a fish hook from your finger is to amputate your arm and then cut out the barb; Key Pittman and your relator, lawyers in name, who show their professional traits by their unwillingness to throw away even the infernal bullhead.

Well, these fellows were out as much to doze on a log in a shady place as anything, but they had hardly swung their legs over the water before M.s reel went off like an alarm clock and scared him so he could'nt move. We scrambled to our feet and gave him all the room we could—he was on the inside and there was no way to get off. The way that fish tore up and down, round and round, made our hair stand on end. The rod was a light steel one, and it stayed doubled up just for one hour, while M. chased us up and down the log. It was the same old story but ever new to the actor. Nearer and nearer he came to the surface; more and more he fell under control of the rod. At the end of an hour and five minutes a man paddled up to the log in an Indian dugout, and into it carefully climbed M. and the Doctor; skillfully they guided the big fish up to the sloping bank and into a little channel; he was played out; four hands grabbed him and bore him in triumph out on to the grass. He was a Dolly Varden and weighed six pounds and four ounces.

While this was going on and B. was watching the performance in the canoe, his rod was nearly jerked out of his hand, and the line sped out at a Stamboul gait; it was red hot for about ten minutes—too hot—at the end of that time the tip of the rod flew up with a broken hook at the end of the leader. The log trembled with rage in sympathy, and B. wept scalding tears. Then P. hooked one just as M. and the Doctor were getting back on the log and his rod made a complete loop, but it was managed in good shape; then the Doctor gave M. his rod to hold while he went into the canoe business again; immediately M. gave an Indian yell for some one to take his rod; another whale had seized the Doctor's hook. That did settle it. How in the mischief were we to keep those fish apart? It was settled in this wise; M.s fish made a break while he was trying to get as far away as possible; the rod and tackle got into that straight line that gives the fish a dead pull and off went the trout with part of the leader. But P. exhausted his fish, and getting into the canoe, the captive was piloted ashore. B. hooked another and hooked him fast, and in due time he lay alongside of the others. Then the Doctor had his turn and braced himself for the struggle, which resulted in bringing up a quarter pound rainbow trout caught in the belly, at which the Doctor was disgusted. P.s hook was swallowed by one that belonged to the 400 and he was rescued. B. thought he had one, but he only stayed a moment and then we saw him skipping out toward the middle of the river. The Doctor fastened himself to another of high lineage and after a desperate struggle conquered him.

By that time we were getting exhausted. Suddenly the Doctor's line shot up stream; the reel sang like a knot saw, but the fish was too swift; he got a straight line and away he went with hook and leader, and the Doctor nearly fell overboard; we all assisted with expressions forcible and appropriate to the occasion. We concluded we had had enough. The sawmill whistles proclaimed the supper hour, but the proclamation wasn't needed. We hung 28lbs. of trout to a pole and there were only seven of them. The photograph is not a very good one but will show you how they looked. The five we lost must have weighed twice as much; they always do.

Later in the summer we will go up the river about forty miles, where we will find lakes and streams in every direction; where silver and rainbow trout lie with their heads out of the water waiting for us. We will fish for them with flies, and they know their business; they'll give us all the sport we want. No mosquitoes, gnats, moose flies or anything else that is objectionable, except that the underbrush is a little too thick for a good cast sometimes. Snow-capped mountains will tower above us, and a solemn stillness fill the woods that are too dense to harbor feathered songsters. Still, if we want music very much, the Doctor will cheerfully break out; but up to this time we have never wanted it enough for that.

C. K. Bonestill.

A Fish Parasite.

An infusorian parasite made its appearance in the fresh-water aquaria at the World's Fair, and during the month of July caused the death of many fish. The catfish were first affected and afterward the grayling and trout. The afflicted fish were covered with minute white specks, and as soon as their gills were attacked death resulted. The only practicable remedy was found to be salt, but this killed only the adult parasites, and not the free-swimming young stages.

WHAT ANGLERS IN CANADA ARE DOING.

It takes some little time now to ascertain what anglers are doing in Canada, for many of them are traveling such distances back from civilization in search of new fishing grounds, that it is often only after they have finished their outings and returned to Lake St. John or Quebec, that the outer world knows what they have been doing. Messrs. E. J. Myers and H. O. Wilbur, of New York, have returned home after a stay of nearly three weeks in the Lake St. John country. After fishing for some weeks for salmon last month in Newfoundland and then renewing his acquaintance with the ouananiche, Mr. Myers declares that salmon and ouananiche are his favorite game fishes. Up the Mistassini Messrs. Myers and Wilbur found the water much lower than it was last year, and the fish were not taken at first so plentifully in the same pools in which they were found last year. But when their habitat for the time being was finally discovered, war was carried on in vigorous style, and there were struggles to the death in both air and water. Many doughty finny warriors were laid low beside the famous pools of the Fifth Falls. After fishing the Mistassini Mr. and Mrs. Myers and Mr. Wilbur enjoyed very fair sport at Isle Maleine in the Grande Discharge, where they camped for a day or two. The water was rather low for heavy fish at the time, but about a week previously excellent sport was enjoyed there by Mr. R. M. Stocking, of Quebec, and myself; and Paul Savard, one of the guides, who had taken up my rod while I was resting, hooked and lost a magnificent specimen that certainly measured 30in. in length, and must have weighed 8 or 10lbs., and treated us to a couple of beautiful somersaults before saying his final adieu. We ran all the navigable waters of the Grande Discharge between Lake St. John and Chicoutimi, and it is one of the most magnificent canoe trips imaginable, with just enough of the perilous to make it sensational, while it is well worth the trouble of the entire journey to enjoy the visual contemplation of either the rapids of Vache Caille or of Gervais, or the whirlpool and rapids of Isle Maleine. But on no account should the tourist permit himself to be cajoled by the guides into taking the easier and less exciting descent by way of the Little Discharge.

Mr. Myers purposes returning here next season to make an extended tour through a number of rivers and lakes in the wild country north of Lake St. John.

Mr. Brewer, president of the Amabalish Fish and Game Club, has followed Mr. Merriam, of Springfield, home. Both gentlemen had splendid sport on the club waters in the lower Metabetchouan.

The Ouiatchouan River, above the falls, has afforded splendid trout fishing within the last ten days to a number of Quebec anglers.

Mr. Eugene McCarthy of Syracuse passed through here on Saturday on his way home from his angling excursion to Lake St. John. In a letter I received from him some days before his return he said: "I never had a better time. The fishing is improving each year, I believe, and I think more of the Lake St. John country each year that I come. It can never be fished out. I believe that I know less about ouananiche each year. They are the finest fighting fish extant and never alike." In ten hours' fishing on the Triton tract, Mr. McCarthy, with his friends, Messrs. Curtis and Dean, took 282 trout. After Mr. Dean's return home Messrs. Curtis and McCarthy put in a week at Lac de Belle Riviere, southeast of Lake St. John, and took 102 and 123 fish respectively, the first catch weighing 63¾lbs. and the second 52¾lbs. They only fished for three days, and then for but two hours, two and one-half hours and six hours respectively. Then they put in a week at the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini, where in two and a half days' fishing their catch was 72 ouananiche with an average weight of over 3lbs. each, and here some of their finest rods were broken and leaders and flies innumerable smashed. Mr. McCarthy has with him photographs of each day's catch, right through.

A Boston angler who was recently fishing in the Grande Discharge reports that a 2lbs. ouananiche in one of its leaps to endeavor to clear himself of the hook, landed safely into his canoe.

Mr. Byrd and his family, of Brooklyn, returned from Lake St. John on Saturday with Mr. McCarthy, and on the same day Chief Justice Andrews of the New York State Court of Appeals left, with a couple of members of his family, for Roberval with Attorney-General and Mrs. Casgrain of Quebec. E. T. D. Chambers.

Quebec, July 31.

FISHING ABOUT CAPE MAY PENINSULA

The season for fishing about Cape May county, New Jersey, in the ocean and in the Delaware Bay, begins the latter part of May, and ends early in November. First come the black drum from May to July, then weakfish and the other small fish of the region; in August the rock or striped bass, and in September the channel bass or red drum. Sheepshead have been so rare within the past three years as to be inconsiderable. Bluefish have been uncertain, but there are some to be taken, and croakers are erratic.

My experience up to this time has been peculiar. Everywhere the complaint is made of no fish. The crabs were largely destroyed the past winter by extraordinary cold, and to this is ascribed their present scarcity. No crabs, few fish. Shrimp also have suffered. Razor clams and manninoes are almost extinct.

Drumfish have been abundant in the surf. I despise this fishing, with the constant undermining of the surge retreating over the loose sand, and giving the fisherman the supposed sensation of a horse on a threshing machine. It is wearisome work, and after the fish is fastened, or "snagged," as the natives have it, there is no play in the shallow water, but a steady pull, as of a piece of driftwood, into the breakers. Within the past month large numbers of surface drum (which never bite) were taken at Atlantic City by dragging gangs of hooks swiftly through the surf. One man took twenty-five in one day in this fashion.

Decoration Day, with three companions, I took my annual, and this year only, drum trip. We four fished from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M. at Pierce's Point, on the Delaware Bay, before there was a single strike, which happened to fall to me and brought a drum of 65lbs. Last year two of us, on the same day, took 15, the largest weighing 104lbs.

Weakfishing has been also discouraging. Last year the run was very fine and of extraordinary fish as to size. The few fish taken this year have been large; but with the exception of a very few days, numbers have been small. I fished with five companions three days at Crosse Ledge and Ship John Lights, and the party took four weakfish and one rock. The largest weakfish, however, weighed 8lbs. One of my companions—Norris—returned and took 52 at the Ledge; all large fish. Ten of them weighed 90lbs. But this day was exceptional. The fishing has been very bad, even with the very best of bait.

The only redeeming feature of the season is the return of the bluefish, off Cape May, within the last three weeks. There has been a very good run off Cape May and Anglesea, and the Swedes at the latter place are reaping a rich harvest. Also, the non-professionals are obtaining belated sport.

From the abundance of drum and of bluefish, I infer that my favorite, the channel bass or red drum, will answer to his name the latter part of August or first of September, when, if any of your readers enjoy pursuit of him, it will be well for them to engage quarters and boatman at Anglesea.

The best plan is to engage a sloop or schooner suitable for fishing in the ocean for one's exclusive use, and take what companions he likes, resolutely declining all requests of the skipper to allow other persons to go along. This merely means that the boatman gets a dollar or more a head for the extras, who are sometimes good fellows, but almost invariably clumsy fishermen, and occasionally disagreeably in the way. Let the employer harden his heart and keep his monopoly. The cost of the boat and bait is $10 per diem.

The fishing is usually very fine. There is reasonable assurance of one or more large channel bass, and processions of large weakfish, croakers and bluefish from which toll can be taken. Abundance of foul fish, sharks, robins, skates and stingrays. An occasional flounder of large size. At the same season, directly across the Cape from Anglesea, in the Delaware Bay, the channel bass are equally abundant, and, I think, of larger size. The only variant is the shark, of great size, and abundant and annoying. Board can be obtained—very comfortable—with Nathaniel Holmes, Dias Creek, railroad station Cape May Court House, at $1 per day, and boat and bait, with boatman's services cost $3 more. Two persons, therefore, can fish at Holmes' for $2.50 per diem, and they will find their stay in the old Holmes farm house very agreeable.

The Cape May coast fishing is no limited trout brook or bass lake to be exhausted upon publicity being given to its location. There is room for every fisherman in the land, without sensible depletion of the splendid horde which swarms along the shore at the beginning of autumn.

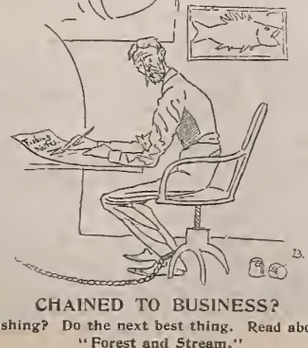
F. S. J. C.

BOSTON NOTES.

There seems to be less interest among Boston gunners than usual this season in shore bird shooting. The weather has been hot and dry, till of late, and that may account, in part, for the few that have taken to the shore after summer yellowleg and other early shore birds. But the abundant rain of Saturday will doubtless bring in some flights of birds, and then there will be more interest among the gunners. A couple of hunters went down to Chatham the other day, but decided not to stop, finding that there were already some 15 gunners there and part stopping at the hotel. These gunners were getting some birds, the report being that they had been taking some 60 or 70 a day to a gun, though the number was made up too largely of peep to please the two gunners mentioned.

It is only a little over three weeks to the opening day on ruffed grouse in Maine, Sept. 1st, but if reports of birds continue as discouraging as they have so far, the opening will amount to little. Rod and line sportsmen, who have returned from the Maine woods, report no partridges seen of any account, and I am led to believe that there are not three birds where there should be dozens. The season of 1892 was a very hard one for ruffed grouse, though the winter, last winter, was not especially hard. Ticks, foxes or bad weather, killed off the broods, and the result was that there was little breeding stock left at the opening of 1893. Again the mistaken Maine law that permits of shooting ruffed grouse on and after Sept. 1 is surely destroying that noble game. The broods are together till far into September, the chicks not having grown, and it is an easy matter for any country boy to pick off every one of a flock. Then the increased and increasing influx of sportsmen into that State, each eager to shoot, reduces the ruffed grouse each season to not enough for breeding. This is a common complaint from many localities, where formerly partridge shooting was excellent.

The Bangor (Me.) gunners are reported to be discouraged about upland plover this year. Some of them have been out as usual, but getting no birds they have come to the conclusion that the broods are not yet reared, or else the game is remarkably scarce. It is understood that the upland plover seek the open fields as soon as the young are able to fly well, and there they flock together, feeding upon grasshoppers and crickets till nearly time for the frosts to cut off these insects. The big hayfields of Brewer have been visited by a number of Bangor gunners, with the result of few birds or none. They have not even heard piping as usual.



CHAINED TO BUSINESS?

Can't go fishing? Do the next best thing. Read about it in the "Forest and Stream."

Mr. W. B. Garfield, watchmaker, with Kettel & Blake of Boston, is going to Umbagog Lake, in Maine, where he will camp, fish and hunt for a couple of months. He is well known in Waltham as a great lover of the rod and line and the shotgun. Several of his friends wish they were to be with him. They count him as an adept at matters pertaining to camping and one of the most genial men.

Salt-water fishing is more in vogue at the Massachusetts seashore resorts than ever this season. At Nantasket it is understood that the guests who own or can hire boats and yachts, spend nearly every pleasant afternoon in fishing for cod, perch, etc. Among the devotees of the sport are Mr. Michael J. Moore, a School street lawyer; Mr. Frank C. Marshall, of Sagamore Terrace; Mr. W. F. Taylor and Mr. O. W. Bradbury, of Atlantic avenue; Mr. Geo. F. Hall, Nantasket avenue: Messrs. C. S. Jeffries, S. F. Moore, W. M. Draper, J. J. Brownlow and Edward F. Anderson, of Nantasket avenue. The above are all lovers of codfishing and they have already brought in many a good haul, the fish being distributed among their friends. Mr. Lewis E. Hubbard and his son Lewis, Stephen Porter, Jr. and E. E. Angell are lovers of mackerel fishing, and they have had some good sport of late. Mr. J. H. Edwards, of the Wentworth, Mr. A. B. French, Miss French and Mr. J. B. Cook are ardent lovers of perch fishing. There might also be added to this list of perch fishermen Messrs. W. F. Worthen, J. W. Huntress and Fred Wilson. Mr. Frank Bennett, the rifle and revolver expert, is also mentioned as very fond of fishing. Among the Stony Beach fishermen are Mr. Geo. Barnard, Lawyer Coogan, W. W. Leach, Wm. T. Brown and Bartlett Holmes. They spend all the time they can afford on the fishing grounds when the weather is suitable.

A party from Brockton, consisting of Messrs. E. E. Dunbar, F. S. Osborne, E. J. Edgar, John S. Holmes, F. W. Keith, Charles W. Douglass, Henry D. Wade and S. W. Caldwell, was out after cod the other day. They took over forty fish of good size. These they divided liberally among their friends. A well known Weymouth party is also frequently out fishing in a staunch little yacht. In the party are seen Messrs. A. M. Bachelder, E. T. Jordan, C. D. Harlow, F. H. Mason, W. H. Cunningham, with Capt. Freeman Whitmarsh, the owner of the yacht, the Nettie. Several Atlantic Hill people are frequently seen fishing. Among these may be mentioned Messrs. Thomas Grimes, J. H. Williams, George O. Baker, Henry T. Clapp, Alfred S. Thompson, Charles F. Warren, J. S. Abercrombie, George B. Judson and Lee Hammond. They are all lovers of any kind of fishing almost, and their catches are often the wonder of their friends. They are noted for fishing and "sticking to it," and that is the way they get the fish.

Almost weekly trips to the beach are made by severa Whitman lovers of salt-water angling. Among these gentlemen may be mentioned M. W. Foster, John H. Fenton, L. S. Benedict, Henry Marks, S. J. Parmalee, M. F. Tobias and James S. Foster. They make good fares frequently, and their friends are generously remembered.

Special.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

*Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—*her *luck.*

Clayton, Thousand Islands, Aug. 2.—Dr. J. Livingston Reese and nephew, Mr. T. Irving Reese, both of New York city, yesterday landed 125 fine black bass in less than four hours, at Reed's Bay, above Clayton. Fishing here is exceedingly good just now, a large number of good catches being made daily. Mr. Frank W. Emery, of New York, last Monday landed a 25lbs. muskallonge off Clayton on an 8oz. rod. Besides this beauty, Mr. Emery's catch for the day included 21 black bass, weighing together 29½lbs., and one wall-eyed pike of 6¾lbs.

Cayuga Lake, July 31.—Union Springs, famous for perch and pickerel fishing, is not giving a very good showing at present. Myriads of grasshoppers cover the lake, which accounts for the black bass not taking the fly as they have heretofore. D. D. W.

Cutchogue, L. I., Aug. 1.—Young Anglers' Club scores for past week, on Long Island Sound, for black fish: T. Sheil 7, weight 61bs.; J. O'Neil 12, 18lbs.; Robt. Lang 9, 8¾lbs.; J. Carr 10, 16lbs.; J. Smith 41, 32lbs. Largest caught by Mr. Carr weighed 7lbs. 9oz. All fishermen are residents of Brooklyn. Fishing for coming week is expected to be about the same. Little Jim.

Keene Valley, N. Y., Aug. 8.—Mr. Oliver Hewitt, of Burlington, N. J., caught three nice trout in the Au Sable River, near St. Hubert's Inn, last week, one of which weighed 2¼lbs. An unusually large number of big trout have been caught in the Au Sable River recently owing to the careful stocking of its upper waters by the Adirondock Reserve. J. B. B.

Plainwell, Mich., Aug. 5.—Wm. Crispe took four trout of 1lb. apiece from the Chart Creek yesterday; this is the same creek that he got the prize winner from last year. J. H. M.

Aug. 4.—Mr. T. D. Jordan, of New York city, who is staying at the Hubbard House, landed 79 black bass yesterday. Their average weight was 1⅛lbs. Though rather above the average catch for one rod this is not considered an extraordinary lot.

Staten Island, N. Y.—Tottenville, N. Y., Aug. 7.—During the last seven days weakfish have been plenty on last hour of flood and first hour of ebb; 1 to 3lbs. fish; crab not so eagerly taken as in former seasons; fish seemed to have been feeding on small fry.

John T. Hawkins.

Where to Go.

Anybody desiring information with regard to the hotels advertised in Forest and Stream, such as rates, routes, fishing and hunting opportunities, should address Forest and Stream Information Bureau, where all reasonable inquiries will receive prompt answers

Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence.

THE ninth annual convention of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River was held at Alexandria Bay last Thursday. Thirty-five members were present.

In the absence of President H. H. Warner, whose regrets were presented by Secretary Thompson, the first vice-president, W. C. Browning, took the chair. Supervisor Holmes of Redwood was chosen secretary pro tem. The minutes of the last session were read and approved, followed by a list of applications for membership, all of whom were approved and duly elected members of the association. The treasurer's report was then audited and approved, and as it ever has been, found strictly correct. Treasurer Grant is a model.

Letters were read from various parties regretting that they could not attend the meeting, notably one from Gen. Bruce of Syracuse, and a telegram from the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, both complimentary and encouraging.

Secretary W. H. Thompson broached the question of frost fish, a species of ciscoe which infests Mill Site Lake to the detriment of the salmon trout.

The discussion was to devise some means by which authority could be had to net the ciscoes and preserve the trout. A beautiful specimen of salmon trout was shown, and it is claimed that if the ciscoes can be kept out, salmon trout to the weight even of 30lbs. will be the result. The secretary was instructed to correspond with the Fish Commissioners to the end that some plan may be devised.

A brief report was made by Game Protector Northrup, showing conclusively that while thousands of dollars in value of illegal fishing appliances have been destroyed in the last two years, that the amount has this year materially decreased, and that public sentiment has undergone a great change. His report was very interesting and brought a hearty vote of thanks, together with a resolution that the substances of his report be sent to the members of the association and to all interested as convincing proof that the efforts of the Anglers' Association toward the protection of game fish had not been without their legitimate fruits for good.

Major Durham, of Cape Vincent, introduced the question of the exempt-waters of Lake Ontario, as embraced in the towns of Lyme and Bowenville, and a brief speech outlined the situation, exposing the fact that the netters had tried through the efforts of a Watertown lawyer to get even the waters of Cape Vincent exempted from the action of the law. On motion of Mr. Grant, it was left to the executive committee to appoint a subcommittee who should look after this matter at the proper time, and also to the size and weight of fish, which should be the limit.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Manager Esseltyn, of the Walton House, for his courtesy to the members of the Association. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, H. H. Warner; First Vice-President, W. C. Browning; Second Vice-President, H. R. Heath; Secretary, W. H. Thomson; Treasurer, R. P. Grant; Executive Committee: Chairman, A. C. Cornwall; J. H. Quimby, G. H. Strough, James T. Story, O. T. Mackay.

The attendance was larger than that of last year, and the meeting was not only an interesting but instructive one. After the adjournment the members were invited to board Mr. Browning's beautiful yacht Indienne for a ride to Alex Bay, and on the way a hearty and enthusiastic vote of thanks was accorded the generous owner.—*On the St. Lawrence.*

A Dark Colored Fluke.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., July 31.—I have just sent you (per Adams Express) a flounder which I caught while bass fishing this morning. It is peculiar on account of being black on both sides with a white head. All the men to whom I have shown it say that they never saw one like it before, and Mr. R. G. Dun, who was fishing on the adjoining stand said that it was the first one he had ever seen and advised me to send it to you. As far as I know it may by very common, but if it is worth preserving, I should be glad to give it to "our paper." I have had very good fishing of all kinds, both in fresh and salt water, and hope soon to open up with the gun.

THEAKSTON DE COPPET.

[This fish (which is the common fluke, a variety of the flounder or *Pleuronectida* family) exhibits a freak of having both sides colored, instead of one side being dark brown and the other white. Mr. E. G. Blackford tells us that such idiosyncrasies of coloring are often found.]

A Blind Hybrid Salmon.

SOME years ago, at Clackamas, Oregon, Mr. Waldo F. Hubbard fertilized some eggs of the blueback salmon (*O. nerka*) with milt of the quinnat (*O. chouicha*). The eggs hatched in about the same time as those of the quinnat salmon and the fry lived until the sac was absorbed, but none of them had a trace of an eye.

Mr. Hubbard has crossed silversides (*O. kisutch*) with the quinnat both ways. The eggs hatched and the fry appeared to be as healthy as young quinnat.

The blueback salmon, according to Mr. Hubbard, does not run into the Clackamas River; the female which he found there and crossed with the quinnat was the only one he has seen in the stream. It was a small fish and very red. Dog salmon and humpbacks are absent also from the river.

The Bass Run Small.

ATHENIAN CLUB, Oakland, Cal., July 24.—A shooting and fishing club of which I am a member has a lake of ten or twelve acres preserved. It was made by damming a cañon and is very deep at the lower end, gradually shoaling to its inlet at the upper end. A small stream supplies it and the water is used to supply this city. Some ten years since it was stocked with black bass, and on favorable afternoons a catch of 50 or 60 may easily be taken with the fly; but they are all small, running about 6in. long. One 8in. long is a rarity. Can you inform us how to improve their condition, or what the reason is they do not grow larger? Two years since one weighing 2¾lbs. was taken with a spoon—but only one. If you can assist us in this matter, you will confer a great favor on a number of sportsmen here, and especially C. B. G.

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

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

A Few Visitors.

There are now some thousands of names on the FOREST AND STREAM register at the Fair, and among these thousands are very many whom one would be glad to meet face to face. Many write their names and pass on, some leave cards, and some appear in proper person. That one can not see every one of these friends is a matter for sincere regret. Out of an envelope full of cards I take a handful.

All Sorts.

They are all sorts, and I imagine that if you rounded them all up together and shot into the flock you would get some pretty decent people.

Mr. Roger D. Williams, of Lexington, Ky., leaves two cards. He would have been twice and thrice welcome, no one more so, and I am sorry he got back to his blue grass home without his path crossing ours in the mazy ways of business and pleasure. No one ought to come to the Fair for less than a two weeks' stay, and three or four days makes a preposterous limit.

Mr. Townsend Whelen is another who came in the darkness and we saw him not. Encore, please.

Sakaye Sawatari, Commissioner of Japanese Fisheries Society to the World's Columbian Exposition, called and left his card. He had heard of FOREST AND STREAM in Japan, and wanted some copies to post himself up a little in regard to the habits of American fishes. He is a very courteous and pleasant gentleman.

Mr. Robert J. Mix, of New York city, is a gentleman of great ability, critical judgment and rare good taste, not to mention acute perception and plenty of sense. Mr. Mix ought not to be kept back, and I hope to see him President of the United States. On the back of his card he says: "One of the chief objects I had in mind in visiting Chicago was to meet Mr. Hough, whose writings I have so much admired." I wish there were more men in the world like Mr. Mix.

FOREST AND STREAM'S LOCATION IN ANGLING PAVILION.

Mr. Claude King, editor of *Sports Afield*, Denver, was looking for some one, but not with a gun or razor. Mr. King is a clean editor and has a clean publication. All such are in easy touch with FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. J. Vom Hofe, of New York, who has made so many reels that he might well be expected to have wheels in his head, but who has not, has tarried here a moment, so says his card.

Mr. H. W. DeLong, of Dansville, N. Y., who once upon a time took second prize in the "Camp-Fire Flickerings" in FOREST AND STREAM, flickered in and blew out, and we saw him not.

Mr. E. L. Carney, of Leavenworth, Kan., came in on the other road, and him I later caught, causing him to stand and deliver many reminiscences of the country of large 'hoppers.

Mr. A. Allison, representing Missouri at the Fair, strayed over and swung on the FOREST AND STREAM gate a while, I know it by his card.

Mr. L. W. Feighner, of the *News*, Nashville, Mich., has lately been hollering down the FOREST AND STREAM rain barrel. I know it by his card.

Mr. Eugene Lahee, an enthusiastic rifleman of Alton, Ill., tarried here all too briefly, and left before the Western end of FOREST AND STREAM could arrange a team to beat him shooting.

The Army Also.

Lieutenant H. L. Scott, Seventh Cavalry, now at Ft. Sill, registers and vanishes all too soon. I always like the army men. So does everybody else.

Lieutenant W. C. Brown, First Cavalry, temporarily in Chicago, also leaves brief word, but not the wanted address.

James Huber, in charge of the Maxim-Nordenfeldt gun, British section, leaves an invitation to call around and see the thing work. It is tried on a dog at 3 P. M., Thursdays.

Authors, Too.

I have just said some nice things about Mr. Robert J. Mix, because I thought he deserved it, but maybe I ought to divide some of this with Mr. Kirk Munroe, a popular writer and one known even more widely than the circle reached by FOREST AND STREAM, in which he writes as "O K. Chobee." Mr. Munroe is on his way to Alaska after material for some stories. He writes on his card here, "The Fair loses all its anticipated charm in the absence of the hero of Kekoskee. I have made a daily call on you during the past week and been as often disappointed." In view of the great scarcity of gentlemen of intellectual scope and profound insight into human nature like this, I am a good deal disappointeder than Mr. Munroe is that I did not see him. I have been cautioned by the authorities about endangering the Fair by a careless absence out of town, and will henceforth try to do better. As it is, I am always away at just the wrong time. There may be another Fair. There can not be another O. K. Chobee.

And now comes "Amphibian," the same being Mr. Wm. Manatt, Jr., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and avers that he tried to see the Western end of FOREST AND STREAM, and could not. Dear sir, the Western end of FOREST AND STREAM sticks far, far out over the Pacific Ocean, and you would catch it quicker if you went round the other way. Rival journalists have tried to see it and couldn't, and as for raising it—nay, nay.

Mr. Jas. Crow, of Crystal Lake, Ill., leaves the word that he was one of the very first of the FOREST AND STREAM subscribers. I wish I could have seen him, and I wish that, since this could not be, Mr. Crow would tell the paper what he remembers of those early days, and what he thinks of the paper as it is to-day, World's Fair and all. The change in the twenty years must have impressed a reader who has had the paper before him all that time

And so I could go on, for these are but a few cards out of very many, and taken almost at random. But I save the best till the last. I found two boys in the FOREST AND STREAM space the other day, and they were such bright, manly little fellows, so interested in what there was to be seen, that I fell to talking with them. "I will not register my own name," said the elder, as I came while he was writing, "I'm not a man yet, but I'll sign my uncle's name. He reads FOREST AND STREAM, and I've read it for a good while myself." So he signed first the name of H. S. Lang, Hornellsville, N. Y. I asked him for his own name, and he said it was Harold B. Rose, stated that he was 12 years old, and remarked that he was going to the Adirondacks with his uncle in the fall. He liked to read books about camping out, he said, and he thought the "little boat" (the Sairey Gamp) was pretty small. "What do you want to know all about this for?" he asked, curiously, as he saw me writing. Bless the boy! it was because I liked this more than anything I have seen about the FOREST AND STREAM place. I wish him and his young friend a pleasant trip and many after it. They are going the right way to stay young a long while, and to know some of the keenest and purest pleasures life will hold for them. It's clean out of doors. If these boys grow to be old in years I want them to remember their visit to FOREST AND STREAM, for someway, out of all the thousands I have seen go by or stop there, I believe these fresh young faces, with only eagerness and joy reflected in them, remain more distinct than any others. E. HOUGH.

Milwaukee Tack and Nail Co.'s Exhibit.

The exhibit of this company is in Section O, Block 3, No. 34. One, however, might look for it long and fruitlessly, for over it is not the firm title as given above, but the sign Buzzacott's Standard Army Field Ovens. Those in search of the exhibit under consideration should bear this information in mind. The exhibit comprises a lot of camp cookers for outdoor cooking only. They are made in sizes to meet the wants of from two to fifty men. They are very compact, and it is claimed for them that they can be heated or cooled in a few moments' time, a most important consideration when time is precious. They contain every utensil needed in cooking. This company also has an exhibit in the Government Building.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.'s Exhibit.

This is in the North Gallery of the Manufactures Building, E, Q, 103. The exhibit is most neatly and artistically arranged for effective and pleasing display in a space 26ft. front by 20ft. in depth. In the center of the rear is a pyramid of cameras of various sizes, from a 4x5 to a 25x30, all fine in workmanship. In the front are cases containing different sizes and kinds of lenses, and shutters in great variety. In short, there is a complete line of photographic material, chemical and mechanical. The inner walls are covered with beautiful American "Aristo" photographs, the "Aristo" being a new collodion paper. The photographs are wonderfully good. Much merit is claimed for the Aristo paper. In the rear is a dark room devoted to the use of amateurs free of cost. The front has a couple of bronze statuettes, and a bit of coarse grasses and foliage in the upper corners of the walls give a most pleasing effect. There is a delightfully pleasant, bright air pervading that photographic bower. It is in charge of Mr. Fenton M. Armstrong, a most polite and attentive gentleman. No one can converse with him on photography without being a gainer in knowledge, knowledge most graciously imparted.

August 1.—The popular corner of the Exposition which holds the American gun exhibits has been brightened by the addition to its ranks of the stable figure and pleasant countenance of Colonel A. G. Courtney, in charge of the Lefever Arms Co. Colonel Courtney has an arm chair and a fan in active service these days, and fans with one hand while he sells ejector Lefevers with the other. "The only American ejector shown at the Fair," says he, and he hangs on a gun another card with "Sold" written on it in large letters. Spain, India, Russia and other foreign lands are going to have Lefevers after the Fair is over. The Lefever exhibit, however, will not be broken, nor any guns delivered from it. The many visiting shooters who have looked with interest at the fine cases of the Lefever goods will get a double run for their money now that Colonel Courtney has came. It is quite a lively group of gun men, this now assembled over in the "American corner" of the Manufactures Building and they dwell together in peace, harmony and jollity.

B. WATERS.

Fishculture.

Trout and Trout Waters.

OWEN SOUND, Ont., *Editor Forest and Stream:* A few months ago I purchased 10,000 trout fry with the intention of feeding them in a large tank until they are twelve months old and then placing them in a larger body of water which I will endeavor to preserve. I have my choice of two different places, but neither of them is quite free from objections, and perhaps you or some of your readers will be kind enough to give me your opinion and advice on the subject.

The first piece of water is a mill-dam which was well stocked with trout at one time and still contains a few, but has been fished out. The trout cannot leave the dam at the upper end as it is just below another dam, but at the lower end the water falls a distance of 10 feet, and the ice and flood in spring would prevent the use of a screen. The question in this case is: would the trout be able to leave the dam in any considerable numbers by going over the falls, and would you consider this a safe place in which to deposit the young trout.

The other place I refer to is a lake once famous for its large trout, but which was almost cleared out by netting, and to make matters worse, perch was introduced, which have multiplied enormously, and have taken possession of the lake. So far as I have been able to ascertain, not a single trout has been seen in it for years. The lake is about 500yds. long by 100yds. wide; a strong spring of ice cold water enters one end, which is gravelly for perhaps 50yds.; the remainder is mud bottom with several large springs at various other parts of the lake.

The questions I wish to ask with regard to this are: (1) Do you know of any means of exterminating the perch? (2) Will perch kill a trout say 6in. in length? (3) Would it be safe after I have kept the 10,000 fry I mention for twelve months to put them in this lake?

One theory held here about the extermination of the trout in this lake is that the large trout have swallowed young perch and that the spines in the back of the perch kill the trout. Is this correct? By answering the above questions you will much oblige A CONSTANT READER

[The mill dam appears to offer the more favorable conditions for your trout, which are assumed to be speckled trout. There is no practicable method of exterminating yellow perch except by the use of nets, explosives and fish narcotics and the removal of their ribbons of eggs from the spawning grounds. The introduction of black bass for the destruction of the perch would not help matter, since the bass in a small lake would soon kill all the brook trout you may plant. The perch will probably not kill 6-inch trout, but they are very destructive to eggs and fry. The spines of young perch may sometimes cause inflammation of the stomach of brook trout, but this can scarcely cut much of a figure. Lake trout feed ravenously on yellow perch and thrive on such diet. The cod frequently has its stomach walls pierced by the sharp pubic spines of flounders and suffers no apparent inconvenience from the injury. You will observe that the spines of a perch after death are folded down close to the back, and that trout as well as bass take their prey head first. Thus the spines are depressed before swallowing is completed. The trout's intestine is short and straight, and its digestion is rapid, thereby making the removal of waste matter prompt and easy. The fact that the mill dam was well stocked with trout at one time appears to show that spring freshets do not sweep out many of the fish. Perhaps netting had most to do with the disappearance of the trout.]

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 5 to 8.—Kingston (Ont.) K. C., at Kingston. H. C Bates, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone. Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park. D. C. Collins, Sec'y.
Sept. 19 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept of Agriculture.
Sept. 26 to 29.—Ottawa, Canada. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. E. D. Adams, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 6.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus, Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The McLin Matter.

IN a letter dated July 31, Mr. J. M. Freeman, Bicknell, Ind., gives me the following information:

"McLin waived examination and was bound over in the sum of $500 to appear in court. He can not give bail, and will have to await the action of the grand jury in September. His trial will very likely occur about November. Mr. Perry attended the trial and says that he intends to stay with the case. We have had subscriptions as follows to date; P. T. Madison, $5; D. C. Bergnndthal, $10; J. A. Balmer, $5; W. A. Thompson, $5; L. Rousch, St. Louis, $5; Geo. H. Kunkle, Mexico, Mo., $2; Gail W. Hamilton, Centreville, Kan., $10; S. E. Corbett, of Wychoff, N. J., $2. This is not enough to properly prosecute the case, as we will have to see that some of the witnesses are gotten before the grand jury. Some of them can not afford to pay car fare and board."

Contributions can be sent to Mr. Freeman. Every dollar contributed will add just so much to the resources of the prosecution. The sportsmen at a distance can manifest their support and good will by sending a dollar, more or less, to the prosecution fund, and thus give the necessary means to those who are so actively giving the matter their personal attention. Ordinary wrong doing is entitled to the greatest leniency and charity, but this particular case is marked by such gross inhumanity, covering a period of many weeks, ending in the cold-blooded burning of the entire kennel of dogs dead and alive, and the whole rounded out with such reckless perjury that leniency has no place in considering the matter. The case will be most earnestly prosecuted to a finish. Every lover of a setter or pointer, every dog fancier, and every one who believes in humanity, should contribute something to help the case along.

Mr. Thomas Johnson writes me, under date of Aug. 1, that Mr. Hallam, who is in charge of Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale's dogs, was expected to arrive on the 2d inst.

Also, that Mr. Avent had arrived in Manitoba with a string of dogs to train. Rev. Mr. Spence and Mr. John Davidson have accepted the invitation to judge the club's trials.

While walking along Jackson street, near the postoffice, a few days since, I saw a man, plainly dressed, leaning against a building at the corner of an alley. At his feet was a basket of puppies which were about five or six weeks old, jet black in color and healthy and bright in looks. They were quite contented and did not mind the constant handling to which they were subject. There were always a few people looking at them and asking questions. I stopped and asked the man if the puppies were for sale. He said, "Thim pups is for sale. They be worth $25 apiece, but I asks only $5. They know more than a man. Look at their coats—fine as silk. Genuine cocker spaniels, and only $5." No person need be without man's best friend, at $5 per friend, delivered at the door, express paid, to fill a long-felt want.

A constant source of gratification is the common public sentiment in favor of FOREST AND STREAM. Out here we hear it constantly. The praise is so uniform and spontaneous that there is no doubt of its sincerity. Its high literary grade, its dignity, fearlessness and freedom from vulgar controversies, and the wonderful scope and variety of matter in every issue justly excite praise and admiration. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that FOREST AND STREAM is uniformly and steadily growing on its merits in every section of this broad land. B. WATERS.

Appointment of Substitute Judges.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Such a number of the proposed amendments recommended by Dr. Perry are, in my judgment, not only for the best interests of the dog men, but absolutely necessary for the life of the A. K. C.; that it is with reluctance I object to any one, but the rule allowing exhibitors to select by a vote their own judge, in the absence of the regularly appointed one will, I fear, cause as much ill feeling, as much wire pulling and as many undesirable effects among exhibitors as anything we now have.

More than this, how is the judge to be elected? What is his majority to be, and might we not find a case of "deadlock" whereby no judge would be elected?

Would not the avenue for professional wire pullers be opened wide?

Would there not be a chance for owners who feared their dogs would be beaten to head off the election by a "deadlock?"

I fear such might be the case. I consider it bad policy on the part of the management of any competition to allow exhibitors to have a direct or indirect "say" on the judges.

CHAS. E. BUNN.

PEORIA, Ill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Europe every jockey or kennel club has the right to substitute judges, and I dare say that this is the correct thing, for if I or anybody has a really good horse or dog we need not fear the judge. COUNT R. PALFFY.

MARWAH, N. J.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I most heartily concur in Dr. Perry's idea of changing the A. K. C. rule so that exhibitors may choose their own judges in case the regularly appointed judge is absent instead of having the appointment left entirely in the hand of the show committee. During my experience as an exhibitor such an event has occurred but once in my classes, and at that show the matter was very pleasantly arranged between committee and exhibitors. Still I can easily imagine several show committees who would not be as agreeable about such matters.

C. S. WIXOM.

COVERT, N. Y., July 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not altogether agree with Dr. Perry in his proposed resolution regarding substitute judges. I think the committee should appoint the substitute but at the same time notify all the exhibitors by wire or otherwise of the fact, allowing them to withdraw entries if the judge selected is not agreeable to them, and in that case to also have their entry fee returned. L. C. WHITON.

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 7.

Canine Incongruities.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The peculiarities of beasts are not less interesting and inexplicable than those of men. I owned a Skye terrier of undoubted courage, for he would run from no dog, big or little, and would fight with wonderful pugnacity, though I never knew him to take the aggressive. He was peaceful, but if he had been labeled with the inscription that ornamented the flag of Paul Jones, "Don't tread on me," no one could say the motto would have been misapplied. But that dog had a mortal dread of thunder. The least rumble along the horizon sent him scratching for ingress at the door, and the bed became his hiding place.

I had a pointer named Mack whose courage no one could dispute when it came face to face with dogs of the largest size, but this very dog was one day thoroughly discomfited by a turkey hen that must have had a nest in the field where I was hunting. She flew at the dog and pounded him right and left, drove him to the fence and through an opening. As he got through the hen made a final charge against the fence, but missed the opening. The dog made not one effort at self-defense.

I once owned a fine bull-terrier of great courage, yet I never knew him to assume the aggressive but was as gentle as a lamb toward his fellows and man. I never knew him to growl or bark at or show any signs of menace toward persons coming into the yard. N. D. ELTING.

Toronto Show.

TORONTO, Ont., Aug. 3.—The following extra classes have been added to the premium list of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's bench show of dogs, to be held at Toronto, Canada, Sept. 11 to 15: Russian wolfhounds, class 26½, challenge dogs and bitches, $10 and diploma; class 28½, novice dogs and bitchs, $7, $3 and diploma. Dr. Perry has kindly donated the Ashmont trophy to be competed for at our coming show, the same being for the best dog in the show and to be judged by Mr. C. H. Mason. The *Fanciers' Journal* donates twelve subscriptions to be competed for in the puppy classes, and Mr. W. Wade, of Hulton, Pa., donates $10 cash for best specimen of American foxhound. Exhibitors will kindly remember that entries close Thursday, Aug. 21. C. A. STONE, Sec'y and Supt.

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

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—A recent paragraph in the Toronto *Globe* is misleading, and as it may be copied by the kennel press I may say that as yet the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Stewart as superintendent for Canada at the World's Fair Dog Show has not been filled. The appointment lies in the hands of the Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion, and the C. K. C. merely have the privilege of recommending a nominee. Mr. Geddes having received a majority of one of the executive he of course will receive this recommendation and will doubtless be appointed to the position. It is as well to be clear on these points.

Mr. R. M. Wanless, Sarnia, has had the misfortune to lose by poison (laid for rats) his imported Dandie Dinmont dog Rodger, third at the last Toronto show. Mr. Wanless has sent a good puppy by this dog out of Kirsly to Mr. J. D. McColl, St. Louis.

The Mount Royal Kennels have a litter of promising Bedlington terriers out of their bitch Tibbie, a winner at Toronto, sired by the well-known champion, Tick Tack, owned by Mr. W. H. Russsell of New York. One of this litter was kindly donated by Dr. Wesley Mills to the Hamilton Kennel Club for its drawing, and was won by a local man and who, by the way, by rare good fortune happens to be an old breeder of this variety.

Fascination was not poisoned, as was at first suspected. This was plainly proved by an examination of the stomach by Dr. Pyne, the official analyst.

Local breeders of the merry and useful beagle are endeavoring to form a club devoted to the interests of the breed in Canada, and something on the lines of the National Beagle Club. It is proposed to hold an inaugural meeting in about two weeks, and in the meantime Mr. John Smillie, Queen street, West, Toronto, will be glad to receive names and suggestions.

I had the pleasure of taking part in the most successful drawing of the Hamilton Kennel Club held last Friday night. Some four hundred tickets were disposed of and in consequence the old debt of the club will be decreased by some three huudred dollars, quite a nice little sum to receive from such a source. The drawing was conducted by Dr. H. S. Griffin, the genial president of the club, Mr. W. P. Fraser, of Toronto, and myself, Mr. Laidlaw being unable to be present. The details were carried out most systematically and correctly, and everything was strictly impartial in every sense. Among other dog men present I noticed Messrs. Tinsley, Close (Treasurer, with a big "wad"), Tulk (Secretary), Palmer Tocher, Harris, who drew the "plum" Tocate, in whelp to imported Darkeye, Murdock, Hood, Maybee, Toronto, and many others. The following gives the details of the drawing: Cocker Canada Triss, G. P. Tinsley, Toronto, ticket 351. Dachshund Vixen, E. Collins, Dundas. Collie Marionette, Spratts Patent, New York, ticket No. 1. Fox-terrier Tocaste, J. Hood, Hamilton, ticket 898. St. Bernard Noble Regent, H. P. Mullen, Cobourg, ticket 81. Bull-terrier Wentworth Thora, Miss Hendrie, Hamilton, ticket 772. Pointer Bright Light, R. Hobson, Hamilton, ticket 770. Cocker Bene Silk, J. A. McCloud, Guelph, ticket 339. Fox-terrier Miss Coronet, J. H. Herbertson, Detroit, ticket 401. Dachshund Combat, F. R. Close, Hamilton, ticket 88. Field spaniel Black Pete II., J. J. Biggs, London, ticket 51. Cocker Florence G., J. H. Herbertson, Detroit, ticket 410. Bedlington terrier puppy (not in catalogue), Alex. Watt, Hamilton, ticket 736.

While in Hamilton, the Toronto contingent were the guests of Dr. Griffin and are deeply in his debt for the many courtesies he extended. I had a brief visit to his range kennels, which, though not extensive, are neat and scrupulously clean. The floors are of brick, cemented over, as is also the exercising yard with small grass lawn adjacent. The doors are double, the inside one of iron bars, open night and day in warm weather, the outer of heavy wood work. Champion Principio was looking in grand fettle with skin beautifully clean and feeling as hard as can be. A young bitch ont of Kathleen Mavourneen looks like making a winner. Dr. Griffin told me he feeds nothing whatever but Spratts biscuits, dry to the old dogs and soaked for the puppies, and he considers them a standard feed. H. B. DONOVAN.

The New A. K. C. Rules.

THE following letter sent by President Belmont to the secretary of the A. K. C. regarding the new rules appears in last month's *Kennel Gazette:*

NEW YORK, July 24, 1893.

Secretary American Kennel Club, No. 44 Broadway, City:

Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of June 28, advising me of the result of the vote upon the amended rules passed at the meeting of May 18, 1893, under Article XIV. of the Constitntion.

The total number of clubs entitled to vote you state to be fifty-five; but this is after striking out all the clubs dropped for being in arrears for the annual dues of 1893; also the clubs elected at the meeting of May 18, 1893, and, in addition, the name of Mr. James L. Anthony, who resigned as an associate delegate at that meeting.

It would appear, therefore, that the thirty-seven votes you report as cast constitute the necessary two-thirds, ratifying the adoption of the rules.

However, as the matter is of serious import, and the provisions of the Constitution are not clear to me as to the right of new clubs to vote, I have decided to declare the rules not carried, pending the final decision of the American Kennel Club on the subject, at its September meeting, when you will please bring the matter to the attentiou of the club. I remain, Yours truly, (Signed) AUGUST BELMONT,
President A. K. C.

Tortoise-Pointing Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I suppose I am not the only shooter whose dogs have come to a point on the land tortoise. I had a yellow setter in New York that did so several times; but as soon as he got sight of it he turned from it at once. In West Virginia I had a pointer that would, on getting scent, steal up as cautiously toward a tortoise as toward a quail. The moment he saw it, however, he seemed to think, O, pshaw! and then turn away in disgust. How did he know that the tortoise, having the scent of game, would not fly as a bird or run as a rabbit, for both these dogs accepted rabbit as game?

N. D. ELTING.

Dogs and Express Companies.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If the express companies should follow Mr. Winchell's suggestion and discharge messengers who are careless, then they would bounce the whole gang of United States Express messengers that had charge of my dogs from Providence, R. I., here. I bought all of Mr. H. S. Babcock's pointers. Flash of Hessen and Thanksgiving Roxie were shipped in one large crate; they should have come through in from 12 to 15 hours, but it took nearly 80 hours. When delivered to me both dogs were nearly dead. By careful nursing the bitch recovered, but the dog died yesterday.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

DOG CHAT.

Description of a Fox-Terrier.

The third number of the *Fox-Terrier Chronicle*, since it made its appearance under new management, is the first we have seen, and is in many ways an improvement on the old go-as-you-please editions. The contest for a drawing of the new heading for the cover proved a triumph for Maud Earle, the noted English animal artist, and the decision that preferred her work to that of Mr. Moore is a just one, both are good, but Miss Earle's smacks a little more of the furze bushes and terrier life. The new management gave a prize of $25 for the best description of a fox-terrier, and out of the many papers sent in Mr. E. Welburn's idea was considered the best. He is an old fox-terrier man, exhibitor, owner and breeder, and this is how he would like to see them turn out: "The fox-terriers are in two varieties, viz., smooth-coated and wire-coated, and with this exceptiou, they are one and the same dog. The *head* should be long, with level, narrow skull; the under jaw deep, flat and of sufficient length, so that the teeth are level in the mouth; the *eyes* well set and of deep hazel color, with a keen determined expression; the face should be well filled in under the eyes, and carrying the strength fairly well to the muzzle end; *ears* small, V-shaped and of fair strength, set well on the head and dropping down forward, with the points in a direct line to the eye; the *neck* should be of fair length, clean uuder throat, gradually strengthening and gracefully set into the *shoulders*, which should be long and well laid back, finishing clean and fine on the top; the *chest* narrow and brisket deep, with elbows placed under; the *forelegs* should be absolutely straight, with good strong round bone carried right down to the *foot* which should be short with well raised toes; the *back* short with strong loin, the ribs should go well back, be deep and well sprung, the set on of stern should be rather high, and gaily carried, the full strength of the tail to be carried out from the set ou, to the end, and not curl or come too much over the back; the *hindquarters* strong and muscular, free from droop; thighs long and of fair breadth, with stifles not too straight and hocks near the ground; the movement of the dog should be level and straight all round, and free from swing on the elbows, or twirl of the hocks; the character of the dog greatly depending ou his appearance, which must be smart and sprightly, full of determination, at the same time clean in finish with a workman and gentlemanly appearance combined; the *coat* of the smooth variety should be straight and flat, lying very close, dense and hard, while the wires should have one under coat and an overcoat of strong wiry hair which should handle like bristles; the *weight* of dogs should not exceed 18½lbs. and bitches 16½lbs.; the *color* most desirable being black and tan marked head, with white body, this color gives the dog a more hardy look than either tan or lemon markings." The fox-terrier men on the other side have evidently a strong journal behind them, and the existeuce and support of such a journal proves that the fox-terrier is the most popular breed extant.

No Show for Kingston.

Sentiment is all very well in its way, but there are a good many stern business obstacles to overcome in counection with the successful conduct of a bench show, and these affairs cannot very well be run on the enthusiasm of a few local fanciers. The Kingston Kennel Club of Canada expected to hold a show this fall, and in the face of two signal failures the intention was a plucky one, and we so stated at the time of the announcement. Mr. H. C. Bates, however, writes us that owing to the inability of the club to raise the necessary funds to guarantee the successful holding of its fourth annual bench show, he regrets to say that there will consequently be no show held this year. Exhibitors will miss the pretty Kingston fixture—and the fishing.

The Purchase of Signal.

Dr. Jarvis seems fully alive to the interests of Irish setters in this country and his importation of such a dog as Signal proves that the Doctor is as ready with his purse as his pen when the "reds" are concerued. The importation of such accomplished field dogs will go far to help the Irish setter trials along, of which, by the way, we hear very little these days. Of bench show dogs aud "good lookers" we have a plenty, but trained stock to breed from for field work is in the minority. Spasmodic efforts and training a dog here and there will not effect any good permanent result, it is only by sustained effort as in the case of English setters and pointers that good results will accrue. Dr. Jarvis deserves every congratulation for his plucky venture and we trust that such signal efforts will meet with their reward.

Yacht Races and Field Trials.

The yacht races now being sailed off the Isle of Wight should prove of more than passing interest to such land lubbers as our field trial men. Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, the owner of the Navahoe, is a familiar name in the entry lists of the different field trial stakes. His friend, Mr. "Hermie" Duryea, though it is not generally known, sailed with Mr. Carroll in the Navahoe when she crossed the Atlantic. An Eastern field trial without Mr. Duryea as judge will seem an anomaly indeed.

Canada's Exhibit.

Mr. Alfred Geddes, of Ottawa, Canada, has been chosen superintendent of the Canadian exhibit at the World's Fair Show. Mr. Geddes is well and favorably known to Canadian exhibitors and we have no doubt that the choice is a good one. Mr. Geddes will probably have an up-hill task in bringing things into shape again after the June postponement, but as most of the best Canadian dogs will probably appear at the Toronto show no extra preparation will be needed, as was the case before.

Appointment of Substitute Judges.

The opinions of prominent exhibitors expressed in recent issues of the FOREST AND STREAM show that Dr. Perry's proposed alteration of the rule regarding the appointment of substitute judges does uot meet with unqualified approval. We should like to hear from other dog men what they think of it, so that when the resolution is proposed in meeting the delegates may have some idea of the feeling of exhibitors in general on the subject.

A Novel Match.

Mr. Freeman Lloyd is authority in the *Sporting Mirror*, for the statement that another sporting challenge is soon to be made. A certain well-known exhibitor will back six dogs from his kennel against any other half-dozen in England, to be drawn from any quarters. English exhibitors seem to be tiring of the endless round of shows judging by the paucity of entries and appealing whips of the different secretaries. Match making affords a novel distraction and this latest offer seems a very sportsmanlike idea but a difficult task for any judge.

A capital article entitled "Champion D'Orsay Interviewed," gives his life in his own "words." One bit is especially good, where D'Orsay tells about his brother and ister's, Russley Joker and Russley Nettle, return from their rst show. D'Orsay, being the ugly duckling, is not thought much of at that time, and consequently is a bit jealous. This is how he expresses his feelings: "The tales they told, too, how they met a great swell at the shows called Venio, and a beautiful sister of his called Vesuvienne, then how a villainous old gentleman called Digby something (Digby Grand) nearly got hold of Joker, and how two great American dogs had come over to win some of the prizes, how they were taken off their benches, led about on the chain and pulled up on their toes, how they heard people say they were 'Clarke type,' and many other remarks which none of us could then understand, they were so conceited that I really was not sorry when two or three days after their return they were both taken ill from the effects of their first outing."

St. Bernard Emigrants.

Spratts Patent have shipped from England by s. s. Spain to this city the St. Bernard Erin-Go-Bragh for Mr. P. Scanlin, of St. Louis. The *British Fancier* also says that the St. Bernard Gay Lad is also coming over on the s. s. France for some one in New York.

New Jersey Kennel League.

A regular meeting of the executive committee will be held at the Molten Hotel, 146 Market street, Newark, N. J., Aug. 11, at 8:15 P. M. W. F. Seidler, M. D., is the secretary.

Mr. C. A. Sumner, the popular secretary of the Southern California Kennel Club, resorts to no half measures when he loses a dog. On July 18 his fox-terrier Bess was stolen and he now offers, through the chief of police, $100 for the arrest and conviction of the thief and return of the dog, and a suitable reward for the return of the dog, should it be proved that the present possessor is an innocent person. A few incentives of this sort for the conviction of those who steal dogs would have a deterring effect in many quarters.

FOREST AND STREAM of June 29 publishes an instantaneous photograph of two pointers at work that is a real pleasure to contemplate.—*Stock-Keeper, England.*

We hear through Mr. Washington that the noted Irish setter matron Red Rose whelped last month one dog and one bitch to Kildare Beverley. This bitch is getting on in years now and this may be her last litter. Bella of Kildare has seven healthy reds and Swivelette has also increased the canine classes with ten by Kildare Beverley. Mr. Washington has repurchased champion Winnie II. from Mr. Bishop.

Mr. E. A. Manice, the well-kuown dachshund exhibitor, has decided to call his kennels "The Windrush Kennels," having decided to give his first champion, Windrush Rioter, the honor of having the kennel and stock farm named after him, and the dogs will henceforth be known under that name. By the way, Mr. Manice had given up all idea of buying Pterodactyl before the New York show. Windrush Rioter has defeated the classical dog three or four times, and his owner is quite content with those he has. Janet has just weaned three future tan "champions," by Jay, and Princess is nursing seven by the same dog, all liver and tans. Mr. Manice would like to meet Mr. Woodiwiss's dog at the World's Fair show.

Foxhounds in the South.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, the Dog Chat writer in a small space compasses a large amount of misinformation anent the foxhound. He says: "The English foxhound is the highest development of speed, strength and endurance." With the ardor of au Anglo-maniac he disparages the American hound. "Of course it is impossible to compare the carefully bred, well nurtured packing hound of the old country with the hounds which pick up a living in our mountainous fox hunting districts."

In selecting this animal as typical of the American foxhound the Dog Chat writer displays a woeful obliquity of visiou. He should extend his horizon. In the South he will find fox hunting districts that are not mountainous, and hounds that do not pick up a living, but that are as carefully bred and as well nurtured as any that all England can boast. I know of some well bred, well kept packs in your own State of New York, notably Mr. Wordsworth's, of the Genesee Valley Hunt, but they are all of recent origin, are largely of English blood, and have no pretensions to the title of the American hound. The Southern foxhound is the typical American hound. Not one drop of English blood defiled his fountain source. He was of Irish origin. Now, for more than a century the Southern hounds have been bred pure and true, and all their training has been directed to produce dogs that could catch the cunning red fox. To face him in a fair fight, to beat him at his own game, to pit speed fairly against his speed—that has been the endeavor of the Southern fox hunter. The result is an animal pre-eminent in those qualities which make the perfect red fox dog. In England the reverse of these conditions prevails.

Fox hunting iu Euglaud almost from its inception has been in the highly artificial state which characterizes it at present. There the constant endeavor is to preserve rather than kill the foxes, and to produce a pack of dogs that look pretty, give good tongue, run evenly and well together, and not too fast to follow. Before fox huntiug was hare hunting; before the foxhound was his progenitor, the harrier. Hare hunting long antedated fox hunting, packs were kept and the chase followed just as fox hunting is now conducted. The decline of this sport was coeval with the advance of agriculture. The day of high farming came. Population increased and under its pressing needs the farm began to appear like a large garden. Then the visit of a pack of harriers was something to be dreaded. A day spent in running rings around the grounds with their horse and foot attendants meant disaster to the crops, and to-day the harrier has been banished to the countries where there is yet some wild land such as the moorlands around the ancient town of Penistone where the oldest pack of harriers in the kingdom is still preserved.

Upon fox hunting the farmer looks with more favor. The fixture only comes around to him a couple of times in the season, and then most likely they find and go away, the last "bit of pink" disappears in the distance, and in the course of a few minutes his men and maids and startled "Dobbins" have settled down to work again.

But there was a still more important reason for the decline of the harrier and the evolution of the foxhound. The hunter came to care less for hunting than for ridiug. A good straight burst was wanted. This the hare seldom furnished, the fox invariably. So the Englishman hunted to ride. A gallop was the desideratum. But if the Squire Westerns of old, those bluff four-bottle fellows, with their long coats and their stout bob-tailed horses, who sang,

"Before the sun rises away we fly,
To sleep in the downy beds scorning,"

could only return, they would find their hours too early for the *fin de siècle* foxes of to-day. Their degenerate descendants go to the meet at ten, and there feed and gossip with milady before going out to hunt, which is really to take their after-breakfast gallop. At ten! Think of it, you American hunters of wild foxes!

Read the dull, verbose reports of the many meets in the English journals and you will ascertain, if you keep awake, that Lord Looney was there on a chestnut cob, and Lady Lunkhead on a bay one, etc., *ad nauseam*, but never a word will you see about the dogs, what they were or what they did. It is as intensely interesting as reading a few pages out of a city directory. As a matter of fact the performance of the dogs is a matter of supreme indifference so long as they follow the trail fast enough to keep out of the way of the horses' hoofs.

The American fox hunter finds his keenest delight in the work of the dogs. There is never a moment while in hearing that he cannot tell the position of each in the pack. In Kentucky the wonderful limestone soil, the climate or blue grass, or whatever it is that makes her horses the fastest and her women the handsomest, has had its potent effect upon the foxhound; and this State has produced the fastest and most enduring foxhounds that ever picked up a red fox. Transplanted to far distant climes their supremacy has been established in the field.

The Kentuckian may be selected as a typical American fox hunter. Every citizen of the Blue Grass State is *sui generis* a lover of that great product of the blue grass—the horse. But he is not engrossed in horse. He does not hunt to ride; he rides to be in the hunt. He does not regard fences as opportunities; he avoids them as obstacles. He simply draws the line betweeu steeplechasing and hunting. He takes his sport like his liquor—straight. He does not believe in mixing drinks. His rule is to jump anything you must, but nothing that you can help.

The Dog Chat writer could with more justice have drawn his invidious comparison between the American fox who picks up a living and the "carefully bred, well nurtured" English fox. With his ample and luxurious fare, his board and lodging both provided, and an army of retainers to look after his welfare, I fear the fat, sleek, tame fox of England is too often, in racing parlance, "short of work." Under the conditions prevailing in America, just one week would suffice to wipe out the foxes of that little island. They would be as extinct as the dinotherm.

In America the fox survives solely through his superior fitness. A perpetual vendetta exists between him and the lord of the soil. To-day in the midst of our nineteenth century civilization from which has been banished his more powerful congener the wolf and every other animal inimical to man, he alone, the unmitigated enemy, the vulpine Ishmaelite fares gaily forth to levy his tribute upon the barnyard. He has circumvented every snare, met superior force with superior cunning, and to-day he is the last link which connects us with that primeval nature which our progenitors extirpated. It is a case of the survival of the fittest.

To you my brethren who stand without the pale of the fox-hunting fraterniity, who have not learned the lore in the bitter school of experience, the anomalous fact of his existence amid his inimical surroundiugs, should convince you that the red fox is a foe worthy of our steel. For the ruthless methods of the skiu-hunter, who lays in wait with a shotgun, the gentleman sportsman has but oue designation, the most dastardly of crimes, assassination. But to breed and break a pack of hounds able to run faster than the fox and carry his trail too, to surpass his endurance, and to circumvent his wiles, that is the endeavor of the Southern fox hunter, and the Southern foxhound of to-day represents the culmination of a century of such endeavor. F. J. H.

Advisory Committee Meeting.

IN addition to the resolution of this meeting regarding the World's Fair show postponement, the following business was done at the meeting held July 6.

In the matter of Dr. Kenny vs. Rhode Island Poultry Association.

Resolved, That the Rhode Island Poultry Association was in error, as claimed by the plaintiff, and the winnings involved are hereby declared forfeited. It is further resolved that while the defendants were guilty, as charged, the fact that there was no precedent to guide them is considered extenuating, therefore no penalty is affixed.

Attention of associate members in arrears for dues is called to the following resolution:

Ordered, That the secretary be directed to notify all associates in arrears that their names have been posted in the club for non-payment of dues, and unless said dues are paid on or before Oct. 1, they will be dropped from membership.

The following resolutiou was offered by Dr. J. Frank Perry:

Whereas, After some three years' experience in the trial of cases of alleged misconduct, this committee has come to the conclusion and belief that the American Kennel Club should not consider and render judgment in cases of complaint based on monetary transaction unless fraud, deceit, trickery or the like is obvious, and that in complaints where legal redress is possible, and these elements do not appear, this club should not act; be it therefore

Resolved, That a resolution be presented at the next executive committee meeting for action by the American Kennel Club, as a body, defining its jurisdiction more specifically, in accordance with the above opinion.

There were present at the meeting, Messrs. August Belmont, W. C. Reick, J. Frank Perry, H. B. Cromwell, T. H. Terry, the latter for a short time.

Signal Coming Over.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After a winter's sport over Blue Rock in South Carolina, I made up my mind that the more we have of such field stock in America the better, and have purchased his full brother Signal. This dog has won six field trial prizes and proven his ability to compete with the greatest field trial winning English setters and pointers in Europe, and withal, is said to be a good looking one.

His breeder, who has bred the winner of the Puppy Stakes for four years at the Irish trials, writes me: "I consider him one of the best of any breed living to-day. He is a bold ranger, carries a most beautiful head and has a good nose, he has great style and besides is in every sense of the word a show dog."

The London *Field* has said of him: "A big, good-looking dog, an untiring worker, his nose is good, he ranges freely, is well brokeu, and under very fair command. There have been few better red setters than Signal, and his performance at the Irish trials will long be remembered by those who saw him run there."

The report of American *Field* stated "A handsome, upstanding dog who will make a show winner. He goes a great pace, carries his head well, ranges well into the wind, and is altogether a grand dog."

Mr. Cooper, who owns so many Irish setter winners at the Irish and English trials, writes me: "Signal is a grand looking dog, up to show form and a clinker in the field, very clever and very fast."

With such impartial opinions in his favor Signal must be worthy of importation. MONT CLARE.

Northwestern Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Handlers or owners, in the States, who are bringing dogs to compete in our trials, will save themselves much annoyance by sending me particulars. That is, the number, sexes and colors of dogs, also date and route they are traveling by. If they do this a few days beforehand, I will give bonds for the free entry of the dogs at the port of entry. If they fail to do this, they will require to come on to Winnipeg, which means considerable delay, inconvenience and expense.

Birds are very numerous this year, but, having had more rain than usual this season, mosquitoes have in consequence been very troublesome, so much so in fact that I have never had a dog in the field since last fall. THOS. JOHNSON,
Hon. Sec. Treas. Northwestern F. T. C

WINNIPEG, Manitoba.

National Beagle Club.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 1.—The adjourned meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Boardway, New York, N. Y., on July 31. Present were President Kreuder, Messrs. Schellhass, Laick, Bateman, Roberts, A. D. Lewis, Geo. W. Rogers.

Messrs. James T. Flannelly and O. W. Brooking offered their resignations from the club, which were accepted. Mr. W. H. Child offered his resignation and Mr. Schellhass was appointed a committee to ascertain the reason of his resignation.

The Blue Grass K. C. of Lexington, Ky., the Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club and the Toronto Industrial Exposition K. C. asked the N. B. C. of America to donate special prizes to their respective shows, but as the N. B. C. of America will devote all its energy toward the coming field trials, the above asked for specials were not granted. Mr. Pottinger Dorsey stated in a letter to the club that the special prize won by Lee II. as absolute winner of 1892 had not been paid by last year's management of the club. It was voted that a suitable piece of silver plate be purchased by the committee appointed, the same to be presented to Mr. Pottinger Dorsey as a special won by Lee II. at 1892 field trials. Meeting adjourned at 4 P. M.

A meeting of the field trial committee was then held. Present: Kreuder, Laick, Bateman, Schellhass, A. D. Lewis, E. G. Roberts, H. W. Lacy, by proxy.

It was voted that A. D. Lewis be added to the field trial committee.

Voted that there be no absolute winner class. Voted that the classes be as follows:

Class A for dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any class at field trials held by N. B. C.

Open class B for dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any class at field trials held by N. B. C.

Derby class C for dogs and bitches, 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892.

Champion class D for dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and over 13in., having been placed first in any class at field trials held by N. B. C.

Champion class D for dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, having been placed first in any class at field trials held by N. B. C.

CONDITIONS.

Class A—Entries close Oct. 5, 1893. Fee to start, $10, of which amount $3 forfeit must accompany entry and balance to be paid prior to starting the class. First prize, $60; second prize, $40, third prize, $20.

Class B—Entries close Oct. 5, 1893. Fee to start, $7, of which $3 forfeit must accompany entry. First prize, $30; second prize, $20; third prize, $10.

Class C—Entries close Oct. 5, 1893. Fee to start, $5, of which $2 forfeit must accompany entry and balance to be paid prior to starting in class. First prize, $20; second prize, $10.

Class D—Entries close Oct. 5, 1893. For dogs and bitches having been placed first at trials of 1890, 1891, 1892 and 1893, held by N. B. C. Fee to start, $10, of which $5 forfeit must accompany entry, balance to be paid before starting Class A. First prize winners of Classes A and C. Entries close during trials and before starting of class. Fee to start, $10, which must be paid prior to starting class. First prize, 60 per cent.; second prize, 30 per cent.

Class E—Entries close Oct. 5, 1893. For dogs and bitches having been placed first at trials of 1890, 1891, 1892 and 1893, held by the N. B. C. Fee to start, $10, of which $5 forfeit must accompany entry, balance to be paid before starting Classes B and C.

First prize winners of Class B or C entries close during trials, fee to start, $10, which must be paid before starting class. First prize 60 per cent., second 30 per cent.

Trials to begin October 30, 1893.

Mr. Joe Lewis was selected to act as one of the field trial judges and to be asked to state his terms. Mr. William Tallman was also selected as one of the judges, provided his terms will be acceptable to the club.

Voted that we hold no bench show. Voted that a brace stake be made for dogs and bitches under 15in., fee to start $10, which must be paid before starting class. First prize 60 per cent., second 30 per cent.

Voted that a pack stake be made for dogs and bitches under 15in. Fee to start $15. First prize, 60 per cent., second prize, 30 per cent.

Note: All dogs are eligible for brace and pack stake whether running in regular trials or not.

GEO. LAICK, Sec'y.

Coursing.

WINFIELD, Kan.—The Cowley County Coursing Association's open meeting will occur this year on Nov. 7 and succeeding days. Mr. E. H. Mulcaster has been invited to judge and Mr. J. R. Cochran will slip.

J. R. BALLARD, Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Beau Noble. By Inwood Kennels, Providence, R. I., for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped April 27, 1893, by Count Noble (Ben—Belle) out of Fenmont (Beaumont—Belle Stephens).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Oky—Eberhart's Cashier. W. F. Harn's (Oklahoma City, O. T.) pug bitch Oky (champion Kash—Lady Clover) to Eberhart Pug Kennels' Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora), July 27.

Countess—Ebor Larchmont. W. L. Davidson's smooth fox-terrier bitch Countess to S. J. Rogers's Ebor Larchmont, July 29.

Miss V.—Blemton Stipend. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Miss V. (Max—Beverwyck Rhoda) to Kempton Park's Blemton Stipend (Stipendiary—Spinster), May 11.

Leinster Baby—Shelby New Forrest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Leinster Baby (Raby Jim—Hillside Rue) to their Shelby New Forrest (New Forrest—Holcombe Jill), July 21.

Wilton Leah—Shelby New Forrest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Wilton Leah (Regent Vox—Royal Dart) to their Shelby New Forrest (New Forrest—Holcombe Jill), July 19.

Shamrock—Shelby New Forrest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Shamrock (Beverwyck Trap—Tulip) to their Shelby New Forrest (New Forrest—Holcombe Jill), July 12.

Hurstbourne Vic—Shelby New Forrest. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans. La.) fox-terrier bitch Hurstbourne Vic (Luke—Oriole Vic) to their Shelby New Forrest (New Forrest—Holcombe Jill), July 5.

Tona Wanda—King of Lynn. F. H. Nash's (Great Falls, N. H.) pointer bitch Tona Wanda (Bang Bang—Underhill's Jane) to Robert Leslie's King of Lynn (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso), July 18.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Miss V. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Miss V. (Max—Beverwyck Rhoda), July 11, four (one dog), by Kempton Park's Blemton Stipend (Stipendiary—Spinster).

Bessie Girl. T. E. Roberts's (White Plains, N. Y.) pointer bitch Bessie Girl (Voltaire—Renie), July 16, seven (three dogs), by Bronx Valley Kennels' Axtel King Don (King Don—Meteor's Del).

Juliette. D. S. Bennett's (Wrentham, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Juliette (Captain Dan—Mollie Pitcher), July 5, eight (four dogs), by Inwood Kennels' Count Noble (Ben—Belle).

Blossom. H. B. Murchie's (Calais, Me.) St. Bernard bitch Blossom (Albert Plinlimmon—bitch by Victor Joseph), Aug. 3, eight (five dogs), by New York St. Bernard Kennels' Sir Bedivere.

Shamrock. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Shamrock (Beverwyck Trap—Tulip), Feb. 23, seven (one dog), by their Shelby New Forrest (New Forrest—Holcombe Jill).

Rosalind. C. J. Mischler's (New Orleans, La.) fox-terrier bitch Rosalind (Lythan Crack—Lythan Belle), Feb. 14, four (three dogs), by Leinster Kennels' Dixie Tartar (Raby Mixer—Hillside Rue).

Gipsey. W. W. Gang's (Baton Rouge, La.) fox-terrier bitch Gipsey (Sport—Gipsey), Feb. 1, seven (four dogs), by Leinster Kennels' Dixie Tartar (Raby Mixer—Hillside Rue).

Leinster Baby. Leinster Kennels' (New Orleans. La.) fox-terrier bitch Leinster Baby (Raby Jim—Hillside Rue), Feb. 25, three bitches, by their Shelby New Forrest (New Forrest—Holcombe Jill).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Kent II.—Countess Addie whelp. Black, white and ticked English setter dog, whelped Feb 9, 1893, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to Frank Grant, Torrington, Conn.

Dixie Tartar—Gipsey whelp. White and black fox-terrier bitch, whelped Dec. 12, 1892, by Leinster Kennels, New Orleans, La., to W. G. Jones, Temple, Tex.

Don Noble. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped April 29, 1893, by Count Noble out of Fenmont, by Inwood Kennels, Providence, R. I., to G. H. Lomas, Pawtucket, R. I.

Leinster Folly. Black, white and tan fox-terrier dog, whelped Jan. 29, 1893, by Raby Jim out of Hillside Rue, by Leinster Kennels, New Orleans, La. to W. E. Stauffer, same place.

Thasmo Sport. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped Sept. 3, 1891, by Frank Smith out of Bell Swift, by F. M. Thomas, Catskill, N. Y., to G. P. Matteson, Oswego, N. Y.

Thasmo Ned. Red Irish setter dog, whelped June 16, 1891, by Charles W. out of Lady Learnerd, by F. M. Thomas, Catskill, N. Y., to G. A. Kenken, New York city.

Sporty Thasmo. Black, white and tan beagle dog, whelped Sept. 10, 1891, by Athens out of Belle, by F. M. Thomas, Catskill, N. Y., to Jas. Porter, Davenport, Ia.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

H. B. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Could a dog be poisoned by eating the vomit of a man taken with a violent attack of colic? Ans. No, providing the colic in the man was not caused by a poison.

J. J. C., Detroit, Mich.—Will you kindly give the pedigree of the English setter No. 18,746? Ans. We cannot find an English setter with that number in the Stud Book. Can you give the name of the dog?

C. S. W. Covert, N. Y.—There is nothing in the game laws of New York in reference to using ferrets on rabbits in the open season.

Business.

RESULTS OF A SMALL "ADV."—Catskills, N. Y., Aug. 4.—The Forest and Stream Pub. Co.: Find inclosed three sales blanks which kindly insert under their head. They are the result of my adv. (small) in your July 22, 1893, number. The other dogs there advertised are now subject to many probable purchasers. F. M. THOMAS.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

13. Cor., San Fran., Rowing Races, Tiburon.
14. Hempstead Bay, third Club, Hempstead Bay.
14. New York Cruise, run to New Bedford.
14-19. Cor., Marblehead, Midsummer Series.
15. New York Cruise, run to Newport.
16. Monatiquot, 2d Cham., Weymouth.
16. Savin Hill, Sail-off, Dorchester Bay.
19. Mos. Fleet, Cham., So. Boston.
19. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass
19. Riverside, Ladies' Day Race, Riverside, Conn.
19. Quincy, ClubRace, Quincy, Mass
19. Beverly, 1st Open, Quissett.
19. So. Boston, 3d Cham., So. Boston
19. Winthrop, 2d Cham.
19. Royal Can., Skiff Class, Tor.
19-20. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Goat Island.
19. Savin Hill, Union Open, Dorchester Bay.
21. Rhode Island, Open.
22. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay.
22. Fall River, Open, Mount Hope Bay.
24. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
24. Commonwealth, 2d Pen, Boston
25. Staten Island, Ladies' Day.
26. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
26. Cor., Atlantic City, Annual.
26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham.
26. Monatiquot, 3d Cham., Weymouth.
26. Minnetonka, sail off.
26. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
26. Sippican, Open, Marion.
26. Cor. Mos. Fleet An. New Rochelle
26. Royal Nova Scotia, Open, Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.
26-27. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Petaluma Creek.
26-28. Royal Canadian, Cruise.
28. Eastern, Weld Cup, Marblehead.
31. Atlantic, 85ft. Class, New York
—. Cor., Sweeps, 85ft. Class, Newport.
—. New York Cruise, Astor Cups, Newport.
—. Seawanhaka, 85ft. special.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Savin Hill, 2d Cup, Dorchester Bay.
2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off.
2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mou. Beach.
2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open Boats, College Point.
2. Quincy, ClubRace, Quincy, Mass
2. Rochester, Cruise, Charlotte.
2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
2. Winthrop, Consolation Race.
2. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st Class, Toronto.
2. Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, Open, Halifax.
4. Fall River, Club, Mount Hope Bay.
4. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.
4. Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Beach.
6. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point.
9. Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 85ft. Class, Larchmont.
9. Beverly, Marblehead.
9. Cor., San Francisco, Channel Cruise and Race.
9. Commonwealth, 3d Pen, Boston
9. Buffalo, Cruising Sweepstakes, All Classes, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Can., Prince of Wales Cup, Toronto.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, triangle
9. Sippican, 3d Champ., Marion.
14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
14. Rochester, Review and Ladies Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
14. Mos. Fleet, Open, Cash, South Boston.
15. New York, autumn sweeps, New York.
16. Royal Nova Scotia, Special Class, Edwards Cup.
16. Royal Can., 30ft Class, Tor.
16. Phila., Open, Delaware River.
16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Royal Can., Cosgrove Cup, 25ft. Class, Toronto.
23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and Corinthian Games.
7-9-11-13. New York, Trial Races, Sandy Hook.

OCTOBER.

5-7-9. New York, America's Cup, Sandy Hook.
7. Miramichi, Chatham-Newcastle
7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day.
14. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor.
—. Colt Cup, 85-footers, Long Island Sound.

CONSIDERING the fleet gathered at Cowes for the week of the Royal Yacht Squadron, that great and august body began its racing with something very much akin to a farce. The race for the Queen's cup, the principal prize of the year, was in the first place made a handicap, thus robbing it of all interest. Handicaps are all very well in their way, but with five new racing craft sailing regularly under the Y. R. A. allowances, few yachtsmen would care to waste time over a handicap for such outbuilt craft as Thistle and Wendur, with the little Mohawk thrown in. In addition to being a handicap the race was limited to yachts enrolled in the Squadron, thus shutting out Satanita, Calluna and Navahoe, all new craft. What little interest attached to the race between Valkyrie and Britannia under such conditions disappeared entirely when it was learned that the former, after beating Britannia by a safe margin, and Meteor (Thistle) by a quarter of an hour, was disqualified for passing a mark on the wrong hand. By a fortunate chance Meteor was just within her handicap time of Britannia, and so won the cup, to the great gratification of her Imperial owner, who, as one dispatch says, was seriously disappointed last year when he was beaten by the 40-rater Corsair. It is also stated that the captain and crew of Valkyrie, who doubtless worked hard enough to win, were disgusted and indignant at the final result. The race next day for the Meteor shield was a similar failure, only two yachts, Britannia and Satanita, starting. An open race for each of these trophies would have brought out the finest fleet that has started in England for many years, and might have helped yachting as much as these two absurd contests have retarded it.

LAST week the daily papers were full of a sensational story, originating in New York, to the effect that the new Paine fin-keel Jubilee had turned out a complete failure, and would not start in the trial races, some adding the important intelligence that General Paine was about to fit out the Volunteer. The only foundation for the story seems to be that General Paine has neglected to make a formal entry for the trial races before August 1, the date set by the committee. Jubilee is to all appearances doing fully as well as most new boats, and she will be in the races this week with the others of her class.

OPINIONS as to Navahoe have traversed the whole range, from highest to lowest, and the anxious yachtsman may, according to his sympathies, American or British, read with delight that she is far and away superior to the four new British yachts, or that she is unmanageable and has nearly capsized. The most reasonable supposition from the races sailed up to this time is that she met her best weather in her first race, a good breeze, in which she could carry her large topsail easily; and that in heavier weather she is still lacking in power, and is likely to be defeated by the home boats. Considering the many disadvantages under which she labors as compared with the others, in strange waters, racing against a foreign fleet, and her first race virtually a trial trip, the result was remarkably good, in fact an agreeable surprise. That she has been beaten in strong winds is in no way surprising from what has been suspected from the first, of her lack of power, even with the outside lead. With a few more trials a marked improvement may be looked for, and it now seems likely that with moderate weather to aid her she will do no discredit to America, even though she should fail to bring back the three cups she has gone for.

THE comments of the English papers, the *Times* in particular, on Navahoe are very amusing, and quite on a par with similar expert opinions printed on this side. Among other comments the *Times* says: "The Navahoe's behavior during the week certainly supports British yachtsmen in the opinion that the centerboard yacht, as developed by American designers, is only fit for fine weather." Although Navahoe has a centerboard, she has absolutely nothing else in common with the national type of centerboard yacht, in fact she draws just about the same water as Genesta, Galatea and Thistle, with as low or lower ballast. The centerboard has suffered in the past from being found in very bad company, great beam, shoal draft and poor construction; but there is nothing in the board itself which makes a vessel unseaworthy apart from its model. There was a time when the centerboard was found only in vessels of a dangerous type: but that time has passed; the *Times* must be a long way astern if it has not heard of the sailing of Puritan and Thetis in hard weather, not to mention Volunteer and the many other modern centerboard cutters.

WE venture the prediction now, looking to the end of the season to justify it, that designers on both sides, and especially in America, have been hurried by circumstances into a size of hull which they do not yet know how to spar or canvas properly; and that the highest speeds of the new boats will not be reached until very marked advances have been made in spar making and sail making. It would seem that in the mast or boom of 100ft. the limit of strength of a single grown stick had been exceeded, and that to stand properly such spars must be in effect built trusses of wood or steel. It is doubtful as well whether the best of the new sails are strong enough to stand as sails have stood in the past, and whether stronger materials and new methods of roping are not necessary. In all the races of 1885-'86 and '87, we fail to recall a single accident to any of the big boats more serious than the carrying away of a topmast—not a mast or bowsprit was lost, or a lower sail torn. The record of the British racing this year shows one succession of new spars, and we look for the same experience in the still more powerful boats on this side.

Two reports have come this week by cable, one of a 90-footer for the Emperor of Germany, and one of a challenge for the America Cup next year in the event of Valkyrie's failure. It is rather soon yet to talk of a challenge from a real 90-footer, but in view of the mechanical difficulties yet unsolved in the new 86ft. boats, of the immense outlay involved, and of the probable after effects of the present financial depression, it would be an unfortunate thing if the Cup racing should be moved up to a still larger class. The question is worthy of consideration whether it is not desirable and at the same time possible for the two yachting nations to unite in establishing a limit of size for single stick yachts in international competition for such trophies as the America and Royal Victoria Cups. Such a course would prevent all outbuilding and would be manifestly to the advantage of both sides.

Chesapeake Bay Y. C. Special Open Race.

OWING to a difference of opinion as to the speed of the yachts in the annual open regatta of the club off Claiburn on July 6, it was arranged to hold a special open race to start from the harbor of St. Michaels on Tuesday, August 1. Owing to want of wind this race was postponed to 2d inst.

Wind moderate N. but very baffling. Course from line drawn from Tyler's Wharf, St. Michael's harbor, to judges' boat, thence to Wyetown buoy and back to a stake boat at mouth of harbor and repeat. Course of second class from same imaginary line to Wyetown buoy, thence to stake boat at mouth of harbor, thence to Long Point buoy and back to starting line. Distance for first class, thirteen and one-quarter (nautical) miles; second class, eleven and one-half (nautical) miles.

The champion class sailed without restrictions as to sails or ballast; this allows the use of outriggers which are always used unless specially restricted. In the second class outriggers were barred, and no shifting dead ballast allowed, and not more than six men in any boat. The gun for championship class was fired at 9:55 o'clock, and starting gun at 10 o'clock.

CHAMPIONSHIP CLASS—31 TO 38FT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Island Belle	35.01	4 05 30	4 05 27
Island Bride	35.02	4 17 30	4 17 20
Golden Rod	35.05	4 20 30	4 20 30
Ma Belle	35.04	3 20 30	4 20 23
Harkaway	34.10	4 39 50	4 39 10

SECOND CLASS—24 TO 31FT.

Island Bird	27.00	3 45 10	3 43 15
Lucy Lee	29.10	4 10 03	4 10 03
Sam and Charley	28.11	4 17 30	4 09 54
Samuel H	28.05	4 17 20	4 15 45

The performance of Island Bird was a wonderful one, considering she sailed the race with only her three sails, mainsail, foresail and jib, while in the champion class immense light sails were used off the wind, and owing to the fact that outriggers were barred, the Island Bird only used a comparatively small suit of sails to windward, yet her time over the course, eleven and one-half nautical miles, was 3h. 45m. 10s., which compares well with that of the world beater, Island Belle, viz.: 4h. 5m. 30s. over a thirteen and one-quarter nautical mile course. J. G. MORRIS, Sec.

The Stamford Y. C. has offered a silver cup costing $200 for a special race for sloops, cutters and yawls between 36 and 43ft. racing length, to be sailed off Stamford on Saturday, Aug. 26.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE, 1893.

IT is rather a strange turn of affairs that has gradually taken place of late years, the virtual opening of the racing season in August instead of June; but it is more and more apparent each year that the life has gone out of early racing, and that the real sport only begins with the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise. Important as this grand gathering of the fleet has become, there is much lost by the very late beginning of the season, especially when new yachts built for international races are to be tried and worked up; and it would be in every way better if the old-time June racing could be restored. With the racing fleet in readiness about the middle of June there would not only be several weeks of good racing then, but the boats would be in better condition for the races of the cruise, and the latter would gain rather than lose.

This year the spring races are not worth considering, the results, such as they are, may be entirely disregarded; and the race of Tuesday last may be considered as the first of the season.

The programme this year is much the same as in 1891–2, the rendezvous being at Glen Cove, at the west end of Long Island Sound, and the regular squadron runs being made as follows: August 8, Glen Cove to Morris Cove (New Haven); 9, Morris Cove to New London; 10, New London to Newport; 12, Newport to Vineyard Haven; 14, Vineyard Haven to New Bedford; 15, New Bedford to Newport. This year there has been no talk of prolonging the cruise around the Cape, such a course being manifestly impossible on account of the many races of the 85-footers which must be sailed.

The official programme of the cruise is as follows:

By invitation of the commodore, the regatta committe will make the cruise on the flagship. Yachts entered for any racing event will display their numbers and private signals, Rule X., Section 3. Numbers can be obtained at the club house, 67 Madison ave., or on board the May. Club rules and time allowances will govern all races unless otherwise directed. Entries must be made in writing and addressed to the committee. Race records can be obtained on board the May.

Racing events—Sailing directions will be mailed later. They can also be obtained at the club house and on board the May.

Off the rendezvous, Aug. 7. The Commodore's Cups.—The commodore offers a cup for schooners and a cup for sloops, cutters and yawls, to be sailed for on the day of rendezvous by yachts belonging to the club, in racing trim. Start, 11:30 A. M. Entries will be received at the club house up to 10 P. M., Aug. 5, and on board the May up to 10:30 A. M., Aug. 7. Course, triangular, from off Glen Cove to the eastward and return, 30 miles.

Newport, Aug. 11. The Goelet Cups, 12th series.—For schooners a $1,000 cup. For sloops, cutters and yawls a $500 cup. Offered by Capt. Ogden Goelet, N. Y. Y. C., and open to yachts belonging to the club that have not hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise. Capt. Goelet reserves the privilege of inviting foreign yachts that may be in American waters, to enter the race. Start, 11:30 A. M. Entries will be received at the club house up to 10 P. M., Aug. 5, and on board the May up to 8 A. M., Aug. 11. Course No. 4 or No. 5 (By-Laws, Chap. XVI.) as may be signalled.

On the squadron's return from the eastward—The Astor Cups—Capt. J. J. Astor, N. Y. Y. C., offers two $600 cups to be sailed for off Newport by sloops, cutters and yawls belonging to the club. Capt. Astor reserves the right to admit foreign yachts in American waters. Time limit, 6 hours. Start, 11 A. M. Entries will be received at the club house up to 10 P. M., Aug. 5, and on the May up to 10 A. M., Aug. 16. Course, a triangle, 10 miles to a leg, the first leg to windward, if possible. The winner of the first day's race is to take one cup, and the winner, second and third and fourth boats shall compete in the second race for the other cup. In the event of the second cup being won by the boat which was second or third in the first day's race, there shall be a third race between these two boats, and the winner of the third race shall take both cups.

Squadron runs.—There will be the customary runs from port to port, in cruising trim. In each class there will be a prize for first if two, or more, start; and a prize for second if four, or more, start. When the commodore has ordered the squadron under way, the May will establish the starting line, and yachts wishing to be timed will Cross displaying their numbers and private signals. They will finish between the May and the points indicated. Water can be taken into, and started from, the tanks up to 8 o'clock each morning.

Steamboats for members. Aug. 7.—The Commodore's Cup.—The Taurus (Iron Steamboat Co.) will leave the foot of East 26th st. at 9:45 A. M.; Long Island City (annex of L. I. R. R.) at 10, and will make a landing at Roslyn. She will touch at these points returning. Members can obtain their tickets, which will not be transferable and will admit one lady each—and extra tickets $3 each—from the superintendent at the club house, 67 Madison ave.

Aug. 11. The Goelet Cups.—The Gay Head (New England and Nantucket Line) will leave the foot of Long Wharf, Newport, at 10 A. M. Members can obtain tickets, $3 each, and extra tickets at the same price, from the superintendent, 67 Madison ave., or Capt. F. J. Sands, N. Y. Y. C., station No. 6, Newport. Should the race be postponed, the arrangements will hold good on the 12th.

The Astor Cups.—The sea-going tug Luckenbach will leave the foot of Long Wharf at 10:15 on the morning of each race. Members can obtain their tickets, $3 each, and extra tickets at the same price, from Capt. Sands, at the Newport station.

Tickets for each of these events will include lunch, exclusive of wines.

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
IRVING GRINNELL,
} Regatta Committee.

With ordinarily good weather there is every good prospect of the programme being carried out and of the fleet being back at Newport by Aug. 15 and disbanding on that date. These runs will, as usual, be races for all to choose to start, in cruising trim, with a first prize for two starters and a second prize for four, in each class and each run.

Apart from the racing runs three races will be sailed, the first on the day of rendezvous, Aug. 7, off Glen Cove, for two cups, one for schooners and one for single-stickers, presented by Com. Morgan, all yachts being in cruising trim. This race will give to the many members about New York an opportunity to see the fleet under way and the racing division in a race. The second race of the cruise will be for the Goelet cups, sailed off Newport on Aug. 11, over one of the two regular courses, Sow and Pigs or Block Island, and will be notable as the first meeting of the four cup defenders. The third contest will be a series of two or three races, to be sailed off Newport at the return of the fleet, for two $600 cups, presented by Mr. Astor; this race being practically limited to the four big boats, as in the event of the starting of two or three of them it would be idle for a 46-footer to start. Yachts entering for any of the races must not have hauled out to clean after Monday.

For the past two weeks the yachts have been busy over the final preparations, most of them being docked as late as possible. Colonia came down from Newport and hauled out at Downing & Lawrence's railway, Gowanus, on Aug. 1, where she was held until the morning tide of Monday, going over at 3 A. M. and towing to the start for the first race. Her new hollow boom proved entirely too limber on trial and was at once discarded temporarily for the former solid one; the boom buckled badly and drew the mainsail out of shape. Another hollow boom has been made for her at Bristol, 34in. diameter in the slings and 20in. at each end. It is built of two thicknesses Oregon pine, wooden hoops being used inside, with bracing between them. Being much larger than the first hollow boom, it is expected to be stiffer. A similar boom 100ft. long has also been made for Vigilant. The latter boat went out early in the week at Hawkins's ways, City Island, lying there only a couple of days, but during this time she was inspected by a large number of yachtsmen. Her bronze bottom was carefully polished and the topsides painted, and a new boom and gaff made by Piepgrass were shipped.

Jubilee was hauled out at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, on Aug. 2, in the presence of Gen. Paine and Mr. John B. Paine. She has had a solid topmast made to replace the hollow one first used, and one of the three shrouds of the hounds has been shifted to the masthead, making two to each point. Her mainsail has been cut down, as it had stretched considerably. Pilgrim was docked on Aug. 1, at the Boston Navy Yard, where a cradle of heavy timbers, similar to the one used in New York, was built for her by Mr. Jas. McIntyre, the yacht builder. She was scraped and painted and the small forward centerboard, which has never been required in sailing, was removed and the slot filled with wood. She and Jubilee will join the fleet at Newport, or possibly the latter may run to New London.

Monday, August 7, Commodore's Cups.

Glen Cove, Long Island Sound.

Monday was a perfect racing day, clear, warm and bright, and with a rattling northwest wind, strong and steady, save for the hard puffs that are always met from that quarter. The water was perfectly smooth and the breeze tempered the heat of the sun, so that the members and guests, for whom this race was specially planned by the Commodore, had everything to their liking in the matter of weather. The iron steamer Taurus was trading early, with a band on board and the usual complement of edibles, but strange to say the turnout was much smaller than one would expect, in fact, the members were slow to avail themselves of the good things provided by the club.

The course for the race was a 25 mile triangle, between Matinnicock Point, a markboat off Green's Ledge, Norwalk Islands, and a markboat off Lloyd's Neck and home. With the wind N.W it was impossible to obtain any beating, and the signals from the May called for the course sailed with all marks to starboard, as above, making a free reach to the first mark, 12½ miles, naut., a reach across to Lloyd's Neck, 4 miles, and a single long leg closehauled of 9½ miles to the finish,

As the race was mainly intended for those on the Taurus, the start was delayed as long as possible for the arrival of that vessel; but after leaving New York late and waiting for the usual laggards, she reached Glen Cove, where a large party was waiting, only to find that the ebb tide would prevent her getting into the dock. A long time was wasted in ferrying the ladies out in launches, and the race had started before the steamer left Glen Cove. With such a wind no steamboat in the iron fleet could overtake the yachts; so the members lost all of the first half of the race.

May, with Com. Morgan and the regatta committee aboard, was anchored about 1½ miles off Matinnicock Point, with a sloop carrying the club flag an eighth of a mile inshore of her, marking the line. When the preparatory gun was fired at 12:15, the Sound and Hempstead Bay was covered with a fleet of yachts, sail and steam, down to canoes and catboats.

The racing division included Vigilant, Colonia, Queen Mab and Hildegarde, and the schooners Lasca, Alcæa, Constellation, Coronet, Emerald, Dagmar, Ariel, Ramona and Marguerite. The starting gun for the single-stickers was fired at 12:25, the first over being Queen Mab, with Vigilant just to leeward and Colonia and Hildegarde about a minute astern. The schooners started five minutes later, the official times of the start being:

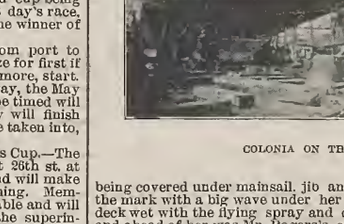
Queen Mab	12 26 13	Constellation	12 32 56
Vigilant	12 26 43	Lasca	12 33 23
Colonia	12 27 57	Dagmar	12 33 32
Hildegarde	12 28 03	Ramona	12 34 02
Alcæa	12 31 14	Marguerite	12 39 00
Ariel	12 31 29	Corouet	12 35 00
Emerald	12 32 14		

All carried jibheaded topsails and small jibtopsails, the two big cutters setting balloon foresails. With a strong quartering wind Vigilant set a high pace from the start, soon passing Queen Mab, but her race was a short one; when hardly a dozen minutes from the start her bowsprit and topmast went, the former a few feet outside the stem, and the latter at the cap; she dropped anchor, cleared the wreck and ran into Glen Cove, towing over to Piepgrass's yard later in the day for new spars before the Goelet Cup race of Friday. Coronet was also in trouble, her maintopsail getting adrift and blowing out to leeward for a time, finally breaking away and sailing like a white cloud through space before it dropped into the drink. Soon after her jibtopsail burst and flew far out to leeward.

Colonia was now in the lead, driving fast for the outer mark and holding her own at this work with Constellation, of 20ft. more waterline. The puffs came hard at times, and off Greenwich two or three of the schooners were luffing out and heeling to a dangerous angle. The times at the first mark were:

Colonia	1 26 30	Ariel	1 33 05
Constellation	1 31 20	Lasca	1 34 16
Alcæa	1 32 30	Ramona	1 34 40

After a jibe came a short reach across the Sound to Lloyd's Neck. The clew of Colonia's staysail burst and the sail was stowed, this leg



COLONIA ON THE RAILWAY.

being covered under mainsail, jib and working topsail. She came for the mark with a big wave under her lee bow, the weather side of the deck wet with the flying spray and quite a heel on. Just to leeward and ahead of her was Mr. Rogers's old Bedouin, now flying the colors of Mr. C. W. Wetmore, out for a sail with ladies on board. With Colonia's huge spars towering high above Bedouin's little ones, it seemed as though the new boat should walk quickly by, but the old cutter held her place well until the mark was passed and sheets trimmed in, when Colonia soon left her. The second mark was timed:

Colonia	1 47 50	Lasca	1 56 06
Constellation	1 51 11	Ramona	1 56 57
Alcæa	1 53 55	Emerald	1 59 40
Ariel	1 55 03	Coronet	2 01 39

After a quick luff and a pull at the sheets all were off for the finish, close-hauled on starboard tack. All weathered the line on this tack save Lasca, who fetched just to leeward of the mark-boat and had to make two short tacks to get across. The full times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ariel	12 31 29	2 48 14	2 16 45	not me.
Constellation	12 32 56	2 43 01	2 10 05	2 07 32
Lasca	12 33 23	2 49 56	2 16 33	2 08 33
Alcæa	12 31 14	2 47 10	2 15 56	not me.
Dagmar	12 33 32	3 01 55	2 28 23	2 11 21
Emerald	12 32 14	2 57 21	2 25 07	2 14 54
Ramona	12 34 02	2 50 20	2 16 18	2 13 16
Marguerite	12 35 00	3 03 43	2 28 43	2 16 09
Coronet	12 35 00	2 58 22	2 23 22	2 23 22

Dauntless, Mayflower and Loyal were entered, but did not start.

CUTTERS AND SLOOPS.

Colonia	12 27 57	2 34 36	2 06 39	2 00 00
Queen Mab	12 26 13	3 04 15	2 38 02	
Hildegard	12 28 03	3 18 52	2 50 49	
Vigilant	12 26 43	Disabled.		

Ariel probably wins the schooner cup, but she has not been measured. Colonia wins the single-stick cup. Not a few who witnessed the race were really looking to see Queen Mab make a bid for the prize against Colonia and Vigilant, and many expressions of surprise were heard at the way Vigilant walked by the little Watson boat. There is something very inconsistent in the contempt generally expressed for Valkyrie and Britannia and the general idea that the little Queen Mab may really save her time from the new Cup defenders. Even in a breeze there is nothing very wonderful in 11,000ft. of sail running away from 4,000ft. A better gauge of Queen Mab's ability may be had by the way she defeated Hildegarde, of her own length, once among the fastest of the centerboard sloops. After the race Colonia started at once in tow of the tug Dalzell for Newport. The fleet laid at anchor over night and sailed on Tuesday morning for Morris Cove.

Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron.

HALIFAX—HALIFAX HARBOR.

Saturday, July 29.

RACE No. 7, open to 3-raters, course No. 4. Starting off Squadron wharf to flag buoy in Dartmouth Cove, leaving it on starboard hand, thence passing to westward of George's Island, to Point Pleasant Buoy, thence to buoy off Woodside refinery, thence to outer flag buoy off Squadron wharf, leaving these marks on port hand, thence to Point Pleasant buoy, leaving it on starboard hand, and finish off Squadron wharf, $9^3/_{16}$ miles. Time limit, 4 hours; weather, unsettled; wind, south to southwest; starting gun fired at 2:35.

	Rating.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hildred, sloop, H. T. Jones	3	3 43 45	3 43 45
Thetis, cutter, A. A. McKay	3.3	3 42 34	3 40 09
Mentor, cutter, R. R. Kennedy	3.3	3 43 25	3 41 00
Tortoise, sloop, A. E. Jones		Did not finish.	
Valkyrie, sch., Lt. H. E. Marsh	1.7	3 17 20	3 12 00
Irene, sch., Capts. Elliott and Hartley	1.3	Did not finish.	

Winner first prize, Valkyrie; second, Thetis. Officers of the day, C. J. Wyhle and F. H. Bell.

Indian Harbor Y. C., Annual Regatta.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 29.

THE annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed on July 29, the day opening unfavorably for the large party on the club steamer, the rain falling steadily and a strong S.W. wind blowing. Later on the weather improved from the spectators' standpoint, and at the same time there was wind enough for the race to finish. The courses were, for all yachts not over 30ft., the 15-mile triangle between Little Captain's Island, Matinnicock and Center Island, and for the larger boats around the Matinnicock mark, then around the Center Island buoy and home again by Matinnicock. The chief incident of the day was the grounding of the schooner Loyal on the Hen and Chickens reef, as she was working for the starting line. She ran hard on the rocks, and with a falling tide nothing could be done by the steamers toward towing her off. Legs were rigged and a message sent to the Chapman Wrecking Co., whose derrick came up and hauled her off at high water that night, she going to Cold Spring to haul out. No serious damage was done. When the start was made at 12:45 P. M. the skies were clearing and the wind had fallen a little, the rest of the day being pleasant. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—SCHOONERS.				
Viator	12 47 05	5 23 11	4 36 06	4 14 49
Windward	13 49 23	Withdrew.		
Priscilla	12 48 21	Withdrew.		
Loyal	Ran on a shoal.			
CLASS B—SLOOPS 35FT. TO 40FT.				
Crocodile	12 47 39	Not timed.		
CLASS C—SLOOPS 30FT. TO 35FT.				
Daffodil	12 46 09	5 34 10	4 48 01	4 06
Viking	12 47 55	Withdrew.		
CLASS D—SLOOPS 25FT. TO 30FT.				
Kathleen	12 55 48	4 14 48	3 19 00	2 44 53
Alice	12 56 16	Not timed.		
Forsyth	12 56 54	Not timed.		
CLASS E—SLOOPS 21FT. TO 25FT.				
Chippewa	12 55 20	4 22 07	3 26 47	2 38 00
Alma	12 57 26	4 38 45	3 41 19	2 50 47
Beatrix	12 55 12	4 42 15	3 47 03	n't m.
CLASS F—SLOOPS UNDER 21FT.				
Wahneta	12 57 24	5 07 16	4 09 52	3 19 52
Julie	1 02 30	Withdrew.		
CLASS G—YAWLS.				
Kittie	12 56 50	4 50 07	3 53 17	3 09 37
Bessie	12 58 45	4 40 24	3 41 39	n't m.
CLASS H—CABIN CATBOATS 25 TO 30FT.				
Almira	12 58 19	4 36 59	3 38 40	n't m.
Mary	12 59 52	4 39 03	3 39 11	n't m.
CLASS I—CABIN CATBOATS 21 TO 25FT.				
Oconee	12 57 55	4 41 49	3 43 54	2 55 07
Anemone	12 59 55	4 30 45	3 30 50	2 45 06
Tigress	1 00 03	4 34 14	3 34 03	n't m.
CLASS J—CABIN CATBOATS UNDER 21FT.				
Water Witch	12 56 10	4 49 35	3 53 25	n't m.
Melita	1 02 24	Not timed.		
Willada	12 58 39	Not timed		
CLASS K—OPEN CATBOATS 22 TO 25FT.				
Gold Dust	1 02 47	4 32 27	3 29 40	2 37 39
Elftiva	1 00 47	4 57 38	3 56 51	3 00 53
Siren	12 57 40	4 42 47	3 45 07	2 53 51
CLASS L—OPEN CATBOATS 20 TO 22FT.				
Lassie	1 02 00	5 29 00	4 27 00	3 29 25
CLASS M—OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 20FT.				
Jewel	1 00 51	Withdrew.		
Phyllis	1 01 07	4 31 47	3 30 40	2 29 16
Duet	1 01 13	4 53 40	3 52 27	2 50 47

American Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Wednesday, Aug. 2.

THE seventh annual open regatta of the American Y. C. of Newburyport, Mass., was sailed on Aug. 2 in a reefing breeze from N. W., a very fine race resulting. A number of yachts came over from South Boston, several of them taking part. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS—23 TO 29FT. W. L.		
Wapiti, J. Bertram	2 31 17	1 40 23
Cirrus, Turner Bros	2 23 26	1 48 08
Agusta, George Hersey	2 35 37	1 54 21
Truant, N. D. Rodigrass	2 33 20	1 55 08
Viola, D. W. Frazier	2 37 06	1 55 50
Annie E. C. Decosta	2 38 47	2 00 31
Eulalie, P. M. Wheeler	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS—18 TO 23FT. W. L.		
Spurt, D. B. Pierce	1 43 52	1 09 11
Vexer, G. Murphy	1 49 15	1 14 28
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	1 48 32	1 16 08
Live Yankee, H. T. Moody	1 51 12	1 13 46
Ustane, W. P. Karshick	1 52 26	1 19 09
Promenade, W. McKay	1 57 45	1 21 49
Puzzler, Black & Hubbard	Withdrew.	
Vivian, C. E. Beckman	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS—14 TO 18FT. W. L.		
Rodie, G. W. Rodigrass	1 39 42	1 02 00
Wizard, C. E. Cartwright	1 42 01	1 02 59
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	1 41 42	1 03 41
Flirt, W. J. Hitchcock	1 44 07	1 08 42
Weasel, C. W. Wilson	1 45 47	1 08 46
Golu, W. P Kenney	1 48 45	1 09 54
Pert, W. P. Knight	1 44 35	1 10 17
Trifle, I. Besse	1 56 31	1 16 15
Fawn, F. S. Howland	1 56 26	1 17 35
FOURTH CLASS—DORIES UNDER 16FT. W.L.		
Gondola, J. H. Kenney	1 06 02	
Sadie, M. I. Poor, Jr.	1 08 25	
Kansas Coon, G. Harding	1 09 51	
Bee, A. S. Dyer	1 17 38	
Marvel, G. Welch	1 25 41	
Beatrice, E. N. Follansbee	1 30 00	
Gertrude, E. B. Allen	Withdrew.	
Pointer, W. M. Cures	Withdrew.	
Recreation, N. Maguire	Withdrew.	
Elsie, J. Hersey	Withdrew.	
Witch, J. Connely	Withdrew.	
Mary L., A. H. Batcheller	Withdrew.	

The owner of the Vexter reported that he had left one of the river buoys on the wrong side. The judges were N. D. Rodigrass, M. Kimball, J. H. Higgins, W. J. Creasy, J. W. Seavers and G. Noyes.

Plymouth Y. C., Ladies' Day.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Thursday, Aug. 3.

THE ladies' day race of the Plymouth Y. C. on Aug. 3 was by no means what its name would indicate, being sailed in a reefing breeze from S. W. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Future, W. J. Whitman	21.08	1 51 30	1 19 02
Bogie, J. D. Bacon	21.08	1 55 26	1 22 27
SECOND CLASS.			
Amie, E. Hartford	16.06	2 03 40	1 23 50
Sigred, Watson & Lootz	17.10	2 02 06	1 24 26
White Swallow, E. W. Watson	18.09	2 01 57	1 25 39
Leda, P. Plim	17.10	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Spray, C. F. Bradford	16.00	2 07 27	1 26 44
Cazique, E. W. Howland	17.03	2 07 11	1 28 35
Sachem, Frothingham	16.10	2 08 34	1 29 34
Gipsy Girl, W. Steel	17.04	2 09 45	1 31 17
Mystery, T. S. Dunon	14.11	2 14 30	1 31 44
Old Honesty, W. McDowell	16.10	2 13 51	1 34 35
Pilgrim, A. Bartlett	16.02	2 15 29	1 35 04
E. B. Weston, L. Symmes	16.10	2 16 14	1 36 58
FOURTH CLASS.			
Aphrodite, A. S. Fay	16.08	2 07 40	1 28 07
Two Stars, H. M. Jones	16.06	2 09 12	1 29 22
Abby D., G. Mentor	17.11	Withdrew.	

Monatiquot Y. C. Third Championship Race.

WEYMOUTH—BOSTON HARBOR.

Wednesday Aug. 2.

THE Monatiquot Y. C. sailed its third championship race on Aug. 2 in a fresh N.W. wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	1 35 15	1 06 52
Gipsy, H. R. Drinkwater	22.08	1 41 20	1 10 01
Mooudyne, A. J. Shaw	24.10	1 50 58	1 21 52
SECOND CLASS.			
Eulalie, E. S. Hunt	21.06	1 26 15	1 00 50
Opeechee, W. P Barker	19.06	1 29 38	1 02 13
Aurisa, H. M. Faxon	19.06	1 32 50	1 05 25
Diadem, L. A. Haywood	18.02	1 36 18	1 07 23
Secret, E. F. Linton	20.00	1 37 09	1 10 15
THIRD CLASS.			
Imp, G. Maybury	15.08	1 39 40	1 06 31
Mab, John Shaw	16.03	1 40 15	1 08 55

Eulalie is a new boat, sailing her first race. As a result of the race Beatrice wins a leg in the championship cup for the first class, and the Gypsy takes the cash prize; the Eulalie a leg in the second and the Opeechee the cash; the Imp a leg in the third and the Mab the cash. Judges, Henry Gardner, Dana Smith, T. Bagley and Secretary Sheppard.

The Isle of Wight Races.

During the past week the attention of the yachting world bas been concentrated on the small piece of water about the Isle of Wigbt, where the historic "Cowes Week" has assembled the entire British fleet and the American challenger Navahoe. Although a number of races have been sailed, the result is disappointing, thanks to the constant misbaps which attend the colossal racers, and also to tbe antiquated conditions surrounding some of the principle prizes, tbere has been but one race in wbicb the five new yacbts all sailed.

The accompanying cbart, reproduced from "Our Silver Streak," by Mr. Arthur Underhill, shows the Isle of Wigbt and the waters on which the races are sailed. The central point is the Royal Yacht Squadron castle at West Cowes, most of tbe races starting here. Tbe old "Queen's course" is from off Cowes, around a flagboat between Yarmouth and Lymington, around Hill Head buoy, tben around tbe Nab Lightship, 50 miles. Anotber course is from off Cowes around the Lepe huoy, then eastward and around the Warner, back to Cowes, two rounds making 50 miles, naut. Still another course is around the Isle of Wight, the course sailed in 1851, wben America won the Royal Yacht Squadron, since the America Cup. Tbe races of the Royal Southampton Y. C. and Royal Southern Y. C. start up Soutbampton water, those of the Royal London Y. C. start at Cowes, near tbe R. Y. S. bouse, those of the Royal Victoria start off Ryde, those of tbe Royal Albert Y. C. off Southsea, and tbose of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C. off Spitbead. The principal marks, tbe Warner, Nab, Lepe buoy, Hill Head huoy, Noman, Spithead, Brambles and Needles are given on tbe chart.

The regular fixtures for the remainder of tbe season are as follows: Tuesday, Aug. 8, Royal Victoria Y. C., four days' racing off Ryde. Beginning Monday Aug 14, the Royal Albert Y. C. has three days' racing off Southsea, after which the fleet sails to the westward, racing at Weymoutb, the Royal Dorset Y. C., on Aug. 18-19. Then follows the Torbay Royal Y. C. on Aug. 21, tbe Royal Torhay Y. C. on Aug. 22, and the Royal Dart Y. C. at Dartmouth, on Aug. 25, followed by the Start Bay Y. C. next day, also at Dartmouth. On Tuesday, Aug. 29, the Royal Western Y. C. regatta is sailed at Plymouth, and next day the Port of Plymouth regatta. This ends the regular races of the season, leaving the Royal Victoria Y. C. cup and the two American cups to be sailed for early in September. Valkyrie will sail few more races, the last being on Aug. 11, as she must hegin to fit out very soon, hut the other three, Britannia, Satanita and Calluna, with probably make the full round of races, as ahove, Navahoe accompanying them.

The reports cabled from Cowes and London of the races last week are very incomplete and unsatisfactory, and pending fuller reports by mail it is impossible to say just how Navahoe has acted. The first race, of the Royal London Y. C., was sailed on Monday, July 31, the course being from off Cowes around the Warner, then around the Calshot Light and the Lepe Buoy and hack to the start, two rounds, 50 miles, naut. The starters were:

Navahoe, Royal Phelps Carroll, Capt. Charles Barr..............162
Satanita, A. D. Clarke, Capt. Tom Jay..............161.49
Britannia, The Prince of Wales, Capt. John Carter..............151.00
Valkyrie, Lord Dunraven, Capt. Wm. Cranfield..............147.70
Calluna, P. Donaldson, et als, Capt. A. Hogarth..............140.75
Iverna, J. Jameson, Capt Wm. O'Neill..............114.00

Satanita and Navahoe sail on even terms, hoth allowing Britannia 1m. 3s., Valkyrie 2m. 3s., Calluna 3m. 10s., and Iverna 7m. 9s.

Tbe tides about the Isle of Wight are very swift and uneven, hut Navahoe carried one of the best of the local pilots, Capt. Tom Diaper, an old racing skipper. The wind was N. N. W., making a run over the first leg, a heat to Calshot, a reach to the Lepe Buoy and a free reach and a run to the Warner again. All carried club topsails, Navahoe standing up well. As stated last week, Navahoe sailed a very good race, but was 1m. 23s. astern Britannia and 20s. astern of Valkyrie at the finisb, or 2m. 26s. and 2m. 25s. respectively corrected time. For her first race, and witb five yachts to heat, this is a very good showing, as she was well ahead of Satanita and Calluna, Iverna giving up. Had she heen defeated in this race it would bave caused little surprise.

The next day the Queen's Cup race took place, the course being from off Cowes around the Bullock Patch Buoy, to the eastward of tbe Nah Light, then back and around a markhoat off Yarmouth and home, 50 miles naut. The starters were Valkyrie, Britannia, Meteor (Thistle), the yawl Viking (Wendur) and the 40 rater Mobawk. Meteor received about 15m. handicap from the two racing yachts. The wind was light from the west, making a run to the Bullock Buoy, Meteor holding Britannia and Valkyrie. On the next leg, reaching, Meteor fell astern, and on the heat to the Yarmouth mark Valkyrie dropped her some 15m., hesides leading Britannia. On the final run bome against the tide Meteor gained on the newer hoats, the finishing heing timed: Valkyrie, 3 57.55, Britannia, 3.56.25, Meteor, 4.12.25. Valkyrie would have won hut it was discovered that sbe had passed a mark on the wrong side, so the Queen's Cup went to Meteor, Britannia failing to make up her handicap.

At the same time that tbis race was being sailed Navahoe was baving it out witb Satanita and Calluna in the regatta of the Royal Southampton Y. C., the course being from off Netley, in Soutbampton water, down and around the Brambles, then around the Lepe Buoy and home, two rounds. Tbe wind was light westerly at the start, freshening later. After a rather poor start Navahoe soon ran abead, tbe fleet heing under spinakers. She was once headed by Satanita in the first round, hut finally beat her hy 12m. Iverna gave up and Calluna hurst her bobstay and also withdrew.

On Aug. 2, Wednesday, the race for the Meteor Shield was sailed, around the Isle of Wight, only Britannia and Satanita starting and tbe former winning hy about half an hour. After this race Britannia went into dock at Southampton for a new mast, having sprung hers.

On Thursday the race for the town prize was sailed, the course heing twice around the Warner and Lepe marks. Tbe starters were Satanita, Navahoe, Calluna and Valkyrie. There was a strong westerly wind, soon increasing to a very stiff blow. Valkyrie housing her topmast while the others reefed. Beating out to the Lepe Buoy, Navahoe payed off and took a knockdown under the heavy puffs, refusing to answer her helm. Finally the jaws of her gaff hroke and the mainsail tore, so that she was compelled to give up and run for Southampton. Calluna was in collision with the steam yacht Cleopatra, at anchor in Cowes Roads, breaking her gaff and tearing her mainsail, so that she too gave up, leaving Satanita and Valkyrie to fight out the long race alone. Under the foregoing conditions Satanita won hy 8m., the 46 mile course being covered in 3h. 42m.

In running for Southampton, Navahoe passed the Massachusetts scboolship Enterprise, and in answer to her signals a steam launch was sent out, the men from the Enterprise aiding in unbending the torn mainsail and hurrying it ashore, where a force of sailmakers set to work to make repairs in time for the next morning, her other sails heing carefully examined. It is impossible to tell from the cabled reports wbat really happened to Navahoe, but it seems to have been a bad knockdown, the main sheet heing run out and the gaff hroken. It is also stated that she was unmanageahle in the strong wind, and a good deal of nonsense has been uttered about ber nearly capsizing. The *Times's* report is as follows, but it must be taken with some allowance:

"Prohahly her spars will have to he clipped, as she cannot safely carry her present outfit. Yesterday she shaped worse tban any yacht ever did that we can remember. With the first strong puff sbe fell down, filled her decks and ran off against her belm in a fearful and dangerous way. She came to just as wildly. Her mastbead was sprung, hut the true cause of her giving up was that she had become unmanageable and was in a dangerous condition."

The report that the mast was sprung proved incorrect. Mr. Carroll has ordered a new mainsail of Wilson & Silshy, to be shipped as soon as completed.

Tbe torn mainsail was ready and bent on late at night, and on Friday Navahoe was ready at the line, with Valkyrie, Calluna and Satanita, for the R. Y. S. race over the same course as on the previous day.

"SATANITA," CUTTER.

Designed by J. M. Soper, 1893.

From a photo by West & Son.

The wind was light S.W. at the start, but hreezed up, with rain squalls, hlowing very hard at times. Satanita led all day, finally beating Valkyrie hy 4s. corrected time. Navaboe sailed fast at times, hut laid down on her side to a degree unknown in other American yacbts. The times were:

FIRST ROUND.

Satanita..............12 25 44 Calluna..............12 28 00
Valkyrie..............12 26 05 Navahoe..............12 29 35

FINISH.

Satanita..............2 31 36 Calluna..............2 35 56
Valkyrie..............2 33 45 Navahoe..............2 38 10

On Saturday the second race of the Royal Southampton Y. C. found only Calluna and Navahoe at the line. The course was from off Netley, just helow Southampton, around a mark hoat hetween Lymington and Yarmouth, then around the Warner and home, 42 nautical miles. With a good N.W. wind, each turned in a reef and set jib headers. Calluna was over the line too soon and lost some time in recrossing. They ran off under spinakers, then came by the wind, the breeze falling until each shook out a reef. The times at the Lymington mark were:

Navahoe..............12 35 30 Calluna..............12 39 18

There was a long reach and run to the Warner, the wind falling so that each shook out her reef. Spinakers were set when they passed Cowes, tbe wind freshening a little. The times at the Warner were:

Navahoe..............2 35 35 Calluna..............2 40 00

The finish was timed:

Navahoe..............4 31 39 Calluna..............4 42 54

Navahoe allows Calluna 2m. 34s.

The *Field* of July 29 comments as follows on Navahoe and Valkyrie:

"Valkyrie has heen entered and will sail in all available matches up to the end of the Royal Victoria week at Ryde, Aug. 11, after which date she will prepare for her voyage across the Atlantic. Up to the present she has started in twenty matches, and won eleven first prizes and tbree second prizes, of the total value of £930. Tbe Cape May cup, which was attached to the Earl of Caledon's yawl Viking (late Wendur), has heen handed over to Lord Dunraven to defend it with Valkyrie, and he wished the match for the cup to he sailed Aug. 5. Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, however, found tbis date unsuitahle, as Navahoe is entered for the Royal Southampton match on tbat day, and, moreover, he probably wisbes the match to he sailed at a later date, as, if he won the cup in a match started on Aug. 5 it is pretty certain that he would have to accept a challenge from Mr. A. D. Clarke, owner of Satanita, by Sept. 4. Probably, as the match cannot he sailed on Aug. 5, the cup will be handed over to Satanita to defend.

"The Navahoe bas heen sailing about the Solent since Tuesday, and, on the wbole, has made a favorahle impression on the cognoscenti. She certainly carries her canvas well in the moderate whole-sail hreezes prevailing, and passes pretty cleanly through the water. Ahout her speed little could be judged and guesses would be wide of the mark. Her mainsail did not appear to sit as well as Britannia's or Valkyrie's, hut apparently it had not half done 'growing,' and when properly stretched it may have quite a different appearance. While tbe Navahoe was in dock at Southampton she was photograpbed hy Messrs. West & Son of Soutbsea, and the photograpbs convey a capital idea of the form of the yacht. The bow view shows a form something like our 'small raters,' there heing considerahle hollow from the toe of tbe lead keel to the stem up to the load waterline, where the contrary flexure is well commenced, and ends in a rounded-up cutwater like Britannia's and Valkyrie's. The stern view shows a pretty flat buttock line and full waterline, and in tbis respect sbe appeared to us to somewhat resemble Calluna Everybody hopes she will give a good account of herself on Monday, and if there is anything to be learned from her tbe sooner we know it tbe hetter."

The first of the Royal Victoria races on Tuesday was for the Rear-Commodore the Earl of Desart's cup, value £60, for yachts over 40 rating helonging to a royal yacht club. The course was from off Ryde around the Warner, a mark-hoat off Cowes, and a third mark, two rounds 50 miles. Britannia finished first, Navahoe second, Satanita third and Calluna fourth.

COURSES ABOUT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Satanita.

One of the important points of modern yacht racing is that it is expected to instruct as well as to amuse; yachtsmen are not content as of old merely to see good races and close finishes, but they as a rule look further, and expect that a season's racing will furnish suhstantial results in the way of proving or disproving certain theories of design. The equality of size which maintains in the smaller classes, such as the 40 and 46ft., the 21ft., and tbe British 2½, 5, 20 and 40 rating, tends to this end; and a boat which wins is almost certain in doing so to prove the success of some experiment or another. In the case of the new racing class of this year, tbe same is true as regards the five American hoats, all being of nearly the same length and measurement; and any marked superiorty or inferiority is quite likely to he ascrihed to its true cause.

With the four British hoats however, such is not the case, and the results at the end of the season are likely to he far less definite. Two of these hoats, Valkyrie and Britannia, are within a reasonable excess of the stated limit of 85ft., in fact, it is prohahle that a difference of 3ft. of length would include Navahoe, Valkyrie, Britannia, Colonia, Jubilee, Pilgrim and Vigilant, and taking the performances of Navahoe and Valkyrie, it sbould he possible to gauge quite closely the relative merits of the seven. It happens, bowever, unfortunately, that two important boats are so far from standard dimensions tbat tbeir good or had performances must he largely discounted as due to mere difference of size. What makes tbis matter of more importance is that each of these is the first venture of a successful designer in a larger class than he has hefore dealt with.

The Fife cutter, Calluna, whose photo appeared last week in the Forest and Stream, is but 81.95ft. on the waterline, which with 10,305sq. ft. of sail makes her rating 140.75, so that she is from 5 to 6ft. shorter tban Britannia and Valkyrie, and also the American hoats. This difference is enough to interfere with a close estimate of her merits, and to make the inequalities of the allowance tahles and tbe weather important factors in her losing or winning prizes. In the case of the other new hoat, Satanita, the difference is much greater, hut in the other direction, her waterline heing 97.65ft., or 10ft. longer than the longest of the others. With this waterline sbe has a small sail plan of hut 9.923ft., a little less actually than the others, and much less relatively. Her rating at the same time is 161.49, or ahout equal to Navaboe.

The work of Mr. Watson has been so thorougbly accepted as the standard in the largest class that the first efforts of other designers to excel him are of more tbat ordinary interest, and had Satanita heen anywhere near the size of Britannia and Valkyrie, the racing would have heen far more exciting than it has proved and at the same time of more real value.

As compared with the two Watson boats, Satanita began the season in poor condition, being ready too late for the opening races and after she begun heing delayed hy alterations and repairs, so that it is only within the past month that sbe has heen in fairly good form. Of late she has done some good work, hut under conditions which make it difficult to say whether it is due to merit of design or to favoring circumstances connected with ber size. With her smaller rig she fails to hold the Watson hoats in moderate weather, but in a strong hreeze the length and reduced sail plan take her to the front very fast.

Mr. J. M. Soper, her designer, has heen for many years associated with tbe firm of Fay & Co., of Southampton, having charge of the designing and building, one of his earlier hoats heing the little 25ft. cutter Daisy, once known about New York. Mr. Soper designed the two racing cutters Castanet and Reverie, hoth for Mr. A. D. Clarke, owner of Satanita, and a number of smaller craft; and Iverna, Lethe and the first Valkyrie were huilt under his superintendence.

Only the approximate dimensions of Satanita have heen published, hut she is about 130ft. over all, 24ft. heam, and carries some 90 tons of lead in her keel. As the photo shows, she has the modern bow and usual cutter counter, her underwater body is triangular in its fore and aft outline with a great rake of sternpost, and the midship section shows a good bilge, a strong hollow in the floors, and a wide lead keel. Sbe is sailed hy Tom Jay, a sailorman of repute who has done very good work in the races in spite of a discouraging start to the season. Her owner, Mr. A. D. Clarke, is a well-known yachtsman. It is probahle that Satanita instead of Valkyrie will he called on to defend the Cape May cup, in which case the chances for a good race are rather unpromising; she and Navahoe will sail on nearly even terms as regards time allowance, hut in a moderate breeze the hig rig of the latter is likely to set her far ahead, while if it hlows hard Satanita, with 10 or 12ft. of extra length and a small sail plan, will he at her hest, while Navahoe will prohahly be overpowered.

Model Yacht Racing.

Glenwood Landing, July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Even at this early date I bave received letters from memhers of two model yacht clubs in relation to my offer of model yacht as a prize for (if possible) an inter-cluh race between representative yachts from the different model yacht clubs, and am encouraged to believe such a race can he arranged. In a letter from a member of the Connecticut Model Yacht Cluh, there are suggestions I would like to quote for perusal and possihle discussion of any of your readers interested in model yachting or my offer puhlished in tbe Forest and Stream of July 29.

Suggestion 1. I quote: "1. The Brookyln Lake is too small, winds uncertain from hills and trees. It would be a fairer race if a good water could he secured elsewbere on neutral ground.

"2. The hest test of speed is secured in a windward race. The triangular course is a matter of luck, or good oarmanship in getting around huoys. The race to windward is most easily managed and gives less occasion to be handling and helping the boats."

Now, I entirely agree with my correspondent in both his suggestions. In regard to the first, I would second it and propose for a course, (or waters on wbich course is laid out) Hempstead Harbor. A good race could he sailed off Sea Cliff, which is a flourishing summer resort and has every accommodation in the way of floats, hoats, etc. Tbe winds are usually much more true and steady than on a landlocked lake, and so far as location goes it is about half-way hetween Brooklyn and the Connecticut Model Y. C. headquarters. It is also easy of access, both hy rail and water, there heing a daily boat which is due there about 1 P. M. and trains arriving about every hour. As to a windward course, I think a dead heat to windward the fairest test always, as it hrings out the valuahle merits of a hoat more decidedly and does not make the handling of the boats quite such an intricate matter so far as steering goes. Tbese are only suggestions, of course, for as tbe offer was made to the American Model Y. C.; if they accept the offer they will, I suppose, arrange a race in whatever seems to them the fairest way. My correspondent from Connecticut Model Y. C. states that "he has a model yacht 39¾in. on l.w.l., whicb he would like to enter in case terms are arranged that will be satisfactory to non-Brooklynites. I hope the race will be arranged with a good fleet competing.

G. G. Clapham.

The kind offer to the American Model Y. C. by Mr. G. G. Clapham.

Glenwood Landing, L. I., of a model yacht as a prize to be raced for under management of above club, was kindly acknowledged and accepted at their meeting Aug. 4, they deciding that the race for same will be sailed on the large lake at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Saturday, Aug. 26, at 3 P. M. sharp. Races to be to windward, as near as practicable. Prize open to all model yacht clubs. Yachts will be divided into three classes: First class, 48in. and under 53in. l.w.l.; second class, 42in and under 48in.; third class, 35in. and under 42in. Each class will sail in heats, best two in three. Winners in their respective classes to start in a final best two in three in heats. Winner to take prize. Entries from model yacht clubs to be accompanied by yacht and owner's name, also length on l.w.l. and actual sail area, and addressed to Frank Nichols, 249 South Fourth street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Mr. DeWolff, Park Superintendent, has offered a prize for Labor Day, Sept. 4. FRANK NICHOLS.

On My Inclined Deck.

FIRST CRUISE OF THE DAW.

THE Daw, Mr. G. D. Giddeon's new yacht, of the P. Y. C., has at last made her debut on the Delaware, and, being the only boat of her size representing the combined qualities of that noble craft Gloriana, her performance is watched with double interest. Although the traditional corn crackers that infest these shores when out of a job predicted all kinds of inconveniences while she was still in frame are now satisfied to smile with us and are willing to offer any apology for they their too previous gossip.

This narrow, contracted single-hander was designed by Mr. H. E. McCormick, the industrious Quaker City amateur, and she has no doubt added another feather to not only his hat, also a fringed quill to the cap of her builder, Mr. W. G. Van Deussen. Her dimensions are 29ft. over all, 21ft. l.w.l., 6ft. 6in. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft, with some 700sq. ft. of canvas split up into jib and mainsail, and outside ballast of 4,200lbs.

It was unfortunately not until July 1 that she was put in commission. The Daw left her builder's basin, skippered by her owner, for a short spin on the river, going as far as Cooper's Point, where Mr. Giddeon was obliged to go ashore, for he said his train was awaiting him. The favor was granted and then came a wild scene of excitement. The task of stowing aboard the numerous cubic feet and gallons of necessary maintenance, which, when placed aboard reduced the ship's freeboard several inches, and finally bringing her down to her designed waterline.

Sail was made at 5 P. M. Saturday with a good breeze and the faltering influence of the ebb tide being at our disposal.

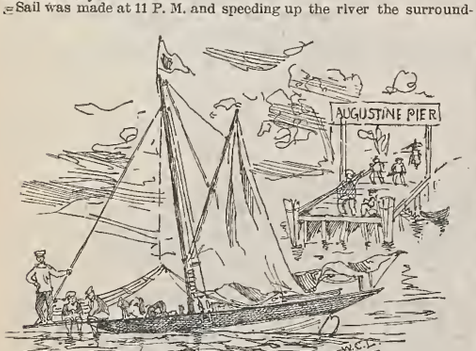
It was now getting dark and as the shore in this locality offers no special attraction, we decided to keep right on our course, which was by this time on the Newcastle range.

But now only was the difficulty experienced, that of plank-on-edge sailing, a feeling quite different to that of the broad horizontal deck contrivance, for it obliged all hands to belay or go below and lash their shifting humanity to the leeside of the boat, which under these circumstances assumed a more friendly position, and when turning in time arrived lots were drawn as to who should enjoy the misery of the night first.

Those less fortunate in securing the prize bunk slips remained on deck and passed the night rather pleasantly, with nothing to break the monotony save that we escaped the numerous shoals that abound in this latitude. Twilight was now on its way westward, and as soon as there was sufficient daylight for us to make an observation we discovered a rather gay place and soon anchored off Augustine pier.

The time at Augustine pier was spent in quiet rest and by Tuesday we were ready for our homeward journey. At Penn's Grove we anchored for a change of tide, in the meantime going ashore. Finally bidding this favorite watering place good-bye all hands made for the ship, but when within almost 100yds. or so our frail craft and it interior capacity were intercepted by a load of shot fired from the shore by lovers of the gun, and who had no doubt mistaken us for a flock of decoys.

Sail was made at 11 P. M. and speeding up the river the surround-



"TAKEN FROM NATURE."

ing heaven appeared like a kaleidoscope, with fireworks in all quarters.

As the hours sped on old Boreas evidently put a reef in his jaw tackle, for nothing more than a zephyr wafted us homeward, but it happily lasted until the Daw was safely moored at Cooper's Point.

Thus ended a satisfactory trial spin and also a jolly initiatory cruise of Mr. Gideon's new clipper. W. C. L.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

On Aug. 3 there arrived off Bay Ridge the Italian yawl Corsaro, owned and commanded by Capt. Enrico Alberto D'Albertis, of the Royal Italian Y. C., of Genoa, a retired naval officer. The yacht was built in Italy in 1882, and is about 75ft. over all, 65ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam and 11ft. draft, with a crew of nine. She left Genoa on June 3 and Cadiz on June 22, following closely the track of Columbus and finally reaching San Salvador on July 22. Among her outfit she carries copies of the ancient nautical instruments used by Columbus. Captain D'Albertis left the yacht at Bay Ridge, while he makes a trip to Chicago, and will sail for Italy on his return. He is accompanied by a friend, Mr. A. Justin.

The postponed race of the Royal Canadian Y. C. for the 21ft. class was sailed on July 29, the time being as follows; start 3 P. M.:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thistledown	4 42 15	1 42 15	1 40 59
Ethel	4 47 00	1 47 00	1 44 19
Gwendoline	4 48 25	1 48 25	1 44 45
Caprice	Not timed.		
Recruit	Withdraw.		
I. C. U.	Capsized.		
Syngamma	Disabled.		

The club house of the Chelsea Y. C., in the suburbs of Boston, was the scene of a terrible accident on the evening of Aug. 3. The house was crowded with members and their families and guests, the occasion being the second annual illumination and concert, when the upper balcony gave way under the unusual weight, throwing a number of persons down to the lower balcony and the club float, nearly 40ft. beneath. Two ladies were killed, and also two members of the band, and 16 persons were more or less injured.

The Rochester, N. Y., papers comment quite severely on the failure of the owners of the sloop Onward, of Rochester, to meet Zelma, in answer to Mr. Dick's challenge for the Fisher cup, won by Onward from Norah last fall. From the accounts, the owners of Onward have avoided a meeting with Zelma, and have offered to surrender the cup without a race, which action Mr. Dick has very properly refused to be a party to.

Syngamma is a new fin-keel with a fin rigged like Scarecrow, in a trunk. Two of the pins holding the fin were dislodged by grounding before the start, and she sailed for a time with the fin partly down, but finally withdrew for repairs. I. C. U. was second to Thistledown when she capsized early in the second round.

If reports are true Mr. W. W. Astor has ordered a very large steam yacht to be designed and built in England.

Valiant, steam yacht, built at Laird's yard for W. K. Vanderbilt, made her trial trip on Aug. 3.

Almy, steam yacht, P. Gallatin, has sailed on a long trip to Greenland.

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

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all intrested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

11-12. N.W.A.R.A., Canoe Races, Detroit.
11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Orange An., Arlington, N. J.
4. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
4. Holyoke, Fall. Holyoke, Mass.
16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

THE report of the Western Canoe Association meet and races by our correspondent shows pretty conclusively that the canoe Electra, formerly Glenwood, is a far superior boat for sailing races to any other thus far raced in the West. Glenwood's measure is well known here; last year Mr. Oxholm won the international cup in her and many other races. He defeated both Bee and Wasp and was defeated by them. Butler and Goddard sailing the canoes. Bee has hoisting sails and Glenwood a standing rig. Taking Bee as a basis of comparison a fair idea of the relative merits of the various racing canoes can be obtained—those which have appeared in the races thus far this year, and some of which will sail in the A. C. A. races.

Mr. Whitlock's new double centerboard Gardner-Stevens canoe Damosel, will require a deal of tuning up before she becomes dangerous. Barrington's Toltec is a hopeless wreck, so far as her racing powers go, as she leaks badly and cannot be made tight. Von Nardroff's rebuilt Bonnie has done some very fast sailing, but has broken down in every race she has entered. Her owner has shown, however, that he can carry 160 sq. ft. of sail in one sail on one mast in a 28in. canoe, but has not developed details sufficiently to be able to handle it comfortably and as quickly as is necessary for racing purposes.

Howard's rebuilt Aztec has beaten Bee and most of the flyers, and been beaten by Torment, Pioneer and Bee. Howard uses standing sails. Aztec was built by MacWhirter.

Mr. Moore's Torment has standing sails and is fitted with a plate board having a bulb of lead at its lower extremity. Her work thus far in different hands has shown that the lead is certainly not disadvantageous. She is a Ruggles boat.

Mr. Ward's Pioneer is also a Ruggles boat, using standing sails, and she has a cigar of lead hung by a pivot to the centerboard, and so balanced that it always retains a horizontal position. Pioneer has sailed only one race under anything like favorable conditions, a long race with Aztec, and proved a winner, doing even better than Aztec on all points of the wind.

To sum up: Bee, Aztec, Torment and Pioneer seem to be on about even terms; all are apparently as good as Glenwood, and far ahead of any other racing canoes in sight. Canada may have a surprise in store for us at the meet, but it is not likely. Pioneer will not be at the A. C. A. races, and it would seem as though the remaining three would have all the fun to themselves.

It is perhaps needless to add that all of these canoes have big rigs, long sliding seats and very small watertight cockpits. All were built previous to 1893.

THE Chicago Navy is very desirous of securing good entries of canoes at its coming regatta on August 14 to 19, and if a sufficient attendance of sailing canoes can be assured, special gold medals will be provided. Lake Geneva is so near to Chicago, two hours by rail, that every opportunity is offered to visit both the regatta and the World's Fair. Mr. B. V. Johnson, secretary of the Chicago Navy, has the matter in charge, and canoeists desiring to compete will do well to address him.

A Day's Sailing.

THE FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 5 gives over half a column of small paragraphs recording capsizes and various disasters to small sailing craft on July 23. It blew hard in the afternoon, about forty miles an hour the weather reporter said next day, and during the heavy puffs the pressure went up to forty-five miles. One does not often start out for a pleasure sail in such a gale; yet there is no law against having all the fun you can if you are out when the gale comes up and want to get home—and so it was with us.

We had planned to take a run across the Lower Bay to Cheesequake Creek and select a spot there for a camp site to be inhabited the following week by a party of canoe men and women just for a three days' outing on the beach.

Scarecrow looked safe enough as she lay moored to the float that morning. There were the watertight bulkheads at each end of the cockpit in sight, and they seemed to give strength to the hull just where it needed it. The cockpit floor is above the waterline and the open centerboard (or rather fin) slot carries away all the water that runs into it. The hatches in the compartments fore and aft on deck I observed fitted snugly, and it did not seem as though much water could find its way around their edges even if the deck should be awash. Then I glanced at the rig. I must admit it did look light, but English linen line is strong, as I know from personal experience, and so is phosphor-bronze wire, used for the shrouds.

In spite of the numerous unfavorable comments by owners of other boats I concluded to accept Scarecrow's skipper's invitation for a day of sailing. You have observed, no doubt, that no one rigs a boat just as you would rig it—not so well, of course. The leg o' mutton mainsail, too, had been severely handled in discussion by all the owners of gaff-headed sails. Still, it did not look to me dangerous.

We dumped in our duds and drifted off at 8:20 A. M. with a gentle northwester on our quarter, and a 30lbs. open canoe towing astern. Then we made out Margaret just leaving the Marine and Field Club with Ward of our crew aboard piloting the owner across the Lower Bay, as he wanted his boat on the Shrewsbury and did not care to venture across the "open" alone.

The breeze freshened when we were well clear of the land in the main channel, and the little ship bowled merrily along, with a bright sky overhead and sparkling water between us and the sun.

It was luxurious lying down to leeward, with one's head resting on the coaming, the right hand on the tiller and all clear under the boom for a good look ahead, taking in the trim of the jib on the way. The owner busied himself in putting everything in order, coiling up loose ends of line, and stowing what we did not immediately need below hatches.

The breeze steadily freshened and Scarecrow responded by going faster and faster. Margaret was dropping astern, though still in sight. The mainsail was lowered when we were a mile off Port Monmouth, and we ran in under jib as close to the beach as the chart showed us it was safe to go. Then we anchored and awaited Ward's arrival.

Margaret soon came alongside and dropped anchor. The large sails were lowered and a small dandy set forward for the run down the beach. Then Ward came aboard with us and Margaret squared away and left us.

It was blowing hard. One reef was turned in the mainsail and then we hoisted sail, pulled up the hook, and started in for a five mile thrash to windward. The spray began to fly and oilers had to be put on. Ward sailed, and kept the little ship to her work without a let up, though he eased her over the big seas now and then.

Not a yacht was in sight, only a few big coasting schooners under lower sails. The wind had a clear sweep of eight or ten miles across Raritan Bay, and it kicked up a very lively sea. No solid water came aboard, but the spray was flying half way up our mainsail.

A sense of comfort and relief was imparted every time a vicious puff hit us by the thought that all the ballast was at the bottom of that fin, and the further the boat heeled over the more the lead came into play to right the little ship. Nothing parted, though the strain on rig and hull was becoming severe. It was curious that the heavy wind and sea, and the surprising rate we were traveling had no apparent effect on the rudder, and it required no effort at all to steer at any time.

It was low tide, and a glance at the chart showed us very shallow water off Cheesequake Creek and a very exposed anchorage in that wind, therefore we abandoned the idea of going there and sailed for a sheltered anchorage under the bluffs at Princess Bay.

A small sloop hove in sight off Keyport with a three reefed mainsail and only a corner of the jib set. She was going our way and was half a mile ahead. It took about fifteen minutes for us to catch her, and then we parted company, she going south on starboard tack and we west on port.

We came to anchor under the lee of the bluffs, near a fishing resort, put on dry clothes and went ashore in the canoe to dinner. The wind increased in force and blew a heavy summer gale. No pleasure boats were in sight on the bay from the bluff, but there was plenty of life along shore, and it was apparent that the wind alone kept the many pleasure seekers on land.

It was a beam reach on the way home as far as Great Hills, close hauled from there to the Narrows and then a broad reach to our anchorage.

The start was made at 3:50, with three reefs in mainsail and a No. 2 jib set. Scarecrow fairly flew along over the smooth water under the lee of the beach. The shallow water forced us to give the shore a wide berth and the spray began to fly once more.

A large 30ft. sloop yacht came out of Great Kills just ahead of us and headed up the beach our way, with a close-reefed mainsail and a small jib. We noticed that the skipper luffed her into the wind now and then when the hardest puffs struck her. Scarecrow was kept down to her work, and it was really astonishing how our little 18-footer overhauled and passed to windward of the big fellow, and it surprised the crew aboard the sloop even more than it did us.

Then we headed her up and took our punishment of spray good-naturedly. It was fairly blinding at times and came into our faces in buckets full, but little or none of it dropped into the cockpit, as the angle of keel left little of the opening exposed. That was where we got the full force of the wind, and it seemed at times that something must part, the strain was so severe, but nothing gave way and Scarecrow kept down to her work in fine shape.

Exciting? Well, the word hardly expressed it. Every nerve keyed up to top notch, the wind screaming and whistling through the rigging, the boat plunging along at a fearful rate, and showers of water pouring over the deck forward, and the mainsail wet with spray more than half way up—it was simply glorious.

The run across the Narrows put the last touch on our day of excitement. The wind blowing directly down the Upper Bay against a strong flood tide kicked up a sea such as is rarely seen inside of Sandy Hook. Right across it we plunged, and the only way to give an idea of how that boat sailed is to call it tobogganing.

The little canoe towing astern met with no accident and shipped less than a gallon of water, though there were times when it seemed as though it must break away or plunge under and fill.

One does not want to sail for fun in a forty-mile breeze every day, nor is it pleasant to get wet always when one goes sailing; but it is mighty comforting to know that the boat one owns is safe, can stand a heavy sea and breeze, and, when the occasion comes, will do first-rate work on all points of the wind in a heavy sea and with a gale blowing—such a boat is Scarecrow. C. BOWYER VAUX.

The A. C. A. Meet.

ON Friday of this week will begin the fourteenth annual meet of the American Canoe Association, the third meet held under the management of the Northern Division, and the fifth meet held among the Thousands Islands. Members of the A. C. A. do not need to be told of the beauties of the St. Lawrence River and its islands, as nearly all have visited Grindstone or at least passed down the river; and the present site is in no way inferior in beauty and natural advantages to others previously visited. The arrangements are very complete, and everything promises a pleasant meet to all who attend. After the record made by Com. Winne last year the present officers have had a very difficult task before them, as comparisons will naturally be made with what is justly considered one of the best managed meets ever

SHORE OF MAIN CAMP—BROPHY'S POINT

held by the Association. Every effort has been made, however, to provide for the comfort and amusement of the members. The hitch in the transportation arrangements from Clayton, of which we gave notice two weeks since, has been adjusted, with some trouble on the part of the officers, and nothing more could well be asked than is now provided, the service as now arranged being as follows:

From Clayton.

Sundays and Mondays boats will leave Clayton on arrival of 5:45 A. M. train; arrive Brophy's Point, 8 A. M. Other days leave Clayton 9:45 A. M.; arrive Brophy's Point 11:10 A. M.

Service to Clayton.

Sundays and Mondays leave Brophy's Point 4:30 P. M.; arrive Clayton (via Gananoque on Monday) 8 P. M. Other days leave camp 3:35 P. M.; arrive Clayton (direct) 4:45 P. M.

Service via Cape Vincent.

Leave Cape Vincent every day on arrival of New York train; arrive Kingston 12 M. Return, leave Kingston 5 A. M. and 2:45 P. M.; arrive Cape Vincent 7 A. M. and 4:45 P. M.

Service between Camp and Kingston (Sundays and Mondays excepted)

Leave camp 8 A. M., 10:30 A. M., 11:15 A. M., 1:30 P. M.; leave Kingston 10 A. M., 1 P. M., 3:15 P. M., 6 P. M.

On Sundays boats will leave for camp at hour to suit members arriving by night trains.

The wharf and mess shed are now ready, Mr. Jackman has been on the ground for some time, and canoeists arriving will find everything at hand. The best recognition which the members can make of the efforts of Com. Cotton, Sec'y Burns and the various committees, is to turn out in good numbers and make the meet a success. The picture at the head of this article shows one view of the main camp east of the wharf, the tents being pitched in and about the grove which extends to the water. The picture is from a photo taken by Dr. Parrett and sent us by Mr. Burns.

Jas. Jackman of Lakefield is now engaged in building tent floors, canoe floats, etc. Members requiring floors will oblige the camp site committee by ordering at once, as there will be a big rush at the last moment.

A. C. A. Prize Flag Fund.

THE regatta committee acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts: Gen. Oliver $5, W. R. Huntington $5, Hartford C. C. $5.

Com. Cotton has presented a very handsome set of signal flags in silk, 19 flags in all. They are contained in a polished box of red cedar, and make a really handsome prize.

A. C. A. Membership.

NORTHERN Division: T. N. Shannon, H. W. Gaudet, Dr. J. R. Shannon, E. A. Moore, Sanford C. Calvin, Kingston; Dr. George H. Cobb, New York; George H. Napier, Montreal; B. Batson, J. A. Jackson, Ottawa, Ont.; John Harty, John H. Sutherland, A. J. McBride, H. C. Walkem, Dr. F. Bermingham, H. S. Dupreis, E. S. Sears Geo. R. Low Kingston, Ont.

Chicago C. C. Calamity.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 4.—Calamity of the most serious sort befel the Chicago C. C. last night, and one from which it can arise only with difficulty. Its boat house and contents, including 14 individual canoes, their fittings, and much clothing and belongings of members, were utterly destroyed by fire. Moreover, the lease of the club to its site not having been renewed, and the site being now vacant in a manner, it is thought perhaps that there will be difficulty in holding the site in tenure undisturbed by the owner of the ground, the Illinois Central Railway. The club should at once fence in its site on the old lines and put up a building of some sort as soon as possible. The sympathy of the craft over the country will readily be extended the Chicago boys in their hard luck. It takes more than fire to kill Chicago or Chicago enterprise, however, and the logical influence after all is that the Chicago C. C. will put up a bigger building than before and fill it with better boats than ever. Their main concern is about their building site. The railroad company surely should extend them every courtesy in this matter, as the responsibility for its fire rests solely on the corporation's carelessness.

"During the whole of the day the railroad company had been burning old ties on the bank of the lake not far from the boat house. At night there remained a huge bed of embers which the breeze frequently fanned into flame. Sparks from the blazing pile set fire to the boat house, and at 10:33 o'clock a citizen who saw the boat house burning ran to the fire alarm box and turned in an alarm. Several pieces of the apparatus approached the scene of the fire on Thirty-sixth street. When they reached the Illinois Company's right of way their progress was barred by an iron fence recently put up by the company. The engines and firemen could not get across the tracks and stood helplessly by watching the destruction of the building. A great crowd of people gathered and soon realized the situation.

"'Pull down the fence,' called out some one.

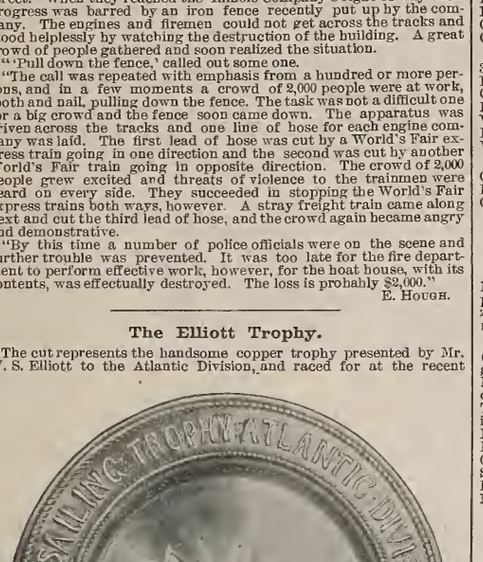
"The call was repeated with emphasis from a hundred or more persons, and in a few moments a crowd of 2,000 people were at work, tooth and nail, pulling down the fence. The task was not a difficult one for a big crowd and the fence soon came down. The apparatus was driven across the tracks and one line of hose for each engine company was laid. The first lead of hose was cut by a World's Fair express train going in one direction and the second was cut by another World's Fair train going in opposite direction. The crowd of 2,000 people grew excited and threats of violence to the trainmen were heard on every side. They succeeded in stopping the World's Fair express trains both ways, however. A stray freight train came along next and cut the third lead of hose, and the crowd again became angry and demonstrative.

"By this time a number of police officials were on the scene and further trouble was prevented. It was too late for the fire department to perform effective work, however, for the hoat house, with its contents, was effectually destroyed. The loss is probahly $2,000."

E. HOUGH.

The Elliott Trophy.

The cut represents the handsome copper trophy presented by Mr. W. S. Elliott to the Atlantic Division, and raced for at the recent



ELLIOTT TROPHY.

meet. The trophy was won by Mr. Barrington, of the New York C. C., in Torment, the other two competitors being Wm. Whitlock, in Hornet, and F. W. Noyes, in Fineen.

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

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, O., July 30.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day, and made the scores as appended below: Conditions: 200yds. off-hand at the standard target:

Gindele	10	7	10	6	10	10	9	8	8	7—85
	9	7	9	7	8	10	9	8	9	10—86
	9	8	10	9	9	10	6	7	7	8—84
Weinheimer	6	7	6	6	9	6	9	6	5	9—69
	5	10	7	4	9	7	7	8	4	8—69
	5	5	5	4	8	7	8	8	8	7—66
Payne	5	6	9	7	6	9	8	7	6	6—69
	8	5	8	7	4	8	7	9	5	8—69
	5	8	6	9	7	10	6	6	5	6—68
Martin	7	9	8	8	6	8	5	7	5	9—67
	8	7	8	4	5	2	8	5	9	7—61
	5	7	6	7	5	7	5	5	6	9—58
Topf	9	7	8	7	4	3	6	3	6	9—62
	3	4	7	10	4	4	5	8	5	5—55
	7	8	6	3	2	4	8	7	4	5—54
See	10	5	6	7	8	9	6	9	10	9—76
	8	3	8	6	10	6	7	10	10	4—77
	8	7	4	9	7	6	10	8	10	6—75
Randall	5	8	8	6	5	9	6	5	10	9—71
	7	4	7	8	8	7	8	9	6	10—74
	7	9	7	7	6	7	8	9	6	5—71
Puthoff	7	6	5	8	6	5	8	0	0	0—45
Nagels	0	0	5	5	4	8	2	0	6	1—31

New York Central Corps Prize Shoot.

THE annual festival and prize shoot of the New York Central Schuetzen Corps at Washington Park, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, was a grand success. The parade of the corps on Wednesday under the command of Captain A. Richter, brought out a larger number of members in full uniform than has been seen since the days of Captain Geo. Sieburg, who of the many prominent New York Schuetzen commanders was par excellence as an executive. The Central Corps is composed of a membership that has been prominent for a generation among the shooting fraternity of New York and vicinity, and at the present time the corps has many members prominent in the ranks of the New York Schuetzen, among whom may be mentioned, ex-Captain C. F. Gennerich, ex-Captain Jacob Dax, Fred Barhman, John Eisenhardt, W. Seppenfeldt, Jas. Jordan, Philip Schmidt, Wm. A. Roos, Gus Zimmerman, Aug. Luck, Fred Schmidt, Emil Berckman, and a host of others of the lesser lights in the shooting fraternity. Of the many prominent riflemen of New York, none have a greater circle of acquaintance than Gus Zimmerman, who among the German shooters is styled "Unser Gus."

The constitution and by-laws of the Central Corps says that when a member has been king once he is debarred from further competition for kingship for five years. Gus Zimmerman having been crowned in 1888, has been as it were, laid on the shelf until this year, when he again became eligible for the honors. His well-known liberality and social qualities give him a large following of enthusiastic admirers, and when it became known in the shooting house during this festival that Gus was eligible for the kingship for 1893, there was a strong element of partisanship evinced in his favor.

It is customary in this corps for the members to draw numbers for their turn to shoot on the target of honor. Zimmerman's number proved to be one of the highest or last on the list, and as a consequence his many friends were kept on the ragged edge until his number was called for. Philip Schmidt, the king of last year, had put up 63 out of a possible 75. He was followed latter on by the shooting master, John Eisenhardt, with 64. When Zimmerman's number was called there was a general movement of all present in the direction of the Honor target. His first shot was 20, his second 21, the third 23, a total of 64, and a tie with Eisenhardt on the total. But Zimmerman's last shot outranking that of Eisenhardt, "Unser Gus" was declared to be the king of the New York Central Schuetzen Corps for the year 1893-4.

The readers of FOREST AND STREAM, being familiar with the modus operandi of crowning the Schuetzen king, we will omit further description and proceed to give our readers a list of the prize winners on the several targets. On the ring target there were 25 prizes, ranging from $25 to $1. Tickets 3 shots, German ring target, ties to be decided by the best last shot. Scores:

L P Hansen	71	R Busse	67
L Flach	71	F C Ross	67
G Zimmerman	70	R Fierdl	67
Geo Schlicht	69	Wm Hayes	67
F Schraeder	69	John Dietz	64
P Schmidt	68	B Zettler	64
G W Plaisted	67	Jacob Dux	64
C G Zettler	67	L Vogel	63
H Radloff	62		
Geb Krauss	61		
M Schneeweis	61		
M Tonjes	61		
J Jordan	61		
E Berckman	60		
J Eisenhardt	60		
M Ficken	60		

On the man target there were twenty prizes ranging from $20 to $1, 3 shots, possible 60:

R Fierdl	60	Geo Schlicht	54	F Schmidt	51
G Zimmerman	58	L Flach	54	E Berckman	51
R Busse	57	M Ficken	53	M Reitenweis	51
W Seppenfeldt	56	W A Ross	52	J Jordan	51
L P Hansen	55	C G Zettler	52	Geb Krauss	50
Wm Hayes	55				

Bullseye target. For the most flags, ten prizes, $10 to $1:

G Zimmerman	44	L Flach	10	Wm Hayes	7
P Schmidt	22	L P Hansen	9	F Jutjens	4
G Schlicht	19	F Schraeder	8	J Eisenhardt	4

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE weekly rifle shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club, of Greenville, N. J., on Friday, Aug. 4, had its usual attendance. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: Purkess 241, C. Boag 239, Collins 237, Rohidoux 237, Spahn 236, J. Boag 233, Dodds 232, Gassman 215, Hill 212.

THERE was not the usual attendance of members of the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club, in Armbruster's Park, on Saturday, Aug. 5. A game of baseball is said to have been the counter attraction. H. Mehlenbrock, of the Hudson Club, was again a visitor. Henry Mang, one of the new members of the club, tried his hand at the targets. The following appended scores were made by the members participating; 10 shots, German target:

Plaisted	22	23	23	22	24	20	24	21	24	23	—226
Dorrler	22	21	23	24	23	24	21	22	21	24	—225
Chavant	22	22	25	24	21	23	21	20	21	20	—219
Spahn	20	21	14	21	21	22	11	25	23	19	—197
Dodds	21	20	18	25	25	0	17	19	22	19	—186
Mehlenbrock	22	18	18	22	10	21	9	18	16	20	—174

International Columbian Prize Shooting.

CHICAGO SHOOTING PARK, West Pullman, July 30-31.—The wind blew pretty fresh on Monday, therefore some scores were left unfinished, shooters waiting for a fair wind.

The following shooters were decorated with the Columbian medal: A. J. Vandusen, Winona, Minn.; T. E. Vandusen, Winona, Minn.; C. A. Johnson, Elgin, Ill.; J. J. Seewer, Stanford, Ky.; H. Armbruster, Ann Arbor, Mich.; H. M. Pope, Hartford, Conn.; Hans Egli, Muncheu, Bavaria; Fred Reichenbach, Mt. Kenney, Ky.; Robert Hendrichs, Chicago, and Wm. Ott, Chicago. The scores were:

Columbia.—Hans Egli 57, J. Seewer 53, H. Armbruster 52.

King Target.—H. M. Pope 26, Hans Egli 201, J. J. Seewer 174, H. Armbruster 178.

Standard.—H. M. Pope 45, H. Armbruster 43, J. J. Seewer 38, J. T. Delahunty 32.

People's Target.—H. M. Pope 70. A. J. Vandusen 65, H. Armbruster 63, J. J. Seewer 51, Hans Egli 59, J. T. Delahunty 57.

Man Target.—F. Ingersoll 89, H. Armbruster 89, H. M. Pope 85, J. J. Seewer 78, J. T. Delahunty 82.

Bullseye Target.—G. F. Schmidt, Chicago, 19 flags out of 100 shot, H. Armbruster 16, J. J. Seewer 16, Hans Egli 13.

A. BOESE, Sec.

Turtle Bay Club.

THE outing of the Turtle Bay Rifle Club at Woodside, L. I., on July 30 was highly enjoyed by every one present. All worked hard to bring their scores up to the gold medal series (230) but try as they would, not one succeeded in getting there. The scores are appended, 10 shots, distance 50yds., gallery targets: J. Krampert 229, J. F. Oberle 228, Jantzer 228, Walter 224, J. Ochs, Jr., 219.

A Bisley Interview.

THE CHAMPION REVOLVER SHOT AT BISLEY.

TO THOSE with any acquaintance of revolver shooting in this country information will not be needed as to the name of the individual who forms the subject of this week's article. It is Walter Winans, Esq., whose ingeniously constructed Bungalow forms, with the Bungalows of Capt. Foulkes and that of the Irish team, quite a unique feature in camp life at Bisley. Mr. Winans's Bungalow, though similar in appearance to those of the others named, is of American construction and portable, taking to pieces and folding up when the main support is removed, with the greatest ease.

On calling on Monday afternoon I was courteously received by Mrs. Winans, whose conspicuous grace and beauty are more than sufficient to account for the numerous callers partaking of 5 o'clock tea at the time of my visit, the coronets on one or two of the carriages waiting outside being an index of the calibre of the guests. On learning that Mr. Winans was shooting at the ranges I hied me thither, after duly admiring the brilliant flowers in the improvised garden which surrounds the luxurious camp dwelling house.

As he stands at the butts, revolver in hand, attired in an ordinary looking brown shooting suit with soft felt hat dented in at the top, Alpine fashion, which is, in reality, the United States Cavalry hat, Walter Winans has the appearance of a bronzed and bearded traveler to be approached with some degree of reverence, if not positive awe. After a minute or two's conversation, however, you are soon at your ease, and you find yourself in the presence of an extremely mild spoken amiable gentleman, without the faintest ostentation or indication of wealth whatever, whose sole desire appears to be to show you anything likely to be of interest to you in the camp, rather than to talk about himself. He shows you the exhibition tent wherein all the Association prizes, including a very handsome gilt vase, presented by Henry Whitehead, Esq., for revolver grand aggregate shooting, which you know your host is bound to win, although he says nothing on the subject. He accompanies you to witness the shooting for the Queen's prize, and descants upou the merits of the men, which is very nice and kind of him, but you say to yourself, "it isn't Winans," and at last you take the bull (or rather "lion") by the horns and ask him whether he is an American, for so far there has been nothing transatlantic in accent or phraseology. His reply is: "My parents are Americans, but I was born and bred in St. Petersburg, where my father was contractor for the Russian Government and built the railway there."

"You are an enthusiast in the matter of revolver shooting, I believe?"

"I take the greatest possible interest in it, but if by enthusiast you mean I take no interest in anything else you are wrong, for I am very fond of music, as I am also of sculpture and painting."

"As an amateur?" I asked.

"Well, neither sketch nor play for a living," he remarked dryly, "but some stag sketches of mine have been adopted by the *Field* for shooting scores, and my sculpture, which I exhibited this year at Sheffield, has been awarded the medal, and some of it already sold."

After this information I thought I saw my way to a feeble joke, and an opportunity to get back to the subject of revolver shooting.

"You will pardon my being personal," I said, "but are you left-handed?" For I had noticed he fired this afternoon with his left.

"No; I shot with that hand to-day because the pistol I was using kicked so."

"And you shoot equally well with the right?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

"Why?"

"Because a man of your attainments must obviously be more than dexterous—must be ambidexterous."

After apologizing for my levity I asked him with what kind of revolver he usually shot, and this question brought out the fact that he has not only invented a patent revolver, but a patent side-saddle, to prevent ladies being dragged in case of accident when riding or hunting. On the merits of these, however, he was modestly dumb, and after finding out that he had been champion revolver shot ever since the establishment of the South London Club in 1886, is champion of the North London Club for the present year (the only one of its existence), had taken a hundred first prizes at Wimbledon and Bisley, is equally good at the running deer, and has killed forty-four pigeons out of eighty from the trap with a pistol, I took my leave, explaining that I was not accustomed to interview a veritable admirable Crichton at a moment's notice and without some previous preparation.—*Court Circular, London.*

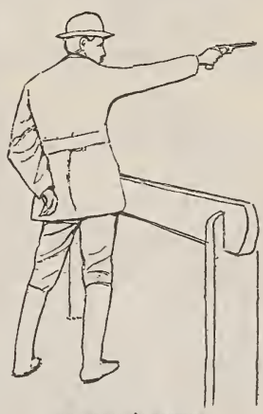
RIFLE NOTES.

C. H. CHAVANT, of the Greenville Rifle Club, who is an expert chemist and an enthusiastic rifleman as well, went out with the members of his club on Saturday last, devoted the afternoon to experimenting with nitro powder in his .38.55 Winchester. He informs us that if the manufacturers will make a shell which will take the No. 3 primer used in the shotgun shells, he believes that good work can be done with nitro powder in the rifle. Our manufacturers have devoted a good deal of time and money in developing the shotgun shell for the use of the nitro powders, now why not cater a little to the interests of the rifle shooters. Outside of the tests made by the Government for the new army rifle, riflemen have been left to plod along with the old-time black powder and its mulish eccentricities. Who of our many manufacturers will be the Moses to lead us out of this wilderness of smoke and recoil?

L. P. Hansen, of the Excelsior Club, of Jersey City, is coming to the front as one of our experts in off-hand shooting. At the Greenville Park two weeks since, during the festival of the New Jersey Schutzen Association, Mr. Hansen put up the winning score, 71 points out of a possible 75, on his first effort. At the festival of the New York Central Corps at Washington Park, on Thursday last, he again put up the same score on his first entry and 55 out of 60 on the man. We have in mind some of our old experts with reputations dating from way back, who at the same shoot had tickets sufficient for double pinocle, and could not get beyond 67 on the ring target.

The Zettler Rifle Club is out with programmes for its fall festival to be held at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, on the 10th and 11th of September. Cash prizes to the amount of $550 will be put up for all comers to compete for. It has been remarked that the Zettler Club has a habit of supplying all unfortunate out of town riflemen visiting its festival with a supper and a return ticket home. The shooter who went from New York to St. Paul to attend a Bundesfest and won an order for a ton of coal can appreciate the thoughtfulness of the Zettlers in looking after the interests of their guests.

Our New York riflemen, who attended the Columbia International Shooting Festival at Chicago last month, say that a rifleman of fair ability can attend the fair and make his expenses out of the Columbia shoot.



MR. WINANS'S POSITION.
From a photograph.

Trap-Shooting.

All tles divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Aug. 15-16.—Columbus (Neb.) Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 15-16.—Big Four Gun Club tournament, Burlington, Iowa.
Aug. 15-18.—Reading Shooting Association, Shillington, Pa.
Aug. 16-18.—Coney Island tournament at Cincinnati, Ohio.
Aug. 16-18.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fifth tournament, at Charlotte, N. C.
Aug. 22-25.—Third international live bird and target tournament, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich.
Aug. 22-25.—Keystone Target Company, seventh annual tournament, at New London, Conn.
Aug. 23-31.—Chadwick's tournament, Marmont, Ind.
Sept. 4.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
Sept. 4.—Endeavor Gun Club tournament, on Al Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.
Sept. 6-8.—The Veteran Tournament, Indianapolis, Ind., during National G. A. R. Encampment, under the management of the officers of the North End Shooting Club. H. S. Humphrey, President.
Sept. 14-15.—Riverside Gun Club's second annual tournament, at Red Bank, N. J. John P. Cooper, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.
September.—Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.
September.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Allentown and Bethlehem, Pa. (combined).
Oct. 2-7.—John Watson's tournament, Burnside, Ill.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.
May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The coming week will be a lively one for trap-shooters, and thousands of targets will be sent scaling through the air in various parts of the country. The shooters will have their choice of territory comprising Cincinnati, O., Charlotte, N. C., Burlington, Ia., Columbus, Neb., and Reading, Pa. Each of these tournaments is to be under the management of reliable parties, and each of them will be a first-class affair, which shooters need have no hesitancy in attending. The day has about passed, in fact, when parties can run tournaments with the sole intention of filling their own pockets by putting up "padded" purses and fleecing the shooters. The tournaments of to-day are run by reputable, established clubs, and invariably the management is placed in the hands of men who have not only a substantial standing in their communities, but who stand well with shooters at large.

The Baltimore (Md.) Gun Club held its first shoot on its new grounds in Grason's Park, Pimlico road, on July 27. The Pimlico Gun Club have consolidated with the Baltimores. The best work was done by Milton Hunt, who broke 60 targets straight. The officers of the consolidated clubs are as follows: J. Henry Keene, President; J. A. Wilhar, Vice-President; John Hartner, Secretary and J. R. Malone, Treasurer.

The Mecca for those shooters who like to combine a pleasant railroad trip with a pleasant time at the trap, will be Charlotte, N. C.,

where the International Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will hold a tournament in conjunction with the Charlotte Gun Club on Aug. 16, 17 and 18. The programme, which reached us too late for publication in our last issue, is one that cannot fail to attract a big attendance. The novelty rule, one of the most popular ever devised, will be tried for the first time in that section, and if it does not capture the fancy of the Southern sportsmen the projectors will be surprised. One of the premier attractions will be the great race for teams of five men each at 75 targets per man, $25 entry per team, one-third of the match to be shot each day. Shooters must be bona fide members of the club they shoot with. The purse will be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. New Jersey will send down a team, there will be one from Washington, D. C., probably one from Philadelphia, one from Wheeling, W. Va., Knoxville and Bristol, Tenn., and from Charlotte and Greensboro, N. C. Savannah, Ga., may also come to the front, as may Jacksonville, Fla. There will also be a contest for club teams of three men each, 60 targets per man, one-third of the match to be shot each day, $15 entrance, otherwise conditions remain as five-men race. Both events will be shot under the novelty rule with no handicaps. The Charlotte Gun Club will add $50 to the purse in the five-men team race and $30 to that of the three-men team race. There will be six other events each day, four at 15 targets each, $2 entry, and two at 20 targets each, $2.50 entry, and in each of these the Charlotte Gun Club will add sums varying from $10 to $25. In addition to this the club will award $10, $8, $6, $4 and $2 for the best five averages during the three days. Altogether they add $300, which is exceedingly liberal. The usual distance handicaps will be enforced in the sweepstakes.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 28.—The Veteran tournament will be held at Indianapolis during the National G. A. R. Encampment, Sept. 6, 7 and 8, 1893. It will be under the direction of J. A. Martin, H. S. Humphrey, G. M. Sanborn and Chas. E. Field, officers of the North End Shooting Club. The very low railroad rates which will be offered at this time on all the roads of the country, the Fair handicap and the large and attractive programmes should go to make this a grand event. The Fair handicap should induce the amateurs to come as well as the experts, as it protects them fully, still allowing the experts a good show. This handicap was used at the Knoxville tournament and met with the approval of all shooters. The grounds selected could not be more perfect, being situated on one of our electric lines and but a short distance from the Union Station. Electric trap-pull, inanimate targets and live sparrows will be used. No pains or expense will be spared to show every shooter a good time. Lunch and loaded shells can be procured on the grounds. The management has made arrangements for several large tents and other conveniences for the comfort of shooters. The merchants of our city and sporting goods dealers are expected to assist in making this shoot one of interest. All of the local talent have signified their intention of supporting this shoot in every way, and many shooters from adjoining cities have announced their intention of being with us. J. A. Martin, 410 Ash street, will be glad to procure rooms in advance for any shooters so desiring. For programmes or other information address Chas. E. Field, 77 Lombard Building, or H. S Humphrey, 433 Broadway, Indianapolis.

Stamford, Conn., July 31.—At the meeting of the East Side Rod and Gun Club held at their club house Saturday evening, July 29, for the purpose of re-organizing under their charter (which was granted by the General Assembly of Connecticut at its January session, 1893, approved June 7, 1893) and electing officers and directors under the same, the following gentlemen were elected: Walter M. Smith, President; Dwight Waugh, Vice-President; Walter D. Daskam, Treasurer; John R. Kinsey, Secretary; A. W. Sibley, Chas. E. Thompson and Nathan Olmstead, Directors. The club was organized last November and has over eighty members, among whom are many prominent professional and business men of Stamford and New York. They have a comfortable club house situated in a grove east of Shippan Point, on the Sound. Their kitchen is equipped with all the modern conveniences for cooking and preparing shore dinners, etc. They have a large shed erected for sheltering teams. The grounds are arranged for artificial target shooting. This is the youngest and most prosperous club in Stamford.—J. R. K.

It is unfortunate that our good friends of the Reading Shooting Association should have selected for their summer tournament dates which make it impossible for many of their old reliable attendants to be present, owing to the big attractions offered by their North Carolina brethren, but this is not likely to detract one iota from the interest of the shoot to be held at Harry Matz's Three-Mile House on Aug. 15 to 18, inclusive. The association by its straightforward dealing and hospitality shown at past shoots has the confidence of thousands of shooters who are not going South, and from these a goodly attendance can be depended upon. The shooting will all be at artificial targets, with no handicaps. In our last issue we published details in regard to the programme. The shooters will be served with dinner at the Three-Mile House.

One of the Washington, D. C. clubs intends to hold a tournament in May, 1894, just previous to the Knoxville shoot and will put up big added moneys for each event. The Capitol City is an excellent place for a shoot and with care in arranging the programme a big attendance should be secured. It would be well for the projectors to claim their dates as soon as possible to avoid conflicting with other tournaments.

The Leavenworth (Kan.) Gun Club has been re-organized with a dozen members and the following officers: President, James W. Sexton; Vice-President, C. B. Gunn; Secretary and Treasurer, H. W. Koohler; Executive Committee, Dr. J. A. Lane, W. F. Keller and Judge Laurens Hawn; Committee on Membership, Dr. J. A. Lane, Dr. C. B. Gunn, H. W. Koohler and John R. Garrett.

The tournament of the Big Four Gun Club at Burlington, Ia., Aug. 15 and 16, will attract a big turnout of shooters from Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, who will be strongly reinforced by the local experts. Their programme as usual is an attractive one, and the man who can hold a stiff pace should quit even.

The Wessner Gun Club held its monthly shoot near Tamaqua, on July 25, and the medal competition was won by Frank Deach, on a score of 23 breaks out of a possible 25.

The Knoxville Gun Club has decided upon March 22, 23 and 24 as the dates for its 1894 tournament. This will be their thirteenth tournament, with not a failure thus far.

Nebraska trap shots will have a chance to try their nerve on Aug. 16 and 16, when the Columbus Gun Club will engineer a target tournament.

At the medal shoot of the White Plains Gun Club on July 28, the medal was won by Lewis C. Platt, who broke 24 out of 25 targets.

The Essex Gun Club of Newark will shoot on Al. Heritage's Marion grounds on Aug. 17.

C. H. Townsend.

Coney Island Athletic Club Tourney.

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club, Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, Mr. C. A. Dellar, in his report of concluding shoot in this tourney, is in error when he states that "at end of third round of 15 birds the Atlantics had caught up and made a tie with the New Utrechts, who had a case of rattles."

At the end of third round the New Utrechts led by three birds, which he must have known full well, being official scorekeeper.

It was not a case of "rattles," but discrimination in the birds, that affected the New Utrechts. The head trapper, who had a bet of $5 on the Atlantics versus the New Utrechts with a member of the former club, was using his persuasive powers so well with the other boys, that the New Utrechts had to put in a protest (during the second round) against his having anything further to do with the shoot.

The success of the New Utrechts was fairly won; they acted as sportsmen and gentlemen throughout the seven shoots. Had a full team with reserves always on hand, who did not "celebrate" until their scores were shot out.

It is a poor excuse to offer for any club, that their two best shots did not put in an appearance, etc.; more especially as, in this instance, the shoot took place on their own ground.

The Parkways did not lead in the day's shoot. They only had two men on the ground, and of these Mr. Helgans shot three scores besides his own for amusement.

In conclusion, if any club that shot in this tournament thinks they can outshoot a team of the New Utrechts, they can be accommodated with a race, fixing the date at such a time as they can be sure of gathering all their best shots together, the New Utrechts only making a condition that no sportsman can object to: Each club handles the birds for the other side.

C. A. Sykes.

The Virginia State Championship.

Staunton, Va., July 28.—This afternoon on the grounds of the Staunton Gun Club, Mr. Wm. F. Summerson, holder of the silver cup, representing the trap-shooting championship of Virginia, was defeated in a match for the trophy by Mr. C. P. Bowman of the same club. The match was at 50 Keystone targets, thrown from the new Keystone expert trap, with the North pull and the shooting was difficult. The results follow, each man shooting at 18 singles, known traps and angles; 20 singles, unknown angles and 6 pairs:

Bowman	17 17 9—43	Summerson	15 15 10—40

Mr. Summerson has defended the cup successfully three consecutive times, but under the rules it must be won five times consecutively to become the property of the winner.]

W. G. M.

MANUFACTURERS AT WHEELING.

Wheeling, W. Va., Aug. 3.—On Wheeling Island, between Wheeling and Bridgeport, on the Ohio River, the fifth tournament of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association opened up to-day under favorable circumstances as regards weather and attendance. The Wheeling Gun Club has not a very large membership, and therefore has to depend upon outside shooters to have any number of entries, but what they lack in number they make up in enthusiasm. The Wheeling team, composed of J. A. Penn, E. J. Wright, R. A. Lemmons, J. F. Bell and Dr. Meyers, have a record to be proud of, having never lost a team race, and besides being top notch shooters, are perfect gentlemen. Among the outside shooters in attendance were H. McMurchy of the Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., who, though he only came to see the boys and shoot, very ably assisted Mr. John Parker, the manager, in running the shoot; W. S. King, S. V. D. Huntington, D. Creelman, E. Shauer, J. E. England, of Pittsburg; J. G. Hoffman and Geo. Cochrane, of Gill Hall, Pa.; H. C. Fry, Youngstown, O.; G. M. Cover, R. Clark, H. H. McVeigh, Parkersburg, W. Va.; M. Cowen, Bellaire, O.; J. B. Meyer, A. C. Darrah and N. K. Cannon, St. Clairsville; T. S. Bibber, Elba, O.; W. J. Penberthy, Massillon, O.: J. N. Crable, East Liverpool, S. H. Boruf, A. W. Kennon and W. N. Darby, St. Clairsville.

The shoot was held on the fair grounds and as usual the exhibits of Hunters Arms Co., Parker Bros., American Wood Powder Co. and Montgomery Ward & Co. attracted a good deal of attention, the other members of the Association, Lefever Arms Co., H. C. Squires, W. F. Quimby Co., United States Cartridge Co. not having any, the Cleveland Target Co.'s exhibit being lost in transit. The hand-loaded shells given away by the American Wood Powder Co. and Montgomery Ward & Co. went like hot cakes. Blue rock traps and targets and Paul North's electric pull were used and gave the best of satisfaction, as usual everybody was highly pleased with tournament and murmurs of satisfaction and approval were heard on all sides. The following resolutions were adopted as expressing the general sentiment:

"As members of the Island Gun Club of Wheeling, W. Va., we desire to express our high appreciation for the splendid two days tournament given by the Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association at this place, under the management of Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, on Aug. 1 and 2. It is the best tournament we have ever had, the visiting sportsmen were thoroughly pleased and went home satisfied, and we desire to vote our unanimous thanks to Mr. John Parker and Harvey McMurchy for their perfect management and courteous behavior, and long live the Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association. (Signed) G. O. Smith, President; J. A. Penn, Dr. E. C. Myers, R. B. Burt, J. E. Wright, M. Dinger, G. W. Lemmon."

The First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets:

Parke	0101110111— 7	S S	1111100111— 8
Wright	1111111111—10	J S M	1111010111— 8
Creelman	0111011111— 8	C J W	1111111111—10
Johnson	1111111101— 9	Penn	1111011111— 9
Penberthy	1111110110— 8	King	1111111111—10
Lemmon	1111111111—10	Besser	1111011111— 9
Burt	1101101111— 8	Fry	0111111111— 9
McMurchy	1011111011— 8	Crane	1001111111— 8
Scott	1011111111— 9	Dinger	1111111111—10

No 2, 1 targets. Experts.

Wright	1101101111— 8	King	1111100101— 7
Lemmon	1111100101— 7	Dinger	1110111101— 8
C J W	1001001101— 5		
Semi-Experts.			
Johnson	1111101111— 9	Besser	1111111111— 8
Scott	1111101101— 8	Fry	0001111011— 6
Penn	1111111111—10		
Amateurs.			
Penberthy	1111111110— 9	Burt	1111111101— 9
Parke	0011111101— 7	S S	1100011100— 5
Creelman	1110001111— 7	M Cowen	1110111111— 9
J L M	0100110100— 4	Flick	1011111111— 9
McMurchy	0111111111— 9	Crane	1001111111— 8
Mike	1111111101— 9		

No. 3, 15 targets:

Lemmon	101111110110111—12	C J W	011111110110000— 9
Fleck	100111111000100— 8	Burt	100111101101010— 9
Johnson	110111111110011—12	Hoffman	001111101001110— 9
Scott	111111011111110—13	O Summers	011101111100110—10
Penn	111111110011111—13	Mike	111000101000001— 6
Penberthy	111100100111010— 9	Shaner	111100110000100— 7
Creelman	101010010111011—10	Cochran	001100000111000— 5
McMurchy	011111111100010—10	Wright	111111010111110—12
King	101011100111011—10	Dinger	000111011111111—11
Fry	101111000111011—10	S S	000101101011000— 6
Besser	110111111011111—13	M Cowen	111111000101111—11
Park	101101001011001— 8	Duffey	111000101011101— 9
J L V	000011001011011— 7	Crane	011001101001010— 7

No. 4, 5 pairs targets:

Penberthy	11 01 11 11 01—8	Shaner	01 10 11 10 01—6
Penn	01 01 11 11 01—7	Lemmons	10 10 11 11 11—8
Wright	11 10 11 11 11—9	Johnson	10 11 11 11 10—8
Fry	00 11 10 10 10—5	S S	01 10 00 10 10—4
Bessemer	11 10 11 10 10—7	Crane	10 10 00 11 01—5
King	11 11 11 10 11—9	McMurchy	11 11 11 11 00—8
Creelman	11 10 10 10 11—7	Scott	10 10 11 11 10—7
Hoffman	11 10 10 11 10—7	M Cowen	10 11 10 01 11—7
Burt	11 10 10 11 10—7	Dinger	11 10 10 01 11—7
Summers	10 11 11 11 10—8		

No. 5, 10 targets. Experts:

Penn	1111110011—8		
Semi Experts.			
Penberthy	0111110111—8	Burt	1111011111—9
Johnson	1010110111—7	M Cowen	1111110110—8
McMurchy	0111111011—8		
Amateurs.			
Hoffman	1110100111— 7	Scott	1111111111—10
Parke	1100011101— 6	Fry	1111110111— 9
Bessemer	1111111111—10	Cochran	1111101111— 9
J L N	0101110010— 5	Crane	0010111011— 6
Creelman	1111111111—10	Dinger	1111111111—10
Shaner	0111011011— 7	C J W	1101010010— 5
King	1111111111—10	Lemmon	1111111110— 9
S S	0100111011— 6	Duffy	0101001111— 6
Wright	1111111111—10	Wallace	1001001100— 4

No. 6, 15 targets:

Penn	111010111111111—12	Wright	101101111111111—13
Lemmons	101010101000101— 7	Burt	001110010110111— 9
Penberthy	111101010111010—11	Crane	011111110000011— 9
Hoffman	111110001111101—11	W F U	010000101000011— 5
Johnson	111101111110110—12	C J W	001011000111000— 6
Scott	101011011110111—11	Dinger	001011111111111—12
Parke	011011100101000— 7	Cochran	001011000111010— 7
J S N	000110010010010— 5	Fry	111110100111100—10
Shaner	111001000111000— 7	King	110011110111111—12
M Cowen	011111010011110—10	Flick	011101001111111—11
Creelman	101000100000011— 5	Summers	101110110011110—10
S S	101111110110111—12	Duffy	111110011011100—10
Bessemer	111011111101111—13	Wallace	000011100000100— 4
McMurchy	110110101100111—10		

No. 7, 10 targets. Experts:

Wright	1111111011— 9	Creelman	1100111000— 5
Scott	1101111111— 9	King	1111111111—10
Bessemer	1011111011— 8	Danger	1101001000— 4
Semi-Experts			
Burt	1101110111— 8	Cochran	1010111111— 8
Fry	1010111011— 7	Lemmon	1011100111— 7
Amateurs.			
Penherthy	0011111111— 8	McMurchy	1111111011— 9
Hoffman	0111111101— 8	Crane	1101110011— 7
Parke	0110111101— 7	Flick	1011100111— 7
M Cowen	0110110111— 7	Penn	1111111111—10
S S	0110101000— 4	Duffy	1011101001— 6
Johnson	0101011111— 7	Wallace	1010010101— 5
Shaner	1111111011— 9	C J W	0011111101— 7
J L N	1101011110— 7		

No. 8, 20 targets:

Bessemer	00121111111002012021—14	J L N	11212112000202011020—14
Lemmon	11010112000201211111—14	Summers	11111012101210210010—14
Hoffman	01011002220202002112—12	Cochran	01020000120120200001— 8
M Cowen	01111101001101121111—14	Duffey	10020102111001011110—12
Penberthy	11200211112210002111—15	Wallace	21001101021100102000—10
Johnston	21200012120201021011—13	Crane	01200001110020120011—10
Scott	01101122101121001111—15	King	01101021210100120101—12
Danger	01010101011211012011—13	S S	02022201200222000200—10
Creelman	00100101211020101210—11	Penn	10110111201110111112—16
Parke	00112010202210201002—11	McMurchy	21001110012211221011—15
Burt	01111212020121111101—16	Fry	11211111221211101022—13
Shaner	01201020001121011111—13	C J W	01010111210111121020—14
Wright	22110021112111111111—18	Mike	0000100100100010w — 8

No. 9, 15 targets, surplus:

M Cowen	111111101011011—12	Parke	101111101011111—12
Shaner	011011101100011— 9	J L N	111101111011111—12
Bessemer	111111101111111—14	Creelman	111001110110111—11
Johnston	111011111111111—14	Hoffman	010101101001110— 8
Dinger	011111111111111—13	McMurchy	111111111111111—15
Penberthy	111111110111110—13	King	111111111111111—15
Fry	111011110111101—12	S S	111000101110011— 9
Cochran	011111100010111—10	Scott	111111111111101—14
Duffy	101101010111101—10	Crane	111111100111101—12
Burt	111111111111111—15	Peun	111111011111100—12
Lemmon	011111011111111—13	C J W	111111010111111—13
Wright	011111101111101—12		

Second Day.

Weather still continued fine. Paul North arrived to-day. The attendance was the same as first day, everybody staying to the last with one or two exceptions. This is one of the features of these tournaments, the attendance does not fall off any, there being just as many entries and sometimes more on second day as there are are on first day. In the trophy race for M. T. S. A. trophy Penn, Lemmons, Wright and Burt, all of Wheeling, tied on 45; in shoot off J. A. Penn won, breaking 24 out of 25. Next shoot of Association is at Allentown, Pa., Sept. 12 and 13.

No. 1, 10 targets:

Burt	1010111111— 8	W O	0101011100— 5
Penherthy	1111101111— 9	M Cowen	1011111111— 9
Penn	1111111111—10	Scott	1111111011— 9
Wright	1111101111— 9	King	1111110110— 8
North	1111111110— 9	Hoffman	0010110010— 4
Lemmons	1111111101— 9	Bessemer	1111101111— 9
S S	1101101010— 6	McMurchy	1111111111—10
Miller	0101011111— 7	Creelman	1011110111— 8
H H M	0111111011— 8	Cochrane	1111101011— 8
Dinger	1110111111— 9	Crane	1101001100— 5
Joe	1111111111—10	Fry	1011101111— 8

No. 2, 10 targets. Experts:

Penn	1111111111—10	McMurchy	1011110111— 8
Joe	1100000000— 2		
Semi-Experts.			
North	1111111111—10	Bessemer	0111110011— 7
Amateurs.			
Penherthy	0111111111— 9	Crane	0111111101— 5
Wright	1011111111— 9	S S	1011010010— 5
M Cowen	0100101110— 5	W O	0001111100— 5
Scott	1101111010— 7	Wood	1111110110— 8
Dinger	1111111111—10	H H M	0110111110— 7
Lemmons	1111111111—10	Creelman	1111011111— 9
Burt	1110111111— 9	Hoffman	1101111111— 9
Bell	0000000100— 1	Cochrane	1111111010— 8
Miller	0110100100— 4	King	1011110111— 8

No. 3, 15 targets:

Joe	110111011010011—10	Jack	001101101011010— 8
Scott	011011000100111— 8	W O	011010111010100— 8
Penn	111111110101011—12	H H M	001011010000100— 5
North	111100101101101—10	Creelman	111011110111000—10
Penberthy	111100111110011—11	Hoffman	111100000111110— 9
McMurchy	111110111111001—12	O Summers	111110111110001—11
Bessemer	101110011111111—12	G S	110101010110111—10
Wright	111111111111111—15	King	101100101111010— 9
Fry	101111010010111—10	Dinger	101110111101010—10
McCowen	101110111010011—10	Jay	110110000111000— 7
Burt	011011111111110—12	I	010111101101011—10
Flick	111101011111100—11	C	000000000001101— 3
S S	000000000001000— 1	Etc	100101011111100— 9
Miller	100101111110010— 8	Ex	001011000111001— 7
Lemmons	001011111111101—11		

No. 4, 5 pairs targets:

Penberthy	01 11 11 10 00— 6	Lemmons	11 10 10 11 10— 7
Joe	10 00 10 11 11— 6	Jack	10 10 10 10 01— 5
Scott	11 10 11 10 10— 7	S S	00 00 01 00 00— 1
Hoffman	10 11 10 10 11— 7	Burt	10 11 10 10 10— 6
Wright	10 10 11 11 11— 8	O Summers	11 10 10 00 11— 6
Crane	10 10 10 10 11— 6	G S	11 10 10 00 11— 6
Penn	11 10 11 11 11— 9	W O	10 00 10 00 00— 2
Flick	00 11 11 01 01— 6	North	11 10 11 11 10— 8
M Cowen	10 11 10 10 11— 7	Miller	00 10 11 10 10— 5
Creelman	10 00 10 10 10— 4	King	11 01 11 11 11— 9
Bessemer	11 10 10 11 10— 7	McMurchy	11 00 11 11 10— 7
Woods	10 10 00 10 10— 4	Dinger	10 11 11 11 10— 8

No. 5, 10 targets. Experts:

Worth	1011100111— 7	Lemmons	0111111111— 9
Dinger	1100011111— 7	Penn	1101011111— 8
Semi-Experts.			
Hoffman	1110101001— 6	Wright	1011100111— 7
Penberthy	1111111111—10	Burt	0101111101— 7
Creelman	0111011111— 8		
Amateurs.			
King	1111111111—10	Crane	1111011001— 7
Scott	1110111111— 9	Miller	0101011111— 7
Bessemer	1111110111— 9	McMurchy	1111111111—10
M Cowan	1101111111— 9	Duane	1110111011— 8
Joe	1111111011— 9		

No. 6, 15 targets:

Penn	110111110111111—13	S S	111111001001110—10
Hoffman	111000001111100— 8	Miller	110100110111100— 9
Penberthy	110111101111101—12	McMurchy	111110000111110—10
Creelman	110001111111001—10	Fry	100110111110111—11
Burt	111111011111010—12	North	111011011010011—10
Lemmons	010111001100110— 8	Joe	111110000111111—11
Bessemer	110111111011111—13	I	011111101011111—12
King	111011110110001—10	E	000010111001001— 6
H H M	010001101111100— 8	Jack	100110111100100— 8
Wright	111011111111100—12	Woods	001000111101001— 7
M Cowen	111001111111100—12	Flick	111001001110011— 9
Scott	011001111100111—10	O Summers	100111101010011—10
Duane	110011111111111—13	G S	011010011100011— 8
Dinger	011111110001100— 9		

No 7, 10 targets. Experts.

Penherthy	0101001011— 5	McMurchy	1111110111— 9
King	1011111111— 9		
Semi-Experts.			
Lemmon	1111111001— 8	Scott	1100111111— 8
Bessemer	1110111110— 8	Joe	1111101111— 9
M Cowen	1011111111— 9		
Amateurs.			
Creelman	1111011111— 9	Jack	0010100100— 3
Hoffman	1110101000— 5	Paul	0000100000— 1
Penn	1111110111— 9	Miller	1001111111— 8
Burt	1111111111—10	Wright	1101111111— 9
North	0010111110— 6	Crane	1111111110— 9
Wood	0001011001— 4	Dinger	1011111011— 8

No. 8, 20 targets:

M Cowen	21111100000001111111—13	North	11120110101101010111—14
Joe	11200212002001000012—10	Scott	10110120110110110121—14
Wright	01111112222021211111—18	Creelman	20200010010222102000— 9
Flick	00011101[illegible]21000100002— 9	Crane	00120011000110011121—11
Bessemer	11010122112010111202—15	Lemmon	11111110111211000011—15
Fry	11121201101022120101—15	McMurchy	10111111100110200111—14
Penberthy	10011011111121111101—16	Dinger	11011200101111111111—16
Summers	21020212002121111222—16	King	00100100002202010121— 9
G S	00001202011011020100— 9	Miller	10112010100200201021—11
Hoffman	10000011110221110120—12	I	12000101111112000012—11
Burt	10120220111201011121—15	J	10020000020010010101— 7
Penn	12112111111101111111—19		

No. 9, medal race, 50 targets:

Wright	1110111111111111101111111—23
	1111111111111110110011111—22—45
Penberthy	0110010111011010111111110—17
	1111111111111011111110110—22 39
M Cowen	1101111011111001111101011—19
	1111011101111101111110011—20—39
Burt	1111111111111101011111111—23
	1011111111101111111110111—22—45
Penn	0111111110111111111101111—22
	1011111111011111111111111—23—45
Jack	1000000001100101001001100— 8
	0001000100010110110000000— 7—15
Fry	1111011101111100011111111—20
	1011010111010110111111111—19—39

Forest and Stream's exhibit at the World's Fair will be found in the Angling Pavilion of the Fisheries Building. You and your friends are invited to visit us.

Miller....1000110101100011010011911—13
0110110111111111011111111—21—34
King....1111111111110111111101110—22
1111110111011111101111111—22—44
Lemmons....1111000111111111110111111—21
1111111111111111111111110—24—45
Scott....1100010111111111111110110—19
1111111111001101111101010—19—38
North....1011011111011011111101101—19
1101111111101011101110111—20—39
McMurchy....1111111111111000011011111—21
1111111111111101111111111—24—45
Bessemer....1010111111111111101101111—21
1111111111011111111111111—24—45
Mike....0110111111010001010110001—15
1001011000100011001101000—10—25
Dinger....1110111111111011011011111—21
1101101010111011011101110—17—38
O Summers....0111101110011010111111111—19
0001110011100000110111111—14—33

Ties on medal race, 25 targets:
Penn....1111111111111011111111111—24
Wright....1111101111111001011111010—20
Lemmons....1011110111111111111111111—23
Burt....0111111111111110111011101—21

No. 10, 15 targets:
Penbertby....111111111111111—15 North....011111111111111—14
Wright....111111111111111—15 King....111111011100111—12
Lemmons....111101111111111—14 Fry....011110111111001—11
Flick....111000010000101— 6 Dinger....110111110111100—11
Scott....111111110111111—13 Bessemer....111111111110110—13
McMurchy....111111111111111—15 Burt....111111011111010—12
Miller....101101111111111—13 Creelman....111110101111110—12
M Cowen....111111111101101—13 Penn....111011111111111—14

Highland Gun Club, Aug. 2 and 3.

Elkhart, Ind.—The tournament of the Highland Gun Club began this morning witb a fair attendance of out of town shooters. There is Harry Burnell, of Coldwater, Mich.; Gaskill and McCourt, of South Bend, Ind.; Kolb and Simmons, of Goshen, Ind.; Carpenter, Allison and Behlers, of Union Mills, Ind. B. Barto and the old time shooting pirate Jobn Ruble, of Cbicago, and Ben O. Bush, of Kalamazoo, Micb. The editor of "the Weasel Catcber" is bere too, who says, by the way, that "he could copy from the Forest and Stream," but, of course, never did, that is, never gave credit for matter purloined from Forest and Stream and that modesty compelled bim to ignore himself in the enhancing of sportsmen's interests and welfare. But now and from hence forward be casts that gentle attribute to the dogs, and he the great and ignorant is doing more tban any person in this United States to perpetuate tbose interests seeing as he did secure for nothing a round five dozen of pheasants' eggs and then peddled them out at thirty-five cents eacb.

The club here is composed of gentlemen who are influential citizens. Mr. E. R. Kerstetter is President; Dr. A. L. Fisber, Vice-President; F. J. Goldman, Secretary and Treasurer; E. A. Carpenter, Captain. Tbeir grounds are nicely situated, traps are well screened, tbe club house is commodious and tbeir electric trap pulls whicb were invented by a member of the club, are tbe quickest, most satisfactory and best working pull as yet invented, making no balks. The reason of tbis being tbat the trap arm is freed with tbe passage of the electric current instead of a spring lever whicb in turn must release tbe catch holding the trap arm. The shooting was very good considering tbat the targets were tbrown low and exceedingly swift. Some of the matches were sbot from eight unknown traps under the novelty system as used by the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, and the style of shooting was heartily commended by all, as it gave an agreeable relief to the shooters from tbe monotony of tbe known trap and angle events. Scores:

No. 1, 10 singles:
Wyatt....0110001111— 6 Burnell....0111111101— 8
Smoke....1111111111—10 Carpenter....1111100111— 8
Mac....1111111110— 9 Davy....1011101110— 7
Behler....0001111101— 6 Goldman....1000010000— 2
Corp....1001001110— 5 Allison....1000101011— 6
Pettit....0100100100— 3 Bush....1110111110— 8

No. 2, 10 singles:
Smoke....1110010001—5 Carpenter....1111101101—8
Mac....0111111101—8 Allison....0010111100—5
Wyatt....0000000110—2 Bush....1110111011—8
Carp....0111011111—8 Davy....1111111001—8
Warren....1101111111—9 Kustetter....1110010011—6
Pettit....0011101000—7 Kazoo....0001100011—4
Burnell....0101111111—8

No. 3, 8 singles, unknown traps:
Smoke....10011101—5 Burnell....01000001—2
Mac....10101011—5 Corp....00011100—3
Carpenter....01100011—4 Warmen....00101010—3
Davy....00111000—3 Bush....10011111—6
Wyatt....10011100—4 Goldman....10111000—4
Kustetter....01100001—3 Kazoo....00111101—5

No. 4, 15 singles:
Warren....000100101111100— 7 Smoke....111011110111011—12
Mac....010110111011011—10 Kerstetter....111010111100001— 9
Carp....011100111011110—10 Behler....101011110110100— 9
Burnell....001111110101001— 9 Allison....101111101111010—11
Carpenter....110101110111110—11 Goldman....101001011100111— 9
Bush....011011011110011—10 Kazoo....110010000111101— 8
Dacy....111000101110111—10

No. 6, 20 singles:
Barto....10001111011101001010—11 Carpenter.11011100011111111111—16
Davey....11111011000100000111—12 Mac....11111111111011011110—17
White....11111111111111011100—17 Carp....10011110010100111010—11
Smoke....11111111111111011111—19 Bush....01111111111001101110—15
Burnell....00100001111101111111—13

Twenty singles. merchandise:
Gillmore...01110000100001010001— 7 Carpenter.10111101011011111101—15
Barto....01100001111111111111—15 Allison....10101101010111110111—14
White....11111111111111011101—18 Barney....00100000111000001000— 5
Kerstetter.11111101101111110001—15 Kolb....10111111011011011111—16
Manning...11110111111100110101—15 Goldman..10011101100101001100—10
Petit....11011110010101010000—10 Davy....11111111011111011111—18
Mac....11111101111111111111—19 Burnell....10110110011011111111—15
Smoke....01111111111011111011—17 Wyatt....11101100111001110110—14

16 singles, 8 unknown traps:
Smoke....1100111100011101—10 Carpenter....0110100010101101— 8
White....1111001111111111—14 Mac....1110011111101100—11
Bush....1101111001110111—12 Burnell....0111011100100110— 9
Barto....0101011011110101—10 Kolb....0001101111011011—10
Manning....0111101110001110—10 Carp....1011001001101111—10
Davey....1010000111011111—10

10 targets, use of 2 barrels:
Kustetter....1211002001— 6 Wyatt....0000000022— 2
Smoke....1111201011— 8 Kolb....0010200212— 5
Manning....1002200101— 5 Bush....2110011010— 6
White....1011011001— 6 Carpenter....0111011101— 7
Davey....0101000110— 4 Burnell....0010100010— 3
Mac....0112100110— 6 Carp....0100101001— 4
Barto....1002011211— 7 Turner....0001112010— 5

Second Day.

5 singles, 21yds., 2 barrels:
Smoke....00010— 1 Barto....10010— 2
Turner....10000— 1 Mac....12021— 4
White....11111— 5 Kustetter....10020— 2
Carpenter....00000— 0 Goldman....10100— 2
Davison....00111— 3 Bush....10002— 2

No. 2, 10 singles:
Davey....0101101010— 5 White....1111111111—10
Mac....1110111111— 9 Smoke....1101111110— 8
Carpenter....0010110111— 6 Kerstetter....1111110111— 8
Warner....1111101010— 7 Fisher....1101001111— 7
Barto....1110111111— 9

No. 3, 8 singles, unknown traps:
Barto....00110101—4 Kerstetter....10001101—4
White....01111111—7 Davey....11110111—7
Smoke....01110110—5 Carpenter....01110111—6
Mac....00011111—5 Bush....01010111—5

No. 4. 15 singles:
Barto....010111111111111—13 White....010011101110111—10
Mac....110111101001111—11 Smoke....111111111110111- 14
Davey....111110010111101—11 Bush....110110001101111—10
Carpenter....110011111110111—12 Kerstetter....110101011111110—10
Turner....101010000100101— 6

25 targets, 10 known, 10 unknown traps, 5 with 2 barrels:
Turner....0101110001000010010100101—11
Kinney....0100101111010100010111101—14
Barto....1101110111111011010110010—17
Bush....1011111101101010010010011—15
Martin....0010100100010001000011001— 8
Kolb....1011111111000110000120211—16
Ellis....1101001011000100001001211—12
Smoke....1111111111001001110020010—17
Mac....1111111111101101001110010—18
Pounder....0101111011001011000101001—12
Davy....1011111111110111110112001—19
White....1011111111011111000110110—18
Kerstetter....0111100110011101000100021—14
Goldman....0110111001100100100001000—11
Carpenter....1111111101000100010120000—13

Ben O. Bush.

SCENE AT THE KNOXVILLE SHOOT. 1893.
Photographed by Stewart & Dubbs, Knoxville, Tenn.

Tournament at Niles, Mich.

The club here held its fifth annual tournament on August 1, wbich called togetber a fair number of shooters. Messrs. W. S. Howard of St. Joseph, Mich.; Ben O. Bush of Kalamazoo, H. V. Rockwell of Benton Harbor, J. Smith, Mishawaka. Ind.; H. L. Gaskill and W. F. McCombs, Soutb Bend, Ind., participated in the events. Tbe shoot was held on tbe fair grounds, and the boys kept banging away, although tbe day was most fearfully hot. Among the interested spectators there was none more so than Mrs. George W. Dougan, the accomplished better balf of the Hon. George W. Dougan, banker, merchant and ex-mayor of the city. With a sportsman's keen interest, she must know, and did know, wby the targets flew in different directions, why some guns made loud reports and others not, and why a tar saucer daubed witb yellow paint was called a pigeon. She has a great reputation as a fisb-lady, and many are the bass whicb succumb each season to ber dexterous skill. Scores: No. 1, 10 singles: Smoke, 8; Bing, 6; Howard, 6; L. A. Smith, 7; Mac, 9; Rowley, 9. No. 2, 10 singles: Smoke, 8; Rowley, 8; Bing, 8; L. A. Smith, 8; Howard, 8; Mac, 9; Rockwell, 6; F. C. Cmitb, 5; Julius, 5; Rougb, 5.

No. 3, 10 singles:
Smoke....1111111011— 9 Julius....1110111110—8
Rowley....1111101011— 8 Howard....0011010111—6
L A Smith....1111111101— 9 Bradbury....1101000111—6
Mac....1111111111—10 Mest....0111011101—7
F C Smith....1001001110— 5 Bing....1110111111—9

No. 4. 10 singles: Smoke 6, Julius 9, F. C. Smith 5, Bradbury 10, Carpenter 3, Rowley 9, Howard 8, Mac 10, Mest 7, Rockwell 3, Bing 6, Rough 9.

No. 5, 15 singles:
Smoke....110011001110111—10 Howard....111111011010111—12
Julius....111101111011101—12 Bradbury....111111111111111—15
Rowley....011111110111010—11 Rougb....101101110100111—10
Mac....111110011111111—13 Bing....111110101011100—10
L A Smith....001110101100111— 9 Mest....101111111010101—11

No. 6, 10 singles: Smoke 7, Rowley 6, Howard 6, Julius 8, Bradbury 5, Mac 10, F. C. Smith 7. Mest 7, Rockwell 3, Clark 3.

No. 7, 10 singles: Smoke 7, Mac 6, Rowley 6, W. S. Howard 9. T. Howard 4, Julius 7, Bradbury 7, Bush 9, Bevier 4, Vanderbeck 2, Macomber 9.

No. 8, 10 singles: Smoke 9, Bradbury 9, F. Smith 4, Rowley 7, Julius 6, Mac 9, Busb 8, T. Howard 7, W. S. Howard 10, Mest 7, Macomber 5.

No. 9, 10 singles: Smoke 10, Mac 9. Rowley 4, Julius 7, McComber 8, Bradley 8. F. Smith 6, T. Howard 6, W. S. Howard 8, Bush 10, Mest 6.

No. 10, 10 singles: Smoke 9, Bradbury 5, Mack 8, Mest 3. P. Howard 5, Macomber 7, Julius 8, W. S. Howard 7, Woodcock 6, T. Howard 7, Bush 8, F. Smith 4.

No. 11, 10 singles: Smoke 10, Julius 7, Bradbury 8, Macomber 7, Woodcock 7, W. S. Howard 7, Mac 7, Bush 9.

No. 12, 10 singles:
Smoke....1111011101— 8 T Howard....1011101100— 6
Bradbury....1101111101— 8 Dean....1001010001— 4
Julius....1011001010— 5 Walker....0001000101— 3
Woodcock....0101111111— 8 Rockwell....1110011101— 7
Macomber....0011100001— 4 Rougb....1101100100— 5
Mac....0111111111— 9 Rowley....0011101011— 6
W S Howard....0111111111— 9 Busb....0011111111— 8
Carpenter....0010111110— 6 Vanderbeck....1111100111— 8
Mest....1111111111—10 Clark....0000000000— 0

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

The Central New York Champion.

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 5.—The contest to determine the 100-bird championship of central New York occurred here to-day and was won by Frank Northrop, of Johnstown. Tbe following were present: C. W. Tuttle, J. J. Carr and I. E. Brigden, of Auburn; E. C. Meyer, of Rochester; W. P. Royland, of Newburgh; Frank Northrop, of Johnstown, and A. S. Hunter, J. G. Kilbourn and H. L. Gates, of Utica. Because of tbere being only tbree entries from Utica, the home team reduced tbe price of targets to 2 cents and added $25 to the purse. If the home club cannot turn out but three members wbo are willing to shoot in fast company, it ougbt to quit holding tournaments. The conditions were 100 kingbirds, known trap and unknown angle, $12.50 entrance, and money divided as follows: 50 per cent. to go on the 100 birds and divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., and the remaining 50 per cent. divided into four purses, each purse to go on each 25 birds and divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The traps were set to throw harder than was ever before seen in this part of the country and tbe angles were very sharp. The winner, Frank Northrop, used 38grs. of E. C. and 1⅛oz. No. 8 cbilled sbot in smokeless shell. The winner of second, H. L. Gates, used 42grs. of E. C. and 1¼oz. No. 8½ chilled shot, smokeless sbell, and both loaded by Cruttenden & Card. They are veritable "snuffers." Appended are the scores:

Northrop....1111111111011111111011111—23
1111111101111111111101101—22
1111111111111111111111111—25
0111111111111111011111111—23—93
Hunter....1111111111011010111111111—22
1111111111111111111101110—23
0111111111111111111101111—23
1111111101111111011110111—22—90
Kilbourn....1111111011111111111111011—23
0011110111111110111111101—20
0110111111111111101111101—21
1111111111111111111111111—25—89
Brigden....0111111011011100011101111—18
0111111110101111111111111—22
1011010001100111111100000—13
1111101101111000111011111—19—72
Tuttle....1111111001111111111111111—23
1111110110101111111111111—22
1111011111101111111011111—22
1101111111111101111111011—22—89
Meyer....0110101111101101111111111—20
0111111011111011111011110—20
1111011110011111111111111—22
1111111111110111111111111—24—86
Gates....1101111111111111111111111—24
0111011111101111111111111—22
1011111111111111001111011—21
1111111111111111011111111—24—91
Carr....0111111111100111111111111—22
1111101111110111111111111—23
1111101111111111111011011—22
1011111111011111111111101—22—89
Rayland....1110111111111111111101111—23
1111111111101111111110111—23
1111110110111111111111011—22
1101111111011011111111111—22—90

Sweep No. 1, $1.50, 15 singles:
Carr....111111111110111—14 Brigden....011110011110110—10
Meyer....111111111110111—14 Northrop....011111111101111—13
Gates....111111111111111—15 Rayland....011110110110010— 9
Tuttle....111011111111011—13

Sweep No. 2, 10 singles, $1:
Rayland....1011111111— 9 Tuttle....1001111111— 8
Meyer....1111111101— 9 Brigden....1110010101— 6
Hunter....1111111111—10 Carr....1111111010— 8
Kilbourn....1111111111—10 Northrop....1111111111—10
Gates....1111111111—10

Sweep No. 3, 10 singles, $1:
Gates....1110111111— 9 Meyer....1111111111—10
Carr....1111111101— 9 Rayland....1110011101— 7
Tuttle....1111111110— 9 Brigden....1111100111— 8
Northrop....1111111111—10

Sweep No. 4, 15 singles, $2:
Tuttle....111110110110111—12 Knowlton....011111111111111—14
Kilbourn....111111111111110—14 Gates....111111111110111—14
Carr....101111101111111—13 Hunter....111111111011111—14
Meyer....111111111111111—15

Sweep No. 5, entrance $1:
Kilbourn....0101111011— 7 Hayes....1100111001— 6
Gates....1011111101— 8 Davidson....1110111000— 6
Knowlton....0111111101— 8 Rayland....0110110101— 6
Hunter....1101110100— 6

Sweep No. 6, entrance $1.25, 10 singles:
Carr....1111011111— 9 Northrop....1111111111—10
Meyer....1111111111—10 Rayland....1011111111— 9
Tuttle....1111111111—10 Gates....1111111100— 8
Brigden....0111101011— 7

Sweep No. 7, 15 singles, $1.50:
Kilbourn....111111111111111—15 Hunter....101111111111101—13
Gates....111111111111110—14 Knowlton....111111111101011—13

Special race between Gates and Rayland. 20 singles, unknown trap and angle, gun below elbow until bird is on the wing, $5 per side:
Gates....10111111111101111111—18 Rayland....11111111010111101 0—16

Beau K.

The Acme Gun Club.

Six members of the Acme Gun Club bad a good afternoon's sport at Dexter Park, on Tuesday, Aug. 1. The principal event was the club sboot at 20 bluerocks for the best average. F. Pfaender was the highest scorer witb 16. Several matches and sweepstakes were shot off. The scores:

Club Shoot—Best average:
Pfaender..10111111001011111011—16 C Horney. 11001011101100101110—12
C Stuetzle.11001011101011011110—13 Von Horn .11111000100101101110—12
A Bolby...10010011110011100111—12 C Munk....01110010101100001110—10

1st sweep, 6 birds:
F W Pfaender....011111— 5 C Horney....110000— 2
C Stuetzle....100111— 4 G Von Horn....011001— 3
A Botty....110110— 4 C Munk....001001— 2

2d sweep, 5 live birds, $1 entry.
F W Pfaender....12110— 4 C Horney....12000— 2
C Stuetzle....22001— 3 C Munk....21100— 2
A Botty....22212— 5

1st match, 50 bluerocks, $10 and birds:
F W Pfaender....0000101101110110111101100—14
1111101111110101001100001—16—30
C Stuetzle....1101101101111101100101100—16
0011000101011110101000111—13—29

2d match, 25 bluerocks, $5.
C Stuetzle....0101100100101001100001100—10
A Botty....1001101111111010011011010—16

Coney Island A. C. Tourney.

The following resumé of the contests in the Coney Island Athletic Club's shooting tournament for the Kings County Gun Club's championship cup, may prove to be interesting to the members of the several clubs as well as to the participants in the struggle for the trophy.

On the second of December, 1892, the Coney Island Athletic Club issued a letter addressed to the several Kings county gun clubs inviting them to join in a competition for a silver trophy valued at not less than $500, to be shot for in a series of monthly shoots commencing in January, 1893. Each club team to consist of five men, to shoot at 15 birds each under Hurlingham rules, 28 and 30yds. rise according to gauge of gun. Eight clubs entered a team, and the first contest took place on the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club grounds at Coney Island, on Tuesday, Jan. 24, when the Atlantics won with a score of 65. The next was held at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Feb. 28, when the New Utrechts won with 66. The third took place at Woodlawn Park on March 28, when the New Utrechts won with 62. The fourth was on April 25 on the Atlantic's grounds at Coney Island, when the New Utrechts and Glenmores tied with a score of 67 each. On May 23 Dexter Park was the scene of the fifth, when the Atlantics won with a score of 68. They also won the sixth contest at Woodlawn Park on June 27, but only five of the original eight teams competed, the score being 73, the best made in the tournament. The last shoot was held at Coney Island on Tuesday, July 25, which the New Utrechts won with 72, and winning the trophy with an aggregate score of 453; Atlantics second, 446; Coney Island third, 439; Parkways fourth with 423. The other four clubs withdrew when they found out that they did not have a chance to win or get near the leaders.

The following tables show the results of the shooting in the tournament by the teams, with their averages, percentage, also the work of individual members that participated in five or more shoots, with a percentage of 70 and over. It will be seen that C. E. Morris, the president of the Atlantics, and G. E. Nostrand, of the New Utrechts, tied for first honors with an average of 14 and a percentage of 93⅓. D. Deacon, of the New Utrechts averaged in three shoots 93.

TEAM SCORES, AVERAGES AND PERCENTAGES.

	Shoot.	Shot at.	Killed.	Missed.	Avge.	Per Ct.
New Utrecht	7	525	453	72	65	86
Atlantic	7	525	446	79	64	85
Coney Island	7	525	439	86	63	84
Parkway	7	525	423	102	60½	80½
Vernon	6	450	365	85	61	81
Glenmore	5	375	289	86	58	77
Crescent	5	370	272	98	54½	73½
Northside	5	310	211	99	42	68
Extras called by referee		36				

INDIVIDUAL SCORES, AVERAGES AND PERCENTAGES.

	Shoots.	Killed.	Missed.	Avge.	Pr.Cent.
C E Morris, Atlantic	7	98	7	14	93⅓
G E Nostrand, New Utrecht	7	98	7	14	93⅓
H Balzer, Atlantic	6	82	8	13.4	91
E Helgans, Parkway	7	95	10	13.4	90
C Furguesen, Jr., New Utrecht	7	93	13	13.1	88
D Detlefsen, Coney Island	6	78	12	13	87
S Northridge, Coney Island	6	78	12	13	87
J Blake, Parkway	5	65	10	13	87
G Osterhont, Vernon	6	78	12	13	87
Gus Griff, Vernon	6	77	13	12.5	86
C M Meyer, New Utrecht	6	76	14	12.4	85
D Monsees, Atlantic	7	89	16	12 5	85
J B Voorhees, Atlantic	7	87	18	12.3	84
W Thompson, Vernon	6	76	14	12.4	85
C Engelbrecht, Glenmore	5	63	12	12.3	84
C Plate, Coney Island	6	75	15	12.3	83
D C Bennet, New Utrecht	5	62	13	12.2	83
F Pfaender, Coney Island	7	86	19	12.2	82
W Hartye, Glenmore	5	61	14	12.1	81
I Hyde, Coney Island	7	84	21	12	80
J Bennett, Parkway	6	72	18	12	80
J Schlieman, Glenmore	5	59	16	11.4	79
Dr Little, Vernon	6	69	21	11.3	77
A Botty, Parkway	6	68	22	11.2	76
L Hopkins, Crescent	5	55	20	11	75
W Thompson, Vernon	6	65	25	10.5	73
J A Eppig, Glenmore	5	54	21	10.4	72
T Short, Parkway	5	51	24	10.1	70
Dr Van Zile, Coney Island	2	30	0	15	..

Sixty-six members of clubs competed out of the 158 entered as eligible.

Crack Shooting in India.

There was an exposition during the visit of H. I. and R. H. the Archduke of Austria, of a somewhat novel form of sport which is much practiced in Hyderabad now. H. H. the Nizam has of late taken a great fancy to rifle shooting at moving objects, and on the 26th ultimo. sports, including shooting competitions, were organized on the Mulkapett Race Course in honor of the Archduke. The events in which both the Archduke and the Nizam with others competed were:

Shooting at a bottle.—A quart bottle being thrown up 20ft. or more high, and having to be broken by a bullet before it approaches to within 10ft. of the ground, the shooter standing at a distance of 10yds. from the thrower.

This was well contested and resulted in a tie between Mr. Arbutnot, A.D.C. to the Resident, and Nawab Nadir Jung, A.D.C. to the Nizam, with a score of 5 broken out of 6 bottles. On shooting off the tie the pair could not be separated with a further score of 4 breaks to the credit of each. Principal scores:

Mr Arbuthnot.....111101—5	H I and R H the Archduke
Nawab Nadir Jung.....111110—5	Franz Ferdinand.....010110—3
H H the Nizam.....101101—4	

Shooting at Glass Balls.—This was won by the Nizam with a score of five breaks out of six, while Nawab Nadir Jung and Mr. Arbuthnot again tied for second honors with a hit less each. Principal scores:

H H the Nizam.....110111—5	Mr Arbuthot.....100111—4
Nawab Nadir Jung.....101011—4	H I & R H the Archduke.001101—3

Shooting at a rupee at a distance of 6yds., thrown 20ft. into the air. This was won by Mr. Arbuthnot with a score of three hits out of six, while the Nizam and Nawab Nadir tied for second place with two hits each, and the Archduke scored one:

Mr Arbuthnot.....100101—3	Nawab Nadir Jung.....010010—2
H H the Nizam.....001010—2	H I & R H the Archduke.001001—1

Shooting at a swinging bottle at 15yds. This proved a very interesting competition, for their Highnesses the Archduke and the Nizam tied for first honors with four hits apiece out of six shots, and the shooting off the tie was watched with tremendous interest and bursts of applause, as each successive bottle was broken. Eventually the Archduke failed at his fourth shot, while the Nizam followed with a hit and won the competition amid great excitement. It was a most interesting afternoon's sport to see these two high personages meeting in friendly rivalry and showing such proficiency with their weapons. The rifles used were in all cases .360 rook rifles. The other events comprised tent-pegging and obstacle and screen races for ponies, wrestling on horseback, elephant and camel races.—*The Asian.*

Team Shoot at Westfield.

A splendidly contested match at a hard-flying lot of live pigeons took place on the grounds of the Climax Gun Club, at Westfield, N. J., on Monday, July 31, in the presence of a select company. The day was in favor of the birds, especially toward the last half of the match, or when a stiff southwest wind made twisting towerers of a large percentage. The contestants were John Rothaker, of Philadelphia, and Charles Smith, of Plainfield, on the one side, opposed to Captain Alfred W. Money, of Oakland, and Milton F. Lindsley, of Hoboken. The conditions were 50 live pigeons per man, the losing team to pay for the 200 birds and a wine supper. Neaf Apgar was referee, Al. Heritage trap-puller, and T. H. Keller scorer. The results are appended:

J Rothaker	2201111●11122111021221211—22 121222●12●21221●211●1022—21—43
C Smith	2210121200112222221202●211—20 2210121200112222212021211—24—44—87
Capt Money	1120121221112122210011111—22 1●11121121212122222201●—23—45
M F Lindsley	2222222222222221222●2022—23 1220222222202222●22222—22—45—90

The wine supper was partaken of at "Dutchy's" place in Plainfield, the genial host giving it his personal supervision.

During the dinner it was suggested that those present perfect a permanent organization to be known as the Cosmopolitan Gun Club, which should devote itself exclusively to live bird shooting. The suggestion was at once acted upon, and the club formed with Captain A. W. Money, President; Milton F. Lindsley, Vice-President; Al. Heritage, Treasurer; Jacob Pentz, Secretary, and John Rothaker, Captain. The club already stands to shoot any ten-men team match for money or marbles.

Crescent Gun Club.

Only three members of the Crescent Gun Club attended the regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Thursday, Aug. 3. Each shot at 7 birds, modified Hurlingham rules, for the best averages for the annual prizes and added club money. W. Coulson and L. Hopkins tied for the first, and the best score in the sweep that followed decided Hopkins to be the winner.

Club shoot:	
Pickett.....2210011—5	Hopkins.....0121121—6
Coulson.....2210112—6	
Sweepstake, $1 entrance:	
Pickett.....01112—4	Hopkins.....10110—3
Coulson.....00100—1	

Sweepstake shoots, 10 bluerocks each, $1 entrance, followed.

Colt Hammerless Gun Club.

Hartford, Conn., July 29.—The following scores were made by members of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club to-day, 25 Keystones, 5 traps:

A "Wood"	1111111111111111111111111—25
A Willey	1101111111111111111111111—24
"McGinty"	1111111111111111101011l—24
C H Burbidge	1001111111111111111111111—23
E Decker	1111110111111111111111110—23
J Meirose	1111111111111101110011111—22
F N Manross	1111111111111101011111011—22
M E White	0110111101111111111110111—21
E Sexton	1110111111110111001111101—20
C Williamson	1111010111111111110111001—20
S T Colt	1100111011001101111110101—17
A C Collins	0011011101110010101100011—14

A. C. Collins.

Marlin—Sylvester.

Messrs. Marlin and Sylvester, respectively of the Marlin Fire Arms Co. and the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., were conversing a few days ago in a general way on trap-shooting. As such will happen, the conversation took an amicable turn on their individual capabilities at the trap. Neither one professed great skill, but each one was of precisely the same opinion in respect to the other, that is, that he could be the victor in a match at the trap. Out of good natured generaliziation, the matter began to assume tangible shape. Mr. Marlin mildly proposed a 100 bird match, $100 a side. Mr. Sylvester thought that a 100 bird match, $10 a side, would comport better with the occasion, and was so arranged, the event to occur at Watson's Park. It is said that, while neither one was afraid of the other, both were not so certain of the result as their manner would indicate. When the day arrived—one day this week—Mr. Marlin was present duly prepared for the match, but Mr. Sylvester did not appear. Messrs. Courtney, Heikes and others were present. A shoot was arranged. Mr. Marlin averaged about 80 per cent., about as well as the best could do on that day. He jumped at once into prominence as a trap-shooter, and now is honored with many challenges. It is to be hoped that Mr. Sylvester can demonstrate that he too can shoot in the first flight and that the friendly match will yet come off.

The Eureka Gun Club.

Following are the scores made July 29 at the regular weekly shoot of the club:

No. 1, 25 bluerocks: Heikes 23, Bingham 18, Willard 19, Burgess 21, Patterson 17, D. G. Turnicliff 11, Funk 22, Bissell 15, Steck 6, De Wolf 11, Maltby 19, Glover 11, Frothingham 18, Robbins 21, Goodrich 10, Turnicliff 15, Burr 18.

No. 2, medal shoots, 25 bluerocks: Heikes 23, Bingham 21, Willard 23, Burgess 24, Patterson 26, D. G. Turnicliff 9, Funk 20, Bissell 16, Steck 21, De Wolf 11, Maltby 17, Glover 24, Frothingham 19, Turnicliff 16, Von Lengerke 23, Weart 12.

No. 3, 25 bluerocks: Heikes 21, Bingham 23, Willard 21, Burgess 19, Frothingham 21, Funk 22, Bissell 16, D. G. Turnicliff 15, De Wolf 13, Maltby 14, Robbins 17, Glover 14, Turnicliff 16, Weart 12.

No. 4, 25 bluerocks: Heikes 22, Bingham 23, D. G. Turnicliff 13, Burgess 18, Funk 22, Bissell 17, Willard 20 De Wolf 12, Maltby 16, Robbins 21.

B. Waters.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Constant Reader, New York.—Try Stevensville, Sullivan county, N. Y.

W. C. J., Duluth, Minn.—Will you be so kind as to inform me what I can use to take away the animal odor of furs, such as goatskin rugs and skunk skins, so that the odor will not be objectionable. Ans. We know of nothing, except beating them in the open air.

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A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the Forest and Stream one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

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Yachting on Kansas Prairies.

Cimarron, Kan., June 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Don't say when you read this, "I don't care for the appreciation of an ignorant Kansan." Take it as heartfelt admiration and thanks for making such a good hunting and fishing paper. Your paper is clean morally, and I feel better for it, and when I read such gems as "Peccaries" and "With Mr. Al. Foster" in one paper, I must say, "Thank you." I read the whole paper and enjoy it, from your editorial—that is so much a photograph of some bit of home in the woods that it always makes me stop and dream—to the last advertisement, and enjoy it all, even the yachting, and I haven't seen a sailboat for ten years. My paper gets worn out by being read by men who cannot afford to buy it, so I am never able to keep a copy. God bless the forest and the stream and the paper that reproduces them! W. J. D.

The Zimmerman Pictures.

New Orleans, La., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The pictures have come to hand and they are beauties. Phil Schumacher.

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

The best line to California from either Chicago or St. Louis is the Burlington route. Takes you via Denver, Colorado Springs, Leadville, Salt Lake and Ogden. Daily vestibuled trains, with Pullman sleepers, chair cars (seats free) and Burlington route dining cars.—*Adv.*

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It gives directions for preparing and preserving Skins, Antlers, etc. Also prices for Heads and Rugs, Birds and Fish, and all kinds of work in Taxidermy.

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FROM the first issue of this paper it has been used, and for nearly twenty years this particular space has been occupied by

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who now say that they have given up advertising at least for the present.

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One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at $1.58 until all are sold. Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction

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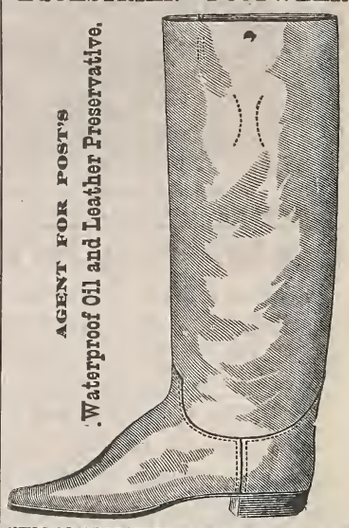

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P. O. Jackman, Me Lessee and Proprietor.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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

You are invited

to visit the "Forest and Stream's" exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the entrance from the main hall of the Fisheries Building, in the World's Fair.

THE INDIAN AND THE BIG GAME.

FROM the upper waters of the Green River in Wyoming comes a complaint of game destruction by Indians which calls for attention by the Federal authorities. The abuse referred to is not a new one. We have often alluded to it, and past volumes of FOREST AND STREAM contain a mass of correspondence and testimony on the subject.

Our correspondent tells us that, as occurs each year, the Fort Hall and Pocatello Indians of Idaho have this season come into the Green River country in large numbers and are destroying the big game for their hides, and as usual in their hunting expeditions, are firing the timber in all directions. Fortunately a recent rain put out these fires for the time. Our correspondent inquires whether by the laws of the United States these Indians are allowed to leave their reservation at all times, to hunt game where they please and to kill for hides in direct violation of the State laws, or to go from their reservation in one State into another State without restriction. Has the Indian agent a right to give them a permit to hunt off their reservation when he knows they are killing game for hides? or has he the right to give them a permit to leave one State and go into another to hunt?

By the last treaty made by these Indians with the United States Government, it was especially agreed that they should forever have the right to hunt on unoccupied lands of the United States. This right they have always enjoyed in the section referred to, and it is under this right that they invade the Green River country.

That country now contains many settlers, and it is perhaps a question whether it is still to be considered "unoccupied lands" within the meaning of the language of the treaty. At all events, since the Indians make a practice of firing the timber, thus doing irreparable damage to the forests and so seriously threatening the water supply of a great territory, it is the duty of the Interior Department, which controls the Indians, the timber lands and the Yellowstone Park, which is endangered by these forest fires, to see that the red men are kept on their reservation and not allowed to violate the State laws.

Indians have the right to take game by lawful methods and at lawful times, just as white men have. Both classes are subject to the laws of the State in which they find themselves. Neither has the right to kill game out of season nor to fire the forests. The rights of an Indian should be precisely those of a white man. When the act of either is against the general good his liberty of action should be curtailed. It must be remembered, however, that when he kills game out of season, or when he fires the forests to help him in hunting game, the Indian does not know that he is violating the law of the land. He is doing only what his ancestors have always done, what he has always been taught was the proper way to secure game. But even though his offense be committed in ignorance, it is still a violation of the statute and should subject him to a penalty. But it would be much wiser and much more for his interest to restrain him of his liberty by keeping him on his reservation rather than to allow him to be exposed to this danger. The Interior Department, acting through the Indian agent, has the power so to restrain him, and should exercise this power.

At the same time it is a matter of common knowledge that whites kill game out of season and for hides, and are seldom or never punished for it, nor in any way interfered with, in the new Rocky Mountain States. The successful prosecutions for violating the game laws in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho—except in one limited section—could, we imagine, be counted on the fingers of one right hand, and the counter would still have his trigger finger left for use. It is popular to make a great fuss about the harm done to game and forests by the Indians and to say nothing about that done by whites, who, by virtue of the color of their skins, are supposed to have the right to burn and destroy at will.

It is absurd to ignore the offenses of either race. Such offenses should be punished. Both classes should be made to keep within the law, and it is just such men as our correspondent, who might, by a little work in their own locality, arouse the public sentiment which would enforce respect for and obedience to the statutes now so lightly regarded.

WHEN THE HUDSON WAS HUDSON'S.

THERE are several claimants for the credit of having suggested the enterprise now in progress of stocking the Hudson River with salmon; and he would be rash indeed who should have the temerity to determine the justice of their conflicting claims. It is interesting to note, however, that the original suggestion of putting salmon into the Hudson was made years before the present generation of fishermen and fishculturists came upon the stage.

The project is one which has allured the fancy and engaged the attention of public-spirited citizens, and challenged their efforts for more than a century. The scheme had its origin when the dwellers on the river banks were as yet loyal subjects of George III., and fish protective laws were enacted by a Governor and council who derived their authority from the Crown, and when the Hudson River was Hudson's River. It was two years before the fateful destruction of the taxed tea in New York and Boston, that certain residents of Albany, moved thereto by a desire to increase the food supply of the Colony and fired with an ambition to add to the noble river a game fish worthy a British angler's skill, determined to try the experiment of stocking its waters with salmon.

The history of such enterprises in America must be written in large measure from the records of the protective legislation relating to them; so far as we know the only available data respecting this salmon stocking scheme of colonial days is contained in the statute promulgated for the protection of the fish. It was adopted on Feb. 16, 1771, and it will commend itself to the reader of to-day as a very sensible piece of legislation, in spirit and specification not widely different from our own statute for the protection of Hudson River salmon:

"*Whereas*, It is thought that if the fish called salmon, which are very plenty in some of the rivers and lakes in this and the neighboring Colonies, were brought into Hudson's River, that they would by spawning become numerous, to the great advantage of the public; and,

"*Whereas*, a number of persons in the county of Albany propose to make the experiment and defray the expenses attending the same, in order that the good design may be carried into more effectual execution, it is conceived necessary that a law should be passed for prohibiting the taking and destroying the said fish for a term of years.

"Be it therefore enacted by his excellency the Governor, the Council of the General Assembly, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that if any person or persons after the publication of this act, and for and during the term of five years next to come, shall take any salmon in Hudson's River, creek or brook emptying itself into the same, and kill or destroy the same, every such person shall for every salmon he or she shall so take and kill or destroy, forfeit the sum of £10, to be recovered with costs of suit by any person who shall sue for the same before any one of His Majesty's justices of the peace in any of the counties within this Colony, who is hereby impowered and required to hear and determine the same.

JOHN, EARL OF DUNMORE, Governor."

Among those whose names should be remembered in connection with the history of Hudson River salmon was Mr. Robert L. Pell, of Ulster county, N. Y., who in 1857 offered to stock all the waters of the State with salmon at his own expense if the Legislature would enact a law for the protection of the fish until they should become established. Mr. Pell took a lively interest in the artificial breeding of fish, then in its primitive stage, and in the introduction of foreign species into American waters. A shipment of fecundated ova of the English sole, white bait, tench, carp and other fish, consigned to him and intended for planting in the little bays formed by the Hudson River R. R. was lost in the ill-fated Arctic. He experimented successfully with the artificial breeding of shad, demonstrated its entire feasibility, and endeavored to secure the enactment of a statute making it incumbent upon the fishermen to plant the spawn of a certain number of fish annually—a principle which has since been adopted with respect to the whitefish fisheries of the Great Lakes. But the scheme most cherished was to see the salmon in the Hudson; and although nothing ever came of his offer to undertake the work at his own expense, the discussion of the project, with the interest it aroused in the subject, entitle him to an honored place in the records of fishculture in this State.

SNAP SHOTS.

Here is an interesting coincidence. Nearly twenty years ago there was published in our columns an account of the "Pet Birds of St. Augustine." The story was of a kindly woman, dwelling on the outskirts of the town, who had won the confidence of the birds in the adjoining woods—mockingbirds, bluebirds and sparrows—so that at her call they would fly from the trees and perch on hand and head and shoulder for crumbs and raisins. It was a charming instance of the trust and familiarity which sometimes reward one's sociable advances toward the wild songsters. In our Natural History columns to-day is reproduced a photograph sent us by "Didymus," of a St. Augustine pet hummingbird, confidingly sipping sweets from a bottle held in hand. The story of how the shyness of these little creatures may be overcome, and how they may be won as charming pets, has already been told by "Didymus." The coincidence is that the spot in St. Augustine where the birds of twenty years ago were tamed is practically the spot where "Didymus" has tamed his hummingbirds. There must be some potent influence surrounding the place.

The Waltonian celebration planned by the anglers of Great Britain for the tercentenary of Izaak Walton last Wednesday appears not to have brought together a large number of participants. In America the chief celebration was at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario. Some seventy-five anglers were in attendance from the United States and Canada. There were fly-casting competitions, and competitive story telling. The first prize for longest and best cast went to Mr. C. Hunter, of Toronto, the second to Mr. J. Pringle, of Toronto, who also won the distinction of being the best story-teller. Hon. J. G. Edgar, of Toronto, took the prize for long distance and accuracy of cast. Steps were taken to establish a permanent organization. The committee named for the purpose is made up of Theodore Roosevelt, H. G. Wells and J. S. Kennedy, New York; S. S. Spalding, J. D. Sage and J. W. Aldrich, Buffalo; J. Hill and S. B. Coleman, Detroit; J. C. Kemp, C. Hunter, R. L. Patterson, M. Baldwin, Dr. J. B. Howe, J. Pringle and P. Jamison, Toronto; Judge Chadwick, Guelph; F. Stancliffe, William Ramsay and C. R. J. Johnston, Montreal; Sheriff Mercer and W. B. Wells, Chatham.

Jack up your wheel and put on some axle grease. Take a rest. Go fishing. Then you'll spin along at a faster clip than ever.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MR. RASTUS'S EXPERIENCES.—III.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Something more than a year ago I sent you the story of the experiences in Canadian woods of Mr. E. Rastus, of 249th street, New York. It occurred to me lately to write to my friend Judge Factum, to know whether he had heard anything further from Mr. Rastus. The Judge wrote to Major O'Glory and he to Dr. Pilule, with the result that the inclosed letter has come into my hands.—G. DE MONTAUBAN.

Dr. Tugrane Pilule:

DEAR SIR—In compliance with the request contained in your letter I will say that you were rightly informed and that I did make a second visit to my brother-in-law's brother's fishing camp, and in further compliance with your request I will proceed to relate my experiences.

And, first, for I like to be concise, I will let you know how it came about. I told you before that the green of the woods and the gray of the rocks did my eyes a great deal of good, and I also escaped my usual attack of hay fever. So, my general health being improved, I was able to undertake the preparation of an almanac for a celebrated firm of patent medicine manufacturers, with entirely new and original predictions of the weather and a great deal of other interesting and amusing matter, for which I was paid a very liberal price.

Therefore I know that the medicines are good, and if any one asks me about them I shall recommend them accordingly. I never took any of them, being a homeopathist myself, although Bess professes to hold the views of that school in the greatest contempt. But I notice that in the case of her baby she favors that treatment, giving medicine in the smallest possible quantities. In regard to food and fresh air I admit she is an allopathist of what I might call a high degree. Perhaps you will allow me to add that the youngster grows immensely and has come to be much less of a nuisance to me than he was at first. He delights to sit on my knee when I am writing, and as he usually goes to sleep with his little head in the hollow of my left arm he is not much trouble to me. The other day I heard Bess say to Tom, "It is strange how fond Erastus is of that little nephew of his." But that is not so. It is only that I am fond of peace and tranquillity, and the boy is much more quiet when he is asleep in my arms than when he is wide awake.

But never mind about that, when it came toward the end of June I began to feel tired. Tom said I was pining for the Canadian woods, which I stoutly denied. I had been there once and remembered the miseries I suffered. I had to admit that I was none the worse for them, but on the contrary, had felt better, done more and better work and earned much more money than I had for several years before.

It happened that just while we were discussing the matter a letter came from Bill (my brother-in-law's brother, as you may remember), inviting me to make him another visit.

That settled the matter. To make a long story short, the invitation was accepted by first mail, although circumstances prevented my starting until late in August. Tom said that would be an advantage, for there would be no flies, which I found to be true. However, I immediately began to make preparations. Profiting by my experiences of the year before I determined to provide myself with whatever would conduce to my comfort.

I began to read the advertisements in FOREST AND STREAM, and sent for catalogues of nearly all the things mentioned in them except dogs and guns, neither of which I like. As I had to buy a dollar's worth at each place in order to get back the 10 or 25 cents that I had paid for the catalogues, I received a good many articles from the different firms, some that might be useful and some that I didn't even know the names of.

Tom went with me to buy a rod and he got me a nice one from the firm whose advertisement you will find on page—(the number escapes me at this moment) of FOREST AND STREAM. But when it came to reels, lines, flies, etc., Tom shirked and left me to supply myself. I bought two reels, six lines and about ten dozen flies, some of them very wonderful. I looked in the natural history books in the Astor Library in vain for insects having the names given those flies.

I bought a tent and some camp stools, an air bed and pillow, a rubber blanket and coat, and a box full of crockery ware, so that I might not have to eat out of those dreadful tin dishes. I took a fine large pair of blankets, and I may as well say here that these were the only things out of all my supplies that Bill could be induced to pay any attention to, except the tent, and that he said was too big.

As I had used up all my old clothes on the former trip, I procured an entirely new outfit from head to foot. My wading boots, that came up to my thighs, delighted the baby, and Tom's two puppies slept in them every night. Ben would not let me try on my boots with spikes in the soles in the house, so I had to take them into the back yard. Tom said it would develop my muscle to walk in them.

But what amused Tom most—and Bess too for that matter—was to see me in my new suit of corduroys, knickerbockers and all. Indeed I think my appearance pleased everybody who saw me in that rig. I didn't really think the style was becoming to me, as my form is quite spare and long, but the clerk in the store said it was the only truly suitable costume for the woods, and that all trout fishermen wore it.

I put it on when about starting on my journey, but Bess thought I had better wear my usual clothing and not put on knickerbockers until I got pretty well into the forest. Tom said they were a very neat fit and that I reminded him of Don Quixote. Don Quixote is a favorite of mine, and Tom knows it, but he has a habit of saying things in such a way that I can't always tell what he means. So I don't know whether he liked my suit or not. I occasionally wonder what there is about that young man that makes Bess so fond of him. I admit he is very good and kind to her, and I don't know but she is just as happy now as she was before she married him. He is quite helpful and polite to me also, but I sometimes feel as if he didn't quite sympathize with me at all times.

However, he and Bess both lent a hand to help me to get ready. Tom's mother came round with some bottles of medicine and a package of court plaster, and his maiden sister sent a neat little basket with some pins and needles, two pieces of tape, some yarn and a little round wooden ball such as Bess uses to darn stockings on.

Tom went down to Forty-second street station with me, bought my ticket, got my baggage checked, and, I suspect, paid the conductor of the parlor car to look after me and see that I didn't get left anywhere.

Having been over the route once, I got on tolerably well, and arrived at that four-o'clock-in-the-morning station just as I had done the other time. The same man was waiting for me, and we went over the same road and stopped at the same house as before. As I was in better health and felt much easier in my mind, I enjoyed the scenery and noticed a good many pretty things that I had not felt like paying attention to the other time. And besides, Bess had scolded me so much about not seeing nice things so as to tell about them afterward, that I looked about all I could and tried to remember them. I noted a good many places that I thought would delight Bess's heart if she could only come there and sketch them. Last year I took her home a lot of Bill's photographs and she made no end of fuss over them.

I had so much baggage this time that when we came to the end of the road, just at the edge of the woods, the men put it on a sled and the horse dragged it.

When we got to the edge of the lake I expected to have to cross in that same horrid old hog trough, and I only hoped it would be drier in the bottom that it was last year; but the men chattered a few minutes and said something to me about Bill that I couldn't understand, and then peacefully sat down and lighted their pipes. That is the way with those Frenchmen; they light their pipes when they start and when they stop, and if anything happens or anybody speaks to them on the road.

I understood it all quickly, for in a few minutes I saw a big barge rowed by four oars and loaded with ladies and gentlemen, with Bill standing up and steering it, just coming round a point. It was a pretty sight. When Bill saw me he gave a shout, the rowers pulled harder and the boat was soon at the shore. I was introduced to the people, they got me and my traps on board and the crossing was made in a few minutes and in very jolly fashion. It was a great contrast to my former arrival, when I crossed in that beastly old dugout in mortal terror all the time and sitting in 3in. of ice-cold water.

I found the camp very much as I had left it, some few comforts added, but no great change. This time, however, there was a number of people, and it seemed they were waiting for me to come in order to go on what they called "a cruise." Why they should have waited for me I don't know. Last year I know I avoided all "cruises," as soon as I found what they were. I didn't like them. The two or three that I had with Bill I considered enough for a lifetime. But the people at the camp whom I had met before were determined not to go without me, and they made the others wait.

They allowed me one day to rest, and I passed it in eating and sleeping. The log camp and the tin dishes did not disgust me as much as before, and I found the trout and the baked beans very good. Bess gives us baked beans at home once in a while, but somehow they don't taste just right, although we were originally Boston people, and she ought to know how to cook them. And once I paid ever so much money down at Fulton Market for some trout, but when they were cooked they didn't seem to be the right thing at all.

In the evening we sat around a bonfire and sang and told stories, but everybody went to bed early in order to be ready for the next day's excursion. I slept tolerably well in my new blankets. In the morning I even went out and took a bath in the lake with the other gentlemen. It did me no harm, although it was the first time I had dared to bathe out of doors for several years. I rather liked it in spite of the inconveniences of dressing on the rocks and getting leaves and little sticks inside my clothing. After the bath I surprised the party by appearing in my knickerbocker suit, which was received with great applause. I felt a little queer in it at first, not being accustomed to having my legs undraped. Most of the other gentlemen wore knickerbockers also, but they were stouter than I and their stockings staid up better. Mine gave me a good deal of trouble by sliding down. The oldest of the married ladies noticed the difficulty I was in and with entire calmness offered me some things to keep them up with, which I blushingly accepted and used successfully after I had made them somewhat smaller.

Breakfast being over, preparations for the excursion began in earnest. I did not want to go and would have preferred to stay, but when I found that the cruise would last three days and that nobody would remain at the camp but a guardian whose language I could not understand, I decided to risk joining the party.

I wanted to take along my air bed and pillow, my rubber coat and blanket, my wading boots and nailed shoes, besides two or three changes of clothing, but when I found that there would be several portages where every man was expected to carry his own personal belongings, I reduced my pack till it consisted of my woolen blankets, a tooth brush, a piece of soap and a towel. The married men had to carry their wives' things as well as their own, for which I jeered at them, loudly boasting of my independence of such incumbrances. I fear this was imprudent on my part, and am almost sure that one of the gentlemen tipped the wink to his daughter, for when it came to carrying things one lady or another asked if I wouldn't be kind enough to take along some satchel or other small article for her until I found I had the heaviest and most unhandy load of all. This did not happen, however, until later in the day, and then only once. The ladies let up on me.

We crossed the lake in the barge and then went down that horrid cliff I told you about before. I remembered it well, for it was very near being the death of me. I hoped I should never see it again. Some of the people went down easily, especially the younger ones, but one of the ladies had to be helped by her husband a good deal and even then she had to stop and sit down a good many times. Sometimes she sat down purposely but other times I think against her inclination, the same as I did. By exercising great care we all got safely to the bottom. There we found canoes enough to carry the whole party, two large ones, to carry six persons each, and a small one to carry four.

I have never got over my dislike to bark canoes, big or little, and never intend to. They put me in one of the large ones and sat me beside the stout lady. I don't doubt it was a good canoe, Bill said it was a "buster"—but I didn't like it. The lady being heavy and I being light she had to sit a good deal over on my side of the canoe in order to keep the balance. I know I do not take up much room, widthwise, but I do require some space, and if I should say I was crowded I should be putting it altogether too mildly. I ought by rights to say that I was squeezed into about the proportions of a lead pencil. At first I wiggled as much as I dared, but I found that every wiggle I made resulted in my being compressed more and more, and there was a bundle of fishing rods between me and the side of the boat that made a very uncomfortable seat. The lady was pleasant and entertaining and I was thankful to her for the stocking fasteners, but her avoirdupois was considerable.

We paddled up the lake for about an hour and a half till we came to a place where Bill called out and said we could stop and straighten out our legs. My legs needed to be bent up rather than straightened out, except that my knees felt as if they were being bent the wrong way. The stocking affairs also seemed to have stopped my circulation and my feet had been asleep for half a hour. If there is anything that I detest more than another about going to the woods it is this riding in bark canoes. It was not so bad this time as when I went alone with Bill, but I resolved never to get into one again if I got back safely from this trip.

After resting awhile we re-embarked and I took occasion to place that bundle of rods between my neighbor and myself, so that she would have to sit on them if she was inclined to come too far to my side of the canoe. She seemed much better adapted to sitting on rough and uneven surfaces than I was.

We paddled on a mile or two and then had to get out and walk a short distance. The path had been disused a long time and was overgrown with raspberry bushes and fallen trees. There was also a kind of thorn brush that was extremely disagreeable. I found that knickerbockers and stockings gave less protection than my ordinary trousers. I got my limbs pricked and scratched to a considerable extent. I was, with my usual gallantry, trying to help my stout companion over a fallen log, when her foot slipped, she let go of my hand and both of us sat down, I in a mud puddle and she in a thorn bush. Notwithstanding her size she seemed to be an active woman, for she got up with great promptness and celerity. I was unable to move so quickly and before I got fairly on my feet I became aware of a good deal of general moisture and of two streams of water gently trickling down my legs. Neither of us said anything but continued on our way without making any remarks. I found myself very uncomfortable in the canoe and the lady also seemed to have difficulty in finding a position that suited her.

Arrived across a small lake at a place where we were to take our lunch. I called Bill's attention to the plight I was in and he detailed one of his men to take me to a sequestered spot and help me to wash and dry my clothes. This was some improvement, although the quickly dried corduroy felt rather like a suit of tin armor when I first got into it.

After lunch we had quite a long stretch of shallow water to go up. Most of us walked through the woods, where there was a nice path, but some of the young ladies staid behind, took off their shoes and stockings and waded and splashed in the water and had a jolly time. We could hear them laughing and shouting and having no end of fun, but we couldn't see them. The men got the canoes and baggage up the stream somehow and were in great good humor, though I noticed that some of them were wet from head to foot. Bill set the wettest ones to work and they were none the worse for their dousing.

I must say this for Bill, that although he paid very little attention to the minor miseries of his guests or his men, he took good care that they should all be made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. What he saw to be inevitable he made no attempt to escape, but took good care to avoid accidents and dangers to the health of his parties. I myself endured untold miseries, but by following his advice I never even took a bad cold. I took this life in the woods instead of other disagreeable medicines, and I admit that it did me more good than all my doctors and their drugs.

Well, we crossed more lakes and scrambled over more rocks, logs and treetops that made the stout lady puff a good deal and get very red in the face, but did not interfere with her good humor. I got my shins barked a good deal, but it was of no use to complain, so I said nothing. The young ladies laughed and joked as if getting over logs and dams was the greatest fun in the world.

It had got to be the middle of the afternoon when Bill stopped paddling, stood up in his canoe, looked about and then headed for a point of land and went ashore. The rest of us followed, and Bill said: "We'll sleep here to-night, boys." I didn't think it was a good place to sleep in at all. I saw nothing but trees and bushes, and felt a good deal discouraged. But I had learned to trust to Providence—and Bill—so I looked on and said nothing. Bill went back a few yards into the woods and set his men at work. Some things they cut down and some they pulled up by the roots, and in five minutes they had quite a large space cleared up and leveled. One man cut some poles, and before I had done wondering what was to be done next they had two tents set up and a kettle boiling. We each took a cup of the ready made coffee that Bill always carries, and then they went to breaking off branches that Bill said were what we were to lie on. I devoutly wished I had persisted in bringing my air bed.

One of the gentlemen put his fishing rod together and then volunteered to help me with mine. I was very glad, for I was making pretty bad work of it. He went to fishing from the rocks, and one of the young ladies invited me to go out in a canoe with her and try my luck. The idea of going out in a bark canoe with only a girl to manage it startled me, but they all said she was perfectly able, and they talked so much that I was ashamed to refuse any longer, so I consented. Bill left his work and came to see us all right and showed me how to handle my rod. He was very nice about it.

The girl paddled away and I began to fish, with great fear and trembling at first, but more confidence later on. Somehow I didn't seem to have much luck. The fish came but I didn't get any, though the gentlemen on the rocks caught several. After a while, when I wasn't looking, I suddenly felt a prodigious tug that almost took the rod out of my hands. I gave a jerk and a jump that nearly tipped the canoe over. Bill was watching and shouted out, "He's hooked, keep a taut line, but handle him easy. He's a good one. Take your time. Let him run. Now reel him in slowly. Let him go again. Steady

now. Not too hard. Take your time, old man. Don't hurry," and a lot of other things that I did not fully understand. But I tried to do as I had seen Bill do, and after what seemed half an hour the fish came up to the canoe on his side, the girl slipped the landing net under him and we had him in the boat. Then everybody began to shout and the ladies screamed, waved their handkerchiefs, and set up a general hulla-bulloo over my first trout.

The girl paddled to the shore, shouting back and apparently as pleased as I was. Bill pulled the bow of the canoe onto the bank and I landed with my prize. "Very well done, old man," he said, "you'll learn. Don't check him so quickly next time. If your tackle hadn't been first-rate you'd have lost him. He's a nice one. A good pound and a half I should say. You shall eat him for your supper." He tossed the fish to one of the men to be dressed. Every one had to shake hands with me and offer me as much congratulation as if I had just secured a fat office under the new administration.

The young lady was the most excited of the lot. She and I divided that trout between us at supper. No one else would taste it. They said we deserved it all.

I found that Bill had had some bushes cut away in front of the tents so that we had a lovely view over the lake at sunset. Bess would have gone into raptures over it. I wish she could have painted that trout when it first came out of the water.

Afterward we had a big fire and all hands sat round and talked, laughed and told stories. The canoe men sang more songs and one of them told an interminable yarn that caused great merriment among those who could understand French. But Bill and I spread out our blankets on the boughs and went to sleep, he because he had heard the story a hundred times before and I because I was not interested in it.

By and by the ladies retired to their tent and the gentlemen coming into ours roused me up. I was kept awake a long time by the shouts and laughter from the ladies' tent, which was alongside of ours. Finally these subsided, with the exception of an occasional crescendo and diminuendo of giggle that seemed to flow from one side of the apartment to the other.

I think the stout lady was the cause of a good deal of it.

I found my new blankets very comfortable, although I did not sleep much more. I seldom do sleep well in strange places, and what with thinking about that trout and wondering whether I should get any more and whether I couldn't get up in time to try and take just one for breakfast, I was rather wakeful. I had agreed with the young lady that we would go out at half past four in the morning, but when I waked up at that hour and found nobody stirring I went to sleep and did not awake till somebody called me to breakfast.

It wasn't in our programme to stop at that place, so we had to pack up and be off, much to my regret, for I wanted to try for more trout.

We went up a hill and then down, along by a little stream—very pretty it was—and then canoed across another lake, and after still another walk we came to a river, not very big but swift. About noon, after a good many little walks and one longish one around the falls and bad places, we found another and larger stream. Here the tents were set up, as before, and everybody went fishing, some one way and some another. The young lady paddled her father and myself out to a little island and we fished. I felt fatigued and loaned my rod to the lady, who proved to be quite an expert. I contented myself with scooping up the trout that the others caught. I asked the girl to paddle me ashore, where Bill gave me a glass of wine and a biscuit, and I had a refreshing nap before supper. Afterward the people sang and told stories again, but went to bed earlier than the other time, and I imagine slept better.

In the morning we packed up and started to go further up the river, but the water was too high or too low or something, and I was glad of it. I was glad to see the canoes headed down stream. I wanted to get back to Bill's camp, where I could be tolerably comfortable.

It may be all very well for young and active people to go on camping expeditions and the like, but for a man nearing middle age and of somewhat sedentary habits like myself—well, those can go who like it; I have been once. I think the stout lady felt the same way, though her husband and daughter were otherwise minded.

We went down the stream very smoothly and quietly, and I confess it was pleasant gliding between the shady banks and slipping rapidly over some nice little rapids, where the water was swift but not dangerous. On the whole, I enjoyed it very much.

A little after noon we reached a village, and Bill got some horses and men and had the stout lady and the canoes and baggage carted through the woods across country to one of the lakes we had first crossed. All but the lady walked. Bill said the distance was about two miles, but I am sure it was ten. The horses got stuck in the mire, the carts broke down, the harness gave out and the stout lady was bumped about a good deal when the wheels banged over rocks, roots and stumps. The Canadians mended the carts with withes and the harnesses with strings, and yelled at their horses, so that they got out of their scrapes somehow, and we eventually arrived at the edge of the lake.

Much as I hate bark canoes I was glad to get into one this time. As a mode of locomotion they would suit me very well if I were not in such constant fear of getting capsized.

I like sitting down; we paddled five or six miles and then had to climb that cliff again. I have nothing more to say about it, except that I reached the top alive. But I am almost ashamed to admit that I shirked and left the stout lady to the care of her husband instead of offering my assistance. Perhaps she was glad of it, for her husband is a very strong man and I am not.

After that time, when people wanted to go on excursions down that cliff we let them go. She and I stayed at the camp and played cribbage.

I remained at the lake until pretty late in the season, and until I had broken my rod and used up all my flies. There are a good many of them in the branches of some trees on the banks of a river where I went to try my wading boots. I only fell down twice.

My health at present is very good, and if I can get some kind of a canoe made on the life-boat principle, so it will not upset, I am not sure but I shall go up there again. Yours truly, E. RASTUS.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XII.

Loup Garou.

"I DON'T see," Joseph began, as he fortified the unstable chair by setting its back against the wall, "haow father ever got a holt o' his boots when I'd hid 'em in the paoundin' berril, an' made him b'lieve they was over here a-bein' mended."

"It was a jedgment on ye fer lyin'," said Uncle Lisha.

"It wan't exactly lyin', 'cause I was cal'latin' tu fetch 'em over."

"Proberbly they was revealed tu him in a pro-vision," Solon remarked.

"However he got 'em, I'm glad he did," said Sam with an emphatic squeak of the roll of sole leather on which he sat. "If he hedn't, we'd lost the wolf."

"Wal, he's tickleder 'an ef he'd hed his pension doubled an' was promisin' Josier five dollars o' the baounty fer his sinkers an' fer you knows what bub," says he. "By geewhitteker," he ejaculated, his mind suddenly illumined, "I'll bet fo'pence ha'penny that aire boy ramshacked raound an' faound 'em for him."

"I was kinder runnin' things over in my mind arter you was here t'other night," said Uncle Lisha, rolling a length of shoe thread on his aproned knee and then carefully splicing it to a split bristle, "an' I got tu thinkin' 'baout ol' Bart Johnson's scrape wi' the wolves up on Tater Hill. He was a kinder half cracked ol' critter 'at uster come a-wanderin' 'raound here abaout oncte a year when I was a young feller, an' uster stop tu aour haouse off an' on fer a week or two at a time, an' poke 'raoun' on the maountain days, a-lookin' fer his treasure, as he called it. He'd ben a soger in the ol' French war, an' durin' which he went on a expedition agin the Canady Injins under a Major Rodgis, I b'lieve his name was. Wal, they s'prised the Injins an' destroyed the village an' fetched away lots o' stuff 'at they'd got from aour folks, trinkets an' silver an' goold an' money an' a silver idolatry imidge 'at weighed more 'n twenty paounds—jest clean silver. Wal, off they started back, a-luggin' the' booty, wi' a fresh lot o' Injins arter 'em, so't they headed off toward the Connect'cut River. Pooty soon they begun tu git short o' provision an' they divided up inter small parties, each one shiftin' fer himself, an' they come tu terrible straits, grubbin' fer rhuts an' gnawin' bark, an' most on 'em hove away their plunder an' hedn't no thought o' nothin' on'y savin' the' mis'able lives, which was more 'n some on 'em done. But ol' Bart hung tu what he'd got, a lot o' money an' I do' know but the silver imidge, an' he wandered off by himself till he come tu the top of a high maountain, an' seen the lake an' knowed where Crown Pint was. An' he came daown this side a piece an' bairied his stuff, an' arter a spell he got tu Crown Pint, nigher dead 'an he was alive. When the war was eended he begin tu look for his plunder an' he consaited Tater Hill was the maountain he'd left it on, an' so year arter year, as long as he lived, he'd come an' sarch an' sarch fer the stuff 'at was going tu make a rich man on him. Some cal'lated it wan't but a crazy notion he'd got intu his head when he was a wanderin' in the woods, and some thought he raly hed hed suthin' of vally. One day he'd ben a sarchin' way up toward the haith o' land till eenamost dark, an' fore he goddaown half way tu a clearin' it was darker 'n a stack o' black cats wi' the' eyes put aout, an' then the wolves begin a-callin', an' a-screamin' *owooo* here and *owooo* there, drawin' in cluster on him, till he begin tu feel his hair a liftin' on him, an' he clawed raound fer a tree he c'd climb, an' he run agin one he c'ld git his arms around, an' he scrabbled an' buckled tu like a good feller, till he was clean aout o' breath an' kinder settled back onter a big limb 'at ketched him, an' there he sot a-huggin' the tree fer dear life, his toes a ticklin' an' his skelp a crawlin' ev'y yowl the wolves gin. An' so he sot the hul endurin' night, oncte in a while jest savin' himself fr'm goin' tu sleep an' tumblin' off an' breakin' his neck, till bombye, arter abaout a week he thought, it come light, an' the wolves clearn aout an' he started tu climb down, but he couldn't get daown no furder, fer lo an' behol'! he was a settin' right on the rhuts o' the tree. Bart uster tell on 't an' laugh jest as hearty as any on us. Poor ol' critter, he died on the town daown tu Lakefield an' his bairied riches never done him no good, 'thout it was in expectin' on 'em, which is abaout all the sati'faction any on us gets."

"I should admire tu know if he ever tried the myraculous paower of a witch hazel crotch," said Solon. I c'n find veins of water with 'em onfalible, an' the' haint no daoubt 'at they hev jest as paowerful distraction tow-ards gold and silver, hid artificial, or growin' nat'ral in the baowels of the earth. Mebby he did find it an' spoke afore he got his hand on't an' it moved. It sartainly will, ef you speak a audible laoud word. The' is allers a sperit a-guardin' bairied treasure, an' ef you speak afore you lay your hand on't, it gives the sperit paower to move it, the's no tellin' haow fur."

"O, shaw, Solon," Uncle Lisha snorted, "that's jest an' ol' granny notiern. Ef I struck a chest o' money I should holler, I know I should, an' I'd resk even my hollerin' a-startin' on't. I don't make no gret'caount o' sperits guardin' nothin'. The nighest I ever knowed one come tu duin anythin' good was—"

"O, bah gosh," cried Antoine, who had just entered and was prancing about in a burning fever of impatience, "Ah 'll ben hol' dat storeez 'baout de wolfs so long he mos' bust mah inside off. Ah 'll gat for be delliv'r of it 'fore Ah 'll died or fregit."

"It's aither a lie er no 'caount, but let's hev it ef it 'll save yer life, Ann Twine."

Antoine dropped to his favorite seat on the floor and began cutting a charge of tobacco with frequent interruptions of gesticulations, now with his knife, now with his handful of tobacco, and many emphatic jerks of his head. "Wal, seh, boy, one tam, mah fader's broder-law—"

"Must ha' come pooty nigh bein' your uncle," Sam remarked.

"Mah fader's broder-law," Antoine repeated.

"Wal, I s'pose havin' brother-in-laws run in the fam'ly then, as naow."

"Sam, you shet up you beesinees. You Yankee tink it was be awfly beeg, forfeefty mans keel one wolf, but Ah goin' tol' you what mah fader's broder-law was be do one tam. One naght, he'll load off hees gaun wid four, prob'ly tree ball an' han'ful of shot-buck an' he'll took twenty-fav foot rope, an' he'll rrrubby, rrrrubby all wid hawg blood, he jes be keel, an' he'll jomp on hees traine, hees cutters, you know, an' he'll drove off on de hwood, wid mah fader for drove, an' drag dat ropes behin' de traine of it. An' bambye de wolfs beegin for feel smell of it, an' he'll scratter togedder an' foller dat traine, more as twenty, t'irty of it an' den he'll touch hol' dat ropes, one, two, tree, ten, feefteen, so many, de hoss he moscan pull it. Wal, sah, den mah fader's broder-law, he pant hees gaun raght long dat ropes an' he'll shot pooom, an, sah, haow many you s'pose he'll keel, ten of it, an' fave. he'll go off flap, flap, guer-a-ouou, wid hees laig broke off an' hees jaw spile up for bit some more. Dat was de way in Canada, two mens keel ten wolfs, not feefty for keel one, an' hol' mos'-dead-mans do it den."

"Ef it wan't fer spilin' this last." said Uncle Lisha, breaking the silence which followed this recital, "I'd knock yer lyin' head off with 't."

"Onc' Lasha, dat head can' lied," Antoine protested, between laborious puffs of his pipe. "Noaw wait till Ah 'll goin' tol' you baout de loup garou. Ah dat was so bad ting, it mek me scare for tink of it ever since Ah 'll leetly boy an' de hol mans an' de hol whomans tol of it. Den we'll seet an' squeeze de fire, an' be scare for look behin' of us, for see de shadder creep, creep on de floor an' jomp on de wall, for fred it be de loup garou."

"What specie of predarious animal is these ere loose garooses, Antwine? Be they anything of the human nater of a or'nary wolf or a loosevee, or a woollyneeg, or what?"

"Ah, Solem, dey was dev' more as anyting," said the Canadian in an awe-stricken voice. "Dev', dev'. Sometam dey was mans jes' lak anybodee, an den dey was be wolfs, oh, more wusser as wolfs. Dey ketch dead mans in grave yards an' heat it, dey ketch live mans, an' heat it. Oh, dey was awfuls. Ah b'lieve dey ant gat some more in Canada, neow, but in de hol tam dey had it. One tam, mah gran' gran' mudder, he'll gat so hol' he'll mek off hees min's hee'll die an' mah gran'fader he'll was go for pries' in de naght an long, long way trough de hwood, an' he drivin' long on hees traine, can' hear no nowse cep de snow scroonch, scroonch under de runner an' de hoss feet of it. Wal, seh, mah gran'pere was drovin' long, ant tink for much cep for hurry fas'. He'll was goin' on smooze road through de hwood wen hees hoss was beegin for go slow an' he'll can' mek it go fas' all he'll wheep it. De hoss jes' pull hard lak he'll draw more as two ton load an' sweat so he'll smoke lak stimboat an' melt de snow on de road wid de drop of de sweat.

"Bambye mah gran'pere look behin' of it, an' seh, he'll see great big, big black dawg, mebby wolf, he do' know if it ant probly, wid hees forefoots on de hin' en' of traine, an' he pull back more harder as de dev'.

"Mah gran'pere was mad an' scare more as he'll was mad, an' he stroke dat ting wid hees whip, an' dat ting jomp raght on de traine an' put hees before feet on mah gran'pere shoulder of it, so heavy he mos' squeeze him. Mah gran'pere feel of hees knife for cut at it, cause if you drew bleed of de loup garou he'll turn mans raght off an' go way.

"But he can' fin' hees knife an' he'll ant know what he'll do. De hoss was scare an' run lak hol hurricanes, 'cause de loup garou gat hees behin' foots off de graound an' can' pull back some more.

"Mah grandpere feel dat hell ting hot bress froze hees neck, an' hees hairs bresh hees face lak needle, an' he'll shut off hees hye, so he can' see dat awfulls yaller heye clost hees hown, an' he give up for tink he dead jes' as de hoss run in the pries' gate, an' he holler an' de pries' run aout an' say some word quick an' laoud an' de loup garou be mans raght off so quicker as you mek some wink an' run off in the hwood.

"Mah-gran'fader was so scare it was took more as mos' half pant of de pries' whiskey-en-esprit to brought it too."

"I snum," said Joseph, going to the stove hearth to light his pipe, "seem's 'ough I'm most willin' tu be skeered by one o' the creeturs, a leetle mite."

Giving no heed to the interruption, Antoine went on in the same awed voice: "An' seh, dey was mans leave neighbor of mah gran'fader, was carry mark of wheep on hees face of it for good many day."

"Did it put an end tu his uselessness, so tu speak?" asked Solon.

"Which o' them stories is true, Antoine, an' which is a lie?"

Antoine's scared face gave evidence of his implicit faith in the story of the loup garou, but he did not hesitate to testify to the equal truth of the other tale, though it was but just improvised in his fertile brain.

"Bose of it, Onc' Lasha, sem always Ah 'll tol' you."

"Wal, wal, mebbe so, but wolf huntin' is pooty strainin' work, an' I guess we'd all better be a-gettin' tu bed."

And so desertion and darkness presently pervaded the shop, while the guests went plodding homeward over the snowy fields. R. E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

The Danvis Folks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to express my thanks to Mr. Robinson for his very interesting description of the sayings and doings of "Danvis Folks." He certainly shows an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the old-time residents of the back towns of New England, a class of people who are fast disappearing.

In this region some of the old residents still cling to the old-fashioned ways, and many of their sayings are equal to Uncle Lisha or Gran'ther Hill. It is interesting to me to talk with one of these old-timers.

I sincerely hope Mr. Robinson has many chapters still unprinted of the doing of our friends in Danvis. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Aug. 7.

Forest and Stream's

exhibit at the World's Fair will be found in the Angling Pavilion of the Fisheries Building. You and your friends are invited to visit us.

AMID THE PEAKS OF IDAHO.

Shotgun Creek, Idaho, July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your whilom correspondent of Medicine Brook desires to record her experiences once more in a far strange country. After a journey of about 2,000 miles by rail from Indiana to Beaver, Idaho, behold us on a mountain plateau 6,000ft. above the sea. By "us," is meant the Chief of the Medicine Brook expedition, M. of the same, and the Matron.

The rolling plains, gray-green with sage brush, is inclosed on three sides by mountains of various altitudes. To the northeast they rise sharply in rocky peaks, and to the west gradually decline to foothills, covered with sombre pines; all are beautiful with trailing shadows and sunshine, and above their summits, clouds rest in soft fullness. To the northwest can be seen three ranges, sinking away in deepest violet near, to palest opaline blue against the sky; and before the swelling hills in the southwest, runs through many shades of green, clear as crystal, and cold as clear, welling up from snow-fed springs—Shotgun Creek. But it is at sunset that the mountains are most beautiful. If as is often the case, there are clouds above, their gray lights up with an inner crimson, rimmed with silver, or liquid gold, magnificent to behold. And over all burns, to the very zenith, a deep golden glow, with the evening star trembling through, and lasting long after day has passed. On the opposite side is a curious refraction, often sending up streams of pale light not unlike an aurora. Since coming here, we have witnessed an auroral display also, with a perfect arch and dancing streamers. In a few nights more now, the full moon will pour broad and bright over silent plains and solemn mountains, and touch with silver the wandering streams.

It is almost a fifty-mile ride from Beaver Cañon to this place. We came in a wagon with the "plunder" necessary for making a camp, and found considerable difficulty in locating. Four or five miles away are wooded hills, through which winds a beautiful wide stream—Snake River—free from fallen timber, and with its trap rock banks often fallen in picturesque confusion, as lovely a spot as could be found for camping. But we were told by the natives that mosquitoes filled the land in legions, and after seeing for ourselves, decided to return and camp in the open plain, near a fine spring boiling up in a small ravine near, and from which ran a considerable stream. There, on a windy knoll among odorous sage brush, we startled the "picket pins," as gophers are called here, by lifting our tents, and bestowing our household gods. It did not require long to discover that we were in a curious country, very different from any we had ever seen before "in our goings to and fro on the earth." We are pretty far north, and the great altitude added to this, gives a long, long day, with direct rays from a blazing sun, almost tropical in intensity. With the heat began boisterous wind, which flapped everything loose, and unless they were securely fastened, sent many of our possessions flying over the plain. Indeed, it was sometimes as much as we could do ourselves to avoid being blown from a foothold.

The Chief found pleasure, however, in whipping Snake River for trout, and daily brought back a creel filled with fish, each of several pounds weight. We all looked enviously at the sage hens, with which the plains are alive, but recently a game law has been passed prohibiting the slaughter of nearly everything but fish, to continue until Aug. 15. Curlews and plover, called here jacksnipe, however, were exempted, and as they make a good soup, or stew, we were not without game. During our evening strolls over the plain or beside the streams we have been astonished by the quantities of birds. Flocks of sage hens, which are as large when full grown as young turkeys two-thirds grown, and others with numerous broods, half size, constantly flew up or ran before us, and on the water we saw wild ducks swimming with their young ones, seemingly with very little fear. At every few steps plover, quite a large bird, curlews and killdees rose with startling whirr and scream. I have twice seen antelopes, and once small red deer, on the plains, and am told that deer are on the mountains. As yet the game has not been destroyed by hunters who plume themselves on the number of lives taken rather than legitimate sport, and it is to be hoped the game law is in time to forestall such vandalism, much as it and its officers are hated.

There has been almost no rain here this summer, and the wild grass and flowers, of which there is a great variety—often very pretty though invariably scentless—are almost dried up. Natives say the season is exceptional, and showers fall in summer frequently, usually. On May 23 last, two feet of snow remained on the ground, and snowshoes and toboggans (a kind of dog sled) were in order. I have several mornings seen white frost, and once ice crystals in the water bucket. It is patent that farming can never succeed, owing to the very short growing season and white frosts at night—save, perhaps, as a grazing country—but there is no doubt that notwithstanding its fierce winds and sunshine it is at present a paradise for hunters.

Besides sun and winds, there is yet another drawback to perfect enjoyment on the plains. As soon as the chill of morning begins to dissipate, swarms of buffalo flies—enormous green-headed things like gad flies—assail tents and awnings with a venomous buzz and roar, and their bite is as keen as a bee sting. In the shacks and ranches they blacken ceilings and windows to such an extent that, I have been told by a native, a cup full can be killed in a short time. These pests last from about July 1 until August wanes, I have been informed, and mosquitoes also make life a burden, mornings and evenings, for the same length of time. But the nights are delightful, and two or three double blankets only are needed to insure sweet sleep and pleasant dreams.

To sum up. For men accustomed to roughing it, who desire plenty of game and sport, with a minimum of labor, there are left in our rapidly filling country few places as wild. Women I would counsel to go elsewhere, unless cabins can be secured. Wind and sun blister the skin as by fire, and other discomforts from these causes are very great. Michigan or Wisconsin, the Adirondacks, Maine, or Tennessee and Carolina mountains all afford much pleasanter places for an outing, and as the variations in temperature are far less trying, they are infinitely better for nervous or feeble women. Mrs. M. E. Banta.

Natural History.

PEARLS IN THE UNITED STATES.

A paper read by George Frederic Kunz before the American Fisheries Society, Chicago, 1893.

[*Concluded from page 118.*]

At the International Fisheries Exhibition held in Berlin during 1880 there were shown results of experiments undertaken in Germany toward the production of artificial pearls from Unios, in a manner similar to that practiced by the Chinese. Flat tin figures, usually of fish, were introduced between the mantle and the shell. Similar experiments were conducted in the Royal Saxon pearl fisheries. Either small foreign bodies were introduced into the mantle, in order to furnish the nucleus for the free pearl formation, or the Chinese method of inserting such bodies between the mantle and the shell was followed. From the second method successful results were shown. The foreign bodies that had been introduced were poor pearls from other mussels, pieces of grain, or china buttons, and were entirely covered with nacreous substance. The shape of these objects makes it impossible for the mantle to fit closely around them, and hence the nacre covers them so irregularly that little or no use can be made of them, and ornamental devices coated with a beautiful nacre would probobly find ready purchasers at a fair price. From specimens exhibited, it was shown that German oysters could be made to cover a plain relief with nacre, as well as those of China. The cultivation of such forms in this country might lead to considerable income, and the brooks could be as easily protected as trout brooks or ponds are.

Efforts to make the river pearl mussel available in another way met with no better success, and are worthy

A ST. AUGUSTINE PET HUMMINGBIRD,
Photographtq from life.

of consideration in the United States, and may lead to a new industry. In 1850 Moritz Schmerler conceived the idea of making small fancy articles of the shells themselves, and succeeded so well that the German Government allowed him to take from the royal beds the shells needed for his manufacturing business. Large numbers of pearl shell pocket books and hand satchels have been made since then. The almost faultless white and reddish-tinted "rose-pearl mussels" are specially prized for this purpose, as the material may be cut so thin that a photograph pasted on the inside can be seen through the shell, conveying the appearance of being produced on the shell itself. Other manufacturers engaged in the business as soon as its success became apparent, and many hundred thousands of pearl mussels are now annually used at Aldorf, where the business is chiefly carried on. The principal sources of supply are brooks in Bavaria and Bohemia that are owned by private persons. Why not Tennessee, Wisconsin and Texas?

Pearls are usually found either by farmers, who devote their spare time to this industry, and, if no result is obtained, suffer no loss, or by persons in country villages who are without regular occupations, but are ever seeking means for rapid increase of fortune. Many shells that do not contain pearls are destroyed. In order to obviate this wholesale destruction, it would be well to give the industries a legal protection, making it punishable by fine to kill a Unio, and requiring all pearl fishers to use instruments like those that are employed in Saxony and Bavaria.*

In the former country a thin flat iron tool with a bent end is inserted into the shell. The handle is then turned 90 degrees and the shell is opened without injury to the animal. Another instrument is a pair of pliers with sharp-pointed jaws, and a screw between the arms, which is turned by the hand until the valves of the shell are sufficiently distended to see whether it contains a pearl. If it does not, the animal is returned to its former haunts, perhaps to propagate more valuable progeny. In gathering the shells, only those that are full grown, old and distorted by disease should be taken, and these only opened and not destroyed, so that the fisheries may be preserved; and the shells should be opened as soon as taken from the water, and not allowed to open by decay, for this discolors the pearls; and particularly they must never be opened by boiling water, as this dims the lustre and lessens the value of the pearl. Many lakes and rivers, among them the Olentang at Delaware, Ohio, and a number of streams near Columbus, have been completely raked and scraped, often in a reckless manner, and consequently with very little result. The general method of collecting shells was for a number of boys and men to wade into the mill-race or into the river to their necks, feeling for the sharp ends of the Unio, which always project. When one was discovered in this manner, the finder would either dive after it or lift it with his feet. It was the custom at that time to open the shells in the water, and once during the process a pearl the size of a pigeon egg is said to have been dropped into the water and never recovered.

The wholesale destruction, together with the depredations of hogs, which have exterminated whole shoals of Unios, when the water in the brooks was low, and the substances introduced into the water by manufacturing industries, besides sewerage and refuse from factories, are rapidly causing the disappearance of animal life from many of our water courses.

It is probable that the existence of carbonate of lime in excess, where mussels abound, influences the secretion that causes the growth of the pearls. In limestone regions, if the waters are polluted by products of decomposition that are acid, these unite with the lime and form other compounds, which are either precipitated or carried away with the impurities of the water. There can be no doubt that this cause would tend to decrease the amount of lime which the shell would receive, thus not only retarding the growth of the pearls, but often eventually leading to the extermination of the Unios themselves. At nearly all the marine pearl fisheries coral-banks abound; branches of coral frequently forming on the shells themselves, sometimes three or four species on a single shell; and it may be that these have more or less influence on the development of the pearl in the shell. In Vermont, New Jersey and Ohio, where pearls were formerly found, a fine one is now rarely obtained.

A unique method of collecting Unios is that practieed by the lumbermen, who, while sailing down the Canadian rivers on their rafts, collect Unios for food, by fastening bushes to the rear of the raft, so that when they pass through mussel shoals, where the rivers are shallow, the bushes touch, the unios close on the leaves and thin branches, holding them securely; and at intervals the bushes are taken out and the Unios removed.

In regard to these pearl excitements which appear from time to time, and as to where best to search for pearls, it may be well to state that it is advisable to search every creek and river where limestone is the country rock, since in nearly all instances the Unios secrete pearls when this favorable condition exists.

The great quantities of Unio pearls that existed in prehistoric times is evidenced by the Little Miami Valley, explored by Prof. Frederick W. Putnam and Mr. Charles L. Metz, and more recently by Warren K. Moorehead, who carried on operations for Prof. Putnam. The former procured over 60,000 pearls, nearly two bushels, drilled, undoubtedly of Unio origin, all of them, however decayed or much altered, and of no commercial value. In 1884, the former scientists examined the Marriott Mound, where they found nearly 100 Unio shells, and among other objects of special interest six canine teeth of bears, that were perforated by a lateral hole near the edge at the point of the greatest curvature of the root, and by passing a cord through this the tooth could be fastened to any object or worn as an ornament. Two of these teeth had a hole bored through near the end of the root on the side opposite the lateral perforation, and the whole countersunk in order to receive a large spherical pearl about $\frac{3}{8}$in. in diameter. When the teeth were found the pearls were in place although chalky from decay. Upward of 250 pearl beads were found, concerning which they say: "The pearl beads found in the several positions mentioned are natural pearl, probably obtained from the several species of Unios in the Ohio River. In size they vary from $\frac{1}{16}$in. to $\frac{1}{2}$in. in diameter, and many are spherical. They are neatly drilled, and the larger from opposite sides. These pearls are now chalky and crumble on handling, but when fresh they would have formed brilliant necklaces and pendants." The find of Mr. Moorehead is exhibited in the Anthropology Buildings of the World's Fair, and belongs to the collection that is to be made the permanent one of the city of Chicago to be shown ultimately in the Fine Arts Building, Jackson Park.

Among marine shells of the United States the common clam (Venus mercenaria) secretes pure white pearls, scarcely distinguishable from ivory buttons, as well as others faintly tinted with a purplish blue, passing at times to a reddish purple and purplish black. The white pearls are worthless, the tinted ones are of little value, but those of a darker color are often from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$in. in diameter, and the finest ones bring from $20 to $100. The supply is limited and there is very little demand, for unless the color is exceptionally good they possess little beauty, lacking the lustre peculiar to other pearls; still, when mounted with diamonds, the appearance of darker ones is much improved.

The making of wampum from these shells and from the conch has been carried on by a family of Campbells, at Pascack, New Jersey, from 1770 to the present time. The last four brothers were over 80 years old in 1889. (See "Gems and Precious Stones of North America," pages 233–234.)

The common oysters (Ostrea borealis and Ostrea virginica) occasionally secrete one or more pearly bodies, always dead-white in color. The reflections produced by their fibrous, radiated structure are similar to those observed in the common conch. The "skin" of these pearls is never smooth or lustrous, and consequently they have no value.

Conch pearls—the concretions found in the common conch of the West Indies (Strombus gigas) are not nacreous, and therefore cannot be considered true pearls. They are usually a little elongated or oblong in form, rarely round, and most of them are very beautiful, owing to the reflections produced by the fibrous stellated structure causing the light to play over the surface, but giving a different effect from the cat's-eye or that of satin-spar. They are almost pink in color and the fine ones are wonderfully lustrous.

The Abalone (Haliotis or ear-shell), the principal species of which are Haliotis splendens and Haliotis rufescens (called ormer in the Channel Island, fuh-yu in China, awabi in Japan, and abalone in California) also secretes pearls. The nacreous portion of the shell itself is used for ornamental purposes, such as buttons, etc., and surface ornamentation in lacquer work, papier-mache, etc. The mollusk itself, called "mutton-fish" by the New Zealanders, has long been known to the Indians of the Pacific Coast as a valuable article of food, and it is much

*See illustration "Gems and Precious Stones of North America." New York, 1893. Figs. 10 and 11, page 232.

sought after by the Japanese and Chinese for the same purpose. The former take only the very smallest fish, and eat them when freshly caught, with cayenne pepper and vinegar, while the Chinese seek out the largest and eat them only after they have been dried.

The trade in this dried meat is considerable. In 1866 there were exported from San Francisco by steamer 1,697 sacks, valued at $14,440, and in 1867 the exports had risen to 3,713 sacks, valued at $33,090. At present there are exported upward of 200 tons a year, which at $175 a ton would amount to $35,000. At San Diego, Cal., the dried meat is quoted at $110 a ton. The shells vary from almost microscopic size to 8 or 10in. in diameter. Before they were found to have marketable value they were thrown away. One heap a little south of San Diego, containing over a hundred tons of shells, from exposure to the rain and the sun was converted into lime on the outside; but this was broken into and many fine shells were found. The Pueblo, Zuni and Navajo Indians and all the Indians of the Pacific Coast as far north as Alaska, have made the abalone shell into charms and have used it for ornamentation with remarkable taste for ages. It was used with great success by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. as an applied decoration on silver objects, and was exhibited at the World's Fair held in Paris during 1889.

The Collector of Customs at San Francisco furnishes the information that for the fiscal year 1887–1888 the export of abalone shell amounted to $185,414, which, together with $35,0000, the value of the dried meat annually exported, makes this quite an important industry. These shells secrete very curious pearly masses, sometimes of fine lustre and choice enough to deserve a place among pearls. A pearl measuring 2in. in length and from ¼ to ½in. in width has been found. A necklace made in California from the finest specimens was valued at $2,000. A pearl over half an inch long and of good color cost $30, and was used as the body of a jeweled fly. The abalone pearls from the coasts of Korea and Japan are often very beautiful. In a lot of about one hundred shells only five were found bearing pearls, two with three pearls each, two with two pearls each, and one with a single pearl.

Capt. J. W. Collins—I have been very much interested in the valuable paper read by Mr. Kunz. It is timely and important, and is worthy of careful consideration by those of our citizens living in the interior, who are interested in the collection of fresh-water pearls. As most of you know, many pearls have been gathered in the Central States, and especially in some of the States bordering the Great Lakes. I fear, however, that lack of information on the part of those who have been engaged in this effort has resulted in the practical extermination of pearl-bearing shells in certain regions, since I believe it to be true that, practically in all cases, the animals have been killed in order to ascertain whether they contained pearls or not. If the people who sought the pearls had known that it was perfectly feasible to obtain them without injuring the animals, by the use of a simple tool, such as has been mentioned by Mr. Kunz, and had they realized the importance to them in future years of conserving the supply of these wealth-producing bivalves, there is reason to believe that quite a large collection of pearls could have been made at intervals of every few years. Now, however, because of a lack of this knowledge the pearl-producing shells in the sections referred to are practically annihilated and it will probably be many years before it is possible to reap another harvest. I know of nothing which bears upon the fisheries of interior States which could be of more service to those interested in the industry, than the widespread publication of the paper that Mr. Kunz has favored us with. Whatever tends to improve the knowledge of our fishermen, and enables them to conserve the supply of those animals which constitute objects of fishery, while seeking aquatic wealth, adds materially to the welfare and prosperity of our country and the comfort of our people.

Among the fishery subjects that demand the intelligent consideration of State legislators, none, perhaps, should receive more prompt attention than this matter of gathering pearls. No State can afford to neglect legislation on a subject so important, unless there is legislative restriction, we may look for a repetition of what has been done in the States referred to by Mr. Kunz.

A Pet Hummingbird.

St. Augustine, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you a photograph of my wife's pet hummingbird—probably the first live one ever photographed.

A little patience is required to tame them, for they are startled at the slightest movement, but when once brought under management they are utterly fearless.

I tame them nearly every summer for my wife's entertainment, though I confess to as great a weakness for the little pets as she has.

She suggested having this one photographed, and though he was a very uncertain customer to make an engagement, I sent for the photographer to come at a certain time of day; by refusing to feed the bird all he wanted, we kept him hovering around us on the lawn for hours. My wife has a very small bottle with a bow fastened to the neck so he can sit and sip his sugar and water comfortably, though I make him sit on my finger. The photograph shows the bird perched on the bow of the bottle.

The great trouble is that after we have become much attached to the pets a stronger bird is liable to come along and drive them away, and oftentimes they never return.

Didymus.

St. Augustine, Fla.

Northwestern Iowa Game Notes.

Matlock, Ia., August.—The present indications point toward good shooting this fall. Quail are more plentiful than ever known here before. Have not seen any young ones yet, but old ones are "Bob Whiting" everywhere. Have seen several coveys of young chickens of from ten to fifteen in a covey, some nearly full-grown. Rabbits, both cottontails and jacks, are very abundant. Whistling snipe or plover are not as plentiful as during past years. A few ducks have bred on the Otter Creek near here. Season opens on ducks Aug. 15, chickens Sept. 1, and quail Oct. 1. Some illegal hunting is already being done, though not as much as in former years. Longfellow.

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

Forest and Stream in the World's Fair.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

The Gas Engine and Power Co.

The exhibit of this well known company, the Gas Engine and Power Co., of Morris Heights on the Harlem, New York city, is situated in Section D, Block 5, near columns 22 and 23, in the Transportation Building. The company has a large and important display of its boats, six in all, and from one-horse to ten-horse power. They were not specially prepared for exhibition, but were taken out of the stock which the company makes for the trade regularly. Besides the exhibit in the Transportation Building (which, by the way, is on the main floor) the company has two boats on the lake, one the Geo. R. Davis, a 30-footer, and the Chicago, a 35-footer. The company would have taken the whole of Block 5, could it have been secured, for a still larger display of its boats. As it is, the company has utilized its space to the utmost. The boats shown were nicely finished, each one having in place a naphtha engine appropriate to the size of the boat and the motor power required. For their naphtha launches the company makes special claims of moderate cost with a maximum of utility, safety, ease, comfort and pleasure. Also that its boats have special good features in maneuvering, in that they can be gotten under headway in five minutes and stopped in less than 5yds. Economy in space is also claimed for the naphtha engine, and that all the combined useful qualities have won the adoption of the company's productions for commercial work, and by oystermen, by the U. S. Government for the work of the hospital, quarantine, and coast survey department and by transportation companies. Close by the exhibit is a section of a steamship showing the inside arrangements for the comfort and transportation of passengers, etc., by the American Line of steamships, and from this high point of vantage spectators often gaze many minutes at the beautiful launches of the Gas Engine and Power Co. The exhibit is in charge of a most affable and intelligent gentleman, Mr. P. S. Townsend, who takes pleasure in giving all necessary information.

The American Net and Twine Co.

Any one in search of knowledge appertaining to nets and their uses, have unlimited opportunities at the exhibit of the American Net and Twine Co., in the Fisheries Building. To attempt anything like a description would fill columns of Forest and Stream. A mere list of the articles exhibited would would fill a catalogue. The company has about 5,000 square feet of space, the larger part of which is on the main floor. There are nets and seines, from a small hand net to a large mackerel purse seine 1,200ft. long and 100ft. deep, barked and fitted for use. Numerous models of different pounds are set up to illustrate the manner of using nets in inland lakes, in the deep sea, in rivers and in different sections of the country to conform to the local peculiarities affecting the use of nets. The intention of the company was to show every variety of nets used in all kinds of fishing from Labrador along the coast into the Gulf of Mexico and in the waters of the Pacific Coast, and in inland waters. Some of the nets are full size, others are illustrated by working models faithfully reproduced. The nets are in astonishing variety and in all sizes of mesh and twine. Of the latter the company manufactures its own supply. Some idea of the output can be gained when it is mentioned that the company employs 700 hands in its manufactory; quite a pleasant contrast to fifty years ago when it only employed five or six hands. The exhibit is in charge of Mr. A. A. Adams, who is most thoroughly informed in all that appertains to fishing and who takes pleasure in imparting information to others. B. Waters.

All About the New Baker Gun.

In response to a note of inquiry from Forest and Stream Pub. Co., the Baker Gun and Forging Co., of Batavia, N. Y., sent the following advice:

"We have no regular exhibit, but at the request of the Government we made a small model of our new hammerless gun, and this your correspondent will find in the Patent Office exhibit. We think it is the smallest gun on the grounds. It is in complete working order and weighs something like 1¼lbs."

I went on a still-hunt after this gun, over in the Patent Office section of the Government Building, and asked for it of several attendants who were strenuously holding down athletic armchairs and giving the corrugations in their brain tissues a chance to cool out.

"Is it a cannon?" asked one duke with whom I had parley.

"No, my dear sir," I said unto him, "It isn't a cannon, but I reckon it's a corker."

"Ah?" said he, meditatively. "In that case, you'd better look on the side of the wall along that next aisle."

I looked, and actually got lost in a wilderness of models, showing all sorts of things in the past and present of American firearms. This really is a most interesting study, and well worth the time of any one in the least concerned with guns. All sorts of ideas, some worthless, some good, some forgotten and some of world-wide use, are filed away here in the solid, respectable, formal and musty Government fashion, and there was an embarrassment of riches. At length, while engaged in watching the development of the American revolver with one eye and listening to the growth of the repeater with the other ear, I fell upon the object of my search, duly cut, dried and labeled, Government fashion, as follows: "Breech-loading and magazine guns. W. H. Baker. U. S. Patent No. 248,249, Oct. 11, 1881. A lever on top of the stock, just at rear of the breech, is rigidly attached to a vertical shaft, which has bearings an the top and bottom of the frame. This shaft is held in its normal position by a spring. On the shaft, and inside the gun frame, is a lug to which is pivoted a link which connects the shaft to a locking slide passing through the lever part of the breech iron and engaging a lug on the bottom of the barrels, when the gun is closed. A push-pin on the top lever revolves the shaft, withdrawing the slide and permitting the gun to be 'broken down,' or opened for loading. When the lever is released it is returned by its spring to its normal position."

The above will, I trust, make it perfectly plain to any body just how a Baker gun works. I could not get the model out of the case to examine it as I wished, but I know the Baker gun is worth a much more thorough examination by any gun lover than was possible for me to give the original model, this young gun which had not had time to grow yet. But with this number on its first patent, how could the gun fail to succeed? No. 248, 249. Come seven, come 'leven! What a gig for Mr. Johnsing! Now, I know why Billy Baker Crosby wins at tournaments. He has an invincible combination up his sleeve. No. 248, 249; 7—11; 4-11-44. The broad policy of the Baker people is easily understood.

Came from Maine.

In the American gun group, just over the way from the case of Lefever ejectors over which Col. Courtney watches with eagle eye, is the modest display of the C. C. Brooks Arm & Tool Co., all the way from Portland, Maine. The output of this firm includes single and double shotguns, three-barreled guns, single-shot magazine rifles and target pistols. All the guns and rifles work by an under lever action, which cocks the gun and locks the trigger up on the scears. All have automatic ejector action, the ejector returning flush home after the expulsion of the shells. The locks of all these guns are certainly simple and few of parts, though the guns shown are rough from the file and not finished for the trade. The magazine rifle carries its magazine in its stock, as all newsdealers carry Forest and Stream.

In this exhibit are to be seen what are probably the two finest mounted moose heads that ever came to Chicago, one of them simply magnificent. They are all the way from Maine.

A Bad Dispensation.

Mr. Lewis, secretary of the Brooks Company, and Mr. Winslow, his assistant in attendance, mourn the fact that the authorities that be have placed them so far back under the gallery that nobody can find them, and that nobody can see them after they have found them. All this is true in similar measure of the whole American shotgun display, and it is a disgrace that the officials had no better ideas of values than to place these grand displays of American gun makers, such as the Parkers, the Marlins, the Lefevers, and those above mentioned, in the secluded, ill-lighted and niggardly-dispensed space allotted them. But by all means, gentlemen, let us have room for the man with the patent farm gate and the new lightning protector.

Some Callers.

Mr. Thos. J. Storr, gathering material for Bancroft's History of the World's Fair, stopped for information and a chat at the Forest and Stream corner this week.

Mr. E. S. Osgood, of the Eastern end of A. G. Spalding & Bros., was at the pavilion this week, and at command stood and delivered the story of how he caught the big Rangeley trout, which is shown in the Spalding case. Mr. Osgood naturally thinks there is no place like the Rangeleys.

Mr. C. P. Hubbard, of Broken Bow, Nebraska, a Forest and Stream man, missed me in his call, and I am sorry, for I should have liked to talk about chickens and things.

E. Hough.

In "Forest and Stream's" Corner.

During my recent visit to the World's Fair, the first day of my visit, before my legs had lost their elasticity and my feet become tender through much tramping, I made my way toward the brown tower of the Fisheries Building, and once inside, instead of wasting time looking about, obtained a pointer from a Columbian guard and soon stood before the rail of the Forest and Stream exhibit. A very pleasant young lady was on duty at the desk, and upon my introducing myself as an humble correspondent of the paper I was invited in, introduced to the register and made to feel perfectly at home.

I don't think I enjoyed a more delightful half hour during my week's sojourn at the Fair than the one within the rail at the Forest and Stream corner. The priceless files were placed at my disposal, and I confess that it was with great delight that I pointed out to the young lady some of my own work away back in the 70s, when Forest and Stream and I were both younger.

The Sairy Gamp, with its accompanying "pudden stick," was examined with great interest, as were also the other curiosities, and we had quite a discussion touching the merits of "Nessmuk" as a writer of prose and poetry, the young lady holding that it was as a poet the old hunter shone conspicuously, while I argued that his chief literary merit lay in his delineation of camp life and sportsman's hints. In defense of her opinion she turned to a copy of "Forest Runes" and bade me read an extract, and I was almost persuaded, for the beauty of the poetry combined with the earnestness of "Nessmuk's" fair advocate made a combination hard to resist. It was a pathetic sight to me, that little, tenantless old boat lying there so far from its native waters, while the great, soulless, sightseeing throng rushed madly by not a paddle's length away.

The fisheries exhibit is a wonderful aggregation, and as a study is one of the most interesting on the grounds. It is well patronized, too. I noticed that the visitors simply viewed it as a show, there is a fascination about those glass tanks and their scaly occupants similar to a cage of monkeys or the lion's den on the Midway Plaisance. Somehow I could not help feeling for those little captives as they clustered about the aerating points in the tanks as though trying to get a breath of fresh air; it positively made me gasp, and I vowed that the sight of half a dozen trout in a pool in my own mill creek was better than the whole poor scored-backed display. But I did enjoy the technical exhibits of the capture of food fishes, and the methods of propagation, the boats and apparatus and specimens; but I couldn't help feeling sorry for the captives in the tanks.

The young lady in charge also showed me Mr. Hough's medal, honestly won as the champion teller of true fish stories. Unfortunately the owner was absent, for being something of a liar myself, I should have been pleased to meet him. I noticed that the Forest and Stream Register was liberally patronized, indicating that the paper's large constituency is visiting the Fair in goodly numbers. My advice to all is, first, Don't miss the Fair, and second, don't miss the Forest and Stream exhibit. You will not only be welcome, but you will find much to interest you.

H. W. D. L.

Game Bag and Gun.

A PAGE FROM OTHER DAYS.

DIAMOND VALLEY.

Often have I been requested, and as often have I tried to make up my mind, to furnish for the benefit of brain workers my experience in outdoor sports in the pursuit of fish, game and healthful exercise. Several factors have thus far stood guard and succeeded in holding my purpose at bay. The first and most important obstacle was want of time. While I always managed to find time to get away to the mountains and plains for six weeks in every year, and during that time to keep my diary up to date, and the loved ones at home informed of my whereabouts, I never felt that I could spare the time to tell my fellow workers what pleasure I have enjoyed, what satisfaction I have had and what a vast amount of good I derived from my rod, gun and camera.

Now that I have begun, here goes: I know you will follow me, and if all who can will take my advice, many lives might be lengthened and premature old age averted. The principal excuse I have to offer for now taking the time to write up my journals, while engaged in a busy professional life, is the fact that I was born fifty-four years ago in the mountains of central Pennsylvania, where game of all kinds was then plenty, and where on this very day my father is celebrating his seventy-eighth birthday, and he is still an ardent hunter and fisherman. He taught me to handle a gun when I was scarcely able to carry the weapon.

Some of my first recollections come vividly, how I used to toddle off to the neighboring woods at the heels of my father in quest of the nimble gray squirrel. I yet hear him say: "Now Sammy, do you see that fine fellow up there sitting on that limb with his tail over his back? No, the other side of the tree—here, look over the gun barrel," as he would level it in the direction of the game: "Now, I will just snuff the end of his nose off; watch him drop." With his trusty, long muzzle-loading rifle, 120 bullets to the pound, he would deliberately take aim, and I can yet feel and hear the throbbing of my heart as I held my breath and awaited the report. He seldom missed doing just what he said, "Snuff the nose." When Clip, the old half-hound and half-cur, would tackle the squirrel, I would run to join the melée, claim the prize, string him up, and by this time my father would have another charge safely rammed home in the old rifle, when father, Clip and I would further investigate the neighboring hickory trees for the nut-gatherers. Usually it required but half or three-quarters of an hour to shoot a "mess" of squirrels, and it mattered not whether we got one or a dozen, their skins were whole, except what covered the head. All this happened long ago, and just up in the bottom not five hundred yards from the old log house, close by the bank of the creek, where over fifty years ago I first saw light. Yes, the same bottom where in the fall we hunted squirrels, coon, possum, butternuts and shellbarks, and in the spring time, when the sap rose, we held high carnival making maple sugar.

In the happy days of my boyhood shotguns were almost an unknown quantity in our neck of woods—Shaver's Creek Valley, Huntingdon county, Pa. Men and boys used either the rifle, straight-cut or smooth-bore gun. The two last named were of larger caliber than the rifles, and were used for either shot or ball. I can well remember how important I felt when but a small boy I was allowed to take one of the inferior guns from the corner in the kitchen, where always stood half a dozen or more, and practice on the red squirrels along the creek. I also well remember ono of my most important exploits as a hunter. It all happened in the clump of trees just above old Dan Stevens's house, against the side of the hill, where more than once I lay for hours watching for a ground hog to stick his snout and fat cheeks up out of his hole. One day the old gentleman put in an appearance; I plugged him square under the chin with a 300-grain round ball from the old smooth-bore. That old fellow I had watched for often, and as often been disappointed; but this time I caught him square. He was as much as I could lug, and I could hardly wait until I got home to exhibit my game. I think now that a few such experiences during my boyhood made impressions upon me which in after years stimulated me to fuller enjoyment and appreciation of the benefits of the pursuit of fish and game in search of the recreation so important for brain workers.

It was not long after the above event until all the boys in the neighborhood knew that I had killed a hog, and a ground hog at that; and I soon began to think I was a veritable hunter, and most of my time was spent lugging the old gun around, shooting at everything animate, and soon my hunting proclivities had to be curbed. I was always on hand when a coon hunt was on the tapis, and one, if not the first, to notify Dan Stover, the Lightner, Yokum and Longenecker boys; when, together with Uncle Sam, father and the dogs, we scoured the neighboring country and always succeeded in gathering in one, or sometimes three in one night. When the coons were hibernating, or out of the usual season, we always had something on hand—gigging, setting outlines or dipping for suckers when the water was right during the freshets.

When I was fourteen I had an idea that I was old enough to kill a deer. Squirrels, robins, sapsuckers, and even groundhogs failed to be sport enough for me. In those days father and my old bachelor uncle could go up over the hill and on the leading ridge, not over three miles from home, and kill a deer in the winter season, when there was a good tracking snow, just about whenever they wanted fresh venison. The deer hunting fever had been troubling my dreams for some time, and soon an opportunity offered. A deer hunt composed of several of the neighbors was on hand, information of which I got by standing around the blacksmith shop, both hands in my pockets and both ears open. As I considered myself a hunter, I insisted upon being one of the party. I well remember I slept but little the previous night and was up long before daylight, scouring out the old smooth-bore, which no one else would take to hunt deer. We were all to assemble at break of day at a certain point on the leading ridge, which forms the southern boundary of Diamond Valley, and there on time we joined Sam Striker, Adan Lightner, Harry Lightner, Hen Longenecker, John Decker and Dan Stover. The hunt was planned from that point. It was to be a breast hunt on the south side of Tussey Mountain, which formed the northern boundary of Diamond Valley. The valley being but about one and a half miles wide, it was not long until we were strung about 100yds. apart, ready to hunt against the wind.

As this was my first deer hunt it may be imagined how I looked, and peeped, and stepped on tiptoe, ostensibly for deer, but most likely as often trying to discern the whereabouts of the hunters above and below me, for I have got a faint recollection that I was afraid of being lost. We had not gone over half or three-quarters of a mile, when hearing a rustle to my right I caught sight of a fine deer coming loping toward me and not more than 40yds. below. I stopped stone still, cocked the old gun, brought it to my face, and by this time the deer was immediately below me. I bleated; the deer stopped; I aimed and fired and the buck dropped in his tracks. Of course I yelled like a Comanche for Stryker, who, I knew, was below me, and who soon appeared on the scene. I had shot the deer too high and too far back, and the consequence was that by the time Stryker came the deer was making down the mountain, dragging his hind parts. I had forgotten to reload, and when Stryker came he shot at the buck's head, the ball passing through his snout, which only accelerated his passage down the mountain. While he was reloading I did the same, and as there was no snow on the ground the deer got away, and although the whole party hunted for him a long while we were unable to find him, until some time afterward the carcass was found in the thickets several hundred yards below where I had shot him. The pain I experienced in not getting possession of the first noble game I had the satisfaction of bringing down, was the first great disappointment of my life, and the one which, as years roll by, still clings to memory; and I never yet hunt deer but the first hunt comes up; and ever after that, when the deer stands broadside to me, the bullet hole is sure to be through the shoulder blades.

The recollection of those boyhood days are the most fascinating I could dwell upon, and might be indefinitely extended, but space forbids; though I was very forcibly reminded of them but a half dozen years ago, when, public duties preventing me from taking my usual six weeks' vacation, I spent a week at the old homestead. Father, mother and uncle were still there; the two old shot-pouches covered with spotted fawn skin, and several old powder horns, were in the same drawer in the same old side-board, which stood in what was then used as kitchen and dining room. In the same corner stood the guns, but they were of a different style from those of forty years ago. Many changes had taken place since I was a bag-hunter and fisher. The old log house wherein I was born over fifty years ago, still stood across the creek. The site of the old school-house was a pile of rubbish, and the new one occupied a more eligible place. The old grandfather had fallen dead with a trap in his hand in 1862, but his gun still stood in the corner. Where hickory and maple trees had covered the creek bottom in sight of the house, and furnished good shooting in season, scarcely a stump was left to mark the spot or tell where I had spent many happy hours hunting squirrels, gathering nuts, angling for the gamy fall fish, or gathering the sweet sap for the sugar camp, which was always a gala time in season. The two-barreled revolving muzzle-loading Schuler guns had given way to repeaters. One a Spencer carbine, used during the war by one of my brothers, had been loaded up, with an additional supply of iron attached to the under surface of the barrel to balance her up, and was used by the eighty year old uncle for hunting deer. He had removed the original trigger-plate, and instead the part was supplied with the good old-fashioned double on-sett trigger.

Again I find I have wandered from noting the events of my week's outing in the same locality where I had killed the big buck and didn't get him after all.

All being in readiness, father took me out to Diamond Valley, to the cabin which was occupied by a party of old hunters who were boy hunters when I was—Tommy Montgomery, Bill Conrad, John Eberle, Mead Barst, Sam Steele and Joe Carman—and Uncle Sam, with his Spencer carbine .50-caliber, was to join us on the following day, preferring to hunt from home to the cabin. On the second day in camp we had a good tracking snow, and the following morning we were all up early and had the old cook stove piping hot, and breakfast over before a glimmer of daylight lit up the eastern horizon. The farmers in the adjoining Shaver's Creek Valley used Diamond Valley (which is about fifteen miles long and an average of one and a half miles wide, well wooded and watered) as a cattle range during the summer, and each herd had one of its number adorned with a bell. Once or twice a month the farmers would go out to salt and look after their herds. The deer became accustomed to the tingling of the cow bells, and so the practice has been for one of a party of hunters to take a bell and follow the track, while the others were all posted at the well known runways or crossings where the game crossed from the mountain to the ridge, or *vica versa*. The sound of the bell aided the watchers in determining the direction taken by the deer, and ofttimes enabled them to obtain advantage by changing their location where there were not hunters enough to cover all the ground.

On this occasion, Sam Steele, a royal good fellow and a quick, sure shot, acted as the bell wether. I was assigned a place at the edge of a small open space near where there had been an old saw-mill. I sat in the edge of the scrub oak thicket, with my back against an old stump and my Winchester lying across my left knee. From where I sat I had a good view of the small open space to my right. Directly in front of me, and just 21ft., stood a small bunch of scrub oak not more than 6ft. high and about 6 or 8ft. in diameter. I took in the situation, and had not long to wait, for in a few minutes I saw a fine large buck and fawn jump out of the timber into the open space to my right. In less time than I can write it he landed about four feet in front of the scrub oak clump. I bleated just as he lit, and stone still he stopped, at the same time throwing his head to his right in the direction of Steele and his bell. He fell pierced through both shoulders, and I had killed a specimen of the noble game of the Alleghenies within 3½ miles from where I was born half a century before. Before the week was up we had three hanging against a gum tree which stood just north of the cabin.

Since that little hunt time has brought some changes. Uncle Sam passed peacefully away at a ripe old age, and we laid him in the little churchyard, leaving behind him a host of sorrowing friends and acquaintances. The autumn leaves had yellowed and fallen; his fox beds were located and baited for the winter's sport; but the traps were never set, and sly reynard held high carnival over what would have been dangerous ground had he not been called away. Conrad has also passed to the great beyond. The rest of the party are all living and hunted over the same ground last fall, but with poor success. Since 1885 a railroad has been built through the hunting ground, the timber cut out and the game driven off; and another of my old stamping grounds has given way to civilization. The inevitable must come—so be it. SHONGO.

LANCASTER, Pa.

AN ILL-FATED SHOT.

It was in the month of October, 1856, when N. L. Hanscom arrived in the town of Orland, Hancock county, Maine, for a hunt. Having somewhat of a reputation as a hunter among the boys of that town, I was selected to go with him and lead the way to the best hunting ground. It was a beautiful October day and the leaves of the Maine forest had just commenced to put on their golden hue, and the lofty hills all around presented a grand scene. One of these hills was known as Mason's Mountains, at East Orland, which we selected as our hunting ground. This mountain is north of Mason's Mills, between Toddy Pond and Craigg's and Hart ponds, and was noted in those days as a hiding place for bears, deer, foxes, rabbits and partridges on account of it being covered with a thick young growth of white birch and pine trees.

After getting an early breakfast Capt. Hanscom, myself and brother started for the top of this mountain with great expectations, thinking we would get a deer or two, and perhaps a bear. We gradually worked our way up this steep mountain through the underbrush, and sometimes we had to take hold of the limbs of the trees and pull ourselves up, and at last we reached the summit. The sun was shining very bright and there was not a cloud to be seen in the sky, and the scenery around us was grand beyond description. Looking in a northwest direction we could see a chain of tall mountains as far as the eye could extend, and in an easterly direction we could see the Mt. Desert hills, the tops of them looked as white as if they were capped with snow. Turning our faces to the south we could see the broad ocean, dotted with vessels, with their white sails passing and repassing. After resting ourselves for a while we concluded we would pass down the mountain in the direction of Craigg's Pond Brook. I told Capt. Hanscom I would take the outside course to the right, while he should take the left side and my brother the center; and we would walk along carefully and keep sight of each other so as to avoid any accident in shooting. The young white birch and the small pine growth was very thick, and we had gone but a short distance when I saw a rabbit, which I shot; and in a moment I heard a faint voice ahead of me "I am shot."

I ran in the direction of the voice, and saw Capt. Hanscom hanging on to a limb with one hand, but before I could reach him he fell to the ground prostrated, and it looked for a few minutes as if he were dead. The shock was so great that he fainted, but in a short time he revived so as to speak and requested me to take a flask of brandy out of his pocket and give him some. This I did, and it seemed to restore him quite rapidly; and as soon as he could talk I asked him where he was shot. He said he did not know, but his right leg was very painful. On examination I found that the ball had passed into the leg just above the knee. In a short time he was suffering most excruciating pain and could not stand a moment. After looking the situation over we came to the conclusion there was no other thing to do but to carry him down that steep mountain into the valley below where we could reach him with a conveyance; so we put our shoulders under his arms and walked along a piece with him, and all at once he asked me if I had killed the rabbit. I assured him I did; he then said, "Lay me down and go back and get it, for I want to take it home with me to show that you are a good shot."

So I went back and got the rabbit, and we continued our journey down, over the roughest place I ever saw, until we reached the low land below. Here we laid him down on the grass and placed my coat under his head, while my brother went for a horse and buggy to take him to his old friend, S. P. Brown, at Orland Village. After arriving there several physicians were called and every means known to the profession was used to extract the ball, but all proved a failure.

He knew I felt very badly over the accident, and he told his friends that I was not to blame; but that had he obeyed my request and kept his place on the left and not got in ahead of me on the right he never would have been shot.

The next day he was taken to Bucksport and put on the boat and taken to Boston to the best surgeon there, who found the ball had struck the bone and glanced up the leg and lodged near the groin. The ball was never taken out, but after several months of confinement to his house the Captain recovered.

Soon after this I moved to the Far West and heard nothing of Capt. Hanscom till 1873, when I saw he had been stationed at the Navy Yard in New York. I saw a very fine wild turkey in our market. I bought it and sent it to him, and wrote him a letter and asked him if he remembered the boy who had shot him in Maine. The following letter was the reply from him:

NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR'S OFFICE, Navy Yard, New York, Dec. 2, 1873.—Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, Macomb, Ill.: My Dear Sir—I have often wondered what had become of you, and until the reception of your kind note of the 25th ult. thought you might be numbered with the dead. I am very glad, however, to know that you are yet alive and I hope enjoying life. The ball in my knee troubles me but little—only when I take a violent cold, which happened for the first time in three or four years about three weeks ago; and now I am sound. But I have to thank you a thousand times, for the splendid wild turkey just arrived in excellent condition. It is a noble one and I wish you could be here to attend the post-mortem soon to be held on the body. I am to officiate as surgeon, my wife being coroner, hence you see, as the weight of either of us being over 200lbs., the examination bids fair to be a thorough one. You will have our blessing at the most critical time—the commencement of the dissection. If you should come this way I hope you will come and see us. You will find the latch string out. Come and see. Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain truly yours, W. S. HANSCOM.

Capt. Hanscom was placed on the retired list in 1876. He was a brave officer and a genuine companion. He died at Malden, Mass., about 1878. May peace rest over his ashes. W. O. BLAISDELL.

MACOMB, Ill.

THE ADIRONDACK LEAGUE'S HUNT.

THE first annual deer hunt of the Adirondack League Club will be held during the last week in September, beginning on Monday, Sept. 25, and ending Saturday, Sept. 30. Mr. A. D. Barber, manager of the Forest Lodge club house, will be the master of the hunt, assisted by the managers of the other two club lodges. The occasion will be one of the greatest interest, even to non-participants in the hunt, and special arrangements will be made at all the club lodges for the accommodation of members.

The preserve of the club, embracing as it does over 200,000 acres of primeval forest, and protected, as it has been for three years, by the enforcement of the game laws and the stricter club regulations, has become probably the finest deer park in the country, as well as the largest. Probably at no time in twenty years have the deer been so numerous as now on the League's preserve. A clerical member of the club reports having seen five in an hour's trout fishing on Lime Kiln Creek, near Little Moose Lake, one noble buck refusing to leave the water until literally scared away by shouts and cries.

The League has enforced on its preserve regulations much more strict than the provisions of the game law. For instance, it prohibits entirely jacking or floating, and earnestly endeavored last winter to secure the enactment of a law prohibiting it throughout the Adirondacks. It also forbids the killing of does, and in the club hunt it is probable that a rule will be made that bucks shall not be killed when swimming in the water, thus giving the animal a reasonable chance of escape.

In this connection is given a photograph of a buck swimming for his life in Little Moose Lake. Seldom, if ever, has a photographer secured such a shot as this. Mr. George H. Johnson, of Bridgeport, Conn., a member of the Adirondack League Club, drove over twenty bucks to water before he secured an exposure to his satisfaction, and this is the result of his perseverance.

It is the intention to start the hounds in the mountains to the easterly side of the preserve, the participants in the hunt being stationed at the various runways and watch points where the deer would be most likely to come within the huntsman's range. Applications for assignment, or for the entry of private hounds, should be made to Mr. Barber, at the Forest Lodge (Honnedaga, Herkimer county, N. Y.) at least a week before the beginning of the hunt.

The Adirondack League Club is the largest and most prosperous of the Adirondack proprietary clubs. It has over 200 members, each one of whom has a proprietary interest of one-five-hundredth of all the club property for each membership share he holds; the property being estimated at $1,200,000. The club owns 104,000 acres in Herkimer and Hamilton counties, from which it derives an income of $30,000 a year, thus obviating any annual dues or assessments on the members. The membership shares are now sold at $1,200 each.

There are three handsome and well-equipped club houses, the most recent, Mountain Lodge, having recently been completed at a cost of $30,000. Bisby Lodge, on First Bisby Lake, was acquired by the League on the consolidation with it last May of the old established Bisby Club. Forest Lodge, on Honnedaga Lake, is the oldest and best known of the club lodges. Besides this chain of club houses, which extend for twenty-five miles through the preserve, there are numerous club camps scattered through the preserve at the most popular fishing and hunting resorts.

SHOT IN LITTLE MOOSE LAKE—WITH A KODAK.

By Geo. H. Johnson, A. L. C.

A COLD WEATHER STORY FOR AUGUST READING.

IT was in December. I had been sitting by the table reading FOREST AND STREAM, and after reading "Cumberland's" experience about our down grade from forty, I laid down the paper, took my glasses off, and as I laid them on the table noticed another pair I had discarded only a few days before. They had grown too young for my eyes, at least, I had to hold the paper too far from me, and then I had to get a pair two numbers stronger. I took a look in the glass. Sure enough, instead of being gray, my hair is almost white. Yet I could not expect it to be otherwise, for I have passed fifty-three of old Father Time's milestones, and am rapidly approaching the fifty-fourth. While I know I have crossed the summit and am a long way down on the opposite side, yet my love for sport has not even passed the summit, and probably never will.

I opened the door and looked out. It was snowing. The ground was white, and from the general outlook there was going to be a snowstorm. After getting a breath of the storm I again seated myself, picked up the paper and read until I was aroused by the clock striking 9. I laid away my paper and went to bed, but before going to sleep I made up my mind that to-morrow I would go and try an experiment—I would see if I could find a deer and kill one if found. With this determination I fell asleep and was lost to all cares until I heard the clock strike one stroke. As the clock strikes the half-hours I could not tell which one it was, but one thing I was sure of, I was not going to lie in bed and risk staying awake until the clock should strike again. I jumped up, lit a match and saw that it was half-past 4, a very good time to get up. After making a rousing fire in both stoves, I took a peep out to see how things looked. The snow was about 4in., weather mild, still snowing.

"Well," I thought, "if I do not kill a deer to-day I might as well dispose of my little .44 and confine the rest of my hunting to the scatter-gun."

After breakfast came the question of foot-gear. The snow was too shallow and moist for moccasins, and boots would be too heavy and slick; so I put on two pairs of socks, then moccasins, then overshoes, then lace leggings, then a light duck hunting coat. When daylight came I started for a mountain to the north with the intention of being back by noon.

I walked pretty lively until I got to the base of the first hills, where there is good hunting ground, and soon I struck a very fresh track, which I followed for a short distance and determined it was the trail of a buck. I passed on, for I have no use for a buck this time of the year. I had not gone far when I struck another fresh track, which I also knew from its size was that a buck. This I left. Then I crossed through a fir flat, the wind coming from my right and the snow falling fast.

I had crossed the flat, and was nearing the base of the last mountain, when my dog Frank struck a scent; and from his actions I knew that it was either a hot track near by or a deer not very far off. I followed him very carefully and thoroughly looked the ground over. We had gone about 200yds. when I saw a deer's head. The deer was lying down, and had not yet seen me. I carefully measured the distance with my eyes, pronounced it 125yds. or so close to it that if I raised my peep sight to three notches and did not dodge or wiggle just before I shot, I could kill that deer dead in its bed. I raised my rifle and could see the deer's head through the aperture disc very plainly; after holding on for a second or two I fired. The deer stretched out in its bed. I expected to see another one or two get up but it was alone; it was very fat. I hung it up out of the reach of the coyotes. As I hang a deer up differently from any one I have ever been out with, it might interest some of your numerous readers to know how. For a small deer, anything under 80lbs., I take a stick 9 or 10ft. long, place one end near a tree, and the other end in the neck, where I cut the wind pipe off from the tongue, then I up-end it. The deer will hang straight; the birds can't peck out the hams; its hair turns off the storm and rain; and it looks nice when you drag it in on the snow.

We started back with the storm, intending to follow down the gulch that puts into Mill Creek about one mile below the mill. I had not gone far when I saw where a deer had been running; it had got scent of me and cared nothing about sight. I follow on down the gulch, which at some seasons is a great place for deer to feed and lie, but I did not see a track until I had got within a hundred yards of the mill creek cañon; here I saw where two had come up out of the cañon and had kept up toward the mill. I followed them a short distance when I thought I saw a deer lying under a fir tree not more than 60yds. away. I stepped back a few steps to see if I could get a better sight of it, when up jumped two and bounded off down into the cañon. That disturbed me but very little, for the cañon here was very steep and from 400 to 500 yards across. I stood still and began to turn up my peep-sight for 400yds., as that was the point at which I thought they would first come in sight. After waiting a little while one stepped out and stood broadside, and I raised my rifle and fired. At the crack of the rifle the deer gave a big jump and went into a small thicket and stopped; I did not see the other, it kept down along the creek in the brush. After waiting a little while I moved down the brink of the cañon and soon could see the one I had shot at standing in the brush humped up. I knew then I had shot it too far back. I shot again, when out it went and started up the hill. I shot a number of times but could not get the right elevation. Pretty soon I saw the other come out of the brush lower down and go quartering up toward the wounded one, which was near the top of the hill.

I went up to the house, got my dinner and waited until 2 o'clock, then I went down on the opposite side of the cañon to where the deer came up the hill. Here I found some blood. I followed on and looked the ground over well; and soon saw the wounded deer lying in a small cañon about 400yds. away. I slipped back and went down a small gulch, and soon saw I could get no nearer, so I raised my rifle and shot at her head and struck her in the ear. She straightened out. I then looked for the other one to get up, but it did not. I went back up the gulch a short distance and went around to where I could have a better view of the little cañon in which the deer was lying, and soon I spotted the little fellow lying in the brush. I shot at its neck, as there was some brush between me and its head, and broke its neck. I went down, dragged the little one near the old doe and hung them up high, thinking it might be four or five days before I should drag them in.

I had shot the old doe through the middle. The bullet had torn her liver very badly, yet she had traveled nearly one mile; and had I kept on after her she could have traveled for five miles. When I wound a deer, unless it is getting very late in the day, I do not follow them for a few hours, but give them time to get weak and to quit watching on their back track; it always pays.

LEW WILMOT.

LOOMIS, Wash.

SPORTSMEN AND FARMERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you well know, anything pertaining to the preservation or protection of our game birds or fishes is of more than passing interest to me, I cannot refrain from penning a few lines thanking you for your views as expressed from time to time in your editorials. It has been my constant aim and desire to bring about a mutual good feeling between the sportsman and the farmer, believing, as I do, without a proper understanding between them the protection of our game and enforcement of laws becomes a difficult task. We in America are fortunate in having as a class sportsmen who are generally enlightened and reasonable men, who, while they go to forests, field, and streams in quest of game, always find pleasure in such surroundings as nature gives. These very surroundings tend to keep their heart in the right place and perpetuate a fellow feeling always conducive to good. As a rule they respect their neighbors' rights and property, whether it be in city or country. Should they be the so-called city sportsmen, they are as loth to injure the farmer's crops, fences, or other possessions as the farmer would be to commit a depredation were he in the city. We all know full well when on pleasure bent there goes a certain amount of license, still the sportsman rarely ever takes the benefit of it. The nature of his pleasure or sport requiring coolness and consideration, he is careful to do no wrong.

This fact I find is becoming better understood by the farmer, who himself begins to take an interest in preserving the game in close season. Where I am now summering, not fifty miles from a large city, several of the farmers, to oblige me, had their field hands plant stakes in the growing grain near partridge (quail) nests as a warning to drivers of reaping machines not to disturb the nests. This I think they will do again, as some of them, though men well advanced in years and rusty with the gun, take quite an interest in the occasional target matches I give them, which tends to make them proficient wing shots, and engenders a spirit of friendly rivalry. With such interest once aroused, I am satisfied will come their attention to the protection of game.

We want more farmer sportsmen, and should do all in our power to secure their help and coöperation. By placing FOREST AND STREAM and similar papers in their hands much good can be accomplished. I send my papers to a certain Grange in this State, and am told they show almost as much thumb marking as the agricultural sheets.

I appeal to the sportsmen generally to pay more attention to the farmer, use your persuasive powers and get him interested in this matter so dear to us. Once have him espouse the cause, our Legislature will not only grant our request for good game laws, but what is better still, the farmer will help us see that they are enforced. This once accomplished, greater still will be the pleasures of a day's outing with rod or gun. The suggestion I make, if worth working upon, would entail neither great expense nor labor, and should soon show results. Of course we must expect occasionally to come across a flinty fellow, headstrong and obstinate, who sees no good in game laws, believes in trapping and snaring game, and takes pleasure in ordering you off his few poor acres. Brother, pass him by with sorrowing contempt, he's unworthy of your notice, and fortunately such are few and far between; he has not the respect of the community in which he lives, and is no more to be likened to the average farmer than the market-gunner or pot-hunter is to yourself. I have enjoyed many pleasant trips afield in the Eastern, Middle and Southern States, rarely ever receiving other than courteous treatment at the hands of the farmers of whom as a class I think more than well.

MOUNT ROYALL.

Criticised the Alligator.

AN amusing incident occurred on Main street one day last week in front of the aquarium in the window of E. P. Wonson's lunch room and cigar store. Three young ladies, one from New York, the other from Kansas and the third from Florida, were interested spectators of the young alligator, which, as immovable as the sphinx, lay on the window ledge basking in the sun.

After watching the saurian for some minutes the young lady from the South spoke up, saying: "The man who stuffed that alligator did not know his business. Why, I have seen thousands of alligators, and none of them in life ever carry their tail or curve their leg in that ridiculous fashion."

Just then the alligator gave a quiver, opened his capacious jaws, snapped at a fly, and as he slid into his tank the young lady from Kansas is quite positive he winked an eye. The young lady from Florida subsided.—*Gloucester (Mass.) Daily Times.*

Lake Grove Club.

THE Lake Grove Gun Club, of Suffolk county, L. I., has been incorporated. The trustees for the first year are William Imhauser and John E. Rayner, of Ronkonkoma, and Daniel B. Hawkins and Henry L. Gould, of Lake Grove, L. I. The club intends to maintain a hunting and fishing preserve and also to enforce the game and fish laws.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Early Snipe Again.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 9.—This year, as was the case last year, the jacksnipe are down very early again. They are abundant this week on the Kankakee bottoms. The cause of their early migration is doubtless dry weather in the North.

Horicon Club.

Advices from Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, state that the redheads, spoonbills and teal have bred in such numbers that the prospect for good sport on opening day is very flattering indeed. On the upper club grounds Mr. Percy Stone, the hustling manager who has had both clubs in charge, has put up a substantial club house and made many improvements. The upper club is now in far better shape than it ever was before, and is as good as the lower club in all respects and qualities, so far as one can see. It has taken rapid work to get everything in shape, but the buildings will all be up and finished by Sept. 1. A goodly Chicago crowd will attend at both the lower and upper clubs.

Utes Are Out.

This morning's Durango dispatches say the Colorado Utes are out and are willfully destroying quantities of game.

Louisiana Deer.

Advices from Opelousas, La., to the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM state that several deer have recently been killed in the eastern part of St. Landry Parish. This is in the close season and citizens object to it.

The Idaho Law.

Idaho swings away into line with her game law, a copy of which is mailed me by Mr. M. L. Twogood, secretary of the Boise Rod and Gun Club. Moose, caribou, mountain sheep, mountain goat and elk are protected absolutely until Sept. 1, 1897, a close season of a term of years. Hide or head hunting, solely, of any sort is prohibited. The hides of moose, caribou, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep or goat are prohibited to be bought or transported, at any time of the year. The open season on deer and antelope is Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Certainly Idaho must be feeling the loss of her game. The wilderness is nearly gone.

Unexpected Find of Wood Buffalo.

My Winnipeg friend, Mr. Thomas Johnson, writes me in regard to a most interesting piece of game news as follows:

"I send you a cutting from to-day's *Free Press* (July 25) which may interest you. Mr. Mundie is a personal friend and neighbor and the information is thoroughly reliable. The Mr. Secord referred to gets his supplies from us, and I shall see him in a few days and get full particulars. I expect to get a musk ox head from him."

The article from the *Free Press* will create the liveliest surprise in the minds of those best posted on the total buffalo supply. It seems that the Peace River herd was not yet exterminated, after all. The cutting reads:

Mr. James Mundie, a representative of the firm of Carscaden & Peck, who has just returned to the city from a business trip in the West, brings an interesting bit of intelligence concerning the wood buffalo of the North. Three years ago when Mr. Mundie was at Edmonton, on a trip similar to the one just completed, he purchased the head of a wood buffalo, and it was thought at the time that it was the last one that would ever be seen, as the species was supposed to have become practically extinct. Imagine, then, Mr. Mundie's surprise a week ago on again visiting Edmonton to find there one trader with ten heads and another with twenty robes, and to learn that over 200 of the animals had been killed by Indians this season in the Slave Lake and Peace River districts. In the lot which Mr. Mundie saw at Edmonton was the largest head he had ever seen, and the robes were of an exceptionally good quality, the hair being very dark and grizzly. The traders told him that some of the animals killed were of such a great size that the Indians were unable to turn them over, and had to split the carcasses in two in order to remove the robes. This is a point worthy of note, as it has always been stated by those supposed to know that the wood buffalo are smaller than the plain buffalo.

Mr. Secord, the trader, who brougbt in the robes from the North, had also in his pack 200 musk ox robes from the barren lands east of the McKenzie River. Another trader brought in 100 ox robes. Mr. Secord is autbority for the statement that 200 wood buffalo robes will reach Edmonton this summer from Slave Lake and Peace River.

The question, where did those wood buffalo so suddenly come from? now naturally suggests itself. The Indians and traders had long ago given up hope of ever seeing any again. The theory, and a plausible one it is, which is advanced by the traders, is that the remnant of the large herds that once roamed through the prairies and forests of the far Northwest found a feeding ground secluded from the customary haunts of the Indians, and safe from the Winchesters of the hunters, and rapidly repleted their decimated numbers. Last winter the weather was unusually severe, and in addition to the terrible cold, heavy snowstorms prevailed, and tbus the animals were driven southward in seach of food, and wandered into the track of the Indians, who only too eagerly rushed among them and slaughtered them right and left. The heavy catch of musk ox is accounted for in the same way, they having been driven south from their feeding grounds in the barren lands by hunger. Raw musk ox robes are selling this year for $40 aplece at Edmonton.

Mr. Mundie states that Mr. Secord's pack of furs was worth $10,000. He had in the lot no less than 600 beaver skins, the finest that has ever been seen in this country. In fact, all the fur that is coming from the North this season is far better tban ordinarily.

Wild Celery.

Mr. Arthur G. Baumgartel, of Holland, Mich., writes me:

"Would you kindly let me know through FOREST AND STREAM where I could get some wild celery seed, what it would cost and about how much I should need to plant an acre or two as an experiment. Ducks are getting scarce here, and we want to do something to attract them. We are feeding them corn this fall. Have some wild rice here, but blackbirds get most of that.

"I think planting hemp for the quail a splendid thing, and several of us here will try it.

"We are trying to introduce the Mongolian pheasant here. Received six birds last week and they are doing well.

"If you could tell us where we can procure the celery seed we would be very much indebted to you. I saw an article on the wild celery by you in FOREST AND STREAM several years ago, but cannot find it now."

If Mr. Baumgartel will write to ex-State Warden J. Y. Wentworth, Fort Atkinson, Wis., or to Mr. Duane Starin, Whitewater, Wis., he can perhaps get the information he wants. These were the two I mentioned as gatherers of the seed. I do not know of any one else who sells the wild celery seed, and am not sure that either of the above is doing so now. Corn will be found a good feed for the marsh ducks.

I hope the Mongolian pheasants will do well. Our wise governor here, John P. Atgeld, has decreed them a dangerous bird, and vetoed a law protecting them. Hardly any other governor will do likewise. Idaho has passed a law protecting the Mongolian pheasant.

The Cost of Camping.

An odd advertisement is that of the Hudson's Bay Company (incorporated 1670, the advertisement says), which offers to outfit camping parties as below:

We will provide you with sufficient tea, coffee, bacon, ham, biscuits, bread, sugar, salt, mustard, vinegar, butter, eggs, pepper, corned beef, brawn, tongue, sardines, pork and beans, milk, tomatoes, marmalade, jams, rice, oatmeal, pickles, syrup, flour, lime juice, soap and matches to last one man for one week at $3.75, for a party of four or more. We will furnish this, with the use of a camping outfit, including a tent, a canoe or boat, an axe, lantern, can of oil, small sheet iron stove, towels, corkscrew, can opener, teapot, coffeepot, saucepans, frying-pan, spoons, forks, knives, plates and cups for four men, at a rate of $8 per week, per man. This delivered at the stations and with lowest possible transportation rates.

Certainly cheap enough.

Where to Get Coyotes.

Some time ago I published the inquiry of Mr. Martin L. Cummins, of Washington, D. C., for some coyotes, stating that I had none on hand just now. The mail of July 22 brought me two letters about coyotes which I ought to have mentioned sooner. The first is from G. R. Rucker, M.D., surgeon to the M. K. & T. Railroad, Eufaula, Indian Territory, and reads as follows: "Mr. Martin L. Cummins, of Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., can probably get two half-grown coyote wolves from Hon. Sam. Grayson, Eufaula, Indian Territory. They are gentle, but make short work of all chickens in reach, and can make more noise than half a dozen dogs."

My other letter was from Mr. W. J. Dixon, of Cimarron, Kas., very well known to the FOREST AND STREAM readers. It says:

"CIMARRON, Gray County, Kas.—I have written to Mr. Cummins. Can get him an assorted lot of two coyote pups, tame, at $5 each.

"Don't give away such snaps as this in future. I can at any time get skunks, rattlesnakes or such produce on short notice, with neatness and dispatch, and will give you 25 per cent. commission on sales. I fear that Mr. Cummins will have 8,000 coyotes offered him at 50 cents each, and this will ruin Gray county industries.

"P. S.—Tell us about the new Winchester shotgun."

The new Winchester shotgun is all right. Mighty good gun for a lazy man, and I think our friend Dixon would like it. But about the coyotes, I trust Mr. Cummins is satisfied. If any gentleman wants coyotes, or anything else, FOREST AND STREAM can get it for him, if it isn't in stock.

It Is There.

Mr. Ezra E. Howard, of Edgar, Neb., writes:

"Hope you are having a successful campaign for the FOREST AND STREAM at the Fair, for the paper ought to be in the hands of every man who shoots."

The campaign at the Fair is in the nature of a boom. The paper is already in the hands of about every man who shoots. There is one man down in Texas somewhere, I believe, who does not read it, but he is known.

Marked Personal.

Mr. Wilbur DuBois, of Cincinnati, whom his introducing friend in his letter tersely describes as "one of our sort," paid FOREST AND STREAM a very pleasant visit this week while on a flying trip to the Fair. "Mr. DuBois would stay longer at the Fair," said Mrs. DuBois, who accompanied him, "but he doesn't want to subtract any time from his fall duck hunt."

The Fair is a great thing, and at first thought one would think its wonders would attract strongly all classes. But there are other things, and perhaps more useful things. For some time I have been saving a little poem taken from the Atlanta *Constitution*, and it seems to come in so pat here that I can't help subjoining it, with its lesson as to what and where one may learn some things he maybe couldn't learn even in the White City.

WHEN A FELLER TAKES A DAY OFF.

"When a feller takes a day off—set his soul to loafin' round
Where the hills climb up to heaven an' the rapid rivers sound,
'Fears like the world is newer, with its loveliness and light,
An' his eyes are seein' truer, and his heart a-beatin' right.

"When a feller takes a day off there is lots o' things to see;
I kin hear the winds away off, jes' a-welcomin' of me;
An' the violets peep so purty! an' the rose I useter miss,
Feels the red a-rushin' round it, an' comes climbin' for a kiss.

"When a feller takes a day off—O he learns a lot o' things
From the very doves a-flyin' with the music in their wings;
From the hills an' from the valleys, where the dreams and dews is found—
When a feller takes a day off, an' his soul is loafin' round!"

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

A Minnesota Conviction.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In these days of disregard of game laws it is refreshing to hear occasionally of the conviction of some of the numerous offenders, and thinking that my fellow readers of your paper would like to hear of a successful prosecution, I give you the particulars as they recently happened at my home at Washington, Minn.

One of our town butchers recently took it into his head that a few prairie chickens would be a good addition to his stock of meats, and acting on that impulse shot a few in the usual pot-hunter style, I presume. Our local game warden, Mr. H. M. Twitchell, however, got wind of it, and a search revealed three plump chickens hidden in a tub of brine, their feathers removed to conceal their identity. Mr. Butcher claimed that they were tame chickens, but as we boast of many oldtime hunters and others as well who are thoroughly acquainted with the bird we had no difficulty in proving what they were, particularly as our warden purchased them. The result was a conviction and fine of $15 for each bird, which with the costs amounted to over $50—rather an expensive hunt, when you take into consideration the fact that some of our lady experts ate the birds. But it did not end there. Sir Pot-Hunter undertook to get $50 worth of satisfaction out of the warden on the court room floor, but after making the sudden acquaintance of Warden Twitchell's fist, which by the way is a few sizes larger than a full-grown ham, he concluded to postpone the luxury. The next move will be a prosecution for resisting an officer while in the discharge of his duty, and by the time it is all settled it will, I think, prove a salutary lesson not only to this particular offender, but to others as well. This by the way makes the second conviction this year, the first having been of five parties for spearing game fish this spring.

The evil effects of the blunder in the Minnesota game laws as regards ducks, geese, etc., are just cropping out; you may be aware that the omission of the word "except" reverses the law entirely, and now all day long we hear a fusilade on every lake and slough within hearing distance. We are quietly spotting the offenders, however, and several will receive a rude shock after Sept. 1, for we intend to prosecute every one of them under the law as it reads; those who respect the intention of the law, however, will not be interfered with. W. R. HALL.

California Deer.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—I have been on my annual fishing and deer hunting trip about 200 miles distant. I got a fair share of trout and three deer to my rifle. It has been illegal to kill deer in this State for two years last past. As a consequence the game is more abundant than I have seen it for over twenty years. No skins nor venison can be sold under our present statute, and the open season in most counties extends only six weeks. Under these conditions deer hunting ought to be good for many years.

L. O. R.

Chenango County Law.

IN our issue of July 29 we printed the New York State law and the local county laws which up to that date had been filed with the Secretary of State. Two days later, July 31, Chenango county laws were filed, providing *close seasons* as follows: Skunk, mink, coon, March 1–Nov. 1; muskrat, May 1–Oct. 1. Partridge, squirrel, woodcock, Jan. 1–Sept. 15. Brook trout and brown trout, April 15–Aug. 1. Fishing is forbidden for five years in inlet and outlet of Genegantslet Lake. Ice fishing is forbidden in Guilford Lake and North Pond in Guilford.

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

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

OFF-SHORE AT CAPE MAY.

OUT AT SEA, Aug. 1.—Cape May is a veritable happy valley for women and children and for the retired sybarite or the broker whose clientele "go broke!" This city by the sea goeth like the friend of Charles Lamb, "lame but lovely."

The Franco-German poet, Heine, that sad, bad, glad, quaint poet of Paris says that when the Persian armies had darkened the sky and Xenophon's 10,000 world-weary Greeks saw the sea, whose waves whispered to them of home, and the tired soldiers shouted in concert:

"Greeting to thee, thou infinite sea!
Like the tongue of my country ripples thy water;
Like dreams of my childhood seems the glimmer
Of thy wild, wavering, watery realm."

And in some such spirit did I welcome the Favonian breezes which bore Dan Dawson, the poet; the writer of this screed at sea, and Dr. W. B. E. Miller on a morning in August, in the cat yacht, the Dauntless, over the bounding billows and away to the banks, where failing to strike an east wind, the throbbing heart of the sea is sure to give up its piscatorial treasures in generous fashion.

"Polky" Schellenger is a character, and as he trod the quarter deck of the Dauntless he felt every inch a sailor, and he boasted, as is his habit, of how he had robbed the sea of every kind of a fish that wears a fin, as he had "scooped" on land every bird that flies with feathers, and had destroyed with his good double-barreled Parker all fur-bearing animals from a catamount to the big elk of the Yosemite Valley. Polky is nothing if not picturesque, and with his jaunty cap inscribed Dauntless, this nimble-witted piscator looked like a mild-mannered freebooter who had descended from the pirate kings. J. K. Polk Schellenger is a talker from Wayback in Talkerville. He told us what the great Democratic party had done for the country, and J. M. S. replied that he himself had once had an attack of that malady but believed it was not incurable, save in the case of Schellenger, who would never give up his faith unless a hole was knocked in his occiput, democracy taken out with a pair of pincers, and the skull carefully trephined. Polky consented to this view of the case and insisted that he "imbibed his present views political with his mother's milk."

Dr. Miller asked Polky what politics had to do with so many "busted" banks. Schellenger said that subject was a trifle too deep for a hot day, and he "must go and man the tiller and take a bird's eye view of the piscatorial situation," giving as a parting shot to Dawson his opinion that the Almighty made his communications only through a Democratic "medium." "Thas being the case," said the poet of *Lippincott's Magazine, sotto voce*, "I think the Almighty has been very quiet since the fourth of last March."

But it was agreed on all hands that politics should be tabooed, for as Polky expressed it, "we had come out for to fish."

Dawson is nothing if not poetical, and he chanted us some beautiful rhymes of his own, from "The Seeker in the Marshes and Other Poems," just published in Philadelphia, which seemed strangely in accord with the spirit of the day, which was a "very bridal of the earth and sky." Dawson was quoting from Byron, when "Hist!" cried Polky Schellenger, dancing about the yacht like a Cold Spring fiddler at a country dance. "See them white-winged gulls a-diving off yonder, they're eating the little mossbunkers that have been cut to pieces by the voracious jaws of the mackerel."

The Dauntless was headed for the slow-flying gulls and soon we saw a sight that thrilled the fisherman's pulses like the strains of sweet music at night, when Polky takes his Sunday girl to hear the opera of "Martha," on the Iron Pier. The swift-moving mackerel made the briny deep boil as they chased and cut up the inoffending flying mossbunkers. One line was out astern and two out-riggers, with their shining squids, leaping out of water like a live bait minnow. This bait would deceive "the elect,"

much more a greedy mackerel. As Polky, in the voice of Stentor, shouted "hard-a-lee," and the good catboat swung around obediently, each of us three pulled in a big mackerel, in spite of our three lines getting badly tangled. Then the fun begun in earnest.

Wherever we saw a flock of gulls we gave chase and soon had fifteen rousing good bluefish. Polky was jubilant. He said, "Boys, I can catch more fish, dive down deeper, stay under water longer and come up muddier than any man in Cape May county."

We dined while with sail down, and with cordage mildly creaking drifted on the throbbing, pulsing bosom of the sea, till there seemed a kind of human tenderness in the sympathetic air. It was a day glorious and fresh from the Maker's hand; such a day as the eye of faith first saw when the poet sings:

"The stars forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

Tired of pulling in the mackerel, we turned our boat's prow toward the home of the black bass, off Anglesea, where we found a dozen boats yanking the toothsome sea bass galore.

It did not take long to fill a barrel with bass, and no good sportsman ever catches more fish or shoots more game than he can use. Polky was loth to leave. He enjoyed the scene and was wild over our good lunch, for Polky is an emotional animal. With a strong Cuttyhunk line out, with staunch Limerick hook on it, Polky swore he'd catch a 15ft. shark or the first red drum of the season.

While idly lounging on the deck admiring the big catch of the day, Schellenger's line began to whizz through his fingers like greased lightning.

"Hold him tight," said Doc. Miller.

"No, play him for all he's worth," said the poet Dan Dawson.

But presto, as Polky leaned too far over the rail he fell into the briny deep, in thirty fathom water.

"Throw me a line," said the scared Polky, "I'll save this fish or drown," and he hung on to his hand line like grim death to a defunct Scipio Africanus. The fish was rapidly towing J. K. P. S., who is a good swimmer, off toward the bell-buoy. The sea was full of sharks, but we doubted whether they would bite a tough sinner like Polky.

A Swede boy and the writer jumped in the little boat and by hard pulling reached the swimmer in two minutes, still hanging on to his red drum, which proved to be a sixty-pounder.

We hauled Polky in by main force. He was dripping like a drowned rat. "I've eaten lots of fish," he exclaimed, "but I thought these fish would eat me this time."

All's well that ends well, and five happy and hungry fishermen came sailing home, after a jolly day's sport, while the harbor bar went moaning.

JAMES MATLACK SCOVEL.

ANGLING NOTES.

Of Interest to Fishculturists.

A FEW days ago I received a letter from an engineer in Austrian Silesia from which I am led to believe that something of vital interest to fishculture in this country may result. I give an extract from a translation of the letter, and it is quite likely that later I will have more to say about it in detail: "In an Austrian journal was published by Herr Max von dem Borne, a renowned German pisciculturist, an article entitled 'Results of Artificial Fishculture in the United States of North America,' in the form of a letter to which your name was signed. * * * The first and most important question to be raised in the artificial culture of all fish is as to the proper food with reference to their kind, stage of growth and the purpose they are to subserve. This question so long unsolved, except in part, by all nations, I, by following further on in the line of the Frenchman Lugrin, have solved, and have tested the solution as being good, cheap and practically feasible, and I desire to intrust it unreservedly to you. For America, with her extensive inland-water fishculture and her great interest in this subject, which has as yet not been developed to such a point upon the Continent, my method would have a priceless value." M. Lugrin's method, in connection with M. du Roveray, as practiced at Gremaz, in the Department of Aix, in eastern France, is, in brief, a system of breeding daphnia, cyclops, fresh-water shrimps, etc., in countless myriads at merely nominal cost.

Friends.

I do not know that I am blessed above other men in the number and steadfastness of my friends, but certainly I have a large number of very dear friends and very thoughtful friends. If anything comes to them in relation to fishing or fish that can be conveyed to me, I am quite sure to get it.

The president of one of our solid insurance companies once met me with the greeting, "I have been keeping something good for you for weeks. It is so good that I was strongly tempted to tell it at a public dinner at which I was a speaker, but I have kept it locked up for you." It was a fishing story, and I afterward told it in FOREST AND STREAM.

A staid banker in New York city, who looks when in his office as though he never heard of such an amusement as fishing, has been known to turn from the contemplation of stocks going skyward or downward out of sight, and send me a fishing item about a certain species of fish. He says it relieves the pressure for a time that seems to be driving him mad, and he knows that such items are always grist in my mill. These little attentions on the part of my friends are always appreciated, and I speak of the matter more because one of these good friends of mine has just sent me a page of the *Christian Union* containing an article by the "Spectator." My friend says: "Here is some word painting that will delight your soul and take you on the wings of thought away from the heat and worry of town to the balsam-scented woods and the wave-lapped shores of a trout lake." Why is it that we are critical? Why not take what the gods send, and not kick because of one or two false notes?

Now the "Spectator" has given us a most charming bit of word painting, as my friend says, and I enjoyed it, enjoyed it greatly, and thought that the man who writes so fascinatingly about fishing should at once set about becoming a fisherman himself, for it is very apparent that he has it in him to become one. How do I know that one who writes so feelingly of angling is not an angler? Because of the earmarks. "One afternoon early in July the 'Spectator' asked leave to accompany a fly-fisherman on his trip along the shores of an Adirondack lake. Permission was granted, but not till he had been duly warned that those in a fisherman's boat must have patience, and must be skilled in the difficult art of sitting still. Trout cannot be treated like bullheads or chubs." That alone is a confession that the writer is not skilled as an angler, but the following extracts are just as convincing: "We were moving slowly along the shore, and as we went the fisherman threw his long line and catgut leader toward the bank. * * * At regular intervals the long, slender fly-pole sawed the air with deliberate and stately motion and the flies fell close to the boulders and into water that lay cool beneath the shade of overhanging branches. Several times the trout rose to the bait and one nearly a foot long was hooked. * * * Finally (the boatman) would reach forward with the landing net and slip it behind the trout with so dexterous and smooth a motion that the shy fish attempted no struggle till all struggles were too late."

Where the idea originated that the silkworm gut leaders used by anglers were made of catgut I never knew, but I have seen it so stated on one or two previous occasions. The mere fact that a man called a fly-rod a fly-pole would be to most fly-fishermen conclusive evidence that he who used the term was not a fly-fisherman, and I would not require the further evidence that rising to a fly was called rising to the bait. To be sure a fly is a lure, but in the nomenclature of the fly-fisher a fly is a fly, simply, and never under any circumstances is it a bait, for in this country we do not practice "dapping," "bibbing," or "daping" with the natural fly, as is done on the other side of the big water. A fly is a counterfeit; a bait, as a rule, is real. If a trout is netted from "behind" it must be netted tail first, and while small trout may be safely netted tail first it is not a practice to be commended, for from habit an angler might try to put a big fish tail first into a landing net and so lose the fish.

A fish moves forward in its efforts to escape, not backward, and many good fish have been lost through trying to net them tail first. When the tail touches the bottom of the landing net, if the fish has life left, it will spring forward, and, aided by the purchase obtained by the tail against the net, the chances for escape are increased. Head down in the net the action of the powerful propeller tail only drives the fish more certainly to its fate My friend who sent me the page from which I have taken the extracts that I have criticised, did not see what I did in the article, for he is not a fly-fisherman, and perhaps it would be as well had I seen nothing to criticise, for the article in its entirety is excellent and written by one who, as "Nessmuk" used to say, evidently "loves the blessed woods," and I am sure that he requires only practice to become a fly-fisherman, and then he will say nothing more about "catgut leaders," "fly-poles," "netting trout from behind," and an artificial fly will not then be a "bait." A. N. CHENEY.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FISH AND GAME.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing that your correspondent, A. N. Cheney, stumbled over the words "alleged," used in one of my communications in connection with Lake Sunapee as the home of bass, and Newfound Lake where trout are "said" to abound, I will say to our new friend that in neither instance are the words used in a slurring sense, or to sully the reputation of either sheet of water as fishing grounds. From my personal experience, and from anything I had ever seen, I could not refer to them otherwise, whereas if my luck had been like Mr. Cheney's, or the man of whom he speaks as taking forty in a day from Sunapee, or I had ever seen samples of the above-named fish that had been taken from the waters in question, the words as quoted would not have occurred. Two years ago last month a friend and myself visited Sunapee Lake, stopping at the Forest House, Blodgett's Landing, arriving there Tuesday morning, with the intention of spending the balance of the week bass fishing. We fished till dark in a pouring rain the first day, begun again Wednesday, at daybreak, having one of the best of guides, and with the exception of lunch time did not stop a moment till dark, when our catch for the two days amounted to one bass, too small to evade the law, and I presume he is there yet Nothing else troubled our bait, which consisted, in turn, of helgramites, shiners, crickets, grasshoppers, angle worms and frogs. Thursday we shook Blodgett's dust from the first boat. My experience at Newfound is practically the same, without the one small fish. A friend of mine in the city spent eight days constant fishing at the latter place, at the opening of the trout season, without a strike. Yet I have no doubt the two places are good grounds for the kinds of fish with which they have been stocked, that pleasing results can usually be obtained at any of them, and good sport also, but that they are as good as their most interested friends claim them to be, unfortunately my limited experience, and that of my acquaintances, has not prepared me to affirm, hence I spoke of them in my letter as I knew them.

Fish and Game Commissioners W. H. Shurtleff, W. H. Griffin and Nathaniel Wentworth visited this city the 4th inst. to make arrangements toward forwarding the new fish hatchery, the production from which is to be used for the benefit of this county, and is expected to reach a million or more young trout each year. The preserve is to be located on Hon. Perry H. Dow's place, has an excellent water supply for the purpose, and brook trout fishermen are looking for happy results from this new enterprise by the State in the near future. They promise to produce from six to eight million fish per year for distribution in the brooks of the entire State. Another thing the Commissioners propose to do, quoting from Colonel Shurtleff, "is to colonize some game birds here. Ruffed grouse are becoming very scarce, as some insect is destroying them. We are going to secure a few Chinese grouse, and put them where we can watch them. They are a beautiful bird, larger than a prairie chicken, and are extremely gamy. They are secured from Oregon, and thrive finely on the Pacific coast, and I don't see why they shouldn't here."

Reports from all parts of the State indicate that game birds and gray squirrels are unusually plentiful, thus assuring the gunner plenty of sport after September 1, when most sportsmen will gladly lay aside rods and take up their guns, which have been quietly resting in hot attics or dark and remote closets, remove the rust preventive, and limber them up ready for use. The fishing season, heartily welcome as it is, furnishes intense enjoyment, and filling in for sportsmen a segment in the circle of the year which, without it, would be an entire blank in their line, can never be more than a weak substitue for the pursuit of game. The two branches of sport compare very much as a beggar and landlord do. If by using all the coaxing, bait, allurements, etc., at your command the fish chooses to become your prey, it is your good luck, while on the other hand he may as easily, and often more likely will turn up his nose and bid you and your enticements "good day," which is luck of another character. Whereas, after September 1, if with gun in hand you get your eye on a choice piece of game and it does not come to your call when properly extended, you have only yourself to blame, unless you can shoulder the failure off, as it is sometimes a relief to do, on to your innocent gun or its ill-prepared contents, which in either case is productive of more satisfaction than is experienced in seeing a nice fish swim away with a look of disdain in his eye. The all-round sportsman who does not very much prefer gun to rod, I think, is a rarity.

I have often wondered why it is that in visiting an unfamiliar pond, lake, etc., whoever is guiding or directing you, from whatever point of the compass you approach, the good fishing grounds are on the opposite side, necessitating a long pull in a boat, and the boat, my experience dictates, my memory suggests, is not always built like a duck, as though intended for use on the water, but more like a dump-cart; sits on the water like a washtub, keeps its course as easily, is just about as sensible a thing to pull, and usually has a porous bottom. This seems to be the inexplicable fate at times of some fishermen, but being an uncomplaining class such things all pass for sport.

W. C. Hubbell hooked a 14lbs. female landlocked salmon at Lake Sunapee the 4th inst. Said to be the largest female salmon ever taken there. Sylvanus Ingalls assisted in landing it. George Woodward a short time previous took two of the same species weighing 8lbs. and 10lbs. respectively.

Dr. George H. Fowler, of Bristol, is still at his old tricks. In five days at Newfound Lake last week he captured five trout, one each day, the two largest weighing 15½lbs. and 20lbs. The latter went to Boston friends. The man has not yet appeared who can touch the Doctor's success on Newfound. His position is secure at the head.

I wish to doff my hat to "Von W.," of Charlestown, for his kind hints and criticism on Sunapee salmon and bass. PAYSON.

ESCAPE AND CAPTURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A late article in your paper entitled "Escape and Capture" puts me in mind of a rather remarkable experience I had this summer.

While fishing on the waters of the Culasagee River, in Macon county, N. C., during a blinding rain storm, I made a cast close under a fall and hooked what promised to be a very fine fish. The pool at the foot of the fall was about 40yds. long, but was partially divided into two, near the foot, by a ridge of rock that came within 6in. of the surface. The volume of water passing over the falls made a very strong current the whole length of the pool, and the very narrow ledge of rock, close up under the falls, from which I struck my fish, made it a very difficult matter for me to handle him to my notion. After a very fierce fight, in which my main object was to keep the fish from getting over the ridge that divided the pool, I found that the strength of the water added to that of the trout was too much for my light tackle, and I was forced to allow him to cross the bar. During the fight he had leaped clear of the water two or three times when I discovered that he was hooked on my top or "bob" fly, which I knew to be a brown hackle that had done a good deal of service and could not be relied upon. Just as I expected, as soon as he got over the ridge he made a dive for the bottom, when the sudden slackening of the line told me the sad truth that he was gone. It is useless for me to tell fishermen what my thoughts were at that moment.

I had hardly time, however, to formulate an address to him before a savage tug at my line told me the father of the trout family had taken a notion to sample my flies. It soon became evident to me that I had now hooked no common fish, and that if I was successful in capturing him I would have something to brag about round the camp-fire. Now commenced a fight the equal of which I have never experienced in fishing for trout. For about half an hour he surged back and forward in the depths of the pool, but very strangely never coming to the surface so that I could get a glimpse of him. By slow degrees I worked my way along the ledge of rock on which I was standing down to the ledge that divided the pool, gaining line inch by inch. At last my labors, aided by my tough little rod, appeared as if they were to be rewarded. Slowly but very reluctantly the fish began to come toward me, and at last a flash of silvery light under the water gave me my first sight of him. With a sweep of the landing net I had him safe.

But what was my surprise when a glance revealed the fact that, instead of the monster that I had fondly thought him to be, be proved to be a rainbow trout that would not weigh more than 1¼lbs. The mystery was soon explained by my discovery that he was firmly hooked close to the tail, hence the fierce fighting he put up. But surprises were not at an end, for when I looked closer I found from the fresh scar on his mouth that he was the same fish I had lost shortly before. I suppose that when he broke loose, in diving to the bottom, the released line, meeting him with a sudden jerk, had planted the tail-fly in him. Anyhow, if I did not get the father of the family, I had had about three-quarters of an hour of as wild sport as any angler need want.

This stream was planted with the rainbow trout some 5 years ago through the enterprise of Mr. Henry Stewart of Highlands, N. C., and they have thrived so well that now about 75 per cent. of the fish caught for 10 miles below where they were planted belong to this breed. Some very fine fish have been caught, weighing as high as 3¼lbs., and that was two or three years ago. I have noticed, however, that as the rainbows increase in numbers, the native speckled trout seem to decrease, and I would like to know if the one is destroying the other. Probably some of your correspondents might be able to answer this.

The fishing has been very fine in western North Carolina this summer. W. M. BROWN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 11.—Last Wednesday afternoon Mr. Waters and myself were trying to get even with the world by taking a cup of coffee at the Guatemala building, on the south shore of the "north pond" of the lagoon at the World's Fair. This is just opposite the Walton lodge, and as we sat we could see the members at work in their casting, this being the tenth club contest. It was Waltonian day, but the Waltonian tournament was postponed. From our position we saw the best of the work done. The first caster, Mr. Isgrigg, we mentioned to each other as being of pretty good form in his work, and we liked his rod, which seemed quick and steelly. Foot by foot his fly crawled out, and we saw it go past the 70ft. float, and we knew, even at our distance, that he had done good work.

Next we recognized Mr. Babcock at the score, and if he will forgive us, we thought he had a little too much arm push to just suit us, though he seemed to get out some line. Then we recognized also Mr. Goodsell, and we criticised him some, and thought his rod was too slow in its action, and allowed he couldn't cast a little bit.

Then we went over to the club house and found that Mr. B. W. Goodsell, who we thought couldn't cast, had won first for distance, retaining the club medal for distance he won last week. Mr. Goodsell cast 75ft., and we found the slow rod he was using was a heavy tournament Kosmic, which wasn't particular how far it cast. Mr. Isgrigg had out 75ft. with his rod (the make of which I could not learn), but he failed to recover his line. Mr. Isgrigg, however, won the club medal for accuracy and delicacy, taken last week by Mr. W. H. Babcock. Last week was Mr. Babcock's busy day, for he also won then the medal for accuracy and distance in bait-casting. Mr. W. E. Wilkinson won the latter this time.

A Congress of Fisheries.

On the grounds we met Capt. Collins, Chief of Fisheries, who said, in regard to the proposed meeting of anglers and fishermen next month:

"I can now announce definitely the dates of Sept. 19 and 20 as established for the Congress of Fisheries. This I have called in the interest of all sorts of legitimate fishing, fish protection and fish propagation. We hope to have it not only a collection of scientific men, fishculturists, etc., but also a collection of anglers. I hope all clashing interests may be united for that date and this purpose, and trust that harmony and good fellowship will prevail to make the occasion one long to be remembered by all taking part in it. This is a season of congresses of all sorts, and we want to have one right here as good as any. In view of the probable importance of this meeting, the opening tournament of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club will be held then."

Possible Looseness of a Screw

By the way, FOREST AND STREAM had received no notification of this club meeting, although its representative is a duly paid up member of the club. My friend, Mr. Davidson, the secretary, however, tells me the notice was mailed, and I believe him.

There was a tournament committee meeting last week, however, of which FOREST AND STREAM of course received no notice. That would be asking too much courtesy. In regard to some of these things I am inclined to think there may be a screw loose. Let us see.

Last week's committee meeting was called by the president. The president had no notice sent FOREST AND STREAM or its representative, though the latter is a regular paid member. All members were excluded. It was a star session meeting. But it leaked.

The president is Mr. Strell. Mr. Strell is employed on a Chicago sporting paper. That paper goes to press Tuesdays. By calling meetings for Monday evening or Tuesday before evening the president, in his capacity as employe of the Chicago paper, could (if FOREST AND STREAM had no more resources than the Chicago paper has) either come out a week ahead of FOREST AND STREAM with each club report or cause the latter and better paper a little trouble. The records of the club will show that the president, in his capacity as employe of the Chicago paper, has always called his meetings with one eye on FOREST AND STREAM'S publication day. In other words, he has constantly used an official position for business purposes. In journalism this is considered unprofessional. I do not know of any other paper which would do that. I do not now happen to have among my friends a newspaper man who would do that. It is out of form.

Couldn't Beat Her.

But beat FOREST AND STREAM? Oh, no, not in a thousand years. Not even by a specially guarded star chamber session.

FOREST AND STREAM, neither East nor West, can be or will be beaten on any matter of news it wants to get. There is no concern about that. It takes newspaper work to do that. You can't beat her. But that isn't it.

Can Beat the Club.

You can't beat FOREST AND STREAM, but you can hurt the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. You can hurt it, damage it, practically destroy it, make it a by-word and a term of scorn among gentlemen. This can be done easily. It can be done by conduct such as the above by any one of its officers. It can be done by prostituting the interests of the club to individual interests.

Now, I have the story of this last committee meeting, which belonged of right not only to me, but to each and every member of the club. It would only harm the club to publish it verbatim. I would rather not revert to it at all, but fear I must. In brief, the president, for what reason I do not learn and cannot imagine, took occasion to state, from his position in the chair (though whether in his capacity as club officer or paper employe I cannot say), that he "did not wish to be compared in any way to the FOREST AND STREAM representative; there was no comparison; he did not compare himself in any way with the FOREST AND STREAM representative."

Thanks. But now, after all, when one calmly thinks the thing over, isn't that one of the things one would rather have left unsaid? For the sake of the club, isn't that one of the things far better left unsaid? Even if it had been the case—which it never was—that the FOREST AND STREAM had ever begun the odious game of comparisons personal, would it not have been far better, for the club's sake, to leave such boyish foolishness unsaid, whether in regard to this member or any other member, whether at a star chamber or any other session? Would it not have been better, if the president in his personal capacity felt that he could not lick the FOREST AND STREAM man in a news way or any other way, to wait till the latter came under the window, and then pour water on him, or call him real mean?

FOREST AND STREAM will not scrabble in the dirt for pennies with any one. It will get what news it wants to get, and cut out news it does not think useful for its purposes. It will be always a newspaper more than able to hold its own, but it will be a newspaper conducted in a gentlemanly way. If I should set about it, I could, perhaps, in my journalistic capacity, say as unkind and harsh things as the president of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club did in his presidentio-journalistic way. But I do not think it right to do so. One of the worst results of that would be still further damage to the best interests of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, an organization which, while its late mistakes and misfortunes have been numerous enough, is still a body potential for usefulness in a worthy line of sport. The club numbers over fifty members. Perhaps among these a wider interest could be created if a wider and less jealous disposition were shown on the part of a few. This club, in common with all other sportsmen's clubs in this day of dignity and worth in sport, owes to itself a dignified purpose and a living up to it. It owes to itself dignified and parliamentary meetings, not egotistic and wholly unparliamentary ramblings from the chair. It owes itself a dignified and hearty comradery, not bickerings and jealousies, at its field meets. It owes to itself the keeping of every promise it makes. First of all, it should make to itself the promise of generous and chivalrous fellowship, indoors or out of doors, in competition or out of competition. The world is old, and will grow older. It is not all on our shoulders. Let the other fellow live—especially if he's going to do it anyhow.

That's the way to make a good club, a club whose news the public will like to read.

What They Read.

Meantime, the members of the club, and everybody else who wants the angling news, here and all over the country, and also the literature of the kindly sport treated in an intelligent and modern way, continue to read FOREST AND STREAM, which has set its standard high, and which keeps the promises it has made itself.

FOREST AND STREAM has a larger circulation in Chicago than any sporting paper published. It is more quoted. It is more read. It is more respected. It is more believed.

"Along the Line."

Aug. 12.—The Wisconsin Central Railway has this season issued a neat and useful angling hand book, which it calls "Along the Line." The information is brief, but is based on actual knowledge of the spots named. All the old favorites of the Fox Lake system are named, and then the scene shifts to the far North and the pine woods country. The hardly known chain of lakes near Fifield are mentioned. To read the little book makes one a bit uneasy for a fish. It is thought to be more reliable than the ordinary railway flamer.

Low Waters.

The Illinois, Kankakee, Fox and other rivers hereabout are at exceptionally low stage of water. Fishing has, however, been good of late. Mr. R. B. Organ took seventeen fine bass on the Kankakee last Saturday, near Maksaw-ba club. The small-mouths are just beginning their campaign in Fox River district, so says our friend Mr. Kenyon, lately back from a week's trip. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN.—III.

"Birds of Michigan."

LANSING, Aug. 1.—Prof. Cook, of the Michigan Agricultural College, has just published a most excellent little book entitled "The Birds of Michigan." The book is well worth a place in the library of any of our bird-loving people. It is the only work that has been published for many years upon this subject that especially interests Michigan ornithologists.

The bird fauna of Michigan seems to be constantly changing, and it requires close application and abundant opportunity for the study of bird life to keep fairly well posted upon the subject. Prof. Cook has been an enthusiastic student of ornithology for many years. He is a lifelong resident of our State, has been a close and accurate observer of bird life since boyhood, and in his work at the State college has probably had better opportunities for the study and investigation of our birds than any other ornithologist in Michigan. The book is published as Bulletin No. 94 of the Michigan Agricultural College, and is creditable alike to its able author and to the State. As I understand it, the book is not for sale; but a few copies have been published, and they are intended for purely scientific work. It is to be hoped that Prof. Cook may see his way clearly to publish an edition that will be placed on sale. Such a work is of great value and the demand for it would be large.

At Niagara River.

Mr. A. H. Whitehead has just returned from a fishing tour to the mouth of Niagara River. His fishing partner was Mr. Charles Clark, of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Clark often visits Lansing and when he is here the feasting and festivities at the Whitehead cottage, at Pine Lake, are something to be long remembered. The two lone fishermen first caught their minnows, or chubs, in the rapids in the river above the falls, and they claim that the minnow fishing is the most exciting part of the entire business. The water runs so swift that it is all one's life is worth to anchor the boat in the stream and fish for minnows. The small-mouth bass were plenty and bit well. They are more gamy than our Michigan small-mouth and fight the battle to the end. Lake trout of five to ten pounds weight would now and then jump out of water near the boat, but they refused to take the bait. The small-mouth bass were taken in forty or fifty feet of water, and when they took the bait they started for the surface and would often turn a summersault in the air before striking the water again. The two, fishing from the same boat, caught twenty-three small-mouth bass Monday evening. Ducks, locally known as cowines, were plenty on the river. The ducks seemed to be well contented and at home, and quite tame. Mr. Whitehead shot a cormorant, or water turkey, at Pine Lake this spring.

Fishing with Floats.

Pap Fillmore had it put to him rather strong that his fishing with tin can floats was a direct violation of the Michigan fish law. Pap don't like to be known as a law-breaking fisherman, so he called upon Attorney-General Ellis for authority in the matter. The attorney-general has had occasion to look up the law very carefully, and he gives it as his opinion, that there is no law that prohibits fishing with floats or bobs, in any of the waters of Michigan. The last act of the fish law of this State, in no way applies to fishing with floats or bobs, which are not in any way connected as set lines. The attorney-general has published an opinion upon this point, in the case of Major Winans, who was arrested for fishing through the ice with bobs, in a small lake in Livingston county, and that method of fishing was held to be strictly legal. Game Warden Hampton is an attorney, and according to his views of the fish law, the fishing with any line fastened, or set, or tied, and not constantly held in the hand, whether attached to a rod fastened to a boat, or stuck in the mud, or fastened between stones on the banks of a stream, would be legally understood to be set lines. It was decided that the game warden was not correct, and Major Winans was declared not guilty. A set line as the law intends, is a line with a number of baited hooks attached, and the line then placed in the water and fastened at each end, and intended to be left in the water for some length of time and not requiring the immediate attention of the fisherman. It was held that to fish with a tin can, or a bottle, or cork, or with any other floating substance, whether fastened to a line or left to float in the water by itself, was not a violation of the law. With the attorney-general as his backer, Pap Fillmore feels that his case is fully vindicated, and that he is not liable to be arrested as a law-breaker, for fishing with tin can floats. JULIAN.

SOME MICHIGAN FISHING.

BASS fishing around Lansing just at present is like a faded flower; and he is a lucky man who can catch a string of the beauties. Pine Lake, where such large catches were made during April and May, has yielded very few up to date, but they are biting a little freer at present than the past eight weeks; and in two or three weeks, bass fishing will be good again.

At Grand Ledge, fly-fishing for bass is all the go, and there large strings are caught thus in that manner.

Perhaps the most lucky among them is Geo. Coryell, who may be seen any day with rod and flies whipping the river below the Seven Islands; it is said by those who know him that he would rather fish than eat; it certainly looks that way.

There are fishermen who fish in reality and others who fish at home. Lansing has one of these in the shape of a doctor, who, by the way, has everything a sportsman wants, and who is as fond of talking and showing his tackle and guns as one who spends his time in camping. He is a great lover of all kinds of outdoor sports and never tires of talking about them; he reads all the papers that treat of sporting life, and FOREST AND STREAM is his favorite. A camp that could have the doctor as one of the party would never be lonesome, for he is one of the jolliest of the jolly.

Mr. B. Sumner and the writer have made several trips in a folding canvas boat from this city to Grand Ledge, which by water is about twenty-five miles; and success on the road was very good, but as the water is rather low, there will be no more trips until fall, when the river will have risen so as to allow the boat to float without taking off the canvas from the ribs. There is no fun in carrying a boat fifteen out of twenty-five miles, even if it does fold up.

Many Lansing people are camping at the World's Fair or at Park and Pine lakes; many others who would like to, cannot, for their cash is camping in banks which have closed their doors to the public.

Pike (or as known here, pickerel) fishing is very good; and it is the only fish that is fit to eat caught in Grand River around Lansing, for now the bass are grubby. Since all the sewerage from the cities above Lansing and of Lansing empties into the Grand, and the water is filthy, it is a wonder that the people on the river below Lansing are alive, for the filth lies half the length of the dam, is a foot thick in places, and the stench is awful. Whether it is this or the use of bombs to kill fish is not known, but there is any amount of dead fish along the banks above Delta. Jason Nichols says he is going to enforce the law in regard to illegal fishing; and that is just what the sportsmen want done. MONTE CHRISTO.

Salmon in the Connecticut.

HOLYOKE, Mass., Aug. 12.—I think the dream of Mr. Charles Hallock, of salmon once more running up to their old beds on the Connecticut can in a measure be realized, if he will do the writing and you the printing, and help, as you so well know how, with the voice of FOREST AND STREAM. It is a fact which seems unknown to the public at large, that there has been a large number of salmon in the pool below the Holyoke dam every summer for several years. Three years that I know of they have been there. This year they seemed as plenty as ever—nice large ones. Now, what is wanted is a way for the fish—not a "fish-way," for we have that now. The Water Power Co. are to build a new stone dam here. I think, if a few of the many able writers for the FOREST AND STREAM will ask, and keep on asking, and then ask some more, that we will have a way for the salmon to get to the old bed at Hadley. Once get them over the dam here and all dams above will soon be fixed. I think it worth trying for. RAYMOND.

Canadian Salmon Fishing.

TADOUSAC, P. Q., Canada, Aug. 2.—Salmon fishing with me this season has been a failure, all on account of such a heated term such as I never experienced in Canada. Thermometer from 80° to 90°, temperature of water 73°, at which point or even much below salmon will not take a fly. WALTER M. BRACKETT.

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

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Aug. 14.—It is not very pleasing to the genuine fisherman, the angler who loves angling in reality, to reflect that his favorite trout waters are to-day the lounging place of the vacationist, the dawdling fisherman, who fishes only because it is fashionable. But such is the case. Nearly all of the celebrated trout waters of Maine and the Provinces, not under the control of anglers' clubs, are to-day overloaded with vacationists and would-be sportsmen. This sort of vacation is becoming more popular every year. Even the more distant and inaccessible resorts are crowded with visitors of the vacation stamp this year. They fish a little because it is the thing to do. The most of the men are armed with rifles and shotguns, and alas for the fate of some of the game birds and game animals! There is far too much shooting out of season. The hotel and camp keepers wink at this. Their guests shoot, and because they are their guests they are not complained of. The guides make no complaint, if they are employed, and it is only by the employing of guides that these vacation sportsmen can injure the game much. Deer are more plenty than ever in Maine this year, but it is a fact that they are not as plenty around these resorts even though in the depths of the forests and far from settlements, as they are nearer the settlements, and in localities where these vacationists do not go. Deer are being seen in the fields and in the near vicinity of settlements to a most remarkable extent this season. The only conditions seem to be that there are woods and mountains in the near vicinity, and that the residents have not killed them off or dogged them out of the country. The usual silly items are beginning to appear in the Maine papers, about Mr. So-and-So's beans being destroyed by deer, or that the oats of Mr. Thus-and-So are all eaten up by deer. Usually these items are followed by the suggestion that the local game warden be called upon to take care of his deer. Such nonsense does not have much weight, beyond the showing of the sentiment that prevails against one of the most wonderful game supplies that exists in the world—wonderful because it has sprung up where there was next to nothing only a few years ago, for the simple reason that dogging and crusting and shooting in the midst of the breeding has been partially stopped by a code of wholesome game laws.

Ex-Governor John D. Long, of Massachusetts, and party is at the Rangeleys for a short vacation. The Governor was reared in Oxford county, in that State, and the love of the line and rod was a part of his early education. He takes a fishing trip or two every year. Governor Russell, of Massachusetts has been taking a yachting trip with Mr. Bayard Thayer, the owner of the beautiful Birch Lodge camps at the head of Richardson Lake, in Maine. Mr. Thayer has been in Japan all of the season till of late. Doubtless he, with his friends, the Governor and Mr. Herbert Leeds, will make a fall trip to the old sporting grounds. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Kennard, Master Ralph Kennard and Miss Edith Kennard, with Mrs. Col. Matthews, all of Boston, are on a trip to Eustis, Me., where they will take in Tim Pond and Round Mountain Lake. Mr. and Mrs. F.S. Dexter and Miss Addie Schirmer are about starting on their annual trip to Kennebago. They have spent several weeks of August and September at that lake for a number of years. Mr. Dexter is now a resident of Dixfield, Me., but was formerly well known in the paint and oil trade of Boston. Mr. Hal. Haskell, son of E. B. Haskell, one of the senior proprietors of the Boston *Herald*, with some of his friends will soon start on a trip of some weeks to Camp Allerton Lodge, on Mooselucmaguntic Lake.

A funny story of a big trout comes from the Maine papers, and whether true or not, it is too good for the FOREST AND STREAM to lose. It is about a Canadian Frenchman who has lately taken a big trout at the Upper Dam. In telling the story the Frenchman said: "O *sacre!* He was a dinger. When me cut his head out and his gut off, and throwed the rest away, he weighed 10lbs. and 13in. He'll nearly broke me back off!" SPECIAL.

NEW CALIFORNIA FISHES.

A SPINY box fish was captured near San Pedro and has been described by Prof. Carl H. Eigenmann in the *American Naturalist*, and afterward, in the Proceedings of the National Museum. The specimen is now preserved in Washington.

Dr. Jordan has described in the Proceedings mentioned, a new variety of the red-throated trout which he calls *Salmo mykiss agua-bonita*, the golden trout of Kern River. The name *agua-bonita* is derived from that of the Agua Bonita Falls, near which the type specimens were found.

The golden trout is a very handsome black-spotted form with a broad scarlet band along the side, the back olive, and the belly light golden. There is no crimson blotch between the branches of the lower jaw as in other varieties of the red-throated trout. The dark spots are limited chiefly to the tail and the hinder part of the body.

Dr. Jordan believes this is the same trout described by Mr. Henshaw in the following extract:

This is the common "brook trout" of the small mountain streams of the Pacific slope, and up to an altitude of 9,000ft. it is the rare exception to find a suitable stream that is not well stocked with it. Upon many of them, as the tributaries of the South Fork of the Kern River, these trout are found in very great abundance, each pool and rapid numbering its finny denizens by the score. They may be taken in any sort of weather, at any hour of the day, by almost any kind of bait. During the heat of the day they frequent almost entirely the deeper pools, lying under overshadowing rocks or in the shade of some convenient log. In early morning or late afternoon they come out and run more into the shallows and rapids, under which circumstances they bite best and furnish the finest sport. Like the average brook trout, the species rarely attains any considerable size, ranging from 4 to 8 or more inches in length. Their colors are usually very bright, and for beauty this species takes rank among the foremost of its kind, and has been well called the "Golden Trout." In this respect, however, it is subject to the usual variations obtaining in the family, the change of color not only accompanying a difference in locality, but being plainly discernible in individuals taken in different parts of the same stream not far distant. In fact, as a specific character, color in this family seems to be at its lowest value. The character of the bottom and water itself has much to do with this, and I remember to have fished in a small rivulet on one of the subalpine meadows not far from Mount Whitney, whose sluggish waters flowed over a bottom of dark mud, in which the color of the trout simulated very closely its hue; they had lost nearly all the flashing iridescent tints characterizing the same species caught but a few hours before in another stream, and had become dull and sombre hued. Accompanying this change of color was a correspondingly noticeable difference in habits and motions, and the several dozen trout caught that evening for supper were taken out with the hook with the display of very little more gameness than would be noticed in so many horned pout. On the contrary, in the clear rapid current of the mountain stream, a flash of sunlight is scarcely quicker than the gleam of gold and silver seen for a single instant as the whirling waters are cut by one of these trout as he makes a rush from his lurking place for some chance morsel which is being borne past him. The western trout are rarely as shy as their relatives of eastern waters, and because of their numbers and the consequent scarcity of food are apt to be less fastidious; yet, even when most abundant, due caution must be used if one would be successful, and not every one can catch trout, even in the west. With the proper care in concealing one's self, a pool may be almost decimated ere the alarm will be taken, and I have seen fifteen fair-sized trout taken from a single small pool in quick succession.

Spokane Waters.

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 4.—Some of our fishermen, notably among them Mr. V. H. Brown, make good catches.

The Spokane River has been, and is now, a splendid stream for what is known in this section as rainbow trout. In fact I have never seen any other of the trout species caught in the river above Spokane, trout weighing 12 and 14lbs. are frequently taken, while those from 1 to 5lbs. are of common occurrence. The great mystery is how it is possible that a stream fished so thoroughly could have so many big fish. One theory is that it is supplied from Lake Cœur d'Alene, about 30 miles above Spokane, but this can hardly be the fact, as they must come over Post Falls, which is about 30ft. high. The fishing in Lake Cœur d'Alene is good at all times, and the tributaries of the lake, St. Joe River and the Coeur d'Alene River afford splendid sport. Below Spokane salmon are taken; early in the season they run up the small tributaries to the springs. I have seen them in shoal water so they could be shot with a rifle At the mouth of the Little Spokane they will rise to a spoon hook, 15 and 20lbs. fellows.

The lakes within a short distance of Spokane, Fish Lake, Hayden Lake, Lake Pend d'Oreille, etc., offer sport which cannot be equalled for those fond of fishing.

A. B. KEELER.

Given A Niche.

THIS note, with the sketch, was sent to us by the late Dr. E. Sterling, of Cleveland:

Looking over an old scrap-book to-day I came across the inclosed character, having varied it a little by adding to the creel and "string" a few more fingerlings and placing our hero in a niche. It is the work of some correspondent of a New York daily, who, as a tenderfoot, undoubtedly was describing for his paper what to him was a veritable "Leather Stocking" of the trout streams, lauding him for skill in these words: "This evening I noticed his stalwart form as he passed the veranda of the hotel. Going up to him we carefully examined his outfit, which was truly original, but more particularly did we regard the large string of speckled beauties that hung by his side and filled his basket, making, as he informed us, the last of his catch of fourteen hundred within the last two weeks. We immediately hired him as our guide for the next day."

DEDICATED TO THE FRATERNITY OF "TROUT HOGS."

Cleaning Out Skaneateles Lake.

SPECIAL State Game Protector E. D. Crossley, of Scott, and his assistant, Jeff J. Brown, of Glen Haven, made a trip down the Skaneateles Lake, Tuesday. Within two miles of Glen Haven, on the east shore, they captured two square dip nets; at Pray's Point they found a summer sojourner, whose home is in Michigan, shooting bass; at Mandana, a new 25-rod gill-net was captured, which was burned by Brown when the men arrived in this village. Crossley and Brown also allege that at the Skaneateles end of the lake they found two parties catching perch, suckers and other fish with nets, contrary to law. Warrants were sworn out against all the parties found fishing illegally, and suits for penalties will follow. Two villagers against whom charges are made say they were only catching bait, which they claim they have a right to do.—*Skaneateles (N. Y.) Free Press, Aug. 4.*

Naming the Day.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 2.—A man who loves the sport of fishing, has the means of reaching in one night the "happy fishing grounds" of four States and has his business in such shape that he cannot leave, is not to be blamed if semi-occasionally he loses control of himself and declares life to be a delusion and work abominable, prefixing and affixing to these declarations sundry words not used in polite society or a first-class journal like ours.

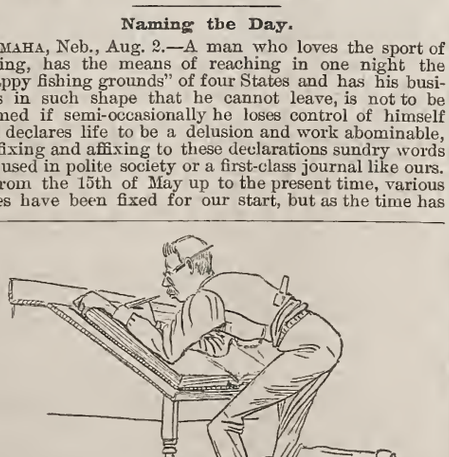
From the 15th of May up to the present time, various dates have been fixed for our start, but as the time has drawn near we have been compelled to lay aside all hope of being in readiness, until at last the partner of our hopes and joys, and likewise our outing trips, had packed tackle boxes, rods, nets and all the other impedimenta under a lot of winter underclothing in the bottom of the deepest chest.

E. Hough's letter of July 11 (may he enjoy many, many more such camps and write of them) when read to the mistress must have touched her, for I found the chest unlocked and a sightly little split-bamboo where it could easily be reached. Perhaps a box of toothsome pike shipped by express from Spirit Lake had a little to do with it; at any rate my trusty lancewood is where I can see it a dozen times a day; and it is a fact that another date is actually set.

Our ten-year-old, under the guidance and tuition of his grandsire, is finding a goodly number of the largest pike in Spirit Lake, and his letters setting forth his achievements are—well, I am happy to say he will make a first-rate fisherman if he keeps on.

Three in a boat one day last week, on the north shore of Spirit Lake, in part of the forenoon hooked 50 large fish, mostly pike, but with a sprinkling of croppy, rock and silver bass, and one or two nice pickerel; and the beauty of it is that a catch of this kind can be taken to the lodge and not a bone wasted, all being prepared for the table or shipped to distant friends.

Such tales from our friends there and in FOREST AND STREAM set us to dreaming and you may say wailing, for this wail is from the heart of one who longs to leave sooty, dusty air and hot, paved streets for the crisp, bracing wind from ten miles of water and a soft rocking in a good cedar boat, with an occasional, only an occasional, bite, just to remind him that his hooks are outboard—and he is pretty near heavenly bliss. JOHN PEABODY.



CHAINED TO BUSINESS?

Can't go fishing? Do the next best thing. Read about it in the "Forest and Stream."

Washington Notes.

A SUNFISH, or mola, has attracted much attention in Center Market. It was shipped from Washington, North Carolina, by Mr. J. D. Cordon, who, in announcing its capture, described it as having the appearance of a black bear. The specimen measures 3ft. 10in. in length, and probably weighs more than 150lbs. Mola is from the latin, meaning millstone. Headfish is another name applied to the species in allusion to the all-head appearance of the creature.

The ocean sunfish is found in all temperate and tropical seas, and takes this last name from its habit of coming to the surface of the sea in calm weather, lying there on one side, sleeping or basking in the sun, and lazily floating with the tide. Dr. Goode observes that they feed upon jelly-fish or sun-squalls found floating at the surface. The flesh of the mola is not used as food, but an oil, good for sprains and bruises, is extracted from it. The fish is easily approached and many are harpooned by the fishermen on our East Atlantic coast in summer, when they appear more or less numerously. The size attained by the mola is something enormous. About one year ago one was received at the National Museum, from the New Jersey coast, which weighed fully 400lbs., and more have been frequently recorded. The skeleton of the mola is composed of non-ossified bone, which is soft like cartilage, making it one of the most difficult subjects for the osteologist.

Mr. C. C. Nutting of the Iowa State University, with a party of students recently passed through Washington on their way to Iowa City. Mr. Nutting and a party had a three months cruise in the West Indies, sailing from Baltimore, where they made collections in natural history. An unusually pleasant time was had and many interesting forms of marine animals were secured for the museum.

Several members of the Washington Anglers' Club have been catching bass. Frogs, small ones, are the bait used. The fish will not look at a minnow. Lots of bass are to be seen in the river and good sport is predicted for September. BART.

Long Island Bluefish.

LARGE schools of bluefish are reported off Rockaway and Fire Island Beach. A boat from Sayville caught 64 on Saturday trolling. Weight from 6 to 10lbs. each.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her luck.

ON THE AL FOSTER.—New York, Aug. 12.—All this week passengers on steamer Al Foster and Angler caught plenty of large flukes, 1 to 4½lbs., sea bass from ½ to 7lbs.; many individual catches of 20 to 30.

CAPT. AL FOSTER.

STATEN ISLAND.—Tottenville, N. Y., Aug. 12.—No fish to be reported, except at Sandy Hook, where fluke and bluefish are taken in large quantities by casting from the beach. JOHN T. HAWKINS.

EAST BRANCH, N. Y., Aug. 11.—Trout fishing in this vicinity very poor, but the bass fishing is very good. Mr. Frank Hermes caught six this morning in two hours fishing, the average weight being 1¼lbs.

JOHN E. O'MARA.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—The weakfish, or salt water trout, are biting splendidly now in the lower Potomac and Chesapeake Bay. Some good strings have been caught. Several camping parties from Washington and Baltimore are at Point Lookout, Md., taking advantage of the fine sport. R. O. D.

GREENWOOD LAKE (Lakeside Hotel), N. J., Aug. 11.—Fishing has been fine this last week. Dr. R. Vandenhenden caught an Oswego bass on the 9th that weighed 6¾lbs. heavy, besides bringing in 4 or 5 others. Mr. Harry Barry, of Passaic, N. J., caught 23 bass, casting a frog, on the night of Aug. 9, largest weighing 4½lbs., average 2½lbs. Messrs. Rogers, Dinkleberg and Forbes have also made some fine catches. R. L. PATTERSON.

FLORISSANT, Col., Aug. 10.—Sheriff Bell and Conductor J. J. Wilber, of this place, have arrived home from a three days' fishing trip on Goose Creek. They brought in 512 fine trout. S. T. S.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y. Entries close Aug. 23.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone. Sec'y. Entries close Aug. 31.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Mount Holly, N. J. H. I. Budd, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 11.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park. D. C. Collins, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 4.
Sept. 19 to 22.—World's Fair, Chicago. W. I. Buchanan, Chief Dept of Agriculture.
Sept. 26 to 29.—Ottawa, Canada. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. R. J. Gallaugher, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 6.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 15.—American Field Trial Club Trials, at Carlisle, Ind. W. J. Beck, Sec'y, Columbus. Ind.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Type of Great Danes.

BY A. H. HEPPNER.

(Continued from page 105.)

It is to be regretted that Mr. Muss-Arnolt never found the time to fully explain his decisions, because being an artist he has the advantage of illustrating what he desires and why he puts type first. I decline to state here what I would have done as a judge in a competition between Melac and Wenzel. But I do not believe that there was any necessity for the competition of these two dogs at the New York and Baltimore shows. I think that possibly a better representative of Mr. Arnolt's conception of a great Dane might have been selected in a different dog than Wenzel. Undoubtedly, there are times when extreme measures are justifiable, such as I consider were required in 1891 at Chicago, when among 53 dogs shown only a half dozen great Danes could be picked, the balance being indifferent, short-coated big dogs. On such occasions I believe the judges justified in going rather to the extreme and selecting typical dogs, though small, in preference to big dogs that have apparently no breeding.

In New York in 1893 there was a good class, possibly a reaction on the condition in Chicago, and I do not believe that extreme measures were judicious.

There has been no occasion on which different German and English ideas in regard to dogs have clashed more intensely than at the show at Barn Elms, in 1887, to which I heard one of our best all-around judges refer as being present. He will know best whether the following critique taken from a German paper as to that show is correct.

"Long before my report," says the German critic, "is in your possession you will have heard *on dit* about the judging or rather misjudging of great Danes by the English judge, Mr. Groom. In Germany, as you know, we do not prize size, but we prize the dog that combines quality with size, if possible. But you prize quality first and look for a specimen as large as possible with that quality. With you a dog having a thick, curled stern with a round head, could not, if ever so large, ever so graceful and ever so symmetrically built, get a first prize. I hope you will adhere to that *modus operandi*, only thus can Germany keep the lead and achieve grand results, while England, thanks to her present system, will remain a good customer in buying your second-rate dogs and making champions of them. Another reason for great disappointment to German exhibitors is the positive neglect as to clean color. A yellow dog with brown markings and red nose, by the name of Diego, received a fourth prize and second special. Breeders do not seem to under stand here that you have to keep solid color, brindles and harlequins separate. Even if you do not judge them in special classes you must keep them separate in breeding so as to avoid dirty colors by mixing whole-colored dogs of different kinds among each other. A black and tan dog is not alone useless for breeding but a positive damage to our purpose, which is to breed typical dogs of size, with clear, well defined colors. In the challenge class for dogs and bitches Vendetta received a first prize. Her head is too long, snipy, she is not clean enough in throat, and her stern is carried too high. She may be the best of her class, but she is not a dog of the first order. After her comes Cedric the Saxon and third Cid Campeador, with too thick a stern and long hair at that, he is too short in body and stands on the joint of his toes like a greyhound. In the open class, first prize went to a brindle dog, Paramount, second and two specials to Leon, a yellow dog with an abundance of dewlap, badly carried tail and snipy and cheeky; third prize to Sea King, a harlequin who stands straight behind, has a thick tail, but is good in head and color; fourth, Diego, with wrong colors, red nose, abundance of throat, thick tail badly carried. After him was put Achille, a very good yellow specimen of Herr Messter's. He gets an hc. and special for best dog owned by a foreigner. All other dogs of Messter's had to be contented with hc. and c."

I will omit the balance, which are described in about the same manner as the former dogs, and take only, as the worst part of the judging, the award of second prize to Countess Warwick. She is very cheeky, and her hair at least 2in. long, of wrong texture, and has a thick tail. She is a mongrel and yet she received a special prize, while Messter's Elly got a vhc. The article closes with the advice to send to England only flesh, bone and sinew. In a different journal I find another critique on Barn Elms, from which I infer that German exhibitors should take to England only big dogs of the lowest order of quality.

I quote from a German critique of the Kennel Club Show at Crystal Palace in 1887 as follows: "The two most celebrated champions of England are Cid Campeador and Cedric the Saxon, in whom we can find nothing but size, which merit helped him to beat several bitches of real quality. Cid is better in our opinion than Cedric, but his stern has been operated on, in spite of a certificate from an English veterinarian denying this. His tail curves like a snake as he moves and can be detected as tampered with at first sight. He is very snipy and short in muzzle. His figure is graceful but too straight behind. Cedric the Saxon, bred by Herr Messter, is also very large, but his head is altogether too light and short. He beats Cid, we think, justly. A champion, Nello, is small and bad in head, cheeky and ring-tailed. Better than dogs are the bitches, with three good specimens: First, Ortrud; she beat Vendetta. Ortrud was bred by Herr Essig; Vendetta is from Würtemburg, by Harras I. ex Flora. Both are nice specimens. Ortrud's head should be heavier. She is good in body, very clean in neck and has a good stern. Vendetta is graceful, as large as Ortrud, but snipy and very throaty. Beauté is a highly graceful bitch, a wee bit snipy. Had we been judging we would have reversed judgment and placed as first Beauté, second Ortrud and third Vendetta." I omit the description of the other bitches because according to German ideas they should not have a mention, and the translation of what is being said may appear a one-sided criticism inspired by jealousy.

I would consider the Germans unjustified in criticising English ideas on other dogs because I believe that German breeders cannot "open the shoestrings" to their English competitors. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating. If English ideas as to great Danes were correct and could prevail, then Germany would be compelled to buy English-bred great Danes as well as America. But how is it that we all have to go to Germany to get these dogs? Must not the German ideas of breeding and judging be correct? Who has ever seen a great Dane imported to this country, bought from a reliable German breeder, with a bad color? I would not object to a great Dane having all colors if these colors were pure and clean. But I have, as a result in faulty color breeding, seen dogs here of a dirty gray color, with white spots and a brindle ground. If at present you take a great Dane and breed him to his own color you will positively get a clean color of the same tint as the parent.

It is much easier to breed long-coated dogs, for instance a St. Bernard, for size only, and yet retain typical heads than short-coated ones. The slightest exaggerations of coarse blood will show itself in a bad coat and a bushy tail. Coarse blood should be added to type with proper caution or the result will be a boarhound of former times.

If you want a great Dane as big as possible, you must, firstly, settle the question, What is desired, height or heavy structure, or both? If bred for height only, he will soon get too narrow in chest, light in bone and snipy in head. Breeding for heavy bone and a wide chest primarily, you will naturally get a Dane that is likely to stand crooked on his legs, or whose legs are simply able to carry weight, but not to move it as desired in a great Dane. He will be very throaty, have a short, thick head and neck, and will likely be cheeky. If you desire the combination of both, *i. e.*, height and substance, content yourself with at the utmost, say 33in., or you invite rachitis. This is not touching the question of type at all. Let us breed slowly as to increase of size and weight, and let us be contented with a height of 32 to 33in. and a weight of 160lbs. Let us, however, breed for these dimensions after we get the type, because without type they are of no value. We must breed for type, pure colors and beauty, and within these limits get the dogs as big and heavy as type will permit. If I had to-day a typical dog, a beauty of 120lbs., I would be as little contented as if I had the heaviest and tallest common dog in existence, because, in order to be satisfied I desire above all a thoroughbred dog, which means in this breed type, clean color and substance.

If on one side Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt selects Wenzel, on the other Mr. James Mortimer selects Melac, and both judges give us their reasons for their decisions, the breeders will split and a portion will follow Mr. Arnolt, the others Mr. Mortimer. We will always have two camps with a general to each. After every show a council of war will decide how the respective judge is to be attacked most effectually, and the poor dogs will suffer. If the great Dane is to be a fancy and companionable breed, let the public decide which of the two extremes are most desired. I believe that a strain like Wenzel will find more friends than Melac's Major McKinley.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

St. Bernards and the Fair.

NEAR the Fifty-ninth street entrance of the World's Fair is a dog show of St. Bernards which is not restricted by a four-day limit, or by by-laws and other things which may mean a great deal or nothing at all, according to the caprice or interest of the powers that be.

Mr. Adolph Thommen, of Waldenburg, Switzerland, has a team of six St. Bernards which he brought over to this country for exhibition at the World's Fair dog show, but, as the reader knows, that show was postponed. Then the idea of a private show occurred to Mr. Thommen. He built a most comfortable, well-ventilated building, sub-divided it into stalls, to each of which an abundance of water is carried by pipes. It is the pink of neatness. He will continue his show till the World's Fair dog show begins, so he says.

We often hear of great financial nerve and enterprise, but to me there is no greater nerve than starting a dog show of well-conditioned dogs within three blocks of Buffalo Bill's camp of Sioux Indians. Keep an eye on those Indians, Mr. Thommen. A dance is good cause for suspicion, a fire is good cause for fear, and a big kettle is good cause for locking the dog show hand and foot. For the Indian, a fat dog fills a long felt want.

His star attraction is Barry of Hauenstein, which is valued at $20,000. His attendant, a bright young man, informed me earnestly that a California lady had offered $15,000 for Barry, but that the offer was declined. I intimated that she should have shown more courtesy to her paternal ancestor by respectfully asking him to buy her a bow-wow, and the said paternal ancestor might have favorably considered her application.

There appears to be, therefore, a strong bull market in dogs at present, notwithstanding the fluctuations and destruction in other branches of the stock market, as shown in this instance where the seller and buyer are $5,000 apart, and the former making no concession.

The flinty-hearted wretch, the daddy of our folk lore, who wouldn't purchase for his dear offspring a bow-wow, probably did not care to mortgage his broad estate to qualify for a bow-wow gift.

Such absurd figures do much harm to canine interests. If it were but one instance it would be of small consequence, but unfortunately the dog show catalogues contain many of them. Of course dogmen as a rule understand that $20,000 may mean a prohibitory price, but the term "Not for sale" means much the same thing and carries with it no implication of a purpose to deceive.

California Field Trial Matters.

From a correspondent in California the prospects of the inaugural trials of the Southern California Field Trials Club are most encouraging. He says:

"We are receiving entries for our first annual Derby, and from present indications the Southern California Field Trial Club will be more than a success. The sportsmen of this section are awakening to the fact that talk don't go, and as there will be an opportunity to test their dogs in open competition, they are taking advantage of it. In adopting our rules it was the desire of most of the members that they should be worded so as to have the typical sportsman's dog win, and in this I think the club has acted wisely. A dog that has to be whipped continually is not a pleasant companion afield, and the same will hold with the timid ones. Cheerful obedience and good work will be the chief features, and they are good ones."

The Manitoba Trials.

In a letter dated Aug. 5, Mr. R. J. Gallaugher informs me of the resignation of Mr. E. D. Adams from the secretaryship of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, and his removal from Winnipeg to Calgary, Alberta, Northwest Territory.

Mr. Gallaugher further says: "You can imagine what a loss that is to us just at present, when he had been working up the affairs of the club in connection with our trials in September, and had the whole business at his fingers' ends. I have succeeded him and find that I have got a lot of work to do with which I am in a measure unacquainted. However, I am getting along in a fairly satisfactory manner. The prospects of a successful meeting in September are good. Eastern sportsmen are taking advantage of our early trials by sending their dogs here now to train on chickens preparatory to running in the trials. To those who propose sending their dogs to the Manitoba trials, I will say that it is advisable to notify the secretary-treasurer, giving description and value of their dogs, the date on which they will be coming and the road on which they will come, in order that satisfactory arrangements can be made for them with the customs officials and thus avoid unnecessary delay. Avent got here on Monday with a string of 18, and L. W. Smith, of Morrison, Ill., arrived last night with 11."

The address of Mr. Gallaugher is P. O. Box 1224, Winnipeg, Man.

Sportsmen who visit Manitoba will find it a most delightful country. The trials afford a thorough and fair trial of the competitors.

The two trials on chickens in Manitoba, growing constantly in importance, make a competition worthy of the consideration of all field trial men, both in respect to the honor of winning and the value of the money prizes.

The McLin Affair.

The following letter to me, under date of Aug. 9, from Mr. Freeman, is deserving of the earnest consideration of every dog fancier. He says:

"I am a little surprised that the handlers have been so slow in making their contributions to help prosecute McLin. As for Mr. Mayfield and myself, we have received only $5 from that source, and that was from Capt. C. E. McMurdo, of Charlottesville, Va.

"I am very much afraid that we will not get funds enough to carry the thing through successfully, unless contributions are sent in more liberally. I am very much surprised, as I had thought that an affair of that kind would have brought out a greater expression from the sportsmen than it has. Can it be possible that all the boasted love for the dog is all gush? It looks that way at present to me. I have about come to the conclusion that Mayfield and I were somewhat hasty in having McLin's second arrest made, and guaranteeing the cost of prosecution, but we are into it and will get out the best way we can. It looks now as if we will have to go down pretty deep into our own pockets and pay out.

"There has been a good hatch of young birds, and they are now about half grown. The prospects are good for plenty of birds for this year's trials."

The World's Fair Dog Show.

On Friday, August 11, I called on Mr. Buchanan, chief of the Agricultural Department, and asked him if there was any news in connection with the bench show. He replied that there was no news.

"Is it true," I asked, "that the dates of the World's Fair show, Sept. 19 to 22, have been cancelled, or expunged, as mentioned in a contemporary?"

"No, sir," he exclaimed, "the dates have not been cancelled. We hold the same dates now. The statement is wrong. The matter, however, is now under consideration, and will be definitely settled by next Wednesday. If the advertised dates are cancelled, there will probably not be any dog show. All this will be settled in the near future."

There are hints from those who are close to the powers which be that the board of control will give the matter of holding or not holding a dog show, more consideration than the matter of changing the dates.

The Western esteemed contemporary is deserving a great deal of praise for its irrepressible penchant and enterprise for publishing "true facts" a week or two before they occur. It then has but to wait for the news to fit the facts or the facts to fit the news.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Rhode Island Show.

THE long-looked-for premium list of the Rhode Island State Fair Association's dog show to be held Sept. 19 to 22, is now before us. The first thing that strikes us is that the entry fee is only $1, and on turning to the list we find that liberal challenge prizes of $12 are given to mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, setters and collies. These have open classes with prizes of $12 and $6. Deerhounds, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, beagles, field spaniels and cockers, too, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, Irish terriers, Boston terriers and pugs have challenge classes of $10; open classes in these breeds get $10 and $5. In the first named breeds puppy classes are provided, and $8 and $4 given, other breeds get $6 and $3 in their divisions. The more popular breeds are offered kennel prizes of $15 by the Association for best four or more. Entries close Sept. 4 and should be addressed Rhode Island State Fair Association, Cranston, R. I. Mr. Walter J. Comstock, the well-known Irish terrier breeder and exhibitor, is chairman of the bench show committee, and that means that exhibitors will find a friendly face who will see that they are not neglected. The judges so far selected, as stated before, are Messrs. John Davidson and James Mortimer, others may yet be appointed for special breeds.

The "vet" is Dr. T. G. Sherwood and Mr. John Read will see that the show is properly superintended. We may add that the premiums will be paid the last day of the show. When dogs and bitches compete together, if there are five of either sex entered the class will be divided, and when no regular class is made for a breed, if there are five or more entries, classes will be provided. If exhibitors do not care for the money prize their dogs may win, a medal will be given instead. The U. S. Express Co. will return dogs free under the usual conditions. In looking through the general instructions to judges contained in the premium list we find one or two remarks that might well be considered in dog judging.

"No animal will be allowed a premium unless sound. [The judges are required to give special attention to the foregoing clause.]"

"A premium card or ribbon is a mark of merit and in no case should it be attached to an article or animal where meritorious qualities are lacking."

With good prizes, popular judges and a pleasant outing in view for exhibitors, it will be matter for surprise if "Little Rhody" does not make a record.

Ottawa Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The premium list of the Ottawa show is no doubt in the hands of nearly all dogmen by this time, unfortunately a few were sent out before the changes relating to our American cousins were made. I would therefore like to call the attention of those who have received such to the fact that all American dogs shown at the Canadian shows this year must first be entered or listed with the Canadian Kennel Club. There is another important point to which I would like to call the attention of American exhibitors. Challenge or champion dogs will not under any consideration be allowed to compete in open classes, as was done last year at all the Canadian shows. Our judges have not yet been appointed, but will be announced shortly.

ALFRED GEDDES, Sec'y and Supt,

OTTAWA, Can., Aug. 9.

DOG CHAT.

Brittle Changes His Quarters.

We can now comfirm the rumor we heard a week or two since that Mr. H. W. Smith, of Worcester, Mass., had purchased Brittle, the well known English champion wire-haired fox-terrier, from Mr. R. F. Mayhew. Brittle has been kept in seclusion, with one or two exceptions, since his importation in the spring of 1892, and when shown has been anything but fit. In proper shape he is without doubt the best wire on this side. Brittle won many prizes in England, and was shown when the wires were a grand lot. He has beaten all the cracks, Carlisle Tack, Jack's Yarn, Tees Hap, Briggs, Bruiser and Carlisle Tick, and was selected as one of the 6 rough terriers to compete against 6 smooths at York show in 1888, when the wires won. He is the sire of The Reclaimed, winner of the fifty guinea cup at Barn Elms in 1888; First Attempt, Brittle's Mixture, Brittany, Brunette, Banter, Busy Brittle, Dawning and Mr. Smith's late crack Saint Brittle, who were all winners in England, and Sister Grit, bred by Mr. Smith and a winner at the late New York show in two classes. Mr. Smith is one of the few American exhibitors who shows his purchases under his own name in England before bringing them here, and he has just been advised by his English representative that at Leicester his Surrey Janet won first in her class and then beat Jack St. Leger for the cup for the best in the show, and again repeating his victory at Darlington. Cribbage was beaten by Prompter, a decision which has generally been the other way and was not indorsed at the ring side. Surrey Janet won in her class and then beat Prompter for the cup, so in four days she bowled over the three crack wires in England. The English *Stock-Keeper* speaks of the fact and congratulates Mr. Smith on the success of his bitch, and she must indeed be a flyer to win under such judges as Messrs. Vicary and Clear. Mr. Smith has asked Mr. Carrick, of Carlisle, to advise him which dog to put to Janet before sailing, and when she has been mated both Cribbage and Janet will be sent over in charge of Spratts Patent.

Toronto Dog Show.

The following railways will carry dogs over their lines going to and from Toronto dog show, Sept. 11 to 15, at the following rates: Grand Trunk Railway, of Canada, will return dogs free, charging excess baggage going; the Canadian Atlantic Railway will do the same as the Grand Trunk; the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie and Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway, will return dogs free, charging excess baggage rates going, estimating the weight at 100lbs. per dog. Mr. C. A. Stone says in his letter: "I am having the buildings thoroughly cleaned up and painted, and will erect some hundred more kennels, and by my new arrangements will have two judging rings down and two up stairs. The feeding will be done by myself, using Spratts biscuits, and the disinfecting will be done by the Canadian Sanitary Company, using Jeyes's fluids and powders. Remember, the entries close Aug. 31." It was our duty last year to criticise the superintendent over the unclean state of the show building at Toronto, and exhibitors will be pleased to hear that there will be a change for the better this year. If Mr. Stone will be just a little more independent, not bother so much with the red tape and go ahead on his own lines, for he knows how these things should be done, and remember that Toronto is looked upon as an international affair almost and demands more careful management than a local event, he will be sure to come out with flying colors this time. Our friend must remember also that in criticising the management of this show we recognize simply the official Mr. Stone, not the Stone that we knew—say at the Spaniel Club dinner—free from the cares and trammels of an important office.

Shows Under A. K. C. Rules.

There are three A. K. C. rule shows held during the Sept. 19 to 22 week—World's Fair, Rhode Island and Mt. Holly. This probably makes little difference, but we simply draw the attention of exhibitors to the fact. As so many of these fairs hold shows on the same dates, and as the increase of interest in the dog will doubtless create more of them in the future, the A. K. C. should make some special legislation in their favor. Most of these fair associations think it incumbent to join the A. K. C., and something must be done by the latter body unless they allow the rule referring to clashing dates to become a dead letter. It would be too bad if this rule should militate in any way against these associations holding shows. Although not very popular with the regular exhibitor who wishes to dispose of stock, still the amount of benefit Fair shows do in disseminating an idea of what good dogs are like among people who have the best opportunities to keep dogs, is inestimable, and should be encouraged in every way.

Mount Holly Dog Show.

In the premium list issued by the Burlington County Agricultural Society we find 106 classes provided. The prizes may be considered fairly liberal and an improvement on last year. Challenge classes with prizes of $8 are given in mastiffs, St. Bernards, deerhounds, greyhounds, pointers, setters, spaniels (for field and cocker each), collies, bulldogs, bull-terriers, beagles, fox-terriers and pugs. In the open classes mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers and setters have $8 and $4, with $4 and $3 in puppy classes. Most of the other breeds have $6 and $3 in open and $4 and $3 in puppies. Great Danes get $8 and $3 in open classes. At the end of the list the judges given are Mr. James Mortimer and Major J. M. Taylor for non-sporting and sporting dogs respectively. This must be a mistake, as we have seen it stated that Mr. C. H. Mason judges all classes. As Mr. Mortimer is down for the Rhode Island fixture the same week, it is not probable that he will judge at Mt. Holly. The show commences Sept. 19 and lasts four days. The entry fee is $2, and entries close Sept. 11 with J. Holmes Longstreet, the superintendent, Bordentown, N. J. In any class where five or more entries are received the classes will be divided for sex. The Mount Holly show is popular with the Quaker City fanciers, and no doubt will score a good entry in spite of other attractions during the same week. The society offers $5 for the best in each variety, $10 for best four by one exhibitor in all the leading varieties, $30 to the handler with largest exhibit, and $20 for exhibitor with largest entry. The Ashmont trophy will be put up here if Tree does not win it at Toronto the week before.

Appreciation by Sportsmen.

The fanciers and sportsmen of Leamington, Ont., to the number of about 25, met at the Deming House July 31, to show their appreciation in a tangible form of the honors won by Mr. H. Milkins's well known pointer, Count Graphic. After partaking of an elaborate supper an address was read to Mr. Milkins, which embodied all the virtues and records that pertain to this well known pointer. Afterward Count was presented with a silver collar. Count Graphic is the sire of Prince Graphic, Count Grosvenor, Duke Graphic, Baron Fritz, the latter a field trial winner and the others winners on the bench.

Kennel Specials.

Wise fanciers know the value of these line "ads." They mean quick sales because the class of people who read FOREST AND STREAM are well able to pay for a good dog, and advertisers tell us that when they get an answer to an ad, in this journal it means business and not endless and useless letter writing. Geo. Bell, we see this week, proposes to sell his fine kennel in one lot or separately. It's a great chance for some one, when one reads the names of well-known dogs contained therein. W. M. Woten seems to have some valuable field stock to dispose of, entercd in the field trials, too; W. S. Dixon, of England, draws attention to any one wanting bulldogs; W. K. Purington offers English setter pups; P. O. Box 18, beagles; Standard Kennels, dachshunds and beagles; Ed. Marshall, beagles; F. L. Colley, Angora cats, etc.; Oakview Kennels, great Danes; Albany Pointer Kennels, well bred pointers; Glenrose Beagle Kennels, beagles; Edgewood Kennels, well bred pointers and English setters.

Another Crack St. Bernard.

It is now the turn of Mr. J. F. Smith, of Sheffield, to astonish the St. Bernard world with the sensational début of a smooth dog. At Darlington, Eng., he brought out an eleven-months-old pup, by champion Keeper, called Marengo, over which the critics go into ecstacies. *British Fancier*, the only English paper to hand this week, remarks that for an eleven-months pup, after careful scrutiny, they felt it impossible to find *any* fault with him. Of course, this is an opinion with a string to it; but further they quote such a well-known man as the Rev. Mr. Carter as saying "Marengo was the grandest St. Bernard that had ever existed in England." There must be something wonderful about this young dog when we remember that Sir Bedivere came from England. Marengo's head is said to be much better and more massive than Keeper's, his equal in symmetry, better bone and exquisite markings.

National Foxhunters' Association.

At the coming Lexington, Ky., show there will be a more than ordinarily large gathering of foxhound men. At this show the National Foxhunters' Association will be launched. It begins, we are told, with a membership truly national, as the most prominent foxhunters of the North as well as the South being at the back of it. Its object is to improve the foxhound by the crucial test of the field trial, and arrangements will be perfected to hold a national meet in November in one of the Central States, at which purses will be hung up that will prove an incentive for dogs to compete from all parts of the country. Those who remember the interesting gathering of foxhound men at the last Lexington show may be sure that there will be fun ahead and plenty of music in the air at the coming meet.

"NUMBERS WRONG."
Wissahickon Show, 1893.

Heavy Loss in St. Bernards.

Mr. Arthur Ritter, owner of the Ravenswood Kennels Long Island, has indeed met with a severe loss. During the past week he has strangely lost by sudden death seven of his St. Bernards, the symptoms showing plainly, according to their owner, those of arsenical poisoning. Among the dead are Coquette and Mcrchant Hesper. The former died Saturday week, and Hesper the day following. Three others died on Tuesday, one the next day and another on Thursday last. The dogs were all affected by a dry cough, which was followed by weakness and enlargement of the pupils of the eyes. The weakness increased until the dogs could not hold up their heads. Every effort was made to save them, but in vain. Mr. Ritter has three dogs left, but one of them, Flora, was at last accounts dying and another may go. Mr. Ritter has our sincere sympathy.

Empress of Contoocook.

Every St. Bernard lover knows this lovely animal, and those who lean to type will be pleased to hear that she has whelped two bitch puppies. A peculiarity about this event, however, was that they came seven days behind time. Mr. Booth says he has known a bitch that was three days overdue, but never a week. Empress has missed three times. The last time she threw one pup, but this time she goes one better, and besides, has plenty of milk, when before she hadn't enough to raise a pup. These crack bitches, Princess Florence, for instance, seem as erratic as a prima donna. Empress's pups are by Alton, Jr., and should therefore turn out well. Signa has a litter three weeks old, by Marvel.

A New Blenheim.

Mr. Geo. W. Wambach, of Baltimore, has received per steamer Queensmore, and shipped from Halifax, England, Halifax General, a Blenheim dog 2 years old, weight 8lbs., which he describes as a little beauty. The new dog is by Jolly Country Squire out of Dianah, and is registered in the E. K. C. S. B. He will be placed in stud and will be exhibited later on at the shows.

The New England Beagle Club Trials.

In all probability Messrs. Geo. F. Reed and A. C. Krueger will be chosen to judge at these trials which will be held at Oxford, Mass., a place which, we are informed, is by far the best yet used for the purpose. The dogs can be followed on horse or afoot, the grounds being immense berry pastures, 500 or 1,000 acres in extent and rabbits plentiful. An executive meeting of the club will be held Aug. 17 at Boston.

Mr. W. Hawkins, of Monterey, Mass., feels that life is worth the living these days, anyhow, now that his pointer bitch champion Revelation has increased his kennel stock by three dogs and five bitches, which she threw to his Westminster Drake. Drake is a good dog both on bench and field, but Revelation is a better as far as looks go, and the pups should prove worth owning, even if they are not all champions.

Grand Master Sold.

Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderffer, of Baltimore, is dropping St. Bernards and has sold that good young dog Grand Master, third at New York and Baltimore last spring, to Mrs. Adele W. Lee, of Toledo, O. We do not know the price given, but know that Mr. Diffenderffer held the dog at about $700. This gentleman is thinking seriously of owning a field dog or two, and will buy one or two shortly. Grand Master, as one of Hesper's best sons, should prove a valuable dog at stud, as he is an all-round good dog himself—and sound too.

Mr. John Coles, of Boston, Mass., has evidently made a good purchase in the bull bitch Haphazard, which comes from Mr. A. M. Hodgson's kennels. This bitch is a light weight, and that she must be a good one is proved by the following list of good wins: Gloucester, Birmingham, Bath, Manchester, Preston and Bristol also; a number of specials, among them Capt. Piddocke's cup three times.

Two thousand five hundred dollars have been refused by Mr. Stephens for the noted fox-terrier sire Stipendiary, the offer coming from this side, so *Stock-Keeper* leads us to suppose. Stipendiary has earned $1,500 during the year, so that it will be seen that neither the offer nor the refusal were at all out of the way.

The bull-terrier Cordona is said to have been purchased for a fancier in this country from Mr. Pegg, her English owner.

We regret to hear that Mr. R. Dudley Winthrop is down with concussion of the brain as the result of injuries received at polo. Mr. Winthrop is known among the bulldog fancy as the owner of the noted dogs Leonidas, Stanley and several others. Mr. Winthrop was thrown violently to the ground during a practice game, his pony falling and rolling over him. His case is serious and the crisis will not be passed for several days, though we trust he will eventually have a speedy recovery.

Mr. F. W. Chapman goes up to his Maine kennels on the 20th to stay for a week or two and will then choose his entries for the National and New England club trials. He expects to run half a dozen in each, so we shall see the "Chapman lope" after all.

Mr. A. S. Dixon, of West Derby, Liverpool, Eng., intends to bring some bulldogs to New York next October, and is also prepared to execute commissions for intending purchasers.

Mr. James Robinson has been appointed manager of the Woodlawn Park Kennels in place of Mr. Clark.

The valuable Kentucky foxhound bitch Star, owned by Mr. O. F. Joselin, of Oxford, died recently. She was to have run in the Brunswick Fur Club trials this fall.

Mr. Henry Jarrett took a trip down to Chester, Pa., the other day, and Mr. Byrnes next day shipped him a pair of collie pups. One of these quiet trails of the Chestnut Hill man that will lead to something in the near future.

Mr. Charles Myers, East Boston, Mass., has purchased the St. Bernard Prince Draco (champion Plinlimmon, Jr.—Maude).

"Dick" Morgan, as he is known to his friends, has killed this season, up to last week, 123 woodcock, three-fourths of which were shot over his Roderigo bitch, Maygirl, one of the setters he offers for sale in our business columns this week. Mr. Morgan starts South Oct. 1, and will remain till April 1, 1894. In the section of country (which he does not tell us the name of) where he will locate he says he has found upward of thirty bevies of quail in a day's hunt, and from what he can learn, he says the quail crop is the largest known for many a year, owing to the extremely dry season. He will be pleased to see his patrons this winter come South and see their dogs work and have some good shooting when game is plenty.

Owing to our absence from the office the past two weeks, correspondence has accumulated to such an extent that we must claim the indulgence of our friends till we can get things straightened out.

Mr. A. Russell Crowell, who for some time has had charge of the *Pacific Sports* kennel columns, has now taken Mr. C. W. Kyle's place as kennel editor of the *Breeder and Sportsman*. He thinks he will have more time for his kennel now. He has "only" 22 cockers, and he thinks some are pretty good. Our California contemporary has made a good move. Mr. Crowell is a hustler, and will be sure to make its pages newsy.

Has Any One Lost a Pointer?

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is in this vicinity a very handsome lemon and white pointer dog, about two and a half years old, and as the party who has him can give no account of his breeding, from hints dropped at certain times I feel sure he is a stolen dog. He has been in this man's possession about a year or more, and seems to be fairly broken. The man tells people the dog is from Sensation stock. If this should meet the eye of the rightful owner, I feel sure he would be very glad to regain possession of him. John Rider, detective of London, Ont., says he has information from a party that the dog was stolen from one of the New York shows. This I know nothing about, but if you will publish this in your widely circulated journal you may, if the above is correct, find the thief who stole him. The dog goes by the name of Dick.

JOHN HAMMON.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Aug. 10.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—The next issue of the official organ of the Canadian Kennel Club will contain a card from Dr. Wesley Mills, stating that owing to his time being now so fully occupied with his scientific, professional and other work that next year he will be unable to accept any office in the gift of the club. Dr. Mills, I understand, expects to be away from home a good deal on a professional tour.

I was surprised to learn from Mr. George Bell that he intended dropping out of dogs for a year or two, and was offering all his kennel for sale. The loss of Troublesome and Fascination was a big blow to him, but not this, but "the cloudy state of the canine atmosphere," as he says, is his reason for retiring.

H. B. DONOVAN.

Spaniel Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What a pleasure it is to read "Uncle Dick's" frank and candid communication in answer to mine. I cannot agree with the statement that my argument, that a square muzzle means a good nose, is weak. "Uncle Dick" adduces only one dog, a mastiff, to support the reverse theory, this dog, for instance, I have always been led to believe had a very fair nose. I am glad all my other arguments stand good, and no one has dared challenge them. I heartily apologize to Mr. Fellows for speaking of the weeds and lap-dogs as his type. I am glad to see he likes a bit of stamina, and that he has a genuine interest in the breed aside from a pecuniary one. I think all gentlemen will unite with me in saying it would be better for all concerned if people would sign their names under their letters in a manly and straightforward manner.

Regarding the much-talked-of trials, I think the records of the sporting papers will bear me out when I say I was the first to publicly recommend them. We lovers of the working spaniel hope to see the matter threshed out and brought to a head. Let every one make some suggestion, then we can take the whole collectively and make use of what is practical. Of course after the first trial we can more easily eliminate bad points, improve on good ones and add new features that are wanting. Let us outline what a spaniel ought to be tested for; first, scenting powers—this might be done by letting a bird with a clipped wing run across pasture and from that into scrub, remarking carefully the time the dog takes to retrieve, whether he keeps the line and if he handles it tenderly. Birds alive or dead might also be hidden by the judges in places unknown to handlers, then compare the action and celerity of the different entries in finding.

Obedience should next come on the list, I think; coming to heel, paying attention to orders immediately the dog is spoken to, breaking shot, etc. Retrieving from water should most certainly be gone into, which could be easily done by throwing in a bird and firing a gun. Endurance ought to be tried for but would consume too much time. There is one thing certain, that all the tests must be made artificially. I don't think the judge should be tied down to any set principles, because a clever man who thoroughly understands it can soon pick out the best all-round worker. Neither must we overlook a spaniel's pluck in facing the briers, he ought to do so without hesitation, game or no game; mine do so or they get punished, but as I go in for a plucky and willing dog I seldom or never use whip-cord. As a means of testing their pluck the handler should be made to hunt his dog in a specified piece of thick brush.

Regarding the World's Fair show, as a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, while mingling with English dogmen at trials and shows during my stay here in England, I felt it my duty to apprise them of it and extend them a cordial invitation to come over and compete. I did the same thing among the shooters for the tournament for which America was too poor to hang up a few extra dollars (in London alone an immense sum is shot for annually), and as they both up to the present time have fallen through (not on account of any fault of FOREST AND STREAM, which should have the credit of doing all that was done by the press of any sort to promote it), I have had to bear the hurt of some good-natured banter, and *en passant* it makes it more difficult to advance the interests of the greatest sportsman's journal in the world, a paper that doesn't diverge into such extraneous matters as agriculture, gardening or the apiary, it is strictly a sportsman's paper from cover to cover. It isn't the chaff we mind so much as the fact that such failures give Englishmen very little faith in their cousins' ability to engineer a big thing, when Americans out of all the earth, really and truly know best how to run a gigantic and colossal tournament. Hoping the FOREST AND STREAM may some day be the great connecting link between the Old and New World sportsmen, as well as the channel for keeping one another in touch with the latest developments in sporting science.

CECIL COX.

TIVERTON, Devon, Eng., July 25.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blank (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Major Fox. By Jas. Jeffries, Westfield, Westfield, Mass., for black, white and tan foxhound dog, whelped March, 1893, by imported Boy out of Bess.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Rubie—Bend'or, Jr. G. W. Wambach's ruby spaniel bitch Rubie to Bend'or, Jr. (King Charles), May 18.

Veracity—Holster. G. Collison's (Wilmington, Del.) fox-terrier bitch Veracity (Bacchanal—Dewdrop) to R. G. Stewart's Holster, July 5.

Fan—Holster. F. Caress's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Fan to R. G. Stewart's Holster, May 31.

Flora—Holster. R. T. Douglas's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Flora (Regent Vox— ———) to R. G. Stewart's Holster (Kermincham Lancer—Qui Vive), May 28.

Jack's Darling—Holster. R. T. Douglas's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Jack's Darling (champion Raby Mixer—Suffolk Riot) to R. G. Stewart's Holster, June 5.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Rubie. G. W. Wambach's ruby spaniel bitch Rubie, July 18, four King Charles bitches, one ruby dog, by Bend'or, Jr.

Maid of Kippen. J. O. Gabriel's (Westover, Pa.) pointer bitch Maid of Kippen (Pontiac—Lass of Kippen), July 31, eight (four dogs), by his Ben Hessen, (Duke of Dessen—Hedge Rose).

Nora M. Jas. Jeffers's (Westfield, Mass.) pointer bitch Nora M., Aug. 1, ten (seven dogs), by Auctioneer (Royal Clip—Fan Bow).

Jack's Darling. R. T. Douglas's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Jack's Darling (champion Raby Mixer—Suffolk Riot), Aug. 1, three dogs, by R. G. Stewart's Holster.

Frisk. P. A. Plant's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Frisk, July 30, seven (three dogs), by R. G. Stewart's Holster.

Flora. R. T. Douglas's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Flora (Regent Vox— ———), July 27, six (three dogs), by R. G. Stewart's Holster.

Fan. F. Caress's (Washington, D. C.) fox-terrier bitch Fan, July 27, four (two dogs), by R. G. Stewart's Holster.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. R. J., Westfield, Mass.—Write to Mr. Calvin S. McCbesney, Troy, N. Y., about the foxhounds.

H. S., Pittsburg, Pa.—You need not worry about your terrier's nose. The white will more than likely disappear before it is six months old. You can tell nothing much about his ears yet, they may be carried beautifully this week and be semi-prick next.

J. H. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—My collie bitch has four puppies and they seem to be troubled by some disease of the eyes and nose. They are all the time snuffling at the nose, and their eyes look gray and dull. Sometimes their eyes will be stuck fast in the morning. The puppies are between three and four weeks old. Ans. It looks very much like distemper. Keep the eyes clean and apply the following lotion:

Acid boracic	ʒ i
Aq. ad	℥ viii

Lotio. Apply to eyes four or five times a day.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

21. Rbode Island, Open.
22. Massacbusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay.
22. Fall River, Open, Mount Hope Bay.
24. Rocbester, Club, Charlotte.
24. Commonwealth, 3d Pen, Boston
25. Staten Island, Ladies' Day.
26. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
26. Cor., Atlantic City, Annual.
26. Cor., Marblebead, 3d Cham.
26. Monatiquot, 3d Cham., Weymouth.
26. Minnetonka, sail off.
26. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
26. Sippican, Open, Marion.
26. Cor. Mos. Fleet An. New Rochelle
26. Royal Nova Scotia, Open, Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.
26-27. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Petaluma Creek
26-28. Royal Canadian, Cruise.
28. Eastern, Weld Cup, Marblehead.
31. Atlantic, 55ft Class, New York
—. Cor., Sweeps, 85ft. Class, Newport.
—. New York Cruise, Astor Cups, Newport.
—. Seawanhaka, 85ft. special.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Savin Hill, 2d Cup, Dorchester Bay.
2. Cor., Marblebead, Sail off.
2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open Boats, College Point.
2. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass
2. Rocbester, Cruise, Charlotte.
2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
2. Winthrop, Consolation Race.
2. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st Class, Toronto.
2. Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, Open, Halifax.
4. Fall River, Club, Mount Hope Bay.
4. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.
4. Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Beach.
6. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point.
9. Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 85ft. Class, Larchmont.
9. Beverly, Marblehead.
9. Cor., San Francisco, Channel Cruise and Race.
9. Commonwealth, 3d Pen, Boston
9. Buffalo, Cruising Sweepstakes, All Classes, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Can., Prince of Wales Cup, Toronto.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, triangle
9. Sippican, 3d Champ., Marion.
14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
14. Rochester, Review and Ladies Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
14. Mos. Fleet, Open, Casb, South Boston.
15 New York, autumn sweeps, New York.
16. Royal Nova Scotia, Special Class, Edwards Cup.
16. Royal Can., 30ft Class, Tor.
16. Phila., Open, Delaware River.
16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Royal Can., Cosgrove Cup, 25ft. Class, Toronto.
23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and Corinthian Games.
7-9-11-13. New York, Trial Races, Sandy Hook.

OCTOBER.

5-7-9. New York, America's Cup, Sandy Hook.
7. Miramichi, Cbatham-Newcastle
7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day.
14. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor.
—. Colt Cup, 85-footers, Long Island Sound.

THE Boston *Herald* is responsible for a story which is funny enough to be true, as it probably is, to the effect that Mr. Herman B. Duryea, who is with Mr. Carroll on Navahoe, cabled to friends on this side after the second race, "We've got them sure; bet." Later cables from Mr. Duryea have said nothing more about betting, and we understand that they confirm the newspaper reports of Navahoe's bad steering in a breeze.

WE have several times commented on the limited knowledge of geography which some yachtsmen possess, apropos of which is a recent remark of the Scotch correspondent of the Boston *Herald* that Wenonah's success on the Clyde has led to a demand for "The Bostonian type of craft." The suburbs of Boston are extensive and elastic, but they do not yet include Bristol, Rhode Island. Should Navahoe fail to retrieve her reputation and one of the fin boats win in the trial races, it is probable that the distance of Boston from Bristol will be increased by several thousand miles; in fact, the little Rhode Island town may be forced entirely out of Yankeedom. Another curious geographical paradox exists among some New York yachtsmen, who are lauding the local pride and patriotism of the men who have sent their money to Bristol to build New York boats, and at the same time decrying those who have put their money in a fourth cup defender; and for no better reason that the boat was designed in Boston, seventy miles from Bristol.

THE case of Navahoe's defeat seems to be one in which the least said the soonest mended, but unfortunately two of the parties chiefly interested have rushed into print, and with unfortunate results. There is but one opinion among yachtsmen as to the bad taste of the attempt of Navahoe's builder to throw all the blame on her owner and sailing master, and while no one seriously believes Mr. Carroll's statement that the yacht is all right, there is a general feeling that the responsibility for what from all appearances is a complete failure, lies further back than the ownership or handling.

IT is quite probable that Mr. Carroll stipulated that the yacht should not exceed the limits of 84ft. l.w.l. and 12ft. 6in. draft, and that she should be capable of crossing the Atlantic in safety, in fact it is the owner and not the designer who must decide on such general limitations. There is no reason to believe, however, that Mr. Carroll went any futher and attempted to meddle with the proper functions of the designer in proportioning power to a given limit of waterline and draft. If, as Mr. Herreshoff states, the yacht was in a measure intended for a fast cruiser rather than an out and out racer, there is all the more reason why she should be primarily a ship, carrying her sail and answering her helm, and not a tender and unmanageable machine. The limit of draft stated, 12ft. 6in., is at least 2ft. greater than in Volunteer; the lead, disposed after new methods, is much lower in proportion, and there is nothing in these conditions to prevent a designer turning out a fast and able yacht. As a matter of fact Navahoe is far beyond the limits, being 87ft. instead of 84 on the waterline and considerably over 12ft. 6in. draft, and yet she fails to carry her sail.

Mr. Carroll's recent assertions that the yacht is all right, carrying her sail well and answering her helm, must be very gratifying to her builders, but they will hardly convince yachtsmen in the face of the evidence that has been steadily accumulating since the first trial trip and all pointing in one direction. Mr. Carroll has insisted from the first that the yacht was all right, although the very expensive alterations to her keel gave good evidence to the contrary. In view of all that has been said on both sides of the ocean it would have been far better if no attempts had been made to disguise or conceal a thing that is of necessity evident to every observer.

NOW THAT all the new yachts have been hauled out, and the innermost secrets of the designer have been laid bare before the profane and vulgar eyes of the yachting laity, to their wonder more than their edification, the question again arises whether it really pays, and what has been gained by the secrecy maintained at so much expense and trouble. Taking Navahoe's case, the most extreme of all, it does not now seem likely that there are any special features in the design or dimensions which other designers could have profited by copying. Early in the winter Mr. Carroll made the statement, by way of justification for the refusal to allow any one to see the yacht, that she would be fitted with new and important devices, any or all of which might be easily applied to British yachts should they become known. Looking back now it is easy to see what a humbug the whole secrecy business has been; how little of importance there really was to conceal, and how very little bas been concealed at all in spite of the efforts of owners and builders in this or the other Herresboff boats. While rival designers have lost nothing, on the other hand it is quite possible that bad the true dimensions of Navahoe been generally known from the start, the serious defects of the design would have been pointed out in time to have been remedied.

JUST at this time Mr. Carroll is coming in for a good deal of hard criticism on all hands, and even some of the New York Y. C. are not wearing very deep mourning over Navahoe's defeat. Whatever may be said now over the folly of crossing with an untried boat, it must be remembered that Mr. Carroll has at least made a bold and sportsmanlike attempt to maintain the honor of American yachting abroad, at a very heavy personal expense, and that whatever the outcome may be, it should be a matter of pride for American yachtsmen to stand by him.

NEW YORK Y. C. ANNUAL CRUISE.

AT the end of the first week of the long-looked-for cruise of the New York Y. C. it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that for several reasons the cruise had been a disappointment to most of those concerned. The central feature of the cruise was to be the racing of the four new Cup defenders, although the schooner division is particularly large and strong this year there is comparatively little interest in its racing, and as for the squadron runs, they are less popular than two or three years ago. The fleet bas become so large that the close intimacy and social intercourse of the old times bas to a certain extent disappeared.

So much has been printed about the big single-stickers that their meeting in a few good races would have given life and excitement to the cruise, apart from all other features, but with no wind there could be no racing, and one day of disappointment has followed another through the whole week.

On Monday at the rendezvous there was wind in plenty and to spare, but the breaking down of Vigilant spoiled completely a very fine race, and the good race of the schooners attracted less attention than it deserved. On Tuesday and Wednesday none of the four Cup defenders were entered, and on the first day the run to Morris Cove was a tedious drift, while on the second it was little better.

On Thursday two of the new boats, Vigilant and Jubilee, were present, but the other two were at Newport instead of New London, so a good opportunity was wasted. There was wind enough for a race, though not much of a test, and a very close finish was marred by the fact that it bas not been possible to measure the boats, so that no corrected times could be calculated, and it is not yet known whether Vigilant or Jubilee won.

On Friday's race, the great event of the season, for the Goelet cups, was in every way a disappointment; one of the four big yachts was disabled at the line, crippling her to a great extent, the wind was so light all day that the race could hardly be called a test of sailing, and the finish was made after midnight, the result not being known until noon next day.

Saturday, the usual day for the run to Vineyard Haven, was ushered in by a light southerly air and a dense fog outside the harbor, a few yachts working out beyond the Dumplings and returning at once. The run to the Vineyard was reluctantly abandoned after noon time, causing a derangement of the latter half of the cruise.

The fleet of 1893 is a very large one, probably larger than ever before. Among the recent additions are the big steam yachts May and White Layde, both handsome craft, and the new auxiliary, Intrepid. Other notable steam yachts are the big Nourmabal, seldom seen with the fleet of late years, the old Ibis, once a schooner yacht, then a steam yacht of modest rig, and now challenging admiration with a brigantine rig. The new Seabury yacht Emblа is with the fleet, and also the 30 knot "Dark Secret" Fiseen, a handsome piece of woodwork. The oddest of the steam craft is the dwarfed and missbapen Hattie Palmer, which puffs about in the wake of the Vigilant, loaded down with extra spars, gear, sails, racing hatches and other parts of the yacht's equipment. The Palmer is merely a rough experiment, but if she does her work successfully it is quite possible that in a few years each racing yacht may be convoyed by a steam craft specially designed for the service, which will carry everything not actually in use on the yacht. It would certainly be a great convenience if instead of lowering and stopping up a spinaker or balloon-jibtopsail on deck, it could be dropped overboard to be picked up by the tender, dried, ironed and stopped up and passed aboard again when needed. In the same way the decks of the racer might be kept clear of topsail yards and spinaker booms, merely signalling for them from the tender when they are needed, and the customary sandwiches and cold prog could be replaced by a hot meal passed aboard. Following out the same line of improvement, it would be a great convenience to have a floating repair shop, sail loft and spar yard to accompany the fleet, similar to the floating machine shop Vulcan, of the British Navy. Yachting is nothing if not progressive, and there is no telling what degree of perfection may be reached in the near future.

This year the rage for white paint is almost universal, and a black yacht, either steam or sail, is the exception. From the late flagship Electra to the smallest 30-footer everything is white. The worst case of white in the fleet is the cutter Clara, once as trim and stylish a yacht as any in the fleet, in spite of her narrow beam, by virtue of shining copper and a glossy coat of black. Painted white from copper to rail, she is now as homely and commonplace in appearance as any craft that ever hailed from Gowanus or the Bronx.

This year the newspapers have tried again the experiment inaugurated on Vamoose last season, and the steam yacht Harriet, a trim craft built in Providence a couple of years since, has been chartered for the cruise by the *Sun*, *Herald*, *World*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Recorder* and the Boston *Globe* and *Herald*. Thus the yacbt has done very good service, being able to follow the fleet easily in ordinary weather, and the reporting has been very well done.

Another vessel that has accompanied the fleet is the tug N. P. Doane, with Mr. N. L. Stebbins, the Boston photographer, on board.

First Squadron Run.

GLEN COVE TO MORRIS COVE.

Tuesday, Aug. 8.

For the third successive year the fleet has made its rendezvous at Glen Cove, near the west end of the Sound, instead of at New London, some 75 miles to the eastward, and after many opinions for one place or the other, the westerly rendezvous seems to be generally acceptable. After Monday's race the fleet lay in Glen Cove Harbor over night, the orders being for a very early start, for New London if the westerly breeze held, and for Morris Cove, New Haven, in the event of a head wind or light airs.

The morning broke with no wind at all, a clear, bright summer day, but only a sbade better than a fog from a yachtsman's standpoint. Colonia had laid at anchor all night, but with no competitor she did not wait to race, but was under way early, with a very light air from the north. The flagship lay at anchor until nearly noon, when she took her place off Matinicock Point, firing the preparatory gun at 12 o'clock and the gun for the absent Class 1 at 12:10, the other single-stickers starting at 12:15, and the schooners, all handicapped, at 12:25.

There was a faint easterly air and an ebb tide, the yachts drifting slowly on their way with hardly a semblance of racing. Later the wind went to the south'ard, and as the sun declined it went far enough to the west to coax out some spinakers to starboard. Slowly the fleet drifted on, each class scattered, and slowly it found its way into Morris Cove long after dark. As a race the times are of no moment; but as prizes are given on the result, it has a certain interest. The official record is as follows, the course being 37 miles:

Preparatory gun, 12 M.; first class sloops, 12:10; other sloops, 12:15; handicap for sloops, 12:20; handicap for schooners, 12:25.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—CLASS 1.				
Coronet	12 25 00	not timed.		
Dauntless	12 25 00	11 31 34	11 06 34	11 04 48
Constellation	12 25 00	9 58 03	9 33 03	9 29 36
Yampa	12 25 00	not timed.		
Ramona	12 25 00	not timed.		
Palmer	12 25 00	not timed.		
Fleetwing	12 25 00	not timed.		
Brunhilde	12 25 00	not timed.		
SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.				
Fortuna	12 25 00	not timed.		
SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.				
Lasca	12 25 00	7 49 58	7 24 58	7 24 58
Alcoa	12 25 00	7 40 07	7 15 07	not m.
Mayflower	12 25 00	11 36 05	11 11 05	11 09 11
Emerald	12 25 00	11 06 40	10 44 40	10 41 31
Atlantic	12 25 00	11 35 37	11 10 37	11 06 07
SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.				
Marguerite	12 25 00	11 34 50	11 09 50	11 09 50
Ariel	12 25 00	8 58 02	8 33 02	not m.
Dagma	12 25 00	11 06 04	10 41 04	10 34 42
Shamrock	12 25 00	11 32 17	11 07 17	10 59 01

SCHOONERS—CLASS 5.

Viator	12 25 00	not timed.		
Loyal	12 25 00	11 46 08	11 21 08	.....
Gevalia	12 25 00	11 04 26	10 39 26	10 35 03
Neaera	12 25 00	10 00 50	9 35 51	9 28 27

SLOOPS—CLASS 3.

Katrina	12 20 00	11 08 07	10 48 07	10 48 07
Gracie	12 20 00	11 19 45	10 59 45	10 57 57
Bedouin	12 18 56	11 26 15	11 17 19	11 14 44
Huron	12 20 00	10 37 27	10 17 27	10 10 29

SLOOPS—CLASS 4.

Hildegarde	12 20 00	11 07 15	10 47 15	10 47 15
Queen Mab	12 16 55	11 31 45	11 14 50	11 10 26
Ventura	12 20 00	not timed.		

SLOOPS—CLASS 5.

Eclipse	12 20 00	11 53 57	11 33 57	.....
Clara	12 20 00	.....	.....	.....

SLOOPS—CLASS 6.

Wasp	12 20 00	10 56 47	10 36 47	10 36 47
Jessica	12 18 55	11 47 46	11 28 51	11 21 52
Mariquita	12 20 00	11 46 20	11 26 20	11 15 58
Uvira	12 20 00	11 34 45	11 14 45	11 02 41

SLOOPS—CLASS 7.

Crocodile	12 20 00	not timed.		
Nymph	12 20 00	not timed.		
Rosalind	12 20 00	not timed.		

Second Squadron Run.

MORRIS COVE TO NEW LONDON.

Wednesday, Aug. 9.

The flagship was ready in good season, having laid at the finish all night to time the late arrivals, and at 9:40 the preparatory gun was fired. A light S.W. wind called all the kites out of the sail locker, and some spinakers were broken out, but before long the light and fickle breeze had dropped to a calm which lasted for some time, finally coming in more ahead. So far as any close work is concerned the fleet was too widely scattered, some on one shore and some on the other, to make the details of any importance; boats in the same class were an hour apart at the finish, and the whole story of the run of forty miles is told in the official table as follows:

Preparatory, 9:40, sloops; start, Class 1, 9:50; all other sloops, 9:55; schooners, 10 o'clock.

SCHOONERS—CLASS 1.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Coronet	10 05 00	6 12 23	8 07 23	8 07 23
Dauntless	10 05 00	5 10 45	7 05 45	7 03 56
Constellation	10 05 00	4 04 48	5 59 48	5 56 05
Yampa	10 02 00	5 34 35	7 32 26	7 28 22
Fleetwing	10 05 00	6 17 13	8 12 13	8 05 01

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.

Fortuna	4 55 12	6 51 12	6 40 23	

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3.

Lasca	10 05 00	4 16 40	6 11 40	6 11 40
Alcæa	10 05 00	5 43 21	7 38 21	Not meas.
Mayflower	10 05 00	5 31 34	7 26 34	7 24 37
Emerald	10 05 00	5 03 28	6 58 28	6 55 14
Atlantic	10 05 00	5 16 28	7 11 28	7 00 50

SCHOONERS—CLASS 4.

Marguerite	10 05 00	5 04 22	6 59 22	6 59 22
Ariel	10 04 12	5 54 08	6 49 51	Not meas.
Shamrock	10 05 00	5 42 45	7 37 45	7 29 15
Dagmar	10 05 00	5 02 52	6 57 52	6 51 19

SCHOONERS—CLASS 5.

Gevalia	10 05 00	5 51 47	7 46 47	7 46 47
Neaera	10 05 00	5 30 40	7 25 40	7 22 32

SLOOPS—CLASS 3.

Katrina	9 59 55	5 35 32	7 35 37	7 35 37
Gracie	10 00 00	7 01 53	9 01 53	9 00 02
Bedouin	9 57 53	5 54 58	7 57 05	7 54 26
Huron	9 58 31	5 49 08	7 50 37	7 43 28

SLOOPS—CLASS 4.

Queen Mab	9 59 13	6 37 01	8 37 48	8 37 48
Ventura	10 00 00	Not timed.		

SLOOPS—CLASS 5.

Clara	10 00 00	7 19 20	9 19 20	9 11 14

SLOOPS—CLASS 6.

Wasp	9 57 56	4 32 42	6 54 46	6 54 46
Mariquita	9 58 00	6 57 41	8 59 32	8 48 57

SLOOPS—CLASS 7.

Ziugara	9 59 45	Not timed.		
Bonnie Kate	10 00 00	Not timed.		

The winners are: Constellation, Fortuna (2d), Lasca, Emerald (2d), Ariel, Dagmar (2d), Neaera, Katrina, Huron (2d), Queen Mab, Wasp.

There was little expectation of a meeting of the big cutters short of Newport, as Colonia was not seen after starting on Tuesday morning, Vigilant was at City Island with much to do to make her ready for racing, and neither of the Boston fins was looked for at New London. There was both surprise and disappointment throughout the fleet when the tall spars and double masthead spreaders of a Cup defender were visible at the mouth of the Thames, and many saw for the first time the fourth Paine boat, Jubilee. While all were glad to see her with the fleet, there was general regret that all the others were absent when they might well have been there. In the harbor were many waiting yachts, among them the curious fin-keel Carmita.

There may have been a time when the yachtsman's hop at the Pequot, over which so much ink is annually expended, was more than a tradition, but of late years it has dropped to a display of Chinese lanterns about the veranda and three or four pieces of music in the parlors, with a mixed throng of people from the town, the cottages and partly from the yachts. As a distinctive yachting function the night at New Londou has lost all its old character, and would hardly be missed if it was omitted entirely.

Third Squadron Run.

NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT.

Thursday, Aug. 10.

The first look over the big fleet on Thursday morning showed a second big single spar outside where the larger yachts were lying, and she was quickly identified by her queer looking consort, the morfydite steam vessel before mentioned. Vigilant had completed her repairs by Wednesday and hurried on to rejoin the fleet. The cause of her mishap is laid to her howsprit shrewd, of 9¼in. diameter wire rope, which had already been condemned by some as too light; but it is further stated that the real cause of the mishap of Monday was the stripping of the thread on a turnbuckle, and not the stranding of the wire.

The prospect of a race between Vigilant and Jubilee excited more interest through the fleet than that of Monday between the former and Colonia, as it renewed the old rivalry between Boston and New York.

Like the three preceding days, Thursday was fair and bright, with smooth water and blue skies, but unlike Tuesday and Wednesday, there was enough breeze to get the fleet under way. Not a few made an early start by way of Fisher's Island Sound, but the fleet was so large that there was still left a large racing contingent. The start was made at 10:10, the two big cutters working cautiously about the line in a light southerly wind, alert to make the most of a "one gun" start. Such a start is unusual in the New York Y. C., but as it is to be used in the Cup races it is likely to be tried in some of the earlier meetings of the boats. At the wheel of Jubilee, with General Paine near by, was the stalwart figure of Captain John Barr, and with his old-time skill he took the start and the weather berth from his rival, leading over the line by 58s. The two had only 5m. start of the smaller cutters and sloops, and 10m. of the schooners, but they had soon spun this slight handicap out to a good lead and were by Race Rock without a tack. Jubilee gained slightly all the while, whatever advantage there was in the light wind. As they bore off for the new course Jubilee had a good lead of Vigilant. The rest of the fleet were not so lucky, as the wind headed them a little and several tacks were needed to get by.

After Race Rock was passed sheets were trimmed for a long reach to Point Judith, and the fleet strung out in one long line, at the head being Jubilee and Vigilant, Lasca, Ariel and Wasp. The two big fellows were close together, Jubilee holding her lead, but the other classes were so broken up that there was no close work, each merely trying to reach the finish as soon as possible, with little regard to class competitors.

The wind held light, dropping at times and then coming in strong enough for a little while to raise hopes of a quick run in to the finish off Dumplings. Jubilee and Vigilant were giving and taking, the fin boat still with a clear lead. They rounded Point Judith in this position, both with spinakers in stops aloft to starboard. Jubilee ran close in and broke hers out, but Vigilant was sharp enough to keep off shore and come up on Jubilee's weather, not setting her spinaker until about five minutes later, by which time she had covered the other boat. They ran very evenly for several miles, but Vigilant finally drew ahead and crossed the line with a lead of less than a minute. The performance all day showed little more than that the two were very closely matched in a light wind. The windward work at the start was too short to give any true gauge of the superiority of either boat, and in both running and reaching they held very close together.

As the rest of the fleet came in by Narragansett Pier another big slugglesticker came out and stood off to the eastward and was recognized as the other fin-keel, Pilgrim. She had made Newport at 5 P.M. on Wednesday, after a quick run around the Cape.

The finish off the Dumplings was much like that of last year, all with spinakers to starboard and a large attendant fleet of yachts and small craft. The official times were:

Signals, preparatory, 10:00; first class sloops, 10:10; other sloops, 10:15; schooners, 10:20.

SCHOONERS—CLASS 1.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Dauntless	10 25 00	4 12 27	5 47 27	5 47 27
Constellation	10 25 00	3 47 54	5 22 54	5 20 54
Yampa	10 25 00	4 19 44	5 54 41	5 52 18
Ramona	10 25 00	4 05 31	5 40 31	5 37 45
Fleetwing	10 25 00	4 43 50	6 18 50	6 18 09
Fortuna	10 25 00	4 10 12	5 51 12	5 51 12
Montauk	10 25 00	4 40 08	6 15 08	. . ..

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2.

Volunteer	10 25 00	4 10 34	5 45 34	. . ..
Lasca	10 21 00	3 34 11	5 13 11	5 11 48
Alcæa	10 25 00	4 25 23	6 10 23	. . ..
Mayflower	10 22 40	3 51 43	5 29 03	5 25 37
Emerald	10 23 02	4 10 58	5 47 40	5 43 09
Atlantic	10 25 00	4 25 40	6 00 40	5 54 25
Marguerite	10 24 52	4 21 01	5 56 09	5 56 09
Ariel	10 21 35	3 45 56	5 24 15	5 24 18
D gmar	10 23 37	4 20 25	6 02 25	5 55 35
Shamrock	10 25 00	4 20 18	6 00 18	5 52 22

SCHOONERS—CLASS 5.

Gevalia	10 25 00	4 53 58	6 33 56	6 33 56
Loyal	10 25 00	4 57 58	6 32 58	. .. ..
Neaera	10 24 21	4 50 15	6 25 54	6 22 30

SLOOPS—CLASS 1.

Jubilee	10 10 00	3 12 52	5 02 52	. .. ..
Vigilant	10 10 00	3 11 41	5 01 41	. .. ..

SLOOPS—CLASS 3.

Katrina	10 16 42	3 51 51	5 35 09	5 35 09
Gracie	10 19 10	4 33 13	6 14 03	6 12 06
Bedouin	10 17 27	4 19 21	6 01 54	5 59 06
Huron	10 16 35	4 02 40	5 46 08	5 38 36

SLOOPS—CLASS 4.

Wayward	10 10 00	4 44 21	6 24 21	6 24 21
Hildegarde	10 16 24	4 17 13	6 00 49	6 00 35
Queen Mab	10 18 54	4 23 24	6 04 30	5 59 31

SLOOPS—CLASS 5.

Eclipse	10 20 00	5 01 56	6 41 56	6 41 56
Clara	10 20 00	5 04 44	6 44 44	6 44 35

SLOOPS—CLASS 6.

Wasp	10 18 00	3 53 19	5 35 19	5 35 19
Jessica	10 18 49	4 46 57	6 28 02	6 20 29
Carmita	10 20 00	4 44 21	6 24 21	. .. ..
Uvira	10 16 08	4 31 14	6 15 06	6 02 03

SLOOPS—CLASS 7.

Mariquita	10 18 40	4 40 08	6 21 28	6 21 28
Bonnie Kate	10 18 34	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Rosalind	10 20 10	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Nymph	10 18 54	4 57 44	6 38 50	. .. ..

The winners were: Constellation, Ramona (2d); Fortuna; Lasca, Mayflower (2d); Ariel, Emerald (2d); Neacra: ——?; Katrina, Huron (2d); Queen Mab; Eclipse; Wasp, Uvira (2d); Mariquita, Nymph (2d). As Vigilant and Jubilee are not measured it is not known which wins. The new fin-keel Carmita sailed first race, making but a poor showing and being beaten by Uvira and Jessica.

The generally fluky character of the race is shown in the wide differences at the finish in most classes.

There was very large fleet in Newport harbor, and many of the larger yachts laid in Brenton's Cove, or even outside Goat Island. Colonia was resting at her anchor about the island, awaiting the fleet; the two days having been passed in alterations. Her mainsail had been cut down on the head, and her bowsprit shrouds, of ⅝in. steel wire, were replaced by new ones of 1in. wire. Pilgrim anchored off the middle of Goat Island, while Jubilee and Vigilant went into Brenton's Cove with the big steam yachts. Thursday evening brought a thick fog from the sea, penetrating the town and harbor. Com. Morgan's residence at Brenton Point was illuminated, and a reception was given to the members and their guests.

Goelet Cup Race.

OFF NEWPORT.

Friday, Aug. 11.

THE first real meeting between New York and Boston in the contest for supremacy in yachting was in the Goelet cup race of 1885, on a day still remembered with pleasure for the strong breeze and fine race, in which Puritan and Priscilla sailed over the Sow and Pigs course, and the former scored a complete victory. In the following years important races were sailed earlier in the season, off Marblehead and New York, but the yachts were never in their best form before the cruise, and the Goelet cup race has been eagerly awaited as giving the first thorough test of the season's new boats. This year, with a new fleet of Cup defenders afloat, the interest in this race has been intensified by the fact that it is the first meeting of the four, and the speed of each is an unknown quantity, the uncertainty being in no way decreased by the two races of Monday and Thursday.

The sight of four great singlestickers with clubtopsails aloft carries one back half a dozen years to the time of the last race for the Cup in 1887, and to the many changes which have taken place in that short time. General Paine is still the central figure among the defenders of the Cup, and around him on the deck of the new boat are seen some familiar faces. Messrs. Richards, Bryant and Fay are still with him, but the kindly, pleasant face and slight, stooping figure of the designer of Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer is missed and mourned by all. The designer of the new boat is aboard, however, a bright, active young fellow, whom no one would suspect of such a task, the son of the General, Mr. John B. Paine. One of General Paine's old lieutenants is missing from his side this year, Mr. E. A. Willard, of New York, who had shipped aboard of Vigilant at a time when there was no thought of a fourth Paine boat, and whose skill and energy is now directed entirely to the success of the "bronze-bottom." Another familiar face that is missing from the Paine boat is that of Capt. "Hank" Haff, all his life a strong centerboard man, winning his reputation in the flat old Fanny, and now using his utmost efforts to prove that the keel Colonia is faster than her centerboard sister and the finkeels as well. Perhaps the strangest freak of all that time has played on the fleet is that which placed Capt. John Barr on the deck of a Paine Cup defender, the skipper of Thistle and Clara; the tall, sturdy figure which swung the long tiller to and fro, now standing gravely beside the wheel of Jubilee.

In 1887 Mr. George Stewart was reporting the races for the Boston *Globe*, now he is the principal in a Cup defender designed by himself and his associate, Mr. Binney, another young man and unknown at that time. In the same year the Burgess 70-footer Titania was just beginning a remarkable record, now she is completely lost in the schooner Dagmar, with a grotesque modern snout. At that day white was ultra-fashionable, and a "clipper stem," as on Sachem and Volunteer, a novelty; now a black boat is the exception and a shovel snout a mark of distinction. In 1887 Cythera made her last cruise with the fleet, Capt. Chas. Barr was in command of the diminutive Shona, Pappoose was considered a wonder, the 40ft. class was not even suggested, the Herreshoffs were building steam yachts, apparently without any thought of sailing craft, Grayling, with her plumb stem, was the leading schooner, old Capt. Coffin was telling and writing yarns that all were glad to listen to or read, the fin-keel was not even a suggestion, and Nells Olsen wore a waistcoat several sizes smaller than in the present day of grace. Taken all together, the changes have been many and important, and opinions may easily differ as to the degree of advancement made by yachting in six years.

The cups presented by Mr. Ogden Goelet this year are the same in value as in the past, $1,000 for schooners and $500 for cutters and sloops, to be sailed for without time limit over one of the two usual courses from Brenton's Reef Lightship, the Block Island or the Sow and Pigs, each a triangle of about 38 miles.

Friday morning was cloudy and sultry, with a light breeze shifting between north and east. Clubtopsails were set on the racing yachts, and everything about Newport that could sail or steam headed out for the start off the lightship. The yachts carried gay parties of guests and several large steamers were crowded with people from Boston and even New York, who came just for the day. The steamer Gay Head carried the members of the New York Y C.

About the line at 11 o'clock were the four Cup defenders, Jubilee, Colonia, Vigilant and Pilgrim, the latter nominally owned by Mr. Bayard Thayer and entered in the club under his name. The schooners were Ariel, Lasca, Emerald, Constellation, Dagmar, Loyal, Marguerite, Mayflower and Alcæa. The 46 footer Ilderim was entered, this being her first race, though she was built in 1891. Large as they looked in their day, the old fleet of singlestickers of 1885-87 would have been dwarfed beside the new quartette, the smallest of the latter having a larger rig than Volunteer.

Just before the start an accident happened to Pilgrim, the wire topsail halliard chafed through and the yard fell, breaking the jackyard. There was no wind at the line, but a long, easy roll, which was nothing to stop the boats, but was hard on the gear at such immense heights. The sail was quickly lowered and a jibheader set in its place.

With the lightest of airs from S E. the four were sent away at 11:35, the flagship lying north of the Brenton's Reef Lightship. All were slow in crassing, Pilgrim coming first to the line in good time, but nearing and going back from for a late start. Jubilee came first for the line on starboard tack from the south end, near the lightship, with Ilderim astern. Vigilant crossed on the port tack from the north end, crossing Jubilee's wake, and Colonia followed Ilderim and Jubilee Pilgrim was at the line almost becalmed when the handicap gun fired. With all eyes on the cutters, the schooner start received little attention, Lasca, Ariel and Volunteer came over the line on starboard 2½m. after the gun, Emerald, Loyal and Dagmar following them later, while Marguerite, Mayflower, and Alcæa crossed from the north. Several were handicapped, Constellation being the last.

Baby jibtopsails were set on the cutters. Jubilee held ou starboard tack with Colonia and Pilgrim in her wake, the latter moving very slowly with her working topsail in place of a club and with her way killed on the line. Vigilant stood on for a time on the port or offshore tack and then went about, Jubilee crossing her bows. Vigilant tacked to windward of Jubilee's wake and about on Colonia's beam. Volunteer was the leading schooner from the start, being more than a quarter mile to leeward of Jubilee, while Emerald and Ariel were beam on to each other astern of Volunteer.

Pilgrim was still doing very poorly, the others dropping her though they were moving slowly enough. She finally made a tack to the north and left the fleet to hunt for flukes.

The two leaders were sailing very closely together, Vigilant a little too far from Jubilee's weather quarter to hold her back any, but what slight difference existed was in Jubilee's favor. For nearly two hours they held the port tack in a very light air, Jubilee pointing a little higher and opening the distance, though the gain and loss in all this time was very small. At times the whole fleet was lost in a belt of fog, which would lift as suddenly as it had shut in.

Colonia failed to hold the other two, and after dropping half a mile astern left them and stood to the south for more wind. Volunteer, when seen through the fog, was far ahead of the schooners, with Ariel second and Lasca third.

At 2:15 P. M., when within sight of the Vineyard Sound or Sow and Pigs Lightship, seventeen miles from the start, the fog shut in very thick and nothing was visible for a quarter of an hour, when two ghostly topsails appeared over the fog bank, showing that Jubilee was still ahead and within a quarter of a mile of Vigilant. A little later and a third sail appeared well to the south; Colonia, with a good lift up on the leaders and within dangerous distance as all came for the mark.

A couple of short tacks were made, Jubilee sending down her baby and setting the ballooner in stops, and then she broke it out as she passed the Lightship at 3:57:00. Vigilant went by at 4:00:35 and Colonia at 4:05:45.

The wind had picked up for a time, but as they neared the mark it fell very light. Juhilee had a turn in the head of her balloon jibtopsail and she hurried to set a spinaker before attempting to clear it, but the sail would hardly draw.

The fog had now cleared and showed Pilgrim far astern after a fruitless hunt for flukes. Volunteer was coming for the mark, with Ariel under her lee and Lasca a long way further to leeward, Ilderim being with the schooners.

The run of four miles to the Hen and Chickens Lightship was very slow and could hardly be called racing. Jubilee turned at 5:01:15 and Vigilant at 5:02:15, the two being very close together, while Colonia, but a short distance astern, lay completely becalmed. The wind came in very light from the north and then died completely, a wandering puff in Vigilant's big ballooner setting her ahead of Jubilee. The three lay idle until evening, the attendant fleet leaving them about 6 o'clock to get in out of the fog. Both Vigilant and Jubilee anchored, but Colonia held her way as best she could. After returning to Newport May ran out and anchored off Brenton's Reef to await the finish. Colonia passed by the lightship at 1:28:00, not seeing the flagship and taking their own time. Just 10m. later Vigilant passed the May and her crew cheered in honor of their victory, the sound bringing Colonia to the spot to report that she had already finished. The official times of the race are as follows, the yachts not named having given up:

SCHOONERS.

	Friday A.M. Start.	Saturday A.M. Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Volunteer	11 42 32	5 14 22	17 31 50	17 25 10
Lasca	11 42 38	5 20 29	17 37 51	17 29 23
Alcæa	11 45 00	6 40 45	18 55 45	Not meas.

CUTTERS.

Colonia	11 38 11	1 28 00	13 49 49	Not meas.
Vigilant	11 37 29	1 38 00	14 00 31	Not meas.
Jubilee	11 36 49	1 18 35	14 41 46	Not meas.
Pilgrim	11 40 00	Withdrew.		

Volunteer wins a Goelet Cup for the fifth time, three times as a cutter and twice as a schooner, and Colonia wins the singlestick cup, but as a test of sailing the race was a failure and a disappointment to all concerned.

In following the stated programme of the cruise a postponement always causes trouhie, but if the Goelet cups are to retain their values as the chief prizes of the season either a time limit or an agreement for shortening the course is necessary.

The programme, as in previous years, called for a run to Vineyard Haven on Saturday, Sunday at Cottage City, and a run to New Bedford on Monday, and had the fleet started with favorable weather, it is probable that the four big boats would have made a race. As it happened, however, Saturday opened with little wind and a dense fog, the sky being clear over Newport and the harbor, but everything outside being hidden. Many yachts were under way running out to the Dumplings, but few cared to venture further, and after running out once or twice the May returned to Brenton's Cove, and at 2 P. M. signalled that the fleet would remain at anchor. The schooner Marguerite was out at the line for an early start, but in working in she took the ground on Kettlebottom Rock, being hauled off as the tide rose, by the tug Sylvester Ward, the amount of damage being unknown. During the afternoon the yachts that had ventured out returned and anchored, and before sunset the fog cleared before a northwest wind. Through the night the wind blew hard and a light rain fell, but the morning was delightfully bright and clear, with the same strong N. W. wind.

Vigilant Leads to Vineyard Haven.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., Aug. 4.—In the run up here there was no windward work, simply running and reaching. The cup defenders Vigilant, Jubilee and Colonia, Pilgrim being absent, made an interesting race in which Vigilant proved superior with Jubilee second. In the schooner classes Constellation, Lasca and Shamrock are the winners Katrina and Queen Mab are also winners and Harpoon beat Wasp in the fifth class. Summary:

SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless	10 21 40	4 46 35	6 24 55	6 24 55
Constellation	10 22 36	4 08 26	5 45 50	5 43 59
Yampa	10 23 35	4 59 33	6 35 58	6 33 46
Ramona	10 21 30	4 15 50	5 54 20	5 51 46
Palmer	10 22 08	Did not finish.		

SECOND CLASS.

Volunteer	10 21 21	4 26 19	6 04 58	6 04 58
Alcæa	10 22 57	4 14 34	5 53 37	5 53 00
Lasca	10 21 02	3 54 55	5 33 53	5 32 36
Mayflower	10 24 45	4 44 47	6 20 02	6 16 52
Miranda	10 25 00	Did not finish.		

THIRD CLASS.

Ariel	10 20 18	4 35 47	6 15 29	6 15 29
Shamrock	10 24 10	4 47 21	6 22 11	6 14 55

SLOOPS—FIRST CLASS.

Vigilant	10 35 00	4 05 52	5 30 52	Not meas.
Jubilee	10 35 00	4 16 31	5 41 34	Not meas.
Colonia	10 35 00	4 16 45	5 41 45	Not meas.

THIRD CLASS.

Katrina	10 16 29	4 15 20	5 58 51	5 58 51
Bedouin	10 16 21	4 50 28	6 34 07	6 31 32
Huron	10 16 10	4 38 53	6 22 43	6 15 45

FOURTH CLASS.

Wayward	10 19 05	4 46 03	6 26 58	6 26 58
Hildegarde	10 15 43	4 47 10	6 31 27	6 31 14
Queen Mab	10 16 22	4 41 50	6 25 28	6 20 51

FIFTH CLASS.

Wasp	10 16 13	4 38 47	6 22 34	6 22 34
Harpoon	10 18 33	4 36 58	6 18 20	6 18 12
Jessica	10 20 00	4 59 45	6 39 45	6 32 46
Carmita	10 16 35	Did not finish.		

CLASS 8—YACHTS RACING ALONE IN THEIR CLASS.

Eclipse, sloop	10 17 02	5 13 33	6 56 31	6 56 31
Neaera, schooner	10 23 03	4 58 37	6 35 22	6 28 25

New York Y. R. A. Regatta.

THE regatta committee of the New York Y. R. A. has issued the programme for the fifth annual regatta, to be sailed on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 4, and open to the 25 clubs comprising the Association: Audubon, Bayonne, Bayswater, Brooklyn, Canarsie, Columbia, Greenville, Harlem, Hudson River, Indian Harbor, Jersey City, Kill von Kull, Newark, Newark Bay, New Jersey, North Shrewsbury, Oceanic, Pavonia, Shrewsbury, Sing Sing, Staten Island, Athletic, Tappan Zee, Tower Ridge, Williamsburgh and Yonkers Corinthian. The classes are: Schooners, 40ft. and over, cabin sloops and cutters, not over 62ft., not over 53ft., not over 45ft., not over 38ft., not over 32ft., not over 27ft. Yawls in a separate class. Open jib and mainsails not over 32ft., not over 27ft., not over 23ft. Cabin cats, over 23ft., not over 23ft. Open cats, not over 32ft., not over 27ft., not over 23ft., not over 20ft., not over 17ft.

The start will be made at 11 A. M. off Oyster Island, and the time

mit will he seven hours. The usual courses will be sailed, as per chart on the programme.

Entries must be made in writing and delivered to or sent in time to be received by Mr. George E. Gartland, chairman regatta committee, No. 11 Wall street, New York, not later than Monday, Aug. 28, at 12 o'clock, midnight. The entries must specify the exact sailing length, name and rig of the yacht, and the owner and club to which she belongs.

Numbers and programmes can he obtained on the day preceding the race and until 10 o'clock on the morning of the race, from the man in charge of the stake hoat, anchored at the starting line, to the east of huoy 13. No yacht's time will be taken that is not provided with a number placed above the reef points, as provided in the sailing rules of the Association. Numhers must be returned to the regatta committee after the race.

All protests must be made in writing, twenty-four hours after the close of the race, to the regatta committee.

The iron steamer Cygnus, provided for the guests of the Association, will accompany the yachts over the course and make the following landings: Foot W. 22d street, N. R., N. Y., 9 A. M.; Foot of 15th street, Hoboken, 9.30 A. M.; Foot of Morris street, Jersey City, N. J., 10 A. M.; Pier 1. N. R., N. Y., 10.30 A. M.

The committee specially requests that yachts not sailing the entire course will not cross the finish line, and that yachts having finished will not cross the line again.

Beverly Y. C.

THE two hundredth regatta and Buzzard's Bay championship was sailed at Monument Beach Aug. 5. The day opened with a pouring rain and a very light northeasterly air. About as poor weather as could he found, hut by noon the wind went round the compass to N. W., and at starting time blew a strong whole-sail northwester, which during race hacked into N. E. and increased in force till all but the first and second class boats and P. D. Q. were forced to tie down two or three reefs

First and second classes ran down to Scraggy Neck buoy, beat back to Dry Ledge, ran back to Scraggy Neck, beat back to Dry Ledge, had a beam wind to Pines and a beat home, fourteen and one-half knots.

Third class sailed same course, omitting the second run back to Scraggy Neck, nine and one-half miles.

Fourth class sailed a seven and one-half mile course with plenty of beating, and fifth class a three and three-quarter mile course.

In second class Mist led off close pressed by Gymnote and Anonyma; Gymnote took the lead, hut soon after hauling on the wind her mast went at the deck. Agawam drew out of the race and towed her home.

In third class Nohska sailed a most remarkable race. For the first time she pointed well and kept up her remarkable speed; she led the class ten minutes.

Fourth class, as usual, was led hy Fin, with Dawelle first of the catboats, while in fifth class the little P. D. Q, designed hy her owner, did exceedingly well.

In the race to Scraggy Neck and heat to Dry, about seven knots, Nohska gained two minutes on the second boats, 20 per cent longer than she is.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS CATS.			
Violet, Tohey Club	24.05	3 12 58	2 54 46
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Anonyma, F. L. Dahney	23.08	2 47 27	2 28 00
Mist, G. H. Lyman	23.09	2 51 40	2 32 31
Ulula, W. H. Winship	22.08	2 53 06	2 31 53
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	23.09	Dismasted.	
Agawam, J. G. Young, Jr.	23.08	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Nohska, A. A. Beehe	19.08	1 48 05	1 30 17
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore	19.07	1 55 52	1 37 57
Kaloola, H. F. Richards	19.08	1 58 29	1 40 41
Doris, John Parkinson	19.08	1 58 50	1 40 52
Puzzle, Wm. Amory 2d	19.10	2 01 45	1 44 11
Eina, J. Parkinson	19.11	2 04 40	1 47 13
Colymbus, Henry Winsor	19.11	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Fin (j. and m.), L. M. Stockton	16.11	1 21 05	1 03 36
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy	16.08	1 31 50	1 13 00
Squall, J. G. Palfrey	17.00	1 31 44	1 14 30
Markatta, N. Haywood	16.09	1 34 29	1 16 45
Charmion, J. Crane, Jr.	16.09	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
P. D. Q. (j. and m.), R. W. Emmons		0 58 40	
Kid (j. and m.), W. R. Peabody		1 04 22	
Weona, H. Ware		1 06 03	

Winners: Second class—Anonyma first, Ulula second; third class—Nobska first, Gilt Edge second; fourth class—Fin first, Dawdle second; fifth class—P. D. Q. first. Violet wins leg for pennant. Nobska, Fin and Dawdle win and hold pennants. Anonyma and P. D. Q. win legs, tieing Gymnote and Weona. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Navahoe.

THE news of Navahoe during the week has been of a very discouraging character, as she is not only sailing badly, but there are reports of dissensions within the ship, one being to the effect that Capt. Barr has left her to return home, his place being taken by Capt. Diaper for the present, and further that Capt. Aubrey Crocker, the skipper of Shadow and Puritan, will go out to sail her in the remaining matches. Seven tons of lead have been added inside, increasing her rating. On Aug. 10 she sailed in the regatta of the Royal Victoria Y. C. for the town cup, the course being from off Ryde around the Warner, back and around a markboat off Cowes, and home, two rounds, making 40 miles. The day was fair, with smooth water and a light west wind, in which Navahoe was expected to show her best.

She made a good start, Satanita being first, then Navahoe, Britannia, Calluna, Lais and Columbine. Britannia soon passed her and Satanita, hut Navahoe held second place through most of the first round. the times heing:

Britannia	12 22 07	Calluna	12 28 50
Navahoe	12 28 50	Lais	12 42 26
Satanita	12 28 53	Columbine	12 46 23

On the second round she lost considerahly, the finish heing timed:

Britannia	2 21 26	Navahoe	2 36 38
Satanita	2 21 23	Lais	3 04 19
Calluna	2 36 03	Columbine	3 08 57

After this race Navahoe went into dock and did not sail in the race around the Isle of Wight on Friday in which Britannia won as follows:

Britannia	3 21 11	Calluna	3 37 28
Satanita	3 24 23	Lais	

Valkyrie has not sailed during the week, hut has been fitted out, and will sail for New York the last of this week, which, with a good passage, should bring her over by the second week in September.

During the week an interview with Mr. John B. Herreshoff has been puhlished in a numher of papers, and the New York *Herald*, of Aug. 8, publishes an interwiew with Mr. Carroll hy one of its foreign correspondents. Mr. Herreshoffs statement is as follows:

"The statement of the London *Times*," he said, "that Navahoe is unmanageahle, not ahle to carry her present outfit, and that her sails must be clipped, sounds absurd in view of the fact that the yacht we sailed across the Atlantic, 3,000 miles of rough water, in sixteen days. At no time during that trip across was she unmanageable. It is not likely that she will prove so, or has proved so, in the sheltered waters where the English yachtsmen sail their races. In the Royal Yacht Squadron to-day, Navahoe finished last, it is true, but according to the dispatches, she did so because her skipper made two tacks while the other three hoats made but one. The fault was certainly with the sailing ahility of the captain, and not with the racing qualities of the hoat. The owner, Mr. Carroll, is properly the captain of the craft, according to the ethics of boat sailing, and is to he held responsible for her action. Everyhody knows that Mr. Carroll is not altogether an expert yachting officer, and then his skipper, Capt. Barr, is a young man, accustomed only to much smaller boats than Navahoe, and he is competing with the oldest and most experienced yachtsmen of England.

"As for yesterday's race for the Town Prize, the mishap which hefell Navahoe was to her mainsail. The canvas was not strong enough for the stiffness of the hoat in the increasing breeze and the skipper was not equal to the emergency when he allowed a squall to strike his hoat in such a way as to keel her over. So much for the English criticism.

"Now, as to Navahoe herself. She is not an ideal racing boat by any means. Mr. Carroll called for a craft which he might use for cruising purposes as well as racing, two objects which must of necessity conflict. He required that she should not draw more than 12½ft., and much against the will of the Herreshoffs, she was built accordingly, instead of with a draft of 16 or 17ft., the proper depth for a racer. They dislike now, as designers and huilders to he held responsible for the whim of the owner of Navahoe. Mr. Carroll was told when he received the boat that he must not expect to have the old-time English yacht to contend with, but new and faster ones which would require the sacrifice of everything to speed. Before Navahoe went to England Mr. Herreshoff told her owners that he would not all her to leave this side until she had been carried down three or four feet."

The interview with Mr. Carroll, which was probahly called out by the above, is as follows:

Mr. Carroll said: "I think some of the newspaper reports regarding the Navahoe are grotesque misrepresentations. I have in mind especially the London *Times'* leader on Saturday.

"The Navahoe was not unmanageahle, nor did she get any serious injury in the accident during Thursday's race. I discovered, however, soon after the start, that the after cloth of the mainsail was splitting across just under the first reef cringle.

"As it was probahle that the split would go right across the sail from leech to luff, I considered it prudent to give up and sailed for Southampton to have the sail repaired in time for the next day's race.

"The mishap was discovered just as the Navahoe was hit hard off shore hy a squall, and she was thrown up in the wind while the damage was being examined.

"Then she got in irons, which is not an unusual result of stopping a vessel with her head to the wind when coming to; in fact, the Calluna got in irons in Friday's race.

"The report about the Navahoe nearly capsizing and narrowly escaping foundering, as published in the *Times*, was absurd."

"Yes," said Mrs. Carroll, as her husband concluded, "and there was not a word of truth in the report that the Navahoe gave up Thursday's race because I was thrown across the cabin from one sofa to another when the Navahoe was heeled over hy the squall. I was on deck the whole time and did not consider that anything unusual occurred, except the splitting of the leech of the mainsail."

LONDON, Aug. 14.—The regatta of the Royal Albert Y. C., of Southsea, took place to-day. The Albert cup was the prize for yachts above 40 rating. Navahoe, Britannia, Satanita and Calluna started.

The course was from a markhoat off Southsea to and around Nah Beacon, then to and around the West Middle Buoy and back to the mark hoat, sailed over twice. There was a good sailing breeze.

Satanita was first away, followed hy Navahoe, Calluna and Britannia in the order given. This order was maintained without material change until the Nah Beacon was rounded. The yachts then set their spinakers and Britannia soon took the lead, with Navahoe following close hehind.

Britannia sailed the first round in 2h. 6m. 1s., Navahoe in 2h. 11m. 17s., Satanita in 2h. 23m. 4s., and Calluna in 2h. 32m. 9s.

In the middle of the second round Satanita took first place, but Britannia soon caught up. Navahoe, which had lagged far hehind, gave up the race before reaching the West Middle Buoy. Calluna went ashore near Osborne Bay. Toward the finish the wind was very light. Britannia won in 6h. 41m. 34s. Satanita's time was 6h. 43m. 40s.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

There are a large number of nautical novelties which will certainly arouse great interest among those who have a taste for sea life. The exhibition is arranged on the schooner Daphne which is a yacht past her sailing days, but she is a commodious craft, and her spacious deck and roomy saloon afford facilities for displaying a collection of curiosities very rarely brought together at one time. Paintings, models, ships' tackle, photographs, inventions and numherless other things worth seeing are displayed on the deck and below, and the whole is covered in with a water-tight roof affording a capital light. Among the countless exhihits is a model of the famous yacht Arrow, kindly lent by the Royal Southampton Y. C., and a painting of the same yacht winning the cup of the Royal Clinque Ports Y. C. in 1876, and carrying away her spinnaker hoom with Florinda and Cuckoo astern. Very convenient arrangements are made for reaching the Daphne from the shore, as a steam launch runs to and fro from the steps opposite the Gloster Hotel.—*Field.*

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has arranged the following programme for the remaining races of the season: Saturday, Aug. 19, two cups, value $50 and $25, handicap, two classes. Class I., yachts 42ft. and not under 28ft. l.w.l. Class II., yachts under 28ft. l.w.l. Course: Starting from north to south of line between two marks south of Moses Point, thence to Cold Spring Light, keeping it on port; thence to Center Island Buoy, keeping it on starboard, thence to Lloyd's Point Buoy, keeping it on starhoard; thence to Cold Spring Light, keeping it on starboard; thence to finish, crossing line from north to south, keeping to north of hlack buoy at mouth of harhor going and coming. Saturday, Aug. 26, Bullock cup, handicap, for yachts 32ft. waterline and under, Bell Buoy course. Saturday, Sept. 2, third Rouse & Wetmore cup. time allowance, for yachts 32ft. waterline and under, Bell Buoy course, postponed July 15. All these races will he started as near 10:30 A. M. as practicable from one-gun start.

"Sketches of Yachting Life" is the title of a clever little hook by Mr. Julius Gabe, who assuming the role of a landsman on a yachting cruise narrates a number of amusing incidents and occurrences connected with yachting. Mr. Gahe writes in a light, pleasing vein, with no attempt to do more than amuse, and in this he is quite successful. The scene is laid aboard a cruising schooner yacht, whose owner has a fondness for company which hrings aboard a varied assortment of odd characters. The hook is very neatly made up and is published hy the *Yachtsman*, London.

The new 60ft. double-engine naphtha yacht Truant, has just been delivered to her owner, Mr. H. L. Terrell, who will use her on the Shrewsbury during the halance of the season, and send her to Florida later on. She is a marvel of comfort and elegance, and completely fitted for extended cruises. Her huilders, the Gas Engine & Power Co., claim she made over ten miles per hour on a long trip. Her power is two 12 H.P. naphtha motors.

Commodore Starhuck's steam yacht Tillie, American Y. C., is laid up at the Gas Engine & Power Co.'s hasin, Morris Heights. Mr. Starbuck will use the steam yacht Shearwater for the balance of the season.

On the night of Aug. 4 the steam yacht Aida, W. P. Douglas, hroke her shaft off North Hill, Fisher's Island, and was towed into New London hy the steamer Munnatawket.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Orange An., Arlington, N. J.
4. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
4. Holyoke, Fall. Holyoke, Mass.
16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

THE American Canoe Association is at a standstill. Some of the divisions have increased their membership a little, others have sustained a slight loss. The racing interest is not nearly as keen as it was five years ago, nor are there as many racing men as there were then. The same thing is true of the Western Canoe Association.

Many of the men who made the A. C. A. what it is have retired from the field, and others as public spirited have not taken their places. The W. C. A. shows a like record.

There never was any good reason for the existence of two such organizations—at any rate since the A. C. A. was separated into divisions. Is it not therefore a good time to talk over the formation of an A. C. A. Western Division? Would not such an outcome solve some of the problems that the W. C. A. are now trying to work out? Are there any good reasons why such a union should not he formed? The A. C. A., as an association, has nothing to gain thereby except greater usefulness, and the W. C. A. would lose nothing and gain much. It would retain its cups, its identity, its history, and would come in for its share of all the A. C A. has to give. It is a good time now to think the matter over, and for some of the members to say what they think.

Associations may come and go, hut canoeing cannot wither or fade away. Racing may stop, the meets be discontinued, hut you can't kil the canoe. Therefore cherish it, and get all the fun and health you can out of, or rather in it.

THE A. C. A. meet is now being held, the fourteenth camp and regatta, and the racing will hegin next Monday. The rule in the Year Book which defines what shall constitute a canoe eligible to enter the A. C. A. races is incorrectly printed, and was so printed in the 1892 Year Book. A literal reading of it as printed would rule out all, or nearly all, of the canoes that will enter, and consequently no attention will he paid to it. We earnestly urge upon those who will enter the races to bring this error forcibly to the attention of the regatta committee, and so impress them with it that they will take the trouble to have it corrected and the correction called attention to in their annual report, to the end that the secretary to he elected for 1894 will have the data before him for a correct rendering of the rule in the 1894 Year Book. The rule (No. 1) as printed in the 1891 Year Book is correct. There are several typographical errors in the rules, and it should be a part of the regatta committee's husiness to see that they are marked for correction and the corrected copy given to the present secretary to turn over to his successor. Of what value are rules if they are allowed to he incorrectly printed in the official hook? The A. C. A. meet of 1894 comes to the Atlantic Division. The commodore and secretary will he elected from this division, and it rests largely with those members who attend the meet from this quarter whether capable men are chosen. There has been little talk as yet in regard to this important subject, and no candidates are in the field, so far as we know. The last meet held in this division was at Jessup's Neck in 1890, and, in spite of Bave's poor food and some slight transportation difficulties, it was one of the most popular, largely attended and generally successful meets ever held. It "set the pace" for the 1894 event and it depends upon the officers elected whether a success or failure will he scored.

Glenwood—Electra.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some years ago you discussed. I believe, the propriety of giving different canoes the same name; Nautilus for example, and designating the succeeding boats hy numhers; Nautilus No. 9 or 10, as the case might he, and the conclusion reached was that it would he better to give every canoe a name, different if possihle from all others, and let that canoe keep its name to the end of the chapter. The name of a racing canoe identifies it, and confusion is avoided and endless explanation when one name is given and retained. I see that you mention editorially in your issue of Aug. 5, that the canoe Electra, which sailed at the W. C. A. meet, is really the 1892 International cup winner Glenwood. Your correspondent evidently did not know this fact as he credited a Detroit builder with the honor of producing this fast hoat, when every canoeman in the country knows that Capt. Ruggles huilt the Glenwood. The new owner may have thought it a good joke to palm off on his fellow club men as a new production of a Western huilder, a canoe having a world wide reputation and hullt by a New York man, hut it seems to me to be a very questionable proceeding to try to deceive the whole W. C. A. and the canoeing public as well. This matter would not have attracted my attention had your correspondent omitted his most flattering account of the qualities of this canoe, and suggested that she had probably made a record for not only the W. C. A., but all associations. She has. C. BOWYER VAUX.

[In justice to Mr. Hough, we can state that he is responsihle for only a portion of last week's report. The statement was made in the FOREST AND STREAM last spring, hy a Western correspondent, that Electra was a new canoe, just completed for a member of the Mahna-wauk C. C., and Mr. Hough like many others has probably been misled by it.]

Red Dragon C. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 12.—The summer races of the Red Dragon C. C. were held on July 29 off the club house at Missinoming. A feature in the unlimited sailing was a change in the course from a mile and a half triangular to a mile and a half straightaway and return. The entries and order of finish were:

Pirate, H. E. McCormick, sharpie	1
Smuggler, A. S. Fenimore, sharpie	2
Nacoochee, D. A. McCormick	3
Kie Loe, F. W. Noyes	Disahled
Hername, M. D. Wilt	Withdrew
Jack Pot, L. Titus	Withdrew

In the maneuvering race there were two entries, Smuggler, A. S. Fenimore, and Pirate, D. A. McCormick, and they finished in the order named.

In the swimming race the entries numbered about eight. Mr. John Van Dusen was the successful competitor. The absence of a number of the canoeists to Chicago and the mid-summer cruises accounted for the small entry list.

On the 5th an unfinished race hetween the Pirate, H. E. McCormick, Smuggler, A. S. Fenimore, and Kie Loe, F. W. Noyes, took place. There was a whole sail breeze, the course being to Bridesburg, 1½ miles, and return. The canoes finished, Kie Loe a good first, Smuggler second and Pirate third. F. O. G.

A. C. A. Membership.

NORTHERN DIVISION: Conway Cartwright, C. Garnet Rothwell, Frank Upper, O. H. Hooper, R. J. Hooper, John B. Cochrane, C. S. Kirkpatrick, D. Allan Black, Kingston, Ont. ATLANTIC DIVISION: H. K. Schuyler, Arlington, N. J.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The following report of a recent gathering of canoeists is from the Trenton *Gazette*. It is not intended to be funny: "The Park Island C. C. have been entertaining prominent officers of the National Canoe Association and representatives of the Philadelphia and New York canoe clubs, at their club house on Park Island. On Saturday night the island was illuminated and made hrilliant by a liberal display of fireworks. Among those present were C. V. Winnis, commander of the American C. C.; William Wackerhagen, of the Boston C. C.; Phil. Butler, Brooklyn C. C.; Robert Wilken, M. Brokaw and Harry Ward, Knickerhocker C. C. of New York; James K. Hand, Jerome Simpson and John Moffett, Arlington C.C. of New Jersey; J. C. Dorian, of Newark; Barron Fredericks, S. Farmer, H. Farmer and George Lockwood, Bayonne C. C.; a delegation from the Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, and Harry Fenmore, of Albany. Commander E. C. Hill, of Algonquin Club, of Trenton, gave the visitors a reception at his residence on Saturday night, after which there was 'a smoke' at the Algonquin club house and the party proceeded to the island."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New Jersey Schuetzen.

THE ninth annual prize shoot and festival of the New Jersey Schuetzen Gesellschaft of Hudson county, N. J., was held in Armbruster's Park, Greenville, on Monday, Aug. 7. There was a large gathering of shooters, both Germans and others, in fact, it was a regular family affair, and everyhody seemed bent upon extracting his full share of pleasure from the day's outing. Among the prominent riflemen we noticed M. Dorrler, L. P. Hansen, John Rehhan, A. Brown, Wm. C. Collins, Jos. Dodds, C. H. Chavant, Aug. Meyns, David Miller and Wm. Weber.

On the prize target, open to the public, there were 14 prizes, from $15 to $1, three shots per ticket. Scores: M. Dorrler 73, W. C. Collins 70, Geo. Schlicht 70, L. P. Hansen 69, G. W. Plaisted 67, D. Miller 64, Jas. Dodds 64, J. Rehhan 64, Aug. Meyns 62, Wm. Weher 62, Fred. Zeugner 61, C. H. Chavant 60, Langhagen 59, Peck 56.

Medal target, open only to members of the association, three shots: Wm. Weher 68, L. P. Hansen 67, Aug. Meyns 63, Peck 61, L. Haas 57, M. Lutjen 56, H. Benechke 56, D. Neehe 55.

San Francisco Rifle Shots.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of our oldest local rifle-shooting organizations has appointed a committee to consider the advisability of holding a somewhat comprehensive shooting festival in this city during the continuance of the California Midwinter Fair next winter and spring. This organization is a responsible one, and while I think the affair should he undertaken hy conjoint action of all our local rifle clubs, still if the aforesaid club undertakes the enterprise it will be a success, as the club has a plethoric treasury and contains many enthusiastic and experienced riflemen.

The second series of contests for the Sieke State championship medals for the year 1893 was completed yesterday at the Shell Mound Park. The entries were not so numerous as at the first contest nor were the scores as high as was expected. Several competitors are holding hack for the October and Decemher dates, as a competitor is allowed to choose any three out of four dates, viz., the last Sunday in March, July, October and December.

So far Mr. Meyer is first with Springfield rifle, Dr. L. O. Rodgers leads with "any" rifle, and Col. S. I. Kellogg with the pistol.

Following are some of the scores of the second and first series of contests. Number of entries about 16. Conditions: Pistol, distance 50yds., 50 shots, German 25-¾in. ring target. "Any" rifle and Spring-

field rifle, 200yds., off-hand, 50 shots, German 25-¾in. ring target. Each competitor allowed two hours in which to fire his score. No sighting shots allowed and every shot to count:

Springfield Rifle.

	2d.	1st.		2d.	1st.
C Meyer	1,006	1,013—2,019	H R Brown	958	986—1,944

"Any" Rifle.

L O Rodgers	1,024	1,052—2,106	Geo Helm	1,065	....
D McLaughlin	1,052	1,042—2,094			

Pistol.

Col S I Kellogg	1,116	1,117—2,233	Capt Klein	1,039	....
Mr Daiss	1,058	....			ROEEL.

The Army Rifle.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer of "Rifle Notes" in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM exhibits a trifle of carelessness along with his lack of patriotism; it surely must be so, or he would not imply that I wrote the new military rifles for the Army and National Guard were to be *made* in foreign lands. The point I make in this may be immaterial, but it is not pleasant to be misquoted. I know, as probably does he, that the United States Government manufactures rifles for its own use, and it may be presumed for the retail trade also, because the Springfield musket with the Government stamps on it, as well as the Buffington sight, can be purchased in the market in direct competition with rifles of private manufacture. Some one may say these are parts sold for old junk, and then reassembled by the purchasers, but it would take more than the simple assertion to make people of a thinking turn of mind believe it, and if it were so, how is it that such perfect junk can be sold privately in such quantities. But we are getting away from the question. Let me ask "Rifle Notes" does the soldier, in his "manœuver over a series of sand hills for an advantageous position," always carry his rifle with the action open and unloaded during such maneuver? or is it probable that the rifle is loaded and carefully closed to exclude the sand, and the chances for a choking of any rifle action under such circumstances are very remote? But the sand test, referred to in our former letter as having been practiced at the trials of submitted arms, consists in opening the action of an unloaded rifle, placing it in a drum partly filled with sand, and then revolving the drum for a space of time; this is the kind of sand test that "never occurs in actual warfare." I believe "Rifle Notes" will agree with me in this, after careful thought.

In the matter of the inch-ring target reported to have been used by the "old shooter of German extraction," I must inquire if the highest count on that target was 15, the same as on the "champion target" under discussion. If so, then perhaps any copyright would not stand the test of trial in the couris. It would be a graceful act, though, if the late inventor would in a friendly way present the right to use the target to the marksmen of the United States. W. MILTON FARROW.

St. Louis King Shoot.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 7.—The king shoot of the St. Louis Sharpshooters was held to-day at their range at Creve Cœur Lake. The day was an ideal one for the sport and there was a large crowd of shooters and many of their lady friends in attendance. On the king target Mr. C. K. Dunkerly, by placing his bullet inside of a ½in. center, captured the king medal and also the privilege of kissing the prettiest young lady on the grounds, which I can truthfully say he was not slow in taking advantage of. How a man that doesn't speak German could understand it so well, I won't try to explain. Several of the local clubs were well represented and the shooting was good, as the following scores will show. On the king target 20 prizes were given in the following order: First, C. K. Dunkerly; second, Wm. Koopman; third, Wm. Bauer; fourth, L. Priester; fifth, Sam G. Dorman; sixth, Wm. Bauer, Jr.; seventh, Herman Black; eighth, A. Schottlander; ninth, C. Mueller; tenth, Wm. Mackwitz; eleventh, L. Sicher; twelfth, F. Knapp; thirteenth, A. McBean; fourteenth, A. Miesbach; fifteenth, Henry Black; sixteenth, J. M. Gruen; seventeenth, G. W. Alexander; eighteenth, L. Schweighoefer; nineteenth, H. Koehler; twentieth, D. Delabar.

Ring Target—Dunkerly 71, Dorman 70, L. Sicher 69, L. Frank 67, McBean 64, Schweighoefer 64, J. Morf 63, Bethmann 63, Kurka 62, Alexander 62, M. Kaur 61, L. Priester 61, D. Wiget 61, V. Rapp 61, Miesbach 60, Bauer 60, Mueller 60, Yunge 60, Knapp 60, Burchel 60, H. Black 60, Schottlander 60. Gruen 60, H. Pius 60, D. Delabar 60.

Man Target—L. Frank 90, J. Morf 89, Yunge 87, McBean 85, Schweighoefer 84, Kurka 82, Priester 81, Bethmann 80, L. Sicher 80, A. Nunde 79.

Point Target—The prize winners on the point target were in the following order: Dorman, Bauer, McBean, Schweighoefer, Priester, Wiget, Dunkerly.

In two weeks the boys will take in the Omaha and Chicago shoots, and meet many of their old friends who were here two years ago. The jolliest crowd on earth—the German sharpshooters. NIMROD.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE bi-monthly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club, at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on Aug. 13, did not have its usual attendance. But when the absentees hear what the weather conditions were on that day they will no doubt congratulate themselves that the fates kept them at home. Father Dunn had the day before promised to send us a strong northwest gale on the opening of the 13th, and for once at least he kept his promise, the measure of the gale was full beyond a doubt. To hear one of the experts exclaim after a well held shot had gone down the range, "That's home!" and then see the marking stick of the scorer go wandering off into the right or left hand corner of the target, according as the eccentricities of the wind should carry the shot, was amusing to the spectator. What a world of expression there is in the features of our experts on an occasion like this. Sometimes the spectator will venture the advice that the wind probably carried the bullet out of its course. Our experience has been that such advice is impolitic. There is no such term as wind-gauge in the encyclopædia of the average rifle expert, and any allusion to such a condition only tends to exasperate him. The appended scores give another illustration of the saying that it is only the unexpected that happens. Messrs. Schmidt and Plaisted, two of the lay members of the club, by the force of the gale or otherwise, are found at the head of the list, with scores that would be considered fairly creditable to the average expert. But then "it's an ill wind," etc. Scores:

Ten shots, German ring-target:

G W Plaisted, .38-55-266, luh., Bal	21 22 18 25 22 23 23 23 23 22—222	
	20 22 23 21 25 22 21 21 25 10—221	
P F Schmidt, .38-55-255, luh., Win	22 18 22 23 25 25 22 20 23 15—220	
	21 23 17 24 22 20 24 22 21 25—219	
H Holges, .32-40-165, Shalk	18 25 19 24 25 24 22 18 23 19—217	
	18 19 25 21 22 22 22 19 24 20—212	
R Hamann, .38-55, Bal	22 17 24 21 18 17 23 25 24 24—215	
	21 24 20 24 19 15 24 23 18 25—218	
F C Ross, .32-40-165, Shalk	24 22 19 20 24 20 15 25 20 24—218	
	22 21 19 20 20 19 20 24 22 21—208	
Dr J A Boyken, .32-30, Bal	22 25 21 18 26 22 20 14 23 20—210	
	20 21 21 21 22 22 22 18 22 20—209	
Ignatz Martin, .38-55-266, Bal	24 19 23 20 22 19 21 22 19 20—209	
	21 17 22 23 24 20 17 19 23 17—203	
G W Downs, .32-40-165, Shalk	23 17 19 22 19 20 21 22 19 21—103	
	8 23 23 16 21 20 17 22 23 19—190	
Jos Gunther, .38-55-255, Rem	17 19 17 21 22 20 21 23 21 17—198	
	23 22 18 21 6 19 13 15 19 23—174	

New York Rifle Club.

THE monthly practice shoot of the New York Schuetzen Corps, at Union Hill Park, on Friday, Aug. 11, did not have its usual attendance, hot weather and other causes kept many of the regulars away. Capt. Offerman, the corps' energetic executive, was on hand as usual and was one of the last to leave. Messrs. Bünz and Buthfer led the list on the ring target, each with scores of 214. The scores are appended, 10 shots, German target: J. Bünz 214, D. Buthfer 214, B. Zettler 210, D. Malchow 199, W. Krumsick 198, F. Schmidt 197, C. Grosch 196, H. Peters I. 196, W. Hahn 195, J. C. Bonn 192, A. J. Christen 190, F. Facompré 189, H. Meyn 189, J. Schmitt 170, P. Feigel 168, J. D. Strahmann 164, J. N. Hermann 160, J. H. Klee 158, G. Wehrenberg 152, J. D. Wilkens 152, J. G. Thoelke 151.

Point target, 10 shots, possible 80 points: J. C. Bonn 14, D. Buthfer 12, B. Zettler 11, F. Schmidt 11, C. Grosch 10, P. Feigel 10, W. Hahn 9, A. J. Christen 9, J. D. Wilkins 8, F. Hoops 8, H. Hanschen 8, J. H. Klee 7, J. D. Strahmann 7, J. Mohrmann 7, J. Wilkins 7, M. von Druifngelo 7, J. Bünz 7, H. Meyn 7, H. B. Michaelsen 7, C. H. Wierk 6, N. Volkmann 6, W. Schmults 6, J. G. Thoelke 6.

Red Flags—W. Krumsick 1, C. H. Wierk 1, J. Schmitt 1, J. Wilkens 1, J. C. Bonn 2, F. Hoops 1, E. Meyn 1, N. Volkmann 1, D. Buthfer 2, G. Wehrenberg 1, A. J. Christen 1, J. Bünz 1, H. Hanschen 1.

Harlem Rifle Club.

At the weekly gallery shoot of the Harlem Rifle Club held at headquarters No. 207 Third ave., New York, Aug. 11, the following scores were made: 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds: J. Bodenstab 245, C. Hutch 244, J. A. Boyken 242, E. Busby 242, W. Weeks 240, Moore 223, McGee 221. J. BODENSTAB, Sec'y.

International Columbian Prize Shooting.

SHARP-SHOOTERS' PARK, West Pullman, Aug. 6 and 7.—The weather was fine but the wind not favorable on Sunday, but Monday the best shooting day. The following shot for the Columbian medal and it was awarded to them: J. C. Berger, Jackson, Mich. C. T. Jacobs, Chicago. F. B. Hayungs, Henry Haage and Detlef Sivers, Lyons. R. D. Carroll, Elgin. John Muench, Sandwich, Ill. W. H. Klauer, Duhuque. Richard Helmold, Chicago. Otto Freyer, Chicago. John C. Kelley, Cambridge, Mass. Henry Graf, South Omaha, Neb. Edward Meurer, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y. Scores:

Columbia Target.—W. H. Klauer 67, H. M. Pope, Hartford, Conn., 63; Detlef Sivers 62, J. C. Berger 56, J. B. Hayungs 53, Henry Haage 50, Fred Reichenbach, Mr. Kinney, Ky., 32.

King Target.—W. H. Klauer 207, J. B. Hayungs 186, J. C. Berger 170, Detlef Sivers 166.

Man Target.—H. M. Pope, Hartford, Conn., 89; F. O. Young, San Francisco, 86, T. T. Dalahunty, Pittston, Pa., 81, J. B. Hayungs 80, J. C. Bergen 79, Fred. Toggenburger 79.

People's Target.—H. M. Pope 69, F. O. Young 59, Fred Pfeifer 65, W. H. Klauer 59, J. P. Dalahuntz 56.

Standard Target.—W. H. Klauer 46, J. B. Hayungs 40, Fred Pfeifer 40, J. P. Dalahunty 38, J. C. Berger 36.

Bullseye Target.—H. M. Pope 27 flags out of 100 shoots, J. B. Hayungs 19, Dr. H. Merkle 15, W. H. Klauer 15, Richard Helmold 11, J. P. Dalahunty 13, Detlef Sivers 10, J. F. Helmold 8, F. Reichenbach 8, Fred Roth 8, F. Munch 4.

From Aug. 28 to Sept. 3 every day will be a shooting day.

A. BOESE, Sec'y.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE Saturday outing of the Greenville Rifle Club, in Armbruster's Schuetzen Park, Greenville, N. J., on Aug. 12, had its usual attendance. Among the visiting riflemen were Geo. Schlicht, of Guttenberg, N. J., and Henry Mahlenbrock, of Marion, N. J. The weather conditions were not such as the rifle crank desires for putting up high scores, but nevertheless there were a few good scores made during the afternoon. Messrs. Schlicht and Chavant divided the honors, each with 223 to their credit. The scores are appended, 10 shots, German target:

C H Chavant	24	23	24	19	23	24	22	23	19	22	—223
Geo Schlicht	23	20	24	20	24	25	22	23	21	21	—223
Geo W Plaisted	24	20	14	25	23	20	25	23	22	22	—217
W C Collins	23	14	20	22	18	22	16	23	25	21	—214
Colin Boag	25	19	15	18	21	22	24	8	17	22	—191
H Mahlenbrock	21	16	21	16	18	22	17	21	16	20	—188
Jas Dodds	22	20	20	15	20	22	12	19	16	18	—184
Geo Purkess	21	16	18	23	13	20	19	17	17	19	—183
W H Robidoux	19	25	17	9	16	15	17	23	7	19	—167
John Spahn	15	3	19	16	12	24	13	18	23	1	—145

The weekly gallery shoot for class medals, on Friday night, Aug. 11, brought out the usual quota of club members. Gallery shooting in these August days is of a torrid nature, but the Greenville shooters are much given to shooting and their enthusiasm seems to keep pace with the thermometer. Plaisted made the best score of the evening—247. This is the second highest score made on this range up to date. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds. Scores: Plaisted 247, Purkess 243, J. Boag 238, Robidoux 238, Collins 236, C. Boag 233, Chavant 232, Spahn 230, Gotthardt 225, Dodds 220, Hill 208.

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 12.—The regular shoot of the Hartford Rifle Club was held this afternoon, but the extreme heat kept the attendance small and scores low, except with Pope, who, as one of the boys remarked, "Don't mind any kind of weather, but just keeps plugging along," 200yds., limited target, condition good, except for the heat, about 94°.

H M Pope (50 shots)	7	9	9	9	10	10	8	6	9	10—84
	10	9	9	8	8	10	8	10	7	8—87
	10	9	10	9	9	8	7	10	9	9—90
	9	9	7	8	8	9	10	7	9	8—83
	10	9	7	9	9	8	7	7	8	7—81—425
J M Foote, Jr.	8	7	8	10	10	6	7	8	7	7—78
	9	7	8	5	5	7	8	9	8	7—73
F K Rand	10	7	7	9	5	9	7	8	9	6—77
	9	9	8	10	6	9	9	6	8	7—76
W J Dunbar	5	4	10	7	6	8	7	10	8	7—72
A H Tyler	9	7	10	3	4	6	6	4	7	6—62

H. M. POPE, Sec'y.

RIFLE NOTES.

THE writer of "Rifle Notes," who by the way is somewhat of a rifle crank, in lieu of using tin to harden his bullets, has struck upon the plan of dropping them into cold water as they come from the mould; this practice seems to give them the proper hardness for satisfactory work at the 200yds. range. He thinks a hard-bodied lubricant gives less liability to the leading of the barrel. In his practice at Cypress Hills Park with the Zettlers last week he made the following scores on the ring target, using bullets chilled in this manner, viz: 216, 215, 222, 221, 220—1,094.

Teams of ten men each from the Hudson Rifle Club, of Marion, N. J., and the Greenville Rifle Club, will shoot a match on the Marion range, on Labor Day, Sept. 4.

We hear that some of our local riflemen, among whom are Messrs. L. P. Hansen, F. C. Ross, A. Braun, and M. Dorrler, contemplate visiting the Columbia International Shooting Festival at Chicago next week. Their ability with the rifle is such as to warrant the belief that they will come home with a fair share of the prize money.

The Plattdeutsche Volksfest, which will be held in Washington Park, New York city, on Aug. 20, 21 and 22, should be patronized by all of our riflemen. There is a large list of prizes open to the public, and the fact that the surplus funds will be divided among our city hospitals, should be an inducement to all lovers of rifle shooting to lend their assistance in making the festival a success.

The New York City Cops will hold its monthly practice shoot in Washington Park on Friday, Aug. 25.

The Independent New York Corps will hold its monthly practice shoot in Washington Park on Friday, Aug. 18.

The New York Central Corps, Capt. A. Richter, will hold its monthly practice shoot in Washington Park on Thursday, Aug. 17.

The third annual prize shoot of the Excelsior Rifle Club of Jersey City will be held in Armbruster's Park, Greenville, on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25 and 26. The programme calls for fifteen cash prizes on the German ring-target, ranging from $50 to $2. On the bullseye target there are ten prizes ranging from $20 to $2. There are premiums for the best tickets on the ring-target, as well as for the most bullseyes made. Our experts will no doubt all be on hand to compete for first places on the list.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Aug. 15-16.—Columbus (Neb.) Gun Club tournament.
Aug. 15-16.—Big Four Gun Club tournament, Burlington, Iowa.
Aug. 15-18.—Reading Shooting Association, Shillington, Pa.
Aug. 16-18.—Coney Island tournament at Cincinnati, Ohio.
Aug. 16-18.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's fifth tournament, at Charlotte, N. C.
Aug 22-23.—Michigan Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Jackson, Mich.
Aug. 22-25.—Keystone Target Company, seventh annual tournament, at New London, Conn.
Aug. 23-31.—Chadwick's tournament, Marmont, Ind.
Sept. 4.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
Sept. 4.—Endeavor Gun Club tournament, on Al Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.
Sept. 5-8.—Third international live bird and target tournament, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich.
Sept. 6-8.—The Veteran Tournament, Indianapolis, Ind., during National G. A. R. Encampment, under the management of the officers of the North End Shooting Club. H. S. Humphrey, President.
Sept. 12-13.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Allentown and Bethlehem, Pa. (combined).
Sept. 14-15.—Riverside Gun Club's second annual tournament, at Red Bank, N. J. John P. Cooper, Sec'y.
Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.
September.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.
Oct. 2-7.—John Watson's tournament, Burnside, Ill.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newhurg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newhurg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.
May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 9.—The prize series of shoots of the Sportsmen's Club closed yesterday at Coal Mine Range. The open wore a lively appearance, the attendance being larger than at any other shoot of the series. Indeed the range presented some of its old-time life. Maynard P. Roach is the winner of the series, with R. C. Walls close in second. In order to close the series, two races were shot off. A purse of $86 is to be divided among the winners. The series was of 20 shoots. A shooter competing in 12 was eligible to win. The shooters were arranged in classes according to the percentage of birds broken by them in their work previous to this season. The shooter showing the greatest gain over the percentage limit of his class was the winner. Though the novel idea, which was the creation of the mind of Secretary Walls, has not met with great favor, the result shows that the men were intelligently classified. Only 10 men have competed in 12 of the shoots, and the order in which they have finished is as follows: Roach, R. C. Walls, Davis, Gabeler, Kinney, A. W. Walls, Gilman, Forehand, Colvin, C. W. Walls, Harris. W. L. Davis wins best five shoots with an aggregate score of 188, an average of 92 per cent. M. D. Gilman wins second with a score of 183, an average of 88⅔ per cent. A purse of $35 will be divided, Davis winning $15 and Gilman $10. Next Thursday the high men of each class will shoot against their own average for a purse of $25. The eligible men to the race are Davis, Kinney, Roach and C. W. Walls. The man showing the greatest advance over his percentage for the series just closed will win.

The contest of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, which takes place to-day on the Irvington grounds of the Myrtle Avenue Gun Club, is the seventh of the present series. The final contest will take place on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club at Rutherford. At present the South Sides are first with 615 breaks in six contests, but they are by no means safe, as the Maplewoods have 616 breaks to their credit. The Boiling Springs have broken 573, Endeavors 571 and the Myrtle Avenues 519 in six contests. In five contests the Unions have broken 537 and the Passaic Citys 442. The prizes will be awarded for the highest aggregate number of breaks in five contests. Counting the best five scores to date the clubs stand thus; South Side 544, Maplewood 538, Unions 537, Boiling Springs 510, Endeavors 495, Myrtle Avenues 463, Passaic Citys 442. The race for the honors is a close one, and may the best club win. During the series clean scores in the team races have been made by Compton (2), Van Dyke, Hoffman, Geoffroy, Thomas and Miller. Scores of 24 have been made by Sigler, Brantingham (2), Drake (2), Yeomans, Quimby, T. Smith, McPeek, Hoffman, Hoff, Ely, Sickley, Miller, Richmond, Geoffroy, Walters and Van Dyke.

The seventh annual tournament of the Standard Keystone Target and Trap Company will draw an army of target breakers to New London, Conn., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week and some great shooting is looked for. The popular novelty rule will be used and H. A. Penrose will personally direct the management, this being a guarantee that there will be no tedious delays. The program has already been outlined in these columns. The grounds are beautifully situated in a position from which can be obtained a magnificent view of Long Island Sound and New London Harbor, one of the finest in the world. The trip to New London by boat is a pleasant one, far preferable to a dusty ride on the cars at this season.

The Roseville Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., which has been rather inactive since last season, intends to make a new start and have decided to hold their monthly shoots on John Erh's "Old Stone House" grounds, Bloomfield avenue, on the last Saturday of each month. At this month's shoot (Aug. 26), they will offer a special attraction in the form of a series of 10 and 15 target events. The big event of the day will be at 50 targets, $3 entry, $10 added by the club. All contests will be open to all comers.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 7.—On Saturday the Fairview Gun Club held their annual election at their headquarters near the Three Mill House on the Columbia turnpike. The following were elected: President, Andrew Hershey; Vice-President, Christ. Frantz; Secretary, E. L. Hambright; Treasurer, Al Kready; Captain, John Kready. Prior to the election their monthly shoot was held and nearly 1,000 clay pigeons were shot at by the members of the club.

At the August medal shoot of the O. K. Gun Club, at Kansas City, Mo., at 10 live birds each, W. Williams, A. L. Bennett, J. Keene, F. J. Smith, D. S. McIntyre and F. Blouse tied on 10 each; J. B. Burrell, J. Thompson, R. D. Mize and H. B. Preston killed 9 each; E. Hickman, Dan Quinn, Chas. Ross and G. Carter 8 each; Dr. Jones 7; W. V. Baker 6 and H. P. Stewart 5. On the shoot off for the medal Keene won by killing 15 straight.

Jack Parker has decided to postpone his International tournament at Des-chree-shos-ka Island to Sept. 5, 6, 7 and 8, in order not to conflict with the dates of the grand tournament at New London. This is a courteous act on Mr. Parker's part, as his dates were claimed far in advance of the other. This will give all the Eastern cracks a chance to attend both tournaments.

The Oak Park Rod and Gun Club was organized at Crafton, Pa., on Aug. 5. Dr. W. R. Foster was elected President; F. R. C. Perrin, Secretary, and W. W. Prince, Treasurer. The membership for this season will be limited, but during the winter it will be increased. The club shoots at Oak Park every other Saturday.

The Fernhill Gun Club, of Philadelphia, shot on Aug. 5, each member shot at 21 targets and the leaders were: Kuhlman 18, Harman 18, Curran 18, Smithcourse 17, Carey 17, Doyle 16, Serfuss 15, Durkin 15, Darlin 14, Dalton 14, Gertz 14, Sterling 13.

For New London take the Norwich Line steamer at 6 P. M. from Pier 40 (old number), North River. This is the first pier above Desbrosses street ferry. The boat reaches New London at 5 A. M. the following day.

The new and useful switch sight of R. T. Clayton is attracting attention from amateurs all over the country. It is a great invention and bound to make good all the inventor claims for it.

The big sweepstake at 25 live birds announced for September at Williard's Park, Paterson, will not be held until October as the management desire to be assured of getting good birds.

John Watson is booming his world's tournament, to be held at Burnside Crossing, Chicago, on Oct. 2 to 7 inclusive. The race at 100 live birds, $125 entry, should attract a big entry list.

Don't forget that the 1894 shoot at Knoxville will be held in May, not March as erroneously stated. Begin to put aside all your spare pennies for this big event.

A gun club has been organized at Hackensack, N. J., with C. E. Fisher, President; Wm. Edsall, Secretary, and Frank Tallman, Treasurer.

The Bedford City (Va.) Gun Club has been organized with the following officers: W. J. Huhard, President; Dr. A. B. Clayton, Secretary and Treasurer.

There will be some tall hustling to win the individual trophies at New London next week. The diamond ring will make the boys shoot hard.

The next shoot of the Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association will be held at Allentown, Pa., Sept. 12 and 13.

Parker's third international tournament at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, Detroit, has been set for Sept. 5 to 8.

There will be a number of tournaments in various sections on Labor Day.

The Reading Gun Club will hereafter shoot at Spring Valley.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Arlington Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 5.—Please find scores made at the Arlington Gun Club traps to-pay at the regular monthly handicap shoot for the Parker gun; 30 bluerocks, 5 traps, unknown angles:

Hinde	111110011101110101001111110—22—6—28
McCracken	111111110000111111111101111—25—4—29
Flick	111111101111111111111101111—27—0—27
Kirby	011110101110001111111101010l—21—8—29
Bissett	011101111111011111111101010—23—6—29
Allen	111111101101111110011101010001—22—4—26
Louis	101000001111100010111100111—17—8—25
Packard	111011111111111111111111111—29—0—29

Tie shot off at 15 targets, one-half handicap allowed:

Mac	011101110001101— 9—2—11
Kirby	101111011000110— 9—4—13
Bissett	001011101111011— 10—3—13
Packard	111111111111111—15—0—15

This is Packard's third win, his scores being 29, 28, 28.

R. J. BISSETT, Secretary.

SHOOTING ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.

Atlantic City, Aug. 8.—The first day of the Pier Gun Club Tournament opened with a beautiful morning, a light westerly wind and tbe old ocean calm and smooth as glass. The grounds (or boards) of the club, that is wbere they sboot, is at tbe end of Young & McShae's celebrated pier which extends out from the board walk (Atlantic City Boulevard) about 1,500ft. into tbe ocean, and right on the end of this same pier the five bluerock traps were set and tbrew bluerocks out into the water (none were retrieved for shot marks). The fine weather and gentle breeze made the shooting just about as pleasant as it could he and some very good scores were made.

The start was made about half an hour after the time advertised for starting, but after a start was made the banging went merrily along until late in tbe evening.

Among the first to arrive on the grounds were E. Davis, C. Lane, F. Henry, J. Treadway, Jas. Leaming, E. D. Miller, Mack and A. C. Chase, of Baltimore and several others.

The programme of this day started with a 10-target event and was followed by a 15, 10, 20, 10, 50, 10, 20, 15 and the last event was cbanged to expert rules instead of 5 pairs. Of course, most of the interest was centered in the 50-target race and as the shooting was so good as a general thing that those that were good for about 80 per cent. would not take part in it, but 13 faced the traps in this, the No. 6 event and a fine contest it was, fiercely fought to tbe end, and first money was won by W. Thomas with the fine score of 49 out of the possible 50, closely followed by J. Schmeck with 48, Budd coming next with 47, and H. Landis taking fourth money with 46. It was a game shoot.

The averages for this day were won by. E. D. Miller, first, 95⅓%; J. Schmeck, second, 93⅓%; H. Landis, third, 92⅓%; W. Thomas, 91⅓%. The scores are as follows:

No. 1, 10 birds, $1: H. Tburman 9, Edwards 8, Minner 8, Smeck 8, J. Yost 8, Thomas 9, Harrison 7, Ritter 7, Thompson 8, Treadway 8, Henry 9, J. Thurman 7, David 9, Cassell 7, Kerper 8, Budd 8, Lane 10, Mack 8, P. Yost 5, Leaming 8, Landis 6, Whitcomb 7, Albert 8.

No. 2, 15 birds, $1.50: H. Thurman 15, Thomas 13, Smeck 14, Edwards 5, Treadway 12, Ritter 13, Harrison 12, David 13, Budd 14, Minner 11, Lane 11, Thompson 13, Landis 14, P. Yost 13, Leaming 14, Albert 12, Kerper 10, Harry 14, Mack 11, J. Tburman 14, J. Yost 14, Miller 15.

No. 3, 10 birds, $1: Smeck 9, Ritter 6, H. Thurman 9, Treadway 8, Thomas 6, Lane 7, Landis 8, Thompson 9, Whitcomb 8, Leaming 8, Carlisle 8, Albert 9, Harrison 8, Bisbing 8, Sander 9, Miller 10, Budd 9, David 7, J. Tburman 8, Mack 9, J. Yost 7, Henry 10, P. Yost 6, Minner 6.

No. 4, 20 birds, $2: H. Thurman 19, Thomas 20, Lane 18, Landis 18, Carlisle 17, Treadway 18, Smeck 18, Bishing 17, Ritter 18, Harrison 18, J. Yost 18, David 16, Budd 18, J. Thurman 17, Mack 17, Miller 19, Henry 19, Sander 14.

No. 5, 10 birds, $1 entry: H. Thurman 9, Ritter 8, Smeck 8, Landis 10, P. Yost 9, Thomas 7, David 8, Harrison 9, Heiney 8, Sanders 8, J. Thurman 9, J. Yost 8, Miller 10, Evans 6.

No. 6, 50 birds, $5: H. Thurman 43, Schmeck 48, Landis 46, McMurcbey 45, Miller 45, Thomas 49, Green 41, Lane 40, Henry 43, Albert 40. Budd 47, Carlisle 43, Treadway 37.

No. 7, 10 birds, $1 entry: H. Tburman 8. Smeck 10. Bisbing 9, Cair 6, Landis 9, Miller 10. McCann 7, Leigh 6. Ritter 8, Harrison 9, Alberts 8, Whitcome 5, Carlisle 7, Green 7, J. Thurman 8, Leaming 8, Budd 7, Tbomas 10, Evans 8, Sander 6, Kerper 8, McMurchy 10, Adams 10, David 10, Lane 9, Treadway 8.

No. 8, 20 birds, $2 entry: H. Thurman 17, Landis 20, Harrison 16, Ritter 18, Scbmeck 19, Miller 18. Albert 15, David 18, Leaming 16, Bisbing 15, Cowlits 16, Green 15, McMurchy 19, Cair 17, J. Tburman 18. Thomas 17, Budd 13, Evans 15.

No. 9, 15 birds, $1.50 entry: H. Thurman 13, Landis 14, Schmeck 14, Thomas 15, Miller 15, Evans 15, Ritter 13, David 13, Young 10, Budd 13, J Thurman 15, Harrison 14, Leaming 10, McMurchy 14.

No. 10, expert rules: Landis 9, McMurchy 10, H. Thurman 9, Thomas w., Schmeck 8, Leaming 8, J. Thurman 8, David 7, Budd 8, Miller 10, Ritter 8, Harrison 8.

The Second Day

was a duplicate of the first, elegant weather, and the gentle breeze so pleasant at the seashore. Although some that were down on the first day went home, a lot of new ones came to take their places, and the shooting was better to-day than yesterday, E. D. Miller again winning first average with 96⅓%; H. Landis, second, 92⅔%; J. Scbmeck, third, 91⅓%; H. McMurcby, fourth, 90⅓%. A singular feature of this shoot was that nine out of every ten shells used were loaded with American wood powder, and most of them loaded by J. T. Bailey & Co., of Philadelphia. McMurchy says that he was not aware till he came here that the L. C. Smith gun was such a favorite.

This morning's train brought on it J. A. Mills and Theo. Mitchner, two of a kind and as jolly, whole-souled fellows as you can find anywhere, and both ot them shooting in great form; Ben Wissler, the druggist from Germantown, who is always happy when facing the traps or out in the field with gun and dog, and Frank Willard, another bappy sbooter. The boys were also glad to see Mr. T. F. Gorman, the Boniface at the Mansion House of Mahanoy City, Pa.

A very pleasant party were located at tbe Hotel Berkley on Kentucky avenue, close to tbe beach and a number of the shooters had their wives along. Among the ladies were Mrs H. Landis David, Mrs. H Thurman, Mrs. E. David. Mrs. Jos. Thurman, Mrs. A. G. Collom, Mrs. Jos. Leaming, Mrs. H. Febiger, Mrs. G. W. Paddock, Mrs. Morris Bisbing, Miss Maggie Porter and the Misses Haywood.

On the pier there were over a thousand spectators, and along tbe board walk the people were stopping in their morning and afternoon walk to watch the shooting.

Tbe Forest and Stream, the *American Field* and the Pbiladelphia *Item* all had a representative on hand

Chestnut Hill, Pa., was well represented by Alex. Cair, M. Bisbing, T. Carlisle, and Philadelphia by J. A. Mills, T. Mitchner, E David, J. Tredway, H. Landis, W. Garvin, Geo. Minner, C. Laue, G. Whitcom. H. Febiger, J. Tburman, F. Willard, H. Thurman, Ben Wissler, and Atlantic City by J. Young, H. McCaun, Jas. Alberts, Lew Adams, J. Leigh, C. and A. Griscom. Camden, Del., by J. Evans, and Camden, N. J , by Jos. Leaming and W. Griscom. Ambler, Pa., by W. Thomas. Woodbury, N. J., by J. W. Budd.

All the time during tbe shoot tbe sea around the pier was literally filled with menhaden, or mossbunkers, as they are hetter known around here, and the factory fish-hawks made some very good bauls within sight of the pier. They put out their large seines and scoop in a whole school at a haul. Their steamboats have heen running up and down the beach continually for the last few days. Bluefishing is very good when there is wind enough to sail for them. Lots of them here, and weakfish are being caught right from the pier.

The boys from Reading turned out well, as they always do; there was Hen Matz, the president of the Reading Sbooting Association; the same old Hen talking about tbe good shoot tbey are going to give next week; Jim Scbmeck, always in a good humor and hard to beat as a shooter; Ritter, the treasurer of the R. S. A., happy as ever and full of shoot, but Harrison, of Reading, holding his end up with the rest of the boys, and from Norristown, Pa., came J. Yost, P. Yost, A. Scheets J. U. Cassell, Geo. Kerper, all just came down to see what we were doing, not to shoot, but they shot right along just as if that was what they came for.

No. 1, 10 hirds, $1 entry: H. Thurman 9, Thomas 7, Miller 10, Haywood 7, J. Thurman 8, McMurchy 8, Landis 7, Schmeck 8. Matz 10, Evans 6, Bisbing 9. David 9, Budd 8, Green 8, Taylor 7, Mills 6,

No. 2, 15 birds, $1.50 entry: H. Thurman 15, Miller 15, Schmeck 14. Thomas 14, McMurchy 13, Matz 12, Landis 12, Evans 12, Mills 11, J. Tburman 14, David 13, Mitchner 2, Gormau 10, Willard 11.

No. 3, 10 hirds, $1 entry: H. Thurman 8, Thomas 9, Schmeck 10, Miller 10, McMurchy 10, Matz 7, Landis 10, Evans 9, David 9, Mills 6, Budd 10. P. Yost 8, Willard 8, Michner 7, Wisler 8, J. Thurman 9, Bisbing 9, Carlisle 10.

No. 4, 20 birds, $2 entry: H. Thnrman 18, Miller 17, Thomas 17, Mills 16, McMurchy 17, Wissler 12, Landis 18, David 18, Evans 19, S. Thurmau 18, Matz 17, Scbmeck 16, Willard 14, Bisbing 15. Carlisle 16.

No. 5, 25 birds, $2.50; H. Thurman 19, Tbomas 23, Miller 25. McMurchy 22, Matz 20, Schmeck 24, Mills 24, David 23, Willard 15, J. Thurman 22, Landis 24.

No. 6, 10 birds, $1: H. Thurman 9, Matz 7, Schmeck 8, Gorman 8, McMurchy 10, Miller 10, J. Thurman 8, Mills 9, Landis 8, Mitcbner 10, Wisler 10, Thomas 9, David 9, Carslisle 8.

No. 7, 25 birds, $2 50: H. Thurman 23, McMurchy 23, Schmeck 23, Miller 25, Matz 21, Thomas 20, Landis 24.

No. 8, 20 birds, $2; H. Thurman 17, Mills 16, McMurchy 18, Schmeck 18, Matz 18, David 15, Landis 20, Thomas 17, Miller 18.

No. 9, 10 birds, $1; H. Thurman 9, Mitchner 3, Matz 7, Adams 9, Thomas 8, Mills 8, Landis 9, Schmeck 10, Miller 10, McMurcby 9, Wissler 6, David 8.

No. 10, 10 birds, $1: H. Thurman 8, Mitchner 6, Landis 8, Matz 10, Leaming 10, Wissel 8, Mills 5, Gaylor 10. Carl 8, Adams 9, Tbomas 9, McMurchy 9, Davis 7.

No. 11, 15 hirds: H. Thurman 11, Thomas 12, Matz 14, Schmeck 14, David 13, Wissler 9, Landis 15, Adams 14, P. Yost 12, Cair 15, Young 11, Evans 13, Mills 9, Mitchner 12, Green 7. Leaming 14.

No. 12, 15 birds, $1.50: H. Thurman 11, Matz 7, Thomas 12, Schmeck 12, Leaming 14, Mills 11, Cair 10, Wissler 6, Landis 15, McMurchy 15, Adams 13, David 12.

H. T.

Stray Carrier Pigeons.

We have notes of two dead carrier pigeons. N—2,583—4,270, and F. B. —92—456.

The Hazleton Tournament.

Hazleton, Pa., Aug. 4.—The newly organized Hazleton Gun Club held a tournament on Aug. 2 and 3, with rather a light attendance, but plenty of sport. This town, which has 1,500 population, is situated on the bigbest elevation in the State. and has a fine electric railroad. Tbe shooting grounds are 10 minutes' ride from the center of tbe city and are absolutely perfect, the background being the clear sky. Bluerock targets and expert traps were used, the management being in the capable bands of Fen Cooper and Rene Clayton. There were from 300 to 500 spectators on the grounds each day.

Among tbe shooters were Spicer of Danville, Abercrombie and Millspaugb of Williamsport. Cooper and Gorman of Mahanoy City, and Eddie Collins of West Hoboken, N. J. Valuable assistance was rendered the club by Mr. McMillan. The scores follow:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 birds, $1:
Spicer...1111111011— 9 Dr Nyer...0000001001— 2
Collins...1101110111— 8 Kane...1110111011— 8
Clayton...1110110111— 8 Barnes...1101010101— 6
Brown...0101011011— 6 Harris...1011111111— 9
Cooper...1111111111—10 Landmasser...0100100100— 3
Freas...0010001000— 2 Riley...0100100101— 4
Meyers...1001101101— 6

No. 2, 10 birds, $1: E. Smitb 6, Stroh 8, Williamson 9, Collins 9, Landmasser 5, Riley 6, Cooper 8, Ferry 4, Treas 7, Leach 7. Snyder 5.

No. 3, 15 birds, $1.50:
Spicer...111111111011111—14 Harrison...111111011111111—14
Meyers...110111011011011—11 Riley...010100100100100— 5
Gorman...110101011011010— 9 Dr Nver...011010011010101— 8
Clayton...111011110111101—12 Harris...110111010011110—10
Brown...101010010101010— 7 Cooper...111111111111111—15
Collins...111011111011111—13 Freas...110110101101110—10

No. 4, 20 birds, $2, $10 added:
Freas...11010110111011011010—13 Brown...00100000100001000000— 3
Meyers...01011011011011011010—12 Hall...11011011111111101111—17
Cooke...11111011111111011111—18 Dr Smitb...11111011111101111111—18
Harris...11110111111011111011—17

No. 5, 10 hirds, $1:
Clayton...1110101111—8 Spicer...0111111011—8
Freas...0111011101—7 Williamson...1011011111—8
Riley...0011111100—6 Cooper...1101111111—9
Landmasser...1110011111—8 Stroh...1011111111—9
Feeley...0001110000—3 Collins...1111101111—9
Deacb...0010100001—5 E Smith...0101011001—5

No. 6, 15 birds, $1.50, $5 added:
Collins...111011111011111—13 Stroh...010011111111111—12
Freas...100111010111111—11 Spicer...100111111101101—11
Dr Myer...100101001011001— 7 Cooper...111101101111111—13
Clayton...011111111111111—14 Williamson...111011011101111—12
Landmasser...010101010111111—10

No. 7, 25 birds, $2:
Hall...1111011110111101111011111—21
Smitb...1110111101110110111101111—20
Freas...1011011101001101110110101—16
Collins...1110111111111111111111111—24
Spicer...1101110110111110111011111—20
Clayton...1110011111101111101111111—21
Harrison...1111111111111111111111110—24
Riley...1100010110110110110011111—14
Cooper...1111111101111111111111011—23
Harris...1111111111111011111111011—23
Gorman...0111100101111010101100100—14

No. 8, 10 live birds, entrance $1: Clayton 8, Spicer 7, Williamson 8, Stroh 6, Gorman 5, Landmasser 7, Cooper 8, Freas 6.

No. 9, 5 live birds, Hurlingham rules, $3:
Gorman...11110—4 Spicer...11111—5
Clayton...11111—5 Brehm...11110—4
Cooper...11111—5 Trasize...01111—4
Hall...10110—3 Brown...10111—4
Collins...10111—4 Patton...10001—2
Myer...10011—3

The Second Day.

Cooper...1010101111— 7 Myer...1110000101— 5
Collins...1111111111—10 Freas...1111010111- 8
Williamson...1111111100— 8 Clayton...1111011111— 9
Landmasser...0000110101— 4 Ferry...0000100100— 2
Stroh...0000111010— 4 Deach...0011100010 — 4
Riley...1000111010— 5

No. 2, 10 birds, $1:
Gorman...1001101100— 5 Deach...1100001000— 9
Freas...0111101111— 8. Jones...1101011011— 7
Dr Nyer...0101100101— 5 Spicer...1110101111— 8
Collins...1111111111—10 Cooper...1111111111—10
Smith...1101111011— 8 Riley...1001001001— 4
Hall...1111111011— 9 Feeley...1010101101— 6

No. 3, 15 birds, $1.50. $5 added money:
Stroh...001111111101101—11 Riley...110101011010101— 9
Collins...111111100110111—12 Landuiasser...100101010101010- 7
Williamson...111111011011011—12 Deach...100010010101000— 6
Clayton...111110111011101—12 Freas...111111011110101—12
Smith...100001101000101— 6 Rossa...110001011110010— 8
Cooper...111111110111111—14 Clark...110010011101010— 8

No. 4, 20 birds, $2 entrance, $10 added money:
Gorman...11011010110110111111—15 Harrison...11010111101110111011—15
Spicer...11111111111111111111—20 Dr Neyer...11011101101001101101—13
Clayton...11011011111111111111—18 Collins...11111101111111011111—18

No. 5, 10 birds $1 entrance: Collins 8, Gorman 7, Clayton 8, Spicer 8, Hall 7, Smith 9.

No. 6, 15 birds, $1.50 entrance, $5 added:
Stroh...001100110011111— 9 Clayton...111111010101111—12
Williamson...101110101111111—12 Cooper...111110111101111—13
Spicer...111111110111111—14 Freas...101110011001001— 8
Collins...111011101111011—12 Neyer...101110011001001— 8

No. 7, 5 live birds, $3, Schuylkill rules, use of one harrel, 21yds rise:
Spicer...11111—5 Landmasser...10011—3
Dr Neyer...11110—4 Riley...11001—3
Gorman...11101—4 Clayton...11111—5
Ferry...00011—2 Freas...10000—1
Cooper...11111—5 Deach...01001—2

No. 8, 25 birds, $2.50:
Clayton...0111111110111111111111111—23
Deach...1111011111111111101111111—23
Shaffer...1101011011011011101101010—16
Brown...1111011101110110011010110—17
Heston...1101001010101010101101010—12
Smith...1011101101101011110111110—18
Johnson...1101101101100111011101110—17
Clark...1011011010011011101011011—16

The Standard Gun Club.

Baltimore, Aug. 10.—The Standard Gun Club gave a two-days' tournament at their sbooting grounds, Acton's Park, Aug. 8 and 9. The first day's atttendance was very small, owing to a great many shooters being out of town and away on vacations. The shooting did not begin until 2 P. M. and some eigbt or nine events were shot off. Among those from out of town present were Mr. Lindsley, of the American W. P. Co.; H. T. Ducker, of Reistertown; Chas. E. Bonday. Owings Mills; R. B. Bond, Jessup, and Dr. Geo. E. Bangham, Westminster. The second dav was more a success in attendance, but should have been better. In the club team race the Capitol City, of Washington, was really expected, but due to some memher taking sick was unable to attend. The Standards then made up two teams, Messrs. Lupus and Clements choosing sides. The traps worked nicely and with very few breaks, but the weather was extremely hot. Refreshments in the way of claret, lemonade and cake was given to the shooters and all present. The following are the scores in detail:

No. 1, 10 singles:
Clements...1111111011— 9 Bonday...1111111111—10
Lindsley...1001111111— 8 Buckbee...1111111011— 9
Franklin...1111111111—10 King...1111111110 — 9
Jory...0110011011— 6 Dankmyer...1010110111— 7
Ducker...1001111110— 7 Hunt...1101111001— 7
Lupus...0010010111— 6

No. 2, 10 singles:
Lindsley...0111011111—8 Buckbee...1101101111— 8
Bonday...1110111111—9 Franklin...1011011111— 8
Ducker...1011111101—8 Hunt...1001111100— 6
Clements...1100011011—6 King...1111111111—10
Jory...1011011011—7 Dankmyer...1000100100— 3

No. 3, 10 singles:
Lindsley...1011111011— 8 Hunt...0111110111— 8
Clements...1010011111— 6 King...1010101111— 7
Franklin...0011000011— 4 Jory...1111111011— 9
Ducker...1101111111— 9 Smith...1111111111—10
Bonday...1111111011— 9 Dankmyer...1111111011— 9
Buckbee...0111110111— 8

No. 4, 10 singles:
Lindsley...1101111101— 8 Anderson...1111111111—10
Ducker...1111111101— 9 Jory...1101111111— 9
Bonday...0111111101— 8 Smith...0111011110— 7
Franklin...0111111111— 9 King...1101001011— 6
Clements...1111110100— 7 Dankmyer...1001010011— 5
Buckhee...1101111101— 8 Hunt...1101111111— 9

No. 5, 10 singles:
Lindsley...1011101111— 8 Buckbee...1011111011— 9
Bonday...1110111111— 9 Clements...0100110111— 6
Ducker...1111111011— 9 Jory...1111100111— 8
Franklin...0111110111— 8 Dankmyer...1101101100— 6
Smith...1111111111—10 King...0101101101— 6
Anderson...1111111111—10 Hunt...1011100101— 6

No. 6, merchandise race, 15 singles:
Lindsley...111011111101111—13 Buckbee...111101101101110—11
Hunt...110111111111111—14 Dixon...011011110011101—10
Franklin...111111110111110—13 Bonday...101111101100111—11
Ducker...101111110111110—12 Lupus...111011100011111—11
Anderson...111111110101011—12 Storr...011101011101110—10
Clements...111011111111011—13 Hunter...101000110010011— 7
Jory...111011011100101—10 King...110101110011101—10
Dankmyer...101000111001011— 8 Brown...111100011111100—10
Smith...111111111111100—13

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 singles:
Bonday...1011110111—8 Anderson...1111111111—10
Willey...1011101111—8 Baughmau...1011101111— 8
Dixon...1111111010—8 Evans...1111101011— 8
Franklin...1011111110—8 Bailey...1111111100— 8
Hunt...1011111110—8

No. 2, 15 singles:
Bonday...111011111011101—12 Franklin...110110110111111—12
Anderson...111110111101111—13 Hunt...111111111111011—14
Lindsley...001110011110000— 7 Willey...110111111111011—13
Deval...111111111100101—12 Evans...100011110111101—10

No. 3, Von Lengerke & Detmold race:
Baughman...011011111111111—13 Franklin...110101110100011— 9
Bonday...111111111101111—14 Smith...011011111111111—13
Lindsley...011111001101010— 9 Hunt...110111111111111—14
Ward...010111100111101—10 Bond...110111100111101—11
Anderson...010110111111000— 9 Dick...001000111101101— 8
Dixon...101111111110101—12 Ducker...111111101110110—12
Clements...111011111110011—12 Bailey...101011111000111—10
Evans...111111101010011—12 Lupus...101101111011111—12
Willey...100111001001010— 7 Buckbee...011010011100010— 7

No 4, three-man team race:
Franklin...01111111101111000101—14
Evans...01110111111111111100—16
Bond...11101111101110111110—16—46
Bonday...11111111101111111111—19
Ducker...11111001111101101111—16
Hunt...11111111111101111111—19—54
Dick...10101110110100010101—11
Lindsley...10110011111111111111—17
Buckhee...11111110011000011010—12—40
Clements...11111111111111111111—20
Lupus...01111100111111111101—16
Dixon...01110111111111110110—16—52
Smith...11111111110111111111—19
Anderson...01111111011111111110—17
Baughman...11111111111100111111—18—54

No. 5, 20 singles, $4 entry:
Bonday...11111011111111111111—19 Hunt...11111111111111111111—20
Ducker...11111011111100111111—17 Dixon...01011101111101111110—15
Bond...11110111011001110111—15 Lupus...11101011101111011111—16
Willey...10001010111111000100—10 Jory...10111101000011111111—14
Evans...10011101111111111011—16 Rice...11110010010011111000—11
Lindsley...11101111100011110111—15 George...11010111111110101110—15
Anderson...11111001111110100111—15 Hawkins...00011100100011111111—13
Smith...10110001111111111111—16 Storr...11111111001100011001—12
Franklin...01110011111111011111—16 Brown...11111110001011110010—13

No. 6:
Lindsley...011101111000110— 9 Rice...011110111111011—12
Ward...010111010101111—10 Bonday...111101111110110—12
Dick...001000000011011— 5 Clements...110111110101111—12
Anderson...011111111111111—14 Hunt...111110111110110—12
Baughman...011111100111110—11 Buckbee...110101010101011— 9
Willey...101111111111111—14 Dixon...101111011101110—11
Lupus...101001111011111—11 Franklin...101110111111111—13
Bond...011101000110010— 7 Evans...111011101111011—12
Ducker...110110111111111—13 Lotz...011011100100111— 9
George...011101010111000— 8 Hawkins...001111111111111—13
Jory...101001101001111— 9 Tracey...011001111111111—12

No. 7, club team race, first prize Smith hammerless gun, second prize New Baker gun:

Team No. 1.

Lupus...1111110111011111111111101—22
Ducker...1111111101111111110111011—22
Dixon...1111111111111111100111111—23
Evans...1111111101111111011110111—22
Smith...1011011111001111111111011—20
Rice...0111101111100111010011111—18
Lotz...1111111001111111111111111—23
Willey...0111111111100110111110110—19
Tracy...1011110111001100111111011—18—187

Team No. 2.

Clements...1111111111101111111011101—22
Bonday...1111011011111111111111111—23
Franklin...1101111111111111111111011—23
Hawkins...1111111011111010111111111—22
Claridge...1101111011110011111110010—18
Jory...1001111111101011011111000—17
Storr...0010110011011111111111111—19
Buckbee...1111011110101110011011101—18
Bailey...1001110110011010101000110—13—175

No. 8, merchandise race, 15 singles: Jory 9, Ducker 10, John 8, Willey 11, Claridge 12, Bonday 14, Hunt 13, Lindsley 10, Ward 10, Evans 11, Anderson 14, Buckbee 13, Franklin 11, Dixon 7, Hawkins 13, Smith 14, Malone 12, Lupus 13.

No. 9, 10 singles, entrance $2: Claridge 9, Lindslcy 8, Smith 9, Anderson 9, Willey 7, Dixon 7, Bonday 7, Ducker 8, Malone 5, Jorg 6, Storr 5, Lupus 8, Clements 8, Hunt 9, Buckbee 8.

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 5.—The weekly shoot of the Eureka Gun Club to-day resulted as follows:

No. 1, 50 singles, 25 pairs: Von Lengerke 84, Frothingham 77.

No. 2, 27 bluerocks: Bingham 21, Willard 21, Frothingham 19, Lamphere 15, Glover 22, D. G. Tunnicliff 13, De Wolf 14, Mathew 17, Goodrich 10, G. Tunnicliff 18, Steck 21, Du Bray 16, Courtney 22, Marlin 12, Burgess 21.

No. 3, medal shoot, 25 blue rocks: Frothingham 20, Lamphere 16, Steck 23. Glover 21, D. G. Tunnicliff 11, De Wolf 17, Mathews 16, Goodrice 15, G. Tunnicliff 19, DuBray 12, Courtney 20, Marlin 12, Willard 24, Funk 25 Ferguson 22, Burgess 24. Class A, Willard; class B, Funk; class C, DeWolf.

No. 4, 27 bluerocks: Frothingham 18, Lamphere 19, Glover 20, D. G. Tunnicliff 15, DeWolf 16, Mathews 11, G. Tunnicliff 16, DuBray 19, Courtney 24, Marlin 13, Willard 22, Funk 21, Ferguson 19, Morgan 21, Burgess 24.

No. 5, 25 bluerocks: Funk 23, Lamphere 18, Glover 20, D. G. Tunnicliff 22, DeWolf 8, Courtney 23, DuBray 20, Marlin 23, Willard 22, Morgan 19, Furgerson 21, Burgess 11.

The weekly shoot on Aug. 12 was well attended. Considering that an irregular, stiff wind blew from the rear diagonally across the traps, the scores are excellent. This club is one of the strongest in the West. It numbers in its memhersbip some of the most skillful trap shooters. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 15 singles and 5 doubles: Heikes 24, Von Lengerke 19, McDonald 11, Bingham 22, Patterson 16, Frothingham 23.

No. 2, medal shoot, 25 bluerocks: Heikes 24, Bingham 20 Willard 22, Marlin 15. Funk 22, Ferguson 22, McDonald 22, Patterson 21, Eich 22, De Wolf 12, Glover 18, Morgan 20, Coe 11, Malthy 19, Frothingham 22, Steck 21, Lewis 13, Tunnicliff 14, Burr 18, Goodrich 15, Taylor 18, Moran 20, Waters 16, Norton 22. Class A, Heikes; Class B, Funk; Class C, Maltby.

No. 3, 25 bluerocks: Bingham 23, Willard 18, Marlin 12, Funk 23, Ferguson 20, Patterson 19, De Wolf 15, Glover 20, Morgan 20, Coe 19, Maltby 19, Tunnicliff 20, Burr 22, Moran 22, Waters 19, Norton 21.

Following is the score of the Eureka team in the sectional championship contest, 50 singles and 25 doubles: Heikes 47 singles, 44 doubles; Von Lengerke 45 singles, 43 doubles; McDonald 29 singles, 41 doubles; Frothingham 46 singles, 43 doubles; Bingham 46 singles, 45 doubles.

B. Waters.

Watson's Park.

Aug. 9.—South Chicago Gun Club, 20 live birds for club medal:
L C Willard02101221120110222211—16 Sibley...20010221100200022022 –11
P Miller...00110122112212101122—16

Ties on 16 for medal:
L C Willard...21110—4 21221—5 11211—5
P Miller...12102—4 11111—5 21001—5

Thirty targets, for medal:
L C Willard...101111111111111111110111110111—27
Sibley...101001111000110101000010010011—14
Miller...011110111110110101001111111111—22
Ike Watson...111111111111111111111111011111—29

Capt. A. H. Bogardus shot at 25 live birds, one trap, one harrel, birds to fall not less than 10yds. from trap to be scored, and 80yds. boundary, his first practice shoot for his coming match:
A H Bogardus...11111••1111111011•1•11111—20

John Watson.

One Hundred Guns at Oakland.

San Francisco, Aug. 8, 1893. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find score of our last tournament, held on July 30 at our shooting grounds in Oakland. It was one of the most successful events of the season, bringing together a larger number of sportsmen than have ever been present at an event of this kind in California. The entry list speaks for itself, there being no less than 100 shooters in the main event. The program opened at 10 o'clock A. M., and closed at 6 P. M. In that time the schedule matches and ties were all shot off. Clabrough, Golcher & Co.

25 birds, for 13 prizes, entry, price of birds, American Association Rules:

Allison	1111110111111010111111101—21
Bruner	1101111111111111111001110—21
Robinson	1111111110111100101111111—21
Allen	1011111110101111111111011—21
Elliott	1111101111111110110100111—20
Slade	1111111111110100011101011—19
Bolander	1111001110110111101111001—18
Cate	0110111101101111010111011—18
Forster	1111111111110101011000110—18
Fisher	1010111101111111111110000—18
Drennan	1110111100111111010111100—18
Bruns	1001111001101110111111011—18
Kainey	0111111011011101011111010—18
Burston	0111011111000101111100111—17
Scott	1111111010110110101000111—17
Venker	1110011011001011001111111—17
Webb	0111110111010010011111001—16
Uhl	1010100101110111101110011—16
Levi	0111110011111010110011100—16
Stewart	1110111010100100111011101—16
Reed	1101101010100111011110011—16
Daniels	1110101011111000111100011—16
Morrison	1100001111001101010110111—15
Quinton	1101111011010010101011001—15
Olsen	1101001110011101110011010—15
Hare	1101101010101011001010111—15
Whitney	1101110101110001101011100—15
Baum	1110001110111110000011101—15
Cull	0011111011010011010010111—15
Spenser	0111011001001111101010011—15
Rosetta	0110111011110011010100110—15
McCain	0001101011111100101101101—15
Golcher	0011100111011110011101001—15
Depue	1011010111000001101110110—14
Cook	0010001111111001100101011—14
Heines	0001011000001110110111111—14
Atherton	1100111100001101101100011—14
Helms	0110110110010001101101011—14
Newbert	1100110011000100011111110—14
Newson	0010100011001111100111110—14
Vernon	0111011101000100001101111—14
Zintgraff	1010011110101101100010110—14
Richerson	1011010110110000011100111—14
Rober	0111010111010101000001111—14
Rice	1101100100110011110000111—14
Keane	1110111010000110010101011 -14

Adams, G. A. McDougall. Chapman, Baker, Parks, Murdock, Hoxie, Dick, Nelson, Wenzel, E. Cate, 13 each; Varney, Potter, Ostrander Jamieson, Evans, Zeiner, 12 each; Peterson, Cronan, Bennett, Walton, Thorn, Staples, Ashcroft, 11 each; Wagner, Liddle, McEvoy, Patchell, 10 each; Beideiheimer, Rigney, Johnson, C. U. Robinson. C. Staples, Cord. Condon, 9 each; R. McDougall, Mason, Doc, Casey, Dwyer, Larson, 8 each; Andrews, Wagner, 7 each; Gordon, Steigerman, Anson, Bower, Melletz, Boland, 6 each; Fitzsimmons 5, Barrett 4, Taylor 3, Hustler 2. Legall 1.

Allison first, $80 gun; Elliott second, Slade third, Bolander fourth, Burston fifth, Webb sixth, Morrison seventh, Depue eighth, Adams ninth, Varney tenth; Cronan and Staples divided eleventh and twelfth; Rigney thirteenth.

Sheboygan Shots.

Sheboygan Falls, Wis., Aug. 10.—I inclose herewith some of the scores made at the second annual tournament of the Sheboygan Gun and Rod Club, on Aug. 4, 5 and 6. There were several crack shots from outside who took part in the tournament, two or three of whom we understand, are not recorded by their right names, which ought not to be. The local gunners were not left in the rear every time, and many of them made good records, as the following scores will show:

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.: Keller 8, Neumeister 8, Kroos 7, Warren 5. Winfield 9, Heikes 10, Davis 6, Ladwig 9, Brazelton 5.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks: Kroos 4, Keller 9, Neumeister 8, Davis 9, Heikes 8, Winfield 10, Warren 7, Ladwig 5, Brazelton 7.

No. 3. 15 bluerocks: Heikes 15, Davis 12, Keller 15, Warren 10, Neumeister 12, Winfield 13.

No. 4, 20 bluerocks: Heikes 19, Neumeister 10, Keller 11, Davis 17, Kroos 12, Winfield 16, Zurheide 14, Ladwig 18.

No. 5, 10 bluerocks: Zurheide 4, Warren 5, Kroos 8, Davis 8, Heikes 10, Winfield 9, Ladwig 7, Keller 9. Neumeister 7, Shadbolt 9.

No. 6, 15 bluerocks: Davis 11, Warren 11, Kroos 10, Heikes 12, Zurheide 8, Winfield 13, Keller 11, Neumeister 13, Ladwig 8, Shadbolt 10

No 7, 10 bluerocks: Keller 10, Warren 8, Neumeister 6. Zurheide 6, Rummele 6, Winfield 6, Barrett 3, Brazelton 10. Heikes 10, Ladwig 7.

No. 8, $40 guarantee purse, 20 bluerocks, $2 entry, 30, 25, 20, 15, 10 per cent.: Heicks 20, Keller 16, Zurheide 14, Brazelton 15, S. Warren 13, Bandman 20, Baldwein 10. Barrett 15, Rummele 17, Winfield 16, Neumeister 11. Bock 12, M. Kroos 13, Ladwig 14.

No. 18, 15 bluerocks: Kaufmann 10. Winfield 11, Keller 14, Bandman 13, Heicks 15, Barrett 9, Brazelton 8, Bock 9.

No. 19, $50 guarantee purse, 20 bluerocks, $2.50 entry. 30, 25, 20, 15, 10 per cent.: Winfield 18, Barrett 13, M. Kroos 10, Ladwig 17, Zurheide 10, Brazelton 14, Heicks 19, Keller 19, Kaufmann 15, Bandmann 13, Bock 15, H. Gruebner 12.

No. 20, team shoot, any three men to constitute a team, 10 bluerocks, $3 entry per team, 50, 30, 20 per cent: Keller 8, Ladwig 5, Brazelton 6, Heicks 10, Winfield 10, H. Gruebner 6, Yorgey 2, Bock 7, Bandmann 8, Kaufmann 8, Zurheide 6, Barrett 8, A. Kaufmann 6, C. Kerskamp 3, M. Kroos 9.

No. 21. 15 bluerocks: Barrett 14. J. Kroos 12, Brazelton 11, Bandmann 14, M Kroos 14. Keller 12, Heicks 15, Winfield 14, Ladwig 11.

No. 22, 20 bluerocks: Heicks 20, Winfield 16, Keller 18, J. Kroos 17, Barrett 12, M. Kroos 10.

Na. 23, 10 bluerocks: Ladwig 10, Trester 5, Traudt 4, Keller 6, Bock 7, Kaufmann 5, Barrett 5, Brazelton 8, Meixner 4, S. Meunier 4, Yorgey 7, H. S. Laehle 5, J. Kroos 5, Winfield 9, Hicks 8.

No. 24, 10 bluerocks: Barrett 7, Heicks 19, Yorgey 0, Trester 3, S. Meunier 8, Keller 8, Kaufmann 7, Meixner 6, Winfield 10, Ladwig 8, Traudt 5, Henry 4, Kroos 4.

No. 25, 15 bluerocks: Heicks 15, Winfield 14, Meixner 13, Traudt 8, Kaufmann 13, Henry 8, Bandmann 11, Barrett 12, J. Kroos 12, S. Meunier 13, Ladwig 11, Trester 11, Keller 14.

No. 26, 10 bluerocks: Meunier 8, Barrett 8, Ladwig 8, Winfield, Bock 9, J. Kroos 7, Kaufmann 8, Heicks 10, Meixner 9, Bandmann 9, Trester 4, Traudt 6, Keller 8, Schiffender 6.

No. 27, 20 bluerocks: Heicks 19, Meunier 15, Bandmann 18, Winfield 13, Barrett 17, Bock 18, Kaufmann 17, Meixner 19, Keller 16, J. Kroos 19, Brazelton 13, Henry 14, Ladwig 13, Rummele 16.

No. 28, 10 bluerocks: Heicks 9, J. Kroos 10, Keller 10, Markbam 3, Rummele 10, Meunier 10, Henry 6, Winfield 8, Meixner 9, Kaufmann 9, Barrett 9, R Neumeister 4, Staeble 3, Bock 8.

No. 29, 15 bluerocks: Winfield 14, Meixner 15, Barrett 13, Bandmann 15, Keller 14, J. Kroos 11, Heicks 15, Rummele 12, Henry 9, S. Meunier 7.

No. 30, $75 guarantee purse, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3, 30, 25, 20, 15, 10 per cent.: Heicks 20, Kroos 12, Keller 16, Barrett 18, Rummele 17, R. Neumeister 9, Schiffeneder 12, Brazelton 13, Dillingham 13, Winfield 18, Meixner 17, Bandmann 18, Muenier 17, Bock 14, Kaufmann 17, Ladwig 15. Henry 12, J. Bitter 10.

No. 31, team shoot, any three men to constitute a team, 10 bluerocks, entrance per team $3. 50, 30, 20 per cent.: Bandmann 10, Heicks 10, Barrett 8, Rummele 8, Kroos 8, Kaufmann 9, Bitner 6, Bock 6, A. Kaufmann 6, Schiffeneder 6, Winfield 10, Keller 6, Meunier 6, Meixner 10, Ladwig 9, Trester 6, Dillingham 6, Brazelton 9, R. Neumeister 4, Henry 9.

No 32. citizens' purse, 25 bluerocks. entrance $2: Barrett 25, J. Kroos 17, Meixner 24, Trester 16, Henry 12, Guenther 9, Meunier 21, Traudt 21, Heicks 24, Keller 20, Winfield 23, Rummele 16, Bandman 25, Ladwig 16, Brazelton 17.

No. 33, 15 bluerocks: Barrett 14, Heicks 15, Keller 15, Meixner 13, Lingelbach 3, Koebn 1, J. Kroos 14, Traudt 13, Kehl 4. R. Neumeister 8, Guentber 9, Bandmann 13, Winfield 14, Schlyter 8, Fritzlaff 4, Kaufmann 14, Trester 12, Meunier 12, Blust 11, Ladwig 13. W. C. T.

Wauregan Gun Club.

The Wauregan Gun Club held their monthly shoot at their club grounds, Pelhamville, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1892, in which twelve members competed for prizes. The birds were a fine lot of flyers:

L E Minor	0222121210—8	F Lyon	1211•22122—9
W H Brickner	1001210122—7	R Darling	201010111•—6
G W Silberhorn	2222110111—9	M F Brickner	11•1101111—8
F Knof	12111•2212—9	J N Mills	21120•2112—8
D Volenti	2122020010—6	F Kerker	•212010211—7
E Bornhoeft	1111200212—8	J W Spencer	111200111•—7

Sweepstakes, $2.50 entry, first and second money:

F Knof	1•202—3	R Darling	20201—3
W H Brickner	12111—5	J Spencer	11111—5
L E Minor	10121—4		

Miss and out, 3 bird limit, same conditions: W. H Brickner 3, J. Spencer 0, L. E Minor 0, R. Darling 2, F Knof 2, F. Kerker 1.

Miss and out, 3 bird limit: W. Brickner 2, R Darling 2, F. Kerker 2, D. Volenti 0, E. L. Minor 0, J. Spencer 0, F. Knof 2.

J. H. Mills, Referee.

Nickel Plates.

Chicago.—At the annual meeting of the Nickel Plate Gun Club, held Aug. 10 at Chamber of Commerce Building, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, E Baggot; Vice-President, H. O. Perry, re-elected second term; Treasurer and Secretary. E Colby, Jr., re-elected fourth term; Board of Directors, E. P. Arnold, V. F. Sivore, W F. Harrison, being newly elected; S. S. Kimbell and A. H. Brinkman holding over G. R.

The New Burgess.

The new Burgess repeating shotgun has been put upon the market and may now be seen in sporting goods stores It has many features which will commend it to sportsmen. It is symmetrical in appearance, well finished and well balanced, and is provided with a simple device for separating the barrel from the stock for convenience in camping. The mechanism of the gun is based on a new principle, differing from anything which has yet appeared in the line of repeaters, and possessing novel features. The advertisement of this gun will be found in our columns next week.

Manufacturers' at Allentown.

Detroit, Aug. 10.—The sixth shoot of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association will be held at Allentown, Pa , Sept. 12 and 13, on the grounds of the John F. Weiler Gun Club. There are five railroads running into Allentown, viz: the Lehigh Valley. P. & R., Nor. Penn. Central R. R. of N. J., Lehigh & S. R. R. and Perkiomen R. R , and, therefore, it is easily reached. The grounds are about fifteen minutes' ride by electric car from city, and are inclosed and contain a cozy club house, with a large hotel at entrance, where meals can be procured at all hours at moderate prices. The electric cars pass all the depots, and if shooters choose they can go direct to grounds. All shooters are invited to visit club rooms on North Seventh street. There is no doubt that this shoot will be well attended on account of the novel, interesting and liberal programme presented by the Association. The trophy race will attract a good deal of interest, as it proves beyond a doubt who is the champion target shot of Pennsylvania.

John Parker, Manager M. T. S. A.

Douglas Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 5.—In the medal shoot to-day Eich won A medal, Sherman B medal, and Hart C medal. Scores for A medal:

J Church	1111110100111010111011111—19
M J Eich	1111010111011111011111111—21
For B medal:	
E Essig	1010011110110100111001101—15
J Sherman	1111111111111110111011101—22
For C Medal:	
E Hart	1111110011101110111110101—19
C Eich	1111111011011010010111101—18
Previous scores:	
Eich	0111110111010111111010010—17
Sherman	1010111111110111111110111—21
Hart	0111111001111110010111111—19

Sec.

Des-chree-shos-ka.

Detroit, Aug. 10.—The third international tournament to be held on Des-chree-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Sept. 5, 6, 7 and 8, will be a very interesting one. There will be two $200 guaranteed events and one $100 guaranteed purse, a $100 purse entrance free, a two-man team race, $50 first money entrance free; two trophy races for the international championship of U. S. and Canrda, one on live birds and one on targets There will be one big sweep on live birds, $25 entrance, 25 live birds, 4 moneys; the Parker sliding handicap will be used, but will not apply on the guaranteed events. Programmes will be out next week. John Parker, Manager.

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 3.—*Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the Harrisburg Shooting Association the following officers were elected to serve for ensuing year: Jas. H. Worden, president; W. R. Fieles, vice-president; H. B. Shoop, sec.; D. M. M. Connick, treas.; H. M. F. Worden, captain. We are now busy as nailers arranging for the State shoot in September, which will be the largest and grandest shoot ever held in Harrisburg Trap shooters should write for the finest programme ever provided by a shooting association. W. B. Shoop.

Capt. Bogardus and the Unknown.

Capt. A. H. Bogardus writes of his forthcoming match: "It will be a more skillful match than has been shot for years. We are to shoot at 100 live pigeons each, 15yds. rise, with a circle of 10yds. drawn around the trap. all birds must be killed inside the circle, and must be retrieved by a dog. Use of one barrel only. The conditions approach closely field shooting. The match will be shot some time between Sept. 20 and Oct 1. I shall name the day in a week or two. The man who is to shoot against me is unknown. I do not care who he is; I think I can win. A. H. Bogardus."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. L. M , Pittsburg, Pa.—Will you kindly advise me if any change was made in Pennsylvania law on squirrels? My last copy of *Game Laws in Brief* gives Sept. 1 as the opening day. Ans. No, the law remains the same.

H. E. S., Columbia, S. C.—Our goggle-eye is a poor fish abounding in lakes and streams, generally frequenting deep water and going in schools. Is it the *Pomoxys sparoides*, elsewhere known as calico bass? Ans Yes. In Lake Erie it is the strawberry bass or grass bass, and in Illinois the calico bass. It is also in various parts called goggle-eyed perch, bank lick bass, bitter-head and lamplighter.

E. M. S , Lansing. Mich.—Would you please advise how English carp can be taken out of a small pond with muddy bottom? You cannot catch more than one or two at a time with a hook and line, and it is impossible to catch them with a net, as they bury themselves in the mud. Ans. If you wish the fish for use persevere with the hook or drain the pond and scoop them out. If you regard them as pests to be gotten rid of, you may drain and scoop, or if there are no other fish in the pond, and if the pond is not connected with other waters, use lime or an explosive.

The best line to California from either Chicago or St. Louis is the Burlington route. Takes you via Denver, Colorado Springs, Leadville, Salt Lake and Ogden. Daily vestibuled trains, with Pullman sleepers chair cars (seats free) and Burlington route dining cars.—*Adv.*

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It gives directions for preparing and preserving Skins, Antlers, etc. Also prices for Heads and Rugs, Birds and Fish, and all kinds of work in Taxidermy.

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Most sensible people who realize how complex and variable the game and fish laws are, do not try to

REMEMBER

them, but depend for reference upon the standard compilation, in fact the only comprehensive and correct compendium—the *Game Laws in Brief.* It covers the United States and Canada, and has numerous half-tone pictures. It may be had of your dealer, or will be sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream. Price, 25 cents.

FROM the first issue of this paper it has been used, and for nearly twenty years this particular space has been occupied by

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

who now say that they have given up advertising at least for the present.

Notice to Fishermen! Cut Prices for 1893.

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and not decreasing the quality, it increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at $1.58 until all are sold. Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction
Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.
Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.
A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 90 cts.; 60yds., $1.00; 80yds., $1.10; 100yds., $1.20.
Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.
Brass Click Reels, 40, 60, 80 or 100yds., 28 cts. each; 5 cts. extra for postage.
One lot of Multiplying Raised Pillar Reels with Balance Handles and Lifting Drag: 40yds., 38 cts.; 60yds., 48 cts. 80yds., 58 cts.; 100yds., 68 cts.; 150 yds., 78 cts.
A special lot of Trout Flies at 30 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.
A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5 cents each sent by mail, 1 cent extra for postage.
All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 1 cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage
100ft. Braided Linen Reel Line on Block, 41 cts.; 300ft. of Hand-Made Linen Reel Lines on Block, 9 thread, 38 cts., sent by mail 3 cts. extra for postage.
Brass Box Swivels, all sizes No. 1 to No. 12., 15 cts. per dozen, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.
Single Gut Leaders, 3ft., 4 cts., 45 cts. per dozen. Double Gut Leaders, 40in., 5 cts. each. Treble Gut Leaders, 32in., 7 cts. each. Four-ply Leaders, 32in., 8cts.
Special lot of best quality 100ft. Linen Reel Lines, 8 cts., 200ft., 15 cts.; 300ft., 22 cts.; 3 cts. extra for postage.

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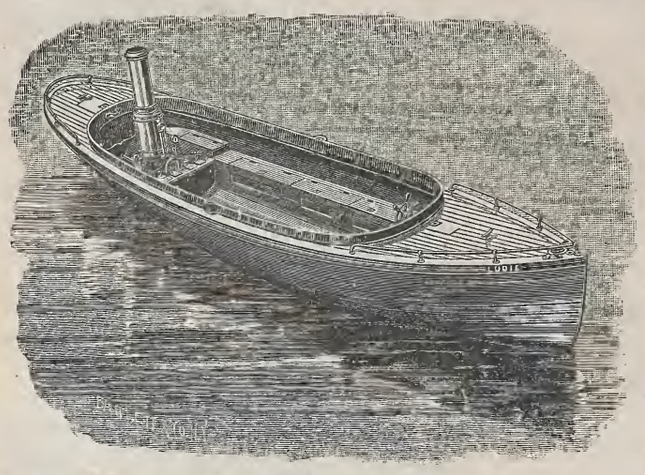

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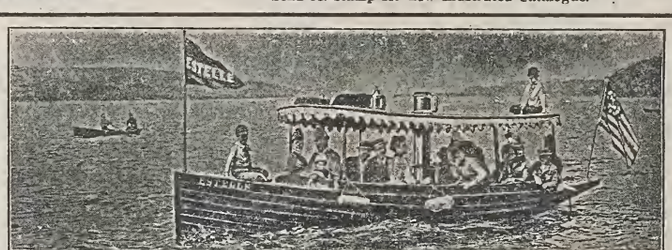

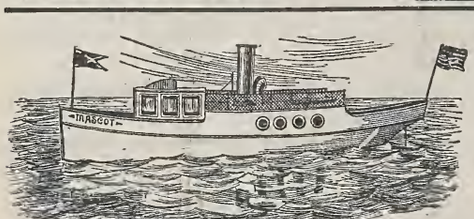

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THE STANCHEST AND MOST DURABLE PORTABLE BOAT MADE!

Impossible to tip it over by Rocking!

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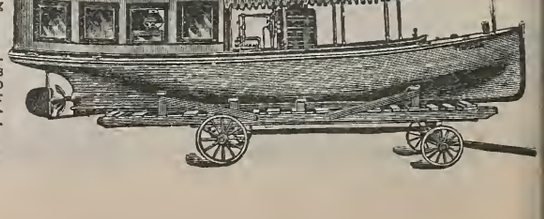

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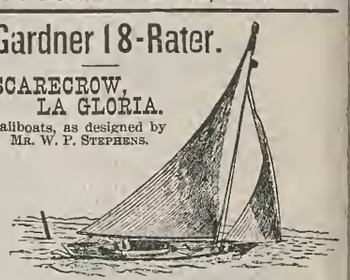

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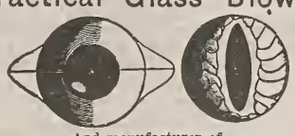

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EGGS AND FRY
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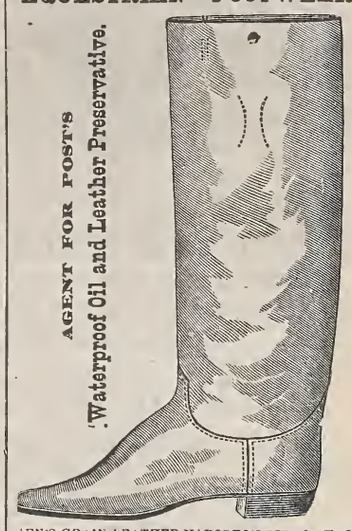

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1893.

VOL. XLI.—No. 8. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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WE HAVE LOST A BEAR.

THE FOREST AND STREAM grizzly died last Saturday. She was the survivor of the pair of cubs sent to us in 1885 from Montana, where, in the wilds of Cut-Bank, Piegan Indian John had taken the scalp of the maternal grizzly in fair and open set-to. The cubs were placed by us in the Central Park of this city. The male died in 1888, having succumbed to a pulmonary complaint contracted in the great blizzard of that year. The female in turn died of consumption. Each met an untimely death. Amid the higher altitudes of the Rockies they might have lived to a green and grizzly old age.

We should not do our grizzly justice, if we permitted her to pass into oblivion without adverting to those lovely and unbearish traits which were conspicuous in her character and endeared her to the populace. She was, as bears go—or more truly, as bears do not go—a creature of sweetness and light—sweetness not wasted on the desert air nor light hidden amid the gloom of the thick timber. She exhibited a side of bear nature not revealed to those who study the race with traps and clogs and guns. All that a savage and ferocious bear of the wilderness should be, she was not. All that a civilized and polished bear of the town should be, she was. Her life was a beautiful demonstration of the great truth that the children of the tribe of Ephraim are after all but the creatures of their surroundings.

Snatched in a tender stage of ursine infancy from the rugged and roughening scenes of her native lair in the wilderness, she was removed from the companionship, the influence and the teachings of grizzly exemplars, and was brought to dwell among men in the metropolis. Here, amid the beauties of landscape gardening, the monuments and statues of poets, painters, patriots, philosophers and divines, within hearing of the hum of the concourse where the equipages of fashion roll their ceaseless course, surrounded by art galleries and libraries, churches, synagogues, hospitals, colleges, vast apartment houses and hotels towering in the air, here, in a word, in a center of civilization and culture and refinement, she curbed her savage instincts, took on the graces of an amiable sociability, and as she grew in years and bulk and length of claw, and her disposition mellowed, she proved herself worthy of the exalted station to which destiny had called her. She renounced the immemorial traditions of her race with respect to human kind. She was a stranger to fear of humanity, and felt no infuriate animosity toward it. Man the death-dealer and exterminator of grizzlies she knew not, and knowing not hated not. Man the purveyor of peanuts and confectionery she knew, and knowing loved.

Her life was one continuous levee. It is with bears as with men—

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

During the years of her sojourn in the bear pit of Central Park, she furnished a spectacle for the curious gaze of millions of visitors. Some of them she amused with her antics; others she entertained with her winsome ways; and the thoughtful among them she baffled with her eyes. Those eyes were mild, luminous with intelligence, now twinkling with humor, then quizzical, on occasion contemptuous and scornful, in the distress of her last days appealing and pathetic, mysterious and uncanny with something of the human in them—so wonderfully human that looking into them one might well understand why the red Indian ascribed supernatural power to his brother the bear, and might know how the doctrine of the transmigration of souls came into the world.

THE BERING SEA DECISION.

THE arbitrators chosen to decide the points in dispute between the United States and Great Britain, in connection with fur sealing in Bering Sea, rendered their decision on Tuesday, Aug. 15.

Not very many years ago there arose in the North Pacific Ocean the practice of killing the fur seals for commercial purposes during their migrations to their breeding grounds. Later, the seals were followed into Bering Sea, and vessels hovered about the Pribylov Islands killing the animals on their journeys between the islands and their feeding grounds 60 or 100 miles away. A large proportion of the seals so killed were breeding females, and about three-quarters of those killed were lost by sinking before they could be secured. Thus the destruction was very great and very wasteful. The industry of pelagic sealing at length assumed such proportions that the United States, claiming that the seals were its property, took active measures to put an end to the slaughter, and captured and confiscated certain vessels engaged in it, which were flying the British flag. Much diplomatic correspondence ensued, and a treaty was at length made between the United States and Great Britain, which provided that the whole subject of the jurisdiction of the United States over the waters of Bering Sea, the preservation of the fur seals which habitually resort to that sea to breed, and the right of citizens and subjects of either country to take the fur seals in the open sea, should be submitted to a tribunal composed of seven arbitrators, two to be named by Great Britain, two by the United States, one by France, one by Italy and one by Sweden and Norway.

The arbitrators chosen were, for the United States, Justice John M. Harlan and Senator John T. Morgan; for Great Britain, Lord Hannen and Sir John S. D. Thompson; for France, Baron de Courcel, who was subsequently chosen president of the tribunal; for Italy, Marquis Emilio Visconti-Venosta, and for Sweden and Norway, Judge Gram.

The various questions in dispute were embodied in Article VI. of the treaty of arbitration, which will be found in another column. A brilliant array of counsel appeared before the arbitrators, some of the best lawyers of England and the United States being represented.

For the United States it was contended (1) that the Bering Sea was not included in the Pacific Ocean, as that term was used in the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia; (2) that being a body of water nearly surrounded by land, Bering Sea belonged to Russia when that surrounding land was Russian territory; (3) that whatever rights Russia had to Bering Sea and in the seal fisheries passed unimpaired to the United States under the treaty of March 30, 1867, by which the territory of Alaska was purchased; (4) that one of those rights so passing to the United States was the right of protection of and property in fur seals frequenting islands of the United States in Bering Sea, wherever such seals might be found, whether on shore or in the open sea outside the ordinary three-mile limit.

Great Britain held that the United States had no jurisdiction in the waters of Bering Sea outside the three-mile limit, and that the seals in the open sea were *ferœ naturœ* and belonged to whomever might take them.

On all of these questions the decision of the arbitrators is adverse to the United States. In other words, on all points of law the arbitrators decided against this country. The contention of the United States was for the establishment of new principles of international law, and it was the duty of the arbitrators who listened to the arguments made by the counsel of the two Governments to announce what the law was. Their declaration agrees in all respects with well established principles of international law, and thus is against the United States.

On the other hand, the arbitrators have formulated a series of regulations for seal fishing by citizens of the United States and Great Britain which gives to the seals a large measure of protection, almost as much, indeed, as the United States contended for. By these regulations:

(1) It is forbidden to kill seals within a zone of sixty miles around the Pribylov Islands.

(2) A close season is established from May 1 to July 31 inclusive for fur seals on the high seas in the Pacific Ocean north of the 35th parallel of north latitude and east of the 180th degree of longitude from Greenwich.

(3) Only sailing vessels shall be permitted to take part in fur sealing operations.

(4) Each sailing vessel must be licensed and carry a distinguishing flag prescribed by its Government.

(5) Masters of vessels shall keep a tally of the number and sex of seals captured each day, and these records shall be communicated to the two Governments at the end of the season.

(6) The use of nets, firearms or explosives is forbidden in fur sealing at any time in the Bering Sea, but shotguns may be used in fishing outside of Bering Sea during the open season.

(7) The two Governments shall take measures to control the fitness of men engaged in fur sealing.

(8) Indians may be engaged in fur sealing, provided they are not employed by other persons and provided they do not hunt fur seals outside of territorial waters under contract to deliver skins to anybody.

(9) These regulations shall remain in force until they have been fully or in part abolished by a common agreement between the United States and Great Britain.

The establishment of the close season, the sixty-mile zone about the Pribylov Islands and the prohibition against steam vessels, firearms and nets will if rigorously enforced be likely to result in the serious crippling of pelagic sealing, if not in its actual abolition. There is still a number of details which will come up for settlement, and it will be necessary for some agreement to be made between the two Governments for enforcing the regulations announced.

It is unfortunate that other nations, whose territory is washed by waters frequented by the fur seal, were not represented at the arbitration conference at Paris, and are not bound by its decisions. The regulations should govern citizens of Russia, Japan, China and other less important nations, if the seals are effectively to be preserved. These regulations will be law for the citizens of the United States and Great Britain, but not for vessels flying the flags of other nations. Heretofore, almost all pelagic sealers have been either Americans, Englishmen or Canadians, but it will not be difficult for an American or a Canadian who wishes to engage in fur sealing, to obtain a registry from another country and to pursue his trade. Since, however, Great Britain, Russia and the United States seem to be of one mind on the question of seal preservation, it should be possible to induce other nations to conform to the regulations laid down last week by the arbitrators at Paris.

Although the United States did not by any means obtain what was desired in this arbitration, it is yet a matter for congratulation that through the efforts of this Government the fur seals will now have a much greater chance for life than at any time since pelagic sealing has been practiced. And the civilized world may rejoice that a dispute between two of the greatest nations of the earth, which at one time threatened to become serious, has been amicably settled in this way. It is another triumph for arbitration; the world has advanced one step further along toward the time when armies and wars shall be abolished.

THE reappointment of Mr. James Gayler as First Assistant Postmaster gives general and deserved satisfaction to all who have dealings with the New York post-office. Mr. Gayler has been in the service for thirty-eight years, and has held his present position since 1880. He is highly esteemed both by the department and by the public as an efficient and valuable official. He is an enthusiastic fisherman, and it is quite clear to us that the success of his career is due to the fact that he has had the good sense to go fishing whenever he could break his chains and get away, and when he could not has made the best of the situation by reading FOREST AND STREAM. The weekly copy of this journal bearing the First Assistant Postmaster's address label is one piece of second class mail matter deposited in the New York post-office which the clerks take good care to see shall reach its destination.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MIDSUMMER ON THE MOLALLA.

"Lazyin' 'long the grassy bank,
Wher' the crick has made
Turnin's in an' out ag'in,
Huntin' fer the shade;
All the sunny afternoon,
Ef I had my wish,
I would never do a lick
'Cept ter fish."

—*W. J. Lampton in Detroit Free Press.*

THE pleasure of absolute indolence is appreciated by none more than by the angler who, for a fortnight of the heated term, lives in the forests of remote mountains where trout are plenty and where the rules of camp forbid catching more than can be used.

My friend Judge Cheney, in a recent letter, writing of his outing at Sunapee Lake, said: "I fished, loafed and rested. Did not read a newspaper or write a letter except to my daughter in Europe, and it was as near paradise as one gets in this world." Now, the whole angling world knows that Judge Cheney is absolute authority on all matters pertaining to true angling, and that if there is an anglers' heaven on earth, he can come about as near describing it as the next fellow. These outings are for recreation, and if one expects recreation pure and unalloyed he must dismiss business, forget his troubles and throw all care to the winds. Artistic fly-casting may, by the exercise of too much energy, shade into a sort of scientific labor, and thereby lose much of its poetry and many of its charms. There's little poetry in perspiration and no sentiment in wet stockings.

Imbued with these sentiments our crowd went to the Molalla—the men for trout, the women for berries, and all for a season of quiet camp life and listless inactivity, spiced with just enough trout and berries to keep us good-natured. There was to be no labor except that which might be necessary to meet the demands and fill the requirements of a well-regulated mountain camp. We have returned. And now, impartially reviewing the trip, its incidents and results, I feel constrained to say that, as a whole, it was a brilliant illustration of the superiority of man's will power over that of woman's.

We men, particularly Billy, scarcely deviated a hair's breadth from the original programme, while my wife and her mother gathered and preserved over sixty quarts of berries, besides those necessary for camp, which were no small item, for both Billy and Mead dearly love fresh berries with cream and sugar, as well as berry pies. Such an exhibition of energy on such a trip, in the face of those solemn asseverations about rest and recuperation, is disagreeable and offensive and should be rebuked. My reason for reproaching her through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, instead of speaking to her privately about the matter, emanate from a philanthropic desire to avoid renewing some of the scenes in camp which transpired when she returned from the hot berry patch to find us of the sterner sex asleep in the hammocks under the whispering firs by the murmuring stream, with no wood in camp.

I have said that we men kept our lazy lines well, but that I may not be misunderstood, I would like to add that, of all men of my acquaintance, Mr. J. Roberts Mead, my accomplice on this occasion, loves to fish the best. As Judge Cheney once said, it is a mild sort of mania with him. The Molalla was never in better condition, the trout were never finer, nor were the environments ever more pleasing and encouraging. Under these circumstances it is an easy matter to imagine how difficult it was for Mead to behave himself and stay in camp after securing all the trout we could use or give away. I wish that "Podgers" could have been with us instead of out on that dry stream "away back in the mountains" in Sonoma county, California, about which he has manifested so much distress in your issue of Aug. 5. "Podgers" is entitled to better treatment, and I shall never be satisfied until I take bim a-fishin' on some of the pretty mountain streams of Oregon, notwithstanding his prejudices.

Well, as I was saying, the Molalla was just lovely. Its riffles were barely passable, with a two to one chance that the tumultuous waters would take one's feet from under him, which said condition of said river occasioned many mishaps and ludicrous incidents, very pleasing and entertaining to him who witnessed but did not suffer them.

For but three or four days did we fish for all there was in it. Even so, and although everybody in camp was required to eat fish, and all the neighboring ranchers were made to feel our generosity to a nauseating extent, we were forced to feed a few nice trout to the hogs. You anglers all know how hard it is to listen to the admonitions of conscience when the trout are rising well to the fly. Billy abhors long, tedious trips, and, as a natural consequence, the circumstances afforded him ample opportunity for berating us for our prodigality, while excusing his own indolence and claiming credit for a frugality born of constitutional inertia and consummate laziness. But William is pretty smooth just the same. He would sneak out of camp silently, just as the sun was sinking behind the western mountains, and then bob up serenely after dark with a half dozen or more 12 or 15in. mountain trout, and as many more 18in. yarns about bloody battles with certain other mountain trout that still remained in certain neighboring pools. But then it takes all this and these to make a happy camp.

However, in justice to Billy, I must confess that on several occasions we actually caugbt him in the truth about some of the monsters of the Molalla deptbs. One night in particular his earnestness and apparent chagrin about the loss of the larger of two giants hooked at one and the same time in the deep pool just below camp, induced Mead to agree to go at dusk the succeeding evening and assist in the capture. The contract, as I remember it, was that Mead should do the fancy work, while Billy was to be the reserve force, supporting the landing net. Imagine my surprise, when on the following evening they returned to camp just as I was about to retire, with a genuine mountain trout weighing nearly 2lbs., besides several other fine fisb. My surprise vexed Bill, for had he not told us almost the exact size and dimensions of the trout the previous evening? Of course my humiliation was complete when he reproachfully called my attention to his Reuben-Wood still in the trout's mouth from the previous evening's experience.

Billy had ten good reasons for not taking any long trips. I remember but two of them; first, it wasn't necessary; tenth, he didn't want to. So it devolved upon Mead and myself to do the artistic work and suffer those hardships necessary to a proper recognition of the requirements of a camp on the Molalla, while Billy got up wood and water and left the dignity and reputation of the camp to take care of themselves.

Wednesday of the last week of July Mead and I took a tramp up the South Fork, fished diligently, were rewarded with ten dozen beautiful trout, and were back at camp in time for an early supper. Of course this was no great catch, but the trout were of fair size for mountain trout, and were of extremely fine quality. There is a dullness and languor about the trout of lakes and sluggish streams, which is never observable in the fish of these cold mountain streams. This is certainly true with the trout of this west coast. The fish we caught that day would probably average something more than 10in. in length, many of them over a foot; and they all seemed to be bundles of muscle and nerve, affording as good sport and as fine play as any of double the size in sluggish waters. We were forced on several occasions to follow our fish to the second and even the tbird pool before attempting to land them. The Molalla trout are energy personified; and they are always very hard-meated and most beautiful in color and proportion.

As an instance of their strength and vigor I must tell one on Mead. He had hooked a 15in. trout, played him out af the pool and back again, felt that he had bim, and felt that he had lost him a half dozen times (we were not bothering with landing nets), and finally got him up on the rocks safely. We measured him, admired him, and Mead put him in the basket without taking the precaution to break his neck.

Knowing the Molalla trout pretty well, I had frequently admonisbed him to look out for the hole in the top of the basket and keep his elbow over it if nothing more. Well, he proudly put his trout in the basket and stooped down to wash his hands. Presently I observed a sort of spotted agitation on the rocks, over at his basket side. "Look at your fish," I yelled. He turned just in time to see Mr. Blackspot on the last rock near the water's edge, and made a vicious grab for him. The trout slipped through his fingers, of course, and made another flop. As Mead made a lunge for him the trout made another lunge for the deepest part of the pool, and for a moment it was a question in my mind which would get there first. In a twinkling the trout was lost to sight, and presently Mead emerged from the pool, a wetter and a wiser man. He looked at me witb a ghastly sort of smile and remarked, "Well I'll be darned." That was the only time I ever heard him swear, and I felt that, under the circumstances, he was excusable.

But the circumstance proved a hoodoo to him. He had no more luck that day. It was one continued string of misfortunes for him until he got back to camp. He became morose and a bit ugly. He declined to talk and made his casts in a mecbanical sort of way that was offensive to even the fingerlings. Presently he came to two boulders sitting well out in the turbulent stream with their bases close together and tbeir crests wide apart, the interspace forming an exaggerated letter V, and the whole nearly buried in the foaming waters. Notbing would do but that he must perch himself on one of these boulders. Doubtless it was foreordained that he should, for he was out of luck. No sooner had he planted his feet on the smooth, slippery top than his heels flew up and down he went between the two pretty boulders, with his heels on one and his head on tbe other.

I was out on the bank and enjoyed the exhibition as much as was consistent with the solemnity of the occasion, and without giving vent to any undue hilarity. No one could help him; he couldn't help himself to any great extent. All he could do was to work himself around lengthwise in the trough, turn over on his face and get up as a man should, head first. His six-shooter, hunting-knife and fly-book were all "in it" along with him, and doubtless the romance of the situation was all lost to him. He had several falls before we reached the horses, and then, to add to his misery, his wet clothes proved offensive to his bare-backed cayuse and sbe was skittish all the way to camp and galled him badly. On this trip we started a bear and saw innumerable tracks of deer and other game but made no attempt to get any.

Saturday afternoon before our return to Portland we took a trip up the North Fork and captured about eight dozen very fine trout. They were nearly all black-spotted or mountain trout with a sprinkling of rainbows, and would probably average nearly or quite a foot in length. They were as fine a lot for the number and kind as it has ever been my pleasure to participate in catcbing. The caddis-worms in both Forks had not yet hatched and were very plentiful, which condition undoubtedly had much to do with the trout abstemiously declining our pretty flies and seductive casts. They gorge themselves and grow very fat on these case-worms, husk and all. But we had our baskets full to overflowing, and more, for this afternoon's work. The North Fork is the smaller of the two streams, and the trout had evidently commenced to drop back from their mountain retreats to the deeper waters of the main stream. We took our outing this year nearly a month too early, for the spring and early summer were very backward and cold, and the Molalla was yet rather full and almost icy cold. However, I have never known its waters to be warm enough to bathe in. Whether in midsummer or midwinter, I have never observed any material variation in its temperature. Nevertheless we had a deligbtful time and saw more grouse, pheasant and quail than I have ever seen any season heretofore for ten years.

Circumstances over which we had no control required our return to Portland just as the shooting season opened. We had only part of one day's shooting, but, as far as it went, it was eminently satisfactory. By the way, I must record a very neat double made by my wife with her little 16-gauge on a brace of superb grouse that gave her a quartering shot. And by the way too, I must tell you that she potted three young raccoons out of a tree, where Fritz, our German friend's small boy, had treed them; and almost cried because tbe old ones escaped.

Before closing this rambling letter I would like you to accord me space for the relation of a little North Fork incident illustrative of some men's innate cowardice. The upper Molalla is a weird sort of place. I have seen many streams in many countries. I have hunted the mountains and fished the streams of Oregon and Washington for a dozen years or more. The Molalla River is the prettiest stream I ever saw. Many beautiful streams have been spoiled by the logger. The Molalla will probably never be logged. A log, started down either Fork, would be converted into match-wood before it could reach the main river. There is a wild recklessness about its rapids that is fascinating; a weird ghostliness about its pools that is enchanting. The gloomy mountains, the rushing waters, the solemn boulders, the ghastly fissures, tbe dreamy cañons, the tilted strata and the all-pervading loneliness charm the beholder—hypnotize him as it were. One seems to lose his personality and become only an inert factor of the charming phantasmagoria which nature here wantonly exhibits; the playtbing of some occult, unintelligible power.

But to the incident. The side of a mountain had fallen into the river, which in seeking its way had divided into four good sized streams; three of which had gone out through the forest on their own hook, to join the parent stream again a mile or more below. One of these seemed particularly attractive to Brother Mead and me. Its course was dark and shadowy, and oh! such lovely, deep pools and foaming rapids. Well, we fished that branch part of the way, and neither of us seem yet fully to understand wby we did not fish it clear through. I was just below an abrupt bend of a deep, lovely pool. Mead was just above. Neither could see the other and neither was armed. I was busily engaged with flies and fish when a suspicious sound in the brush behind me caused me to turn. The noise ceased, and I fished again. Presently I heard it again, but could see nothing. Somehow the shadows seemed to become deeper and the loneliness more intensified; and I thought I would quietly move up and join Mead, just to be sociable, you know. There was nothing about the snapping of a few twigs to alarm any body, but the ghostly surroundings made a fellow feel that he would like company, particularly when good society could be had just around the bend, where fishing was just as good. Mead had moved on and I moved after him about half a mile, rather rapidly and without wetting a fly, before I overtook him on the open river. We both proceeded to fish along up the stream just as if we had not skipped a half mile of good water. Nobody let on, for neither had any idea that the other fellow was "on to" anything in particular.

That night by the camp-fire Mead suddenly broke the silence by asking me point-blank whether I noticed anything peculiar that afternoon in the brush back of that dark pool. I looked him in the eye and answered him Yankee fashion with the querie: "Did you?" "Yes," said he, "I did; and I saw a thundering big bear track besides, and thinking that, possibly, you had cut across to the main river I thought I would move along and catch up with you just to be sociable, you know." So it seems tbat we both concluded to be sociable about the same time; and that the promptings were so strong that we actually chased each other like two jack-o'-lanterns, while Mr. Bruin, or whoever or whatever his royal nibs may have been, is probably even yet in blissful ignorance of the fact that he was at any time in such close proximity to so much of a social nature. While we sat there by the smouldering camp-fire thinking about the circumstance and silently estimating each other's characteristics and noble attributes, I imagined I heard a plaintive murmur from the direction of Billy's tent that sounded something like: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." But someway those dismal cañons of the upper Molalla do set a fellow to thinking solemn thoughts; and often, I presume, remind a fellow of more mean things than he has really been guilty of.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Aug. 10. S. H. GREENE.

IN THE ROCKIES.

READING a recent article on ruffed grouse in the FOREST AND STREAM recalled to mind many pleasant days spent in the New England woods, and in strong contrast to those green shades and babbling brooks arise the scenes of later years.

Here in the heart of the Rockies, at an altitude of 7,000 feet, one may easily reach the two extremes, tbe high lands and the low.

Going up the valley, facing the snow-covered peaks which rise to an altitude of nearly 14,000ft. and close in the valley, both to the north and east, one quickly passes through the piñones and sage brush and reaches the timber lands. Here is the primeval forest, as yet untoucbed by man's devastating hand, grand and solemn, but different in every way from the woods of the East. Here are only towering pines, with no deciduous trees intermixed to lend variety to trunk and sbade. Free from undergrowth, these trees stand far apart, upon a carpet of mountain bunch grass, no intertwining of branches, no loving embrace of trunks; but each—sufficient unto himself—stands aloof from his fellows, and drawing about him a mantle of pride lives out his solitary life unapproached by any of his kind.

And yet, lacking all those graceful elements of undergrowth and changing greens, these forests, or parks—for they are more like parks, are very beautiful—stretching away for miles and miles along some flat table-like plateau.

Here wanders the black-tailed deer and now and then a stately elk in parks of royal dimensions, but the elk are few and yearly becoming fewer, ruthlessly slaughtered by our "red brother." Soon tbey will be gone, for though it is an offense for a white man to kill one of tbese noble creatures the Indians are free to slay as many as they please and go unpunished. As one moves on through this park-like expanse, he may occasionally hear the *quit, quit* of that grandest of all feathered game birds, the wild turkey. Moving cautiously along to the rise of ground ahead you see a flock of these large birds running swiftly; and then with a thunder of wings they sail away across the deep cañon that yawns before you.

Going on, always up and up, one passes out from under the pines and into the quaking asps—always shivering with some unknown dread, their leaves ever restless and continually rustling. Intermingled is the tall tapering spruce.

Here is the summer home of the deer; they live on the luxuriant mountain grass and wild oats during the warm months, ranging clear up to timber line. Here too one finds the blue grouse, the snow-shoe rabbit and the ptarmigan, now dull in color; but when the winter's snows fill the gorges they array themselves in spotless white.

Here one may find the mountain lion, the lynx and the

bear. The bears are none of the "little fellows for a dime" which one finds in the Eastern woods, but a veritable full-grown bruin with "blood in his eye" and chip always on shoulder.

A week in these high altitudes is a week of pure delight. Far from all signs of civilization, in the depths of nature's wildest solitudes one throws away the cares of life and the busy world and lives.

High above tower the rugged mountain peaks, their scarred and wrinkled faces showing plainly the ravages of time. Below deep cañons and gorges with steep, precipitous sides to which cling the sturdy spruce. Far, far below one catches the murmur of the distant stream as it tumbles along over rocks and fallen timber, and from between the dense growth of cottonwoods which fringe its banks it flashes like a ribbon of silver.

Such are a few of the attractions the mountains continually hold forth to the lover of nature, and dull indeed must be he who feels the cool, inviting wind from above and does not respond to its prompting, or at least feel the desire to do so.

Let us now turn toward the lower lands to the south. How different! How unlike the same country! Mounting your good horse, you start out along a well traveled highway bounded on both sides by ranches whose fair level fields stretch out from hill to hill, covering the entire bottom of the broad valley. Gradually these ranches grow fewer, leaving spans of rough land unfenced, and as you advance they become more and more primitive. Then the valley draws together and the tillable land narrows down to a small strip along the banks of the stream. Finally you pass one shabby little cabin, the fences disappear, you no longer travel a well-worn road, but only a trail marks your way, the last sign of civilization is passed and you are entering a deep narrow cañon, with only the rocks and trees for landmarks. You

FIG. 1. WILD TURKEY.
Meleagris gallopavo.

are on the Indian Reservation and beyond the land of the white man

The trail is grandly picturesque, now winding in among the heavy growth of cottonwoods upon the river's bank, and now mounting the sides of the cañon climbing over huge blocks of rock dropped ages ago from the towering cliffs above. Then again the trail leads out on to some little flat of land covered with the piñon and sage brush, the latter silvery green and throwing out its strong, aromatic odor, bringing to you a realization that you are in a different land from old New England—that land of your boyish dreams, the wild West. From the fancies which thoughts of home bring up you are aroused by a call from one of your companions, and you see, by following the direction of their pointing arms, a little wall of rock way up under some overhanging cliff. Only a little wall of masonry, with one or two square holes left therein, but it brings a feeling of awe as you realize that you are looking upon the handiwork of a race which passed away hundreds of years ago, dead and gone, leaving no record of their living except the specimens of their cunning workmanship. It is an ancient cliff dwelling hundreds of feet above the present level of the stream. Leaving your horses tied to some piñon trees, you climb and scramble up, up, till exhausted and dizzy, you reach the narrow ledge upon which this home of long ago is perched. Naught there repays the climb, only some pieces of broken pottery and the dwelling itself, simply a square wall of masonry, built upon the narrow ledge of rock with the overhanging cliff for a roof. After gazing for a time, first at the house and then at the scene spread out before you, and conjecturing again and again upon the kind of beings these ancient people must have been, you make the descent, how, you know not, only that breathless and scratched, you finally reach your horse, and with a sigh of relief regain a seat in the saddle.

For many miles the trail leads through the cañon till the great cliffs drop lower and lower, and it spreads out into a broad plain. Vegetation is almost entirely gone. Small clumps of white sage, an occasional bunch of blue grass, some grease weed and the sharp spikes of the yucca are all.

A jack rabbit jumps up seemingly from the ground, makes a few leaps, stops, flicks his ears, a quiver passes over his body, and the spot where he was is vacant and only a streak of gray marks his flight.

Just on the little rise of ground ahead a skulking form is seen; it is the coyote, and the pistols are quickly brought into action. You knock the dirt up about his feet, too close for his comfort; and he, too, vanishes from view. For miles in all directions stretches the plain, hot and arid, till it melts into the distant blue of the mountain ranges far to the southward. The sun sinks toward the horizon and you hasten to a fringe of trees ahead, which marks the course of the Rio San Juan. Entering a grove, you make camp, and after a supper eaten with the relish that days in the saddle bring, light the pipes and gather around the blazing fire; for the warmth is grateful at night when, the sun gone, the cool breeze comes down from the snow-clad hills above; so you talk of the day's sights, and gradually they drift into the reminiscences of other days. The fire burns low, only now and then some ember, fanned by the breeze, glows with renewed life; a feeble blaze flickers for a moment, lighting up the gloom for a small space and showing the white branches of the cottonwoods overhead like spectral arms stretching out, vainly trying to grasp the fantastic shadows that dance about on the edge of the lighted space. The distant howl of the wolf is heard, answered by others from many sides. Reluctantly you leave the glowing bed of coals and crawl between the blankets, tired and sleepy and ready for the deep sleep sure to follow.

JORGE.

Natural History.

MOUNTED GAME BIRDS IN THE U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM.

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

WITH the view of submitting a general report upon the subject, I have for several months past been making a very careful study of the collection of mounted animals of all kinds, on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution and the United States National Museum at Washington, D. C. It is now a well recognized fact to students of taxidermy in this country that within very recent time the progress of that art has been so substantial that it now stands quite co-equal with its sister arts of painting and sculpture. My studies have carried me into a consideration of the various methods employed to preserve and prepare for exhibition the groups which constitute the great kingdom of the Invertebrata, and the accomplishments along those lines have been especially satisfactory. But this progress has been none the less gratifying in respect to the fishes, the reptiles and batrachians, the birds, the mammals, even including man himself. So broad is this field, however, that it will be impossible within the limits of this article to touch upon more than a very limited part of it, and in selecting that part I have endeavored to choose a subject of the widest interest, and I believe it will be admitted that our game birds studied from any point of view interest a host of readers among us. I have not been actuated altogether by this, however, for in studying the exhibit of the ornithological department of the U. S. National Museum, I find that it is among the so-called game birds that progress is perhaps the best shown. This is largely due to the fact that the game birds were the kind which were being mounted at the time the museum added to its taxidermical department at least one or two artists of great skill and talent, and so it was here that improvement was first evident.

Now the game birds I propose to allude to here are such of the sub-order *Gallinæ*, as include the family of grouse and partidges (*Tetraonidæ*), and the turkeys, which belong to the sub-family *Meleagrinæ*, of the family *Phasianidæ*, which in a broad sense includes the pheasants and their kin. This to the exclusion of the water game birds of any kind whatsoever, and the guans (*Cracidæ*) and pigeons, etc.

When we come to study the old collections of the ornithological department of the Smithsonian we are confronted with a most remarkable series of avian effigies. There are wild turkeys that are wild in more senses than one. Prepared by some unskilled taxidermist, a quarter of a century or more ago, they are at this writing a sorry lot to behold, with plumage all awry, wires exposed, body distorted, and, worst of all, such heads! One specimen, which I particularly have in mind, has had, by way of a change, all the feathers on the back of his neck drawn round to the front, and the skin of his head stretched so tight that every character has been obliterated from it by its drum-head tenseness. Then the somewhat over-patriotic taxidermist, to add insult to injury, has blotched this part of the poor bird's body all over with small isolated patches of red, white and blue paint, to imitate, I presume, the beautiful, varying colors of an old gobbler's head. But the turkeys were not the only sufferers among the game birds at the hands of those early taxidermists, for we find in the cases some miserable-looking moor cocks, a motley lot of fantastic pheasants, some queer-looking quail and a host of their kin, all pretty much in the same shape.

Of recent years, however, taxidermy has taken a great stride in advance, and has passed from the stage of a botch trade of bird-stuffing into the realm of an art, quite on the same plane with that of painting and of sculpture. This progress has been most beneficially felt at the Government museums at Washington, and for several years past, by the wise appointment of young and talented men at the institution, a great change has been wrought, and it is not at all likely that we shall ever see there again any backsliding on the lines indicated. So far as the ornithological department is concerned, some of the best work put in is to be noticed, perhaps, among the group we have here under consideration. A moment ago I was speaking of the sorry lot of mounted turkeys there were in the exhibition cases, and now these doleful-looking specimens are made to look more disreputable by the appearance among them of one or two pieces preserved according to the most improved methods known to the art. Turkeys' heads nowadays, instead of being simply skinned and allowed to dry, as formerly, are modeled in clay, over which the parts are most perfectly restored in wax. This latter is so naturally tinted and besprinkled with the hair-like feathers which normally occur in that region, that the effect is the most life-like that can possibly be imagined. They look for all the world the counterparts of the living birds, and I especially admire one old gobbler recently mounted for the museum by Mr. Henry Denslow, who has also done some admirable work in the American Museum of Natural History, at Central Park, New York city.

Another very fine turkey has been mounted for the National Museum by Mr. Nelson R. Wood, of the museum's workshops, and I am permitted to give an excellent figure of it here in illustration, taken from a photograph made for me at the gallery of the institution in question (Fig. 1). This old male bird has been preserved in an attitude of having just completed, or being just about to complete, a "strut." His elegant plumage is naturally elevated, the wings are lowered to the ground, the tail is spread and held obliquely, and, indeed, not a single point overlooked that characterizes this grand fowl when he assumes the position of strutting. It is one of the most artistic and withal the most successful pieces of bird taxidermy that I have ever seen, or with which I am acquainted.

All the other specimens of game birds figured in this article were preserved by Mr. Denslow, to whom I have already referred above—with the single exception, I believe, of the dusky grouse, which I think is the work of Mr. Wood. Another very fine thing we have to notice is the specimen of the English pheasant shown in Fig. 2. It is an old male bird in full spring plumage, and he has been most artistically mounted in a position very commonly assumed by that species. Standing upon one foot, he gracefully surmounts a high perch, much as he would some elevated point in his native haunts, from which, as he is shown doing here, he can survey at his leisure such objects as may attract his attention in the surrounding country spread out beneath him. The poise; the evident feeling of security; the observing look, and, in fact, everything pertaining to this pheasant have most admirably and artistically been wrought out. As in the case of the turkey just described, it is the accomplishment of a close

FIG. 2. ENGLISH PHEASANT.

student in the art, and the work of a master-hand—and so, a master-piece. To obtain the proper attitudes and postures for all birds of this kind, and indeed for any kind that is to be scientifically mounted for museum exhibition, constitutes one of the chief aims of the taxidermist, and one of the most important parts of his professional labors. There are several main lines of research from which he derives his hints of this nature. He may depend upon a close study of the positions assumed by birds that he has from time to time the opportunity to observe, either in their natural haunts or in zoölogical gardens or in cages, and all such observations can be preserved and the memory materially assisted by the aid of sketches made upon the spot. Then again the taxidermist can resort to the use of the photographic camera armed with an instantaneous and time shutter. Good photographs of living birds in natural positions and bereft of all superfluous surroundings, stand, in my opinion, head and shoulders above any other kind of aid in this direction that the taxidermic artist can obtain.

To this subject the present writer has given some little attention, and the chief requisite demanded, next to a thorough knowledge of the use of the camera in all its varied departments, is a familiarity of birds' habits, and a stock of tact and patience sufficient to supply a thousand men with that quality in the ordinary pursuits of life. Finally the taxidermist in some cases may rely upon the figures and plates that illustrate our larger and standard works upon ornithology. Audubon, for example, gives a great number that are good; Wilson not nearly so many; Brehm's superb figures, and those in Wood's Popular Natural History, with a great many others, are all useful for the purpose indicated. But it must ever be borne in mind that with respect to all manner of prints, sketches and photographs, they represent the bird on the flat, and not the round, and to be above all criticism, a well-mounted specimen of a bird must show normal contours of every part of its body, from whatever point of view we may select to regard it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Happy Event.

FOREST AND STREAM last week celebrated the completion of its fortieth volume, the rounding out of twenty years of sturdy and virile growth. In the press of America our esteemed contemporary occupies an enviable position, and the lover of all manly outdoor sport, from yachting and canoeing to the company of rod, gun and dog, can find among its pages just what he wants to read about, written by men whom he involuntarily feels a friendship for, though he may not know them. The paper is worthy of its success, and Mr. Charles Hallock, whose genial portrait adorns last week's issue, is to be heartily congratulated on the development of his conception in founding it.—*Marine Journal.*

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

The Last "Forest and Stream" Big Fish.

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—The FOREST AND STREAM tarpon, as is by this time pretty generally known, is the largest ever taken on rod and reel. The FOREST AND STREAM big-mouth bass is the largest specimen known to have been taken in the North. The FOREST AND STREAM brown trout, the "King of Castalia," mentioned last week as the loan of the Upper Castalia Club, is the largest trout of that species known to have been taken in sport in this country. (In a recent issue I was made to credit a gentleman with the statement that a "40lbs. brook trout" was once taken in Wales. The types should have read "brown trout.") This week comes yet another big fish for the adornment and betterment of the ever-improving FOREST AND STREAM corner in the Anglers' Pavilion. This time it is a magnificent specimen of the (Dolly Varden) trout of the Northwest country, thought to be the largest one ever sent East.

This last big fish has a curious history. It came here in the winter time to the great game and fish market of F. M. Smith, at the corner of Dearborn and South Water streets, and the daily press and certain anglers here pronounced it "the largest brook trout ever taken." (Its weight was 13½lbs., and in length it was 33in.) The local sporting press here, not being very well up in such things, also called it a brook trout. Mr. Smith therefore thought it was a brook trout, and it went at that, and was so labeled until this week, when it started for the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit.

This summer the owner of the big fish, Mr. F. M. Smith, out of the goodness of his heart presented it to his friend, Mr. Geo. W. LaRue, formerly of New York, later of Chicago, and now of New York again. Mr. La Rue is very well known in the sporting world, especially as owner of fine pointers, and is sincerely devoted to the sports of the field. On receiving the fish Mr. LaRue at once wished his friends and others to see it, and he wrote asking whether FOREST AND STREAM would not like to place it in its exhibit. There being nothing in the world which FOREST AND STREAM would rather do than just that, he was not long in getting reply, and soon the big fish was with the others of the interesting group near the door of the pavilion.

Mr. LaRue, in common with Mr. Smith, thought he had a brook trout. The case was labeled "Brook trout, caught in Montana by an Indian girl," together with weight, dimensions, etc. Dr. Henshall, who never saw the fish, was credited by a morning paper here as saying that it was a "brook trout over 200 years old," which was not at all a bad story for the local boy to work up. But a brook trout, more's the pity, our celebrated fish can no longer continue to be, as Dr. Henshall's appended statement will show. There are no brook trout in Montana.

The Dolly Varden trout (*Salvelinus malma*) is, according to the authorities of the FOREST AND STREAM office, expressed in record of personal experience, sometimes of even heavier weight than this, though this one, 13½lbs., is a fine specimen. Confined chiefly to the Cascades, it is taken in streams east of the Rockies flowing into Hudson's Bay (I quote still from the FOREST AND STREAM letter). Its mountain name is "bull trout."

There is a fine specimen of *Salvelinus malma*, mounted, shown in the dining hall of the Castalia Upper Club. It was taken in the Cœur D'Alene River, Idaho, by Mr. Beebe, of Columbus, O. Though large, weighing, if memory serves me, 12lbs., it is not so handsome as Mr. LaRue's fish, which now forms one of the most attractive features of FOREST AND STREAM'S gallery of notable things at the Fair.

This Dolly Varden trout was mounted by Mr. R. A. Turtle of Chicago, who also reworked the record tarpon kindly furnished to FOREST AND STREAM through the joint courtesy of the owner, Mrs. Stagg, and Dr. Henshall, who had it in charge for exhibition at the Fair.

[I have just seen this trout for the first time, and examined it as well as I could through its glass case. It is apparently a "bull trout," or Dolly Varden (*S. malma*), as stated above by Mr. Hough.
J. A. HENSHALL.]

Aug. 12.—The newly appointed Illinois Fish Commissioners, Col. Geo. E. Langford of Havana, Richard Roe of East St. Louis, and O. B. Sickles of Geneva, met to-day at the Fish Commission office in the Illinois Building, World's Fair. Col. S. P. Bartlett of Quincy, late secretary of the Commission, outlined their work to the new Commissioners. Mr. Roe was chosen president and Col. Langford secretary. The Colonel's headquarters will be at Havana, where he will have charge of the steamer Lotus, and will direct the gathering of the native fishes from the bayous of the Mississippi.

A Sight to Be Seen.

Everybody knows about the Lyman patent rifle and shotgun sights, that is, everybody thinks he does, and doesn't; but perhaps not everybody knows where he can see a complete line of them on exhibition. This he can do at the Marlin Firearms Co. exhibition, Section Q, Manufactures Building, Mr. Lyman not having any separate exhibit of his own. Arrived there he will find more sights to be seen than he had thought. There are Lyman's patent combination rear sight, and his patent wind-gauge sight, and his patent leaf sight, and his ivory bead front sight, and his ivory hunting front sight, and his patent ivory revolver sight (the latter, by the way, I believe was made on the suggestion of Mr. Harry Marlin. It is pinned in the rib, is cut to easy curves, with the eye-back corrugated to break the light, and with the old Lyman principle of an ivory bead). The "new system" shotgun sights are of course on hand. Last perhaps, or most interesting, because it is the latest Lyman production, is the new Lyman patent ivory combination front sight. This sight, excellent for all around hunting and target shooting, is really a combination beach and ivory sight, the ivory bead coming into use when the shading "globe" or ring is turned down. There are a whole lot of things that plenty of people don't know a whole lot about, some of whom Mr. Lyman's sights are which. Any gentleman who has seen a deer disappear behind a hind sight can get his deer rectified by calling at Section Q, at any time when the American gun contingent is not out drinking cocoa at the free cocoa stand not far away.

Something New Under the Sun.

In the "American gun corner," as Section Q of the Manufactures Building is coming to be called, and just across the aisle from the dais on which stand the magnificent Parker and Marlin exhibits, the investigating visitor may find a new sort of shotgun, under the guidon of the Burgess Gun Co., of Buffalo, N. Y. The exhibit is not large, holding only about two dozen guns, rifles and all, but it is full of interest, and for its main feature we almost claim the distinction of something new under the sun. As the descriptive handbook tersely says:

"As a result of thirty years of experiment and invention, there has been known to the public but two systems of rapid-firing arms, viz.: the left hand sliding motion, and the right hand lever motion. It has been reserved for the Burgess Gun Co. to produce an entirely new and improved system."

In this new invention the action does not consist in an underhand lever nor in a trombone slide, and probably no one could guess how to work the gun if he saw it, and had no one to show him how. In short, you work this gun by the pistol grip! The handbook again says: "The handle consists of a sleeve around the neck of the stock, a pistol grip, a trigger and a trigger guard. When the right hand grasps the handle, the forefinger is always in position in the guard on the trigger, and an easy backward and forward motion is all that is required to operate the gun. The trigger may be pulled to fire continuously or deliberately, at will. When the gun is supported against the shoulder, the left hand holds the barrel by the checkered forestock, and as is usual in all guns, the right hand pulls backward on the neck of stock and pistol grip, to hold the butt firmly against the shoulder. The recoil from the discharge gives the right hand an impulse forward, but the counter recoil immediately throws the body of the gun forward, and the right hand, unconsciously recovering its normal backward tendency, receives a greater impulse, and thereby slides back the handle to open the breech, without effort. The hand will then instinctively return to the firing position, carrying handle forward and closing the breech; and if the forefinger continues its pressure on the trigger, it will again fire the gun, and repeat in the same manner."

A very pleasant feature of this gun is its detachable barrel. The barrel does not screw into the frame, but slips into it along vertical threads, being taken off or returned with ease.

I wonder if everybody in the world knows who invents all the guns? You can't tell by looking at the name on a gun who first designed its interior mechanism, any more than you can look at the door plate on a man's house and tell what he ate for dinner Sunday. Mr. Andrew Burgess, the inventor of this new gun, has taken out some 600 patents in all. The handbook calmly, but rather startlingly, I imagine, remarks: "Among the claims in his patents, the Kennedy, Marlin, Colt, Hotchkiss, Schuloff, Mannlicher, etc., may be noted as some of the steps by which his later results have been reached." Did everybody know all that?

The Burgess exhibit is in charge of Mr. W. H. Skinner, late of Montgomery Ward & Co., well known among shooters, and now with the Burgess Gun Co.

W. & C. Scott & Son Gun Exhibit.

One of the best features of the British section of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts building is the fine collection of firearms displayed by English makers. Prominent among these one naturally would expect to find, as he does find, the exhibit of Messrs. W. & C. Scott & Son, of Birmingham and London, than which none is more perfect in its way or more tastefully arranged. Among many other testimonials you may see the following recent one:

FEB. 5, 1893.—MESSRS. W. & C. SCOTT & SON: On my return from Monte Carlo, I hasten to advise you of the brilliant result obtained by me in the International shooting with the last gun you made for me, and which I used in the shooting for the Grand Prix du Casino, where I won the chief prize of the year. Your gun was praised by everybody. I must express my satisfaction with this truly exceptional gun. I have had a gold plate fitted to it, with inscription of the victory. In a short time I will send you a photograph of the objet d'art.
GUISEPPE GUIDICINI.

The Monte Carlo objet d'art as displayed is of singular beauty, and its value, $4,000, shows well enough the degree of interest to which shooting matters may attain, and the care necessary to be employed in the making of weapons for use in such competitions. Such trophies are well housed in the handsome case of this display, for the one is the excuse for the existence of the other.

Briefly speaking, the Scott exhibit is simple, elegant and complete for its purpose. The black and crystal case is in effect upright, and contains in all 35 guns, among which are to be found magnificent specimens of workmanship. In value the hammerless run from $130 up to $565, the latter being the price of the Premier Imperial, hardly better than the $400 Premier, which, elegantly bedded, lies fast asleep at the bottom of the case, a central point of much interest to critical observers.

The arrangement of the case suggests a three-fold handling. At the lower oblong rests the Premier in case, surrounded with suitable adornment of material pertinent. In the second story there are racks with hooks holding guns, among these a few useful looking hammer guns at $90 up. The third story lies above the great swinging glass shelf, on which stand in state 25 more guns, in all a noble group indeed, and one showing as artistic treatment by the maker, as is in evidence among the vases, the fine pottery, the ornate textile fabrics of other lines of manufacturing display.

The crossed guns which adorned the front of the case at the time of my visit, a Premier and an Imperial, do well enough as text for the brief commentary possible. In these days the excellence of shooting of any high grade gun goes without saying, and I suppose that many readers know of the value of the Scott cross bolt and block safety system as well as if one should spend columns in describing them. It is only a question beyond that of perfection of outline, of symmetry and balance, of artistic ornamentation. The point I make then is, and the reason FOREST AND STREAM gives up so much space to what might seem mere trade mention, is that it is not possible in the local shops of most communities to see specimens of the highest development of the gun. It is wise and useful, then, for FOREST AND STREAM to call the attention of its readers to such worthy exhibits as these, so that sportsmen visiting the Fair will know at once where to go to see that which they naturally want to see. A half hour spent actually examining the guns themselves is worth much writing and reading. So much is true for this or any other exhibit.

The visitor, then, who stands in front of our two crossed guns may admire them fully and understandingly (though not all Americans may yet fancy the straight-cut English pigeon gun stocks, quite devoid of pistol grip. The outlines, the proportions, the ornamentation, all are complete. It seems that nowadays mere engraving is not good enough. Your artist comes to embossing, to chasing—on the Premier and Imperial really to hand carving. Or he may deliver you an etching on this Damascus fabric whose cunningness is such that age does not wither it, and time but makes more beautiful its intricate tracery of dreamy lines. Happy indeed the sportsman of to-day, for his every requirement and his every longing can alike be filled.

In the chinks and corners of the Scott gun display are to be seen the customary models and working parts, sectionals, etc. A fully engraved gun left "in the bright" is shown, also barrels in the rough, showing the making of the three-stripe Damascus. A few Webley English revolvers are also shown, though after leaving it occurs to me that I did not see the Scott double rifle which is mentioned in the circular I took away with me.

The entire collection of these handsome guns will be sold, at the close of the exposition, by Messrs. Hartley & Graham, of New York. The display is in charge of Mr. William J. Scott, a young but able representative of the firm.

The Lancaster Gun Exhibit.

Across an aisle or so from the Scott exhibit is that of Chas. Lancaster, very similar in general scheme of arrangement. The case is upright and contains in all thirty-eight guns, representing a value of $8,000. Here we have a considerable range of interest, for besides the grand specimens of ejectors which Miss Annie Oakley and other well known shooters have made familiar at the pigeon traps of this and other countries, there are other sorts of arms displayed, which to an American seem odd and new. There are twelve rifles shown, ranging from the English rook or rabbit rifle (a tidy arm which would make an excellent squirrel gun for this country), to the heavy double express. There are four four-barreled pistols also, for use at short range on big game, effective, perhaps, but enormously ugly enough to quite frighten any but a stout-hearted bear or tiger merely to look at them. Again one may see a unique looking four-barreled 20-gauge, oval-bored, for use with either shot or ball—something which we have been wrongly educated to be an impossibility, but which is not an impossibility, but an assured fact, and that in a very handsome and well-balanced form. This odd gun will, I fancy, attract much curious attention from visitors who are not accustomed to seeing guns look just that way. The uses of a world's exposition are to broaden our ideas on such things.

Still another strange arm is the "Colindian gun," which the maker describes as follows: "A combination ball and shot gun, a non-fouling, smooth, oval-bore, rifled gun, from which can be fired conical-shaped, solid or express bullets, with the accuracy of an express rifle, to 100yds., and shot of all sizes, with the excellent pattern of a shot gun."

A handsome double express, $300, impressed us as being a pretty decent gun for our Rocky Mountain shooting, and I rather fancied it. The double rifle has never attained popularity in America, though those who have used them say they are just the right compromise between the slow single shot and the rapid repeater. Other rifles besides the small bores (which the maker singularly enough describes as suitable for rook, rabbit and antelope shooting—he can not mean our prong-horn, certainly) are the heavy oval bores and the Colonial .450 double rifle, at $180, with hammers and safety, a gun yet foreign to American eyes.

The ostensible *pièce de résistance* of the display is the gun case at the bottom of the cabinet, containing two elegant hammer guns, straight grip, pigeon model, handsomely inlaid with gold and marked $750. In these hammerless days the American shooter would not understand the wherefore of these guns, were he not advised that they show the style of gun supplied to "Her Imperial Majesty's Government of India and the Native Princes, etc." It is a long way to India, and one can take privileges as to hammers on $750 guns which go over the "road to Mandalay."

A pretty feature of the Lancaster case is a specimen of the genuine English tin bluerock pigeon, mounted with wings outstretched and suspended in the upper part of the cabinet. Much toil, much money and much art are these days expended in encompassing the taking off of this little bird. It seems about two-thirds the size of our typical trap pigeon.

The Chas. Lancaster exhibit has no regular attendant, but is in charge of Messrs. Pitt & Scott, shipping agents, of London, Liverpool, Paris and New York, who have forty-five different exhibits under their care at the exposition, this being their only gun display. Mr. Herman Scott was good enough to show the FOREST AND STREAM representative through.

E. HOUGH.

FOREST AND STREAM, the best sportsman's paper published, has an exhibit at the World's Fair, and in every issue publishes the following invitation: "FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit at the World's Fair will be found in the Angling Pavilion of the Fisheries Building. You and your friends are invited to visit us." Let every one who visits the Fair remember it.—*Schenectady Union.*

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

Game Bag and Gun.

A MEMORY OF THE FRONTIER.

I was raised on the frontier, where we always kept a little ahead of the schools. Whenever we lived long enough in a place for there to be scholars enough to start a school, our family would move a little further west. I have been in the mountains since June 10, 1860. Looking over some of the Forest and Stream letters has carried me back to those boyhood days.

Many a day and night did I put in after wild turkeys. In 1854 we moved to Kansas, where father bought a piece of timberland over in the Missouri bottom, and put up a shingle mill; and when I was not working on the farm I would haul shingles to Atchison or blocks to the mill. One day in the early part of December as I was returning from the Atchison landing, I noticed where a flock of wild turkeys had crossed the road since I had been down in the morning. The snow was about 4in. deep, and while it was not so very cold, yet it was cold enough after dark to make any one who was out keep moving. After supper I took down my little rifle. The arm carried 180 balls to the pound; it was a splendid little gun, made in the county, and cost $14.

I started down the road and traveled as fast as I could, until I reached the track, keeping my dog near me. I had no difficulty in following the track. The moon shone very brightly and I had to travel very carefully, for the wild turkey is very shy, even if it is night, and sometimes they will begin to fly when the hunter is 800yds. off. I followed those turkeys all around through our cornfield, along an old slough, through dogwood thickets, and wherever they would chance to go. I knew I should soon start them and was looking very carefully, yet with all my caution. I was startled by that *put, put;* and sure enough, out of a very tall sycamore tree flew one, which from the noise he made on the still night air, I thought would weigh a ton. I stood motionless for at least fifteen minutes; and finally saw one, then another, and then another, until I counted seven. Then I told the dog to hunt them up, knowing that they would watch the dog and would not fly nearly so quick. As soon as the dog began running around under the tree, I moved around to get the turkeys between me and the moon. I located one out about 4ft. from the body of the tree and near the top. I moved very cautiously, and finally got him just right and raised my rifle. As the sharp report rang out on the clear, cold air out rolled a gobbler, and out flew the rest. I listened and heard a number of them alight. I had killed a nice fat gobbler, which weighed 14lbs. dressed. I reloaded my rifle, and shouldering my turkey, started quartering toward home, not caring very much whether I killed any more or not; and as I was not using much care I flushed another. Then I made straight for home, which I reached about 1 o'clock, tired, I can tell you.

Lew Wilmot.

"SHOOTING WITHOUT A GUN."

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may be without question that the bow and arrow are the earliest weapons known, unless, perhaps, we except the club with which Cain killed his brother Abel. As a means of amusement the bow and arrow have been handed down to the present day and are now usually the boy's first weapons. With them, I have seen boys so skillful that it was considered a feat of ordinary marksmanship to hit a robin at twenty paces, and when I was a boy, too small to use a gun, I had a hickory bow with which I could more easily send an arrow through an apple hanging in the top of a tree than I could bring it down with a club, and many a ground squirrel, and sometimes a black squirrel (there were no gray squirrels in that part of the country then) fell to my aim, if it can be said that one aims with a bow. It is an instinctive kind of shooting, but when one acquires the knack, and if his arrows are well made, of the right weight and length, and as straight as is possible to make them, it is not so difficult as one would suppose. I used no feathers or other means of guiding them except to have the head heavier than the "heel," so that it would balance on the finger a little more than two-thirds of its length toward the head, which was about 2in. long and ¼in. thick, pointed, sometimes by burning, for a burnt point was considered better and harder than any other. The stem was smaller and gradually tapered toward the heel, where it ended in a small knob for grasping with the thumb and finger, and a notch cut precisely in the center. With a bow of such strength and elasticity that any youngster could draw a 2ft. arrow to its head, I have seen an arrow driven through a soft pine board.

We knew nothing of the sling shot used by the boys of the present day, a crotched stick fitted with a rubber band and a piece of leather in the middle to hold a pebble, or sometimes a kind of cup filled with shot that, in the hands of an expert, is death to sparrows, frogs, and, I am sorry to say, a good many of our song birds. But sometimes we used a contrivance that would throw a pebble or buckshot with more force and as much precision, and was easier to make. This consisted simply of a piece of hickory or other elastic wood about 18in. long, tapering from a handle for the hand, flat or oval, to the smaller end of which was fastened a stout leathern cord a little longer than the stick, which ended with a loop to hold a pebble or shot. When drawn and let go with the proper flourish which practice alone would acquire, this weapon would throw a buckshot with almost as much force as a rifle.

We are all familiar with the old-fashioned sling shot made of a strong cord and a piece of leather in the middle which, circled around the head a few times and one end of the cord let go, would throw a pebble "out of sight."

The blow gun is still used, as many a bald-pate will testify. "Shootin' off his mouth" is a practice with which some are more familiar than shooting with a gun, and "drawing the long bow" may be classed with this kind of shooting. This can be practiced at short or long range, but if the shooter happens to be practicing on some absent one whom he fears to meet in fair and open competition the longer the range the better for him. It is not always a harmless amusement and many an innocent person has been seriously injured by a careless or spiteful marksman, whose shots were too well directed. Corner groceries and other favorite loafing places of long winter evenings are the galleries in which this kind of shooting is mostly done. Sometimes, though, one can find a great deal of amusement in joining a party of congenial "mouth shooters", whose lies, if harmless, make merry the time and lighten the heart of the man whose business cares prevent him from indulging in any other kind of shooting.

"Shoot the hat" is not unfamiliar to those who happen to be caught out with a straw hat long after the leaves have fallen and when a warmer head covering is more appropriate, if not more comfortable.

"Shootin' craps" is said to be a kind of gambling much practiced, and "shootin' snipes," attended by some excitement and earnest competition, was a regular morning practice in our city until the police put a stop to it. When the day began to break and the shooters could see well enough, Italians by the score could be seen in the streets with a bag thrown over their shoulders gathering up cigar stumps and half-smoked "tobies," which were taken home and after a cleansing process made into "dude sticks" and mould "tobies."

"Snap shooting" with the camera is probably the most delightful as well as the most expensive recreation in which both sexes, old and young, may take part, and as there is no close season, there is perhaps more of this kind of shooting done than any other. That there is no certainty of hitting the mark many a beginner, and expert, too, will readily testify, but when a successful shot is made the beautiful result more than compensates for the misses. I am glad the Forest and Stream has added this to its many excellent features. There are so many varieties of game for the camera shooter that one is at a loss to know what to go hunting for.

If one may be said to shoot without a gun while he dreams, I have made a most wonderful record—what bears

BABY CARIBOU.
Photo by E. B. White.

I have killed and what wonderful shots I have made in dreamland.

July 4 is an interesting day with us. The boys inherit the family patriotism, and with their firecrackers and little cannon create more din than ever sportsmen heard at trap or afield. A jolly lot they are. I hope they may live to celebrate many an anniversary of liberty and independence. God bless the boy, and if he lives to the age of a hundred years may he retain some of his boyish hilarity, for I think that the most miserable of all God's creatures is the man from whom all the boy has departed; and there are too many who know more about shooting without a gun than with a gun.

J. H. B.

McKees Rocks, Pa.

THE DUTY OF SPORTSMEN.

In thirty-eight States and Territories laws have been framed calling for close seasons for game. In many States, after the laws have been passed, the people very complacently sit down with their arms folded, and apparently imagine that the laws are automatic and will enforce themselves. This is a great error and an "iridescent dream" that should be quickly dispelled.

The sportsmen are the ones who make the sentiment in their locality in favor or against game protection; they ought to devote some of their energies toward the suppression of poaching by others. I must confess to having some impatience with those sportsmen who, while game law violations are going on all about them by their neighbors, will do not the first thing to put an end to such a disgraceful state of affairs, but are always ready to write to some paper perhaps a thousand miles away and signing their articles "A Sportsman," accusing outsiders, without any particular care whether their charges can be actually substantiated by facts or not. Sometimes they profess to have abundant evidence to convict the violators. When called upon to furnish evidence they say, "we presume" or "general rumor" says "that John Jones is shooting out of season."

If the law-abiding citizen will do nothing but talk, the game laws will be openly violated. But if he sees that every person who violates the law and whom he can get evidence against is prosecuted, infractions will be few indeed. One ounce of action is worth more than ten carloads of talk. What does the poacher care if some one in the close season says to him: "You ought not to kill game birds now." By bringing the guilty poacher before some justice of the peace, and making sure that he gets a fine with the costs added, you will find that a sudden change has come over his clouded brain.

The exceeding excellence of this method is a crucial test, and the problem to solve it is not of such an intricate nature as was at first supposed. It is the dignity of the court, the significance of the fine, the undesired notoriety, the deliberation of the complainant, that brings the recalcitrant man to his senses, and he will resolve that there will be no more foolishness on his part. Let sportsmen try this method, and I know from personal experience that the violations will be few. It is hardly necessary at this time to say what everybody clearly understands, that those who pretend to desire the protection of game, but will not turn their hand over to do the least thing to help morally or financially, are making false pretenses.

Blow and bluster and idle talk will not protect game. Talk is a cheap commodity, but to protect game means work. It is far better to do some work in behalf of game protection, and *then* talk. Work is something more efficient for the purpose named. It is quite true there are some black sheep in the flock of sportsmen, and it would be strange indeed if among the many hundreds who profess to be sportsmen there were not found some unworthy to be called such.

The poacher's votaries and apologists recognize the self-sacrificing patriotism of the weak-kneed-afaid-of-his-own-shadow sportsmen, who dare not be known as being in sympathy with the proper, equitable and just enforcement of the game laws.

The overmastering sense of duty ought to prompt every one in the interest of game protection to throw his weight of influence against the illegal capture of game. We do not have one law for the rich and another for the poor. The laws are for all classes equally. Men with a large bank account should not be spared on the ground of their wealth or connections. Those men of legitimate tastes for legitimate sport should awaken with a good degree of interest toward securing an efficient enforcement of the game laws.

The annual "tinkering" of the game laws is an insidious and baneful practice, especially in changing dates. Sometimes, however, when a law is defective or ineffectual it is advisable to secure the passage of new laws to avoid the objections which have been found in the old ones. As a rule the annual "tinkering" of the law will not prevent the people from looking askance at the statutes instead of helping enforce them. Let the sportsmen all unite for one purpose—the better enforcement of the game laws, such as they find on the statutes. In many cases the laws are changed before any prosecutions have been brought under them. There is not so much in the law as there is in enforcing it. Now, when the danger of a total extermination of game has grown to be real, and not mythical, it is time for action. It is therefore especially incumbent upon the body of sportsmen to practice a prudent and wise economy in killing game, but to see every illegal infraction of the law punished.

A. C. Collins.

Hartford, Conn.

PHEASANTS FOR MICHIGAN.

Holland, Mich., Aug. 8.—After considerable trouble and much delay, we have at last secured our pheasants. We sent at first to Oregon, but owing to the non-export law were unable to obtain them there. We then wrote to Mr. Verner De Guise, Mahwah, N. J., for both English and Mongolian pheasants, but could get no pure bred birds and had to be content with a cross between the two, a cross which Mr. DeG. says is more called for than the pure bred birds. Nevertheless, I shall endeavor to obtain both kind in the spring.

We bought six birds, four hens and two cocks. The males have a green head, a white ring around the neck, the middle of the breast reddish. Sides of breast more golden, looking especially so in the sunlight; the rest of body and the tail gray, each feather barred with light brown. The females are gray, pure on the breast, rest of the body barred like the male.

We intend to breed them in confinement and put out the young each fall. Pheasants are protected by law, in this State, for five years. We have them in an inclosure of wire netting 6ft. high and boards 6in. under and 1½ft. above ground, making the entire height 7½ft. It is covered with wire netting also. This run is 12×26ft. with an addition of 6×14ft., besides which is a basement under a barn and 6ft. high, 10×14ft. in size. They have a grass plot and plenty of gravel in the run. We feed them soft feed, corn meal, wheat bran, etc., in the morning, and grain in the evening, and plenty of cold water at all times. They are very light feeders, a handful of grain lasting one bird a couple of days.

The birds were very wild when first taken from the crate, but are comparatively tame now. The pheasants show their wild nature, even in confinement, for when my pointer or any person comes upon them suddenly, they drop in the grass and one can barely distinguish them. They will lie still longer than my dog cares to point them. There is one thing in their favor, they do not stay together in a bunch like quail, so the boys cannot get a pot shot at them. I have gone out to look at them nearly every night for the last two weeks, but only once did I see two of them near together. Each one seems to look out for itself. They prefer to roost on the ground rather than on a perch. They can beat a quail in running and sneaking away, and for this reason I think that one without a good dog would see but few of them in a day's tramp, even in a country where they were very plentiful.

The people here are very much interested in the pheasants, and I have many callers to see them. I can always get my dog to make a nice point on them, a novel sight to many. I shall watch them carefully and learn all I can in regard to their habits. I hope to report success in rearing the young next spring.

We were very favorably impressed with Mr. Hough's item on feeding quail. Some of us sportsmen here will sow hemp seed on our shooting grounds this fall and next spring.

The prospects for shooting here this fall are exceedingly slim. Quail were nearly exterminated by the deep snow: ruffed grouse scarce; but few ducks.

A. G. B.

The Baby Caribou.

Houlton, Me., Aug. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a late number of Forest and Stream I notice that you publish a letter from Mr. Chase in relation to the baby caribou, in which he mentions that "Mr. Mansur and Mr. White were up from Houlton and photographed him." Thinking one of the photos might be acceptable, I mail you one. We called there on our return from a fishing trip, and Mr. Mansur held him while I made a snap shot. He is as "tame as a kitten." Mr. Mansur had hard work to keep him from climbing all over him. As shown in the photograph, Mr. Chase had just pushed him off at arm's length when I made the snap. Had I waited a quarter of a second I might have got him in the act of striking. He will raise himself slightly on his hind feet and strike out "straight from the shoulder," sometimes with one and sometimes with both feet, "quicker than lightning." I should not care to have an old bull stand within 50ft. of me and get a notion in his head that he could "knock me out," for if he is nearly so quick as the little fellow no mortal man could dodge him. Mr. Chase was in town the other day and said that the little chap was lively and doing well.

E. B. White.

SHOOTING DUCKS ON THE WATER.

OSKALOOSA, Ia., Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You ask, "Is it lawful to shoot a duck on the water?" I vote no, though I have done it when I knew less than I do now.

Duck shooting is the grandest of sport and should be grandly followed.

It may be pure selfishness, but somehow I have got to the point where I feel very little temptation to shoot on the water. I go for fun more than for ducks, and certainly one duck "all broke up" at a dizzy height is worth a dozen wilted down on the water as if they were vermin. No other game bird that flies is so much master of the air as the wild duck, and ideal sportsmanship surely should discountenance taking any unfair advantage of it.

A bird which, besides having the most gorgeous plumage and superb edible qualities, is also so much an aristocrat that he must have a summer and a winter residence thousands of miles apart, deserves to be given the one chance for life that his strong, brave wings afford.

I wish that in hunting, as in fishing, we could give the beauties back to freedom again uninjured after having tasted the joy of possession. In fishing you can have your cake and eat it, too, by returning to water those fish not needed. Not so in duck hunting, where we shoot to kill.

Wildfowl shooters generally agree that a duck on the wing presents a larger and better mark than one on the water. I practiced what I am preaching when last fall I "shooed" my first wild goose out of an ice hole and killed him on the wing. Many a duck have I likewise "shooed."

This shooting, or shooting at, ducks on the water is often prompted by the same "break-the-record" spirit that catches a string of bass or shoots a bunch of ducks in one day so large that three men can hardly lift it. The shooter is afraid to go home empty-handed and face the gibes of friends, and so argues that a duck is a duck, on the water or in the air. Oh, how sadly do many of our sportsmen need to read to themselves each day a lesson on the doctrine of moderation. These men who break the records must have a lot of friends and they must be very active in distributing among them their fishes and ducks before they spoil. Many who write, otherwise most entertainingly, of sporting events, mar it all by recounting the excessive amount of game destroyed.

Young sportsmen read these accounts and are led to believe that the great end to be sought in fishing and hunting is the destruction of countless lives.

Mr. Hough, "Kingfisher" and others, who so delightfully entertain us, are shining representatives of those who know the noble qualities of moderation. It seems to me that FOREST AND STREAM might properly put a limit upon the size of the game bag or creel that it will give publicity to. This summer I fished in Minnesota with moderate success, where a few years ago it was a very usual thing for two or three men to go out in a boat, fish all day, and at night throw nearly a boatload of fine fish upon the shore to rot. If this thing keeps up what will the future be? J. E. SEEVERS.

MATLOCK, Ia., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to your query as to rule of shooting ducks on the water, it is the genaral practice to shoot a duck wherever, whenever and however one has the chance. I do not believe more than five out of every hundred sportsmen would flush a duck before shooting (provided they could get a pot-shot at it sitting). My rule has always been to shoot no bird sitting that I can get a fair shot at flying. Why should a duck be shot at sitting (provided the surroundings are such as to offer a shot flying) any more than a grouse or partridge or other bird? If there are no good reasons for this, let us abandon it and flush our duck as we do our quail and grouse. LONGFELLOW.

MOOSE CALLING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

I HAD planned to take my usual yearly holiday by means of a hunting trip down the Liverpool Lakes, to last about a fortnight, and under the guidance of my old companion, Jim Charles, a Micmac in habits, but of French extraction on his father's side. He was a skilled woodsman and hunter, and capital fellow in every way. His wife Lisbeth was a full-blooded Indian and kept his little house as clean as hands could make it. Between them they cultivated quite a little farm, keeping several head of cattle and a horse. She for many years spent each summer in Newport, R. I., where she was well known as an Indian doctor. She has often told me how kind the Mayor was to her, taking charge of her money and in many ways showing her much courtesy. She once got into trouble by adopting a white child, a destitute orphan, and he seemed to have taken much pains to get it returned to her when some over-officious friends took it from her. I have seen the little girl at her house frequently. She several times brought home several hundred dollars as her professional earnings. I did not think it wrong to give her many hints, showing her our native herbs and explaining their medicinal virtues.

At this particular time Jim had also two tame moose which he and his wife had caught when only a few hours old and reared on cow's milk. The female fell and broke her neck playing with a little dog. The male was sold to the King of Sardinia, and may, for aught I know, be now in the zoölogical garden of that monarch, at any rate he arrived there safe and sound. On asking Jim what so young a moose was like he answered, "Well, 'bout as big as a wabbit, but my, what legs! go so," waving his hands about in illustration of their uncertain movements. He and his wife had been paddling home in the dusk of the evening when they spied a moose swimming to one of the islands. Judging it was seeking a safe retreat for calving they visited it early next morning. The cow rushed away on their approach without the least attempt to defend her young, which lay coiled up among the tall grass, unable to stand. Lisbeth had brought with her some milk which she warmed and fed to them, and, toward evening, wrapping the little things in a blanket they brought them home. They were not confined, but ran among the cattle and were not at all afraid of strangers.

Our party consisted of five, myself and two friends and another guide, Dave Lewis, a lumberman and hunter from his boyhood, a capital fellow, powerful, hardy and full of fun. He and Jim were to be our pilots, having charge of the stern paddle, either of us feeling capable to manage the bow. We had two fine birch bark hunting canoes, each one intended for two persons and their dunnage, and with this load quite safe to go anywhere, but three make them rather too deep when the lakes are rough.

The lakes about which we planned to spend our fortnight are on the Liverpool River, which is a succession of stream, lake, rapids and still waters extending nearly across Nova Scotia from north to south, the lakes predominating.

It was resolved that we should make at once for headquarters and from there organize expeditions as circumstances should require, calling for moose whenever a favorable chance should offer.

The call can be heard on a still night, and no other is suitable, two or three miles, if you are on elevated ground, or if near a lake, much further, and a moose will come that distance, if he is of mature age, answering every few rods as he advances. A young one rarely answers often or loudly from fear of an older and stronger rival.

Should two well matched in size meet there always follows a fierce encounter. When the caller imitates the bull it is to arouse the combativeness of the coming moose, and I have seen two heads with the horns so firmly interlocked that the poor creatures could not disengage them, and so perished miserably from hunger. I one night heard a battle of this kind from the opposite side of a small lake. It lasted more than an hour. We visited the spot in the morning, where the trampled undergrowth over a half-acre of ground, the broken branches of trees and the upturned moss and stones stained with blood testified to the enormous strength of the combatants and the obstinate nature of the battle. But even when they are in their lustiest pride and strength they rarely attack a man.

We camped that night in the barn among the sweet, newly cut hay. The only incident of the night was due to the untimely crowing of a cock from one of the beams. Presently there was a rustle in the hay; I heard some one groping about and using words more emphatic than elegant; then a rush of wings, a dull thud on the barn floor, followed by a dismal "squaak," then with a self-satisfied grunt some one seemed to return to his lair, and we had no more of Chanticleer's joyous notes. In the cheery morn no one would own up to the undignified display of temper, and it remains an unexplained mystery to this day.

It was a lovely morning. Breakfast over, we reached the canoes and started, Dave and my two companions with their guns, rods and a few packs in one, Jim and I with the greater proportion of dunnage in the other. It was a sight to see the ease with which the two hunters threw the canoes over their heads and deftly picked their way over the rough track; road there was none. A canoe is carried by running the paddles under and over the three middle thwarts; these rest on the shoulders of the carrier, his head being entirely inside. The canoe slopes backward so that he can use his eyes.

Numerous flocks of ducks were to be seen in distant bays, some quietly feeding, others splashing the water into showers of diamonds as they pursued each other, half flying, half swimming in circling sport; or if frightened by our approach, just flitting in long lines to some more sequestered spot. Promising ourselves some goood sport in the evening from these unsophisticated birds, we pushed on to the further end, where the final carry of a few rods would bring us to our camping ground on another lake—the "Home of the Loon"—a favorite breeding place for these large birds. It is nearly circular, about a mile across, with excellent calling ground all about.

The spot we selected for our camp was a smooth slope on the north side, facing to the southward, within a rod of the shore and with a little brook emptying into the lake close at hand. Tall hemlocks sheltered it on the three other sides, but were placed back from the lake some three or four hundred yards. This inclosed space was thickly covered with a young growth of hardwood ten or twelve feet high, with quantities of blackberry and huckleberry bushes laden with fruit, now in perfection. A more lovely and suitable spot for our purpose could not be imagined. It had been from time immemorial a favorite camping ground of the Micmacs. To arrange our home was our first care, for if the wind fell we were to call this evening. Our tent, a lean-to with wide flaps, was pitched back to the lake to secure us from the cold draught that always comes off a lake at night; a few stones piled in front made our fireplace. It was up hill, so that at night the warmth of our fire would radiate directly upon us and reflected from the sloping tent make blankets a superfluity.

A more elaborate structure of stones, crotches and hooks, erected a few paces to our right to avoid the nuisance of smoke in camp, comprised our kitchen, and when a plentiful supply of wood had been chopped and piled up at a convenient distance, we looked around with much complacency on the spot that was to be our abiding place for the few weeks that would all too soon glide away. About an hour before sunset, the wind still being too high for calling, we determined to divide our forces, Dave with his canoe and party going in quest of trout and ducks on the lower lake; Jim and I taking the other canoe on the upper lake to see what we might discover, to prospect in fact. This arrangement we adhered to for nearly the whole trip, which will explain whatever in this sketch may seem egotistical, for I narrate mostly what of the fun fell to my lot. We first skirted the shore looking for beaver sign. They eat only the bark and smaller twigs, and have a habit of putting the barked wood on the top of the house. One can generally tell at a glance that a beaver house thus added to has inhabitants, the white wood being conspicuous from a distance, so what one looks for on the banks is fresh cut stumps or chips. I have seen these chips fully an inch wide, and stumps of poplar trees 15in. in diameter felled by beaver. We soon found sign in plenty. As we silently stole along in the shade of the bank I heard Jim tap the side of the canoe, a signal that game was in sight; and on turning my eyes from the shore that I had been closely scanning, I saw out in the lake about two gunshots off, a beaver towing his stick. We watched in silence till suddenly he dived, "House close by," said Jim, "find him to-morrow," and again we quietly slipped along.

How lovely it all was. The tops of the tall hemlocks bowed gently and sighed to the passing gusts; but our little lake was so sheltered that it was smooth as glass. Two or three loons were to be seen near the outlet; and occasionally the hoarse clatter of a kingfisher was heard, as after a plunge he returned to his branch with his captive trout or perch. But the silence was generally so unbroken that the musical tinkling of the drops of water falling back from the steersman's paddle was all we heard.

I had laid aside my paddle, and was enjoying the outlook with the deepest and purest pleasure, when again Jim's tapping reached my ear. This time I caught sight of two little black objects 100yds. or so outside of us. They dived. Jim put the back of his hand to his mouth and made a sort of kissing, smacking sound. I had my gun ready, in a minute they reappeared about 50yds. off. I sent a bullet from my left barrel at the one nearest me. It splashed right on the little spot and then went skipping along the surface of the water far away. It seemed to require but one sweep of the paddle to put us alongside of the thing kicking out there, and then I pulled in my first otter. My ball had carried away the end of his nose, so his beautiful skin was uninjured. It was not quite in season. When skinned an otter is seen to be a most muscular creature about the neck, shoulders and chest, made still more conspicuous by the meagre development of his hinder parts. A full grown otter can catch and hold a salmon. The otter's odor is very much like that of a very doggy dog. We completed our circuit, finding ample promise of sport; got a sheldrake at long range by happening to have in an Eley's wire cartridge; and joined the other section of our party. They had had fine sport among the trout, two dozen, averaging a pound each, being the result. They also had bagged three black or dusky ducks. Pork was soon frizzling in the frying-pan, and presently a dozen trout minus their skins were lying on a sheet of birch-bark cooked to a turn.

If any one wishes to taste trout in perfection, he should eat them as we did that evening. They lose much of their fine flavor if out of the water even for a short time. The stronger the stream in which you catch them the finer they are. Trout caught in streams that empty into the Atlantic are more gamy and of flavor superior to those in the rivers emptying into the Bay of Fundy; they are also thicker, deeper fish, and more brightly colored. In the waters where we now were they rarely exceed 1½lbs. in weight; but in the larger lakes Kedge-ah-makougie and Rosignol, I have taken them weighing 4lbs. I have frequently had three, each over a pound, on my line at once. During this trip my companions in one afternoon actually loaded the canoe, the Indian refusing to let them catch any more, as they had to cross the lake. I was not one of the party, but I saw the catch. I do not think there were a dozen in the lot of less than half a pound weight, and none over 2lbs., certainly a handsomer basket of fish could hardly be caught anywhere. The largest we lightly salted and smoked; they were then very delicate eating.

The next morning early we all tried our rods with good success. We were relying altogether on our guns and rods for food, having in our knapsacks only flour and biscuit, with a few pounds of pork. Some of us walked back to camp by the edge of the lake and shot several partridges; in the groves of hackmatack we looked for spruce partridges. The male spruce partridge is one of the handsomest birds we have in our woods. They are so tame and stupid that an Indian can generally get all he wants with stones or by noosing them. Jim cut a long, slender, straight spruce and trimmed it close; then pulling up the small roots of the same he peeled them and made a slip-noose which he fastened to the end of his pole. Then stealing up to the tree where the birds were sitting, he from behind put the noose carefully above the head of the bird, slowly lowered it and then with a sudden twitch brought his game down. If you touch a twig the bird will fly, and you must catch your lowest bird first.

My space will not allow me to go into the details of each day's sport—our duck shooting; loon hunts, when we ran them down with a canoe; our visits to the beaver houses and dam. I shot one beaver only, for their skins were not yet in season. Nor were the young ones nearly full grown. But I watched their curious ways closely, several times having them within three or four feet of me. Our object in coming to the woods was certainly not to slaughter uselessly such inoffensive creatures. As they gazed at me, so near that I could touch them with the muzzle of my gun, their beautiful soft, lustrous black eyes were so human in their expression that I had no desire or wish to harm them.

I asked Jim so many questions, to him silly, as to their habits that at last he turned to me with a laugh and said, "Ha! you read book that not so," and I found that many of the "truths" told us by naturalists were, as Jim said, "not so."

I must hurry on to our call. It was several days before we got an evening still enough for the purpose, but at last it came. Dividing as usual, Dave and his party crossed the lake to ground on that side about a mile back, while Jim and I packed a small store of provisions in our blankets and started on foot for Cedar Lake, situated a mile to the northwest of our camp. This would put three or four miles between the parties, so that one caller could not hear the other. When we arrived at the desired spot the sun was still an hour from setting; we stood on a small knoll of granite rock. Looking to the west, before us was an extensive barren of rocks and bushes, in the far distance a meadow and stillwater, on our right was the lake with a broad edging of meadow and bog. On the left, but not in sight, a dry bog sprinkled with hackmatack extended for several miles. Behind was the barren we had crossed, swept by fire, the naked pine ram pikes standing all about or piled in confused heaps as they had fallen before the wind, a desolate scene, excepting that on the far side of the lake a ridge of green hard wood ran east and west as far as the eye could see. But the small bushes were pasture for the moose, the green wood a shelter from the sun, and the lake afforded them a change of diet in the way of lily pads and a capacious bath.

Jim called as soon as the sun was out of sight, when the full harvest moon was rising in the east as the sun declined. In half an hour he called again. "Too much call bad."

Night had now fairly set in. We were posted so that one could overlook the upper marshy end of the lake, the other the big meadow, both listening with all our powers for an answer. Listen anywhere on a perfectly still night and the listener will hear many curious sounds; but a novice who is so situated in the woods, if he have any imagination, will certainly find food for wonder. Some sounds may be familiar, as the dismal *who-hu-hu* of an owl, the melancholy cry of a loon, the drumming of a partridge, the rustle of a mouse in the leaves at your elbow, which to your excited senses is some large creature

at a distance. But others are heard, weird and mysterious, not to be explained by anything on the earth or above it. Among them a sudden solemn boom like the vibration of a big bell after the clapper has struck, but not continuous like it. Voices and whisperings, perhaps the bay of a dog, whether conveyed to the sensorium from without or whether originating in the brain itself, 'tis hard at the time to say. After what seemed a long time I heard something different from all these. After a pause, again. Looking at Jim, I saw from his uplifted hand and the turn of his head that he, too, had heard. A moose had answered. But we heard no more of it. After what seemed an hour of suspense, Jim crept to me and whispered that it was a little one, a "sneak," and advised no more calling till morning. A "sneak" will come up making no more noise than a cat, and the chances are that he will see or smell you and be off, giving the hunter no intimation of his presence. Nor in the deceitful shadows of the moonlight is it at all easy to see him. In daylight the hunter is not at this disadvantage.

Creeping into a little shelter we had built under the lee of a big rock we went to sleep. At early dawn we were up and the first call was answered loud and full from the ridge of green wood. Jim's eager whisper, "He big fellow, he come," tingled in my ear. One more call and we could hear his rush, his horns rattling against the branches, as he forced his way through the thickets, and at almost every step his hoarse answer shook the air. On he came to his fate. He crossed the bog at the top of the lake in full sight of us, a huge, ungainly creature, his large antlers tossing backward and forward as he swung his head, his mane erect, pride, strength and vigor displayed in every movement. Once in a while he would stop, arch his back and hook savagely at some little bush as if it were an antagonist, then, belching out his loud, fierce cry, trot on. He came within less than a hundred yards of where we were crouched behind a large rock, stopped and raised his head to give another defiant snort. A shot from each of us blending almost into a single report stretched him lifeless on the moss. His race had run.

On reuniting with our party that evening we found to our great joy that Dave had been equally successful, and our friends had secured a handsome set of horns.

I cannot say that I particularly care for calling. The waiting for an answer, and the approach of the moose are exciting enough, but it lacks the free swing, the fierce rush and keen rivalry of a snowshoe chase, as well as the endurance, skill in woodcraft and patience needed in still-hunting or creeping. It seems a sneaking piece of business, to allure a poor brute to its death by means of the "tender passion" all for our sport—and it is a test of skill on the part of the "caller" alone. G. T. B.

WESTPORT, Nova Scotia.

THE BEHRING SEA DECISION.

IN the treaty between the United States and Great Britain which provided for the arbitration of the points at issue between the two Governments, these questions were grouped in Article VI., which was as follows:

In deciding the matters submitted to the arbitrators it is agreed that the following five poins shall be submitted to them in order that their award shall embrace a distinct decision upon each of said five points, to wit:

1. What exclusive jurisdiction in the sea now known as the Behring Sea, and what exclusive rights in the seal fisheries therein did Russia assert and exercise prior and up to the time of the cession of Alaska to the United States?

2. How far were these claims of jurisdiction as to the seal fisheries recognized and conceded by Great Britain?

3. Was the body of water now known as the Behring Sea included in the "Pacific Ocean" as used in the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, and what rights, if any, in the Behring Sea were held and exclusively exercised by Russia after said treaty?

4. Did not all the rights of Russia as to jurisdiction and as to the seal fisheries in Behring Sea east of the water boundary in the treaty between the United States and Russia of March 30, 1867, pass unimpaired to the United States under that treaty?

5. Has the United States any right, and, if so, what right of protection or property in the fur seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Behring Sea when such seals are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit?

At 11 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, Aug. 15, Baron de Courcel delivered to the representatives of the two Governments the original copies of the decision signed by all the arbitrators. After a short preamble the decision reads as follows:

"We decide and determine as to the five points mentioned in Article VI., as to which our award is to embrace a distinct decision upon each of them.

"As to the first of said five points, we, Baron de Courcel, John M. Harlan, Lord Hannen, Sir John S. D. Thompson, Marquis Emilio Visconti-Venosta, and Gregero W. W. Gram, being a majority of said arbitrators, do decide as follows:

"By the ukase of 1821 Russia claimed jurisdiction in the sea now known as Behring Sea, to the extent of 100 Italian miles from the coasts and islands belonging to her, but in the course of the negotiations which led to the conclusion of the treaty of 1824 with the United States and the treaty of 1825 with Great Britain, Russia admitted that her jurisdiction in said sea should be restricted so as to reach a cannon shot from shore.

"It appears that from that time up to the time of the cession of Alaska to the United States, Russia never asserted in fact or exercised any exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea or any exclusive rights to the seal fisheries therein, beyond the ordinary limit of territorial waters.

"As to the second of the five points, we, Baron de Courcel, John M. Harlan, Lord Hannen, Sir John S. D. Thompson, Marquis Emilio Visconti-Venosta, and Gregero W. W. Gram, being a majority of said arbitrators, decide and determine that Great Britain did not recognize or concede any claim upon the part of Russia to exclusive jurisdiction as to the seal fisheries in Behring Sea outside the ordinary territorial waters.

"As to the third point, as to so much thereof as requires us to decide whether the body of water now known as Behring Sea was included in the phrase 'Pacific Ocean' as used in the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, we unanimously decide to determine that the body of water now known as Behring Sea was included in the phrase 'Pacific Ocean' as used in said treaty.

"On the fourth point we decide and determine that all the rights of Russia to jurisdiction and to the seal fisheries passed to the United States, limited by the cession.

"On the fifth point we, Baron de Courcel, Lord Hannen, Sir John S. D. Thompson, Marquis Emilio Visconti-Venosta and Gregero W. W. Gram, being the majority of said arbitrators, decide and determine that the United States have no right to the protection of or property in the seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Behring Sea when the same are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit.

"And whereas the aforesaid determination of the foregoing questions as to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States leaves the subject in such a position that the concurrence of Great Britain is necessary to the establishment of regulations for the proper protection and preservation of fur seals habitually resorting to Behring Sea, we, Baron de Courcel, Lord Hannen, Marquis Emilio Visconti-Venosta and Gregero W. W. Gram, being a majority of the arbitrators, assent to the whole of the nine articles of the following regulations as necessary outside of the jurisdiction limits of the respective Governments, and that they should extend over the waters hereinafter mentioned:

"Article 1. The United States and Great Britain shall forbid their citizens and subjects respectively to kill, capture or pursue at any time or in any manner whatever the animals commonly called fur seals within a zone of sixty miles around the Prybyloff Islands, inclusive of the territorial waters, the miles being geographical miles, sixty to a degree of latitude.

"Article 2. The two Governments shall forbid their citizens or subjects to kill, capture, or pursue in any manner whatever during a season extending in each year from May 1 to July 31, inclusive, fur seals on the high sea in that part of the Pacific Ocean, inclusive of Behring Sea, situated north of the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude from Greenwich until it strikes the water boundary described in Article 1 of treaty of 1867 between the United States and Russia, following that line up the Behring Sea.

"Article 3. During the period of time in the waters in which fur sealing is allowed only sailing vessels shall be permitted to carry on or take part in fur sealing operations. They will, however, be at liberty to avail themselves of the use of such canoes or undecked boats propelled by paddles, oars or sails as are in common use as fishing boats.

"Article 4. Each sailing vessel authorized to carry on fur sealing must be provided with a special license issued for the purpose by its Government. Each vessel so employed shall be required to carry a distinguishing flag prescribed by its Government.

"Article 5. The masters of vessels engaged in fur sealing shall enter accurately in an official log book the date and place of each operation, the number and sex of the seals captured daily. These entries shall be communicated by each of the two Governments to each other at the end of each season.

"Article 6. The use of nets, firearms or explosives is forbidden in fur sealing. This restriction shall not apply to shotguns when such are used in fishing outside of Behring Sea during the season when such may lawfully be carried on.

"Article 7. The two Governments shall take measures to control the fitness of the men authorized to engage in sealing. These men shall have been proved fit to handle with sufficient skill the weapons by means of which seal fishing is carried on.

"Article 8. The preceding regulations shall not apply to Indians dwelling on the coast of the territories of the United States or Great Britain carrying on fur sealing in canoes or undecked boats not transported by or used in connection with other vessels and propelled wholly by paddles, oars or sails, and manned by not more than five persons, in the way hitherto practiced by the Indians, provided that such Indians are not employed by other persons, and provided that when so hunting in canoes or undecked boats the Indians shall not hunt for seals outside the territorial waters under contract to deliver skins to anyhody.

"This exemption is not to be construed to affect the municipal law of either country, nor shall it extend to the waters of Behring Sea or the waters around the Aleutian Islands.

"Nothing herein contained is intended to interfere with the employment of Indians as hunters or otherwise in connection with sealing vessels as heretofore.

"Article 9. The concurrent regulations hereby determined with a view to the protection and preservation of the fur seals shall remain in force until they have been wholly or in part abolished or modified by a common agreement between the United States and Great Britain.

"Said concurrent regulations shall be submitted every five years to a new examination in order to enable both Governments to consider whether, in the light of past experiences, there is occasion to make any modification thereof."

A special finding was made by the arbitrators on the facts agreed upon by representatives of both governments as to the seizures of vessels in the Behring Sea in 1887 and 1889. Further, the arbitrators after making certain other suggestions to the two governments, recommend that they come to an understanding to prohibit the killing of seals on land or sea for a period of from one to three years, and should enact regulations to carry out the findings of the arbitrators.

AMERICAN PROOF HOUSE.

Proposed Gunpowder Test.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In conformity with the request as expressed by a large number of American sportsmen, to establish the real and relative merits of the various nitro powders on the market in this country, I have concluded to arrange a public trial during September next of the following powders: American wood, S. S., Schultze, E. C., Sportsmen's Pet, Walsrode, Curtis & Harvey Diamond No. 4, Dupont's Eagle ducking and Crystal grain, Laflin & Rand's Orange special and Orange Lightning, American Powder Mills' Dead Shot. The experiments will be carried out either in the vicinity of New York or Chicago, and all interested parties will have the opportunity to witness the trial.

The different powders will be tested for bursting strain, velocity, penetration, pattern, recoil, fouling of gun barrels, regularity of gas pressure, velocity, penetration and pattern, susceptibility toward moisture and dry heat, the greater or lesser quantity of smoke developed. All powders will be treated precisely alike and tested under similar conditions. For this purpose one shot will be fired at the time from one kind of powder, the second from another, and so on, and the same gun and barrel—12-bore—will be used throughout the trial. The shells will be used as loaded by the manufacturers, or loaded according to directions, but the shot charge will be the same for all powders, 1¼oz

The result of the test when completed will be made public in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Time and place will be announced hereafter. Parties having any suggestions to make pertaining to the proposed trial will please address ARMIN TENNER.

50 BROADWAY, Room 103, New York.

The Opening of the Rail Season.

MILFORD, Conn., Aug, 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rail season in Connecticut opened to-day, and I visited the meadows to see how the birds were both as to condition and numbers.

The tide served early in the morning. A northeast storm was in progress, with wind and rain. Four boats went up the river. There seemed to be a number of native birds, but the tides are poor now, the moon being in Apogee, and it was impossible to "get anywhere." The scores were 21, 15, 13, 8. I saw a flock of 10 black ducks, one wood duck, one loon and an albino blackbird. The grass is heading out, but very little is ripe. The birds are in good condition, and a good many reed birds are about. MORT.

Mississippi Quail.

FERNWOOD, Pike County, Miss , Aug. 10.—The quail crop in this section will be the largest known for years, and with the shooting privilege of over 10,000 acres I think I can give my dogs sufficient experience to make bird dogs out of them; and if any of our narthern brethren (of the right stripe) come my way I'll make an effort to give them a quail hunt, if they will just leave a few for seed. Mc.

A New Florida Line.

The Richmond & Danville R. R. in connection with the Florida Central and Peninsula R. R. announces a through train and sleeping car service between New York, Washington, Savannah, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Tampa and all points in Florida, to take effect about Oct. 15. This extension of the Richmond & Danville's service has been made possible by the completion of the Florida Central & Peninsula new line between Jacksonville and Savannah, which will be open for traffic about Oct. 1 and the "South Bound" between Savannah and Columbia, S. C., where connections will be made with the Richmond & Danville. The new line promises the shortest route, quickest schedules and best service New York, Savannah, and all points in Florida. For rates, time cards, etc., address the General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C., or Alex. S. Thweatt, E. P. A., 229 B'way, New York.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant

GAME QUALITIES OF OUANANICHE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 16.—With astonishment and genuine regret I have just read the article in your issue of June 29, entitled "Lake St. John Ouananiche," from the pen of Mr. R. C. Lowry. I cannot let such an unfair article pass without a reply, and should have answered at an earlier date, but that I have just returned from a month's outing at Lake St. John, and only saw the article within a few days.

For five years past, and with an experience of from four to five weeks each year in catching ouananiche, I can truthfully pronounce it, with the exception of the salmon, to be the gamiest fish I have yet found. This fish, named by the Montagnais Indians, the *habitans* of Lake St. John, the ouananiche, from *ouanan* (salmon), and *iche* (the diminutive)—the little salmon—is properly named, since who better than they know its derivation and nature?

In the past, the salmon went from the sea far up the Saguenay to Lake St. John to spawn. Some convulsion of nature occurred and raised an impossible barrier at Chicoutimi, a sheer fall of 60 or 70ft. Thus the salmon imprisoned above became landlocked, and in the intervening years they have deteriorated only in size. They have every mark of their progenitor, and have kept the fighting qualities intact. Added to this is the fact that they are generally caught in rapid flowing or eddying water; thus one has to contend with the water as well as the fish, making a strong combination for a 7oz. rod.

In his criticism, Mr. Lowry says that the fish is yellow. In this I must differ with him. When first caught, the color in every instance is a shade of peacock blue, which in a few moments changes to the natural salmon gray. The belly is grayish white, gray predominating, and I have never seen one of any other color or shade. I have compared the salmon and the ouananiche side by side, point by point. The head in all its points is identical, with no more resemblance to a trout than a salmon has; the small solid fin anterior to the tail on the top, peculiar to the salmon family, it has in a marked degree; the dorsal fin in shape and texture is the same; the scales, crosses—not spots—tail, color, and general contour do not vary in the slighest degree. The flesh is pink, varying from light to dark in different fish, firm and tender, and properly cooked, equal to salmon.

Frequently, in the *brou* or foam, covering an eddy, their dorsal fins can be seen as they circle about. Cast immediately in front and the fly is quickly taken. But for uniformly good fishing, the best success is obtained in swift, running water at the foot of a rapid or fall. Shore fishing is preferable, as a canoe seems to frighten them away. The width of a ouananiche tail is larger in proportion than any fish I have ever seen. Their strength is wonderful, and I have frequently seen them ascend rapids and jump falls impassable by any fish but a salmon.

It was my good fortune last year to make some short fishing trips from Lake St. John, with the late Dr. Lundy of Philadelphia—a man who had fished all the waters of our own continent, as well as the most noted of other countries, an able writer on fishing and forestry, and a recognized authority. He came to try the ouananiche for a week and remained during the entire season. I will quote his opinion of ouananiche, as expressed to me:

"I have, in the seventy years of my life, fished the trout and bass waters from Maine to Alaska. I have fished in England and Scotland, and even caught fish in the River Jordan; but I never met with, or believed there could be, a fish with such fighting qualities as the ouananiche possesses. As long as my life is spared, I shall never go elsewhere or seek other fish."

Here is the authority of an expert, and it cannot be gainsaid. I have induced many friends, ardent fishermen, to try this fishing, and they did so, prepared to meet with more or less disappointment, attributing my "fish stories" to over-enthusiasm. They returned fully as enthusiastic, and invariably remarked, "You did not say half enough in favor of the ouananiche." If necessary, I can refer, with permission, to any of the gentlemen.

Of the many fishermen I have met, who have caught this landlocked salmon at Lake St. John (and the number is large), I have yet to meet one who has not claimed that it was a far greater fighter than a trout or bass. Therefore was Mr. Lowry's letter a great surprise to me, and I could not take up the cudgels in defense quick enough. All kinds of fish have their good and bad days, and ouananiche are no exception; consequently, one day with such an entirely new fish is not sufficient experience to condemn them.

A 6ft. heavy leader with two flies is in my experience the proper thing. My best success is with a brown-hackle or cow-dung for the trail fly, and a Jock-Scott or silver-doctor for the dropper. The dropper should be placed at the last knot on the leader next to the line, so that in drawing the cast it will skip the water and constantly swing a few inches above. The greater part of the catch will be taken on this fly. In smooth, swift, running water, the fish can be seen to strike, and it is easy to strike him in return. But in seething, white water, the first intimation is generally to see the fish jump from the water in the vicinity of the flies, immediately followed by a hard jerk. If this occurs when the rod is being carried back finishing drawing the cast, there is rarely time to give the fish the tip, and the quick hard jerk breaks the rod, leader or hook, generally the latter. Flies for ouananiche should always be tied on a No. 4 hook. Smaller than that will be easily broken, the break always occuring on the strike.

After July 1, the fishing in the Grand Discharge diminishes, as the fish are *en route* up the large rivers emptying into Lake St. John, to the spawning beds 300 or 400 miles north. This makes the best fishing in July and August in the pools at the higher falls along the rivers, where the fish congregate in their efforts to ascend. The fifth falls of the Mistassini offers a beautiful camping place, and a particularly fine pool for fishing. Located some forty

miles from Lake St. John, the distance is covered by canoe in a day and a half. Here the river drops about 30ft. in a beautiful fall about 200ft. in length. To the right is a small rocky island on which we camp, and still to the right is another fall 20ft. wide. The smaller fall is divided into four or five leaps, and here it is that the ouananiche ascend. From the rocks jutting into the pools at the foot of both falls, the fishing is done. In the white, boiling water, the fish seem to lie, an average cast of about 30ft. reaching them.

Mr. H. N. Curtis of New York accompanied me to this point in July, and in two and a half days' fishing we secured eighty-two fish, with an average of 3¼lbs. One morning in particular, a dark showery day, I secured fourteen fish and lost seventeen, in four hours and a half. This I did at the expense of both rods, several leaders and a number of flies broken. In fact, one may always expect to lose more ouananiche than are saved, their fighting and leaping being so tremendous that something must occasionally break. Nine out of ten of these fish will plunge, jump and sulk, as I have never seen another fish do. The first action in being hooked is to leap from the water, then a mad running from side to side with an effort to run under the falls. I find the most successful way to handle them is to stop the line running out and play them with about 20ft. Draw sufficient line into the left hand to ease the jumps; and hold them perfectly tight, and more will be saved than any other way. If poorly hooked, they are reasonably sure to get away, but if fairly hooked, a tight line will save them. They do not but rarely take the fly into the throut, but are hooked through the lip. I find a fair-sized ouananiche of 2lbs. or more will make a fight from fifteen to twenty minutes. They will shake violently both in and out of water to get rid of the fly, then plunge 8 or 10ft. down and sulk and pull. They are in constant motion in or out of water, and only when tired out can they be safely led to the net. On two occasions I have seen an ouananiche when hooked, jump entirely across a canoe of the fisherman in a mad leap. I saw Mr. Curtis hook one in a pool at the head of a 12ft. fall in the Mistassini, and saw the fish go over the fall with fly and line; and in a moment jump up the fall to the pool again. It was well hooked fortunately, and saved. I have yet to learn of a trout or bass doing this.

In fact, enough cannot be said in favor of the ouananiche, and as far as I can see nothing detrimental to his fighting qualities or to the fish itself. The best proof is to catch the fish in his native waters (Lake St. John), and I trust that others will try it and have the same unequalled sport that I have had. EUGENE MCCARTHY.

THE WAYS OF THE SALMON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 9.—I see I am called upon by our mutual friend Judge Greene to give my experience and observations on the question of whether salmon feed after entering fresh waters en route to their sources to deposit spawn.

The Judge evidently believes they do; but I am sorry to be obliged to differ with him, so far as my observations have gone in that direction.

The only instance wherein I have given the subject any special attention was on the last occasion when I fished in Navarro River, when I was led to investigate by the remark of a seedy old party sitting on a saw log watching my fishing, who, after expectorating, said, "What pesky creetures these sammen are to live so long without eatin' nuthin' and be so pe-ert and lively."

I said, "Are you sure they do not feed while in the river?"

He replied, "Waal, I reckon I have seined nigh on to fifty tons on 'em outen this river, and never found a derned thing in any on 'em."

After that and during the time I was fishing there I opened every fish I caught, some thirty-five or forty all told, but found nothing in their stomachs. Subsequently I fished at the headwaters of the Sacramento River with the same results, with the exception of two instances.

In opening these two fish I found fresh salmon roe; but as several parties were fishing with roe for bait, and this being difficult to retain on the hook, the fish specified may have taken the roe in that way.

On another occasion, when fishing for rainbow trout in the McCloud River, a tributary of the Sacramento, I caught a salmon with salmon roe for bait, and found quite a quantity in its stomach, accounting, as I supposed, for the several baits lost from my hook.

One theory I have heard advanced was that the salmon being a fish remarkable for its rapid digestion, never bites or takes the fly until what it may have previously swallowed is entirely digested, when it begins to think about its next meal: If such is the case its habits are entirely different from our experience with all other varieties of fish, and again, as a case in point is related in an article I saw in the FOREST AND STREAM, I think, where it is stated that a whole trout was found in the stomach of the salmon caught, all of which leaves the question as unsettled as before. The waters of the Navarro River for two or three miles from its mouth are brackish, in fact quite salt at flood tide, and I noticed, when standing on the rocks at the entrance—which is quite deep and narrow, the water rushing in and out with considerable force between rocks—that the salmon came in with the tide and at the ebb went out, playing in and out as it were, and not remaining in the river permanently until the first rise after a heavy rain, after which they ran up, and few were again seen at the mouth. Their time for business had arrived, after which they would not bite at anything and fishing was over for that year. Hence it may be considered a settled fact that salman cannot be caught with the rod when running, unless they meet with obstacles in the way of dams that check their progress, when they accumulate and occasionally take the hook.

That salmon do not always return to salt water after depositing their spawn is proven by the fact that they are taken during the subsequent months at the headwaters of the Sacramento River in passable condition, having recuperated from the effects of their long run up the river and presumably must have fed on small fish, there being no other food obtainable. All of which proves that all theories as to any fixed rule in regard to the habits of this fish are unreliable.

In driving along the road lying close to the banks of the headwaters of the Sacramento, I have seen whole schools of very large salmon lying close to the bottom, using just enough force of fin and tail to stem the not over rapid current; but although I have stopped and essayed with my most tempting flies and also bait, could never get a rise. It is only in deep pools and rapid water of this river that they can be taken, and then only with salmon roe for bait.

My theory is, that having deposited their spawn a certain percentage of them remain to recuperate, and do not return to salt water, probably reasoning that it is a saving of labor to remain until the subsequent spawning season, instead of making the several hundred miles trip over again. At any rate, it is an established fact that many do remain all summer in those waters and recover their condition.

In the deep swift pools of the McCloud River, the home of the rainbow trout, a tributary to the Sacramento, salmon are caught all through the summer with roe for bait, and also in Eel River, another deep and rapid stream north of us.

The conclusion I have arrived at is that no fixed rule can be applied to the habits of salmon covering all waters. Their methods are quite at variance in different locations. Their habits in Canada waters, for instance, are entirely different from those in the rivers of the Pacific coast, where they do not take the fly as readily as in Canadian and Maine rivers; but still, it is an error to say that they do not take the fly at all on this coast, as has been, and is, constantly asserted. See, for instance, the statement made in the August number of the *Century* by Mr. Henry A. Herbert, who writes a charming article on salmon fishing. Speaking of the rivers flowing into the Pacific, he says, "The salmon in these rivers have never been known to rise to or take any known description of fly." Presumingly an artificial fly is meant. That this is an error I am able to say from my own personal experience, for on several occasions on the Navarro River (my favorite fishing ground) I have caught salmon of from 12 to 20lbs. with the ordinary-sized trout fly. It is true that on occasions I have failed to get a rise to the fly when they would greedily take the feathered spoon. Why they will take the fly one day and refuse to do so the next is one of the conundrums I have never been able to solve. I remember that on one occasion particularly I caught twelve fine fish in succession, using the common brown-hackle, peacock body.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney, who writes a very interesting description of his fishing in Monterey Bay, in FOREST AND STREAM of July 29, describes the method he adopted peculiar to that locality, of sinking his bait 30 or 40ft. below the surface. We troll with a sinker in Lake Tahoe for the large trout of that locality for the reason that the water is so clear and limpid that a ten-cent piece can be seen at a depth of 60ft., hence the fish will not rise to a surface bait. Mr. Whitney's method suggests the experiment of trying the sunken fly for salmon when next I visit Navarro River. I have used a sunken fly with great success in Lake Edward, Canada.

There is one thing that surprises me, and that is, that skilled fishermen persist in using that relic of barbarism, the gaff, which is uncertain and disfigures the fish so dreadfully, when a large oblong landing net is so much more certain and lands your fish in perfect order.

The net should be of a size specially adapted to the size of the fish taken. For salmon it should be of oblong shape, say 20 or 24in. wide and 36in. long, with a stiff shaft or handle 7ft. long, which will reach your fish before he can strike the boat and get loose. I have yet to lose a fish with a skillful man in the boat with me to handle the net. Whereas, before I conceived the idea of using such a landing net, I lost many a fine fellow in futile efforts to gaff him in his struggles. It is little less than butchery to gash and mar the beauty of your fish as the gaff does, and I enter my earnest protest against its use.

I have wondered why manufacturers of fishing tackle have not long ere this turned their attention to manufacturing such a landing net adapted to the handling of large fish. To the best of my knowledge you cannot at the present moment find in any fishing tackle store in New York a landing net suitable for landing a fish over 2 or 4lbs. weight.

I am sorry I cannot bring comfort and solace to the soul of our friend, Judge Greene, in indorsing his views that salmon do feed in fresh waters; and yet I do not assert that they do not. I merely give my own personal experience and leave the question for wiser men to settle; it is about as much of a muddle as that of whether rattlers do or do not spit.

Hereafter, inasmuch as we are all interested in getting at the facts of the case, I shall make a point to hold a post-mortem on every salmon I land in my subsequent fishings, and if I find any ground to do so I will cheerfully go over to the Judge's side. Let us hear his views and reasons for his belief. The Judge has the floor.

PODGERS.

A Tale of a Tailboard.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The approach of the opening of the hunting season calls to mind my last experience in that line. It was last March, a snowy day, when Old Probabilities said the morrow would be clearing, that Warren F. Wheeler, Henry Parsons and I got together and arranged a rabbit hunt for the following day. Warren was to furnish dogs, of which he had two of the best; Henry was to be guide, being acquainted with the locality where "they haven't been hunted and are thick," and I was to put up transportation. The morning dawned bright, and the recent storm had given us six inches of snow; in fact, it was an ideal morning for our sport. An early hour found me with a team and two-seated pung sleigh at the engine house, from which Warren and Henry "run with the machine," and with a complete outfit for the purpose of our hunt we were soon started on our long drive in high spirits. Everything necessary was in our favor—dogs, snow for excellent running, sleighing, team, all were to our liking. Not a stop or scarcely a thought of else but rabbits occurred until we pulled up at the house of Henry's friend, in Candia, where the team was to be left while we slaughtered our game.

Warren led the horse to the stable, Henry showed him the way, and I was supposed to carry along the halter which I was sure I had taken from the livery stable, but could not then find. "Never mind," said Henry, "we will borrow from our friends." Our horse having been comfortably quartered, shooting jackets and guns were our next needed articles, and they proved to be our weak point. We ransacked the pung in vain, and were at our wits' end to account for their absence, when my eye fell on the tailboard of the pung swinging loose beneath the end, when we were all immediately dumbfounded, too much disappointed to say anything, and we all saw there was but one thing to do—not shoot rabbits. All we possessed of the full equipment was one lunch basket and the dogs. Four hundred dollars worth of the balance had been strewn between us and home.

With a solemn funereal mien we began retracing our route so recently and so light-heartedly covered, and luckily when within one mile of home, then 11 o'clock, discovered the whereabouts of the last missing gun, but have never seen the other things. Suffice it to say, we did not find another day during the remainder of the season for rabbit hunting; if we had, the tailboard of the sleigh would have been firmly in its proper place when we arrived on the grounds. As the joke was solidly on us, we have never refused to "settle" when the matter has been mentioned by our knowing friends.

Sportsmen hereabouts seem to be keeping very quiet, doing but little fishing—simply waiting for the open season for game, Sept. 1. PAYSON.

SALMON AND PORK BAIT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Like most sportsmen who read the papers I was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by frequent reports of the large number of salmon being "caught on the fly" during June and July in the Hudson River at Mechanicville. The first article of the kind which came to my notice was printed in the *Times*, and the "sporting" editor of that paper told of how a local fisherman had taken two "speckled beauties" of large size on a silver-doctor. Then followed at regular intervals article after article in other metropolitan dailies until I finally got into such a state that my slumbers were nightly disturbed by visions of speckled salmon bobbing up all around me, and while standing on their tails begging me to come up to Mechanicville and bring some silver-doctors, Jock-Scotts and such other dainties as salmon are popularly supposed to hanker after.

Along about July 20 I could stand the strain no longer so borrowing a brand new 15ft. salmon rod from my friend A. D. Higham, Esq., than whom no finer sports man lives, and providing myself with a supply of imported flies and leaders, I took the Exposition Flyer at 3 o'clock one day, doing the 150 miles to Albany in exactly 165 minutes. At Albany I changed cars for Mechanicville, arriving at my destination in time for late supper. I was met at the station by a fine turnout which Captain Campbell, of the Hotel Tallmadge, had sent for me. Mr. Clute, the assistant postmaster, had kindly made all arrangements for me, including securing a guide and boat, so that I had nothing to do after supper but listen to the wonderful stories of the large salmon that were taken the week previous. My spirits began to fall when I was informed that no salmon had been taken for four or five days; and they kept going down, when by degrees the facts came out that while flies had been used, so also had pork!

I went early to bed and had visions of salmon as large as tarpon sitting at the table with napkins tucked under their chins, dining on pork. Before daybreak my guide called for me, and by the time it was light I had begun whipping the pool with a silver-doctor; and although I fished every square rod of water from fifty rods below the State dam to two miles below, never a rise did I get. I tried it a few hours next day, but with no better success.

From all the information I could gather, twenty-eight of the twenty-nine salmon killed at Mechanicville this season were taken on hooks baited with small pieces of salt pork. The only exception was one taken by a Dr. Bloss, of Troy. The Doctor claims to have taken his salmon in sportsmanlike manner, with a fly and without the superior inducement of pork. The local "Kanuck" (he claims to be a Frenchman from the banks of the Seine between St. Cloud and Sevres, in which stream he used when a boy, to see Knights of the Legion d'Honneur catch salmon), says that Dr. Bloss admitted to him that he had also used pork. The weight of evidence, as between the Doctor and the Kanuck, is decidedly on the side of the former; but circumstantial evidence is as strongly against him, as he had been known to use pork as bait on a previous occasion, and it is even said that he had a supply of pork with him when he made the capture.

The subjoined article is from the Albany *Telegram*. The "fish editor" of that paper, it will be noted, calls them "golden salmon," getting his idea as to their outward appearance presumably from a can of Columbia River salmon. I heard nothing whatever about gang hooks, and the *Telegram* is evidently mistaken in saying that such tackle had been used. The bottom of the river, where the salmon were taken, is covered with a dense growth of eel grass, and the use of gang hooks would have been an impossibility. The *Telegram* is also mistaken in asserting that the fish were taken in the deepest water. On the contrary, the water was nowhere deeper than ten or twelve feet at the point where the salmon were taken. Just there the river is as sluggish as a mill pond, and the water is dull and lifeless, as unlike a typical home of salmon as one could imagine. The small volume of water injected into the warm water of the river by the small spring which empties into it there has no appreciable effect upon the color, but doubtless does lower the temperature, or the fish would not congregate at that particular point.

For fear that some one will accuse me of inconsistency I may as well admit that I also put a piece of pork on my hook, and sinking it to the bottom tried my luck with the other pot-hunters, but only once, and then for a few minutes only. I couldn't conscientiously continue such a reprehensible practice, particularly as the salmon were not hungry for pork and flies just then. Hear what the Albany *Telegram* has to say. NOAH PALMER.

From the Albany Telegram.

On Salmon Sand-Bagging.

The salmon have been seen in a pool in the river at Mechanicville just back of Captain Campbell's Hotel Tallmadge. All along that side of the river are numerous springs from which flows cold and sparkling water. Near the hotel the overflow from various springs have been brought together and piped to the river. The spring water flows through a large pipe and enters the Hudson in a solid stream, as bright as crystal and as cool as can be. A few feet from the shore the

rushing spring water forms a small pool, and on the bottom the golden salmon congregate to spawn. The coolest water is nearest the bottom and here the noble fish refesh themselves. It is at this spot that 26 of the 29 salmon were caught, not by casting the fly, but by trapping the salmon or striking them foul by the use of snatch hooks or a rake hook combination. The Mechanicville fishermen have caught the salmon in a crooked way in this pool, and in a way that would be ludicrous if it was not so foul and infamous. They take an ordinary rod and line and equip the line with an array of hooks, one hook being placed above another. Sometimes several groups of hooks are fastened on the line. Each group of hooks is called a gang, and a gang embraces from 6 to 18 hooks, all in a group. Several of these gangs are attached to a single line. The tops of the hooks are covered with a piece of fat pork. Then the line thus equipped is thrown into the pool and it sinks to the bottom. Into this pool the fish come to spawn, or to refesh themselves, and they move close to the bottom, where they throw their spawn or where they get the coolest spring water. The big salmon, when moving about close to the bottom, strike the hooks or gang hooks, and jar or stir the line. Just as soon as the salmon sand-bagger at the end of the rod feels the jar, he jerks on his hook-laden line, and with his hooks and gangs of hooks, catches the golden salmon in the belly. One hook or a dozen hooks may thus strike the salmon foul in the belly, but the noble fish at once makes a great struggle for life. The salmon sand-baggers have often been an hour landing fish thus foully impaled.

If this method of fishing is notin violation of law we are greatly in error. At all events it is an infamous way. Some devoted sportsmen who love fishing visited the Mechanicville pools last week, and when they learned of the crooked fishing done there they were simply dumb-founded and left the river in disgust. We found dead large salmon floating in the river, having been fatally hooked by the rake lines, but not firmly enough to land the salmon. The fish escaped only to die. So far as we can ascertain but three salmon have been fairly caught at Mechanicville this season, and they were landed by W. E. Hagen and Dr. Bloss, of Troy. About all the others taken were murdered by the sand-baggers. On some of the hooks used by these malefactors flies are used, but one of the sand-baggers on Wednesday last bragged that the flies were a fake, that the pork as bait was a humbug, but the real scheme was to hook the salmon foul on the belly as they moved about in the pool. The salmon hooked by the sand-baggers has no chance for his life, something that every true sportsman is willing to give a fish, be it the lowly salmon or the insignificant "pumpkin seed." The salmon murderers do not fish from a boat as a rule. They stand or lay beside or over the bed of the spring that flows into the river, and after casting their line to the bottom of the pool hold their "pole" until a salmon runs on to the hook. Then the sand-bagger rakes the salmon's belly with his aggregation of hooks and if the strike is effective he jumps in a boat, is rowed out into the river and in open water the salmon struggles for his life, with every chance closed against the salmon.

A couple of days ago a *Telegram* man went to Mechanicville to see the salmon sandbaggers at work. The sight he witnessed at the pool just in the rear of the Hotel Tallmadge was comical and indicrous, at least the sight would have been of that kind if it was not so awfully brutal. About forty alleged fishermen congregated there, thirty of them being in a space about fifteen feet long, and all waiting for salmon to enter the pool; but the salmon came not. The tackles were of a curious and varied description. There were all sorts of arrangements baited with pork, and trequently flies were noticed constructed of hen's feathers with a body of tin foil taken from a package of chewing tobacco. Wire lines were also in use, being stronger, and some poles were equipped with lines that could almost be used for bed cord or a clothes line. There were poles of every description. It was a motley crowd of people, sitting in the hot sun waiting for the fish which never came. Not a strike did the sandbaggers get. Even the salmon must have, by intuition, become acquainted with the brutal methods in vogue, because they deserted the pool. In an entire day only one salmon was seen to jump for air. Ten days ago the price of fat pork was 10c. a lb in Mechanicville, but now it is very cheap. Flies, however, which the sandbaggers have no use for, came high, costing about four times as much as they do in Albany.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Aug. 19.—Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, of Maine, was in Boston last week, at the St. Margret Hospital, where he has had a morbid growth successfully removed from his lip. He is much pleased with the success of the operation. Concerning the game in Maine, Mr. Stanley says that the deer have increased wonderfully, even during the past year. At his own town, Dixfield, scarcely a day passes but what somebody sees a deer. The same good report comes from all the towns where dogging and illegal hunting is not practiced. There is less hunting this year out of season than has been the case for several seasons. The more the people become informed and the more they look rationally into the work of the Commission, the more willing and anxious they are that the game laws shall be respected. The Commission has brought a number of visitors from out of the State to justice for killing game in May and June. These have been glad to walk up quietly and pay their fines, and request the wardens to "say nothing."

D. H. Blanchard returned from his salmon river last week. Since Mr. Richard O. Harding came out with his 29-pound salmon, an account of which has already been published in the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Blanchard has taken 26 salmon, the largest weighing 27lbs. This is a very good score, indeed, and Mr. Blanchard's friends are congratulating him. This catch, with the five that were taken during Mr. Harding's visit, makes 31 salmon for Mr. Blanchard's river, the northwest branch of the St. Marguerite, this year.

Mr. Henry C. Litchfield, with Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, a gentleman very well known in the fishing tackle trade, went Saturday on his vacation. He goes to an island in Lake Champlain, where he will doubtless do some fishing and a good deal of resting.

Mr. Herman T. Stranger, a boatman at Wareham, has had some good luck with squiteague this season. He took the other day, off Four Buoys, eight big fish.

Dr. Bradbury has returned to Boston after an absence of five weeks in the Maine woods. He spent a good part of the time in the neighborhood of Eustis and the lakes and ponds further back. Dr. E. B. Kellogg, of Boston, who intends to take a fishing trip every year, has just returned from a trip to the World's Columbian Exposition, where he has spent his vacation with his family. Mr. George T. Freeman has also given up his annual fishing trip to Richardson Lake this season, for a trip with his family to the World's Fair. He returned last week, much pleased with what he had seen, but after all, the old longing for a trip to the woods is there. Mr. G. N. Smally, of Boston, has recently made a second trip to the Rangeleys with a party of friends. He made his usual spring trip with his friend Bassett, of Appleton & Bassett, and had the excellent sport already reported in the FOREST AND STREAM. On his second trip he found only moderately fair fly-fishing.

The pet deer belonging to Mrs. President Cleveland got away on Sunday a week ago. It was at their beautiful home at Buzzard's Bay. It ran down the road at first and then took to the woods, with about all the dogs in town after it. Though fairly tame, it was so frightened by the dogs that it was given up for lost in the woods of Bourne. But later a dispatch to the daily papers says that it has been secured. This is the deer that was given to Mrs. Cleveland as a little fawn three or four years ago, I believe. SPECIAL.

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

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

THOSE salmon fishermen who remained on their streams until the end of the season are now returning. Mr. David H. Blanchard, of Boston, passed through here last week on his way home from fishing his pools on the northeast branch of the Marguerite, well satisfied with his season's sport. He took twenty-six salmon in twenty-eight days, or an average of rather better than a salmon a day for every day he fished.

Dr. H. F. Hamilton and Mr. J. S. Mason, of Boston, returned some days ago from Lake St. John, having made a magnificent round tour in the country north of the lake. They descended the Grand Discharge to the River des Aulnaies, which enters into the Saguenay over very high falls, some twelve miles above St. Anne, opposite Chicoutimi. This river they ascended as far as Lac des Isles, driving the first fifteen miles on buckboard in consequence of the wild character of the falls and rapids, of which the stream is here composed. Lac des Isles they found just swarming with small trout, and then passed by various short portages into and through Lake Ray and Bear Lake, and by way of the River Blanche into Tschotagama. In Lac Brochet, which they also visited, they took red trout up to 3½lbs. in weight. From Tschotagama they returned to Lake St. John by way of the Peribonca River.

A party of six Buffalo sportsmen passed through Quebec on Thursday last on their way to Lake St. John, whence they take six canoes, with twelve guides, tents, provisions, etc., for a three weeks' camping tour. It was their intention to ascend the Peribonca to Lake Tschotagama, and perhaps somewhat higher still in search of bears and ouananiche, and they will probably also visit the fifth falls of the Mistassini. The party consists of Messrs. C. M. Daniels, M.D., M. Benson, C. A. Brunn, superintendent of the Erie Railway; C. T. Sloan, N. C. Recktenwalt, Prof. A. Miller.

Chief Justice C. W. Andrews, of the Court of Appeals of New York State, has recently returned home to Syracuse, charmed with the sport enjoyed in his ascent of the Mistassini with his wife and son. At the fifth falls the Judge took forty ouananiche in one day. At the same locality Mr. R. R. McCormick, stock broker, of Lake Worth, Florida, and his son Wm. F. McCormick had also splendid sport last week with the ouananiche, and have made arrangements to return next year.

The Messrs. Bruce, of Scotland and Philadelphia, returned last week from a magnificent fishing trip of some ten days' duration. From Roberval they ascended the Ashuapmouchouan River to Lake Jimme, and thence portaged through intervening country into a chain of small lakes that led to the Mistassini River. They had good fishing at the Fifth Falls, but experienced the best sport of the trip at Lake Jimme, where one of the party, among other fish, took two 6-pound ouananiche in one morning. They also took several good-sized doré.

There has been good fly-fishing on the larger streams up the Lake St. John country within the last few days, notably on the Triton tract and the Ouiatchouan, some of the best waters on the latter being now controlled by a Quebec club. Last week a speckled trout weighing 5lbs. when it reached the city was taken there. Among those who have enjoyed splendid sport on this river within the last few days are A. J. Turcotte, M.P., C. Panet-Angers, L. Stafford and Martel.

By next week the fall fishing for trout in the larger lakes ought to be almost at its best. The water is already growing cooler in consequence of the decreasing temperature and increasing length of the nights. The guardians of the various American fishing clubs in the territory north of Quebec are preparing for the visits of several of their members.

In the St. Lawrence, below Quebec, the fishing for striped bass, locally called "bar," has commenced, and good catches of fish 12 to 20in. long are reported from the vicinity of Madam Island. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 15.

CHICAGO FLY-CASTING CLUB.

THE first annual scientific angling tournament for the World's championship, open to all, will be held at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Sept. 21.

The tournament will be held at the Walton House, on the North Lagoon, commencing at 9:30 A. M. Thursday, and continuing until all events are finished.

Entries to all events close Sept. 16.

Three gold medals, emblematic of the World's championship, will be awarded in the expert class, and the same in the amateur class, and one gold and one silver medal in the light rod competition. The medals are made from original designs by Mr. Geo. W. Strell, president of the club, and represent a trout and creel for the fly-casting, and a bass and creel for the bait-casting events, in gold, connected with silver straps and suitably inscribed.

In addition to the championship medals in the amateur and light rod classes, merchandise prizes will be awarded. Others than those mentioned here will be announced publicly in the programme on the day of the contests.

Three judges shall be appointed and their decision shall be final. The captain, who will be the executive field officer of the day, shall start and close all events. He shall signal the judges with a flag, and call time to the contestants.

EXPERT CLASS.

Conditions.—Open to all. All casting shall be single-handed; rods over 11ft. long barred, and rods shall be unconfined in casting. Three flies, of a size not larger than No. 5, allowed. Leaders shall be single gut and not longer than 9 nor less than 6ft. Knotting of lines, or any device to lend weight to the cast, prohibited.

Event No. 1.—Long-Distance Fly-Casting—Entrance fee $10. Prize, gold medal emblematic of the World's Columbian Exposition Expert Long-Distance Fly-Casting Championship.

Rule to Govern Contest.—Five minutes shall be allowed each contestant. No cast shall count when the stretcher fly is missing. No time allowance shall be granted to replace a fly; it must be done within the five minutes. The length of the cast shall be measured from the score line on the pier to the spot reached by the stretcher fly. Contestants whose scores are tied shall compete three minutes longer.

Event No. 2.—Fly-Casting for Distance and Accuracy Combined—Entrance fee $10. Prize, gold medal emblematic of the World's Columbian Exposition Expert Championship for Distance and Accuracy Fly-Casting Combined.

Rule to Govern Contest.—Three buoys shall be placed as follows: The first, 75ft. from the score line, but 5ft. to the left of a direct line; the second, 80ft. distant, but 5ft to the right of a direct line; the third, 85ft. distant, but in a direct line from the pier stake. Any part of the leader falling across the object buoy shall be counted perfect, viz., 100 per cent.; one point shall be deducted for every foot distant the leader or nearest fly shall be from the buoy. Five casts shall be made at each buoy; thirty seconds shall be allowed at the start to extend line, and cast one shall be called on the back cast at the expiration of the thirty seconds, or sooner if the contestant calls time. The distance of the leader from the buoys at each cast shall be added together and divided by three (3); the total shall be deducted from 100, which shall be the percentage. The one having the highest percentage shall be declared the winner. Ties shall be cast off at the 85ft. buoy, five casts, thirty seconds to extend line, time called on back cast.

Event No. 3.—Black Bass Bait-Casting for Distance and Accuracy Combined.—Entrance fee, $10; prize, gold medal emblematic of the World's Columbian Exposition's Expert Championship for Black Bass Bait-Casting for Distance and Accuracy Combined.

Rule to Govern Contest.—The casting shall be done on land, in a straight court 30ft. wide, a tape line running the full length equidistant between the boundaries. All casts shall be made single-handed, and the weight cast shall weigh ½oz.; weights shall be furnished by the tournament committee. Each contestant shall make five casts, three trial casts being first allowed; if the contestant desires he may call time on any one of the three casts, after which the four following casts shall be counted. The average of the five casts shall constitute the record, to be determined as follows: If the weight falls within 1ft. of either side of the tape line full measure shall be counted; for every foot over 1ft. away from the tape line one point shall be deducted from the length of distance cast: thus, if the weight lies 3ft. away from the tape line at the 140ft. mark, then 138 shall be credited; if 15ft. away from the 140ft. mark, then 126 shall be credited, and so on, the foot to be counted nearest which the weight lies; no fractions allowed. The longest single distance cast shall be entered as a matter of world's record, recognized by the award of a silver medal, with the distance inscribed on it.

AMATEUR CLASS.

Conditions.—The amateur class shall be open to all who have a known fly-casting distance record of not over 85ft., or bait-casting, not over 140ft., with a ½oz. weight, or who have never won a medal in any open event. The conditions and rules of the expert class shall govern all amateur events, except where otherwise provided. All merchandise prizes will be announced in the completed programme.

Event No. 1.—Long-Distance Fly-Casting—Entrance fee $2. Prize, gold medal, emblematic of the World's Columbian Exposition Amateur Long-Distance Fly-Casting Championship and merchandise prizes as per programme.

Event No. 2.—Fly-Casting for Distance and Accuracy Combined—Entrance fee $2. Prize, gold medal, emblematic of the World's Columbian Exposition Amateur Championship for Distance and Accuracy Fly-Casting Combined, and merchandise prizes as per programme.

Event No. 3.—Bait-Casting for Distance and Accuracy Combined—Entrance fee $2. Prize, gold medal, emblematic of the World's Columbian Exposition Amateur Championship for Bait-Casting and Accuracy Combined, and merchandise prizes as per programme.

LIGHT ROD COMPETITION.

This competition shall be for 5oz. rods and under, open to all amateurs who have never won a prize or had a known record of over 85ft. This event shall be for accuracy, delicacy and distance combined, the accuracy and distance to be decided according to rules governing this event in the amateur class, only that the buoys shall be placed at 35, 40 and 45ft. The delicacy of delivery shall be decided by points, 10 to be considered perfect. The contestant making the highest score, when the total per cent. and points are added, to be declared the winner. Entrance fee $2. Prizes, gold medal emblematic of the World's Columbian Exposition Light Rod Championship and a light split-bamboo rod; second prize, Columbian souvenir silver coin, mounted and inscribed, "Second Prize, World's Columbian Exposition Light Rod Championship," and merchandise prizes as per programme.

AMATEUR CLUB TEAM CONTEST.

Conditions.—Five entries from any recognized club to constitute a team. At least three teams must be entered or no competition, entrance $3 per man. Prize, if five teams are entered, the prize will be $50 cash. If four teams enter, the cash prize will be $40; if three teams enter, the cash prize will be $30. A bait-casting rod second prize in bait-casting event, and fly-rod in fly-casting event.

Event No. 1.—Bait-casting team distance and accuracy combined.

Event No. 2.—Fly-casting team distance and accuracy combined.

ORDER OF CONTESTS.

Amateur club team contests will begin at 8:30 A. M., Thursday, Sept. 21.

Amateur class events will begin at 10 A. M., Thursday, Sept. 21. Any events unfinished at 1 P. M., will be continued Friday at 9:30 A.M.

Expert class events will begin at 2 P.M., Thursday, Sept. 21, and continued, if unfinished, Friday at 2 P. M.

Light rod competition will occur Friday upon the completion of the expert class events.

PROTESTS.

The tournament committee will entertain protests bearing on the ineligibility of competitors in the classes in which they are entered, if put in writing, and presented not later than one hour before the contest, and if any one is found to have entered himself wrongly, the tournament committee shall transfer the entry to the proper class. The list of entries will be posted in the Walton House Monday, Sept. 20.

There must be three entries in each event or no competition, and the event will be declared off.

There shall be no appeal from the decision of the judges.

Entries to all events close positively Sept. 16.

The judges will be announced later in the sportsmen's press and programmes. Programmes, entry blanks and other information may be obtained of FRANK B. DAVIDSON, Sec.-Treas.
127 W. WASHINGTON STREET, Chicago.

GEO. W. STRELL, Chairman Tournament Committee.
CHAS. F. JOHNSON, Captain Tournament Committee.

Nova Scotia Trout.

UPPER MUSQUODOBOIT, Halifax County, N. S., Aug. 7.—Trout fishing has not been so good as in former years owing to the lateness of the season, so there are no wonderful fish stories to relate. I made four trips to Lakes Diamond, Henry and Pot Hole—catches, 89, 58, 31 and 11. My friend, Geo. W. Stuart, of gold mine fame, accompanied by Messrs. H. Dixon and J. P. Robinson, went to the Tangier Waters (East Halifax) about five weeks ago, and returned after an absence of three days with 350 trout varying from 3½ to 2lbs. each.

There are no sea trout up to speak of, owing to lack of water. As I write it is raining and will start the fish running. I am stopping at Riverside House, Upper Musquodoboit, kept by Raymond Fiske. There are lakes on all sides and good fishing in the river close by. To any one visiting Nova Scotia in search of good trout fishing I would say, by all means visit Halifax county, east and north.

A few days ago a blue-winged duck flew against the house and killed itself; it was in fine condition of flesh and feather. J. N. S. J.

Cholera-Scorged Hindostan.

LOOGOOTEE, Ind.—I shall send you in a few days a photo of 28 bass caught by me in two hours at natural falls in White River, five miles from my home. This place (Hindostan) was the first county seat of our county and when the cholera came the inhabitants were almost entirely removed by the scourge and the buildings burned, and the town was never rebuilt. This was a half century ago and now everything is grown up with underbrush and the site of the flourishing town of so long ago is the favorite resort of anglers, etc. Fishing has been very good here this season, the greatest number of fish taken being white bass, next black bass, large and small-mouth, with some rock bass; and early in the spring I was successful in taking two salmon weighing 12 and 6¾lbs. each. The salmon were taken with live club bait, while the bass were all taken with minnows and would not take the fly at all until July 15, but since that time have taken it freely. R. R. B.

Where to Go.

ANYBODY desiring information with regard to the hotels advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, such as rates, routes, fishing and hunting opportunities, should address FOREST AND STREAM Information Bureau, where all reasonable inquiries will receive prompt answers.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her luck.

CLAYTON, N. Y., Aug. 16.—On the 11th inst., a party from the Hubbard House, Clayton, viz., Messrs. T. G. Jordan, J. W. Gibson, S. W. Pickering, G. A. Millne, J. R. Garside, S. G. Hopkins and Dr. J. L. Reese, landed 250 black bass weighing over 1lb. each. This party who fish daily, make it a rule to throw back every bass they catch less than a pound in weight. J. G. FRASER.

HUGUENOT, Staten Island, Aug. 15.—Mr. Andrew Beasley and Gus Wichman caught 17 weakfish which weighed 45¼lbs.; caught on the last two hours of the flood tide. GUS WICHMAN.

THREE LAKES, Wis., Aug. 16.—Mr. J. R. Albrint and Chas. French of Three Lakes, caught 436 black bass at Butternut Lake. Largest 5½lbs., total 870lbs; 23 'lunge have been caught at my place during the week, largest 38lbs. F. R. FRENCH.

STATEN ISLAND.—Tottenville, Aug. 18.—No fish during the last week. A few were taken on ebb tide yesterday. JOHN T. HAWKINS.

Cayuga Lake.

CORTLAND, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was about Cayuga Lake a good share of last week and while at the present time angling isn't a rose-colored success on that beautiful sheet of limpid blue, the season up to a few weeks ago has afforded better fishing than for several years past. In the vicinity of Union Springs a great many fine pickerel have been taken. The same statement would apply also to Kidder's Ferry and Sheldrake, with the exception that a good many very gamy black bass have been caught in the neighborhood of the two latter named resorts. At Lagoda Park, on the east shore, bass fishermen have had great sport The fish have not averaged large, but they have been great fighters. North of the Park, at the mouth of Salmon Creek, the visiting angler will find some nice bass. On the west shore from Frontenac Beach to Glenwood and for a couple of miles beyond, bass may be taken. A number of carp, some of them 7 and 8-pounders, were caught in the overflow waters on the Tompkins county fair grounds, at Ithaca, early the present season. Local fishermen say it's a great season. M. C. H.

A Bass for a Prize.

BRIDGEPORT, Ill., Aug. 17.—I send you a note from the Vincennes *Commercial*. It is one that will set the anglers to thinking:

"Treasurer Moorhouse, of White county, while bass fishing at Oak Dale, landed a black bass weighing 7½lbs. It took two hours and twenty-seven minutes to tire out the fish, and Moorhouse himself was exhausted when the work was done. The bass has been sent to the Cincinnati Fishing Club, which has a standing reward of $100 for a black bass weighing 6lbs. or more." W. McB.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone. Sec'y. Entries close Aug. 31.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Mount Holly, N. J. H. I. Budd, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 11.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park, Cranston, R. I. D. C. Collins, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 4.
Sept. 25-30.—Kansas City, Mo.
Sept. 26 to 29.—Ottawa, Canada. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. R. J. Gallaugher, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 20.—Easteru Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE TRAINER'S MASTERPIECE;

OR,

The Wonderful High-Class Dog.

(With apologies to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

A PRACTICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the high-class dog, I say,
That was trained in such a practical way?
He won every trial till he grew gray
And kept on winning, but "alack-a-day,"
I'll describe his performance in my poor way—
Turning poor Avent with envy green
Rose and Barker were sight unseen
Have you ever heard the story, hey?

Eighteen hundred and umpsty-eight
Johannes Davidyson was on the slate
(Gallus old boy from Michigan State)
That was the year when Elizabethtown
Saw birds as plenty as thistle down,
And Avent's dogs were done so brown
By the boys from a Virginia town,
The great Futurity entries closed
As this high-class dog was "finished" by Mose.

In training trial dogs. I tell you what,
There is always somewhere a weakest spot—
In range, or pace, or nose, or style,
Bird sense, obedience (well, I should smile),
In pointing or backing—willy nil,
Some fault is discovered by John or Bill
In head or in body, in legs or in tail.
The handlers chaff and reporters rail,
Your dog gets beat when he should not fail.

But Moses swore (as trainers must,
With a "Blame your eyes, I'll make you dust.")
He would train one dog to win every stake,
From Derby to Champion, and all they'd make;
If he didn't do it, "by gum," he'd break.
"'Cause," said Moses, "'tis mighty plain
That the weakest point is what I must train;
An' the way to work him so he will gain
In this particular, is only jest
Never to give his weak p'ints a rest."

So Moses looked the authorities up
As to where he could find the most likely pup,
With natural qualities for winning the cup;
That wouldn't be gun-shy or blink or bolt,
Range like a coyote and run like a colt,
Beautiful action and elegant style,
Nor run to a standstill in deuce of a while;
Strong in the pasterns and strong in the loin,
Shoulders well sloped till the blades nearly join.

Hocks well let down and stifles well bent,
Wide, roomy chest and short ribs to rent,
Elbows low and feet closely knit,
Head carried high and neck that looks fit,
Tail never carried above line of back,
(To a dog with his tail up Mose sure'd give the sack)
Courage and character without a flaw,
Fine disposition as you ever saw;
That was the kind of a purp Moses found.
"Tell ye," said Moses, 'he ain't no hound,
Had him a week and put him through,
Well," thought Moses, "this purp will do."

Do! I should think so. I tell you what,
He was the "Joe" of the whole blessed lot,
Won his first Derby, and got there to stay,
Won the All-Age Stake the very next day.
Ran in each trial held during that fall,
Entered each stake and won them all.

Eighteen hundred and umpsty-nine,
Moses and Clinker still in the line.
Eighteen hundred and umpty came,
Got there, the winners, just the same.
Eighteen hundred and umpty-two,
Mose and old Clinker ran her through.
Umpty-three, four, five and six,
Moses and Clinker still taking the tricks.
Eighteen hundred and umpty-seven,
Avent said "Clinker should be in heaven.

Very few dogs that we hold dear
Win at the trials in their tenth year
Without folks thinking it's rather queer.
"Strange fatality," it has been said,
"That most great winners so soon go dead—
Their records forgotten, life's short span sped."

First of December. Champion day,
"There are traces of age in Clinker," they say,
"The old dog soon will pass away."
Moses, too, is turning gray,
But Mose and Clinker are just as per
As when in the Derby they made their spurt
In eighteeu hundred and umpsty-eight,
When Clinker's fame first grew so great.
He still is perfect in every part;
He must be, surely, for Moses's art
In training the youngster had made him true
In running gear and bird sense, too;
So never a fault to find had you.

His "back" was just as staunch as his "point,"
His body was strong in every joint,
His range and speed were equally good,
He'd find more birds than other dogs could.
He'd find the coveys, and point 'em, too,
To his scattered birds he would stick like glue—
With never an error, never a flush.
Over the crowd fell a solemn hush,
As champion Clinker led the way
On this, his hundredth, field trial day.

First of December in umpty-seven,
This time the starters number eleven.
Now, small pumpkins, get out of the way,
Here comes Clinker to win the day,
Braced with a roached-back, cow-hocked jay,
"Let her rip," said Moses. Off went they.

To a standstill Clinker had run his foes,
He won by superior pace and nose;
And to he third series by rule he goes.
All at once the dog stands still,
Close by the snake fence up on the hill;
First a shiver and then a thrill
Runs over the crowd and all is still,
For poor old Clinker, alack-a-day!
Had sprouted wings and flown away
To a field trial higher than this, they say,
Where competition would be more gay.

What do you think that Clinker found
When he got there and looked around?
Field trial handlers in spotless white
Hunting the stars through clouds at night,
Field trial dogs with blue belton wings,
Judges and handlers living like kings.

End of the wonderful high-class dog,
If nobody wants one, no one's a hog. HUB.

BROKEN BOW, Nebraska.

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

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The Kansas City Bench Show.

CHICAGO, Aug. 19.—Mr. James H. Whitfield, of the Kansas City *Star*, made a pleasant call on the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM this week. He informed us that there would be a bench show at Kansas City, from Sept. 25 to 30, in connection with the fair, and that about $2,000 in prizes would be offered for competition. Application for membership has been made to the A. K. C. The matter of judges is now receiving the club's attention.

In Memoriam.

For some weeks FOREST AND STREAM has forecast the fizzle of Mr. Buchanan's show.

The World's Fair dog (?) show, after a most fitful lingering has breathed its last. Too many *accoucheurs*, who were each intent on advancing their selfish interests at the expense of the national bantling, hastened its demise. There was too much willingness on the part of the *accoucheurs* for the public to furnish the expense, while they personally reaped directly and indirectly all the material benefits possible.

FOREST AND STREAM, from the inception of the World's Fair show, frankly and fully pointed out errors of management and errors of policy. It in no manner sought to make the World's Fair show an advertising billboard, as did some others. It asked for no discrimination in its favor in a journalistic way, for the best of all reasons, namely, it did not need it, nor does it ask for any unfair advantages.

The mismanagement from the start was against the success of the show, but the "fake list" of judges published by a contemporary was what aroused the most widespread and indignant resentment among the dog fanciers. That a dog show of international scope should he confined to the narrow channel of favoring the private business interests of one journal was bad enough, but when that paper in its nervous haste to publish news in advance of its facts, published a fake list, its "news" was met by an indignant and vigorous protest, such as was never before known in the kennel world. It got Mr. Buchanan into tangles, from which he never could extricate himself.

Nor have the managers of the dog show been quite candid in the matter. In June there were not entries enough to hold a respectable dog show, hence, perforce, it was necessary to make a postponement. In my opinion, there was a very wide lack of interest since the "fake list" event, and a most serious though silent resentment engendered.

The A. K. C. fee for a certificate of registration was most unpopular. The question in this connection has been diverted in a manner from its real purport. The A. K. C. says it was but meeting the requirements of the World's Fair show in furnishing the certificate of registration. The World's Fair show said it had nothing to do with the price charged by the A. K. C. The fee of fifty cents for a certificate of registration is the real grind. That is the point. There was nothing to justify such exaction. The mere filling out a blank form with the statement that such and such a dog is registered in the stud book is not worth fifty cents. It was particularly objectionable when said dog had already been registered at a fee of one dollar. Ten cents for a certificate would have covered all clerical effort and the expense of blanks. A few years ago fifty cents paid the fee for registration, postage, clerk hire, composition, presswork and binding.

Is there any cause for wonderment that the World's Fair dog show had so few entries?

The management was ill advised by its advisers, and was awkward in itself. It is useless to go into minor details now, such as appointing judges without consulting them, etc.

The failure of the show, however, ought to carry some wholesome lessons with it. The sycophant and the parasite are not the wisest advisers, nor are they the most trustworthy in their friendships. It is well sometimes to heed the wishes of the public, particularly in matters in which it is concerned. The day has gone hy when any one man holds the world or part of it in his hand. The day has gone by when a man can take what helongs to the public and hold it as his private possession. In respect to news of the World's Fair show, news which should have been given alike to every journal throughout the land, it was demonstrated that the press of the land is too powerful to permit selfish personal interest to corner it. It demonstrated, too, that there are forces in action in journalism which cannot be ignored. The modern demand, judging from the signs of the times, is for men who are equal to their pretensions, and can get what they want in fair, open competition. The man who by energy and alertness can furnish news to the public at the earliest possible moment is justly deserving of praise. The man who furnishes the public news by prostituting his own or some one's else official position, is not deserving of any praise whatever. The time is steadily coming when the public will demand fairness in its news matters as well as in all other matters. This is not advanced in a pleading spirit. FOREST AND STREAM is perfectly able to get what news it deems worthy of effort. But on the hasis of fair play to the public, one can justly question the fairness of running a public affair to subserve a private interest.

It is a source of much regret that the World's Fair show was killed. Under proper conditions it could have accomplished immeasurable good for the canine interests of America. As for its international character, that was largely fictitious from the start, except in the narrowest and most limited sense. But with the large variety of breeds of real merit which are owned in this country and could he entered in the competition, and with the throngs of visitors in attendance at the World's Fair, whose interest would be engaged more or less permanently, the advancement of canine interest would have heen great. But it was meddled to death by selfish interests. Mr. Buchanan in a contemporary says: "I am mortified that all my work goes for naught, and that yours is also in the soup with mine; but such is fame and fickle fortune."

It is consoling, that even at this late day, the two gentlemen have a true perception of "where they are at." They have unconsciously been in the "soup" some weeks.

In the circular Mr. Buchanan issues announcing the abandonment of the show the matter could have been more concisely and frankly stated by saying that mismanagement had killed the interest in the show, and that one of sufficient importance therefore could not be held for lack of entries and judges.

Field Trial Matters.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, Winnipeg, Man., under date of Aug. 14, writes me, in regard to chicken prospects, as follows: "I went out on Saturday evening with a few dogs and found three hevies within two miles of the city. This means lots of birds for the trials. I leave for Edmonton to-day, a little over a thousand miles northwest of here.

"On my return, in a week's time, I will take a holiday and do some dog breaking by way of exercise. I saw three splendid huffalo heads a few days ago from Peace River district, so that all the buffaloes are not killed yet. Ducks are fairly plentiful this year, and snipe will be thick if Mr. Hough will put up his gun in the spring."

In the St. Landry *Clarion*, of Aug. 12, there is mention of the presence of Judge Perrault, Messrs. Laurent Dupré, Arthur Déjean, J. J. Perrodin, Allen Delarne, of Opelousas, and Dr. J. H. Parker, of Ville Platte, La., at the Columbian Exposition. No land can boast truly of a better game section or finer sportsmen than those of Louisiana.

Field trial men have suffered a material loss in the action

of the American Field Trial Club in declaring its trials off for this year, a loss which is due to the lack of support of the aforesaid. It cannot justly be said that any one is to blame in the matter, but it can justly be said that field trial men are neglecting their own interests when they neglect such opportunities as those offered by the American Field Trials Club. The membership is made up of enthusiastic sportsmen. There was no desire to make the trials a money-making affair. A keen love of sport was the impelling motive. Their earnest efforts should have met better appreciation. It is not right that, in addition to their personal efforts, they should be called on to pay a club deficit out of their pockets. Let us earnestly hope that they have but suspended their interest for this year only. It is by such organizations and such membership that field trial interests have true and good advancement.

The following interesting news item was received from Mr. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man. He says: "We have always had to suffer delay in starting trials on Monday. We shall have the draw on Monday evening, and the first brace must go down at 7 A. M., sharp. There is quite a lot of dogs in training here. Tom Sheldon is at La Salle with a dozen including King of Manitoba, bought by Manitoba's dry goods king, R. J. Whittaker Speanly, for a nomination in these trials. Tom Hallam is at Dominion City with a string of over a dozen owned by T. G. Davey; J. Spracklin is also at Dominion City with eight owned by W. B. Wells and four by Eddy D. Armstrong, of Detroit, which includes the International Derby winner. J. M. Avent is at Manitou with about sixteen. Sefton Hallam is at Union Point with a Heywood-Lonsdale's dogs which arrived here last week from England; L. W. Smith, of Morrison, Ill., with eight, is located about ten miles from Winnipeg. W. Pickering is at his old stamping grounds, near La Salle, with quite a number. Besides the above professional trainers there must be at least a hundred dogs undergoing preparation by amateurs. Capt. McMurdo is expected here in a day or two and will locate at Union Point. Mr. Tway and the three Richards brothers are also expected, so with such an array it would be hard to pick the winner." B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Fox-Terrier.

BY THE TYKE.

FEW breeds of dogs have grown so rapidly in public estimation as fox-terriers. Twenty-five years since a dog of this breed was only known as an adjunct to a pack of hounds, and at the present time there is uo more fashionable breed. It is a most difficult thing to trace the precise origin of the fox-terrier, but there can be very little doubt that they sprang originally from the old English terrier, in which the black and tan predominated. Many people will say that the modern fox-terrier is a manufactured article; now, to a certain extent this is true, and that many of the show, aye, and even of the big prize winners, have a stain in their pedigree, is a fact greatly to be regretted. However, these happily are the exceptions which prove the rule, and in fox-terriers, as in every other animal, man not excepted, the bar sinister is always observable and the old adage that "breeding will tell" is verified again and again. Many examples of this could be proved, but if I mention Trap, Buffer and Rattler I think that will suffice.

Trap's pedigree was shrouded in mystery, but the belief was that he was descended from a black and tan, and most assuredly many of his puppies bore this theory out, as his puppies were all colors. Buffer's stock were characterized by the beagle ear, which descended to the third and fourth generation, and as for Rattler, my candid opinion is that no one (not even Bill Hulse or Jack Terry, to say nothing of the astute "Garge" of Sheffield) actually knew how he was bred, no dog had a better chance than he had, but he was a total failure, Mr. J. S Shepherd's Young Rattler, out of old Lill. being the best he ever got.

Almost the first mention of the terrier is in Dr. Keys' book, in which he describes "Terrarii as small dogs used for chasing the leper kind of vermin, and pursuing them underground." Mr. H. G. Gibson (one of the best judges of fox-terriers that ever walked) has often told the writer that he remembered quite as good-looking fox-terriers thirty years ago as exist now, and I well remember a couple of bitches the late Capt. Percy Williams gave my father twenty-five years ago, that could have held their own with the best at the present day. Fury and Wasp, as these two were named, were white with black ticks on their ears, which were perfect, beautiful legs and feet, and really good coats, and as game as pebbles, as they would sooner fight than eat any day.

The first era in the history of show fox-terriers was the old Jock era, in which may be included Old Tartar, Trap, Grove Nettle, Hornet, Grove Trimmer, Gadfly, Ruby, etc. Much might be said for and against many of those mentioned, and although they might not be up to the present show standard, they were, with few exceptions, thorough workmen. Now, it is a well-known fact that old Jock was not a really game dog, and it was averred that when owned and exhibited by the Hon. Thomas Fitzwilliam he used to be allowed to have a rough up with Old Tartar, you could hardly say a fight,

> "If that's a fight indeed,
> Where you fight on and I stand still and bleed,"

to give the appearance of having been at work; this, of course, may be taken with a large pinch of salt, though my authority was very good. Tartar was a white dog, with a black spot or two on his head, and was bred by Mr. Domville Poole, a well-known hunting man, in Cheshire, and a rare good man with hounds, he was one of the sort immortalized in Edgerton Warburton's hunting songs, as a man

> "To whom naught comes amiss,
> One horse or another, one country or this,
> Spite bad falls and bad horses, undauntedly still
> Rides up to the motto, be with them I will."

Mr. Poole sold Tartar to Stephenson, of Chester, and he was after this owned by Mr. Fred. Sale, of Derby, Mr. Wootton of Mapperley, the Hon. Thos. Fitzwilliam (for whom he begot Tyke) and Mr. Cropper. Tartar was as game a dog as ever went to ground, in fact, he was too game, as he would sooner murder a fox than bolt him, and he was very chary of throwing his tongue. Tartar's best son was undoubtedly Tyke, who, however, showed the bull-terrier cross unmistakably in his fine coat and stern. Poor Tyke met with a sad end, as after Mr. H. Gibson had purchased him for $600, he was killed one night in the kennel at Brokenhurst by the writer's Boxer. Old Trap's pedigree could never be ascertained, but there was uo doubt that he had a large admixture of black and tan blood in his veins, and it is my opiniou that breeders should be most careful about using this blood indiscriminately; murder will out. When Trap was put to Violet (by Old Jock) she had, I think, five puppies. Three of them had more black and tan than white, and the only dog in the litter worth rearing was an all white dog named Tyrant. Now, this dog's stock were all noted for their long, lean heads, and as a rule for their very ordinary legs and feet. Grove Nettle was a big, long-backed bitch, but withal a goodish stamp, and was the dam of some good terriers, her daughter, Cottingham Nettle, taking perhaps more after her than any other. Grove Trimmer was from the same strain and when I knew him, as the property of my friend, the Rev. De Castro, was a rare good stamp and as game as a pebble. Hornet was bred by the Hon. Thos. Fitzwilliam, and was a corky, nice sort of dog, but his actual pedigree is shrouded in mystery, as it was always said that he was out of a common kennel terrier, and put on to old Grove Nettle as a puppy, and sent out to the world as her reputed son. How far this may be correct I do not know, but my authority was old Cross, who was at Wentworth at the time looking after the terriers, and who was afterward with Mr. F. Sale at Derby. Certain it is, however, that, although he had all the chance in the world he was a total failure at the stud.

After the old Jock dynasty came the Trimmer era, which included Trimmer, Bellona, Pincers, Fermosa, Celt and several more of the same ilk, all of which were tarred with the same brush, viz., no legs, feet or substance to speak of and very little coat. Then came a very different stamp of terrier that erred on the other side, inasmuch that they were too big, with lots of bone, but bad shoulders. Among others that may be mentioned were Vandal, Diver, Jester, etc. The two former were dogs that weighed 24 or 25lbs., and were dogs that were as capable of running with hounds or going to ground to a fox, as a pig is capable of flying. Vandal was, if I am not much mistaken, shown under more than one pedigree and never got one worth its salt. Diver was also a failure, although when Mr. Wm. Allison had him and also Mr. Hopkinson, he had every chance. Diver's sister, however, Mr. J. S. Shepherd's Patch, produced champion Lille, Guilty and Careless, all big prize winners. Jester was sold by Cropper to John Holmes, of Beverley, and resold by him to Mr. Allison; with a parti-colored nose, he was a coarse, common dog, but undeniably game, and few dogs were tried as he was; his stock were never really first-class and his pedigree more than doubtful. To speak of Buffer, is to speak of the sire of possibly the best terrier that ever looked through a collar—Buffet. This dog was sold by his breeder, Mr. H. G. Gibson, to Chas. Littleworth, huntsman to the Hon. Mark Rolle, for $10, on the understanding that he was not to be sold. When the dog was about fifteen months old Littleworth showed him at Nottingham and, as he thought, put a prohibitory price on him, viz., $125. The writer on seeing the dog at once made up his mind to buy him, although he was in awful condition, covered with mange and full of worms, and on going to the secretary's office met Mr. Joseph Shepherd coming out. "Hello, Shepherd, been buying?" "Yes sir," was the answer, "the best poor dog I ever saw." "Who is he?" I asked. "Littleworth's, come and see him." "What will you take for buying him?" was my next question. "A hundred to you," was the reply, but as money was not as plentiful as it might have been I very reluctantly had to miss the opportunity that I had waited for for years—that of owning the best fox-terrier in the world. Shepherd kept Buffet for some time, and after a most successful show career sold him to Mr. Gillett, of Hull, for $500, who in his turn sold him to Mr. Hyde, of Warwick, for $1,250, being the largest price ever paid for a fox-terrier. Buffet was as nearly perfection as it is possible for a dog to be, his only defect being that his ears, although carried perfectly, were just a shade large and his feet were, perhaps, not as good as they might have been, but take him all in all I very much doubt whether "I e'er shall look upon his like again." His stock were disappointing, as they one and all took after old Buffer, especially in the ear, and this has been shown even to the fourth and fifth generations.

Just about this time Mr. H. Gibson bought Foiler of Mr. T. Wootton, and he was a nailer in every way, and if I were to commence breeding fox-terriers again, would get all the Foiler blood I could lay my hands on, as I consider it almost the most valuable blood that is to be got. After these cracks mentioned above came a rage for the Belvoir blood, but although they have as a rule great bone and good coats, are apt to be thick in their shoulders and too broad in the chest, two very essential points in a terrier, although Brokenhurst Joe, who was imported to this country by Mr. Prescott Lawrence, was remarkably good in these respects. Mr. Luke Turner, of Richmond House, Leicester, who is one of the oldest exhibitors and breeders in England, has done more for the Belvoir blood than any one else, and such animals as Brokenhurst Joe, Belvoir Joe, Richmond Joe, Burbidge's Nettle and Olive are among some of the cracks from his kennels.

And now to come to what a true fox-terrier should be. Authorities differ very much as to size, for my own part I think that the best size for dogs is from 17 to 19lbs., and for bitches from 15 to 17lbs., but there can be no hard and fast rule, as so much depends on the conformation of the dog himself; for instance, I have seen terriers of only 16lbs. weight, that had thick, clumsy shoulders, that could not go to ground, whereas one weighing 19 or 20lbs., with really good shoulders, could do so with ease. The head of a fox-terrier may be divided into three parts, viz: Skull, jaw including mouth, and ears. The skull should be flat and not too narrow, no stop or indentation being visible between the eyes, the jaw should be long and powerful, the lips perfectly tight, nose as black as ebony, the teeth perfectly level, neither one that is undershot, or pig-jawed being allowable, the eyes should be small, dark, and if I may be allowed to use the term (and it probably expresses it better than any other) full of devil; ears small and V-shaped, and of such texture as to stand thick coverts, thorns, etc.; a fox-terrier's neck and shoulders should be like a race horse's, the latter being oblique and well into the back, and the former a good length with no "neckcloth" at the setting on of the head and neck; back strong as a castle, with long quarters; the legs should be as straight as arrows, no deviation being permissible either at shoulders, elbows or knees, and hocks very near the ground. With regard to feet, the round cat-like foot is the most in favor, and it certainly gives the dog the most taking appearance, but from experience I am inclined to think that a foot of this description is the most liable to give way, and many huntsmen have told me that hounds toes' are more liable to go down when they have the cat foot so much prized, than when the foot is more of the hare shape. The stern should not be fine but of a fair thickness and carried gaily, but not curled over the back. The coat is a most important item, and one that for long was sadly neglected. It should be strong and harsh, though perfectly smooth, and when a terrier has a coat of this texture, he can I think stand more wet and exposure than his wire-haired congener, as when a smooth-haired terrier gets wet, he dries himself in a brace of shakes, whereas let a wire-haired one get thoroughly soaked, it takes him a long time to get dry, and in the meantime if in winter his coat probably freezes. As to color, white should predominate, with markings of black, and various shades of tan; liver, red or brindle markings being decidedly objectionable.

Few breeds of dogs alter more from puppyhood to maturity than the fox-terrier. Therefore, I should strongly advise breeders, whenever practicable, never to part with puppies until it can be ascertained what they are really likely to grow into. I have frequently seen as many as forty and fifty puppies from seven to thirteen months old at Mr. H. Gibson's, at Brokenhurst, during the months of April and May, having just come in from the various cottagers and small farmers. He was then in the habit of publishing his sale list and had a good idea of the value to put on each.

Now, one word on entering fox-terriers to their work. Never begin too early; let them take their time, as very often puppies are utterly spoilt by being entered too young, as many never really tackle to work until they are a year or a year and a half old. One notable instance may be given, viz., that of old Cottingham Nettle, as when John Holmes had her prior to selling her to Gibson she would not look at a rat, although eighteen months old; but about a month afterward went to ground to an old badger of her own accord in the New Forest, and ever afterward was as game as a pebble.

The writer owned her grandson Boxer (by Bitters out of Brokenhurst Nettle, by Hornet out of Cottingham Nettle), who always seemed to be more inclined to play with rats than to kill them, but when any big game was on foot he was all there, whether it was badger, fox, cat or a bit of scrapping. The best way is to let puppies see an old dog kill a few rats, and they will soon follow the good example. One of the worst faults a terrier can show is indecision, because as sure as ever he does, be it a badger, cat or a martin, he will get more than he bargains for. To give an instance of really game terriers, an intimate clerical friend of mine put two of his to ground to a badger about 7 o'clock one morning, and as it was a most difficult earth to dig, on account of old tree roots and rocks, it was after dark before they were got out, with one dead badger, another just alive and two young ones dead. Of course both dogs were fearfully punished and could barely stand. However, they were carried home through the woods, it was a beautiful moonlight night and almost as light as day, and as they were crossing a ride two badgers were seen and the terriers put down; they tackled one and after some hard fighting held him until secured. Venom never got over this, and died shortly afterward from the effects, but Pickle, although his jaws were literally laid bare, lived to fight many a good battle. About this time Pickle's owner was at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and the Marquis of Huntley was there at the same time. Now, the latter had just given $300 for Tyrant, to Wootton of Nottingham, and after some talk about the fighting qualities of Tyrant and Pickle, a match was made for $500 a side, half forfeit; however, two or three days before the match was to have been fought the Marquis paid forfeit, and it was a lucky thing for Tyrant he did so. The following is rather apropos of gameness, or rather the want of it. When Bellona was shown at Portsmouth she was awarded the champion prize. The bitch happened to be chained at the end of the bench, and in close proximity were the prize rabbits; one of the lop-eared ones escaped from his pen and came hopping along among the dogs. Bellona catching sight of this monstrosity, attempted to commit suicide by hanging herself, and when Mr. S. W. Smith (alias Big Smith) found her, she was nearly dead. There is little doubt that fox-terriers are growing in favor in this country, mainly owing to the enterprise of the Messrs. Rutherford, Belmont and Thayer, who have spared neither trouble nor expense in procuring the best blood obtainable. I sincerely hope that they may have the success they so richly deserve, and that their good example be followed by others, and that the hardy, game, companionable and beautiful little dog may ere long be as fashionable as the wretched little toy dogs that command such large figures.

Field Trials of 1893.

PREDICTIONS were rife last field trial season that the notable boom in field trials during last year would be even excelled in 1893. All signs pointed that way, but the best laid plans of mice and dogmen "aft run aglee." The default of the Central Field Trial Club, owing to the lamentable fact of Mr. Tracy's death, seems to have started the decline. Then the New England men went short on birds and now the American Field Trial Club are short on entries, and with the cold prospect of a "squeeze" in the financial department cry Hold, enough! before they are hurt. This is good policy. Some fellows might say "It were better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," but these are the men who haven't had the grim experience of pulling out their cold dollars to pay for the other people's fun. The American Field Trial Club can still live in anticipation that they may yet hold trials in the future that may be a credit and a pleasure to all concerned, and this is much more pleasant than the memory of a dead failure. The energetic secretary, Mr. Beck, is to be sympathized with, but we trust he will still hold on to the rudder.

With the diminishing entry in the Eastern field trials, the present collapse of the Central, the abandonment of the American and the New England trials, it behooves the field trial men to draw up closer and support those clubs which are still willing to take the risks. One important fact these clubs should bear in mind, the avoidance of any postponement of announced dates for closing of entries. As we pointed out some weeks since, this will be prejudicial to their interests if persisted in.

World's Fair Dog Show Abandoned.

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR GENERAL, WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to the Exposition kennel exhibit, which was postponed from June to Sept. 19, 20, 21 and 22, I beg to advise you that in view of the fact that the dates assigned for this exhibit in September come in conflict with dates assigned for the Providence, R. I., show, and the fact that in trying to meet the request of the American Kennel Club, officially requesting this department to change the dates named, as they did not desire dates to conflict with shows held under their rules, I have endeavored in every way to find some time other than the dates mentioned that would be available in which to make the exhibit, but have been unable to do so owing to other exhibits arranged that cauuot be moved. In presenting the matter fully to the Director-General and to the Council of Admiuistration, I have to inform you that in view of all the circumstances, the executive committee, acting on the recommendation of the Council of Administration, has decided to entirely abandon the kennel exhibit. Very respectfully yours, W. I. BUCHANAN,

Chief Dep. of Agriculture (in charge, Dep. of Live Stock.)

The Primitive American Dog.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"When they had ordered themselves in the order of a single File, and marched about the space of a myle, by the Sea they espyed five or sixs people with a Dogge, commiug towards them, who were Savages, who when they saw them ran into the Wood and whisled the Dogge after them, etc."

The foregoing from "Monet's Relations" of the pilgrims of the Mayflower at Provincetown, Mass. (1620), would seem to establish the fact of the presence of dogs in America before the white settlements. C. HALLOCK.

HADLEY, MASS.

[This must have been a Boston terrier.]

Hamilton Kennel Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the last meeting of the executive committee of the Hamilton Kennel Club the following resolution was unanimously carried: "That the heartiest thanks of the committee be tendered to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM for his great kindness in publishing notices of the club's drawing." WM. J. TULK, Asst. Sec'y.

American Field Trial Club Trials Declared Off.

Mr. W. J. Beck, the secretary of the American Field Trials Club, tells us that the board of governors, at a meeting held Aug. 14, declare the trials of this fall off. But a few more than one-third of the Derby dogs nominated are now in with second forfeit. Even should two-thirds (a good proportion) of these and the same proportion of the All-Age nominations pay starting fee, the club could not possibly meet the purses, to say nothing of the expenses of running the trials. The board saw nothing but disaster ahead and adopted the only course which to it seemed wise.

DOG CHAT.

Lexington (Ky.) Dog Show.

The Blue Grass Kennel Club ask us to announce the following additional classes for their coming show; although the information arrives too late for our issue before entries close. Shaggy foxhounds, pack of not less than 10, $25. Open dogs, $10 first, medal second; open bitches, $10 first, medal second; novice class, dogs, medal; novice class, bitches, medal; puppies, dogs, medal; puppies, bitches, medal. Black and tans, kennel not less than 4, $10; open dogs, $5 first, medal second; open bitches, $5 first, medal second; puppies, dogs, medal; puppies, bitches, medal. Maple Grove Kennel offer service of Metchley Wonder, Jr., to best collie bitch in open class.

The indications are that there will be over 500 entries. All express companies will return dogs free. All railroads will sell round trip tickets for single fare from any point in the State of Kentucky, and the Chesapeake & Ohio and Louisville and Nashville railroads will sell round trip tickets at one and one-third fare from all points on their road. The exhibition hall has perfect ventilation, with fresh earth floors, the benches and cages are new, never having been used, and there will be less danger of dogs suffering from heat or sickness. The exercising ground is an inclosed two acre plot of blue grass, where dogs can run at will. They also inform us that dogs arriving either during the day or night will be taken direct from the trains to the exhibition hall and not delayed as is usual in depots and express offices. It would not be a Kentucky show if the comfort of visitors were not made a special feature, smoking, writing, lunch and storage rooms being provided.

"A private room for reporters furnished with desks, chairs, writing material and a sure cure for rabies will also be a new feature." We are doubtful as to the efficacy of the "sure cure," and although the information is "straight" it must be taken with a certain amount of "pepper."

The World's "Fake" Show.

Exhibitors and every one else remotely connected with this show in anticipation must heave a sigh of relief that the agony is over. At the same time, it is lamentable that an undertaking so fraught with pleasurable and important possibilities should have fallen to the ground through lack of proper and even ordinary common sense methods of management. There has been altogether too much wire-pulling, and it is better that things have turned out as they have. The show, if held on the dates advertised, would not have been a representative one in the least sense, and what should have been an international gathering would have been little more than a good local show. Through the fearless expression of opinion in FOREST AND STREAM the causes of failure have been made plain. The "fake" list of judges started the lack of confidence; listening to the advice of self-interested people and ignoring that of practical dogmen familiar with the working of these events did the rest. In its conduct toward the affair FOREST AND STREAM finds nothing to regret; it has consistently upheld the rights of the dogman. Again we advance the opinion that the certificate of registration which, in the interest of dogs and dogmen, should have been given free by the A. K. C., instead of mulcting their friends half a dollar for something already paid for, is responsible for a fair share of the lack of interest and the paucity of entries. It was a mistake—and the A. K. C. retains the only memento of this gigantic farce in the shape of a book containing about 1550 blank certificates. This volume should be framed and set among the archives of the club and labeled—"What might have been."

The Rhode Island Show.

The Rhode Island State Fair Association has an energetic secretary in Mr. Collins, and if the coming dog show and fair is not a success it will not be the fault of the man who pulls the ropes. The fair promises to be attractive in other ways than the mere collection of good dogs that is sure to be there, as Charles Kinzer, of Wooster, O., is coming with his four trotting dogs, and in addition a number of whippets will provide some exciting racing. We are pleased to find that this branch of sport is becoming recognized by fair managers. In the few instances where they were held the races have been looked forward to by the visitors with, in many cases, more interest than the ordinary trotting events. It is something new, and the average American dearly loves a change, be it in sport or diet. All is plain sailing now for the Cranston event, and though it will be a "scurry" to get down from Toronto we trust that the weather conditions will be favorable and that exhibitors will use a little common sense in crating their dogs. It is easy enough to have shipping crates made which even the most inveterate dog-hating baggage smasher cannot possibly render dangerous.

Rustic Beauty.

Mr. Reick, the owner of the New York St. Bernard Kennels, returns from his visit to Europe with auother good St. Bernard. As usual, he has made a wise purchase, and it would seem as if he had thought better of his intention to restrict his kennel to stud dogs. The present importation, Rustic Beauty, is well calculated to help the breed along. We have good dogs enough, but are sadly in want of good breeding winners. This bitch is by Scottish Prince out of Hepsey, both of which it will be remembered found their way to this country, and indeed we believe there are some bitches of their breeding owned here already, Mr. Diffenderffer having imported Hepsey in whelp to Scottish Prince before Col. Ruppert bought the latter; Mrs. Smyth, if we mistake not, having bought one Princess Hepsey. Rustic Beauty was whelped Sept. 24, 1890. Mr. Sidney W. Smith is the breeder and she was purchased from Messrs. Smith & Baker, of Leeds, England. Mr. Reick's new purchase has won numerous prizes including first and special at Edinburgh in 1892, and will make a pleasing and valuable addition to his show team.

Dogs for the Trials.

Mr. John Lewis, of Ramseys, N. J., well known as a popular man in field trial circles and a good handler, has a nice string for the Eastern Field Trials this year. He will run three English setters in the Eastern All-Age Stake. For Mr. Gardner, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., he will run Roger's Spark, as its name denotes, one of the celebrated Roger's progeny. Mecca will run in the interests of Mr. E. Shrieve, of Washington, D. C., and for Mr. Fuller of New York city, the pointer Pasco. For the Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials he takes down two pointers for Mr. Baker, the architect, of New York; Zoe by King of Kent out of Westminster Ina, and another, a recent purchase, by Lad of Kent out of Juno, we believe. With this lot we trust our Ramseys friend will bring back some of the plums.

Bedgebury Lion.

The air around Morristown seems to have agreed with the bulldog Bedgebury Lion. He is now, we understand, in excellent condition, and can negotiate a 5ft. fence with ease. Mr. Mortimer will probably have the pleasure of running his hands over him at Cranston, R. I.

The St. Bernard Marengo.

This is what the *Field* (London) has to say of the new St. Bernard, Mr. J. F. Smith's Marengo, whose sensational debut we mentioned last week: "And then came Mr. J. F. Smith's new puppy Marengo, competing in the division for non-winners of a first prize. He is a fine, well grown young dog with nice markings and an immense head; at present the latter seems a little long and hound-like in muzzle, but this appearance will no doubt disappear with age; at any rate, St. Bernard breeders say such will be the case. He moves well, is of full size, has nice bone, and his debut could not have been more favorable." This may be taken as a rather more conservative view. *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) in its report says: "In the open class the good-bodied Marengo won from the heavily marked white Don Giovanni." Certainly a rather curt and ordinary criticism on a dog that the Rev. Mr. Carter spoke so enthusiastically about. In "Whispers," however, we find a little more warmth.

Kennel "Specials."

It will be hard if a man on the lookout for a canine bargain cannot find it in our "specials" this week. H. Northwood offers some very good English setter stock; C. G. Stoddard some cracking bred pointers; H. L. Kreuder over fifty grown beagles, not a cull in the lot; E. E. Truitt, English setters and beagles; James McAleer, pointers at panic prices; T. L. Tinsley, three pointers; Dr. E. L. Spencer, pointer broken on chicken; W. H. Hubbard, Toledo Blade pups; T. Willis, beagle pups; W. Kirby, Irish setters; C. F. Kent, trained fox and rabbit hounds; J. Feulner, Breeze Gladstone pups; James Wrinkle, The Corsair pups; W. B. Palmer, cocker pups. H. W. Smith wants a clever coon dog; H. Anderson will train dogs for field.

An Otter Wanted.

Now that Mr. Brooks has his otter hounds, the question is, Where's an otter? Mr. Brooks would like to know so that he can put the hounds on, you know. If any of our readers in the New England States have come across an otter this summer and will inform us of the exact locality, Mr. Brooks will soon be in the vicinity. His hounds have been entered and know their business.

Cribbage.

We give this week a picture of Mr. Smith's new wire. His late owner. Mr. Clare, was down to judge this breed at Darlington, but finding Cribbage in the competition he declined

MR. SMITH'S NEW WIRE-HAIR CRIBBAGE.

to make the awards and Mr. Maxwell was called upon to do it, and put champion Prompter over Cribbage, the latter being drawn too fine. Until he comes over Cribbage will stand at stud in London.

Spaniel Club Meeting.

An executive committee meeting was held at 874 Broadway, New York, Aug. 16, President A. C. Wilmerding in the chair. Others present were E. M. Oldham, F. W. Kitchell, A. E. Foster and R. P. Keasbey, secretary. In regard to offering specials at Newark show, it was decided that if the N. J. K. L. adopted an official judge and one of their classifications the club would offer the usual money prizes accompanying such classification. The field trial committee reported progress. The World's Fair show being abandoned the W. F. trophy is laid on the shelf.

"Mr. J. F. Smith is in luck with his favorite breed. His Darlington pup is calculated to turn the head of the fancy. This pup is by Keeper, and actually beat his sire for the special. In the opinion of many good judges who saw the dog in the North, he is the best St. Bernard that ever his owner accorded kennel room."—*Stock-Keeper*. Though the day for sensational prices for St. Bernards from buyers in this country is past, and no doubt just now it would be a long figure that would tempt the owner of this smooth; we know our St. Bernard men are anxions for every particular regarding the new star. Now that this new dog has come ont, Mr. Reick, who has always had a longing to own champion Keeper, may find it easier to get him if he still feels that way.

Dr. Mulcahey is earnest in his fight against the new dog ordinance in Newark, N. J. The other day he obtained a writ of certiorari. Through his counsel the Doctor contended that discrimination in the tax between male and female dogs is unjust; that the ordinance does not conform to a law passed by the last Legislature; that the creation of the office of dog warden is unwarranted, and that in other respects the ordinance is bad. The judge in allowing the writ stated that it did not operate as a stay, as he did not want to interfere with the city government in their efforts to decrease the worthless curs that infested the streets. The fight has begun and will be watched with interest by many anxious owners. We understand that Mr. Peshall is also interesting himself in the protection of dogs in Jersey City, where they can be shot at sight if unmuzzled.

Those who attended the Brooklyn show last November will remember the performing dogs owned by Professor Fred Weissman. We are sorry to say that the "Professor" has been playing a rôle that has landed him behind the bars. He is supposed to have been one of a gang of burglars that had been doing a thriving business in Brooklyn and vicinity, using Weissman's store as a shelter and blind. The gang is now in jail and attention was again drawn to the fact by a daring attempt of their friends the other night to rescue them from durance vile.

Mr. McEowen, of the Retnor Kennels, placed a poodle with Weissman to be trained, and when he heard of the trouble felt anxious about his dog. He went to Weissman's former home and luckily found the dog there, but the whole concern being in charge of the authorities he had considerable difficulty in recovering his poodle. He eventually succeeded in this, only to find his dog was as ignorant as the day he sent him away.

The bull-terrier Cordona, mention of whose purchase was made last week, will enter the Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels, over whose destiny Mr. Frank F. Dole presides.

John Stokes, so long with Mr. Hearne when his invincible St. Bernard kennel was at its zenith, has cast in his fortune with Mr. Huntington, owner of the Marlborough Kennels, Lawrence, L. I. "Andy" McGregor has been tempted to return to Mr. N. Q. Pope's big kennel at Poland Springs, Me., by a five years' contract and greatly increased emoluments. Both kennels are fortunate. All who knew John Stokes in the old days know that his dogs were generally in the pink of condition and he was not afraid of work, while "Andy," though he doesn't say much, keeps up a lot of thinking, and it's about the dogs most of the time, too.

Mr. William Philips, well known in toy spaniel circles and who has a store on Broadway, has had a notable increase to his charges. Lieut. Petich, Italian Minister to Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, did not know what to do with his ten Chihuahuas while paying a visit to the World's Fair. The hotels would not have them, but they are in good hands now. It is very unusual to find such a number of these delicate canines owned by one person, and Mr. Philips will doubtless have his hands full during the next three months.

Mr. Phil Daly, Jr., it is said, will now sell his kennel of setters at auction. The only reply he received from his advertisements was an offer from a man to sell him a Newfoundland. Mr. Daly should "bank" on the FOREST AND STREAM another time.

The "eminent St. Bernard king, Col. Reick," is the way *British Fancier* refers to the modest owner of the New York St. Bernard Kennels. By the way, his Young Bute and the new purchase, Rustic Beauty, are the parents of a notable litter, which includes La Prince and La Princesse, and the no less celebrated Goldfinder, just sold for a large price.

Mr. H. W. Smith, owner of Cribbage, advertises this week for a "coon" dog and says he will give $100 for the right one. We do not envy our Worcester friend for the next week or two. While coon dogs at $100 a piece will be like flies in summer, $100 "coon seekers" will be scarce, we fancy.

It is stated in an interesting article on Mr. Stretch and his collie kennels in *British Fancier*, that last year 236 bitches visited his kennels.

The only black and tan that could beat Rhodes's Oban, Prince Eric, from the same kennels, Lieut.-Col. Dean's, of Birkenhead, England, is dead. Good specimens of this breed are scarce, and now that the crack has passed away perhaps Oban will receive a little more attention, as, according to report, he is not at all in the shape he used to be shown.

Mr. Rawdon B. Lee, of the *Field* (London), and the well-known author of several books on dogs, has a versatile pen. He is now contributing some very interesting articles on the "gentle" art in the *Sporting Mirror*, but we fancy our Mr. Cheney will question the statement that Americans call their rods "poles," and their flies "bugs." This isn't Dog Chat, we know, but one likes to cast a line in other waters sometimes.

The National Greyhound Club would hold a show in Brooklyn this fall if some one would come forward to attend to the preliminary work and guarantors were more plentiful.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lorna—Triton. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Lorna to their Triton, March 5.

Venom—Triton. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Venom (Dusky Trap—Belgrave Viola) to their Triton, March 21.

Tenny—Triton. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Tenny to their Triton (Raffle—Warren Dainty), March 9.

Florence—Gem. M. J. Flaherty's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Florence (Roi d'Or—Nellie Bly) to T. M. Aldrich's Gem (Druid—Ruby), July 31.

Lady Lomond—Alton, Jr. G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Lomond (Alexander—Bessie) to E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. (Alton—Judith), July 3.

Clara Barton—Altoncer. G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Clara Barton (Sir Bedivere—Judith) to E. H. Moore's Altoncer (Alton—Hera), July 3.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Dimity. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Dimity, July 21, six (four dogs), by their Triton.

Tenny. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Tenny, May 5, five (three dogs), by their Triton (Raffle—Warren Dainty).

Lorna. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Lorna, May 7, six (three dogs), by their Triton (Raffle—Warren Dainty).

Venom. Lansdowne Kennels' (Lansdowne, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Venom (Dusky Trap—Belgrave Viola), May 18, four dogs, by their Triton (Raffle—Warren Dainty).

Philadelphia Belle. A. E. Cook's (Germantown, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Philadelphia Belle (Dobbin—Blemton Bedlam), May 23, three bitches, by Lansdowne Kennels' Desperado (Rosador—Desperate).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Roscoe—Lady Velma whelp. White bull-terrier bitch, whelped July 16, 1892, by Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., to W. E. Shallington, Columbia, N. C.

Triton—Lorna whelp. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped May 7, 1892, by Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., to T. W. McGill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lansdowne Pepper. Tan ear, body white, fox-terrier dog, whelped June 30, 1892, by Triton out of Dimity, by Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., to T. C. Steelman, Germantown, Pa.

Desperado. Black and tan head, body white, fox-terrier dog, whelped March 15, 1891, by Rosador out of Desperate, by Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., to H. H. Carlton, San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Miggs. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped June 30, 1892, by Triton out of Dimity, by Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., to Dr. W. G. A. Bonwill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dick and Susie. White bull-terrier dog and bitch, whelped July 16, 1892, by Roscoe out of Lady Velma, by Lansdowne Kennels, Lansdowne, Pa., to D. W. Kolbe, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

DIXIE.—Lady Dixie's number is 5743 (Vol. IV., Part I.), whelped April 4, 1888, by Pride of Dixie (3497, Vol. III.) out of Fairy Bell (3854, Vol. III.).

W. L. H., Flatbush, L. I.—You have the pedigree twisted. Your cocker bitch Beauty Bell is by Nigger out of Nell, and they are by Hollis Wildair out of Nellie. Nigger took vhc. and Nell c. at the Brooklyn show of 1892. We cannot help you to trace the pedigree as neither are registered. Ask Mr. Rodger.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 3.—International Coursing Meeting at Huron, S. D. J. Herbert Watson, 26 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (chairman).
Oct. 17.—Kenmore Club meeting at Goodland, Kan. Frank L. Webster, Sec'y. Entries close Oct. 10.
Oct. 24.—American Coursing Club. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—The Cowley County Coursing Association, Winfield, Kan. J. R. Ballard, Secretary.

New England Beagle Club Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I have received several communications from various parties relating to the so-called "string" attached to the prizes offered by the New England Beagle Club, I beg leave to inform all concerned that at our next executive meeting, to be held on Aug. 17, there is every likelihood that the clause, requiring that at least ten entries be received before a class is started and the cash prizes previously offered awarded, will be repealed, and that the prizes will stand as voted, viz., $75 to first, $50 to second and $25 to third in the 15-inch class; the same prizes in the 13-inch class, and $50 to first, $30 to second and $20 to third in the Derby.

Inasmuch as our cash prizes are double those offered by any other club devoted to the breed, and as the best judges obtainable will be secured, as well as superior grounds and hotel accommodations, we hope to receive the unstinted support of every owner of a fine beagle and to make the competition at these trials the keenest of the keen, in which the North, South, East and West shall meet and strive for the title of field trial champion, which will be awarded the winners of first in the champion classes. These stakes will consist only of those dogs which have won first at the trials of the National Beagle Club in previous trials and the winners of first in the trials of the New England Beagle Club this year. The champion classes will be run after the other classes, and the winner in the 15-inch and the winner in the 13-inch stakes will represent the best field dogs, large and small, in America—yes, or in the world, as these trials are open to all.

A special feature of these trials will be the class for basset hounds and dachshunds, which, although the prizes will be on the percentage plan, will give the owners of these breeds an opportunity to show whether their dogs are fielders or fit only to be classed as lapdogs. There are many of these dogs owned in New England, and their owners should now come forward and second with entries the effort being made in their behalf. Full particulars of the trials, together with running rules, entry blanks, etc., can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Winfield S. Clark, of Linden, Mass., or the president, F. Willis Chapman, Malden, Mass. F. W. C.

Malden, Mass. Aug. 16.

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N. E. B. C. Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the executive committee of the N. E. B. C. was held at 266 Washington street, Boston, Aug. 17, and called to order at 2:15 P. M., the following members being present: F. W. Chapman, H. S. Joslin, Henry Hanson, F. W. Cielfeld and W. S. Clark. President Chapman in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Communications were read from several in regard to judging the coming field trials, and Mr. A. C. Krueger, of Wrightsville, Pa., and Geo. F. Reed, of Bartow, Vt., were unanimously chosen. In regard to place for holding the trials Mr. Chapman reported Oxford, Mass., the best place he had seen, and it was voted the trials be held at Oxford. The vote passed at last meeting, where a certain number of entries were required or the money would be divided on the percentage plan was reconsidered and it was unanimously voted to offer the prize money as follows in the open classes: Dogs and bitches, 15 to 13in., first prize, $75; second, $50; third, $25. Dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, first prize, $50; second, $30; third, $20. It was voted the Derby entries close Sept. 16 and the All-Age Oct. 14. Mr. Joslin was chosen a committee of one to see after hotel accommodations, kenneling of dogs and barges to carry those present to and from the grounds. Voted that basset hounds and dachshunds be run together. The secretary was instructed to correspond with railroad and steamboat companies in regard to carrying dogs to and from the place of trials. The following gentlemen were elected field trial committee: F. W. Chapman, H. S. Joslin, Henry Hanson, F. W. Cielfeld, B. S. Turpin, H. V. Jamieson and W. S. Clark. It was moved the club apply for admission to the A. K. C. After some little discussion it was voted to postpone application till the next regular meeting. It was voted to change date of trials from Nov. 6 to Nov. 7. Adjourned 3:50 P. M. W. S. Clarke, Sec'y-Treas.

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The Beagle Field Trials at Nanuet.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As many inquiries are being made relative to coming field trials of National Beagle Club of America, I ask for a little space in your reliable news distributor.

The trials will be held at Nanuet, N. Y., beginning Oct. 30. The earliest date for closing entries for any class will be Oct. 5. A meeting of the executive and field trial committees will be held in New York, Aug. 28, and as soon thereafter as possible the premium books and entry blanks will be ready for distribution. In addition to regular class prizes, which are clearly fixed, there will be an interesting lot of special prizes. It is also expected that a Consolation Stake for non-winners in regular classes will be created during week of trials.

Parties desiring to enter their dogs in trials of New England Beagle Club, which are to take place at Oxford, Mass., in the week following, will find ample time and easy facilities for reaching the second trial in due season.

As these trials are open to all comers and everybody is welcomed, it is hoped that the many throughout the country who have heretofore had it on their mind to see the "merry little hound" on the chase in trial races, will avail themselves this year and help to make it the largest gathering of "beagle lovers" ever seen together. H. L. Kreuder,
President National Beagle Club of America.

Nanuet, N. Y., Aug. 19.

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Beagles.

Mr. Krehl, one of the judges at Spa (Belgium) show, says that the beagles were worth a journey to see, and in his report writes: "Beagles were such a grand entry that the judges asked to have the sexes divided. Reader is a sweet little hound of the purest beagle type, and stands on legs and feet that would make a foxhound envious. He did not win too easily from Mandarin, a grand little compact hound of much character. Lonely II. won in bitches, a smaller and even better edition of her brother, Reader," etc. Mr. E. Gerry Roberts wrote over to England for something to beat Lonely and the other stars on this side, but nothing could be had at the time. According to this report there would seem to be a chance for Mr. Roberts to get what he requires, if he is willing to go the pace.

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The International Coursing Meeting.

There are probably several men who, while not owning good greyhounds themselves, would like to take a "flyer" in a coursing meeting. There is just such a chance now for the International Coursing Meeting at Huron, S. D. Any one can nominate a dog before Sept. 1 for $25, even if the dog be not just at hand; he can be found afterward. Mr. James H. Watson, of Brooklyn, has one or two that he is keeping for late meetings but would allow to be run at Huron. Then Mr. Whiton, we know, has a fast one, and Mr. Lowe, of Lawrence, Kan., has a few in his kennel that he would allow run at a fair figure. The prizes in the Columbus Cup Stake are well worth winning, besides the Purse and the Plate for those who are beaten in the first rounds and ties of the Cup. The winner in the Cup gets $2,000, second $1,000, third and fourth $250 each, four dogs $80 each, eight dogs $50 each.

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National Beagle Club Meeting.

A field trial and executive committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, Monday, Aug. 28, at 3 P. M. sharp. Members of the committee are earnestly requested to attend.

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Mr. Harry L. Means, secretary pro tem of the proposed National Fox Hunters' Association, sends out the following circular: "On Aug. 31, at Lexington, Ky., a meeting will be held to organize the National Fox Hunters' Association. It is especially desired that you be present, but should your business be such as to prevent it, you will confer a favor by sending in your name and that of any other sportsman of your acquaintance for membership. The dues will not exceed $5 per annum, which will be collected later. The meeting will be held at the building of the Blue Grass Kennel Club.

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For some time past our readers have now and again urged Forest and Stream to add a hunting and coursing department to its other features. Recognizing the great interest that is taken by a large number of sportsmen in fox hunting, hare hunting and coursing, we have concluded to devote space to the doings of these branches of sport in a department to follow the Kennel. As our friends have repeatedly promised support in this event we trust that they will bear this in mind when matters of interest occur.

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Mr. A. C. Bradbury, manager of the Maybrook Kennels, Dover Plains, N. Y., will start about Sept. 1 for Huron, South Dakota, with a team of greyhounds to prepare for the International Coursing Meeting. This is a wise move on his part, and as, we believe, he is willing to take other greyhounds for those who wish to enter, the opportunity is one that should be taken advantage of. Mr. Bradbury says his dogs are all well and in good shape.

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Mr. L. C. Whiton has entered his well known greyhound Lord Neverstill and will, perhaps, enter another. Mr. Lowe reports Neverstill as a much improved dog on his spring form.

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Those who intend nominating dogs for the International Coursing Meeting at Huron, S. Dak., should bear in mind that they must do so by Sept. 1 with J. Herbert Watson, 75 Downing street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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At the Ballard, Kan., coursing meeting Mr. E. H. Mulcaster will handle the flags and Mr. J. R. Cochran will slip.

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The judge at the Goodland, Kan., meeting will be Mr. Wm. Greene Hastings, Colorado.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

22. Massachusetts, Club, Dorchester Bay.
22. Fall River, Open, Mount Hope Bay.
24. Rochester, Club, Charlotte.
24. Commonwealth, 2d Pen, Boston
25. Staten Island, Ladies' Day.
26. Buffalo, Ladies' Day.
26. Cor., Atlantic City, Annual.
26. Cor., Marblehead, 3d Cham.
26. Monatiquot, 3d Cham., Weymouth.
26. Minnetonka, sail off.
26. Larchmont, Oyster Boats, Larchmont.
26. Sippican, Open, Marion.
26. Cor. Mos. Fleet An. New Rochelle
26. Royal Nova Scotia, Open, Ladies' Prizes, Halifax.
26-27. Cor., San Fran., Cruise, Petaluma Creek.
26-28. Royal Canadian, Cruise.
28. Eastern, Weld Cup, Marblehead.
31. Atlantic, 85ft. Class, New York
—. Cor., Sweeps, 85ft. Class, Newport.
—. New York Cruise, Astor Cups, Newport.
—. Seawanhaka, 85ft. special.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Savin Hill, 2d Cup, Dorchester Bay.
2. Cor., Marblehead, Sail off.
2. Beverly, 4th Open Sweeps, Mon. Beach.
2. Knickerbocker, Club, Open Boats, College Point.
2. Quincy, Club Race, Quincy, Mass
2. Rochester, Cruise, Charlotte.
2. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
2. Winthrop, Consolation Race.
2. Royal Can., Cruising Race, 1st Class, Toronto.
2. Larchmont, Fall Regatta, Larchmont.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, Open, Halifax.
4. Fall River, Club, Mount Hope Bay.
4. Lynn, Open, Nahant.
4. Cor., Marblehead, Club Reg.
4. N. Y. Y. R. A., An., N. Y. Bay.
4. Beverly, 2d Open, Mon. Beach.
6. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point.
9. Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 85ft. Class, Larchmont.
9. Beverly, Marblehead.
9. Cor., San Francisco, Channel Cruise and Race.
9. Commonwealth, 3d Pen, Boston
9. Buffalo, Cruising Sweepstakes, All Classes, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Can., Prince of Wales Cup, Toronto.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, triangle
9. Sippican, 3d Champ., Marion.
14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
14. Rochester, Review and Ladies Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
14. Mos. Fleet, Open, Cash, South Boston.
15. New York, autumn sweeps, New York.
16. Royal Nova Scotia, Special Class, Edwards Cup.
16. Royal Can., 30ft. Class, Tor.
16. Phila., Open, Delaware River.
16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Royal Can., Cosgrove Cup, 25ft. Class, Toronto.
23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and Corinthian Games.
7-9-11-13. New York, Trial Races, Sandy Hook.

OCTOBER.

5-7-9. New York, America's Cup, Sandy Hook.
7. Miramichi, Chatham-Newcastle
7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day.
14. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor.
—. Colt Cup, 85-footers, Long Island Sound.

Newark Bay Boat Club.

The Newark Bay Boat Club of Bayonne, N. J., held its annual regatta on Aug. 19, the programme including sailing, rowing and swimming races. The sailing race was over a ten-mile course on Newark Bay, sailed in a fresh N. E. wind, the times being as below. The corrected times of Duett and Our Own tied, and the two will probably sail off at a date not yet decided.

SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Orestes, T. F. Roche	36.06	. . . .	. . . .
Coquette, Hobbs and Wieland	34.06	1 50 47	1 50 47
Lakme, A. C. Longyear	21.05	2 13 12	2 00 07

CABIN CATS.

Annie, A. Johnson	24.00	2 13 02	2 13 02
Hilda, L. A. Barritt	21.06	2 21 30	2 19 30

OPEN CATS.

Our Own, W. H. Wesland	24.00	2 02 57	2 02 57
Duett, McAlpin	19.10	2 07 07	2 02 57
Nadjy, F. C. Deney	19.04	2 13 08	2 08 28
Franke, W. Moore	18.08	2 20 00	2 14 40
Matilda, F. L. Field	14.05	2 24 02	2 14 27

Mattapoisett Annual Regatta.

Saturday, Aug. 12.

The open annual regatta for prizes presented by the summer residents of Mattapoisett took place on Aug. 12. The classes were as follows: First class, cats between 24 and 30ft. waterline; second class, cats between 20 and 24ft. waterline; third class, cats between 17 and 20ft. waterline; fourth class, cats between 14 and 17ft. waterline; fifth class, yachts under 14ft. The courses were 13½ miles for first and second classes; 11 miles for the third class, 6 miles for fourth and fifth classes. As there was only one entry in the first class Flight decided not to go over the course. In the second class 6 boats entered; Mist, Myrtle, Anonyma, Rustler and Gymnote. They started in the order named; Gertrude was handicapped and withdrew. Myrtle, the new boat built by Crosby Bros. of Osterville, soon took the lead and finished first, a minute ahead of the Mist; Gymnote third.

In the third class 11 boats started; the Gilt Edge and Mizpah leading, the others following in a bunch. The run between Gilt Edge, Nobska and Tycoon to the windward buoy was very close, but on the run home Nobska increased her lead, finishing first, with Gilt Edge second and Tycoon third.

In the fourth class 8 boats started, their course was three times around the harbor and made a pretty sight. Guest finished first, followed by Mariana, Squall and Charmian in the order named. Guest's measurement was protested, and on remeasurement she was found too large for her class, giving Mariana first prize.

In the fifth class there were 4 jib and mainsail boats and one catboat. Axe and Raccoon drew away rapidly from the others. It was a very close race between the two, but unfortunately on the third round, Axe lost her centerboard while only one length astern of Raccoon, she consequently won the race by five minutes, with Kid second and Waskite third. A protest was entered against Raccoon by Kid for fouling the judges' boat. Konungo, the only catboat, was sailed by Miss Alice Stackpole and made the course in good shape. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Myrtle, D. Crosby	23.02	2 49 43	2 30 43
Mist, G. H. Lyman	23.09	2 53 43	2 34 54
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	23.09	2 57 50	2 39 35
Rustler, C. H. Crosby	21.01	3 08 46	2 46 16
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	23.08	Did not finish.	
Gertrude, W. E. P. Weeks	21.00	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS.

Nobska, A. A. Beebe	19.09	2 43 32	2 22 53
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore	19.07	2 46 33	2 25 48
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	19.09	2 50 05	2 29 36
Vivian, N. Huchins, Jr.	19.05	2 51 44	2 30 42
Kaloola, H. Richards	19.08	2 51 35	2 30 59
Colymbus, Winsor	19.09	2 52 40	2 32 11
Hermione, R. L. Barstow	19.09	2 54 12	2 33 43
Aucoot, E. Battelle	19.09	2 59 19	2 38 50
Mizpah, Brower	19.03	3 00 29	2 39 10
Eina, J. Parkinson	19.09	Did not finish.	
Scintilla, G. S. Fiske	19.10	Did not finish.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Guess, R. W. Crosby	16.10	59 23	45 18
Marianna, T. E. Wood	15.10	1 01 46	46 31
Squall, J. G. Palfrey	16.11	1 01 05	47 06
Charmian, J. Crane	16.06½	1 05 56	51 31
Noname, J. Dexter	14.02	1 00 09	51 38
Gladys, J. T. Sherratt	15.07	1 07 16	51 43
Aloha, Prescott	16.10	1 08 01	53 56
Pig Nose, I. Hiller	15.00	Did not finish.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	11.06	1 06 27	44 16
Kid, R. Peabody	12.00	1 09 59	49 11
Waskite, T. Parsons	12.00	1 13 10	52 33
Konungo, Alice Stockpole	11.00	1 29 45	1 05 21
Axe, L. Bacon	11.08	Lost centerboard	

Judges, R. Cunningham, Ellis Mendel and Abner Harlow. Regatta Committee, E. C. Stetson, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., and R. L. Barstow Jr L. Bacon, Measurer.

Tacoma Y. C. Regatta.

TACOMA—PUGET SOUND.

Saturday, August 5.

The Tacoma Y. C., of Tacoma, Wash., sailed a race on Aug. 5 under the rules of the Northwestern International Yachting Association, the classes being: Class 1. Over 35ft. and not exceeding 60ft. corrected measurement, standing ballast. Class 2. Not over 35ft. corrected measurement, standing ballast. Class 3. Over 25ft. and not over 45ft. corrected measurement, shifting ballast. Class 4. Not over 25ft. corrected measurement, shifting ballast.

The prizes were: Class 1. First, brass binnacle; second, brass barometer. Class 2. First, brass cannon; second, ship's clock. Class 3. First, galvanized anchor and chain; second, brass side lights. Class 4. First, silver tankard; second, marine glasses.

The general conditions were by Rule 11 (N. W. I. Y. A.): The measurement of yachts shall be their load waterline, with one-half of all overhang, fore and aft. added. The time allowance for each class shall be 3 seconds per foot of corrected measurement per nautical mile. By rule 5 (N. W. I. Y. A.): Sec. 1. Yachts in classes 1 and 2 shall during a race keep their floors down and bulkheads standing, and trimming by dead weight shall be allowed up to time of the starting signal, but not after. Sec. 2. Yachts in classes 3 and 4 may use shifting ballast, but no ballast shall be shipped or unshipped during the race, or after the measurement has been taken. Sec. 3. Each yacht, in all classes, shall bring back all persons she started with, and no outrigger ballast shall be allowed on any yacht in any class.

The weather was fair, with a southwest wind and ebb tide.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Grace Felitz, A. M. Towle	38.11	2 40 28	2 39 57
Margery, G. H. Heilbron	36.07	3 04 00	3 02 15
Rainier, W. C. Heiloron	39.06	Did not round buoy.	

SECOND CLASS.

Xora, J. Wall	33.11	2 55 40	2 55 40
Venture, E. G. Griggs	18.02	3 07 46	2 55 58
Dores, J. Nelson	26.10	3 14 12	3 08 53
Bremerton, W. Hensel	15.03	3 23 39	3 09 39
Francel, J. Leach	30.04	3 21 07	3 18 26
Constance, F. W. Snow	23.11	3 28 31	3 21 01
Belle, E. S. Hall	19.00	3 34 12	3 23[illegible]
Rose Henley, N. Henley	27.00	3 44 58	3 30[illegible]
Mermaid, W. E. Farr	14.08	3 52 12	3 37 42

Winner in class 1, Gracie Felitz and Margery; class 2, Xora, Venture and Dores.

All yachts entered are standing ballast.

Regatta committee, H. Hurley, E. Irving Halstead and F. M. Caldwell. Judges, Stephen Holbrooke, Geo. W. Delamater and W. F. Sheppard.

Jamaica Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.

The annual regatta of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 13 in a fresh N.E. breeze. Lillie S. carried away her maststep, and Teaser sailed wrong course. The times were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.
Rheingold, Louis Bossert	12 17 15	5 02 45
Doctor, Com. Hewlett	12 19 00	Did not finish.
Pavonia, Mr. Sper	12 17 30	Did not finish.

CLASS B—CATBOATS.

Leisure, Wm. Scheer	12 28 30	2 21 00
Lillie S., O. L. Schwenke	12 28 45	. . . .
Typhone, H. Bullwinkle	12 28 30	2 19 45

CLASS C—CATBOATS.

Mosquito, F. H. Hagler	12 31 25	2 30 00
Flirt, C. W. Simmons	12 28 30	2 35 00
Mary Jane, Geo. W. Brown	12 28 50	Broke rudder.

CLASS D—CATBOATS.

Mattie, S. G. Landmann	12 30 30	2 46 00
Teaser, J. C. Fitzmaurice	12 31 00	. . . .

Navahoe.

Navahoe has sailed in several races lately, but with no better success than in those before reported. Capt. Charles Barr has left her, and Capt. Tom Diaper, her pilot, has temporarily taken his place, Mr. Carroll cabling for Capt. Aubrey Crocker, who sailed Puritan in 1885 in the Cup races. Capt. Crocker, who has been for years in the employ of Dr. John Bryant, in the old Shadow, was very unwilling to go, but the whole matter was discussed aboard the flagship at Vineyard Haven by the officers and members of the New York Y. C., and as the result he sailed on the Majestic on Aug. 16. The task that he has undertaken in succeeding Capt. Barr is a difficult and by no means a pleasant one.

A very unpleasant story has been cabled from the other side of a quarrel between Mr. Carroll and one of his crew during a race, in the course of which Mr. Carroll struck the man and ordered him in irons, which order, however, was not executed. After the race the man left the vessel and threatened to prosecute the owner, who, as the story goes, finally compromised the matter by paying £74 and his passage home. Wilson & Silsby are making a new mainsail, fully as large as the present one, for Navahoe.

NEW YORK Y. C. ANNUAL CRUISE.

ALTHOUGH the fleet this year has been a large one, and has kept together longer than usual, the annual cruise can hardly be set down as a success. Under ordinary circumstances the weather might have been considered fairly good: bright sunny days, not too hot or sultry for comfort, and with wind enough to make all passages from port to port. This year, however, the main feature of the cruise was the racing, that of the four new yachts in particular, and this part of the programme has proved a failure through the vagaries of the weather. The Goelet cup race was a mere waste of time that gave pleasure to no one, the cup defenders played but a small part in the runs, and two of the most important of the special races were spoiled by light weather. The one bright spot of the whole cruise is the grand battle for the first Astor cup on Thursday last; the sight of such a fight to windward went a long way toward consoling all who were fortunate enough to see it for the many disappointments of the cruise.

Apart from the racing the cruise was a pleasant one, and so far as the management goes the only fault to be found is in the delays at the start, which were always annoying to the sailing men, and in several cases interfered with the successful finish of the races. While there are always a few laggards in the racing fleet, the sailing men as a rule are out early and ready to start with the first appearance of wind, but early hours are not to the liking either of the guests ashore or the members of the steam fleet; and as a consequence the racing is often sacrificed to the picnic features of the cruise.

The matter of carrying out a fixed programme in which so much depends on the wind and fog is a very difficult one; and the very first consideration is to use the wind when it is to be had. The first thing toward carrying out the programme punctually is to start as early as possible in the morning provided there is any wind, as the middle of the day in August about Long Island Sound is likely to be almost calm. Both in the runs and races the rule should be for a start at 9 A. M. when there is a breeze at that hour which gives little promise of holding; a very frequent case in summer.

Instead of this, it was sometimes well on to noon before the flagship was in position and the starting gun fired. With a start at 9 A. M. instead of 11:35, the Goelet cup race would have been finished before dark, and though it would have been a slow race, the yachts might have been back at the finish instead of off Hen and Chickens when the wind died out. In the same way an early start from the Vineyard on Monday would have brought the fleet well into Vineyard Sound before the breeze fell, giving them the advantage of the tide over the latter part of the course.

Our story last week carried the fleet down to the Goelet cup race of Friday and the fog of Saturday, merely the summary of Monday's run being given. Early on Sunday morning the steam yacht Cosette, Mr. C. H. Osgood, dragged under the bows of a large coasting schooner and only came off with the loss of a topmast and both gaffs, her awning and a large portion of the port rail and nettings.

The orders in the morning were to lie at anchor and to dress ship at noon, but a large number of yachts were tempted out by the fine breeze and clear weather, and left the fleet for Vineyard Haven or for a sail up Narragansett Bay. Of the racing boats only Pilgrim went out, starting in the morning and sailing for several hours. In contrast with its crowded condition on the previous days, the harbor looked almost deserted by night. The orders called for an early start for Vineyard Haven; returning on Tuesday to Newport and sailing the first race for the Astor cup on Wednesday.

Fourth Squadron Run.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

Monday, Aug. 14.

AFTER two idle days all were rested, and ample time had been afforded for preparation before Monday morning, but by dint of the usual avoidable and unnecessary delays, the most valuable part of the day was wasted, and a good race partly spoiled. The wind in the early morning was fresh from the north, a good clubtopsail breeze, though only jibheaders were allowed for the race in "cruising trim." With two days to make ready, the fleet might have been off Brenton's Reef Lightship by 8 o'clock, but it was 9:40 before the May anchored N. E. of the ship and made the starting line, and it was half an hour later when the last laggard was deemed near enough, and the starting gun was fired.

In the morning an order was distributed, changing the mode of starting; instead of starting ahead, the four big cutters were to start last, from the gun; the smaller cutters and sloops starting from the first gun, a time start; the schooners from the second also a time start, and the cup defenders last, with a one gun start.

Pilgrim alone remained at anchor, the other three being out in good season under lower sails and with jibheaders set in stops; Vigilant was attended by the ever faithful Hattie Palmer, which was about the line for a time and then started off to jog over the 37 miles to West Chop. Many sailing yachts came out and started at once, and the three steam yachts Intrepid, Golden Fleece and Barracouta started under canvas, the former in particular presenting a fine sight. The other steamyachts waited at the line to see what promised to be a fine start—Conqueror, Sapphire, Clermont, Jean, Monitta, Rival, Susquehanna, Katrina, Allegra, White Layde and many others.

The start of the three divisions was the first stirring sight of the cruise. The whole fleet lay to windward of the line, the wind being then N.N.E.; the smaller singlestickers were near the flagship, on the weather end of the line, with jibheaders sheeted home and second jib topsails in stops, and when the gun fired Hildegarde rushed over smartly, followed by Bedouin and Wasp. Queen Mab came next, under the lee of this pair, and with Huron on her weather quarter, then Carmita and Katrina. Harpoon and Wayward were very late, and Jessica managed to get in with the leaders of the schooners.

With the second gun Ariel went over close to May, with Jessica just to windward. Lasca was close on Ariel's weather quarter, then came Volunteer a little distance astern, with Ramona hanging close to her weather. Alcæa had a clear space to cross in near the middle of the line, and Dauntless followed her, but Palmer crossed close to the May, with Constellation, Yampa and Neaera after her. The first group of schooners were all close together, but the last half dozen were more scattered, Shamrock and Mayflower bringing up the rear.

As the time for their start approached the three big yachts neared the line, Colonia and Vigilant from the westward, while Jubilee, after running to leeward, came up over the line, meeting Vigilant near the flagship and tacking under her lee. Jubilee had started her jibtopsail up the stay, but was obliged to lower it to hoist it on second time. She was at the line a little too soon, and Vigilant ran by and crossed the line on Vigilant's weather quarter, while Jubilee was a little slower in starting, and fell in a hundred yards astern and nearly in Vigilant's wake.

The start was timed:

Start	10 15 00	Alcæa	10 20 57
Hildegarde	10 15 43	Lasca	10 21 02
Huron	10 16 10	Volunteer	10 21 21
Wasp	10 16 13	Ramona	10 21 30
Bedouin	10 16 21	Dauntless	10 21 40
Queen Mab	10 16 22	Palmer	10 22 08
Katrina	10 16 26	Constellation	10 22 36
Carmita	10 16 35	Neaera	10 23 05
Eclipse	10 17 02	Yampa	10 23 05
Harpoon	10 18 33	Mayflower	10 24 45
Wayward	10 19 05	Miranda	10 25 00
Handicap	10 20 00	Vigilant	10 35 00
Jessica	10 20 00	Colonia	10 35 00
Ariel	10 20 18	Jubilee	10 35 00

With a good breeze the first two divisions were well away before the start of the Cup defenders, with large jibtopsails and maintopmast staysail drawing on the schooners. As the three big boats crossed the attendant fleet of steamers opened out to follow, and every one was pushed to the utmost, a number of incidental brushes resulting. Close to Vigilant's quarter was the little steamer Katrina, with John B. Herreshoff on board, the designer, N. G. Herreshoff, sailing on Vigilant.

From the start Vigilant moved the fastest, springing away a little, but unable to work clear of Colonia, perched in an advantageous position on her weather quarter. Jubilee was hardly holding the others, but soon began to luff out across Colonia's wake, her jibtopsail shaking.

There was now wind enough to test the stability of the three, though they were only under jibheaders; but none displayed any special tenderness. Jubilee had a trifle more heel than the other two, but still carried her sail easily. There was little to be seen of the fi et ahead, but plenty to entertain the spectator in the work of this trio.

To judge from the steam fleet, the racers were doing over 13 knots in smooth water and with a fresh breeze just before the beam. The first half hour brought them up with West Island, with little change in the original positions, except that Jubilee had worked well out to windward and was doing better than at first, while Vigilant had got out slightly from under Colonia. Palmer was passed here, having given up the race and headed westward.

At 11:30, when the tail of the fleet was picked up well beyond West Island, the wind had fallen, and the steamers which had been left behind were now able to overtake and keep up with the fleet. Harpoon, Carmita and Wasp were close together, the former some 200yds. in the lead, having more than made up a very bad start. Wasp soon drew ahead of Carmita and left her, the fin-keel finally failing to finish.

At noon Lasca was leading the fleet, having passed Sow and Pigs Lightship. Ramona was some distance astern of her, then Alcæa and Constellation, Dauntless, Volunteer and Huron, with Queen Mab, Ariel and Hildegarde astern. The wind fell until a little after noon the main body of the fleet was becalmed off the lightship, Volunteer and Dauntless being close abeam beside the ship. Ahead under the Cuttyhunk shore were Lasca, Ramona, Constellation, Alcæa, Katrina and Intrepid, all with little way on, and the latter stowing her canvas. Nearing the lightship was Vigilant, now well clear of Colonia for the first time. Jubilee and Colonia were still close together a few hundred yards astern of Vigilant, and with them were Bedouin, Huron and Queen Mab. All racing had stopped for the time, but Vigilant was slowly increasing her distance from the others, passing Dauntless and Volunteer, while they lay almost motionless.

It was nearly 1 o'clock before the new breeze came in from S.W., inducing some of the smaller boats astern to set spinakers to starboard. The leaders after jibing set their spinakers in stops, but none were broken out. Light as the breeze was, Vigilant was sailing, and when near Gay Head she had worked out a lead of some two miles over the others. Colonia worked by Jubilee and was about half a mile in the lead of her, all having now lowered their working headsails and set ballooners, the spinakers being taken in while still in stops.

Lasca still held a good lead, and at 2:45 was inshore just beyond Tarpaulin Cove, Ramona being out in Vineyard Sound, with Constellation and Alcæa following Lasca inshore.

Vigilant, working along the Vineyard Haven shore with spinaker set, was now the second boat of the fleet, and astern of her was Katrina. Colonia and Jubilee were still a couple of miles astern.

There was a good breeze blowing by this time, but a bad head tide. Constellation began to wake up and went by Ramona and Vigilant into second place. The fleet, spread out over the length and breadth of Vineyard Sound, with the green wooded shores on either hand, bright blue skies and clear water, made a beautiful sight.

When Lasca passed the buoy off West Chop it was tossing and boiling in a furious tide, but with kites drawing before the breeze, now fresh and steady from S.S.W., she went by like a steamer. Vigilant went by a little later, having run through Constellation's lee. She carried spinaker and balloon jibtopsail, both bellying and tugging at the sheets, while the green water rolled along in front of her big bows. Katrina, looking diminutive in comparison, had pegged along close in Vigilant's wake from the time the breeze struck in off Cuttyhunk, and was making a very good showing for her size.

The finest part of the race was the finish of Jubilee and Colonia, after a neck and neck race for several miles, both pushing fast under ballooners, first one in the lead by a few feet and then the other. Within a length or two of the line Colonia led, but when they crossed Jubilee was a little ahead, being timed 11 seconds before Colonia. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.				
Dauntless	10 21 40	4 46 35	6 24 55	6 24 55
Constellation	10 22 36	4 08 26	5 45 50	5 43 59
Yampa	10 23 05	4 59 33	6 36 58	6 33 46
Ramona	10 21 30	4 15 50	5 54 20	5 51 46
Palmer	10 22 08	Did not finish.		
THIRD CLASS.				
Volunteer	10 21 21	4 26 19	6 04 58	6 04 58
Alcæa	10 20 57	4 14 34	5 53 37	5 53 00
Lasca	10 21 02	3 54 55	5 33 53	5 32 36
Mayflower	10 24 45	4 44 47	6 20 02	6 16 32
Miranda	10 25 00	Did not finish.		
FOURTH CLASS.				
Ariel	10 20 18	4 35 47	6 15 29	6 15 29
Shamrock	10 24 10	4 47 21	6 23 11	6 14 55
SLOOPS—FIRST CLASS.				
Vigilant	10 35 00	4 05 52	5 30 52	Not meas.
Jubilee	10 35 00	4 16 34	5 41 34	Not meas.
Colonia	10 35 00	4 16 45	5 41 45	Not meas.
THIRD CLASS.				
Katrina	10 16 29	4 15 20	5 58 51	5 58 51
Bedouin	10 16 21	4 50 28	6 34 07	6 31 32
Huron	10 16 10	4 38 58	6 22 48	6 15 45
FOURTH CLASS.				
Wayward	10 19 05	4 46 03	6 26 58	6 26 58
Hildegarde	10 15 43	4 47 10	6 31 27	6 31 14
Queen Mab	10 16 22	4 41 50	6 25 28	6 20 51
SIXTH CLASS.				
Wasp	10 16 13	4 38 47	6 22 34	6 22 32
Harpoon	10 18 33	4 36 53	6 18 20	6 18 12
Jessica	10 20 00	4 59 45	6 39 45	6 32 46
Carmita	10 16 35	Did not finish.		
CLASS 8—YACHTS WITH NO COMPETITORS IN THEIR CLASS.				
Eclipse, sloop	10 17 02	5 18 33	6 56 31	6 56 31
Neaera, schooner	10 23 05	4 58 27	6 35 22	6 28 25

The run really included two races, the first of some 15 miles in a fresh reaching breeze which gradually dropped; the second in a very light breeze, increasing at the end. In the stronger breezes the three big boats sailed very evenly, at the end of the first hour their positions had changed but little. In the lighter weather, however, Vigilant easily went away from the others, Jubilee and Colonia being very evenly matched.

The drift and consequent shift of positions throughout the fleet off Sow and Pigs greatly livened the interest in the race. Constellation led her class easily, Ramona being second after good work all day. Lasca easily outsailed the fleet in the strong wind and held all she gained. Mayflower after a bad start made a very late finish. Ariel was well ahead of Shamrock in the early part of the day, but the little white boat finally saved her time. Katrina did good work all day, holding a leading place at the finish. Queen Mab beat her two competitors, Hildegarde and the Burgess cutter Wayward. The race in the 46ft. class attracted little attention, but was at the same time the best yet sailed this year, with Harpoon, Wasp, Carmita and Jessica starting. Harpoon had a very poor start and Wasp a good one, but at the end of an hour's sharp sailing Harpoon was ahead, holding her lead to the finish. Carmita gave up after a poor showing. The little schooner Neaera and the sloop Eclipse had no class competitors and so raced together.

With the many steam yachts and the sailing yachts which had run over on Sunday there was a large fleet anchored in Vineyard Haven. As soon as hooks were down the yachtsmen were ou shore at the club station No. 7 and off for Cottage City. The place was hardly the same, however, without the accustomed rendezvous at the Sea View House, which was burned last fall and is now a deserted heap of ruins. During the evening a reception was given by Mr. Ogden Goelet on board the White Layde.

Fifth Squadron Run.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEW BEDFORD.

Tuesday, Aug. 15.

Tuesday was as fair and bright as every preceding day of the cruise, with smooth water, warm sun and a moderate westerly wind. The signals from the flagship called for a harbor start at 9:30; and all hands were busy early, hoisting mainsails and preparing for the run of 27 miles to New Bedford, through Quick's Hole. May went out at 10 o'clock and anchored off West Chop, and the fleet began to follow. All hands were looking for some sharp windward work between Vigilant, Colonia and Jubilee. The former was ready, but lay in the harbor, Colonia and Jubilee standing outside and across toward Falmouth.

The start for the small classes were given at 10:30, Katrina and Queen Mab going over together, the smaller boat under the lee of the larger, Jessica came alone, well astern of the pair, then Mariquita, Huron, Wayward and Eclipse. Harpoon started to windward of Wasp.

The schooner start was a lively one, Lasca well inside, to windward, then Dauntless, Ramona, Fortuna and Yampa. The rest were strung out at intervals: Shamrock, Constellation and Mayflower, Volunteer, Neaera, Alcæa and Ariel last. It was now nearly time for the big singlestickers, but though Vigilant was inside the Haven and near the line, Colonia and Jubilee were a mile away across the Sound in the direction of Falmouth, and it was quite evident that they could not reach the line in time. Before the gun fired at 1:40 it was also evident that they had no intention of crossing, but had started ahead of the fleet, and were not in the race. To the surprise and disappointment of all, Vigilant had no competitor, and the first opportunity for a match to windward between the three was wasted. The start was timed:

First gun	10 20 00	Fortuna	10 26 13
Queen Mab	10 21 29	Yampa	10 26 43
Katrina	10 21 36	Shamrock	10 27 34
Jessica	10 22 38	Constellation	10 28 10
Huron	10 23 02	Mayflower	10 28 31
Eclipse	10 23 09	Volunteer	10 29 31
Mariquita	10 23 18	Atlantic	10 29 43
Wayward	10 23 28	Alcæa	10 29 46
Harpoon	10 24 23	Neaera	10 29 56
Wasp	10 24 29	Handicap	10 30 00
Second gun	10 25 00	Ariel	10 30 00
Dauntless	10 26 07	Start	10 40 00
Ramona	10 26 10	Vigilant	10 40 46
Lasca	10 26 10		

With jibheaders and jibtopsails set the fleet stood across the Sound on one long port tack, Katrina just to windward of Queen Mab, but quite unable to get by her. Wasp soon tacked inshore to get away from Harpoon, but the latter followed. Mariquita kept company with these two as they tacked inshore under the West Chop, and after only a minute or so stood out again with the main division of the fleet. Vigilant from the start worked close in to the Vineyard shore, going to the southward of the Middle Ground, and Alcæa followed the same course for a time, but all the others crossed, heading up for Nobska Point.

Queen Mab, having got from under Katrina's lee, was head of the fleet when she reached the middle of the sound, but the strong ebb tide carried her to leeward as she neared the northern shore, Lasca had taken second place, she, too, feeling the tide in turn. Constellation, the second schooner, was to leeward of Katrina, and Ariel came next, the leaders being well strung out.

Wasp and Harpoon were making a good fight, both to windward of the fleet, but Wasp was weathering fast on Harpoon, though the latter was ahead.

Queen Mab was just about at 11:00:00, Lasca tacking 2m. later on Mab's weather, the two being well in under Nobska Head. Constellation came about a minute later, then Katrina at 11:06:00, and 4m. later Ariel crossed the wakes of both, preparatory to tacking.

The larger boats were now closing in with the two 46-footers, and Harpoon, having out-footed Wasp, crossed ahead of Queen Mab and Lasca before tacking offshore. At 11:15, when Queen Mab went on starboard tack just under Nobska Light, Wasp was to leeward and tacked under her lee.

Alcæa, followed by the little Mariquita, had held to the middle of the Sound while the others worked clear across, and when at noon she fell in with them she had a leading position, all being off Tarpaulin Cove. The order of the leaders was Alcæa, Wasp, Harpoon, Lasca, Jessica, Volunteer, Queen Mab, with the others scattered astern. Ariel was sailing a course of her own far out in the Sound, and Vigilant, still making the Vineyard shore, was gaining on Colonia and Jubilee, who had been cross-tacking in the middle of the Sound. About 12:20 Jubilee took the ground on the Vineyard shore just inside of the Lucas Shoal Buoy, getting off unaided before help could reach her, and, so far as known, without injury.

Vigilant caught the steam fleet at Quick's Hole, and with large jibtopsail set went along at a great pace on a reach for the finish off Clark's Point. The fleet came up Buzzards Bay in fine style, all New Bedford being out in rowboats and catboats, or in carriages along the shore, to enjoy the spectacle. The last boats were in hard luck, a shift of wind breaking them off and causing them to make a poorer showing than they deserved. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Constellation	10 28 10	2 31 34	4 03 24	4 02 21
Ramona	10 26 10	3 00 55	4 34 45	4 32 58
Yampa	10 26 43	4 03 02	4 36 19	4 35 04
Dauntless	10 26 07	3 38 13	5 12 06	5 12 06
THIRD CLASS.				
Volunteer	10 29 31	2 31 27	4 01 56	4 01 56
Alcæa	10 29 46	2 43 57	4 14 11	4 13 50
Lasca	10 26 10	2 42 37	4 16 27	4 15 44
Mayflower	10 28 31	3 05 31	4 37 00	4 35 12
Atlantic	10 29 43	3 41 27	5 11 44	5 08 27
FOURTH CLASS.				
Ariel	10 30 00	3 30 38	4 00 38	4 00 38
Shamrock	10 27 34	3 03 38	4 36 04	4 31 22
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.				
Huron	10 23 02	2 57 25	4 34 23	4 30 26
Katrina	10 21 36	3 01 03	4 39 27	4 39 27
FOURTH CLASS				
Queen Mab	10 21 29	2 39 47	4 18 05	4 15 31
Wayward	10 23 28	3 02 10	4 38 42	4 38 42
SIXTH CLASS.				
Wasp	10 24 29	2 31 19	4 06 41	4 06 41
Harpoon	10 24 23	2 35 39	4 11 10	4 11 11
Jessica	10 22 38	3 14 57	4 52 29	4 48 31
CLASS 8—MIXED.				
Vigilant	10 40 46	1 55 32	3 14 36	Not meas.
Eclipse	10 23 09	Not timed.		
Neaera	10 29 56	3 09 57	4 40 01	4 25 32
Mariquita	10 23 18	3 19 18	4 56 00	4 35 25
Fortuna	10 26 13	3 10 15	4 44 02	4 44 02

Constellation has been credited with fast reaching and running, but she did good work to windward for her length, beating her class easily. Volunteer was astern in the early part of the race, but came to the front on the latter part of the windward work. Ariel beat Shamrock and Huron came in well ahead of Katrina. Queen Mab beat both of them, however, and Wayward as well, but was beaten by Wasp and Harpoon. Wasp beat Harpoon by 5m. Five classes were represented in the new class 8, yachts sailing with no competitors in their classes.

The visit of the yachts is one of the great annual events in New Bedford, and the town turned out to do honor to the occasion. In the afternoon a meeting was held aboard the flagship, at which Com Morgan presented to ex-Com. Gerry a very handsome silver cup as a testimony of the club's appreciation of his services as commodore. In the evening the New Bedford Y. C. held a reception at its club house, a band being in attendance and supper being served. Invitations were sent to the entire fleet, and a very large number was present to enjoy the hospitality of the New Bedford yachtsmen.

Sixth Squadron Run.

NEW BEDFORD TO NEWPORT.

Wednesday, Aug. 16.

Wednesday morning broke with a moderate N.E. breeze and a clear sky, but by colors it was cloudy and overcast. The fleet in harbor was considerably smaller than at Vineyard Haven, and when the cruising division had left at an early hour the racers showed up in slim numbers. When Vigilant anchored on Tuesday evening the ever faithful Hattie Palmer, carrying everything aboard from a spare bowsprit to Mr. Iselin's hatbox, was at her side in a moment, the mainsail was unbent and a new one taken from the tender. Early next morning the pair started for Newport, the yacht under sail.

The May made the line off Clarkes Point at 9:40, the fleet lying above it with spinaker booms ready, and when the gun fired at 10:50 Wasp went over with Queen Mab close astern, then Fredonia, a small sloop, Jessica and Huron. Wayward was handicapped and Harpoon was even astern of her, Katrina also being late. Lasca led the schooners, with Dauntless to windward, then Ariel and Atlanta. Bunched astern of them were Mayflower, Yampa, Shamrock, Marguerite and Constellation, Alcæa was to leeward alone, and Ramona was handicapped.

Balloon jibtopsails were set and some broke out spinakers, but took them in. With a fresh quartering breeze the schooners wakened into life, and some pretty brushes followed as the fleet reached down Buzzards Bay for the Hen and Chickens Lightship. Ramona showed the best speed at the start, passing Yampa and Katrina, and chasing after Mayflower. Lasca, Wasp and Queen Mab had the lead, and astern in a long line were Ariel, Dauntless, Mayflower, Ramona and Yampa. The latter was in trouble, first splitting her balloon jibtopsail and a little later dropping her spinaker and its boom into the water, breaking the spar and causing delay while the huge wet sail was hauled in over the quarter. Katrina too tore her balloon jibtopsail, and Harpoon split her spinaker at attempting to set it. Ramona passed Mayflower and Ariel in turn, steering off shore to the eastward of the fleet, and finally drew up abeam of Dauntless, the second schooner. Queen Mab was just astern of Lasca, the first boat, and between these two schooners. Constellation, Marguerite, Shamrock and Alcæa were astern with Eclipse, Jessica, Katrina and Wasp, Huron and Harpoon were in the middle of the fleet; Huron slit her spinaker on the latter part of the run.

As each reached the Lightship she jibed over, setting spinaker to starboard. Alcæa was the only exception, running by the lee for 15m. until she was far off her course. She had picked up and taken a good position just before reaching the Lightship, but by this maneuver she put herself astern again.

The wind was now lighter than at the start, but the fleet was under good headway and doing some pretty racing. Dauntless and Ramona had been chasing each other all day, and by a little luffing they came together, Ramona touching the lee side of Dauntless, but they cleared without damage.

About half an hour after passing the Lightship the wind fell and the fleet began to drift, and short of West Island at about 12:15, all day becalmed. Mayflower came up and passed the leaders, and was about one-eighth of a mile ahead of Lasca, Ariel, Ramona and Dauntless. Constellation was nearly abeam of Mayflower, but a quarter mile or more to leeward off shore. Mab was near Constellation; Wasp and Jessica a little inshore of them, while Harpoon and Fredonia were close in to the beach. Katrina and Alcæa, both becalmed, were well offshore astern, and the rest of the fleet were scattered along the shore.

Huron caught a breeze off the land and began to move, and then Harpoon took a sister puff and walked ahead of the fleet, standing close under the beach, while Wasp lay idle off shore a half mile.

A little after noon a good puff struck the fleet, but left Mayflower becalmed, while the others were speeding along with kites bellying out. This breeze soon dropped, only Harpoon holding on to it, being close in shore.

Off West Island at 12:30 what little wind there was came in streaks and puffs, favoring one boat or another by turn. At one time Ariel lay becalmed while Mayflower, Lasca, Ramona and Dauntless ran by her within a hundred yards or so, each carrying a strong breeze. The shifts and changes of this sort in the last six miles, by which a boat from the rear was suddenly thrown to the front and one of the leaders left astern, were too many to follow in detail, the one great piece of luck being that which befel Alcæa. After throwing away at the Hen and Chickens what she had made, and running far away from the wind and the fleet, she caught a breeze finally that brought her to the line, abreast of Huron and Katrina, ahead of all the schooners.

The finish was a remarkable one, the fleet had been scattered wide

apart and vexed by alternate flukes and calms, and yet the nineteen yachts crossed the line within barely five minutes; the three leaders crossed at almost the same moment, and about two minutes later the others came down in a close bunch from inshore and crossed the line together. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless	10 12 41	1 56 33	3 43 52	3 43 52
Constellation	10 15 00	1 55 48	3 40 48	3 39 27
Yampa	10 14 33	1 57 30	3 42 57	3 41 21
Ramona	10 15 00	1 55 09	3 41 09	3 39 17

THIRD CLASS.

Alcya	10 15 00	1 52 52	3 37 52	3 37 52
Lasca	10 12 45	1 55 52	3 43 07	3 42 38
Mayflower	10 14 05	1 56 43	3 42 38	3 40 46
Atlantic	10 14 28	1 58 05	3 43 37	3 39 50

FOURTH CLASS.

Ariel	10 13 00	1 57 12	3 44 06	3 44 06
Marguerite	10 14 23	1 57 10	3 42 37	3 42 37
Shamrock	10 15 00	1 55 04	3 40 04	3 34 02

SLOOPS—THIRD CLASS.

Katrina	10 10 00	1 52 52	3 42 52	3 42 52
Huron	10 10 00	1 53 02	3 43 02	3 37 57

FOURTH CLASS.

Wayward	10 10 00	1 56 20	3 46 20	3 46 20
Queen Mab	10 08 08	1 54 46	3 46 38	3 43 16

FIFTH CLASS.

Fredonia	10 08 46	1 56 11	3 47 25	Not timed.

SIXTH CLASS.

Wasp	10 08 00	1 55 28	3 47 24	3 47 28
Harpoon	10 10 00	1 54 02	3 44 02	3 43 56
Jessica	10 10 00	1 56 25	3 46 29	3 41 19

So far as the real merits of the yachts are concerned, the times show nothing, the race being practically over when the fluking began between the Hen and Chickens and West Island.

The fleet, increased by a number of sailing and steam yachts which had run out from Newport to see the finish, worked into the harbor, and though there was nothing like the muster of the preceding week, there was still a goodly assembly for the end of the cruise. Many yachtsmen waited over longer than they intended in the hope of seeing one fair trial between the Cup defenders, the interest being increased instead of diminished by the various meetings since the cruise began, not one of which was at all conclusive as to the merits of the boats in good sailing weather.

Vigilant was at anchor in Brenton's Cove, having arrived early in the day. A very handsome new hollow boom made by her builders was shipped, and another mainsail bent, being taken from the tender and the old one sent aboard in its place. Mr. Gilbert Wilson, of Wilson & Griffin, who made her sails, was on board during the day and stayed with her for the first race. Jubilee was anchored near Vigilant, none the worse, from all accounts, for the grounding off the Vineyard. She was completely stripped, a large shore boat being used to lighter off the stuff, some eight tons being taken out, representing the difference between her racing and cruising trim. Her canvas was not at its best, but the same sails were used throughout the cruise. Outside of Goat Island lay Pilgrim, in fine condition, the slight accident of Thursday being repaired, a new hollow footyard made by Lawley, and of suitable length, being obtained of the Thetis. Colonia, lying just above the harbor, was also in readiness.

Thames street and the wharves were lively during the evening, yachtsmen, skippers and dock hands gathering in little groups and discussing the work of their favorite boats and the probabilities of the morrow. The amount of feeling involved in the whole series of races of the new boats is evidenced by the excitement over each meeting; on the attendant steamers and club boats excited groups would gather and watch every move closely, a shout going up from one group as Vigilant or Jubilee gained a slight advantage, the demonstration being received with a cold silence from the partisans of the other three, each of whom awaited the time when it would be his turn to shout.

The divisions and sub-divisions of the various factions ran into the most complicated ramifications; New York, although represented by Eastern built boats, is fighting Boston with a revival of the old feeling which rather prematurely launched Puritan a "brick sloop," and led to the painting, months in advance, of a picture of the New York yacht leading Puritan around the Lightship in the trial races of 1885. Stopped for a time by the prominence of the East in the defense of the Cup, this local feeling has again awakened.

Opposed to it, however, is a widespread sympathy, by no means confined to Boston or the East, with Gen. Paine, as representing more than any other one person the success of America in the contests of 1885-6-7. This feeling is found everywhere, regardless alike of local jealousies and technical points.

As a mere matter of local pride, the whole north shore of Long Island Sound, from Hell Gate to New Haven, swears by Vigilant; while another class of her adherents profess to regard her as the legitimate representative of the national centerboard type; wholly ignoring the patent fact that though having a centerboard she is a cutter of greater draft than many large British racers, such as Genesta and Galatea.

Among Colonia's adherents are a large part of the Herreshoff following who believe in Wasp and Gloriana, and also many who have no deeper motive than personal friendship or admiration for Mr. Rogers and Captain Haff, each of whom holds an enviable place among American yachtsmen, amateur and professional. Rear Com. Rogers' reputation in the old Bedouin, and the promptness with which he had a Cup defender under way on the first acceptance of the challenge, have won much sympathy for Colonia, even from those unknown to him personally; while the work of Captain Haff in Volunteer, to say nothing of his skillful handling of Fanny and Titania, have made his name familiar to all American yachtsmen.

One broad line of division shading into many minor ones is drawn at the hulb fin-keel; this innovation, as represented by Pilgrim and Jubilee, is praised by many as a substantial advance in designing, and as heartily denounced by many others as a mischievous machine compared with the two Herreshoff boats. Some there are who stand by the deep fin, while others uphold the more moderate draft and increased range of use of the centerboard fin.

Naturally the Herreshoffs, after Gloriana, Wasp and Dilemma, have a very large personal following, divided into keel and centerboard, but all looking to see Bristol beat Boston. The pluck and enterprise displayed by the two young Boston designers, Stewart & Binney, in not only providing a fourth defender for the Cup, but in carrying the fin experiment to a practical test has won them many friends throughout the country, while those who have seen the result of their work displayed in their drydock have nothing but praise for it. Taken altogether, the issues this year, national, local and technical, are infinitely more complicated and no less sharply contested than in the old cutter and sloop controvery.

Astor Cups, First Race.

NEWPORT, WINDWARD AND LEEWARD.

Thursday, Aug. 17.

The official announcement of the conditions of the Astor cups was as follows, some slight changes having been made from the original announcement earlier in the season:

Capt. J. J. Astor, N. Y. Y. C., offers two cups, $600 each, to be sailed for by sloops, cutters and yawls belonging to the club, under the following conditions:

The winner of the first day's race is to take one cup, and the winner, second, third and fourth boats shall compete in the second race for the other cup. In the event of the second cup being won by the boat which was second, third or fourth in the first day's race, there shall be a third race between these two boats, and the winner of the third race shall take both cups.

Time limit for each race is six hours. Hauling out to clean not allowed after commencement of the cruise. Wind and weather permitting, the races will be sailed on consecutive days Entries must be made in writing. They will be received on board the flagship up to 8 A. M. Aug. 17.

Sailing directions for Aug. 17.—The start will be made at 11 A. M. Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given. Starting signals (one gun start): Preparatory, a gun will be fired and the club signal lowered and the blue peter set in its place; 10 minutes later a second gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a red ball hoisted on the triatic stay, and this will be the starting time for all contestants. When they have crossed the line the club signal will be reset and the ball will come down.

Course: From an imaginary line between the May and Brenton's Reef Lightship, to and around a float displaying a large red flag 15 miles to windward or to leeward, and return, finishing over a line drawn as for the start. The float must he left on the starboard hand in rounding. It will be marked by a tug, a short distance beyond, displaying a large club top signal. The compass course will be signalled before the preparatory signal is made.

The fact was not generally know to the spectators until after the race, but shortly before the start the regatta committee gave notice to each of the four yachts that the one-gun start would be replaced by a time start, with an interval of two minutes, in which the yachts might cross before being handicapped. As it was, every one was looking for a one-gun start, and the opening maneuvers were generally misunderstood by the onlookers.

Thursday was the first approach to a stormy day encountered on the cruise. Tuesday had been cool and cloudy, and during the night the wind came in fresh from S.E., light in the harbor but a good working breeze outside. The racing contingent was awake and on deck by 5 A. M., and the eager yachtsmen who flocked in by train from Boston and other points had turned out quite as early, and so far as the yachting side of the race was concerned, the start might have been made by 9:30. There was much more than this to be considered, however. Newport society had deigned to take an interest in the races for the Astor cup, and so the early hour of 11 A. M. had been set for the start. It was well on to that time before the last launch load had been landed aboard the Newport division of the steam yacht fleet—May, Nourmahal, Reva, Electra, Intrepid, White Layde, Conqueror, Ituna and Magnolia.

The four racers, with a large attendant fleet, were at the Lightship by 10 A. M., sailing and steam yachts, tugs, catboats, launches, and the monitor Miantonomah and the torpedo boat Cushing. On board of Pilgrim were Messrs. Geo. A. Stewart, Arthur Binney and Captain Edward Sherlock, Messrs. Adams, of Harpoon; R. Palmer, Bayard Thayer, of Constellation. Mr. Otis was still ill ashore after his accident on Thursday. On board of Colonia were Mr. Rogers, Capt. Hank Haff and his son Harry, mate; Capt. Rhodes, of Lasca, and Berry, of Wasp. Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, the designer of the yacht, was this time on board, having sailed on Vigilant in most of the previous races. On Jubilant were Gen. Paine and Mr. John B. Paine, Capt. John Barr, Messrs. Richards, Fay, Bryant and Wood. Mr. Adrian Wilson of Wilson & Silsby, the Boston sailmakers who have canvassed Jubilee, Colonia and Pilgrim was also on board. Vigilant carried Vice-Com. W. Butler Duncan, C. Oliver Iselin, E. A. Willard, Herbert C. Leeds, Randolph Hurry, Mr. Wilson, the sailmaker, was also on board, and Capt. Hansen was in command.

On the wind as they worked about the line the racers were about plankshear to under the clubtopsails. Jubilee had trouble with hers, resetting it; Vigilant was carrying her smaller clubtopsail.

The starting line lay about N.E. and S. W., the May lying N. E. of the Brenton's Reef Lightship, in line with Brenton's Point. The preparatory gun was fired at 11:25, and the four soon began to work for positions. While Jubilee ran over the line the other three lay to west of the lightship. About four minutes before the gun Jubilee stood back over the line to the starting side, and tacked between the lightship and Colonia, Pilgrim being under the latter's lee while Vigilant was hanging back, astern of all. Pilgrim came for the line a little before the gun, and bore away, so that she was in the leeward herth near the middle when she crossed. Jubilee went over promptly on the weather end, close by the lightship, with Colonia just astern, Vigilant worked until all the others had gone and then shaved by the lightship and made a shoot to windward to get well clear of Colonia's wind. She luffed a little too high, the headsails flatting, hut filled away, and for the first time the four cup defenders were fairly started in a good race. The times of the start were: Jubilee 11:35:21, Pilgrim 11:35:26, Colonia 11:35:58, Vigilant 11:36:19.

As they settled down to real windward work all carried clubtopsails and baby jibtopsails, though Jubilee did not break hers out at first. In the matter of canvas, Jubilee was at a disadvantage, her clubtopsail sitting badly and the mainsail being inferior to the others. Her sails, with those of Colonia and Pilgrim, were made by Messrs. Wilson & Silsby, of Boston, while those of Vigilant were made by Messrs. Wilson & Griffin, of New York. Colonia and Pilgrim showed better sitting sails, especially the club topsails. The lacing on Jubilee's topsail parted before the start, but the damage had been repaired.

The first quarter of an hour served to place the hoats, such sailing as has since been done in this and later races merely confirming the almost unanimous conclusions of those who watched the fleet carefully. Though to leeward, Pilgrim sprang away at first, and opened a little from under Jubilee and then even ran clear. Colonia in the latter's wake was about holding her, while Vigilant was not footing with the others.

The friends of the fin-keel were jubilant, hut only for a minute or two; she was carrying sail well, though heeling a little more than any of the others, and she pointed up, but Jubilee began to foot by her, while the distance between them, beam and beam, widened perceptibly, the deep fin sliding off. Colonia and Jubilee were making a fine race, the latter a hundred yards astern, but neither losing nor gaining.

Five minutes had hardly gone before Jubilee pulled up and then slipped clear of Pilgrim; then Colonia drew across the fin boat's wind and stood to pass her as Juhilee had just done. At ten minutes from the start, when Colonia was on her weather quarter, Pilgrim made a tack to starboard, heading off shore to the southward and passing just under Colonia's stern.

All this time Vigilant had been steadily weathering out to windward, pointing high and holding where she looked, and though further astern than at the start measured as the boats were heading, she was well to windward of the other two.

At noon, all three were in a straight line, Colonia midway between Jubilee and Vigilant, the former well ahead of her lee bow and the latter well to windward of her weather quarter. The steam fleet ran but a short distance to leeward of the racers, holding abreast of them, and it was possible to note every slight gain or loss. The wind held fresh, and Jubilee was now heeling the most, she had footed well ahead, hut was not getting to windward with Vigilant, Colonia being hetween the two in footing and holding on. Pilgrim was standing off at some distance from the others, but in about the same wind.

Colonia was the first to go on port tack after Pilgrim at 12:10; Vigilant cast about at once and found herself well placed on Colonia's weather bow. When Juhilee went about a couple of minutes later, she was to windward of the others, but a long distance astern. Vigilant was carrying her baby jibtopsail, the others having stowed theirs, and here came in 12:30. At this hour Colonia was a quarter of a mile from Vigilant's lee quarter, while Jubilee was about half a mile from her weather quarter and not holding this place. Pilgrim, off to the S. W., was visible indistinctly, a light rain beginning to fall, she having just gone on starboard tack to close in with the others.

She had certainly improved her position since leaving the fleet, for as she and Colonia neared it was clear that she would go by easily, and at 12:47 she crossed Colonia's hows. When she tacked, three minutes later, she was second boat, well astern of Vigilant, but ahead of Colonia and Jubilee. Her gain was of short duration. Colonia went on starboard tack, and when they met after another twenty minutes, Pilgrim, on the wrong tack, was compelled to go under her stern. Colonia stood across and weathered Jubilee, tacking at 1:15 on the latter's weather bow. Again Pilgrim came in with the others, and this time, about 1:30, she crossed Jubilee's wake.

Vigilant's superiority was by this time demonstrated beyond question, and the interest now centered on the second position, Juhilee and Colonia making an obstinate and very even fight. At 1:40 the two were close together, Jubilee under Colonia's bow. Colonia set her baby jibtopsail again, the others showing only four sails. The wind still held strong and true, in fact there were no flukes throughout the race. The rain fell lightly at times, and the sea was smooth, only a light roll on.

Gratifying as it would be to see the four stripped, with topmasts housed, or in a sea with a working topsail breeze, the conditions in this race were of the best for a test of those qualities which tell in the majority of races sailed under a time limit, speed to windward under clubtopsails.

Vigilant was now nearing the outer mark, where the Scandinavian and Luckenbach and a number of steam yachts were awaiting her. She was making a steady gain on the fleet, and Pilgrim, on the other hand, was losing, while Jubilee and Colonia, now separated on opposite tacks, showed nearly the same relative positions. Vigilant came for the mark on port tack, rounded, making a rather wide sweep, and was timed 2:06:37. Her spinaker boom was on deck, and it was over four minutes after she had squared away before the sail was broken out, to starboard. Jubilee came next, having overstood a little; she swung about like a top and was away in Vigilant's wake. Colonia made her last tack just under Jubilee's lee, and followed her closely around the mark. As she squared off she heeled considerably rolling, until her boom dragged in the water, and recalled that hard bang out the lightship in the New York Y. C. regatta of 1884 when Ileen put her main boom in the water so far that the late Capt. Jake Schmidt, on one of the mark boats, suggested that she should have potleaded it.

The notable incident of the day was the rounding of Pilgrim; every one was looking, after Jubilee's maneuver, to see her turn even more rapidly; but when she passed the mark and her wheel was rolled hard over she refused to pay off, and ran along swiftly almost at right angles to her true course home. The Scandinavian and another tug lay at a safe distance from the mark, leaving ample room for turning, but Pilgrim headed straight for the manly form of Nells Olsen, on the after deck of the Scandinavian, and the tug started ahead out of the way, Pilgrim passed the spot where she had laid. The yacht was soon under control, and after the others with spinaker set. Balloon jibtopsails were set and broken out as soon as the spinakers were tacked down, and the race for home began. The official times at the turn were: Vigilant 2:06:37, Jubilee 2:12:20, Colonia 2:13:11, Pilgrim 2:16:42.

The run home was under the same even conditions as the boat out, the wind holding steady in force and direction and favoring no one boat. When an hour's run from the turn Pilgrim, with her boom well off, broke her gaff just outside the arms of the jaw forging, and of course withdrew, lowering her mainsail and towing in astern of the Scandinavian. She also sprung her topsail club. Vigilant's compasses were not adjusted properly, and took her to leeward of her true course. Rather than to lose time in jibing her kites, she ran by the lee for a while after the Lightship was sighted, carrying her in under the shore and lengthening the distance sailed. When well in to the line she stowed her light sails and jibed her mainsail, reaching in and finishing at 3:39:11 with some 4 minutes' lead, the official times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vigilant	11 36 19	3 38 11	4 02 52
Jubilee	11 35 21	3 43 34	4 08 13
Colonia	11 35 58	3 44 10	4 08 21
Pilgrim	11 35 26	Did not finish.	

Vigilant heats Jubilee 7m. 21s. and Colonia 7m. 29s.

As Jubilee was running in after the finish with boom broad off, the gaff swung too far forward and beat one of the iron jaws; the damage was not serious, however, and by hard work during the night it was repaired in time for the start next day. On the way in the press yacht Harriet, that had been pushed to keep up with the racers, burned out a tube in her boiler, scalding the engineer and fireman quite seriously. The tug N. L. Doane took the yacht in tow and the injured men were taken ashore for treatment.

The corrected times were of course not computed, as none of the yachts have been measured, hut they would not affect the ownership of the prize or the merits and demerits of the work.

Astor Cups, Second and Third Days.

Aug. 18–19.

Pilgrim was unable to make repairs for the morrow, having to send to Lawleys for new ironwork, while a new gaff and topsail club were ordered in Newport. Juhilee was ready at the last moment, and Colonia and Vigilant had little to do outside of the ordinary racing routine. Vigilant, Colonia and Juhilee were at the line on Friday morning, finding a very light N.E. wind. The course signals displayed from the May called for the first leg, of 10 miles, S. by E., the second N.E.¼E., the third W.N.W. The Scandinavian started off at 11:40 and just at noon the preparatory gun was fired, with the starting gun at 12:10 and the handicap gun at 12:12.

Vigilant was over first at 12:11:29, with Jubilee to leeward at 12:12:02 and Colonia, further to leeward, at 12:12:06. All carried balloon foresails and halloon jibtopsails. The wind dropped almost as soon as the yachts were over, and then came in patches from all quarters, but always light, such weather is only too often met off Newport, with a S. W. breeze hanging around Point Judith and two or three other breezes trying to blow from other quarters, the neutral zone of calms and flukes covering the open water between Brenton's Reef aad Block Island on which the Newport courses are laid out. Colonia soon stood over toward the west shore, where a breeze was visible, and when the fleet, after nearly two tedious hours came together, all having been on the wind, she had a long lead of Jubilee, the second boat, Vigilant, being well to leeward.

They had worked on slowly, the ten mile mark being turned: Colonia 3:08:40, Jubilee 3:14:30, Vigilant 3:20:04. With spinakers and balloon jibtopsails set they ran for the second mark in light and baffling airs, Vigilant passing Jubilee. At 5:45 they were still short of the second mark and with no wind, so each was taken in tow by a tug or steam yacht, and the race abandoned.

The first event of Saturday was a meeting aboard the flagship at 10 A. M., at which the cruise was formally disbanded, for once without the races for the Owl and Gamecock colors and for naphtha launches, no opportunity having been found on the entire cruise for these events. Many yachts left the fleet, but the large steamers were all out at the start to see another trial for the Astor cups. The weather was no more promising than on Friday, cloudy and damp with a light N.E. wind. The course laid out was: E. ¼ S., 10 miles, W. by S. ½ S., and N. by E. The start was given at 12:20. The Scandinavian mistook the course, and was chased and set straight by the Luckenbach. Vigilant had the weather gauge, crossing at 12:30:52, with Jubilee to leeward at 12:21:14. Colonia was a little late but out to windward of Vigilant, at 12:21:35. Starting for a reach, within a very few minutes the wind headed, and the three were trying to beat out to the first mark, as on Friday, with a light S.W. wind. In a light and fluky air the windward work was tedious and inconclusive. Jubilee was in luck for a time and held the lead, hut Vigilant finally passed her and rounded the mark first, the times being: Vigilant 3:02:07, Jubilee 3:03:44, Colonia 3:21:05. The next leg was made slowly with halloon jibtopsails set, the wind being on the beam. Vigilant gained, the times at the second mark being: Vigilant 4:28:43, Jubilee 4:34:16, and Colonia 4:49:53. It was now a run before the wind, spinakers being quickly set, but the fleet merely drifted, and in the end the leader failed to finish by ten minutes, the official times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vigilant	12 20 52	6 31 01	6 10 09
Jubilee	12 21 14	6 38 55	6 17 41
Colonia	12 21 35	6 47 54	6 26 19

Monday being set for the Corinthian Y. C. sweepstakes, the next trial for the Astor cups will be sailed on Wednesday. Jubilee will not sail in any more races at present, but has returned to Boston, where she will be hauled out for alterations and her canvas will he taken in hand. Pilgrim will probably sail in the remaining race or races for the Astor cup.

The sailing of Friday and Saturday was in no way a test, and save for odd hits of work may he thrown out entirely, with the general conclusion, that Vigilant is first by a large margin and that Juhilee is a little better than Colonia. The salling in the Goelet cup race and the runs of the cruise does little more than to confirm this conclusion, and we must look to the first race for the Astor cups for a fair and conclusive test.

On their form up to the present time, after all the preliminary preparation and ten days of desultory sailing and racing with the fleet, Vigilant has proved herself the fastest of the lot in very light airs, and what is of far more importance, the ablest and most weatherly under good racing conditions. Barring the chances of accidents, which are possibly a little greater with her than with the others, there is no reason to believe that she is in any sense a light-weather boat, and that even though she may he relatively inferior to Colonia or Jubilee in hard weather and a sea, she would not he fast, able and seaworthy under any conditions ordinarily met in racing. In the way that she carries her sail she shows no lack of stability, and no evidence of the faults attributed to her sister hoat, Navahoe, the nearest to her in type of all the five new yachts.

While there is every probability of Vigilant retaining the first place in subsequent meetings, the indications now are that Pilgrim will be at the other end of the fleet. Her desigaers and skipper have not lost heart, and are working very pluckily to improve the boat now that her defects are apparent, hut the showing of the boat in this race was very discouraging, and the chances are decidedly against such a great improvement as would place her beside Vigilant.

The fin-keel is as yet a crude experiment. There are many problems which can only be solved by hard practical experience, the calculations of the naval architect lending very little aid to their solution, and thus far the work of the designer in this type must he largely n guess. It is not yet even clear where the faults lie, and the matter of remedying them in the short time remaining before the trial races is a difficult one. As she now is, Pilgrim has little chance with either of the others under ordinary conditions.

Between Jubilee and Colonia the issue is very close; the former has a good margin for improvement in her canvas, and with it in good shape she must do much better work to windward. Colonia is fast enough in the footing, but fails in pointing and holding on, as would naturally he the case in a keel vessel of her draft. Her exact dimensions are not known, hut it is stated positively by those who do know that her draft is less than 16ft. on a waterline of about 86ft.

All past experience on both sides of the Atlantic goes to show that a keel boat, even of moderate beam and limited sail plan, cannot be taken to windward with a centerboard hoat on such a draft as this. Wasp, the successful 46-footer of which Colonia is to a great extent an enlargement, has upward of 11ft. draft, but with the same proportion of draft to length as in Colonia she would draw only about 8ft. 6in.; and on the other hand, Wasp enlarged to 86ft. l.w.l. would draw 20ft. instead of under 16. While in doubling the length the draft would not increase in the same proportion, it would seem that the difference now existing is entirely too great.

The possibility of an 85-footer of the extreme narrow type has been frequently discussed in connection with the failure of Genesta and Thistle, and the general opinion of designers and experienced yachtsmen abroad and on this side has been that at least 17ft. draft was the minimum from which good results might be expected. This was in boats of moderate beam and power, and when it comes to a sail spread of 11,000sq. ft. a still greater draft is needed, not for stability, the very wide modern keels providing that, but for a thoroughly effective lateral plane, that will compare to advantage with the centerboard. There are rumors now of radical changes to be made in Colonia, as there is little hope for any great improvement in her present form; one rumor mentions a centerboard, but the mechanical difficulties in the way of this are serious, considering the limited time, and what is more likely is that the keel may be materially deepened.

Tuesday.

NEWPORT, Aug. 21.—The northeaster kicked up such a sea to-day that the captains of the markboats refused to go outside, and though the yachtsmen were ready to sail the Corinthian Y. C. annual sweepstake race, scheduled for the day, it was necessarily postponed.

Barbara, cutter, Joseph S. Bass, of New London, went ashore in a squall on the night of Aug. 12 on West Clump, Fisher's Island, when bound home from Newport. The crew landed in the yawl, and a tug was sent for, the yacht being hauled off next day and towed to New London. She was leaking badly, but the full extent of the damage was not known.

Hobbs Hole Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PLYMOUTH—MASS.

Tuesday, Aug. 14.

The Hobbs Hole Y. C., of Plymouth, sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 15 over a 6-mile course inside the harbor in a light N. E. wind. The elapsed times were:

FIRST CLASS.

Sigrid, Watson & Lootse	1 51 51
Future, William F. Whitman	1 51 56
Amie E., Hartford	1 54 54

SECOND CLASS.

Sachem, Frothingham	1 45 48
Old Honesty, Melbourne McDowell	1 50 22
Puritan, C. D. Craig	1 51 17
Gypsy Girl, W. Steele	1 52 26
Mystery, T. S. Dimon	1 55 18
Maj. D., S. Drew	1 55 08
Spray, C. F. Bradford	1 59 09
Alice, Horace Drew	2 02 54
Hozer, Besse	2 05 27

THIRD CLASS.

Aggie, Frank Rogers	2 01 51
Jessie, I. Morton	2 07 51
Pilgrim, A. Bartlett	2 09 32
Grace Weston, Henry Jordan	2 09 35
S. B., S. B. Holmes	2 13 18
Clytie, A. B. Rogers	2 19 30
Cock Robin, S. L. Thurston	2 20 02
Hustler, Nathan Burgess	2 22 10
Vigilant, Charles Rogers	2 22 54

FOURTH CLASS.

Aphrodite, A. G. Fay	1 50 55
Two Stars, Henry Jones	2 00 23
Mignon, Damon Bros.	2 01 36
Gertrude, I. S. Brewster	withdrew.

Mobile Y. C.

MOBILE BAY.

Saturday, July 22.

The Mobile Y. C. sailed a race over a 15 knot triangular course, with fair weather, S. E. wind and flood tide. The times were:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
FIRST CLASS SCHOONERS.				
Native	....	2 08 24	5 30 42	3 22 18
Mexican Gulf, W. Mickle	....	2 07 43	5 58 50	3 57 01
Sam Jones, T. Mitchell	....	2 11 20	6 11 03	3 59 43
Gertie	....	2 09 21	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS CABIN SLOOPS.				
Agnes, A. Mehle	30.07	2 09 11	.....	.....
Zephine, W. B. Curran	27.10	2 07 09	5 19 23	3 10 12
Ocean, Jno. Wallack	36.06	2 15 20	5 37 55	3 30 46
Siren, H. L. Pettus	31.00	2 11 50	5 40 20	3 25 00
Nellie, G. H. Fonde	30.00	2 11 45	5 44 35	3 32 45
Maud, C. E. Vincent	33.00	2 05 23	5 46 10	3 40 42
THIRD CLASS OPEN SLOOPS.				
Maggie P.	18.00	2 08 30	5 35 00	.....
Clara D.	16 06	2 12 52	5 43 05	.....
Sissie	17.03	2 09 21	5 45 30	.....
Teaser	15.03	2 09 00	5 49 11	.....
Frank L.	19.00	Withdrew.		
FOURTH CLASS CATS.				
Phantom	22.00	2 16 00	5 47 03	3 31 03
Falcon	18.00	2 11 05	6 02 30	3 51 25
Winona	17.06	2 08 45	6 09 15	4 00 30

Winners—Class one: First, Native; second, Mexican Gulf. Class two: First, Agnes; second, Zephine. Class three: First, Maggie P.; second, Teaser. Class four: First, Phantom; second, Winona. Regatta committee: Ted Hodgson, C. A. Hall and Thos. Mitchell. Judges, Chas. O. Fulton, W. A. Oates.

Oriole Y. C. Annual Regatta.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 12.

The Oriole Y. C., of Canarsie, sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 12 in a fresh northeast breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—CATBOATS OVER 20FT.		
Calla	1 09 50	1 10 50
Maggie	1 10 45	1 10 55
Farewell	1 09 50	1 10 00
Lottie Tudie	1 09 10	1 09 00
Aggie M.	1 10 05	1 11 20
Hebe	1 10 30	1 11 10
Hurry	1 10 25	1 11 05
Pell	1 09 55	1 11 05
Sea Gull	1 10 10	1 11 10
Quack	1 10 50	1 11 30
CLASS B—CATBOATS UNDER 20FT.		
Catac	1 19 30	1 20 30
Duck	1 23 50	1 22 50
Fly	1 28 20	1 28 00
Bee	1 28 20	1 29 00
Maxey	1 28 10	1 28 10

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

Handicap Race.—The course: Starting from south to north of line between two marks south of Moses Point, thence to Cold Spring Light, keeping it on the port hand, thence to Center Island Buoy, keeping it on the starboard hand, thence to Lloyd's Point Buoy, keeping it on the starboard hand, thence to Cold Spring Light, keeping it on the starboard hand, thence to finish, crossing line from north to south, keeping to north of Black Buoy at mouth of harbor going and coming. Start at 11:35:

	Finished.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Trinket, T. S. Young, Jr.	2 31 45	2 56 45	2 45 45
Folly, Geo. Bullock	2 26 42	2 51 42	2 51 42
Meteor, Wm. Trotter	2 32 20	2 57 20	2 52 20
Dodo, E. M. Townsend, Jr.	2 33 24	2 58 24	2 51 24
Nameless, C. W. Wetmore	did not finish.		
Nadjy, A. P. Montaut	did not finish.		
Scarecrow, C. J. Stevens	2 42 50	3 07 50	2 54 50
Pilgrim, E. M. Townsend	2 24 50	2 49 50	2 43 50

First prize, Pilgrim; second prize, Trinket. Judge, W. Emlein Roosevelt.

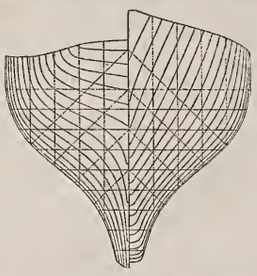
Patchogue Annual.

Patchogue, Aug. 19.—The first annual regatta of the Patchogue Y. C. was sailed this afternoon. Twelve of the fastest boats in the club started, and much interest centered in the sailing qualities of the lately built narrow-waisted boats as compared with the old broad-beamers. In the sloop class the Charles F. Dayton, an oldtimer, and nearly as broad as she is long, was the favorite. She led to the turn, but was afterward compelled to draw out on account of an accident to her topsail. The Rose Silsbee then took the lead, and won by five minutes over the Twin Brothers. In the second class for sloops, the little Southern yacht Alice M. Newton ought to have won, but she fouled the stake boat, and the race was awarded to the Odell.

In the class for first-class cathoats the Carola won easily. She was sailed by her owner's son, Fred Thurber, who is under 20 years old. The Dolphin, winner of many races in New York harbor, was easily beaten by the Beulah, a new narrow boat. The course was a twenty-mile angular one. The Patchogue boats ran nearly to the stakeboat of the Sayville Club, whose regatta was sailing at the same time, and they gave a long line of canvas as pleasing as it was unusual.

Meteor-Thistle.

Wassersport, the enterprising and wide awake yachting journal of Germany, has placed yachtsmen under great obligations by the publication in the issue of July 27 of the last competitor for the America cup, which we here reproduce. Whatever defects Thistle,



now Meteor, may have possessed, there is much about her to admire in beauty of form and harmony of design. We are not able at present to discuss at length the points of the design, but it is clearly evident that Thistle is in model a centerboard boat, and that only with the aid of a centerboard could she compare to windward with the American centerboard craft.

Sayville Y. C. Annual.

The second annual regatta of the Sayville Y. C. took place in Great South Bay, Long Island, Aug. 19, with a fresh S. E. breeze. The special race between the sloops Bonnie Doon and Berkley occasioned a great deal of interest on account of the Berkley having been queen of the bay until the Bonnie Doon defeated her in a recent race at Bayshore. Bonnie Doon won easily, her time being 3.02.35. Berkley was nearly 10m. behind. The Sayville Club has bought a club house, and the future of the organization is bright. The races to-day were timed as follows:

Special class, sloops: Bonnie Doon Arthur Gibb, 3:02:35.

Class 1: Berkley, Alden S. Swan, 3:12:21; Annie Florence, E. Tuttle, did not finish; Louisa, Edmund Terry, did not finish; Flyaway, Bert Rogers, 3:21:55; Triton, S. V. Rogers, 3:17:17; Edna B., Daniel Bishop, 3:21:09; Willard Hall, Charles Rogers, did not finish; Margie Brown, George Anderson, did not finish.

Catboats, Class 1: Dom Pedro, E. Ketcham, did not finish; Loretta, Otto Kahler, 2:12:53; Edward Preston, Syms Baker, 2:17:28; Lottie Throckmorton, Percy Collins, 2:21:41; Reliance, Westlake Brothers, 2:15:03.

Catboats, Class 2: Undula, John L. Lawrence, 2:34:34; Lisa, John R. Suydam, 2:27:05; Edith, W. K. Post, 2:37:24; Mennie, Edward E. Winters, 2:40:42; Emelie Isahel, Elmer Murdock, 2:38:03; Sparks, F. G. Bourne, 2:35:46; Columbia, John Cassidy, 2:47:25; Whiff, Arthur K. Bourne, did not finish.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The special race of the Atlantic Y. C. for the Banks cup, for yachts built this year to defend the America's Cup, will be sailed on Aug. 31, starting off Sandy Hook. The tug Mutual will follow the race.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has offered prizes to the amount of $250 for a race of oyster boats on Labor Day. The course will be a triangle of eleven miles, off Oyster Bay. There will be two classes, over 28ft. and not over 28ft.

The nineteenth open regatta of the South Boston Y. C. will be held off club house, Marine Park, City Point, South Boston, Saturday, Sept. 9, 1893. Classes, 28 to 35ft., 24 to 28ft., 21 to 24ft., 15 to 18ft., and under 15ft. sailing length. Special class under 22ft. waterline. Cash prizes approximate $200. A cordial invitation to all.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to Forest and Stream their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to Forest and Stream their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

11-26. A. C. A. Meet, St. Lawrence River.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Orange An., Arlington, N. J.
4. Ianthe, An., Passaic River.
4. Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass.
16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.
16. Toronto, International Paddling Trophy Race.

Glenwood—"Electra."

Canoeing has always been regarded as a particularly clean sport, free not only from all taint of professionalism and mercenary considerations, but in particular from all unfair and dishonest practices. It is then with great regret that we are obliged to borrow from the vocabulary of the turf a fitting term to describe a recent occurrence, which has already been alluded to in our columns. In racing parlance a "ringer" is a horse of known reputation, which for dishonest purposes is disguised in some way and entered under a false name, usually in a distant locality where he is little likely to be recognized. The canoe Glenwood is one of the best known of American canoes and is unquestionably one of the fastest racing canoes ever built. She was built last year to the special order of Mr. T. S. Oxholm, of the Yonkers C. C., her designer and builder being Capt. George W. Ruggles, of Rochester, N. Y. Glenwood was sailed through the entire season by Mr. Oxholm, and with great success, winning many prizes. At the end of the season, Mr. Oxholm being about to give up racing, she was advertised for sale, and during the winter she was sold, one of the conditions of the sale being that the name of the purchaser should not be made public, and to this Mr. Oxholm agreed, as such a stipulation is in no way unusual.

Our readers may remember during the spring several communications from a special Western correspondent in regard to the Mahn-a-wauk C. C., in each of which a new canoe, to be named Electra, was mentioned as building by the Davis Boat and Oar Company for Mr. A. W. Friese, of that club, and also a member of the Western Canoe Association. The canoe was present at the recent W. C. A. meet, as reported in the Forest and Stream, and sailed very fast. Since the report was published the rumor reached us that the so-called Electra, built by the Davis Boat and Oar Co., of which firm, by the way, Mr. Friese is the Milwaukee agent, was no other than the Glenwood, having been shipped to Milwaukee and the name plates removed and a new name painted.

We have been at some trouble to verify this report, and find that it is unquestionably correct. At the same time we find that the entire matter was from the first fully known to the special correspondent who sent us the different reports from Milwaukee already mentioned, and who has imposed both upon us and our readers. In justice to our Chicago correspondent, Mr. E. Hough, we may say that though present for a short time at the W. C. A. meet, he was imposed on by the perfectly plausible reports there circulated concerning the origin of the canoe, and further, in his absence a portion of the report was written by the special correspondent before referred to. These are the facts. Further comments are unnecessary, as all gentlemen sportsmen will draw their own conclusions from them.

The racing of the new yachts has monopolized so much of our space during the past two weeks that we have been able to give no attention to the A. C. A. meet, which is progressing very successfully at Long Island Park. Next week, however, we hope to give very full reports of the camp and the racing.

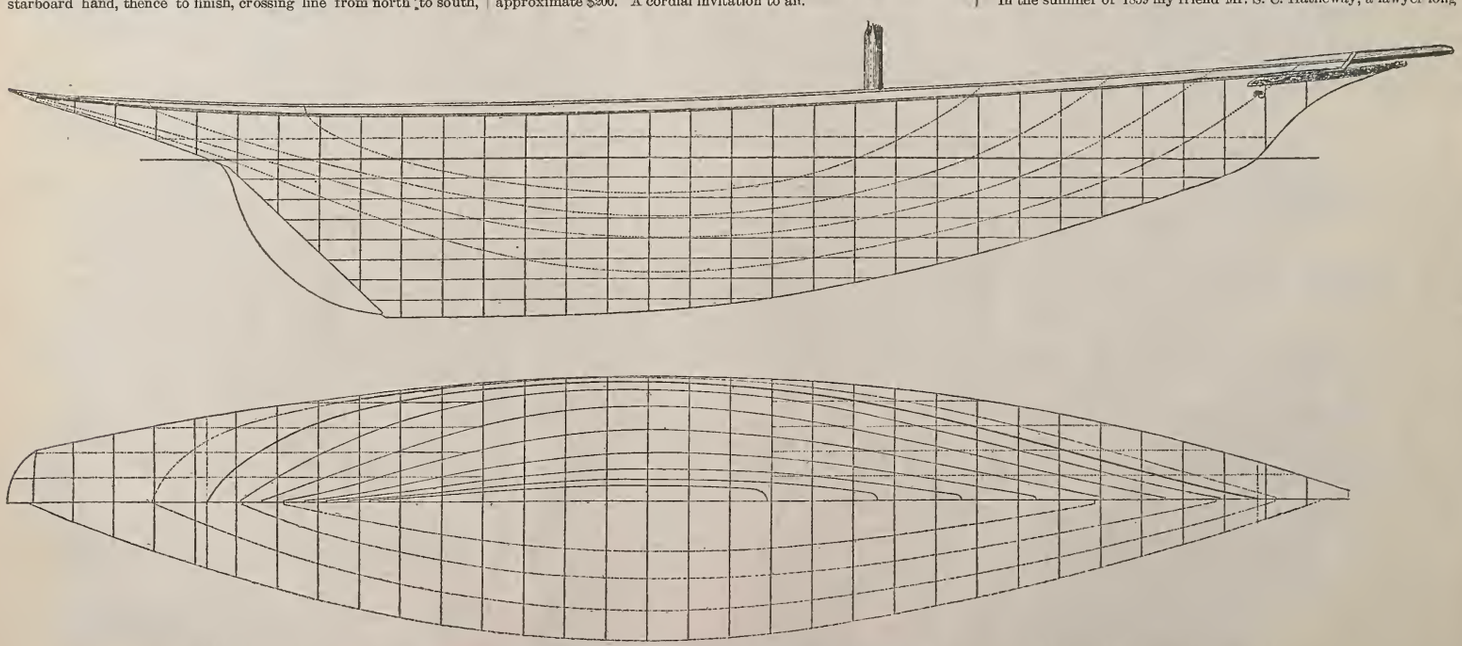
We must ask the indulgence of our correspondents just now, as absence from New York with the yachts and canoes has prevented the acknowledgment of a number of communications and the answering of various inquiries.

The Original "Kelpie."

Camp of the Kingfishers (in a rain), Platte Lake, Mich., Aug. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream: My attention has been called to a statement by Mr. George B. Ellard, made at a meeting of the W. C. A. and published in your issue of Aug. 5, in which that gentlemen claims originality in the use of the word "Kelpie" as a *nom de plume*. He seems to attach a good deal of importance to this, and as I had heard something of the sort before through friends of his (from whom I got the impression that he had given up his idea of original proprietorship), I think that it can do no harm if I state the following facts.

In the summer of 1859 my friend Mr. S. C. Hatheway, a lawyer long



METEOR—THISTLE.—From "Wassersport."

resident in Boston, made with me a cruise in a canvas canoe, starting at Lancaster, Mass., on the Nashua River, and following that stream to the Merrimac, thence down this river to Newburyport, or until the water became decidedly salt. This canoe was the Kelpie, the name having been painted on her the previous winter, when I had constructed her without assistance or previous knowledge of such matters except what I could gather from birch canoes or common boats.

I have never used a canoe which suited me as well, and she was in good order when stolen from me five or six years later. Since this my favorite boat for the time has always been called Kelpie.

When I first wrote for the FOREST AND STREAM I signed my articles with an "X," but as some one else afterward did the same, I changed my pen name to "Kelpie," naturally enough, as she figured in most of my screeds published in those days. I cannot say when this change took place (though the editor could, if he chose), but if Mr. Geo. B. Ellard's use of the name antedates my own, it must have been begun some dozen years ago. If the editor thinks him better entitled to use this signature than myself I am quite ready to substitute another whenever the condition of my eyes shall permit me to write for the papers with comfort to myself.

In 1860 I was accompanied in some of the long cruises which I made on Lakes Squam, Winnepesaukee and other New Hampshire waters in the Kelpie, by Prof. E. H. Kussell, of Worcester, Mass., and in no case did Mr. Russell, Mr. Hatheway or myself, while on these trips, behold a canoe of any sort, except one heavy birch, which was chained to the dock at Lowell, Mass.

I may add in conclusion that I cannot feel that any apology for my use of the name "Kelpie" is due from me to Mr. George B. Ellard. He is, however, at liberty to offer one if he chooses to. KELPIE.

A. C. A. Membership.

NORTHERN DIVISION: Geo. A. Schofield, W. J. Montgomery, Peterboro; John H. Berkett, Arthur Irwin, Kingston.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

San Francisco Pistol Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 18.—I herewith send scores made by the Pistol Club of San Francisco at its monthly shoot to-day. Conditions: distance 50yds., open range, no re-entry, every shot to count, 3lb. pull of trigger, standard American target.

Club medal contest, 10 shots:

S I Kellogg	10	10	9	10	10	7	10	10	9	7	92
E Hovey	10	10	9	9	9	8	7	8	10	9	89
F O Young	10	8	9	9	8	6	10	19	9	9	88
F Gehret	9	9	9	7	10	7	9	6	10	8	82
Dr L O Rodgers	10	6	10	7	10	5	7	8	8	9	80
A Heath	10	6	9	6	8	7	6	9	8	0	78
C M Daiss	7	7	9	7	7	8	8	9	7	9	78
Capt J E Klein	7	8	10	10	8	7	7	6	6	8	77

Thirty shot State championship match, open to all comers, conditions same as above:

E Hovey	7	8	10	10	8	9	9	8	10	9	88	
	9	9	10	8	5	9	8	9	9	9	85	
	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	8	94	267
S I Kellogg	9	8	7	8	10	7	8	10	6	8	81	
	10	7	8	7	10	9	8	8	10	10	87	
	10	7	9	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	93	261
F O Young	10	10	8	9	9	8	8	9	9	8	88	
	7	9	10	8	8	9	9	9	9	10	88	
	7	7	9	10	10	7	8	9	6	9	85	261
C M Daiss	8	9	8	7	8	9	10	6	8	8	81	
	9	9	9	9	8	9	9	9	10	10	91	
	8	10	7	9	10	9	8	9	10	8	88	260
F Gehret	9	9	7	8	9	7	8	10	9	7	83	
	9	8	8	8	7	8	8	7	8	8	79	
	8	10	10	8	10	8	9	9	10	8	88	252
Dr L O Rodgers	9	7	9	9	7	7	6	9	6	6	75	
	10	7	10	9	8	9	8	6	7	8	82	
	7	9	6	8	10	5	8	7	9	10	79	236

At the adjoining range the Germania Schuetzen Club held its monthly medal shoot with following winners in various classes. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, no re-entry, every shot fired to count, after beginning score, 25¾in. ring target, 20 shots: Champion class, Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 413; first class, C. Thierbach, 420; second class, D. Faktor, 413.

Dr. Rodgers spoilt his score by accidentally scoring a clean miss on his 16th shot. The club, however, enjoyed a potation at his expense when be made the following run in his 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th shots: 24 25 25 24 25—123, out of possible 125. ROELL.

Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 13.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended. Conditions 200yds. off-hand at the standard target:

Gindele	7	9	9	9	7	6	9	8	6	6	76
	7	9	6	8	5	9	6	9	8	10	77
	7	8	9	8	7	3	3	9	10	8	77
Payne	10	7	9	10	9	6	7	10	8	9	85
	8	6	8	9	8	6	6	9	8	8	76
	9	8	7	6	6	7	7	6	10	9	75
Weinheimer	9	5	4	5	9	4	10	7	7	7	67
	8	7	8	5	7	4	4	7	7	8	68
	8	4	7	5	7	4	4	5	10	8	62
Brumback	6	8	7	9	7	8	3	7	9	8	73
	5	9	9	5	10	10	9	5	5	6	73
	10	7	4	8	8	5	8	7	6	9	72
Topf	4	8	7	4	7	4	8	2	6	10	60
	7	10	4	7	6	2	5	5	5	8	59
	5	5	6	6	5	4	9	3	9	5	57
Randall	8	9	10	7	5	6	8	7	6	7	73
	8	7	9	7	7	9	5	6	7	8	73
	6	7	6	7	6	7	9	2	5	10	72
See	9	8	8	8	6	6	8	6	5	6	70
	9	8	6	6	9	3	10	5	4	6	71
	7	10	8	6	6	7	6	5	6	7	68
Drube	4	9	5	7	7	8	7	5	9	9	70
	5	5	10	7	7	6	7	6	10	5	71
	7	7	7	6	9	8	9	6	8	6	73
Puthoff	2	6	4	0	5	3	4	5	5	9	43
	4	1	6	5	3	0	5	6	5	5	40
	4	6	10	2	4	6	7	4	4	2	49
Nagel	0	2	3	4	3	3	6	5	7	3	35
	2	8	5	5	0	3	4	0	5	4	36
	8	0	5	7	3	2	5	5	7	4	46

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club at headquarters, No. 112 Cator avenue, Greenville, N. J., on Friday night, Aug. 18, had its usual attendance. The following scores were made by the members present, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: Plaisted 240, C. Boag 239, Collins 238, Chavant 237, Purkess 236, Dodds 233, Robidoux 233, Spahn 230, Hill 215, Becker 211. The weekly outing on Saturday, Aug. 19, had its usual atendance of regulars. The weather conditions were favorable for good scores. That old veteran of the butts, Mr. Dorrler, gave the boys an exhibition of good holding by making a score of 232 points in ten shots on the German ring-target.

In an individual match of 20 shots between Messrs Dorrler and Plaisted the following scores were made:

Plaisted (.38-55 Bal., 330 lub.)	25	25	21	24	18	25	25	21	19	22	255	
	22	24	22	23	19	20	22	20	24	23	219	444
Dorrler (.38-55 Bal., 225 patch)	25	20	20	23	19	21	21	24	23	19	215	
	21	24	19	22	23	23	23	22	17	21	215	430

In regular practice the following scores were made, 10 shots, German ring-target., etc.:

M Dorrler (.38-55 Bal., 225 patch)	25	23	24	21	22	23	25	23	24	22—232
C H Chavant (.38-55 Winch., 320 lub)	21	23	24	23	21	35	20	21	22	21—221
Plaisted (.38.55 Bal., 266 lub)	21	23	21	24	18	23	22	24	22	23—221
W C Collins (.32-20 Bal., 125 lub.)	15	17	24	20	21	14	18	21	24	22—206
O C Boyce (.40-60 Bal., 330 lub.)	24	22	15	16	23	22	14	23	23	19—201
J Spahn (.32-40 Winch., 165 lub.)	17	18	16	16	23	22	17	15	18	16—178
J Dodds (.38-55 Bal., 225 lub.)	18	17	14	14	18	16	19	12	22	20—170

Bisley Rifle Club Meeting, 1893.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Bisley revolver competitions were a great success, there were more entries than ever before and the shooting of a much higher class than formerly, a Dutch revolver shot competed but did not get up into the prize list. During the second week, when Mr. Walter Winans was leading in all the fourteen revolver competitions, he heard that there was an opinion among the other revolver shots that the reason he was ahead was because he could have several tries for each series (they being unlimited entry competitions), and that he could not shoot a match straight out. To dispel this idea he told the champion revolver shot of Ireland, Mr. Joynt, that he was willing to shoot him a revolver match on any terms Mr. Joynt preferred. Mr. Joynt said he preferred 30 shots at a stationary target at 50yds. The terms agreed to were $50, Mr. Winans leaving that also to Mr. Joynt to decide. It was shot before a large crowd of spectators, the betting ruling in Mr. Joynt's favor. He shot a Webley and Mr. Winans a Smith & Wesson. The match can be described in a few words, Mr. Winans took the lead in the first few shots and gradually adding to his advantage, finishing 5 points ahead, his backers making a good thing on the odds offered against him. The shot for shot score is as follows on a 4in. bullseye, counting 7 points, the next ring counting 6, being 6in. in diameter. Mr. Winans, except for an accidental "let off," did not get outside the "4" ring.

Walter Winans........................655657765476763757464674464766—168
W Joynt........................567757455557345573456657554467—163

The next day the return match was shot, the same distance and number of shots, only Walsrode smokeless powder and military revolvers were used. Mr. Winans had two bad cartridges for his first two shots, and Mr. Joynt getting on the bullseye his first shot he got a lead of 11 points when the match was half over, and it looked as if it was hopeless for Winans to continue. He shot very carefully, however, and Mr. Joynt missing the target in one of his last shots, Mr. Winans won by two points.

The revolver competitions resulted as follows:

Military revolvers, Series 1 (sliding target): First, Walter Winans, 38; second, Green (professional), a worse 38.

Military revolvers, Series 2 (disappearing target): First divided by Walter Winans and Haig with an equal 40.

Military revolvers, Series 3 (rapid-firing): First, Walter Winans, 38; second, Haig, 38 (a worse 38).

Military revolvers, Series 4 (50yds.): First, Walter Winans, 38; second, W. Joynt, 38 (a worse 38).

Military ηevolver aggregate: First, Walter Winans, 153; second, Haig, 147.

Target revolvers, Series 1 (sliding target): First, Walter Winans, 39; second, Capt. Lamb, 38.

Target revolvers, Series 2 (disappearing target): Walter Winans and Green (professional) divided first with 41 points.

Target revolvers, Series 3 (rapid-firing): First, Walter Winans, 38; second, Major MacKerrell, 34.

Target revolver, Series 4, 50yds.: 1st, Walter Winans 40 (the best on record score for 50yds.); 2d, Lieut. Heath 39.

Target revolver aggregate: 1st, Walter Winans 157.

Revolver grand aggregate and gold vase: Walter Winans 313 (nobody else within 30 points of him). Smith & Wesson revolver prize: A "walk over" for Walter Winans with a score of 40.

Walsrode, for smokeless powder in a revolver at a disappearing target: 1st, Walter Winans 38, 2d, Andrews (professional) 36.

Walsrode, 50yds.: Walter Winans and Lowe 37 points each, the 5 being at the end of Winans' score and in the middle of Lowe's score, the latter took first prize on what was really a divide.

It will be noticed that Mr. Winans won in each by only as much as was necessary to do so, except in the gold cup which represents the revolver championship of Great Britain, and which he therefore was not inclined to play with. At the prize distribution he therefore went up for 13 first prizes, which is the best on record, the former best being the 10 he went up for last year.

It is a great pity that M. Jornu did not appear at the ranges, as the English daily papers made remarks about it, he having expressed his determination to compete this year. LONDON.

International Columbian Prize Shooting.

SHARPSHOOTERS' PARK, West Pullman, Ill., Aug. 13 and 14.—It was very lively on the range. The youngest shooter who ever appeared at the range was Master Clarence Long, from Lafayette. Ind., 10 years old; in passing 14 shots he made his first bullseye for the Columbian medal; he was in care of his father.

The following shooters shot for the medal at different targets: Jas. Braun, Jr., Joliet; F. W. Burk, Davenport; Alois Woerner, Indianapolis; W. H. Korn, Davenport; Frank Bedaro, Davenport; Dr. C. Mathey, Davenport; Aug Mende, St. Louis; N. Burk, St. Louis; H. Black, St. Louis; L. J. Sehring, Joliet; John Spelter, Joliet; H. Sehring, Joliet; G. A. Marlin, Joliet; Anton Wagner, Joliet; T. Bentemuller. Joliet; H. F. Piepenbrink, Joliet; W. C. Braun, Joliet; Ezra Gould. Elgin; F. Karlen, Jr., Monroe, Wis.; H. Berg, Sr., Davenport; Anton Kaiser, Chicago; N. M. Platke, Chicago; H. Miller, Chicago, and Master Clarence Long, Lafayette.

King Target.—Fred Ingersoll 206, H. Berg 204, J. Karlen, 203, P. H. Dalahunty, Pittston, 197, H. F. Piepenbrink 197, R. Helmold, Chicago, 195, Anton Wagner 191, F. Helmold 189, A. Woerner 189, Jas. Braun, Jr., 187, Dr. C. Mathey 186, Frank Bedaro 184, Wm. Boehmer 176, F. A. Martin 174, Wm. Ott 172, N. M. Platke 169, H. Sehring 164, F. W. Burk 151, W. H. Korn 151, Aug. Mende 150.

Columbia Target.—F. Bredaro 66, F. Karlen 65, Aug. Mende 64, W. Boehmer 64, Alois Woerner 64, Jas. Braun 61, J. H. Burk 61, N. M. Platke 59, J Helmold 59, E. Richter 58, P. J. Dalahunty 57, F. A. Martin 52, H. Berg 51, N. Burk 50, H. F. Piepenbrink 47, A. Wagner 46, H. Sehring 44, Dr. C. Mathey 44, H. Black 41, W. H. Korn 36, W. C. Braun 19.

Bullseye Target.—C. A. Johnson 29 flags out of 100 shots, John Spelter 26, F. Bentenmuller 24, L. J. Sehring 22, J. A. Kelley 22, Frank Bedaro 22, Jas. Braun, Jr., 20, F. Ingersoll 18, E. Richter 15, A. Wagner 14, R. D. Carroll 13, F. A. Martin 13, H. Berg 11, A. Woerner 11, J. Karlen 11, Dr. C. Mathey 10, H. Sehring 7, F. W. Burk 7, N. Burk 6, H. F. Piepenbrink 5, A. Mende 4, H. Haagen 3, W. E. Koran 2 and Master Clarence Long 2.

People's Target.—Jas. Braun, Jr. 71, L. J. Sehring 70, R. D. Carroll 68, F. A. Martin 67, E. Richter 67, A. Woerner 66, C. A. Johnson 65, H. Sehring 62, F. Bentemuller 62, J. Karlen 61, F. Ingersoll 59, N. M. Platke 59, H. Berg 56, J. Spelter 53, W. E. Korn 54, A. Mende 47, Clarence Long 42.

Man Target.—J. P. Dalahunty 89, J. Spelter 91, W. H. Korn 89, Jas. Braun, Jr. 87, W. Boehmer 85, L. J. Sehring 85, W. Haagen 82, H. F. Piepenbrink 81, E. Richter 81, H. Miller 76, N. M. Platke 72, Wm. Haagen 66, H. Black 64, A. Mende 56, Clarence Long 48.

Standard.—Jas. Braun, Jr, 44, L. J. Sehring 42, J. Spelter 41, P. D. Carroll 39, Wm. Ott 36, C. M. Weinberger 36. A. Mende 33, N.M. Platke 32, E. Richter 32, H. Miller 29. A. BOESE.

Independent New York Corps.

THE monthly shoot of the Independent New York Corps, in Washington Park, on Friday, Aug. 18, did not receive its usual attendance. The cracks of the corps were on hand as usual and entered into the competition with vim.

On the ring target the honors for high score fell to Wm. Hayes, with a total of 117 for 5 shots out of a possible 125. On the man target Gus Zimmerman was high with a score of 59 out of a possible 60. On the the point target Zimmerman also was in the lead for the best ticket with 19 out of a possible 20 points.

Ring target, 5 shots, possible 125: Wm. Hayes 117, Geb Krauss 108, Ignatz Marten 106, Fred Simon 105, F. Bittschier 105, M. Griner 101, M. Hermann 77, M. Kuhn 58.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: Gus Zimmerman 59, Alex Stein 58, Wm. Hayes 58, Geb Krauss 58, Ignatz Martin 54, F. Simon 51, F. Bittschier 51, M. Kuhn 50, M. Herman 42.

Point target, 5 shots, possible 20: Gus Zimmerman 19, Aug. Begerow 18, F. Bittschier 17, Geb Krauss 17, Ignatz Martin 16, Alex Stein 15, M. Bauer 15, Dr. Herald 14, F. Simon 14, Wm. Hayes 13, M. Greiner 13, M. Baab 12, M. Kranzberg 12, H. Weiler 10, M. Kuhn 10, M. Kurtzer 10.

RIFLE NOTES.

SOME of our riflemen have signified a strong desire to see an individual match or series of matches between those two experts Messrs. M. Dorrler and F. C. Ross. These two men are considered to be the best in the country and a match between them would create a great deal of interest in rifle circles. After these two have decided the issue between them perhaps some of our other would be champions will enter the lists and help to keep the ball in motion.

While a visitor to the practice shoot of the Independent New York Corps, at Washington Park, last week, we had the pleasure of meeting that veteran rifleman and inventor of the champion American target, Wm. Hayes, calling his attention to Mr. Farrow's remarks concerning the above target. Mr. Hayes requested us to say to the shooting fraternity that they were at liberty to make whatever use of the target they saw fit. Now if the riflemen of the country want to adopt this target here is their opportunity. Those who are too poverty stricken to pay for the cost of printing have only to restore the lead pencil and string, the corner grocery will, no doubt. donate the paper. The price of powder and lead is at ebb tide, now why not have a boom in rifle shooting?

That the management of the International Columbia shooting festival in Chicago would extend the festival for a week continuous was hoped for, but hardly expected by the fraternity throughout the country. The notification of the extension has come at such a late period that many of our Eastern riflemen find themselves unprepared to take advantage of the situation, and the consequence is that many of our riflemen will lose the opportunity of visiting the Fair and the honor of competing for the many prizes at the International shooting festival. But we would caution all our experts to keep their rifles in good trim for 1895, when New York will give them a festival the equal of which has never been seen in America. Its coming sure!

The club house of the Hudson Rifle Club is about to undergo an extensive change and several new additions are to be made for the comfort of the visitors and members. The house committee who have it in charge promise a satisfactory showing. The shooting committee, consisting of Messrs. Hansen, Boddey, Middleson, Steuber and Bird, have a large and elaborate programme ready to submit to the club at the September meeting. It will probably take place in October. All arrangements have been completed for the great "Hudson vs. Greenville" match at 200yds., at Marion, Labor Day, Sept. 5, at 3 o'clock, for a purse of $50, the team will consist of 10 men, and already several large amounts have been wagered. The favor seems to be with the Hudsons, but the farmers think they can do the trick once more. Wait and see.

The post office address of many of the New York experts on Friday and Saturday of this week will be Greenville, N. J. The third annual festival of the Excelsior Rifle Club is said to be the cause of the exodus.

We hear rumors of extraordinary results made with the new American (smokeless) powder (Leonard's), and the Smith Brown wire gun, at the government proving grounds, Sandy Hook, last week. It is reported that with 20lbs. of Leonard powder, a velocity of 2,865ft. per second was given to a 62lb. 0hot. If this report is true it is certainly wonderful, and all Americans whose raiment of patriotism is properly adjusted will extend a happy greeting to our American inventors, over the result of their labors.

In last week's issue Mr. Milton Farrow comes to the front again with another letter under the heading of the "New Army Rifle." In his last communication he accuses the writer of "Rifle Notes" of carelessness and lack of patriotism. To his charge of carelessnes we are constrained to plead guilty. In the winter of 1863-4 we became somewhat intoxicated with a desire to do a little soldiering and forthwith proceeded to enlist, and on the morning of May 6, 1864, we found ourselves mixed up with the mob that was trying to drive Lee out of the wilderness. From this time to the following April, when Lee gave up the struggle, we were more or less "in it" in the many arguments that occurred from time to time between Grant and Lee. It is from this experience that we made the assertion that the soldier in active service cares but little where his rifle was manufactured or who was the inventor, provided it was the equal of that in the hands of the soldier on the other picket line. Mr. Farrow's query as to whether the soldier in active service would carry his rifle open and empty, leads us to infer that he has never been in such a situation himself. Under extreme excitement the best drilled soldier will handle his rifle with the sure care and forethought that Mr. Farrow handles his with when facing the butts at a shooting festival. And speaking of excitement, can Mr. Farrow recall the many instances wherein he has faced the target without any bullet in his rifle? The modern breachloading rifle in its simplest form is very liable to get out of order, and when one takes into consideration the fact that the average soldier is anything but a mechanic, it is no wonder that our ordinance boards resort to the most extreme tests before adopting a rifle for army use. To Mr. Farrow's charge of lack of patriotism, we are compelled to plead a lack of understanding the significance of the term. Looking back through the vista of years to the times ('61-5) when patriotism was a garment of everyday use by the average citizen, we are prone to associate the term with something elastic, easily fitted to a volunteer or Government contractor. P.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Aug. 22-23.—Michigan Trap-Shooters' League tournament, at Jackson, Mich.

Aug. 22-25.—Keystone Target Company, seventh annual tournament, at New London, Conn.

Aug. 23-31.—Chadwick's tournament, Marmont, Ind.

Sept. 2.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League and Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J.

Sept. 4.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.

Sept. 4.—Endeavor Gun Club tournament, on Al Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.

Sept. 5-8.—Third international live bird and target tournament, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich.

Sept. 6-8 —Schuylkill County Shooting Association, at Tamaqua, Pa. Targets, sparrows and pigeons.

Sept. 6-8.—The Veteran Tournament, Indianapolis, Ind , during National G. A. R. Encampment, under the management of the officers of the North End Shooting Club. H. S. Humphrey, President.

Sept. 12-13.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Allentown and Bethlebem, Pa. (combined).

Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.

September.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.

Oct. 2-7.—John Watson's tournament, Burnside, Ill.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

Climax Gun Club.

PLAINFIELD, N. J. Aug. 14.—Regular club handicap:

C Smith	1001111101111110111111111		—21
T Brantingham	1111111111111111111111110		—24
T H Keller	1010111110011111111111101		—20
D Terry	0111111000011111011000111		—16
N Apgar	1110111110101101111111111		—21
S Terry (32)	0011000101011111001101100	1111010	—18
A Trust (30)	0111111011111110111111110	11101	—25
G Voehl (33)	1111111110111011111111101	11110110	—29
R Manning (29)	0111111111000011011111011	1101	—21
J Darby (35)	0100110101000110110010110	0101100100	—16
D Darby (30)	1100110011011011011110101	11110	—20
W Terry (32)	1110011101111111111110111	1101110	—26
J Goodman (35)	1110000000011011000111111	1101111111	—22
McGinty (32)	1110100011011001111011110	0111110	—21

No. 1, 10 targets, one man up, 5 traps, unknown angles:

Smith	1111011011— 8	Keller	0100111111— 7
Apgar	1001110111— 7	S Terry	1111000101— 6
Brantingham	1111110111— 9	D Terry	1100110001— 5
Craft	1110111111— 9	A Trust	1111011110— 8
Manning	1111101001— 7	G Voehl	0011011110— 6

No. 2, 10 targets, known trap, unknown angles:

Apgar	1111101010— 7	Smith	1111111111—10
Craft	1110111101— 8	Keller	1110010011— 6
Trust	0110001101— 5	D Darby	0100101101— 5
D Terry	1111111101— 9	S Terry	1111010111— 8
Voehl	0110111001— 6	McGinty	0000000110— 2

No. 3, same conditions, 15 targets:

Smith	111111111111110—14	D Terry	111111111111011—14
Apgar	111111111111111—15	Goodman	111000000001011— 6
Keller	111111111111110—14	W Terry	111001110111111— 9
Manning	100111111010111—11	Craft	110111101010111—11
Brantingham	011111111110111—13	Trust	111111111111111—15
Voehl	100011101101101— 9		

No. 4, same conditions:

Keller	1110011111—8	D Terry	1111111110—9
Apgar	1001110100—5	McGinty	1001010010—4
Craft	1111110101—9	W Terry	1101011110—7
Trust	1110111111—9	S Terry	1101110111—8
Voehl	1000001110—4	J Darby	0011111111—8
Smith	1101110111—8		

Frankfort Second Annual.

THE Frankfort Game and Fish Protective Association will give their second annual tournament Monday, Sept. 4, on the club grounds, Frankfort, N. Y. The shooting will be at kingbirds, rapid firing system, American Association rules to govern. Any shooter tying on purses can draw his share. Prices of birds deducted from purses

For best averages, in aggregate scores in events Nos. 2 to 11 inclusive, the club offer $15 for average money. Divided $5 to first, $4 to second, $3 to third, $2 to fourth $1 to fifth. Money will be divided as follows: In the 10 bird events, 50, 30 and 20; in the 15 and 20 bird events, 40, 30, 20 and 10. Shooting will commence directly upon arrival of the morning trains from east and west. No postponement on account of weather. Awning covers firing points. Shells and lunch on the grounds. For further particulars address C. M. RICH, Sec.

THE CHARLOTTE INTERSTATE.

With an average attendance of about twenty-five the grand tournament of the Charlotte Gun Club, assisted by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, which opened on Wednesday and closed this evening, was a successful affair.

Charlotte is one of the most flourishing towns on the line of the R. & D. and Seaboard roads, having a population of 15,000, and being situated in one of the most healthful sections of North Carolina. This is the very center of the game region, and in season thousands of Northern sportsmen come here to hunt for quail and turkey. The knowing ones say that the coming season is likely to be a phenomenally good one, especially for quail, which have increased and multiplied at a great rate during the hot and dry summer. One party who spent a few days twenty miles west of this town says he saw sixteen coveys in less than a three-mile drive. Nearly every man in town owns a gun and quail dog, and they are always ready to put in a few days hunting with visiting sportsmen. Farmers in the outlying districts will board visitors at nominal rates and feed them well. One party in Henderson county has an established rate of $2 a week for board and lodging, and he sets a good, substantial table at that.

The fox hunting season opens this week, and for the next month the baying of the hounds will make sweet music on all the mountain ridges between here and Greensboro, wheae the sport is the best in the country. The Northerner who comes down to indulge in this sport must be an accomplished and well-seasoned rough rider, else he is likely to be left far in the rear by the natives, who being practically reared in the saddle, never think any pace too hot nor run too long.

Besides offering unexcelled advantages to the sportsman, Charlotte is undoutedly the most attractive residence place in this section of the State. It is cousiderably above the storm area with a climate that is remarkably equable. Its people are of the hustling style, and deeply interested in the prosperity of the city. It has large and varied manufacturing interests and is steadily increasing in wealth. It has a web of railroads, six lines now running into the city, and two more being projected. It is a leading cotton market, and has six large cotton factories, two immense compresses, two iron foundries, two cotton seed oil mills (one of which is the largest in the world), a large hosiery factory, sash, blind and door factory, an immense mill for the manufacture of gingham, and other establishments. A $50,000 city hall has just been completed, as have a new Presbyterian and a Methodist church.

Nearly all the roads are macadamized and there is an excellently equipped line of electric cars running out to Latta Park, one of the town's most attractive spots. Latta Park comprises 90 acres of woodland, shrubs and flowers, and has three lakes within its confines. This is the pleasure ground of the city, where all the picnics are held, and baseball games played.

During the week the Second and Fourth Regiments, N. G. N. C., along with four independent companies of South Carolina troops have been encamped close by the above park. The North Carolinians have adopted the new drill regulations, but their brethren from South Carolina still adhere to "Upton's."

The tournament was held on a plateau near Latta Park, and the rear of the score line presented the appearance of a camp, there being a score of tents pitched there. These were the advertising tents of the members of the Association. On the extreme right the first post of honor was the tent of Forest and Stream, on the front of which showed plainly, "Come in and sit down," an invitation accepted by many people. Forest and Stream was represented by its trap editor, and all the shooters commented on the fact that it is the only paper ever represented at a Southern tournament.

There were also the tents of the American E. C. Powder Co., represented by Noel G. Money; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., represented by Wm. M. Thomas; Tatham & Bros., shot manufacturers; LeRoy Shot and Lead Works; Smokeless Powder Co.; Colt Patent Fire Arms Co.; Von Lengerke & Detmold; Standard Keystone Target & Trap Co. and one belonging to a paper published in Chicago. There was also a restaurant tent, one for the cashier and several for the use of spectators and shooters.

Among those present were Dr. J. Dixon, "Jim Crow," of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Noel G. Money, Oakland, N. J.; W. H. Wagner, Washington, D. C.; J. L. Osborne, Washington, D. C.; Wm. M. Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn.; Thomas W. Morfey, Paterson, N. J.; John W. Hoffman, Orange Valley, N. J.; William Tell Mitchell, Lynches, Va.; J. L. Gilmer, J. R. Jordan. J. W. Joyce, J. L. Fonda and Garland Daniels of Greensboro, N. C., and lastly, but by no means least, Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburgh, Pa., the hustling and efficient manager of the Association, who is not only making many friends for himself but for the Association as well by his rigid adherence to all the conditions advertised for the various tournaments. Mr. Shaner is always the first man to reach the grounds and the last one to leave, and all day long he is flitting here, there and all over, assuring himself that everything is running smoothly, and still ready to stop for a chat, to answer questions, smile at "kicks" and put everybody in a good humor. There can be no doubt of his being the right man in the right place.

The local club turned out in force, as it always does, being represented by Messrs. Todd, Anthony, Stokes, Dodge, Floyd, C. E. Thomas, Brehm, Cresswell, Carson, Dowd, Howell, Justice and Gilliland. Col. Anthony and Messrs. Todd, Stokes and Howell rendered valuable assistance to Manager Shaner throughout the tournament.

The Charlotte Gun Club was extremely liberal to the shooters, adding $300 in cash to the purses, and they should have had a much larger attendance. Season after season members of this club have been in the habit of attending shoots in various parts of the South and putting out their money for every event, and the clubs whom they have patronized should certainly have sent representatives to Charlotte. Knoxville, Spartansburg, Asheville, Johnson City, Winchester and any number of other towns have been patronized by Charlotte shooters, but never a man did any of them send to Charlotte.

The members of the club are all prosperoms business men with large interests to look after but business is put aside from the time the tournament opens until the last visitor has departed from town. The store which, used jointly by Mr. Justice, Mr. Brehm and Mr. Stokes, is headquarters for the club members and visitors, and the key is not turned until a late hour. Each evening a seance was held here and many were the ideas advanced in regard to how guns, ammunition and traps should be made and how trap tournameuts should be run. Some of the ideas if followed out would be O. K., but as concerns others—oh, my!

It was nearly 10 A. M. on Wednesday when the first gun was fired and shortly after 4 P. M. the regular programme was shot out. It must be remembered that this programme was not arranged by the Interstate Association, the Charlotte Gun Club insisting that if they added $300 to the purses they should be entitled to the privilege of arranging the programme of events. This was reasonable, and the association granted the privilege as well as allowing them to throw the targets to suit themselves. The arranging of the programme showed good judgment on the part of the club, and the association members present were compelled to acknowledge that it was superior to any of their previous programmes.

Event No. 5 each day called for a match for club teams of five men each, 25 targets each day, $25 entry per team for the three days, $50 added by the Charlotte Gun Club, three moneys to be awarded on the aggregate number of breaks per team for the three days. This shoot the club declared off as New Jersey had only three shooters present and Greensboro had only four. Charlotte could have put in a team and shot a "walkover" for the purse, but this they were too generous to do, so an individual contest was substituted, each man to shoot at 25 targets each day, $5 entry for the three days, $50 added, 4 moneys for aggregate number of breaks during the three days. This turned out well, there being 21 entries and close work for the pot.

The throwing of the targets on the first day was the means of loud and long complaints, and the "falling down" in average of a number of the boys. It is understood of course, that at all the shoots of this Association all the events are shot under the Novelty rule, from eight traps. The local club managers insisted upon throwing the targets extremely hard and low, a method of which the shooters approve when shooting at unknown angles from known traps, but one which is pretty certain to out-gun a man when traps and angles are unknown. The projectors discovered the error early in the day, but as a matter of course they could not change the traps then. On Thursday morning the targets were thrown differently, in fact they went almost to the opposite in changing the traps, some of the targets going from 20 to 30ft. in the air. The complaints and changes of course only applied to the five inside traps, the three outside traps heing set according to rule.

In regard to the impression made by the Novelty rule, used for the first time in the South, it is difficult to express an opinion. Some of the shooters declared that never again would they shoot under a rule by which "the element of skill was eliminated and the element of luck substituted." Others thought the principle was good, but the chances of luck too great, while some were heartily in favor of the rule as it stood. This is the first time that any complaints have been heard against this rule, which has at once caught the fancy of the shooters wherever tried. But here, as has been stated, opinions are divided.

The main cause for complaint seemed to be the irregularity with which the incomers would fall to the lot of a shooter. On Wednesday in one squad of six shooting in the 25 target event one of the shooters got 14 incomers and the man next to him got 3. On Thursday in the same event one man got no less than 18 incomers out of 25, while another man got 16 and another got two. It would seem as though some system might be devised for throwing the incomers in a more reasonable proportion.

The shooting was all at Keystone targets thrown from the new expert Keystone trap. In transporting the Association's goods from East Liverpool to Charlotte the trap box got smashed, the result being a lot of bent arms, carriers, etc. Manager Shaner, however, soon put them in working shape and they held out well.

About 8 P. M. on Thursday a heavy rain started and for a time the weather was considerably cooler than on the previous days and the change was appreciated by all. The traps were arranged to throw targets strictly according to regular rules and no complaints were made. The scores averaged better than on either of the previous days.

The events of the day were the shooting of the finishing scores in the 25 target individual race and the race for three-man teams, both of which were hotly contested. In the individual contests first honors went to "Jim Crow," whose score for the three days aggregated 57 breaks out of a possible 75. Ward won second money on 56, Stokes and Howell divided third on 55 each and fourth money went to Money on 54.

In the three-men team race the team of the Union Gun Club, of New Jersey, came out first best with an aggregate for the three days of 135 breaks, the Charlotte Team No. 1 being second. The Charlotte Team No. 2 retired from the race. Greensboro won third money.

In the competition for the prizes for first to fifth average offered by the Charlotte Gun Club for the three days, Noel G. Money won first, $10, on 79 per cent.; Todd second, $8, 78.33; "Jim Crow" third, $6, 75.50; Mitchell fourth, $4, 71; Anthony and Hoffman fifth, $2, on 70 each. The American E. C. Powder Co. offered on each day a 10-pound drum of powder for the leading average, Money winning on Wednesday with 78 per cent., on Thursday Money and Todd tied on 83 per cent., and on Friday Todd won with 78 per cent.

The tournament closed soon after 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon, and an hour later Manager Shaner made the scene of the shoot look like a deserted camp, all the tents being struck and ready to box for shipment, the majority to New London.

The majority of the Northern visitors left for New York on the Southwestern Vestibule Limited of the Richmond & Danville line, the finest train running through that section. They were given a hearty send-off by the Charlotte boys and one and all vowed that the next time the local club held a tournament they would all be on hand bright and early and stay until the last target was thrown.

Below are full scores for the three days, as well as tables summarizing the individual 75-target race and the team race:

First Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 singles, $2:

Wagner	111101100101110—10	Joyce	001000001000100— 3
Fonda	000110110000010— 5	Dodge	000110001001111— 7
Todd	111101011011110—11	Osborne	111001001010101— 8
Jim Crow	101111111111011—13	Howell	110100110110011— 9
Anthony	011001011111101—10	Carson	111110010110101—10
Mitchell	011111101011111—12	Gilmer	000011101100111— 8
Money	110011101111111—12	Justice	100011011001111— 9
Jordan	011010100101100— 7	Floyd	101111101011101—11
Stokes	010101010100101— 7	Gilliland	011011111000010— 8
Morfey	001110100010111— 8	C E Thomas	010111010011010— 8
Wm Thomas	011011001101111—10	Creswell	101100111001101— 9
Hoffman	000101010011110— 7		

No. 2, 15 singles, $2, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Todd	100000100101011— 6	Joyce	100010111011101— 9
Jim Crow	110100011111111—11	Dodge	100001100101011— 7
Anthony	100110110110000— 7	Justice	011010001110111— 9
Mitchell	110101010110011— 9	Gilmer	110000000000101— 4
Money	011001110111111—11	Floyd	010010100110001— 6
Jordan	011011010011110— 9	Creswell	100011010011001— 7
Wagner	101110111100111—11	Osborne	111010000110101— 8
Fonda	101101100010011— 8	Carson	011100111100011— 9
Stokes	000111001011110— 8	Howell	011111110110100—10
Morfey	011111011100100— 9	Gilliland	100101010111100— 8
Wm Thomas	110111010111101—11	C E Thomas	110011000011001— 7
Hoffman	101011011111101—11	Dowd	101010110010111— 9

No. 3, 15 singles, $1 entry, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Todd	100011010101110— 8	Joyce	001101111101110—10
Jim Crow	111011010001100— 9	Dodge	010110111011110—10
Anthony	101101111110101—11	Justice	010101110101010— 8
Mitchell	110111010111101—10	Gilmer	101111111011100—11
Money	111111110111111—14	Brem	101010101010101— 8
Jordan	100101111111111—12	Creswell	000010100110100— 5
Wagener	111110111111111—14	Floyd	111101100110110—10
Fonda	010001001110001— 5	Gilliland	100010101100111— 8
Stokes	010111111101010— 7	C E Thomas	010110100000101— 6
Morfey	000110000111011— 6	Osborne	000011111001110— 8
Wm Thomas	010010100111111— 9	Howell	111110100100011— 9
Hoffman	111111111011000—11	Carson	100110111011101—10

No. 4, 15 singles, $2 entry, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Todd	101100011111110—10	Dodge	010000111100110— 7
Jim Crow	111011101111111—13	Justice	110111111010111—12
Anthony	111111011111010—12	Gilmer	101101010011101— 9
Mitchell	110010011111110—10	Floyd	100011100101010— 7
Money	110010111010111—10	Gilliland	110010011010011— 8
Jordan	110111111011000—10	Howell	011100000110001— 6
Wagner	111100011111111—12	Carson	111001101011010— 9
Fonda	111010000001010— 6	Creswell	011111010010001— 8
Stokes	100110110111100— 9	Brem	011011101111111—12
Morfey	101001100101111— 9	Osborne	010100111001100 — 7
Wm Thomas	110011111111100—11	Dowd	101101011111111—12
Hoffman	101111101110111—12	C E Thomas	001001010110011— 7
Joyce	011110001110101— 9	Ward	000000100110011— 5

No 5, 75 targets, 25 to be shot each day, $5 entry, $50 added, 4 moneys:

Fonda	1101010100010110010010011—12
Wagner	0010111101101001001111110—15
Todd	0110101011001110010100001—13
Money	1001110001110100111111011—16
Anthony	1010100101101001100001111—13
Jordan	0011110110111110001100110—16
Osborne	0110111010011001011011110—15
Jim Crow	1111011110111101111011001—19
Gilmer	1010011001111010000011010—13
Morfey	0000111101000110101111111—15
Hoffman	0001010101010010010000101— 9
Stokes	1011011100010111011111110—17
Joyce	1101011101001101100011001—14
Cresswell	0111100001111010010001100—12
Wm Thomas	1101000001111011010110001—13
Justin	1001010101111010111110001—15
Dodge	0100001111011100111100010—13
Howell	1110110010111101100001101—15
Ward	1110101011111101110110110—18
Mitchell	1011011011101001111011011—17
Carson	1101010101101111001011111—17

No. 6, 20 singles, $2.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Todd	11111011111111111111—19	W Thomas	11000110101000011101—10
Jim Crow	11011111111010101010—14	Hoffman	00100011111111110001—12
Anthony	00100010010101111010— 9	Joyee	10101111001100111011—13
Mitchell	11111111011101110101—16	Dodge	10101101011010010111—12
Money	00110111101011111111—15	Justice	10110110111011010100—12
Jordan	11001111110110001110—13	Osborue	10010011111110111010—13
Wagner	11000011100111111011—12	Howell	11001110110010101001—11
Fonda	10001001101111111000—11	Gilmer	11111011111110000101—14
Stokes	00001110111110000110— 9	Ward	01111001111111110110—15
Morfey	01110110100100001111—11		

No. 7, three-men club teams, 20 targets per man, one-third shot each day, $15 entry, $30 added, 4 moneys:

Greensboro.

Jordan	10111111000110111110—14
Gilmer	10011010000101011111—12
Joyce	11111010111111100000—13—39

Union of Springfield.

Money	10111111011101111111—17
Morfey	00011101001111111110—13
Hoffman	10101100111011101101—13—43

No. 1 Charlotte.

Todd	10101110101110011111—14
Anthony	00110100110011111110—12
Justice	00011101011011001101—11—37

No. 2 Charlotte.

Howell	00001010110001010101— 8
Dodge	10001001010000011111— 9
Creswell	00010010001010111100— 8—25

No. 8, 20 singles, $2.50, $10 added, 4 moneys:

Todd	11010111111111010111—16	Morfey	10010100011001101101— 9
Jim Crow	11111011100101011010—13	W Thomas	00111111111001110101—14
Anthony	00101100111111110010—12	Hoffman	11010011111111100111—14
Mitchell	11110011011000111011—13	Joyce	10101001111101110110—13
Money	11111111001111110101—16	Dodge	01010101001100101111—10
Jordan	01110101111111101111—16	Justice	10101110100011001111—12
Wagner	01101011110010011101—12	Duane	01101010001010110111—12
Fonda	10111010011010010101—11	Ward	11111000110101001111—14
Gilmer	01111001001110001110—11	Howell	11100111100011110001—11
Stokes	11111110101110110110—15		

Extra No. 1, 15 singles: Todd 13, Jim Crow 13, Anthony 11, Mitchell 13, Money 13, Jordan 14, Osborne 8, Wagner 8, Stokes 8, Bunn 9, Duval 6, Hoffmau 13, Morfey 8.

Extra No. 2, 15 singles: Todd 8, Money 12, Anthony 12, Jim Crow 15, Mitchell 13, Jordan 11, Bunn 8, Duval 9, Wagner 13, Hoffman 12.

Second Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 targets, 4 moneys:

Todd	111101111111110—13	Joyce	101111111110110—12
Jim Crow	111101111111110—13	Osborue	110111101111010—11
Anthony	111111100111111—13	Stokes	001111101110111—11
Mitchell	010011001111100— 8	Morfey	111110010101011—10
Money	100011111110011—10	Hoffman	111101100111111—12
Jordan	111111111001111—13	Ward	100101010100010— 6
Wagner	011001100101110— 8	W M Thomas	001101111101111—11
Gilmer	000110101011100— 7	Dodge	111110010111101—11
Fonda	111111101100011—11	Floyd	101111100010010— 8
Daniels	011110110100001— 8	C E Thomas	000010010110001— 5

No. 2, 15 targets:

Todd	011111111111111—14	Stokes	011000111001110— 8
Jim Crow	111111111001111—13	Morfey	000000000000111— 3
Anthony	111111111110111—14	Hoffman	001110101111110—10
Mitchell	101110111110110—11	Ward	000011110010100— 6
Money	111110111100101—11	Wm Thomas	010101010011110— 8
Jordan	010101111000110— 8	Dodge	111110111111111—14
Wagner	001101101111111—11	Carson	100101100010110— 7
Gilmer	111111011011111—13	Floyd	011110101111101—11
Fonda	111111000111111—12	C E Thomas	010100001111010— 7
Daniels	111111011011111—13	Justice	100111011110011—10
Joyce	101011101001111—10	Gilliland	011100011010011— 8
Osborne	001101111010101— 9		

No. 3, 15 targets:

Todd	111011101011111—12	Stokes	111110101100111—11
Jim Crow	001011111101111—11	Morfey	011001101110010— 8
Anthony	011101101111111—12	Hoffman	101110110111111—12
Mitchell	111101110111111—13	Ward	111111001111111—13
Money	110111110101111—12	Wm Thomas	101111110101011—11
Jordan	111100011111111—12	Dodge	111111111111101—14
Wagner	110001011100000— 6	Floyd	111000110111110—10
Gilmer	111110001111111—12	Justice	111111111011001—12
Fonda	011001011111110—10	Gilliland	101110111110100—10
Daniels	111111111100111—13	C E Thomas	110001001101110— 8
Joyce	110000000001001— 4	Dowd	011111110101000— 9
Osborne	101101101111011—11		

No. 4, 15 targets:

Todd	111100001111111—11	Osborne	101011100101111—10
Jim Crow	111011111111100—12	Stokes	011010111111111—12
Anthony	111100111111011—12	Morfey	111011011001000— 8
Mitchell	010011111111010—10	Hoffman	011111110011111—12
Money	111110111111011—13	Ward	111000011011011— 9
Jordan	001111100100000— 6	Wm Thompson	111011110111001—11
Wagner	000101110111111—10	Dodge	010001110101111— 9
Gilmer	111101111111111—14	Floyd	110111011001011—10
Fonda	100111101110011—10	Justice	111101111111001—12
Daniels	110101111111111—13	Gilliland	010011101010001— 7
Joyce	111110111010111—12	Dowd	101011001110101— 9

No. 5, 25 targets:

Todd	1100001111011111111011111—19
Jim Crow	1000110111100111111111111—19
Anthony	1111111110111111100111100—20
Mitchell	0101001011100111010010011—13
Money	1001110101110111101110101—17
Jordan	0111111110111110111101101—20
Wagner	1011000111111010011111111—18
Gilmer	111111111011101111001001—19
Fonda	111011111001011110101101—18
Osborne	1011111101111001111110111—20
Carson	1100010000110111111001110—14
Stokes	1101111110110111011011101—19
Morfey	0111011100111010111110110—17
Hoffman	1110011100100011001111100—14
Ward	1101111111010111111111111—22
W M Thomas	1001111111111110111110110—20
Dodge	0111101001011111011111101—18
W Creswell	1101111011011101101111101—19
Howell	1111111010111111111111111—23
Justice	1101111111111010001110110—18
Joyce	1010001011100110001010011—12

No. 6, 20 targets:

Todd	01111011011111111111—17	Stokes	10110000010100111001— 9
Jim Crow	11111010111111111101—17	Morfey	11011111111101110011—16
Anthony	00101011110101110111—13	Hoffman	11111110000010110111—13
Mitchell	10101100100111111101—13	Ward	11100111111101110110—15
Money	11111111111111111101—19	W Thomas	11110010000010010111—10
Jordan	11101111111111000110—15	Dodge	01010000111111011010—11
Wagner	11111100111111010111—17	Joyce	10001000101111010110—10
Gilmer	11101010111010111110—14	Floyd	01100011010010111011—11
Fonda	00111111001111110011—14	Justice	01101111011110100010—12
Daniels	10001111111011111101—15	C Thomas	11100110111101101100—13
Osborne	01010111111111101100—14		

No. 7, teams of 3, 20 targets each:

Greensbore Gun Club.

Jordan	01110010111001111111—14
Gilmer	11111101011110111111—17
Joyce	00100111011111101111—14—45

Union Gun Club.

Money	01111011011111111011—16
Morfey	00110011111101111101—14
Hoffman	11111111011111111110—18—48

Charlotte Gun Club.

Todd	11111111111111101101—18
Anthony	01011111111111001111—16
Justice	10101111111110000110—13—47

No. 8, 20 targets:

Todd	11101110111011111101—16	Osborne	01110101111111100101—14
Jim Crow	01011011111101010111—14	Joyce	10110010110011000110—10
Anthony	00110111010011011110—12	Stokes	01110111001011001101—12
Mitchell	10111111101110011111—16	Morfey	10110110101101100111—14
Money	11110111111101111111—18	Hoffman	10101101111110110101—14
Jordan	00101110111111001110—13	Ward	01110110011001111110—15
Wagner	11101110111011011011—15	W Thomas	11111000111111111010—15
Gilmer	11110011011001111101—14	Dodge	11100100110111111100—14
Fonda	11011010100111101111—14	Justice	01011101110100000011—10
Daniels	11111111111111111111—20		

Extra No. 1, 15 targets: Todd 11, Jim Crow 10, Anthony 8, Mitchell 12, Money 11, Hoffman 9, Wagner 11, Stokes 9, Dodge 12, Thomas 10, Morfey 11.

Third Day's Scores.

No. 1, 15 targets:

Todd	111011011010011—10	Fonda	101111111111010—12
Jim Crow	011111110101000— 9	Daniel	100101101110100— 8
Jordan	111111001110101—11	Joyce	101111101011001—10
Mitchell	101111110111111—13	Gilmer	011101110111001—10
Money	000011011110101— 8	Stokes	100111001111111—11
Anthony	100011110111110—10	W Thomas	111101101111110—10
Wagner	111111111101110—13	Dodge	011001101011101— 9
Hoffman	110000010101110— 7	Morfey	110111011100101—10

No. 2, 15 singles:

Todd	011011110111101—11	Daniel	001001000111001— 6
Jim Crow	110011111101111—12	Joyce	100101111101011—10
Jordan	111111011111111—14	Gilmer	111001111010110—10
Mitchell	110100100111101— 9	Stokes	101001111111111—12
Money	110110110111111—12	W Thomas	111100100111111—11
Anthony	011101011011111—11	Dodge	110111001111111—12
Wagner	000101111111101—10	Ward	110110110110110—10
Hoffman	011111100111101—11	Morfey	110101101010110— 9
Fonda	100010100111010— 7	Justice	110101111111100—11

No. 3, 15 targets:

Todd	011011111111110—12	Gilmer	111111110111011—13
Jim Crow	011110111110111—12	Osborne	111110110111000—10
Jordan	000100010011111— 7	Stokes	111111111101111—14
Mitchell	101011001111101—10	Wm Thomas	000111000011111— 8
Money	101111111111111—14	Dodge	110100111011111—11
Anthony	111111111101111—14	Ward	011010000110010— 6
Wagner	101101011010010— 8	Morfey	010111011101111—11
Hoffman	111010110011111—11	Joyce	000111000010100— 6
Fonda	011011011100100— 8	Justice	001110111101111—11
Daniels	101111111010000— 9	Howell	101101101111100—10

No. 4, 15 targets:

Todd	111101111101111—13	Daniels	101111111010111—12
Jim Crow	010111111111111—13	Gilmer	010101110100011— 8
Jordan	011101110111100—10	Joyce	110111010011110—10
Mitchell	111110011011111—12	Stokes	101110111111110—12
Money	011111101110111—12	Wm Thomas	101110101011011—10
Anthony	011111111101100—11	Dodge	110111111111110—13
Wagner	010011111110111—11	Ward	110110110111101—11
Hoffman	111011011011101—11	Morfey	100110101100110— 8
Fonda	011111010111000— 9	Justice	101110101111111—12

No. 5, 25 targets:

Todd	1011111110011101111011111—20
J Crow	1111100110110101111011111—19
Jordan	1101011010100010000101011—12
Mitchell	0111101110111111101111111—21
Money	1111111110101100111111111—21
Anthony	1000001101011001111100110—13
Wagner	0111100110101110111011111—18
Hoffman	0010011011111110110101110—15
Fonda	0110101011001111101101101—16
Carson	1111111100100111111011100—18
Joyce	0000111111110001111110011—16
Gilmer	0001001101011101110111111—16
Justice	1111011100111101101010101—18
Stokes	0011110011110101111111111—19
Wm Thomas	0100011101111011010011101—15
Dodge	0100111110101111111110111—19
Ward	0110111101101000111011011—16
Morfey	1011101011111101101111101—19

Osborne..............0110111111101101100111110—18
Howell..............1010101110111101111011100—17

No. 6, 20 targets:
Todd......11110111111111111111—19 Daniels....10001111111111100010—13
Jim Crow..10001101001011110111—12 Gilmer....10111110111111111111—18
Jordan....11111001110110111111—16 Joyce.....01111010101111000110—12
Mitchell....10111101110011100111—14 Stokes.....11111011011111011111—17
Money.....11110111111111111001—17 W Thomas.10111111111011110110—17
Anthony...11001011111111100100—13 Dodge.....01000100001010111111—10
Wagner....01110111111111100011—14 Ward.....10001111111111011111—15
Hoffman..01111011110110011111—15 Morfey... 01110111110101011111—15
Fonda.....01101111100110111010—13 Justice....11111011001011111000—13

No. 7, 3-man teams, 20 targets each:

Union G. C.
Money..............11101101101101101111—15
Morfey..............11010101011011111001—13
Hoffman..............10110111111111111001—16—44

Greenboro G. C.
Jordan..............01110101111110001111—14
Gilmer..............10011111110111111110—16
Joyce..............11101110000100010101— 9—39

Charlotte No. 1.
Todd..............11111111100111110111—17
Anthony..............01011000110100111111—14
Justice..............11101110110100110111—14—45

No. 8, 20 targets:
Todd......11001111111111101111—17 Gilmer.....11111001010111000111—13
J Crow....11110101111111110010—15 Joyce......10101011111100101100—12
Jordan....01011110110111111110—15 Stokes.....11110111111101100111—16
Mitchell....11100101111111000111—14 W Thomas11111101011111101000—14
Money....01111011111010011110—13 Dodge.....11001111100111111111—16
Anthony...10110101111011101110—14 Ward......00111100101011011111—13
Wagner....00001101000100010100— 6 Morfey....00100011110101101011—11
Hoffman..10111110101101101111—15 Osborne...11100111111111111111—18
Fonda.....11110001010111101111—14 Justice....11110010101111000110—12
Daniel.....00100111011001100011—10

Individual contest at 25 targets:
Mitchell..............17 13 21—51 Gilmer..............13 19 16—48
Carson..............17 14 18—49 Morfey..............15 17 19—51
Ward..............18 22 16—56 Hoffman.............. 9 14 15—38
Anthony..............16 20 13—49 Stokes..............17 19 19—55
Todd..............13 19 20—52 Joyce..............14 12 16—42
Jordan..............16 20 12—48 Creswell..............12w
Money..............16 17 21—54 Wm Thomas..............13 20 15—48
Wagner..............15 18 18—51 Justice..............15 18 18—51
Fonda..............12 20 16—48 Dodge..............13 18 19—50
Osborne..............15 20 18—53 Howell..............15 23 17—55
Crow..............19 19 19—57

Three-men team race:

New Jersey Team.
Money.....17 16 15 48
Morfey....13 14 13 40
Hoffman..13-43 18-48 16-44 47-135

Greensboro Team.
Jordan....14 14 14 42
Gilmer.....12 17 16 45
Joyce.....13-39 14-45 9-39 36-123

Charlotte No. 1.
Todd......14 18 17 49
Anthony..12 16 14 42
Justice.....11-37 13-47 14-45 38-129

Charlotte No. 2.
Howell.... 8 Withdrew.
Dodge..... 9
Creswell... 8-25

C. H. Townsend.

READING SUMMER TOURNANENT.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 15.—The summer tournament of the Reading Shooting Association started to-day at Shillington, three miles out from Reading, at the Three-Mile House, where President H. C. W. Matz of the association, who keeps the hotel and race track, holds forth. He gave all the boys a hearty welcome and did everything in his power to make their visit pleasant, as did his excellent wife and family.

The shooting grounds of the club are in the field surrounded by a half mile track known as the Reading Driving Park. The traps face to the east and the ground is perfectly level, inclosed with a high board fence; and unlike the spring shoot when the field was all mud and slush, it is now covered with a good sod. To the left and back of the club house are several large trees which afford shade for the shooters and spectators, of which there were from two to three hundred each day, both ladies and gentlemen.

The weather was all one could wish although a trifle hot in the middle of the day, the mornings and evenings were cool. The country around here is suffering very much for rain, the Schuylkill River is very low. The low water has made good bass fishing for those who know where to go for them. One day last week H. L. David better known to the shooting fraternity by his middle name (Landis), caught in the Peskiomen Creek (which empties into the Schuylkill River a short distance below here), 21 fine bass ranging from ¾ to 4lbs. 1oz. in weight. Landis is an expert fisherman as well as a trap shot.

This shoot of four days showed that the time is too long. Tournaments of not over two days have larger entries, and had this been only two days their entries instead of running from 10 to 20 would have gone up to double that number, as each day saw new faces, and had they been bunched into half the time it would have made a great difference. Clubs in getting up shoots should remember that to go all around they should pick their time according to the fixtures in the Forest and Stream, so as not to get too close to one another and not to make them too long, as many a fellow would like to attend all that are within a reasonable distance of his home, and shoot all through the tournament; but when they are too long they cannot leave their business for the whole shoot, and if they do the chances are that they cannot arrange things to give the next club more than a day, if that.

The programme of this shoot was very nicely arranged, the regular events for each day consisting of five 10 target events at $1 entrance; one 10, $1.50 entrance; two 15, $1.50 entrance; one 20, $2 entrance, and one 25, $3 entrance, and on Tuesday and Wednesday a 50 target event each day at $5 entrance, to which the club added $5 each; and on Thursday a three-man team race, $7.50 entrance, $10 added by the club. On Friday a six-man team race, $10 entrance, $10 added.

The team races were open to teams from any organized gun club in America. Shooters must reside in the State where the club that enters the team is located. Purses divided if five teams, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; if less 60 and 40 per cent. As a special premium the association gave $5 to the shooter making the largest straight score, at any time during the shoot, $3 to the one making the second largest and $2 to the one making the third largest; also $5 to any shooter residing in Buck or Lancaster county who makes the best average out of any consecutive 100 shots during the tournament.

The new Keystone expert traps and Keystone targets gave general satisfaction The new traps of this company make a great deal more difficult shooting than their old traps did, and that is something that it will have to come to, as on the old way too many straight scores were being made. Give us more expert shooting, unknown traps and unknown angles or known traps and unknown angles, and vary the height of the flight of target, not try to see how many targets you can make a trap throw into a space of a yard square. Ties in all events were divided. Purses divided, if 20 shooters, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., between 20 and 10 shooters 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., and if less than 10 shooters 60 and 40 per cent.

The following men were on the grounds the first day: Of the Reading Shooting Association, J. Schmeck, A. Matz, E. Coldron, Jack Shaaber and Brook Harrison; from Royersford L. Weinert, H. Buckwalter, shooting under the name of Davis, and Jake Johnson, the proprietor and editor of the Royersford *Advertiser;* Wm. Morrison from Philadelphia. Walter Thomas from Ambler, A. Mazurie from Dillersville and Gus Grieff, the popular young salesman for Von Lengerke & Detmold, of New York. The only sporting papers represented were the Forest and Stream and the Philadelphia *Item*. The scores are:

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1: Schmeck 1, Coldron 9, Davis 7, Morrison 3, Johnson 8, Ritter 8, Matz 7, Duston 6, Mazurie 8, Greiff 6, Fieles 10.

No. 2, 15 targets. entrance $1.50: Duston 9, Schmeck 15. Coldron 12, Mazurie 13, Ritter 11, Davis 10, Matz 11, Grieff 12, Fieles 13, Johnson 23.

No. 3, 20 targets, entrance $2:
Duston....11011111100111110111—16 Mazurie...11110101010011111110—14
Davis......01111111111111111010—17 Ritter......01110101111010011010—12
Schmeck..11111111111111011111—19 Greiff......01110111101001111011—14
Matz.......11110110111111110111—17 Johnson...11111011110111111111—18
Coldron....10111111111111101011—17 Fieles......11111111111011111110—18

No. 4, 10 targets, entrance $1: Duston 8, Schmeck 8, Coldron 9, Weinert 9. Harrison 5. Grieff 8, Mazurie 9, Davis 8, Matz 7, Morrison 8, Johnson 7, Fieles 10.

No. 5, 10 targets, entrance $1: Duston 8, Schmeck 7, Weinert 10, Johnson 9. Mazurie 7, Fieles 9, Grieff 9, Davis 9, Harrison 7, Coldron 9, Harrison 8.

No. 6, 10 targets, entrance $1 50: Duston 9. Thomas 8, Davis 9, Morrison 7, Harrison 8, Weinert 9, Schmeck 8, Johnson 10, Fieles 9, Coldron 7, Mazurie 6, Grieff 8.

No. 7, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:
Duston..........111111110111111—14 Fieles..........111001111111111—13
Schmeck........111011111111111—14 Weinert........111011111111110—13
Davis...........011111111110010—11 Grieff...........111101101111111—13
Harrison........001110111110111—11 Mazurie........111101111110111—13
Johnson........111111111110111—14 Coldron........111110011111111—13
Morrison.......110011111111111—13 Shaaber........111111101101011—12
Thomas........011111101101000— 9 Matz............111111111111111—15

No. 8, 10 targets, entrance $1: Duston 7, Schmeck 7, Fieles 10, Thomas 7, Davis 9, Johnson 7, Shaaber 6, Matz 6, Mazurie 9, Grieff 9, Coldron 8, Harrison 8, Weinert 9, Morrison 3.

No. 9, 25 targets, entrance $3:
Duston..............0101111111111110111111111—21
Schmeck..............1110110111101111111111111—22
Johnson..............1111011110111110111111101—21
Davis..............1110111011111111111111111—23
Shaaber..............1101111111011111111111111—23
Thomas..............0011111111111111101111011—21
Fieles..............1111101110111001111111111—21
Matz..............1100111111111111100111111—21
Harrison..............1111111111111101101111110—22
Grieff..............1111011101111110111111110—21
Coldron..............0100111111111111111000001—17
Mazurie..............0001110111111110100001111—16
Weinert..............1111101111011101111111111—22
Morrison..............1111111101111101111111001—21

No. 10, entrance $1: Duston 8, Schmeck 7, Fieles 7, Matz 5, Shaaber 7, Davis 9. Johnson 8, Harrison 8, Grieff 10, Weinert 8, Mazurie 5, Morrison 7, Thomas 9.

No. 11, 50 targets, entrance $5:
Duston.....11011111101111111110110101110111111101111111101111—42
Schmeck.....11111101101111110111111010011001111101111111111011—40
Fieles.....11111111111111111111111111111111110101111111111—48
Matz.....11011100011110111010110111110110101111010101001000—31
Davis.....11111111111111010111111111111010111111011101111111—44
Shaaber.....01110011101111111111111111110011011101011011111111—40
Eiler.....11111010111101111111111110101100010111111110101101—38

No. 12, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Duston 11, Schmeck 14, Johnson 13, Davis 12, Mazurie 10, Matz 8, Grieff 8, Fieles 13, Harrison 13, Davis 10, Shaaber 13, Thomas 12, Weinert 3.

No. 13, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Duston 14, Fieles 12. Johnson 15, Harrison 13, Matz 7, Schmeck 12, Morrison 8, Mazurie 12, Thomas 12, Shaaber 14.

No. 14, 10 targets, $1 entry: Duston 8, Fieles 10, Mazurie 9, Davy 5, Johnson 6, Shaaber 7, Schmeck 9, Morrison 7, Davis 10, Harrison 9, Thomas 10.

No. 15, 15 targets, $1.50 entry: Duston 13, Fieles 12, Davis 13, Harrison 12, Shaaber 14, Schmeck 10, Morrison 9, Mazurie 13, Thomas 14, Johnson 13.

No. 16, 10 targets. $1 entry: Fieles 8, Shaaber 8, Harrison 7, Duston 8, Thomas 9, Matz 8, Schmeck 7.

The Second Day

was like the first, very warm and dry; the boys a little lazy this morning and not inclined to go to shooting, but to wait for the arrival of the early morning train from Philadelphia, which arrives at Reading about 10 o'clock and brings J. Wolstencroft, the popular brother of W. H., the noted trap-shot, and James is shooting in great shape; he certainly has his shooting clothes on. H. L. David (Landis), J. Thurman, H. Thurman, and among the new ones on the grounds to-day are J. Melot, from Uniontown; G. Zellers, from Birdsboro; H. Keller, from Kellersville. John Duston, of Harrisburg, is also here; every one knows Duston as his picture has appeared in Forest and Stream in connection with the great Brewer and Fulford pigeon match for the championship of the U. S. Also Billy Fieles, the genial landlord of the Christiania House at the town of that name; every one has some fun with Billy who is always on the lookout either to buy or sell a good dog, a good gun, a good horse, or, in fact, anything that is good.

Chas Irvin, of Philadelphia, is here looking after the interest of John T. Bailey & Co., the enterprising sporting goods house of Philadelphia, and they have made a great reputation in a short time on their American wood powder hand-loaded shells. The scores of the day are generally fair, none extra, except Fieles, who makes one straight run of 57.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1: Schmeck 8. Ritter 8, Thurman 8, Melot 8, Irvin 4, J. Thurman 7, Matz 9, Thomas 10, Duston 6, Wolstencroft 6, Grieff 9, Fieles 7, Landis 9.

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Schmeck 13, Wolstencroft 13, Fieles 9, Landis 12, Ritter 11, J Thurman 11, Thomas 12, Melot 10, Duston 11, H. Thurman 10, Johnson 9, Grieff 13, Matz 11.

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance $1: Schmeck 7, Wolstencroft 9, H. Thurman 8, Duston 9, Matz 9, J. Thurman 7, Johnson 10, Melot 7, Fieles 8, Landis 8, Ritter 9, Thomas 5, Grieff 8.

No. 4, 20 targets, entrance $2:
Schmeck...11101110111111111111—18 Johnson...10011011111101111111—16
Melot......10111101101000111110—13 Grieff......11111001001101111110—14
Wolst'nc'ft11110111111111111111—19 Duston....11011010111011111111—16
Fieles......11000111111110111011—15 Matz......10111110011111101111—16
H Thurm'n11111111011011111011—17 J Thurman01001111111011101111—15
Landis.....11011011111110011111—16 Thomas...11111010110111110111—16
Ritter.....11111100101101111111—16

No. 5, 10 targets, $1 entry: Schmeck 7, Fieles 7, H. Thurman 8, Landis 8, Jos. Thurman 5, Ritter 5, Grieff 6, Melot 5, Wolstencroft 7, Matz 9, Duston 5, Thomas 9, Johnson 8.

No. 6, 10 targets, $1.50 entry: Schmeck 10, Thomas 8, Landis 6, Duston 6, Wolstencroft 9, Matz 9, Fieles 9, H. Thurman 7, Melot 8, Harrison 8, Grieff 9, Ritter 6.

No. 7, 15 targets, $1.50 entry:
Schmeck...... 111111111111111—15 Landis.........111101110100111—12
Melot..........110111110110010—10 Harrison........111111111111101—14
H Thurman.... 011111111011110—12 Grieff......... 111111111011111—14
Fieles.........111111110111110—13 Duston.........011010111011011—10
Thomas........111111111011101—13 Shaaber........111011111111001—12
Matz..........111001011111110—11 Wolstencroft...111111111111111—15

No. 8, 10 targets, $1 entry: Schmeck 8, Fieles 9, Wolstencroft 8, H. Thurman 7, Harrison 10, Johnson 9, Landis 9, Thomas 8, Melot 8, Matz 6, Shaaber 7, Grieff 8, Duston 6, J. Thurman 7.

No. 9, 25 targets, $3 entry:
Schmeck..............1110111101101011111111111—21
Melot..............1110111001111101111111111—21
Fieles..............1110101111111111111111110—22
Wolstencroft..............0111101111111111011111101—22
Thomas..............1010111111111111111111111—23
Landis..............1111111111111111110111010—22
A Thurman..............1111111110101111111111111—23
Grieff..............1111100111111011000111011—19
Matz..............1111100101111101111100011—18
Harrison..............0111111111111111111111111—24
Duston..............1011111111111111111111111—24
Shaaber..............1111111111111111110111110—23

No. 10, 10 targests, entrance $1: Melot 4, Wolstencroft 7, Thomas 9, Zellers 6, Shaaber 8, Landis 8, Grieff 8, Duston 5, Keller 3, Fieles 6, Matz 9, Harrison 9, H. Thurman 9, Schmeck 9, Ritter 9, Johnson 7, J. Thurman 7.

No. 11, 50 birds, entrance $5:
Schmeck.........11111111111111111111111111110111110111110111111111—47
Fieles.........11111110111111111111101111111111011111111111101111—46
H Thurman.........11111010111111111100111111111111111111111111101111—45
Landis.........11011111111110011101111111001101011111111001111111—40
Wolstencroft.........11111011111001011111101110111011101001101010111110—36
Shaaber.........11110111011011011111111111111111010111111111111111—43
Matz.........11011111111101110111111100101100111000011101111110—36
Duston.........11100111110110111110001111110000100110101111111101—34
Thomas.........11111111011110101111111110111111111100111111111111—43

No. 12, 10 targets, entrance $1: Fieles 10, H. Thurman 7, Ritter 8, Wolstencroft 8, Thomas 10, Zellers 5, Shaaber 6, Harrison 7, Landis 7, Matz 6. Schmeck 9, J. Thurman 8. Duston 10.

No. 13. 15 targets, entrance $1 50: H. Thurman 8, Fieles 13, Duston 14. Shaaber 12, Johnson 12, Harrison 13, Landis 13, Wolstencroft 14, Schmeck 14, Thomas 14, J. Thurman 13, Matz 10.

No. 14, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Duston 3. Landis 14, Matz 12, Thomas 13, Ritter 19, Shaaber 15, H. Thurman 13, Wolstencroft 11, Fieles 15, Schmeck 12, Harrison 13.

No. 15, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: H. Thurman 11, Fieles 15, Schmeck 14, Shaaber 15, Landis 13, Thomas 14, Wolstencroft 15, Matz 8.

No. 16, 15 birds, entrance $1.50: Fieles 15, Wolstencroft 15, Landis 13, Schmeck 13, H. Thurman 13, Shaaber 12.

No. 17. 10 targets, entrance $1: Fieles 9, Zellers 8. H. Thurman 7, Schmeck 10, Wolstencroft 9, Irwin 6, Landis 8, Matz 6. Grieff 7.

No. 18, 10 targets. entrance $1: Schmeck 10, Ritter 7, Johnson 3, Fieles 9, Thomas 8, Matz 10, Duston 9, Irwin 6.

The Third Day

of the shoot opened with a light and very welcome shower. Just enough water fell to lay the dust and cool the atmosphere, which made a very pleasant morning up here near the mountains, and everything freshened up. But the sun coming out by 9 o'clock and in half an hour you would not know it had been raining. The morning train brought in some new shooters, among them Rene Clayton, of Tamaqua, who will manage the Schuylkill Shooting Association tournament, to be held at Tamaqua Sept 6, 7 and 8; he says they will have at their shoot about a thousand pigeons and the same number of sparrows. Fenn Cooper and W. McMillan came from Mahanoy City, two as good men as any one would want to call his friends, staunch and true and both good shooters. From Allentown came John F. Weiler, the head and front of the shooting affairs of that city, and very much interested in the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament to be held on the club grounds of the John F. Weilers, of Allentown, and Wyandottes, of Bethlehem; both clubs will join hands in this shoot, and expect to make a great success of it. Along with Weiler were several other members of the club. From Hazelton came Bart Freas, and from Norristown Peter Yost, M. Mack and J. Scheetz—a good trio; they came to shoot, win or lose, three as happy men as can be found. John Rehrig, of Weisport, is shooting just as if he had nothing else to bother him.

The shooting started at about 9:30 A. M. and was kept up until the supper bell rang at the Three-Mile House, when all tired and hungry repaired to the house in answer to the welcome sound, and were soon engaged making 10 straight at the table.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1: Schmeck 10, Thomas 8, Landis 10, Snap 8, Cooper 7, Fieles 8, H. Thurman 8, Matz 9, Macbeth 6, Freas 5.

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:
Schmeck........101111111011111—14 Macbeth........111101110011101—11
Fieles..........111111111011111—14 P Yost..........101001111100110— 9
H Thurman....101111110110110—11 Snap............111111111111111—15
Landis..........110111111111110—13 Rehrig..........101111111111011—13
Matz............111111100111011—12 Cooper..........101111101100101—10
Grieff..........000101110111111—10 Gaylor..........011011101111101—11
Mack............001111111111101—12 Freas...........111001010011001— 8

No 3, 10 targets, entrance $1: Schmeck 10, Landis 7, Matz 10, Macbeth 8, Cooper 10, Freas 6, P. Yost 8, H. Thurman 9, Fieles 9, Ritter 9, Thomas 7, Grieff 10, Mack 10, Gaylor 5.

No. 4, 20 targets, entrance $2:
Schmeck..11111011001010101101—13 Macbeth...11111101111011011111—17
Thurman..11111111101111111110—18 Cooper....10111001101101101111—14
Landis.....11111010111111101111—17 Rehrig....11101111111101111111—16
Fieles......01011101111101111101—15 Snap......11011101111011111111—17
Matz.......11011111111111111100—17 Grieff......11101101111101101111—16
Ritter......01111011111100110101—14 Mack......11111101110111111110—17

No. 5, 10 targets, entrance $1: Schmeck 9, Landis 5, Freas 7, Macbeth 8, Ritter 7, Grieff 7, Thurman 9, Fieles 8, Matz 8, Cooper 9, Mack 8, Snap 8.

No. 6, 10 targets, entrance $1.50: Schmeck 8, Freas 8, Fieles 10, Harrison 9. Landis 9, Rehrig 9, Matz 9, Macbeth 7, Cooper 9, Snap 7, Thurman 7, Shaaber 10, Zellers 5.

No, 7, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:
Schmeck........111111011111111—14 Matz............001011011011011— 9
Macbeth........110011101111011 -11 Harrison.......111111100011111—12
Thurman........111111111111111—15 Mack...........110011110110101—10
Landis..........111111111110010—12 Cooper.........111110111110111—13
Freas...........000011001100011— 6 Spatz...........110111010010010— 9
Shaaber........101111111111110—13 Rehrig..........111010011111111—12
Fieles..........111010111111111—13 Snap...........111111111010101—12

No. 8. 10 targets, entrance $1: Schmeck 10, Macbeth 6 Landis 10, Matz 7, Shaaber 8, Mack 9, Harrison 9, Snap 4, Yost 10, Freas 7, S. G. Spatz 5. Thurman 8, Essick 6, Zellers 7, Gaylor 8. Cooper 10, Fieles 9, Ritter 9. Grieff 9.

No. 9. 25 targets, entrance $3:
Schmeck..............1101111111010111111111111—22
Thurman..............1111111110110111101111011—21
Landis..............1101111111111111111011111—23
Fieles..............1111111111111111111111110—24
Harrison..............1111111001110011111111111—21
Shaaber..............1111111111011111111111011—23

No. 10, 10 targets, entrance $1: Freas 6, Shaaber 9, Yost 9, Mack 9, Schmeck 8, Landis 9, Spatz 6, Ritter 8, Rehrig, 8, Macbeth 6, Harrison 8, Zellers 4, Gaylor 6, Dengler 7, Thurman 10, Fieles 9, Jenks 9, Cooper 10, Snap 7, Matz 7.

No 11, 3-men team, entrance $7.50 per team:
Landis..............1011110111111111011111001—20
Fieles..............1111111111011111111111111—24
H Thurman..............0111100110000011011010111—14—58
Clayton..............1111111110111010111110111—21
Rehrig..............1100101101111111111111111—21
Cooper..............1111111111111011111111111—24—66
Schmeck..............1111111111111111111011111—24
Harrison..............1111111110111011111111111—23
Shaaber..............1111111111101111111110111—23—70

No. 12, 15 targets, entrance $1.50:
Jenks..........111101110110011—10 Schmeck........111111111111111—15
Ritter..........111111110111111—14 Cooper..........011011111111111—13
Spatz..........110111111101001—11 Fieles..........110111111111111—14
Mack..........111001111011011—11 Matz...........110111110101011—11
Thurman.......110011110111101—11 Shaaber........111111111011111 14
Landis..........111111111101111—14 Grieff..........101111011100011—10

No. 14, 10 targets, entrance $1: Spatz 6, Landis 10, Snap 8, Cooper 8, Shaaber 7, Fieles 7, Gaylor 7, Harrison 9, Schmeck 10, Zellers, Ritter 7, Matz 7.

No. 14, 10 targets, entrance $1: Snap 7, Fieles 8, Harrison 8, Cooper 8, Ritter 6, Landis 8. Schmeck 7, Matz 5, Shaaber 9, Thurman 7.

No. 15, 10 targets, semi-expert rules, entrance $1: Fieles 7, Jenks 4, Thurman 8, Cooper 9, Shaaber 4, Snap 4, Ritter 6, Landis 10, Matz 6, Schmeck 9.

No. 16, 5 pairs, entrance $1:
Fieles..........11 10 10 00 01—5 Matz..........00 10 00 11 11—5
Snap..........10 10 10 00 10—4 Landis..........11 10 11 01 10—7
Cooper..........10 11 11 00 10—6 Thurman..........11 11 01 11 11—9
Schmeck..........01 01 11 10 10—6

No. 17, 5 pairs, entrance $1:
Fieles..........11 10 11 10 11—8 Matz..........10 11 11 10 10—7
Snap..........10 10 10 10 10—5 Landis..........11 10 10 10 10—6
Cooper..........10 11 10 00 10—5 Thurman..........10 11 10 10 11—7
Schmeck..........10 01 10 10 10—5

No. 18, 10 targets, expert rules. entrance $1: Matz 7, Landis 5, Fieles 5, Schmeck 6, Thurman 8, Grieff 3.

No. 19, 10 targets, expert rules, entrance $1: Schmeck 4, Matz 4, Landis 6, Eiler 2, Fieles 5, Thurman 3, Thomas 5.

Emerald Gun Club.

The Emerald Gun Club of New York held its regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Aug. 15. There was a good attendance and a fine afternoon's sport was had, the birds being a fair lot of flyers. Dr. Hudson officiated in his usual style as referee and scorer. Twenty-one went to the traps and each shot at ten birds, class handicap, American Association rules, for the best averages in their several classes for the annual prizes. J. Maesel, of class A, was the only straight scorer with ten. E. Doeinck of the same class and Dr. Klein of class C scored nine each and tied for the second place. J. H. Voss and Louis Schortemeier of class A, with Dr. Hudson of class A and P. J Fitzgerald of class B tied for third place with eight each, all exceeding their handicap. The scores:

J Maesel..........1111111221—10 J Horn..........0011012021— 6
Dr Klein..........2222022112— 9 T P McKenna..........1201000200— 4
E Doeinck..........1111201112— 9 H Than..........1200122011— 7
P Butz..........1022001201— 9 Dr Pearson..........0100211100— 5
Dr Hudson..........0101112212— 8 W E Hogan..........0200000111— 4
J Woelfel..........0102002021— 5 P J Fitzgerald..........1111001212— 8
J H Voss..........1111•02211— 9 R Reagan..........1100211101— 7
M Quinn..........1002220021— 6 N Maesel..........2000100120— 4
Thos Cody..........2021220100— 6 L Schortemeier..........2•12011222— 8
G Nowak..........111•101101— 7 F Russell..........0100102211— 6
J H Moore..........0101021200— 5

Sweepstake, 15 bluerocks, 50 cents entry: E. Doeinck 7, Dr. Hudson 12, J. H. Voss 9, M. Quinn 4, Thos. Cody 9, J. H. Moore 3, H. Thau 3, Dr. Pearson 8, W. E. Hogan 4, P. J. Fitzgerald 7, N. Maesel 8, L. Schortemeier 11.

New York German Gun Club.

The regular monthly outing of the New York German Gun Club was held at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Aug. 16. The weather was all that could be wished for, birds good fast flyers, and the seventeen members were in fine shooting form. Each member shot at 8 birds under modified Hurlingham rules, which have recently been adopted by the club. S. C. Edwards was the only straight scorer with 8, and won the club's first medal. Seven tied with 7 each, but as P. Garme, Jr., and A. Schmitt had previously won the second medal, they withdrew and let the other five shoot for it. Thomford was the winner on the second round. The members then adjourned for dinner, after which sweepstake shooting was indulged in until darkness closed an excellent day's sport.

Club shoot, 8 live birds, modified Hurlingham rules:
P Garme, Sr..........00001100—2 G Winter..........201110•2—5
F Sauter..........1•110112—6 S C Edwards..........22112111—8
M Bonden..........11111201—7 J Frazer..........1•111212—7
J Wellbrook..........21102021—6 J Schlicht..........211•1222—7
J Goerlitz..........21011010—5 P Garme, Jr..........11021112—7
H Thomford..........22022211—7 J F Dannefelser..........02210000—3
D Schrecke..........00000100—1 J Steuernagel..........01101111—6
A Schmitt..........21111101—7 G H Smith..........01100122—5
J Carwein..........12021111—7

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

Fifteen members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club were present at the regular monthly shoot held at Woodlawn Park, L. I, on Wednesday. The birds furnished were a first-class lot, the best the club has shot at during the season and straight scores, of course, were not so plentiful. Each member shot at seven birds, club handicap, American Association rules, for the Plate diamond badge and extra club money prizes. W. Scheeljes, Ike Hyde, J. Voorhees and Dr. Van Ord killed seven straight and tied. On the shoot-off the Doctor won, outshooting Hyde on the seventh round. C. Plate won the second money alone with six. W. Lair outshot three others for third H. McLaughlin and W. Schumacher divided the fourth, and D Little took the fifth with three. The scores:

W Lair..........1120121—5 C Plate..........1112012—6
W Scheeljes..........1112211—7 Dr Van Ord..........2111211—7
W Schumacher..........1001102—4 H McLaughlin..........1110011—4
D Lynch..........1121000—4 F Greiff..........1101021—5
I Hyde..........1112121—7 H Dohrman..........1110021—5
M Hayden..........1221110—6 Dr Little..........1100002—3
F McLaughlin..........1211202—5 C Wyman..........1212000—4
J Voorhees..........1122121—7

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

The seventh monthly contest took place on the grounds of the Myrtle Park Gun Club at Irvington on Saturday, Aug. 19. The attendance was light during the morning, although the weather was almost perfect for shooting. In the afternoon, however, a bigger crowd assembled, although there were only two dozen entries in the largest event. This was no doubt caused by the failure of the home club to send a larger delegation to the previous tournaments. Perhaps no people have a better idea of *quid pro quo* than trap shooters, and clubs which send a large delegation a-visiting generally have a good crowd to visit them. The principal event was of course the team match, in which only five clubs of the eight were represented, Passaic City of Passaic, Endeavor of Jersey City, and Independent of Plainfield being the absentees. The first place was captured by the South Side of Newark with the low score of 106, followed by the Union of Springfield, a good second, with 105, and Maplewood third with 100. The members of the home club, principally Dr. English, J. B. Allen, Harry Sherman and Tom Osborn, assisted by the League secretary and Capt. Breintnall of the South Side, worked hard to make the tournament a success, and about 3,000 targets were thrown. The sport was somewhat hindered by the greenness of the trappers, who needed constant watching by Capt. Allen, who, however, finally worked this department into good shape by his efforts. The final tournament of the League will take place on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club at Rutherford on Saturday, Sept. 2, in connection with which will be held an all-day meeting with an attractive programme. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y N. J. Trap-Shooters' League.

The scores follow. Fifteen targets, $1:

Breintnall	111100111111111—13	Walters	111111111111111—15
Hobart	111111110111011—13	Strader	101100101011111 — 9
Van Dyke	111111111111111—15	Compten	110110111111101—12

Ten targets, $5:

Van Dyke	1111111111—10	Hobart	1111101111 — 9
Collins	1111110101 — 8	Whitehead	1111110010 — 7
Breintnall	1010111111 — 8	Young	0100100101 — 4

Fifteen targets, $1.50:

Van Dyke	111011111111111—14	Drake	111101111111111—14
Collins	011101111100111—11	Whitehead	111101101011110—11
Breintnall	110111111111111—14	Apgar	111011111101111—13
Hobart	111111111101111—14	Paul	110111011111110—12

Ten targets, $1:

Drake	1101101011— 7	Creveling	0000011111 — 5
Van Dyke	1111110111 — 9	McCallum	0111111101 — 8
Hobart	1111111111—10	Paul	0111110111 — 8
Collins	1111100110 — 7	Whitehead	1111111100 — 8
Breintnall	1111111111—10	W Smith	1111011111 — 9
Apgar	1111011111 — 9	Walters	0112111101 — 8

Ten targets, $1:

Van Dyke	1111111111—10	Drake	1111111110—10
Collins	1111111111—10	Addison	0011111111 — 8
Youngs	1101110011 — 7	Paul	1110101111 — 8
Breintnall	1111111111—10	W Smith	1111101111 — 9
Apgar	1111101111 — 9	Walters	1001111101 — 7
Hobart	1011111101 — 8	McCollum	1110111101 — 8

Fifteen targets, $1.50:

Breintnall	111111111101111—14	Walters	111011111011111—13
Hobart	110111111110111—13	McCullum	110010111101111—11
Apgar	111111100111111—13	Drake	10001010
Collins	111111111111111—15	Hedden	000011101111010— 8
Van Dyke	111010111101111—12	Lindsley	001100111100101— 8
Compton	101100011111111—11	Lenone	111010110000111— 8
Paul	100110011111101—10	Heritage	110111011111110—12
W Smith	111111111111115	Straber	010001001100000 — 4
Addison	111111111111115		

Ten targets:

Breintnall	1110111101— 8	Walters	1111010011— 7
Whitehead	1110101100— 7	W Smith	1111111101— 9
Hobart	1111111111—10	T Smith	1111111011— 9
Van Dyke	1111110101— 8	Drake	1110111110— 8
Apgar	1111111101— 9	Geoffrey	0111011011— 7
Hedden	1011011110— 8	Lindsley	1111011110— 8
Lenone	0110011110— 6	Brantingham	1111011110— 8
Collins	1111111110— 9	Gerry	0011101000— 4
Howard	1000001101— 4	Hoffman	1111111011— 9
Mehl	0100110110— 5	Sigler	0111111100— 7
Youngs	1101010111— 7	Ely	1001110111— 7
Paul	0111001101— 6	Heritage	1111001110— 7

Fifteen targets, $1.50:

Lindsley	001110111010101— 9	W Hunter	111111110110111—13
Geoffrey	110101101101111—11	Apgar	111111111011111—14
Hedden	011111101001111—11	Theil	100000001101011— 6
Van Dyke	110111100110111—11	Siegler	111111110111111—14
Walters	111001011111110—11	Drake	111111110111110—13
Addison	111011111011101—12	J L Smith	111011111011111—13
Hoffman	111111011111011—13	Brant	111101101111101—12
Collins	110111111110010—11	Gufroy	111111111111115
Dean	100111101111111—12	Dr Jackson	011001110000100— 6

Twenty targets, $2:

Hoffman	11111111111111111111—20	Apgar	11111111111111111011—19
War Smith	11111111111111111111—20	Drake	10001011111111011011—14
Sigler	11001111111111111011—17	Hedden	11101110111100011000—12
Fisher	11011101111011101111—16	Hobert	10111111111111101110—17
Lindsley	11111011111010100110—14	Breintnall	11111001110101011111—15
Collins	11111111111111111101—19	Walters	11111111110111101101—17

Ten targets, $1:

Apgar	1111111111—10	Whitehead	1111110101— 8
McCollum	1101000110— 5	English	0111110111— 7
C Horn	1011110111— 8	T Smith	1101111111— 9
Tyrill	1110010011— 6	Collins	1111101111— 9
Howard	0011110011— 6	Mehl	1110010101— 6
Youngs	1100011111— 7	Sigler	1111010111— 8
W Smith	1111111011— 9	F Compton	1100010111— 6
Fisher	1101111111— 9	Prockter	0010111010— 6
Hoffman	1100111011— 7	Howard	0101110000— 4

Ten targets, $1:

Collins	1100111111—8	Fletcher	0100000000—1
Hoffman	1111101111—9	Mehl	1010001010—4
Prockter	1100111100—6		

Team shoot:

South Side G. C.

Breintnall	11111111110111111111111—24
Hobart	11110101001110111111111—20
Geoffroy	11111010110111110101011—19
Walters	11111111111111111111011—24
Hoffman	10001111110111100111111—19—106

Boiling Springs F. and G. C.

Apgar	11111111111111111111111—25
Lindsley	11111111110011001111010—19
Paul	11101110001110011110011—17
E Collins	10111011111110111111111—22
Ely	00001011101010101000010—11— 94

Myrtle Park G. C.

Compton	10111111111111110111100—21
Smith	11101101011101111111110—20
Allen	11100000101011001100011—12
Young	11101010100111101011111—17
Osborne	11110101010100011010111—17— 87

Union G. C.

Brantingham	10010111111111011101111—20
Dan Terry	11111111111101110111111—20
Sigler	11111111111111111011101—23
J L Smith	11101111111111111111111—24
C M Hedden	00010111011110010111111—17—105

Maplewood G. C.

C Dean	11111101101100110110101—18
Van Dyke	11101101111111111111111—22
W Smith	11111100111111111001111—20
Drake	11100011111111111010100—17
Sickley	11101111111111101111111—24—100

The Garfield Gun Club.

The weekly shoot of the club, Aug. 19 was not so well attended as usual, some of the members being at the Glen Ellen pic-nic. It was, however, a pleasant gathering. A stiffish wind added to the difficulty of the shooting.

There is an intention to have some live bird shooting at the next weekly shoot.

No. 1, 25 bluerocks: Northcott 17, Bowers 16, Richards 20, Coppernoll 17.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks: Mott 8, Northcott 8, Bowers 8, Coppernoll 9, Young 8, O'Neil 8, Patterson 6, Dr. Hodgson 6.

No. 3, 5 pairs: Mott 7, Northcott 9, Bowers 7, Richards 4, Coppernoll 6, Young 8, O'Neil 6, Patterson 6, Hodgson 5, Baird 6.

No. 4, 10 bluerocks: W. Northcott 7, Bowers 6, Richards 7, Coppernoll 7, Young 5, O'Neil 9, Patterson 7, Hodgson 7, Baird 8. Ties on 7s won by Northcott.

No 5, medal shoot, 25 bluerocks: Mott 20, W. Northcott 19, Bowers 20, Young 20, O'Neil 20, Patterson 20, Hodgson 17, Baird 18, Pilz 13. O'Neil in ties on 20 broke 5 straight. Class A, C. P. Richards; class B, T. O'Neil; class C, R F. Mott.

No. 6, sweepstakes, 10 bluerocks, 5 unknown traps: Mott 3, Northcott 8, Bowers 8, Richards 7, Coppernoll 5, Young 6, O'Neil 8, Patterson 8, Hodgson 3, Baird 4, Pilz 4, Eich 6.

No. 7, 15 bluerocks, rapid fire: Mott 11, Northcott 10, Bowers 9, Richards 11, Coppernoll 12, Young 12, O'Neil 14, Patterson 12, Hodgson 7, Pilz 8, Eich 13.

No. 8, sneak up, 5 bluerocks: Mott 3, Bowers 1, Richards 5, Coppernoll 3, Young 3, Patterson 4, Hudson 2.

No. 9, 10 bluerocks: Mott 8, Bowers 7, Hudson 6, Coppernoll 8, Young 9, Patterson 10, Eich 10.

Burgess Repeating Shotgun.

The Burgess Gun Co., Buffalo, N. Y., are just introducing a 12-gauge repeating shotgun. Announcement is also made that as soon as the necessary tools are ready, now nearly so, a sporting rifle, a repeating automatic pistol and military arms embodying the same and other new principles will be manufactured.

The cuts in advertising columns show the barrel and magazine detached from the stock for convenience in carrying; the gun ready for use, and with the breech open in the act of ejecting an empty shell. Regarding the action of the gun a distinguishing feature of the movement is a right hand sliding handle which is connected to the reciprocating bolt, and consists of a sleeve and pistol grip, which slides on the small of the stock obliquely to the path of the movement of the bolt. There is a straight pull bolt and brace similar to the Mannlicher, but much s ronger, a handle that fills the hand which con-tantly grasps it, requiring no change from the trigger to handle and back, or necessitating the taking of the gun from the shoulder in rapid firing. The trigger finger is always in position in the guard, and a back and forward sifting motion of the right hand, in direct line between the points of support, operates the gun. In firing deliberately the trigger is only pulled at will. An inertia safety piece is provided by which the shock of discharge unlocks the handle, and the counter recoil which gives the body of the gun an impulse forward, when resisted by the natural pull backward of the hand, will start open the breech and extract the shell; this automatic action (only produced by the shock of firing) insures safety from "hang fires." The breech is opened by the "jump forward" of the gun, only after the discharge and rearward recoil have taken place. It will be seen that this occurs very quickly, as two shots can be fired in one-eighth of a second, and into the same pattern. The trigger being carried by the handle, is not in position to operate, and the firing pin cannot be driven forward except when the breech is closed and locked. By pressing a spring catch and a blow of the hand, the barrel can be detached in a moment and the magazine may remain charged with entire safety.

The frame and working parts are all forged steel; Damascus barrels and imported walnut stocks are used in all the grades offered. Special merit is claimed in this gun for its symmetrical form, perfect balance and distribution of strength, lightness with freedom from violent recoil and great closeness and power of shooting.

The various features of the gun are referred to minutely in an illustrated pamphlet recently issued by the company, which they will furnish upon application.

Watson's Park.

Aug. 5.—Chicago Shooting Club, miss and out shoot for the diamond ring:

L Hamline 21222220 w	*Tunnecliff 2001000002
Wadsw'th 110 w	*Hillis 21212210 21
Kleinman 22111212122222221212210	*Patterson 2002211012112210
A Thomas 2222222222222222222222	*Not members.

Aug. 18.—Audubon Gun Club handicap shoot, allowing birds, 15 live birds, new Illinois State rules:

F A Place	00221111111110 2 — 12 + 2 — 14
W L Shepard	00012222121001 0 — 10 + 2 — 12
R B Wadsworth	0222220 w
C Morris	02012122020202 1 — 11 + 6 -17
L M Hamline	22012221120112 — 13 + 1 — 14
C S Wilcox	10100121202010 1 — 10 + 4 — 14
J W McCauley	22222111212210 1 — 14 + 2 — 16
F L Bissell	00211222000011 1 — 9 + 2 — 11

Ties in this club shoot are shot off in the next club shoot. McCauley won medal for last shoot.

Sweep at 10 birds, $5 entrance, new Illinois State rules, 2 moneys:

L M Hamline	1101211221—9	A B Critzer	2211122112—10
F R Bissell	1121222201—9	J W McCauley	0202222221— 8
H M Dyer	2121122201—9	B V Jackson	0222221111— 9

A. B. Critzer shot a 24-gauge gun and shot at 28yds.

Aug. 18.—Second practice shoot for the coming match of Capt. A. H. Bogardus, 25 live birds, 15yds. rise, birds must fall 10yds. from trap to score, 80yds. boundary:

Capt A H Bogardus ..... 01•111111111011011111111—21

John Watson.

Charter Oak.

Charter Oak, Ia., Aug. 15.—A match at 50 live pigeons was shot at this place to-day by W. Saul and E. G. Abbott for $50 a side. Below is the score:

Saul	2012101211220110100210112121202122101212122211220 —40
Abbott	1121122012021000111101212121222212212121122011021—43

Another match for $25 is arranged, Abbott to shoot 50 live birds, Saul Brothers 25 apiece, for next Tuesday P. M. H. F. Arff, Sec'y.

Boiling Springs.

The Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club will hold a one-day's tournament at targets on their grounds at Rutherford, N. J., Saturday, Sept. 2, 1893, in connection with the eighth contest of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League. Two separate sets of five traps will be in operation all day. Shooting will begin at 9:30 A. M. sharp. Dinner will be served on the grounds at 12:30 P. M. All kinds of shells will be on hand. Trains leave New York foot of Chambers street, Erie R. R., for Rutherford, at 8:30, 9 15, 10:30, 11 A. M., 12 M., 1, 1:50, 2:40 P. M. To New York from Rutherford every 45 minutes.

P. A. Jeanneret, Secretary.

Endeavor Gun Club.

I wish to announce on behalf of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., that at their shoot to be held on Labor Day, Sept. 4, at the close of the regular programme there will be live-bird shooting. It is confidently expected that a goodly number of birds will be on hand to be disposed of. Z. P. Fletcher, Pres. E. G. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. S., Carp Lake, Mich.—Will you kindly explain clearly and distinctly so that we landsmen can easily understand it, what is meant by a "lee shore?" For instance, if a man is fishing from a boat along the shore upon which the wind is blowing, is he fishing on a lee shore? If a vessel in a storm is driven ashore by the wind—is she on a lee shore? Please advise us also of the best practical book on fly-fishing with especial reference to bass fishing with the fly. Ans. A lee shore is a shore against which the wind is blowing; the man in position named would be fishing on a lee shore; the ship is driven upon a lee shore. The best bass fishing book is Dr. Henshall's "Book of the Black Bass," price $3. We can supply it.

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them, but depend for reference upon the standard compilation, in fact the only comprehensive and correct compendium—the *Game Laws in Brief*. It covers the United States and Canada, and has numerous half-tone pictures. It may be had of your dealer, or will be sent postpaid by the Forest and Stream. Price, 25 cents.

FROM the first issue of this paper it has been used, and for nearly twenty years this particular space has been occupied by

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

who now say that they have given up advertising at least for the present.

Notice to Fishermen! Cut Prices for 1893

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and not decreasing the quality, it increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at $1.58 until all are sold. Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction

Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.

Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.

A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 90 cts.; 60yds., $1.00; 80yds., $1.10; 100yds., $1.20.

Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.

Brass Click Reels, 40, 60, 80 or 100yds., 28 cts. each; 5 cts. extra for postage.

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A special lot of Trout Flies at 30 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5 cents each sent by mail, 1 cent extra for postage.

All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 1 cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage

300ft. Braided Linen Reel Line on Block, 41 cts.; 300ft. of Hand-Made Linen Reel Lines on Block, 9 thread, 38 cts., sent by mail 3 cts. extra for postage.

Brass Box Swivels, all sizes No. 1 to No. 12., 15 cts. per dozen, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

Single Gut Leaders, 3ft., 4 cts., 45 cts. per dozen. Double Gut Leaders, 40in., 5 cts. each. Treble Gut Leaders, 32in., 7 cts. each. Four-ply Leaders, 32in., 8cts.

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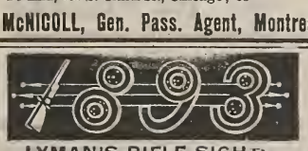

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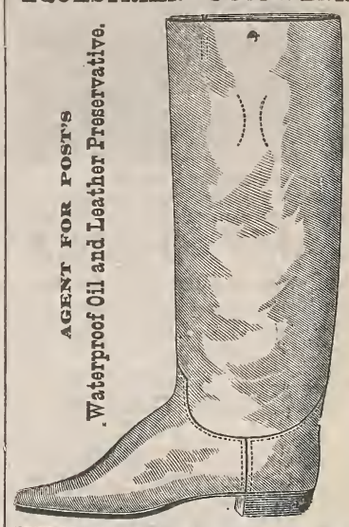

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FOREST AND STREAM.

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CUP DEFENDERS FROM A BUSINESS ASPECT.

THE popular verdict as to the success or failure of the new class of yachts, indefinitely spoken of as the "90-footers," "85-footers" and "Cup defenders," is likely to hinge solely on the one issue of the retention or loss of the trophy, as decided by the coming races with the British boat Valkyrie. As these boats were built solely for this purpose, such a test may be the true one; but there is a much broader aspect of the question, and one that is worthy of serious consideration at this time, when yacht racing in the larger clubs is in a very unsatisfactory condition.

The new class represents a larger outlay of money than has ever before been spent in any one year, in round numbers upward of half a million dollars, for construction, alterations and running expenses up to the end of the season; and the deduction which may be made from this sum for the future value of the boats will be comparatively small. Whether the difference is or is not too much to pay for the probable successful defense of the Cup is a question that each of the members of the various syndicates can decide for himself after the races are over; but so far as the general advancement of yachting is concerned, the results thus far are so disappointing that even the defeat of Valkyrie can hardly make the class as a whole anything but a failure.

With the races of the present week the yachting season in the large clubs is practically over, the only remaining events being the trial and Cup races and one or two minor club races. The racing in the standard classes, as shown in the regular regattas, has been dull and lifeless in the extreme, a fact due to several other causes, but in part to the centering of all interest in the Cup defenders. Even without these new boats the season would have been a dull one, the main feature being the schooners; but with the Cup defenders to absorb the entire attention of yachtsmen the other racing classes have fallen very flat. With such racing of the big singlestickers as was seen in 1886 for instance, this would be a small matter; but the sad fact is that while the new boats are larger, more pretentious and far more costly than Puritan or Volunteer, they have really done no racing throughout the whole of the regular season; and now that the season is over yachtsmen must wait for the trial races and the Cup races to know exactly how good or bad they both are.

True, the public has been regaled by stories, now proved largely fabulous, of the tremendous speed of each of the four boats, but it was not until Aug. 7 that any attempt at racing was made by them, and in the time that has since intervened there has been just one race which was worth the trouble of going out to see, the other abortive attempts being merely disappointing. The possibilities of the trial races are hardly more promising, and it is now uncertain whether two, three or four boats will start, and whether any thorough and conclusive test of the merits of the whole four will result.

In contrast to the empty results of the season on this side, the racing abroad stands out in bright colors. Beginning in the latter part of May, the quartette of big new racers which parallel the Cup defenders has raced steadily and persistently, from the Thames around the south coast to the Mersey and the Clyde, across St. George's Channel, and back for a month's hard racing off the Isle of Wight. True, there have been mishaps and breakdowns in abundance; in many cases only two of the four have been able to face the line at gun-fire, the others being in the dock or at the spar yard; but taken from first to last, the British racing season of 1893 not only puts to shame the work done here this season, but surpasses in number and importance the races in all previous seasons in America.

There would be no justification for pointing out so prominently such unpleasant facts if no conclusions were to follow and nothing could be learned; but in our opinion there is one important conclusion that is indisputable, namely, that American yachtsmen, in the confidence begotten by past triumphs, and with the national ambition to excel all creation, have lately gone ahead far too fast. The material evidence of this fact is found in the many delays attending the new boats in construction, fitting out and working up. Not only has the demand for material exceeded the supply in many cases, but a very large part of the work has been of an experimental nature, involving delay and an expense hitherto unheard of, as in the case of the main booms.

As all yachtsmen know, the mythical and nebulous "90ft. class" had its excuse in the length of Genesta, the challenger of 1885, necessitating the construction of a defender of the same waterline. Contrary to the views of many experienced yachtsmen, we have from the first held that the class was too large for the best interests of American yachting, even from the standpoint of international competition, and we have repeatedly urged the acceptance of the various opportunities offered for scaling down the size to 80, 75 or even 70ft. Again and again we have been met with the answer that the "90ft. class" was the finest ever produced, and that it was destined to become a permanent fixture in American yachting.

Thus far the facts have borne out the truth of our predictions—the old Cup defenders have disappeared in the schooner class, no new ones have been built in five successive seasons; the boats built this year are produced to meet a special emergency rather than to meet a legitimate demand of yacht racing; so far from realizing the long promised limit of 90ft. they are but 85ft., and even at this size they have obviously overtaxed the abilities of designers and artisans.

Should the Cup be lost, the class must rank on all hands as an utter failure, and even should it be retained by the one yacht which now seems the inevitable choice of the committee, it must be classed as a brilliant and partially successful spurt rather than as a steady advance in design and construction.

In the estimation of those foremost in the Cup defense of recent years, the larger size of yacht has always been considered to give an advantage to America. We have never fully agreed with this view in the past, and at the present time we are convinced that if the Cup should be lost it would be mainly because of the ambitious attempts to do too much, to advance too rapidly. The opportunity which has been so fully utilized abroad for thorough trial, working up and alteration, has been entirely lost here, and now, with the Cup races barely a month off, the Cup defenders are hardly where they should have been by the end of June.

There is a fruitful field for thought in the enormously increased expenses of yachting due to bronze bottoms, built spars, steam tenders and other costly items which will be essential to success in the future; and also in the development of the syndicate in place of the individual owner; but passing them by for the present we would point out that yacht racing can never be totally disassociated from the plain common sense principles of ordinary business, and that extravagance or unwise expenditure at one time involves certain unpleasant consequences sooner or later.

While it may be presumptuous for outsiders to criticise the manner in which the many owners of the present boats have spent their money, with a full appreciation of the spirit they have displayed, we venture the opinion that the final good to national yachting, the end presumably in view, will be by no means proportionate to the unprecedented outlay. The standard of size and quality set this year, is so high that the attendant expense must debar all but the wealthiest yachtsman from building in the future, and must encourage the syndicate at the expense of the individual owner. This is bad enough, but in view of the certain disappointment which awaits three out of every four boats built for Cup defense, it is possible that the difficulty of making up new syndicates may be materially increased, and that, especially in view of the present business depression men will be unwilling to repeat next year the vast outlay of this.

At the present time it is impossible to forecast the course of yachting next year, whether assuming that the Cup will be kept or lost; but so far from the prospect of any marked revival in yachting there are good grounds for the belief that the legitimate growth and progress of the next two or three years have been heavily mortgaged to produce a special class of boats, several of which must be classed as utter failures, and the best of which will be practically worthless after the Cup races are over.

The year has been prolific of game and fish legislation, the current issue of the *Game Laws in Brief* noting changes in twenty-five States, Territories and Provinces.

AN OLD STORY IN MAINE WOODS.

IN the *News* of Bangor the other day was printed the diary of a man who had made a canoe trip from that city to the Northwest Carry, and in the eleven days of the trip claimed to have seen no less than twenty dead deer and one dead moose which had been killed by August butchers. We have been at some pains to learn the authenticity of the diary, which is printed in another column, and as a result of our inquiries we are disposed to accept the report as a truthful picture of what may be found in summer in some parts of the Maine woods. The author of the diary, we have ascertained, was Benj. Atwood, a game warden, of Winterport, and in addition to the details given in the *News*, we are told that he discovered the identity of some of the butchers and has warrants for their arrest.

Such a report as this of the midsummer destruction of game in Maine, of moose and deer shot down in pure wantonness, and of carcasses abandoned to rot at the water's edge, has come to be an old story. It has been told by a host of witnesses summer after summer for years; and recently, as the supply of deer has increased, as greater provocation has been offered, and as it has become easy to commit such outrages, they have increased in number and flagrance. There are more of them to-day than ever before. The game commissioners have not begun effectively to cope with the evil.

SNAP SHOTS.

IN old times the gunners who followed the shore for bay-birds used to look about the last of August for an easterly storm, which should bring along the flight, and usually they were not disappointed. Sometimes an easterly wind with a dense fog and heavy spatters of rain would visit the coasts of New England and New York and land on those shores many thousands of dough birds, golden plover and dowitchers and other shore birds, and for two or three days the shooting would be wonderfully good. Often at the end of a few mild still days the wind would shift to the northwest and blow hard, and then the birds would disappear, but from that time on they would be found scattered along the coast from Long Island to Virginia, in such numbers as to make the shooting good. Within the last two weeks we have had two easterly storms of great violence, causing many wrecks and great loss of life at sea and much damage on the land. Such storms in old times would have been thought likely to bring great flights of shore birds, but in these two cases we know that the storms, instead of coming from the northeast where the birds have been summering, were tropical cyclones which came from the southeast, and thus we should not expect to find beach birds coming with the storms, or following in their wakes. It would be interesting to learn from gunners who have been out since August 24 whether they have found any considerable number of shore birds, what their bags have been and what kinds of birds were most plenty. We hope that our readers will report to us on these points.

SALMON fishermen the world over owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. J. Parker Whitney for his extremely interesting accounts of sea fishing for salmon on the Pacific coast. Though that fishing has been known for years to a limited number of anglers, and though the FOREST AND STREAM has in past years given mention of the taking of salmon by trolling in the Pacific, Mr. Whitney, as the first one to exploit the sport in an adequate description for the benefit of the guild, may fairly lay claim to its discovery. Others may have known of it as the Norsemen knew of America; Mr. Whitney has been the Columbus to proclaim his discovery to the world, and to command for it the attention it deserves. Another season will see a host of salmon anglers at Santa Cruz and other points; and in time the Pacific coast devotees of salt-water fishing for salmon may outnumber the necessarily restricted company of those who have opportunity to seek the fish in the fresh waters of the East.

The congress of fishculturists, fishermen and anglers, which is to convene in Chicago next month, gives promise of bringing together a notable assembly of men from all parts of the world. The scope of the discussions, as planned, is wide and comprehensive; leaders in the respective fields have been invited to participate; and it is probable that the conference will give a decided impulse to fishculture in this country and abroad.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE HEART OF THE SIERRA.

My outing for 1893 is a thing of the past. Its incidents are duly labeled and pigeon-holed in memory's safe, along with those of the many, many by-gone years. Just how many years outings are thus stored away I dare not acknowledge, even to myself, lest I grow melancholy. I only know that to take them out, brush the dust off, and overhaul their contents, constitutes a pleasure that never palls upon repetition. And I also know that when the year comes, as come it must, when increasing age and infirmity shall prohibit the usual summer holiday, that upon these past memories must philosophy depend to argue me into reconcilement.

This was my eleventh consecutive annual trip to Echo Lake, in the heart of the Sierra, where every mountain peak and valley, tree and shrub, rock and cliff, lake and cliff, lake and stream, pleasure and hardship, have become doubly dear by force of association. My old partner B and two friends from Sacramento composed our party; and from the day we joined forces on the train, on the way to Truckee, till we parted, we had a royal, roaring good time, albeit we caught but few fish, and drank no whisky.

We went in too early, for such a cold, backward spring has not been experienced in the Sierra for years, and too much snow and too cold water spoiled the fishing. Our boatmen, who preceded us by several days, said that the ice did not break up until June 27, and as we started on July 9 the water had not lost its icy chill, and no fly-fishing was to be had. And be it known that our party were all fly-fishermen and despised the catching of trout by trolling. Of course we caught some, enough to keep our table supplied by the latter method, as it was a case of "groundhog or no meat," but it "went agin the grain."

I am going to give no detailed account of our trip, but just some disjointed notes upon that, and other subjects, that have occurred to my mind since my return.

Lake Tahoe is considered one of the most beautiful of the whole world's most beautiful lakes. Its waters are as placid and sparkling as the diamond, as purple as the amethyst, as blue as the sapphire and as green as the emerald—just as you may chance to view it. But no tongue can tell or pen describe its glories. It is like a beautiful woman, its charms must be seen in order to be realized. Its devotees this season did not let hard times or Chicago's "big show" deter them from their annual visit, but instead came themselves and brought their friends. And as a reward the lake has never yielded such an abundance of trout for the past fifteen years as it has done this season. Tons upon tons of trout have been shipped away to the cities by professional fishermen, besides those caught by tourists, and still they continue to bite as freely as ever, even up to this present writing, as I am informed.

A Tahoe trout cannot be caught upon the fly, however, and so I have never taken one from its waters. I prefer Echo, where, if the angler is lucky and strikes it just right, he can have some of the finest sport in the world. One or two such occasions I will mention.

In the summer of 1888 my friend B. and myself went out on Upper Echo Lake, during a thunder shower, and caught 76 trout that weighed, in all, 48lbs. They were all caught upon the fly, with 8-ounce rods, and the work was all done in one hour and a half. Two, three, and on one occasion four trout were secured at one cast. The occasion was worth waiting a month for. In the summer of '91 my friend had to leave three days before I was willing to go out, and on the morning of his departure I went down the lake early to see him off. After he had bid me good-bye I returned to the boat, and as a nice ripple was upon the water, requested my boatman to row me slowly around the outlet (this was in Lower, or Big Echo) while I made a few casts. My flies had scarcely touched the surface ere I had hooked a 2-pound trout, and in just one hour and twenty minutes I had captured 21 trout that weighed 45lbs, and then I quit—had to, in fact, because I could not get another bite. That was the fastest and most furious fishing that I ever did in the same length of time in forty years of fly-fishing—and I never expect to equal it. The fish were all about the same average size—a little over 2lbs.—and were fighters from the word "go," and when the fray was over I sat down exhausted from the strain and excitement, and was glad the fight was ended.

I have a sad tale to tell about the doings of a chipmunk. I had always held a very high opinion of a chipmunk's morality and general good behavior, but now I suspect the whole tribe. I caught one of the race in *flagrante delictu*, and all his kin must suffer suspicion on account of his disgraceful crime.

One day while walking across the strip of land separating Upper and Lower Echo, while our boatman pulled the boat up through the shallow connecting stream, B. and I came upon a couple of juncos in sore distress. Their chirps of grief and anger were loud and incessant, while they made constant threatening descents among some low brush by the lake shore. We suspected snakes and went to the rescue, when, much to our amazement, a large red-headed chipmunk, of the kind known as Townsend's chipmunk (*Tamias townsendii*) ran out of the juncos' nest with a half-grown bird in its mouth. We gave active chase and the little scamp was very loth to drop his prey. We got too hot upon his trail, however, and he had to leave it behind. The bird was dead, bitten through the brain. We hunted out the nest and found that he had eaten one or two of the others, and there was still one left in the nest untouched. The next day the nest was empty and the old birds had left the vicinity, so I suppose the little bloodthirsty scoundrel had returned and completed his murderous work. I did not think it of "little stripy!" I did not, indeed.

Owing to the prohibitory law upon the killing of deer during the past two years, this game has greatly increased since the destructive winter of '88-9. I noted at that time in FOREST AND STREAM the fearful loss of life in the Sierra Nevada among the deer and plumed quail. They have both recuperated considerably, but the prohibition on deer shooting ought to have been extended another two years at least. Of course the law was continually broken by campers and residents in the mountains, but still it stopped the slaughter by the despicable skin butchers, which was decimating our deer at a fearful rate. Even for the respite they have had, the deer might say to the California Legislature of '91:

> "For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold,
> And I am sick at heart."—*Hamlet.*

After spending two weeks at Echo our San Francisco friends returned home, and B. and I remained for another week. The fishing improved a little, but still the trout did not rise freely, and we gave it up for this year and came down to Sugar Loaf, on the old Placerville and Carson grade. Here we had some excellent stream fishing on South Fork of the American and its branches, and spent another very pleasant week. The trout had just begun to rise freely in the streams, and we made fine catches every day.

I know that it takes considerable hardihood for any man to offer a new fly to the fraternity in this age of fly-fishing, and yet I have had such success with one of my own device that I feel as though I must describe it. Preliminary to that, though, I must tell how I came to think of it. It was in the summer of 1886 that I found myself, along with my friend B., on the headwaters of the American. We had both whipped and whipped in vain, and were sitting by the water eating lunch and discussing the "cussedness" of the ways of trout, when I saw a good one rise and gather in some floating object. Several times I noted a like occurrence while we sat there, and I wondered what bait he was rising at, but could not determine. I noted, however, that it was a reddish brown object with a hint of gold in it. I tried cow-dungs, brown-hackles, cock-y-bondhus, red-ants and everything else of like nature that I had in my book, but without much success. At last I secured one of the floating objects, and found it to be a somewhat hairy caterpillar, with a salmon-colored body, black head, and brownish hairs. This I placed upon my hook and immediately caught a trout. "Aha! my dainty beauties, that is what you want, eh?" said I. "Well, I'll try and accommodate you another year if I can study up a combination to suit." Now, I am not much of a fly-tyer myself, but when forced can make a stagger at it. I therefore kept the matter in mind, and was on the look-out for suitable material, and at last struck it.

This I found in the outer vane or web of the primaries of the red-shafted woodpecker or flicker (*Colaptes cafer*). This I stripped off the feather, wound it upon the hook, put on a head of peacock herl, and there was my "bug." I made two or three in my rough way, and the next season found the composition very killing. I then sent to J. S. Benn, of San Francisco, our crack fly-tier of the coast, for a supply, and have kept them in stock ever since, and have supplied many of my friends with samples, and have almost always received good accounts of them.

I call the fly the golden caterpillar, but think the name of "flicker" would be better. Benn calls it the —— bug, putting my name in the blank space, but I don't like it and object.

A laughable thing occurred at my expense, in procuring the first supply of feathers to send to Benn, which I think I must relate.

After testing the flies of my own manufacture and finding them successful, I determined to secure some flickers on my return from the mountains. It was late in the summer, and but a few of the birds were to be found round my house, and I hired a boy, who was quite a dove hunter, to procure me two or three, promising him half a dollar for them.

One day I had been absent on professional business, and on my return in the evening I sat down to dinner. There was a covered dish placed in front of me, and upon raising its cover I found seven dark-colored, scrawny-looking birds of some unknown species lying therein.

"Great Scott, wife, what are those creatures?" I exclaimed.

"Why, they are the birds Jo. S. shot for you," she answered, "and I paid him half a dollar for them, which he said you promised him."

Comment was unnecessary. It was my own fault. I had not thought to mention it to my wife, and when the birds came she paid for without seeing them and the servant cooked them for dinner, having first carefully scalded the feathers off and thrown them into the refuse barrel, where the bodies soon followed.

For the last five years I have observed a pair of evening grosbeaks at a point on the Carson and Placerville grade, at an elevation of about 5,500ft. They were always to be seen around the same locality, in the month of July, and I was satisfied they were breeding there. I had no opportunity of stopping to investigate, so paid no particular attention to the fact. This summer, upon my return, I saw the birds in the same place, accompanied by two of their young, which were just out of their nest and scarcely able to fly. The locality where they breed is on the north side of the cañon of the American in a heavy growth of pines and firs. If the nest and eggs of this species still remain unknown, as I believe they are, I am satisfied that specimens could be procured in that locality next summer.

On my return home I found my accumulated numbers of FOREST AND STREAM awaiting me. In them I note some articles upon salmon fishing in Monterey Bay which are very interesting. I was informed of this fishing ten years ago by the late W. P. Willard of San Francisco, a gentleman who was well known on this coast during his lifetime, but who has now joined the great majority. Mr. Willard was an enthusiastic fisherman, and a true friend to all brothers of the angle, and when he had found a good thing was free to impart it to his friends. He informed me of this fishing and advised me to go there if I wanted some exciting sport. I have never availed myself of his advice, I am sorry to say.

It was in the latter days of June, 1883, that Mr. Willard caught his salmon at Monterey, and he caught them on his 10oz. Leonard rod, with an ivory squid bait.

Every year since that I have intended to go there and try the king of the Salmonidæ, but then 'tis said that "Hell is paved with good intentions." I suppose mine form part of the pavement. AREFAR.

AUBURN, Aug. 15.

WAYS OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

"Partridge they call him by our Northern streams and pheasant by the Delaware."—*Bryant.*

THERE is not in existence perhaps a bird that knows more of the surroundings in the places he inhabits than the ruffed grouse. He hears, he sees everything. Nothing escapes his notice. This is his home; he lives about here through all the seasons of the rolling year. Seed time and harvest, winter and summer. He knows well also every wood, every covert, thicket and stream in the vicinity. When compelled to leave this place he has several select spots to which he flies for refuge. One of these retreats may be in a dark and gloomy nook under the umbrageous foliage of the woods, or it may be in a clump of dense and impenetrable evergreens or among the witch hazels or amid the innumerable and inaccessible saplings of the gentle sloping woodland, or it may be in the open wood. The sportsman will soon come to learn the location of these spots by carefully watching the flight of the bird, but the grouse also will soon become aware of that fact after he has been disturbed a few times and will go no more there, but direct his flight elsewhere. The grouse never flies without knowing exactly where he is going; and when he starts on his way nothing will turn him from his course, for in my experience I have seen but one bird change his line of flight. I once saw a grouse crossing a field fly directly over a man and a team of oxen plowing.

But the ruffed grouse practices at times a mode of flight that is extremely deceptive as to his destination. In the hollows he will fly straight ahead through the middle of them for 200 to 300yds. and then take a wide turn of about 40yds., and coming back the same distance, alight on the brow of the hill. He is now in a position where he can see the sportsman approach and can watch his movements, and where he would scarcely be looked for. If discovered, however, he flies along the top of the hill, keeping well out of gunshot. Such birds are hard to find again, and the mystery is where they go.

As the grouse resorts to strategy to escape from man, he is also compelled to do the same to save himself from his other enemies. I recollect being in the woods one morning on a pleasant day in October and seeing a hawk sailing above a large hemlock tree. Approaching the spot, I discovered near the top on a limb, about four feet from the body of the tree, a ruffed grouse. The hawk continued for some time his circling movements, when he began gradually to descend. The grouse seemed lost, when as the hawk passed near, and to the opposite side of the tree, the grouse like a bolt shot from the limb, and flying only as a grouse can fly, made for the dense cover, which he reached in safety. When the hawk came round and found that the bird had flown, he rapidly ascended and was soon lost to sight. DORP.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XIII.

The Shoemaker's Ghost.

SOLON BRIGGS heaved a contented sigh when he had established himself in his favorite seat, with his back against the wall and his left knee nursed in his locked hands.

"What was 't you was a-goin' tu tell t'other night, Uncle Lisher, when we was discoursin' consarnin' speerits an' apperagotions an' Antwine come a-protrudin' in his Canady stories?"

"Lemme see," said Uncle Lisha, stimulating his brain with the point of an awl. "Oh, yes, I've got a holt on 't."

There was an expectant lull in the conversation, while Uncle Lisha meditatively splashed a tap in the little tub beside him. At last he said:

"I scase ever wet a piece o' luther in that aire tub 'thaout thinkin' o' ol' Uncle Ebenezer Hill, Jozeff's uncle, 'at it useter belong tu. He was a shoemaker, an' a turrible hones' man, as shoemakers mos' gen'ally is, Ann Twine."

"Sometam dey was be," Antoine laconically commented.

"Most allers, an' he wan't no exception tu the rule. When he died an' his things was sol' off tu vandue, I bid off his kit an' this aire tub 'mongst 'em, an' it most allers makes me think o' Uncle Eben." He let the tap soak while he scraped out the heel of his pipe with a crooked awl and filled it with a fresh charge of tobacco, with a deliberation painful to his audience.

"Wal, there was a man 'at ondertook tu cheat him arter he was dead. Ye see, the way on 't was, Uncle Ebenezer had got tu be tollable well off when he died, an' when his 'state come tu be settled Bijer Johns begun tu sarch raound tu see 'f he couldn't bring some claim agin Uncle Ebenezer fer hides 'at he'd sol' him.

"Wal, when the commissioners sot, he kerried it in 's prompt 's a major an' the commissioners said they guessed they'd hafter 'low it. When he come hum, his womern wanted tu know where he'd been an' what arter, an' he hed tu tell her. 'Why,' s' she, 'I didn't 'spose Eben owed you nothin'.' But he said women didn't remember nothin' an' didn't allers know all 'baout ev'ything though they consaited they did, an' he went off tu feed his hawg, a shooin' the hens off'm the swill barril an' a-dippin' aout the swill an' a-puttin' on the kiver kinder keerless, bein' 'at he wan't althogether easy in his mind.

"'Bimeby it come dinner time an' he soddaown an' eat his dinner 'thaout no gret of a appetite t' eat, an' then he went an' lay daown on the settee clus tu the open winder, but he couldn't git a nap on 'caount o' them hides that wa'n't never raal ones, a risin' up continual afore his eyes when they was shet er open.

"Bimeby he heard a n'ise, julluk sloshin' luther in a tub, kerslosh, kerslosh, kerslosh, an' then whack, whack, whack, julluk hammerin' a tap on a lapstun.

"'Hopy Ann,' says he tu his wife, a liftin' up his head an' harkin' julluk a hawg in a cornfiel, 'what's that aire n'ise?' 'I don't hear nothin',' says she, a stoppin' clatterin' the dishes an' lis'nin', 'what is 't?'

"'It's a shoemaker tu work,' says he, 'an' there it comes agin.' An' up he got, scairt 's a strange cat. 'Hopy Ann,' says he, 'hev you ever hearn tell o' spirits walkin' in broad daylight?'

"'Bijer, are you clean aouten your head?' says she.

"'No, I haint. But if ever I heard Uncle Eben Hill a sozzlin' a tap an' hammerin' on 't, I hear it naow.'"

"Haow can he do dat, Onc' Lasha? Dat hol' shoemaket don't keep for do beesiness w'en hee'll be dead, ant it?" interrupted Antoine.

"Wal," the old man continued, "he put on his hat an' kwut an' off he went up tu Uncle Eben's haouse where the commissioners hedn't goddone a settin' an' tol' 'em 'at he'd made a mistake, which he'd faound aout the 'state didn't owe him nothin'. an' his 'caount must be hove aout, which the commissioners did heave aout, an' he went home turribly relieved in his feelin's.

"He sot tu duin' up some o' his chores 'fore supper, an' the fust thing he done was tu feed his hawg, an' as he got nigh the swill barril he heard that same kerslosh, kerslosh, whack, whack, agin, on'y not so laoud as afore, an' all kinder muffled as ef it come aouten the airth ondeneath, an' he groaned aout laoud, 'Ebenezer Hill, can't you lemme 'lone when I ben an' ondone what I done?' An' he was so scairt he couldn't scacely take the kiver off'm the swill barril, an' jest as soon as he did, kerslash, kerslash, kerwhack, whack, come the same ol' n'ise laouder'n ever, an' right under his nose. An' what ye s'pose it was?"

Uncle Lisha swept a slow inquiring glance around his audience. Only Antoine ventured an answer.

"Ah do' know 'f he ant prob'ly dat hol' shoemaket come back for get col' off in de barril swill, hein?"

The old man glowered upon him a moment between his bushy eyebrows and the upper rim of his spectacles before he said:

"It wan't nob'dy ner nothin' but a hen 'at had tumbled int' the barril an' th' not bein' swill 'nough in 't tu draound her, she kept a-sloshin' an' a-floppin' the hull endurin' time."

"Bijer h'isted her aout an' hove her away so spiteful 'at he nigh abaout killed her, an' went a-mumpin' raound feelin' wus 'n he did when he thought Uncle Eben's ghost was a-hauntin' on him."

"He'd withdrawed his 'caount an' the' wa'n't no help for 't naow. 'Seben dollars,' says he, 'an' fifty cents in money 'at I might jest 's well had 's not, gone to thunder. I wisht that dumbed ol' hen had died 'fore ever she tumbled int' that swill barril, con-sarn her.' An that's haow thankful he was tu hev her savin' him f'm committin' a sin."

"He had certingly ortu ha' ben thankful that it was a mortal hen stid o' the apperagotion of a defuncted man 'at come tu save him from committin' a grevious crime," Solon Briggs commented as he dropped his right leg from across the left and with both hands lifted the left to the uppermost place.

"Dat mek me tink rembler," said Antoine, who had for some time been impatiently awaiting an opportunity to speak, "'baout one man Canady—"

"One man Canady," cried Uncle Lisha, "I wish't the' hedn't never ben but one man in Canady, an' he ha' staid there."

"O, Onc' Lisha," said Antoine, in a grieved voice, "spose dat was me, haow lonesick you'll was be some tam an' what troublesome Ah 'll was gat for ta' care all dat beeg country all of mahsef."

"Wal, wal, go ahead an' tell yer story, Ann Twine," said Uncle Lisha. "It 'll be a lie, but you 'll have tu tell it."

"It was 'baout a man dat was gat save hees laf by one hol' hen. Yas, sah, prob'ly two of it, one for be keel, tudder for be hang up for keel de man. 'F you 'll ant b'lieved it Ah can' tol' you hees nam, bose of it, but 'f you 'll ant goin' b'lieved it, Ah 'll ant goin' tol' you."

"I guess we c'n stan' it. Go ahead."

"Wal, sah, boy," Antoine rapped the ashes from his pipe and laid it upon the stove, "dar was one hol' man Canady, nem Pierre Gautier, Ah guess so, an' he'll get more as hondred acre lan' an' he pooty good up. An' he leeve all 'lone wid hees waf. Wal, sah, one tam he'll go on de wood market to La Prairie an' sol' up hees wheat an' tree, four, prob'ly sax fat hol' peeg, an' he'll brought home lots o' money for it, prob'ly more as mos' two honderd dollar.

"Wal, sah, dar was fellar, nem of Gabriel Sa' Michel, was veree bad, do-noting fellar was be on de market an' see hol' man Gautier gat all dat money, an' he 'll mek off hees min' he 'll goin' gat dat heesef 'f he 'll had to keel Bon Homme Gautier."

"Good airth an' seas, Ann Twine, you jest said his name was Peair, an' neow you're a callin' on him Burnham."

"O, bah gosh, dat ant be hees nem of it, more as Onc' was you nem. Dat mean jes' de sem lak Onc', honly it mean good man; dey too polite for call it you, hein?"

"Wal, wal, go on wi' yer Gaushy, er yer Burnham, er yer Gauby Clamshell," cried the old cobbler, prodding the air with his awl in Antoine's direction.

"Wal, seh, dat hugly-ant-fit-for-be-decent Gabriel, he 'll went dat naght for robber Bon Homme Gautier, stinkin' long in de darks jes' lak skonk goin' for robber some negg on a hen rouse."

"Sneakin' 'long, you mean tu say, Ann Twine, skunks don't go stinkin' 'long on sech business."

"Sneakin' den, ef dat was please you more better, but Ah b'lieve Ah 'll was tol' dis storee, me. Wal, le' me see where Ah 'll was be.

"Gabriel was goin' long caffly all stoop daown close up bah hol' Pierre hees haouse, an', seh, fus' ting he know it he walk almos' top of a skonk. An', seh, zhweetz, dat leetly causs preffume heem raght on bose hees heye of it, an' mek it so bline he was mos' can' see for swear, an' hurt heem so for crazy heem.

"He 'll can' tink for robber, he can' see for robber, all he tink was for fan' brook for wash off hees heye, an' den go home. An' den he go stinkin', Ah bet you head, Onc' Lasha."

"Proberbly."

"An' he 'll tink le Bon Dieu was sen' dat skonk, for kept him from robber poor hol' Bonhomme Gautier, an' dat was de true. An' dat was de way a skonk keep one man from be keel, an' one man from be hang up." Antoine waited for applause in a blank silence, wherein his audience waited for the conclusion of his story.

"Why, Ann Twine," Uncle Lisha said at last, "ef that's the hull on't, I don't see 's there was no hen had nothin' tu du with 't."

"O, bah gosh," cried Antoine in unwonted confusion, clutching his head with both hands.

"You'll mek me so bodder wid tol' me haow Ah 'll tol' it, Ah 'll gat two story all twis' up. Ah b'lieve Ah 'll tol' wrong story."

"I haint no doubt you've tol' a wrong story, Ann Twine, you're allers a-tellin' wrong stories."

"Antwine's julluk a haoun' pup," said Sam, "'at goes off on the fust scent he comes tu 'at crosses the track he's on.'

"Ho, Sam," cried Antoine, turning toward him, "Ah 'll glad for he heard you spoke. You 'll ant say noting but smoke all de evelin'. Ah, Ah 'll be 'fred you loss you vowse."

"I do' know as that was the way on't," Joseph Hill said as he came to the stove to light his pipe with a splinter, "but mebby the skunk eat the hen 'fore Antwine could git to 't."

"An' Zhozeff can spoke," cried Antoine in feigned surprise, "Ah 'll aint tink he was mek off hees mine so quick."

"Well, go on, Ann Twine. You promised us a story

FIG. 3. RUFFED GROUSE.
(Bonasa umbellus.)

wi' a hen in 't, an' a hen we've got tu hev. Naow patch up your lie an' go ahead."

"Ah tol' you 'f you 'll ant trouble me all up an' mek me fregit for rembler de story Ah 'll was beegin," said the Canadian when the laughter of his companions subsided, and as they promised no further interruption, he began:

"Wal, seh, dat Gabriel S' Michel, he 'll goin' 'long jes' sem Ah 'll say, honly he 'll ant walk on top of skonk. He was very fon' of cheekin hesef. An' gret many tam de folkses loss dey hen an' lay it to skonk an' wezil an' chat sauvage, w'en dey 'll ant to blem.

"Dis tam he feel inside of hesef, he was be dreffle hon-

FIG. 4. BLACKCOCK.
(Tetrao tetrix.)

gry, an' he tink haow good was tase one of hol' Pierre fat chickens, w'en he 'll gat finish hees job of robber de money.

"He 'll tink it was bes' way for gat hees chicken fus, so he be all ready for go wen he do dat job. So he crept in de hen rouse an' beegin felt raoun' in de darks, and de firs' hen he touch hol' of it was de beeg hol' rouster.

"He be hurry, so he pull de hol' rouster off de rouse, an' 'fore he can stop off hees win' dat hol' rouster holler lak eve'yting, *'keraaw, keraaw, keraaw, keraaw-uk,* wen Gabriel shut hees neck.

"De nowse wakin' up de hol' whomans of her sleep an' he 'll punch hol' mans of hees rib an' holler, 'Woke up. Skonk on de hen rouse.' An' hol' mans jump off de bed an' gat hees gaun an' shove de winder an' look on de darks.

"It was be darks, but no so very darks, for he can see mans creep it off de hen-raouse, an' hol' Pierre he'll shot off hees gaun over hees head of it, an' Gabriel so scare he t'row de rouster an' run more as t'ree mile, probly two, fore he 'll stop for gat hees breeze, an' den he give up all hees plan for robber.

"Den he very glad for tink he 'll ant do so weeked an' every year dat sem day he take de pries' beeg fat chicken, an' hol' Pierre eve'y year dat sem day he took de pries' a beeg fat chickin, so you see dat hol' rouster he 'll do great many good. He 'll save hol' Pierre from be keel, he'll save Gabriel from be hang up, prob'ly. On he 'll mek de pries' more fatter as he was."

"Why, Ann Twine," cried Uncle Lisha, while the story-teller looked from one to another in expectation of approval, "your hen's turned aout tu be a ruster arter all. Haow be you goin' tu fix that up?"

"O, Onc' Lasha," cried Antoine as a triumphant grin swept the shadow of perplexity from his face, "haow you spose dat Gabriel was goin' tol' what he touch hol' of in de darks. Ah 'll ant to blem 'f he 'll touch hol' of rouster wen he 'll meant for git hen, ant it?"

"Wal, Ann Twine, you got aout on't pooty well," said the old man, laying aside his tools and the boot he was at work upon, "an' naow it's gittin' toward 9 o'clock, an' I move we close the meetin' afore the critter thinks up another lie tu tell or abaout another man in Canady."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

MOUNTED GAME BIRDS IN THE U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM.

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

(Continued from page 161.)

EUROPE possesses in its avifauna a magnificent game bird, which I believe has not as yet been successfully introduced into the United States; I refer to the famous blackcock or moorcock—*Tetrao tetrix* of Linnæus and naturalists generally. Until very recently the museums have had no first-class mounted specimen of this bird, at least no male, which is a very different-appearing bird from the female. This is the case no longer, however, for a most beautiful example has been obtained and preserved in the manner shown in Figure 4, which is a photograph of the specimen itself. This gives its form most perfectly, but no photograph or reproduction of the same can ever convey any idea of the superb plumage of this the truest of all the grouse in the world. Black to be sure, but so glossy and iridescent, that the reflections of the same have actually taken white in his picture. There is nevertheless a pure white bar across either wing, while the remarkable recurved feathers of the tail are almost a dead pure black. Female blackcocks are known in Great Britain as "grayhens," and the species has a wide range on the continent. It is more or less nearly related to that giant of the grouse family, the capercailzie, a live pair of which have just for the first time been successfully brought to this country for the purpose of breeding and introducing them to our own avifauna. The family to which it belongs is extensive enough with us, for any one at all interested in our birds knows that we have a great many species of the *Tetraonidæ*, but it is certainly well to introduce this desirable stranger for sportsmen and other purposes.

Occasionally the taxidermist instils more or less activity into one of his subjects, and in large scientific museums that can be done with advantage in three or four per cent. of the specimens on exhibition. It should be confined, however, to those birds which are given to assuming peculiar attitudes, or to performing odd antics in nature. Grouse during the courting season, when in the presence of the hens, behave, as do others of the same family, in a most remarkable manner sometimes. They have also a very animated appearance when anything specially attracts their attention, which may cause them more or less alarm. Wolf, the famous animal portrayer and painter thus drew our ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*). He is made to stand upon a slightly inclined bough, lateral aspect on, and from his appearance something in his neighborhood has evidently startled him, and the object is either being looked for or else closely surveyed by the bird. The attitude of a specimen of this species in the collections of the National Museum has been very successfully copied after this figure of Wolf's, but in having it photographed for illustration here, I had it taken direct front view on, and the result has given us the pleasing figure seen in Figure 3. No severer test for the work of the artist than this could have been made, but it meets it most successfully.

The bird is seen to be all inquisitiveness, and yet has a thorough look about him of possessing ample means in his powers of flight to escape the danger, whatever it may prove to be, just so soon as he makes up his mind to go. His tail is widely and horizontally spread; his "ruffs" are extended to their fullest extent, and stand out from his neck; his body is horizontally disposed, and, finally, to keep his balance, he has instinctively lowered the wing of that side which, on account of the inclination of the bough, requires it.

Representatives of this genus, by one species or subspecies or another, are found distributed pretty much all over the United States, and are great favorites with sportsmen everywhere. According to the Check List of the American Ornithologists' Union, the type species or *Bonasa umbellus* proper, is found throughout eastern United States, south to North Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi and Arkansas. In the densely timbered portions of northern Maine and the British provinces, west to eastern Oregon and Washington, its place is taken by the Canadian ruffed grouse (*B. u. togata*), but on Bendire's authority I learn that in the New England States north of Massachusetts it intergrades with *Bonasa umbellus* proper, "the majority of the specimens found throughout southern Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and northern New York being scarcely referable to either form, birds found in the high lands approaching the Canadian ruffed grouse, while those in the valleys are nearer typical *Bonasa umbellus*."

Then in the Rocky Mountain region of the United States and British America north to Alaska, we meet with a third form, the gray ruffed grouse (*B. u. umbelloides*), and lastly, throughout the coast mountains of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, we have the Oregon ruffed grouse or the *Bonasa umbellus sabini* of naturalists. This is the darkest and handsomest sub-species of the entire genus, while the gray ruffed grouse represents the palest of them all, and the one, in so far as coloration goes, the

least to be admired. Specimens of all of these varieties are in the collection of the Museum, many of them being made up into skins, and a select number of mounted ones in the exhibition cases. In the department of oölogy also, there exist in the same institution a fine series of their eggs, which are highly instructive and interesting to the student of that subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mammals of Lower California.

AN interesting paper, by Dr. J. A. Allen, taken from the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, has just been issued. It treats of a collection of about 250 specimens of mammals collected in Lower California, chiefly during the month of May, 1893, by Messrs. E. C. Thurber and A. W. Anthony. The greater part of the specimens were collected in the San Pedro Martir Mountains, but some were taken at various points between San Diego, California and San Pedro Martir. This last locality is about 150 miles south of the United States boundary. Much of the region is very arid, but about midway between the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of California is a territory about 60 by 20 miles in extent, which consists of an elevated mesa rising to a height of 8,000ft., from which spring low mountain ranges to a height of more than 11,000ft.

The collection embraces twenty species and subspecies, several of which are new. A very large proportion of the specimens belong to the genus *Sitomys*, and this is treated as a whole, several northern forms being considered. The paper is one of unusual interest.

Game Bag and Gun.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

SHOOTING OUTLOOK IN MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Tourists, vacationists, fishermen and business men who have lately returned from northern Penobscot county and from protracted visits in Aroostook, Washington and Hancock counties all unite in saying that deer are very plentiful and tame this year, and that the hunters will have fine sport and plenty of it when open season begins. During the past three weeks more than a hundred residents of the backwoods towns have called at my office and all tell the same story—deer and plenty of them everywhere. That wise old hunter from the wilds of Patten, Greenleaf Davis, says deer are more abundant around his camp than they have been before in ten years. "Sock" Darling dropped in last week and said Nicatous is alive with them. His mild-eyed and handsome brother "Jed" Darling, the Izaak Walton of Maine, tells the same story about Enfield, and George Archer, of Amherst, trump their tales with the biggest yarn of all. Right here in Bangor deer have been seen in the fields often, and out in Holden, four miles away, I have a patch of peons that is badly damaged by a pair of deer that have remained near by all summer. Only yesterday I saw a pair of hounds chase a small buck across the Bar Harbor railroad track, less than three miles from Bangor. So on the whole you can safely wager that the "woods are full of them."

Of caribou and moose no such hopeful forecasts can be made. Deep in the woods beyond Katahdin Iron Works and thence up around the head of Moosehead Lake Game Warden Atwood tells me he finds traces of moose. In fact, he saw several while on his journeyings, but they were not so plentiful as they were three or four years ago, and the chances are that the monarch of Maine forests is dying out. Maine still has a vast expanse of wildernes to patrol and protect which would take all the time of a thousand watchful men. Indians, Canadians and not a few Yankees make an annual practice of crust hunting them winters for their hides. It is illegal to be sure, but few, if any, are caught. So the moose is going. Regarding caribou reports are more conflicting. Matz Sjorsted, who for years kept a sporting camp beyond Katahdin Iron Works, says that caribou are practically extinct. He is a thorough woodsman and the soul of truth. From northern Washington and Hancock counties report comes that caribou are fairly plentiful. Jack Taylor, the crack shot of the Boston *Globe*, says so, and a half a dozen equally truthful men agree with him. Jack Darling has seen one or two around Nicatous; Smiley, of Patten, also finds a few, and Harlow, of Greenville, says he can shoot caribou enough in open season to keep the Kineo House supplied. My own opinion is that caribou are both scarce and shy. If a man wants to shoot one he must go deep into the woods and hunt long and patiently.

Thomas D. Wentworth, the new fish and game commissioner, appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of E. M. Stillwell, is a jewel. Every day shows that he is the right man in the right place. But the poachers and expressmen hold him in mortal terror, and that several poachers who have been running their deer meat through to Boston in close trim, have gone out of the business, all on account of Commissioner Wentworth's "pernicious activity." This is said to cast no slur upon Mr. Stilwell of blessed memory, or upon Commissioner Stanley, who lives in Dixfield and seldom comes to Eastern Maine except to care for trout and salmon fry.

Early this week two leading men of Eastern Maine were pulled up for illegal killing. They pleaded guilty to the arresting officer and promised to settle out of court if their names were "kept out of the papers." One of these men is a member of the newly organized Fish and Game Protective Association of Maine, so the warden who makes the complaint assures me. Last week a guide who lives in Greenville received a letter from Boston parties, saying they would arrive at Moosehead early in September, and asked him to hire two other good guides, one of whom must know how to call moose. Why they want to call moose in close time does not appear on the face of the returns. Those parties show as little knowledge of Maine game laws as another Boston shooter did who came to Moosehead last year, and having heard about moose calling, went out and began in his most persuasive tones to call: "Moosey, Moosey, Moosey."

Of Maine birds, partridges or ruffled grouse are not over plenty and very shy, snipe and woodcock are about the same as usual, while upland plover are very scarce, so that the crows are actually getting fat upon the grasshoppers that belong to the plover. TOM FORD.

Bangor, Me., August 26.

PENNSYLVANIA DEER HUNTING.

BUSHKILL, Pa.—As the well intended effort of the Fish and Game Association in Pennsylvania to pass new and much needed laws has utterly failed in its object, the thought arises in the mind of old sportsmen, can or will there be any steps taken this fall to have the present law enforced?

My remarks are intended to apply directly to the hounding of deer. The law is clear on this point, and yet is a dead letter. Those engaged in this business can be counted on the fingers of one hand, as far as Pike county is concerned. They are well known in this section, have no fear of the law—boast of the fact, brag of their exploits and take to the market each fall 10 to 15 deer each. No less than 80 deer were killed last fall by this gang of pot-hunters in Pike and Monroe counties.

The facts can be proven. One can find these men on the stands every day in the week, and no one seems ready to act.

What do the sportsmen of this great State intend to do? Judging from the past, one word would seem to give the answer—nothing. In my recent driving tour through a large part of this county I took much trouble to ascertain any facts regarding the prospects of game for fall shooting.

The heavy fall of snow last winter did not seem to have any direct effect disastrous to grouse; in fact the snow holed the foxes for much of the winter, thus preventing one cause of decrease; a dry spring and summer, with few forest fires until very late, has been of great benefit to the birds, which seem plenty, the young being well grown and healthy. By one of the best woodcock hunters I was informed that few birds were found this year. The extreme drought lasting for four months had driven them into the bog meadows, where the rattlesnakes had gathered, and hunting was decidedly unpleasant in consequence.

Passing along the turnpike my driver informed me that the man in the road ahead of us was one of the best fishermen, belonging to one of the large associations in this county, and as he was at the head of the fish department he would no doubt show a fine creel of trout. I must confess my astonishment at the contents of the creel. Thirteen trout, the size such as I never saw taken from a stream in this State. It was indeed a sight, a healthy looking man carrying a large creel containing such fish, which I later on was told weighed undressed 10oz. to the lot, less than 1oz. per fish. Oh, ye gods and little fishes! Let us hope that there are few such among us, *i.e.*, fishes.

EDGECUMB.

AN EARLY MORNING EPISODE.

IN the gray October dawn, when the gaunt body of the dead cottonwood was penciled against the eastern sky, I rolled my blankets round me "injun fashion" and sat motionless as a carved image amid the rocks and bluffs of the creek bank. Benie, my partner, had another niche on the other side of the trail; and we were waiting and watching for deer. There is nothing in the whole sporting calendar which makes a man's nerves tingle, nor lends the excitement to deer shooting, like this lying in wait, where you can see and not be seen, and watch your game leisurely approach. If you are the least bit excitable then look out for "buck fever," for you will surely have it.

The chill air of the morning made our position uncomfortably cool, but we had to remain or perhaps expose ourselves to the vigilant eye of the game. The day was still too young for steady shooting, when we took our position, but the even tone of gray was soon broken by a faint pink flush on the mist overhead, and a crimson gleam shot athwart the sky, giving us plenty of light for good aim and lighting the monumental peak of grand old Kara with a flood of color long before the valley knew it was yet day. A few late birds began to chirp and flutter among the willows, a "camp robber" jay splattered the shallow water of the creek into spray and started little rings across the pool in ever widening circles. A belated muskrat rasped among the cat tails and tules of a little spring pond across the stream, dived and reappearing swam to a half sunken branch of driftwood and combed and oiled his silken coat to his entire satisfaction before taking the water again for home. A couple of coyotes sneaked along the hillside, looking back with their peculiar sidelong glance, or stopped to listen to the grouse that clucked and hooted above us on the hillside. A fresh, new smell was in the air, and the little creek droned its rippling song in a quiet monotone which furnished a fitting melody for the birth of a new day.

A black spot on the trail! Yes. No. Y-e-s, it is a deer. Two. Now we move a little, drop our blankets and "clear for action." They do not appear to be in much of a hurry, but come slowly down the trail, nip a bunch of grass here, taste a killikinick bush there, stop a bit to look and listen, then come on. Our eyes see nothing save the noble pair, whose antlers we fain would win to grace our halls. Every nerve is tense, every muscle strained, as we wait their coming. The sweat beads gather on the forehead and still we wait. Oh, how slow they come! Don't they know the sun is up? Why don't they scud for the timber instead of munching among the tules? Ah! Out of the pond; on the trail; among the willows. In a moment now. Behind the shoulder "where the red and the white meet." The first one is down. Away goes the other with great leaps that are the poetry of motion, his white flag waving defiance as he clears a little plum thicket at a single bound. In a minute he is clear of the fringe of willows and running like the wind up the long slope of prairie foot-hill toward the mountain. Two Winchesters commence to throw lead with clock-like regularity. Ounce balls purr and hum all around him, throwing little dust patches up in front, behind and at his sides, and still he runs. The hills echo back the reports until the sound is like a volley of musketry. Buzz! Hum! Pur-r-r! Thud! Down goes the flag; he stumbles, stops, staggers a little and braces his feet far apart. His head sinks lower and lower, his body sways a little, then a spasmodic leap and he goes to grass all in a heap—dead!

Away we rush like Indians, Benie for one and I for the other. Our keen blades have bled them and we leave them where they lie and go after the pack horses to bring them in. Soon we have them hanging in camp dressed, and sit down to a hunter's breakfast which Harry has prepared, and have to then tell all about the whole thing for his benefit.

Every time I hang up my hat I gaze into the glass eyes of one of these same bucks and I see a bird making rings on a quiet pool, a muskrat smoothe his shining fur and an old whitetail buck racing for life up a long prairie hillside with the Winchester singing his death chant, and feel again the breath of morning, pine-scented, on my cheek. A thrill of keen enjoyment and self-satisfaction pervades my animal being, and the thought crosses my mind that it is well to have lived for that morning among the gypsum buttes of the Black Hills. What a flood of memories these things bring, ransacked from the cobwebbed pigeon-holes of our minds! EL COMANCHO.

MY FIRST WING SHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The accounts of notable shots in several recent numbers of your valuable journal impels me to write an account of my first "wing shot."

When I was a boy, almost no wing shooting was done in our section of northern Ohio, and the ambition of most boys was to become good rifle shots. This I succeeded in, and was very proud of my skill. I also used a shotgun a little, a single gun with a very long barrel with which very good shooting was done, but my pride was the rifle. Sometime in the late '50s we had some visitors from the South, who were sportsmen, full of stories of wing shooting; and the ambition of some of the boys—myself among the number, was excited to a high pitch. We were determined to try wing shooting. When our visitors went away, they left a double-barreled shotgun, muzzleloader, cylinder bore, 10-gauge, what would now be called a cheap gun, then a very fine one. This was loaned around, and kept pretty warm for a time.

A custom with the boys of our neighborhood then was, to club together on Christmas and other holidays and have a grand hunt or rather a grand frolic, as usually very little was obtained, because of the noise we made. However, we enjoyed it. On the Christmas of which I write, I planned to get possession of the double-barrel shotgun. When we started in the morning I killed a squirrel with my rifle, then exchanged it for the shotgun, and my first shot with it was at a rabbit on the run, this I killed, but that was not thought much of. Wing shooting was what we wanted. After our noonday lunch, we went to a dense thicket, known to be a favorite resort of partridges (pheasants we called them) and rabbits, but the noise made by boys and dogs was enough to frighten most of the game away. However, I passed through the thicket as much in advance as possible, and took a position in a corner of a field that was cleared down into the thicket, partially dividing it. I stood back from the corner a good shotgun range from each fence. The dogs were giving tongue to my left. I turned facing the sound when I heard the whirr of a partridge's wings and the sound of alighting on the fence on the other angle, now behind me. I turned to the right as quickly as possible but the bird did not wait for me, it started across the corner of the field, I kept on turning until I was facing the same way I was when I started, having turned clear around before I got sight of the bird: fired, and it fell dead against the fence. I have made many wing shots since—some very good ones—many poor ones, have killed turkeys, geese, ducks and grouse, but never since have I made a wing shot that I was so proud of as that my first one, and I doubt if I ever made a better shot after years of practice. F. B.

OTTAWA, Kan.

BOSTON NOTES.

IT has come to be almost an axiom that when Governor Russell goes on an outing he goes a-fishing. The Governor last went to Buzzard's Bay, where he was met by Senator John Simpkins, himself a fisherman, and is the guest of Joseph Jefferson. The party was made up of President Cleveland, Governor Russell, Joseph Jefferson, Senator Simpkins, Dr. Bryant, Dr. McBurny, of New York, and A. H. Woods, of Boston. It is reported that they tried the fishing in Peter's Pond, in Sandwich, near Marshpee, as well as the salt-water fishing.

Mr. Harry Whitmore, of the Boston *Herald* news staff, with his wife, are the guests of Mr. Hal Haskell, son of E. B. Haskell, of the Boston *Herald*, at Allerton Lodge, on the shores of Mooselucmaguntic Lake. There are also some other people in the camp, including a Mr. and Mrs. Webb, of Portcand, I am told. This is Mr. Whitmore's first visit to the Rangeleys, and it is expected that, with Mrs. Whitemore, they will be charmed with the region.

The easterly storm of Monday, a week ago, drove in large flocks of shore birds, and the gunners were there to meet them. Some good bags were made at Chatham, where there are a number of Boston and other gunners. A. H. Smith is reported to have killed 40 birds in a short time Monday morning. The sudden and peculiar disappearance of Capt. Gould from the hotel at Chatham is still the subject of conversation among the sportsmen who have so many times stopped at his house. He was a favorite with the sportsmen who have visited Chatham. He is is reported to have sent some letters since his disappearance stating that he shall never return. His friends are satisfied that he is suffering under some mental trouble.

Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, with A. P. Aldrich & Sons, grain merchants, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, has had great success with shore birds. He is living in a cottage at Plum Island, off Ipswich Bay, with his wife, and they delight in entertaining their friends. He was on hand after the storm of Monday. He was satisfied that there would be a big flight of birds in the morning, and with his gun he took to the meadows about as early as he could see. He did not bother for decoys, but somehow he enjoyed the benefit of the decoys of another gunner, who reached the meadows at about the same time. His friend had placed his decoys in a likely spot and was hidden behind a stack of marsh hay, whistling for the birds, when our friends cautiously approached within reasonable distance, hoping to get a shot as soon as the owner of the decoys had emptied both barrels. Mr. Tarbox ambushed behind another stack of hay. Soon a big flock of birds hove in sight and made directly for the

whistler and the decoys. They went straight on until within easy gunshot, when they wheeled, making a handsome poise in the air, almost in a bunch. Mr. Tarbox expected to hear his friend's double shots in quick succession, and to see a dozen at least of the birds fall. But much to his surprise the other gun did not speak at all. The birds came pretty close to Mr. Tarbox's ambush, but not in so good a clump as they had appeared to the other gunner. He let them have both barrels and secured seven. Then he shouted to the other fellow: "Why, in the name of all that is great, didn't you shoot? You had a beautiful chance!" The other man rather sorrowfully replied: "I was expecting them to light!" Mr. Tarbox kept on shooting that morning with a result of 53 birds. The bag was mostly summer yellowlegs, though there was a sprinkling of ringnecks and black breasts. Only a few peep were in the number.

On Friday morning, after the great storm and blow of Thursday, Mr. Tarbox was on the shooting grounds again. But the wind was still so severe that he got no birds. The sportsmen will many of them spend Labor Day, a legal holiday in Massachusets, September 4, among the shore birds.

Black bass fishing is reported to be good in Maine, The best report come from Maranocook, Annabessacook. Cobbessee Contee and the lakes around Winthrop, Monmouth and Augusta. Judge W. P. Philbrook, of Waterville, is reported to have had some excellent black bass fishing at Maranocook one day last week. With his friend, Mr. Ryder, he took 40 bass, the largest weighing 4lbs. They are said to have hooked three on one line, and to have landed them all, the three weighing 8lbs. Mr. Eugene E. Patridge, of Patridge & Macullar, has been at his camp in Annabessacook, where he has been enjoying the black bass fishing. But old associations are strong. Mr. Patridge has visited the Rangeleys annually for many years. This year, through the advice of his physician, he decided early in the spring to give up his Rangely fishing. But Friday his Boston partner had a letter from him saying that he was off for the Rangeleys. Mr. Edwin C. Stevens, of Stillman Kelley & Co., and well known in the New England molasses trade, is spending a couple of weeks fishing in the vicinity of Saulsbury, Vt. He sends home an account of a handsome string of 200 trout in one day, and mentions the taking of pickerel weighing 4lbs. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Chicago's New Warden.

Aug. 19.—Mr. M. R. Bortree, late game warden of Chicago, has been supplanted, under order of Gov. Altgeld, by Mr. Chas. H. Blow, who has entered upon the duties of his office with a disposition for results which augurs well for his future. Mr. Blow has already made several seizures, notably one of eleven prairie chickens of the Mayer Poultry Co., who have quarters in the A. Booth Building, State and Lake streets. For these he collected a fine of $70. He also has a case set for next Monday before Justice White. This past week I gave him the names of two restaurants reported to me as selling prairie chickens, and he said he would go search them at once. That reminds me that I must telephone him again, for to-day, when I stepped into a certain restaurant near here, I saw prairie chickens openly and brazenly offered on the bill of fare.

Mr. Blow's address is 1,178 Milwaukee avenue, Chicago, and his telephone is West 476. He requests that any one knowing of or suspecting the presence of illegal game shall telephone him, giving him the street number of the suspected place, which he will search at once and without parley.

Nebraska Chickens.

Dr. H. S. West, of Council Bluffs, Ia., a long time reader of FOREST AND STREAM, made this office a pleasant call this week. Dr. West says that the chicken crop in Nebraska this year is good and that there will be plenty of birds in certain sections, even though the market-shooters are now at work. He lately was out with some puppies which his handler was breaking for him and found numbers of coveys, in fact, an abundance of birds if they were treated rightly at all. This was not far from Neeley, Neb., in Wheeler, Holt and Antelope counties, about 150 miles west of Omaha, I believe. The birds were the pinnated grouse. The sharpies have not migrated into that country for two or three years, as they formerly did. They used to come along about frost time in the fall.

Dr. West also says that if I have a friend who wants elk or mule deer he can give the address of ranchmen who have taken him to a fine big game country last year and before. He thinks elk would be a certainly.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Notes from Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Notwithstanding the stringency of the money market, many residents of Rochester have been enjoying their annual outings during July and August.

Dr. E. M. Scranton has lately returned from the Muskoka region, and John Barnhite, with two friends, is now there. Geo. W. Aldridge, prominent in the city government, returned last Friday from the Adirondacks, where he enjoyed the trout fishing and also killed a fine buck. J. B. Davis put in four days last week on the Niagara River with the black bass.

Fedor Willimack and party lately returned from Clear Lake, Canada, where they enjoyed two weeks with the bass and muscalonge.

Earlier in the season Mr. Willimack and Mr. Judson spent part of two days at Clear Lake and brought home 68 bass. Such a trip as they make covers only three days and costs only $6.50, and still some of us are "chained to business" so closely that we have to read it in FOREST AND STREAM.

Dr. Brownell and party enjoyed a ten days' outing at Rice Lake, Canada, last month, and although the residents of that section declared that the fishing was very poor they caught all the fish they had lost and a few more. Supervisor Edward Englehart caught a wall-eyed pike that weighed 4½lbs. in Irondequoit Bay last month, these fish are rare in that water.

Local fishing has not yielded good results this season, very few catches of game fish being reported The hunters have been out in full force since the season opened, but birds are very scarce, grounds dry, but heavy, however, yesterday, and to-day will freshen things some.

C. C. M. Hunt told me the other day that he had killed more partridge than woodcock this season, but both were scarce in his section.

The bird question is about settled in this vicinity, rabbits are all there is left, and in a few years, if one must own a dog, we might as well own a pug as a hunting dog. However, I will take that back, as I prefer the beagle or cocker, even as kept as a pet. O. S. BEE.

DEAD DEER IN MAINE WOODS.

IT is very certain that the headwaters of the Penobscot are again infested with outlaws and poachers, who wantonly kill deer and moose for the sake of seeing them die, and who care no more for the laws and the game wardens than they do for the winds that blow.

A prominent citizen of Waldo county, a man who is a dead shot with the rifle, and a man who has killed many deer and moose in his day and who now has many trophies of his hunting at his home, was in Bangor Wednesday. He has just returned from a trip with canoe and camera. He camped in many places, went into the deep woods and saw the scenes of which he tells. To a reporter who saw him he gave the following extracts from his diary that make excellent reading. Here it is:

Aug. 2.—Left Bangor, and went by rail and water to North East Carry.

Aug. 3.—Went up to Lobster Lake outlet. Passed three dead deer on the shore and saw two live ones in the stream. On the shore saw six live deer and one caribou, all very tame.

Aug. 4.—Started at 5 o'clock A. M. In the forenoon saw five deer on shore of Lobster Lake and one deer carcass on North Lake. Also saw signs of bear and several moose tracks. It began to rain at 3 o'clock and I returned to camp. While in camp I heard the report of a rifle near the outlet.

Aug. 5.—Saw six deer on west shore and outlet. Got back to camp at 2 o'clock, having seen four dead deer and the legs of another and the disemboweled carcass of yet another which had just been killed. Left camp again at 3 P. M. for Blood Pond stream, getting back at 8:45, having seen signs of moose, caribou and bear. Saw four deer, all in easy short range, so a man could shoot at least 90 per cent. of them.

Aug. 6.—Sunday.

Aug. 7.—Went to Russell's Pond. On my way saw three deer and found one carcass. Also found one moose hide and part of the body newly killed and sunk in the water half a mile from the West Branch. Then traveled up toward North West Carry. Saw three deer on the road above Seboomook Falls. On Russell stream saw two families of beavers.

Aug. 8.—Broke camp and came down to North East Carry; from here went to Moose Brook. Saw one deer. Also found a small party that had no guns.

Aug. 9.—Went to Caribou Pond. Saw one moose, one caribou and three deer on my way. Also saw two carcasses of deer untouched, and intestines of a third. Camped at Moose Horn.

Aug. 10—Went to Pine Stream Pond and from there to Ragged Lake. Saw six deer on Moosehorn and Pine streams. Also saw bull moose. Found five dead deer between Lobster Lake and Moosehorn.

Aug. 11.—Back to Lobster Lake, and passed two parties camping with ladies. Left Lobster Lake for Russell Stream, and camped at 8.30 P. M. Saw eight deer. No dead ones.

Aug. 12.—Canoed up to Russell's Falls. Here took the Caucomagomac tote road and traveled eight miles to Jackson camp, where I found there had lately been a terrible slaughter of deer and moose. Could not tell how many. There were certainly five; perhaps ten. The camp site smelled so bad of carrion that I had to gather it up and burn it before I could stop in the camp. Saw a big bull moose and two deer near the camp, and one cow moose and calf and three deer coming down. Caught a few fine trout near Jackson camp.

Aug. 13.—Sunday.

Having used up all my plates, left for Northeast Carry and Kineo, and thence for home.—*Bangor News, Aug. 20.*

Mississippi Quail.

MR. S. N. AYRES, of Blue Mountain, Miss., in a letter to me dated Aug. 14, writes as follows:

"Ten weeks to-day since we have had rain. Upland corn is ruined. Bottom corn is sorry. Cotton is about one-third ordinary size and poor. I think that the quail have done well this dry time, though some people think that they have perished for want of water in some sections. I have seen several bevies about full grown, numbering each from fifteen to twenty.

"I made a discovery of which I never saw nor read. A friend and myself saw a leech swallow a fishing worm as long as itself. After it had swallowed the worm, my friend switched it with a twig and it disgorged two worms, and the worms crawled off. Is it known that leeches eat worms?

"I will some time write you a plan I have adopted to keep negroes on my place from molesting quail nests. I think it will work to great advantage. I think your reference in FOREST AND STREAM to the negroes and their dogs was sound and without exaggeration." B. WATERS.

Adirondack Notes.

KEENE VALLEY, N. Y., Aug. 28.—Owing to the Adirondack Reserve's prohibition of hunting on its 30,000 acres, deer are very abundant in the neighborhood of Keene Valley at present. During the warm nights of June this year, it was no unusual thing for parties formed for that purpose to see from twenty to thirty deer feeding on the lily pads around the Upper Au Sable Lake and Inlet. It is not probable that in any other part of the Adirondacks could so many wild deer be seen at one time.

Aug. 20 a deer was seen in a cornfield between Beede's and Keene Flats, and a few days before that one crossed the road near the "River Bridge." Still another was seen by one of the servants of Dr. Adler, of New York, who lives at the foot of Noon Mark.

Louis Tiffany, of New York, and Dr. Roosevelt, came on a bear while in the neighborhood of Chapel Pond. The meeting was wholly unexpected, and neither party stopped to exchange greetings. J. R.

Connecticut Otters.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 25.—Mr. Brooks can find otters at Chaplin, Conn.. 10 miles from Willimantic on the New York and New England Railroad, judging from the inclosed clipping from the Hartford (Conn.) *Post*. It reads: "Samuel Chappell, Jr., of Chaplin, has captured an otter in a steel trap and will endeavor to keep it alive. The animal is thought to be about six months old, and more of them are in this vicinity." A. C. COLLINS.

New Hampshire Big Game.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 23.—Mr. Samuel Annis says he saw a young moose, much bewildered, in the adjoining southerly town of Londonderry the 18th; it was also seen by a Mrs. Jones. Deer have been seen during the summer in Goffstown, on our western boundary. Why should we go to northern Maine hunting when moose and deer stalk almost at our very doors? PAYSON.

A NEW YORK GAME LAW MUDDLE.

THERE appears to be widespread misinformation respect ing the New York season for woodcock and ruffed grouse shooting.

The Game Code of 1892 contains a chapter relating to Long Island, for which seasons are provided differing from those which prevail in the rest of the State. Thus, while the close season for woodcock and grouse in the State at large is prescribed in Sec. 74, the close season for these species on Long Island is prescribed in Sec. 164. In the Code as originally enacted the general State law (Sec. 74) made the close season between Jan. 1 and Aug. 15; and the Long Island law (Sec. 164) made the close season between Jan. 1 and Nov. 1.

In the 1893 session of the Legislature the State law on woodcock and grouse (Sec. 74) was not changed. The close season still remains between Jan. 1 and Aug. 15. Both grouse and woodcock are now in season in the State at large, except where supervisors' ordinances prevail in the counties of Chenango, Columbia, Dutchess, Madison, Otsego, Sullivan, Wayne and Yates. These were given in our issues of July 29 and Aug. 9.

The Long Island law (Sec. 164) was so changed by the last Legislature as to make the close season for woodcock between Jan. 1 and Aug. 1, and for grouse between Jan. 1 and Nov. 1. The amendment was promulgated as "Chap. 547—An act to amend the game law, relating to woodcock and grouse," and it reads: "Section 164 of the game law is hereby amended, etc." The section applies only to Long Island. Amending Sec. 164 only, it did not affect the season elsewhere.

Prairie Chickens in South Dakota.

MITCHELL, S. D., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* County Judge John T. Kean of Woonsocket county, this season declared that the game law of this State was null and void, and says that prairie chickens (which are so plentiful this year) may be shot and killed at any time of the year without trespassing on the law. The last Legislature while attempting to amend the law, repealed all law on the subject.

To show the manner in which the birds have been slaughtered this season, two Eastern hunters are reported to have bagged thirty-five dozen prairie chickens in one day's time, in the fine game land in the neighborhood of Mitchell.

In a few years our Eastern hunters will be complaining of the scarcity of this game which has held its own so long in this section of the country, and of which this year there is said to be a great increase.

This style of extermination will soon cause our Eastern sportsmen to be less and less kindly treated by our farmers and local sportsmen every year.

Our law will evidently be remedied at the next meeting of the Legislature. Yet this butchery cannot be shut off until after next season. H. G. NICHOLS.

[We do not understand how the situation can be as described. The law as amended by act of Feb. 21, 1893, forbids killing prairie chickens and other grouse between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1.]

Not Much Encouragement for a Conscientious Sportsman.

VERMILLION, S. D., Aug. 12.—Inclosed please find 25 cents in postage stamps for *Game Laws in Brief*. I want to keep posted on the game laws. I never hunt until the law is out, and the result is that I never get any game near home. By the time the law is out there is not a full covey of chickens to be found within twenty miles of Vermillion. There are a good many chickens here this fall, and the quail are thick, but not many ducks; it is too dry. I think that if more of the hunters would take FOREST AND STREAM and read it there would be less law-breaking, but I can not get them to read it. It shows them up too much. VERMILLION.

New Hampshire's Foolish Hawk Law.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 23.—The State pays a bounty of 25 cents on dead hawks. For the first time this year, in this city, advantage was taken of it last week by Alice Roby, the little daughter of Frank Roby, and who was the center of considerable interest among the city officials while making the collection. The law is sadly abused by boys and gunners of near boundary towns in Massachusetts, on the sea coast especially, they bringing many hawks over the line for the bounty, their State not paying any. One party smuggled in sixteen and got his money, then telling of it has probably injured the business for his imitators. PAYSON.

West Virginia Quail.

I CANNOT say as regards the plentifulness of quail in West Virginia, but during the summer the music of his whistle was heard as usual, and I think I flushed in my walks about as many as formerly. Thus I think the shooting will not be altogether poor. WEST VIRGINIAN.

FAIRMONT, W. Va., Aug. 20.—In this vicinity quail will be very scarce during the coming season in consequence of the extremely rough winter, but there will be a goodly number of ruffed grouse. C. W. W.

New York Woodcock Season.

FRONTENAC, Jefferson County, N. Y., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is the universal opinion of sportsmen all over New York State, so far as my acquaintance extends, that our season opens at least a month too early. Have not been out myself, but have seen birds only about half-grown brought in. H. W. B.

Fulton Chain Bucks.

BALD MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Old Forge, Herkimer County, N. Y., Aug. 19.—Our guests killed 8 large bucks last week within two miles of our camp, floating on Third Lake, which is one of the best salmon trout lakes on the justly celebrated Fulton Chain. CHAS. E. THOMPSON.

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

The Alaska Exhibit.

In the northwest corner of the United States, extending through about 1,200 miles of latitude and 2,000 miles of longitude lies the province which Seward purchased, and on account of which we have recently survived an attack of arbitration. Similarly, in the northwest gallery of the Interior Department space in the U. S. Government Building, is displayed the unique exhibit from Alaska, arranged by and in large measure belonging to Lieut. G. S. Emmons, U. S. Navy.

Lieut. Emmons has lived in southeastern Alaska long enough to have become thoroughly acquainted with the Indian tribes, their mode of life, methods of making clothes and ornaments, implements of hunting and fishing, artists' materials, medicines, and in general everything pertaining to their domestic economy. Among the results of his patient and intelligent research are the 2,700 objects shown in the Alaskan exhibit.

These include articles made of wood, grasses, fibers, animal substances, stone, minerals and various metals. The museum idea has never been forgotten in forming the collection, so that one sees, not a heterogeneous mass of curiosities, but a scientific representation of the arts and industries of the people, beginning with the raw materials and carried through the various stages of preparation to the finished products. Having been on a friendly footing with the natives, Mr. Emmons has enjoyed their confidence and profited by their assistance with great advantage to his undertakings.

The dugout canoes, implements of stone and copper, devices for games, wood carvings, household utensils, articles of bone and horn, and the engraved silver ornaments are conspicuous for their number and quality.

The Eskimo collections were obtained chiefly by Capt. Healy, of the steamer Corwin, and his associates. A fine series of water color paintings of Alaskan landscapes, natives and their dwellings, and glaciers was lent for exhibition by Artist Richardson. The wild flowers of the Sitkan district are illustrated by the color paintings of Miss Jackson.

One of the trading companies sent a case of furs of sea otter, fur seal, foxes, mink, wolf, wolverine and bear. The minerals and ores of the territory are well represented in the collection, and also some of the oils and fertilizers derived from herring and other fish.

Visitors are universally surprised by the display of forest trees and their applications. The skill of the Indians in canoe building and wood carving is well brought out by the many fine products of their hands.

Alaska is, perhaps, the best known through its fish and game, and it was to be expected that Lieut. Emmons would bring together a striking assortment of species, and particularly of the fish, because he is an enthusiastic fisherman. On account of the difficulty and expense of preservation in alcohol the collection includes chiefly mounted skins. These were prepared by Mr. F. E. Frobese of Sitka.

They represent nearly forty kinds and most of them are edible. There are the five species of salmon, Gairdner's trout, red-throated trout, Dolly Varden trout, capelin, cod, pollock, halibut, skate, dogfish, several kinds of "rock trout" or "sea trout" (*Hexagrammus*), a large number of so-called "rock trout" (*Sebastichthys*), one of which is the "black bass" at Sitka, three forms of sculpin (*Cottus, Aspicottus* and *Hemilepidotus*), the sand launce, two blennies (*Lumpenus* and *Delolepis*), several flounders, a "miniature sturgeon" (*Podothecus acipenserinus*), the cultus cod and the beshowe or "black cod," known in Sitka as the "candle-fish."

The invertebrate series contains heart shells, scallops, abalones, mussels, clams, barnacles, ship worms, rock crab, kelp crab, spider crab, hermit crab, sea urchins, starfish, sea cucumbers and a sponge.

A remarkable blenny (*Delolepis virgatus*) is called "eel" at Sitka; it grows to the length of 3ft., and is pronounced by Mr. Emmons delicious for the table. He says it is found at Edgecombe and can be caught there at any time.

The trout fishing in southeastern Alaska ought to satisfy the most exacting angler. During a morning's fishing in a mainland stream seven miles from Wrangel, Mr. Emmons caught 78 black-spotted trout ranging from ¾lb. to 1½lbs. in weight. This was in May. The bait was a strip of salmon belly showing silver on the under part and red flesh above.

The common trout of Alaska are the red-throated or black-spotted, the Dolly Varden and the Gairdner's trout, sometimes styled "steelhead," The redthroat is the same form so widely distributed in the Rocky Monntain region, extending as far south as the Sierra Madre of Mexico.

T. H. B.

Fair Visitors.

Aug. 17.—No one will every know just whose mind conceived or whose hand executed this or that beautiful view, or vista, or group, or decorative bit of the gloriously and perfectly beautiful White City. See it at any hour, especially after dark, when you will only see a little at a time, you feel a thrill of delight at the beauty of any of a hundred views or ornamentations. You know it is beautiful, but you never will know who made it so. Of course you know that prominent in the great corps of master artists of all kinds was F. D. Millet, journalist, war correspondent and artist, who was chief in the color decorations and did much besides that. One day this week Dr. C. S. Millet, of Rockland, Mass., came into the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit and told me he was a brother of F. D. Millet and a reader of FOREST AND STREAM. He was accompanied by his wife and also by his mother, who seemed very proud of her boys and also of the grandson, Ralph, who added his name to the FOREST AND STREAM register. Mr. W. P. Whitman, of Campello, Mass., who perhaps guided them to the FOREST AND STREAM corner of the world, was also present with his wife. The ladies insisted that if FOREST AND STREAM were not made so good they would have more time with their husbands. The entire party above are stopping at the cottage on the Wooded Island and having an enormously good time at the Fair. They borrow firewood and garden sauce of Billy Hofer at the Hunters' Cabin.

This reminds me that I slept two nights this week at the cabin myself. The first night Billy was away and it really seemed like old times in the mountains to find an unoccupied cabin, belonging to I didn't know or care whom, to go in and to throw down my blankets and make myself at home until the owner came or until I got ready to leave. The owner didn't come that night and I slept alone in the very heart of the White City. It was apparently also the heart of the wilderness. The fire flickered on the log rafters, and all night the wild geese honked, and in the morning the birds sang, and there was the pattering of small feet of some kind on the roof. At 7 o'clock or earlier a countryman and his wife, getting an early run for their money, opened the door, which I had left unpegged for Billy. "Oh!" said he, spying my form on Billy's rawhide sofa, "the gentleman in charge hasn't got up yet." "Sir," I said, "I am not in the least certain that I am a gentleman, and I know I am not in charge, but if you will shut that door I will get up." He shut the door then. The Fair can wait when it comes to the spoiling of a morning reverie; and besides, there should be realism when it comes to showing the life and customs of a tired hunter.

Dr. R. R. Braxton, of Loogootee, Ind., leaves his footprint on the sands of the FOREST AND STREAM register this week. So does Mr. Irving D. Haskell, news editor of the *Daily Signal*, of Ashland, Ky. Both of these gentlemen I should have liked much to see.

Mr. J. Hervey Stout, of Stoutsburg, N. J., I was fortunate enough to meet, and we had a pleasant chat. You know there is a great deal of discussion over the question whether or not New Jersey is in the United States. I asked Mr. Stout about this, and he assured me that New Jersey is not only in part but wholly within the United States. This matter can therefore now be regarded as settled. I am glad I met Mr. Stout, not only for this reason, but also because he is a very pleasant gentleman.

Mr. Jas. H. Whitfield, of the Kansas City *Star* staff, and one of the best known sporting editors of the daily press, is in the city this week and next enjoying the Fair, and looks as though it was agreeing with him.

Come Now.

Come now to the Fair. Do not wait. Do not wait for special attractions. The attractions are far more now than any one can convey. An attraction which seems big away from the Fair is very small at the Fair. The Fair is now at its height. The nights will soon be so cool that some of the pleasure of the pleasantest and most beautiful part of the day will be lost. Come now to the Fair.

Norway's Exhibit.

Aug. 18.—Commissioner Chr. Ravn, of Norway, is very much pleased. Norway, it seems, withdrew her exhibit from all competition, not being satisfied with the system of awards. Her display, however, is so complete and admirable that Dr. Henshall, of the jury, moved for Norway a special complimentary award, which was given her on full vote. The Norwegian display I have mentioned often. It is perhaps the best in the main Fisheries.

Military.

Aug. 19.—The entire corps of the U. S. Cadets arrived from West Point yesterday, about 300 strong, with the post band of 40 pieces and a field corps of 15 pieces. The boys will remain ten days. In drill they are a relief after the numberless militia bodies of this summer, and by the time they are through West Point they will, I trust, have a better style in the saddle than the lumbering English cavalry seat which has been so much in evidence all summer at the so-called English military tournament. The latter disbands to-day.

A very neat body of soldierly looking fellows are the Louisiana cadets, militia, who have been in camp for some days on the green near the head of the Midway. They lark a little more than the French marines, or the quiet United States troops, who are encamped at different points on the ground, or the crews of the Spanish caravels. The latter complain of ennui, and want to get ashore and have some high jinks.

Fishermen's Day.

Aug. 20.—The authorities promulgate the following in regard to Fishermen's Days. The dates have had earlier mention in FOREST AND STREAM:

"September 19 and 20 have been set apart as "Fishermen's Days" with the object of affording to all the fishing interests of the world a special opportunity to assemble in a congress at the World's Fair. A special programme of entertainment will be provided, one feature of which will be a procession of fishing boats of all kinds, from the skin cayak of the Eskimo and the dugout and catamaran, to the whaleboat and New England dory. An important feature of the occasion will be the reading of papers concerning fish, fishing, and fishculture."

E. HOUGH.

In the Angler's Pavilion.

The Anglers' Pavilion was gotten into complete finish for public inspection when the installation of the Brazil exhibit was completed, some weeks ago. It is now one of the chief attractions.

The exhibit of the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., in the Anglers' Pavilion, is a most interesting one. There are seven boats all told, the largest of which is the Vol-au-Vent, sloop rig. It is fixed finkeel, non-capsizable, graceful in design. There is also a racing canoe, a pleasure boat, a sailing canoe and oars of fine workmanship.

Close by is one exhibit of Thomas Kane & Co., consisting of a duck boat, a combination row and sail boat, staunchly built and handsome; a racing canoe, a livery row and sail boat, and a linenoid seamless canoe, 16ft. long and 27in. beam, weight 50lbs. For the linenoid (a material made of linen threads, canvas, etc.) the manufacturers claim that it cannot be broken, that it is light, tough, waterproof, durable and takes a nice finish. This company also has three boats in the eastern gallery of the Fisheries Building, one of which is a fishing boat, one a Lake Michigan row boat and the remaining one a St. Lawrence skiff. As mentioned in a previous issue, the company has also a large exhibit in the Transportation Building.

In the latter building will be found many interesting illustrations of transportation besides those enumerated in previous issues. Mr. Edward Bedloe, U. S. Consul, Amoy, China, has a very complete lot of models showing the peculiar makes of Chinese large and small craft, for river and ocean transportation, and their manner of use.

Messrs. DeGrau, Aymar & Co. have on exhibition a variety of oars of different kinds.

The Essex Institute and Peabody Academy of Science exhibit a variety of marine and other pictures which comprehensively illustrate different kinds of transportation, from the most primitive to the most modern. Those portraying transportation in the early days of the Far West are specially interesting.

The Maine Board of World's Fair Management has utilized its space by exhibiting numerous models of ships, which are placed on the wall. Two canoes are placed in the foreground. An old cannon, wrinkled with age and apparently as dangerous as a big frog sitting on end, had a place of honor in the middle of the exhibit. A placard informed the curious that the cannon was used on the British man-of-war, the brig Boxer, in the war of 1812, in an engagement in which both commanders and nearly two-thirds of each crew were killed. That showed a fair degree of fighting vivacity, but with better cannons they could have done much more execution in less time.

A most novel exhibit is that illustrating the different kinds of craft used in India. The models are numerous, comprising all the vessels from a crude, small dugout to the largest freight boats. One model showed a number of men on either shore of a river towing the bulky boat while the rest of the crew was rowing.

But the most primitive of all was that where a native was shown lying on his stomach across an air-tight vessel, his feet and head projecting over the sides. The vessel was much the same shape as would be two large saucers placed face to face. On such romantic craft the native rested prone on his stomach and fished or paddled accross rivers with his hands.

The Truscott Boat Manufacturing Co. has a large exhibit on the main floor consisting of a skimmer catboat, an oil-burning launch and about a dozen rowboats of different kinds.

In the Canadian department, main floor, is a large exhibit of canoes, about 17 in all.

This covers in the main all the features in the Transportation Building of transportation pertaining to water, but there is an endless array of models, pictures, motor power, machinery, steering apparatus, tackle blocks, anchors, pyrotechnics for vessels' use, etc. Hours can be profitably spent in studying such a great collection of object lessons.

Gillott's Pen Exhibit.

"The pen is mightier than the sword" is an old and true saying in its figurative sense, that is, the power of mind over matter, but the World's Fair visitor can see, in the exhibit of Joseph Gillott, in the Department of Great Britain in the Manufactures Building, a pen and holder of majestic proportions, fit literally to do battle with warrior bold. It is a finely finished piece of workmanship, and set perpendicularly forms the center piece in the upper part of the large case, which is itself a heavy piece, tall and wide, of quiet elegance; for either side of the mammoth pen, clearly seen through the plate glass, are numerous cunningly worked designs, on the cloth background, in pens of different styles, sizes and colors. The colors are more numerous than one would suppose—gold, white, red, brown and numerous metallic shades. The effects were most artistic. In the lower case in infinite profusion are pens in gold and steel, large and small, wide and narrow, with every imaginable shape of point and most delicate finish. There were pen holders in elegant pearl, and in ebony and rare woods, beautiful in design and workmanship. In another case were a bushel or so of pens in boxes, showing them ready for market, and also loose in bulk. It is said to be the largest pen exhibit ever made.

The chief motive power at the World's Fair, in the launches which ply to and fro on the lagoon, is electricity, but a few boats have steam power. I notice that Capt. Symonds's official boat, the Aloha, is propelled by steam and is furnished with a boiler made by the Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co., of New York. I was informed that that company had fitted with boilers the steam yachts Oneida and Okoboji, which run between the naval pier and Chicago. The different motive powers are quite a study in themselves, comprising all the different mechanisms pertaining to naphtha, steam and electricity.

Aug. 24.—The committee of judges of awards of the Fisheries Department of the Exposition were tendered a banquet this week at the Victoria Hotel by Andrew Weber, of the committee. An address on the fisheries industry was made by Capt. J. W. Collins, Professor L. Whittman, of Berlin, and Dr. J. A. Henshall talked about angling.

B. WATERS.

Some Who Found the "Forest and Stream" Corner.

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 21.—I visited your exhibit at the World's Fair the other day, and must say that nothing in the White City interested me more.

B. A. C.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 21.—I have just returned from Chicago. I was delighted with your exhibit and hope the photograph which was taken while I was there will do it justice. It will be of incalculable advantage to the paper. My only regret was at not meeting Mr. Hough, to whose department I always turn when I open the paper.

F. J. H.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 11.—I called twice at the FOREST AND STREAM office in the Fisheries Exhibit in Chicago, and duly admired and examined everything at your exhibit, though my time for it was short

C. H. A.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

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

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

SALMON IN SALT WATER.

MONTEREY, Cal., Aug. 20.—*Respice finem.* The salmon have gone. The tens of thousands of salmon which have frequented the coast for several weeks, from Santa Cruz to Carmelo Bay, 27 miles in extent, have taken their departure for the Sacramento River, where they appeared almost simultaneously with their disappearance from the coast, showing quite conclusively they are those of that locality, and where they are now being seined in the usual manner. Prior to their departure, notably at Santa Cruz and about Monterey Bay, large schools of grilse came in, making fine sport, being from 5 to 10lbs. in weight and in numbers far exceeding the salmon.

On July 30 the salmon almost entirely left Monterey Bay, although still plentiful at Santa Cruz and Carmelo. On the 31st, I visited Santa Cruz, where I found the taking to be almost wholly grilse; this continued for several days, until the 5th, when the fishing about ceased. After that I visited Carmelo Bay, twenty-seven miles south, where the fishing still remained good, the fish running larger than at any time during the season, averaging fully 20lbs. without any grilse. Numbers were taken running from 25 to 30lbs., evidently representing the school of autumnal fish. This prime fishing continued until the morning of Aug. 9, when a large school of killers came in (*Orca gladiator*), which put an immediate stop to all fishing, and there has been none since. It was 6 o'clock and I had taken four salmon, and was trolling with the several boats containing Monterey market fishermen, who had come down for fish, and who had all taken more or less salmon, when in came a prodigious pack of killers, I should say fully 200 or more, wild and frantic as a pack of wolves, leaping from the water as porpoises, and going down for salmon and other fish and effectually putting an end to further strikes, for although I fished industriously and so did the other boats for several hours, not a salmon was caught, nor has there been since up to date, excepting an odd one or two caught at Carmelo Bay. They may come in again, but probably will not.

These killers, although given as frequenters of the northern seas, are most plentiful on this coast, and are indeed the terrors of the sea. They come fearlessly about with their enormous dorsal fins projecting from 4 to 5ft. above the water, and slashing about with their most powerful tails in a most threatening manner, and I felt rather nervous at times as they came within short distances of my boat, although they have never been known to attack boats or men, although they could easily flop a boat over with their tails or rend it into pieces with their frightful jaws. These killers run from 15 to 30ft. in length, and from 2,000 to 6,000lbs. in weight. They have a large and most capacious mouth, set with sharp tusks closely set, from 2 to 3in. long, and from 1in. to 2½in. in diameter, 24 in lower jaw, and 26 in the upper. When one considers the immense amount of food which a pack of 200 or 300 killers requires, each one capable of cutting a porpoise apart at a single bite, and swallowing in two mouthfuls, some idea may be formed of the devastation which is continually going on in the sea. These killers will take an ordinary seal at a mouthful, with scarcely an effort at mastication, and one lately taken here was secured when almost choked to death with an extra large seal stuck in its throat and with five other seals in its stomach. They will rend a sea lion into pieces in short order, and have no hesitancy in attacking any living creature in the sea, save the sperm whale, which boldly attacks in turn. The ordinary whales of the coast, the right, bowhead and gray, most timid animals, which are often driven frantic by the playful chase of the porpoises, are pursued by the killers until exhausted, when their tongues are literally eaten out of the huge leviathans while alive. I have the statements of several old whalers, now reduced to the position of market fishermen in the bay, Capt. M. Gonzales and Capt. Freitas, who for years pursued the business of whalemen in the harbor before the decay of the business, that they have each in several instances secured the whale bodies, for blubber, off the harbor, which had been destroyed by killers, and Mr. Michael Noon, a most trustworthy old whaler, now in charge of the only wharf used in Monterey, assures me that he has in two instances secured whales alive, but dying with their tongues eaten out by killers.

Mr. Noon also says that upon one occasion, when with his comrades he had made a large raft of blubber cut from a whale near the harbor, and was engaged in towing with two boats, the raft was suddenly attacked by a pack of killers and the whole of the blubber stolen away in quick order, although with his men he prodded them with lances to their utmost.

The disappearance of the salmon in sections from the coast would seem to show that they do not act as a whole, but in separate schools, and I have noticed in the fishing that the runs were not similar in size of fish, on some days running large and on others smaller, which would indicate that schools of varying size of fish came and left, most likely working north toward the Sacramento River, ninety miles distant. The canning pack of the season from the various rivers on the coast, which was expected to be less than the average, turns out to have been larger than any, amounting to about 1,700,000 cases of 48lbs. each, or over 80,000,000lbs., representing over 6,000,000 salmon, in fact more, for a large portion of the pack from the upper waters were of bluebacks (*O. nerka*), which average but 8lbs., perfect salmon, and of the desired deep pink color.

I find it difficult to estimate satisfactorily the age of the salmon which have been about this locality, for if but few return from the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers after spawning, where have the salmon which we have been catching passed their lives and of what age are they? If as parr they remain in their native streams a year, or possibly two, and after a year in salt water as grilse, grow up to a weight of from 5 to 10lbs., did they in a following year grow to the average of 16lbs., and in extreme cases up to the exceptionally large fish of 40lbs. and even over? Or were the large fish those which had survived the fresh-water spawning season? And if so, why have they not shown the usual features so characteristic of river fish—the deformities of jaw or head, body or fins? I have seen none but fresh and perfectly formed. The young salmon show equally with the grown the full development of the generating organs, and in this respect are fully matured. It may be that the bulk of young salmon do not ascend far in the spawning season, and they are found in San Francisco Bay about the whole of the year. There are those who claim that all the salmon do not ascend the rivers at all, although there is nothing in experience or reason to substantiate such a conclusion.

That a grilse will grow, from one year in salt water, from 9 to 20lbs. is not at all improbable, but it is improbable that it will gain 20 or 30lbs in a year. Again, if young salmon run to milt and spawn, as they undoubtedly do, and ascend rivers, why will not a few exceptional salmon show the river life features which are so evident? or do those features disappear after the return to salt water? These questions are not yet settled. I find among the canners a general belief that all salmon do not spawn annually. They claim that they do not get annually the same runs in quantity, but every third or fourth year an exceptionally large run. That this feature is regular and uniform. It may be that all salmon do not annually conform to the reproduction stage, but have periods of irregularity in this respect. We have yet to gain information upon this point. We all know the black salmon, the left-over fish, sometimes blind and always worthless. These fish, exhausted by the prolonged fasting incidental to river life and reproduction, are comparatively helpless in condition. If examined, the stomach and auxiliary glands (*Pyloric cœca*) and all internal organs will be found so diminished, compared with the usual normal conditions when fresh from the sea, that it may well be conjectural if the stomach, so reduced will it be found and not of sufficient size to hold the smallest minnow, may ever resume its normal condition?

It is questionable if the blind black salmon ever revives in the sea, although it may succeed in reaching it. It is questionable if it has sufficient power, or acquires it, to successfully hold its own again. It is also evident that the average salmon returning to the sea from the spawning river, must to an almost complete extent discard the features which it has acquired in the reproduction period. Upon entering the fresh water the salmon steadily deteriorates, not essentially from the fresh water contact, but as the season of generation advances the distinction becomes more marked as the season goes on. The premaxillaries and lower jaws of the males become lengthened and often extravagantly hooked, and often the mouth cannot be closed; the teeth on the vomer and tongue fall out, and the front teeth grow abnormally long. The body falls in and thickens at the shoulders, and the scales fall off along the back, and a spongy skin appears. Red and black blotches follow, and the curdy flavor between the flakes is wanting, and the flesh becomes worthless for food. The fins and tail wear away, and complete blindness often results. The stomach and digestive organs shrink almost away, and the once royal and gamy fish becomes a lifeless and pitiable object. From the upper waters of the Pacific Coast, I am sure it never becomes again the bold denizen of the sea. The salmon of this summer's visitation about here, I should estimate to be of three, and in some instances, four years of age. I do not believe that any of them have had any experience excepting possibly limited, of fresh water life, beyond that of their earlier fingerling existence. Nor do I believe that any of the adult growth which have been about this year, excepting in a few limited instances, will ever return, but will be succeeded by the fresh growth from the grilse. It would seem almost that there had been an omission in those provisions of nature, which are so perfect, in the instance of the salmon, and that the period of generation to the adult salmon was one from which there was only an exceptional survival. From the large salmon which I have seen, and the casts in museums and collections of large fish, and particularly in the large collection of casts of large salmon made by the late Frank Buckland, and in the casts shown at the Fisheries Exhibition in London a few years ago, I have observed that the large salmon were invariably marked by the distortions incidental to those shown in the fresh water spawning life. Among the millions secured at the Columbia River for canning, an occasional hundred-pounder has been found, and one of 82lbs. has lately been forwarded frozen in ice, to the Columbian Exhibition.

One thing is evident, that the salmon are yearly present on this coast, extending over an extent of thirty miles, from Santa Cruz down to Carmelo Bay, in full life and high condition, and will afford to the sportsman and fairly good angler an average of half a dozen salmon a day during the season. The season may fairly be computed at six weeks, so far as my observation has extended, and should place it from June 10 to Sept. 1. Last year the fishing continued fairly good from June 10 to the middle of September. There are a few lost salmon still about but not plentiful enough to inspire exertions. I have been out several times, without a catch, although an occasional salmon is secured in the fishermen's nets. I have received quite a number of inquiring letters from fishermen since my articles in your paper, but I cannot add much more than was contained in the articles, excepting that I would suggest Santa Cruz in preference to any other place. It is an open sea resort, and supplied with fairly good hotels, straight on the sea, where boats can be obtained more readily and more cheaply than at Monterey, and nearer to the fishing grounds, which are, in fact, directly adjoining the front, and where the sea is quieter than at Monterey or Carmelo. The fishing has been as good there this year as elsewhere, although the fish have not run as large as further south. The salmon have been there yearly, most undoubtedly, but it has not been a yearly fishing station of any importance until this year, compared with Monterey and other places, and in fact, excepting the rod-fishing of Mr. Tubbs, referred to in my previous letter, there has not been any rod-fishing for salmon anywhere on the coast, until my fishing in June, which receiving considerable notice, occasioned a good deal of fishing at Santa Cruz during July, more than had altogether before been done on the coast. Not more than two or three rod-fishermen have wet lines here this season, while perhaps a dozen or more have at Santa Cruz, but it is likely that next year will witness a great deal more salmon fishing, as it is destined to receive an attention hardly estimated at the present time, for it unmistakably presents a field for the highest class of fishing, all things considered, that is presented anywhere in the world—that of taking salmon in salt water, in the highest possible condition in which the royal fish is ever found, with the open sea for its vantage ground, on a tackle even lighter than can safely be used over a river pool, and where the fighting qualities of the salmon are more keenly evinced than can be exhibited in any stream, and where the surroundings are of the highest possible cast, those of the yielding waves, tinted with the reflecting hues of the varying light, the open sky, and at home with the sea birds and many strange fish, and with the consciousness that a myriad of bold, unrestricted salmon are cleaving the translucent waters below.

During the whole past fishing season there has not been storm or gale on the coast about, which is the usual condition; and the sea, although at times accompanied with something of a swell, has not at any time been so rough but a small boat could take the outside fishing, although at such times one sensitive to seasickness would experience the ills, which, however, I am not afflicted with. At Santa Cruz there has hardly been a day when the sea has been troubled, and ladies have gone out to the fishing with impunity. For experiment, in one of the late day's fishing I brought my trout hexagonal of 7oz. in play with a light, almost thread, silk line of 600ft., with a light hook, and brought in after a protracted play a salmon of 20lbs.; but the tackle is too light and the rod impracticable for bringing to gaff. In fact, no bamboo is efficient compared with the 10-ounce steel, two of which have answered for over a ton of salmon, and which are in good order for another year.

One can have a variety of fishing at Monterey, and north and south of it, for the Pacific waters teem with life. Mackerel and sea bass have come in, but are not yet striking freely, as the bay is literally crowded with bait in the form of squid, anchovies and sardines. The sardines are apparently identical with those used in tinning, but large, weighing from ¼ to ½lb. and in schools of acres in extent. With Mr. Noon and two assistants I shot and harpooned a large grampus, of half a ton in weight, a few days ago, and brought it to beach in a few hours, but it seemed dull sport compared with salmon fishing and I pitied the poor animal in its wearisome efforts to escape, dragging the boat aimlessly about while exhausting from the bullet and harpoon wounds, and vowed I would have no more of it.

J. PARKER WHITNEY.

HEART LAKES.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 24.—Fifteen miles by trail up Bear Creek Cañon from Colorado Springs, Col., and five miles from the summit of Pike's Peak, are a series of lakes at the summit of Bald Mountain, known to the dwellers of that section of the country as The Seven Lakes. Heart Lake, or the largest of these lakes, covers, as I was told when there eight years ago, about forty acres, and has been plumbed 80ft. in the center and no bottom touched. There are seven of these lakes, the smaller being a good-sized pond.

A most beautiful stream empties out of these lakes and courses its way down Beaver Cañon. I have traveled all over this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, and to my fancy no place has ever proved so grand for scenery and health. Now the point I am getting at is this: In these lakes and in the stream emptying out of them there does not exist a single trout, at least during the time I spent a summer there, or fish of any description, but there is in the lakes a peculiarly-looking animal or possibly a fish, which is black, has four legs, a head similar to that of a catfish, and tail like a lizard and no fins.

The name it goes by there is "devilfish" and there are great numbers there, especially in the two larger lakes. The water seems to be of the purest, is clear as crystal and cold really as ice; and the lake is said to be 11,800ft. above the sea level. What I would like to know is, why are there no trout in such a grand small body of lakes? Is it on account of the altitude or is it because they possibly have never inhabited the waters?

The Seven Lakes are also reached by wagon going by toll road entering the mountain at Cheyenne Cañon. The distance by toll road is said to be twenty-five miles and difficult to travel; accidents such as buggies tipping over often occur. Tourists often leave Colorado Springs in the morning by carriage or light wagon for Seven Lakes, arriving about five o'clock in the evening, where they stay over night, take an early start on horseback, or burro-back, for Pike's Peak, and see sun-rise, which is a sight long to be remembered.

What I have written may be of interest to some of your readers who might have something to say regarding the inhabitants of these lakes.

L. D.

Rainbow Trout in North Carolina.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The communication of my friend to Mr. Brown in regard to the capture of the rainbow trout impels me to defend the irridescent beauties against all aspersion of cannibalism. The fact is that these fish are so enterprising that they wont stay where they are put, as the *fontinalis* will, but go meandering over all creation. I put 2,000 fry in Richland Creek seven years ago, and they have gone down the French Broad River and have been caught below Asherville, where the natives call them salmon. They have gone down the Tennessee many miles from my waters, and some put in the Tuckaseye have gone the same way. This explains why a few only are found in the headwaters of the Culaseye, where some thousand eggs have been planted by me. For gameness they surpass every kind of fish I have tackled, and a two-pounder gave me an hour's work this summer with a 7oz. rod, and then I got him only by his leaping into my skiff. The *fontinalis* have been fished out by poachers, but this kind of piscators cannot get the rainbows, and thus the former are so scarce. By protecting the fish, however, they are becoming more plentiful. Two years netting the streams has done the mischief. I am glad to know that my statement of the earlier spawning of the rainbows made in FOREST AND STREAM three years ago has been corroborated, as I was the first to notice and mention the fact, as well as their crossing with the *fontinalis*. This, however, has not been seen of late because of the migration of the former

H. STEWART.

HARDSHIP OF THE MACKEREL LINERS.

MACKEREL fishing with hand line and jig is exciting sport if one gets fish, and to professional fishermen it is lucrative, too. But if a boat comes back empty, it is more than hardship—it is misery. If one gets no fish throughout the entire season, penury is involved, if not absolute starvation.

I have just returned from a brief cruise off the Atlantic shore of Martha's Vineyard in a mackerel sloop, and as we returned with barely two barrels of fish, when we ought to have had twenty, while the seining vessels at the same time picked up from 80 to 150 barrels each, my sympathies are with the liners.

Seven or eight large schooners are constantly quartering the mackerel grounds day and night, and they scoop up all the fish, so that the seventy or eighty smaller craft which comprise the hook and line fleet are left absolutely destitute. Occasionally one of these will pick up a barrel or so, but all invariably come back light, and many of them utterly empty; and inasmuch as they are obliged to return to port every afternoon their labor and hardship are enhanced.

So serious has the stress become at length, that the fishermen are conspiring now to arm their centerboards with scythes and so destroy the seines by crossing them, just as they did some years ago in Jamaica Bay. As most of them depend upon this vocation for a livelihood, it is a groundhog case of a desperate character obviously.

It is a grand sight, indeed, to see these many white-winged craft swooping down into port together, like a flock of gulls, of a sunny afternoon, with their canvas flashing in the light. Every day about 12 o'clock they appear in the offing and by 3 o'clock they run into Edgartown Harbor, in time to split and salt their catch and ship by the little narrow gauge railroad which runs to Cottage City and there connects with the New Bedford boat for a market. The wind is generally fair from the southward at this season, and the trim little catboats and sloops look gallant and jaunty as they bunch up in the narrows between Katamu and Chappuquiddic Island, in close sailing order, each one with a bone in its teeth and the foam piled high under its forefoot.

I was fortunate enough to see the vessels of the New York Y. C. bear down into Vineyard Haven the other day, but no more beautiful sight was presented than the incoming fishing fleet of Edgartown affords every day. Scores of cottagers and summer visitors flock to the wharves always to view them as they come in. Sometimes they bring a swordfish, and perhaps a sawfish, mighty with their armatures, which have been harpooned from the surface of the deep when the sea was smooth; and strangers as well as friends are always interested in their commercial success. One of these quaint monsters is esteemed a goodly prize to its captor.

To go mackerel fishing on one of these craft one has only to go down to the wharf and pick out the skipper he fancies best, make his arrangement and be on board at 3 in the morning. Any one of them will be pleased to have help to handle the fishing lines and will charge nothing. The trip, however, involves a rusty suit of clothes, or better yet, "an ile suit," for fishing is wet and somewhat dirty work. When the fish bite smartly one has all he can do to tend three or four lines and slap off the fish as they come aboard, and much sea water comes up with the lines into the sleeves. The early rising before daybreak, the unwonted phenomena of the dawn, the exhilarating salt sea breeze, the run out into the ocean, and the continuous "bait, heave and haul," as the metal gigs go out and the mackerel come in, comprise about all there is to the trip. But the experience is invigorating to such as enjoy this sort of thing, and it is one of the stated sports of the Vineyard.

There are few places which afford more novelty or surer relief from summer heats than Martha's Vineyard, and I could perhaps indite a letter more in the spirit of a seaboard yarn, but there is a moral to my fishing story which I fain would point, and that is contained in the caption of my contribution. It is the hardship of the liners resulting from the operations of the seiners. There is an economic consideration, too, which should be regarded in this connection, for the fish are diminishing rapidly in numbers. Besides being conspicuously unfair to methods which it handicaps so seriously, seining terrorizes the mackerel and drives them from suitable spawning places which are accessible to remote regions which are unnatural to reproduction, so that the spawn does not mature and the results are lost. One observer here who is employed in mackerel fishing declares that the fish have become so sagacious that they not only seek localities where seines cannot be used except with difficulty, but they actually sink out of reach of the seines when the least noise is made, whereas, before seines came into vogue they came alongside of vessels without fear and boldly, and were taken with lines no more than 10ft. long. The immense quantities of bait, comprising minced fish and clams, which were thrown overboard to attract them, taking the place of food which they were obliged to forage for, helped to improve their size and flavor. Not only had the hook-and-liners no terrors for the mackerel, but on Sundays, when fishing and baiting were suspended, as was the early pious custom, the fish persistently followed the vessels, expecting to be fed as on the ordinary week days!

One serious objection to the use of seines is that they capture large quantities of baby mackerel which are thrown back into the sea when dead, and wasted. And besides the unfairness of monopoly and the detriment to the fishing interests, seining gluts the market at times when many vessels arrive together. Use of hook and line alone as in the old time, equalizes the catching of fish, rendering supply and demand more even, which is more comfortable and in the end more profitable to both the consumer and producer. Yet, in spite of obvious detriment and injustice, men not only persist in employing seines and fast sailing vessels to facilitate destruction, but there have recently been put afloat two steamers! *Cui bono?* Business has its limits to be profitable. Devices cannot go beyond them without confronting the laws of cause and effect. Consequently when causes and effect are known it is wisdom to obviate folly. A national law which would afford a system of equalization in the catching of fish would not only preserve the fisheries, but increase the supply a hundred fold faster than artificial methods of propagation, and that without cost.

Demand for food grows with increasing population. Therefore, methods which tend to deplete and exterminate the fish supply should be supplanted by a conservative and rational system whereby all may profit and be made glad. This question will soon become as serious to the dwellers of Massachusetts shores as it has become to the natives of western Alaska.

It is gratifying to know that the U. S. Fish Commission under Col. McDonald is now engaged in a systematic investigation of the life history of both the mackerel and menhaden, and that facts are being obtained which will have an important bearing upon the protection and regulation of these fisheries. I have it direct from the Chief Commissioner, who is now in the vicinity, that he hopes soon to present for the consideration of the States in which the power of regulation inheres, the plan of a national code based upon a knowledge of the food, spawning habits and conditions of environment of the two species referred to. CHARLES HALLOCK.

ANGLING NOTES.

Puffer Pond of Long Ago.

PUFFER POND in the Adirondack wilderness will always have a place in my affections, for in it, twenty-six years ago last June, I had the best day's fishing for trout that I ever enjoyed. I told all about it ten years ago in "Fishing with the Fly," and the events of that day are ever fresh in my mind, for I caught 35lbs. of trout in two hours time, fishing with a fly, and saved them without a landing net. My guide at that time has since become demented, and on the rare occasion that I meet him now he does not know me. He comes out of the woods once in a while and walks the streets of the town in fantastic dress, attracting the attention of men, women and children by his harmless antics, but his mind is blank. The fly that I used had no name when I cast it on the waters of Puffer Pond, but it was the one fly that my book contained that the trout were eager for above all the others. I saved one of the half dozen that I possessed and when new ones were tied from it the fly was christened "The Puffer." From that day to this the "Puffer" fly has been of no earthly or watery use to catch fish. These two facts have caused me to think in my later and maturer years that if I had not taken so many trout in the two hours that I had to fish before leaving the pond, poor Frank Harris would not have gone crazy and the Puffer fly might have proved killing for trout in other waters. Nearly a dozen years after that bright particular June day I was wading the upper Hudson, just below the mouth of the Boreas River, fly-fishing for trout with Dick Birch, a well known Adirondack guide, and when we went on to the bank for our noon lunch and smoke we talked over the fishing and shooting of the past. I said: "Dick, how is the fishing in Puffer Pond?" "There is no fishing in Puffer now, but you can walk across the pond dry shod on the backs of the bullheads that have filled up the pond since the trout were fished out." This was another reproach to my conscience, although every one of the trout that went to make up the 35lbs. that I took out of the pond was taken with the set purpose of taking them home to friends. Still other years, later, I learned that there was good trout fishing in Puffer Pond. Having had a long rest in consequence of the bad name given to it the fish had increased in the water. Puffer Pond is so easily reached that on several occasions I have recommended that particular region to angler friends. One of these friends, Mr. J. E. McDonald of Troy, N. Y., fished in the pond very lately, and the following is an extract from his letter, telling me about his visit and the fishing.

Puffer Pond of To-Day.

"I have just had a little outing which did me a great deal of good. Frank Church and I spent a week at Moxam's, on Thirteenth Lake, and there I had my first experience in fishing with the fly, and I now probably have as supreme a contempt for bait-fishing as you have. We arrived at Moxam's at 6 o'clock P. M., Monday, June 26. After eating supper we walked over to the lake and fished at the inlet and caught seven nice trout, averaging about ¾lb. each. Tuesday morning we again tried the inlet, but got only six trout, as they were not rising well. In the afternoon we tried deep water for lake trout, and did not get a bite; and then went to the inlet for speckled trout and got about as many as in the morning. Wednesday we tramped five miles through the woods to the Sacandaga River, but as we got a late start we did not fish until nearly 12 o'clock. It was a very hot and very still day, not at all favorable for fly-fishing, but we caught thirty-six trout—good ones—the largest being 1¼lbs. after it was dressed. I think we would have had a fine catch if the day had been cloudy or if we had had a little wind, for on Monday (a very cloudy day) a gentleman of the name of Steele, from Rutland, Vt., with his guide, caught sixty-eight trout at this place, and one of them weighed 2lbs. 10oz. Thursday we planned to go to Puffer Pond and camp. This is six miles from Moxam's, but our plans were knocked in the head by the failure of our guide to appear. Friday we started for Puffer with team and sledge to carry provisions, blankets, etc., and reached the camp at 1 o'clock. Dr. Spencer, of Rutland, went on to Puffer with us. In the afternoon we three fished, Spencer and Church from a boat along the shore and I from a raft. We got about 12lbs. of the handsomest trout I ever saw; no very large ones, but the average weight was about ½lb. Saturday morning, Church, Moxam and I started at 4 o'clock to see the famous Twin Lake trout. This lake is literally alive with trout, and the largest ones in the Adirondacks, so they claim, but they will not take a fly. We whipped the lake for three hours and got but three trout, and then gave up in disgust and returned to camp. We remained at camp until late on Sunday afternoon and then walked into Moxam's and left there at 4 o'clock Monday morning for home. We could only bring out 10lbs. or so of the trout last caught, as we had no ice in camp." Twin Lake, mentioned in Mr. McDonald's letter, is a new name to me for an old lake. On Stoddard's map it will be found as one of the Siamese ponds, and so these ponds have been called as long as I can remember, and they are on middle ground between "Thirteenth" and the Kunjamuck. One of the charms of the Thirteenth region, which includes Puffer Pond, is that it is so accessible, and that sportsmen pass it by to go further into the woods and perhaps fare worse. To reach the Thirteenth take the D. & H. R. R. from Albany to Saratoga and then the Adirondack Railway to North Creek. A daily stage connects with all through trains, taking passengers to North River P. O., 5 miles, and from there it is only a few miles to Thirteenth. Moxam's is the farm of the Freeman Lumber Company, and this is the same company that operates on the Kunjamuck, the camp on the latter being Scheflin's headquarters.

"It Beats the Record."

On the eleventh of this month I received a telegram from a brother, Geo. A. Cheney, dated at the Vancouver Hotel, Vancouver, British Columbia, which read: "Sent you to-day largest salmon ever caught in British Columbia." The fish came last Friday and proved to be a red salmon (*O. nerka*) from the Fraser River, that weighed 85lbs. It was a magnificent fish, in splendid condition, and by magnificent I mean it was finely formed, every scale in place, a shapely head and a bright fish. From a Vancouver newspaper which followed the fish to me I learn that even in Vancouver this big salmon when exhibited at Winch & Bowers's it attracted widespread interest. I exhibited the fish in one of the home markets, but was obliged to leave town that day. The next day the marketman told me that he thought 2,000 people had been in to see the salmon. A. N. CHENEY.

AN IDYL OF BARNEGAT.

BARNEGAT CITY, N. J., Aug. 25.—I have found a place which fills a quiet corner in my heart, where I can take my household gods and leave them in restful ease, so that when business cares permit, I can in two hours, by rail, rejoin them; and when the northeast wind does not vex my soul and Skipper Paderewski-Peckworth's spirit (because when a northwester makes Barnegat shoals white with the breaking billows, no sane fisherman ventures out of the inlet while the harbor bar goes moaning), in plainer words, when the condition that confronts us means a south wind, a wind sou'west—then I feel sure of a reasonable day's sport; otherwise not.

The place I have disported myself in for two summers is Barnegat City, N. J., where a dress coat is unknown; at least I have never seen one; and where the real joys of summer for a tired man can be found, living in a cottage and taking one's meals at the Oceanic Hotel across the street. If I wake up at 6 A. M. and see the cold gray waves of the sea climbing and combing over each other and dashing their white crests high in the air, I know that my friend, the Skipper Paderewski, who owns the Minnie, a pretty cat-rigged yacht, at my service, will "not wake and call me early." I confide in his judgment implicitly as to the propriety of hunting bluefish that day, and I quietly wait the incoming mail, which brings me the New York *Sun* and mayhap my weekly delight, FOREST AND STREAM. *Ennui* is a word never mentioned at our cedar "palace" by the sea.

My little cottage has eight rooms all neatly furnished, but we are only three—my daughter, J. M. S. and "Bebee," my little grandchild and one servant. We miss sadly one gentle pure spirit, who sanctified our home one year ago. She left this earth for the heavenly when the "May sun shed her amber light the new-leaved woods and lawns between," and, like Dante's Beatrice, so great was her virtue and her humility and her truth, that life was not worthy anything so pure or so excellent. And now our children, her constant companions; and Love and I, alas! are left alone.

The two best known fishermen here are Paderewski Peckworth (so called for his skill on the fiddle at country dances) and Captain Morse, and as I have a new name for all the skippers, I call him Cap Mossbunker, and it is only a week ago we made a friendly bantering match whether Cap Mossbunker or Cap Paderewski could bag the most bluefish on a given morning, each boat to carry three bluefish lines and no more. As to weakfishing it is a lost art; where I used to catch, four of us, 400 a day, in Barnegat Bay, it is now good luck to bag 10 in five hours, and the fish pounds and the menhaden pirates are to blame for it. The bluefish match came off, and we fished side by side after Paderewski had sailed down to the bell buoy where the tintinnabulation of the bell can be heard all day and all night, sounding like the cry of a lost soul in pain. By the bell buoy we caught 200 sea bass, and when the four hours' contest was over Paderewski had 90 big mackerel and Cap Mossbunker 113. The time we lost after the "logy" black bass was put to use by Captain Mossbunker, but the battle was a draw, for Peter Seidel, of the Oceanic, decided that Paderewski had the most fish in number and in weight; that as Cap Mossbunker had thirteen more mackerel than Paderewski the battle must be fought over again. This was agreed to.

Young Patterson, of the *Record*, recently criticised some of my late letters to the FOREST AND STREAM on the ground that they lacked "a brilliant thread of connection," and were not "compact enough." I replied to Mr. Patterson that I was not reporting facts for the *Record*, that in August a nation of fishermen from Buzzard's Bay to the great White City were not clamoring to any appreciable extent like Dickens's Mr. Gradgrind, who said, "What we want is facts." And I finally silenced my brilliant young feuilletonist and critic by reminding him that when that genial and kindly essayist, Montaigne, was tracing the annals of chivalry back to Charlemagne, he injected the information in that essay that most of the Montaigne family had, at one time or another, suffered from gravel. Plimmer did to Dixon what this did for critic Patterson.

Civilization runs riot at the fashionable seaside resorts. Not so at Barnegat City, where we take our ease at our inn. I owe my magnificent health to living twelve of the best years of my life, till I was 22, in the woods, riding forty miles on horseback, or, rifle in hand, with half a pound of crackers in a school satchel for lunch, roaming over twenty miles of beech woods in pursuit of the fugitive gray squirrel. It was a bad day when I didn't bring home twenty-five gray rodents with their scalps on—mostly hit in the head with a rifle ball at 100 yards, up a big oak or beech tree, and lying very much "perdu" on a limb.

My plea is not so much against the *jeunesse dorée* of swell civilization sucking Manhattan cocktails with a dash of absinthe in them—that's their idea of enjoyment. But I plead for nature in her various moods, the early morning bath in old ocean "in the buff," regardless of flannel. Take the billows' kisses as they come, stay in ten or fifteen minutes, then go to bed and sleep until 8 o'clock, and even if an invalid you will find healing underneath the wings of the sea.

My day at Barnegat City is something like this. Out of my cottage window I can hit the sea with a stone, and like the gleam of my childhood's joys seem the pulsations or heart-beats in this wild watery realm. I joy at the sight of the sea as little "Bebee," my much loving, much-beloved little baby grandchild, does, when, night-tired, she crawls into my lap and says: "Babab, 'oo put me to seep," and I do.

The sea puts me to sleep with some sweet, invisible, restful spirit, that drives away creditors and care, as the Arab folds his tent at daybreak and silently steals away.

But how I put in the Barnegat day is the question before the house. It is 5 A. M. Bathing "in the buff" is allowed at that hour. I catch up little Bebee in her silk night shirt, and half asleep, throwing on my own bathing robe, loose, a morning study wrapper, I skip to the beach—a half dozen steps. Bebee is wild with happiness and claps her hands with joy as every little billow, kissing its mate, breaks into white sea foam.

In ten minutes we are out and in the cottage. Bebee, rubbed down with a coarse towel, is asleep in one minute. Then I turn over and dream of scooping in big fees.

At 8 o'clock I eat a good breakfast and saunter down to Paderewski's wharf, near the Sunset House. Herr Paderewski always offers me a "whack" at his never-full, half-empty gin bottle, but as I have joined Ben Archer's Temperance Society, William T. Bailey, Secretary, I mildly but firmly refuse.

This morning I saw a fight between a 14ft. shark and a he dolphin. The sea was incarnadined with blood. The equal battle raged because each scavenger of the sea had been predatorily feeding or poaching on the other's moss-bunker preserves. It takes four bushel baskets of moss-bunkers for one he dolphin's breakfast. The fight raged 15 minutes. The shark has to turn over to use his mouth. I know some lawyers who make profitable and golden use of the mouth in debate and don't turn over at all. When the shark was trying to get in its fine work the dolphin eviscerated the sea scavenger and that ended the fight. and the porpoise danced up and down and leaped over the body of its dead foe, as a New York lawyer does when he gets an extra $250 allowance for costs or counsel fees!

We read the *Sun* or FOREST AND STREAM till dinner time, when the Oceanic cuisine teaches us the truth of the aphorism that "there are many sweethearts and only one dinner." After dinner we take a nap one hour, write some blood-curdling fishing experience for FOREST AND STREAM and then go down and tell Paderewski to saddle his yacht, and then for two hours all alone we sail the ocean blue and with a single shining squid and a cotton-laid twine line 100yds. long trailing behind us we hook 20 bluefish before the gentle god of day has taken his bath behind the western star, the fish ranging from 3 to 15lbs. Then supper of Spanish mackerel and frogs' legs and young mud hens.

Then I discuss the cause of temperance with Brothers Archer and Bailey; then come the glorious nights on the piazza of the cottage. The young and sickle moon looks down on you softly as a maiden's prayer, and overhead the stars look like "patines of bright gold," and the very balm of Gilead seems to be coming in with the soft, health-bearing south wind, and as dear little Bebee lies asleep in my arms I softly murmur, "Alabama! here we rest." JAMES MATLOCK SCOVEL.

FISHING TACKLE AND TACKLING FISH.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 23.—Suggested by a criticism which Mr. Cheney pays to another of your correspondents for a technical error in naming a rod, and thereupon proceeds to, schoolma'am-like, give him a "pointer" on the propriety of titles, is a train of homely thought, supported by personal observation and living examples respecting the matter of tackle.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," so a rod, call it what you please, will handle the fish just as successfully as though properly named, and a man is not obliged to be an adept in tackle knowledge, nor to have a well-stocked retail establishment at his elbow to enjoy fishing. I have often noticed that the man with the most tinsel, extensive and expensive outfit, including a wagon load of fancy flies, leaders, etc., etc., as though a drummer for some wholesale house, elaborate suit of newest design, drinks the best brandy, and tells the loudest stories of his exploits, is not always most heavily loaded (with fish) when he returns from a trip. On the contrary, the simpler the rig, mattering not whether he knows a fly-rod, technically, from a pump handle, the more satisfactory the result.

Understand, I admit that sport is one thing and filling a creel often another. The latter is the subject nearest this thought. The old deacon told his son in reference to getting money, "Get it honestly, if you can, but get it," so I would suggest to sportsmen—use as good and showy a rig as you can afford or care for, that will do the business as near to your liking as possible, and expert manipulation of what you select will easily do the rest.

I have in mind a man whose superior in the art of brook trout fishing I never saw, who never owned a reel or fly-rod in his life, and the four-jointed bamboo he uses has the appearance of having served three generations, and the 8 or 10ft. of line would hold a shark, but his hook always has just such a bend to it, accomplished with a pair of pincers by himself, and each angle-worm goes on it by exact rule, and what probably is of fully as much consequence, he has an easy, stealthy, Indian-like step, that makes no jar, always approaching the stream from the shady side in a low, stooping posture, in the dress of an ordinary farmer, reducing the likelihood of notice by the trout to a minimum, and I have often watched him with interest and pleasure, not failing to notice the tension of his nerve, and the strict attention he pays to the pursuit, always finding him as hard to "call off" for home as though to leave was death. Another man of the same class is a bait-fisherman specialist from a boat. He never uses any rod, and his line looks suited for a clothes reel, but he is also a crank on design of hooks and mode of adjusting bait. The rapidity with which he takes an unlucky fish into the boat, whether weighing 5oz. or 5lbs., would astonish any of Edison's inventions. A large black bass, for instance, is imparted such a tremendous momentum while in the water that he fairly flies, as though thrown from a catapult, above the water and into the boat. And another, very successful at casting flies and bait, who never had a reel, uses a pole about 20ft. long which perhaps will weigh as many pounds, made from some sapling, cut, peeled and dried, a line two-thirds as long as the pole, large and of linen, making a derrick-shaped arrangement that no snag is likely to break, and from which fish of any nature or size land on shore or in a boat without ceremony.

Such is catching fish, pure and simple, but the processes practiced will not, in my opinion, allow it to properly come under the heading of "sport," but it only goes to show the practical and utter uselessness of much of the so-called "fishing tackle," for anything but show and pleasure; and the latter being the one aim of a large majority of anglers, we shall all continue to use the class of rig that will require an encyclopedia or a Cheney properly to enumerate. PAYSON.

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN.—IV.

LANSING, Aug. 26.—Prof. Cook tells me, that the first edition of 8,000 copies of his book, "Birds of Michigan," is fully exhausted, and that the secretary reports over 1,000 applications for a copy of the book have been received and placed on file. The Board of Agriculture will quite likely order an extra edition. Prof. Cook has accepted a professorship in the College of Agriculture of California, and he has resigned his position in the Michigan Agricultural College, to take effect at the close of the college year. We deeply regret that he is to leave us, as his entire life work has been intimately connected with the educational interests of Michigan, and with us he can do great good, but—money is mighty, and will prevail.

Mr. Frank E. Briggs and Mr. Sedina have just returned from a two weeks trouting excursion to the Little Manistee in northern Michigan. They have had lots of fine sport and great luck. They have remembered several of their Lansing friends by presenting each of them with a nice string of extra fine trout averaging about 1½lbs. each. Mr. Elton Essylstine spent a couple of weeks early in the season at the same place where the Briggs–Sedina party have so successfully laid siege to the trout family, and Mr. Essylstine's good luck was the inspiration responsible for the sojourn of the Lansing fishermen on the charming Manistee. Mr. Briggs is a sportsmen to the manor born. This is his second trouting trip to northern Michigan this season, and this together with his regular weekly outings at Pine Lake, Park Lake, and at his great friend Cliff Foster's, ought to keep him in good shape to handle his Parker hammerless to good advantage a little later among the quail and ruffed grouse. He is a good judge of guns and tackle, and nothing in the way of sporting goods is too good for his use or too good for him to buy. The woods and lakes, and streams of Michigan are as familiar to him as his own cozy room at the State Treasurer's Office. The big trout in his far away home, the covey of ruffed grouse in the tangled thicket, the bevy of quail in the stubbie, are all well known to him, and when he touches the button at the front door he is sure to find the whole family at home.

A friend of mine at Lansing wished to get a .22cal. repeater, and as he desired to know exactly what to expect of the gun he addressed a letter to the Winchester people, and I inclose their reply, which is sufficiently plain so that any person can understand fully what was asked. The inquiry related to the .22 lon g, .22 short and .22-7-45 repeating rifle, model 1890. They write:

Your favor of June 29 relating to the .22cal. rifle is received and contents noted. All of those guns weigh very nearly alike. They are sighted to shoot center at 100ft. The term "point blank" does not indicate anything to us. In old brass field pieces, where the line of the metal bore a large angle to the line of the bore, there were two points blank, first where the projectile coming out of the gun passed the line of the metal in rising, and again in falling. Such a state of things cannot be said to exist in small arms, although this term is often used. We are at a loss to know what people mean by it. We have, therefore, stated generally that the guns are sighted to shoot center at 100ft. In going that distance the bullet may rise an inch above the line of sight; it is intended to touch the line of sight again at the target point. Touching your last question, these .22 guns, fired at the height of the shoulder and exactly level, will probably carry 75yds.

He ordered a .22-7-45 Winchester repeater model 1890. When the gun came Mr. C. J. Davis, one of the best rifle shots in Michigan, took it to try at a mark. At 50yds. the ball went true to the center. At 80yds. it did not fall below the center more than 1in., the ball penetrating a 1in. board and a ¼in. board, and then went on its way. I am satisfied from this simple test that the Winchester people do not know what the shooting ability of the .22-7-45 repeater really is. It certainly has a far greater range and a much greater penetration than one would expect after reading the above letter. It would seem that the Winchester people would ascertain accurately just what their rifles would do before putting them on the market. In a thickly settled country like Michigan one must know exactly where a ball will go in order to avoid unpleasant complications. I will try to give you actual results at the target of the shooting ability of the .22-7-45 Winchester repeater as soon as a favorable opportunity presents.

While speaking of the .22cal. gun I am reminded of a circumstance that happened at Lansing two years ago that fatally illustrated the penetrating ability of an ordinary BB shot. A small lad and his sister were shooting with a breakdown wooden gun, with one BB shot in the magazine. The gun accidentally went off, sending the shot into the chest of the little girl, and she died in a few hours. Another circumstance, equally as remarkable, occurred the same season. A gentleman with the same style of a wooden gun and one BB shot fired at a yearling Jersey heifer. The shot struck the Jersey near the eye and killed it on the spot. It is quite essential that one who is to shoot so powerful a gun, even as the .22cal. rifle, should know exactly what the gun is going to do.

This morning as I was riding through a swampy piece of ground bordering a shallow pond, I noticed that the blackbirds, of the crow variety, were flocking together preparatory to their fall southern journey. It recalled an amusing fishing scene at the same place last spring. One morning early I was just nearing this same little pond, when I noticed a large flock of crow blackbirds busily engaged about something that seemed to interest them greatly. I stopped my horse, and after waiting a while to feel assured that I was not going to disturb them the birds began to dive into the water and were soon catching tadpoles by the score. The water was 5 or 6in. deep and the bottom of the pond was covered with tadpoles. The birds would dive into the water, in many cases going in all over, and they would come out with a tadpole in their claws or beak almost every time. I have often seen blackbirds steal young sparrows from their nest and tear them to pieces and eat them, but I never before saw blackbirds fish for tadpoles. By the way, did you know that a nice broiled crow blackbird, on a well-browned bit of toast, was a mighty dainty dish?

Yes, we have quite a crop of rattlesnakes this year. Mr. Philo T. Daniels killed a couple of dozen nice fat fellows last week while cutting hay on the Chandler Marsh. One day last spring, a lady who lives in the edge of our city put her milk pans out in the sun to dry. In a little while she thought she heard something drumming on the pans, and on looking out she discovered a big rattler coiled up on one of the pans and apparently amusing himself by rattling. One of Mr. Daniels's fellows had ten rattles, but the milk-pan rattler had only seven. We have a rattlesnake catcher who lives at the big marsh. He seems to have a faculty of getting along with the snakes without trouble, and usually has half a dozen quite tame rattlers as pets.

The new law creating the Michigan Naval Reserve is to include all yacht clubs, vessel men, sailors, tug owners, and all men who are employed about harbors and such as from their familiarity with our lakes and rivers can be of service in case of war. The bill was gotten up by members of the Detroit Yacht Club, and quite likely the State organization will be more or less controlled by the club. Col. McComas, of Lansing, is an ex-commodore of the yacht club, and he is greatly in favor of the organization. The Navy Department has sent the Governor the necessary blanks and instructions for the enrollment, and the work will be begun at an early date. JULIAN.

[The rifleman appears to have misinterpreted the manufacturers' statement respecting the range of the Winchester. A gun sighted to shoot center at 100ft. will of course carry its ball further than the 80yds., and when aimed at the mark at that distance, the barrel of a gun so sighted is by no means "held exactly level."]

ON TILEFISH GROUNDS.

THE U. S. Fish Commission schooner Grampus returned to Wood's Holl yesterday noon after having survived the recent hurricane which caused so many disasters to vessels off our coast. She was on the tilefish ground, 95 miles S.E. by S. from Sandy Hook, during the storms of last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, lying to an anchor with 165 fathoms of hawser out.

On Monday morning it began to blow, increasing to a gale N.E. to N., from 19 A. M. to 1 P. M., and moderating about 3 P. M. On the evening of the 23d it breezed from 7 to 9, when it blew a gale and increased to a hurricane by midnight. This continued until 5 A. M. on the 24th, when it gradually decreased during the forenoon.

The Grampus was anchored, but struck adrift early in the evening of the 23d. Between 10 and 11 P. M. a Collins drag was put out by a new 4-inch manila warp, and this parted at once, with the loss of drag and line. She was then dragging her anchor, which brought her up to the wind occasionally until 3 A. M. on the 24th. Then she shoaled the water and came head to it. Oil had been used freely both forward and aft with good results in breaking the force of the seas.

At 4:30 A. M. a heavy sea broke high over the bow and swept the deck, breaking the main rail, smashing hatch covers, wrecking the wheel-box and carrying away the stern boat; it actually stripped the brass from the after part of the rail. Water poured into the companionways as big as a barrel and stood in the cabin and forecastle more than a foot deep.

The hawser parted with a snap and this saved the vessel. The first officer, Mr. Hand, was fleeting the hawser when the sea came aboard, and the second mate, Mr. Conley, was tending the oil bags. Mr. Hand saw the sea coming and jumped into the rigging as high as he could, but the sea broke 5ft. over him, loosened his hold and carried him back to the house stunned and bruised. Mr. Conley stooped under the rail and escaped the force of the blow, but was washed back and forth, bringing up finally against the break of the quarterdeck.

The men on watch jumped into the main rigging and saved themselves from injury. The Grampus was described by Capt. Adams as all in a tremble, and she must be badly strained. On Thursday morning she was kept off before the wind under a reefed storm trysail and foretaysail, and sail was gradually increased on the run home. The vessel lived in the very heart of the storm, and, considering that she is small and heavily sparred, it is wonderful that she came out of it so bravely.

The tilefish ground has been visited twice by the Grampus during August. The depth ranges from 70 to 75 fathoms, and the bottom temperature is about 52°F. The fish were taken on trawl lines baited with menhaden. On the first trip, in two and a half days' fishing, 24 fish were caught weighing from 7 to 35lbs. Three of the females had their ovaries partly developed. The eggs are said to be about as large as those of the cod.

Other fish taken in company with the tilefish were skates, little dogfish, conger eels and hake. The hooks also brought up sea anemones and starfish. On the first trip a shark and a small swordfish took the hooks while the men were hauling the trawl. A large squid was taken nearly in perfect condition from the stomach of one of these fish and a slender species of eel. The fish as a rule come up with the stomachs turned inside out.

The second trip was broken up by storms and the trawl was set only parts of two days. Twenty fish were taken, the smallest about 1¼lbs. and the largest 35lbs.

On the fishing ground were seen a few phalaropes and porpoises at the surface. During the first trip eight or ten large swordfish were seen and a school of supposed bonitos.

The tilefish was tried as a food fish at Woods Holl and found excellent either baked or broiled. The flesh tastes very much like crab meat. Specimens in alcohol will be sent to the National Museum, the Museum of Comparative Zoology and to various universities. The species is gradually increasing in numbers and will doubtless re-establish itself on the coast. T. H. B.

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

THE CHAMPION TARPON.

VISITING the Columbian Exposition in May last I saw for the first time the great tarpon which was taken by Mrs. Geo. T. Stagg, and which is the most prominent attraction of the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit. This magnificent fish, weighing 205lbs., and 7ft. 3in. in length, has held pre-eminence among captives of his species since May, 1891. Prior to that date Mr. J. G. Hecksher, with his 184lbs. fish, held the championship of tarpon taken with rod and reel. Mr. A. M. McGregor nearly broke the record last spring with a fish of 196lbs. Mrs. Stagg, however, still holds the belt, or cestus, or girdle, or whatever should be the appropriate decoration for her sex. The fish was a surprise to me, who have seen very many specimens of this grandest of game fishes, and who have struck and played at least fifty of them. An extract from a letter received by me from Mrs. Stagg soon after the capture of this fish may interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as briefly describing its capture:

"We certainly had wonderful success for the time we fished at Myers. Twenty tarpon in two weeks. Every day that Dode (the colored boatman) was out with us we caught fish, and had bait been plenteous, we would have caught more. We hooked twenty-five, lost five, three by breaking lines and two by faulty rods. The river was full of tarpon, the weather splendid, convincing us that May is the month, and it appears that the Caloosahatchie is the place. A prettier spot could not be found to angle for and play them. I inclose a scale from *The Tarpon*; I wish you could see him. He is grand! The first run took out nearly 300ft. of line, when Dode told me to strike him, not knowing what it was. On striking, he came out of the water, and then made another run, taking nearly all my line. The fight was a stubborn one, with few jumps, but a steady pull. When we got him in we found the snood nearly in two. It was the only one of the twenty which showed any wear to speak of. We had no idea that we had broken the record until the fish was put on the scales, though Dode said he was longer and larger than my first one which weighed 175lbs."

F. S. J. C.

POTOMAC NOTES.

SALT-WATER fishing at the mouth of the Potomac River has been fine for two weeks. At Colonial Beach Shannon reports fishing for young bluefish (Tailors) very good. Quite a large number of Washingtonians are stopping at this beach, and not a few enjoy the fishing. Shrimps are used for bait, and there is no trouble to obtain all one wants. The fish, of course, run small for the kind, but they are game and eat well.

Colonial Beach is a good point for woodcock also, one party bagged 16 of these birds in a single day's outing.

Piney Point is having good fishing this season. Rockfish are plentiful and are biting well. As a matter course, spots, croakers and other fish are abundant at the mouth of the river. Much fun has been derived from fishing the creeks at night, when they are found full of fishes.

Mr. Mohler made a trip to Farnham, Richmond county, Va., recently and while there went over to the Union Mill pond, which is full of large-mouthed black bass. This pond is near the Chesapeake, between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, and at the time of M.'s visit was low and roily, the water having been swashed up on the banks by high winds.

Union Mill Pond is one of a hundred of ponds which teem with large-mouthed black bass in the lower counties of Virginia. Along the Rappahannock are ponds, one at Urbana, so well stocked with bass as to satisfy the cravings of hosts of anglers. They are game fish, too. It is a delightful trip to the Rappahannock by steamer from Baltimore.

In the upper Potomac bass fishing has improved, and from the Great Falls to the headwaters of the river the fish are biting.

Mr. Tom Marion reports a bunch of young willets on flats of the Eastern Branch above the navy yard. One was shot by a boy and taken to the Smithsonian for identification. Tae occurrence of these birds at this time (Aug. 13) is unusual, as they are rarely seen here during the summer.

A few yellow-shanks have also been seen. BURT.

Channel Cat on the Fly.

FAIRMONT, W. Va., Aug. 20.—At this place, in the Monongahela River, about the 1st of August, A. B. McDonald caught a catfish—one of the kind known as a channel cat in this neighborhood—upon an old-judge fly while fishing for bass. A few days after he caught another upon a Montreal. I received the story of these two catches with something of a mental reservation, as I could easily imagine a fisherman scratching for bait who had failed to entice the wily bass with the fly. A few days after that, however, a friend returned from a camp up the river with the report that a channel cat had been caught there on a set line, having in its mouth a fly which had been lost by one of the party the day before. This is the first time I have heard of a catfish striking a fly, and I would like to know if any of your readers have experienced a similar circumstance. C. W. W.

Chicago Fly-Casting Tournament.

SECRETARY F. B. DAVIDSON, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, writes of the club's angling tournament, which will be held Sept. 21: "We announce as two of the judges Dr. Jas. A. Henshall, in charge of Angling Pavilion, World's Columbian Exposition, and Mr. Wm. C. Harris. Mr. Geo. W. Strell consents to act as the other judge, provided we cannot find some one else who will be acceptable, and we may announce a change later. Since programmes were printed we have secured several valuable additions to our prize list, and many more are promised, which we will announce later.

He Woke Them Up.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 23.—A shot from a Kodak pointed at Mr. Frank J. Clark, one of our best anglers, at the time he woke up the nest of hornets while brook trout fishing in the southern part of the State last week would make an interesting picture and one gotten up without regard for etiquette on his part. The hot-footed "birds" are still guarding his rod and several uncomfortable spots on as many different parts of his anatomy he still retains as souvenirs of his sport. He reports but little water in the streams and very few trout. PAYSON.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her luck.

OREGON, Long Island (Cutchogue), Aug. 6.—Fishing has been good during the past few days, and large strings of blackfish are being caught. J. Carr 27, J. O'Neil 46, R. Lang 15, F. Sheil 17, J. Smith 21. Mr. O'Neil caught largest, 8¾lbs. All Brooklyn residents. With good weather fishing will be fine for a long time to come.

JAMES J. SMITH.

THREE LAKES, Aug. 22.—Mr. Albert Young, of Kansas City, caught in two days' fishing, at Butternut Lake, 94 bass, average 2¼lbs., largest 4¾lbs. Mrs. S. E. Young, of Chicago, caught a 26½lb. lunge. Fishing is good.

F. R. FRENCH.

Driven Out by Black Flies.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 19.—Our party of three have just returned from the Triton tract, the other side of Quebec, Canada, and we had a rough and tough experience. Weather very hot; water very warm. We caught no big lake trout, as they kept in deep water. Only the mountain trout would rise to the fly, and then only in the rapids in the cool of the morning. The most taking bait was a yellow fly, a Parmachenee-belle. The black flies were out in swarms and so tormented us that we had to leave or be eaten alive. Three days were enough for us. This experience taught me that fishing in Canada is like anything else. It has its drawbacks as well as its advantages.

To-morrow my brother and myself start for Jerry's Ferry in the Maine woods. Will notify you later of our luck. SILVER DOCTOR.

Bass at Alexandria Bay.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., Aug. 22.—The fishing here is good as illustrated by the catch to-day of F. W. Emery and A. E. Clark off Point Jolly Oaks. The day was fine, and after baiting for wall-eyed pike and waiting a short time for a bite, they had a pull on the rod, and in landing the fish found it to be a wall-eyed pike weighing 8¼lbs. In one hour's fishing they caught six more weighing 6, 5, 5¼, 6¼, 7 and 8lbs. We find the fishing greatly improved this season. We have had a photo of some of the largest, and will send you a print. While in Redwood to-day I saw a black bass taken from Butterfield Lake, which weighed 4½lbs.; and several others of varying weights, 3 to 3½ and 2½lbs. Fishing there is good.

W. H. THOMPSON, Sec. Anglers' Ass.

Big Basswood Lake.

SOWERBY, Can., Aug. 6.—We were induced to come here by the letters and description in FOREST AND STREAM last fall by the "Kingfishers." We find their account in every description regarding fishing up to the mark. In fact, we find it over and above their statement. There are four of us in camp, Paul Zagelmeyer, Alexander Zagelmeyer, Jack Zedar and the subscriber, all from Bay City, Mich. We find Mr. Dyer a disciple of Izaak Walton, a lover of the gun and a good judge of a dog. He is expecting some of the "Kingfishers" back again this week, for they are not satisfied with the sport they expected at Platt Lake, where they are at present. Any gentleman wishing good fishing may safely be advised to locate her. Trout are just making their appearance.

H. WOGEL.

Set-Lines in Massachusetts.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Aug. 24.—Six men have just been arrested here, tried and fined $14.20 each for using set-lines in Whalom Pond, not far from this city. The prosecution was pushed by the fish and game committee of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. The club proposes to stop the illegal taking of fish and game, both out of season and on Sundays. It is high time that these abuses received attention.

The Whalom set-line fishermen had about 50lbs. of fish, including pouts, perch, bass and pickerel. They had three log trawls out. To these trawls were fastened about a thousand fish lines. B.

The Game Channel Cat.

BEATRICE, Nebraska, Aug. 20.—I shall send you an article on channel catfish some time when I can spare the time, and will describe a truly game fish, which is unknown east of the Missouri River, for the benefit of the wielders of the split bamboo "buggy whip." Last week I was out one evening and got nine; and had a four-pounder run out nearly 125yds. of line, three times in succession, before I brought him to the net. EL COMANCHO.

The Goggle Eye.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 21—In "Answers to Correspondents" in last issue you make me say, "Our goggle eye is a poor fish, etc." If you will refer to my letter you will see that I said pan fish. It is considered a fine fish here, weighing from 1 to 3lbs., and esteemed very highly. H. E.

Where to Go.

ANYBODY desiring information with regard to the hotels advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, such as rates, routes, fishing and hunting opportunities, should address FOREST AND STREAM Information Bureau, where all reasonable inquiries will receive prompt answers.

No Rattler, But a Rattling Good Paper.

HENDERSON COUNTY, N. C., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have not been able to secure another rattler to send you, but have people on the lookout for one. The change of date of publication of your valued paper is very acceptable to such as live so far off as this. I can now enjoy it the same week as published, which is a boon I could not before realize. Thanking you for the alteration, I am sincerely yours, GEORGE HOLMES.

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

New Publications.

"CAMP-FIRES OF A NATURALIST."

PERSONS who have visited the Kansas State Building at the great fair in Chicago, cannot fail to have noticed there the large and effectively mounted collection of North American mammals which forms a part of the exhibit of the Kansas State University. There may be seen buffalo and elk, wild sheep and white goats, fighting moose and snarling wildcats, playful panthers and sneaking coyotes, besides many smaller species. In the collection most of our important North American mammals are represented and the groups are of unusual interest.

A book which tells how these animals were collected has just been written, and, as will be evident to any one who looks at the collection, such a story covers hunting in many fields in the western portions of this continent. Practically, all the animals here on exhibition, besides many more which are not shown, were secured by Mr. L. L. Dyche, who is the Professor of Zoölogy and the Curator of Birds and Mammals in the Kansas State University.

"Camp-Fires of a Naturalist," written by Clarence E. Edwords, and published by D. Appleton & Co., gives the story of 14 collecting expeditions made in search of North American mammals for the Kansas Museum, and is compiled from the field notes and diaries of Prof. Dyche. The book is simply and well written and gives a carefully accurate picture of one phase of outdoor life. It deals wholly with facts which are treated in a matter of fact way, and in the relation there is no striving for effect. No effort is made to tell exciting hunting stories, but the volume gives a very faithful picture of the labors which must be undergone by the hunter, and especially by the hunter who is trying to collect museum specimens.

Usually a book of this kind suffers when it is written at second hand. However well the work may be done, no story of what a man has accomplished can be told as completely by another as by the chief actor or an eye witness; no recital made up from note books and diaries alone can present a picture as vivid as that given by memory assisted by dairies and note books. The facts which are the body of the story may all be set down, but the feelings and impressions of the men who saw and acted are needed to breathe life into that body, before the reader can see the pictures drawn, as they were seen by him who took part in the events related. Mr. Edwords, however, has succeeded in putting real life and spirit into the story of these hunts, and his work is quite remarkable for its fidelity.

Prof. Dyche is a good specimen of a self-made Western man. From nfancy his days were passed in Kansas, and from his earliest years necessity made him a worker. At the age of twelve he could read a little, and by sixteen had saved enough money to enable him to go to school. After three years spent in the State Normal School he entered Kansas University, then in its infancy, and after five years work graduated at the head of his class, obtaining two degrees. During the course of his studies Prof. Snow became interested in young Dyche, and after his graduation offered him the position of assistant in his department. Later, the chair of Anatomy and Physiology was created and given to Dyche, and again still later, he was made Curator of Birds and Mammals.

It now became Dyche's ambition to make the collection of mounted mammals in the Kansas State University as complete as possible, and in securing specimens for this collection he traveled over a great portion of the Western country. The book tells of killing antelope in Kansas, bears in New Mexico, wildcats and turkeys in the Indian Territory, white goats in the Cascade Mountains, mountain sheep in the coast range, moose in the Northwest Territories, and elk in Colorado, and mingled with the travel and the hunting adventure which constitute the main portion of the book, is a great deal of useful information about the habits of the animals which the hunter was in pursuit of.

The volume is illustrated by thirteen full-page half tone engravings, which are reproduced from photographs of mounted specimens. Among the species so figured are the white goat, prong-horned antelope, two species of deer, grizzly bear, moose and elk. Many of these half-tones are made more effective by vignetting, the back ground of sky having been cut away. We notice that the titles of the illustrations facing page 21 and 97 have been in part transposed. The figure of a white tail buck is called a mule deer buck, while the plate of a male and female mule deer is called a group of Virginia deer.

The book contains a great deal of information which is worth putting on record in popular and attractive form, as this has been put on record, and it ought to be in the library of every big game hunter and of every one interested in the mammals of the United States.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Aug. 30 to Sept. 2.—Blue Grass Kennel Club, at Lexington, Ky. Mr. Roger Williams, Sec'y.
Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone. Sec'y. Entries close Aug. 31.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Mount Holly, N. J. H. I. Budd, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 11.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park, Cranston, R. I. D. C. Collins, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 4.
Sept. 25-30.—Kansas City, Mo.
Sept. 26 to 29.—Ottawa, Canada. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. R. J. Gallaugher, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Don't forget that Toronto entries close Thursday, Aug. 31, with C. A. Stone, 82 King street, Toronto.

Toronto Dog Show.

MR. STONE says the entries are coming in in good shape and the prospects are that the Toronto show which opens Sept. 11 will be the most successful one ever held. They have accommodations for something like 8,000 dogs, and everything will be done to secure the comfort of exhibitors and their dogs. Judging will commence promptly on Monday, Sept. 11, at 2 P. M. Exhibitors from a distance can send their dogs to arrive on Saturday, the 9th, which will give them all Sunday to rest.

Acknowledgment for the amount of the entries will be issued immediately upon receipt, and the identification papers and numbers of dogs will follow later. By these means exhibitors will be made aware that their entries have been received and their dogs entered.

The following additional special prizes have been offered: The association offers a bronze medal for the best skye terrier in the show, and Mr. A. E. Foster, of New York, donates an Obrig Camera Co.'s Kodak for best brace of field spaniel bitches.

The exhibition outside of the dog show will be the grandest ever held at Toronto. Over $100,000 has been expended on new buildings, and the ring attractions will be the best that money can procure.

Remember that the dog show entries close Thursday, Aug. 31. Premium lists can be procured at 82 King street, E.

THE DOG IN THE ART PALACE.

I must say that I found many beautiful paintings and sculptures in the Art Palace which had no reference to dog and gun or fish and rod. Still, here and there were marine, river, field and forest views. The dog appeared oftener in scenes of domestic life than in shooting or hunting, presumably so because artists are generally not familiar with the dogs and his uses other than as seen in everyday life. The dog, too, were not intended, in most instances, to be faithful representations of a breed or type, but merely to produce an effect, to complete an impression of home life or to give animation or action to some scene.

The shepherd and his dog, watching his flock in the solitudes of the wilderness, or gathering them in to an inclosure for the night, appeared to be a favorite theme. One painting depicts the shepherd clad in a heavy fur coat, sitting on the ground cutting a loaf of bread, which he is cutting the wrong way. The flock of sheep is gathered around him, each one looking at him in wonderment. The dog sits by, with head hanging contemplatively, and gazing intently on the loaf with a gravity which denotes more than a speculative interest. He seems to wonder whether any of that loaf will drop for place.

"Requiescat."

A painting which attracted a great deal of attention has the above name, "Requiescat," and is numbered 411, in the section set off to Great Britain. It portrays a knight in full armor lying rigid in death upon a bed richly furnished with a delicately worked counterpane, which hangs irregularly over the side to the floor. The raised visor shows a manly face set in the fixed hard lines of death. The figure is that of a symmetrical yet powerful man who probably had fought once too often. The hand of the dead warrior rests close by the bedside. His dog, a bloodhound, sits with his side to the bed, his head pressed close to his dead master's hand. The dog is the only watcher. In his eyes are a depth of unutterable mournfulness and grief. Dejection marks every lineament. Sitting by the bedside of his dead master with his cheek pressed lovingly to the still hand, he is an embodiment of fidelity, unselfish grief and love. There is a deal of pathos in the picture. The picture itself is most artistically executed. The texture is wonderfully good. The armor shows the blue smooth polish of burnished steel with its reflections of lights. The woven chain at the joints at the shoulders and elbows looks like real chain. The bedpost is hard dried of fine grain wood, with a season crack in it, and it is rich in color. The counterpane had all the softness and fineness of cloth in its look, and the embroidery on it seemed as real as if done with silk by the deft hand of woman. Its coloring is excellent. The coloring of the dog, too, is good. His figure is not bad either, though the anatomy might be better. But the expression of mournfulness and affection which the artist put into the attitude and expression are admirable.

"The New Whip."

This picture, too, is quite good. It is No. 71, in the British section. A four-year old youngster, clad in the too plentiful folds of his father's scarlet cloak and hunting cap, holds a hunting whip awkwardly in his hands. His face shows all the importance of childish authority as he stands in the center of a pack of hounds. The dogs are good-naturedly fawning on him or gazing on him with affectionate looks, utterly ignoring his assumption of authority. They are quite faithfully drawn and colored. The texture of the coats is also well shown.

"Stag Hunting in a Sea Fog."

This picture, No. 307, in the British section, was intended to be a spirited portrayal of dashing action in horses and dogs, in foggy weather, at a deer hunt, but the most robust feature of it, after a horse or two and riders in the foreground, and a hound or two of weird figure, followed by a procession of goblin dogs, is the fog itself. The scene and the ears of the dogs would suggest that they were intended to be hounds. But the procession of dogs can be seen far into the fog, though the second or third dog, close in the foreground, has lost his distinctness of outline. So, too, with the horses and riders. Each horse and dog has about the same action, legs extended fore and aft. It is a funny fog, too, for while it is thick in the foreground the dogs are lost to view chiefly by the distance. It is a poor portrayal of a pack, this string of dogs following by one and twos clear into the distance. It seems to me it is a mistake to attempt to show more in a fog than the fog will permit. There also

"ATTENTION!"
Judge Mason at the Wissahickon Show.

may be hounds somewhere like the ones pictured, but they probably were hid in a fog. With such hounds and such fog and horses—great sport.

In the British section, No. 406, entitled "Maternity," is a good painting of a lioness and cubs. The figures and anatomy are excellent, and the color and texture is equally good.

Oliver Twist.

No. 419 is called "He Walks to London." It shows Oliver Twist, one of Dickens's characters, walking along a country highway. A lithe, slender boy is he, well made, though with some of the sharp angles of boyhood in his figure, and legs and arms fully 3in. too long for the clothes, which he has outgrown. A collie of the kind which seldom takes a prize nowadays is frolicking with sheep close by. The boy is so intent on his journey that he gazes not on either dog or sheep.

Daniel.

No. 412 is a good painting of a group of lions, large and small. They gaze on Daniel, some kindly, some fiercely, who is in their den. Daniel appears calmly indifferent.

Herder Assembling His Flock.

No. 90, in the Belgian exhibit, in the gallery, is a pastoral scene, showing a herder with a prick-eared dog at work in a half-hearted manner. No. 91, another picture, is sheep, shepherd and a long-legged, smooth-coated, bushy-tailed dog with a strong family resemblance to an exaggerated fox. Very few of the portraits of collies in the Art Palace look like the dog show collie, or *vice versa*. Also each artist appears to have his own inspiration of color and type.

In the German exhibit, No. 573, in the gallery, are four panels, paintings of guns of old pattern, crossbows, armor, swords, daggers, gamebags, etc., wonderful in carvings and jewels. The paintings look so real that not infrequently the visitor takes a side view across the surface to see if he is not deceived. The many kinds of jewels on the handles seem real. The metal with its color, hardness of surface and polish appears to be genuine. On the scabbards are pictures of battles, delicate carvings in elaborately fine detail.

A zinc cast of a life-size hunter and dog called "In the Shooting Stand" is a most spirited portrayal of a hunting scene. Dog and hunter seem to have just heard the approaching game. The hunter rests on one knee. With his left hand he firmly holds down his dog. In his right hand he holds a double rifle by the grip of the stock, his finger on the

"AN ANXIOUS MOMENT."
Wissahickon Show.

trigger ready for instant action. The figure is that of a man in the prime of life, handsome and athletic, clad in full hunting costume, and full of the spirit of the chase. Opposite this is a zinc cast, life size, of an older man in a plainer costume. He is on both knees on the ground, near a badger's burrow. In one hand, he holds in check a dachshund by the loose skin of its back. This cast is called "At the Kennel of a Badger." It is well proportioned and life like.

A bronze eagle from Japan is a masterpiece of fine work. The figure is perfect, and the feathers, corrugations on the feet, etc., are worked out in patient and accurate detail. It is numbered 14.

Breaking the Home Ties.

This picture, from its homely pathos, is never without a group of admirers. It all centers in the common, everyday family life of the people who make a country—the workers. A home, plain in itself and plainly furnished, has become too small for the family, or other places lure the oldest boy away with promise of fame and profit. The boy is an ordinary one. They are all homely, earnest people. The moment of separation has come. The mother, homely of feature and cheaply clothed, but with the love for her son and fortitude to bear the ordeal of separation showing in her face, is giving her boy parting advice, which like many thousands before, is undoubtedly largely wasted. The driver stands by waiting till the final farewells are said. A filled carpet bag denotes that with its contents the boy must begin his life's battle. The father is thoughtful, the grandmother sits at the humble breakfast table in apathy, and the sister sits on a chair with a hand gently resting on the head of the family dog, the latter gazing curiously at his young master as if unable to solve the emotional outbreak in the humdrum life of the home.

The dog, too, is a marvel. It is too bad to find fault with anything, even the dog, so well conceived and arranged is the picture, and with a pathetic story so plain that words are not needed to tell it. It appeals to every visitor, for every man and woman has felt the force of breaking home ties some time in life.

But that dog is a marvel. He has a frank, honest expression, as becomes a dog of good associations, and he is not ungrateful, as shown by his deep and solemn interest in the proceedings; but he is the wearer of a coat beside which that of Jacob would be commonplace. The dog is rough-haired, and in contemplation was a collie. An infinity of tints in his color are used to produce the proper effect. Blue, yellow, brown, black, white, green, orange and some others I could not determine, were mixed in spots around the head, neck, shoulders and hips, probably to produce correct markings, but they made the poor dog look too dudish for his surroundings. The sooner that dog can shed that coat, the better. No man can object to it for want of markings, but, somehow, it is wrong.

Training the Dog.

No. 211 in the U. S. exhibit is a charmingly executed picture of a group of bootblacks, each clad in the tattered, odd garments peculiar to them, and each had his box slung to his shoulder. They are gathered about one of their number, who is giving a command to a small cur which he has placed on the head of a barrel. A frayed cord hanging loosely on the dog's neck suggests how the boys led him to the secluded corner where they would be free from interference. The boy holds forth his hand, and the expression of his face denotes that he expects his order to be obeyed. The dog does not understand, looks cowed and apprehensive of harm, holds up one paw and appears so willing to obey did he but know how. The faces of the boys are a study. All have the sturdy look of health and self-reliance, but each one expresses a different emotion. One looks eagerly as if he expected the command obeyed at once; another looks on compassionately; and yet another looks cold and wise as if he knew just how it would all be. The faces are all interesting and intelligent. The artist succeeded admirably in bringing out so many expressions and emotions in so natural a manner. Still, it is hard for the dog.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Field trial entries which close Sept. 1 are the Ohio Field Trial Club's Derby, with G. L. Mellinger, Canton, O., and the United States Field Trial Club's winter Derbys, with P. T. Madison, Indianapolis, Ind.

Puppies at Walk.

How many kennels send their puppies out to walk? Comparatively few in this country. The average dogman thinks he has done the right thing when he has built himself a kennel—ornate or just in the rough—with runs, they must all have runs, where the dogs exercise themselves just about as much as a New York alderman. Many of our kennels are run on too-confined principles. Put a dog of the larger breeds in a run, however large, and spare enough time from your other pursuits to judge for yourself how much exercise that dog will take and you will learn a few things. When the dog turns out in the morning he may take a scamper to the limits of his domain and greet some kennel acquaintance through the railing, but with courtesies exchanged he walks leisurely to a favorite corner and there curls up for a snooze or a loaf, till excited by some passing object or noise he tears round for a minute or so and all is quiet again. This, in many kennels, is kept up day after day, week in and week out. Then the owner wonders how it is that his dogs don't thrive, that the knee joints are enlarged and cow hocks so prevalent, hair falls out and sores appear. Put yourself in the dog's place. What inducement is there to move about, what object in life has the dog, what anticipation, except feeding time? His lot is worse, or as bad, as any prisoner of the old Bastile. Show time comes around and the dog is "fattened up," but little, if any, more attention is paid to proper exercising, the dog is benched and what wonder, when he finds himself one of several hundred other dogs, he becomes so excited that he puts himself into temporary sickness—diarrhœa and other ills the show dog handler is familiar with. We are speaking now of young dogs, tenderfeet in every sense of the word. After the stuffing process, with little exercise and rich food, after being accustomed to plain tack, comes skin diseases, indigestion and their attendant annoyance and horror.

This is roughly the average life of an American dog in a kennel with others. There are good kennel men and bad, the former we have nothing to do with here, they know their business and are scarce—very. It is to the men who having charge of kennels take to the work because it is easy, or they think it is, and do not try to undeceive themselves by making it otherwise, that we draw attention. The owner is a business man and perhaps sees his dogs for a short time in the evening or the morning before he goes "down town," and must therefore depend altogether on his kennel man's inclination and veracity. Orders are no good unless they are carried out. Many a time we hear an owner in speaking of his kennel say: "My dogs get so many miles' walking exercise every day." Do they? Not in nine cases out of ten, unless some member of his family is interested enough to see that this is done, and few owners are so happily situated.

This brings us to our first question. The future of American dog breeding depends upon more attention being paid to the "walking" of young stock, whether it be fox-terriers or St. Bernards. Most of our large kennels are in country towns or the suburbs of large cities and so accessible to farming districts. Though it will be probably more difficult here to find farmers or country people willing to take dogs to walk than it would be in England, where the foxhound and fox-terrier element has made this custom so well known and familiar to the country people, still, by judicious selection aided by liberal inducements in the way of cold cash, good results may be obtained. There are many small farmers in every district whose women folk would be glad to walk a puppy or two for the extra pin-money they would derive from it.

There is always something going on at a farm, and the puppies, free from restraint and innocent of collar and chain and with bellies well filled, feel free to take an interest in anything that comes along from following the cows to pasture to chasing the chickens. If only one puppy can be walked, this one will generally find a companion or two in the farmer's dogs, with whom he can have a rough and tumble and a scamper. Then when he is brought in, though his coat may be dirty and in the rough, still ten to one his limbs will be sound, his health good, and he will need no kennel drugs or appetizers. The kennel man then has a rough diamond, that with a little refining is ready for the bench. The dog being vigorous and healthy, other things being equal, he or she will be far more likely to produce sound offspring than kennel-reared stock. The cost of walking puppies, all things considered, is little more than the expense

"HARD TO TELL."
Judge Davison at the Wissahickon Show.

of raising at home, and depend upon it it pays double in the end. The simple absence of risk from distemper, when a lot of puppies are kept and reared year after year on the same ground, should alone induce kennel owners to make an effort to get their pups away.

Columns might be written on this subject, but the advantages of the system are so apparent that it is unnecessary. If you cannot find "walks" for all your pups, pick out the best and sell the rest—at any price, you will find this the best plan in the long run. Keeping a pup that you really do not want, because a standard price is required for it, is a penny-wise policy, for you may keep the dog a year and in the end get no better price. Among those we know of who walk their puppies are the Blemton, Rutherford and Hillside kennels, all fox-terrier breeders.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3)

Rinada Pointer Kennels.

POINTERS! Yes, it was all pointer. We had pointer on the train, pointer for lunch, pointer during the afternoon with our pump water, and then dinner with pointer as the *pièce de résistance*. And when after hurried good-byes we took our seats in the train for Newtown Creek, the rival of the setter was trotted out again—figuratively speaking—there wasn't room to do it properly. If there is a pointer in this country that has a reputation to swear by and that did not come in for discussion at one time or other during the day we would like to meet him and congratulate him. Sex was no protection, the points of a Lady Gay Spanker were as ruthlessly discussed as Graphic's latest escapade with a mastiff, in which the latter had dispoiled the great champion of several lumps of proud flesh.

The reason of it all was that Mr. Adrian C. Pickhardt, of New York city, having for some time past devoted his spare time and cash to breeding pointers, felt so well satisfied with the result that he thought he would like some of his friends to participate in the general felicity.

A party of several gentlemen more or less interested in pointers accepted the invitation and trusted their lives to the tender mercies of the L. I. R. R. Co. on Saturday last as far as Massapequa, L. I., where Mr. Pickhardt's kennels are situated on a farm about a mile from the station, and after lunch at the famed Massapequa Hotel, not far away, the dogs were visited and we were introduced to Mr. Edward F. Verity who has them in charge. The party consisted of Messrs. James L. Anthony, Jas. Mortimer, who had driven over from Hempstead behind a cracking pair of horses which are said to be equally as clever over the fences as they are good-looking to the pole, Geo. Jarvis, G. Muss-Arnolt, James Johnson, W. Tallman, Major J. M. Taylor, and the FOREST AND STREAM representative.

The first dog we were showu was a nice-looking pup by Ridgeview Donald out of Miss Arkon. Then we strolled into the barn, where in a stall eleven very young youngsters gamboled round Westminster Ina. One of these belonged to Bloomo II., or rather used to, and two to Dauntless, by Chancellor. There are several future champions in this lot, as many of there were visitors, and of course as they were still in their very earliest maturity it was easy enough to predict their future, even to the extent of sundry rash bets. Joking aside, they were a nice lot, and there were three or four that really looked like keeping their heads, though whether they will do as well on their legs is a matter of dim future treatment. One, by Duke of Hessen out of Bloomo II., seemed a general favorite. Moving into a two-acre field, where the kennels proper are, a crowd of pointers greeted us through the wires. The first shown was Solitaire, a 12-months-old bitch by Ridgeview Panic out of Revelation, and she takes a good deal after her dam, a nice stylish-actioned bitch. Then came a rather coarse but active dog, Lad of Beppo, by Ridgeview Dazzle out of Daisy Wooster, showing Naso of Kippen and Beppo III. blood.

After him came Spendthrift, a young dog of which his owner has fond hopes. He is by Pontiac out of Bloom, has a nice head and would be likely dog all round if his hind legs were just a bit stronger. Chancellor was another nice one, by Lad of Kent out of Ridgeview Lass, the very essence of good pointer blood. A bitch we liked was Ridgeview Stella, by Beppo III. out of Bloomo II., 12mos. old, very pleasing head and expression. Jingle Bell, who was seen in New York is barring her rather coarse short head, one of the best made in the kennel, capital legs and fair body. Then there was Lady Scaron, a heavy liver and white bitch whelped Dec. 1, 1891, broken and looks a useful sort. Miss Arkos, by Arkos II. out Lorle, is a useful breeder, a black and white bitch; Bloomo II., by Lad of Bow out of Bloomo, shows her breeding, and though she was hog fat and bag down, we could see what she is. Mr. Anthony kept his eye on her. There were several other bitches, but they need not be mentioned here, well bred but not show dogs.

The kennels are built of pine and are divided. There is one large room where the dogs sleep on benches arranged round the sides *à la* foxhound kennel. The floor slopes to a drain in the center. A smaller room at the end is used for chains, collars and the other necessaries of a kennel. There are three runs surrounded by wire in an inclosure 150x60ft. wide. The kennel building is about 40x13ft. Mr. Verity evidently knows how to keep his dogs, as there were no sores visible and dogs were in good condition.

By this time a move was made to the orchard, where the pump handle was brought into use to mix things and help along the pointer arguments that were being discussed. Mr. Pickhardt is a genial host and it was unanimously agreed that every one had spent a pleasant afternoon.

The owner of the Rinada Kennels has succeeded in getting some of the most fashionable blood, and with care and judgment he should make his mark still deeper in the pointer world. We wish him the success he deserves.

Dog News from the Old North State.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We have had a most favorable year in this section for the hatching and rearing of quail. The crop may be considered safe and it brings joy to the heart of the trainer as well as to the man who shoots for sport. I at one time belonged to the latter class myself.

News from my training grounds, which embrace an area of 12 to 15 miles in every direction, are most flattering; the farmers say the fields are alive with young quail, and the biggest coveys they "ever seed."

I make it a rule to stand in with the farmers (I am one myself). I praise the babies and the old lady's cooking and shake hands all around when I leave. The farmers as a general thing are a peculiar lot of individuals, honest and hard-working, but with a special antipathy for the average town and city sportsman, and often with good cause.

Men go out for a day's hunt, they go on a farm without permission, use no discretion as to where and when they shoot, they sting up a plowing mule with No. 8, or perhaps put a shot through the farmer's car or scatter them around the house. If the owner protests against such usage they swear at him and threaten him with a full load if he says much. This has been done to my knowledge—and one such act will cause a prejudice in a neighborhood that will extend for miles.

But let me tell you what it is that gets clear down to their "innards," and that is to see a man walk off with his hunting coat bulging out with birds. He wants some of the meat, a luxury to which he is unknown, except what few he gets in a trap occasionally. I always made it a rule to give them some, and since I have been training I give away nearly all I shoot.

The best quail shooting is often found eight or ten miles out from town, and one must give up all idea of luxury and even comfort in many places. I stopped at one place last winter, and being much fatigued, slept soundly. When I awoke next morning I beheld a sight which greatly amused me—the old folks being short of bed room, had piled about half a dozen children in with me, and it has always been a mystery to me how we all slept so well.

On another occasion a friend and I went for two days shooting on foot. The first night we stayed with an old farmer whom we knew. It was one of the coldest nights I ever felt—the wind blowing bitterly. After getting supper I made it known that I wished to retire, when I was conducted to the shed room, just large enough to hold a bed and a chair or so, and I found a plank clear off on a line with the bed. I decided to sleep in front that night, and my companion being rather corpulent served as a good wind break for me, and I passed the night in perfect comfort.

The training season is nearly here, and Sept. 1, will find me hard at work yard-training my dogs. I have quite a nice string, and a more promising lot I never saw. Two English setter bitches by Roderigo ex Topsy, belonging to Mr. D. G. Rowland, of Louisville, Ky., are perfect beauties and full of quality. Mr. A. T. Latta, of Denver, Col., is the possessor of a most promising pointer. I will handle these three in the Eastern, Southern and United States trials B.

Mr. F. L. Cheney will come in with several for the Irish setter trials, as he always does. I look for them some time in September, headed by that grand dog Henmore Shamrock. "Rock" had never seen a quail till a few weeks before I ran him in the trials last year; he made a remarkable good showing and it was owing to one of those "off days" when he was in the second series or he would have cleaned the field up, as he was fully capable of doing it. He is as full of quality as a dog can be, chock full of vim, go and dash, has an exquisite nose, endurance in the highest degree and a strong will of his own. I have seen that dog run the most perfect heats while in training, pointing covey after covey, single after single, without an error.

I have another promising Irish setter for the Derby, owned by Mr. C. C. Nutting, of Blacksburg, S. C.

I have trained many Irish setters and I find them to be as easily managed as other breeds, yet the prevailing idea is that they are hard-headed and need a great deal of whipping. Individual dogs of all breeds have their peculiarities.

Teaching a dog to drop to shot and wing, and quarter his ground, is, I am glad to see, growing obsolete; both are useless and an actual detriment to the dog.

I have a pointer that has always hunted on his own judgment, and any one seeing him hunt out a field would never want a quartering dog. His judgment is better than any man's living, he knows just how to take advantage of the wind and where the birds are likely to be. I have found him on as many points in out-of-the-way places, brier patches and thickets, as I ever did in what I thought likely places.

When the fact is recognized that the dog knows more about finding game than the man, a decided step will be made toward his improvement. HORACE SMITH.

MONROE, N. C., Aug. 12.

A New Jersey Pointer Kennel.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Aug. 20 I paid a visit to "The Elms" kennels, owned and conducted by Mr. Cyrus P. Wilcox, situated about one and a half miles west of Westfield, N. J., and a more lovely spot for a kennel could not be found anywhere. Plenty of shade, good water, and the kind of care and attention that keeps dogs on edge all of the time.

I thoroughly examined my latest purchase, Cadet, a beautiful black, white and tan setter by the grand old champion Gath's Mark ex Blue Ridge Belle, to my great satisfaction, and her litter sister, Minnie's Girl's, I presented to Mr. Wilcox as a slight expression of my appreciation of his splendid care of the many dogs he has boarded for me. I then proceeded to look through his kennels and found about fifty of the best looking pointers that I ever have seen, among which might be mentioned the well-known Ridge View Faust, by Beppo III. ex Lady Norrish II., a very useful looking liver and white dog; also a brother of Faust, who should make a splendid field dog, judging from his actions about the place. Then there was the liver and white Peggy, by Go Bang ex Meteor's Madge, with eight beautiful puppies by Ridge View Faust. This litter I have never seen equaled for beauty, symmetry and pointer character throughout. Miss Lancashire, by Ridge View Faust ex Bess of Lancashire, has seven handsome liver and white puppies by Lad's Boy, by Lad of Bow ex Bloomo; Frivolity II., who is very proud of her five handsome puppies by Lad's Boy; Beryl, by champion Graphic ex Frivolity II., with seven liver and white puppies by Ridge View Faust, and two well-grown puppies by champion Graphic ex Meally's Baby. By way of diverson, I also saw a litter of good-looking Gordon setter puppies out of Queen Bess.

All of the above pointers, with the exception of one, I believe, are the property of Mr. Wilcox, and taken as a whole I doubt if there is a finer lot of young pointers in America to-day. I could not resist the temptation to invest in a liver and white pointer that suited me very well.

If any one who visits "The Elms" kennels cannot please themselves with a pointer, Mr. Wilcox has several dozens of the most fashionable strains of pit games, and it is no trouble to have a little "matinee" while waiting for a train, as Cy is not averse to exercising the young cocks.

GEORGE W. LA RUE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Aug. 24.

Irish Setter Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Irish Setter Club claims the dates Nov. 27, 28 and 29 next on which to hold their fothcoming field trials. Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburgh, is to judge them. The exact location has not yet been decided on, but one will probably be secured in North Carolina. Now that the Irish setter men know when the trials will be held, who will judge, and their probable location, they should at once begin to prepare their entries. The entry blanks cannot be gotten out until we have secured grounds. As to exactly what prizes will be offered it is impossible to tell, but we expect to hold the trials at the above time and trust the Irish setter men will support them. The withdrawal of Mr. Bishop owing to bad health, and the losses suffered by Messrs. Perry and Hamilton through McLin's cruelty, will cripple the club somewhat and renders it more necessary that those who have heretofore not run their dogs should now come forward and help us to make a satisfactory showing. The contest between the native bred and foreign dogs is not yet settled. The latter will receive a valuable addition through the importation of Dr. Jarvis of the famous dog Signal. We will then have Blue Rock, Tearaway, Henmore Shamrock and Signal representing the Muskerry blood, Finglas, Coleraine, Inchiquin and Claremont Patsy representing the Frisco strain, and various natives to uphold the home stock. I shall again endeavor to worry the foreigners with a daughter of old Tim. My two Derby entries are dead. One was a fifteen-months-old bitch; she was by Adonis (a brother to my bitch) out of Silk, who was by Chief out of a Tim bitch which was inbred to Rodman's Dash. This pup had plenty of "go." I brought her to the city and the first time I let her loose she bolted, and after chasing her for about a mile she finally distanced me, and I afterward found out she had been run over and killed. The other pup was a Blue Rock one out of Spinaway. Fits was the cause of his untimely decease at the age of eleven months. He was promising, not being afraid even of firecrackers, certainly a good test, and had a nice, lean, long head. To provide against future contiugencies I have now three pups by Finglas out of my Currer Bell IV., and if these all die I have two more which I can fall back on, so I live in hopes I still believe that the Irish setter is the equal of any of the other breeds and trust to see it publicly demonstrated. G. G. DAVIS, Sec'y I. S. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 26.

Gets There Every Time.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Through my "ad" in FOREST AND STREAM I have sold the pointer bitch Christine (Shenango Chief—Prairie Belle) in whelp to Rip-Rap, Jr. She goes to Mr. J. D. Bush, Peoria, Ill. I have also sold a dog pup by Breckenridge's Nod, to same party. I find an "ad" in FOREST AND STREAM gets there in good shape every time.

EMSWORTH, Pa. FRANKLIN POINTER KENNELS.

Northwestern Field Trials Entries.

THE following are the entries for the All-Age Stake of the Northwestern Field Trials Club—English setters 16, pointers 13:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

MATANE—W. B. Wells's black, white and tan dog (Mark I.—Cambria).

LUKE—W. B. Wells's black, white and tan dog (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

CHLOE—W. B. Wells's black, white and tan bitch (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

DUFF—W. T. Hunter's black bitch (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).

PET—W. T. Hunter's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone)

KENWOOD—Chas. Proctor's black, white and tan dog (Cinch—Steven's Ruby).

DICK BONDHU II.—John Woolton's black and white dog (Dick Bondhu—Manitoba Belle).

GAMBIT—G. O. Smith's black and white dog.

BRIGHTON TOBE—T. G. Davey's dog (Locksley—Ledderdale).

TOLEDO BEE—Eddy & Armstrong's black, white and tan dog (Toledo Blade—Maggie Bee).

SWAB—H. A. Greely's black, tan and white bitch (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).

WINNIPEG—Thos. Johnson's black dog (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).

PSYCHE—Thos. Johnson's black bitch (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).

SUT—Thos. Johnson's black bitch (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing).

MANITOBA PATTI—Thos. Johnson's blue belton bitch (Duke of Gloster—Flora).

ATALANTA—S. W. Smith's black, white and tan bitch (Jean Val Jean—Sheena Van).

POINTERS.

SAM—Thomas Stone's liver and white dog (Coton—Psyche).

DOGWOOD—A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Cowslip).

KING OF MANITOBA—R. I. Whitlas's liver and white ticked dog (Upton—Blithe).

SPOTTED BOY—Chas. Proctor's liver and white dog (Trinket's Bang—Nellie Bow).

GEM—Thomas Johnson's liver and white ticked bitch (Upton—Blithe).

DIAMOND—Thomas Johnson's liver and white ticked bitch (Upton—Blithe).

SAL—Thomas Johnson's liver, white and tan bitch (Coton—Psyche).

JONE—T. G. Davey's liver, white and tan dog (Lord Graphic—Devonshire Fan).

VICTOR—J. B. Kelly's liver, white and tan dog (Coton—Psyche).

BUNTY—Thomas A. Montgomery's liver and white bitch (Ightfield Dick—Polly Peachem).

COTON—J. C. Philips's liver and white dog (Ponto—Dainty).

LONSDALE—J. C. Philips's liver, white and tan dog (Coton—Psyche).

LORD GRAPHIC'S JUNO—G. O. Smith's liver and white bitch (Lord Graphic—Patti Iona).

The following have entered for the championship cup. (The winners of the Derby and All-Aged are eligible for this stake).

POINTERS.

Musa (A. P. Heywood Lonsdale's) winner of English Kennel Club's All-Aged stake.

Spotted Boy (Chas. Proctor's) winner Central Field Trial Club's Derby.

Manitoba Shot (Thos. Johnson's) winner Northwestern Club's All-Aged stake.

Alberta Joe (John Sharple's) winner Northwestern Club's Derby.

SETTERS.

Toledo Bee (Armstrong & Eddy's) winner International Club's Derby.

Dick Bondhu II. (John Woottou's) winner Manitoba Club's Derby.

Pitti Sing (Thos. Johnson's) winner International Club's All-Age Stake.

Paul Bo (Chas. Merrill's) winner Southern Field Club's Derby.

Influence of a Previous Sire.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As doubtless a large number of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are interested in the above question, especially any scientific treatment of it, I point to what may have escaped many, that the subject is discussed in its scientific aspects by no less a man than Herbert Spencer, the great philosopher and biologist in a paper in the August *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "Professor Weismann's Theories." He does not himself lean to the theory, with which among cynologists the name of Everett Millais has been connected, but expresses his own conviction that, "We must take it as a demonstrated fact that, during gestation, traits of constitution inherited from the father produce effects upon the constitution of the mother, and that these communicated effects are transmitted by her to subsequent offspring." I do not know who first put forward this view; but it is the one that I myself suggested in discussing the subject some time since in another kennel journal, as it seemed to me, though not without its difficulties, less open to objection in the present state of knowledge than any other. But the last word of science has by no means been spoken; and there is no room for a positive opinion, much less of cock-sure dogmatism. I trust that out of the vast number of researches now being prosecuted by biologists on cells, including the germinal cells, some new and more certain light may appear.

WESLEY MILLS, M. D.

PHYSIOLOGICAL LABORATORY, McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

Cruelty to Dogs.

FRANK SCHREIBENSTOCK, of Newark, N. J., is not making a very pleasing record for himself these "dog days." For some time past he has been in the habit (he is an engineer) of throwing stray dogs, which he finds near his place, into his furnace, where all trace of them is soon lost. A summons against him has been granted the owner of one of the cremated dogs. In the meanwhile he has been convicted of cruelty to another dog, Justice Rapp, of Newark, N. J., fining him $20 and costs.

The case raises an interesting point of which many people are in ignorance. It seems Schreibenstock shot a dog and wounded it badly. The animal managed to get out on South Orange avenue, Newark, where it fell and died in about half an hour. Its howls excited the entire neighborhood. Complaint was lodged with Colonel E. S. Edwards, secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and he prosecuted the accused on behalf of the society. William B. Guild appeared for the defendant. The right of the defendant to kill the dog on the property of his employer was not denied, but to satisfy the law he was required to kill it in short order. It was urged by Colonel Edwards that although the defendant had every opportunity to kill the dog, having gone out on the avenue while the dog lay howling in the gutter, he did not put it out of its misery. The defendant testified that when he went to look for the dog after having wounded it, he could not find it. Several witnesses testified, however, that the dog lay howling in the street for

from thirty to thirty-five minutes within 200 feet of the front of the slaughter house, and Colonel Edwards contended that it was impossible for the defendant not to have seen it or heard it if he had made any effort so to do.

Mr. Guild contended that the dog was a sheep-killing cur that had gone on to the property of Mr. Mayhaum to kill his sheep, and that the engineer had done his duty in the premises, and that he had made every consistent effort to kill it at once. He could not help it if the dog escaped. The point in the case, Mr. Gould said, was, had Schreibenstock tried all he could to kill the dog. He thought the evidence showed that he had.

Justice Rapp thought that if the defendant had looked for the dog at the time he said he did, eight or ten minutes after he shot it, he could certainly have found it on the street, and he thought the law required him to kill it if he could. As it was the dog had been mutilated and left to die, so the Justice gave judgment as stated above.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Field Trial Judging.

FROM a gentleman who is thoroughly familiar with field trial matters I have received a letter from which I take the following:

"I expect to see a big change this season in the awards with the new list of judges which have been appointed. I do not think the bolting dog, which knows nothing but to run in a wild condition, selecting his own course and doing almost anything he pleases and little that he is wanted to do, will find as much favor as formerly.

"In company with two excellent and practical field sportsmen lately both assured me that unless the practical gentleman's shooting companion was preferred to the wild, uncontrolable, nervous, flighty animal the days of field trials were numbered, or, at least, the general interest in them. Not that they want plugs, but they want the dog with the most qualities for game finding. Not one which possesses speed and range, and is lacking in other more essential qualities, but one which will adapt himself to the work required, fast and intelligent in the open, and hunting to the gun in cover just as lively and quickly, all with the least possible noise or interference by the handler, so that a day's shooting can be a pleasure and enjoyment rather than a day of irritation and dissatisfaction. I often hear that FOREST AND STREAM has a clear lead now."

In respect to the last clause, one hears the same everywhere.

As Handler's Feel.

The following letter shows a sentiment from the handler's standpoint. It will explain itself. Coming as it does from one of the most noted handlers in the country, it is worthy of consideration:

"I want to talk a little on a subject uppermost in my mind, if, as the boys say, it is only 'through my hat.' I refer to the reference in your notes to a letter received from Mr. J. M. Freeman, in which he says he is a little surprised that the handlers are so slow in contributing toward prosecuting McLin, the dog burner. I do not know how the other handlers feel in the premises, but, speaking for myself, will say I feel no obligation to contribute a cent.

"There seems to be a feeling among some that there is an unwritten law by which the entire body of handlers may be held responsible for the acts of any individual who may feel inclined to advertise as a competent handler and by offering to do first-class work at one-third what it is actually worth, secure the patronage of a class of small breeders who are breeding wholly for profit, and only have a dog trained that they may more readily sell the inferior animal they breed. I consider the reputable handlers in no way responsible for the inhuman act of this person McLin. So long as there are men ready to patronize this class of trainers, so long there will be men to solicit their patronage. I received a letter (which I inclose) from a gentleman that wrote me last January, asking me what I could train his dog for. I gave him my usual fee. For while solicited constantly to give my lowest price, I have found it is just as much work to train one man's dog as another, and in working for the public there is only one honest fair treatment of all, and that is one price to all.

"I get letters from parties who, as a special inducement for me to lower my price, offer to give me a good send off through the sporting papers. They evidently over-value their influence and forget that the same reputation for honest, fair dealing that brought my name to their notice will cotinue to bring me patronage on my own merits as a trainer without their newspaper puffs. This practice is as pernicious as it is common. But I will venture to say that these articles always bring to the public notice some obscure individual whose advertisement will follow it shortly.

"In my own personal experience figure several individuals who had never trained or attempted to train a dog until they put in an advertisement for dogs to train. One I have in mind got six or eight dogs the first year and the distemper got among them and all died. The next year he got one, and how he has made it since I don't know. Truer words were never printed than what I quote from 'Modern Training, Handling and Kennel Management.' It says: 'A proper training is the result of honest, diligent effort and skill. Any system, professed to be a short, certain system, by which a dog can be taught in a few weeks, by unusual methods, is either the result of a very imperfect knowledge of training, or an utter disregard of facts Assuming the most favorable conditions, four to eight months at least will be required to complete the education, although as a matter of course every day of that time is not devoted to it. Overwork is as incorrect and as useless as any other erroneous method. Occasionally a dog performs well with a less period of instruction. On the other hand there are dogs that require too full seasons. However, six months can be safely estimated as the average, if the last three months of the training are in the open season.'

"This is a good thing for those who want a dog trained for $25 or $35 to ponder over. If they will figure the cost of building a kennel in which dogs can be kept comfortable and healthy (a 9x18 shed, without windows, would not answer the purpose). And feed the dogs good healthy food (a "kettle of bones" once a week would not be sufficient), and then put in all one's time training and personally looking after the dogs, and I fancy if the handler who attempts it at any less than the usual rates, the figures would soon put him where the boy who attempted to figure how long it would require the cat to get out of the well got the cat.

"My opinion of this McLin matter is that if the State in which the crime was committed, and the men who owned the poor brutes offered up in sacrifice cannot prosecute the man who committed the crime without pecuniary help from outside parties, McLin will have to go without the punishment he deserves. But as for me, poor as I am, if a party tortured my dogs in such a way, I would have manhood enough and sufficient sentiment to put my hand in my pocket for a larger bill than that subscribed by the owner of some of the dead dogs. Charity begins at home, and in this instance the leading parties in the prosecution ought to be those most interested; but from Mr. Freeman's story they have left him in capacity of 'bag holder.' According to the munificent sum they subscribed toward the prosecution fund, it appears that, if they put their own valuation on the dogs in proportion to the amount subscribed, the only thing to deplore is the suffering the poor brutes underwent, as the owners' loss was someone's gain." B. WATERS.

DOG CHAT.

Toronto Show.

The following communication has been received from Mr. Stone: "I would like to call the attention of intending exhibitors at the coming Toronto show to the different sweepstakes to be competed for at that time. These sweeps are entirely in the hands of exhibitors, and if understood by them should fill well and make them worth winning. The association does not receive anything, only compelling those competing to enter in the regular classes. The entrance fee is $2 and are for Canadian or American bred dogs and bitches who have never won public money previous to the show. All moneys so received are divided among those competing, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent." The following special has been received from a member of the National Beagle Club: $5 for best beagle in the show, $5 for best dog over 13in. and $5 for best bitch in the show. Last year exhibitors who had shipped their dogs by express, which were unaccompanied by owners had some trouble with the American Customs on returning their dogs from Toronto show, the customs authorities demanding a certificate of ownership. This has now been overcome by making arrangements with the American Customs through the express companies, and with these identification papers exhibitors will find form of certificate with full instructions which will pass and return their dogs without any trouble.

Important Cocker Transfers.

The Brant Cocker Kennels, of which Mr. Charles M. Nelles is the manager, will reappear on the show firmament with added attractions. From being a strong black cocker man Mr. Nelles is turning his attention to the "Reds." No one can deny that cockers of this color are very prepossessing, and we do not wonder there is a good sale for them. It will be seen by the information Mr. Nelles conveys below that his kennel will make a strong showing in this color. He writes: "As an item of news I beg to notify your valuable paper of one of the largest deals in cockers that has taken place in Canada for some time. It is the purchase by our kennels of eight red cockers from Mr. Andrew Laidlaw. They include Challenge Red Roland; the good new dog Golden Rod, by Red Roland ex Dutchess; Red Vic, by Champion Cherry Boy ex Vic; Robina, a red bitch by Roland ex Ula; and four red pups, also by Red Roland. Red Roland was bred by the Brant Cocker Kennels, so he only comes to his own again. We now have largest and best kennel of red cockers in the world, and will make a good showing at the fall exhibitions."

The Chasers Chased.

John Dunn, of Pittsburgh, Pa., finds there is a difference between hunting wildcats and cats that are tame, and Agent O'Brien, of the S. P. C. A., demonstrated this to him by causing his arrest for cruelty. John had heard of fox chases, and concluded that puss would do instead of reynard at a pinch. He owns two hounds, and securing a cat he hied himself to the grounds of the Eagle Gun Club, where he turned puss loose. The hounds went for the cat, which never moved, but shortly after turned the tables and chased the hounds round the field, till finally they sought shelter behind their master. The latter, disappointed with such a termination of his pleasure, it is alleged, heat the cat unmercifully and left it half dead on the field. A spectator put the animal out of its misery and then informed Agent O'Brien. Dunn, it was expected, would meet with his reward on Saturday last, when the case was set for trial.

Sale of Desdemona.

Mr. D. E. Packard, Belmond, Iowa, informs us that he has just sold the English setter, Desdemona, by Roderigo, out of Lady Glendesse, to Pugh & Withey, of Grand Rapids, Mich. He adds: "Mr. Pugh writes me he will breed her to Guths Mark. I look for grand results from this union, as I consider Desdemona one of the finest brood bitches in the United States."

Probably a Show at Harrisburg.

There is a movement on foot among the local fanciers of Harrisburg, Pa., that may result in a dog show. The idea at present is to hold the event in the Kelker Street Hall, the latter part of September. There is a number of good dogs in Harrisburg and vicinity, field dogs especially. Prizes will be offered and it is expected that the affair will create more than local interest.

Pointer Arthur Changes Quarters.

The pointer Arthur, illustrated recently with champion Graphic in a field scene in FOREST AND STREAM, has been sold by Mr. Chas. Heath to Mr. Fred Hodgman, Tuckahoe, N. Y., who will use him for private shooting. Arthur is well known to pointer men, winnings at New York and Boston being found in his record.

Death of Lora.

It is with regret we announce the death of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Lora, whose sensational run through the trials last fall is in the memory of all interested in field trials and field work. Lora died of blood poisoning after having had a litter of puppies. She was by Gladstone Boy out of Ruby D.

The Blue Grass Kennel Club entries closed with a total of 561. Foxhounds led with 151.

A new journal devoted to poultry, pigeons, dogs and pet stock will be started early in September under the joint ownership of Messrs. Blunk and Drevenstedt. Mr. Blunk is well known to both dog and poultrymen, being president of the association that gave the shows at Gloversville, N. Y. Mr. Drevenstedt, who did so much for the *Fancier's Journal* as editor of the poultry department, will be the editor of the new journal, which will be styled *The American Fancier*, and published from Johnstown, N. Y.

A new building has been erected by the Lawrence, Pa., County Fair Association at Newastle, Pa., for the dog show which is to take place. The building is 250ft. long, open at both sides and along the center passes a tier of benches. A number of entries have been promised and the show is expected to be a great improvement over that of last year.

The Boston Terrier Club will hold an important meeting Sept. 2, at Young's Hotel, Boston, commencing at 7 P. M.

The Mount Holly show promises well, and we hear of a number of probable entries. It is a pity the show clashes with the Rhode Island fixture, but as wins count many exhibitors will no doubt take advantage of the probable absence of rivals and count one in on the A. K. C. Frank P. Smith, we are pleased to see, will have charge of the kennel department of the fair. The fair itself is always an interesting one and well worth visiting.

An interesting point in the dog licensing question has just been decided in Bridgeport, Conn., by Judge Kane. The question raised was whether the person was liable on retaining a dog in one town on the license procured in another. It seems a Mr. Hurlburt was brought to court for having in his possession a dog for which he had not taken out a license in Bridgeport. His defense was that the dog belonged to his sister, who had already paid for a license, but in another town, and he was merely keeping it for her for a few days. As he offered to procure the license the judge continued his case for a few days, at the expiration of which time Hurlburt presented the license granted in the other town, and the judge ordered that a record of it be left in the town clerk's office.

Binghamton, N. Y., will hold a show September 19 to 23, in connection with the exposition. Mr. Henry S. Martin is the secretary.

A number of puppies have been lost to futurity lately. Somerset Kennels mourn about a dozen, and H. W. Huntington and Mr. Whiton have had several sudden deaths among the young stock. In Mr. Huntington's case had drinking water is said to be the cause, dead toads and so forth being found in the well.

Mr. A. D. Stewart is fairly in it, according to an "If you see it in the *Stock-Keeper* it's so" paragraph. He has dined at the Kennel Club, which puts the hall mark on him, and has visited several important London kennels.

We see that *American Stock-Keeper* falls into the error of saying that Messrs. Mortimer and Taylor will judge at Mount Holly. Instead of this Mr. Mason will take all classes. The management should make that correction.

A movement is on foot to have the Pacific Kennel Club hold a show in connection with the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco, Cal. The idea seems a good one, for it would be a better date than the May fixture.

Mr. J. B. Martin, well-known in San Francisco, has taken the opportunity of a visit to the World's Fair to see some of the Eastern kennels. Mr. Martin is one of the principal exhibitors on the Pacific Coast, fox-terriers, we believe, being his specialty. Mr. Martin stands well in his community and we bespeak a welcome to him. Communichtions to him can be addressed care of FOREST AND STREAM.

Bright Anticipations in Beagles.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While reading FOREST AND STREAM to-day I noticed your remarks in regard to the beagles at the Spa show, and your gentle reminder that I could now probably get suited if I still wanted a "world heater" for a stud.

Allow me to reply to this article by stating that I have met with the greatest success with the puppies I have bred this spring. In contradiction to what the dog press said about my Prudence, together with Gypsie A. and others, being too long cast, sway-backed, etc., last spring, just after the Boston show, and that they should he "weeded" out without delay, I would say that I purchased Prudence on the strength of the fact that she was litter sister to challenge Forest Hunter, champion Butterfly, etc., and is the only one of the litter that is over 13in. high. By this purchase I got a good bitch to breed from at a much less price than I could have obtained her litter sister Butterfly, and circumstances have proven that to such an extent that I would not place a price on her.

I bred her to champion Royal Krueger and I obtained a litter of four hitch pups with which I hope to win first money. Two of these puppies are an exact duplicate of their sire as far as outline, coat, head, muzzle, tail, legs, ears, etc., go, and one of these two is a "dead ringer" for Royal Krueger, color and all, with the exception of her ears, which I think are longer, considering difference in age, than his. Her ears are 14in. from tip to tip; she was whelped June 21, and when drinking her ears are in the water nearly a quarter of an inch. My Romp C. whelped Aug. 4, six pups (four dogs), to my champion Racer, Jr.—of course they are too youthful yet to foretell their career. My Miss Rogers (champion Royal Krueger ex Veiva), whelped five puppies (two dogs), to my champion Racer, Jr., Aug. 17; one bitch was since smothered by its mother; I expect some good ones out of this litter, as Mr. C. S. Wixom says his Royal Krueger bitches (and Miss Rogers can get in the money too) always have winners by my Ray (Racer, Jr.).

As I am having such good luck with the beagles that I have, I think I will "let well enough alone" for the present. I expect to enter a beagle in the large and small dog classes, one in the small bitch class and possibly one in large bitch class both at Nanuet and Oxford this fall.

Please accept my thanks for keeping the Shrewsbury Beagle Kennels "posted" in regard to the "good things."

E. GERRY ROBERTS.

RED BANK, N. J., Aug. 24.

Rhode Island Dog Show.

THE judges and the breeds they pass upon are officially announced this week: Mr. John Davidson, of Munroe, Mich., takes pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, bloodhounds, greyhounds, deerhounds and barzois; Mr. A. Wakefield, Providence, R. I., foxhounds and beagles; Mr. J. A. Bouttelle, Providence, R. I., Boston terriers, and Mr. Jas. Mortimer, Hempstead, L. I., all other classes.

This arrangement, with Mr. John Read, of New York, as superintendent, and a strong dog show committee with Walter J. Comstock, of Providence, of chairman, ought to be a sufficient guarantee to owners that the management make every effort to have their show first class in every particular. The new building, 180 by 90, is admirably adapted for holding a dog show. It can accommodate 600 dogs. It is well lighted and ventilated, supplied with wooden benches, and adjoining there are fifteen arc lights.

Entries close Monday, Sept. 4, and should be addressed Rhode Island State Fair Association, Cranston, R. I. The entrance fee is only $1 and the premiums fairly liberal.

Exhibitors should not feel disappointed that there is not a show at Chicago this fall, for though they may not have the opportunity of breaking the monotony by a stroll through the Midway Plaisance, they will find in Narragansett Park much besides the dog show that will be interesting There is a big trotting meeting. the association having offered $37,000 in stakes. There are to be twenty-two races, ranging from a free for all to 2:40 class. This is the largest number of races ever trotted in one week on any track in the world.

The fair is comprised of twenty-six departments, each one organized and officered separately, and taken together makes one of the most complete fairs in America.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Princess Avon—Milton. Grand View Kennels' (Danbury, Conn.) rough St. Bernard bitch Princess Avon (Prince Barry—Countess Sequa) to their Milton (Tartar—Lady Gair), Aug. 10.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Heather Bee. J. B. Blossom's (New York) imported Gordon setter bitch champion Heather Bee, July 12, seven (six dogs), by his Comus (Doy—Dott)

Elsie. J. B. Blossom's (New York) Gordon setter bitch Elsie (champion Argus—Laura), July 13, two dogs, by his challenge Heather York (Heather Harold—Bellmont).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Count Vernon—Fan C. whelps. Pointers, whelped April 18, 1893, by

Avondale Kennels, McAlester, I. T., a lemon and white dog to A. B. Snodgrass and a liver and white bitch to Geo. Stephenson, both of Krebs, I. T., and a lemon and white bitch to Richard Gutterman, Louisville, Ky.

Count Vernon—Fan C. whelps. Liver. white and ticked pointer dogs, whelped April 18, 1893, by Avondale Kennels, McAlester, I. T., one each to J. B. Riley, J. J. Clelland and Campbell Dutchburn, all of Krebs, I. T., and one to Richard Gutterman, Louisville, Ky.

Furr's Rex. Liver and white ticked pointer dog, whelped April 18, 1893, by Count Vernon out of Fan C., by Avondale Kennels, McAlester, I. T., to D. S. Lytle, Krebs, I. T.

Lady Peyton. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 2, 1891, by Brown Stout out of Bessie Beyton, by A. F. Hockwalt, Dayton, O., to Avondale Kennels, McAlester, I. T.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J K., Providence, R. I.—Spiona is not registered, so we cannot help you. Better write to Mr. S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn. There is a Sprionia registered, by Sir Roger out of Dashing Daisy.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Kindly give me pedigree of the pugs Prince and Doddles. They are said to be registered in E. K. C. S. B. They are the sire and dam of Patience. Patience is dam of Drummer (E. K. C. S. B. 82,593). Ans. Neither dogs mentioned is registered in English stud book.

H. G. W., Bethlehem, Pa.—Sir Bedivere's pedigree is as follows: By Nero III. out of Bena, by Bayard out of Freda, by St. Nicholas out of Juno II.; Bayard by Bosco out of Juno; Nero III. by Boniface out of Bessie II., by Bayard out of Hebi; Boniface by Bayard out of Luna. Kingston Regent is by Prince Regent out of Lady St. Gothard, by St. Gothard III. out of Saffron; Prince Regent by Plinlimmon out of Miss Meg, by Duke of Leeds out of Lady Nell; Plinlimmon by Pilgrim out of Bessie II.

J. C. T., New York.—I have a fox-terrier dog three years old and apparently in the best of health; skin does not itch nor seem unhealthy, but his hair comes out very badly. He is washed every week. What can I do to keep him from shedding his hair? Ans. Treat for worms. Wash in a solution of creoline (1 to 60) once or twice a week and give the following mixture:

Maj. sulph.	3 iii.
Ferri. sulph.	grs. xv.
Acid sulph. dil.	℥ ss.
Aq. ad.	℥ iii.

Mix. Give one teaspoonful twice a day.

S. L. W., Windsor, Vt.—I think my brown water spaniel dog may have canker of the ear. He is always scratching his right ear, and at night he is very feverish, especially about the head. There is also a bad odor about him. He eats well, is well exercised and is playful. I ought to be able to treat him for canker, but unfortunately have not your paper to refer to, as I am not here for the summer, and my copies of FOREST AND STREAM are in Chicago. Ans. Give a purgative and use the following drops for the ear:

℞ Liq. plumbi sub. acet.	3 iv.
Acid carbolic	mx.
Glycerine	℥ i.
Aq. ad.	℥ iv.

Mix. Lotio. A little to be poured into the ears twice a day. You might also wash the dog in a solution of creoline (1 to 60). Repeat purgative in a week.

W. C. G., Bath Beach, L. I.—A gordon setter puppy after sleeping or while asleep suddenly breaks out howling as though being severely whipped. This lasts only a minute or two. While in this condition his urine flows freely. After his howls cease he hangs his head and gives short yelps if he turns his head or moves about. Takes sometimes an hour to get him completely over it. He then comes out as bright as a dollar. Rushes round and apparently is as good as new. Pup 3mos. old. I might add that about six weeks ago he fell off a step, but showed no signs of injury at the time. Ans. Treat for worms and give the following mixture:

℞ Pot. bromid.	3 iss.
Chloral hydras	
Liq. arsenicalis	āā ℥ i.
Aq. ad.	℥ vi.

Mix. Give two teaspoonfuls twice a day.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 3.—International Coursing Meeting at Huron, S. D. J. Herbert Watson, 26 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (chairman).

Oct. 17.—Kenmore Club meeting at Goodland, Kan. Frank L. Webster, Sec'y. Entries close Oct. 16.

Oct. 24.—American Coursing Club. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—The Cowley County Coursing Association, Winfield, Kan. J. R. Ballard, Secretary.

The Festive Fox.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having been a reader of your paper for a long time and having perused the sporting notes from different parts, I thought perhaps some ardent hunter would like a fox hunt at home as well as I do a bird or deer hunt from your paper, for when I cannot leave my work I have to fall back on the FOREST AND STREAM to help me out.

I have hunted the fox in many parts, but I think that old New England takes the "brush" of them all for fun and sport. Now, the hunt I am about to relate took place in Winchendon, on the northern line of Massachusetts, near Gardner, and any one that loves sport will find no better place in the State, for there are many more foxes this year than have been for a long time.

So to Winchester we went on Dec. 27. The party consisted of my friends and my old hound Ned, who has put in several years for me. Well, we made plans to be up and off by sunrise. My friends I shall call Sam and Will. Sam is in his infancy and a fox looks as large to him as a deer, but many are the "brushes" Will has taken.

Now it was not the best sort of a day, but it was then or never more. What is more exciting than to start out on a hunt at sunrise, with everything covered with frost, which sparkles like diamonds, and your noble dogs waiting to be released. Well, we are off, and late too, as it is every time, and we have not yet arrived on the ground and it is almost sunrise. Where shall we go to? We must get a fresh track and so we try the old stands, the Nineteen Hill, and start him in the swamp, for they must be there by this time, as it is getting late. We are on the hill and a very good trail is there, and old Ned is off like a shot.

Now, the track is fresh, and judging by his baying he will not be long in starting the fox. Will tells Sam to stand by the knolls and ledge, and he will take the lone pine, while I take the road to the north of the hill. Presently Will said the dog had started reynard and is off for his stand, and I place Sam. Sam asks: "How near will the dog be to the fox? Where will he go? How long will he run, and how long will I have to stand up here alone?" And as I went out of sight he lit his pipe and the expression on his face denoted what he thought—that a fox never could come there.

Well, in a very short time Ned was a mile to the north, but he soon turned the fox back, but he went south and it made me feel blue, for he had as good a chance to run my way as any other. In a very short time, however, he was on the hill, and I held my breath, for he would soon pass by Sam, but nothing happened. In a very short time I had all my nerves strained, as I saw him emerge from the spruce trees in my road on his way north once more. Shortly afterward I heard bang! bang! I have heard a man shout fire! but if you can imagine how Sam called that dog any one would have thought he had a dozen or more.

I had not heard the dog for a long time so I went to see after him, and as I came in sight of him I saw Sam with his gun up, and he had Will down by a small pine, and I thought he wanted Will to take a run and see if he could hit him. "Well, Sam, did you see him?" "Guess I did, the first time my gun was on that rock and he was right in my face. He was larger than any sheep you ever saw, and I wish you could have seen his tail; it was a yard long or nothing. Then I got my Parker and I talked to it like a father to his son. If Ned would only bring him back—and back he came, and he had lost more than 75lbs. of flesh." "Did you hit him?" I asked Sam. "Can a man hit a delusion? If so, I hit him." It was almost noon now and the fox was playing on top of Line Hill, so over we went, and we had not arrived on the hill when Will said he would cross by Cooks, and down he went, and we waited only a short time before—bang! Then we waited for the dog to come up. He came and in a short time he was still. I told Sam we would soon see his fox, and he told me we might, but he would never make a fox hunter. He thought rabbit or bird hunting was good enough far him. We walked down the road and found Will, and the fox near by. "Well, Sam, is that the one you saw?" "No, that is the third, and the first would weigh 75lbs., the next one 2lbs., and this one 20lbs." It was 2 P. M. now, and home we went to think of the pleasant time we had, and Sam said he would have given $10 if his gun had got the brush. Then back to our work we must go, but many a time shall we think of Sam's first fox hunt on old Nineteen Hill, Winchendon. C. E. BAILEY.

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National Fox Hunters' Association.

THE proposed organization of the National Foxhunters' Association at Lexington, Ky., this week, marks an important era in field sport and one fraught with great opportunities to the foxhound breeder and foxhunter. The scope of the organization, it is said, will know no State limit, and is to be representative and national in every respect. The benefits that should accrue to foxhounds from such an organization are manifold. The spirit of rivalry that exists among the owners of different strains of hounds will, under the guidance of this association, find a more practical way of exploiting itself than by "paper" cases. Trials are to be held in which it is certain that hounds from the most noted packs will take part, and thus the rank and file of foxhound breeders may be able to judge for themselves and profit by the information thus gained, as to which are the most suitable for work, and the fittest will survive.

In another way we trust that the association will be able to wield powerful influence in arriving at a greater uniformity of type than exists at present. It cannot be denied that as far as type goes the foxhounds of America are of all shapes and sizes. This is probably owing to the limited facilities which the average foxhound breeder has for securing desirable outcrosses and the devoting every energy to breeding an animal that would do the work required in time honored fashion. Type and uniformity, as exemplified in English packs, is in too many cases paid little attention to. If the new association can succeed in bringing owners of foxhounds together from time to time, thus affording opportunities for personal intercourse and exchange of ideas regarding their dogs, much will be accomplished in reality that a few have tried to do by newspaper wrangling.

A standard of points should be drawn up so that those who judge at bench shows would be able to give decisions that would in time bring forward a better and more uniform class of hounds than has been seen heretofore. American breeders say they do not want so much lumber as the English hound carries, at the same time in the framing of a standard no better one can be used than that for the English foxhound altered only to admit of a lighter build. The points lived up to in this standard have by careful work on the part of foxhound breeders in England evolved an animal that is considered the epitome of breeding for type and the purpose for which it is required.

FOREST AND STREAM has always had a tender spot for the foxhound and its owner, and devoted space to reports of all the trials for years past. It is our purpose in future to give the greater attention to this branch of sport which circumstances demand, and in this we trust we shall gain the confidence and friendship of every foxhunter in the country. This journal will be represented at the Lexington meeting by one of its staff editors, and a full report will appear in next week's issue.

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National Beagle Club Meeting.

An excellent committee meeting was held Aug. 28 at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York. Meeting called to order at 3:30 P.M. Present, H. L. Kreuder, in the chair; H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, John Bateman, Geo. W. Rogers and secretary Geo. W. Laick. Mr. Schellhass reported that Mr. W. H. Child would not continue as a member. The committee on special for Mr. Dorsey's Lee II., as absolute winner of trials of 1892, presented a very nice piece of plate which the president was requested to forward to Mr. Pottinger Dorsey. The executive committee then divided into two parties to choose officers for election, and the slates chosen will be forwarded to members for vote. Meeting adjourned at 5:10. A meeting of the field trial committee was then called to order. Voted to have premium list and entry forms printed and sent out to beagle owners. Mr. Wm. Tallman thought it to be to the best interest of the club to decline to act as judge at the field trials, and he strongly advocated Mr. B. S. Turpin. Moved by Mr. Tallman and seconded by Mr. Laick that Mr. B S. Turpin be invited to judge at our trials. Voted that Mr. Joe Lewis be accepted as judge. Mr. H. L. Kreuder was appointed a committee to see Mr. Turpin in relation to acting as judge. Adjourned at 6:20 P.M. GEO. LAICK, Sec'y.

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Foxes Shot and Foxes Run Into.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see that "F. J. H." in a late issue of your paper accuses those who shoot the fox of assassination. I think "F. J. H." must belong to that class of sportsmen who think their sport the right one and their way of carrying it out the only one to be recognized. It is one of the privileges of living in this grand country that there is always room for those who are not satisfied with their environment to move on. Because, through traditional associations, the manner of hunting the fox in many parts of the South when country is open and the hounds can be followed in the good old way, is by running into it. It is no reason why we sportsmen of the North may not shoot the fox when it is impossible to get him otherwise. I would like to know how "F. J. H." would circumvent sly reynard in the hill country of New England States—the country where the last Brunswick Fur Club trials were held, for instance? A lot of fun he would have in following his hounds with a horse or in letting the hounds kill alone. The man who follows the hounds on horseback is often inspired to deeds of derring do by the excitemeut of companionship and the close proximity to the hounds. It does not prove that he is a genuine sportsman at heart. There is no mistaking the spirit of sport when a man will get up some morning when the snow lies on the ground and the wind whistles cold and raw through the bleak hills. As soon as there is daylight and breakfast has been disposed of the tramp commences and several miles over very rough country may be traversed before a start is made. Then taking our stand, the chilliest and most trying part of the hunt commences. Alone on the stand, sheltered as best you may be by a friendly boulder or tree stump, you await your chance for a shot at the "dog" that stole your wife's chickens. You may stand there for hours with nothing to cheer you or inspire your flagging energies but an occasional bar or two of hound music conveyed on the blast that chills you to the marrow, or the echoing report of a gun in the hands of a luckier aim a mile away to your right.

It reminds me of the man in the trench under fire and the charge of the cavalryman, and there is just as much difference in the bravery of the two styles of fighting as in the true sportsmanship of the other.

Under these circumstances why should we not shoot the game we hunt on sight? If foxes were scarce there might be some argument against their extermination by shooting. If we New Englanders chose to shoot our foxes in the fair chase we have every right to do so, and there is no more right to call this assassination than it would be had we shot a quail. It is the custom of the country where we hunt and its pursuance will produce as hardy a class of genuine sportsmen as if they had followed the hounds on horseback, jumping only those places we were forced to and skipping the rest.

F. W. H.

WORCESTER, Mass.

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The abandonment of the Merced meet in California this fall in favor of the International Coursing meeting at Hurou, S. D., is bringing the Californians to a better feeling toward the latter, and it is now probable that a number of the best ones will be nominated. Nominations close Sept. 1.

Yachting.

THE correspondent of *The Yachtsman*, whose letter we publish in another column, is one of the closest observers as well as the cleverest of yachting writers on this side of the water; and now that he has been fortunate enough to witness some of the races on the other side, his comments are of special interest to Americans. From his close familiarity with American yachts, he is far better qualified to judge than those writers who, though of long experience at home, are really at sea as regards American yachts.

ONE of the many groundless stories which are just now passing for news is to the effect that one of the Cup defenders had been officially measured and found to be so far over length that the measurement had been suppressed and the other boats induced to refrain from being measured, so that the question of excess might not be raised. We understand on reliable authority that no official measurement has been made of any of the four, and that the story is entirely without foundation.

American Model Yacht Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Clapham Prize, August 26.

THE races for the Clapham prize, under the management of the A. M. Y. C., was sailed in a light southwest wind, the result being that the final race was postponed until Labor Day, September 4, when the three winners in their respective classes of to-day will come together to dispute the ownership of a handsome and appropriate prize in the shape of a model yacht 59in. over all and about 40in. l. w. l., 22in. beam, a representation of the Bouncer boat built by Mr. T. Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., Mr. G. G. Clapham, his son, being the donor. This model is now at the well house, Prospect Park. Two Connecticut model yachtsmen showed their stamina by entering their yachts and bringing them from their respective ownships, namely, Bridgeport and Greenwich. Mr. Pullman, representing the Conuecticut M. Y. C. and Mr. Charles Mallory, of steamship fame, representing Greenwhich, the last named gentleman's yacht, the Maria, giving the Brooklyn boats a very close shave, she being very ably sailed by Mr. Thomas Clapham, pushing Mr. Townley's Star very close in the third class.

The boats were sailed to windward, the winner in each of their classes to meet in the final as aforesaid. Remarkably good time was made considering the light airs, as the summary will show, the Neola showing that she is invincible in any kind of wind in her class. Mr. De Wolf has offered a handsome prize to be sailed for on September 4.

Yacht and Owner.	Length	S. A.	Elapsed	Cor.
FIRST CLASS—FIRST HEAT.				
Neola, J. E. Pfeiffer	52.9	3,632.3	9 41	9 22¼
Ohyesia, C. Van Ness	52.8	3,203.1	10 27	10 39
Marguerite, Herbert Fisher	52	4,670.9	10 10	10 40
SECOND HEAT.				
Neola			8 09	8 40¼
Ohyesia			Withdrew.	
Marguerite			8 39	8 50
SECOND CLASS—FIRST HEAT.				
Shoofly, George W. Lyon	44	3,809.7	8 42	8.57
Florence, E. W. Rogers	47.5	2,286.7	9 45	9 54¾
Girofle, H. H. Michalles	47.3	1,832.1	10 05	10 29¼
SECOND HEAT.				
Shoofly			10 07	10 22
Florence			11 43	11 23¾
Girofle			9 47	9 42¼
THIRD HEAT.				
Shoofly			11 49	12 09
Florence			Did not finish.	
Girofle			11 44	11 33¼
THIRD CLASS—FIRST HEAT.				
Dolphin, J. Smith	40.7	2,385	13 17	13 47
Star, George W. Townley	40.7	1,991.3	12 02	12 51¾
Star, Dr. Pullman		2,165	13 15	13 45
Maria, Charles Mallory		1,700	Outside flag.	
SECOND HEAT.				
Dolphin			13 39	13 59
Star			11 07	11 31¾
Star			14 09	14 34
Maria			11 25	11 25½
THIRD HEAT.				
Dolphin			11 26	11 41
Star			9 14	9 23¾
Star			10 08	10 09½
Maria			Withdrew.	

Winners of Prizes: First class, Neola; second class, Girofle; third class, Star. Regatta committee: Frank Nichols, Truman V. Brown. Judge: Commodore W. V. Hanson.

Owasco Y. C.

THE third race was sailed on Aug. 16, on Owasco Lake, from Dolphin club house to Edgewater, to Long Point, finish at Dolphin club house; distance, 9¼ miles. Weather fair. Wind N.E., light.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
La Fiance, J. M. Brainard	16.09	1 53 15	5 59 04	3 56 49
Bee, N. B. Burr	17.04	1 52 18	5 22 14	3 29 56
Asp, D. Beardsley	21.10½	1 52 26	5 16 05	3 23 39
Iddeways, F. I. Allen	31.02	1 54 10	5 48 28	3 54 10
Mystery, H. B. Lewis	22.00	1 52 55	5 33 57	3 41 02
Tamapsa, I. E. Thorne	21.10	1 51 45	Did not finish.	
Spar Hawk, P. Letchworth	21.06½	1 52 22	5 21 35	3 29 13
Bird, W. R. Hopkins		1 53 30	Did not finish.	
Undine, W. R. Hopkins		1 51 50	Did not finish.	

Winners: First, Asp; second, Bee; third, Spar Hawk. The Asp was awarded first prize by the committee for the reason that the Long Point Buoy was set so near to shore that she grounded and lost 2½m. in getting off. Regatta committee—C. E. Thome, F. I. Allen, N. B. Burr, W. R. Hopkins, C. U. Chedell. Judge, W. P. Allen. Timekeeper, H. Jay Case.

Mobile Y. C.

THE cup race was sailed on Aug. 20 in Mobile Bay. Courses: W. ¼ N. (mag.), 1⅝ miles; S.S E. ½ E. (mag.), 1⅝ miles; N.N.E. ¼ E. (mag.), 1⅝ miles; total distance, 15 miles. Weather cloudy to clear, with occasional rain squalls. Wind N. to N.W., force 3-5. Tide ebb.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mineola, A. E. White	30.06	2 04 55	4 35 56	2 31 01
Zephine, W. Bluwan	27.10	2 05 46	4 05 12	1 58 26
Siren, H. L. Pettus	31.00	Did not start.		
Commodore, W. E. Vincent		2 09 31	Did not finish.	

During the first lap, when between the last turn and the judges boat, the Zephine became becalmed, and at the end of second lap gave up the race. The Commodore, for some unknown reason, gave up the race before making the first lap.

Judges—H. D. Smith, G. M. Daniels, John R. Daily.

Beverly Y. C.

THE 201st race second championship prizes, open to other clubs, was sailed at Marblehead, Aug 12, in a moderate E. by S. wind and a dense fog. Not over half the entries were on hand, owing to the fog, and all but Ariel of the second class lost their way and withdrew.

Third class sloops apparently did not read their sailing rules, as they sailed the second class course. This race must be resailed. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ariel, J. Barrett, C. Y. C.		3 05 59	. . ..
Black Cloud, Taylor & Armistead, L.Y.C.	29.05	Lost in fog.	
Sihyl, E. P. Sharpe, M. Y. C.	26.05	Lost in fog.	
Keewardin, S. A. Burnham, Jr., C. Y. C.	....	Lost in fog.	

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Freak, E. D. Cochrane, B. Y. C.	25.07	3 12 43	3 01 27
Reaper, Com. Benson, B. Y. C.	24.00	3 14 02	3 01 00

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Magpie, H. G. Otis, B. Y. C.	22.04	2 38 14	1 54 23
Koorali, R. C. Robbins, B. Y. C.	23.04	2 07 52	1 59 34
Arab, W. F. Scott, S. B. Y. C.	....	2 11 55	. .. ..

FOURTH CLASS.

Bonita, C. O. Hood, C. Y. C.	20.08	2 02 51	. .. ..
Madcap, C. A. Elwell, C. A. Y. C.	....	2 06 59	. .. ..

KNOCKABOUT CLASS.

Otatsu, F. D. North, E. Y. C.	....	2 09 39	. .. ..
Jane, C. S. Parker, C. Y. C.	....	2 12 03	. .. ..
Nancy, John Saltonstall, B. Y. C.	....	2 15 06	. .. ..
Susan, Henry Taggard, E. Y. C.	....	2 17 25	. .. ..

Freak and Reaper sailed wrong course; race called off, will be resailed later. Mapgie ties Kooali for championship. F. Elliot Cabot, judge.

The 202d Regatta, first open race, was sailed at West Falmouth Aug. 19. The list of entries was exceptionally good, but race was marred by the light and streaky breeze, N. by W. shifting to N.W.

The special class of sloops, 24 to 40ft., sailed a 13¾ mile course, first and second classes 12 miles, third class 7½ miles, fourth class 6 miles, and fifth class 4 miles.

In second class the new Myrtle upheld her reputation as a light weather boat, while Defiance and Come On surprised the fleet. In third class Gilt Edge did exceedingly well, as did Sippican, which arrived late and was handicapped over 7 minutes. Nobska did not show up well.

In fourth class Fin had it all her own way, as usual, while Psyche easily led all the catboats. it is to be regretted that the absence of other sloops forces her into the catboat class.

The start of second class was greatly damaged by an outside sloop, which, apparently from pure maliciousness, insisted on sailing across the line before the wind close to judges' boat, just as five of the racing boats came round her stern close hauled for the line. The times were:

SLOOP CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chapaquoit, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	29.10	2 35 32	2 25 48
Sistare, J. B. Rhodes, N. B. Y. C.	28.05	Withdrew.	

FIRST CLASS.

Hector, R. C. Stebhins, Matapoisett	24.07	2 57 35	2 42 45
Flight, L. Hiller, Marion	26.08	3 08 05	2 55 53

SECOND CLASS.

Myrtle, D. Crosby, Osterville	23.01	2 56 59	2 40 03
Come On, W. W. Phinney, Mon. Beach	23.06	3 04 29	2 48 09
Defiance, H. F. Perry, Mon. Beach	22.11	3 08 01	2 50 50
Agawam, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.08	3 10 09	2 54 03
Ulula, W. H. Winship, B. Y. C.	22.08	3 12 41	2 55 09
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	23.09	3 14 12	2 58 13
Bonita, R. Lincoln, Jr., Wareham	23.02	3 15 54	2 59 05
Barber, R. M. Morse, Jr., B. Y. C.	20.01	3 16 18	2 54 34
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	23.08	Withdrew.	
Lestris, J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C.	22.08	Withdrew.	
Sea Mew, R. E. Tileston, B. Y. C.	22.08	Withdrew.	
Winona, E. B. Robinson, Jr., Cataumet	23.11	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Gilt Edge, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	19.07	1 51 30	1 37 51
Vivian, Marine, Wm. Cox	19.05	2 00 36	1 46 44
Sippican, B. Y. C., W. H. Davis	20.00	2 01 31	1 48 20
Tycoon, B. Y. C., J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	19.08	2 04 00	1 50 27
Daisy, B. Y. C., H. Stockton	18.02	2 04 04	1 48 13
Colymbus, B. Y. C., Henry Winsor	19.11	2 06 03	1 52 46
Phenomenon, B. Y. C., D. L. Whittemore	19.04	2 08 55	1 54 23
Nobsca, B. Y. C., A. A. Beebe	19.06	2 10 39	1 57 11
Dorris, B. Y. C., J. Parkinson	19.08	2 13 11	1 59 38
Santilla, B. Y. C., Geo. S. Fiske	19.00	2 21 06	2 06 46
Saunteree, B. Y. C., F. D. Parker	19.09	Withdrew.	
Kaloola, B. Y. C., H. Richards,	19.08	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Fin, B. Y. C., L. W. Stockton	16.11	1 37 56	1 23 57
Psyche, B. Y. C., S. King	16.11	1 48 25	1 34 20
Dawdle, B. Y. C., R. S. Hardy	16.03	1 51 21	1 37 05
Squall, B. Y. C., J. G. Palfrey	17.00	1 52 47	1 38 57
Zora, B. Y. C., J. D. Parker	15.05	1 53 21	1 37 35
Markatta, B. Y. C., H Hayward	16.06	1 55 11	1 40 43
Cygnet, B. Y. C., R. B. Fenno	16.10	1 56 34	1 41 29

FIFTH CLASS.

Coxe, B. Y. C., L. Bacon, Jr.	11.08	1 17 25	1 02 36
P. D. Q., B. Y. C., R. W. Emmons	12.00	1 18 47	1 04 37
Raccoon, B. Y. C., J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	11.06	1 20 52	1 05 46
Kid, B. Y. C., W. R. Peabody	12.00	1 22 06	1 07 56
Weona, B. Y. C., Henry Ware	14.00	Withdrew,	
Mab, B. Y. C., F. B. Beaumont	12.04	Withdrew.	

Class one, first, Hector. Class two, first, Myrtle; second, Come On; third, Defiance. Class three, first, Gilt Edge; second, Vivian; third, Daisy. Class four, first, Fin; second, Psyche; third, Dawdle. Class five, first, Coxe; second, P. D. Q.; third, Raccoon. Sloop class, first, Chapoquoit.

Judges, N. W. Emmons, H. S. Carruth, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

Races of the Cup Defenders.

IT now appears that the first race for the Astor cups is likely to be the only satisfactory meeting of the four Cup defenders prior to the trial races; while it is even possible that this may prove to be the only race of the year in which all four took part. Vigilant is likely to start in the two races at Larchmont this week, one on Thursday for Com. Coit's cup, and one on Saturday for a special $600 cup in the fall regatta. Colonia will probably enter, but Jubilee and Pilgrim will be absent. The Atlantic Y. C. has been compelled to abandon its race set for Thursday for the Bank's cup, as the yachts would not race, and the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. has been unable to get more than two entries for its $1,000 cup, Pilgrim declining, while one of the four yachts has paid no attention to the letters of the committee. The race has consequently been abandoned.

The annual Newport sweepstakes of the Corinthian Y. C. was set for Monday, Aug. 21, and though Jubilee had left for Boston the other three were ready, Pilgrim having secured a new gaff. On Monday morning a very heavy N.E. gale was blowing along the coast, and after consultation with the respective managers of the yachts the committee of the club decided to postpone the race until the middle of the week. After the second Astor cup race, on Tuesday, all hopes of a race were abandoned, and the event was declared off.

On Monday afternoon the gale moderated and the wind shifted to N.W. and later to W.

Pilgrim, not having finished in the first race, was not elegible to start in the subsequent races under the original conditions, hut Mr. Astor willingly assented to the proposal to admit her in this race, and she was out at the line in good season. Vigilant was also ready, but Colonia was absent, having gone to Bristol, so that there were hut two starters.

The wind was light S.S.W. at noon, and Messrs. A. Cass Canfield and F. P. Sands, representing the regatta committee on the May, laid out a 30-mile triangle, the first leg S.S.W., 10 miles, naut.

Vigilant crossed on the starboard tack, headed inshore, and Pilgrim crossed on the port tack, the two sailing away from each other. After a long leg Vigilant tacked and finally crossed Pilgrim with a big lead. After a time both stood in along the Narragansett shore, and down to Point Judith, each carrying clubtopsails easily in the light air, and Vigilant gaining with every tack. The first mark was timed:

Vigilant.....2 17 33 Pilgrim.....2 29 25

With spinaker set to starboard and hraced well forward, Vigilant started for the second mark, but when half the leg was covered the spinaker was taken in and only the balloon jibtopsail carried to the mark, where a jibe was made. The times were:

Vigilant.....3 43 54 Pilgrim.....4 00 17

The last leg, a reach, was made with more wind and a favoring tide, the finish being timed:

Vigilant.....4 41 39 Pilgrim.....5 06 57

The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vigilant	12 35 56	4 41 39	4 05 43
Pilgrim	12 36 27	5 06 57	4 30 30

Time made on each leg:

	First leg. 10-mile beat.	Second leg. 10-mile reach.	Third leg. 10-mile run.	Whole course.
Vigilant	1 41 37	1 26 21	0 57 45	4 05 43
Pilgrim	1 52 58	1 30 52	1 06 40	4 30 30

Vigilant thus wins the two Astor cups. It is uncertain when the Corinthian sweepstakes will be held. as no date will be open for a long time

Manchester Regatta.

MANCHESTER, Aug. 15.—At the regatta to-day the weather was fair, wind northwest, fairly strong.

FIRT CLASS—SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
*Kewayden, J. A. Burnham	25.00	1 22 08	1 22 08
*Marguerite, Paramour	24.04	1 25 07	1 23 31

SECOND CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL SLOOPS.

*Albatross, A. W. Craiger	21.00	1 35 01	1 35 01
*Nancy, Saltonstall	20.06	1 37 03	1 36 09
Wraith, A. H. Higginson	18.10	1 39 06	1 36 11
Hornet, Chas. Jackson	19.11	1 44 07	1 43 08
Yankee Maid, E. P. Stanly	18.06	1 48 08	1 42 03
*Freak, D. Cochrane	20.10	1 25 01	1 25 01

THIRD CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL SLOOPS.

Bonita, A. M. Jones	18.00	1 30 06	1 30 06
Alice, E. Stanwood	16.01	1 32 03	1 30 07
Tiny, F. L. Huidekoper	18.00	.. .. ..	.. .. ..
Teal, T. Lee	17.03	1 32 08	1 30 52

FOURTH CLASS—CATS.

Pyxie, G. H. Scull	19.08	1 18 04	1 18 04
Marion, Tucker	20.08	1 16 09	1 18 07
*Surprise, Crooker	21.03	1 15 10	1 18 00
*Koorali		Disabled.	

Winners: First class, Kewayden first; second class, Alhatross first, Nancy second, Wraith third; third class, Bonita first, Alice second, Teal third; fourth class, Pyxie first.

*In first class Kewayden and Marguerite each protested the other; protest given to Kewayden. In second class Wraith protested Alhatross and Yankee Maid protested Nancy; neither protest was allowed. Pyxie's protest against Surprise was allowed. Freak ruled out for not crossing starting line.

Regatta committee—A. W. Craige, A. Amory, J. Curtis. Judges—A. N. Rantoul, Gordon Dexter, F. M. Stanwood.

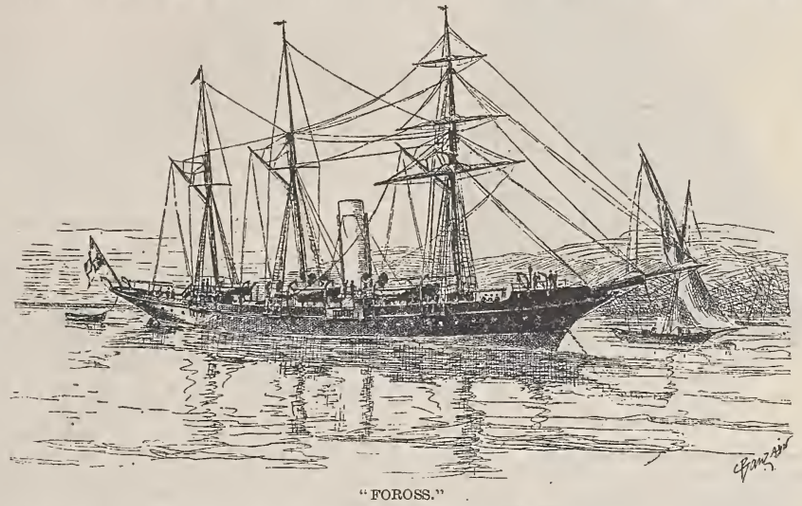
FIFTH CLASS—NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.
Agnes, J. B. Booth	4 20 00	4 35 01	4 50 02
Algeria, A. L. Jackson	4 20 00	4 35 08	4 50 09
Nameless, D. Smith	4 20 00	4 35 05	4 50 02

The naphtha launch race was, as usual, uninteresting, the Agnes winning hy allowance.

Courses: Class 1, from starting line in West Manchester Harbor to Black Buoy off Little Harte, leaving it to port, thence to Buoy No. 5 off Baker's Island, leaving it to port, thence to finish line. Class 2 same as No. 1. Class 3, from starting line to Bowditch's Ledge, leaving it to port, thence to Buoy No. 5 off Baker's Island, thence to finish line. Class 4, same as Nos. 1 and 2. Class 5, to Pride's Rock and return.

The day for the town of Manchester regatta opened with a strong, puffy northwest breeze. In the first class Kewayden took the lead and kept it all round the course, beating Marguerite easily. In the second class Nancy and Hornet took the lead and held it in the first leg; Wraith and Albatross had a luffing match, in which Albatross got the best of things. Freak, which had started last, came up on the fleet very fast and overtook them just after the first mark. The order at the second mark was Freak, Nancy, Albatross, Hornet, Wraith and Yankee Maid. On the last leg Albatross passed Nancy, Wraith and Hornet, and as Freak was disqualified for not crossing line, Alhatross won, with Nancy second and Wraith a very close third. In the third class Bonita easily shook off her competitors and won first. Alice and Teal had a close push for second, hut the very fine way in which Alice was sailed won her the place. The fourth class was the surprise of the day, for the way in which Pyxie, an old and a small boat, came out was a wonder. She finished within 3s. of the Marion on corrected time, and had the race been one-half a mile longer she would surely have beaten her. This was due to the wonderful cleverness of her skipper, Mr. Richard Boardman, who outsailed his rivals on every point.



"FOROSS."

Foross.

WE are indebted to *Le Yacht* for the accompanying picture of the steam yacht Foross, the largest private yacht built up to the launching of the new Vanderbilt yacht Valiant this year. The yacht was designed hy Mr. G. L. Watson for Alexander Kousnetzoff, of Sevastopol, Russia, and was built in 1891, being launched on June 9 of that year. She is 248ft. over all, 236ft. l. w. l., 30ft. 8in. beam and 19ft. 3in. in depth, her Thames tonnage being 1,086. The yacht was built by Scott & Co., of Greenock; the hull of steel. The engines are 24, 40 and 64x39in., the working pressure being 160lbs. The rig is a barkentine. She carries a crew of 40.

The Cup Races.

VALKYRIE, after completing her fitting out, sailed from Southampton for New York on Aug. 23, weighing anchor at 5:30 A. M. Capt. Wm. Cranfield is in command, with William Harvey, of Wivenhoe, as navigator. We believe this is the same Capt. Harvey who sailed Jessica out here in 1891. The crew numhers 22, while ten more will come out hy steamer. All are East coastmen from the neighhorhood of Wivenhoe. Lord Dunraven will sail about Sept. 30. Mr. Watson and Mr. T. W. Ratsey will also come out by steamer. Mr. Ratsey was here with Thistle to look after her canvas, and will perform the same service for Valkyrie. With good luck the yacht may be expected about the middle of September, but it will require a quick passage and very lively work in fitting out to have her at the line off Sandy Hook by Sept. 28. In deference to the express wish of Lord Dunraven the Cup committee recently decided to change the date of the first race from Oct. 5 to Sept. 28, and Lord Dunraven has been notified and accepted the change. The first trial race will take place on Sept. 7, and the races will be continued on alternate days, the intention being to sail five if necessary. It is quite likely, however, that two or three will give grounds for the selection of a defender. The cup races will also be five in number, sailed on alternate days, Sept. 7, 9, 11, 12 and 15. All of the races will be sailed off Sandy Hook.

American and British Yachts.

Now, then, to sum up and answer, to the best of my ability and in all fairness, the question you are about to ask! Will Valkyrie get the cup? Before answering allow me to go back into the past for a spell, and out of the old iron at hand shape a new marlingspike wherewith to open the hard knot. During an unpleasantness known as the 1812 war, the Yankee fir-built frigates and privateers outsailed the speediest oaken fabrics that England's builders put afloat; thirty years after the American ship outsailed the English square-rigger on every point; forty years ago the America won the great trophy with ease; in the seventies the Cambria met with a crushing defeat in her attempt to regain it; and the last hattle, with the most advanced specimen of British yacht architecture, ended in what I hope the Clyde men will excuse me for calling a miserable exhibition of misplaced confidence. The historian tells us that the superiority of the early American men-of-war was due to their designers being untrammeled by the traditions and usages of an ancient naval establishment. The absurd tonnage laws in force in this country (England) is held to blame for the defeat of the British sea-going vessel. As to what led to the defeat of the English yacht in the several contests for the cup, authorities disagree; but no matter how divergent the many opinions are at the outset, if allowed to the end it will he found that they ultimately converge to a common point. The late Captain Coffin, a man of rare experience, keen observation and no tainting prejudices, has written it, that the model of the Cambria was superior to that of any of the American vessels entered in the races against her, and that had she carried a modern suit of racing sails she would undoubtedly have beaten the New York fleet. The most intelligent and skillful seaman of our pleasure navy, a gentleman who has witnessed every race of note that has been sailed in American waters during the last thirty years, told me that the overwhelming defeat inflicted upon the Thistle was largely due to the bad treatment which her sails received at the hands of her crew. Familiar with the recoverable powers of British canvas, the captain of the Scotch clipper treated the American cotton to a shaping process that linen may stand, hut cotton most unquestionally will not. Consequently, the Thistle went over the line with about as poor a spread of canvas for windward as ever hampered a first-class racing boat.

The unvarying success of our yachts in the races that were sailed against the Livonia and Cambria led to an acute attack of overconfidence—a disease to which the American is peculiarly suspectible —and, in consequence, for several years the designer, rigger and sailmaker stood with their hands in their pockets, and a smile of self-appreciation on their countenances. We believed we had nothing to learn, and nothing to forget. Suddenly the Madge dropped in upon us, and the smile vanished at the moment when the first prize went into her locker. Those who saw the races hetween the little cutter and our crack Schemer, will be willing to hack me up in the statement that the cut and sit of the Madge's canvas had more to do with the cutter's success than the superior modelling of the hull. If the defeat of the Schemer woke up the designer, it also gave our sailmakers a rude shaking, and they settled down to regain the lost ground with a will, and to-day, after two weeks' close observation of the canvas spread on some twenty of Britain's crack hoats, I must insist that our sailmakers have recovered the enviable position they held in the past, and that in some respects their sails are superior to any that I saw at Cowes. A New York designer, who spent several years in England, said in a lecture a year or two ago, that the reason why the English used the lugsail on their small yachts was owing to their being unable to cut a gaff-sail so as to sit flat. I doubted the statement at the time, although we had proved in several instances that our gaff-sails were superior to the imported lugs, hut I am now convinced that there is truth in what he said.

The conclusion that I have arrived at after reading and hearing the opinions of many men more experienced and skilled than myself, and hy close observation during a period of some twenty years is, that in almost every case where the vessels of the two nationalities have come together, the contest has been more decidedly a battle of sails than of hulls. The primary object of the American builder and designer has been, and is, to construct a vessel that will go to windward. The powers of reaching and running are not considered, it heing believed that a craft which excels in windward work, will be able to attain a speed on all other points that will bring her average up to the maximum. I think the victories achieved hy our vessels show that this object has been secured.

The Valkyrie and Britannia are splendid vessels; the former the best all-round vessel that has ever challenged for the cup. Her hull is a magnificently-developed structure, and is capable of attaining a speed far in excess of anything I supposed possible in a yacht of the length; hut she is disappointing in her windward work. She does not excel on that point. Why? Is it in the hull or in the sails? In the sails, undouhtedly! Give Lord Dunraven's cutter a first class suit of American sails and she will make a grand race of it; send her out with a suit like those she uses here, and defeat awaits her. Unless she is the closest-winded hoat, that it is possihle to turn out at this day (for the American defender will he this), her chances of capturing the trophy are, permit me to remark—a little hetter than those of Thistle. —*Thos. Fleming Day, in the Yachtsman.*

The Cup Defenders.

PENNING the trial races next week, the four Cup defenders have heen husy with the final preparations, Vigilant and Colonia have heen at Bristol, the former coming west and hauling out at City Island this week. Colonia has received no radical alterations, contrary to current reports, hut has shipped a new hollow boom of elaborate construction, one of two made hy the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., the other going to Vigilant. Colonia's is 98ft. long and Vigilant's is 101ft., each 30in. in extreme diameter, 18in. at the outer end and 15in. at the fore end. Gen. Paine has contemplated some immediate alterations to Juhilee, hut his plans have heen interfered with by a strike of her crew, who have left the yacht in a hody, the sole cause of complaint being that they did not like the mate, "Lun" Miller. Miller is considered a good officer and easy with the men, and they offered no reason for their objection to him, but threatened to leave the yacht unless he was at once discharged. Gen. Paine very properly declined to make any terms with them, and has shipped a new crew. Wilson & Silshy are at work on the sails, making alterations.

The members of the Pilgrim syndicate have decided to put up the money for alterations in the way of more lead on the hulb and larger spars and sails, and she will he in the trial races. It is reported that the auxiliary centerboard which was removed will be replaced.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

A very absurd report has heen in circulation to the effect that Mr. Forbes was putting Puritan in commission for the trial races, hut it is thus disposed of by that gentleman in an interview, as follows:

"I object most strongly to heing placed in a false position, in a matter by any one who has no authority to speak for me, and who evidently does not understand the matter of which he speaks. To those who know me and my views on cup defense matters, the absurdity of my bringing forward the Puritan for cup defense at this late date is perfectly apparent.

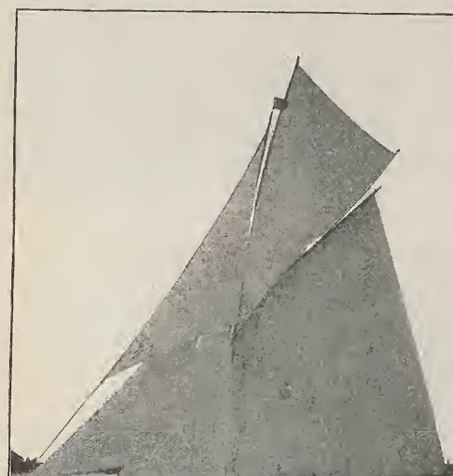
"I recoguized long ago the fact that she was outclassed by the Volunteer, and I have no doubt that the present cup defense fleet would go still further in this direction. Certainly, if I wished to come into cup defense competition it would he more reasonahle for me to do so with the Volunteer, changing her to a sloop, than to come in with a boat acknowledgedly her inferior. I have had the Puritan in commission all the season, and have used her for sailing about Naushon, simply transferring the crew from the Volunteer.

"I like the Puritan, and so do many others; but those who think her fit for cup defense helong to the same school that would not admit the superiority of the present American sloops over the old-time skimming dish. They have apparently stuck to the Puritan as their first love, but she was outbuilt long ago."

On Wednesday of last week a cyclone of unusual strength passed up the Atlantic coast, its force heing concentrated hetween Cape Hatteras and Montauk Point. A large seagoing tug was swamped and

sunk off Long Island, thirteen being drowned, and many other fatal disasters are reported, the New York fishing fleet being the chief sufferer. Several fishing smacks were lost with their crews, and others were so badly damaged that they are temporarily out of use. The yacht fleet suffered severe damage, the large yawl Nonpareil, owned by Vice-Com. Sanderson, Larchmont Y. C., went ashore early Thursday morning on Pagoda Point, Larchmont Harbor, and was badly wrecked. She was temporarily repaired and floated for towing to a shipyard. The schooner Telfer and the yawl Ione were wrecked at the Horseshoe, Sandy Hook, and dozens of smaller yachts about the Horseshoe and the Highlands were blown ashore or sunk. The shores of Communipaw and Greenville were swept by the storm, and many small yachts wrecked. At Black Rock the sloops Stella, Amita, Ginita and Hazel, with the schooner Meta were wrecked. At New Rochelle the schooner Vision was a total wreck. All along the Sound, New Jersey and Long Island shores the smaller craft were sunk and wrecked, the total loss to yachtsmen being very heavy. The Fall River Line steamer Puritan put into New Haven and lay there all night and all day Thursday, which is good evidence of the strength of the gale.

During the severe N.E. gale of Aug. 21 the yacht Volunteer parted her mooring and went ashore on the rocks in Hadley's Harbor, Naushon, near Mr. Forbes's home. She was lying at Merlin's moorings, with a heavy chain cable out, but the cable parted and nothing could be done in time to save her from the rocks. She pounded for some hours in a heavy sea, but was finally hauled off by the wrecking tug Right Ann, and towed to Wood's Hole. She was leaking badly and a steam syphon was placed on board. She was temporarily repaired and towed to Boston, reaching Lawley's yard on Wednesday. After hauling out the damage was found to be less serious than at first supposed. Several plates were removed and straightened. The rudder was badly bent and some rivets are started. The first reports that the yacht went ashore with no anchor watch set are contradicted by Capt. Norton. The yacht was launched in time for the race on Monday, but a leak was found, and she had to haul out again.



"LAIS," 40-RATING CUTTER.

Designed by Wm. Fife, Jr., 1893.

From a photo by West & Son.

The fifth annual regatta of the New York Yacht Racing Association will be sailed next Monday, Labor Day, Sept. 4, entries for which closed with George E. Garland last Monday. It is expected that this regatta, while it may not surpass the number of starters of last year, when 101 started, will come very near it. Several of the yachts entered met with misbaps in last Wednesday's storm and the storm will undoubtedly prevent many more from entering their boats. The iron steamer Cygnus, chartered to accompany the yachts over the course, will leave West Twenty-second street, N. Y., at 9 A. M., Fifteenth street, Hoboken, at 9:30, Morris street, Jersey City, at 10 and Pier 1 North River, New York, at 10:30. The committee boat, Henry Hoelm, will leave Pier 4 East River at 9:45 A. M.

The steam yacht Columbia, J. H. Ladew, of New York, by Cramp & Sons, was launched from the yard of the sub-coutractors, the Chas. Hillman Co., at Philadelphia, on Aug. 23, being christened by Mrs. E. R. Ladew. Her dimensions are l w.l. 180ft., beam 22ft., deptb 15ft. and draft 10ft., with a displacement of 436 tons. Her engines are triple compound, of 1,800 H. P., and her builders have guaranteed a speed of 18 knots over the American Y. C course from Wilton Point to New London, 80 miles nautical.

Valiant, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's new steam yacht, reached New York on Aug. 25, making the trip in 9 days and 3 hours in heavy weather most of the way. She is commanded by Capt. Morrison with a crew of 72 men.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Orange An., Arlington, N. J.
4. Iantbe, An., Passaic River.
4. Holyoke, Fall, Holyoke, Mass.
16. Red Dragon, Delaware River
16. Toronto, International Paddling Trophy Race.

MR. C. E. ARCHBALD of Montreal, the successor of Mr. Ford Jones as tbe champion Canadian canoe sailor, has under consideration a challenge for the New York C. C. Cup, and may visit New York in October with his new Mab.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Fourteenth Annual Meet, Aug. 11-25, 1893.

LONG ISLAND PARK, WOLFE ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

1880—Crosbyside, Lake George, organized by N. H Bishop.
1881—Lorna Isle, Lake George—W. L. Alden, Com. N. H. Bishop, Sec.-Treas.
1882—Lorna Isle, Lake George—N. Longworth, Com. C. A. Neide, Sec.-Treas.
1883—Stony Lake, Ontario—E. B. Edwards, Com. C. A. Neide, Sec.-Treas.
1884—Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River—F. A. Nickerson, Com C. A. Neide, Sec.-Treas.
1885—Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River—R. S. Oliver, Com. C. A. Neide, Sec.-Treas.
1886—Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River—F. S. Rathbun, Com. C. A. Neide, Sec.-Treas.
1887—Bow-Arrow Point, Lake Champlain—R. J. Wilkin, Com. W. M. Carter, Sec.-Treas.
1888—Long Island, Lake George—R. W. Gibson, Com. F. L. Mix, Sec.-Treas.
1889—Stave Island, St. Lawrence River—H. C. Rogers, Com. G. W. Hatton, Sec.-Treas.
1890—Jessup's Neck, Long Island—Henry Stanton, Com. F. L. Dunnell, Sec.-Treas.
1891—Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain—W. U. Lawson, Com. R. F. Brazer, Sec.-Treas.
1892—Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain—C. V. Winne, Com. W. B. Wackerhagen, Sec.-Treas.
1893—Wolfe Island, St. Lawrence River—W. H. Cotton, Com. R. Easton Burns, Sec.-Treas.

LIKE all previous meets in tbe same locality, that of 1893, which ended last week, will be set down among the pleasant and successful ones; the camp ground and its surroundings were very good, tbe attendance was about the average, and though very many old faces were missed, a number of new members were added who are likely to be seen at future meets. The transportation was reasonably good, the mess was about up to the average, it might easily have been better, but has frequently been worse, the weather was fine, excepting for moderate rains on two or three occasions, and the camp was a bright, lively and interesting one, with no great excitement, but plenty to amuse and occupy one at all times. As in previous meets, there is ample material for further description and criticism, but for this week we can deal only with the races.

Com. Cotton and Sec.-Treas. Burns have worked hard under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances, and they deserve every credit for the success of the meet. Com. Cotton has missed tbe experience of the last three meets, while Mr. Burns is a new member, this being his first meet, he taking the office of sec.-treas. only to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of the gentleman first elected. Under these circumstances, with the World's Fair taking away many, and considering in addition that they went into office with a balance of $1 58 to work on, they would be fairly entitled to indulgence for any falling short of the usual standard of the meets. The camp as a whole, however, met with the approval of all present, and only pleasant recollections will be associated with the meet of 1893.

The racing, with which we deal particularly this week, compares very unfavorably with that of but a few years since, the number of competitors being small, as shown in the following entry list, while many were entered for but one race, leaving a mere handful of men to bear the brunt of the racing. Three years ago, for instance, there were seventy-one entries, thirty-two men finished in the principal paddling race, forty-eight entered and twenty-eight finished in the record sailing race, while there were fifteen men on the record. At the last meet on the St. Lawrence, in 1889, there were thirty-five men on the record, and this year there were just five. Even last year the full programme was carried out, with a fair number of starters, though so small as to excite general comment, but this year several races did not fill at all, and others had but two starters.

The head of the regatta committee this year, Mr. J. B. Carruthers of Kingston, was at a disadvantage in that, though a yachtsman, canoeist and hunter, he had attended no meet since 1886, and was entirely unfamiliar with the usual routine of the meet races, with its many details. In spite of this, and of the absence of two members of the committee, the races were run off promptly and very satisfactorily under his management. His steam yacht Marquis of Lorne was used as the committee boat, the work being thus greatly facilitated. The regatta committee and other officers were as follows:

Regatta Committee: J. B. Carruthers, T. S. Oxholm, E. B. Edwards, R. J. Wilkin. Clerk of Course, J. R. Kinghorn; Starter, R. Appollonio; Time Keepers: J. B. Mowatt, G. E. Sparks.

Messrs. Edwards and Wilkin were appointed in the places of the two absent members of the committee, and Mr. Sparks took the place of Mr. Stephens, who was unable to serve. The course for the sailing was a triangle with half mile sides, the start being off the camp wharf, and the easterly angle being very near the Spectacles, two small islands shown on the chart. The paddling courses were laid out from starting points in McDonald's Bay, the finish being off tbe wharf.

A. C. A. REGATTA PROGRAMME.

REGULAR EVENTS.

No. 1. PADDLING AND SAILING COMBINED—½ mile alternately, total 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours.
No. 2. PADDLING—½ mile, straightway.
No. 3. SAILING—4½ miles, same rig and ballast as in Race 1. Time 2 hours. These three races to constitute "Record" races.
No. 4. TROPHY PADDLING—1 mile straightaway. Exempt from one-man-one-canoe rule.
No. 5. PADDLING—Open canoes, not under 55lbs. weight, minimum beam 30in., minimum depth 11in., single blade, ½ mile, straightaway. For special prize presented by Secretary-Treasurer.
No. 6. UNLIMITED SAILING RACE—No limit to rig or ballast, 6 miles. Time limit 2½ hours. Starters in the trophy race to be selected from this race. See Rule V.
No. 7. TROPHY SAILING—No limit to rig or ballast, 9 miles. Time limit 3½ hours. Starters to be selected as by Rule 5.
No. 8. NOVICE SAILING—No limit to rig or ballast, distance 3 miles. Time limit 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, '92.
No. 9 CLUB SAILING RACE—4½ miles. Time limit 2 hours. First three members of any one club to count. No club can be represented unless it enters at least three men; all men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the A. C. A. meet.
No. 10. CRUISING RACE, SAILING—Commodore's prize. Open to "general purpose" or "cruising" canoes, distance 3 miles. Time limit 2 hours. Sail limit 55ft., ordinary single drop centerboard or leeboards for open canoes. Open canoes to be classed as cruisers.

OTHER EVENTS.

No. 11. SAILING—The Orillia cup. Open to members of the Northern Division only, 7½ miles, no limit to rig or ballast. Time limit 2½ hours
No. 12. PADDLING TANDEM—Open canoes, single blades, ½ mile, straightaway.
No. 13. PADDLING WAR CANOE RACE—Conditions and details will be published in the official organs of tbe Association.
No. 14 PADDLING CLUB FOURS—½ mile, straightaway.
No. 15. SAILING UPSET AND MANEUVERING—No special appliances, no limit to ballast, at signal throw paddle over astern and recover; second signal, canoe to be heeled over until top of foremast touches the water; canoes to be righted and cross finish line under sail. Time limit ½ hour.
No. 16. PADDLING UPSET—Usual conditions, no special appliances
No. 17. HURRY SCURRY—Run, swim and paddle, short distances.
No. 18. GYMNASTICS.
No. 19 SKIFF SAILING—This race to be run under the management of and conditions to be named by the St. Lawrence River Skiff Sailing Association. It is added as an additional attraction and will probably come off on one of the open days.
No. 20. PADDLING TANDEM—Decked canoes, ½ mile, straightaway.
No. 21. JABBERWOCK TROPHY—Open only to members of the Central Division, 2 rounds, 3 miles.

The list of entries for the races compares but poorly with previous years, being as follows:

CANOES ENTERED AT A. C. A. MEET, 1893.

Wasp	Paul Butler	Vesper	Lowell, Mass.
Bee	D. S. Goddard	Vesper	Lowell, Mass.
V	Howard Gray	Vesper	Lowell, Mass.
Torment	F C. Moore	Knickerhocker	New York.
Aztec	W. W. Howard	New York	New York.
Myra	H. W. Mott-Smith	Sbuh-shuh-gah	Winchester, Mass.
Passaic	H. B. Muckleston	Royal Nil. Col.	Kingston, Ont.
Cricket	G. P. Douglas	Ianthe	Newark, N. J.
Eel	J. W. Sparrow	Corinthian	Toronto, Ont.
1893	K. Cameron	Cataraqui	Kingston, Ont.
Aztec	T. W. Sharuon	Cataraqui	Kingston, Ont.
——	C. G. Rothvell	Cataraqui	Kingston, Ont.
Zerb	R. Easton-Burns	Cataraqui	Kingston, Ont.
Kismet	H. Cartwright	Cataraqui	Kingston, Ont.
——	J. M. Mowat	Cataraqui	Kingston, Ont.
Al-a la-la	M. de M. Marsellus	Ianthe	Newark, N. J.
Ghost	M. T. Bennett	New York	New York.
Ocean	L. C. Woodworth	——	Gouverneur, N.Y
Kiowilla	C. E. Cragge	Bulwagga	Port Henry. N. Y
——	Enoch Aston	Troy	Troy, N. Y.
——	T. J. Burrage	Newton	Newton, Mass.
Banshee	A. A. M. Adamson	Ottawa	Ottawa, Quebec.
Pert	C. G. Belman	Amsterdam	Amsterdam, N.Y.
Mab	C. E. Archbald	Pointe Claire	Montreal, Que.
——	H. M. Kinghorn	Pointe Claire	Montreal, Que.
——	George Napier	Pointe Claire	Montreal, Que.
Canuck	Vincent Pelletier	Pointe Claire	Montreal, Que.
Oota	A. H. O'Brien	Argonaut	Toronto, Ont.
Kalulee	H. Ford	Corinthian	Toronto, Ont.

The names and boats are all old and familiar with one or two exceptions, and the old boats are unchanged from previous years save in a few details of fittings, such as longer slides to the deckseats. Wasp, Bee and V. have been raced so often that they are all well known; and Cricket, Passaic, Aztec and the old Canuck need no description, all save Aztec having raced at previous meets, while she is well known from her racing about New York. This spring she was altered, her centerboard trunk being moved forward and shortened, and an after board added, the very large board formerly carried being replaced by a much smaller one. The bucket cockpit was, of course, retained, but the larger sail was shifted forward instead of aft.

Canuck is precisely as Mr. Ford Jones last used her, no changes being made, and she is consequently at a great disadvantage as opposed to the more modern canoes Her new owner, Mr. Pelletier, of Montreal, though a young man, is a very clever boat sailer, but new to a canoe, and lacks the necessary experience in canoe racing to compete against old hands like Butler and Goddard, but he promises to make a record at future meets. He has already done some very skilful work in the combined race, standing on the bow and stepping and unstepping his mainmast and large sail, and he very pluckily sailed the full six rounds of the trophy race, though hopelessly distanced.

The only new additions to the sailing fleet are Mab, Eel, and "1893." The former canoe is, as the name indicates, owned by Mr. Archbald, who has sailed very successfully at the last two meets in an older canoe of the same name. The new Mab is a very handsome canoe, designed and built by Nelson Gilbert, of Brockville, with quite an amount of deadrise, a good bilge, and moderately full ends; the whole model being fair and well balanced. The construction is in narrow strips, much like the Ruggles boats. The hull is very neatly finished, and the boat does credit to her builder. The mainmast is stepped as far forward as possible, and the mizen mast well amidships, the sails being of the skiff pattern, the boist hardly longer than the boom, with radiating battens. The mainsheet has two travelers, one forward and one abaft the centerboard, a plate of hard brass, nickel-plated, about ⅛in. thick. The well is small and watertight. The deck seat is 5 feet long, and a thwartship tiller of very light construction is used. None of tbe sails are fitted to lower or reef.

The new Eel is owned by Mr. J. W. Sparrow, and is a neatly built canoe of Spanish cedar, designed by Mr. W. A. Smith, of Toronto, an amateur, and built by the new Peterborough Canoe Company, the successor to the Ontario Canoe Company. The other new canoe was interesting mainly from her immense sail plan, over 300 square feet, and from the fact that she was designed, partly built, and sailed by a canoeist with but one arm. Mr. Kenneth Cameron, of Kingston, lost his arm some years since in a bunting accident, but sails a canoe very skillfully. This new boat, the "1893," was set up and planked for him, but the decking and fitting was his own work.

The regular A. C. A. events were scheduled to begin on Monday of the second week as usual, but on Saturday the first race of the meet was called, the sailing race for the Orillia cup, open only to members of the Northern Division. The wind was moderate from N.W., and the course was five rounds of the triangle, 7½ miles, with a time limit of 2½ hours The start was a poor one, the fleet scattered all over the lot. Eel, with the big rig belonging to Torment, carried away her mainmast and was obliged to put in for a new sail, thus being a long way astern at the start, finally giving up a hopeless cbase. Mab really had the race from the start, and gained steadily on every round.

Event No. 11.—Orillia cup, Aug. 19, Saturday, Start 2:52 P. M.:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	5th Round.	Elapsed.
Viator, T. W. Sharman	3 17 02	3 40 35	4 06 00	4 32 12	withd'w	. . . .
1893, K. Cameron	3 19 34	3 42 47	4 08 26	4 35 00	withd'w	. . . .
Kismet, H. Cartwright	3 14 31	3 36 23	3 58 18	4 20 59	4 43 10	1 51 10
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	5 22 12	withdrew.				
Mab, C. E Archbald	3 11 00	3 30 46	3 50 35	4 11 33	4 32 37	1 40 37

Monday morning brought a strong and puffy wind, the river being covered with whitecaps. The first race called was the unlimited, with 13 starters, half of whom soon came to grief and withdrew, the jibe at the second mark meaning at least a capsize to many. Mab led at the start, with Wasp in hot chase. Mab turned the buoy at the end of the first round, but Wasp was struck by a puff and refused to pay off, running off her helm and passing inside the buoy. She was in a bad place, and before she could work back V, Cricket, Myra and Fly had rounded. On the windward leg, however, Wasp made up a part of tbe loss and was third at the first mark of the second round. The second jibe was a hard one, and V and Wasp were knocked down flat. Mab continued to lead through tbe rest of the race, Wasp working into second place. Fly broke the solid cast sleeve of her deck tiller and withdrew.

Event No. 6.—Aug. 21, Monday. Start 10:05. Wind strong and squally:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab, C. E. Archbald	10 21 06	10 39 42	10 56 56	11 14 22	1 09 22
Wasp, Paul Butler	10 26 09	10 41 40	10 58 23	11 15 16	1 10 16
V, Howard Gray	10 22 31	10 40 25	11 00 53	11 17 30	1 12 30
Cricket, G. P. Douglas	10 23 25	10 42 00	10 59 29	11 19 01	1 14 01
Canuck, V. Pelletier	10 24 48	10 44 49	11 03 44	11 22 14	1 17 14
Torment, F. C. Moore	10 27 14	10 45 14	11 03 23	11 24 00	1 19 00
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	10 48 54	withdrew.			
Myra, H. W. Mott Smith	10 43 51	withdrew.			
Banshee, A M. Adamson	withdrew.				

The novice race followed the unlimited, but was uninteresting, there being but two starters, one of whom withdrew.

Event No. 8.—Aug. 21, Weduesday, start 11:55, wind moderate:

	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed
Canuck, V. Pelletier	12 16 30	12 36 30	1 41 30
"1893," K Cameron	12 19 15	Withdrew.	

After dinner there was less wind and fewer puffs; the record sailing race was called first with but five starters, the course being 4½ miles, Mab winning easily.

Event No. 3.—Record sailing. Monday, Aug. 21. Start 2:35. Strong wiud, very puffy.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab, C. E. Archbald	2 50 10	3 05 58	3 24 48	0 49 48
V, H. Gray	2 50 25	3 07 30	3 27 01	0 52 01
Cricket, G. P. Douglas	2 52 37	3 09 57	3 31 20	0 56 20
Canuck, V. Pelletier	2 56 43	3 15 18	3 33 55	0 58 55
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	2 01 37	. . . .	3 51 00	1 16 00

The final race of the day was the cruising canoe race, for Commodore Cotton's prize, a cedar box containing a handsome set of silk signal flags made by Mrs. Cotton. Mab carried a standing sail lashed to the mast, and though warned by the regatta committee that be would he disqualified, Mr. Archbald started, subject to protest, claiming that he would fit the same sails to lower in another race. Mab won easily, as was to be expected, but her owner afterward requested to he dropped from the score.

Event No. 10.—Aug. 21, Monday, start 4 P. M., wind moderate:

	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab, C. E. Archbald	4 35 30	4 57 00	0 57 00
Pert, C. G. Belman	4 35 50	5 04 29	1 04 29
Kiowilla, C. E. Cragg	4 42 10	5 05 30	1 05 30
Ocean, L. C. Woodworth	4 41 49	5 08 14	1 08 14
Al-a-la-la, M. deM. Marcellus	4 49 20	Withdrew.	
Ghost, M. T. Bennett	4 51 00	Withdrew.	

Tuesday morning was clear and calm, so the paddling part of the programme was taken up, the first race being the record paddling, one-half mile with but five starters.

Event No. 2.—Record paddling. Aug. 22, Tuesday. Start at 10:31. Water smooth, light wind.

	Elapsed.
Mab, C. E. Archbald	4 01
Cricket, G. P. Douglas	4 07
Canuck, V. Pelletier	4 28
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	4 29
V, H. Gray	4 38

The next race, open paddling, for a prize offered by Sec'y-Treas. Burns, had but two competitors, though the whole beach was lined with open canoes, and there were sturdy young paddlers by the score about camp.

Event No. 5.—Aug. 5, Tuesday. Start 10:53:

	Elapsed.
Harry Ford	4 27
H. M. Kinghorn	5 22

No. 20, tandem decked canoes, had but one crew to start, so was combined with No. 12, open tandem, single blades, the two being run together but with separate prizes.

Event No. 12.—Aug. 22, Tuesday, start 11:41:03:

	M. S.
Mowatt and Rothwell	4 03
Archbald and Napier	4 08
Kingborn and Pelletier	4 17½
Burrage and Robertson	4 17½

Event No. 20.—Aug. 22. Start 11:41:03.

Cricket, Douglas and Sparrow	4 00

After dinner a light breeze sprung up, and the combined race was called with the regular record quintette. Canuck and Mab were fitted with standing sails, and the question of their eligibility arose, the two being finally admitted by the committee on the condition that the sails were unshipped and shipped in place of being lowered and hoisted at the turns. These very difficult conditions lent a certain interest to the race, as each man was obliged to walk forward and stand on the extreme bow to step and unstep the mainmast. The contest was a wonderful exhibition of canoe gymnastics, but failed entirely of being the test of an all-around rig which the conditions contemplated. Mr. Pelletier fell off the bow at one time just as he had stepped the mast, but quickly vaulted into the canoe and was out on the piazza, while Mr. Archbald did some very clever balancing. On the sailing legs the men with the lowering rigs simply sailed away from the other two while they were dancing about their decks.

Event No. 1.—Combined race. Aug 22, Tuesday. Start 2:43:30. Clear, wind light.

	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cricket, G. P. Douglas	3 07 57	3 29 00	0 45 30
V, H. Gray	3 15 20	3 46 48	1 03 18
Canuck, V. Pelletier	3 21 09	3 47 25	1 03 55
Mab, C. E. Archbald	3 18 25	3 54 57	1 11 27
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	3 19 15	4 01 05	1 17 35

The next event, the club race, lost all distinctive character from the fact that the New York team was only made up by the entry of Ghost, with two small cruising sails and her crew scated below, the canoe being an old Shadow model with no centerboard. Mr. Bennett entered to make up the required three, but was hadly out-classed by the racing canoes, and did not complete the course. The other two New York men, Howard and Moore, made a good second and third, losing by only one point. Mr. Butler won the personal prize for first boat, and tbe Vesper B. C. won the club banner.

Event No. 9.—Aug. 22, Tuesday.—Start 4:30, wind light:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wasp, Paul Butler	4 57 47	5 16 28	5 33 22	0 54 22
Torment, F. C. Moore	4 58 45	5 16 56	5 34 11	0 55 11
Aztec, W. W. Howard	4 59 15	5 17 58	5 36 37	6 57 37
Bee, D. S. Goddard	5 00 27	5 18 26	5 38 31	0 59 31
V., Howard Gray	5 00 10	5 19 37	5 39 31	1 00 31
Ghost, M. T. Bennett	Withdrew.			

Wednesday was another clear day, with a fresh and puffy S.W. wind over the island, the course of six rounds, 9 miles, being sailed with all marks to starboard. It is not so long ago tbat the honor of a place on the list of 15 eligibles to the trophy race was eagerly sougbt for, and not a few instances have been known of men who, after winning a place, have generously given it up to others who were deharred by some mishap in the trial races. This year there were no foreign competitors and only eight entries in all, Bee, Wasp, Mab, Aztec, V, Cricket, Torment and Canuck. Mr. Douglas was unwell and did not start. The wind was so squally before the start that the Vesper men turned in a reef each, Torment aud Cricket carrying ahout 75ft. in their standing sails and Wasp and Bee about the same. Mab, however, had up 138ft. in two large standing sails, and was greatly over-canvased. Goddard and his friends of the Vesper B. C. had repaired very neatly the break in his deck tiller, hut as it proved the whole fitting was too weak, and a second break resulted which soon threw bim out of the race The start was a fine one, the boats going over close together on the gun, Mab with a clear lead and Torment second. The first leg was a reach, with a jibe at the end, then a run with a quartering wind and a beat in.

Mab led over tbe first leg, but she bad more sail than she wanted down wind, and Wasp passed her, while V also went by her at the second mark, the Spectacle Island Buoy. Wasp and V had a pretty race to windward, Wasp holding her own. Mab had a clean capsize at the end of the first round, Mr. Archbald sliding or falling off bis deck seat and going down on tbe lee side of his boat; he dove under, came up to windward, and was quickly astride of his seat and away. Bee was fourtb, but on the second round her deck tiller broke again and she was forced to withdraw.

At the end of the second round V led for a time, but Wasp soon regained her lead and was never headed, in spite of several bad capsizes. She finished just as Canuck was completing her fourth round, she being partly filled like Aztec, having the old open cockpit which brought her to grief when Mr. Ford Jones sailed her at New York. Mab sailed a good race, but on the last round her steering gear gave way and she withdrew.

When Aztec started on the fifth round her stern was completely under water, tbe rudder gear tearing up a wake like a propeller, while her crew had sprung the third toe on the port foot in hiking out, and was partly disabled. On the second leg as she neared the Spectacles only the point of her stem was above water, and her crew was awash to the waist. Running into shoal water Mr. Howard bailed out and finally sailed the sixth round long after all otbers had finished. Mr. Pelletier also hung on very pluckily, and sailed the race to a finish, though hopelessly beaten early in the day.

Wasp crossed the line in fine style, winning the trophy for the second time. As V. came to the line she capsized, working across in righting. While the race will not compare in excitement with those of previous years, it was well worth watching, and some fine exhibitions of skill were afforded by the many puffs and the consequent hiking. In connection with the unlimited race it demonstrated the absolute necessity for a small bucket cockpit, a hull of exceptional strength, a sliding seat of 5ft. length and a thwartship tiller of the same length and able to bear the weight of a heavy man at times without breaking. Compared with the successful canoe of to-day, the racing fleet at Stave Island in 1889 has no more chance of winning than the original Nautilus would have. The positions on the various rounds were as follows:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.
Wasp	1	2	1	1	1	1
V.	2	1	2	2	2	2
Mab	3	3	3	3	3	w
Aztec	4	4	4	4	5	4
Canuck	6	6	5	5	4	3
Torment	5	5	w.			
Fly	4	w.				

Event No. 7.—Aug. 23, Wednesday, start 10:50, wind moderate, water smootb:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	5th Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wasp, Paul Butler,	11 07 32	11 24 24	11 41 35	11 57 28	12 14 08	12 30 15	1 40 15
V., Howard Gray,	11 07 45	11 24 11	11 42 01	11 58 32	12 15 00	12 31 20	1 41 20
Canuck, V. Pelletier,	11 10 50	11 32 58	11 57 30	12 30 20	12 56 10	1 26 30	not tim'd
Aztec, W. W. Howard,	11 09 10	11 27 22	11 45 20	12 15 20	Not timed.		
Mab, C. E. Archbald,	11 08 06	11 24 57	11 42 58	12 01 07	12 17 50	Disabled.	
Torment, F. C. Moore,	11 10 15	Witbdrew.					
Bee, D. S. Goddard,	Withdrew.	Disabled.					

The sailing upset and maneuvering had but three competitors, Wasp winning easily.

After this race Mr. Butler turned his canoe completely over, the masts describing a circle.

Event No. 15.—Aug. 23, Wednesday; start 3:59:

	Elapsed.
Wasp, Paul Butler	4 03 35
Canuck, V. Pelletier	4 05 04
Mab, C. E. Arcbbald	4 05 20

Only three men started in the paddling upset, Mr. Douglas, in his decked canoe, winning in the paddling part of the race, tbe other two using open canoes.

Event No. 16.—Aug. 23; start 4:35:20:

Cricket, S. P. Douglas	4 38 00
——, A. H. O'Brien	4 38 00½
Canuck, V. Pelletier	

The race for the Jabberwock trophy, open only to members of the Central Division, was started after dinner, but was uninteresting from the few starters.

Event No. 21.—Jabberwock trophy. Start 2:36.

	1st round.	Finisb.	Elapsed.
Enoch Aston	2 58 33	3 20 59	44 59
Belman	2 59 02	3 24 30	48 30
L. G. Woodworth	Withdrew.		

During Wednesday night the camp was favored with an echo of the great storm which wrought so much destruction on the Atlantic coast; nothing more than a light rain, which held until noon Thursday, accompanied by a fresh N. E wind through the night and early morning. Two important events still remained on the programme, the race for the paddling trophy and tbat for the St. Lawrence skiffs. The latter craft, which are really enlarged canoes, have come into existence since tbe days of the Grindstone meets, and in order to show to the canoeists what such big canoes could do, a special race was arranged hy Com. Harlow Wiser, of the St. Lawrence Skiff Sailing Association, tbe prize being a silver cup offered by the Skiff Association.

The racing skiffs, though evolved from tbe old fishing skiffs of the river, are totally different craft, the rule under which they are built is merely length multiplied by beam, the product not to exceed 88ft., the dimensions being from 22ft.×4ft. up to 27ft.×3ft. 3in. Sail area and crews are unlimited, the former ranging from 400sq. ft. to 650sq. ft., in two battened sails, hoisting with a gunter yard and with canoe reefing gear. From four to six men are carried. Three of these skiffs, Akahe, La Volta and Bonita, were present during the whole meet, and early on Thursday morning others appeared, making a fleet of seven in all.

There is a strong local rivalry among the skiff men and their friends along the river from Kingston to Ogdensburg, not alone between the American and Canadian sides of the river, but between the various towns, irrespective of nationality. Early in the morning the steamers brought to camp parties from Brockville, Ogdensburg, Prescott, Gananoque, Clayton and Kingston, and the merits of the respective favorites were loudly discussed. The starters were:

Skiff.	L.w.l. ft.	S.A. sq.ft.	Owner	Helmsman.	Port.
Leprechaun	24.00	650	F. X. Laque	Wm. O. Shea	Gananoque
Bertha	25.06	410	L. E. Fry	B. Bussell	Clayton
St. Lawrence	24.00	360	W Nicholson	Frank Jones	Brockville
La Volta	25.00	435	Jock Harty	Owner	Kingston
Sunrise	25.00	400	E. Colon	Thos. Pursell	Clayton
Bonita	24.00	360	Chas. Hardie	C. E. Archbald	Montreal

Against the skiffs the two canoes, Wasp and Fly, started.

The wind, which had been strong and squally during the morning, fell considerably hy noon, and when the race was started at 3 P. M., six rounds of the triangle, it was but moderate from the north, making a beat on the first leg, a reach on the second and a run on the third, the hoats at times being winged out.

St. Lawrence was at the line ahead of time and luffed along until the gun fired, when she was at once over, the others making a good start, the two canoes being last over bnt to windward. Even at the start there was not enough wind for the canoes to do their best work, and of course not enough for the skiffs. Wasp soon worked clear to windward of tbe fleet, St. Lawrence in the lead a good way, being further to leeward, so that sbe had to tack finally to weather the Spectacle Island Buoy, while Wasp and Bonita weathered it on the loug port tack, Wasp was bothered a little by the big sails of Bonita, but took the lead on the reach and increased it to the end of the first round, when the order was: Wasp, Leprechaun, La Volta, St. Lawrence, Bertba, Bonita, Sunrise, Akahe, Bee.

On the next leg to windward, in a still lighter breeze, Wasp continued to gain, and had a good lead when she rounded the second buoy. She winged out and started to finish the round, but just astern of her was Leprechaun, with her huge rig, coming up in the light air, witb the other skiffs closing in, and the poor little canoe with but 150ft. stood no show. Leprechaun passed her just at the end of the round, La Volta also being close to her.

The wind was now so light tbat the race was spoiled, and after the third round it was merely a drift, some of the hoats withdrawing on each successive round, and only Leprechaun and La Volta finishing. Witb a good breeze the race would have been the most interesting of the meet, it is hardly probable tbat the 16×30 canoes sailed by one man could compete with the skiffs, of just one and one-half times their linear dimensions and with three times the sail area, with six men to tend sheets and hike, hut at the same time a thorough test would have been very valuable:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	5th Round.	6th Round.	Elapsed.
Leprechaun	3 24 25	3 52 25	4 17 14	4 52 53	5 18 30	5 50 54	2 50 54
La Volta	3 24 43	3 52 56	4 18 28	4 54 55	5 20 09	5 53 50	2 53 50
Wasp	3 23 51	3 52 40	4 17 50	5 25 34	Not timed.		
St. Lawrence	3 24 42	3 54 00	4 20 14	5 03 06	Withdrew.		
Bonito	3 25 03	3 56 11	4 25 47	5 10 22	Withdrew.		
Bertha	3 25 00	3 55 27	4 24 46	Withdrew.			
Sunrise	3 26 56	3 56 14	4 25 25	Withdrew.			
Bee	3 28 00	4 01 09	Withdrew.				
Akahe	3 27 45	4 46 00	Withdrew.				

The paddling trophy race yet remained, and when the wind died down during tbe skiff race it was called about 4:30 P. M. This race, in Canadian waters, the home of paddling racing, should have brought out a fine field of entries, but all of the Canadian cracks, Harry MacKendrick, Johnson, Muntz, Carnegie, Tilley, Leys, as well as the Montreal paddlers were absent. The five starters were mostly new men, Mr. Scott alone having raced for the trophy last year. Mr. O'Brien, tbe second man as it proved, was from Toronto, as was Mr. Ford. Mr. Rothwell paddled a famous old canoe, the Zulu, once a prize winner when owned by Mr. Jack Weller in 1884-5 at Grindstone. Mr. Scott had a very good racing paddler, but none of the canoes could compare with that used by Mr. Knappe last year. The race was well paddled, the latter half being between Scott and O'Brien, the latter spurting hard at the finish hut coming in a good second only.

Event No. 4.—Paddling tropby, Thursday, Aug. 24:

	M.	S.
R. d'Arcy Scott	7	35
A. H. O'Brien	7	37
Harry Ford	.	..
J. M. Mowat	.	..
J. Rothwell	.	..

Tbe final events were the hurry-scurry, with but two competitors, won by Mr. Pelletier, a powerful swimmer, and the canoe gymnastics, in which Mr. Douglas alone took part.

Event No. 17.—Aug. 24, Thursday:

V. Pelletier	1
A. H. O'Brien	2

Event No. 18.—G. P. Douglas.

Event No. 13.—No entries.

Event No. 14.—One entry, no race.

RECORD RACES, 1893.

	Paddling.	Combined.	Sailing.	Total.
G. P. Douglas	4	5	3	12
C. E. Archbald	5	2	5	12
H. Gray	1	4	4	9
V. Pelletier	3	3	2	8
J. W. Sparrow	2	1	1	4

Messrs. Douglas and Arcbbald tied in the second, and as there is no provision in the rules for such an event a similar prize was given to eacb.

One innovation introduced by the regatta committe this year, was a meeting every evening at 7:30, to decide at once all protests and disputes which had come up during the day's racing.

The prizes were presented on Thursday evening at a meeting in the Peterborough Canoe Co.'s tent, the donors and winners being as follows:

A. C. A. PRIZES, 1893.

Event.	Prize.	Donor.	Winner.
Record. 1	1st	General Oliver	Geo. P. Douglas
		Miss Beatrice Winser	C. E. Arcbbold
Record. 2	2d	Miss Archbald	Howard Gray
Record. 3	3d	Mr. Bermingham	V. Pelletier
Record.	4th	C. V. Winne	J. W. Sparrow
No. 1	1st flag	Mrs. G. J. Edwards	G. P. Douglas
	2d flag	Miss Harty	Howard Gray
No. 2	1st paddle	Miss L. Scott	C. E. Archbald
	2d flag	Miss M. Scott	G. P. Douglas
No. 3	1st flag	Hartford C. C.	C. E. Archbald
	2d flag	Miss Richmond	Howard Gray
No. 4	1st flag	Mohican C. C.	R. d'Arcy Scott
	2d flag	Mrs. Leigh	A. H. O'Brien
No. 5	1st flag	R. Easton Burns	Harry Ford
No. 6	1st flag	Yonkers C. C.	C. E. Archbald
	2d flag	Miss M. Birmingham	Paul Butler
No. 7	1st banner	Miss G. Fredricks	Paul Butler
	2d flag	Miss Macpherson	Howard Gray
No. 8	1st flag	C. V. Winne	V. Pelletier
No. 9	Club prize	E. H. Barney	Vesper C. C.
	1st flag	A. C. A.	Paul Butler
	2d flag	Vesper B. C.	F. C. Moore
No. 10	1st flag	Mrs. Com. Cotton	O. G. Belman
	2d flag	A. C. A.	C. E. Cragg
No. 11	Orillia Cup		C. E. Archbald
No. 12	Canoe cushions.	Misses Archbald and Henderson	Rothwell Mowat
No. 15	1st flag	Mrs. J. B. Carruthers	Paul Butler
No. 16	1st flag	Miss A. Scott	G. P. Douglas
No. 17	1st flag	Miss Macpherson	V. Pelletier
No. 18	1st flag	Mrs. W. H. Macnee	G. P. Douglas
No. 19	Tropby cup.		
No. 20	1st flags	Miss Mackenos	G. P. Douglas
		D. B. Jaques	J. W. Sparrow
No. 21	Jobberwock Trophy		E. Aston

Owing to the annoyance and trouble of the Customs regulations the Jabberwork trophy was not present, while the paddling trophy was tied up in some Custom House

The only important business transacted during the meet was the election of the commodore and secretary-treasurer, for 1894, and of the officers of the Northern and Central Divisions. The fourteenth commodore of the A. C. A. will be Mr. Irving V. Dorland, of the Arlington, (N. J.) C. C., ex-vice-commodore of the Atlantic Division. Mr. Dorland is well and favorably known throughout the association as well as in his division, and there is no doubt that he will do honor to the office. With him will be associated as Sec'y-Treas. Mr. Geo. P. Douglas, of the Ianthe C. C., of Newark, well known at all of the meets of late years, as a thorough canoeist and earnest racing man. The division officers elected were as follows:

Northern Division: Elected Aug. 11.—Vice-Com., H. M. Molson, Montreal; Rear-Com., George A. Schofield, Peterhoro; Purser, H. R. Tilley, Toronto; Ex. Com., W. H. Macnce, Kingston; W. L. Scott, Ottawa; C. E. Archbald, Montreal.

At the meeting of the Northern Division the following was passed:

Resolved, That if meet be held in St. Lawrence, no other meet be held, otherwise a division meet.

Central Division: Elected Aug 23.—Vice-Com., W. C. Witberbee Port Henry; Rear-Com., C. G. Belman, Amsterdam: Purser, C. E. Cragg, Port Henry; Ex. Com., C. V. Winne, W. R. Huntington,

Chicago Cruisers.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 18.—On Aug. 7 Mr. L. J. Marks, of the Chicago C. C., accompanied by Mr. Wm. Wilde, left for a cruising trip around the southern and eastern shore of Lake Michigan, with Muskegon as objective point. Their craft was an 18ft. St. Lawrence skiff. They are expected back next week, and should have an interesting log. E. H.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE third annual prize shoot of the Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, at the Greenville Schuetzen Park, on Friday and Saturday of last week, hrought together many of our prominent riflemen. Among the early arrivals on Friday morning were H. M. Pope, of Hartford; Wm. Hayes, Newark; Louis Flach and A. Holges, New York, and C. E. Gensch, New Jersey.

The weather was extremely hot and the shooting house during the two days was a most uncomfortable place to abide in, so much so tbat the shooters were compelled at frequent intervals to resort to the cool spots in and about the park for relief from the excessive heat. The first flag at the opening of the shoot was made by Mr. Gensch, and as is usual in such affairs, all hands went out to see a man. Louis Flach put up three scores of 71 each out of a possible 75 early in tbe day on Friday, and the other contestants were kept on the ragged edge all day trying to overcome this lead, but at the close of the shoot on Friday night Flach still held his position witb Messrs. Pope, Hayes and Gensch each with only one or two points behind him.

With the opening of the shoot on Saturday morning there came a host of riflemen from north, south, east and west of New York, it seemed as though everybody bad expected that everybody (else) would remain home on account of the weather conditions, and each individual came prepared to take advantage of the situation. From Port Chester came Messrs. Bachmann, Hess and Rudd; from Paterson came Messrs. Dietrich, Dutcber and Irons. Messrs. Begerow, Watts and Hayes from Newark; Messrs. Bird, Antenreith and Mehlenhrock, from Marion; Barney Walther and Cbas. G. Zettler of New York. Among the local shooters were Messrs. L. P. Hansen, W. H. Robidoux, John Hill, C. H. Chavant, C. Boag, W. Weber, Michael Dorrler and Geo. Schlicht. In fact there were so many representative riflemen present that to name them all in this article would require enlarged space, and out of respect for the feelings of non-winners we are compelled to draw the line at this point. All day Saturday the shooting house was filled with as jolly a set of shooters as ever came together. Each in his turn was striving to out-shoot the other, and as one individual would succeed in making a high ticket he became for the time being the center of a sweltering group, anxious to see his score and ready to extend their congratulations over his good luck, and thus the day passed and at the close of the shoot after the prizes had heen distributed the greater part of the assembled shooters and invited guests adjourned to the dinning hall of the Hotel Armbruster, where several hours were devoted to social intercourse, feasting, etc.

Ring target, three shots per score, possible 75, three best scores to count for first five prizes, and two scores to count for all others:

Geo Schlicht	73 71 69—213	Dr Autenreith	69 68—137
M Dorrler	72 71 70—213	B Walther	68 66—134
L Flach	71 71 71—213	J Speicher	69 64—133
Wm Hayes	71 71 70—212	F C Watts	67 66—133
H M Pope	71 70 69—210	O C Boyce	66 64—130
C E Gensch	71 69—140	C G Zettler	65 63—128
H Holges	71 69—140	J Hess	60 58—118
L P Hansen	71 68—139	Aug Begerow	61 57—118

Premiums for 5 best tickets: Wm. Hayes 352 points, L. Flach 351 points, M. Dorrler 351 points.

Bullseye target, 4in. disk, best center shot to count: L. P. Hansen 3½ degrees, M. Dorrler 27½, Wm. Hayes 29, Wm. Dutcher 32½, B. Walther 33½, L. Flach 39, C. G. Zettler 42, Geo. Schlicht 44, W. H. Robidoux 47, C. Boag 48. Premiums for most bullseyes, L. P. Hansen.

Columbian International Prize Shooting.

SHARPSHOOTERS' PARK, WEST PULLMAN.—The following shooters were present and decorated with the Columbian Medal: F. Gehrlich, Fountain City, Wis.; R. Tausher, La Crosse, Wis.; Rob. Bethman, St. Louis, Mo.; Wm. Ott, La Crosse, Wis.; C. Findeisen, Cbicago; Mat Gindele, Cincinnati, O.; Wm. Hasenzahl, Cincinnati, O.; F. M. Sec, Cincinnati; Wm. Randall, Cincinnati; W. M. Farron, Morgantown, W. Va; W. M. Hayser, Alma, Wis.; H. Rottiger, Fountain City, Wis.; J. Sporri, Louisville; Henry Behrens, Grand Mound, La.; Gustav Muhl, Toronto; A. F. W. Tester, Alma, Wis.; Geo. Kuehl, Chicago; Wm. Fried, Fountain City; Fred. Graf, Chicago; F. Burkel, St. Louis; John Meunier, Milwaukee; Henry Bartling, Chicago.

Columbia target: Mat Gindele 67, Wm. Hasenzahl 64, F. Ingersoll 64, W. Randall 63, F. Gehrlich 62, Wm. Hayser 60, Rich. Helmold 58, J. W. Texter 56, C. A. Johnson 57, F. M. Sec 55, H. Röttinger 52, Fred Pfeifer 44, R. Bethman 43, F. Burkel 41, W. Fried 37, H. Behrens 37, R. Tausher 35, John Sporri 21.

King target: Mat Gindele 215, Wm. Hasenzahl 206, Frd. Pfeifer 200, W. Ott 199; C. A. Johnson 198, Lohn Meunier 188, Gustav Muhl 187, Wm. Hayser 183, Wm. Randall 180, F. M. Sev 178, S. W. Tester 176, F. Gehrlich 169, F. Burkel 159, H. Behrens 144, R. Tausher 141, H. Röttinger 129.

Bullseye target: W. M. Farron 30, M. Gindele 24, G. Muhl 20, W. Ott 19, W. Randall 13, W. Hasenzahl 16, T. W. Tester 13, R. Tausher 12, F. Gehrlich 11, F. M. Sec 9, W. Hayser 9, H. Behrens 9, F. Pfeifer 8, U. Fried 8, H. Röttinger 7, C. M. Weinberger 6, R. Betbman 4, F. Bürkel 4.

Man target: M. Gindele 91, W. Hasenzahl 87, R. Bethman 85, G. F. Schmidt 85, W. Hayser 82, W. Ott 82, R. Tausche 77, W. M. Farron 75, W. Boehmer 73.

Standard target: W. Hasenzahl 46, Mat Gindele 45, W. M. Farron 45, W. Hayser 38, F. Pfeifer 36, B. Tausche 34.

People's target: W. Hasenzahl 70, W. M. Farron 70, M. Gindele 68, W. Ott 67, F. Pfeifer 65, W. Hayser 63, Wm. Randall 62, R. Bethman 63, F. Burkel 60, G. F. Schmidt 60, F. Graf 60, Rich. Helmold 58, R. Bethman 57, H. Röttinger 52, W. Fried 37, John Sporri 21.

All tbe time up to Sept. 3 the range will be open.

Bi-Monthly Shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club.

THERE was hardly a corporal's guard of the members of the Zettler Rifle Club present at the practice shoot of the club at Cypress Hills Park on Aug. 27. The hot weather and the many other counter attractions in and about New York probably kept many of the regulars away. Those who did put in an appearance found that shooting under tbe extreme torrid weather conditions was anything but pleasant. The scores are appended, 10-shot scores, 2 scores to count, German ring target:

H Holges	22 22 23 24 21 21 24 22 20 24—224
	20 22 23 23 22 20 22 22 22 25—221
Geo W Plaisted	23 21 21 24 22 21 20 22 22 19—215
	22 21 21 25 25 22 23 22 18 23—222
R Hamann	23 22 24 20 18 21 22 24 21 20—215
	19 23 25 23 20 24 22 23 23 18—220
C G Zettler	20 20 22 19 19 23 23 23 20 20—209
	19 22 20 21 24 21 25 24 22 23—221
Geb Krauss	24 23 20 22 21 20 21 24 16 21—212
	25 21 21 23 19 23 23 18 22 22—217
Philip F Schmidt	21 20 22 15 17 21 25 23 21 11—196
	23 22 21 19 16 16 25 20 21 20—203
Joseph Günther	14 19 21 13 20 19 17 25 17 20—185
	18 21 15 17 16 22 13 10 17 18—167

New York City Corps.

THE monthly practice of the New York City Corps, Capt. C. Rehm, at Washington Park, Friday, Aug. 25, had its usual attendance. R. Busse made himself conspicuous by making the highest score on the ring and man target, the most red flags and the most bullseyes. The scores are appended:

Ring target: R Busse 205, C. Rehm 198, H. Radloff 185, John Facklamm 180, O. Urnstein 177, C. G. Zettler 174, Ad. Keller 170, O. Uihlein 165, H. Kuhlmann 158, H. Munz 158, W. H. Gerdes 151, J. F. Gerdes 142.

Man target: R. Busse 57, O. Uihlein 56, C. G. Zettler 56, J. Facklamm 53, H. Radloff 51, A. Range 50.

Red flags: R. Busse 3, O. Uihlein 3, H. Radloff 3, H. Kuhlmann 2, C. G. Zettler 2, J. Facklamm 2, A. Range 1, Ad. Keller 1.

Bullseye: O. Uihlein 3, C. G. Zettler 3, Otto Urnstein 2, J. F. Gerdes 1, A. Range 1, H. Kuhlmann 1, J. Facklamm 1, Christ. D. Rehn 1, Wm. H. Gerdes 1.

Western Shooting League.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 23.—At the eighth biennial tournament of the Western Shooting League the highest number of points yesterday was made hy D. Schneidewind, Sam. G. Dorman and Andrew McBean, all of St. Louis, who made 386, 350 and 317 points respectively, F. Taggenburger, of Chicago, scoring 237 points. These marksmen received gold-headed canes, and in addition will he awarded a cash premium.

Twelve additional riflemen were decorated with gold medals on this target to-day. The highest scores on the king target were made hy M. Graw, of Chicago, and L. Scher, of St. Louis, the former making 97 out of a possible 125, and the latter 95.

RIFLE NOTES.

We want to call the attention of rifle shooting committees getting up shooting programmes to the fact that in demanding three best tickets to count for the first three or five prizes is running to extremes. Barney Walther hit the mark when he remarked that they may as well make it 50 shots. Try as you may, there is no handicap of this nature placed upon the expert that does not bear doubly hard upon the ordinary shooter. The programme of the German-American Society for their shoot on Sept. 18 and 19 demands three hest tickets for the first ten prizes. To non-members the first ticket costs $2. What sort of a chance has the lay shooter got on a programme like this? We are much surprised that an old rifleman with the experience of C. G. Zettler should appear as one of a committee countenancing such a parody. That he had anything to do with such a programme we can hardly believe.

It was very kind of the Excelsior Rifle Cluh management to go through the park and gather in the unfortunate shooters of the festival, and after slipping a supper ticket into his pocket (the unfortunate's), fire him through the dining-room door, where he was left to the mercies of mine host Armhruster.

On Monday (Labor Day) teams from the Greenville and Hudson rifle cluhs will contest for a $50 purse. The match takes place on the range of the Fourth Regiment at Marion, N. J. Both teams are said to be in winning form.

Chas. G. Zettler, the treasurer of the Zettler Club, is credited with having introduced the idea for the new and handsome programme for the fall shoot. To speak of these programmes within the hearing of C. G. brings a smile to his countenance as expansive as an August moon.

A programme for the sixteenth annual prize shoot of the German-American Shooting Society, to be held in Washington Park on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 18 and 19, gives on the ring target 42 prizes, ranging from $40 to $1.80, with 5 premiums for the most points ranging from $10 to $2. Medal target, 16 gold medals, open to all comers. Man target, 18 prizes, ranging from 15 to $1; 3 premiums for the most red flags ranging from $5 to $2.

The Empire Rifle Club, with headquarters at No. St. Mark's place, is out with a programme for its fall and winter gallery shoot. Ten prizes, ranging from $12 to $1 are offered for the members to compete for.

The programme of the Zettler Rifle Cluh for its twentieth annual shooting festival, to be held in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on Sept. 10 and 11, is creating a great deal of interst in rifle shooting circles. The style of the programme is unique and a fine example of lithographic art. The prize list is sure to he appreciated by the expert, while the list is sufficiently extended to permit the lay shooter to gather in a few crumbs. Programme:

Ring target.—Distance 200yds., ¾in. (25) German ring target, any rifle, open to all comers, first ticket $2, each following $1, two hest tickets to count for the first five prizes, the best single ticket to count for the following prizes, tickets unlimited, only one prize obtainable by any shooter; twenty-one prizes from $50 to $1. Premiums—Best 5 tickets on ring target $10, second best $8, third best $4 and fourth $2.

Bullseye target.—Open to all comers, 10 shots $1. the best hullseye to count by measurement; eighteen prizes from $20 to $1. Premiums—For the most hullseyes shot hy one shooter during the festival: First premium $12, second $8, third $6, fourth $4, fifth $2. Premium of $1 for first and last bullseyes.

Mr. F. C. Ross left New York on Thursday, Aug. 24, to participate in the Columhian shooting festival at Chicago. He was accompanied hy John Young, of Maspeth, L. I.

Dr. J. A. Boyken and Michael Dorrler turned their faces toward the setting sun on Tuesday, Aug. 29. They did not say where they were going, but an observing Jerseyman who crossed the North River with them heard some remarks dropped, among which was: "Yes, $500 first, divide; clean sweep." Here the hanging of the boat against the ferry slip on the Jersey side interrupted the conversation between the two shooters; they were last seen hurrying toward the railroad depot. The observing Jerseyman jumped to the conclusion that Chicago was their destination.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Sept. 2.—New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League and Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J.
Sept. 4.—Frankfort (N. Y.) Game and Fish Protective Association tournament.
Sept. 4.—Endeavor Gun Club tournament, on Al Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.
Sept. 4.—White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club tournament. L. C. Platt, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-8.—Third international live bird and target tournament, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich.
Sept. 6-8.—Schuylkill County Shooting Association, at Tamaqua, Pa. Targets, sparrows and pigeons.
Sept. 6-8.—The Veteran Tournament, Indianapolis, Ind, during National G. A. R. Encampment, under the management of the officers of the North End Shooting Cluh. H. S. Humphrey, President.
Sept. 6-8.—Pimlico Gun Cluh tournament, Baltimore. Dr. Z. F Frey, Sec'y.
Sept. 12-13.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Allentown and Bethlehem, Pa. (combined).
Sept. 20-21.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association sixth tournament, at Worcester, Mass.
Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrishurg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.
September.—Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.
Oct. 2-7.—John Watson's tournament, Burnside, Ill.
Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.
May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Forest and Stream has become so much of an institution in Chicago that folks have taken to directing their letters there. The paper is still published from 318 Broadway, New York, to which office all mail should be addressed unless it is to be delayed a week.

The Pimlico Gun Club, Baltimore, Md., will hold their three days' tournament shoot Sept. 6, 7 and 8. Live birds and targets. Dr. L. F. Frey, secretary; Dr. H. Smith, assistant secretary.

The White Plains Gun Club will hold their monthly bluerock tournament for September at their grounds at White Plains, N. Y., on Monday, Sept. 4 (Lahor Day). The secretary is L. C. Platt, Jr.

C. H. Townsend.

The Garfield Gun Club.

There was a large attendance at the club's shoot on Saturday, Aug. 26. Some most excellent scores were made, that of Messrs. Coppernoll and Tefft in the medal shoot, the former retaking 50 straight, heing most remarkable.

No. 1, 15 bluerocks: Pilzer 8, Mott 13, Bowers 10, Erwin 12, Coppernoll 13, Hicks 13, Dr. Hodson 10, Johns 1, O'Neil 12, Fleming 13, S. Palmer 11, Lauterbach 10, Tefft 14, Sparre 6, W. Palmer 12.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks: Pilz 5, Mott 7, Bowers 7, Erwin 7, Coppernoll 8, Hicks 8, Dr. Hodson 6, Johns 3, O'Neil 6, Fleming 7, S. Palmer 9, Lauterbach 5, Tefft 9, Richards 8, Sparre 5, W. Palmer 7, Sand 9, Dr. Meek 9,

No. 3, medal shoot, 25 bluerocks: Pilz 17, Mott 16, Bowers 14, Coppernoll 25, Hicks 20, Dr. Hodson 20, O'Neil 18, Fleming 24, S Palmer 24, Tefft 25, Richards 20, W. Palmer 21, Dr. Meek 21. In the ties between Messrs. Coppernoll and Tefft, the former broke 50 straight, while the latter missed his 43d and 45th bird, truly a close competition. In class A Coppernoll was first; class B, Fleming; class C, Dr. Hodson.

No. 4, unknown traps and angles, 10 bluerocks: Pilze 6, Mott 5, Bowers 9, Erwin 8, Coppernoll 3, Hicks 3, Hodson 5, Johns 1, O'Neil 6, Fleming 6, S. Palmer 7, C. Sparre 6, Tefft 9, Richards 8, Sands 7.

No. 5, 15 bluerocks, rapid fire: Pilz 8, Tott 8, Bowers 7, Erwin 11, Coppernoll 13, Hicks 11, Dr. Hodson 10, O'Neil 11, Fleming 7, S. Palmer 15, C. Sparre 6, Tefft 15, Richards 14, Eich 13, Berkland 4, Sands 15 Hodson 10.

B. Waters.

KEYSTONE SIXTH ANNUAL.

New London, Conn., Aug. 27.—The sixth annual of the Standard Keystone Company opened on Tuesday, the 22d, on the New London Gun Club grounds. Sharp at 9 o'clock the battle began, and the entire week was a continual round of excitement, and taking the condition of the money market into consideration, the attendance was all that could be expected. Although the entrance in any one event was not large, the attendance throughout the entire week was quite large, as different ones kept dropping in from day to day, and the last day was the best day. In the individual championship contests the entrance was large, although there were a great many shooters on the ground who did not enter, knowing that they would have no chance in such a long race with so many experts. All fought hard in this event, and it was a grand contest from beginning to end. Wolstencroft, Heikes, McMurchy, Van Dyke, Bennett Bros., Dickey, E. D. Miller, Savage, Longden, Edgarton, Col. Anthony, Major Todd, Conner and others, struggled and strived from start to finish, and would not give up until the last gun was fired and Conner outshot the others with the wonderful score of 98 out of a possihle 100. He was declared the victor.

In team races there were three teams that competed, Connecticut, New Jersey and Massachusetts. Noel Money, captain of the Jersey team, selected for his team Miller, Breintnall, Van Dyke, Dutchy and Maj. Taylor; for Connecticut Capt. Savage, shot himself, Cady, Burbridge, Edgarton and Potter; for Massachusetts, Capt. Dickey shot himself and selected from his State, White, Davis, Jones, Cowee. As usual each team thought they had a sure thing of winning, but Connecticut proved to be too fast for the others, and although she was pushed hard by the Jersey team, as the scores will show, there was only a difference of three birds between each team.

The race hetween the Eastern and Western teams was also a very interesting contest, but as usual Capt. Lindsley came off victorious; he had used excellent judgment in selecting his team; during the 100-bird individual championship race he watched each and every shooter and selected his team from those who proved to be in the hest form, without favoring any one in any way. His team consisted of Dutchy, Heikes, McMurchy, Van Dyke, Col. Anthony and Conner. On the other hand Edgarton had a hard time to decide whom he would shoot on his Eastern team and finally selected Dickey, the Bennett Bros., Rockwell Burbridge and himself; and it happened through excitement or some cause that his men did not make the scores that were expected of them.

On Wednesday night a terrific storm came up, the wind hlowing at the rate of fifty miles per hour, and the grounds were completely demoralized, so shooting was declared off for that day, except thc Trophy race, which was shot in the afternoon, and was followed by a numbcr of extra sweeps.

The tournament was conducted by Mr. H. A. Penrose, and, as usual, ran without a hitch or a balk. It was acknowledged by those present that they had never seen a better exhibition of target throwing. The new Keystone trap was used, and there was no breakage whatever from the trap. In the cashier's office was found James Clinton and S. M. Crocker, who had heen drilled so that they thoroughly understood handling their work. On the hlackboard rack were Bailey and Jones; manifold scorer: Duchet. For refereeing Mr. Penrose had Dunhar and Charles Tatham to assist him. Eightcen traps were used, eight at each side of trap-pull and one at each end between the screens, which are 35yds. apart, so in shooting the novelty rule there was a combinatiou of ten traps, as the shooter on either side of centre could get either of the traps between the screens, which were numhered 17 and 18. There were two continuous screens, ten traps behind the inside screen, and six behind the outside screen, which threw incomers. The inside traps threw right-quarter, left-quarter, straightaway, right-quarter and left-quarter, the end traps placed hetween the two screens threw direct cross hirds. All traps during novelty rule were pulled according to indicator, which consists of a ten trap eight comhination indicator.

The grounds were arranged so that they looked very picturesque. Over the entire score there was erected an enormous awning, which was 180ft. long and 14ft. wide, so the shooter was protected from the sun while shooting. Directly back of this and arranged in a semi-circle the following tents were erected: U. M. C., Forest and Stream, E. C. Powder Co., S. S. Powder Co., Standard Keystone Co., Tatham Bros. and American Wood Powder.

In attendance were such well-known shots as the Wolstencroft brothers, of Philadelphia; Ferd Van Dyke, of Newark; H. McMurchy, of Fulton; M. F. Lindsley, of West Hohoken; R. O. Heikes, of Chicago; O. R. Dickey, of Boston; Bennett brothers, of Boston (who shot under the *nom de plume* of Jones and White); Frank Cowee, of Boston; Noel Money, of Oakland; W. Wagner, of Washington; O. R. Hesse, of Red Bank; E. M. Cooper, of Red Bank; Armin Tenner, of Belgium; Col. Breintnall, of Newark; W. E. Ayer and L. L. Crosby, of Putney; J. B. Bergue, of Red Bank; John W. Conner, of Knoxville; W. L. Davis, of Worcester; E. E. Shancr, of Pittsburgh; Frank Potter, Savage, Longden, Bates, Clarke and Pop Folsom, of New Haven; Edgarton and Wehb, of Willimantic; Buckwalter and Will Park, of Wilkesbarre; Col. Anthony and Major Todd, of Charlotte; Burbridge, of Hartford; Dutchy Smith, of Plainfield; E. D. Miller, of Springfield; W. M. Thomas, of U. M. C. Co., of Bridgeport; Mitchell and Rohbins, of Norwich; Rockwell and Mills, of Bristol, besides many others throughout the country and local shooters. Following are the scores in full:

No. 1: Experts.
W Wolstencroft......0111100000—4 Van Dyke..........1110110100—6
O R Dickey..........0110100101—5 Heikes..............0111111100—7
Semi-Experts.
Hesse...............1111111101—9 N E Money..........0011001101—5
Wagner..............0100111101—6 Cady...............0000110100—3
Dutchy..............1001000011—4
Amateurs.
Mizpath.............1001111001—4 Clark..............0010101000—3
Davis...............0101111110—7 E M C..............0001000101—3
Orty................0010101110—5 Conner.............1010001011—5
Strong..............1110000000—3 Savage.............1001110101—6
Ayers...............1001101100—5 Potter.............1101101011—7
Crosby..............0101010110—5

No. 2:
Savage.........110010011111111—11 Wolstencroft...101110010100110— 8
Williams.......000000111010011— 6 Dickey.........101101100011111—10
Raven..........001111010111101—10 Van Dyke.......011101111111111—13
Cady...........100001110011110— 8 Heikes.........111111111111111—15
Conner.........111111111111111—15 Hesse..........110101111111110—12
Clark..........101110111111110—12 Dutchy.........011011111111110—12
E M C..........001101110011111—10 Wagner.........111111111111111—15
Potter.........111111111111111—15 Money..........110101111111110—12
Davis..........110111101110111—12 Crosby.........001111101010111—10
Ayer...........100101111011100— 9 Orty...........101011101010111—10
J White........111111111101111—14 Edgarton.......111011110111111—13

No. 3: Experts.
Wolstencroft........1000010110—4 Heikes..............1001010011—5
Dickey..............1001100100—4 Hesse...............0111010011—7
Van Dyke............1111100101—7
Semi-Experts.
Edgarton............1010111110—7 Money...............0111011110—7
Wagner..............0000111100—4
Amateurs.
Clark...............1101111110—8 Davis...............1011010111—7
Rockwell............1110000001—4 Conner..............0111000110—7
J White.............1111011011—8 Cady................0101110111—7
R M C...............1101100110—7 Crosby..............-1000001111—5
Ayer................0001001001—3 Savage..............1001111011—7
Potter..............1110011101—6 Orty................1100100110—5
Raven...............0111000110—5 Dutchy..............1011001011—6

No. 4:
Heikes.........111111111111111—15 Wagner.........111111100110011—12
Dutchy.........111101111111111—14 Conner.........111010011111001—10
Williams.......100010001010100— 5 Clark..........111110011100111—11
Money..........111110010111111—12 Raven..........111111110111111—14
Hesse..........111111111010110—12 Davis..........111110111101111—13
Van Dyke.......111111101111111—14 Crosby.........101111001011111—12
Savage.........111111110111111—14 E M C..........011111111111111—14
Wolstencroft...101111110110111—12 J White........111011111111011—13
Dickey.........111111101101111—13 Potter.........111110100111110—11
Edgarton.......011111011110111—12 Orby...........101111111110111—13
Rockwell.......111010110111010—10 Bergen.........110111101011111—12
Crescent.......011000111100001— 7 Borland........100111100010010— 7
Ayer...........110011110011100— 9 Cady...........111110111111111—14

No. 5: Experts.
W'ls'ncr'ft 00011001101101111111—13 Hesse.....11011110111111001011—15
Dickey....11011111110001111111—15 Heikes.....01011110000111110001—11
Van Dyke..10100011000101111111—12
Semi-Experts.
Edgarton..10110111101110101110—14 Wagner....10111111111011101101—16
Dutchy....01000101111000011100— 9 Money.....00111011110110110110—14

No. 5: Amateurs.
Savage....00101111010111111111—15 E M C.....01100100110111001001—10
Rockwell..10100101111011011010—12 Conner....11011110001100111111—14
Cady......01101111111110100111—15 Clark.....11111010010110011101—13
Crosby....00110011000111100001— 9 Potter....00111111111101110111—16
Ayer......01101110110010101111—13 Davis.....01001010100001110110— 9
J White...11110111101010111110—15

No. 6:
Borland.............0011000011— 4 Wolstencroft........1111111111—10
Orty................1101111110— 8 Dickey..............1101011111— 8
Williams............0110111001— 6 Van Dyke............1111011011— 8
Clark...............1000111011— 6 Money...............1101010100— 5
Dutchy..............1110111111— 9 Hesse...............0111110110— 7
E M C...............1111101011— 8 Savage..............1111101111— 9
Ayer................0011100111— 6 Edgarton............0010111110— 6
Crosby..............0100100011— 4 Rockwell............1110100101— 6
Davis...............1111100111— 8 Heikes..............1101110111— 8
Conner..............1111100011— 7 Raven...............0011001111— 6
Wagner..............1111111111—10 J White.............1111111111—10
Potter..............1011110111— 8

No. 7:
Wolstencroft...101111101101111—12 Hesse..........111011110101010—10
Dickey.........111101001100001— 8 Heikes.........000111111111100—10
Van Dyke.......110101101111011—11
Semi-Experts.
Edgarton.......011110010111101—10 Raven..........100010100010111— 7
Dutchy.........011101010110111—10 Crosby.........011110111101000— 9
Wagner.........111111110110001—11 J White........111110101010110—10
Money..........110011111111101—12 Conner.........110111101111111—13
Savage.........101101100111111—11 Potter.........010011111101101—10
Rockwell.......110111100011010— 9 Davis..........101110110110110—10
E M C..........111000110111111—11 Clark..........010010101110110— 8
Ayer...........110110000010001— 6

No. 8. trophy contest:
Wolstencroft.....11111111111111111111111111111100011111110010111111—44
Dickey...........10011101101101011111111111111100111111111111111011—41
Van Dyke.........11101101110111111111011111111101111111111111111111—41
Hesse............11111111101101111110111111111110101111111111111110—44
Edgarton.........01101111001111111111101110101111111111111011001111—40
Savage...........11111111111111111101111111101100111111110110111111—44
Rockwell.........11111111111111010111111111111111111111110101011111—44
Heikes...........01111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111111—48
Dutchy...........11011111011111111111111111111111111111101111111111—47
J White..........11111111110110111111111111111011101111111111111011111—45
Conner...........11111111111111111111111111111111111101101111111110—47
Wagner...........11111111000110111111111111111111111101111111111101111—44
Ayer.............10111111111011101101111111111111111111110100111111—43
Crosby...........10111111111111101111111111001001011011111111101111—34
Raven............11001011111110111101111100111101011110010011110000—35
E M C............11111101110011111111111111011111101111110110010111—41
Davis............11011111110110110111111011011111111111110111111111—43
Clark............11111111111110110001111111111111111010111001111—42
Cady.............11110101101001011111111111111101111111010111100111—39
Money............10111111011101011110111011111111110101101111111110—40
Borland..........00111100001001010111011011001101000000111010110000—23

No. 9:
Wolstencroft...101111111111001—12 Dutchy.........111111010111111—13
Dickey.........111110110111110—12 Ayer...........000101111111101—10
Van Dyke.......101111111011111—14 Cady...........111111111010111— 9
Hesse..........110011111111111—13 Clark..........101110101111111—12
Edgarton.......001110111111111—12 Raven..........100010110110111— 9
Savage.........111110010111101—12 Davis..........011111010111111—12
Rockwell.......111111111111111—15 Bergen.........111000111111111—11
Orty...........111110111101100—11 Potter.........110111111111111—14
Money..........101011111111110—12 Wagner.........111111110111111—14
Conner.........111101111110110—12 Heikes.........111111111111111—15
J White........111110111111111—14 Crosby.........111010111100101—10
E M C..........101111111111111—14

No. 10: Experts.
Wolstencroft........1111111010— 8 Hesse...............1111101111— 9
Dickey..............1111011111— 9 Heikes..............1111100111— 8
Van Dyke............1110011111— 8
Semi-Experts.
Edgarton............1111110110— 8 Wagner..............1111011111— 9
Dutchy..............1110111111— 9 Money...............1111111111—10
Amateurs.
J White.............1110111111— 9 E M C...............1111011000— 6
Conner..............1110011110— 7 Clark...............0010101111— 5
Savage..............1111111100— 8 Williams............1111110110— 8
Rockwell............1011001111— 7 Davis...............1101111111— 9
Raven...............0111001010— 5 Ayer................1010111111 8
Cady................1101011101— 7 Crosby..............1101111110— 8
Potter..............1111111101— 8

The Second Day.

No. 1: Experts.
Wolstencroft........1011000111—6 Van Dyke............1111101011—8
Dickey..............1111000010—5 McMurchy............1111001110—7
Lindsley............1010011110—6 Heikes..............0111110111—8
Semi-Experts.
Edgarton............1111100111— 8 Dutchy..............0010100011— 4
Wagner..............0111011101— 7 Money...............1111111111—10
Amateurs.
Rockwell............1011101110—7 Mitchell............0000000001—1
Cowee...............1110111110—8 Crane...............1011101111—8
Clark...............0111101011—7 Davis...............0110111001—6
Breintnall..........1111011111—9 Webb................1110100100—5
J White.............0011111111—9 Conner..............0111001111—7
Savage..............0011111111—8 McGinty.............0110101011—5
Capron..............0111111001—7 Crosby..............1101111101—7
Longden.............1011110111—8 Borland.............0100010010—3
Shaner..............1011111111—9 Raven...............1101101101—7
Cady................1111010111—8

No. 2:
Edgarton.........01 10 00 10 11—5 Davis...........11 11 10 10 10—7
Wagner...........00 01 10 11 11—6 Ayer............01 10 11 10 10—6
Heikes...........01 00 11 11 11—7 Dutchy..........11 10 11 10 01—7
McMurchy.........11 10 11 10 10—7 Rockwell........10 01 11 11 10—7
Dickey...........10 01 10 11 10—6 Cowee...........10 11 10 11 01—7
Wolstencroft.....10 11 11 10 00—7 Money...........10 01 11 01 10—6
Breintnall.......10 10 11 10 10—6 Clark...........11 11 10 10 10—7
J White..........11 11 11 01 10—8 Crosby..........10 10 01 10 00—4
Savage...........01 11 11 10 11—8 Conner..........10 01 10 10 11—6
Van Dyke.........10 10 10 10 11—6

No. 3: Experts.
D Wolsten-croft....10111011101111111101—16 Lindsley..01101011001010100101—10
McMurchy.01111010111111110110—15
Dickey.....11000011101010110011—11 Heikes....10110011100111101111—14
Van Dyke.11101111100000111111—14
Semi-Experts.
Edgarton..10101111110101110111—15 Wagner...11111111101111111111—19
Dutchy....10010111110111101111—15 Money....01101101111111111101—16
Amateurs.
Rockwell..11110111101111000111—15 Crane.....10001111111000111111—14
Cowee.....11101111100111010000—12 Mitchell...10111001111101010111—14
Clark......01011001000110001111—10 Conner....11011111110011011010—14
Breintnall.11111111011101111110—17 Longden...00010110111111001111—13
J White...01111101111111111111—18 Raven......01010111110111111110—14
Savage....01110111111111110111—17 Crosby....11110011110110011000—12
Davis......11111110011110111001—15 Williams...01111000001110101110—11
Shaner....10110110111111111101—16

No. 4:
Wolstencroft...111111011011111—13 Heikes.........111111111111111—15
Dickey.........011011111111111—13 Moshier........111111000111111—12
Van Dyke.......111111011111101—13 White..........111111011001110—11
Edgarton.......111011011111111—13 Mitchell.......101010110111001— 9
Dutchy.........101111101111111—13 Crane..........011111010111111—12
Money..........001010100010100— 5 Crosby.........100011111010001— 8
Rockwell.......110101010111111—11 McMurchy.......110111011111011—12
Cowee..........001011111011011—10 Lindsley.......111110110111110—12
Clark..........111110111111011—13 Longden........011000010110010— 6
Breintnall.....111111011011111—13 Cady...........001111111011111—12
Conner.........011111101111111—13 Williams.......110111101101101—11
Savage.........111110111111111—14 McGinty........011111111110011—12
Davis..........111110111001111—12 Capron.........000010000111000— 4
Webb...........101111110011101—11 Wagner.........111111111011111—14

No. 5: Experts.
Wolst'nc'ft01101111111000111111—15 McMurchy 10111110001001011111—13
Dickey....10111110101110010101—13 Lindsley...11100111100001100101—11
Van Dyke..11111101101110110110—15 Heikes....00110111111111111110—16
Semi-Experts.
Dutchy....10110001101000110101—10 Edgarton..11111000111000100011—11
Wagner....01110111011111111111—18 Money.....11111110011101111101—16
Amateurs.
Breintnall.01100100011111101110—12 Shaner....01110111101111010111—15
Rockwell..11100111111111111011—17 Mitchell...00111111111001010101—13
Cowee.....11101111101011001110—14 Cady......11100010001000111100— 9
Clark......11111101010101010001—12 Crane.....01111011000011111011—13
J White...00100011100111111101—12 Crosby....11111101101010111100—14
Savage....11111111000110111110—15 Raven.....01111111100101011110—14
Davis......11111111000110111110—14 Longden...10100010101000010001— 7
Conner....11010111111111101001—15

No. 6:
Wolstencroft........1111111011— 9 Longden.............1100010001— 4
Dickey..............1111011111— 9 Capron..............0001010111— 5
Van Dyke............1011111111— 9 Lindsley............1111011111— 9
Dutchy..............1111111111—10 McMurchy............1100011111— 7
Edgarton............1111111111—10 Heikes..............1111111111—10
Money...............0010011110— 5 Clark...............1101110111— 8
J White.............1101111101— 8 Webb................1001101011— 6
Wagner..............1111111111—10 Rockwell............1111001110— 7
Cowee...............1011111101— 8 Robbins.............0001011100— 4
Mitchell............1111111101— 9 Cady................1111101011— 8
Davis...............1011110110— 7 Conner..............1111111111—10
Savage..............0111111000— 6 Raven...............1110111111— 9
Breintnall..........1111111010— 8 Crosby..............1111010101— 7
Mosher..............0111101000— 5 Crane...............1111110100— 7

No. 7, trophy contest:
Clark.........00011111011111111111101111111111111010011101010—39
Rockwell..........11111110011101111100110111001110111111110110011—38

Davis..............1101111011000111110111111100110100110101111101:1011—35
Heikes............111111111111111111111111111101111111111111101111111—48
Lindsley...........11111111001110001110111111000110001010111111001—34
McMurchy.........11110011101111111111111101101111111111111111100—43
Mitchell...........1010011111011100101011100111011110111100110001100—31
Wagner...........1011111111111110101101111111111111101111111111111—45
Cady..............11101101111111111111011111111011111110100101111—42
Conner............1110111111111111111111111101111111111111101110111—45
Raven.............1110111101111111111110110111111111111101110111—45
Wolstencroft......111111110111111111011111111111111111111101111111—47
Dickey.............1111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111—49
Van Dyke.........1011111111101101111111110011111111101111111111111—44
Dutchy............0111111110111111111111111110111001101111111111111—44
Ddgarton..........01111111111111111011101111111110101111111111111—45
Ayer...............11110101111110101101111111111111001101110110 0w
Crosby............111100111100101010001010110100111111001111110w
Savage............0111111111111111111101011111011111111101111111111—45
Cowee.............01111111011011111111111101111110011011001111101111—41
Breintnall.........1111011110111010101101111111111111101111111001111—44
J White............11111111101111011100111111111111111111111110011111—40

No. 8: Experts.
Wolstencroft...011101110101011—10 McMurchy......100011100101111— 9
Dickey..........110110011110011—10 Lindsley........011000001001010— 5
Van Dyke......110111111011111—13 Heikes..........111000111110011—10

Semi-Experts.
Dutchy.........110111101111111—13 Money..........101011010111110—10
J White........011111111110111—13 Wagner........111101000111111—11
Edgarton.......011111101110011—11 Col Anthony....110101111111101—12

Amateurs.
Rockwell........111101101011111—12 Shaner.........110111111100111 - 12
Cowee..........00101011[101111—10 Raven..........111110111101111—13
Breintnall.......101110101111110—11 Mitchell........010010101111000— 7
Savage..........110111110011111—12 Conner..........111101010101100— 9
Davis...........111111010110110—11 Cady............101110110101010— 9
Clark...........111100010111111—11

No. 9:
Wolstencroft........1111111111—10 Clark................1111111111—10
Dickey...............1111111101— 9 Rockwell............0110111100— 6
Van Dyke............1011110111— 8 McMurchy...........1111111101— 9
Dutchy..............1111111101— 9 Heikes...............1111111111—10
Edgarton............1010111111— 8 Mosher..............0111111111— 8
J White..............1011111111— 9 Capron...............1101001101— 8
Breintnall...........1101011111— 8 Wagner..............1111100010— 6
Money...............1111011001— 7 Buckwalter..........1111111111—10
Savage..............1111111101— 9 Col Anthony.........1111111101— 9
Davis................1111101111— 9 Park.................1110011111— 8
Cady.................1111111101— 9 Conner...............1101111101— 8

No. 10: Experts.
Wolstencroft........1111101111— 9 Van Dyke...........1011110111— 8
Dickey...............1111111111—10

Semi-Experts.
Wagner..............1000101111— 6 Money...............1110010110— 6
Dutchy..............0011110111— 7 J White..............1110111000— 7
Edgarton............0101101101— 6 Colonel Anthony....1111101110— 8

Amateurs.
Shaner..............1111000111— 7 Breintnall............1110101111— 8
Mitchell.............1111010011— 7 Davis.................1011101111— 8
Mosher..............1001011101— 6 Savage...............1110011101— 7
Rockwell............11[0110110— 7 Clark.................1111110011— 8

The Third Day.

No. 1.
Breintnall............0111111010— 7 White................1011110111— 8
Heikes...............1011111111— 9 Todd.................1101101111— 8
Edgarton............1011101101— 7 Van Dyke............1111111111—10
Jones................1101011111— 8 Buckwalter..........0110011111— 7
Davis................1111110011— 8 Anthony.............1001010101— 5
McMurchy...........1011011111-- 8

No. 2, novelty, $1.50:
Heikes...............1110110111—7 White.................1111001111—8
Anthony.............0000011111—6 Jones.................1101101010—6
Edgarton............1011011010—6 Thomas...............1111001000—5
Breintnall...........1011110110—7 Cady..................0010110101—5
McMurchy...........1111110110—8 Davis.................1100111010—7
Todd.................1110011011—7 Clark.................1111010010—6
Dickey...............1101011101—7 Rockwell.............1111011101—8
Van Dyke............1101001111—7 Conner...............1111110111—9
Lindsley.............1101010110—6 Dutchy...............0111111111—9
Money...............0110101111—7 W Wolstencroft......1001011001—5

No. 3: Experts and Semi-Experts.
Heikes..........111101111111111—14 Anthony........110010010111110— 9
McMurchy......111100111111101—12 Money..........111111111111011—14
Dickey..........101110011001100— 8 Edgarton.......111110101111111—13
Van Dyke......011111111111110—13 Lindsley........111101010100100— 8
Todd...........110011010111111—11 Dutchy.........111111011110101—12

Amateurs.
Breintnall......001111010001011— 8 Clark..........011000000101011— 6
Cady...........110111111000001— 9 White..........111111110011111—13
Cowee.........011110111111101—12 Rockwell.......011101111100111—11
Jones..........111111000110010— 9 Williams........111111010101100—10
Thomas........001101111110111—11 Conner.........101110111111111—13
Davis..........111101111111111—14

No. 4. Amateur rule:
Heikes.....10111011011111101111—16 Jones.....01011111001111111111—16
Anthony ..11111101111111001111—17 White.....11111111111110111110—18
Todd.... ..01111110111110111111—17 Thomas. ..11010110001111011011—13
Dickey.....10111111111111111001—17 Clark......01011111011100110101—13
Edgarton..01011101111101111111—16 Conner....11100111111110011011—15
Dutchy....11101111111011001111—16 Rockwell..11111101011110111111—17
Cady...... 10011110011110111111—15 Breintnall.10111011111111101111—17
McMurchy.11111111110111110111—18 Davis......11111011011111111111—18
Van Dyke.11110111111111111111—19 Williams...01011110011111001110—13
Cowee.....10101111110111110011—15

No. 5. Trophy contest:
Cady.....................................0110011100111011010010011—14
Dickey...................................1111111110101111111111011—22
Edgarton.................................1110111101001111111111100—19
McMurchy................................1111000011110110101110010—15
Todd......................................1111110111111111110111111—23
Heikes....................................1111111111111111110111101—23
Anthony..................................1111101111111111111101101—22
Jones.....................................1111011000101001011111111—17
Buckwalter...............................1100010011111111110110000—15
Van Dyke.................................1111111111111111011111111—24
Dutchy...................................1111000111110011011110111—18
Cowee....................................1110101111111111110111101—21
White.....................................1110111111110111111011111—22
Breintnall................................1111111111111101110111110—22
Rockwell.................................1101111111110111111101101—22
Connor...................................0111111111011101111110111—21
Davis....................................0001110110011011111111111—18
Clinton..................................0010010000101000000011000— 6

No. 6: Experts.
Dutchy...............0101110111—7 Todd..................1110110011—7
Edgarton.............1101010101—6 Lindsley..............1101001101—6
Van Dyke............1111111010—8 Col Anthony..........0100001001—3
McMurchy............1001010111—6 Money................0111111111—9

Amateurs.
Thomas..............0100011100—4 White.................1101001011—6
Cady.................1000100101—4 Davis.................1110111110—8
Jones................0111110111—8 Clark.................0010110111—6
Cowee...............1001100011—5

The Fourth Day.

No. 1: Experts.
Todd.................0110111111—8 Miller.................0110101110— 6
Van Dyke............1111101111—9 Dickey...............1110111111— 9
Anthony.............1110101111—8 McMurchy...........0101111011— 7
Money...............1100111011—7 Conner..............0111011111— 8
Lindsley.............0101101111—7 Edgarton............1100111100— 6
Dutchy..............0110100100—4 Heikes..............1111111111—10

Amateurs.
Cowee...............1101101111—8 Burbridge...........1011111111— 9
Breintnall...........1111110111—9 Longden.............0011110011— 6
Raven...............1011101011—7 Thomas..............1111111111—10
Mitchell.............0101111011—7 Clark................1110101110— 7
White...............1011110101—7 Wells................0000100001— 2
Jones................1101001111—7 Davis................1111010001— 6
Mills.................1111010101—7 Potter...............1111101110— 8
Rockwell............1011111111—9 Cady.................1110111111— 9
Savage..............1001101101—6 Buckwalter..........1111111101— 9

No. 2:
Heikes..........110111111111011—14 Cowee..........111111011111011—13
Conner..........101111111011101—12 Cady............111111101110101—13
Edgarton.......010111111111001—11 Burbridge......111111011110111—13
Anthony........111111111111111—15 Lindsley........110111010111111—12
McMurchy......011110111111111—13 Van Dyke......111111111111111—15
Miller..........111011111001111—12 Mitchell........111111111111111—15
J White.........011011111111101—12 Raven..........111111101011111—13
Wolstencroft...111110111101101—11 Savage.........001111111110111—12
Todd...........111111111111101—14 Thomas........100010101101011— 8
Breintnall......111110110010111—11

No. 3: Experts.
Todd......11111111110111111101—18 Dutchy....01111100111011111011—15
Anthony...01010100111110011001—11 Heikes....11111110101101111101—16
B White...10011111110111101110—15 Wolstenc't11110111111110111111—18

Money.....10101101011111111111—16 Conner....11110111101101111011—16
Lindsley...00101100111100101101—11 Edgarton..11111111110110110111—17
Van Dyke..11111110111111101111—18 Miller......11110011011011110111—15

Amateurs.
Cady ......11011011111101111110—16 Potter.....11111111000111011011—15
Cowee.....11111111111110100011—16 Longden ..01100111111111111001—14
Mitchell...10010111101111010001—12 Wells......00110100110111111011—13
Savage....01111111011110110111—16 Clark......00011111110111111111—16
Thomas...10101111101111111111—17 Burbridge.11111110011111111011—17
Breintnall.10001100001111011000— 9 J White...11111111101111011111—18
Raven.....11110010101000101110—11 Jones......11011101111111111111—18
Mills. .....01101001100111001011—11 Davis......11111101111010011111—16
Rockwell..11111111111110111111—19 McMurchy.11111011111111011111—18

No. 4, team shoot:

New Jersey State Team.
Miller.............................0111111111101111111111111—23
Breintnall.........................1111111110111110111111101—22
Van Dyke..........................1111111111110011011111111—22
Dutchy.............................1111110111101111111011111—22
Maj Taylor........................0101101110111111111111001—19—108

Connecticut State Team.
Savåge............................0111111111101111111111111—23
Cady...............................0110111111111101111001111—20
Burbridge.........................1111101111001111101111111—21
Edgarton..........................1111111111111111111111111—25
Potter.............................1111111111111111101101110—22—111

Massachusetts State Team.
Dickey............................1111101101011011111111111—21
Davis.............................1010111100101110011111111—18
B White...........................1111110111111111111111111—24
Jones.............................1111111111111111101111111—24
Cowee............................0110100111111110110111110—18—105

No. 5, individual championship:
J White.......10111111111111111111101111111111111111101111111111111—46
1111111111101111111011101111111110111111111111111111—46—92
Maj Todd.....1011111101111111111111111011111100101111011111111111—43
1111101111111111111111111111111111111111111110111011—47—90
Buckwalter....1011011111111111110111111111111111111110111111110111—45
1010111111111111111110110111101111111111111111111111—45—90
Col Anthony ..111111011010111111111111111111101111111111111111111111—46
1111110111110111111011111111111111111110001111111111—44—90
Conner.........1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50
1111110111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48—98
Raven..... ...110010111111111111001011111110111010011111111110011—38
11111111110110101110101110100111101010011111010011—35—73
Heikes........111110111111111111111111111111111111111101111111111—48
111111111111101101111101111101101110111111111111101—43—91
Wolstencroft..111111111111011001111111111011011111111111111111011—44
111111111100111101111111110111111111111101001111—43—87
McMurchy.....11111111111110101111111111111111111111111111111111—48
101011111111111110111111111101111111111111111111101—46—94
Cady.........11111111111110111101111101111111111111110111111111—46
111011011111111101111111111110111011111111111110—44—90
Savage.......1111111111101111111111111111110011111111111110011—46
100111101011101111111010111110111111001111110111—36—82
Van Dyke.....11111111111111111111111011111111110101111111111110—46
111111111111111011111111111111111111101111111110111—47—93
Miller........1111011111111111111011101111110110111011111111101—43
11111111111101101111111111010101101010111110111111—41—84
Rockwell......101111011100111111111011011111111011101110011111—41
10111111111101111111111111111111101111101111111101—45—86
Potter.........1111111111111111111111101110111011111110011111111—45
1111101111011011111111111111111101111111110111110—44—89
Burbridge.....11101111111111111111111111011111101111111011101—44
1011111110111111111111111111111111101111111111011—45—89
Edgarton......110111111111111111111111101110101011111111100101—42
1010111101011011111111110110111110111110111110111—40—82
Jones..........11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50
1111101101111111111111011111111111111111101111111—46—96
Dickey.........011111111110111111011111101110111111111111111111—45
11111111111101110111111111111111111111110111111—47—92
Frank..........110111111100010111110110101011101101010011111101011—34
00001101111000001011000111011111001111111010110010—42—76
Dutchy.........111110111111111111111111101110111111111011111111111—47
1011111111111101110111110111101011111111011111110—42—89
B White........111111111111111111111111111101111111111111111011011—47
1111110111111111111111111111111111011111111111111110—46—93
Thomas........11111001000111111101101111111001111111011111111110—39
1111011101111111111111111101111101111111111111111111—46—85
Mitchell.......111010100110101100011010111111011111101110111111011—35
1011010101110111101110110011100111111111100111101—18—53
Breintnall.....11111011111101011111111111110010111111000110110111—39
1011100101111111111101110101000011111110011111111—35—74

No. 6: Eastern Team.
Jones...........................1011111011001111110110111—19
1111111111111111111011111—24
Edgarton........................1111111111111001111111111—23
0101101011111111110111111—20
Rockwell.........................1011011111011111110111011—20
1011011111101111110110001—18
Burbridge.......................1111111011111111110111111—23
1111110111111111111111111—24
Dickey..........................1111011111001110111111111—21
1111111111111111101111111—24
B White.........................0111011011111111111111110—21
1111111110111111111111111—24—261

Western Team.
McMurchy.......................1111111111111111111111111—25
1111111111011101111111111—23
Heikes...........................1110111111011111111111111—23
1111111111111111111111111—25
Conner...........................1111111111111110111110111—23
1111111111111110111111111—24
Van Dyke........................1111111111111111101111111—24
1110111011111111111101111—22
Dutchy...........................1111101111111111101111111—23
1111110111111111011111011—22
Anthony.........................1111111111111111110111111—24
1111111111111111111001111—23—281

PINK.

Passaic River Regattas.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is to be hoped that all lovers of the paddle blade will attend the canoe regattas of the Passaic River clubs, which will be held on Sept. 2 and on Labor Day. I say all lovers of the paddle blade, because on the river the sail has almost disappeared and in sailing there is very little interest shown; in fact, the Arlington C. C. has dispensed with sailing races altogether, and the Ianthe C. C. will have only three sailing races out of a total of twelve events. Manly, of the Orange C. C., has won all of the sailing races this year, and will probably find Douglass in Cricket to be his only dangerous competitor. In the paddling events, however, if the record of the past few years is not broken, there will be a line of entries that will stretch from one side of the river to the other. The Ianthe boys paddle, and they paddle well. Douglass is probably better known than any of the others, and will meet a strong field if he enters on Labor Day.

Marcus Freeman is favorite for first place in all of the events, and, judging from his past work, he will lead a fleet of such excellent men as W. J. Stewart, Alex. Archibald, Brenton Boggs, Hamilton Braine, George P. Douglass, James Duguid, Harry S. Farmer, Barron Fredricks and Joseph Stewart.

Rutherford will enter two excellent paddlers, whose work will be watched with interest—Frank McLees, in Golden Rod, and Geo. Petty, in Scoot.

Waits and delays are unknown in the Ianthe C. C. regattas. The races are called in rapid succession, and each event is expected to have from six to ten entries.

BAT.

You are invited

to visit the "Forest and Stream's" exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the entrance from the main hall of the Fisheries Building, in the World's Fair.

Des-chree-shos-ka.

MR. JOHN PARKER sends us the programme of his third international tournament, which will be held Sept. 5 to 8, on Des-chree-shos-ka Island, near Detroit, Mich. Among the events will be the following: First day, Montgomery Ward & Co.'s $200 guaranteed purse, at 20 bluerocks; 1st $60, 2d $40, 3d $30, 4th $25, 5th $20, 6th $15, 7th $10, surplus added Entrance $5.60. Second day (live bird day), International Medal Race, for international medal (value $150), emblematic of the International Live Bird Championship of United States and Canada, open to the world. Winner 1891—L. T. Duryea, Glen Cove, Long Island; winner 1892—Rolla Heikes, Chicago; $25 sweep in connection with medal race; 25 live birds, entrance for medal, price of birds; entrance for sweep, $25 and birds. Third day, Cleveland Target Co.'s guaranteed purse, $100, 20 bluerocks; 1st $30, 2d $25, 3d $20, 4th $15, 5th $10. International Target Championship Race, 15 hluerocks for International Target Championship of United States and Canada, an elegant gold hadge to be the property of the winner. Entrance $2.45; also a guaranteed purse, $100, at 20 bluerocks, entrance $3.60. Fourth day, a $100 purse (entrance, price of targets), at 25 bluerocks; 1st $28, 2d $22, 3d $18, 4th $14, 5th $10, 6th $8.

All the target events, except the guaranteed purses, free shoots, trophy and team races, shot under the Parker handicap. Handicap is as follows: Everyhody starts each day shooting, in first event, at known traps and known angles, at rapid fire system; those who win or tie for first money shoot first in next event at unknown traps and unknown angles, from Traps 1, 2 or 3, or 3, 4 or 5, according to where he is standing as he walks down the score, he having three unknown traps to shoot from always, indicator to he turned at each shot; those who win or tie for second money shoot second in following event, at known traps and unknown angles; those helow second place are not handicapped; thus a shooter is classified from one event to another, according to the score he is making. American Association rules, as revised by C. W. Dimick, to govern. In target events all 10 hird races divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; all others 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent Entrance includes birds. Extra live bird sweeps can be shot at any time to suit shooters. Plenty of good live hirds on hand.

Conditions of trophy events: International live bird medal is shot for yearly, and the person winning same first three times it becomes the property of the person winning it. Plenty of nitro-powder shells on hand.

Take boat near foot of Woodward avenue for island. Leave numher of your guu with customs officer on dock foot of Woodward avenue, and you will have no further trouhle. Trophy, team and merchandise events will be shot at known traps and angles, not subject to any handicap. Bluerock traps and targets and Paul North's electric pulls will be used. Boat will leave every morning at 8:30, Detroit time, for accommadation of shooters. Three pretty gold huttons will he given to first, second and third best averages to those shooting through entire programme. Two sets of bluerock traps will be used with North's electric pull, so everybody can get all the shooting they want. Best of hotel accommodations on island, with special rates for shooters. The prettiest shooting ground in the country. Eastern shooters can take this opportunity of visiting the World's Fair and stop off at Detroit for shoot, as Chicago is only eight hours' run from Detroit. Traps will be in position and ready for practice shooting on Monday, the 4th, in the afteruoon. Address all communications to John Parker, 465 Junction avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Ont., Aug. 22.—The regular shoot of the Hamilton Gun Club was held to-day, with fine weather and a good attendance. Our new secretary, Mr. Graham, filled the position admirably and proved himself a veteran hefore the traps, winning the Hopkins medal with comparative ease and taking first money in a $1 sweep with 10 straight. Mr. Stroud, the new president, made every one happy with his ready wit and pleasant manner. A change in the location of the club grounds is contemplated and the subject will, no douht, he taken up at our next meeting. Following are the scores:

Cowee cup handicap, rapid-firing:
Bowman.....................................11111011101110011100 —15
J Stroud....................................1100001000111011100111101—13
Crooks.....................................1100111101010001111000010—13
A Smith....................................10111011111011011111 —17
Parker......................................00111101101w.
Hamilton...................................1001001100101000000010101— 9
Wilson.....................................1011110111011111101 1 —16
J Smith....................................00110111110111111011 —16
H Graham..................................11110101011110110001 1 —14
C Hunt.....................................10101111111111010111 —17
Wm Stroud.................................1110110111101110010011111—17

Ties: W. Stroud 10, C. Hunt 7, A. Smyth 5.

Challenge medal, Hunt challenge, 15 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $1.50:
Wilson.........................101111110111011 11 01 11 10 10—19
Hunt...........................001110010111010 10 00 11 01 10—13

Stroud challenge:
W Stroud......................011011111010111 10 11 00 10 10—16
Wilson.........................111010111011101 01 11 10 00 11—17

Hopkins medal, handicap, 21yds. rise, each pull his own trap:
W Stroud....010011101001011 — 8 Stroud........011101111010000000— 8
Wilson......010001111111111 —11 Graham......101110101011111 —11
Crooks......111000101110000000 – 7 Hunt..........000111000110111 — 8
Hamilton ....001010001100110100— 7 J Smyth......000010ret.
A Smyth....110100111010001 — 8 Wilson.......11100 — 3
Parker......00011000ret. Graham......01111 — 4

One-dollar sweep:
Wilson..............1011110111— 8 Parker..............1110010001— 5
Stroud..............0011011110— 6 A Smyth............0110001011— 5
Crooks..............1111001100— 6 Graham.............1111111111—10
Hamilton............0011111110— 7

Watson's Park.

AUG. 22.—Lake County Gun Club's shoot for medal:
W J Edbrook.........0102210102—6 Hy Koehler..........1120020010—5
N A Ford............0200122000—4 R B Flershum........0120020111—6
W S Bond............0011002111—6 C R Cave............0011022212—7
D W Flershum........0002220002—4 J T Hastings.........0201120021—6

Aug. 23.—Matches at 7 live birds, $5 entrance, 2 moneys:

No. 1:
Hardy..................2111221—7 Sedam..................0121021—5
B V Jackson...........1101011—5 Dyer....................1121021—6
Henrotteu.............1100112—5

No. 2:
Hardy..................1001121—5 Sedam..................2120010—4
B V Jackson...........1001021—4 Dyer....................0111102—5
Henrotten.............1111220—6

No. 3:
Hardy..................2101201—5 Sedam..................1111001—5
B V Jackson...........0111200—4 Dyer....................2122221—7
Henrotten.............2210211—6

Same as above, only one money:
Jackson.................00w Sedam..................1110220—5
Henrotten..............1120112—6

Same, one money:
Henrotten..............2211011—6 Sedam..................2112010—5
Jackson................1020w

Ten birds, $20 entrance:
Jackson...........0111210210—7 0 Sedam............0201012112—7 1

JOHN WATSON.

Erie Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Erie Gun Club was held at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Wednesday, Aug. 23. Fourteen members competed for the annual class prizes at 7 birds each, class handicap, modified Hurlingham rules. Good scores were made, as the birds were a good lot. Six tied with 7 each and four with 6. A good sweepstake at 3 birds, then miss and out, followed. Scores:

F Greff..................0001000—1 J Schmedeke............2201112—6
W Law...................1121121—7 H Dohrman..............1211121—7
H Janskowsky..........2211122—7 J Scharf.................1001112—5
D Lynch.................1120121—6 E Marryatt..............1201221—6
J Plate..................2112211—7 J Victor.................1201112—6
C Plate..................1221111—7 M Elssasser.............1010221—5
G Schufeldt.............2212211—7 H Plate..................1201020—4

Wyandotte Gun Club.

A SHOOT will be held at Rittersville Park, South Bethlehem, Pa., on Tuesday, Sept. 5. Bluerocks in the morning, and at 2 P. M. a three-trophy shoot, valued at $75, $50 and $25, will be shot for, 10 live birds, $5 entrance. Ties to be shot off miss and out. Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association rules govern all shoots. Other events will follow. This will be one of the grandest shoots to be seen, and a cordial invitation is extended to all sportsmen.

W. H. GOSNER, President.

Atlantic Tournament.

LYNN, Mass., Aug. 20.—On the 18th and 19th inst. the two days' tournament of the Atlantic Trap-Shooting Association took place at this city regardless of the disagreeable weather, and while this acted as a damper yet a good number of shooters were present. The weather was anything but good and great clouds of fog hung to the ground, making the shooting very difficult.

The Boston Shooting Association, Lowell Gun Club, Brocton Gun Club, Hingham Gun Club, Marblehead Gun Club, Androscoggin Gun Club and Lynn Game and Fish Protective Association were represented by a corps of able experts both days, and regardless the unfavorable conditions high scores were made by visiting and local sportsmen. Mr. Will K. Park, representing the Wilkesbarre Gun Company, was present, showing an excellent display of fine guns and making a record worthy of praise.

The grounds of the Atlantic Shooting Association are located at Lynnhurst, a distance of three miles from Lynn, and reached by the electric cars, and a finer shooting park could not be asked for. The scenery is very picturesque and the air exhilarating.

Shooting commenced at 10 o'clock each day and continued till dark. Dinner was served on the grounds by Messrs. Day and Fairchilds.

Following are the scores: W. F. BROWN, Sec'y.

No. 1, 10 targets:

Martin	1100011110—6	Gore	1111011111—9
Perry	1111010010—6	Bowker	1111111111—10
Melcher	1111111111—10	Brown	1110110010—6

No. 2, 10 targets, 50 cents:

Perry	1101111111—9	Bowker	1111111011—9
Melcher	0111110111—8	Brown	1100100110—5
Gore	1111001111—8		

No. 3, 5 targets. 50 cents:

Perry	10111—4	Bowker	11011—4
Gore	11110—4	Brown	10110—3
Melcher	01100—2	S Chandler	01001—2

No. 4, 3 pairs, 50 cents:

Perry	11 11 11—6	Bowker	11 11 11—6
Gore	11 11 11—6	Brown	10 10 11—4
Melcher	10 10 10—3	S Chandler	10 10 10—3

No. 5, 20 targets, $2, known angles:

Perry	11111110011111101—17	Melcher	11111111111111011111—19
Gore	01111011111111010111—16	Pray	10100111101111011111—15
Allison	11011101110111111011—16	Bowker	11111111010111101111—17
Rogers	10101111111111110111—17		

No. 6, 5 targets, 50 cents:

Melcher	11111—5	Parke	11111—5
Brown	10101—3	Bowker	10011—3
Gore	00111—3	G Chandler	11100—3
Perry	11111—5	Dodge	01100—2

No. 7, 5 targets, 50 cents:

Melcher	01101—3	Perry	11101—4
Brown	11111—5	Parke	10111—4
Gore	11111—5	Bowker	01111—4

No. 8, 15 targets, $1:

Perry	111111111111111—15	Melcher	111111111101111—14
Parke	010110100111111—10	Brown	111111111111101—14
Gore	111111100111101—12	Pray	111110111101011—12
Bowker	111011111110110—12		

No. 9, 10 targets, $1:

Perry	1111111011—9	Brown	1111111011—9
Gore	1011111111—9	Pray	1110111111—9
Parke	1011111111—9	Melcher	1111110111—9
Bowker	1111110111—9	Rogers	0111101111—8

No. 10, 5 targets, 50 cents:

Gore	10110—3	Melcher	11111—5
Perry	11010—3	Pray	01111—4
Brown	11100—3	Rogers	11111—5
Bowker	11011—4	Parke	10111—4

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, $1:

Worthing	1111111011—9	Deacon	1101001111—7
Ames	1110110110—7	Benton	1101111010—7
Burt	1110111111—9	Pray	1111010001—6
Stoddard	0011101111—7	Brown	0011010101—5

No. 20 targets, 75 cents:

Worthing	1111111111—10	Martin	0011010000— 3
Burt	1110111011— 8	Deacon	1111111010— 8
Pray	0011011101— 6	Rogers	1110011111— 8
Burton	1111111011— 9	Ames	1001101110— 6

No. 3, 15 targets, $1:

Worthing	111101111011111—13	Deacon	001111111110111—12
Burt	111111111111115—15	Ames	101111100101110—10
Pray	011110111111110—12	Brown	111111111110110—13
Benton	101011111101111—12		

No. 4, 10 targets, $1:

Burt	1111111111—10	Martin	0111110111— 8
Brown	1011110111— 8	Stoddard	0000111110— 5
Benton	1111111111—10	Pray	1111111111—10
Deacon	1010111111— 8	Worthing	1011111111— 9
Ames	0010100w.		

No. 5, 10 targets, $1:

Martin	1111111011— 9	Brown	1010111100— 6
Pray	1111011111— 9	Baxter	1110000100— 4
Thurlow	0000000010— 1	Fairchilds	0010000001— 2
Rogers	1111111111—10	S Chandler	1010001010— 4

No. 6, 10 targets, $1:

Martin	1101001111—7	S Chandler	1100010011—5
Pray	0011111111—8	Pinkham	1101101111—8
Rogers	0011011111—7	Dodge	0110000011—4
Brown	1010101001—5	Sanborn	1111110110—8
Baxter	1011111100—7		

No. 7, 5 targets, 25c.:

Pray	11110—4	Worthing	11111—5
Brown	11011—4	Ames	00000—0
Dodge	00110—2	Deacon	11101—4
Hayes	00010—1	Berton	11111—5
Baxter	00101—2	Stoddard	01001—2

No. 8, 10 targets, $1.75:

Pray	1101011111—8	Prickham	0110111111—8
Brown	1111101111—7	S Chandler	1010101001—5
Warren	0101111100—6	Rogers	0111111111—9
Sanborn	1111011111—9	Martin	1101111111—9

No. 9, 10 targets, 50c.:

Baxter	0001010100— 3	Pray	1111111111—10
Martin	1111111111—10	Pinkham	1010011100— 5
Rogers	0101110011— 6	S Chandler	1100010010— 4
Warren	0101111101— 7	Brown	0111110111— 8
Sanborn	1111101111— 9		

No. 10, 10 targets, 50c.:

Martin	1111011111—9	Bugby	0001101000—3
Pray	1111101111—9	G Chandler	1010110100—5
Rogers	1110111010—7	S Chandler	1111010110—7
Brown	1110110101—7	Baxter	1000001110—4

No. 11, 10 targets, 50c.:

Martin	1111111101—9	Baxter	0100100000—2
Pray	0011100110—5	Thurlow	0011100100—4
Rogers	1110111010—7	Day	1110001000—4
G Chandler	1010110100—5		

Scores at Roxbury.

ROXBURY, N. J., Aug. 19.—I send you scores of two days' shooting at Pearson's Hotel, this place. All were shot under modified Hurlingham rules, except the first event of the second day, which was a go-as-you please.

No. 1, 4 birds, entry $4, 2 moneys:

J Garner	0111—3	C M Hedden	•111—3
S Castle	1121—4	J Clinton	1112—4
W Apgar	0111—3	G Givens	3220—2

No. 2, 4 birds, entry $4, 2 moneys:

J Garner	2121—4	G Givens	1111—4
S Castle	1111—4	D Pearson	0212—3
C M Hedden	1111—4	H Breinger	1111—4
Mack	1002—2	W Apgar	1111—4
J Clinton	0111—3		

No. 3, 6 birds, entry $6, 3 moneys:

J Garner	122022—5	W Apgar	101111—5
S Castle	112101—5	C M Hedden	112211—6
G Givens	211101—5	J Mack	•11110—4
J Clinton	110211—5	H Breinger	002200—2

No. 4, 6 birds, entry $6, 3 moneys:

W Apgar	101111—5	C M Hedden	011111—5
G Givens	011111—5	S Castle	111111—6
D Pearson	022•21—4	J Clinton	110011—4
J Mack	211111—6	J Garner	111021—5

No. 5, 6 birds, entry $6, 3 moneys:

C M Hedden	112120—5	J Clinton	121021—5
S Castle	111111—6	Wm Apgar	111011—5
G Givens	101110—4	J Garner	111120—5
J Mack	111011—5	H Pearson	012102—4

No. 1, 7 birds, go as you please, entry $10:

J Cipher	1001101—4	Dorry Pearsou	0111111—6

No. 4 birds, entry $4, 2 moneys:

J Smith	1111—4	D Pearson	0121—3
Wm Apgar	0111—3	Bronnell	0111—3
C M Hedden	1111—4	J Garner	1110—3
S Castle	1211—4		

No. 3, 4 birds, entry $4, 2 moneys:

Wm Apgar	1111—4	S Castle	1111—4
J Smith	1111—4	D Pearson	1120—3
C M Hedden	1111—4	Bronnell	1111—4

No. 4, 6 birds, entry $6, 3 moneys:

J Smith	111111—6	Bronnell	112121—6
Wm Apgar	111122—6	Mack	111010—4
C M Hedden	101021—4	H Colebaugh	111021—5
S Castle	111122—6	Quirk	101110—4
D Pearson	001101—3	J Clinton	211211—6

No. 5, 5 birds, entry $5, 2 moneys:

J Smith	12121—5	D Pearson	11001—3
Wm Apgar	02101—3	Bronnell	01010—2
C M Hedden	21101—4	Colbough	00100—1
S Castle	20201—3	Quirk	10001—2

No. 6, 4 birds, entry $4, 2 moneys:

J Smith	1111—4	D Pearson	2000—1
C M Hedden	1111—4	Colebaugh	0100—1
Wm Apgar	2021—3	Quirk	1111—4
S Castle	2211—4	Mack	1111—4

No. 7, 4 birds, entry $5, 2 moneys:

J Smith	1111—4	J Mack	0010—1
W Apgar	1005—2	Quirk	2111—4
C M Hedden	1112—4	Shepard	0111—3
S Castle	1011—3		

Inter-State at Worcester.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sixth tournament of the Inter-State Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will be given at Worcester, Mass., September 20 and 21, under the auspices of Worcester Sportsmen's Association. Programmes will be ready September 1.

The "Novelty Rule" will be used entirely, and will give satisfaction to the New England shooters. Manager: ELMER E. SHANER.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

FOURTEEN members of the Hell Gate Gun Club were present at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Aug. 22. It was the regular monthly shoot at targets for the annual prizes in classes as handicapped. Each member shot at 20 birds, 20yds. rise, from 5 electric pull traps. J. Dannefelser was first, J. Voss second, J. Trostel and J. Schortmeier tied for third. Sweepstake shoots followed at 15 targets, same traps. J. Voss was the principal winner in the three. He also took first in the live bird sweepstake. The score:

C Webber	111110101011000111000—12	J Voss	000011110101111111111—14
J Linck	010000000000000000000— 1	A DeGraw	111000011001010100001— 9
C Brode	001000001100000100001— 5	J Foerster	111101111000111010000—12
J Reiger	011110000100101000010— 8	F Linder	100101111001110001101—11
E Doeinck	110000010000111001100— 8	J Trostel	011110111010010101011—13
A Schin	000000010110101001010— 7	H Knodel	001100001001110000001— 7
L Schortmeier	110101101001111111001—13	J Dannefelser	110111110101111101111—16

Sweepstakes, 15 targets, $1 entry, 3 moneys:

	1	2	3		1	2	3
C Webber	9	9	5	A DeGraw			5
J Voss	11	9	14	J Dannefelser			12
J Foerster	8	10	10	J Linder			9
J Rieger	5	6	..	J Trostel			6
C Brode	3	5	7	L Schortmeier			7
E Doeinck	9	8	8				

Live bird shoot, 28 and 30yds. rise, $3 entrance:

Webber	020112—4	Foerster	101022—4
Voss	111111—6	Doenick	012221—5
Trostel	121120—5	Dannefelser	022000—2
Linder	200000—1	Brode	100022—3
Knodel	020021—3	Rieger	020000—1

The Douglas Gun Club.

THE afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 26, was sultry, cloudy and hazy. There was hardly a breath of air stirring. The conditions were not unfavorable for good scores. The fisst shoot was for the medal as follows:

No. 1, medal shoot, 25 bluerocks:

J Church	1101001101111111111010111—20
B Barto	1111111101111101111011111—22
M J Eich	1011101111111111111111111—23
J Sherman	0111101111111111111111101—21
N Johnson	1001111111111111001101111—20
E Hart	1110101111011101111101111—20
C Elch	0010010011010001011100110—11

Back scores:

Church	1111101011011111111111011—21
Barto	1110111111111010111101101—20
Sherman	1010110111111111011011100—18
Hart	1101000001100101000100101—10
M Eich	0101101011010101011011110—16
Johnson	1110111011111111101011111—21
C Eich	1111111111111111101111111—24

No. 2, quail shoot, 5 singles: Church 5, Barto 1, Sherman 2, Hart 5, Johnson 4, M. J. Eich 3.

No. 3, snipe shoot, 5 singles, 3 men up, who walked up, as in the quail shoot, till the trapper pulled, when the man on the right shot first at the first bird, the second man at the second, the third man at the third, a very difficult system: Church 2, Barto 3, Hart 3.

B. WATERS.

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

ON account of the severe storm on Wednesday night and Thursday morning the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club was not able to hold its regular monthly shoot at Coney Island on Thursday, the shooting grounds being covered with two feet of water. It was a great disappointment, as a good attendance of members were present to have a fine afternoon's sport. The shoot was postponed until next Thursday, Aug. 31.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. W. B., Frontenac, N. Y.—There was no change in Pennsylvania game law this year.

W. F. J., Spring Lake.—The targets you describe are good and show that you have an excellent arm. For pigeons use No. 8 shot.

J. A. B., Vincennes, Ind.—Seven members of the Vincennes Gun Club shoot in a live bird contest 10 birds per man, 2 moneys, 50% to first and 25% to second best score. A, B and C tied on 9 out of 10, D killed 7 out of 10. In shooting off the tie A and B outshoot C and divide first money. Now, what we want to know is, Who gets second money? Ans. D.

G. T. S., Jr., Chicago, Ill.—I being a constant reader of your paper, desire you to please inform me where it would be most likely I could find deer and big game nearest to Chicago, and whether the season opens on Sept. 1. Any information you may be able to give me will be greatly appreciated. Ans. Whitetail deer are still to be found in numbers in the pine country along the Wisconsin Central, the Lake Shore & Western, the Milwaukee & St. Paul or the Chicago & Northwestern railways, at a distance of 200 to 300 miles north of Chicago, in Wisconsin and Michigan. No State of this section opens the deer season Sept. 1. Michigan, North Peninsula season opens Sept. 25. Get a copy of *Game Laws in Brief*, 25 cents, at this office or any gun store. It will give all seasons in all States and Territories. For big game other than deer you would have to go to the Rockies or other mountainous country. We cannot advise more definitely on the premises you offer.

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WARD'S NATURAL SCIENCE ESTABLISHMENT,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

He is Afraid.

Bona fide extract from a letter received by the F. & S. Pub. Co. Aug 23:

"Please send copy *Game Laws in Brief*. The Law Comm. will arrest me soon. I heard that they arrested 40 men to-day. I am afraid."

If one wants to keep out of the hands of the "Law Comm." he should buy his *Brief* beforehand, and keep on the safe side. It costs 25 cents. We publish it. Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

FROM the first issue of this paper it has been used, and for nearly twenty years this particular space has been occupied by

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

who now say that they have given up advertising at least for the present.

Notice to Fishermen! Cut Prices for 1893

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and not decreasing the quality, it increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at $1.58 until all are sold. Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction

Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.

Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.

A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 90 cts.; 60yds., $1.00; 80yds., $1.10; 100yds., $1.20.

Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.

Brass Click Reels, 40, 60, 80 or 100yds., 28 cts. each; 5 cts. extra for postage.

One lot of Multiplying Raised Pillar Reels with Balance Handles and Lifting Drag: 40yds., 38 cts.; 60yds., 48 cts.; 80yds., 58 cts.; 100yds., 68 cts.; 150 yds., 78 cts.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 30 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5 cents each sent by mail, 1 cent extra for postage.

All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 15cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage

300ft. Braided Linen Reel Line on Block, 41 cts.; 300ft. of Hand-Made Linen Reel Lines on Block, 9 thread, 38 cts., sent by mail 3 cts. extra for postage.

Brass Box Swivels, all sizes No. 1 to No. 12., 15 cts. per dozen, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.

Single Gut Leaders, 3ft., 4 cts., 45 cts. per dozen. Double Gut Leaders, 40in., 5 cts. each. Treble Gut Leaders, 32in., 7 cts. each. Four-ply Leaders, 32in., 8cts.

Special lot of best quality 100ft. Linen Reel Lines, 8 cts., 200ft., 15 cts.; 300ft., 22 cts.; 3 cts. extra for postage.

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Saturday Evenings 11 o'clock.

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LAKE ST JOHN REGION (via Quebec)—For ouananiche trout, caribou, bear, moose, beaver, otter, etc.

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THE THOUSAND ISLANDS (via Gananoque or Kingston)—For pickerel, black bass, mascalonge, pike.

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The charges for hotels, guides and camping at many of the fishing waters named above are extremely low. Full particulars of same are published in a pamphlet descriptive of the "Fishing and Hunting Resorts of the Grand Trunk Railway," which will be forwarded free on application to the company's principal agents, or to the General Passenger Agent at Montreal.

N. J. POWER,
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L. J. SEARGEANT, General Manager

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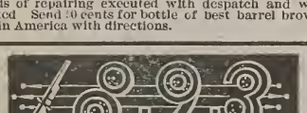

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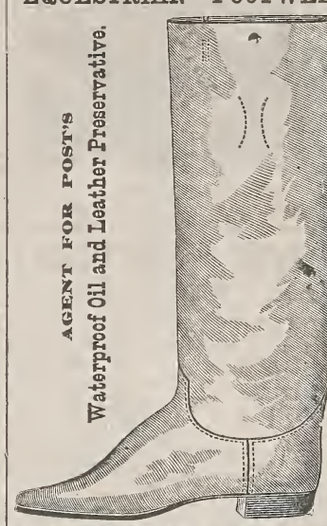

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You are invited

to visit the "Forest and Stream's" exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the entrance from the main hall of the Fisheries Building, in the World's Fair.

A QUESTION OF DUCKS AND DUTY.

ONE of the amendments of the Minnesota game laws adopted last April presents a curious complication. It is the section relating to duck shooting. The intent of the framers of the law was to forbid the killing of wild ducks, geese and brant "except between the 1st day of September and the 25th day of April following." But somebody blundered—a copyist or a compositor or a proof-reader—by omitting from the printed copy of the bill the word "except," so that when finally the measure was adopted, this section declared that it should be a misdemeanor for anybody to kill wild ducks and geese "between the first day of September and the 25th day of April following." The error was discovered by Mr. W. P. Andrus, the very efficient Executive Agent of the Game and Fish Commission, who took such an active part in securing the enactment of the code. When Mr. Andrus sent in a copy of the new law then pending for the *Game Laws in Brief*, he called attention to this error and assured us that it would be corrected before the bill was put on its final hearing. The law as printed in the *Brief* accordingly contained the word "except."

The blunder, by which this one important word was omitted in the final draft, completely reverses and nullifies the intent of the statute. It makes the intended open season the close season, and the intended close season the open season. It renders what might have proved a good law an exceedingly foolish one.

In practical effect the statute has failed to protect the game when it needed protection, for a certain class of hunters have not been slow to take advantage of the license afforded, and have killed the fowl right and left at a time when, whatever the laws of the State, those of nature and prudence and sportsmanship and decency demanded that they should be unmolested.

And now that the days of September have begun and those of October and November with their "glorious weather for ducks" are on the way, what shall be the line of duty, if you will, or conduct or practice for him who claims to be a sportsman?

In Minnesota, as elsewhere in the United States, inasmuch as every man has a share in making the laws, it is the recognized duty of every man to abide by whatever laws may be enacted. This he must do if he is to respect himself and command respect from his fellows as a good citizen. And inasmuch as the laws relating to game and fish are as a rule chiefly the fruit of the efforts of sportsmen-citizens, and as their observance and respect are as a rule chiefly to be secured by the active interest and co-operation of sportsmen-citizens, it is in a peculiar degree the duty of every individual sportsman-citizen carefully to observe such laws. That is a statement to which, as a general proposition, most people will subscribe. Most sportsmen, indeed, rightly make it a point to respect the game law, even when the provisions of the statute are not in all respects to their individual liking or opinion of what may be wise and proper.

But here is this Minnesota law, which does not appeal to any man, who knows a wild duck from a wild goose, as being in the least degree wise or proper, or calculated to protect game in a season when it ought to be protected. What is the duty of the individual sportsman-citizen of Minnesota with regard to such a law?

Three courses are open to him. He may join the shooters who shoot when the law declares it lawful to shoot, between April 25 and September 1. He may refrain from shooting then, but may shoot in the season forbidden, between September 1 and April [25. He may refrain from shooting at any time.

One who shall adopt the first of these courses may indeed justify his shooting by the plea that the law allows it; but claiming to be a sportsman, how may he reconcile himself to shooting at a time when those other laws of nature and sportsmanship forbid?

If he elect the second course of action, and go for ducks in the natural ducking season, but the illegal season, shall he reason with himself that the statute, which stands in the way, does not embody the intent of its framers, but serves the very opposite of their purpose; that therefore it is not worthy of respect and that he will not be bound by it?

These are not merely idle questions of casuistry, suggested here for passing thought. They are very real and live questions, which many a Minnesota sportsman has thought out for himself; and if the whole truth were known we probably should find that with different individuals each of the three several conclusions has been accepted as the rule to control personal action. Of one thing we may be sure. Every individual duck shooter who has determined the problem conscientiously has found satisfaction in the course thus decided upon.

It will be two years before the law can be changed.

A CONFERENCE OF FISH COMMISSIONERS.

IN connection with the Fisheries Congress to be held next month at the World's Fair, it is proposed to hold also a conference of the Fish Commissioners of the various States. In compliance with a request received from the Commissioners of Fisheries of the New England States, Col. Marshall McDonald, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, has sent out letters to the Commissioners of all the States, inviting them to meet in such conference on Oct. 18. All who are present at the Fisheries Congress will thus be able to attend the conference.

Mr. E. A. Brackett, of Winchester, Mass., Fish Commissioner of Massachusetts, has been appointed chairman of the committee on organization of the conference, and Col. McDonald requests those intending to take part in the meeting to announce to Mr. Brackett in advance the topics which they propose to bring up for discussion.

Meetings of fishculturists are always interesting, and many matters deserving attention may come up at this conference. Perhaps the most important of these is the regulating of our fisheries and the protection of our fish, which should have the fullest discussion. The maintenance of our fisheries now depends very largely on methods of artificial propagation, and but slightly on regulation and protection, but these last subjects are quite as important as propagation. To constantly replace captured fish by others, which in their turn shall be captured, is an effective but also a crude method of keeping up the fish supply. Bodies of water once properly stocked should be so protected and the fishing in them so controlled that they will restock themselves and continue to be productive for many years. The present careless and wasteful methods of fishing should be given up and their place be taken by more economical ones.

It is to be hoped that this conference may be fully attended by the Fish Commissioners from the various States, and that the subjects which will come up may have careful consideration in advance of the meeting. The time given is ample, and those who attend the conference should come to it prepared for an intelligent and exhaustive discussion of practical matters. If wisely conducted the meeting should be productive of much good to the general public.

THE KEEL CUP DEFENDER.

ALTHOUGH the Royal Yacht Squadron cup of 1851 was won by a keel yacht, from which it has taken its present name of the America's Cup, the defense of the trophy has, from the first challenge, been intrusted to centerboard yachts.

The success of the little cutter Clara, in 1885, first suggested the possibility of a keel cup defender, and such a yacht was talked of at various times, especially in connection with the victories of Minerva and Gloriana.

Now the suggestion has become a reality, and a Herreshoff keel yacht will sail in the trial races; but it must be admitted that the long-looked for experiment, which should have been fruitful and profitable, has been condemned to failure from the start.

Colonia is in all ways a beautiful model, quite the equal in form of Gloriana and Wasp, well canvassed and ably handled, but she has one fatal defect in the lack of ample draft. This was well demonstrated in the cruise races, but no attempt was made then, while there was time to remedy it, the builders, as we understand, opposing the deepening of the keel. Now, at the last moment, an attempt has been made, but it promises to be both costly and ineffective. Lead has been taken from inside and bolted to the keel, but not where it is really needed.

The keel was originally elliptical in section, being slightly bulbed, and the new lead has been hurriedly bolted on each side for the full length, the addition being 6in. thick in the middle and tapering out in all directions. The effect is to increase the major diameter of the ellipse by 1ft. The fault to be remedied was not lack of power, the yacht was as stiff as the other three and carried her sail well; the real trouble was the failure to hang on. How this is to be remedied by a mere addition of outside weight on the same draft remains to be seen, but it looks now as though the whole costly experiment of building a keel cup defender would fail through an error in the selection of the original dimensions.

SNAP SHOTS.

MR. F. H. THURSTON, of Central Lake, Mich., who wrote in our issue of Aug. 26 in defense of his claim of priority in the use of the pen-name "Kelpie," tells us that it was by inadvertance that he signed his communication "Kelpie" instead of by his own name. We improve the opportunity to remark, as we intended then to say, that Mr. Thurston is entitled to the *nom de plume* "Kelpie," which he has employed for many years to the pleasement (as "Kingfisher" would put it) of our hosts of readers who know this "Kelpie" and no other.

The course of many a life is determined by a trivial incident, something that appears to have been the merest chance. It was just happening to glance into a poulterer's window one day and seeing there exposed for sale some game in the close season that set Mr. A. C. Collins, of Hartford, Conn., to thinking on the violation of the game laws; prompted him to undertake the enforcement of the laws; and eventually made of him the best known, most efficient and uncompromising terror to game and fish poachers in New England. And now, because of his good record as a game warden, Mr. Collins is talked of as a candidate for the office of Hartford's chief of police. It would be a satisfaction to see him there, if for nothing more than to round out the story of what followed from that casual glance at game out of season in a Hartford show window.

It is curious how many people say Adriondacks for Adirondacks; people who live there, too, or who have been fishing up there, and ought to know better. It is likewise curious how many people write monies for moneys, people who have lots of money, too, and ought to know better. The mis-spelled "monies" appears frequently in trap tournament programmes, more often perhaps than the correct "moneys."

We have learned that three broods of Massachusetts prairie chickens were seen this year—fruit of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association enterprise.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A GREAT DAY FOR BEACH BIRDS.

AUGUST is a crack month for beach birds. So I infer, at least, from the fact that my friends at Martin's Point, in Virginia, and down Currituck way shoot more dough-birds, graybacks, dowitchers and shore waders in that month than at any other time of the year. Besides, I have seen Mr. J. B. White, of Norfolk, and other club men down there, publicly credited with as many as 600 brace of birds in one brief outing of a fortnight.

Bearing these facts in mind when I was at the South Beach or Martha's Vineyard one day last week, I was on the *qui vive* for movements, especially on the day after such a storm as was experienced on the 22d of the month, when there was reason to expect something of a flight. It was a calm gray day, as you may remember, somewhat overcast, with intervals of sunshine and occasional whiffs of wind from the west. The surf at the beach was not running as high as was anticipated by the summer sojourners at Vineyard Haven and Cottage City, and the consequence was that whole train loads of excursionists who ran down on the narrow-gauge railway to see the sights returned quite disappointed. Old sea dogs, however, like the retired captains and whalers at Edgartown, had said that an easterly blow like that of Monday would not be likely to raise much surf, and the weatherwise took their "affidavy."

Nevertheless the meteorological conditions seemed to be unusually favorable for shore birds, and therefore, when I walked back from the beach to the hotel at Katama, which is scarcely a mile distant, I carefully scrutinized the bits of marsh and margins of the fresh-water ponds which lie just inside the cordon of sand dunes by the seaside, though with hardly satisfactory results. On one mud flat which was covered with water at high tide, I did flush a brace of graybacks and three sandpipers, but they rose wild. The two graybacks hastily slipped over the crown of a sand dune and were lost to sight, while the three peeps circled around the pond twice and then settled again near where they first showed up. A little further inland I heard a familiar sound overhead, and looking up I saw three fine snipe high in the air steering due south, straight for Nantucket, though all of a sudden they tacked and flew nor'nor'west by north, as the seafaring men would say.

'Scaip! 'Scaip! they all cried, and it might have seemed a narrow escape to them, though to tell the truth under breath, I had no gun with me. To me it did not seem such a very close call. Later on I saw a flicker fly out of a patch of scrub oaks and light on the top rail of a neighboring fence. It was the only fence in sight, and I remarked to my female companion that it was a capital shot, and it was a pity that we had not come prepared, adding that it was a mighty good day for beach birds and the woods were full of game. However, to my disappointment, we did not see any more birds of any kind as we traversed the upland, except a robin and a chewink, which we flushed near the hotel verandah. These did not excite any great amount of enthusiasm of themselves, and as we slumped down into the great arm-chairs on the porch I could not help deplore the loss of opportunities in consequence of having no breechloader, and the lady herself (which was my wife) allowed that it was human nature to do so. At that time it was about 4 o'clock and our team was to leave at six.

Just at that juncture we happened to descry the figure of a man clad in black emerging from behind an adjacent point of scrub oak woods with a gun on his shoulder and a doubtful sort of dog following, headed for the beach. I could not repress an outburst of envy at the sight.

"There now," I exclaimed, "the birds are afield sure enough, and that man is bound to have some rare sport. These island gunners know a good day when it comes, and they let no opportunity slip that they know of. You heard me?"

Even while I spoke the figure halted and the dog in attendance sat down. Then a puff of blue smoke was projected into the atmosphere.

"He's got one already," I said.

We did not see him pick up anything at the moment, and the dog appeared not interested or else absent-minded. At all events, he kept quite still. At first we were inclined to wonder at this, but when the man with the gun presently shot a second time, and again, without moving from his position, we decided that he understood his business thoroughly, no doubt of it.

"The birds always come around back to the same place if you wait," I explained. "After he has shot again he will gather up the game."

"Don't the sportsman's dog usually retrieve the bird?" madam asked.

"Why-er—well, yes; that is, when they fall into deep water, out of reach, or into tall grass, where the man cannot find them himself."

This explanation did not seem to be accepted as a postulate by madam, who presently dropped into a brown study. Directly the brown became a shade lighter, and she remarked with some vigor: "For my part I don't see of what use the dog is any way."

"Neither do I," said I.

Just then the man shot again. He was so far off that we could see the smoke from the gun an instant before we heard the report. The air was still and the report distinct, and the glow from the western sun threw the figures of the sportsman and his dog into sharp silhouettes against the sky whenever they skirted the sand ridges. Wife said the dog's outline looked like a mastiff. We noticed that whenever the man raised his gun to shoot, the dog sat down.

"He is trained to drop to shot," I explained.

"That's all right," retorted madam, "but I don't see any birds drop!"

At this juncture the fusilade increased, and I insisted with much vehemence that where there were so many shots there must be some birds. "That man cannot afford to waste ammunition so recklessly," I contended. "Why, those cartridges cost at least two and a half cents apiece, and he has fired at least a dozen times."

Then for at least ten minutes we watched the proceedings in silence. There were no other persons except ourselves on the south verandah. All the hotel guests seemed to have gone to the shady side. The air was so still that we could hear the pulsations of the surf upon the beach, and we gratefully sniffed the odor of the salt sea air, which seemed fresher and more invigorating every time a wave broke. At the same time, the reports of the gun were distinctly heard a mile away. Sometimes both barrels went off in quick succession. We noticed also that a second sportsman had taken the field.

"That's business!" I said. "Now they will keep the birds moving. They will drive the birds to each other. I dare say the day's sport will discount old Currituck itself."

I began to grow yellow with envy—which presently changed to a pale green. I never felt so restless in my life.

"Just my beastly luck not to have my gun!" I murmured. "Never had a gun at the right time. Here is the best day for shore birds I ever saw, and my gun five hundred miles away in Newberne, North Carolina! But who would have thought of bringing a gun at this season of the year? Such a chance don't happen once in a dog's age. You see, yesterday's hurricane has just covered the coast with flotsam, and the whole landwash is lined with food. Don't you notice the mackerel gulls a-flying? That's a nice sign. Fishermen always swear by the gulls. Of course, we were too early at the beach at noon. It was the wrong time of day. Birds don't begin to fly until the middle of the afternoon; and that is the reason we didn't see more. These sportsmen have just hit it. They know when to take them. Island gunners are hard to beat. There they go again! Another shot! two more! three together! Dear me! The beach must be alive with them."

Thus I remarked and brooded, nursing my disappointment. Wife looked sympathetic, but was silent and serene. Finally I could bear no more.

FIG. 5. RICHARDSON'S GROUSE.
(Dendragapus richardsonii.)

"Come!" I said. "Let us go down to the inner shore and gather shells. Spent shells are better than no ammunition, even if they be but sea shells. I will wind sea weeds upon my hat, forsooth. Alas! more than one poor widow has donned weeds for sailors shipwrecked in yesterday's storm. Depend upon it, lives have been lost—lots of 'em. There will be sad tales of disaster when the reports come in."

Hand in hand we went to the land-locked beach of Katama Bay, where no angry sea ever disturbed its sands, all unconscious of a second storm which was so stealthily gathering for the morrow. We did not know that the deceitful calm was what the seamen call a "weather breeder." For our own enjoyment it was perhaps as well. Beautiful marine mosses and parti-colored pebbles lined the margin of the shore just where the wavelets lapped. Succulent algæ clung to sunken bits of wreck, long since tempest-tossed, and spread their long filaments to the rising tide. Limpets and razor clams traced their furrowed trails upon the ooze which the receding waves had bared. Out in the channel quahaugs and giant clams peacefully reposed until the tong-men lifted them out with long forceps which reached to the bottom. We passed an hour in quiet abandon, gathering trophies which we did not want, until the whistle of the locomotive in the distance admonished that the train approached. Then we climbed up the bluff to the hotel verandah, and while we waited for the hour of departure a sportsman drove up in a buggy with a coach dog behind him. It was the same man we had been watching with so much interest. His face was flushed with exercise, and the sun had burned him to a red hot tan. He had a heavy 10-bore English gun with him, and as I approached him with eager curiosity to ascertain what success he had, he complained of being badly pounded. He said his shoulder was lame. "You fired many times," I suggested. "Yes; quite a few."

He looked so cheerful that I at once credited him with a very large bag. At the same time I did not see him lift any birds out of the wagon. Neither did the hostler, who came to take the wagon to the stable. The dog went away with the wagon, and the gentleman walked toward the verandah. I offered him a seat and he sat down beside me, readily. It was natural, I thought to myself. A fellow feeling makes us congenial. Birds of a feather, etc. Two hearts that beat as one, and all that sort of thing. Proverbs came pat and apropos.

"What were you shooting at?" I ventured to ask.

"Sand peeps," he answered.

Then the bottom fell out of all my sentiment. It fell with a thud, like dough.

"You must have seen a great number?" I pursued, gloomily.

"Yes. Quite a few."

"Get any?"

"I hardly think I hit a single one. I am not much of a shot. Don't think the gun scattered enough," he added, after a pause.

"Choked?" I suggested.

"Well, I don't know about that. It was given to me for a good gun."

Evidently the term "choke" was new to him. He seemed to think it an affection similar to strangulation.

"Did the other fellow who was shooting get anything?"

"I believe he picked up one. Am not altogether sure."

"Did you see any beach birds when you were out? any graybacks, snipe, dowitchers, or dough birds?"

"I don't think it. I don't think I should have known them if I did."

This was painfully candid. After a little he explained that he had never done much gunning. Indeed, he did not remember of ever hitting anything in his life. He thought he would just try it to-day to pass time.

"Could you tell me how many cartridges you fired?" I asked, anxiously.

He felt in his coat pocket and counted with his fingers.

"I hardly know," he said, "I have four left. I must have had fifty in all."

Then I drew a long breath. My mind experienced an indescribable relief. I could almost have hugged the man for his candor. So it was not a good day for birds after all! Then I was glad that I had brought no gun.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

SEPTEMBER LIGHTS.

SEPTEMBER brings Tidewater Virginia a charm and beauty of natural scenery which no other month of the year can excel. It is in the threshold of the great winter change, the season when the rank summer luxuriance of field and forest receives the first impressions of its beautiful dissolution.

Wonderfully enchanting as is the revivifying touch of spring, starting into life and development the vast world of verdure, and magnificent as is the effect of its creation's midsummer maturity, at no period of its existence is this same creation more superbly glorious than in the succeeding stages of its gradual decay. In early September actual frost has rarely fallen, but the vegetable world seems to possess an intuition of its advent, and a corresponding impulse to exert every effort for development before it is arrested by the inevitable doom.

So rankly and densely matted is the cover of the field and meadow, and so thickly interwoven are the masses of forest leaves that we could almost fancy nature making a maternal effort to shield and screen with her completed growth. The tender shoots and buds, too, recently started upon a career which can never be achieved. In this, the season essentially of lights and shadows, the highways afford vistas of most striking effect and contrast. Hard and dry the well-beaten roadbed stretches with many curves and bends, now across partially cultivated fields, and now between forest growth bordering its edges. On one side arises the densely columned pine wood, with its thick carpet of green tags and solemn roof of dark green. In the struggle for light and air the lower branches have all succumbed, and the straight rugged barked trunks rise many feet naked into the air, until they reach the heavy shadow crowning their summit.

Very little of the light green of deciduous growth relieves the uniform style peculiar to the upland pine forest, because the sun is too closely excluded, and the contrast with the totally different aspect across the way remains unimpaired. There the oak, the sassafras and the sweet gum claim precedence, and rich is the effect of the blended form and coloring of their foliage. The oak appears in many varieties, from the light green of the white oak, to the dark glittering leaves of the red oak, with their buff underlining of fuzzy coating. The sassafras interspersing its deeply cut leaves with its purple clusters of red-stemmed fruit, is already beginning to glow with the rich scarlet tints which are soon to absorb its verdure. But the sweet gum, the liquid amber of the florist, this is the tree which in the September light attracts particularly the attention of the observer. Tall and stately in its growth it adorns its star-shaped foliage of the deepest, glossiest green, with innumerable starry pendants, hanging upon long, flexible stems. Even now these leaves are darkening their edges, and each day will add a deeper shade until they clothe the entire tree in royal purple.

Curving away from the upland scene the road now descends into the meadow, with its brilliant beds of eupatorium and gayly blooming creepers, interspersed with the rich velvet crimson of the cardinal flower and the stately plumes of the golden rod.

A clear, rippling stream crosses the road, upon its firm bed of sand and white gravel, and near its brink stands the triumph of Virginia trees, the century numbering beech. Broad and far reach forth its spreading branches, each one as large as an ordinary tree in itself, and in the shelter of its enormous crown are the abodes of an entire animal kingdom.

The squirrel has its hollows filled with a varied store of nuts, and in the vast area of its branches finds ample space for sport and exercise. The bluejay builds among its leaves in summer and feeds upon its nuts in winter. The little ground squirrel dwells in the subterranean palaces of its roots and in delighted flights around his great circumference of the trunk trims its little sail like a boat upon the water. Summer birds of many varieties and exquisite plumage select the beech either for the actual site of their architectural labors or for a favorite haunt when weary with domestic cares or thirsting for a draft of the pure, clear water of the stream which bathes its roots. Even the leather-wing bat; that outcast of the animal creation, neither bird nor beast, selects the shadow of the beech's canopy for its retreat from the light of the sun, and adhering to the silvery bark of the great limbs, slumbers through the long summer day until the shadowy twilight restores its sunstruck vision and enables it to recommence its wanderings of the night. The insect host which shelters and feeds amid the leaves of the giant

beech are beyond all computation, but can be seen of every shape and form crawling upon the twigs and branches, or if winged, hanging in mistlike wreaths about the summit, or dancing in the tranquil radiance of the September sunlight.

Along one side of the flowery meadow, the road leads toward the river, and in the wild hedges, the bamboo and the wild grape climbing over every variety of native tree and shrub, festoon them with impenetrable drapery. Occasionally a large cedar grown within the hedge, and over this the wild grape builds a vast pyramid of its leaves, throwing out here and there toward the summit sprays of graceful tendrils, which stray out into the air, and dance lightly upon the passing breeze, or lie in silent repose against the deep blue of the sky beyond.

But for the finest effect of the September lights we will take a boat, and rowing across the calm water of the river, ascend one of the numerous estuaries, which creep through the vast marshes of the Rappahannock. The little creek which winds to and fro through the great reed-covered marshes, is not much wider than a row-boat in many places, but as its bends and elbows, it widens out into small lakes, and it is in these spots thickly surrounded by the wild marsh growth, that the fish select their favorite feeding grounds, and the wild fowl take their nightly repose. About sunset one of these miniature lakes presents a strangely fascinating appearance in the month of September. The water is silent and dark, not muddy and not clear, but seems to have assumed this peculiar opaque appearance, as if to conceal the mysterious lives which dwell beneath its bosom. Occasionally there is a splash, as a fish leaps up into the air, or a widening circle of motion upon the surface of the water reveals the presence of some great aquatic insect. The reeds and grasses rise in solid and almost impenetrable masses from the water's edge, and interspersed among their tangled growth are many lovely marsh flowers. The blue Pontederia rears its brilliant spikes of bloom from its groups of broad shield-shaped leaves, and the Martigan lily, with its crimson and brown blotched petals, surrounding the long and graceful stamens, throws out its clusters of handsome flowers above the heads of the lower grasses. Pink, white, yellow and red flowers of many shapes and varieties, throng among the coarser growth which surrounds them, and creepers loaded with clinging blossoms, wreathe all within their reach in graceful embrace. Suddenly a croaking sound, followed by an audible rustling of the grasses, betrays the approach of a sora, that peculiar bird, making far more use of its legs than of its wings, which is such a prize for the sportsman. It is very difficult to excite to any effort to arise from the earth, and frequently it takes to the water and swims rapidly across the little creeks through the marshes. Above the average level of the marsh growth, tall feathery-headed reeds erect their strong stems, upon which the handsome yellow reed-bird sits, and grasps with its powerful claws the reed which it sways to and fro with the bird's weight. These birds at this season frequent the marshes in large flocks, and the rushing sound of their wings when they are startled strikes upon the air like thunder. The sun sinks slowly behind the cloud-flecked horizon, and against the changing tints of the sky rises a clearly defined forest of reed tops, standing with just sufficient intervals to admit of the clear tracery of their form against the glowing background of the sunset. The sun disappears in a deep crimson couch hung with golden drapery, which sends a flush of its roseate hues far up into the sky. The whole air seems to hang motionless and calm, as if absorbing the enchanting beauty of the scene, and then the glory of the West departs, and in the quiet pearl-hued horizon shines forth the evening star.

P. S. HUNTER.

Natural History.

MOUNTED GAME BIRDS IN THE U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM.

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

(*Continued from page 184.*)

PERHAPS the bird best known to those who have hunted at high elevations in the Rocky Mountains from Central Montana to southern British America, is Richardson's grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus richardsonii*), and one of the Museum specimens of this variety is shown in Fig. 5. It is mounted in the act of leisurely walking, and the artist has been wonderfully successful in his attempt to show it. No wires are seen in the naturally elevated rear foot, while it would be very difficult for any person at all familiar with the general form of one of these fellows to refrain from admiring the correct lines Mr. Denslow has given to this well-handled subject.

Equally well done is the grouse shown in Fig. 6, where the bird is represented as gracefully resting upon one side, and it hardly requires any description from me to call attention to the marked naturalness of the attitude. The bird is just as lifelike as it can be, so much so that I warrant were it taken off the Museum stand it now rests upon and placed on the ground in a likely place in its native timber it would deceive ninety-nine per cent. of those who saw it. You may look at this specimen from any point you please, and its form is always seen to be absolutely correct and symmetrical.

Of recent years the U. S. National Museum has taken up with the general progress of the taxidermic art in another and very instructive direction. This is the mounting of large groups of birds, and imitating their surroundings as they occur in nature so closely that the effect is most pleasing Some noble groups of this kind were forwarded to the World's Fair at Chicago, where they now are, and call forth the admiration of all who have the pleasure of beholding them. An entire bevy of prairie hens forms the subject of one of these groups, while a bunch of snow-white ptarmigans make up another. A great hollow trunk of a tree with a natural opening in the side exposes to view quantities of the now rare Carolina parrot, all suspended by their bills and feet to the rough surface of the interior. In Florida years ago it was not uncommon to meet with just such a sight in the forest, as it was the custom for those lovely birds to retire to roost in that manner.

Flamingoes and their nests form another group, and three beautiful jaçanas still another. This group-building of birds and other animals is gaining a firmer and a firmer hold upon the minds of museum builders every year that goes by, and it is pre-eminently the correct one.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE MOOSE BIRD.

THE Canada jay is known by hunters in the Maine woods as the moose bird, for what reason I do not know, unless because it seems to follow hunters; and when a moose is killed this bird feeds on the remains as long as a single scrap is left.

It is the tamest bird in the forests. It will alight on a bush near one's head, and the first you see of him he will sail through the air near you with no other noise than a low cooing sound; and being larger than his brother, the bluejay, he at once gives you the impression that you ought to shoot him; and you do, if you do not know him before.

He has other nicknames which are cast at him from time to time—"carrion bird" and "meat hawk," given him doubtless because of his voracious devouring habits. But for all that hunters and woodsmen in the Eastern woods have dubbed him with undignified cognomens, he is quite a good-looking fellow when in full plumage, with his dusky gray and black coat and prominent white collar about his neck.

This bird is associated with all my woods experience; it has camped with me, traveled with me, eaten with me, and if ever I shot one there were several sure to come to the funeral. The sound of the gun was sure to bring them, and they were equally sure to come hungry. If it had not been for the annoyance of their springing my traps, I should have enjoyed their social qualities; but

FIG. 6. DUSKY GROUSE.

they did bother me by stealing my bait and springing my traps, if these had not been set hard enough to resist their weight.

The strangest thing about this bird perhaps is the time it lays its eggs and hatches its young. They winter in northern Maine and Canada, and the last of March and first of April—be the snows 6ft. deep, they lay their 4 to 6 eggs in evergreen trees in swampy places, not very high up, perhaps 15 to 20ft. from the ground. The idea of a bird laying an egg in a down East snow squall would appear preposterous—but it is even so. When on snow-shoes traveling through the woods in April I have found their nest full of young birds.

This bird seldom occurs near the habitations of men, but builds a camp in the deep forest and occupies it, and these neighbors will be your first callers, and persistent ones, too, for they will never leave your domicile—making a business of watching for any possible bit of meat or bread that drops in your dooryard.

I have had them follow me through the woods all day while tending my line of traps, and when an animal was trapped and skinned the carcass became the moose bird's lawful prey. Their company, however, compensated for much of the trouble they gave me. I always found them waiting for me at my home camp, and they seemed pleased when I came, and would float about my head when I struck into the little opening in the woods where my camp was. As soon as I took off my pack they would watch to see what luck I had had, and if I took out a lynx they would seem to say, "Oh, you have had nice luck to-day," and they would coo and scale back and forth around my head in great glee. So I got to liking these spirits of the wilderness, and came to believe with the Indian hunter that it was bad luck to shoot them.

In view of the tameness of this bird it was wonderful to observe its sagacity and acuteness in hiding its nesting place. I have watched them for hours about my camp in their incubating season, to get the direction they would fly to their nests. They would fly into the nearest tree after taking the meal I had thrown them, and sit an hour at a time trimming their feathers, cocking up their eye at me as if to say, "What are you watching me for?" and after my patience had oozed out of my finger ends they would start on a swift bee-line through the tops of the trees back into the swamp, and it was impossible to tell whether they flew twenty rods or a half mile, so swiftly would they disappear.

They are not musical, it is only a croak or chatter that they indulge in; but it is a sound you never forget, and as you get familiar with them you can almost understand what they are talking about.

They may attack other birds for prey, but I have never known it. I think they feed on the leavings of other birds and animals, and are not themselves aggressive.

Their body is smaller than it appears, the long, loose feathery covering deceives one—an optical delusion not unlike many other things of time and sense which appear of wonderful proportions at a little distance, but once possessed it vanishes like a shadow.

J. G. R.

BETHEL, Me.

Game Bag and Gun.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

TENDERFOOTING IN THE ROCKIES.—I.

WATKINS, N. Y.—One bright spring afternoon early in 1888, when the sun had taken on warmth enough to bring out flies and loafers on the sunny side of buildings on public streets, four of us were assembled in the office of one of the number, smoking our cigars, lazily exchanging bits of interesting gossip and telling various stories, when the conversation, through some inexplicable vagary, got off on to mining and speculating in mines in the far West. The four of us were lawyers; all over thirty years of age and all under forty. There were Irving W. Cole, a brother of the late Speaker Cole of the New York Assembly; W. F. Bishop, a criminal lawyer of eminence in these parts; F. W. Fiero, judge of one of our local courts, and myself, a young member of the bar and of minor importance except for the fact that I had been more or less of a tramp for years, had visited many of the States and Territories in my wanderings, and had enjoyed quite an experience in the mountains of Colorado, which State was the objective point upon which much of our conversation turned.

We were all of us enthusiastic sportsmen and had spent many a day together in friendly rivalry in the woods and on the streams adjacent to Watkins, where there is fair trout fishing and often excellent squirrel shooting, with a scattering of quail, partridge and woodcock to help fill our game bags. From telling them of the chances for and against getting suddenly rich in the mines, an idea that presented very pleasing possibilities to all of us, I naturally drifted into an account of the fun I had trout fishing in the Taylor and Gunnison rivers; deer stalking in the mountains, and the free and easy life one enjoyed going from place to place without care for the morrow, living in a tent and eating the bread of independence (more often flapjacks), baked in a skillet before an open fire out of doors. As I rambled on from one reminiscence to another the breath of the pines of the far distant Rockies seemed once more to fill my nostrils, and I gave them story after story, until Cole, into whose eyes had come a far-off longing expression, broke forth with, "Say, fellows, what's the matter with our spending our summer vacation out there?" This was an idea. We sat looking at each other for a few moments, and then I remarked decidedly, "I will go for one." "How much will it cost?" chimed in the cautious Judge; and we immediately resolved ourselves into a "committee of the whole" and began to count up expenses, and finally putting the figure at about $200 apiece, for a two-months' trip, we decided unanimously to go and to start about the first of the next July.

The first of the next July came and found Cole and myself as eager for the trip as when thought of, if not more so, but Bishop had taken it into his head that he would be the next county judge and Fiero had got a bee in his bonnet and thought it would be a nice thing to be next district attorney of Schuyler county; and neither could spare two of the short four months before election from his canvass. So Cole and I went alone. In the end both of our friends would have been better satisfied, if not money ahead, if they had taken Wolsey's advice to Cromwell in regard to ambition and had gone with us.

Well, we finally landed all right in Pueblo—stopped long enough to purchase our blankets, tent, books of flies and ammunition—and took the D. & R. G. to Buena Vista, where we intended to get pack animals and the balance of our outfit before striking into the mountains. We reached our destination early in the evening, and as we were looking curiously at the crowd of nondescripts that were lounging on the platform and returning our gaze with interest some one shouted out, "Well, if here ain't John R. and Irv Cole." It was Mack Hulett, an old Watkins boy, who had drifted West with his family and finally become the fat and lazy proprietor of a thriving hotel. We were soon occupying the best room in his house, with all the little accompaniments that help make life pleasant to a tired and dusty traveler. If some of the roasted tourists of our Eastern watering places want to know what solid comfort is let them take the trip across the hot, dry, dusty alkali plains in July or August, from Kansas City to the Divide, and keep on going up into the mountains until he attains an elevation of from 6,000 to 8,000ft.; then get off the cars and try a bed in an atmosphere so pure that there is hardly a show for decomposition, and so cold that mosquitoes and all other vermin hibernate from 4 P. M. to 10 A. M. We spent several days with Mack trout fishing in Cottonwood Creek, hunting jack rabbits and doves and making up the rest of our outfit. Before we were ready to start Mack had become as enthusiastic as we were and nothing short of being down sick could have kept him at home, so he started with us.

We bought two burros to pack our outfit. I wish their picture could be published with this article, and indeed the picture of the whole concern, for nothing I am sure has ever been seen like it before or since. Pack animals were scarce, high priced and hard to get; but we were bound to have them. Mack had a good little lump of a Jenny and a colt and we bought the pair and traded the colt for another that had been terribly injured in some way and turned out to die, but had lived and got better and could get along in pretty fair shape; when it came into our hands it was a little the thinnest and most ungainly specimen I had ever seen, and when loaded it humped up its

back like a camel and grunted like a hog every step it took. We named her "Old Spike" and she turned out a good bargain, for she was tough as whalebone and stood the tramp full better than the other, until in an evil moment a couple of mountain lions took a notion to dine off their bones; but of that in its proper place. With our camping and cooking outfit, a sack of flour, a side of bacon, coffee, sugar and with guns on shoulder, we started out bright and early on a Monday morning for the Cotton Wood Pass which opened up six miles from the village; and by sunrise we were fairly in the mountains.

Of that day's work I will say nothing except that it was a long hard tramp somewhat enlivened by Mack's boasts of how he was going to "put the tenderfeet through." I showed the boys a tree where eight years before I had seen a man hanging at the end of a rope with a card bearing the legend "Hung for stealing a mule" pinned on his breast; and in return Mack told us a horrible tale of the murder of a man named Osborne who had kept what was known as "Osborne's Ranche" or "The Halfway House," a kind of free and easy place of accommodation for man and beast—store, grog shop and hotel together—away up near the top of the pass, almost to timber line. Osborne had objected to the attentions of some fellow to his step-daughter and the fellow indignantly shot Osborne all to pieces one evening in the presence of his family, and now the ranch was deserted and had the name of being haunted by Osborne's ghost. I remembered the place and the man well, having staid over night there on two occasions. There was something so comical about the man and his proportions that it was hard to keep one's eyes off from him. He was built like a jug with a small top and an enormous belly, and his mouth was always puckered into an absurd grin; and yet you could not tell whether he meant to smile or not. Once seen he could never be forgotten. We found the place deserted, as Mack had said.

We built a rousing fire in the fireplace of one of the cabins, got our supper and having seen the animals well picketed where there was good feed, made our bed on the floor and in no time were all sound asleep. We were up early and soon had a good hot breakfast, with strong coffee. Coffee is the one thing that a man in the mountains misses more than all other creature comforts, when he gets out of it. He can do without the sugar and the milk, can make a good meal without meat or vegetables or bread, and can sustain a long, hard tramp without other grub if his coffee holds out, but without it everything else seems to lose half of its value.

The night of the second day out found us camped at the head of Taylor Cañon, on the west side of the Continental Divide. We were all tired. Mack's boasting had entirely ceased early in the day, and now he was heard to make some emphatic remarks about the condition of his feet. It did not take us long to catch all the trout we wanted for supper and breakfast, and notwithstanding fatigue, Cole and I felt ourselves supremely contented with the prospect ahead of us, and as we lazily reclined on our blankets enjoying well-earned rest, and peacefully smoked our pipes, taking in the grand proportions of the mountain peaks that loomed up in whatever direction we looked, and speculated on their mysterious contents of mineral wealth and what they might have in store for us, we grew eager for the daylight to come again, for the birth of a new day in which to explore their dizzy heights for mountain sheep and the depths of their forest-covered sides and ravines for deer and other game, and to follow up their torrents for the great trout that we knew lay hidden in the deep pools and on the foaming rapids.

I cannot attempt any description of the grand scenery that unrolled itself before us like a grand panorama, and was repeated day after day, and which never palled with sameness, for there is a never-ending variety of shape and height and proportion and color, which to me seem like a dream. I have read many descriptions of these wonderful works of the Creator, written by men whose powers of description were great, but when I came to see the reality I found their best endeavors poor and tame.

The next day discovered to us that we had neighbors, a couple of young fellows who lived some ten or twelve miles south of Buena Vista on the east side of the range. They had made the journey in a wagon and were to start for home that afternoon. Hearing this, it did not take Mack long to find out that he had done wrong to leave his wife and daughter alone in charge of the hotel without any man around to take care of them (there were twenty who would do anything for the ladies), and he seized the opportunity to ride back so near home, and bade us farewell.

"Well, we had our "second wind," and from this time on I do not remember ever being too tired to take my rod and whip the streams with my flies for trout, even after long hours of hard climbing. We stayed on Taylor River several days, and had excellent fishing, but we found game scarce and pulled up stakes and went to Tin Cup to interview some old friends of mine as to which direction we had better go in order to find deer and other large game.

On the way up the Park we ran across Stephen Pease, a miner of fifty years standing, with whom I was acquainted, and he told us of a friend, J. M. Cole, who had a cattle ranch on Piceance (pronounced Pe-anse) Creek in Garfield county, in northwest Colorado, who had written him to come out there and hunt, where "deer were so plenty that they came down out of the mountains and hung their hides on the fences to save the hunter the trouble of going after them." He assured us of a hearty welcome, and when we decided to go, gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Cole, which I knew from the general character of men who spend their lives in these remote parts meant for us a home as long as we wanted to stay. After several days more spent around Hillerton and Tin Cup we started to find "Jim," as Mr. Cole was familiarly called. We followed up Taylor River nearly to its headwaters, and we never ate a meal without trout if we wanted them. Every stream was full of them, and the fish were varied with doves and grouse and pine squirrels.

At Bowman's Ranch, where we stayed over night before crossing the Elk Mountains, we met a party under the guidance of an old mountain man they called Tom. He was hunter, trapper, guide and miner; and had ranged the country in every direction. He told us our nearest point for good hunting ground was Trapper's Lake. In the morning we began to suspect that our new acquaintances were slippery customers, for we found our knives, forks and spoons missing. Noticing that something was wrong, Tom asked us what was the matter. We told him. He asked us where we had left them, and when we showed him, he called our attention to a collection of sticks and stones that we knew had not been there when we put the table utensils there. He then told us the thief was a rat, a sort of free trader, who took what he wanted but always left something in the place of what he took, though generally not of much value. He related that one of the richest mines in Colorado had been discovered through one of these creatures making a swap with some miners one night in the same way this one had with us; when it took a knife or a spoon it had left a chunk of ore in its place, which proved to be very rich with wire silver, and in hunting for the stolen property they found the ledge where the rat had got the ore. We did not have any such luck, but we found our cutlery very nicely covered with some old papers under a stump. Although we ran across him several times we never knew more of the man than that his name was Tom and that he had lost an arm in a fight with the Indians. The stub was fitted with an iron hook, with which he was very handy; and he was as genial, accommodating and good-hearted a fellow as one would desire to meet.

We killed a beaver the next morning, just after crossing the Elk Mountains, and that night camped within two miles of Aspen. From Aspen we kept leisurely on our way to Glenwood Springs, and on this part of the route we greatly regretted not having brought shotguns. We tramped by and through some splendid farms, where every field seemed to be alive with doves, that arose on every side of us, whirling overhead and going in every direction. We might have had some splendid wing shooting, but we had made up our minds at Pueblo that we would need nothing but our rifles, and had stored our shotguns there with our extra clothing. We shot enough, however, to get what we wanted to eat, but every other one would be a better subject for hash than for broiling, and a dove hit in the body by a .45-caliber ball is not worth much even for hash.

From Glenwood Springs we went down the Grand River, and when about eight miles out camped on the bank of a stream that comes out of Dark Cañon. Good grazing had been scarce for two days past, and at this point there was a flourishing farm all fenced in. Not knowing how far we might have to go before we found grass again, we made up our minds to buy some fodder for the burros and give them one good square meal. With this purpose in view I went to the house and found a man and woman eating dinner. I asked for the proprietor and was told he had gone to Glenwood. The woman was his wife. I told her what I wanted and was informed that they had nothing to sell. I said, "You have everything fenced in here, and may we go into your cornfield and pull some weeds for the animals?" Her answer was "No; we want them ourselves." I tried to work on her sympathies by representing the burros as at almost starvation point, but this seemed to please her. She was the one sole and isolated inhospitable person I have met in the mountains, and her heart seemed as barren of human feeling as the rugged rocks and burning sand that abounded in those parts. I had not joined my partner many minutes before the man came out of some bushes opposite us and said to me, "If you will go with me I will show you where you can get a good feed." He took me into a field on the opposite side of the creek, shielded from the house by a strip of timber, and here in a melon patch were bunches of oats all headed out not yet ripe. He told me to pull all I wanted, remarking, "I suppose the hog would give me the devil if she knew of this, but I don't care." I did not care myself, and soon laid before the burros all I could carry in my arms. Before they were through the woman came down and looked at what they were eating, and if ever an evil spirit glared from a woman's eyes one did from hers. She did not say anything, however, and we soon left her vicinity.

From here we went on to Elk Creek and up Elk Creek about fifteen miles, and then struck across to the south fork of Rifle Creek. Here a woman at a ranch, where we stopped for milk, wanted us to stay and hunt mountain lions, which were plenty and bold and had eaten up all the dogs in those parts but her own; and she had saved him only by keeping him in the house. Two miles further on, at the junction of the south and north forks of Rifle Creek, we found a small settlement, where, on the side of the store, were stretched five great bear skins that had been on live frames within a week. This began to look like business. So far we had seen only a few deer; but here, by going back into the mountains, we could find anything we wanted. We were told that if we wanted to find good hunting we must go to Meeker, and thence up the White River to Trapper's Lake, or branch off on the south fork of the White, about forty miles northeast of Meeker, and we would find everything the heart could desire in the shape of game and fish. As this had been the burden of the tale of every man we had met for a hundred miles back, we fully believed in the truth of it.

But we were bound to see "Jim Cole," the man to whom I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Pease. He seemed to be about the best known man in Colorado, for whenever we inquired for him the reply was invariably, with evident surprise at such a question, "Know Jim Cole! I reckon every one in these parts knows him." A man in Meeker told us "He is a devil-may-care-cuss who owns a large ranch covered with horses and cattle over on Pe-anse Creek, and he comes over here once in a while and cleans the boys out of what loose change they have in their clothes." At the head of Piceance Creek we found Tom, the guide, again, and he told us to go down the creek to Morgan's ranch—about four miles below—and Morgan could tell us all about "Jim Cole," and whether he was at home or not.

That morning, just after we broke camp Irv made the best shot I saw made while we were out. We heard something crashing through the bushes to our left, and I looked around just in time to see him swing his rifle to his shoulder, and following its direction saw the head and shoulders of a large buck just as it came out on the top of a ridge fully 200yds. off. I had hardly sighted the buck before I heard the crack of his rifle, and the old fellow with one great leap in the air fell dead. We soon had his hindquarters packed on one of the burros and we went ahead, Irv's face all smiles.

When we came to Morgan's ranch we were informed that Jim Cole and his whole family had gone up on the south fork of the White River berrying. We decided at once to follow him, and turning north made a break for Meeker, then about thirty miles from us. Our way was across what is known as White River Plateau, a fine, rolling prairie, probably 8,000ft. above sea level. A little while after leaving Morgan's we saw something skulking along which we at first took for a wolf, and we made for him. He holed up shortly and we found it was a badger. We laid down to see if he wouldn't come out, and soon up popped his head. We were not over 50yds. from him, and supposed of course we had both got him, but we had not. He popped up in another place and we tried him again. Then we took turns at him and shot holes enough at that badger to have made a skimmer of his hide, but he seemed to laugh at us, and we left him in disgust for some one else to practice on.

About half-way over the plateau we came upon another prosperous-looking ranch. We could see the men making hay two good miles away from the house, and when we went to the house for milk we found a pretty little girl some 17 or 18 years of age all alone in charge of affairs. She gave us all the milk we wanted and then went with Irv to the barn to see if she couldn't find some hens' eggs for us. The girl wanted us to stay over a day; said they did not see much company, and her father and brothers would be delighted to visit with us, as they were originally from "York" State. We were anxious to get on, however, and so did not stop.

The next day at noon found us in Meeker, a small hamlet a short distance from the historical site of the horrible Meeker massacre. Here we stopped for our mail and got our first tidings from home. I shall never forget the look of suspicion with which the postmaster regarded us as we tore open envelopes addressed to us, with the usual formality added to our names, "attorney, etc.," and "attorney-at-law." He had seen clerks and lawyers there before, but they had been attended by guides and came horseback or drove in, and had knickerbockers and dude things generally. The wild life we had been living had told on us and the days of hard tramping in the hot sun had given us the true cowboy color. We did not at all look the trim spruce fellows who had left the cars at Pueblo, and the appearance of the entire outfit was too much for the credulity of that postmaster. Finally he broke out, "You don't mean to tell me you fellers are lawyers?" We informed him that such, indeed, was the fact; told him where we lived, showed him our business cards and a mention of our going West in the *Watkins Democrat*, which was among the other mail matter. His suspicion changed to admiration and he was very curious as to how we had got along. He examined our animals and noticed that we had got the "right hang" of putting on their packs. Then we gave him a history of our trip so far and showed him the letter of introduction to Jim Cole, with whom he was well accquainted. He ended by complimenting us with, "Well, if you ain't two of the best tenderfeet I ever run across." JOHN M. ROE.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE TIME.

SANTA FE, N. M.—Bright and early one autumn morning, Wit, Duke and myself started for a day among the quail in Sinagee Cañon. Wit was a man and Duke was a Laverack setter.

In an hour and a half we were on the ground; and giving our driver directions as to when and where to meet us below in the cañon, we limbered up and were ready for action.

In fifteen minutes Duke had a covey in front of him. As soon as discovered they started on a lively run up a side cañon. Duke looked at the birds, then at me, then whined This was the dog's first experience with New Mexico quail. As they rose I dropped one and marked the flock down.

Calling Wit we followed them to where they had taken cover and soon Duke pointed one in his best style. I pushed him along with my knee, and he was fairly upon it before it flushed; and not allowing it to take sufficient distance I riddled it so that it was unfit for the bag.

Duke soon had another point and continued putting the birds up in great shape until we had almost the entire covey in our game sacks.

It was now time for our team to make its appearance. We concluded we would take the back track, meet it and enjoy our lunch. We soon found the wagon track, and following it discovered that our driver had taken the wrong road. We followed the trail along a flat-topped mesa, a distance of four or five miles, when we met a couple of Mexicans with several burros loaded with wood. They told us they had passed our team some distance back going directly from us.

Writing a note to the driver, telling him where to meet us, we gave one of the Mexicans $2 to overtake him and deliver it. Then taking a turn into the nearest azoyo we were soon among the quail again, having good sport. At the expiration of two hours we concluded that it was time for us to be at the rendezvous. We were tired and hungry; but when we reached the meeting place no team was in sight and for the next hour we waited in vain. Approaching the nearest Mexican ranch we asked for something to eat.

We were soon consoling ourselves as bes we could with a meal of chile con carne, tortillas and rye coffe, with thoughts reverting to the nice lunch our wives had prepared for us, and which we had carefully placed under the wagon seat. This was but an introduction to our troubles, however.

We could obtain no conveyance of any description at this ranch, and when the last shafts of sunlight were growing dim in the western horizon we took up our weary homeward march. Our feet were blistered and our guns and game bags were a grievous load.

Soon it grew intensely dark, and as the road was rough we would lurch from one side of the track to the other, groaning audibly. After tramping twelve miserable miles we reached the little town of Agua Frio, where we found every one in bed and every Mexican cur in the village at our heels.

We finally roused a Mexican who could not speak English and who was so suspicious of our appearance that he would not let us cross his threshold. Managing finally to make him understand that we wanted to find some one who could "talk United States," he took us down a back alley, over several wood piles and old wagons, to an adobe, where, after much rapping, we were able to hear signs of life within.

The sparks from the chimney soon gave evidence that some one was poking the logs in the fireplace, and the door was thrown open and we were bidden to enter.

On pallets thrown upon the floor were children and two

Mexican women. The women rose to a sitting posture as we came in and coolly rolled and lighted cigarettes.

Hastily explaining our situation we told the man of the house that we wanted a team to take us to Santa Fé. In the course of an hour an old wagon was produced with a span of miserable ill-conditioned ponies attached, and in this vehicle we were jerked and jolted into Santa Fé in the small hours of the morning, where we were pleased to learn that our illustrious driver had arrived at 6 o'clock the preceding evening. F. T. W.

WITH THE DUCKS IN WARNER VALLEY.

FORT BIDWELL, Cal.—In the fall of 1892 I had had but five days vacation in as many years. A friend had frequently urged my wife to visit her in Warner Valley, Oregon, and to bring me with her. On Oct. 12 I threw my pen into the waste basket, left the store in charge of my most indulgent partner, and set out for Warner. We started in the morning at about 9 o'clock. We were both so anxious to go that the cold north wind and cloudy sky had no terrors for us. My wife, baby, myself, gun, two valises and 200 cartridges made quite a load for a single two-wheeled vehicle.

Our friends declared we would be "almost dead" before we had driven over thirty-two miles, but my wife had often ridden twenty-five miles after stock over the mountains, and I was always considered to be pretty tough while a vaquero, so we made the trip over the hills pretty comfortably, arriving at the Sessions ranch at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Warner Valley is about fifty miles long and from four to six miles wide. It is surrounded for the most part by high run rocks. About fourteen or fifteen miles from the south end is a low line of hills and butts running east and west, dividing the valley into North and South Warner. The Sessions ranch is upon a hillside which slopes into the valley, and from the house can be seen a perfect network of lakes and sloughs.

The afternoon I spent in prospecting the ranch, but I was sorely tempted to try my luck by the white patches of snow geese, about half a mile from the house. That night we were awakened by a knock upon our bedroom door and were informed by Mr. Sessions that the dog had treed a goose. Wonderingly I put on my clothes, slipped two cartridges into my gun, some more into my pocket and followed my host out to the garden, from which proceeded the sound of the dog's bark, and what Charlie Sessions declared was an unmistakable goose smell. The dog in his zeal chased the game through the fence, in following jumped over the fence, on to it, and for the succeeding twenty-four hours was placed in durance vile. I shot the goose by the aid of a lantern, but never before was aware that geese had bushy tails, nor that they were sometimes black, striped with white, as Charlie stoutly declared they often were.

In the morning we rose at 7 o'clock, and the remark was made that I deserved to go home empty-handed for my laziness in not having gone to the lakes before daylight. My host excused me by saying that our goose hunt during the night had probably made me sleepy.

Fortune favored me, however, by sending a heavy west wind, accompanied by occasional snow squalls.

Arriving at the first water on the meadow about 9 o'clock, I bagged two mallards as they arose from the nearest pond.

I intended going direct to a round lake fringed with tules, which I had seen from the house; but I was delayed on the way by shooting at the ducks as they rose from the shallow pond in my course. They were very tame, and it is a fact that in one instance when I had killed two out of three as they rose, the third one returned seeking its companions, and I was compelled to touch it with my foot to make it fly.

Upon arriving at the Round Lake, I saw upon the water scores of mallards and teal, while others constantly sailed in over my head with the wind, seeking shelter from the passing squall and driving snow. Four of these were shot out of a possible six, as they flew over me. I then started to try and wade to them. While walking up to my thighs in water, my forward foot came in contact with a snag; and I plunged forward full length into the lake, gun and all. Recovering myself by pushing with the gun on the muddy bottom, I waded boldly into the middle of the lake, up to my waist in water. As the storm thickened, the ducks continued to come in, and paid no attention to me. I soon became chilled through, and picking up my twenty ducks struck out for the house.

On the afternoon of the same day I passed the lake in which I had taken my morning bath, and going further north shot several ducks as they flew over, going from one to the other of the two largest lakes, the surfaces of which were literally covered with them. During the three days we stayed at the Sessions ranch I shot many ducks, and saw more than I had ever seen before.

On the third day I killed two snow geese as the flock arose, and upon pacing the distance found it to be 105 steps. My gun is a 9¼lbs. 10-gauge, and was loaded with No. 6 shot. Pretty strong shooting, I thought it.

On the fourth day of our stay in Warner we regretfully packed our valises, and struck out for North Warner to visit friends whom we had promised to visit at our earliest opportunity. I say regretfully, because we had had a most pleasant visit and had been informed that there were not many ducks in North Warner.

The scenery on the way was grand, and it has been described in FOREST AND STREAM by my friend Mr. A. C. Lowell.

We drove over the twenty miles of road from the Session ranch north to Honey Creek, by twelve o'clock, and were warmly welcomed. After dinner Mr. Tonningsen (who had never shot a duck) and myself rode horseback to the lake two miles east of the ranch, and not expecting to see much game took only twenty cartridges. Tying our horses back from the shore, we walked to the lake and lay down in the tules by a cave, from which the noise of our walking through the tules had frightened several ducks.

The sun was shining and the lake, upon whose surface the mountains two or three miles distant was reflected, made a pretty picture. While we were conversing in a low tone, a small flock came in; and as they put out their feet to light I got one, scoring a miss with the left barrel.

We stayed about an hour, the ducks coming over frequently; and although I expended my twenty cartridges we took home only eleven ducks, having missed many easy shots. My friend retrieved the ducks, swimming his horse into the water to pick them up, and as he was reaching for the last one the old horse, having gotten beyond his depth and being tired of that sort of thing, turned quickly and threw his rider on one side, wetting him to the waist.

On the following day, my two friends having work to do, I started out alone on the same horse I had used the day before; and as he stood fire well I felt that I would not be left afoot. Going straight to the lake I got only one mallard drake during the entire morning. At the discharge of the gun a large flock of Canada geese arose from the marsh before me, and as they flew leisurely away said *Ah-unk*.

Having noticed that all the ducks we had seen the day before were traveling north, I struck out in that direction. At the road going east to the Alexander and Wilson ranch, I fell in with Mr. Alexander, who told me to go northwest to the old slough and shoot ducks until I was tired. I accordingly rode straight toward the line of low buttes that marked the course of the slough through the sage-brush desert, up to the first butte, tied my horse to a large sage-brush and walked to the top overlooking the water. The summer having been a long, dry one, the slough had partly dried up, leaving a string of ponds from 100yds. to 250yds. apart. I had struck the first one and upon its surface not 50yds. from me were hundreds of mallards, teal, widgeon, etc. As they arose with a roar, a double discharge brought down four.

My horse pulled up the sage-brush and ran off to join a bunch of wild horses that had been grazing near by, and were now running from the sound of my gun. Knowing that it meant a walk of four miles in my hip boots, carrying my gun and what ducks I would kill, but realizing that such shooting was seldom experienced by any one, I philosophically concluded to enjoy it. The ducks wheeled and wheeled again, flying over me at close range, but their number was only two less after six discharges. Not very good shooting, you think? No, I am not much of a shot. I walked to the next pond, keeping behind the greasewood knolls, and as I gained the top of the ridge there was another roar of wings, as the ducks arose by hundreds. For two hours I simply loafed around those ponds shooting and watching the ducks fly around me. I shot 25 shots and took home only 15 ducks. If I had had plenty of ammunition and the inclination to do so I could have killed scores of ducks, but I never did enjoy killing birds simply to let them rot.

This string of ponds was about ten miles long. There were about thirty ponds from 100 to 200yds. wide and they were only about 2ft. deep.

The following day Mr. Tonningsen, my wife and I went horseback to find the horse that had gotten away from me the day before. We rode the entire length of the string of ponds and there were certainly thousands of ducks—many more than I had ever seen, even on Chesapeake Bay. We rode about twenty miles and upon our return to the ranch were greeted by a friendly neigh from the horse for which we had been hunting. Having become hungry, and not being able to eat with a Spanish bit in his mouth, he had come home.

We drove the entire distance to Bidwell next day, and on the way through North and South Warner saw thousands of geese and ducks. I have thought of my experience many times since and I believe that I am right when I say that North Warner is the very best place in America to hunt wildfowl. G. H. A.

COURSING AN OLD TRAIL.

YES, it's great sport, and as we live over again in memory the delightful days we have only to regret that there were not more of them, and that there are so plaguey few of them nowadays. We are apt, at this distance, to forget the hardships and the perils, and remember only the fascinating, exhilarating sport; the noble antlered buck, the fair doe, the wily fox, the toothsome 'possum; what cared we for the hours spent knee deep in snow, the toil through pathless wood, for summer's heat or winter's cold?

Our little party stood together upon a knoll that commanded a view of a heavy piece of woodland upon one side, a neat farmhouse and outbuildings to the right, while far away to the northward stretched a vast swamp, a grassy marsh bordering its southwesterly edge. The light frost of an October morning lingered upon the fresh fallen leaves, and the scene as it lay stretched before us was an inspiring one. The blood tingled in the veins and each was impatient to strike the winning pace.

"We had best drive the swamp first," said Bob, "for just north of the orchard I crossed a fresh trail leading directly into it, and the streakers would have gone away with it if I hadn't flogged them off."

"What for a trail would it be now?" asked doubting Thomas, the Falstaffian owner of the 20-pound rifle, as he brought it to the ground with a bang, "a striped squirrel or a field mouse, for I don't believe there's a deer within a mile of this plantation."

"Just one buck and two does, old Falstaff," replied Bob, "and I want to say to you right here that my hounds don't follow vermin—no, nor pork either."

"Now, don't get hot under the collar at trifles, Bob," said Falstaff, shaking his fat sides with a jolly laugh; "I didn't mean nothin' personal, you know, and if you say them's deers in the swamp, why let's drive 'em out and butcher 'em by powder!"

"I hope you don't call yourself a trifle," muttered Bob, as he moved away toward the dark trees, calling his dogs after him.

Ah! those hounds! How sleek and supple they looked! How plainly I see them now through the soft haze of thirty-five years! How many times have I listened to their fierce cry, driving the quarry to its death, and scattering the thick fur of Sir Fox. Here, yonder they go, trotting demurely at Beb's heels, wagging their feathery sterns as though they meant nothing but good will to all on earth. Smooth, sweet-voiced hypocrites, how we all love them! As they follow their master toward the upper end of the swamp, let us take a glance at the bipeds of our party. First in weight and condition is the redoubtable Thomas, already noticed, who in consideration of his physical ponderosity, places himself at the point nearest the knoll. Next beyond him and further out in the open marsh is the stand of our young Connecticut friend Barker, gotten up in a stunning manner as to wardrobe and equipped with a double rifle. Beside him, and nearly hidden by the branches of a fallen oak, is the post of Jack Stevens, at that day perhaps the most unerring shot and the most accomplished woodsman in the Old Dominion. Dressed in a suit of gray homespun and leaning motionless on his rifle, his spare form is scarcely distinguishable from the dead branches that surround him. Lastly, and furthest from the original point, is the station of old Jim Skinner, the greatest fox hunter of that section, with his hounds and his long wooden-stocked rifle, which was a terror in his accustomed hands.

Hardly had they reached their respective posts when Bob's voice was heard hallooing to his hounds: "He-e-e-r-e, back, Vaughan! to heel! Back, Minnie, back, I say!" But in vain did he call and lash; two or three of the quick-scented creatures straying too near the swamp had their more than suspicions aroused, and throwing up their heads had plunged into the thicket and were soon followed by the rest, regardless of Bob's voice and commands and whip. After the first moment of tumult all was still. Dick had gone in to hunt the dogs; the standers had sunk silently into the alder bushes that skirted the marsh, and I was left standing upon the knoll alone in my glory, the solitary spectator of the scene. Presently a disturbed jay flew chattering from the tamaracks to the northward of my post, and directly after a doubtful whimper from a familiar voice came floating up the air. That was Max; then came a bold, decisive note of challenge from another throat; that was Locksley. Directly Fidele gave tongue, followed by voice after voice accusing in turn the scent, until the whole pack, opening into full cry, came away southward with their game, making the woods ring with the mad music of their trumpet tones. How the blood goes coursing through our veins again at the revived picture upon memory's tablets! How clear is each familiar voice, each voice that, often as it has spoken to us—has never once lied. No, there was never even an equivocation there—there was conviction in every syllable.

Ha! there was a shot, well meant, but badly executed, and as the smoke cleared away far down the swale, a doe broke cover and made to cross the marsh to the land beyond. Puff! puff! A clean miss, young Barker, a little too high, to judge from the quick dodge of the active deer, who dropped at the first barrel and jumped back toward the swamp at the second, tail flying and head well up, leaping long and high. Another pipeful of white smoke—ha! there's no mistake about that sign. The sudden dropping of the flag, the convulsive contraction of the limbs in midair, the headlong plunge into the tall grasses of the marsh, tell, before the crack of Jack's rifle reaches me, that his bullet had been winged by death. But the hounds have gone back to the north once more, and the echoes of their fading voices are

"Faint from farther distance borne,"

until all is still again, and nothing but the long thin line of smoke floating across the open, remains to betray the actors in the finished scene of Act 1. With rifle quickly reloaded with his nicest care, Jack came out of the thicket to bleed his game, but scarcely had he withdrawn his knife from the sheath when his arm was held suspended and his whole form as rigid as a statue. Struck motionless by the charm of a bell-like note wafted on the light wind from the distant swamp, and then leaving the forest stiller than before. Hark, again! it is the full organ tone that swells through the gothic arches of the woods, constantly *crescendo*, until it develops into the grand orchestral crash of the full cry, flatted suddenly by the report of Bob's rifle in the distance, and then bursting forth into fresh fury as if the pack would rend the very heavens with their frantic melody. Noble and abundant cause had they! From up the tufted ground streams the reeking scent of as lordly a buck as ever foiled a hound. Straight away before them he dashes, proud in the security of his speed, recking naught of his dead love at Jack's feet, naught of the other that Bob's rifle has already brought low, far away beneath the tamarack. Onward he comes, flag and antlers high in air, his bounding flight to be compared to nothing in the world save the long swelling lines of ocean billows rushing to shore. Broken cover! and as the ounce ball from fat Falstaff's rifle crashes through the branches, the gallant stag falls earthward, as if its last plunge had been made. The pace of the fat man, as he rushes toward his game, knife in hand, is a killing one, but just as he reaches out to strike, his ponderous body is overthrown by an unlucky branch tripping the hurrying feet, and the animal springs once more to its feet, giving its sprawling foe a parting salute with its hind legs—fairly snatching itself from the very jaws of the leading hounds, that are at the heavy-weight's heels, when the miracle occurs. The bullet, as is sometimes provokingly the case, had just chipped the upper edge of one of the vertebræ at the neck, and stunned the animal for a moment, which, now sound as ever, is coming at a rattling pace directly up my knoll, the hounds running at sight, and well nigh mute from very excitement. Of course, as the mark is running straight at me, I fail to kill, though the bullet rips up the hide on the left side and causes him to double quickly upon the dogs, and make for the cover whence he so lately issued. To reach it he must pass within 100yds. of Falstaff, who is to mad too shoot. On he goes, past Jack and gets another touch of lead but cannot fall, for the bitter threats of his fast approaching foes drive him past Jim Skinner's stand, where another wound awaits him. Still he struggles gamely down the swale, though evidently growing feebler at every stride, and as the hounds gain on him, their full-mouthed chorus proclaims their victory. Now Fidele is at his flank; one last struggle and he shakes her off and wins; no, for Locksley and Max come dashing at his throat; the beaten stag totters as the pack closes in, and with a final rush and yell of triumph, they pull him down, smearing their white teeth with his gore.

Ten minutes more and we are grouped around him, each man pointing out upon the buckskin the red seal of his particular shot; all save Falstaff, who rubbing his battered nose, rails against "the cussed deceivin' critter;" until Bob's mocking voice silences him with: "Don't get mad at trifles, Tom; he didn't mean nothin'," which came so pat that he could not withstand the drollery of the thing but joined in the loud and long laugh at his expense.

It is indeed many a long year since those deer were done to death; long since I listened to the music of that noble pack; but often

"When the hours of day are numbered",

fancy calls up the scenes of their stirring victories; the deer flit like shadows past the forest glades, and the well remembered voices of those faultless hounds float upward through the memories of the past. FRANK HEYWOOD.

THE MUSEUM MOOSE.

"You say, Doc'or, you want um big moose, berry big?"

"Yes, Nuel, want a very large one for a museum. Want two, male and female."

"And you say you give um me half crown day w'ile me go hunt um wid you. An' w'en we kill um big moose, fine blanket for self an' one for squaw, an' clof for pappoose, an' you fine eberyt'ing for eat? Is dat it?"

"Yes, that is it, Nuel."

"An' now me wan' to know dis: Sposum me kill um big moose an' you miss um, is it all same?"

"Yes, Nuel, it is all the same. You shall have the blankets and cloth if you get me a chance to shoot or if you kill a moose yourself. And if we get a nice moose you are to have five crowns ext[illegible], and if we get two then you are to have ten crowns. Now do you understand?"

"Ugha! Me hope me get um. Me go nex' moon. Two week. Good time for call um. Nice day. Nice night. Soon fros' come. You be ready? Me have good canoe on river. You bring t'ings for eat—gun, blanket?"

"Yes, Nuel, I will be ready and have everything at your camp the day you name."

These arrangements were made for the last week in September, and the morning of the day appointed found Nuel and myself making our way up the river.

He had a good canoe. Rather larger than the usual size. It was strong and well braced, and in its center was pushed the baggage.

When I thought of the portages we would have to make I said to him: "Why, Nuel, this is a very heavy canoe. How are you going to carry it?"

"Ugha!" replied the good fellow. "You'll help um me, sposum we wan' you. Dis my huntin' canoe. Hope we bring um back two moose. We wan' um big canoe."

All this was said with a peculiar smile that at once won my heart and at the same time convinced me that I was with a man who "meant business."

Although I had been much with the Indians, I had never been with Nuel. I knew him only by reputation, and he had the reputation of being a mighty hunter and a most expert fisherman. Or at least he always knew where to go for fish. As it was now, I felt satisfied with my guide. My great wish was to make my guide feel satisfied with me. I knew he would try me in different ways before we had been many hours together. The question was how was I to come out in these trials.

Very little was said for the first few hours. Nuel stood in the stern and forced the bark up against the current, while I sat in the bow to look out for rocks and ward off in case of need. Several times it seemed as though the Indian was on the point of pushing us upon a sunken rock that came just to the surface, when with a stroke of the paddle I kept the canoe away. One not accustomed to Indian strategy might have thought that he was doing good service, or that his guide did not know where he was going, but as I turned around and looked at my guide (who seemed utterly unconcerned) I knew at once that he was trying my nerves or my skill.

About 12 o'clock we landed for dinner. The only remark the Indian made as we turned a sharp bend in the river was, "Now we comin' good places for eat. You wan' um big trout. No fros' yet. Them bite. Here good places. I hungie."

I could easily believe what he said of this place. We were at the upper end of quite a pool that had a gravel beach sloping down gradually to the water. On the opposite side, 20yds. away, were perpendicular rocks, rising up to the height of 30ft. or more. The foot of these rocks was now in the shade and much of the froth that floated down from above seemed to have collected here.

While Nuel was making a fire I jointed my rod. Had I not seen him look out from under his old cap several times as I ran the line through the rings, I might have thought he was as disinterested a spectator as he seemed to be, but this made me think, "trying me again." However, I had not much to fear if the trout were really there. I knew what I could do if I had a chance.

Nuel had just got his fire started, I observed, as my leader was straightened. My first cast sent the red and yellowish green flies more than half way over to the rocks and I had scarcely drawn them six feet before two trout were on.

"Ugha," said the Indian. "You got um fish. Two of um. Me tot so. Take um care. Don' break um line. Me lan' um for you."

I had no net, and was only too glad to have his help. He stood a silent spectator until the fish were nearly drowned. Then, as I drew back with my rod, he led them in shore one after the other and tossed them upon the beach. They were both nice fish, weighing, perhaps, a pound or more apiece. The only remark that Nuel made was, "You catch um more. Me eat dees."

Before I made another cast I took off one of my flies. I felt anxious about the line and the rod too. The second cast brought another fish larger than either of Nuel's, and now I was prepared to stop. "Doc'or not goin' to wine in yet, is he?" said Nuel. "Wan' more for tea. Ingin eat much. Ugha."

"O," said I, "we will have ducks or partridges for tea. You said we would see plenty, or we can catch some more fresh trout."

"Berry good," replied Nuel. "I s'pose you can shoot um duck on fly. Maybe partridge, too, but da go on tree."

"O, yes," said I, "any way."

Then said Nuel: "I guess we no starve, eben if big moose scare away."

The dinner was not eaten in silence. Indeed, the coffee seemed to loosen Nuel's tongue. He told me a good deal about the river we were on, what we would come to before night, and the salmon and the otters that he had caught when he was a boy, just where we were camping. By his advice I was to have my gun ready for ducks, if we should see any. There had not been much in our morning's journey to interest either of us. We had seen a good many kingfishers and one sheldrake, several sandpipers, and occasionally a bluejay or a wood pewee, or one of the warblers would fly across the stream. But there had been nothing to cause remark, while the river itself with its occasional rifts and rapids absorbed the most of our attention. Then it ran through a region that had been cut off for its lumber many years before, and a second growth had never matured to any extent by reason of the fires that from time to time had run through it.

But now things were changing. We appeared to be going into darker and wilder regions, and there were more giant trees lying along the bank of the river. An hour had not passed before we came to the first carry. It was a short one, to escape a rapid that almost amounted to a fall. Nuel did not want my help and I followed him up the bank with my two guns and the saddlebags. We returned for the rest of the baggage, and in less than half an hour were launched again. As we were about to push off a partridge flew up, and then several followed it. This was too much for Nuel. "You give um me gun," said he, "and I get um tea for you." With this I handed him my double-barreled with the accoutrements. He was not gone long before I heard him shoot twice in quick succession, and then again a third shot a few minutes later. In all he was absent twenty minutes, perhaps, and returned with three nice partridges. He seemed pleased as he took his place in the canoe and said, "We make um up time 'fore sundown and get second lake morrow night." And we did make up time passing the falls and another carry before the last rays of the setting sun had left the distant hilltops.

While Nuel was cutting wood, and breaking twigs for my bed, I carried up the baggage. The Indian then went down and brought up the canoe. This he turned over the twigs he had collected, placing it on edge and saying as he did so, "Doc'or you no mine sleep un'er canoe dis night. Have good camp morrow night. Dis be comfortable?" Nuel called me to "bring um rifle." He was standing by the shore when I reached him. Pointing along the water up to the far end of the pond he said: "You see um fat musquash sittin' on stick dare. Me wan' um for tea. Me like um. You hit um in eye. He no dive den."

The muskrat was not really beyond point blank range. The only difficulty was that I did not consider myself a very good marksman, and had been out of practice for several months. I tried to get Nuel to shoot the rat himself. His excuse was, "Me no use to gun; you kill him." Seeing there was no way for me to get out of the trial, I just drew up the rifle as we used to, in making snap shots and fired. To my astonishment, and I think very much to the Indian's too, the muskrat seemed to jump to the shore, where he remained kicking and turning on his back in a circle.

"Ugha," said Nuel, "You kill um. You make almose so good shot as Ingin. Dat kill um moose. You shoot um otter for me, if we see um." I did not agree to this proposition. I simply said, "O, no, you shoot otter, I might miss him."

But now Nuel was bound to have his "musquash," so the canoe was brought down and he went for it. When he returned he simply said: "You break um bofe foreleg." And sure enough, the ball had entered in one side and passed out the other, tearing away the breast bone in its passage.

In a few minutes the rat was skinned, and it and a partridge were roasting on spits before the fire. Before the darkness really closed in and the owls began to hoot, we were regaling ourselves. Nuel's tongue was loosed again. Among other things he said: "I dink we get um big moose. You mus' hav' shot. I once kill um moose ober dare (nodding his head to indicate the hill across the river). Dat owl say all same—good luck."

Indeed Nuel seemed to be quite elated for a quiet Indian. He appeared to think that he must entertain me. And he did do so—both by his talk and by imitating every owl that hooted and every strange noise that he heard. How long he would have talked I do not know had I not shaken the ashes out of my pipe and put it in its case.

At this he said: "Me tired, too, an' we wan' to make um early start in mornin'. Me fix um fire and you go sleep." With this I crawled under the canoe while—after Nuel had put some large sticks on the fire—he wrapped his blankets around him, lay down with his feet toward the blaze, and was soon asleep.

As for myself, it was some time before I slept. The strangeness of the surroundings seemed to impress me. I thought of myself, so far from my family, in the wild woods and going further into them. Then with only one man and he an Indian, and a stranger to me at that. I had never been in such a situation before. But we wanted two moose, and we wanted them large and fine, and it devolved upon me to secure them.

These were some of my reflections as I looked out from under the canoe and saw the sleeping Indian, and the fire burning low. But before the last stick had fallen apart and its brands were burned, I slept. I must have slept well, too, for I was not conscious of anything until I heard Nuel's voice saying: "Big Doc'or sleep well in woods. He beat Ingin. Mose got breakfas' cook."

"Yes," said I, "but Doctor did not get to sleep so soon as Ingin. He watched Nuel, for fear bear carry him away."

"Ugha!" replied the Indian at once, "an' he go sleep w'ile watchin'."

To this I had nothing to say. I soon crawled out from under my cover, had a slight bath to get my eyes open, and was ready for breakfast.

We were through this by daylight, and by the time it was light enough to see well were on our way again.

As we took our places in the canoe Nuel remarked, "We good way go deday. Not get up morrow mornin' so soon. You get um gun fix for duck. Maybe see um black ones in lily pads. Get um many you can. We wan' um. Day keep."

This was just the prompting that I wanted. I felt like shooting, and knew that with such weather as we were then having game would keep for a week. As we came out from the shore everything looked still and somber and wild. There was a slight mist upon the water and a little fog seemed to rest upon the highest hill. We heard something scrambling away among the underbrush as we neared the place where the muskrat was killed. This led the Indian to remark in a low voice, "Mink smell um musquash blood." And immediately after he added, "Now, Doc'or, look um sharp when we come roun' poin'."

Nor was his caution a moment too soon, for sure enough as we came around the short bend with considerable speed, up went a flock of two dozen black mallards. They were within good shooting distance, and to the astonishment of Nuel and the joy of myself five fell at the report of the two barrels.

"I tole you we have good luck," said Nuel. "Owl say so las' night. I tot ducks here. Hear um quack dis mornin'? You make um good shot. We get some more 'fore night."

After the ducks were retrieved I had nothing to do for some time but to look around and advance. We were on a narrow lake, perhaps three miles long by less than a mile wide. Its sides were well wooded, even to the water's edge, except an acre or so of lily pads and marsh, just where we had entered it and where the ducks had been shot. We kept near its western shore, and I could in places look under the hemlocks and spruces that grew near the margin. They gave me an impression of wildness and solitude such as I had never had before.

I had been told by Nuel to have my rifle ready for "calleboo" (caribou), but now we were almost at the upper end of the lake and yet none had made their appearance. There were a great many grebes and loons on the lake; several had called in their prolonged and dreary notes and I could hear hermit thrushes and other birds calling to each other as we passed along. Then we saw several Canada jays and a red-shouldered hawk fly across the lake.

But the head was reached at length and now more poling had to be done. The river came in here and ran through the lake. There were a good many miles of this poling and some of it was quite difficult before we reached our first carry. Some of this journey was entirely without interest, except as Nuel told me "to watch for otter" and pointed out several of their "slides" as he poled us upward. There were not many kingfishers, but I could see the different migrants as they flitted from side to side of the river or explored the boughs above our heads.

About 2 o'clock we reached the first carry; it was quite a long one to avoid some rapids and a small fall just above them. It must have been nearly 11 when we launched this time and before half an hour we were out on the land again. This time, though, we were only half a mile from the lake, at the upper end of which we expected to spend the night, and perhaps all our time, but that upper end was many miles away.

As we came in below the rapids Nuel said, "Sposum we have fish for eat now. Not take so much time for cook, and den big feas' for tea." I understood what he meant. It was to get through now, and then make a glutton of himself when night came. However, I said "Yes."

Then he replied, "You catch um fish here plenty big. Me go look for partridge in bush dare." The place to which he pointed was to all appearance a wide road, cut right along below the hill. The only thing that told me that it was not a road was that I could see the dead and moss-covered trees leaning at all angles against the bordering forest, and telling at once that in the distant past a whirlwind had visited the place and ruined its primitive glory.

After Nuel had kindled the fire I fitted him out with gun and fixings, while I myself began casting where he had directed. The second cast brought me a nice fish, not so large as we had caught the day before, but large enough for a "pan fish." I had six of them before I heard Nuel's gun. This was followed by four shots in quite rapid succession. Meanwhile I had seven more fish before Nuel returned. Four of them were in the pan when he came back.

He had five partridges. His first words as he dropped the birds on the ground were, "Dare! You shoot um duck—me kill um partridge."

It was not long before the dinner was eaten, and 2 o'clock found us in the canoe again. We had half a mile to pole before we entered the lake. This was like a mirror, and as you looked along its waters the frowning hills and trees seemed to cast their image in its depths.

It began to thicken up. Nuel said, "Me 'fraid we goin' to hab rain denight. It look like it. An' I hear um loon call much. Spos you take um paddle and help um me. Me tell you w'en we come duck place."

I was only too glad to help the poor fellow, for he had a hard day of it. He said, "Hab um gun handy."

So I took the paddle and we moved along faster. It was after five when Nuel said, "Now we turn in here," and brought the bow of the canoe to shore, in a little cave on a beach of coarse white sand. "Dares where we wan' go," said Noel, pointing; while at the same time he landed the things out of the canoe and added, "Now we hurry, me smell um rain comin'. You not get wet; me got bark cabin up dare."

I hurried up the little bank with the saddle-bags in one hand and the guns in the other, while Nuel simply drew the canoe on shore, turned it over and then securing an armful of things, hurried up after me. "Dis way, Doc'or," said he, leading off to the right while I was taking a left hand course. Before I reached him I heard him say, "Ugha," and when I got to where he was, "See dare," said he, "see what ol' bear do," pointing at the same time to a piece of bark that had been torn from the roof of quite a snug little shanty. "Mus' fix dat," continued Nuel, "fore rain come. We put eberyt'ing in dry end. You put um dare. Me fix um roof—you call um."

I soon had everything up, and it was not long before the roof was repaired as well as the Indian could do it at the time.

He then said to me: "Doc'or, you don' mine work um leetle 'fore rain come?"

"Oh, no," said I. "I will do all I can. What do you want me to do?"

"Den you break um bush for bed w'ile me get um wood? Me bring um you branch."

In a few minutes he returned with an armful of hemlock boughs, and then with another and another. Meanwhile I had cleared out the old flooring, or bedding, of the shanty. I had no idea of having any remnants of Indian *débris* about me. I did not see anything offensive, however. The place appeared not to have been occupied for a year or more.

By the time Nuel had his wood cut, the twigs were broken. It was dark now, and I had felt a few drops of rain.

The Indian now went down and brought up the canoe, remarking, as he laid it down opposite the camp: "Me like to have um canoe where me can see um. Bear might scratch um, or win' blow um on stone."

I must say I liked Nuel's precaution. I felt it was safer near us than on the beach. What a horse is on the plains, or a camel in the desert, just the same is a canoe on lakes or rivers. There is no getting along without it. Before darkness had regularly settled down upon us Nuel had brought up a kettle of water and raised a piece of old spruce bark on two crotched sticks above the fire, not large enough to shed all the rain that would soon

pour upon it, but sufficient to protect a part and keep a portion from being drowned out.

While we were engaged in picking the ducks Nuel said: "I berry hungie. Mus' have two." One I thought would satisfy me.

It took considerable time to prepare this meal. We wanted to have a good one—at least I did—and I thought Nuel was "nothing loath." The ducks were cooked "to a turn." We spitted them in forked sticks and "toasted" them before the fire. The "flapjacks," too, were good. This was before the days of prepared flour and condensed milk, and it required some skill to know the proportions of soda and cream of tartar to use. An old family cook had taught me these things when I was a boy, and an out door life of "roughing it" had made me quite proficient.

Nuel seemed to enjoy my cooking very much. After devouring two plates full of flapjacks, or equal, I should think, to enough to satisfy at least two ordinary men, he said, "Doc'or, me like camp wid you. You make um good pancake. You show um me how. You beat um squaw."

But long before we were through our supper the rain had settled into a steady downpour. There was no wind with it, but just the monotonous moaning of dripping leaves and falling rain. Not even a loon was to be heard, nor was there an owl to break the stillness. Outside of the little shanty the blackest night prevailed. Even the light of the fire did not seem to penetrate it. We appeared to be closed in on all sides by a wall of the blackest blackness.

Such was the state of affairs when Nuel, after knocking the ashes out of his pipe and giving his stomach a few gentle pats, said, "Sposum we go sleep now. I watch fire. I 'fraid we no have good day on morrow."

It was long before we slept. Of course I was awake a long time after Nuel commenced to breathe that quiet and long breathing for which I think the Indian is proverbial. How long I had slept I do not know, before I was conscious of a pain in my back. It was not sufficient to regularly wake me up, but I felt a disposition to turn over, and when I had done so I wanted to turn back again. And then when I did sleep there seemed to be an uneasiness somewhere.

It was not until I opened my eyes in the broad daylight and attempted to rise, that I fully understood the truth, an attack of lumbago. I knew what to do with it, but it would necessitate my being quiet for a day or perhaps two of them.

Nuel was still sleeping and I thought it best to let him sleep. On the previous morning I had been debating in my own mind, how long our supplies would last, if his eating powers continued as he had then displayed them. I concluded, in the event we found no game, I had enough for five days and a half, and now I thought it would pay me best to let him sleep. I saw there would be no chance of hunting that day. It was raining just as hard as ever, and I knew that during the night there had been no let-up to it.

Nuel did the cooking this morning alone. He seemed much concerned about me. Wanted to do everything for me that a white man would do. He said, "Shall me rub um your back? Put water on um?" And I do not know how many other things. When I declined all his kind offers, he said, "Den me keep um you warm." This I had told him was the best thing, and that when the weather cleared up, I thought I would feel better.

It was a tedious day. The rain continued with few intermissions until nearly night. Nuel slept and ate and smoked and talked. But he did more than this. He did as he had promised, and while it was wet and damp outside, within the shanty all was as warm as one could wish. He did keep a good fire going. Then his talk helped beguile the weary hours, and a red squirrel that seemed to regard us as intruders on his domain, assisted him.

This squirrel was a source of entertainment in himself. It was curious to watch the caution with which he first put his nose inside the roof of the shanty, and then the familiarity at which he finally arrived. He seemed to be less afraid of the Indian, though, than he was of me.

Then of course there were the usual Canada jays around, and I had a glimpse of several smaller birds. The bottom of the canoe was the playground of three bedraggled squirrels that were not allowed to come any nearer.

The darkness set in again as usual at 6:30, but before it came Nuel said to me, "We goin' to hab um fine day 'morrow. Hear um loon call. Hear um owl hoot. See um white line in wes'. Smell um good smell. All same. Make um one fine day."

Nor was he wrong. Before we went to sleep he told me, "See um star, Doc'or," and later on in the night I caught a glimpse of the setting moon.

This morning he was awake in good season, and so quietly had he gone around the camp that he had the breakfast almost ready before I woke up. His first remark on seeing my eyes open was, "Ah! How you feel? Have um nice partridge for you. Come, eat um breakfas'. Make um you feel strong."

I was ready for this. The pain had nearly left me and now only a weakness remained.

While at breakfast Nuel proposed the following plan. Said he, "Doc'or, you no hunt um deday. You no walk far. You be near camp. Fish um off poin'." Hunt um partridge right here on islan'. One flock, maybe two, mose always in dis place. You got um some. Me go look um moose. Fine a place for call. Den mor' night, if good moon we try."

This suited me; so after breakfast I saw Nuel set out. He took the canoe and passed up the lake some half a mile and landed on the west shore. Meanwhile, after resting for some time and busying myself about the camp, I felt prepared to put into execution his suggestion respecting the partridges.

My back did not feel strong, but it did not ache; and I felt satisfied that, for this time at least, I had escaped a severe attack.

My first effort was to seek the shore and look at our surroundings. I wanted to see where we were. And then after that I determined to cross over through my hunting grounds and give them a most careful examination. This plan I carried out, though there were many places where I could not follow the shore. The low banks abutted too closely on the water to allow me to pass. I had gone nearly half way around, stopping from time to time to admire the solitude and grandeur, when, it seemed to me almost beneath my feet, up went a partridge, and then several more in quick succession followed it. By the time the last one arose, I had gained my presence of mind and brought him down before he had alighted on a tree near the others. These I had to shoot as they sat motionless on the limbs, taking off the heads of two, since there was no chance for me in the low bushes to get a wing-shot, nor could I get further away from them in such thick underbrush.

It seemed almost profane to disturb the stillness of this place with the report of a gun. I could hear the loons call all around the lake. Whether they knew what the noise was I could not say, to me their notes sounded like a prolonged *o-o-o-o* with an inflection on the last letter.

But there was no help for it. We wanted birds to eat, and science has little regard for the feelings of nature or her solitudes either, when they stand in her way. She breaks in upon them as a hawk upon the fledglings. Six birds were secured here before I proceeded, and then I had gone but a little way before another was brought down. I could look off in almost any direction over the lake and see a loon, and I thought in the far distance (by the marsh we had passed on our coming) a flock of ducks feeding. The hills to my right were wooded to their summits. Only here and there was a portion of the rock visible, with the usual number of dead trees, their great branches stretching out white and gray in the sunlight, and a few red-looking spaces among the pines and hemlocks that looked as though they had been only recently killed.

Near me were a few crossbills, chickadees and nuthatches feeding. They all seemed busy as usual and made the only familiar sounds that I heard.

It was noon before I returned to the shanty. It looked more solemn around there than ever. The fire was out and there was neither Nuel nor canoe to remind me that I was not utterly alone in the wilderness. I suppose it was this sense of loneliness that drove all thought of hunger from my mind and led me to determine at once to try for fish off the point.

I must have been here an hour or more fishing and admiring the solitude and wilderness that surrounded me, before I thought of eating. Only a dozen fish had been secured, none of them remarkably large, and some of them quite small considering the place where I was casting. I learned here that there may be small trout even in large and wild waters, though the lateness of the season no doubt was against me. But, as I landed my last fish, I began to think that something to eat would not come amiss and then it occurred to me that most likely Nuel, when he returned, would be hungry.

This ended my sporting for the day. I came back to the camp, cleaned my fish, picked four partridges, and soon had birds on spit and fish in pan, frying and roasting. These were laid aside when they were cooked and three pans of flapjack shad been piled up on a bark platter when I heard the usual Indian grunt—"Ugha"—behind me, and there stood Nuel

His first words were: "You bees berry good to hungie Ingin. Me like um you much. Hab um big feas'. Tell you 'bout t'ings w'en we eat."

The coffee had only to be made and then all was ready. It really did me good to see my Micmac eat, although I knew at the same time that provisions might get scarce before we reached civilization. I said nothing about his morning's work, knowing right well that his tongue would be loosened before long. It only wanted two mugs of coffee with plenty of sugar to do that. I could see, however, that he was disappointed. His face had a thoughtful expression very different from the look that was upon it when I caught the trout and shot the muskrat. At last he commenced: "Doc'or, you able go trabbil now? No get sick?"

"O, I am all right now, Nuel. Only have to be careful for a day or two."

"Well, we must leab here sartin. Walk all mornin'. Long way. No see um moose. No see um moose track only berry old ones. No big moose roun' here. Sposum morrow mornin' we go udder place me tell you of. Must have um. You go?"

"Yes, Nuel, anywhere you like. Must get big moose."

S.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

MONTANA GAME, WILD AND TAME.

PIEGAN, Mont., Aug. 26.—The shooting season in this State opened Aug. 15 Grouse of all kinds are more numerous than they have been for some years, especially the dusky and sharptail varieties. I for one do not understand why they should be plenty one season and scarce another. The weather apparently has nothing to do with it here. The past spring was very cold and backward, with gales of sleet and snow, which should have had the effect of chilling the young birds to death.

As yet there has been no hunting in the mountains this season. The attractions of the World's Fair, together with the hard times, have caused most sportsmen to forego their annual outing in the Rockies. As a consequence the guides are dejected, and the grizzly is roaming about in happy security, and the white goat squats on the lowest shelf of the mountain.

The employees at the Blackfoot Agency have a number of interesting pets Mr. Callahan has a badger which is the cutest as well as the clumsiest thing I ever saw. It is now three-fourths grown and as playful as a pup. It delights to roll about with the dog and visits from house to house every day. When in particularly good spirits it backs away from one, raises its head and laughs. Other pets are a coyote, and two swifts (kit foxes). These are not so tame as the badger, but will come up to one for food and can always be seen at the door about meal time.

At Mr. Kipp's ranch the other day I saw a tame wolf which the boys had clipped in imitation of a lion. They left the long hair on the neck and a big tuft at the end of the tail, which gave the animal a very grotesque appearance.

Mr. Irving Cook, Dr. Martin and several others spent a few days at St. Mary's Lake last week. Mr. Cook was on Kootney Mountain one day hunting sheep and would have killed one had he left his horse behind He was leading the animal along, making considerable noise, when a big ram jumped up in front of him. Mr. Cooke had a snap shot and missed. The sound of the gun scared twenty or more sheep not far away, and they lost no time in getting around the mountain.

Some fine fish were caught in the lake and river by the party, including lakers, Dolly Varden and red-throated trout. The largest Dolly Varden weighed 4lbs., and was caught by Mr. Cooke. Dr. Martin got the largest laker.

Dr. Walter B. James and Dr. Draper, of New York, are expected here the 30th for a month's outing. Wm. Jackson will guide them. They are going up Cut Bank River and across the summit, where game is very plenty. Their main object, however, in going there, is to scale a certain mountain known as "Flinche's Peak." Dr. James attempted the ascent last season, on the north side, but some perpendicular walls headed him off. He thinks now that by trying the south side he may be able to reach the sunmit.

Antelope are said to be very plenty in the Sweet Grass Hills. Since the Indians settled down on their reservations no one has hunted them, and as a consequence they are increasing every year. J. W. SCHULTZ.

RAIL SHOOTING HERE AND THERE.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So far there is little of interest to report with regard to the rail shooting. The season has opened and a good many boats have been out, but as a rule they have little reward for their efforts. The very high tides which followed the easterly storms of the past two weeks made shoving easy, and enabled the boats to cover a good deal of ground, but the birds were not plenty. On one of the days when the tide was good Mr. Geo. Van Buskirk, of this place, made the best record of the season, boating 49 rail and one yellowleg in the tide. A shover from Palisades Park, on the other hand, reports 10 birds in a good tide, and others who have gone out have returned with smaller numbers. Ex-Senator Griggs was here yesterday and tried the birds, but the tide was a poor one and no feathers rewarded his labors. HACK.

STRATFORD, Conn., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish that I could tell you that the rail were plenty, but I cannot tell a lie. Practically there are none. Dr. Blake, of New York, has been here for some days with a yacht, and has gone over the grounds almost daily with small returns. Other gentlemen have been up to the meadows, but all make the same report.

To-day I went up the river with four other boats, but for most of the time the flats were as silent as the grave. The tide was not high, and it was impossible to get in to the cat-tails, and if there were any birds they were hidden in these refuges. I shot at seven birds and boated six; the seventh was killed, but not recovered. Another boat, which started from the same landing with me, got eight birds and another one. The best score yet made is 26 birds, obtained during the recent very high tide, which enabled the boat to go over the highest grass.

The corn grass—wild rice—is heading out and the seeds are falling a little, although as yet they are not fully ripe and hard. There is rather more grass than usual, but it is thin and has a yellow frost-bitten look, which is unusual at this season of the year. This may possibly be due to the summer drought, or to the recent high tides which must have brought up a good deal of salt water.

It is extraordinary how the rail have diminished in numbers of recent years. Nowadays there is not one where there used to be fifty. I believe that this scarcity is largely due to the early opening of the season, which admits of the killing of all the birds on a marsh before the beginning of the migration. Everywhere the slaughter begins long before the first flight, and the birds of each feeding ground being cleaned out, there are none left to start when the time for migration comes. Thus, the only shooting is at the native birds of each marsh, and this lasts only for a few days, as the birds are tame and feeble and are soon killed off. These views were expressed editorially some years ago in FOREST AND STREAM, and since that time I have been watching the thing for myself, and believe that this explains the deplorable lack of this delightful sport.

If I were the Emperor of the United States I would chop off the head of every man who went rail shooting before Sept. 15, and the result of this decapitation would be that in about three years we would have such shooting as we used to have twenty years ago, when a man thought birds were scarce unless he got forty in a tide. In those days ninety to one hundred birds was a good score, though much larger ones were often made.

I never expect to see good rail shooting again. ONYK.

Evil Deeds of Tenderfoot Days.

FLORISSANT, Col., Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An article in your paper of recent date, referring to a certain party who had killed woodcock out of season and sent their bills to the game warden to taunt him, and your correspondent's wondering "Why such cattle lived," brings to mind a circumstance of equal, or worse, butchery which I took a hand in a few years ago; and I now wonder "Why such cattle [as we] lived." A friend and I arrived from Pennsylvania in the month of June. Our first ambition was for a hunting and fishing trip. We were soon in camp, twenty-five miles from town. The next morning we started on our bloody career. A few hundred yards from camp a deer (which we took to be a five-point buck) slowly walked out on a cliff near by and looked at us with the innocence of an old mule. Our first action was to blaze away, both of us, shot after shot, until the animal lay down to die. On our reaching it we found we had crippled a poor old doe, but this being our first deer we cut her throat and dressed her mangled carcass with great pride. We did not have sense enough to look for the fawn, but hurried into camp with our meat. The next morning we started again. When near the same place I heard John shoot and found he had shot a little doe fawn, probably a week old. Just then its twin jumped up close by and I captured it, as it did not attempt to run. We took it to camp, stuffed it full of flour and water, and in a few hours it died. In two days we had murdered this happy family of innocent deer, killing the mother in a most cruel manner and ignorantly and brutally destroying the little spotted twins. Pennsylvania tenderfeet should not be allowed to handle a gun until they have lived in this State at least five years. S. T. S.

Protection for Dead Skunks.

Proceedings Chenango County (N. Y.) Supervisors.

AT the regular annual meeting of the Board of Supervisors of th County of Chenango, convened at the Court House in said county, on the 14th day of November, 1892, doth enact as follows:

Section 1. No person shall catch or kill, or attempt to catch or kill (except upon their own premises, or upon the limits or corporations of villages), or have in their possession after the same has been killed, any mink, muskrat, coon or skunk, which was killed out of season,

IDAHO HUNTING RANGES.

MOUNTAIN HOME, IDAHO, Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In looking over a copy of your journal, so very interesting to the sportsman, I have been impressed with the duty of calling attention to a few of the attractions to the hunter of large game, offered by this section of Idaho. Located at the base of the foothills of the Sawtooth range to the north and northeast, this place is most favorably situated as an outfitting point from which the hunter may have ready access to the mountains. Mountain Home has among its inhabitants many mountaineers whose lives, or many years of them, have been spent in this country and who are familiar with the great and interminable mountain ranges to the north which offer such inducements to the hunter. In the fastnesses of these rugged mountains may be found the black, brown, silver-tip and sawtooth grizzly bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, elk, mountain lion, cougar, lynx, wildcat, wolf, and small game in abundance, such as ducks, geese, grouse, pheasants, sage hens, etc., while the streams and lakes abound in trout and other fish.

Only a few days ago a resident killed three black bear on Bennett Mountain, twenty-five miles distant. Deer are in great abundance in the mountains, and as soon as snow appears work down to the foothills for feed, and are then plentiful within from fifteen to twenty-five miles.

A party coming here with the object of hunting any of the kind of game mentioned may obtain comfortable hotel accommodations during their stay, and secure the necessary supplies to outfit them. Pack horses, vehicles and guides may be employed at reasonable rates, as these people have yet to learn the art of extortion.

The hunters who yearly visit this immediate locality from the East are comparatively few, have their acquaintances or friends who take charge of them upon their arrival, and at the close of their vacations the visitors return to their homes satisfied with what they have found and seen and the treatment they have received.

It is the simple purpose of this letter to call attention to this locality, and the writer will cheerfully and promptly reply to letters of inquiry which may be addressed to him, and if requested will give the names of hunters and guides who may be employed and the prices at which they will agree to furnish their services and that of animals and vehicles, and make arrangements so far as may be done on behalf of correspondents, and will do it gratuitously, as he knows that by bringing this locality to the attention and knowledge of the people of the East, good to the country is likely to grow out of it. E. C. CURREY.

BOSTON SHOOTING AND FISHING REPORTS.

FRIDAY, Sept. 1, was the opening day on game birds in Maine. Reports are not very satisfactory thus far. Two or three Boston hunting parties went into Maine Thursday evening in order to be on hand the first morning. Some of the hunters were to remain over Labor Day, Monday, and consequently they have not been heard from. Mr. Samuel Roberts, who is very fond of woodcock shooting, started for the vicinity of Bridgton, where on former seasons he has obtained some birds, rather to the surprise of the natives. But this time he got no birds, and, with his friend, he is somewhat disgusted with bird shooting in Maine. He says that every boy has his flocks of partridges marked before the opening day, and early that day he heard their guns. He saw no partridges, and is under the impression that they are very scarce. In the vicinity of Paris and Norway, in Oxford county, there are some birds reported. But there the boys have the broods all located, and the outside gunner has "got to get up early in the morning" to get ahead of the country boy. One boy in Hebron, a graduate of the Edward Little High School, in Auburn, has six flocks of partridges located, and he has already obtained several. Lewiston and Auburn gunners were early out after the birds on the opening day, but reports say that they have found only a few. Partridges are reported more plenty than last year in the vicinity of Dixfield and Weld, and at the head of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railroad.

A number of Boston gunners were to spend Labor Day in the woods of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and it is possible that some good bags of birds are yet to be heard from. In the neighborhood of Vernon, Vt., Mr. J. O. Frost, well known in the Boston flour trade, says that he has seen more partridge this year than for several seasons. Last year, in riding over the same grounds, he scarcely saw a single ruffed grouse, and no flocks at all. This year he has seen a number of flocks, with many single birds. Several coveys of quail have also been seen, and Mr. Frost thinks that they may be the offspring of those he put out several winters ago. These birds disappeared at the time, but there are quail in the vicinity now, where such a bird was rare previous to the stocking, which Mr. Frost, in the liberality and good-heartedness for which he is noted, undertook. Some of the Chamber of Commerce boys and also the newspaper boys, are pretty sure of an invitation to hunt in Mr. Frost's vicinity this season.

The Inglewood Club's preserve in New Brunswick has been well patronized this season thus far and now the shooting season is about to begin. Members of the club and invited guests are getting ready for shooting trips. Partridges are reported plenty on the club's preserve. A good number of fish have been taken this season and matters with the club look prosperous. A big sea salmon has been seen by one of the camp keepers just below the lower dam in the Musquash River, the outlet of the club's lakes. This fish was a monster and he was up the river some five miles from the salt water. The club has provided a fishway past their lower dam and it is believed that the big salmon may have gone up into the club's waters to spawn. This, if it is the reality, is making progress even faster than the club's officials had hoped, although they had stocked the lakes and streams with salmon fry two or three years ago. These fry they had expected to return to the club's lakes and streams to breed after maturity, but they have scarcely expected a run of sea salmon so soon, though the waters were the breeding grounds of these fish before the dams in the river were constructed.

In spite of the hard times, hunting and fishing parties, en route to the woods and waters of Maine, by special Pullman cars, are very common this season. Money may be tight, but the sportsmen seem to have enough to pay for special palace cars. An official of the Maine Central Railroad in Boston the other day, says that there has been a good deal of travel into Maine this year by special cars. Anybody can have a special car by paying $45 for the privilege, and eighteen regular fares. Then he can invite seventeen of his friends to accompany him, if he chooses, or he may occupy the car alone; it matters not to the railroad company. The last special car into the Maine wilds, from Boston and vicinity, went in by way of Hartland.

City Editor W. D. Sullivan, of the Boston *Globe*, with a friend, has been into the Maine woods on a hunting and fishing trip. What their success was I have not yet learned, but presume it to be good, since Mr. Sullivan is almost always successful. Mr. M. W. Thairlwall, of Boston, has a very handsome and commodious camp on Boot Pond, in Plymouth, and he delights in taking his friends down there. A jolly party of fishermen left for that camp on Saturday, composed of Mr. Cobb, of Brewster, Cobb & Eastabrook; Mr. March, president of the Inglewood Club, and Mr. Donnam, the well-known Boston singer. They are the guests of Mr. Thairlwall and they speak in the highest terms of his entertainments. They will try the bass and pickerel fishing in Boot Pond, and the other ponds in that vicinity. The camp is in fact in the midst of the many Plymouth ponds, a town which is said to have a pond for every day in the year. The party will remain over to Wednesday.

Mr. Cook, of John P. Squire & Co., and a brother-in-law of Walter Hill, has been trying the codfishing again in the neighborhood of the Isle of Shoals. It will be remembered by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that with Mr. Hill and their ladies they had a rather rough codfishing trip to the same grounds early in the summer. It was on that trip that Mr. Hill declared that he would rather catch a 3lbs. trout on a nice rod than to catch a dozen 20lbs. codfish. But Mr. Cook is becoming an enthusiast in codfishing, and well he may be. With his son and the skipper of the boat they took nearly 1,000lbs. of codfish off the Second Ledge the other day. Mr. Cook tries to make Mr. Hill understand that the fishing was something magnificent.

It has been a dull August at the Rangeleys, so far as fly-fishing is concerned, but the region has been pretty well patronized by tourists and summer boarders. Sportsmen and frequenters of that region are expecting a season of good fly-fishing in September. Mr. N. G. Manson, Jr., of Bellows & Manson, expects to go to his camp early in September. He has a beautiful spot on Cherry Tree Point, at the upper end of Richardson Lake. His friend Mr. Bynner, of Cambridge, also in the iron trade, will doubtless go with him. Mr. Manson has added a guide house to his camps this summer. Oscar W. Cutting, of Andover, will doubtless guide Mr. Manson, as usual.

Mr. C. Z. Bassett, of Appleton & Bassett, will make his usual gunning trip to his special spot in New Hampshire about Sept. 25. A friend will doubtles, accompany him, and the friend's name would be mentioned here but from the fact that the friend does not like to be advertised as being away from an extensive practice. SPECIAL.

Trajectory of the Remington .40.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your readers who love the rifle, as I do, may be glad to know the trajectory of the Remington No. 3 match rifle, .40-65-330. I had this rifle out in the Maine woods in 1891 and with it bagged a noble moose, whose antlers now grace the dining-room of the New York Athletic Club. Your report of trajectory trials gives the flight of bullet from this rifle for 200yds.; but the hunter in the Maine woods needs to know the trajectory for a longer distance than that. By order of the Ordnance Department this rifle was tested at the Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia, Aug. 10 last, under the eye of Lieut.-Col. I. S. Farley, U. S. A., by Capt. Charles H. Clark, U. S. A. The following are the figures obtained:

Distance from Firing Point.	Rise of Bullet, with 65.1grs. Powder, 331.6grs. Lead.	Rise of Bullet, with 68.1grs. Powder, 331grs. Lead.
100ft.	1.685ft.	1.585ft.
200ft.	3.246ft.	3.233ft.
300ft.	4.558ft.	4.504ft.
400ft.	5.681ft.	5.589ft.
500ft.	6.596ft.	6.508ft.
600ft.	7.324ft.	7.124ft.
700ft.	7.760ft.	7.656ft.
800ft.	7.888ft.	7.703ft.
900ft.	7.874ft.	7.609ft.
1,000ft.	7.356ft.	7.114ft.
1,100ft.	6.588ft.	6.412ft.
1,200ft.	5.557ft.	5.343ft.
1,300ft.	4.085ft.	3.914ft.
1,400ft.	2.271ft.	2.145ft.
1,500ft.	0.ft.	0.ft.

The initial velocity with the charge of 65.1grs. was 1,405ft. per second. Remaining velocity at 100yds., 1,249ft.; at 200yds., 1,098ft.; at 300yds., 1,000ft.; at 400yds., 929ft.; at 500yds., 858ft.

The initial velocity with 68.1grs. of powder was 1,440ft. H.

The New York Woodcock Season.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Sept. 2.—I can indorse H. W. B.'s opinion expressed in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, as to the size of woodcock killed in the early part of the New York season. The birds are pretty small, weak, floppy things, and don't afford half the sport they will a month later. I think the same rule applies to ruffed grouse. The young birds one gets up now are not full grown by any means; at any rate a good share of them are not. It does not take a shooter of tried and true experience to get a few birds now, when their abiding place is found. But a month later it will take a quick eye, a lot of experience and a good shooting gun to bag the stiff-winged grouse. The two-thirds grown bird of August is a slow imitation of the royal crested grouse of October.

I am not expecting much sport yet awhile. From advices just at hand I should say the woodcock crop is light hereabouts, and the supply of grouse just "fair to middling," as the grain market reporter would say.

M. C. H.

A Lucky Accident.

FOR years and years I "rot" hunted; but during the whole period I did not succeed in bagging one ruffed grouse. I never attempted to "crawl up on" an old drumming cock, but once I got a shot at one that was sitting upon a log beside the path I was treading. But with thumping heart I saw him take wing and plunge into the forest. Indeed my boyish fancy pictured the felicity of that moment when with my own eyes I might see one of these thunderers tumble to the report of my gun.

For a particular reason I need not mention I ceased shooting for several years, not expecting to take it up again. But one day one of my old schoolmates came to me and asked me to take a hunt for grouse, "For" said he "I got a partridge the other day which old Uno treed. We'll take the dog along and he may tree some more for us." I consented. Well, we got among the—to us, noble birds sure enough; but not one of them took to tree. At last, from the pure impulse of chagrin, I poked my gun in the direction one was flying and pulled trigger. The bird fell. Great was my astonishment as well as delight. From that time I took to shooting on wing, and with this kind of game I was, through practice and a knowledge of the bird's habits, a successful gunner. With two wing-shooters in several hunts we got 19 grouse, I scoring 17. So pot-hunting lost its charm for me. N. D. E.

A Schenectady Panther.

A PRESS despatch from Schenectady, N. Y., dated September 3, announces the killing near that city of a full-grown male panther weighing 140lbs. In these days of fake stories about wild beasts, one regards the tales printed by the daily newspapers with a good deal of suspicion, but there is nothing inherently improbable in the main features of this story. The animal is said to have been annoying the farmers of Glenville, N. Y., by destroying calves and sheep, and at last to have been killed at Mohawk, a suburb of Schenectady on Sunday night. It is supposed to have wandered down from the North Woods.

Lake Surprise in Texas.

OFFICE OF COUNTY CLERK OF CHAMBERS COUNTY, Texas. —Wallisville, Aug. 26.—Lake Surprise in the southern part of this county, well known through your columns as a resort for waterfowl, especially for canvasbacks, and which has hitherto been reserved from sale by the State, has now been patented to private parties. An earnest endeavor will be made by the owners to make such a preserve of it as will induce the clouds of canvasbacks feeding here in former years to return. J. R. WOOTEN.

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

Around the Pavilion.

ANOTHER big tarpon has been put on exhibition by the Exposition authorities, but it weighs only 196lbs. and is not "in it" with the FOREST AND STREAM fish. The FOREST AND STREAM tarpon would whip it with one hand tied behind its back. The Wisconsin trout have been moved out of the sun. Many of the large trout both of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania have disappeared. Of the small trout which Col. Gay had trained to climb a fishway in the Pennsylvania exhibit, many have climbed the golden stair. The lake water is just a degree or so too warm for the best trout results.

Col. Gay's whiskers have grown three inches longer since the opening of the Fair, and while seeking him the other evening to talk this over with him, I met one who informed me that Col. Gay was, on July 15, appointed on the board of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, *vice* Mr. Welshons. Under Gov. Pattison's earlier administration Col. Gay was president of the board. Not long ago Gov. Pattison was elected again, and last month, while the Governor and staff were out visiting the State exhibit at the fisheries, the Governor called Col. Gay up, complimented him highly for the manner in which he had represented the State at the Fair, also complimented him upon his improved personal appearance since coming to Chicago, and told him that he was again a fish commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania. So far as the anglers' pavilion contingent is concerned, this is a popular selection.

Hard For The Fish.

The long summer season is proving hard for the fish. Under their new conditions many of them are distinctly changing their colors. The bass in the pavilion are becoming decidedly "tucked up" in appearance, and seem to be off feed. Cool weather may help them.

Old Kentucky Reels.

One of the most valuable features of the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit is the case of old Kentucky reels kindly lent by Dr. Jas. A. Henshall. There are among these some valuable curiosities indeed, one reel being sixty-five years old, to say nothing of the odd and rough-looking specimens of reel making attempted in early days by village blacksmiths, who had not the skill of the old Kentucky watchmakers like Snider, the Meeks, Milam, etc. It is astonishing how well and honestly these old reels were made. Mechanically they were well nigh immortal. Out of Dr. Henshall's case of ancient ones you can find several which even now twirl merrily as ever, and are practical tools to-day. It is certainly established that a reel can live as long as a man.

In the case of Milam reels exhibited in the Pavilion, not far from Dr. Henshall's collection, there is another interesting, if more modern collection of Kentucky reels, of all sizes, and up to $65 in value. Here also, by the way, is an imperishable, of which the label says it "passed through the Southern Hotel fire, and is as good as new."

Other Reels.

I may perhaps earlier have said something about the case of reels shown by A. F. Meisselbach & Bro., of Newark, N. J., but these should not be missed. The goods, consisting chiefly of large single-action reels, with a few rod-holders, landing-nets, etc., are nicely arranged for easy grasp of the eye. As interesting as any to the fresh-water folk is the "Expert" reel No. 18, a black bass reel, made with adjustable click and back sliding drag. The unnecessary side metal is all cut away in these reels.

A. B. Shipley & Son's Exhibit.

When I was a boy and used to go fishing with my father, we caught our minnows in a dip net such as my father said they formerly used back in old Virginia. It had a flat bottom stretched tight by four bows, whose heads were wedged tight in a head-block. To this block

we tied the pole with which we raised and sunk the net. These nets we used to make ourselves, using mosquito bar for netting, which tore rather easily. I see that Messrs. A. B. Shipley & Son, of Philadelphia, are making just about such a minnow net, only they have a linen netting.

There are also other good things in the general line of angling appliances which Messrs. A. B. Shipley & Son show in their two cases in the pavilion. The bulk of the exhibit consists of their specialty of bethabara rods, of which they show among others a bethabara tarpon rod, a Henshall bass, a combination, and a clever-looking tool with reversible butt for combination work. The most elaborate rod is the full-jeweled and gold-mounted beauty in the special case, valued at $250. Yet another handsome double enamel bamboo is interesting and fine, and you have the more confidence in it after examining the sectional showing the process of making, in which the whole piece used is made up of the flint or enamel of the bamboo, which is not only used in strips, but in a veneer, doubling the fabric throughout. The firm show, also, numerous knick-knacks and handy things for the craft; a novel hand support; tarpon snoods, one made of rawhide; "hawser-laid" leaders; a gaff, a fisher's knife, a hook holder, with flies, books, reels, nets, useful tools, etc., etc., in all a very useful and businesslike display of sterling goods.

A Bit of Color.

Those passing by on their way to the Anglers' Pavilion may see to the left of the main portal as they pass west, a bit of color which catches the eye and might hold it for a moment well enough. This is a modest case which contains just nine flies, all salmon flies and all beauties, radiant as only the salmon fly can be. This handsome display, all too small though it is, came all the way from auld Scotland, and was sent by Wm. Turnbull, of Edinburgh town. E. HOUGH.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

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

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

WHERE FISH TEEM IN MICHIGAN.

ASHLAND, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I am a regular reader of your paper and a crank on one subject—fishing—and having fished a great many lakes and trout streams in northern Wisconsin and southern Michigan, I have concluded to try and repay some of my brother anglers in the way of a fishing score. For some time I had wanted to try Thousand Island Lake for lake trout, having seen fish taken from there which were beauties.

On a May Monday I set out, taking tent, boat and camp utensils. At Watersmeet, Mich., I picked up Wm. Revoy as guide, and at State Line was met by Geo. A. Deland. He loaded my boat and other things into his wagon and we started to his camp, twelve miles distant. Thence, the next morning, we started out in our boat for Thousand Island Lake, Mich., going through Mamie or Chain Lakes for about three miles, making a portage of about 100ft. into another chain of lakes, and then about two or three miles, arriving at our destination by 10 A. M.

And what a lake it is. There are sixteen islands; each island has rocky bars running out in some direction or other, and always to deep water. We camped on the first island we came to and put up our tent and made arrangements for several days' stay. While the guide and I were doing this, Mr. Delano said he would see if the fish would bite. In an hour's time he returned with two lake trout of 4½lbs. and 3lbs.

At noon started out to test the water I had so long wanted to try. I had a No. 11 Bristol steel rod, a No. 1 Natchaug silk line and a 4½ Skinner spoon. Mr. Delano said, "Rather light for such fishing as we have here." But the following will show that it was heavy enough for the work laid out.

Score. May 16.—Just let out about 50ft. of line. Something struck rather heavy, and at noon I took one lake trout of 6½lbs., 1 P. M. one of 6lbs., 1:33 one of 5lbs., 1:48 one of 4½lbs., 2:35 one of 3lbs., 2:55 one of 2lbs., 5:40 one of 2lbs., 5:55 one of 2½lbs., 6:20 one of 8lbs., 6:35 one of 4½lbs.

While I was doing this Mr. Delano turned up with one which weighed 12lbs.

May 17.—Commenced at 6:05 A. M. At 6:35 A. M. one lake trout of 2lbs., 6:57 one of 3lbs., 8:27 one of 5½lbs., 10:00 one of 5½lbs., 10:10 one of 5lbs., 11:05 one of 5lbs. Started out at 1 o'clock, after dinner: 1:25 one lake trout of 7½lbs., 1:35 one of 5lbs., 1:45 one of 5½lbs., 1:55 one of 2lbs., 2:10 one of 4lbs., 2:23 one of 3½lbs., 2:47 one of 8lbs., 3:00 one of 5½lbs., 3:23 one of 4lbs., 4:03 one of 3lbs., 4:23 one of 3½lbs., 5:45 one of 3lbs., 6:05 one of 6lbs. Then I was tired out and went to supper.

Thursday, May 19.—I began at 7:10 A. M. At 7:35 one lake trout of 2½lbs., 9:50 one of 4lbs., 10:03 one of 2lbs., 10:12 one of 8lbs., 10:35 one of 3lbs., 10:42 one of 3½lbs., 11 one of 3½lbs., 11:03 one of 4½lbs., 11:11 one of 9½lbs.

At 11:30 went to dinner and commenced at 2:45 P. M. At 2:55 one lake trout of 3lbs., 4:05 one of 3½lbs., 4:57 one of 3½lbs., 6:30 one of 4½lbs., 7 one of 8lbs.

May 19.—Commenced at 5:57 A. M. At 6:06 one lake trout of 2lbs., 7:20 one of 2lbs., 7:27 one of 4½lbs., 7:50 one of 3lbs., 9:15 one of 2½lbs., 9:35 one of 12lbs., 10:35 one of 2½lbs. 11:03 one of 3lbs., 11:10 one of 3½lbs., 11:20 one of 3½lbs., 11:30 one of 2½lbs., 12 one of 4lbs., 12:17 one of 9½lbs., 12:38 one of 2½lbs., 1:07 one of 2½lbs.

I quit fishing at 1:10, having in the four days hooked 64 fish and landed 59. I then broke camp and returned to Delano's; stopped all night and returned to the railroad with 255lbs. of fine lake trout, which were distributed among the M. L. S. & W. boys between Watersmeet, Mich., and Ashland, Wis.

The waters between Delano's and Thousand Island Lake are beautiful and beyond description. Large and small-mouthed black bass, green bass, brook and lake trout are all found close to Delano's; and mascalonge may be had within four hours. These make it a desirable place for such cranks as I am. Lake trout will not bite good from June 15 until after Sept. 1, nor until the water begins to get cool, but fishing will then be good until it freezes up. J. B. C.

ANGLING NOTES.

A Wrinkle.

I CAME across in my tackle trunk a device, if it may be so termed, that I once improvised and have since used to save leaders. It is such a simple thing that I presume I never before thought it worth mentioning. For bait-fishing I use what our English brethren call a "trace," which is a gut leader (although a trace may be of gimp), with several swivels tied in between the gut lengths. The trace is intended in England for spinning, but I have found it the best kind of a leader for bait-fishing for black bass or any other fish lured with a live bait, be it in still-fishing or trolling. Long ago I discarded cast sinkers in still-fishing and live minnows were to be used, as a couple of split shot on the trace with the swivels were enough to keep the bait fish below the surface, and at the same time this weight did not prevent the bait, when hooked under the back fin, from roving over quite a bit of water. On occasions I have found my tackle book to be without traces when I have desired to use bait fish in my fishing, and I have been obliged to use leaders intended only for fly-fishing. Such a leader, after it has had split shot pinched together on it, is ruined for fly-fishing, for if the shot are removed and the strength of the leader is not impaired, the flat places left by the shot make it appear weak, and they are unsightly. In a trace it is of no consequence, for once the shot are on it there they remain until the trace is done for.

On one occasion I was fishing for landlocked salmon where the fish grow to upward of 15lbs., and found it prudent to put on a new trace, and found I had none in the boat heavy enough. I opened a fly-book and the leaders were nearly all light ones, and I was forced to use one of Forest & Son's salmon leaders made for fly-fishing. It seemed to me to be little less than sacrilege to squeeze together on it a lot of split shot that would take my bait to the bottom. I had some gut lengths looped at each end for attaching looped bass flies to a leader in trolling, and I took one of them and put the shot on it and then fastened the snelled hook to one loop and the leader to the other, and thus saved my leader. The gut length with the shot on it may be taken out or put in as occasion demands, and it is a convenience as well as a saving of leaders.

From Over the Sea.

English newspapers quite generally recognized the fact that Izaak Walton was born 300 years ago the ninth of the present month of August, and *The Sketch*, of London, issued on Aug. 9, very appropriately devoted several pages to "The Walton Tercentenary," all profusely illustrated with subjects relating to Walton's life or death. The text consists of an interview with Mr. R. B. Marston, and it is quite apparent that the writer and interviewer is no less than the famous "Red Spinner," Mr. William Senior, angling editor of the London *Field*. The interview concluded by making reference to an announcement which lately appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, and the following is an extract: "In the course of further conversation Mr. Marston, sounded as to his opinion of American editions (of Walton), said that on the whole Dr. Bethune's notes were the most practical, and Lowell's preface to a more recent edition a delightful essay. 'The Compleat Angler' is only a classic, however, among English-speaking people; the only translation has been a German rendering of the 'Ephemera' edition. As to cheap issues, the price of the first edition in 1653 was 18 pence, but the cheapest ever published was the 3 penny publication in Cassell's National Library, edited by Henry Morley. 'You know,' said Mr. Marston, 'that the only portrait we have is Huysman's painting in the National Gallery, and that has been copied and worked up in all manner of ways. My photogravures speak for themselves.'"

Mr. Marston refers to the illustrations in his "Lea and Dove" edition (the 100th) of Walton, which is the most sumptuous even issued, and which cost $10,000 and upward to publish. Continuing, the writer in the *Sketch* says: "When the type of the "Lea and Dove" edition was distributed, and the decks generally cleared after the work was done, the plates were converted by Mr. Marston into a few presentation boxes. The unregenerate, I believe, use them for cigars. As a brother of the angle one came my way, and it is sacred to the choicest salmon flies, in which moth enters not, nor does rust corrupt. Faint outlines of the etching still remain on the burnished sides of this copper coffer and an inscription on the lid tells the story: 'This box is made from the plates from which the illustrations of the 100th edition of the "Compleat Angler," by Walton and Cotton, edited by R. B. Marston, were printed in 1889.'

"Leaving the editor fondling his treasured editions, I caught a glimpse through the door of a group of five bonnie boys and girls with *Mater* and governess on the lawn, which prompted the remark: 'So they have been making an increase to your family, have they?' My victim looked so startled that in mercy I added, 'I refer to that new Canadian trout which our old friend Cheney has, in your honor, christened *Salmo* (*Salvelinus*) *marstoni*. I saw it all described in the American press, and it is said to be the most beautiful of the charrs. You are really a most fortunate young man. You edit a paper, have brought out the best edition of Walton, kill trout when others fail, go a-fishing with William Black, name your eldest girl Lorna out of friendship to Blackmore, have a new fish fastened on you, and are dialogued for the *Sketch*.'" Mr. Marston has stated in the quoted interview the price at which the first edition of Walton was issued, and I have given the cost of Mr. Marston's one hundredth edition, and on Aug. 9, last, the anniversary of Walton's birth, Pickering & Chatto, the London booksellers, wrote to Mr. Marston that they had that day sold a copy of the first edition of Walton to a bookseller at Cleveland, O., for £235, or about $1,175.

This reminds me of the very last letter that I received from the late Thomas Westwood, peace to his ashes, and may kindly, loving thoughts of this "Nineteenth Century Walton" ever abide in the minds of men, in which he told me of the sale and dispersion of his books, his "little ones," as he called them. He said: "I scattered my thousand volumes over the world. New York got the best of them. I think New York gets the best of most rare and curious things now-a-days. I have never ceased to regret having parted with my collection. Blackstoned be the day when that insinuating and pertinacious Ellis of Bond street rang at my bell and found me at home, and administering a philter to my unconscious self (he must have administered a philter!) which so steeped my senses that he appropriated then and there my 'little ones'—'all my little ones,' and left me desolate. * * * Moral. Never part with a collection if it is a good one. Good things, rare things, curious things, are sure to increase in value, besides being a joy forever." The advice of the author of "The Chronicle of the Compleat Angler," "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," etc., etc., is safe, surely, to follow.

Fisherman's Luck.

I read a dispatch a short time ago which stated that Robert Lenox Banks, Jr., of Albany, son of Gen. R. L. Banks, president of the Lake George Fish and Game Protective Association, which has done so much to restock Lake George with lake trout, had made the largest catch of lake trout ever taken from Upper Saranac Lake. He caught in one day twelve trout weighing 120lbs., the largest weighed 18lbs. A few days later he caught four trout, weighing respectively 20, 14, 15 and 9lbs., or a total weight of 58lbs. Reading this remarkable score took me back in memory four years to another day of trout fishing on Upper Saranac Lake, when Mr. Banks was also high hook. Early in the morning seven boats were drawn up on the float at Saranac Inn and seven guides waited for the appearance of their fishermen, who were Dr. S. B. Ward, his brother, Mr. Grange Sard, Mr. R. L. Banks, Jr., Col. A. H. Belo and Wm. D. Cleveland, of Texas, and the writer. The time was May, but the sky was cloudless and the sun hot with no prospect of wind, and altogether the prospect was so unpromising for fishing in comfort that Dr. Ward, his brother, and Mr. Sard turned back from the float. The others put off in their boats with the water like glass. In about half an hour Mr. Banks said he would leave me to broil if I liked it, and he turned back. Col. Belo, Mr. Cleveland and I fished all day and caught together nine trout weighing 53½lbs., the largest 13½lbs., falling to Mr. Cleveland. It was a blistering day, but when we looked at our fish that night we were rather glad that we had been blistered. While we were at supper at the Inn Dr. Ward sent word to come to his boat house as soon as we had finished, as he wished me to hold an inquest. Arriving there we found stretched on two towels on the carpet a lake trout of 19lbs. 1oz., which had been caught that afternoon after 5 o'clock by Mr. Banks. He told me that he was coming down the lake to meet us and find what luck we had had and struck the fish directly in front of the inn and only a pistol shot away from the float.

Hudson River Salmon.

A gentleman from West Troy tells me that a number of salmon have been caught in the Hudson below the Troy Dam within the past few days. The fish were caught on the West Troy side of the river, near the canal of the Roy Mills. The largest salmon weighed 28lbs. and was killed by John Oathout, of West Troy. The water has been well "up" in the river for a week, and it has given the fish a chance to go as far up stream as the present fishways permit.

A Big Yellow Perch.

Whenever I meet Dr. Edward Eggleston I feel sure that I shall draw a fish item out of him before I leave him. I met him to-day and he surprised me by saying that he himself had broken a fish record in Lake George by catching a yellow perch from the waters of Dunham's Bay that weighed 1¾lbs. This is, to the best of my knowledge, about three-quarters of a pound more than any perch ever before taken from the lake. A. N. CHENEY.

Lake Wayagamack Trout.

MONTREAL, Aug. 28.—On the 12th inst., at Lake Wayagamack, a beautiful island-studded sheet of water sixty miles in circumference and situated in the territory of the St. Maurice Club, 100 miles north of Three Rivers, there were caught by four rods in three hours' fishing fourteen speckled trout, weighing from 3 to 6lbs. each. Four fish killed (consecutively) by one rod scaled 5lbs. apiece. The weather was, for the season, unpleasantly cold, with occasional heavy showers of rain. This lake unquestionably contains in its waters a greater number of large-sized speckled trout than can be obtained in any similar body of water on this continent; and the visiting party confined their fishing entirely to one small bay. The largest fish—a 6-pounder—contained in its stomach partly digested portions of whitefish, apparently the true whitefish of the Western lakes; and to this exceedingly nutritious food is due, no doubt, in great measure, the superior size and general qualities of the Wayagamack trout. W. H. D.

Greenwood Lake

LAKESIDE, Greenwood Lake, N. J.—Mr. B. Hamburger, of New York, caught on Aug. 20 a black bass of 7¼lbs.; Mr. A. Courtin, of New York, on the 26th, one of 7lbs.; Mr. J. C. Jacobsen, of New York, on Aug. 26-27, forty bass averaging 2¾lbs.; Dr. R. Vandenhenden, of New York, is credited with an average daily catch of four or five, running 2lbs. average; and Mr. Nat. Rogers on Aug. 26 took twenty-one bass running 2lbs. There is a promising outlook for September fishing. R. L. PATTERSON.

Where to Go.

ANYBODY desiring information with regard to the hotels advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, such as rates, routes, fishing and hunting opportunities, should address FOREST AND STREAM Information Bureau, where all reasonable inquiries will receive prompt answers.

THE BASS OF CROOKED LAKE.

FORT MEADE, Fla.—The individual who first promulgated the doctrine that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" was undoubtedly a benefactor to a certain portion of the human race, and has an enthusiastic disciple in myself. Consequently when it was suggested to me by two friends that, after planting my corn, plowing and fertilizing the grove and getting some land ready for other crops, I really ought to take some recreation, my feelings were completely in accord with the suggestion.

The recreation decided upon was to take the form of an excursion to a well-known lake about twenty miles off, which is a favorite resort for fishing parties. It is appropriately named Crooked Lake, for its shape is that of a horseshoe that has been run over by a freight train. From point to point its extreme length is about 11½ miles, and its greatest breadth about 2½ miles. Numerous other smaller lakes surround it, all more or less picturesque and beautifully clear.

Our two boats were put on the wagons, and stores, tent, fishing tackle, etc., being stowed in them, off we started on a good road, with a nice cool breeze and bright sun. A halt of course was called at noon for refreshment for man and beast. Owing to our late start and a mistake as to the road on the part of our self-constituted guide, we found ourselves at sundown on the shores of a small lake about two miles north of our intended camp. However, we heard that where we were fish, although small, were plentiful. The spinners were soon at work, two of us undertaking to catch supper, while the third, assisted by a small negro brought along as general assistant (and scapegoat in case of things going wrong), rigged up the tent and put things into shape generally. In a very short time half a dozen bass ranging from a half to three-quarters of a pound were in the cook's hands, and a delicious meal they made.

As usual, a good night's rest followed. After a cup of coffee at sunrise, one of the boats was launched and two of us went to obtain breakfast. During a short trip we secured enough for both that meal and dinner also. As the fish were all about the same size—a large half pound—and as we were in search of nobler victims, it was decided after satisfying our hunger to go for our original destination without delay.

It was a heavy pull our beasts had over the steep, sandy hills between the two lakes, but our tent was again pitched about 11 A. M., and we were soon reposing inside it. Such a comfortable tent really deserves a short description.

It was imported from India a couple of years ago and cost pretty heavy—but it's a dandy to borrow. It is double, the outer one being of ducking lined with thin blue cloth, the back part coming down in a semi-circle with flaps to peg down if required, and the front of similar shape without flap forming a verandah. The inner tent is lined with pale yellow and is virtually the ordinary A tent with sides two feet deep. Every available spot is utilized for pockets, and altogether with such a tent one can really enjoy a camp-out most thoroughly. A painted canvas floorcloth to guard against damp is a great idea, and with the sides triced up for the breeze to circulate, some interesting matter to read, good tobacco to smoke and—well, what do you think?

That evening we were at work again, and we soon found that we had every chance of tiring of a fish diet, for it was literally no trick at all to catch them. Nothing over 2½lbs. resulted from that day's work (we unfortunately took a spring weigher along, so it's no use lying about it), but the next morning my partner caught one of 6½lbs., which gave us a lot of fun. We were trolling on a dead lee shore, and a very stiff breeze was blowing, which took all my strength to keep the boat clear of the weeds, which grew around the edge, when my straw hat blew off. After the customary remarks on such a subject I let the boat drop to pick it up.

Just as my partner had hold of it, whir-r-r-r went his reel, and throwing my hat, full of water, into my face he began to explain forcibly that he wanted that boat kept out of those weeds, and he had his own way of putting it. It was no time for recrimination though, and by sheer hard work I got her a few yards clear and kept her there about fifteen minutes, our fish fighting very game and the tackle being light. He came to gaff finally and though unquestionably a good fish we, as usual, thought he looked bigger in the water. We lost two more beauties that morning through our tackle being too light, and to make things worse our supply of spinners (the best bait for bass in these parts) was slim to start with.

Four most enjoyable days were spent much in the same manner and at last our tackle got down to bedrock. We had lots of lines and hooks, but that was all. A happy thought at last struck one of the party and chopping up a condensed milk can with a hatchet, punching the requisite holes with a nail, tearing a piece of red cloth off a bed quilt (not his own) and wiring on some hooks, he made a fearful looking thing, which, however, got in some good work and reflected more credit on his ingenuity than on the sense of Crooked Lake fish.

During the afternoon of the fourth day when resting in the tent we were surprised by two visitors in a buggy—one a gentleman from Michigan and the other an agent who was taking him round to show him the boundaries of some land the former had bought—I believe 1,200 acres—with the intention of starting a town and growing winter vegetables, especially tomatoes. We invited them to share our camp, both of them being immensely struck with our snug quarters. Very pleasant companions we found them. They were anxious to catch a fish or two, so we lent them a boat and one of our patent milk-can-cum-bed-quilt spinners, and they shortly returned, having hooked a good fish, which had broken the line.

Our Michigan friend was very enthusiastic about the joys of camp life, and we sat up talking till well on to midnight on various subjects, when we decided it was time to turn in. His companion was no stranger to a night in the woods and snored lustily as soon as his head touched his pillow (our sack of oats), but no such luck was in store for our Northern friend, who hardly slept a wink all night. I expect he thinks more of civilization now.

After breakfast next morning, having bade our guests adieu, we took our last swim in Crooked Lake. We then loaded up our boats and with deep regret turned our horses' heads toward home, arriving without accident soon after dark.

I can confidently recommend such a trip to any one wanting a little change, but as to physical rest I don't know that it's a success. My back and arms are still stiff and sore with so much rowing, and I should have got along much better with a cushion on the boat's seat. One of my comrades advises me to warn every one who may read this not to take such a trip in a shirt which buttons up the back. His spine is one long blister. However, we enjoyed ourselves heartily and intend going again—there or elsewhere. R. F. B.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

THE letters of Eugene McCarthy and Kit Clarke, recently published in your columns, were read here with deep interest, and are justly considered as acts of justice toward a game fish that has been by others sadly misunderstood or met under most unfavorable circumstances. There is but little time left now to fight the ouananiche this season, which closes, so far as he is concerned, on Sept. 15, but just prior to that date there is always splendid fishing in the Metabetchouan.

A large influx of anglers is expected at Lake Edward, and in fact all through the Lake St. John country during September, when the grandest trout fishing of the entire year may be looked for, and red-bellied specimens of *fontinalis* in their handsome spawning costume are freely taken in favored localities up to 4 and 5lbs. in weight.

Dr. C. M. Daniels, of Buffalo, N. Y., and the party of friends that accompanied him up the Peribonca to Lake Tschotagama, as described in my last letter, have returned home, after luring some very heavy fish in the northern lake. Dr. Daniels also shot a large bear in the neck, but the wounded animal managed to get away among the rocks on the side of a mountain where he could not be followed.

Mr. J. S. Mason, of Boston, who fished the end of July with Dr. H. F. Hamilton, a chain of waters connecting Tschotagama, has returned to Lake St. John, from Boston, accompanied this time by Mr. M. E. Haviland, of New York, to endeavor to obtain some of the same sport he had on his former trip. This time he has ascended the Little Peribonca, intending to portage thence into Lake Aleck, and down the stream of the same name into the main Peribonca. The waters through which they are passing are reported to be teeming with trout.

Messrs. Amos Little and H. C. Butcher, of Philadelphia, have recently arrived from their waters on the Metabetchouan, where, as usual, they secured a fine catch of large trout.

Hon. D. A. McMillan, of Buffalo, N. Y., has shot, under government permit, three caribou at his camp on Lake Edward.

Sir A. P. Caron, Postmaster General of Canada, has had, recently, some splendid sport upon the trout preserves of the Ouiatchouan Club, and the Peribonca has afforded good sport to Dr. Oscar H. Holder, of Boston, Dr. Dickinson, of New York, and Mr. Robning.

Mr. Walter Brackett, the noted angler and fish artist of Boston, returned about ten days ago from his fishing lodge on the Marguerite, where he has spent the greater part of the summer every year for the last eighteen years. Mr. Brackett reports the salmon growing scarcer every year in his stream, despite the work done by the Tadoussac hatchery, and much of this decrease is attributed to the netting at the mouth of the river.

The sardine fishing has been very abundant this month at St. Andre Kamouraska and the canning factory there is now in full operation. The scarcity of the fish in the early part of the season is by some attributed to the presence at that time in the river of an unusual number of porpoises, and these have, no doubt, had their influence too upon the salmon that usually frequent the rivers emptying into the lower St. Lawrence and Gulf.

Winslow Homer, the well-known American artist whose picture of "Fox and Crows" appears in the August *Century Magazine*, has been fishing the waters of the Tourilli Club with marked success, accompanied by Com. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 31.

CAMPS OF THE KINGFISHERS.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Aug. 23.—The Camp of the Kingfishers broke up Aug. 23. In Platte Lake, on which we camped, we found the bass fishing better than we expected, as also in Round and Little Platte. We had no difficulty in supplying the camp. Our largest bass weighed 4½lbs., Mr. Geo. C. Payne of Frankfort, Ky., being "high hook." Platte River is a fine trout stream, broad, swift and sandy, so far as I have seen it, which is only a mile or two from its mouth (at Platte Lake). It seems to be fished a good deal, but we heard of some good catches of large trout. The north branch of the Platte contains a good many trout, but is much obstructed by timber, and the use of the fly is out of the question, except for cranks.

A word about canvas boats. We had two, the Ben Harrison, a Kalamazoo 16ft. canoe, the same we used last year in Canada. I think this a good craft after you get it properly set up; which is not as easily or as rapidly done as one is led to expect from the advertisements. I believe, however, that a 12ft. canoe of the same model would for our uses be much more satisfactory. There should not be more than two persons in a boat for bass fishing, and the 16ft. craft is too large—sits too high on the water with such a load, and is too easily affected by the wind. Its weight is also an objection on portages.

The Osgood boat was in use for the third season. Its model is good and it is a capital sea-boat, and very steady. The canvas covering however is wretchedly poor, and although I am not unusually timid in a boat, I have seen so many holes punched in this craft during the last three seasons, that I would not again venture to use it. The brass bands around the gunwale strips amidships are also too weak, and are giving out on both sides.

I have great faith in good canvas as a material for canoes. I would sooner have trusted myself in the old "Kelpie" than in a wooden boat of any description to run a dangerous rapid among rocks and snags, but this was because I had thoroughly tested her, and knew that she could be relied on.

I take great interest in canvas boats, and the more portable the better, but it seems unwise to sacrifice safety to any ordinary consideration.

In closing these notes, I beg leave to express my thanks to the officials of the Chicago & West Michigan and the Toledo & Ann Arbor Railroads for courtesies which did much to render agreeable and to lessen the discomfort of the journey to and from our camping ground.

KELPIE.

A LITTLE PROSE ABOUT BARNEGAT.

WITH all respect to the taste of your correspondent as shown in his "Idyl of Barnegat" published in your issue of Sept. 2, and without criticising his literary ability, it seemed to me on reading his article that either he didn't know half or he didn't tell half of the pleasures of that quaint old city by the sea. He was satisfied with a little evening fishing for blues in company with his favorite Captain Peckworth, of the catboat Minnie.

Did he never cast in the surf from North Beach for "stripers?" He has yet time, for the next two months will be the best of the year. Let him use shedder crab or beach fleas, and if he does not get a new experience I will have to go down and show him where they hang out. They are there, lots of 'em. I got seven one day last fall, that weighed over 80lbs.

Did he ever think Boston mackerel were worth eating? Lots of them in that quiet little bay between the light house and the surf. He can use his trout tackle and have lots of sport with them some day when he can't get outside.

Did he never try chumming for his bluefish? It beats trolling, to my mind, in every way.

Did he ever find a day when there was not wind enough for sailing? Let him try drifting for weakfish just south of the bar. He will find them bigger there than they used to be when he was a fish hog and caught 400 in one day in the bay.

He is right in loving that quiet, lonely village, but did he ever see it when he could walk from there across the bay on the ice? I staid a week on the "Clam Island" last winter gunning. He can see the "Sedgmoor Hotel" if he will row over, and if he will look I think he will see the row of nails where we hung up from day to day about sixty fine ducks. I also bore away in triumph that trip a magnificent Asiatic gull 5ft. 2in. from tip to tip, and I have it mounted and it hangs in my library now.

Even now, if he guns, he can bury in the sand on Sea Dog shoal, and find excellent sport with the willet and longlegs.

One thing more, if he wants to make another bluefish match, let him say so. I am going there again this season and will go with Captain Morse, and we'll catch two bluefish to his one, trolling or chumming, or treat.

BILLY.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her luck.

MORRISTOWN, N. Y., Aug. 22.—Geo. Gerard, of Ogdensburg, and Dr. Finnegan, of Edwardsville, caught 15 black bass and 4 wall-eyed pike in one hour's time in Black Lake. Total weight 47lbs. CLAUD CAPRON.

ATTEAN LAKE RESERVE, Attean, Me., Aug. 31—Dr. Louis L. Seaman, of New York city, has taken 15 brook trout, largest 3½lbs. Dr. F. W. Halsey, Boston, 100, largest 3¾lbs. J. M. Bassett, Boston, 30, largest 4½lbs. Mrs. J. M. Bassett's largest brook trout 4lbs. M. H. Camp's largest brook trout 6lbs. ITHAMAR HOWE.

STEAMER AL FOSTER, New York, Sept. 3.—We beg to bring to your notice the extraordinary good fishing we have had the past Thursday, Friday and Saturday on the Cholera, Angler and S. W. banks. Sea bass from 2½ to 6½lbs. and sea porgies from ¼ to 4lbs. Average per hook, about 20 fish; largest number caught on Thursday, 48; Friday, 36. CAPT. AL FOSTER.

Nets in Lake Champlain.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Last month I took an outing at the north end of Lake Champlain, on the east side of the lake called Mississquoi Bay, a part of the lake where fishing used to be excellent, and I believe would still be good and continue to improve if net fishing were prohibited. The bay referred to extends into the Province of Quebec, north probably five miles, and these waters as well as those extending along the Vermont State side of the line are the natural spawning grounds of the lake fish. I understand that net-fishing has been carried on for a number of years on the Canadian side of the lake, with the knowledge and consent of the Dominion Government; and I was told by a friend in St. Albans, that their State Legislature granted licenses last season to certain parties to take fish in Vermont waters with nets, and that during the months of March and April this season, there were taken through the ice with nets by these parties, and shipped to Boston and New York markets, from seventy-five to eighty barrels of all kinds of lake fish every day for a period of about six weeks. I was told that one fisherman cleared $1,500 in four weeks. C. R. W.

Two Fish on One Hook.

SCHROON LAKE, N. Y., Aug. 31.—Mr. Geo. W. Robinson, Jr., of Albany, N. Y., caught one bass 3½lbs., and one pickerel 3lbs. on same line and on same spoon-hook at same time last Tuesday. O'CONNOR BROS.

Fishculture.

California Salmon.

U. S. COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES, Baird, Shasta County, Cal., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The salmon spawning season opened here to-day with the taking of 104,000 eggs. The eggs are very large and fine looking, and the salmon are more numerous below the rack than they have been for ten years. We have made several hauls of three or four tons of salmon each. One striking peculiarity of the fishing this year is the unusual number of enormously large male salmon. We have caught great quantities of males weighing between 40 and 50lbs., which is a heavy weight for spawning fish of the Sacramento.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

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

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone, Sec'y. Entries close Aug. 31.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Mount Holly, N. J. H. I. Budd, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 11.
Sept. 19 to 23.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park, Cranston, R. I. D. C. Collins, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 4.
Sept. 25-30.—Kansas City, Mo.
Sept. 26 to 29.—Ottawa, Canada. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L. at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 4.—Northwestern Field Trial Club's second annual trials, Manitoba. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. R. J. Gallaugher, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials. Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

LEXINGTON DOG SHOW.

THE members of the Blue Grass Kennel Club can congratulate themselves on a very much improved show over their first attempt in 1891. The building in which the show was held, Aug. 30 to Sept 2, is quite a handsome one and could hardly be better adapted for a hot weather show. At no time, although the weather was trying outside, were the dogs unduly affected. There were many windows and the floor is hard earth, and this being kept well sprinkled was refreshingly cool for the dogs, which were benched most of them a couple of feet above it. The building is that used by the Tattersall Co. for their horse sales, and the stands for buyers in front of the auctioneer's desk were used for benching the terriers, so that one could see the whole show from almost any part, the others being benched in wings at each side.

One would not be doing his duty if attention was not drawn to the haphazard manner in which the dogs were benched and the go-as-you-please sort of way the dogs had of putting on their tags. Many of the dogs sought variety and did not confine themselves to their own classes and breeds. When the anxious reporter would find a fox-terrier among the collies, a Gordon among the Irish setters, and this sort of thing, while it added to the picturesqueness of the show, it upset the harmony. But then how can one have the heart to find fault when Roger Williams worked so hard to straighten things out and please everybody. There was hardly a foxhound with a number on it and it would have taken a man gifted with clairvoyance to get a dog right that had a wrong tag on and was in some other dog's place—"because he fights." There was no division between the dogs, but there were few fights. The floors were kept clean and tidy and there was little smell. The feeding was good, Austiu's dog biscuits being used mixed with soup, and "Sanitas" was liberally applied on the smells.

The judging ring arrangements might have been much better, a small ring being set up with a lath fence, when in front of the building there was an open grass lot of a couple of acres, and if judging had been done there and admission charged at the gates, the public would have been attracted in passing to and from the Fair that was going on in the race track grounds a short distance away. This will probably be done next year. As stated, Roger Williams was the life of the whole concern, and he went about his duties as he does his judging—with his coat off. Geo. Hill was always there, and it was not his fault if things got mixed sometimes. One cannot argue with men who don't understand bench show formalities, and don't want to. Among the other workers were Treasurer Fred. V. Bartlett, Vice-President G. K. Boulden and Assistant Secretary A. C. Gutzeil. With the irregularity of benching there were necessarily numerous delays in judging, but this, on the whole, was well done by Messrs. Davidson and Wheeler. There was some grumbling by the regulars in some cases, and we have drawn attention to the cause in the criticisms of awards. The foxhound exhibit was, of course, a feature, and their melodious voices were often a welcome note in the untuneful barking of other dogs.

The attendance was better than in 1891, though far from what it should have been, as the local papers did well by the show. The club will probably have to shoulder a deficit, though expenses were probably not very large. The entry of 561 will go a long way toward helping out, at $2.50 apiece. Judging was concluded on Thursday afternoon. Among those present were Dr. Sauveur, Dr. Hoyt, W. J. Porter, Al. Eberhart, John Hawkes, A. B. Whitlock, Dr. Miller, H. L. Goodman, J. Farley, Tom Blake, E. B. Elliott, B. F. Lewis, W. C. Goodwin, C. M. Carlin, W. Huffstetter, W. S. Kiug, Walker Brothers, Will Connors, J. Taylor Williams, J. B. Castleman, B. S. Coyle, J. W. Royster, Redd Brothers, Bourbon Kennels, J. H. H. Maenner, J. W. Walker, R. S. Hatcher, and I think there were more local exhibitors than at any other show I remember, and at the same time there were more absent dogs—114 in all. Mr. G. Perrin, chairman of committee, also took a great interest in the show, and Dr. Smith, the vet, although one or two escaped him, sent back several dogs that failed to pass muster. The criticism of awards follows.

MASTIFFS (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—Ethel took care of the challenge class, the only entry. In open dogs two very ordinary dogs and one fairly good one turned up and the latter won; his body is his worst feature; should be deeper; his depth and squareness of muzzle is rarely excelled, skull not volume enough in comparison, nice small ears, good bone and legs, better than are generally met with; shown thin. Chum, second, and Wafe, vhc., are both very poor, but I thought Chum should have given place to Wafe, as the latter's head shows more mastiff character than the other, which is a long, snipy, characterless one; inferior in body but straighter in front, as Wafe is somewhat bowed there; both are local dogs. In the next class we saw a mastiff in every respect, Minnie Beaufort, but she had no competition. Her coat was out of order and her hindlegs are straight, otherwise she lays over anything there. There was no kennel prize and Minnie took the specials.

ST. BERNARDS (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*)—No smooths were shown, and in this we are surprised. Southern people who desire to keep this breed should turn their attention to the smooths, they will undoubtedly stand the heat much better. The roughs never can hope to put on the coats they should have. I was surprised to see Ch. Plinlimmon, Jr., on the bench again, although a shadow of his former self, and his always faulty expression is not improving any, still his grand frame and excellent legs will always bring him to the front row. He was shown thin. In open dogs the winner, Beresford, had no great victory over Mose, both are shelly in body, and with exception of a better muzzle the winner has no advantage over the others. The other entries, five, were absent. Io had a ramble in the bitch class, having only Lady Challymeade and Lady Bute to dispose of, and this she does easily in skull, body, bone, action, etc. I like her expression no better than I did at Chicago, it is still a trifle bully, if one could use such an expression, for a St. Bernard. She had just weaned seven pups, but looked exceedingly well. She afterward beat Plinlimmon, Jr., for special, and this she, in the latter's present condition, can do. Lady Challymeade, second, was out of coat, head is rather long and should be broader and deeper throughout, a well-ribbed bitch standing on good boned legs; Lady Bute is a plain-headed shelly bitch; the card over Nellie might well have been kept back, for she has a long, sour, mean head, snipy, and is a sort of half-smooth, with good legs and fair body. Dixie is all wrong and was nursing six pups who, judging by the smell in their neighborhood, will never see another Blue-grass show. Beresford won again in novices, same entries as open. There was no kennel prize, and Io won the specials.

GREAT DANES (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—This show will be known in history as the only one this year where Imperator and Melac came as near together as they probably ever will do. They each posed on specially erected benches at each side the entrance. Imperator did not think it worth while to compete; besides, a possible defeat might dull the luster of that "diamond" collar. Anyhow, Melac as usual came to the scratch, but he was anything but the Melac we have seen on other days. He is in Nashville summer condition. His bones spoke for themselves. Imperator, on the other hand, was a little too gross, but I never saw him looking healthier, and he is improved behind. Prof. Maenner, of Baltimore, took a trip to the blue grass region and for company brought his new dog Moreau that is a nicely formed dog from head back. He is not heavy, loin nicely arched, good neck, legs in front good, but hind should be more bent in stifle; good skull, but a little cheeky, and muzzle, while well formed, is a trifle short. He is a nice type of dog, nevertheless. Jeff, second, I thought lucky; falls away behind, flat loin, throaty, plain muzzle and light eye. Norman, well known, vhc., was beaten in condition by the second winner. Cæsar, vhc., is a big, coarse, heavy dog, with little to commend him, bowed in front, throaty, etc., and did not deserve his letters. Cumberland Kennels showed Zellah in the next class and won; a rather plain lemon ice cream-colored bitch that carries its tail faultily, curls it, is not true at elbows and was shown fat, is straight behind and heavy in shoulders. I thought Norinberger a better one, although faulty, in many respects was in better condition and better head and body. Cumberland Kennels and Melac took all there was in the way of specials.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—One really cannot agree with the decision here. The Cincinnati dog Flora L. has not the slightest pretension to Newfoundland form with the exception that she is black and not so curly as some "Newfoundlands" I have seen. The Philadelphia dog Carlo excels in head, bone, coat, legs and character, though small and far from a good one. The other is snipy, long-headed, sour expression, light bone and a mixed coat. Carlo was said to have been lame when shown, but was not at all so the next day, whereas Flora could not put one foot down.

Jack Shepard, the only entry in bloodhounds, was absent.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—A glance at the catalogue gave promise of a fine display in these dogs, but with nine of the Seacroft entries absent, Danicheff, belonging to Mr. Williams, was the only one of the race to show up. He was dead out of coat, but is a rather well-formed dog, straight in front, hardly depth enough of chest for the breed, good quarters and nice scimitar stern; he looks more of a bitch than a dog at present.

DEERHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Old champion Olga seemed delighted to hear her name in familiar greeting in this far-off country. She was not looking tiptop in coat, but ragged. Bruar II. is a strong, nice-made hound; good coat; he had no competition. In bitches, Lassie Jean, out of coat, shelly in body, not true in front, a sort of "seen-better-and-seen-worse" dog, upheld the breed for Lexington and Mr. Williams The kennel prize did not fill, and Olga won the special.

GREYHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Master Rich did not fill his engagement in the challenge class. Open dogs saw a big, well-made dog in Cheeky, said to be a half brother to Young Fullerton, to the fore. He is heavy in shoulders and wide in chest, but well ribbed and strongly made throughout. The second prize winner is light in loin and not ribbed up enough, front good, but quarters fall away too much, and he should have more bend of stifle. Ingleside, vhc., I think was lucky to get one more letter than Jim Crow, as the former is a plain dog, out at elbow, big, heavy ears, badly carried, a dog of little character. Jim Crow, while he could do with more rib and is fine in muzzle and does not stand square enough in front, is a better dog than Ingleside, and especially so behind, where he is very good. The ladies' division introduced us to a capital bitch and one that is sure to place herself high in the records in any company; her toes might be a little closer and muzzle slightly stronger, and that is about all the fault one can find, beautiful ribs, spread of quarters, nicely placed shoulders and forelegs like gun barrels; she could do with just a little more substance throughout, though a bigger bitch than Bestwood Daisy, Miss, second, loses considerably to the winner, and especially in condition, being with whelp. Minnehaha, vhc., is a rather nice bitch, nearly all white, a little straight behind, but body, ribs and quarters are commendable, should be stronger in pasterns. Nellie, hc., loses in fore parts and ribs especially. Kennel prize did not fill and Maid Marion won the specials easily.

FOXHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—It requires considerable nerve to come down to Lexington and judge these hounds. There are several packs around the city and naturally each ardent hunter thinks his the very choicest. However, Mr. Davidson was very urbane and diplomatic, and if he didn't please everyone he was so nice about it that no one took offense, though the man from Michigan talked quite some. Someone said there was a special electric car waiting to waft the judge up to Manitoba directly the judging was over, but this must have emanated from some jealous brain as Mr. D. has distinctly stated that he fears nothing with hair on it. However, to get down to business. Modest Girl was alone in challenge class, and was soon disposed of. Not so the open class for dogs where there were thirty-six entries and but four absent. These were judged in the grass inclosure behind the stables, and the sight would have charmed the heart of any man however inexperienced he might be in the world of sport. After the line up and the walk round, Commodore, Kit, Frank II, Sam, and Frank were drawn out of the ruck, and finally the ribbon fell to Commodore, a nice type of American hound, good legs and feet, hardly rib enough, and a bit long cast, but excellent action and carriage of stern; Kit, second, I think excels the winner in body, but is not by any means so good in head, being very snipy, good bone, forelegs and feet, but faulty in hocks; reserve to Frank, a hound more on the English type, and judged in that direction the best in the lot; good running gear, excellent body, and beautiful feathery carriage of stern. He is a light English type of hound; as the class was, I suppose, for American type the winners were correct. Frank II., from the Bourbon Kennel, had he a better muzzle, is a well made hound all round with excellent hound expression. Among the commended lot I liked Bob of the Redd Bros. pack; he is a nice type of hound, though hardly rib enough, and should be better bent in stifle. Sam, of the Coyle pack, has good legs and feet, but is faulty in head and body, and is more of a shaggy hound than any of friend Whitlock's. A lot of just ordinary hounds received cards that it would be useless to particularize.

The bitch class was a hot one, and the entries numbered thirty-six, too, with few absentees. The judge soon sorted out Patsey Powell, Swift, Fanchon and Fannie Gay, and after considerable work placed Patsey Powell, a queer name for a bitch, first. Strictly speaking this decision is not consistent, as this bitch is built on all fours with Frank, of the Strodes Valley Kennels, and is not of the same type as the second bitch from same pack, which is built more after the style of the winner in dogs. If the decision is correct, and I see no reason why it should not be, as she comes nearer the only standard there is for foxhounds, the English one, then Frank should have won in open dogs. The winning bitch is a capitally-made one and may be defined as English type on lighter lines. Swift, second, also from the Strodes Valley pack, is fine in muzzle, but in running gear cannot be beaten, but loses in bone and substance to the winner, who is also better ribbed. Fanchon, reserve, is light throughout, but typical of the native hound; would do with more rib and substance. Fannie Gay, vhc., is also a nice, typical hound that well deserved her letters, if not more, as she is better ribbed than Fanchon and equally as good elsewhere. Among the two-lettered ones I liked Dolly, a black and tan hound, a little big in eye and straight-faced, but back of this is a well-made hound that looks like getting to the front. Topsy has a very pleasing expression though head should have more stop and toes should be closed; a nice, all-round hound all the same. The rest of those mentioned deserved cards, but in many cases they were far from good on their pins; they run to snipy heads, feet are open and ribs, which should have a nice swell, were in many cases as flat as a board.

In the special for best hound the judge showed his preference for the English type in placing Patsey Powell over Commodore, and the division was right if the proper build of a hound is considered. For best pack Strodes Valley Kennel Club had a clear lead, for while they had a few culls, after these were out they were a pretty sorty lot and more of them than any other exhibit. There were novice dog and bitch classes, but the awards all through were the same as in the open. The puppies one need not say much about, they were all three locals from Mr. Coyle's pack. Taken in all the show of hounds was better than in 1892, there seemed to be a more uniformity of type, the weedy ones having been kept at home. A few more shows here will do a lot of good for the foxhound, as far as type and good looks go, these questions evidently not having been considered heretofore from a bench show point of view. Of course, this will all depend on the judges, who must not be chosen in any haphazard way. For instance, Redstone, the last show winner, was nowhere this time and is distinctly as stated then, not right type, he partakes more of the old Southern hound, with bloodhound characteristics.

SHAGGY FOXHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Mr. Whitlock showed ten of these hounds, but the old saying "What's in a name?" does not apply here in its usual sense, for without this name these dogs would have to go into the regular classes. Some of them were as smooth as pointers. The strain has been bred over thirty years by this kennel and the roughness has evidently worn off. Clara II., that won at last show, had matters to herself in challenge class; hindlegs are a bit straight, otherwise she is a likely type, with the best head in the strain. Ormonde won in dogs; he beats Wallace in head; not so straight-faced, better loin and ribs. Rip, vhc., is beaten in muzzle, body and hindlegs. Pansey, the winning bitch, is a fair type of native hound that should be truer set in feet and thicker through the pads; snipy in muzzle, good body, but short of coat. Whitey is open in feet and should have more stop; otherwise a fairly well-built hound. Fury, vhc., should be closer in toes and not turn them out, but is more of the shaggy than any of them. White Eyes, hc., has what her name denotes, and this oddity runs through the whole pack, originating from the Ben Robertson strain, introduced to the kennel thirty years ago. White Eyes is a nicely built hound, but a little out at elbow, has a nice head of Clara's stamp, and though toes not close enough, should have had more recognition.

POINTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—There were some fine dogs here, Glamorgan being the only challenge representative, and was shown in anything but his usual bloom; hair off ears and red skin behind. Open dogs saw the Indianapolis winner, Rush of Lad, again to the front; his head is plain; is throaty, but his legs and body are always to be considered. Admiration, that was described at Philadelphia, came next; better head than winner, but not so good in hindlegs. Krupp, reserve, is too heavy in brow and cut out before the eye, is fairly commendable in body and legs, but his neck should be cleaner. Hugh has a good set of legs, and body all right, but head faulty, light eye, and has a piece off his tail, but between this dog and Judge II. we are uncertain, as numbers were mixed, and we may have seen the wrong dog. Open bitches had Kent's Pearl, whom diligent search failed to find, but she was shown at Indianapolis. Verra, second, is faulty in feet and pasterns; head would be good if it had more stop and was squarer in muzzle; eye should be darker; nice body. Nellos deserved her letters; muzzle should be squarer and front better, but a fair one all round nevertheless. Pride of Kent has a light, shelly body, crooked forelegs and a stary, full eye; she also won in puppies. John B. Castleman had the only kennel, and Rush of Lad came in for specials.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—There were no challenge entries. In open dogs there were thirteen entered, but some were absent. A strong, vigorous-looking, heavily-built dog in Worsley Dude, from Harry Northwood's kennel, just won from Paul Hill. Dude has a head somewhat on the Count Howard order; he stands a bit bowed in front sometimes and is a little throaty; otherwise good. Paul Hill has a capital head and expression, though eye shows haw too much; might be straighter in fore bone, though better in front than winner, but not so well-ribbed. The well-known Benzine came in for reserve. Buckeye Ben has a plain head, with a big eye showing haw considerably, good bone and front, but should be deeper in chest and more bent in stifles. Sport, hc., is very plain-faced. Cal, c., is leggy and has a long, snipy head, no ribs to swear by, and is a plain dog all through. In bitches, Flight of Riverview shows a lot of quality, hardly clean enough in neck, and had she a better swell of rib little fault could be found with her, as her legs and feet pass muster. Lady Roderigo is a fairly well-formed bitch without any glaring faults, muzzle might to advantage be a little squarer. Nora Gladstone, vhc., has a rather common head and ears should hang better, in body and ribs she is excellent. Lady Howard, whom I should have mentioned as reserve, has a good profile, but head too narrow throughout, shows quality, and is well up with the winner in body, legs and coat, and shows more character than the second winner. Lucy M. is a commoner. There were six absent in this class and thirteen entries. Flight of Riverview took the specials. The show of this breed was not so good as that of 1891

IRISH SETTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Irish setters were poor as a class in 1891, but this time there was little to complain of in this respect when the Seminole Kennels showed their strength. They of course supplied the challenge entries with champion Tim, the winner, and Pride of Patsy in dogs and Elfreda in bitches; Laura B. was entered, but absent. Tim never looked better, considering his age. In open dogs the two juniors, Blarney, Jr., and Montauk, Jr., and Young Tim fought it out again, and the decision was as at Wissahickon with regard to the first two, Young Tim coming in between. The Seminole dogs were well shown; in fact all through Will Connors had his dogs in excellent

shine and finish for summer wear. Kildare Beverly came in for reserve; these are all well-known dogs and need no detailed description. Seminole, Jr., got hc.; he was at Wissahickon, and Seminole Blarney was c.; they do to fill up, but not to win with. In bitches the well-known Delphinne scored over Forest Moss, a bitch with rather a good head, and well shown, good color, a little faulty in hocks. Lady Cleveland is another we have repeatedly spoken of before; she is small, of good color, but head plain and short. Biddy, of the Seminole lot, is a taking little bitch, typical in head, feet might be truer set, but good bone, and when furnished in body will prove a winner. Nellie M. is very throaty, but has a good head, bit strong, good body and color, a little straight in hocks, should have beaten Molly and had two more letters at least; her coat needs attention. Biddy won nicely in bitch puppies over Lady Sarsfield, better front and head; she has just had a litter and lost them all through distemper, they were by Elcho, Jr., II. Seminole won the kennel prize.

GORDON SETTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—A better show of these dogs than last time. Ivanhoe, Duchess of Waverly and Lady Waverly furnished the challenge entries, and were placed in their classes as named, Lady Waverly was out of coat. In dogs it only took half an eye to see that Heather Lad, shown in the pink of condition, was an easy first over the coarse-headed Duke of Wellington, and is also much better in tan; he afterward beat Ivanhoe for the special. Dr. Dixon farmed the bitch class with Princess Louise and Katherine, and of course took the kennel prize, and with the Duchess of Waverly the special for best in show.

COLLIES (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—The challenge class brought out The Squire, Sir Walter Scott III. and Roslyn Dandy, so it will be inferred that the collie display was much in advance of that in 1891. Of course The Squire, being in good condition and boasting a pretty good coat for this time of year, was rightly placed first, beats Sir Walter in head, ear, size, bone and carriage of stern. In challenge bitches Metchly Surprise, always the same, blow hot or cold, took the prize. In open dogs the struggle for first lay between Curzon and Chesterford Hero, neither were in condition, but Curzon beats the other in size, head, especially in length between eye and ear, and bone, both light in body and Hero has an advantage in coat and quarters; Royal Monarch, reserve, is coarse in head and not correctly formed in body; Mack, vhc., I could not find; old Meadowthorpe Reality was also shown and got vhc. He is a relic of the "Scotch" Baillie Lexington venture. Chesterford Marvel, shown for kennel only, is a more likely dog than Hero that seems to have not recovered from his spring set-back.

In bitches Bertha II. won nicely from Chesterford Lilly, a nearly all white bitch; dips in back and long cast; head fairly good, though cheeky; in nice coat. Crissie, vhc., is well known. Mattie, reserve, is rather round and full in skull; ears hang down, but she is good in body, coat and legs. I thought Stonehurst Lassie could have had another letter; she has excellent legs; feet could be better; nice body, but coat soft and short; ears are not as good as they might be, either. Chesterford, late Maud Marion, is open in toes, faulty body and only moderate head. Max, a son of Squire Scott, won in puppies, is flat-ribbed, big ear, too much brow and altogether was lucky. Seminole Kennels took the kennel prize without much trouble, beating Chesterford Park's in condition and uniformity of type.

SPANIELS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—There were several entries in Irish waters, but Trouble was the only one that looked like one; he is well known. The other prizes were withheld. No Clumbers shown, and Roderic Dhu was the only field spaniel, but entered as a cocker. He is a fat, wavy-coated animal, with a heavy, coarse head, fairly good in legs and body.

There was one entry in challenge cocker dogs—Bendigo, who has made his winnings in the West lately; he was well-shown, but is heavy and coarse in head for a cocker, and light in eye. The winner in open dogs was the well-known Pickpania, who beat Brantford Rufus in all but depth of body, the latter dog, a red, being snipy, and heavy in brow, and shown fat; the other two entries were absent. In bitches Lady Dufferin won; she is cut out too much before eye, skull good, well ribbed, legs all right. Second went to Cherry Blossom, a nice little red, faulty in muzzle. Stella G., vhc., is too long cast, nice front. The winning puppy, Constance, is throaty; long in body and scarcely true enough at elbows. Concord Kennels took the kennel prize.

POODLES (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—There were only two classes of these provided at first, but when shown they were divided into French and Russian. In the former division Parisian, nicely shown, had no competitor, he is a little long in loin, good head and ears. In bitches, the winner, Queen Zip, is promising. In corded dogs the winner turned up in Black Jack, a fairly well corded dog, short in muzzle. Czar II. is very narrow in front. Corded bitches saw Czarina once more a winner, droops too much in quarters, fair bone and cords.

BULL-TERRIERS (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—There were several entered but few chosen. Crisp, the Chicago dog, getting cheeky, won hands down from a lighter weight dog, with too much stop and a bully head, bad feet and in anything but show shape; prize should have been withheld. The other entries were of the business order. Bitches had for winner Lady Velmer, a rather nice one, though stop too defined and muzzle short, good legs and body, but coarse tail. Countess of Dufferin, looking well, came next; better in head than winner. Puppy prizes withheld.

There was one so-called Boston terrier shown and it was given first, Mr. Davidson judging by request.

Dachshund entries from Mr. Loeffler were absent.

BEAGLES (*John Davidson, Judge*).—This is evidently not a beagle country, as all the entries came from the North. In challenge dogs, Doctor, looking well, placed another win to his credit. Open dogs had three entries. The winner, Mr. Winkle, has been described before; he has a sweet head and ear, elbows might be truer and body shorter. King, second, I was not certain about, as he was not in his proper place. Tony Weller II. is not correct type, a long-cast, weedy hound, his forelegs are the best part. In bitches, Snowflake won over Jennie Lind, the latter being shown too fat. The winner was locked in its box, being in season. Jennie has a nice head, but body should be a little shorter. Bessie, vhc., is very weedy and shows very little type, and takes very little after her parents. Oakview Jennie is another of the same sort; bad front. Oakview Kennels took the kennel prize, and Mr. Winkle the special, though Doctor runs him close.

FOX-TERRIERS (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—A formidable entry of fifteen appeared in the catalogue, but what with absentees and bad ones, the judge's task was not so difficult. Grouse II. was absent from challenge class. Open dogs had Lansdowne Poverina, an improving dog, an easy winner; he was at Wissahickon and beats My Fellow in neck and shoulders, and the way he showed himself; it was reported this dog is deaf, but as he was kept locked in his box we did not verify the rumor. Ginger, reserve, is too straight-faced, body a bit long cast, open in feet, though straight in front. Woodale Driver pushes him close, a little full in skull and wide in front, good legs, body and hind parts; ears well carried. George Bell, vhc., was not in the usual fine condition that we find his illustrious namesake; he is a likely terrier though, capital body, good legs and feet and fair head, in condition would be higher up. Spot and Belvoir Toaster, each vhc., are not the sort; Toaster is thick in skull, straight in hocks, but good forelegs and body; Spot is also faulty in head properties, round in skull, light shelly body and out at elbow.

Bitches had another large entry of fifteen, but poor as a class, the winner turning up in Flurry, not at all a crack, straight face, poor front and long in body, that is if I got the right one, and I think I did, but as the fox-terriers were benched and numbered it was a matter of great difficulty to get the right ones right if the owner was not on hand. Gyp, second, has little to commend her. Tartars, reserve, is coarse in skull and heavy in front, nice body, but was lame. Friday, vhc., is a poor, weedy sort that I am surprised her owner should waste the entry fee over. Miss Victory, hc., is fat, too much brow, full in eye and wide in front; letters on such terriers as these are an insult to the good ones. Belvoir Toaster, winning in novices, shows what the rest were like—a poor lot. Columbian Kennels showed the winning puppy, Brisk, but its record will never be a big one. The bitch winner was Flurry, already mentioned. Columbian Kennels won the kennel prize, and the Lansdowne dog was far away the best in show.

IRISH TERRIERS (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—Galtees, the winner in challenge class, is familiar to all, while Ben Lewis showed the winning dog Mick, one of the terriers that is called an Irish terrier for the lack of a better name. In bitches Mary Jane is only a moderate one.

SLYE TERRIERS (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—Sir Stafford once more proved his superiority, for the other terrier, one Sir Thomas, in open dogs, is not up to his form by any means, though his son; is small and not so good in head as he might be. Yorkshire terriers were poor, mixed in color.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—With the exception of Broomfield Sultan there was not a good one here, and it is wonderful how this dog keeps in shape with the knocking round he gets during the year, these terriers being proverbially difficult to keep right in this respect. Rochelle Oolah, a big coarse dog, won in dogs; he is not flat enough in skull. In bitches Mr. Elliott took first and second, with Rochelle Mab and Betsy, two big, coarse bitches; Mab better in head, but Betsy beating in tan markings. Bloomfield Madge, vhc., is a better shaped one, but faulty in head and tan. Chesterford Park Kennels took the kennel prize with a half toy, Billy Button, devoid of hair, to make up. Two fair little toys, as they go, were shown and rightly placed. Campbell & Blake showed a couple of whippets, Ben and Winnie, both well formed ones.

PUGS (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—Fifty entries in pugs, we believe, just about caps the record. The challenge class for dogs was a good one, with Sprake, Bob Ivy and Cashier, and the former's advantage in ear, body and general type could not be denied, and he won, while champion Midget took the prize for her sex. Bo-Peep II. and champion Judy III. were absent. In open dogs there were eleven entries and Patsy Bolivar scored neatly; he was in great shape and is an improving dog, has about the best curl we ever saw, nice, cobby body, good legs and feet, might be straighter set on, but toenails correct color, might be fuller in skull, but wrinkle and muzzle and ears are good. Little Jewel, well-known, came next; he loses in body, head and curl to the other. Douglas II., reserve, loses much in head and ear. Happy Toby had gone home early, contrary to the rules; this Dan McGinty should have had a card for his fairly good head and straight forelegs. Mabel E., a niceish stamp, won in bitches, her feet are open and turn out, and muzzle should be shorter, deeper and squarer, nice body, trace and curl. Lady Verne, from same kennel, has a nice square muzzle, fair skull and ear, but is coarse in coat, feet crooked, good curl. Lady, vhc., is only ordinary; six were absent in this class. Sir Douglass won in novice dogs, excellent wrinkle, but bit frog-faced, deep, short body and nice curl, big in ear. Chesterford Punch is long in muzzle, fair wrinkle and skull, but ears not well carried and turns feet out. In bitches Lady Verne took the prize, followed by La Belle Senora, small-faced, faulty in ear and not a level-topped one. Lady Venus, from same kennel, is big in ear and body, half curl, good bone, fair wrinkle. Colleen Bawn should keep her ears down, nice front, but head too small. Some fair pups were shown, Seminole Banker II. winning in dogs and Lady in bitches. Eberhart Kennels about farmed these classes, and while they have got bodies and tails much improved, should now pay attention to shortness and squareness of muzzle and more volume of skull. Eberhart took the kennel prize.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS (*Frank C. Wheeler, Judge*).—Quite a nice exhibit of these, the well-known Lavender being the only challenge representative. Byron won in dogs without competition, his skull is too full and round and is too much cut out before the eye, but otherwise a nicely-made dog. Dr. Hoyt also won in bitches with the well-known Trixie and Infanta; Trixie, while better in legs and size than the other, loses to Infanta in head. Dr. Hoyt and Mr. Mack divided the puppy prizes with Infanta and Iona. A fair Mexican hairless won without turning a hair, though quite large enough. The Colored Preacher won in Scotch terriers; out of coat and the only one shown.

H. W. LACY.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE— 1st, B. F. Lewis's Ethel.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Albert Geis's Webster Judge; 2d, E. T. Warner, Jr.'s Clum Very high com., Frank G. Ott's Wafe. *Bitches;* 1st, Launcelot Youngh-husband's Minnie Beaufort.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, Gustave Fox's Ch. Plinlimmon, Jr.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, George K. Boulden's Beresford; 2d, F. B. Bartlett's Mose. *Bitches:* 1st, J. B. Lewis's Io; 2d, Lewis Finch's Lady Challymede. Reserve, I. L. Amberg's Lady Bute. High com., John Price's Nellie and Henry Kruse's Dixie.—NOVICE—1st, George K. Boulden's Beresford; 2d, F. V. Bartlett's Mose. High com.. Henry Kruse's Dixie.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Cumberland Kennels' Melac — OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. H. Maenner's Moreau; 2d, Dr. L. A. Anderson's Jeff. Very high com., Cumberland Kennels' Norman and H. Eugene Leigh's Cæsar. *Bitches:* 1st, Cumberland Kennels' Zella h; 2d, George W. Schenk's Norinberga.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, Martin Simon's Flora L.; 2d, Phil J. Walsh's Carlo.

BARZOIS.—1st, Rookwood Kennels' Danicheff.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. Howie Muir's Olga.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Howie Muir's Bruar II. *Bitches:* 1st, Rookwood Kennels' Lassie Jean.

GREYHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Phil J. Walsh, Jr.'s Cheeky; 2d, Hamilton Scott's Sir Roger. Very high com., Hart Gibson, Jr.'s Ingleside. High com., Levi Crow's Jim Crow. *Bitches:* 1st, Rookwood Kennels' Maid Marion; 2d, J. N. Gregg's Miss. Very high com., S. C. Lyne's Minnehaha. High com., Bryan Pewitt's Nellie. Com., Matt Oliver's Nellie. *Puppies:* Matt Oliver's Nellie.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. L. Goodwin's Modest Girl.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. M. Downing's Commodore; 2d, William Huffstetter's Kit. Reserve, Strodes Valley Kennel Club's Frank. Very high com., Bourbon Kennels' Frank II. and B. S. Coyle's Sam. High com., Redd Bros.' Riley and Bob, Strodes Valley Kennel Club's Stranger and Rockcastle, Bourbon Kennels' Redstone, and B. S. Coyle's Ball and Olive. Com., Redd Brothers' Simple Simon, Strodes Valley Kennel Club's Trip, Speed and Dillard, and Bourbon Kennels' Rare. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, very high com., high com., and com., Strodes Valley Kennel Club's Patsey Powell, Swift, Fannie Gay, Peri, Slipper and Betsy. Reserve, very high com., high com. and com., Redd Bros.' Fanchon, Flossy, Dolly, Topsy, Lajoya and Maid Marian. High com., and com., Bourbon Kennels' Ida, Nightly and Nancy. High com., Woodson Royster's Sugar. Com., F. W. Samuels's Fannie and B. S. Coyle's Alice. *Novice* awards the same as in open classes. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, B. S. Coyle's Bunton. *Bitches:* 1st, B. S. Coyle's Lil.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, R. A. Riddle's Glamorgan.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, A. F. Hochwalt's Lad of Rush; 2d, J. H. Winslow's Admiration. Reserve, John B. Castleman's Krupp Very high com., George Land's Judge. High com., J. H. Laws's Hugh. Com., J. L. Barkeley's Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, F. W. Kuehn's Kent's Pearl; 2d and very high com., John B. Castleman's Verra and Nellos. High com., E. S. Fishback's Pride of Kent. PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, E. S. Fishback's Pride of Kent.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Harry Northwood's Worsley Dude; 2d, J. Taylor Williams's Paul Hill. Reserve, W. C. Downing's Benzine. Very high com., E. S. Fishback's Buckeye Ben. High com., Ben Kenny's Sport. Com., H. C. McDowell's Cal. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Taylor Williams's Flight of Riverview; 2d, Felix Lowry & Co.'s Lady Roderigo. Reserve, C. H. Corbett's Lady Howard. Very high com., Dr. Littleton's Nora Gladstone. High com., Miss B. Murray's Lucy M. *Puppies:* 1st, Thos. Morgan's Maggie R.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, Seminole Kennels' champion Tim and Pride of Patsy. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Elfreda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Townsend Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.; 2d, very high com., high com. and com., Seminole Kennels' Young Tim, Mantauk, Jr., Seminole, Jr., and Seminole Blarney. Reserve, W. L. Washington's Kildare Beverly. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Delphine and Biddy; 2d, Walter Shaw's Forest Moss. High com., B. F. Lewis's Molly. Com., Luzboro Kennels' Nellie M.—NOVICE—1st, Seminole Kennels' Biddy; 2d, Jos. C. Richards's Lady Sarsfield.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe. *Puppies:* 1st and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverley and Lady Waverley.—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st, J. R. Oughten's Heather Lad; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise and Katherine.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, E. G. Fink's Trouble. —OPEN—Prizes withheld.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Backus's Bendigo. —OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st and 2d, Concord Cocker Kennels' Pickpania and Brantford Rufus. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Concord Cocker Kennels' Lady Dufferin and Stella G.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, C. Backus's Lady Constance; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Cherry Blossom.

COLLIES—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' The Squire. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Metchly Surprise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Curzon; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Hero. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Royal Monarch. Very high com., A. Christman's Mack. *Bitches;* 1st, reserve and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Bertha II., Mattie and Crissie; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterfield Lilly. High com., Seminole Kennels' Stonehurst Lassie and Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Metcalf, Jr.'s Max.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, L. H. Biddle's Beri.—FRENCH—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. S. Hatcher's Parisian; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Czar II. *Bitches:* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Queen Zip.—RUSSIAN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. R. J. Carter's Black Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Czarina.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Luzboro Kennels' Crisp; 2d, M. Graves's Turk. *Bitches;* 1st, Lansdowne Kennels' Lady Velmer; 2d, Wm. J. Bryson's Countess of Dufferin.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* Prizes withheld.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—1st, E. L. Graves's Susie.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Doctor.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and Very high com., Oakview Kennels' Mr. Winkle and Tony Weller; 2d, C. A. Parkinson's King. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Oakview Kennels' Snowflake and Oakview Jennie; 2d, C. A. Parkinson's Jennie Lind. Very high com., B. F. Lewis's Bessie.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Poverina; 2d, T. C. Ouelette's My Fellow. Reserve, Columbian Kennels' Ginger. Very high com., Cumberland Kennels' George Bell, W. F. Porter's Woodale Driver, H. Lackman's Spot L., Dr. G. F. Snider's Belvoir Toaster. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Columbian Kennels' Flurry and Tartaress; 2d, W. Bain's Gyp. Very high com., H. T. Foote's Friday. High com., Dr. G. F. Snyder's Miss Victor. Com., W. R. Milward, Jr.'s Scarsdale Folly.—NOVICE—1st, Dr. G. F. Snyder's Belvoir Toaster; 2d, H. Lackman's Spot L. Reserve, J. Oldham's Russell. Very high com., Columbian Kennels' Black Eye and H. T. Foote's Friday. High com., C. Roszell's Toosa, Dr. G. F. Snyder's Miss Victor and F. Weight's Dot. Com., T. D. Kelley's Red.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Columbian Kennels' Brisk. *Bitches:* 1st, Columbian Kennels' Flurry.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. O'Connor's Galtees.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Mick. *Bitches:* 1st, F. P. Smith's Mary Jane.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. A. Shinn's champion Sir Stafford.—OPEN—1st, S. Barr's Sir Thomas.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Farley's Teddy. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Mahon's Princess Floss.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. H. T. Foote's Broomfield Sultan.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Oolah. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Chester Park Kennels' Rochelle Mab and Betsy.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE—1st and 2d, Dr. De Johns's Daisy and Faust.

WHIPPETS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Campbell & Blake's Ben. *Bitches:* 1st, Campbell & Blake's Winnie.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Sarah E. Davis's Sprake. *Bitches;* 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Midget.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Eberhart Pug Kennels' Patsy Bolivar and Happy Toby; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Little Jewel. Reserve, J. W. Mack's Douglas II. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Mabel E. and Lady Verne. Very high com., J. W. Mack's Lady.—NOVICE—*Dogs;* 1st, Eberhart Pug Kennels' Sir Douglass; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Punch. *Bitches;* 1st, 2d, reserve and very high com., Eberhart Pug Kennels' Lady Verne, Labelle Senora, Lady Venus and Colleen Bawn. —PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Banker II. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Mack's Lady; 2d, W. Hutchinson's Lady.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J.W. Mack's Lavender. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Byron. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Trixie and Infanta. *Puppies:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Infanta; 2d, J. W. Mack's Iona.

MISCELLANEOUS. — 1st, Chester Park Kennels' The Colored Preacher.

SHAGGY FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. B. Whitlock's Clara II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., A. B. Whitlock's Ormonde, Wallace and Rip. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d, very high com., high com. and com., A. B. Whitlock's Pansey, Whitey, Fury, White Eyes and Lany.

SPECIALS.

Best mastiff, Winnie Beaufort. Best St. Bernard (2), Io; Great Dane (2), Melac. Collie, The Squire. Fox-terrier, Landsdown Poverina. American foxhound, Patsey Powell. Best collie in open bitch class, Bertha II. Best greyhound, Maid Marian. Deerhound, Ch. Olga. Russian wolfhound (2), Danicheff. Foxhound, Patsey Powell. Pointer, Rush of Lad. English setter, Flight of Riverview. Irish setter, Ch. Tim. Gordon setter, Ch. Duchess of Waverley. Cocker spaniels (2), Pickpania. Gordon setter dog, Heather Lad. Beagle dog, Mr. Winkle. English setter dog, Worsley Dude. Pug dog in open class, Patsey Bolivar. Mastiff bitch in open classes, Winnie Beaufort. Bull-terrier, Crisp. Foxhound owned in Bourbon, Clark, Jessamine, Woodford and Fayette counties, Commodore. Best dog or bitch owned in Canada, My Fellow. Largest number of foxhounds entered by one exhibitor, Strodes Valley Kennel Club. Best dog or bitch owned in Louisville, Ky., pointer bitch Verra. Best fox-terrier owned in Lexington, Russell. Best pug bitch in challenge class, Seminole Midget. Best pug bitch owned in Ohio or Kentucky, Mabel E. Best pug bitch in novice class, Lady Verne. Best pug sired by Eberhart's Cashier, Patsey Bolivar. Best pug bitch in show, Tennessee Midget. Kennel prizes—Irish setters, Seminole Kennels; Gordon setters, Dr. S. G. Dixon; black and tan terriers, Chesterford Park Kennels. Great Danes, Cumberland Kennels; pointers, John B. Castleman; cocker spaniels, Concord Cocker Kennels; collies, Seminole Kennels; fox-terriers, Columbian Kennels; pugs, Eberhart Kennels. Exhibit of ten foxhounds, Strode Valley Kennel Club. Handler's prize, Al. G. Eberhart. Collie Club medal for best collie in open classes owned by a member of the club, Bertha II.

American Fox-Terrier Club.

AT a meeting of the Board of Governors of the American Fox-Terrier Club held July 13 at Hillside, the residence of John E. Thayer, Esq., Lancaster, it was voted that the treasurer prepare and send to each member a statement of the exact standing of the club to date, and that since the American Fox-Terrier Club had been unable to give its regular fall show for the past two or three years, that this year the stakes which would be decided at the club's show should be decided at the bench show held by the Rhode Island State Fair Association at Narragansett Park, Providence, Sept. 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22. The stakes which will be decided at this show are as follows:

The seventh division of the Seventh Grand Produce Stake, which is for puppies whelped between May 31, 1892, and Jan. 1, 1893.

The Yankee Stakes of '92, which was wrongly judged at New York, which is for puppies whelped between March 1, 1891, and March 1, 1892.

The Yaukee Stakes of '93, which is for puppies whelped between May 1, 1892, and March 1, 1893.

On account of the irregular manner in which these stakes have been judged at the different shows it was voted that the entry for these above be kept open until the date of the closing of the entries for the Rhode Island State Fair, which is Sept. 4. James Mortimer, Esq., of New York, will judge and the State Fair Association will have a separate judging ring for the use of the Fox-Terrier Club.

H. W. SMITH, Sec'y-Treas. American Fox-Terrier Club.

DOG CHAT.

New Jersey Sales.

In transferring to Mr. G. Mead, of Maywood, N. J., the Gordon setter Mr. Morris recently imported, he has secured for the breed the interest of a gentleman who is devoted to the gun, and in selling to Mr. Prasse, of Weehawken, a son of champion Rexmont out of a daughter of old champion Beaumont, Mr. Morris has enabled another to enter the field with a team of four Gordons; and this is highly desirable, for of late the prizes have been going all one way. Mr. Morris wishes us to state that he was unfortunate with the litter of fourteen Gordons out of Salmont by Beaumont, Jr., and there are no more for sale. In pet dogs Mr. Morris, in addition to importing a Blenheim spaniel, has sold Twinkle, the King Charles spaniel bitch, to Mr. Jean Roberts Albert, of Audubon, Ia., who has a fine dog of this variety in Max, and now intends to go into breeding these very attractive little pets. In poodles, a transfer of champion Dexter's mate Dot (a winner of two firsts) has been made to a New York gentleman, who intends to exhibit, and we understand this is preparatory to relinquishing the breed.

American Fox-Terrier Club.

The American Fox-Terrier Club have decided that the following stakes will be judged by Mr. Mortimer at the Providence show: The second division of the Seventh Grand Produce Stake, which is for puppies whelped between May 31, 1892, and Jan. 1, 1893. The Yankee Stakes of '92, which was wrongly awarded at New York this spring. The Yankee Stakes of '93, which is for puppies whelped between May 1, 1892, and March 1, 1893. The entries for each of these stakes will close with the entries for the Rhode Island State Fair, which is Sept. 4. The club's ledger, posted up to Aug. 25, shows the club to be in a flourishing condition, the balance in bank being $382.16. The example of this club in introducing so many special stakes at shows is worthy of imitation by other specialty clubs. It is an incentive to breeding that is not reached by the mere offering of club medals for best of this or that, and with whose breeding, etc., the exhibitor probably has had little, if anything, to do.

Mount Holly Show.

The Mount Holly show people, realizing that a healthy prize list draws the entries, have materially increased the stakes. Five-dollar specials will be given the best in nearly all the breeds, and kennel prizes of $10 for the most important. The following additional classes have been made: Russian wolfhounds—Challenge dogs and bitches, $6 each; open dogs and bitches, $6 and $3. Cocker spaniels—Challenge dogs and bitches, $6 each; open dogs and bitches, $6 and $3. Poodles—Corded dogs and bitches and curly-coated dogs and bitches, $6 and $3. Toy spaniels, except King Charles, $6 and $3.

Puppies at Shows

What did the A. K. C. make the rule for forbidding dogs to be shown under six months of age? The improvement there might be in the health of a show were this rule strictly enforced cannot yet be discerned. It is quite as hazardous to allow bitches with litters of eight or ten pups to occupy stalls in a show; it matters not whether they compete or not, the nuisance and odor is just as great. No puppies, and especially nursing pups, should be allowed in a show. It is exceptional when their stall is kept clean, and generally it is one to hurry past and is an eyesore.

Teat on a Dog.

We noticed a most peculiar growth on the second prize winning mastiff dog at Lexington. On making a closer examination it was found to be a perfectly formed teat on the outside edge of the flank. It was quite an inch and a half long and correspondingly thick and was perfectly formed, even to the hole in the end. Some people will expect us to say that there was milk in it, but we are sorry to disappoint them; there will be, possibly, when Wafe has whelps. How about the influence of previous dams? Here is a subject quite as interesting and vague as the other.

New Jersey Kennel League.

The last meeting of the club was not of the importance expected because the premium list was not ready and judges were not selected. The premium list was debated and replies from judges read. Committee on guarantee fund reported progress in collecting first instalment, and all are enthusiastic. A regular meeting of the executive committee will be held at Molten Hotel, Newark, N. J., Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 8:30 P. M.

The Rutherfurd Kennels.

Mr. Donald Monro sends us a capital picture of Tip-Top, owned by the Messrs. Rutherfurd. He is proving a capital stud dog, as Mr. Munro says they have about seventy pups, most of them by this young dog and First Flight, and 1894 will see some winners from them. All fox-terrier men should be pleased to hear this, for America contains no more enthusiastic and consistent breeders of fox-terriers than the owners of this kennel.

Trotting Great Dane.

There was shown at Lexington a rather good looking great Dane, Jeff by name, who is quite a clever dog in his way. He will lead and trot a horse anywhere, and accompanies his master, a "vet." in Cincinnati, on his rounds and holds the horse for him. He is trained to sulky, and can do his mile in 3.36.

Beagle Club.

It is proposed to form a beagle club in England. It is a matter for surprise that such a club has not been started long ago. In America we have three clubs devoted to the interests of the merry little hound, and one for Canada is on the tapis.

We draw attention to the good things provided in our business columns this week. George Bell offers a grand lot of spaniels and champion Dusky Trap for sale; G. P. Wiggin offers pups, his Judith, the noted St. Bernard dam, has just whelped to Altoneer; C. W. Tway, some trained English setters and pointers; P. M. Carman, trained rabbit hounds; E. H. Rummele, Jr., beagle bitch; J. M. Kelly, English setters; Toon & Symonds, well bred Irish terrier and bull-terrier pups; W. Downing, foxhounds; William H. Hyland, young pointers; J. T. Mayfield has room for several dogs to train at Bicknell, Ind.

The St. Bernard bitch Judith should be honored by the St. Bernard Club. She has had four litters and produced 57 whelps, and the oldest is not two and a half years old, yet several of them occupy foremost positions in the records. She has just had another litter of 16, by Altoneer, and 10 are alive.

The premium list of about $1,500 for the Minneapolis dog show is guaranteed by the exposition authorities and the show takes place Oct. 3 to 6. The show will be under A. K. C. rules and application has been made for admission. The entrance fee for St. Bernards, mastiffs, great Danes and Newfoundlands is $3, toy terriers, pugs, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds and whippets $1, and the others $2. Entries close Sept. 23. There is a sulky, value $50, for best American bred mastiff. The regular premiums are $10 and $5. The Minneapolis Kennel Club gives the show and the officers of the club are: S. F. Carpenter, President; F. W. Eastman, Vice-President; H. Y. Van Dusen, Secretary; W. M. Brackett, Superintendent, and H. E. Rowell, Veterinary Surgeon.

Joe Lewis has just received a letter from George Langran, Yonkers, N. Y., in which he states that his Irish setter bitch Juno has whelped a litter of sixteen puppies, nine dogs and seven bitches, by the celebrated champion Kildare, Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn.

We regret to hear that Mr. Fiske's noted English setter brood bitch Donna died Aug. 26. She was chloroformed, being afflicted with several tumors.

One exhibitor, who really should know better, had a first prize card over his terrier cage. On our wondering how this could be when the space against its name in the judge's book was a blank, he informed us that the dog had won first prize in one of the winning kennels. We live and learn, but we had to go a good way south for it.

What's the matter with the Boston Terrier Club? We do not hear of so much enthusiasm lately. It is said internal dissension has set in. It would be too hard on the little dog to leave him alone among the bluebloods so early in his career.

An innovation that might be followed to advantage by other shows was the reprinting of the premium list at the end of the catalogue at Lexington show. Of course there is no necessity for this when the prizes are given over every class, but this is not always done, and exhibitors do not always find a premium list to hand when wanted. Altogether the Lexington catalogue was well gotten up, there were a few typographical errors, but few transfers had to be made.

One of the chief items of interest to the public who visit a dog show is to see what dogs have won in a class. Therefore the prize cards should be tacked up on the return of the dogs to their benches. There was little to guide the public in this respect at the Blue Grass show.

The proprietor of the Seminole Kennels, Dr. Sauveur, shows no signs of releasing his hold on "caniculture," rather is he going deeper into it, in spite of puppy losses and other hard luck. The Wissahickon show loss was something like $2,500, and the Doctor had to stand the best part of it. All this is ancient history now, and finding his present quarters too small he has purchased Commodore Kitson's stock farm, near his present residence, and here will erect some very handsome kennels. On this place he will have ample room, there are a couple of trotting tracks and a large residence for himself and another for Will Connors, whom we must congratulate upon his joining the order of Benedicts. Seminole Kennels have recently purchased the pug Ivy Boy from Mr. James Bowden. The Doctor tried to buy Patsy Bolivar at Lexington, but Al Eberhart wants to keep him. He is on the lookout for a world-beating pug.

Mr. R. S. Hatcher is a poodle enthusiast, owning a neat little dog in Parisian who, if you lift the flap of his ear and whisper ever so softly, will forthwith return and shut the door after you. During the show another prize winning poodle, Queen Zyp, was bred to Parisian. Mr. Hatcher fell in love with one of the St. Bernard Io's pups and paid $100 for it.

California Canine Matters.

MR. H. M. TONNER, of North Ontario, Cal., in a letter of recent date, among other things, mentioned the following:

"We are exerting ourselves to make this State in dogs what it has been in horses—a perfect training ground. Our dogs can have work the year round, for there is always a surplus of cock quail which do not pair off, which afford excellent sport (without a gun) for young dogs. They are rank runners. A puppy which has a month on them knows how to handle running birds.

"I inclose you a few pedigrees, and I think that you will agree with me that I have some good ones. As they are all first-rate in the field, I expect to breed some puppies which will render a good account of themselves. I sent to Mr. R. R. Gardner, San Francisco, Cal., a brace of English setter puppies, by Shelley out of Estella, and he says he will wait a year to get another one."

Mr. Tonner mentions the names of Amaryllis, Lilia Gladstone, Estrella, Sergeant and Shelley Hudson. The pedigrees show the blood of Monk of Furness, King Noble, Elsie Belton, Maximus, Count Gladsome, Don, Drab, King of Kent, Babe Graphic, Gladstone and Dido II. With such blood, our California brethren should be in the van before many years roll by.

This office was favored with a pleasant visit on Sept. 1 by the veteran judge, Mr. John Davidson, who was on his way from Lexington to Morris, Man., to act as a judge in the N. W. F. T. C. trials. Thence he hies to Toronto, thence to Rhode Island, to fill engagements. He was bronzed and ruddy from outdoor exposure, and his health was as good as his good looks would imply. He survives all the dangers of the dog world with an ease which prompts the query as to whether there are any real dangers in existence in said world. May his trip be pleasant.

Dr. Otto Moebes, in a most pleasant, friendly letter, writes recently, as follows:

"I am working four youngsters for the U. S. Derby at Grand Junction, three pointers and one setter. One Osborne Ale—Croxie pointer is remarkably fast, has a splendid nose, and is a great ranger. The others are also promising youngsters. I will have one or two pointers in the All-Age Stake. I am indeed sorry that the field trials are going down hill. I hope they will come out with new vigor next year."

A gentleman asked me recently what had become of the English Setter Club, had it been lost, strayed or stolen? I told him I didn't know. I don't know. B. WATERS.

Madge Gladstone, Winfield Noble and Another.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The three dogs advertised by W. M. Wroten, Magnolia, Miss., do not belong to him. The bitch Madge Gladstone is shy and a blinker. Winfield Noble is both gunshy and birdshy. The Gath's Hope bitch cannot be registered. No one outside of myself can furnish a breeder's certificate for her. Wroten or any one else cannot give a title to these dogs. I warn all sportsmen from purchasing any of these dogs as I shall replevin them at the first opportunity. J. E. ISGRIG G.

The Ohio Field Trials Club.

CANTON, O., Aug. 29.—At a meeting of the board of directors of the Ohio Field Trials Club the time for Derby entries has been extended to Oct. 1. Mr. John Bolus was appointed judge of the trials. Information secured from owners of the land on which our trials will be run state that we will have plenty of birds, and they will protect the same until after the trials. G. V. L. MELLINGER, Sec'y.

Manitoba Field Trial Club's Entries.

EVERYTHING points to their having a successful and enjoyable meeting at Souris. The number of entries is greatly in excess of last year's, and all good dogs, so that they should have a superior trial.

The following are the entries for All-Aged Stake to be run at Souris, Sept. 18, 1893, W. Tallman, judge:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

MISS CAMBRIA—F. G. Simpson, Winnipeg.
BELLE—E. James, Moosomin.
KENWOOD—Chas. Proctor, Union City, Ind.
DICK BONDHU II.—John Wootton, Manitou.
ATALANTA—L. A. Smith, Morrison, Ill.
HOODOO—W. F. Ellis, Manitou.
CHIVALAR—Avent & Thayer, Hickory Valley, Tenn.
LOCHINVAR—Avent & Thayer, Hickory Valley, Tenn.
KINGSTON—Avent & Thayer, Hickory Valley, Tenn.
HAMLET—Avent & Thayer, Hickory Valley, Tenn.
BETTIE S.—Avent & Thayer, Hickory Valley, Tenn.
COUNT GLADSTONE IV.—Avent & Hitchcock, Hickory Valley, Tenn.
ROB NOBLE II.—R. J. Gallagher, Winnipeg.
RANGER—J. H. Rose, Winnipeg.
NORA T.—J. A. Telford, Winnipeg.
JOE—Roberts & Young, Souris.
RUSH—J. H. Brown, Souris.
VESTA—J. H. Brown, Souris.
BOB WILSON—F. W. Scott, Winnipeg.
BRIGHTON TOBE—T. G. Davey, London, Ont.
DON—W. T. Barrett, Moose Jaw.

IRISH SETTERS.

ZERO—Roberts & Young, Souris.

POINTERS.

SPOTTED BOY—Chas. Proctor, Union City, Ind.
KENT ELGIN—T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala.
SPOTTED BELLE—F. W. Scott, Winnipeg.
IGHTFIELD BANG—J. Simoneau, Somerset.
IGHTFIELD DIANA—John Cain, Virdon.
IGHTFIELD BLOSSOM—John Cain, Virdon.
SAM—Thos. Stone, Calgary.
JONE—T. G. Davey, London, Ont.

The following are entered in Amateur Stake, open to members living in Manitoba and North West Territory. Dogs having won in any previous event and professional handlers are barred from participating in this stake:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

DUCHESS OF MANITOBA—Alfred Connor, High Bluff.
DOROTHY A.—J. R. Brigham, Moosomin.
DAISY A.—J. R. Brigham, Moosomin.
BELLE—Edward James, Moosomin.
MINNIE—John Wootton—Manitou.
ZEULIKA—W. F. Ellis, Manitou.
BELLE—J. D. McMurray, Winnipeg.
BOB WILSON—F. W. Scott, Winnipeg.
BOBBY—J. Simoneau, Somerset.
RANGER—J. H. Rose, Winnipeg.
NORA T.—J. A. Telford, Winnipeg.
JINGO—E. McKenny, Manitou.
RUSH—J. H. Brown, Souris.
VESTA—J. H. Brown, Souris.
ROB NOBLE II.—R. J. Gallagher, Winnipeg.

POINTERS.

SPOTTED BELLE—F. W. Scott, Winnipeg.
VIRDON PRINCE—R. Adamson, Virdon.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at Richmond Hall, Toronto, on Tuesday, September 12, at 8:30 P. M. An executive meeting will be held on Monday evening, same time and place.

Mr. A. E. Elmer, Kingston, undeterred by his late hard luck, has imported a black and tan terrier dog from England. Pedigree and particulars not yet to hand.

Messrs. Lindsay and Wetherall, of Montreal and Compton, Quebec, have received an Irish terrier brood bitch from Mr. Jamieson, of Belfast. She was bred by Mr. Weiner, and is supposed to be in whelp to Poor Dick, a brother of Poor Pat.

Another recent arrival in "reds" is Jack, by Doctor II., (Mick McQuade—Nettie Dhu) out of Peggy (Benedict—Mary Dhu). Mr. Reginald Northcote, of Toronto, bought him from Mr. P. Cosgrove, of Dublin, and he was bred by Mr. J. J. Mallory, of that city. He will make his bow at Toronto.

Mr. A. D. Stewart is expected home to-morrow (Saturday, September 2). H. B. DONOVAN.

"Tasted a Good Thing."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you please send me copy of last (Aug. 26) week's issue? I received my paper, but two spaniel pups in their pursuit after knowledge got hold of it and left me about half, which I have read and now desire to finish the other half. There were half a dozen other papers which the pups could have had and welcome, but I think they displayed good taste, and must be dogs of discernment in being so young and yet so ready to appreciate a good thing. Send along another copy, for which I inclose 10 cents. A. J. B.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 3.—International Coursing Meeting at Huron, S. D. J. Herbert Watson, 26 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (chairman).
Oct. 17.—Kenmore Club meeting at Goodland, Kan. Frank L. Webster, Sec'y. Entries close Oct. 16.
Oct. 24.—American Coursing Club. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—The Cowley County Coursing Association, Winfield, Kan. J. R. Ballard, Secretary.

Mix. Lotio. A little to be poured into the ears twice a day. You might also wash the dog in a solution of creoline (1 to 60). Repeat purgative in a week.

National Fox Hunters' Association.

THIS association was successfully launched at the Blue Grass Kennel Club show in Lexington, Ky., Thursday afternoon, Aug. 31. There were present Judge J. W. Perry, Roger D. Williams, B. S. Coyle, Bourbon Kennels representatives, Redd Bros., Woodson Royster, C. M. Carlin, of Lexington; W. C. Goodwin, Paris, Ky.; Strodes Valley Kennel Club, Winchester, Ky.; Wm. Huffstetter, Carlisle, Ky.; W. S. King, N. C.; A. B. Whitlock, Sekitan, Ohio; Walker Bros., Point Lovell, Ky., and H. L. Means, Louisville, Ky. Many who were prevented from attending sent letters of regret and expressing good wishes for the association, and an intention of becoming members. Of course this was only a preliminary meeting to start the association, and nothing was done in the way of constitution and bye-laws. The members present elected the following officers: President, Admiral James Jouette, Washington; Vice-Presidents, E. F. Clay, R. D. Williams, Wm. Huffstetter and Francis J.

Hagan; Secretary and Treasurer, Harry L. Means; Directors: Mr. Walker, Kentucky; Mr. Goodman, Kentucky; N. O. Pope, Maine; G. V. Young, Mississippi; George Garrett, Georgia; Leroy C. Wilson, Indiana; R. H. Pooler, Illinois; Mr. Lewis, "Wild Goose Pack," Tennessee; Dr. A. C. Heffenger, New Hampshire; W. J. Pierce, Brattleboro, Vt.; B. S. Turpin; Massachusetts; W. L. King, North Carolina; Mark Durrett, Virginia.

The meeting was a thoroughly enthusiastic one and the laugh and joke passed freely round the room as it should do in a gathering of fox hunters. Here were men who own some of the best packs in "Ole Kentuck," and to show the spirit that animates these men we may quote one joke that passed. Somebody said that the FOREST AND STREAM representative could not enjoy a hunt because he could not hear the hounds, when Judge Perry remarked that a true fox hunter could hear the hounds three days after he was dead. We at once became a member of the association. The membership list is already upward of one hundred, and it is thought that before long it will be three to five hundred. A meeting will probably be called the latter part of November at some central point, when constitution, by-laws and plans for a national hunt and trials will be formulated. There was a good deal of discussion between those present, and Judge Perry, an enthusiastic hunter, made a good speech in which he said the association should try to get proper legislation for the protection of hounds in the different States, many stray hounds having been shot while running a fox or finding their way home.

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The Northwestern Beagle Club Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Northwestern Beagle Club was held Aug. 27 at 3 P. M., at Milwaukee, Wis., the following members being present: H. A. Dillingham, Chas. Niss, Jr., G. A. Buckstaff; by proxy, Louis Steffen. Other gentlemen present: E. H. Rummell, J. H. Cambier, Rud. Engelman, A. Hirtreiter. H. A. Dillingham in the chair. It was voted to make the following classes for the coming field trials: Class A, for dogs, all-age, 15 to 13in. Class B, for bitches, all-age, 15 to 13in. Class C, dogs and bitches, all-age, 13in. and under. Class D, Derby, for dogs and bitches, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892.

These trials are open to all comers; and, in order to give all a chance and get as many entries as possible, the entry fee was set very low, $2 to nominate, $3 to start; the nomination fee to be paid at the time of making the entry, the balance at the trials before starting. Entries close for these classes Oct. 14.

The prizes are 40% to first, 30% to second, 20% to third.

It was also decided to run a Champion Class E, open to all dogs and bitches that win first at these trials. Entries close after the other classes have been run. No entry fee will be charged.

Mr. John Davidson has been engaged to judge.

The secretary was authorized to correspond with some other judge in regard to terms, etc.

A place for the trials has not fully been decided on yet, but several first-class places were suggested, and Messrs. Dillingham and Rummell were appointed a committee to inspect them and report.

It is the desire of the club to hold the trials where it will be easy of access to all, and where good accommodations can be had at reasonable rates.

The club colors are black, white and tan.

The following gentlemen were admitted as members: E. B. Elliott, Maywood, Ill.; Rud. Engelman, Milwaukee, Wis.; Robert Neumeister, Sheboygan, Wis.; J. H. Cambier, Milwaukee, Wis.; L. Boorse, Milwaukee, Wis.; Fred. Hinricks, Manitowoc, Wis.; Truman Sears, Pine River, Wis.; F. W. Bender, Oconomowoc, Wis.; Edward Bender, Oconomowoc, Wis.; Theo. Zschetzsche, Sheboygan, Wis.; A. Hirtreiter, Milwaukee, Wis. LOUIS STEFFEN, Secretary.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 31.

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The Koon Club.

A club was organized among the exhibitors at the Lexington show, whose influence for good, if properly managed, may be far-reaching. Conceived in a sportive moment it evoluted eventually into a tangible and stern reality. The object of the club is the remedy of abuses, unity of interests, mutual benefit, and the encouragement of social intercourse. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. L. C. Sanveur; Vice-President, Harry L. Goodman; Secretary-Treasurer, Al. G. Eberhart; Veterinarian, Dr. F. H Hoyt; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. Bardoe Elliott; Inspector of Privileges, H. W. Lacy. The executive committee includes the above officers and Prof. Maenner, A. B. Whitlock, J. W. Walker, W. J. Comstock, and another to be elected in the East, probably at Providence. Officers serve for one year. The fee is $3 for charter members, limited to twenty-five members, who subscribe before Sept. 21. After this the annual dues will be $5.

Application will be made for admission to membership in the A. K. C. Messrs. Goodman and Lacy were elected a committee to select a club badge, several designs were suggested, but nothing definite decided upon. The motto of the club will be "Prevention is Better Than Cure." At the next meeting, probably to be held in Providence, R. I., a constitution and by-laws will be adopted. The society or club is a secret one, and its transactions will not be made public, its influence alone will be felt. The club had not been organized two hours when one of the members found that he had lost his pocket-book. The club at once convened and decided to assume the financial responsibility for this member's return home. Happily the pocket-book was found, but the spirit animating the members had been shown.

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N. E. B. C. Stakes.—Correction.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you please correct a mistake I made in report of the last meeting of the executive committee. I stated that the prize money in the 13in. and under class would be $50 for 1st, $30 for 2d and $20 for 3d. It should read $75 for 1st, $50 for 2d and $25 for 3d, the same as is offered in the 15in. class. Running rules and entry blanks are now ready, and have been mailed to a great many beagle owners, and any one that has been overlooked will please write me and they will be furnished at once. Those who intend entering dogs will please take notice that entry to the Derby closes September 16. W. S. CLARK, Sec.-Treas.

LINDEN, Mass., Sept. 2.

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International Meet.

From two or three reliable sources I learn of the intention of some prominent coursing men not to enter their dogs at Huron, in the International coursing meeting. It is rumored that the American Coursing Club has not paid some of the prizes won at the last meeting. The *American Field* "cup," so-called, which is a cup or $100 cash at the option of the winner, I am told remains unpaid, though repeatedly applied for by the winner of it at the last meeting. My informant tells me further that letters on the subject are ignored by the "cup" donor. B. WATERS.

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The National Beagle Trials.

LINDEN, Aug. 31.—I read the account of the N. B. C. meeting and think Mr. Tallman did a wise thing in mentioning Mr. Turpin's name for one of the judges. I have known him a long time and I don't believe there is a more honest courteous and conscientious sportsman in America than he, and there is no one living can say a word against his character. The club will look a long way before they find his equal, and his superior is not to be found. He does a lot of hunting and knows a good one in the field as well as any one I ever saw. He and Joe would make a good team and would pull well together. W. S. C.

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Mr. T. W. Bartels, of Denver, Col., writes us that their Pearl of Pekin has come in season and so had to stop work. However, they have Monk Bishop, Boomerang and Irish Lass that are doing well, and if nothing happens they will start at Winfield and Goodland.

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Several of our friends write congratulating FOREST AND STREAM upon starting a hunting and coursing column, and promising news as it crops up.

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The National Beagle Club, if it should be successful in securing Mr. Turpin's services as a judge at the coming trials, may congratulate itself on having one of the most practical beagle hunters in the country to decide on the work done. Acting in connection with Joe Lewis, whose ability in this direction is well known, beagle owners can rest assured that it will be the fault of the dogs and not the judges if they don't win.

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Like many an enthusiastic new fancier, Mr. Roberts thought dog breeding was a joyful undertaking with no dark clouds. A change has come to try his strength of purpose; he will have many such experiences in coming years, but if he is made of "fancier metal" such reverses will only make him the keener to succeed. The beagle litter he wrote of recently in FOREST AND STREAM, by Racer, Jr. ex Miss Rogers, has gone the way of all flesh, notwithstanding the help that Prudence afforded him. Mr. Roberts reports his stud advertisement in our business columns as doing excellent work, Racer, Jr., having several services booked, the latest being Hia, a winner at New York this last spring in 13in. class.

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The sixteen puppy dog stakes at Ocean View, San Francisco, Cal., resulted in a victory for Harkaway, who defeated Lady Napoleon in the final.

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A meeting was held at Stockton, Cal., Aug. 20, in which the prize was a pony and saddle and a purse. The result was undecided, the cash stake being divided between Dolly Dimple, Red Prince and Sting. The pony will be run for later.

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After the judging of the foxhound dog class at Lexington Mr. Roger Williams purchased the winning hound Commodore from Mr. Downing, and fully expected to win the special for best in show, and the laugh went hard against him when Patsy Powell scored.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

6. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
7. NEW YORK, TRIAL RACES, SANDY HOOK.
9. Knickerbocker, Ladies' Day, College Point.
9. Beverly, Marblehead.
9. Cor., San Francisco, Channel Cruise and Race.
9. Commonwealth, 3d Pen., Boston
9. Buffalo, Cruising Sweepstakes, All Classes, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Can., Prince of Wales Cup, Toronto.
9. Miramichi, Newcastle, triangle
9. Sippican, 3d Champ., Marion.
14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
14. Rochester, Review and Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
14. Mos. Fleet, Open, Cash, South Boston.
15 New York, autumn sweeps, New York.
16. Royal Nova Scotia, Special Class, Edwards Cup.
16. Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 85ft. Class, Larchmont.
16. Royal Can., 30ft Class, Tor.
16. Phila., Open, Delaware River.
16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Royal Can., Cosgrove Cup, 25ft. Class, Toronto.
23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and Corinthian Games.
28. NEW YORK, AMERICA'S CUP, SANDY HOOK.

OCTOBER.

7. Miramichi, Chatham-Newcastle
7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day.
14. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor.

ALTHOUGH the idle and illusory nature of such calculations have been long since fully demonstrated, the yachting writers and not a few practical yachtsmen are now engaged in the occupation of "drawing lines" between old and outclassed and new and untried yachts, by which each proves to his own satisfaction that his pet yacht must win. The basis for such work is of the slightest, as there is nothing which tends more to befog a man's judgment of the merits of a yacht than a comparison of records made at different times and under varying circumstances. The most extensive and elaborate effort of this kind has recently been made by the Boston *Traveller*, which devotes about half a page to the mathematical proof of its proposition that Puritan is actually faster, without time allowance, than Mayflower and Volunteer, to say nothing of the new boats, and advocates her selection as the defender of the Cup. But little good can come of attempts to forecast the future, but if any one feels impelled to do it, let him steer clear of drawing tortuous lines through Puritan, Genesta, Irex, Thistle, Meteor, Iverna, Navahoe and Valkyrie, and avoiding all records and times, and all attempts at detail make a rough but comprehensive summing up of the principal factors in international racing, the general progress of design on each side as exemplified in smaller yachts, the ownership and handling of each boat, the advantages of preparation and trial and the disadvantages of the ocean voyage and of sailing in foreign waters.

WHILE the ultimate end of all such speculation is the future possession of the Cup, the interest for the present centers in the four yachts which will this week dispute the honor of defending it. Each of them has made a certain effort at improvement, the exact details in each case being unknown, and this must bring an element of doubt into what was looked upon as almost a certainty at the end of the New York cruise, the selection of one particular yacht. While the odds are still in her favor, it is not impossible that a material improvement may have been made in one or more of the others which will lend new interest to the trial races and result in the final attainment of a higher speed.

THE conditions at the beginning of the present trial races are quite different from those existing in previous years since such races were first established in 1881, and this difference is decidedly on the wrong side. In all previous trial races the yachts have been well through the two preliminary stages of experimental tests and of subsequent working up to form, and the trial races have served but two ends, the final tuning up and the selection of one Cup defender. The first trial trips had been made in June, the almost inevitable alterations to ballast, spars and sail followed after the June regattas, and by the beginning of the August cruise the yachts were closely up to racing form. By the end of the cruise they were sailing considerably faster, having been tuned up through the competition with each other and incidentally with the whole fleet, leaving comparatively little to be done before the trial races in September.

This year the case is totally different; instead of being ready in June, the four were only in the "trial trip" stage at the beginning of the August cruise. The races of the cruise were, unfortunately, of such a nature as merely to indicate the existence of serious defects of some of the yachts, and this in an indefinite way that gave little aid in locating and remedying them. The cruise races assumed the function of the June regattas, giving the first rough trial of the yachts; but whereas in June there remained two full months and many races in which to make experiments and improvements, and to get each yacht in shape, the time between the end of the cruise and the beginning of the trials has this year been of necessity devoted entirely to new experiments.

No yacht, however perfect, can be at her best without a series of hard races which shall disclose any serious defects and especially shall teach her skipper her proper trim and many individual peculiarities, enabling him to develop the speed which in default of such work lies latent. Each of the previous Cup defenders has owed much of her ultimate speed to the thorough working up which was done between May and September; even Volunteer, though ready later than the others, had two known boats as trial horses by which she was worked up.

Never was such testing and working up to form as necessary as this year; each of the four boats is an experiment of greater proportions than has ever been attempted in yachting, and yet, within three weeks of the actual races with the challenger, they are no nearer to the final realization of their true form than most yachts are after the June regattas. Whatever the reasons may be for this state of affairs, the danger of such a course is indisputable; it should not have occurred this year, and if another challenge comes next season the holder of the Cup must take some active measures to secure at least as long and thorough a preparation as is enjoyed by the challenger. This year we have thrown away one of the greatest of the natural advantages which pertain to the position of defender of a trophy, the opportunity for long and thorough trials, unbroken by such an ocean voyage as the challenger is now engaged in.

THE worst that can happen is that those to whom the task of selection is intrusted may be misled by the prevalent ideas of the alarming speed of the new yachts, ideas which may or may not be correct, but which should not be accepted until proven. It will not be sufficient that one yacht shows herself unquestionably superior to the others, but the trials should continue until there is reason to believe that the winning yacht has been tested under all normal racing conditions, and further, has been worked up to the highest possible racing form in rig and crew; not until this is done, and it may take a good many hard trips to the Hook, can the committee announce the selection of a champion with the knowledge that they have done their whole duty.

THE past month has been marked by an unusual loss of life on the water, the death roll running up into the hundreds if the reports from the South are true. Sad as are some of the stories of hardship and death in the fishing and coasting fleet, there is a certain consolation in the fact that the loss came in the natural course of events and was beyond human power. Sadder by far are the three disasters which are chronicled in another column, in that all were due to a disregard of well known dangers, against which we have repeatedly and only recently raised a warning voice. The disaster on Lake Champlain is a typical one in all its features, the boat was a wide, shoal centerboard sloop, open fore and aft save for the usual deck and narrow waterways, weighted down with pig iron, and with a large rig, carrying a topsail on a pole mast. The waters are noted as most treacherous, surrounded by mountains and subject to sudden flaws, and the party included six boys, none much over twelve and presumably most of them unable to swim. The owner of the boat, who nobly gave up his life in the effort to save one of the drowning boys, was accustomed to her and a skillful sailor, but the conditions all invited a capsize sooner or later, and it happened at the worst possible time, with a party of helpless children on board. Such craft as the Alpha are dangerous at all times, and where a necessity exists for their use no one should be allowed in them save strong and experienced sailors and swimmers. The other two disasters are of the same class and carry the same vital lesson.

THE first of the Cup defenders to be measured was Vigilant, Mr Hyslop measuring her at City Island on Sept. 1. Her waterlin is 86.34ft., or .36ft. under the limit. The rumor that she was 88ft. is thus disposed of, but there is no doubt she was lightened to the utmost to bring her within the limit. Colonia and Jubilee were to be measured on Sept. 6, when they were launched from the railway.

THE Colt cup has shared the fate of the Seawanhaka and Atlanti cups, and the race is off, the four Cup defenders being unable to find time for it. It is a curious state of affairs when thousand dollar trophies go begging with no one to race for them.

THE work of Queen Mab on the New York Y. C. cruise was very creditable to her, and quite up to what might reasonably be expected from her proportions of hull and sail. Now she has given a good beating to the two 70-footers Katrina and Bedouin in a fair sailing breeze, winning on elapsed time, though 11ft. shorter. If such a yacht as Queen Mab is the result of classification h corrected length, the rule cannot be quite as bad as it has been represented.

New Jersey Y. C. Annual Regatta.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—NEW YORK BAY.

Wednesday, Aug. 23.

THE twenty second annual regatta of the New Jersey Y. C. that failed for lack of wind in June last, was resailed on Aug. 23. The entries were divided into 5 classes, B being cabin sloops and cutters, 27 to 31ft.; C cabin sloops and cutters, under 27ft.; D cabin cats; E open sloops, 23 to 31ft.; F open sloops, 18 to 21ft.; and G open cats under 18ft. The courses were from Liberty Island around Can Buoy No. 9, off Swinburne Island, leaving on port, to finish line, for classes B, C, D and E. Classes F and G had as an outer mark Can Buoy 11, leaving it on port, thence inside of Fort Lafayette, to finish.

In June, when the last attempt was made, there were 33 entries, but when the committee took up their position at the starting line, but three yachts were ready to go over the course, being Mr. John G. Treaney's Jeanie, Vice Commodore Wenzel's Wanderer and Commodore Ketcham's Charm. The lack of interest and starters cannot be accounted for in ony other way than that it was a postponed regatta, which latter are rarely a success.

The preparatory signal was given at 11:38 A. M. and that to start at 11:48, all going across within the 10m. allowed. The tide at the start was strong ebb, the wind being from the northeast, a good whole sail breeze which freshened before the finish to a close reef. It will be remembered that it was on the evening of this day that so much damage was done to the shipping, of which this was a forerunner. Buoy 9 was rounded as follows: Charm 1:06:30, Jeannie 1:14:40, Wanderer 1:15. Just before rounding Buoy 9 the rudder of the Wanderer carried away, which practically put her out of the race, they coming back steering with oars. The full times were:

CLASS C, CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 27FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jeannie	11 49 28	2 58 00	3 08 32	3 08 52
Wanderer	11 49 40	Broke down.		

CLASS E, OPEN SLOOPS, 23 TO 27FT.

Charm	11 53 00	2 30 45	2 37 45	2 37 45

Com. Frank S. Ketcham, Edward W. Ketcham and Louis Wunder comprised the regatta committee

Eastern Y. C., Weld Cup Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, Aug. 28.

THE first race for the memorial cup presented to the Eastern Y. C by the widow of the late Wm. F. Weld, was sailed on Aug. 28 in connection with the fall regatta of the club, prizes being offered in all classes. The Weld cup was offered for the larger schooner class, over 75ft. l.w.l. The day was clear and warm, with a smooth sea and a moderate breeze from south to west, the course selected being, for all over 30ft. l.w.l.: From starting line with Halfway Rock on port, leaving Outer Breaker buoy (off Pig Rocks) on starboard, to and around the Nahant mark, leaving it on port; thence leaving Graves, Martin's Ledge and Boston Ledge buoy on starboard, around the stakeboat off Minot's, leaving it on starboard; thence return by the same course, leaving each mark on the opposite hand, to the finish line, 35 nautical miles.; and for the 30ft. class, from starting line, leaving Outer Breaker buoy (off Pig Rocks) on starboard to and around the Nahant mark, leaving it on the port; thence leaving Graves buoy on starboard, around Three-and-a-half-fathom Ledge buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence return by the same course, leaving each mark on the opposite hand, to the finish line, 23 nautical miles.

The entries were, schooners, Volunteer, Constellation, Marguerite, Mayflower and Yampa; cutters and sloops, Wayward, Harpoon and Carmita, and in the 30ft. class Handsel, Fancy, Hawk, Chieftain, Tomboy and Gracie G. The repairs on Volunteer had been hurried at Lawleys', but on launching her a leak was still unstopped, and she was again hauled out. Wayward did not start, leaving Harpoon, the old Beatrice, to meet Carmita, the Waterhouse fin-keel. The latter has been cleaned and painted since the New York cruise, and is now in better shape than ever before. Handsel, the Herreshoff cruising fin, was matched against Hawk, the centerboard 30-footer, and Fancy, the last keel 30 designed by Mr. Burgess.

The first leg of the course was a beat of 7 miles, then a close jam to Minots, 10½ miles, naut., a free reach and a run home. The shorter course was the same in direction. The starters were:

	Sailing Length.
Mayflower, W. A Gardner	88.71
Marguerite, H. W. Lamb	83.74
Constellation, Bayard Thayer	110.10
Yampa, H. P. Whitney	
FIFTH CLASS.	
Harpoon G. C. & C. F. Adams, 2d	54.61
Carmita, C. H. W. Foster	54.20
SEVENTH CLASS.	
Handsel, J. B. Hooper	33.22
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	30.67
Hawk, Gordon Dexter	30.85
Chieftain, Aaron Brown	
Tomboy, T. K. Lothrop	
Gracie G., M. J. Sughrue	

The various classes started at 11:15, 11:25 and 11:30. Constellation led at the start, but Mayflower worked close inshore and came out well ahead at the end of the windward work, the times at the Nahant mark being:

Mayflower	12 29 09	Yampa	12 49 30
Constellation	12 30 05	Harpoon	12 47 00
Marguerite	12 38 50	Carmita	12 51 45

Harpoon pointed higher than Carmita, making a good gain in the 7 miles. Handsel, sailing under three lower sails, her pole-masted rig permitting no topsails, showed a decided superiority to the others, though their topmasts and full cutter rigs enabled them to set club-topsails.

On the long reach Constellation passed Mayflower, and though no times were taken, at the outer mark she gained steadily, going out and returning to Nahant. Carmita also did better with Harpoon in the reaching than on the wind. Handsel had nearly 5 minutes on Fancy, the second boat, at the second passing of the Nahant mark. The only times taken there were:

Constellation	2 24 57	Marguerite	2 45 40
Mayflower	2 35 15	Yampa	2 47 48

Booms were jibed over and spinakers set to starboard for the run in. Constellation led, but failed to save her time on either Mayflower or Marguerite. Yampa went into harbor instead of continuing to the finish. Fancy passed Handsel off the wind but lost in allowance. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.				
Mayflower	11 18 16	3 26 32	4 08 16	3 55 07
Marguerite	11 18 55	3 33 14	4 14 19	3 57 23
Constellation	11 17 39	3 16 45	3 59 06	3 59 06
Yampa	11 18 23	Withdrew		
FIFTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Harpoon	11 26 06	4 04 13	4 39 23	4 39 13
Carmita	11 25 53	4 07 33	4 42 33	4 42 06
SIXTH CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Handsel	11 31 55	3 37 25	4 07 25	3 58 15
Fancy	11 30 27	3 36 07	4 06 07	4 03 31
Hawk	11 30 45	3 37 20	4 07 20	4 05 05
Chieftain	11 31 16	3 44 43	4 14 43	4 14 43
Tomboy	11 31 02	Withdrew.		
Gracie G	11 31 06	Withdrew.		

Mayflower wins the Weld cup and Marguerite wins $25. Harpoon wins $75, Handsel wins $50 and Fancy $25. The regatta committee included Messrs. W. S. Eaton, P. T. Jackson, A. N. Rantoul, Thos. Nelson and H. H. Buck. The annual cruise of the club began on Saturday last, the fleet sailing for New York to witness the trial races.

Corinthian Mosquito Fleet Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE Corinthian Mosquito Fleet was a sufferer by the storm of Aug. 24 and its annual regatta on the following Saturday brought out only nine starters owing to the damage to the fleet, and to some of the entries being unable to reach the station at New Rochelle. Prizes were offered by Com. Grant and Messrs. Connolly and Jones of the regatta committee, while Com. Center, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., offered a special trophy for boats sailed by not more than two men, the points in the award being speed 45%, rig 15%, handling 15% and condition 15%. The courses were:

For all boats over 18ft. l.w.l.—Across line between a stakeboat and the race committee's yacht to the spar buoy off western end of Execution Reef, passing same on port hand; thence to the spar buoy off Delancey Point, Orienta, passing same on port hand; thence across the starting line. Seven miles naut.

For all boats 18ft. l.w.l. and under.—From the same starting line to the spar buoy off western end of Execution Reef; thence to the spar buoy off southwestern end of Hen and Chickens; thence to the starting line. Five miles naut.

The race was sailed in a light southwest wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.
FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 21 TO 25FT.		
Gunvar, F. S. Grant	1 55 55	5 15 00
Caper, P. S. Howard	1 54 40	5 02 00
SECOND CLASS—BOATS UNDER 18FT.		
Senta, F. B. Jones	1 57 35	5 40 00
Jaunt, Howard Herrick	1 56 35	Did not finish.
THIRD CLASS—OPEN CATS UNDER 15FT.		
Vitesse, Percy Hicks	1 58 20	4 08 00
Less, C. A. Becker	1 55 40	4 40 00
Kittie, Hazen Morse	1 55 00	4 32 30
Presto, H. Watson	1 56 25	Did not finish.
Cymero, Mr. Smedley	1 55 25	4 12 30

The winners were: First class, Caper; second class, Senta; third class, Vitesse. Vitesse also won the Center trophy and the cup for the fastest time over the course.

The regatta committee included Messrs. F. B. Jones, C. M. Collolly and J. D. Sparkman. The fleet has prospered this season under the care of Com. Grant and the club station has proved quite a success.

The American Sloop.

"THE magnificent performances of the yacht Vigilant in last week's races on the Sound indicate that she stands a very good chance of being selected to defend the America's Cup against the Valkyrie. I hope she may be, as she is distinctly American in type and is not either an imitation of the English cutter or a mere racing freak. She is undoubtedly faster than either the Jubilee, Pilgrim or Colonia in light winds, while all the reports of the races I have read say that she stands up to her work in a blow like a steeple.

"I hold that next to the pleasure and recreation afforded by yachting its object should be to develope types of boats, sails and rigging which will benefit the marine of the country. This being the case a boat of the design of the Vigilant is of infinitely more benefit to the country than one of either the deep cutter or shallow hulled, finkeeled styles. The centerboard is the best form of vessel for most of our coasting trade. The English racing cutter and the American finkeeled, canoe-shaped yachts are merely racing machines, and are practically valueless for other purposes. Therefore, again I say I am glad the Vigilant has done so well, and I hope she will do even better hereafter."

Such nonsense as the above, which we clip from the New York *Advertiser*, would call for no comment were it not for the fact that a great many papers are taking up the same song, and lauding Vigilant as a typical American centerboard sloop, the embodiment of all that is good in naval architecture. In reading such a statement one is led to wonder whether the writers are aware that the America's Cup was first won by a keel yacht drawing some five feet less than this typical centerboard boat.

This same Vigilant also draws more water without her board than any British cutter or schooner save those built this year; and even these are not much deeper. Every objection which has ever been made against the cutter on the score of excessive draft and general usefulness, save for off shore cruising, applies with double force to this American sloop, which, by the way, is cutter-rigged. A fine model this for a fisherman or coaster, and a fine yacht she will make when the one special purpose for which she was built is served.

Stamford Y. C. Special Cup.

THE first race sailed by the Stamford Y. C. took place on Aug. 26, the prize being a handsome silver cup costing $200, offered by the club for sloops and cutters of 36 to 43ft. sailing length by the Seawanhaka rule. The entries were:

	Sailing Length.
Daffodil, J. R. Whiting, Stamford Y. C	40.09¾
Alcedo, William A. Hamilton, Riverside Y. C	40.09
Eurybia, Chas. Pryor, Horseshoe Harbor Y. C	40.02½
Kathleen, P. M. Hoyt, Stamford Y. C	37.05½

The course was from Cow's Buoy, off Shippan Point, to Matinnecock Point, then to Eaton's Neck, and back to the starting line, 25 miles, naut.

The wind was very light S.W., but the three boats made a very close race over the whole course, being together all the time, Kathleen in the lead. At the finish she managed to work over the line just as the wind fell, leaving the other two to drift for over an hour before finishing. Kathleen was sailed by Mr. Whitlock, her original owner, and his old crew of 1889. The regatta committee included Messrs. Archibald N. Smith, Edward E. Brugherhoff and Geo. F. Hoyt.

Cape Cod Y. C.

ON Aug. 26 the Cape Cod Y.C. sailed the last of its Town Cove races, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Puritan, H. K. Cummings	20.00	2 03 23	1 36 48
Bessie, Capt. Penniman	21.00	Withdrew.	
Wave Crest, D. L. Young		Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Sea Fox, C. Smith	18.00	2 21 10	1 54 34
Inez May, T. Nickerson	15.09	2 18 05	1 48 59
Henritta J. B. Rich	14.06	2 20 16	1 49 15
Grover. Dewit Record	16.00	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Nausett, E. Horton	23.00	1 48 58	1 32 28
Josephine, P. D. Smith	24.00	1 49 21	1 33 25

Wawasee Y. C.

THE fourth annual race was sailed on Aug. 10 on Wawasee Lake, Indiana. Course, triangular, 7 miles, twice around. Weather fair. Wind, west by north:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
La Cigale (bouncer), Hicks & Brown	18.10½	1 46 43	1 44 09
Margaret (bouncer), Huey & Lyon	19.02½	1 47 09	1 47 09
Eugenia (cutter), J. F. Wright	18.05	1 57 30	1 54 02
Eleanor (catboat), Tucker & Spann	17.04	2 07 42	1 56 02
Egret (sloop rig), J. F. Wright	16.02½	2 19 09	2 02 30
Florence (catboat), V. Griffith	19.05	2 19 09	2 10 29
Dione (sloop rig), A. Ludlow	15.08½	2 28 32	2 11 58
Big Four (skiff), Morse & Co	13.06	Did not finish.	

La Cigale won first prize. Large boats handicapped. The boats in this race were not classified. Regatta committee—Wm. Staub, Cary Cowgill, J. F. Wright. Judges—Bundy, Groves and Cowgill.

The second supplement to Lloyd's Yacht Register, containing alterations and additions to July 31, 1893, has been issued.

British Racing.

In the races sailed abroad during the last few weeks Britannia has been winning regularly, while Navahoe has done nothing remarkable, being between Satanita and Calluna. Satanita has continued to sail very fast at times, when reaching and in strong winds, while Calluna had held her usual luck of accidents and groundings. Captain Crocker has been in command of Navahoe since August 25, and has sailed in one race, but took only last place, the four starting. The regular racing is now over, and Navahoe has been fitting for the Royal Victoria Y. C. gold cup. Her mast has been shortened 28in. and her bowsprit 18in., reducing her rating to nearly that of Britannia, who will defend the cup. The first race will be sailed on September 6. The courses proposed are:

First Race.—From the Warner Lightship to the Nab Lightship, then ten miles to windward or leeward and return, twice round.

Second Race.—From the Warner Lightship to Owers Lightship, thence to a flag boat off Dunnose, east of Princess buoys, and then to and around the Nab Lightship and back to starting point.

Third Race.—From the Warner Lightship to and around the Cherbourg (France) breakwater and back.

Fourth Race.—Around the Isle of Wight.

The time limit will be 5 miles per hour.

Captain Charles Barr reached New York on the Paris on September 2. The discharged seaman, Charles Nelsen, has also returned. Capt. Draper has also left the yacht.

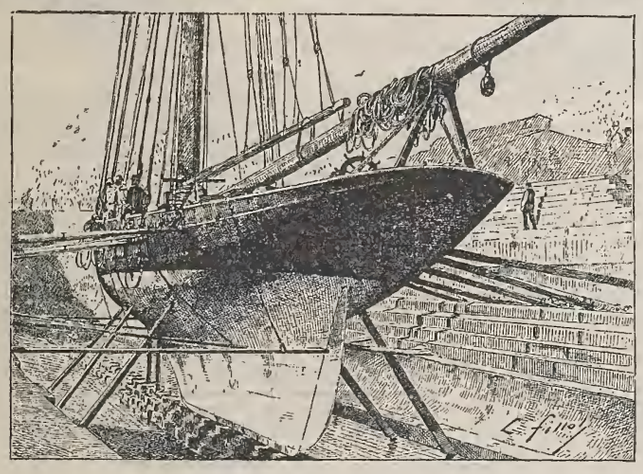
A Second August Gale.

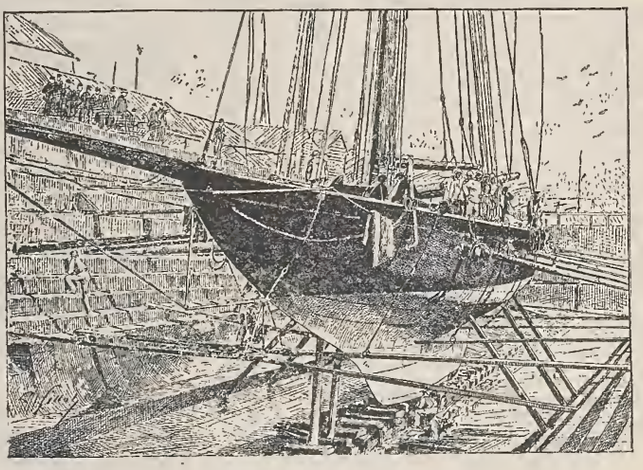
THE cyclone of Aug. 23-4 was quickly followed by another of even more destructive force, though most of it was expended below the domain of yachting. The storm struck the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas on Sunday, from the sea, accompanied by a tidal wave that wrought inestimable damage and very heavy loss of life to the sea ports and especially on the low islands along the Carolina coast. The warning of the Signal Service had been heeded by yachtsmen, and special precautions had been taken, but in the various anchorages of the smaller craft, as off South Boston and along the shores of the Jersey peninsula from Jersey City to Constable's Hook, a great deal of damage was done.

Nautilus, 46-footer, Com. W. B. Dickey, Marine and Field Club, was at anchor off Bay Ridge, but dragged aboard of Emerald, Lasca and a couple of other yachts, sustaining some damage and being towed to the Erie Basin for repairs. Signal, schooner, went ashore in Gravesend Bay and was beached. The float and yachts of the Pavonia Y. C. were badly damaged.

The Morgan—Iselin Cup defender Vigilant had a particularly narrow escape. She was anchored on Monday night just off Mr. Iselin's residence, on Davenport Neck, New Rochelle, and toward morning the gale struck her and she began to drag toward the rocky shore and the surrounding reef. All of her anchors on board were dropped, but they failed to hold her, and lead ballast was broken out and lashed to the cables to increase the holding power. The gig was sent ashore for aid, but was swamped near the beach, though all hands landed in safety. Mr. Iselin, who was sleeping ashore, sent at once for tugs, but it was some hours before aid came, the yacht meanwhile dragging nearer the rocks and with only a foot or so of water under her deep lead keel. The Hattie Palmer did not dare to put out, the sea and wind being too heavy for her own safety, while she could have done no good.

Finally two tugs, the East Chester and Flushing, arrived, but together they were only able to hold the yacht against the sea. Being in "cruising trim" her windlass was on shore, and there was no means of weighing the anchors and their weighted cables. Finally the big Chapman Wrecking Co. tug Chapman arrived, and with her aid the cables were cleared or slipped and the yacht towed to Whitestone. The schooner Priscilla, owned by W. T. Lambert, of Boston, went ashore on Monday afternoon in the fog and sea near Watch Hill, her crew being taken off by the Life Saving crew.





"NAVAHOE" IN THE DRYDOCK.

FROM LE YACHT. DRAWN BY L. FILLOL.

Corinthian Y. C. Championship.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE third championship regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead was sailed on Aug. 26, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.		
Susie, Keith	2 07 15	2 07 15
Ariel, Barrett	2 10 37	2 07 39
THIRD CLASS.		
Reaper, Benson	2 03 47	2 01 45
Freak, Cochrane	2 06 50	2 06 50
Gigi, Kemble	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.		
Madge, Thayer	1 43 24	1 43 24
Koorali, Robbins	1 34 30	1 34 23
SPECIAL CLASS A.		
Verena, W. O. Taylor	1 37 19	1 25 19
Hawk, G. Dexter	1 26 00	1 26 00
Keewaydin, Burnham	1 37 01	1 32 01
SPECIAL CLASS B.		
Betsy, T. Jones	2 49 11	2 43 11
Susan, Taggard	2 42 04	2 41 31
Otatsu, North	2 24 00	2 24 00
Teal, Lee	2 39 57	2 21 57
Frances, C. H. Wheeler	3 10 44	3 00 41
Don, Burlen	2 41 09	2 26 09
Edith, Wood	2 14 58	2 13 58
Pinta, E. Y. C.	Withdrew.	
Jane, C. W. Parker	2 22 28	2 22 28
Kraken, Chase	1 39 04	1 39 04
Nina, E. Y. C.	Withdrew.	
Carl, C. W. H. Foster	2 41 07	2 40 37

The Fisher Cup.

THE arrangements for a match between Onward, the holder of the Fisher cup, and the challenger, Zelma, of Toronto, were finally completed after much delay, and Aug. 26 was set as the date. Zelma crossed to Charlotte and the race was started in a light breeze, Zelma finished in 40min. over the 6 hour limit, making no race. On Aug. 28 a second attempt was made, but with the same result. The weather varied from a flat calm to a violent thunder storm during the race. Onward led all day, but Zelma kept within her allowance. Both gave up when it was impossible to finish within six hours. Next day the coast cyclone struck the Lake, driving all the yachts far up the Genesee River for shelter. The race was indefinitely postponed and Zelma returned to Toronto.

Larchmont Y. C. Races.

THE Larchmont Y. C. has had on hand a very full programme of races for the past two weeks, but owing to bad weather and other causes several of them have failed. The principal event, the Colt cup for the Cup defenders, was abandoned, as none of the yachts could compete, being husy preparing for the trial races. The race for the Flint cups, valued at $100 and $50, for cabin cats, presented by Mr. F. W. Flint, was hardly more successful, being postponed from July 29 to Aug. 24, and then, on account of the gale, going over to Saturday, when it was sailed in a drifting breeze.

The oyster boat race on the same day, Aug. 26, was also a failure, the fleet being unable to finish; and a special match between the schooners Viator and Triton was also abandoned after the start. The following times were taken in the catboat race and the oyster boat race:

CABIN CATBOATS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Myrtle	1 09 25	6 09 28	5 00 03	4 56 58
Almira	1 08 55	6 08 10	4 59 15	4 58 37
Wilmerad	1 10 00	6 31 27	5 21 29	5 18 14
Oconee	1 09 05	6 30 52	5 30 47	5 25 27
Nyph	1 08 05	6 35 10	5 27 05	5 26 12
Roi	1 06 20	6 42 54	5 36 34	5 36 34

OYSTER BOATS.—CLASS 1—CABIN SLOOPS OVER 35FT.

	Start.	Hempstead Harbor.	Captain's Island.
Christine	12 42 25	. .. ..	. .. ..
Jennie R.	12 43 20	2 40 27	5 01 50
Iosco	12 41 45	2 25 50	5 02 21
Mary F. Durrna	12 46 40	2 49 40	5 12 50

CLASS 2—CABIN SLOOPS UNDER 35FT.

Priscilla	12 44 00	2 28 20	4 57 30
Lady Clare	12 42 00	2 24 22	5 02 22
Claudia M.	12 40 50	2 17 45	5 03 20

CLASS 3—OPEN SLOOPS OVER 30FT.

Stella May	12 49 40	2 22 15	5 05 33
Lola L.	12 49 20	2 14 40	4 49 00
S. C. Bond	12 43 00	2 25 10	4 56 50

CLASS 4—OPEN SLOOPS UNDER 30FT.

Shamrock	12 50 00	2 33 40	5 08 18
Sneak	12 50 00	3 15 30	. .. ..
Agitator	12 50 00	2 34 59	5 09 20
Jennie S. Willis	12 50 00	2 29 30	5 09 40

CLASS 5—CATBOATS.

Fannie M.	12 42 40	3 18 00	. .. ..

Myrtle, sailed by Mr. J. R. Maxwell, being owned by his son, won the $100 cup, and Almira, W. H. Hanan, won the $50 cup. On Aug. 28 a match race was sailed between Mr. Flint's new Hanley cat Nymph and the cat Roi, over the Hempstead—Matinnicock course, Nymph winning by 1m. 32s.

A very successful regatta was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 2, the wind being strong N.W., bringing some down to reefs on the return. The times were:

CLASS D—SCHOONERS, 20 MILES.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viator	11 10 28	1 40 42	2 30 14	2 28 52
Peerless	11 14 33	1 52 47	2 38 14	2 38 14
Triton	11 12 16	1 53 08	2 40 52	2 40 13

CLASS 2—SLOOPS, 27 MILES.

Queen Mab	11 14 19	2 12 27	2 58 08	2 52 29
Katrina	11 15 00	2 19 06	3 04 06	3 04 06
Bedouin	11 15 00	2 26 12	3 11 12	3 08 57

CLASS 7—SLOOPS, 20 MILES.

Kathleen	11 25 35	2 37 32	3 08 57	3 03 57
Daffodil	11 26 00	2 32 37	3 06 28	3 06 38
Mary C.	11 29 47	2 48 11	3 18 24	Not meas'd
Eurybia	11 26 44	Disahled.		

CLASS 9—SLOOPS, 20 MILES.

Susie W.	11 26 14	3 04 00	3 37 46	3 37 46

CLASS 10—SLOOPS. 13 MILES.

Folly	11 26 22	1 58 15	2 31 53	2 31 53
Brenda	11 25 00	2 17 32	2 42 32	2 42 32
Fanny	11 34 13	2 40 17	3 06 04	3 06 04
Pyxie	11 35 00	Disabled.		

SPECIAL CLASS 9—YAWLS. 20 MILES.

Audax	11 29 14	1 45 20	2 16 06	2 16 06
Kwasind	11 30 25	1 49 58	2 19 33	2 18 16

CLASS 11—CABIN CATS, 13 MILES.

Mary	11 33 11	1 56 18	2 23 07	2 23 07
Almira	11 35 00	2 01 30	2 26 30	2 26 30
Wenonah	11 29 07	2 16 13	2 47 06	2 47 06
Myrtle	11 35 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS 12—CABIN CATS, 18 MILES.

Caper	11 30 16	1 57 37	2 27 21	2 27 21
Tabitha	11 26 20	1 58 01	2 31 41	2 31 41
Whim	11 29 47	2 57 38	3 27 51	3 27 51

CLASS 15—OPEN CATS, 10 MILES.

Phyllis	11 34 55	Did not finish.		

CLASS 17—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL, 10 MILES.

Scarecrow	11 29 47	1 20 10	1 50 23	1 50 23

New York Y. R. A. Fifth Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK BAY.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE New York Yacht Racing Association sailed its fifth annual regatta on Labor Day with the usual large field of starters, though the effects of the two recent storms were seen in the absence of quite a number of racing boats which had been unable to make repairs in time. The courses were:

For the schooners and for classes B, C, D, E and F of sloops from the line between Oyster Island and Buoy and a stakeboat anchored to the east, around Buoy No. 12, 1½ miles northwest from the point of Sandy Hook—27 miles. Classes G, H, 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7 rounded the red bell buoy at the northerly entrance to the Swash Channel—21 miles.

Classes 3, 5, 8 and 9 rounded black buoy No. 9, near Swinburne Island 15 miles. Class 10 rounded black buoy No. 11, three-quarters of a mile S. by E. from Fort Tompkins, 12 miles.

Monday was clear but with a thick haze over the water in the early morning, the wind being light westerly. When the start was made at 11:50 the haze had lifted but the wind was still moderate. A good start was made, some eighty yachts going over the line. During the day the wind fell and the fleet was left drifting. Those which finished by evening were timed as follows, but many were left behind with an ebb tide.

CLASS A—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Florida	11 53 29	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Loyal	11 52 58	5 00 11	5 07 15	4 45 44

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS, 53FT. AND OVER 45FT.

Dolphin	11 54 35	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS, 45FT. AND OVER 38FT.

Avalon	12 00 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS, 38FT. AND OVER 32FT.

Helen	11 53 11	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Mary B.	11 54 11	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Mary A.	11 59 50	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Bess	11 55 17	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Spy	11 55 23	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Coquette	11 58 46	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Bel Ami	11 58 20	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Fair Wind	11 52 51	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Lottie	11 52 56	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

CLASS F—CABIN SLOOPS—32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

Reliance	11 54 50	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Peerless	11 54 41	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Henry W. Beecher	11 53 34	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

CLASS G—CABIN SLOOPS—27FT. AND UNDER.

Soutter Johnnie	11 52 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Vixen	11 53 55	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Camille	11 53 44	3 21 53	4 28 09	3 23 30.3
Christine	12 00 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Millie	12 00 00	3 48 18	3 48 18	2 41 46
Lurline	11 53 57	3 12 49	3 18 52	2 12 17
Jeanie	12 00 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Wanderer	11 59 29	4 56 52	4 57 23	3 46 01
Star	12 00 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

CLASS H.—CABIN YAWL-RIGGED YACHTS.

Bessie	11 51 55	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

CLASS I.—OPEN SLOOPS, 32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

Charm	12 02 00	3 19 03	3 17 03	2 16 44.7
Cygnet	12 06 06	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Lizzie M.	12 06 28	3 21 31	3 15 03	2 12 34.5
Maud M.	12 06 43	3 03 44	2 57 01	1 54 22
Lizzie F.	12 10 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

CLASS 2—OPEN SLOOPS, 27FT. AND OVER 25FT.

J. T. Corlett	12 05 35	2 54 09	2 48 34	1 44 05
J. A. Cameron	12 08 28	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Thorn	12 10 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Clara S.	12 10 00	2 58 32	2 48 32	1 39 30.8

CLASS 8—OPEN SLOOPS 23FT. AND UNDER.

Mosquito	12 10 00	3 30 45	3 20 45	2 22 57

CLASS 4—CATBOATS OVER 23FT.

Mary	12 10 00	5 19 06	5 09 06	4 10 32.7
Acorn	12 06 59	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Lina	12 08 17	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Henry Gray	12 10 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Almira	12 10 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Water Lily	12 10 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

CLASS 5—CABIN CATBOATS 23FT. AND UNDER.

Frankie A.	12 02 09	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Hit or Miss	12 05 43	3 08 31	3 02 48	2 10 16.5
Juanita	12 10 00	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Willie K.	12 08 04	3 13 50	3 05 46	2 12 17.5
Surprise	12 09 48	3 52 56	3 43 08	2 48 39.5

CLASS 6—OPEN CATBOATS, 32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

Uncas	12 13 31	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Elvira	12 11 05	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

CLASS 7—OPEN CATBOATS, 27FT. AND OVER 23FT.

Edna	12 11 53	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Norman	12 11 09	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..

CLASS 3—OPEN CATBOATS, 23FT. AND OVER 20FT.

Tempest	12 17 12	3 17 51	2 00 39	2 08 46.5
Pauline B.	12 14 46	3 03 26	2 48 40	1 56 23.5
Lizzie B.	12 12 40	3 20 23	3 07 43	2 13 11.5
Eureka	12 12 03	3 10 35	2 58 32	2 04 33.5
Arrow	12 11 52	2 49 00	2 37 08	1 43 05
Sappho	12 13 33	3 34 06	3 20 33	2 25 34.5
H. H. Adams	12 11 27	3 34 11	3 22 44	2 27 26

CLASS 9—OPEN CATBOATS, 20FT. AND OVER 17FT.

Torment	12 17 51	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Frank	12 18 07	3 27 23	3 09 16	2 11 28
H. C. Miner	12 13 16	3 20 20	3 07 03	2 09 15
Anglesey	12 14 02	3 29 36	3 15 34	2 17 35
Dora D.	12 12 55	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Gertrude A.	12 13 06	3 05 45	2 52 39	1 51 07.5
Edda D.	12 15 33	3 28 26	3 12 53	2 11 08
Doctor	12 26 06	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Millie	12 16 48	3 32 15	3 15 27	2 11 07.5

CLASS 10—OPEN CATBOATS, 17FT AND UNDER.

Amaranth	12 20 00	2 50 00	2 30 00	1 38 00
Crest	12 15 02	2 42 05	2 27 03	1 34 47.4
Paul and Stella	12 18 39	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Chip	12 16 24	2 39 44	2 23 20	1 30 02
Little Dean	12 16 39	2 48 49	2 32 10	1 38 32
Teaser	12 10 49	2 49 45	2 38 56	1 45 02
Gala Water	12 17 02	2 57 19	2 40 17	1 46 17
Tough	12 17 41	2 58 39	2 40 58	1 45 46

The winners in the various classes were: Schooners, Loyal; class G, Lurline; class 1, Maud M.; class 2, Clara S.; class 3, Mosquito; class 4, Mary; class 5, Hit or Miss; class 8, Arrow; class 9, Gertrude A.; class 10, Chip.

The many details of the race were very ably handled by Messrs. George E. Gartland, C. E. Simms and Wm. Cagger. The members and their guests followed the race on the Cygnus.

Lake Champlain Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BURLINGTON, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Wednesday, August 16.

THE great event of the season on Lake Champlain, the annual regatta of the Lake Champlain Y. C., was sailed very successfully on Aug. 16, the courses being on the lake in front of the club's handsome house at Burlington. The full programme was as follows:

1. First race, open to all sailing yachts of 33ft. and upward. First prize, silver cup; second, yacht ensign.

2. Second race, open to all yachts of 29ft., and less than 33ft. First prize, silver cup; second, yacht ensign.

3. Third race, open to all yachts under 20ft. First prize, silver cup; second, yacht ensign.

The winner in this race shall also be considered the winner of the first of a series of races for the "Whiteside Medal," to be sailed during the seasons of 1893, 1894 and 1895.

4. Fourth race, for the "Ladies' Cup," value $500, open to all yachts whose owners are members of the club.

5. Canoe sailing race. To be sailed under the rules and regulations of the American Canoe Association. Prize, marine glasses.

6. Canoe paddling race. Same rules. Prize, marine glasses.

7. Seventh race. Open to all steam yachts and naphtha launches under 50ft. waterline, to be steamed for under the Isherwood rules. First prize, silver cup; second, silver cup.

8. Rowing race, single scull or rowing boats—no outriggers allowed. First prize, $5; second, $3.

9. Tub race. First prize, $3; second, $2.

There was but one entry, Nautilus, in the first class, so no start was made. Classes 2 and 3 were started together, the result being:

CLASS 2.

	Start.	First turn	Second turn.	Elapsed time.
Thetis	9 38 20	10 27 00	11 10 59	1 32 39
Gleam	9 38 05	10 23 45	11 14 08	1 36 03
Sea Fox	9 37 05	10 35 30	11 34 01	1 56 56
White Wings	9 40 10	10 47 30	11 42 31	2 01 21

CLASS 3.

Breeze	9 36 30	10 37 45	11 34 10	1 55 40
Alpha	9 37 20	10 39 30	11 36 20½	1 59 00
Jaberwocky	9 37 00	10 45 00	11 48 31	2 11 31
Gypsie	9 37 20	10 45 00	11 49 38	2 12 08

The principal event of the day was the race for the Ladies' Challenge Cup, held for two successive years by the Nautilus. This year it was won by Thetis, designed by J. Borden, of Fall River, and owned by H. W. Putnam, of New York. The course was sixteen miles, the wind fresh northwest, and the times as follows:

	Start.	1st Turn.	2d Turn.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thetis	12 01 20	1 27 55	2 59 22	2 58 02	2 47 41
Nautilus	12 02 40	1 26 25	3 55 58	2 53 18	2 53 18
Gleam	12 01 48	1 34 50	3 11 32	3 10 02	.....

No canoes were present this year, and the canoe races were omitted, the next race being for steam launches, resulting as follows:

	Start.	Finish	Elapsed.
Antonio	3 27 01	Disabled.	
Portland	3 27 06	4 01 06	54 m.
Lillian	Withdrew.		

Antonio broke down and was towed in. The rowing race was won by Charles Chiott, Frank Alger being second. The prizes were $5 and $3, respectively. J. Mariner won first and Frank Alger second prize in the tub race. The day was a holiday in Burlington, everyone turning out to see the races. A band was in attendanee at the clubhouse day and evening, and a large number of guests were present. In the evening a ball took place. The regatta committee included Messrs. L. G. Grant, A. C. Whiting, Alvaro Adsit, J. D. Hindes, W. T. Foote, Jr., T. G. Budington, Edward Hatch.

Hull Y. C. Championship Race.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE championship race of the Hull Y. C. originally set for Aug. 19, was postponed for a week on account of the gale, being sailed finally in a reefing breeze from S.W. shifting to S. The times were:

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beatrice, J. C. Cavanaugh	30.00	1 58 33	1 29 42
Hiladee, S. N. Small	27.01	1 57 03	1 30 07
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	30.11	1 59 33	1 35 44
Gipsy, H. R. Drinkwater	28.08	Withdrawn.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Exile, J. F. Small	26.05	1 30 26	1 09 02
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	25.05	1 38 54	1 16 46
Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr.	24.03	Disabled.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Magpie, H. G. Otis	22.04	1 40 32	1 15 53
Opechee, W. P. Barker	22.06	1 40 57	1 16 26
Aurisa, H. M. Faxon	20.05	1 43 13	1 16 45
Hagedorn, C. V. Souther	22.05	1 43 09	1 18 24

SIXTH CLASS.

Mah, John Shaw	17.06	1 42 57	1 13 15

Gipsy parted her jib halliards and Vanessa her bobstay Typhoon was disabled on her way from Marhlehead and did not reach the start. This win makes the tenth first prize for Exile for the same number of starts this season.

Model Yacht Records.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 2.—In justice to Mr. Chas. Mallory and Mr. Thos. Clapham will you kindly correct an error that has occurred in the summary of the American Model Y. C. races on Aug. 26, namely, in the third class, last heat, the time for the Maria has been placed opposite the Star instead of to the credit of the Maria. The Star should have been recorded as withdrawn. As Mr. Clapham made such a good fight and came a distance to compete, it would be a great satisfaction to him to know hi swas second boat. FRANK NICHOLS.

The Maryland Steel Co., of Sparrow Point, Md., will build a steam yacht for Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie, of Pittsburgh. The yacht will be 119ft. over all, 101ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam and 10ft. 3in. depth, with triple expansion engines. She will be schooner-rigged.

The Trial Races.

THE conditions of the trial races were made known on Aug. 31, through the following circular issued by the Cup committee:

AMERICA'S CUP—TRIAL RACES.

As previously announced, the trial races will be held at New York beginning on Sept. 7, and will be sailed outside of Sandy Hook.

By the courtesy of Commodore Morgan, the flagship will he used as the judge's hoat, and the Regatta Committee have kindly consented to handle the races, thus leaving the Cup Committee free to observe the performance of the competing vessels.

The start will be made as near 11 o'clock A. M. as practicable, and will be across an imaginary line drawn from the flagship to a suitable mark which will be duly designated.

The signals and method of starting will be as follows:

Preparatory Signal.—Ten minutes before starting signal one gun will be fired and the Blue Peter set in place of the club burgee.

Starting Signal.—One gun fired, the Blue Peter lowered, and a red ball hoisted on the triatic stay; yachts may then cross the line.

Handicap Signal.—Two minutes after the starting signal one gun will be fired and the red ball lowered. The time of this signal will be taken as the time of any yacht crossing after it is given. In case of miss-fire a prolonged hlast of the whistle will replace the signal gun.

Recall Signal.—Any yacht crossing the line before the starting signal will be recalled by short hlasts of the whistle, a prearranged number being used to indicate each of the competing yachts.

Courses.—The courses will be 30 nautical miles in length, and their direction will be duly signalled from the flagship.

The first race will be to windward or leeward and return.

The second race will he an equilateral triangle.

The following races will he alternately of these two descriptions.

The time limit will be six hours of actual elapsed time.

The system of measurement, time allowance and racing rules of the New York Y. C. will govern; with the proviso that any excess of l.w.l. length over 85ft. shall be counted double in calculating the sailing length.

Competitors are respectfully reminded that $86'_{10}$ft. is the limit of l.w.l. lengths allowable.

While the above is the proposed programme, the committee reserve to themselves the right to vary tbe character and length of the courses and determine the number of races as expediency may require; the time limit will, however, remain in the same proportion to the length of the course prescribed.

The races will he sailed on alternate or succeeding days, as may suit the convenience of the competitors.

The committee earnestly request that the competing yachts keep together as much as practicable, the special object of these trials heing to determine the relative excellence of the boats under equal conditions.

The committee announce that by arrangement with the Earl of Dunraven the date of the first America's Cup race has been fixed for Sept. 28.

JAMES D. SMITH,
LATHAM A. FISH,
PHILIP SCHUYLER,
J. FRED TAMS,
A. CASS CANFIELD,
} Committee.

New York Y. C., 67 Madison avenue, New York, Aug. 31, 1893.

The Cup Defenders.

ALL uncertainty as to the presence of the complete quartette of new yachts in the coming trial races to select a defender for the America's Cup has been removed, and each of the yachtsis now making the final preparations. The two fin-keels have been at a great disadvantage, but both will be ready by Thursday. The poor showing of Pilgrim in the cruise races has been a serious discouragement botb to her desiguers and owners, and there was a strong prospect of her giving up the trial races. Messrs. Stewart & Binney, have, however, shown most commendable pluck, and the necessary money for further alterations has been raised. Some difficulty was encountered in securing permission of Secretary Herbert to use the Boston Navy Yard dock again, owing to the telegraph wires being hroken by the storm, but the yacht has been docked there and five tons of lead added to her hulb. The mast has been lifted out and spliced on the heel, making it nearly 3ft. longer, and Lawley has made a new boom out of a stick already drying in the yard. It is 89ft., 3ft. longer than the old boom, and the gaff has heen increased about the same length. Four feet has been added to the bowsprit. By good luck tbe first mainsail made for the Colonia, a good sail but too small, was available, and Wilson & Silsby have fitted it for Pilgrim. A new jib has been made and a second clubtopsail. Vigilant has been hauled out at City Island for the final polishing, while Colonia and Juhilee have been hauled side by side at Downing & Lawrence's railways, Gowanus, next to Poillon's yard. Gen. Paine has announced that he will neither sail in Jubilee nor be present at the races, Mr. John B. Paine heing in command as owner. A new and good crew has been obtained to replace the strikers, other Eastern yachtsmen coming to Gen. Paine's aid and sending their best hands.

Fatal Capsizes.

WHITEHALL, N. Y., Aug. 28.—The sad record made on Lake George three weeks ago was almost equalled on Lake Champlain to-day when six lives were lost hy the overturning of a yacht.

George P. Witherbee, of Port Henry, a popular athlete of Cornell College and the captain of the 'Varsity football eleven for the coming season, was one of the victims. Mr. Witherbee was an enthusiastic yachtsman and owned a substantial 24-foot sailing yacht called the Alpha. He started from the dock at Port Henry at ten o'clock to-day with John Whitman, eleven years old; Eddie Joubert, thirteen years old; William Bredner, fourteen years old; William Gildea, thirteen years old; Joseph Labarge, eleven years old, of Port Henry and Albert Brush, twelve years old, of Brooklyn. The latter was a guest of Joubert's.

The boat carried a heavy ballast of pig iron to allow a liberal spread of sail. The wind was fresh and the young lads were enjoying the sport to the fullest extent. They had reached a point about six miles north of Port Henry and not far from the Vermont shore when a heavy squall struck the little craft.

Although an accomplished and careful sailor, Mr. Witherbee evidently did not appreciate the strength of the squall, or trusted too much in the ability of his boat to ride it. No sooner had the wind fairly caught the white canvas than the boat rolled over like a log. The heavy hallast carried her to the bottom and left her living freight struggling helplessly in the water.

All the lads were swimmers except young Brush. Witherbee was a powerful swimmer and could easily have reached the shore. He did not make the attempt. He seized young Brush and attempted to help him to the shore. The weight was too much and hefore he had reached a place of safety his strength gave out and he and bis burden went down together.

Labarge was the only one of the party whose strength held out He reached the shore and was soon taken in charge by oarsmen who had seen the accident through field glasses from Port Henry. He remembered seeing Witherbee and Brush, but did not see any of the others after he came up.

Searching parties were at once organized and active efforts were made to recover the hodies. The yacht was raised and the hottom all about it was dragged. The body or Witherbee was found about 75yds. from tbe shore, some time later. All the other bodies except that of Brush were found 5 rods from tbe shore. They were all near together, and had made apparently some progress toward shore before bey were overcome.

The catastrophe caused great excitement in Port Henry, where not only the hoys were related and well known, but where young Witherbee was regarded generally as a favorite. Tbe streets were filled with persons discussing the accident and waiting the latest news from the searching parties.

Witherbee was the son of Thomas F. Witherbee, until recently the superintendent of the Cedar Point iron furnaces and now interested in the silver mining business in the West. The young man was a leader in the hest social circles and his death is generally mourned.

Young Witherbee was one of the 'Varsity rowing crew at Cornell College for three years and for the last year was editor in chief of the *Cornellian*. He graduated with honor last June.—*New York Herald, Aug. 29.*

BATH, Aug. 26.—A small sailhoat containing five persons was capsized by a squall this afternon, near Long Island, at the mouth of the Kennehec River, and three persons were drowned.

The hoat started from Parker's Head to cross tbe river to Long Island, and had nearly reached its destination when struck by the squall.

In the hoat were Charles D. Perry and Miss Pauline Oliver, of Parker's Head, Allen C. Haskell, of Augusta, Miss May Nicholas and Miss Augusta Blasland of this city.

Perry and Blasland were the only survivors. Perry made a heroic effort to save Miss Nicholas, and had nearly reached the shore when she fainted and her head sank heneath the waters.

Perry was greatly exhausted when he reached land. Miss Blasland was saved by clinging to the stern of the boat, but Haskell sank immediately. He was about 20 years old and was a drug clerk.

Miss Nicholas was 18 years old, daughter of Chas. L. Nicholas. Miss Oliver was the same age. The two bodies were recovered in 7ft. of water.—*Boston Globe, Aug. 27.*

In an accident which occurred on Bangs's Lake, Wauconda, Ill., four

lost their lives. They were: Carrie Hammond, Wauconda; Grace McDonald, Chicago; Fred. Roome, Chicago; —— Roome, Chicago.

A pleasure party of seven young people had gone out for a sail in a little boat managed by Elmer Golding, a son of one of the most prominent men of Wauconda.

When about 300yds. from the landing a panic among the occupants was caused by a gust of wind striking the sail as a tack was being made. The boat capsized.

Young Golding succeeded in reaching the upturned boat with Miss McDonald, and the two, with Fred. Roome, were rescued by boats from the shore.

The other four members of the party were drowned before assistance could reach them. The bodies were recovered.—*Chittenango, (N. Y.) Times, Aug. 18.*

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

THE dangers of the sea are fully illustrated by the following clippings from local papers:

"A party of ten of the New Brunswick Boat Club Regulars yesterday morning started off in Vandy Voorhees' yacht Ida V. for a cruise to Perth Amboy. The yacht has just been rigged with new sails, and the canvas proved too heavy. Just below the Sayreville dock a strong wind caught the sails full and the pull of the canvas was so strong that the spar running from topmast to the stern was broken about two feet from the top. The entire rigging came down on the boat, but fortunately no one of the occupants received injury. The spar which broke was a new one and had only been put in on Saturday. It was too light for the heavy canvas. Mr. Voorhees went to New York to secure a new spar."

"On Sunday last, as the yacht Laurel was sailing off North Beach, Capt. Daniel Hurley, skipper of the famous yacht Anglesy, of the Harlem Y. C., met with a ducking. He undertook to go out on the bowsprit to boist on the toplift when the rope gave way and he was tossed overboard. George Dowdell, the cool-headed captain of the Hell Gate Club, threw him a line and quickly pulled him aboard. The party were then landed at North Beach."

The new Valiant, Mr. Vanderhilt's steam yacht, is not owned by him individually, but by a corupany which, according to the London *Fairplay*, is arranged as follows:

"Steam Yacht Valiant Company, Limited.—Capital, £100,000 in £1 shares. Objects, to purchase, own and work, for the purposes of pleasure only, the steam yacht Valiant, of the port of Liverpool, to enter into an agreement with W. K. Vanderbilt, and to carry on the business of a ship owner with respect to the above yacht only. The first subscribers are:

	Shares.
W. K. Vanderbilt, 660 Fifth avenue, New York	1
W. S. Hoyt, 45 West Seventeenth street, New York	1
H. Morrison, 640 North Fifteenth street, Philadelphia	1
J. Laird, 93 Church street, Birkenhead	1
J. M. Laird, The Cottage, Oxton, Birkenhead	1
J. S. Kind, 93 Church street, Birkenhead	1
C. Nicol, 155 Bridge street, Birkenhead	1
O. Mills, 15 Broad street, New York	1

"Mr. W. K. Vanderhilt is to be the governing director of the company until he resigns office, dies, or ceases to hold £50,000 of the capital of the country."

In celebration of its twenty-fifth season the South Boston Y. C. will hold an open regatta on Saturday, Sept. 9, for yachts of not under 15ft. and not over 35ft. sailing length (L.w.l. plus 1-5 total overhang). Prizes will be given in each of seven classes, keels and centerboards being classed together. Entries must be made to G. F. Clark, 43 Milk street, Boston, not later than 3 P. M. on Sept. 8.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has now a successful course in naval architecture, covering four years. It is under the immediate direction of Cecil H. Peabody, S. B., with an ahle corps of assistants.

Siesta, steam yacht built for H. H. Warner, of Rochester, by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. in 1882 at a cost of $35,000, was sold on Aug 20 for $4,000 by the assignee of Mr. Warner. The yacht was purchased by her captain, John Davis, who sold her a week later to George Green, of New York, for $7,000. Over $3,600 have lately been spent in repairs to her machinery.

Vamoose, steam yacht, has been sold by W. R. Hearst to Mr. Davies of Brooklyn, the price stated being $20,000.

The new Yankee Doodle is being fitted with triple compound engines designed by John Haug, the Philadelphia marine engineer. Her owners have issued an open challenge to the other fast steam yachts for a race of one to fifty miles.

The "new" steam yacht Rex, now on her way to Chicago, is better known as the Dandy, a fast launch that has been rebuilt this summer and rechristened Rex.

The cruising steam yacht Embla has shown even a higher speed than her builders hoped for, and promises to be an exceptionally fast yacht.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

16. Toronto, International Paddling Trophy Race. 16. Red Dragon, Delaware River.

MEMBERS of the A. C. A. who were present at the two meets at Willsborough Point will remember Mr. George P. Witherbee, whose untimely death is described on another page. Mr. Witherbee was present both years, his yacht Alpha lying with the canoes in Indian Bay.

Glenwood and Milwaukee.

OUR attention has been called to the comments on the speed of the canoe Glenwood (Electra) in the report of the Western Canoe Association meet, and to the statement that she was the fastest canoe present. As we are informed, Glenwood has thus far sailed six races with her chief competitor at Ballast Island. the new canoe Milwaukee, owned and sailed by Mr. F. B. Huntington, of Milwaukee. Of these six races Milwaukee has won five, that won by Glenwood being sailed by Mr. Nat Cook, of Chicago, the best canoe sailor in the West.

Milwaukee is a duplicate of Avis, built last year by the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., and was built this year by the same concern for Mr. Huntington. Avis is known as the "fin-keel" canoe, though not a thorough fin-keel in the common application of the term. She was specially designed for the St. Lawrence Co., by Mr. Wm. Gardner, the yacht designer, and is similar to Mr. Whitlock's last canoe Damosel, also designed by him. The greatest depth is amidship, where the keel is straight, the deadwood being cut away at each end. In Avis and Milwaukee, the oak keel is carried down quite deep and a lead cigar is fastened to the hottom; the centerboard working through this hulh. There is no separate metal fin, as in the fin-keel yachts, but the construction of the oak keel approaches to it, and the lead is disposed at a low point. Such a construction would not be possible under the rules of the A. C. A., but the W. C. A. rules are less stringent. This year Milwaukee has won the W. C. A. trophy, the record prize and the Gardner cup. The latter prize goes however to Avis, the winner of one cup being barred from taking another under the W. C. A. rules. Last year Avis won the Gardner cup and record.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Clarence B. Mather, Charles B. Robertson, Auhurndale, Mass.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

MR. L. S. HICKMOTT. of the Hartford C. C., has purchased the well known Owl, formerly owned by Dr. J. A. Gage, of the Vespers.

The Rochester *Union and Advertiser* of Aug. 26 publishes an excellent article on the Rochester C. C., illustrated hy a number of reproductions from photographs.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Meet of 1893.

OUR story last week related chiefly to the races, and in order to give a complete history of the meet it is necessary to go back to the beginning, on Aug. 10, on which date the camp formally opened. Com. Cotton and Sec.-Treas. Burns were frequent visitors at the island in the days preceding the opening, and when they pitched their tents permanently the preliminary arrangements had heen all completed. Among the first to join them were the Vesper party, Paul Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gray and D. S. Goddard. The Vespers set up their tents on the east shore of the point, overlooking McDonell's Bay, and as other men came in they pitched mainly in the same locality, filling the portion of the grove along the water.

This, the main portion of the camp, was within a very convenient distance of the wharf, mess shed, headquarters and post-office, hut at the same time it was well out of the way of travel to and from the wharf and the ladies' camp. Although there was no lack of room in the grove, many tents were pitched along the heach of McDonell's Bay, making a very gay sight as seen from the river. As usual the Toronto men gravitated to the extreme end of the camp, theirs being the last tents.

The middle of the peninsula was high and clear of trees, and in the center of this plaza facing the head of the wharf and about a hundred yards from it were the tents of the officers and the flag poles, with the large A. C. A. flag, the American and British flags and the code signals.

The small house marked D on the map, was occupied hy the ladies, with a tent or two nearhy, but the real "Squaw Point" was beyond it, in the grove indicated, a beautiful spot. Along the shore of the little bay inside of Knapp's Point was a row of tents, all well shaded. Just in the rear of them was a second row, pitched on a rocky terrace about 4ft. higher than the ground in front. From this central portion the camp spread out each way, extending into the woods to the west, and, on the east, toward the main camp; showing a line of tents just within the shade of the woods, with a fine meadow in front. Those who wished company were camped in the main group, hut those who cared for seclusion and retirement found it readily within the grove. The rocky ledges added much to the picturesque look of the camp, which was heyond comparison the finest "Squaw Point" ever seen at a meet.

While the entire camp extended along a very long shore line, the configuration of the ground was such that the wharf, mess shed and headquarters were within reasonahle reach of all parts, and further, the main and the ladies' camp were well separated. We have visited

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER SKIFFS.

ST. LAWRENCE RIVER SKIFFS.

From Photos by Murray & Son.

every camp site save one which the A. C. A. has occupied and have no hesitation in pronouncing the last one the best in point of natural advantages, abundance of shaded and open space, freedom from undergrowth, dry soil with no swampy ground, and permitting a convenient arrangement of the wharf, camps, etc.

In the matter of scenery, neither the camp itself nor its outlook were quite as beautiful as Willsborough Point; hut at the same time the camp was a picturesque one, showing to good advantage from all points on the river, and as to the river itself, he must be hard to please who would ask anything more heautiful than the St. Lawrence and its islands. While there were no hills to climh in the whole camp, the ground was sufficiently high to he dry at all times, and what rain fell disappeared almost instantly in the open sandy soil, in marked contrast to the submerged meadows of Willsborough last year.

The first week of the meet passed as the first week always does, quickly and most pleasantly, but with no special incidents; every day brought half a dozen steamers to the wharf, the new arrivals meeting with the warmest greetings from those already in camp. While there were many old members, or at least those who had attended one or two meets, there were very many new arrivals, especially from the Northern Division; and the attendance from the States, and especially of old campers, seemed less than it really was from the fact that there were no large parties, and in meeting one man a person missed half a dozen from the same cluh who had been seen together at previous meets.

The attendance from the States was scattered; there were representatives from all directions, but none of the large clubs were represented properly, the Vespers turning out about half a dozen, the New York C. C. hardly as many. Among those of the older members present were Winne, Lawson and Edwards, all ex-commodores, Butler, Goddard, Gage, Gray, Robertson, E. H. Barney, J. K. Hand and R. H. Peehles, F. H. Moore, J. N. MacKendrick, C. V. Schuyler, Judge Dartnell, Messrs. Scott, of Ottawa, "Ghost" Bennett and W. P. Stephens, Com. Woodruff and Mr. F. B. Huntington, of the W. C. A., also spent a short time in camp.

The list of absentees would include most of the names made familiar by the Grindstone meets, Whitlock, Vaux, Munroe, Seavey, Stoddard, Burchard, Oliver, Gibson, Andrews, Wackerhagen, Will and Phil, Grant Edgar, Brokaw, Neide, Bailey, Ford Jones, Andrews, French, J. W. Cartwright, Palmer, Christie, and even the old Captain with his famous "tin telescope." Each year emphasises the changes which time makes in any body of men. The men who really constituted the A. C. A. in the years from 1884 to 1890, a certain set who were seen at every meet and gathering, have largely dropped out, heing seen on alternate years or even less frequently, and their places heing taken hy strangers.

Pleasant as it is each year to jump ashore amid a group of familiar faces, to those who have attended the meets from the first or nearly so it hecomes each year a greater disappointment to see the lessened number of old friends, and to miss so many whose companionship has been the chief charm of the meets. Of those who were with us at Lake George in 1880 not one was present this year, and it was a real treat to meet again two familiar faces from the second camp, of 1881, Edwards and Tyson.

The proximity to Canada this year naturally brought in many new members, as well as many who have not been seen of late years, and there was a specially large attendance at Squaw Point. Introductions on the part of the old members soon made all at home, and entertainments and excursions were arranged for each day. Those from the States who wanted to get a glimpse of Canada were able to reach Kingston easily from the camp, returning in a few hours. Open canoes were scattered about the beach in abundance, and they were launched at all times for fishing, picnic parties and idle paddling, many heing used by ladies. Camp-fires were held in the evenings, each bringing out some new performer, hitherto unknown, but soon famous throughout the camp.

The great event of the first week was the arrival of ex-Com. Winne on Thursday. When the steamer reached the wharf the entire camp was awaiting him; he was picked up and carried off, his duffle following, to the place selected for his tent. Thursday was the first rainy day in camp, the rain falling all day, and Friday likewise was blessed with a heavy shower toward night. On Saturday the first race, for the Orillia cup, was held, and in the evening the water parade and illumination came off. A meeting of the Northern Division was held on this evening, Vice-Com. MacKendrick being present; but owing to some of the delegates being absent the election of officers was postponed to Monday evening. After discussion, however, an important resolution was passed to the effect that if the next general meet should be held on the St. Lawrence River, the Northern Division would not hold a Division meet; but that if the general meet went elsewhere, a Division meet should be held as usual. On Sunday service was held by Rev. C. F. Lowe, of Kingston.

Monday was one of the best of the racing days, the unlimited, record and cruising races being sailed. The wind was strong and squally in the morning, but lighter in the afternoon. The postponed meeting of the Northern Division was held in the evening, E. B. Edwards presiding, and the following officers were elected for 1894: Vice-Com., H. M. Mobson, Montreal; Rear-Com., George A. Schofield, Peterhoro; Purser, H. R. Tilley, Toronto; Ex. Com., W. H. Macnce, Kingston; W. L. Scott, Ottawa; C. E. Archhald, Montreal. After the meeting a ladies' camp-fire was held, with vocal and instrumental music and recitations.

Tuesday was a clear, bright day, and the races went off without interruption. In the evening the band of the 14th Battalion visited the camp at the invitation of the Cataraqui C. C., of Kingston, and furnished music for a dance on the large platform in the grove. Wednesday was also clear, and the racing programme was pretty well finished up. In the evening a camp-fire was given by the Americans, Mr. Winne heing the leading spirit, ably assisted by Mr. Appollonio.

Strange to say, the island, though large and well wooded in parts, could supply no firewood, and the preceding camp-fires had been in marked contrast to the noble piles of last year, or the great pyramids of dry stumps that illuminated the river in days gone by from the top of the hill at Grindstone. To meet this emergency, Mr. Winne despatched a trusted messenger to Kingston, who returned on the evening boat with a cord of hardwood. As soon as the lines were fast all hands jumped aboard, each returned with several big sticks until the precious cargo was landed and piled high on the space in front of the headquarters. The result was a noble fire, which called out the best efforts of all the talent present.

As a prelude the audience was requested to step into the large Peterborough tent, where a grotesque dime museum show was awaiting, under the able direction of Mr. Paul Vernon, of Brooklyn. The entertainment was brief hut amusing, including the bearded lady, fat woman and Chinese giant, etc., with some clever mimicry hy Mr. Vernon. All then returned to the camp-fire and the programme of singing, dancing and recitation was carried out.

Early on the same evening the general meeting of the executive committee was held, and Mr. Dorland, of the Arlington C. C., was elected commodore for 1894, with Mr. George P. Douglas, of the Ianthe C. C., as secretary-treasurer. Wednesday evening was warm and pleasant, but with signs of rain, and during the night the camp caught its share, though but a small one, of the severe cyclone that struck the coast. A light rain fell from midnight until noon next day; the storm amounting to little. The annual meeting of the Central Division was held on Thursday evening, the officers elected being: Vice-Com., W. C. Witherbee, Port Henry; Rear-Com., C. G. Belman, Amsterdam; Purser, C. E. Cragg, Port Henry; Ex. Com., C.V. Winne, W. R. Huntington.

Friday was the last day in camp, in fact a number left on Thursday; hut the grand breaking up took place on Friday afternoon, many leaving on the boat for Clayton and thence to Boston, Montreal and New York. A few remained to spend some days on the point, but the meet was practically over when the steamer cast off her lines on Friday afternoon.

If one may judge from the spirits of those about him, as well as from such comments as were heard, the camp was in all ways a pleasant one and the meet a success. We do not mean to say that those drawbacks which we have mentioned or criticised at previous meets were entirely absent, but taking all things together, it was evident that most of those in camp were enjoying a very pleasant holiday. The camp site we have already described, as to its physical characteristics, it could hardly have been improved, and what is a great point, no expenditure of money was required to fit it for the present use.

The general location was also good, the only objection, which was made by the Canadians and the Kingston members as much as by any, was that the city was too near, less than five miles distant, and with frequent communication. The result was a number of strangers in camp at times, though it was no more overrun than has frequently been the case at other meets. On visitors' day the attendance was rather small. Some of the entertainments, notably the band concert, lost their distinctive camp character from the number of strangers. On the other hand the Americans made frequent trips to Kingston, and the city sent over a number of pleasant people to the camp, the Cataraqui C. C. and its friends making quite a large party distributed over the camp.

The transportation question was in some respects a difficult one, hut on the whole the arrangements were good. The service between camp and Kingston was perfectly adequate, and that by the Empire State between Clayton and camp was also good except on Sunday and Monday, when the steamer did not run. On the first Sunday and Monday the company put on a special steamer to make the trip, hut she had only one or two passengers on the first day and none the second, so no boat ran on the second Sunday.

Coming hy Cape Vincent the route was longer, hut one could reach camp with some delay, but little trouble, the transfers being easy. The attendance from the States was comparatively small, and the run of 15 miles was a long one, requiring a large steamer. Considering these conditions the arrangements were all that could be expected.

The weather during the meet was as nearly perfect as is often found. While New York was suffering from intense heat and later was swept by a storm of unusual violence, the weather at camp was warm, only light covering heing needed at night, but not oppressive, with a breeze at all times on the water. There were three partially rainy days during the meet, but one was caused hy the cyclone on the coast. The ground, too, was dry almost as soon as the rain stopped, so that the unpleasant consequences of wet weather in camp were reduced to a minimum.

The constant threat of a shower and its too frequent realization, which was experienced on Lake Champlain and to a less extent on Lake George, has never been encountered on the St. Lawrence. It may be that we are unduly prejudiced in favor of the grand river, but to us it has always seemed that what may he lost in heauty of scenery in leaving the immediate vicinity of the Adirondacks is more than made up by a much dryer and more equahle temperature. Certainly the meets on the river will compare very favorahly with those on the two lakes in respect to fair weather, as would naturally be supposed.

As regards another important matter the location this year was not altogether satisfactory; the winds were broken and uncertain, more so as far as we can remember, than was the case further down the river. The prevailing wind seemed to he S. W., and thus was broken by the island itself, while the northerly winds were also very uncertain. At the same time there were no more races in squally weather than at Lake Champlain. The racing suffered, however, from the lack of strong steady winds.

The chief ground of complaint this year was over the mess, and for the first three days at least it was well founded. After that there was some improvement, and taken altogether the remainder of the time was about up to the average; it might easily have been better, and it has more than once been worse. The large tent was not used, and the regular mess shed was rather small, while the waiters were inexperienced and the service very slow. The meats were as tough as they always are in the country; the bill of fare was limited, and such simple dishes as oatmeal porridge and boiled potatoes were not thoroughly cooked. There was always enough to eat, however, if one did not mind the time, and no one was compelled to leave the table hungry.

While some are exacting, they are rather the exception than the rule, men understand that they cannot live as well in camp as at home, and a dollar per day is not very high; but at the same time the table might have been improved at no great expense had the caterer known how to provide a little hetter service, more thorough cooking, and a larger though not necessarily more expensive bill of fare. The matter of catering for an A. C. A. camp may be summed up as not a question of French cooking, hut as one of serving oatmeal smoothly and thoroughly cooked instead of raw, lumpy or burnt; and of serving a potato properly boiled instead or raw or soggy.

One good result followed the first experience at the camp mess; the Vespers and several other parties went to Kingston and laid in a supply of utensils, some hiring cooks; and the ancient and highly honorable practice of cooking in camp was revived. It was a positive pleasure to wander about the camp at noon or night and see the smoke from a dozen campfires, while the frying pans sizzled merrily and the fragant scent of eggs and bacon found its way skyward. The experience of this year, of the pleasure of dining with a party of half a dozen in a tent heside one's quarters, rather than feeding in a big pavilion with a hundred others, is likely to result in a general revival of the cluh mess of former days. Whether it costs more or less than the regular dollar per day of the camp mess, depends on how much is attempted and how successfully it is managed, but under reasonably good management and average conditions a party of eight or ten, with one hired cook, should live well at that figure.

There will always he a number of members who cannot or will not bother with a private mess, and for whom some public accommodation must he provided, but it will be a good thing for the men themselves, and for the officers as well, if the mess shed can be reduced to its old place, as an auxiliary to the camp rather than the sole

dependence of two or three hundred persons for nearly two weeks. The best guarantee of a good general mess lies in the will and ability of the members to provide for themselves as soon as the mess table falls below a certain standard. To enable them to do this a source of supply independent of the mess shed, in the shape of a camp store, is necessary; also some one who will provide the camp with milk, eggs, meat, vegetables and butter. The latter article was notably poor this year, though the camp was in a butter-making region.

The attendance at the A. C. A. meets if carefully studied presents two very curious peculiarities. In the first place the number of *bona fide* campers, members and their friends does not vary much from 250, sometimes more and sometimes less; but this number would be a fair average for the last six or seven years. In this time there have been various causes which have tended to increase or diminish the attendance in one year or another, the membership roll has grown considerably, and the attendance should have grown with it; the meets at times have been held in new localities, in view of a large attendance of men who have clamored for a long time for a meet in their back yard, as some one once put it. At times the camp has gone to a place distant both from New York and Canada and last year Com. Winne did an unprecedented amount of work in drumming up an attendance at the second Willsborough camp. The results of these influences, for or against a large camp, are so surprisingly small that it would be idle to predict their effect in the probable attendance at any future meet. This year the register up to the last day of camp showed 225 names of members or guests who had paid camp dues, and to this must be added some transient visitors or members who did not camp permanently, so that the total is not far from the average mentioned.

All things considered, the prevailing hard times which have not only made money very scarce but have detained many at home for fear of what might happen in their absence, and the counter-attraction of the great World's Fair, visited alike by Americans and Canadians, this number may be considered satisfactory.

This matter of a nearly constant attendance wherever the meet may be held, and whatever conditions may exist, is a very important one to consider in arranging for future meets.

The second curious circumstance in connection with the attendance is that the ones generally absent are those who make the strongest demand for a meet in some particular place. If our memory serves us, in 1891, when the meet was held in the Eastern Division for the first time, ostensibly for the benefit of the Eastern men, who thus far had found the distance too great for them, this division was notable for the smallest attendance of all. The Rochester men, led by Captain Ruggles, have always been a unit for a meet on the St. Lawrence, and were strongly in favor of that location in preference to Willsborough in 1892, and again this year. So far as we have heard, Rochester is still on the map. no wandering cyclone has blotted it out, but there was not the slightest hint of its existence at the present meet, even the old Captain's familiar figure, seen at every meet and important canoe gathering for the last seven years, was missed for the first time.

We are then of the opinion that the always difficult question of selecting a site, a question that must be even more difficult than usual this coming year when a salt-water meet is to be considered, may be much simplified by neglecting entirely the forecasts always made of the probable attendance from this place or the other. from New York, Boston, Montreal, Toronto, and also the many promises of large delegations from this or that quarter in case the meet be held near by. Experience proves that a large attendance does not follow the holding of the meet in one special locality, and that the loss in the general attendance more than offsets the local gain. The largest attendance and the best meets are had in a location so nearly central that men will come from all points, rather than from one special quarter.

If this proposition be true, it is the more important this year, when a salt-water meet in the Atlantic Division must of necessity be held on the far edge of the entire Association, so to speak, at a distance which will prevent any large attendance from the north. As it seems to us the executive in selecting a site, is safe in the assumption that under ordinary conditions a meet in any fairly good locality, so long as it is central, will attract about 250 members, and that no catering to one locality in particular will lead to an increase over this number, rather to the reverse.

The matter of arranging for a successful meet is thus rid of many complicating features, and narrows down to the selection of a site that is centrally located and there making the best possible arrangements for the comfort and convenience of at least 250 persons. If more come, well and good; there is always room for them, and it is unlikely that a smaller number will be present. The division meets have shown on a smaller scale the same peculiarity as the general—that the attendance is small from the very vicinity of the camp. The fact appear to be that men will not come to a meet merely because it is near at hand; but on the contrary, if there is reason to believe that the meet will be interesting and successful, they will get to it somehow.

In the past a good deal of trouble has been taken to suit the wishes of certain localities from which a large attendance was expected; and at times the officers have labored hard to interest all sections of the Association. Such missionary work has not, as a rule, paid for the trouble; and much better returns may be had in the future from the concentration of the work of officers and committee on all details that go to make a camp convenient and pleasant to those who may come.

The racing fleet was mentioned last week; of cruising canoes and other boats there were a number present, but few in any way novel. The oddest craft was the Proa, designed by Mr. Robert Tyson, of "Pearl" canoe fame. The idea was suggested by the plans of a Singalese proa, published several years since in the FOREST AND STREAM, the first experiment being made with a 16x30 open Canadian canoe. The sides were built up considerably higher, and a sort of box keel was added under the bottom. The horizontal arms were fitted, projecting on one side, and to them a smaller canoe was attached, of course parallel with the main hull. The craft was fitted with a canoe rig, of two battened sails. She was used on Toronto Bay last year, and proved quite fast and very safe and comfortable, carrying three or four persons and affording ample room for storage. The light draft and moderate weight permits of easy beaching, and there is floor space for two to sleep. Though capsizable, she is comparatively a safe boat. and for ordinary sailing and cruising seems to possess many good qualities.

The present boat was built last winter and is more perfect in detail than the original one. Mr Tyson made the entire cruise from Toronto in her; partly alone, and at times with a companion; and on last Thursday he started to cruise a part of the way home, according to time and weather. Of recent years Mr. Tyson has become a convert to the Single-tax theory, and his tent, the last in the camp, was decorated with various posters setting forth the principles of Henry George and his followers.

Since the destruction of the shops of the Ontario Canoe Co. by fire nearly two years ago the company has been reorganized under the name of the Petersborough Canoe Co. and is now in successful operation, building canoes, sailing craft and steam launches of all kinds. It was well represented at the camp, a large oval tent being filled with specimens of open canoes, from the plain painted basswood to the more elegantly finished cedar-rib. A skilful boat builder was in charge, with tools and outfit for repairs.

The open birch bark, seldom seen at a meet, was represented this year by two or three specimens, and the display of the ordinary open Canadian canoe quite rivalled that of the old days at Grindstone. At the same time but two of these service canoes started in the race specially arranged for the class as distinguished from the padding racers. One fine specimen of amateur work was a 16×30 canoe, decked and fully fitted for sailing, built by the young son of Mr. Gilbert, the builder. As far as models and methods of construction are concerned, there was nothing demanding special notice.

Although a good deal of cooking was done in camp, there was nothing of the nature of a true canoe kit displayed and all improvement in this line seems to have stopped. The same may be said of the tents and camp appliances. the large military wall tent being generally used, with some of the circular marquees of the Canadian militia. Many of the tents were large and well furnished, but on the whole there was nothing better for its size than the square tent with a single pole, first introduced by the Mohicans at Grindstone.

In dress the camp presented no special features. The club uniform has disappeared, and also the grotesque costumes once affected by some canoeists, nor were the dude rigs of a few years ago particularly noticeable. The knit jersey or an "outing" shirt, with white duck or flannel trousers and jacket, often not unpleasantly clean, made up the average costume, though many held to the ever popular knickerbockers. The ladies' costumes were mainly neat and becoming everyday dresses, neither the very plain camping costumes sometimes worn in the woods, nor the elaborate toilettes that have at times been criticised, but a successful compromise between the two.

Since the first Grindstone meet in 1884 one of the popular institutions of the camp, and in fact of all A. C. A. gatherings, has been the big Hiawatha and her owner, the able and willing leader in all amusements. Among his many triumphs are the Indian tableau on the hill in 1884, the famous circus of 1889, the "Coon band" and parade of 1890, the great sea serpent of 1891 and the two fine entertainments of last year, the "As You Like It" tableaux and the storming of the fort and general illumination. This year Mr. Seavey was absent, for the first time after nine successive meets, and it is needless to say that he was missed. Excepting the band concert, the entertainments were of the simple and impromptu kind which best befit a camp. The ladies instituted a pretty fashion of afternoon teas, *al fresco* gatherings which were very pleasant. On one occasion the camp attended a garden party given by Dr. and Mrs. Garrett at their home, just opposite the camp on the main land, a steamer carrying the guests over and back. Mr. Winne was as usual the life of all the camp-fires and entertainments, ever ready in his efforts to amuse.

Among those present for the first time was Miss E. Pauline Johnson, of Brantford, Canada, the author of the poem "The Song My Paddle Sings," published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 15, 1892. Miss Johnson is the daughter of an Indian, a chief of the Five Nations, her mother, who was in camp with her, being an Englishwoman. Her brothers are well known among Canadian canoeists, and she has been all her life accustomed to the single blade. Through the day she was on the water in her open canoe, Wildcat. The most striking incident of the meet was her appearance in full Indian dress at one of the camp-fires, where she recited an Indian poem written by herself.

This year the local papers, Canadian and American, devoted special attention to the meet, the reports being in the main carefully written, but containing some amusing statements, as the following quotations show:

"Chas. E. Archibald of Montreal is in camp with his racing skiff Bonita and Canoe Mab, both of which he calls very speedy. The canoe is ship rigged, with fore and aft sail and topsail. Unlike the other canoes his sliding seat is screwed solid to the boat. He also has a stop watch screwed to the deck to tell how fast the wind blows."

"W.W. Howard, the owner of the Aztec, is one of the skilful manipulators of a canoe. He always carries two centerboards, a small one for a light wind and a large one for a heavy wind, and when the breeze is extra stiff Mr. Howard runs down both boards. The Aztec originally had four bulkheads, but after the Camperdown-Victoria accident her owner added two more bulkheads, fearing that some one might collide with him and sink him.

"Among the handy devices is a rope hitched to the mizzenmast by which he steadies himself when he carries heavy sail and has to perform the hare back act on the end of his hike."

"Miss Pauline Johnston, the Indian poetess, did her first canoeing yesterday. She is being instructed by M. F. Bennett, New York."

"E. Wellman and O. K. Holmes, a member of the regatta committee, arrived yesterday from Yonkers."

"W. P. Stephens, Casper W. Whitney and Hoko of the New York canoe club were busy pitching their tent Monday. Their canvas house is the first on the grounds to have top, sides and bottom all together."

"The pet of the camp is A. H. Stevenson's bright little son 'Cocoa.'"

"A new model of racing canoe will participate in the races this year. It is known as the fin-keel and meets every requisite for fast sailing. This type of craft was designed by Wm. P. Stephens.

"Ties were taken from Herreshoff's Gloriana, the American champion sloop of '91.

"The distinguishing feature of the canoe is a large overhanging bow and stern and a large fin-keel of 5-16in. boiler plate extending some 8ft. below the boat."

An institution that could well have been dispensed with was Mr. Brophy's bar in the camp; an effort was made to suppress it, but failed, we understand, on account of the license, which would have become inoperative had it not been kept regularly open. There is never any danger of death from thirst in a camp, even with no public bar within fifty miles, the private supply being fully adequate to all requirements of hospitality and joviality.

The hardest task which falls on the officers of the A. C. A. in camp is to draw the line between liberty and license, between fun that is often boisterous and unconventional, but otherwise unobjectionable, and a drunken riot, such as is too often attempted. Only once has this line been successfully drawn, by Com. Winne last year, the first attempt at a renewal of the all-night noise of the previous year being suppressed so quickly and effectually that it was not repeated during the remainder of the meet.

As Mr. Kipling very truly remarks, "Single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints," and similarly no one would expect to regulate a camp of a couple of hundred men by the rules of conduct that would apply to a Christian Endeavor convention. At the same time there are many who object to the whole camp being kept awake from midnight until morning by a continuous stream of obscenity and profanity. This year there was a reasonable amount of quiet after midnight, but one night was rendered hideous by a drunken gang of Mr. Brophy's employees who kept up the foulest kind of noise for an hour about 2 A. M.

A novelty in the camp was a telegraph office, which was made possible by the wires to Kingston running across the island, so that it was easy to tap them. This was a convenience to many, giving quick communication with New York and distant points, as well as with Kingston and Clayton. Near the telegraph office and bar was another evidence of the higher civilization, a Custom House, in a 7×9 tent, presided over by one of Her Majesty's officers. There was also a darkroom for the photographers, of whom the usual number were present. Mr. Stoddard was not on hand, but some very good views of the camp and canoes were made by Messrs. Murray & Son, of Brockville, Canada, who will place them on sale.

The signal code was used for all orders, but the gun was replaced by a hugle, which sounded "orders." The hugler, Mr. Burns, was quite an addition to the camp, his cheery notes sounding forth at all hours .One thing that was missed after last year was the drum corps, which afforded continual amusement at Willsborough. It not only proved a safety valve in the matter of mere noise of a cheerful sort, but after a tramp of two or three miles around the camp of an evening, a good many lively spirits were ready to seek their blankets and leave the camp to quiet rest. The absence of wood for the camp-fires was most unusual, as the island had an abundance of shade trees. One novelty that grew to a positive nuisance this year was the number of dogs in camp, suggesting the desirability of a rule prohibiting them, or at least of an A. C. A. dog pound. The most unwelcome visitor to the camp was a hearse, which with two black horses was landed from the steamer on the evening of the "American" camp-fire. A death had occurred somewhere in the interior of the island, and the hearse was ordered from Kingston, but its unexpected appearance when the camp was given over to fun and jollity was no less incongruous than depressing.

One result of the races was to prove the extremely faulty condition of the racing rules, due to careless amendments, continual and unnecessary tinkering and typographical errors. Again and again questions arose which could not be answered by a reference to the book, and it is most necessary that steps be taken at the next meeting to correct the many errors and also to make some changes demanded by the altered condition of the racing. The regatta committee is now fully awake to the importance of this work, but members may assist materially by calling attention to errors or necessary changes which may come to their notice.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbian International Prize Shooting.

SHARPSHOOTERS' PARK, WEST PULLMAN.—Aug. 27 and 28 we had a large attendance from everywhere of the Union and good shooting was done. The following shooters were present and decorated with the Columbian Medal: C. F. Crain, Biddeford, Me. Joseph Stamson, Chicago. D. W. McLaughlin, S. Leandro, Cal. P. Frauh, Chicago. C. Finkensieger, Chicago. Robt. Kamm, Highland, Ill. Louis Knobel, Highland, Ill. Terry E. Kent, Utica. Viems. Rapp, St. Louis. F. J. Smith, St. Louis. F. C. Ross, Brooklyn. G. L. Deiter, Milwaukee. W. A. Yaier, St. Louis. Wm. Holley, Peru, Ill. Otto Lauer, Peru, Ill. A. C. Hofmeyer, Baltimore. Robt. J. Boehme, Peru, Ill. L. J. Wiget, Mendota, Ill. Geo. Beutemueller, Chicago. E. Wesiphal, Morrison, Ill. F. B. Martz, Shultz, Wis. A. J. Dalley, Baldwinsville, N. Y. Guntrum Hammerle, Darnbirn, Austria. Charles Reusch, Darnbirn, Austria. Charles Munk, Detroit. Peter Klauer, Dubuque. Richard Kolt, Dubuque. D. Schneidenrind, Bellville, Ill. Charles K. Dunkerley, St. Louis. C. A. Brety, Indianapolis. T. Sebluter, Moline, Ill. M. Kilian, Davenport. Dr. H. Malhey, Davenport Stephen Meunier, Milwaukee. W. J. Samison, Council Bluffs. A. Mueller, Toledo. Geo. D. Wiegeman, A. Friehold and J. Frandt, Milwaukee. V. Link, Peru. Joseph Spangler, Monroe, Wis. Gus Homreghausen, Baltimore. Dr. A. A. Stillman, Syracuse. G. Neitzel, Peru. John J. Young, Maspeth, N. Y. H. H. Rolhert, Baltimore. F. W. Schultz, Schultz, Wis.

Scores follow:

Columbia target; The best and highest scores was made by Chas. Finkensieger, Shooting Master of the Chicago Sharpshooters' Society. He made 71 out of 75 rings.

King target; Valentine Link 207.

Man target: Gustave Homreghausen 93.

People's target: F. C. Ross 71.

Standard target; F. C. Ross and Louis Knobel 43 each.

The highest scores up to date since the beginning: Columbia, 71, King, 271. Bullseye, the most was 34 out of possible 100. Peoples, 71 by six. Man, 94 and 93 by three Standard, 46 by four.

The shooting is going on every day this week up to Sept. 3, 6 P. M.

Aug. 29.—Grand scores made:

King Target.—Gustav Homreghousen, Baltimore, 220.

People's Target.—F. Ross, Brooklyn, N. Y., 71, G. Homreghousen 71.

Man Target.—G. Homreghouser, 93, F. Ross 91.

Standard Target.—F. Ross 49.

Columbia Target.—Finkensieper, Cbicago, 71.

Aug. 30.—The best riflemen of the Union are now at work for the honor of being the King of this great tournament. The following shooters received the Columbian medal: L. E. Danser, Independent, Wis.; F. A. Fuller, Omaha, Neb.; J. H. Lohmeyer, Baltimore; S. G. Dorman, St. Louis; G. M. Se ell, Lawrence, Mass.; J. F. Kutsch F. T. Kutsch, Dubuque, Ia.; Andrew M. Bean, John Morf, E. Schottlander, Louis Schwarzhoefer, St. Louis; Alex. Kersher, Buffalo, N. Y.

The scores from Aug. 30, unchanged up to Aug. 30, 6 P. M., highest standing: Columbia target 71, King target 220, man target 94, people's target 71, standard 49, hullseye 34 out of 100 shots.

The best shots of the Union are now at work and the most creditable shots are made. Columbian medals awarded to D. Wiget, St. Louis; A. L. Robertan, Joliet; C. F. Kappler, New York; W. Bush, Chicago; Otto A. Sommers, Chicago; C Sippel, Chicago; C. Ziegenhagen, Kensington, Ill.; Chas. Basher, Chicago; J. Gunshal Milwaukee; L. Frank, St. Louis; P. Romanus, Chicago; A Dernbach, Chicago; J. G. Dillin Ardmore, Pa.; J. Rusch, La Crosse, Wis.; Y. C. Karsten, Chicago; H. Borsch, Chicago; F. W. Hofele, New York; J. A. Boyken, New York; W. Dorrler, Jersey City; L. T. Hansen, Jersey City; Hans Ieterse, Omaha; James Frikele, Monroe, Wis.; Chas. Schotte, Jr., Chicago; Otto Naef, Chicago; Louis Schweighaefer, St. Louis; J. J. Munch, Sandwich, Ill.

The highest scores up to Sept. 2: Columbia 71, Stich target flag 102-6, King 220, Man 94 twice, Peoples' 74, Standard 49. Bullseyes, 34 out of 100 shots.

A. BOESE, Sec'y.

North End Rifle Club.

EPHRATA, Pa., Aug. 26.—On Friday afternoon the members of the North End Rifle Club met on their Ephrata range for an afternoon's sport at target practice, and enjoyed themselves very much. They had for a guest Jacob F. Wolfer, member of the Lancaster Schuetzen Verein, who came with authority to fully arrange for another rifle contest between these two clubs. The following scores were the best made, distance 200yds., rest shooting, best out of a possible 120 points:

S L Sharp	7	10	8	11	11	7	9	6	7	7	8	3
	7	10	12	7	8	7	9	6	12	12	90	173
L M Wiest	9	9	10	7	8	7	7	9	9	10	8	5
	9	10	10	7	9	8	9	9	8	8	87	172
D B Lefever	9	7	9	9	8	4	7	9	7	9	7	8
	9	9	5	5	7	8	12	8	8	9	79	157
J M Sheaffer	9	12	6	10	6	8	7	8	6	8	8	0
	9	9	9	9	6	7	8	7	7	8	76	156
J F Wolfer	0	9	9	8	8	9	9	7	6	6	7	2
	7	6	4	6	8	9	7	7	8	8	70	142

Although it was the intention to again contest for several medals, but only one was put up and won by L. M. Wiest, of Schoeneck. The Lancaster boys will come out here to give our boys another shake in a few weeks, when some lively shooting may be expected.

At the previous medal shoot the shooting was mostly at rest, and of the four medals contested for three went to Schoeneck and one remained in Ephrata. The former medals were won by L. M. Wiest, and J. M. Stober, while the Ephrata medal was won by J. M. Sheaffer. There was no wind to interfere with the shooters, but the day was all that could be desired. The shooting was none of the best, but was greatly enjoyed by the five participating members. The following were the best scores made, distance being 200yds:

L M Wiest	10	10	9	7	6	10	9	10	9	7	90
	10	9	9	9	10	9	10	10	9	9	93—183
J A Stober	9	7	8	8	6	10	7	8	9	8	80
	7	7	6	8	9	8	8	8	9	8	78—158
D B Lefever	8	5	9	6	6	8	10	9	9	6	76
	8	8	7	5	6	9	7	7	9	6	72—146
J M Sheaffer	5	5	5	7	8	6	7	5	7	6	63
	10	7	6	5	10	9	8	10	5	6	76—139
E Mellinger	7	7	0	0	8	9	9	7	0	9	56
	0	7	4	7	6	10	8	9	9	10	64—120

D. B. LEFEVER, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifles.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 27.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended. Conditions 200yds. offhand at the Standard target The attendance was rather small owing to a delegation from the club going to Chicago to participate in the Columbian Festival. Our captain (Mat Gindele) is one of the number, and we hear is doing good work. We wish him well and hope he will bring home the honors to us. His lieutenant (E. D. Payne) made an effort to fill the vacancy made by the captain's absence. How well he succeeded may be judged by his scores:

Payne	10	10	8	10	6	10	8	10	7	9	88
	10	8	8	6	9	10	9	7	9	10	86
	9	10	5	7	7	9	6	7	7	6	73
Weinheimer	10	7	6	10	6	6	7	9	5	10	76
	5	8	7	9	8	5	7	9	6	6	70
	7	6	7	6	5	7	5	9	6	10	68
Brumback	6	8	10	8	9	5	8	6	8	9	77
	9	10	7	6	6	9	5	8	10	10	80
	6	10	7	9	10	5	5	9	7	5	73
Simon	10	7	8	7	7	9	6	9	5	9	71
	6	7	2	5	7	7	7	10	8	6	65
	6	9	7	5	6	7	8	5	4	6	64
Stegner	2	5	7	6	8	6	6	4	6	7	57
	8	5	8	6	4	8	6	7	5	7	64
	5	6	9	7	8	5	4	6	5	9	64
Topf	5	7	5	8	10	3	6	6	6	7	63
	9	6	6	8	7	9	5	7	4	7	68
	8	6	3	9	4	8	10	6	0	8	62
Puthoff	10	7	4	2	5	4	7	7	10	6	62
	4	7	7	5	4	6	5	9	6	5	58
	5	7	5	4	3	10	4	9	9	3	58
Nagel	6	6	3	4	4	3	7	8	7	6	52
	4	3	2	7	5	4	4	4	4	5	42
	0	8	5	2	6	6	2	2	5	4	40

Revolver Shooting in England.

THE revolver competition in connection with the South London Rifle Club resulted on Aug. 15 as below:

Walter Winans	776677—40	Howard	565627—31
Frost	777654—36	Mortimer	660355—25
Smith	555575—32		

This makes the three leading scores for the revolver championship of the club stand:

Walter Winans	40 40 40—120	R S Kemp	38 36 32—106
C F Lowe	39 38 37—114	E V Keen	37 35 34—106

The scores for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club have changed during the last few weeks as far as the lower standing scores are concerned. Major Munday and Mr. Rand have got up from eighth and ninth place to fifth and sixth.

Scores for revolver championsbip of the club:

W Winans	41 41 41 41 40—204	Rand	36 34 33 33 31—167
C F Lowe	40 38 37 37 36—188	Carter	33 33 33 33 33—165
Lieut Varley	37 37 37 35 35—181	Capt Richards'n	34 32 32 31 31—160
Capt Cowan	39 36 36 35 35—181	Capt Thompson	34 32 32 31 30—159
Major Munday	39 37 33 32 31—172	Treadwell	28 25 23 19 15—112

On Aug. 17 Mr. Winans tried for the first time shooting a sporting rifle (a Rigby long range one) at the 50yds. range at Bisley. After two shots to get the elevation he made a highest possible score for the regulation seven shots. The bullseye is 24in. in diameter.

Revolver Shooting.

GENEVA, N. Y., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your articles for the past three or four years trying to awaken some enthusiasm in revolver shooting have interested me greatly, as I am much given to that sport and have followed it in a quiet way for many years, getting much pleasure from it. And now, with your assistance, I have succeeded in getting enough interested here, so that in the near future we expect to have a good club with a suitable range to shoot over.

One of the greatest obstacles to contend with in revolver shooting I have found to be is the inability to get such a revolver as one needs for a good, accurate shooting arm and still not too heavy for the pocket. After an experience of about twenty years, using almost every make of any excellence, I had about arrived at the conclusion that I should never find such a revolver as I wanted. Still I did not like to give it up, and whenever a new one came out, I would get it, and give it a trial only to be disappointed; and so it has been up to a month ago, when I bought one of the new American Arm Co.'s hammerless .32cal. Although it had been highly recommended to me by a friend. still I had many misgivings, for so few seem to know what a revolver should be. But I must confess I have been agreeably surprised, for it has proved the most accurate shooting weapon of its caliber I have ever seen, and way beyond my expectations, with the best balance and hang, and its action and finish are perfect, besides its construction being such that it can be thrown from double action into single and back at will, makes it most practical. Then instead of being so light that accuracy is out of the question (the greatest fault of all of our modern pocket revolvers), it has with the 3¼in. barrel, 20oz. of metal to withstand the recoil. PAT.

San Francisco Rifle Notes.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 32.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find excerpts from the daily papers anent the fall festival of the California Schuetzen Club. This is the chief sport of the year in this State, and excites much enthusiasm among our riflemen.

The Pistol Club of San Francisco has evolved into the Rifle and Pistol Club, and will hereafter hold monthly medal contests with both arms. The standard American target will be used, 50yds. with pistol, and 200yds. with rifle. Any rifle will be allowed. Some fine scores may be looked for after the organization gets under headway. One of our

reliable shots, Mr. D. A. McLaughlin, leaves to-day for Chicago, to try his luck in the great shooting contest. He carries with him the best wishes of all local riflemen. ROEEL.

Greenville Rifle Club.

The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club, at headquarters, No. 112 Cator avenue, Greenville N. J., on Friday night, Sept. 1, had its usual attendance. The feature of the evening was the shooting of W. C. Collins, one of the second class members, who, by his good holding made the fine score of 242 points. A first class performance. The scores are appended 10 shots, possible 250, 25yds: W. C. Collins 242, Plaisted 241, Chavant 240, Purkess 236, Dodds 234, Capt. Robidoux 236, C. Boag 231, J. Boag 229, John Hill 221.

The weekly outing of the club, in Armbruster's Park, Sept. 2, had its usual attendance. The best individual 10-shot score was made by C. H. Chavant, who made the unusually fine score of 229 points on the German ring target. Plaisted struck a streak of good luck or otherwise, and in five consecutive scores put up the following good ones: 221, 211, 221, 214, 223—1,092. The following appended scores are the best made by each individual shooter, 10 shots, German ring target, distance 200yds.:

C H Chavant	20 22 25 25 20 24 22 25 23 23—229
Geo W Plaisted	22 23 20 23 22 22 24 22 21 24—223
C Boag	23 22 16 14 23 18 21 25 24 22—208
J Boag	20 19 25 17 12 13 23 21 18 22—190
Captain Robidoux	21 22 21 24 23 9 21 21 12 19—193
W C Collins	17 15 22 23 22 23 14 11 22 19—188
Jas Dodds	23 23 16 10 12 14 15 11 29 19—163
Geo Pinkess	19 17 20 9 17 9 16 22 19 8—156

RIFLE NOTES.

There is a rumor that some of our experts, on their entrance into the Windy City last week, were under the watchful eyes of the city protecters. Our information in the matter is somewhat vague, and consequently we are at a loss to explain the matter to our own satisfaction. There are none of our experts that we know that could possibly be taken for an Anarchist. Michael Dorrler's open countenance could not by any force of imagination be screwed into the resemblance to the followers of the Red Flag; both Boyken and Hansen have only to adopt a white neck-tie and there is not a conductor in the country, with a three months' experience, that would expect to take up their fares in any other form than the customary pass which they meet with every day. Of the others, Ross, with his youthful appearance would pass muster as a Junior from Oberlin. The only other expert that we can recall as being in the city at the time is that old veteran of the butts, W. Milton Farrow. Now we have not seen this old friend in years, and we remember him as a man of mild manners If there was any doubt in his case he had only to hand out a volume of "What I Know About Shooting," and his identity would be made clear at once. After a thorough canvass of this matter in our mind we have come to the conclusion that our experts were maligned and that the rumor probably had reference to some other individuals. Maybe our Harlem joker started the rumor as a satisfaction for his inability to participate.

We are informed that Miss Lillian Smith (the female shooter) will attempt to break the rapid firing record on the point target at 200yds. Whether this applies to a female record or not we are at this moment unable to say. The exhibition is booked to come off on the range of the California Club at San Rafael, Cal., in the near future.

Fred. W. Hofele, who came into prominence through a series of matches with Gus. Zimmerman some years ago, came to the front again by winning the Zettler trophy for the 15 best scores at the Plattdeutsch festival, and tieing M. Dorrler for first prize on the prize target. Mr Hofele is now located upon that historical spot on the upper end of Manhattan Island known as Fort George Park. It is a most delightful spot on a hot summer's day.

A match between C. Hutch, of the Harlem Rifle Club, and L. C. Buss, of the Empire Rifle Club, 100 shots a side, was shot off on the gallery ranges of the Zettler Brothers, 219 Bowery, on Wednesday night, Aug. 30. Buss forgot to close his "sand spigot" in the beginning of the match, and the consequence was he was forced to retire on his seventh string. He should continue his instruction under the tutelage of Rosenbaum.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Sept. 5-8.—Third international live bird and target tournament, at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, Detroit, Mich.

Sept. 6-8 —Schuylkill County Shooting Association, at Tamaqua, Pa. Targets, sparrows and pigeons.

Sept. 6-8.—The Veteran Tournament, Indianapolis, Ind, during National G. A. R. Encampment, under the management of the officers of the North End Shooting Club. H. S. Humphrey, President.

Sept. 6-8.—Pimlico Gun Club tournament, Baltimore. Dr. Z. F Frey, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-8.—Schuylkill County Shooting Association tournament; targets, sparrows and pigeons, at Tamaqua, Pa.

Sept. 12-13.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Allentown and Bethlehem, Pa. (combined).

Sept. 20-21.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association sixth tournament, at Worcester, Mass.

Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.

September.—Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.

Oct. 2-7.—John Watson's tournament, Burnside, Ill.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Beginning on Tuesday and closing on Friday of next week will occur Jack Parker's third international live bird and target shoot at Des-chree-shos-ka Island, at the mouth of the Detroit River, and great sport is sure to result. There will be ten target events on the first day; four at 10 each; two at 15, and one at 20 targets; also the Montgomery Ward & Co.'s $200 guaranteed purse at 20 targets, divided $60, $40, $30, $25, $20, $15 and $10, with surplus added; two-man team race, 10 targets per man; and one at 25 targets, with a first prize of $50 cash, and four merchandise prizes. On the record day there will be an event at five live birds, $5 entry; seven live birds, $7 entry; ten live birds, $10 entry; a miss-and-out $2 entry, and the great race at 25 live pigeons, for the International medal (value $150) emblematic of the International live bird championship of United States and Canada, open to the world. The entrance for the medal will be the price of the birds, but those who wish may pay in $25 each and shoot for the pot. On the third day there will be ten target events. These include one at 20 targets for the Cleveland Target Company's guaranteed purses of $100; one at 50 targets for ten merchandise prizes, and the great race at 15 targets for the International target championship, medal to become the property of the winner. This is open to the United States and Canada. The fourth days' shooting will be at targets, the main contest to be at 25 targets for a $100 purse. Bluerock targets and expert trap will be used. All except the guaranteed purses, free shoots, trophy and team match, will be shot under the Parker handicap. The American Wood Powder Band will furnish music.

The first annual tournament given by the Morristown Gun and Athletic Club, will be held at the Morristown Driving Park, Sept. 12 and 13. The handicap will be 12-bores at 28yds., 10-bores at 31yds. First day: Event No. 1, 10 live birds, $10 entrance; No. 2, 15 live birds, $15 entrance; No. 3, 25 live birds, $25 entrance. Second day: Event No. 1, 7 live birds, $7 entrance; No. 2, 10 live birds, $10 entrance; No. 3, 15 live birds, $15 entrance; No. 4, 25 live birds, $25 entrance. Three moneys in all shoots, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Shooting to commence at 9 A. M. sharp each day. Shooting grounds one-half mile from the depot. The pigeons to be shot from five unknown traps, American Association rules to govern. Nobody barred. Loaded shells on grounds. James Timmons, President; John Leonard, Vice-President; Frank Class, Treasurer.

The Newark Gun Club will receive a friendly visit on Sept. 11 from the Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, and during the day there will be a race between teams of 15 men from each club, each man shooting at 10 live pigeons The shoot will take place on John Erb's grounds, and a feature will be the banquet.

Some time this month the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. will put on the market a new cheap shell, to be known as the "Nitro Club." While at the Interstate shoot at Charlotte, N. C., W. M. Thomas, the genial and talented expert of this company, showed samples of this shell, and they were favorably commented on. Mr. Thomas, who by the way does all the testing developing, etc., for the U. M. C. Co., stated to us that this shell was intended to do away with priming with black powder, and thus obviate the possibility of blowing back, so likely to occur if black powder primes are not mathematically correct as to quantity. It will soon become popular with dealers who load moderate priced cartridges, owing to less labor being required than when a prime is necessary. The shell has a peculiarly shaped base, which is designed to increase the volume of gas.

Why are not more firms represented by shooting men or salesmen at the Interstate shoot? At Charlotte we were lolling in the shade of the Colt tent and were approached by two parties, each of whom inquired if they could see the representative of the Colt Co., or could see a Colt gun. Upon inquiry we were obliged to tell them that the company was unrepresented either by a salesman or any of its product. The only firms represented by individuals were Forest and Stream, E. C. Powder Co. and the Union Metalic Cartridge Co., and by products, the Le Roy Lead and Shot Co. and Tatham & Co. (shot).

Advices from R T. Clayton, the major domo of shooting affairs in and about Tamaqua, Pa., tell us that the Schuylkill County Shooting Association will hold a tournament at Tamaqua on Sept. 6, 7 and 8, artificial targets, live pigeons and sparrows to be used. This association is noted for holding successful shoots, and with Rene Clayton at the helm the coming one should be a record breaker. The shooters will hold forth at the United States Hotel during the tournament.

John Connor, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club, did himself proud at New London. During the three days his average, taking in the various rules, was 84.53, and this was his first experience with the Novelty rule. His winning the diamond championship trophy was a popular victory. During the three days Rolla Heikes made 87.27 per cent. and Ferd. Van Dyke 85.45.

The following officers have been elected by the Wilmington (Del.) Rod and Gun Club: President, W. H. Hartlove; Vice-President, David Wilson; Secretary and Quartermaster, Edward Farmer; Treasurer, John R. Marr; Captain, Chas. Fehreubach; Directors—J. D. Underwood, C. McConnell, Lewis Fox and John Gaughan.

The Woodvale Gunning Club has been organized in Reading, Pa., with the following officers: Howard Boas, President; John Moser, Vice-President; Irwin Beadencup, Treasuer; Thos. Derolf, Secretary; John Moyer, Recording Secretary. The club starts out with eighteen members.

Down in this section of "Ole Virginny" gray squirrels are almost as plentiful as the nuts they seek, and every evening the crack of the deadly rifle or shotgun can be heard in almost any woods. The prospects for quail are promising in all sections of Virginia and North Carolina.

The Charlotte Gun Club are well satisfied with the outcome of their recent shoot and are already considering the fesaibility of holding a big moneyed tournament just previous to the Knoxville shoot in May, 1894. The club is comprised of hunters and should be able to run a successful affair.

The season's shooting of the Red Oak (Ia.) Gun Club ended in favor of W. H. Evans, who won the club trophy with a total of 170 breaks

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

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against Chandler's 161, Whelan's 159, Cook's 157, Marshall's 148, Gunn's 140, Peterson's 127 and Davis's 127. There were eight contests.

Only three weeks to the Pennsylvania State shoot, and no programmes yet. It is time they were issued, at least to the press, which should have plenty of time for booming these State affairs.

The Bennett brothers, formerly well-known pistol shots, must have been practicing on Keystones in some quiet nook, judging from their clip at New London.

The Marvine Gun and Rod Association, of Colorado Springs, has been incorporated with a capital stock of $5,000. The directors are A. L. Lawton, H. H. Eddy, J. P. Barnes, C. E. Noble, E. Barnett, A. Sutton and D. R. Ellis.

A gun club has been organized in Granville, N. Y., with Dr. B. D. Mosher, President; W. H. Hughes, Vice-President; G. H. McDonald, Secretary, and C. E. McFadden, Treasurer.

On August 19, J. J. Dietz killed 38 and Frank Hoagland 35 pigeons in a match at 50 birds each under Rhode Island rules. The match took place at Clifton Heights, Pa., and was for $100 a side.

The regular medal shoots of the Leavenworth (Kan.) Gun Club will hereafter be held on the first and third Fridays of each month. The club will visit the Kansas City (Kan.) Gnn Club on Sept. 4.

The following are the officers of the Brighton Gun Club of East Orange, N. J.: President, George Kutches; secretary, Emmons Canfield; treasurer, J. F. O'Mealy; captain, Samuel Badgeley.

The Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, are said to have arranged for a match with the Newark Cun Club, 20 men to a team, 15 live pigeons per man.

The Park River (N. D.) Gun Club offers a reward of $25 for the capture of violators of the game laws. A good example for other gun clubs.

Harry M. Levengsten, of Saratoga, will shoot at 100 live birds against W. T. Lord, of Troy, on the West Troy base ball grounds on Sept. 12.

The members of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club are competing for a Parker gun. Each member must shoot at 500 targets.

The Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, has taken up trap shooting, and its trap section shoots every Thursday afternoon.

A meeting will be held to-night at the rooms of the Orange (N. J.) Athletic Club for the purpose of organizing a gun club.

Jack Parker will run another tournament in Detroit the latter part of this month.

The E. C. powder and U. M. C. shells made a great hit at Charlotte.

C. H. Townsend.

Interstate at Worcester.

The programme of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 21-22 is as follows: *Sept. 20.*—Event No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.25; No. 2, 10 targets (1.25); No. 3, 15 targets (1.50); No. 4, 20 targets (2); No. 5, 25 targets (2.50), Lincoln House stake, $25 added by Dr. E. E. Frost; No. 6, 15 targets (1.50); No. 7, 15 targets (1.50); No. 8, 20 targets (2); No. 9, 10 targets (1.25); No. 10, 10 targets (1.25).

Sept. 21.—Event No. 1, 10 targets (1.25); No. 2, 10 targets (1.25); No. 3, 15 targets (1.50); No. 4, 20 targets (2); No. 5, 25 targets (2.50). Worcester Sportsman Club stake, $25 added by the club; No. 6, 15 targets (1.50); No. 7, 15 targets (1.50); No. 8, 20 targets (2); No. 9, 10 targets (1.25); No. 10, 10 targets (1.25).

Headquarters for sportsmen during the tournament will be the Lincoln House, Elm street. Shooting will commence at 9:30 A. M. each day. Price of targets deducted from purses. To reach the grounds of the Worcester Sportsmen's Association take the electric cars from the hotel direct to the grounds. Address communications for information regarding the shoot to A. W. Walls, Sec'y, Piedmont street, Worcester, Mass. The next tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will be held at Boston in October.

Union Club's Monthly.

Springfield, N. J., Aug. 30.—Match at 10 singles:

Jefferson	0101001000—3	Terry	0111111011—8
W Smith	1110111111—9	Miller	1111110110—8
Williams	0100011010—4	Sopher	1010110101—6
Briant	1011010100—5		

Monthly club shoot:

Class A.

Miller	111111101111111111111111111111—29
Warren Smith	111111101111111111111101111101—27
A Sickley	111111111110111101101111111101—26

Class B.

Williams	111000011010110101110101100110—17
Briant	111111010111101111010000111100—20
Pudney	110110001010100110010100111100—14
Terry	101000110111001101100100100110—15

Class C.

Dr Jackson	100001101011000100101101011011—14
V Sayer	001001101010001110001000000100—10
W Sopher	110011101011110111000100010001—16

E. D. Miller.

Pimlico Gun Club.

The first annual tournament of the Pimlico Gun Club was set for Sept. 6, 7 and 8, at Gleason's Park, Baltimore. The programme calls for targets the first two days, and live birds Friday, with three moneys in each event.

Boiling Springs vs. Passaic City.

Passaic, N. J., Aug. 26.—The initial shoot of a series of five between the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club and the Passaic City Gun Club took place on the grounks of the latter club on Tuesday, Aug. 22, and resulted in a victory for the home team. The greatest friendship exists between the members of both clubs and there was a large attendance, the visiting team bringing many friends along. Among those present were the Hon. Jacob Pentz, editor of *Shooting and Fishing*, who acted as official scorer; Neaf Apgar, of H. C. Squires, as referee; T. H. Keller, of the Climax shell; Councilman Mileham, of Rutherford, Ed Collins, of West Hoboken; and Messrs. Morfey and Wolff, of Paterson. The scores made in the match shoot and in the sweeps which preceded and followed the match are here given. The next shoot will be held on the grounds of the Boilings Springs Club early in September. W.

Passaic Team.

Vermorel	1111111111110010101100111—19
Abbott	1111010111101101111011111—20
Kelly	1100101001111110111111111—19
Shaw	1111111111101101110110101—20
Coman	1110111011111111010111110—20
Jelleme	1111111011011011110111101—20
Bowes	1111111111011111111111111—24
Wise	1111101111111111111111110—23
Palmer	1010110111100111011111111—19
Hemion	1111100010101111111110110—18—202

Boiling Springs Team.

Paul	1110100111111101111111111—21
Lane	0110111110011110101001101—16
Lenone	1111111101000010110111011—17
Huck	1111101111111111111011001—21
Klees	1111101111011011111101111—21
James	1110110111100011111101110—18
C Collins	1010010101111111001101111—17
Grieff	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hollister	1111111111110111111111011—23
Coe	1000111111000001000011110—12—191

No. 1, 10 birds:

Kelly	1111111110— 9	Abbott	1101111111— 9
Bowes	1111111110—10	Paul	1101111111— 9
Kevitt	1101110011— 7	Laue	1111011111— 9
Klees	1111111011— 9	Greiff	1111111111—10
Coman	0111111011— 8	Wise	1100011111— 7
Hall	0110111111— 8	Krebs	0011010011— 5
Jelleme	1111011111— 9	Huck	1111010101— 7
James	0110000100— 3	Hiscox	0010010100— 2
E S Collins	0111111111— 9	C Collins	1111010111— 8
Lenone	1000111111— 7	Burgess	1000101010— 4
Apgar	1111111111—10	Peck	0010100100— 3
Keller	0111111111— 9	Coe	1101010110— 6
Vermorel	1111101111— 9		

No. 2, 10 birds:

Keller	1111111111—10	Abbott	0110001101— 5
Paul	1111011011— 8	Wise	1110111111— 9
Apgar	1111111111—10	C Collins	0000001110— 3
Laue	1111010011— 7	Hiscox	1111110000— 6
Kelly	1101101011— 7	Mileham	1001110011— 6
E S Collins	1101111111— 9	Coman	0110111111— 8
Jelleme	1110111111— 9	Huck	1111111111—10
Greiff	1101111011— 8	Krebs	0110100101— 3
Lenone	1001111111— 8	Morfey	1011110101— 7
Vermorel	1001111100— 6	Wolff	0111011011— 7
Kless	1011110101— 7	Peck	0000000111— 3
James	1101111011— 8	Kevitt	0110010100— 4

No. 3, 15 birds:

Keller	111000111111111—12	Wolff	111100010111111—11
Apgar	111111111111111—15	Jelleme	110111011110111—12
Paul	110010110110011— 9	Vermorel	111111011111110—13
Wise	001111101111111—12	Grieff	111011111111111—14
Keliy	110111010111100—10	James	110111011110011 -11
Bowes	011101101111111—12	Lenone	101111111010111—12
Laue	010111000100111— 8	Klees	011111111111111—14
E Collins	111110101011111—12	Coman	001111111101111—12
Morfey	110110010101010— 8	Huck	111111110101111—13

No. 4, 15 birds:

Keller	111111111110101—13	Hall	010010101010110— 6
Apgar	111110111111111—14	Abbott	100011101101011— 9
E Collins	111111110100111—12	Morfey	111101011111111—13
Wise	111111111101111—15	Wolff	111111100010111—11
Grieff	110111111111101—13	Hollister	111111111111111—15
Vermorel	111001011111111—12	Laue	100110001101001— 7
Lenone	100100001111111— 9	Paul	011110110110011—10
Bowes	101111111011111—13	Peck	010010001000010— 4
Kelly	011101100111000— 8	Burgess	111011101101011—12

No. 5, 10 birds, expert rules:

Keller	1111011001—7	Paul	0111001111—7
Apgar	1101111111—9	Abbott	1111011111—9
E Collins	1111101101—8	Bowes	1111011101—8
James	0101110111—7	Vermorel	1111001111—8
Lenone	0110111010—6	Laue	0101000100—3
Morfey	1110110110—7	Wise	1011101101—7

No. 6, 15 birds:

Keller	011101111011111—12	Morfey	010110111111111—12
Apgar	111110101101111—12	Abbott	111110010101001— 9
Grieff	111111111111111—15	Wolfe	110111111110111—13
Lenone	011110101111101—11	Wise	111101111111111—14
E Collins	111110111110111—13	Bowes	110111111111111—14
Vermorel	110111101111101—12	Hollister	111111111111111—15
Kelley	101011111001101—10	Klees	111011111100101—11
Paul	100100100111101— 8	Laue	100111010110110— 9
Jelleme	100111110011110—10	James	101110011111101—11

No. 7, 10 birds, expert rules:

Apgar	0101111111—8	Wise	1001111101—7
E Collins	0101111111—8	Huck	0110110011—6
Lenone	0000101001—3	Reid	1101000110—5
James	1110011101—7	Burgess	0000100110—3
Coe	1010010001—4	Hollister	1001111110—7
Abbott	1100100011—5	Bowes	0110010101—5
Paul	0000111111—6		

W.

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

The Glenmore Rod and Gun Club seems to be gradually going down hill in respect to the attendance at the several shoots since the death of its president, Peter Sutter. Only eight were present at the monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Aug. 30. The competition was for the club's gold medal and class prizes, given every three months. E. A. Vroome, J. A. Eppig and C. Engelbrecht tied in class A, and J. B. Kay won in class B with 6. W. Linnington won the prize in class C.

Sweepstake shooting followed at 5 birds each, $1 entrance, two moneys. John Schliemann and C. Engelbrecht were the principal winners. The scores: Club shoot:

W Levens	0211120—5	W Vorbach	1221122—7
E A Vroome	1220112—6	J B Kay	1110111—6
J A Eppig	1211102—6	W Linnington	2111000—4
C Engelbrecht	1022221—6	J Schlieman	0101111—5

First sweep:

J A Eppig	21111—5	J B Kay	01111—4
C Engelbrecht	21101—4	J Schlieman	12111—5
W Vorbach	21002—3		

Second sweep:

J A Eppig	10121—4	J B Kay	11221—5
C Engelbrecht	22221—5	J Schlieman	21111—5

Manufacturers' at Allentown.

The programme of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association's tournament at Allentown, Pa., Sept. 12 and 13, runs as follows: First day's shoot, commencing at 9:30 A. M. No. 1 and 2, 10 singles; No. 3, 15 singles, one man up, unknown traps and angles; No. 4, 5 pair; No. 5, 10 singles; No. 6, 15 singles, one man up, unknown traps and angles; No. 7, 10 singles; No. 8, 20 singles, one man up, 21yds. rise, two barrels, unknown traps and angles; No 9, 15 singles (surplus shoot), price of targets. Entrance for 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, $1.50; for 3 and 6, $2.50; for 8, $3 60. Targets included in entrance. Second day's shoot, commencing at 9 A. M. No. 1 and 2, 10 singles; No. 3, 15 singles; No. 4, 5 pair; No. 6, 15 singles, one man up, unknown traps and angles; No. 7, 10 singles; No. 8, 20 singles, one man up, unknown traps and angles; No. 9, 50 singles, price of targets; individual State championship race for M. T. S. A. individual trophy; No. 10, 15 singles (surplus shoot), price of targets, known traps and unknown angles. Entrance for Nos. 3 and 6, $2.50; No. 8, $3.60; others $1 50. Targets included in entrance.

Maplewood.

Orange, N. J.—The regular monthly cup shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club took place on the club grounds Saturday, Aug. 26. The day was extremely sultry and close, and but few members turned out to take part in the shoot. Conditions of the shoot, 50 bluerocks per man from 5 traps, Keystone system.

W Smith	10111111111111111111111111111111111111110111111111—48
O L Yeomans	11011110111111011111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Dr Fisher	11111111111101111111111111011111111111110111101—46
A A Sickley	11111111111001110111110110011011110111111111011111—41
W Van Idestine	10110110111000100011110110001110100001111111101111—31

Mohegan.

Sigourney Second Annual.

SIGOURNEY, IOWA.—The Sigourney Gun Club (composed of the following officers: A. O Schipfer, President; P. Josbaker, Vice-President; L. B. Oliver. Secretary; C B. Dobie, Captain; L. B. White, A. E. Johnston, and E. J. Schipter, Directors) held their second annual tournament at Sigourney, Iowa, Aug. 8, 9 and 10, and, to say the least, was a grand success. The club have one of the finest shooting grounds in the State, a clear background enabling shooters to make good scores. The novice shoots, of which several are published each day, show the improvement of parties never having shot at the trap before. The first and second days the shooters gave the bluerocks a hot reception.

The plunge trap for the 25 live bird contest between Mr. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., and Mr. Peck, of Cincinnati, O., for a purse of $25 a side, lost the club the greater part of the forenoon of the third day, as it took about five-sixth of the shooters to make the trap or boss the job.

Wind and rain combined spoiled the great event of the afternoon. The 75 live bird match between C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, and C. M. Grimm, of Clear Lake, for a purse of $100 a side, 5 unknown traps, 30yds. rise. American Association rules governed.

The result, Budd 74, Grimm 73, is considerable above the average live bird shooting.

First Day.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance, 50c.:
Dobie 11111—5 Oliver 01001—2
Hinkley 01011—3 Budd 11111—5
White 11110—4 Lewis 01101—3

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance, $1:
Budd 1111111111—10 Oliver 1001011011—6
Dobie 0110101111— 7 White 1100111111—8
Lewis 0100101111— 6 Dant 1111010101—7

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance, $1.50:
Dobie 111110100111111—12 Grimm 011111111111111—14
Budd 111111111011111—14 White 111000001101111— 9
Oliver 000010011110111— 8 Marshall 111110111111111—14
Dant 011011010101101— 9 Deterline 011111111111110—13
Lewis 010011101111110—10 Esterley 111111111111101—14
Hinkley 000110110111110— 9

No. 4, 10 targets, entrance $2:
Frazier 1011111111— 9 Esterley 1111110111— 9
Dobie 1111101111— 9 Lewis 1111011111— 9
Grimm 1111111111—10 Deterline 1111111111—10
Budd 1111111111—10 Marshall 0111111110— 8

No. 5, 5 targets, entrance $1:
Grimm 11111—5 Marshall 11111—5
Dobie 11111—5 Lewis 11111—5
Budd 11111—5 Esterly 11111—5
Frazier 10111—4 Deterline 11111—5

No. 6, 15 targets, entrance $2:
Dobie 111110111001110—11 Budd 111111111111110—14
Grimm 111111111111111—15 Frazier 111111111111111—15
Esterly 111111111111100—13 Deterline 111111101111111—14
Marshall 111111111111111—15 Lewis 111010001111111—11

No. 7, 7 singles and 4 pair targets, club adds $10, entrance $2:
Grimm 1111111 11 11 11 11—15 Lewis 1011101 11 11 11 11—13
Marshall 1100111 11 11 11 11—13 Deterline 1111111 11 11 01 11—14
Budd 1111011 11 11 10 01—13 Esterly 1111111 11 11 11 10—14
Frazier 1111110 11 11 11 10—13 Dobie 1001111 10 10 01 10— 9

No. 9, 10 targets, entrance $1:
Grimm 1111111111—10 Frazier 1111111111—10
Dobie 0111011110— 7 Lewis 1111101111— 9
Budd 1111011111— 9 Deterline 1111110110— 8
Marshall 1111111110— 9

No. 10, 20 targets, entrance $2.50:
Lewis 01111000111110111111—15 Marshall 11111111111111111111—20
Grimm 01111111111111111111—19 Frazier 11111111111101111111—19
Budd 10111111111011111010—16 Deterline 11111111111001111111—18

No. 10, novice, 10 targets, entrance $1:
Woodin 0000000000- 0 Ayers 1000010101—4
Brown 0000110100—2 Graff 0000000000—0
Dewolf 1110101001—5

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets:
Grimm 0111111111— 9 Frazier 1111111111—10
Dant 1000001111— 5 Esterly 1111111111—10
Marshall 1101111111— 9 Dobie 0111001101— 6
Budd 1110011101— 7 Hinckley 0110010011— 5
Lewis 1111001110— 7 Peck 1000000001— 2
Deterline 1011111111— 9 Alexander 1101101110 – 7

No. 2, 5 pairs targets:
Grimm 11 11 11 11 11—10 Budd 10 11 10 11 11— 8
Marshall 11 10 11 10 10— 7 Frazier 10 11 10 10 10— 6
Lewis 11 11 11 11 11—10 Esterly 00 10 10 11 10— 6
Deterline 11 10 11 10 11— 8

No. 3, 10 targets:
Lewis 0110111101— 7 Grimm 1111111111—10
Dant 0011101000— 4 Peck 0011000000— 2
Singleton 1110110111— 8 Frazier 1111111010 – 8
Marshall 1111110111— 9 Alexander 0111111111— 9
Deterline 1111101111— 9 Dobie 0111001000— 4
Budd 1011111111— 9 Huckley 0000110110— 4
Esterly 1111101100— 7

No. 4, 7 targets:
Grimm 1111111—7 Peck 0111000—3
Budd 1111111—7 Alexander 1111110—6
Esterly 0111111—6 Singleton 1111010 –
Dant 1010111—5 Lewis 1011011—5
Marshall 1111110—6 Frazier 1111111—7
Dobie 1000010—2 Deterline 1111111—7
Romes 1001011—4 Tobitt 0000110—2

No. 5, 15 targets:
Deterline 111111111101111—14 Alexander 110111100100010— 8
Grimm 111110111110111—13 Romes 001111100111100— 9
Budd 101111101111111—13 Frazier 111011110110011—11
Marshall 010111111001011—10 Esterly 110111011110111—12

No. 6, 20 targets:
Grimm 11011111111111111011—18 Budd 01110111111110111111—17
Marshall 11111011110011111111—17 Romes 11111100101011011000—12
Esterly 11101010110111001111—14 Deterline 11111001111111101110—16
Frazier 11111111111111111111—20 Dobie 11111111101111001110—16

No. 7, 20 targets:
Singleton 11111111110100011111—16 Marshall 11111111111111111110—19
Grimm 11111111111111111111—20 Budd 11111111111100111111—18
Frazier 11111111111111000111—17 Dobie 11001011111100110001—12
Deterline 11111111111111111111—20 Esterly 11110111011111111110—17

No. 8, 5 singles and 5 pairs targets:
Grimm 11111 11 11 11 11 11—15 White 11101 00 00 10 10 10— 7
Marshall 11111 11 10 10 11 11—13 Esterley 11010 10 11 10 11 11—11
Deterline 01111 10 11 11 10 11—12 Budd 11111 10 11 11 11 11—14

No. 9, 15 targets:
Grimm 111111111111111—15 Lewis 101001111100111—10
Marshall 111111111111111—15 Deterline 111111111011101—13
Budd 111111111111110—14 Frazier 111111111111101—14
Esterly 111011111110110—12

Extra, novice, 10 targets:
Graff 0111011110—7 Ayers 0000000100 –1
Blaise 0011101011—6 Brown 0000100010—2
White 1010110100—5 Myer 0000000010—1
Woodin 0001010101—4

Extra, 10 targets:
White 0010011000—3 Alexander 1101001110—6
Schipfer 1011111011—8 Oliver 0010011011—5
Hawk 1010111110—7

Extra, 10 targets:
Alexander 0000011001— 3 Marshall 1111111111—10
Darden 0001001010— 3 Schipfer 0000111101— 5
Lewis 0110010111— 6 Hawk 1111110100— 7

Extra, 7 live birds:
Marshall 1111111—7 Dobie 1111101—6
Grimm 1111101—6 Esterly 1011100—4
Peck 1110010—4 Deterline 1110110—5
Budd 1111111—7

Third Day.

No. 11, novice, 10 targets:
Franken 0000000000—0 Howard 0000000000—0
Graff 1110111101—8 Berry 0000010100—2
Pooler 0000000000—0 Beatty 0000000000—0

Fat men's race:
Dobie 1100101111—7 Hawk 0110110011—6
Fluckey 0000101100—3 Oliver 0011010111—6
Mason 0110010000—3 Schipfer 1010111111—8

Melon shoot:
Schipfer 1011111111—9 Dobie 1111011111—9
D. Hinkley 0001001101—4 H Hinkley 0000000000—0

Special shoot between Budd and Grimm; 75 live birds; purse $100:
Budd 1211222222111211112122120—24
2212221221221111112211221—25
1211222222212212121222212—20—74
Grimm 1121112212222111212222222—25
1122102111211121111221121—24
0112121211211111111221111—24—73

No. 13, 10 targets:
Deterline 1111111111—10 Marshall 1011111111— 9
Daret 1111111111—10 Alexander 0111010010— 5
Grimm 0111111111— 9

Special live bird match, $25 a side, 40yds. rise, plunge trap, loser to pay for birds:
Marshall 1002111002221112—12 Peck 2012000021000000— 5

Last live bird shoot, 15 birds, entrance $3:
Marshall 0111111111'111—13 Dobie 101111111111111—13
Grimm 111011111111111—13 Dant 10010 — 2

Twenty-seven birds remaining to decide first money. Messrs. Marshall, Grimm and Dobie, to use the words of Brother Marshall, "had to pay 85 cents for getting gay."

Extra No. 1, 10 targets:
Dobie 1010101110—6 Richardson 1110110101—7
D Hinkley 0011100010—4 Alexander 1110111110—8
Schipfer 1011010001—5

Extra No. 2:
Dobie 1110001011— 6 Schipfer 1111111111—10
Richardson 1101111111— 9 Oliver 0000110011— 4
Alexander 1010101111— 7

Extra No. 3:
Schipfer 0101101101—6 Alexander 1001111111—8
Richardon 0110100110—5 Dobie 1101111111—8
Oliver 1110010110—6

Vernon Rod and Gun Club.

ONLY four members of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club were present at the regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Thursday, Aug. 31. Each shot at 7 birds, 28yds. rise, for a subscription prize and best average of the season. Dr. Little was the winner with a straight 7. The score:
Dr Little 1212212—7 W Thompson 0121211—6
G Osterhout 2111100—5 F Thompson 2110111—6

Nassau Gun Club.

THE old Nassau Gun Club, which has been virtually out of existence for about six years, was reorganized on Tuesday, Aug. 29, at Dexter Park. Messrs. George U. Forbell, W. Selover and John Y. Van Wicklen were the only three members of the old club present. The other ten members that competed in the first club shoot were from the Parkway, Glenmore and Coney Island clubs. It is proposed to make the club a purely social shooting one, for the purpose of enjoying the sport of trap shooting, and have a good day's fun every month. A subscription prize will be shot for at each shoot, the highest scorer to be the winner.

Thirteen members shot at 8 birds each on Tuesday. E. Helgans and J. Bennett tied with straight scores, and as the birds gave out a throw of the dice was made to decide the winner of the prize given by Wm. Selover. Helgans was the lucky one. Score:
Chas Magee 01•01021—4 R Borell 01201111—6
Geo U Forhell 1111•001—5 John A Still 01201121—6
W Selover 01211212—7 E Helgans 21112211—8
M E Hayden 12•122•1—6 J Bennett 11112211—8
John Young 11•12011—6 H Selover 002•1212—5
W A Hartye 22021222—7 P Von Duele 11221101—7
J Borell 01202000—3

After the shoot a meeting was held for the election of officers and transaction of other business in connection with the new club. The following were unanimously elected as officers for the year: President, John Y. Van Wicklen; Vice-President, Wm. Selover; Treasurer, Charles Magee; Secretary, Wm. A. Hartye; Executive Committee—Geo. U. Forbell, E. Helgans, John A. Still; Steward, Louis Miller.

It was decided to hold their regular club shoots at Dexter Park on the third Tuesday of each month of the year. The Nassau Gun Club promises to be one of the best shooting organizations on Long Island, and will soon have a team that will be hard to beat.

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

The races at Sheepshead Bay were the cause of the small attendance at the postponed shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club held at the West End grounds, Coney Island, on Thursday, Aug. 31.

Only ten shot for the two silver cups and added money at ten birds each, club handicap, American Association rules. Ira McKane and C. Furgueson tied with ten straight and had a good race in the shoot off. Furgueson won on the seventh round the first cup and C. E. Morris won the second with nine. A sweepstake shoot followed, miss and out. C. E. Morris and J. B. Voorhees divided.

A match at five birds each between C. Furgueson and his son, C. Furgueson, Jr., took place. The boy is only ten years old and shoots with coolness and judgment; he tied his father with five straight. In the second match with a novice at three birds the boy won easily. The scores. Club shoot at 10 birds:
C E Morris 2112212021— 9 C Furgueson 1121111111—10
J B Voorhees 2110101112— 8 C Furgueson, Jr 0120210212— 8
Ira McKane 2221f21211—10 R Dwyer 1100111122— 8
R J Sutherland 2210120•21— 7 C Mohrman 2021222201— 8
Kid Benson 2020002111— 6 F Goodale 1101121101— 8

Sweepstake, $1 entry:
C E Morris 2212 C Furgueson, Jr 0
J B Voorhees 2112 R Dwyer 1120
R J Sutherland 120 C Mohrman 0
C Furgueson 1110

Match:
C Furgueson (30) 22112—5 C Furgueson, Jr (21) 12221—2

Match:
H Fales (25) 001 C Furgueson, Jr (25) 121

West End Gun Club.

OTTUMWA, Ia.—The West End Gun Club held their regular Friday afternoon shoot at the club grounds in Central Edition, Aug. 25. The shooting was not up to the average, as the score will show. After the regular shoot two extras were shot off, which were about the same as the regular.

Regular shoot:
Young 1111101111111110100101011—19
Powell 0110111111011101111011111—20
Eldridge 0101110111110111111000110—17
Romes 1111001010100111111110100—16
Potter 1101010110110010110011011—15
McCarroll 1101111101100100000111010—14
Chrisman 1000010110011000111101101—13
Heather 1110010100011001101010110—13
Smith 0011100011110100011000011—12
Odenwalder 0110101110000010001101110—12
Fiedler 0011100101000011111000100—11
Emerson 0100100001000011001110110—10
Odenwalder 1000001000000001001100110— 7

Extra No. 1, 25 singles: Emerson 14, Chrisman 15, Odenwalder 17, Smith 15, Potter 13, Piedler 18, Erbacher 7, Romes 17, Eldridge 18, McCarroll 13.

Extra No. 2, 25 singles: Emerson 11, Chrisman 17, Odenwalder 13, Smith 10, Potter 9, McCarroll 15. R. H. T.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. P., New Orleans.—The killdeer plover (*Ægialites vociferus*) is not the ring plover (*Ægialites semipalmatus*). The black bass is called green trout in some parts of the South.

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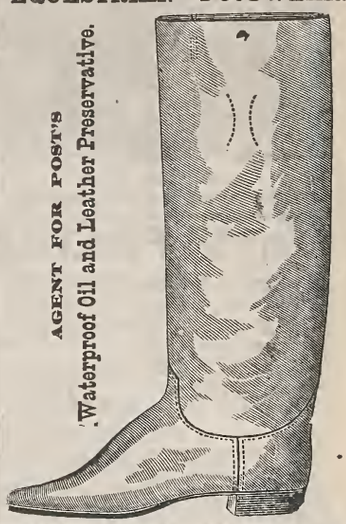

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1893.

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

HOW LONG CAN THEY STAND IT?

THE complaint made by a correspondent last week about the rail shooting calls attention again to the very great diminution in the numbers of these birds within the last twenty years. While a marked decrease has been noted in the numbers of all species of game birds, in no groups has it been more apparent than in the rail, the snipe and the duck families, and these are just the groups of birds which receive least protection from the law and from the public sentiment which the law represents. On the other hand, while there are not so many quail and ruffed grouse as formerly, the diminution of these birds has been relatively much less than that of the water fowl.

As remarked by our correspondent, the opening of the rail season late in August or early in September results in the killing of all the birds of the tidewater breeding grounds before any flight commences, and when the time for the migration comes, the only birds left to move south are those which have been reared in localities where it is impossible to shoot them on their breeding grounds. If the rail bred only on tidewater marshes, a single season would be enough to exterminate the species. As it is, the result of the unseasonable shooting is clearly seen in the lessened numbers of the birds brought to boat each succeeding season.

With snipe and shore birds the conditions are not quite the same, though they are similar. As soon as they set out on their southward migration the birds begin to be shot, and the pursuit is kept up until the approach of cold weather drives the survivors away, or the opening of the season on other birds divides the attention of the gunners. Laws for the protection of snipe and shore birds are found on the statute books of most of the States, but these laws in most cases have little practical effect for the reason that they afford protection to the birds only while they are absent from our territory. To prohibit the killing of certain species of birds during the period when they are rearing their young in British America sounds well perhaps, but it means very little.

As with the snipe so it is with the ducks. They are in season from the time of their coming in the early autumn until their departure in the late spring. During all this period of nearly eight months every one has license to kill all the ducks he can. Only one result can follow this unrestrained destruction for so long a period of each year. The birds must diminish in numbers, and yet people wonder what has become of the ducks, and ask why they are not as plenty as in old times!

Over a considerable part of the United States the grouse and quail are protected for nine months out of the twelve, and as one result of this, they have held their own against the shotgun far better than the other groups mentioned. Their habits, too, tend in a measure to protect them, but this would amount to very little in a thickly settled country if they were permitted to be shot and sold from the end of one breeding season to the beginning of next.

A reason sometimes advanced against the shortening of the season on ducks and snipe is that they are migratory, and that even if protected in one State they will be killed in those adjoining. This is only another way of expressing the selfish sentiment, "if we do not kill them some one else will." So long as every gunner is trying to kill the last bird, we can only look forward to shooting that will constantly yield smaller returns, to a more general buying up and leasing of the best shooting grounds, and to a contraction of the free shooting.

We all of us need more public spirit, a greater willingness to sacrifice a little present pleasure for the general good, and until sportsmen generally are willing to make such sacrifices no very hopeful view can be taken of the recovery of our shooting. The matter is one which interests gunners alone, and the remedy, if there is one, lies with the gunners. If our shooting absolutely disappears, they will be the sufferers, and they cannot say that they have not had fair warning of what is to be expected, for each one has seen with his own eyes the decrease in the birds.

THEY CLANK THEIR CHAINS.

NOW IS THE time for the chained big game hunter to clank his fetters and rebel against fate. As the nights grow longer and cooler and the autumnal haze thickens the air, as the golden rod makes the old fields and the roadsides yellow, and the cardinal flowers flame in the wet runs, the hunter becomes uneasy. He takes out his rifle and looks it over to see that the barrel is bright within, and that the sights have not been changed. He counts the cartridges left over from his last trip, to learn if he would need to purchase any more if he could go on a hunt this year, and feels the edge of his knife, which needs grinding. Then he sighs and puts his things aside, realizing that this year it is hopeless to think of getting away. Yet though he gives it up with keen regret, he thinks of it often through the day. Every time he goes out of doors he sees some sign in the sky, or catches some odor, or hears some sound that reminds him of the blue arch of the far-stretching prairie, or of the pungent fragrance of the sage plain or of the sounds of the mountain and the forest.

He remembers that now the bull elk, round of body and hard of antler, are whistling on the mountain side, and how morning and evening, and all through the moonlit night, challenge answers challenge from park and forest and rocky point, interrupted sometimes by the sharp rattle of clashing antlers, as two great bulls come together with a rush, and push and tug and strain, glaring into each other's angry eyes, while the columns of white steam from the four distended nostrils mingle on the ground between them. Or perhaps he recalls some successful stalk of years gone by, when starting at gray dawn from his camp well up toward the edge of the timber he made his way toward the heights above in pursuit of bighorn. He remembers the toilsome climb on foot through the thick timber, then up the slippery grass slopes, and then over the loose and unsteady slide rock; how he faced the cliffs, worked along the ledges and clambered up the waterways. At last the game was sighted, higher still beyond the snowdrifts, a little band of rams feeding along a mountain meadow, carelessly, to all appearance, yet, as he well knew, alert and watchful. How well he remembers each detail of the hunt, how carefully he climbed, looking well to wind and cover until at last he reached the coveted point and found himself within rifle range of the game. All had lain down save one noble beast, the patriarch of the group, who stood on a point taking a last look over the mountain side. Alert yet unmoving he stood there, outlined against the sky, a model for artist or sculptor, yet one that neither artist nor sculptor could ever hope to reproduce. What feelings passed through the hunter's mind; how much of hope and excitement he felt. Yet his nerves did not tremble, and he lay there waiting for his breath to come back to him after the labor of the climb, and at length with a steady hand he sighted at the old ram's heart. At the shot, how mighty the leap that the monarch gave, and how brave his bounds down the slope through the flying slide rock, while the frightened band disappeared behind a ledge, and made their hasty way up the mountain side. But the great ram, ere he reached the slide rock's foot, staggered, and when he disappeared the hunter knew that the noble game was his. Then came the toil of preparing the carcass, and the slow journey down the mountain side bowed under the weight of a heavy load, the return to camp, the hearty meal, the story of the successful hunt and the well-earned rest beside the fading camp-fire. All this he remembers.

Or it may have been his first white goat, which he had followed to dizzy heights and along the face of beetling cliffs until at last he got the shot; or perhaps his first moose, carefully hunted through the dense timber; or the bear that he saw at evening digging roots in the little park and killed by a single well-aimed ball. These memories come back to him, and he longs to revisit the well-known spots and again to take part in such scenes with a feeling so strong that it can hardly be put into words.

But this year he is chained to business and can only rattle his fetters, weep and read FOREST AND STREAM. But let him not sorrow as one without hope. So long as he has the memory of these glorious days to look back upon, he is not altogether unhappy. Nothing can take from him the joys that plain and mountain, lake and forest, peak and far-stretching snow field have yielded to him in years gone by, and if he cannot look forward to like days in the future, he can at least live over again in memory the pleasures of the past.

UNWISE THREATENINGS.

THAT men are but children of larger growth has been said so often that it is hardly worth repeating, but every now and then in the affairs of our daily life we see something that emphasizes this truth. In a letter printed in another column, a correspondent expresses the dissatisfaction of his local gun club with a particular game law, and says that if its objectionable features are not changed before another season, no effort will be made to enforce the present game and fish laws.

Some allowance may be made for natural irritation over a law that seems unfair or unwise, but how short-sighted, selfish and childish are such expressions as this. We do not know whether our correspondent—an old and valued one—is expressing his own views or those of some members of the club, but at all events the sentiments are unworthy ones. It is just in this way that the small boy when the game that he is playing does not go to his liking declares that he "won't play," and, however natural the feeling to boys, it ought not to be acted on or even expressed by grown men.

Resistance to injustice is always justifiable, but the means to be employed, if such resistance is to be succesful, must be those which appeal to the sense of right of the community. To refuse obedience to game laws because they favor one special section against another will never tend to the righting of any wrong which may have been done. Such a course will only stir up bad blood between the sections without benefitting either, and so long as the quarrel lasts the interests of game protection are sure to suffer.

SNAP SHOTS.

A MAINE correspondent sends us an interesting note of a colt's straying in the dense forest of the upper St. Johns. In the spring of 1890 John Hunter, who lives on the upper St. Johns about ten miles below the Seven Islands, turned out in a back lot an old horse and a two-year-old. When he came to take them up again, a few days later, the colt was missing. Hunter and his neighbors spent several days in a fruitless search, and the colt was given up as a probable prey to the bears. Two years afterward, in August, two moose hunters at Round Lake on the Allegash came upon the strayed animal, which was in company with two bull moose. They secured help, captured it, built a raft and rafted it to its owner. It had become very wild, and no doubt had fraternized with the moose from the first, living with them in their yards in the severe Aroostook winter. When found it was sleek, well developed and in good condition, and had grown a coat of hair which for thickness and length would have done credit to a range horse or a marsh-tackey.

A library in one of our principal cities desires to complete its files of FOREST AND STREAM, and applies to us for a copy of August 13, 1874. We are unable to furnish this, and have been authorized to offer $1 for a copy of that date. We should also be glad to obtain a few copies of the Boyhood number (Jan. 7, 1892) to complete files, and will pay 20 cents each for a limited number.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE LAIR OF SOMETHING STRIPED.

THAT rock's awash, aswash. Tighter draws the mussel on his byssus The tide has turned. A thousand kelp streamers point the way the flood must go, and eagerly, not drooping as at last of ebb when obedience had seemed to satisfy their importuning.

The seeping barnacles make merry and clap their valves, for diatoms are coming, the sweet, the beautiful, food for the rough and ugly; coming from the devious gardens that they glorified among the schist splinters and boulders, beneath the swelling and subsiding and unceasing flow of green illumined sea waters.

The rock is yet uncovered. No 'tis not. And then once more it seems to sink, till the lolling pelage of wrack lifts up a sign for help to the slow sweep of an engulfing wave, and welters disconsolate though the saved rock again appears. It is not to disappear for long, this archaic boulder of granite. It has never moved but once e'en though the mammoth rubbed it with his wooly ear or the heedless elasmosaurus bounced against it in the chase. It moved but once, and then the straining glacier dropped its load at the foot of the cliff. Up the bold gray cliff the autumn breaker bounds, roaring and splurging with hoarse challenge, till clouds of spray separated in the churning turmoil float up to higher ether to make sunset nimbus, and show the October foliage what gentle beauty may come from harsh parentage as well as from homes of peace.

At the foot of the cliff purling summer combers smoothe the hard walls that resist.

The boulder, sunken but a fathom at the ebb, rises not enough to arouse the ire of forceful antagonists, and unmoved as sphinx to the questions of the changing seas, it needs not to turn before the brunt, not topple to the wooing. Now the tide runs smoothly over it. Caught in an eddy a red seaweed whirls and spreads its shoots, and a sertularia colony swinging near has descended to mimicry of botany without putting on any air of condescension. The tremulous algæ waving from cliff to boulder and from boulder to cliff, make in the water a clear arcade, a runway. Out from a crevice glides a cautious chogset into the runway, now poising by a crimson sponge, then backing slowly underneath a translucent green sheet of sea kale. A crab makes haste to cross the round yellow bottom pebbles, carrying a burden that he fain would hide, for this is a lair, and he knows it. What is his burden, though? Oh, look, you unbelievers in disinterested friendship. 'Tis a stranger crab that had to shed its armor, and unprotected needs the guarding of a friend for two whole days or more. There's nothing "in it," as the politicians say, for the faithful protector, and yet he will not weary, but fight valiantly if necessary, and lose his very life, and for that there is no reward nor other life.

Like silver arrows a troop of spearing nervously dart from rock to wrack and from algæ to the surface, not stopping, but alert, leaving a lazy enemy no hope. What is it they fear in this quiet aisle? A slow tautog drops with the current into the runway and then as deliberately has gone.

A shrimp escaping from the sprightly pilot-fish stupidly backs straight into the clutches of a dull sea anemone at the bottom of the boulder. This is what might be called a turn in affairs. The pilot-fish knew how to catch a shrimp. The anemone did not. The anemone has the shrimp, and possessing now a fortune it withdraws from old friends and becomes exclusive and disagreeable.

A sinuous eel slides in and out among the rocks, searching for love-lorn nereid, or for mantis praying for relief from danger, which is granted till danger comes, and then he is lost in spite of supplications, for nature cares no more for the backsliding mantis than she does for sleek eels. The eel keeps near the bottom, as though fearing. He dreads not the bluefish nor bonita nor swift squeteague, for the runway between the boulder and the cliff is not deep enough for them. See them further out, though, rising in the curl of a mounting billow till the sun has shot through beneath them, leaping with an energy that goes with fish that fight strong tides for life, not resting, never lagging. How dangerous such needing maws as theirs! An ink-laden squid pumps faster with his siphon engine as he steers in graceful curve through the runway. He too suspects that it is a lurking place. What shadow slowly moved across the bottom then? Was it from some pausing cormorant or circling tern? From this jutting storm-bleached jag of cliff I dare to look up, but no bird flies overhead. 'Twas but the shifting of the kelp perhaps, for down in the runway waters I see almost as clearly as through the north wind. 'Twas but the waving of sea fronds.

Why though has all sign of life stopped in the runway? The shadow falls across the bottom, and following it from behind the curtain of fronds there comes forth a fish so stately, so dignified in bearing, that surely he deigns not to notice these lesser fish that flee from his presence. Like a wolf he is. Not in outer likeness perhaps, but in demeanor, and in weight, and that great weight made up of all the sorts of things that swim the tide or crawl the bottom, collected by him and made to form a fish of wondrous strength, with dark straight stripes to mark the shapely sides. A clear stern eye has he, and jaw like any trap. His glistening scales are white where white, and black they are where black. Resting upon broad fins he balances beneath the sea arbor of his lair and shows no fear, but seems to be among familiar surroundings. I'll quietly toss to him a choice bit of menhaden. It slowly drifting sinks. The film of oil rises. He takes the bait and looks for more. I'll give it to him. There's a hook in it, and fastened to the hook 600ft. of hard-laid line. Down the current it settles. He spreads a broad tail and turns quizzingly sidewise to take a look, then back he bends, and turning a finely outlined nose into the tide rests again, and lets the baited hook slide by.

The sun sinking below the horizon takes one last look into the sea by a trick of angular refraction, and finding the bass all safe calmly moves away to make day elsewhere for awhile.

The chink of a migrating finch overhead, the chirp of a cricket, are evening sounds, and their harmony is not marred by the splash of a hooked bass.

The moon rises. It makes a straight and lighted road through the midst of dark heaving waters. The fishes are moving on beneath the waves, the birds are flying southward overhead. I'll hoist my sail and follow the moon road between the fishes and birds and think of ways to catch the striped bass. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK.

THE MUSEUM MOOSE.

(Continued from page 209.)

AN early hour the next morning found us on our way again. Nuel said, "We hab long way to go, an mornin' best time for duck."

As we were about to enter the creek in the marsh he said, "Now Doc'or, hab um gun ready. Shoot um musquash too. s'pos' you get um chance."

Hardly had we got inside the outer line of rushes when my eye caught sight of three black mallards not more than twenty yards in front of us, with their necks stretched out and looking at the approaching canoe in every attitude of surprise. "See um," said Nuel. "See um quick. Goin' fly." They did fly, but two of them fell within fifty yards of the canoe.

"Dat good," said the Indian. But he had hardly got the words out of his mouth when up went a flock of nearly a hundred teal, not more than a gunshot away.

"Ugha!" exclaimed he. "Me no see um. But neber mine, we get um some. Da come back soon. You load um gun."

We had no breechloaders in those days and it took some time to load. However, this was done and I was soon ready for another shot. Meanwhile the teal had gone out of sight and Nuel had paddled the canoe nearer the place where they rose. He had just pushed it into a bunch of tall bulrushes, when he said to me in a low voice, "Da comin' dis way like win'. You ready?"

It was as he said. They were coming in from the lake as fast as they could fly, in a good, compact flock, and low along the water.

I had not much time to think. All I said to myself was, "Nearly three feet ahead of the leader and both barrels." They went off almost as one report, but I swung around and felt as though I had been struck in the shoulder. Nuel's exclamation was, "Ugha! What heap you kill."

And indeed there was a heap. There were ten of them, and we had not gone a quarter of a mile before we found one more, stone dead. But we saw no muskrats, though there were plenty of places where they had commenced to build their winter houses. Nor had we any more shots at ducks. We might have had, if we had gone but a little way off our course. But it was moose that we were after, and it was very necessary that we should make the most of our time. My desire was to reach the new ground, that Nuel had spoken of, by night. So all our energies were bent upon this.

We passed through several ponds or arms of the lake, then up a narrow stream, then into another pond, and about 11 o'clock found ourselves apparently at the foot of a range of low hills, clothed with the thickest spruce and fir, it seems to me, I had ever seen.

"Now we get um dinner," said Nuel, as he brought the canoe to shore. I knew he must be hungry. He had worked with his paddle all the morning. The way at times was so intricate and the water so shallow that I could not give him much help, and now I felt glad that he was to have a rest.

We had hardly stepped ashore, though, and handed the baggage out, when I heard Nuel utter his usual exclamation, "Ugha!"

"What is it, Nuel?"

"You come see. Sartin moose come here. See um track, one, two, tree, one leetle one."

And sure enough, there were their marks in the soft moss, not twenty feet from where we landed. The tracks were a day old, perhaps, but as Nuel said, "Da show moose been here."

The Indian was all excitement now. He said, "We hurry. Hab um chance dis eben. Not much mor'an mile 'cross."

We did hurry. The dinner was cooked in a very short time, and before 12 we were ready to start on our way. The ducks and partridges were tied together in a bunch and hung up on a tree before we started, and all our provisions suspended in the same way. Nuel's caution was, "Bear or fisher might fine 'em."

I could hardly see where he was going, but I knew he was following a trail. How he could steer his canoe through those thick woods was a mystery to me. And yet he did, only having to stop once and take a few steps backward before we rested.

When we came to a halt he said, "Mor'an half way. Berry tick wood. We go um down hill now. Soon come to lake. Hab um hunt de night."

But it was a good while before we came to the lake. I could see where it was before we reached the water. As we came to the edge of it, Nuel gave his usual grunt and remarked, "Now worse ober. We hurry back. Put sad'-bags up here on limb an' guns 'side 'em. We no wan' um gun."

With this he started back again as lively as though he had carried nothing in coming. Two more loads brought all. And we were launched again by 3 o'clock.

As we pushed off Nuel said, "Me berry glad me here. Now we get um moose. Maybe dis night. Big barn [barren] off dare. Not rain de night. You no mine sleep um un'er canoe? Me make good camp morrow. Me wan' to hab hunt."

"All right," said I. "Let us get a moose, then, and never mind the camp."

This lake did not seem to be very long, but it was quite wide, and in the center of it a rounded point made out some distance from the main land. This, I could see, was Nuel's destination. Before we reached it, he said, "We lan' on poin'. Den moose not smell um fire, tobac' smoke. Nice dry place. Me camp here most ebery year. Kill um many moose in dem wood."

The place was very much as Nuel described it. There were some dead trees upon it, with bits of old dried up skin and some bones lying around. Here we prepared the evening meal, and as the sunlight left the hills pushed off from the shore to what seemed to be a cove on the other side of the lake.

It is hardly necessary to say that before our going Nuel had provided himself with a birch bark horn. The instrument was one which (something like the bagpipes to a Scotchman) had music in it only for a moose. The grunt of a pig and the trumpeting of a bullfrog and the squawk of a goose—all these combined and drawn out. This would be the nearest that I can come to the sound he made with it.

As we left the shore his remark was, "We hab go dis side enight. Win' come dat way. Mus' take care moose not smell um us."

We landed on quite a straight shore, some half mile in length. Near the center of it a small hill abutted on the lake. The whole shore was well wooded. When we had passed up over the hill, though (so far as I could see), there seemed to be a barren. At least there were patches of low growth, with blueberry bushes scattered here and there among scrub birches and bushes of larger growth.

In one of these largest openings I was placed, or rather on the edge of one. There was a large rock at my right, and at my left the overturned root and trunk of some old forest tree. As the Indian left me he said, "Dis good place for you stan' an' sit. Watch um dat open. Me go back dare in woods. Call um moose. He come. You see um in moonlight. You hear um come. Make big noise sometime. Hook um tree. Don't miss um. Hope he come."

With this Nuel was off in the direction we had just come, and it was not long before I heard the wind goose-hog-and-frog sound from that neighborhood. After a time it seemed to be answered by a sound with no more music than in that from behind me. This appeared to come nearer for a time, but at length it ceased. Meanwhile I thought over the day past and what I had seen—the water, the wilderness, the variegated woods. The day had been perfect, the very climax of an October day. There had been a slight haze in the atmosphere, and that peculiar smell of ripened and decaying vegetation that is so hard to describe. And now here I was, with desolation itself around me. Not a sound to be heard except the occasional hoot of an owl or the call of a loon, and that weird and monotonous lamentation that Nuel was making. The evening itself was perfection. There was a three-quarter moon in the heavens, without a cloud to hide its face, and the air was so quiet that one could almost hear himself breathe.

I had listened and listened and heard nothing but Nuel's call since he had received his last short faint reply some two hours since. I was getting chilled and the moon was casting her shadows pretty well on my back when Nuel said to me, "No use enight, Doc'or. He no come. Maybe he got cow roun' here. No wan' nudder one. We go camp."

I was not sorry to return, though I must say I regretted that we could not entice that moose further. My back was beginning to remind me that warmth and rest would do me no harm, and that the exertions of the day had not been light.

It was between 12 and 1 when we reached our camping place. Here a fire was soon kindled and we warmed up some cold tea, which with some pilot bread constituted our supper.

Nuel was very silent this evening. He had hardly spoken a word on our way over except to say, "Doc'or, me disappoin'. Me tot sartin we get um." Now he simply said, "Ingin tired. He go sleep. You go too?"

"Yes, Nuel," replied I, "better luck next time. I hope we will always have such nights." With this I crawled under the canoe and knew no more until I awoke the next morning with the sun shining in my face under the edge of the canoe.

Nuel was still asleep and I thought I would let him be until the breakfast was nearly ready. I felt as fresh as a lark myself and I was particularly anxious that he should be rested. However, I had hardly got the fire lighted when he opened his eyes and said, "Doc'or, how you feel um dis mornin'? Ingin feel um good. Wan hab big feas'. Eat um tree duck. You get more and big fish eday."

"All right. You pick the ducks then, while I get the things ready."

It was not long before the breakfast was prepared, and Nuel was scarcely through his second duck when he began, "Now, Doc'or, sartin one moose roun' here. May be two. I t'ink two. But sartin one. I take you for duck and fish, and den me go look for dem. Much time, all day. Goin' to be fine."

So soon as breakfast was over Nuel said, "Come now. We go hab hunt. You bring um gun, fish rod. We get um sumfin eat for all day."

When we got into the canoe he paddled almost directly the same way he had the evening before, remarking as we started out, "I dink somefin. Wan see. Wan go long dat shore. You fish in stream. Me look."

It was not long before we landed near the mouth of a brook that poured its waters into the lake, a few hundred yards above the place of our landing the evening before. Nuel had hardly left me before I heard him grunt out, "Ugha. I tot so."

"What is it now?" I called out.

"You jes' come an' see, Doc'or."

When I reached him he pointed down to the sand on the shore and said: "You see um dat track? Dat track of big moose, berry big. An' debble moose, too, you call 'em. Berry cunnin'. Not come roun' dare, but swim 'cross. Come up behine. Smell um me. You come 'long. You see um track. Him make no noise las' night, w'en walk um 'long here."

I was led to follow him, and sure enough we soon came to a place about 100yds. from where Nuel had been calling, where it was very evident the moose had stood, turned around several times, and then made off, taking the water not far from where the canoe was drawn up.

"I tell you, we have cunnin' moose to get dis time. But neber mine, I know him ways now. I guess we get him. an' him cow, too. He got cow roun' here. No big moose like him widout cow somewhere."

We soon had all the trout we wanted, I thought more than we really required. But Nuel said: "Hab um plenty," and I kept on until there must have been nearly 12lbs. I think the Indian took great delight in seeing them rise to the fly. When I failed to hook my fish he would say, "Dat wise fish. He wan' to smell um bait 'fore he bite um."

Before noon we were back to the camping place, and by 5 o'clock had a nice shanty built, everything was made ready for our evening expedition, and half an hour before sundown we set off.

This time Nuel changed his direction. He went toward the head of the lake and on the same side we were. Indeed when we landed we were not half a mile from where we had taken the lake two days before. Here the Indian drew up the canoe, and after lifting out my heavy coat

and still heavier rifle said, "Now, Doc'or, you come wid me. Me fine good place for you stan'."

We went up through the woods for nearly half a mile. Near the lake it was composed of maples, beeches, ashes and other hard woods. These gave place to spruce and firs, and in one place quite a grove of hackmatacks. Then we reached a small barren tract. At least it seemed small in width, though how far it extended I had no idea. Coming to the edge of this and at one end (it seemed) Nuel said, "Now, Doc'or, me fine you good place for stan' here. Have rest for gun. Good place for sit. Cover over head. Nice place for watch um moose. He mose like come up dare. Be sure you hit him if he comes. No more chance if you miss."

It was indeed a nice place, as the Indian described it when he placed me. A fallen tree was just in front, supported on its decaying branches and about 4ft. high. Then a still older fallen monarch and much lower than this was just behind it, so as to form a capital seat just behind this. When we had trimmed some of the limbs off it made a capital back to my bench.

No sportsman ever had a nicer place to watch from. I was perfectly screened and in as easy a position as a man could ask. The only thing was that should I hit a moose and wound him it would be utterly impossible for me to get to him. I could not climb over all the dead trees that were around me in the dark nor push my way through the dense underbrush.

As Nuel left me he said, "Now, Doc'or, me go long way from you. W'en you shoot, me come. You stay here. Gun load wid ball. Rifle, too. Hope you hab luck."

With this he was off, and left me alone again to my reflections. It was still light enough for me to see the scarlet of the maple trees around me (especially the smaller one that grew a little way out on the barren) with the yellow of the birches and the red of the blueberries; that seemed to complete the landscape in one direction.

I do not know how long I had been sitting here before I heard Nuel's first call. It seemed to me a very long time though, and the call appeared very distant. I only concluded that it was Nuel's from the direction he had taken when he left me, and from the fact that it was in the opposite direction from which the moose was to come. But what was that sound that came from far off, over by those shadowy hills to my left, *quo-oh, quo-oh*, and echoed so singularly on the evening air? I must listen. I must listen.

After quite a pause then comes the call, and then the reply again, only much nearer. He is coming, I say to myself. Again and again I hear the call, and then the reply. I think I hear the breaking of branches in the distance, as though some one was thrashing the limbs of a dead tree with a stick.

But now all sounds cease to my right. I hear Nuel, but he gets no reply. The moon is shining out brightly; it is only two nights from the full, and is nearly behind me now, throwing her light out on the barren and leaving my hiding place in almost total obscurity.

Just at my right, where the moose was expected to come from, the barren sloped down quite abruptly, until it met the trees that grew by a small water course. I had been trying to watch this edge of taller growth very carefully, so as to be prepared should a moose walk out. As it was now I could not keep a good eye on it. The moon from her position, and a tree that cast its shadow near me, obstructed the view. And there would be no time to prepare if a moose should come out from behind the objectionable tree, he would see a motion at once, if he did not scent my hiding place. But fortunately the wind, that sighed over the barren and just shook the birch and poplar leaves, was in my favor.

But now I am nearly tired of watching and waiting, and I guess Nuel is, too, for he has not called for some time. But I think I hear something. It is something like the swish of a bush when it is bent down and then allowed to resume its position, as it springs upward. I have thought I heard the same thing a dozen times since I have been sitting and standing here, and have got all ready again and again, only to be disappointed. However, I will get ready again, I say, and bring my gun to bear upon that objectionable tree. May be the fact that I had made ready so often, only to be disappointed, steadied my nerves now. I certainly did not expect to see anything.

But what is that tall thing with branching horns that walks out so quietly just as I have brought my rifle to bear in the direction that it has pointed so many times to-night? What an immense size! See those ears bent forward to catch every breath of sound! See that head slightly turned aside! See that stealthy listening attitude! But steady. Now! Far and near the report echoes, and I hear the loons call upon the lake. My moose vanishes within the shade of the woods, and the smoke of the powder rolls back in my face.

I listen to my would-be victim for a few moments as he goes crashing through the underbrush. The noise gets fainter and fainter in the distance. Then all is quiet again, except the loons. The question is, have I hit him, or have I not? I am only conscious of the fact that when I fired the moose stumbled, or seemed to. This might have been from fright or astonishment. And then I thought I heard a choking as he turned. I must wait until Nuel comes. I say within myself, "No man ever had a better chance to kill his game—not a hundred yards distant—in full view, and a rest for his gun."

It was not long before I heard Nuel coming to me from the direction he had taken in the early evening. His first words were: "Well, Doc'or, you hab um shot? What luck? You hab um shot afer me give up call—was comin' for you."

I explained everything. When I got through his remark was, "I 'ope you kill um. We go see."

This was not such a very easy thing to do though, even for an Indian. We had to climb over a perfect barricade of dead trees, besides wending our way through the scrubby bushes—that seemed as thick as jackstraws. However, we had not far to go. We had hardly reached the place before Nuel exclaimed, "Ugha, what dat?" And holding up his hand in the moonlight, said: "You hit him. See dat blood." Then he added, "More blood. You hit um bad." And as we turned around facing the moon, and saw the blood glistening on the leaves all around, he went on to say: "Doc'or, me dink you kill um dat moose, sartin. You shoot um neck. He not run berry far. You come see wid me. Me make um you bark light in big wood."

"O yes, I will go anywhere with you." And I do not know that I ever felt more pleased to follow any one.

I followed his steps to the edge of the woods, while every little while he would repeat to himself, "Much blood." When he reached the deep shade he said: "Now make um bark light. Dat moose not go far. He bleed um dead."

However, he went further than he thought he would. We had to make a good many bark torches, and it was not until after twelve o'clock that Nuel said, "Dare he is, Doc'or—stone dead."

And sure enough, there he lay, with his forefeet doubled under him—in a hollow—and his neck stretched out, and resting on a little rise, close beside a large beech tree. The ball, very much as the Indian had said, had struck the neck near the shoulder and nearly separated the jugular vein. It had not passed out the other side of the neck, but ranged upward and embedded itself in the bones.

"Dare. Me more please 'an if me do it mysef. Dat berry big moose. Big as Capin' kill—you know, Sogerman—no, bigger moose dan dat."

But I must measure my prize, while it is warm, so as to know how large he is, and how large to make his limbs and body when I set him up.

So Nuel was directed to make a fire, and in less than half an hour our work was completed. It was, indeed, a large moose. Very few have been killed (that we are sure of) much larger. And the horns were perfect.

When we had measured him Nuel proposed that we should begin the skinning at once. "Skin come off easy," said he. But I had to object. I wanted to see my prize by daylight, while I knew that the most the Indian thought of was stuffing himself with fresh meat. "No, we will get some sleep," said I, "and in the morning begin the work of skinning."

I saw that he consented to this with reluctance, and I feared that I might have to watch my prize if I would preserve it. However, he did lie down and went to sleep, and so did I, and he restrained himself the next morning until we had skinned down below one of the hindquarters. Then we had a "good feas'," as the Indian called it.

It was all-day work to transport our prize home. And a hard day's work it was, too. The first load of course was the skin and head complete. These I was anxious to prepare with my own hands. We got them to the camp about 11 o'clock, with sufficient meat, it seemed to me, for a dozen men. But a good part of this disappeared before Nuel was through his dinner. How one man could hold such an amount of meat was a mystery to me. However, he ate nothing else. Just at sundown he reached the camp with his last load. As he came up the bank he grunted out, "Ugha, dare. Now Ingin hab rest. And berry glad he is. Lots for eat—for whole moon."

The day had been lovely again. Indeed, with the exception of the rainy night in the peninsula, the weather had been charming ever since we left home. There was a haze in the atmosphere almost like the Indian summer. But it was too early for this yet, though there had been light frosts, and I could feel that the evenings especially were getting cool. This one was the coldest of them all. I suppose it was this that led Nuel to remark, as he rolled quite a log into the fire, "We hab fros' denight."

We lay down after tea. Nuel had hardly smoked his pipe out before I saw his eyes closing. He had little or nothing to say as we ate our supper, only I could see a look of great satisfaction on his face as his eyes wandered over toward me and the skin and head that were on my side of the camp. I used to say to myself, "He is thinking of the crowns." But it may be that I was wrong. Perhaps he was thinking of the meat hanging up outside the camp, that had come out of that skin.

But soon he slept. I was not so ready for sleep. I had been under too much strain and excitement to fall asleep at once. A review of the way we had come and the scenes we had passed through, and the success I had met with, and the wilderness and solitude that surrounded us, all seemed to press upon my mind as it had never done before. Then I had killed the moose myself, and when I looked at him, standing in the museum, would think of the pleasure that it gave me and the circumstances attending his death.

All these things were gone over and over again, and although I felt so tired and relieved in mind and body, no sleep came to me for several hours. However, at last it came, and I knew nothing until I heard the Indian's voice, "Doc'or, you beat Ingin go sleep. You not usum up, are you? I wan' go hunt deday. We hab um breakfas'."

"Oh, no, not used up. Feel first-rate. Have breakfast any time."

I found that the sun had been up for some time and that Nuel had everything ready. We were about half through when he said, "Doc'or, you big hunter. You kill great moose. Me berry glad. But me wan' cow now. You wan' um, too. I go look deday. Dat moose hab cow roun', hab some place. He not make much soun', did he? He come from same way bove time. Good place ober dare—'tween mountains. We got plenty meat. What you say we try get cow, too? No freezum up for more 'an two week."

I thought it was a good idea, and I knew I had enough to keep me busy for several days, so I said, "All right; you go and I will wait. See what you can do." S.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Homing Pigeon Killed.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having some carrier pigeons, many of which leave me as they mature, I this morning concluded to splice out a short reed bird supper with a pair of squab pigeons.

My son showing me one which he said was a squab, I killed same with a .22 rifle. Greatly to my surprise and regret I find the bird is tagged, as follows: On left leg was a gold or brass band (my son says right leg) fully ¼in. wide, enameled in light blue; on outside marked 1892; inside, Rd. 182427. The 1892 figures are on white enamel.

Presuming the owner would like to know of No. 182427, the above furnishes the information.

This is the first of the flock I have killed, and am singularly unfortunate in having killed another's, and what may have been a valuable bird.

I will gladly mail the ring to the owner if he will furnish his address. HOWARD GARRETT.

901 DELAWARE AVENUE, Wilmington, Del., Sept. 6

Natural History.

BRUIN AND THE REDFISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since I have been in the Okanagan Mountains I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper, and can say that I derive as much pleasure in reading it as I do in the pursuit of game. I have carefully watched for some sportsman to give us a history of the redfish of Payette Lake, in Idaho.

A few years ago in September, on going over the trail from Warm Spring to Boise, in company with a couple of men, we camped one night on the Payette above the lake. The redfish were running at that time, and it was difficult to get a horse that was nervous to cross the stream, for the fish would strike their legs, and my horse came near throwing me.

I was riding a short distance ahead and came over a small hill in plain sight of the river. About 100yds. below a log was lying across, and on the log was a black bear watching redfish. I stopped and waited until my companions came up, when I pointed to the bear, which was so much interested in his study that he did not notice our presence. We had waited and watched but a few minutes when the bear made a plunge. We could see fish; the water was about 2ft. deep. The fish had come up nearly under the bear when Bruin made his plunge. But this time he missed his prey. He kept making plunge after plunge until he had the water in great commotion, and finally he gave up the chase and climbed upon the log again to await another school. My companions wanted to shoot the bear, but I persuaded them not to, as we did not want the meat and the fur was not good then.

As soon as we moved he saw us, and after a very short survey ambled off up the side of the mountain. We saw some very big tracks of others, but that was the only bear we saw. Some one who has fished there should give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM the true history and habits of the redfish. LEW WILMOT.

[The redfish of Idaho is the blueback salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka*). The identity of the redfish was first determined by Capt. Chas. Bendire, U. S. A., who in 1879 sent specimens to the National Museum and drawings and a description to FOREST AND STREAM.]

A Chipmunk Corn Planter.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to know if any one has heard of a chipmunk that plants and grows corn? If not I shall claim the right of discovery. I have found one. I can swear that he plants corn, but I would not like to swear that he intends to grow the same with the intention of harvesting a crop. One cannot tell what is in the mind of a chipmunk.

The chipmunk in question has been planting corn in my garden for five years. I will give his method, and the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can sit in judgment on his intentions.

I throw out corn to the squirrels and bluejays, and chippy works like a beaver to get his share. He can carry away sixteen kernels in his pouched cheeks. When he has supplied the home larder he plants the balance in the garden, no two loads in the same spot. After the corn sprouts and shows above ground, chippy pulls it up and carries it away. It sounds strange to tell it, but it is a fact, he leaves one kernel, or stalk, in each spot. At the present time there are twenty stalks, thus planted, growing in my garden. The chipmunk, as a rule, leaves but one stalk. During five years I think there have been only three exceptions.

It is only through the months of May and June that he leaves the growing corn.

I watched him yesterday while he was carrying away planted corn, and not a stalk was left from four lots.

These little animals possess enough intelligence to cause them to lay by a store of food for the long cold winter, and, perhaps, they know more about the growth of such food than man is willing to admit. HERMIT.

Crow Blackbirds' Nests.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 4.—There was recently a discussion in FOREST AND STREAM relative to the nesting habit of the crow blackbird. One writer, and I believe it was Brother Blines, asserted incidentally that the bird in question sometimes took possession of the nesting place of a woodpecker—a hole made by the latter in a dead tree—and there made its nest and reared its young. Then various fellows jumped on to Blines, or whoever it was, and said it was "no such thing," and that old "blackie" had been slandered. I rise merely to remark that fifty years ago, in the State of Ohio, where dead elms and the like still grew (?) all through the cornfields, the crow blackbird did very often make his nest in the hole of the red-headed woodpecker and the yellow-hammer. Not so often in the former because it was seldom large enough. He also found many other odd and seemingly unnatural places for nests. WM. N. BYERS.

A Congregation of Night Hawks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Did you ever hear of night hawks flocking? I have noticed them in fairly large numbers, especially in Virginia, where they are called bull bats, but I never heard of such multitudes being seen at once as passed over Cummington, Mass., last week. There were thousands of them. The flight took place early in the afternoon and attracted the notice of gunners in the vicinity. Was it a migration? CHARLES HALLOCK.

[It is a migration, and they do it every year about the last of August or first of September. Often they are seen by thousands, usually in the afternoon of still bright days.]

An Albino Squirrel.

KENDALLVILLE, Ind., Sept. 2.—Sidney Sayrez, of this city, brought in a pure albino red squirrel which he shot within the city limits to-day. He nearly succeeded in capturing it alive. It is perfectly white, with pink eyes, and is the first ever caught in this vicinity. Are they rare? I have never heard of a perfectly white specimen before. W. H. T.

[Instances of albinism are met with occasionally in many species of animals and birds.]

MOUNTED GAME BIRDS IN THE U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM.

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

(*Concluded from page 205.*)

SCARCELY an ornithological writer who touches upon the group of birds we now have under consideration that does not, first or last, essay to point out to his readers the difference between a pheasant and a partridge, and between a partridge and a quail; and so, to be in fashion if for no other reason, we will just for a moment fall in line with our distinguished predecessors in this time-honored custom. A good example of a typical pheasant is shown in Fig. 2 of this series of articles, and where they exist in the United States they have been introduced from abroad. All of our indigenous birds called common quails are partridges, examples of which are seen in Figs. 7, 8 and 9. A good example of a true quail is seen in the ordinary quail of Europe, known also as the Messina quail (*Coturnix dactylisonans*), a bird which not long ago was turned loose in numbers in certain localities in this country, as in New England, but I have not heard recently how it has thriven there. Possibly some day it may become permanently naturalized.

Notwithstanding all that has been written on this question, it must be distinctly understood here, however, that this Messina partridge appears to be, both structurally and in general appearance, more like our partridges (*Colinus*, etc.), than it is like the true partridge of Europe—the *Perdix cinerea* of science. This being the case, my friend Doctor Coues seems to think that in reality for our United States partridges "the term 'quail' is rather more appropriate than 'partridge.'"

As for grouse, we show a typical one in the blackcock, Fig. 3, and for an American form in the dusky grouse, Fig. 5.

Bonasa approaches our partridges (*Colinus*, etc.), while ptarmigans (*Lagopus*) are more nearly allied to the grouse. The whole group is included in the suborder *Gallinæ*, which with us includes the turkeys and that interesting form found in the valley of the Rio Grande of Texas, known as the "chachalaca," which is a guan (*Ortalis vetula maccalli*). A great many other remarkable birds of the suborder are found all over the world; and the pheasants of the greatest beauty come from Asia. All of our common fowls (*Gallus*), including peacocks and guinea hens, also belong to this group.

Returning to the collections of the National Museum, we find many mounted species of our partridges that are wonderfully lifelike, and present us with admirable ideas of the birds themselves as they appear in nature.

The California partridge shown in Fig. 7 is a pretty fair example of them, but not so good, in my opinion, as the birds shown in Figs. 8 and 9—that is, in so far as their taxidermy is concerned.

These partridges of ours all belong the subfamily *Perdicinæ*, of the family *Tetraonidæ*, of the suborder *Gallinæ*; and there appear to be about four well-marked genera of them, including a good many species and subspecies. The first of these latter is the genus *Colinus*, which contains the common Eastern partridge or "Bob White" with its subspecific forms—the Florida and the Texan partridge. It also contains two other very distinct species, viz., Grayson's partridge and the masked partridge, both of southern Arizona and Mexico southward. Our second genus is designated as *Oreortyx*, created to contain *O. pictus* and *O. p. plumiferus*, or the mountain and the plumed partridge respectively.

Callipepla, the third in order, has consigned to it *C. squamata*, the scaled partridge, *C. s. castanogastris*, the chestnut-bellied scaled partridge, and then the very distinct species *C. californica*, the California partridge (Fig. 7), with its subspecific type, the valley partridge (*C. c. vallicola*). Lastly, this genus contains the Gambel's partridge, or *Callipepla gambeli*. In the fourth genus we

FIG. 8. A PARTRIDGE WALKING (MALE). (*Colinus.*)

find but one species, a specimen which is shown in Fig. 9, it is the Massena partridge or *Cyrtonyx montezumæ*, a bird that ranges over northwestern Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and northwestern Mexico.

In speaking of our Eastern partridge or "Bob White," Newton has said that "Many attempts have been made to introduce this bird to England (as indeed similar trials have been made in the United States with quail from Europe); but, though it has been turned out by hundreds, and has been frequently known to breed after liberation, its numbers rapidly diminish until it wholly disappears. The beautiful tufted quail of California, *Lophortyx californica*, has also been tried in Europe without success." This authority also calls attention to the fact that all "these American quail or colins seem to have the habit of perching on trees, which none of the Old World forms possess."

Noticing what Professor Newton says about the transporting these partridges reminds me of the fact that some of these birds make very charming pets when kept in confinement. At this writing Mr. Wood, of the National Museum, has a beautiful specimen of a male Gambel's partridge which he keeps in a large cage, and it is the most gentle, winning little pet I ever saw. He will walk up and down your arm, eat out of your hand, and has many engaging little tricks and habits. Not long ago I desired a good photograph of this specimen to have at hand to compare with some of the mounted Museum specimens, and by the kind leave of the Museum authorities we had several pictures taken of him by Professor Smillie, who has charge of the National Museum gallery; they are excellent and will be published in another connection. One of them is especially interesting, as by the instantaneous shutter we got him in the acting of preening, with all the feathers of his plumage elevated; while in still another I secured him standing on a small limb in the attitude they assume when perching in a tree. The one where he is walking on the ground is also very good. Under the proper conditions I believe these birds would readily breed in confinement, and if my memory serves me right, our common Eastern partridge has done so.

Albino partridges are occasionally met with, but I do not recall ever having seen any hybrids among them,

FIG. 7. CALIFORNIA PARTRIDGE.

resulting from the crossing of species of the different genera in nature. This has been known to occur, however, in the case of some of our grouse, and my friend Mr. William Brewster, the distinguished ornithologist of Cambridge, Mass., has recently met with such an example, it being a hybrid which resulted from a cross of the prairie hen and a sharp-tailed grouse (*Tympanuchus americanus* × *Pediocætes p. campestris*). Through the kindness of Mr. Brewster I have been permitted to examine the skeleton of that specimen, and my account of it will appear very soon in *The Auk*, which is the official publication of the American Ornithologists' Union and a work which should be in the hands of every one interested in birds. Dr. Sharpe, who has charge of the Bird Department of the British Museum, has pointed out that hybrid game birds are not unfrequently met with in Europe, and quite a number of examples of them are on exhibition in the cases of that grand institution.

Seabirds Ashore.

ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y., Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to inform you of a strange bird I captured here on Lake Champlain, after that last nor'east gale we had. I happened to be on the beach overhauling my boats, when I saw something fluttering out on the lake. It being very calm, I paddled out and saw what I thought was a wounded martin, but on running it down and capturing it, it proved to be a bird that I had never met with before, and on bringing it ashore I could not find any one who could inform me what it was. On looking through my Natural History I find my bird tallies exactly with a description given of a stormy petrel or Mother Carey's chicken. Do you suppose it possible that one of those birds could be driven so far inland? I would like very much to know. I have sent the bird to a taxidermist to be mounted; if it is returned in good shape I will have it photographed and will send you one, if it is of sufficient interest to you. W. MCC., JR.

[It is very likely that the bird in question is a petrel. Such cases occur now and then. We have known of a case where a dovekie (*Mergulus alle*) was picked up in a field in western Massachusetts after a hard easterly storm, and there are many similar cases on record. We should be glad to see a photograph of the bird and could then tell with certainty the group to which it belongs.]

A Badly Fooled Owl.

MR. R. B. HUGHES, now deceased, who lived a short distance from Huntington, W. Va., was witness to an occurrence, told me by his son, that well deserves to be called singular. Mr. H., in company with a Mr. Hanley, saw a large horned owl sitting on a dry oak tree, and while debating as to whether or not they could bring him down with their rifles at the distance he was from them, the owl spread its wings and darted to a spot about 50yds. from the tree into a patch of weeds. Immediately feathers were seen to float above the weeds, and the men, supposing the bird had caught a fowl, ran to the place. What was their astonishment on seeing Mr. Hanley's house cat run from the spot in alarm at their approach, and the owl upon the ground partially disemboweled. The cat had killed it. Doubtless the owl had mistaken the cat for a rabbit, as it was yet hardly sunset. On reaching the house the cat was found to be unscathed. N. D. E.

That Foolish Fashion.

Mr. Woolerton.—"Yes, sah; mah wife's vanity done got me put in de jail wunst." Mr. Yallerby—"How come dat?" Mr. Woolerton—"Well, yo' see, I done borrowed 'r fowl outen Colonel Gunnerton's hen house one night, an' mah wife 'sisted on wearing de wing fedders in huh bonnet. De Colonel knew de wings."—*Puck.*

Game Bag and Gun.

TENDERFOOTING IN THE ROCKIES.—II.

[*Concluded from page 206.*]

FROM here we made our way up the White River to Trapper's Lake, and spent a week in paradise. The only drawback was that we could not hunt nor fish, for we could have done nothing with the game killed or the fish caught but to have left it on the ground for the wolves. Two hours' work would have supplied a regiment with fish and flesh. We wandered down the north and up the south fork of the White. Two cowboys told us where we would find a cabin built by some hunters, which had a good roof on it; and we found it and took possession. It was the usual log cabin in an unfinished state, located in a pretty little bunch of cottonwoods, six or eight rods from the river bank. Three sides had been chinked and the fourth was open between the logs. While we were putting up some shelves by driving pegs between the logs and putting poles across, I happened to look through the unchinked side and saw something moving in some bushes a short distance away. A large buck deer came out and stood looking curiously at our jacks a little way from him. I grabbed my rifle, and shoving it through between the logs had a dead sure thing on him. He was soon dressed and hanging in a tree in front of the cabin. This caused no excitement, however; deer were too plenty. I kept on fixing up the cabin, and in less than an hour from the time I had killed the deer I heard the crack of Irv's rifle just outside; and saw him go rushing by the door. In a minute after I heard him shouting "John! John!" Picking up my gun, I started on a run in the direction I had heard his voice. After running some distance into the wood I stopped and listened, and hearing nothing, whistled. I got an answer from toward the river, and going that way soon sighted him on the other side wet all over. By him was the mate of my buck. He had shot him within a rod of where I had killed mine, and had run to cut his throat. Just before he reached the deer it got up and ran. He tried to load his gun, but for some reason the lever refused to work. He reached for his revolver, but he had thrown that out of his belt in some way while running to get to the deer; and then he shouted to me and followed the deer as fast as he could run. It would run a little way and then fall down; but before he could reach it would get up and run again, and finally ran through the river and dropped for the last time on the other bank.

In the evening I tried the trout—I shall always regret not having taken a Kodak with us that we might have taken some pictures of the game and strings of fish we took at that cabin. There were several ranches within reach of us, and the men being hard at work were always glad to get our surplus; we kept them well supplied. In an hour I have caught trout until it was burdensome to carry them—trout so big that no one man could think of eating one of the smallest, and many of them would alone have furnished a meal for a family. I find myself now holding my breath as I think of it—my fly going skipping out on the river near an eddy caused by some huge rock, and a streak of light darting through the water, making it boil as something took in that fly, and away like lightning; and then there would be a tightening of the line and a bending of the rod, and off we would go. I had no reel and had to run for it—up and down the river, in and out of the water, and finally to coax him tired out up near the shore, where I could reach gently under him and grasp him by the gills to complete his capture, for no snell was strong enough to take him out of the water. Many and many a fly have I lost with those superb fellows, which would break away in spite of all I could do.

We saw only two bears while we were out. One was

FIG. 9. THE MASSENA PARTRIDGE (MALE).

a big black bear, Irv killed one day when out with some other fellows; and one I found, or which found me once, when we had got separated in the mountains. I was signalling for Irv in vain, when an old "silver tip" walked out of some scrub oak within 50ft. of me. He stood up on his hindquarters and proceeded to inspect me, uneasily swinging his head from side to side. I recognized his species at a glance and knew his fighting reputation. He looked 10ft. high and I would have sworn just then that he weighed a ton. I was not scared, but I looked for a tree to climb just the same. I was in a clump of cotton woods that had been burned over—every tree dead, not one over a foot in diameter, straight as spars and 50ft. from the ground before a limb left their smooth bodies from which the bark was all peeled away. I might as well have tried to climb a greased pole, and if I could have succeeded in climbing out of reach—there was nothing to hold on to, and I would soon be forced to come down from exhaustion. So I cocked my gun and made up my mind if he started for me to "pump lead" into him just as lively as possible. He seemed to feel about it as I did, and seeing that I was not going to commence hostilities, he dropped down on all fours and made off one way, while I took the other. I shall probably always be laughed at for letting him go without a shot, but old hunters

have told me many times since that it was the wise course for me to take, for if I had failed in a dead shot the first time, the chances are ten to one I would have left my bones to bleach about there.

It was hard to leave this camp, but after a two weeks' stay we had to go. We could have supplied a city market with game and fish from that neighborhood. Our time was getting short and we had determined on our return to go across country where there was nothing but old Indian trails to follow, instead of going back the way we came. After the worst climb I ever had we got up on the White River Plateau and wandered east without much care about where we were going. The country was full of game, and when we tired of venison we lived on grouse. One day as we were tramping lazily through a small grove of spruce we came suddenly on a band of elk, the first we had seen. They saw us first and were off on a swinging trot, but not before we had a shot at them, which, if it did nothing more, frightened them out of the country, for we hunted several days for them without sighting them again.

We camped one night on the bank of a small stream and turned our jacks loose as usual. They wandered around until they had filled themselves with grass and then lay down a little way from us. I was awakened about 3 o'clock the next morning by a noise I could not explain, and arousing Irv we put on our shoes (we were otherwise dressed) and taking our guns went out to see what was the matter. We were not long in doubt. It was moonlight and nearly as light as day, and we could see that something was at the jacks. When we got close enough we saw that there was a mountain lion on each of them. The one nearest raised his head and growled at us threateningly, and we both fired on him at once, killing him. The other ran and we helped him along with lead just as long as he was within shooting distance, but he got away, though badly wounded, as the blood on his trail showed in the morning. We had followed him a good mile before we lost him, and when we got back to camp we found one jack dead and the other in such a condition that we were obliged to kill it.

Now we were in a fix. We had no knowledge of our whereabouts, except that we were somewhere between the White River and the Grande, and so we struck south, knowing that that must bring us to the Grande River and the stage route to our nearest railway station. I carried the skin of the lion we killed and the tent and blankets, while Irv carried a large satchel containing ammunition, clothing and some provisions. The rest of our outfit we left on the ground to bother some future explorer, who running across it will wonder greatly what became of the owner. We found our packs heavy enough before the close of the first day and I dropped the lion's skin for good. We were two days and a half steadily tramping before we struck the trail, and the last day and a half was filled up with some of the hardest down climbing I ever want to see. We had been following what turned out to be the west bank of Dark Cañon, and came to a point where we could look down through and see irrigated fields, and we made the mistake of going down into that cañon as our nearest and best way. It could not have been more than ten miles to them from where we got a birdseye view of them and did not look two; and yet we were a day and a half making it, camping one night in the cañon. The bottom was an almost impassable thicket, and the sides were covered with slide rock, huge boulders and fallen trees, and we clambered over and under and around and through, and waded in the rushing torrent and let ourselves down precipices until with scratched faces and hands and torn clothes we finally struck a log road and our troubles were over. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we finally dropped our packs at the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad depot in Glenwood Springs, and turning to look at each other in supreme content that that part of the fun was over, burst simultaneously into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Two worse looking beggars were never seen outside of a ragman's fair. Our shoes were played out, the crown of my hat just hung on, my hair was sticking through the top bravely. We were all "broke up" generally. We counted up our funds and found that we had just money enough to pay our railroad fare to Buena Vista and leave us two cents. After getting our tickets and finding out that no train would leave until late in the evening, we discovered that we were very hungry, and went up town to see if we couldn't raise some money. We had a fifty dollar certificate of deposit on a Pueblo bank, but as we had no one to identify us we failed to get it cashed. We went back to the depot and I asked the agent to take one of our guns and lend us two dollars on it and then express it to Buena Vista C.O.D. for that amount and charges, telling him our difficulty, and that as we were acquainted at Buena Vista we could get our paper cashed there. He asked to see the certificate, indorsed it for us himself and told us to go to the bank where he did his business, and they cashed it for us. It was taking some chances and was an unusually clever act which we shall never forget.

After this all was plain sailing. We had walked over 100 miles without counting our tramps into the mountains, hunting and fishing; and had seen country that we could not not have got at in any other way. I had worked myself down from 205lbs. to 180lbs. weight. It had not had that effect on Irv, for he was slender to start with, but we were both as tough as whalebone, and I am satisfied that such a trip taken once every twelve months would add years of enjoyment to the lives of most men of sedentary habits and employment.

JOHN M. ROE.

Connecticut Game Birds.

HADDAM, Conn., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quail are more than ordinarily plenty in this locality, the boys getting from five to a dozen at one tide without a log. I never saw the rice so plenty and fine as it is this year, caused perhaps by the extended freshet in the spring. Quail and partridge, notwithstanding the closeness in which they were shot last fall and deep snows and severity of the winter, bid fair to be about as plenty as usual.

A.

Nebraska Grouse and Quail.

BEATRICE, Neb., Aug. 30.—Prairie chicken and grouse shooting is good throughout the western part of the State this year; and quail are more numerous all over Nebraska than ever before, on account of dry weather, good feed and good shelter, I think.

W. S. P.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Out on Bail.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 5.—On next Friday Mr. Percy Stone, of Chicago, will go up to Waupun, Wis. He will be glad to go. He will go cheerfully. You couldn't hire him to stay here. If he doesn't go he will be attached for contempt and his bail bond forfeited, and a lot of unpleasant things will happen. In fact, Percy is only out on bail, and his case comes up at Waupun next Friday.

A good many of us have thought for a long time that Percy had been out of jail long enough, but no one was expecting him to be arrested just when he was. You see, Percy is manager of both the Diana and the Horicon shooting clubs, which control the entire Horicon Marsh, at the upper end of which the village of Waupun is situated. No other man could have done what Percy Stone has done by way of organizing the two clubs and putting them in practical running order. We can make that short by saying that both clubs are now controlled by the Chicago vote. The marsh is the best in this part of the country. Everything is in good order, and the price of the shares in either club is steadily advancing.

The upper part of the marsh, that is controlled by the upper club (Horicon Shooting Club) has always been much overrun with local poaching shooters, who have disregarded the rights of the club, and have felt themselves injured by being deprived of the free use of the entire grounds. Before Mr. Stone reorganized the club, the club sold shooting permits at $5 each. This injurious feature was at once cut off. Hence war.

On Friday morning last, Sept. 1, opening day of the duck season, the entire upper end of the marsh was alive with these trespassing shooters, who flocked in from Waupun and began a canonading at 4 o'clock in the morning, before it was dawn, and an hour and a quarter before the time set for the club members to begin shooting. During the day, Klieforth, the warden, and Cummings, the club watchman, arrested a couple of the trespassers. One of them had his gun taken away after refusing to give it up, but was not struck or hurt at all. He handed over the gun himself when he saw Klieforth meant business.

Of course, this "outrage" on the part of the club men raised a howl at Waupun. Revenge must be had. Accordingly the next day the aggrieved Waupunite sent down officers to the club houses, and arrested Klieforth and Cummings at the upper club and Mr. Percy Stone at the lower club. They caught Percy just as he was taking the train to come home. He was taken as manager of the clubs. The charge was assault and battery, deprivation of property, maybe highway robbery and arson, it makes no difference. Anyhow, this is how Percy Stone got in jail, and why he is cheerfully going back to Waupun next Friday. We all hope he will not get over seven years in the penitentiary, for with care and self restraint he could still be made a useful member of society. We hope for the best.

The fight is now on between the new way and the old way. Either the club men own this marsh or the trespassers own it. The old destructive way must make room for more intelligent methods. There will be only one end to this fight. The Waupun contingent will get more law than they want. Arrests will go on, the cases will be taken up, and they will be beaten and harassed until they are sick of it. They would better lay down their arms now. At the close of this justice suit (which may naturally be expected to go against the clubmen), appeal will be taken, the belligerent Waupun man will be arrested for malicious prosecution, sued in civil damages by Mr. Stone, and haled fore and aft and crosswise, until he would rather he had never thought of night shooting on another owner's grounds. Waupun men will also be arrested under the State law forbidding night shooting. The club will win in the end, and it will fight all the way. The old, reckless, selfish, destructive way will not do. Other times must be set on. Leave the clubmen alone, and they will tread on local shooters' toes of course, but they will preserve the wildfowl of this great natural breeding ground. Leave the local men alone and they would exterminate the birds to the last feather, for they would shoot in spring, summer and fall, day and night. This last fact is the main one, when it comes to the ethics.

Opening Day on Horicon.

Sept. 1, the opening day on Horicon Marsh, has come to be what is probably the most notable sporting event of the year in Chicago. The excellence of the shooting on this marsh, and the scarcity of shooting elsewhere, have made these two clubs very popular. The sport on opening day is usually the best of the season, as the birds are bred on the marsh, are young and not so wily as they become later. It is therefore usually a goodly crowd which goes north from this city to meet the Wisconsin members on the marsh on the first day of fall. This year there were thirty guns registered for the upper club and sixteen for the lower, a total larger than most tournaments would show, and in view a sport more interesting than that of any tournament.

Broke the Rules.

It is a rule of the two clubs that there must be no shooting before sunrise or after sunset. This wise rule ought to be observed strictly and to the letter of the specifications. Cards were distributed setting the hour of sunrise at 5:15 for Sept. 1, and all the members knew this, yet I am sorry to say that on the upper marsh not one but many members followed the example of the poachers, and began shooting as soon as they could see a moving shadow. This is all wrong. The birds if left alone would not fly much before sun-up anyhow. Greediness of this sort should not be tolerated for a moment. Moreover, the members should show more comity and courtesy among themselves, and not all crowd in on one another at the start because they hear a little shooting. The marsh is big enough for all. The time has come for gentlemanly usages in sport, and we must say good-bye to the old free-for-all scrambling ways. In a little while the members of the newly organized club will realize this, and things will gradually straighten themselves around.

Heavy Shooting.

The shooting last Friday was very heavy, the best for some time. The record shows what the duck preserve may be even to-day. There were over 1,100 ducks brought in on the one day, Sept. 1. The lower club, with 16 guns out, had a trifle the better total, and indeed a most phenomenal average, but the shooting anywhere was good enough, the flight going by luck as much as anything, as it always does on opening day.

The following is the record of the upper club: H. S. Eldred 15 ducks, J. W. Burns 13, M. A. Cornell 14, A. H. Lewis 10, J. H. Burns 13, G. J. Clark 33, R. E. Munchow 20, L. J. Zincke 17, F. M. Fish 19, W. E. Warren 21, B.H. Sanford 13, E. A. Galoway 16, H. F. Bosworth 25, E. W. Chubb 63, C.W. Lamoreaux 30, R. Buchholz 18, F. A. Hanson 19, L. R. Brown 12, Geo. Holden 30, E. Hough 10, A. J. Baxter 6, C. H. Kaetel 12, M. Lehner 7, R. G. Richter 34, R. Rom 22, P. F. Stone 11, Wm. Klieforth 14, J. L. Gault 24, W. J. Hamilton 13, A. R. Keating 24; total 576.

The Diana or lower club record is as follows: Hall 10 ducks, Hamline 25, Mussey 75, Wilcox 61, Dupee 40, Parker 9, Buechner 19, Peabody 19, Hunter 6, Petit 30, Dicks 44, Leidersdorf 9, Widdicomb 55, Clement 6, Yorgey 31, Kretschmar 66, Melcher 62; total 590.

High bag on the upper club, 63 birds, was made by Mr. E. W. Chubb, of Milwaukee, who shot in the upper part of the "burned holes." Center Point, usually good, yielded only 12 birds, and the race of Mr. Kaetel for it at 3 o'clock in the morning was not worth the pains.

High bag on the lower club, 75 birds, was made by that happy and lucky shooter Mr. W. P. Mussey, of Chicago. They do say there was no living in the house with Billy after that, he became so offensive. Mr. Mussey shot in the West Bay. Mr. Wilcox, 61 birds, says his share is not for sale for a wagon load of gold. Everybody had a good time and everybody was elated to the point of excitement when the returns came in.

Mr. Holden, Mr. Brown and myself, all of Chicago, staid over to try it another day or so, as we had no shooting to amount to anything the first day. The other gentlemen got a dozen birds a day or so each, and their total made a magnificent lot of game. The ducks bagged were teal, mallard, redhead, pintail, woodduck and scattering varieties for the rest.

Abundance of Jacksnipe.

In all I bagged 40 ducks, but I found something better than that. On a little meadow just back of the club house I discovered a lot of jacksnipe and put in an hour or so there on two afternoons. The sport at the long bills was as pretty as anything I ever had, and I bagged 50 jacks as quickly and pleasantly as any one every did, though I lost nearly a dozen and a half more that fell in the flags. Running out of No. 9 shells I begged everybody for No. 7 shells, and finished up my bag with No. 7s and No. 6s. I found that one can kill jacksnipe a good deal better with No. 6s than he would at first think; indeed, can do very respectable shooting with them when the birds lie close as they did here.

A Useful Remedy.

But for one incident of Saturday's duck hunt I might have had a lot more snipe shells for the jacks. It happened this way. I was located on a little bog, just big enough to make a blind on, in the center of the waterway that runs through the burned holes. The birds kept out pretty well in the middle, and I got an occasional shot. This attracted the attention of another shooter, another club member, too, by the way, who should have known more of the courtesies among sportsmen, and leaving his blind on a point at the edge of the water he pulled in a couple of hundred yards below me on my flight and built a blind, which naturally meant an end to my shooting. Protesting mildly, I was informed that the country was free, a proposition to which I could find no adequate answer. Soon after this, however, I got very tired, and had to stand up in my blind a good deal. Also, I suddenly concluded that I would like a mess of yellowlegs. So I called my pusher over from his cover, gave him my gun and a lot of snipe shells, and sent him out with the boat on the flats to shoot yellowlegs, of which there were 700,000,000 around. My pusher must have misunderstood me, for somehow, he did most of his shooting out on the open water right around the other fellow's blind. Between my tired streak and my pusher's activity in the yellowleg matter, I regret to say that the other fellow didn't get another shot the rest of the morning, and he went home mad. I don't see what made him mad, it being a free country. Nothing to get warm over if a fellow wants a few yellowlegs to keep the wolf from the door. Anyhow, I can recommend the yellowleg scheme as a good way to serve a man who pulls in close on your flight deliberately and without courtesy. The only bad thing I know about this was that Ferdinand, my pusher, grew so interested in making double shots on flying yellowlegs that he got a deck load of birds, and meantime used up about all my fine-shot loads. Still, as it was, I got all the jacksnipe anybody ought to have, and this I found to be the nicest part of my hunt on the marsh. No one else seemed to be after the snipe.

There seems to be great abundance of ducks on the marsh this fall, and the phenomenal shooting of this first day of the season may be repeated in part later on. There are great quantities of mallards, and later in the fall these should make grand sport.

The Other Clubs.

It is too early yet for the flight on our lower clubs. The Horicon birds were all bred on the marsh. At Mak-sawba Club, on the Kankakee, there was some little shooting at local ducks, but high bag was about a dozen this year. The bass fishing at that point has, however, been most extraordinary all the season. Mr. Organ tells me that on opening day he got a nice little bunch of ducks, and then went to fishing. Everybody got heavy strings of bass. Mr John Matter has had exceptionally good fortune there with the bass this summer.

Homeless.

There have been a good many unemployed and idle men around Chicago for the past week, owing to the fact that Mussey's billiard hall has been closed. It is a wonder that the authorities have not closed the place before, so many trap-shooting robberies of aliens have been perpetrated there. But it is closed now for repairs, and will be for a week. It will be thoroughly disinfected, fumigated and whitewashed, and its walls will then be ready for another year's incrustation of bluffs, challenges and lies. Until then, many sportsmen of this city will be homeless.

E. HOUGH,

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

SUMMER SLAUGHTER IN MAINE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of this date an editorial, "An Old Story in Maine Woods," also an article in same issue, "Dead Deer in Maine Woods," which interest me very much, as it doubtless will others. It is well known that about all the hunting and fishing camps throughout the northern section of Maine are supplied with deer meat during the open season of fishing from June to October, when it is unlawful to kill deer, moose or caribou. This game is generally killed around the water in June, July and August, and as a general thing no more is brought to camp than what seems necessary to supply the camp with meat. How much is killed that never reaches camp no one knows. Doubtless a large percentage dies from wounds that may be recorded as waste, judging from the report of the Bangor *News* of Aug. 20, which you quote. It may safely be said that a large percentage of the game killed in the section referred to goes to waste, as you say, shot down in pure wantonness.

The State Commissioners and game wardens cannot enforce the law as it now stands, for the reason that most of the killing is done at night, and so far away from law that you cannot reach the offender or establish his guilt. What remedy can you or your readers suggest for the better protection of large game in the State of Maine?

Will you be kind enough to answer this question: Why do the people of Maine allow the indiscriminate use of rifles above .22 caliber in their forests during close season when there is nothing to shoot but the protected game? There is no game in the forests of Maine except the bear that would demand the use of a rifle during close season. And not one sportsman or guide in five hundred ever sees a bear in the Maine woods in the summer months. So long as every man and boy is allowed to carry rifles, or an armory, into the Maine woods in close season, just so long will the large game be killed in close season, and a large percentage of it will go to waste, as described in the article referred to. Make some regulation by law preventing the carrying of firearms in the State during close season, and you take from the offender the instrument which enables him not only to break the law, but the possession of which too often prompts the temptation to use it in an unlawful manner.

A.

NOTES FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

THE following notes on game prospects may prove interesting to sportsmen. The following is from Dr. Otto Moebes, Athens, Ala., in a letter dated Aug. 29. He says:

"There is a good sprinkling of deer. A town party chased and killed one a week ago on my land, and as I have been waiting for lawbreakers for some time, I happened to get up to them while they were in the very act of cutting the deer's throat. A bombshell could not have created greater consternation. It served them right. Let them wait till September.

"We have had the most remarkable dry season I ever experienced in this country. There have been but two little showers since June 2. A dry June always brings in a good quail crop. We have consequently more and larger coveys than I have seen for years. I have three coveys in my field, which are full grown, eighteen or twenty birds to each covey. I took a couple of youngsters to the Brown's Ferry preserve one morning recently, and found five large coveys inside of an hour, all well grown, and strong flyers.

"The spring set in very unfavorably for a good quail year, as it rained steadily during April and May, but fortunately the weather was extraordinarily cold at the same time, which kept the birds from pairing off and mating

"Through an experience of many years and close watching, I have never been able to find a mated brace of quails before April 17. That is the earliest date I have observed. This year, the first couple I found was on May 9. I have found many unbroken coveys in the last week of May. Therefore you will see that they did their breeding in the dry season, hence the fine outlook.

"Do you recollect that once we had a little conversation in regard to quail following water courses, or even emigrating to them in the dry warm season of the year? Some parties had so written in a contemporary, if I am not mistaken. Well, they may do so up North, but I promise you it is not so in the South. Our quail care no more for water than if it were not in existence. I have known coveys on the Mason place, which I could find almost at any time during a terrific drought, and those birds were at least two miles from the nearest drop of water, excepting the dew. Dew is enough for them. If there is no dew, they simply do without water.

"I have also found, on an average, more birds on the uplands, a long way from the water courses, than I have found close to the latter.

"Turkeys have nested well also, and I know of two large gangs within a mile of my house. If you can come here and rest up a while, we will teach them a lesson."

From Mr. T. Andrew Jackson, Opelousas, La., an ardent sportsman and a keen shot, I have received the following under date of Aug. 28:

"Quail are plentiful. The season has been fine for their breeding—not too dry and not too wet. Almost every day I see from one to a half dozen brace of old ones in the road dusting. The shooting season on quail will open Nov. 1. This is the new law made by the police jury last spring. In many respects it was a good one. Heretofore the shooting season opened Oct. 1, but very little shooting was done before Nov. 1 and still later, as the cover in the fields is then too rank to permit of pleasant sport. Real good shooting can not be had till December, along about Christmas.

"The police jury also changed the law for the protection of deer. It used to be from April 1 to Oct. 1 in all parts of the parish. The new law reads as follows: 'Deer in the swamp portion of the parish can be hunted from Nov. 1 until May 15.' In other portions of the parish the old law holds good. The new law for swamp-hunting is a fraud. The rutting season begins there in November and the does begin to drop their fawns in July. In May they are heavy with fawn and it is then a shame to shoot them.

"In the pine woods the rutting season begins in September and the does drop their young about the middle of May.

"The only game birds to be found now are plover, but the weather is too warm and the sport is very tame. Upland plover were here in July and the first part of August, but they have about all gone further south for the fall and winter.

"Good bear hunting could be had in the swamps a few years ago, but for some reason bruin has left his accustomed haunts and very few are now killed. Several years ago a black bear was killed in the Waxia swamp which weighed 619lbs. That one was the largest ever killed in this parish until last spring, when one was killed in the Atchafalaya swamp which weighed 800lbs. or more. These two are the largest bears ever killed in St. Landry parish, and I think the last-mentioned is the largest ever killed in the State. Old hunters tell me that there are three different kinds of bears in our swamps—the large black bear, with a white spot on the breast, a small black bear which is exceedingly tough and hard to kill, and a long, slim brownish bear which is so swift of foot that it is called the running bear. The latter species, it is said, can run all day and is about as fast as our red deer. How true this is I am unable to say, as I never hunted bruin.

"Squirrel shooting is good this summer. Many hunters report fine bags. We have five or six species of squirrels here. Some of the species may be the same. For instance, we have the red fox squirrel and the black fox squirrel. They are the largest. The black and gray squirrels are smaller, and many say that they belong to the same species. The cat squirrel is smaller than the gray, but is larger than the flying squirrel. The gray squirrel predominates; the red fox squirrel next.

"Alligator hunting is indulged in to such an extent that the sport threatens to exterminate the saurians. Several police juries have passed laws recently prohibiting the killing of these reptiles. The alligators kill the musk-rats, which do the Mississippi River levees so much harm. Thousands of alligator hides have been shipped to New York this year from this parish.

"The Louisiana prairies, at this season of the year, are the feeding grounds of cranes. I note three sizes of the white species, one about three feet tall, the second about two feet, and the smallest about the size of a common chicken, only a little taller. A few blue cranes and herons are mixed in with the white ones. I have seen a few black ones, but they are scarce, sometimes only one in a season being seen. These cranes are being killed by thousands, and their skins are shipped to Northern cities."

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Vermont Game Outlook.

HIGHGATE, Vt.—The outlook for good sport in northwestern Vermont this season is very discouraging, unless the rabbit and fox crop happens to be a prolific one.

There are no gray squirrels and but few ruffed grouse. Up to the late cold storm there was a large number of woodcock and the young birds were well matured, but they are now gone; the late blizzard started them southward. The open season for these birds formerly began Aug. 15, which usually made us sure of several weeks of good shooting, but the last Legislature changed the date to Sept. 15. As we usually have a cold storm early in September, our birds are usually away before the middle of the month, which means no shooting after that date, as it was only occasionally that the flight birds stop here, for between here and the St. Lawrence River due north, there are but few grounds. Last season, however, was an exception, as the constant heavy west winds that occurred during their flight brought the birds here from their breeding grounds west of the Richelieu River.

The old law on snipe was also changed, so that now these game and toothsome birds are among those that cannot be shot at any season of the year. There is a general howl among the members of our gun club here against such legislation, and unless there is a change made for the better before another season no effort will be made to enforce the present game or fish laws.

We know that when woodcock are fat their first flights are short ones, and that the birds that are bred here are to be found when the present season opens down in the middle or southern part of the State; and we believe that this law was changed to favor that section of the State where most of the members of the State Fish and Game League reside. It is also our belief that such a law, one that favors one section of the State at the expense of another portion of the State, is unconstitutional, and if a test case was made on either of the above cases this would be found so.

STANSTEAD.

The New .25cal. Shell.

IN a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM W. L. Carpenter describes a new .25cal. straight shell using (as maximum) 25grs. of powder and 97grs. lead, soon to be placed upon the market. The shell, being straight, will be capable of receiving a load varying all the way from the maximum given above to a charge of 2 or 3grs. powder and a round ball for gallery practice. Mr. Carpenter's shell will certainly prove much more satisfactory than the present bottle-necked .25-20, and I, for one, wish him all success, and shall watch with much interest for further information in regard to it.

BARRISTER.

Shooting Prospects West.

A NORTH DAKOTA report which has just reached us gives the following highly-colored report of the local outlook: "The shooting season has commenced and the birds are being slaughtered in large numbers. Ducks are very plentiful, the numerous lakes and sloughs round about Forman, N. D., being a favorite breeding place for aquatic birds of all kinds. The variety of ducks is greater than usual, though the spoonbills and teals are most numerous. The grain fields are literally covered with chickens, and sportsmen report the shooting the best ever experienced in the country."

West Virginia Game.

WAVERLY, W. Va., Sept. 4.—We have had a pretty fair fishing season; fishing camps dot the Ohio River every few miles, and their occupants seem to have good success. The river is lower than for many years; boats have not been running for several weeks until lately.

The outlook for fall shooting is good, with plenty of quail and pheasant, while rabbits are thick in the fields and timber, and as the season advances I look for some fine sport.

FOX HUNTER.

The Shore Birds.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—Agreeable to your suggestion in the last issue regarding the effect the late storms had upon snipe shooting along the South Bay, I would report as follows: Having followed the shore birds for a number of years past with more or less success, I thought, as I suppose did many others, that such storms would bring a big flight of birds down from the North. The evening of Friday, Aug. 25, found me on Oak Island Beach near points from which I have had good shooting in past years. Out early Saturday morning, sat in a blind nearly all day. Saw one black-breasted plover, but not a yellowleg, though two came to the stool of a friend of mine. From all I could gather from the natives there had been some little shooting prior to the first storm, but no birds during or after either blow.

NIAGARA.

OAKDALE, Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to inquiry in FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the flight of snipe this season, I would say that those two severe storms brought to our shores two splendid flights of fine birds, mostly yellowlegs, and large kreakers, with a splendid sprinkling of ring-tail marlin, blackbreast plover, golden plover, willet and yelpers. Half a dozen baymen have a blind on Dr. Green's meadow, where they shoot most all the time at small kreakers.

A. A. F.

Birds on the New England Coast.

SHORE bird shooting seems to be fairly good. Good reports come from Pine Point, Scarboro, Me. Mr. I. W. Pillsbury recently shot some 150 birds on a gunning trip to that locality. Mr. J. H. Brown got 120 birds. They were generally summer yellowlegs and snipe. Mr. Geo. Barrett is a successful gunner. He got thirty-two birds in a few hours' shooting at Ipswich the other day; mostly summer yellowlegs. Mr. J. Miller and friends were recently at Marshfield on a shoot. They are reported to have bagged 240 birds, with many of the larger varieties. There is a complaint all along the shore, however, that the larger birds are not plenty.

Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, with A. P. Aldrich & Son, has again made a good shot. He lives at Byfield, a long distance from Boston, and he is obliged to take a train at 7 o'clock A. M. to go in to business. He is very fond of gunning, and the river, the creek and the pond are very handy. But to get up early enough to take a pull of half a mile in a boat, up to the pond and back to breakfast, all before train time, requires a good deal of exertion. But sometimes he does it. The other morning he was up the river in his boat almost to the pond, when a couple of ducks started and appeared to be leaving for other regions. But soon they circled back and near enough to give Claude a fair shot. He used both barrels and got both ducks. They proved to be a pair of very handsome blue-winged teal.

SPECIAL.

Chickens to Sell.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The chickens are not all dead in this neck o' woods, but are being killed mighty fast. Every train out of St. Paul on the Great Northern R. R. brings a whole skirmish line of chicken shooters and a baggage car full of dogs, which are dumped at the various stations between Crookston and St. Vincent. It makes little difference where you stop; there are birds enough everwhere for any one but a hog.

Unfortunately, the market-shooter is in it also. Every southbound train on this division of the road carries to St. Paul and Minneapolis thousands of chickens, loaded at the various stations. Three hundred went from here yesterday and the express agent tells me that 200 to 400 go every day since the opening. Seven hundred went from Hallock on the 3d. In thirty days from now there will not be birds enough left for a decent seed supply. The railway and express companies are holding the shooters down to the provisions of law, and no game is accepted for shipment beyond the limits of the State. Copies of the game laws are printed on large yellow cards and, by order of the company, posted in all the ticket offices, baggage rooms, baggage cars, hotels and post-offices along the line, and the would-be violator is given to understand, in plain United States, that if he violates in this region he will be set on p. d. q.

G. O. SHIELDS.

STEPHEN, Minn., Sept. 6.

Potomac Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The oats crop on the eastern branch of the Potomac, here at Washington, is a very large one this season, and as a consequence the river is full of reed birds, blackbirds and ortolan. Although the law was not off until the first of September, many of these birds had already been slaughtered and were openly exposed for sale in our markets before that date.

A lady saw a lot of reed birds in market one day in August and asked the seller if it was not unlawful to sell them, to which he replied, "Oh, these are cultivated birds, not wild ones." These non-enforced law-protected birds are shot right within sight of the police station at the Anacostia end of the Navy Yard bridge.

A stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chicken, was shot near the Navy Yard bridge right after the recent great blow. It was very much fatigued from its exertions in battling against the storm. Several of the birds were seen.

Last week I noted the rather unusual occurrence here of willet, being quite unknown to this locality during the summer months. Sunday, Aug. 27, a flock of thirty of these snipe were seen on the flats opposite the Navy Yard.

BART.

Beef Broth in Ten Minutes.

DON'T cook beef broth until it is worn out. Take half a pound, or a pound, of clear red beef, cut from a thick round steak—not tenderloin or hock. Half submerge in convenient pieces in a pan of cold water; put in a little salt and pepper. Let it boil on one side five minutes, then the other side five minutes. Cut into small strips or squares, and with the aid of a lemon squeezer extract all the juice into a bowl. Fold the strips and corners of the beef into the squeezer. Dilute this rich extract with the water the beef was boiled in, season to suit the taste of the patient, and the finest beef broth ever made for hospital, house or camp, is before you.

TILE.

Proposed Powder Test.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The proposed powder tests for establishing the relative merits of the various nitro and black powders used and in the market of this country, of which mention has been made previously in your esteemed paper, will be carried out at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Chicago, Ill., between Sept. 15 and 25, 1893.

The experiments are to be controlled by two or more judges not interested in the trade in question, and all sportsmen and manufacturers of, or dealers in, powder or ammunition, will be permitted to witness the trial.

As far as expedient and possible, all suggestions presented to me, and pertaining to the proposed test, from numerous shooters of this country, will be taken into consideration.

The test is intended to have a public character and will be conducted with a view to benefit and enlighten alike the trade and the shooting fraternity of America.

ARMIN TENNER.

Expensive.

MILFORD, Mass., Sept. 5.—J. S. Cortezze, who was caught Sunday killing birds out of season, was brought before the local court to-day, and on plea of guilty was fined $30, which he paid. He had the birds—robins and thrushes—in his possession when taken. The officers are determined to put a stop to illegal bird shooting, and have several others under surveillance.

Others may well take warning, and they are not all Italians, either. Sunday shooting will command the attention of the newly appointed game constables Edwards and Shields, through whose efforts the above case was brought, assisted by Chief of Police Delano.

Birds in Maine.

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 10.—The fall shooting season opened ten days ago and the grounds hereabouts have been faithfully hunted with very unsatisfactory results. It is generally believed that there are but few birds in the Maine woods this year. I have not been out shooting, but during my wanderings in the summer I saw but few broods of grouse and those few were very small indeed. Woodcock are scarce as yet, and but few have found their way to the markets. On the whole, therefore, the gunners in this neighborhood are disposed to take a gloomy view of the prospects for the season. M.

New Hampshire Prospects.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE, N. H., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Prospects for fall hunting in northern New Hamsphire seem excellent; saw a good many partridge and other small game. Glad the hunting season has come at last. "Payson" is right on the subject of fishing versus hunting. MATTERHORN.

Cost of Trip to World's Fair.

IN the short space of two months the World's Columbian Exposition will have run its course. Its gates will be forever closed—the grand buildings, first stripped of their marvelous exhibits, then demolished, never to be restored—and the greatest and grandest spectacle in all the world will be but a memory of the past.

We consider it a duty as well as a pleasure for everybody who can raise the money to see the World's Fair, and because we believe that many are staying away under a misapprehension, who can really afford to go, we will endeavor to set forth with particularity the very moderate cost of the trip. The following is based on a leading editorial in the New York *Evening Post*, and all the items have been verified, so that there can be no doubt of their correctness.

First, as to the railway journey. The New York Central has made a special excursion rate of $32, on stated trains, with $5 each way for a berth in sleeping car.

Good rooms near the Fair grounds, accommodating two persons, can be found without difficulty, at $1 apiece per day, and a small room for one at $1, while even more favorable terms are possible. Practically everybody eats luncheon on the grounds, getting breakfast before he enters, and dinner after he leaves. A great many people who rent rooms also furnish breakfasts and dinners, and good meals can be obtained at such places and at many restaurants for no more than 50 cents apiece. A person with simple tastes can also get along very comfortably on 50 cents for the mid-day meal.

Now add to these items the cost of admission to the grounds, the necessary extras for getting around the Midway Plaisance, a small allowance for the purchase of modest souvenirs and other incidentals, including fees to porters and other petty expenses of travel, and we have the following summary:

Railroad fare (round trip)	$32.00
Sleeping car berth (both ways)	10.00
Meals en route (both ways)	5.00
Breakfast and dinner (six days)	6.00
Room in Chicago (six days)	6 00
Luncheon (six days)	3.00
Admission (six days)	3.00
Expenses on grounds (six days)	6.00
Incidentals (six days)	3.00
Incidentals en route (both ways)	2.00
	$76.00

This estimate is given as the result of a practical test, and we reiterate that the sum of $76.00, judiciously expended, will cover the cost of a trip to and from Chicago, made in comfort. and for a week's stay in that city under comfortable conditions, including six days at the Fair, and seeing every feature of it of any interest whatever.

Trains of the New York Central, on which the special excursion tickets quoted above are good for passage, leave Grand Central Station at 9.15 P. M.

The company also announce a series of Day Coach Excursions at one-half the regular rate on Aug. 26, 30; Sept. 5 and 11. By taking advantage of one of these excursions, the total given above can be materially reduced.

Accommodations may be secured by applying at the nearest ticket office of the company or addressing George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.—*Adv.*

M. ISENSTEIN & Co., of 424 Broome street, New York, manufacture a superior quality of sportsmen's leather goods, including leggins, gun cases, cartridge bags and belts, etc., at popular prices. It would be worth while to send for their catalogue.—*Adv.*

You are invited

to visit the "Forest and Stream's" exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the entrance from the main hall of the Fisheries Building, in the World's Fair.

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

Where to Eat at the Fair.

There are hundreds of sportsmen who visit the Fair, and unless they know the ropes, they either get robbed, go hungry, or leave dissatisfied and displeased. The attendants are often fagged out, the management of the café does not care, and the whole business of eating is a trial and a care and not a pleasure. For all of this I have a remedy—not that I have a restaurant concession, or care who does have one. In short, the other day I blundered into the Casino restaurant (not one of those operated by the main restaurant concessionaires). Here I found in charge as manager no less than Wm. Werner—our old friend "Possum Bill," who got up the possum suppers for the old Possum Club. Billy Werner has been *chef* to the best institutions of gastronomy in Chicago, and he can cook a plenty, whether it be a question of possom or anything else. After I found him I ate easy, calm and hearty, and all the boys ought to know that here is the place to go—the Casino, southeast corner of the Court of Honor, near the big gold girl. Because why, Billy Werner is an old FOREST AND STREAM man, one of the oldest field shooters of Chicago, and sportsman clear through. He doesn't believe in spring shooting, and moreover, he has refused to sell illegal game, not only here but elsewhere. I will just take this much trouble right here to say that this is the place for the visiting sportsman to get something good to eat at the Fair, and I imagine easy that if any FOREST AND STREAM reader who pauses at the Casino will tear off a page-head of FOREST AND STREAM and send it in to Mr. Werner, he will get what he asks for, get it good, and get it via a waiter who will appear to have an interest in earthly things.

The Winans Bronzes.

For reasons which will appear below, I am tempted to offer for publication the following letter from Mr. Walter Winans, the donor of the now famous Winans Trophy, which FOREST AND STREAM put in competition for the revolver shooters of America. On a very interesting subject Mr. Winans writes:

As one of the oldest readers and contributors from this side (not in age, but in length of time I have known the paper), I write you on a matter of possible interest.

You may know of me as the revolver champion of this country, but you may not know I am an artist as well. I sent over to the Fair, a fortnight ago, two bronze statuettes of mine, done in the same style as the FOREST AND STREAM Winans Revolver Championship Trophy. I sent in charge of Susse Frères, in the French Art Section of the Fair, but if you do not find them on their stand kindly ask the attendant at their exhibit where they are, most likely in the American Art Section.

The statuettes represent respectively a trotter in action to sulky, and a "Bronco Buster" getting on to a bucking pony. I am rather proud of the details in the latter, but an Indian I hoped to send, which is better than either of these, was not ready in time. I am at present at work on a much larger trotter in the new pneumatic sulky.

If any one wants to buy either of my exhibits as a prize for shooting, I am ready to let them have them at the price they cost me to have them cast, without charging for my work.

WALTER WINANS.

Mr. Winans will pardon the use of a personal letter when he knows how heartily in his debt I am for an hour of pleasure, of which I wish all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM could share with me. The representives of FOREST AND STREAM are spending a hard and faithful summer here, trying to find out for the readers of the paper that which they would naturally want to see out of the wilderness of opportunity offered. No readers of FOREST AND STREAM, even if he live here in Chicago, can see all the Fair. Without the above advice I might never have got beyond the great drooping caryatides which support the entablatures of the gallery in the French section of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. With the advice, perhaps others also may go, if they do they will not regret it.

One must brush up his French if he goes hunting for a given spot among the dreamy sights and languorous odors which fill the house of beauty back of the patient caryatides, but finally he comes to Susse Frères, French Department, Class XXIII. where he finds the two statuettes, which came too late for installation in the American art section.

As for the size of the statuettes, let us call them about a foot and a half by two feet, though they seem much larger. The action in them makes them seem big. The horse and sulky statuette seems to me to suggest Nancy Hanks, the driver resembling Budd Doble. It is a keen and spirited thing, so we must dismiss it, saying only that if the Washington Park Club of Chicago does not secure it at the ridiculously low figure asked by the exhibitors showing it, then they miss an opportunity, that's all.

Comparisons are notoriously odious, but when I came to look at the cowboy and the bucking pony, I could not help thinking that it was anyhow fully as good as Mr. Winans's earlier effort, the FOREST AND STREAM cowboy. In this later work there is tenser muscular strain, a more intense action, a higher key all through, although the figure materials employed are much the same. There is nothing of sharper action, nothing of keener interest, nothing of higher pressure, so to speak, than one of the wild struggles between a genuine "buster" and a genuine "bucker." Mr. Winans catches this struggle *in medias res* for the bronco is clear off the ground with all four feet, and there is daylight under him and all around the slender figure of the cowboy, who grips the horn of the cow saddle with his left hand, thus really supporting the main bulk of the metal, though one cannot imagine that he is supporting the horse, so fine is the muscular treatment and the force handling throughout. I suppose Mr. Winans might be amenable to the old rules of criticism about the necessity of "suspended action" and all that in statuary, but must believe that most observers will join with the African brother and "bress God for the variation," for here you have the plains horse himself, fairly at the climax of rebellion, head down, feet bunched, mane pitched forward, wild with rage all through, and with every muscle, so to speak, quivering with excitement.

The mastery of the controlling figure is complete, and one heaves a sigh of relief to see that as a cowboy the figure is all right, and not imaginative altogether. And the cow saddle is all right; too, and the gun, and the rope, and every other detail. When we see this we have instan tconfidence in Mr. Winans's Indian, and believe that he will make the right sort of Indian. After a while FOREST AND STREAM will publish a picture of the colossal group, showing a mounted cowboy, which stands on the lagoon side near the Transportation Building at the Fair. There is some "go" to this, too, but it is the equal of Mr. Winans's forceful work in no one particular. The artist has the idea in his head that the cowboy's horse should be the thick-necked charger of the ancient wars. Let him go to Mr. Remington, to Mr. Winans, or to the plains. The material of this fine object of art is silver bronze or bronze silver plated, in half oxide finish, the material giving a snappiness in keeping with the theme. Concluding mention of it, and reverting to the last sentence of Mr. Winans's letter, I could almost regret his generosity. So fine a work should never by possibility become a cheap gun club prize, but should be made an emblem of national significance, as is the FOREST AND STREAM Winans trophy.

Sports and War in Art.

Go where you will in statuary or color, in any part of the art displays of the Exposition, as even here in the collections of French bronzes, and you will find still a few virile masters who know that a bit of vigor is as good in art as a scene of sensuous beauty, who abandon the bathing girls, the Naiads, the so-called loves and graces, and knowing that the male figure is as beautiful as that of the female, turn their hands to manly types. When you come to examine into it is astonishing how large a part of the field of art is held by the claims of sport and war. I could have found a dozen beautiful instances of this as I passed out through the French section after my visit to the Winans statuettes. Here was a great bronze greyhound, life size, and again a group showing a keeper with foxhounds, and yet again a grand solemn foxhound standing alone, his forehead wrinkled in grave thought. Yonder was an Arab examining the lock of his gun; here were two fencers, there an oarsman and beyond a noble group of runners (labeled, by the way, "Sold to Mr. A. G. Spalding"). A soldier, a savage, a sheik, a hawker, a hunter—all these are there, bronze, immovable, yet instinct with life, and teaching a harmless lesson which points up and never down.

E. HOUGH.

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

LIVE FISH FOR THE AQUARIUM.

THE U. S. Fish Commission needed some whitefish and lake trout for its aquarium at the World's Fair, and arrangements were made to send one of its cars to Michigan for a supply. One of the most important features of the journey was provided through the courtesy of the general passenger agents of the Michigan Central and Chicago & West Michigan railroads, namely, free transportation of the car and its crew from Chicago to Muskegon and return.

It is probable that many visitors at the Exposition do not realize the extent of their indebtedness to the railroads for the success of the Aquarium exhibit, and it is certain that few persons appreciate the amount of cooperation furnished by railways to Fish Commissioners in their work of stocking public waters.

We left Chicago at 11:35 P. M. and ran around the southern and eastern shore of Lake Michigan through the night, reaching Muskegon at 7 in the morning. Here we met Capt. Bronson of the steamer City of Racine, who put us in communication with the fishermen from whom the specimens were to be obtained.

We traveled by trolley car five miles to the foot of Muskegon Lake, and then five miles by steam along the shore of Lake Michigan to Lake Harbor, where we arrived in the evening and remained over night. Lake Harbor is a beautiful little summer resort, having for one of its principal attractions a gem of a lake in which black bass, yellow perch, crappie and mascalonge are to be found. The short stream through which it empties into Lake Michigan also furnishes good fishing. Visitors were about leaving notwithstanding the delightful air and the unusual abundance of bass.

Very early in the morning Capt. Ole Anderson aroused the occupants of our car, and announced his intention of bringing the whitefish and trout from his pound nets. The water circulation was started and all arrangements completed for the care of the fish. The fishermen filled one of their boats with water for the safe transportation of the specimens. The boat was brought to within 50ft. of our car and the fish were carried without injury in large tin pails to the tanks prepared for them.

It would be difficult to find another place at which live fish can be more advantageously handled than at Lake Harbor, and it would be equally difficult to find railroad officials who are more courteous and obliging than those with whom we were associated on that occasion.

A fine lot of whitefish, lake herring, lake trout and burbot were secured, and they were carried to Chicago and placed in the aquarium the same day without the loss of a fish. The men had also some suckers, yellow perch and fresh-water drum. The fishing season was about closing, but arrangements were made for another shipment about the end of August.

Muskegon Lake and vicinity is an attractive region for the angler, and its accessibility from Chicago is greatly in its favor. The lake is full of white bass and pike-perch, and its tributary, Little Bear Lake, is well stocked with black bass. There is a hotel at Little Bear Lake, and accommodations at Lake Harbor, which has excellent black bass waters, are ample. Pike are abundant, but they are called pickerel, the name pike being applied to our eastern pike-perch.

Capt. Bronson takes up parties of anglers from Chicago to Little Bear Lake frequently during the fall. There is always a cool breeze along the shores of Muskegon Lake, even when Lake Michigan may be perfectly calm. Port Sherman, at the mouth of the outlet of Muskegon Lake, is a good place for black bass. At Lake Harbor the anglers were still-fishing and trolling with live minnows and grasshoppers.

Ice is sold for $3 per ton at Muskegon, teams can be had at $1.50 for an afternoon, and boats are let at about 25 cents per hour for a party of two or three. T. H. B.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

The Fly-Casting Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 6.—The judges of the angling tournament of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club at the World's Fair, Sept. 21, will be Dr. Jas. A. Henshall, Mr. W. C. Harris, and Mr. H. L. Stanton. There will be expert and amateur classes, light rod competitions, an amateur club team contest, etc., and the day should prove of interest. The preliminaries are all now about concluded. Mr. Stanton's appointment as a judge, though late, is a good one.

This will be the first angling tournament held in Chicago, to my knowledge, and it will be a spirited event. Let us hope that it will work a new era for the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, and begin one which shall know less of the squabblings and bickerings of the past. That such an event will bring out hot competition and diligent effort among the rival rod makers goes without saying. If the rod representatives carry emulation too far into what purports to be a sportsman's club, they do not best subserve their own interests, for a club split and harried is of small use to any one. Mr. Osgood, of the Spalding Bros., has Kosmics in the hands of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Goodsell, and Mr. Wilkinson. Mr. Leonard is coming from New York and will likely have his rod represented. Mr. Isgrigg, of Montgomery Ward & Co., will probably use a Leonard for his long distance work, and for delicacy and accuracy will use the Abbey & Imbrie, which he has used during the summer. So we will have rivalry all right. What should be hoped is that the result will be a friendly and sincere handshake all around when the returns are in, and may the combination of the best man and the best rod and the best luck win, as it probably will.

A Cheap Attraction.

I notice that the club publishes a brief list of merchandise prizes. This is unfortunate and gives an unmodern, behind-the-times and countrified air to what should be an event worthy of the time and place. Times change with them. The old ways will not do. The plunder list is one of the abominations of beggary, and has had place long enough in the history of tournaments. If a body of gentlemen wish to offer a prize for competition, why do they not put their money together and go buy one and not beg one? If the gift comes without asking it is quite another matter, but better a tin cup bought than a silver vase begged. The latter is not worthy a club of sportsmen. Donors will not look at it this way from selfish motives alone, but from the position of principle. A donor would be willing to give out of his own pocket to a needy sportsman twice what he will with a feigned and timorous cheerfulness give to a club of sportsmen or to a money-seeking management. But let the right of it go. It is enough to say that times have changed, and that to tack a plunder list to a programme to-day cheapens it and does not improve it. A scrap of paper will do for a trophy among gentlemen, and the thought of money gain should be left out of and far away from the gentle art in any of its forms. If we must then have prizes, let us not have those begged for under an absurd old system, whose day, moreover, is quite gone.

Will Pay for the House.

The Fly-Casting Club has never yet succeeded in paying for its structure, the Walton lodge. Mr. Davidson, the secretary, informs me, however, that the debt will soon be canceled. Himself and five others of the club have decided to send their personal checks for $50 each, the funds to be repaid by the club later or not as the club may choose. This is certainly a mighty generous thing to do, though it shows mighty bad business management on the part of the club in building before it had its funds. Certainly men like Mr. Davidson, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Strong and the others should not be allowed to advance this money alone. The club should repay it as early as it can. But with workers so zealous and unselfish as these in it, how can we predict for the club anything but a future of ultimate succes? Cut off your useless lumber, gentlemen of the club, kill off your wranglers and quarrelers and gobblers, insist on businesslike and parliamentary meetings, pay your debts and then go slow, and you have in this Chicago Fly-Casting Club the opportunity of making a highly useful sporting organization. It has the material for it. Let us heartily hope the coming tournament will constitute a prominent step in that direction.

Justice and Injustice.

By the way, the secretary of this club, Mr. F. B. Davidson, one of the most unselfish and disinterested club workers I ever knew, and one of the best secretaries, writes me a letter in regard to my recent criticism of a club official's conduct, and states that, being misinformed, I have done the club an injustice. This is something I would not willingly do, and which I would go a long way to right when I found I was at fault, Mr. Davidson points out that the dates of the meetings were often set by himself, and shows dates which could not favor any one paper more than another. This I am very glad to state. Mr. Davidson also says that what I call a "star chamber" meeting (my information as to this came from two other members who were present) was not really closed, but that there was one other man there, not a member of the committee; "and," he naïvely adds, "that man made as many motions as anybody." I am glad to know this, too. As to the others of my statements, I only wish I could find myself mistaken there also, but fear I cannot. Mr. Davidson is a man who will always be young. He will always believe that all the women are good and all men are honest. To look at his great, honest face is enough to rest one, and I love the boy (he is married and has a family), though, as I told him yesterday, I don't believe he would see a load of hay go across the table in a game of poker. It is, I fear, owing to this inability to see a load of hay that Mr. Davidson is of the belief that my informants twisted the tenor of the remarks I quoted. I wish I had a similar visual defect, but even Mr. Davidson would lose it in this unholy calling. As to the main features I fear I am right, and am sorry that I am, so let it go at that. I am sorry. I apologize. I will not do it again, not until the next time when for journalistic reasons pure and simple, and for those only, it again becomes necessary. Then I probably will.

Plenty Wise Paper.

THE popular wisdom department of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* for Aug. 25 has the following:

"NAPERVILLE, Aug. 20.—*To the Editor:* What is the weight of the largest black bass fish? W. D.

"The weight of the sea fish known as black bass is from ¾lb. to 17lbs., and the last-mentioned size is very seldom found. The black bass of the lakes is a smaller fish and seldom exceeds 8lbs. in weight."

On the whole, this is not so bad, except that there isn't any black bass in the sea, and that it inhabits streams as well as lakes, and that it sometimes weighs over 20lbs. It is pretty good for a swift grab at facts, and conveys the impression that the *Inter-Ocean* is plenty wise in natural history. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

LATE NEW ENGLAND FISHING.

THE fishing parties are about done for the season of 1893. Close time began on trout in Massachusetts on Sept. 1, and it begins in Maine on Oct. 1. On the whole the season has been a good one, though opening very late in Maine. A great many trout have been taken. The only wonder is as to where so many trout have come from. Naturally the question arises, can the supply be kept up, considering the increase in the devotees of the rod and reel? Personally I am acquainted with three men and the wife of one of them, who never fished for trout till this year, and one trip has made them enthusiasts. My experience is only one of many. The passion for trout and salmon fishing is very decidedly on the increase. Bass fishing is fairly holding its own; nothing more. The supply can be kept up with the demand only by restocking. This restocking must largely come from angling associations and anglers themselves. State commissioners can hardly be depended upon to do the work, with the limited means at their command. If they can carry out reasonable protection during close seasons, and enforce reasonable fishing in the open seasons, they will accomplish a good deal. I learn from the Rangeley region and the ponds back of that section that the custom of returning small trout to the water, especially among the best of fly-fishermen, is a growing one, and has been particularly noted this season.

Occasionally a belated fishing trip is mentioned. Mr. J. W. Chickey, of the Boston *Herald*, with a friend made a fishing trip to Lower Bartlett, N. H., the last of August. They took ten trout from the Ellis, fishing down that stream two miles or more. They caught a number of trout too small to count. Their largest trout was 13in. long. The trout were small and the stream showed signs of having been fished to excess. It is evident that it is early cleaned out each year, and hence few trout beyond two or three years old can be taken.

Mr. E. M. Gillam, of the Boston *Advertiser*, has gone on his vacation. He is much disappointed that business compels him to take his vacation this year too early. The open season on most of the game and game birds in New Jersey has not begun, and Mr. Gillam feels it his duty to spend his vacations in that State at the paternal homestead, where his mother is living. He will visit his brother, city editor of the Philadelphia *Record*, and together they will occasionally try the shore birds in New Jersey. Mr. Gillam, with a Mr. Black, of Reading, spent Labor Day (Sept. 4) on a pond in Boxford, Mass. They drove eighteen miles from Reading for the sake of trying the black bass. They used crickets for bait, Mr. Black obtaining them the night previous. There were several other boats on the pond, but Mr. Gillam and his friend seemed to get all the bass there were taken. They attributed their success to the bait they used, but did not bother to explain this matter to the other fellows. They took six good bass before dinner. In the afternoon their success was not as good, for the reason that they got tired of fishing.

Sept. 6 J. A. French, landlord at the Upper Dam, Richardson Lake, Me., dispatched that the fishing was good at that celebrated trout pool. The weather had been very cool, the mercury registering 40° for several mornings, and this weather had brought the trout to the fly, as it usually does there. From the 1st to the 5th a number of big trout had been taken, with a good showing of smaller ones. One weighing 7lbs. 1oz. had been taken by T. L. Barber, of South Framingham, Mass., and that gentleman had also taken one weighing 6lbs. 10oz. Dr. Drake, of North Weymouth, Mass., had taken a trout of 6lbs. 12oz. Besides, a trout of 6lbs. 1oz., and one of something over 5lbs. had been taken. All these trout are reported to have been taken on a fly, in the pool below the dam. Mr. N. G. Manson, Jr., mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM last week as being at his camp at Cherrytree Point, head of Richardson Lake, Me., is having good fly-fishing, or as good as he cares for, never fishing but for camp use. He is accompanied by his long-time friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bynner, of Cambridge, and Mr. Will Jones and wife, of Brewer, Me. Mr. Jones is likely to be highly pleased with what Mr. Manson will introduce him to in the Rangeley woods. But game will be scarce, even if the trout fishing is good. Mr. Geo. H. Cutting, of Andover, with his brother Will, were for ten days at Camp Stewart, on the same lake, engaged in repairing and rebuilding boat houses at the ponds. George reports that they saw but one partridge during all the time. Under circumstances of partridges fairly plenty they should have seen twenty at least. Other reports indicate the same scarcity of ruffed grouse in all the Rangeley region. It is reported that another moose has swam Richardson Lake in the vicinity of the Narrows, and that he was shot by some tourists. The game wardens have a clew to the perpetrators of the deed, and they are likely to be invited to settle, if indeed they have not already done so. A moose swam that lake last year, at about the same spot, and was shot during the hot weather. I have never heard that anybody was punished for the shameful breach of the game laws. That moose was reported to have rotted on the shore.

Mr. Henry Whitmore, with Mrs. Whitmore, mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM recently as making their first trip to the Rangeley Lakes, is back to his work on the Boston *Herald*. They were the guests of Mr. Hal. Haskell, at Allerton Lodge, on Mooselucmaguntic Lake. Both are greatly pleased with the region. Harry did not expect to take trout on this his first trouting trip and so early in his experience in trout fishing. But he was most happily disappointed. They made a pool, each putting in "a cartwheel dollar," the pool to go to the member of the party taking the largest trout. To Harry's surprise, he took the big trout and the pool. The money will go toward some improved fishing tackle. SPECIAL.

A DAY WITH THE 'TAUG.

THE writer was tautaug hungry; not literally, but he was aching to go fishing. A few days ago he mentioned this fact in the presence of the ever-ready "Cad" C., and it was not long before a short trip was planned.

"You just come down to the cottage in the morning, and Jim and I will be ready to go," was Cad's remark, and the consequence was the writer took the first boat down the bay one fine fishing morning and landed at S., where Cad has a neat summer cottage, and where he and Jim spend a good portion of the hot weather. They were both there, Jim busily engaged in overhauling his tackle, and Cad smoking the favorite little briar and making miscellaneous comments about Jim's precaution regarding his tackle. Now Jim is a thoroughbred from the word go. Fish! Why that man will fish to the last minute, at any time, and for anything! A sticker is he and an expert.

"That's all right," was his reply to some one of the lazy C.'s remarks about his care in testing the line, etc. "We don't know what we may strike down where we are going. Don't you remember that big fellow I hooked and who broke away because I had one of your old rotten lines? I do, and I tell you it's best to know what you have got before you start."

"Yes, yes," was C.'s reply to this shot as he came to meet the arriving fisherman. "Well, old man, you did get here after all. Jim and I thought probably you wouldn't get up in time."

"Well, we're ready and the train leaves at 9, so you fellows better get packed up, and I'll take the wheel and go down shore after the fiddlers, and meet you on the bridge."

We settled down on the piazza, packed the duffle and tackle into the baskets, and sat smoking, when Mrs. Cad appeared with a good-sized package which she carefully laid in the cleanest basket. We knew what that was; it was C.'s lunch, and the size of the package brought out a new volley of remarks.

"Yes, it looks pretty big, to be sure, but after you have been fishing by the salt water a few hours I reckon you will be glad to help me get outside of some of it; that is, if you get a show," was his return; and he proceeded to mount the bike and start for the bait.

Jim and the writer sat on the porch telling the standard fish stories, of which we generally get a good supply, and then started for the station. The train came and we boarded it, arriving at the "Meadows" in due season. No Cad was on the bridge as agreed.

"I'll bet the lazy rascal has stopped somewhere; but never mind, you hitch up the rods and get things shipshape, and I'll go along down shore and get enough fiddlers to last us till he comes, anyway."

Our fishing point at this time was the railroad bridge crossing the Warren River, and upon one of the stone piers we took up our station. Several parties were fishing for bass, using a long hand line, with hook baited with small eel or sand worm. At this point the tide rushes back up the river like a mill race, and the current served the purpose of a moving boat, the line being paid out and then drawn up taut, giving the worm the same motion that trolling from a moving boat would. Several small bass and bluefish had been caught already, and we were promised some good sport.

"There's Cad," said Jim in a short time, "now let's see what he has to say for himself."

Full of apologies, the smiling C. dismounted from his wheel, looking rather dusty and warm. "You see," began he, when he had recovered some of his breath, "I had a good lot of fiddlers and was coming along the road O. K. when I passed a carriage in which were some friends, and in trying to raise my hat the machine caught in a rut and I got 'spilled.' Well, sirs, you ought to have been there and seen those fiddlers scatter (and have helped to catch them again, too). The result was I had to go back and get another lot." He looked closely at one and the other, but we remained silent. Jim was fishing. He always set in first. No waste of time. He means business.

"Come, come," said he, "you fellows get to work, if we are going to take home a mess."

We did. That is, we worked. Baiting hooks for blue perch, or "chogsets," is surely work.

Pretty soon the writer has a good strong bite. The way the little rod bent and twisted bade some kind of a good fish. We all looked as the catch was slowly brought to the surface, dragging, floundering and making quite a stir. We got a sight of it. The other two laughed in a rather disgusted sort of a way and paid closer attention to their own lines. The first catch was a "dog."

C. and the writer talked a good deal, and whether it was our inattention to "business," or the stories that C. tried to spring about his catches in the past, we don't know. At any rate Jim silently took his departure for the other pier.

The tautaug were not biting very voraciously. We pulled in several fairly good sized ones. I say "we," that is the way we always do. "We" covers a good deal. Jim caught the 'taug. Cad and the writer became tired in the latter part of the day, and not having any great degree of luck (or skill) proposed that we leave for home. Of course it was our "off day." Jim was having good luck and fishing all around us, and we declared him a "Jonah."

Cad started for the cottage on his wheel leaving the writer to bring his duds. Jim fished nearly until the engine whistled, and we scrambled aboard arriving at C.'s with a good mess of tautaug.

It is early in the season, but the outlook for October catches is fair. TODE.

An Indian Fish Fry.

EUFAULA, Ind. Ter., Aug. 29.—I inclose you a true statement of a huge fish-killing that occurred near here lately. You will readily see that our red brethren play great havoc with the fish. The story is told in the Fort Worth *Gazette*:

"The biggest fish fry on record in the Creek Nation, or perhaps the Indian Territory, came off at Rock Ford, on the north fork of the Canadian River, two miles east of Eufaula, to-day. About 2,000lbs. of fish were caught and about 500 Creeks from all parts of the Nation took part in the grand fish festival. Over 1,500 bushels of "devil's shoestring" were used by them to vitiate the water preparatory to catching the fish.

"This mode of fishing is practiced a great deal by the

Indians, and is the best way in the world to catch lots of fish. The way they do this is simple. The day is agreed upon by all the Indians to meet at a certain place at the river, and every one that wants any of the fish is required to bring with him fifteen bundles of "devil's shoestring." On the day set all meet and select marshals to conduct the affair. It is their duty to collect all the fishing gigs, spears, etc., and enroll the names of all who are entitled to take part.

"Just about daybreak the next day the pounded shoestring is put in sacks and put in the water the entire width of the river. It soon makes all the fish in the stream so drunk that they can easily be picked up out of the shallow water or gigged or killed in the deep water. The command is given to go in and get them, and they are brought to the banks by the boatload, many weighing as much as 80 and 100lbs. The frying process is then commenced by the women and a general feast is had. The shoestring poisons the water for miles below where it is put in."

Besides the great number taken on that day, so many died that were not caught that the river stank, and the buzzards swarmed around. I am sorry to see such a slaughter, but as this country belongs to the Indians, and there is no law against it, but is a regular custom practiced every year, we can do nothing. This would be a fine country for the sportsman if there was any protection for the game, but as there is none, the large game has almost disappeared. G. R. R.

THE DOLLY VARDEN IN ALASKA.

PROBABLY there is no place in the world that affords better trout fishing than some parts of Alaska. It is no uncommon occurrence for a hundred or more trout to be caught by a single individual in an afternoon's fishing.

A short time since, an officer of the U. S. Fish Commission Steamer Albatross landed one morning on Unger Island, one of the Shumagin group. He climbed several hills with gun in hand in search of ptarmigan. Having brought down a dozen or more birds he was about to return to the ship when a stream was sighted a short distance away in which several trout were noticed jumping.

Not having a rod, the sight was somewhat tantalizing. A half hour was spent in walking up and down the banks of the stream watching the fish. Many times he wished he had brought a rod and fly. Presently, a search was made in his pockets for a string, and luckily a piece was found about 20 feet in length. A string, however, was of no use without a hook. This led to another diligent search, and every pocket was turned inside out, and the much desired article was found. A clump of alders close by furnished a rod. It was an easy matter to obtain a bait, for worms were numerous.

The line was thrown into a fine looking pool and no sooner had the bait struck the water than a trout struck at it, and soon a fish weighing ¾lb. was landed in the tall grass. Twenty trout were caught in a very short time in the first pool. Another a little further up the stream was found, in which ten more were taken out, ranging in size from ½lb. to 1¼lbs.

It was not necessary to fish in the swift running current, for every little pool not larger than a good sized straw hat, was filled with fish. At the end of two hours 150 trout had been taken—surely not a bad catch considering that the fisherman had started off for a day's tramp with only a gun.

It is very probable that few white men had ever fished n this stream, which accounts for the great number of trout found in it, and the greediness with which they bit. A few days subsequent to this trial, 450 trout were taken out of the same stream in a day by one fisherman.

This stream is only one of many to be found on the islands of the Shumagin group. The majority of the streams and lakes where trout are plentiful are situated in most inaccessible places, and it requires no small effort to reach them. The fisherman, however, is generally amply rewarded for his long and laborious tramp, and returns to the ship feeling well satisfied with his day's sport.

Captain L. A. Beardslee, of the U. S. Navy, has given a very interesting account of trout fishing in Alaska, published in a volume entitled, "Fishing with the Fly." It is stated by this gentlemen, that Alaskan trout will not rise to a fly. Such may have been his experience in southeastern Alaska, but many lovers of fly-fishing who have fished in a score or more streams in various other parts of the Territory, have found that Alaskan trout will frequently rise to a fly.

During the past five years many trout have been caught with a fly at Captain's Harbor, Unalaska. To be sure much better fishing is to be had if the hook be baited with salmon spawn. The same author says: "From personal observation and collected information, I am prepared to accuse all of the salmon family which are found in Alaska of the grave offense of utterly ignoring the fly, either as food or plaything, and of depending upon more gross and substantial recourses."

This may be true of the salmon family among the islands of the Alexander Archipelago, through which the author cruised, but on the island of Kadiak and many islands of the Aleutian group, salmon trout have frequently been caught with a fly. No longer ago than June 7, of this year, a salmon trout weighing 5½lbs. was taken with a fly from a small stream not far from the settlement of St. Paul, Kadiak. This species, however, like the trout of this northern region will at all times rise to salmon spawn much quicker than to a fly; but that they will take a fly is a well known fact to many of the officers of both American and British men-of-war who have cruised in the western part of Alaska.

On July 3 and 4, at the Bay of Waterfalls, Adakh Island, nearly 400 trout were caught with a fly in a small mountain stream which flows into the sea. This island is situated in an isolated position, Lat. 52.00 N.; Long. 176° 30' W., is uninhabited, and is only occasionally visited by a few sealing vessels that stop for water while on their way to the coast of Japan.

It is safe to say, that flies for the first time were cast into the stream on the above mentioned days. How the trout did bite! Three, four, and sometimes a half dozen, would be result of a few minutes' fishing in one small pool. A short walk of 30 or 40ft. would generally bring us to another place where equally "good fishing" was to be had

Only those who have been confined on a ship for a month or more, can truly enjoy a day's sport of this kind. One who has been poring over books and figures for months in a counting room, feels a wonderful buoyancy of feeling within him when he finds himself free among the mountains, green fields and clear running streams. It suddenly occurs to him that there is something left in life, and that he has not wholly lived in vain.

Something of this kind steals over a person who steps on land for the first time in weeks, having been tossed about by rough seas and enveloped in a heavy fog. He takes a breath of clear fresh air redolent with fragrance of wild flowers and rank growing vegetation and makes a plunge into the tall grass or dense forest. Never before has the earth presented so many pleasant sights. All things have seemingly put on fresh color as if nature was making special efforts to please the eye that has so long been deprived of sights which, even if gazed upon only for a few minutes, have the power to almost immediately change gloomy and partially depressed spirits into cheerfulness and temporary contentment.

Such, in a measure, was the effect that a day's tramp along the grassy banks of a prolific trout stream had upon a party from the Albatross on July 4. A. B. A.

Potomac Fishing Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The fishing on the Eastern Branch for rock-fish, white and yellow perch, is very good.

Capt. Blake, of the Charles Macalester, is having good sport in the evenings at Marshall Hall. While the boat lies at its wharf the captain fishes from the pier. White and yellow perch are abundant there.

Black bass fishing in the Potomac is getting better and better. Good catches have been made at Sycamore Island, right above the Little Falls.

A small party is just back from Romney, W. Va. Harry Fiske, Horace Upperman, John E. Buckingham and Arthur M. McCormick, among others, have been to this delightful place, on the South Branch of the Potomac. Bass fishing was not so good, but all the same the party had a good outing of it.

On the way home from Romney several of the party stopped off at Dickerson's, where they found the fishing very good. The Monocacy was fished near where it empties into the Potomac, and proved better than the river.

A very large eel was caught recently in the Patapsco River at Ellicott City, Md. It measured a little over 4ft. and weighed 6¾lbs. This was a monster eel for the locality, and attracted much attention in Baltimore, where it was on exhibition. BART.

To Extricate a Fish Hook.

GOSHEN, Mass., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A New York paper says: "Associate Justice Jas. F. Kelly, of the Kings County Court of Sessions, New York, was injured Wednesday of last week by having a fish hook penetrate his lower lip during a fishing expedition. There is danger of blood poisoning, and he is confined to his home in Flatbush. The Judge went fishing on Flatlands Bay with a party of friends, one of whom caught a bluefish and swung his line, intending to land his prize in the boat, but the fish dropped back into the bay and the hook penetrated Judge Kelly's lip. The hook was barbed, and to pull it out would cause painful mutilation. The only way to extract it was to cut his lip with a penknife. This was done and the Judge fainted with pain. The wound was washed and the Judge soon recovered and now awaits results."

Let me remark that to extricate a fish hook from the flesh it is not necessary to mutilate, by excision or otherwise. Simply break the shank and draw the hook through. The pain will be little and the wound slight. C. H.

The Pacific Salmon Record.

BAIRD, Shasta county, Cal., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I read in a recent copy of your paper, of the large salmon weighing 82lbs., that was sent to Chicago, it reminded me that it was the largest Columbia River salmon, with one exception, that I had ever heard of in my experience of somewhat over twenty years on this coast. The salmon that formed this exception weighed only one pound more, viz., 83lbs.

I could not help thinking when I read your quotation from the *Oregonian*, what a considerate salmon this monster was, to allow itself to be caught just in time to be sent to the World's Fair.

By the way, do you not think it would lead to interesting replies, if you should ask your many truth-telling correspondents to write FOREST AND STREAM what the largest salmon was that they had ever heard of on good authority being caught in Pacific Coast rivers, and especially to state how large the largest one was that they ever saw?

LIVINGSTON STONE.

Chicago Fly-Casting Tournament.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a meeting of the tournament committee of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club to-day, Geo. W. Strell, president, in the chair, it was decided to extend the closing of entries to all events in open to the world tournament, World's Columbian Exposition Grounds, Chicago, Sept. 21, to ten minutes before each contest. The club's Walton House, on the grounds, is kept open every day, where late arrivals may gain information and fill their entry. Entry blanks, etc., of F. B. DAVIDSON, Sec'y.

127 WEST WASHINGTON ST.

Channel Cat on Spoon Hooks.

MITCHELL, S. D., Sept. 2.—In the last issue of your paper a correspondent from West Virginia speaks of catching channel catfish with a fly while fishing for bass, and asks if others have had a similar experience. Last week while trolling in the Jim River, Mr. Frank Baughman and myself caught with spoon hooks four channel cat that weighed from 2lbs. to 6lbs. They took the bait savagely, made a gamy fight, and in each instance we thought we had hooked a pike or pickerel. A. E. C.

Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

THE first monthly meeting of the association following the summer recess, was held on Tuesday evening, Sept. 12, at 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia. Numerous applications for membership were presented and important communications read.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

*Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—*her *luck.*

GOSHEN, Mass., Sept. 6.—Pickerel fishing in the reservoir at this place is prime now. The fish average about 2lbs. and their flesh is sweet. As many as forty have been taken in one day by two lines. Trolling from skiff seems to be the most successful method. Anglers find excellent quarters at T. P. Lyman's. C. H.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 6.—Have just returned from a four weeks' stay at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. Fishing has been fairly good for all around fish, but saw few really good strings of game fish. Her luck—23 black bass and 3 dudes for the season, but the dudes were all thrown back, because not lawful size; they bite well on the right kind of bait. MATTERHORN.

Fishing Near New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About three weeks ago I went fishing with two other young men to Lake Catherine. We spent Saturday night at the club house and at 4:30 next morning were ready for our pull down to the Rigolets, which is five miles further east. We had a little luck. Our total catch was two redfish, one weighing 12 and the other 3lbs.; six sheepshead, of which one weighed 4lbs.; three drumfish, about three dozen nice green trout and two dozen large goggle-eyed perch.

We caught the perch and trout up in the bayous.

S. P.

A Bass "as Big as a Shad."

HADDAM, CONN., Sept. 4.—Like many another fisherman the black bass I did not catch was the biggest; I hooked him fairly, near my boat, and running out about fifty feet of line he made a scoot out of water, and when he went down parted the snell and my hopes. I found the snell parted just where I had pressed on a split shot—no more split shot about a line for me. It is useless to say he would weigh from 5 to 7lbs., but I verily believe it, and can prove by my companion in the boat that he was as big as a shad. Three small ones had to satisfy the morning's sport. A.

We Should Think Not.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Sept. 9.—Otisco Lake is not a bad place in which to wet a line. Messrs. Moss Stearns, E. A. Stearns and Porter Clark, of West Groton, Tompkins county, spent a day there last week and caught 520 perch, bass and pickerel. One member of the party in three hours caught 187 fish, pulled them out, in fact, faster than the other two could clean them. Although this comes within two letters of being a stern story, it is nevertheless vouched for as a stern fact by a lot of people who helped eat the fish. M. C. H.

Where to Go.

ANYBODY desiring information with regard to the hotels advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, such as rates, routes, fishing and hunting opportunities, should address FOREST AND STREAM Information Bureau, where all reasonable inquiries will receive prompt answers.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 11 to 15.—Toronto, Canada. C. A. Stone. Sec'y. Entries close Aug. 31.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Mount Holly, N. J. H. I. Budd, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 11.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park, Cranston, R. I. D. C. Collins, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 4.

Sept. 26 to 29.—Ottawa, Canada. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.

Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.

Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.

Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 12.—Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials, Souris, Manitoba. R. J. Gallaugher, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.

Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.

Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.

Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.

Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Fox-Terrier Old Tartar.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note letter on "Fox-Terriers" in your issue of Aug. 26 by "The Tyke." In reference to Old Tartar he is mistaken as to color of markings, the same being patch of tan over eye and not black. Tartar was not bred by Mr. Domville Poole. In fact, he never owned the dog. The dog was bred by Mr. Brierly, of Chester, England. The sire of Tartar belonged to Dr. Weaver, of the same city. I know most people considered Tartar's pedigree was unknown. Tartar was purchased by my uncle, Mr. James Stevenson, also of Chester, for $7.50. The dog was born about 1862. Mr. James Stevenson's strain of terriers originally came from Mr. Domville Poole and Lord Hill's kennels, Shropshire. As far back as 1850 Mr. Domville Poole's terriers' pedigrees were registered and kept with the greatest care. In color these dogs were generally white, sometimes with slight tan markings on head. They had the best of hard, dense jackets, good bodies, bone, legs and feet. Their gameness has never been questioned. It was usual to test the youngsters in Mr. Poole's kennels at nine months old with badger, fox, etc. If not game they were at once destroyed. As a boy, about 1860, I always accompanied my uncle with his young terriers to Mr. Poole's, and the day was spent in testing 20 to 30 young tykes, and I have seen many of them prove themselves as game as a bull-terrier with the 'gray gentleman" and "Master Reynard." T. S. BELLIN.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug 28.

NORTHWESTERN FIELD TRIALS.

RARELY if ever was there a pleasanter or more satisfactory field trial to all concerned than that of the Northwestern Field Trial Club, which commenced at Morris, Man., in the early morn of Sept. 4. Every one connected with it filled his part in a manner truly sportsmanlike. The management was skillfully conducted, the judges were most thorough, firm and accurate, the handlers ran their dogs quietly and without any displays of ill-temper toward each other or toward any one. The judges' decisions were accepted with respectful consideration, and were accepted, too, as final by all. In short, it was a field trial in the true sense of sportsmanship.

The judges were W. Hamilton Spence, of Grand Forks, Dak., who acted in a like capacity last year for the club, and Mr. John Davidson, well-known throughout the land as a field trial and bench show judge. Their duties, briefly stated, were well done. The running was most thoroughly and impartially conducted. The good dogs were sifted out with an accuracy which came from practical knowledge of field work and of competition and how to conduct it. The trial—the first one of the kind, I think, so run in this country—was run without any set rules. The dogs were placed in the judges' charge to pass upon without restrictions. The running and results thoroughly demonstrated that judges who are competent do not need rules. It has been quite as clearly shown in the past that rules were valueless when judges were incompetent. Good sense is gradually taking the place of mathematical standards which cannot be applied, and rules which are supposed to be a substitute for practical knowledge in the event that the latter be absent.

There were birds in abundance, both sharp-tails and prairie chickens. They were tame and easy for the dogs to work on, excepting now and then when an old bird, which had grown wary and wise from experience, made his puzzling run and turns for the dogs to follow. It was much like the good old days in Minnesota and adjacent States a decade ago, when shooters made bags of a hundred birds easier than they make one-quarter of that quantity now. I learn, however, that chickens are quite abundant in Dakota and Minnesota, particularly in the northern sections, on the lines of the Great Northern Railway. This road runs hundreds of miles through sections where wheat stretches from horizon to horizon, where wheat gives the landscape the color of old gold, and where it makes prairie chickens fat and plentiful.

The grounds were mixed grass prairie and wheat stubble, with an occasional flax or oatfield here and there. The birds were found in both grass and stubble. They had not begun to pack, hence were always easy to find.

The Derby.

TUESDAY.

Most of the youngsters in this stake showed a lack of experience in their work on birds. The competition was of an inferior quality. The weather conditions were unfavorable for good work, a large part of the day being oppressively sultry and calm, unfavorable weather conditions for sharp point work or well sustained ranging. There was a breeze in the morning, but it gradually died away till in the afternoon a dead calm obtained. In the long grass where the direct and reflected heat was strongest the puppies after a few minutes' running were greatly distressed and required water frequently, and, too, care was required in working them. Notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions, once in awhile some good exhibitions of scenting power were displayed in roading and locating birds, yet there was a noticeable unevenness in all the point work, due apparently to inexperience in that work. As a whole, the work was decidedly inferior, though many of the puppies appeared to have good native capabilities. The short period available for preparation in late summer does not admit of the necessary training or physical conditioning being established by early September. To postpone the trials to a later date, however, would be to run the risk of bad weather, packs of chickens instead of bevies if bad weather sets in early, and shooters in action in different directions on the grounds, which would seriously obstruct the trials.

As an offset against the sultry, unfavorable weather which prevailed, it may be mentioned that the birds were slow to take alarm, made short flights, and were easy to work. They often endured a deal of pressing before taking wing.

Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale owns the winner, Dogwood, a good ranger and worker. He does not run idly. He seeks for game constantly and displays intelligence in his work. With more experience, he will make an excellent chicken dog. The most unselfish pleasure was expressed at the honors falling to Mr. Lonsdale, and truly his pluck in sending his dogs so far, merited such generosity.

Dolly Shaw, owned by Mr. R. W. Shaw, of Galveston, Texas, displayed a good nose in roading and locating. She pointed her birds well, but was somewhat too painstaking or overcautious in roading, though quite accurate. Her range when she was with a fast competitor was lacking in independence, she preferring to follow betimes a faster and wider ranger, as was Dogwood.

Selah, owned by the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, is a good ranger and is industrious, but her unsteadiness, which he irregularly exhibited, undoubtedly set her back in the judges' estimates. She had, however, but a limited experience on chickens, and this factor being considered, she really did well.

There were twelve starters, which would have been increased by quite a number more but for unavoidable adverse circumstances. Mr. Thos. Montgomery, of Winnipeg, who intended to start four dogs, injured his knee a few days before the trials, so badly that he is temporarily crippled. Mr. J. C. Phillips could not be present with his four entries in consequence of important business needing his personal attention.

Some new handlers participated. Mr. Sefton Hallam, recently from England in charge of Mr. Lonsdale's dogs, made his American field trial debut at Morris. He has a most sunny and friendly disposition, handles his dog intelligently, and bids fair to become a good American inasmuch as he thinks he may settle in America permanently. Mr. Joseph Spracklin, well known to bench show goers, also handled in these trials.

Following is the order of running:

Chas. W. Armstrong's white and black bitch Lauria A. (Roy McD.—Flirt A.), Thos. Sheldon, handler,
against
T. G. Davey's blue belton bitch Monk of Furness Lill (Monk of Furness—Sue of Hatchie), Thos. Hallam, handler.

W. B. Wells's black, white and tan setter dog Mars (Cincinnatus—Daphne), Joseph Spracklin, handler,
against
Frank Aulthouse's white, black and tan Victoria (Rego—Nell), Thos. Sheldon, handler.

Thos. Johnson's black and white pointer dog Paul Franke (Ightfield Upton—Genevieve), Sefton Hallam, handler,
against
A. Gale's lemon and white pointer bitch Frankie (Lord Graphic—Bab Bab), Thos. Sheldon, handler.

R. W. Shaw's black and white pointer bitch Dolly Shaw (Ightfield Upton—Genevieve), Sefton Hallam, handler,
against
Eddie & Armstong's orange and white setter dog Monk of Furness Sting (Monk of Furness—Sue of Hatchie), Thomas Hallam, handler.

Thos. Johnson's black dog Ponto (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), Sefton Hallam, handler,
against
T. G. Davey's liver and white pointer dog London (Lord Graphic—Lassie Faust), Thos. Hallam, handler.

A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liver and white pointer dog Ightfield Dogwood (Ightfield Dick—Cowslips), Sefton Hallam, handler,
against
Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white pointer bitch Selah (Rip Rap—Dolly Dexter), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler.

The Running.

LAURIA AND MONK OF FURNESS LILL gave an inferior performance in the competition. Lauria did not remain out at her ranging. In fact, she required kind urging to keep her out from heel. In the tour to and from the Red River, the birds were numerous enough to afford many opportunities for good work, but they were flushed by dogs or men. In this heat, which lasted 55m., there was no satisfactory performance.

MARS AND VICTORIA were next, but the former being sick in town, Victoria was run alone. She ran about ten minutes, making a point and one or two flushes.

PONTO AND LONDON started briskly. Ponto, in attempting to locate, flushed some birds, and, again on them where they were marked down, made game, but found nothing. A detour was made to get out into open ground. On some birds, each did inferior work, Ponto making a poor point and a flush, and London making a poor find. They ran 45m.

SELAH AND DOGWOOD began the first meritorious ranging of the day. They stayed out well in their casts and were speedy, Dogwood the better in that respect. They were industrious and sought for birds. Dogwood made game and was about to point as the bird flushed. Selah took a long cast and pointed, flushed and made a mild chase. But little was done on the marked birds other than flushes by dogs and men. Dogwood showed more steadiness. Selah was disposed to be unsteady, though having decided merit in speed, range and finding abilities. They ran 55m.

FRANKIE AND PAUL FRANKIE were to run next, but the latter being so lame that he could hardly use the injured leg, Mr. Johnson, on requesting of the judges the privilege of withdrawing him, was permitted to do so. Still, with all his crippled condition, the dog was working and might have performed creditably, yet humanity was on the side of withdrawal. Frankie ran alone. Her work was inferior. In the 30m. devoted to her she made one inferior point and one or two flushes. She was not in the best of condition, being too fat for work. Her range was limited to a narrow scope.

MONK OF FURNESS STING AND DOLLY SHAW ran briefly together, the former refusing to hunt soon after starting, he preferring the comforts of walking at heel. He was returned to the wagon. Dolly worked enthusiastically. She found and pointed a bevy well. Cast off again, after a ride in the wagon a short distance, she soon caught scent, but failed to locate the birds. The judges flushed the birds afterward. She did not display full confidence in herself when on birds. Down 50m.

The party then went to lunch.

The judges announced the list of the next morning as follows: Monk of Furness Lill with Victoria, Ponto with Lauria A., Selah with Dolly Shaw, Dogwood a bye.

MONK OF FURNISS LILL AND VICTORIA.—A short interval was occupied in partaking of luncheon, and the running was resumed at 12:09. Lill made two flushes and Victoria flushed a bevy. Down 27m. The weather was sultry and calm, and good work was difficult under the conditions.

LAURIA AND PONTO ran 30m. without any competitive results. Lauria ranged in and out, to and from her handler.

SELAH AND DOLLY SHAW were given a short run. The former, at the end of a long cast, flushed and pointed footscent.

The weather was so oppressively close that further running was postponed till 4 o'clock. The work was then resumed. But the faintest of breezes then could be felt betimes. It was too hot for prolonged exertion, and far too hot for any sharp, spirited work. A few minutes were sufficient to get the dogs heated too much for them to perform well, though they kept at work. Frequent watering was necessary. A bird was marked down in grass and Selah pointed it, marring the work by springing forward and flushing. Dolly backed. Sent on, Selah took a cast about 150yds. and pointed a bevy nicely. She showed unsteadiness to wing and shot. At the same time Dolly roaded to an excusable flush on a chicken which ran on to plowed ground. When sent on she began roading and pointed. She roaded on about 40yds. and the bird flushed wild. Another bird was flushed near her last point. She showed intelligence in her roading, but was overcareful. Up at 4:26. Selah had the wider and better range. On birds she showed finding abilities, but was lacking in staunchness.

DOGWOOD AND DOLLY SHAW were called to run after giving the latter a reasonable rest. Dogwood was the faster and wider in his range. Dolly often chose to follow him instead of working independently. Dogwood pointed a single. Sent on, each at the same time flushed a single, Dogwood in the stubble and Dolly in the grass. Sent on, Dogwood wheeled to point, but the bird flushed a moment too soon for him. At this juncture the atmosphere was closer and most uncomfortably hot. The dogs were watered, put in wagon, and a short detour made to get the wind. Sent on, Dolly nicely roaded and pointed a single bird. Dogwood made a point, yet he showed indecision, possibly from being excessively warm He moved on. Judge Davidson rode up to where he had pointed and flushed a chicken. Dolly roaded prettily to a point on a bird. Dogwood backed, broke his back, drew in and stole the point. He showed unsteadiness, but stopped to order. He finished with a point on a single. Dolly, swinging in, got a point on the same bird. Up at 5:35.

The judges soon announced Dogwood first, Dolly Shaw second, Selah third.

The All-Age Stake.

WEDNESDAY.

An early start was made, all the party leaving the hotel before 7 o'clock. The morning was densely cloudy and a light fog obscured the view. About an hour after starting the weather thickened and rain fell for a short time. Gradually the clouds broke away and the weather cleared up. The comfortable coolness changed to close sultriness, and the breeze gradually died away. The afternoon was much like that of the previous day, oppressively warm with barely perceptible breezes.

The dogs were frequently watered, and no extremely long heats were run. The morning work was very poor but the scent was undoubtedly bad, as nearly every dog seemed unable to scent keenly.

This stake, like the preceding one, was finished on the day it was started. The dogs were thoroughly tested and skillfully selected. The decisions gave the most complete satisfaction. It was a pleasure to see a field trial concluded pleasantly. Long usage has not sanctioned "kicking" at field trials, but the absence of it was something of a novelty. In this particular instance there appeared to be no one who had any of the common grounds of "kicking," namely, ill temper; a desire to advertise dogs in any manner at any free op portunity; vilification of the judges to pacify a dissatisfied employer or to prejudice the public, and avarice and a natural fondness for brawling all seemed to be absent. Could all trials be so satisfactorily run and pleasantly terminated, they would be a source of uniform enjoyment and a promoter of good fellowship and good sportsmanship.

A decidedly superior quality of work was exhibited by several dogs in the stake. Some of those which were unplaced showed excellent capabilities. The winners, however, were most skillfully selected by thorough tests in running, which was managed with excellent judgment.

Mr. John Wootton's English setter dog Dick Bondhu (Duke Bondhu—Manitoba Belle) would be a dangerous competitor with the best. He ran a very even race, his excellent work being well sustained in every heat. He not only worked on his birds with rare accuracy and a keen appreciation of how to manage lying or running birds—bevies or single birds—but he was most amiably observant of working carefully to the gun. Thoroughly trustworthy, a high ranger, skillful in locating and pointing, he won his honors without question. Yet his modest owner or handler could hardly believe that he was the winner.

Mr. T. G. Davey's setter dog Brighton Tobe made a uniformly good competitition for second. He has a wide, well managed range, is a good finder, roads with skill and accuracy and points well. He is lacking in animation when roading, carrying his tail and head a bit low. He knows how to work on chickens, be they tame or cunning, lurkers or runners. His work was well sustained throughout.

Mr. W. B. Wells's setter bitch Chloe was a very close competitor for second, and in sharpness and quickness in ordinary point work was superior to Tobe. However, she did not possess his skill in following the trail of a cunning old bird, nor was her range quite so well sustained throughout the day though her performance was excellent.

Following is the order of drawing:

W. B. Wells's black, white and tan setter dog Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), J. Spracklin, handler,
against
Thos. Johnson's blue belton bitch Manitoba Patti (Duke of G.—Flora), S. Hallam, handler.

W. T. Hunter's black bitch Duff (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), W. S. Richards, handler,
against
W. B. Wells's black, white and tan dog Matane (Mark J.—Cambria), J. Spracklin, handler.

W. B. Wells's black, white and tan bitch Cleopatra (Mingo II.—Cambriana), J. Spracklin, handler,
against
Thos. Stone's liver and white dog Sam (Coton—Psyche), H. H. McCullough, handler.

Thos. Greeley's black and tan setter dog Swab (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), Thos. Johnson, handler,
against
John Wootton's black and white setter dog Dick Bondhu II. (Dick Bondhu—Manitoba Belle), owner, handler.

Eddy & Armstrong's black, white and tan setter dog Toledo Bee (Toledo Blade—Maggie Bee), J. Spracklin, handler,
against
L. W. Smith's black, white and tan setter bitch Atalanta (Jean Val Jean—Shena Van), owner, handler.

T. G. Davey's black and white setter dog Brighton Tobe (Locksley—Leddesdale), Thos. Hallam, handler,
against
Thos. Johnson's liver pointer bitch Diamond (Upton—Blithe), S. Hallam, handler.

T. G. Davey's pointer dog Jone (Lord Graphic—Devonshire Fan), T. Hallam, handler,
against
Thos. Johnson's black setter dog Winnipeg (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler.

W. T. Hunter's black setter bitch Pet (Roderigo—Florence Gladstone), a bye. N. S. Richards, handler.

The Running.

LUKE AND MANITOBA PATTI began at 7:05. Birds were found in abundance, but no points were secured till Patti made a good point on a single bird. Patti showed good speed and range. The point work was very inferior. Down 35m.

DUFF AND MATANE were started at 7.59. The performance of both on birds was simply a succession of lost opportunities or errors. They had numerous opportunities to do good point work, with the advantages of wind and location in their favor, but they seemed to work diligently only to result in errors. Both had good speed. Duff had the better range. Down 43m.

CLEOPATRA AND SAM started at 8:46. Cleo. set a lively pace, showing vivacity, sharpness and fair accuracy in her work. Sam, too, exercised excellent judgment in beating out his ground. He flushed repeatedly, but unintentionally when instead he had good opportunities to point. Cleo. pointing well an outlying bird of a bevy, then, as she was drawing on to locate better, the bird flushed wild. Next she pointed some remaining birds after Sam had flushed an outlying one. Sam made a good point on a single, and was well backed by Cleo. The latter ranged well, was very sharp and quick in her work on birds, and her speed was superior. Sam had a good range and stayed out well, but his work on birds was faulty, though he was anxious and careful to be correct. Down 42m.

SWAB AND DICK BONDHU II. began at 9:33. They started their bird work by a bad flush of a large covey on the stubble. On the scattered birds each flushed twice. Dick made a long cast and pointed a covey nicely on the stubble, holding his point nicely till his handler came up. He moved on to locate, but lost scent, and cast off to the right. Swab started in to road and the birds flushed. They were taken to new grounds. Each, about 200yds. apart, pointed. Swab had no birds, Dick had two. Dick next made a point and Swab a flush.

TOLEDO BEE AND ATALANTA ran a half hour, beginning at 10:55. While they ranged well they did not succeed in doing any bird work.

BRIGHTON TOBE AND DIAMOND started at 11:30. Diamond pointed a bevy soon after being cast off, then roaded on to a flush. She was steady to shot. Tobe made a good point on three birds, and was steady to shot. Diamond dropped to a point on a small bevy. She next flushed three times. Tobe pointed a single. He ranged well and roaded his birds accurately, though his manner of roading was not spirited, he carrying a low head and tail. Diamond's work on birds was awkward and faulty. Down 37m.

The running was suspended till late in the afternoon, as the weather was sultry. In the meantime, the party went to town to lunch.

JONE AND WINNIPEG started at 3:51. Winnipeg had the better range, he covering a great deal of ground speedily. Jone also had good range. Winnipeg made a good point, while Jone roaded to a flush. Down 40m.

PET AND MANITOBA PATTI began at 4:36. Patti showed a wide, excellent range. Pet's range was irregular and rather narrow; she flushed three times. Patti took a long cut and pointed a covey well, doing a good piece of work. She next pointed a marked covey and Pet backed unsteadily. Patti showed good judgment. Up at 4:53.

SAM AND DUFF were cast off at 4:57. Sam again showed excellent judgment and speed in beating out the ground, but his work on birds was faulty. Duff dropped to a point on a bevy. Duff next made two flushes. The latter dog appeared to be indifferent as to errors. Up at 5:03.

DICK BONDHU AND CLEOPATRA began at 5:09. Birds were found plentifully throughout the heat. Cleo. made three flushes in quick succession, two of which were excusable. Dick stopped just in time to save a flush on a single. Chloe roaded nicely to a point on two birds. Dick pointed a bird well and Cleo. backed. Dick flushed. His next work was really superior. He pointed, moved on to locate, but lost scent. His handler urged him on. Dick plainly showed that he was satisfied that there were chickens about. He took a circuit in a masterly manner till he found the trail, roaded along the edge of wheat stubble and pointed the birds. Cleo. failed to catch the scent but backed well. Sent on, Dick started a rabbit which he coursed joyously in the sultriness for about a mile, then galloped back pretty well blown but still ready to go. Up at 6:02. Dick beat out his ground excellently well and maintained a uniformly good speed. Cleo. also was sharp and quick both in seeking and in work on birds.

ATALANTA AND TOBE were cast off at 6:06. Tobe roaded nicely to a good point on a bird which flushed wild. Atalanta next pointed, but failed to locate, abandoned the scent and moved on. Tobe took up the roading, went accurately to the birds and pointed them. Next he flushed a bird, partly excusably; he next roaded nicely to a point on a single. Atalanta took no advantage of her opportunities, although she ranged diligently and well. Tobe showed great accuracy in roading running birds. Up at 6:27.

MANITOBA PATTI AND WINNIPEG were started at 6:30. Patti, in attempting to locate a single on stubble, flushed it. She made another flush, and Winnipeg flushed a bird and chased it vigorously through a weed field. Winnipeg kept up his speed well to the end of the heat, while Patti shortened her range and speed. Up at 6:53.

PET AND DUFF ran together 13m., in which time they flushed repeatedly. At 7:10 they were ordered up. Pet showed inferior work.

WINNIPEG AND DUFF were run next. As the former was roading on a bird it flushed wild. Next Duff roaded to a point on birds and Winnipeg backed, then broke back. Duff next pointed some birds, then sprung in and flushed and was unsteady. Winnipeg backed. The latter had a great deal of ability, but was not well in hand, his handler having had him in charge but a few days. Both missed more opportunities, and the heat ended. Up at 7:21.

BRIGHTON TOBE AND CHLOE.—They were started at 7:23 and ran 17 minutes. Chloe on the stubble pointed some birds which flushed wild. It was dark when the dogs were ordered up.

The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Dick Bondhu; second, Brighton Tobe; third, Cleopatra.

The dogs were quite accurately placed. The decisions were received with approval.

The Championship Cup.

THURSDAY.

This stake was eligible to winners which had won first. There were five starters.

The prize was a large silver cup of artistic design and finish. The grouse, pointing dog and guns on it were appropriately emblematic of the occasion.

Following is the list of starters:

Armstrong & Eddy's setter dog Toledo Bee, winner of International Field Trial Club's Derby, T. Hallam, handler,

against

Thomas Johnson's setter bitch Pitti Sing, winner of International Field Trial Club's All-Age Stake, owner, handler.

Thomas Johnson's pointer dog Manitoba Shot, winner of Northwestern Field Trial Club's All-Age Stake, owner handler,

against

A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's pointer bitch Musa, winner of English Kennel Club's All-Age Stake, S. Hallam, handler.

John Wootton's setter dog Dick Bondhu II., winner of Manitoba Field Trial Club's Derby, owner, handler, a bye.

The morning was cool and damp, though the weather was clear. There was a heavy dew when the dogs were cast off. The scent appeared to be bad, the first hour or more being full of errors in the dogs' work on birds. As the dew evaporated the work improved. There was almost a dead calm.

The Running.

TOLEDO BEE AND PITTI SING began at 7:35, the start being made west from town. Pitti made a fine display of wide ranging and good speed. Neither did any commendable work on birds, both losing many opportunities to point, flushing instead. Both were industrious workers. They had flushed so uniformly and often that they destroyed all chances of again being called up. Down 26m. Considering her nine years Pitti Sing showed remarkable dash and endurance.

MANITOBA SHOT AND MUSA started at 8:06. Shot soon demonstrated his superiority over his competitor in range, speed and work on birds. He sought more intelligently and beat out his ground with excellent judgment. Shot flushed three times. He roaded carefully and pointed. Musa roaded on the bird Shot was pointing and flushed it. Sent on, Shot took a long cast and pointed staunchly till his handler came up. Musa cut in ahead and roaded. Shot drew on and the bird flushed to one side not far from Musa. Up at 8:20.

DICK BONDHU ran alone 10m. He pointed, then roaded down wind accurately on the birds. He got close to them and flushed, but it was a very pretty and good piece of roading down wind. Sent on. He soon roaded and accurately pointed a bird. Up at 8:46.

MANITOBA SHOT AND DICK BONDHU II. were selected for the final heat, which began at 8:51. Dick across wind flushed a bird. Shot flushed one down wind. Sent on. Going down wind, Shot flushed a single, then both pointed the bevy down wind. It was a good piece of work. Cast off in another direction, Dick swung back to where the birds had lighted close by, he apparently having marked them. He flushed a bird. Next he took a long cast and flushed. Shot at the same time flushed a single. Shot roaded nicely to a point on a single bird. Dick ran on to a bird and flushed it. Shot held his nose high and drew rapidly about 75yds. straight to a bevy on the edge of stubble and pointed it. Dick, coming in, joined in the point. Both were steady. Sent on, Shot flushed some remaining birds. Dick pointed a bird on the stubble. Shot stopped to a flush or pointed as the bird flushed wild, no one could say which. Dick took a long cast and in grass flushed or pointed. He next drew nicely to a point on a single, and was steady to shot. Up at 9:45.

Both dogs showed good training, being perfectly steady to shot and wing. They handled easily, and in fast work quite correctly without orders or prompting. They were attentively seeking for birds, and beat out their ground with excellent judgment. The number of flushes is no criterion of the excellence of these two dogs' abilities. There appeared to be some atmospheric conditions which were unfavorable for good scores. The flushes were not due to carelessness or bad judgment. The heat was well and closely contested. Dick fell off some in range in the latter part of the heat.

Manitoba Shot won the prize.

A Mistake.

CHATHAM, Ont., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My bitch Cleopatra (Mingo II.—Cambriana), winner of third in Northwestern Field Trials' All-Aged Stake, is by mistake entered as Chloe or Cloe, her kennel name, and is given as by Toledo Blade out of Cambriana, a mistake which please rectify in your report. WM. B. WELLS.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The Quality of Courage.

MY attention was recently called to an editorial under the above caption, in a contemporary, and it contained so much fallacy that I feel impelled to touch on some of its main features.

The "quality of courage" is a strange subject to select for analysis, since it is a wise man indeed who can positively define and differentiate it. In its metaphysical phases, it may be interesting as a matter of speculative philosophy, but when forced bodily, regardless of its relevancy, to fit some far-fetched theoretical practical application, it becomes involved and somewhat silly.

The writer of the editorial says: "In every form of contest, it appears to be generally held that courage is the one great quality above all others that is a requisite of success. Critics have long held, and continue to hold, that without a high degree of courage a competition is almost certain to come to grief against one or more that have this quality of courage in abundance. Indeed, the measure of its worth is about the only thing the critic regards in his consideration of the value of courage. Gameness, bulldog tenacity and a fearlessness of pain is taken to stand for almost certain victory, other things being nearly equal. It is worth while to imagine how much of truth there is in what the critics have taken so long for granted."

The foregoing quotation can be taken as mere idle assertion. There are no recognized critics in the dog world who hold such views. I do not think there ever were. It affords an opening merely for a pedantic display.

The writer of the aforementioned editorial then goes on to say that the best informed setter and pointer men do not measure "the promise of a puppy by his courage, although there are still to be found men of sound minds who select a puppy from a litter by holding the youngsters up by the tail."

It would have been instructive to know who the men are who test a puppy in such manner. Such trashy nonsense might have been good editorial teaching twenty years ago, but it savors too much of writing against space at this day.

The writer then goes on to illustrate his teachings by separating courage into two parts—physical courage and timidity, as shown in the prize ring, and deduces from the performances of some pugilists that a timid man is the best, other things being equal. He then carries these conclusions over to dogs and field trial competitions, and lays down the rule that a timid dog is the best.

Yet there is not, in any stage of the competition at a field trial, any test of courage as between belligerents. At field trials, it is purely a comparative test of individual performance in working powers, the work of one compared against the work of the other; therefore, physical courage such as is required in battle, is an irrevelant matter.

However, to inculcate his precepts by individual illustration, he mentions the names of Count Noble, Gladstone, Adam's Drake and Gath, and makes his own inferences of courage.

Of Gladstone he says: "The effect of all this, added to the running with strange dogs, soured Gladstone and caused him to set up his own opinion against the wishes of his handler. He became headstrong and did all the mean things a high-couraged dog can do."

Can anything be more misleading than that high courage is associated with meanness? That perforce a high-couraged dog can do mean things?

Of Count Noble he says: "Count Noble was just such a dog as Gladstone in respect to disposition. He could and would do in private most magnificent work. In trials he would do a brilliant piece of work and then do work that an unbroken puppy would shame to do. He had courage, and then things did not go to suit him; he got angry, and an angry dog cannot do good work."

What gross injustice. How little the writer of the foregoing knew of Count Noble! It is more particularly on account of this gross misrepresentation of one of the grandest dogs which ever made a point, that I notice the article in question at all. Count Noble, when in competition or in private did not get angry. A better tempered or more affectionate dog under all circumstances no one would desire. It is true that he behaved badly in field trials, but not from anger He possessed rare cunning and intelligence. It was only when running with strange dogs that he showed a disposition to do mean work, and then he worked badly from jealousy. He would flush birds with no other purpose than to cut his competitor out of any participation in the work. But as for getting angry and working badly to show resentment to his handler, he never did so. It is only of late years that Count Noble has been appreciated, yet even now the high worth of that grand dog is not generally known. He was an indefatigable worker. The hours or days of work never seemed to lessen his ardor. If called to heel, while other dogs worked, he whined and fretted, shifted uneasily from one side of his handler to the other, and was most unhappy till he heard the order to go on. He beat out his ground in a masterly manner, and, although he took great casts, he never "bolted." He was most skillful in pointing bevies under all conditions, whether the birds were running or resting, or were gentle or wild. A favorite method of his, when roading a running bevy down wind, especially if the wind was at all stiff, was to back up wind, swiftly take a circuit below the birds, and point them, at the same time stopping their running.

I once was out shooting with Mr. E. Odell, then of New Orleans. We were at Grand Junction, Tenn., and had Count Noble. One piece of work of that day is still fresh in my mind, though it happened full ten years ago. Count roaded rapidly along a side hill till he came to a high rail fence, where he feathered and half-pointed. His actions were peculiarly intense, and he seemed to feather all over. I saw the old dog was planning something unusual, and I remarked so to Mr. Odell, and that I would let Count alone to see what he would do. He trotted back a few steps, then ran down the hill about 80yds. at top speed, crossed the fence, thence up the hill rapidly, and made a staunch point not far from where he had left the fence. The ground was quite bare. We crossed over and flushed to his point one of the largest bevies I ever saw, probably two bevies together. Count had made his estimates, and saw that if he crossed the fence so close to the birds he would flush them.

Several times he has, when lost on a point in heavy grass, left the birds and, by his actions, conveyed the information that he wished to be followed. He would then lead the way a few yards ahead till he got to the birds when he would resume his point. Day after day, and week after week, has he worked, and never was he happier than when working. And the grand dog never got angry. He came the nearest to being able to work three days, from sun to sun, of any dog I ever saw.

As for Gath being somewhat cowed by training the first season, such has no reference to his brilliant performances. Gath was truly a great dog. But because he was a bit timid, it does not follow that his greatness came therefrom. It would be quite as irrelevant to argue that it was on account of the color of his eyes, or his diet, or what not.

Returning now to the "quality of courage," it is an absurdity to define it under such heading. No one knows what the "quality" of it is. Even the physical courage, which the labored editorial in question considers as the only quality, is not a fixed quantity in any one individual. Womenkind are timid by nature, yet they will face death and dangers in any form in defense of their children. The same is true of the females in the lower classes of animals. A man may be full of physical courage when strong and active. If disease or old age weakens his strength his courage decreases accordingly. A brave man may be cowardly betimes. Even armies have panic fears, as the historys of wars attest. In short, we can only treat of the "quality" of courage in a most indeterminate manner, same as any other phenomena of the organism which is partly mental and physical. But that the courage or timidity of the competitors in a field trial is that shown by the pugilist in battle I think no sportsman will admit.

As a metaphysician, the writer of the editorial in question cuts with a very dull blade. Erroneous data and inconsequential conclusions are not the best material for him who poses as a teacher. B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Southern Field Trials Derby Entries.

MARIETTA, Ga., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed herewith I hand you a list of the entries for the fifth annual Derby of the Southern Field Trial Club, which closed Aug. 1 with 69 nominations, 63 of which are English setters and 6 are pointers. T. M. BRUMBY, Secretary.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

BLUE RIDGE MARK—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog (pedigree not given).

ANTOA—Blue Ridge Kennels' bitch (pedigree not given).

UNNAMED—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog (pedigree not given).

ANTON—C. P. Stoke's dog (pedigree not given).

ALLENE—C. P. Stoke's bitch (pedigree not given).

PAULINE—M. F. Rogers's black, white and tan bitch (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Noble).

UNNAMED—Will Wilson's black, white and tan dog (Gladstone Boy—Specklegown).

NATCHES—Will Wilson's black, white and tan dog (Gladstone Boy—Specklegown).

ALFRED JINGLES—F. I. Stone's black, white and tan dog (Lad B.—Rowey B.).

COUNT RODERICK—Chas. C. Mills's black, white and tan dog (Toledo Blade—Grace M.).

GLEAM'S PRIDE—W. W. Newsome's bitch (Gleam—Pride's Bell).

NETTIE GLADSTONE—Manchester Kennels' bitch (Dan Gladstone—Queen Novice).

CALLIE WHITE—Manchester Kennels' bitch (Gath's Mark—Georgia Bell).

GLEAM'S SAM—H. J. Smith's dog (Gleam—Schamp S.).

MARY EARLY—Patrick Henry's bitch (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl).

RUTH OBERLY—Patrick Henry's bitch (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl).

BOUNDLESS—Patrick Henry's bitch (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl).

IGHTFIELD ROSALIE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Fred—Rosa).

ANTOINETTE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).

BERYLE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Gladstone Boy—Ruby D.).

LADY ARAMINTA—P. Lorillard, Jr's bitch (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers).

LEONA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Eugene T.—Bess of Hatchie).

ALMANTA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Gloster—Maspa).

VELMA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Gloster—Maspa).

DAME DURDEN—H. S. Bevan's bitch (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers).

FLORENCE DOMBEY—H. S. Bevan's bitch (Lad B.—Rowey B.

LITTLE DORRITT—H. S. Bevan's bitch (Whyte B.—Andromeda).

CHOW CHOW—N. T. Harris's dog (Wun Lung—Sunshine).

—— ——N. T. Harris's —— (Wun Lung—Sunshine).

LOOKOUT—Bryson & Bedford's dog (Tremont—Sue II.).

MISS B.—Bryson & Bedford's bitch (Tremont—Sue II.).

MONITOR—J. W. Shreiver's dog (Gath's Hope—Cleo S.).

BOWDRE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Novelist).

CIGARETTE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

HESTER PRYNN—Avent & Thayer Kennels' bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

TOPSY'S ROD—Avent & Theyer Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Topsey Avent).

THOLID—Avent & Thayer Kennels' dog (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent).

COUNTESS PEVOSS—James H. Trezevant's bitch (Ace—Pareppo Rosa).

GLEAM'S PRIDE II.—J. Charles Wood's bitch (Gleam—Pride Bell).

ROD'S MARK—Greensboro Field Trial Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Mark's Maid).

MISS HATTIE—Greensboro Field Trial Kennels' bitch (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble).

HOPE'S PRIDE—W. A. Henesley's bitch (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).

LOTTIE H.—W. A. Henesley's bitch (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).

MAY—A. L. Finney's bitch (Gath's Hope—Gladstone Girl).

SOLITAIRE—F. R. Hitchcock's dog (Roi D'Or—Tory Diamond).

AMETHYST—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond).

TOPAZ—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond).

SANDSTONE—F. R. Hitchcock's dog (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond).

JESS—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Mollin).

ROD—F. R. Hitchcock's dog (Roi D'Or—Tory Petal).

FURITITY—Herbert Merriam's bitch (Gath's Mark—Eve).

FANNY RICE—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Manitoba Peggy).

EARL PALMER—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' dog (Frank Whitley—Dulcina).

FRANK NAGEL—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' dog (Tremont—Sne II.).

BOY—W. D. Taylor's dog (Gladstone's Boy—Echo).

MAJOR THOMAS—(W. E. Smith's dog (Gladstone's Boy—Bell Foster).

DAISY CROFT—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' bitch (Antonia—Daisy Hunter).

ROD'S DEUCE—West End Kennels' dog (Rod's Ace—Rosa Noble).

ROD'S DEUCE—West End Kennels' dog (Rod's Ace—Rosa Noble).

MARKELL—Charles T. Field's dog (Antonio—Field's Cosette).

MISTY MORNING—Charles T. Field's bitch (Antonio Field's Cosette).

OPAL—George E. Gray's bitch (Count Gladstone—Diamond).

POINTERS.

WRECKER—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' dog (Rip Rap—Croxie Wise).

RIPPLE—Charlottsville Field Trial Kennels' bitch (Rip Rap—Croxie Wise).

LAD'S RUSH—T. H. Gibb's dog (Rush of Lad—Devonshire Belle of the Ball).

ALICE LESLIE—E. M. Beale's bitch (King of Kent—Bell Randolph).

KING OF LYNN—Robert Leslie's dog (Tempest—Nadjy of Nasso).

BLACK BEAUTY—A. T. Latta's bitch (Rex II.—Fanny).

Dr. Mills Relieves his Feelings.

THE president of the Canadian Kennel Club publishes what he terms an "Annual Address to the C. K. C." This is not customary, but he thinks it should be, and perhaps it is if kept to a proper purpose. In this address, which is quite a long one, a good deal of space is devoted to a defense against the attacks made upon him during the past year, and he intimates that he has commenced legal proceedings against three kennel papers for defamation of character, etc. He proposes that we change the terms used in speaking of the "fancy," "dogmen, etc.," to "canniculture"—methods and expedients to advance the dog; "cynology"—knowledge of the dog in health and disease; "cynophily"—devotion to dogs without any pretense to special knowledge. Thus we have canniculturist, cynologist and cynophilist, terms which may do for the cultured employment of Boston dogmen, but which we are afraid will scarcely be found in common parlance just yet awhile. Dr. Mills proposes using local clubs as recruiting agencies for the C. K. C., and advises, if feasible, the holding of executive meetings at different towns. The president again gives his views regarding American talent to judge Canadian dog shows, and then goes on to attack the "Mud Slinging Trust" in no measured terms. At the same time he should be more explicit and not include all kennel papers in his diatribes. An expression of opinion, candidly given, is not necessarily an expression of hostility to the person criticised. He speaks of the "Trinity in Union" as trying to make all judging, reporting, etc., subservient to their ends, but the paper would have greater weight had he given the names of the members of that union. The charges recently made against him and dismissed by the C. K. C. are gone into and motives explained, stating plainly that certain men were chief actors and another a cat's paw.

In speaking of the American kennel papers he remarks that "the editors have risen from the ranks, *i. e.*, they were professional reporters, handlers, exhibitors, etc. While to rise from the ranks always reflects credit on the man himself, it has its disadvantages for others. Among these are an undue amount of sympathy with the professional element and clannishness with its attendant evils. The professional element as judges, handlers, reporters and editors in America is strong relatively, if not in numbers at least in influence, and as this element virtually controls the press it can to a large degree arrange matters to suit itself. They can even form a "combine" to "run out" or keep out any aspirant as reporter or judge. They may wrangle among themselves, but unite for such a purpose as that to which reference has been made. So that a great deal must now depend on the character of the men that are editors, judges, etc. Not only is this professionalism which is rampant a source of possible, but I believe it has become a source of real danger. To illustrate, we have the case of an individual, essentially a professional, who at one time wrote against an editor also acting as judge. He has, himself, recently stepped into the editorial chair and now acts as reporter, editor and judge. As professional judges are paid and there is competition, it is manifest that the fewer the competitors the better for the pockets of the lucky few; hence this Editor-Judge-Reporter is wont to contend that dog men are being imposed upon in not employing competent judges which, so far as I have been able to make out, he thinks include himself and about two or three others. According, then, to this writer, we should restrict ourselves in our choice to perhaps three judges, two of them pure professionals, (*i.e.*, they make their living by dogs or business relating to dogs) and another nearly so."

While there is considerable truth in the above quotation, it is far too sweeping to be wholly true. We would uphold Dr. Mills as a judge of dogs, were he competent, as it would a Mortimer or a Davidson. Dr. Mills is himself not without a feeling of resentment, and it shows itself in this address, that part regarding Mr. Stewart and the superintendency of the World's Fair Canadian exhibit might well have been left to committee discussion.

As a panacea for all these ills Dr. Mills thinks that kennel interests would be better served by a paper "largely independent of advertisers, and whose editor-in-chief would not be a professional." It would be easy enough to find such an editor, easier than running a paper without advertisers.

In conclusion he reserves the best part for the last: "When I reflect on what I know I was, and on what according to a portion of the kennel press I have become, I marvel that before now I have not taken means to make away with my wretched self—and I do not think I am restrained from this course by cowardice either—possibly the affairs of the club have kept me too busy!"

If Dr. Mills will take our advice he will not indulge in these periodical defenses. Human nature is the same the world over, and when a man attempts to answer or defend himself from all the attacks made upon his public acts he is bound to let slip a little personal feeling, and he loses to some extent the sympathy of the public. Men who are interested in dogs well know whom to trust and whom not; vituperous writings where vindictiveness is plainly shown are best left unanswered and the verdict left to an impartial public.

That World's Fair Show.

ALL this scribbling about the abandonment of the World's Fair show serves no good purpose, but is in keeping with the local and crude methods of the management of that dismal farce. To say that the result is to be attributed to the professional handlers, professional judges and editors disappointed because they were not on the list of judges, is the veriest bosh. Practical men, men who know something more than the A B C of dog shows, know why the show came to naught; they place the responsibility in a newspaper office not 100 miles from Jackson Park. Of course retrenchment in World's Fair finances affords the best practical excuse. No paper upheld and drew attention to the World's Fair show more strenuously than did FOREST AND STREAM, and no one wished more to see the affair a success and the show worthy of its name and associations than we did. But, knowing as we do what dogmen expect and require in a first-class show, we criticised the methods of the management in the hope that they would find that this was an undertaking of national importance, and not a local affair where the voices of one or two men were all powerful. A lesson has been taaght by the outcome. Ask the average exhibitor what he thinks of the abandoument of the show, and he says, "Oh, I'm sorry there's not going to be a show; but it's just as well as things were being managed." It is our firm conviction that, some time before the June postponement, there was no intention of holding the show, else the arrangements would have been made differently.

The whole affair was picayune in such a cause, and the show, had it come off, bereft of foreign competition, would have had the same standing as a Mascoutah or Chicago Kennel Clnb show, neither better nor worse. There were judges on the faked list whose names carry little weight in dogdom, and World's Fair prizes won under such conditions would have carried small meaning. Of course a good many men are disappointed in not being able to kill two birds with one stone, and from them chiefly come the grumbles. Had we been animated by any feeling but that of wishing to see a properly conducted show that would have been a landmark in dogdom and something to look back upon with pleasure in years to come, we should probably have swam with the swim for the sake of getting a free trip to the Fair. The only thing that troubles us now is what will become of those embryo champions that "I'm keeping back for the World's Fair." It's hard—but they'll do for New York next spring.

It has been suggested that the Mascoutah Kennel Club take the matter up, and, under the name of the "World's Fair Show" give a show in October or November. They can afford to give big money, and a special World's Fair medal for the best of each breed might be donated by the World's Fair managers if they are not already sick and tired of the sounds of dogs and dogmen—pardon, we mean canniculturists.

Dog Judges.

A PROMINENT and very practical owner of dogs in writing to us on the foolish idea prevalent in many minds that a judge of dogs must necessarily be a breeder, etc., of dogs remarks: "I suppose there will be another spasm about —— judges that never bred a ——. On the principle, you know, that a man can not pick out a good picture unless he has painted one, or a statue unless he has modeled one, or a star or comet unless he has made one. Some people in this world are very wearisome." They are. Some of these men say that dog judges are born, not made. Granted to some extent, but before they can show their talent in this direction they must become practiced through opportunities for comparison and a knowledge of standards and their application, and it is this very comparison and contact that makes a man a judge of dogs. It is universally admitted that a man must have a "dog eye" to succeed as a judge of dogs, in the same sense that a good judge of a horse is gifted with an optic that will at once take in the good and bad points of a horse. We would like to ask how many of the acknowledged good horse judges, horse dealers especially, have bred, etc., the animals whose faults and good points they are so quick to detect. The old theory is absolute bosh, and has been proved if anything to be a distinct detriment rather than a help. Take the work in the ring of some of the specialist judges, for instance. A man can only become a thorough judge of dogs by continually being brought in contact with dogs of every degree of proper shape and by comparison and the study of dogs that are acknowledged to be excellent specimens of this breed. A breeder generally becomes biassed in favor of his own type of dogs—we speak for this country only—and probably attends a New York show or possibly two shows in the year; the rest of the year he sees a few of his own dogs only. Still when put on the specialty list he is hailed as a judge because he fills the requirements in being a breeder, exhibitor, etc., and when he judges it is considered almost heresy to criticise his decisions. We live in a more progressive age nowadays, and all these foolish theories should be relegated to the background. We would rather trust the opinion of an all-round judge than that of almost any specialist on any breed of dogs. Of course there are a few, very few exceptions. An all-round man generally begins right and keeps so, and if wrong is quick to take a hint, whereas a specialist breeder is just the other way.

Wire-Hairs.

MR. FREEMAN LLOYD, when he indulges in a little fatherly advice to fanciers in general, usually speaks to the point. He took occasion recently, in writing of the importation of Cribbage and Surrey Janet, to touch on the trimming question, one that is little, either for "war or weal," understood on this side of the herring pond. He wrote:

I am very pleased to see that there are some signs of the Americans turning their attention to wire-haired fox-terriers. A very useful brace in Cribbage and Surrey Janet will shortly leave these shores for those of the United States. This is a representative brace of terriers, and can more than hold their own with any wire-hair in America capable of being out on the bench at this moment. But it will be interesting to see how soon the American will educate himself in that important little matter, the finger-and-thumb business. Wire-hairs when they are kept at home, and without work, soon turn into peculiar-looking animals, and far removed from the sprightly animals we see from time to time in the show ring.

The wire-hair classes in this country have been object lessons in this respect from the first. Exhibitors have imported from time to time both Irish terriers and wire-haired fox-terriers only to become disgusted with their "fuzzy" appearance a few months after, and rather than attempt the trimming they know so little about have shown the dogs in a natural state and very much to their detriment, as far as appearances go. The trouble with many is what to leave out, what to take off, but one cannot but be proud of the fact that training and faking is so little known of and practiced among our exhibitors. The writer we quote further says:

When you buy a pot of paint you generally purchase a brush, and when you feel inclined to go in for certain sorts of terriers you ought never to forget that they are of little use without something to keep down a superabundance of coat. That there are a few people in America well up in the art of trimming I do not for a moment doubt, and one man in particular, had he not become a "respectable" member of society and a prominent official in the army of General Booth, would have been able to earn a dhow-load of dollars at the old game.

From this one would infer that trimming wires, etc., is an art not to be encouraged. Why not? Man trims his own locks and why should he not do the same to those of his dog? There is a distinct line between trimming and faking and the removal of a too abundant growth of hair hardly comes under the lattcr category, any more than the docking of a fox-terrier's tail which smartens the latter end of the terrier in the same degree that trimming does the other. An interesting case in this connection came before the English Kennel Club recently, in which a handler was hauled over the coals for cutting the superfluous hair on an Irish terrier's head with a pair of scissors instead of trimming in the ordinary way with the resined finger and thumb. He pleaded ignorance of wrong intention, though an old exhibitor, remarking that as he used the scissors on his bull-terrier he thought the same could be done to the Irish terrier. The authorities let him off with a "Don't do it again" verdict. This implies a mechanical distinction from a natural difference.

A Careful Retriever.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps your readers will be interested in the inclosed photograph of my Gordon setter Romulus, delivering a retrieved jack snipe, as an example of an exceptionally tender-mouthed retriever. I have observed, as have probably other sportsmen, that most setters dislike the taste of jack snipe or woodcock, and incline to pinch birds in retrieving them. My Gordon, while being a perfectly broken dog in the field on quail or jack snipe, has, it seems to me, a remarkable instinct in this particular. When ordered to "fetch" he will secure his preferred hold, by the skin on the under side of the neck (and will turn a bird over in order to secure this hold), and a winged bird by one of its wings or tail.

WESTERNER.

SEATTLE, Washington.

Rhode Island Dog Show.

CRANSTON, R. I., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our entries closed with 464, as follows: Mastiffs 15, St. Bernards 24, Newfoundlands 2, great Danes 2, English bloodhounds 4, deerhounds 6, Russian wolfhounds 6, greyhounds 11, foxhounds 14, beagles 27, pointers 46, English setters 36, Irish setters 20, Gordon setters 11, spaniels 21, collies 21, bulldogs 10, bull-terriers 19, fox-terriers 61, Irish terriers 22, Boston terriers 17, black and tan terriers 17, Skye terriers 1, Scottish terriers 11, Dandie Dinmont terriers 6, dachshunds 2, Yorkshire terriers 7, pugs 10, Japanese spaniels 3, King Charles spaniels 3, toy spaniels 1, Chesapeake Bay dogs 5, poodles 4, schipperkes 7, whippets 2. Mr. Henry Brooks donates $10 for the best kennel (four or more) of Scottish terriers entered and owned by one exhibitor.

RHODE ISLAND STATE FAIR ASSOCIATION,
(David S. Collins, Sec'y.)

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

TORONTO show opened at 2 o'clock with 630 entries. The quality, on the whole, is not so good as last year. The majority of dogs are from Toronto and vicinity. Spaniel quality is not up to average and mastiffs and St. Bernards are poor. There is a large entry for fox-terriers but the quality is deficient. Pugs have fallen off. Beagles are only fair, the Harmony Kennels having a walkover. There is a falling off in pointers and setters, both in numbers and quality. The Seminole, Oak Grove, Chestnut Hill, Dixon, Anglo-American, Wankie, Heather, Rochelle, Oakview, Wolverton, Bay City and Higginson's are the principal kennels represented from the United States. There is a large attendance, the weather is beautiful, and all points to a good show. Great improvement in management. Following are awards made up to press time:

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Bunno's Lady Coleus.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Forbes's Grimsby Caution and Lord Grimsby; 2d, Evil's Raleigh; 4th, Smith's Baron of Chester. High com., Burden's Lion, Whitaker's Mikado. Com., Carver's Tough. *Bitches:* 1st, Falconer's Attraction. *Puppies:* 1st, Forbes's Prince Imperial. Com., Gurney's Eclipse.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, Forbes's Nige and Lord Grimsby; 3d, Croy's Tom. Reserve, Smith's Baron of Chester. High com., Whitaker's Mikado.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, Bay City Kennels' Lord Dante; 2d, Hughes's Lord Wilton; 3d, Worts's Captain Worts; 4th, Buntin's Dauntless. Reserve, Howard's Safety. High com., Cronyn's Olaff. *Bitches:* 1st, Fenwick's Maypole. *Puppies:* 1st, Fenwick's Lord Aberdeen; 2d, Chespe's Hector.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, Bay City Kennels' St. Augustine; others withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Blaricorn's Glenwood Goldy; others withheld.

FOXHOUNDS.—ENGLISH—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Willey's Spartan and Bounce; 3d and com., Typical Kennels' Sportsman, Jr. and Snider. *Bitches:* 1st, Wooling's Bush.—AMERICAN—*Dogs:* 1st, Williams's Commodore; 2d, 3d and reserve, Smith & Clark's Clinton, Genius II. and Ringwood. High com., Typical Kennels' Gamer. Com., Schols's Ruler. *Bitches:* 1st, Smith & Clark's Fan.

HARRIERS.—2d, Hobart's Fan.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Count Graphic.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Molton Banner and Donovan; 2d, Leamington Kennels' Boxer. *Bitches:* 1st, Davey's Josie Brackett; 2d, Leamington Kennels' Fancy Graphic; 3d, Holmes's Spotted Girl.—CHALLENGE LIGHTWEIGHT—*Dogs:* 1st, Biddle's Glamorgan. *Bitches:* 1st, Davey's Lady Gay Spanker.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Davey's Ridgeover Comet; 2d, Winslow's Comet; 3d, Davey's Beppo's Boy. Very high com., Leamington Kennels' Beppo Graphic. *Bitches:* 1st, Davey's Miss Rumor; 2d, Leamington Kennels' Count Graphic Baby; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Chaira. Reserve, Briggs's Josie. Very high com., Prudhomme & Huntington's Rosy.—NOVICE 1st, Davey's Ridgeview Comet; 2d, Winslow's Administration; 3d, Holmes's Spotted Girl. Reserve, Briggs's Josie.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Lewis's Victress Lewellyn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Northwood's Worsley Dude; 2d, Forest Kennels' Forest Rex; 3d, Bougham's London. Reserve, Davey's Roy of Colehill. Very high com., Forest Kennels' The Sultan, Ayre's Ponto, Kime's Royal Dan, Downing's Benzine. High com., Kime's Druid, Jr., Holmes's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, Kime's Lady Patch; 2d, Winchell's Nita Gitana; 3d, Kime's Rose Rapid. Reserve, Briggs's Starlight B. Very high com., Corbett's Lady Howard, Forest Kennels' Trippo. High com., Littleton's Nora Gladstone, Forest Kennels' Lulu.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Forest Kennels' Rex; 2d, Brougham's London; 3d Davey's Roy of Colehill. Very high com., Kime's Mingo, Jr., Holmes's Sam. *Bitches:* 1st, Winchell's Nita Gitana; 2d, Kime's Rose Rapid II.; 3d, Briggs's Starlight B. Reserve, Forest Kennels' Trippo. Very high com., Kime's Lady Luce, Littleton's Lord Gladstone. High com., Holmes's Lulu. Com., Forest Kennels' Nia.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Holmes's Sam. *Bitches:* 1st, Holmes's Vic H.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Tim and Pride of Patsey. Reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Duke Elcho. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Elfreda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Townsend & Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.; 2d and 3d, Seminole Kennels' Young Tim and Montauk, Jr. Reserve, Apted's Toronto Jim. Very high com., Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Little Phil and Parnell. *Bitches:* 1st and com., Douglass & Sharpless's Toronto Mollie and Kitty; 2d, Moe's Nona; 3d, Seminole Kennels' Delphine. Reserve, Corbett's Madcap II. Very high com., Vansant's Alamah, Dixon's Eady Cleveland and Lewis's Mollie. High com., Typical Kennels' Nora and Seminole Kennels' Biddy.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Little Phil; 2d, Mills's Toronto Sport; 3d, McKeoney's Lorenzo. *Bitches:* 1st, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Mollie; 2d, Moe's Nona; 3d, Lewis's Mollie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Howarth's Idstone. *Bitches:* 1st, Howarth's Norah.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dixon's Ivanhoe. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dixon's Duchess of Waverley and Lady Waverley.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Oughton's Heather Lad; 2d, Lindley's Homer S.; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Irish. Very high com., Dixon's Duke of Wellington. *Bitches:* 1st, Dixon's Princess Louise; 2d, Van Zandt's Dundee; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Wanda. Reserve, Dixon's Santa Maria. Very high com., Mount Royal Kennels' Floss. Com., Dixon's Myra.—NOVICE—1st, Lindley's Homer S.; 2d, Dixon's Santa Maria.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st and 2d, Carson's Musha and Dan Rice; 3d, Irving's Shot Rue *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Carson's Shellia and Rose O'Neill. *Puppies:* 1st, Carson's Musha.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Smart's Darby.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Fleming's Rake.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Foster's Judge. High com., Typical Kennels' Sampson.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 2d, Mullins's Pedro; 3d, Sprackline's Nig. Com., Typical Kennels' King Bruce. *Bitches:* 1st, Sprackline's Mora; 2d, Palmer's Grace.—LIVER COLORED—1st, High com. and com., Typical Kennels' Napoleon, King Lear and King Pat; 2d, Sprackline's Queen.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Sprackline's Workman; 2d and 3d, Typical Kennels' Antigrle and Leslie; 4th, Douglas's Billy. *Puppies:* 2d, Typical Kennels' King Lear.

COCKERS.—CHALLENGE—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Duck; 2d, Ancient & Modern Kennels' King of Obos. *Bitches:* Ancient & Modern Kennels' Say.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Jacket and Red Roland. *Bitches:* Laidlaw's Jessie C.—OPEN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Blake & Herbertson's Pickpania; 2d and 3d, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin II. and Woodland Prince IV. Reserve, Farwell's Black Brant. Very high com., Kennedy's Beau Kay. High com, Thompson's Say, Kennedy's Chancellor, Armstrong's Tasso, Allward's Black Robbie, Typical Kennels' Roger. *Bitches:* 1st, Laidlaw's Rideau Reine; 2d, Bell's Realization; 3d, Luckwell & Douglas's Kitty; 4th, Laidlaw's Cora II. Reserve, Concord Kennels' Lady Dufferin. Very high com., Raven Kennels' Duchess and Nellie Ayres's Nellie. High com., Piper's Beauty, Bell's Fashion.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Clappison's Hamilton Jack; 2d, Robertson's Red Bob; 3d, Flynn's Red Justice; 4th, Brant Cocker Kennels' Golden Rod. Reserve, Concord Kennels' Brantford Rufus. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Star, Typical Kennels' King Rufus. High com., Niblett's Russett Palmer's Sturdy. Com., Allward's Red Robbie, Gowan's Redfellow. *Bitches:* 1st, Laidlaw's Tonito; 2d, Luckwell & Douglas's Bessie Warner; 3d, Niblett's Gypsey Queen; 4th, Raglan Kennels' Russette. Reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Beauty. Very high com., Gowan's Pet. High com., Seminole's Cherry Blossom.—NOVICE ANY COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Clappison's Hamilton Jack; 2d, Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Prince; 3d, Raven Cocker Kennels' Chancellor. Reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Star. Very high com., Flynn's Red Justice. High com., Allward's Red Robbie, Raven Kennels' Beau Kay. *Bitches:* 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Kitty; 2d, Laidlaw's Cora II. 3d, Raven Kennels' Nellie Raven. Reserve, Raglan Kennels' Russette. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Beauty, Ayre's Nellie, Raven Kennels' Raven Duchess. High com., Clappison's Hamilton Gill E.

BEAGLES.—LARGE—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell Harmony's Tricotrin; 2d, Lewis's Doctor. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell's Elf.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hornell's Sherry and Rogor W.; 3d, Oakview Kennels' Mr. Winkle. Reserve, Hornell's Ilwaco. Very high com., Briggs's True Boy. High com., Schele's Drive C., Smellie & Viasey's Samson. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell's Daisy Corbett; 2d, Schele's Pipelo; 3d, Oakview Kennels' Snowflake. Reserve, Scholes's Lillie. Very high com., Hornell's Vashta. High com., Albion Kennels' Graceful. *Puppies:* 1st, Oakview Kennels' Tony Weller II.; 2d, Wakefield's Blucher.—SMALL CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell's Royal Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell's Ava W.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hornell's Little Wonder and Kester. *Bitches:* 1st, Mullane's Beauty; 2d, Hornell's Evangeline; 3d, Finn's Sly Lass. Reserve, Hornell's Queechy, Mabel's Dainty. High com., Bowman's Flora C., Oakview Kennels' Jenny.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Dogs:* 2d, Allan's Faust. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d Ricketts's Frieda and Huldah; 2d, Bloggs's Lena.

An East Waterford (Me.) boy recently saw a full-grown fox sitting on a knoll. He crawled up, seized it by the tail, and swung it around in his efforts to kill it, but was forced to let go after having his shirt nearly torn off.—*Evening Post.*

DOG CHAT.

Death of Donna.

News of the death of Mr. Fiske's English setter bitch Donna (5,717) only reached us as we went to press last week. She was one of the best brood bitches in the country, being the dam of Donna Juanita, Prima Donna, Don Quixote, Don Carlos, Glendon, Sheldon, Domino, Domingo, Dominion, Dimity, Spectre and Spook, which she threw to Rockingham. Donna was by Yale Belton out of Forest Dora. She was really whelped Aug. 2, 1886, and died Aug. 26, 1893, and the coincidence is peculiar. She was chloroformed in consequence of having a series of incurable tumors, two of which had been removed, but two others were forming. Donna never had a puppy shown that did not win a ribbon but one, Donna Carlotta, and she was out of condition and won vhc., and never had a puppy shown that did not win first the first time shown, unless beaten by another Donna puppy. At New York in 1891 seven of her puppies were shown and they won four firsts and two seconds, and she herself won the brood bitch special. Donna was bred by Rosecroft Kennels and when she died was the property of Mr. Wilson Fiske.

California Notes.

According to the *Breeder and Sportsman*, the English pointer Glenbeigh, that Mr. Huber imported to California, is doing good work for the pointer breed out there. A bitch puppy, presumably by Sally Brass II., belonging to Mr. Haight, is spoken of as a more than ordinarily good one. The same journal states that Mrs. Thos. Higgs, of West Berkeley, has received the English setter bitch puppy presented to her by Mr. John Davidson. Some of the California kennels can compare favorably with Eastern kennels in point of number of dogs contained in them. The Californian Kennels at Suisun have from forty to sixty English setters; L. L. Campbell, of West Berkeley, twenty-three Irish setters; H. M. Tonner, owner of Solana Kennels, has thirty-two English setters and pointers, and at Raymond Wm. De Motte has twenty pointers and setters, and D. M. Walters and Geo. T. Allender have about the same number. At the Echo Kennels Dr. A. C. Davenport has over twenty cockers, and the Great Western Kennels also contain a large number of good dogs.

Accident to Mr. Munhall.

We are sure that all lovers of the dog will join with us in sincere sympathy for Mr. C. M. Munhall, of Cleveland, O. From a letter we learn that as he was alighting from an electric car on Euclid avenue he slipped and fell and a wheel of the car ran over one of his feet, crushing the ankle so severely that it was found necessary to amputate the foot. Such a loss must be a great blow to himself and family. Mr. Munhall is now in the hospital, but says the leg is doing nicely and he is feeling well himself. This gentleman has long been associated with dogs and dogdom, pointers being his principle hobby. He is moreover, we believe, the only remaining original delegate to the A.K.C., having represented the Cleveland Club since its inception.

Dogwood Wins the Derby.

A dispatch from Winnipeg dated Sept. 6 states that Dogwood, owned by Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, of England, won the Derby in the Northwestern Field Trials, which commenced last Tuesday week; Mr. Thos. Johnson's, of Winnipeg, Dolly took second money and our Charlotteville friend, Capt. McMurdo, piloted Lelah into third place. The stake seems to have been run through in short order and augurs well for a quick termination of the trials, allowing Mr. Davidson ample time to fulfill his Toronto engagement. There are few men of his age that could stand the racket of traveling as does our Michigan friend. From Monroe to Lexington, Ky., is quite a jump, from Lexington to Morris, Manitoba, almost takes in the length of the country, and from Morris to Toronto is a little journey in itself. All this within two weeks, to say nothing of a week's tramp behind the dogs in the trials.

West Chester (Pa.) Show.

The exhibit in connection with the Chester County Fair was quite a good one. The prizes fell in most cases to local dogs. There was an entry of 197, and Mr. Frank P. Smith was the judge. Next year the show is expected to be under A. K. C. rules, as application will be made for membership at once.

A. K. C. Meeting.

The next quarterly meeting of the A. K. C. will take place at Chicago, Sept. 22, at 8 P. M., in the new Athletic Club House, corner of Michigan and Monroe avenues. Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh will attend, leaving Sept. 18, but it will probably be a distinctly Western gathering with little important business to transact.

Mr. James Robinson, who is now managing the Woodlawn Stock Farm Kennels, and is director of the Woodlawn track, should be in his element now. He used to affect dogs, terriers we believe, some twelve or fifteen years ago, but has since devoted himself to athletic training, having until recently been trainer for the defunct Manhattan Athletic Club.

Fred Kirby has another little excitement on. A Pekin poodle, so he calls it, recently arrived from Amoy, China, and has given birth to some little Pekins which Fred, with a characteristic wave of the hand, avows are worth "anywhere from $2,000 to $3,000 each." The bitch was sent by Dr. E. Bedloe, U. S. Consul to Amoy, to his friend Mr. Postlethwaite and is in Mr. Kirby's charge.

Mr. A. D. Stewart, the popular Canadian "cynophilist," as his friend Dr. Mills would say, has been having a good time among the kennels in London and Birmingham. He saw Mr. Sam Woodiwiss's kennel and those of Dr. Benson, Fred Hinks, Fred Reeves and Joe Davis, and then had a look at Arthur Hargraves fox-terriers at Manchester. Mr. Stewart arrived last Saturday and brought with him the wire-haired fox-terrier Partney Cornet, known before as Undercliffe Cornet, and a puppy Partney Marksman. He also brought two smooths, Partney Policy and Partney Ration. The breeding of the latter is of the best, Verdad being their sire (brother to Vesuvienne and Venio), dam Ratus, by Reckon out of Reeve. Mr. Stewart bought them from Mr. C. Burgess of Spilsby.

On Thursday night, after the heavy work of the Lexington show, Mr. Roger Williams gave the visitors and a number of his friends a supper at his home. A most enjoyable time was spent, and the quartette from Dockstader's Minstrels rendered some very pleasing glees. Dog chat, fox hunting reminiscences, etc., helped to fill in the intervals. The skin of the wolf that the wolfhounds didn't kill at Denver was passed round, and we quite agreed with the dogs that the hinder end must have been the safest part.

A queer dog case comes to light in a Maine village. Two neighbors owned dogs, and one dog running foul of the other was rapidly making sausage meat of him when the under dog's owner threw a club at his neighbor's dog and broke its leg. This dog's owner then brought suit to recover damages. He lost his case, however, and was ordered to pay costs. He didn't pay and an execution was issued against him, whereupon the deputy sheriff mixed things up on his own account, the verbiage of the document being too much for him. He proceeded to arrest the man who had been sued. In the hubbub that ensued the real culprit took alarm, and in order to save himself went into insolvency before the sheriff got unsnarled and served the execution.

Accounts from the chicken countries are very encouraging. The dry season has been very favorable for their propagation, and it is thought that the trials in the far North, now in progress, will be run through in good time.

We hear very encouraging reports of the Excelsior meat dog cakes. We have tried them on the dog and found them "take like hot cakes" Several well-known kennels are using them as a change on the other foods. Among the best known are Chestnut Hill, Rinada Pointer Kennels, Geo. Jarvis, J. L. Winchell, H. W. Smith, Grove Kennels, Swiss Mountain Kennels, W. B. Douglas, etc.

Mr. S. Tripp, of Millerton, N. Y., has a pointer which in 1892 was sent by Mr. E. Rowe, of New Haven, to Kent, Conn., for training. Mr. Tripp would like to learn the pedigree of the dog.

There are many anxious inquiries as to whether there will be a show at Brooklyn this fall. We can find no encouragement in this direction on inquiry of members of the N. G. C. There was a big deficit last year, and one of the guarantors does not feel as happy as he did when he was so eager to participate in an expected profit. Pay up or disqualification now stares him in the face, the ultimatum having gone forth. All the New York and Brooklyn guarantors have long since made good their share.

A paper in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., urges that citizens adopt the new Orleans method of dropping pieces of poisoned meat to get rid of the curs in the streets. The *Times* of that city rightly scores its contemporary on such a cruel proposal, pointing out that "Dogs are property and people who own them pay taxes for the privilege. The law protects against

A CAREFUL RETRIEVER.

the unnecessary killing or theft of a properly registered dog. The *Record* makes itself accessory to the commission of a crime when it urges the adoption of the New Orleans method of surreptitiously poisoning dogs. In the absence of a mayor's proclamation ordering all canines running at large muzzled no person has any right to slaughter a dog unless in self-defense. That's the law. The only remedy that can be applied to protect against danger in the premises is to muzzle the loose animals, and that can only be done by proclamatory action on the part of the mayor."

Peter McLane's dog catchers, who have earned for themselves an unenviable reputation in their dog catching methods in Brooklyn, received a lesson that they are best fitted to appreciate. After stealing a lady's pug that was muzzled and under control, they were brought to bay by an infuriated mob, pelted with bricks and other missiles, their wagon overturned and smashed and about forty dogs set free. Later, Peter, the official dog catcher, was brought before the authorities and now we understand has been removed from office. This should be a warning to others of the fraternity.

The Seminole Kennels should have a prize winner or two in the litter of twelve that the Irish setter Claremont Heather has thrown to their champion Tim. The latter dog is certainly a wonderful one for his age.

FOREST AND STREAM was the only kennel paper having a staff representative at the Lexington (Ky.) show, and contained the earliest report of the show.

At the coming meeting of the A. K. C. in Chicago, Mr. J. E. Isgrigg, the well known setter breeder, of Chicago, will prefer charges against the field trial handler Charles McCartney. He will also do the same before all the field trial clubs.

The Cumberland Kennel Club, of Nashville, Tenn., has not been the success anticipated and several members have ceased to take an interest in it. Mr. Goodman still has the dogs, but they will be sold off as soon as possible. We are in a position to deny the rumor that Messrs. Heppner and Muss-Arnolt intended purchasing Melac.

Man earns his bread in divers places. Now we are told of a man who gains a living by collecting dead dogs from the river Thames, near London, his beat extending between Putney to the Ship, Mortlake. Sometimes this man finds as many as sixty dead dogs in a day and other times not more than twenty-five.

What has become of the English Setter Club and its medals? A. K. C., how about that sixty-day clause in the rules?

Fox-Terriers at Lexington.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of the Lexington show, under fox-terriers, you say it is reported that my dog Paverino is deaf. I wish to deny this at once. He is not deaf, nor was he ever deaf. Congratulate you upon so full a report of the show.

GEORGE D. B. DARBY.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 7.

[We wrote the Lexington report on the train coming home, and the sense of the sentence got jumbled slightly. My Fellow was the dog we alluded to.]

A Good Entry at Toronto.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As predicted by Secretary C. A. Stone, the Industrial Exhibition Association Bench Show of dogs of 1893 is a grand success. The finest kennels of Canada and the United States are well represented. The king of handlers, Ben Lewis, is on hand with 52 entries. The following noted kennels have entered: The Seminole, Chestnut Hill, Oak Grove, Chesterford Park, Lansdowne, Oak View, Rochelle, Wentworth, Mount Royal, Forest, Clover Hill, Cambridge, Ancient and Modern, Campton, New Brighton and besides many others Dr. Dixon's Gordon setters, Edward and Henry Brooks with Scotch and Dandy Dinmont terriers. Among the novelties are Dr. Dixon's famous kennels of black French poodles, the only ones ever shown in this country. The entries closed with 637 and comprise the following breeds: Mastiffs 24, St. Bernards 80, Newfoundlands 4, great Danes 19, Russian wolfhounds 6, greyhounds 24, English fox-hounds 6, American fox-hounds 10, harriers 1, pointers 25, English setters 43, Irish setters 30, Gordon setters 16, collies 43, bull-dogs 2, bull-terriers 21, Airedale terriers 3, Irish terriers 10, Bedlingtons 7, King Charles spaniels 6, Italian greyhounds 1, miscellaneous, white English terrier 1, whippet 1, Scotch terriers 16, Skye terriers 2, black and tan 19, French poodles 6, Russian poodles 1, retrievers 1, Irish water spaniels 8, Clumbers 2, field spaniels 16, cocker spaniels 86, dachshunds beagles 35, smooth fox-terriers 39, wirehair fox-terriers 19, Yorkshires 12, toy terriers 7, Dandy Dinmonts 8, pugs 9, Ruby, Blenheim and Prince Charles spaniels 1, Mexicans 1, Russian terriers 1, selling class 1.

Kansas City Show Postponed.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 12.—The Kansas City dog show has been postponed for reasons which I will give by mail.

J. W. W.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Thasmo Penelope. By F. M. Thomas, Catskill, N. Y., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 28, 1893, by Thasmo Ned (Charles W.—Lady Learnerd) out of Bell (Sarsfield—Red Flash).

Thasmo Lemme and Thasmo Finney. By F. M. Thomas, Catskill, N. Y., for liver and white and lemon and white pointer bitches, by Daniel (Sensation II.—Guenn) out of Cora II. (Nimrod—Ethel).

Thasmo Linne. By F. M. Thomas, Catskill, N. Y., for fawn pug bitch, whelped April 29, 1893, by Teddy (champion Bradford Ruby—imported Topsey) out of Triuket (Dandy—Pansy Blossom).

Thasmo Monday. By F. M. Thomas, Catskill, N. Y., for fawn and white dachshund bitch, whelped Sept. 16, 1890, by Daschel (imported Wiser—imported Fearless) out of Shroppsie (imported Werdmere—imported Phœbe).

King David. By James Jeffers, Westfield, Mass.) for black, white and tan foxhound dog, whelped March, 1892.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Bess—Hillside Tarquin. F. A. Stupplebeen's (Hudson, N. Y.) fox-terrier bitch Bess to F. M. Thomas's Hillside Tarquin (Mixture—Lyra), June 11.

Flaherty's Florence—Gem. M. J. Flaherty's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Flaherty's Florence (Roi d'Or—Nellie Bly) to T. M. Aldrich's Gem (Druid—Ruby), July 31. [In correction of note in issue of Aug. 19.]

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Thasmo Midget. F. M. Thomas's (Catskill, N. Y.) pug bitch Thasmo Midget (Pug Bailey—Linne Thasmo), Aug. 4, four (two dogs), by his Pug Bailey (Teddy—Trinket).

Cora II. F. M. Thomas's (Catskill, N. Y.) pointer bitch Cora II. (Nimrod—Ethel), Aug. 25, nine (six dogs), by his Thasmo Sport (Frank Smith—Bell Swift).

Nellie. Chas. Nichols's (Catskill, N. Y.) pug bitch Nellie, May 21, ten (eight dogs), by F. M. Thomas's Pug Bailey (Teddy—Trinket).

Patient. Al De Bar Kennels' (North Attleboro, Mass.) collie bitch Patient (champion Charlemagne—Patience), Aug. 25, eight (six dogs), by J. Brett's Bendigo (The Squire—Bertha).

Rose. Al De Ber Kennels' (North Attleboro, Mass.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Rose, Aug. 19, eleven (five dogs), by Dr. Bigelow's Marengo II. (Boatswain—Gladys).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Thasmo Nellie. Fawn Irish setter bitch, by F. M. Thomas, Catskill, N. Y., to F. A. Adams, Boston, Mass.

Say Boy. Black spaniel dog, whelped March, 1892, by Jas. Jeffers, Westfield, Mass., to Connecticut Valley Kennels, Northampton, Mass.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

G. R. B.—Write to Mr. J. L. Drevenstedt, Johnstown, N. Y.

RICHMOND JOCK.—See answer to F. H. O. and the law of New Jersey on this subject published in another column.

J. L. K., Boston.—I have a young English setter 14mos. old, whose tail crooks quite badly to one side. The crook is about 4in. from the end. Can it be straightened? Ans. Yes. Take the dog to an experienced veterinarian.

F. H. O., Olean, N. Y.—We do not know that this question has been settled. In several States the city or local authorities are empowered to levy such tax on dogs as they see fit. Where a dog license is levied it makes no difference whether you keep the dog on your premises entirely or not. To harbor the dog entails the liability.

E. W. F., Mount Vernon, N. Y.—Our city has a dog ordinance which reads, "Owners of dogs must pay $3 for each dog, and $5 for each bitch annually." Now I have a kennel of registered dogs (registered in A. K. C. S. B.), am I obliged to pay this license, or is there a State law affecting this case? Ans. Registration in the A. K. C. S. B. conveys no exemption from such a tax.

R. S., Mabwah, N. J.—One of my pug puppies (a bitch) 4mos. old is weaker than her sisters and brothers, has less appetite and is a dainty feeder. What makes me anxious is that every time before evacuating she tries to climb the wall as if she had pain, but never cries or pants, the fæces are black, but not too hard, no appearance of worms. Otherwise she is gay and seems well. The mother of the puppies died of peritonitis when they were three weeks old. I fed them cow's milk, Spratts puppy meal and puppy cake; now I feed oatmeal, vegetables, soup and a little meat and large bones in order that they may keep their teeth clean. All the other puppies are very well and strong. Ans. There would be no harm in treating the pup for worms. In addition to diet you mention give a little raw meat, you might also give a little Fellows' syrup and cod liver oil daily.

C. B. B., Falconer, N. Y.—I have an English pointer bitch which was shipped me from Mississippi about two months ago. She has seemed to be in good condition. Yesterday worked her hard all day on woodcock, and in afternoon noticed small blotches began to appear on forward parts and have continued to enlarge till some of the swellings are about 2in. across. In the center of blotch I notice yellowish matter is discharged (several of same blotches appeared on head of bitch some time ago, but healed up in a few days). Would briers, nettles or poison ivy cause this? Ans. The spots may have been caused in the way you mention. Bathe them with the following lotion:

B. Liq. plumbi sub acet	ʒ iss.
Tr. opii	ʒ i.
Aq. ad	ʒ viii.

Mix. Lotio.

Apply to irritable spots two or three times a day. Also give dog a dose of Epsom salts.

A. N. C., Glens Falls, N. Y.—My sister has a cocker spaniel puppy 8 months old. Since weaning he has been fed on dog biscuit cooked in milk, except on a few occasions he has had a soft boiled egg, corn bread or oat meal, and has had bare bones to gnaw upon. Has been fed regularly, first three times and later twice each day. The pup never has been sick, never vomited, never had a hot nose, until about three weeks ago he began to scratch his ears, when it was discovered

that his ears were slightly sore and his eyes also. Then followed what appeared to be an aggravated form of dandruff in his coat, on his belly, inside his legs and on head. None on his back Soon after the appearance of the dandruff, diarrhœa began. He was then given chalk mixture and beef tea until diarrhœa was checked. Discharge from eyes was first watery, then thicker. After the appearance of the dandruff there was an offensive smell from the pup. Within the past two days about a dozen lumps or pustules have appeared on the pup's belly, sides and inside legs, which discharge a thick pus, and the diarrhœa continued. Appetite fairly good. He now licks the sores and has vomi ed a few times after doing so. Hair does not come off, has no fever and nose is cold. The pup always is bathed regularly, never has been off the grounds about the house, where he has plenty of exercise, and has not been with other dogs nor other dogs with him. Can you tell me what should be done? Ans. Treat for worms. Wash dog once a week in a solution of creoline (1oz. of creoline to a pail of warm water). Give following mixture:

℞ Ferri et quinin. citra.....grs xxxvi
Inf. calumba.....℥iii
Aq. ad.....℥iii

Mix. Give one dessertspoonful twice a day. Also give some meat in addition to diet you mention.

F. L., Sharon, Conn.—My pointer dog 1½ years old will stick his head out straight and his nose up and whine as if something hurt him, and a place just above his left ear on the top of his head will raise up and when that goes down he will be all right in a few minutes. He looks and feels as fine as silk in every way only that. He has had this trouble three months. He will keep his mouth going all the time when he has these spells. Ans. Treat for worms and then try the following mixture:

℞ Pot. brom.....℥iss.
Liq. arsenicalis.....℥i.
Aq. ad.....℥vi.

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

E. N. C., Brooklyn.—My one year old pointer is very thin; has no appetite. I have given her worm medicine with no results. When she was about three months old she had distemper, which left her with a sort of St. Vitus dance. She is well bred and I hate to destroy her Ans. Give the following mixture:

Syr. hypophosphite co.....℥iv.
Liq. arsenicalis.....℥i.
Aq. ad.....℥vi.

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day. Also give two teaspoonfuls of codliver oil three times a day. Let dog have anything she will eat—raw meat, etc.

E. S. W., Portsmouth, N. H.—1. I have a young Newfoundland dog, eight weeks old; what is the best kind of food to feed it on? 2. Do all puppies have the distemper? 3. What are the symptoms, and treatment? Ans. 1. See advertisements. 2. No. 3. Loss of appetite, fever, cough, discharge from eyes and nose, loss of flesh, diarrhœa.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 3.—International Coursing Meeting at Huron, S. D. J. Herbert Watson, 26 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (chairman).
Oct. 17.—Kenmore Club meeting at Goodland, Kan. Frank L. Webster, Sec'y. Entries close Oct. 16.
Oct. 24.—American Coursing Club. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—The Cowley County Coursing Association, Winfield, Kan. J. R. Ballard, Secretary.

Mix. Lotio. A little to be poured into the ears twice a day. You might also wash the dog in a solution of creoline (1 to 60). Repeat purgative in a week.

Brunswick Fur Club Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fifth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at North Acton, Mass., during the week of Oct. 23. The grounds selected are well suited for the trials, foxes are plenty, and the village offers comfortable accommodations for all who desire to attend. Headquarters will be at the Nagog House, one mile from North Acton station on the Farmingham & Lowell branch of the Old Colony Railway, and stages will take hunters to the hotel.

In addition to the usual money prizes and diplomas which are to be awarded the three winers in each class, the following special prizes have been presented for competition: Dr. A. C. Heffenger offers a silver medal for the winning hound in the speed class; Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, a silver medal for the winner in the hunting class; Mr. O. F. Joslin, a silver medal for the winner in the trailing class; Mr. Richard Seely, a silver medal for the winner in the endurance class; Mr. N. Q. Pope, a silver medal for the hound making the highest general average in all classes.

Rod, Gun and Kennel offers $25, and the executive committee of the club, desiring to make this sum an additional inducement for hunters from a distance to enter their hounds, have voted to divide it as follows: $10 to the best all-round foxhound owned outside of New England and New York; $5 to foxhound showing the most speed and endurance owned outside of New England and New York; $10 to best Derby entry bred outside New England and New York.

The *American Field* cup will be awarded to the hound making the highest general average in all classes and can be held for one year.

Mr. R. D. Perry offers the steel engraving "A Promising Litter," to the winner of the Derby, to become the personal property of any one winning it three times. Entries close at 9 P. M., Oct. 23. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

DORCHESTER, Mass.

Foxhounds in West Virginia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fox hunting season will soon be upon us again in full play. Even now the hills and woods ring with the bay of the "long ears" and the loud "halloo" of the huntsman, training his dogs and getting them in condition for the season's work.

We have several packs of very good foxhounds in this country, and we look for some grand sport in the near future. By the way, by all means add a special hunting department to your paper. Don't care if it is a special fox hunting department, as I think our interests have not been written up near as much as they would were a special space devoted to this most fascinating sport.

What will you say, brother fox hunter—will you support the move or not? Let us hear from all enthusiastic huuters of the "red rover." More anon. Success to FOREST AND STREAM. WEST VIRGINIA FOX HUNTER.

Open Crates.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some few weeks ago Mr. Michael Allen, of Chicago, sent two of his greyhounds—Woolfurd Boy and Roetzel's Fanny—here to "Fox" Kenny to train for the International meet at Huron.

In shipment Woolfurd Boy, through carelessness of the railroad employes, had his tail broken in two places, so badly that "Fox" was compelled to amputate about four inches of it. While it may not affect his running greatly, it does damage his looks.

From a similar experience, I would suggest to my friends and others, always screen the sides of a crate when shipping dogs, or only ventilate from the top. H. G. NICHOLS.

MITCHELL, S. D., Sept. 1.

Mr. Turpin will Judge at Nanuet.

Mr. B. S. Turpin has decided to judge at Nanuet. He hesitated because he has always thought a great deal of his Clyde's ability as a worker and wished to run him in the champion stake. As Mr. Turpin will have an opportunity to run his dog at Oxford, two weeks later, and in a country more suited to the small beagle; for the good of the fraternity we are pleased that Mr. Turpin has eventually acceded to the N. B. C.'s wishes. Mr. Turpin is now at North Conway, N. H., and reports great hunting weather up there, though he has no hounds with him. The mountain tops were covered with snow last Wednesday morning.

The International Meet and English Coursers.

THE international coursing meeting has not attracted any foreigners, and in order to give English coursers the full limit of time, and also because there are many coursers here who will be disappointed if they are deprived of the chance to win the largest coursing stake ever run for in the United States, the committee have decided to take nominations for the Columbus Cup until Oct. 2, at 11 A. M., at $52.50 for each nomination. The nominators up to Sept. 1 have not yet all been heard from, but it is thought that at least thirty-two nominations have been taken.

J. HERBERT WATSON, Chairman of Committee.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 7.

National Beagle Club Trials.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The premium lists and entry blanks for the fourth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America are now ready, and have been forwarded to all beagle owners I could think of. Should I have overlooked any one, I will be pleased to have them write me at Tarrytown, N. Y., and I will cheerfully furnish them at once. Entries close Oct. 5.

GEORGE LAICK, Sec'y.

New Blood.

The Strodes Valley Kennel Club, of which Dr. Miller is president, has its club house and kennels about eighteen miles from Lexington, Ky. This kennel had an excellently built couple of English hounds on exhibition that they have just imported from the Holderness Hunt, in Yorkshire, with which, when James Hall and his plucky daughter held the horn, we had many a good run on the Yorkshire wolds. The stallion hound is large and heavily built and will be used on the light bitches of the pack, and a better type will surely be the result.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

We believe that the coursing men of this country will be disappointed in the number of entries they expect from English cousins of the leash. English coursing men are very conservative, and it is not at all likely that they will go to the expense of bringing their best dogs over here on the eve of the commencement of their own coursing season when lots of stakes are offered and comparatively little exertion required on their part to compete for them. Neither Australian nor English dogs, we are afraid, can be counted upon to take any part in the meeting, and the coursing will probably resolve itself into a question of supremacy between Californian dogs and those from this side of the Rockies. It is too late now to expect English entries. If they are made, there is not time for training here, and it would be foolish for the English dogs to attempt competing without due preparation and acclimation. This was seen in the case of Norwegian, Belle of Eltham, Royal Crest and others. We sincerely trust that the stake will fill, for the rivalry between the Eastern dogs and those from the Pacific slope should afford a series of courses that will be memorable. As it is there is no doubt that the meeting will command more general interest among coursing men than any yet held, and the prizes offered are well worth winning. There are so many chances in the cup stake, the plate and the purse to win expenses at least, that greyhound men should make every effort to nominate. Any one can nominate and secure a dog to run for him from some other kennel.

The Australian Waterloo cup for 64 dogs, all ages, winner $1,000, has just been won by S. Bladen's Bloomer, by Livingston ex Bliss, owned by the same man, who won it last year. The 32 dog Waterloo purse went to R. Ritchie's Rosy Morn, by Rent Charge ex Rent Hind, and the Plate to Surrey, by Faugh-a-Ballah ex Janet. Belgravia, that won the cup last year, is now in England and will be seen in public during the coming year.

The well-known California greyhound bitch Lady H. Glendyne, owned by Mr. Hugh McCracken, has recently whelped four pups by Midnight, a dog bred by Mr. H. W. Smith, by Friday Night out of Mother Demdike. Lady H. Glendyne is by Trales out of Lady Graham Glendyne, and the combination of such bench show and field blood should result in something better than the average.

The California coursing men will show up strong in the coming International meet. Among the best known are Valley Queen, Vida Shaw, Longfellow, Wee Lassie and Joe McAuliff. Merced will also send some dogs and Skyrocket will also be among the nominations, but it is said Moondyne will not go.

The Albany Hunt Club has twelve and a half couple of hounds, and fifty-one members, among whom is Amasa J. Parker, who was connected with the defunct Albany Kennel Club.

Dr. Van Hummel was in De Soto, Wis., a couple of weeks since training his greyhounds for the International meeting.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

14. Beverly, 3d Buzzard's Bay Cham., Mon. Beach.
14. Rochester, Review and Ladies' Day, Charlotte, N. Y.
14. Mos. Fleet, Open, Cash, South Boston.
15. New York, autumn sweeps, New York.
16. Royal Nova Scotia, Special Class, Edwards Cup.
16. Royal Can., 30ft. Class, Tor.
16. Larchmont, Special, Schrs. and 85ft. Class, Larchmont.
16. Phila., Open, Delaware River.
16. Lynn, Expert Cup, Lynn, Mass.
21. Corinthian, Atlantic City.
23. Royal Can., Cosgrove Cup, 25ft. Class, Toronto.
23-24. Cor., San Fran., Cruise and Corinthian Games.
28. NEW YORK, AMERICA'S CUP, SANDY HOOK.

OCTOBER.

7. Miramichi, Chatham-Newcastle
7-8. Cor., San Francisco, Cruise.
14. Cor., San Fran., Closing Day.
14. Buffalo, Closing Cruise.
14. Commonwealth, Novelty Race, Boston Harbor.

AFTER a rest of nearly a year the high-speed launches have lately broken out into the brag and bluster over fictitious records which seems characteristic of this peculiar branch of yachting, the result being a fiasco which will cost some money and might easily have resulted more seriously than the scalding of one man. On Saturday several of these alleged 30-knot boats were chasing each other through the fleet, one in particular making a very prominent exhibition of herself. Flying a "champion" pennant, the meaning of which is not clear, as she has never raced, and with a crowd on deck waving bottles and hats, and loudly cheering themselves, she steamed around the big steamers as they lay at the finish. A little later she started for another "race" of that safe sort in which no times are taken and each boat wins, in the course of which her boiler gave out in some way. One of her competitors passed a line and started to tow her at a high speed, she sheering so violently that the bitts were torn out and her bow stove in by collision with a passing steamer. This class of yacht is a nuisance when its doings are confined to the newspapers, but it becomes a positive danger when let loose at full speed in a big fleet of yachts.

THE work of the America's Cup committee, always difficult, and this year presenting unusual difficulties and responsibilities, has been greatly lightened by the race of Monday, which made the selection of one particular boat a matter of certainty. The races thus far had been so devoid of any plain results that doubt existed on all hands as to the merits of the four contestants, but this race has simply excluded three of the four from the deliberations of the committee, and relieved them from all responsibility in the selection of the fourth boat. The committee and the club have also much to be thankful for in that the calms, fogs and other causes for postponements were absent this year, three races being sailed, as arranged, without a hitch or delay of any kind.

Beverly Y. C.

THE 203d race, fourth open sweepstakes, was sailed off Monument Beach, Sept. 2. Wind at start was a light westerly breeze, but it looked as if it would breeze up, and many of the smaller boats started reefed. After start wind shifted to S.W. and after third and fifth class boats had finished and second and fourth classes were nearing the line, an ugly S.W. squall broke, sending them all across the line within 90 seconds of each other and with all the wind they wanted. A feature of the race was the presence of the new Herreshoff boat Mojave in third class. She did exceedingly well, winning by 2½m., but part of this was due to the change of wind:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SECOND CLASS.			
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	23.09	2 05 43	1 52 04
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	23.08	2 06 12	1 52 27
Agawam, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.08	2 08 22	1 54 37
Ulula, W. H. Winship, B. Y. C.	22.08	2 08 42	1 53 42
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C.	23.09	2 08 49	1 55 10
THIRD CLASS.			
Mojave, W. N. Murray, B. Y. C.	20.00	1 36 27	1 22 46
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	19.07	1 39 01	1 24 52
Nobska, A. A. Beebe, B. Y. C.	19.09	1 40 43	1 26 45
Doris, John Parkinson, B. Y. C.	19.10	1 44 40	1 30 48
Scintilla, G. S. Fiske, B. Y. C.	19.00	1 48 09	1 33 19
Kaloola, H. N. Richards, B. Y. C.	19.08	1 49 28	1 35 25
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor, B. Y. C.	19.11	1 49 28	1 35 41
Daisy, H. Stockton, B. Y. C.	18.02	1 54 11	1 38 20
Vivian, N. Hucking, Jr., Onset.	19.05	Disabled.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	16.08	1 51 03	1 33 13
Zora, H. Parker, B. Y. C.	15.05	1 56 49	1 37 17
Squall, J. G. Palfrey, B. Y. C.	17.00	1 57 36	1 40 13
Charmion, J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C.	16.00	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Axe, Louis Bacon, B. Y. C.	11.08	1 10 07	0 51 49
Kid, W. R. Peabody, B. Y. C.	12.00	1 13 21	0 55 39
P. D. Q., R. W. Emmons, B. Y. C.	12.00	Disabled.	

Second class, Gymnote first, Anonyma second, Ulula third. Third class, Mojave first, Gilt Edge second, Nobska third. Fourth class, Dawdle first, Zora second. Fifth class, Axe. Judges, N. H. Emmons, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

The 204th race, second open race, was sailed Sept. 9 at Monument Beach in a moderate and very streaky northwester.

In first and second classes the Crosbys carried off the honors, their boats being very fast and beautifully built and finished, a great improvement on their previous boats. They were not only fast, but good, comfortable and very well built boats.

In third class the famous Herreshoff Mojave had a bad beating from Gilt Edge, and from the manner in which she reefed down it looked as if she would not be in it with the local boats in an ordinary southwester. Unfortunately both her races were sailed in moderate westerly breezes and smooth water, a very uncommon thing on the bay.

In fourth class Fin misread course and in place of running home from Dry Ledge, went out to Abiel's Ledge and Pines Bouy and then home, changing a 5½ mile course to a 7½ mile course. In spite of this she was fourth boat, but was ruled out for leaving Pines on wrong hand.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Sequel, W. Crosby, Osterville.	26.02	1 53 17	1 43 09
Flight, J. E. Hiller, Sip. Y. C.	26.08	1 54 40	1 45 00
Wynona, E. B. Robinson, Jr, Calumet.	24.03	. . ..	. . ..
SECOND CLASS.			
Myrtle, Dan Crosby, Osterville.	23.03	1 51 11	1 37 58
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	23.09	1 54 58	1 41 19
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	23.08	1 55 16	1 42 31
Come On, W. W. Phinney, Mon. Beach.	23.06	1 55 19	1 42 23
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C.	23.09	1 55 20	1 42 51
Defiance, H. E. Perry, Mon. Beach.	22.11	1 57 25	1 43 49
Agawam, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.08	1 57 29	1 44 44
Ulula, W. H. Winship, B. Y. C.	22.08	2 05 20	1 51 29
Mollie, S. P. Hill, Mon. Beach.	23.10	2 06 44	1 54 11
Lestris, S. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C.	22.08	2 16 15	2 02 19
Gertrude, W. P. B. Weeks, Mattapoisett.	21.00	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	19.07	1 57 18	1 39 23
Mojave, W. Y. Murray, B. Y. C.	20.00	2 00 26	1 43 06
Nobska, A. A. Beebe, B. Y. C.	19.09	2 01 50	1 44 09
Vivian, G. Huckins, Jr., Onset.	19.05	2 03 35	1 45 25
Kaloola, H. N. Richards, B. Y. C.	19.08	2 06 23	1 48 35
Doris, John Parkinson, B. Y. C.	19.10	2 11 57	1 54 23
Scintilla, G. S. Fiske, B. Y. C.	19.00	2 15 41	1 56 54
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor, B. Y. C.	19.11	2 16 28	1 59 01
Dolly, R. F. Curry, Mon. Beach. C.	20.00	2 20 38	2 03 18
Mizpah, E. Brower, Brandt Island.	19.00	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	16.08	1 44 21	1 31 16
Squall, J. G. Palfrey, B. Y. C.	17.00	1 45 15	1 32 30
Edith, Strong, Marlon.	17.00	1 46 01	1 33 16
Fin, L. M. Stockton, B. Y. C.	16.11	1 47 15	1 34 26
Kitten, Toby Club, B. Y. C.	17.00	1 49 03	1 36 18
Weona, H. Ware, B. Y. C.	14.01	1 49 51	1 33 21
Zora, H. D. Parker, B. Y. C.	15.05	1 52 30	1 38 03
Cygnet, E. Fenno, Jr., B. Y. C.	16.10	1 52 44	1 39 50
FIFTH CLASS.			
Raccoon, J. L. Stakpole, Jr., B. Y. C.	11.06	1 00 25	0 46 16
P. D. Q., R. W. Emmons, B. Y. C.	12.00	1 01 19	0 48 02
Kid, W. R. Peabody, B. Y. C.	12.00	1 11 20	0 58 03
Axe, Louis Bacon, B. Y. C.	11.08	Parted jib halyards.	

Winners: Class 1, first, Sequel; Class 2, Myrtle first, Gymnote second, Come On third; Class 3, Gilt Edge first, Mojave second, Nobska third; Class 4, Dawdle first, Squall second, Edith third; Class 5, Raccoon first, P. D. Q. second.

Fin ruled out.

Judges, W. Lloyd Jeffries and N. H. Emmons.

Tacoma Y. C.

MAURY ISLAND—PUGET SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

REGATTA under the auspices of the Tacoma Y. C., sailed under the rules of the N. W. I. Y. A.; distance 15 knots, weather cloudy, wind southwest, tide ebb:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected
FIRST CLASS.			
Rainier, W. C. Heilbron.	39.06	did not round buoy No. 3.	
Gracie Felitz, A. M. Towle.	33.11	2 40 23	2 39 57
Margery, G. H. Heilbron.	36.07	3 04 00	3 02 15
SECOND CLASS.			
Xora, J. Wall.	33.11	2 55 40	2 55 40
Venture, E. G. Griggs.	18.02	3 07 46	2 55 58
Dores, J. Nelson.	26.10	3 14 12	3 08 53
Bremerton, W. Hensel.	15.03	3 23 39	3 09 59
Francel, J. Leach.	30.04	3 21 07	3 18 26
Constance, F. W. Snow.	23.11	3 28 31	3 21 01
Belle, E. S. Hall.	19.00	3 34 12	3 23 12
Mermaid, W. E. Farr.	14.08	52 12	3 37 42
Rose Henley, N. Henley.	27.00	44 58	3 39 47

Winners, first prize, class one, Gracie Felitz; class two, Xora second prize, class one, Margery; class two, Venture; third prize class two, Dores.

Regatta committee: H. Hurley, E. Irving Halsted, F. M. Caldwell. Judges: Stephen Holbrooke, G. W. Delamater, Sheppard.

THE CUP DEFENDERS OF 1893.

Yacht.	Owners.	Designer.	Builder.	Type.	Rig.	Length.—Over all.	Length.—l.w.l.	Beam.	Draft.	Sail area sq. ft.	Racing Length.—Actual.	Racing Length.—Amended.	Allowance for 30 miles naut.
Vigilant	C. O. Iselin et al	N. G. Herreshoff	Herreshoff Mfg. Co.	Keel-centerboard	Cutter	128ft.	86.12ft.	26ft.	14ft.	11,312	96.24	96 80	Allows.
Colonia	Arch. Rogers et al	N. G. Herreshoff	Herreshoff Mfg. Co.	Keel	Cutter	126ft.	85.48ft.	24ft.	15ft. 9in.	11,355	96.02	96.26	14sec.
Jubilee	Gen. Chas. J. Paine	John B. Paine	Lawley Co.	Bulb-fin centerboard.	Cutter.	123ft.	84.47ft.	22ft. 6in	14ft.	11,340	95.48	95.48	37sec.
Pilgrim	R. S. Palmer et al	Stewart & Binney	Pusey & Jones	Bulb fin-keel	Cutter.	120ft.	85.28ft.	23ft	22ft.	10,269	93.31	93.45	1m. 39s.

The allowances are calculated on the basis suggested by Lord Dunraven, that any yacht exceeding the limit of 85ft. l.w.l. by more than 2% shall be disqualified from racing, and that any excess under 2% shall be doubled. Thus Vigilant is 86.12ft. or 1.12ft. over the limit, her waterline being assumed as 87.24, or 2.24ft. excess in place of 1.12ft. Jubilee is the only one of the four which escapes a penalty by being under the limit. Valkyrie will probably be penalized a little in the Cup races.

THE TRIAL RACES.

THE trial races for the selection of a defender for the America's Cup are hardly less important and interesting from a technical standpoint than the Cup races themselves, in fact, the question of type has at times entered into them even more than in the principal races to which they were but auxiliary. The first trial races were sailed in 1881, at a time when the question of type as between the old centerboard sloop and the modified "compromise," involving the issues of lead ballast, deeper form, lighter construction and modified rig, was argued with considerable heat and friction.

The new school was then represented by Mischief, the "iron pot" as she is now termed with respect and affection by all of her old adherents. Opposed to her were Hildegarde and Gracie, existing wooden sloops of the old type, and the new Pocahontas, the first yacht built for a Cup defender, but embodying even more thoroughly if possible than Gracie and Hildegarde the ideas of the old school of American yachtsmen.

All who witnessed the races, which resulted in the early withdrawal of Hildegarde, the failure of Pocahontas and the final victory of Mischief over Gracie, will recall the intense feeling between the different parties. The real excitement of the year laid in the trial races; after they were over the Cup races and the defeat of Atlanta were very tame affairs, with no special issues other than the nominal one of international competition, which was necessarily very slight, the challenger being a centerboard sloop of the common American type built in Canada.

The trial races of four years later marked a great advance in yacht designing; then the modified sloop, as represented by Mischief in 1881, was on the defensive as the "old," while the "new" was represented by a still greater "compromise," the centerboard cutter Puritan.

Apart from the question of type, over which excitement ran high, there was a strong local feeling between New York and Boston, a feeling which went even further than friendly rivalry and competition, and was marked by a good deal of bitterness and jealousy.

The New York representative, Priscilla, was as first launched an enlarged Mischief, an improved and modernized sloop, but still in model and rig distinctively a sloop. The Boston yacht was a "compromise" to an extent never before tried save in some small craft, combining the beam, moderate depth of body, and centerboard of the American sloop with the lead keel, increased draft and proportions of sail plan of the British cutter.

The main issue of the year was naturally the successful defense of the Cup by an American yacht against a typical narrow and deep keel cutter, but hardly less exciting was the preliminary contest between the two types represented in the trial races.

The results of the two series of trial and Cup races were most curious and at first sight might seem contradictory; the preliminary trials and subsequent alterations of Priscilla, followed by the success of Puritan, demonstrated the value of the cutter rig, with some modifications of detail, as opposed to the old sloop rig, and also the advantage of a deep keel with the ballast in it. The victory of Puritan over Genesta, confirmed by the Cup races of the following year, proved the value of moderate beam, depth and displacement as opposed to the extreme narrow beam and great displacement of the British cutter.

The results of these races, though some were not immediately visible, were the abandonment of the old type of centerboard sloop, in model, ballasting construction and rig, and on the other hand, the abandonment of the old British tonnage rule with its severe restriction on beam. Taken altogether, the whole international contest of 1885 has led to greater changes in yacht designing than have ever taken place at one period before or since.

The trial and Cup races of 1886 were among the least interesting of these noted contests, the local issue between New York and Boston was completely buried with the successful defense of the Cup by Puritan and the prompt commencement of another Cup defender by Gen. Paine; and the performances of the two New York boats, the altered Priscilla and the new Atlantic, awakened but little interest. In the same way the technical interest disappeared with the general adoption by Americans of the new Puritan as the national type, all past arguments and controversies over the ancient sloop being quietly and decently buried out of sight.

Mayflower was but an enlarged Puritan, just as Galatea, the challenger of the year, was an enlarged Genesta, and all technical interest in the races had largely disappeared with the defeat of Genesta, while the poor performances of Galatea at home had discounted her success here. Although a certain interest and excitement attached to the first meeting of the quartette of Cup defenders, Mayflower, Puritan, Priscilla and Atlantic, in the early regattas, it did not survive the August cruise; and the trial races were very dull and perfunctory affairs, the selection of Mayflower being a foregone conclusion.

The cup races too were unusually dull, being sailed in the lightest of weather, in which Galatea showed to the worst possible disadvantage. Genesta was lucky in having one day in which she made a good showing and came within a small margin of winning, but even this was denied to Galatea by the whims of the weather, though it was afterward proved that she could do nothing with Mayflower in a breeze and rough water. The trial races of 1886 were void of results, merely showing the value of increased power through depth of lead keel, and the cup races were useful only in giving the final quietus to the tonnage rule of the Y. R. A.

The domestic side of the races of 1887 was much like that of the preceding year, Volunteer was a larger and more powerful Mayflower, and her success over that yacht and Puritan was assured almost from the selection of her crude quantities; the trial races proving nothing more than had been shown in the first meeting of the three. Like Mayflower, Volunteer was quietly accepted as a New York boat, built by a member of the New York Y. C. to defend the club's cup, and local issues between Boston and New York were forgotten.

So far as the trial races were concerned, there was nothing at stake, local, personal and techical issues had disappeared in the general recognition of Mr. Burgess and General Paine as the champions of the nation, the head of the work of Cup defense; and in the adoption of the three Boston boats as the only representatives of the national type of "compromise sloop."

The Cup races, however, had assumed a very different aspect, the challenger being no longer a typical narrow cutter, but a much wider boat, her designer having quickly availed himself of the increased advantages offered by the new rating rule adopted at the end of 1886. While distinctly a keel cutter, Thistle was 5ft. wider than the two previous challengers on about the same length, and her rig differed from theirs in that the mast was placed further forward and the mainsail was laced to the boom.

In view of subsequent developments, Thistle, with her beautifully curved form and rounded keel must be considered as a brilliant but unsuccessful experiment in the direction of building a home yacht to suit foreign rules and conditions, something never before attempted by either side in international racing. Successful as she proved with the deep and narrow cutter at home, she was badly beaten by Volunteer on this side.

The results of the Volunteer-Thistle races were but slight on each side, being probably of more value to Thistle's designer than to either British or American yachtsmen at large. Thistle's failure had no retarding effect on designing abroad, she being soon followed by such successful boats as Yarana and the first Valkyrie, and on this side the Burgess-Paine boats had been firmly accepted as the one standard of perfection, so that Volunteer's success made no material change.

As all international competition promptly ceased with the adoption of the new deed of gift at the termination of the last Volunteer-Thistle race, it is impossible to say just what results would have followed had it been necessary to construct a new defender in 1888; but it is tolerably certain that while American yachtsmen as a body placed a very low estimate on Thistle, that these most deeply interested and most qualified to judge, Mr. Burgess and General Paine, entertained a much higher opinion of her, and that another Cup defender from their hands would have shown further departures from Puritan and Mayflower.

While all progress in designing was not necessarily stopped by the cessation of the Cup racing, it was kept alive only in the classes under 70ft. and in the schooners; mainly, in fact, in the classes under 40ft. So far as the mere designing goes, the loss was not so great; but the construction of a racing cutter, keel or centerboard, of 86ft. waterline is a matter of special engineering which can gain little from experiments in the 40ft. or 21ft. classes.

The changes of the last three years, first the evolution of the fin-keel, then the introduction of the new form of body, with its very full waterlines and long, easy diagonals, and finally the replacement of the plain lead fin by the plate fin and lead bulb, have been so many and so radical that it is a difficult matter to sum up the present condition of yacht designing, and to say just what advance has been made; and it is quite likely that the present trial and Cup races may shed little light on the many complicated questions that are vexing yachtsmen. The direct issues in the present trial races may, however, be readily summed up.

In the first place, the old local feeling between Boston and New York has been revived and quickened in a most curious manner; while it runs as high as in the days of Priscilla and Puritan, it has a far less substantial basis, as the four new Cup defenders are purely of Yankee origin in design and construction, save that Pilgrim was partly built on the Delaware, like Volunteer. The two "New York" boats are simply so because they were bought with New York money, but both were built in the East, although one was canvased by a New York firm of sailmakers.

There is perhaps nothing which could contribute more to the successful growth of American yachting than a keen but friendly rivalry between the two great yachting centers; but to be of any benefit such a rivalry should be based on the merits of local designers and builders, and not on the mere ownership of boats from the same locality. It is a reproach to New York that with all her claims of leadership and her old-time reputation in all branches of marine architecture, her home-built boats have completely disappeared from the Cup contests. So far as the local issues are concerned this year they are interesting to those immediately connected with the various yachts.

The technical issues are more clearly defined and of far greater importance, and it is a matter for regret that owing to the lack of early preparation it is now doubtful whether the full benefits will be obtained from a most expensive experimental fleet. If the present trial races could be followed by a short period for necessary alterations and then a month of hard racing, the merits and defects of the four different types might be closely determined, but it seems almost certain now that the season will end with a few more trial races, in which few conclusive results will be reached, and that by next season the four will have disappeared from racing, the class dying out again, or in the event of its continuance, the present boats being outbuilt during the winter. The four types may be classed as follows:

Keel cutter.
Keel-centerboard cutter.
Bulb-fin keel.
Bulb-fin centerboard.

Half a dozen years since this lingo would have been Greek to the most experienced yachtsman, but to-day any ten year old boy who lives within three miles of Long Island Sound could give a full explanation of it.

Colonia is the first keel boat built to defend the America's Cup, although the old yacht herself has always been a keel boat, and a number of keel schooners have sailed at times in the fleets which have been opposed to two of the various challengers. In model Colonia has nothing in common with the old yachts of either side, the narrow cutter or the shallow sloop, but her form is the result of a general process of evolution carried out in common by American and British designers for the last four years. The main points of this development, the reduction of displacement and frictional surface, are directly traceable to the tax on sail imposed by the new Y. R. A. rating rule which replaced the tonnage rule in 1886 in England, the influence in these directions being slight at first, but strongly felt about 1890 and increasing ever since.

The retirement of the Herreshoffs to the designing of sailing yachts, in 1891, is marked by the feature of extreme beam and draft with reduced displacement in Gloriana, and in the fall of the same year, in Dilemma, by the adoption of the canoe-shaped hull and fin-keel in a new and extreme form, the fin being, instead of a thick lead keel with the deadwoods fore and aft omitted, a thin plate of steel with the weight of ballast concentrated at the lowest possible point in the form of a lead bulb or cigar affixed to the bottom of the fin.

Radical as were these departures from the then popular form, they were accompanied by a still more extreme feature in the abnormal fullness of the waterlines, accompanied by long, clean and easy diagonals and section lines, leading to a great length of overhang at each end. A careful study of the successful racing yachts, American and British, of the last four or five years will show that while Gloriana, Wasp and Dilemma combine more extreme features than any other yachts, these features by no means originate exclusively in them, but are the results of a clearly marked course of evolution in which each of the leading designers has taken part, the result being a very close agreement in dimensions, models and what are popularly classed as "freak" features in all of the recent racing yachts.

Colonia, like her prototype Wasp, represents but a medium stage in this extreme development, possessing the long, easily lined hull, and the overhanging ends, but with the fin only partially developed, representing an intermediate stage between the wide cutter, such as Thistle or the first Valkyrie, and the pure fin-keel. While allied to the older cutters in construction, her frames and plating running down to and through keel, she has some time deadwood at the fore end is freely cut away, and the lower part of the hull is thin and deep, approaching closely the fin, while the outside lead keel is considerably bulbed.

While the depth of this fin is considerably in excess of the draft of the older cutters, the total draft of Colonia being about 15ft. 9in., while Thistle, Genesta and Galatea drew just 13ft. each, it by no means approaches the proportional draft of the successful keel boats, such as Minerva, Gloriana and Wasp. The proper draft for a given length and sail area is hardly a matter of exact calculation, any more than the sail area is, but figures are at least useful as a basis of comparison. In the 40ft. and 46ft. classes the ratio of draft to waterline ranges from 23% in the low-powered boats like Minerva, to about 26% in the high-powered, an increase of lateral resistance of course accompanying a larger sail plan. In the older of the large cutters, all of which have failed to windward beside the deep centerboard boats, the ratio is as low as 15%, a very low figure, even after a liberal allowance for the reduced proportion of draft which accompanies the doubling of the waterline length. In Colonia the ratio in spite of her high power, is only 18¼% or little more, in proportion to her power, than in Thistle.

Compared with Thistle, the lateral plane of Colonia is vastly more effective, presenting a flat side of considerable depth in place of easy-flowing curves; but compared with Wasp, of similar form and power, the proportion of draft is far less than the figures would indicate as necessary, perhaps 21%, or a total draft of 18ft. While these figures and conclusions may be crude and incomplete, they at least indicate a line of thought which may be profitably followed in estimating Colonia's importance as an exponent of the keel type.

The other Herreshoff boat, Vigilant, is of the same general form, the exact difference being best indicated by the dimensions, some 2ft. more beam, 2¼ft. less draft, and the addition of a centerboard, the displacement being less by some 15 tons. One important difference between the two is the material of the skin. Vigilant being plated with Tobin bronze, a smooth and non-corrosive alloy, while Colonia, like the two Boston boats, is plated with steel.

The most extreme of the four is the bulb-fin Pilgrim, a boat of small displacement and easy form, not unlike a canoe, the draft of hull being but 5ft., while beneath it is a depth of fin of 17ft. At the bottom of this fin, which in itself weighs some 15 tons, is the lead bulb of about 17 tons, its length being about 18ft. The yacht has no centerboard, relying entirely on her keel for lateral resistance.

The fourth boat is less extreme than Pilgrim but no less odd and interesting; the hull is similar in general form, but of greater displacement and with fuller lines, especially aft, while the ends are much blunter. The fin is similar in form and construction, though attached to the bull in a different manner, and it is much shoaler, the total draft being but 14ft. as against 22ft. The depth of body is a little greater than in Pilgrim, making only about 8ft. of fin. The lead bulb is longer and larger, projecting 3ft. beyond the after side of the fin and weighing some 40 tons. Through the fin a centerboard works, increasing the total draft to about 22ft.

The sail plans of the four are substantially the same in outline and details, and apart from the bronze bottom of Vigilant there is little difference in construction, either in hull, rigging or sails; the main points of difference being in dimensions and type, as already described.

This difference is so great, and the accompanying effect on the future of yacht designing must be so powerful that a thorough test of each yacht is in every way desirable; but the indications now are that the trial races will afford only a partial and inconclusive test as a basis for next year's work.

The earlier races of the four and their preparation for the trial races have already been described. The alterations made in Pilgrim included the removal of her lead bulb and the insertion of two plates of lead, each weighing about 2½ tons, between the fin and each half bulb, the whole being bolted through again, as in the first place. The spars were also lengthened about 3ft. all around and new sails provided.

The fleet has made its headquarters off Bay Ridge, though Pilgrim has anchored at times off Stapleton. Vigilant has been served by her faithful handmaiden, Hattie Palmer; Colonia has had a large tugboat in attendance for towing and stripping; Pilgrim has had an old hulk for the latter purpose, while Jubilee has chartered the nondescript yacht named Harlequin but better known as the Lightship, which has for so long lain idle in Wintringham's Basin.

On board of Colonia have been Rear-Com. Rogers and Mr. John E. Brooks, with Captain Rhodes, of Lasca, and Captain Berry, of Katrina, and this year in Wasp. On Jubilee are General Paine, Messrs. John B. and Sumner Paine, G. H. Richards, Joseph Fay, Fred Woods and Dr. Bryant, while Capt. Charles Barr is sailing with his brother. On Pilgrim are Messrs. Stewart, Palmer and the two Adams brothers, while Captain Newcomb, of Fortuna, accompanies Captain Sherlock. On Vigilant are Mr. Iselin, Vice-Com. W. Butler Duncan, Messrs. Herreshoff, Willard, Leeds, Belmont and Captain Terry, of Grayling. It will be seen that most of the talent, amateur and professional, of New York and Boston is busy with this fleet.

Pilgrim was measured at Boston, Mr. Hyslop going there for the purpose. Vigilant was first measured at New Rochelle, but after Thursday's race she called for a remeasurement, which was made on Friday afternoon in the Erie Basin. According to this measurement, as given in the table, she is some two inches shorter than as first measured, the difference being ascribed to the wet decks and sails on the first occasion, everything being perfectly dry on the second. Jubilee was measured at the same time, while Colonia was measured on Thursday morning after leaving the ways. After Thursday's race Mr. Wilson of Boston, called on Mr. Sawyer for aid, and a gang of sailmakers was set to work to cut Colonia's mainsail, the head being cut 2ft. on the leech and 2ft. on the luff; while her spinaker was meuded, having been badly torn at the finish of the race.

First Trial Race—Thursday, Sept. 7.

Windward and Leeward, 15 Miles.

Thursday morning promised well for a race, the wind being fresh from the south and likely to increase, while the day was clear and bright, with a warm sun tempered by the sea breeze. The four big racers were towed down from Bay Ridge to Sandy Hook, running inside the Hook to set their canvas and standing out under sail for the Scotland Lightship. A large fleet of yachts and steamers was under way from the city by 9:30 in anticipation of a punctual start, the big Valiant towering over the other yachts. Many parties went out on tugboats, the Larchmont, Seawanbaka, Marine and Field and other yacht clubs each having a boat. The interest in the race was shown by the crowds on some of the large outside steamers.

Colonia was the first to get under way after dropping her towline and setting sail. Jubilee and Vigilant each came out with jibheaders set in stops, but to the surprise of most of the spectators Vigilant, when off the Lightship, sent hers down and at once began to house her topmast. Jubilee followed her, while Colonia, after sailing about for a time to try the wind, shifted her clubtopsail for a jibheader. The three were ready, but there were no signs of a fourth boat, though Pilgrim was inside the Hook when the steam fleet passed down. She was made out, still inside, but in tow of a tug that was heading for the Horseshoe. Many guesses were made as to the cause of her withdrawal, and it was learned later that it was due to her gaff jaws. She had been fitted in Boston with a new pair of jaws with a universal joint, some untried device, and when the sail was hoisted the joint allowed the fore end of the gaff to swing around alongside of the mast. There was nothing to do but to tow to Bay Ridge, where Wintringham's smith set to work at once to make a pair of strong reliable jaws for the next race.

About 11 o'clock the flagship May, with Com. Morgan on board, accompanied by the Cup committee and regatta committee, anchored N.E. of the Scotland Lightship and set the course signals, S. by E. 15 miles; the large tug Edgar F. Luckenbach, successor to the old Luckenbach, of the Puritan—Genesta races, started off in charge of Superintendent Neils Olsen, to lay out the course. On her stern she carried a float with a red flag, which she anchored in the proper position, meanwhile lying by with a large red ball at her masthead until all the racers had passed.

The wind was now fresh and steady, and none too strong for working topsails provided that it did not increase, but the barometer was falling, the indications being of more rather than less wind later on. The sea was but moderate, rolling the big steamers and sending some of the ladies to look over the rail.

Jubilee was in trouble just before the start, the upper batten flying out of her jib and rocketing through the air, and then her jib sheet parting, the wire pendant giving way. She lowered the sail but was unable to repair damages before the starting gun was fired at 11:45:00, the preparatory gun having already been fired ten minutes before, and she went over the line with her jib down.

Vigilant crossed first on starboard tack, at 11:45:27. Jubilee, timed at 11:45:35, being close on her weather quarter. Colonia waited a little, crossing at 11:46:46, and as she went over made a tack and stood in for the Jersey beach. Jubilee had her jib up in a little time, and was going well. At 11:50 Vigilant swung about on port tack after Colonia, and Jubilee followed. She had hardly trimmed down on the new tack, however, before she met with another mishap, the block on the middle span of her peak halliards broke, the pieces flying in the air, and she was permanently disabled, at once giving up and starting for Bay Ridge.

This misbap put a new complexion on the race, which all had looked to as a duel between Jubilee and Vigilant, Colonia being hardly dangerous in the popular estimation. Now it was Vigilant and Colonia, the Herreshoff cup centerboard against the Herreshoff keel. Colonia stood in under the Highlands and at 11:55 made a tack off shore; Vigilant stood along until well to windward of Colonia and tacked at 12:01, planting herself about 150yds. from Colonia's weather bow.

The two were fairly started now, with some dozen miles to go and perfectly fair and even conditions. Vigilant was carrying three lower sails, with topmast housed, and was holding to windward as well as pointing high. Colonia had her topmast on end and working topsail set, and in spite of the extra sail and weight she was heeling no more than Vigilant. The two were taking the seas about the same, Colonia seeming to swing off more when struck than the other, but going as easily through them. At Vigilant's wheel was Mr. Herreshoff, seated on the weather side of the wheel box, while Capt. Hansen was to leeward, the two taking turns in steering.

Capt. Haff was steering Colonia. It was evident from the first that Colonia could not hold on with the centerboard boat, and Capt. Haff was as quick to understand this as any of the spectators; instead of trying to point with Vigilant he kept his boat full and always moving, with the result that she soon showed a decided lead in distance, though continually going to leeward. What the result would be was a matter of doubt, but disregarding all temptation to pinch up and get beside the other, Colonia was kept footing as fast as she could be put through the water.

At 12:45 Vigilant went on port tack and Colonia followed 3m. later, having made a decided gain from the start. At 1 o'clock there was a light baze over the sea and the wind had fallen a little, the anticipations of Vigilant's crew not being realized. She began to need her topsail now if she had not before and in the next quarter of an hour Colonia was still closer to her. At 1:10 the work of setting up her topmast began on Vigilant, the spar being quickly hoisted and fidded, but the work of setting the topsail was very slowly done, and it was not until 1:33 that the sail was broken out and sheeted home. A number of men were aloft all this time, the lacing holes being small and the work of passing the lacing being difficult.

The two now made a bitch off shore, Colonia being first to tack and held it for over 20m., at the end of which time, with her topsail now drawing and both wind and sea lighter, Vigilant began to show a slight gain. When Colonia tacked at 1:45 she only held on for a couple of minutes until Vigilant was fairly about and then she swung back to the offshore tack. Vigilant immediately doing the same.

The wind was now working more to the west of south, shifting and breaking off one or the other, though neither gained much by these brief puffs. Vigilant was doing better work as she neared the mark, her topsail helping her greatly. She made her last tack at 1:55, and passed the mark, leaving it on the starboard hand at 2:03:35. Colonia was timed at 2:06:30, or 2.55s later. The elapsed times from the start being, consequently: Vigilant 2.18.08, Colonia 2.19.44. Considering the recognized ability of Vigilant to windward, as demonstrated in the Astor cup and other races of the cruise, this is a remarkable showing for Colonia. Vigilant passed the mark with spinaker boom lowered to port and spinaker set in stops, breaking it out within a minute and a half. Colonia was but little slower, both having improved since the cruise. Balloon jibtopsails were also set and beadsails lowered.

The run in was uneventful, it was impossible by the eye to gauge the difference between the boats, and opinions differed as to whether Vigilant or Colonia was gaining. When near the finish the wind went to the west and Vigilant's spinaker came in at 3:09, Colonia carrying hers

for three minutes longer and about one minute too long, as the pole lifted nearly to the forestay and the sail was torn in handling it. The times off the Lightship were: Vigilant 3:33:41, Colonia 3:33:55. This made the race very close, the allowance being but 20s. The full times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	11 46 46	3 20 41	3 33 55	3 33 55
Vigilant	11 45 27	3 19 08	3 33 41	3 33 41
Jubilee	11 45 35	Withdrew.		

FROM START TO OUTER MARK.

Vigilant	2 18 08
Colonia	2 19 44

FROM OUTER MARK TO FINISH.

Colonia	1 14 11
Vigilant	1 15 32

Both could well have carried clubtopsails in coming home, in fact, none of the older Cup defenders would have hesitated to shift to clubtopsails for a 15-mile run in such a breeze. It is possible, however, that neither had her topsail yards aboard, and each was probably glad that the other did not force her to set a jackyarder.

The result of the race was a surprise to many, not the least of all to the Vigilant party, as they had feared Jubilee as a dangerous possibility, but had given little thought to Colonia on the wind. So far as the selection of a Cup defender went, the race only added to the difficulty of the task imposed on the Cup Committee, the result being inconclusive and perplexing in view of what was already known about the two boats. There was general regret that the two Boston boats were out. The race was finished so early that the whole fleet was back at the city by 5:30, a piece of good luck that all who remembered the many postponements, delays and late finishes of the trial races of 1885 were not slow to appreciate.

Second Trial Race—Saturday, Sept. 9.

Triangular Course, 15 Miles.

By Saturday the two Boston boats had repaired all damages, and the four were off the Scotland by 11 o'clock. The day was not unlike Thursday, but even more of a ladies' day, light wind and no sea, the breeze being from E. S. E. A rather smaller attendance of yachts was present in the morning, but many came down later to see the finish. May again anchored N.E. of the ship and set the signals for the three legs of the course, each ten miles; E.S.E., S.W. by W. and N.W. ½ N. The tugs started off to buoy the course and at 11:20 the preparatory gun was fired.

The yachts were working about the start, all with clubtopsails set and baby jibtopsails up in stops. As Colonia passed some of the large excursion steamers she was saluted with loud cheers for "Hank" Haff. She and Vigilant stayed close by the line, but Jubilee was inshore and Pilgrim quite a distance down the beach. Her new mainsail was sitting well and she appeared in perfect condition. As the time drew near she came up, and was first over the line, 39s. after the gun. Colonia followed closely, and her weather quarter, then came a gap of a couple of hundred yards before Jubilee crossed, astern of the two, while Vigilant, with a small handicap, followed on Jubilee's weather quarter. The start was timed: Pilgrim 11:30:39, Colonia 11:30:54, Jubilee 11:31:51, Vigilant 11:32:00. Vigilant was handicapped 13s.

All went over on starboard tack, the first leg being dead to windward. Pilgrim broke out a little triangular bit of canvas on her topmast stay, hardly more than clews and tablings with no middle. Colonia set her smallest jibtopsail, and Jubilee and Vigilant each set baby jibtopsails considerably larger than Pilgrim's. Colonia tacked inshore about three minutes after crossing the line, and Pilgrim followed her about, leaving Jubilee and Vigilant on the crossing tack, which, by dint of a shift of the wind in the middle of the leg, they held to the first mark, thus making merely a close reach out of what was intended for sharp windward work.

Colonia only held her port tack until she was well to windward of the other two, when she again tacked, but Pilgrim stood well in shore before coming about, putting her to windward, but astern of the fleet. Vigilant was making a hot chase after Jubilee, and in a little while was square on her weather beam, but she could get no further, Jubilee now had her turn, and footed out from under Vigilant and drew clear ahead. Colonia was coming down fast, though not holding to windward, and first placed herself on Vigilant's weather beam and then drew clear ahead. She was losing all the time, however, for with a start of over a minute she was, at the end of twenty minutes, really astern of Vigilant, the latter yacht luffing out as soon as Colonia had cleared her, while the keel boat, though running ahead fast, was sagging to leeward of both Vigilant and Jubilee.

As Colonia neared her, Capt. Barr gave Jubilee a hard luff that shot her out to windward, and as soon as she had gathered way again he followed it with another like rally, keeping her well clear of all possible entanglements with Colonia.

At noon Jubilee was in the lead, to windward of Vigilant's course and an eighth of a mile ahead, Colonia being between the two in distance, but down under Jubilee's lee quarter. Pilgrim was to windward, but quite a long distance astern of Jubilee. At 12:10 she awoke to the fact that her doll-baby jibtopsail was doing more harm than good, and as the wind was now freeing the fleet, she replaced it by a small jibtopsail. All could now fetch the mark and the wind was a trifle fresher.

Jubilee, Vigilant and Colonia held their relative positions quite closely over the last part of the leg, Colonia losing a little. Jubilee passed to leeward of the mark and tacked to go by it, but she had made a sad miscalculation; no sooner was she on port tack than Vigilant loomed up ahead of her with the right of way, and there was nothing for it but to tack under Vigilant's lee and stand on until she was out of the way.

Pilgrim had been held high and when eased off she came down very fast for the mark, making it a question whether she would not serve Vigilant as the other had served Jubilee a minute before. Luck was with the bronze boat, however, and though on the wrong tack she had room to clear Pilgrim's bows as she rounded the mark. Poor Jubilee had now tacked for the second time to round, but she was face to face with Pilgrim this time, and only fell into third place astern of her. Colonia had tacked when Jubilee first did, but being to leeward she was last boat, and clear of all the others. She went by the mark with a pilot's luff, barely clearing it. The times at the mark were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Vigilant	1 08 28	1 36 28
Pilgrim	1 09 09	1 38 30
Jubilee	1 10 25	1 38 34
Colonia	1 10 50	1 39 56

Jubilee must be credited with the best work over this leg, though she lost all that she had gained by her blunder at the mark. As between her and Vigilant there was little to choose, however, the latter having lost something in being blanketed by Colonia. Colonia under these conditions of smooth water and light wind was decidedly inferior to her form of Thursday, and never was really dangerous. Pilgrim made a far better showing than in any previous race, being well up with the leaders, as it was, robbing Jubilee of second place.

The second leg should have been a reach, but as it proved the yachts had to lie close to fetch. Pilgrim did some smart work at the first mark, sending down her No. 2 jibtopsail and quickly setting the No. 1; but the sail proved more than she wanted. Jubilee carried her No. 2 jibtopsail over the second leg, but it was lifting much of the time and helping her little. Vigilant at once worked to windward, Pilgrim being to leeward of her and a quarter of a mile astern by the time they had covered a third of the leg. Jubilee was also held high, in Vigilant's wake by nearly half a mile. Colonia was doing poorly, dropping astern and to leeward. In spite of her jibtopsail Jubilee gradually picked up, and at 1:40 was abeam of Pilgrim, soon passing her.

The quartette was now in two parts, Vigilant and Jubilee in the lead and Pilgrim dropping back to Colonia, well astern. Long before the mark was reached Vigilant launched out her spinaker boom and masthanded the sail, sheeting home almost as she rounded and then hurrying up her balloon jibtopsail. Jubilee was not much slower, breaking her spinaker very promptly. Colonia, to the surprise of all, jibed her boom to port at the mark, and set spinaker to starboard, a maneuver that brought her all the way home on the wrong jibe and cost her some time. The second mark was timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Vigilant	2 13 23	1 04 55
Jubilee	2 15 48	1 05 23
Pilgrim	2 19 28	1 10 43
Colonia	2 20 33	1 09 43

The run in, with smooth water and a light air, the boats too far apart for any blanketing or luffing, was devoid of interest, the race being virtually over at the second mark. The finish was timed:

	Turn.		Turn.
Vigilant	3 36 01	Jubilee	3 41 31
Pilgrim	3 44 55	Colonia	3 48 03

The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vigilant	11 32 00	3 36 31	4 04 31	4 04 31
Jubilee	11 31 51	3 41 31	4 09 40	4 09 03
Pilgrim	11 30 39	3 44 55	4 14 16	4 12 40
Colonia	11 30 54	3 48 03	4 17 19	4 16 55

Vigilant beat Jubilee 4m. 22s., Pilgrim 8m. 9s. and Colonia 12m. 24s.

Like the first race, this was in no way conclusive; though Vigilant did the best work of the day Jubilee was close to her, especially on the windward leg. Pilgrim was evidently improved by the alterations.

During the race the new steam yacht Feiseen was flying about, running round other craft and showing her speed, those on board cheering themselves and doing a great deal of unnecessary shouting and waving of hats over the performance. On the way home she fell in with Vamoose and the two started in for a race. Feiseen finally burst a tube in her boiler and was taken in tow by Vamoose. The tow line was long and the boat veered badly, Vamoose still keeping up a good speed. Near the Hospital Islands the steamer Guyandotte was met, bound out, and in passing Feiseen parted her tow line and sheered into the big iron steamer, the bow of the yacht being smashed in. The police boat Patrol and the tug Carrie Ramsay went to her aid, while Vamoose laid by her, and she was made fast to the tug by heavy hawsers, being finally beached on Coney Island Point, but too late to prevent her sinking. Charles Smith, the fireman, was badly scalded and was taken ashore by the Patrol. The yacht was raised next day and taken to Tebo's, her entire bow being stove in.

Third Trial Race, Monday, Sept. 11.

Windward and Leeward, 15 Miles.

Monday morning brought the first real racing day which the four boats have yet encountered. The gales and raging seas that figure in some of the accounts of the race existed only in the heated imaginations or troubled interiors of the various writers, but there was a fresh, steady breeze, about 18 knots at the start, dropping to 15 at the turn and increasing to nearly its original force on the return. The sea was rough and lumpy, and some venturesome ladies were sick on the big steamers, while some of the spectators were driven out of the bows by spray which might have spoiled the gloves and shore hats. It was a day to test fairly the better sailing qualities and the endurance of the boats, but there was nothing in the least terrifying or appalling about the wind or sea. Going over the bar Pilgrim, in tow, made bad weather of it, leaping out until she showed the fore end of her fin, and then burying her bowsprit and topmast stay. Under sail she did better, but all of the big snouts pounded hard.

The May took her usual place N. E. of the Scotland Lightship and set the signals for a course due east. The weather was fine, a bright sky and very clear atmosphere, with just enough chill in the air to remind one that summer was over and fall had come, and to promise a truer and steadier wind than in hotter weather.

All but Pilgrim carried topmasts aloft, but Vigilant sent hers down when she came, and Colonia and Jubilee at once followed. Three lower sails were set on each, and there was every promise of a hard-fought battle that would at last afford some conclusive basis for the committee. While this expectation was finally realized, the interest in the race was largely deadened at the very start by the poor performance of the two Boston boats.

The first gun was fired at 11:30, Colonia and Vigilant being then west, or inshore, of the line on the starting side, and not far away, while Jubilee was working about, also inshore, but south of the Scotland.

Pilgrim had crossed the line and tacked out for some distance on the course, heeling more than any of the others, and when the preparatory gun was fired she was half a mile from the line. It would have been an easy matter to run down in time, but she lay still and made no apparent effort to bear away. Her sails were well up and there was no sign of anything wrong with her gear, but the minutes went by, with the other three closely playing for place, while she showed no intention of starting.

With the gun, at 11:40, Vigilant flew across, on starboard tack and close to the Lightship, and Colonia came close astern of her. Jubilee had been well berthed for a weather position, but as she neared the Lightship she was evidently in trouble, and instead of crossing she went to leeward of the mark. Her gaff had sprung in the jaws, but Gen. Paine determined to make a race if possible, and Capt. Charles Barr, with two hands to help him, went aloft and lashed the jaws as well as could be done under such conditions. After partial repairs were made Jubilee crossed the line, Pilgrim in the meantime having wakened up and reached the line, crossing just ahead of her. The handicap gun was fired at 11:42, but the times of the two yachts were taken with the leaders:

Vigilant	11 40 17	Pilgrim	11 48 06
Colonia	11 40 33	Jubilee	11 49 06

Such a start as this spoiled the race, but there was still a chance for a thorough test of the boats.

Vigilant was by this time hurrying inshore and leaving Colonia every minute, the keel boat failing to point or hang on. She was looking so far to leeward of Vigilant that it hardly seemed that they were going the same course, while fast as she went through the water she slid off still faster in proportion.

The first tack was made by Colonia at 11:46, Vigilant at once following. At 11:58 Colonia tacked inshore again, Vigilant going about a couple of minutes later. When Vigilant passed the Sandy Hook Lightship, leaving it nearly a quarter of a mile to leeward, at 12:20 Colonia was obliged to go to leeward of the Ship.

Jubilee, with a badly crippled gaff and her mainsail half set up, was in no condition for short tacks, but held offshore on one long leg, with Pilgrim ahead, but to leeward.

When Vigilant tacked again at 12:30 she was a good half mile to windward of Colonia, while the other two, though out to windward, were so far astern as to be out of all calculation. Jubilee gained on Pilgrim and passed well to leeward of her, and, in fact, at one time promised to make it warm for Colonia, but the gaff made more trouble, the fore end getting adrift and running some 6 or 8ft. forward of the mast.

At 1 o'clock the fleet was off Rockaway, Vigilant, Colonia and Pilgrim inshore and Jubilee making long boards in the open. Both wind and sea had gone down a little; when Vigilant went on port tack off shore Colonia and Pilgrim fell into her wake, the distance between the first and second boats being about a mile, and between second and third a little less.

Jubilee was now on the same tack, apparently pointing high, but nearly a mile to leeward of Vigilant. Bad as her gaff and mainsail were, there was more trouble in store for her. In the first race her chances had been killed by the failure of a block, one of a special set made at an extra cost to insure the highest quality.

This time it was the headsails which suffered; first the jib halliard block burst, letting the sail down at the head. After a time the jib was lowered and also the staysail, the jib being reset, apparently with the staysail halliards, the block in them giving way also. In spite of all these hardships the yacht was making a brave struggle, beating Pilgrim and Colonia.

Vigilant turned the weather mark at 2:10:50, at once jibing and sending up her topmast. She set no topsail, but got out her spinaker first, taking 8 minutes to set it. About 5 minutes later her balloon jibtopsail was broken out, and then she set a small clubtopsail.

The four were timed:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Vigilant	2 11 50	2 31 33
Colonia	2 19 08	2 38 35
Jubilee	2 25 41	2 36 35
Pilgrim	2 39 50	2 51 44

The second column shows the actual time taken by each to sail 15 miles to windward. Colonia had her topmast partly up when she rounded. She set the same sails as Vigilant. Jubilee and Pilgrim set only working topsails.

The work of Jubilee to windward is surprisingly good, the boat being crippled badly from the start.

The run home was made with a freshening breeze, the wind hauling a little to the south, the relative losses and gains are best shown by the times at the finish:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vigilant	3 46 44	1 34 53
Colonia	3 53 56	1 34 48
Jubilee	4 04 28	1 38 47
Pilgrim	4 19 41	1 39 51

Off the wind the Vigilant and Colonia are even, the two fin boats being a little slower. The official times of the race are, from actual starting times:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vigilant	11 40 17	3 46 43	4 06 26	4 06 26
Colonia	11 40 33	3 53 56	4 13 23	4 13 05
Jubilee	11 49 06	4 04 28	4 15 22	4 14 43
Pilgrim	11 48 06	4 19 41	4 31 35	4 29 59

The times from the last gun are:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jubilee	11 42 00	4 04 28	4 22 28	4 21 51
Pilgrim	11 42 00	4 19 41	4 37 41	4 36 00

Immediately after the race a meeting of the Cup committee was held on board the May and Vigilant was unanimously chosen as the Cup defender, the following notice being posted in the cuddy house in the evening:

NEW YORK, Sept 11, 1893,
Flagship May.

By direction of the America's Cup Committee it is announced that for the defense of the America's Cup against the challenge of the Valkyrie, the committee has selected the Vigilant.

By order of the America's Cup Committee,
A. CASS CANFIELD, Sec'y.

Mr. Iselin was immediately notified.

The thorough test of the four yachts, under much more severe conditions than exist in most races, was very gratifying after the many disappointments of the past month, and sets at rest almost all questions of superiority. The result has been accepted gracefully by all the defeated boats. The performance of Vigilant first and last, in light and heavy weather, has been most satisfactory, proving her a safe all-around boat, her ability to windward being fully demonstrated. The only question which remains in doubt is that of the true position of Jubilee. That the boat is badly rigged has been proved by her many breakdowns, but in light weather on the cruise she has held very close to Vigilant, and in the last race did wonderfully good work to windward for a boat so badly crippled in all her sails. It must remain an open question how close she could come to Vigilant with as good a rig, but it is evident that she is by no means a failure as to model. Had Gen. Paine requested another trial it would have been in all probability accorded him, and many would be glad to see a final test, but he accepted the situation very philosophically and went home after the finish of the race on Monday. The rigging and canvassing is as much a part of the game as any other detail of Cup racing, and in one sense a boat must stand by her own defects.

As to Colonia and Pilgrim, the last race marks them as failures, the former from a lack of weatherly power, the latter to general inefficiency due to causes which are probably as yet unknown. The Cup races of 1893 have passed from conjecture into history, and now the great question of the future possession of the Cup will take their place for the next three weeks.

Royal Victoria Y. C. Cup.

THE first race for the Royal Victoria Y. C. gold cup was sailed on Sept. 6, the challenger being Navahoe, owned by Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, and the defender being Britannia, owned by the Prince of Wales. The course was off the Isle of Wight (see chart in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 12) from the Warner around the Owers, thence around a mark boat off Dunnose and outside the Princessa Ledge buoys, around the Nab and finish off the Warner, about 50 miles. The start was made at 11 A. M., the wind being so light that the yachts were towed to the line. The wind was S.E., a beat to the first mark. Navahoe started in the weather berth, but was soon headed by Britannia. Near the Owers the wind freshened, Britannia still gaining. They were timed at the second mark, off Dunnose:

Britannia	3 39 15
Navahoe	3 55 25

Spinakers were carried to the Nab, where they were timed:

Britannia	4 31 07
Navahoe	4 46 17

The finish was timed:

Britannia	4 49 21
Navahoe	5 05 51

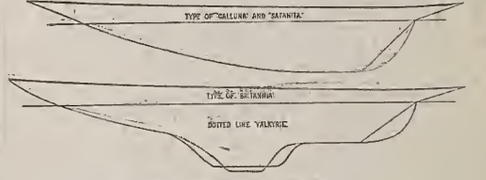
The second race was sailed on Sept. 7, the course being 20 miles out and home, laid out to leeward, but proving to be a reach. Navahoe led over the first half of the course, but Britannia was only 40s. astern at the turn. Coming home the wind increased until topmasts were housed and single reefs turned in, the sea being heavy. From all accounts Navahoe was doing well until a peak bridle parted and also some of her head gear, she finishing under mainsail and staysail only. The times were:

Britannia	4 50 17
Navahoe	5 24 47

The third race was started on Sept. 8, but Navahoe was beyond the line at the start and was recalled. The wind was very heavy and mainsails were reefed. In returning Navahoe split her's and was compelled to withdraw, the Prince of Wales declining to sail over, so that the race was postponed.

The postponed race of Friday was sailed on Monday, the course being from off Ryde around the Nab, the Spit Buoy off Southsea, and a mark off Old Castle Point, two rounds, 60 miles, naut.

The wind was strong S.E., Britannia and Navahoe each having single-



THE FOUR BRITISH YACHTS.

From the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist.*

reefed mainsails at the start, 11:05 A. M. The wind held strong through the race, Britannia being about a quarter of an hour in the lead all day. The finish was timed:

Britannia	4 29 17
Navahoe	4 44 25

This ends the series, Britannia having won three successive races, and the Royal Victoria Y. C. retaining the cup. The races with Britannia for the Cape May and Brenton's Reef cups, one each, from the Needles, around Cherbourg Breakwater, 120 miles naut., were set for Sept. 12 and 13.

The conditions of the races were as follows:

The winner to be the yacht which wins three out of five matches.

Ballast may be taken in, put out or shifted between the time of entry and forty-eight hours before the first match; but the owner must at once give notice of the same to the club holding the cup, in order that the load-water line may be remeasured, if necessary, before the start.

The starts to be made at the exact time specified (10 a. m.) unless:—

(*a*) A dense fog prevails.

(*b*) In the opinion of the sailing committee a postponement is desirable; but if either competitor desires to start at the time specified the sailing committee shall start them at that time.

(*c*) An accident occurs before the start, when a reasonable time will be given to effect repairs.

(*d*) A serious accident occurs during any match, when a reasonable time will be given, before the next match, to effect repairs; but a yacht must abide by her accidents during a match.

Any match, the average rate of which is under five knots per hour, to be resailed.

COURSES.

A course.—Twenty miles to windward or leeward and back. Rendezvous, outside the Nab Lightship.

B course.—From the Warner Lightship to the Owers Lightship, thence to a flagboat off Duunose, back to the eastward, off two buoys on the Princessa shoal outside Nab Lightship, and finishing off the Warner.

C course.—The Long Victoria, namely, from Ryde round the Nab Lightship, thence round a flagboat near Portsmouth Outer Spit Buoy, round a flagboat anchored off Old Castle Point, Cowes, and back to Ryde; twice round; 50 miles.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.—A or B course.

Thursday, Sept. 7.—A or B course, whichever was not sailed on first day.

Friday, Sept. 8.—C course.

Saturday, Sept 9.—B course.

Monday, Sept. 11.—A course.

The matches to be sailed under the supervision of the Sailing Committee of the Royal Victoria Y. C. Yacht Racing Association rules, measurements, time, scale and allowances.

Sewaren Land and Water Club.

THE club held its second regatta of the season yesterday over a course of five miles and repeat on Staten Island Sound. The wind was light during the first round but freshened considerably before the end, so that both heavy and light weather boats were well tested. The boats taking part and the results were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emily, R. G. Clarkson	10 35 30	11 54 30	1 19 00	1 19 00
Fay, W. H. H Smith	10 33 30	11 54 18	1 20 33	1 20 03
Clytie, D. G. Whitlock	10 34 30	11 59 00	1 24 30	1 22 30
Ripple, W. H. Smith	10 33 00	11 59 05	1 26 35	1 22 35

The winner, Emily, is a new Cape Cod cat, built by Cosby, and this is her first race.

The prizes were a ship's clock, presented by the Commodore, for the first boat and a large photograph with negatives of the second boat, presented by Mr. Chas. M. Cooper. The judges on the flagship Elkhida were Com. Wm. M. Ballard and Mr. Thomas A. Stoddart. Timer, Mr. Chas. M. Cooper.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. Oyster Boat Race.

CENTER ISLAND—OYSTER BAY.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE most successful race held by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. this year was that of Labor Day, for oyster boats of Oyster Bay, Cold Spring and Bayville. The conditions were as follows:

Class A, sailing oyster boats of 25ft. length waterline and over, first prize, $100; second prize, $50; Class B, sailing oyster boats of less waterline length than 25ft., first prize, $75; second prize, $25.

Course.—Cross a line between yacht club float and stakeboat from east to west, thence around Moses Point Buoy, leaving it on port hand, thence to Lloyd's Neck Buoy, leaving it on starboard hand, thence to the line off yacht club float, crossing from east to west to finish. About 11 nautical miles.

Start.—A warning gun will first be fired from the judges' boat and a red flag shown. Five minutes later the starting gun will be fired and a blue flag shown in place of the red. All boats cross at second gun. Any boat on the line before the gun must go back and recross.

Time Allowance.—Larger boats will allow smaller boats extra time at the rate of one minute per foot of difference in waterline lengths.

Rules.—The usual Government rules of the road to be observed without regard to any special yacht club rules, except that any boat fouling a turning buoy will be ruled out, and each boat must carry on the mainsail (both sides) a number which the committee will supply

and which must be returned. Working sails only to be used. The races to be under the direction of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. race committee, and their rulings and judgments are to be final and binding on all parties. The committee reserves the right to refuse entry of any boat which in their opinion is so fast as to outclass the average. Any protests or objections must be made to the committee immediatoly at the finish of the race and will be judged then and tbere, and the committee will declare which boats are the winners and will pay the prizes to the captains on board of them.

There was a good, westerly breeze and tbe race was in every way successful. Start at 11:11:

CLASS A—28FT. AND OVER.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oakley, W. W. Smith	2 06 50	1 58 20
George C. Wood, Alex. Bell	2 11 26	2 01 16
Emily, Wm. Kenkins	2 15 32	2 06 27
Hattie Lulu, J. Ellison	2 18 08	2 07 38
Annie, J. H. Barman	2 15 06	2 08 36
Pilgrim, Samuel F. Townsend	2 19 13	2 08 43
Florence, James Brice	2 13 33	2 10 03
J. W. Earl, Sidney Wicks	2 13 50	2 11 20
George B. McClellan, Fredrick Lewis	2 14 48	2 12 18
F. Bell, Frank Wickes	2 18 25	2 12 55
Puritan, Valentine Buyles	2 20 47	2 13 47
Lena, Albert Verity	2 16 17	2 16 17
Empress, ——	2 26 50	2 16 20
Louisa J. Evans, Wm. Stevens	2 27 00	2 19 30
Ida Frank, Ed O'Connor	2 24 29	2 20 59

CLASS B—UNDER 28FT.

Lucy D., C. E. Verity	2 22 38	2 22 38
Jennie, Frank Underhill	2 37 42	2 23 12
Hawk, E. Hawkshurst	2 30 46	2 37 46
L. A. Wilson, Chas. Underhill	2 39 03	2 38 03
Francis, Wm. Lockwood	2 40 35	2 40 35
Della C., Wm. W. Cheshire	2 40 36	2 40 36
Old Squaw, Raymond Smith	2 47 53	2 43 53

Oakley wins $100, George C. Wood $50, Lucy D. $75, Jennie $25.

St. Lawrence Y. C.

MONTREAL—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Saturday, Sept. 2.

THE postponed race for the Sir Donald Smith challenge cup race, for yachts enrolled on the squadron lists of the St. Lawrence Y. C., open to the A, 30ft. and 15ft. classes, was sailed on Sept. 2 on Lake St. Louis. The first attempt to sail this race on July 1 failed, there not being wind enough to carry the boats over the first half of the course. The second attempt on Aug. 25 was even less successful from the same cause, there being hardly wind enough to carry the boats over the line.

This time, however, there was a strong gale from the west, with heavy puffs off the land; and it was blowing harder at the start than it has ever done, when a racing fleet was sent across the line on Lake St. Louis. The members of the sailing committee present were called together immediately before the race, and in consideration of the heavy weather, and the reported disappearance of the Chateauguay Buoy, decided to shorten the course and send the boats around a buoy off Pointe Claire, making the course practically to wiudward and returu

The start was as follows:

	Length.	Start.
Chaperon, E. Jarvis	30.03	3 31 37
Valda, G. H. Duggan	23.56	3 32 11
Molly Bawn, W. Kavanagh	25.12	3 32 00
Dream, A. Irving	32.36	3 32 10
Coquette, A. Hamilton	....	3 33 08
Zulu, W. Ryan	....	3 36 25
Undine, G. Marler	24.11	3 34 30

All the boats carried three reefs down and No. 3 jibs.

Valda went across the line to windward of Chaperone and Molly Bawn, and quickly passing Molly and gained steadily on Chaperone. Both boats were taking short tacks along shore to keep out of the sea, and within a mile of the start Valda had established a lead. She went ahead on starboard tack close in shore, and Chaperone to windward of her but astern, did not go about in time to clear, and Valda hoisted a protest flag. Chaperone improved her position after this, shook out a reef and established a clear lead. Valda hung on to her tacks a little longer and got into trouble while shifting jibs, and before she got going again Coquette had passed her and taken second place.

In Valois Bay the breeze flattened out sufficiently to let all the boats shake out reefs, and the Pointe Claire buoy was rounded under all plain sail. On the run Chaperon and Coquette set spinakers to port and Valda a ballooner, and although Valda came up somewhat on the leaders there was no material alteration in their position before the finish. The summary of the race is as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chaperon	2 31 37	4 47 40	1 16 03
Coquette	3 33 08	4 51 53	1 18 45
Valda	3 32 11	4 55 56	1 23 45
Molly Bawn	3 32 00	5 00 44	1 28 44
Dream	3 32 10	5 02 52	1 30 42
Undine	3 34 30	5 11 05	1 36 35
Lulu	3 36 25	Withdrew.	

Valda did not enter a protest at the finish, but the question has been raised, whether the conditions upon which the cup is held, it is legal for the sailing committee, formally or informally called, to alter the course, and the prize has not been awarded, and cannot be until the three members of the sailing committee qualified to sit on the question have met and come to a decision.

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

THE race committee beg to annonnce that races have been arranged for the following dates during September and October, for prizes presented by members of the club:

The Riverton Y. C. have extended a special invitation to yachts of the Corinthian Y. C., under 30ft. water-line length, to participate in their fall regatta on Sept. 16. The committee particularly request that all yachts of this class will be entered for this race.

Sept. 23.—For yachts over 30ft. and not over 40ft. corrected length. Under the same rules as specified for the annual race. Prize: A silver cup presented by Vice-Com. C. H. Brock, to be awarded to the yacht winning two out of three races. The Narina won one leg for the cup in 1892, and if necessary the third race will be sailed on Oct. 14.

Oct. 7.—Handicap race for yachts under 30ft. water-line length. Prize: A silver cup presented by Isaac W. Jeanes.

Oct. 21.—Handicap race for yachts under 30ft. water-line length. First and second prizes: Cups presented by W. Barklie, Henry and J. C. Uhler.

Oct. 28.—Handicap race for yachts under 30ft. water-line length. Prize: A cup presented by Com. O. D. Wilkinson.

In the above races, excepting that of Sept. 23, club topsails will be barred, and yachts must be sailed by amateurs. In the race of Sept. 23, there will be no restrictions as to sails or helmsmen. Otherwise the racing rules of the club will govern.

The start of each race will be as near 2 o'clock P. M. as practicable. The course and other particulars will be announced one hour before the start.

Entries for each race, and as helmsman or crew of the club boats Curlew, Petrel and Teal, will be received by the committee at the club house.

The race committee is Addison F. Bancroft, chairman; George M. Freeman, William R. Ellison.

Lake Geneva Y. C., Sheridan Prize.

LAKE GENEVA.

Saturday, Aug. 25.

THE twentieth annual race for the Sheridan prize was sailed on Aug. 26. The course was fourteen miles, weather fair, and the wind light and fluky during the first half of the race, which was a beat to windward, freshening somewhat on the stretch home. Expert made the fastest actual time, being 15 seconds ahead of Precept, but the latter won by fifty-four-one-hundredths of a second, owing to her time allowance over Expert of 15 54-100 seconds:

	Length.	Actual.	Corrected.
Precept, T. Hodgkins	24.05½	2 45 39	2 44 31.66
Expert, Julian Rumsey	24.07	2 45 24	2 44 32.20
Tattler, O. W. Nortou	25.00	2 46 59	2 46 59
Lorna, G. T. Francis	24.04	2 50 12	2 48 50

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Valkyrie's racing spars and sails arrived in New York on the Berlin on Sept. 11, and Lord Dunraven will sail on Sept. 16, but the yacht has not been reported since she was well clear of the English coast. She passed the Lizard on Aug. 24, and is now due, but it is quite possible that she may be delayed by bad weather. Lord Dunraven will be accompanied by Countess of Dunraven and the Ladies Wyndham-Quin, the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Wolverton, the Hon. Hercules Robert Langrishe and the Hon. Arthur Paget. The racing crews of Lord Dunraven's other yachts, L'Esperance and Deirdre will assist on Valkyrie.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

16, Toronto, International Paddling 16. Red Dragon, Delaware River. Trophy Race.

The Ladies' Cruise and Camp.

THIS is how it was planned: The wife of the skipper of Night Hawk was chaperone and general manager, and she invited the ladies. One was to sail with her in Night Hawk, one was to go as passenger on Scarecrow, and the invalid was to come down by train to the camp on Saturday afternoon in charge of the Blooming Dude to spend one night. Mr. Night Hawk was to have a club member as helper to trim sheets. Mr. Scarecrow also arranged for a foremast hand, and the Infanta was to carry her owner, a couple of friends and considerable luggage.

The start was to be made on Friday at noon for Cheesequake Creek, fifteen miles across the Lower Bay, where a camp on the beach was to be made, the return trip being scheduled for Sunday afternoon.

It was all very pretty in theory, the girls were delighted at the prospect of camping out, and the weather promised to be all that one could desire.

This is how it turned out: The crew of Night Hawk found he could not be away from the office either Friday or Saturday, and not one of four other men asked could accompany the expedition. Word was sent to the captain of the club, but he had not been heard from up to Thursday noon. The Infanta was not in commission, and the sailmaker was so far behind time that she had to remain at her moorings. Her owner and crew were prevented by business at the eleventh hour from going in the other boats. Then, finally, Mr. Scarecrow got a telegram that called him to town and his crew likewise. Thursday night everything looked blue for Mr. Night Hawk—three ladies to provide for and no one to help him. It seemed as though the long expected trip would have to be abandoned. He wandered down to the club house after dinner in a low state of mind, but was somewhat cheered when he reached there to find the captain waiting for him, ready and anxious to go on the trip, although he had the use of his left arm only, his right being in a sling and slowly recovering from a bad dislocation.

The Captain settled it. Go they would in one boat; and there was a faint hope that others would follow them later. The Night Hawk was large enough for five and all their belongings, including the camping outfits.

All of Friday morning the Night Hawk was alongside the float being loaded with tents, provisions, water, extra wraps, cots, blankets and many other useless and useful articles.

The weather was perfect—bright sunshine and a gentle breeze, not enough wind to make the water uncomfortably rough, and yet strong enough to blow the little ship across the bay in three hours or less with the favoring tide.

The start was made after lunch, a fond father and a devoted mother waving adieu to the little party, and unconsciously conveying to the mind of Mr. Night Hawk a full sense of the responsibility he had undertaken. Everything promised well. No one could remember anything that had been forgotten, but all knew that something had been, as is always the case on such occasions. The skipper did recollect later on, when going back was out of the question, that five cans of soup were quietly reposing in his locker at the boat house instead of being in the ship's hold.

The wind soon increased in power and a reef was turned in the mainsail before reaching the main channel. Rough water was encountered running across the ship channel when clear of the point and it came on to blow harder and harder. Spray came aboard, the mast bent, the boat plunged along and rolled about uncomfortably. The skipper did not want to run eveu the chance of getting his fair passengers wet, and the outlook promised even worse, so he brought the boat about, eased sheets and ran back under the lee of the point.

The ladies were silent. They feared the return meant home and not camp. Not so the skipper. He had made up his mind to give them a camping experience even if the tents had to be pitched in the back yard.

"Captain, I propose we land ou the beach here, put up the tents and give the girls a camp supper. What do you say?"

"All right, skipper. Then we can stay all night if the ladies agree."

They all agreed with enthusiasm; the Night Hawk was run into shallow water and the anchor let go. Then the ladies were taken ashore one by one in the little canoe that had been towing astern and the duffle, tents and provisions followed.

The passengers were requested to gather drift wood and build a fire while the two men put up the tents, unfolded the cots, got out the blankets and cooking utensils and then set to work cooking supper.

The camp site was a suitable and pretty one, with a fine view across the bay to the west, sheltered from the strong easterly wind by a sand ridge higher than the tents, and quite out of the usual avenues of travel, although in sight of the town and the club house across the inner bay. Norton's Point is a part of Coney Island, and yet of the thousands who go to the Island every day in summer, probably not over a dozen wander as far as the little camp on the Point to the northward of the inner pier. Sailboats are constantly passing the spot, people fish from rowboats anchored off shore, steamers land several times a day at the pier, but the only ones who set foot on the beach are occasional swimmers and the shore inspectors, who keep the beach clear of all refuse, even the clean drift wood that comes in with every side and lies in heaps at the high water line. The beach slopes off very gradually and at low water one can wade out a long distance, thus making very safe bathing at all stages of the tide. The sand is hard, white and clean.

A good hot supper cooked over the open fire put the entire party in fine spirits, and the ladies said "no" very forcibly when the question was put to them "Shall we go home?" That settled it. The problem was solved. The camp would remain where it was. All gathered about the fire—not for warmth surely—and watched the sun go down over Staten Island. The fishing boats out for the day came sailing home past the Point. The red revolving light on the extreme point blinked regularly at the happy five seated on cushions and camp chair about the hot embers of the camp-fire, and the light of the town across the bay along shore came out one by one as darkness gradually settled over all.

"How shall we let the Invalid know where we are," exclaimed Miss Novice, "so she will not go by train to-morrow down to Cheesequake?"

"We must send word over to-night to the other men who were to join us to-morrow," remarked the chaperone.

"And I want that canned soup in the boat house," put in the Captain, "we will relish it to-morrow."

"Isn't it fun to think that we are here in camp, right near home and no one knows anything about it," said Miss Avis, "and how surprised and amused they will all be when they do hear."

"If Miss Novice will go with me as foremast hand and the Captain will remain to guard the camp, the ladies and the contents of our precious ice box, I will sail over and notify the fellows at the boat house of our whereabouts, send word by them to anxious relatives and friends and get the soup. The trip can be made in less than an hour with this breeze." So spake Mr. Night Hawk, and so it was arranged.

"Canoe club, ahoy!" was heard by the club members gathered about the lamp half an hour later, and Night Hawk rounded the pier and came up alongside the float.

"Hello!" "Where are you from?" "Where is the rest of the party?" "What are you doing here?" "No accident, I hope!" were a few of the exclamations hurled at the skipper even before he stepped ashore.

"Too much wind. Camp on Norton's Point. Going to stay there. Come over to-morrow. Notify the rest of the fellows. I want a jug of water and the cans of soup, that's all."

"Nough said," was the reply, "that is gay. Who thought of it? We'll be over to-morrow."

"And how do you like it, Miss Novice?"

"Oh, it is just fun. I was only afraid we would have to come home when we turned back, but it is just perfect over there, and I don't believe Cheesequake is any better."

"Is that all you need now, skipper?"

"Yes, shove us off. Don't forget to tell the Blooming Dude of our change of plan. Good night."

"Good night and good luck."

The Night Hawk slowly worked out to windward with a reefed sail, taking the big seas easily and without throwing spray on board. The camp-fire on the beach, a mere speck at first, grew larger and larger as the boat drew nearer, and finally the group about it could be plainly seen, with the tents for a background.

The rest of the evening was spent pleasantly in chatting and singing, and at a comparatively early hour all retired for the night behind mosquito nets under canvas roofs.

The first night in camp is seldom one of profound or restful slumber, except for old campaigners, and therefore the girls were quite ready for a morning bath at 7 when the Captain called them. It was a new sensation for them to go into the salt water before breakfast and required courage; but the exhilaration produced amply repaid them for the slight shock to their nervous systems and atoned for an hour or two's loss of sleep more or less.

While at breakfast rain began to fall and by 8 o'clock it was a regular downpour, with a strong southeasterly breeze blowing. It looked blue and the faces of the ladies took on a sad expression, and one said in a faint whisper something about home. The Captain came to the rescue, settled them comfortably in their tents, kept up a running fire of talk, nonsense and song, taking the storm as a matter of course, something they should not miss in a camping trip, and in half an hour banished the blues effectually.

Before noon a skiff sailed up to the anchorage with the two boys on board, just returning from a ten days cruise to the eastward, and they were glad enough to come ashore and join the party, helping the Captain and Mr. Night Hawk prepare dinner.

The rain stopped, the breeze died away, and the sun shone out bright and warm before 1 o'clock. The Night Hawk was sailed over to the club house early in the afternoon for more provisions, an extra tent and fresh water. It brought back the invalid, Miss Avis's sister, the irrepressible club tenor, extra tents, blankets and camp chairs, and also word that Scarecrow was coming with her captain and crew. By supper time a goodly company had assembled, four tents were up and eleven sat down to the evening meal, after which a roaring campfire of drift was kept going the whole evening.

The Blooming Dude made his musical voice heard after all had retired. He had paddled over from the club, missed the camp, gone round the Point out into the ocean, and was on his way back to the club when a fishing party guided him to the camp-fire. Everybody had to come out and welcome him, which meant another hour of jokes, songs and chat around the fire.

Bathing, cooking, sailing, reading, sleeping and loafing comfortably under an awning on the beach made up the programme for the last day of camp. Every one did as he or she pleased, talked or was silent, sailed or reclined on the sand—whatever seemed most restful and as different from every-day occupations as possible. Mr. Night Hawk kept moving, doing an odd bit of work here or straightening up something there, until his activity actually tired the other, and he was ordered to sit down, which command he failed to obey, and was promptly accused by the Tenor of having nervous pedestrianism in consequence.

Late in the afternoon the tents were rolled up and put aboard the boats, together with everything except the cushions, chairs and cooking things. A delicious supper was served at sunset and the last campfire started directly after it. At 9, by moonlight, the little canoes ferried the jolly party to their respective boats, sails were hoisted, and before a gentle breeze the fleet sailed home, a happy, healthy and thoroughly satisfied party of young people, with faces burned to a rich brown, and all eager and ready to go again, though the trip had not turned out exactly as planned.

THE COOK.

The Electra Episode.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 5.—The yachting and canoeing editor of FOREST AND STREAM is very kind in making explanations for my being imposed upon at the W. C. A. meet by the bogus Electra canoe and her owner. Appreciating this, I still do not wish credit for a wisdom I do not possess. It is true that a much wiser man might have been imposed on under the circumstances, for at a canoe meet one is disposed to take unquestioningly the word of the men he meets, and there had till this time never been any cause to look for ringers. Still, I wish it made plain that I would not have known Glenwood anyhow, if her name plate was off, and no one need apologize for an ignorance of which I am not ashamed.

What one must complain of is the manner and the nature of the imposition as practiced. Mr. Friese told me specifically that he had the Davis Boat & Oar Co. build him the new canoe and that he gave her the name of the old Electra because he was "stuck on the name." He knew that I would credit the Davis Boat & Oar Co. with the build, and knew this after repeated conversations with me. This is the part that goes hard with me, for it is an imposition not on me alone but on the public. Say that the above firm and Mr. Ruggles build boats of exactly equal excellence, none the less each should have credit for its own goods, and no others. When the imposition takes this form it becomes hard to forgive, because it has done public injustice and vitiated for the time a public record. It was known that Mr. Friese was agent for the former firm.

Yet, under these circumstances, Mr. Friese finds for his course an excuse and an apology. He owes me no apology. I can take care of myself. But he owes the public this apology and therefore to the public it must go. It should be equally public with the imposition. His letter of Aug. 24 reads as follows below. Let each reader make up his own opinion on it with such charity as he may. And then let us have no more such episodes. It was a very cheap sort of glory that was sought here. The glory of all our racing cups will be too cheap if things like this occur:

"MILWAUKEE, Aug. 24.—At the A. C. A. meet I intended disclosing the identity of my canoe, but that has been otherwise accomplished. You probably remember how unmercifully I was guyed at the 1892 W. C. A. meet about my canoe and poor sailing. I resolved to be "in it" and be among the leaders, and last winter purchased Glenwood from Oxholm, of Yonkers, with whom I had a very pleasant correspondence. I kept her name dark and called her Electra, and enjoyed all the spring the criticisms aimed at her by the boys here who know all about canoes and canoeing. Nat Cook, Mercer of New York, and Oxholm and myself were the only ones who knew the truth. To all others she was Electra, for I wanted to surprise and paralyze the fellows who had hooted at me the preceding summer, and give them the race of their lives, then go to the A. C. A. and see what the critics had to say here after they learned what canoe I had.

"I did not anticipate the annoyance it might cause you, neither had I an idea that you would refer to it in the glowing terms in which you expressed yourself, and I apologize to you for misleading you in this matter. I felt very proud of the possession of Glenwood, for I knew she was the fastest in this country, and hoped to spur the other fellows in the club to better efforts in the racing line, which has been accomplished, as Holmes, Graw and Rogers, our best sailors, had dropped out, but are now interested more than ever before.

"Vaux writes in such a manner that readers would believe it was a scheme to boom the Davis Co., whereas they knew nothing of my purchase until I sent her to the factory this summer before the meet to be polished and varnished. I will write FOREST AND STREAM an explanation to-morrow.—A. W. FRIESE."

E. HOUGH.

Arlington Sixth Annual.

ARLINGTON, N. J., Sept. 5.—The Arlington Canoe Club held their sixth annual regatta on the Passaic, in front of their boat house, near West Arington Depot, on the morning of Labor Day, Sept. 4.

First Event.—Club fours, open canoes; won by Boggs, Stewart, Brain and Farmer, second crew being Duguid, Archibald, Douglass and Fredericks.

Second Event.—Paddling tandem, deck canoes; won by Duguid and Farmer in canoe Cricket, with Archibald and Fredericks second in canoe Ithanel.

Third Event.—Paddling, open canoes, single blades; won by Frank McLees in canoe Edna. J. T. Atwater second in canoe Snake.

Fourth Event.—Paddling, double blades, deck canoes; won by Joe Stewart in canoe Ithanel, with J. Allen second in canoe Lilian.

Fifth Event.—Paddling tandem, open canoes, was the best event of the regatta. Had five crews and was closely contested from start to finish. Was won by Duguid and Douglas in canoe Wa-ta-wah, with Fredericks and Archibald second in canoe Ianthe.

Sixth Event.—Won by Farmer in canoe Cricket with McLees second in canoe Golden Rod.

Seventh Event.—Hurry-scurrry and upset, was won by Bane, with McLees second.

Eighth Event.—Swimming; was won by Bane with Roome second.

Among our visitors were ex-Com. Wilkin of the A. C. A., Com. Blow of Oakland, Cal., and Vice-Com. Lake of the Atlantic Division. After the regatta a luncheon was served in the club house.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Harry Ford writes us that he is a member of the Toronto C. C., and not of the Corinthian C. C., as printed in our report of the meet.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. Va, Sept. 7.—Messrs. Geo. N. Beall, E. Lacy Gibson and the Commodore in canoes Shenandoah, Clyde and Frankie, of the Shenandoah C. C., reached this place at 6 o'clock yesterday evening after an eventful and exciting cruise of 18 days, in which time they navigated the entire Shenandoah River from Mount Crawford or North River (16 miles abo e the head of the Shenandoah), to its confluence with the Potomac at this place.

F. H. WEBB, Com.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club, of Greeuville, N. J., on Friday, Sept. 8, was well patronized by the regulars of the club. The honors of the night were divided between Messrs. Collins and Plaisted, each with a score of 243. Purkess, the leading man in the race for first prize in the first class, is losing his grip. He is now only 4 points ahead of the man following him, and unless he pulls himself together next week he will have to drop into second place. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: W. C. Collins 243, G. W. Plaisted 243, C. Boag 239, Geo. Purkess 230, J. Boag 225, Capt. Robidoux 235, C. H. Chavant 235, J. Spahn 232, James Dodds 230, John Hill 227.

Hudsons and Greenvilles.

Marion, N. J., Sept. 4.—The match between the Hudson and Greenville rifle clubs at Marion, N. J., resulted in a victory for the home club for the $50 purse. As the shooting progressed the teams seemed to be on an equal footing, until the last man to shoot from the Hudson's, Mr. Graf, had been shooting in poor form and in order to win 6 or over had to be made. As Mr. Graf entered the shooting box it was noticed that he had exceptionally cool nerve and faced the ordeal very steady. Hardly had the rifle reached his shoulder when there was a loud report and number 8 was shown, giving the Hudson team the victory by three points. The appended scores of the two clubs will give an idea of the excitement which prevailed. The target used in this contest was the Standard American 10 target, with an 8in. bullseye. The clubs now stand tie on the matches shot and it is hoped before the season closes that they will meet for the deciding match.

Hudson R. C.

Chas Hutch	7	5	7	6	8	6	10	9	7	7—72	
John Rebhan	9	4	10	8	8	9	8	7	8	9—80	
A Braun	6	4	6	5	7	8	9	8	7	5—65	
J Autenreith	10	8	5	8	5	9	9	8	7	5—76	
A Steuber	6	8	6	7	8	7	3	5	4	5—59	
O Merbens	7	1	6	5	8	4	3	7	6	9—56	
H Mahlenbrock	3	10	6	6	4	4	4	6	8	6—57	
G W Graf	3	1	8	3	3	6	6	9	4	8—51	
H L Hansen	6	2	9	8	8	5	8	10	8	5—69	—585

Captain, H. Mahlenbrock. Scorer, C. E. Bird.

Greenville R. C.

Wm Robidoux	8	8	4	4	6	10	6	3	7	7—63	
C Boag	6	7	7	5	7	7	7	6	7	6—65	
G Plaisted	7	5	8	8	5	7	8	6	4	7—65	
W Boyce	4	10	6	5	9	7	10	9	10	8—78	
J Boag	4	6	4	9	6	7	7	5	5	6—60	
W Collins	10	5	3	7	7	6	6	9	9	5—67	
G Purkess	4	4	5	3	7	7	5	4	8	6—53	
J Dodds	8	7	7	5	6	4	10	6	8	6—67	
H Chavant	5	4	7	6	8	5	9	5	8	7—64	—582

Captain, Wm. Robidoux. Scorer, C. W. Agneau.

A match between Messrs. Hutch and Rebhan for $5 a side on Creedmoor target resulted as follows:

C Hutch	4	4	3	5	4	4	4	2	4	3—37
J Rebhan	4	2	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4—35

The Eagle.

Revolver Shooting in England.

There was such a gale of wind blowing on Aug. 22, the shooting day of the South London Rifle Club, that only three revolver shooting members turned up. Mr. Walter Winans shot while the gale was at its height, it being almost impossible to hold a revolver against the wind.

He made a score of 39 for the revolver championship, which, though the lowest score he has ever made in the championship match, still was a good score considering the weather conditions. Results:

Stationary target, 20yds.:

Walter Winans..........756777—39 G Mortimer............574733—29
F H Frost...............666576—36

Disappearing target:

Walter Winans..............................7 6 4 5 7 7—36

Twenty yards:

Walter Winans..............................3 4 5 5 5 5—27

Four best scores for revolver championship:

Walter Winans	40 40 40 39—159	R S Kemp	38 36 32 22—128
Lieut Heath	40 39 38 38—155	Collman	33 33 30 29—125
C F Lowe	39 38 37 36—150	H Andrews	35 33— 68
F H Frost	38 37 37 36—148	R de Salis	33 31— 64
E V Keen	37 35 34 33—139	Roxburgh	30 21— 51

The scores for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club have slighly altered since last week. Lowe has added 2 points to his scores, Munday 7 points and Richardson 2 points. The positions remain unchanged, however, as far as the leaders are concerned:

W Winans	41 41 41 41 40—204	Rand	36 34 33 33 36—172
C F Lowe	40 38 37 38 37—190	Carter	33 33 33 33 33—165
Lieut Varley	37 37 37 35 35—181	Capt Richards'n	34 32 32 33 31—162
Capt Cowan	39 36 36 35 35—181	Capt Thompson	34 32 32 31 30—159
Major Munday	39 37 33 32 38—179	Treadwell	28 25 23 19 15—112

Independent Germania Schuetzen Corps.

The third annual festival and prize shoot of the Independent Germania Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Chas. M. Drasté, was held in Washington Park on Tuesday, Sept. 5. Among the many visiting riflemen were to be seen Capt. H. Offerman, of the New York Corps; Capt. Robert Henke, New York Schuetzen Gilde; R. Busse, New Yory City Corps; Philip A. Schmidt, New York Central Corps; D. Miller, Miller Rifle Club; Louis Flach, Zettler Rifle Club. Adolph Ludwig was crowned king of the Corps for 1893, having made the hightst score on the honor target. Louis Flach got the first prize on the public target, and C. G. Zettler the first medal. The scores are appended, 3 shots, possible 54:

Honor target: A. Ludwig 46, C. D. Rehm 46, C. G. Zettler 45, A. Jager 44, C. M. Draste 38, H. Hagenmeister 37, H. Ruttger 34, H. Folke 34, G. Munzberg 34, H. Wendelken 31, H. Folkman 29, H. Schwartz 26, F. Facompre 23, J. Stiehl 20.

Public target, 3 shots per ticket, two best to count, possible 108:

L Flach	53	52—105	P F Schmidt	50	49—99
C G Zettler	52	52—104	D Miller	50	48—98
G Schlicht	52	50—102	W Krumsicck	48	48—96
R Busse	51	50—101	F Facompre	50	45—95
C D Rehm	51	49—100	H Ruttder	50	43—93
Capt Roeber	50	49— 99			

Medal target, 3 shots, possible 54: C. G. Zettler 53, H. Folke 51, G. Munzberg 50, C. D. Rehm 50, A. Ludwig 49, F. Facompre 49.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

The season shoot of the New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. H. Offerman, for the year 1863 was brought to a close in the Union Hill Park on Friday, Sept 8. The six shoots held during the summer have been well patronized by the members.

The new members who came into the corps in the early part of the year have shown a commendable interest in their efforts to perfect themselves in the use of the rifle. One of the most diligent of these new recruits in his practice was Mr. J. N. Hermann, who had the good fortune to win the first prize, a handsome diamond medal, presented to the corps by Capt. Offerman. The targets used in the competition were the bullseye, ring and point.

There were twenty-two prizes (gold medals) on the three targets, as follows: Twelve on the bullseye, five on the ring and five on the point target. On the bullseye target the prizes were distributed according to the best center shots, on the point target for the most points, and on the ring target for the most rings.

The winners on the bullseye target for the best center shot are appended: J. N. Hermann 32 degrees, A. J. Christian 41, D. Melcbow 46, Jacob Schmitt 46, J. C. Bonn 47, F. Hoops 53, D. Buttfer 71½, S. Galle 74, J. D. Wilkens 80, J. Bunz 89, H. Buttfer 89, H. Meyer 95.

Ring Target—D. Strahman 1,096, A. W. Lemke 1,082, J. H. Klee 983, F. Plump 981, H. Strate 901.

Point Target—B. Zettler 82, F. Fiegel 81, F. Schmidt 72, W. Hahn 52, Dr. Grosch 46.

California Schuetzen Club's Annual Festival.

The annual festival and prize shoot of the California Schuetzen Club, held at San Rafael Park; on Aug. 20 and 21, proved to be one of the most successful festivals ever held by the club since its organization in 1876. That Philo Jacoby and the half dozen enthusiasts associated with him in the scheme to organize the club, anticipated its present growth is hardly to be expected, and yet the development has been of such a nature as to lead one to the belief that there is no accident in it.

The present membership is about 250. The park which is beautifully located for outing and shooting purposes, contains 34 acres and lies in the outskirts of San Rafael.

The shooting range is full 200yds. and contains 20 targets.

The shooting house is 50x200ft., fitted with all the conveniences necessary for the comfort of the members.

The Centennial, in the summer of 1876, brought the California riflemen into prominence as expert marksmen. Their debut at the Centennial brought them into a sharp competition with a host of expert riflemen, gathered together from the Atlantic and Northwestern States. However, the Californians, under the skillful handling of Philo Jacoby, and his able lieutenant Adolph Strecker, were equal to the task laid out for them; and when the festival was concluded, the prizes and honors distributed, it was found that the California team was first; and in the individual competition the Californians were in prominent places at the head of the various prize lists. The consequence was that when the many teams represented in the festival returned to their homes, the members thereof carried among their effects a large measure of respect for the California riflemen. Since the Centennial many of the individual members of the California Club, through frequent visits to the East, have become very closely allied with the Eastern riflemen, and only the vast distance that separates the two extremes of the country prevents a more frequent meeting of the brotherhood.

That those two veterans of the butts, Jacoby and Strecker, should still hold their own against the younger element in the club, is somewhat amazing, and we can account for this fact only upon the supposition that it is another proof of the embalming qualities of that glorious climate wherein all physical growths reach their highest development and yet continue to develop.

Philo Jacoby, the president of the club, was for many years champion off-hand shooter of the Pacific Coast, but through his energy in building up the club, he has brought together a group of marksmen that are now able to dispute the honors with the old veterans.

The reports of the festival that have come to hand credit Adolph Strecker with making a new record on the point target and securing the kingship of the club for the year 1893-94. In the competition for king each member was allowed 250 shots on the point target, the center 3in. counting 3, the inner 6in. counting 2, and the outer 12in. counting 1; a possible 750 points in the 250 shots.

Strecker's score in his 250 shots was a total of 453 points, or an average of 18.12 points to each 10 shot string. In 250 shots he missed the 12in. bullseye only 5 times. After shooting his king score (250 shots) Mr. Strecker fired 73 additional shots on the point target, making 23 red flags (3in. centers) in the 73 shots. Mr. Strecker has won the king's trophy on fifteen different occasions, and his friends claim for him an unbroken record of victories in individual matches. The individual scores on the king target as received by us are appended below:

Adolph Strecker	453	D McLaughlin	363	T J Carroll	275
Geo Helms	430	H R Brown	378	F F Attinger	267
F C Young	415	F A Kuhnle	355	A Stettin, Jr	262
Dr Rogers	407	O Burmeister	353	D C Babin	230
Chas Heath	384	J Utschig	342		

On the honor target each member was allowed three shots, a possible 75 points. The honor for first position on this target fell to A. Burmeister, with a score of 68 points, followed by D McLaughlin with 67, A. Strecker 66, F. Attinger 66, A. Heath 65, C. Meyer 65, Geo. Helm 63, F. C. Miller 62, W. Hahn 62, H. L. Brown 62, Chas. Heath 61, E. Hovey 61, L. C. Bobin 61, Philo Jacoby 60, J. C. Waller 60, F. O. Young 60.

On the prize target, three shots per ticket, possible 75, re entries allowed, the eight best scores are appended as follows: A. Strecker 73, D. McLaughlin 72, Dr. Rogers 71, W. G Linderman 71, R. Finking 70, J. Utschig 71, F. Fay 70, W. Kretzmann 70.

On the man target A. Strecker again comes to the front with the score of 77 out of a possible 80, Dr. Rogers 76, Geo. Helm 75, F. Fredericks 74, J. Utschig 74, D. McLaughlin 72, Capt. Klein 72, L. Barrere 72, L. Bendel 72, R. Finking 71, F. Attinger 71, C. Meyer 70, F. O. Young 70, F. Kuhnle 70, E. Appenzeller 70, P. Freeze 70, L. Hooke 70.

On the bullseye (3-inch center) target, the best center shot to count by measurement, the following scores are appended (1 degree = 1-1000in.):

A Bertelsen	33½	Geo Helm	174
A Strecker	102	H R Brown	178
D McLaughlin	129	F O Young	178½
J Utschig	134½	A Youngblood	180½
H Helberg	162½	C Heath	185½

Miss Lilian Smith, the expert female shooter, was a visitor during the festival. She gave the marksmen an exhibition of her ability in shooting the rifle at 200yds. In 10 shots at the point target she made 8 black shots, and on the ring target in 3 shots, possible 75, she made 67 points.

The Whitehead Cup Shot for at Bisley, 1893.

Conditions—Best scores (aggregate) made in the revolver competitions won by Walter Winans, he winning 11 first prizes in the revolver

series, dividing 2 prizes, and being second in one. His score for the cup (emblematic of the revolver championship of Great Britain) being 336.

Bellefontaine Rifle Shots.

Bellefontaine, O., Sept. 4.—The appended scores, the poorest that, have been made by the team, were shot after a three months' rest, Thursday, Aug. 31, at their range; conditions fair, 200 and 300yds. open sight, Creedmoor target: Kautzman 31, Seidigh 11, Bennett 4, Dushane 7, Cassidy 10, Hornberger 31, Rea 27, Hele 21. The next shoot will be held Sept. 7, 1893, at Standard American target globe and peep sight, when we trust to send a better score. Jim.

RIFLE NOTES.

Through the courtesy of one of our patrons we are enabled to copy some of the results of the United States Government tests with smokeless powders adapted to the small bore or service rifles. The appended records are compiled from official tests and give the best records of each powder:

	Velocity, Instrumental. Ft. per second.	Velocity, Muzzle. Ft. per second.	Pressure. Lbs. per sq. in.
Leonard N. R., American	2,296	2,331	45,000
Houghton, American	1,967	2,002	33,900
Maxim, American	1,961	1,996	33,100
Dupont, American	1,899	1,934	39,000
Wetteren, Belgian	2,015	2,050	41,900
Laisdorf, Austrian	2,001	2,036	39,190
Nobel, German	1,970	2,005	37,000
Cordile, English	1,909	1,944	36,200
B. N., French	1,891	1,926	34,450

The above tables go to show that our American inventors of smokeless powders are holding their own against Europe.

That group of experts who visited the Columbian International shooting festival some days ago, of whom we made mention at the time, have returned to New York covered with shooting honors and their inside pockets bulging with the coin of realm. The observant Jerseyman who piped off these experts on the ferryboat as they were going away seems to have got a pretty straight tip as to the results of the expedition. Dr. Boyken brought home the king prize on a score of 224 out of a possible 250. M. Dorrler the first prize on the people's target with a score of 74 out of a possible 75; also the second prize on the Standard target with a score of 48 out of a possible 50, and the second prize on the bullseye target. Another member of the group, Fred C. Ross, captured the first prize on the Standard target and the second on the people's. Earlier in the season that veteran of the butts, Wm. Hayes, put a heavy mortgage for first prize on the man target with 94 points out a 100; this has been tied by one other competitor. His score of 34 red flags in 100 shots on the bullseye target has remained high to the end of the festival. In summing up the results of this International shoot we find that our four New York experts, all of whom belong to that famous group known as the Zettler Rifle Club, captured four of the firsts, tied for first on the fifth and took the second prizes on three of the other targets. The rifle shooting fraternity of New York should give these representatives of the clan a reception worthy of their International victory.

Gus Homreghausen, of Baltimore, with his fine score of 220 on the king target, naturally felt that he had a pretty firm grip on the kingship. In fact he had begun to outline a draft of his expected remarks during the ceremony, when a shadow was cast across the horizon of his anticipations in the form of those New York experts. The Baltimore man had met these experts in New York and in Baltimore many times in the past; he knew their caliber, and he remarked: "I felt pretty safe with my score until your boys put in an appearance. I shall be on the ragged edge until you get your shots down to the target."

A prominent Western rifleman in speaking of the work of the New Yorkers at Chicago, said: "We of the West have often noticed in the columns of Forest and Stream the big scores made by your New York people at your festivals and meetings about New York; we had an idea that they were gotten up for publication. But what we have seen done here by you in this festival has cleared away the fog of our unbelief. We acknowledge your ability with the rifle."

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Sept. 12-13.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Allentown and Bethlehem, Pa. (combined).

Sept. 20-21.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association sixth tournament, at Worcester, Mass.

Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.

Sept. 27-28.—West End Gun Club, Ottumwa, Iowa, second annual tournament. J. R. Young, Sec'y.

September.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.

Oct. 2-7.—World's tournament, Watson's Park, Chicago, Ill. Live birds and targets. John Watson, Manager.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association third annual tournament, which is to be held at Harrisburg, Sept. 26-29, reaches us rather late, owing to unavoidable delays of the printer, but for six weeks past the boys have been hard at work preparing for the great event. If hard work will make the meeting go, this one will be a grand success. The shooting grounds are situated at Maple Grove athletic grounds, easily reached by electric railway, and they will be in readiness for practice shooting Monday, Sept. 25. They are large, level, provided with stands for spectators, and inclosed with a 12-foot fence. Elmer E. Shaner will have charge of the shooting, which in itself is a pretty good guarantee of success and a good time. The shooting will begin at 8:30 every morning, and as this is put in italics they probably mean what they say. The programme gives, among other things, a complete history of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, game and fish laws, rules for target and live-bird shooting, and much other interesting matter. Aside from its value as a guide about this shoot, it is well worth preserving for the information on other topics which it contains. The programme speaks for itself, and the Harrisburg boys are not sparing work or expense to turn out a model shoot. All who intend to be present at Harrisburg should send for a programme or for any information to Capt. H. M. F. Worden or to H. B. Shoop.

The second annual tournament of the West End Gun Club, of Ottumwa, Ia., will be held at the Fair grounds, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27 and 28. There will be eighteen events given on each day, and of these, four will be at live birds. The target shoots run from 10 single targets to 25 singles. The entrance fee will be $1.25 in the first shoot—10 singles—and from that run to $7.50 in the 10 live bird races. There is quite a long list of merchandise prizes. It is believed that this tournament will be an occasion of very great interest, and one of the best ever held in the State.

C. H. Townsend.

Shooting Match.

A very interesting shooting match took place at the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club's grounds at West End, Coney Island, on Thursday morning, Sept. 7, between C. E. Morris, president of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, C. Furguesen, Jr., of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun, and Dick Dwyer, ex-president of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club. Each shot at 100 birds, 28yds. rise, modified Hurlingham rules to govern, the stakes being $100 each, the lowest scorer to pay for the birds. On the draw for positions C. E. Morris was first, C. Furgueson second and R. Dwyer third. In the first round of 25 C. E. Morris missed 3, C. Furgueson 2, and R. Dwyer 5. C. Furgueson in the second round missed only 1, Morris again missing 3 and Dwyer 6, Furgueson leading on the first 50 by 3 birds—47, 44 and 39.

In the second 50 the shooting of Morris considerably improved, he getting up to Furgueson and tieing him at the finish with 91 out of 100. Dwyer was low man with 80 out of 100, and had to pay for the birds. The result of a tie will probably be the cause of another race. The best runs were: C. E. Morris 27, 17, 11, 10, 10, 8; C. Furgueson 16, 16, 13, 10, 9, 8, 7; R. Dwyer 12, 8, 7, 7, 6.

All three shooters used L. C. Smith guns, 42 and 45grs. of E. C. with 1¼oz. shot.

The birds used were a good lot of fast flyers and the scores were very good. Furgueson had at one time a run of poor luck, getting 4 birds dead out of bounds in his last 50, C. E. Morris 3 in his first. Scores:

C E Morris	2111122121•121•02212*2222—22
C Furgueson	2111112212111011111112212•—23
D Dwyer	2120121221201121110111020—20
C E Morris	2020222211111110122121212—22
C Furgueson	1212111111221211022122221—24
D Dwyer	2110200121222111202011101—19
C E Morris	1112221222112212220212211—24
C Furgueson	1•112221021211211121221112—23
D Dwyer	1222101210211211201021110—20
C E Morris	2122212222202121011222222—23
C Furgueson	0212•11221211•1122121•111—21
D Dwyer	1210122112201011221212012—21

Referee, C. A. Dellar.

White Plains Gun Club.

White Plains, N. Y., Sept. 9.—The monthly shoot of the White Plains Gun Club was held here on Monday Sept. 4. For some reason the attendance was very small, perhaps owing to the many diversions offered, as there always are on a holiday; nevertheless, those who did attend seemed to enjoy themselves.

The following are the scores. All events were shot under expert rules, with 8 traps (Novelty system):

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1:

Platt	1011010011—6	Howard	1000000010—2
Halpin	1111011101—8	Bartram	1010101111—7
Ward	0100001111—5	Paulding	1001011001—5

No. 2, same as above: Platt 10, Halpin 7, Ward 10, Howard 5, Bartram 6, Paulding 4.

No. 3, same as before: Halpin 5, Ward 9, Howard 5, Bartram 2, Paulding 5.

No. 4, same: Platt 6, Halpin 7, Ward 7, Howard 4, Bartram 5, Paulding 4.

No. 5, same: Halpin 7, Platt 4, Paulding 5, T. Ward 5, E. Ward 7.

No. 6, same: Halpin 8, Platt 8, Paulding 2, T. Ward 8, E Ward 10, Bartram 5.

No. 7, same: T. Ward 9, E. Ward 10, Platt 7, Halpin 7, Paulding 3.

No. 8, same: T. Ward 3, Halpin 8, Platt 9, E. Ward 8, Howard 6, Bartram 4, Paulding 5.

Platt	1111010110110010111111001—17
E Ward	1110000110001100111101000—12
T Ward	1111011111111101101110101—20
Halpin	1000110011111010010011111—15

No. 10, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1: Halpin 6, Howard 5, Bartram 6, Platt 8, T. Ward 7, E. Ward 6.

No. 11, same: Bartram 5, Platt 7, Howard 2, Paulding 6, Ward 6, Halpin 5.

L. C. Platt, Jr., Sec'y.

Acme Gun Club.

Only five members of the Acme Gun Club competed at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Sept. 5 for the club's gold medal and annual prizes. Each man shot at twenty bluerocks, electric pull traps, 20yds. rise. F. Pfaender was the winner of the medal with 13; this is the third time this season. T. Short was a good second with 12. Sweepstake shooting followed. The scores:

F Pfaender	00110111001111111100—13	W Vorbach	11011110101100001000—10
T Short	00011011101101011101—12	C Munk	11000010100011010001— 8
C Stuetzle	00101110010001010101— 9		

The Frankfort Tournament.

FRANKFORT, N. Y., Sept. 5.—The Frankfort Game and Fish Protective Association were certainly favored with an exceedingly fine day, on which to hold their second annual tournament, which took place Labor Day, Sept 4 The association had a reasonable expectation of a better attendance than was given them, as they had made preparation for a large number, but when the morning trains pulled in from East and West minus any shooters save W. H. Armstrong of Little Falls, the members were heard to ask each other if they had a good bank account to meet an assessment.

Shooting was begun by a sweepstake shoot, and the first event on the programme was shot off, when the "pent up" Uticans were seen coming, in the personages of H. L Gates, Geo. Knowlton, Dr. Kilbourn and Messrs. Scott, Brainerd and Mayhew. U. T. K., we will remember you. Last but not least came the champion trap shot of central New York, which title the A S A. of Utica conferred on Frank Northrup, of Johnstown, at their last shoot. Frank carried off first honors of the day, also making a run of 100 straight birds.

The noon train brought J. M Herman of the W. S. G. C., of Syracuse, also Dr. Wessels of Canajoharie, who had a business call to Utica, and on his return from Utica, when passing the club grounds, thought he heard groans coming from Bancroft, Weeks, Pegnum and Scharff in distress, so he stopped off to render professional aid to them, but the sound he heard was echo vibrating from Canajoharie, but the doctor set about prescribing—not sugar coated pills, but lead ones for kingbirds. The following is the score in full:

No. 1, 10 birds:
Nipe....1011111101— 8 Dolby....1111111111—10
Rich....1111111111—10 H Steele....1111011101— 8
E Steele....1011101111— 8 Armstrong....1111001011— 7

No. 2, 15 birds, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10:
Gates....111110111111111—13 Rich....111010011011111—11
Knowlton....111111111110101—13 Northrup....111111111111111—15
Scott....111111111101111—14 E Steele....110111001111011—11
Kilburn....110111011101111—12 H Steele....101101111010101—10
Nipe....101111111110010—11

No. 3, 10 birds:
Gates....1111111111—10 E Steele....0111111110— 8
Knowlton....1111111111—10 Brainard....1110011100— 6
Scott....1111001111— 8 Armstrong....1111111110— 9
Kilburn....1111110111— 9 Dolby....1111110111— 9
Nipe....0001101101— 5 H Steele....0111111011— 8
Rich....1111111111—10 Northrup....1111111110— 9

No. 4, 15 birds:
Gates....111111111111111—15 Nipe....111111001111111—13
Knowlton....111111111111111—14 Rich....111111101111101—12
Scott....011101011110101—11 Northrup....111011111111111—14
Kilburn....101110011101111—11 E Steele....110111001100011— 9

No. 5, 20 birds:
Gates....11111111111111111111—20 Nipe....11110111111110111111—18
Knowlton....11111111111111111110—19 Northrup....11101111111110111111—18
Scott....11111011101011111111—17 Rich....11111101111111111111—19
Kilbourn....00011101111111111110—15 Steele....01111111111111111111—19

No. 6, 10 birds:
Gates....1111101111— 9 Brainard....1111111101— 9
Knowlton....1111111111—10 E Steele....1110111110— 8
Scott....1111111100— 8 Rich....0101110011— 6
Kilbourn....1111100111— 8 Dalby....1111111111—10
Nipe....1101111100— 7 Armstrong....1111111101— 9
Northrup....1111111111—10 H Steele....1011111111— 9

No. 7, 15 birds:
Gates....111111111110111—14 Northrup....111111111111111—15
Knowlton....111111111111011—14 E Steele....111111011011110—12
Scott....101111111111111—14 Rich....111111101101111—13
Kilbourn....110011111011111—12 Armstrong....011111111100111—12
Nipe....111111111111111—15 Brainard....011111111111110—13

No. 8, 15 birds:
Gates....111110101111111—13 Northrup....111111111111111—15
Knowlton....111111111111111—15 Wessels....000111100111101— 9
Scott....111111101110111—13 Rich....111011001111001—10
Kilbourn....111111101111111—14 Dolby....111111111111111—15
Nipe....111101101011111—12 Herman....111101111111111—14

No. 9, 20 birds:
Gates....11111111111111111100—18 E Steele....11111011111111111111—19
Knowlton....11011111111111111111—19 Wessels....11101111011111111111—18
Kilbourn....11111111111111111110—19 Armstrong11111010111111111110—17
Northrup....11111111111111111111—20 Herman....11011111111111010111—17
Nipe....11111111111111111111—20

No. 15, 15 birds:
Gates....111111001111111—13 Northrup....111111111111110—14
Knowlton....111111111111111—15 E Steele....111111011011001—11
Kilbourn....111111111111111—15 Armstrong....010111111111111—13
Scott....111111111111111—15 Herman....111111111110111—14
Nipe....111101101111111—13

No. 11, 15 birds:
Gates....111111111111111—15 Armstrong....111101111111110—13
Knowlton....111111111111111—15 Herman....111111110111111—14
Kilbourn....111111111101111—14 Brainard....111111111111010—13
Scott....111110111111111—14 Mayhew....111110111111111—14
Nipe....111011111111111—14 Dolby....111110111111111—14
Northrup....111111111111111—15 Wessels....011101111111110—12

Fifteen dollars divided for best average in 150 shots as follows: Northrup 145, 96⅔%, $5; Knowlton 144, 96%, $4; Gates 141, 94%, $3; Kilburn 129, 86%, $2; Nipe 128, 85⅓%, $1.

Endeavor Gun Club.

MARION, N. J., Sept. 4.—Labor Day shoot on Al Heritage's grounds.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1, three moneys:
Hoffman....1111111011—9 McPeek....1101111011— 8
Hobart....1011101011—7 Creveling....1011101111— 8
Breintnall....1111111011—9 Miller....1111111111—10
J L Smith....1111111001—8 Hoff....1110111100— 7

No. 2, 10 bluerocks:
Hoffman....0111111000—7 Jersey....1111010110—7
Breintnall....1111111101—9 Heritage....1011110011—7
Hobart....1111011110—8 Miller....1111011111—9
J L Smith....1110111111—9 Hoff....1101111110—8

No. 3, 15 bluerocks, entry $1.50:
Hoffman....111011111111011—13 Van Dyke....011111110110111—12
Breintnall....110110110111111—12 Geoffrey....111111111111110—14
Hobart....101111111110110—12 Thomas....110010001000110— 6
J L Smith....101111101110111—12 Hoff....111110111011010—11
Miller....001111111111101—12 W Smith....111111111111111—15
Jersey....110111111111111—14 Osterhout....100100010110111— 8
Creveling....011111111111111—14

No. 4, 10 bluerocks, entry $1:
Hoffman....0111111111— 9 Van Dyke....0111101111— 8
Breintnall....1111111111—10 W Smith....1111111111—10
Hobart....1111110101— 8 Creveling....0010111010— 5
Miller....1011111111— 9 Thomas....1011111101— 8
J L Smith....1010111001— 6 Geoffrey....1111111010— 8
Jersey....1011011011— 7 Young....0010010101— 4

No. 5, 20 bluerocks, entry $2:
Hoffman....11111111011101110110—16 Miller....01111101111111110111—17
Hobart....11110011110011111111—16 J L Smith....11111111111111110111—19
Breintnall....11011111100110111101—15 Geoffrey....10101111111111111011—17
Jersey....11111111101111111111—19 Thomas....10101111011100001101—12
Osterhout....11110010011110111001—13 W Smith....11011111111011111111—18
Van Dyke....11111111111111011111—19 Collins....10110010111110010111—13

No. 6, 10 bluerocks, entry $1:
Hoffman....1010010 11— 6 Thomas....1011101111— 8
Hobart....1101111111— 9 Jersey....0111101111— 8
Breintnall....1111111011— 9 Osterhout....1111101111— 9
Van Dyke....1111111111—10 Geoffrey....0011011110— 6
W Smith....1111111101— 9 Collins....111 111111—10
Miller....1111111111—10 Creveling....1111011011— 8

No. 7, 25 bluerocks:
Hoffmann....1101110111111111101111111—22
Breintnall....1111111111111111101111101—23
Miller....1111111111101111111111111—24
Hobart....1101101111101111111111111—22
Geoffrey....1101111110101101111110111—20
Van Dyke....1111111111101111111111011—23
W Smith....111111000111110 withdrew.
Jersey....0010111101010111111001001—15
Thomas....1000011111111111 withdrew.
Collins....1011111110111010 withdrew.

No 8, 15 bluerocks:
Hoffman....101111111010011—11 Geoffrey....110110111111111—13
Van Dyke....101111111111111—14 Lyon....001111101011010— 9
Breintnall....110001111011011—10 W Smith....111111111111111—15
Hobart....111111111111111—15 Thomas....010111110111110—11
Fisher....111111111011111—14 Mehl....101001010010111— 8
Miller....111111111111110—14 Richmond....111111111111111—15
Osterhont....111101001101011—10 Creveling....010111111110000— 9

No. 9, 10 bluerocks, entry $1:
Hoffman....1011100110— 6 W Smith....1110011111— 8
Breintnall....1111111111—10 Jersey....1101111101— 8
Hobart....1111101111— 9 Geoffrey....1111101111— 9
Thomas....1110011111— 8 Peck....1011011111— 8
Osterhout....1101101011— 7 Matzen....0111101111— 7
Fisher....1101111111— 9 Lyons....0010011010— 4
Van Dyke....1111111111—10 Creveling....1011101111— 8
Miller....0101111101— 7 Hedden....1101101110— 7
Mehl....1110111010— 7 Fry....1111001111— 8

No. 10, 20 bluerocks, entry $2:
Hoffman....10110000111111111111—15 Thomas....11111011111110111010—16
Breintnall....01111111011111111111—18 Mehl....10111100011101110111—14
Hobart....11110011111101100111—15 Hedden....11111101111111111011—18
Fisher....10101011000101110111—12 Metzen....01011010101011110100—11
Miller....11110111111111101111—18 Collins....11111001011111111111—17
Smith....11011111011111111111—18 Sigler....11111001101111011111—16
Geoffrey....11110101111110111111—17 Strades....00010000100100110010— 6
Van Dyke....10110111110111111110—16

No. 11, 10 bluerocks, entry $1:
Hoffman....1011111100—7 Sigler....1111111011—9
Hobart....0111111111—9 Creveling....1111110111—9
Fisher....0111011110—7 Metzer....1011110010—6
Breintnall....1010110111—7 Mehl....0101011101—6
Smith....1111010111—8 Hedden....1101111011—8
Miller....1101011011—7 Van Dyke....1111111101—9
Jersey....1110111111—9 Thomas....0000111011—5
Peck....0110000001—3 Geoffrey....1111110111—9
Richmond....1100111111—8 Fry....0001011011—5
Osterhout....1011101001—6 Collins....0111011011—7

No. 12, 25 bluerocks, entry $2.50:
Hoffman....1111111111101010111111111—22
Breintnall....1110111111111111111011111—23
Miller....1111101101111101111111111—22
Hobart....1011111001111111111111001—20
W Smith....0111111111111110110101111—21
Fisher....1110101111111110110111111—21
Collins....1111110110111111111101111—22
Sigler....1111101111111111111111111—24
Geoffrey....1111111111111111101111001—22
Hedden....1110111111111001111100111—20
Thomas....1111101011111011011110111—20
Van Dyke....0111111111111111111111111—24
Lenone....1000001011111011111110110—16
Richmond....1111110000111111111110111—20
Vermorel....1111110111111111100011111—21
H Wolf....1000010011010011100010111—12
Morfey....1111111100101101111111111—21
Little....0000110110110111110011110—15

No. 13, 15 bluerocks:
W Seagler....110111111111111—14 Fisher....111111111011111—14
W Hedden....011111111101110—12 Lenone....110110100000010— 6
Yeomans....110011111011111—12 James....111011111111110—13
Osterhout....001100111111101—10 Little....001010101111101— 9
Van Dyke....111111111101101—13 Geoffrey....111111101111110—13
Morfey....111011111011111—13 Hafert....111110111101111—12
Collins....111111011111011—13 Polhemus....000001011010111— 7
Van Iderstine....101000001001010— 5 Thomas....111111111011101—13
Hoffman....101111110111111—13 Jersey....101101111111110—12
W Smith....111111110111111—14 Vermorel....110010111110111—11
Breintnall....111111111001011—11 Wolf....101100001100010— 6
Weller....111011111111111—14 Mahl....000100111011110— 8

No. 14, 10 bluerocks, entry $1:
Morfey....1111111011— 9 Van Idestine....0111000010— 4
Van Dyke....1111111111—10 Sigler....1101111011— 8
Hoff....1111000101— 6 James....1101111010— 7
Geoffrey....1101111111— 9 Lenone....1101111101— 8
Breintnall....1111110011— 8 Little....1111011011— 8
Vermorel....1111111011— 9 Osterhout....1111011001— 7
W Smith....1011110111— 8 E Nailer....1111110111— 9
Yeomans....1110111011— 8 Thomas....1111111101— 9
Mehl....1110111001— 7 Fisher....1111111111—10
Hedden....0110001011— 5 Peck....0010100111— 5
Metzen....1111011011— 8 Hoffman....1111111011— 9
Collins....1111110111— 9 Lyon....0010110010— 4

No. 15, 15 bluerocks:
Van Dyke....011111111111111—14 Lyons....111110001001111—10
C Hedden....110011101101111—11 Yeomans....111011111101111—13
Vermorel....110111111011111—13 Breintnall....010111111111101—12
Geoffrey....111111111111101—14 Wolf....010110111111111—12
Sigler....111111111111111—15 Fisher....111101111111110—13
Collins....111111111110111—14 Little....011111111011011—12

No. 16, 10 bluerocks, expert rules, both barrels:
Miller....1111111101—8 Vermorel....1110110110—7
Sigler....1110011110—7 Fisher....1001000101—4
Hoffman....1011011111—8 Richmond....0011111110—7
Hedden....1101011111—8 Yeomans....1011111111—9
Morfey....1011110101—7 Little....1100010111—6
Geoffrey....1011001111—7 Breintnall....1111011111—9
Collins....0111101101—7 Osterhout....1110001101—6
Lyons....1011000010—4

Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 4.—The last of a series of eight league shoots was held to-day on the grounds of the New Haven Gun Club. The New Haven team won first money in the 3-man team (State championship) match, with Bristol Club and Colt Club, of Hartford, a tie for second place, Willimantic third, Moodus fourth, Ansonia fifth, New London sixth. The Bridgeport Club did not qualify in the 5 shoot. The aggregate scores of the winning teams (five best scores to count) are: New Haven 405, Hartford and Bristol 383, and Willimantic 366. The team race was won to-day by Bristol. Below are the scores:

New Haven Team.
Potter....001110111101101110111101101111—22
Savage....111111111111010111111110110111—26
Longdon....111010011111011111111111011111—25—73

Bristol Team
Daly....111111100111111111111010111111—26
Mills....101011111111011011011111001111—23
Manross....111111111110111111111110111110—27—76

Willimantic Team.
"Mack"....101001111111111011010011110111—22
Webb....110111011100111101000101111111—21
Edgarton....111111011101101001111110111011—23—66

Ansonia Team.
Hotchkiss....110101111101110110111100111011—22
Currie....000101111101011111101111101001—20
Sperry....101001111011111111111111111111—26—68

Colt Club, Hartford.
Willey....111011111101111111011110011010—23
McGinty....000110001000111011101100111111—17
Burbidge....111111111111111111111111111111—30—70

New London Team.
Penrose....110100101111101111011101011111—22
"Rubin"....101001001011011100110001100111—16
"C Ross"....011101111111101101110110110111—23—62

In the merchandise events for yearly averages the first prize was won by C. H. Burbidge, of Hartford, on a score of 73 out of 75 This was a high grade Scott gun and case (valued at $100), which was given by the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., of Bridgeport. Frank Potter, of New Haven, scored 72 and took second prize. $25 cash, given by H. A. Penrose, of the Standard Keystone Co., of New London. A Winchester magazine rifle was given by Frank Potter, of New Haven, to be shot for on the following conditions: Any shooter having made the highest score of consecutive shots without a miss at any League shoot during the year, to be in the tie shoot for the absolute ownership of the rifle Those who shot in the tie to-day at 25 singles were Frank Potter, J. B. Savage and C. E. Longdon, of New Haven; F. E. Rockwell, Fred Manross and E. M. Daly, of Bristol; H. L. Edgarton, of Willimantic, and C. H. Burbidge, of Hartford. The rifle was won by Burbidge on a score of 23. C. H. Burbidge has shot at seven League shoots and won honors which any trap-shot should feel proud of; he has made a run of 90 straight without a miss, it being the highest made in any League shoot. He has made two scores of 30 straight on the Colt Club team and won the shotgun and rifle as above mentioned Burbidge shoots a 7¼lbs. hammerless 12-gauge gun: his ammunition is U. M. C. Co.'s smokeless cases, loaded with 3⅝grs. of American E. C. smokeless powder and 1¼oz. No 8 soft shot.

NUTMEG.

Trap at Tacoma.

TACOMA, Wash., Aug. 29.—Inclosed herewith please find scores for '93 club medals of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club. Class A as yet undecided. Dodge and Eberly tieing on 91 straight; Garrison won in class B, Crosier in class C. Scores follows:

Class A.
Eberly....0111111111110111111111111110111111111001011110—43
110111111111111111111111111111011111111111111—48—91
Dodge....1110111111111101111111111111111111111011111111—47
111111111110111111110111111111111001111101111101—44—91
Denham....11111101111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
1111101111111101111111111110011010111111101111100—41—90
McNaughton....0010001111100011011101001110101101110011101101011—30
10111011011011111111100111101011001111111111111111—40—70
Ellis....0101111101101100111101111111101111101111111111111—41
1111111111111111111111111111111110w. —32—73
Smith....1110111101111111101111111111101011111011111011001w.—41

Class B.—50 birds.
Garrison....10100111111110111111000101111110101111110111111111—39
Kimhall....11101101111111111110001111110111101101111111111010—38

Class C.
Crosier....11111111110111111111101111111101110111111111101—45
Bell....10101011011100111101111101011111001111111110111111—39
Burwell....11100101100010111001111001000101010011001101001110—26

Q.

John Watson's World's Tournament.

CHICAGO. Ill., Sept 2.—There was erstwhile and once upon a time a great deal of talk and very little else in regard to a great big, overgrown World's Fair shoot, where solid gobs of gold would be flying through the air, and every shooter in the land could draw a hundred at the close of any shoot. The history of this shoot is written. It is a recorded failure.

Yet there was something good in the idea of an international shoot at the trap, to be held at the World's Fair city, and the shooting public has not willingly let die the idea of an international, or at least a national individual championseip. It seems likely that this idea is now to have something of an adequate working out after all. This belief it is fair to base upon the announcements of the programme just put out by the best known park manager of America, John Watson, of Watson's Park, Burnside, Chicago. Mr. Watson holds the dates of Oct. 2-7, offers an open tournament of exceptional attraction, "including the great World's Fair contest at 100 live pigeons to each contestant, entrance fee $125."

OUGHT TO DRAW.

If there is any money at all left in the country, and any "go" at all remaining in our shooters, the last announcement will bring out entries to the number, let us hope, of at least a dozen, though there should be double that number Should there be only a dozen, the event will have a national significance not reached by any in recent times, and the winner of it will win something.

Mr. Watson, in his plain and simple fashion, has done at a stroke what the squabbling intruders of the old World's Fair shoot could not do in a year. He has framed a unit, set a stake, made a beginning for what can be made practically an international individual championship match. Now let us hope that the rugged old Scotchman will do a little more and see to it that this championship match is one not only in name but in deed. It should be a bona fide, plucky, spirited match, fought to a finish, without a divide at any station or stage of the game. The winners should win it all. The shooter who is protected by a tie draw is not shooting wholly on his nerve. Let us see who is our nerviest and best shooter in an actual match for actual money. It is long since we have had a genuine sporting event of any moment at the trap. We have had enough of

FAKES, HIPPODROMES, DIVIDES

and fixed-quantity tournaments. Now let us have a sportsmanlike bit of sport and one shoot shot to an actual finish. If one were asked to name a man and a place which would assume this, he would naturally turn to John Watson and his well-known grounds. Perhaps we cannot even there be confident of seeing it assured, for the shooters can defeat Mr. Watson's wishes; but let us hope for the best, and look for the one thing likely to redeem the record of a year which has been singularly monotonous and dull.

John Watson announces for his tournament the American Association rules to govern (1¼oz. shot limit). He retains the Illinois horseshoe boundary, perhaps because his grounds are set for that; but as to the rest, he wisely cuts loose from the absurd so-called new Illinois rules and their illustrious no-handicap clause. The rise will be 31yds. for 10-gauges, 30yds. for 12-gauges, 28yds. for all bores smaller and not over 7lbs. weight.

THE WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST

will be shot Wednesday, Oct. 4. Guns in this contest will be limited to 12-bores, weighing 8lbs., and the rise will be 30yds. to all guns, 100 live birds, entrance $125. Highest scores to win. (Not class shooting.) Under five entries one money, five to eight entries two moneys, nine to twelve entries three moneys and over twelve entries four moneys. Note: The winner of the first money in this contest will be presented with a handsome and appropriate trophy significant of the event. In order to create a fund for the purchase of the trophy badges of admission to the park during the week of the tournament will be sold at $1 each and the entire proceeds from the sale of these badges applied to the purchase of the trophy, and that the value of the same may not be altogether an unknown quantity the management guarantees $100 for the purpose and all moneys secured from the sale of admission badges in excess of that amount.

This is well enough. Better yet would it be with one money, the winner to take all. Is it too much to hope for an agreement to this?

E. HOUGH.

Wyandottes at the Traps.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, Pa., Sept. 5.—Following are the scores made at the Wyandotte Gun Club's shoot. A fine day's sport was enjoyed, and interest in trap-shooting is on the increase.

No. 1, miss-and-out at live birds for a trophy:
Rust....1111111111121111111111
Thomas....1110
Gosner....11212121211121221111110
Rothacker....21122220
Paine....210
Cullen....110
Gardner....1110
Uhlmer....0
Fehr....12212110

No. 2, 10 live birds, for a trophy:
Gosner....1111112120— 9 M H Rupell....1111202221— 9
Blank....1110120111— 8 Perine....1101211121— 9
Thomas....1111121122—10 Rendic....0111221222— 9
H A Rust....1111112111—10 Michael....111020w.
Apgar....1111101100— 7 Cullen....1110211211— 9
Rothacker....1110220222— 8 Felker....1010101201— 6
Johnson....1101222222— 9 Fehr....1011122121— 9

No. 3, 5 targets:
Thomas....11011—4 Perine....11101—4
Gosner....11111—5 Apgar....11101—4
Kane....11011—4 Johnson....11101—4
Cullen....11110—4 Halman....11111—5
M H R....01111—4 Gardner....01110—3

No. 4, 10 targets:
Gosner....1011011011—7 Johnson....0111111110—8
Kane....0111110101—7 Apgar....1111111101—9
M H R....1011111011—8 James....1111101111—9
Headman....1101111011-5 Douglas....1011101101—8
Thomas....1100111010—6 Perine....1111111101—8
Cullen....1111001111—8

No. 5, 15 targets:
Caine....101110110000111— 9 Apgar....010101011101110— 9
James....111111111111111—15 Cullen....001010010110001— 6
Perine....110111110111111—13 Thomas....001110111111101—11
Gardner....011111111111110—13 M H R....100111101110111—11

No. 6, 10 targets:
James....1111111110—10 Perine....1111111111—10
Rupell....1010101111— 7 Gardner....0101011000— 4
Cullen....1000110011— 5 Thomas....1101111011— 8
Duglas....1111110111— 9 Johnson....1111101111— 9

Fountain Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Fountain Gun Club was held on Wednesday, Sept. 6, at Woodlawn Park Gravesend, L. I. Only six members competed for the best average scores to count at close of the season. Each shot at 10 birds, club handicap, modified Hurlingham rules, unknown traps. Dr. Wynn was the best scorer with nine, and J A. Stewart took second honors. In the sweepstake contest that followed Dr. Wynn killed all the birds he shot at, and took a portion of the first money in the five events.

A match at 10 birds was then shot off between Dr. Wynn and C. Brixey. The latter was given a handicap of 3yds., but the doctor won easily. Out of the 45 birds Dr. Wynn shot at he killed 44. The scores:

Dr. Wynn....1220111212—9 A. Botsford....00120w.
J. A. Stewart....2012121022 8—8 A. Crook....0102121202—7
C. Brixey....2111010010—6 W. Lair....0111111201—7

Sweepstake shoots, 5 birds, 3 moneys, 28yds., $1 entry.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
Dr. Wynn	11112	21211	11111	21111	12112
A. Crook	21121	21121	22121	01121	22121
J. A. Stewart	21211	21200	22011w.		
C. Brixey	10022	01001	11110	01002	00111
W. Lair	21112	11212	11021	10121	12110

Match 10 birds, $25 and the birds.
Dr. Wynn....1122211121—10 C. Brixey....1001200210—5

Live Birds at Pelhamville.

PELHAMVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 9.—The Wauregan Gun Club had their monthly club shoot at their club grounds, Pelhamville, N. Y., to-day. There was a fair attendance and the birds were a fine lot of flyers. Referee, J. H. Mills:

W H Brickner....2212212201—9 A Ditzel....1201•21101—7
J H Mills....01011•1212—7 F M Lyon....2021220210—7
J W Spencer....2121122100—8 F Knof....•120010111—6
A O Nelson....2011010111—7 R Darling....•010121200—5
L Livingston....0102110200—5 F Kerker, Jr....2•00211002—5
M F Brickner....0112121000—6

Two miss and out sweepstakes followed.

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

New Jersey League Shoot.

Rutherford, N. J., Sept. 2.—The following are scores of the New Jersey League shoot on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Fish and Game Club:

Passaic City G. C.

Abbott......1101111111011111001110111—20
Vermorel......0100111111011101111111111—20
Jollume......1111111011111011111111111—23
Shaw......0000011011001010111111011—14
Wise......1101101110111010111011011—18— 95

Union G. C.

J L Smith......0011111111111111110101111—21
Brantingham......1011111111010111111 1011—20
Apgar......1111111101011111111111111—23
Sigler......1111111111111101111111010—22
Miller......1101111111010111101111111—21—107

Myrtle Park G. C.

Allen......1111011011110111101010111—19
Compton......0110011110011101111011111—18
T Smith......0111110101111111100100111—18
Howard......0000111101110110010001010—12
McCallum......1011001111111111110110001—18— 85

Maplewood G. C.

Fisher......1011110100101111101101111—18
Siggins......0011111011101111110100010—16
Sickley......0111111110111111111111111—23
War Smith......1111111111111101111111111—24
Van Dyke......1111011111111111110111111—23—104

Boiling Springs F. and G. C.

Richmond......1110111101111111111111111—23
Hollister......1110111111111111111111111—24
Huch......101111101100 01011111111—19
Greiff......1110101110111111011111011 21
Klees......0111110101101111110011111—19—106

South Side G. C.

Breintnall......1111101101111110110110111—20
Thomas......1110000000111010110110101—13
Geoffrey......1111110111110111111111111—23
Hobart......11110011111111.0011.0111—20
C M Hedden......0001011111111111010100111—17— 93

Endeavor G. C.

Collins......1111111101111011111101101—21
Hall......0111101011110111110111000—17
Heritage......1101111110110111111001001—18
Lindsley......0101101101101011111101001—16
McPeek......1101110111110001101111110—17— 89

No. 1, 10 singles:

J L Smith......1111110111—9 Hoffman......1101010111—7
Lenone......1000010000—2 Paul......1111110101 8
Hollister......0111110110—7

No. 2, 10 singles, expert rules:

Lenone......0111111001—7 Hofman......1110110111—8
Paul......1110100110—6 J L Smith......1111111011—9
Hollister......1110110111—8

No. 3, 10 singles, $1 entry:

Hollister......011111111001011—11 Heddon......011110010100110—8
Richman......111111111111011—15 B Hiscox......110001111111100—10
Hobart......011110110110111—11 Lenon......111011111011101—12
Miller......101111111111011—14 Hoffman......010111110111011—11
Creveling......100101001100111—8 Smith......111110011111111—13
Geoffry......011111111111011—13 B Strader......010100010011111—8

No 4, 10 singles:

Hobart......0101111111—8 Breintnall......1110011111—8
Geoffrey......1101011011—7 Hofman......1111011101—8
Hiscock......0111111000—6 Siegler......1111111111—10
Hollister......1111111111—10 J L Smith......1111111111—10
Richmond......0111111111—9 Enoch Miller......1111111010—8
Hedden......0110110111—7 Thomas......0011111011—7
Creveling......1111111110—9 Strader......1101111101—8
Lenone......1001011011—6

No. 5, 20 singles, entrance $1.50:

Hollister...11111011111111111111—19 Smith......01111111111101111111—18
Thomas....11111111111111101111—19 Hoffman..01101111010110111101—14
Hiscock....10110010111111000010 10 Hobart....11101101111111111111—1
Swigler..11111111110111111110—18 Hedden....11001101011110111011—14
Geoffrey...11111011111101100111—16 Miller.....11111111011111010111—17
Breintnall..11111011111101111111—18 Richmond.11111111001101111111—17

No. 6, 15 birds, entrance $1:

Hobart......111111111101101—13 Breintnall......111110111011110—12
Smith......110111101101011—11 Thomas......111011110011111—12
Hedden......111001100111001—9 Ziegler......111111111111111—15
Miller......011111100111111—12 Hiscock......101111001011111—11
Hoffman......111111111011111—14 Geoffrey......110101111111011—12
Hollister......110111111001111—12 Richmond......010010111111110—10

No. 7, 10 singles, entrance $1:

Hollister......1111111110—9 Hofman......1111111101—9
Hobart......1010000110—4 Collins......1111111011—9
Thomas......1111111110—9 Williams......1100011111—7
Brientnall......1111111111—10 Bowes......1011111111—9
Geoffrey......1010111111—8 McCallum......0011010010—4
Kelly......1101011011—7 Compton......1100111000—5
Van Dyke......1111111101—9 Heritage......1111111111—10
Siegler......1111111101—9 Miller......1010111101—7
Hiscock......1101100010—5 Townsend......1111110111—9

No. 8, 10 singles, entrance $1: Hollister 8, Collins 8, Van Dyke 9, Hofman 5, J. L. Smith 9, Geoffrey 8, Siegler 7, Breintnall 7, Thomas 7, Hiscock 7, Williams 8, Brantingham 7, Kelly 8, Hedden 8, Creveling 6, Bones 5, Compton 8, McCallum 10, Miller 9, Hall 8, Townsend 6, Richmond 8, Streader 3, Jelleme 8, Abbott 10, Wise 8, Vermorel 7, Lindsley 5, Young 6.

No. 9, 25 singles, entrance $2:

J L Smith......1111111110111111111110111—23
Geoffrey......1011111111111111111101101—22
Hobart......1011111011101111101111100 19
Miller......1111111111111111111111111—25
Hollister......1100111111101011011111101—19
Vermorel......1111110111101101011001000—16
E Collins......1110111110101111111101111—21
W Smith......0010111101110011111101111—18
Sigler......1110111111111111111111101—23
Breintnall......1111100101111111011011111—21
Van Dyke......1111111111101111111111111—24
Wise......1100011101101101111011110—17
Hofmann......1111010110010111010110110—16
Brantigham......1111011111011011111111111—22
Hall......1110111111111111111111011—23
Williams......1110011101000111111111111—19
Bones......1111101111110111111000100—19
Kelley......1001011011011111111001110—17
Lindsley......1100001110111100111010010—14
Heppen......0111011111110100111111111—20
Fisher......1111111110010111111111111—22
Townsend......1011111001101010110100100—14
Apgar......1001111011111111111111011—21
Thomas......0101101101111011111101001—17

No. 10, 15 singles, $1 50 entrance: Warren Smith 13, Miller 14, Apgar 15, Van Dyke 9, Hedden 11, Wise 12, Williams 12, Matzen 11, Collins 11, Fisher 12, Vermorel 6, Lane 7.

No. 11, 10 singles, entrance $1: Huck 9, Siggins 5, Fisher 5, Krebs 8, Sickley 7, Lindsley 6, Hofman 3, Brientnall 6, Sigler 8, Van Dyke 7, Geoffrey 8, Miller 9, Warren Smith 8, Vermorel 8, Kelly 9, Richmond 9, Abbott 6, Hollister 9, Wise 9, Wellman 7, Heritage 8, Greiff 9, Klees 9, James 10, J. L. Smith 10, Hiscock 7, Townsend 3, Hall 8, Straeder 5, Gladwin 7.

No. 12, 15 singles, $1.50 entrance: Lindsley 8, Abbott 10, Krebs 9, Wise 13, Hofman 11, McPeck 13, Matzen 12, Hall 11, Lane 10, Kelly 12, Vermorel 12, Bowes 11, Gladwin 14, Richmond 15, Van Dyke 13, Hollister 11, Williams 10.

No. 13, 10 singles:

Richmond......1111100111—8 Matzen......0111101110—7
Miller......1111111119—9 Geoffrey......1111011111—9
Lindsley......1100110011—6 Hedden......0001001010—3
Vandyke......1111111011—9 Bowes......1011011001—6
Smith......1111110111—9 Vermorel......0011011110—7
Hoffman......1111111110—9 Williams......0111101011—7
Hollister......0110011111—7 Hall......1011111011—8
Abbott......1101111110—8 Creveling......1110110110—5
Lenone......1111011001—7 Burgess......1000100111—7
Siegler......0111011111—8 Thomas......0110111111—8
Wise......1111110111 - 9 Brientnall......1101110111—8
Rollins......0011110101—6 Paul......1001110011—6

No. 14, 15 birds, $1 50:

W. Smith......111111010111111—13 Williams......111011111111100—12
Miller......111111111011111—14 Matzen......111010111111110—11
Apgar......111111111111111—15 Geoffrey......111111110011011—11
Vandyke......011111110111001—9 Fisher......111101011101111—12
Kelly......111000111111000—11 Vermorel......111011010000000—6
Siegler......101110111011110—12 Lane......000011001111010—7

No. 15, 15 singles, $1:

Gladwin......011011111111010—11 J Smith......111111111111111—15
Hall......111110110110111—12 Richmond......101111110111111—13
Van Dyke......11011111111111—14 Fisher......111111111111111—15
Burgess......001100001111100—7 Lenone......00 110000101111—7
Miller......101111111111001—12 Proctor......100100010010100—5
Apgar......111101111111111—14 Fletcher......001001111000110—7
Breintnall......111111111111111—15 Maltzen......000010011011000—5
Klees......111101111111110—13 Geoffrey......111111111111111—15
Wise......00110101101010110—8 E Collins......11111010111110O—11
Vermorel......00100111110O111—9 Paul......101110101111101—12
Bowes......011110111101011—11 Hoffman......111111110110111—13
Williams......111111001101011—11

No. 16, 10 singles, $1: Jersey 10, Richmond 6, Abbott 8, Hall 7, Proctor 5, Laue 4, Van Dyke 8, Hoffman 9, Lindsley 10, Lenone 7, Paul 9, Matzen 4, Fletcher 2, Geoffrey 8, Creveling 8, Collins 8, Strater 5, Grieff 10.

No. 17, 10 birds, $1:

Lenone......0110011111—7 Fletcher......0101000001—3
Abbott......1101011000—5 Lindsley......1101110010—6
Hoffman......1111111111—10 Vermorel......1111110010—7
J Smith......1111111111—10 Burgess......0111010101—6
Collins......1010110011—6 Grieff......1111111110—9
Paul......0111101101—7 Geofrey......1101110011—7
Jersey......1111011101—8 Van Dyke......1011111110—8
Proctor Bird......1101011110—7

No. 18, 10 birds, expert rules, $1:

Lindley......1010000010—3 J L Smith......0101100001—4
Lenone......1100101011—6 E Collins......1101111111—9
Paul......1001100011—5 Vermoral......1011011101—7
Abbot......1111101010—7 Hoffman......1000011110—5

No. 19, 2 barrels, expert rules:

Abbott......1110000100—4 J L Smith......1111111011—9
Lenone......0110001100—4 Strater......0101001000—3
Paul......0101100111—6 Vermorel......0101101111—7
Collins......1001111100—6 Burgess......1001101110—6

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 4.—Scores made by the Eureka Gun Club at the last three shoots:

August 19.—No. 1, 25 targets:

Bingham......1111111111011111110111011—22
Funk......1111011111111011111111111—23
Carson......0110111011111101101101110—18
Burr......0001001010111111101111111—17
Tunnicliff......1011110000110101100011110—14
Buck......0111100001001000100101000—9
Goodrich......0100001010000011110010000—8
Taylor......0011100011101111111100001—16
Moran......0111111110111111110110110—20

No 2. 25 targets:

Bingham......1110111101111111111111111—23
Funk......1111111111111110110111111—23
Carson......1010110111010.0010011001 1—14
Burr......1011101101011110011111011—18
Tunnicliff......1111010111101111001111111—20
Buck......0100001010010111110000010—10
Taylor......0100111010100101011010 10—13
Moran......1111111011111111111110111—23

No. 3 medal shoot, 25 targets:

Bingham......1111101111111111111110111—23
Funk......1101111111111111110111111—23
Carson......1010100111001101101110111—16
Burr......1110101101010101100 11111—16
Tunnicliff......1011011111001011010101111—17
Buck......1001100000111000001011100—10
Goodrich......1101111011111100101001111—17
Taylor......0110010110111000100111011—14
Moran......1110111111101011111000111—19
Thomas......1101001111011111111111111—21
Van Dusen......1110001010100111100000110—12

Bingham wins Class A, Frank B, Goodrich C.

No. 4, 25 targets:

Bingham......1111111011111101110111101—21
Funk......11101101111110110101000 01 16
Carson......1110110111101110001110000—15
Burr......1101101111011111001111 1—19
Tunnicliff......1110011011001100 10010101—14
Buck......1011110001000111011010000—12
Taylor......1011010001001111111001110—15
Moran......0111111011110111110110110—19
Thomas......1110111100101011111111111—20
Morgan......0111111101111110110001110 1—18

Bingham winner in A, Funk B, Taylor C.

Aug. 26.—Match at 25 targets:

Bingham......1111011111111111111011111—23
Adams......1010111011111111101101111—20
Willard......1111101101101111111111111—22
Rice......1110101100111010111101011—17
Tunnicliff......1011011101001111011100111—17
Patterson......1101100001111010111110110—10
Skeek......1111011111111011100111101—20
Burr......1111101111101111001111100—19
Goodrich......1111001111000110001010110—14
Larg......1011000100000101000000110—8
Sandberg......1110011010101001110011001—14
Funk......1111100000111110111110111—18

Bingham's score to apply on medal shoot of this date.

Medal shoot at 25 targets:

Bingham......1111011111111111111011111—23
Steck......1111110111111111010111100—20
Adams......0101111111101111110110111—20
Willard......1111111111111011110111111—23
Rice......1001001010111011010001010—12
Tunnicliff......1101000011110111001101111—16
Patterson......1011110011100110101001101—15
Goodrich......0100111001100001110010000—10
Funk......0111010100111101111011110—17
Furguson......0110111111111010011011111—19
Sandburgh......1110111001110001110101100—15
Larg......0001100010000000010000010—5
Burr......1010110111111010001010101—15
Burgher......0000010010100010101101011—10
Buck......1011111011111000010011111—16

Bingham and Willard win in A, Steck B, Buck C.

Match at 25 targets:

Steck......0001111111111111111111111—22
Adams......1101110011101000011001111—15
Willard......1110101110010110111101111—18
Tunn cliff......1100111111011011111111101—21
Goodrich......1101000000100111101100000—10
Funk......0101100111010100110110111—15
Ferguson......1110100111001100110101100—14
Buck......1000100100110000010001101—9
Sandburg......1111011110111100111101101—19

Match at 25 targets:

Funk......0111011111000110011110111—17
Adams......1100010111101100101001011—14
Willard......1110011101111011111110111—20
Torricliff......1111101011110111101101111—20
Buck......1100011001110000101001011—12
Sandburg......1100111110111011100110011—17
Ferguson......1011111110111001111111101w.
Burr......1100111101w.
Adams......1101011011011111010101101w.
Buck......1100111110001000110101111w.
Tunnicliff......1111111110101110111110101w.
Willard......1111111111011110111111w.

Sept 2—No. 1, 25 targets:

Bingham......1111110110111111011111111—22
Tunnicliff......0101011001100101101111011—15
Adams......1011101111111111010111100—19
Morgan......0111100111111011111111001—19
Burr......1010010111011100111011111—17

No 2, same conditions:

Bingham......1011111111111110111111111—33
Tunnicliff......1110001101110101110010111—16
Adams......1110001011111011111010011—17
Morgan......0010111110100111111110111—17
Burr......1001111101111011111101111—20
Mathews......0100010111011100001111111—15

No. 3, same conditions:

Bingham......1111111111111111011111111—24
Heikes......1101111110111111110111101—21
Adams......0111110101111111111110111—21
Steck......1111101011111111111111011—22
Morgan......0111110111111111101111011—21
Glover......1011001111001110111101000—15
Tunnicliff......0110111011110100110000011—14
Burr......1011101111111001110011111—19
Mathews......0011000001001001001000101—8

No. 4, same conditions, Bingham's score to count on medal shoot:

Bingham......1111110110111111111111111—23
Heikes......1111101110111110111111111—22
Adams......0111110000111111111111111—20
Steck......1111001111111011111011111—21
Morgan......1110101111111111101111111—22
Fink......0010101101111100111110111—17
Tunnicliff......0010101011110010110101111—15
Burr......1111101110111111110100100—19
Mathews......1001000110001101010101000—10
Weart......1000101 0111011010101001011—13
Hendrich......0101010000000010000111111—11
Willard......1111111111111111111101101—23
Ferguson......00011010100111 0w.
Buck......10011010100110 0w.

No. 5, medal shoot:

Bingham......1110111111111111111011111—23
Heikes......1111101110111111111111101—22
Adams......1101011110110101110100 11—17
Steck......1110110010111111001011101—17
Morgan......1011111111100111111111100—20
Funk......1111111111110011111110011—21
Tunnicliff......1100011111111010101011110—17
Matthews......0111100111000000111010010—12
Weart......0000010000101100011001111—9
Hendricks......1101000010010000001001000—7
Willard......1011110111110111111110101—20
Ferguson......1010010101111111111110111—19
Glover......1011011111010110 11011111—19
Buck......1001001100000000000000010—5
Goodrich......1101101100000001110010010—11

Bingham wins in A. Funk B, Goodrich C.

No. 6, 25 targets: Adams 14, Steck 17, Morgan 21, Funk 21, Tunnicliff 16, Weart 9, Hendrick 18, Willard 18, Ferguson 15.

No 7, 25 targets: Sport 18, Willard 22, Adams 16, Funk 20, Tunnicliff 18, Ferguson 14.

Labor Day Traps.

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 6.—An all-day shoot was held by the Atlantic Shooting Association at Lynnhurst on Labor Day, Sept. 4. A better day for shooting could not be asked for and the targets flew in excellent form. Shooting commenced at 9 o'clock and continued till 1 P. M., when an invitation was received from the Marblehead Gun Club to complete the remainder of the programme on their grounds at Marblehead, which was accepted.

The following gentlemen left on the 1:57 train for that place: Messrs. Pray, Lincoln, Rogers, Pinkham, Dodge, Bolvy, Phillips, Crosby and Fulford. Following are the scores:

No. 6, 6 targets, known angles:

Pinkham......011111—5 Fairchilds......001000—1
Pray......101110—4 Fulford......111111—6
Crosby......000001—1 Rogers......101101—4
Dodge......001001—2

No 2, 6 targets, unknown traps and angles:

Pray......111001—4 Lincoln......001100—2
Rogers......010110—3 Pinkham......010110—3
Fulford......111101—5

No 3, 6 targets, unknown traps and angles:

Pray......101101—4 Pinkham......110000—2
Rogers......000010—1 Lincoln......110010—3
Fulford......010111—4 Bolby......000101—2

No. 4, 6 targets, known angles:

Day......011011—4 Bobby......010110—3
Fairchild......11 010—5 Rogers......011110—4
Lincoln......110111—5 Fulford......110111—5
Pray......111110—5

No. 5, 6 targets, known angles:

Pray......010011—3 Fulford......101111—5
Rogers......111011—5 Dodge......101000—2
Lincoln......011101—4 Bolby......110010—3

No. 6, 7 targets, known angles:

Pray......1111111—7 Marvel......1110111—6
Lincoln......1100100—3 Curtis......1111111—6
Bolby......1010000—2 Widger......1110011—5
Fulford......1111111—7 Rogers......1110111—6

No. 7, 7 targets, known angles:

Pray......1011111—6 Curtis......1111101—6
Lincoln......0101011—3 Widger......0111111—6
Fulford......1111110—6 Rogers......0111101—5
Marvel......1111111—7

No. 8, 10 targets, known angles:

Pray......1111111111—10 Curtis......1010111111—8
Lincoln......0001000011—3 Widger......1111111111—10
Fulford......1111111111—10 Rogers......1111101111—9
Marvel......1011111111—9

No. 9, 6 targets, unknown angles:

Pray......111111—6 Widger......111101—5
Lincoln......000110—2 Rogers......110101—4
Fulford......111101—5 Madge......001010—2
Marvel......101101—4 Bobby......101000—2
Curtis......111101—5

No 10, 7 targets, known angles:

Pray......1111111—7 Widger......1001010—3
Fulford......1010111—5 Rogers......1111111—7
Marvel......1101111—6 Stacey......1001011—4
Curtis......1111110—6 Cloutman......0111100—4

W. F. Brown.

West End Gun Club.

Ottumwa, Ia., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find scores made by the members of the West End Gun Club at their tenth badge shoot on last Friday afternoon. The attendance was small. The eleventh and last shoot for the Bachman gold medals comes off on Sept 15. By the present standing of the shooters it looks like a sure thing for Powell as the winner of Class A medal, and K. N. Eldridge for the class B medal. After the medal shoot is finished, J. W. Neasham, one of our leading jewelers, will present to the club an elegant solid silver cup, which will be shot for same as the medals. Our tournament on Sept. 27-38 promises to be of the best ever held in the State.

Powell......1111111011110111111111111—23
Young......1011110111111011111111011—20
Heather......1111001010111111011010011—17
Eldridge......1111111111100001101011111—19
Feidler......1110011011001011111011100—16
Van Emmon......0110101100110100 010100111—14
Smith......0110010001010101110111110—14
Rhines......1010111100111001010011100—14
Crisman......0010101010100111000111110—13
Idenwalder......1000111011000000000110100—10
Potter......1001011000000000000000000—5
Erbacher......0000101001000010000010000—4

R. H. T.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B. D., South Bend, Ind.—Will you answer whether chilled shot is injurious to use in shotgun, also whether its penetration and killing force for game is not greater than ordinary drop shot. I am told that chilled shot will injure a choke-bore gun by cutting it out. Ans. It will not injure the gun, and superior effectiveness is claimed for it.

E. D. H, Philadelphia.—According to your issue of March 23, 1893, the non-resident law has been repealed in the State of New Jersey. I made inquiries whether it would be necessary to have a license and the West Jersey Game Society told me it would be. I wrote to Secretary of State of New Jersey and he inclosed me a copy of the game laws for 1893, and they do not say anything about non-residents requiring a license, as the 1892 laws did. I inclose the letter I received from Secretary of State. This West Jersey Society still have their charter, but does it give them the right to arrest non-residents? I cannot see how how they can molest a person found shooting without a license when there is no State law requiring one. Ans. The West Jersey Society derives its authority from its charter, which was not affected by the repeal of the general State law regarding non-resident licenses. The West Jersey Society requires licenses for non-residents in counties of Camden, Gloucester, Atlantic, Salem, Cape May and Cumberland.

Fancier, Oyster Bay, N. Y.—I see the following pheasants advertised and at the poultry shows, viz.: Golden, silver, ring-necked, Lady Amherst, Reeves, versicolor, Swinhoe, Elliott and peacock. How many of these varieties exist as wild species, and how many, if any, may be the result of domestication and of crosses? The first three named I have known for over fifty years and they seem to me to be distinct species, although I am not an ornithologist, but owning some of the others and observing them in their summer moults, I suspect from that, as well as their names, that they may be fertile hybrids. Ans. The pheasant family is an extremely large and magnificent one, numbering 50 or 60 species. The sub-family *Phasianinæ*, in which are included those you name, contains over 40 species. All of those you mention are regarded as perfectly good species, though it is a well-known fact that hybridization is common in this group. The golden and Lady Amherst pheasants (*Thaumelea picta* and *T. amherstia*) are natives of Thibet and China. The silver (*Euplocamus nycthemerus*) is also a native of China, as are the ring-necked (*Phasianus torquatus*) and Reeves (*P. reevesii*) the last being most numerous in northern China. *Phasianus versicolor* is a native of Japan, *Euplocamus swinhoi* of the island of Formosa. Elliot's pheasant (*Calophasis ellioti*) is found near Ningpo, China. The peacock pheasants (*Polyplectron*) are found in India, the Malay countries and in Cochin China and the islands of Sumatra, Borneo and the Philippines. Not very much is known about the habits of many of the pheasants, and still less about the seasonal changes which take place in their plumage.

SAVE YOUR TROPHIES.

Write for Our Illustrated Catalogue

"HEADS AND HORNS."

It gives directions for preparing and preserving Skins, Antlers, etc. Also prices for Heads and Rugs, Birds and Fish, and all kinds of work in Taxidermy.

WARD'S NATURAL SCIENCE ESTABLISHMENT,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A LONDON "predictive science" journal gravely affirms that the Camperdown need not have sunk the Victoria, had the British Admiralty consulted a skillful

Astrologer

to name an auspicious moment for the fleet to leave port. British professo of moonshine may read destinies of warships, but the merican astrologer who consults the planets for auspicious moments to go shooting will make a bad break of it without the *Game Laws in Brief* in his outfit. The stars declare this an auspicious moment for all who have not that work to buy it. 5 c. All sporting goods dealers or FOREST AND STREAM.

FROM the first issue of this paper it has been used, and for nearly twenty years this particular space has been occupied by

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

who now say that they have given up advertising at least for the present.

Notice to Fishermen! Cut Prices for 1893.

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and not decreasing the quality, it increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at $1.58 until all are sold. Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction
Length and weignt of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below h nd.
Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz Reel seats above hand.
A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 90 cts.; 60yds., $1.00; 80yds., $1.10; 100yds., $1.20.
Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.
Brass Click Reels, 40, 60, 80 or 100yds., 28 cts each; 5 cts. extra for postage.
One lot of Multiplying Raised Pillar Reels with Balance Handles and Lifting Drag: 40yds., 38 cts.; 60yds., 48 cts.: 80yds., 58 cts.; 100yds., 68 cts.; 150 yds., 78 cts.
A special lot of Trout Flies at 30 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.
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All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 1 cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage
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Single Gut Leaders, 3ft., 4 cts., 45 cts. per dozen. Double Gut Leaders, 40in., 5 cts. each. Treble Gut Leaders, 32in., 7 cts. each. Four-ply Leaders, 32in., 8cts.
Special lot of best quality 100ft. Linen Reel Lines, 8 cts., 20 ft., 15 cts.; 300ft., 22 cts.; 3 cts. extra for postage.
Send 2-cent stamp for Illustrated Catalogue.

Open Evenings until 8 o'clock. Saturday Evenings 11 o'clock.

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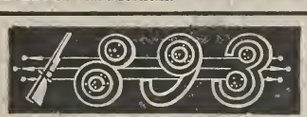
FERGUSON'S PATENT REFLECTING LAMPS,
THOMAS J. CONROY, Sole Agent,
310 Broadway, New York.
With Silver Plated Locomotive Reflectors and Adjustable Attachments.

UNIVERSAL LAMP,
For Sportsmen's use. Combines Head Jack (Front and Top), Boat Jack, Fishing, Camp, Belt and Dash Lamp, Hand Lantern, etc.
EXCELSIOR LAMP,
For Night Driving, Hunting, Fishing, etc. Is adjustable to any kind of dash or vehicle.
Send stamp for illus. Catalogue, and address all orders Lamp Dept

J. P. DANNEFELSER,
PRACTICAL GUNSMITH,
No. 9 Chambers St., New York.
Guns, Rifles, etc., at lowest prices. Second-hand guns bought, sold and exchanged. With my new adjustable TRY GUN I can take your *exact* fit for either new stock or alter old stock to desired drop, cast-off or length. Barrels bored to shoot close and hard, and all other kinds of repairing executed with despatch and warranted. Send 50 cents for bottle of best barrel browning in America with directions.



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WE OFFER
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Stylish, well made, well fitting, handsomely trimmed with braid, in all colors. Jersey and cheviot from $8.50 to $14.00 per suit.
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In all colors at $2.50, $3.00, $4.50.
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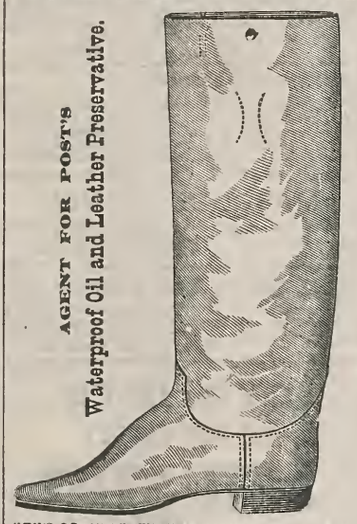

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Send for Catalogue. Mailed Free.

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Grubb's Improved Illinois River Duck Call. The most natural-toned call made; easy to blow; not easy to get out of repair, having a fine tempered reed; makes it so you can call teal, woodduck and bluebill, as well as mallard. This is the only call you can do this with. Price 55 cents.
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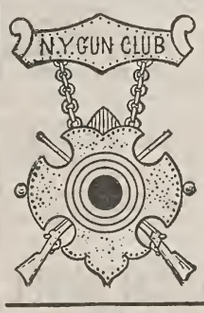

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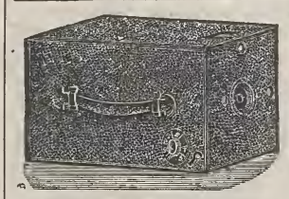

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NEW STYLES NOW READY.

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THE BACON FARM, SITUATED ON THE Machias River, in the heart of the gunning and fishing region, will be open to receive guests on Sept. 1. The house is commodious and the services of an excellent cook having been engaged patrons may be assured of considerate attention. Particulars, apply to S. M. HOLWAY, Machias, Me. 15

FOR SALE.

The best snipe, sora and ducking property in Virginia. 1,400 acres marsh and waterways; 600 acres upland. Shooting for 50 guns. Easily accessible from Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk. Daily line of boats. Shooting nine months in the year. Easily protected. Good buildings, wharf, etc. An exceptional opportunity for a club of sportsmen. Price moderate. Terms easy. References.
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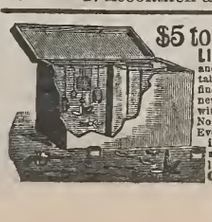

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At Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia,

will be open for sportsmen and hunters from May 1 till end of season. No better trout fishing or moose hunting can be found in Canada. Forty lakes with finest of trout fishing within a radius of five miles of the camp. Write for circulars.
M. SJOSTEDT, Garden of Eden, Nova Scotia.

ATTEAN CAMPS.

MAINE, July 7, 1893.

On and after this date all persons not guests of Attean Camps will be excluded from fishing or hunting in the territory leased by me, which includes the townships of Attean, Dennis, Number Four and Number Five, also Holeb, Spencer and Attean Falls, Moose River. Any person trespassing on the above territory will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. ITHAMAR BOWE,
P. O. Jackman, Me Lessee and Proprietor.

Spruce Cabin

CANADENSIS, Monroe Co. Pa.
BEST OF SHOOTING. Ruffed grouse, woodcock, ducks and rabbit. Also deer and bear. Guides and dogs. D. L. & W. R. R. to Tresco. For particulars address PRICE BROS., Proprietors.

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Adirondacks.

ADIRONDACKS.

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The most desirable and the most attractively located of all the Adirondack hotels. Fine hunting and fishing. Open till Oct. 1. Send for circular.
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Situated on the borders of the wildest and best hunting and fishing section in the Adirondacks. Superior accommodations. For circular, address
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Within ten minutes' walk of the best trout fishing in the Adirondacks. Fine deer hunting and good dogs. Send for circular. D. CAMERON, Prop.

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TAYLOR'S-ON-SCHROON, N. Y.—In a charming location among the pines, on the high banks of Schroon Lake. Fine mountain scenery, good fishing, boating and driving. Table the best and supplies from hotel farms adjoining. Electric lights in hotel and on grounds. Billiards and bowling. Pure mountain spring water. Sanitary arrangements perfect. Send for circular. C. F. TAYLOR & SON,
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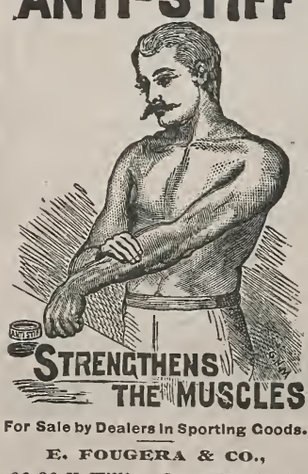

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AMERICAN BIG GAME HUNTING.

PUBLIC attention has lately been drawn to the Boone and Crockett Club by the hunter's cabin which it erected on the wooded island at the World's Fair, and which has excited a real interest in the rough life of the wilderness West.

The Boone and Crockett Club is an organization of big game hunters. In its membership have been included many men eminent in various walks of life. Soldiers, statesmen, explorers, scientists, literary men, lawyers and business men are counted in the list. When the club was formed, its objects as set forth in its constitution were to promote manly sport with the rifle, and travel and explorations in portions of the country about which little is known; to work for the preservation of the large game of the country and to influence legislation looking to that end; to promote inquiry into the habits of our wild animals, and to further among the members the exchange of opiniors on topics of interest to the club. These are all good objects and the club has lived up to the standard which it set for itself. Little need be said of the quiet work that it has accomplished, the good influence that it has wielded, in part by what it has said and done in favor of a higher standard of sportsmanship, and in part unconsciously by its practice of the principles which it follows. It has accomplished not a little and hopes to do more.

At its annual meeting, held in January last, the club determined to publish a volume on American big game. Editors were appointed and contributions asked for from the members, and in about two weeks the resulting book will be published by the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. Its title is "American Big Game Hunting," but while devoted chiefly to big game and its hunting, it covers also certain subjects of great interest to the big game hunter, which yet are not strictly a part of killing game. Such are the paper by Mr. Arnold Hague on "The Yellowstone Park as a Game Preserve," that by Mr. W. B. Devereux on "Photographing Big Game," and two articles by the editors, one on the "Literature of American Big Game Hunting," and the other on "Our Forest Reservations." As is natural, a considerable amount of space is given to the buffalo, on which species there are two chapters.

Of course no exhaustive discussion of all species of American big game could be compressed within the limits of a single book, and in this initial volume of the series proposed by the club it is not attempted to exhaust the subject. Other volumes are promised annually hereafter which will be likely to give us a series of chapters on North American big game which can hardly fail to add a great deal to our knowledge of the various species.

Although much has been written about the white goat of the Western mountains, he still remains almost the least known of our large game animals. Mr. Owen Wister has contributed to the forthcoming book of the Boone and Crockett Club a charming article on this species, which we shall publish next week from advance sheets.

The book will prove of great interest to all American hunters. It will be published the first week in October and the exact date will be announced in our next issue.

BASS IN ONEIDA LAKE.

A GOOD object lesson in protection is just now furnished by Oneida Lake in central New York, and it is Mr. Henry Loftie of Syracuse who points out the lesson.

It is but six or seven years since the bass fishing in Oneida Lake amounted to very little. It had always been a good bass water, but over-fishing and the use of nets had so reduced the supply that one might faithfully angle a whole season and yet not in all that time secure the number of fish taken in four hours on Sept. 13 by Mr. Loftie and his wife. For the last few years especial attention has been paid to the protection of Oneida Lake, and illegal fishing has been made rather an expensive pastime. Mr. Loftie and other enthusiastic anglers of Syracuse have nobly held up the arms of the State Game Protector and his subordinates, and they have made it hot for poachers. Besides this, restocking has been done in a small way, and we see the results in the splendid fishing now to be had in that beautiful lake.

Syracuse anglers are naturally desirous that this good work should be continued, feeling that all that they have said and done in the past is made good by the present condition of the waters. They hope to obtain for next season a small appropriation from the board of supervisors of the county to keep up the work of stocking and to help to pay the private protector of the local association.

No doubt the supervisors will give them this assistance, for if all be true that we hear of Oneida Lake to-day this is a real case of casting bread upon the waters and receiving it back many times multiplied in due season.

SUNDAY ALONG THE DOCKS.

A SUNDAY stroll along the water front of a great city will interest and surprise any angler who has never before been over this ground. It will inform him of the existence of a great number of anglers of whom he has never known, and will show him how deep and how widespread among the people of the city is the love of fishing. On every dock, schooner, coal barge or tied-up steamer to which access can be had, sit the fishermen, each with his basket of bait and lunch, and managing either a rod or two or three hand lines.

There you will find all sorts and conditions of men, whose occupations are so confining that in all the week they can get only this one day off for their favorite pastime. Salesmen and clerks, mechanics and laborers, men who work at all the various trades and avocations that a great city affords, are to be seen sitting side by side, tending their lines and sharing the freshness of the early autumn air, the beauty of the river scenery, and the hopes—too seldom gratified—of a big catch. Their bait is long clams, shrimp or crabs, and they angle patiently all day long, returning home at night tired, hungry, sunburned and happy, though perhaps the basket holds only two or three little lafayette fish and a tiny striped bass or an eel. They have had their day out of doors and are better for it.

Who will grudge these hard working men their Sunday spent in the open air along the river front, one day in the seven of rest and innocent recreation?

RAMON E. WILSON.

THE sudden death of Ramon E. Wilson, of San Francisco, Cal., was a shock to all the sportsmen of that State as well as to the business community of which he was so bright an ornament.

Mr. Wilson was one of the prominent lawyers of San Francisco, being a member of the firm of Wilson & McCutcheon, and had a wide acquaintance all up and down the coast. For many years he had been one of the leading sportsmen of California, and he had given much time and interest to all movements which had for their object the protection of game and the making popular of field sports. He was especially prominent in shooting and fishing matters, as well as in all things pertaining to the kennel. He owned high-class pointers which he ran in field trials on the coast.

Mr. Wilson had occupied many positions of prominence and responsibility in connection with sport. He was once Fish Commissioner and had only recently retired from the presidency of the Pacific Kennel Club. He was a member of the Country Club, the leading sportsman's club on the Pacific coast, which has extensive preserves near San Francisco, in Marin county, and of many other shooting clubs on the coast.

At a meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club recently held, Mr. Briggs, the president, paid a high tribute to Mr. Wilson, and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressing the sorrow of the club at his untimely demise.

As a private citizen Mr. Wilson's position was exceptionally high, and he was greatly esteemed and beloved by all who knew him. His death leaves a gap in the ranks of sportsmen on the coast which will not be easily filled. He was about forty-two years old.

SNAP SHOTS

THE game laws of New Jersey by section 12 of chapter 28 of the laws of 1893 protect insectivorous birds, and among the birds mentioned in this section as protected is the robin. We are told, however, by a gentleman in whom we have confidence that in Bergen county, New Jersey, at Fort Lee, permits to shoot small birds are issued by the local authorities as soon as the berries are ripe, $10 being charged for the privilege of the year's shooting. It is said that robins are butchered by scores, and even by hundreds by persons holding these permits, and that such holders are protected in their shooting by the constable of the place. We do not know under what provision of law such permits may be issued by this official, and the matter appears to be one deserving investigation by the game and fish commissioners.

Arrangements have been made, we are told, for the shipment of a carload of elk from Wyoming to England. The animals are for the estate of Sir Peter Walker, and are to be furnished by W. H. Root, of Laramie, who is well known to many of our readers. It is believed that the elk will be gathered on the head of Green River, and when the shipment is ready Mr. Root will accompany it and deliver it at the park in England. As is well known, many elk have at different times been shipped to the continent, where they have done well and have freely bred with the red deer, the progeny of the two species being a magnificent animal. The results of this importation to England will be looked forward to with interest.

The remarkable success attained by the *Game Laws in Brief* shows very clearly how great is the demand for a small and handy volume which shall give in a few words the gist of the laws governing the taking of game and fish in each political division of North America. Up to the date of issue of the *Game Laws in Brief* no such small volume had ever been published. Those which purported to give abstracts of the laws were always incomplete and usually incorrect, for they were never kept up to date, the expense of making the annual changes being so great as to eat up the profits of the venture. Such a publication needs constant watching, and at the end of each legislative year a large proportion of the laws have to be changed. This requires in many cases the reprinting and rebinding of the whole work. In the recently issued edition of the *Brief* changes had to be made in the laws of more than twenty-five States and Territories. To learn of these changes required correspondence with State officials, and a copy of each new law had to be obtained, abstracted, set up in type, and printed. No doubt the attractive form of the *Brief*, with its handsome pictures of hunting and fishing scenes, and its advertisements of many of our best gun and fishing tackle houses, makes it sell more readily than the old-time form of game law publications, and it is a good thing that this is so, for the more widely our game laws are distributed and known the better they will be observed.

The meetings of sportsmen which are daily taking place at the exhibit of FOREST AND STREAM at the World's Fair are certainly very interesting, and the account of the visitors given by our Western representative in to-day's issue is well worth reading. Here beneath the big white birch sign all sorts and conditions of men from all quarters of the continent or of the globe meet on an equal footing, the footing of their love for outdoor life. This common interest gives sportsmen a common meeting ground and lovers of the gun or rod or dog or yacht are never at a loss for subjects for conversation when they come together. Not the least interesting of the visitors to the Fair during the last week, was President Woodruff of Salt Lake City, still hale and hearty and able to read and enjoy FOREST AND STREAM, notwithstanding the burden of 87 years which he carries so lightly, and in contrast to this veteran there are seen now and then in the FOREST AND STREAM space, children sent there from far away by parents who read the paper but cannot themselves come to the Fair.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE MUSEUM MOOSE.

(Concluded from page 227.)

Breakfast over, Nuel started on his hunt for the cow moose.

When he had gone, I busied myself more particularly with the head. I was anxious if I could, to preserve the shape, and more especially the ears, as I saw them in the moonlight. I did not give such close attention to my work though, as to prevent me from looking around and noticing things more carefully than I had done. Although the night had been so cool, the day was mild, and I observed a good many yellow-rump warblers, brown creepers, ruby crown kinglets and chickadees, all around me. There were other kinds of birds, I had no doubt. I could see them flitting high up among the treetops, and occasionally the screech of a red-shouldered hawk, or the call of the bluejay would strike upon the ear. There were loons upon the lake, but they were generally silent until toward evening, while the chattering of the red squirrel was heard every few minutes during the day long. One of these lively little creatures appeared especially interested in my work.

But such a quiet day I think I never passed. I cooked and ate my dinner alone. I walked down to the point alone. I enjoyed the solitude alone, and admired the foliage in all its varieties and brilliant shades and colors alone. This was my only drawback. Oh, to have had a brother sportsman or naturalist, to admire and enjoy this fragrance and grandeur and solitude with me!

It was late in the afternoon before I saw Nuel coming. I was glad to see him, for I was beginning to feel oppressed with a sense of solitude. Then it had clouded up since dinner and there was an ominous stillness (as on our second day out) setting upon everything. Nuel's first words as he landed were, "More rain comin' me tink. You hear um loon holler soon. I mus get um blenty wood." The loons did call pretty soon—nor was it an hour after Nuel's arrival, before the glassy lake was covered with tiny wavelets.

We were snug though. There was plenty to eat, a good fire burning, and we had secured what we came for.

Hardly had we commenced our supper before he began. "Doc'or, me know where big cow moose is. Allmos' get shot at her. Too much open. She not scare do. No use fright her. She what you call um 'booty.' Fine, big, nice skin."

"Did you see her?" I inquired in pleasant surprise.

"Yes, me say me see her. Me tot she roun' here. Me have her morrow, next day. You wait um for me?"

"Yes, I will wait a week for you to get her," replied I. While at the same time I thought I would wait two, if necessary. Could it be, I asked myself, that I am to be so fortunate as to secure a pair on one expedition?

Next morning it was raining hard when I woke up, and it continued to rain off and on all day. I did not mind this, for it was Sunday. Indeed I was rather pleased than otherwise. It hindered Nuel from going after the cow moose, without any interference of mine. When he complained of the rain, and that he wanted to go for the moose, I merely said, "This is Sunday. It will do Indian good to have rest."

"You sartin, Sunday?" inquired he.

"Yes, certain, sure."

"Well, prees he say no good luck hunt um on Sunday. If fine me wan' to go do, all same. Praps better stay may be. Smoke um meat. No spoil um den."

I had given him all the moose except what we would be likely to want for our own use. This he said he would smoke for winter and eat it when he came into this region to trap.

The smoking process commenced soon after breakfast. He made his house and strung his slices between the heavy showers.

Sunday was a tedious day in camp. Had I not been able to admire the head and horns of a moose, though, it would have been far more tedious. Perhaps it was as well for me that I could not go out. The damp weather made me sensible that warmth was the best thing for my back.

It was still raining when we went to sleep. At supper Nuel had told me that he thought we were going to have cooler weather. When I asked him why he thought so, his reply was, "Saw um much bird on moose hunt. Leetle one. Berry pooty. Make um leetle noise. Very busy. Hunt um much worm. Catch um much fly."

But next morning it was fine and clear again, with a cool, bracing air. So clear was the air that one might almost have supposed that the distant hills and forests had been drawing nearer to us during the night, and every hue and shade was visible.

At breakfast Nuel commenced, "Doc'or, you no want to go wid me. Me got go berry still. Not break um stick. Not switch um bush. Not make um no noise. You see moose ne got um big ear (nodding toward the head). Hear um much quick. Hab go berry sof'."

I saw that he preferred to be alone, and although I had not much to do and would feel lonely when he was gone, I said, "No, Nuel, I guess you had better go alone and I will take care of my skin."

"Yes, bes' so dis time. Woods wet. You kill um your moose. Sorry no partridge here for you hunt. Too wil'. Wan' um blackberry bush? Ole road. Stump fal' down. Grow up. Only fool partridge roun' here. On spruce tree. Kill um wid stick. Black meat. Strong. You no like um."

I understood all he meant to say. I wanted no spruce partridge, nor ruffed grouse either, while I had plenty of moose meat. And I also thought that Nuel's chances of securing the cow moose were much better if he went alone.

When he had gone I spread out my skin again and examined it carefully, cut a little more flesh off the head, and then laid it away. After that I watched the moose birds—Canada jays—that had congregated around the camp, and two red squirrels that seemed deeply interested in all my movements, and a troop of chickadees and nuthatches that came along about this time.

But by noon the hours began to hang heavily on my hands. I wanted something to do, and concluded that after I had made myself a cup of coffee I would explore a little. Before 2 o'clock I was on the point. There was very little of interest there except the wildness of the surroundings. Three loons were swimming and diving just beyond gunshot. Then I saw a kingfisher take his strong and steady flight from one side of the lake to the other, and five bluejays, after calling for a while, then passed over. But the stillness of the place was depressing. There was nothing but lake, shore and woods all around. If a bear or a moose had walked out somewhere, or an otter had put in an appearance, or even a muskrat, there would have been something to break the solitude. But no such thing happened. I sat upon a rock and watched and thought and admired, until the sun began to decline pretty well in the west and no further signs of life appeared.

After I had grown weary of the point I took a saunter along the shore in hopes that a change of place might produce some variety. In this I was mistaken. There seemed to be the same silence everywhere—space, water, woods. When I returned to the camp it was deep in the shade. All the life that I saw about it was one of my squirrels that whisked around a tree in pretended fear, and then mounted a limb and commenced chattering at me.

At sundown I had my supper, preparing at the same time enough for Nuel, whom I expected to find when I returned to the camp. But no Nuel came. Dusk settled and no Nuel. Then the moon rose up in all her quiet splendor. She shed her light right in the camp and made the moose horns appear plainer than I saw them on the night of his death. And now the silence was complete.

There is something in the daylight that seems companionable, even when we are alone; but only solitude resides in the moonbeams. It appeared particularly so this night as I watched her rising, first through the trees on the ridge of the hill opposite, then as her edge emerged above them, then as she ascended higher and higher and finally as everything around me was bathed in light and cast in shade again.

But still no Nuel. Twice as I sat listening I thought I heard a moose call, but it did not come from the direction the Indian had taken, but rather from the place we went the first night we were out.

It was nearly 10 o'clock now. I had just risen up from under cover of the shanty to replenish the fire before going to sleep, when there came a moose call from out on the lake. This I knew at once must be the Indian's, and sure enough only a few minutes elapsed before he was with me again. There is something humanizing in a man's company, though he be not of your own race, provided he is friendly. And so I found it now. It seemed to me that I would not have been more pleased to see one of my own blood than I was to see Nuel.

He looked tired, and I had no doubt he was, and hungry, too. I had everything prepared for him, even to his tea poured out and his meat cooked. The meat, though, was drier than I would have preferred it. It was broiled when I cooked my own.

"Ugha!" said he, coming up the bank, "How you do, Doc'or. You tot me loss or sumfin happen, I s'pose. Ugha, you got um supper for me. Me glad."

With this he sat down; and I was glad, too. I think I enjoyed seeing him eat as much as he did eating. He had not eaten long before he said, "Me hab um no luck, Doc'or. Cow moose gone 'way from dat place. Gone look for dat bull you kill. No fine track. Mus' go nudder place in mornin'. Me get um yet. Tink me hear call from ober dare."

I told him what I thought I had heard twice, and then he said: "Sartin dat cow callin'. I look um in mornin."

What was my astonishment the next morning, in looking out, to see everything covered with snow at least four inches deep. The hills and woods of yesterday, with their beautiful colors and dark backgrounds, were all white; and if the landscape of yesterday was monotonous, what could we say of to-day?

Nuel's first remark was (I suppose as he saw my astonishment), "Rabbit snow. All gone in hour, maybe two hour. Good for me. Track um moose. Mus' make hase."

What he wanted me to do was this: "Doc'or, me goin' 'cross where we were first night. Now me wan' you go on shore—go up through wood to barn. Look um if you see moose track goin' dat way where you kill moose. An' if you fine um, you shoot um gun two time—bang! bang! You un'erstan'? You do it?

"I understand. I will do it."

"Snow not mel' much," he continued, "until sun come out. Den you be at camp."

This was the arrangement we made, and before the sun commenced to scatter the snow clouds that lay in the east, Nuel was off.

I went soon after he did. I saw that he was determined, if possible, to secure another moose, and I was just as anxious as he was.

Donning my thick coat, I marched out, following the course by which I had returned to camp the afternoon before. It is not necessary to say that I found the woods both cold and wet. Pick my way as I would, the snowy limbs would brush my hands, and in spite of my cap-peak my face would get some, and occasionally a dash would find its way down the back of my neck. Every leaf and twig and bough that would hold any was loaded with it.

But I found the place; and first through the hardwood belt and then through the evergreens (spruce and fir) I made my way. Not a track did I see of anything but wood mice and squirrels and rabbits. Not a fox track (no wolves where we were) nor a mink, nor a marten nor an otter. Any one might have supposed that such things were utterly unknown in that neighborhood. Before 10 o'clock I was at the camp again, and not sorry to be there either. There was a little life around this. There were my squirrels and jays, and before long the chickadees and nuthatches looked in upon me.

As Nuel had said, before noon the snow had all melted; but I had not escaped its melting, and was only too glad, after making up a good fire, to change and dry my clothes. In the morning, from the camp, I had looked out on a dreary waste of snow. Now the scene was entirely changed. There was a beautiful and peaceful lake in front, and beyond this a foliage of yellow and scarlet and brown and green, that seemed to look all the brighter in the sunlight now from the snow bath it had received. The stillness and wildness and beauty of the scene were there, but not the dreary desolation of the woods in winter.

Time wore on. I tried to occupy myself in drying my clothes, doing some extra cooking, cutting up a tree that was lying on the beach, and fixing up a little round the camp. I was engaged in this latter occupation when all at once Nuel came running up the bank. I saw he had something pleasant to tell me, and I did not interrupt him with inquiries. "Ugha, 'Who-rie!' white man say. Me got um, Doc'or, sartin. Big cow moose. Big for cow as you's for bull."

"Have you? How glad I am."

"Me t'ink me's mose glad. Blanket! clof! crowns."

"Yes, and you shall have all, and one crown more, if we get all home in safety."

"We do it. An' now we hurry. Mus' eat firs', do."

While he was eating I learned that he had killed the moose more than an hour before, and had at once set off for me. His story was: "When me saw um dead, me said, now go for Doc'or. He wan' measure skin careful, save bones. So me come. We go right 'way, w'en belly full, if you say so. We get dare fore berry dark. Make fire, sleep. Nice place for sleep, right by moose."

We were not long in making our preparations and starting off; and the sun was just leaving the treetops on the highest point around the lake when we landed on the opposite shore.

After taking the baggage out and turning the canoe over among the bushes, Nuel said: "Now, Doc'or, walk fas'. Get dare fore berry dark."

And we did walk fast so long as there was any chance to do so; but long before we reached the place where the moose was lying, I tumbled and scratched my face more than once. It seemed to me that the distance must have been a good five miles from the canoe. Just before we got there Nuel said, "Wait um minit. Where big tree? Ole limb in crotch. Spruce bush near it. Log close by. Ugha, me see um." And so we walked up near the place he indicated; sure enough, there was another moose, and it seemed to be nearly as large as the one I had killed, only without horns.

"Dat please you, Doc'or. Dat good, what you call um pessimen?"

"Yes, that is a fine one, I suppose; that is a good specimen."

We soon had a fire going, and by its light the Indian cut boughs and made a rough camp for me, while he preferred for himself to lie down on some brush with his feet, as usual, toward the fire.

By 9 o'clock the next morning the skinning was completed, and soon after 12 I was preparing my second skin for transportation. Meanwhile Nuel went for the meat, and in the afternoon of the next day all that he wanted of it was at the shanty. He was very talkative now, and told me how he had secured the animal. So far as I can recollect his account and could understand him, it was this: "You know w'en me lef' you, me wen' cross where we go firs' night. Walk um straight into wood may be two mile. Look up sharp for track. Happen to look down close by little clear—you call um—an' dare sartin moose track. Den me walk um careful. Me know track berry fresh. See where he bite bush. See where he step in bog. See where he knock snow off tree. Me creep um, creep um. Me stan' um still. Me look um mose sharp. Jus' come to edge of barn, little bush tree in barn, not far away. Win' blowin' from trees to me. Dare moose stan'in' eatin'. Not see me. Not know me dare. Say um prayer. Take good aim. Bang. Moose give great jump. Run berry fas'. Me 'fraid me not hit him. Go see. Blood all roun'. Berry red on snow, Sartin, me say, me get um. Follow long way, mile, two mile. Blenty blood. Not run well. Stag' like drunk Ingin. Fall down on knees. Get up, only walk. Me comin' to you, me say. Go careful. Shoot again if hab to. You say not if can help. Berry good. Me ready. Look um, look um. Not see moose head. Tink strange. Walk um right up. You know where. Fine um like you's, stone dead."

For five days we remained at our camp. When Nuel was not smoking meat it seemed to me he was eating it. Indeed, I doubted at one time whether he would have much to smoke.

Had the weather been pleasant we would have broken camp sooner than we did. We had two days of rain after our work was completed, that kept us housed. The morning of the sixth day was pleasant. There had been a great change in the weather. It was much cooler than when we came in and a little ice had made around the edge of the lake the morning we started.

The day of our departure took us as far as the camp on the peninsula. Here my back began to trouble me again and I concluded to rest for a day. That long portage and the damp woods had nearly used me up. We had a great deal of carrying to do, with moose meat and skins and traps and canoe. Indeed, the canoe was much deeper in the water than when we set out on our expedition.

I was not sorry, then, when just at sundown we marched into our peninsula camp and Nuel said, "Now, Doc'or, you rest. Me make um fire. Keep um you warm. Take um care of eberyt'ing."

Whether it was the Indian's care, or the rest, or the hot tea, or all of them combined, I could not tell, but I only knew that when I woke up next morning I was feeling as fresh as a lark, and concluded to start again for home at once, while the weather was so pleasant.

This day took us half-way home. The Indian ran one rapid, but not with the precious skins in his canoe. The next day he ran another. "No 'fraid," said he. "Water high. No touch um rock."

However, I preferred to land my skins again, though no harm came to the canoe.

We were at Nuel's camp before noon. By night the two skins were where I could go to work on them. Nuel came to the village with me and secured his blankets and cloth and crowns. As he left me, with his treasures in a bundle strapped on his back, he said, "Doc'or, sposum you ever wan' to go 'nudder time for calleboo, me wan' go wid you."

I promised him he should, and that I would have no one else—if I could get him.

But to conclude. The moose were set up. They are said to be a very fine pair. Hundreds have admired them; and we suppose as the race perishes from the crust hunters and a want of protection, they will be a greater curiosity in the world. S.

The Cyclone at the Sea Islands.

Paris Island, S. C., Sept. 13.—The tidal wave which accompanied the cyclone on Aug. 27-28 inundated most of the Sea Islands and has probably destroyed the greater portion of the birds (quail), which were very abundant, as well as other game, and probably the deer on the outlying islands. I have heard, however, of a few small

and scattered coveys of birds, and if left unshot this fall another year will probably renew the stock.

As nearly all of the boats were lost fishing is at an end. The FOREST AND STREAM comes down here. Can't you suggest to the sportsmen of the vicinity to leave the birds alone this fall? PISECO.

OUR HUNTING AND FISHING TRIP.

IF there are any women who read FOREST AND STREAM and have never been with their husbands on a fishing or hunting trip, they do not know what pleasures they have missed. For five years I have been my husband's companion when traveling with his gun or rod around his favorite lakes.

Last fall we started out for a two days' trip, my husband, our boy, myself and his dogs. It was one of those beautiful days early in November when it seems as though one must make the most of the few remaining pleasant days, and fairly live out of doors. The first frosts had touched the foliage, tinting it in gorgeous colors, and the birds seemed to be out for one of their last concerts.

We started Friday afternoon, intending to stay until the next evening, but on reaching our destination, Sand Lake, found everything closed for the season. We had half expected this, and so started on toward Wampler's Lake, where the woods are thick, intending to stop if possible with an aged lady who lived with her son and a niece We knew that they lived somewhere near one of the lakes, and that if we could not get lodgings at the hotel, the season being over, we could with grandma, as we called her.

It was quite dusk when we arrived at their home, for it took us some time to locate their house. But at last, after a 17-mile drive we were there, and when we had unpacked our lunch basket and spread the contents on the table with a good cup of tea, we felt refreshed and ready to make plans for the next day, but first we gave grandma her usual gifts of new pipes and tobacco, and had the satisfaction of seeing her settle down to her long smoke.

The men planned to have an early breakfast and then start out, get some squirrels and come home in time to prepare them for dinner. Then in the afternoon they were to go out again and get enough for us to bring back home for our Sunday dinner.

The morning dawned bright and pleasant, and off they started, each man with a gun and ammunition, and the two boys carrying each a game bag, which they promised to bring back full. Jennie, the niece, and I followed, hoping to keep up and help pick up the squirrels if they fell too fast. But we soon saw that the hunters could outwalk us, and as there were already several rail fences between us, we turned back, determined to try our luck at fishing. A beautiful little lake, about half a mile across and said to be full of fish, lay directly opposite the house.

We had nothing handy in which to catch minnows for bait, so I took the old shovel and went to the garden and dug a can of worms. Then taking our light bamboo rods we went down to the lake. When we reached the boat we found that one oar was gone and the other broken. This put a check on our expectations, and we were about ready to give up and go back to the house when a trapper, who had been setting his traps for muskrats, seeing our dilemma, came to our assistance and offered us the use of his boat. We gladly accepted it, promising to leave it for him at his boat house. We asked the trapper if he would kindly tell us where we would find the best fishing and were informed that it was too late for bass, and that probably we would fish till noon and not get a bite. This was comforting.

We had gone too far to give up, however, and after rowing into deep water we anchored and baited our hooks and threw in. We were not disappointed in our hope. By noon we had thirteen large bluegills and half as many perch, all good sized, and I think we might have had as many more had we not been in a hurry to reach the house before the hunters, so as to have a fish dinner instead of squirrels.

Hurrying home I made the fire and got the potatoes and other things ready for dinner, while Jennie scaled and cleaned the fish beautifully, and after washing them and dipping them in flour we soon had them frying, and were just taking them off when the tramp of the hunters was heard outside.

We all went out, even grandma, with her pipe held securely in both hands, to see what and how many they had. Not one. They had just missed everything. On this we invited them in to a tempting dinner of mashed potatoes, cream gravy, and the handsomest platter of fish they ever sat down to. Of course they wanted to know at first "Who we bought our fish of," but we would stop them by taking the game bag and looking for the squirrels which were not in it.

Just as we had finished our dinner, we were startled by the neighbors' children crying, "Mr. Bordman, come quick, the woods are on fire." One little fellow had traveled so fast to be the first with the important news, that he could not tell it after he got there. All he could do was to point and gesticulate wildly as he gasped for breath. The men were not slow in taking shovels and hastening to the woods.

The woods being very dry, had burned a circle of a quarter of a mile or more, licking up dry grass and leaves in its course, and leaving in the center half burned trees and stumps. The men and boys succeeded in putting the fire out at the outer edge of the circle, confining it to the center, and after smothering it as much as they could, left it to the care of some farmers, who promised to watch until they returned. They then proceeded to a strip of wood bordering on the little lake, where Jennie and I had caught the fish in the morning.

This time they did not come back empty handed, for they had in a little over two hours shot and killed eight nice large squirrels. By this time the wind, which had been blowing a little all day, had become a perfect gale, and they were obliged to hasten back to the fire and work for a couple of hours, which made it too late for us to return home that night. And what with our tramp and rowing, together with all the excitement of the day, I had become too nervous and weary, and all were too tired to ride seventeen miles that night. I was very glad when we could all gather in the evening around the fire and tell of our day's sport.

And so ended our two days' sport, and the next morning we bade them good-bye and started for home, taking squirrels enough for a Sunday dinner. MRS. H. L. W.

"COAHOMA'S" WALKING STICK.

THE last time we had the pleasure of a call from our frequent contributor "Coahoma," who is a chief engineer in charge of a Mississippi River levee district, he told us the story of his walking stick, which he had recently cut on the site of an exciting war-time episode. The story was so interesting that afterward we wrote and asked him to write it out for the FOREST AND STREAM; and here it is:

I have not until now found time and opportunity to notice your very kind note in which you asked me to give some particulars of a little war episode I once mentioned to you. I scarcely know what I can say on such a subject that will be suitable to notice in FOREST AND STREAM, but I will briefly give the particulars.

In December of 1864, I arrived as one of Gen. Hood's army in the vicinity of Nashville, Tenn. Being a sergeant of artillery I was detached with two small Parrott guns—we had no commissioned officer available—to report to a cavalry commander on our extreme left, and took position on the bank of the Cumberland River, where we remained until Hood was defeated by Gen. Thomas. We were in this position for about ten days or two weeks and had frequent fights with Federal gunboats.

On the last day of our occupancy we had a regular duel between one of the little Parrott rifles (10pdr.) and an ironclad monitor having two heavy guns in an iron turret, the distance between us being about 200yds. The gunboat lay directly under the other Parrott, which, being on a bluff, could not bear upon her. The gun which I fought was in a small barbette work, less than 8ft. high, the ground being dug away so that the natural earth formed part of the parapet. We had the advantage over the gunboat of being about 40ft. above the water. Our plan of fighting was to train the Parrott on the gunboat's portholes, and as soon as she opened them to thrust her heavy guns forward, our order to fire was given, when we sent our little percussion shell clattering against her turret near the edge of the port. I don't think we succeeded in sending one into the turret, but I suppose we disconcerted her gunners by the racket we made about their ears, as they never hit us. As soon as we fired, all hands went flat upon the ground until her thundering projectiles passed, or struck the bluff, when in a twinkling we were up, had our gun loaded and sighted, waiting for her ports to again open, when bang! we went at her.

These tactics were kept up for about half an hour, when the gunboat apparently got tired of it and withdrew. The only casualty on our side was a dent in the gun axle made by a fragment of shell or a large grape shot; and I don't think we hurt the gunboat, except that we knocked off some of her woodwork. We were backed by only a handful of badly scared cavalry, who had dug a ditch too deep to shoot out of, except up in the air, and lay in the bottom of it. If the commander of the gunboat had known it he could have landed his men and captured us.

Later in the day a cavalry soldier appeared on the opposite bank of the Cumberland and shouted to us to help him over, that he was one of Forrest's scouts. I sent two men on a stage plank of a captured transport (the stage plank we used as a ferryboat). The scout stripped himself and his horse, placed his clothes and saddle on the stage, and mounting his horse rode into the stream and swam across, though it was a cold, bleak day. He came over shouting, and came out as red as a boiled lobster.

While getting the scout over I received orders to move out to the pike, about a quarter of a mile from the river. Not supposing there was any need to hurry I waited for the two men to return and then moved out slowly over difficult ground. Upon reaching the pike I encountered a column of Confederate cavalry going down the pike under whip and spur, closely pursued by Federal cavalry, who were peppering them with their carbines. Looking around, I discovered that the place I had just vacated was filled with bluecoats, who had come stealthily over a hill and swooped down on an empty nest.

We joined in the stampede for a mile and a half and then took up a position on a ridge and repulsed a cavalry charge. I then learned for the first time that the two main armies had been fighting a regular engagement for two days, and that Hood was completely routed.

I was then turned loose by the cavalry commander, and wandered across country all night, not knowing where I would find myself in the morning; but struck the flank of the disorganized Confederates about sunrise, and will here drop the curtain.

On the above occasion I saw the steeples in Nashville but nothing more. Twenty-seven years after I visited Nashville for the first time, and sought the place where I had fought on the bank of the Cumberland, six miles below the city. I found that the old field where my little barbette parapets were located, had become a forest, and I succeeded in finding the place only by the aid of a gentleman, who lived in a brick house near by, who was living there, a little boy, at the time of the fighting. His father had been killed in his own yard by a Federal bullet. His mother and her children were in the cellar when a large shell went through the house, the marks of which were still visible.

I cut the two walking canes, of which I told you, on the ground where my guns had stood; one of the sticks is before me now; the other I gave to my son.

COAHOMA.

A Wounded Woodcock.

SANDERS, Pa., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Aug. 18, while working a brace of young setters, I shot at a woodcock which I thought dropped dead, but I was unable to find it. This A. M. (Sept. 4) I was working a setter and pointer over the same ground, when I flushed a woodcock which acted like a cripple. Following the course it took, and sending on Dan (pointer), he caught the scent and swung round, half pointed and then jumped and caught a bird which he brought in. Its left leg had been broken twice, the upper fracture had knit straight, the lower bent, causing it to walk on the side of its foot. One shot had gone through its upper mandible, and this had healed up, it had been shot in the breast which had not yet healed, but what surprised me most was the good condition of the bird.

I carried it home, and after showing to friends, gave it its liberty, hoping it would be the means of giving pleasure to another sportsman and his dog. R. F. M.

President Cleveland caught a shark the other day. On cutting the fish open it was found to contain a carpetbag, two paper collars, a petition for appointment as postmaster at Wildcat City, Ga., and sixteen testimonials as to fitness and character.—*Boston Transcript.*

Natural History.

TOLD BY A BOHEMIAN.

YOU never saw a cougar in a wild state? Then you have something to see yet. I saw a couple out on Puget Sound some years ago and wouldn't have missed the experience for a good deal. Two of us were cruising in a sloop, and anchored one night in a little bay near the mouth of Hood's Canal, and while here we witnessed a battle which would put to shame the amphitheatres of ancient Rome. A sloping beach of hard white sand shone in the moonlight, running from the overhanging cedars out to the water.

It was a beautiful evening, not a ripple stirring the surface of the water, and so still that the long-drawn, wavering cries of the sea birds came down the water with that distinct but subdued effect that night and darkness lend to sound. An occasional puffing hiss, like escaping steam, came from seaward, as some hungry porpoise, bent on hunting a late supper, came to the surface for air. Or maybe a silvery gleam and a splash close by showed a salmon, which in playful mood has leaped clear of the water. We were both on deck smoking an after supper pipe and enjoying the evening as we swung at anchor after a hard day of short tacks and tedious sailing in our big salt river, against wind and tide most of the time.

Without a particle of warning the wildest, weirdest cry that it has every been my fortune to hear, rung out on the evening air, a little to the west, where a spur of hills ran almost to the water, and so close to us that it had a clear, metallic kind of a ring about it. The echoes had hardly ceased to call back before the answer came from the northward, close enough and ghostly enough in tone to send cold chills down your back.

A few moments of deathlike stillness succeeded the screeches, the sea birds stopped their calls, and even the fish seemed to have heard those blood-stopping challenges.

Soon they called again, answering back and forth, each time a little nearer the beach and nearer our anchorage. Our pipes were out and the night glass swept the dark edge of the cedar belt which marked the beach limit. The tide was on the ebb, almost turning.

A twig snapped and clear from the cedar belt bounded an immense old cougar, or mountain lion, plowing up the sand with his feet as he stopped. He was a magnificent specimen, a splendid representation of his kind as he stood there, his tawny hide gleaming in the moonlight, every muscle taut, eyes glaring and tail twitching from side to side; the very personification of animal strength and beauty. The gurgle of the incoming tide made a subdued accompaniment to the low, ominous growl of this king of American beasts.

A rustling in the cedars announces the second one. A mighty bound carries him far out on the beach, a yellow demon full of fight.

The first is a large one, but here is his counterpart. Two wild gladiators, a picked pair and each worthy his adversary.

The moment their eyes met they crouched along the sand, with muscles drawn and set with steel-like tension, feet bunched ready for an instant spring, glaring at each other like two tawny fiends, but made no move save a spasmodic jerking and twitching of the tail, exactly as you have seen the house cat do.

Ah! The time is ripe for action.

Of one accord, as though released by an electric button, they leap up and meet in mid air.

Such a sight is seldom within the province of humanity to witness.

Such furious fighting.

They rise on their hindfeet, clinch with the front ones, topple over, kicking, biting and scratching, sending the white sand flying in showers.

Now they separate, seemingly by mutual consent, and retire a short distance apart, where they lie a few moments licking their wounds and growling incessantly until one makes a false move and the other meets him half way, then they are at it again.

Scratch. Rip. Bite.

How the sand flies! It takes endurance to stand that very long.

Dark spots begin to show against the white of the sand. Those terrible kicks cut skin and flesh wherever the knife-like claws touch. The object seems to be to disembowel the adversary. They separate as before, but this time there is less growling and more licking of wounds, as several false alarms cause them to start up, muttering hoarsely as they lay their ears flat along the head, draw their bloody chops up and show the gleaming fangs, sharp and cruel as stilettoes, alert and watchful for advantage, then slowly settle back uneasily on the sand, to lie full length with heads slightly raised, watching. The tail keeps up that incessant twitch, twitch, in a dogged sort of way that speaks volumes. This alternate fighting and resting is kept up for quite an hour without either gaining the advantage. Black spots show all about the beach, and when they lie down a dark mass marks the bed against the pale color of the sand.

They are losing too much blood to last long. Finally they seem to gather their remaining strength for a final effort and rush at it again.

Now one is forced back, fighting like a demon, and both go down, rolling, pitching and tumbling.

The flying sand nearly hides them; now it clears away and shows one standing with uplifted paw and open mouth over the body of the other, which lies very still. The one is comparatively strong, but the other is clearly done for. They both seem to realize this, too. Slowly the uplifted paw descends, the jaws close more, the ears rise a little and he turns away, watching back over his shoulder for signs of attack.

Very little growling is heard now, and what there is is of a hoarse, guttural tone, more of pain than reckless challenge. In a little while the second one staggers to his feet, sways and falls back, only to make a second, and this time successful attempt.

No wonder he staggers.

The last round has literally disemboweled him, and the intestines drag on the sand as the poor brute, no longer a demon incarnate, tries to gain the friendly shelter of the dark forest. He is about 15 or 20 minutes dragging himself across the short strip of beach, and at last lurches out of sight among the dark shadows of the cedars.

The other lies on his side, still muttering hoarsely at

times, while ever and anon the tail gives a spasmodic twitch.

The incoming tide creeps, lapping, lapping, along the sand and forces him back a few feet, where he lies down, only to be forced on again in a little while.

The second time he stands for a few moments, licking two or three deep cuts, then slowly and painfully limps toward the timber, leaving only the torn sand and the spots in the white moonlight.

Everything is still save that soft, indescribable lapping made by the tide as it comes in, creeping along, higher and higher, covering the dark spots and washing smooth the great holes in the sand.

A light breeze from the nor'ard brings a mist athwart the water and a chill into the air, a loon's call proclaims a change of weather, and a slight jerk on the cable brings us back to common-place things as the sloop begins to look into the wind.

Ere we sailed at morning we found two bodies, torn and cold, within a hundred yards of each other, both sacrificed to the ruling ambition for mastery, mute witnesses to a grand but fearsome forest tragedy.

EL COMANCHO.

WHAT AN ANGLER SAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When a barefoot boy I used to go a-fishing after the Apostolic example. That is, I did fish, but perhaps that is the only point in which I resembled the great Apostle. For it is not written that he went barefoot with an alder pole over his shoulder, whereto was attached a stout cord furnished with a sinker that went "ker-chug" and a hook of avouched strength, whereon was impaled the writhing angle worm. With such equipment, and for want of bait-box carrying the worms in a fold at the bottom of my upturned trousers, I used to patrol the banks and wade the bed of the creek whenever I could get consent, or in lieu thereof could escape the paternal eye.

On one such occasion a frog on the bank was acting in a strange manner and arrested my attention. He was scratching his back as well as he could and seemed to experience as much difficulty in that operation as we, the lords of creation. From my post of vantage he was watched closely, and I can truthfully say that the boyish impulse to give him a "whelt" with my pole was entirely overcome by curiosity.

He scratched and winked (I think he winked) and gaped, and at length the skin upon his back cracked lengthwise, then he clawed and scratched in a most lively and amusing way, until finally he stripped off his whole integument, much as a boy removes his jacket. In this case, however, jacket and trousers were one, and the former opened at the back instead of front, and perhaps this suggested the modern shirt. Well, he came forth shining in a new livery of green, and, with a triumphant croak, sprang into the water, doubtless to exhibi his new clothes to his fellows. This was many years ago, and in a far distant State. My head has become frosted, my limbs a little inactive and my memory treacherous, especially as to events of recent years, but I don't think I can be mistaken as to the fact that I saw a frog undress himself. Perhaps others have witnessed the batrachian toilet.

Near the bank of this same water I came suddenly upon a big water snake, which I should have soon dispatched, moved thereto by the scriptural injunction to "bruise the serpent's head," but for the peculiar actions of her snakeship. She lay with mouth agape, and a streak of little threadlike things was going down her throat, and after all had disappeared she made for the water. Then the biblical command compelled her destruction, and the amateur autopsy revealed not less than forty little snakes concealed in her internal economy. They were somewhat larger than a knitting needle, and of course were all killed *eo instanti*.

A few years ago while camping in the Adirondacks—which, as your last issue says, is often called Adriondacks by well-informed people—a red squirrel used to come out of a hole in a big pine about the same time every morning, just while the guide was washing the dishes. She was accompanied on every occasion by a smaller squirrel, two-thirds grown, which she appeared to be educating in the matter of house building. She would descend the pine and come to a birch near me, which was amply provided with the light, loose, feathery bark so dear to the squirrel heart. She would gather a lot of this bark in a surprisingly short time, stuffing it into her mouth with her paws, and off she would scuttle for the hole in the pine, where, having deposited her store, she would quickly return for another load. All this time the little fellow was close at her heels, going up and down the trees, and watching the gathering, transportation and deposition of the bark with apparently the greatest interest, but gathering none himself.

Do you suppose the mother (or was it the father?) was really teaching the youngster? KENN E. BECK.

AUGUSTA, Me., Sept. 12.

A California Vulture.

THE following letter from Archibald Campbell to San Diego (Cal.) *Sun*, from Laguna, on the border of the desert, seems to refer to the California vulture, of which lately we are hearing more and more. The letter is desert, seems to refer to the California vulture, of which lately we are hearing more and more. The letter is dated Aug. 1, and says among other things:

"To-day as Henry E. Clark was riding near the laguna he noticed a large bird among some carrion crows, eating at a steer which had died from a rattlesnake bite. It flew up into a tree, where he shot it with a rifle, and the shot broke its thigh. It then flew away among some rocks, when he threw his riata over it and caught it, and it tried to get away and it nearly unhorsed him. He gave it another shot through the wing and disabled it. He brought it home and it measured 9ft. 3in. across the wings and 4ft. 4½in. long from the beak to the end of its tail. Valentine, the captain of the Indians, says it is a female and not near so large as the males. The males have the under part snow white, while this is pretty dark. I think it is the California vulture, which approaches the condor in size and has wings even longer in proportion. Last Sunday, as a party of us were out on the high peaks overlooking the desert, three of the birds kept circling around overhead, and now and again by far the biggest of the birds would swoop down suddenly toward us and make such ugly demonstrations that the ladies got scared and we all left on that account. I think their young were in the cliffs above us and they wanted to scare us away. The biggest was whiter underneath than the other two, and I think that it was one of the smaller birds that was shot. Mrs. Wiegar from San Diego, who was up here on a visit, skinned the bird, and on her return will take it with her and put it on exhibtion at the Chamber of Commerce. They are very rare here now. Valentine says they used to be very numerous here when he was young. Two years ago we used to see a solitary vulture every now and again, but he disappeared, and now these three are to be seen near the same place. This one, I think, could have easily carried off a spotted fawn, a young calf or a baby."

In the report on the ornithology of the Death Valley expedition for 1891, Dr. A. K. Fisher reported this bird as moderately abundant in certain localities west of the Sierra Nevadas in California. Dr. Palmer reported it from Frazier Mountain and near the Tejor ranch, Dr. Fisher and Mr. Bailey saw one near Walker's Basin in the San Joaquin Valley and at San Emiglio, and near there Mr. Nelson found it quite common in October. The same gentleman found it common along the coast near San Simeon and in the Santa Yñez Mountains.

It is said that not long ago a Mr. W. A. Burris killed one of these birds near Sargent's, San Benito county, California, with a charge of No. 9 shot. The specimen, which weighed 25lbs. and measured 9½ft. in extent of wings, was preserved, and is now in the collection of the California Academy of Sciences.

Black Tern in Connecticut.

MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 6.—During the heavy blow of Aug. 24 a large flock of birds made their appearance on the Housatonic River a mile or two above the railroad bridge of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. The birds when seen were headed toward Long Island Sound, but could make no progress against the wind. A shot fired into the flock by a son of Mr. Clark Baldwin killed two of the birds, one of which came into possession of Dr. M. Grinnell, who preserved it. It proves to be a black tern (*Hydrochelidon nigra surinamensis*), a species not often taken in Connecticut, and so worth recording in FOREST AND STREAM. B.

Winter Breeding of Birds.

THE article on the moose bird in last issue, by "J. C. R.," recalls to me my discovery of the breeding of the crossbill. Many years ago, with Dave Haynes and Rufe Crosby for mates, the winter was passed in hunting on the Boundary Ridges, having a home camp at Little Island Pond. One day my mates felled a tree for firewood, which in falling dislodged a nest of five callow young. It was marvelous that they should hatch and thrive; yet they were plump as squabs and as warm as a new-laid egg. It was February and bitter cold. PINE TREE.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Seven Devils.

CHICAGO, Sept. 4.—This week Mr. B. D. Wilson, of Dallas, Texas, one of the most ardent and most widely known sportsman of the Lone Star State, was brought into this office by a friend, and we spent a very pleasant hour together talking over things in general, Mr. Wilson meantime posting me up on where to take a winter shooting trip. He tells me that the quail shooting about his city is still as good as any one could ask, and he is a member of a club which owns a fine duck preserve not far from Dallas. For turkey and deer the Dallas shooters usually go into the Indian Nations, where also the chicken shooting is better. On these trips Mr. Wilson's six hunting associates, the whole being known to the public as the "Seven Devils," usually accompany him. The dunnage of this stalwart crowd is all marked "Seven Devils," and they are recognized throughout the countryside as a public and permanent institution.

It is an odd coincidence that of these Seven Devils each is a native of a different State, yet they affiliate so well that they make a unit when they travel afield. Their name was given to them by the Indians because of their going into and camping among that mysterious range of mountains in the lower Nations known as the Devil's Hills. This region the Indians firmly believe to be inhabited by spirits. There is a legend that De Soto and his party were betrayed and murdered here by the savages of long ago, and there are ruins of fortifications to lend color to the belief. From the crumbled battlements there once was hove the ancient culverines, which fell into the lake. Yet still, so say the children of the soil, there may be heard at times the boom of these sunken cannon. Fire flashes again along the lake as their dull boom shakes the air, there is the rattle of old musketry, and spirit forms direct a fight which shall never be concluded. None but devils, so think the Indians, would venture in this devil's country.

Mr. Wilson and his friends found that the night lights on the water were due to phosphorescence, and learned that the hollow sounds were made by the action of water and air beneath the earth. The river sinks into the ground and the whole region is honeycombed with caves. Given the trickling of water and the proper direction of winds blowing among the subterranean cavities, with a phosphorescent condition of the water, and the thing was done. This is a pretty story of a hunting name, for which let us thank the Indians.

Bass fishing is good near Dallas, Mr. Wilson tells me, indeed, one can be supplied with almost any line of sport if he has the entree of the land. Thoroughly acquainted with the entire big State, Mr. Wilson also told of the turkey hunting west of San Antonio and of the big game of the Big Thicket of the Sabine, and of the turkey shooting a score of miles from Beeville. He would rather hunt turkey than deer he says.

Mr. Wilson has a dog, a big old pointer, which he is disposed to back against the world for an all-around hunting dog. He uses him for quail, chickens, ducks and all sorts of fowl. The dog will trail a turkey, bay a peccary or point a deer, and Mr. Wilson has killed (with his shotgun) three mountain lions which the dog had trailed and treed. That is a good combination dog, and a time and money saver—what I call a practical dog. I will gamble you can run a wagon over him and not hurt him.

Cowboy Law.

There was a certain firm of game dealers of Chicago who this season contracted to supply several thousand dozens of prairie chickens. The firm sent 200 shooters down into Texas and just before Mr. Wilson left for the Fair these men were reported to be shooting up in the Panhandle country. The greatest indignation was felt over this by the Texas sportsmen and it was proposed to raise a fund of $2,000 to get rid of these gentry. Our Texas friend, who contributed to this fund, was very quiet and reticent, but I gather that the invitation to leave the State was to be tendered the shooters by a selected lot of cowboys. I never can get over my respect for the simple methods of Western justice, which gets there so easily and directly, and withal so accurately and usefully.

The Deer of the Wilderness.

One more word, as saith the preacher, and I am done. Our Texas friend was in the army in the late unpleasantness, on the south side of the line I believe, and he has this incident of the war: "It was in the Wilderness fighting," said he, "one day when the Federal and Confederate lines were hotly and closely engaged. The two lines came up within a few hundred yards of each other, and the firing was very hot. At the thickest of it a big buck deer sprung out of the cover, about half way between the two lines. He was apparently confused by the firing and did not know which way to go, but ran this way and that, and at length stood still for a moment and then began to jump up and down as if he had gone clean daft. He jumped this way on a small space for fully ten minutes. I should think, in full sight of both lines, and finally made off to our right flank, and escaped unhurt, no one firing a shot at him. The incident was so remarkable that I often wonder if any one else who was there that day recalls it. Perhaps FOREST AND STREAM can find some one who saw it."

There would be harder quests than this. Why? Because, the other day, on the Frisco road down in the Indian Nations, a gray-haired gentleman accidentally got Mr. Wilson's seat on the car. They got acquainted, and it transpired that they had met before. In short, the gray-haired Northerner was the Yankee picket who swam the Rappahannock to trade coffee for tobacco with the Confederate picket on the other side, which Confederate picket was none other than Mr. Wilson, a little changed by thirty years of time. It is a small world, and Mr. Wilson will probably find some man who saw his deer in the Wilderness. But where shall I find another man out of whom I can get so many stories in an hour?

Death of Dick.

Last year, when I was out at Great Bend, Kas., at the meet of the American Coursing Club, I had some very good quail shooting with Mr. Richard Taylor of Great Bend. We used his setter, Dick, which I mentioned at the time as being about my idea of a practical hunting dog. A recent letter from Mr. Taylor brings me unfortunate news that we shall never see the old dog again. His owner speaks of his death as follows, and from what he says one may judge for himself whether or not Dick Taylor had a big heart in him. He writes:

"Twenty miles south of here, in the sand hills, prairie chickens are plentiful, so I hear to my sorrow. Cal. Crilly came and borrowed my dear old Dick, Jr., a day or two to break a young dog, but instead took a party out with him twenty miles to the chicken grounds about the 12th of August. He says the dog fell out of the wagon which ran over him and killed him, but I do not believe a word of it. As I hear they killed sixty-five chickens I have concluded they ran my dog to death in the hot sun.

"It would have taken a lot of money to get that dog from me. You remember how he worked for you on the quail last year. It makes it harder to think that Crilly left the poor, faithful fellow on the prairie where he died. If I had had him home to give him a decent burial I would have felt better. I know you will feel grieved to hear of his death.

"There are a good many quail this year. I have seen a good many large flocks, from twelve to twenty in each. The reason that chickens are scarce is that a few fellows go out and kill them when about half grown."

Mr. Taylor's last sentence brings up a chain of thought. Poor old Dick died in the hot sun, hunting in the sand hills on Aug. 12, and hunting, therefore, illegal chickens. He knew no better, and he was game to the death, killing himself to oblige a fellow who was breaking the law, and who did know better than do so—a fellow who wouldn't pick up and take the old dog home, after he had killed him, to his too credulous and too obliging but law-abiding master. That isn't a good enough end for so good a dog. Mr. Taylor is quite too lenient. He should run the wagon of the law over this fellow not only once but several times, and wear him out until he learns a little citizenship. Talk about breaking dogs! Who is going to write a book about breaking men?

Few Greyhounds from the Bend.

By the way, Mr. Taylor thinks that there will be few of the greyhounds sent from Great Bend to the International meet at Huron, S. D., this fall, and he hears that the California men will be absent. Let us hope that he is mistaken. For my part, I shall join many others in missing Dick Taylor's face at the meet. No one more positive than Dick about a dog, or of sturdier or more honest character, as I think all will agree. Differences beyond this on canine creeds must go to the kennel department, the dark and bloody ground where most of the rows on a sporting paper go on. Have to have rows in the business, don'tcherknow.

The Bend Again.

By the way again, speaking of Great Bend; I don't know whether or not the reporters will be glad that the big greyhound meeting of the year goes to another place this fall. We used to hail Mr. W. W. Carney's ranch as an oasis good for a square meal and a good time until Mr. Carney left and went to Portland, Ore. Just at this present writing Mr. Carney is here in Chicago, seeing the Fair, and we are all trying to persuade him to stay here. The hot chicken tamale grows nowhere else as it does here.

More Coyotes.

OAKLAND, Cal.—*Mr. E. Hough:* In FOREST AND STREAM for July 22 you publish an inquiry from Mr. Martin L. Cummins for coyotes. A number of people in this State are engaged in raising coyotes as there is a $5 bounty on every scalp. The two people most interested in this animal are Mr. Ambrose Bierce, of Berkeley, and Mrs. Madge Morris, of San Diego. Mr. Joaquin Miller, the poet, was also at one time interested, but when the rivalry between Mr. Bierce and Mrs. Morris developed into personal antipathy Mr. Miller quit. Yours for the advancement of coyote interests. C. E.

Will Take a Sneak.

Mr. F. O. Cloyes, of Chicago, starts this fall for a long trip down the Mississippi River in a small boat, probably a sneakbox, and is reading up on the experience of his predecessor, Mr. Bishop, who wrote a book about that trip ("Four Months in a Sneakbox"). E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

WORTH THINKING ABOUT.

"But he who attempts to prove that it is cruel to kill pigeons at the trap while it is not cruel to kill quail in the field, has a task in dialectics which it would require more than average skill to accomplish."

THE foregoing is an excerpt from an editorial in the FOREST AND STREAM of June 23, 1893, and as a preliminary to what I have to say, may I inquire if any one can direct me to a better source of first-class texts on all subjects included in the realm of "Our Paper" than are to be found in the always sensible and admirable editorials that weekly for many, many years have been served in such enjoyable style for the delectation of the myriad readers of FOREST AND STREAM? Do these readers pause as they read, and reflect upon the amount of satisfaction and enjoyment and education there is in these editorials? Try it on hereafter if you haven't, O, readers, and let your gratitude trickle just a little. An expression of such once in a while would not, I am sure, offend anybody.

I do not intend to advocate either side of the question at issue, though I have some opinions on the subject. Webster defines cruelty as the infliction of unnecessary pain, or the act of causing extreme suffering without good reason. Each one will have his own definition of the words "unnecessary" and "good reason," and it may be possible that there are advocates of the claim that birds and animals do not suffer, as there were in the discussion relative to fishes, which had an inning in these columns some years since. Be that as it may, it appears to crop out between the lines now and then in editorials as well as in communications that possibly there may be cruelty in pigeon matches, as well as in quail or other shooting, and it is this idea, perhaps dim, undefined and unexpressed, that has appeared to me a good omen. I am glad to note it, if I read aright, not perhaps as promising an abandonment of sport afield and by alluring waters, but as pointing toward a modification, in a degree at least, of the desire to bring as much as possible to bag. "Hunting without a gun" is indulged in by a good many people, and no doubt enjoyed by them as keenly as labor by other people with a gun, and in the former case after the day is done there is, I can imagine, an added pleasure in the reflection that no pain, necessary or unnecessary, has been inflicted on one of God's creatures. It won't hurt any of us to remember occasionally that other forms of life suffer as well as ourselves. It might be that were all shooting stopped, the various forms of *ferœ naturœ* would so increase that they would be a burden or menace to man, but it isn't necessary to wake up that fear this year.

Henry Ward Beecher once said: "In general I think the earlier instruction which prevailed in my boyhood was that the animal creation was made for the sport of man," and that seems to be the opinion now, exhibited, may be, unconsciously. I have no compunction in taking the life of bird, beast or fish when necessary, but when I review my life I fear sometimes there has been cause for regret, though I may not have boasted as big bags as are occasionally recorded in sportsmen's journals and elsewhere, and it is not, now that the shadows begin to follow me, a very satisfying reflection. It is not a pleasing thought that the most beautiful and innocent creation on earth is not safe from destruction by man, if so his idea of pastime is gratified. It has often seemed to me, when lying beneath some tree on a hillside, restfully enjoying a panorama of matchless beauty, invisibly labeled "not transferable," with the eye feasting the brain on lonely visions of variegated "field and fallow," wooded slope and sinuous stream, blue sky and drifting clouds, a silent symphony in charming colors wonderfully blended, that it were far better to utilize such opportunities oftener, even at the expense of a partly filled or empty bag; that the gun at my side may be out of place in such contemplation that leads from "nature up to nature's god." There may be as much pleasure and humanity in watching the dainty ways of the graceful squirrel yonder, as with sure and nimble foot he trips the topmost rail of the fence along the woodside, bound for the butternut tree just outside in the pasture, as there is in belching leaden death at him, defenseless—particularly as you have a string already dangling from your belt. It may evince just as true sportsmanship, with a couple of grouse in your pocket, to let the third strut away with its *quit, quit,* into its thicket while you watch the beauty, as to snuff its innocent life out suddenly.

The fisherman in his boat with a goodly string floating by the side, or warily walking the stream brink with creel fairly weighted, would better rest his arms and give his eye and brain a chance, or if he has never learned to control himself, begin practice now by returning to their element the extra catch. His is an opportunity not vouchsafed the shooter. Is there nothing better, nobler, more improving then than to add to an already sufficient catch? Is there no better feast for the eye than the struggling prey? Is there nothing more ennobling than to glut one's self? What is there more beautiful to contemplate, more wonderful in its graceful gliding, gleaming, mobility than the fretted surface of lake or stream, answering lovingly to the lightest kiss of the breeze and laughing to the sun with its myriad rippling lips. That element so common and unnoticed, is always, in my eyes, a marvelous exhibition of wisdom and power. And the music in it, too! Did you ever sit by the side of a babbling rapid in some little stream, whose stony bed evokes delightful murmurings, and listen to the ever changing, soothing, delicious undertone it sings, running through the gamut from bass to treble? If not there is a revelation in store for you, and it may be as enjoyable as adding one more fish to an already sufficient string.

To kill, kill, kill, seems to be the only object and enjoyment of many otherwise mighty good fellows when they get out with a gun. Why, only a day or two ago some acquaintances of mine went out after squirrels. They shot three black and one gray, and what else? Well, seven woodchucks or groundhogs for one item, and a crow or two for another, and a lot of red squirrels for another, and mixed small deer for others. This, I suppose, they called sport, and I am sorry for it and hope they are. I went squirrel hunting once myself, and in the midst of a wood where the shadows were dense, the damp, woodsy odors tickled the nostrils and the sturdy trunks reared their umbrageous canopies in graceful arches, I came to the steep brink of a ravine, at the bottom of which was the half dry bed of a little stream. As I leaned against a tree watching and listening for movement of game, a big groundhog appeared on the opposite bank, and leisurely waddling down the incline paused a moment at the bottom as it nosed among some plant growth, and then I shot it, needlessly, uselessly, cruelly, and when the smoke lifted saw it writhing in pain, and trying, in agony, with broken back, to pull itself by its forelegs away from the monster who ran down the bank and beat the life out of it. And now it was mine, what could I do with it? Nothing. It was of no use whatever to me. It might have been a source of pleasure, had I quietly watched it, learning something of its habits and movements, reflecting that it had done me no harm, that the slaying could do no good, that the life I might thoughtlessly take I did not give and could not replace, and let it go in peace; but I slew it, and left it to rot, just as thousands of hunters are doing to other animal life all over the country. It is not a pleasant memory, trifling though it may seem, and by just so much mars the happiness of life; and as I suppose it was the intent of the Creator of all life, quadrupedal as well as bipedal, that as much genuine happiness as possible should be corraled in our existence here below, cruelty on my part works double harm. There is an abundance of shooting which comes under the head of "justifiable," without indulgence in that which is needless.

Come to think of it, how does this thing strike you, anyway? O. O. S.

THREE DAYS AT PLYMOUTH.

BOSTON, Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. G. J. Brann, of Revere, and I had a very enjoyable shooting trip to Plymouth, and returned very well pleased with the amount of birds brought to bag, and a general good time. We were at the Gurnet during the big blow in the latter part of August, but did not score many that day.

Four o'clock A. M. generally found us on the beach with our decoys out, and our pockets full of cheese and doughnuts which Mrs. Burgess kindly put up for us the night before.

Our first day's shooting brought us about seventy good birds, principally ruddy plover, red-breasted snipe, ringed plover, a few pairs of blackbreasts or black-bellied, some turnstones and a few large peeps. We could have bagged lots of the tiny fellows, but the trouble of cooking them saved them in a number of cases.

The wind held southeast for the first three days of our visit, and the birds kept moving all the time, affording us constant employment. Occasionally a flock of coots would go whizzing by, but our most seductive calls and whistles had no effect on them. My friend Brann had a roseate tern come in to his decoys, landing in their midst and walking around among them just as if he were at home. He did not walk much further; they missed him at home that evening.

A pair of black ducks paid us a visit, flying over toward a creek. We saw them drop into the creek and made haste slowly in their direction. Brann had located them properly and put them up. Letting go his right barrel he missed, then pulled his left, and was pleased to see but one fly off. The bird was in rather lean condition, but was very palatable. I was not in at the feast.

We found quite a number of herons around on the flats, but were unable to obtain a shot; although we crawled on our knees through the grass for over 200ft. They are very wary fellows, and one has to lie in ambush for them while the tide is high and then trust to luck for a chance shot. I think this bird is the black-crowned night heron or squawk, though I am not sure, not getting close enough to recognize him.

Often in crossing from one beach to another we would come across a few of those hardly little plovers pecking away industriously among the hot sands, and we were always moved to sympathy by their industry and apparent loneliness, working hard for a livelihood, and perhaps trying in this out-of-the-way place to escape the deadly 10-bores which so cruelly empty destruction into their midst.

My friend Brann is an excellent wing-shot, and he never shoots unless on the wing; but I am not so skillful, and I had to shoot my best specimens when I got the chance. I am having my birds done in a group among rock scenery, and they shall always be a pleasant reminder of the trip to the Gurnet.

For our three days' shooting we had about 200 birds, as many as we wanted; we gave some to our friends, used some for our table, and gave the best to the taxidermist. We intend to go ducking soon and are anticipating a good time. On our way up from the Gurnet, and while passing Saquish, Brann shot a common tern, and instantly the victim in the water was surrounded by his companions, wheeling and circling and uttering their harsh cries; one could almost touch them with the hand. I am trying to acquire the art of taxidermy, and proceeded to skin and stuff that tern. But you ought to see him now; his own mother would not know him, his features have changed so much. J. P. W.

The Time to Shoot Squirrels.

MARSH, Chester County, Pa., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last year squirrels were with us, this year they are not. On Sept. 1 I hunted for the nimble grays and got none, not even seeing one. Three other gunners that I met on my tramp had none, and the largest bag I heard of for the day was six to two guns, every one that was seen.

On the second day a friend and I tried it again; we each succeeded in getting one, a good record to finish up the season with, but enough, and why? Well, first because squirrels are too scarce, and second because the mother squirrels are heavy with young and therefore should not be murdered even if the law is out on Sept. 1.

Having shot squirrels in Pennsylvania for some years and during every season having seen squirrels killed which were too young to eat, I am now positive that our law opens at least six weeks too soon, and although the last hard winter is the probable cause of the late breeding this year, yet if this goes on, as it must for two years more at least, the time will come when the squirrel hunter of this State will hunt in vain for the game that he has cleared out by permission of the law.

Sportsmen, what have been your experiences with the squirrels? O. B

Trapping Bear in the Rangeleys.

ELLIOTT RICH, Postmaster at Lakeside, N. H., and keeper of Lakeside Hotel, at foot of Umbagog Lake, killed his first bear last Wednesday, Sept. 6. He set two bear traps about three miles from the lake near Monolidgewak stream, and Wednesday tended them. One of them was sprung and gone, and after following about three miles he came upon the bear, and found that the clog was gone, which gave the bear a good chance with nothing but a light trap on his foot. Bruin started on a brisk canter, with Rich closely following; it was nip and tuck for about one fourth of a mile, when the bear got mad and faced about, rose upon his hindfeet and showed fight, making a squealing noise, lapping his face with his tongue and champing his teeth, at the same time jumping on his hindfeet toward the hunter, who was all too near the enraged animal for the nerves of a common man. Rich quickly brought his rifle to bear, but not without misgivings, for he well knew that should he miss fire, or only wound the beast, a deadly combat must ensue, with the odds against him, but he had not a moment to hesitate. He unhooked, down went the bear, the bullet passing through the brain and neck and lodging in the shoulder. A 400lbs. bear. J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, Maine.

A Shooter For Sure.

ESCANABA, Mich., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have before me a copy of FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 9 and notice communication from Fort Bidwell, Cal., signed "G. H. A.," in which appears a statement as follows: "On the third day I killed two snow geese as the flock arose, and upon pacing the distance found it to be 105 steps. My gun is a 9½lbs. 10-gauge, and was loaded with No. 6 shot. Pretty strong shooting, I thought it."

I most throughly agree with "G. H. A." that it was "pretty strong shooting," and if you will communicate with him, asking him to forward to me the name of the maker of that gun, you will be doing a kindly act toward a poor but deserving duck hunter, who has worn out numberless pairs of pants creeping up to within 55 or 60 paces of the wary mallard with a Greener hammerless No. 9, only to carry away experience in very many instances. If I can find a gun that will shoot No. 6 shot 105 paces, or about 20 rods, many of the duck stories told by me now, bearing only the semblance of truth, will have the true ring of warranted facts in future. W. W. McQ.

Chickens on Red River.

THE *Kittson County Enterprise,* published at Hallock, Minn., the town which is named for the pioneer editor of FOREST AND STREAM, has ten separate paragraphs devoted to prairie chicken shooting and the crowds of sportsmen who have flocked to that region this season. Ex-Governor Merriam and President J. J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, are among the score of notables who are mentioned among the rest, including clergymen, doctors and representatives of sundry railroads, many of whom came in private cars, chariots and other regal conveyances. The editor is much exercised at the wholesale slaughter of birds, which he says is terrific, and he believes it "safe to say that 1,000 chicksns have been killed in Kittson county just prior to and since Sept. 1." Many farmers have posted their lands.

The same paper says that 1,750 harvesters are at present engaged in threshing out the inimitable wheat crop of the vicinity at the rate of 100,000 bushels per day.

Beaver Dam Duck Club.

THE twelfth annual meeting of the Beaver Dam Duck Club was held Monday, Sept. 4. Dr. Robert W. Mitchell was re-elected President; W. A. Wheatley, Secretary and Treasurer; A. C. Treadwell, Vice-President; M. S. Buckingham, E. A. Edmonson and J. C. Neely, Jr., new members. There has been no change in officers of this successful duck club, *ab initio,* now in the thirteenth year of prosperous existence, on the Louisville, New Orleans and Texas Railroad, Tunica county, Miss., forty-three miles south of Memphis. The same keeper and cook, Andrew Jackson Bounds, has served the club well and faithfully eight years, and Queen Victoria's kitchen is famous there for roast duck, broiled squirrel, baked 'possum and sweet potatoes with sop, fatty bread, fish, fresh eggs, and often venison and wild turkey. It is another home for the members and their families.

The lake is a great resort for fowl and the feed yearly grows more plenty and with the feed the ducks.

Shooting Prospects.

ELKTON, Md., Sept. 11.—The rail and reedbird season opened in Cecil county Sept. 5. Birds are reported more plentiful than for some years. R. E. Jamar was high boat the first morning with 60 rail; others report from 12 to 50. The prospect for quail shooting is very poor in this section this fall. E. S. G.

Squirrel Shooting Wanted.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly inform me where I can get some good black and gray squirrel shooting in early October within 200 to 300 miles of Oswego? Canada asks $25 for strangers shooting. W.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3)

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

Distinguished.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—The FOREST AND STREAM corner is getting to be a distinguished spot. It has as many visitors, and far heartier visitors, than any place of its size at the Fair. Being a bit *distingué* itself, it has distinguished visitors. One day last week it had two governors and a secretary of state, an Italian count and a Russian lieutenant, all close together, and all happy, as nearly as could be learned.

Sport vs. Politics.

Gov. Wm. A. MacCorkle, of West Virginia, was pleased to find the breezy spot beneath the big birch sign, and declared himself ready to forsake all for the woods and streams. "There is more in sport than there is in politics," said he, "and I am a better fisherman than I am politician." If he will remember that his sins may be forgiven.

Something of a Liar.

Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, came in with his wife and his "Bad Boy." Another repentant politician. Gov. Peck has just joined the Lower Club on Horicon Marsh, and has for a long time been a member of Black Hawk Club, of Koakenong Lake, besides doing much by way of fishing and upland shooting. In consideration of these facts, and of the further fact that he was once, and therefore always, a newspaper man, his past record may be left untouched.

"I hear you have got a champion liar, or a liar's medal, or something of the sort concealed around in here somewhere," said Gov. Peck. "Where's that Kekoskee man? Now, I tell you what I'll do. I'm something of a liar myself, and just as soon as I get through holding receptions over in the Wisconsin Building I am going to challenge for that medal. Chicago can't have the World's Fair and that medal too. We will just have a little lying match, and see who's the best man."

If Gov. Peck thinks FOREST AND STREAM isn't dead game, he's mistaken. No bluffs go here. He can get accommodated. But the terms of the contest must be altered. The Kekoskee fish story was not a fish lie, but a plain fish truth. As transmitter of that truthful narrative I hereby accept Gov. Peck's challenge, and may Providence protect the right. But he must surpass that truthful, story not by any effort of the imagination, but by a plain recountal of actual facts, all of which must be supported by unquestionable evidence. It's dollars to tobacco tags on Kekoskee.

A Friend of "Forest and Stream."

Secretary of State A. A. Lesueur, of Jefferson City, Mo., left his card with the inscription, "A friend of FOREST AND STREAM." Neither could have a better friend. That both are popular and deservedly so, is susceptible of easy proof. FOREST AND STREAM is secretary of the world of gentlemanly sport.

Came from Europe.

Count di Frasimetto, 3 Via Palestro, Florence, Italy, wanted to get a better idea of American sport and carried away a copy of the g. p. o. e. with a pleased expression on his countenance. Count di Frasimetto was looking at the pictures before he got out of the colonnade.

Lieutenant K. L. Chirinskine, Serdobsk, Russia, of the Czar's army, also left his address, and will also duly have the opportunity of seeing what a good paper the greatest paper on earth is.

Treated Just as Well.

It must not be supposed that these names are offered in any spirit of pride at all, or any other spirit but that of matter of course. The fact that a man has become a governor does not bar him from FOREST AND STREAM, nor is a political career laid up against any one. All these will be treated just as well as anybody else. A jook can get as good a run for his money at the sign of the FOREST AND STREAM as anybody else, and the man down on his luck can come in and sit down till he learns how to quit hating himself.

A Friend of Nessmuk.

Mr. J. W. Mather, of Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, signs himself "A friend of Nessmuk." Mr. Mather was much with that wildwoods genius and saw the MS. of his "Woodcraft" before it was published. It was with affection that Mr. Mather, after his published writings, looked on the tiny Sairey Gamp, Nessmuk's best in memoriam.

Redheaded.

Years ago, when we were looking forward to our last university commencement day as the end of all things, when he was in the baseball nine and I was on the football team, I used to have a redheaded, small and wicked classmate by the name of Arthur Goshorn, who was always at the rear in Latin, and at the front in devilment. The first thing Arthur Goshorn did after leaving college was to go as cook to an outfit out in Montana, and I recall the letters he wrote of the sport out there, though I never have seen him since. And now comes one and leaves at the FOREST AND STREAM desk this card: "The Winterset *News*, Winterset, Iowa; A. E. Goshorn, Prop." Arthur Goshorn could not get over his redheadedness or his big-heartedness if he lived a thousand years. He is fast color and good goods, and at this moment I cannot think of any one in the world I would rather have seen. A newspaper man, too. Sweet are the uses of this blessed FOREST AND STREAM corner.

Good Company.

It is a goodly company that troops in here on almost any day, and any one of it is in good company. Especially delightful is the eagerness with which the friends of FOREST AND STREAM hail this visible and tangible sign of its presence in the midst of things. The friendship of the readers of a sportsman's paper is something unique in journalism. No other paper has such friends as FOREST AND STREAM has, such earnest, staunch and true ones, and of this FOREST AND STREAM would be most unworthy were it anything less than honestly and sincerely proud. All of these friends one cannot see or speak of, but let us see about a few more out of the bunch of cards in hand.

Mr. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker gun, is now in Chicago and will remain in charge of the Parker exhibit till the end of the Fair, Capt. DuBray going again on the road. Mr. Tucker will meet thousands of friends here.

Mr. John W. Milam, Frankfort, Ky., maker of the Frankfort reel, dropped into a chair at FOREST AND STREAM'S space, and said with a sigh of relief, "This is the most restful spot I have struck in the Fair."

Mr. Jos. W. Irwin, proprietor of the Hotel Richelieu, Little Rock, Ark. (in a mighty good sporting country, too), drifted in, and he and Mr. Carney, of Portland, and the writer drifted out together.

"Harry Hunter," of Highland Park, Ill., an occasional correspondent of earlier days, left word that he is with us.

Mr. Ivers W. Adams, of the American Net and Twine Co., Boston, added to the documentary evidence that FOREST AND STREAM is a good thing.

Mr. C. C. Jones, of Sandwich, Ill., called and said "FOREST AND STREAM is surely the leading paper in the West. The boys all talk about it more than all the others." So everywhere. If there is any man who thinks there is a better sporting paper published than FOREST AND STREAM, I would like to get his address. He will have to change his mind.

Mr. J. B. Battelle, editor of the *Business World*, Toledo, O., has came and has went, and I have not saw him. He daresen't to do it again.

Mr. W. Taylor Birch, of Washington, D. C., left his card, but was not caught *in flagrante*.

Mr. Harry A. Laughran, of the Ormsby Hill Gun Club, Pittsburgh, Pa., shot out before discovery, but we have his entry ticket.

Mr. St. Marc Merle Mundy, of Louisville, Ky.. stops for a time on his way home from the St. Clair Flats. The last time I saw Mr. Mundy he had sprained his leg in the Mississippi mud at New Albany field trials.

Mr. Wilford Woodruff, of Salt Lake City, Utah, is 87 years old, but he is at the Fair and enjoying it. "Well!" said he, thankfully, the first thing as he came in and sat down. "Well! I have been looking for FOREST AND STREAM." FOREST AND STREAM is looking for more men like Mr. Woodruff, and can't find too many of them. May they all live long and prosper.

If you look on the FOREST AND STREAM register you will see the name of Thomas D. Noyes, Portsmouth, N. H. Mr. Noyes is not here, but at home, and he has not been here. But he sent a young lady, his niece, and told her to go to the FOREST AND STREAM place and register his name for him, and to explain that though he could not come himself, he wanted his name to be among those of the other friends of the paper.

Friends! Was ever any paper that had such friends and so many of them? It is the most beautiful and sometimes almost the most touching thing that ever was in the newspaper business. FOREST AND STREAM succeeds because it is founded on a right theory of the principles of human bodies, and hearts and minds, and because it never is unworthy of its friends. Never before this season did it ever have the opportunity for personal contact with so many of its friends, and in so short a time. Too many of them it cannot meet, and of more of them it will tell later.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

About Fishing

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 8.—Our fishing season is about over, not because the fish do not bite, for they are just beginning to bite their best, but because the fall does not seem to most men the natural time to fish. Especially to those anglers who love a gun as well as a rod is the fall a time to put away the latter. Yet from now on the lake country of the pine woods, the rivers of Indiana, the lower lakes of Wisconsin, such as Geneva and the Madison lakes, will improve and reach their best in warm October, when the biggest bass of the year are usually taken.

There is of late a tendency among our anglers to deprecate extremely large catches of fish, and to lean toward the more skillful and more delicate ways of taking them. The art of the fly-rod grows apace. The first step in the love of this poetic tool is to kill out the desire to catch a great lot of fish. This is to be evidenced when the angler has the courage to leave his bait-rod at home, and to depend solely on his fly-rod and flies. That is a great step, and few there be of the fishers who take it. They take both rods, and if they do not get some fish early in the day on the fly, they lose heart and go after a frog; whereas, if only they would stick patiently to the fly all day, they would catch at least some bass, and go home far happier.

It is popularly supposed that there are few bass waters about Chicago where a good catch can be made with the fly. Nothing is more of a mistake. The bass will take the fly on almost any, probably on all, of the waters in common mention hereabout, the Fox, the Kankakee, the Tippecanoe, the White, even the nearby Des Plaines, and even also the lower Wisconsin lakes, which afford most of our big-mouth fishing. Fly-fishing for bass, however, is pleasantest when one can wade, and wading water is not over-abundant.

A Bit of Wading Water.

Some time ago I discusted, and have perhaps mentioned, a bit of wading water which is worth the while of the fly-fisher of Chicago. Not long ago, feeling that I wanted a day out of town, I determined to have a run out to this spot, and not caring much whether I caught any fish or not, I took along no tackle except my lightest fly-rod and a book of flies.

To reach this spot, you get on the Wisconsin Central Railway, at the Grand Central Station, and go north eighty-six miles, passing through a quiet and restful stretch of farming country. You get off at Mukwonago, and heeding not the charming of any hack driver who would spirit you away to other lands, you saunter down the village street to the big white mill you saw from the car window as you came in. Above you is the weediest, nastiest looking (and really fishiest) mill pond you ever saw. Below you, and below the mill dam which makes this pond, is a broad, shallow creek, the so-called Mukwonago River. This stream is also full of long ribbons of weeds. Its shores are the banks of rushes and flags which cover a wide marsh. The stream looks uninviting, boggy, miry, treacherous. Never mind about that. Pull on your waders (hip boots are just a bit too short) and step in. You will find the bottom to be of hard sand and gravel, quite belying the marshy look of the shores. You will find also, before you go far, that the gravel, and the crawfish, and the minnows were not there for nothing. The creek is fairly alive with small-mouth black bass, which average very large. They will not only take the fly, but do it gladly and cheerfully.

My friends had always told me that it would be impossible to kill a bass in that weedy water on a light rod, arguing that one must lift them out of the weeds. I wanted to know, you know, whether or not a fellow really could kill a good big one there on a 4oz. rod. To cut it short, I could and did, and so can anybody who knows how to wade and use a fly-rod. I caught three bass before I got below the last wire fence, and before I stopped, less than a mile from the mill, I had seven nice ones, every one a fighter. At first I got nothing over a pound, then I took a 2-pounder. Though I knew there were not so many in the creek as on my last trip there, in early July, I still wanted that big one for the little rod.

It Didn't Get Away.

The wind was blowing a gale, and I could hardly cast, but I picked out an open stretch of water near the bank, and let my fly blow over it. Biff! he came, and was over on the other side of the creek in the same breath. I knew I had my big one then. To my surprise, he did not foul my line in the weeds (I used only one fly) but found some way of his own of cutting around near the surface without getting tangled up. He was swift as a trout, and went everywhere at once. Of course the click reel was useless, and I worked the slack with my left hand as fast as I could. Even this would not do, and I had to use my legs as well. Following him when he ran away, running away when he broke for me, I kept him on, though he went out five times elegantly. At last he got mad or scared, and went to the bottom. As the weeds of course all pointed down stream, I took a wide circle around him, got below, and hauled him out with the grain of the stream. This puzzled him a lot, and after we had done that a few times he gave it up. This fish weighed 3lbs. 4oz., and it took eleven minutes to land him, as well as I could figure it. I have taken a good many bass this season, but remember that fight more clearly than any of them.

I had been guying Mr. Chas. F. Johnson about the gaudy make-up of his pet fly, the Johnson Fancy, and often asked him if he ever did really catch any bass on it, though he assured me it was really a good bass fly. I had just one of these flies in my book, and I used it. One could ask nothing better, though I tried no other, but quit soon after I lost my fly on another heavy strike, which I half believe was a pickerel. I took in an hour or so 7 bass on the fly, and that satisfied me, so I quit and went home, and have since apologized to Mr. Johnson.

In an earlier article I believe I have mentioned what fine fly-fishing we had on Phantom Lake, just about a mile from this same mill. It is now too late for the fly in this lake, but one could take bass on the fly in the creek even yet, though the vegetation is pretty rank at this time, and the creek bottom softer with the sinking weeds than it is in early summer. We have always found small-mouths here. So have the natives, who spear and net here unhindered. All I ask in return for publishing my discovery is that no one will go in there with a bait-rod. I want a promise that no one shall use this wading water for anything but straight fly-fishing. Then we can all have fun there.

A Well Merited Failure.

The dam on this little Mukwanago River is not 10ft. high, and a fishway there would not cost $150. A fishway there would let the small-mouths up into the whole chain of waters above, where not one is now to be found. Is there any fishway? Oh, no; but the spearing and netting goes on all the time. So does the ice-fishing in the winter time. No waters are richer than these, and none is more abused.

Meantime, a local company put up a hotel on Phantom Lake, just out of the village, expending in all over $30,000 on it. Nearly all the summer it has stood idle and deserted, eating money for its owners. It is intended to catch the trade of the city anglers and city summer people. It is a failure, and a veritable failure. No hotel ought to succeed which deliberately robs its guests in their absence, and which makes false pretenses. All winter long the village proprietors of this hotel see their future guests robbed by the ice-fishermen, who kill down the bass as fast as they can breed. No fishway on the creek, no restraint on the ice-fishers and a beastly little ten cent steamer to stir up the sand over the spawn on the tiny lake, and so kill the last chance the fish have to live. That's a pretty prospect for a $30,000 investment, isn't it? It has failed, and it ought to fail, of any financial success.

And yet every one of the above causes of failure could be removed in one season, and for a cost of less than $200. The ice-fishing could be stopped, the fishway could be put in and the useless steamer removed, and in a couple of years they would have one of the most beautiful and desirable spots about Chicago for the sportsmen or the summer folk. Will these investors have the wisdom to protect their investment? If they do not, they will only be adding to the old, old story. But I submit to them that they are behind the necessities of these days.

Sept. 9.—Mr. E. A. Kimball, a gun and tackle dealer of Tacoma, Wash., writes me as follows:

"At the beginning of the season I offered a fine bamboo rod to the person catching the largest trout, and have received a number of fine specimens, but to-day we received the boss, a 'bull trout' caught by E. V. Muller, of Hoodsport, Wash., in Lake Cushman. It weighed 8¾lbs., and measured 29½in. long. It was taken on a No. 1 brown-hackle. Will have it mounted. Yours in F. and S."

This may be a good-sized fish for bait, but it isn't in it with the FOREST AND STREAM'S World's Fair trout lent by Mr. La Rue, which is 33in. long and weighs 13¾lbs.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill. E. HOUGH.

THE VIVIPAROUS PERCH.

ONE of the most interesting fish brought from California by the U. S. Fish Commission and now living in its aquarium at the World's Fair, is a species that brings forth its young alive. This characteristic is shared in common with most sharks, stingrays, sawfish, some of the family of killifishes, the rosefish, the eel-pout and others.

The family of viviparous perches, or surf-fishes, includes about twenty species, one of which inhabits Japanese waters and the rest are found in California. All but one of the species live in the sea; the exception is the river perch of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Common names applied to these fish are: Perch, pogy or porgee, sparada, moharra, minny and surf-fish, most of which originated in a fancied or real resemblance to other and very different species.

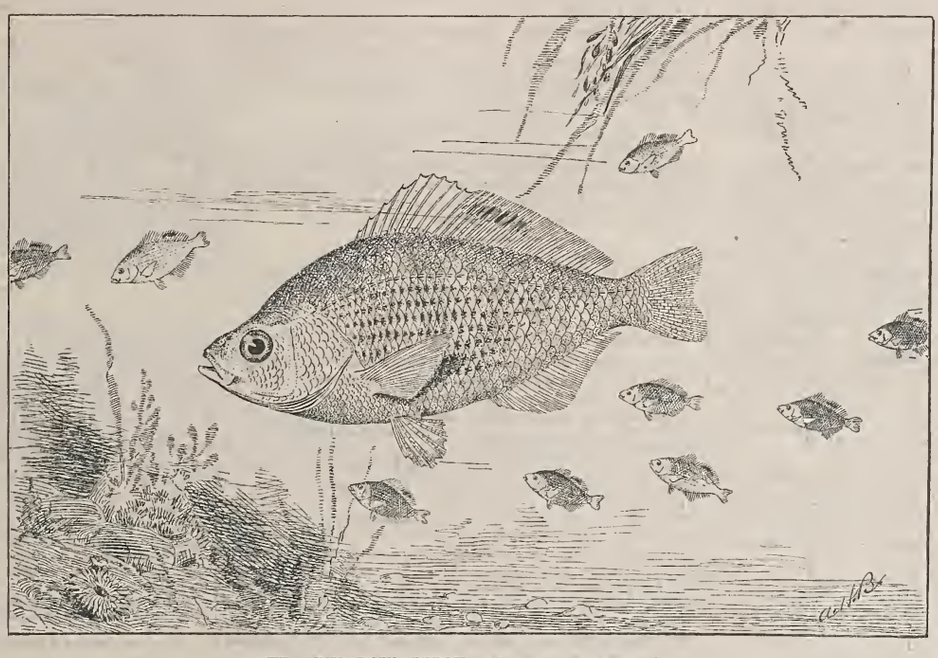
The geographical range of the family extends from Cerros Island to southeastern Alaska, the center of abundance being on the coast of California. The largest member of the family reaches a length of 18in. and the smallest seldom exceeds 5in. Nearly all are used as food, although, as a rule, the flesh is inferior in quality.

There is great variety in the colors of the various species; some are plain and others brilliant. Their food consists of sea weeds, crustaceans and small fish. In the aquarium the young and old are fed on chopped clams, which they take freely.

Concerning their reproduction Dr. Jordan writes: "Impregnation probably takes place in the fall. In January most of the species have the young half-grown as to length, and when the parent fish is caught the young readily slip out from the ovary. From January to June the fish-stalls where these fishes are sold are littered with these fœtal fish. Little is known of the place of spawning, but I suppose that the young are simply extruded in the water just outside the breakers and left to shift for themselves. * * * Dr. Blake thinks that the fleshy thickening on the anal fin of the male is to give the female something to hold to with the ventral fins, and that the two sexes approach each other, ventral surfaces together, and with their heads in opposite directions."

Dr. John A. Ryder has informed me that the eggs are few in number, minute, and rather widely separated from one another in the folds of the uterus. The young are not numerous; in the species illustrated by the artist, one of the females gave birth to nine and the other to eight only. Some of the larger fish produce about twenty.

Five specimens were brought to Chicago from Monterey, June 20, and two of these spawned on July 9. Nine were born between 3 and 5:30 P. M. and on the next morning the school numbered 17. The larger female was scarcely 5in. long. One of her young was prematurely born dead and could not be shaken off until seventeen hours after spawning begun. The mother died, probably as a result of this abnormality.



THE VIVIPAROUS PERCH (*Micrometrus aggregatus*).

Two of the young were born at one time. The tail makes its appearance first. The female swims around the tank and occasionally makes a quick jerking movement by which the young is forced out to a distance of nearly 1ft. The young swim at once and school together a day or two and then begin to scatter in all directions to pick up food. They are about 1½in. long at birth and resemble the parent very closely in color and form. Their movements are quick and they have the characteristic lifting motion of the adults. The species lives in the famous sea anemone tank apart from other fishes; it is the "shiner" or "sparada" of the fishermen, the *Micrometrus aggregatus* of the books. T. H. B.

"Driven Out by Black Flies."

QUEBEC, Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the above caption a letter signed "Silver Doctor" appeared in your issue of the 2d inst., complaining of the flies and scarcity of fish in the preserves of the Triton Club.

Although nothing can be easier than to write in a different strain upon these subjects, such is not my desire, which is simply to ask "Silver Doctor" to kindly declare his identity; because, upon examining the record of the visits made by the members and guests to the waters of the above club, I fail to find any which can possibly be taken as filling the description he gives of his own.

I know of only one party of three, and this not in August but in the first part of July, and as these three gentlemen, both personally and since by letter, have expressed in warm terms the gratification they derived from their visit, it is fair to presume that "Silver Doctor" cannot be one of this trio. So also, as all those who were there at the time of this reputed visit, have equally expressed their great satisfaction with their trip, I am again at a loss to see upon what data "Silver Doctor" has constructed his complaint.

It seems evident that "Silver Doctor" cannot be either a member or a guest of the Triton Club, but I should regret to think that he had either manufactured the whole thing for reasons best known to himself, or that he is a gentleman poacher, like one of those who, "with his brother," was convicted and fined before a Quebec magistrate for poaching upon these self-same preserves some two years ago. This conviction was made upon information laid by the present president of the club, who at that time was in sole possession of the tract in question.

WILLIAM SEATON,
Sec'y of the Triton Fish and Game Club.

ANGLING NOTES.

State and Supervisors' Fish Laws.

ONE of the staff of one of the leading New York newspapers has written an article which was printed in his paper two Sundays ago about "some things that hunters and fishermen will like to know." The letter is dated at Schroon Lake, N. Y., and with some excellent illustrations fills nearly a page of the newspaper. The writer of the article is a gentleman who has traveled extensively and written comprehensively, clearly and well upon many subjects, from international complications, political upheavals, manners, customs and conditions of sister republics, to notable murder trials. That such a master of the pen should devote time to writing of shooting and fishing for one of the daily papers is one of the signs of the growth of these healthful recreations, for any one who reads can see that the daily journals are devoting more and more space to fishing and field shooting, and if there was not a demand for such information it would not be given. The article I refer to is one of the best that I have read, for often this class of articles shows too plainly the 'prentice hand to be thoroughly enjoyed by sportsmen. They have a syndicate flavor or guide-book aroma that may pass current with the tyro, but are not relished by the veteran, although after all they serve a purpose. The Schroon Lake article is written on the spot and is of a character separate and apart from the syndicate breed, which is all the more reason why the writer should not lead his readers astray, even by implication, concerning the fish laws. One of the illustrations is "Pyramid Lake, Chock Full of Bass," and in the text I find this: "Off the road a mile or two is a pond called Pyramid Lake, just about 1,000ft. above sea level, where bass fishing is really fine. August, of course, is not a good month for any sort of fishing. September is better, but May and June are best. It is no exaggeration to say that Pyramid Lake is chock full of black bass, noble fellows, too, full of fight and audacity." Why "August, of course, is not" a great a month for black bass fishing, the man who wrote the information will have to tell if he knows, for I do not know; and as some of the best black bass fishing I ever had was in August, I have always supposed it was a fairly good month for catching this fish. But that is not the point, the month of May is a close month for black bass in New York, and June should be. Bass may bite best in the month of May, but it is illegal to catch them, so why suggest it? That is a State law, and the supervisors of Warren county have made it illegal to catch bass "in the waters of Schroon River or the streams, lakes or ponds tributary thereto in Warren county" before July 1. If the State will not protect the black bass through the month of June when they are spawning, the supervisors must do it or the bass will go. The same writer in the same article says: "Woods and mountains, and water, where with hound or salt-lick or flaring jack the noblest child of the forest can be hunted." Salt-licks are specifically forbidden by law in New York, and to use one to kill a deer will cost the user, if caught, $100, and other expenses; and it is a misdemeanor as well. Such advice would not be admitted in the columns of a first-class technical journal like FOREST AND STREAM, for those who supervise the copy know the laws—it is in a measure part of their business; but the daily journals seem not to care whether they get a man in jail or not by following the suggestions in their fishing and shooting articles, and the best article in the English language, if it leads a man a-foul of the law, would not be jack-high in a justice court, compared with a less learned article by one who knows exactly what he is writing about. If there is any moral to this it is—go to the sporting journals for information concerning sport, and to the daily newspapers for information about the movement of the crops, and other matters peculiarly within their province.

Pharaoh Lake.

One of the illustrations in this same article bears the title, "Pharaoh Lake, where the Big Trout Bite," and this is the reference to it in the text: "There is a noble mountain near Schroon—Mount Pharaoh—under the brow of which, far up in the air, and in a basin formed by the precipitous sides of the mountain, is a small but very deep pond, where big trout are to be had in about 85 to 90ft. of water. They are to be caught by trolling with a gang hook freighted with about half a pound of sinkers. You feel as if you were pulling a ton, anyhow, when your line is out, and when a 15lbs. fish fastens himself on it and starts off for the cold springs at the veriest bottom, it is well enough to have a care that he doesn't carry the lucky fishermen with him."

Had the writer of the quoted paragraph been to Pharaoh Lake and fished in it, I am satisfied that he would have written something entirely different, for he then would have been able to give facts instead of patching up information that must have filtered through several hands before it got to him. This same writer says in the beginning of his article: "People who give advice are especially glib on the subject of the books one should read and the places one should visit on his summer vacation. It is odd with what assurance and carelessness these peculiarly delicate questions are handled." I assume that he means in the daily newspapers. As to Pharaoh Lake, there are no trout in it except speckled trout, and they average from ½ to ¾lb. in weight. Four years ago "Cash" Ross, who lives in the house at the lower end of the lake in summer and until the close of the shooting season, caught a trout from the lake that weighed 5lbs. The lake is 110ft. deep, and it is about 1,300ft. above sea level, or about 400ft. higher than Schroon Lake. This is a description that I set down in my notebook one day while I was fishing in the lake: "On the northwest is Pharaoh Mountain, about 1,700ft. Next is Bluebeard, sloping down to the lake's shore; east of north is Treadway Mountain; on the west Thunderbolt; south, Mt. Stevenson; southeast, a grand old mountain nearly as high as the others, which is known only as Big Hill." As to the fashion of fishing in Pharaoh, it was so often said that the trout would not take a fly on its surface that many people came to believe it; but they will, as Dayton Ball, of Albany, has abundantly proved during more than one spring when the fish were at the surface. Another belief was that the trout would not bite during the day, and so fires were built on the shores at night to attract the fish, and large scores were made in this way. The truth is, that the trout of Pharaoh are very like the trout of other mountain lakes. The most common way of fishing for them in summer is to bait a buoy and fish in thirty to forty feet of water with hooks baited with earth worms or pieces of sunfish such as are used to bait the buoy. A few years ago Alec Taylor, a professional fisherman of Bolton, on Lake George, went to Pharaoh and trolled a gang after the manner practiced in Lake George for lake trout. There was, however, this difference. Very fine tackle was used, and a small sinker was put on to sink the gang from 10 to 25ft. below the surface. Except brook trout there are no fish in the lake but sunfish, suckers, bullheads and minnows. The trout when first taken are the most beautiful in coloring that I know. When I first went to Pharaoh I was told that it was useless to fish before 7 o'clock in the morning in summer, but I went out at daylight and had good fishing, by which I mean that I caught as good trout, and as many, as during the day. I was at this lake two years ago, and two days before I arrived there had been a terrible storm. Cassius A. Ross or "Cash" Ross, for short, was sitting inside his door during the height of the storm, when a panther suddenly appeared in the clearing before his door, near his calf pen. The animal with two or three leaps disappeared back of the house before Ross could get a rifle from the rack. Pharaoh Lake is one of the comparatively near-by places, where there is good trout fishing and deer shooting, that the city sportsman overlooks to go further into the woods. It is reached by the D. & H. C. Co.'s railway to Saratoga, and from there by the Adirondack railway to Riverside station. Stage to Chestertown and private team to Pharaoh by the way of Brant Lake. One can leave Albany in the morning and reach the lake in the afternoon.

A. N. CHENEY.

Worms for Montana Trout.

ONE of the best known residents of Cinnabar, Montana, is old Mr. Smith, a most enthusiastic fisherman. The soil of the region is very dry and alkaline and contains no earth worms.

Mr. Smith had a theory that the old fashioned worm would prove a killing bait for the red-throated trout of the country, and he asked Mr. G. H. Lambson to bring him a jar of worms from the East on one of his trips with the Fish Commission car.

In August, 1890, Mr. Lambson was able to comply with the angler's request and the worms were safely landed at Cinnabar. The bait proved all that was expected of it and great was the delight of Mr. Smith. T. H. B.

"FOREST AND STREAM" FISHING POSTALS

Send us a postal card report of your own luck, your partner's luck, your neighbor's luck, your father-in-law's luck. And—her luck.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Sept. 11.—Yesterday at the Rod, Reel and Gun Club, Rigolettes Station, 30 miles east of New Orleans, Mr. Chas. F. Frink and Mr. John Ross caught 80 green trout (large-mouth black bass) in the ditch along the railroad. Major Wagstaff and Dr. Jowers in another boat caught 60 green trout and a large number of perch. Mr. John Rawlins and Dr. J. A. Sampsell, fishing in deep salt water at the same place caught 60 large sheepshead, a weight of over 200lbs. Some of the sheepshead were full of roe. Incidents—A voracious sheepshead took both baits of the two latter gentlemen; either hook would have held it. A snood carried away early in the morning was found in the mouth of a catfish caught in the afternoon. Another snood lost on a piece of spiling was accidentally brought up several hours afterward. J. A. C.

KIPPEWA LAKES, Province of Quebec, Canada.—August —Passed 15 days in canoeing about these lakes, a wild region not much visited except by lumbermen, which can be reached from Mattawa, C. P. R. Fishing for pike (1 to 6½lbs.) with troll excellent, by same method some pickerel and chub will be taken. At foot of Big Pine Shoot took as many gamy pickerel as we wanted with flies. Signs of big game, that is moose and bear, plentiful and a very likely country for ruffed grouse. Complete outfit can be obtained at Mattawa. C. B.

MISTASSINI RIVER, Lake St. John, Canada.—September. —Fair sport was had with ouananiche at foot of fifth fall, but we could no nothing with flies. Got our fish by trolling with small troll, and with pork below fall and at the foot of same. The journey to this spot takes two days by canoe. Too many tourists are visiting and fishing these waters to permit of the sport remaining good. C. B.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Sept. 12.—Duck shooting has been better than usual. Bass fishing has been rather indifferent, but a party of three caught a nice lot of forty-two on a recent afternoon. The three best ones weighed 8½lbs. R. S. B.

Weekly Fly Cast of the Chicago Club.

THE fourteenth weekly contest of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club came off at the World's Fair grounds in front of the Walton House to-day, Saturday, Sept. 9. There was a smaller attendance than usual, smaller, in fact, than at any previous contest of the club. The first and most important event, long distance and accuracy combined, was won by J. E. Isgrigg, of Montgomery Ward & Co., with a total of 88¾, making the fifth time he has won the medal this season. Following him in order came Babcock, Wilkinson and Johnson. Isgrigg used a Leonard rod, the others using Kosmics. The long distance medal was won by Wilkinson with a score of 80ft., Isgrigg and Johnson tieing for second place. Wilkinson also used a Leonard rod. The bait-casting contest was declared off owing to the fact that but two bait-casters were in attendance. Mr. J. E. Strong was time-keeper and B. W. Goodsell judged both events.

At a meeting of the tournament committee of the club held Saturday, the matter of closing the entries on Sept. 16, in the World's Tournament, was fully discussed and it was wisely decided to keep the entries open until the time of starting each contest, this was done at the solicitation of a number of Eastern gentlemen who expected to be in attendance, but could not, so far ahead as the 12th or 13th fully determine as to their coming, therefore it was decided to allow entries on the grounds, which has always been the custom at tournaments. E. HOUGH.

Michigan Trout and Grayling.

BROOK trout are plentiful and large in Cedar Run, at Lake Ann, about 148 miles north of Muskegon.

A barber named Decker, catches many fine brook trout in White River, near White Cloud. Grayling are abundant and of excellent quality in Bear Creek.

One of the best trout streams in Michigan is Kinney Creek, now owned and preserved by the Flint and Pere Marquette R.R. The club house is near Wingleton, which is three miles west of Baldwin. From Oct 6 to 8 last year, Mr. Frank Clark and Mr. G. H. Lambson of the U. S. Fish Commission, with Mr. Bache and two other persons fished this stream by permission. Although they fished only part of the time, they caught nearly 700 brook trout and took 415 fine, large, beautifully colored trout on the car to the Northville station.

In the Au Sable this season, a great many beautiful grayling were obtained for the aquarium at the World's Fair, and with them a splendid lot of brook and rainbow trout. Few streams can show such a combination. T. H. B.

Pretty Good Place.

HUNTSVILLE, O., Sept. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Fishing is excellent at Indian Lake at present, and the reports that the severe winter and break in bank of reservoir had depopulated the lake were without foundation. Ring perch and sunfish are being caught and hauled away by the bagful by farmers and others for miles around. Black bass are biting minnows, frogs and flies, and some very fine strings are being taken. Dr. Wm. H. Kelley and Mr. Joseph C. Finnell, of Covington, Ky., caught 98 in four days, averaging fully 2lbs., and fishing from one boat. Some 5-pounders were among their catch. Their string the last day was 35. Dr. C. S. Mathews and Mr. Al Reber, of Upper Sandusky, O., caught 51 bass yesterday, using a "bucktail" for lure. This is the largest catch thus far this season. Dr. Mathews holds the record with 73 bass in one day last year, but he says the fish are larger this year. E. P. R.

What Protection Has Done.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a box of small-mouth black bass taken from Oneida Lake yesterday, this being part of fifty bass taken by Mrs. Henry Loftie and myself between 2 and 6 P. M. We lost only four and threw back six that were under size. We used crabs for bait, for the fish would not take flies. Twenty-five weighed 49lbs. Many catches have been made of from fifteen to forty-seven in a day's fishing. I am expecting many more catches better than this. I have taken more large bass on Oneida Lake this season than I have done for the past fifteen years. I have taken during the last four weeks fifty that would weigh from 3 to 4½lbs. each, all of the small-mouth bass. Five years ago it was impossible to get a good catch of fish; this shows the good work of protection. All anglers should feel very grateful to Supt. Pond and his lieutenants for the work done on this lake. If this good work is continued Oneida Lake will excel any water in New York State for angling. HENRY LOFTIE.

[The box of fish was received in good order, and when opened its contents made a fine show.]

The Fish Run in Washington.

A WHITE RIVER farmer brought into Seattle a 400lbs. sturgeon which he killed with a spear in that stream. The fish was over 7ft. long, and is probably the largest ever caught in White River.

Salmon have been running up the rivers and streams in the vicinity of Port Angeles in enormous numbers during the last few weeks. In one haul of his net on the river Elisha S. Goodwin caught 3,000 large salmon. It took a team of horses and eight men to drag them out of the water, and it took nine trips of a large farm wagon to carry them away.

The smelt are now running, and there is no excuse for any one being hungry at New Whatcom. The other day on the beach below Uncle John Bennett's place the unusual sight was presented of men fishing with garden rakes and with their hands. The smelt were so thick that they were almost crowded up on the sandy beach and were easily pulled out with rakes or anything else. About a dozen men and boys were after them. It only took a very short time to put about 1,000lbs. on dry land.

Trout in California.

NORTH ONTARIO, Cal.—The trout fishing in the San Antonio and Cucaminga streams has not been as good as usual and there is a movement on foot to stock both with several varieties from the State hatchery, the success of which will depend largely on the efforts of Messrs. Frankish and Stamm. I.

Where to Go.

ANYBODY desiring information with regard to the hotels advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, such as rates, routes, fishing and hunting opportunities, should address FOREST AND STREAM Information Bureau, where all reasonable inquiries will receive prompt answers.

The Last Series of Cheap-Rate Excursions to the World's Fair via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

ADDITIONAL DATES FOR THE POPULAR EXPOSITION TRIPS.

As the period of the existence of the World's Columbian Exposition draws to a close, the demand grows stronger for the economical and satisfactory means of reaching Chicago provided heretofore by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Recognizing the urgency of this popular need, that company has fixed a few additional dates on which excursions of the same character as the previous ones will be run. September 19th, 23d, 28th, October 2d, 11th, 17th and 21st are the days selected from New York, Philadelphia, and points east of Pittsburg and Erie and north of York.

The special trains will be composed of the standard coaches for which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is noted, and the arrival in Chicago at an early hour the following afternoon obviously gives ample opportunity for the securing of accommodations at that place.

The trains leave New York 9:00 A. M., Jersey City 9:13, Newark 9:25 Elizabeth 9:32, New Brunswick 9:53, Trenton 10:23, Philadelphia 11:30, Frazer 12:09 P. M., Downingtown 12:22, Parkesburg 12:41, Coatesville 1:02, Lancaster 1:25, Conewago 1:57, Harrisburg 3:00 P. M., Lewistown Junction 4:30, Tyrone 6:00, Altoona 7:00, and Pittsburg 10:40 P. M. The excursion rate, good only on the special train and valid for return within 10 days, is $20 from New York, $18.25 from Philadelphia, and proportionately low from other stations. Return portions of tickets are good for ten days.

These trains will be run on fast schedule, and will be provided with all modern conveniences with the exception of Pullman cars.

Many expressions of complete satisfaction have been made by people who have availed themselves of this excellent opportunity of visiting the greatest and grandest exhibition the world has ever seen.—*Adv.*

A City Hall Eagle.

A QUEER, long-legged bird alighted on the roof of the City Hall at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and made an ornithological show of itself. The show was well attended by a crowd of several hundred persons.

"He's a woodchuck," declared one learned ornithologist from the Fort Ward.

"Naw, he ain't," retorted his companion. "You mean a woodcock; but he ain't. He's a South Carolina thrush blowed here by de cyclone."

"You fellows are all wrong," said a politician just returned from Saratoga. "That's the eagle bird. I've seen his picture."

"When Marty Keese quits pulling the string and yanks in that stuffed parrot I s'pose you will clear these walks," called out Park Policeman Tommy Thompson.

The crowd did disperse when one of Janitor Keese's assistants tried to capture the bird and it spread its broad wings, tucked its long legs under its tail, and, with its long, sharp beak pointed toward Secaucus, took its flight over the new Postal Telegraph building.

The bird was neither a heron nor a crane, but was of the family of the waders.—*New York Sun.*

The "Sunol" of Railroads.

The New York Central is the "Sunol" of railroads; 145 miles in 131 minutes was its last record-breaking feat. Whew! If you want to "get there" go by the New York Central—that's sound advice for World's Fair visitors—for by that line you will get there more speedily, more comfortably, more safely and more luxuriously than by any other.—*Drygoods Chronicle.*—*Adv.*

Forest and Stream's

exhibit at the World's Fair will be found in the Angling Pavilion of the Fisheries Building. You and your friends are invited to visit us.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 19 to 22.—Mount Holly, N. J. H. I. Budd, Sec'y. Entries clos
Sept. 11.
Sept. 19 to 22.—Rhode Island State Fair Ass'n at Narragansett Park
Cranston, R. I. D. C. Collins, Sec'y. Entries close Sept. 4.
Sept. 26 to 29.—Ottawa, Canada. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick
Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind
P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linde
Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham
Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V
Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Mem
bers' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T
M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Gran
Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.

A GOODLY number of sportsmen assembled in the two hos
telries at Souris, one owned by Mr. J. H. Brown, the other b
J. B. Roberts, both alike in the fondness for field sports.

The start was made on Tuesday morning, Sept. 12. Mr
W. Tallman judged alone. Owing to missing connections
he was too late in Winnipeg to catch the morning train t
Souris; he therefore went to Brandon and drove the twenty
seven miles across country, arriving at Souris about 3 o'cloc
in the morning.

The grounds were parched, the weather was hot and dry
and chickens were not quite plentiful enough for field tria
purposes.

Souris is 158 miles southwest of Winnipeg. It is difficult o
access if one is hurried, as there are but three passenger train
each way per week.

The sportsmen were most genial and enthusiastic. The
had originally planned to camp out and entertain visitors a
their guests, but the plan was abandoned. Everything wa
done to make the visit pleasant to all. On Tuesday and Wed
nesday evenings dinners were given to the club members an
visitors, which were most enjoyable.

The trials were followed by an orderly crowd of spectators
On the second day about twenty carriages followed the run
ning. Two or three ladies graced the event with their pres
ence part of the time.

The Derby.

TUESDAY.

The start was made not very far from the northern out
skirts of the town. The cool morning hours had passe
when the handlers got the word to cast the first brace off
hence the work of the forenoon was not under the mos
favorable conditions for the best display of well sustaine
pace and range. A mild dry wind blew steadily all the fore
noon. In the afternoon it was stiffer and steadier.

There were birds enough for a fairly good test, gentle, in
dolent birds, easy to work on, until toward night, then the
were a bit wild. When flushed, they displayed no alarm
Their flights were short and with no motive of seeking con
cealment. No easier opportunities could be afforded dogs t
make good scores, so far as tame birds on open ground coul
contribute to them. The weather was hot and close. Fre
quent watering of the dogs was necessary.

Owing to the delayed arrival of the judge, the drawing di
not take place till this morning. There were thirteen starters
as follows:

J. Simoneau's orange and white setter bitch Maud Á Ros
(Bruce—Frost), owner, handler,
against
Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Rod E
(Roderigo—Topsey Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

W. T. Ellis's liver and white setter bitch Zuleika (Duke o
Manitoba—Cora), owner, handler,
against
F. W. Smith's liver and white pointer bitch Spotted Bell
(Spotted Boy—Bow Bells), W. Pickering, handler.

L. W. Smith's black, white and tan setter dog Duke o
Veragua (Roderigo—Fannette), owner, handler,
against
F. W. Scott's black and white setter dog Bob Wilson (Dac
Wilson—Lurline Lady), W. Pickering, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog Soli
taire (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), J. M. Avent, handler,
against
W. T. Ellis's black, white and tan setter dog Hoodoo (Duke
of Manitoba—Cora), owner, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog
Tate (Jean Val Jean—Mamie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler,
against
E. McKenney's black and tan ticked setter dog Jingo (Duke
of Manitoba—Cora), John Wootton, handler.

R. Adams's liver and white and ticked pointer dog Virde
Prince (Ightfield Upton—Patsy Bang), absent,
against
Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan setter bitch Thalia
(Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

Roberts & Young's liver and white pointer bitch Molto
May (Saddleback—Molton Broom), a bye. Charles Young
handler.

MAUD Á ROSE AND TOPSY ROD were cast off at 8:46. Roo
took the lead at once in wide range and high speed. His
range was too wide betimes, a quarter of a mile or more
away and sometimes out of sight in the distance. Rose
started a bit slow but as the heat progressed she improved in
her range. She ran weakly, as was to be expected from a
bitch thin in flesh and vitality weakened from maternal care
the previous month. Rod made a point; nothing found.
Rose refused to back. Rod, a quarter of a mile away, made
a firm point, then moved on and resumed his ranging. At
the same time Rose, in the grass, roaded and located a bevy
which she pointed well. It was a good find for her. The
birds went but a short distance in the open prairie. Rod
pointed one and Rose backed. Both were steady to shot.
Rod excusably flushed a single bird. The heat ended at 9:22
Rose kept diligently at work though her stride was weak.
She showed good judgment. Rod was fast and a very wide
ranger. He ran without much reference to working to his
handler's orders.

ZULEIKA AND SPOTTED BELLE were started at 9:32. Soon
after starting an irate owner ordered the party off his farm
and his orders were obeyed. Zuleika pointed by a bunch of
willows and a single bird flushed wild from the opposite side.

Belle did not honor the point with a back, which was excusable since Zuleika on the point was wagging her tail. On the scattered birds Zuleika pointed and Belle went by and flushed, then flushed another bird; this after again refusing to back. Belle next roaded to a point and was steady to shot. Both were narrow rangers and in locating they were lacking in quickness. Each showed fatigue at the close of the heat, which ended at 10:02. The morning was then warm and very dry.

DUKE OF VERAGUA AND BOB WILSON started at 10:10, Bob awkwardly flushed a bevy, then moving on flushed some remaining birds. He then appeared to be apprehensive, and came in to his trainer, who had some friendly trouble in getting him to resume work. Duke was the better ranger, he beating out his ground more regularly, sustained his speed more uniformly and had more confidence. The dogs became so warm that they were disinclined to work. The work on birds was inferior.

SOLITAIRE AND HOODOO began at 10:50. On a bevy marked down by spectators, a bird was flushed excusably. Hoodoo seemed a bit over-cautious. He roaded to a point, and Solitaire, going in ahead, took up the roading a few yards and pointed the bird. Sent on. Hoodoo pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. The birds flew but a short distance. Avent got Solitaire to them first. Solitaire roaded awkwardly, and the birds flushed, either wild or by being pressed too closely. It was directly up wind, and was a poor piece of work. Up at 11:21. Except a wide, irregular fling or two early in the heat, both were narrow rangers.

TATE AND JINGO were started at 11:44, and ran about four minutes. The party then returned to town to lunch.

The heat was resumed at 4:07. A stiff, steady wind blew all the afternoon from the south. There was an intense warmth and dryness in the atmosphere. The dogs became overheated after a few minutes' work. Tate going across wind near the edge of stubble made three excusable flushes. On the scattered birds he made a good point and was steady to shot. After flushing a single, he pointed the remaining birds which flushed wild. He showed a wide and good range, much better than Jingo's. The latter was diligent, but irregular in pace and range, and, though there were many opportunities, he had no success in finding. Up at 4:27.

MOLTON MAY AND THALID ran next, Verdon Prince not having arrived. May soon flushed some outlying birds of a bevy. Thalid passed the birds close enough to catch scent, but failed to do so. The rest of the heat was a succession of flushes. May seemed to feel a constraint in her work on birds. Tate got two good points. On a bird which May saw running on the ground, she led Tate off in a merry chase. Up at 5:05, with range and speed largely in Tate's favor. May showed a great deal of possible merit if properly trained. She needs some birds killed over her, and less repression.

The judge announced that Maud á Rose, Duke of Veragua, Topsey Rod, Hoodoo, Solitaire, Tate, Jingo and Thalid would run again.

MAUD Á ROSE AND DUKE OF VERAGUA began at 5:31. Before any birds were found both dogs had a sharp chase after a jack rabbit, Rose being most persistent in her efforts to catch it till she was unsighted, and in trying to hit off the trail afterward. She worked with less interest and seemed fatigued when the heat was resumed. Down 24m.

TOPSY ROD AND HOODOO began the heat of the day at 5:59. Rod took wide casts and sought with judgment, yet he could not be guided at all in his ranging by hand or whistle. He took a long cast and pointed by the edge of stubble, holding his points staunchly while the bevy ran away in plain sight on the short stubble. Hoodoo backed. Rod held his point perfectly staunch till his handler went up, flushed and shot. Both dogs steady. On the opposite side of the stubble Rod made another good point on two or three remaining birds, Hoodoo backing well. Up at 6:10.

SOLITAIRE AND TATE started at 6:12. All the work was done on a stubble where birds were in abundance, but they were somewhat wild. Solitaire had flushed once and Tate twice, when a large bevy or small pack was marked down in a hollow. Tate was taken up and Solitaire started on alone. He flushed a single, then roaded on carefully and pointed with precision, yet lacking in quickness. Tate was much the better worker. Up at 6:20.

JINGO AND THALID were next given a 28m. run, beginning at 6:30. Thalid pointed two birds nicely and was steady to shot. Jingo was drawing continually, birds or no birds. A single bird lighted near him which he saw and pointed. Thalid backed. Both were steady to shot. Thalid had much the better of the heat in every particular.

TATE AND THALID were run 6m. without finding and the day's running then ended.

WEDNESDAY.

A light rain fell in the early morning hours. The sky was overcast till midday, when the weather cleared up, all signs of rain disappeared, and the afternoon was again hot and unfavorable for prolonged exertion. A stiff, dry wind blew all day. The birds were irregularly distributed, which sometimes made long searches without finding and sometimes too many birds when a find was made. Some of the finds were small packs, others were bevies. The quality of the work was inferior taken in its entirety. There was much of it sloppy, particularly the point work. A start was made three or four miles from town.

TATE AND THALID resumed their unfinished heat at 8:25. Both took wide casts, fully an eighth of a mile to right and left, Tate the wider and better ranger. Tate flushed. Down 18m.

HOODOO AND TATE started at 8:46. Hoodoo across wind flushed two birds. Tate pointed a bird in the edge of a thicket and was steady to shot. Hoodoo next pointed as a single flushed. Tate again pointed a bird in the edge of a thicket. He next took a long cast and pointed a bevy in a hollow, locating it well and pointing it before it flushed wild. Up at 9:00. Hoodoo showed a bit of overcaution in roading.

THALID AND HOODOO began the last heat of the Derby at 9:05. Hoodoo pointed a bevy, Thalid joining in point. Hoodoo flushed into birds. They were down 21m.

Topsey Rod ran with great dash. His range was wide and his speed fast and uniform. He was stylish in action and on point. He did not heat out his ground badly, though he did it to suit himself, he paying but little heed to whistles or signals. He showed good bird sense.

Tate's work was good and ordinary mixed. He went with dash and spirit. His range was wide and conducted with judgment.

Thalid and Hoodoo divided third, the latter belonging to Mr. W. F. Ellis, of Manitou, Man. The other three winners belong to Avent & Thayer Kennels. Thalid showed good speed and range, but her work on birds was meagre and inferior.

Hoodoo showed good range, speed and bird sense, a good nose, but some overcaution betimes in using it.

The judge then announced the winners as follows: First, Topsey Rod; second, Tate; divided third, Thalid and Hoodoo.

First prize, $160; 2d, $115; 3d, $75.

The All-Age Stake.

There were 17 starters in this stake. The competition began immediately after the conclusion of the Derby. Owing to the absence of Dow, it was understood by consent of the handlers, that the brace in which he was drawn, would be run later out of the regular order. When the stake was begun, it was found that several braces of it had been left in town. The running in the first series was thoroughly disarranged in consequence. The braces were run regardless of the order of drawing.

The work in this stake on Tuesday was in respect to point work quite inferior, save that of two or three dogs. The grounds were very dry. The conditions so far as birds were concerned were unequal, some sections being barren while other sections had too many.

The winners of the All-Age Stake are all owned by the Avent & Thayer Kennels. Count Gladstone, winner of first, had improved greatly in reliability and obedience since last December, when he ran at Lexington, N. C. He is a wide, fast ranger, displays good bird sense and finds well. He puts intelligence in his work. On point he drops, which mars his style. He won his honors easily.

Chevalier, second, was fast and a wide ranger, but he lowered the quality of his work by pointing on false scents betimes, or at least pointing where no birds could be found. Still he showed good capabilities.

Bettie S., third, ran a creditable race. She did not beat out her ground as carefully as some of the others, but she had good speed and ranged wide. Mr. Avent's winnings in this trial amounted to $762.50.

Following is the order of drawing:

J. H. Brown's black and white setter dog Rush (Cahle—Della), owner, handler, *against*
W. F. Ellis's black, white and tan setter dog Hoodoo (Duke of Manitoba—Cora), owner, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog Chevalier (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler, *against*
J. H. Brown's black, white and tan setter bitch Vesta (Cable—Della), owner, handler.

W. T. Barrett's liver and white pointer dog Don (Royal—Lou), absent, *against*
John Kane's liver and white pointer bitch Diana (Ightfield Dick—Cleo), J. S. Carter, handler.

J. H. Rose's black and white setter dog Ranger, W. Pickering, handler, *against*
Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog Lochinvar (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan setter bitch Bettie S. (Roderigo—Bo-Peep), J. M. Avent, handler, *against*
Roberts & Young's red Irish setter dog Zero (Rover—Rose), C. Young, handler.

L. W. Smith's black, white and tan setter bitch Atalanta (Jean Val Jean—Shena Van), owner, handler, *against*
John Wootton's black, white and tan setter Dick Boudhu II. (Dick Boudhu—Manitoba Belle), owner, handler.

T. T. Ashford's black and white pointer dog Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), J. M. Avent, handler, *against*
Tom Montgomery's liver and white pointer bitch Ightfield Bunty, J. Simoneau, handler.

John Kane's liver and white pointer bitch Ightfield Blossom (Ightfield Dick—Bloom), J. S. Carter, handler, *against*
J. B. Roberts's lemon and white setter dog Joe (Cable—Fan), C. Young, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog Count Gladstone IV. (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), a bye, M. Avent, handler.

The Running.

CHEVALIER AND VESTA began work at 9:40. The former made a point about 200yds away on a ridge, then began roading up wind. He drew and pointed alternately about 200yds. Vesta refused to back. It seemed as if Chevalier had taken the back track up wind, but a cast down wind failed to find birds. Chevalier seemed disposed to point on false scents sometimes. He made a good point on a bevy. He was much the faster and wider ranger. Vesta was fat and slow in speed Up at 10:13.

Don was absent, therefore the next brace was called.

RANGER AND LOCHINVAR at 10:24 began their heat. Ranger made a good find and point on a bevy, which flushed wild. Sent on both roaded quite a distance down wind, pointing every few yards. Ranger flushed a bevy as he roaded down wind and was a bit unsteady. Up at 10:57. Both ranged well, Ranger a trifle the better.

KENT ELGIN AND IGHTFIELD BUNTY were started at 11:17. The former showed far away the better qualities of speed, range and accuracy in work on birds. He has an easy, speedy stride, does not potter, ranges wide and is searching for birds all the time. Up at 12:00.

Lunch was eaten in the field. All the dogs were ready to start after lunch, they having been brought out from town in the intervening time since starting. The sun was so hot that the dogs were permitted to rest during the hottest hours.

RUSH AND HOODOO were cast off at 3:21, the latter being permitted to run out of the regular order of drawing in consequence of having been run in the morning in the Derby, and therefore in fairness deserving a rest. Some birds were found near scrubs. Hoodoo got two or three points. Rush refused to back. He also flushed twice. Neither ranged wide. Rush was ordered up at 3:46, and Hoodoo was run alone three minutes when he was ordered up.

BETTIE S. AND ZERO started at 3:57. Zero stopped twice to singles as they flushed. After running 21m. they were ordered up to be put down again, they having sought diligently without finding, the heat being great and distressing to the dogs.

ATALANTA AND DICK BONDHU II. were cast off at 4:25. Dick ran far below the good form which he exhibited at Morris the previous week. There were numerous opportunities to secure good points during the heat, both dogs failing to take advantage of them fully. Atalanta made a good point on a bevy and previously had made some doubtful work on birds in thickets.

IGHTFIELD BLOSSOM AND JOE were cast off at 5:10. Both dogs did some sloppy work on birds. Joe made three points. Blossom got a point on a bevy in a thicket. Both ranged well. Up at 5:49.

IGHTFIELD DIANA AND COUNT GLADSTONE were started at 6:05. Count ranged wider and faster than any dog yet started. The pointer soon shortened her speed and appeared much oppressed by the heat. Count ran strong and with endurance notwithstanding the hot weather. He pointed a bevy well and was steady to shot. Ordered to retrieve he attempted to obey and the bird flew away in a crippled manner. Count attempted to catch it but stopped to order after going about 100yds. Sent on again Count pointed a bevy which flushed wild. Di flushed one and made two points on single birds. Count got two more good points. Up at 6:36.

ZERO AND BETTIE S. were cast off at 6:46 to complete their unfinished heat. Each made two good points on singles, after which they did some rather indecisive work on birds. Each dropped to point and Zero had little animation in his way of working. Up at 7:07 and the day's work ended.

In the Amateur Stake there were eight starters, and Zero won first, Joe second and Zeulika third.

B. WATERS.

We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of admission ticket to the Mount Holly show. This courtesy is noteworthy, for we find that most secretaries of fairs and shows are very derelict in this respect.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.

ANOTHER Toronto show has come and gone. While the gathering of dogmen and their dogs was not quite as interesting or numerous as in former years, still it was sufficiently so to prove that, like unto that of New York to dogmen of the States, is the Toronto event to those of the Dominion. Held in conjunction with the Industrial Exhibition, it is without doubt the most interesting event of the year to those who show dogs. Dog shows, as a rule, in this country are uninteresting affairs, after the judging is over, to the average dogman. But at Toronto it is different. The exhibition of live stock taken all round is without doubt the finest held on this continent, and the many other attractions, some of them quite elaborate, such as the fireworks, the storming of Tel-El-Kehir, the "little Barnum" performance in front of the grand stand, afford opportunities for the visitor to amuse himself throughout the week. As at the New York show, the Toronto show week is the one chosen for annual meetings of the C. K. C. and the Fox-Terrier Club, thus affording excuses for annual "roundups," of which the Canadian dogmen are not slow to avail themselves.

The show this year was not up to former years in point of numbers, nor yet did we find the quality in many of the breeds on a par with that of '92. Mastiffs and St. Bernards show no improvement, rather a falling off, and Canadian breeders must exert themselves a little more and improve their present stock by importation if they wish to make much headway. Greyhounds also showed a falling off in quality and numbers, Mr. Purbeck's team alone proving more than mediocre. Deerhounds and wolfhounds were not represented at all. Great Danes I thought showed a slight general improvement, though there was not a Melac or an Imperator, as in former years. Still, the Wolverton Kennels showed some good ones. Pointers fell off in entries, but the character of the exhibit was about the same, to Mr. Davey again falling the principal honors. English setters were about the same, but Irish setters showed a distinct falling off, both in numbers and quality from last year, when Seminole Kennels' rival, the Oak Grove, also exhibited their full strength, but this year showed but two, one in each challenge class, thus allowing the Seminoles a bloodless victory. Gordon setters were neither better nor worse, and collies were not, on the whole, up to the form of previous years, neither in numbers or quality. Bulldogs had but two entries and those only mediocre. Bull-terriers, while falling off in numbers a little, showed a good deal of quality, thanks to Mr. Higginson's exhibit, which kennel took the place held by Frank Dole in former years. The rough terrier classes I think showed improvement in general quality, especially the Scotch terriers, Mr. Henry Brooks showing that his breeding operations of the past year have not been for naught. In Dandies Mr. E. Brooks held, as of yore, the winning hand. Black and tan terriers show a sad falling off in quality, Sultan being the only worthy representative of this handsome terrier present. Poodles improve in numbers, but are sadly off in quality. The spaniel exhibit on the whole was not up to former years, there being much diversity of type, but competition was more open. Beagles fell off in numbers, and had it not been for the Hornell-Harmony exhibit the classes would have been almost bare of quality. Fox-terriers, while advancing in numbers, did not show a corresponding improvement in good looks, with perhaps an exception in favor of wires, thanks to recent importations by Mr. A. A. Macdonald and Mr. A. D. Stewart. Yorkshires were extremely poor compared to former years, when Messrs. Smith, Symonds and John Campbell used to show. The pug classes were very poorly filled, and with the exception of Bob Ivy, Midget and Royal Dusky, showed very little merit. Toy spaniels are not improving, competition being left entirely to the old local winners.

Though we have not been able to award unmeasured praise to the quality of dogs present, it is a duty and a pleasure to call attention to the vast improvement in the management of the show. This compared most favorably with any of our best shows. Last year we and others strongly criticised this part of the show and pointed out the remedy, which Mr. Stone this year put into effect, by taking the reins of government into his own hands.

Perhaps he got a wrinkle or two in New York last spring; who cares? All the dogmen knew and cared about was that the aisles were swept regularly and dirty bedding removed. The building, one of the finest for the purpose in the country, is naturally well ventilated, but unless disinfected the atmosphere in the most airy show building will become foul. This essential part of the show was attended to by the agent for Jeye's disinfectant, a well known preparation on the other side, but which we have never seen used in this country before. It seems a good thing. The rings were particularly well attended to and attendants were abundant. The benching and stalls Mr. Stone had well whitewashed and "carbolized" some days before the show opened. Another objectionable feature of last year's show was also done away with; there were no puppies or bitches with litters allowed in the building, a most commendable improvement. The feeding was good and in the hands of an old Englishman who seemed to know his business and prepared Spratts biscuits in a most acceptable manner. In fact, this time Mr. Stone deserves congratulation, and he was ably assisted in his efforts by his son and Mr. Wilkie and J. G. Mitchenor, members of the committee, and Dr. Mole. Messrs. Donovan and Williams and W. P. Frazer also lent efficient aid as stewards in the rings.

The attendance, excepting the first day, which is called "Citizen's Day," was scarcely up to former years, still there was always a good crowd present in the afternoons. Judging commenced about 2:30 P. M. on Monday, and Messrs. Davidson, Krueger and Wilmerding had completed their duties by Tuesday afternoon, but Mr. Mason did not finish his work until Wednesday evening. There was a good deal of complaint on this score. The dogs were ready, but, as usual, Mr. Mason consulted his own convenience, not commencing on Tuesday till after 12 M. Exhibitors like to get the agony over in good time and not be kept on the *qui vive* for nearly three days.

The catalogue was a great improvement on last year's attempt, though it should have been a little more carefully edited, several typographical errors occurring, and the numbers in the pet dog classes getting a little mixed. Judging was in four rings, Messrs. Mason and Davidson in the main rings down stairs and Messrs. Wilmerding and Krueger in the two gallery rings, and on the whole was well done.

MASTIFFS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—These classes were poor, the only really good one being Lady Coleus, whose warts, some of them bleeding, do not add to her appearance, and she was not in the best of coat. Ethel has lost all her old corpulency and is now in light marching order. Cardinal Beaufort's absence in the open dog class (8) left the verdict in favor of Grimsby Caution, a familiar face at these shows; he is small, skull and hone best parts. Raleigh, second, a son of the winner, is also small, light of bone, light full eye, head small but well shaped. Lord Grimsby has a fiddle head, poor pasterns and feet, while Baron of Chester, fourth, should have more substance throughout, one ear curls in a most peculiar manner and he is a bit straight behind. The others were only poor. Attraction was the only winner and entry in bitches, and the puppies shown should never make winners. Mr. Forbes won the kennel prize.

ST. BERNARDS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—There were only about three in the show that could claim a second glance in passing. No challenge entries. In open dogs (8), Lord Dante won with a little in hand from Lord Wilton, whom he excels in depth and massiveness of head, muzzle especially, though skull should have more volume, has a nice eye and

expression, should be better in feet and have more rib; Lord Wilton is rather long faced, nice expression, good bone and front, but was not in show condition either in coat or flesh. Captain Worts, third, is a brindle headed one, light in body and with little to commend but his coat. Dauntless, fourth, turns his open toes out, a better skull than muzzle, good bone, nice coat, though in body it is all white. Safety, reserve, has brindle markings, a nice all round little dog if muzzle were deeper and stop not quite so pronunced, should have been higher up. In bitches (2), the winner proved to be Maypole, whose front is a study, her body fair, but out of coat and her head is long and snipy, ear and eye good; second prize was withheld. The puppies were of no account.

Smooths had no challenge representatives, but in open dogs we were introduced to the new crack St. Augustine, whom we were sorry to see make his debut in such light condition. He should not have been shown. A dog that has a reputation should be more than careful to appear to the best advantage when he makes his debut in a new country. He is a capitally colored dog with an excellent type of head, especially muzzle, the skull being somewhat narrow proportionately; he has great depth through the head and perfect marking; if he was shaded a little more he would be vastly improved. His legs are good but feet could be a little truer set, but he moves well, his body is dark, but as he will carry 20lbs. more flesh little can be said in this connection at present, he will be shown at New York and then he will probably be in good shape. Second was withheld from Rosco and Senator, two poor ones; Rosco's coat may by some be said to be a little long for a smooth, but we found little fault here. Glenwood Goldy, first in bitches, has little type and is small. When I say that Captain Worts won in novice dogs (8), the character of the others may be inferred, and Maypole won in the corresponding class. Kennel prize did not fill.

There were no bloodhounds.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—Only two of these turned up, and Rover was a cheap dog at catalogue price, $75. He beat Carlo, that should have won at Lexington, handily in size, bone and especially in massiveness of head; coat good and right in texture, hocks and tail a bit faulty, but a better sort than we generally see at shows.

GREAT DANES (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—The Wolverton Kennels deserved the credit in these classes. Minerva's Fawn, Ottawa's heroine, was alone in challenge class; she looked in tiptop shape. Open dogs saw Lord Wolverton, a nice upstanding dog, an easy first; he should have more arch of loin and toes should be closer, but he has a good head and neck, ribs well formed, good behind and an active mover. Senta's Brutus, from the same kennel, is a very likely pup, with a well-shaped head for his age. Royal Minor, third, is bowed in front, straight behind, should be cleaner in neck, is nicely ribbed, but muzzle should be deeper. Fourth went to Royal Major, flat-faced and snipy, good bone, but not such good type as the winner.

The winning bitch, Senta, is a very good one, as her picture snows, excellent head, clean neck, good legs and feet, capital body and an active mover; when shown in the East she will be found a hard one to beat, as she is not at all of the heavy sort, but a most symmetrically built bitch; she showed her bag badly, having just weaned a litter. Norimburga, second, we thought was the one shown under that name at Lexington, Ky., but Mr. Davison, of the Bay City Kennels, says she has not been out of his charge for three weeks, and though entered at Lexington did not go there. Then what bitch was shown in her stall at the Kentucky show? Norimburga is cheeky, dips behind the shoulder a little, but stands on good legs and feet. Ruth, third, is a coarse, common bitch, not deserving of recognition. Melina, fourth, is a better sort, though snipy. Lenta's Brutus won in dog pups, and a most promising bitch, Senta's Mascotte, did the same in her class; if all signs do not fail she will push her dam Senta very hard when she matures. Senta's Rheda, second, loses to her in head and body. Wolverton Kennels took the special for best kennel and Mount Royal Kennels that for best Canadian kennel.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—There was no representative of this breed, Mr. Hanks sending the only entries, but they failed to put in an appearance. In deerhounds also there were no entries.

GREYHOUNDS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—Gem of the Season and Bestwood Daisy supplied the challenge winners, both looked well, though Gem seems to be going off a bit. Open dogs (7) showed little quality when Cheeky, the Leamington winner, came out first over Misterton, who, like the winner, is heavy in shoulders and a little long cast; Ranger, third, might, with no impropriety, have been placed first, as he beats the winner in shoulders, body and feet, though he also has faults such as short neck and not bend enough of stifle; Never Quit, reserve, is rather shelly, flat in loins, but good behind; Johnny Stringer, v.h.c., I would like better were he longer in neck and not so thick, and his set on of stern and quarters are not correct; Master Memnon is a narrow one throughout, but shows some quality; Lord Northcroft has big drop ears and is an undeveloped youngster yet. In bitches there was somewhat of an upset, Wild Rose, who was never considered more than passably good, having put on flesh, has covered some of her most serious defects, and shown in excellent shape, was placed over Southern Beauty, who was drawn a little fine and was a bit bare on quarters. Condition was said to be the cause of defeat, but if the judge allows this to throw a good dog out in one class he should be consistent and carry the same idea out in all his breeds. This was not done by any means, and gave rise to much grumbling. Wild Rose loses to Beauty in depth of rib, neck, stifle and shoulders, skull, eye and muzzle, straightness of bone, but has better pasterns and feet. Bridget, third, is flat in loin, long cast and heavy in shoulders, nice head. Ermine should be closer in toes, is faulty in quarters, but loin good. Flyaway is a nicely modeled one; should be stronger in pasterns and have more rib; nice loin and quarters, too fine in muzzle, one that Dr. Van Hummel would turn from in disgust. Lord Northcroft won in dog pups and Neversettle in bitches, a young one, but straighter in front and better feet than second, Pee-dee-kee, good in every part but there. Mr. Purbeck took the open kennel prize and Toronto Kennels that for Canadians.

FOXHOUNDS (*Mr. Krueger, Judge*).—They have got these dogs all mixed up here. The dogs shown as English hounds were, many of them, more like American hounds, and with one exception the American hounds (?) are pure English and bred from English stock, and they show it in their character and heavy build. The winner in English dogs was Spartan, whose weak hocks should throw him out for first, but his well-shaped head, expression and fair front deserve recognition. Bounce is a nicish hound with fair front and so has Sportsman, Jr. Rush, the only and winning bitch, is not true in front, hocks turn in a bit and stifle should be more bent. In American class for dogs the Lexington winner Commodore won; this was all right as far as it goes, but if he was best the others should have been turned out without anything, as they were purely English in type and build. Commodore is not a good hound by any means, and his lack of rib was plainer here. Clinker has an excellent front, a much better body than winner, but not so good in skull and ear but better muzzle, the winner being dish-faced. Genius II. has capital forelegs and is better behind than any of them, skull a little too broad and full. Ringwood was third at Toronto last year. I liked the order, Clinker, Genius II. and Ringwood considering hound qualities irrespective of what the class called for, American hounds, and in this Commodore was the only one. A capital bitch, Maud, was alone in her class and won; she has good running gear and body and nice hound coat; little faulty in head. Fan, supposed to be a harrier, was given second; she is a 16in. beagle. Messrs. Smith & Clarke took the kennel prize.

POINTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Many of the winners in this breed were shown last year. One of them was Count Graphic, winner of challenge heavy dogs, he looked in good shape, his hind parts are faulty. No challenge bitches. In open heavy dogs the winner proved to be Molton Banner, whose heavy shoulders and rather flat loin are his worst faults. Boxer, second, was at Indianapolis; he has a plain head. Donovan, third, has been commented on before, his loin and muzzle are faulty and quarters could be improved. Lord Graphic's Star, reserve, is a bit flat in back, cheeky and not clean enough in neck, good on his legs, with nice bone. Josie Brackett, Fanny Graphic and Spotted Girl was the order in heavy bitches, the winner gets it in fect and head, but gains little anywhere else. Girl loses in head and front to the others, also in shoulders and ribs. Glamorgan and Lady Gay Spanker were alone in the challenge light-weight

MR. C. A. STONE.
Superintendent Toronto Show.

classes. Glamorgan is improving in condition, but I thought the bitch a little above herself in flesh. Mr. Davey won in open dogs with Ridgeview Comet, a son of Ridgeview Lass and Lad of Kent, his light stary eye mars his expression and his skull should not be so broad, and were he cleaner in neck and shoulders he would be better, he is good from there back. Admiration has a better head and forepart. Beppo's Boy has a plain face, not stop enough, turns feet out and falls away a bit in quarters, body and ribs are his best parts. Beppo Graphic, vhc., had a large lump under chin and should not have been shown. Miss Rumor, well known, then won in bitches. Count Graphic's Baby, second, seemed in whelp, a little plain in muzzle and feet should be better, good in hind parts, ear and skull. Chaira, third, is heavy in shoulders,

GREAT DANE "SENTA" (IMPORTED).
First, Toronto Show, 1893. Owned by Wolverton Kennels, Detroit, Mich.

pasterns and feet could be improved, and is snipy in muzzle Novice winners were a repetition of the open classes. No puppies were shown. Mr. Davey won both the kennel prizes.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—The only challenge entry was Victress Lewellyn, who looked in fair flesh but out of coat. Worsley Dude continued his winning career by beating Forest Rex, whose heavy shoulders and rather short neck hurt his chances; his ears are flat and carried high. Bangham's London, third, is not very straight in front, fair head, but throaty, ears faulty. Roy of Colehill, fourth or reserve, I think was overlooked somewhat, as he shows more character and breeding than any in the class excepting the winner, stands on good legs, is well boned and ribbed up, has a well-shaped head, but perhaps a trifle strong in skull; in fact, he is a heavy dog throughout and will do better another time. Royal Dan, of the vhc. lot, is rather a nice headed dog, dips behind shoulder a little and is throaty. The Sultan, winner last year, seems to have been lost in the shuffle this time; last year we said of him, "probably sees now his best days;" he was all out of shape. Ponto has not stop enough. In bitches Lady Patch repeated last year's victory; is a little straight faced. Nita Gitana is not true in front, is plain in quarters and very light in eye. Rose Rapid has a nice front, with a rather well-shaped head, but not very pleasing eye. Starlight B. carries her ears back and muzzle is not square enough, and should have more bend of stifle. Lady Howard, vhc., I did not see Forest Trippo is heavy in shoulders, well ribbed and head commendable, stands back on pasterns and quarters are not above reproach. Novice entries about followed the open awards and but two pups were shown. Dr. Kime won the kennel prizes

IRISH SETTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—The display this time was far behind that of last year. Ch. Tim repeated his last year's victory, but over different material, his nearest opponent being Pride of Patsey. That good bitch, Queen Vic, scored easily over the moderate-headed Elfreda in the corresponding class. Open dogs, with only six entries, proved a repetition of a week or two ago; Toronto Jim, reserve, has an English setter head; Toronto Little Phil is a little broad in skull, excellent body, color, hind parts and shoulders, might have been placed over the other. Toronto Parnell has a plain head. In bitches honors fell to Toronto Mollie and Nona, the latter from Mr. Bishop's kennel; the winner is faulty in feet, plain head, shoulders rather straight, faulty tail, too short; Nona is quite a nice quality bitch, excellent color, good type of head, though a little too much out before the eye and might have been higher; Delphinne, third, is well known; Madcap II. throws her elbows out a little and should have more rib; Alannah has been described before, and so have Mollie and Lady Cleveland, all in the vhc. division. Nora has a light, plain head and no rib to speak of, and was out of shape. The novices were chiefly repeaters, Toronto Sport's head is noticeable, but faulty in pastern and quarters. The puppies were small. Seminole Keunels took the open kennel prize, and Chambers & Douglas that for Canadian.

GORDON SETTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Outside of Dr. Dixon's team and Heather Lad there was little to commend here, and most of the winners have been repeatedly before the public. In open dogs Homer S. loses much in head, tan and legs to Heather Lad, and is fat and throaty. Mount Royal Rush should have beaten him, better body, head and legs than coarse-headed Duke of Wellington, vhc. Princess Louise had a narrow squeeze in bitches, Dundee but for smallness coming very near the top; better head than the Princess, though both are plain. Dundee is good behind the head. Wanda loses in head and tan, and so does Mount Royal Floss. They have not enough type about them. Novice as in open and no puppies shown. Dr. Dixon took one kennel prize and Mount Royal the other.

COLLIES (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—By no means up to last year's gathering. Seminole Kennels just formed the challenge classes with The Squire, Roslyn Dandy and Metchley Surprise. The open dogs saw Wellesbourne Charlie add another win that, had rules counted, would have placed him in the challenge class. He was well shown and in excellent coat, there is no doubt about that. Mr. Elliott here showed his Chesterfield Marvel, a better one than his Hero which we noted at Lexington show, better size, head and action. Finsbury Dude is coarse in head but excellent coat and a useful sort all over. Hero was reserve; though Curzon, vhc., looked very light and rusty coat, he can beat the other dog as it was shown. Yardley Fox is short in body, faulty in loin, rather nice head and front, faulty carriage of tail and no undercoat. The winner in bitches proved to be Nora, who shows a lot of quality and a good coat, very dense for this time of year, a little fine in muzzle and ears are carried wide. The well known Bertha II. followed close up. Then came Dawn who, had she a coat on, would best the winner; better head and carriage of ears and size. Mattie, spoken of before, came in reserve. Auch-in-Cairnie Judy, fourth, has fair head, little full in skull, nice coat; the name of this bitch is enough to make it shed its coat. Bernier is faulty in skull, and ear heavy aud carried down. Novices were about as in open. Puppies were fair in dogs; bitches poor. Seminole Kennels took the open kennel prize and Saunders & Mighton the local one.

BULLDOGS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—A mediocre exhibit, only two, Romance, a new one, is a fair sort, not broken up enough in face, and skull should be fuller; it is rather flat, front not very good, well out, but legs crookad. Lady Winnie, a daughter of Don Solano, is plain faced, nice body and well out at shoulders, good legs. Bulldogs do not seem to go here.

BULL-TERRIERS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—Quite a fair lot of home-bred ones. Entries were smaller and quality not so good as last year. Crisp won in challenge dogs, looking none the worse for his trip south. In open dogs Duke of Rochester, a 9mos. pup, was wrongly placed first, he is promising, has a long, narrow, round, puppy head, is out at elbow and down behind shoulders a bit. Chatham Bob, second, has an almost yellow eye and is cheeky, a better front than the winner, good bone and body. John L. Sullivan is faulty in head and front. Billy Bulger, in excellent shape, was hardly dealt with, a trifle thick in skull, but his front, good body and well carried stern might well have earned him premier honors. In bitches Edgewood Robin was placed over Vesper Belle, who beats her in head, muzzle and especially in front. Lady Velme, described at Lexington, third. In light-weight dogs Principio won nicely from Ted Pritchard, whom he beat last year, a nice looking pup, Earl of Rochester came next, promising head, in fact a good one, but his chances are spoiled by a tan patch on body. Pearl of Rochester, a sweet little bitch, rather like a white English terrier, was first, beating Kathleen Mavourneen in head and front, but losing behind the shoulder, she is a pup and will mature yet. Lady of Rochester is another nice pup, a little straight behind, but good forepart. Mr. Higginson just swept up the puppy awards with those mentioned and took the open kennel prize and Wentworth Kennels the Canadian one.

IRISH TERRIERS AND AIREDALES (*Mr. Davidson, Judge*).—Only one Airedale showed up, a fine one, good coat, head fair, a little broad in skull. Jack Briggs and Galtees furnished challenge winner in order named, there is no competition between these two. Open dogs (6), the winner was that capitally made dog Brickbat Jr., who is, however a little on the large side. The Canadian Ambassador, described before, came in for second; he is large in ear, and muzzle should be squarer. Southborough Paddy, third, I did not see. Jack, has black on head, good body and coat, but is light in bone. Ben, c., has no ears at all, a most cruel act on some one's part. Killarney Girl has poor ears and her eye is too light and full for a terrier, and she should have more rib. Judy I liked better in head and body. Nora II. is faulty in head and front. Rugby Tim, the winning pup, is a leggy, shelly, snipy dog, and Mick was at Lexington.

DANDY DINMONTS (*Mr. Davidson, Judge*).—Mr. Brooks showed the only specimens that were at all meritorious with the exception of Raglan Sandy. Amphion is head and shoulders above Raglan Sandy, better head, body and coat. Inkoski is not so good in coat and body as Sandy, but is better in quarters, but was not well shown, having sores. Anisty Daisy won nicely from Thirsty, better in head and coat, the others were only moderate. Heather Peggy II. will never be as good as her mother. The Heather dogs were shown in good coat.

BEDLINGTONS (*Mr. Davidson, Judge*).—An ordinary show of these dogs. Jack, the winning dog, was just good enough to beat Peter Jackson, as the latter excels in head and ears, but loses in texture of coat and something in body, legs equal, but second has advantage in bone and muscle. Tally-ho is snipy and woolly-coated. Tibbie, the winning bitch, was second last year; her coat is linty and she has many other faults. Mattie, second, has a snipy muzzle and is bowed in front, coat soft. Jenny, third, has the best body and coat, correct texture, of the lot; should have won. Polly III. is a weedy, shelly, flat-loined bitch, with little pretension to form.

SCOTCH TERRIERS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—This was an excellent display, and several native bred ones from the Wankie Kennels are coming forward. Tiree beat Kilroy in the

challenge class. In open dogs (7) Runanam was lucky to win from Kilcree, who could do no better than third, there were times when he showed himself sufficiently to secure the verdict, he is by all odds the best in the class and was in good shape. Wankie Ted is a nice young one, spoiled by a bad front. Wankie Tam is stronger in quarters and better muzzle than Ted, but is not so good in eye and coat, and also has a dachshund front. Jock's coat is his best feature. In bitches Mr. Brooks swept the deck with Diana, Careta and Zembra in the order named. Compton Belle loses in head and body to these. Puppies saw Wankie Tam an easy winner. Wankie Kennels took the kennel prize.

SKYE TERRIERS (*Mr. Davidson, Judge*).—Sir Stafford and Sir Thomas furnished the winners. We did an injustice in our report of Lexington show to the latter dog, it must have been another dog we had in mind, as Sir Thomas is little if any inferior to his sire.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—With the exception of the challenge winner these were only a moderate lot. Sambo, the winner, beats Oolah in body and markings, muzzle and front, but showed badly. The Black Earl, shown better than any other, is too full and round in skull, markings good, shelly body and leggy. Rochelle Lord is not straight in front, not flat enough in skull, and was in poor shape and should not have been shown. Bob is light in tan and out at elbow, coarse tail. Betsy, the winning bitch, was distinctly lucky to win over Gypsey Girl, is a big, coarse, cloddy bodied bitch, wide in front, and not in the best of show shape; Girl is worth two of such stock. Grit, third, is quite as good as the winner, though faulty in loin, good front and fair head. Topaz is a big-eared nicely marked little thing, on the whippet order.

MR. HARRY NORTHWOOD'S ENGLISH SETTER "WORSLEY DUDE."
First, Lexington and Toronto, 1893.

POODLES (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—There was nothing new in this breed, Dr. Dixon taking most of the prizes, but two or three of them were in poor show condition, scabs on some of them, and should not have been allowed in the building. A poodle coat covers a lot of sins, and should be carefully examined. Dr. Vair, long in loin, was in good shape and won in what was said to be a Russian class, but he is more of a French.

RETRIEVERS (*Mr. Wilmerding, Judge*).—The only entry, Loyal, a pretty fair smooth, was sent out of the ring by the judge as an ordinary black setter. Wether this dog was rejudged or not we cannot tell. Several judges were asked to do it, but I don't think they accepted. Mr. Wilmerding candidly confessed he knew nothing of the breed, and did not know he was to judge it.

BEAGLES AND DACHSHUNDS (*Mr. Krueger, Judge*).—The dachshunds shown were not up to form. Frida was the best, beat Lenn in head and chest and length.

Beagles—The Hornell-Harmony Kennels brought out their full strength and saved the credit of the breed. In challenge dogs over 13in., Tricotrin, who has filled out in body, is a much improved dog. He beats Doctor in front and quality. Champion Elf looked much better than at Elmira, is cleaner round the neck and shoulders, and more after his Brooklyn form. That good little dog Sherry beats his kennel mate, Rodger W., in eye, ears, body and pasterns, but is beaten in carriage of stern. Ilwaco, reserve, is a little leggy and long cast, tail up, and forelegs should be straighter; sweet head and ear, but little full in eye. The others need no mention. In bitches, Daisy Corbitt is quite a good one, barring she is a little long cast. Pipelo, second, is not true in feet and loin is too flat, long body with no symmetry. Snow Flake is another long cast one. Lillie, reserve, has a pretty fair front, but flat ears spoil her appearance, and her muzzle is too fine and long. Vashta, vhc., could be improved a little in front, body needs furnishing; skull should not be quite so broad and muzzle squarer, and ears do not fold nicely to the head. Tony Weller II., light and shelly, was first in puppies, beating a sort of beagle-basset. Champion Royal Krueger, champion Ava W. looked well and filled their respective places in the small-sized challenge classes. The winner in dogs was Little Wonder, shown before; his head is the best part, legs not straight and body should be deeper. Kester, second, is broad in front, but better to-day than winner, also skull and muzzle. The winning bitch is snipy in muzzle, but very sweet in expression and has a good, cobby body. Evangeline is a nice sort, showing lots of quality, but a little long cast, and toes should be closer. Sly Lass, third, is light in body, faulty in ears, fair front. Hornell-Harmony took the kennel prize.

FOX-TERRIERS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—Dusky Trap and Blemton Trump came out for the challenge dog prize, and Trump not showing himself, added to his rather coarse appearence and was smartly beaten by the older dog, who himself was not shown in very good coat. Grouse II. was absent from her class. The new dog Holston won nicely in open dogs, a little strong in skull, and should be longer in muzzle and is cheeky, good front and body, but scarcely enough terrier character about him; seems to be a dog that has gone off a little; Poverina runs him close and beats him in expression and character. Tom Tom has gone coarse in skull, nice ears, good bone and front, and deserving his position. Calchas is coarse in head and cheeky now and heavy in shoulders, and otherwise good. The winning bitch was the well known Lady Roseberry, followed by Cambridge Girl, pinched in muzzle and round in skull. Policy is a bit straight-faced, muzzle should be stronger, faulty in body and big ear, fair bone. Cairnsmuir Solo is heavy in shoulders and not flat enough in skull. King Joe won in dog puppies; a fair sort. Vixie, the winning bitch, is too wide in skull and muzzle should be longer; feet are faulty too. In novices Stardale Belle won from Vixie, beating her in head and front and body. Other awards follow open classes.

The wires were an improvement. Partney Cornet, the new dog, is heavily boned and coated, fair front and body, big ear, skull a little coarse, beats Venom in head slightly; the latter is not true in front and should have more depth of chest. Dark Eye, another new one, has nice ears, is a little bowed in front, good coat and body. Tinder Box is an old winner, that loses in head and front to most of the others. Bruiser is light in body and round in skull. Bonnet was clearly the best bitch; her fore bone is not clean enough, ears not well carried and muzzle should be stronger, but a nicely made bitch behind the shoulder. Suffolk Tassel came next and My Queen brought up the rear; the latter loses in length of head and front. Novices followed the others.

The different breeds of pet dogs scarcely demand extended notice. Yorkshires were poor with one exception, Minnie, who was the only one with a semblance of type, and many awards should have been withheld.

PUGS (*Mr. Mason, Judge*).—Bob Ivy and Midget furnished the challenge winners. A new one, Royal Dusky, won well in open dogs, gray muzzle, little coarse in coat, nice ear and wrinkle, muzzle not deep enough, cobbily built, mixed in color. Cherub II, winner in bitches, the only one entered, has a good skull and fair muzzle, no curl to speak of. Banker II. has been spoken of before. The toy spaniels were the winners of last year, most of them. Le Roi, by Royal Duke, has a pretty good head, but muzzle should be shorter. The Prince Charles is far too big. A nice little Italian greyhound in Dainty Lass was shown, a little full in skull, but nice size and form. Miscellaneous awards were withheld, a rather arbitrary proceeding, as the same judge had passed dogs in much worse condition than two such well known dogs as the white English terrier Blink Bonny and Boston Model, the whippet, were shown in. It is straining a point in the wrong direction. Sheffield Lad, the "Pom.," was relegated to the selling class, where he won. H. W. LACY.

SPANIELS (*A. C. Wilmerding, Judge*)—[SPECIAL REPORT]. In field spaniels, challenge dogs, Judex scored another win. He looked well and had no difficulty in beating Samson, who had to be content with hc., rather hard on him, I think. No entries in corresponding bitch class. Open dogs (black) first prize withheld and second awarded to Pedro, a medium specimen whose poor head and short, cocker body will always handicap him; Nig. third, shows no quality. In open black bitches Mona was first and rightly so, beating Grace, second, in head and body. Both show their cocker breeding. In liver dogs and bitches, Napoleon first, Queen second, third and fourth prizes withheld, was the order. I cannot agree with the placing of this class, Queen scored in head, muzzle, set on of ear, legs and feet, about equal in coat, but losing in condition. Any other color dogs and bitches, Workman won with some to spare, beating Antique, second, in head and set on of ear, both have well-ribbed bodies; Leslie, third, is high on leg and coarse headed.

In challenge cockers, only two entries, Black Duke and King of Obos. The judge was very careful in making his decision, but Black Duke could not be denied, and amid much excitement received the coveted blue, with the second edition of King of Obos, second. Spaniel men wondered at the change in this old timer. "What!" they said. "A new set of teeth?" "Well, well, what will friend George be able to turn out from his world-renowned cocker factory next?" But alack-a-day! subsequent demands for the recipe showed that "Uncle Dick" had got the Bell entries mixed and brought the wrong dog to the show, and the second prize winner was Black Jacket, an unknown quantity, with nothing but the afore-mentioned set of teeth. Mr. Bell's attention being called to the case, he withdrew Black Jacket and the award was cancelled. Black Duke, the winner, is well known, a shy dog in the ring, he does not show himself to the best advantage. He looked better than I have ever seen him before, and the good work he has done in the stud, he having sired Woodland Prince, Oban and many others, will always leave his name on the roll of fame as one of our best cocker sires. In challenge bitches, I Say, not looking in her usual good condition, was alone and added another blue to her long string of prizes.

In challenge cockers other than black that good red dog Red Jacket won well in hand from Red Roland, second, beating him in head, body and cocker character. In challenge bitches other than black Jessie C had a walkover. Open dogs (black) competition was very keen and the issue long in doubt. The judge finally selected Pickpania for first, Black Dufferin second, Woodland Prince third, and Black Brant fourth. The winner shows much quality, has filled out nicely in head, and was properly placed first. The third prize winner, Woodland Prince, should, however, in my opinion have been a very close second, beating Black Dufferin II. in head, muzzle, body, in front and behind. The last-named is not right in skull or muzzle; his lips do not set right, giving him a poor expression. Black Brant, fourth, is a taking little dog of quite some quality, but loses to the three first placed in head, body and front legs. Beau Kay, reserve, ran him closely for fourth honors. In open class black bitches competition was also very close. Rideau Reine, Realization, Kitty and Cora II. were selected for the honors in the order given. I looked this class over very carefully and agree with the placing of the first three, but am of the opinion that Cora II. should have given place to Lady Dufferin, who more closely resembles the winner in head and general formation. Realization is not at her best and did not show to advantage, moving very sluggishly. Had she moved freely and not been quite so heavy in flesh she would, I think, have run the winner very closely. Kitty, third, is a good little dog of much quality and moves well. She will, I think, improve.

In open class, other than black, Hamilton Jack was awarded first, Red Obo second, Red Justice third and Golden Rod fourth. The winner loses in head and body to the second winner, does not move so freely and should have been, in my opinion, second, with Red Justice third and Brantford Red Star fourth; he beat Golden Rod in head and front. In corresponding bitch class Touito was selected for first honors, with Bessie Warner second, Gipsy Queen third, and Raglan Russette fourth. I cannot see how the judge arrived at this decision. The issue, it seemed to me, lay between the second and fourth prize winners, the winner losing to them in body, eye, legs and feet. Between the second and fourth it is very close, but I think that although Raglan Russette loses to Bessie Warner in coat and a trifle in head, in other points she shows such excellent quality, nicely ribbed body, better colored eye, good legs and feet and moves so freely she should have won, with Bessie second, Tonito third and Gipsy Queen fourth. In the novice classes the winners are to be found in the open classes. In novice dogs Woodland Prince, second, should have won over Hamilton Jack, who was, I think, wrongly placed first. Cocker puppies were not a very promising lot, but cockers change so much in the days of their youth it is hard to say. Black Dufferin, who was second in the open class, was first in puppies. His head will, I think, improve as he matures.

In Irish water spaniels the challenge dog prize was withheld from Trouble, who, although shown out of coat, might have had the ribbon. Although not altogether a good one, he is above the average shown in this country, and shows enough quality to entitle him to be more kindly treated. We must encourage this useful breed, and withholding the ribbon on account of the dog not being in the best condition does much to dishearten an exhibitor. In open dogs Musha won, with second to Dan Price, who loses to the winner in head, topknot, coat and condition; neither are good ones. In bitches Shellia won, with Rose O'Neil second; both bad in front; the winner gains in coat, head and curl.

JOHN R. OUGHTON'S GORDON SETTER "HEATHER LAD."
First, Lexington and Toronto, 1893.

Two Clumbers were shown, one in each class. Darby winning in challenge class and Rake II. in the open class. The former is well known; Rake II. has a good body and coat and moves well; his head is somewhat poor and lacking in type.

The field spaniel cup was won by Judex, and this being Mr. Foster's fourth victory for this honor, the cup is now his property.

The kennel prize was awarded to Mr. Laidlaw's team. To my mind the more even team of blacks shown by Messrs. Luckwell & Douglas should have won.

On the whole, spaniels were a fair lot, not showing much improvement, but about holding their own. Mr. Wilmerding, the ever popular, did well except in the cases I have referred to. He did not "raise them up," as he was expected

to do, but in one or two instances lowered them. We do not want to come to the Type specimen of a cocker, and if we go slow and feel our way, as breeders have been doing of late years, I think we will before long be able to select a truly typical cocker as our standard bearer. It is much to be regretted that that grand little dog Fascination and that good bitch Troublesome; but tucked away carefully in his most secure hiding place, it is dollars to cents "George" has something that will astonish the natives in the coming year.

E. M. OLDHAM.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Charles E. Bunn's Lady Coleus.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, W. D. Forbes's Grimsby Caution and Lord Grimsby; 2d, J. Eve's Raleigh; 4th, David Smith's Baron of Chester. High com., E. L. Burden's Lion and W. C. Whitaker's Mikado. Com., W. A. Caver's Tough. *Bitches:* 1st, Hugh Falconer's Attraction. *Puppies:* 1st, W. D. Forbes's Prince Imperial; 3d and com., E. Gurney's Duke and Prince.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, W. D. Forbes's Nige and Lord Grimsby; 3d, W. B. Croy's Tom. Reserve, David Smith's Baron of Chester. High com., W. C. Whitaker's Mikado.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Bay City Kennels' Lord Dante; 2d, Mrs. Alex. Mackenzie Hughes's Lord Wilton; 3d, Jas. G. Worts's Captain Worts; 4th, Alex. Buntin's Dauntless. Reserve, N. N. Howard's Safety. High com. H. Cronyn's Olaff. *Bitches:* 1st, M. M. Fenwick's Maypole; 2d, withheld. *Puppies:* 1st, M. M. Fenwick's Lord Aberdeen; 2d, J. A. Cheape's Hector.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Bay City Kennels' St. Augustine. *Bitches:* 1st, A. B. Van Blaricom's Glenwood Goldy; 2d withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH OR SMOOTH-COATED—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, James G. Worts's Captain Worts; 2d, H. Cronyn's Olaf; 3d, M. M. Fenwick's Lord Aberdeen. Reserve, E. E. Starr's Kenmore. High com., D. J. Pearce's Jefferson. *Bitches:* 1st, M. M. Fenwick's Maypole; 2d, J. W. Nagle's Merchant Princess; 3d, G. W. Martin's Miss Benmore. Reserve, Van Blaricom & Ferguson's Bessie.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Minerva's Fawn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Wolverton Kennels' Lord Wolverton and Senta's Brutus; 3d and 4th, Mount Royal Kennels' Royal Minor and Royal Major. *Bitches:* 1st, Wolverton Kennels' Senta; 2d, Geo. W. Schenk's Norinburgs; 3d, H. P. Bregy's Ruth; 4th, Mount Royal Kennels' Melina.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Wolverton Kennels' Senta's Brutus; 2d, Shirley Stewart's Marc Anthony. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Wolverton Kennels' Senta's Mascot and Senta's Rheda; 3d, Shirley Stewart's Cleopatra.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Bestwood Daisy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, P. J. Walsh, Jr.'s, Cheeky; 3d, Toronto Kennels' Ranger. Reserve, Toronto Kennels' Never Quit. Very high com., T. Walker's Jonny Stringer. High com., A. W. Purbeck's Lord of Northcroft and W. J. Tulk's Master Memnon. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Lewis's Wild Rose; 2d, A. W. Purbeck's Southern Beauty; 3d, J. Wilson's Bridget. Reserve, J. J. Sheedy's Ermine. Very high com., A. R. Gordon's Flyaway.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Lord of Northcroft; 2d and 3d, Toronto Kennels' Ranger and Rawyer. *Bitches:* 1st, Toronto Kennels' Never Settle; 2d, W. J. Tulk's Pee-dee-Kee.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, W. G. Wilbey's Spartan and Bounce; 3d and com., Typical Kennels' Sportsman, Jr., and Snider. *Bitches:* 1st, T. Woollings's Rush.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. D. Williams's Commodore; 2d, 3d and very high com., J. Smith and E. Clark's Clinker, Genius II. and Ringwood. High com., Typical Kennels' Gainer. Com., J. F. Scholes's Ruler. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Smith and E. Clark's Maud.

HARRIERS.—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st withheld; 2d, Miss Habart's Fan.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—(55lbs. and over)—1st, Leamington Pointer Kennels' CountGraphic.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Canadian Pointer Kennels' Molton Banner and Donovan; 2d, Leamington Pointer Kennels' Boxer. Very high com. res., Sam Holmes's Lord Graphic Star. Very high com., not entered in catalogue. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, T. G. Davey's Josie Bracket, 2d, Leamington Kennels' Fancy Graphic; 3d, S. Holmes's Spotted Girl.—CHALLENGE *Dogs* (55lbs. and under): 1st, L. A. Biddle's Glamorgan. *Bitches* (50lbs. and under: 1st, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spanker.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, T. G. Davey's Ridgeview Comet and Beppo's Boy; 2d, J. H. Winslow's Admiration. Very high com., Leamington Kennels' Beppo Graphic. *Bitches:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Miss Rumor; 2d, Leamington Kennels' Count Graphic Baby; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Chaira. Reserve, G. H. Briggs's Josie. Very high com., Prudhomme & Huntington's Rosy.—NOVICE—1st, T. G. Davey's Ridgeview Comet; 2d, J. H. Winslow's Admiration; 3d, S. Holmes's Spotted Girl. Reserve, G. H. Briggs's Josie. High com., not entered in catalogue. PUPPIES—No entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, J. Lewis's Victress Lewellyn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Northwood's Wordsley Dude; 2d and very high com., Forest Kennels' Forest Rex and The Sultan; 3d, R. Baugham's Baugham's London. Very high com. res., T. G. Davey's Roy of Colehill. Very high com. and high com., Dr. J. Kime's Royal Dan and Druid, Jr. Very high com., W. C. Downing's Benzine and J. Ayre's Ponto. High com., S. Holmes's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. J. Kime's Lady Patch; 2d, C. Winchell's Nita Gitana; 3d, G. Kime's Rose Rapid II. Reserve, G. H. Briggs's Starlight B. Very high com. and high com., Forest Kennels' Forest Trippo and Forest Lulu. Very high com., C. H. Corbett's Lady Howard. High com., Littleton's Nora Gladstone.—NOVICE—*Dogs;* 1st, Forest Kennels' Rex; 2d, R. Baugham's Baugham's London; 3d T. G. Davey's Roy of Colehill. Reserve and very high com., Dr. J. Kime's Flying Jib and Mingo, Jr. Very high com., S. Holmes's Sam H. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Winchell's Nita Gitana; 2d, G. Kime's Rose Rapid II.; 3d, G. H. Briggs's Starlight B. Reserve and com., Forest Kennels' Forest Trippo and Nia. Very high com., Dr. J. Kime's Lady Luce, Dr. Littleton's Nora Gladstone. High com., S. Holmes's Lulu.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, S. Holmes's Sam H. *Bitches:* 1st, S. Holmes's Vic H.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' champion Tim and Pride of Patsey. Very high com. and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Duke Elcho. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Elfreda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Townsend & Sharpless's Blarney, Jr.; 2d and 3d, Seminole Kennels' Young Tim and Mantank, Jr. Reserve, W. H. Apted's Toronto Jim. Very high com., Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Little Phil and Toronto Parnell. *Bitches:* 1st and com., Douglass & Chambers's Toronto Mollie and Toronto Kitty; 2d, Fred. Moe's Nona; 3d and high com., Seminole Kennels' Delphine and Biddy. Reserve, Corbett's Madcap II. Very high com., S. Austin Van Landt's Alannah, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Cleveland and B. F. Lewis's Mollie. High com., Typical Kennels' Nora.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Little Phil; 2d, J. A. Mills's Toronto Sport; 3d, E. G. E. McConkey's Lorenzo. *Bitches:* 1st, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Mollie; 2d, Fred. Moe's Nona; 3d, B. F. Lewis's Mollie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Chas. Howarth's Idstone. *Bitches:* 1st, Chas. Howarth's Nonah.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Ivanhoe. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverley and Lady Waverley.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad; 2d, Wm. O. Lindley's Homer S.; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Mount Royal Rush. Very high com., Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise and Sante Marie. 2d, S. Austin Van Landt's Dundee; 3d, very high com. and com., Mount Royal Kennels' Wanda, Mount Royal Floss and Mount Royal Myra.—NOVICE—1st, Wm. O. Lindley's Homer S.; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Sante Marie.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' The Squire and champion Roslyn Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Metchley Sunrise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellesbourne Charlie; 2d and reserve, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Marvel and Chesterford Hero, 3d, Saunders & Mighton's Finsbury Dude. Very high com., H. N. Crossley's Yardley Fox. High com., C. Y. Ford's Metchley Bob. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Saunders & Mighton's Nora and Inverclaud Beauty; 2d and reserve, Seminole Kennels' Bertha II. and Mattie; 3d, McEwen & Gibson's Dawn; 4th, Mount Royal Kennels' Auch in Cairnie Judy. Very high com., R. McFadyen's Bernier.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Marvel and Chesterford Hero; 2d and com., Saunders & Mighton's Finsbury Dude and Glendale. Reserve, J. A. McGillivray's Mack. Very high com., F. Turner's Columbus. High com., J. Williamson's Vover and T. Scott's Clyde. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Saunders & Mighton's Nora and Inverncaild Beauty; 2d and reserve, McEwen & Gibson's Bodkin and Cheyne; 3d, Seminole Kennels' Mattie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, E. M. Robertson's Glenisla; 2d, F. Turner's Columbus; 3d, withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Vivian Moyle's Otterburn Lassie.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs;* 1st, Toon & Symond's Romance. *Bitches:* 1st, A. D. Stewart's Lady Winnie.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Luyhoro Kennels' Crish.—OPEN—30LBS. AND OVER—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, W. J. Higginson's Duke of Rochester and Billy Bulger; 2d, J. MacCormack's Chatham Bob; 3d, Brodie & Lyndon's John L. Sullivan. *Bitches:* 1st, Wentworth Kennels' Edgewood Robin; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Lady Velmer; 3d, W. Hammall's Vesper Bell.—UNDER 30LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Wentworth Kennels' champion Principio; 2d, A. T. Wilgress's Ted Pritchard; 3d, W. J. Higginson's Earl of Rochester. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, W. J. Higginson's Pearl of Rochester and Lady of Rochester; 2d, Wentworth Kennels' Kathleen Mavourneen. *Puppies;* 1st, 2d, 3d and reserve, W. J. Higginson's Duke of Rochester, Pearl of Rochester, Lady of Rochester and Earl of Rochester.

AIREDALE TERRIERS.—1st, A. S. Howard's Harvey.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs; 2d, H. O'Connor's Galtees.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Brickhat, Jr.; 2d, J. B. McLean's The Canadian Ambassador; 3d, E. Brooks's Southborough Paddy. Reserve, R. Northcote's Jack. Com., R. Hood's Rugby Ben. *Bitches:* 1st, P. Brown's Killarney Girl; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Judy; 3d, E. Brooks's Nora II. Reserve, Mrs. P. Brown's Peggie. Com., Compton Kennels' Shamrock Judy. *Puppies:* 1st, A. Murdock's Rugby Tim; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Mick; 3d, A. B. Bolton's Cribb.

DANDIE DINMONTS.—CHALLENGE—1st, E. Brooks's King o' the Heather.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Brooks' Heather Amphion. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., E. Brooks's Ainsty Daisy and Heather Peggy II.; 2d, J. A. Noble's Thirsty; 3d, A. G. H. Luxton's Mena.

BEDLINGTONS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. A. S. Kingdon's Jack; 2d, Typical Kennels' Peter Jackson; 3d, Doty & Gordon's Tallyho. *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Tibbie; 2d and very high com., A. Trebilcock's Mattie and Polly III.; 3d, Doty & Gordon's Jerry.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Symonds's Tiree; 2d, H. Brooks's Kilroy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Runuman; 2d, 3d and reserve, H. Brooks' Wankie Ted, Kilcree and Wankie Tam. Very high com., A. C. Gibson's Jock, W. P. Fraser's Lovat and Chesterford Park Kennels' The Colored Preacher. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, H. Brooks' Wankie Diana, Careta and Zembra. Reserve, Compton Kennels' Compton Belle. *Puppies:* 1st, H. Brooks's Wankie Tam; 2d, Compton Kennels' Compton Belle.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, S. Barr's Sir Thomas.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (over 7lbs.)—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Dr. H. T. Foote's Bloomfield Sultan and Rochelle Madge.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Farrow's Sambo; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Dolph; 3d, R. Rennie's The Black Earl. Reserve, Dr. H. T. Foote's Rochelle Lord. Very high com., A. E. Elmer's Bob. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Chesterford Park Kennels' Betsy and Rochelle Mab; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Gipsy Girl; 3d, J. E. Anderson's Grit. Reserve, R. Crooks' Ruby H. Very high com., Dr. H. T. Foote's Topaz. *Puppies:* No entries.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, L. A. Biddle's Beni.—OPEN—FRENCH—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Czar. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Czarina and Mercy.—RUSSIAN—1st, Major McDonald's Doctor Vair.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, T. A. Carson's Musha and Dan Rice; 3d, Wm. M. Irving's Shot Rue. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, T. A. Carson's Shellia and Rose O'Neill. *Puppies:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Musha.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, G. B. Smart's Darby.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. A. Fleming's Rake II.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—OVER 25LBS.—1st, A. E. Foster's Judge. High com., Typical Kennels' Samson.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, J. A. Spracklin's Nig. Com., Typical Kennels' King Bruce. *Bitches:* 1d, J. A. Spracklin's Mora; 2d, W. B. Palmer's Grace.—LIVER COLORED—1st, high com. and com., Typical Kennels' Napoleon, King Lear and King Pat; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Queen.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, J. A. Spracklin's Workman; 2d and 3d, Typical Kenuels' Antique and Leslie; 4th, M. H. Douglas's Billy. *Puppies:* 2d, Typical Kennels' King Lear.

COCKER SPANIELS.—NOT OVER 28LBS.—CHALLENGE—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's champion Black Duck; 2d, Ancient & Modern Kennels' champion King of Obos. *Bitches:* 1st, Ancient & Modern Kennels' champion I Say.—ANY OTHER COLOR THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Jacket and Red Roland. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Jessie C.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Blake & Herbertson's Pickpania; 2d and 3d, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin II. and Woodland Prince; 4th, L. Farwell's Black Brant. Reserve, Raven Cocker Kennels' Beau Kay. Very high com., S. H. Thompson's Say. High com., Raven Cocker Kennels' Chancellor, T. Armstrong's Tasso, G. Allward's Black Robbie, Typical Kennels' Roger. *Bitches;* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Rideau Reine; 2d, Ancient & Modern Kennels' Realization; 3d, Luckwell & Douglas's Kitty; 4th, A. Laidlaw's Cora II. Reserve, Concord Cocker Kennels' Lady Dufferin. Very high com., Raven Kennels' Raven Duchess and Nellie Raven. J. Ayres's Nellie. High com., J. Pipher's Beauty, Ancient & Modern Kennels' Fashion. Com., W. B. Palmer's Gem.—ANY OTHER COLOR THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Clappison's Hamilton Jack; 2d, T. McK. Robertson's Red Obo; 3d, F. Flynn's Red Justice; 4th, Brant Cocker Kennels' Golden Rod. Very high com. reserve, Concord Cocker Kennels' Brantford Rufus. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Star, Typical Kennels' King Rufus. High com., W. C. Niblett's Russett, W. B. Palmer's Sturdy. Com., G. Allward's Red Robbie, R. S. & F. M. Gowan's Redfellow. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Tonito; 2d, Luckwell & Douglas's Bessie Warner; 3d, W. C. Niblett's Gypsey Queen; 4th, Raglan Kennels' Raglan Russette. Very high com. reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Beauty. Very high com., R. S. & F. M. Gowan's Dot. High com., Seminole Kennels' Cherry Blossom.—NOVICE—ANY COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Clappison's Hamilton Jack; 2d, Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Prince; 3d, Raveu Cocker Kennels' Chancellor. Reserve, Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Star. Very high com.,.F. Flynn's Red Justice. High com., G. Allward's Red Robbie, Raven Cocker Kennels' Beau Kay. *Bitches:* 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Kitty; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Cora II. 3d, Raven Cocker Kennels' Nellie Raven. Reserve, Raglan Kennels' Raglan Russette. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Beauty, J. Ayres's Nellie, Raven Cocker Kennels' Raven Duchess. High com., T. Clappison's Hamilton Jill.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Luckwell & Douglas's Black Dufferin II.; 2d, Raven Cocker Kennels' Chancellor; 3d, Brant Cocker Kennels' Golden Rod. Very high com. reserve, G. Allward's Red Robbie. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Brantford Red Star. High com., T. Armstrong's Tasso, Ancient and Modern Kennels' Type. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, J. A. Spracklin's Ina and Spracklin's Nellie; 2d, Raven Cocker Kennels' Raven Duchess. Very high com., W. B. Palmer's Gem. High com., Typical Kennels' Chestnut.

DACHSHUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 2d, J. B. Allan's Faust. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Ricketts's Frieda and Huldah; 2d, T. C. Bloggs's Lena.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—OVER 13IN.—*Dogs;* 1st, Hornell Harmony Kennels' champion Tricotrin; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Doctor. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell Harmony Kennels' champion Elf.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com. reserve, Horncll Harmony Kennels' Sherry, Roger W. and Ilwaco. High com., Schole's Driver. Com., Smillie & Viasey's Samson, Oakview Kennels' Tony Weller II. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell Harmony Kennels' Daisy Corbett; 2d, A. Scholc's Pipelo; 3d, Oakview Kennels' Snowflake. Very high com. reserve, A. Scholes's Lillie. Very high com., Hornell Harmony Kennels' Yashta C. High com., Albion Beagle Kennels' Graceful. *Puppies;* 1st, Oakview Kennels' Tony Weller II.; 2d, P. Wakefield's Blucher.—CHALLENGE—13IN. AND UNDER—*Dogs:* 1st, Horuell Harmony Kennels' champion Royal Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell Harmony Kennels' champion Ava W.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Hornell Harmony Kennels' Little Wonder and Kester. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Mullane's Beauty; 2d and reserve, Hornell Harmony Kennels' Evangeline and Queechy; 3d, H. Finu's Sly Lass. Very high com., Arden Fox-Terrier and Beagle Kennels' Arden's Cora Krueger, F. L. Mayhel's Dainty. High com., Mrs. Bowman's Flora. Com., Oakview Kennels' Oakview Jenny.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Bell's Dusky Trap; 2d, A. A. McDonald's champion Blemton Trump.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. G. Stewart's Holster; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Poverina; 3d, Clover Hill Kennels' Tom Tom; 4th, A. A. McDonald's Calchas. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Lady Roseberry; 2d and high com., Clover Hill Kennels' Cambridge Girl and Tambourine; 3d and com, A. D. Stewart's Policy and Ruth; 4th, G. M. Carnochan's Cairnsmuir Solo.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, J. O. Bennett's King Joe; 2d, Brodie & Lyndon's Tally Ho; 3d, Clover Hill Kennels' Tyro. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Macdonald's Vixi; 2d, A. D. Stewart's Policy; 3d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Flurry.—NOVICE—1st, J. O. Bennett's Stardale Belle; 2d, A. A. Macdonald's Vixi; 3d and reserve, Clover Hill Kenncls' Cambridge Girl and Tantrums. Very high com., A. D. Stewart's Policy. High com., G. M. Carnochan's Cairnsmuir Solo. Com., Arden Fox-Terrier and Beagle Kennels' Arden Belle and Cambridge Fox-Terrier Kennels' Blemton Edeliver's and Cambridge Patch.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st and high com., A. D. Stewart's Partney Cornet and Marksman; 2d, 4th and very high com. reserve, Compton Kennels' Compton Venom, Tinder Box and Compton Bruiser; 3d, A. A. Macdonald's Dark Eye. *Bitches;* 1st, A. A. Macdonald's Bonnet; 2d, G. M. Carnochan's Suffolk Tassel; 3d, A. D. Stewart's My Queen.—NOVICE—1st and 3d, Compton Kennels' Compton Venom and Compton Bruiser; 2d, A. A. Macdonald's Bonnet. Very high com. reserve, A. D. Stewart's Marksman. *Puppies;* 1st and 2d, Compton Kennels' Compton Venom and Compton Bruiser; 3d, A. D. Stewart's Marksman.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st and 2d, Mrs. J. A. Pitt's Little Pop and Bill Nye; 3d, L. J. Townes's Young Royal. *Bitches;* 1st and 3d, Mrs. J. A. Pitt's Bahy Bunting and Minnie. Very high com. and high com., Jarvis Thompson, Jr.'s Miss Jumbo and Tiny O'Neil. *Puppies:* 1st withheld; 2d, J. Thompson's Clara K.

TOY TERRIERS (OTHER THAN YORKSHIRES).—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. E. Mausen's Jole; 2d and 3d, W. R. Mumford's Paddy Tricks and Little Mike. *Bitches:* 1st, W. R. Mumford's Tessie; 2d, E. F. Mumford's Dimple.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' champion Midget.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Bertha Brittan's Royal Dusky; 3d, Seminole Kennels' Little Jewel. *Bitches:* 1st, Hugh Falconer's Cherub II. *Puppies:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Banker II.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Allen Trebilcock's Toronto Royal Duke and Topsy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. R. G. Wilkie's Le Roi. *Bitches;* 1st, Ben Davis's Rose; 2d, Allen Trebilcock's Ruby. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. R. G. Wilkie's Le Roi.

RUBY BLENHIEM AND PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st withheld; 2d, Allen Trebilcock's Romeo.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Ben Davis's Dainty Lass.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Prizes withheld.

SELLING CLASS.—$20 OR UNDER—Toon & Symonds' Sheffield Lad.

SPECIALS.

Greyhounds, sweepstake for American-bred dogs or bitches who have never won a money prize: 1st, Never Quit; 2d, Master Memnon; 3d, Pee-dee-kee. Best American foxhound, Roger Williams's Commodore. Pointers, best dog in show owned by member of Pointer Club, T. G. Davey's Ridgeview Comet. Best bitch, T. G. Davey's Josie Bracket. Best dog in open classes, Molton Banner. Best bitch in open class, Josie Bracket. English setters, sweepstakes: 1st, Rose Rapid; 2d, Forest Rex; 3d, Lady Luce; 4th, Lulu. Collies, best puppy dog, Glenisla. Best bitch, Otterburn Lassie. Best Skye terrier, Sir Stafford. Black and tan terriers, best American-bred dog, Samho. Best bitch, ditto, Grit. Spaniels, best field, Judex. Best kennel of field, J. A. Spracklin, 6. Best kennel of cockers, Andrew Laidlaw. Best kennel of Irish water spaniels, T. A. Carson's. Best cocker dog owned in Toronto, L. Farewell's Black Brant. Best sired by Mr. Bell's dogs, Sam H. Thompson's Say. Mr. Spracklin's Mona and Nig. Sweepstakes: 1st, Tonito; 2d, Cora II.; 3d, Raglan Russette; 4th, Beau-kay. Beagles, sweepstakes: 1st, Daisy Corbett. Best dog in show (N. B. C. special), champion Royal Krueger. Best bitch, champion Elf. Fox-terriers, Fox-terrier Club's specials, open to members only, best team, H. P. Thompson. Best team of wires, Compton Kennels. Best brace, dog and bitch (smooth), Vixi and champion Blemton Trump. Best brace of wires, Dark Eye and Bonnet. Best dog (smooth), Dusky Trap. Best bitch (smooth), Stardale Belle. Best dog (wire), Pardney Comet. Best bitch (wire), Bonnet. Canadian-bred dog puppy (smooth), under 12mos., King Joe. Best bitch, ditto, Vixi. Best dog, ditto (wire), Compton Venom. Best kennel Yorkshires, Mrs. Pitts. Best kennel of pugs, Seminole Kennels' Ashmont Trophy and champion Tim, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spanker reserve.

The "Ashmont" Trophy Fizzle at Toronto.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Was there a dog owner at the Toronto show who was not disgusted over the most ridiculous farce ever enacted at a dog show—*i. e.*, the awarding of the "Ashmont" trophy? I write now to you, Mr. Editor, for information as to the conditions under which this "Ashmont" trophy special was offered. As I understand it, this special was given by Dr. Perry to be won three times by an owner at shows and in classes judged by Mr. Mason. On these conditions it was offered at Philadelphia and Detroit and won by Tiree; at Boston and won by Wellesbourne Charlie, and at Wissahickon and won by The Squire. At the Toronto show, much to the surprise (to put it mildly) of every dogman present, the conditions were changed, without notice of any kind, and instead of the trophy being awarded to the best dog in classes judged by Mr. Mason, it was awarded to the best dog in the show (?).

Now, the information I ask for I will put in the form of questions, and I hope if you will not answer them yourself you will find space in your popular columns, so that possibly one of your readers will supply them.

First—Am I right as to the original conditions under which this special was offered?

Second—If so by whose authority were the conditions altered?

Third—Had anybody a right to change the conditions without first obtaining the consent of the owners who had won an interest in it?

Fourth—Why was not the special offered and conditions given in the official catalogue?

Fifth—What right had Mr. Mason to judge the dogs in Messrs. Davidson's, Wilmerding's and Krueger's classes?

Sixth—Should not all the judges have judged this special and a majority vote governed the decision?

Seventh—Who selected the representative dogs of the different breeds not in Mr. Mason's classes?

Eighth—Have not the owners who had dogs entered in Mr. Mason's classes a good right to protest against the sporting dogs being entered for competition?

These questions if answered will, I think, forever settle the vexed question of the "Ashmont" trophy and rightly the trophy itself. The remarks I have heard about this special have been far from complimentary to the whole business. Such an action as this of changing the conditions of a special would not I am certain be tolerated for an instant at an A. K. C. show, and why the Toronto management would allow "even Mr. Mason" to play with them in this fashion is an enigma to every honest dog man in Toronto to day. There are those who say that Mr. Mason, having seen at the Toronto show

"What a tangled web we weave
When first we venture to deceive,"

will, to get out of the mess his evident desire to shine in the eyes of the public, like the diamond in the "Ashmont" (?) trophy, has got him into, hedge his book and award the prize to Tim at the Mount Holly show, thus ending the fiasco instead of continuing to blow his own trumpet by means of another man's special and name.

I. M. ONTOIT.

TORONTO, Can., Sept. 16.

Southern California Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There was a meeting of the governing board of the Southern California Field Trials Club, held on Sept. 3, to act on the matter of dates, which were looked on with disfavor by a few of the sportsmen of the State, and not wishing to have our dates work a hardship on any who wished to enter their dogs, it was deemed advisable to have the opinions on the subject of those who had already entered their dogs for the Derby, and the result, the secretary reports, was unanimously in favor of the dates chosen. As the organization was effected for the purpose of improving the sporting dogs of the State in general and those of southern California in particular, it seems but just that we should select dates when the dogs can work to advantage and when the greatest number of sportsmen can get away. Our opening day, Jan. 1, is one that is generally celebrated by a day afield, and will afford an opportunity for many to witness at least one day's work who otherwise could not attend at all. As preparations are already under way for the entertainment of visitors, there should be no cause whatever for complaint. Ample quarters are in waiting for handlers and their dogs, the cost of which will not exceed $1 per day. There are birds within ten minutes' walk of the proposed quarters. The hotel accommodations will be first class, with charges moderate. Single teams, $2 per day, and a good double rig can be had for $3. This cannot be called extortion. We see no good reason for any change of dates just to accommodate a few who in all probability would not attend. The sportsman who has the welfare of his companions at heart can and will surely have a most enjoyable time. The effect of a friendly meeting of sportsmen is most wholesome to the interest in sport, and it is hoped that our meeting will be the first of many, where we can explain why we did not win and enlighten our more fortunate friends on the subject of field trial dogs.

TONNER.

NORTH ONTARIO, Sept. 4.

The preliminary notice of the Toronto show entries in our last issue reads like a circus poster, but we knew nothing of it until our return from Toronto, and claim indulgence from the *cognoscenti*.

DOG CHAT.

The Ashmont Trophy.

We scarcely remember, even in the old pointer squabbles of years past, when so much rancorous feeling was created at a show as that caused by the manner in which the "Ashmont Trophy" was awarded at Toronto. No one begrudged such a good dog as Ch. Tim the victory that was unexpectedly his, but it was the peculiar change in the conditions which govern this special. A correspondent in another column, whom we may at once say stands high in the estimation of dogmen, asks several questions. The answers to most of them are apparent. We understand that the managers of the Toronto show applied several times for the conditions, etc., applying to this "Trophy," but received no answer. The "Trophy" was not mentioned in the catalogue. The conditions under which this "Trophy" has been given stated that competition is restricted to dogs and bitches which Mr. Mason has judged. There was no harm in this, and as the "Trophy" was a handsome one, it gave rise to much rivalry and considerable interest attached to the final outcome. Now all this is changed, and the sooner the competition is ended the better it will be for those most interested. The way in which this special was judged was a presumptuous insult to the other judges whose breeds Mr. Mason called into the ring. Again the increased competition was unfair to those of the owners and dogs that had already a claim on the "Trophy" through previous wins under the original conditions. Any way we look at it, it is bad.

The fact that Mr. Mason judged all breeds for the trophy implied that the other judges were not competent to have a voice in the matter, and this was the feeling among the exhibitors at the show. And evidently a similar feeling exists in the office of the *Fanciers' Journal*, of which Mr. Mason is the editor, judging from the following in their last week's issue: "As we go to press we learn by dispatch from Toronto that the 'Ashmont' trophy was won by Tim, with Lady Gay Spanker reserve. From this we are led to believe that Mr. Davidson could not have been present and that Mr. Mason took his classes. This we are unable to verify owing to lack of time." The character of this special now partakes more of the hippodrome, and we are surprised that the donor should lend himself to such a scheme or rather farce. Mt. Holly, as our correspondent suggests, will probably see the finish. And it would be well.

Toronto Show.

There were many visitors at Toronto show. Among them we noticed A. D. Stewart, fresh from England; Dr. Foote, who is on his way to Chicago, but looking far from well; A. W. Smith, having his semi-annual fling and full of jokes and chaff, as usual; Dr. Mills, planning improvements in dogdom; E. M. Oldham, keeping tab on spaniel type; W. J. Higginson, proud as Lucifer of his terriers; German Hopkins sighing for a string of good ones; George Bell thinking of "what might have been;" John Davidson, looking as spry as a two-year-old after many miles of travel lately; F. H. F. Mercer, looking very legal; Ed. Wixom, a little quieter than usual, but "Uncle Dick" made up for it; James Green, with quite a Scotch accent; George Thomas, looking very tired after the Ashmont trophy judging, and T. A. Dewey, quite reserved in manner from the same cause; Ben. Lewis, mourning the decadence of dog shows from a pecuniary view; Will. Conners, too pleased to express himself when Tim got the blue. Others we saw were Jas. Lindsay, A. M. Hughes, W. D. Forbes, H. Massey, W. S. Jackson, C. J. Bousfield, W. J. Tulk, J. D. C. Glynn, A. A. MacDonald, C. E. Ireson, F. B. Carlisle, Fred. Hobart, John F. Scholes, Joseph Smith, E. Clark, Hes. Milkens, Dr. J. Rune, L. A. Van Zandt, E. B. Elliott, Dr. Griffin, P. J. Keyes, S. Glass, A. Murdock, H. L. Kreuder, Wareham Whitney and a party from Rochester; Dr. Bamber, Harry Yates, Henry Brooks, C. M. Nelles, A. Laidlaw, Jas. Luckwell, George Douglass, J. Kennedy, Tom Blake, Joe Spracklin and many others.

The Irish Setter Club Trials.

We call attention to the advertisement of the third annual field trials of the Irish Setter Club, which appears in our business columns. After many trials and tribulations all arrangements have been completed. The grounds are located near Thomasville, N. C., and board can be obtained at the Mock House for $2 per day, including everything. Saddle horses are $1 per day, single teams $1.50 and double teams $2.50, including a man. The prizes are not as large as it was desired to make them, but if the entries warrant it they will be increased. A special prize or two may also be given. Entry blanks will be ready for distribution by the time this is in print. The club is fortunate in securing the services of Mr. W. S. Bell, so favorably known in connection with the Central Field Trials, as judge. Dr. Davis writes: "Now that everything is ready I hope the Irish setter men will come forward and make these trials a success. Every single entry counts, and we would like to see the man with a single dog come and try his luck as well as he who has several. These reunions are always very pleasant and I hope to have the pleasure of meeting at the coming one many of those with whom I have corresponded but never seen."

A Commendable Innovation.

Mr. J. E. Isgrigg, of Chicago, has set an excellent example by refusing to indulge in a newspaper controversy with a trainer with whom he has had unsatisfactory dealing. Mr. Isgrigg tells us that he will resort to the American Kennel Club, the field trial clubs and the courts for the remedies provided by each. Such a course is likely to prove as satisfactory to every aggrieved individual personally as it surely will to the public. The day has gone by when questionable dog transactions should be made topics of protracted discussion in the papers.

Death of Richmond Olive.

Mr. Donovan tells us that Mr. Heald writes him that "poor old Nancy," as he calls her, but known to show goers as Richmond Olive, the celebrated fox-terrier bitch, died at Mr. Thayer's kennels on Sept. 3. Her list of winnings is a long one, commencing at Toronto, in 1884, where she won first and three specials. There was probably no fox-terrier in this country in which dog lovers were so interested several years past as in Richmond Olive, and until the appearance of Rachel and Lucifer, held undisputed sway in the prize lists, and she "kept herself" much longer than the average terrier.

Pug Killed.

Uncle Dick is full of trouble over the loss of his pug dog Peoria Jerry while on the way to the Toronto show. While he was exercising the dogs outside the station at Buffalo, Mr. Fellows tells us that a truckman drove deliberately over the dog and crushed his life out. Uncle Dick thinks it lucky he did not have a pistol, as he might now be awaiting a verdict of manslaughter in some degree or other. Our Hornellsville friend avers that the pug curled his tail so tight he couldn't shut his eyes, and this makes the loss so much more serious.

Libels and rumors of libels were flying thick and fast at Toronto. Mr. Mercer was very busy trying to serve a summons on Dr. Mills in a suit for $10,000 damages for alleged libel contained in his address that we reviewed last week. Dr. Mills did not care to assume any direct responsibility in the matter, and we must say the manner of service was scarcely in accordance with our notion of a Chevalier Bayard. Whatever the injury, the show ring is no place for such action among dogmen. All this sort of thing must stop and at once. The whole kennel interest of the country is suffering from it.

It has been a subject for surprise that Wellesbourne Charlie was not shown for the Ashmont trophy at Wissahickon when The Squire won. It seems in the earlier part of the show during the other special judging when the collies were brought in for the special for best in show Mr. Mason announced that he would not judge them then but would leave it till the last day, when he would award the Ashmont trophy. Mr. Jarrett was not pleased with the arrangement and withdrew his dog from further competition.

Mr. Wixom felt pretty proud of his kennel record at Toronto, and well he might, when we find that ten out of the thirteen winners he showed were bred by himself. Is it not about time he donned the ermine according to some precepts?

Our contemporary hardly got that great Dane tale right. When Mr. Glynn, owner of the Wolverton Kennels, was bringing in his great Danes on Monday one of them got away, and being chased by boys took to the lake, near the Fair grounds. He swam round for some time and then came out and made his way to the gate again, but the gatekeepers sent him off several times, not thinking he was one of the show dogs. Finally Mr. Glynn heard of it, and captured him in time for judging, where as Senta's Brutus he won first in puppy class. Toronto papers worked up a weird story on the subject, and implied that if he had not stopped he was swimming yet.

Canadian Fox-Terrier Club.

The display of trophies made by this club at Toronto show was a most surprising one—four large pieces of silver, upward of 2ft. in height, surmounted by a bowl, under which stood a capital representation of a fox-terrier that should be a guide to the fortunate winner to breed one like it in type, were flanked by numerous fine cups donated by different members. We hope to give a picture of this display to show Americans what our cousins over the border are capable of doing on short notice.

George Thomas says Paddy Doolan, the Northcroft Irish terrier, can do that Badger at Philadelphia, and he is getting him into training. Be careful, the badger game is a hard one to beat.

Cockers for Medford.

During the Toronto show Mr. Brooks bought the cocker Woodland Prince; third in open black dogs and second in novice dogs, also the winning bitch puppy Ina. We hear the Misses Brooks are devoting some attention to this part of the Wankie Kennels, and the kennel is expected to be pretty by the time New York show comes round.

Toronto is proverbially stiff-necked in the matter of admission tickets, but surely there is some lack of management somewhere when a judge has to pay to get in, though he shows his badge. This occurred to Mr. Davidson one morning during the show. Tom Blake was also a sufferer because he preferred to get his meals outside the grounds. There were several complaints from others over similar treatment. The idea seems to be when they get you in you must stay for the rest of the day and spend your money and ruin your constitution on pie and red lemonade and such delicacies.

Cribbage.

This crack wire-hair arrived on the steamship Spain shipped to Mr. H. W. Smith by Mr. Fred Mansell. Cribbage will make his debut at Cranston this week. Surrey Janet tarries awhile longer. The English papers deprecate several things that have been said about this bitch and congratulate Mr. Smith on owning her. *Stock-Keeper* mentally remarked on seeing her, "Cheap at a hundred," and pounds, not dollars.

Other Importations.

With Cribbage came the Irish setter Signal for Dr. Jarvis, also the pugs Dong and Haughty Madge for L. C. Nims, Somerville, O., from Mr. Houldsworth, of Bradford, England.

Our Quaker contemporary should know better than to crow over a little "wire" from Morris, Manitoba, and suppose we should attempt to snatch the glory from them. Of course the editorial talent is young yet, but probably they will find out in course of time that there is such a thing as the Associated Press, and further, that New York papers are not slow to avail themselves of its benefits, and such a dispatch was the one spoken of.

We received a call yesterday from Mr. J. B. Martin, of San Francisco, Cal., a well known fox-terrier breeder. He will attend the Cranston show and judge for himself how Eastern shows compare with those on the Pacific slope.

Dr. O. S. Bamber, of Rochester, N. Y., has transferred the beagle Jack Rowett to a friend in Cuba, N. Y.

Death of Obadiah.

THE well-known cocker, Obadiah, is no more. He was run over by a cab and killed. At the time of his death he was owned by Mr. Harry Yates, of Rochester, who had purchased him from Dr. O. S. Bamber. Obadiah is principally known as the sire of Fascination.

We know that Mr. Leslie must feel much disappointment as well as regret in the death of his pointer bitch Cora of Lynn. She broke away from her kennel and making straight for the railroad, met death by being run over by the cars. She was in charge of Mr. W. B. McCloud, owner of Liberty Kennels, Hyattsville, O., who was preparing her for field work in which she gave great promise. Cora was by Tempest ex Nadjy of Naso and a full sister to Duke of Kent II.

Ottawa Show.

The Canadian Kennel Club diplomas will be competed for at Ottawa this year. J. Otis Fellows will judge all classes.

Any one in search of good bull-terriers is likely to drop on a winner in the litter Chatham Kennels offers this week in our business columns. All bull-terrier men know what White Wonder is, and Queen of the Dale is the dam of True Blue and grand dam of Prince Gully and Mermaid, familiar names in prize lists. Queen of the Dale has always been a matron of merit; for one litter in England an offer was made of $1,500 and refused.

Mr. G. W. Patterson is exceedingly pleased with a large litter of twelve that his St. Bernard Lady Lomond has by Mr. Moore's Alton, Jr. They are said to have remarkably large heads and are all lively and well. Alton, Jr., Altoneer and such dogs are bound to improve our St. Bernards if judiciously used.

California Notes.

E. K. Benchley, of Los Angeles, reports a litter of winning pointers, by Kan Koo, out of Kioto.

While FOREST AND STREAM will ever be received with a cordial welcome by sportsmen throughout America, the new candidate for honors, *The Breeder and Sportsman*, with "Namquoit" at the helm, will be in the front rank.

There are a number of very fair English setters on the coast that, judging from the tales told of them, were stolen in the East, as their owners know nothing of them. Any one losing a dog would do well to drop us a line, and if there are any who answer the description their owners could recover them. By working quietly many stolen dogs would be recovered—too much bluster only warns the thief.

The quail season opened on September 1, but the weather has been such that but little shooting has been done. T.

Providence Dog Show.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., Sept. 19.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The show opened with a capital collection of 467 dogs, from the principal kennels in the East. Pointers, setters, spaniels, mastiffs, St. Bernards, fox-terriers, Irish terriers and rough terriers show much quality. The rain falls heavily, but the building is good and well arranged. A large number of prominent dogmen are preseut.

H. W. LACY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

M. S., Pittsford, Vt.—I have a Laverack setter puppy, about 16mos. old, that I have tried to train by your "Practical Dog Training," and have been quite successful, but until this summer he never tried to chase chickens, although he always pointed them, and I unfortunately did not realize the necessity of following your advice about chickens. This summer he has developed suddenly a wild frenzy for killing them. He has the hunting instinct very strongly, and when he sees a chicken is perfectly blind to everything until he has killed it. If you know of any way of curing him, I will be very much obliged if you will write and tell me. We have whipped him severely every time he has chased one and tied him up, but with no effect. Ans. The next time he kills one, whip him and let him know what it is for, and then tie the chicken securely round his neck in such manner that he cannot get it off or bite it. If that does not cure him, nothing will. Allow the burden to remain on the neck as long as possible, and it is more than likely such continuity of chicken will create a distaste for the fowl.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 3.—International Coursing Meeting at Huron, S. D. J. Herbert Watson, 26 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (chairman).

Oct. 17.—Kenmore Club meeting at Goodland, Kan. Frank L. Webster, Sec'y. Entries close Oct. 16.

Oct. 24.—American Coursing Club. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—The Cowley County Coursing Association, Winfield, Kan. J. R. Ballard, Secretary.

Is Shooting the Fox Assassination?

"F. W. H." takes exception to my use of the word "assassination." I used it advisedly. With a lucid idea of its definition I employed it to characterize the act of a man who lay in wait with a shotgun upon the path of his vulpine enemy, and from ambush wreaked that revenge which he was unable to obtain in a fair field. He confesses "we Northern fox hunters shoot the fox"—why? Why—because "it is impossible to get him otherwise." Does not his description fit the case—"alone on the stand behind a friendly boulder or tree stump you await your chance for a shot at the 'dog' who stole your wife's chickens." If that is not assassination then I confess to having been brought up in sublime ignorance of the labors of Noah Webster. If he will consult that neglected authority I think "F. W. H." will make the *amende honorable* as to my correct use of the word.

The fact that "F. W. H." dislikes to have his method called by its true name, more than the palpable paucity of his attempts at justification shows where the shoe pinches. His description more than anything I could say annihilates the claims of the shotgun policy to the consideration of the sportsman. It is the utter abnegation of cheer, of excitement, of everything embraced in the word sport. Solitary, cold-blooded, premeditating murder, "you stand for hours with nothing to cheer you or inspire your flagging energies but an occasional bar or two of hound music conveyed on the blast that chills you to the marrow, or the echoing report of a gun in the hands of a luckier aim a mile away to your right." Barred of human companionship, the hours thus spent moodily treasuring the hope of shedding blood can be conducive of neither health nor happiness, but are calculated to make a misanthrope of a man mentally, while physically the seeds of colds and rheumatism are sown in his stagnant blood.

Contrast this method, depicted by himself, with the action, the stir, the enthusiasm, the joy of the chase. It may not make a man nobler, but it does make him feel nobler to have a noble animal beneath him, to feel embodied in himself the power and strength of the powerful animal he strides, to feel that his hand is the hand of fate as he rushes into space upon the wings of the wind, to see a staked and ridered fence rise up and rush at him, to mount into the air, higher and higher yet, while space opens up before him as a strange devouring void, to plunge madly back to earth and onward in a career which knows no obstacle—it is the very ecstacy of existence, it is the intoxication of action, it is life, one instant of which outnumbers years of uneventful waiting by the runway. But how feeble are words to describe sensations! If, my New England mentor, you have never known the exhilaration of soul and sense which fires the most fearful to deeds of daring, you are hardly qualified to discuss fox hunting.

Without vanity, but to disabuse you of your opinion that I am one of those narrow bigots "who think their sport the right one and their way the only one," I think I may fairly claim to have exhausted the variety of vicissitudes within the field of legitimate sport. I have even lain in wait, with malice prepense, and I can testify to the truthfulness of your cheerless description of the tedium of the long and lonely vigil. Slowly the moments linked themselves into minutes which dragged their slow length along until the shadows stole adown the steep and savage slope of the Shoshones on which I was ambushed, and gloomed until the huge carcass of the elk before me grew vague and indistinct to sight, and there in the gloaming over the dead body of the antlered monarch of the mountains I have faced—no fleeing fear-stricken "chicken thief," but the grim and grisly king of the wilds, *Ursus horribilis*, the grizzly bear.

A few days later I met a sheep herder who was hunting the same royal quarry but with a more deadly weapon than my Winchester—strychnia. When I suggested that his method was not sportsmanlike, he answered with the same cogent reasons that "F. W. H." has advanced, and since their object is identical, the destruction of an animal which stole the one's wife's chickens, and the other's master's sheep, it seems to me that the poisoner's method is the best. How would it do to let strychnia lay in wait and toy with those chilling biers and look for the fox that never came?

The only reason, I suppose, that it has not already superseded the shotgun is because the fox is too smart for it.

But of all the misconceptions, the one most prevalent among the shotgun fraternity and most erroneous, is the idea that New England has a monopoly on rough country and that we "kill our foxes by running into them because the country is open and the hounds can be followed in the good old way."

What geographies do they study down East that they have located the Western prairies in the Southern States? There are in this State regions as mountainous as any in all New England, and the fastest foxhounds and the best in America to-day, hounds that have proved their superiority in the Brunswick trials as they have everywhere else, were bred and born in a country of hill and valley, and have run the red fox to his death through jungles of brier, along the face of precipitous bluffs and up hillsides too steep and stony for horse to follow. I do not know a section in Kentucky where even a Kentucky thoroughbred can stay with a pack through all the devious ways of a red fox chase. In fact it is physically impossible to follow the hounds here as in England. In sight and hearing of the hounds we frequently can, and do, keep by taking advantage of every turn, anticipating the route of the fox, and cutting across, but the majority of hunters are content to maintain a point of advantage central to the fox's circuit and thus note the progress of the chase as it sweeps around them. The methods that prevail here are practicable in New England as in Kentucky. That fact has been demonstrated by the Brunswick Fur Club. Sections 19 and 20 of the field trial rules prohibit the shooting of foxes under a fine of $5, and an infraction of them is further penalized by debarment. No severer penalty could be fixed. And yet this advocate of the shotgun policy "would like to know how 'F. J. H.' would circumvent sly reynard in the hill country where the last Brunswick Fur Club trials were held." That organization in its progress has answered the question in a practical manner. Its members originally devoted to slaying foxes have found the superiority of hunting them, and its last trials was a meet of fox hunters as distinguished from fur hunters. F. J. H.

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New England Beagle Club Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In accordance with a special vote passed by the executive committee of the New England Beagle Club on Sept. 9, the following special prizes and sweepstakes will be added to our already large list of regular prizes: Sweepstake No. 1—Pack Stake, four beagles to constitute a pack, open to all beagles, whether entered in regular stake or not; entries close Nov. 9, at 8 P. M.; entry fee $15; prize, 75% of purse to winning pack, which must be the property of one exhibitor or kennel. Sweepstake No. 2—Brace Stake, open to all beagles whether entered in regular stake or not; entries close Nov. 9, at 8 P. M.; entry fee $10; prize 75% of purse to winning brace, which must be the property of one exhibitor or kennel. Sweepstake No. 3—Endurance Stake, open to all beagles whether entered in regular stakes or not; entries close Nov. 9, at 8 P. M.; duration of heat to be not under four hours; entry fee $5; prizes 50% of purse to first, 25% to runner-up. These sweepstakes will be run after the regular stakes and beginning with the Pack Stake. Specials (awarded only to dogs competing in regular stakes): Prize a souvenir ribbon—Special No. 1, for most musical voice. No. 2, for most accurate trailing. No. 3, for most effective ranging. No. 4, for most stylish worker. No. 5, for best starter. No. 6, for greatest sustained speed. No. 7, for best Derby entry bred by owner. No. 8, for best All-Age entry bred by owner. The club desires by these specials to give to each and every dog a token of his individual superiority, thus enabling breeders to mate their dogs intelligently when breeding for any special quality, such as speed, starting abilities, trailing, etc. F. W. CHAPMAN, Pres.

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Curious, Very.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 14.—I venture to intrude in kennel matters so far as to make a little journalistic parallel. Mr. Waters is out of town.

CURIOUS, VERY.

From this week's *American Field:*

A New York contemporary that has for the least seven years referred to the principal stake at the American Coursing Club's meeting as the "All-Age Stake" has suddenly become aware of the fact that its name is the *American Field* cup. Curious, very.

CURIOUS, VERY.

From last week's FOREST AND STREAM:

From two or three reliable sources I learn of the intention of some prominent coursing men not to enter their dogs at Huron, in the International coursing meeting. It is rumored that the American Coursing Club has not paid some of the prizes won at the last meeting. The *American Field* "cup," so called, which is a cup or $100 cash at the option of the winner, I am told remains unpaid, though repeatedly applied for by the winner of it at the last meeting. My informant tells me, further, that letters on the subject are ignored by the "cup" donor. B. WATERS.

Curious, very. In fact, not only curious but a trifle queer. What glory, sissy, do you find in that? E. HOUGH.

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N. B. C. Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Joe Lewis, of Moodus, Conn., and Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, of Dorchester, Mass., were invited to officiate as judges at N. B. C. field trials, and both gentlemen have consented to act. H. L. KREUDER, Pres.

NANUET, N. Y., Sept. 15.

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We are sorry to hear that Mr. A. H. Smith has lost one of his best foxhounds, the loss of which will seriously affect the strength of his train at the coming Brunswick Fur Trials. The dog was shot by some miscreant.

Yachting.

LAST week was fruitful in news of the "important if true" sort, among the more sensational and startling reports in the daily papers being the death of ex-Com. Gerry, a challenge from Vigilant to Juhilee for a match for $5,000, and a base attempt on the part of the Royal Yacht Squadron to cheat Mr. Carroll out of the Brenton's Reef cup after he had fairly won it. Unfortunately for sensational journalism, Mr. Gerry telegraphed a denial of his death, Gen. Paine and Mr. Iselin denied all knowledge of the $5,000 challenge, and the R. Y. C. committee gave a prompt hearing to Mr. Carroll's protest and awarded the race and the cup to him.

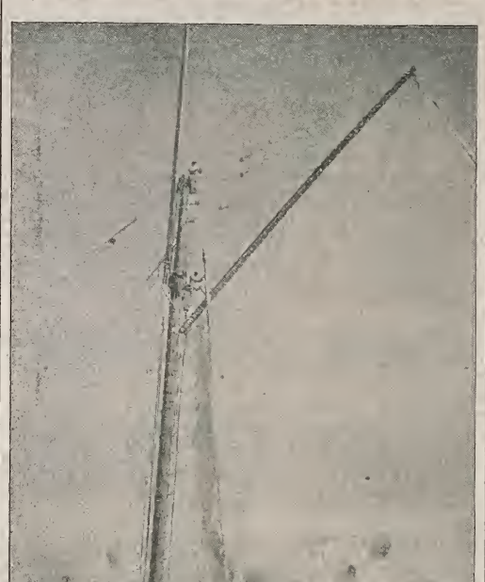
WHILE the conditions—a reaching course each way—suited Navahoe well in the first race, it seems that she has been improved by the reduction of her sail area. One of the odd coincidences of the season is the placing of Capt. Crocker against Capt. Carter, the two having sailed against each other eight years ago in Puritan and Genesta respectively.

THE owners of the 30-knot steam yachts are still talking and writing letters, but no definite arrangements for a race have been made. It now appears that the mysterious "Mr. Davis, of Brooklyn," who has purchased Vamoose for $10,000, is an employee of Norman L. Munro, who is the real owner of the boat. Mr. Munro has issued a characteristic pronunciamento, challenging the Herreshoffs or Mr. Hearst to put a picked crew in the yacht at his expense and speed her against time, he doing the same with Norwood.

THE first piece of good luck which has yet attended Navahoe was in the race for the Brenton's Reef cup, which, according to the conditions drawn up by Mr. Bennett over twenty years ago, must be sailed for without time allowance. By any modern rules Britannia would have easily saved her time off Navahoe, the latter winning by only a few seconds. In the race for the Cape May cup, which Britannia won by 36m. elapsed time, there is no restriction as to allowance, and presumably the usual allowances hold good, thus increasing Britannia's lead.

Lake Geneva Y. C.

THE match races of the Lake Geneva Y. C., best two out of three, which have just been sailed between Vanadis, C. K. G. Billings and W. S. McCrea, and Rival, Benjamin Carpenter and C. R. Corwith, have resulted in a decisive victory for Rival. Vanadis on Sept. 2 won the first race in a drifting match, finishing one and one-half minutes before the time limit of four hours. Rival won the second race, on Sept. 4, by eight minutes, corrected time, wind S.W., light and steady, conditions favorable. Rival won the third race, on Sept. 9, by four minutes fifty-



MASTHEAD OF JUBILEE.

five seconds, corrected time, wind N. E., freshening throughout the race.

Rival will be remembered as the crack 21-footer which for three years vanquished everything of her size on the Sound. Mr. Benj. Carpenter and Mr. W. C. Corwith, of Chicago, bought her from Mr. Francis Burritt early this year, and she is still to be beaten by a boat of her inches under equal conditions.

The L. G. Y. C. has a fleet of about 100 boats, many of which have come from Long Island Sound, among them Tattler, Expert, Lorna, Rival, Possum and Precept.

South Boston Y. C. Open Regatta.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Sept. 9.

THE special open race arranged by the South Boston Y. C. in commemoration of its twenty-fifth season was sailed on Sept. 9, the wind being light and fluky. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harhinger, Wm. Daly	28.00	5 01 52*	. . .
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	32.09	Went aground.	
Violet, H. J. McKee	33.06	Withdrew.	

*1m. 52s. over the 5-hour limit.

SECOND CLASS.

Beatrice, J. Cavanaugh	26.03	4 46 27	4 00 19
Stanley, W. L. Colson	26.01	Withdrew.	
Wild Duck, E. Morton	25.10	Withdrew.	
Quissett, W. P. Taylor	25.09	Withdrew.	
Mattie, W. A. Garrett	25.09	Withdrew.	
Hiladee, S. N. Small	25.06	Withdrew.	
Moondyne, L. J. Shaw	24.08	Withdrew.	
Lena, H. P. Cook	26.09	Withdrew.	

SPECIAL CLASS.

Vanessa, A. Bigelow, Jr.	22.03	3 19 47	2 40 55
Eulalie, E. S. Hunt	21.10	3 25 08	2 46 40
Exile, J. F. Small	22.08	3 25 50	2 47 33
Thrush, W. L. Bachus	22.10	2 27 23	2 49 20

THIRD CLASS.

Gleam, P. J. Lowell	21.01	3 19 05	2 38 31
Romance, Loring Sears	23.09	3 20 13	2 43 23
Good Luck, J. B. Farrell	21.10	3 25 02	2 45 34
Black Cloud, Thayer & Putman	23.04	3 39 52	3 02 29
Wapiti, J. Bertram	23.06	Withdrew.	
Spurt, D. B. Pierce	23.07	Withdrew.	
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	23.06	Withdrew.	
Adolph, J. J. Moehe	21.08	Withdrew.	
Gypsey, H. K. Drinkwater	23.04	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Opeeche, W. P. Barker	19.07	1 15 56	1 48 36
Attempt, Thine & Freeman	18.04	1 26 26	1 57 39
Arab, W. F. Scott	19.01	1 27 50	1 59 58
Astrea, R. M. Benner	20.11	Withdrew.	
Wraith, L. H. Higginson	19.05	Withdrew.	
Coot, Thos. Murphy	18.09	Withdrew.	
Triple, J. F. Cashin	18.07	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Alpine, C. J. Blethen	15.08	2 26 42	1 54 38
Mina, Chas. White	16.11	3 15 31	2 45 04
Bed Bug, T. O. Gillicut	15.03	3 35 19	3 02 24
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.11	3 35 43	3 05 16
Ado, H. Butler	17.05	3 38 25	3 08 36
Jackdaw, R. B. Williams	17.08	Withdrew.	

SIXTH CLASS.

Laurel, J. K. Hutchins	13.10	1 25 10	1 05 10
Annie, E. H. Rich	12.11	1 30 40	1 09 45
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	14.07	1 29 29	1 10 11
Icurez, G. W. Walsh	14.00	1 32 50	1 13 00
Tyrant, A. H. Oldham	12.00	1 35 26	1 13 30
Grace, B. Cooper	12.00	1 35 56	1 14 00
Growler, Purcell & Curson	13.09	1 34 42	1 14 37
Seaweed, S. C. Higgins	14.08	1 34 53	1 14 39
Marion, H. E. Yerxa	14.08	1 37 01	1 17 47
Princess, C. L. Gay	14.03	1 37 49	1 18 13
Nellie, J. O'Leary	14.08	1 48 01	1 28 47
Kismet, F. A. Lynch	14.07	Withdrew.	
Ann R., M. Ryan	14.08	Withdrew.	

The judges were Thos. Christian, W. H. Godfrey, Huhert Pope, F. W. Parsons.

ON Sept 2, the steam yacht Elfreda, W. Seward Webb, when off Plattsburg, Lake Champlain, blew out a tube in her boiler, scalding Chief Engineer Peter Mott quite badly, while Fred Hunt was less seriously injured. The yacht was towed into Plattsburg by a tug.

Shrewsbury Y. C., Second Regatta.

RED BANK, N. J.—SHREWSBURY RIVER.

Saturday, Sept. 9.

THE second open regatta of the Shrewsbury Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 9, at Red Bank, with great success, notwithstanding that it was originally fixed to be sailed two weeks ago, just after the two disastrous storms, and had to be postponed because of them.

The usual large crowd of ladies attended at the beautiful house of this club (described in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM), and many spectators accompanied the racers over the course in steam and naphtha launches.

The courses were the regular ones of this club, for classes A, B, C and D from an imaginary line off the club house to stake No. 1 at Guion's Point; No. 2, Boyd's avenue; No. 3, Brown's Dock; No. 4, Fair Haven; No. 5, at head of Flats, then to Nos. 4, 3, 2, 1 and finish. Classes E and F went around Nos. 1, 2 and blue flag stake at McClee's Creek to No. 2, to No. 1 to finish, and repeat twice around 1 and 2 to finish.

When the preparatory signal was given at 2:30 P. M. a nice breeze was blowing from the southeast, which before the finish got very light. The starting signals for classes A and B was given at 2:35, for C and D at 2:40, and E and F at 2:45. The most interesting race was that in class D, where the new Arrow, owned by John Sawyer, Jr., was pitted against Clinton James's well-known Undine, and Forman Smith's Irma T., Arrow finally winning by 40s. from Irma T., Undine being third. Mr. James sailed this race with a smaller sail than he usually carries, having carried his mast out a week or more ago, and in consequence did not have a spar sufficiently long to hoist his large sail, which handicapped him somewhat, though Arrow is very speedy. The following are the full times:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edla, M. P. Sherman	27.07	1 55 48	1 26 23

CLASS B OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Augusta, Edward Kemp	22.02	1 51 36	1 16 16
Myra B, Charles Allen, Jr.	24.00	2 04 16	1 31 04

CLASS D—CATS 20 TO 23FT.

Lassie, Stewart Good	22.04	2 02 00	1 26 47
Irma T., Forman R. Smith	22.00	1 53 17	1 17 38
Undine, Clinton R. James	21.10	1 54 51	1 18 59
Arrow, John M. Sawyer, Jr.	21.09	1 52 57	1 16 58
Tip Top, Geo. W. Gillig	20.09¾	1 58 51	1 21 36
Shrewshury, Carl Wagner	21.09	1 56 16	1 20 16

CLASS E—CATS 17 TO 20FT.

Tam O'Shanter, B. A. Fliess	19.11¾	Did not finish.	
Maygus, E. D. Miller	19.10	1 48 30	1 09 51
Gertrude A., S. W. Roof, Jr.	18.05	1 45 02	1 04 09
Anna, W. B. Parsons	18.04	2 00 47	1 19 37
Pauline, J. Frank James	18.00	1 49 21	1 07 46
Gertie Brown, Joseph Carhart	17.00	Did not finish.	

CLASS F—CATS UNDER 17FT.

Clytie, Delphord M. Fisher	16.02½	Did not finish.	
Little Silver, Harry L. Powers	16.02	2 01 13	1 16 18
Yum Yum, Vantiul & Chadwick	16.01	2 08 17	1 23 12
Louisa, Frank Taylor	15.01½	2 22 09	1 35 06

In class A the Edla came down and sailed in class B. The Augusta is the winner in this class. In class D Arrow wins first and Irma T. second. In E class Gertrude E. wins first and Pauline second prize. In class F, Little Silver wins first and Yum Yum second prize. Second prizes were given where there were four or more entries. The judges were George E. Gartland of the New Jersey Y. C. and Henry C. Miner, Jr. of the Shrewshury Y. C. After the race there was dancing at the club house.

Keystone Boat Club.

TACONY, PA.—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, Sept. 2.

THIRD annual fall race, twice over a triangle from the club house to a buoy off Wright's Point, thence to a buoy off Straight Ditch; distance, 11 miles. Weather fair and cool. Wind westerly. Tide ebb.

FIRST CLASS—START 11:36.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
McGinty, Le Sage	35.01	1 37 00	2 01 00
Elsie, Shallcross	35.00	1 40 00	2 04 00
Mina, A. Pedlon	34.08	1 43 00	2 07 00
Yucca, Fisher	35.00	. . .	. . .
Say When, McCully	34.06	. . .	. . .

SECOND CLASS—START 11:41.

Anna V., McKane	34.06	. . .	. . .
Nellie Bly, Van Camp	34.06	. . .	. . .
Anna T., Thuring	35.00	1 44 00	2 33 00
Willie and Mary, D. Pedlon	35.00	1 43 00	2 32 00
Little Harry, Hirst	34.07	1 45 30	2 34 30
Effie, Dingle	35.00	1 40 30	2 29 30
Edna F., Foster	35.00	. . .	. . .
Nellie, Mousley	34.06	. . .	. . .
Flounce, Arnold	35.00	. . .	. . .
Jennie D., Stockton	34.06	. . .	. . .
Ella, Long	35.00	. . .	. . .
May, Neild	34.07	1 45 30	2 34 30

THIRD CLASS—START 11:48.

Chas. S. Austin, Austin	35.00	1 51 30	2 03 30
Jesse W. Neal, Hill	35.00	. . .	. . .
Mascot, Knight	35.00	1 53 30	2 05 30
Jacob S. Disston, Dingee & Thuring	35.00	. . .	. . .

FOURTH CLASS—START 10:51.

Keystone, Richman	37.00	1 17 30	2 26 30
Maggie, Ayres	37.00	1 35 00	2 44 00
Sinbad, Coster	37.00	1 38 30	2 47 30
Nigger, Eleun	35.00	. . .	. . .

Winners: Class 1—McGinty first, Elsie second. Class 2—Effie first, Willie and Mary second, Anna T. third. Class 3—Austin first. Class 4—Keystone first.

The McGinty won again, making it the fourth successive regatta she has won.

The second class race was the prettiest one of the lot, five boats being within 30 seconds of each other nearly all through the race.

The Chas. S. Austin, a boat 27 years old and a winner of 50 prizes, showed her superiority by again winning. This makes the fourth straight regatta she has won.

The Nigger, after being two minutes in the lead and short distance from the buoy, carried away, and thus lost the race.

The prizes were a handsome pair of field glasses to the four first boats, and a pair of opera glasses to the second boats and a small pair of opera glasses to the third boats.

Regatta committee—Geo. LeSage, J. D. Knight, J. W. Metz, J. Hirst, S. G. Dingee. Judges—Jas. Neild, Benj. Pontius, Chas. S. Austin.

Beverly Y. C.

THE 205th race, second championship, was sailed at Marblehead on Sept. 9 in a good southwest by west breeze. Courses, ten miles for second class, nine for third and fourth, four and a half for knockabouts. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, W. W. Kieth	28.02	2 01 28	1 53 34
Ariel, J. Barrett	25.05	2 10 20	1 58 33
Korhay, E. M. Horton		2 13 40	. . .

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Reaper, Com. Bengon	24.00	2 01 52	1 50 08
Freak, E. D. Cochrane	25.07	2 06 43	1 56 35

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Magpie, H. G. Otis	22.04	2 12 02	1 58 29
Koorali, R. C. Rohhins	23.04	2 17 17	2 04 51

FOURTH CLASS.

Bonita, C. O. Hood	20.09	2 27 12	2 11 45
Sheerwater, Thos. Stevenson	18.04	2 33 51	2 15 04

KNOCKABOUT CLASS.

Otatsu, F. O. North		1 14 55	. . .
Susan, H. Taggard		1 16 02	. . .
Karl, C. H. W. Foster		1 17 10	. . .
Nancy, J. Saltonstall		1 18 15	. . .
Nina, Eastern Y. C.		1 20 51	. . .
Francis, G. M. Wheeler		1 24 50	. . .

Nancy protests Otatsu and Karl, subject to this Susie, Reaper, Magpie, Bonita and Otatsu take first prizes and Susan takes third.

In account of second championship White Fawn's name was accidentally omitted. She takes second and leg for championship credited to Magpie belongs to Koorali, as Magpie was not sailed by a member of the club. This makes Koorali champion of the class.

While running from New York to Oyster Bay in the Sound on Sept. 13, the steam yacht Allegra, owned by Col. S. V. R. Cruger, met with an accident in he fireroom, the explosion killing the fireman, James Gill, and badly injuring the engineer, E. D. Barrett. The yacht caught fire, but aid was sent from the Helvetia and the flames extinguished, the yacht being then towed to Hart's Island, where the engineer was sent to the hospital, after which she was towed to City Island. Col. and Mrs. Cruger were on board, on their way home from New York. The engineer died next morning in the hospital The boiler and engine were uninjured, and the exact cause of the explosion is unknown.

American Model Y. C.—DeWolf Cup and Clapham Prize.

BROOKLYN—PROSPECT PARK.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE races for the DeWolf cup and Clapham prize were sailed on Labor Day in a N.W. wind, which held all day, but being intercepted by the big hill on the northwest it was deprived of some of its strength, eventually dying out altogether. A windward course was laid off, the distance being ¼ mile. Considerable delay was caused by the slowness with which the owners of the competing yachts made their appearance, and those that were ready in season were somewhat annoyed by the delay.

Finally the second class yachts arrived at the line for the DeWolf cup race at 11:15, Florence winning one heat and Girofié the other. Florence's skipper becoming winded decided to withdraw in favor of Girofié, this boat thereby obtaining a place in the final.

Third class came to the line at 12:15, Star qualifying for final, beating Mischief by 27s elapsed and 12s. corrected.

In the first class Neola won, beating Ohyesia by 1m. 41s. elapsed and 1m. 41⅓s. corrected, the final and race being won by Neola from Star by 37s. elapsed and 2s. corrected.

The postponed final for the Clapham prize was started immediately after, Neola and Star coming to the line, Girofié being withdrawn. Star won from Neola after three stubborn heats by 1m. corrected.

Among the noted yachtsmen present were Thos. Clapham and son, G. G. Clapham, who are now members of the above club, as is Mr. Chas. Mallory, of steamship fame, who being pressed by business, could not attend.

SECOND CLASS—FIRST HEAT.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Florence, E. W. Rogers	47.6	11 45	11 50
Girofle, H. H. Michaels	45.4	Outside flag.	

SECOND HEAT.

Florence		Did not finish.	
Girofle		10 13	12 27½

Third heat was given to Girofle.

THIRD CLASS—FIRST HEAT.

Dolphin, J. Smith	44.7	10 30	10 45
Star, G. W. Townley	42.6	8 35	8 34¾
Mischief, Herbert Fisher	38.7	9 21	9 36

SECOND HEAT.

Dolphin		Did not finish.	
Star		8 40	8 55¾
Mischief		8 36	8 51

THIRD HEAT.

Dolphin		12 31	13 01
Star		8 46	9 10¾
Mischief		9 13	9 23

FIRST CLASS—FIRST HEAT.

Neola, J. E. Pfeiffer	56.6	7 00	7 00
Ohyesia, C. Van Ness	54.9	9 37	9 32¾
Hornet, J. C. Meyer	51.9	11 18	11 06¾

SECOND HEAT.

Neola		7 56	8 11
Ohyesia		9 37	9 52¾
Hornet		10 57	11 00¼

CLASS A—FIRST HEAT.

Lizzie, J. Manee		10 31	10 56
Irving B., Mr. Taylor		11 40	12 05½

SECOND HEAT.

Lizzie		11 40	12 05
Irving B.		Withdrew.	

FINAL—FIRST HEAT.

Neola		8 09	8 34
Lizzie		Outside flag.	
Girofle		Withdrew.	
Star		9 32	9 32

SECOND HEAT.

Neola		10 01	10 41
Lizzie		Did not finish.	
Girofle		Did not start.	
Star		10 38	10 43

FINAL CLAPHAM PRIZE—FIRST HEAT.

Neola		9 37	10 12
Star		10 33	10 23

SECOND HEAT.

Neola		13 39	14 39
Star		13 10	13 30

THIRD HEAT.

Neola		7 59	8 29
Star		8 32	8 17

Neola winner of DeWolf cup and Star winner of Clapham prize.

Regatta Committee, Frank Nichols. Judges, Com. W. V. Hanson and C. Van Ness.

Sippican Y. C. Regattas, 1893.

THE Sippican Y. C., of Marion, Mass., on Buzzards Bay, has had a very successful season, and several very good races have been sailed, as follows:

July 29.—Open sweepstakes race. Wind, heavy S.W., course 10½ miles.

THIRD CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nobska, A. A. Beebe	19.11	1 38 26	1 19 11
Algol, J. R. Bullard, Jr.	19.11	1 45 02	1 25 45

Judges: J. G. and F. W. Palfrey.

Aug. 9.—Second championship race. Wind light S.S.W., course 10½ miles:

FIRST CLASS.

Hector, E. C. Stetson	24.06	2 08 48	1 55 43
Flight, I. E. Hiller	26.07	2 10 13	1 59 27

SECOND CLASS—COURSE 10½ MILES.

Come On, W. W. Phinney	23.06	2 14 58	2 00 40

THIRD CLASS—CATS—COURSE 8 MILES.

Nobska, A. A. Beebe	19.11	1 43 35	1 28 55
Puzzle, G. G. Amory	19.08	1 50 56	1 35 37
Algol, J. R. Bullard, Jr.	19.11	1 52 22	1 37 40

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.

Cheemaun, F. W. Palfrey	18.01	2 38 46	. . . .

FOURTH CLASS—COURSE 8 MILES.

Squall, J. G. Palfrey	16.11	2 05 56	1 47 22
Edith, B. Clark	17.00	2 11 36	1 53 03

FIFTH CLASS—COURSE 3 MILES.

Kid, W. R. Peabody		1 10 44	. . . .

Nobska and Squall win championships. Hector, Come On, Cheemaun and Kid win legs; Come On tieing Gymnote.

Judges: D. H. Coolidge, J. S. Whiting, J. D. Jenney.

The open race was sailed Aug. 26 in a moderate S.W. breeze, which flattened almost to a calm for the finish of the larger boats. The light breeze of the morning prevented Sequel, Myrtle and Rustler, who had entered, from arriving at the starting line.

In the first class Flight ran out a safe lead, but ran into a calm at the finish, and Hector came within her allowance.

In the second class Gymnote was an easy first, Anonyma giving Agawam a close call for second. Come On broke her throat halliard block twice and withdrew.

In the third class Gilt Edge beat Nobska fairly from start to finish. Kaloola would have beaten Doris for third if she had not run into a calm at the finish. Tycoon and Buzzard for some unaccountable reason sailed the wrong course, Buzzard getting slightly the best of it if anything.

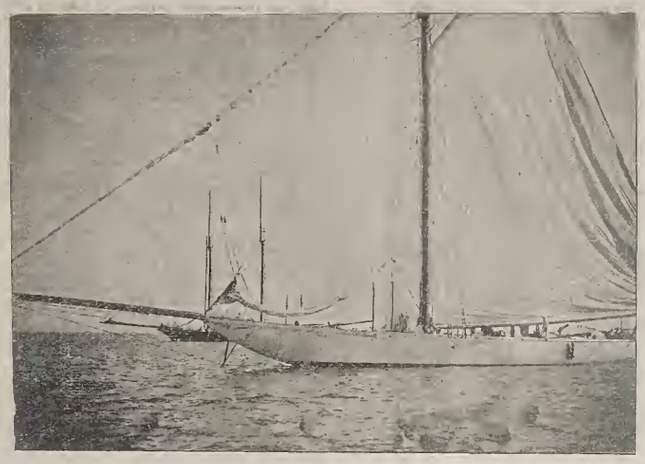
In the fourth class Squall and Edith had a very close race, passing each other three times on the first leg to windward. Squall gained considerably on the second leg before the wind, and held her lead to the finish.

In the fifth class the catboats were badly beaten by the jib and mainsails, who took all three prizes. Raccoon sailed well and was a good first. There was not windward work enough for P. D. Q., who finished third. Axe second.

There has been considerable dissatisfaction with starting the race inside of Sippican Harbor on account of the wind's being much lighter there than outside. Another year the races will probably be started outside the harbor. The summary:

FIRST CLASS—COURSE 15 MILES.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hector, E. C. Stetson	24.06	3 04 55	2 46 13



JUBILEE AT ANCHOR.

Flight, I. E. Hiller	26.07	3 03 04	2 47 49

SECOND CLASS—COURSE 15 MILES.

Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	23.09	3 02 41	2 42 33
Agawam, J. G. Young, Jr.	23.08	3 04 06	2 43 49
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	23.08	3 04 20	2 44 03
Ulula, W. H. Winship	22.08	3 13 00	2 51 03
Come On, W. W. Phinney	23.06	Disabled.	
Bonita, R. Lincoln	23.02	Withdrew.	
Hoyden, D. Jennings	23.06	Witbdrew.	

THIRD CLASS—COURSE 11½ MILES.

Gilt Edge, D. L. Whitmore	19.07	2 21 11	2 01 22
Nobska, A. A. Beebe	19.11	2 23 46	2 04 29
Doris, John Parkinson	19.07	2 26 36	2 06 47
Kaloola, H. W. Richards	19.08	2 31 29	2 11 48
Sippican, A. W. Hart	19.09	2 32 01	2 12 28
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor	19.09	2 44 29	2 24 56
Scintilla, Geo. S. Fiske	19.00	2 51 04	2 30 07
Vivian, N. Huckins, Jr.	19.05	Disabled.	
Buzzard, A. B. Shepley	19.11	Withdrew.	
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	19.09	Withdrew.	
Aucoot, S. Battelle	19.09	Withdrew.	
Daisy, H. Stockton	18.02	Withdrew.	
Hermion, R. C. Barstow	19.09	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS—COURSE 8 MILES.

Squall, J. G. Palfrey	16.11	1 58 29	1 39 50
Edith, B. Clark	17.00	1 59 08	1 40 36

"ME AND HATTIE."

Cup defender Vigilant and her steam tender.

Zora, H. Parker	15.04	2 03 38	1 42 29
Dragon, J. Dexter	14.02	2 10 17	1 47 04
Aurora, E. Hamlin	16.07	2 10 47	1 51 38

FIFTH CLASS—COURSE 7 MILES.

Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr.	11.05½	1 36 42	1 10 38
Axe, L. Bacon	11.07½	1 37 43	1 12 01
P. D. Q., R. W. Emmons	12.00	1 37 38	1 13 22
Weona, H. Ware	13.11	1 42 04	1 21 20
Trana, M. Crane	13.01	1 53 07	1 30 56
Grace, D. Knowlton		Withdrew.	

First prizes won by Hector, Gymnote, Gilt Edge, Squall and Raccoon. Second prizes won by Agawam, Nobska, Edith and Axe. Third prizes won by Anonyma, Doris and P. D. Q. Judges: J. S. Whiting, George A. Strong, R. S. Ryder.

Yacht Racing in Southern Waters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The boom that yachting received all over the country this season by the challenge of Lord Dunraven for the America's Cup and the voyage of Navahoe to England has, as a matter of course, made itself felt down this way. The wise judgment displayed by the Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, in adopting the Seawanhaka sail area rules has proven quite satisfactory and caused the appearance of many open boats that for a while looked very much as if the only way they would ever leave their boat houses would be in the shape of rotten kindling wood.

The class of open boats since the advent of Mr. Richardson's Burgess 40-footer Nepenthe in 1888 had entirely disappeared, with very few exceptions. Since the new rules went into effect the number of hollow spars, racing sails and other first-class racing rigging ordered out from the North, from the best of makers, would surprise some of the old "befo' de wah" yachtsmen. This improvement has sent the open class to the front with a rush, making that class a big attraction in all regattas, this state of affairs being entirely due to the adoption of the length and sail area rule, giving everybody a fair chance under every style of rig.

All adjacent towns invariably run their regattas under the rules of the Southern Y. C., but there still exists one great disadvantage to all yacht owners participating in the sport in the short and shallow courses. All the courses are mere guesswork as to distances left entirely to the judgment of single individuals, who generally start out with the markboats an hour or two before the race and anchor them when and where they please, making no allowance whatever for the condition of the atmosphere and often forgetting how deceiving distances are on water under various conditions. Now all of these courses are triangular, supposed to be 1⅔ nautical miles each way, and three times around making 15 nautical miles. What judge of distance can come within three miles of such a course?

Take the last regatta at Waveland, Miss., for instance, where Montauk beat Nepenthe 27s. on time allowance. Nepenthe draws about 6ft., centerboard up, and allows Montauk 5m. 3s. in a 15 nautical mile course. This allowance is based on nautical miles calculated by Herresboff. The course was certainly not over 12 nautical miles, if that. Nepenthe was forced to allow time for 15 miles, besides plowing her way through the bottom most of the way. What chance has any large boat that allows time in their respective classes to win under such conditions? The case of Nepenthe will apply to all. There is no question that Nepenthe can allow Montauk the time her measurement requires over any 15 nautical mile course with a depth of 10ft. and win easily.

That more consideration should be given to the minor details in the management of all regattas in the South is quite apparent, and a great deal remains to be done before we attain the place in yachting that we should hold.

New Orleans is more than favored by nature for the sport of kings, and the Southern Y. C., which prides itself on being the second oldest yachting organization in America, has as fine facilities as can be found, anywhere to encourage and maintain the sport in perfection.

A great deal of good would be accomplished by weeding out some of the obnoxious features of the rules, especially the rule appointing a regatta committee for each race. The regatta committee of a yacht club is naturally the most important of all committees, and should be selected from non-boat owners, thoroughly acquainted with every requirement of the yachts, and should have entire control of all races, taking the time of all contestants, fixing the conditions, classes and be the sole interpreters of the racing rules of the club.

Judges are entirely unnecessary when the regatta committee are so empowered. Judges down this way are specially selected for their good fellowship, not much attention being given to their capabilities as yachtsmen. An instance of one of their decisions is given as follows: The race for the Littell cup—a very handsome one, by the way, was sailed under a set of conditions that would puzzle an admiralty judge of 50 years' experience. The Lufki Humma, a creation of Mr. Walton Glenny, clearly winning under the conditions of the deed of gift, as decided by the *Spirit of the Times*. The judges awarded the race to a rank outsider 10 minutes after the finish and before one-half of the contesting yachts had finished the race, thereby ignoring any chance for protests, good, bad or indifferent, closing up their books and leaving the club house with the smoke of the finishing gun for the first boat.

Our papers also have some very peculiar ways of writing up regattas, etc., the scribe evidently being well up in horse racing. I quote from one of the leading papers the day before the race for the Littell cup:

"As it is, however, there have been enough entries to give promise of an interesting contest. In fact, from a spectator's standpoint, ten yachts are quite enough to start at the same time, for they make a fleet of which the careful and experienced observer can easily keep track from start to finish, while a large number is apt to confuse even the most experienced yachtsman, causing him to mistake one boat for another, and gradually lose interest in the contest as it progresses and wait for the finish to determine the relative positions of the contestants."

What can one think of this for a notice of a regatta. We see all the New York papers speak with pride of the large number of entries, and special mention was made of the magnificent fleet that participated in the cruise of the New York Y. C., some one hundred or more yachts, and nobody got mixed up keeping tab of their movements.

Our course is sailed on Lake Pontchartrain, twenty-two miles wide, by about thirty-five miles long, plenty of room for all and not like a race track, where the large fields jostle and knock one another around trying to win. This is quite a sample of how things are managed in yachting circles down in Dixie.

There has been quite a number of new yachts launched this season, embodying the various types of local amateur designers, of which Lufki Humma is far the best. This boat was designed by Mr. Glenny, an enthusiastic young yachtsman of the S. Y. C., and built by Fourcby Bros., being about 21ft. waterline, plenty of overbang forward and aft, shallow draft, narrow beam and two centerboards of tobin bronze. Lufki Humma has not proven quite up to Mr. Glenny's expectations, always meeting with some unavoidable mishap when contending against the 22ft. flyer Nyanza, a sandbagger of the old type.

The Southern Y. C is very fortunate in having several fine cups donated this season to be contested for in the various classes.

Cup races should meet with favor by all true yachtsmen, the club especially, as cup races save a great deal of money to yacht clubs that have to give regattas and offer the prizes to keep up the sport. Taken as a whole the yachting in the South is improving slowly but surely, especially in New Orleans, Mobile and the adjacent watering places along the Mississippi Sound. The Mobile yachtsmen are all young but experienced sailors, who always manage and sail their own boats independent of oystermen, shrimp catchers, etc., a plan that could well be emulated by others. Almost all yachtsmen in this vicinity are pronounced admirers of Vigilant and wish her success in every particular.

J. E. B.

Navahoe.

AN interview with Mr. Carroll, which is apparently authentic, has been cabled to America, in which, after admitting that the yacht is a disappointment in windward work, though he considers her faster than Britannia in running and reaching, he continues:

"I don't see how to remedy the trouble, except by allowing the builders to work the Navahoe up. The reports sent out about the danger of her capsizing were absurd misrepresentations. I knew she was a good sea boat the moment I stepped aboard. But there has been some mistake in her design. She does not carry so much sail as expected, and she has not sufficient stability; her weight and ballast are not properly adjusted. She wants her ballast put lower down to make her stiffer and faster in strong weather, although that is likely to be a detriment in light weather.

"To sum up her merits I may say that she is fast in a fresh breeze just enabling her to carry her clubtopsails. She is sluggish in light weather, as she is unable to carry her sail properly. When it blows hard she reaches as fast as any vessel that has sailed this year, except the Satanita. Sometimes she has been poorly handled, and sometimes well handled; taking the average, I think there could not have been much improvement in that respect. I am satisfied that the boat and not the handling had been at fault

"She might, however, have won the Royal London match on the first day if she had been better handled. I never in my life saw a boat better handled than the Britannia was then.

"I consider the English courses, where so many marks are rounded, exceedingly bad for big boats. Starting the boats in the crowded fairways is almost like starting an important horse race among a lot of cabs and coaches. The way English crews handle sails under these circumstances is something never seen in America.

"I regard the Brenton Reef decision as beyond question regarding fairness. The judges' mistake was purely unintentional. All the races here are conducted in the fairest manner.

"I think the Valkyrie will have a poor chance against the Vigilant in

the race for the America's Cup. The Vigilant is faster than any boat over here. I hope they will make a good race, however, as I should be disappointed if the race was a walkover for either boat. I intend to start for the United States in about a week or ten day."

A yachting correspondent in writing to the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* speaks as follows of Navahoe's first races:

"Thursday, Aug. 3, opened with a strong breeze from W.S.W., and as the principal match was for the Cowes town cup, value £100, and a second prize of £30, another chance was afforded us of seeing how Navahoe would behave herself in a good breeze.

"Britannia had sprung her mast yesterday, so of course she was out of it, but Satanita, Navahoe, Valkyrie and Calluna were ready at gunfire, 10 A. M., all had a reef in mainsails, and Valkyrie had topmast housed, it was a close haul up to the first mark, and a very level start was made by all, Satanita leading, Valkyrie next, then Navahoe and Calluna, Navahoe rather best position to windward. Before they had gone one mile they all caught the full force of the wind off Egypt Point, and all got through the first squall comfortably, except Navahoe, which curled up to it in a very dangerous degree, so much so, that they had to lower away mainsail and run back to Southampton for repairs; on-lookers really thought that she was either going to capsize or fill and sink, however, it was not quite so bad as that, but it proved clearly that she was both over-sparred and over-canvassed for such a haeeze. It had been rumored at Cowes that all her owner wanted was plenty of both wind and sea outside the Needles. Whether she would have done any better out there, is open to doubt, but it certainly did look rather singular, that the very first real squall she got in English waters, should have, vulgarly speaking, 'knocked her into a cocked hat.' All the others got through the squall comfortably and they sailed a splendid race. Satanita, however, had at last got another day to suit her, and finished 8m. 13s. ahead of Valkyrie in the fastest time on record over this course, viz.: 3h. 40m. 50s., equal to 12 knots an hour, over the whole course.

"Navahoe only got one second prize at Ryde, and even that she would not have had if Calluna had not hurst her jackyard topsail when she was near the finish of the match on Aug. 8, as Calluna was quite close to her when the accident happened. It will thus be seen that Navahoe only got two first prizes when she bad neither Valkyrie nor Britannia to contest with, so that it may safely be assumed that she is not so good an all-round vessel as any of ours.

"Her best performance was certainly in her first match on July 31; on that day she seemed to have exactly the breeze to suit her as when there was either less or more wind she was beaten on every point of sailing by all the others. So unless the others they have turned out to contest against Valkyrie for the America Cup are considerably better than Navahoe, Valkyrie should have a good chance of regaining that much coveted Cup.

"Navahoe had other two opportunities of showing what she could do in a strong breeze, on the 19th at Weymouth and on the 21st at Torquay, and at both places she failed to improve her reputation; so she must now he looked upon as a complete failure, in English waters at all events, as all our big ones have beaten her in all sorts of weather, from drifting to half a gale."

The Brenton's Reef and Cape May Cups.

THE race for the Brenton's Reef Cup, taken abroad by Genesta in 1885 and challenged for by Mr. Carroll, was sailed on Sept. 14, the challenger of course being Navahoe, and the defender Britannia. The conditions called for a race from the Needles, at the west end of the Isle of Wight, across the English Channel to Cherbourg, rounding the breakwater of Cherbourg Harbor from west to east, and return, one hundred and twenty miles.

The two yachts were at the line off the Needles early on Sept. 13, and were sent away at 11:15, the start being timed, instead of from the gun, as in all British races. Britannia led over the line by 54 seconds, both carrying jibheaders over single-reefed mainsails. The wind was strong from the east, working a reach both ways. Navahoe passed Britannia early in the race, and was just ahead at Cherbourg, where there was a short beat through the harbor. They were within a few seconds of each other when they started for home, and Britannia then took the lead. Both housed topmasts and set small jibs, the wind and sea increasing. The pair held close together all the way home.

The sea was so rough off the Needles that the committee steamer went into Alum Bay, just inside the Needles, and anchored in smoother water, making a finish line east, or inside of the light. The yachts finished so close together that Britannia was declared winner by 2½s., the finish being timed: Britannia 10:37:35, Navahoe 10:38:32.

Mr. Carroll made a protest on the ground that the finish line was not correct, the committee boat having shifted her position, and that he crossed the true finish line within half a length of Britannia. At a hearing to consider the protest, the committee declared Navahoe the winner, admitting that the finish line had been changed, as the steamer had to run in for shelter and had not run out again, the yachts getting back sooner than expected. Navahoe's rating had been reduced just prior to the race, but under the Y. R. A. or New York Y. C. allowances Britannia would have beaten her.

Owing to heavy fog on Thursday night it was 9:30 A. M. on Friday before Navahoe and Britannia left Cowes in tow for the start for the Cape May cup. The first plan was to lie over night in Alum Bay and start at 7 A. M., but the fog caused a change of plan and it was 12:45 when the start was given, the line this time being in Alum Bay, two miles further east, making the course the same as on Tuesday but four miles longer. The wind was light S. W. with a smooth sea. Both carried cluhtopsails and jibtopsails. Britannia crossed too soon and was recalled, crossing again with Navahoe. Off the Needles they were timed: Britannia 1:02:37, Navahoe 1:05:15.

There was a fog in the Channel, with a light wind, and it was 5:29 A. M. on Saturday when Britannia reached Cherbourg, Navahoe being timed at 5:57:15. The return trip was made with a light east wind until the Isle of Wight shore was picked up, when the wind came in ahead and the two were compelled to trim sheets. On the windward work Britaunia made a gain, and the finish was timed: Britannia 12:57:14, Navahoe 1:33:32. Britannia wins by 36m. 18s. elapsed time.

Navahoe thus brings home one of the three cups for which she started.

Larchmont Y. C. Schooner Cup.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 16.

THE second annual race of the Larchmont Y. C. for a special schooner cup, valued at $500, was sailed on Sept. 16 in very variable weather, a heavy rain falling before the start, with a light wind. As the rain stopped the wind came in heavy squalls from the west, blowing fresh all through the race and at times hitting very heavily. The starters were:

	Racing Length.	Time Allowance.
Dauntless, Caldwell N. Colt	110.04	11 11
Lasca, John E. Brooks	93.17	11 11
Emerald, J. Rogers Maxwell	88.32	14 51
Ariel, G. H. B. Hill	83.53	18 44

The course was from off Larchmont, around markboats off Eaton's Neck, Stamford and Hempstead, 35⅞ miles, naut. The start was timed:

Lasca	11 05 46	Dauntless	11 12 07
Ariel	11 08 56	Emerald	11 13 17

Balloon jibtopsails and maintopmast staysails were set, Emerald swinging a cluhtopsail and the rest carrying jibheaders. With a light hut freshening wind all reached for the Eaton's Neck mark, hut when near Center Island a strong and vigorous N.W. squall came up, and Emerald and Ariel were soon head to under mainsails, Dauntless and Lasca carrying lower sails, Dauntless lowering her main peak. Lasca jihed over, all standing, and was away on her course. Dauntless jibed, hut the other two luffed around. The rest of the leg was covered in good time before the squall, the times at Eaton's Neck being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Lasca	12 31 40	1 25 54
Dauntless	12 36 20	1 26 20
Ariel	12 43 25	1 34 29
Emerald	12 44 43	1 31 36

The wind now headed on the stretch across to Stamford, being still fresh. Only Lasca was timed, at 1:42:25. Ariel passed Dauntless on the close reach from Stamford to Hempstead, the times at the latter mark being:

Lasca	2 35 03	Dauntless	2 59 25
Ariel	2 50 12	Emerald	3 00 30

The last short reach home was made against another squall that sent hem all well over. The final times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dauntless	11 12 00	3 33 44	4 21 44	4 21 44
Lasca	11 05 46	2 59 35	3 53 49	3 42 38
Emerald	11 13 17	3 33 33	4 20 16	4 05 25
Ariel	11 08 56	3 18 00	5 09 54	3 50 20

Lasca beats Ariel 7m. 42s., Emerald 22m. 47s., Dauntless 39m. 5s.

The regatta committee included Messrs. J. F. Lovejoy, Otto Sarony and G. M. Barretto.

On Sept. 9, the steam yacht Intrepid, Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, struck the rocks on Hog Island Reef, near Deer Isle, on the Maine coast. She was backed off at high water and though leaking considerably made Bath under her own steam, where she was docked. Her bottom was pierced in several places; the repairs will be made at Bath,

Wasp at Chicago, and Her Discoveries.

CHICAGO WAS DISCOVERED.

CHICAGO, Ill. Aug. 17.—Capt. John Prindiville, otherwise and best known all over the Great Lake as "Capt. John," was the first man to discover Chicago. He located it by means of the pinnacle on his dugout a good many years ago. It was some sandy around here then and all the buildings were one story, and all the Clark street merchants then were Indians. Capt. John got along pretty well with the Indians, and his business prospered. He discovered Lake Michigan, too, and built many boats, and as households grew and gave it a chance, his name became a household word. He built many ships for commerce, and gradually got in the habit of building things that sailed.

Some little time ago Capt. John built a boat for fun, not for business. He called her Wasp. She was sloop rigged then, but was a goer, and even then "her forefoot always crossed the line ahead."

DISCOVERY OF CLEVELAND.

Meantime, Cleveland was discovered. It was discovered by Commodore G. W. Gardner, or, rather, plain Com. Gardner. Commodore Gardner was a commodore when he discovered Cleveland, and always has been ever since. The Cleveland Y. C. at that time consisted of

STEAM YACHT "FEISEEN."

View of Broken Bow.

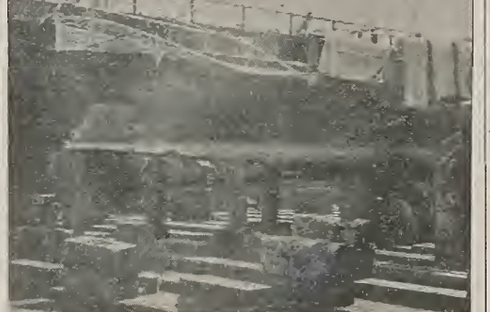
one birch canoe, with a pole in it. It is larger now, and Cleveland is larger, and Com. Gardner is larger, and his earthly goods, that is to say, his "pile" is larger. From having been sachem of the village he rose to he commodore of the—but we are ahead of the story.

DISCOVERY OF THE WASP.

Com. Gardner heard of Capt. John, of course, and he heard of Wasp. He bought Wasp, and made her the flagship of Lake Erie. He put another stick in her, and made some other little changes, and turned her loose in the eastern lake, and still her forefoot always crossed the line ahead.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

In the meantime, Columbus discovered America, and Chicago being already discovered, it was decided to hold a World's Fair at Chicago. So the Santa Maria, and the Pinta, and the Nina, and the Viking ship, and others, all went to Chicago, and Com. Gardner thought the Wasp ought to go too. About two weeks ago Wasp left Cleveland, and after a leisurely cruise in all sorts of weather and a number of stops at good places, arrived at Capt. John's town last Monday, running the last 225 miles in less than 24 hours. Wasp bad aboard Com. Gardner and son, Curt. Gardner, Col. J. R. Bartlett, of Fremont, O.; Mr. M. H. Dodge, of Cleveland, and Mr. Eugene Sullivan, of Detroit. She was



STEAM YACHT "FEISEEN."

View of Stern and Screw.

sailed by Capt. Arch. Petty and full crew of seven. "I came very near losing a man or two in rough weather one night," said Capt. Petty. He took plenty along, in case he should lose one somewhere.

DISCOVERY BY THE NATIVES.

The savages who used to inhabit the Chicago C. C. house (before it was burned down), have an eye on them like an eagle. The Wasp had hardly dropped anchor at the foot of Randolph street viaduct (where the harbor master said she was the prettiest sail that came into port this season), before word was passed among the savages that there was a new ship in town. Com. Gardner, to save his vessel, discussed that he was also a chief by previous adoption in this tribe, namely, a commodore of the W. C. A., and he proposed peace. The matter was finally compromised by Com. Gardner offering to take the whole tribe out for a sail, Thursday afternoon. To this the tribe agreed, and at 2:30 of said day they swarmed aboard. Dr. Henshall was late. It was 3 o'clock when he hove in sight on the dock. He was out of breath, but made signs for the ship's boat. "You needn't mind rowing," he said to the oarsman, "I'm blowing enough to take you right along." Then Capt. Petty weighed the anchor and found it wasn't losing flesh, and at the boom of the cannon the good ship, with every inch of her canvas early run aloft, leaned over just a little in the gentle breeze and started off for the World's Fair. Who was at the wheel? Why, who should be, but Capt. John himself, the builder of the ship, proud of this courtesy as any king ever was of a newly upholstered throne. As he went along, Capt. John told the boys just how deep it was, every foot under the vessel, and told what the bottom looked like. Capt. John knows every hoopskirt and tin can on the bottom of the Great Lakes, and this was dead easy for him. Com. Gardner smoked and looked happy. All the tribe was happy, too.

DISCOVERY OF A CUSTOM.

"There is one custom in the Wasp," said Com. Gardner after a while, "which I must ask you all to observe. Every one aboard ship is expected to go below and register. So everybody went below and registered, and called it a pleasant custom. The list of those present as guests was as follows: Capt. John Prindiville, his son Thos. J. Prindiville, Dr. Jas. A. Henshall, Messrs. Chas. W. Lee, J. Herbert Ware, N. B. Cook and son N. H. Cook, A.W. Kitchin, P. F. Munger, A. J. White James B. Keogh, W. H. Eckman, E. Hough and B. Waters, of FOREST AND STREAM.

Com. Gardner proposed a health to Captain John, "the father of yachting on the Great Lakes." This met applause, with the refrain "Many happy days."

DISCOVERY OF THE VIKING.

Everybody has heard of the Viking ship, the plucky open boat built on the model of a boat discovered in the burial mound of an old Norse king. Everybody knows that this boat, under the command of Capt. Magnus Andersen, crossed the ocean this summer and arrived safely at the Fair by way of the Lakes. At Cleveland it was the Wasp which met the Viking, and before Capt. Andersen ever got ashore he had gone aboard the Wasp and had a welcome. Not everybody knows that since the Viking arrived at Chicago she has never left her moorings, never until Thursday, when she was out taking a run for exercise. She was about three miles out in the lake from the water front of the Fair, when the Wasp lookout spied her about the same distance away from the latter vessel. In an instant, as the naval novelist would say, all was confusion. Com. Gardner at first gave orders to run up the skull and crossbones, but concluded to fly the Viking flag instead. With the latter apeak, Wasp, which had been sailing close to the wind, under orders to get clear, swung on her heel and laid a course to intersect the Norseman. The latter, seeing himself pursued, went about and fled for the neutral waters of the Fair. In turn the Wasp wore and again laid an intersecting course. It was all over then. The big square striped mainsail of the Viking, even though helped out by an un-Viking jib, availed nothing against the lofty canvas of the flagship. We sailed feet to her inches toward the apex of the triangle, and at 4:40 the Viking shields were easily visible. At that moment she caught sight of our Viking colors and at once gave us colors in return, running up the Stars and Stripes. At this the Commodore gave her a salute of a gun. Viking, having no gun, dipped her flag for thanks, and returned salute by means of a fog horn. Wasp gave her another gun, and both craft now approaching within hailing distance, both hove to and the Viking put off a boat. The officer of this having come aboard, Com. Gardner found him to carry a message from Capt. Andersen asking him to come aboard the Viking. This he did, both vessels laying to. Shortly Com. Gardner hailed his own ship, saying that Capt. Andersen invited some of the Wasp party to come aboard. In a moment one of the Wasp boats was lowered and filled with a goodly contingent, and the Viking was boarded after a brisk pull.

DISCOVERY OF THE MAGAZINE.

Captain Andersen is a man of few words. After the first salutes and introductions he said something that sounded like, "Em man ved dem sjorksskredjw." And then happened a very singular thing. A brown sailor man, bearing a corkscrew, stepped aft. He screwed the corkscrew into the deck, or the bottom of the boat, and with a heave brought loose a section of the same, discovering the ship's magazine, well stocked with ice and things to eat and drink. Then mutual felicitations followed, Capt. Andersen toasting Com. Gardner and Com. Gardner toasting Capt. Andersen, and the tribe giving cheers for the Viking and her crew.

Having learned how to pronounce "Viking," which, by the way, is properly to be called "Veek-ing," the visitors swarmed all over this curious craft, caressed the great dragon heads on prow and stern, inspected the stocky mast and the great square mainsail, saw the crew straddle the great rowing benches and handle the vast oars, and looked at the odd rudder, lashed on one side at the stern and hung by means of a great knot tied in the end of the supporting rope. Very strange indeed is this craft, but not badly planned for a sea boat, and with room between her sides for quite a lot of storage. Under the rude awning midships were the bunks of the crew and forward was the swinging galley, with beautiful iron crane chains, made in exact imitation of similar Norse boat furniture known to be a thousand years old. It was hard, indeed, to believe that this craft, out of another world and another day, was really here on Lake Michigan, near this prosy, matter of fact town of Chicago. As it was, the encounter made a singularly pleasant denouement to a very pleasant afternoon.

DISCOVERY OF AN EDITOR.

Capt. Andersen is a hustler, or he couldn't have brought the Viking ship across in 28 days. He handed me his card and announced that he also was a newspaper man. This did not surprise me at all, in fact one might have inferred it. The card reads: "Magnus Andersen, Master of Viking, editor *Norges Sjöfartsdidende* (Norw. Daily Shipping Gazette), Christiania."

This I send on to the archives of FOREST AND STREAM, but retain for the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit the souvenir label taken from a bottle of Viking special brew which made part of the ship's supplies while coming over the ocean. Some of those who tasted underneath similar labels said it was no trouble to cross an ocean on such diet, and made light of the voyage. All the Viking supplies were made specially for the voyage.

"It took us twenty-eight days to cross the Atlantic," said Capt. Andersen, "and we sailed all the way, not rowing in calm weather, as some have said. We had the oar holes plugged, and had cut floating fenders, so that she would not sink if she filled. You can see she is altogether open, not decked at all. Yes, we had weather rough enough; but it is all pleasure here, and I am sorry I must go back before the Fair is over."

There were on board the Viking the following: Capt. Magnus Andersen and his secretary, Alfred Holm; Commissioner Chr. Ravn, Royal Commissioner for Norway, and his secretary, A. Berle; Consul Lindgren, at Chicago for Sweden and Norway; Col. Canute Matson, ex-Sheriff of Cook county and Chicago; Mr. Arthur Leffler, Swedish Commissioner; Mr. N. Grevstad, editor of the *Skandinavian*; Messrs. N. Novik and W. Haustein, of Norway; also Messrs. S. T. Gundersen, P. W. Chaultand, M. Freiberger and M. Sewall.

At length the pleasant meeting must come to an end. With parting compliments, Com. Gardner ordered his men into their boat, and with three cheers they pulled for the Wasp, which, as the Viking dipped her colors, gave the Viking a parting gun and headed back for the harbor, with music all the way from savage throats and instruments, and cheers at anchor-fall for the Wasp and her hearty commander.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

International Racing.

WHATEVER anxiety may have been felt over Valkyrie's arrival has been dispelled by the report of Capt. Griffiths, of the National Line steamer Spain, which arrived on Monday afternoon. Capt. Griffiths sighted Valkyrie at noon on Saturday, being then in lat. 41°36', long. 64°36'. The yacht was some 5 miles distant, carrying a working topsail and making a speed of 10½ knots as estimated from the steamer, keeping up with the Spain for several hours. She was about 435 miles from New York, and will probably reach port this evening. Mr. Kersey went out in a tug this morning to meet her.

Mr. G. L. Watson, the designer of the Valkyrie, and Mr. T. W. Ratsey, of Ratsey & Lapthorne, sailmakers, arrived on Monday morning in the Furnessia, from Glasgow.

Vigilant is now at City Island, where she is being overhauled most thoroughly, every part being strengthened and duplicate spars, etc., being provided. Sawyer & Son are making a new jib and staysail for her. She will probably haul out late next week at Downing & Lawrence's, South Brooklyn. Valkyrie will go into the big Erie Basin docks where Genesta and Thistle were prepared for their races. Colonia is lying at Tebo's wharf, Jubilee has been stripped and hauled out at Lawley's, and Pilgrim is out of commission but has not yet been laid up.

The Cup Races.

THE late arrival of Valkyrie makes it impossible to sail the first race on the proposed date, Sept. 28, and, though not officially announced, the race will probably take place on Oct. 5.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The race of the Royal Canadian Y. C. for the Prince of Wales' cup was sailed on Sept. 9, with but three starters, Zelma, Vedette and Vreda. The wind was fresh at the start, but soon fell light. Vendette, the smallest of the three, withdrew, the others being timed, start 12 noon;

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Zelma	4 07 58	4 07 58	3 59 59
Vreda	4 02 20	4 02 20	4 02 20

The result of the trial races have been to expose the true character of the fake stories set forth in big headlines through the early part of the season of the phenonemal speed of the new boats. This objectionable feature of yachting journalism has attracted the attention of the *Yachtsman*, which indulges in the following:

BOSTON GLEANINGS.

"The following items are improved extracts taken from the yachting columns of the Boston (U.S.) *Daily Hysteria:*

"'At a special meeting of the Society for the Perpetuation of the Peerless American Rig, it was unanimously decided to call Colonia a sloop so long as there is possibility of her being chosen to defend the cup.'

"'Pilgrim took a spin down the harbor yesterday. As she had a party of ladies on board, only the lower sails were carried. Yet, despite short canvas, she made over 18 miles an hour when on the wind. In running back the fin keel covered 14 miles in 43m. 37s., and

would have done better if she had not been obliged to heave to several times in order to allow the weary wind time to catch up.'

"'After following Jubilee for twenty minutes yesterday the log came on board, and after wiping the sweat off its brassy brow entered a protest with General Paine against being towed at a speed exceeding its makers' guarantee.'

"The United States inspector has notified Mr. Oliver Iselin that he must not under any circumstances allow Vigilant to exceed a speed of 16 knots when passing through narrow channels, as her wash is liable to prove dangerous to small craft.'

"We learn that the Cunard Steamship Co., have offered to purchase Jubilee after the races are over. The company will use her to take Campania's place during the winter season. She will carry the mails and a few first class passengers. Pilgrim, it is rumored, has been sold to the British Admiralty, who will commission her as a torpedo catcher.'

"'Answer to "Anxious Inquirer"—Yes, there was a yacht of that name in the American Yacht List; but at present Navahoe is not mentioned."

The inquest in the fatal disaster at the house of the Chelsea Y. C. last month, merely served to disclose the fact that no one was to blame. Incidentally it was proved that the tenon in the balcony, the immediate cause of the disaster, had been made but 5×2 in place of 10×2, as it was intended, and that the plans were very loosely drawn and the work never inspected.

The Midget Y. C. of Marblehead, held its "Ladies' Day" last Saturday, the event being thus described in the Boston *Globe:*

"There was a serial race in which Fred. Smethurst, Arthur Whittemore and Willie Gillie each won a leg. Then six little girls raced six of the best fin-keelers. Jennette Standley sailed Johnnie Giles' boat, the reputation of which is established and was upheld to-day by its fair skipper. Flora Sweet managed the Smethurst race winner perfectly.

"Pretty little Adelle Knapp was skipper of Arthur Hennessey's craft. The Whittemore boat was handled by Miss Leo Day. Belle Patey had charge of Ollie Doherty's 30-incher and Alice Denning of Harold Litchman s.

"The start was most exciting, and a breeze just strong enough for the little models blew across the pond. The first leg was won by Jennette Standley, the second by Adelle Knapp and the third by Miss Leo Day."

Among the British yachtsmen who will attend the Cup races is Mr. Alfred H. Brown, the designer of many of the larger English steam yachts. Mr. Brown arrived last week in the Furst Bismarck, and will spend several weeks here. He has with him models and designs of some of his best yachts.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has secured the steamer Al Foster for the first three Cup races.

In order to accommodate their rapidly growing business Messrs. Tebo have just launched a fine large halance dock, built by themselves. With dock and the new pier now nearly completed, the yard will be able to accommodate the whole steam fleet of New York.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

OUR correspondent, Mr. Vaux, calls the racing men to account this week for their habitual indifference to matters in which they, of all men, are the most deeply interested. This indifference, which prevails in yachting as fully as in canoeing, is one of the curious paradoxes of sport. It will be found on looking up the subject that the leaders in all reforms and improvements in rules are not the men who own and race the boats, but those who, while keenly interested, for one reason or another neither own racing craft nor sail them. The average racing owner is supremely indifferent to all complaints and criticisms of rules so long as he gets along well in the racing, and he is more than apt to resent as a meddlesome interference the attempts of the non-racing men toward better rules. At best he declines to take any active part in a discussion, or to give a little thought to the merit of any proposed change.

Some day or other he happens to run up against a rule which bears hard on his own particular boat, and then he is suddenly awakened to the pressing necessity of a change, but as long as he fares fairly well and continues to win prizes, the evil tendencies of a rule and its effect on the general good of the sport are matters that have no interest for him.

This state of affairs has been most marked in the matter of measurement and classification in yachting of late years; the various proposals which have been made for changes of rule have originated entirely with the non-owners, and have been treated only with contempt and ridicule by the majority of yacht owners, who have dismissed them without taking the trouble to find out what they meant. The case has not been quite so had in the A. C. A., many old racers, like Oliver, Vaux and Gibson, have leut their hands to the improvement of the rules, but there has been a good deal too much neglect for some time, and it is most necessary that many defects should be corrected at the November meeting, and that the men most interested in good rules should lend their aid.

FOR some time past the *Field* has advocated the removal of the long existing limit of beam in canoes, and the substitution of a rating rule, by length and sail area, with some additional limits on dimensions, but of such a nature as to encourage a larger and wider canoe than the present universal standard of 16×30. The reasons for this change are not very clearly stated, but the *Field* considers that the main cause of the present scarcity of entries is the racing machine with its narrow beam.

So far as our observations go, and we have followed the course of canoe racing in England and America for a good many years, the trouble, which is present here as well as there, has nothing to do with rules or dimensions, but is entirely due to the over-improvement and specialization of the sport; just as in yachting. We can speak with certainty for this country, and the same applies to British canoeing, that the limit of beam has had nothing to do with the retirement of the old racing men and the failure of new men to take their place. The true cause of the decline is, that while five years ago a man could buy or build a good canoe and race her successfully with only a reasonable expenditure of time, the art of canoe building and sailing has since advanced so much that the construction of the canoe and spars and the rigging has become a special study in which very few can hope to compete with such a skilled veteran as, for instance, Mr. Butler. The hull, spars and rigging must be perfect, and must be kept so by constant study and labor; and the man who wishes to win races must devote a very large part of his time to it and to nothing else, whether at home or in camp. Racing has become not only more expensive, but less of a pleasure task and more like very hard work; and when it comes to the question as to whether it pays, the majority of young canoeists decide in the negative.

For this state of affairs we can see no remedy through legislation; at one time our influence was thrown toward the retardation of the over-development of the racing canoe, but the time for all such measures has passed, and the only possible course is the exact reverse of that which the Royal C. C. has persisted in following—the retention of absurd and obsolete limitations which hinder speed and yet do not encourage good qualities. The same causes and results are visible in yachting and many other sports which have passed a certain stage of development, and no remedy has yet been found.

As regards the proposal to enlarge the beam of the canoe, it would merely substitute a slightly different type of small racing boat, fully as expensive, elaborate and complicated as the canoe, more difficult to house and to transport, of no more use outside of match sailing and in no way superior to the 16×30 racer. Even if any temporary interest were awakened by the mere novelty of the class, which we doubt, it would be offset by the harm which would come through the destruction of that peculiar individuality which has always been the charm of the canoe and the strength of canoeing.

True, there is not much in common between the modern sailing racer and the old all-round cruiser and racer, but what little is left is well worth preserving. Once the canoe ceases to he such and is classed as one more variety, good or had, of the large family so indefinitely known as "boats," there will be an end to canoeing. In this country efforts have been made again and again to call into existence a class of wide canoes, of about 33in. beam and lighter than the regular English canoe-yawl; but every attempt has failed, and there is no reason for the belief that the racing of such boats can ever be made what canoeing was.

Racing Rules and Courses.

Editor Forest and Stream;

I have observed that the racing men of the A. C. A. are a patient, quiet, long-suffering and silent set of good fellows, who would rather bear any ills they know of than ruh pen to paper in an attempt to right them or institute any reform. The executive committee will meet in Novemher, and yet no one has taken any steps to correct vital errors in Racing Rule No. 1, which defines what a racing canoe is. These same racing men may indulge in a mild sort of kick while at the meet, hut when they return home a solemn silence comes over them. Would that another MacKendrick could come to life and rattle around among the old dry bones as one William did four years ago. Probably there is not a man who has ever come within sight of the sailing trophy who is satisfied with the present racing course. I will venture the opinion that if they were asked individually, one and all would agree that a half-mile-sided triangle is the most unfair and unsatisfactory course that could possibly he chosen to test the merits of canoes and men. Yet you never hear a racing man complain or suggest any different arrangement. The best yacht races are sailed to windward and return. Since the meet at Jessup's Neck there has been no such race on our A. C. A. programme. I can prove conclusively that more than three canoes cannot start or sail on even terms over a half-mile-sided triangular course. How absurd then to attempt to start fifteen or twenty. A mile-sided triangle would he far better in every way except one—the spectators on shore would not get quite so good a view. Are the races sailed then solely for the amusement of the onlookers? It would seem so.

A course two miles to windward and back would be a far better course for a canoe race than any number of times round that small triangle. Every boat would have an even chance of winning and of keeping out of the way of its rivals.

You need not expect, Mr. Editor, that this letter will call forth any views from the racing men; but a note from you asking certain questions on these points addressed to individuals might bring out some valuahle information. This would he a good work for a regatta committee to undertake. Any change in the laying out of courses would mean a little more work for the regatta committee and it would make the hiring of a tug imperative—but these can hardly he considered objections.

The racing at the meets for two years has been poor compared with earlier regattas in point of number of entries and starters at least. The course may have little to do with the result, but it certainly has contributed to the general opinion that has gone abroad, that only two or three men have even a chance of winning.

I hope to see a great revival of the racing interest next year, and therefore I look to the officers of the A. C. A. to do all in their power to promote this result. Has any one else anything to say on this subject? I hope so. C. BOWYER VAUX.

Cruising Canoe Yawls.

IN considering the subject of canoe design, especially when dealing with the larger type of canoe yawls, every bold attempt toward speed, beauty of form, large accommodation, great stability, and other desirable perfections seems barred at birth hy the necessity of compromising with other elements equally important, but antagonistic. For instance, stability has, to a large extent, to give way to the requirements of shallow water navigation; it is quite easy to so hallast the boat hy a fin and hulh keel as to make her absolutely uncapsizable; but ability to work in shoal water, to haul ashore—to portage on carts or train, or steamer's deck—step in and demand a movable keel in the nature of a center plate. No doubt it may be said by some that all depends on the nature of the water to be navigated, but there again a canoe yawl should be ready for any kind of waters; and, unless a dinghy he always taken in tow, or collapsed and carried on hoard, landing becomes a great difficulty, except at piers, if the draft exceeds about a foot.

As an instance of the advisability of complying with the compromise between the dictates for stability and those for shallow water navigation, we may mention two incidents which occurred in one day's cruising to the Nautilus, canoe yawl, last week on the south coast. Nautilus under whole sail, sloop rigged, mainsail 130ft., and foresail 36ft., had been running with a moderate quarterly breeze, which had kept true in direction and about level in force for nearly three hours; and her course lay about a mile and a half off the main land, with wind off shore. Suddenly, and without any visible sign on water or of clouds, a whistling noise from somewhere, or from nowhere, was heard, and then in a moment the boat came upright in a sudden lull, and next moment was laid on her beam ends in a tearing gust of wind. The Nautilus, handy as a top, luffed of herself, for her skipper was up on the weather bilge and the tiller under water to leeward. She came up head to wind in showers of spoondrift, which seemed to be cut off the comparatively smooth surface of the sea by the savage squall. The peak of the lug (there being heel halliards as well as yard halliards, or peak halliards) was let drop, a reef hauled down, and, with the mainsail thus scantlized, Nautilus was put off and scudding within about forty seconds or a minute of being struck; and in ten minutes more there was nothing but the old breeze and somewhat bumpy water, and during the next six hours the wind continued quite moderate and steady; no water had been shipped.

The Nautilus is fitted with a heavy center plate of composite construction, blocks of lead dropping into a double plate "board," and she has 250lbs. of lead inside her, making a total of about 450lbs. A steady, strong breeze may lay a boat down and necessitate reefing, where the hallast is all inside the boat, but the test of the margin of safety is best found in a squall, sudden and unexpected. A bulh keeler would probably also have been laid flat hy the white squall, with, however, the certainty of righting by lulling; Nautilus had just sufficient weight to do so, and, moreover, to carry way on and be under command, hut an unballasted skimmer would almost certainly have been blown over again with no way as, for the sails were shaking like thunder claps on coming head to wind. Then comes the question of would she fill? and thereby hang questions of construction and fitment enough to fill a page of the *Field.* There can be no doubt that, for such rough treatment by wind, ballast on the keel and bulb finkeels are the acme of security; hut a bulb fin-keel may prove the reverse of safety in other circumstances common to small boat single-handed sailing.

The day having passed with pleasant, almost drifting sailing, sunset came on while yet some 18 miles had to be sailed. The breeze freshened up, and by 10 P. M. the sea became lumpy and uneven; the jumps in the dark from sea to sea were so wild that the lamp was put out three times by the jerks, and was so left, as the single hand's attention was fully needed at the tiller and foresheet. Compass hearings and course were simply impossible if the getting into port was preferable to the probability of being caught out at night in a blow. A straight course for the lightship could be taken, hut with the possibility of passing very near the tail end of a shoal shingle bank, with the wind blowing on to shore. Here came the advantage of a centerboard and the lead line, or even the centerboard versus lead line, in so small a boat. The lead gave no bottom at two fathoms time after time; then one fathom, and, before the lead could well be hove again, the center plate struck at 4ft. draft. In a couple of seconds the hand chain gear lifted the plate a couple of feet, the helm was put down and in five seconds the boat was standing off to sea for a reasonable offing, and then put about on her course again for the distant lightship. Where would a fixed bulh keel have been in those circumstances? Probably stranded, and, further, lying on that shingle bank at this moment, with or without the boat attached to it, for a second bump would have been a nasty one.

Screw-lifting gear would have proved far too slow in its action for lifting a keel before another sea could drop her on the bottom. It shortly comes to this, that, for racing only, the boat should have a fin keel, and keep to the deep, even if extra miles of sailing are thereby entailed. For cruising, and convenience of landing, housing, and transporting, have a center-plate just as heavy as can be hauled up by chain gear and hand. Of course, these remarks and the slack navigation only apply to the single-handed sailing of canoe yawls; for in such craft, properly fitted, deeds can be done with impunity which would be seriously risky in yachts of twice their size not similarly fitted and handleable.—*W. Baden-Powell, in The Field.*

The Passaic River Regattas.

THE three canoe clubs about Woodside and Arlington, on the Passaic River, the Orange, Arlington and Ianthe, held their annual celebration on Labor Day and the preceding Saturday, each club holding a regatta. A number of canoeists were present from Saturday to Monday, the intervening day being spent pleasantly on the river. The first event was the regatta of the Orange C. C. on Saturday afternoon, held off the club house at West Arlington. The sailing races went off better than usual on the river, the wind being quite strong. The events and winners were:

Paddling, any canoe: G. W. Petty, Rutherford C. C., won; Frank McLees, Rutherford C. C., second.

Sailing, seniors: George Douglas, Ianthe C. C., won; George Manley, Orange C. C., second. Manley's boat filled early in the race and Douglas won with ease. He offered to resail the race, which was done, and he won the second time.

Sailing, for cruising canoes: Wm. Smiley, Orange C. C., won; B. R. Roome, Arlington C. C., second.

Sailing, juniors: Geo. Manley, Orange C. C., won; B. R. Roome, Arlington C. C., second.

Paddling, club fours: Ianthe crew, Harry Farmer, Barron Fredericks, H. B. Boggs and Joseph Stewart, won; Rutherford crew, G. W. Petty, Frank McLees, D. W. Bain and W. D. Barkley, second.

Sailing, maneuvering and upset: Geo. Douglas, Ianthe C. C. won; Geo. Manley, Orange C. C., second.

Paddling, seniors: Geo. Douglas, Ianthe C. C., won; Mark Freeman, Ianthe C. C., second.

Paddling, juniors: Geo. Petty, Rutherford C. C., won; H. Allen second.

Paddling, tandem (canoes of 30in. beam or over): Harry Farmer and Geo. Douglas, Ianthe C. C., won; Fred and J. C. Collins, Bayonne C. C., second.

Hurry-scurry and upset: W. D. Barkley, Rutherford C. C., won; D. W. Bain, Rutherford C. C., second.

The regatta committee was W. H. Smiley, chairman, H. M. Andersen, and L. E. Esler. The reception committee was J. E. Rogers, chairman, George and W. H. Smithanson.

After the races the ladies present were taken on a trip in the war canoe, and in the evening a reception was held at the club house.

The regatta of the Arlington C. C. was held on Monday morning, resulting as follows:

Club fours, open canoes: Joseph Stewart, E. B. Boggs, J. H. Braine and Harry Farmer, Ianthe C. C., won; J. Duguid, A. Archibald, Geo. Douglas and Barron Fredricks, Ianthe C. C., second.

Paddling tandem, decked canoes: J. Duguid and H. Farmer, Ianthe C. C., won; A. Archibald and B. Fredricks, Ianthe C. C., second.

Paddling, open canoes: Frank McLees, Rutherford C. C., won; J. C. Atwater, Arlington C. C., second.

Paddling, decked canoes: J. Stewart, Ianthe C. C., won; J. Allen, unattached, second.

Paddling, tandem open canoes: J. Duguid and George Douglas, Ianthe C. C., won; B. Fredericks and A. Archibild, Ianthe C. C., second.

Standing paddling: Harry Farmer, Ianthe C. C., won; Frank McLees, Rutherford C. C., second.

Hurry, scurry and upset: D. M. Bain, Rutherford C. C., won; Frank McLees, Rutherford C. C., second.

Swimming, 100yds.: D. M. Bain, Rutherford C. C., won; B. R. Roome, Arlington C. C., second.

The regatta committee was I. V. Dorland, R. Ellis, and B. R. Roome.

In the afternoon followed the regatta of the Ianthe C. C., at the club house on the Newark side of the river, resulting as follows:

Sailing Seniors.—George Douglas, Ianthe C. C., won; J. Stewart, Ianthe C. C., second.

Paddling, Open Canoes, Single Blades.—William J. Stewart, Ianthe C. C., won; Frank McLees, Rutherford C. C., second.

Paddling, Seniors, Decked Sailing Canoes.—M. A Freeman, Ianthe C. C., won; George Douglas, Ianthe C. C., second.

Paddling, Juniors, Decked Sailing Canoes.—Alexander Archibald, Ianthe C. C., won; J. E. Hedenberg, Ianthe C. C., second.

Paddling Tandem, Decked Canoes.—F. L. and J. B. Collins, Bayonne C. C., won; J. Duguid and George Douglas, Ianthe C. C., second.

Paddling Tandem, Open Canoes.—Barron Fredricks and Alexander Archibald, Ianthe C. C., won; W. and J. Stewart, Ianthe C. C., second.

Club Fours, Open Canoes.—J. Stewart, H. Farmer, J. H. Braine and E. B. Boggs, Ianthe C. C., won; J. Duguid, W. Stewart, A. Archibald and B. Fredricks, Ianthe C. C., second.

Paddling, Any Canoe.—C. V. Schuyler, Arlington C. C., won; G. W. Pretty, Rutherford C. C., second.

Paddling, Hurry Scurry and Upset.—B. W. Bain, Rutherford C. C., won; W. D. Barkley, Rutherford C. C., second.

Tournament.—H. Farmer and B. Fredricks, Ianthe C. C., defeated G. W. Pretty and Frank McLees, Rutherford C. C.

The members and visitors spent the evening at the Ianthe club house.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: John E. Bradley, W. M. Freeman, Worcester, Mass. Northern Division: George Emert Gross, Whitby; George Herbert Dartnell, Buffalo, N. Y.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The annual fall regatta of the New York C. C. will he held at Bensonhurst, Gravesend Bay, foot of Twenty-second avenue, on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 23. All races will be open to members of any canoe club or the A. C. A. Programme: 1. Unlimited sailing race to be called at 1:30. 2. Handicap sailing race, to he called at 2:20. 3. Cruisers' sailing race, to be called at 3:30. Open to boats of not over 18ft. l.w.l.: 4. Paddling, decked canoes, to he called at 4:30. 5. Paddling, tandem by hand, to be called at 5:00. 6. Tug of war, to be called at 5:30. The regatta committee includes Jas. R. Lake, John E. Plummer, and H C. Ward.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Independent N. Y. Schuetzen Corps.

THE grand prize shoot and summer night's festival of the Independent New York Schuetzen Corps at Washington Park on Tuesday, Sept. 12, brought together a large gathering of the corps' members and invited guests. The programme was of the close corporation order, being open only to the members of the society.

The bullseye target offered 25 prizes ranging from $75 to $300. The prizes to be won by the best center shots on a 4in. disk in a 12in. black. There were 10 premiums for the most red flags ranging from $20 to $200. Scores: E. Fisher 15¼ degrees, Geh. Krauss 29, Gus. Zimmerman 34, Geo. Lower 34¼, J. Bittschler 35, Alex Stein 54¼, Ignatz Marten 63, Wm. Hayes 66, B. Waltber 68¼, H. D. Müller 68½, L. A. Hoffman 71¼, F. W. Hofele 75¼, G. Bauer 85, E. Greiner 88½, F. Simon 92, H. Kuhn 97, J. Lower 98, H. Weber 100, A. Roedler 102½, Dr. Herold 121, A. Begerow 138, W. Soll 139, F. C. Halbe 163, M. Herman 167, L. Dreyer 172.

Premiums, most red flags: Gus. Zimmerman 44, E. Fisher 29, Geb. Krauss 24, Alex. Stein 24, B. Waether 24, Ignatz Marten 16, G. Greiner 12, F. Simon 11, H. D. Müller 10, F. W. Hofele 9.

Target of Honor: On the target of honor each member had two shots on the ring target, the best shot to count, the low shot to decide the ties, if any; prizes to consist of donations hy members and friends. August Begerow, a member from the Newark contingent, captured the first prize. The scores are appended: Begerow 24 20, Ch. Rieser 24 17, I. Marten 23 23, B. Walther, 23 23, E. Fisher 22 20, H. Kuhn 22 17, G. Greiner 22 11, Ch. Bauer 22 9, G. Zimmerman 21 21, J. Volz 21 18, W. Hayes 21 18, Geh. Krauss 21 16, H. D. Müller 21 15, E. Dreher 21 11, Ed. Hotz 21 0, W. F. Baah 21 0.

King target: This target was a 12in. disk (black), and each member had one shot; the best center shot to count; the member making it to be crowned king of the society for the year 1893-4. Strange to relate that, large as the target was, there were few bullseyes made. It was said that the reponsibilities of the position caused many of the competitors to become afflicted with an acute nervous attack. Henry Weiler, however, was one of the exceptions, for his shot was an almost perfect center. He was crowned king of the society with great pomp and ceremony.

Harlem Rifle Club.

AT the weekly gallery shoot of the Harlem Club on Sept. 8, Val. Krayer distinguished himself by outshooting the other members and putting up the fine score of 248 out of a possible 250. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: Val. Krayer 248, J. Bodenstah 244, C. Hutch 243, E. Bushy 241, W. Weeks 230, W. Taylor 228, McGee 227.

Ohio Rifle Shooting.

BELLEFONTAINE, O.—At the regular practice shoot on the 9th the following scores were made, conditions, 200yds., off-hand, open sights, Creedmoor target: G. Leidigh 35, J. S. Rea 37, W. H. Hele 29, J. F. Fisher 31, P. Rutledge 31, H. Dushane 32, P. Leidigh 39.

The weather conditions were very unfavorable, but nevertheless the score is an improvement over the last. JIM.

Zettler Club Prize Shoot.

THE twentieth annual festival and prize shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club, which was held in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, on Sunday and Monday, Sept. 10 and 11, brought together all the crack riflemen of New York and vicinity as well as many others from tbo adjoining States.

The marksmanship displayed during the two days was of the highest order. Among those present and competing in the tournament were Harry M. Pope, Hartford, Conn., August Dietrich, champion of the New Jersey (State) National Guard; Wm. Dutcher of Paterson N. J.; F. A. Bachman, J. Rudd and Jacob Hess, of Portchester, N. Y.; Aug. J. Christian, of the New York Schuetzen Corps; John Young, Maspeth, Long Island; Louis Miller of Dexter Park; J. Bodenstab, Harlem Rifle Club; O. J. Boyce, Jersey City; Jas. Hughes, Excelsior Rifle Club and many others. The weather during the two days was beautiful, the light clear, and the wind just sufficient to keep the range free from smoke, so that the shooters had a clear and unobstructed view of the targets at all times.

The race for bullseyes (red flags), was sharp and interesting. The premiums for most flags was divided as follows: 1st, F. C. Ross with 50; 2d, G. Zimmerman with 34; 3d, H. Holges with 33; 4th, M. Dorrier with 26; 5th, Wm. Rosenbaum with 23.

Bullseye target, 18 prizes, ranging from $20 to $10, the best center shot to count.

The first prize on this target was captured by one of New Jersey's crack shots in the person of L. P. Hansen. The scores of the other competitors are appended in their order: L. P. Hansen 12 degrees, F. C. Ross 15, H. Holges 17, M. Dorrier 20, G. J. Watson 37½, C. G. Zettler 37½, B. Zettler 40, J. Coppersmith 42, Dr. Grosch 43, J. A. Boyken 44, W. Forbach 45, R. Busse 48½, W. Deitcher 49½, F. F. Schmidt 51, F. Schmidt 52, H. M. Pope 53, I. Marten 58½, C. W. Horney 61.

Ring target: The competition on this target was exceedingly brisk, and the holding ability of the shooters exerted to their fullest capacity. There were four scores of 70 out of a possible 75 made by three of the riflemen, Mr. Holges making two and Mr. Zimmerman and Mr. Hayes one each. There were 21 prizes, ranging from $50 to $1, with four premiums for the five best tickets from $10 to $2. The scores are as follows:

Ring target: H. Holges 73 73—146, G. Zimmerman 73 71—144, F. C. Ross 72 71—143, Wm. Hayes 73 70—143, M. Dorrier 72 70—142, T. Flach 72 70—142, C. G. Zettler 72, J. Bodenstab ,71, B. Walther 91, I. Marten 70, L. P. Hansen 70, R. Busse 70, Dr. Boyken 70, P. F. Schmidt 69, G. W. Plaisted 68, John Young 68, L. Busse 68, H. M. Pope 67, B. Zettler 67, A. Begerow 67, E. Fisher 66.

Premiums: H. Holges 353, F. C. Ross 353, Wm. Hayes 352, M. Dorrier 351, L. Flach 351.

Honor target: The honor target is open to the competition of the members of the club only, and each has three shots without re-entry. This target is generally considered by the shooters as a sort of a consolation for those unfortunates who blow in their surplus on the ring and bullseye targets. Upon this target they fall back in order to realize sufficient funds to take themselves and family home again, and what is peculiar about it is that the experts of the club are very seldom found at the head of the list on this target. In this instance the three high men are of only ordinary shooting ability. Of the first ten on the list only two, Messrs. Hayes and Dorrier, of the expert class, are found in it. The prizes on this target were made up from $150 in cash given by the club treasury and donations presented by judges and members. Forty-two members shot and each got a prize ranging in value from $25 to $5. The scores are appended:

Honor target:

P F Schmidt	24 22 23—69	J Gunther	23 14 22—59
R Harmann	21 23 24—68	G A Schurman	19 20 20—59
J Kolmetz	21 23 23—67	H Oehl	22 18 19—59
W Hayes	23 23 21—67	G L Hoffman	—57
B Zettler	18 25 23—66	A Blumenberg	21 13 22—56
M B Engel	24 22 20—66	F Fabrius	14 21 21—56
J Bodenstab	20 21 24—65	F C Heintz	18 19 19—56
G W Plaisted	23 18 24—65	Geb Krauss	18 19 18—55
M Dorrier	23 19 23—65	I Marten	19 22 14—55
E Fisher	24 21 20—65	A Begerow	19 17 17—53
G Nowak	21 19 24—64	F Schmidt	21 16 16—53
L Flach	24 21 19—64	F Hocking	17 23 13—53
B Walther	20 19 23—62	F Facrompre	11 23 18—52
G Zimmerman	22 20 20—62	Dr Grosch	14 20 18—52
F C Ross	19 18 24—61	V Dittmar	—50
Dr Boyken	21 22 18—61	G Wissel	—49
C G Zettler	17 21 22—60	G W Downs	—42
J Coppersmith	18 20 22—60	P Steuber	—39
L P Hansen	17 21 22—60	H Strate	—27
H Holges	22 19 19—60	C J Watson	—26
R Busse	18 25 17—60	F Krumseick	—20

Judges' target.—This target was open only to judges and guests of the club. The prizes were two gold lockets or watch charms. An interesting feature in this competition was the shooting of Mr. E. Krauss, the worthy sire of our vice-president, Geb Krauss. The old gentleman is 76 years old and he fired his three shots without the aid of glasses, winning the second prize. Several of his competitors were under 30 years of age. The scores are appended:

A J Christian	23 16 17—56	F A Bachman	10 14 20—44
E Krauss	17 21 9—47	J Hess	11 12 20—43
E J Meninger	13 14 19—46	G Schmitt	12 14 12—38

LADIES' SHOOT.

Many of the wives and daughters of members of the Zettler Club are more or less familiar with the use of the rifle. It has been the custom of the club for a number of years to extend an invitation to the lady friends of the club to participate in the annual festival, and a short-range target and prizes have been provided for their benefit. This year exertions were made to entertain the ladies, and a committee of three of the members of the club was appointed to look after the interests of all the ladies They came and the committee hustled, and between the two they had a good time. Every lady who shot got a prize, and when all were distributed the ladies voted that the chairman, Mr. Joe Gunther, was just too nice for anything, and they hoped he would get appointed on that same committee next year. The scores of the ladies are appended, three shots, muzzle rest, distance 50yds., possible 45 points: Mrs. Dr. Boyken 41, Miss Watson 40, Mrs. Gunther 39, Mrs. Walther 39, Mrs. C. G. Zettler 39, Mrs. Shaw 36, Miss M. Gunther 36, Mrs. Smith 36, Mrs. Strate 35, Miss Bluminghberg 35, Mrs. Wissel 35, Mrs. Scharman 35, Mrs. Busse 34, Mrs. Facompre 34, Mrs. Downs 33, Mrs. Krauss 30, Mrs. Harmann 27, Mrs. Ross 22, Mrs. Dr. Grosch 20, Mrs. B. Zettler 20, Mrs. I. Marten 10, Mrs. Dorrier 8, Mrs. Krumsick 0, Miss Rau 0, Mrs. Nowak 0, Mrs. Plaisted (proxy) 0, Mrs. Flach 0, Mrs. Engel (proxy) 0.

Greenville Rifle Club.

ONLY four members of the Greenville Rifle Club had the courage to face the tempest on Friday night to visit the club house for the regular weekly shoot. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: C. Boag 248, Purkess 237, J. Boag 231, Plaisted 231.

The weekly Saturday outing of the club in Armbruster's Park, on Sept. 16, did not bave its usual attendance. Several of the members took advantage of the fine weather last week to make a visit to the haunts of the grouse in the northern part of the State. The members who participated in the shoot enjoyed a fine afternoon's sport. Messrs. Chavant and Plaisted started out to shoot a 50-shot race, but the former retired on his third string. The latter shot out his score, making the following strings: 228, 215, 214, 214, 223—1,094.

The scores of the members participating are appended:

Plaisted (.38-55-300 Bal. lub.).....17 23 24 25 23 23 22 22 24 25—228
C A Chavant (.32-40-185 Win. lub.).....21 23 23 24 22 18 18 18 25 23—215
C Boag (.25-10 Ballard).....16 19 24 20 18 23 20 19 21 21—201
Geo Purkess (Bal. .22 long rifle).....24 16 23 11 21 16 13 25 17 23—189

Pools—Three shots:

	1	2	3	4		1	2	3	4
Plaisted	61	73	68	67	Scheline	53	51	65	54
Purkess	62	60	54	53	Boag	62	62	67	61
Chavant	57	57	55	62					

Rifle and Pistol in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Appended please find scores of Rifle and Pistol Club made at its monthly medal shoot to-day. This is the first classification shoot of the rifle section and medal shooting proper will not begin with this arm until Jan. 1, 1894.

Rifle contest, distance 200yds., any rifle, 10 shots, no re-entry, Standard American target, with choice of 8 or 11in. black: Col. S. I. Kellogg 79, F. Gehret 78, Dr. L. O. Rogers 75, A. Gehret 74, E. Hovey 74, F. Fay 74, H. Heilberg 74, Chas. Thierbach 73, H. Heeth 70, F. O. Young 69, A. Heeth 68, F. Baumgartner 67, L. C. Babin 66, P. Bohr 60.

Pistol contest, 10-shot club match, distance 50yds., 8-pound pull of trigger, 10 shots, no re-entry, Standard American target: E. Hovey 92, S. I. Kellogg 92, F. Gehret 89, A. Heeth 87, C. M. Daiss 87, F. O. Young 83, H. Heeth 78, L. O. Rodgers 71, P. Bohr 70.

Pistol contest, 30-shot State championship match, open to all comers, conditions same as foregoing: Col. S. I. Kellogg 265, F. O. Young 261, E. Hovey 261, O. M. Daiss 260, A. Heeth 259, F. Gehret 254. ROEEL.

New York Central Corps.

THE New York Central Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Adolph Richter, held its monthly shoot in Washington Park on Thursday, Sept. 14. The attendance was fairly good considering the weather conditions. Those who brought along their umbrellas found use for them at the close of the shoot.

In the competition for class medals Gus. Zimmerman as usual headed the list for the champion class, Henry D. Muller for the first class, J. Eisenhardt for the second class, Emil Berckman for the third class, and W. Schneeweis for the fourth class. The scores are appended: 6 shots, possible 150, German ring target: Champion class, Gus. Zimmerman 135, Fred. Schraeder 125; first class, Henry D. Muller 123, H. Rohde 118, N. Young 98; second class, J. Eisenhardt 121, J. Jordan 121, F. Barrman 116, C. F. Gennerich 114, Jacob Dux 114, W. Wiebold 94, W. Teschman 86; third class, Emil Berckman 114, N. Holster 113, M. Ficken 110, F. Luhr 108, J. Lowie 107, J. Fazer 104, J. Forsch 79; fourth class, W. Schneeweis 109, Capt. Richter 106, A. Luck 70.

Man target, 3 shots, possible 60: Gus. Zimmerman 59, J. Eisenbardt 57, F. Barrman 55, F. Schraeder 54, Emil Berckman 54, M. Ficken 52.

Revolver Shooting in England.

AS THE revolver shooting season is drawing to a close the members of the South London Rifle Club are putting in better scores for the revolver championship of the club.

On Aug. 29 Mr. Winans made the first 41 that has yet been made at the club for the revolver championship. Details of scores:

Series 1, stationary target at 20yds. (counts for the championship):
Walter Winans.....7 7 7 6 7 7—41 C F Lowe.....5 7 7 5 6 5—34
Lieut Heath.....5 7 6 7 5 7—37 Mortimer.....6 4 8 7 7 5—32

Series 2, at disappearing target:
Walter Winans.....4 4 5 4 7 7—31

Series 3, at a 50yds. target:
Walter Winans.....5 4 7 7 7 4—34 Lieut Heath.....6 7 6 5 5 2—31

Scores for championship of the club:

Walter Winans	41	40	40	40	39—200
Lieut T W Heath	..	40	39	38	38 37—192
C F Lowe	..	39	38	37	36 36—186
F H Frost	..	38	37	37	36 36—186
E V Keen	..	37	35	34	33 31—120
Collman	..	..	33	33	30 29—125
H Andrews	..	..	..	..	36 33— 69
R de Salis	..	..	..	..	33 31— 64
Roxburgh	..	..	..	..	30 21— 51

The scores for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club have now got Major Munday advanced to third place, and Mr. Lowe has added a few points to his score, but has not come up to Mr. Winans. Below are details:

W Winans	41 41 41 41 40—204	Rand	36 36 34 33 31—170
C F Lowe	40 39 38 38 37—192	Capt Richards'	36 34 33 32 32—167
Major Munday	39 38 37 36 38—183	Carter	33 33 33 33 33—165
Lieut Varley	37 37 37 35 35—181	Capt Thompson	34 32 32 31 30—159
Capt Cowan	39 36 36 35 35—181	Treadwell	28 25 28 19 15—112

Rifle and Trap in Ontario.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Sept. 12.—Some very good shooting, good enough even for record in the great organ of legitimate sports, FOREST AND STREAM, was made on our rifle range yesterday afternoon. In shooting off the tie which they made last week in the Forest and Stream Club's rifle match, Messrs. S. W. Vermilyea and W. Douglas broke the range record. The conditions are 10 shots at 100yds., any rifle, off-hand, American field target, highest possible score 100. The range record was 74, which was made in 1891 by Mr. W. P. Clarke.

The conditions were highly favorable, the light being steady with a light wind from the right rear. Following are the scores, shot by shot:

S W Vermilyea.....9 5 8 7 9 9 10 9 9 6—81
W Douglas.....10 5 5 8 4 10 5 10 10 10—77

Both of the contestants used Stevens rifles, .22cal., with "long rifle" cartridge, Lyman ivory bead front and patent combination rear sights.

Our range is a very bad one. The maksman has to face north, and while the light shifts very rapidly as the sun is clear or obscured by clouds, the target is in the shadow of a railway embankment and the wind has free sweep from all directions. Under these circumstances I think the scores are highly meritorious and bard to beat.

In the trap shooting contests of the club, which comprised eight matches at Cleveland bluerocks, the results were: Senior Class.—R. S. Bell first, H. B. Day second, W. P. Clarke third. Junior Class—J. Haslett and W. Cronk divided first and second, W. Crysler third. R. S. B.

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

Hartford Rifle Club.

HARTFORD, Conn.—I inclose scores made by the Hartford Rifle Club Sept. 9, standard target, 200yds. Medal match;

W M Pope	9	9	9	10	8	9	8	7	7	8—84
	9	10	9	7	10	7	10	8	9	9—88
	10	10	8	8	7	8	7	10	9	8—85
F B Covel	7	9	8	10	9	7	8	10	8	8—84
	9	5	10	8	6	6	8	9	6	10—77
F K Rand	9	8	9	7	6	8	10	8	8	8—81
	9	7	6	8	9	7	7	10	8	8—79
W H Dunbar	10	5	9	6	8	6	7	10	6	5—72
J Edwards	6	8	9	9	7	7	6	10	4	10—76
	9	7	8	7	5	8	8	7	10	7—76
F E Rache	6	9	7	5	10	7	6	7	6	8—71
F Seaver	5	8	8	8	5	8	8	5	9	5—69
J N Lane	6	7	6	5	5	5	7	8	7	6—62
A H Tyler	4	6	7	8	3	8	5	6	9	7—63

Edwards wins the bronze medal in 10 scores of 70 or over with 78, 72, 74, 73, 72, 72, 76, 76, 76, 71—737.

Badge match, one entry: Pope 75, Edwards 71, Rand 68, Dunbar 66, Covel 65, Rache 63. H. M. POPE, Sec'y.

The U. S. Amateur Revolver Championship.

IT may interest intended competitors for the above trophy, as well as the present holder, to hear that Mr. Winans exhibited a copy of the trophy at the London Crystal Palace exhibition of hunting and shooting art subjects.

He won, for it and some more bronzes of his workmanship, the medal. This is the second medal this trophy has won "for art excellence" at exhibitions in England this year.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

AT the regular weekly shoot of the Turtle Bay Club, Sept. 14, the members held a team match for the refreshments for this present. The scores are appended, 10 shots per man, possible 250; distance 20yds.:

G E Jantzer	242	O G Fuchs	236
J Ochs, Jr	240	H Walter	242
J Oberle	241—723	J Dietz, Jr	244—722

Cincinnati, O.

THE Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range on the 10th inst. and made the scores as appended. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Payne	74 77 74	Topf	63 54 52
Weinheimer	72 68 66	Randall	77 77 77
Drube	66 65 69	See	79 71 70
Brumback	75 74 73		

RIFLE NOTES.

There is a report in circulation that the California shooters would like to have another go with the Zettler Club. There is not much doubt that should the Californians express a desire in the form of a challenge to meet the Zettler team again the latter would meet their advances. The rank and file of the Zettler club are just egotistical enough to think that individually or collectively they can outshoot anything in this glorious country. Their style of shooting is any weight rifle that a man can hold, off-hand, with or without palm rest. Some use the palm rest, others shoot without it and make just as good averages, so that so far as the palm rest goes it seems to be a matter of habit.

The Hudson and the Greenville rifle clubs, of Jersey City, have shot two team matches at the 200yds. range, and each club has won. In the last match the Hudsons won by a margin of only 3 points over the Greenville team, and it so chanced that the Greenville team was a collection of cripples at the time, their best men being away. This leads the Greenville contingent to believe that the Hudsons will fight shy of any further matches with their team when its best men are on hand. We hardly think the Greenville people have sized up the Hudsons right in this respect. We have reason to believe that a challenge from the Greenville Club to the Hudson Club for a match to decide the tie will be accepted by the latter without delay, and for any stakes the Greenville people may desire. Are we right, Hudson?

The outdoor shooting season is fast drawing to a close, but we have a number of riflemen, in and about New York, who, before laying aside their rifles for the winter would be pleased to enter a sweepstake match for 100 shots or more, for cash or a trophy, so as to decide the question as to who is the best shot at the close of the year 1893. Several years have elapsed since we have had a match of this kind, and a number of our local experts have become just a little inflated over their holding ability.

Our friend Holges, from Harlem, thinks that there is just as much satisfaction in capturing the first prize of the Z-ttlers on the score of two 73s as to take a long and tedious journey to Chicago for International honors. The Zettlers went to Chicago and skimmed the International shoot. Our Harlem man goes over to Wissels and skims the Zettlers.

The Zettler Club on Monday night, after the distribution of the prizes, honored one of its popular members, Dr. J. A. Boyken, by crowning him anew for his great score at Chicago. Miss Krumseck, the daughter of F. Krumseck, did the honors, assisted by President B. Walther.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise noted.

FIXTURES.

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

Sept. 20-21.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association sixth tournament, at Worcester, Mass.

Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.

Sept. 27-28.—West End Gun Club, Ottumwa, Iowa, second annual tournament. J. R. Young, Sec'y.

September.—Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association tournament, at Columbus, Ohio.

Oct. 2-7.—World's tournament, Watson's Park, Chicago, Ill. Live birds and targets. John Watson, Manager.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

After five weeks' rusticating in the wilds of Virginia, striving to get the best of a rapidly developing case of bronchitis, we are once more "on deck" with an eye and ear for trap news. When on Aug. 12 we left home we were what could be considered "a first-class wreck," not quite cast up, but just about able to keep off the reef. A week was spent in Charlotte, N. C., which town, by the way, we consider "the" garden spot of the State, as well as the home of a body of as whole-souled sportsmen as one would wish to find. From here we accompanied that well-known gun and dog expert, William Tell Mitchell, to his home on "Pocket Farm," on top of Smith's Mountain, three miles from Lynch's Station, Va., whence our family bad preceded us. Here we proposed to remain for three weeks enjoying the aroma of the pines, galloping over the hills and occasionally trying our skill in shooting gray squirrels, with which the woods abound. This programme we had no difficulty in following until the West Indian hurricane came along, this being followed by several others of like character, which finally succeeded in cutting us off from railroad communication and caused us to prolong our stop for a week. We were due for business on the 9th inst., but it was the 18th before we cast our optics on the familiar desk at "318." The trip was a beneficial one both to body and mind, and we carried home with us nearly a score of pounds of flesh more than we took away. The excellent care bestowed upon us by Mr. Mitchell and his estimable wife is responsible for the change. Hereafter we will be ready to welcome our friends at "318" on Monday and Friday of each week and on the off days will see them at one or another of the club shoots or tournaments. In the meantime we greet all our old friends and wish to urge them to send us dates for their club shoots and to furnish us with scores of those shoots we are unable to attend.

Live bird shooters have been well attended to in the arrangement of the programme of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, having two full days allotted them. On Thursday there will be the contest for State championship at 15 pigeons, besides two events at 7 pigeons, $5 entry, and two at 10 pigeons, $10 entry. On Friday will occur the contest for the L. C. Smith trophy, for teams of three men at 15 birds per man, in addition to two 7 birds and two 10-birds events. The 7 and 10-bird events are open to the world. On Tuesday and Wednesday the shooting will be at Keystone and bluerock targets, the programme showing eight sweeps at 20 targets each, $3 entry for each day. Then on Tuesday will be shot the Wm. Wolstencroft & Son's trophy match at 50 targets, $3 entry; the five men team championship of the State at 125 targets per team, and the contest for the American wood powder trophy at 25 singles and 5 pairs. On Wednesday the main attraction will be the Harrisburg Shooting Association trophy contest for club teams of six men at 150 per man. All events, except those for the trophies, will be open to the world.

The American Wood Powder Company announce some changes and improvements in various brands of their wood powder, as follows: They recommend their "D" brand for field shooting instead of "C," stating that it is a happy medium between "C" and 12-trap, being quite as quick as trap in muzzle velocity, but not as quick in combustion. Their "E," they tell us, has become a great favorite for 16 and 20-bores. Their "A" and "B" grades have been abandoned. In their circular for August, 1893, there are some modifications of their loading rules.

We are heartily in accord with Br'er Hough in his efforts to do away with the "playing for place" business in trap contests. But this will never be done so long as purses are divided as at present into four or more moneys, or into 40, 30, 20 and 10%, etc. If Mr. Watson wishes to have his 100-bird contest develop into a shoot "for blood" let him divide his purse 70, 20 and 10%, and the chances are that but few "points" will be played.

Everybody who knows how to handle a smooth bore as well as those who wish to learn how should attend John Watson's tournament at Chicago on October 2 to 7, inclusive. No man in the country is better qualified to engineer a tournament than is Mr. Watson, and nowhere can you be assured of a better shoot than on his grounds. And his birds, too, are usually good enough for anybody to practice on.

The Roseville Gun Club announces an all day open tournament to be held on John Erb's Newark grounds on Thursday, Sept. 28, beginning at 10 A. M. Bluerock targets will be used, and besides a carefully prepared programme of 10, 15 and 20 target events there will be a contest at 50 targets, $3 entry, with $10 added by the club. Loaded shells and refreshments may be procured on the grounds.

The great (!) shoot between Capt. Bogardus and an "unknown" will be shot on Sept. 30. The conditions are novel, but there are several shooters in the East and the South who claim that they would want nothing "softer" than to shoot under them against the Captain. As to whether or not they would put up cash we are unable to say.

The West End Gun Club, of Ottumwa, Iowa, will hold its second annual tournament on Wednesday and Thursday of next week. The programme is a big one, showing eighteen events each day, these comprising events at both live birds and targets. The list of merchandise prizes is a long one and comprises many valuable articles.

Go to Harrisburg and see to it that you take along plenty of ammunition for both targets and live birds. "Charley" Brelsford will be there, "Billy" Fiele will be there, "Jimmy" and Fuller Worden will be there and so will lots of other jolly chaps. Don't miss the trip.

The new loader designed and patented by Wm. Wagner, the well-known expert of Washington, D. C., will be on the market in about two months. Sportsmen who have seen the working model pronounce it superior to anything ever devised.

The Washington boys propose to hold a three-days' shoot, with $1,000 added money, about two weeks after the Knoxville shoot. Full details will be announced later.

The Atlantic City (N. J.) Rod and Gun Club will hold a tournament on their new club grounds the third week in June, 1894. The tournament will last three days.

During the rest of the fall and winter Saturday afternoon shoots at live birds will be held on John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark.

Shooters should not forget the fall tournament of the West Newburg Rod and Gun Club, to be held at Newburg, N. Y., on October 19 and 20.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

JOHN PARKER'S THIRD ANNUAL.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 9.—The third annual international tournament given by John Parker on Des-chree-shos-ka Island, the garden spot of the West, was, in spite of the hard times, a grand success, two sets of bluerock traps fitted with North's electric pull, and one set of live bird trans were in constant use. The traps faced the southeast, with the Cauadian channel and clear sky for background. A complete working force were on hand and traps all ready for practice Monday afternoon, and a number of live bird and target sweeps were indulged in. Early Sunday afternoon shooters began to appear, and by Tuesda y morning there was quite a gathering of the clans ready for the fray. Harvey McMurchy and A. Du Bray and Charley Willard, representing, respectively, the L. C. Smith, Parker and Colt guns, Rolla Heikes representing Montgomery Ward & Co., Charley Budd from Des Moines, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley representing the American wood powder, John Ruble of Chicago, C. Young of Springfield, Paul North representing Cleveland Target Co. and inventor of North's electric pull, which sprung two sets of five traps for four days without a balk C. W. Tuttle, I. E. Bridgen and James Carr of Auburn, N. Y., R. Worthington of Cleveland, O., S. Stewart, E. Meyers and S. Glover of Rochester, N. Y., J. P. Easton of Monroeville, O., J. H. Gulick of Washington, D. C., J. E. Wright of Wheeling, W. Va., Jesse Pumphrey of Columbus, O., N. W. Holt of Manchester, Mich., Wm. Thompson of Jackson, Mich., Wm. Butler of Mt. Clemans, Mich., Dr. J. J. Vallade and J. Weidermeir of Newport, Mich., G. Baumeler of Wyandotte, Mich., W. G. Clark of Altoona, Pa., A. H. King of Pittsburgh, Pa., T. Cicotte of Delray, Mich., R. Ford, J. Purser, R. Baugham, W. Donaldson, L. Youngblood, G. Goodman, D. G. Revell, V. Chausan and A. Drouillard all of Windsor, Ont., besides all the Detroit shooters.

The screens in front of traps were covered with the advertisements of various concerns, and presented an attractive appearance. A large gathering of spectators viewed the shooting daily and were much interested; seats were arranged and tents erected on the edge of the hickory grove back of scores, where the shooters sat, rested and chatted, until the squad-hustler called them to shoot. Never was shoot run so harmoniously and smoothly, without a jar of any kind, and Mr. Parker felt highly pleased with the result and the many requests he received to give another shoot of the same kind next year. Mrs. North, Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Brigden, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Parker, and Mrs. Lindsley viewed the shooting daily, Mrs. Lindsley participating in several of the live bird events. The live birds were a fairly good lot. In the International target race for championship of the United States and Canada, donated by John Parker, Chas. Young, of Spring field, O., shooting an L. C. Smith gun, won with the magnificent score of 49 out of 50, and it was a very popular winning. Mr. Young is one of the Sherman Gun Club champion team of Columbus, O., that will shoot with the Boston team next week at Chicago. Messrs. Heikes and McMurchy would have been in it with Mr. Young but for having to shoot in last squad and darkness. Montgomery Ward & Co.'s guaranteed purse of $200 over filled, there being 42 entries, which is a good number of entries at $5 an entry these hard times. During the afternoon of the second day the Empress Josephine, American wood powder yacht, with American wood powder band on board sailed down Canadian channel, dipped her colors, hove to and anchored in front of shooting, and the band discoursed music to shooters the balance of the week

The international live bird medal, representing the live hird championship of the United States and Canada was won by A. H. King, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who killed 25 straight, with H. McMurchy, Charles Young, John Cotter and John Parker a close second with 24 each. They divided first money, as Mr. King was not in the $25 sweep. The first average throughout tournament was won by Harvey McMurchy, shooting L. C. Smith gun and wood powder, second average by Rolla Heikes, using L. C. Smith gun and wood powder, third average by S. Glover, using Green 10-gauge and wood powder. A great many of the shooters waited over until Saturday morning and went duck shooting in Des-chree-shos-ka marsh with Mr. Parker. Harvey McMurchy and W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa., carrying off the honors. During the shooting Monday afternoon Henry Gulick, of Washington, killed a blue-winged teal while standing at score, about 50 passing over his head. H. McMurchy and John Parker caught a pike about 3ft. long while fishing one morning, which grew to be 10ft. long before the day was over, and 30ft. before the end of the week, so Jesse Pumphrey said, and so ended one of the pleasantest and most enjoyable shoots of the season.

Climax.

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Beyer 10, Clark 7, Payson 10, North 7. Meyer 9, Parker 10, Holt 9, Fry 8, McMurchy 9, R. Heikes 8, Henry 6, Pumphrey 9, King 7, J. R. Cotter 9, Agenolf 3, Lindsley 7, Stewart 9, Redwing 10, Budd 10, Willard 10, Drew 9, Spanogle 9, White 9, Cicotte 4.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1.80: Beyer 7, Payson 8, Parker 9, Redwing 9, Budd 10, Willard 8, Meyer 9, Pumphrey 9, Holt 6, McMurchy 10, Cotter 8, Stewart 7, Fry 9, Harry 8, Young 10, Fleischer 6, Thayer 6, Brown 3, Lindsley 7, King 8, Clark 6, Cicotte 9, Heikes 10, North 10, Drew 7, Spanogle 7, White 7.

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance $1.50: Budd 9, McMurchy 9, North 7, Heikes 7, Young 10, Redwing 10, Meyer 7, Pumphrey 10, Cicotte 2, Fry 10, Lindsley 7, Willard 9, Beyer 9, Parker 7, Stewart 9, Clark 7, Payson 9, King 7 Cotter 10, Holt 8, Henry 7, Laston 10, White 8, Thayer 6, Tuttle 8, Brigden 10, Carr 7, Brown 8.

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $2 45: Young 15, Redwing 12, Pumphrey 9, Fry 13. Easton 11, Cotter 13, Brigden 12, Budd 15, McMurchy 14, Willard 11, Beyer 15, Stewart 14. Payson 14, Lindsley 8, Heikes 15, Meyer 14, Henry 10. Fleisher 10, Holt 11. Clark 11, King 12, Tuttle 10, Carr 13, Cicotte 7, North 14, DuBray 13, Brown 11, Drew 12, White 14, Spanogle 11, Thayer 12, Sieds 6, Parker 15.

No 5. 15 targets, entrance $2 45: Young 11, Heikes 13, Budd 15, Beyer 12, Parker 9, Meyer 15, North 6, McMurchy 14, Stewart 13. White 14, Carr 14, Henry 13, Lindsley 10, Holt 10, Easton 14, Redwing 13, King 13, Cicotte 12, Tuttle 10, Brigden 12, Cotter 11, Willard 12, Clark 12, Pumphrey 13, Thayer 12, Fry 14, Fleisher 13, Spanogle 12, Brown 13, Donaldson 11, Ford 13, Drew 13, Chauvan 7, DuBray 11.

No. 6, 20 targets, entrance $5.40, $200 guaranteed:

Henry	11111011110111101110—16	King	11111110111110111011—18
Lindsley	11000011010011100111—11	White	11111101111111111111—19
Carr	11111111111111111011—19	Parker	11111111110111111110—18
Byer	11111111111111111111—20	Cotter	11111111101101111100—16
Budd	11111111111111110111—19	Butler	11101111101101011101—14
McMurchy	11111111111111011111—19	Pumphrey	00010111111111101111—14
Redwing	01111111111111111110—18	Thayer	11111111110110110011—16
Young	11111111111111111111—20	Meyer	11111111100111110111—17
DuBray	11111011011110111111—17	North	11110111111111100111—17
Cicotte	01001111111010010111—12	Stewart	11111110111111111111—19
Brown	11111001101111110111—16	Fleisher	11111101111111111001—17
Heikes	11111111111111111111—20	Slocum	00010001111011110110—10
Donaldson	01110111111011101111—16	Daniels	11011111101011111111—17
Brigden	01111010110100100001—10	Spanogle	01011111111111110111—17
Clark	11111111111111100111—18	Charles	11111111011111101101—17
Payson	11111011111111101111—18	Purser	11111111111011101001—16
Tuttle	11111011010111110111—16	Chauvan	11110011110111011100—14
Holt	11110011011110110111—15	Allen	10111111111101111100—16
Fry	10110111111111111111—18	Drew	11101011111111111011—17
Willard	01011011111110111110—15	Ford	10110111110111110110—15
Easton	11111101111110111110—17		

No. 7, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Lindsley 6, Henry 6, Easton 8, Redwing 8, Meyer 9, Young 10, Stewart 8, Holt 6, Clark 5, Carr 7. Pumphrey 8, Parker 9, Budd 7, McMurchy 10, Cicotte 5, Heikes 8, Du Bray 6, Fleisher 9, Brown 9, Beyer 9, Payson 10, Donaldson 8, Willard 8, King 8, White 10, Fry 9, Cotter 8, Drew 9, Spanogle 7, Thayer 6.

No. 8, two-man team race, 25 targets, entrance 75 cents, $50 to winning team, merchandise prizes to next four teams:

Tuttle	1111001101100111011111101—18
Carr	1111111111111101111111011—23—41
Young	1111111011011111111111111—23
Easton	1111111111110111110111111—23—46
Henry	1111001110101110010101011—16
Lindsley	1000111010100101011001111—14—30
Fleisher	1111101111101101111111111—22
Cicotte	1101100100111111111101110—18—40
Budd	1111110100111111011110110—19
McMurchy	1111111111111111110111111—24—43
Heikes	1111111110111111111111111—24
Willard	1111111110111011110111100—20—44
Redwing	1110111111011111111111111—23
Pumphrey	1111111111101010111010011—19—42
Clark	1111111110000111111110010—18
King	1111110111111110111111011—22—40
Payson	1110111111111111111111100—22
Donaldson	0111111010110001011100101—15—37
Parker	1111111111110010111111111—22
Drew	1110001011000111101111011—16—38
Meyer	1111111111010101110111101—21
Byer	1101111111111111111111111—24—45
Stewart	1111111110011111111111111—23
Brigden	1110101110011101111010110—17—40
North	1101110111111111011111111—22
Fry	1111111111111110001111111—22—44
Spanogle	1011110100111111011110111—19
Thayer	1111110011111110111011111—21—40
Walton	0101111101110110111011101—18
Butler	1110111001111110100111101—18—36
Newman	0100110110010100100101001—11
Daniels	1000100111101101011101110—15—26
Purser	1011111111111111110111000—20
Chauvan	1111010111110111110111101—20—40
DuBray	0111010110111000110001100—13
White	1111011111111111111011111—23—36
Forbes	0101111011110111111000101—17
Bradey	0010010011111100101001010—12—29
Cotter	1111011110111110111011011—20
Holt	1100011101011111011101111—18—38
Slocum	1100011010100000000111001—10
McWhorter	0101000011000111111111001—14—24
Latham	0111010110111001010011110—15
Blanc	1111100110101101110111011—18—33
Renick	0110111111111111111101111—22
DeLong	1100111101101000000011111—14—36
Allen	1101101011110010111010111—17
Good	0111101111011011110111101—19—36

No. 9, 20 targets, entrance $3.60:

Budd	11011110111111101111—17	Redwing	11111011111101010111—16
Meyer	11101101010111111111—16	Clark	01111011110111111111—17
Easton	11111111111110101111—18	Pumphrey	01101111001010110101—12
Fry	11111101010110110110—14	Byer	11111111111111111111—20
McMurchy	11111111111111111111—20	Donaldson	10111111101011000110—13
White	11111111111101111111—19	Stewart	11111111111111111111—20
Carr	11111101111111110101—17	Cotter	11111111111101111011—18
Heikes	11111111111111111111—20	Cicotte	10001111100111110001—12
Brown	10010011101110001011—11	Parker	11111101111111111101—18
Willard	11111111111011111111—19	Fleisher	11111111011101111011—17
Holt	10011101110111101110—14	Slocum	00101000001101011001—13
Tuttle	11111111010111101111—17	King	11111111111111111111—20
Young	01001111111111101111—16		

No. 10, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: McMurchy 8, Heikes 9, Byer 9, King 8, Stewart 8, White 9, Willard 8, Budd 9, Easton 8, Cicotte 6, Tuttle 6, Carr 10, Thayer 9, DuBray 6, Charles 7, Simmons 10, Pumphrey 3, Young 9, Brigden 4, Payson 7, Redwing 10 Clark 8, Rotaels 8, Myer 7, Chauvan 6, Agenolf 4, Purser 8, Spanogle 10, Parker 9, Donaldson 6, Latham 7, Fry 8, Renick 8, DeLong 6, Fleisher 8.

Second Day.

No. 1, 5 live birds, entrance $5:

Easton	01212—4	Thompson	11111—5
Clark	02111—4	Slocum	12111—5
Parker	11111—5	Young	11101—4
Lindsley	21112—5	Beyer	11111—5
DuBray	12121—5	Pumphrey	01101—3
McMurchy	11111—5	White	11220—4
Heikes	11111—5	Butler	10001—2
Budd	12111—5	Holt	12111—5
Wright	02122—4	Spanogle	11011—3
King	11211—5	Cotter	21121—5

No. 2, 7 live birds, entrance $7:

Parker	11110111—6	Easton	1111221—7
DuBray	1111201—6	Holt	1201001—4
Lindsley	1221222—7	Butler	1201111—6
Heikes	1110011—5	Young	1111111—7
McMurchy	0121111—6	Thompson	1012112—6
Clark	0212111—6	Wright	0211011—5
Cotter	1212111—7	Tuttle	1112112—7
King	1212021—6	Carr	1012110—5
Budd	1121122—7	Spanogle	2112111—7
Slocum	2011021—5	Beyer	1210122—6

No. 3, 10 live birds, entrance $10:

King	1101111111— 9	McMurchy	1111111112—10
Budd	2212122111—10	Holt	1021211111— 9
Parker	1010001210— 5	Spanogle	1021100121— 7
Clark	1111111201— 9	Heikes	1111111221—10
Thompson	2111121201— 9	Lindsley	1222221211—10
Slocum	2011110210— 7	Easton	1102222221— 9
Cotter	1112112111—10	Young	1111120111— 9
Wright	1010120111— 7	Pumphry	1112221022— 9
Dubray	1111101200— 7	White	2111111222—10
Velade	1220021102— 7	Beyer	1011121111— 9
Baumler	0111112102— 8		

No. 4, 25 live birds, entrance $25 and birds:

Heikes	1122111211122112212221021—24
Budd	0112120111111121112221222 1—23
Du Bray	0012121111111111111212112—23
Pumphrey	2220122120211121111212111—23
Clark	0212110022221112102112021—20
Holt	1211211123211112101221011—18
Meyer	1011011122101112110111210—20
Wright	0112222110121011121111220—21
Young	1101111211121111111221211—24
Lindsley	2022102222221112121011112—22
Parker	2112110121111211111122111—24
A H King	1112111211111111111111111—25
Brigden	0111021111021011112111111—21
Wanda	0212110120001101002221002—15
Carr	2121222110121222122112 1222—24
Tuttle	2110201111011111111111111—22
Clay	0010011112011000022221120—15
Latham	0222100022210201211111121—19
Easton	2122200221010221022011210—18
McMurchy	1111111211111021121111111—24
Thompson	2112102121111012511101111—22
Beyer	1222112211022111111110111—23
Slocum	1111121101100121221211111—22
Butler	0120210110111011012001022—16
Stewart	1111121012022211111221112—23
Donaldson	0122201210222202112210111—20
Veladen	0112121211022111022122221—22

No. 5, international medal race, 25 live birds, entrance $5:

Youngblood	1021101110221111121111011—21
Cotter	121111111•211112111111111—24
Cicotte	1010220002101120111001201—15

No. 6, live birds, miss and out:

Budd	0	Lindsley	22212120
McMurchy	2112121122	Clark	10
Parker	10	Thompson	1111211112
DuBray	2111121122	Young	1211121111
Wright	212120	Heikes	1121222111
White	1111112112	Tuttle	111111110
Redwing	111111120	Smith	0

SWEEPS.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $2.45: Redwing 13, Meyer 12, Young 14, Stewart 12, Heikes 14, White 13, Carr 14, Brigden 11. Donaldson 7, Cotter 12, Budd 13. Holt 9, Pumphrey 12, Spanogle 11, Easton 15, Wright 7, Thompson 11, Beyer 14, Slocum 6, King 9, Tuttle 8, North 13, Latham 10, McMurchy 13, Lindsley 13, DuBray 10.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Tuttle 4, Meyer 2, Heikes 6, Redwing 7, Budd 5, Carr 7, Easton 5, Latham 5, Young 9, Brigden 6, Lindsley 8, McMurcby 5, Thompson 7, Holt 4, Wright 6, Pumphrey 7, Cotter 3, Spanogle 7, DuBray 6, Stewart 6, Parker 5, Byer 6, Clark 5, Donaldson 3, Brown 5, Vallade 3, White 6.

No. 3, 25 targets, entrance $3.60: Meyer 18, Holt 14, Brigden 19, Clark 16, Heikes 20, McMurchy 19, Redwing 18, White 19, Young 20, Thompson 18, Easton 19, Spanogle 17, Carr 16, Tuttle 18, Budd 20, Brown 13, Pumphrey 16, Cotter 18, Cicotte 12, Desmond 5, Beyer 18.

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $2.45: Budd 12, Carr 10, Brigden 8, Young 14, Meyer 11. Tuttle 14, Forest 11, Desmond 9, Easton 13, Heikes 14, Redwing 13, McMurchy 13, Vallade 9, Wright 10, Slocum 8, Pumphrey 8, Thompson 10, Byer 15, Spanogle 12, Bruce 12, Holt 9, Cicotte 7, Stewart 14, White 15, Reynolds 5, Cotter 11.

No. 5, 15 targets, unknown angles: Tuttle 7, Carr 12, Brigden 10, Desmond 6, Redwing 12, White 14, Sears 7, Cicotte 6, DuBray 9, Heikes 11, Budd 11, Smith 11, Stewart 14, Meyers 15, Young 10, Easton 14, Wright 13, Pumphrey 13, Brown 14, Webb 3, Forest 11, Spanogle 14, Thompson 15, Simmons 11, Clark 12.

No 6, 15 targets, $2.45: Budd 13, Redwing 14, Wright 10, Pumphrey 12, Young 13, Clark 10, Tuttle 12, Brigden 12, Carr 12, Myers 14, Spanogle 11, Brown 12, Easton 13, Simmons 11, Stewart 15, Heikes 15, Thompson 13, Cicotte 6.

Third Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Holt 7, Hodge 9, White 10, Young 10, Wright 10, Thompson 9, Klein 8, Pumphrey 8, DuBray 7, Beyer 10, Easton 10, Budd 9. Redwing 7, Meyer 10, McMurchy 10. Latham 9, Stewart 8, Willard 9, Heikes 9, Parker 9, North 10, Clark 8, DeLavergne 7, Tuttle 9, Carr 8, Brigden 10.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1.50: White 8, Young 10, Wright 9, Beyer 10. Easton 10, Meyer 10. McMurchy 9, North 10, Brigden 10, Hodge 6, Thompson 7, Budd 6, Latham 8, Willard 8, Heikes 8, Parker 8. Tuttle 9, Pumphrey 9, DuBray 7, Carr 8, Klein 9, Stewart 10, Clark 5, Holt 6, DeLavergne 5, Redwing 9.

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance $1.80, Young 8, Byer 8, Easton 8, Meyer 9. North 8, Stewart 10, McMurchy 9, Brigden 9. Tuttle 7, Pumphrey 8, Klein 7, Redwing 9, Wright 8, Hodge 9, Clark 10, Desmond 7, Willard 7, DuBray 8, Budd 9, DeLavergne 8, Carr 10, Thompson 9, Fry 8, Brown 6, Simmons 8, Parker 5, McWhorter 7, White 10. Heikes 7.

No. 4, Cleveland Target Co.'s $100 guaranteed purse, 20 targets, entrance $3.60:

Brigden	10010110110111111111—15	Desmond	11010101111111011110—15
Tuttle	11111111101111111111—19	Millenbach	11011111111111101111—18
Klein	11111101111111100011—16	Drew	11111111111111101110—18
Beyer	11111111111101111011—18	Latham	11101111111001111101—16
Carr	11111111111111110111—19	Meyer	11111111111111111111—20
Wright	11110111111111111111—19	Holt	00101111000111101111—13
DuBray	10110111111101001111—15	Cicotte	01101111111111111101—17
Clark	11101111001111111111—17	White	11110111111111111111—19
Young	11011101111111111111—18	M'Whorter	11110110011100111111—15

Redwing	0111111111110111101—17	Stewart	1111111111101111111—19
North	0011110111111111101—16	310	0111111111110111111—18
McMurchy	1111101111101111111—18	Easton	0111111111111110111—18
Heikes	1101011111111111111—18	Parker	1111111111011111101—17
Smith	1111111011110101010—15	R C Yerkes	11111111111111111111—20
Pumphrey	1011111111111001101—16	W H Yerkes	11011110111111110101—16
Budd	1111011011101111111—17	Cotter	1111011111110111101—17
Fry	11111111111111111111—20	Butler	1111111111011100111—17
Lindsley	1111110111011111110—17	Charles	1111111110111111111—19

No. 5. 15 targets, entrance $2.45: Stewart 12, Clark 11, Carr 14, Meyer 16, McMurchy 13. Brigden 15, Redwing 13, Hodge 12, Budd 13, Fry 15, Willard 11, Heikes 15. McWhorter 11, Byer 15, Klein 9, Wright 9, De Lavergne 9, Pumphrey 10, Young 14, Parker 12, DuBray 12, Easton 14, Drew 15, Tuttle 10.

No. 6, gold medal, international target championship United States and Canada, 50 targets, entrance, price of birds:

Klein	1111110010111111111110111—21
	1111111110111111111111111—24—45
Byer	1111111110111111110111100—21
	1101101111111111111111111—23—44
Clark	1111011110101101110110111—19
	1111111110101101101111101—20—39
Latham	0010111100111111011111001—17
	1011110110001111110110110—17—34
Young	1111101111111111111111111—24
	1111111111111111111111111—25—49
Holt	1111111011110111110001111—20
	1110101110101111111011011—19—39
Pumphrey	1110101001010110110101011—16
	1110101111011010110100110—16—32
Budd	1111111111011111111111111—24
	1110011101110111111101111—20—44
Tuttle	0011111111111011111111011—21
	1111111011111111111111110—23—44
Carr	1011111111111110111111111—23
	1111101101110111111101111—21—44
Brigden	1100111110111111110111111—21
	0111111110110110111111111—21—42
Wright	1111101001000111111111101—18
	0111111111001110011001000—15—33
Meyer	1111111111111111111111011—24
	1111111110111111111111111—24—48
Fry	1110111111111110111111101—22
	1110110111101101111111111—21—43
North	0011111101111111111110101—20
	1111011111101111111111111—23—43
Drew	1111101011110111111111100—21
	1111111111111111111111011—24—45
Cramer	1110111000111101110011111—18
	1001010110110100001001110—12—30
McMurchy	1111111111111111111111111—25
	1111100011011111111101001—18—43
Heikes	1111111111111111101111111—24
	1110101111111111111111101—22—46
DuBray	0100000101101101110011011—13
	1010011001001110001000001—10—23
Redwing	1111111111111110111111111—24
	1111111111111110111111101—23—47
Lindsley	1111111110111011111110011—21
	1011011100111011101111111—19—40
Easton	1111111111111111111111111—25
	1111110111101111111110111—22—47
Stewart	1111111110110111101111111—22
	1111111111111111111011111—24—46
Northmore	0001100110100100111000010—10
	0111011111110110011111101—19—29
White	1111111111101110111111111—23
	1111111111111101111011101—22—45
Purser	1111111111111111111110111—24
	1101110111010101110111111—19—43
Droullard	1011111111111011011111111—22
	0110111111111011011100111—19—41

No. 7, $100 guaranteed purse, 20 targets, entrance $3.60:

Budd	11111111111111111111—20	Myers	11111111011111110111—18
Carr	11111101111111111111—19	Delougne	11111111110011111000—15
Young	11111111111111111110—19	Clark	11111001110111101011—15
Redwing	11111111101011110111—17	Fry	10111101111111101111—17
Byer	11111111111111111011—19	Smith	0111111110010w
Wright	01111111111111111111—19	Drew	11111111111111111011—19
Pumphrey	01001110111110101110—13	Holt	01010110111111111111—16
Heikes	11111011111101111011—17	Layden	11111101111111101101—17
McMurchy	11111111111110111111—19	Stewart	11111111111111101111—19
Tuttle	11101110111111110111—17	Easton	11111111111111111111—20
North	11101011101111111111—17	White	11101111111111111100—17
Hodge	11100111111101111110—16	Charles	11110111011110111111—17
Parker	11101011111111011101—16	Cicotte	00001101010010110100— 7
Davison	11111110111111111111—19	Lindsley	11111111111111111101—19

No. 8, 15 targets, entrance $2.45: Brigden 10, Fry 13, Heikes 15, Byer 13, Drew 11, Carr 14, Young 12, Easton 13, DuBray 12, McWhorter 7, McMurchy 14, Meyer 14, Hodge 10, Wright 13, DeLavergne 10, Budd 14, Willard 15, Charles 15. Smith 9, Pumphrey 12, Tuttle 14, Redwing 11, Clark 10, North 14, Parker 14.

No. 9, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Heikes 8, Willard 6, Charles 8, Carr 8, McMurchy 10, Meyer 8, Budd 9, Thompson 6, North 10, Parker 9, White 9, Byer 10, DuBray 8, Clark 10, Easton 8, Wright 8, Redwing 9, Smith 10, Young 9, Rotaels 5, Klein 7, Hodge 9, Desmond 9, McWhorter 7, Fry 9, DeLavergne 8, Holt 7, Pumphrey 6, Stewart 7, Payson 7, Purser 6, Cotter 9, Lindsley 10, Bruce 7, Tuttle 7.

No. 10. 10 targets, entrance $1.30: McMurchy 10, North 9, Byer 9, Clark 5. Lindsley 8, Budd 9, Parker 10, Fry 10, Redwing 8, Young 7, Hodge 6, Cotter 7. Desmond 7, Smith 7, Klein 8. Meyers 8, Charles 8, Wright 9, Easton 8, Stewart 10, Holt 8, Willard 8, Davison 9, Droillard 7, McWhorter 8, DeLavergne 9, Carr 7. Pumphrey 8, Heikes 8, Chauvan 6, Tuttle 8, Drew 9, Routel 7, Purser 7, Butler 10, DuBray 7, Snyder 8, Brigden 9, R. C. Yerkes 8, W. H. Yerkes 5, N. H. Moore 7.

Fourth Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.30: Stewart 9, Meyer 9, Redwing 9, Carr 9. Wright 9, Henry 3, Drew 5, Desmond 8, Heikes 9, Young 10, Budd 10, Easton 9, Willard 9, Holt 10, McMurchy 9, Beyer 9, DuBray 5, Lindsley 6.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1.50: Young 7, Budd 7, Holt 8, Wright 9, Redwing 9, Carr 7, Stewart 8, Meyer 8, Heikes 10. Easton 10, Willard 9, McMurchy 9. Beyer 9, DuBray 4, Clark 9, Lindsley 8, Henry 9, Desmond 8, White 10, Drew 10, Pumphrey 6, Tuttle 9, Brigden 6.

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance $1 80: Heikes 10, Easton 8, White 9, Drew 5, Wright 10, Redwing 9, Willard 6, McMurchy 9, Beyer 10, Clark 6, Henry 6, Tuttle 7, Young 10, Lindsley 6, Holt 10, Pumphrey 6, Carr 8, Brigden 10, Budd 8.

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $1.95: Heikes 14, Young 12, Holt 8, Brigden 13, Wright 14, Beyer 13, Redwing 15, White 14, McMurchy 15, Clark 11, Carr 14, Meyer 9. Lindsley 11, Desmond 8, Henry 14, Stewart 13, Budd 15. Willard 15, Klein 14, Drew 13, Parker 14, P. C. Yerkes 14, W. H. Yerkes 12, Easton 13. Tuttle 9, Pumphrey 8.

No. 5, 15 targets, entrance $2.45: Redwing 13, McMurchy 15, Budd 12, Willard 10, Wright 12, Henry 12, Carr 10, Heikes 15. White 13, Klein 13, Parker 11, Holt 15, Clark 11, Lindsley 13, Beyer 15, Meyer 14, Young 15, Brigden 9, Butler 12, M. H. Yerkes 11, Easton 13, Desmond 8, Tuttle 13, Drew 13.

No. 6, 15 targets, $2.45: McMurchy 14, Holt 11, Byer 12, Young 12, Heikes 13, Myer 15, Clark 7, Lindsley 12, Redwing 14, Wright 15, Henry 12, Carr 15, Tuttle 14, Easton 14, Fry 15, Budd 12, Klein 12, Desmond 10, Parker 15, Brigden 12, Drew 10.

No. 7, 20 targets, entrance $3.60: Wright 14, Carr 18, Frey 18, Parker 18, McMurchy 20, Redwing 17, Tuttle 17. Easton 16, Lindsley 17, Clark 15, Heikes 20, Byer 18, Holt 17, Young 19, Budd 18, Meyer 18, Brigden 14, Stewart 18.

No. 8, purse $100, 25 targets, entrance 75 cents:

Young	1111111111111101111111111—24
Pumphrey	1110010011110011101111010—16
Wright	1111111010111111111111111—23
Henry	1101110111111011111011110—20
Carr	1111111111011111111111111—24
Heikes	1011111111111111111111110—23
Lindsley	1001000111111011101111101—17
Kramer	0000001001000000000111100— 6
Klein	0011111111001111111111110—20
Tuttle	1111110011010111111101110—19
Clark	1001101010001011110000111—13
Redwing	1111111111111111111111111—25
McMurchy	1111111111111111111111111—25
Wanda	0000001001000000010010001— 5
Stewart	0110111111111101111111111—22
Holt	1011111011011111101111 01—20
Byer	0111111111111111111101101—22
Purser	1111110111111111011011110—21
Payson	1111111111111110101111111—23
A V Clark	1101011001111011111100011—17
R C Heikes	0111101111111101101111111—21
W H Yerkes	1111111000110111011011011—18
Bruce	1101011111011111111111111—22
Budd	1111110111111111111011111—23
Chauvan	0111011011111111001010100—16
G Smith	1111101111111110101111111—22
Charles	1111111111111111101111111—24
Desmond	1011000111110001100011111—15
Droullard	0111111111101111101111111—22
Drew	1111111011111111111111111—24

White	1101011111111111111011111—22
Easton	1101111111111111101111111—23
Meyer	1111111111111111111111111—25
Brigden	1111111110111111110101111—22
Brown	0000001010100100110001111—10
Clay	0011110001011011101100011—14
Parker	0110110111111111010111001—18
Brown	0111101101010100010110110—14
Renick	1111011111111110111011010—20
Allen	1101101101010110111111011—18
Wise	0001011101011111001110010—14

No. 9, 20 targets, entrance $3.60: Heikes 20, McMurchy 20, Young 17, Lindsley 15, Byer 17, Wright 19, Redwing 17, Easton 19, Purser 15, Klein 19, Parker 18, Carr 19, Tuttle 18, Meyer 18, Holt 15, Desmond 15, Stewart 17, Budd 18, White 19, Charles 19. Pumphrey 14.

Manufacturers' Association at Allentown.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 12.—The tenth shoot of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association opened to-day under very favorable circumstances. The weather was just about right for snmmer clothing and the shoot was a great success. Before the time for shooting arrived at least twenty shooters were on the grounds and with the arrival of the trolley car from Allentown came a lot more, and the first event started with over thirty entries.

This had heen advertised as the Allentown shoot, when in fact it is given by the John F. Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown, and the Wyandotte Gun Club, of Bethlehem, which towns are situated on the Lehigh River about six miles apart, and the shooting grounds of hoth clubs are at Rittersville, just about half way hetween the two places, the trolley cars running from one town to the other, passing the grounds. They are part of a large park owned by the Electric R. R. Co. and are beautifully located on a level piece of ground next to the baseball grounds. The halance of the park is tastefully laid out in flowers and grass plots, and there is a handsome grove of trees lighted at night by electricity. There is also a very handsome and well-conducted hotel on the grounds, where all kinds of refreshments are served in good style and at moderate prices. This is also run and owned by the railway company.

A great many people were on the grounds as spectators who had never seen a hluerock tournament before, and they were amazed at the way the tar saucers were pulverized by such noted shooters as Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co.; Thos. H. Keller, of the United States Cartridge Co.; W. Fred Quimby, of New York; Neaf Apgar, of New York; "Dutchy" Smith, of Plainfield, N. J.; John Hoffman, of German Valley, N. J.; "Big Jim" Smith, of Hackettstown, N. J. There were present also Mayor G. W. Smith; Chas. Rittenhouse, editor of the *Gazette;* Theo. Youug, superintendent of the electric light works, and Lewis C. Ayres; so that Hackettstown was well represented. M. H. Rupel was here from Milford, N. J.; Rene Clayton and Fene Cooper. represented the Schuylkill County Shooting Association; H. L. David (Landis), John Tredway, of the Philadelphia Shooting Association; J. A. Mills, Harry Febiger, Wm. Morrison, of the Forest Gun Club; J. Thurman, W. Garvin and H. Thurman, of the Wingohocken Gun Club of Germantown; Jos. Peterman and Doss Yeakel, of the Hillside Cun Cluh of Chestnut Hill, Pa.; H. A. W. Matz, Jack Shaaber. Oscar Mellot, Jim Schmeck, of the Reading Shooting Association; J. Mazurie and Obe Heil, of the Zionsville Gun Club; Milt Lindsley, just as jolly as ever, from Hoboken; also Eddie Collins, of the same place, and E. D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J.; Wm. Bourne and Dan Delaney represented the Frankford Gun Club, and Frank Whitcomb the Silver Lake Gun Club, of Philadelphia; Dan'l Lefever, of Syracuse, N. Y.

The Allentown, or John F. Weiler Gun Club was out in full force, the following being on the grounds: A. S. Rabenold, president: John F. Weiler, treasurer; Emerson Miller, secretary; Charles Kramlick, financial secretary; John Bennings, Ed. Ulmer, Al. Weiler, John Schaadt, Geo. Bretel, Harry G. Stiles, John Rehrig, Frank Sager, Francis Glick, Oscar Acker, Roland Sager, Edgar Piepher, Albert Steckler, Charles Christ, 78 years old, the oldest member of the cluh. and Shindler Weiler, 13 years old, the youngest member.

The Wyandotte Club had on the grounds W. H. Gosner, president; A. W. Miller, tressurer; John Cullen, secretary; H. C. Bachman, P. C. Blank, Jas. Benner, R. Felker, B. Felker, Joseph Forker, F. W. Flickinger. Moses George, B. Geisinger, Joseph Hagey, Jacob Hagey, Isaac Horn, A. W. Lang, Robert Marsteller, Henry Michael, John McFadden, David Nichols, A. Rodgers, Frank Snyder, E. Sohers, D E. Sautell, W. E. Sterick, A. C. Savage, L. Trumbauer, Wm. Entrot and Wm. Weiss.

The scoring for the tournament was doue very neatly by Edward Mertz, the reporter for the *Critic*, a daily paper published in Allentown. W. Lamont Gillet, Wm. Derr, P. Klingler, E. D. Sieger, Wm. Levis, Preston Mertz, Christofer Walker, Jos. Gorman were all looking after the comfort of visiting shooters. In fact the Weiler G. C., and that prince of good fellows, John F. Weiler, fairly took the visitors in charge.

Most of the hoys looked anxiously forward to Event No. 9 on Wednesday, which was for the championship of Pennsylvania and a fine badge known as the Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association badge, at 50 targets, entrance the price of targets, known traps, unknown angles, and it was won in fine style hy Fene Cooper, the champion shooter of Schuylkill county, with the handsome score of 48 broken.

On the second day it was late when a start was made, and by the time the third event was finished the manager, John Parker, saw that the whole programme could not be finished with the number of shooters present, so Events Nos. 4, 5 and 7 of 10 birds each were cut out and only the events that the association added money to were shot, in fact, the surplus shoot was shot off almost in darkness. A question was asked me during the afternoon if there were not more foreign guns used than American guns, so your correspondent and the gentleman asking the question took the names of the makers of the guns in the event following the time the question was asked, and we found that out of a total of 40 guns, 36 were of American make. How is this for home industry?

Every one seemed pleased with the Manufacturers' Trap Shooting Association and their able manager, John Parker, and hoped they would he ahle and willing next year to duplicate this year's tournaments.

H. T.

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets: H. Thurman 10, Keller 7, N. Apgar 9, McMurchy 10, Shaaber 8, Dutchy 8, Wright 7, J. L. Smith 9, Wolf 7, Hoffman 7, Clayton 8, Ulmer 5, Benning 8, Porter 5, Yeakel 6, Peterman 7, Mills 9, Flickinger 5, Black 7, Morrison 8, Hillegas 7, G. W. Smith 5, Rittenhouse 6, Young 5, Headman 8, Green 7, Ayers 10, Williams 9, Strob 6, Perine 9, Stait 5.

No. 2, 10 targets: McMurchy 8, H. Thurman 6, Ayers 9, Apgar 9, J. L. Smith 9, Mills 3, Williams 5, Bourne 8, Shaaher 10, Petermau 10, Yeakel 7, Clayton 8, Morrison 7, G. W. Smith 5, Rittenhouse 9, Young 5, Ulmer 7, Benning 9, Dutchy 8. Keller 9, Wright 8, Green 7, Strow 10, Flickinger 5, Black 7, Headman 7, Wolf 6, Porter 6, Staib 4, Miller 10, Hoffman 6, M. H. R. 9.

No. 3, 15 targets: Mills 8, McMurchy 13, Bourne 10, Williamson 5, Morrison 12, Dutchy 10, H. Thurman 11, J. L Smith 10, Wolf 7, Hoffman 8, Keller 6, Apgar 11, Wright 8, Shadabler 13, Peterman 10, Yeakel 5, Black 7, Green 6, Ayers 13, Rittenhouse 9, G. W. Smith 7, Miller 11, Young 5, M. H. R. 13, Porter 8, Perine 10, Ulmer 5, Benuing 7, Headman 10, Whitcomb 9, Clayton 12, Stroh 11, Collins 8, Lefever 9, Quimby 6, Smeck 12.

No. 4, 5 pairs: Mills 5, Morrison 4, Clayton 7, Miller 7, Bourne 7, Shaaber 4, G. W. Smith 5, McMurchy 7, H. Thurman 5, Dutchy 9, J. J. Smith 8, Wolf 6, Hoffman 5, Young 6, Apgar 8, Wright 8, Whitcomb 6, Yeakel 7, Smeck 5, Collins 7, Green 4, Quimby 2, Rittenhouse 4, Ayers 6, Black 6, Stroh 5, Williamsou 4, M. H. R. 7, Headman 4, Peterman 5, Lindsley 4, Lefever 4, Benning 6, Ulmer 4.

No. 5, 10 targets: Shaaber 2, Peterman 6, Stroh 3, Miller 8, Ayers 7, Apgar 8, J. L. Smith 9, Ritterhouse 5, Benning 8, Keller 8, M. H. R. 6, H. Thurman 9, McMurchy 10, Dutchy 10, Wolfe 6, Hoffman 8, Wright 4, Mills 7, Clayton 9, Lindsley 9, Fritch 3, Ulmer 7, Whitcomh 7, Quimby 7, Collins 9, Yeakel 7, Perine 7, Williamson 6, Lefever 8, G. W. Smith 8, Bourne 8, Schneck 8, Morrison 5, Young 4, Black 7, Huffort 4, Bell 9, Rehrig 10, Porter 5.

No. 6, 15 targets: Mills 9, Ulmer 9, Benning 8, Smeck 6, Miller 11, M. H. R. 12, Stroh 10, Lindsley 11, McMurchy 14, H. Thurman 8, Dutchy 9, J. L. Smith 8, Wolf 9, Hoffmann 13, Keller 7, Apgar 11, Wright 8, Clayton 14, Peterman 9, Morrison 5, G. W. Smith 9, Collins 12. Perine 8, Rittenhouse 4, Bourne 4, Ayers 8, Fritch 3, Whitcomb 6, Landis 12, Williamson 9, Yeakel 8, Schaaher 12, Black 8, Porter 5, J. Thurman 7, Lefever 9, Rehrig 8, Green 4, Bell 8, S. Douglass 7.

No. 7, 10 targets: McMurchy 10, Dutchy 7, Rehrig 6, Clayton 10, Lindsley 8, H. Thurman 9, J. L. Smith 8, Collins 8, Bell 7, Ulmer 5, S. Weiler 1, Mills 5, Benning 7, Smeck 8, Miller 8, M. H. R. 9, Stroh 8, Douglas 8, Landis 8, Bourne 8, Young 3, Morrison 6, Peterman 9, Williamson 7, G. W. Smith 8, Rittenhouse 9, Yeakel 9, Shaaber 9, Black 8, Lefever 8, Perine 8, Whitcomb 7, Quimby 9, J. Thurman 6, Ayers 7, Wolf 6, Hoffman 9, Wright 4, Apgar 9.

No. 8, 20 targets:

Lindsley	11011100101212100111—14	McMurchy	22112112112121021110—18
Yeakel	01100100201011010022— 9	HThurman	01011010212211021001—13
Mills	11000101120000002101— 9	Dutchy	20100111101210221112—16
Peterman	01121210221000101200—12	J L Smith	01011111212001121212—16
M H R	10110211111020120021—15	Bell	11111201102110010000—13
Collins	11111111211111211201—19	Hoffman	01120111121100211011—15
Morrison	21102112121121011100—16	Keller	01010121010201100001—11
Clayton	02222001111102200100—12	Landis	02010100111110012011—12
Smeck	11211002120211121110—16	Apgar	12100111001111210111—15
Ulmer	00020212110110000112—10	Stroh	01111020100002020001— 9
Benning	20000002102012000011— 7	G W Smith	02221112001101100000—12
Miller	20111100121111110102—15	Williams'n	11100102121110010101—13
Rourne	10021121001110110001—12	Shaaber	02002112201211111202—15
Black	11001101110112112012—15	Ayers	10021102001120101201—12
Perine	21101110101000112001—12	Rehrig	01011022111211111111—17
Whitcomb	11012100111202021221—15	Green	02000000210210001100— 7
J Thurman	11111001100101000001—10		

No. 9, 15 targets: Mills 10, Black 13, Whitcomb 14, H. J. Thurman 14, Ulmer 8, McMurchy 14, Clayton 14, Dutchy 13, J. L. Smith 13, M. H. R. 13, Hoffman 11, Miller 12, Apgar 12, Shaaber 15, Williamson 12, Stroh 14, Yeakel 11, Peterman 10, Green 14, Perine 11, Collins 12, Rehrig 7, G. W. Smith 8, Morrlson 13, Keller 11, Ayers 9, Porter 5, Benning 12, Wrlght 13, Wolfe 14, Smeck 14, Bourne 12.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets: Apgar 9, M. H. R. 9, Keller 9, G. W. Smith 8, Benning 9. Landis 9, Lindsley 6, Black 10, McMurchy 9, Henry 8, Treadway 10, Clayton 9, J. L. Smith 10. Hoffman 10, Miller 10. H. T. Thurman 9, Lefever 7, Ulmer 8, Collins 8, Williams 8. Brey 8, Stroh 7, Shaaher 10, Dutchy 8, Ayers 4, Green 8, Morrison 6, Kramlich 4, Douglas 8, Perrine 8, Bourne 9, Cooper 9, Maguire 9, Kane 6. Minnes 6.

No. 2, 10 targets: Treadway 9, Black 6, J. S. Smith 7, Hoffman 8, Miller 8, Shaaber 9, Apgar 8, M. H. R. 6, Keller 6, Binuing 7, Landis 9, McMurchy 10, Lindsley 10, Henry 7, Lefever 7, Peterman 7, Yeakel 8, G. Smith 7, Collins 8, Ulmer 5. Dutchy 10, Stroh 5, Williamson 8, Morrison 5, Kane 1, Perine 9, Green 9, Quimby 8, Brey 9, Matz 7, C. Miller 6, Ayers 3, Kramlich 4.

No. 3, 15 targets: Stroh 8, Wllliamson 11, Lindsley 10, Miller 10, J. S. Smith 13, Hoffman 10, Green 6, Black 8, Keller 7, Apgar 12, Shaaber 11, H. T. 12, M. H. R. 10, Landis 11, Clayton 11, Cooper 12, Lefever 10, Peterman 9, Collins 13, Dutchy 10, McMurchy 13, Morrison 10, Yeakle 10, Henry 10, Thurman. Sr., 7, G. W. Smith 9, Matz 6. Perrine 7, Brey 4.

No. 6, 15 targets: Williamson 9, Miller 11, McMurchy 15, Brey 8, Stroh 8, J. L. Smith 10. Hoffman 12, Shaaber 9, Collins 11. Apgar 11, Clayton 11, M. H. R. 13, Black 7. H. T. 10, Landis 11, Lefever 8, Treadway 11, Cooper 8. Matz 5, Quimby 9, Morrison 12, Dutchy 11. Thurman 9, Peterman 7, Yeakel 11, Henry 8, Lindsley 10, G. W. Smith 6, Perine 6, Spicer 8, Ulmer 8.

No. 8, 20 targets:

Lindsley	00002121120000101111—11	Peterman	02212011002110001222—13
McMurchy	10122201010111111121—16	Stroh	01100100100001200000— 6
J L Smith	11111211111101211111—19	Williamson	01011110212211110201—15
Shaaber	10021010011010011111—12	Matz	20100110010121001000— 9
Apgar	12011111102100212000—13	Spicer	11021001001002120021—11
Landis	10201111112111111211—18	Miller	11011101122201111101—16
Collins	11111212011011010121—16	Yeakel	11010001221100011101—12
Hoffman	11011011011110100112—14	Heil	01100000020011000102— 7
Dutchy	02101001210100011110—11	Mazurie	11111000011010001111—12
M H R	21112112201112222221—19	Morrison	11001201100011000021—10
Clayton	00001200010000101 0w— 5	Thurm'nSr	10001000001010100021— 7
H T	00112001010101212110—12	Henry	10000010000001002110— 6
Black	00111120111100012001—12	G W Smith	11100110100101100110—11
Perine	11000011010010000001— 7	Quimby	22100120111111101120—15
Cooper	20020120111102121111—15	Lefever	10110000110100010200— 8
Treadway	11110010201111022221—15		

No. 9, 50 targets:

Stroh	01110111000001111111011110101010110111011110111000—32
Williamson	0100110000010010000010111w.— 9
Kane	01111011100001010010000100010000101110001011100110—21
Perine	01100100000000100000101100110000101100001010100110—17
Landis	11011111111111111111010101101111111101111011101111—42
Shaaber	01011110101111010110110111011111110101010111111101—36
Collins	11111111111111110111111110110111011110110111101111—43
Benning	11111101011111111111111110110110101111100101101111—40
Cooper	10111111111111111111111111111101111111111111111111—48
Spicer	10101100110111011111111111111110101110101111111111—40
J L Smith	11110011001111111101111111100101111111111110101111—40
Apgar	11001111101111111111111001111110111111111111110011—42
Henry	11111101111111011111111111111111010110111101110111—42
Miller	10111111101011101111111111111101111111101111011101—42
Clayton	11111101111101111111111111111111110111111011111111—46
M H R	11111011111101110111110111101111101101101111111111—42
Hoffman	11111101110111111110111111111110111111111011111111—45
H Thurman	11111110111111110111111101101011110111011101111111—41
Dutchy	11111111011111111111111111101101111111111111101111—46
Green	00011110011000111101111011010111111111100111111111—36
Porter	11011011101011111111111111111110011110111101111111—42
Black	1111111011011101111111110w.—21
Peterman	1110111001111111111111001w.—20
McMurchy	01111110111111111111111111111111101111111111111111—47
Geisinger	1001111101100010101111001w.—15
Ulmer	1100110111000010101010111w.—14
Treadway	11111111101011111111111111111011111111111110111010—44
Lefever	11111111011101010111111111100010111100111111111111—40
Kramlich	1101111100011101111011111w.—19
Sohers	0111011111110011011111001w.—18
Wolle	0000111001010011001100010w.—10
S Weiler	0001000001111010110010101w.—11
Thurman	1101111111010110010110111w.—18
Heil	0110011011110010110011100w.—13
Mazurie	0011011111111101011111111w.—20
Morrison	11110011010110010111010110001111111111101111111111—37
Matz	1111011111111111111110111w.—23
Lindsley	0101110011111011110001001w.—15
Yeakel	1101011110110011111110011w.—18
Keller	1111011211111111111011111w.—22

No. 10, 15 targets: Williamson 12, Peterman 15, Stroh 10. Henry 13, H. T. 14, Collins 22, Cooper 14, Spicer 11, J. L. Smith 14, G. W. Smlth 9, Hoffman 13, Miller 12, Apgar 10, Perine 10, McMurchy 12. Treadway 15, Yeakel 14. Black 13. Shaaber 12, Mazurie 9, Thurman 10, Kramlich 8, M. H. R. 10, Landis 11, Morrison 10, Lindsley 13, Clayton 13, Matz 9, Dutchy 14, Lefever 9.

Tournament at Lancaster.

LANCASTER, O., Sept. 8.—Below find scores made at the tournament of the Lancaster Gun Club, held yesterday:

No. 1, 10 targets, known traps and unknown angles, entry 50 cents:

Money	1111101111— 9	Cook	1101101111— 8
Dan	1101111111— 9	Evans	1001111101— 7
Connor	0100111101— 5	Boyer	0111111011— 8
Cherry	1110111011— 8	Short	1110111010— 7
Bell	1110110100— 6	Boring	1111101001— 6
Jones	1111101111— 9	Dick	1101110001— 6
Horn	0000010110— 3	Aldire	1111111111—10
J H	0000010111— 4	Porter	0000000000— 0
Goetz	0110111111— 8	Wood	0011011101— 6
Joe	1101111010— 7	Lampbarger	0111110100— 6

No. 2, 10 targets, entry $1:

Alkire	1111111111—10	Connor	1111111111—10
Dan	1110111011— 8	Leonard	0011011111— 7
Short	1110101011— 7	Taylor	1010101111— 7
Money	1111011111— 9	Horn	0111111101— 8
Spencer	0111111111— 9	J H	0001001101— 4
Jones	1011101011— 7	Evans	0010101000— 3
Wood	1111101011— 8	Goetz	1101110111— 8
Bell	1001010101— 5	Cook	1111111110— 8
Joe	1111101111— 9	Lampbarger	0101101111— 7
Cherry	0111111110— 8	Strong	1011111111— 9
Bungardner	1110101111— 8	Allen	1110111010— 7
Woodward	1101111010— 7	Dick	1100001011— 4

No. 3, 10 targets, entry $1:

Fred	0101111011— 7	Cherry	1111111111—10
Joe	0111101010— 6	Taylor	1111011111— 9
Bell	0111011010— 6	Cannon	1111101000— 6
Alkira	1111111111—10	Bumgardner	0010111111— 7
Dan	1110111111— 9	Woodard	1001100011— 5
Short	1101111101— 8	Lampbarger	1111111011— 9
Wood	0111101010— 6	Evans	1111111001— 8
Money	1110011111— 8	Horn	1101111010— 7
Getz	1111110111— 9	H Joe	1110110100— 6
Cook	1011001011— 6	Hear	1010101111— 7
Spencer	1011111111— 9	Jones	1110110111— 8

No. 4, 15 targets, $1.50:

Money	110111101111011—12	Bell	011101010011111—10
Joe	110110111111010—11	Cannon	111111111110110—13
Cherry	111111011111011—13	Taylor	011111101011110—11
Wood	111001111010101—10	Fred	101011111111100—11
Alkire	110110111111111—13	Lampbarger	110111110111101—12
Dan	011111111011111—13	Woolard	001010100001011— 6
M Jones	110111111110111—13	Evans	100111101111111—12
Short	111000111101111—11	Bumgardner	101011011011111—11
Spencer	011011111111111—13	Neat	000101110110111— 9
Getz	111111011111111—14	J H	111010000010001— 6
Cook	111101101011111—12	Allen	111000110101111—10
Horn	101111111011110—12	Leonard	111111111111101—14

No. 5, 10 targets, entry $1:

Cherry	0111111111— 9	Spencer	0111011111— 8
Alkire	1101111111— 9	Ward	1011011111— 8
Dan	1101111110— 8	Jo	0110111101— 7
M Jones	0011111111— 8	Cook	1111111111—10
Short	1011100010— 5	Cannon	1111111111—10
Fred	1101010111— 7	J H	1011100011— 6
Evans	0111011100— 6	Ben	1011101011— 6
Black	1000111101— 6	Neal	1011111001— 7
Horn	0111111110— 8	Bumgardner	0111000001— 4
Taylor	1011011011— 7	Lampbarger	1010111101— 7
Getz	1101111111— 9	Woolard	1010100011— 5
Money	1010101111— 7		

No. 6, 15 targets, entry $2:

Alkire	111111111111111—15	Lampharger	101101101101110—10
Dan	110011111111111—13	Allen	111111011110110—12
Cherry	110011111111111—13	Bell	011111001001011— 9
Money	111010101110111—11	Taylor	100111111111101—12
Short	010111011001010— 8	Spencer	110111110111111—13
M Jones	101111111111001—12	J H	001011110001000— 6
Fred	00001111110w.	Cook	111111111111111—15
Joe	100111110110110—10	Evans	101100111111010—10
Wood	011101010101101— 9	Neal	101110011111110—11
Cannon	111100011011111—11	Leonard	010100110000111— 7
Horn	101011110011001— 9	Bumgardner	101010111111111—11
Getz	111111111111011—14		

No. 7, 10 targets, entry $1:

Alkire	1111111111—10	Horn	1111111101— 9
Dan	1011011111— 8	J H	1010001111— 6
Cherry	1111001111— 8	Getz	1111111111—10
M Jones	1111011010— 7	Jo	1100111111— 8
Short	1111011111— 9	Bell	1011111111— 9
Money	1011111111— 7	Cannon	1111110111— 9
Fred	0011110111— 7	Cook	0111011101— 7
Wood	1111110111— 9	Allen	1111111111—10
Black	0110001001— 4	Leonard	1001110111— 7
Spencer	001110110w.	Bumgardner	1111101101— 8
Taylor	1111100111— 8	Lampbarger	1111111111—10

No. 8, 20 targets, entry $2.50:

Alkire	11111011101101101111—16	Cannon	11110001111101011111—15
Dan	01111010111111111111—17	Lampbgr	11001011111111111111—17
Cherry	11101111110111111111—18	Bell	10011101001010011101—11
M Jones	11111111111111111101—19	Money	10000001111 Withdr.
Evans	01111101111011111010—15	Cook	00010100111 "
Fred	01111110011111010010—13	J H	11010111111110111010—15
Getz	11111111111101111111—19	Allen	11111111111011001111—17
Spencer	111111100110110110W	Taylor	11011110111111111111—18
Horn	11101011111111111111—18	Leonard	11110111111011110011—16
Wood	10011111111111010111—16	Near	10101111101011110011—14
Joe	11101111011000001101—12	Bumgdner	01111111101101110101—15

No. 9, 10 targets, entrance $1:

Alkire	1111111111—10	Jo	1110111101— 8
Dan	1011111111— 9	Cannon	1010011111— 7
Cherry	1101101011— 7	Getz	0111000001— 4
Jones	0011110100— 5	Allen	1011101101— 7
Short	0101101001— 5	Lampbarger	1101111111— 9
Fred	0100110011— 5	Black	1101101001— 6
Wood	1011111111— 9	Bell	0111011111— 8
Horn	1111111101— 9	Taylor	1011000011— 5
Spencer	0000101011— 4	Bumgardner	0011010000— 3
Money	1111111111—10	Leonard	1111101011— 8
Cook	1110001110— 6	Evans	1110010101— 6

No. 10, 25 targets, entry $3:

Alkire	1111111111111111111111111—25
Dan	1011000101101101111111111—18
Cherry	1111111100111111101111011—21
Jones	1111111010110011110111101—19
Connor	1110110001111000110101011—16
Lampbarger	1101111100011110001101011—16
Goetz	1111111111111101111110110—22
Fred	1111101010110111101111110—20
Spence	0111111111101101101111111 21
Allen	1111011111111000010101111—18
Leonard	0111110010111110101111010—17
Bell	0101010110001101011100110—13
Joe	0111111110111110111010111—20

No. 11, 10 targets, entry $1: Taylor 7, Alkire 10, Dan 9, Cherry 8, Short —, Money 9, Cannon 5. Allen 9, Leonard 6, Lampbarger 8, Spencer 10, Cook 7, Fred 6, Getz 9, Joe 9.

No. 12, 10 targets, entry $1: Alkire 12, Dan 8, Cannon 5, Cherry 10, Spencer 10, Fred 8, Money 9, Bell 8, Taylor 6, Getz 8, Lampbarger 9, Allen 9, Leonard 8.

No. 13, 10 targets: Money 8, Bell 8, Alkire 9, Dan 7, Spencer 7, Lampbarger 9, Fred 6, Cook 8, Getz 7, Leonard 8, Allen 7.

No. 14, 15 targets, entry $1.50: Alkire 14, Lampbarger 13, Spence 13, Fred 12, Leonard 13.

Hamilton Gun Club Shoot.

HAMILTON, Ont., Sept. 12.—Since my last communication the club has selected uew grounds in the vicinity of the magnificent driving park of the Hamilton Racing Association, with the club house within 150yds. of Mr. John Hammell's commodious hotel, so that in future we can insure the best accommodation to shooters visiting this city. Our first shoot on the new grounds took place yesterday, with heautiful weather and a large number of spectators. Among the latter we uoticed Chief of Police McKinnon and Mr. Symonds, of Philadelphia. The keenest interest was manifested in all four contests, two of which had to be decided by shooting off the ties. In commemoration of Captain Spencer winning the challenge medal the club will have a har suitably engraved and placed thereon. As the cool weather approaches our boys are looking forward to some live birds at our regular shoots. The following are the scores:

Handicap shoot, $1 entry, four money prizes and 100 cigars:

Wilson	1111011110 — 8	Graham	1111111111—10
Hunt	0111110111 — 8	Keizer	010001000w
Spencer	01110101001 — 6	Stroud	1100011111— 7
Crooks	11111110111 — 9	A Smyth	0011000000— 2
Hamilton	00101011001 — 6	Clifford	1100011011— 6
G Stroah	00100110000000— 3	I Smyth	0111111101— 8

Shoot for the Cowle cup, 25 targets each:

Hamilton	1010011101011110010111101 —15
I Stroud	11100000100100001w
Clifford	1110111111111101110111 —18
Wilson	1011001111000010110 1 —11
Hunt	10010110110111100111 —14
A Smyth	0111001101110111101 1 —15
Stroud	0100111111111111110101111 —19
S Smyth	1001111101100010010111 01 —13
Spencer	0101100001110011111111 —14
Crooks	1101101111001111 10110101 —16
Keizer	0000101011000000011000 — 6
Graham	1011111111011111111111 —19

Ties:

W Stroud..........11011111101—9 Graham..............1111101110—8

Shoot for the Hopkins medal, handicap, 21yds. rise, each pull his own trap:

Wilson	011000010101111 — 8	Hamilton	0101100100111101 10—10
Crooks	111011110110010001—11	A Smyth	110001111010001 — 8
Hunt	101100110101011 — 9	Graham	011110011110011 —10
Stroud	11110101011101001 —11	J Smyth	01100010w.

Ties, 6 hirds each: Crooks 2, W. Stroud 3.

Shoot at 15 singles and 5 pairs, for challenge medal:

Spencer	000101111010011	00 11 10 10 11—14
Crooks	011101100000111	10 10 11 00 10—13

Trap at Duluth.

DULUTH, Minn., Sept. 10.—The third medal shoot of the Central Gun Club was held on their club grounds at Spirit Lake on Aug. 31, and it was a friendly and exciting contest. The conditions were that the marksman who succeeded in three successive shoots to defend the club medal would hecome its owner, and naturally there was some excitement on, for Dodge, the loser, defended it twice and was prepared to give the winner a good score to beat him. But Nelson, his best competitor, had blood in his eye and his score of 20 took it from Dodge by the same number of hirds as Dodge won it on in the two previous shoots.

The Hulberg Brothers medal was also hotly contested for, and a better showing would have been made had it not been for the high winds which came up during the shoot. This medal is a perpetual one, being held by the winner only so long as he can defend it. Nelson has always worn it until this shoot, when he lost to Moore. Following are scores:

Club medal shoot, 25 singles:

Nelson	1111111110101101111110101—20
Dodge	1000101101011111111101101—17
McDonald	1011011011010001011001101—14
Moork	0000110001111110110100010—12
Moore	0010100000011010001001101— 9

Hulberg Brothers medal, 15 singles, unknown angles:

Moore	101001001111000—7	Moork	001000001010110—5
Dodge	000001101001011—6	Little	00100001001w. —3
McDonold	000110001100011—6	Owens	100000000w. —1
Nelson	001001000111100—5		

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

SEVEN members of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club had a good shoot at Woodlawn Park on Saturday. Each man shot at 10 birds, unknown traps, under American Association rules, for the club's monthly prizes. Dr. Wynn took the first with 10 straight, the others tieing with 9 each for the second prize. C. Furgueson, Jr., and G. W. Cropsey, after outshooting the others, divided the prize.

In the sweepstake shoot that followed C. Furgueson, Jr., won first and the second prize was dived. The score:

Dr Wynn	1121221111—10	P Adams	0111122111—9
W R Street	0112221111— 9	G W Cropsey	1011111211—9
C Furgueson, Jr.	1112112011— 9	D Bennett	1111011111—9
C A Sykes	1211212011— 9		

Hackettstown Shoot.

HACKETTSTOWN, N. J., Sept. 14.—In spite of a drizzly, disagreeable day my shoot went on at noon. A strong southeasterly wind prevailed, which drifted the smoke and particles of powder directly in the faces of the shooters; the birds were an excellent lot, and with the wind in the north or west would have tried the mettle of the best. Those present came to stay. The shooting commenced at 1:30 o'clock and continued until evening. It rained persistently the last two hours. Those present were Capt. A. Money, who was shooting in excellent form throughout, M. F. Lindsley and wife, shooting in good style in all events, but handicapped by using different guns, for his own gun was broken at Allentown; after two days' hard shooting the lever coupler gave way and of course could not be used. Mr. Borland, chemist of the E. C. powder works, tried his novice hand at live birds, for birds only. T. W. Morfey, of Paterson; Will Spicer, of Danville, Pa., and M. H. Ruple, of Milford, N. J., came on from Allentown shoot on the afternoon train; W. S. Cannon, of Newark, N. J., the noted one-armed shot, who never misses an opportunity to come here, because he "always gets good birds and plenty of them;" J. W. Hoffman, of German Valley, N. J., sick in body, but full of shoot and fun as ever; "Doc" Howell and J. J. Drake, of Chester, N. J. Mr. Thos. Young filled the place of referee and scorer in a very satisfactory manner. The scores, except the last, which was a $5 entrance miss and-out, all the events were held under Association rules and boundary.

No. 1, 5 birds: M. H. R. 5, Money 4, Morfey 5, Lindsley 2, Smith 3, Spicer 5, Hoffman 5.

No. 2, same: M. H. R. 4, Money 5, Morfey 4, Lindsley 4, Smith 4, Spicer 5, Hoffman 5, Drane 4, Borland 2.

No. 3, same: Money 5, Spicer 4, Morfey 5, Canon 5, Lindsley 4, Smith 4, Hoffman 3, Drake 3.

No. 4, same: Money 5, Spicer 4, Morfey 5, Canon 5, Lindsley 4, Smith 3, Hoffman 4, Drake 3.

No. 5, same: Money 5, Morfey 5, Canon 3, Spicer 4, Lindsley 4, Smith 5, Hoffman 5, Drake 3.

No. 6, same: Money 4, Morfey 5, Canon 2, Spicer 5, Lindsley 3, Smith 5, Hoffman 3, Drake 2.

No. 7, same: Money 5, Morfey 5, Canon 4, Spicer 3, Lindsley 3, Smith 5, Hoffman 4, Howell 3.

No. 8, same: Money 5, Morfey 3, Canon 5, Spicer 5, Lindsley 3, Smith 5, Hoffman 5, Howell 4.

No. 9, same: Money 5, Morfey 4, Canon 5, Lindsley 4, Smith 4, Hoffman 5.

All moneys were divided except second in No. 7, which Canon and Hoffman carried through Nos. 8 and 9 and then divided.

JAMES L. SMITH.

Unknown Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Unknown Gun Club was held on Thursday, Sept. 14, at Dexter Park. Fifteen members competed for the club's championship trophy and three extra prizes; each shot at 7 birds from H and T traps, modified Long Island rules, bird to be on wing when shot at with first barrel. Louis Miller had a good lot of birds and the shooting of the veterans was lively. Ike Hyde and J. Boyd tied for first prize and divided. Eight tied with 6 each for the second prize, which was finally divided between J. Flynn, E. Vroome and P. Sweeney. The third was also divided. In a sweepstake shoot that followed a lively race took place between J. Flynn and P. Sweeney for the first money in the second sweep. Each killed 14 out of 15 and then had to divide. The scores:

I Hyde	1121111—7	J Boyd	1111111—7
J Flynn	2011122—6	H Boemermann	2010121—5
J Sampson	1110121—6	H Knebel, Sr	0112110—5
E Vroome	2101211—6	Dr Little	2101110—5
H Skidmore	2221022—6	W Schumacher	2100220—4
G Marlborough	2221220—6	C Munch	1101211—6
J Ackhurst	1011112—6	P Sweeney	1121201—6
H Van Staden	1020010—3		

The Jeannette Gun Club.

THE members of the Jeannette Gun Club held a very pleasant day's outing on Friday, Sept. 15, at Dexter Park. It was the shoot of the fall season but only eleven members were present to compete for the three gold medals of the club in the several classes. Each shot at ten birds. If the second barrel was used only a half point was scored. H. Otten won the class A medal with nine, H. Hoops being too late to shoot for it, he also scoring nine with the first barrel. C. F. Opperman and C. Mohrman tied for the class B medal with nine each. On the shoot off the former won. L. Lehring taking the class C medal with six. Some good sweepstakes were shot off during the afternoon. The scores:

C Roesch	1101211210— 8	C Steffens	1110011111— 8
H Otter	1212212201— 9	C Mohrman	0111112111— 9
L Lehring	0211021200— 6	C M Meyer	2211112222—10
J Vagts	2102111110— 8	J Bohling	2011212022— 7
C F Offerman	1111012111— 9	*H Hood	1110111111— 9
A J Chester	1110210111— 8		

*Arrived too late to compete for the Class A medal.

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

FOURTEEN members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club competed for the Plate diamond badge and five cash prizes at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Wednesday, Sept. 13. Each man shot at 7 birds, club handicap, American Association rules.

This was the fifth contest for the badge and had been previously won by Dr. Van Ord and W. Laird twice each. Six tied with straight scores of 7 each, including the two previous winners. H. McLaughlin withdrew and left the others to shoot off the tie. A good race took place, and F. Pfaender won the badge and first money with 15 more straight, just beating W. Laird on the last round. J. B. Voorhees won the second cash prize from D. Lynch and C. Plate. The third and fourth were divided and F. Graff took the fifth with a score of 3. The score:

Club shoot at 7 birds, club handicap, Plate diamond badge:

W Lair	2121121—7	F Greff	0011002—3
W Scheeljes	1010212—5	F Pfaender	1211122—7
Dr Van Ord	2122122—7	H McLaughlin	1122111—7
J A Eppig	1121121—7	M Bondin	0221002—4
S Schllemann	1111111—7	J C De Fraine	2110001—4
F McLaughlin	0122011—5	C Plate	2110112—6
J B Voorhees	1211201—6	D Lynch	1121012—6

Referee and scorer, Mr. J. C. De Fraine.

Keystone vs. Woodbury.

WOODBURY, N. J., Sept 16.—To-day the challenge match between the Keystone League and the Woodbury Gun Club took place on the grounds of the latter club. Of the Keystone League only seven members turned up in time to shoot.

The Woodbury boys had made preparations for a good crowd and certainly gave those present a good feast and a very pleasant reception. They had a large 'bus at the station to meet the visitors and gave them a good drive through the town to the shooting ground, where we found everything ready for the match, and from the pile of large watermelons on hand it puzzled some of us to know which we were to shoot at, watermelons or bluerocks. It was soon decided to shoot at bluerocks and eat watermelons, and we certainly did justice to both. Mr. S. Merchant was master of ceremonies in charge of the feast, and any one that left the grounds hungry it was because he was too bashful to eat before a crowd. Messrs. G. W. Cattell, E Cattell, Green and in fact all the members of the club did everything in their power to make the League boys enjoy themselves and they did it with a vengeance. Conditions, 25 targets from 5 unknown traps:

Keystone.

H Thurman	1111101110111110111010101—19
W Garvin	1100101111111011011110000—16
W Thomas	1111111011111111111111111—24
W Pack	0111000011111011011111110—17
J Hack	1011111111111111111111101—23
A J Rush	1110101111110011011000111—17
John Tredway	1101001111111111100111001—17—133

Woodbury.

J D Green	0011101110111111111111111—21
J Eastham	1011011100110100111111011—17
G Thackara	1100000011000001100111111—12
J Henderson	0010001100110010011000000— 8
A Miller	1111111101011010110101011—18
G W Cattell	1111111111101111001111110—21
E C Cattell	0111101000101111010110111—16—113

After the clab match two sweeps were shot of 9 targets each. The ties were divided, as it was getting dark and almost train time. With a hearty shake of hands all around and wishes that the same dose would be administered soon again the Philadelphia boys left on the 6.09 train for home.

Sweep No. 1, 9 targets: Rust 5, Green 7, Thomas 5, Miller 8, Treadway 8, Merchant 7, Hack 2, Geo. Cattell 5, Mr. Pack 8, Thackara 4, Garoni 6, Thurman 8, Dougherty 7, E. Cattell 4, Hudson 3.

Sweep No. 2, same, rapid firing: Rust 5, Green 6, Thomas 8, Treadway 9, Merchant 7, Hack 6, Geo. Cattell 4, Garoni 4, Thurman 9.

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

FIFTEEN members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club were present at the regular monthly club shoot at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Sept. 13. Each shot at seven birds, class handicap, for the club's gold medal and class prizes, the latter being oil paintings by T. Short, one of the members. J. Bennett won in Class A, E. Woolley in class B and H. Le Maire in Class C, each with seven straight. On the shoot off for the medal H. Le Maire won on the fifth round. Sweepstake shooting followed, and a good race was made between J. Bennett, T. T. Edgerton and D. Monsees, each having to shoot at sixteen birds for first money, and then having to divide on account of darkness. The birds were a good lot and American Association rules were adopted. The Parkways' annual clambake takes place on Thursday, Sept. 21, at the treasurer's residence, corner of Van Siclen and Belmont avenues, East New York. The score of shoot:

Class A, 28 and 30yds.:			
A Botty	212•211—6	F T Edgerton	0110211—5
E Helgans	2220223—6	H Bookman	0000011—2
J Bennett	2221211—7	A Waeldin	21•1112—6
D Monsees	2111101—6		
Class B, 25 and 27yds.:			
T Short	0210211—5	H Bramwell	0212112—6
L Moeller	0221100—4	E Woolley	1223111—7
M Ellis	1022021—5		
Class C, 23 and 25yds.:			
A Andrews	0011112—5	H Le Maire	1211211—7
H Selover	2101111—6		

North Shore Gun Club.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y.—Scores made at the monthly shoot of the North Shore Gun Club on Sept. 9, each man shooting at 25 bluerocks from unknown traps:

Scofield	1101110111010111111110111—20
Bartram	1010110111111101110101101—18
Seawood	0100111101111010111000110—15
Rawson	1011111100111111111111111—22
Howard	0110111111011111101010010—17

L. SCOFIELD, JR., Sec'y.

Waverly Gun Club.

THE regular monthly shoot of the Waverly Gun Club was held on Monday, Sept. 11, at Dexter Park. Nine shot for the club's gold medal, at 10 bluerocks each, 2 traps. Otto Hilmer was the winner with 9. R. Mohrman was second with 8. A sweepstake shoot followed, Otto Hilmer being the winner with 5 out of 6. The scores:

O Hilmer	1111011111—9	J Rugen	0001100000—2
H Van Staden	0110111010—6	L Grane	0011010110—5
G Helmstead	0011010000—3	J Rathjen	0000000000—0
M Schulz	0110100100—4	R Mohrman	1111001111—8
A Fehleisen	0000010001—2		

Newark Gun Club Shoot.

THERE was a slim turnout at the September shoot of the Newark Gun Club, but the shooting was first-class, as were the birds. Of 184 shot at 164 were killed. There were three 10-bird events, No. 2 being the club shoot. In No. 3 second money was decided by a miss-and-out by Castle and P. Jay on the eighth round. The scores are here given:

No. 1, at 10 birds, $5 entry:

Castle	1111112101— 9	Erb	2102111212— 9
Hollis	1010121111— 8	P Jay	1112111112—10
Hedden	1121111111—10		

No. 2, club shoot at 10 birds for points and a nominal sweepstake included:

Castle	1111112111—10	Erb	1112211112—10
Hollis	1211110211— 9	P Jay	21•2112111— 9
Hedden	1012012121— 8	Walters	1100221101— 7

No. 3, at 10 birds, $5 entry:

Tie.

Castle	1111111011—9	11211211	Hollis 1201•11000— 5
P Jay	0212221221—9	2111 212	Hedden 1111211212—10
Erb	2022111211—9	1122111•	

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. B., Lindsay, Ont.—I have seen in the FOREST AND STREAM scores made on the "Standard American Revolver Target." Will you kindly inform me what the "Standard" is, also the values of shots thereon at 20yds. or 25yds.? Ans. The "Standard American Revolver Target" referred to is the standard American target used in rifle shooting. For 25yds, shooting with the revolver the regular 100yds. target is used. The possible for 10 shots is 100.

W. B. T., Philadelphia.—Can you advise me of any method of making a chokebore gun scatter sufficiently for brush shooting at woodcock or quail? Ans. To load chokebore guns so as to scatter the shot at close quarters, diminish the thickness of wadding between the powder and shot, an increase it over the shot. The scattering may still further be increased by separating the shot charge by a wad. See "The Breechloader and How to Use It," $1, postpaid.

H. L. W., Adrian, Mich.—1. Is there good hunting in Texas such as quail, partridge, ducks, and other birds, and in what part of the State? 2. Is there good fishing there, and what kind of fish and whereabouts? 3. Which is considered the best State in the South or West for hunting and fishing? Ans. 1. Go to Dallas, Texas, where you will find bird shooting all you want. 2. Good fishing near Beeville. 3. Texas, we presume. See "Chicago and the West," this week.

C. H. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—Kindly inform me as to the best shooting grounds for large, also small, game within thirty hours' ride west of Chicago. Ans. Neligh, Neb., and the counties adjoining make an excellent objective point for chickens this year. Kennedy, in northern Minnesota, will offer entirely satisfactory sport on grouse, with moose and big game not far off in season. Tamarack Lake, Minnesota, is good for mallards. Ottertail county, Minn., is full of lakes which usually afford good duck shooting, though not so good as formerly. For deer, go to the north peninsula of Michigan, say at Saunders, Basswood or points further north. The Brulé country is full of deer this year. Call on our Western representative for fuller particulars, as you go west.

F. P. V., Delaware, Ohio.—Please give us in your next issue plain directions for making the very best and most secure preparation used in snelling fish hooks; also state how it should be applied, and whether it should be applied to shank of hook as well as to wrapping thread? Ans. A good varnish is made as follows: "Take a quantity of the best gum copal, and pick out the lightest colored and clearest nodules. Test them for their fitness by touching each with a drop of the oil of rosemary. If the gum becomes at once sticky where the oil touched it it will serve your purpose. Put these pieces on one side. When you have enough, say three or four ounces, pulverize them in an iron or glass mortar and spread the dust over a shallow dish in a thickish layer. Next pour oil of rosemary over the layer of gum till it is just covered. Let it stand a little time till the gum is permeated and then stir the whole mess together. It should form a plastic sticky paste. Now add alcohol gradually, and it is well if you place the dish over a water bath, to aid the mixing and solution, and as soon as possible pour the whole into a bottle, adding alcohol as you think it is required to form a sufficiently thin varnish. This is a very superior varnish and will resist water much longer than shellac, though it does not dry quite so quickly." You should have J. Harrington Keene's "Fly-Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout." Price, $1.50.

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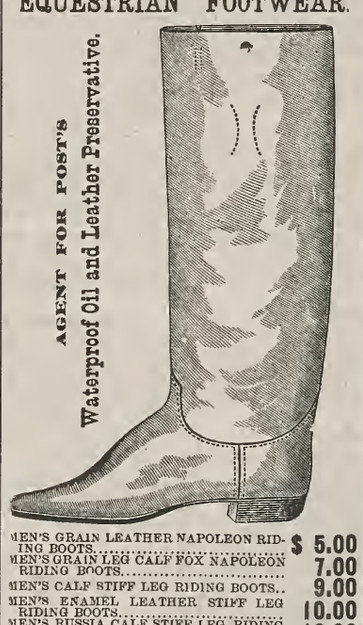

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

VOL. XLI.—No. 13. No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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FAME AND BIRD SONG.

IN a paper read before the Linnæan Society, of this city, Mr. Tappan Adney gives an interesting list of bird names current among the Melicete Indians, who occupy the valley of the St. Johns River in New Brunswick. Many of the names have reference to some habit or the character or song note of the species to which they are applied, and show that savage and civilized man follow much the same methods in making language. Thus our "whippoorwill," which is in mimicry of the bird's note, has its equivalent in the Melicete *hwipolis;* and the pied-billed grebe, which baffled shooters have nicknamed "hell-diver," is called by the Melicetes *azops*, akin to *zobeyu*, meaning smooth or slippery; for, the Indians say, it is a bird "sartin, very hard to hit." The name *nana-miktcus*, "rocks-its-rump," answers to the white boy's "teeter" and "tip-up;" and the "hammer-head" woodpecker becomes in Melicete *abakwises*, "bird-that-butts-its-head." Catbird in English is catbird in Melicete, though Mr. Adney suggests that the name could not have been given before the white man brought cats to America. Another name which has been adopted since the coming of the whites is that of the *waimoktcis*, "little-white-man," applied to the winter wren. There was once a certain little white boy, who used to whistle like the wren, so that in time, hearing the bird, the Indians used to exclaim, "The little white man."

But the most interesting of all the Indian bird names here recorded is that of the hermit thrush, with the interpretation of its call, *Tanelain*—"Where-are-you-going?" *Tanelain, Nikola Deni-Deni*—"Where are you going, Nicolas Denys?"

Who is or was this Nicolas Denys? Only an Indian answers to the name now, an Indian who has inherited it through many generations from an ancestor who appropriated it from the original Nicolas Denys of America, a white man, a Frenchman. He came to New France in 1632, and in time advanced to the governorship of the entire St. Lawrence territory, over which floated the *fleur-de-lis* of France. Trading posts were established by him, whither the tribes resorted to barter; and here the Melicetes became familiar with that name which ever since their thrush has been calling in the woods, for three centuries and more. It must have been an honored name in New Brunswick in those days when the Indians adopted it for themselves and heard it in their bird songs. Good governor and shrewd trader that he was, Monsieur could never have dreamed of the immortality his patronymic should achieve thus set to bird music, so that never a hermit thrush should call to its brooding mate without uttering that name anew. Verily, for security of fame Nicolas Denys were a good name, and rather to be chosen than great riches.

But what is in a name, and what is fame itself when only an empty name prated by wild birds in New Brunswick forests? For Mr. Adney tells us that the Nicolas Denys known to the Indians is not the Frenchman who was a great man in the Seventeenth Century, but the Melicete of to-day. For all that there is in it of reminder of the original bearer, the thrush might as wellcall it in remote solitudes unheard of human ear.

Equally empty and quite as meaningless is the proclamation heard in our own fields, when the quail whistles his call and pronounces the name of Bob White. For while the Melicete has forgotton the original Nicolas Denys, his white brother too has ceased to remember that Robert White, whom his friends knew as "Bob," and whose name was so familar to them that, like the Melicetes they recognized it in the cry of a bird. The first to hear the quail call Bob White, told it to a friend, he to another and the third to a fourth, until all the neighbors knew it, all the quail in the settlement called it, and Mr. Robert White awoke to find himself famous; all the quail of the continent were calling Bob White. More than this, from time immemorial, remote, prehistoric—for generations back of generations—the quail had been piping the name uninterpreted until, Robert White—this one particular individual special baby White, was born and was baptized Robert and nicknamed Bob. For generations after generations the quail will continue to call it. Robert White's fame is assured. He has a security of the recognition of posterity more enduring than stone or brass. But his fame too, like that of the Canadian Frenchman, will be only the empty and unmeaning repetition of a name. Who Bob White was, when and where he lived—this is already forgotten. Of the original Robert White we know as little as we do of that Will, whom one bird calls Poor-Will, for whose chastening another exhorts whip-poor-will, while yet a third unfeelingly cries Chuck-Will's-widow. We know as little of the original Bob White, indeed, as of the original Katy, and whether she did or she didn't.

FOREST DESTRUCTION IN THE ROCKIES.

IN the early days of the settlement of this continent, when the Americans were few in number and the continent stretched away unknown and uninhabited to the illimitable West, it was thought that there was no need that any one should be careful in his use of the natural products of the country. There was land enough and to spare for every one; there was timber enough, the forests were best cut down and burned; there was game enough, let each one kill what he pleased. Perhaps it is the survival of this old idea which leads the average American to view with equanimity the plundering by individuals of the general Government. This is done in a thousand ways, and by many people is considered entirely legitimate. In no form is it more common or more far-reaching in its evil effects than in stripping the Government timber lands of their trees. This has taken place on a vast scale for many years, and its evil effects have long been seen in the East and in the West.

In the East our mountain sides, no longer protected by the roots and branches of trees and underbrush, are torn and guttered in spring by the rush of waters down their slopes. The spring freshets which so often spread death and destruction along the banks of our great rivers, also deposit in the beds of these same streams the soil torn from field and hillside, making their channels each year more shallow and more difficult of navigation. The tributaries of these rivers—the brooks and creeks, once forest-shaded and fed by springs and swamps—now dry up in summer, as soon as they have served to carry off the melting snows of spring.

In the Western mountains things are even worse, for there the timber growth is more scanty than in the East, and the work of destruction proceeds more rapidly. The mountains of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and California have in many sections been stripped of their forests with a rapidity and a thoroughness which is almost beyond belief, and as a consequence of this denudation the water so much needed by the farmer for irrigation on the dry plains becomes each year scarcer and more difficult to obtain.

In the northern Rocky Mountains on their western slope lies the beautiful Flat Head Valley, a region of abundant rainfall, of pleasant lakes and of swift-flowing brooks and rivers, abundantly fed from vast fields of snow and ice far up among the mountain peaks. This valley has only recently been opened up by the building of the Great Northern R.R., and is now dotted with new towns and with the ranches of new settlers. Here in this lovely valley the work of timber destruction is now going on as recklessly and as wastefully as it went on years ago further to the south. Fires set by careless travelers, by homesteaders who wish to clear their claims, or by hunters red or white; shingle mills set by every stream, contracts for railroad ties or for snow-shed timber are destroying the vast forests of the Flat Head Valley at a rate which, to the experienced judgment, makes the end of the timber there seem near at hand.

The protection of these forests lies in the hands of the General Land Office, and from time to time its inspectors pass through the country, gather in a very general way what information they can about the forest and make their report to headquarters. As has elsewhere been the case, so here, action can seldom be taken in time to stop any particular piece of destruction. After the ruin has been accomplished, suits may be instituted to recover the value of the timber, but even if the value be recovered, this does not restore the great trees which shaded the mountain slopes, in summer and winter, which protected the springs and retarded the melting of the winter's snows. Decades must elapse before nature can replace what man destroyed in a few brief months.

The present system of forest protection by the Land Office is entirely inadequate and inefficient, because it sends out strangers to gather information about a country of which they know nothing. In many localities a few local agents at small salaries with some allowance for expenses could, while pursuing their usual avocations, collect definite and detailed information with regard to forest destruction, and when the traveling inspector presents himself, would be able at once to inform him as to the condition of affairs, to show him their evidence and to let him see with his own eyes how matters stand.

If our forests are worth preserving—and about that there is no question—the antiquated and inefficient methods of the Land Office, which have nothing to recommend them except their age, should be discarded. The Land Office should get out of its rut and make a vigorous and determined effort for real forest preservation in the Rocky Mountains.

SNAP SHOTS.

With his remarks on spring reed birds as food, Mr. Fred Mather sends us the *menu* on which these birds are entered as one of the courses, and from it we learn that the hotel where the dinner took place is one that has since failed and been seized by the sheriff. Some enthusiastic game protectionists may look on these two events as cause and effect, and may conclude that the failure is due to the hotel's disregard of the game laws. We fear that there is no connection between the two, for if all the hotels in this city which violate the game laws should fail, there would be very little accommodation here for the strangers who have occasion to visit New York. No class of citizens stand more in need of active missionary influence, so far as game laws go, than hotel proprietors here and elsewhere, and no class—if they could only be induced to rigidly respect these laws—could do so much good protective work.

As promised last week, we print in this issue the first half of Mr. Owen Wister's graphic contribution to the "Book of the Boone and Crockett Club." Those who have never followed the shaggy white goat among the rocky fastnesses which he inhabits cannot fail to be interested in the vivid account which Mr. Wister gives of this strange animal and his home, while to those readers who have hunted it the article will be not less enjoyable, for it will call up to the mind a hundred memories of toilsome but happy days spent among the rugged mountains of the Main Range or of the Pacific Slope. Mr. Wister is keenly observant, has abundant humor and deep sympathies, and a most happy gift of painting a picture so that his readers can see what he himself has seen; so he writes easily and well, and we are glad to be able to present this contribution from his pen.

The "national convention of sportsmen" met in Chicago last week, six strong. Four of the six were from Chicago, the two others came from Wisconsin. The meeting was a convention only in name, and was national only in the imagination of the individual who originated the scheme and has been its chief promoter. The committee appointed by the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association to call the convention appears to have done what it could to make the movement a success, but the fiasco which has resulted was from the first seen to be inevitable, for reasons which have already been pointed out in these columns. Nothing further may be expected from the impracticable and futile scheme.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE WHITE GOAT AND HIS COUNTRY.

From advance sheets of "American Big Game Hunting," the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club.

IN a corner of what is occasionally termed "Our Empire of the Northwest" there lies a country of mountains and valleys where, until recently, citizens have been few. At the present time certain mines, and uncertain hopes, have gathered an eccentric population and evoked some sudden towns. The names which several of these bear are tolerably sumptuous; Golden, Oro and Ruby, for instance; and in them dwell many colonels and judges, and people who own one suit of clothes and half a name (colored by adjuncts, such as Hurry Up Ed), and who sleep almost anywhere. These communities are brisk, sanguine and nomadic, full of good will and crime; and in each of them you will be likely to find a weekly newspaper and an editor who is busy writing things about the neighboring editors. The flume slants down the hill bearing water to the concentrator; buckets unexpectedly swing out from the steep pines into mid-air, sailing along their wire to the mill; little new staring shanties appear daily; somebody having trouble in a saloon upsets a lamp and half the town goes to ashes, while the colonels and Hurry Up Eds carouse over the fireworks till morning. In a short while there are more little shanties than ever, and the burnt district is forgotten. All this is going on not far from the mountain goat, but it is a forlorn distance from the railroad; and except for the stage line which the recent mining towns have necessitated, my route to the goat country might have been too prolonged and uncertain to attempt.

I stepped down one evening from the stage, the last public conveyance I was to see, after a journey that certainly has one good side. It is completely odious; and the breed of sportsmen that takes into camp every luxury excepting, perhaps, cracked ice, will not be tempted to infest the region until civilization has smoothed its path. The path, to be sure, does not roughen until one has gone along it for twenty-eight hundred miles. You may leave New York in the afternoon, and arrive very early indeed on the fifth day at Spokane. Here the luxuries begin to lessen, and a mean once-a-day train trundles you away on a branch west of Spokane at six in the morning into a landscape that wastes into a galloping consumption. Before noon the last sick tree, the ultimate starved blade of wheat, has perished from sight, and you come to the end of all things, it would seem; a domain of wretchedness unspeakable. Not even a warm, brilliant sun can galvanize the corpse of the bare ungainly earth. The railroad goes no further—it is not surprising—and the stage arranges to leave before the train arrives. Thus you spend sunset and sunrise in the moribund terminal town, the inhabitants of which frankly confess that they are not staying from choice. They were floated here by a boom-wave, which left them stranded. Kindly they were, and anxious to provide the stranger with what comforts existed.

Geographically I was in the "Big Bend" country, a bulk of land looped in by the Columbia River, and highly advertised by railroads for the benefit of "those seeking homes." Fruit and grain no doubt grow somewhere in it. What I saw was a desert cracked in two by a chasm 65 miles long. It rained in the night, and at 7 next morning, bound for Port Columbia, we wallowed northward out of town in the sweating, canvas-covered stage through primeval mud. After some 18 miles we drew out of the rain area, and from around the wheels there immediately arose and came among us a primeval dust, monstrous, shapeless and blind. First your power of speech deserted you, then your eyesight went, and at length you became uncertain whether you were alive. Then hilarity at the sheer discomfort overtook me, and I was joined in it by a brother American; but two Jew drummers on the back seat could not understand, and seemed on the verge of tears. The landscape was entirely blotted out by the dust. Often you could not see the roadside—if the road had any side. We may have been passing homes and fruit trees, but I think not. I remember wondering if getting goat after all—. But they proved well worth it. Toward evening we descended into the sullen valley of the Columbia, which rushes along, sunk below the level of the desert we had crossed. High sterile hills flank its course, and with the sweeping unfriendly speed of the stream, its bleak shores seemed a chilly place for home-seekers. Yet I blessed the change. A sight of running water once more, even of this overbearing flood, and of hills however dreary, was exhilaration after the degraded, stingy monotony of the Big Bend. The alkali trails of Wyoming do not seem paradises till you bring your memory of them here. Nor am I alone in my estimate of this impossible hole. There is a sign-post sticking up in the middle of it that originally told the traveler it was 35 miles to Central Ferry. But now the traveler has retorted, and three different handwritings on this sign-post reveal to you that you have had predecessors in your thought, comrades who shared your sorrows:

"Forty-five miles to water."

"Seventy-five miles to wood."

And then the last word:

"Two and one-half miles to hell."

Perhaps they were home-seekers.

We halted a moment at the town of Bridgeport, identified by one wooden store and an inchoate hotel. The rest may be seen upon blue print maps, where you would suppose Bridgeport was a teeming metropolis. At Port Columbia, which we reached by a landslide sort of road that slanted the stage over and put the twin Jew drummers in mortal fear, we slept in one of the two buildings which indicate that town. It is another important center—in blue print—but invisible to the naked eye. In the morning a rope ferry floated the new stage and us travelers across the river. The Okanagan flows south from lakes and waters above the British line, and joins the Columbia here. We entered its valley at once, and crossed it soon by another rope ferry, and keeping northward, with the river to the east between us and the Colville Reservation, had one good meal at noon, and entering a smaller valley reached Ruby that evening. Here the stage left me to continue its way to Conconally, six miles further on. With the friends who had come to meet me I ascended out of Ruby the next day over the abrupt hill westward, and passing one night out in my blankets near a hospitable but limited cabin (its flowing-haired host fed us, played us the fiddle and would have had us sleep inside), arrived bag and baggage the fourth day from the railroad at the forks of the Methow River—the next tributary of the Columbia below the Okanagan.

Here was a smiling country, winning the heart at sight. An ample beauty was over everything nature had accomplished in this place; the pleasant trees and clear course of the stream, a fertile soil on the levels, the shapes of the foothills varied and gentle, unencumbered by woods, the purple cloak of forest above these on the mountains, and rising from the valley's head a crown of white, clean frozen peaks. These are known to some as the Isabella Range and Mount Gardner, though the maps do not name them. Moreover, I heard that now I was within twenty-five miles of goat; and definite ridges were pointed out as the promised land.

Many things were said to me, first and last. I remember a ragged old trapper, lately come over the mountains from the Skagit River. Goat, did I say? On top there the goat had tangled your feet walking in the trail. He had shot two in camp for staring at him. Another accurate observer had seen three hundred on a hill just above Early Winter as he was passing by. The cabined dwellers on the Methow tied their horses to the fence, and talked to me. So I had come from the East after goat, had I? And in the store of the Man at the Forks I became something of a curiosity. Day by day I sat on the kegs of nails, or lay along the counter devoted to his dry goods, and heard what passed. Citizens and denizens—for the Siwash with his squaws and horses was having his autumn hunt in the valley—knocked at the door to get their mail, or buy tobacco, or sell horns and fur, or stare for an hour and depart with a grunt; and the grave Man at the Forks stood behind one counter while I lay on the other, acquiring a miscellaneous knowledge. One old medical gentleman had slain all wild animals without weapons, and had been the personal friend of so many distinguished historical characters that we computed he was nineteen about the time of Bunker Hill. They were hospitable with their information, and I followed my rule of believing everything that I hear. And they were also hospitable with whatever they possessed. The memory of those distant dwellers among the mountains, young and old, is a friendly one, like the others I carry, whether of Wind or Powder rivers, or the Yellowstone, or wherever Western trails have led me.

Yet disappointment and failure were the first thing. There was all the zeal you could wish. We had wedged painfully into a severe country—twelve miles in two days and trail-cutting between—when sickness turned us back, goatless. By this time October was almost gone, and the last three days of it went in patching up our disintegrated outfit. We needed other men and other horses; and while these were being sought, nothing was more usual than to hear "if we'd only been along with So-and-So, he saw goats" here and there, and apparently everywhere. We had, it would seem, ingeniously selected the only place where there were none. But somehow the services of So-and-So could not be procured. He had gone to town; or was busy getting his winter meat; or his married daughter had just come to visit him, or he had married somebody else's daughter. I cannot remember the number of obstacles lying between ourselves and So-and-So.

At length we were once more in camp on a stream named the Twispt. In the morning—new stroke of misfortune—one of us was threatened with illness, and returned to the Forks. We three, the guide, the cook and myself, went on, finally leaving the narrow valley, and climbing four hours up a mountain at the rate of about a mile an hour. The question was, had winter come in the park above, for which we were heading? On top, we skirted a bare ridge from which everything fell precipitously away, and curving round along a steep hollow of the hill, came to an edge and saw the snow lying plentifully among the pines through which we must go down into the bottom of the park. But on the other side, where the sun came, there was little or none, and it was a most beautiful place. At the head of it was a little frozen lake fringed with tamarack, and a stream flowed down from this through scattered birches and pine, with good pasture for the horses between. The park sank at its outlet into a tall impassable cañon through which the stream joined the Twispt, miles below. It was a little lap of land clear at the top of the mountains, the final peaks and ridges of which rose all around, walling it in completely. You must climb these to be able to see into it, and the only possible approach for pack-horses was the pine-tree slant, down which we came. Of course there was no trail.

We prospected before venturing, and T., the guide, shook his head. It was only a question of days—possibly of hours—when snow must shut the place off from the world until spring. But T. appreciated the 3,000 miles I had come for goat; and if the worst came to the worst, said he, we could "make it in" to the Forks on foot, leading the horses and leaving behind all baggage that weighed anything. So we went down. Our animals slipped a little, the snow balling their feet; but nothing happened, and we reached the bottom and chose a camp in a clump of tamarack and pine. The little stream, passing through shadows here, ran under a lid of frozen snow easily broken, and there was plenty of wood and on the ground only such siftings of snow as could be swept clean for the tent. The saddles were piled handily under a tree, a good fireplace was dug and we had a comfortable supper; and nothing remained but that the goats should be where they ought to be, on the ridges above the park.

I have slept more soundly; doubt and hope kept my thoughts active. Yet even so, it was pleasant to wake in this quiet and hear the bell on our horse, Duster, occasionally tankle somewhere on the hill. My watch I had forgotten to place at T.'s disposal, so he was reduced to getting the time of the day from the stars. He consulted the Great Bear, and seeing this constellation at an angle he judged to indicate 5 o'clock, he came back into the tent and I heard him wake the cook, who crawled out of his blankets.

"Why it's plumb night," the cook whined.

"Make the breakfast," said T.

I opened my eyes and shut them immediately in despair at the darkness that I saw. Presently I heard the fire and the pans, and knew that the inevitable had come. So I got my clothes on and we looked at my watch. It was only 4:30 A. M. T. and the Great Bear had made an hour's miscalculation, and the face of the cook was so grievous that I secretly laughed myself entirely awake. "Plumb night" lasted some time longer. I had leisure to eat two plates of oatmeal and maple syrup, some potato-and-onion soup, bacon and coffee, and digest these before dawn showed.

T. and I left camp at 6:40 A. M. The day was a dark one. On the high peaks behind camp great mounds of cloud moved and swung, and the sky was entirely overcast. We climbed one of the lower ridges, not a hard climb nor long, but very sliding, and often requiring hands and feet to work round a ledge. From the top we could see the open country lying comfortably below and out of reach of the howling wind that cut across the top of the mountain, straight from Puget Sound, bringing all that it could carry of the damp of the Pacific. The ridges and summits that surrounded our park continually came into sight and disappeared again among the dense vapors which bore down upon them. We went cautiously along the narrow top of crumbling slate, where the pines were scarce and stunted, and had twisted themselves into corkscrews so they might grip the ground against the tearing force of storms. We came on a number of fresh goat tracks in the snow or the soft shale. These are the reverse of the mountain sheep, the V which the hoofs make having its open end in the direction the animal is going. There seemed to be several, large and small; and the perverted animals invariably chose the sharpest slant they could find to walk on, often with a decent level just beside it that we were glad enough to have. If there were a precipice and a sound flat top, they took the precipice, and crossed its face on juts that did not look as if your hat would hang on them. In this I think they are worse than the mountain sheep, if that is possible. Certainly they do not seem to come down into the high pastures and feed on the grass levels as the sheep will.

T. and I hoped we should find a bunch, but that was not to be, in spite of the indications. As we continued, I saw a singular looking stone lying on a little ledge some way down the mountain ahead. I decided it must be a stone and was going to speak of it, when the stone moved, and we crouched in the slanting gravel. T. had been making up his mind it was a stone. The goat turned his head our way, but did not rise. He was 200yds. across a split in the mountain, and the wind blowing hard. T. wanted me to shoot, but I did not dare to run such a chance. I have done a deal of missing at 200yds. and much nearer too. So I climbed, or crawled, out of sight, keeping any stone or little bush between me and the goat, till I got myself where a buttress of rock hid me, and then I ran along the ridge and down and up the scoop in it made by the split of the mountain, and so came cautiously to where I could peer over and see the goat lying turned away from me, with his head commanding the valley. He was on a tiny shelf of snow, beside him was one small pine, and below that the rock fell away steeply into the gorge. Ought I to have bellowed at him, and at least have got him on his legs? I know it would have been more honorable. He looked white, and huge, and strange; and somehow I had a sense of personality about him more vivid than any since I watched my first silver-tip lift a rotten log, and, sitting on his hind legs, make a breakfast on beetles, picking them off the log with one paw.

I fired, aiming behind the goat's head. He did not rise, but turned his head round. The white bead of my Lyman sight had not showed well against the white animal, and I thought I had missed him. Then I fired again, and he rolled very little—six inches—and lay quiet. He could not have been more than 50yds. away, and my first shot had cut through the back of his neck and buried itself in mortal places, and the second in his head merely made death instantaneous. Shooting him after he became alarmed might have lost him over the edge; even if a first shot had been fatal, it could not have been fatal soon enough. Two struggles on that snow would have sent him sliding through space. As it was, we had a steep, unsafe scramble down through the snow to where he lay on the little shelf by the tree.

He was a fair-sized billy, and very heavy. The little lifting and shoving we had to do in skinning him was hard work. The horns were black, slender, slightly spreading, curved backward, pointed and smooth. They measured 6in. round the base, and the distance from one point to the other, measured down the horn, along the skull and up the other, was 21¼in. The hoofs were also black and broad and large, wholly unlike a tame goat's. The hair was extraordinarily thick, long and of weather-beaten white; the eye large and deep brown. I had my invariable attack of remorse on looking closely at the poor harmless old gentleman, and wondered what achievement, after all, could be discerned in this sort of surprise and murder. We did not think of securing any of his plentiful fat, but with head and hide alone climbed back up the ticklish slant, hung the trophies on a tree in a gap on the camp side of the ridge and continued our hunt. It was not 10 o'clock yet, and we had taken one hour to skin the goat. We now hunted the higher ridges behind camp until 1 P. M., finding tracks that made it seem as if a number of goats must be near by somewhere. But the fog came down and shut everything out of sight; moreover, the wind on top blew so that we could not have seen had it been clear.

We returned to camp, and found it greatly improved. The cook had carpentered an important annex to the tent. By slanting pine logs against a ridge-pole and nailing them, he had built a room, proof against wind and rain, and in it a table. One end was against the opening of the tent, the other at the fire. The arrangement was excellent, and also timely. The storm revived during the night, and it rained fitfully. The roar of the wind coming down from the mountain into our park sounded like a Niagara, and its approach was tremendous. We had built up a barrier of pine brush, and this, with a clump of trees, sheltered us well enough; but there were wild moments when the gust struck us, and the tent shuddered and strained, until that particular breeze passed on with a diminishing roar down the cañon. OWEN WISTER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

IT is reported that a buffalo bull was seen recently by a stage-driver on the desert near Rawlins, Wyo. It is supposed to be one of a small herd that is still running wild.

Natural History.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

A SUMMER'S DAY IN IOWA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That a stupid day will follow one of pleasurable outing is as sure as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and I know no better way to dispel its depression than by reliving, through the medium of the pen, its varying incidents.

With this intent permit me, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, to give vent to my enthusiasm for invigorating, outdoor sports. Enough cannot be said for the excellent sanitary results to those delicate or enfeebled women, who join the field sports of husband, father or son whenever practicable. To get the best good out of such days is to give care to the winds, and open the mind to an entirely different set of too seldom used faculities, and one is surprised to see how soon the "button is touched" to the entrance to another world.

To wish to escape the noise and smell of powder on Independence day may appear unpatriotic, but patriotism may lie sleeping, say I, when there is no other use for it. A little party of five, consisting of a doctor, a newspaper editor, with their wives and a son of the doctor's, a lad of twelve years, determined to have something more satisfactory than smoke for the day, and planned a fishing trip six miles out on the Maquoketa—the stream the waters of which turn our mill wheels and make possible our manufactories.

The day opened with rain and a bad promise, but by 8 o'clock it had spent its force, leaving the atmosphere cool and dustless, and loading an open wagon with fishing tackle, bait, baskets of provisions and other necessary baggage, we took the reins and started out.

The prospect of getting out of town safely through firing cannon and playing bands was anything but certain, but the doctor's persuasive voice calmed the fears of the spirited horses, and we were soon flying along through a country which in the summer months is as delightful as any known to man. As some one has said, "Doubtless God could have made a better, but He never did," and if any of the readers of your breezy paper are thinking of taking a trip to Iowa, let me urge them to come in June, before the reaper has touched the fields, and when "corn is king," in height for the time of year, in color and in the prospective beauty of an abundant harvest.

No touch of any color is visible as far as the eye can reach, save studies in green, and one may travel for days along the same magnificent thoroughfares, enlivened by the song of the black-throated bunting, flying up from the roadside or meadow grass, singing on the wing or alighting on the fence with his back toward you, and flinging back his song with a ventriloquial effect of its having come from another direction The Western horned lark and the bobolink divide the honors of greeting, and if a kindly farmer will allow the barn swallow to build under his eaves, you may encounter this beautiful bird gathering mud for its nest from a wayside puddle or in busy flocks going and coming on the same delightful errand.

The Western wild flowers, sown broad-cast upon every foot of uncropped or untilled ground, will catch the traveler's eye as another feature of interest, but to me they are mostly "what are you's?" awaiting names and habits for other days. But I must not linger by the way, but tell you of our too speedy arrival, for our fishermen were in a hurry to unreel the line and throw the shining bait.

Alighting at the wooded banks of the river, the party soon separated, the fishers to cast their lines and the women to explore the "fretted aisles," where nymphs of woods and waves might still have danced and sung and fed on aerial honey and ambrosial dews, as in the vales of Menalus. The trees were vocal with bird chatter and song, and the ash-throated flycatcher, the most elusive of birds, led us a chase to catch a glimpse of his personality. A field glass brought him down for a first sight to one of us who had hitherto known him only by his voice. His is a wood voice as much as that of the hermit thrush, and he must be sought in his favorite haunts if one would see him. Chewinks refused to be disturbed by our intrusion, and pursued their usual occupation of scratching among the leaves or walking about the grounds. One treated us to a few bars of song in a quality of voice clear and sweet. Song sparrows did the most of the real singing, pouring out their heart of glee from bush and brake. The singing season is beginning to wane, and it is apparent even now that many voices are stilled; but the song sparrow will sing for some time to come.

Thus the morning sped for us, and the demands for dinner called the party together, when it was revealed that the experienced fishers had not had a bite, and Paul had caught the only fish. The Doctor dressed it, and we cooked it over a fire of fagots, made coffee, and spread our cloth on the lap of mother earth. The man of the quill enlivened the dinner with anecdotes from his private drawer, and the flow of wit from the assembled company effervesced into thin air, a great loss to posterity. We were all of one mind, that coffee cooked out of door was no less than the distilled nectar of the gods, and though the fish was beyond compare it needed the miracle of numbers.

There was not much ceremony in the leave taking of the fishers after dinner, and when the "work was done up" the lonesome wives concluded to go to the river and take lessons in fishing. From here we saw the doctor and Paul whipping the stream with their lines, and the sage editor intently scrutinizing a depression filled with water near the mill dam. The old mill was still standing, a picturesque object to an artist's eye, but its usefulness was its departed glory, and I involuntarily fell to dreaming over its incomers and outgoers on its palmiest days, oblivious to the fish the editor was pulling from that hole. The doctor's wife, enjoying a bit of fun turned against her sex, had brought a travesty by John Paul on Augusta Evans's "St. Elmo," and while deep in the analytical exposè of nonsensical and unreal characters, we heard a muffled call from the editor for a fish string whereon to hang his trophies. The alacrity with which the request was complied with lost the doctor his gold-bowed glasses, but that was of small moment compared with the finding of fish.

Paul and the doctor immediately turned to the pool, and for the next two hours the fun was lively. After they had caught twenty black bass, the doctor concluded that he had enough and came tugging his string to camp, but the editor was as tenacious of another bite as he is of giving no quarter to an opponent in politics. I will not relate how long we waited for that fishing editor. At length we sent Paul after him, and then the doctor went after Paul, but they brought him finally between them, with more fish, and we turned the heads of the restless horses toward home, arriving at 8 o'clock in the evening.

By the road side we passed three men, one playing an accordion, one dancing, and all enjoying the hour—suggestive of the rambling life woven into the romances of the troubadour days—perhaps never before had we felt so close a sympathy with vagabondism, or been quite so ready to excuse all exuberance of spirits.

And thus was passed one gala day, beneath pictured skies and among woodland draperies, where the belted kingfisher screams his delight, rattles his castanets and waits not to bait his hook to catch his fish, vowing that more days of the same sort should hereafter grace our calendar.

MARY L. RAME.

MANCHESTER, Iowa.

Eagles and Other Things.

TATE SPRING, Tenn.—In the office of the Tate Spring Hotel is to be seen the stuffed remains of a magnificent American eagle which was shot some time ago on Clinch Mountain, near this place. The bird, which measures 7ft. 3in. from tip to tip of wing, was shot by Sandy Butler, who is widely known among the native populace as a crack marksman. He uses the old-fashioned muzzle-loading squirrel rifle, familiarly known among the mountain sportsmen as the "Long Tom."

This proud bird of liberty was in the act of bearing away a 20lbs. goose from a barnyard when he was killed. Butler made a good shot according to his own statement. The bird was 300yds. or better away and the shot was made at an angle of 45 deg. The bullet went direct to the heart. The eagle had been making inroads on the poultry yards and sheep folds of the neighborhood for several weeks previous, and several attempts had been made to bring him down. The dead bird was sold to Capt. Tomlinson, proprietor of the hotel, and was stuffed by a taxidermist in the employ of Geo. W. Vanderbilt at Asheville, N. C. In this connection I may say that Mr. Vanderbilt is making a collection of the game and song birds of this section, which will be one of the leading attractions of his fine million-dollar place near Asheville.

The eagle is becoming scarce in this section, although one of the golden variety, measuring 6ft., was killed just across the line in Scott county, Va., a few months ago. In 1885 an American eagle was captured alive near Morristown which measured 7ft. 6in. from tip to tip and which was sent to President Cleveland as a Christmas present by Capt. Tomlinson. The bird became known as "Old Grover" and he was given a soft berth in the Zoo, where he recently died, as the Washington papers say, because he preferred death to confinement.

There promises to be good quail shooting in the valley of East Tennessee this fall, notwithstanding that thousands of birds were frozen to death during the cold weather of last January.

W. D. P.

Hybrid Quail.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of last week, Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, in his article upon American quail, in speaking of the Bob White, California and Massena quails, states that he has never seen an hybrid, or cross, between any of these varieties.

While living in Concho county, Texas, where I resided some six years, Mr. J. A. Loomis, of that county, and I killed a quail which we took to be the result of interbreeding between the California quail and the Bob White. We sent the skin to the Smithsonian Institution and received a letter in return, thanking us for the specimen, and stating that we were right in our conclusion as to the probable genealogical tree of our quail.

In all probability the skin of that bird is still in the Smithsonian Institution. This skin was sent to Washington in the fall of 1889, I think. We hunted faithfully for another specimen of like general appearance, but, although we practically exterminated the bevy from which we secured the above mentioned bird, we found the rest of the family to be Bob Whites pure and simple.

I mention this case thinking Dr. Shufeldt might like to investigate the matter further.

H. L. B.

Seabirds Ashore.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the above heading in your issue of Sept. 16 "W. McC., Jr." reports the capture at Rouse's Point, N. Y., of a bird that he identified as a stormy petrel or Mother Carey's chicken. From the fact that he first thought it was a martin I would suggest that the specimen was a Wilson's petrel (*Oceanites oceanicus*). I have in my collection an individual of this species that was taken just beyond this city's limits in 1875 by Mr. J. A. Newton while shooting plover, and which was flying about the fields with the plover when killed, apparently adopting the ways and means of living of the plover. This was immediately after a severe easterly storm. I think this is the furthest inland record of this species being taken. If I am mistaken in this I should be pleased to learn through FOREST AND STREAM of other inland occurrences.

J. L. DAVISON.

South Dakota Notes.

VERMILION, S. D., Sept. 18.—The chickens in this part of the county are pretty well killed off, but they are still plenty back on the prairie ten or twelve miles.

I have not seen the quail as plenty in a number of years as they are this fall, and I don't know that I ever saw them plentier since I have lived here, and that has been since the spring of 1861. There are a good many ducks on the Vermilion River, but there is not one to-day where there used to be thousands, still some say they are thick. I have seen fine shooting in this country in past years.

I saw a large flock of pelican pass over here Sept. 10, and I saw a flock of golden plover this morning, Sept. 18.

Fishing is poor here; the rivers are too low; every slough in this section is dry and the weather is still dry and hot. I am afraid the ducks and geese will not stop long with us this fall.

J. D. S.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

IN MASSACHUSETTS AND MAINE.

THE open season on ruffed grouse or partridge and woodcock began on Sept. 15. Generally the opening of the season has not been hailed with much enthusiasm, for the reason that the birds are regarded as very scarce. The opening day was pleasant, and a few Boston gunners were out, but I have not learned of any bags of game. A gentleman was in the other day from western Massachusetts, an enthusiast in regard to bird shooting. He talked very discouragingly about his part of the State. He had seen only a very few broods of either partridge or woodcock. He scarcely expects to bag a dozen birds this season, though he has a couple of good dogs. Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, not wholly unknown to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM as a good shot, says that there are several good broods of partridges near his house in Bayfield, and that he intends early to have the most of them. As for woodcock, he has seen very few broods this year. A couple of gunners returned from Plymouth Saturday evening a good deal disgusted. They had tried hard for partridge and woodcock on Friday and Saturday, with a result of three woodcock and no partridge to two guns. They have also found shore birds scarce in that part f the country. They obtained a few summer yellowlegs, but very few plover.

Mr. J. F. Dwinell, of Dwinell, Hayward & Co., is planning for his annual partridge hunting trip to Upton, Me. He has been there almost every season for several years. He makes a stay of several weeks and hunts partridge in pleasant weather. With two guides, Mr. Lomin Sargent and Aldana Brooks, he will be likely to obtain as many birds as any gunner that goes out this season. Probably few men enjoy grouse shooting in Maine more than he, and few have better luck, if luck it may be termed. But experience is better. He is fond of visiting the same locality, believing that it takes years to become well acquainted with one location for shooting, and that the better one is acquainted the better work he can do. Shooting in a new locality is scarcely pleasant to many of the best gunners. Mr. E. N. Cook, with James S. Emery & Co., is one of the most enthusiastic of Boston gunners. He has made one trip down to the lower part of the Cape already, with the result of a fair lot of birds, the lot containing more plover than other gunners have been able to obtain this season. He hopes to make at least a couple more gunning trips this fall. His idea is that the flights of shore birds of the larger varieties has been larger this season than many gunners have supposed. There has been such a succession of heavy gales, beginning even as early as July, that the birds have doubtless been a good deal broken up and disturbed in their flights, and hence the gunners have neither been able to get them nor see them. Mr. E. B. Taylor returned last week from an extended gunning trip to the Cape. He found birds scarce, especially of the larger varieties. The flocks were unusually small, though fairly frequent. His idea is the same as that of Mr. Cook—that the flights have been broken up by the recent gales.

Mr. Wm. H. Coggin, with Dwinell, Hayward & Co., is fast becoming an enthusiast, both in fishing and gunning. He is just back from his cottage at Falmouth, where with his wife and baby he has spent a most enjoyable vacation. He went fishing for scup, tautog, or sea bass almost every day when the weather permitted. He obtained several fine bass, and an abundance of scup and tautog. He fished over the same grounds as President Cleveland. Salt-water fishing is growing in favor with him, though very fond of pickerel fishing in the ponds in Maine, his native State.

Camp Vive Vale, in the Narrows of Richardson Lake, in Maine, has been receiving some handsome and needed additions this season. That camp, at first the property of a club of four, is all now owned by Mr. C. P. Stevens, of Boston, of printers' roller fame. Mr. Stevens wished to make a good many improvements, while the others were content with the camp as it was, and they visit only a short time for spring fishing; so he bought them out. Now they will go each spring as his guests. From being one of the most enthusiastic trout fishermen in the world, Mr. Stevens has come to delight in spending his entire summers at the camp. This year he has achieved a long-cherished purpose, that of taking Mrs. Stevens into camp also. She is much of an invalid, and has always dreaded the idea of camp life, especially the getting in and out. Early in the season she got as far as Bethel, when after getting nicely rested by a stay of several days, she was taken in to the lake by an easy buckboard, and has been able to remain there all the season, doubtless much to her benefit, and to the great delight of her husband. In the meantime Mr. Stevens has given considerable time to camp improvements. He has built guides' quarters, boat-houses and other buildings, besides decidedly improving his main camp. Late in August his nephew and manager of his Boston office, Mr. Frank H. Stevens, with his wife, paid their uncle and aunt a visit of a week or two. Mrs. Frank Stevens was delighted with the outing, and was greatly benefited by it. It was her first trip to the Maine trout lakes. Fishing was poor, however, the lake being low and the water very warm. By diligent fishing at nightfall or very early in the morning, a few trout could be taken. But the sport was little like that which the Stevens party usually gets in the spring. They are almost always the first sportsmen to be off in the spring, and their record would scarcely be believed, if published.

Travel to the World's Columbian Exposition is drawing heavily upon the ranks of sportsmen this fall, heavier than in the spring even. This is right, and as it should be. The World's Fair is a feature of 1893, and cannot come again, in its present form and magnitude. But we can go fishing and shooting each year for many years, we hope. Allow me to suggest, when at the World's Fair, that we look into the exhibit the FOREST AND STREAM has prepared for us, in the Fisheries Building. From accounts published, together with the fine work of the photographer and the half-tone process, we may judge that the exhibit is one that it will pay to spend time upon, and that it will be of lasting benefit to the lover of the gun and rod.

SPECIAL.

A NOTEVERY NATIONAL CONVENTION.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 21.—At its last annual convention the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association appointed a committee to take in hand the matter of a call for a national convention of sportsmen, the same to assemble at Chicago some time during the World's Fair, to discuss and formulate plans for uniform game laws, etc., in the several States of the Union. The committee took due action and gave wide circulation to a printed call asking for a general meeting at Chicago on Sept. 21, Sportsmen's Day at the Fair. Individual responses and signatures to the call were received from some scores of sportsmen, resident in 20 different States. It was, therefore, fair to expect that there would materialize some support, and that there would occur an event of some note.

What actually did occur can be told briefly. The meeting was called for 2 P. M. at the assembly hall of the Agricultural Building. At 3:30 P. M. there were present just six persons besides the two representatives of the sporting press. The six were as follows: Mr. W. N. Low, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association; Messrs. M. R. Bortree and F. S. Baird, of the committee appointed to issue the call; Mr. E. H. Bisbey, of Dauphin Park, Chicago; Mr. F. E. Pond, of Milwaukee, and Mr. J. P. Barnum, of Prairie du Chien, Wis. All but two were from Chicago. The representation being so small, discussion came up whether or not to take any step toward preliminary organization. At length it was decided to do so. Mr. W. N. Low, of Chicago, was chosen as chairman, Mr. F. S. Baird, of Chicago, being chosen secretary. An executive committee on preliminary work was appointed, consisting of Messrs. F. E. Pond and J. P. Barnum, of Wisconsin; M. R. Bortree and C. P. Richards, of Chicago, and S. Northcott, of McGregor, Ia. The question of raising working funds was left to this committee.

The printed call for the convention was read, and a resolution setting forth objects and purposes of the movement and deciding upon formal organization of a "National or American Sportsmen's Association" was duly passed. Numerous letters expressing "hearty sympathy," "ready coöperation" and "sincere belief" were also read. A vote of thanks was passed for Mr. Pond for his labor in the attempt to get together a convention. It being thought that perhaps the World's Fair had hurt and not helped this meeting, as had been the case in so many other events of the present busy season, it was decided to make another attempt to hold a convention. The adjournment was therefore made till Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8 P. M., at the Sherman House, Chicago. It was hoped that, the Fair being then closed, a powerful source of counter attraction would be removed, and that sportsmen in the city to see the Fair would, the Fair being over, attend the convention.

The resolution as presented names national organization to prevent the extermination of fish and game, the destruction of forests, the unnecessary pollution of waters and the killing of song and insectivorous birds, all of which things are declared to be "carried on or done in many if not all the wild portions of the United States." Probably the next meeting will give a fairer decision as to the fate of such a movement, which is not new in the history of sportsmanship in America. At present what seems most necessay is a day when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, get up, separate—in short, a change in human nature. If this movement can slowly work that change, it is a good one. That it will do so would be better evidenced by a larger attendance than of six persons. That the attendance at this national convention was just short of half of a baker's dozen, remains the mournful but undeniable fact, and in it lies the gist of the news. The next meeting will have pleasanter news if it has a larger attendance. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

SPRING REED BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last May I attended a very swell dinner in a hotel on Fifth avenue, New York, but not the one named after that avenue, and well down on the *menu* were "Reed birds with water cress." My code of personal game laws does not permit the shooting of the tuneful bobolink at any season, and a long cherished prejudice against their tiny bodies being used as food has prevented me from ever tasting them; therefore, you may imagine my disgust at having them offered me in May.

The birds were, of course, left untouched, but a thought has just entered my thick skull, and in sloshing around there the echoes seem to say, "Perhaps the birds were European sparrows!" In this, if so, I did good and evil came of it for the protection of the joyous bobolink, no matter what the rice-planter may say of him, and the extermination of the foreign sparrow are things to be desired, by me at least.

Another afterthought says that the birds should have been pocketed for an examination of skeletons, but the plate was indignantly refused and not even the bills of the birds were noticed. I inclose you the *menu* card that you may see just when and where the dinner occurred, and you may print it if you wish. I may be cranky on the subject of shooting birds that are not big enough to eat, and I don't know of a songbird that is large enough for me to take its morsels of flesh, the muscles on each side of its breast-bone that move the wings and try to think that they are food. As a boy, I regret to say that I have killed robins, thrushes, little sandpipers or "teeter-snipe," and this is my reason for saying that no boy should have a shotgun until he is ninety years old. To-day, at two-thirds that age, the smallest birds that I will shoot are the "Wilson's" snipe, the woodcock and the larger plovers, yellow-legs, etc.

This is a law laid down by myself, and with which no man may find fault, but I despise the shooter of songbirds, and if he shoots for market, will not eat his so-called game. That the "reed bird" or "rice bird," as it is variously called, may be destructive in the winter when it visits Southern fields cannot be used as a defense for its killing in the North, where it is a most hilarious songster, nesting in the meadows and doing no harm. If the rice-planter finds the bird a nuisance there is no objection to his protecting his crops from injury by any means in his power, but I earnestly protest against the killing of this sweet singer in the Northern States, and back up my protest by refusing to taste of its morsel of meat at any time of year. As a soldier I may, or may may not, have killed men "in the trade of war," and have felt no sorrow for it because they were shooting at me, but last week when I shot into a flock of European sparrows that have wrecked my crop of grapes, and among the eighteen dead found a robin, I could have cried. I could only smoothe his feathers, and like Poor Joe, say: "I didn't mean for to do it."

It is said that the European sparrow is good to eat. I hope it may be good for something, but it is entirely too small for me unless, like the smaller smelts, they can be eaten bones and all. The city sparrow, with its stercorarian habits, would seem to require a stercory dressing to bring out its full flavor, but that will, naturally, be a question of taste. Still if this ornithological pest can be utilized to spare our bobolink, which should never be killed in Northern States, it will have served one useful purpose. FRED. MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

IT WAS LONG AGO.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla.—Rain, rain, a regular old-fashioned rainy day. The clouds hang low and heavy, while an occasional rumble of thunder reminds us that the end is not yet. The birds have hushed their songs and with sodden plumage are vainly seeking shelter under the dripping trees. My special pets, the mockingbirds, have declared a truce with their inveterate enemies, the jays, and are moping under the veranda, each as disreputable as his neighbor. Two mourning doves are sounding their doleful call under the rose arbor, while the chickens are huddled near, too demoralized to even scratch.

Days like this are all too rare in Florida, and are prized accordingly. They give one a chance to overhaul old record, review the past, and speculate on the future. To read our old book, to remember our old friends, and to recall those red-letter days of boyhood, when we caught the big fish or shot the cock grouse on his drum log. My FOREST AND STREAM library is a never ending source of enjoyment to me on rainy days. To-day I have been with "Sam Lovel" and "Antwine" on the Slang. What a world of meaning to us old fellows there is in the closing sentence of "Sam Lovel's Camps:" "Care-free days of youth once spent are gone forever." True, but we can live them over again and again, and when my memory fails to bring back the days and scenes of boyhood, may I go over the river.

Reading of Drive's encounter with the fox bitch reminds me of a little episode of my own, or rather, Buff's and mine. It happened a good many years ago, when I was not more than eight or ten years of age, but is remembered as if it were but yesterday.

As a scholar I was a failure; lessons I could not abide; the air of the schoolroom stifled me. But I knew where the biggest chestnuts grew, where to find the reddest apples, and the sweetest wild grapes. The birds and squirrels were my friends. I could tell where every brood of partridges was hatched, every woodchuck's hole, and every hollow tree that held a woodpecker or a high-hole's nest. Red-breast robins were my special care. Nothing pleased me better than to watch the home-making of the old birds, count the eggs as they were laid, and, when the young were hatched, it was fun to see the old birds bringing food.

I often used to supplement their care by stopping the little gaping mouths with ripe berries or fat worms till they could hold no more. No doubt I often killed with kindness, but the intent was good. The old birds never feared me when I climbed up to look at their treasures (which I did every time I went near their nests); they would sit on a near branch, their bright eyes watching me, but never screamed or made any fuss. But this is not the story. First I will introduce Buff.

Buff was a little wire-haired dog, with no particular characteristic save his unswerving devotion to his master, and his indomitable grit. In fact his courage was much better than his judgment, and often got him into serious trouble, as well as myself, for I could never see him in a scrape without taking a hand. We shared alike our dinners, our bed and our fights.

In the northern part of my native town, among high rocky hills, lies a small pond. The outlet runs through a deep narrow cut in the hills called the Gulf. One day in the long ago Buff and myself were scrambling along the steep rocky sides of the Gulf. We came out on an overhanging ledge of rock, beneath which was a small level space, where the wash from the hill had gathered enough soil to support a scanty patch of grass, with a few stunted bushes. Back of this space and under the ledge was a fox den. The old lady was at home with a family of cubs.

As we approached the edge of the ledge she appeared at the mouth of her den, snarling, and with every hair on end. I leaned over to get a better look. I leaned a little too far, and the loose rock giving way under me I fell eight or ten feet, landing on my back directly in front of the fox. She made a charge toward me, which brought her into sight of Buff, who was peeping over the cliff. Buff never knew what it was to hesitate where an enemy was concerned, and with a flying leap he joined the procession. Then there was a circus. Dog and fox were about equal in size, and neither was lacking in disposition for the fight. Catching up a dead branch I joined in the melée, but they were so mixed up that poor Buff got hit quite as often as the fox. My club soon broke, and not finding another, I joined the fight with bare hands. Making a dash, I caught the fox by the neck, but so far back that she managed to set her teeth into my wrist. This created a diversion which Buff took advantage of by fastening to her lower jaw. Yelling to the dog with all my might I danced around trying to find something to strike with. Some thin pieces of rock I had broken off in my fall lay near. I seized the largest I could find and with all my strength went for that fox. Buff had a good hold and kept it, and I soon got in some heavy blows, which decided the battle. We won the fight, but honors were easy. Buff was bleeding from a dozen wounds, blood was flowing from my wrist, while my clothing was hardly in condition for Sunday school.

But we got the fox, and the glory of it. Shall I ever forget how proud I was as I tugged home that fox. And Buff! Buff marched at my side, head and tail erect, saying to all we met, as plain as a dog could say, "See what we have got."

Well, well; I am older now, but I wish I could feel half the joy I did then, and could have the confidence in my friends of to-day that I used to have in Buff. Poor Buff! like "Nessmuk's" Pete, he had no pedigree. Good bye, Buff. "Once spent, gone forever." S. D. KENDALL.

A RETRIEVER ON TWO LEGS.

ON Sept. 15 I assisted Mr. Enos Hawks, of this plac in formally opening the shooting season on timber grous locally known as partridges. Hawks is a noted do breaker and trackman. He once owned the trotting hor Hardware, who had a record of 2:20, or better. His shoo ing wagon has a convenient case for his gun built in the body fore and aft, and his whole outfit is in man respects ingenious. He is a good hunter on foxes an game birds.

We two drove out east about three miles from Hadle first working a choice bit of alder and laurel cov betwixt here and Amherst, where Hawks thought the might be woodcock. We put up two birds and Hawk got one; the other got away. Afterward we struck in a piece of hardwood forest, not too dense, intersperse with pines, where trees are now being cut and sawed b a logging firm which measure from 20 to 30in. in diam ter at the base of the trunks. This is worth mentionin as occurring in Massachusetts at this day. Sticks, fo sooth, are being cut now on the headwaters of the Co necticut and driven down the river to the saw mills belo Northampton which are but hop-poles in comparison f size.

This exact bit of woods had a pretty fringe of und brush, interrupted with tangles of blackberry vines an rose bushes in seed, which bordered the very best farn ing lands in this section. Few in Dakota surpass the in fertility and superlative cultivation. Corn fields an apple orchards flanked the forest on each side. The were some tamarack thickets which were traversed by small run of clear bright water that headed in a sprin pond two rods wide, which was inclosed by a barbe wire fence, perhaps to prevent incautious gunners fro falling in and getting mired. Clematis and the brigh crimson berries of the "bitter-sweet" clustered about i borders. Grape vines of two kinds climbed to the tops the birch trees and hang out their bunches of purple frui All this in a region that has been settled since 1651! Y this was always a crack region for game. It is on recor that wild turkeys were killed on the Holyoke range ne here as recently as 1851. One cleft in the ridge bears th significant name of "Turkey Pass" to-day. Deer we always numerous up to the beginning of the preser century.

Partridges in Hampshire county seem ineradicabl Broods are everywhere, on the bottoms and among the hill On the Sunday before the law was off, I flushed a bevy twelve close by the roadside in some cut poplars. A ha mile further on I bounced an old cock from a stone wal He was all by himself. That was twenty miles fro Hadley, however, up in the hill country.

What a lovely country that is at this season, with a the foliage aglow with autumn tints! Torches of crimso flaming at intervals on all the hillsides. Rugs of old gol russet and bronze, with dead green mottlings, spread o over the pasture lands which slope to the forests. yellow flush suffusing all the landscape, which looks i the rain as if it were burnished richness and ripenes bursting out in a ruddy glow, wherever the eye rests. I the low river bottom at Hadley there is not so much colo The summer fades out in a somber sort of way and disap pears like a stream in the desert sands, leaving only du browns and yellows—which may be all quite satisfactor to the thrifty tobacco planters here, but lovers of th autumn hues worship in the high mountains.

The record of our grouse hunt, which I commenced t write of, has not yet crystallized into public memorabilia and the result may possibly never appear in print. Bu no matter; it was not my specific purpose at the outset t set forth our prowess as shooters, but simply to tell of a adventure which befell our dog, involving a remarkabl canine exploit, which indicated great presence of min and promptness in expedients. His name was Winkle out of respect to Mr. Pickwick. He was a massive live pointer, with broad forehead like Daniel Webster's, an an expansive chest and muscular loins. Exercise o his inventive faculty doubtless saved his life. Hawk had him on chain under the wagon seat, wher he usually lay passive and expectant. The chain ha about six feet scope. As it happened, the pace of th horse had been rather too rapid for my comfort and equa nimity, and I was speeded somewhat under protest. Re monstrances were more especially emphasized when th turns in the road were short. There were several of thes at crossings, and at one of them the dog must have bee thrown out, unobserved by us at the time. Meanwhile, I had the repeated assurance of my driver that he was an old trackman, used to the sharp curves of the racecourse, and not to be uneasy. All this must have been small consola tion to the dog, if at all intelligible to his comprehension for we suddenly discovered that he was missing from th wagon box, and on looking behind we found the brave fellow with his forepaws and breast over the axle, run ning on his hindfeet alone, without an audible whimper and keeping up to the three-minute gait without visibl distress. He must have grabbed the axle as he went out and thus saved himself from being dragged or choked by the chain. Bringing the vehicle to an abrupt stop, the good dog was permitted to come down on all fours, as he was naturally built to run, and after a brief respite for pulling himself together, he gallantly leaped into his place in the wagon without help, clearing the rim of the box without touching it, as neatly as an acrobat. The "devil on two sticks" couldn't have done better. *Tout cela.*

Mr. Editor: You may put this communication down as a hunting sketch or a dog story. It will serve my purpose in either class; but one assertion I venture to make, to-wit: No one ever before heard of a pointer dog making a mile in three minutes on his two hind legs.

Veracity is the Spice of Life.

Next week I go up to the delectable hills again for an open hunt with Tim Lyman, of Goshen, and Charles E. Gabb, of Cumington, who have dogs with good reputations as hunters, if not as roadsters. If likely to interest your readers I will send you a sketch of the outing, and a brace of grouse, if we get them, and they should fall to my personal allotment in the division of game.

HADLEY, Mass. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Iowa Prospects.

ALGONA, Ia., Sept. 18.—The prospects for the fall duck shooting hereabouts are very unsatisfactory. For a long time the weather has been hot and dry, and I look for poor shooting for ducks this autumn. S.

A REPORT FROM MAINE.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: We arrived in Ellsworth, Hancock county, Me., Sept. 7, and on making inquiry as to ruffed grouse and woodcock we were informed that shooting had been going on openly for more than a month, and that the doctors, lawyers, merchants, and in fact everybody who had a gun had been shooting game out of season and selling it in open market. Partridges brought $1.50 per pair, woodcock $1 each, for Bar Harbor market.

Now, I want to ask why they have any law in Maine, if a majority of its citizens care nothing for it.

Poachers were found not only in Ellsworth but all through the county, in Waltham, Amherst, Aurora and in townships 21, 22, 28, 16, 10. In those places partridge, woodcock and duck shooting was indulged in as lawlessly as at Ellsworth—even more so, for every boy has his Winchester—and there are a large number of trained deer dogs, and dogging deer was one of the sports that was practiced every month in the year. At Great Pond I was told by several reliable persons that they killed deer every month in the year, and that there had not been a day this summer but that some person could find venison steak at this place.

In the west branch of Union River, about four miles from Great Pond Village, we found a dead buck, nearly eaten up by bears; at Morrison Pond one more dead deer was found, shot through the body; at Great Pond it was the talk of the place that Senator Hale's son had killed deer out of season; at Spectacle Pond poachers had been dogging deer more or less all summer; at Alligator Lake deer have been killed out of season; and at almost every place where we stopped from Ellsworth to Lead Mountain we were invited to take a deer hunt. Almost every person riding or walking from Pine Hill to Waltham had a Winchester with him. It was open time with them the year round, and at several places where we stopped we had fried deer meat. I traveled eight days and saw but few indications of deer; and no live ones except one tame one in Aurora. Deer are dogged so much that they are not so plenty as in most other parts of the State. Between Blue Hill and Surrey I should judge that deer were plenty. Should not advise sportsmen to go to Hancock county for good shooting, as the deer are being driven from there to other parts of the State.

Partridge and woodcock shooting is not equal to many places in Connecticut. Trout fishing has been good, though they will soon "kill the goose that lays the golden egg" if they continue the use of nets and dynamite bombs. Only one person, so far as I could learn, had been prosecuted for taking fish unlawfully. If the wardens of the State would see the law enforced for a few years, Hancock county would become the finest hunting and fishing county in the world. Her immense forests and innumerable ponds, lakes and streams would become the hunter's paradise. BLODGETT.

TWO BLACKTAIL BUCKS.

IN my journal, under date of a certain Oct. 10, I find a memorandum of an afternoon's hunt on Mt. Zahn, in the far-away Wyoming Bad Lands.

Twice a week the stage left our mail at a little post office eight miles down the valley, and Rob or myself rode down after it. When I made the trip I usually left the ranch about noon and went around through the hills in search of blacktail deer to furnish fresh meat for our larder, and that is what I did on this occasion. The country was very rough, being cut from north to south by many cañons washed deep into the hills. The Bad Lands are a dreary place at best, but they had a peculiar rugged beauty under the warm October sun which would command the admiration of the outdoor man in spite of himself.

This particular afternoon was warm and still, a drowsy time that makes one feel contented with himself and everything about him, and brings his nerves into the proper shape to accept everything that may happen as a matter of course, which causes no shock nor disturbs at all his mental inactivity. I remember noticing the contrast between the sun-cured grass, of a buckskin hue, and the somber blue of the cedar patches, noting the scarlet of the killikinick leaves and the bright ochre color of the quaking asp thickets, with their delicate tracery of white and brown-barked limbs, which seems to make them cousins of the birch rather than the cottonwood. The fantastic lava boulders, too, came in for a share of my mental notes, and I marked the peculiarities of formation and color they displayed as I rode among them, turning this way and that to avoid a patch of prickly pear or thorny soaproot stalk with its daggerlike leaves. I had already passed through the best deer country on the route, slipping off of my horse where it was too rough to ride, peering with the glass into thickets, across cañons, and stealthily gaining a vantage point above a thicket, Indian-like, before showing myself; but had seen no living thing. A big buzzard had startled me into jerking the Winchester up to my shoulder, by sailing along so his shadow slipped out of sight after giving me just enough of a glimpse of it to know it was something moving before it sailed up the other side of the cañon.

I had gone through the cañon where "there ought to be one" but he wasn't there, so I concluded they had all gone across the Little Cottonwood on the other side of Mt. Zahn, where the feed was better, and that I would have to go there for my meat until further notice. This I was so convinced of that I lit my pipe, and lowering my rifle across the saddle pommel let the horse, a trusty hunter, take his own gait and follow his own trail toward the mail ranch on down the valley. I had jogged along this way for perhaps half a mile before I turned into a small cañon in order to cross a low pass in the hills at its head and save considerable travel. In following this ravine I almost walked the horse on top of two big bucks and a doe. The horse snorted and shied "to port," giving me just time enough for a snap shot at the worst scared deer in the hills, and I got him the first crack without having the gun at my shoulder. It was one of those accidents which every hunter experiences, but it killed the buck and brought him to grass, shot square through the points of the shoulders, high enough to break his spine. The doe ran up the main cañon and I paid no more attention to her but watched the other buck, which ran to the head of the cañon I had started for and then crossed the pass I had intended to use as my road. I cut the first one's throat, glanced at the sun, and concluded I would kill the other one too, as the season was late and the meat would "jerk" very nicely and be a good store against cold weather, when I couldn't get out into the hills. Accordingly I rode up the cañon just about the same course the buck had taken until I got to the pass, then got off and tied the horse, as his hoofs would make too much noise for a member of a scouting party, and went on foot. I leveled the glass, inspecting every foot of the country as it opened up as I advanced, but saw no deer until I brought the lenses to bear on the cedars of a cañon head just below me on the hill. Then I saw him, and through the glass could even make out the color of his eyes, he seemed so near. On looking without them I found he was lying down in a bunch of short cedars quite a long distance away and down hill, with only his head and neck showing above the brush. It was a hard shot, and I missed him clean as he lay there, but the minute he got up and began to run I began to talk business to him with the Winchester, and three shots convinced him he had no further use for life, so he just lay down and died before I got to him. I now had two dead deer, one on each side of the mountain, and my horse on the top, an awfully rough country for five miles to the ranch and no pack saddle. I must get them in before night or the "loafer" wolves would save me the trouble before morning. I went to work on the last one and soon had him skinned out without loosening the forequarters or the saddle from the hide, then cut away the tenderloins and flanks from the carcass and rolled them in my "slicker," which I tied behind the saddle. Then I slit the legs and the skin between the lower jaws and passed my "riata" through the whole business, bunching it in convenient form for hanging over the saddle horn. The first one killed was served in the same way, and one was suspended on each side. The sun by this time was nearly down and I still had a rough road to travel before reaching the trail for home, which lay about a mile to the south. It would take too much space to tell how the horns would slip around and "jab" my horse when he went down hill, and how he bucked every time they did, how the pack got misplaced and had to be fixed over and over, how the big gray "loafer" wolves smelled the fresh blood and serenaded me all the way home, circling and gliding around like phantoms in the white moonlight all too close for comfort, and how young Rob, who was a tenderfoot, thought Sitting Bull had hung another scalp at his belt, for it was just before the Wounded Knee fight and we were in "Injun country." However, I got in at 11 o'clock that night safe with my meat but utterly worn out with the tramp. EL COMANCHO.

BEATRICE, Neb.

Susquehanna Notes.

CAMP HUMMEL, Bainbridge, Pa., Sept. 8.—We, the undersigned, are ranged along the platform of the Pennsylvania railroad station, waiting for the east-bound train to Lancaster, having just broken a successful week's camp on the foot of the island opposite this town. For the past four days the river has been in fair condition. We have managed to take a few bass, have seen other fellows take more than we, and we have had a royal good time. Our commissary department excelled, far surpassing the ordinary, aided by unusually good melons from Hummel's island field. Yours faithfully, Galbraith, Griel, Jeffries, Schaum, Schupp, Tomlin, Megeehen, Rhoades, Eberman, Trissler and Martin.

Sept. 12.—Parties just leaving here for Reading, Pa., with hampers packed full of bass. Several rods have averaged 10 fish to the rod, three days' fishing. Bait brought along, mostly small catfish. To-day Kuntzelman tried flannel rag on spoon as a lure for pike perch; one strike, no fish.

Sept. 13—Doyle found three small "salmon." Barney says they are not biting freely, and "I'll be hanged if I understand it." George Ashton says "they're too thunderin' lightning sharp."

On Sept. 2, and for several days, the river at this point was black with coal culm; it is a wonder that any fish are left. At Steelton and on the opposite side of the river tons of coal have been taken from the bed of the river during the extremely low water this summer. It seems incredible that such quantities of coal could be washed down for so great a distance; a great deal of it is chestnut size.

Squire Bare tells me that hardly ever before in his experience has the river been so low as during the present summer.

On Sept. 14, going down the Port Deposit road from Columbia, many rods were noticed on the river; from McCall's Ferry to Fite's Eddy they were literally thick. Many good strings of bass have been taken along this portion of the river during the present season. BART.

Rochester Doings.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Messrs. J. C. Hart and C. H. Babcock have gone to Idaho for a month's shooting on big game and birds. C. A. Hayden and W. S. Kimball have returned from a week with the wildfowl at Currituck, Chesapeake Bay. It is fair to presume that Mr. Kimball's Chesapeake Bay dog Drake had several opportunities to show his training and delight his owner.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cook are at Stony Lake, Canada, for the bass fishing and ozone. Mr. Lawrence Davis is at Clear Lake, Canada, and we have positive evidence that his bait has proved a killing one, said evidence being four bass of good weight.

Anglers report an improvement in the fishing at Irondequoit Bay this month, some very good catches of bass, lake perch and pickerel having been made. It is certain that when the great east side sewer is completed and the sewage which now goes into the bay is diverted into the river, that the bay will afford the best fishing in this section, being as well the most pleasant place easily accessible to Rochesterians. O. S. BEE.

[We imagine that the wildfowl pursued by Messrs. Hayden and Kimball were bay birds, since the wildfowl (duck, goose, etc.) season does not open in North Carolina till Nov. 10.]

Poaching in Ontario.

BELLEVILLE, Sept. 18.—A "sport"—not a sportsman—from Albany, in your country and State, lately invaded our territory and deliberately broke our laws by killing a moose in the Mattama District. The occurrence was published in the Brockville *Recorder* of the 7th inst. without a word of reproof, but more may come of it, as I have, through Mr. H. K. Smith, our local warden, called the attention of Mr. A. D. Stewart, chief warden, to the matter. Mr. Stewart is already at work on the case.

R. S. B.

A 'LONG SHORE ACCIDENT.

THE readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have often seen the name of Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, mentioned as a good shot and a lover of fishing. They will be interested to know that the same gentleman himself has been shot. But he is yet alive and really but little hurt. His brother-in-law, J. Orin Bailey, also a good shot and a lover of woods and water sports, though having but one leg to get about on, was gunning with him for shore birds the other day. Let me say right here that the nature of the accident is the only good reason for telling about it, in order that other gunners may avoid exactly the same thing. They ambushed behind some rocks up quite a distance from the shore. Mr. Tarbox had already had good luck, having taken four black ducks out of a flock of six. They had a plover for a decoy, down on the shore some distance in front of them. They were also whistling for the occasional plover that flew past, and making some good shots. At length Mr. Tarbox got tired of his position and suggested that he would walk along the shore, partially concealed by some low bushes from his companion up in the rocks. As he was walking past the rocks a plover whistled, and he and Mr. Bailey both called. The bird circled around and was coming down evidently. Mr. Tarbox crouched partially behind the brush. Just then another gunner had passed up the shore, suggesting to Mr. Tarbox that he would not stop to frighten their birds. The plover came down and Mr. Bailey fired, shooting the bird, but also giving his companion about the full advantage of the scattered and partially spent charge of shot—about No. 8 in size. He received several shot in his hip, where they barely punctured the skin. One shot pierced the upper lid of his right eye, going completely through the lid and striking on the eyeball, but most fortunately without force enough to puncture the eye. Other shot hit Mr. Tarbox in the face, but were readily picked out by the doctor. Mr. Bailey was terribly shocked by what he had done. He thought that the other man moving away was his companion, as their shooting coats were of about the same color. He declared that he was done with a gun forever. But Mr. Tarbox is satisfied that he would have done exactly the same thing, under the circumstances, and that the most careful hunter would. He was about his business the next day, though wearing a patch over his eye, which organ is now out of danger. Moral: Always be sure of the location of your companions when gunning in the woods. The above-mentioned gunners had made a splendid bag of birds, when the accident sent them home in a hurry. They had taken the 4 black duck, already mentioned, 13 plover, a ringneck and a peep. The peep they had shot just for luck. But under the circumstances they will scarcely shoot another, though they now think that it was extremely good luck that kept them from consequences more serious.

L. W. DePass, assistant secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Dr. W. B. Cutter, of the South End, and C. W. Hodgkins, are on a two weeks' gunning trip on the Cape. These gentlemen have shot together for several seasons, and they may be expected to make a good record.

SPECIAL.

A RANCHMAN'S VIEW.

SEDALIA, Col., Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept. 9 I read "Tenderfooting in the Rockies" and take the liberty to jot down a few ideas that occurred to me during the perusal of that narrative.

Already in 1886 there existed in Colorado a law entirely prohibiting the killing of beaver. But our learned sages of the law from New York disregarded such laws and killed a beaver in the Elk Mountains.

The complaint they make about being refused feed for their burros by a ranchwoman shows that ranch people do not care to encourage oafing, and no ordinary ranch people will be able to distinguish learned sages of the law under the guise of foot travelers with burros. In Colorado in the ranch country a man on foot is looked upon with suspicion. I, for instance, make it a rule never to sell or give away anything at my ranch because I have had the experience that sneak thieves will come in the daytime to buy a few cents' worth of watermelons so as to spot the location and rob the field during the night. I have my land posted with signs, but notwithstanding this people continually trespass to shoot anything from a robin upward; game laws and laws of trespass do not exist for the majority of city people, and I cannot wonder at it when New York lawyers will kill game out of season and shoot on inclosed land without previously asking the permission of the land owner. It is to such that the destruction of the game is due.

I would propose as the best game preserving law to make and enforce strict laws of trespass and to hinder anybody from killing any game without a written permit (to be paid for) from the land owner, private owner, the State as owner of lands, and the U. S. Government as the owner of the Government lands.

City people may think that crossing inclosed land, although trespass according to the law, does not damage the proprietor. I say it is not for them to judge; they ought to obey the law, because they may cause damage they know nothing of. They shoot promiscuously, and in hilly country they shoot live stock without seeing them. Another instance: When ranchmen keep in their pasture range beef steers that hardly ever saw anybody on foot, they may get so stampeded by the sight of a pedestrian as to break through the fences and be lost, for that season at least, when the small profit the ranchman depends on for a living is gone. I should therefore advise all sages of the law that may like to travel, to stand up as models to the average of mortals by more strictly and literally obeying the laws of the country through which they pass without all the time trying to argue within themselves about the intention of the law giver and taking upon themselves to judge if, and when, they cause damage by trespass or not.

I like to travel myself and like to see others enjoy traveling. I would like to be able to be hospitable to every traveler, but I might easily gather about me all the tramps in the country and never enjoy the pleasure of welcoming congenial people, therefore if I am like others, inhospitable, it is owing to circumstances, not to choice. I think that when the day comes that every educated man will lay particular stress on the strict obedience to the law, beginning by doing so himself, lower class people will recognize an educated man as such and treat him accordingly. RANCHMAN.

Notes from Northern Minnesota.

PELAN, Minn., Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first regular Manitoba wave of the season arrived here on the 15th, and brought with it a generous flight of ducks and geese. The lakes and sloughs in the central and eastern portion of this (Kittson) county are brisk with the squawks and flaps of feathered game and long V's pointing southward are still coming in.

Grouse shooting continues good and I am inclined to recall the prediction I made in my letter of the 6th, as to the early clearing out of the sharp-tails, for on a long exploring trip since made through the Lake of the Woods and Red Lake region, I found them abundant on every prairie and on the borders of every muskeag. This is a dense wilderness with a settler to only every ten or twenty miles of trail, and in some instances you may travel a hundred miles without seeing a cabin. Most of the region is within the Red Lake Indian reservation, and as your red Indian never shoots at the birds, and as this region is inaccessible to the average sportsman, this will remain a safe and extensive breeding grounds for sharp-tails and ruffed grouse for many years to come.

Enough of the birds will come out into the Red River valley each season to afford fair shooting if only the market-shooter will not pursue them too industriously. Pinnated grouse, however, which live wholly in the open country, will soon disappear.

On the exploring trip mentioned I saw and heard a good deal of big game, some account of which I may give you *mañanano*. G. O. SHIELDS.

Adirondack Notes.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept. 16 I read with much pleasure an article headed "They Clank Their Chains." It went to the spot. I fully appreciate it after fourteen months of enforced retirement from my late illness.

I could not, however, resist taking one more trip to the old North Woods, from which I have just returned feeling much better. The Adirondack region is now looking its best; the maples are in their full glory of scarlet and gold and the hucks are mostly turning blue, and I never saw woods and waters looking more beautiful. I felt very sad to have to return to the noise and bustle of the city.

The hotels in that section have done remarkably well, and the Antlers, the Prospect House and other famous resorts have been well patronized all through the season. I think the game laws have been well observed, and did not hear of a doe having been killed this season.

I saw Dr. Webb, who is now busy fencing in his great preserve. As soon as this is done he will begin stocking it. His neighbors, Cols. Brandreth and McAlpin, are doing their best to increase their stock of deer, which suffered severely from the hard winter. They discourage hounding and the killing of does.

A week ago Sunday the mercury dropped to 30°, and the cold drove home many who were not prepared for such weather; but the next few weeks will be the most charming of the season and the most comfortable for traveling. I only wish I could return there.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

First Coon of the Season.

GLOUCESTER, Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One does not often enjoy a coon hunt while lying in bed, but that was my experience last night. I had just retired to my hammock, when I saw the light from lanterns playing through the treetops and I knew that the coon hunters were out. This hunt was made up by a Gloucester boy, Johnnie Pinkham, engineer, for the benefit of Boston friends. These latter, together with Rose Pinkham, George, Percy and Edward Bray, composed the party. The dog was the celebrated coon dog Pete, from West Gloucester. The dog took a track near my tent, and treed his coonship after a short run near the starting point. I could see the light of the lantern slowly ascending to the treetop, and anon five shots rang out on the night air and the coon struck the ground with a dull thud which I distinctly heard from my hammock. For a few minutes the air was full of strange sounds. The short, sharp bark of the dog and the wild cry of the coon mingled with the wilder cries of the excited hunters. The wounded coon made a desperate fight, and some of the boys will have to buy new rubber boots. He weighed 19lbs. HERMIT.

A Growl from Michigan.

FLINT, Mich., Sept. 13.—If there is any State in the Union that has in it gun fools or gun cranks or pot-hunters, it is Michigan. You hear nothing but double-barreled shotgun, double-barreled shotgun, from Saginaw to Kalamazoo and from Detroit to Grand Rapids.

Double-barreled shotgun—I get sick of hearing it. Of all the guns to hunt with, give me a mixed gun, rifle and shot, .32-40 rifle and .12-gauge shot. One shot barrel is enough, then a man can't play hog with all the game.

All I hunt is squirrels and beasts and birds of prey; ducks and game birds I never hunt at all, though I sometimes scare them up in looking for rabbits. I always want with me one fine rifle and one shot barrel. Where is there another reader of FOREST AND STREAM that will agree with me on this matter? Now I only have a .32-20-115 Winchester repeater, and it is a lively squirrel that gets away, for with my peep sight I can find his head easy enough.

If I can have a good mixed gun it is all I want, and the others can have their double-barreled shotguns for trap-shooting. W. H. W.

Where to Go.

ANYBODY desiring information with regard to the hotels advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, such as rates, routes, fishing and hunting opportunities, should address FOREST AND STREAM Information Bureau, where all reasonable inquiries will receive prompt answers.

The Acme of Physical Comfort.

The very acme of physical comfort is reached when traveling upon the New York Central Roads, and nowhere upon the face of the globe can more beautiful scenery be found than that disclosed by these varied routes. One never tires of the Hudson River, and the Mohawk region, so loved by poets, is always a feast to the eye and a delight to the soul. Then as we go on and keep our eyes open we come upon some of the loveliest sheets of water on top of the earth—Cayuga Lake for one, and further on, Canandaigua Lake, uniquely and blissfully situated.—*Eleanor Kirk.*—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

ANGLING NOTES.

Twin Ponds.

IN a note upon Puffer Pond in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 2, I quoted from a letter written to me by Mr. J. E. McDonald, and commented upon it as follows: "Twin Lake, mentioned in Mr. McDonald's letter, is a new name to me for an old lake. On Stoddard's map it will be found as one of the Siamese Ponds, and so these ponds have been called as long as I can remember." Before I wrote this I consulted Mr. John L. Wendell, manager of the Freeman Lumber Company, the owner of Thirteenth Township, to know if any of the ponds had been christened Twin Ponds or Twin Lakes, and he believed as I did, that Siamese Ponds were meant, as he had not heard the other name applied to any of the waters about Thirteenth Lake. Mr. C. T. Moore, of West Troy, a well-known sportsman who frequently visits this region, writes me that Mr. McDonald was right in speaking of Twin Ponds—not lakes—and that they are on Stoddard's map, unnamed, lying S.S.E. of Puffer Pond, and nearly on a line between Thirteenth Lake and the Siamese Ponds, but nearer to the former, and that the region is a perfect paradise for deer. Within twenty-four hours after reading Mr. Moore's letter Mr. Wendell told me he had just returned from a visit to "Thirteenth," where he had asked about these ponds and found they were named as Mr. Moore stated. The Twin Ponds are one of the sources of the East Branch of the Sacandaga River, and are not far from the center of the township, while Siamese Ponds, which on Stoddard's map are put down as "Siamele," are on the line between Townships 13 and 31.

A Hint About Salmon Fishing.

In a personal letter from Mr. John Mowat he mentions different methods of fishing a salmon river as practiced by different anglers, and his comments are so good and to the point that they should not be hidden away in a personal letter. He says that some men want plenty of water and are continually on the move. They may be fine casters and handle their fish well when hooked, but they lack patience and want pastures new. When fish do not come in one place they think another may be better, and so they move, and in moving a mile or two or three up or down a river valuable time is lost. "For the first of the fishing the rule is, if you have a lay spot, that is a holding pool, stop there, as the fish are continually moving up as long as the water is in condition. When the water is out of condition and clear, the fish run by night, and if you have then a lay pool, an hour or so at night and in the morning is all you need. If you thresh the pool for hours at such a time, even if you have seen a fish rise, you kill the pool. Don't touch it except as I have said. Such is my experience, and I think it is coincided in by those who, with a practical knowledge, have made the fish a study."

Walton's Carved Oak Cabinet.

Among the souvenirs of the 300th anniversary of Walton's birth that have come to me is a copy of the *Daily Graphic*, London, that was sent by "Cotswold Isys, M.A.," the honorary poet of the Fly-Fishers' Club, who is about to bring out a volume of verses with the title "Lyra Piscatoria," consisting of original poems on the Nature, Habits and Mode of Capture of Fresh-water Fishes, on Flies, Fishing and Fishermen. The *Graphic* contains a number of articles concerning the celebration of Walton's birthday, only one of which I will refer to. This is "A Waltonian 'At Home'" held at the house of Mr. Elkin Matthews, Bedford Park, where the guests were shown valuable prints, illustrating the life and time of Walton, interesting and rare editions of the "Compleat Angler," including an original edition, and the carved oak cabinet mentioned in Walton's will: "To my son Izaak I give all my books, not yet given at Farnham Castell, and a deske of prints and pictures, also a cabinett near my bed's head; in which are some little things that he will value, though of no great worth." The article introduces the details of this function in these words: "To celebrate fittingly and sufficiently the memory of the gentle, we had almost said the sainted, Izaak Walton, the pious Waltonian has resource to many pleasant expedients. Sometimes it is the publication of a new and magnificent edition of the Works of the Master, sometimes the dedication of sonnets to his fame—witness the little book published by Mr. Westwood in 1883." I have a copy of this little book, presented to me by the author, and in honor of Walton's birthday I had it rebound in a new dress of leather by a clever binder in New York. Its title is "In Memoriam. Izaak Walton, Obiit 15th December, 1683. Twelve Sonnets and an Epilogue." Three of the sonnets are devoted to the very cabinet that was shown to Mr. Mathews's guests the other day in England, and I would that I could reproduce all three in FOREST AND STREAM, but as it is I give one, the first of the three:

THE CABINET.

Three sonnets suggested by the cabinet that hung at Walton's bed-head, now in the possession of C. Elkin Mathews, Esq., of Exeter:

"Just here our Izaak must have laid the stress
Of his true hand, full oft—just here have stood
Eying his books—Quarles, Sibbes, quaint brotherhood!
Or his own 'Angler,' fresh from Marriott's press.
Thus I behold him now—he turns the page
Of 'hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton's' strain;
His face lights up—he sees the Dove again—
Sees Pike-pool, and that pretty hermitage,
The Fishing House. He marks the trout at play,
And casts his fly—swift turns the whizzing wheel—
A plump three-pounder pants within the creel.
And now his dream is done—he turns away.
Blest Shade, from out your heaven, forgive me this,
That where your hand was laid, I leave my kiss."

No one was better informed about Walton than Mr. Westwood, and he knew well that Walton was not familiar with the fishing reel, except from hearsay, unless it was in the latter part of his life, and of which there is no record, therefore he admits in a foot note to the sonnet quoted that "swift turns the whizzing wheel," may be an anachronism. In this connection I am reminded that a full page picture of "Pike Pool" was given in the last *Scribner's* from a drawing by Parsons, but it is called "Pike's Pool" in the magazine, as though it belonged to Mr. Pike and not to the "Compleat Angler."

Governor Flower on Fishculture.

At the Washington county, N. Y., Fair the other day the managers had "Governor's Day," and the Governor of the State was the orator and made an excellent speech to the people largely upon the subject of fish propagation. I have not seen the entire speech in print, and only two papers have printed extracts from it, so far as I have been able to discover, but it would serve to educate the people and draw attention to this branch of State work if the speech should be printed in full and distributed throughout the State. It is quite possible Governor Flower would revise the speech in a few particulars, if he should conclude to print it, and make it historically correct, although perhaps it now matters little whether the New York Fish Commission was established ten years ago or twenty-five, as it really was, or whether the Hudson contained salmon fifty years ago, or never contained them until the United States stocked it, as the late Prof. Baird believed, from the best evidence obtainable, to be the truth. Gov. Flower pays a deserved compliment to the sportsmen of the State in these words: "Our State Fish Commission was established somewhat more than ten years ago. I presume it owed its existence to the sportsmen who wanted to see our lakes and streams stocked with fish and the game laws carefully enforced. If that was the principal object of its creation we owe a good deal to our sportsmen, for the Fish Commission has done much to preserve the fine old sport of fishing from going to decay by the exhaustion of fish from our waters. To-day, thanks to our sportsmen and the Fish Commission, our streams and waters are alive with good fish, and public officers and game associations are working hard to compel observance of the laws, which have been passed to protect our fish. The Hudson River is being stocked with shad and salmon. For the first time in fifty years salmon are now in the river above Troy. They have been caught in the last two years nearly opposite where we are to-day. They are by no means numerous yet, but by diligent perseverance in stocking and in building fishways around the dams, there would seem to be no reason why our noble river might not hold millions of this magnificent fish." Governor Flower certainly is sound on the salmon question, and all will rejoice to hear such words from the chief executive. Salmon have within two years been caught further up the river than where the Governor stood that day, because at the time the Fort Edward dam was out to be rebuilt, and the salmon ran up to Baker's Falls, at Sandy Hill, but they cannot get there again until a fishway is built in the new dam at Fort Edward, and there are other dams and falls, in which fishways must be built before the river will become a self-sustaining salmon stream, but with the Governor in favor of the work it will doubtless be brought about. A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT.

UNLIKE nearly every other venture in the realms of sportsmanship, held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition, the first annual scientific angling tournament of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club was a success. It was well attended, the different events were well filled and contested, and there was a noticeable enthusiasm pervading the meeting. It was claimed, by gentlemen present who had accurate knowledge of past tournaments, that this tournament surpassed all preceding ones in every respect.

The tournament was held within the Exposition grounds, on the north lagoon close by the Walton House, which is but a few yards east of the Art Palace. That is, the fly-casting was held there. The bait-casting took place on the north side of the Art Palace, on a beautiful stretch of ground, but a short distance from the Walton House.

The tournament, too, was well conducted and managed. The competition was spirited, yet in the best of good nature. No unpleasantness of any kind occurred to mar or impede the event.

The judges were Dr. J. A. Henshall, Chief of Angling Pavilion, World's Columbian Exposition, Messrs. Wm. C. Harris, New York, and Henry L. Stanton, Chicago. Mr. E. T. Allen, of San Francisco, Cal., was timekeeper. All were most industrious and painstaking in their duties. The president, Mr. Geo. W. Strell, and the secretary-treasurer, Mr. F. B. Davidson, attended to the general arrangements, while Mr. B. W. Goodsell made a most efficient captain. Much praise was bestowed on the judges and officers for the satisfactory manner in which they fulfilled their respective duties.

There were seven events, the first prize in each one being a solid gold medal, representing a creel suspended to a fish, a unique design worked out in skillful detail. Those for the fly-casting events had a trout for a special emblem, those for the bait-casting events were suspended from a black bass, emblematic of the special class of competition.

There were quite a number of visitors present, who watched the competition with keen interest.

The fly-casting was done from a platform, raised 3ft. above the surface of the water. The bait-casting was done on a level, grassy surface. A white cord marked the boundaries of the court which was a rectangle, 30ft. wide and of any required length. A tape line stretched lengthwise down the center of it afforded a ready indication for measuring the length of each cast. The conditions governing the competition will be more fully set forth in connection with the events.

The competition began on Thursday, September 21. An exceedingly stiff wind obstructively interfered with the efforts of the competitors. It was so gusty and irregular that the scores suffered severely in consequence. It made variable conditions in the work of the individual competitor, and also in respect to each one as compared with the others.

Had the conditions been favorable, there is no doubt but what the world's records would have been broken. On Friday far better conditions prevailed, yet there was a slight cross breeze, which came by an angle of the buildings, and which caught the water about 75ft from the casting platform and across the line of effort. While the breeze was extremely gentle, it was strong enough to throw the leader back at the end of the cast, thus re

ducing the latter many feet, and destroying the possibility of breaking records or working up even to average form.

Expert Classes.

Event No. 1. Long Distance Fly-casting. Entrance $10. Open to all; all casting shall be single handed; rods over 11ft. long barred, and rods shall be unconfined when casting; one, two or three flies, of a size not larger than No. 5 allowed; leaders shall be single gut and not longer than 9 nor less than 6ft.; knotting of lines, or any device to lend weight to the cast, prohibited. Three prizes; first prize, gold medal, emblematic of expert long distance fly-casting championship. First, R. C. Leonard, 96½ft.; second, P. C. Hewitt, 92ft.; third, E. E. Wilkinson, 84½ft.; Mr. J. E. Isgrigg, 77ft. Each of the contestants used Leonard rods.

Five minutes were allowed each contestant. No cast counted if the stretcher fly was missing; no time allowance was granted to replace a fly; the length of cast was measured from score line on the pier to the spot reached by the stretcher fly; contestants who tied were to compete three minutes longer.

Event No. 2. Fly-casting for Distance and Accuracy combined. Entrance $10. Three prizes; first, gold medal; rest, merchandise. Three buoys shall be placed as follows: The first, 75ft. from the score line, but 5ft. to the left of a direct line; the second, 80ft. distant, but 5ft. to the right of a direct line; the third, 85ft. distant, but in a direct line from the pier stake. Any part of the leader falling across the object buoy shall be counted perfect, viz., 100 per cent.; one point shall be deducted for every foot distant the leader or nearest fly shall be from the buoy. Five casts shall be made at each buoy; sixty seconds shall be allowed at the start to extend line, and cast one shall be called on the back cast at the expiration of the sixty seconds, or sooner if the contestant calls time. The distance of the leader from the buoys at each cast shall be added together and divided by three; the total shall be deducted from 100, which shall be the percentage. The one having the highest percentage shall be declared the winner. Ties shall be cast off at the 85ft. buoy, five casts, sixty seconds to extend line, time called on back cast.

	Distance.	No. of Casts. 1	2	3	4	5	Demerits.	Total Demerits.	Demerit per c.	Net Per Cent.	Total.
R. C. Leonard, New York.	75	2	7	6	0	0	15				
	80	3	0	0	0	2	5				
	85	10	4	0	2	0	16	36	12	88	88
P. C. Hewitt, New York.	75	1	3	5	0	2	11				
	80	3	0	4	4	0	11				
	85	10	2	7	2	0	21	43	14⅓	85⅝	85⅝
E. C. Wilkinson, Chicago.	75	2	2	3	10	10	27				
	80	2	0	0	2	10	14				
	85	1	5	10	10	10	36	77	25⅔	74⅛	74⅛

Each of the contestants used Leonard rods. This event was on Friday. The buoys were set in an opposite direction from that in which the fly-casting was done, to avoid a cross current of air deflected by the large building.

The following took place on Thursday:

Event No. 3, Black Bass Bait-casting for Distance and Accuracy Combined. Entrance $10. Three prizes. First, gold medal. Conditions as follows: The casting shall be done on land in a straight court 30ft. wide, a tape line running the full length equidistant between the boundaries. All casts shall be made single-handed, and the weight cast shall weigh ½oz.; weights shall be furnished by the tournament committee. Each contestant shall make five casts, three trial casts being first allowed; if the contestant desires he may call time on any one of the three casts; after which the four remaining casts shall be counted. The average of the five casts shall constitute the record, to be determined as follows: If the weight falls within 1ft. of either side of the tape line full measure shall be counted; for every foot over 1ft. away from the tape line one point shall be deducted from the length of distance cast; thus, if the weight lies 3ft. away from the tape line at the 140ft. mark, then 138 shall be credited; if 15ft. away from the 140ft. mark, then 126 shall be credited, and so on, the foot to be counted nearest which the weight lies; no fractions allowed.

The longest single distance cast shall be entered as a matter of world's record, recognized by the award of a silver medal with the distance inscribed on it.

		No. of Casts. 1	2	3	4	5	Grand total.	Av.	Longest cast.
E. E. Williamson, Chicago.	Distance.	139	130	137	134	134			
	Demerit.	0	3	0	0	0			
	Total.	139	127	137	134	134	671	134⅕	139
R. C. Leonard, New York.	Distance.	117	101	117	101	114			
	Demerit.	3	1	6	2	11			
	Total.	114	100	111	99	103	527	105⅖	117
G. A. Murrell, Chicago.	Distance.	110	95	83	131	92			
	Demerit.	10	0	1	0	4			
	Total.	100	95	82	131	88	496	99⅕	131
F. B. Davidson, Chicago.	Distance.	114	145	142	115	96			
	Demerit.	2	9	0	*15	1			
	Total.	112	136	142	0	95	485	97	145
W. H. Babcock, Chicago.	Distance.	73	61	124	125	121			
	Demerit.	6	11	0	7	*24			
	Total.	67	50	124	118	0	359	71⅘	125

*Out of bounds.

In the foregoing event, Mr. Davidson was handicapped by using a strange rod and by having too short a line. Twice he ran all the line off the reel. Every one heartily rejoiced when he won the medal for the longest cast made in the meeting. The rod was a Von Lengerke & Antoine split-bamboo, 7oz. in weight.

Amateur Classes.

Open to all who have a known fly-casting distance record of not over 85ft., or bait-casting, average of five casts, not over 140ft., with a half-ounce weight, or who have never won a medal in any open event. The conditions and rules of the expert class shall govern all amateur events, except where otherwise provided.

Event No. 1. Long-distance Fly-casting. Entrance $2. Seven prizes. First, gold medal. Rest merchandise. Following are the scores: First, W. H. Babcock (Chicago), 76¼ft.; second, M. D. Butler (Indianapolis), 76ft.; third, Heyward G. Leavitt (New York), 75ft.; fourth, J. E. Isgrigg (Chicago), 71ft.; N. Van Blarcum (Indianapolis), 70ft.; Chas. T. Essig (Chicago), 59ft.; W. S. Head, 57ft.

Messrs. Isgrigg, Goodsell and Wilkinson tied on 71ft., and in drawing lots for the place, Mr. Isgrigg won it. Messrs. Babcock, Essig, Butler, Goodsell, Wilkinson and Murrell used the Kosmic rod.

Event No. 2. Fly-casting for Distance and Accuracy combined. Entrance $2. This event took place on Friday. Seven prizes. First, medal. The rest were merchandise. Buoys placed at 45, 50 and 55ft. Same conditions as in expert class.

	Distance.	No. of Casts. 1	2	3	4	5	Demerits.	Total Demerits.	Demerit per c.	Net Per Cent.	Total.
H. G. Leavitt, Grand Island, Nebraska.	45	2	2	1	2	5	12				
	50	2	2	2	0	0	6				
	55	2	2	6	6	5	21	39	13	87	87
J. E. Isgrigg, Chicago.	45	3	3	6	5	1	18				
	50	0	1	2	4	6	13				
	55	5	6	3	3	2	19	50	16⅔	83⅓	83⅓
N. Van Blarcrow, Indianapolis.	45	5	4	1	3	6	19				
	50	5	10	3	5	1	24				
	55	7	3	2	5	4	21	64	21⅓	78⅛	78⅛
B. W. Goodsell, Chicago.	45	2	6	2	5	2	17				
	50	10	8	5	5	5	33				
	55	10	10	6	5	5	36	86	28⅔	71½	71½
E. E. Wilkinson, Chicago.	45	8	4	4	6	3	25				
	50	5	0	2	10	5	22				
	55	2	1	3	10	5	21	68	22⅔	67⅓	67⅓
M. D. Butler, Indianapolis.	45	5	4	0	2	2	13				
	50	2	5	10	10	10	37				
	55	3	4	10	10	10	37	87	29	71	71
W. S. Head, Chicago.	45	10	10	10	10	2	32				
	50	6	6	10	6	0	28				
	55	10	10	10	5	9	44	104	34⅔	65⅓	65⅓
W. H. Babcock, Chicago.	45	0	0	2	10	0	12				
	50	10	10	10	10	10	50				
	55	10	10	10	10	10	50	112	37⅓	62⅔	62⅔

Mr. Leavitt used a Leonard rod. He made many friends of all, and his winning was their rejoicing.

Event No. 3. Bait-casting for Distance and Accuracy Combined. Entrance $2. Seven prizes. First, gold medal. Rest, merchandise:

		No. of casts. 1	2	3	4	5	Grand total.	Av.	Longest cast.
F. B. Davidson, Chicago.	Distance	150	143	145	102	152			
	Demerit	5	*18	0	13	0			
	Total.	145	0	145	89	152	531	106⅕	152
J. M. Clark, Chicago.	Distance.	112	117	108	111	98			
	Demerit.	3	3	6	11	4			
	Total.	109	114	102	100	94	519	103⅘	117
R. B. Miller, Chicago.	Distance.	23	117	129	121	117			
	Demerit.	0	8	1	2	9			
	Total.	23	109	128	118	108	468	97⅕	128
G. A. Murrell, Chicago.	Distance.	97	90	78	101	100			
	Demerit.	9	4	10	2	5			
	Total.	88	86	68	99	95	436	87⅕	101
E. C. Quarles, Chicago.	Distance.	91	106	97	116	87			
	Demerit.	0	0	10	*14	2			
	Total.	91	106	87	0	85	369	73⅘	106
J. E. Strong, Chicago.	Distance.	95	92	40	57	88			
	Demerit.	4	0	0	11	0			
	Total.	91	92	40	46	88	357	71⅖	95
S. A. Wright, Lake Villa, Ill.	Distance.	128	35	75	131	130			
	Demerit.	6	1	2	*16	12			
	Total.	122	34	73	0	118	347	69⅖	130
H. D. Ford, Chicago.	Distance.	84	64	78	48	109			
	Demerit.	7	6	11	1	*17			
	Total.	77	58	67	37	0	249	49⅘	84
P. Le Poids, Chicago,	Distance.	73	35	51	63	70			
	Demerit.	4	8	14	9	9			
	Total.	69	27	37	54	61	248	49⅗	73

*Out of bounds.

Event No. 4. Light Rod Competition. Seven prizes, entrance $2; first prize gold medal, rest merchandise. Conditions—The competition shall be for 5oz. rods and under, open to all amateurs who have never won a prize or had a known record of over 85ft. This event shall be for accuracy, delicacy and distance combined, the accuracy and distance to be decided according to rules governing this in the amateur class, only that the buoys shall be placed at 35, 40 and 45ft. The delicacy of delivery shall be decided by points, 10 to be considered perfect. The contestant making the highest score when the total per cent. and points are added to be declared the winner.

	Distance.	No. of Casts. 1	2	3	4	5	Demerits.	Total Demerits.	Demerit P. C.	Net P. C.	Delicacy.	Tot'l.
W. H. Babcock.	45	0	1	1	2	0	4					
	50	3	0	0	0	0	3					
	55	1	2	0	1	0	4	11	3⅔	96⅓	7	103⅓
J. E. Isgrigg	45	0	0	1	0	0	1					
	50	3	2	3	1	3	12					
	55	3	1	1	5	1	11	24	8	92	5	97
H. W. Leavitt.	45	0	0	1	0	1	2					
	50	1	4	2	1	2	10					
	55	2	2	3	1	2	10	22	7⅓	92⅔	3	95⅔
M. D. Butler.	45	0	0	0	1	5	6					
	50	6	2	5	3	1	17					
	55	2	2	0	2	3	9	32	10⅔	89⅓	5	94⅓
J. A. Murrell.	45	0	1	1	0	1	3					
	50	10	1	3	3	1	18					
	55	0	10	4	10	10	34	55	18⅓	81⅔	9	90⅔
J. B. Davidson.	45	1	2	1	2	0	6					
	50	10	10	3	3	1	27					
	55	10	2	1	2	3	18	51	17	83	6	89
B. W. Gooddell.	45	1	3	2	1	3	10					
	50	4	2	10	2	0	18					
	55	1	2	10	3	3	20	48	16	84	3	87

Mr. Babcock used a Kosmic.

The light rod event closed the tournament, the amateur club team contest not filling. However, there was an extra event at the close of the tournament between a Chicago and Indianapolis team, Mr. George W. Steele, judge, R. C. Leonard, time keeper. Test, long distance. Chicago won by 29 points:

Chicago.		Indianapolis.	
B. W. Goodsell	80	Butler	80
J. E. Isgrigg	83	Van Blarcum	77
E. E. Wilkinson	83—246	McDougal	60—217

The managers desired that the following card be published:

"The Chicago Fly-Casting Club announced some time since to the world that an open-to-all scientific angling tournament would be given at the World's Columbian Exposition, and that donations of merchandise prizes as special features, in addition to the championship gold medals offered would be appreciated. The Chicago Fly-Casting Club hereby publicly thanks dealers and others for their generous donations to the tournament, and hopes that their bread will not have been cast in vain on the waters of the North Lagoon. Such generosity certainly engenders good will and stimulates sportsmen to renewed efforts to advance all interests identified with sportsmanship."

The tournament committee held a meeting at the conclusion of the tournament. B. WATERS.

MAINE ANGLING NOTES.

REPORTS from the Rangelevs indicate better late fly-fishing than usual. A special from J. A. French, proprietor of the Upper Dam Camps, last week, mentioned the fine fishing Mr. Hiram Blood, of East Cambridge, Mass., had been having for nearly a week past. He had then taken from the pool below the dam nine trout, the average weight of which was 5½lbs. It also mentioned the skillful fly-fishing of Mr. Blood, and indicated that he understands where the big trout hide, and what sort of a lure is the best in the hands of an expert for drawing them out. I suppose Mr. Patrick Kelly is among the happy fishermen at the Upper Dam, as he was to go early in September, and I have not seen his merry face in Boston of late. Another special from Lake Welokennebacook—the Middle Dam is doubtless meant—of Sept. 21, says that four trout were taken there on Thursday, the united weight of which were 21½lbs. This was the catch of Mr. E. W. Coes, R. E. Foster and Frank Breed, of Boston. Mr. Coes caught the largest fish, one weighing 6½lbs. Mr. William L. Whitney, of Fall River, and Frank Haines took two 5lbs. trout on the same day. The wonder is as to where so many large trout come from, and the question is asked by almost every rod and line sportsman as to the possibility of the supply being kept up under such fishing? Word also comes from the Moosehucmaguntic House, Haine's Landing, that Mr. Rogers has taken a trout of 5¾lbs., and Nick Boylston one of 4½lbs.

But not all of the fishing ends pleasantly, or rather the disposing of the fish, after the capture is made, especially in Maine. Mr. H. T. Stancliffe, Paymaster of the U. S. Navy at Norfolk, Va., has been spending a number of weeks at the Mountain View House, on Rangeley Lake. He is a lover of that region, and has visited the location several seasons, I believe. Fishing he does not care to follow as closely as some sportsmen do. He will take his rod in hand on occasion, say after dinner or just at nightfall, but is ready to give up the sport at the slightest circumstance. The other evening he was out for an hour or two and was rewarded with a 4½lbs. trout. This increased his enthusiasm somewhat and he fished more closely for a few days, and was successful as few fishermen in that region have been of late. He landed a 7½lbs. landlocked salmon. At this he was greatly pleased. At the hotel he expressed a wish to send his salmon to a friend in New York. Mr. Harry Keyo, of the Southern Pacific Railway office in Boston, who was spending a few days with his brother at the Mountain View, innocently offered to take the fish out as far as Boston, as he was going home the next day. Mr. Keyo says that he never gave a single thought to the law against trout and salmon being taken out of Maine, except by the person catching them, although aware of the existence of such a law. He also feels quite sure that Mr. Stancliffe did no give the law a thought. The salmon was nicely boxed in ice and marked with the name of Mr. Stancliffe's friend. It was done openly and the box was on the wharf at the Mountain View till the arrival of the steamer. On the steamer Mr. Keyo noticed a couple of fellows eyeing the box inquisitively. They soon made friends with Mr. Keyo, asking about the salmon, where and how it was caught, etc. They expressed satisfaction at the capture and were inclined to congratulate Mr. Keyo on his success. That gentleman told them that he was not the happy individual, neither was he the person whose name was on the box. Later his suspicions were excited a little by observing one of them making a note of the address on the box. But the box went on board the train at Rangeley without trouble and the baggage-master gave Mr. Keyo a check for it. But at Farmington, overy fifty miles from the starting point of the salmon, Sheriff Blake came down to the train and demanded the fish, saying that he had a dispatch from Warden Huntoon, of Rangeley, ordering him to seize the box for violation of the statute against sending fish out of the State. At first Mr. Keyo was inclined to demand that the railroad make good the loss of his friend, as he held a baggage check for it; but, on reflection, he saw that the railroad was not the least to blame. Mr. Keyo is inclined to think that everything was conducted in the most roundabout way, apparently to make the cost as great as possible. It cost his friend Mr. Stancliffe over $80. The seizure might just as well have been made at Rangeley, as the two men on the steamer, who evidently informed the warden, got off at that point, and had ample time to notify the warden and stop the fish there. This would have saved the cost of the Farmington officer. Or they or the warden might quietly have suggested to Mr. Keyo at Rangeley that he was breaking the law, when he would have desisted, and the purpose of the law would have been accomplished. He is inclined to think, and others agree with him, that the way the game laws are frequently enforced in Maine often cuts the deepest for the more trivial offenses. SPECIAL.

To Extract a Fish Hook.

BALTIMORE, MD., Sept. 20—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As Mr. Hallock says, the best way to extract a fish hook, where it can be done, is to force the hook all the way through the flesh, so that the barb can be broken off. After this is done the hook can be drawn back through the hole, which will soon heal up. I have extracted several hooks in this way, that had been buried in the flesh past the barb. One case was where a large hook had entered the under lip of a boy, and was buried up to the bend. The first thing I did was to cut the line near the hook, thus preventing any possibility of further hurting the boy by accidental pulls upon the line. I then felt for the point of the hook, and telling the little man to keep as still as possible, I forced the point quickly all the way through the lip, and broke the barb off with my pocket knife. On removing the hook there were two small holes, which I treated with clay and willow leaves, and in an hour or two all pain had left the wound, and nothing more was heard of it. Of course, if the hook has entered so near the bone that it is impossible to turn it, cutting will have to be resorted to. But in nine cases out of ten, the hook can be turned so as to bring the point out, and the removing of the hook will be accomplished with far less pain, and without the terrible soreness resulting from cutting it out. EDWARD A. ROBINSON.

Striped Bass in the Shrewsbury.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20—Gen. Louis Fitzgerald tells me that the striped bass fishing is very fine now in the Shrewsbury River. WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

THE STEELHEAD SALMON.

Salmo gairdneri.

IN a recent copy of FOREST AND STREAM I think I noticed the somewhat unexpected statement that very little was known of the life history of the steelhead of the Columbia, especially in regard to its spawning habits. This may apply to people on the Atlantic coast, but here on the Pacific there is hardly a fish, except the Chinook salmon (quinnat salmon, *Oncorhyncus chouica*) that is better known than the steelhead. I also saw it reported somewhere that the spawning grounds of the steelhead had been recently discovered. This is also a misapprehension. Its spawning grounds have been known for nearly twenty years. I myself saw them eighteen years ago spawning in vast numbers below Oregon City Falls, on the Willamette. If I remember rightly they begin to spawn there in February and continue till the middle of May. It was the first week in May when I saw them spawning in 1875, and they were then nearly through and appeared almost in a dying condition. Their spawning season is at about the same time in all the accessible tributaries of the Willamette and lower Columbia. Higher up the Columbia the spawning season begins earlier, and further north it begins and ends later. The steelhead was first described by Gairdner and Suckley about thirty years ago, and their description may be found in the earlier Pacific R.R. reports of these distinguished observers. They described the fish under two different names, having the erroneous impression that the steelhead on its spawning grounds was a different fish from the steelhead in tide water. To the steelhead in tide water and below they gave the name *Salmo gairdneri*, and to the steelhead on its spawning grounds they gave the name *Salmo truncatus*, or square-tailed trout, but *Salmo gairdneri* of salt water and *Salmo truncatus* of the spawning grounds are the same fish. It acquired the popular name of steelhead from the steely appearance of its head and back. Its name when spawning, *Salmo truncatus*, was given to it because its tail at that season, when stretched, is not forked, but truncated, having a straight edge as if it had been cut off with a broad-ax. The names *Salmo truncatus* and square-tailed trout were dropped, of course, when it was found that the fish called by these names was only a temporarily changed form of *Salmo gairdneri*.

The reports of Doctors Gairdner and Suckley contained, so far as I am able to learn, all the authentic information concerning the steelhead, possessed at that time, but after the salmon canneries were started on the Columbia, the steelhead soon became a well-known fish. Thousands of them are caught every year at the Columbia River canneries, and they are very abundant in their season in all the tributaries of the river. They can be seen every spring spawning in great numbers in the Willamette, just below where the Oregon City Falls prevent them from going up the river any further. They are frequently mentioned in the earlier reports of the writer to the United States Fish Commission, and except as regards the question of their identity with the rainbow trout, concerning which a few words will be said further on, there is no mystery whatever about them that I know of.

They arrive in the Columbia from the ocean in October and November, and gradually pursue their way up the Columbia and its tributaries, toward their spawning grounds. They do not seek such small streams to spawn in as the Eastern brook trout (*S. fontinalis*), but after they have ascended a stream they are very persistent in maintaining their position in it. They ascend all the tributaries of the Columbia, and are abundant in their season in all the streams of the Pacific Coast emptying into the ocean, north of Mendocino county, and they occur to some extent in the streams of that county. They are rare in the Sacramento and south of the Sacramento. They differ from most of the other sea-going salmon of the Pacific Coast in the fact that they do not die immediately after spawning, and before they return to salt water, as the humpbacks (*O. gorbuscha*), the Chinook salmon (*O. chouica*) and the bluebacks (*O. nerka*) are known to do, but on the contrary the steelheads are very eager to return to salt water after spawning. They are then very thin, indeed, and very hungry, but their coat is still bright and silvery, and they look perfectly healthy, while the other salmon just mentioned are sick, slimy, covered with white blotches, often blind and mutilated, and very unwholesome looking, and also without the slightest disposition apparently to return to the ocean.

The reason that the steelheads are so much more desirous to return to the ocean than the Chinooks and other varieties is, probably, because they continue to feed in fresh water, while the Chinooks and other salmon do not. They get very hungry after spawning, and as the fresh water streams that they spawn in furnish no adequate amount of food for them, they want to hurry back to their well-stored, and probably well-remembered, feeding grounds in the sea.

At this period, if they can be intercepted on their return journey to the ocean, they furnish the very best possible sport to the angler. They are so hungry that they will, I believe, take any bait or fly, and they will fight like a bulldog after being hooked. I have seen fishermen reel them in all day on the Clackamas River, in Oregon, without losing thirty minutes time the whole day between casting the line and hooking the fish, or in other words, there was not a half an hour all day long when there was not a salmon on their hook, and, usually, the moment the fly touched the water a salmon caught at it. When I had charge of the Clackamas Station of the U. S. Fish Commission the army officers from Fort Vancouver used to come over to the station to fish for steelheads, and I will guarantee that they never had better sport in their lives. They would get so enthusiastic at times that they would wade in the river up to their necks, and in one instance a gentleman well known in the higher circles of national politics, and who wears eyeglasses, was pulled off his balance by a gamy steelhead and taken under water and down a dangerous piece of rapids; but he hung to his fish all the time and finally emerged to view with his eyeglasses in their place and with a firm grip on his rod, and a steelhead at the end of his line.

When it comes simply to catching fish for sport, I doubt if the angling for hungry steelheads is surpassed by any fishing in the world; but when it comes to eating them, it is another thing. It must be confessed that they are not valued here very highly as food. Boiled steelhead is pretty dry eating, and broiled steelhead is dryer yet. They make a very good chowder, and that is about the best that can be said of them. They are all thrown away at the Alaska canneries, and they used to be at the canneries on the Columbia, but I am informed that in recent years when the catch of quinnat salmon is unprofitably small, some of the canning men have used steelheads to fill up their cans with. They are not good for canning, however, as their flesh is too white to be salable and too dry to be very palatable.

In size the steelheads average much smaller than the quinnat salmon (*O. chouica*), but larger than the humpbacks and bluebacks. As well as I can remember, those I saw in the Columbia averaged about 12lbs. in weight and did not vary much in size. Indeed the wonderful variation in size of the quinnat salmon (*O. chouica*) is confined to that variety; I have taken ripe eggs from a spawning quinnat salmon in the McCloud River that weighed 3½lbs., while in the Yukon there are spawners that weigh 100lbs. Such variation occurs in no other variety of the *Salmonidæ*. The steelheads, however, like the quinnat, grow larger as you go north, and in Alaska are found weighing nearly 30lbs.

In shape, the steelhead is more slender than the quinnat salmon (*O. chouica*) and less graceful in form than the Atlantic salmon (*S. salar*), and has the appearance of being too heavy about the shoulders, so to speak, to be perfectly symmetrical. Its range is chiefly from Mendocino county, California, north to the Arctic, though stragglers are sometimes found south of this southern limit.

Its eggs are smaller than those of the quinnat, are less richly colored and fewer in number, compared with the size of the fish. At the writer's recommendation, the Fort Gaston Station of the United States Fish Commission, in Humboldt county, California, was kept up chiefly on account of the prospect of obtaining steelhead eggs. There is a branch of the Fort Gaston Station on Redwood Creek, which large numbers of steelheads ascend to spawn.

There has been a suspicion for a number of years that the steelhead is the same fish as the rainbow trout of California (*S. iridea*), and the question of their identity can hardly be considered settled yet. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean thought for some time that the two fish were identical; but I believe he does not urge that opinion now. Dr. David S. Jordan, president of the Stanford University, California, and one of the most distinguished scientific authorities on fishes, is still in doubt, and proposes soon to make an exhaustive study of the subject and settle the question whether steelheads are sea-going rainbow trout.

The following letter from Dr. Jordan bearing on this point will, I think, be read with interest:

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY,
PALO ALTO, Cal., Feb. 22, 1893.

Mr. Livingston Stone, Baird, Shasta Co., Cal.:

DEAR SIR—The collection of trout reached us in perfect condition. The rainbow trout are, of course, as they always have been, but the question of whether they are different species from the steelhead seems still hard to determine. My present belief is that it will be found that the steelhead, rainbow and salmon trout of this coast, including the Kamloops trout, which I recently described, are forms of one species, and that there are only two really distinct species of trout on the coast—the cut-throat trout in the north and east and the rainbow trout. This of course leaves out the Dolly Varden, which is not a true trout.

It seems, however, that the trout of McLeod River have larger eyes and shorter auxiliary scales to the ventral fins as well as more profuse spotting than any of the trout of this part of the State.

The "No-Shee" is a decided puzzle to us. I can hardly believe that it is a different species from the rainbow trout. It is, however, different in color, having all its spots gathered together on the posterior part of the body, and its scales are much smaller than those of the rainbow trout. There are 155 in the lateral line instead of 125.

In the San Francisco market a while ago I found among a lot of so-called salmon-trout one specimen which seems to be identical with the No-Shee, having small scales, though not quite so small as those in the one you sent, and its black spots collected about its tail. I should be glad, if you ever catch another, to see it in order to determine if possible what degree of constancy these characters have. Very truly yours, DAVID S. JORDAN.

To recapitulate briefly, let me add that steelheads are rare south of Mendocino county, California, but abundant north of it; that south of Alaska their spawning season is from February to May, inclusive; that they spawn in the numberless small streams that flow into the rivers they ascend and also in the rivers themselves; that when returning to sea they are very gamy and furnish fine sport to the angler; that their flesh is dry, of a whitish color and undesirable for canning and not particularly desirable for the table; and that some doubt still exists whether they are not sea-going rainbow trout.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

"Lake Champlain Trout."

NOT brook trout nor lake trout, nor anything in the shape of a speckled beauty, but just about as good a fish when properly cooked. That is why the natives give the above name to what we call the humble bullhead. The average angler deems him beneath notice, for he clings to the hook too honestly for much sport, and sculls himself up to the boat without the swift lunge and sharp break of the true member of the *Salmo* family. But when the summer boarder has cleaned out all the trout fit for food, then the fish hunger is well appeased by the firm, meaty fish of the pout taken from cold waters like Lake Champlain. Mr. Charles Parrish, of Bridport, Vt., while fishing recently with two friends caught 180, weighing from a half to a full pound apiece. W. H. R.

Mr. McCarthy's Ouananiche.

THOSE who have read Mr. Eugene McCarthy's interesting accounts of ouananiche fishing in FOREST AND STREAM will be interested to know that we have on exhibition in this office a fine example of this superb fish taken by Mr. McCarthy. The specimen, which weighed 7¼lbs., is beautifully mounted on an oak board, and has in its jaw the identical fly with the leader on which it was taken, and a foot or two of the line.

"Forest and Stream" Fishing Postals.

THREE LAKES, Wis., Sept. 13.—Mr. W. H. Upmire, Mr. Weller and Mr. F. Sebel, of Milwaukee, caught in two days' fishing at Butternut Lake 218 black bass, largest 4¼lbs., total 276lbs.; also three maskalonge at Medicine Lake, largest 23lbs. F. R. F.

Trout in Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In to-night's *Bulletin* I find this item: "Thomas R. Hewett, of New York, an owner of a trout pond in North Stonington, Conn., has been troubled by the large fish eating the trout. To do away with this evil he had the water drawn off in hope of saving what trout remained. Pickerel, bullheads and eels were found in large numbers, but there was only one trout. One of the pickerel weighed over 4lbs."

Talk about bullheads! Why, Rhode Island ponds swarm with these and eels. The preserve club recently organized here have a large pond on their premises and calculate to stock it well with trout, but if the bullheads play such havoc as the above clipping would indicate, it will probably be a case of drawing off another pond or building a new one.

There are ponds in the southern part of this little State that swarm with bullheads, but we have taken good-sized trout from them, too. There are good trout in our waters here, but with the brook-damming "Canucks" and mill hands, the fingerling fiend, and their natural enemies, the pickerel, eels and bullheads, they have a sorry time of it That poor solitary trout in the pond above mentioned in the newspaper clipping, must have had a busy time of it. He was probably a thoroughbred fighter and deserved a better death than the inglorious way in which he was captured.

Shades of night! Are we coming to the necessity of going to the hatching farms for our trout? The man who invented that novel device for "fishing at the trap" has a fortune waiting for him if "real" fishing don't pick up in these parts. Or else we've got to have artificial ponds on our lawns, fill them with metal fish and use a magnetized hook to get them with.

Well, we hope Mr. Hewett will clean out his pond, restock from the commission and have better luck. TODE.

Bass at Crystal Lake.

IONIA, Mich., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had been out several times this season for bass, but this, considering the short space of time devoted to fishing, was the best trip I made. Some friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Parsons, were camping on the banks of Crystal Lake, twenty-six miles north of here, and my wife and I determined to join them.

The lake by the way is rightly named, for the water is so clear you can easily see a white pebble in 15ft. of water, and the banks go so far out and the water so shallow a team can be driven around the entire lake without the water going over the hub. But you can find deep water by going out far enough.

On Tuesday, Sept. 5, my wife and I started from home at 7 A. M. and drove the twenty-six miles, arriving at the lake at 12:30. I drove up to camp and left my folks, took dinner, and after half an hour spent at table took my horse one mile to a stable, walked back to camp and took out my bethabara 10oz. and Mylan reel. I rowed out alone for the resort of the gamest of all the finny tribe, the black bass. I had not gone over twenty rods, when my reel began to whizz and I soon landed a beautiful 2lbs. lake bass, and when the gong sounded for mess at 5:45 I pulled into shore with ten lovely black bass and two small pickerel, having been out two hours and forty-five minutes. This is a sample of our excellent fishing in old Michigan. E. R. B.

Big Maskinonge.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Sept. 18.—Maskinonge, which were very numerous in Mosquito Bay three years ago, but have not since been found in their former haunts, were rediscovered by Messrs. L. A. Appleby and A. N. Reid on Friday last, when they caught three which weighed 40½lbs., 29lbs. and 23lbs. respectively. The largest one measured 4ft. 6in. in length and girthed 2ft. These lucky fishermen reported plenty more where those came from. R. S. B.

Fishculture.

FISHERS AND SPORTSMEN AT THE FAIR.

The World's Fair Fisheries Congress.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 20.—One of the features of work on which Capt. Jos. W. Collins, chief of Fisheries at the Fair, had set an especial interest was the Congress of Fisheries, earlier announced for Sept. 19-20. In these days of many congresses it is source of much pride for any event of this nature to show a large attendance, but in view of results of this convention the effort may be called a worthy one in a way. It was of course a convention not of sporting fishers and anglers, but of commercial and scientific fishermen. Representative men from both coasts and from the Great Lakes were in attendance. Capt. Collins called the meeting to order Tuesday morning, President T. W. Palmer following with an address. Hon. William Smith, of Canada, Minister of Marine Fisheries, spoke on the "Fisheries of Canada," and Lieut. F. W. Bassett made an interesting talk on the "Folk Lore of Fishing." In the afternoon a cosmopolitan procession of fishing boats passed through the lagoons, among which the following craft appeared:

A life-saving boat, with all the crew wearing cork life-preservers, a Rhode Island striker boat, the Blake's sounding boat, whaleboat from cruiser Illinois, Turkish caique, Norwegian boat, Lofoten Islands fishing boat, Norway; pleasure fishing boat, Norway; dory, with lobster pots, Massachusetts; canoe from West Alaska, klinkit canoe from Alaska, modern skiffs, outrigger canoes from Ceylon, balsa from South America, Esquimau cayoks, Dahomey canoes, Samoan canoes, Egyptian boat, ordinary canoe, bragozza, fishing boat from Venice; Jangada fishing raft from Brazil, Canadian boat, St. Lawrence skiff, angler's boat, water bicycle, land and water motor, aluminum shell, canvas folding boat, angler's boat yawl, Japanese Phœnix boat, with net casting, Japanese boat with fish balloons, birch canoes with Western Indians, birch canoes manned by Penobscot Indians, native boats from British Columbia, dugout manned by Iroquois Indians, kaiak from whaler Progress, float with fishing camp and sturgeon boat.

On Wednesday the congress reassembled at 10 A. M. Capt. Collins read his paper on "The Relation of Fisheries to National Prosperity," showing how important the fisherman has been in history from the time of the Phœnicians down. Mr. John Hudson, of Washington State, read a paper on the "Fisheries of Washington." Mr. John Tobin, of Chicago, made some interesting remarks on the subject "How to Scale Fish." Mr. Hart, of Chicago, presented valuable results of his study on the "Manufacture and Uses of Fish Glue."

On Wednesday there were some boat races, the most interesting being those between the canvas boats. Osgood boat

broke her oars, Acme lost an oar and the King boat's rowing gear gave out. Eureka boat won.

The third and last day of the three so-called fisheries days was better known as Sportsmen's Day. There was no congress on that day, but two meetings, that of the national convention of sportsmen and the tournament of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, were held, both of which are reported elsewhere in these columns. The fly-casting tournament was very successful, indeed one of the very few successful sporting events which have been brought off at or about the Fair.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Pennsylvania Fisbculture.

THE Pennsylvania State Fish Commission have been liberally stocking the public streams of the commonwealth with black bass obtained from pound-net fishermen of Lake Erie. The fish introduced are from 3 to 6in. in length, they being caught in September and carried to the various streams in the State Fish Commission car.

This Commission will distribute about three or three and a half millions of trout and trout fry this year. The success with trout in several streams in the northern portion of Lancaster county is very gratifying.

Captain Peoples, of New Providence, has been highly successful with black bass. The Captain had several old quarries on his place into which he turned the waters of a small stream and so formed good pouds. These he has stocked with bass, which now afford his angling friends most excellent sport. The Captain experienced some difficulty in feeding his bass. Chopped meat is used. The pieces must be small. Captain Peoples has lost a number of bass, which were choked to death by pieces of meat of too large a size.

BART.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Sept. 26 to 29.—Ottawa, Canada. Alfred Geddes, Sec'y.
Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—Brunswick Fur Club field trials, at North Acton, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

RHODE ISLAND DOG SHOW.

THE above heading may seem rather too general, but not more so than the show deserves. It was the united opinion of those present that "Little Rhody," as in society, politics and commerce, must henceforth be reckoned among the leading shows. Conflicting with another A. K. C. show, the result of this initial effort must be peculiarly gratifying, and FOREST AND STREAM sees nothing to regret in upholding the show at the expense of one whose management was deplorable. The Cranston fixture was alluded to by some writers as a "little one-horse affair," but all must admit that the horse must have been a "hackney" by the resolute manner in which it stepped out. The prize list is sufficient to show that a majority of the best dogs we have in the East put in an appearance. This was to be expected, for the judges are popular, the money prizes fairly liberal and, with John Read at the helm, every one knew that the management could be depended upon. It was one of the pleasantest shows to attend; everything ran satisfactorily, and the judges did their work unostentatiously, methodically and promptly. There were eight rings put up outside, but only four were needed for judging, but the space proved a safeguard to the dogs. With a number of rings partitioned off, there is no fear in exercising even the smallest dogs, and affording them the relief they sometimes cannot get when dogs of all sorts and sizes crowd into one large ring. The building where the show was held is one made by covering the space between two cattle sheds, and had it a better floor would be admirable for the purpose. Mr. D. Seabury, brother of poor "Nat" Seabury, an architect, planned the benching and building, and it was well arranged. The benching was new and in the old style, and a large space was reserved in the center for rings in case of stormy weather. We can make one suggestion to the management The floor was earth and covered with sawdust, and naturally when the crowds passed through, there being no admission fee, a heavy pall of dust covered dogs and visitors alike, and many of us thought we were afflicted with hay fever or some such nostril-tickling complaint. The solid earth floor will be sufficient another time and a little sprinkling will keep down the dust.

The judging was delayed somewhat the first day by heavy showers, but as it cleared toward noon, Messrs. Mortimer, Davidson, Boutelle and Wakefield soon got to work. Open air judging is a feature we do not often enjoy in this country, and would we had more of it. The show looked like a second edition of a Boston reunion, so many familiar faces from the city of "cultchah" were to be seen. The quality in some of the breeds was quite conspicuous, and the gathering of fox-terriers was a rare compliment both to the judge and the efforts of the new secretary of the American Fox-Terrier Club, Mr. H. W. Smith, who was there both to show his wires and see after the club stakes.

Among others we noticed were H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., T. S. Bellin, F. F. Dole, Winslow Clark, A. Heald, T. W. Turner, G. Muss-Arnolt, Geo. Jarvis, Tom Aldrich, Joe Lewis, J. B. Martin, all the way from San Francisco, Cal., Estelle Deffey, E. H. Moore, B. S. Turpin, F. W. Chapman, H. V. Jamieson, J. H. Scanlan, F. Senn, Dr. Thurber, H. N. Waldron, Dr. Lougest, Dr. Glazier, Geo. Thomas, James E. Green, George Fletcher, A. W. Pearsall, N. Wallace, J. B. Elton, E. H. Parsons, F. W. Connolly, J. Sharpe, C. Fred Crawford, B. Alton Smith, E. B. Elliott, Major Taylor, A. W. Atherton, H. S. Roberts, C. Steadman Hanks, German Hopkins, Jas. Bowden, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Meacham, and Henry Brooks and Mr. Taylor. All the "boys" seemed satisfied, and there was a complete absence of that hard feeling and rancor that seems to have crept into some shows lately. Mr. Walter J. Comstock and his able deputy, Billy Birch, saw that the exhibitors did not want for anything and every one was made to feel at home. The judging was completed before noon on Tuesday. The catalogue was singularly free from duplicates, there being no novice classes, and consequently out of the entry of 467 dogs, 425 were benched. The number of entries in the classes are given below in parenthesis.

MASTIFFS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—It is not often that we are treated to such a capital lot of mastiffs as those shown here. In another year or so if the two doctors, Glazier and Lougest, continue to "nick" their stock as they have done, there should be no cry of decadence in this breed. Challenge classes failed to draw, but the quality of several dogs in the open abundantly made up the loss. The winner, Ingleside Minting, a son of Beaufort's Black Prince, has come on nicely since New York, and now stands forth in the same row as Beaufort and Black Prince. He is a little faulty in pasterns and feet, but his head is a study, capital skull and deep square muzzle, altogether very massive, well placed ears, good expression and wrinkle, eyes might be a little darker but well set, great bone, body good depth with plenty of substance considering his eighteen months, if it was a little longer it would be better, though this fault is not nearly so pronounced as in his sire, and above all he is a good mover, his hind parts being more than ordinarily well formed. He is a dog with a future. Emperor Maximilian is another good one, by Ingleside Maximilian; his expression is not so good as the winner, his ears being set on too high, the fawn and black markings are not pronounced enough, being very dark all over the head, and eye color is not in keeping; ear small, excellent forepart, should be deeper in loin, but chest is deep; he is a younger dog than the winner, but has considerably more loose skin round shoulders and neck, he is also a good mover. Emperor William loses behind to the others, being too straight in stifle, he has, however, an excellent head, massive skull, and deep, square, short muzzle, and nice wrinkle; he is a litter brother of Emperor's. Leo G. and Trump were outclassed here, heads too long and not the same type. A very promising bitch, Lady Diana, beat her dam, Gerda II.; she is a sister of the two Emperors; very pleasing, well formed head, deep body and strong loin, but she could be much improved with straight forelegs and feet, she won handily in the parts spoken of. Gerda II., however, can well rest content without bench show honors when she can point to such a litter as this. Boston Boy is just over distemper, but really I thought the judge a little hard in withholding first; he is of a later litter, by Maximilian out of Gerda II., and though a little too pronounced in stop and condition rather low, still his type and quality justly entitled him to score, especially when followed by two poor ones. Dr. Lougest took the kennel prize.

ST. BERNARDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—There was quality here, too, and classes were well judged. Lady Livingstone, looking in high feather, furnished the only challenge entry in roughs. In open dogs came Altoneer once more, but

FOXHOUND FEMUR.

First, Challenge, Rhode Island Show, 1893.
Owned by Dr. Thurber, Providence, R. I.

his summer's rest has not furnished that body as it should have done, and his shortness of coat made it more apparent; in head, expression and type, however, he scores, and especially in carriage of tail. Columbus is a handsome dog, rather light in bone and should have more rib, nicely marked, good, deep head, should be broader in chest and not carry his tail so high and curled. Imperator is an improved dog, tall and with good action, muzzle should be broader, but it is deep, pasterns faulty, tail curls, and if he had more rib would be better; still, he is a handsome dog, with the best coat in class. Czar G. is another good-looking one, by Alton, muzzle not deep enough, flat-ribbed, but nice type and color. The others were brindle, and Donnar is cow-hocked. Two bitches by champion Pouf came together next, and they showed a great family resemblance in their peculiar style of head, though Lady Sneerwell has an advantage in size and substance throughout. Walkure loses in type, substance, legs and head to the others. The only pup was a son of Jim Blaine.

In Smooths Mr. Moore furnished both the challenge winners with Melrose and Miss Alton; both are now as good as they ever will be, and a lightness in body is apparent in all the dogs of this celebrated litter, but for all-round type, heads, bone and action they are hard to beat. Melrose King took the dog prize, and in doing so beat Belisarius in head, color, bone and coat, the latter looking a bit ragged. Cato has a poor front and an all-white body, while his hocks are too straight as well; so he got quite as much as he deserved. Admiral has too much coat. Melrose Belle, well known in the circuit last spring, had no competition; she has not filled out in body either, tail faulty, but she shows lots of type and quality. Puppy prizes were rightly withheld. Melrose Kenuels won the kennel special.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—First prize was withheld from a poor sort.

GREAT DANES (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—In Lord Wolverton's absence Bismarck was the only competitor; his forelegs want straightening and loin more arch; he is a black dog. There were no bitches.

BLOODHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—Some well known winners turned up here, but Belhus, in open dogs (3), for type, expression and quality beats Bruno, who is a bit coarse but can throw a well-wrinkled head and nice leather. Delphan, a sweet little bitch, was the only one to uphold her sex; excellent wrinkle and head and peak but not enough of it all; her appearance is marred somewhat by only having three-quarters of a tail.

DEERHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—But for Frank Dole's interference Mr. Thayer would have just farmed these classes. Hillside Warrior was the challenge dog; he wears well. The New York winner Argyle beat out Douglas in open dogs (3), better head and loin and coat, Lancelot beating in turn in front and rib. In bitches (2) the prizes fell to two well known matrons, Hillside Heather and Feodora, the latter, while stronger in muzzle, loses in loin and coat. The kennel prize fell to Mr. Thayer, of course.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—These were all from Mr. Hanks's kennel and have been described many times before. Groubian took challenge honors. Leekhoi, who seems to have taken a second lease on life, I never saw looking stouter. Turner has evidently solved the difficult question of keeping these dogs in shape, for he had them all in good flesh, but of course some of them lacked the silky hair that makes these dogs so handsome. Peter the Great, second, loses to Leekhoi in quality, head, coat, loin and shoulders. Obrouga repeated her Wissahickon victory over Flodyka in bitches (2), the latter losing in head and front and loin; both are out of coat. Mr. Hanks scooped the kennel prize.

GREYHOUNDS (*John Davidson, Judge*). — Quality was mixed here and the winners, most of them well known had no difficulty in asserting their superiority. Champion Gem of the Season was alone in his class. In open dogs (7), Imperator a previous winner showing much quality, a little too short in back, beats Sir Lancelot, who has improved wonderfully on his previous form, and is now quite a passable dog, beating the winner in body and loin, but losing in an essential point, his forelegs. After these came a mixed lot, reserve going to a son of Oruatus, who is long cast and should be better sprung in ribs. Vigilant is too full in skull and weak in muzzle and his feet are not set true. Bronx should have more substance and a stronger loin. Lord Northcroft got all he deserved with a c. In bitches (5), Mr. Davidson placed Southern Beauty in her right place, first, over Wild Rose, thus correcting the Toronto decision, and confirming our report of last week. Wild Idle, reserve, is coarse in shoulders and her stifle being too straight she does not cover enough ground. Ruth, vhc., should close her toes up and her head is faulty. Paramello, hc., turns his feet out and fault can be found with his ribs. Mr. Purbeck takes the kennel prize.

FOXHOUNDS (*A. H. Wakefield, Judge*).—This marked the debut of this well known beagle man in the ring after many years absence, but that he still has an eye for a hound he amply proved by the way he handled his classes. Competition in challenge class was confined to Femur and Elite, and a picture of this well known bitch will be found in this issue; Femur has a better type of head. In open dogs (6), a capitally built truely American hound won well. If we want a dog to illustrate a good type of American hound, showing careful improvement, this dog will furnish the subject; he beats Deacon in head and body. Parson, also well known came reserve. Felix, hc., should be truer in elbow. Connecticut Valley Kennels, with Norah and Fancy, furnished the open bitch (5) winners, the former has more substance and is better built all round than the other who is rather weedy, both have the harrier mottle. Dr. Thurber took the kennel prize.

BEAGLES (*A. H. Wakefield, Judge*).—There was a good entry, and though there was considerable quality in some specimens, the general run was not at all "sorty." There was a good diversity of type, long heads and short, bodies the same and not enough of the "cob" that a Lou, a Royal Krueger, Butterfly or a Lonely show. Of course little fault can be found with Forest Hunter, who beat out Fitzhugh Lee, as youth must be served, but the old dog keeps up wonderfully, and in front, bone, body, depth of rib and head is still an object lesson to breeders, and his loin yields not to the heaviest hand. I do not agree, however, with the placing of Twintwo over Butterfly; the latter is correct type, the former not, though a well built bitch is coarse and too long in body. This decision is probably explained by the judge's predilection for size and substance. In large class dogs (2) Sir Thomas beats Wheeler's Little Duke in front, though leggy, and head, but loses from there back. Duke's head is coarse, and he has heavy shoulders. The well-known Gypsey A., shown well, beat another of same type in bitches, Vick R., both familiar to us all; they are both lacking in type, heads too long. Spider C. stands on good legs, but should have deeper chest and muzzle, and not be so broad in skull. In small dogs (2) both entries were light in body, and though the second winner, Little Lee, is straight in forebone, his elbows seem a trifle out. The winner, Spot S., is also long in body, but rather nice head and ear. The bitch class had a larger entry (9), and Gypsey Forest, a familiar name to those interested in these dogs, was placed ahead of Lady of Denmark, a daughter of Fitzhugh Lee and Desdemona; poor front and feet and light in loin, snipy muzzle. Beauty, reserve, though weak in face, shows more type than either, and is cobby, and has a deep-chested body. Lady Novice, vhc., loses in head and front, and is longer in body. Lady Lee has fair front and body, tail awry, and head not above reproach. In the puppies (7) type was mixed, Mr. Fiske, of Worcester, supplying all but one. The winner, Piper, is not the type, too long in body. Arline, second, I think a better all-round dog, good body, though also little long; nice forelegs, but skull too coarse; looks like making a workman. The others had many faults, and need not be mentioned now. Forest Beagle Kennels took the kennel prize.

POINTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—The cockles of this veteran judge's heart must have warmed within him when he saw such a good challenge heavy-weight dog class pass before him as ch. Lad of Kent, Pontiac, Lancelot, ch. Duke of Hessen and ch. Robert-le-Diable, all good pointers and true; absentees, Tempest and Duke of Kent II. The verdict fell to Lad of Kent and "George," who showed his dog, as usual, strong and fit; Lancelot must owe his reserve to the condition of Duke and Robert who were not in full bloom, as far as coat goes, though in nice flesh. Ch. Woolton Game was the only challenge bitch. A capital lot of serviceable looking dogs then came in for the open class (eight) and a dog we always had a good word for during the spring circuit, Sandford Druid, predicting that he would get there when in shape, won nicely. He could be improved in front somewhat, and if stifle was more bent, and he was a little cleaner in neck and shoulder little fault could be found with him. Twinkle, second, is a stylish sort, rather short in neck, good head, feet not as they should be, and is rather narrow in chest; King of Lynn, reserve, is a strong well-made dog in body and hind parts, but faulty in face and feet, and not exactly true in front. Lord Bracken is spoilt by a short thick neck and much loose skin, otherwise he is a well-made dog with a pleasing head, somewhat on the Beaufort order, good legs and body. Hempstead Beau's toes should be closer, loin be more arched and throat cleaner; in other parts he will do. Hempstead Drake, high com., is rather plain in body, might be better in feet and throat, good legs, one foot turns out a bit, and stop too pronounced. In bitches (five) May Go proved to be the winner, her coat is not in good condition, and she stands back on pasterns, and feet should not be so open; Kathleen Kent, a youngster, came next, should be stronger in pasterns and is rather heavy and coarse in quarters and set on of stern, otherwise a promising bitch. The others were absent.

In light-weight dogs (8) Hempstead Duke, a son of Lass of Bow and Duke of Hessen, scored; he has a good front and fair head, skull a trifle broad and his loin should not be so flat and hocks more bent, one hind toe is down; a nice stylish dog taken all round. Second went to Dash A., third at Boston; he rather gets the other in head and legs, has faulty set on of stern; Perry should be stronger in pasterns and his broad skull and prominent cheek detract from his appearance, and he gets his tail up beyond the proper angle. Hempstead Luck, vhc., was the best of the lettered ones, is all right but for his throaty, short nock, and his skull could be improved. Light-weight bitches (10) proved a hard class, the Hempstead Kennels showing up strong with first, second and reserve; their Jill, if she had a deeper muzzle and darker eye, would have a good head, shoulders and bone good, body a bit plain. Hempstead Blossom, I missed somehow, but Hempstead Game, reserve, has rather a plain face, nice body and forelegs, stifles might be more bent, but taken all round she must have pushed the others hard. Wild Lily was about the best of the mentioned lot; she is a stylish bitch, little light in body and faulty in muzzle, but well shown. Lord Bracken won nicely in puppies, beating Prince of Pontiac in muzzle and body. Hempstead Farm Kennels won the kennel prize, showing a strong hand.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—These were strong classes and nearly every setter man one met told you that the open dog class was a "scorcher," and it must have

been warm. There were two names colored in challenge class for dogs, but Kent II. failed to appear, and old champion Paul Gladstone just came to look on and lead his consorts for the kennel prize. He holds his age well and seems to have lots of spirit; though he scarcely holds himself now so well as he does in his picture, considering his burden of eleven years he is a wonderful old dog. In bitches victory rested with Blue Nell, that charming piece of dogflesh, whose expression, general build and quality have always made her a favorite. Victress Llewellin cannot compete with her in these attributes and was not in the best of condition. Mr. Davidson scarcely ever forgets a dog's face, and once win always win or somewhere near it seems to be his creed, and this it is that makes him one of our most consistent judges. Cactus won in dogs (17), and this he did at Wissahickon, followed by some of the same stock; he is well made all round, though expression is marred by an almost black face. Dad Monarch, shown far too fat, was second; bit long cast, good head, but throaty, and heavy-looking round shoulders and neck. Robin Goch, third, might have come in there; though hardly so good in forelegs, he excels in body, neck, and is quite as good in head. Prince L. is getting throaty, but is still a handsome dog. Gasseau is another good-looking one; should be deeper in muzzle and not so round in skull and longer in neck, excellent coat, legs, body and feet. Viscount was not in bloom; he is a bit coarse. Reverdy, hc., was in fair coat; he is too big and coarse for this company. In bitches (10), Daisy, a new one, is quite a charming one, shows lots of quality, fair head, might be a trifle more pronounced in stop and scarcely as good in muzzle as second, Maid Marion, but legs, and especially shoulders, loin and quarters, are capital. Maid Marion is well known as a bitch of good type; she was a little out of coat and is getting a bit throaty. Nellie L., reserve, was second at Boston; she was shown fat. A nicely-built one is Gath's Flake, a little out of coat and plain of face. Spectre was absent. The puppies (5) were fair and promising. Jos. Lewis took the kennel prize.

IRISH SETTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—There were some good dogs shown here too, though the quality scarcely corresponded with the English setters. Challenge dogs brought out four, and victory lay with Dick Swiveller, but many thought that Kildare came a little nearer, especially consid ering shoulders and hindparts, while Inchiquin felt like getting the reserve card, but he and Duke Echo were companions in trouble. The bitch class was also strong, with Queen Vic, Norna and Edna H., but of course there was no questioning the former's position. A fairly good dog in Pemberton headed the open dog class (7); he has been described before, I think; his feet turn out but he is a stylish-actioned dog that would be improved by more swell of rib. Erin's Lad came next; he is not so good in head (bit plain), color or rib as the winner. Tim's Dandy and Seminole Blarney, both known, came next, with Burke, hc., not stop enough, should be better ribbed, and his color is not dark enough. In bitches (7) Mr. Scanlan had a "picnic," "lead pipe cinch," or whatever the correct term may be, getting first and second with Jessequin and Shandon Bell, that were both in the money at Boston. Jessequin was out of coat and Shandon Bell, while losing in front to winner, is better behind. Kildare Doris, reserve, is faulty in muzzle and drops a bit too much in quarters; good color and condition. Daisy Redstone, vhc., has an excellent front but ribs and chest should be deeper. The others deserved their letters, Belle Ida showing age. Lizzie, the only pup, has faulty feet, is small, but of good quality.

GORDON SETTERS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—These were scarcely up to form. No challenge entries and Ranger B. was well ahead in open dogs (4). Brillmont, second, is a fair sort, good legs and body, but head could be improved with a better muzzle. Dan, reserve, is another well shaped dog whose leg tan is devoid of markings, nice head. Dick, vhc., was too fat, and is light in tan. The winner at Boston, Fan, scored again here, followed by Lady Maud, a pretty bitch, who was also second at Boston. Raymond, reserve, loses in muzzle and expression, but in legs and ribs she retrieves herself. Reedmont, the winning pup, is very faulty in head and ears, good legs and markings. Scott, second, beats him in front and head and bone. Kennel prize did not fill.

SPANIELS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—These, though not very extensive in numbers were choice, and with one exception, Dainty, all cockers. Dainty was in poor coat and light in flesh. Middy, in challenge cocker dogs was practically unopposed, as Bamboo was shown fat and in anything but show form. Middy looked well as did nearly all of the dogs from the Swiss Mountain Kennel. Miss Waggles was alone in her class and was the only one in this kennel that showed a bit ragged in coat. Then came the open dogs (7), and here we saw two dogs shown in the pink of condition that together seemed to bring out more strongly the type of dog we should have as a sporting dog and of such is a cocker, high enough on the leg to get over their shadows, straight of limb, active and with well balanced bodies, smart jaunty appearance, alert in expression, they struck one at once, especially Bim, as well bred specimens of the old type of cocker before "fancy" fiddled with them and made "mollie coddles" of the breed. If more of this sort could be shown we feel sure a change would take place and the cocker as a sporting dog would command more attention from practical sportsmen. Though Bim loses in head slightly, being longer than Othello's, his exquisite condition improved body and general style could not be denied, though he does point his abbreviated stern too high. In King Raven, Jr., reserve, we found a more modern type, best bone, fair height, but head too heavy and large or "fieldy." Cherry Punch is a cobby little chap that would do more if his head was better formed. Jay Kay, also vhc., is well known and was well shown. In bitches (7), Miss Chips scored over another one, Woodstock Dora, better front and head. Miss Chloe another known to fame, getting reserve. Corktown Cleo, hc., too round in skull and body nearly touches the ground, how such can do more than just push themselves along I cannot understand. A nice little pup in Cloudy, by Middy, had his division to himself. Swiss Mountain Kennels won the kennel prize, Irish water spaniel entries, Shellia and Musha, were absent.

COLLIES (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—These dogs did not come up to expectations. There were some fairly good individual specimens, but the average were off. Ch. Roslyn Dandy was the only challenge dog and we have seen him often lately. Open dogs (11) was an outing for Chesterford Park Kennels, for aided by the "sponge" Mr. Elliott landed his C. Marvel and C. Hero into the money. I thought they looked in better fettle this time, though still low in flesh; they do not show themselves as they should nor have they the strong jaunty action that the collie should have. Rover, reserve, was lucky, I thought, to beat Al-De-Ber-Eclipse, who has a better head, but was dead out of coat and far from his Wissahickon form; I liked Roger best of the others. In bitches it was Highland Floss, so sweet in expression and full of quality, though out of coat, far ahead of Flurry IV. in head and legs. Patient also loses in head to winner. The puppies were a poor lot and second only was given, though I thought Highland Bobby should have had this, considering Egleston Flurry's bowed front. Mr. Lambert Stansfield took the kennel prize.

BULLDOGS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—These were a mixed lot, with little quality. Addiscombe Gypsey, in nice shape, furnished the challenge winner. In open dogs (4) it was Romance first, the rest nowhere. Seen out in the open this dog showed up much better, and he will always get well up in the list, whatever the competition. Damon is only a moderate one; beaten in shortness of face and body and shoulder by winner. Dr. Rush is light in body and is coarse in head and expression throughout. The well-known Lady Nan won in bitches (5) with Lady Grace, straight in front and not broken up enough in face, second. Miss Pert is a pug mastiff in markings and color. Charmion was absent.

BULL-TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—There were some good ones here and others not so good—as usual—the Boston terrier classes getting most of the worst. Crisp was alone in challenge dogs, and is keeping up in good shape, although when he gets home he will just about have squared the eastern part of this country. Champion Starlight pulled off another ribbon and was looking almost as young as ever. This is one of those bitches that is the salvation of a kennel and helps to feed the balance, Mr. Dole having already made nearly $2,000 from this bitch. In open dogs, considering Prince Gulley's condition, there was only one dog in it, the new one, Cordonua, head getting a bit cheeky, but well formed, capital legs, good bone, though at times he shows the inside of elbow slightly, excellent body and quarters and is a winner that must be reckoned with again. Prince was all out of shape and should not have been shown. Principio, who is wrongly called a champion, was absent; the others were poor. In bitches the only one that the judge could consider was Edgewood Fancy II., who promises well. My Queen and Castle's Pride were absent.

FOX-TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Here was a capital entry, certainly the best seen outside of New York this year, the principal kennels showing up strong, and the Blemton not out of it yet by any means. Blemton Victor II. and Starden's King had another tussle in challenge class, B. Punster not entering into the discussion. King is beaten in neck and cleanness of shoulder, but gets well in loin and body, Victor being light, but loses again in skull, carriage of ears and set-on of stern. In bitches Dona, New Forest Ethel and Grouse II. appeared, and the first had a comparatively easy victory in head, Ethel, reserve, being out of coat and showing age. Open dogs (17) was a hard class to judge, not because there were any real cracks, but from the large number of good average ones. Blemton Stickler proved the winner, beating Blemton Rasper, second, in muzzle, skull and ribs, reserve to the well-known dog Warren Tip Top, shown well. Among the four vhc. dogs I liked Holster, first at Toronto. Warren Ripper is light in loin and ribs, but otherwise good. Warren Layman is another that deserved his card, though he is getting coarse in head and front. Starden's Prince is wavy-coated, round in skull, but fair front and character. In bitches first went to a smart terrier in Warren Duty, that we commented on favorably when she came out at Elmira last spring. She has filled out, but is still a little round in skull. Blemton Vindex, second, is another known to fame. Reserve went to Spinster, faulty in head, muzzle especially, but looking in good shape. Grove Nettle and Lady Roseberry are also known, the latter winning at Toronto a couple of weeks since, and Warren Dorothy, also with three letters, was shown light in body and not up to her spring form. Wire-hairs were chiefly interesting because of the meeting of Oakleigh Bruiser and Brittle, the latter shown very much better and different than he has yet been seen in this country, though he looked a little light and short of coat of which Bruiser had quite plenty, the latter loses in head, stop especially, ribs and carriage of ear. Cribbage failed to appear in time, though entered. In bitches (four) Suffolk Tassel proved too much for Sister Grit who beats in head and rib, is not in such good coat or so good in body, too long, and a rather leggy bitch. Hillside Dona wore in smooth puppies, fair head and ear. Blemton's Vigil, second, is not likely to make much stir. Warren Spruce shows good front, but is off in muzzle and skull, too much of one and too little of the other. In wire pups Sister Grit won nicely from some rather weak-faced ones.

IRISH TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Had Mr. Comstock shown his dogs for competition the rivalry would have been greater. As it was they were exhibited N. F. C. and made an interesting exhibit, "Billy" Birch putting them on the bench in excellent trim. Jack Briggs and Salem Witch furnished the challenge entries. In open dogs first went to Crib; he is good type, but his crooked front should throw him out, though in the absence of Brickbat, Jr., there was little to push him, though I thought Shaun Rue might have done it; his head is his best part. Valley Boxer, second, is leggy and shelly in body. Jack Desmond is faulty in front, fair head. Southborough Paddy was at Toronto. In bitches Coleen Rue, described before, won from Nora II., who was out of coat, is a bit long cast and drooping in quarters. Judy, faulty in front and ragged in coat, vhc. Blue Ribbon, a smart youngster by Jack Briggs, was the puppy winner.

BOSTON TERRIERS (*J. A. Boutelle, Judge*).—As may be supposed, there was lots of diversity here, you just take your choice and if you pay your money it's your own fault. This breed is badly in want of a standard that can be interpreted, or rather an interpreter of the standard. The winners were bully dogs, but little of the terrier about them. There was a good deal of "buttonholing" over the awards and in the bitch heavy-weight class there seemed some cause, as the winner, Queen, is undershot nearly half an inch and round in skull, though at the same time a smart, interesting little thing. Diana came nearest to a flat skull and deep, square muzzle. Tony, a winner in light-weights, is quite out at shoulder and has other bull characteristics. They will do no good with this breed until they put an outside terrier judge in the ring to define the staudard. The withholding of prizes in the puppy classes marks an era.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (*James Morton, Judge*).—Bloomfield Sultan was in the challenge division. First in the open dogs (8) went to Lord George II., very plain in muzzle, snipy and Roman-nosed, good legs, fair body and markings, ears well carried. Oolah came second. Prince Regent was absent. In bitches (8) Rosette won nicely from Ophelia though not in very good shape, Betsy and Mab getting their deserts, Madge and Gypsey Girl absent. Endcliffe Maggie was the only Skye shown and she was not in good coat.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Tiree and Kilroy were transferred to challenge and placed as named. Runanan again won, Kilcree not showing himself, second; something should be done in this as it is too bad to see a good dog placed back for indifferent showing. The Colored Preacher, out of coat, vhc. Hazlecroft Angus loses in skull, front and ear. A fairish one in Hazlecroft Norma was alone in bitches (3), Mr. Brooks's entries here being absent. In Dandies the winners were Amphion, Raglan Sandy in dogs and Ainsty Daisy, away above Meg Merriles, from whom prize was withheld, in bitches. The dachshund was poor and prize withheld.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—A much better lot than one generally sees nowadays. There was no denying Mrs. Senn's Young Ted, well known and in fair coat. Sir Charles, second, is beaten in tan color, coat and body color. Phebe, reserve, excellent in body color but tan too smutty. Jenny showed the quality of the other by getting only hc.

PUGS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—There was little here to commend outside the winners. Royal Dusty was put over Penrice Boy in open dogs (5), both described before; he gets him in body and ear. In bitches, Lady Bonsor won; rather narrow in front, good ear, but skull should be full and deeper stop.

TOY SPANIELS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Nanki Poo came out again and crowed once more, and in his own town, too. He was followed by Prince Yodo, first at the Pet Dog show, who beats in size, but loses in head properties, especially skull, and tail. King of the Charleys had a walkover in King Charles spaniels, Minnie and Royal Roy being far behind in quality, build and condition. Neither of them should have been mentioned, as they were out of shape; but Royal Roy has a far better head than Minnie, too long in muzzle. A pretty little Blenheim, Bell, a previous winner, was alone in bitches.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS (*John Davidson, Judge*).—The winners here have been shown before and we do not feel up to going into a criticism of their diversified types. With the exception of the open dog (3) winner Deacon, owned by Oak Grove Kennels, Mr. B. Alton Smith supplied the other entries.

POODLES (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Dexter coming into his own again is improving in looks. In open dogs (3) Mr. Hunnewell had it all to himself and showed three very taking browns, Diamant, the new one, getting first, and Pooh-Bah second. The winner's coat is excellent, but is not so good in muzzle as Pooh-Bah. Vivette is also faulty in muzzle. These brown poodles should take immensely, as they are so handsome and not at all so common as the blacks.

SCHIPPERKES (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Mr. Connolly put in seven of these and deserves great credit for his efforts to popularize the breed. The class was divided; many of them suffered from colds or effects of distemper though they were shown well otherwise. Perhaps it was the dust that affected them.

H. W. LACY.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Glazier's Ingleside Minting; 2d, very high com. and reserve, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor Maximilian and Emperor William. Very high com., Mrs. G. F. Grantham's Trump. Com., R. L. Guild's Leo G. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana and Lady Beatrice. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, C. A. Lougest's Boston Boy.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, Melrose Kennels' Lady Livingstone.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Melrose Kennels' Altoneer; 2d, Mrs. N. Miller's Columbus. Reserve, C. A Lougest's Imperator. Very high com., E. F. Greene's Czar G. High com. and com., O. Langenberger's Donnar, Percival and Achilles. *Bitches:* 1st, Melrose Kennels' Lady Sneerwell; 2d, Miller & Folsom's Dorothy IV. High com. and com., O. Langenberger's Walkure and Maud III. *Puppies:* 1st, F. Reed's Lady Blaine.—SMOOTH COATED—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Melrose Kennels' Melrose. *Bitches:* 1st, Melrose Kennels' Miss Alton.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Melrose Kennels' Melrose King; 2d, Dr. Lougest's Belisarius. Very high com., J. A. Walch's Cato. Com., J. Breaun's Admiral. *Bitches:* 1st, Melrose Kennels' Melrose Belle. *Puppies:* Withheld.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, R. Sidebottom's Lyon.

GREAT DANES.—1st, Bronx River Kennels' Bismarck.

ENGLISH BLOODHOUNDS.—1st, Dr. Lougest's Belhus; 2d, C. H. Innes's Bruno. *Bitches:* 1st, C. H. Innes's Delfan.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. E. Thayer's Hillside Warrior.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., J. E. Thayer's Argyle and Lancelot; 2d, F. F. Dole's Douglass. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Thayer's Heather and Feodora.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Hanks's Groubian. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Hanks's Svodka.—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st and 2d, C. S. Hanks's Leekhoi and Peter the Great. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. S. Hanks's Obrouga and Flodeyka.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. W. Purbeck's Gem of the Season.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, reserve and very high com., D. B. Lemley's Imperator, Alert and Vigilant; 2d, E. H. Morris's Sir Launcelot. High com., Bronx River Kennels' Bronx. Com., A. W. Purbeck's Lord of Northcroft. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck's Southern Beauty; 2d, J. Lewis's Wild Rose. Reserve, D. B. Lemley's Wild Idyl. Very high com., M. G. Cornhill's Ruth. High com., D. A. Hagan's Paramello.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. Thurber's Femur.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and high com., Connecticut Valley Kennels' Brave's Boy and Felix; 2d and reserve, Dr. Thurber's Beacon and Parson. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Connecticut Valley Kennels' Norah and Fancy. Reserve, S. Bennett's Beauty B. High com., S. Bennett's Belle B.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' Forest Hunter. *Bitches:* 1st, Forest Beagle Kennels' Twin-Two.—OPEN—OVER 13IN.—*Dogs:* 1st, Glenrose Kennels' Sir Thomas; 2d, W. H. Wheeler's Little Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenrose Kennels' Gipsy A.; 2d, Forest Kennels' Vick R.—UNDER 13IN.—*Dogs:* 1st, O. J. Smith's Spot S.; 2d, Glenrose Kennels' Little Lee. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Forest Kennels' Gipsy Forest and Lady Lee; 2d, H. Hanson's Lady of Denmark. Very high com., A. D. Fiske's Lady Novice. Reserve, J. Mulane's Beauty *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and reserve, A. D. Fiske's Piper, Arline and Claude. Very high com., A. D. Fiske's Blossom and W. H. Wheeler's Fan Tan.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Jarvis's Lad of Kent. Reserve, Connecticut Kennels' Lancelot. *Bitches:* 1st, Hempstead Farm's Woolton Game.—OPEN (55lbs.)—*Dogs:* 1st, Hempstead Farm's Sanford Druid; 2d, Glen Rock Kennels' Twinkle. Reserve, R. Leslie's King of Lynn. Very high com., Hempstead Farm's Beau and G. Muss-Arnolt's Lord Bracken. High com., Heupstead Farm's Drake and Connecticut Valley Kennels' Sanctioneer. Com., J. E Lawrence's Don. *Bitches:* 1st, Connecticut Valley Kennels' May Go; 2d, R. Leslie's Kathleen Kent. *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Drake; 2d, G. W. Lovell's Dash A. Reserve, Connecticut Valley Kennels' Perry. Very high com., Hempstead Farm's Luck. High com., G. W. Lovell's Pontiac's Bang. Com., A. George's I Dare. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Hempstead Farm's Jill and Blossom. Reserve, G. Jarvis's Lass of Kent. Very high com., G. W. Lovell's Wild Lily and Hempstead Farm's Game. High com., Connecticut Valley Kennels' Niobe and W. C. Root's Bloom of Kent. Com., H. A. Waldron's Daisy, H. B. Tallman's Peggy L. and G. W. Stockwell's Diana II. *Puppies:* 1st, G. Muss-Arnolt's Lord Bracken; 2d, reserve and very high com., G. W. Lovell's Prince of Pontiac, Pontiac's Bang and Dolly May. High com., Connecticut Valley Kennels' Drum Major. Com., G. W. Stockwell's Sport.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. W. Lawson's Blue Nell, Reserve, J. Lewis's Victress Llewellyn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Pape's Cactus; 2d, S. B. Allen's Dad Monarch. Reserve, D. J. Peters's Robin Goch. Very high com., A. J. Lewis's Prince L., J. Lewis's Viscount and J. M. Whipple's Gasseau. High com., J. L. Wells's Reverdy and H. Pape's Critic. Com., S. Barnes's The Editor and J. Scanlon's Ben Gladstone. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Lewis's Daisy; 2d, J. Brett's Maid Marion. Reserve, C. H. See's Nellie L. Very high com., J. Scanlon's Gath's Flake. High com., T. J. Dunn's Flora D. Com., H. Jackson's Gloriana. *Puppies;* 1st, W. R. Price's Leonard; 2d, C. A. Starin's Rose S. Reserve, H. J. Fiske's Singhild. Very high com., A. D. Fiske's Gladys Kent.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Dick Swiveller and Kildare. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Queen Vic and Norna.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. J. Scanlon's Pemberton; 2d, Redstone Kennels' Erin's Lad. Reserve Seminole Kennels' Tim's Dandy. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Blarney and Redstone Kennels' Burke. Com., T. Gullen's Elcho W. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. J. Scanlon's Jessequin and Shandon Belle. Reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' Kildare Doris. Very high com., Redstone Kennels' Daisy Redstone. High com., N. McIntosh's Maid of Borstal and Redstone Kennels' Bell Ida. *Puppies:* 1st, Scanlon's Lizzie.

GORDON SETTERS—*Dogs:* 1st, N. Billings's Ranger B.; 2d, E. H. Morris's Brillmont. Reserve, Scanlon's Dan. Very high com., C. H. Stanley's Dick. *Bitches:* 1st, H. O'Reilley's Fan; 2d, N. Billings's Lady Maud. Reserve, E. H. Morris's Raymont. Very high com., J. Walker's Bell II. *Puppies:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Reedmont; 2d, H. B. Tallman's Scot.

FIELD SPANIELS.—1st, Toon & Symonds's Dainty.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggles.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. L. Tarr's Bim; 2d, F. L. Dole's Othello. Reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Raven, Jr. Very high com., E. W. Fiske's Jay Kay, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cherry Punch. High com., L. A. Brayton's Dart, C. F. Fenner's Trixey. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Chip and Miss Chloe; 2d, Dole & Thomas's Dora. High com., E. W. Fiske's Corktown Cleo. Com., L. Patstone's Stella. *Puppies:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cloudy.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Roslyn Dandy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Marvel and Hero. Reserve, F. H. J. Gregory's Rover. Very high com., Al De Ber Kennels' Eclipse. High com., T. Porter's Glen, Jackman & Stansfield's Roger. *Bitches:* 1st, L. Stansfield's Highland Floss; 2d, Al De Ber Kennels' Flurry IV. Very high com., L. Stansfield's Patient. *Puppies:* 1st, A. W. Jones's Egleston Flurry.

FOX TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Victor II.; reserve, J. E. Thayer's Starden's King. *Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Thayer's Dona; reserve, Blemton Kennels' New Forest Ethel.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' Stickler and Rasper; reserve and very high com., L. and W. Rutherfurd's Warren Tip Top and Warren Ripper. Very high com., Layman and J. E. Thayer's Starden's Prince, and R. G. Stewart's Holster. High com., Rutherfurd's Warren Duke; Blemton Kennels' Spendthrift; Com., Rutherfurd's Warren Roadster; Thayer's Royal; J. M. Dale's Raby Domino. *Bitches:* 1st, Rutherfurd's Warren Duty; 2d and reserve, Blemton Kennels' Vindex and Spinster. Very high com., Grove Kennel's Nettle; Toon & Symond's Lady Roseberry, Rutherfurd's Warren Dorothy. High com., Thayer's Pepper; C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Myrtle. WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Smith's Brittle; 2d, H. H. Hunnerwell, Jr.'s Bruiser. *Bitches:* 1st, G. M. Carnochan's Suffolk Tassel; 2d, Smith's Sister Tritt. SMOOTH—

Puppies: 1st, Thayer's Dona; 2d, Blemton Kennels' Vigil; reserve, Rutherfurd's Warren Spruce. High com., C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Leader; C. S. Hanks's Rachel and Jessie. WIRE-HAIRED—1st, Sister Grit.

IRISH TERRIERS—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Jack Briggs. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Salem Witch. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. Kenny's Crib; 2d, E. Brooks's Valley Boxer; reserve, S. A. Fletcher's Jack Desmond. Very high com., T. Wise, Jr.'s Shaun Rue. High com., E. Brooks's Southborough Paddy. *Bitches:* 1st, T. Wise, Jr.'s Colleen Rue; 2d, E. Brooks's Nora II.; reserve, Toon & Symonds's Judy. *Puppies:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Blue Ribbon; 2d, T. Wise's Dandy Rue. Very high com., J. McGrisken's Nancy.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—OVER 20LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. J. O'Brien's Ross; 2d, very high com. and high com. Surrey Kennels' Towser, Sport and Brown Jug. *Bitches:* 1st and com., E. Deffley's Queen and Dolly; 2d, Surrey Kennels' Pat. Very high com. and high com., Grove Hill Kennels' Dina and Nellie.—UNDER 20LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. J. O'Brien's Tony. *Bitches:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Surrey Kennels' Dina.

BULLDOGS. — CHALLENGE — 1st, Renshaw Mason Jones's Adiscombe Gypsy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Romanes; 2d, J. H. Congdon's Damon. Very high com., R. H. Waugh's Dr. Rush. *Bitches:* 1st, Congdon's Lady Nan; 2d, Renshaw Mason Jones's Lady Grace. High com., J. W. Baird's Judy B. and Renshaw Mason Jones's Miss Pert.

BULL-TERRIERS. — CHALLENGE — *Dogs:* 1st, Luyboro Kennels' Crisp. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Starlight.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Cardona; 2d, Toon & Symonds's Prince Gully. Reserve, D. J. Mahler's Lord Nelson. High com., W. H. Reed's Sir Ute. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Fancy II.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Henry Barton's Lord George II.; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Oolah. Com., Ester Deffler's Prince. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Rosette; 2d, H. Barstow's Ophelia. Very high com. and high com., Chesterford Park Kennels' Betsy and Rochelle Mab.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, Mrs. Tenney's Prince and Dandy. Very high com., C. A. Parson's Dolly. High com., Mrs. Tenney's Pansy.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Toon & Symonds's Tiree.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Symonds's Rhudeman; 2d, H. Brooks's Kilcree. Very high com. and high com., W. Clark's Gypsy John and Hazlecroft Angus. Very high com., Chesterford's Colored Preacher. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Clark's Hazlecroft Norma.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, E. Brooks's King of the Heather.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Brooks's Heather Amphion; 2d, A. T. Bradbury's Ruglen Sandy. *Bitches:* 1st, E. Brooks's Ainsty Daisy.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Young Ted; 2d and reserve, H. Bastow's Sir Charles and Phebe. Very high com., L. J. Townes's Young Royal. High com., Toon & Symonds's Jenny.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Bertha Brittain's Royal Dusty; 2d, J. J. Bowden's Ivy Boy. High com., E. B. Ritter's Dixie R. Com., Chesterford Kennels' Chesterford Punch. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Bowden's Lady Bonsor; 2d and very high com., W. J. Wheeler's Belle D. and Little Silver. *Puppies:* 1st, J. Bowden's Lady Bonsor.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st, F. P. Comstock's Nanki Poo; 2d, Mrs. F. Senn's Prince Yodo.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. Senn's King of the Charles; 2d, J. Harrison's Minnie.

TOY SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. Senn's Bell. Very high com., E. H. Morris's Royal Roy.

CHESAPEAKE BAYS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon; 2d, B. A. Smith's Marengo II. *Bitches:* 1st, R. A. Smith's Minnie.

POODLES. — BLACK-CORDED — 1st, E. H. Morris's Dexter.—ANY VARIETY—1st, 2d and very high com., H. H. Hunnewell's Diamant, Pooh-bah and Vivette.

SCHIPPERKES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. W. Connolly's Prince, Jr., and Schipper. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., F. W. Connolly's Sophia Dreiske, Flossie and Queenie.

MOUNT HOLLY DOG SHOW.

(Sept. 19 to 22).

THIS little show, held in connection with the Burlington County Agricultural Society, can scarcely be called a success as far as numbers go, but the quality of some of the exhibits was quite good, though many of the best breeds had but one entry. It was a Philadelphia show transplanted, as most of the entries were from the Quaker City, New York contributing St. Bernards, wolfhounds and some bull-terriers and fox-terriers. It would probably have been a good show had the Rhode Island event not interfered. Mr. J. H. Longstreet was superintendent, ably aided by Mr. Frank P. Smith, and to whom we are indebted for courtesies extended. There was some grumbling on account of scarcity of straw, and a little more disinfectant might have been used. The benches were the old style but very deep and roomy. A large crowd visited the show, especially on Thursday, when the aisles were very crowded, no admittance being charged.

Judging, by Mr. C. H. Mason, began about 3 P. M. in a space outside the building, and was completed by Wednesday afternoon with the judging of the Ashmont trophy, which, as expected, was won by Seminole Kennels' champion Tim; so that Dr. L. C. Sauveur will now have the pleasure of wearing it without interruption. It is to be hoped we have seen the last of such specials. They do no good, and more often, as in this case, lead to hard feeling, if not very carefully managed. It was expected that Sir Bedivere would compete for this special, but he was withdrawn from competition presumably on account of condition. This withdrawal gave rise to some feeling between the management and Mr. Reick, they threatening disqualification and dire penalties. How the matter will turn out we cannot as yet say. There were not many dogmen present. We saw and heard of being present J. H. Winslow, Dr. Darby, Henry Jarrett, Frank Carslake, Fred Kirby, Ben Lewis, Will Connors, John Stokes, H. F. Buckbee, Harry Jennings, G. P. Runton, J. Brombach, Fred Schmitt, Dr. Sauveur and Carl Heimerle. Ben Lewis and Will Connors brought their teams straight down from Toronto and about scooped all they tried for.

In Mastiffs Ethel was the only challenge entry, and Czar, the winning and only dog, is a poor sort. Corene, the bitch, was favorably spoken of at Wissahickon.

ST. BERNARDS made one of the most pleasing exhibits in the show. In challenge dogs (2) Sir Bedivere in Kingston Regent's absence was unopposed. He looked far from well and should not have been shown, but this is Mr. Reick's county, and he naturally likes to be represented. Princess Florence, looking better than the dog, was alone in her class. Open dogs (3); in the absence of Marvel, Otis won over Royal B., who is a promising youngster with good face and head if a little more stop. Otis was well shown and in full bloom. A much improved bitch in Lady Bountiful won in bitches, Gay Belle being absent. There was one smooth, Guess Noble, and she looked well too. The special fell to Sir Bedivere.

In Great Danes Leo won well from Bismarck, beating him in clear coloring, front and head and general style, Bismarck being too gross and coarse; Hepburn Hero, vhc., is much better type but faulty in front too. In bitches Hepburn Vera beats Flora in head, body and front; Rosey, vhc., has a mean head. The now well known Carlo, getting thin, was alone and won in Newfoundlands.

Deerhounds saw the Wissahickon winners the only entries. In greyhound dogs (2), Randy can beat the coarse Cheeky, but he did not do it here, shows far more quality and better front, shoulder and head. Nellie Girl was alone in bitches, she is flat ribbed.

Wolfhounds were of course a capital lot with the Marlborough Kennels furnishing the dogs. Argoss looking fairly well, beat Zerry in challenge class and took the special. In open dogs Naqrajdai is a most promising youngster, capital body, head and coat. In bitches, Lobedya was alone, she is known and has improved.

There were two foxhounds, three entries, but Denmark did not show and victory fell rightly to Ranger II., who bests Commodore in condition, head, bone and ribs.

Pointers had one entry in each class. In heavy-weights Mackintosh has a coarse round skull and is faulty in pasterns and leggy. Sweet Lavender in bitches was said to be out of condition and prize was withhheld. In challenge lightweights Glamorgan showed more quality and better build than any present. In open dogs Admiration had a walkover, and in bitches, Moderation, also Mr. Winslow's, won; is nicely formed behind the head, but faulty in skull and muzzle, and feet should be better.

Edgemark led the English setters and was the only challenge dog. Worsley Dude had no difficulty in beating Benzine in open dogs (2); both are well known. In bitches Nora Gladstone excels her other competitor, Pride of Belmont, in legs, feet and ribs, but was not in shape. Fanchon won in puppies.

Irish setter prizes, as might be expected, fell to the Seminole Kennels, Ch. Tim and Pride of Patsy occupying their accustomed places in challenge dogs (3). In bitches (2) the winner was Elfreda, Laura B. being absent. Open dogs (7) were better in numbers, Seminole Kennels still taking out the winners with Young Tim and Montauk, Jr., both described before. Reserve went to Planet Chief, who was shown too fat and big; short neck, and want of type is very conspicuous. The others were absent. In bitches (7) the well-known Delphinne had little difficulty in beating Lady Cleveland and Biddy, who, for reasons previously stated, runs the latter close. Molly, vhc., has been out before, too. A snipy-muzzled pup in Bengalene won.

Dr. Dixon of course furnished the challenge winners in Gordon setters, but when Duke of Wellington wins in the open class (3) the quality behind is not very good; he is too coarse and dark in tan. Homer S. is a better shaped dog in head. In bitches (4) the order was Princess Louise and Katherine, a daughter of Little Boy, that gets it in head a bit, but loses in front and body.

In spaniels Brantford Mohawk had no difficulty in beating Trouble in the latter's present shape. He should not be allowed in the show. There were no cocker dogs, and Miss Phyllis beat Lady Bug in head and body and bone. Cleopatra, vhc., is but a moderate one. Brantford Mohawk and Miss Phyllis took the specials.

Collies were fairly good, but none excepting The Squire being in good coat. Challenge classes were well filled. The Squire, in dogs, not having much difficulty in overcoming Ormskirk Shep, whose expression and front are always against him. With Flurry III. absent in bitches Metchley Surprise just about beats Cora II., both are on the cloddy order, but Nora more so. In open dogs (5) four were absent, leaving the coatless Curzon a bloodless victory. Competition was hot in the bitch class (6), Bertha winning rightly, but between Stonehurst Lassie and Nancy Hanks there was a little more trouble; Nancy was shedding badly, and I think loses a trifle in length of head, but there is little between them, Nancy having some advantage in forelegs and feet and undercoat. Mattie came in for third; she loses in head and body.

The poodles entered heavily, Dr. Dixon having the winners in the corded lot (5); they have been on the circuit; two were absent. Mr. Trevor showed his full strength in the "Frenchies" (6) but they were all described in our Pet Dog Show report. The class was divided. Rajah is an improving dog.

The bull-terrier classes were strongly represented in challenge bitches, Enterprise coming out again and winning from Duchess of York and Royal Rose, two old timers that have had their day. In open dogs (4) the Toronto winner Duke of Rochester won over a fairly good dog in Lord Blandford, whose better front and nicer finished body and head should have given him the recognition. The well known Diamond King came in for reserve and Billy Bulger, who, had he better head, runs either of them close, was vhc. In bitches (6) a very well-formed dog in Kit, first at Pet Dog Show, won over the Boston winner British Queen, whom she gets a little in front and head. Lady of Rochester and Pearl of Rochester followed these, and they were described in Toronto report. These had their turn with Duke of Rochester in the puppy class (4), a son of Little Nell getting vhc.

The dachshund was poor and first withheld.

There was nothing here in beagles excepting Doctor and Hia to command much attention. Mr. Winkle and Tony Weller II. furnishing the only dogs shown, and they were at Toronto. In bitches Hia, the New York winner, was head and heels over Snowflake, and she won the special. Wolf's Lady, vhc., is rather a fair sort, faulty head, but nice type of body. Hia took the special.

Fox-terriers had good entries, but the quality was not there. No challenge dogs. In open dogs I thought Poverina a little unfortunate in meeting Arrandale Mixture, who gains in head somewhat, but loses in coat and front and carriage of ear. Regent Brisk, reserve, is too high in brow and full in skull, faulty in ears. Myrtle Lad was at Wissahickon. Pommery Sec has a coarse head, and Prodigal should be better in front and head better shaped. In bitches (5) Trim, domy in skull, won over same owner's Dimity, who is better in loin and front. Tenny has a poor front and is runty, not a show bitch. Myrtle Lady was second at Wissahickon. Positive I am sure is not a good one. Puppies were poor. In wires Ebor Larchmont, alone, in Brittle Broom's absence, is getting coarse in skull, but has capital body, coat, feet and bone; muzzle should be longer.

The well-known Glenelg won in "Scotties." Irish terriers showed up some, Rhoderick Rhue, the Yonkers winner, beating Galtees, never a good one, in head and front. Play Boy II. is light, full in skull, and was out of coat. Peg Rue could not win first in bitches when Mary Jane was around; Mary was at Toronto, I think. The black and tans were poor and badly shown, Rochelle Lord and Topaz being the only ones in each class. In Skyes it was Sir Stafford and Sir Thomas again, with the former getting the special. Yorkshires—This time Ben was not put back for coloring, and he looked just about the same as at Philadelphia. Jacko won't do at all; wrong color. Lady Nell had nothing to beat in bitches but Topsy, a smutty silver.

Pugs, of course, came up well, but Bob Ivy was still able to take the special and first in challenge dogs, Midget occupying her accustomed place in her division. These dogs will be glad of a rest. In dogs (3), Attraction, that used to be Ivy Boy, beat Little Jewel easily in head and front and body. Bess, the winning bitch (5), I did not see, but Daisy Diamond should lose to a good one in muzzle and depth of body. Columbia, reserve, is long in muzzle. The others did not amount to much. Banker II. gets any other puppy prize.

In King Charles spaniels Duke of Wellington scored again, beating his opponent in muzzle, but not in size and skull. Sir Roger seems to have chorea slightly, but is of fairly good stamp, good skull, but little too much muzzle, a wavy-coated one. Golden Rod, an old acquaintance, too big, was the only Italian greyhound, and Mr. Brombach supplied the "varieties." Most of the dogs were taken away by express on Friday. H. W. L.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Ethel.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Kattenstroth's Czar. *Bitches:* 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Corene.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED — CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. C. Reick's Sir Bedivere. *Bitches:* 1st, W. C. Reick's Princess Florence.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Schmitt's Otis; 2d, J. Bromley's Royal B.—SMOOTH COATED—*Bitches:* 1st, F. Schmitt's Guess Noble.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Welsbrod & Hess's Leo and Bismark. Very high com. reserve, Hepburn Kennels' Hepburn Hero. *Bitches.* 1st, Hepburn Kennels' Flora Belle; 1d and very high com. reserve, Weisbrod & Hess's Flora and Rosey.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, P. J. Walsh's Carlo.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, S. F. Houston's McGregor. *Bitches:* 1st, S. F. Houston's Ellen Douglass.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, P. J. Walsh, Jr.'s Cheeky; 2d, E. W. Richardson's Randy. *Bitches:* 1st, R. H. Wolf's Nellie Girl.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, H. W. Huntington's champion Argoss and Zerry.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Naqrajdai. *Bitches:* 1st, H. W. Huntington's Lodebya.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, Seminole Kennels' Ranger II.; 2d, R. D. Williams's Commodore.

POINTERS.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, J. S. Summer's Macintosh. *Bitches* (50lbs and over): Prize withheld.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): R. A. Bidd e's Glamorgan.—OPEN—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, J. H. Winslow's Admiration. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): J. H. Winslow's Moderation.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, F. S. Brown's Edgemark.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Northwood's Wordsley Dude; 2d, W. G. Downing's Benzine. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Littleton's Nora Gladstone; 2d, C. H. Folwell's Pride of Delmont. *Puppies:* 1st, Woodbury Kennels' Fanchon.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Ch. Tim and Pride of Patsey. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Elfreda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Young Tim and Montauk, Jr. Reserve very high com., E. H. Maher's Planet Chief. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Delphine and Biddy; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Cleveland. Reserve, C. H. Powell's Polly's Shamrock. Very high com., B. F. Lewis's Molly. *Puppies:* 1st, Wm. B. Wright's Bengalene.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duchess of Waverly and Lady Waverly.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington; 2d, Wm. O. Lindley's Homer S. Reserve, David B. Holeton's Ridgewood. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise and Katherine.

SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE (over 28lbs., all breeds)—1st, Edward A. Wilson's Brantford Mohawk.

COCKERS.—BLACK—*Dogs:* No entries. *Bitches:* 1st, Edward A. Wilson's Miss Phyllis; 2d and very high com. reserve, Francis W. Kitchel's Ladybug and Cleopatra. *Puppies:* 1st, F. W. Kitchel's Ladybug.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' The Squire; Reserve, Joseph Livingston's Ormskirk Shep. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Ch. Metchley Surprise and Ch. Cora II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Curzon. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., Seminole Kennels' Bertha II., Stonehurst Lassie and Mattie. Reserve, Frank E. Caswell's Nancy Hanks.

CORDED POODLES.—1st, L. A. Biddle's Berri; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Czar.—CURLY—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, H. G. Trevor's Rajah and Zulu. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and reserve, H. G. Trevor's Chloe, Cybele and Cigarette. Very high com., Dr. S. G. Dixon's Mercy.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Retnor Kennels' Dusty Miller. *Bitches:* 1st, Retnor Kennels' Enterprise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., W. J. Higginson's Duke of Rochester and Billy Bulger; 2d, Castle Point Kennels' Lord Blandford. Reserve, Retnor Kennels' Diamond King. *Bitches:* 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Kit; 2d, Retnor Kennels' British Queen. Reserve, W. J. Higginson's Lady Rochester. Very high com., Lansdowne Kennels' Lady Velma and W. J. Higginson's Pearl of Rochester. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and reserve, W. J. Higginson's Duke of Rochester, Lady Rochester and Pearl of Rochester. Very high com., Castle Point Kennels' Tarquin.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st withheld; 2d, Franz H. Wolf's Dachs'l.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Doctor.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Oakview Kennels' Mr. Winkle and Tony Weller. *Bitches:* 1st, Hepburn Kennels' Hia; 2d and very high com., Oakview Kennels' Snow Flake and Oakview Jennie. Reserve, W. Wolf's Lady. *Puppies:* 1st, Oakview Kennels' Tony Weller.

TOY-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. D. Purroys's Arrandale Mixture; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Poverina; reserve, J. B. Nelson, Jr.'s Regent Brisk. Very high com., Donald McVickar's Myrtle Lad, J. T. Peacey's Prodigal, R. Packer's Pommery Sec. Com., Clayton Brick's Dock III. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Trim and Dimity; reserve, Donald McVickar's Myrtle Lady. Very high com., J. G. Tomson's Positive. High com., Lansdowne Kennels' Tenny. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. T. Peacey's Pearl. WIRE-HAIRS—1st, S. J. Roger's Ebor Larchmont.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Thomas Wise, Jr.'s Roderick Rue; 2d, H. O'Connor's Galtees; reserve, Edward Lever's Play Boy II. *Bitches:* 1st, Frank P. Smith's Mary Jane; 2d, Thomas Wise, Jr.'s Peg Rue. *Puppies:* 1st, withhheld; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Mick.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Lord. *Bitches:* Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Topaz.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Clifford A. Shinn's Ch. Sir Stafford; 2d, Samuel Barr's Sir Thomas.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, James Foster's Ben; 2d, Pomona Kennels' Jacko. *Bitches:* 1st, James Foster's Lady Nell; 2d, Thomas C. Gibson's Topsy.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy; reserve, J. Brombach's Ch. Bradford Rowdy. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Ch. Midget; reserve, J. Brombach's Ch. Frisk. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Attraction. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bess; 2d, J. Brombach's Daisy Diamond.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, J. Brombach's Duke of Wellington; 2d, Pomona Kennels' Minnie.

BLENHEIMS.—1st, J. Brombach's Sir Roger.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, J. Brombach's Golden Rod.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st and 2d, J. Brombach's Salvator and Mexico.

Another Ashmont Trophy.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is scarcely necessary to urge that the trophy offered by me some months since was for the advancement of canine interests, by exciting friendly rivalry; and if aught unpleasant has intruded in the contests it is sincerely regretted. Possibly I may be at fault for much of the unpleasantness, if any exists; and if so I have no excuse to offer, as it could only have been due to misunderstanding and neglect, which latter has been easy in consequence of many exacting duties.

But whatever the fault or its origin, the desire now is to amend; and no remedy seems better than to present another trophy of equal value and of the same nature—a diamond locket—for competition under the following conditions:

It shall be for the best American born dog or bitch, of any breed, over ten months of age.

It may be competed for at any show in which there are 400 dogs or over on the benches, without consultation with the donor.

In case the judges duly credited to any show fail to agree upon the winner, the committee of said show may choose another, and if necessary a second or third disinterested party of experience, who shall have equal voice in the decision.

It shall be the property of the owner whose dogs have won it three times. ASHMONT.

[Such an offer and letter as the above are what might be expected from a man of "Ashmont's" standing, and we are sure exhibitors will applaud his action.]

American Fox-Terrier Stakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed I give you a full description of the winners in the different stakes of the American Fox-Terrier Club decided at the Rhode Island State fair show:

Second Division of the Seventh Grand Produce Stake.—First prize, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Stickler, whelped July 23, 1892, by Blemton Stipend—Blemton Trinket. Second prize: Hillside Kennels' Hillside Domo, whelped Oct. 5, 1892, by Starden's King—Dominica. Third prize, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Captious, whelped Aug. 12, 1892, by Charlton Verdict—Refuge.

Yankee Stakes of 1892.—First prize, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Duty, whelped August, 1891, by Warren Laird—Dusky II. Second prize, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Tiptop, whelped Oct. 28, 1891, by Dusky Trap—Resume. Third prize, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Dorothy, whelped August, 1891, by Warren Laird—Dusky II.

Yankee Stakes of 1893.—First prize, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Stickler, whelped July 23, 1892, by Blemton Stipend—Blemton Trinket. Second prize, Hillside Kennels' Starden's Prince, whelped May 18, 1892, by Starden's King—Lady Mixture. Third prize, Hillside Kennels' Hillside Royal, whelped June 30, 1892, by Starden's King—Hillside Freda.

H. W. SMITH, Sec. and Treas.

Canadian Fox-Terrier Club Meeting.

THE first annual meeting of the Canadian Fox-terrier Club was held in the Walker House on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst. Among those present were noticed Messrs. F. T. Wetherall, Compton, Quebec; Jas. Lindsay, Montreal, A. D. Stewart, J. W. Morden, Hamilton; G. W. Prescott, G. Bell, P. J. Smyth, J. O. Bennett, A. A. Macdonald, H. P. Thompson, Dr. Mole, Toronto.

The president Mr. A. D. Stewart occupied the chair.

After the minutes of the inaugural meeting of the club had been read and confirmed, the sec'y-treas. submitted his report for the past year which showed the club to be in a most flourishing condition both financially and numerically.

In his address the president reviewed the work of the past year and pointed out how already a great improvement had been noticed in the fox-terrier breed in Canada, and urged the members to do their utmost in promoting the welfare of the club, and the objects for which it was formed. At the conclusion of his address the president presented the cups to the successful competitors as follows:

The La Cadena cup, donated by Messrs. S. Davis & Sons, Montreal, for the best four smooth-haired fox-terriers, won by Mr. H. P. Thompson, Toronto.

For the best four wire-haired terriers, donated by Mr. William Brodie, Scotland, won by Mr. F. S. Wetherall, Compton, Quebec.

For the best brace of smooth terriers, donated by Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons, won by Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Toronto.

For the best brace of wire-haired terriers, donated by the Montreal fanciers, won by Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Toronto.

For the best smooth-haired dog, donated by the American Field Publishing Co., won by Mr. G. Bell, Toronto.

For the best wire-haired dog, donated by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, won by Mr. A. D. Stewart, Hamilton.

For the best wire-haired bitch, donated by the Forest City fanciers, won by Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Toronto.

For the best Canadian bred dog puppy (smooth), donated by the Walker House, Toronto, won by Mr. J. O. Bennett, Toronto.

For the best Canadian bred bitch puppy (smooth), donated by Messrs. Smyth & Bell, won by Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Toronto.

For the best Canadian bred wire-haired dog puppy, donated by Mr. J. M. Lottredge, Hamilton, won by Mr. F. S. Wetherall, Compton, Quebec.

For the best Canadian bred wire-haired bitch puppy, donated by friends of the breed, was not competed for.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Pres., Mr. A. D. Stewart, Hamilton, Ont.; Vice-Pres., Mr. Rd. Gibson, Delaware, Ont.; Sec'y-Treas., Mr. H. P. Thompson, 31 St. Mary street, Toronto. Committee, Messrs. S. Munro, London; F. S. Wetherall, Compton, Que.; J. W. Morden, Hamilton; W. H. Drummond, M.D., and James Lindsay, Montreal; A. A. Macdonald, G. Bell, Bruff Garratt and J. O. Bennett, Toronto.

An unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. A. D. Stewart for his untiring efforts in behalf of the club. Also to Mr. German Hopkins, of Hempstead, N. Y., for his kindness in lending the club the model of the fox-terrier for the purpose of obtaining a copy to place on the trophies.

Canadian Kennel Club Meetings.

AT the executive meeting, Sept. 11, in Richmond Hall, there were present, Dr. Wesley Mills in the chair, Dr. J. S. Niven, and Messrs. A. D. Stewart, Jas. Lindslay, H. Gorman, and H. B. Donovan, secretary.

Minutes of last meeting read. New members.—The secretary was instructed to cast one ballot for the reception of the following names: H. A. Ekers, A. F. Dunlop, Geo. R. Hooper, Jno. Atkin, C. R. Christie, Jno. Auld, Chas. Wallace, Frank Burton, Jas. H. Smith, A. J. Ferguson, Dr. W. J. Prendergast, A. E. Mussen, Thos. H. Moore, Bartholmew Wall, W. S. Cumming, Walter Wardle, Jr., W. H. Apted, R. W. Tuck, Shirley Stewart, Jno. Smith, R. Northcote, Jarvis Thompson, Jr., R. S. McDonald and H. S. Stephenson.

World's Fair Accounts.—Re superintendent's account. Letter read from Mr. Bedlington. Voted "That Mr. Stewart having agreed to accept what the other members of the executive committee had received, a proportionate share of his claim for services and expenses in connection with the selection of dogs for the World's Fair dog show, it is resolved that his account be paid on that basis, Mr. Stewart placing the $200 received from Mr. Awrey, Ontario Commissioner, at the disposal of the Canadian Kennel Club for that purpose."

The Annual Meeting was held Sept. 12, in Richmond Hall, the president, Dr. Wesley Mills, in the chair, and a large number of members present.

Secretary's report showed that registrations have come in freely and show an increase over last year of 106. The total number of dogs now on the register is over 3,000.

The following figures will show exactly how the roll of membership stands up to Aug. 1, 1893: Total number of names on roll, 212; members who have paid fees for 1893, 129; members who have paid fees for 1894, 55. Besides these there are about 25 now applying for membership.

Mr. Donovan was unable to announce the publication of Volume II. of the Stud Book. So little support has been accorded for this work that it would be impossible to put it out except at a considerable financial loss. The deficit on the first volume was so large that he could not, as a private enterprise, undertake the publication of a second volume. The registrations, however, have been published in the *Gazette* (C. K. C.) each month or so.

The constitution and by-laws have been thoroughly revised and put in shape at a large expense of time and trouble on the part of the executive.

The finances of the club are in a healthy state as the treasurer's report will show. Though the balance is not as large as shown last year, it is to be remembered that $110 was expended for diplomas, most of which are yet available. In addition to cash balance he estimates the club has property valued at about $125, consisting of diplomas, stud books, etc. The time has now, it seemed to him, arrived when a larger income will be necessary to carry on the greatly increased work in connection with the club. It is for the club to say how this shall be accomplished. The report was adopted.

The treasurer's report was read and showed a balance of $17.50. After this the president's address came up for adoption and was voted to be filed.

Voted that Mr. Bedlington's motion *re* registration take the place of No. 8 in revised constitution.

Wording *re* stud book committee to be cut out of rule 3 of constitution, and in by-laws Art. II., Sec. 2, to insert "stud book committee to report at annual meeting."

Article 9 to read, "these by-laws may be suspended by a two-thirds vote at any meeting." Add to No. 5 of constitution "twelve to be a quorum at a general meeting."

Moved in amendment by Mr Stewart, seconded by Mr. Prescott, that Sec. 1 of Clause 3 shall be amended to read as follows: "No show held under the rules of the C. K. C. shall extend beyond four days, reckoning from the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the opening day of the show, and until 10 P. M. of the fourth or closing day."

Amendment lost, motion carried.

The election of officers then took place, Messrs. Wetherall and Pitt acting as scrutineers, and resulted as follows: Patron, Hon. Senator Sanford; President, Dr. J. S. Niven, London; First Vice-President, Mr. J. S. Williams, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. H. Gorman, Sarnia; P. G. Keyes, Ottawa; C. H. Smith, St. Stephen, N. B., and Dr. G. L. Milne, Victoria, B. C.; Executive Committee, Dr. H. S. Griffin, Hamilton; T. G. Davey, S. F. Glass, London; R. McEwen, Byron; H. Bedlington, Hamilton; Jas. Lindsay, J. A. Pitt, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Montreal; F. S. Wetherall, Compton; C. H. Corbett, Kingston; C. A. Stone and R. W. Boyle, Toronto; Secretary-Treasurer, H. B. Donovan; Auditors, Messrs. G. B. Sweetnam and J. Lorne Campbell, Toronto.

THE MANITOBA FIELD TRIALS.

The All-Age Stake.

THE RUNNING.—CONCLUDED.

THURSDAY.

THE start was rather late, and there was much indecision as to which grounds to start on. The weather was unfavorable for good work, there being a strong wind all day. The cloudy morning cleared up for a short time in the middle of the forenoon. Afterward the weather gradually thickened up. Soon after the afternoon's work was started light rain set in, but was not sufficient to stop the work. Birds were scarce. The heats, therefore, had to be decided on few opportunities on birds. There were not sufficient birds about Souris to run a field trial in a satisfactory manner. Eight or ten bevies could be found at Morris for one found at Souris, under the same conditions. There are other places in Manitoba which are known to have abundance of birds. It would add greatly to the success of the trials if the club would select a place where an abundance of birds were certain to be found.

The judge selected Chevalier, Ranger, Lochinvar, Atalanta, Kent Elgin, Dick Bondhu, Bettie S., Count Gladstone and Ightfield Blossom to run again.

CHEVALIER AND RANGER began at 8:05. Ranger pottered for several minutes before going industriously at work. Chevalier pointed and roaded, but found nothing. He drew to a good point on a bevy and was backed. The birds flushed wild. Down 22m. Ranger did not show the good form of the previous day. Chevalier was far the better ranger.

LOCHINVAR AND ATALANTA were started at 8:32. Lochinvar took a cast ahead and dropped to a point. He moved on to a turn to the edge of stubble and pointed a large bevy, and was steady to shot. He next pointed three or four birds and flushed twice. Atalanta ranged well, but apparently had no finding abilities. Lochinvar had a wide range and fast pace. Up at 8:46.

KENT ELGIN AND DICK BONDHU started at 8:51. Both did some ragged work on birds. Soon after starting, Dick wheeled to a good point on two birds on stubble, then wilfully sprung in and flushed. Kent, on plowed ground, flushed some birds excusably down wind. He ran fast and seemed a bit reckless as to whether his work on birds was good or bad. A bevy was seen to flush on opposite side of a ridge where the dogs were. Next, Kent flushed a bevy and acted badly. Some remaining birds were flushed by Dick. He next pointed one. Up at 9:14, after a poor heat.

BETTIE S. AND IGHTFIELD BLOSSOM were cast off at 9:18. Bettie roaded and pointing a bird well, and Blossom flushed a bevy across wind by the edge of stubble. Both were frivolous in their work at the start, but became more attentive and diligent as the heat progressed. Up at 9:42.

COUNT GLADSTONE was run twenty-two minutes without finding though he ranged wide and beat out his ground well.

Six dogs were selected to remain in the running, as follows: Chevalier, Atalanta, Lochinvar, Dick Bondhu, Bettie S. and Count Gladstone.

CHEVALIER AND ATALANTA ran from 10:35 to 11:15 without finding. The former showed much the better range and judgment in selecting his ground.

LOCHINVAR AND DICK BONDHU began at 11:19 and were taken up at 11:26, put in the wagon and taken to a new section where chickens were said to be more abundant. They were cast off at 11:50 and ran 15m. The new grounds were in a valley and seemed to promise well from appearances, but birds were far too scarce for field trial work. Lochinvar pointed and was backed by Dick; nothing found. Dick pointed a bird and Lochinvar backed. Dick broke in to shot. He saw the bevy on mowed ground, burst in and flushed it. Both ranged well.

BETTIE S. AND COUNT GLADSTONE started at 12:13. Count pointed twice and the bird flushed wild each time. Bettie made two good points and Count a flush. Up at 12:18. Count had better range and speed and was more skillful in point work and finding.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND CHEVALIER ran a few minutes, beginning at 12:24, when the running was suspended for lunch. At 1:37 the dogs were again ordered on. Count did some creditable work twice in locating and pointing wild birds. His range was wider and his work on birds was better, though on point he was inferior to his competitor in style.

The judge announced Count Gladstone first, Chevalier second, Bettie S. third. The purse was $450, of which $225 went to first, $125 to second, and $100 to third.

The Amateur Stake.

The running in this stake was begun immediately after the All-Age was decided. It was open only to members living in Manitoba and Northwest Territory. Dogs which had won in any previous event and professional handlers were barred from this stake. There were seven starters. The quality of the work was from poor to ordinary. There were eight starters, namely: F. W. Scott's Spotted Belle, J. B. Roberts's Joe, J. H. Rose's Ranger, J. B. Roberts's Zero, D. M. Telford's Nellie, W. F. Ellis's Zuleika, R. Adamson's Virden Prince and E. McKenney's Jingo. The prizes were, to first a silver cup valued at $50, donated by the Hudson Bay Co.; to second, a double-barreled shotgun, donated by J. Ashdown; to third, a pair of slips, donated by E. F. Hutchins. All the donors live in Winnipeg.

The winners were all ordinary performers.

The Running.

SPOTTED BELLE AND JOE started at 2:17. The former was handled by Mr. R. J. Gallagher. Neither ranged wide nor fast. Starting at 2:17, the heat lasted 35m. Joe made two points. Belle made two flushes. The work was inferior.

RANGER AND ZERO started at 2:58 and ran 29m. The former was handled by Mr. R. S. Gallaugher, and being strange to him, refused to work for him. Zero had many opportunities to point birds in stubble, but flushed more than he pointed. The work was inferior in character.

NELLIE AND ZEULEIKA started at 3:30. They showed the best pace and range of auy. They worked about 45 minutes before finding. Nellie did some blundering work on birds. Up at 4:18 to be put down again.

Virden Prince had an injured foot and could not run.

Jingo with Dick Bondhu for a running mate started at 4:15. Jingo flushed some birds. Followed the birds, and Jingo flushed twice, after which he secured a point on one. Theu he worked out of control.

NELLIE AND ZEULEIKA were run about five minutes. Zeuleika pointed a bird, Nellie refused to back, worked ahead and flushed, broke shot and chased.

ZEULEIKA, JOE AND ZERO ran together at 5:20. Joe flushed a covey. Zeuleika flushed a single. Zero was the best ranger. Zero pointed a bird. Zeuleika flushed a bird. Joe dropped to wing. They ought to have pointed. Zeuleika flushed a single. They were ordered up after a while.

Zero first, Joe second, Zeuleika third. B. WATERS.

Benison Dead.

Dr. Glazier has lost his bloodhound Benison, but we trust that this will not entail his relinquishing the breed.

United States Field Trials Club's Derby.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please find list of dogs on which the second forfeit has been made in the U. S. F. T. Club's Bicknell Derby. Pointers 22, Irish setter 1, English setters 39, total 62.

P. T. MADISON, Sec.-Treas.

POINTERS.

ALICE LESLIE—E. M. Benta's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Belle Randolph).

RHET—W. J. Wilson's liver and white bitch (Dan of Kent—Martha).

FAYETTE ALEXANDER—Joe H. Alexander's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Lonnie Bijou).

PRIDE OF ARUNDEL—T. W. Clelland's liver and white bitch (Rush of Lad—Graphic's Pride).

STRIDEAWAY—Geo. E. Gray's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot).

ROSE—Horace F. Wood's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Forest Queen II.).

VENTURE—F. R. Hitchcock's lemon and white bitch (Rip Rap—Lapford Pearl).

GYPSY QUEEN—H. P. Hersberger's brown and white bitch (Bertraldo—Rosalind Wilson).

WRICKER—Charlotteville F. T. K.'s brown and white dog (Rip Rap—Croxie Wise).

SELAH—Charlotteville F. T. K.'s liver and white bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly).

TWINKLE—Glen Rock K.'s liver and white dog (Duke of Kent II.—Bessie Kapos).

QUEEN OF ASIA—A. B. Reeves's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Heps II.).

FIAL OF IDSTONE—Idstone Kennels' liver and white dog (Shotmaster—Pearl of Idstone).

THE FRIAR OF IDSTONE—Idstone Kennels' liver and white dog (Shotmaster—Pearl of Idstone).

LITTLE NED—W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton).

LULA K.—G. R. Howse's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Pearl's Pride).

QUEEN—Geo. Catlett's black and white bitch.

BEPPO'S GENIO—Dr. J. R. Daniels's liver and white dog (Beppo III.—Lord Graphic's Gem).

LOUDON—T. G. Davey's liver and white dog (Lord Graphic—Lassie Faust).

PLUTE—Castleman Kennels' lemon and white dog (Fritz—Tilley).

NELLIE S.—Castleman Kennels' lemon and white bitch (Fritz—Tilley).

KENT'S PET—J. F. Shipley's liver and white bitch(King of Kent—Keeswick II.).

IRISH SETTER.

DICK FINGLAS—Gus Leisy's red dog (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

MAY WIN—Sunset Kennels' blue belton bitch (Prince Lucifer—Lady Gladys).

COLUMBINE—C. P. Hartnuls's chestnut and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade).

LADY GANTY—C. P. Mings's black and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade).

HOOSIER BOY—Hunter Bros.' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).

DAISY HUNTER II.—Hunter Bros.' orange and white bitch (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).

QUEEN OF THE FIELD—Hunter Bros.' orange and white bitch (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).

ROD'S MOLLIE—J. A. Peabody's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Lilly Boxer).

GOLDEN ROD—Arthur Duane's chestnut, white and tan dog (Sun Ray—Flash).

MISSIE—Arthur Duane's black, white and tan bitch (Sun Ray—Flash).

OPEL—Geo. E. Gray's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Diamond).

SOLITAIRE—F. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond).

KENWOOD—Chas. Proctor's black, white and tan dog (Cinch—Stevens's Ruby).

HOPE'S GLIDE—G. T. Kerr's black and white dog (Gath's Hope—Lady Lib).

INDIANA BELLE—G. T. Kerr's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).

JIFF BROWN—Porter & McGee's black and white dog (Darby T.—Lucretia).

HOPE'S PRIDE—W. A. Hinsley's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).

LOTTIE H.—W. A. Hinsley's chestnut, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).

MARK—Fred Snyder's lemon and white dog (Race Noble—Fanny S.).

CALLIE WHITE—Manchester Kennel's black and white bitch (Gath's Mark—La Belle).

FLYING JIB—B. W. Butterfield's black and white dog (May Noble—Day's Belton).

RODRIGO—J. T. Mayfield's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

NELLY H. LADY—J. T. Mayfield's liver and white bitch (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

REVENUE—J. M. Freeman's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

SAN ANTONIO—J. A. Gude's (agent) black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

FANNIE RICE—Jackson & D. Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gladstone Boy—Manitoba Peggy).

EARL PALMER—Jackson & D. Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Frank Whitley—Dulania).

MCLEOD—Dr. J. A. McLeod's black, white and tan dog (Ell's Lad—Nannie B.)

ROCK RODERIGO—Ed. J. Brown's black and white dog (Roderigo—Queen London).

CANADIAN BELLE—T. G. Davey's orange and white bitch (Lark—Leda).

MONK OF FURNESS LILL—T. G. Davey's black belton bitch (Monk of Furness—Sue of Hatchie).

BOWDRE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Novelist).

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

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

TOPSY'S ROD—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Topsy Rod).

PRAIRIE LAD—H. J. Gleason's (agent) black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Miss Dido II.)

LADY K.—St. Louis Kennel Co.'s black and white bitch (Rock—Madge).

PRINCE—A. L. Waddell's black, white and tan dog (Royal Prince II.—Jane H.).

FAUST—Scott's Wood Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Pembroke's Grouse—Kate).

HOPE'S HILL—Charles Ham's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).

Though Mr. Ludlow, *facile princips* as a Scottish terrier breeder in England, is selling out his stock, he thinks so much of the winning bitch at New York, that he has offered big money to Mr. H. Brooks for her return. Mr. Brooks thinks if she is good enough to cross she is quite good enough to stay, and America is the gainer. Mr. Brooks tells us of a pup by Kilcree that can smother any of his young stock shown this fall. It is reserved for Madison Square Garden next February.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

FOREST AND STREAM'S corner in the Anglers' Pavilion, as may readily be imagined, is a center to which sportsmen naturally gravitate. Nor are the visits prompted by curiosity alone. There are friendship and good will as motives. The sportsmen walk in as if on a visit to a friend. It is needless to say that they are heartily welcome.

FOREST AND STREAM is the only journal devoted to field sports which had the enterprise to make an exhibit at the greatest exposition ever held, and, too, one of the very few of any class which made an exhibit. That the enterprise of FOREST AND STREAM is appreciated can be readily observed by seeing the crowds which visit the exhibit each day. It is astonishing, too, what a large percentage of the thousands who pass know FOREST AND STREAM already.

While at the exhibit a few days since I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburgh, well known to his friends as a quiet, unassuming gentleman, and a crack shot afield, and to the public as a most competent field trial judge. While we were chatting away Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, of New York, eminent in spaniel and bench show history, walked in and favored us with a handshake. It was quite a coincidence that Messrs. Bell and Wilmerding are both dog fanciers and expert photographers. Mr. W. L. Washington made the office a call a few days since and I missed a pleasure by being absent in Manitoba at the time. I met Mr. A. E. Pitts on the grounds some days ago. Indeed, if one desires to see the world in procession one has but to come to Chicago, take a seat anywhere and just look on. B. WATERS.

The A. K. C. Meeting.

THE quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club, which was to have been held in the Chicago Athletic Club building, Michigan avenue near Madison street, Chicago, at 8 o'clock P. M., Sept. 22, was quite lacking in one essential circumstance, namely, there wasn't a quorum, therefore there was no meeting. The president, Mr. Belmont, was in the chair. The secretary, Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, was there with a formidable bundle of papers with which to entertain the meeting. On calling the roll there were but four regular delegates present and three others with credentials. As the four regular delegates were not a quorum the credentials of the others could not be acted upon.

Following is a list of the members present: Westminster Kennel Club, W. J. Bryson; Associated Members, A. C. Wilmerding; Blue Grass Kennel Club, Roger Williams; City of the Straits Kennel Club, W. Howie Muir; Illindio Kennel Club, Dr. Harry Van Hummell; Mascoutah Kennel Club, J. L. Lincoln; New England Kennel Club, Edward Brooks. Mr. Belmont discussed earnestly with those present the possibilities of securing the attendance of available delegates from other cities and expressed a desire to hold a meeting in Chicago if it was possible for the club to do so. To further this intention by communicating with delegates, the meeting adjourned to 9 o'clock A. M. on Monday, Sept. 25.

The apathy or inattention in respect to this meeting has demonstrated beyond question that an A. K. C. meeting can be held only in New York. It is true that many Western clubs have Eastern delegates and would have had to pay the expenses for such delegates from the East. But there are no excuses to make, since there is nothing in evidence to show that any effort was made to hold the meeting, outside of the facts above stated. It has made a precedent, however, one most far-reaching and potent. B. WATERS.

No A. K. C. Meeting in Chicago.

A SPECIAL despatch, dated Sept. 25, to FOREST AND STREAM from Mr. Waters, reads: "The adjourned meeting of the A. K. C. to-day had no quorum, only three present, Belmont, Bristen and Muir." This about conclusively sounds the death knell of the cry for adequate representation in the West. President Belmont, on behalf of the A. K. C., has afforded the Western contingent, and presumably those whom we were told had so much to say about the A. K. C. being run in New York, every opportunity to present their case and have the say they wished in A. K. C. affairs. The meetings were held at a most propitious time for outside Western men to attend, the World's Fair affording an ample excuse. If they would not attend then how can we expect them to attend "between whiles," as in New York. A. K. C. business would never get on without quorums, therefore meetings must be held in New York for the present, at least. So ends the first lesson.

"The American Field Cup."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following item is taken from the issue of the *American Field* of 16th inst.:

A New York contemporary that has for the last seven years referred to the principal stake at the American Coursing Club's meetings as the "All-Age Stake" has suddenly become aware of the fact that its name is the *American Field* Cup. Curious, very.

It certainly does not seem strange to one conversant with the facts why the said New York contemporary has changed the so-called "All Age Stake" to the "*American Field* Cup." If I mistake not, the proprietor of the Chicago periodical offered a "cup" or its equivalent, $100 in cash, to be hung up as a prize in this stake. As the "cup" or its equivalent has not been paid by the proprietor of the Chicago periodical for the past two years (1891 and 1892), and the cup is presumably in the possession of the *Field* during this time, it was but natural to suppose that it belonged to the *Field*, and therefore the New York contemporary was justified in calling it the *American Field* Cup. "Possession is nine points in law," and evidently the proprietor of the Chicago periodical intends to stand by the saying. HAY MAN.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—Mr. A. A. MacDonald has sold that good little wirehaired bitch Bonnet, imported by Mr. Brodie and winner of first at the late Toronto show, to Mr. F. S. Wetherall, of Compton, Que. Mr. MacDonald has a nice litter from her, her first, to his Dark Eye.

I am pleased to note the arrival of another good collie in Ightenfield Chief, a sable and white of Mr. Walter Curl's, Burnby, England, breeding. His breeding is really good, being by Burnley Enterprise, who is by Edgbaston Excelsior out of Walton Lassie, out of Prairie Flavor by Denver, out of Lady Flora; Denver by champion Squire out of champion Princess Shela. His wins include: first, puppy class, Rochelle; first, puppy, first, novice, second, open and special, Halifax; first, novice and third open, Middleton; second puppy, third novice, at Prestou and others, so for a year and a half old dog he has not done so badly. His new owners, Messrs. A. J. and H. L. Jeffrey, of Stratford, Ont., proposed showing him at Toronto, but he arrived too late.

At the annual meeting of the C. K. C., radical changes were made in the rules governing the fees for registration, and in the manner of voting for the election of officers. Up to the present, members paid an annual fee of $2, and were privileged to register all the dogs they wished free. The new rule is that the fee remains the same and but five free registrations are allowed, subsequent entries may be made at 50 cents each. The fee to non-members has been raised to $1 for each dog, and listing 50 cents. Listing to members 25 cents, so you can have the advantage of joining the club.

Election of officers is to be done by a mail ballot, so that each member no matter how distant, may be given an opportunity of casting his vote. Nominations to the various offices are to take place one month previous to the date of annual meeting. H. B. DONOVAN.

DOG CHAT.

Eastern Field Trials Subscription Stake.

Field trial men should remember that the "New Subscription" stake of the Eastern Field Trial Club, which has been substituted for the champion, closes Oct. 1, 1893, and the $50 subscription must be paid on or before this date. This entitles the subscriber to nominate, run or sell his privilege up to the night of drawing and running in said stake. It may be of interest to many field trial to give the conditions under which this new subscription stake will be run. The heats will be two hours and repeat; $50 subscription, transferable; dogs to be named at 9 P. M., night before running. Winner of first to receive 50 per cent. of subscription and $250 added money by the club. Winner of second to receive 30 per cent. and winner of third 20 per cent. of subscription. The first brace of dogs down in the morning shall run two hours, then be ordered up, and the second brace of dogs put down and run two hours and then ordered up, when the first brace of dogs shall be recalled and put down to run their final two hours. Upon being taken up, the second brace of dogs shall be recalled to run their final two hours. And this order of running shall coutinue throughout the first series of the stake. After the first series have been run through the balance of the running shall be at the direction of the judges, until the winning of first, second and third is determined.

All entries must be filled at 9 P. M., on night previous to running of stake. Mr. Washington A. Coster, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., will give further information that may be required.

Officials Exhibiting.

Had Mr. Comstock's entries competed in the Irish terrier classes at Cranston, there would have been a stronger lot than at New York in quality, but this good and true exhibitor followed a procedure that should obtain in all shows. While really there is nothing in it as our judges are square and beyond influence, still if the superintendent shows dogs and wins, there are always some people so constructed that they think they can see clean through a solid brick wall. Those are the people that talk, too, and this talk, while it does not affect those who are in the business one way or the other, will and does undoubtedly influence those who are not versed in kennel affairs to an opinion that some judges are venal. Once for all it may again be said that most judges are straight and the press light nowadays burns too fiercely to admit of much "hanky-panky" work escaping detection. Still, it is always better that those who are directly interested in a show should allow their own fixture to pass and simply exhibit their dogs N. F. C. There are plenty of other opportunities to exhibit during the year.

We recently spoke of "Prof." Fred Weissman, the dog circus performer at Brooklyn show, getting into trouble for burglary, etc. We notice that last Saturday he was sentenced to eighteen years imprisonment with hard labor. He was mainly convicted on the evidence of his common law wife, who, it is said, was coerced into this. He afterward married her in prison as soon as sentence was passed.

Mr. Bousfield, owner of the Bay City Kennels, in renewing his advertisement, remarks: "Kennel business is picking up somewhat, and expect to do very well in the near future." We are glad to hear it.

Gordon Field Trials.

We were told at Cranston of a scheme on foot to arrange for some Gordon setter field trials the latter part of November. A number of New England sportsmen and lovers of the handsome setter have the matter in hand. Some relations of Mr. C. T. Brownell, of New Bedford, Mass., have a farm adjoining the N. E. F. T. Club's grounds at Assonet, Mass., and report birds plentiful around them, enough for a trial. This farm is cultivated and this fact has probably enticed the N. E. F. T. Club's birds over the fence. *Verb sap*—N. E. F. T. C., and take the advice that was given last year about more cultivation. The trials will be restricted to Gordons, and a pleasant reunion is looked forward to, and it is not to be a bit slow, either.

The Irish Setter Club Trials.

Mr. Hildebrand Fitzgerald, of the *Philadelphia Item*, intends giving a special prize for the winner of first in the All-Aged Stake of the coming Irish setter trials. The Irish setter men are under great obligations to Mr. Fitzgerald for the aid he has extended toward making their trials successful. It will be remembered that it was he who gave the beautiful large silver punch bowl won by Harry Anderson with his good little bitch Nugget in the Derby of 1891. Mr. Fitzgerald writes to Mr. Davis as follows: "My sympathies go out to the much-abused Irish setter, and as I have shot over a good one (Clifford, a son of Bruce, owned by my brother-in-law, Mr. A. Hallam Hubbard) I feel like extending some encouragement. I will donate a prize of not less than $25 value for the All-Aged Stake."

Changes in Bulldogs

Frank Dole is not one to let his right hand know what his left digits doeth, but he does "plenty business," as Mr. Hough would say, just the same. Some people think our New Haven friend is a bull-terrier man *per se*, but he makes a "bully" deal now and then on the quiet. Casting that other eye around he picked up the bulldogs Charmion, Lady Nan, Crinoline and Pessara out of the Illwiss Kennel, of Chicago, and then while at Providence spends half a day with Mr. Congdon, who fancies bulls too. Mr. Congdon had a colt that seemed good to "Frank," that colt now belongs to the New Haven man; then he spied a set of harness that fits the colt; the harness goes with the colt, and Mr. Congdon has the four before mentioned bulls.

Mr. H. A. Harris is thinking of going out West, ranching or horse-breeding or something. This was Mr. Dole's opportunity, and the celebrated deaf dog, White Wonder, one of the best bull-terriers in the country, Count's Nell, My Beauty and Chatham Kit were recently transferred to the Royal Bull-Terrier Kennels. Since then he has sold White Wonder to Mr. W. J. Pegg, and this good dog now returns to his native country—England. Count's Nell had three pups by Gully the Great, and My Beauty five by White Wonder. After recounting this transaction Mr. Dole winked that other eye; in fact, a series of winks came in telling us of a four-months' pup by Gully that has a head as long as—at any rate it's very long, and Frank illustrated it by drawing three fingers and a thumb right out from his nose like pulling chewing gum, and then there was an extra wink for luck—we hope it stays.

On Tuesday of the Cranston show the visiting dogmen, judges, press, etc., were invited to lunch by the bench show committee, and in the evening under the careful supervision of "Consin" Comstock a most enjoyable reunion occurred in the London club house. Our host was elected chairman and several members of the company rendered songs and recitations, among them James Mortimer, who gave us one of those good old ballads. E. B. Elliott, whose classical rendering of a song which alluded to somebody's colored optics, was indeed a "surprise;" German Hopkins, as usual felicitous and to the point; John Brett, who "slipped" his tongue to a good song or two, and a gentleman whose name starts with a Mac, proved that he had a tenor of high quality and good training. It was late when the party broke up to see Mr. Comstock off by the night train after "Auld Lang Syne" had been rendered in the good old way.

Newark Show.

The Newark show is gradually materializing into an assured and tangible fact. The premium list has not been issued yet but we learn that the prizes will be quite liberal. In challenge classes for the principal breeds $10 and diploma will be given, and in corresponding open classes $15 and $7 and diploma is the rate. Other classes have $10 and $5 and pet dogs $7 and $3. The classification is quite liberal, in fact the same as at New York. Most of the breeds have two challenge classes. A good lot of specials are already promised. The premium list will be issued about Oct. 15. There will be a number of judges, as our informant told us, a new lot, and the most practical men in their specialties. Variety is pleasing, but we can tell better about the practical part after the show. We thought we knew most of the "practical" men, but our informant tells us we don't and he should know.

Secretary Collins, of the Rhode Island State Fair Association, paid Mr. John Read a high compliment as a manager. He said that he was the first superintendent of a department they had ever had that knew his business and required no assistance. As a rule they have to teach the different superintendents their duty before the fair opens, but the boot was on the other leg in the dog department.

The prize cards were put up in good time at Cranston and this is a part of dog show management too often neglected. But one thing we must grumble at, Mr. Read is a little too lenient in allowing kennels to bench their dogs together. This relic of bygone management should not obtain in these days of Spratts benching and systematic arrangement. In the sporting classes especially there was much confusion on this account. The feeding was all that could be desired at this show and there was little need for disinfectant, as straw was plentiful and the building well ventilated by the large open doorways and windows; still there must have been a chance for El-a-tol somewhere and it did its work efficiently and unobtrusively. We were pleased and surprised to meet Mr. W. E. Codman on the bench show committe at Cranston. He is an Englishman and an old "black and tan" man familiar with shows in the old days of General Belcher, Saff, Queen II., etc. He has been out about two years.

Dr. T. G. Sherwood had little to do in a veterinary way at Cranston, so he wore his badge more conspicuously this time. He is fast becoming Americanized and his prescriptions in the FOREST AND STREAM seem to have a telling effect from all accounts.

Explain This.

We are accused by our Quaker contemporary of making two willful mistatements in our arraignment of the manner in which the "Ashmont" trophy was awarded at Toronto Let us see. Mr. Stone distinctly stated in the presence of several witnesses, to whom we now refer for proof, that he knew nothing in regard to the conditions under which the trophy was given, etc. In regard to the second accusation, we will ask Mr. Mason if he did or did not refuse to judge the special for best collie at the Wissahickon show on Wednesday, June 7, and that, too, after the winners in the different collie classes had been brought into the ring by order of the management? We have ample proof that our statements are true.

Mr. F. S. Wetherall has bought the wire-haired terrier Bonnet from Mr. A. A. Macdonald, of Toronto, Can.

We draw attention this week to several changes in stud advertisements, and that of the Excelsior meat dog cakes Among the dogs for sale we find the Connemara Kennels offer Irish setters; J. S. Logan, English setters; Box 386, Japanese spaniel; A. L. Page, greyhounds; A. C. Anderson, Irish setter pups; C. P. Clough, cocker spaniel; W. H. Spear, rabbit hound; Standard Kennels, beagles. Special attention is called to the good things set forth by Oak Grove Kennels; the stock is of the very best and the prices are extremely low.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns this week a number of kennel notes and other matter must lie over.

Mr. T. G. Davey has now decided to add 20 broken dogs to his sale list, and a catalogue will be ready to mail in a few days. The lot includes well-known show and field stock.

During the fair at Cranston there was some whippet racing, always an interesting adjunct to the fun of any fair. A. E. Hoey, of Natick, Mass., supplied the dogs, and they seemed to be quite fast when racing on the track, but we could not ascertain their time.

Some good bulldogs are likely to change hands soon, and Mr. John H. Congdon, of Providence, will probably have a strong kennel shortly.

Mr. H. A. Waldron, of Providence, who has dabbled in pointers and setters for some time, is now going to give them up and turn his attention to cockers, and he means to have the best. This is easier said than done just now; the best are not going a-begging these days.

Bedgebury Lion Dead.

Bedgebury Lion, the celebrated bulldog, is dead. He died in a fit at the Retnor Kennels, Morristown, N. J., about three weeks since. This is a great loss to owners and the fancy.

Tom Aldrich showing bulldogs is rather like a hackney man going in for mules. Tom is out of dogs now—so he says—quite out of them. He says they're getting too fast for him in the field and he's paying attention to business from now on. Still we noticed that as long as there was a dog show at Cranston he wasn't far off.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. A., Corning, N. Y.—I have a setter 4yrs. old whom I treated successfully through distemper, but afterward allowed him to go into the water, so that now his nerves are badly affected, especially so in the left foreleg, which twitches and drags. When he walks he frequently falls over on his head. Can you give me a remedy or will he recover? He is a well-broken dog, and I should hate to kill him if he can't be cured. Ans. The twitching will never go away, but he will probably regain use of the limb. Give the following mixture and continue for some weeks:

℞ Syr. hypophosph. co.	ʒ iii
Liq. arsenicalis	ʒ i
Aq. ad.	ʒ vi

Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 3.—International Coursing Meeting at Huron, S. D. J. Herbert Watson, 26 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y. (chairman).
Oct. 17.—Kenmore Club meeting at Goodland, Kan. Frank L. Webster, Sec'y. Entries close Oct. 16.
Oct. 24.—American Coursing Club. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—The Cowley County Coursing Association, Winfield, Kan. J. R. Ballard, Secretary.

National Beagle Club Trials.

THE premium list of the National Beagle Club's fourth annual trial is now in the mail and as shown in these columns some time since, some good things are provided for those who hunt the hare with a beagle. It is only necessary now to draw attention to several important items in connection with the trials.

The stipulated forfeit money must, in each case, accompany entries. No exception to this rule will be granted. Dogs can be forwarded per express, addressed to National Beagle Club of America, Nanuet, N. Y. Arrangements have been made with the United States and Wells Fargo express companies to return dogs free to starting point, when express charges have been paid one way. All dogs sent by express, as well as all others, will be taken care of at the Rockland Beagle Kennels, under direction of the National Beagle Club of America. Competent handlers will be on hand to handle and run dogs in trials, in case owners of same cannot or fail to reach place of meeting on time. Dogs must be at Nanuet, N. Y,, before 10 A. M. on Oct. 30. The filling of classes, drawing same and measuring dogs will begin Oct. 30, at 10 A. M. sharp, and class A will be started at 1 P. M. on the same day.

Ample accommodations have been provided for all wishing to attend trials. The headquarters of the club will be at the residence of Mr. H. L. Kreuder. The place of meeting can be reached from Erie R. R. depot at Jersey City, N. J., via Northern R. R. of New Jersey or the New Jersey & New York R. R., the distance from Jersey City to Nanuet being twenty-eight miles. It is sincerely hoped that the efforts of the club will be encouraged by a commensurate entry. There is room for more than one good trial, and those to be held this fall are not close enough to in any way interfere the one with the other. Entry forms can be obtained at this office or of Mr. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y. The Derby for the N. E. B. C. has closed well with 12 entries, most of which it is very likely will fill, and this is a good sign.

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Death of Greentick.

A GREYHOUND whose name is held in reverence by greyhound men generally, died Sept. 9, from acute rheumatism and debility. He was allowed to be one of the best and gamest greyhounds of his day, and as a puppy he won the Newton cup of £380. He ran up for the Waterloo cup in 1884, divided the Altcar cup, ran into the last four for the Gosforth gold cup in 1885, won the Palatine cup at Haydock Park and ran up for the Gosforth gold cup in 1886. He also ran several memorable courses, and one in particular at Hayden Park on Dec. 3, 1885. On that occassion it was quite thought that Greentick had ended his career, as at the finish of the course with Hand iu Hand he struck the hurdles with fearful force and for some time lay as if dead. Mr. Hedley, the judge, in fact, galloped down with the news that he thought Greentick was killed, and great was the cheering shortly afterwards when the dog was seen to walk away. The sympathy that is always shown for a good dog was manifested in a most striking manner, and perhaps never before, except in the final for a Waterloo cup, was so much enthusiasm displayed as when Greentick showed in front of his opponent. At the stud his success was of a most remarkable character, and his association with the Waterloo cup is unparalleled in the history of that contest, as no greyhound can boast such a record as Greentick, who was the sire of Fullerton, the divider in 1889, and winning right out in the three following years. He was the sire of Young Fullerton, also of Sir Sankey, who ran up for the Purse last year, and of Simonian and Lecturer, who respectively won and ran up for the Plate; Rhymes, who won the Plate in 1891; Coca-Water, who ran up for the Plate the previous year, and Meols Simon, who ran up in 1888. He was whelped on March 6, 1882, and owned by Mr. R. F. Gladstone. Mr. John Coke, his trainer, feels his loss very keenly.

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New England Beagle Club's Derby Entries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed find list of entries for the first Derby of the New England Beagle Club, which closed Sept. 16 with 12 entries:

W. S. CLARK, Sec'y-Treas.

LEE III.—H. L. Kreuder's black, wite and tan dog (Fitzhugh Lee—June Rose).

BLANCHE—H. L. Kreuder's black, white and tan bitch (Frank Forest—Ina).

QUEEN OF THE FOREST—H. L. Kreuder's black, white and tan bitch (Frank Forest—Ina).

LOUIE FITZ LEE—H. A. P. Smith's black, white and tan dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Maid).

OLAF—Henry Hanson's black, white and tan dog (Bannerman—Parthenia).

CLIO—Forest Beagle Kennels' white, black and tan bitch (Bannerman—Twinto).

LITTLE LEE—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Dill).

MOLLIE DEAN—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' black, white and tan ticked bitch (Sam—Baby Dean).

RUIN—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' white, black and tan dog (Bannerman—Trill).

FLASH—Geo. F. Reed's white and tan bitch (Baunerman—Lou).

BUCKSHOT—Thomas Shallcross's blue ticked dog (Dave—Daisy).

JEAN VAL JEAN—H. S. Joslin's black, white and tan dog (Chubb—Mystic II.).

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International Coursing Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The international meeting at Huron promises to be the grand success its promoters have hoped for. The committee having decided that it will be for the best interests of all concerned to keep the entries open until Oct. 2, a large increase in the entries may be reasonably expected. The drawing will take place on Oct. 2, at the conclusion of a banquet to be served at 6 o'clock. All those who intend to enter dogs, but have not yet taken nominations, will confer a favor by notifying the committee of their intention as soon as possible. J. HERBERT WATSON, Chairman of Committee.

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The meeting at Huron will be held on Oct. 3, whether the stake fills or not. Of course the money to be divided will be less if the stake does not fill, but whether there are 20 dogs or 64, and it is expected that there will be more than 32, the money will be worth winning, and will be more than has yet been run for in this country.

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The next meeting of the N. G. C. will probably be held at Great Bend, Kans., unless the New York contingent can secure a quorum. It is about time Mr. Drake said something in defense of the insinuations that have been thrown out regarding the financial end of the Brooklyn show. Mr. Drake was the treasurer in every particular, and as all the accounts are in regular order and nothing missing, it is neither fair to the club, Mr. Huntington, the secretary, or himself to keep silent any longer.

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Mr. O. S. Gibbs recently took his young hound out for a lesson on fox hunting in and around old Fort Crown Point, N. Y., and succeeded in securing three brushes and also two white squirrels.

Yachting.

New York Yacht Racing Asssociation.

IN our issue of Sept 9, we published the results as given up to the time of going to press of the Labor Day regatta of the New York Yacht Racing Association. As many of the classes did not finish until late in the evening, and it transpired that others listed as winners did not go the full course for their class, we therefore give the full times.

The following are the winners: Class A, Loyal; class D, Avalon, walkover; class E, Fair Wind; class F, Peerless; class G, Vixen; class H. Bessie; class 1, Lizzie F.; class 2, John A. Cameron; class 3, Mosquito, walkover; class 4, Mary; class 5, Hit or Miss; class 7, Norman; class 8, Arrow; class 9, Gertrude A.; Class 10, Chip.

CLASS A—SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Florida, A. J. Prime, Y. C. Y. C.	73.00	8 22 56	8 02 51.8
Loyal, Com. B. F. Sutton, Bk. Y. C.	71.00	5 07 15	4 45 44.4

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 55FT. AND OVER 45FT.

Dolphin, Com. Henry F. Allen, A. R. Y. C.	47.01	Withdrew.	

CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 45FT. AND OVER 38FT.

Avalon, L. Mittelsdorf, P. Y. C.	42.02	10 03 05	9 11 57.8

CLASS E—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 38FT. AND OVER 32FT.

Helen, Walter Collins, J. C. Y. C.	37.00	Withdrew.	
Mary B. 1, Walter Reynolds, H. Y. C.	35.06	9 55 19	8 53 20.3
Mary A., James J. Lyons, Bk. Y. C.	34.10	Withdrew.	
Bess, Hanly & Murphy, Bk. Y. C.	34.08	Withdrew.	
Spy, F. & H. Weslow & J. Leen, N. R. C.	34.06	9 59 02	8 54 59.9
Coquette, Vreeland & Hobbs, N. Y. C.	34.00	10 44 34	9 39 22.5
Bel Ami, Wm. Martin, W. Y. C.	33.06	Withdrew.	
Fair Wind, John G. Meehan, Bk. Y. C.	32.06	9 28 09	8 20 06.6
Lottie, John E. Drew, H. R. Y. C.	32 4½	Withdrew.	

CLASS F—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

Reliance, Jos. A. Ganey, W. Y. C.	31.03	10 02 20	8 51 47.3
Peerless, James F. Lalor, H. Y. C.	30.06	9 51 19	8 38 54.7
Henry Ward Beecher, Bevers & Tompkins, Y. C. Y. C.	30.01	9 55 21	8 42 06.7

CLASS G—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 27FT. AND UNDER.

Scutter Johnnie, A. MacInness, P. Y. C.	26.10	Withdrew.	
Vixen, Louis Wunder, Bk. Y. C.	26.06	8 26 05	7 22 02
Camille, Thos. Muller, Jr., Col. Y. C.	26.02½	Withdrew.	
Christine, Smith & Chester, P. Y. C.	25.06	Withdrew.	
Millie, Com. C. H. Benson, J. Y. C.	25.04½	Withdrew.	
Lurline, Bertram Barnett, Col. Y. C.	25.04	Withdrew.	
Jeanie, J. G. Feaney, N. J. Y. C.	24.08	Withdrew.	
Wanderer, Alfred Wenzel, N. J. Y. C.	23.04	Withdrew.	
Star, Peter W. Wright, N. Y. C.	21.02½	10 45 50	9 28 47.9

CLASS H—ALL CABIN YAWL-RIGGED YACHTS.

Bessie, Garrett Van Horn, J. C. Y. C.	30.00	8 33 35	7 36 23.6

CLASS I—OPEN SLOOPS 32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

Charm, Com. F. S. Ketchum & H. P. Campbell, N. J. Y. C.	28.04	Withdrew.	
Cygnet, Daniel Ryan, H. Y. C.	27.09	Withdrew.	
Lizzie L., W. E. Lissenden, K. V. K. Y. C.	27.03	Withdrew.	
Maud M., W. W. McManus, H. Y. C.	27.02	Withdrew.	
Lizzie F., Michael Flynn, H. R. Y. C.	27.01	8 09 00	7 06 10.5

SECOND CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS, 27FT. AND OVER 23FT.

J. T. Corlett, Conrad Rothmal, H.R.Y.C.	26.03½	Withdrew.	
J. A. Cameron, J. J. McCarthy, H.R.Y.C.	26.03	8 26 17	7 21 42.5
Thorn, Wm. E. Kinzey, H. R. Y. C.	24.05	Withdrew.	
Clara S., J. W. Stilger, Jr., H R.Y.C.	24.03½	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS, 23FT. AND UNDER.

Mosquito, F. H. Hegler, P.Y.C.	19.11	3 20 45	2 22 57

FOURTH CLASS—CABIN CAT BOATS, OVER 23FT.

Mary, W. Elmer Ellsworth, Bayonne Y.C.	29.08	5 09 06	4 10 32.7
Acorn, Wm. Martin, Bk. Y.C.	27.00¾	Withdrew.	
Lina, F. M. Randall, P.Y.C.	27.00	Withdrew.	
Henry Gray, Ortlieb & Deetjen, N.J.Y.C.	26.02	Withdrew.	
Almira, Wilmer Hanan, I H.Y.C.	26.01	Withdrew.	
Water Lily, Zimmerman & Hoffman, P.Y.C.	26.00	Withdrew.	

CLASS 5—CABIN CAT BOATS 23FT. AND UNDER.

Frankie A., V. Schulz, Col. Y. C.	23.00	Withdrew.	
Hit or Miss, F. M. Randall, P. Y. C.	22.08	3 02 48	2 10 16.5
Juanita, C. F. Larzelere, Bk. Y. C.	22.04¼	Withdrew.	
Willie K., S. Kimberlin, Oc. Y. C.	22.00	Disqualified	
Surprise, M. Katenhorn, Gr. Y. C.	21.06	3 43 08	2 48 39.5

CLASS 6—OPEN CATBOATS 32FT. AND OVER 27FT.

Uncas, Geo. Schmitt, Jr., W. Y. C.	27.10	Withdrew.	
Elvira, Alfred L. Smith, W. Y. C.	27.05	Withdrew.	

CLASS 7—OPEN CATBOATS 27FT. AND OVER 27FT.

Edna, Dixon & Kellock, Y. C. Y. C.	24.04¼	Withdrew.	
Norman, Geo. Hansen, H. Y. C.	23.06½	8 58 41	7 24 50.6

CLASS 8—OPEN CATBOATS 23FT. AND OVER 20FT.

Tempest, Wm. M. Haughwout, K.V.K.Y.C.	22.10	3 00 39	2 08 46.5
Pauline B., Chas. S. Raymond, S. S. Y. C.	22.07½	2 48 40	1 56 23.5
Lizzie B., Geo. A. Bouker, J. C. Y. C.	21.11½	3 07 43	2 14 11.5
Eureka, Durham & Relyea, J. C. Y. C.	21.09	2 58 32	2 04 33.5
Arrow, J. M. Sawyer, Jr., S. Y. C.	21.08½	2 37 08	1 43 05
Sappho, Geo. B. Lyons, Bk. Y. C.	21.03	3 20 33	2 25 34.5
H. H. Adams, Frank Maler, Can. Y. C.	21.01	3 22 44	2 27 26
Tip Top, Geo. J. Gillig, S. Y. C.	20.08	Withdrew.	
Golden Rod, Chas. J. Leach, Au. Y. C.	20.03	Withdrew.	

CLASS 9—OPEN CATBOATS, 20FT. AND OVER 17FT.

Torment, Wm. Haughwout, K. V. K. Y. C.	20.00	Withdrew.	
Frank, C. D. McGlehan, Gr. Y. C.	19.10	3 09 16	2 11 28
Harry C. Miner, Chas. Rae, Au. Y. C.	19.11	3 07 03	2 09 15
Anglesey, Richard Laukenau, H. Y. C.	19.10	3 15 34	2 17 35.5
Dora D., Fred. Oliver, N. B. Y. C.	19.06	Withdrew.	
Gertrude A., Stephen W. Roof, S. Y. C.	18.04	2 52 39	1 51 07.5
Edda D., Richard W. Rummell, Bk. Y. C.	18.03	3 12 53	2 12 08
Doctor, F. T. Barber, K. V. K. Y. C.	18.00½	Withdrew.	
Millie, 2, C. A. Passmore, K. V. K. Y. C.	17.03	3 15 27	2 11 07.5

CLASS 10—OPEN CATBOATS 17FT. AND UNDER.

Amaranth, Wm. F. Everett, Bk. Y. C.	17.00	2 30 00	1 38 00
Crest, Walter Smith, Can. Y. C.	16.10½	2 27 03	1 34 47.4
Paul and Stella, Jas. Riley, Bk. Y. C.	16.08	Withdrew.	
Chip, F. Fabian, Bayonne Y. C.	16.05	2 23 20	1 30 02
Little Dean, Chas. Rae, Au. Y. C.	16.05	Disqualified.	
Teaser, Fitz Maurice Bros., Can. Y. C.	16.02	2 38 56	1 45 02
Gala Water, John Spavin, N. B. Y. C.	16.01½	2 40 17	1 46 17
Tough, Benj. Carr, Oc. Y. C.	15.07½	2 40 58	1 45 46

British Racing and Racing Courses.

IT is something unusual in American racing to sail two rounds of a course, and more than two rounds is quite unprecedented except on Lake Ontario. The courses sailed by the larger yachts are invariably straightaway, as on the racing runs of the cruise; or out and back once, as the New York, Larchmont, Newport and Marblehead courses. One of the prettiest races of recent years was that of the Eastern Y. C. in 1886, in which Mayflower sailed her trial race against Puritan and Priscilla, the course being two rounds of a 15 mile triangle; but it was objected to as making too much work for the crews. In British waters the custom is exactly reversed, two rounds of 20 miles each being the rule and a single long round the exception, while three and four rounds are frequently sailed.

The accompanying chart, the official programme of the Torbay Royal regatta of Aug. 21, shows one of these short courses, the whole four sides making but 10 miles, naut., and four rounds being sailed to make the 40 miles. The race of the following day, the Royal Torbay Y. C. regatta, was sailed over the same course, the Eastern markboat being set a little further out, to make 11 in place of 10 miles.

The following story of the first race, from the *Field*, gives a good idea of the sort of sailing which such a course provides, and also of the English style of reporting. One thing that strikes us is the small labor of reporting such a race compared with a race over the Block Island course, where the fleet scatters in all directions on the windward work closing in together at the first mark and then running or reaching for 18 miles to the next, as in the Goelet cup races of 1891 and '92; or even the last trial race of Sept. 11, with the fleet of four yachts widely scattered at times and in varying winds. The Royal Dorset Y. C. regatta was sailed in three rounds, the two Royal Alfred races each two rounds, 46 miles, the Royal Dart four rounds, the Start Bay three rounds, the Royal Western and Port of Plymouth, each three rounds. However hard on the crews this frequent turning may be, it is of inestimable value as a drill, and it is just such training which Valkyrie's crew has had and in which the American crews are lacking. The Torbay Royal race is described by the *Field* as follows:

The wind which gathered in Weymouth Bay on Saturday, was the fore-runner of a hard blow on Sunday and Monday, and the yachts that did not clear out early on Sunday had a coarse time of it round Portland Bill, and many did not show to it at all. The result is that Torbay is not so full of yachts as is usual at regatta time; but a full muster is expected at Dartmouth. At the starting hour to-day there was quite a hard wind from about W. N. W. off the land, and the yachts were brought to housed topmasts and reefed mainsails—quite an unusual event in this summer of moderate breezes. However, as the wind was off the land, there was no sea in the bay, and it was quite a pleasant sail, albeit a trying one for gear. The big craft comprised the familiar quartette and Britannia, never hard pressed, was a pretty easy winner. Satanita sailed wonderfully, and, but for her misjudged start and subsequent loss of time through dropping a man overboard, she would have been very near winning. Calluna sailed well on all points to-day; and Navahoe did no better and no worse than is her wont in a hard wind. Eventually she tore the reef cringle out of her mainsail and had to retire. In the handicap match, Mabel sailed away from Columbine at a rate just fast enough to enable her to wipe out her impost, and she won another first prize. Vendetta confirmed her title to be considered a hard-weather boat in smooth water, and what little sea there was she seemed quite at home in. Dragon with long spells of reaching, defeated Deirdré. Racing in small classes was spoilt, as so many of the little craft had been unable to make the passage to Torquay.

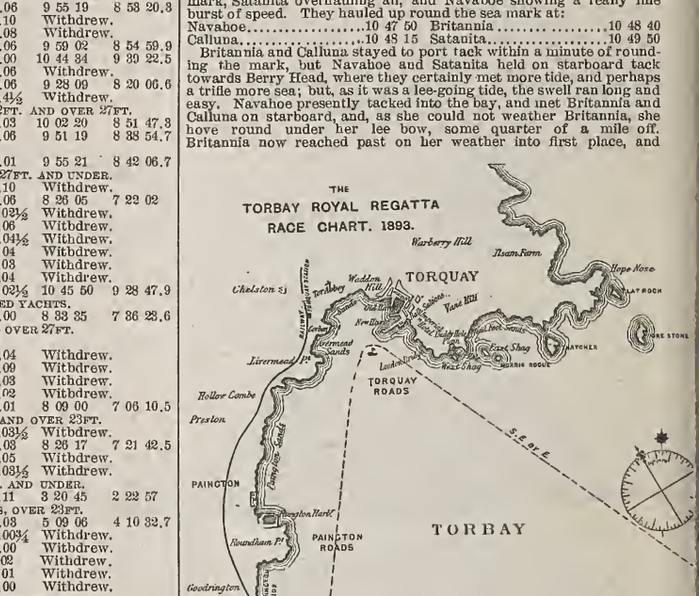
Match for £70, second prize £20; course, round a sea mark, a mark-boat off Brixham and another near Paignton, back to Torquay, four times round, 44 miles.

Yacht.	Rig.	Rating.	Owner.	Allowances.
Satanita	Cutter	162	Mr. Clarke	Allows
Navahoe	Cutter	161	Mr. Carroll	7s.
Britannia	Cutter	151	Prince of Wales	1m. 25s.
Calluna	Cutter	141	Mr. Donaldson	1m. 48s.

A hustling start was made at 10:30, but Satanita was over the line 5s. before gunfire, and had to return, whereby she lost nearly 3m. All had single-reefed mainsails and housed mainsails, Navaboe and Calluna with second staysails while Britannia had her small working staysail. Navaboe crossed the line on the weather beam of Britannia, and soon reached clear abead, the Prince of Wales, cutter evidently wanting more driving just now, and Calluna also went past on her weatber, while Satanita was closing in astern. They carried main booms pretty well off to the rigging on the broad reach out to the sea mark, Satanita overhauling all, and Navaboe showing a really fine burst of speed. They hauled up round the sea mark at:

Navahoe	10 47 50	Britannia	10 48 40
Calluna	10 48 15	Satanita	10 49 50

Britannia and Calluna stayed to port tack within a minute of rounding the mark, but Navahoe and Satanita held on starboard tack towards Berry Head, where they certainly met more tide, and perhaps a trifle more sea; but, as it was a lee-going tide, the swell ran long and easy. Navahoe presently tacked into the bay, and met Britannia and Calluna on starboard, and, as she could not weather Britannia, she hove round under her lee bow, some quarter of a mile off. Britannia now reached past on her weather into first place, and



THE BLACK LINE SHOWS BRITANNIA'S COURSE TO WINDWARD.

Calluna hung up so well that, when she met Navahoe standing in from Berry Head, she crossed her to windward, and the Yankee still further lost ground by being unable to weather the mark without another short hitch. The time at the Brixham mark was:

Britannia	11 07 50	Satanita	11 10 30
Calluna	11 08 15	Satanita (second time)	11 15 36
Navahoe	11 09 40		

Just as Satanita stayed for the mark, one of her extra hands went overboard, head and shoulder first, off the lee quarter, as he was trying to save his cap, which had blown off. The dinghy was promptly thrown overboard and the man (who was a strong swimmer) picked up. Satanita meantime was smartly wore round, and came to at the spot where the dinghy was. Altogether she lost five minutes by the mishap. It was a close reach on port tack to the Paignton mark, and Britannia, having stayed close round the Brixham mark, could hardly fetch it, and in the end had to make a short board, while all the others, having stood well into Brixham before coming on port tack, fetched easily. At the Paignton mark, main booms were eased off to the runners, and, with foaming wakes and big bow waves, they came for the committee boat, where they gybed over and completed the first round at:

Britannia	11 26 35	Navahoe	11 28 48
Calluna	11 28 25	Satanita	11 35 05

Britannia had got on a balloon staysail this time for the reach off to the sea mark, and held her own, excepting that Satanita closed in a trifle. The time at the sea mark was:

Britannia	11 42 14	Navahoe	11 44 47
Calluna	11 44 00	Satanita	11 48 04

As before, Navahoe held on her hauling round tack, while the others stayed to port and stood into the bay out of the tide, and all made a considerable gain on the American, which fetched just inside Berry Head, the others standing far enough into the bay to fetch close to the Brixham mark, which was passed as follows:

Britannia	12 03 00	Navahoe	12 07 05
Calluna	12 05 33	Satanita	12 09 00

They had a hard peppering of off-shore squalls reaching along to the Paignton mark, and heeled pretty freely to the slammers, but kept going at a flying pace. The second round ended at:

Britannia	12 19 35	Navahoe	12 24 57
Calluna	12 23 30	Satanita	12 29 50

The wind laid on heavy as they reached off to the sea mark this time, and nothing went faster than Satanita. The time of hauling to round the mark was:

Britannia	12 37 04	Navahoe	12 42 40
Calluna	12 40 39	Satanita	12 46 08

They beat over to Brixham mark as before, with long leg on starboard tack and short on port, and Calluna just held Britannia, while Navahoe, as before, steadily lost ground. The time of weathering the Brixham mark was:

Britannia	12 57 50	Navahoe	1 04 45
Calluna	1 01 10	Satanita	1 06 40

As they reached along shore past Brixham and Goodrington, Britannia's jib split, and she was some time shifting to third jib, and Navahoe also lost something while shifting her jib. The wind still ripped off shore in hard gushes, and lee rails were lost sight of as they

smoked along. As before, it was a broad reach from Paignton to Torquay, where the third round ended:

Britannia	1 14 19	Navahoe	1 22 03
Calluna	1 18 15	Satanita	1 23 10

Running their beads well up on the ranges, they flew off to the sea mark for the fourth and last time, Satanita closing in very fast under the lee quarter of Navahoe, and just as the former was drawing level Navahoe rounded to and gave up, her mainsail having burst at the reef cringle. Satanita thus remained last boat, and chased the others off to the sea mark, where the time was:

Britannia	1 31 40	Satanita	1 39 30
Calluna	1 35 20		

Beating across to Brixham, Britannia just held her own, wind and sea remaining as before, and the trio presenting a very business-like picture, as they were masterfully laid on the wind. The time of weathering the Brixham mark was:

Britannia	1 52 40	Satanita	2 00 21
Calluna	1 56 25		

A close reach along shore to Paignton and a broad reach home Satanita making an all-round gain) brought the match to an end at:

Britannia (winner)	2 09 06	Satanita	2 16 15
Calluna (second prize)	2 13 36		

Valkyrie.

A THIRTY day passage across the Atlantic is in no way remarkable, and Valkyrie's failure to equal the record of Thistle and other yachts would of itself have created little anxiety. There was, however, a strong probability that she had encountered one of the August cyclones when but one or two weeks out, and this, with the fact that she was not reported by any steamer, caused a certain amount of apprehension over her delay in reaching New York. Although she was reported on Sept. 18 by the steamer Spain, having been spoken two days before, it was not until the early morning of Sept. 22 that she sighted the two lightships off Sandy Hook. The tug Cbarm passed her a towline, and after a short delay at Quarantine she dropped anchor off the Atlantic Yacht Club station, Bay Ridge. On her way up the bay she was saluted by vessels of all kinds, the ferryboats going out of their courses to get a look at her. She carried her racing mast, a fine stick of Oregon pine, with short bowsprit, topmast, gaff and boom. On board were Capt. Wm. Cranfield, who has sailed her all the season; Capt. Wm. Harvey, her navigator, brother of the Capt. Harvey, who sailed Jessica in 1891, and the following crew: Oscar Pender, first mate; William Taylor, second mate; Ennis Turff, boatswain; William Bowen, chief cook; Arthur Wade and William Waddley, assistants, and William Cranfield, Walter Sebbern, John Pierce, Alfred Scarf, Wallace Allen, Alfred Allen, William Brown, Herbert Springat, B. Wilkin, Herbert Pullen, William Percival, Edward Smith and Adam and Robert Potter. Twelve more of the crew, some of them from Lord Dunraven's smaller cutter L'Esperance, arrived on Saturday on the Paris and at once joined the yacht.

The voyage was a hard and tedious one, as told in the following story by Capt. Cranfield, and by the log:

"We had a very hard passage, but there never was a moment when I felt that the Valkyrie was in danger. Her design, as far as her weatherly qualities go, has been thoroughly tested, and a boat not so well built would have certainly gone to pieces during some of the heavy blows. I made no attempt to make a record, but kept the yacht going as fast as was consistent with perfect safety. Before starting it was generally understood that we were to take a southern course, but after getting out on the high seas I determined to take the far northern course, which accounts for our not being sighted by the incoming steamers.

"For ten days after we left, on Aug. 23, we had light easterly winds and made fairly good headway. Then we ran into about as nasty weather as I have seen for a long time. From Sept. 2 to 6 we were knocked about by squalls from the west and an ugly cross sea, which forced us to put the main boom into a crutch. On the 7th we were struck, while running close reefed, by a northwest gale, which kept up with a few short respites until the 11th, when it increased to a hurricane that made things very lively for us. It was impossible to move anywhere on the vessel and on deck it was very dangerous to the crew, even with the aid of lifelines, which were stretched along the deck. All we had out was a close-reefed trysail, and that was enough. We shipped some very heavy seas, but they rolled off the deck like water from the back of a duck.

"I thought that our boats would be carried away, but we lost nothing. The tiller was bent by a heavy sea that swept us fore and aft about midnight, and two of the crew had a close escape from being washed overboard. The little storm jib was blown out of the bolt ropes with a report like a cannon, and for a time we were in a very uncomfortable position. But the Valkyrie did not seem to mind the terrible tossing, and the way she dove into the waves and came right side up every time was a delight to the sailor, although the experience was very unpleasant.

"We had to let her scud before the wind while the damage to the tiller was repaired, which was a very ticklish job indeed, in such a terrible sea. The wind went down in about two days, but the sea ran very high all the time, and kept us all awake the most of the time. She rolled so hard occasionally that it seemed as if she would land on her beam's end and never right, but after hanging for a moment in the balance as if undecided whether to go clean over, she would come up with an easy motion that was very reassuring to those on board.

"We were running close reefed in half a gale when the Spain sighted us. On Sept. 16 I signaled to her, but got no response, owing, probably, to the thick weather. We kept together for about seven hours, and logged in that time about seventy miles, which, I see, agrees with the report of Capt. Griffith of the Spain. The Spain was the only westbound vessel that we sighted, but I signaled to several east-bound steamers, which ought to have reported us.

"On the same day we passed a ship bottom up, but it was blowing too hard for us to stop and get her name. She had a bright copper bottom, and looked as if she had been upset only a short time. We ran into a frightful gale from the southwest after the Spain left us, which forced us to heave to for safety. This storm was accompanied by terrific lightning, which played around the Valkyrie altogether too close for comfort. While running before the wind the yacht thumped the sea very hard, and huge waves came aboard and swept the deck.

"During this week we had a succession of gales which gave us a terrible knocking about, and it was a great relief when we ran into a fog bank and calm. When the fog lifted we spoke the pilot boat Leahy, and you know the rest."

The crew wasted little time after the anchor was down, but at once set to work to fit out for the races, Capt. Cranfield at first being unaware of the postponement to Oct. 5. The yacht showed the effects of the voyage, no damage was done to the hull beyond the starting of the caulking about the end of the long counter, but paint and varnish were washed off, sails were torn and ropes stranded, while she looked anything but the trim and stylish racer which she really is. On deck amidships were lashed six large water casks, her long tiller was bent in two places, and the short, dirty spars and cruising sails gave her a rather disreputable look.

The sails were unbent, spars unshipped, and by 10 o'clock a big floating derrick was alongside with a lot of racing spars safely wrapped in burlaps. The main boom was shipped, the topmast set up, the bowsprit run out and the decks cleared of the old sails, casks and spars.

During the morning Messrs. Watson and Ratsey, in company with Mr. Maitland Kersey, came down in a tug and spent most of the day on board or about the Atlantic Y. C. The spare spars were landed on Wintringbam's bulkhead, and Mr. Sawyer very kindly offered the use of his Bay Ridge loft for the storage of sails and gear.

Valkyrie, though very different from Thistle, is just as distinctively a Watson boat, showing the same artistic sheer and counter. She has the "Dora bow," similar to the new American boats, but not so long in overhang, and in appearance is much like Queen Mab. While her waterline is full, as in all recent yachts, the fore end is quite sharp, the waterline being straight rather than convex for the first few feet. The bow is undoubtedly a good and serviceable one, making a fair ending to all the fore and aft line, but with less weight and windage than in the longer American overhangs. The after end is hardly as strong in form as the Herreshoff boats, and possibly no better as to speed, but it is certainly far handsomer to look at.

The lines of the hull, so far as they are visible, disclose a well-shaped and powerful craft, but until she is docked next week it will be impossible to form any fair opinion of her speed. The rig is practically the same as Thistle, the mastbead shrouds and extra stay and spreaders of the new Herreshoff boats being lacking. The oldfashioned oak cheek pieces and trestle trees are still used, the five shrouds all going over the masthead. The ironwork is of good design but considerably heavier than in the American boats, and while there is far less liability to break down, it is an open question whether the rig might not be lighter and yet strong enough. The yacht will be under way next Thursday, and she will dock early next week at the Erie Basin.

Lord Dunraven reached New York on Saturday on the Campania, with him being the Countess of Dunraven, her two daughters, the Ladies Rachel Wyndbam-Quinn and Aileen Wyndbam-Quinn; his brother-in-law, the Hon. Charles Kerr; the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Wolverton, Col. Arthur Paget, the Hon. Hercules A. Languish and Charles Barrington.

No sooner had he landed than Lord Dunraven took a tug and visited the yacht in company with Messrs. Kersey, Watson and Ratsey. On Sunday the party took a run up the Sound on a tug, dining at Larchmont. On the way they steamed by Vigilant at anchor, of course examining her closely through their glasses.

The sight off Bay Ridge must have astonished considerably Capt. Cranfield and his crew. Early in the morning the hillsides and piers were black with people, while the water was covered with boats of all kinds, from the rough little bateau built of driftwood and old boards, up to eight-oared shells and barges and all sorts of sailing and steam yachts. Rowboats drove a thriving trade in carrying visitors around the yacht, and the little steam water boat was crowded on every one of her trips, of which she made for an hour. For the small sum of twenty-five cents she offered a complete view of the yacht on all sides and also of Lord Dunraven and his two daughters. The day was warm and fair, but with a flat calm for three or four hours, which hung up the sailing craft, but in spite of this there were catboats by the score, and white sails were visible in all directions, trying to reach one common point. The steam yacht Ituna brought down from New Rochelle Messrs. Belmont, Iselin and Herreshoff, who scanned Valkyrie closely for some time. Vigilant will haul out on Sept. 28 or 29 at Harkin's ways, City Island, and will lie there until the eve of the races. The final details of the races will be arranged at a meeting on Sept. 26 between Lord Dunraven and the cup committee.

LOG OF VALKYRIE—COWES TO NEW YORK.

Aug. 23—Left Cowes 5:40 A. M.: light westerly winds; noon, calm, heavy swell; barometer, 30.08; 26 miles.

Aug. 24—Noon, Falmouth abeam; 4 P. M., signalled the Lizards.

Aug. 25—Noon, abreast Seven Storm Lightship, distance 4 miles; calm; barometer 30.40; P. M., light air, swell, west by northwest.

Aug. 26—Open; wind, light easterly; haze; slow progress, at noon all canvas set; afternoon calm, no headway; barometer 30.40; longitude .06, latitude 50.07; 27 miles.

"VALKYRIE."

CUTTER, 86FT. L.W.L. DESIGNED BY G. L. WATSON FOR LORD DUNRAVEN. BUILT BY HENDERSON & CO., GLASGOW, 1893.

Aug. 27—Open; light westerly wind; noon, set squaresails; barometer, 30.30; latitude 49.57; longitude 8.15; breeze, east by southeast; sea, irregular.

Aug. 28—Open: fresh winds, east, clear, blowing sharp; barometer 30.36. Noon, latitude 49.18, longitude 12.48; P. M., squally, showers, southeast winds.

From noon of Aug. 27 to noon of Aug. 28, 225 miles were made by log, 218 by observation.

Aug. 29—Open; fresh easterly winds; barometer, 30.38; noon, latitude 48.40, longitude, 18.06; P. M., fresh winds, southeast; nasty sea; single reef and trysail. Noon to Aug. 30, 224 miles by observation.

Aug. 30—Open; fresh winds, southeast; noon, high southerly breeze and swell. P. M., less wind; latitude 42.48, longitude 23.24; 224 miles.

Aug. 31—Two hundred miles. Open; southeast winds; ship rolling heavily. Noon, wind freshening; latitude 47.54, longitude 28.31. P.M., high wind and cloudy. Wind still southeast.

Sept 1—Two hundred and twenty miles; open; moderate breeze, southeast. Noon, wind south; took squaresail in; reaching along steadily. P. M., wind west, smart breeze; rain and showers.

Sept. 2—One hundred and ten miles; open; wind west by northwest; squally; rain; bad sea; rolling heavily. Noon, latitude 47.30, longitude 36.12. P. M., hard squall, high sea; ship laboring heavily and flooding decks.

Sept. 3—Strong squalls, northwest by west; rain. Noon, heavy squalls; no observation; 173 miles by log. P. M., wind freshening; double reef fore and aft.

Sept. 4—Wind southwest, shifting to west by west; unsteady; poor progress. Noon, no observations; 90 miles by log; overcast; rain; nasty cross swell.

Sept. 5—Open; close reef trysail; wind west. Noon, wind more moderate; no observations; 77 miles by log. P. M., wind moderating; set trysail; heavy swell.

Sept. 6—Open; moderate breeze, west by northwest; heavy swell. Noon, observation 45.50 and 42.40; weather fair; 80 miles by log. P. M., breeze moderating; cross sea; west by northwest.

Sept. 7.—Open; freshening winds, south by southwest. Noon, same; rain; observation 45.18 and 45.32; hard winds; heavy sea; close reef; 130 miles by observation. P. M., high wind; lay to under close reef trysail.

Sept. 8—Open; rolling heavily; high seas. Noon, wind moderating; overcast, let reef out; very high sea, west by southwest. P. M., weather finer; heavy swells; barometer unsteady.

Sept. 9—Open; moderate winds south. Noon, dense fog; latitude 44.07, longitude 49.55. P. M., heavy seas; wind west by north; flooding decks; 151 miles.

Sept. 10—Moderate wind, west; clear; passed several fishermen. Noon; 56 miles; latitude 43.42, longitude 51.06. P. M.; poor progress; wind unsteady;

Sept. 11—Open; light wind, southwest; heavy roll; barometer falling. Noon, no observation; 61 miles. 8 P. M., wind freshening; north with hurricane force; close reefed trysail and reached off. 10 P. M., shipped seas; smashed starboard storm rail and stanchion, bending tiller.

Sept. 12—Open; heavy storm; jib blew clear out of ropes. 6 A. M., gale abating; fished tiller with spare spar; sea high and shifting north; 61 miles. 10:40, signalled steamship bound east, one funnel, white band, three masts, fore and aft rigged; no answer. Noon, head winds; kept ship on course. 9:30 P. M., squally, light winds; trysail sheet swinging in, carried away binnacle hood.

Sept. 13—Fresh winds, north by northwest, heavy swells; shipped tube tiller. Noon, observation 43.17, 56.55. P. M., moderate winds, west by northwest; slow progress; 120 miles.

Sept. 14—Wind west by northwest; poor progress; passed east-bound steamship; signalled, no answer. Noon, 80 miles; observation 43.15, latitude 58.35. P. M. same weather; signalled another steamship all well, no answer; heavy swell north by northwest.

Sept. 15—Wind northwest by west; 6:30 A. M. passed steamship Berlin, signalled and was answered; set topsail and balloon staysail. Noon, calm. 3 P. M. signalled three steamships bound east; eighty miles; poor progress; observation, latitude 42.17, longitude 59.47.

Sept. 16—Wind south by southwest; signalled ship bound east; no answer; southwest swell. Noon, 160 miles; observations, latitude 41.39, longitude 63.32. P. M., freshening gale; plunging heavily. Midnight, gale increasing; ship hove to; shipping water.

Sept. 17—Heavy gale, southwest; split after leech of trysail; ship before wind; set storm trysail. Noon, wind falling; calm; fearful swell; washed binnacle overboard; vessel dipping stern under and seas thumping heavily; rolling. P. M., light wind, northwest; wind and weather trying; 110 miles.

Sept. 18—Freshening winds, north by northwest; signalled mail steamship east bound, no answer; repaired trysail. Noon, observations, latitude 40.39, longitude 65.25; 97 miles; light airs. 8 P. M., moderate swell; threatening weather.

Sept. 19—Light wind and calm. Noon, wind freshening and sea, southwest by west; under gaff topsail and jib. Noon, no observations; 78 miles. P. M., single reef trysail; dense fog; light westerly winds.

Sept. 20—Dense fog, heavy swells. Noon, fog lifting; 42 miles; no observations. 2 P. M., fog cleared up, set topsail. Midnight, wind freshening, northwest by west.

Sept. 21—Head sea, freshening wind, northwest by north; shipping seas; took in jib and topsail. Noon, 220 miles; observations, latitude 40.19, longitude 72.33. P. M., tacked to north; calm, clear and smooth, 1:30 P. M., took pilot aboard.

Sept. 22—Light westerly winds. 5 A. M., abreast Highlands of Navesink, making trip 23 days 18 hours.

The Brenton's Reef Cup.

Thursday, Sept. 14.

A most remarkable race was sailed by Britannia and Navahoe for this trophy, the former eventually winning by 2⅛s. over a course of 120 miles. The distance was covered in 10h. 37m. 35s. by the winner, and considering the heavy sea which had to be contended with it was an unparalleled performance. Nothing in yacht racing annals can compare with the extraordinary close sailing of the two vessels, for as a matter of fact, neither was at any time more than a minute ahead of the other, and for fully half the distance, it may be said, that there was not more than a couple of lengths between them. Altogether it was a race beating far and away in every particular anything yet recorded in yachting history. There have perhaps been matches sailed over short courses quite as exciting, but nothing to compare with the wonderful speed maintained through such a trying sea. There was not a "carry away" worthy of note to be recorded, although the masts of both when the wind laid on caused some anxiety. The match proved most conclusively that the racing yacht of the present season is far ahead of the old type in regard to seagoing qualities as in speed.

Navahoe was on her best point in having a broad reach over the entire course, while on the other hand, Britannia does not so much excel in that particular point as she does sailing to windward and to leeward. So heavy was the sea that for upward of a hundred miles the two yachts were under two sails only, yet even then they were reaching 11 knots, pounding the water in a wonderful way, and it is not too much to say that the drift was flying 30ft. up the mast.

Mr. Carroll made an objection that the starting vessel was not in the same position at the finish that she was at the start. The answer to this was that a vessel may not anchor in a fair way at night time. The times were taken directly each of the vessels came in line with the stream of the Needles Lighthouse, and this was better than being obtained in passing a floating mark. The secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Mr. Richard Grant, acted as starter and timekeeper. Details are subjoined:

Match for the Brenton's Reef Cup, presented by Mr. J. G. Bennett, open to yachts of all nations. Course, from the Needles round Cherbourg Breakwater and back, 120 miles. New York Y. C. rules, but without allowance for time. Five minutes to be allowed for crossing the line and the difference to be corrected at the finish. The cup may be challenged for at the expiration of thirty days from the time of its being won, but not for a race after third Thursday in October. Last holder, British yawl Wendur.

	Rating.
Britannia (defender), cutter, Prince of Wales	151
Navahoe (challenger), cutter, Mr. R. Phelps Carroll	156

The wind was blowing of full single reef strength from the eastward when the two vessels got to the rendezvous, and both had the first earing hardened down in mainsails, third jibs out and jib-headed topsails aloft. The Navahoe set her big working staysail and the Britannia the reaching one. According to conditions five minutes were allowed to cross the line, the time to be corrected at the finish. Britannia was first to keep away, the Navahoe soon followed, the official timing of the start being:

Britannia.....12 01 06 Navahoe.....12 02 05

With the wind about two points free, they set their course across channel, a little having to be allowed for the ebb stream, which was just beginning to soak westward. Britannia, on an eastern line, had Navahoe on the lee quarter, and thus they ran in a rising breeze. On opening St. Catherine's the full weight of the wind was felt and the sea began to get heavy. A slight pull was taken at mainsheets, and with every prospect of worse weather big staysails were shifted for working ones, and jib-headed topsails got on deck, but topmasts were kept on end. Both vessels were soon tearing along at a great speed and making a close match, the Britannia's early start being somewhat discounted. When about 20 miles from the English coast Navahoe's jiptopsail got adrift and she had four hands out to gather in the sail, which was badly torn. The vessels got off in mid-channel about 2:30 with a heavy run of sea, which the hard blow of the preceding hours had helped to get up. The Navahoe, however, began to travel the faster and got close up under the lee quarter of her rival. In running off and coming up she was first pointing for lee side and then the weather of her opponent, but at last she was given a sharp intentional luff across Britannia's stern, and on keeping away drew up and eventually passed by to windward into first place.

Topmasts were housed when they got within about two miles of the land, and on drawing near the breakwater sheets were rattled in with the weight of the wind. The Navahoe was not more than a clear length ahead when the pair began to draw up for the buoy at the western end of the breakwater. Here the last pull at sheets was being taken, and the Britannia, luffing sharp, made a clever inside turn and had her bowsprit overlapping the Navahoe, the latter at this time having to alter her helm a little to clear a French steamer. The times the buoy at the western entrance was luffed round were as follows: Navahoe 5h. 1m., Britannia 5h. 1m. 10s. Both were sharp by the wind, but were just able to lay through Cherbourg Roads on port tacks. On the way the Britannia got her jihtopsail in off the howsprit end and both were got fit for the coming sea fight. The Britannia held her reach until she could just fletch to windward of the buoy lying off the pitch of the breakwater, and on coming round on starhoard tack Navahoe was a few lengths distant on the weather quarter of the leader. The western tide was running when a look out in the open was made, and before getting anything of an offiing an ugly sea was met; indeed, the sea was so bad and the wind so heavy that it became compulsory to ease both vessels of their foresails.

Britannia was beautifully nursed in regard to helmsmanship, the the heaviest of the seas being met on the beam, while the Navahoe was also nicely sailed to shoulder the combers. Darkness closed in and the same close fight was kept up, the Britannia sailing about four cables' length distant of the Navaboe, which was almost broad on the lee beam. The wind was furious about twenty miles out, and the laboring of the vessels was terribly trying, but as they got off into mid channel things improved. When about five miles from the Needles the Navahoe drew in the Britannia's wake, but she was not more than two lengths astern. In a lighter breeze the speed dropped a little, but both were tearing along foaming, and they had now foresails on to help them along. As the land was closed in, the wind shortened, and sheets were drawn a little aft. Half a mile from the Needles the Britannia was quite on a wind, while the Navahoe was being sailed hard along. The Britannia was pinched up so as to only give the Goose Rock a clear berth, while the Navahoe was half a mile to the westward. Thus the two vessels crossed the line and finished a memorable race. The official timing of the finish was:

Britannia (winner.....10 37 35 Navahoe.....10 38 32

The Prince of Wales's cutter was thus 57s. ahead, and from this 54½s. had to be deducted for the difference at the start, the balance on the winner's favor accordingly being only 2½s.

Mr. Carroll, the owner of Navahoe, was entertained at dinner last night at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, and a large number of members and other yachtsmen were present. There was a cordial interchange of international courtesies, and full honor was paid to the sporting spirit which has been displayed by the guest of the evening. The race for the Cape May cup, which was fixed for to-day, has been put off. It will probahly be sailed on Monday. but over the same course as the Brenten Reef cup—namely, from the Needles to Cherbourg breakwater and back.—*London Times.*

A Cowes correspondent telegraphs that the reports that Mr. Carroll, owner of the Navahoe, had withdrawn his protest against awarding the Brenton Reef cup to the Britannia is without foundation, and the sequel shows that he had perfectly honorable grounds for objecting to the official record of the finish of the Channel race on Tuesday night. The matter was discussed by the Yacht Squadron sailing committee yesterday afternoon, the Marquis of Ormonde, vice-commodore, presiding. Mr. Carroll had not only verbally objected, but had lodged a written protest, though he had hauled down his winning flag pending the decision of the committe. His case was simply this: The starting line was to have been the finish, made by the steamer being anchored opposite the Needles in such a manner that the Needles Rock should be brought in with the Needles Rock. At night, however, the captain of the steamer refused to anchor in the fairway of the Solent lest his ship's lights sbould be mistaken for the lights indicated on the chart. The committee's vessel was brought to in a bay at right angles to the Needles. The yachts were back long before they were expected, or probably the steamer would have been taken back to its position at the start. When they were sighted the racers had passed what would have been the original line, and the Navahoe having an outside berth had to sail round some distance to come into line with the committee vessel and be timed. Mr. Carroll was supported by seven of the gehtlemen who were engaged in the race, and who concurred in his assertion that there would have been a difference of only a few seconds, instead of 56 if the committee vessel had been in position at the finish, which the sailing rules had rendefed obligatory. The committee accordingly had no alternative tban to declare the Navahoe winner of the prize, and her crew sent up her winning flag with ringing cheers. The race over the same course for the Cape May cup has now been fixed for to-day.—*Western Morning News.*

Rebellious Yacht Crews.

APROPOS of the recent "strike" on board Jubilee, the following from the *Field* is interesting:

"On Saturday last a case of some interest to yacht owners came before the Justices at Newport, Isle of Wight, Sir G. Hamond-Græme in the chair. Three seamen of the schooner yacht Egeria, belonging to Lord Dunleath, were charged with refusing to obey a lawful order of the master under section 243 of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1854. Mr. H. C. Damant appeared to prosecute, while the defendants were represented by Mr. H. L. Hooper. It appeared from the opening statement of Mr. Damant, and from the evidence of the master, John Harhert, that on Aug. 5 last, when the yacht was lying at anchor in Cowes Roads, orders were given to get her under way to proceed to Southsea, the weather at the time being perfectly fine and both wind and tide fair. This order defendants and others of the crew refused to obey, alleging that the yacht was short-handed. It was proved that at the time she was one hand short, but that all told she tben had a crew of thirteen hands on hoard. It appeared that, in consequence of the refusal of the men to work the yacht, Lord Dunleath had been compelled to lay her up, being unable to obtain another crew at that time of year. For the defence it was contended that, even if they were one hand short of the number stipulated for in the articles which they had signed, they were justified in refusing the order, and furthermore it was stated that the yacht was leaking and was not in a state to proceed to sea. The master was recalled on this latter point and stated that the men had never previously complained of the state of the yacht, that she had made a little water, but was in a seaworthy condition. Mr. Hooper then took a technical objection, grounded on the fact that no entry of the occurrence had been entered in the official log. Mr. Damant submitted that under the Merchant Shipping Amendment act of 1862, Sec. 13, it was not imperative that a master of a yacht should keep a log, and this view was accepted by the bench. In the result the defendants were each fined £1 and costs, with the option of a month's imprisonment.

The Royal Victoria Gold Cup.

THE following account of the races between Navahoe and Britannia for the gold cup of the Royal Victora Y. C. is ftom the *Western Morning News*, of Exmouth, Eng.

First Race—Wednesday, Sept. 6.

"There's no wind, and there will be no rain," said the weatherwise yachtsman on Ryde esplanade this morning at 6 o'clock, as he thought anxiously of the match between the Prince of Wales's yacht Britannia and the American, Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's Navahoe. He was wrong. There was wind, and there was as pretty a race as is possible when one yacht is manifestly the superior of the other. Victory on three days ont of five is necessary to the final success which will carry off the handsome gold cup, with 500 guineas, which the Royal Victoria Y. C. offer for the International contest. To-day the Prince of Wales's yacht, the Britannia, won the race easily by more than 16m., after a sail which lasted for nearly 6 hours. The Navahoe never got a chance from start to finish. The Britannia led, and she increased her lead at the end in a style so splendid that not only is to-day's race decided, but the match is virtually decided. The Britannia is shown to be the manifest superior of her American competitor, though Mr. Carroll, who has so pluckily determined to carry the English cup to America, determines to fight to the last. From the point of view of the mere amateur, to-day's weather was the pink of perfection. There was hardly a cloud in the sky, and there was scarcely a wave on the water. In the morning there was no wind worth speaking of in the Cbannel between Southsea and Ryde, and the greatest anxiety as to the possibility of racing at all prevailed at the headquarters of the Royal Victoria Y. C. at Ryde. Their cup has never been raced for before, and the great match is an event in their history, which is made memorable by the fact that the Prince of Wales is a competitor, and is likely to be the successful competitor. The course selected is familiar to yachting men. The start was from the well-known Warner Lightship outside Ryde, thence in a southeasterly direction to the Ower's Lightship, thence westerly to Dunnose Point and back again, around the Nab Lightship to the starting point. It is a triangular sail and gave great variety to test the yachts engaged. Since Britannia's last racing she has been given a new boom, her old hollow one having been removed and replaced by a solid one. The Navahoe also has had 28in. taken off the heel of her mast, and seeing that she was skippered hy Capt. Crocker, acknowledged to be the crack American yachtsman, it may be imagined that though Navahoe was heaten, the very best of seamanship was displayed. So perfect were the arrangements made by the Royal Victoria Y. C. tbat there was not a hitch from start to finish, and if there was one little misadventure on board the Britannia it did not hinder her in her final success.

The start from the Warner Lightship took place at 11:10. It was the prettiest of beginnings. Perhaps there was a second or two's advantage on the part of Britannia when the line was passed, but that may be a phantasy. Certain it is that Britannia was soon forging ahead. It was said that a light breeze would greatly favor Navahoe. She was to windward, but she did not seem to have full way on her, and Britannia opened in a grand way, and was in two minutes several lengtbs ahead. There was no real race afterward. The start decided everything. It was clear to experts that Britannia would win easily. She had begun too well. Navahoe was game, however, over a losing battle and the race to the Ower's Lightship was a close haul. Navahoe slightly improving her position, there were indeed some who thought she might yet recover her loss, and one American lady offered to bet gloves in profusion in proof of the confidence of her patriotism. But at the lightship Britannia was still ahead. Here are the times as declared:

Britannia.....1 05 58 Navahoe.....1 08 12

The Britannia, in other words, was already 2m. ahead. She improved her position on the reach back nearly to White Cliff on the port tack. The breeze was not freshening, and the Navahoe put out that very peculiar spinnaker which has so greatly startled and amused English yachtsmen this summer; but in the run to Dunnose the Britannia had a still greater advantage. She made a long leg against a foul tide, and gained the advantage. The Navahoe was more pinched, and her short tack proved to be a mistaken strategy. In the endeavor to round the flag off Dunnose she delayed herself some minutes, and the fault was perceived when the times were taken.

Britannia.....3 40 30 Navahoe.....3 55 55

In a word, the Britannia was now 15m. ahead. Victory was now assured, the race ceased to excite, and Americans no longer wanted to gage gloves. Passing Dunnose hoth yachts ran with spinnaker boomed to port for the Nab. The times there are not so clearly ascertained, but they are like this:

Britannia.....4 32 51 Navahoe.....4 47 03

Then came the reach home. From the Nab Lightship on a port tack, the Britannia came in as prettily as she went out, and made as handsome a finish as could be desired. Loud cheering greeted her from the crews of all the craft around, and the whistle of every steamer in the neighborhood sent up imitations of human cheers. There was a band on one boat, and it played "God Bless the Prince of Wales" with a vigor that proved the loyalty of the handsmen. English yachtsmen congratulated one another with that laughter which the sailor loves so well. Presently they began to look for the Navahoe. She would have been a clipper last year, and would have carried off prizes, hut the Britannia has beaten her, and heaten her fairly and squarely once more. The Navahoe did not lag behind, but she was leaning far more than the Britannia, and her loss was almost exactly 16½m. The time at the end, as officially certified, is:

Britannia.....4 50 02 Navahoe.....5 06 30

Second Race—Thursday, Sept. 8.

Yachtsmen were enthusiastic at Ryde to-day when they found a fair breeze blowing for the second day's race between the Prince of Wales's Britannia and the American cutter, Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's Navahoe. Yesterday the breezes were light, to-day they were fresh enough, and the sea was what old salts called nasty. Nevertheless the result was the same. The English boat won and had heaten her rival before the Navahoe came to grief. But we had more of a race to-day than yesterday. In running with a free wind the Navahoe bas, it is thing, the advantage over the Britannia, and one of the most interesting and exciting events of the days was the twenty miles run to leeward into the channel. The idea was Mr. Carroll's. The Royal Victoria Y. C. committee would have preferred a ten-mile sail to windward and a ten-mile sail back, but Mr. Carroll seems to have depended upon his staying powers and his wish was at once, and without demur, acceded to.

Naturally, the course could not be laid down beforehand; it depended upon the wind. The Nab lightship was chosen as the rendezvous and starting point, and when the yachts, cluh steamer and committee tug reached it the wind was found to be a little north of westerly. It was therefore determined to make tbe Owers lightship the next point, and to place the flag-marked buoy eight miles to the southeast by south of her, a point just off Little Hampton. Off went the tug to drop the buoy while the instructions were taken by the commodore of the club in the Nab lightship's boat. The general belief was that the Navahoe would have at least the consolation of proving herself to be indisputably a better running boat than the Britannia. English patriotism did not, perhaps, enable our people to desire to see the American beat us even in one race in our own waters, but the speed of the Navahoe before the wind was believed to be greater than that of the Britannia, and it was warmly desired that she should prove it and that the Britannia should recover herself for the heavy work on the return journey. This was the general forecast of the race before it was sailed.

Tbe start took place at a quarter to twelve. It was almost as pretty as that of yesterday, and at first it seemed likely to be similar in all respects. Having more way on her, the Britannia at first took the lead, but she could not keep it. The Navahoe is easily heaten reaching to windward in a choppy sea, but she soon proved her metal, and not only headed the Royal yacht, but gave the Britannia all her time to keep with her. She would have done better but for evil fortune. Mr. Carroll bad luck against bim all day; everything seemed to go wrong. At the very worst moment he put forth that costly spinaker of silk and hemp which is supposed to be as great a wonder as it is undoubtedly a novelty. It is supposed that a sheet gave way; at all events the Navahoe was soon in difficulties, and before the spinaker could be got right again it had split both top and bottom, though not so as to make the sail useless. In the meantime, while the spinaker was being brought under control again, the Britannia had overhauled the Navahoe, but she could not keep her advantage. Gradually the Navaboe forged ahead and she held her advantage almost to the very end of the run. In one sense this created less astonishment tban the running powers exhibited by the Prince of Wales's yacht. It was a real race. The Navahoe could afford to give nothing away. Sbe had to put forth all her strength to hold her own, and she lost tbe victory over the run by a mere accident. In going on, tbe very middle of the channel was chosen by both boats, so as to get everything from the tide. The exact spot of the marked buoy could not, of course, be steered. Seeing that it was dropped only about half an hour before the boats went round her only a general line could be steered until the buoy was sighted. Both the competing cutters, whether from accident or from intention, went nearly two miles to windward of the buoy. That was fair enough, but the Navahoe went further to windward than the Britannia. The American had a lead of something like two minutes when the two yachts had to make the elbow for the buoy before turning homeward, but she lost this in a moment. The Britannia had the better position and was ahead. A very fine struggle was made at the last, but the one consolation which might have been dear to him was denied to the American. The Navahoe had led the race practically the whole way, but when she went round she was behind by just twenty seconds. The time officially taken was:

Britannia.....2 04 09 Navahoe.....2 04 29

It was a grand race, and would have been won by the Navahoe if her spinaker had not gone wrong, or if she had kept to the leeward instead of going to the windward. Even now it is recognized that running to leeward the Navahoe is superlor to the Britannia. It was a quick twenty mile race. At one time the two yachts must have been going at the rate of more than 13 knots an hour, and the management of both boats was almost perfect. There is no question about the superiority of the Britannia sailing to windward. The race was over two minutes after the marked buoy had been turned Captain Carter was simply walking away from the American, when new troubles arose, and placed the Navahoe practically *hors de combat*. "What's the matter with her gaff," cried some one suddenly; and it was seen that its peak end was turning upward instead of being bent slightly downwards. The middle span of the purchase halliards had given way. This was enough to daunt an ordinary yachtsman, and doubtless impeded, though ever so slightly, the Yankee's boat. But that was not enough. As in going out the craft had to take the mid channel for the tide, so in coming they were made to hng the shore close to avoid any tide As in going out they hoth went too far to windward, so in coming back they went too far to leeward. It is due to the watchfulness of the lightshipmen that a disaster did not occur. We were all suddenly startled by a gun, and looking ahead we found the signal out from the lightship, telling both yachts that heing so close in shore near Selsea Bill, they were in danger. The Britannia soon got out, but it took the Navahoe longer to put herself in the open, and she lost time here.

The lead of the Britannia was still increasing when another trouble occurred, and practically brought the day's race to an end The jib of the Navahoe was suddenly seen to be what the sailors call "funny." What was it? Most of us imagined that the bobstay had been broken. Certain it was that the jih had to be taken in, and the Navahoe practically resigned herself to her most untoward fate. Meanwhile the Britannia seemed to exult in her own certainty of victory. Steered magnificently, she made a long reach on the port tack for the Nab, out-distanced the club boat, which should have been ready to receive her at the Nah lightship, and made for home without a change of course. It was a sight worth seeing, though there was no longer any struggle or any possibility of any race. The Britannia kept herself very erect; the Navahoe was very rockly, abd lay over so much as to suggest unpleasant possibilities.

What is shown by to-day's race is that as a running boat the Britannia is better than some, even of her admirers believed. The Navahoe has had no fair play from Dame Fortune, but her inferiority is now confessed and the only question is whether the Valkyrie will do as well in American waters against her sister yacht, as the Britannia is doing at home. The finish was a splendid one for the Britannia. She passed the line and then returned for the cheer, her crew cheering back again. The Navahoe came in very rapidly considering all things She was not 25m. behind. The actual times are:

Britannia.....4 50 56 Navahoe.....5 24 57

A difference of 34m. 1is.

As soon as the American could be overhauled, we learned that the injury on the bowsprit was not too serious to be dealt with. The jib out hauling gear had been carried away. That was all. Mr. Carroll was asked if he would he read, to race again. Very prompt came the reply. There was no hesitation; he will repair to-night, and be ready again at 11 o'clock to-morrow. The course selected is what is known as "The long Victoria course." It is so arranged as to give very little open sea, and will, as was yesterday's race, be sailed in what may almost be called inland, and certainly are sheltered waters. The 'long" course will be the final trial. There is no doubt about the result. The Britannia will win; but as there is a great variety of conditions on the course, there should be some exciting moments.

Third Race—Monday, Sept. 11.

As was expected after the first day's match on Wednesday, and as was morally certain if no accident happened after Thursday's trial, the Prince of Wales's cutter, the Britannia, yesterday won the third of the three consecutive races for the Royal Victoria Y. C.'s gold cup. The cup is until next year at all events still the treasure of this country, and it adds to the dignity and honor of the English success that it is in the keeping for the time being of the Prince of Wales. Yesterday the Navahoe never had a show, as "the Englishman" headed the American from the start, and kept it to the fibish. It is an additional gratification that tbere is no jealousy or any suspicion of anything approaching unsportsmanlike treatment Both Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, the owner, and Mr. Crocker, the sailing master of the Navahoe, acknowledge, it is understood that they have been handsomely treated. They certainly nave no reason to complain of their treatment on Friday. The Navahoe actually started for the race before she burst her mainsail. It was within the right of the Britannia to sail the course and claim the prize. Mr. Jameson, however, who is representing the Prince of Wales on board the Britannia, prides himself, it is said, on the fact that he has never condescended to sail the course unless he has bad the chance of a fair race.

The wind blew fitfully from the east, with a movement now to northward, now to southward. In the Solent there were occasional changes, but they were transient and slight. The sky, which at night was cloudless, in the morning suggested the remote possibility of rain; but we bad not a sprinkle all day. The direction of the wind helped to dictate the order in which the course would be run. Every yachtsman knows the long Victoria course. It has been raced upon for fifty years, and those who do not know it, but know the Solent, will easily gather what was the course steered yesterday. The starting place was the Ryde Pier and Norman Fort was the first point. It was left on the starboard hand. The course was then taken in the direction of the Nab Light. It was left on the starboard hand and rounded. Near Spit Fort was placed a markboat to be rounded on the port hand. There a markboat was placed in what sailors know as the westward of the Middle. It was left on the port hand, and the return made to Ryde. Practically the race was over a course beginning at Ryde, passing to the Nah and returning to Cowes, and thence back again to Ryde Pier. The waters are inland, and the Navahoe never had to labor in one of those heavy seas which are her terror. Sbe had very much her own weather. Yet tbe Britannia easily beat her. It is difficult to understand why the race was so hollow, for after she had fallen 14 minutes behind the Navahoe kept her position very fairly, and lost only about a minute, but she never recovered her early loss. She might have made a better race had she begun better.

Both boats at starting carried the same canvas. The Britannia set the example. She bad a single-reefed mainsail, a jib and foresail. Nor again yesterday did Capt. Crocker, of the Navahoe, try bis di-astrous experiment of Friday, when he tried to put a second reef in his mainsail Nevertheless, when the gun fired for the start he was behind. He has always been so in these races. As the two cutters passed the line on the starboard tack, Navahoe was timed 2s. behind. The official times is:

Britannia.....11 05 40 Navahoe.....11 05 42

Thus the Britannia had from the outset the lead. She never lost her advantage. She sailed in the teeth of tbe wind to the Nab, and left the Navahoe further and further behind her. No race was ever more devoid of incident, and, therefore, less provocative of excitement. The only words heard on board the club committee boat were those which indicated that in the opinion of the experts the race was over before noon. So it proved, though if the racing had been the same in the first hour and a half as it was in the afternoon, there would have been some chance (though not much) for Navahoe. At the Nab the times given were:

Britannia.....12 12 37 Navahoe.....12 21 42

The Britannia, in other words, had a lead of 9m. 5s. Then came a broad reach to the markboat, near the famous Spit Fort. It showed the Navahoe "cocky" again, and led to unfavorable comments on the weight of her sails. She seemed to be afraid of her canvas and pinched herself all the time. Nevertheless, she did not do so badly. At this point the times taken officially were:

Britannia.....12 40 21 Navahoe.....12 49 12

A gain of 14s. for the American. Still there was nothing to enthuse about. The Britannia was always seen striding away, while the Navahoe was toiling after her in vain. Both put out their spinakers but this made little difference in their relative positions. When the mark boat off the west buoy of the Middle was reached the times were:

Britannia.....1 12 09 Navahoe.....1 21 22

A difference of 9m. 13s. At this point the Navahoe made an error in sailing; she jibed too late; she took in her jib so clumsily that she nearly hove to, and she lost way a little. At the end of the first round the figures taken at Ryde Pier were:

Britannia.....1 58 48 Navahoe.....2 14 18

In a word the Britannia was now more than a quarter of an hour ahead. The Navahoe had the only one little bit of luck in the first part of her second course, as she passed the Warner Lightship. When the Britannia was laboring to windward far ahead she had a f ee gust of wind from the land, which was worth ten minutes of time to her. She did some credit to it and seemed likely to do better, but the breeze fell away; she got again into the same water as the Britannia and showed less speed. She had improved, but not much. At the Nab the times were:

Britannia .....2 58 25 Navahoe.....3 12 31

There was no longer the quarter of an hour's difference, the difference was only 14m. 6s., but as the Britannia turned home and made a broad reach it became evident she was the winner. She never faltered. It was difficult to take the times off the Spit markboat and they have to be distrusted, though they are recorded as official markings by the Royal Victoria Y. C.:

Britannia.....3 30 45 Navahoe.....3 44 42

A difference of barely 14m. The lead of the Britannia had increased at the markboat at the West Middle to 14m. 25s. and the day's work was over. There was still Cowes to be visited, but the end came before five. The times of the finish are:

Britannia.....4 29 17 Navahoe.....4 45 25

Thus in the third day's race the English yacht won by 15m. 8s. and the cup stays with us. It will likely remain for the present at Ryde, unless the Prince should call for it. One strange thing happened. The race being over, the line being passed, almost as the gun fired the Britannia split her foresail from top to bottom. Her ill-luck came when it could do her no harm. The Navahoe's came when she lost her way by it. But it is evident that in the Solent, luck or no luck, the Britannia is the better craft. She is not so much better as some of her champions are saying, for the second turn over the course the Navahoe was yesterday almost the equal of her rival; but she cannot stand against the Britannia, and it is agreed on all hands that yesterday saw the victory of the better boat. To-day the two race across the Channel from the Needles to Cherbourgh.

A British yachtsman who has seen all the races writes us as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

The result of the three matches for the Royal Victoria Y. C. gold challenge cup, value £600, between Britannia and Navaboe shows clearly that the former is by far and away the best all round vessel, as she has beaten Navahoe in moderate as well as strong breezes, winning the first race on Sept. 6 by 16m., second race on the 7th by 25m., and third race on Sept. 11 by 15m. The wind was moderate on Sept. 6, but strong, with a considerable lump of sea outside the Wight on the other two days; and Britannia was about three miles ahead at the finish in all the matches.

Some excuse is made for Navahoe from her having several mishaps to her gear and canvas, but even if everything had stood all right there was no chance whatever of her winning any of the matches, as when the breeze was true and steady Britannia beat her fairly on every point of sailing, except on a dead run, when Navahoe was rather the fastest, but the moment sheets were pinned in, Britannia left her fast every mile they sailed, more especially when there was a bit of a jump of sea outside, when Navaboe made a very discreditable performance for such a big vessel, so much so that she could not possibly be given the full weight of her canvas.

ISLE OF WIGHT COURSES.

This was no doubt the reason she had so many mishaps to her gear, because it is a well known fact that when a vessel is hampered and pinched up to every fresh puff something is almost certain to give out when she is once more set a-going, and no matter how clever those on board Navahoe may be, I think they have yet to learn the first principle of sailing in a jump of a sea "to keep your vessel going," because unless this is done accidents are sure to happen. The only excuse for not doing so is when one has not confidence in his ship being able to keep going.

Probably this is the case with Navaboe, as on every occasion when there was a strong breeze they seemed to be afraid to keep her full, her head sails and topsail showing evident signs that they were nipping her up. So the only conclusion one can come to is that she is very deficient in stability for the amount of canvas she carries. This was evident to every one who saw her in the matches of Aug. 3 and 4, at Cowes, except possibly to those on board, who afterward asserted that she was all right, but from the fact of their reducing both her spars and canvas, preparatory to the matches for the Victoria cup, it proves beyond a doubt that she was not all right then and neither is she now, even with her canvas reduced from 161 to 155 rating.

This, I think, shows clearly that there is something radically wrong in her calculations which do not reflect much credit on those who designed her. Mr. Herreshoff puts the blame on Mr. Carroll and vice versa, but whoever is to blame there can be no doubt that they have made a fine mess of her between them, and to think that after all the chops and changes in her she is still far from being a really reliable, seaworthy vessel, makes one feel as if she had been designed by some "apprentice" hand, instead of by a "master architect."

Contrast her with Britannia and Valkyrie, the former of which has sailed 42 matches since May 25, in precisely the same trim and sail plan as the day she was launched, not an alteration of any kind being required, and no trial matches with any other vessel before she started in her first race—Valkyrie, owing to her being withdrawn preparatory to crossing the Atlantic, has only been in 24 matches from May 25 to Aug. 4, but has been equally as fortunate, no alteration of any kind being required, except a trifling reduction in her topmast early in the season. Such results in two vessels of rather different type show what may really be looked on as the perfection of an architect's skill, and whatever the result may be of the contest between Valkyrie and your Cup defender, we on this side have the satisfaction of knowing that Valkyrie is fit to go anywhere, not as some of yours which have been built with only one object in view, and not of very much value later on, while all our new big ones may be trusted to be good all-round vessels for many years. SCOTSMAN.

LONDON, Sept. 12.

A Question in Racing.

THE following letter explains a question which has been submitted to us for a decision. From the circumstances, as stated, we should say that the race should stand, all the conditions being complied with, and that there was no warrant for the action of the committee in ordering a re-sail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On July 4, a regatta was sailed under the following circumstances: The verbal orders were to sail from the club house to and around buoy 11, then around a stakeboat off Norton's Point, returning to the club house, twice around. The typewritten orders read "to and around stakeboats off buoy 11, and Norton's Point, etc., etc." The leading (and winning) yacht in each one of the first three classes, not finding a stakeboat off buoy 11, sailed some distance below the buoy and rounded a fishing schooner. All the rest of the yachts in these classes started to follow their leaders; but, finding it was a mistake, came about before reaching the schooner and headed for the Norton's Point mark. The leader in the fourth class started on down for the schooner after passing correctly buoy 11, but finding that the rest of her class rounded the buoy and was not heading for the schooner, immediately gybed and took after her opponents, caught and passed them, and won the race with minutes to spare.

All winning yachts complied strictly with the rules as to rounding marks, etc., and only made the mistake of looking for a stake boat off buoy 11 on the first turn, all rounding the buoy properly on the second turn. The winner in each class sailed over a greater distance and lost the most time by the conflicting orders and yet won under those circumstances. Would the sailing committee be justifiable in ordering the classes to resail the races, or only those classes in which there was a protest. In one or two classes there were protests entered by some of the beaten yachts; in other classes they frankly admitted that they were fairly beaten and entered no protest. What would you consider a fair and just decision for the regatta committee to make. Kindly give your opinion and greatly oblige. GEO. S. MCALPIN.

Beverly Y. C. Championship.

MONUMENT BEACH—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 16.

THE 206th regatta, third Buzzard's Bay championship, was sailed at Monument Beach on Sept 16 in a very heavy blow from S.S W. and an exceedingly heavy sea, the weather being very thick and the squalls, which were very severe and differed several points in direction, being accompanied by a blinding rain. Altogether it was one of the most severe races ever sailed on the bay and the number of starters was largely diminished in consequence.

In the first class Flight, which had just been purchased by Mr. Bullard, put in an appearance, but as she had never been properly enrolled with the secretary her entry could not be taken. Violet started, but owing to a mistake about the course did not finish.

The second class had a long beat to Scraggy Neck, a run almost before the wind to Dry Ledge, where they gibed over and had the wind about aheam to Pine's Buoy, and then home dead before it; 9½ miles.

The rules require all boats to be sailed by members of the club only. Gymnote and Agawam are fitted with a wheel, the others with tillers, and in two cases at least, Ulula and Mist, it was impossible for one man alone to steer them off the wind.

The start was a very good one, the six boats all getting off within 10s. of the gun. Mist was first, with Anonyma on her weather quarter and Gymnote to leeward.

Mist started with three reefs, others with four or five. Mist lugged hers over the course, but would have done better with another reef. Agawamd amaged her centerboard and was delayed by it.

Mist immediately worked to windward of the fleet and outfooted all but Gymnote, who, however, fell off badly to leeward, and after a while started her mast on the step and had to be eased along.

Mist led Anonyma about a minute round the windward mark. Gymnote a very close third; then Ulula, Agawam far in the rear, while Lestris had broken her boom aud gone home.

Mist lost badly running to Dry Ledge by going too far to windward, letting the others take a shorter course and cut a corner. When the buoy was finally found, it was too thick to see anything; she was still leading boat, however, and had the race well in hand; but when they tried to jibe, the one member aboard was not strong enough to keep her off, and she had to come about. She failed the first time, and when she got round on second trial was several minutes behind all but Agawam. After this she gained very rapidly on all, catching Gymnote and Ulula, finishing with them and gaining on Anonyma; though Anonyma and Ulula shook out a reef each, coming home from the Pines.

Gymnote protests Ulula for not being sailed entirely by members of the club, claiming that one or two professionals belped her owner at the stick; Anonyma had two or three club members aboard. Gymnote's protest was granted.

Five boats started in third class, course a beat to Pines buoy and back, twice over five miles. Gilt Edge was soon overpowered and withdrew. Kaloola showed up in great form, beating Nobska 1¼m. Scintilla broke her boom.

In the fourth class Kitten had a walkover on same course as third class. It is greatly to be regretted that Dawelle and Cygnet did not appear.

In fifth class P. D. Q. and Weona started, course Pines and back. The latter soon withdrew, but the little fellow kept on, and though constantly full of water managed to make the course, though the sea was tremendous for a boat of her size.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Violet, Toby Club	24.05	Withdrew.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	23.08	1 48 10	1 35 25
Ulula, W. H. Winship	22.08	1 49 58	1 36 04
Gymnote, W. E. C. Eustis	23.09	1 50 00	1 37 21
Mist, Geo. H. Dyman	23.09	1 50 02	1 37 23
Agawam, J. G. Young, Jr	23.08	1 58 50	1 46 05
Lestris, J. Crane, Jr	22.08	Broke boom.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Kaloola, H. N. Richards	19.09	1 07 15	0 57 53
Nobska, A. A. Beebe	19.09	1 08 32	0 59 13
Doris, John Parkinson	19.08	1 12 58	1 03 36
Scintilla, Geo. S. Fiske	19.00	Broke boom.	
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore	19.07	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Kitten, Toby Club	17.00	1 23 10	1 11 35
FIFTH CLASS.			
P. D. Q., R. W. Emmons	12.00	0 45 07	0 36 16
Weona, Henry Ware	14.00		

Winners, Class 2, Anonyma first. Class 3, Kaloola first, Nobska second. Class 5, P. D. Q. first. Violet holds championship, P. D. Q. and Anonymia win championships. Second prize, Class 2, won by Gymnote. Judges—F. Elliot Cabot, N. H. Emmons.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The Roberts Boiler Co. bas bad a very busy season in spite of dull times. and has booked an order for their 550th boiler. Messrs Marvel & Co., of Newburg, have ordered two boilers, of 42sq. ft. grate surface, for a twin screw steamer building by them. Some time since a battery of four Roberts boilers was placed in the steam yacht Radha, but were removed after a short time and placed on Tebo's wharf. Two of these same boilers were purchased this spring by Mr. H. B Moore and placed in his new yacht Monetta, where they are now performing most satisfactorily. The steam launch Portland, built this spring by Riley & Cowley and fitted with a Roberts boiler carrying 250lbs. of steam, was the winner in the steam yacbt race of the Lake Champlain Y. C. on Aug. 16, making just over 19 miles per hour. She is 52ft. long.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3)

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc. of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

Canoeing at the present time is in a very curious condition, apparently flourishing as far as the number of canoeists and canoes are concerned, with many large canoe clubs well housed and in good financial condition; but at the same time there is a marked lack of vitality in both cruising and racing that must, sooner or later, have a bad effect on canoeing at large.

The cruising side of canoeing, once so prominent, has largely disappeared from public view; cruising canoes are built and used, and long cruises are made, but neither the canoes nor the cruises attract even a small part of the attention once given to them.

In a similar way racing has fallen off, until it is a serious question just what the next year or two may bring about. The annual meet has by degrees become mainly a racing function, in fact it has been proved that cruising and attending a meet are mutually incompatible, if the phrase may be permitted. From the nature of the case the racing must figure as the chief feature of a meet, it is by no means the sole, or even the greatest pleasure to be found in attending an A. C. A. camp, but it appeals to canoeing at large and the general public, while the quieter pleasures of social intercourse and the meeting with old friends are known only to the campers themselves.

We are glad to see that there is still one canoeist who appreciates both the necessity for some action, and the power and responsibility of the American Canoe Association as the body from whom such action must come. We can heartily second all that Mr. Vaux says, both last week and this, and we hope the racing men will take it upon themselves to at least express their opinions as a guide for the executive and regatta committees.

The A. C. A. and Canoeing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Article II. of the American Canoe Association's constitution states: "Object.—Its object shall be to unite all amateur canoeists for purposes of pleasure, health or explorations, by means of meetings for business, camping, paddling, sailing and racing, and by keeping logs of voyages, records of waterways and routes, details, drawings and dimensions of boats, and collections of maps, charts and books."

The A. C. A. was organized thirteen years ago for the purposes stated above. The present function of the Association is little more or less than an annual meet—a two weeks' camp and races. This is a fact and not a theory. It is also a fact that for two years the number of men and canoes competing in the races is far less than it once was. Whether the A. C. A. should cover a wider field or not I do not propose to discuss at this time. But first, the meets having came to be about the only excuse for its continued existence; second, the races being the main feature of the meets; and third, the interest in racing having certainly greatly declined in the last three years, it seems timely to look for the cause and, if possible, to awaken a new interest in racing, or sit quietly by and see the A. C. A. go to pieces.

The editorial in last week's FOREST AND STREAM practically sums up the causes of a decreasing interest in racing, and refers to the fact that a like state of affairs exists in England—the great skill of one or two sailors, and the perfection of their rigs and models discourages competition. Expense and time are also factors. What are we going to do about it?

What can be done? The rules should be revised, corrected and brought down to date, for one thing. The laying out of courses is all in the hands of the regatta committee, and a vast improvement is possible by which a fair chance of winning can be given to a greater number. This detail of a meet has run in a deep rut long enough. Handicap races could be arranged for on the programme. Sails or seats might be limited for special races. Division rivalry might be stimulated in paddling and sailing by having division races for the selection of division champions and a final series of races between the four division champions for the A. C. A. championship. These are mere suggestions for discussion. Club rivalry in the divisions and division rivalry in the A. C. A. might be stimulated with good results. But nothing will be done unless those interested will stand up and speak out. C. BOWYER VAUX.

The Newton B. C. War Canoe.

THE new war canoe which has recently been built for a few members of the Newton Boat Club, is attracting a great deal of attention on the Charles River these fine autumn days. On Labor Day she was launched from the boat house of John R. Robertson, at Riverside, and a trial trip to Waltham and return proved that the Wabewawa is an extremly fast canoe. The name is taken from an Indian word meaning wild goose. the dimensions being as follows: Length, 25ft ; beam, 36in.; depth, 16in.

This is the only canoe of the kind ever built in this part of the State and is certainly a novelty to local canoeists. It is the intention of the owners to visit Springfield next season, during the Eastern Division Meet of the American Canoe Association, and try the Wabewawa's speed against a similar war canoe owned by the Tatassit Canoe Club, of Worcester. In all probability she will also be taken down the Connecticut River to Long Island Sound so as to be able to participate in the races at the regular camp of the American Canoe Association in August, 1894. Here she will meet the war canoe of the Red Dragon C. C., of New York, and the Ko-ko-ko-ho, of the Yonkers C. C. Some very interesting races ought to be the result.

The seating capacity of the Wabewawa is 13, but the greatest speed can be attained with a paddling crew of eight men, besides the helmsman. An impromptu race with the Cleo, one of Waltham's fastest steam launches, took place a few days ago and proved to be most exciting as well as interesting. While the launch was running under 65lbs. of steam the war canoe could easily show her stern to the Waltham boat, but when the pressure was raised to 110lbs. it was nip and tuck for half a mile. The speed attained by the Wabewawa was fully 8 miles an hour, which is extremely fast for a canoe of this kind. With a properly trained crew she will undoubtedly be able to make at least 9 miles an hour.

The canoe is manned by a regular crew as follows: Louis S. Drake, captain and helmsman; Francis J. Burrage, lieutenant and stroke; Russell A. Ballou, Jr., Wm. V. Forsaith, Chester A. Howe, John F. Linder, James H. Lowe, Quincy Pond, George S. Smith.

War canoes are fast becoming popular, and a canoe club is not considered complete without one. In a race which took place recently on the St. Lawrence River there were six canoes, each with a crew of fifteen men, making a total of ninety in the one event. Races of this sort are naturally exciting.

The Newton men who are lucky enough to be owners in the Wabewawa are planning many local trips for this fall, and the new canoe is sure to be a success.—*Weston (Mass.) Graphic.*

Red Dragon C. C. Fall Regatta.

THE fall regatta of the R. D. C. C. was held on Sept. 16 in the presence of members and invited guests. The events were successful in every particular and were highly appreciated by all present.

The sailing races were the first upon the programme and the entries and order of finishing were: Osceola, D. H. MacCormick, first; Kee Lee, F.W. Noyes, second; Smuggler, A. S. Fenimore, disabled; Fineen, J. M. Hamilton, disabled; Her Name, M. D. Welt, disabled.

Thirty minutes after the start of the canoes the yawls entered upon their journey of twice around the triangle. The entries and order of finish were: Tadpole, R. G. Fleischman, first; Oni, W. J. Scott, second; Olga, H. Blumner, third; Picnic, W. W. Norgrave fourth; Jack Pot, L. Titus, withdrew.

Following this event the single paddling race was ordered. The entries were: Ardee, H. Fleischman, first; Cigarette, J. M. Hamilton, second; Her Name, M. D.Welt, third. They finished in the order given.

In the tandem paddling there were three entries. They were: Ardee, H. Fleischman and R. G. Fleischman; Enid, J. Van Dusen and F. O. Gross: Coquette, W. Wise and H. Blumner. This race was hotly contested for second place as the Ardee was a sure win and Enid second, Coquette third.

The tournament was declared a draw. Wimley, with his servants, attended to the wants of all; after which the orchestra poured forth sweet melodies to which the ladies and members "tripped the light fantastic" until the wee hours of the morning, thus ending the series of year's events the most successful in the history of the R. D. C. C. The members are very enthusiastic, and we are anticipating a year of pleasure that will surpass the present year. F. O. G.

Toronto C. C. Paddling Trophy.

THE Toronto Canoe Club were very unfortunate in having Saturday for the international paddling trophy race. There was a strong northwest wind blowing, and as a result "all the little wavelets had their white caps on." The race was to start at 3 o'clock, but at that time the regatta committee decided to wait for the sea to calm down, but it was a vain hope, and at 6 o'clock the contestants were ordered to get to the starting point. Every one would have preferred having it postponed until Monday, but R. D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa, the winner of the A. C. A. paddling trophy, had to return Sunday, so there was no help for it. After quite a delay all got to the starting point. When they lined up it was seen that Muntz and O'Brien had covered racers, and Scott had an open racer. Their positions were on one knee, with the other foot extended in front. Tilley and Johnston had ordinary double Peterboro open canoes, and took the standing position. An excellent start was made and the paddlers kept well together until the half-mile mark, when R. G. Muntz, of the Argonauts, drew ahead, and finished six lengths to the good. Time, 8:55. He thus maintained his title of champion double blade paddler of America. R. D'Arcy Scott was second, three lengths ahead of A. H. O'Brien, of the Argonauts, and Tilley and Johnston, of the Toronto C. C. At the finish it was almost too dark to recognize the paddlers as they passed the finishing point.—*Toronto Mail, Sept. 18.*

A Passaic River Camp.

THE canoeists of the Passaic River will hold a three-day camp on Oct. 6, 7 and 8 at Bendview, near Avondale Station, on the Erie Railroad. The camp is on the Passaic River, above Belleville. All canoeists are invited, and tents will be provided for visitors from a distance, though each will do well to carry a pair of warm blankets.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

Under date of Sept. 10 the "Whiffler," writing to a friend, thus describes his meeting with the "Jabberwock" at Oakland, Cal: "I went over to Oakland, and at the Oakland C. C. found the 'Jabberwock' on the float, preparing his canoe for a race; when I spoke to him and he realized who it was he nearly fell over backward with amazement; then he sprang up, grabbed me by the shoulder and executed the whilest kind of a war dance, crying, 'The "Whiffler"!' the "Whiffler"!' Why, bless your old eyes, how did you get here? Where did you come from? What! been to Alaska and never wrote for me to go with you?' etc., etc. The 'Jabberwock' goes East in about a week so he is most likely near New York now." We regret to say that the "Whiffler" did not tell of the "Jabberwock" racing, but we all know that in a race for friendship with any of the hundreds of his canoeing friends "Jabber" always gets there—jang-a-lang, jang-a-lang.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Club Shoot.

CYPRESS HILLS PARK, Long Island, Sept. 24.—This being the regular practice day of the club, the larks were hardly on the lookout for the early worm before straggling groups of the experts were to be seen entering the park. There was some interest centered in this shoot from the fact that two of the lay members, Messrs. Schmidt and Plaisted, had challenged two of the experts, Messrs. Ross and Holges, for a fifty-shot race to be shot here this morning, the losers to pay for the dinners. The challengers had for some days been boasting as to their ability to do up the experts, but whether this boasting was in earnest or simply a whistle to keep up their courage, it is hard to say. Probably the latter. At any rate the lay members were not in it after the second string was shot. The scores were as follows:

F C Ross	221	207	226	227	217—1098
H Holges	199	212	208	224	218—1061—2159
Philip F Schmidt	200	210	205	201	212—1028
G W Plaisted	207	185	217	217	203—1029—2057

The weather conditions were favorable for good shooting and some of the shooters present made creditable scores. Geo. W. Downs struck an expert gait at one time, making a score of 215 points. L. P. Hansen has joined the Zettlers and shot along with them for the first time today. His scores of 219 and 215 show that he is reaching for the expert class.

F C Ross	23	25	20	24	20	22	24	22	22	25—227	
	24	21	25	21	22	23	24	20	22	24—226	
H Holges	24	22	23	23	23	21	18	23	23	24—224	
	23	23	24	20	25	20	22	17	23	21—218	
L P Hansen	22	22	21	22	20	23	22	22	22	23—219	
	23	23	20	20	15	24	24	20	25	21—215	
G W Plaisted	20	22	22	25	19	19	23	23	23	21—217	
	20	19	24	20	24	20	19	24	23	24—217	
C G Zettler	22	20	21	20	21	21	24	24	18	25—216	
	19	22	21	21	20	24	22	22	24	22—215	
R Harmann	19	20	21	23	15	23	23	23	25	23—214	
	24	23	18	23	23	24	23	17	14	22—211	
P F Schmidt	19	24	20	19	23	23	22	21	19	22—212	
	19	19	24	19	20	15	23	21	24	24—210	
B Zettler	24	20	22	17	20	22	22	22	18	22—209	
	20	17	22	15	20	18	24	22	25	23—208	
G W Downs	22	20	20	24	20	24	17	24	22	22—215	
	11	19	18	22	18	17	14	23	23	22—187	
Jos Gunther	19	17	15	10	22	20	9	19	20	23—173	
	20	21	22	10	18	19	8	18	15	19—170	
F Fabarius	25	5	17	19	19	17	20	18	10	10—159	
	17	17	6	19	11	18	11	19	9	21—148	

Hudson Rifle Club.

ALL arrangements have been completed for the match between the Hudson Rifle Club and Paterson Rifle Association for a purse of $40, which takes place at Paterson, N. J., Oct. 1, at 1 P. M., distance 100yds., German 20-ring target. Trains leave New York via Erie R. R., at 12, Jersey City at 12:12 P. M.

In regard to the item under the heading of "Rifle Notes" which appeared in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, regarding the Hudson and Greenville teams, it is unnecessary to state that the Hudsons do not look for newspaper honor, but do actual work when called upon to present themselves at the butts. It can be further stated that they are perfectly prepared to meet the Greenvilles at any time and for any purse which may be agreed upon, as there is never an excuse made for being disabled by not having their best men with them. The club is now composed of such strong elements, that there are always enough "best" men to compete in a match even if it should call for 20 men. Any challenge from the Hudsons' friends in Greenville will no doubt be cheerfully accepted and no excuses offered.

The Puritan Rifle Club have challenged the Hudson Rifle Club to a 10 men team match, to take place at an early date.

The following members of the Hudson Rifle Club, shot the appended scores on Saturday, Sept. 23, on the Marion range, distance 100yds. The rifles used were the regular gallery rifles, using .22cal. cartridges.

C. E. Bird	14	17	7	18	20	16	14	23	13	16—148	
	17	13	18	15	19	15	18	15	16	15—156	
T. A Reynolds	9	13	18	9	13	20	17	13	16	15—142	
	10	15	17	11	17	10	19	10	14	14—137	
	19	19	14	11	16	11	13	14	6	16—139	
W. Cornell	14	13	11	19	14	18	11	19	12	15—146	
C. Stademann	18	15	18	17	16	11	1	6	13	14—130	
	17	7	0	13	10	16	19	16	15	14—128	
S. Middleton	20	18	15	9	14	9	14	10	12	17—133	
	12	18	15	14	13	14	5	18	15	15—139	

THE EAGLE.

German-American Prize Shoot.

THE sixteenth annual festival and prize shoot of the German-American Shooting Society of New York was held in Washington Park on Monday and Tuesday of last week. The society is composed of some twenty odd separate companies and the membership is something like 1,400. Many of our prominent shooters are identified with the society and there is more or less rivalry among the several companies for individual and team honors.

The Lutzow Co. No. 12 has for some years held the lead in the team competitions. Its captain, Gus Zimmerman, a shooter with an international reputation, is known as a hustler, and he has probably had much to do with the success of his company. To ex-captain Gus Ringler is also due much of the credit for keeping up the reputation of the Lutzow as the banner company of the society.

To have the pleasure of claiming a company member as the king at the annual festival is also a matter of no little moment to the several company organizations. This year the honor fell to the Lutzow Co. in the person of its captain, Gus Zimmerman, who made the fine score of 69 points out of a possible 75 on the ring target. The crowning ceremonies on the evening of the second day were carried out in a most elaborate manner and the Lutzow Co. had made great prepartions for a grand time, which was broken up by the receipt of a telegram, by Zimmerman, fortunately untrue, that his wife lay at the point of death at home. This caused him to hurry away in great distress of mind.

The programme formulated by the shooting committee, if it had received its just deserts, would have been boycotted by the members of the society and all outside shooters. But it seems as though the average shooter, in his desire to shoot, will submit to almost any shooting programme, no matter how unreasonable its demands may be. This committee, who had made an effort to get up a programme which would handicap the good shooter, are no doubt much surprised at the results of their labors. The experts got in their work as usual; shooting but little, just enough to land in their usual positions. The average shooter nibbled a little at the programme and then drew out, and instead of the society's making $900 or $300 on the shoot, it barely cleared its expenses. The programme:

Ring target, open to all comers, tickets unlimited. Tickets 3 shots. Non-members must pay $2 for the first ticket, all re-entries $1. Three best tickets to count for first 10 prizes. The two best tickets to count for the second 10 prizes, and the single best ticket for all other prizes; 42 prizes ranging from $40 to $1. Scores:

F Eisler	73	71	69—213	B Zettler	79	67 63—199
F C Ross	72	71	70—213	Otto Uehlein		70 69—139
M Dorrler	73	70	69—212	W Weber		67 66—133
P F Schmidt	71	71	70—212	Gus Ringler		67 60—127
Louis Flach	70	70	69—209	L P Hansen		64 63—127
Gus Zimmerman	72	69	68—209	F Lindkloster		65 61 -126
C G Zettler	73	65	65—203	Geo Schlicht		63 62—126
F Knochenhauer	69	69	64—202	M Tobler		65 60—125
R Busse	71	67	63—201	A Mathias		63 58—121
E Gullig	68	67	44—199	G. Scraage		60 60—120

J. Link 57, C. Rein 76, M. Tropp 61, B. Kalin 60, M. Bauerher 59, L. Hofener 58, O. Hinz 57, E. Karl 56, M. Konig 56, C. Frankel 55, M. Hedreichs 55, J. Pfennig 55, A. Medler 54, B. Urbansky 52, L. Kirschner 52, E. Hotz 50, Hy. Fischer 47, Butcher King 45, Kirschuber 45, A. Mann 45, M. Odendahl 44, H. Schultheis 40. Premiums for most rings: 1st, F. Eisler; 2d, L. Flach; 3d, M. Dorrler; 4th, R. Busse; 5th, C. G. Zettler.

Medal target, open to all comers, re-entries unlimited, sixteen medals. Winners: Gus Zimmerman, Fred Eisler, Fred C. Ross, M. Dorrler, Louis Flach, C. G. Zettler, B. Zettler, E. Gullig, Otto Uehlein, L. P. Hansen, W. Weber, Gus Ringler, C. Rein, R. Busse, E. Gullig, Fred Knochenhauer.

Man target, open to all comers, tickets 3 shots 50 cents, re-entries unlimited, two best tickets to count for first six prizes, one ticket for all others. Scores: F. C. Ross 117, Gus Zimmerman 116, B. Zettler 114, M. Dorrler 112, L. Flach 111, Chas. Rein 111, M. Tropp 55, C. G. Zettler 55, R. Busse 55, W. Weber 54, T. Lindkloster 54, H. Zimmer 53, W. Seppenfeldt 53, L. P. Hansen 53, Mathies 52, L. Buss 51, J. Link 50, Wageman 50, Otto Wehlein 50. Premiums for most red flags: First, F. C. Ross; second, R. Busse; third. B. Zettler; fourth, Gus Zimmerman.

King target, open only to members of the society, 3 shots, German ring target. Scores:

Gus Zimmerman	24	21	24—69	Gus Nowak	19	15 18—52
Otto Hintz	24	19	22—65	H Fischer	21	19 12—52
Otto Uehlein	23	21	21—65	H Zimmer	12	18 21—51
B Walther	22	18	24—64	J Rohling	12	20 19—51
F Meyer	23	22	18—63	J Bauer	17	23 11—51
C G Zettler	23	17	22—62	B Kalin	19	17 14—50
F Armbrust	23	25	15—62	L Knoesel	16	14 19—49
G Albig	15	22	23—60	B Junge	16	16 17—49
F Lindkloster	20	17	23—60	M Medler	12	21 16—49
E Gullig	25	15	20—60	M Reinlein	19	18 12—49
F Koppstadter	21	20	19—60	F Knochenhauer	18	18 12—48
C Wagner	19	18	23—59	M Thomas	18	11 18—47
E Karl	20	17	21—58	B Zettler	18	12 17—47
M Albrich	21	22	14—57	G Bock	7	24 16—47
G Breda	22	11	23—56	M Schwager	4	20 13—47
W Weber	13	21	22—56	C Frankel	15	6 25—46
G Kohmeyer	19	16	21—56	O Kantzler	13	14 19—46
Butcher King	14	23	19—56	H Nolke	18	14 14—46
J Hedrich	10	22	23—55	Ed Hotz	8	19 18—45
J Marz	22	20	13—55	M Oschmann	17	11 17—45
J Link	15	19	20—54	F Hafner	19	8 17—44
M Tobler	18	20	16—54	J Lurch	18	18 8—44
J Bermer	17	22	15—54	H Schneehens	17	12 14—43
Gus Ringler	22	20	12—54	C Lietschgi	13	17 12—43
W Seppenfeldt	11	20	22—53	A Ludwig	14	16 13—43
M Tropp	19	12	23—53	L Kirschner	19	0 23—42
M Detzer	20	15	18—53	H Wirth	0	17 24—41
E Velgel	22	14	17—53	H Wiedman	13	9 19—41
G Luchat	20	21	12—53	M Harselbach	20	2 19—41
M Ostendorf	11	20	21—52			

Revolver Shooting in England.

On Sept. 5 the members of the South London Rifle Club, in their weekly revolver competition made some very good scores. Mr. Walter Winans made a score of 41 at the 20yds., which puts him on two more points for the revolver championship of the club. He now holds the revolver championship of both the South and North London rifle clubs, as his scores have got such a lead on those of the other members that it is impossible for them to pass them in the few weeks left before the competitions close. Mr. Winans therefore does not intend to shoot at the clubs any more this season unless his scores are threatened. Below are details of results:

50yds. Target.

Walter Winans	777767—41	C F Lowe	766776—39
C F Frost	777747—40	G Mortimer	454777—34

50yds. Target.

Walter Winans			774757—36

The scores for the revolver championship of the club stand:

Walter Winans	41 41 40 40 40—202	G Mortimer	34 32 20 25—120
Lieut T Heath	40 39 38 38 37—192	H Andrews	.. .. 35 33—68
C F Lowe	39 39 38 37 36—189	R de Salis	.. .. 33 31— 64
E V Keen	37 35 34 33 31—170	Roxburgh	.. .. 30 21— 51
Collman	33 33 30 29—125		

The scores for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club now stand as below. (It will be noticed that Capt. Cowan has drawn into third place ahead of Lieut Varley):

Walter Winans	41 41 41 41 40—204	Rand	36 35 36 34 33—174
C F Lowe	40 30 38 38 37—192	Capt Richards'	36 36 36 34 32—174
Capt Cowan	39 39 36 36 35—185	Capt Thompson	34 32 32 31 30—159
Lieut Varley	38 37 37 37 35—185	Treadwell	28 25 23 19 15—112
Major Munday	39 38 37 36 33—183	Roxburgh	.. .. .. 30— 30
Scelton	37 37 36 36 36—182		

Greenville Rifle Club.

AT the weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club, of Greenville, N. J., on Friday, Sept. 22, the following scores were made: 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: Plaisted 242, Dorrler 241, Chavant 240, Purkess 239, C. Boag 239, Collins 238, Robidoux 238, J. Boag 237, Dodds 237, Hill 222.

The attendance at the Saturday outings of the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club, in Ambruster's Park, is growing smaller as the season advances, owing probably to the fact that many of the members are deprived of their half holiday from Sept. 1. Only six members were present, and of these, four filled out their scores. Collins is improving very fast in his shooting both in the gallery and at long range. Conditions, 10 shots, German ring target, 200yds. The scores are appended: Plaisted 220, W. C. Collins 211, C. H. Chavant 208, C. Boag 194.

New York City Corps.

THE monthly shoot of the New York City Schuetzen Corps in Washington Park on Friday, Sept. 22, brought out the usual quota of regulars. R. Busse carried off the honors on the ring and bullseye targets, and Otto Uehlein on the man target. The scores are appended:

Ring target: R. Busse 207, C. G. Zettler 196, Christ. D. Rehm 190, Otto Uehlein 188, H. Kuhlmann 180, John Facklamm 161, C. Gohmann 154.

Man target: O. Uehlein 54, John Facklamm 53, R. Busse 53, C. G. Zetzer 51, C. Rehm 49.

Red flag: R. Busse 2, C. G. Zettler 2, J. Facklamm 2, O. Uehlein 1.

Bullseye: R. Busse 4, C. Rothweiler 3, Otto Uehlein 2, John F. Gerdes 1, H. Kuhlmann 1.

Italians Shoot.

THE United Italian Societies of New York celebrated the Italian national festival on Sept. 20 at Lion Park. The Italian colony was out in force. A small shooting programme was put up in the short range gallery and an invitation extended to all comers to participate. The Italians have a shooting club devoted to both the shotgun and the rifle, and many of the members are very good shots with either arm. The scores are appended, possible 54:

Honor target: L. Reali 54, P. Selvaggi 52, G. Gandolfi 51, C. Schwab 51, M. Guerrieri 49, G. Muzio 49.

Common target: P. Selvaggi 52, A. Madaia 52, F. Rossi 51, A. Paladino 51, Schmith 51.

RIFLE NOTES.

CHAS. C. WISSEL, the genial proprietor of the Cypress Hills Park, Long Island, contemplates a two-weeks' visit to the wilds of Maine. He expects to start about Oct. 25, making the Rangeley district his objective point.

For once in its history the Zettler Rifle Club is compelled to draw upon its treasury to make up a deficit from its fall festival. The shoot was a success, notwithstanding the hard times. A little extravagance on the part of the management brought about the deficit.

At the festival of the United Italian Societies in Lion Park last week seven of the eleven prizes went to members of the Italian Shooting Society. Practice makes perfect in rifle shooting as well as in everything else.

The Greenville Rifle Club and the Puritans, of Newark, are rubbing noses over a team match.

L. Buss struck something easy when he polished off that old veteran Louis Vogel. This old chanticleer has been handled so much that he has hardly a feather left to him.

The Greenville Rifle Club has decided to hold a gallery prize shoot in its club house ranges on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 11 and 12. The prize list will contain 20 prizes ranging from $10 to $2, with 5 premiums from $10 to $2. The programme of the shoot will be issued in a few days.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Sept. 25-26.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association seventh tournament, at Lynn, Mass., under the auspices of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association.

Sept. 26-29.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Harrisburg, Pa. H. M. F. Worden, Cor. Sec'y.

Sept. 27-28.—West End Gun Club, Ottumwa, Iowa, second annual tournament. J. R. Young, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-7.—World's tournament, Watson's Park, Chicago, Ill. Live birds and targets. John Watson, Manager.

Oct. 3.—Paterson Gun Club, 25-bird sweep, $25 entry, at Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

THE Crescent Gun Club of Denver, Col., will shoot on Oct. 8 at Perrin's Lake, beginning at 10 A. M. The Sept. issue of *Sports Afield* has the following sketch of this club. "The Crescent Gun Club, organized early in the year, is in an extremely healthy condition, both as regards finances and membership—the latter being in the neighborhood of forty. The club's regular shoot comes off the first Sunday in each month (except when said Sunday falls on the 1st or 2d of the month) at its well-arranged club-bouse near Berkeley Lake, North Denver. Harry Luckenbach of the Denver Packing Company is the efficient Secretary; with William Beggs, Quimby Lamplough and William J. Wulff as President, Vice-President and Treasurer respectively. The *personnel* of the club's membership is good. The writer has not a complete list by him but picks the following out of his mental hat rack: Harry Bostwick, A. H. Lefler, Charlie Roth, Ed. Warren, Pete Schlereth, George Lyons, Henry Morehouse, Charles Fetta, Walter Young, Fred Stapp, Frank Anderson, Henry Gebhard, C. E. Weatherhead, W. G. Fetta, E. G. Owens, Max Neff, Len Watkins, Hon. J. D. McGilvray, Paul Stenck, J. W. Tomlinson, N. C. Evans, George Bailey, Paul Haberl, George Miles, R. C. Greiner, F. C Smidle H. H. Metcalf, Henry Smith, Nick Dowling, A. M. Grant, A. H. Smith and the Burlington Route's clever Western passenger agent, George Vallery. The club's gold medal has been won three times already; first, by William Wulff; second, by Eddy Warren; and third (Sept 9) by Frank Anderson. It has to be won three times (not necessarily in succession) by one person to entitle him to its permanent possession. Here is how it is shot for: Fifty bluerocks, divided as follows: Fifteen walk around, unknown traps; 15 unknown trap, shooter at centre trap; 5 pairs, doubles; and 10 walk around, known trap. The Oct. 8 shoot is going to be a 'whizzer.'—All de 'ristocratic shooters will be dar."

A year ago we recorded the fact that several members of the North End Club, the crack social organization of Newark, N. J., had become enthusiastic over the subject of trap-shooting, and that a number of matches were on the tapis. For some unknown reason the enthusiasm suddenly cooled and the matches went by default. Last week, however, interest in the sport was revived by the efforts of some of the members and before long the club is expected to put a team in the field against the Newark Gun Club. The prime movers in the new departure are Fred. Castle, a son of Samuel Castle the wrestler of the Newark Gun Club, John Brockie, who passes his winters shooting at game in Florida, Henry M. Doremus, John Young and Jacob Clark. A week ago these five men secured a lot of rattling good birds and held a practice shoot to test their nerve and skill. Castle killed 23, Doremus 22, Young 22, Clark 19 and Brockie 18, out of 25 shot at by each. They have already challenged the Newark Gun Club for a shoot by five men teams at 25 live birds per man, under Newark Gun Club rules, for anything from dollars to doughnuts per side.

Time and again we have requested that the projectors of trap shoots notify us in time to allow us to give timely notice in our columns, and yet week after week we receive notices of events that take place, perhaps, on the day on which we go to press or during the same week. Projectors of trap shoots, whether club or tournament affairs, are responsible in a measure for the poor turnouts at shoots owing to this dilatory habit in notifying the press of their dates. For instance, our last issue went to press on Sept. 19. On the 21st we received a programme for a shoot to be held at Morristown on the 27th. As a matter of course we were unable to assist in spreading news of the shoot. This is only one of many instances which we could cite. Send us your dates, if nothing more, at least two weeks before a shoot, and you will always find us ready to assist you in attracting contestants. Don't be afraid at the same time to send along "pointers" as to the management, location of grounds, etc.

A great time is expected at Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J., next Tuesday, when the Paterson Gun Club will hold an all day's tournament at live pigeons. The main attraction of the day, and one which should attract a big field of entries, will be an open to the world sweepstake at 25 live pigeons, $25 entry, in which, besides the regular money division the club will give $50 in cash to the high gun. This should be an incentive to shoot to kill instead of shooting "for place." The fun will begin at 9:30 A. M. The Central electric cars, which pass all the depots, run direct to the grounds. In addition to the big sweep there will be such other shooting as the contestants desire if time permits. T W. Morfey, captain of the Paterson Gun Club, will be in charge. There will be a supply of sparrows on hand in addition to the stock of pigeons.

John W. Connor, of the Knoxville Gun Club, who won the individual championship match at New London, Conn., by breaking 98 out of a possible 100 targets, is court clerk of Knox county, Tenn., and one of the most popular all-around sportsmen in the State. His first experience as a tournament shot was during the Knoxville tournament of 1892, where he surprised the talent by his nerve and skill when opposed to the old-timers. Mr. Connor used a 12-bore Parker gun at New London, this being his pet arm, and one on which he says he can always depend. His charge was 3drs. of E. C. powder, loaded by W. Wagner, of Washington.

On Sept. 20 T. W. Morfey and E. Kahart, both of Paterson, N. J., shot a match on the Park Hotel grounds in that city, the conditions being 15 live birds per man, find trap and handle, 25yds. rise, one barrel only to be used. The birds were a splendid lot of flyers and good "lead carriers" as well. J. Smith was referee, while Messrs. Wright and Burns acted as judges. Morfey lost his second, fourth, eighth and ninth birds, while Kahart lost his first, fifth, ninth and twelfth, this making the match a tie on 11 kills each. Morfey lost two and Kahart one dead out of bounds. The tie will be shot off at some future date.

The trap-shooters of Lynn, Mass., will have an opportunity on Oct. 25 and 26, to test the Novelty rule, as on those dates the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will hold a tournament under the auspices of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association. Lynn is within nine miles of Boston, and the shoot is sure to draw a big contingent from the "Hub." The Novelty rule took well at Worcester, and is likely to be favorably received at Lynn.

The new "nitro club" shell of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, mention of which was made in our columns a few weeks ago, is now on the market, and those who have given them a trial pronounce strongly in their favor. This is another success for Wm. M. Thomas, the expert and experimentalist of the company.

The "only" Jack Parker, of Detroit, called on us last week, jolly and hearty as ever. He was fresh from the Allentown—Bethlehem Tournament, of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association, which he says was a fitting finale to a successful season. He will try his hand on John Watson's birds next week.

Justus Von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, is "doing" the great West in the interest of his firm. He spent a week with the World's Fair and then started further west, going as far as Denver. He will possibly return to Chicago in time to take part in John Watson's tournament.

Positive dates will soon be announced for the three days' tournament of the Atlantic City (N. J.) Rod and Gun Club which will be held the third week in June, 1894. Any information in regard thereto may be procured from R. Griscom, secretary, Atlantic City, N. J.

"Tee Kay" Keller, fat, fair and rapidly nearing forty, dropped in to see us a few days ago, bringing along the same old engaging manner and winning smile as of old, and with the same ".22-short" and "climax" enthusiasm.

T. W. Morfey expects to have at least thirty entries for the 25-bird sweep to take place at Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J., next Tuesday. The special prize of $50 for the high gun should prove a drawing card.

What a battle-royal there will be when New Jersey and Kings county pits each twenty men against the other in a contest at 15 live birds per man! No "odds" are likely to be offered on either team.

There will be plenty of live birds on John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds in Newark to-day, and all sportsmen will be welcomed. The birds furnished at this place are always of good quality.

All trapdom is speculating as to the probable number of nervy shooters who will put up their cash in the 100-bird sweep at John Watson's next week.

The Youngstown (Ohio) Gun Club will hold a target tournament on Oct. 5. American Association rules and the Parker handicap will be used.

Arthur DuBray, the genial southern salesman for the Parker gun people, has bade adieu to Chicago and started on a southern trip.

Milton F. Lindsley, he of American wood powder fame, will take part in John Watson's world's tournament next week.

Don't fail to attend the tournament of the Paterson Gun Club at Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J., next Tuesday.

Harvey McMurchy will kill John Watson's pigeons and talk L. C. Smith guns at Chicago next week.

A. G. Courtney has assumed charge of the Lefever Arm Co.'s exhibit in the World's Fair.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., has postponed its tournament until spring.

Go to Paterson on an early train next Tuesday with plenty of shells.

The Newark Gun Club will shoot on Erb's grounds on Oct. 12.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Boiling Springs vs. Passaic City.

THE second of the series of team matches between the Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club, of Rutherford, and the Passaic City Rod and Gun Club, of Passaic, was shot on the grounds of the former club, on Sept. 14. The teams comprised 10 men each, and each man shot at 25 bluerock targets under American Association rules. Eddie Collins, of West Hoboken, was referee. The scores follow:

Boiling Springs.

Burgess....0100111111011101110110000—15
Klees....1101111111011001111010101—18
Lenone....1111101100110111001101110—18
Blauvelt....1011001110101100001111010—14
Huck....1101000110100111001011111—15
C Collins....1011011111011001111110111—19
Grieff....1111101111101100110111111—20
Paul....0100000110010110001110111—12
Lane....0101001011110111100111011—16
Hollister....1001101011001111111111101—18—165

Passaic City.

Bowes....1111001111111110101111111—21
Jelleme....0100111110111011101011100—14
Kelly....0111111111110010101001011—17
Shaw....1000011010111111011110110—16
Vermorel....1111011100011100110011101—16
Abbott....1110100001100011100101111—14
Gardner....1111001011111101111111001—19
Coman....0001001111001010100000000— 8
Palmer....0001110011000110011101010—12
Wise....0011000110010110011101111—14—151

On Sept. 9 the monthly shoot at 25 targets was held, the scores being appended:

Blauvelt....1110101111011101100110111—18
Paul....1111110110100101111110111—19
Lane....0110110110100010101111010—15
Lenone....0100010001110101101011000—11
Mehl....1111111101111000001010011—16
Hollister....1101001110111011111111111—20
Grieff....1111101011111110111001011—19
Richmond....1111111011111110101111111—22
Jeanneret....1010011001000001011000000— 8
Hiscock....1110111101100110111111011—19
Apgar....1111111011111111111111111—24
Collins....1011111111000111100001010—15

The monthly shoot to count on the series of watch contests resulted as follows:

Hollister....1111110111100111100111111—20
Hiscock....0111111111110100111010110—18
Jeanneret....0001100101110010001110010—11
Mehl....0110101100111111101010110—16
Collins....0010101111001100001010100—11
Richmond....1111111111111111001111101—22
Lenone....0111010000001011001100000— 9
Apgar....1111110011101111011111101—20
Paul....0101111111111100101000011—16
Morfey....1111111011111010010011111—19

The monthly shoot at live pigeons, which took place on the 13th, resulted as follows:

	↗↙↘↗↖↘↘		↘↘↗↗↙↘↘
Claremont	1 1 2 1 2 1 1—7	Huchison	1 • 0 0 0 1 2—3
	↙↙↗↓↙↘↖		↙↘→↘↓↖↓
Richmond	1 1 1 1 2 2 1—7	Kelly	• 1 2 1 0 1 0—4
	↙↘↗↘↘↗↖		←↓↗→↘↙→
Grieff	1 1 1 1 1 1 0—6	Jones	1 1 0 0 1 1 0—4
	↙↘↘←↗↙↘		↙↙↘↑↗↘↙
James	0 1 1 1 2 2 2—6	Hagen	0 1 1 1 1 0 •—4
	↓↘↘←↗↗↘		↗↓↓↑↖↖↗
Edebohls	0 1 1 1 1 0 1—5	Morfey	0 1 1 1 0 1 1—5
	↓↖↘↙↘↘→		↓↘↗↙↖↖↗
C Collins	1 1 1 1 0 1 0—5	Wolf	1 1 1 1 0 1 0—5
	↓→↘↘↘↙↙		
Lenone	1 1 1 1 • 1 0—5		

Monthly Shoot of the Climax.

THE monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club, held at Fanwood, N. J., on Sept. 19, was attended by 14 members, who passed an enjoyable half day smashing bluerock targets. The weather was delightful and the traps worked well. This club was only recently organized, but is fast coming to the front owing to the enthusiasm and skill of its members, many of whom have national reputations as expert shots either at targets or live birds.

The regular club shoot is at unknown angles, the members being handicapped according to their relative skill, the scratch men shooting at 25 targets each. After the club shoot sweepstake is indulged in the club rules limiting the sweepstake entrance to 50 cents no matter how many targets were thrown, and any member is allowed to enter for targets only if they so desire. This renders it possible for those with limited means to have an occasional half-day's shooting for a nominal sum.

Club shoot:

C Smith....1111111111111111111111110 —24
T H Keller....1011100101110111111111111 —20
D Terry....1010111110111111111111111 —22
T Brantingham....0111100111111011111111111 —21
A Trust....0111101100111111111101111111110 —24
D Darby....01001000010100111110111100101 —17
W Terry....110111011111000110010111010101 01 —20
Scott....0000111110111111111111111101110 —25
McGinty....101011011111101111111011010011 10 —23
Carpenter....10010100010011110011111000110001 1 —17
J Darby....011110100110110011101110101101 00101—21

Sweepstake event No. 1, at 10 targets: Smith 10, Keller 9, D. Terry 9, Brantingham 8, Trust 8, Scott 8, D. Darby 6, J. Darby 5, Soper 5.

No. 2, at 15 targets: Smith 15, Keller 14, Brantingham 12, Delaney 11, McGinty 11, Soper 10, D. Terry 9, J. Darby 9, Camp 8, D. Darby 7, Trust 8, Carpenter 7.

No. 3, at 10 targets: D. Terry 9, Keller 9, Smith 8, McLean 8, J. Darby 4, McGinty 4.

A Day's Sport at Springfield.

THE grounds of the Union Gun Club at Springfield, N. J., were visited by a goodly number of shooters on Thursday, Sept. 21. This was the date for the regular club shoot, in addition to which E. D. Miller had arranged for the shoot off of the tie for second prize in the recent series of contents of the New Jersey Trap League, between the Union and Maplewood Gun Clubs.

The sport did not begin until close to noon, the shooters being rather tardy in putting in an appearance. Among those present were Neaf Apgar, F. Soper, "Dutchy" Smith and Thos Brantingham of Plainfield, J. L. Smith of Hackettstown, Ferd Van Dyke of Newark, "Uncle Billy" Sigler of Montclair, A. Sickley, Dr. Jackson and J. Brant of Millburn, R. S. Williams of Elizabeth, J. W. Smith, R. Yeomans, J. Sayre and W. Drake of Maplewood.

The day was all that could be desired, the sun shining clear and warm and there being no wind to flip the Keystone targets about. The shooting was from five Keystone traps and both traps and targets performed well.

The tie shoot was for teams of 5 men each at 25 targets per man, known angles, American rules governing. This was a hot contest and the Maplewoods captured the honors by plucky work on the part of their men. The scores:

No. 7, shoot-off of tie for second place in N. J. L. series:

Maplewood G. C.

Sickley....1111111110110111111111111—23
Drake....1111101011100110111111101—19
Yeomans....0110111011111101111111111—21
Van Dyke....1101111111100111110111110—20
W Smith....1101111111111111111111101—23—106

Union G. C.

Brantingham....0000011111000111110101111—16
Apgar....1110111111111111101101111—22
C Smith....0111110111111111111110111—22
Sigler....0111111011101110101111111—20
Miller....1111111111111110111111110—23—102

Club shoot, at 30 targets per man, for club prizes:

Class A.

Miller....111110111111111111111111101111—28
Sigler....111101101111110111111111010111—26
C Smith....010111001100110100111110110101—18
A Sickley....111111101101101111111111011111—26
J Smith....011011111010111011111111101111—25
W Smith....111110111111101111011111111111—27
Drake....011111111111111111111011111111—28

Class B.

Williams....101111100110011110011011011111—21
Briant....011111111010100100010100110110—17

Class C.

Dr Jackson....111111111111111111110110011101—15
Sayre....101011010001010111101001001100—15
Soper....111100101100110111101011010110—19

Sweepstakes.—Event No. 1, 10 singles, $1 entry: Miller 10, Sigler 9, C. Smith 9, J. Smith 8, Van Dyke 7, Apgar 7.

No. 2, 5 pairs: Apgar 7, J. Smith 7, C. Smith 5, Addison 5, Miller 5. Sigler 3, Van Dyke 3.

No. 3, 10 singles: Van Dyke 9, Sickley 9, Miller 9, Drake 9, C. Smith 8, Sigler 8, W. Smith 8, Bryant 8, South 8, Apgar 7, J. Smith 3, Jackson 2.

No. 4, 15 singles: Miller 15, Drake 14, C. Smith 13, Apgar 12, Addison 12, J. Smith 12, Van Dyke 11, W. Smith 10, Williams 10, Soper 9, Bryant 9.

No. 5, 20 singles: Miller 19, Van Dyke 18, W. Smith 16, C. Smith 16, Sigler 15, Apgar 14.

No. 6, 10 singles: C. Smith 8, Miller 8, Van Dyke 7, Apgar 5, Brantingham 5, J. Smith 3.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Eureka and Garfield.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 18.—An interesting match took place on the 18th inst. between the Eureka and Garfield Gun Clubs, of Chicago. The conditions were 15 men from each club, 25 birds (targets) per man, known traps, unknown angles. The shoot took place on the grounds of the Eureka Club. The scores, which you will find herewith, show the result.

Eureka Team.

Funk....1111111110111101111111111—23
Adams....1111111111100111111011111—22
Atwater....1011111110111111111111011—22
Heikes....1110111011111111111111101—22
McDonald....1110111111111110011011111—21
Palmer....1111111011111111110110101—21
Bingham....1111111100001111111111111—21
Morgan....1000101111111111111111111—21
Frothingham....1111100011111111111101111—20
Lamphere....1111111010010110111011110—18
Ferguson....1010111011101111110011101—18
Willard....1111110100101101010111101—17
Brelsford....0001111100111110011011111—17
Taylor....0101111111111001100001110—16
Steck....1110000111100110010111011—15—294

Garfield Team.

Cop....1111111110111111101111101—22
Von Lengerke....1011111111111110011101101—20
Hicks....1001110111101111110111111—20
Teft....1101111111101101101111001—19
Drake....0111011111111111011110011—19
O'Brien....1111110111110111101010001—18
Pa rson....1101110111000111111011111—18
W Palmer....1011111011001111111010011—18
Lauterbach....1101011101101111101111011—19
Young....1110111010100111101110011—17
S Palmer....1101011011101111101110001—17
Richards....0110110111001010111110011—16
Meek....1111110011010101011100101—16
Bowers....1010111000011011100010111—14
O'Neil....0100010101010101110000101—11—264

After the team shoot a couple of ten-bird sweeps were run off with the following results:

No. 1: Heikes 8, Bingham 8, Adams 9, Williard 7, Courtney 9, Steck 5, Burgess, Frothingham 8, Hicks 9, S. Palmer 9, J. O L. 8, Patterson 7, Brelsford 8, McDonald 6, Skinner 8, Tunnicliff 8, Funk 9, C. H. Palmer 4, W. Palmer 7, Cop 5, Tefft 7, Maltby 6, Young 6, Mott 6, Lauterbach 7, Ferguson 8, Buck 7, Goodrich 7, Morgan 7, Weart 5, Mooney 8, Drake 4, O'Brien 9, Richards 7, Rockefellow 7, Bowers 6, O'Neil 9, Pilz 9.

No. 2: Adams 7, Brelsford 7, Bingham 8, McDonald 7, Lauterbach 6, Skinner 7, Tunnicliff 7, Willard 7, Funk 10, Courtney 10, Morgan 6, Rockefellow 9, Heikes 10, Burgess 5, Drake 7, Sterne 2, W. Palmer 6, Mooney 5, Bowers 4, Matt 8, O'Neil 5, Steck 8, Buck 5, Richards 7, S. Palmer 8, Hicks 10, Tefft 5, Cop 4, C. H. Palmer 10, Young 8.

W. R. M.

Indianola Gun Club Tournament.

INDIANOLA, Ia., Sept. 21.—The first annual tournament of the Indianola Gun Club, held in this city, commenced yesterday morning with a fair attendance. The club members laid themselves out to give the visiting sportsmen a good time, and every one went home well pleased. A high wind made the shooting quite difficult and the scores are not as high as they would be had the weather been favorable.

C. W. BUDD.

First Day, Sept. 20.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.50: Budd 8, E. Adams 6, Lewis 9, McFarland 9, Barnes 9, Dare 5.

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $2: Budd 15, McFarland 9, Dare 5, Barnes 12, Adams 10, Lewis 11.

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance $2; Budd 12, Hastings 9, McFarland 12, McGinty 11, Barnes 14, Dare 12, Lewis 13, Adams 12.

No. 4, 10 targets, entrance $2: Budd 10, Adams 7, McFarland 9, Lewis 8, Barnes 7, Dare 4, Hastings 6, McGinty 8.

No. 5, 15 targets, entrance $2: McFarland 12, Barnes 12, Budd 14, Hastings 13, Lewis 15, Dare 5.

No. 6, 10 targets, entrance $2: Budd 9, McFarland 8, Lewis 8, Goodman 8, McNaughton 7, Anneburg 9, Dare 5, Hastings 9, Burgess 5.

No. 7, 20 targets, entrance $2.50:

Hastings	10101111101110110111—15	Budd	11111110111111111111—19
Adams	11110111101101001100—13	McFarland	10111111000111111111—16
Barnes	11110011101111100111—15	Lewis	11111001010011101111—14
McGinty	01011111011110111010—14	Goodman	10111111111100111110—16
Marsh	11011011101101011011—14	Dashiell	10111001100001000110— 9

No. 8, 5 targets, entrance $1 50: McFarland 5, Goodman 4, Lewis 5, Dare 4, Budd 4, Hastings 7, Adams 3, McGinty 0.

Second Day, Sept. 21.

No. 1, 10 targets, entrance $1.50: McFarland 6, Lewis 8, Budd 8, Spencer 5, Farley 8, Dare 8, Hastings 9, Barnes 6, Anneburg 7, Goodman 10, McNaughton 9, Silcott 7.

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $2: Budd 14, McFarland 10, Barnes 12, Hastings 12, Lewis 11, Farley 9, McGinty 10, McNaughton 10, Goodman 12, Spencer 9.

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance $2: Budd 15, WcFarland 9, Barnes 10, Hastings 13, Dare 6, McGinty 11

No. 4, 10 targets, entrance $2: McFarland 5, Dare 5, Barnes 8, Lewis 6, Goodman 9, Farley 9, McGinty 8, Hastings 7, Budd 10.

No. 5, 15 targets, entrance $2: McGinty 13, McFarland 12, Goodman 11, Barnes 11, McNaughton 10, Hastings 15, Budd 14.

No. 6, 10 targets, entrance $1.50: Anneburg 7, Dashiell 8, McGinty 6, Lewis 8, Jones 7, Goodman 5, Silcott 4, Farley 6, Budd 9.

Special club shoot, at 10 targets, entrance $1, open only to members of the Indianola Gun Club, for championship cup, cup and money to go to highest score:

Lewis	1110111001—7	Goodman	1001111111—8
Dashiell	1110101110—7	Barnes	1101111110—8
Anneburg	1111101101—8	McGinty	1010111001—6
McNaughton	1101011101—7	Law	1000101001—4
Jones	0000001111—4		

Barnes won the cup and money on shoot-off. A few extra sweeps followed each day's programme events.

Rochester and North Parma.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 22.—The North Parma Gun Club have arranged for a series of three matches, the first one of the series being shot on the Rochester Rod and Gun Club's grounds Sept. 20. Both teams were out for blood, and the Rochesters thought they would have a hard fight to win, but before the contest was over they considered it like sitting down to a spring chicken dinner. The next shoot will take place on the North Parma Club's grounds. The scores follow.

North Parma Gun Club Team.

Capt Byer....1101111010111011111111111—21
Glover....1111111111111111111101111—24
Lewis....0111101110111110101110101—18
Borst....1101011000001111111110101—15
Lowden....1111001000111011110110111—17
Nichols....0110001011110001111010000—12
Hogan....1110111011010010111001011—16
Skinnen....1100111101110111111110101—19
Perry....1100011111011101111001111—18
Richmond....1011100110010001101010111—14
Maguire....0110111100100011110111111—17—191

Rochester Rod and Gun Club Team.

Capt Norton....1101110110111111010111001—18
Chas Smith....0011110111111101010111111—19
Chas Tassell....1110101111111111111110110—21
W J Mann....1111110101001010101101110—16
C Wolcott....1111101011000011111110011—17
E D Hicks....1110111011111111111110110—21
Babcock....0001111001100101111111101—16
J Rissinger....1101101111001001111011011—17
H Stewart....1110110111111111111101100—20
E Meyer....0110000011111111110101101—16
C Rissinger....0110111111111111111111101—22—203

Emerald Gun Club.

WITH a good attendance of members combined with fine weather and strong fast birds the Emerald Gun Club had a very enjoyable day's sport on Tuesday, Sept. 19, at Dexter Park. Twenty members competed for the highest number of points for the season, over their class handicap. Each shot at ten birds, Emerald Gun Club rules.

Eugene Doeinck was the only straight scorer with 10 in Class A. T. Russell was second in the same class with 9. R. Regan, P. Fitzgerald and H. Thau also scored 9 each in Class B. J. H. Voss scored 8 in Class A1. In Class C, J. Moore and W. Hogan were the leaders.

A live bird sweepstake was shot off with 8 entries at 5 birds each, $3 entrance. Another at 15 targets was shot off. The scores:

Dr Klein	1022002110— 6	R Regan	1112202122— 9
L Schortemeier	0202101202— 6	G Nowak	2112021011— 8
J Woefel	21120102•0— 6	C Massel	1102201102— 7
T Cody	1221•10202— 7	J Matthews	0000012001— 3
Dr Hudson	•111010200— 5	P Fitzgerald	0222121222— 9
P Butz	2•01101102— 6	Dr Pearson	0020012012— 5
J H Voss	•011121111— 8	W Hogan	0022112210— 7
J Maesel	1220110110— 7	T Russell	2102122121— 9
E Doeinck	1111122111—10	H Than	2212220221— 9
J Moore	0221121110— 8	J Horn	1121110101— 8

Sweepstake, 5 live birds, entrance $3:

T F Russell	11110—4	W Hagan	02001—2
R Regan	01120—3	Terwilliger	00210—2
Dr Hudson	12001—3	J H Voss	21222—5
W Lair	21121—5	E Doeinck	21111—5

Sweepstake, 15, entrance 50 cents: Cody 12, Fitzgerald 4, Woelfel 5, J. H. Moore 8, P. Woelfel 7, Pearson 5, J. Horn 5, Matthews 1, Geier 6, Fogarty 15, Voss 10, Nowak 8.

Business Men Gun Club.

THE inaugural shoot of the Business Men Gun Club was held at Woodlawn Park, Gravesend, L. I., on Friday, Sept. 22. The club is composed of well known wing shots who are engaged in business in Brooklyn, and is composed of about a dozen members, nearly all of them being also members of the Fountain Gun Club.

The first event was a team shoot between sides chosen by Dr. Wynn and Capt. Eddy, 5 men a side, at 10 birds each, the losing side to pay for the birds. Both sides scored 39 each out of a possible 50, resulting in a tie. Three lively sweepstake shoots followed, with eight entries at 5 birds each, $1 entrance, the best guns to take the money. The marksmanship all round was very good, the birds being a good, fast lot. A. E. Eddy, the veteran wing shot, killed 23 out of 25 shot at and Dr. Wynn got 22 out of the same number. The scores:

Dr. Wynn's Side.		Captain Eddy's Side.	
Dr Wynn	1111201112—9	A E Eddy	2111121121—10
A Crook	1022221201—8	T Blankly	1212010212— 8
J Brixy	1112010020—6	B Sprathey	0021200220— 5
H Seddons	2111210002—7	E Madison	1112102112— 9
G Blattmacher	1111021222—9—39	J Blattmacher	1111100201— 7—39

Sweep at 5 birds, $1 entrance, 3 moneys: Dr. Wynn 3, T. Blankly 4, A. E. Eddy 4, J. Brixy 2, B. Sprathey 2, H. Seddons 3, A. Crook 4, J. Blattmacher 4.

Sweep, same as first: Wynn 5, Blankly 3, Eddy 4, Brixy 3, Sprathy 2, Seddons 5, Crook 2, Blattmacher 4.

Sweep, same: Wynn 5, Blankly 5, Eddy 4, Brixy 3, Sprathey 1, Seddons 3, Crook 3, Blattmacher 5.

Referee, Mr. E. Madison.

North Side Gun Club.

ELEVEN members of the North Side Gun Club were present at the regular monthly shoot held at the Queens County Driving Park, Maspeth, L. I., on Tuesday. Each shot at 7 birds, club handicap, for the club gold medal and annual prizes. C. M. Meyer was the winner with the only straight 7.

A sweepstake at 10 bluerocks followed and C. M. Meyer was first and H. Heyer second. The scores:

J H Menke	1201212—6	C M Meyer	1112111—
J Tiernan	0021202—4	Dr Franz	2101202—5
J H Wahlen	1101202—4	Dr Franz, Jr	1021112—6
H Heyer	1011222—5	D Morgan	0102012—4
G Siems	0101201—4	W R Smith	0010021—3
A Dwyer	1122011—5		

Sweepstake, 10 targets, $1: Menke 8, Tiernan 6, Wahlen 5, Heyer 9, Siems 3, Meyer 10, Morgan 4.

Referee, S. Lyou; scorer, H. Otten, Jr.

Crescent Gun Club.

ONLY three members of the Crescent Gun Club were present at the regular monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Thursday. The change of date was probably the cause of the small attendance. Each shot at seven birds for the annual prizes and monthly club prizes, club handicap. L. Hopkins won the first with a straight score, O. Hellmer getting the second with six. Two sweepstake shoots followed at three birds each, $1 entrance, two moneys. The scores:

Club shoot:

Paul Jones	1021011—5	L Hopkins	1112111—7
O Hillmer	1211101—6		

Sweepstakes, $1 entry, 3 birds:

No. 1: Paul Jones 2, O. Hillmer 2, L. Hopkins 3, J. Vagts 3, H. Van Staden 3, W. Skidmore 3.

No. 2: Paul Jones 2, O. Hillmer 3, L. Hopkins 2, J. Vagts 3, H. Van Staden 2, W. Skidmore 2.

Maplewood Gun Club.

MAPLEWOOD, Sept. 23.—Scores of the regular monthly cup shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club, held to-day. Conditions, 50 bluerocks from 5 traps, Keystone system:

O L Yeomans....11111111111111110111011110111111111111111111111111—47
Warren Smith....11111101011111111111110111101110011101111111111111—43
F Compton....11111101101101111010011110101100101110111011111001—35
Howard....01111010100111110011110111111010111011010011110 10—34
A G Parry....11111111011110111100001111111101111110111010101 1—39
Dr Fisher....10100111111010111100111111111011111011111110111110—39
W Van Idestine....11110101111111011111111101111011110101011100111111—40

M[illegible]HEGAN.

Interstate Association at Worcester.

WORCESTER, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sixth tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association was held at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 20 and 21, under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, on their new grounds.

It would be difficult to find grounds possessing greater natural advantages than those of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. The site is on Gleason's Island in the southwest edge of North Lake, about 2½ miles from the city hall, and ten minutes' walk from the terminus of the street car line. The club has a ten year lease of the grounds, in the center of which is the club house; the building is 37×20ft. on ground floor, with the addition of a store room for various paraphernalia of the club. The ground floor of the main building is arranged solely for the convenience of the shooters. The second floor is arranged for a dining hall. The front of the ground floor near the platform is a sort of bay window, within which is the office. Continuing on from the office is a plank walk which leads to a platform 65×15ft. The situation of the grounds was chosen for the best possible results in shooting. The house and platform front due northeast. North and northeast of the traps is a large clearing, triangular in form, with a waterfront of 300ft. Standing on the piazza and looking due north one may see Mt. Ararat (not the one spoken of in the Bible) with its pretty fields fringed with timber. Due northeast lies the beautiful little village of Greendale, while to the east is the Odd Fellows Home.

A roadway has been constructed from the mainland to the island, and when completed a gate will be put up which, when closed, will prevent access to the grounds. Notice will be posted in all parts of the grounds and the trespass law will be enforced. The formal opening of the grounds took place the day prior to the opening of the Interstate shoot, and all had a royal good time. Manager Elmer E. Shaner had all of his tents in position for the tournament, which added to the beauty of the scene. The opening was graced by the presence of many ladies, who gave the club a fine silk flag, 15ft. long and 5ft. wide. The flag bore the inscription "Worcester Sportsmen's Club," in red letters.

The presentation speech was made by Mrs. M. D. Gilman, who spoke pleasantly of past courtesies from the club and hoped that the members would always be happy beneath the flag's inspiring folds. President M. D. Gilman accepted the flag on behalf of the club, and thanked the ladies for their thoughtful kindness. The ladies brought toothsome refreshments, which were gratefully discussed.

A general social time was enjoyed and Mrs. W. R. Deane, Mrs. W. L. Davis and Mrs. John A. Sears mustered up courage to shoot a gun. The birds were unharmed, but the ladies had their fun.

On Wednesday, the first day of the tournament, shooting commenced at 10 o'clock and kept up until nearly dark.

A strong wind from the southwest blew across North Lake and made the shooting extremely difficult, the flight of the birds being very erratic, while some of them were carried nearly 100yds. by the wind.

Gathered around the score were noticed Capt. A. W. Money and Noel E. Money, Oakland, N. J.; H. L. Edgarton, Willimantic, Conn.; H. G. Wheeler and H. W. Eager, Marlboro, Mass.; J. E. Burus ("Climax"), Lowell, Mass.; B. LeRoy Woodard, Brockton, Mass.; J. Hoyle, Millbury, Mass.; J. Francis, Brockton, Mass.; W. L. Davis, E. T. Smith, M. Gilman, A. W. Walls, M. Buck, C. W. Walls, E. W. Knowles, C. Forehand, Worcester, Mass., and many others.

The winners of a yearly subscription to the *Sportsman's Review and Bicycle News* the first day were in Event No. 1, H. L. Edgarton; No. 2, Climax; No. 3, A. B. F. Kinney; No. 4, H. G. Wheeler; No. 5, W. Money; No. 6, H. W. Eager; No. 7, J. Hoyle; No. 8, T. Francis; No. 9, E. T. Smith; No. 10, Chas. Forehand.

On Thursday, the second day of the tournament, shooting commenced at 9:30 o'clock, and the scores made were somewhat better than those of the first day.

The winners of a yearly subscription to the *Sportmen's Review and Bicycle News*, the second day were in event No. 1, N. Money; No. 2, W. L. Davis; No. 3, M. Gilman; No. 4, J. Robinson; No. 5, T. Marscroft; No. 6, B. Barker; No. 7, H. A. Penrose; No. 8, Capt. Sawyer; No. 9, A. Gabeler; No. 10, J. Allerson.

The last gun was fired at 5 P. M., and so closed the sixth tournament of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Following are the scores of both days:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, four moneys: Penrose 8, N. Money 7, Wheeler 5, Eager 7, Climax 7, W. L. Davis 6, W. Money 8, Mascroft 4, Smith 7, Gilman 4, Hoyle 8, M. Buck 7, W. R. Richards 7, A. B. F. Kinney 5.

No. 2, 10 targets: Penrose 8 N. Money 8, Wheeler 9, Eager 8, Climax 10, Davis 6, W. Money 6, Smith 4, Gilman 8, Buck 6, Hoyle 7, Walls 5.

No. 3, 10 targets, four moneys: Penrose 10, N. Money 11, Wheeler 10, Eager 12, Climax 8, Davis 10, W. Money 12, Mascroft 8, A. W. Walls 11, Francis 8, Gilman 13, Hoyle 11, Buck 12, Kinney 14, Le Roy 11, E. T. Smith 10.

No. 4, 20 targets, four moneys:

Penrose	11111111011111011111	—18	
N Money	11111111111100101111	—17	
Wheeler	11111110111101111101	—17	
Eager	10111101111111001111	—16	
Climax	01101001101010111111	—13	
Davis	11111111111111010110	—17	
Francis	01010000001010111110	— 9	
Gilmer	01101111001111101111	—15	
W Money	11101111101111001111	—16	
Smith	11011111111100101111	—15	
Buck	01011101010090111113		
Le Roy	11111001111011101101	—15	

No. 5, 25 targets, 4 moneys, $25 added:

Penrose	1101110000111001100011111—15
N Money	1111111010010111111110110—19
Wheeler	1001111101111111100111111—20
Eager	0111000110100001101000111—13
Climax	0110111111111101100001111—18
Davis	1111001110101131010110100—16
Francis	1101111001101110111001111—19
W Money	1111111001110111110111011—20

Mascroft.....0101001111101001111110110—16
Hoyle.....0110010110111011111110010—16
Buck.....1010111000101011111111000—16
LeRoy.....1111111101101011111110010—20
C Forehand.....1111011101111111011101100—19
Kinney.....1011101010000010010100010—11
Smith.....1101110011110101111111111—20

No. 6, 15 targets, four moneys: Penrose 10, N. Money 18, Wheeler 8, Eagle 13, Climax 11, Davis 9, Smith 8, Forehand 11, Francis 12, Hatch 10, Gabeler 11, Colvin 6, Le Roy 10, Mascroft 12, Gilman 10, Buck 8, W. Money 10, Hoyle 10.

No. 7, 15 targets, four moneys: Penrose 10, N. Money 11, Wheeler 11, Eager 6, Climax 10, Davis 9, Smith 11, Francis 10. W. Money 12, Gilman 11, Buck 12, Mascroft 9, Le Roy 12, Hatch 6, Colvin 9, Gabeler 12, Forehand 8, W. R. Richard 11, Hoyle 13.

No. 8, 20 targets:

Penrose	1101101101011100010	—13	
N Money	0111100111111111110	—15	
Wheeler	0101100111101110111	—14	
Eager	0000110111010101100	—12	
Climax	0111001111101111111	—16	
Davis	0010111010110100110	—11	
Gilman	1111010101011110101	—14	
Francis	0101111111110111011	—16	
W Money	1011011111111010111	—16	
Smith	1001111000111101111	—14	
Mascroft	1010011001001100111	—11	
Buck	0101100101101101111	—12	
Le Roy	1010110111010110111	—14	
Hoyle	0110101111011110000	—12	
Forehand	1011011010011011111	—13	

No. 9, 10 targets: Penrose 5, N. Money 7, Wheeler 6, Eager 5, Climax 7, Davis 9, Walls 6, Francis 6, W. Money 5, Robinson 4, Smith 9, Mascroft 5, LeRoy 7, Buck 7, Colvin 2, Gabeler 7, Kinney 6, Forehand 7, Hoyle 7, Richards 5, Gilman 6.

No. 10, 10 targets: Penrose 8, N. Money 9, Wheeler 6, Eager 9, Climax 8, Davis 6, Smith 8, Francis 6, W. Money 10, Robinson 5, Mascroft 5, Richards 4, LeRoy 9, Colvin 8, Gabeler 5. Forehand 8, Gilman 7, Buck 5, Walls 6, Hoyle 5.

Extra No. 1, 10 targets, three moneys: W. Money 8, Penrose 9, N. Money 6, Gilman 6, W. L. Davis 9, W. R. Richards 6, E. T. Smith 6, A. W. Walls 7, Wheeler 7, Eager 7, Climax 8, M. Buck 7.

Extra No. 2, 8 birds, 1 man up, four moneys: Penrose 6, W. Money 8, Robinson 6, N. Money 6, Climax 7, Francis 6, Wheeler 6, Mascroft 6, Forehand 5, LeRoy 5, Eager 7, Gilman 5, Buck 5, Davis 4, E. S. Knowles 4, Hoye 3, Walls 5, Smith 7.

Extra No. 3, 8 birds, 1 man up, four moneys: Robinson 3, Forehand 6, Francis 8, Eager 6, Climax 6, Le Roy 5, W. Money 6, N. Money 7, Davis 7, Hoyle 6, Buck 5, Wheeler 6.

The Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets: LeRoy 7, Davis 4, W. Money 5, Climax 9, Eager 7, Gilman 8, Francis 9, Hoyle 6, N. Money 8, Wells 6, Bennett 4, Smith 20, Allison 7, Kennerson 8, Holden 7, Richards 6, Brown 3, Mascroft 7

No. 2, 10 targets: LeRoy 8, Davis 9, W. Money 8, Climax 7, Eager 4, Mascroft 6, Hoyle 6, Gilman 6, N. Money 7, Bennett 3, Forehand 6, Wells 7, Francis 6, Smith 6, Allison 5, Snow 6, Richards 9.

No. 3, 15 targets, four moneys: Le Roy 9, Davis 12, W. Money 13, Climax 13, Eager 7, Forehand 12, Smith 12, Gilman 14, N. Money 11, Allison 10, Francis 10, Hoyle 11, Mascroft 10, Holden 7, Robinson 8, Snow 14.

No. 4, 20 targets:

Le Roy	01110101011111110001	—13	
Davis	11111111111111011111	—19	
W Money	11111000011111000111	—13	
Climax	01111111110010100111	—14	
Eager	11111110101111111011	—17	
Allison	11111001111010011101	—14	
Francis	10111101011110111111	—16	
Forehand	11011011011101101001	—14	
N Money	11111011011101111001	—14	
Robinson	11111111111010100111	—15	
Gilman	11111111111011011011	—18	
Smith	11101111001110100111	—14	
Mascroft	10110111101110100111	—15	
Hoyle	11111111111111011010	—17	
Holden	01111000101111111101	—17	
Wells	11111011111101110000	—17	
Francis	01111000101111111101	—17	
Snow	11110111111101110101	—17	
Bennett	11111111111111111111	—20	

No. 5, 25 targets:

LeRoy	0011101101101101000111101—15
Davis	1110111101011010111101110—18
W Money	1101101111111111111011001—20
Climax	1100011111011111011101001—17
Eager	0001101111111010111111111—19
Gilman	1001111101111111111111111—22
Francis	1101111011111111001111101—20
Forehand	1000111011001100100111110—14
N Money	1111111111111011100001101—19
Alleson	0110110111010110111100001—15
Robinson	1110011100010001100100011—11
Hoyle	1100111001101101011010100—15
Smith	1001011110111111111111111—21
Henry	1100101111001111101100111—17
Snow	1111011111101110110110000—17
Holden	0111100010111111111010110—17
Mascroft	1011011110111111110111111—21
Richards	1000111011011110011001110—15
Kennerson	1011010101101000001001010—11
Wadsworth	0100100101000010100111100—10

No. 6, 15 targets: LeRoy 11, Davis 13, W. Money 13, Climax 10, Eager 10, Allison 10, Snow 10, Gilman 9, Wadsworth 4, W. Money 11, Robinson 6, Francis 11, Smith 10, Harvey 7, Kennerson 8, Walls 5, Hoyle 13, Forehand 3, Mascroft 8, Bowker 11, Martin 11, W. R. Richards 9.

No. 7, 15 targets: LeRoy 9, Davis 12, W. Money 11, Climax 13, Eager 8, Alleson 9, Snow 11, Forehand 10, Smith 9, N. Money 12, Robinson 8, Parker 7, Hoyle 7, Francis 10, Bowker 12, Harvey 10, Penrose 15, Gabeler 9, Mascroft 8.

No. 8, 20 targets:

LeRoy	1101101100101010110100	—12	
Davis	1100101011111101101101	—14	
W Money	1111111111111010101	—17	
Climax	0011001111111111111111	—15	
Eager	0010011000101011011110	—10	
Alleson	0101100000100110100100	— 9	
Forehand	0001110111100011011011	—11	
Snow	0010110010111111111111	—14	
Penrose	1111000111001110011111	—13	
N Money	1111101111101111011111	—17	
Bennett	1000000000110111101010	— 8	
Bowker	0011111111000011111110	—13	
Smith	1111111111111111111100	—18	
Hoyle	0010111010a010110100	— 9	
Mascroft	1101110000011110011110	—11	

No. 9, 10 targets: LeRoy 6. Davis 6, W. Money 9, Climax 5, Eager 5, Alleson 4, Richards 8, Robinson 3, Parker 8, N. Money 8, Martin 9, Hoyle 8, Forehand 6, Penrose 6, Harvey 4. Gabeler 9, C. Walls 8, Snow 6, A. W. Walls 9, Smith 7, Bowker 5, Roach 6.

No. 10, 10 targets: LeRoy 8, Davis 10, W. Money 10, Climax 9, Eager 3, Allison 8, Snow 5, Forehand 6, Roach 6, N. Money 6, Richards 6, Martin 8, C. Walls 6, Harvey 4, Gabeler 8. Hoyle 9, Parker 8.

Extra No. 1: W. L. Davis 8, Climax 9, Le Roy 6, W. Money 9, Allison 4, Francis 6, E. T. Smith 7, Hoyle 7, A. W. Walls 4, N. Money 6, Gilman 7, Mascroft 6.

Extra No. 2: Eager 7, N. Money 7, Penrose 7, W. Money 5, Parker 4, Allerson 6, Climax 6, Bowker 6, Forehand 6, Snow 4, Gabeler 6, Richards 4, C. Walls 7, Martin 4, Davis 7.

Extra No. 3: W. Money 8, Eager 6. Penrose 8, N. Money 7, Davis 6 Parker 6, Brown 5, Climax 8, Bowker 6.

Shooting at Willard's Park.

ON Tuesday, Sept. 19, the newly organized Paterson (N. J.) Gun Club held its second shoot at Willard's Park, ten members being present to try their hands on Empire targets thrown from bluerock traps. The weather was perfect for the sport and the grounds in fine condition, as usual.

This club, which held its initial shoot on Sept. 4, was organized through the efforts of Thomas W. Morfey, a well-known member of the Newark Gun Club, and proprietor of the Eagle House, the best known sportsmen's resort in Paterson. Mr. Morfey is an Englishman by birth, and shot on all the well-known British pigeon grounds before taking up his residence under the Stars and Stripes. He is an enthusiast in the sport, and seeing no reason why a city of nearly 90,000 population should not have at least one gun club, he went about endeavoring to enthuse some of his friends, the result being a club which starts out with a fair prospect of becoming one of the strongest in the State.

Among the members of the club may be mentioned "Colonel" Lenone, of Passaic, whose military title was voted to him in consideration of his retaining his finely trimmed goatee *à la militaire*. Col. Lenone is one of those genial hearted men who is popular wherever he goes, who shoots well (when he tries) at either live birds or targets and who is always ready to make a match for anybody against any body else.

Then there is J. L. Wolf, who manages his business so he can attend all the shoots within reach and who starts out at a stiff gait with his new Colt gun.

J. C. Wright, an old opponent (at the traps) of Mr. Morfey, is another of the enthusiastic and expert shots of the club.

The regular club shoot was at 25 targets, known traps and targets, this being preceded by a warming sweep at 10 targets in which the scores were: Lenone 8, Wright 8, Morfey 7, Hill 7, Doty 7, Wolf 6, Dunkerly 5, Gebson 4, Spinacher 4, Winters 2.

Club shoot:

Lenone	0010100000111100111111011	—14
Morfey	0111111010001100111111111	—18
Wright	0111111010011000111111111	—18
Dunkerley	1100001110011111100010001	—13
Hill	1100101110010111110111110	—17
Boyle	0001001010001101000010000	— 8
Wolf	1111111011111111101100110	—20

Sweepstakes at 15 targets: Lenone 12, Hill 11, Wolf 11, Wright 11, Morfey 10, Doty 6, Boyle 4, Winters 3.

Sweepstakes at 5 live birds, $5 entry:

Wright	22112	—5	Wolf —11211—5
Lenone	02110	—3	Morfey —11110—4

Miss-and-out, $2 entry:

Morfey	111111222	Wolf	21211220
Wright	21211220	Lenone	110

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

T. B. C., Boston, Mass.—Are there at present any live bison, born wild, never having been in captivity, at large in the United States? This would settle a much argued question. Ans. Yes. The bison in the Yellowstone National Park, numbering perhaps four or five hundred, are at large and wild and have never been in captivity.

A. F. H., South Braintree, Mass.—Will you please let me know if there is a species of wood swallow which is pure white, not a particle of color on it, a friend of mine has shot one which is pure white. It is now in the hands of a taxidermist. Such a bird has never been seen before in this section so far as I know. Ans. The bird is no doubt an albino swallow.

R. E. VOLVER, Brooklyn.—1. Were the rifles used or known as Rigby rifle on the international match muzzleloaders or breechloader, and what charge powder and what style of rifling, and what twist and caliber? 2. What is the twist in the Sharp-Borchard "Old Reliable" barrel, 110 grains powder and over, with 500 to 550 grains lead? 3. What is the twist of the long range Hepburn-Remington .44 to .45cal. 2 6-10 shell charge, 100 grains powder and over, with 500 grains lead and over? 4. Is it too late to get good shooting of snipe, plover, etc., on Long Island this season? If not where is the best place to go? Ans. 1. Rigby rifles shot in international match shot in America were muzzleloaders, 85 grains. C. & H. No. 6, bullets 550 grains, 450cal, gain twist, finish one turn in 18in. 2. Sharp-Borchard, even twist, one turn in 18in., .453cal. 3. Hepburn-Remington, .447cal. one turn in 18in, even twist. In last international match shot in England, some of the English team are said to have shot breechloaders (Medford). 4. Snipe and plover shooting on Long Island is always uncertain. Birds are reported as very scarce this season. You might try Lane's, at Good Ground.

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Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.

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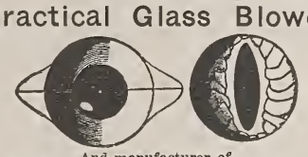

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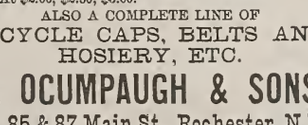

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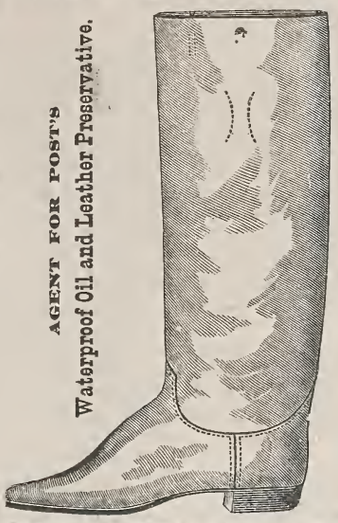

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page 311.

You are invited

to visit the "Forest and Stream's" exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the entrance from the main hall of the Fisheries Building, in the World's Fair.

FISH AND FERTILIZERS.

AT the recent annual dinner the Old Colony Club, as in duty bound, unanimously re-elected its genial president, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and took another start in its good work of fighting for fish preservation. The impression is gaining ground that the paper on "Fish and Fertilizers" then read, is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

The question considered was the truth of the claim that the farmers of the country are interested to have fish captured by wholesale methods for their fertilizing properties. This claim is frequently made and the farmer vote in legislative bodies has been relied on largely for this reason, to oppose an united front to any fish protection. The immediate occasion was a violent assault upon "sports" and "sportsmen" in Buzzard's Bay by a leading fertilizer manufacturer of Boston, and printed in the State Agricultural Reports, to the effect that, as fish contain nitrogen and phosphoric acid, the farmer should insist on having them killed to put on his land, however distasteful it might be to the "sportsmen" who desired to "fish off their piazzas."

The careful paper in reply is signed by Charles F. Chamberlayne, secretary and counsel for the club, Col. J. Lewis Stackpole, Frank Morrison, Esq., and the eminent statistician Mr. Edward Atkinson. It takes the preliminary position that were the interests of the inland farmers opposed in this matter to those of the hardy fishermen of the coast, on principles of fairness the right of a section to its own natural advantages is superior to that of any other section to destroy them, and that an important advantage of Buzzard's Bay (as of other places similarly situated) lies in the excellence of fishing both for food and attracting visits from abroad.

But the committee claim there is no conflict of interest between the farmers and Buzzard's Bay. In the first place, the farmer has no better friend to-day than the sportsman. Any attempt to separate them is usually by some interested and designing person who pats the farmer on the back while insinuating his hands in his pocket. The farmer is naturally anxious to be relieved of the burden of taxation. He is the worst taxed man of our social system. He can only get relief by increased town, county or State valuations, and nothing compares in this respect with the summer population which Maine and Massachusetts attract by the excellence of their fishing. This takes no account of the market afforded to the farmer's produce either directly or through hotels, boarding houses, etc.

In the second place farmers do not need fish for fertilizers. Of course, the farmer must have fertilizers to replace the potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid which the plants take from the soil. But nature has not been so arranged that the fertility of the soil must be replaced by the impoverishment of the water. The potash is found in unlimited quantities in all our granite soils and merely needs an inexpensive treatment. The phosphoric acid is furnished in endless profusion by the phosphate of lime in the South Carolina or Florida beds which cannot be exhausted for generations. The remaining element, nitrogen, is on every hand. The atmosphere is two-thirds composed of it. In chemical forms like nitrate of soda or nitrate of potash, millions of tons are annually imported into the country, and the supply will suffice for centuries. In ammoniates the range is unlimited.

More than this, the endless variety and inexhaustible abundance of fertilizing materials can be utilized by the farmer at much cheaper prices than fish manure could be sold him by the manufacturer. He can procure for himself in standard forms: Nitrates and ground phosphate of lime for $14.50 or $19 per ton, precisely what the manufacturer of fertilizer from fish charge him $35 per ton for. As the farmer cannot use fish to advantage in its original form, he is, in using it, in the hands of the manufacturer. In using other forms he is his own master.

The fertilizer manufacturer tries to convince the farmer that the use of sulphuric acid is essential to fertility, and so the farmer must buy of him, but chemistry and common sense show the contrary. Any cheapness from the use of fish would never, in any event, go to the farmer, for the price of the fertilizer, which no one can tell the ingredients of, is fixed by the State in the assumption that expensive ingredients are used. Any saving of expense goes directly to the manufacturer and stays there. If there is one less appeal to prejudice the farmer against fish and game preservation, it will put the fraternity under obligations to the Old Colony Club.

DESIGNING AND INTERNATIONAL RACING.

IN the international contest for the supremacy in yachting which has lasted for over forty years, the most striking feature has been the difference of type between challenger and defender, a difference which was as great in 1885 or '86 as in 1851. For a time the influence of the America and the attempts to imitate her peculiar features resulted in a certain similarity in American and British models; but as international racing flagged, the influence of different measurement rules and local conditions resumed their sway, and in the twenty years between 1860 and 1880 the progress of yacht designing in America and England was on diametrically opposite lines.

When the two nations came together in another contest, represented respectively by Wave, Shadow and Schemer on the one side and Madge on the other, the difference was most radical on every point of design, model, construction, sails and rigging. Almost from the first the influence of one nation on the other was visible, and year by year it has become plainer, until at the present time all political considerations have practically disappeared, and a surprising unanimity of opinion in technical matters has taken their place.

In rules of measurement and sailing regulations the two great yachting nations are closely in agreement, and the accepted theories of design and construction are shared in common by American and British designers.

The advantages to both parties of this state of affairs can hardly be over-estimated; the designer of to-day enjoys a freedom that was unknown even a dozen years since, when obsolete rules and absurd traditions retarded the advancement on each side.

Whatever may be urged to-day against the modern racing yacht as compared with some of the older craft, it must be admitted that, as the result solely of international competition, the yacht designer has before him a wider field for experiment and improvement than was ever dreamed of by his predecessors of twenty years back. This benefit, shared by both nations alike, is entirely to the overthrow of groundless theories and erroneous ideas by fair and open racing in all classes. The yacht designer of to-day knows no nationality in his work, but is guided only by the broad principles of science.

SNAP SHOTS.

MR. CHARLES HALLOCK is one of the men of the day whose autobiography would make an interesting volume, and if Mr. Hallock shall carry out his expressed intention of preparing the work as leisure may afford opportunity, he will be assured of a host of appreciative readers.

We will pay $2 for the first received copy of the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 13, 1874. The paper is desired to complete a file in a city library.

Mr. John W. Titcomb, well-known as the founder of the Vermont Fish and Game League, and now one of the Fish Commissioners of his State, is superintending the construction of the new Government fish hatchery at St. Johnsbury.

Four more of Mr. E. E. Thompson's portraits of American wild game will be printed as full-page supplements, the first one of the Moose next week, Oct. 14; the Woodland Caribou, Nov. 4; Coon, Dec. 2, and White-Tailed Deer, Jan. 6.

The Jenkinses of the press have exhibited disgusting snobbery in the daily chronicle of the movements of the Dunraven party. After reading the New York reporters' stories one might conclude that the winning of the America's Cup depended more on the set of the Earl's trousers than on the set of Valkyrie's sails.

The Audubon Society for the Protection of Birds, established by FOREST AND STREAM in this city, some years ago, has a namesake in the Chicago Audubon Society, which has recently been incorporated. The purpose is declared to be to prevent the destruction of birds; and the incorporators are Rev. J. L. Jones, of *Unity*, E. S. Rood and Edward J. Galvin.

The volume entitled "American Big Game Hunting" was published on Thursday, Oct. 5, and we anticipate for it a wide popularity not only among big game hunters, but among all who feel an interest in matters pertaining to outdoor life and to game and forest preservation. Its tone is dignified and wholesome, and at the same time it contains a great fund of interesting adventure and of information about regions that are little known and animals that are yearly growing scarcer and harder to find.

Michigan has been added to the small band of States in which the trap-shooting of pigeons is forbidden by statute. The last Legislature adopted a law prohibiting the keeping of any birds for target purposes except English sparrows. Trap-shooting interests appear to be healthful in Michigan at the present time. They are not likely to feel any effect of the new law in the slightest degree. For the past few years artificial targets have everywhere practically monopolized trap-shooting, and the substitution of inanimate for animate birds has been one of the chief factors in creating the popularity of the sport. In spite of the facts of the case, however, we may reasonably expect to hear alarmist cries that the new statute is an entering wedge against field shooting.

Every year brings an increase in the number of sportsmen who care less and less to kill great scores of big game, and more and more to study the game in its native haunts. Amateur photography has unquestionably had a large and direct influence in promoting the change. It is an achievement—and a worthy achievement—to secure one's game by skill and endurance; and then to photograph it. But there is a richer satisfaction in the successful exposure of plates on living game; for to accomplish this requires even more genuine hunting skill than does the killing. This reminds us to say that Mr. E. Hofer, who was a pioneer in the field of live game photography, and who has already written of this in the FOREST AND STREAM, is now preparing another paper on the subject for our columns, to be illustrated with reproductions of interesting game photographs secured by him in the National Park.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DAYS AT HEMLOCK.

I.—A RAINY DAY.

COMFORT COVE, Hemlock Lake, N. Y.—It commenced to rain during the night. Half awake I heard the drip, drip on the roof of our lodge. Turning over in my bed to seek a warmer position, I heard D. L. yawn and turn also. Here at the lake—in a sylvan retreat, as it were—rain would not be a welcome sight, our time being so limited to enjoy the scents, sights and sounds of early autumn. Wouldn't it debar us from just so much outdoor pleasure—one less excursion to the grouse-haunted hemlock thicket in the mountain side, one less row along the wooded shore, one less saunter along the tree-embowered highway on the opposite shore? Ah! and this meant so much.

Only late last night not a cloud obscured the deep expanse of the heavens, and the brilliant stars reflected themselves in the mirror-like expanse of the still waters. Not even the weird nocturne of an owl, nor lisping of a leaf. Perhaps the silence was ominous of a coming change!

Meanwhile the rain set in for an all day's drizzle—one of those persistent drippings that leaves a decided shiver behind. Never before did I realize that nine-tenths of man himself is water, as John Burroughs puts it.

The forest swooping down to our very door was a mass of wetness. It reminded me of that beautiful line of Walt Whitman:

"The slumbrous and liquid trees,"

only there wasn't so much slumbering going on in their midst, for the wind was not idle, and every gust shook down the drops by the million. But all was liquidity at any rate. Once an over-ripe maple leaf fluttered down on the porch—an exquisite mixture of deep maroon and ochre—so permeated with sunshine it left a gentle message behind that led me to tenderly cherish it for the hint it conveyed.

What of the wild life out there in the woods? Will they also miss the precious sunbeams? Perhaps it doesn't make any particular difference to that saucy little wood darling, the chickadee, lisping amid the dripping beeches? But then nothing will ever harm that "atom of full breath" since zero weather even improves his winsome notes. Yes, and there was the bark of a black or gray squirrel, but only for a moment—no repetition. The red squirrel did not make his usual racket on the roof, but the bluejay with his buzz-saw voice was abroad as usual. We were considerably amused at the antics of a pair of chipmunks, who halting just in front of the kitchen door, mistook us for two terrible monsters and precipitately fled under the stone wall, where they peered forth now and then with cunning and suspicious eyes. No inducements of ours could make them venture forth. Well do I know their snug home under an old decayed log only a short distance away.

Despondency not seeming to reign among the wood folk what is to prevent us from being cheerful also? Wasn't it Charles Lamb who wrote to Wadsworth, "For the time that a man may call his own, that is his life?" Let it drizzle, we say. In our living room, around a beech fire, we can well bid defiance to the raw elements without. Of cut wood we have plenty, only it requires a little pilfering from an absent neighbor's woodpile, for which we will humbly apologize afterward. In our last expedition to this pile we disturbed a tiny wood mouse, snugly ensconced, but he can shift to other quarters just as good. We have a monopoly of this wood now. Beech predominates here, but now and then a stick of silver birch is revealed, gleaming beautifully among its tamer brethren, which is eagerly grasped. Not that it makes a better fire than the beech, but it is good to look upon, to smooth back the shiny scalings of its bark, or cut it open to enjoy the sweet scent—too beautiful to burn, fit only for rustic ornamentation. Did this particular stick perchance come from the tall, upright sapling that I missed from the gully near the dead hemlock? How showy still these mottled beechen sticks! Here a bit of moss is still clinging or a brilliantly-tinted lichen. On top of the pile I find a gnarled stub that has evidently passed through a siege, in which the catapult of a woodpecker was used for bombarding—row upon row of little cells where the enemy's shot penetrated with telling effect to many a luckless grub.

So in all thankfulness to the bountiful wood harvest—the great and benign mortal (may he ride with St. Peter in a golden chariot) who prepared this pile for our use—we will now enjoy the crackling blaze, the grateful warmth. What virtue in a wood fire! How it roars and crackles with seeming delight to invite the devouring flame! We love the tree, so let us cherish the fire also. What matter if the moaning forest sounds like a mighty dirge? With a good fire in our little stove and a fire in D. L.'s brier, what else can there be but good cheer? 'Tis a goodly sight to see his happy face when the clouds of fragrance are greatest. Its rarity is a strange reminder of Barrie's "Arcadia Mixture." Will it inspire Arcadian thoughts in his teeming brain? Will the gentle muse descend upon his fez-capped head? Now he is absorbed in day dreams, hands clasped tightly over his head, feet planted with unholy grace on top of the stove. Soon his pipe ceases to emit its clouds of fragrance. He does not notice it. His statuesque poise almost alarms me. When suddenly he gets up with considerable trepidation, applies a fresh match to his pipe, and exclaims: "Now for a sonnet, to be set to sweetest music!" and rushes to a desk. I knew it; I knew that he would turn poet. With his slippered feet reclining on such a convenient place as the top of the stove, baggy corduroy trousers, fez-capped head, unshaven face, pipe in mouth, and such an indescribable dreamy look in his countenance, he looked for all the world like some Oriental bard—or something of that sort, at least—ready to obey the Prophet's call. I know the way his hand speeds over the paper that he has caught the divine afflatus. Then with a weary sigh he relinquishes his work and exclaims, "Sonnets be darned (looking at his watch), I must now boil that pork!" Emitting a wail, I fall to the floor like one in a swoon. Oh, the sublime and ridiculous! So, so, this is the outcome of his day dream? Perhaps he was thinking after all how to best prepare that pork? Ah! cruel fates, my dream has vanished, nevermore to return. Outside the rain is falling faster and the moaning forest seems to echo a sad refrain.

Let us pass over this now painful subject—the sonnet and pork episode. With the gathering twilight we will resort once more to the woodpile and grovel around to see whether we can't find a few dry pieces. Then for an evening's enjoyment. With many thanks to the kind Fates, D. L.'s muse has left him and he is once more a sane man. As we settle in comfortable positions I perceive that the fragrance of his brier is even more pronounced. I am sure now that it outrivals the famous "Arcadia Mixture." What ever induced him to take up plain-spoken old Smollett, I don't know. I think he was even fond of it. In "Roderick Random" he became very much interested in Captain Weazel, described as a woe-begone looking nondescript, so like a spider or grasshopper erect. No wonder Madame Weazel called him a "poor, withered, sapless twig." I must confess that I myself found considerable amusement in this old "twig" and some of his remarkable adventures. But Smollett is shut up with a bang and laid aside. While D. L. refills his pipe, replenishes the fire and takes a look at the weather, I will glance again through "Sam Lovel's Camps," the cherished pocket companion of many a tramp by wood and field. My finger turns instinctively to the "Voyage Down Little Otter." In the whole category of Mr. Robinson's two unique volumes is there anything more mirth-provoking — extremely laughable — than this chapter? I heartily admire the fine descriptive powers of the author, but I like best the funny experiences, the rare exploits of two just such characters as Joseph Hill and Solon Briggs, while trying to row a "bwut." To use a rude expression, this is enough to make a horse laugh. Uncle Tyler tells them they "can't row a bwut no more'n a goose c'n gobble," and that ends the dispute and their prowess as oarsmen. When D. L. read this sketch aloud shortly afterward, and coming to the point where Uncle Tyler received a thud on his pate from Joseph's missed stroke, we were so thoroughly convulsed with hilarious laughter that I came very near swallowing the cigar I was smoking, and in my effort to recover fell over backward from my chair and thumped my head on the end of the table. All during this time D. L. was making such a commotion that it started a bird outside to twitter in its sleep. But he resumed reading and ended without further mishap.

And so ended a rainy day and evening.

Outside the rain was still falling, and D. L., stretching himself with a yawn, stepped to the door, where I followed and quoted the last line from his favorite sonnet of the morning:

"'Tis time to say good night."

Simultaneously from out the deep shadows came the answering call of the wicked owl. T. M. S.

II.—A PERFECT SEPTEMBER DAY.

COMFORT COVE, Hemlock Lake, N. Y.—This twenty-first day of September, 1893, has been, I may safely say, the most perfect, from a meteorological point of view, I have ever experienced in all my many visits to Hemlock Lake.

I date the beginning of its glories from the hour of 8 A. M., when I roused my sluggard senses from the embrace of sleep. The lately risen sun was pouring through my lattice with an inviting mellowness that shamed me for my long communion with the drowsy god, and at once I was a strong man again, drinking in with hearty inhalations the sweetness of the morning. Throwing open the shutters, my eyes took in at a glance the half-mile stretch of wimpling waters intervening 'twixt my cottage and the eastern shore, then traveled slowly up the wooded hill, noting the warm autumnal tints just showing among the deciduous frondage, doubly beautiful by contrast with dark banks of interspersing evergreens. Still upward my morning gaze soared, across the pasture lots and stubble fields lying on the rounded crest above the timber, on past the red farmhouse to another belt of woods that crowned the summit, then up through the blue ether where it met the sun, the glorifier of all.

I fear my comrade and I forgot our early religious training, and became veritable sun worshippers, when after breakfast we entered our boat and crossed the lake wholly under the influence of the god of day. The brightness not only bathed our bodies and put new life into them, but reached far down into our hearts and souls, eliminating therefrom all base material, making us better, purer, more like the day that now in full effulgence throbbed about us.

Thinking perhaps a lingering, frostless season had left clinging to the brambles a few blackberries, we took our pail and clambered up a steep path through the woods to a clearing where the vines grew thick and rank; and we were not disappointed. They were rare and hard to find, but, O! how luscious, large and plump they were; and although we only got enough to supplement our humble dinner, we were quite content. Meantime the joyous sun was beaming down as sweet as ever. Not like the torrid orb of August, but with a full, round, yellow richness like a rare ripe pippin, the air seemed all aglow, neither hot nor cold, but just as one might fancy the atmosphere of Heaven ought to be.

As we embarked again for a quiet pull up the lake with our berries snug beneath the thwarts and trolling gear dangling over the stern, we felt that we could answer Lowell's query:

"What is so rare as a day in June?"

by simply noting the scene about us. There was just enough breeze creeping up from the south to wrinkle the face of the water into jocund smiles. It was not strong enough to sway the treetops, but only drew coyly from them drowsy whisperings that did not prevent us, as we skirted along shore, hearing all those mysterious voices of the forest. We heard the clucking of a grouse, the tremulous *qua qua* of a gray squirrel far up the mountain side; the discordant ranting of a pair of jays, and the gentle wheedle of the chickadees. Bright-eyed chipmunks with distended chops would peer at us from logs along the bank, and flocks of crows oared their way across the blue ether overhead to join a clamorous concourse of their dusky fellows on the opposite mountain. A solitary sea-gull, evidently a wanderer from its native brine, dropped into the midst of the waters, its white breast shining in the sun, and far overhead a fish-hawk soared wheeling in effortless circles. What cared we that no luckless pickerel or bass was attracted by glittering spoon. It might have marred our peace to have brought up from those pure depths—whose deepest caves the sun was gilding—a living creature as much entitled to enjoy the day as we, so our line was wound up and lazily we turned our prow toward home.

Afternoon came, the short September afternoon with no cessation or diminishment of the glories promised by the morning. The waning sun, with healing in his beams, rode down the west as brightly, calmly and serenely to his setting as some grand old patriarch, who, after a life of peace and doing good to others, rounds out his cycle with a smile and sinks down to honored death.

But even with the going of the sun the beauty of the day still lingered. The soft autumnal twilight hovered o'er the bosom of the lake like a gentle benediction, and getting out the boat again we rowed far up the western shore, peering into nooks and dells, lying on our oars and listening to the tinkling of tiny rivulets down the cliffs like voice of fairy bells. Anon up rolled the glorious moon, burnishing the crinkling waves with liquid silver and lighting us home in peace and safety, pure ending to a perfect day. H. W. D. L.

THE WHITE GOAT AND HIS COUNTRY.

From advance sheets of "American Big Game Hunting," the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club.

[*Concluded from page 270.*]

THE next morning the rain kept us from making an early start, and we did not leave camp until eight. Now and then a drizzle fell from the mist, and still the banks of clouds were driving across the higher peaks, but during the day the sun slowly got the better of them. Again we saw a solitary goat, this time far below down the ridge we had chosen. Like the sheep, these animals watch the valley. There is no use in attempting to hunt them from there. Their eyes are watchful and keen, and the chances are that if you are working up from below and see a goat on the hill, he will have been looking at you for some time. Once he is alarmed, ten minutes will be enough for him to put a good many hours of climbing between himself and you. His favorite trick is to remain stock still, watching you till you pass out of his sight behind something, and then he makes off so energetically that when you see him next he will be on some totally new mountain. But his intelligence does not seem to grasp more than the danger from below. While he is steadfastly on the alert against this, it does not apparently occur to him that anything can come down upon him. Consequently from above you may get very near before you are noticed. The chief difficulty is the noise of falling stones your descent is almost sure to make. The character of these mountainsides was such that even with the greatest care in stepping we sent a shower rattling down from time to time. We had a viciously bad climb. We went down through tilted funnels of crag, avoiding jumping off places by crossing slides of brittle slate and shale, hailing a dead tree as an oasis. And then we lost count, and T. came unexpectedly on the goat, who was up and away and shot by T. before I could get a sight of him. I had been behind some twenty yards, both of us supposing we had to go considerably further. T. was highly disgusted. "To think of me managing such a botch as that," he said, "when you've come so far;" and he wanted me to tell the people that I had shot the goat myself. He really cared more than I did.

This goat was also a billy, and larger than the first. We sat skinning him where he had fallen at the edge of a grove of tamerack, and T. conversed about the royal family of England. He had always rather liked "that chap Lorne."

I explained to him that the "chap Lorne" had made himself ridiculous forever at the Queen's Jubilee. Then as T. did not know, I told him how the marquis had insisted on riding in the procession upon a horse against which the Prince of Wales, aware of the tame extent of his horsemanship, had warned him. In the middle of the pageant, the Queen in her carriage, the crowned heads of Europe escorting her on horseback, and the whole world looking on—at this picturesque moment Lorne fell off. I was not sure that T. felt fully how inappropriate a time this was for a marquis to tumble from his steed.

"I believe the Queen sent somebody," I continued.

"Where?" said T.

"To him. She probably called the nearest king, and said, 'Frederick, Lorne's off. Go and see if he's hurt'."

"'And if he ain't hurt, *hurt him*'," said T., completing her majesty's thought.

This second billy seemed to me twice the size of a domestic goat. He was certainly twice the weight. His hide alone weighed 30lbs., as far as one could determine by balancing it against weights that we knew, such as a sack of flour or sugar. But I distrust the measurements of wild animals made by guesswork on a mountain top during the enthusiastic state of the hunter's mind which follows at once upon a lucky shot. Therefore, what I can positively vouch for is this, only that all the goats which I have seen struck me as being larger and heavier animals than the goat of civilization. After all, the comparison is one into which we are misled by the name. This is an antelope; and though, through certain details of his costume, he is able to masquerade as a goat, it must be remembered that he is of a species wholly distinct. We took the web tallow, and the tallow of one kidney. The web was three-quarters of an inch thick. Neither elk, nor any animal I have seen, except bear, has such quantities of fat, and I do not think even a bear has a thicker hide. On the rump it was as thick as the sole of my boot, and the masses of hair were impenetrable to anything but modern firearms. An arrow might easily stick harmless; and I am told that carnivorous animals who prey upon the deer in these mountains respectfully let the goat alone. Besides his defensive armor, he is an ugly customer in attack. He understands the use of his thin smooth horns, and, driving them securely into the belly of his enemy, jumps back and leaves him a useless, ripped-open sack. Male and female have horns of much the same size; and in taking a bite out of one of either sex, as T. said, a mountain lion would get only a mouthful of hair.

But modern firearms have come to be appreciated by the wild animals, and those which were once unquestionably dangerous to pioneers now retreat before the Winchester rifle. Only a bear with cubs to defend remains formidable.

I said this to T. who told me a personal experience that tends to destroy even this last chance for the sportsman to

be doughty. T. came on a bear and cubs in the spring, and they of course made off, but his dog caught and held one little cub who cried out like a child—and its contemptible mama hurried straight on and away.

Not so a goat mama of whom T. also told me. Some prospectors came on a bunch of goats when the kids were young enough to be caught. One of the men captured a kid, and was walking off with it, when the mother took notice and charged furiously down on him. He flew back in ignominious sight of the whole camp with the goat after him till he was obliged to drop the kid, which was then escorted back to its relatives by its most competent parent.

Yet no room for generalizing is here. We cannot conclude that the *Ursus* family fails to think blood as thick as other people do. These two incidents merely show that the race of bear is capable of producing unmaternal females, while, on the other hand, we may expect occasionally to find in a nanny-goat a Mother of the Gracchi.

I wished to help carry the heavy hide of the second billy; but T. inflicted this upon himself "every step to camp," he insisted, "for punishment at disappointing you." The descent this day had been bad enough, taking forty minutes for some 400yds. But now we were two hours getting up, a large part of the way on hands and knees. I carried the two rifles and the glasses, going in front to stamp some sort of a trail in the sliding rocks, while T. panted behind me, bearing the goat hide on his back.

Our next hunt was from seven till four, up and down, in the presence of noble and lonely mountains. The straight peaks which marshall round the lake of Chelan were in our view near by, beyond the valley of the Twispt, and the whole Cascade range rose endlessly, and seemed to fill the world. Except in Switzerland I have never seen such an unbroken area of mountains. And all this beauty going begging, while each year our American citizens of the East, more ignorant of their own country and less identified with its soil than any race upon earth, herd across the sea to the tables d'hôte they know by heart! But this is wandering a long way from goats, of which this day we saw none.

A gale set in after sunset. This particular afternoon had been so mellow, the sun had shone so clear from a stable sky, that I had begun to believe the recent threats of winter were only threats, and that we had some open time before us still. Next morning we waked in mid-winter, the flakes flying thick and furious over a park that was no longer a pasture, but a blind drift of snow. We lived in camp, perfectly comfortable. Down at the Forks I had had made a rough imitation of a Sibley stove. All that its forger had to go on was my unprofessional and inexpert description and a lame sketch in pencil; but he succeeded so well that the hollow iron cone and joints of pipe he fitted together turned out most efficient. The sight of the apparatus packed on a horse with the paniers was whimsical, and until he saw it work I know that T. despised it. After that, it commanded his respect. All this stormy day it roared and blazed, and sent a lusty heat throughout the tent. T. cleaned the two goat heads, and talked Shakspere and Thackeray to me. He quoted Henry the Fourth, and regretted that Thackeray had not more developed the character of George Warrington. Warrington was the man in the book. When night came the storm was gone.

By 8 the next morning we had sighted another large solitary billy. But he had seen us down in the park from his ridge. He had come to the edge, and was evidently watching the horses. If not quick-witted, the goat is certainly wary; and the next time we saw him he had taken himself away down the other side of the mountain, along a spine of rocks where approach was almost impossible. We watched his slow movements through the glass, and both were reminded of the bear. He felt safe, and was stepping deliberately along, often stopping, often walking up some small point and surveying the scenery. He moved in an easy rolling fashion, and turned his head importantly. Then he lay down in the sun, but saw us on our way to him, and bounced off. We came to the place where he had jumped down twenty sheer feet at least. His hoof-tracks were on the edge, and in the gravel below the heavy scatter he made in landing; and then—hasty tracks round a corner of rock, and no more goat that day.

I had become uneasy about the weather. It was all sunshine again, and though our first goat was irretrievably gone, we had the afternoon before us. Nevertheless, when I suggested we should spend it in taking the shoes off the horses, so they might be able to walk homeward without falling in the snow, T. thought it our best plan. We wanted to find a bunch of goat now, nannies and kids, as well as billies. It had been plain that these ridges here contained very few, and those all hermits; males who from age, or temperament, or disappointment in love, had retired from society, and were spending the remainder of their days in a quiet isolation and whatever is the goat equivalent for reading Horace. It was well enough to have begun with these philosophers, but I wanted new specimens.

We were not too soon. A new storm had set in by next morning, and the unshod horses made their journey down the mountain, a most odious descent for man and beast in the sliding snow. But down on the Twispt it was yet only autumn, with no snow at all. This was a Monday, the 7th of November, and we made haste to the Forks, where I stopped at night to read a large accumulated mail, and going on at once overtook my outfit, which had preceded me on the day before.

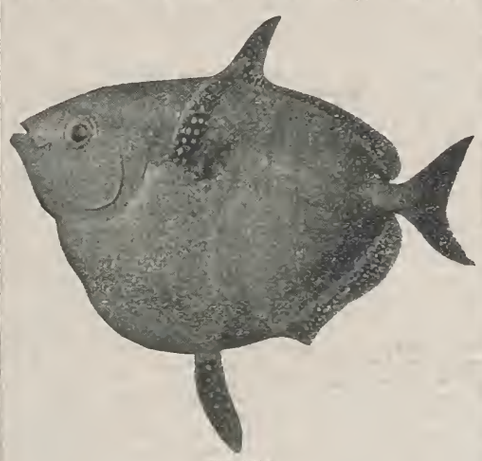
Our new camp—and our last one—was up the Methow, twenty-three miles above the Forks, in a straight line. Here the valley split at right angles against a tall face of mountain, and each way the stream was reduced to a brook one could cross afoot. The new valley became steep and narrow almost at once, and so continued to the divide between Columbia water and tributaries of the Skagit. We lived comfortably in an old cabin built by prospectors. The rail filtered through the growing weeds and sand on the roof and dropped on my head in bed; but not much, and I was able to steer it off by a rubber blanket. And of course there was no glass in the windows; but to keep out wind and wet we hung gunny sacks across those small holes, and the big stone fireplace was magnificent. By ten next morning T. and I saw "three hundred" goats on the mountain opposite where we had climbed. Just here I will risk a generalization. When a trapper tells you he has seen so many hundred head of game he has not counted them, but he believes what he says. The goats T. and I now looked at were a mile away in an air line, and they seemed numberless. The picture which the white, slightly moving dots made, like mites on a cheese, inclined one to a large estimate of them, since they covered the whole side of a hill. The more we looked the more we found; besides the main army there were groups, caucuses, families sitting apart over some discourse too intimate for the general public; and beyond these single animals could be discerned, moving, gazing, browsing, lying down.

"Megod and Begod," said T.—he occasionally imitated a brogue for no hereditary reason—"there's a hundred thousand goat!"

"Let's count 'em," I suggested, and we took the glasses. There were thirty-five.

We found we had climbed the wrong hill, and the day was too short to repair this error. Our next excursion, however, was successful. The hill where the goat were was not two miles above camp—you could have seen the animals from camp but for a curve in the cañon—yet we were four hours and a half climbing the ridge in order to put ourselves above them. It was a hard climb, entirely through snow after the first. On top the snow came at times considerably above the knees. But the judicious T. (I have never hunted with a more careful and thorough man) was right in the route he had chosen, and after we had descended again to the edge of the snow, we looked over a rock, and saw, 30yds. below us, the nanny and kid for which we had been aiming. I should have said earlier that the gathering of yesterday had dispersed during the night, and now little bunches of three and four goats could be seen up and down the cañon. We were on the exact ground they had occuppied, and their many tracks were plain. My first shot missed—thirty yards!—and as nanny and kid went bounding by on the hill below, I knocked her over with a more careful bullet, and T. shot the kid. The little thing was not dead when we came up, and at the sight of us it gave a poor little thin bleat that turns me remorseful whenever I think of it. We had all the justification that any code exacts. We had no fresh meat, and among goats the kid alone is eatable; and I justly desired specimens of the entire family.

We carried the whole kid to camp, and later its flesh was excellent. The horns of the nanny, as has been



THE OPAH.
Lampris guttatus.

said before, are but slightly different from those of the male. They are perhaps more slender, as is also the total make up of the animal. In camp I said to T. that I desired only one more of those thirty-five goat, a billy; and that if I secured him the next day that should be the last. Fortune was for us. We surprised a bunch of several. They had seen me also, and I was obliged to be quick. This resulted in some shots missing, and in two, perhaps three, animals going over edges with bullets in them, leaving safe behind the billy I wanted. His conduct is an interesting example of the goat's capacity to escape you and die uselessly out of your reach. I had seen him reel at my first shot, but he hurried around a corner, and my attention was given to others. As I went down, I heard a shot, and came round the corner on T., who stood some hundred yards further along the ledge beside a goat. T. had come on him lying down. He had jumped up and run apparently unhurt, and T. had shot him just as he reached the end of the ledge. Beyond was a fall into inaccessible depths. Besides T.'s shot we found two of mine, one clean through from the shoulder—the goat had faced me when I fired first—to the ham, where the lead was flat against the bone. This goat was the handsomest we had, smaller than the other males, but with horns of a better shape, and with hair and beard very rich and white. Curiously enough, his lower jaw between the two front teeth had been broken a long time, probably from some fall. Yet this accident did not seem to have interfered with his feeding, for he was in excellent plump condition.

This completely satisfied me, and I willingly decided to molest no more goat. I set neither value nor respect on numerical slaughter. One cannot expect Englishmen to care whether American big game is exterminated or not; that Americans should not care is a disgrace. The pervading spirit of the far West as to game, as to timber, as to everything that a true American should feel it his right to use and his duty to preserve for those coming after, is, "What do I care, so long as it lasts my time?"

There remain a few observations to make, and then I have said the little that I know about goat. Their horns are not deciduous, so far at least as I could learn, and the books say this also. But I read a somewhat inaccurate account of the goat's habits in winter time. It was stated that at that season, like mountain sheep, he descends and comes into the valleys. This does not seem to be the case. He does not depend upon grass, if indeed he eats grass at all. His food seems to be chiefly the short almost lichen-like moss, that grows on the faces and at the base of the rocks and between them in the crevices. The community of goats I watched was feeding; afterward, when on the spot where they had been, I found there was no grass growing anywhere near, and signs pointed to its having been the moss and rock plants that they had been eating. None of the people in the Methow country spoke of seeing goats come out of the mountains during winter. I have not sufficient data to make the assertion, but I am inclined to believe that the goat keeps consistently to the hills, whatever the season may be, and in this differs from the mountain sheep as he differs in appearance, temperament, and in all characteristics excepting the predilection for the inclined plane; and in this habit he is more vertical than the sheep.

Lest the region I hunted in may have remained vague to Eastern readers, it is as well to add that in an air line I was probably some thirty miles below the British border, and some hundred and twenty east of Puget Sound.

OWEN WISTER.

Natural History.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

THE OPAH.

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

PERHAPS one of the rarest fishes, if not the rarest fish on the Atlantic coast is the opah—the species known to science as *Lampris guttatus*. It is the only one of its kind found in the Atlantic Ocean, and being a pelagic form, it is quite probable that it may be more or less abundant in deep waters. Especially is this the case in northern seas, and it has been most frequently seen upon the coast of Norway and off Iceland than elsewhere. There have, however, been numerous opahs captured off the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, while it is said to be very rare in the Mediterranean. It has been observed as far south as Guinea, and has been reported many times off the Madeiras and Azores.

Years and years ago a specimen was taken near Sable Island, Nova Scotia, and ichthyologists predicted then it would probably some time be captured upon the immediate coast of the United States. This has recently been done by Captain William T. Lee on the La Have Bank in 280ft. of water (42° 49′ N. lat., 63° W. long.). Coming into the hands of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington, D.C., the specimen was considered such a unique prize that a magnificent flexible cast was made of it and then colored true to nature by Mr. A. F. Denton. This cast looked almost exactly like the living fish, and it is now in Chicago, where it forms a part of the exhibit of the Fish Commission at the World's Columbian Exposition. Before it left Washington, however, a photograph was taken of the cast, a copy of which illustrates the present article. My thanks are due Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of the U. S. National Museum, for the photograph in my possession, it being the first one made from his negative.

As the opah often attains a length of as much as 4ft. and over, and may weigh nearly 150lbs., it is needless to say that my figure presents him greatly reduced below his natural size. But his exact form has been rendered, and that is a great deal more than can be said of a number of drawings of this fish, which illustrate various works examined by the present writer.

By some naturalists the opah has been grouped with the dolphins or the *Coryphœnidæ*, but by others, and more properly, it has been placed among the *Stromateidæ*, as the family *Lamprididæ*. The dory, the henfish family, and their allies, are interesting representatives of the same group.

So far as I am aware, the young of this fish have never been seen, and are at this writing unknown to science. By those who have eaten the opah, it is said that its flesh has a flavor hardly to be excelled by any fish sold in the European markets. It is, consequently, most highly esteemed for the table. According to an authority at my hand "the name opah, which is now generally used, is derived from the statement of a native of the coast of Guinea, who happened to be in England when the first specimen was exhibited (1750), and who thought he recognized in it a fish well known by that name in his native country. From its habit of coming to the surface in calm weather, showing its high dorsal fin avove the water, it has also received the name of 'sunfish,' which it shares with *Orthagoriscus* and the basking shark."

There are but few fishes known to the ichthyologist more brilliantly colored than is the opah, and on this account specimens of it are greatly in demand by collectors, a demand by no means decreased by its great variety in so many parts of its normal range. Its large fins are of a lively scarlet, and these, as well as its green, purple and gold-tinted body, are further ornamented by being dotted all over with beautiful silvery round spots. The iris of the eye is also a brilliant scarlet, and in fact even the true dolphins can hardly be compared with it in the gorgeousness of its tints.

In the form of the opah we are principally struck by its great vertical depth, from back to belly. This is still further increased by the great length of the ventral fins, which, departing from their usual function in most bony fishes of maintaining their balance in the upright position in the water, are here used as powerful locomotory paddles to assist their owner to capture his prey. This is the more necessary inasmuch as otherwise the opah would be a very feeble swimmer, owing to his bulky proportions and a weak, short and cleft tail. He is without distinct scales, while the forms of his pectoral, dorsal and other fins are easily to be seen in my figure.

Linnæan Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the society will be held at 8 P. M., at the American Museum of Natural History, Eighth avenue and 77th street, on Wednesday evenings, Oct. 4 and 18.

Oct. 4—Leverett M. Loomis, "A Study of the earlier southward Migrations at Monterey Bay, California, during June, July and August, 1892." L. S. Foster, "A Consideration of some Ornithological Literature, 1876 to 1883, with extracts from current criticism."

Oct. 18—Frank M. Chapman, "The Origin of certain North American Birds as determined by their Routes of Migration."

ARTHUR H. HOWELL, Sec'y.
(212 Madison St., Brooklyn).

Game Bag and Gun.

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

MORE PROSE ABOUT BARNEGAT.

TO ME, and doubtless to thousands of other sportsmen in the East, the name "Barnegat" has always appeared synonymous with the very cream of shooting and fishing, and often did I promise myself a trip to that sporting Utopia, where weakfish, striped bass, immense drum and bluefish could be caught until the fishermen became tired from pulling them in, and would have to stop from very exhaustion and surfeit; where curlew, willet and other bay birds filled every bar and sandspit, and where we would meet with none of the disappointments which unfortunately fall too often to the lot of the devotee of rod and gun.

The long desired opportunity came this summer. I was to get a couple of weeks in the latter part of August, when snipe shooting should be good, and my brother decided to accompany me. I corresponded with hotels both on the main shore and on the narrow neck of land facing the sea, and to do the hotel people justice, must say that they wrote that snipe shooting was merely fair and that bay fishing was not anything extra, but that the bluefishing was very good. We reasoned that even if the fishing was only fair, we could fill in the time very nicely by fishing for the fighting blues; and accordingly the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 19, saw us seated in a train of the Pennsylvania R. R. en route to Barnegat City, at which place we arrived at 6:30 that evening. From what we could see as we rolled along in the train, after leaving Barnegat City Junction, I somehow felt that we had come to the wrong place, as the different settlements all along that part of the beach bore a deserted air, and when we reached our destination it really seemed as though we had struck the "Deserted Village." The many pretty cottages that were located here and there were all closed up tight; most of them were badly in need of paint. The balconies of the hotel were empty and there was none of the crowd such as can be seen at the arrival of the evening trains at all of the resorts along the New Jersey and Long Island shores. This did not trouble us, however, as we had come for the fishing and shooting, and did not care whether or not we had any other company.

After eating our supper we consulted some of the "captains," who all made the hotel a sort of rendezvous, about engaging a small sailboat by the week, as we intended to do our own shooting without the assistance of a professional gunner. We learned of a boat that would probably answer our purpose, and arranged to go down to the bay next morning to look at it. We made many inquiries as to the prospects of shooting and fishing, and were told there were but few weakfish on our side, but that along the main shore they were very plentiful; and that there were not may bay birds flying, though peeps were plentiful.

Sunday morning we engaged the boat we had been told about, which proved to be a small, flat-bottomed one, with a sprit sail, and took a short spin across the bay to see how the land lay. A dip in the surf followed, and we settled down to take things easy for the afternoon, keeping our weather open for snipe, but we saw none.

Toward evening ominous black clouds began to pile up in the northwest, then in the southeast and all around the horizon. Fitful flashes of lightning, followed by the rumble of thunder, showed that heavy rain must be falling all around us, but we escaped the rain until late at night, when the wind shifted to the northeast and blew a half gale, accompanied by heavy rain, which lasted until about daylight.

Believing that the storm might have started a flight of snipe, we got up early Monday morning and sailed to Sea Dog Shoal, located about a mile out in the bay, which we had been told was the best place to make our blind. Here we kept watch until one o'clock, but nothing came along but a few peeps and ringnecks, none of which we shot. Having nothing to do in the afternoon we decided to try the shoal again, and sailed across about three o'clock. Upon sailing up to the landing place at the shoal, which was now nearly covered with water, it being high tide, we saw several turnstones, a couple of black-breast plover and several hundred peeps, surf-snipe and ringnecks. Hastily putting my gun together I succeeded in bringing down a black-breast plover and a turnstone, the other birds scattering all over the bay. We put out our decoys and settled down to wait for the birds, but other than the peeps, etc., nothing came until we were about to go home, when a solitary willet flew in and was promptly brought down. A dowitch then came in, but alighted pretty well out of gunshot. After watching him for ten or fifteen minutes John tried a pot shot, but without success, and the dowitch took his departure, followed in a few minutes by ourselves.

Tuesday morning we started early so as to get possession of the blind on Sea Dog Shoal, which is, by the way, a sandbar all but covered at high tide, but at low water showing a surface of half a mile or more in area. The wind was southwest and we thought there should be some birds flying, but a couple of "jacks," flying very high, were all we saw in the way of game.

In the afternoon we decided to try the fishing and anchored in deep water, where we were informed we could catch some sea bass and flounders. A couple of hours' fishing were rewarded with one light nibble and we gave it up. A boy fishing near us, caught a couple of sea bass about 3in. long and seemed to think he had done fairly well.

Wednesday morning the wind was in the northeast; the sky was overcast and there were occasional light showers, a perfect day, we thought, for snipe. Risking a wetting, we sailed out to Sea Dog Shoal and set out our decoys in tempting array, with their heads pointed up wind, where we expected the birds to come from. After quite a while a solitary big yellowleg came along and we succeeded in calling him toward us, but he evidently knew the blind and could not be coaxed within gunshot. We returned to the hotel with an empty bag and spent the afternoon reading. Wednesday night the big storm that did so much damage along the coast set in, and all night the wind blew as though it were a fiend incarnate and bent upon blowing the hotel into the bay. At 4 A.M. Thursday morning the wind shifted to the northwest and blew almost as hard from that quarter as it had from the northeast. We went down to the bay, but found too heavy a sea running to admit of our going out, and besides Sea Dog Shoal was a couple of feet under water. We tried it along the shore for a while, but there were no birds flying, except peeps and surf snipe. In the afternoon we tried to get to Sea Dog, but after going about a half mile off shore and getting thoroughly drenched from the water that broke over our little boat in solid sheets, getting down our necks and into our boots, we decided to put back, thus making the fourth day practically wasted.

While we had been fooling away our time trying to shoot snipe, a party of ten gentlemen from Germantown, Pa., had been after bluefish every day, but there was a heavy sea at the inlet and their captains were afraid to venture outside, so they did not get a fish. Thursday's heavy northwesterly wind beat down the sea considerably, and Friday morning we induced Captain Morse to take us outside, which he did, after seeing Captain Mitchell's boat, with the Germantown party aboard, get out the North Way. We found a heavy sea outside and the water very muddy. We trolled for a couple of hours without getting a bite, then Capt. Morse said that the stiff southwest wind that had sprung up would make the sea so heavy in an hour or so that we could not get across the bar, and there was, therefore, nothing left for us to do but to get in.

Captain Morse and others had been telling us that there was first-class fishing along the main shore, big strings of weakfish and striped bass being caught daily, and that yellowlegs were plentiful in the salt ponds adjoining the shore of the bay. We had him take us over there, so that we could see for ourselves whether there was anything in these reports. We saw the salt ponds, but did not see a snipe around them, which was the experience of another party from the hotel who had been there the previous day.

We were now thoroughly tired of the place and decided to go home, but here another difficulty arose. The big storm had washed away a large portion of the railroad tracks between Barnegat Junction and Barnegat City, the telegraph wires were all down, and all communication with the main shore had to be by boat. The hotel people found it difficult to get supplies and their table suffered accordingly, likewise the few guests left, fifteen in all, all the others having gone home during the early part of the week.

Everybody was disappointed and disgusted with the fishing and shooting and general dullness of the place, and the entire fifteen guests, including ourselves, decided to go home Saturday morning, going across the bay to Waretown and from there to the railroad station. The usual charge for a boat for a half day was $2.50, but when we spoke of being conveyed across the bay, $5 was demanded (the distance being from five to six miles). The ten gentlemen from Germantown had made their own arrangements to be taken across the bay and to the railroad station. Two of the other guests, a gentleman and wife from Trenton, were not decided as to whether to go or not; but as it was certain that the other gentleman, my brother and I would go, I spoke to the captain about taking us across, for which he asked $5. I told him this was rather steep for a party of three, but finally agreed that if only three went we would pay him $1 each, and if five went the rate would also be $1 each, giving the captain the benefit of the extra passengers.

Saturday morning there was a very light southeast wind and indications of a fog, so we decided that if we would be sure of catching the 3:45 train at Waretown we should start at one o'clock. Therefore at 12:30 we left the hotel and were off shortly after one. The wind was still very light and it took about an hour and a half to reach Waretown. The railroad station was about two miles from the dock and we had to look up a conveyance to take the party and their baggage. The proprietor of the hotel near the dock agreed to take us at a reasonable rate, but said he had not room enough for the three trunks and other baggage. As we could not leave the baggage behind it was incumbent upon us to hustle around and get some one else to take it. The hotel man referred us to another hotel a short distance up the road. The proprietor there said his man was down the road somewhere and he could not leave his business. I offered to drive the team to the station if he would send a boy to take them back. He said no man or boy in that town except himself and his hired man could drive his team, and referred us to the store across the street. I thought the hotel man's team must be something extra, but found upon inquiry that they were the regulation country hotel and livery stable breed that must be whipped to make them go faster than a walk. The storekeeper across the street thought his horse would be busy that afternoon, but referred us to another store up the street. There we found a boy in charge, who told us that in an hour or so he would have to call for a lady to take her to the station. I asked if he could not hitch up, take our trunks to the station and then call for the lady, but he thought he couldn't. We then went back to the hotel, but with no better success than before.

We were by this time getting desperate and ready to pay almost any price in reason to get our trunks to the station, but as the natives seemed indisposed to either accommodate strangers or to earn a couple of dollars, we saw nothing in prospect but to wait over until Monday, as no trains run on Sunday. Going back to the hotel at the dock, we met a teamster who had taken a boat down to the bay on a wagon frame. We told him our plight, and asked if he could not in some way manage to take our trunks to the depot. He proved to be a "white man" and said he would hurry home, get a suitable rig and come back. Considerable time had elapsed since we reached this inhospitable town and we had but forty-five minutes left. The teamster, however, proved to be as white as he talked, and in a few minutes was back with a box wagon, into which we hurriedly pitched our baggage, jumped in ourselves, hot, tired and mentally swearing at the "Jersey pirates," as we dubbed the people who seemed bent on making all they could out of us and putting themselves out of their way as little as possible. The drive to the station proved to be through pine woods and was very heavy, so that when we reached the 6×10 board shed used for a station of the great Pennsylvania Railroad we had but five minutes to spare. The train was a few minutes late, but eventually came along, we jumped aboard and bid good-bye to a place that we will hardly care to visit again, at least not until the fishing and shooting improve and the natives learn to have a little consideration for visitors who are willing to pay liberally for everything they get, but not to be imposed upon.

At the station we met four gentlemen who had been to Waretown fishing. They told us that the reports we had heard of big strings of weakfish and striped bass (30 to 100 to the boat for a few hours' fishing) were fish stories, as very few fish had been caught along the main shore. They said they had been told there were plenty of fish along the beach side of the bay and were sorry they had not gone there. They also said they had heard of no snipe being killed on the main shore. We saw it was simply another case of "You should have been here the other day, etc.," that visiting fishermen are regaled with when they meet with poor luck.

The above is a perfectly true narration of our experiences on Barnegat Bay, and is written simply to show that you cannot believe all you hear about fishing and shooting resorts, unless you know the source whence the information springs, and that it is entirely disinterested. There are too many people writing glowing accounts of shooting and fishing to be enjoyed at different places, their reports being mostly drawn from their own vivid imaginations and entirely without any foundation in fact. I was shown clippings from different newspapers, telling of big hauls of weakfish, sea bass, etc., caught at Barnegat City by people who, I was informed, had hardly wet a line this season. One article described a fishing trip of two persons, with a result of 106 fine bluefish. The party who wrote that item unblushingly informed me that they did not get a bite that day, let alone catching any fish.

Now, fish stories are all well enough in their place, when known as such, but when any person deliberately tells stories not based on fact of fine fishing or shooting at any particular locality, it is simply booming that place by means of false pretenses, and no reputable journal should publish such stories as truth.

For our part, it was not through any newspaper reports that we visited Barnegat City, but from the well-known reputation of the place.

I would also say that gentlemen I met there, who had been there in former years, told me that they had caught boatloads of fish, and that the snipe shooting was all that could be desired by the most exacting sportsman. I know also that the shooting and fishing all along the coast is remarkably poor this year and, therefore, Barnegat Bay suffers with other places and is no exception to the general rule. This being the case, hotel men and others should refrain from publishing "Munchhausenic" stories of big hauls of fish and game, and the papers should ascertain positively who their correspondents are before publishing such "yarns." H.

IN LOUISIANA SWAMPS.

POINT PLEASANT, La., Sept. 7.—It has been a long time since I have had the pleasure of writing to you, so I thought I would write you and give you an account of our first deer hunt of the season.

It has always been customary for us to go on opening day; but this year the cotton worms were so bad that it was impossible for us to leave home. We had a hard fight with the worms; the battle ended Sunday night, the 3d inst. Although we won the victory, our cotton reminded me very much of what a boy once said to another who had licked him, "Yes, you licked me, but I gave you all you wanted while you were doing it."

Tuesday, the 5th, was set for our hunt. We were to meet at Somerset at 4 o'clock. I was the first on the grounds, and by 5 o'clock they had all come up—C. B. Muir, Arch. and George Douglass, Max Bland and Crab (a colored man). We had 23 dogs. Of course every one had the best dog, and there was a lively discussion among the boys as to whose dog would lead the chase.

We started a buck and doe at half past six o'clock. They made a straight run of about a mile, then doubled. Then away they went back to where they had started from, with every dog in full cry. I headed them, but failed to get a shot. The dogs were well bunched, I could not tell which one led. I dropped in behind, and followed as fast as I could ride. Just as the dogs struck the field, I heard the report of a gun, then another. On coming up I found George D. had cut the deer off, and fired the two shots, one at the doe and one at the buck. He said he had hit them both. The dogs were still running. We both started after them as fast as we could ride, when all of a sudden every dog stopped opening. "There," said I to George, "They have caught one." We hurried up to the dogs and found the doe. Listening, I heard two dogs still running. We soon got the rest of the dogs on the trail of the buck, and they did not go more than a quarter of a mile before they caught and pulled him down. Both of the deer were in fine condition.

We blew our horns and the rest of the party soon came up. "Whose dog led?" was the first question asked of George. "I don't know," says he, "for I could not tell; but Sullivan and Drive caught the buck. The buck and doe were together when the doe fell, as the buck's trail led off from where she fell." "Well, boys," said I, "We will get these two out to the levee, and then eat our lunch. Then we will start another deer, and may be we will then be able to decide who has the lead-dog." It was then half past seven o'clock.

We ate our lunch, dressed the deer and were ready to start by half-past 8. George and I took part of the dogs; Max and my brother had the others. We took the swamp in different directions, so as to go on both sides of a large lake, as it could only be crossed at either end. The lake is about eight miles long. George and I did not get a start until we got near the western end, there the dogs got up an old buck. Away they went out of hearing. They were gone for over an hour. Then I heard them coming back, they were making for the lake, and I rode as fast as I could to cut them off. But again I was too late. When I got to the lake, I saw the buck about half way across, with only three dogs following him. The lake is about three-quarters or one mile wide, and the deer often take it to shake dogs off. I tried to get the other dogs to go, but the most of them being young, they would only go out a piece, and then turn back. I got separated from George. I had my little son with me (a chap of seven summers, but who can ride with the best of us). We started for the levee, for I knew the deer would go in that direction. On getting there I found Max, my brother, and Crab, with the biggest buck I have seen for many a year. They had started his trail on the northern side of the lake, and trailed him back to within

200yds. of where we had eaten our lunch. When we got up he made for the lake, but did not succeed in shaking off the dogs. Then he made a double and started for the fields. But Crab cut him off and got a shot, wounding him badly. He did not go far before he stopped to fight the dogs. It was for some time before Crab could make the second shot, for the dogs were so close around the deer that he was afraid of hitting some of them. Eventually the buck made a break to get away from the dogs, and ran by Crab, who then gave it to him broadside and killed him.

I told the boys that my deer had swam the lake, but that three of my best dogs were after it, and we had better scatter up and down the levee and try to kill it. Before very long we heard the dogs coming. Then it was a hustle who should get the first shot. George had come up in the meantime, and he put spurs to his horse and went at breakneck speed down the levee in the direction of the dogs, my brother following, and I bringing up the rear. After riding about a quarter of a mile I saw the buck spring over the levee some distance ahead of George, and right behind him came Tanner, Sullivan and Crockette, three of my best dogs. I turned to my left and cut the deer off. It was not long before I saw him coming with his tongue hanging out. I raised my Winchester, and at the crack the old fellow's troubles were over with. We had now three fine bucks and one doe. The doe was barren and very fat. We tried to weigh the big buck on a pair of cotton scales, but they would not draw him, as they only drew 300lbs.

We shall have to wait until the next hunt to decide who has the fastest dog. D. M.

THE .22 SHORT RIFLE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in my FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 2 notes by "Julian," on the .22cal. Winchester repeater regarding its shooting qualities. I have a few words to say if you care to give this space. I have a .22cal. short Winchester repeater, holding twenty-five shots in magazine and one in the chamber, model 1873, which money cannot buy. I have used this Winchester constantly for six years. Have used it among the Sand Hills of northern Nebraska, the Black Hills of the Dakotas, and in the mountains and on the cattle ranges of Wyoming, and for all round work I would not ask for a heavier caliber.

In trying my Winchester at penetration I measured off 200yds. and set up a cloth target with an 8in. bullseye tacked on an inch pine board, backed by another of equal thickness. When I fired the first shot I could hear the spat as the ball struck the target and also noticed dust fly beyond the target. Thinking I had probably hit the edge of the board and glanced off, I fired four more shots, and at every shot dust flew beyond the target. On going to the target I found five clear cut holes through both boards. I took two more boards and nailed the four together, making a total of 4in. thick, and fired five more shots from the 200yds. mark, and dust flew again at every shot. I added another board, making 5in., and fired five more shots. There was no dust this time. I found all five bullets had gone through the first four boards and had splintered off the back of the fifth, with the exception of one which showed clear lead and was picked out with the fingers. The fifteen shots were fired without cleaning the gun. So at 200yds. the .22cal. short Winchester is quite an efficient arm. I have never tried it at a greater distance at a stationary target, although at Ardmore, South Dakota, I killed a prairie dog at a measured distance of 303yds. I have also killed geese and crane at 150yds. and 200yds. while in the Sand Hills, and coyotes and antelope while in Wyoming. In one case after wounding an antelope with a .22 short cartridge and chasing it quite a distance I slipped a .22 long in the chamber, using it as a single shot, and killed with it at about 150yds. from a saddle rest.

There is one advantage in the small bore over the larger, and that is as to noise. I have lain in the rushes at the edge of a lake and killed eight ducks from a flock before they took wing. Have also killed five quail out of a covey before they would scud for shelter.

I give it the best of care and with the exception of a few scars on the stock it is as good to-day as the day I bought it, if not better. It now hangs above my desk in its saddle holster, with my Colts six and belt on one side and my lasso and field glasses on the other, all companions on many a hunting trip in the wilderness.

EXETER, Neb., Sept. 8. DIAMOND WALT.

VENISON FOR THE MEAT SAFE.

OKANOGAN, Wash.—One evening along in July I had come to my cabin, pulled off my gum boots, eaten my supper, milked my cow, and that being the extent of my chores I had picked up FOREST AND STREAM to pass off the evening; had taken a chair outside the cabin and was very comfortably situated, when my attention was called to the clatter of horse's hoofs. Indian Peter rode up, threw the bridle reins over his horse's head and jumped off. He had his rifle on his arm.

"Well," said I, "Peter, where are you going?"

"To watch the lick up on the side of the mountain," and he pointed to a spot about three-fourths of a mile from the cabin. "I want you to go along."

I objected; but he begged so hard and claimed he had never refused to go with me when I wanted to get some trout; so at last I consented. Just as the sun finished painting the Huckleberry Mountain his golden yellow, we started for the lick, which we soon reached. There was a strata of clay 10 or 12ft. long, which the deer eat. Below it some 25ft. was a hole dug just in the edge of a small patch of buck brush. We broke a few brush and stuck in between us and the lick. In clear weather the wind blows down the mountain of a night, so that there is not much chance for the deer to smell a hunter.

We fixed our rifles ready for use. I tied a small piece of flannel around the muzzle of my rifle, and drew it tight over the front sight. Then I took about ten matches and dampened them, and laid them right where I could put my hand on them. Then we seated ourselves for a four or five hours' uncomfortable sitting.

We had not been still more than half an hour before we heard a deer whistle. Down below us we could hear it jumping along; then all was quiet. I should have liked very much to have a little talk as to what kind of a deer it was and what it was doing below us, but we were not there for pleasure; so we sat silent. I had got my back in against the bank and had a tolerably comfortable seat, so that I found it hard work to keep awake, when presently I heard, or thought I heard, a deer walking around from the side of the lick. Then all was still and the beating of my heart was all I could hear. Pretty soon I heard the sound again. Then my companion pressed my knee. It was a deer. Soon we could see the outlines; but the animal was very suspicious; he would take a step and stop. Soon he reached the lick; and after a few mouthfuls of clay he forgot about danger, if he had ever been shot at and missed. But, poor fellow, the chances were badly against him then. He would put his head down and we could hear him scrape off the clay with his lower teeth; then he would raise his head, and as it rose above the horizon we could see that he had a very large pair of horns. Our time for action had come. When he put his head down I reached and got my matches and rubbed them on the flannel just on the front sight, carefully raised my little XX and fired. Peter said he would shoot just after I had. The reports were almost simultaneous and the echo had not returned before we had jumped out of our hole.

Sometimes deer will roll right into the hole when they are killed dead. We had just got out when the buck came rolling down and stopped in the brush within less than four feet of the hole. We approached him very carefully, but he was dead.

When we got back to the cabin I turned into a good comfortable bed; Peter rolled up in a blanket and slept on the floor; and we were soon asleep. When I woke up the sun was shining and the chickens were calling for their breakfast. Peter went to get the deer while I milked the cow; and we had liver for breakfast. When we dressed the deer we found that both had hit it. I had hit the heart and Peter had broken the back. My bullet had broken one shoulder and lodged against the skin; but Peter's .45 had not stopped.

I took one ham and hung it up in my meat safe, and Peter took the rest of the meat. This is the last time I shall watch a lick; the position is uncomfortable. I would much sooner get out before sun-up and visit a lick than to sit up all night. Such is the way we have to secure our meat or go without. LEW WILMOT.

MAINE BIG GAME.

THE season on big game in Maine opened on Monday, Oct. 1, and it is evident that a great many deer will be killed because they are there to be had for the hunting. Reports indicate more deer in that State this year than ever. It was calculated last fall that the increase in deer had been great, but the reports are even better for the season of 1893. Deer are now regularly seen in every county in Maine, and almost the same might be said of every town. They actually come to the very outskirts of the larger towns and cities. Mr. George H. Hutting, of Andover, writes me that the deer tracks are "awfully thick" in the woods, and that he is going to have three of them this season. He killed his three deer last year with very little trouble. It only required hunting for a few hours following a fall of snow that came in the night. It is a curious fact that the deer are working down into the towns, where there is better pasturage than the dense forests afford. It is plain that they are fond of feeding on grass such as grows near to the settlements. It also demonstrates the fact that if the deer is alone with dogs, they will increase in almost any sufficiently wooded section of New England. They have come down so far in the settled portion of Maine that those who have given the matter a thought had begun to wonder why some of them did not stray over into the woods of Massachusetts. This question is solved at last, for deer are being seen in the woods of that State north and east of Boston. Mr. Claude H. Tarbox has the report of a perfectly reliable friend, who saw a deer the other morning near the pond that lies near the line between Byfield and Georgetown. This deer was seen the other morning, and in a few hours the same deer was seen not far away in Georgetown. In neither case did the deer appear to be greatly frightened. It acted as though it was a good deal at home. There is no doubt that this deer strayed down from Maine or New Hampshire, or is the progeny of deer that have strayed from the States where they are plenty. It is possible that deer are again to inhabit the woods of the northern and eastern towns in Massachusetts, as well as the towns on the Cape, where there is a perpetual close time.

With the opening of the season on moose, deer and caribou in Maine the hunters will be abroad. Mr. Chas. H. Cook, a popular dry goods salesman with Bliss, Faoyan & Co., has just started on a hunting trip to Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds country. He is very sure of getting a deer, but it is possible that he will strike that country at just the wrong time, the falling of the leaves. There is always a week or two in October when the falling of the leaves makes hunting anything but a pleasure.

Mr. Tenny, of the coffee trde, is a lover of woods and water sports, and with a friend they are after game in the woods of Aroostook county, Me. They promise an account of their trip for the FOREST AND STREAM. They are to go to Mr. Chas. Sias's camp, as headquarters for their hunting.

As for moose in Maine, it is doubtful if they have increased in the same ratio the past season that deer have. Still they are occasionally seen, even in sections where little expected. There is no doubt that summer slaughtering has told heavily upon the moose during the past three or four years, but after all it is doubtful if this summer shooting is one-half as bad as represented to be. Neither the commissioners nor their game wardens will admit that the killing of moose and deer around Moosehead Lake the past summer is half as bad as it is represented to be. Commissioner Stanley himself finds that the stories about the slaughter of moose and deer the past summer in the Moosehead part of the country have been greatly exaggerated. During a trip over a part of the ground represented to be "stinking with dead game," he found only one carcass. It is one of the mysteries about human nature that even men of truth in other matters will greatly stretch the truth concerning game in the forests and fish in the streams. SPECIAL.

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

THE VERMONT WOODCOCK SEASON.

RUTLAND, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent "Stanstead" from Highgate, Vt., has a letter in your issue of Sept. 16, which shows a degree of ignorance in regard to the migration of woodcock almost equal to that of his insult to the sportsmen of southern Vermont, when he says that it was owing to the latter's selfishness that the present opening of the woodcock season (Sept. 15) was obtained.

I admit that the Vermont Fish and Game League was influential in obtaining this law. This organization is generally composed of high-minded sportsmen who, in pressing their influence on our Legislature in the recent general revision of all of our fish and game laws, tried to act intelligently and with fairness toward all sections of the State. The change in the woodcock law, like all other changes, was made upon consultation with sportsmen all over the State, and in accordance with what seemed to be the best opinion in that regard, and it is absurd to believe that the gunners of this or any other part of Vermont procured this law for their own selfish ends.

A man who says that the woodcock reared in northern Vermont migrate before Sept. 15 does not know what he is talking about. "Stanstead" acknowledges that his locality gets flight birds later in the season. Therefore, birds are bred north of him. If woodcock in northern Vermont move early, it is fair to assume that the birds north of them do. Now, if there is a movement south of woodcock late in August or early in September, why is it that "Stanstead" does not after Sept. 15 get his share of the birds as they come down from the higher latitudes? Can he reasonably assume that all of these early flight birds have got past him by that date? I say no.

The best of the woodcock shooting here is from the middle to the last of October. A few birds are shot early in November and I know a man who killed one early in December. The northern boundary of the State is a trifle over 100 miles from here. Add to these facts the disinclination of any bird to migrate before it gets through moulting—not completed here until the first or second week in September—and it does not seem probable that any woodcock in this State commence their annual flight until the last of August or middle of September.

But where do the birds go to then? I have located birds the middle of July and six weeks later I have not been able to find even a chalk mark of them. I explain it in part as follows:

Their moulting season had in the mean time arrived, and they had moved to warmer and higher ground. Any birds after their young are reared feed on more territory, and as the season advances, with their naturally solitary habits they become more scattered. Then weather conditions alter their boring places. A moist, mucky cornfield will delight a woodcock one day and a springy, warm sidehill the next.

Early woodcock shooting is not satisfactory. The birds are very hard to find, they are lean and full of pin feathers, slow of flight, and the weather is too warm for both the gunner and his dog.

While "Stanstead" is looking up his question on constitutional law he must not become so absorbed as to let possible "constant west winds" take any of the longbills past the guns of his club of prospective law-breakers.

DALG.

Rochester Game and Fish.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 26.—C. L. Barton and G. N. Hopkins have returned from a two-weeks' outing at Tremont Park, Tids Island, near Gananoque, Can. They had excellent sport with the bass and pike. Three maskalonge were hooked and brought near enough the boat to verify the diagnosis, but all three escaped. These gentlemen went up the Gananoque River to Sand Bay one day, and aver that good duck shooting can be had at that location. The bay is surrounded by marshes, affording good cover for the shooters.

W. D. Oviatt and Walter Green, son of Monroe Green, stumbled on to some great sport at Cranberry Pond one morning last week. The bag showed twenty-one ducks and a number of golden plover to the guns, also a fine string of pickerel.

Several witnesses well known to me vouch for the fact that a shooter secured three ducks at the wide waters in the canal, just inside the northwestern limits of the city, on Friday morning.

Aldermen Lempert and Aikenhead and Max Mock, William Heald and Samuel Solomen left Monday, Sept. 25, for the Seneca River and Montezuma marshes on a hunting trip. They expect to remain a week or more.

The annual shoot, or rather hunt, of the Flour City Gun Club came off on Thursday. It was a side hunt, twelve on a side, losers to pay for supper for all. Among the "game" brought in were woodchucks, chipmunks, ducks, bitterns, plover, red squirrels, etc. The winning side was captained by C. W. Briggs and the losing by B. Frank Enos. Samuel P. Kay made the highest individual score, 560, but he was one of the losing side just the same.

If "W.," of Oswego, N. Y., who inquired for black and gray squirrel shooting in your last issue, will write to William Truesdale, corner of First and Mason streets, Rochester, N. Y., it is possible that he may acquire the desired information. Mr. Truesdale had great luck with the nimble fellows last fall. O. S. BEE.

Virginia Sora.

A Roanoke correspondent sends us this note received from a shooting friend:

NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 15.—*T. S. D.:* Your memo of yesterday. Am keeping a weather eye on the sora. We had very good tides and the weather was propitious for last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. I went up to Suffolk Tuesday morning to try the sora, but arrived too late to get a pusher. I picked up an old colored man and got a boat. The old fellow knew nothing about pushing, nor did he know a sora when he saw it. I had quite an experience. I was dumped or thrown in the marsh twice, the last time up to my armpits, and in consequence had to abandon the hunt. I managed to shoot nine shells and bagged eight birds, and then hurried home. There are birds in plenty, and if I had secured my old pusher I could have bagged 100 easily. The birds are very poor and not in condition. One party day before yesterday killed at Suffolk 158. Next week will be the time, and the birds will be in good order. I will telegraph you as soon as indications point to favorable weather, etc. You must be ready to start at once. W. T. P.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Louisiana Paradise.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 23.—An enthusiastic and successful young sportsman of New Orleans, whom we met last winter on our trip South, writes as follows to the Western representative of FOREST AND STREAM. In his invitation to a shoot he generously joins not only the FOREST AND STREAM, but all the inhabitants of the earth, that is to say, all the FOREST AND STREAM readers. We must not, however, allow him to impose on himself by making public his name and invitation, for he little recks the consequences thereof. It is quite enough to make public the pleasant country of which he speaks. His letter reads:

"Readers of your interesting paper, the FOREST AND STREAM, and especially lovers of the dog and gun, are always anxious to learn of a good country for game. I have surely struck the paradise, and I also have met two thorough sportsmen, in the persons of Messrs. E. Smiley and Wm. Cade, who reside in the very heart of this paradise.

"Quail, snipe, ducks and geese are to be found in abundance in the shooting season in this country, which lies about five miles south of Abbeville, Louisiana. It comprises both sides of Bayou Vermilion. The soil is as rich as any in our Union, the scenery is beautiful and can better be remembered than imagined.

"A few miles south from Mr. Smiley, there is good deer and bear shooting, and by crossing Bayou Vermilion and traveling about twenty miles west we find many chickens.

"I met Messrs. Smiley and Cade about six months ago, and learning they were sportsmen, I at once proceeded to get from them all information regarding a chance for a good shoot this coming season. I found them 'true blue' and at once received an invitation for myself and any of my friends to come any time and enjoy some sport with them. I have made six or eight trips in that section since meeting these clever sportsmen. On my last I saw coveys of young quail, the largest in number I ever saw. Imagine the calculations I have been making as to how many I will bag some day this season. ANODRAC."

Chickens.

Mr. C. W. Lee, of Chicago, drops me a note about some friends of his who are just back from a chicken hunt. He says:

"J. J. Bryant, C. C. Germain, E. C. Hibbard and Charley Kern, of Chicago, have just returned from northern Iowa and southern Dakota, where they were in search of chickens. They report the chickens plentiful, but owing to the extreme dryness they had to hunt for them in the corn. The dogs got bushed in the stubble and could not work more than an hour at a time, so they gave that sort of hunting up, and did their own flushing. They had a private car, or rather two of them, and in company with Tom McKenna and Wm. McMartin, of Sioux City, had a fine time of it. They were out ten days.

"I can tell you about some things, but when it comes to 'bushing a dog in stubble' or 'flushing a bird in corn' I must refer you to our friend Waters."

This question being duly referred to the above-mentioned kennel authority, receives the following reply: "In good stubble there are no bushes, neyther does one find stubble in bushes. There must be some mistake."

Some Chickens.

Mr. Ed S. Nowotny, of Odell, Ill., owner of a number of fine dogs, is so kind as to invite the entire Western force of FOREST AND STREAM to come down and shoot over his dogs. He states that chickens are not abundant, but that he occasionally finds a covey, though until within the past week the weather had been too dry to do much with them. In the course of his letter he remarks:

"From what I learn I am afraid Governor Altgeld was about right when he said it was useless to attempt any further game protection, as every farmer shot game regardless of season, and it was only a question of a short time until the game was exterminated. Around here the farmers all shoot chickens at any time. They have been at it for two weeks past (from Aug. 15), but as they don't own dogs I guess there is some game left."

Our compliments to the Governor. If there were fewer men like him the unequal fight would go more in favor of these birds which cling so tenaciously through all to the prairies of Illinois.

Plenty of Chickens.

This fall I sent Mr. Reuben Donnelley, manager of the Chicago City Directory Company, up to the northwest corner of Minnesota, in response to his inquiry for good chicken country. On his return Mr. Donnelley writes me as follows:

"I looked into several towns in the vicinity of Pelan, and finally decided upon Kennedy, where I have been for the past week or ten days. We had the best kind of sport, averaging pretty nearly fifty birds a day, and this with one good dog in poor condition and one useless cur. Most of the birds which we got were grouse instead of chicken, which gave us splendid sport. The shooting in the brush gave us much more diversified sport than ordinary chicken hunting. We also got into a country where there are considerable elk, moose, etc., which some day I hope to get better acquainted with during the later season.

"I thank you very kindly for your attention, and if there is any further information that I can give you in regard to shooting in the vicinity we visited, I would be more than glad to do so."

I am glad Mr. Donnelley had good sport. It is with reluctance than I direct any one for a sporting trip, because it is so nearly impossible to tell just what luck any one will have, even when he bases his trip on the most careful information obtainable.

After Chickens.

Mr. H. O. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, leaves this week on a fortnight's trip after chickens, ducks and geese, and on my advice will very possibly go up into pretty much the same country as above mentioned, though for wild fowl he may go so far West as Devil's Lake, N. D., which is better for fowl. I tried to get Mr. Wilbur and his party to take advantage of what seems to me the nearest a certainty for a good ducking trip of anything I now know of. My old shooting acquaintance, Billy Griggs, the greatest market-hunter and best duck shooter on earth without a doubt, is just back from some mysterious trip or other South. This week he called at my office and said he was not going to shoot in the North at all this fall, but was going back home to Browning. He also said that he would be willing to take a party of gentlemen up into some good duck country he knows of in the Northwest. A party under Billy Griggs's care would get the best of the shooting. Mr. Wilbur had already made other plans. If any one else would like to go out with Billy I will be glad to establish communications. This I do because Billy Griggs has always seemed to me more gentlemanly than many a man in a different business who would decry his business, and because he knows his business better than any one else does.

Plenty of Ducks.

There is plenty of ducks on the Horicon Marsh this fall. Percy Stone tells me he has been up twice since opening day. His second trip was for two days, and he bagged 90 ducks in two days' shooting, quitting at 10 o'clock each morning. His wife was in the blind with him the second day. Last week Gov. G. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, was up at the lower club, of which he is a member, and Mr. Stone had the pleasure of locating him. Gov. Peck got 32 ducks in the morning's shoot, Mr. Stone bagging 48. Shooting on the upper club grounds is reported equally good.

During the course of a pleasant little visit with the little favorite, Miss Annie Oakley, and her manager, Mr. Frank Butler, at the close of the Wild West performance the other evening, it transpired that both were anxious to have some duck shooting this fall after the closing up of the Wild West show for the season. At once I invited them to use my shares in the upper Horicon club, where they would be certain of shooting any time before the freeze-up. Yesterday I spoke to Mr. Stone of this, and he adds the invitation of the Diana or lower club. "Annie Oakley can own the whole marsh and both club houses," said he, "any time till the marsh freezes. Have her and Mr. Butler and any friend of theirs come up any time." Although Miss Oakley's visit will be late in the fall, all the club men will hope she catches a good flight and has a pleasant time.

Mr. Stone stopped at the FOREST AND STREAM corner at the Fair long enough to carry off for his two club houses two of the prettiest of the FOREST AND STREAM big photographs, "Morning on the Horicon Marsh" and "In the Tules." He said he wanted them worse than FOREST AND STREAM did, and so it seemed superfluous to argue over it. Incidentally he remarked that in the three late suits against club men at Waupun the club men were fined $10 and costs each in the justice court. Of course they appealed. In return the club arrested a poacher under the posted lands law and had him fined $30. He appealed also. The appeal cases come up before Judge Sloan of the Circuit Court at an early date. The club men have no fear of the result, as the law seems clearly on their side.

Around Chicago.

Mr. M. F. Emilio, of Boston, is in the city for a short time, and wished while here to have a little duck shoot, "somewhere within 100 miles of Chicago." At any date this is a hard order to fill in these times of scarcity of birds, but in early September it is a practical impossibility as the local birds are all killed and the northern birds not yet in. I directed Mr. Emilio to Water Valley, on the Kankakee, as being the best open ground at short distance, and if he goes let us hope the northern teal may possibly appear to show him that the glory of the old marsh is not altogether gone. Probably he will get no shooting at all.

Our friend Roll Organ is a hard man to kill. He has been blown up by powder, drowned and frozen to death, and a few days ago was shot. He and his friend Mr. Hanson were on the way down to Mak-saw-ba Club, when some miscreant fired a rifle at the train. The ball grazed Mr. Hanson and scared him a plenty, striking Mr. Organ in the neck and making a wound which might easily have been fatal. It didn't rattle Roll very much. The impression is gaining ground here that Mr. Organ was born to be hung.

What with two train robberies and two horrible train accidents within the last fortnight, and this last wanton attempt at a senseless crime, the firing of a rifle to injure some unknown person on a passing train, it may be said that Indiana is doing well toward establishing a reputation. The robbers of the first and more important hold-up escaped into what is called the "black swamp" of the Kankakee, over near the quail country of which we usually have good news in the fall. That is, the detectives think the robbers took to the swamps. If I were a robber, as I am a newspaper man, I would not go to the Kankakee to hide, wild as it is. I would make straight for the crowded, horde-packed, humanity-sodden streets of Chicago. Probably these robbers did. Anyhow, they have not been discovered, whereas the Centralia robbers, and the other gang who last week held up a train away up in the wilderness trout country of the Michigan north peninsula, are all now safely in jail. The wild country around here is growing too tame. If I were to rob anybody, I should make for certain mountains I know of in New Mexico, whose secret it may for prudential reasons be well not to disclose.

No Longer Wild.

In fact, the country is no longer wild enough anywhere. Last week the Cherokee Strip was opened to "settlers." The Indian goes from his last ground. The last of the game goes swiftly from even that barren country now. We are no longer wild. Let our robbers head for Chicago. There may even be a homesteader in the nook I have been saving for myself out in New Mexico.

A Long Time from Civilization.

From a Winnipeg, Man., paper the following is handed me by a friend just back from that country. Capt. Bell has certainly seen the wilderness in his long absence from civilization, as the following would indicate:

"Capt. J. Bell, of the Hudson Bay service on the Mackenzie River, is registered at the Queen's. He has been several weeks on the road, coming across to Athabasca landing and driving in to Edmonton, a distance of 3,000 miles. He is now on his way to Chicago and England. His district is peopled by the Chapyanes, Slavies and Dog Rib Indians, besides the Esquimaux. He states that every one living in that portion of the Dominion is apparently in a healthy state, although the Indians are not increasing. Their only employment is hunting furs for the company. The fur trade is as good as twenty years ago. The captain was in Winnipeg during 1876, coming up on the old Ontario, then in charge of Capt. Robinson, now commanding the Beatty steamboat Monarch. After a few days' visit Capt. Bell continues his journey to the south."

About the Deer.

Mr. Paul Blatchford, of E. W. Blatchford & Co., shot works, Chicago, is laying plans for a deer trip this fall and will probably go to the North Peninsula. Deer were reported fairly abundant in upper Wisconsin until within the past ten days. There is no telling what effect the wide-reaching and disastrous forest fires may have had.

? ? ? ?

And, by the way, has Dr. Thomas, the Chicago divine, ever paid that fine for the two illegal deer he killed in Wisconsin?

A Growing Family.

Sept. 29.—Montgomery Ward & Co. have added another shooter to the lot class family of shooters who live on the fourth floor gun department. This time it is F. P. Stannard, late of the Stannard Arms Co., Milwaukee, and long known as a shooter. Mr. Stannard goes into the mechanical department, where his skill as a practical workmen will find ready appreciation.

The Jerome Marble Party.

The special palace hunting car "Yellowstone," bearing the 1893 Jerome Marble Shooting party, left this city last night, Sept. 28, over the Chicago and Northwestern R. R., bound for Canby, Gary, Clark, Henry and other points in South Dakota, after grouse and fowl, of which certainly they will make good account in that country this year. This is the twenty-third annual shooting party under Mr. Marble's management, and in all the whole United States has been covered by the trips of this palatial outfit. They are out for thirty-five days this time. To show where and how they travel I append the following from their itinerary:

"The stops beyond Chicago being uncertain and depending on the reports we receive in regard to the game, we do not confine ourselves to any particular date in our movements. The route will be through Illinois, Iowa, North and South Dakota. Along this route and short deviations from the main lines we expect to find prairie chicken, quail, plover and nearly all varieties of ducks and geese. A stop of five days will be made at Chicago on the return, giving the members of the party an opportunity to visit the World's Fair. Leave Chicago via Erie Railroad at 7:45 P. M., Oct. 29, arriving in Worcester, Mass., Oct. 31.

"The entire trip will be made in the private hotel cars of the Worcester Car Co. They are models of luxury and convenience, each car accommodating eighteen persons. The Paige removable lower berths are used in these cars, which allows the main saloon to be converted into a drawing room, furnished with upholstered chairs, affording a freedom and convenience not obtainable in the ordinary sleeping-cars. It is also used for dining purposes. At night it is converted into a luxurious sleeping-car with sixteen double berths. There is also a private stateroom, with double parlor folding bed for those desiring exclusiveness. At one end of the car is a large observation and smoking room, convertible into a private stateroom at night, with double upper and lower berths. There are also two large private toilet rooms, one for the exclusive use of ladies and one for gentlemen. Each car is therefore complete in itself, with drawing room, dining room and sleeping accommodations, each car having three competent servants—porter, cook and waiter. Three meals per day will be served at regular hours, prepared by first-class cooks, and the table supplied with the best the market affords, equaling any of our first-class hotels. Our train will be special throughout the trip. The baggage car will be attached to our car for our especial use the entire trip."

The members of the party are as follows: A. W. Gifford, Worcester; D. F. Eddy, Dorchester; L. Eddy, Dorchester; W. H. Hutchinson, Lynn; Mrs. W. H. Hutchinson, Lynn; K. M. Gilmore, Lexington; Willard Nye, Jr., New Bedford; Mrs. Jerome Marble, Worcester; Jerome Marble, Worcester; Mr. Howland, Springfield; R. M. Smith, Boston; Mrs. Hannah Streeter, Worcester; E. Storey Smith, Brookline; Miss Annie B. Clark, Brookline; Miss Marion Cutter, Brookline; Miss Emma Cummings, Brookline; Charles Bell, Springfield.

A Small Egg.

A Chicago contemporary this week uses a page of brevier to report the doings of the six persons who made the so-called "national convention" of sportsmen. It is a good thing to foster infant industries, but in this case it does look as though a great deal of incubative bosom had been wasted on a rather small egg, and not very many of it.

North Woods.

Mr. J. W. De Long and wife, of Brooklyn, N. Y., passed through here some days ago on their way to Trout Lake, Wis., where they expected to put in some pleasant time with the muscallonge and other birds. The promised report of their doings not being forthcoming, it seems likely that they are still lost in the North Woods.

Just Mention It.

I just want to mention something. Owing to the press of business and the many personal and social engagements of this busy World's Fair time, when one wants to see every friend he has in the city, the time for writing has been very short. Still, the material for writing has been so abundant that it is fairly as much a question of chance as of judgment, what to write about for FOREST AND STREAM. This sets me thinking. When the FOREST AND STREAM first started its Western office on its young and uncertain legs, five years ago, its sole representative had to get out and hustle to get the news. To-day this same office has more than one chair in it, and is in a state of vulgar and disgusting prosperity. Occasionally its denizens go out and in a leisurely and dignified way knock off a piece of news, but most of the news comes straight to the office, and they have to hustle to keep away from it, because the authorities at New York refuse to double the size of the paper and so give Chicago a chance. Each week the news notes go into certain portly envelopes, and toward the end of the week these fairly split their sides with bits of white paper which show mighty well which way the wind is blowing. It's blow-

ing toward FOREST AND STREAM, and things are coming on wheels. Toward the close of the week the denizens of the Western office plunge their arms to the elbows in these big envelopes and grab out good things easy. The wind is blowing toward FOREST AND STREAM in every department. She sails, as Hon. Virgil says of Col. Æneas, his boat, with a following wind. The scraps of paper show it. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Game Notes from North Dakota.

CANDO, Towner County, N. D., Sept. 25.—The shooting has been of the best here this season. Commencing early it lasts a long time; and we who live here enjoy a season of hunting surpassed in length by but few localities in the United States. It is becoming one of the best of prairie chicken counties. This year they had a fine season all through, from nesting on, though the nesting season was later than usual. Pinnated and sharptailed grouse were about equal in numbers this year. Of ducks we are having and have had shooting to satisfy any one. Many varieties and nearly all the species of the duck family are represented, excepting of course the strictly sea ducks. All the sloughs had more or less water all summer, and wherever there has been water one could count on finding the ducks. Mallards, pintails, shovellers, bluewing teal, gray duck and widgeon are the most commonly shot. There have been a good many canvasbacks and redheads this year, more than I have seen here before. Some lesser scaup and ruddy and greenwing teal are got, but not many.

In some of our best shooting here there would be but one answer to the controversy relating to the most sportsmanlike way of shooting ducks started in FOREST AND STREAM recently, and that would be a wing shot, for it is the only kind obtainable. In hunting our sloughs we have to wade in and put them up out of the grass and water, the water being from a few inches to waist deep, and the grass breast high, and only a shot that kills gets the birds. One can also have all the pot-shooting desired, though, by following the course of the coulees and edges of the open sloughs.

Geese are coming down from the north and will be at their best from now on. The prospects are for a long goose season, as they are coming down two weeks earlier than usual, and there is plenty of feed and water here, which are the two requisites to goose comfort and happiness. The only drawback to their full enjoyment of these will be the fooling decoys, a pit, man and his means of destruction—the gun and ammunition. I shall be able to give results later. ELMER T. JUDD.

A Western Game Country.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 29.—A friend of experience hands me the following as being worthy of his indorsement in view of his late journeyings in the country mentioned:

"The best place I have found this fall for shooting deer and partridge, with a good chance for bear, is in northern Wisconsin and Michigan, on the Ashland division of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. Away up the line, as far north as Watersmeet, deer are plenty—more so than usual. All along the line there are runways where the deer cross sometimes during the day, but more often just at night and early in the morning. There is excellent deer hunting in the vicinity of Lake Vieux Desert. At Twin Lakes, Long Lake and Sand Lake deer are plenty. Pioneer Lake, which is in the immediate vicinity of Twin Lakes, is a favorite home of the deer; in fact, within every direction within four or five miles of the club house, good deer shooting can be had by those who know how to do it. Watching in the runway is my favorite method. It is tiresome in the extreme, but if one really wants to shoot a deer at close ronge let him go to a good runway (there are lots of them), sit down a short distance from the trail, where he can see in both directions, stay there all day, and he is sure of a good shot. This is especially true if there are other hunters in the woods, as it keeps the deer moving.

"From Eagle River a trip should be made up the river to the lakes, and there will be little doubt of getting a good shot. Excellent hunting is to be had in the vicinity of Three Lakes, and the same may be said of the line all the way to Aniwa. Deer and partridge are plenty at Pelican Lake. At all of the points mentioned good guides and boats can be obtained at reasonable rates. Excellent hunting is to be had in the vicinity of Three Lakes, and the same may be said, in general, of the entire territory penetrated by the Northwestern line in northern Wisconsin and the north peninsula of Michigan.

"The lake region is a veritable paradise for fishermen, trout, bass, pike and muskallonge being taken in large numbers." C. W. N.

Caribou.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent in a late paper gives his opinion that caribou are not as plentiful in northern Maine as formerly. This opinion apparently is based mainly on the fact that in a locality mentioned fewer are seen. To one who has passed the hunting season in that region annually for many years the statement seems misleading. Doubtless in the instance mentioned, the scarcity of caribou may be accounted for by change of route of travel because of persistent hunting. It is well known that caribou are great roamers, coming around at regular intervals on the same beat, having favorite resting places where quite a halt is made. When such places become well known and are easy of access the game is mercilessly slaughtered, so that the game shuns the place for other stamping ground. The backwoods hunters easily locate them anew, and the most experienced hunters vindicate my opinion that caribou are increasing and extending into sections where they were not formerly found. In the best region, that of Aroostock county, as I think, under favorable conditions, the hunter will surely find the game plentiful, especially if he puts himself under the guidance of some backwoods hunter. There are guides and guides.

In the article alluded to above, it is stated that caribou are shy and hard to get. This does not square with my experience; on the contrary I consider them the easiest to bag of all big game. Given an equal number of caribou and deer in a township, the average hunter in a season will get three caribou to one deer. PINE TREE.

Reed Birds in Pennsylvania.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read in your paper of last week with some pleasure a letter from Fred Mather on the impropriety of killing bobolinks or reed birds at any time during the year. It may rejoice him to read, and perhaps astonish you at the same time, that it is unlawful to kill this little bird at any period of the year in Pennsylvania. Yet it is true, notwithstanding all publications to the contrary, and the fact that people shoot reed birds between Sept. 1 and Dec. 1 without fear of arrest. I must say, however, that the protection (?) given was not intentional, but was the result of a member of the Legislature two years ago trying to make a law for something he knew nothing about. He wanted to protect insectivorous birds, and offered an act which was passed unanimously to that effect. Among the birds which it is unlawful to kill "at any time of the year" appears the name of the bobolink, and the protection of this bird was made the more undeniable by the usual formula at the end of the act that all laws and acts inconsistent or conflicting with the foregoing are hereby repealed.

I wrote to the framer of this act, and he answered me that any one but a fool would know that a bobolink and a reed bird were entirely different birds; and so the act stands on the books to-day unrepealed.

W. E. MEEHAN.

Adirondack Small Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issues of 9th and 16th inst. report from sportsmen on the game supply, and they are rather gloomy, especially in the North and East.

Last winter was a very severe one for birds in the Adirondacks. There were about four weeks of extremely cold weather, with scarcely any snow, and what snow there was, was covered with a hard crust. This was hard on the partridge, for those are the only game birds we have in this section. However, as many as a dozen different farmers report the starting of one and two coveys of partridges while cutting hay near the woods, and I know where there are five broods myself.

I have not visited their haunts yet, for it is not my time. My time is after the frosts come and the leaves are nearly off, when the birds are scattered and are found more evenly distributed. Now they are in coveys and will be till the falling leaves make them wild.

If any sportsman wants to come and stay with me a week, come board free, but don't come till October. I will not guarantee birds as thick as quail in the South, but I never at that time of year had any trouble finding enough, but being a poor shot, could not get them. Deer are quite plenty. ADIRONDACK.

One-Armed Wing Shooting.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Sept. 30.—Through the kindly offices of Dr. M. B. Ingalls, of this village, I have discovered a one-armed grouse shooter, Preston by name, who is evidently a wonder. Preston's right arm is off above the elbow, and he is said to practice wing shooting exclusively. He lives at Hart's Gulch, a somewhat famous locality, seven or eight miles northeast of Cortland. Dr. Ingalls, who is a close reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and therefore a very truthful man, tells me that Preston was out a short while the other afternoon and bagged five grouse. He claims that some good grouse shooting may be had thereabouts this fall.

But you should hear the Doctor, with a modesty that is refreshing, tell of an afternoon he spent in company with Preston a season or two since after the wily grouse; of the half-dozen birds they bagged; of the neat double scored by the one-armed shooter; of the wild bit of scenery their vision feasted on, and then, finally, of the baked potatoes, hot biscuits and new honey they absorbed when the tramp was at an end. It's a tale that makes a fellow wonder who wouldn't be a sportsman, anyway? M. C. H.

Rabbits and Ferrets in New York.

CORTLAND, N. Y.—Does the law still forbid hunting rabbits with ferrets? A party at the late county fair here, who exhibited these pink-eyed rodents, in reply to my query as to how he managed to find a sale for them, said "Oh, that's easy enough; I've sold eight already, the law has been changed so that rabbits can be hunted with ferrets, providing the rabbits are not netted." Is this true? If it is, the rabbit is doomed to speedy extinction in central New York. Give the game hog an unrestricted privilege to lug a ferret around in his pocket, and you practically license him to take bunnie by any method he may devise. M. C. H.

[The law does not forbid the use of ferrets.]

The Saginaw Crowd.

MR. W. B. MERSHON writes that his party—the well-known Saginaw Crowd—will leave for their Western trip the first week in October, going as usual in their own hunting car. We hope to publish next week the first chapter of the story of the Crowd's 1892 excursion, with illustrations from photographs. It will be good reading. Of the prospects for having sport Mr. Mershon writes: "I think we are going to have some quail shooting around here and get reports of a good many coveys that have been seen recently. Also good news from our old ground at Dakota. I hear of three making a bag of sharp-tailed grouse on opening day."

The Central Route to Chicago.

Now that the travel to the World's Fair is beginning to assume large proportions, the wisdom of the New York Central management in providing for it, so far in advance, is becoming apparent.

The new equipment, comprising elegant Wagner palace sleeping, drawing-room, buffet and dining cars, handsome new coaches and powerful engines, has proven ample to handle the increased business without any discomfort or delay. The great 20-hour flyer, the Empire State Express, and the other limited trains of the Central are the wonder and admiration of the world of travel.

Reduced rate excursion tickets to Chicago and return are on sale at all offices.—*Adv.*

$18.00 Excursions to Columbian Exhibition. Pennsylvania Railroad.

Monday, October 2, and Friday, October 6. Tourist Agent on train. Special coaches for ladies and families. Allegheny Mountains by daylight Only one night on train. Leave New York 9:00 A. M. arrive in Chicago following noon.—*Adv.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That Reminds Me."

A Reminiscence of William.

HE was tall and lanky, with a longish beard and mustachios, a drooping nose and a hanging under lip, a high and narrow forehead surmounted with a stock of hay-colored hair. Altogether his *tout ensemble* reminded one forcibly of the picture of a satyr; but the kindly light of the blue eyes, and certain little puckers of humor about the capacious mouth, proclaimed the hidden existence of a genial soul.

The blue dungaree pantaloons were generally rolled part way up the cowhide long boots. Certain threadbare patches on the shoulders of the weatherbeaten brownish-gray coat gave evidence of the chafing of gun and axe-handle, and the darkish greasy stains on the wide gray felt hat showed just where the big hand, thrust into the hat, had snatched the hot frying-pan or coffee pot from off the blazing camp-fire.

I had been sleeping late one September morning in his shack. I was tired, for I had been, the day before, clambering about some tough parts of the mountain, shooting dusky grouse. I was still in bed, but awoke when he stumbled through the half open door, capsizing the water pail and nearly killing the cat with one full swipe of his well grown feet. Snatching the old muzzle-loading musket from the corner, he roared out "Bear!" and vanished.

Hours passed and the sun was low when William returned, tired and hungry, and without bear meat. He had followed bruin, so he said, from thicket to thicket, and through swamps and over hills, sometimes catching a glimpse of black fur, but never getting a show to shoot, till at last he lost him in a rocky gorge and was forced by the approach of night to give up and return empty handed.

I sympathized feelingly as he sorrowfully stood the old gun in the corner. Happening to pick it up I saw that the lock was missing. "Why how is this; you have no lock to the gun?" Glancing up at the shelf I saw that the lock was there, wrapped in an oiled rag, where William himself had placed it the night before after cleaning the gun. "Hello, William, you forgot to put your lock on before starting!" I shouted. The blue eyes opened wide in a perplexed stare and the under lip dropped a bit further down. Then the little puckers deepened as the eyes closed somewhat. "What the blank's the odds?" he drawled, "the bear didn't know that." MAZAMA.

VANCOUVER ISLAND, Sept. 20.

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

ANGLING NOTES.

N. H. Fish Commission at Sunapee.

THE Fish and Game Commissioners of New Hampshire, Judge Shurtleff, of Lancaster; Col. Wentworth, of Hudson Centre, and Mr. Griffen, of Henniker, have made extensive additions to the State plant at Soo-Nipi Park. The lease made by Dr. Quackenbos to the State having expired on Sept. 22, it became necessary for the board to renew, in order to continue fishery operations on Pike Brook. This the Commission has done, greatly to the advantage of the State, as well as of the property owners and lessees in the Park. The lease has been renewed for ten years, with privilege of renewal for a third term; but Dr. Quackenbos has relinquished his claim to the annual rental for the ensuing term, therefore virtually presenting the State of New Hampshire with $500 for permanent improvements on the leased property. This sum doubles the amount appropriated by the last Legislature, and has enabled the Commissioners to erect and equip in Soo-Nipi Park the finest hatchery building in the State, having a capacity for nearly one and a half million trout and salmon eggs.

Mr. Alonzo J. Cheney of Wilmot, and Wm. W. Hubbell of Newport, both well known Sunapee guides, have been engaged to conduct the work of securing stock fish from the lake. Their faithful and experienced service has been unprecedentedly successful. Already some hundred large brook trout, mostly females, weighing from 2lbs. to 5½lbs. each, are ripening in huge tanks in Pike Brook on which the hatchery is situated; and near them are corraled about twenty-five landlocked salmon from 6 to 14lbs. in weight. Thus 150,000 brook trout eggs are insured by one week's earnest attention to duty on the part of Cheney and Hubbell, who have been directed a portion of the time by Judge Shurtleff in person, and assisted by Mr. Daniels, who has charge of the Winnepiseogee hatchery at Laconia. Furthermore, the two Pike brooks which enter the lake through Soo-Nipi Park, and whose wealth of young salmon and trout has for two years been shamefully abandoned to vagrant fishermen, have been closed by the new commissioners, and the fish property in these streams, which cost hundreds of dollars annually to stock, is once more under the protection of the law. All this has been accomplished despite malicious predictions of failure through the incompetence of men thoroughly conversant with the work as the retired officials, and in the face of a petty opposition which sought to cripple the important operations at this queen lake of our American Switzerland. No efforts will now be spared to develop to the utmost the resources of Lake Sunapee.

Natural Flies for Salmon.

There is scarcely a salmon fly known that is an exact imitation of a natural insect, and by exact I mean in a qualified sense, for the best imitations are not exact, although they are exact enough to deceive the fish. The standard salmon fly is a conventional insect, and for all practical purposes it does not seem to have been necessary to fashion it after any living insect with a name of its own. Much has been written about why salmon take

a fly, and it is not necessary to touch upon the controversy here, but a well-known writer in a foreign exchange has something to say upon the subject, which, I think, will be read with interest over here. This writer, "Silver Gray," says: "Failing every combination of fur, feather and tinsel, I have often found the quiet natural fly most effective, and therefore I think we may take it that the various species at their seasons should not be neglected. * * * As an instance of this, I know one stream in Ireland, and another in Scotland, in which, though often tried, Jock-Scott has never done the trick yet. By all means let us stick to the local lures, but at the same time, as a saving change, the natural flies of the water should not be altogether forgotten. The history of salmon fly-fishing from its origin, if any one could put it together, would be a most curious study. I quite agree with 'Alces' that salmon have been gradually educated, and no doubt in the Irish and Scotch rivers fish will ere long leave the quiet mallard wing for the Jock-Scott, thence go on to the Wilkinson, and finally grab at minnows, prawn, worms and other abominations, in preference to fly. There can be no doubt that where bait is habitually used, fish are forsaking fly." The writer quoted concludes his article by saying certain questions naturally arise and asks for information on these points: What are salmon flies, or rather what are they supposed to represent, and what do the fish take them for? Who first invented salmon flies, and upon what theories and observations did he base his invention?

Fishing Scores.

A sufficient number of fish scores get into print during the course of a fishing season, and naturally I mean exceptional scores, big scores, or scores allied to them, to cause the thinking reader to wonder what becomes of the fish that constitute the bag in the scores recorded; and it is not at all probable that more than a small fraction of the fish caught by angling during a season ever find their way into print, so the wonder would increase, doubtless, if the knowledge on this subject was greater. I made a memorandum of notable catches of black bass—notable for the number taken with hook and line, on one river one season, and put down only such catches as were recorded in the public prints, and the same total of the bass was rather appalling, considering the number of men engaged, coupled with the thought that they were an insignificent minority of the men who were fishing just as earnestly, perhaps, to beat the record of the number of bass taken in a given time. What brought the matter to mind just at this time was an extract from a Paris paper as follows: "The only Frenchmen who do not go in for shooting are the disciples of Izaak Walton, most of them shop-keepers, who throughout the summer, in rain or sunshine, line the banks of the Seine, not only above and below Paris, but even the embankments within the city limits, who are perfectly content if a day of twelve hours fishing enables them to return home with three or four minnows the size of a sardine." There is not an angler in the United States of America that would be perfectly content with that sort of fishing. We have such a wealth of game and food fishes in our waters that we scorn the commoner sorts, and kill and throw away as worthless sunfish, chubs and other of the lesser fishes that in France would be looked upon as a prize. The fishing for big scores will not ruin the fishing in this country in our day, and bring it to the condition that obtains in France, for the country is yet young, and the waters too vast, according to the quoted paragraph; but it is just such fishing, and the consequent waste of good fish that will help materially to bring such a condition of things about if persisted in merely to gratify this vanity of a moment. With one exception, and that in Maine, far beyond the Rangeley Lakes, I have not known hotel keepers or guides in this country to be solicitous about the number of fish killed by sportsmen who patronize them. On the contrary they, as a rule, encourage the big scores that must tend to decimate the water for nothing in particular.

A. N. Cheney.

IN CAMP AT DRAG LAKE.

The writer has just returned to work after ten days' experience as a "campster." (This term is probably not quite as familiar as "rodster," etc., but to my mind it is quite as euphonious as the latter.) Canadians do not seem to take as much interest as Americans in relating their experiences in Forest and Stream, and I would like to see an improvement in this respect. Of course to newspaper men the work of writing articles for publication does not offer any recreation, but I feel that the opportunity of contributing to the best and purest sportsman's journal in America has too long been neglected by many on this side of the line. Of course Forest and Stream has a few valued contributors in Canada, but the number should be largely increased.

A party of us, ladies as well as gentlemen, for our wives enjoy an outing quite as well as we do, left Markham, a station on the Midland division of the Grand Trunk, on Monday morning, Aug. 7, for Drag Lake in the Haliburton district. At Lindsay, a live town of about 7,000 inhabitants, we had to change cars, and the time-table allowing us about three hours we had ample time for dinner and to view the town. A small steamer plies between Lindsay, Sturgeon Point and Bobcaygeon, but this was not our route on this occasion. About 2 o'clock we took the train again for Haliburton, the terminus of this particular division of the Grand Trunk, where we arrived fifteen minutes ahead of time. At the station we were met by the parties from whom we had previously engaged boats, but, as if there could be "no joy without alloy," we found the vehicle that had been provided was not large enough to take all our luggage at one load. One of the party termed it a "baby carriage." However, by making two trips we finally succeeded in getting our traps to "the dam," the members of the party walking the distance, which, by the way, is two miles or better.

Before we got one of the tents up the dew and night had fallen; and such dew! The grass was as though a heavy shower had fallen recently. By-and-by we got the beds arranged, and to the loon's lonesome lay we slept the sleep of the "campster." (This is the last time I shall use this term.) We were early astir the following morning, for we had not reached our permanent camp ground. This was simply Lazy Creek, and up it and through two small lakes we were to find Drag Lake, where there was said to be "any amount of salmon trout" waiting for us.

After breakfast boats were loaded and we proceeded on our journey. About 10 o'clock we found the entrance to Drag Lake, but came very near getting into Spruce Lake instead. The narrows leading to Drag Lake sometimes become blocked with cedar logs, roots, etc, making it appear as though there was no way open in that direction, and so we found it on this occasion.

We had been told by a Mr. Neely (one of the parties from whom boats had been secured) to look up old "Uncle Billy" and he would direct us to a suitable camp ground. After scanning the shores of the lake for some time we finally found Uncle Billy's camp, but the old gentleman himself was out looking after his lines. However, having found the camp, we knew we would not be long in finding the owner, and after a time we saw him some distance off in his boat. We rowed up to the old gentleman, stated our errand, and were rewarded by the information that on top of the hill, not far from his own camp, we would find as good a place for a camp as there was on the lake. True, the task of lugging everything up the hill did not at first meet with very great acceptance, but when up we were high and dry, with two good springs a short distance away on either side of us, and raspberries galore at our very tent doors. I have read with delight of the Kingfishers' "rozberries," but I doubt if their enjoyment of the berries picked by the neighbors' boys and purchased at so much a quart, equalled ours when partaking of the berries plucked by our own hands. We had raspberries two and three times a day—without milk, it is true, for there were no neighbors from whom to purchase the lacteal fluid; for a change black thimble berries, and occasionally huckleberries, which we gathered at another point further down the lake.

Mr. S. H. Greene, in a recent number of Forest and Stream, briefly refers to his experience in the raspberry preserving line while in camp—or rather to Mrs. Greene's experience in that line, and his own experience when the supply of wood ran out. Our wives did not possess the sugar and the other facilities necessary for the

UNCLE BILLY AT HOME.

work—and it was too far to go for them—else we would have had a similar woeful experience. We are lost in serious contemplation of the result should the ladies undertake to turn all our camping expeditions into raspberry preserving affairs. We have heard of the "fish for count" fellows, are we to have raspberry preserving for count, too? Men, followers of the lamented Izaak, and fellow sportsmen, lend me your ears! Shall we submit to the innovation?

But to our text. The remainder of the first day was spent in putting up tents—two sleeping tents and a dining room—and in putting things in proper shape. The dining room was simply a cotton roof mounted on poles and tied at the four corners, the sides and ends of the structure being open to admit the breeze, and it was by all odds the most comfortable place to sit in. An old door picked up on the journey made an excellent table when mounted on four stakes driven into the ground. For our beds we gathered branches of hazel, raspberry bushes and ferns. The latter were to be found in abundance, but the aroma from them soon became sickening, and so we threw them out, and replaced them with long grass or hay that had been cut and allowed to dry for a day or two.

Uncle Billy did not give us much encouragement in regard to the fishing. He said that the salmon trout generally quit biting about this time of the year and that for about six weeks business would be dull at the old stand. Earlier in the season would have been better for fishing, but then the flies would have been very bad. He related the experience of a Mr. Edwards, of Toronto, who had endeavored to live there in fly time. That gentleman had at first endeavored to live with, or near by, Uncle Billy, but the flies had proved too much for him. Then he moved to the hill upon which we were now located and again he was routed, horse, foot and artillery, leaving the field to the enemy and Uncle Billy. He must have retired in great disorder, for we found some of his despatches lying on the ground, and he had not even taken time to draw all his tent pins. Uncle Billy had stood his ground and now the flies were nearly all gone. By the way, old residents do stand the onslaughts of the little fiends better than new-comers. We got along first rate in this respect, however.

Having referred to Uncle Billy a number of times already, it will, perhaps, be in order to give some particulars concerning him. "Uncle Billy" is the only name we know him by. Every spring as soon as the fishing opens he wends his way to Drag Lake, puts up his tent and sets his lines. Between bites he cultivates a little garden patch, growing potatoes, onions, lettuce and other vegetables for his own use while in camp. He is a bachelor, possessed of some property, talks like a Cornish man, and evidently loves the life he is leading. We received some interesting certificates of character concerning Uncle Billy. "He is a decent, honest old fellow," said one. "He would not do you an injury or tell you a lie for anything," said another; and again, "If there is a man on the earth without guile it is old Uncle Billy." Is it any wonder that we wanted to get a photograph of him and his tent? I submit the result of our efforts to you for your approval. The dark shade on the tent is where Uncle Billy had put on some oil to make it waterproof, for some reason not finishing the work. The night before our arrival a wolf chased a deer within a short distance of this tent, as the humble occupant informed us, and the second night after our arrival we distinctly heard a family of bears that had come to wallow in a beaver pond not more than two or three hundred yards in rear of our tents. The shades of night had just fallen and we were talking over the events of the day preparatory to retiring, when the stillness was broken by the half squealing, half barking noise of two cubs. The hunters of the party knew at once what it was. The bears had smelt us and could now be heard taking their departure on the double quick. Pursuit in the darkness was out of the question, but on the impulse of the moment shells were slipped into the rifles.

We told Uncle Billy of the occurrence, and the reader will try and imagine the old man striking an attitude similar to that shown in the photograph, as he remarked, "Mebbe they will pay my camp a visit some of these nights." He is an excellent shot with a rifle, having taken prizes at rifle matches held in the neighborhood for years. Some of our party were sitting in a boat with him one day, when he raised his rifle and sent a ball through the head of a loon sitting on the water. There was considerable ripple on at the time, too.

But this is quite lengthy enough for the first communication. If acceptable, you will hear from me again concerning our experiences on Drag Lake. In the meantime just insert this with Uncle Billy's photograph.

W. L. Smith.

Shelburne, Ont., Aug. 29.

THE WAYS OF THE SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Aug. 26, "Podgers" requests a statement of my reasons for believing that salmon feed while in fresh water. Heretofore, he and I have always agreed pretty well on most questions except, possibly, on the question of comparative merit, from the sportsman's standpoint, where California and Oregon were involved. And I believe that, if I can make myself plain, we are not so very far apart now on the question of whether or not salmon feed while in fresh water. This question has, for some years, been of one interest to me; and I have given it such attention and consideration as my limited opportunities offered. As I anticipated, "Podgers's" experience and observations are of great value in arriving at a correct determination of this matter. Stone, Jordan, Bean, Gilbert and other eminent students of this subject have entertained views similar to those expressed by Mr. Podgers, and some of these gentlemen have, on several occasions, paid my opinions the compliment of replying to them through the columns of Forest and Stream; but I do not wish to be understood as contending with any of these gentlemen. What I have said or may say on the subject is intended as suggestive rather than assertive.

I have never claimed that salmon go into fresh water to feed.

Neither do I claim that salmon lose much time seeking food, for, as we all know, their mission in fresh waters is simply to spawn. But the fact that they are on, to them, an important mission should not necessarily be taken as conclusive evidence that they do not heed the calls of nature, and appropriate such articles of food as may be taken without the expenditure of too much energy and time and which, as I take it, they must needs have to support them and enable them to fulfill their missions and comply with nature's decree. When Columbus sailed the blue seas for weary months in the performance of his mission, he did not go to eat, but, doubtless, he did eat to go. The same may be said of every living creature that undertakes a mission that requires the expenditure of physical strength and energy. The motive power must not be neglected, and food is the fuel of physical action. But the most eminent ichthyologists of the world have declared that the salmon eat nothing while running. Even the U. S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries, supplied with all the essential facilities for the proper study of the subject, has decided that the salmon do not feed at all while in fresh waters. All the knowledge I have of the subject has been acquired incidentally about the Columbia and its tributaries, and from taking notes of the observations and experiences of others far more learned in the subject than myself; and at most it is to a great degree speculative.

Livingston Stone has, by very careful estimates determined that the salmon travel at the rate of about two miles a day in the Sacramento, and about three miles a day in the Columbia. However, he says: "Those that enter the Columbia in the spring and ascend to the mountain rivers of Idaho, must make an average of nearly four miles per day." It is a well known fact that the salmon ascend the Columbia and its tributaries more than 800 miles; as the river runs, more than 1000. Two-hundred days on full time, against the rapids and currents without a mouthful to eat, must be rather trying on even a king salmon even though well supplied with fuel when he leaves the ocean. No allowance is made for the return trip, and doubtless, many do return.

It has been demonstrated by the learned gentlemen above mentioned, that little solid food is ever found in the salmon's stomach while in fresh waters. But I believe that "Podgers" will concur in my objection to the assertion that none is ever found. "Podgers's" experience on the Sacramento, the Navarro and the McCloud, goes to show that food is sometimes found in their stomachs. The instances referred to by myself in this periodical a few weeks ago, also have a bearing on the subject. The further fact that thousands have been taken with bait and spoon at Willamette Falls, in the Clackamas River and at the Cascades of the Columbia, is worthy of some consideration; and while one swallow does not make spring, a few swallows may indicate the inclinations of a salmon to eat. There is little doubt that the great majority of those we take with hook and line are males; and at one time I believed that this fact warranted the belief that they were prompted to attack by the combative proclivity, observable in nearly or quite every species of game, whether fish, flesh or fowl, during the rutting or running season. On this proposition however, I am not now clear. For why is it that the man that uses bait will, ordinarily, catch four or five times as many salmon as the angler that uses spoon and fly. My friend J. R. Mead is a very expert salmon fisherman and I, myself, am a little bit egotistical on the subject. One day last June at

Willamette Falls, while Mead and I took eight salmon with spoon a kid between us caught fourteen with salmon-roe. It occurred to us that the salmon was seeking substantial food, which they were able to discover by the sense of taste or smell. Trout have been found in the salmon's stomach more than 500 miles up the Columbia. Not many, it is true, but some.

More than a year ago, July 7 1892, in FOREST AND STREAM, I advanced the theory, which possibly has been previously entertained by others, that the salmon may feed while in fresh waters, upon food as nutritious and strengthening, although not of so substantial an appearance as that of their fattening yards in the ocean; and the fact that the calls of nature demand food for all active life, should warrant us in claiming the benefit of any doubts. I suggested that the first run of salmon undertake their pilgrimages at a season of the year when they are likely to find a good supply of larvæ and other soft or gelatinous substances that would be very nutritious without leaving any excrementitious substance; and that those that followed would have the advantage of the spawn of their predecessors. Doctor Jordan, whose opinions we are all bound to respect, kindly replying to these suggestions in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 4 1892, said: "It may, however, be true that this early run of salmon feeds upon insect larvæ and other soft, nutritious substances, which leave little or no trace in the stomach, and I quite agree that much is yet to be learned of the habits of the salmon in fresh water."

Charles Hallock, (whose opinions are respected by all sportsmen) in FOREST AND STREAM of July 21, 1892, said: "For myself I have always maintained, and do insist, that the food of the salmon in rivers and estuaries is mainly of a pulpy nature, and therefore is digested with such rapidity that it leaves small trace, if any, in the stomach."

Another suggestion might be worthy of some consideration: We know that the digestive apparatus of the salmon is very strong and active. The distinction between the class of fishes and that of batrachians is very slight indeed. The batrachians belong to the reptiles, and we know that some reptiles seek seclusion and become, in a sense, dormant when gorged. I believe that when the salmon is gorged he seeks seclusion in the deep holes and fissures in the bottom of the river, there to wait the action of his rapidly operating digestive apparatus. Should this be true, none of the thousands of seine-fishermen that fish for a living with their shallow, floating seines, would ever discover him in his retreat, and would never know whether the salmon took food in fresh waters or not.

As I have said, I do not insist on any of my theories or speculations regarding this interesting subject; but when Doctor Jordan says that much is yet to be learned of the habits of the salmon in fresh water; and when my friend "Podgers" says that it is about as much of a muddle as that of whether rattlers do or do not spit, I cannot help feeling that even the most humble is warranted in offering a suggestion now and then for consideration at the hands of the more learned. S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Sept. 2.

CONNECTICUT BASS WATERS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 6.—Just returned from a short trip to western Massachusetts and Connecticut, and a few notes regarding the fishing in that section may not come amiss.

The waters in all the lakes and streams throughout this country were very low. In many of the places the old story of "fished out" was heard, especially in and about Great Barrington, Mass. (Lake Buel, Mansfield Pond, etc., although good pickerel and bass catches are reported from Long Pond.)

In the Housatonic River, in the rapids just below the Canaan Falls, Falls Village, Conn., there used to be good bass fishing, and one cloudy morning, well equipped with a supply of "yellow belly" hoppers, a few small green frogs and helgramites (salamanders they call them in this section), I started out to fish the rapids for bass. Nary a rise or strike could be had with the frogs or helgramites and so the hoppers were tried. Near the boulders and rocks in the stream there are many promising pools, and it was not long before a good strike was obtained. "A small bass" was the mental comment, for the fish fought well if feebly, but upon bringing it in it was found to be not bass, but an 8in. carp. The river was fished that day with grasshopppers and the result was a good catch of carp, but no bass. Reports from the local fishermen of this place say that very few bass are now caught in the river, but that large numbers of these carp are obtained. The river is pretty well fished by the small boy, who keeps everything he catches, small or big, and the result is that the bass are practically gone. How these carp got here is a mystery, although they probably came down the river from Great Barrington. Many years ago when I was a small boy I was fishing in a deep hole near the road bridge in the southern part of Barrington. Worms were the bait and bullheads the expected prizes, but a strong fish took the bait, and after some little excitement (for a youngster) a good-sized fish was pulled in. A good catch was made at that time, and the fishermen of Barrington pronounced them to be carp. How they came in the river at that time was explained by the fact that Mr. Harry Leavitt, who owned a large mansion near this part of the river, had a private pond which he had stocked with the fish. The pond was not much fished, and that spring there was quite an overflow of the waters which resulted in the breaking away of the private pond into the waters of the Housatonic River. It is thought (and probably correctly) that the carp got to the river and have bred there since. At any rate there are plenty of them in the river now.

At Twin Lakes the bass and pickerel fishing is better than has been for some time. Good catches have been made, and the excellent laws (which are very well kept) have probably helped to bring back the good old-time fishing that used to be enjoyed in these beautiful bodies of water. By the way, Mr. Henry Bishop has purchased the large island in the larger lake, and has now erected a regular "camp" thereon, and he and his sportsmen friends enjoy each summer a jolly outing here. Mr. Bishop is an enthusiastic sportsman in the true sense of the word.

Lakeville, Conn., has a beautiful sheet of water, Lake Wononscopomic, which in times past has yielded good catches of bass. It has been frequently stocked, but from some cause the catches have been growing less each year. Some claim that it is not a good breeding pond. Possibly, but there are other reasons. Spearing for suckers in the spring "accidently" rids the lake of many good-sized bass and pickerel, in spite of the watchfulness of the local sportsmen, and many of the fishermen keep their catches even to fingerling bass. When we reached this town we were told that there was no fishing there at all. We trolled the lake twice without a strike, but a few days after took our rods, with grasshoppers and worms for bait, and rowed out to an old familiar ledge just outside of the weeds to try our luck.

Grasshoppers were not touched, excepting by some large yellow perch, and worms were tried for "pumpkin seeds" and whatever we might get. (Yes, we had to come to that, brethren, but who wouldn't, after sitting for a long time catching nothing but perch, with our hopes blasted by the reports of the "locals," and a catch of two or three "pumpkin seeds" at one time when they are biting lively is some degree of sport when nothing else promised better.) Well, we fished with worms, and we hadn't fished more than five minutes when "whirr" went the reel and down went the little 8oz. rod in response to the strike of a good 2½-pound bass. Yes, a genuine "good 'un," and we were so surprised we almost forgot to keep him taut. But we landed him and several more after. But the idea of a nice strong healthy bass taking a worm lying on the bottom like a bullhead, that is beyond us. They didn't use to. Probably they have been fed with shiners and 'hoppers and dobsons until they wish a change.

We caught several that morning, but the greater majority were too small to keep and were carefully put back. In the afternoon we tried other spots in the lake, catching one fairly good one and a dozen small fellows, which were put back for next year.

There are plenty of bass in these lakes, and if they could only be allowed to grow would make the old-time sport. But you know if a small boy succeeds in hooking a bass, be it large or small, he is the envy of every other small boy, and the result is every small boy who fishes the lake will keep his bass for show. I have seen large strings of perch and "pumpkin seeds" taken from this lake, and pretty well sprinkled in were young bass. Give them a show, boys, and you will be better pleased.

Long Pond, some distance from the above lake, has always yielded good bass.

This pond brings to mind my first fly-rod. Many years ago some of my old friends used to camp on the shores of this lake every year. The rods used (poles, rather) were stout cane, having a strong line tied to the end. Live bait was used, both minnows and helgramites. A bass hooked was swung back and forth, and if the hook did not tear out or the tackle give way, was landed with no "play" ceremony.

When a fifteen-year-old youngster, I had purchased a light 10oz. bass fly-rod of our friend Chubb, and that summer when I arrived in Falls Village I was invited to spend a day or two in the camp at Long Pond. Now, being a boy I had never had much practical fishing with such tackle, and the only knowledge I had of the scientific "play" of the black bass was gleaned from the yarns of the Providence fishermen and the poetical rules and regulations as laid down in many of the fishing books.

Early one morning I arrived at the camp just in time to be taken aboard a flat-bottom fishing boat with two old friends with their "poles." On the way to the pond I had caught a good supply of grasshoppers. We reached the spot where good catches had been made the day before, and the two old-timers began operations with minnows first. The "boy" carefully put together the little fly-rod and was hooking a grasshopper, when the fisherman in the stern, hearing the sound of a click-reel, looked around and said, "Why, what in thunder do you expect to land with that thing?" meaning the rod. We will confess that the "boy" had some misgivings himself after seeing the others land their fish, and when at length a strike was had and the reel began its music and the little rod seemed to quiver with the excitement of the holder, the "boy" actually wished he had a cod line and a good stout "pole" to land his first bass with. A confused mass of rules came up before his mind: "Don't give him slack," "dip the tip when he breaks," etc., added to which the excited remarks of the audience tended to "rattle" the holder of the little rod. "Why don't you yank him in and not let him get away?" was one I shall never forget. But we became calm and played the bass, and landed him too. We fished all that day, and at night when we reached the tents, the "boy" had a bigger string than the others, and the excitement of that day, the playing of the bass, and the pleasure of showing to two old fishermen that even a city boy with "fancy tackle" could bag his game, only impressed the hours more deeply than all others we have seen, and even now when there are times when we cannot go fishing, we like to live over that day and silently laugh at the many expressions of surprise we saw on the faces of our old friends. It may seem like boasting, the above, but I presume you have all "been there," and if I didn't tell about it, who would, not the scoffers at the light tackle surely!

But pardon the liberty we have taken. Our "notes" have lengthened out into a yarn. TODE.

The Chicago Fly-Casting.

OUR esteemed Western contemporary, in its report of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club's tournament, mentions that "a thirty to forty-mile gale blew during most of Thursday, in consequence of which good work was impossible." One can readily imagine that such a wind would toy most persistently with a fly, and make casting wholly impossible. The fly-casting on Thursday was done in the forenoon. My estimate of the wind was that it was quite stiff, but far from being a gale. To place the matter on an authoritative basis, I called at the U. S. Weather Bureau, World's Fair Grounds, and there learned that the wind in the forenoon of Sept. 21 did not exceed sixteen miles an hour, and a large part of the forenoon it was less. In the grounds it would be still less, as the buildings would be obstructive to it. In the afternoon about 6 o'clock a velocity of twenty-four miles was registered. The gale of that night which created so much alarm had a velocity of forty-eight miles, except for one minute, when it plunged at sixty miles. The circumstance is of no special importance, save that it is misleading to publish that the contest took place under conditions which would render the casting of a fly an utter impossibility and bring ridicule on the contestants. B. WATERS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Good Bass Grounds.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 20.—Mr. Samuel J. Ryan, of the *Appleton Evening Crescent*, Appleton, Wis., writes me the following letter, which I know will be of interest. He says:

"I have not noticed in the FOREST AND STREAM of late years any reference to the fishing in the Wolf River. The bass fishing from above Shiocton to Poygan Lake on this river is worth your attention. The September fishing is particularly good, 4 to 6lbs. small-mouth bass being frequently taken, and they seem as lively as those in our swift-running Fox River."

Later I met Mr. Ryan here in Chicago at the Fair, and have his consent to publish the following more specific description of that country, which he has prepared for FOREST AND STREAM. In this he writes as follows:

"The Wolf River in Wisconsin rises away up in Eagle River country, running in a southerly course to Lake Winnebago. The latter body of water emptying through the rushing, roaring Fox River, by chutes and rapids, into Green Bay, finding its way to the ocean by the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence.

"The Wolf is best known as a logging river. During the past thirty-five years millions of pine logs have been floated down the stream to the great saw mills that once existed at Oshkosh. As the bulk of the pine has been cut, Wolf log driving has almost ceased of recent years, and the fish now have a chance for their lives.

"The river south of Shawano is narrow, deep and crooked, with mud bottom; the banks lined with heavy second-growth timber. Anglers have slighted this river, partially because of the logging operations and partially because only catfish, pickerel, red horse (suckers), sturgeon and other non-game fish were supposed to swim in these dark, deep waters. The time is coming, however, if nets are kept out of the river, when this despised stream will be eagerly sought by bass and trout anglers.

"Numerous creeks, tributary to the Wolf, teem with brook trout, chief of which is the Evergreen, and the upper waters will certainly afford fine trout fishing in the not distant future (just mark that down in your note book) as conditions are peculiarly favorable.

"Now, as to the small-mouth bass. Within the past ten years this monarch of the fresh water has multiplied with such astonishing rapidity that I doubt if there is any better ground in the State to-day. Food is plenty and fish grow to great size. There are many excellent points from Shawano to Oshkosh, a vast stretch of water, where one may take 4, 5 and even 6lbs. bass. Sept. 1, W. D. Boynton, of Shiocton, captured a small-mouth bass that weighed several ounces over 6lbs., from the river four miles above that village. I brought back a 4lbs. specimen last week from that place. A couple of days ago at Gill's Landing I helped W. A. Gibbons, of Oshkosh, land a bass that weighed 5lbs. after being out of the water several hours.

"The fishing above Shiocton is particularly good. The banks run straight down to the water line, and the water is 2 to 10ft. deep at the bank. We fish from the bank. The fly can be used nicely. The heavy fish have all been taken this year with bait, crayfish and minnows, as the warm weather has kept the big fellows down deep. Bait must be taken to both Gill's Landing and Shiocton by the angler. There are no accommodations at the former place except boats. Take Wisconsin Central train and carry lunch along. At Shiocton you can get everything except bait. It is on the Green Bay, Winona & St. Paul Railroad, and is the home of Eben E. Rexford, the poet (author of 'Silver Threads Among the Gold'). The bass fishing will be better after a few heavy frosts.

"I will be glad to furnish any further information upon application."

Such information as the above, of good waters and specific directions as to how to get to them, is the best sort of stuff this paper can have, and our Wisconsin fishing newspaper man will have the thanks of FOREST AND STREAM's large family for his letter. The Northern Fox I have long known as a good fly-fishing stream, but of the Wolf I know little and would like to learn more by a personal experience with Mr. Ryan for companion.

The Nepigon.

The Nepigon was this year apparently as good as ever. Mr. W. H. Comstock, of Chicago, tells me that he is so informed by his brother, Mr. E. S. Comstock, who accompanied Mr. Arthur Baderford, of Baltimore, Md., on the trip to the Nepigon from which they have recently returned. They took two 7½lbs. brook trout, three of 6½lbs. each, two of 6lbs. each, and many just short of those heavy weights. Naturally they enjoyed themselves.

Sept. 23.—Mr. A. C. Van Horn, of Groton, N. Y., visiting the Fair here, said to me the other day: "If you want to know where to send somebody fishing, especially some Eastern body, I will tell you. It is Loborough Lake, Canada. A party of six of us, Messrs. W. H. Jennings, J. M. Bruce, F. A. Barney, J. B. Losey, E. E. Barney and myself, all of Groton, just got back from there, and we had the best kind of sport on both large and small-mouth black bass. Bass fishers won't miss it there."

Fly-Catching.

In regard to the late pleasant and highly successful tournament of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club the owlish daily press has the following to say:

"Medals were awarded to the enthusiastic fishermen who whipped the lagoon in the fly-catching contest."

When will we be able to educate our friend, the daily reporter? E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association

AT the regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association for September, at the rooms, No. 1,020 Arch street, Philadelphia, after the election of a large delegation of new members, there was a discussion of the work to be accomplished by the association in creating public sentiment to a greater respect of the laws necessary for the preservation of fish. A large number of communications were read and acted upon, in which the co-operation of kindred organizations in the State was assured in the furtherance of this object.

Louisiana Tarpon.

WHY is it that so few of the men who visit the South for tarpon do not come along the shore of Louisiana? I am satisfied that the fish can nowhere else be so plentiful as they are all along the coast from Vermillion Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi. Less than a week since an old oyster fisherman, with whom I have many times been out and upon whose truthfulness I can depend, told me that while he was on Oyster Bayou a "grand ecaille" (tarpon), following a redfish, sprang into his boat and was captured, not, however, before he had so frightened the fisherman's son that he jumped overboard. Not being much of a fisherman I have never caught a tarpon, though I have often seen them caught. On our last trip to Last Island we came to anchor at the southern end of Oyster Bayou, and watched them play and capture the enormous schools of mullet that came down the bayou. They seemed to care very little for our being present, and would swim by after the bait between the sloop and the skiff in tow. The fishermen dislike them very much, as they often get caught in their seines and are sure to cut them very badly when they do. I have never known of more than one caught in a seine and this was owing to the quantities of other fish that were in the seine when he was caught. They so interfered with his movements that it was impossible for him to break out. I have some of his scales before me now. F. A. F.

Whipping Pennsylvania Streams.

MR. M. G. SELLERS, secretary of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, writes of his 1893 outing:

My trip consumed nine weeks through Wayne, Pike and Monroe counties; and the results were very satisfactory. The general opinion among anglers throughout this section is that this season has not been as good as last. This has been due to many causes, but principally, the natives say, to the ice gorges and heavy freshets in the early spring, which killed many fish. It is worthy of mention, however, that trout were in the pink of condition during June and July, indicating abundance of food. Under these conditions success required that manipulation which is generally spoken of in fly-fishing as "hard work."

It is hardly necessary for me to say that bass are strong customers when hooked for an argument. To those who enjoy a royal dispute with them, Hunter's Range or Ten-Mile Pond, Pike county, offers that opportunity. My success there in August would, I think, if known, attract many adherents of fly-fishing to those productive waters after the close of the trout season. The majority of the fish creeled ranged from 2 to 3lbs.; quite a good many ran over 3lbs.; and on one occasion the scale registered 4lbs. As one must, according to tradition, lose the largest fish, it has no particular business to get hooked. In obedience to this principle, those weighing 5 and 6lbs. were (generally) returned to the water, but through no fault of

M. G. SELLERS.

Anglers for Sixty Years.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Sept. 29.—I never knew until recently that pickerel were found plenty enough in the Tioughnioga River and the east branch that cuts into it northeast of this village to make it worth while fishing for them. But a good many nice sized pickerel have been taken within the last month. I saw an old gentleman, a typical Izaak Walton, take four large pickerel from the east branch recently in less than an hour. The old man fished from the bank, used a long pole, a good bit over 18ft. and a No. 5 pickerel spoon. Early in the afternoon he used minnows, river chub and whitefish for bait. He is a firm believer in big bait for big fish, often using a chub or whitefish 5 or 6in. in length. And he generally catches fish right along when the other fellows are busy trying to prove that good fishing in the river is played out. He has a companion, "Uncle Bula," the boys call him, who is equally successful as an angler. Both men are fast approaching 70 years of age, and both declare they have been anglers for 60 years. They are two of the youngest old boys I have hitherto met in Cortland county, and their vigor and vitality prove anew the truth of that oft told yarn "it's not all of fishing to fish." Some very nice black bass are being taken from the Tioughnioga.

M. C. H.

Mike Green Still Lives.

PORTLAND, Ore.—I cannot understand how or where the story originated that my old Mike is dead. He is about the liveliest dead dog for a ten-year-old in this neck of the woods. He actually caught and killed a big rat out on the common the other day. I have received several letters regarding his death. While I appreciate these evidences of affection for the old dog, I feel constrained to say that they are rather premature. S. H. GREENE.

[Mike had always had a part in previous stories of Molalla outings; but in one of 1892 there was not a word about him. What other conclusion than that he was dead could be drawn by readers of those delightful chronicles? No wonder folks wrote to the Judge about it.]

Five Days to be Remembered.

MR. W. B. MERSHON, of East Saginaw, Mich., writes of a Quebec outing early in September: "I had five days' trout fishing that I hardly ever equalled. My three large fish weighed 5¼, 4¾ and 4½lbs. I had a number running from 1½ to 3½lbs. Took ten fish one evening that weighed 25lbs. These were all caught between 7 and 10 o'clock of a nice, moonlight night, using a small silver-doctor; I think any light fly would do. I found that I could get the big trout in clear, still water by using a long, fine leader and a small fly, the best one I found to be the inimitable May-fly, tied on a No. 8 hook. With this I took most of my large fish."

St. Lawrence Fishing.

CLAYTON, N. Y., Sept. 23.—Dr. J. Livingston-Reese, of New York city, has had a most successful week's fishing here this week, having taken three muskallonge, weighing 25lbs., 32lbs. and 42lbs., the latter being an exceptionally fine specimen. Besides these, the Doctor has had some good catches of black bass and pickerel, and, taking the season through, has undoubtedly made the best average at Thousand Islands. J. G. FRASER.

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

It Is a Dolly Varden.

Sept. 12.—The following from Dr. Bean, of the U. S. Commission, should settle any remaining doubts as to the true name and nature of Mr. La Rue's big trout, exhibited through his courtesy in the FOREST AND STREAM display. Dr. Bean writes me:

"I have examined the large mounted trout presented to Mr. La Rue by Mr. F. M. Smith, of Chicago, and now exhibited at the World's Fair by FOREST AND STREAM. There is no doubt in my mind that the fish is a Dolly Varden or bull trout.

"The brook trout is not a native of Montana, where Mr. La Rue's fish was taken. Furthermore, the brook trout in fresh water always has the back and the dorsal and caudal fins covered with dark mottling as on a mackerel. These marks are wanting in the Dolly Varden. The size and shape of the mounted specimen furnish additional reasons for my conclusion.

"T. H. BEAN, Representative U. S. F. C."

A Pair of Jacks.

This week there has joined the group of pleasant sporting pictures in the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit, a little one, smaller than any of the others, but doubtless to become more popular, because it is in aristocratic oil colors, whereas the others are in colder black and white. It is the work of Miss Edith Farrell, of Leavenworth, Kansas, without doubt the most talented artist of the Sunflower State. It deals with no less Kansan a subject than a pair of jack rabbits, and I wish that a great many artists who make attempts at painting game pieces would come and look at this one. The pair of jacks look large, as if they were indeed 36in. from heel to head, and every hair and wrinkle in the wise old faces are there in absolute faithfulness. These two particular jack rabbits got into the parlor of Mr. W. W. Carney's ranch, near Great Bend, Kansas, after the close of the meet of the American Coursing Club in 1890, before there was much idea of a World's Fair. They being then and there dead and hung by the heels, the artist limned them to pass away an idle day. Through Mr. Carney's intercession and the kindness of the artist, they have come all this way to the very place where they belong, so any one can see what the American coursing hare looks like. One is a rusty colored fellow, and the other a plump pepper and salt, and I remember both so well that I bespeak all to share my enthusiasm for their *fac simile*. You will not soon find so good a bit of dead game as these two lanky-legged and lop-eared FOREST AND STREAM hares.

Sept. 23.—There are several people in the world, and if you don't believe it, go to the FOREST AND STREAM place at the Fair and sit down a while. I looked at the register a moment the other day, and found names of visitors from New York, Hartford, Conn., Dallas, Tex., Portland, Ore., Columbus, Ga., Duluth, Minn., Seattle, Wash., and Rome, Italy; the rest scattering. If you wish to find a distant friend, it is cheaper and surer to come right in here and sit down.

Place aux Dames.

It happened that this week Mr. Reynolds, the editor of FOREST AND STREAM (and he being absent from his post of duty perhaps cannot prevent my saying he is the best editor in this business, or FOREST AND STREAM would never be what it is), was in Chicago visiting the Fair, and of this fact that old FOREST AND STREAM standby, "Kingfisher," of Cincinnati, became in some occult way advised, and therefore wrote the following letter:

Friend Reynolds, or whoever is in charge of the "Forest and Stream" exhibit:

This will introduce my daughter Kit, whom I trust you will allow the privilege of "meanderin' round" through your "show," so that in case I don't get to put in an appearance before you "break camp," she can tell me all about it when she gets back home.

It might be well to regale her with a few well-chosen and plausible "fish lies"—fresh ones, mind you, for she has been fed on old ones of mine for so many years that I am afraid they seem a trifle stale.

She won't bother you much; she just wants to "look 'round" and "hive a few p'inters" to astonish her father with on her return.

Knowing the visit to FOREST AND STREAM headquarters will be a pleasure to her, I will heartily appreciate any courtesies shown, and will try and thank you in person before the Fair closes. Very sincerely yours, KINGFISHER.

In due time the junior Kingfisher arrived, and then we all did have a great time. It so happened that Mr. F. H. Thurston, far better known as "Kelpie," and as one of the essential ingredients of a Kingfisher camp, was in town also, accompanied by Mrs. Thurston. So the local FOREST AND STREAM family, and the visiting ranking officer, and Mr. and Mrs. Kelpie and the junior Kingfisher (whom "Kelpie" just calls "Kit"), all meandered together for a while, and drank some coffee of the Guatemala and Brazilian sort, and enjoyed the thought that they all were ever born. No pleasanter party has met on this enchanted spot. At this writing Miss Kingfisher is receiving a gradual and gentle education in angling lore, although the large stories are being saved for her respected sire, who is due here about Oct. 13.

Another lady to call at the FOREST AND STREAM space was Mrs. J. H. Rushton, wife of the famous canoe man. Naturally she looked with interest on the tiny Sairey Gamp, and so will Mr. Rushton, who will soon be here also.

In General.

Prof. George Shepard Ellis, of Bethany College, a student not more of books than of FOREST AND STREAM, called on his way east to Old Virginia.

Mr. Eugene C. Reilly, a friend of the paper, left his card.

Mr. Sam J. Ryan, of Appleton, Wis., found time to come in for a moment or so and talk fish.

Mr. John M. Stotsenberg, Sixth U. S. Cavalry, comes and departs without saying where he can be found, which isn't a very charitable thing to do.

Mr. John Grenville Mott, of Michigan City, Ind., stopped long enough to tell me that the fly-fishing for bass in the Thornapple River, Michigan south peninsula, is the best of any which he knows, and good enough for a king.

Mr. Geo. A. West, of Milwaukee, Wis., trod the FOREST AND STREAM carpet all too briefly.

Mr. J. F. Layson, of Salem, Neb., came in and sat down and said he had known FOREST AND STREAM a long time and never had known it to go back on itself or on a friend.

Mr. R. W. Boyle, of Toronto, Canada, got away before we could learn all about the fishing in the big province.

Mr. E. T. Allen, of the E. T. Allen Co., San Francisco, Cal., a household word in the sporting trade of the coast, tarried a while and told about the coming big mid-winter fair in his city.

Mr. F. D. Kelsey, of East Aurora, N. Y., one of the steadiest of tournament shooters and a dealer in guns and ammunition, paused and left a card to show his passing.

Mr. H. S. Wells, of Moline, Ill., signs himself a "Friend of FOREST AND STREAM." He canst not, then, do wrong to any man.

To Sharpen Up.

At this point one pauses to sharpen up his lead pencil, but they are still coming.

Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Macomb, Ill., the "wicked doctor," whose rapacious Mongolian pheasants met the veto of the "good governor," his nibs Johnnie Altgeld, tarried here for a few moments and departed to concoct further schemes of evil.

Mr. Wm. Dean Howells, Jr., nephew of the novelist Wm. Dean Howells, paused and looked over the FOREST AND STREAM pure literature. There is a good deal of go in some of the FOREST AND STREAM books. No man can be responsible for his uncle, and we will not lay up anything against this nephew.

Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, of New York city, signs "Bow-Wow" after his name. Mr. Wilmerding is just back from Toronto show, where he judged the spaniels. He attends the Y. W. C. A. meeting here, and will then devote some time to pleasure in the White City. He is accompanied by his uncle, Mr. Chas. W. Clinton, of New York city.

Mr. Robert M. Hartley, of Amsterdam, N. Y., is here for a week or two, and we have met him often pleasurably at the sign of the FOREST AND STREAM. Our latch string always hangs out. Indeed, there isn't any, neither are there strings to anything the paper says.

Mr. E. R. Vedder, of Rome, Italy, a late visitor, is a nephew of Mr. A. N. Cheney, who nearly always writes just what you were wanting to read about on angling matters. Is the fishing about Rome, then, any better than it is in New England?

Mr. W. T. Den, of Brownville, Neb., paused at the enchanted spot for a few moments. Mr. Den is just on his way back after a visit to Scotland, and he wore a sprig of heather in his coat lapel. This rugged Caledonian may be remembered by old-time shooters as the champion of Nebraska, and he carries a medal to that effect. He goes on West for a hunting trip into Montana.

Mr. M. L. Williamson, who was the FOREST AND STREAM bookkeeper in 1884 and 1885, came in and announced himself and registered. Ex-officio he might be called still one of the family. The books are bigger now.

Mr. John H. Madden, of the Plainwell, Mich., *Enterprise*, subscribes himself "an enthusiastic FOREST AND STREAM man." He is one of many. They cawn't help it, y' know.

Col. W. H. Jacoby, of Minneapolis, Minn., made his escape in a sinful manner before he was surprised. In the same building with him in his city is the Pioneer news depot. Which I should like to ask, "What is wrong about FOREST AND STREAM, and if so, how much?"

Sharpened Up Again.

And still they come. All sorts. From all over. A great Fair. Also, a great paper.

M. Henri de Verigny, Chargé de Mission du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux Arts, Delegué du Ministère du Commerce, etc., etc., of 7 Rue Sfax, Paris, came in for no more formidable an errand than to get a book catalogue, which latter is a plenty good thing, if he learns how to run it.

Mr. C. Costello, of Pennsylvania, spent a few moments at the tabernacle of the g. p. o. e. Yachts make his main love, but he found other things also.

Mr. F. A. De Muth, of Lancaster, Pa., told me of his son, a youngster who this summer caught his first trout and had to climb a tree for it. None the less, the trout was 13in. long and the record fish of the trip. Doubtless it looked as big and glorious to the boy as the FOREST AND STREAM record tarpon.

Mr. Robert W. Huntington, Jr., of Hartford, Conn., made a very pleasant call. "Speaking of our Atlantic coast storms making a good flight of shore birds," said he, "you may care to hear what Mr. Gurdon Trumbull, of our city, says about that. He does not think the birds come ashore because driven by the wind, but because their feathers get wet. They come in to dry off, not because they can not withstand the wind."

Mr. Thomas B. Mills, of Wm. Mills & Son, New York city, in company with Mr. Reuben C. Leonard, was here long enough to see the winning of the Leonard rod in the long-distance work. Mr. Mills is an enthusiastic amateur photographer and carried a camera that looked like a lunch basket. He showed me some beautiful views made by himself along the Neversink, where he fishes trout sometimes.

Mr. F. S. Howd came in to examine the Sairey Gamp. "I used to know Nessmuk," said he, "and I saw the model of this boat before she was ever built."

Mr. Stratford J. Cullen, of Newark, N. J., stood before one of the FOREST AND STREAM fowling pictures. "I know the man sitting in the stern of the boat, with the string of geese," said he. "It is my friend Fred Hussey." This is a very small world.

Mr. Will C. Parsons, associate news editor of the *Cincinnati Post*, writes on his card that he wished to see the writer and "thank him for the many good things he has

written." Keep your eye on Mr. Parsons, gentlemen. A man of his good judgment is bound to rise.

The Neighbors Bring Things In.

Sept. 30.—If Miss Helen Cripps, of Renssalaer, Ind., will call at the FOREST AND STREAM space she can have either the lunch box or the label thereon which she left for safe keeping early one morning without specifying who was to do the keeping. The contents of the box have been applied by members of the staff. Unless otherwise specified, all lunches hereafter found on the space will be regarded as meals brought in by the neighbors and treated accordingly.

It Surprised Him.

Mr. Edmund Ocumpaugh, of Rochester, N. Y., manufacturer of shooters' sweaters, etc., came in the other day and we had a talk. "I tried my advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM at first as an experiment," said he, "but it is no experiment now. I have never known of so good a way of getting buyers. What surprised me most was to see the returns from other countries. I presume I had calls from every English-speaking country of the earth. FOREST AND STREAM certainly must have a world-wide vogue."

She do.

Many Men.

Mr. M. E. Allison, of Kansas, whom readers of the sporting press will remember as the most experienced man in the West in hunting large game with greyhounds, and with whom I have passed many pleasant hours, leaves his card and says he can only be in town a short time. There are hundreds, and I believe really thousands of friends of FOREST AND STREAM, who have been here this summer, and it is one of the continuous disappointments that no one of the paper's staff can see them all. They are all mighty welcome. I would have liked to ask Mr. Allison about the "Spirits of Greever's Camp."

Mr. L. C. Grover, superintendent of the factory of Colts' Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn., dropped in the other evening in company of Mr. C. E. Willard, the Colts' Western representative. Mr. Grover is in town for a week or so, and says he doesn't see a gun in the Fair he likes any better than the Colt. "We have got some new machinery, just made," said he, "about which I could say a thing or two. The Colts Company is never done."

"Forked Deer" of California, came in some time ago, and hit the trail too quick.

Mr. K. M. B. Pierce, of Coyote Gulch, Colo., who runs the cliff-dweller industry over at the tin cliffs, left his signature, but had to go back and take care of the dwellers before we tangled up together.

Mr. G. G. Case, a well known and pleasant canoeist, of Jackson, Mich., was in and wanted to swap yarns with some one over the W. C. A. and kindred themes.

Mr. C. L. Goodspeed, special representative of the Louisville *Commercial*, called, but briefly, and left his card.

Mr. Alex. Y. Lee, an able artist of Pittsburg, Pa., made a short stay, which I wish had been longer.

Mr. William West, of Philadelphia, his card. Also those of Mr. A. R. Porté, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Dr. C. E. Fritts and G. Hill, of Hudson, N. Y.; Com. Geo. W. Gardner, of schooner yacht Wasp, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. T. C. Banks, of Denver; Dr. Clarence H. Kay. I am naming only those missed in seeing, but FOREST AND STREAM salutes them all, every one of them. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

O, FAIR WHITE CITY.

O, FAIR White City by the inland sea,
Where waves and iridescent fountains play,
Would I might utter all my thought for thee,
Great crowning glory of time's mellowed day.

High was the purpose that presaged thy birth,
And noble inspiration bade they towers rise;
Supreme amid the nations of the earth,
The land that claims thee as her best emprise.

If from some rugged Pisgah of the past
The mighty Genoese had caught one view
Of thy bright splendor and achievement vast,
How would his heart have thrilled at sight of you.

Or if those seekers for a pathway new,
Where freedom might find room to walk at will
And leave her benediction at each door, had dreamed of you
Their highest hopes had found completest fill.

A thousand arts have made thee what thou art,
All lands have lent the richness of their years;
From cloistered nook and trade's most busy mart
The gathered products of two hemispheres.

Speak thou the secret of thy greatness to my soul;
Art thou but witness of maturity?
Or art thou promise as swift seasons roll
Of that still greater greatness yet to be?

"I am the crest of that wide, onward wave
Of human progress sweeping on through time;
Man's life a span, then comes the lowly grave;
The race speeds forward to an end sublime.

"Justice and love, one law, at last shall come
To rule men's heart in one sweet brotherhood,
And freedom's flag shall wave o'er every home
And evil yield to universal good.

"The strife of faction and the pride of race;
The cry of poverty, and anarchy's wild rage
To peace and plenty shall in time give place.
Throw wide the gates, I bring the golden age!"

J. H. LA ROCHE.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Oct. 3 to 6.—Minneapolis K. C., at Minneapolis. H. T. Van Duster, Sec.
Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—Brunswick Fur Club field trials, at North Acton, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Dogs and Customs Officials.

AFTER the field trials in Manitoba there was much dissatisfaction on the part of the Customs officials at Winnipeg in respect to the negligence of some dog owners or handlers, from this side of the line, who were not properly attentive to their Customs obligations. It was said that one or two handlers had departed without complying with the Customs requirements, thus leaving their bondsmen in an unpleasant embarrassment. Mr. Gallaugher, secretary of the Manitoba Field Trial Club, so informed me, but he did not know the identity of the offenders. In consequence of the complication, the Customs officials at Winnipeg felt that their courtesy had not been properly recognized. I am disposed to think that the inattention to the Customs requirements was more from oversight or insufficient information as to what was required than from willful evasion of the laws.

Mr. J. M. Avent expected to arrange his business with the Customs officials, so that he could make his journey from Souris to the States without a bread, but he received a peremptory though kindly notice to return to Winnipeg to have his dogs identified and bond cancelled before leaving for the States.

The Customs officials had been most kind and considerate in dealing with the dogmen, and nothing should have been done on the part of the latter to cause them annoyance or trouble. The most scrupulous care to comply with the regulations should have been observed, nor should the kindness and responsibility of the bondsmen have been ignored.

Winnipeg.

The city of Winnipeg is well built, has a number of large business houses which would compare favorably with any in the States, and about 30,000 inhabitants dwell within its borders. Electric cars and lights, good streets and good homes, well-dressed people and a general appearance of bustle and thrift dispelled my preconceived ideas of a primitive city with Indians and bears hovering just without. As a matter of fact chicken shooting is good from the city limits outward, and it is not many miles to big game shooting.

But what caused us some surprise was the evidence at every hand of the enthusiastic devotion of the people to manly sports. The cricket game which was on, or the bicycle races, or the other sports in vogue, where the common themes. Photographic groups of the football team, or the winning oarsmen, or the cricketers, etc., were not infrequently seen in public places. All sports are well patronized.

But fine people, well-built business blocks and houses, good streets and general prosperity were not sufficient to impress me with its present and future greatness till I observed that it was quite a doggy city. Civilization, progress and the dog go hand in hand. Well-bred dogs of different breeds were not infrequently seen. Fox-terriers, setters and pointers appeared to be the favorite varieties, judging from quality and numbers. Curs, judging by their absence, were not in favor.

Messrs. J. Phillips, J. B. Stoddard and myself were participants in the hospitality of Mr. Thos. Johnson one day between the field trial dates. In his home we saw a number of valuable trophies, intrinsically valuable in themselves, but prized more by Mr. Johnson for their honor and associations. Mrs. Johnson, his charming wife, entered as heartily into the enthusiasm of sportsmanship as her husband himself.

In the kennels, which were intelligently arranged and well constructed, were several dogs, pointers and setters, of which one of the latter was Manitoba Toss, a compactly built, medium-sized, solid black fellow, active and alert constantly Pure, running water wrs available at all times in the kennel yard. The kennels were clean, dry and comfortable. The dogs are fed on a specially made food of the best materials, meats, shorts and flour mixed and cooked in the form of a cracker, which the dogs eat with a relish, and judging from their excellent condition, with satisfactory results.

But to tell of all the features of that pleasant afternoon, the talks on authors and books, the discussion of dogs and sportsmanship, and the gracious hospitality pervading the household—would fill a volume with pleasant themes.

Souris.

At Souris, we found a number of local sportsmen, all keenly devoted to making a successful meeting. Unfortunately, the scarcity of birds was a serious drawback to the best success of the trials. Trains run to and from Souris but three times a week. But notwithstanding that circumstance, modern progress obtains. Mr. J. B. Roberts, of Souris, has a large kennel back of his hotel. The yard and building are subdivided into five or six parts, so that the dogs can be divided into small groups and separated from each other. Aside from a few setters and pointers, the dogs are greyhounds and foxhounds of the best breeding obtainable in England. His hounds are not quite so stockily built as the English foxhounds shown at our shows. Among them was one black and tan American foxhound. Mr. Roberts assured me that the English hounds were the speedier and enduring. They are used by him chifly for wolf hunting.

The game laws in Manitoba are better respected and enforced than similar laws are in the States. Copies of them printed on posters can be seen in public places, such as hotels and post offices in the towns throughout the province. The penalties are sufficiently severe to deter the most hardened game law violator. Withal, there is a large discretionary power vested in the judges, which admits of an adjustment of the penalty commensurate with the offense. Public opinion, too, is against offenders.

Among several other letters, which I found awaiting me on my return from Manitoba, was one from Mr. Louis Steffen, secretary of the Northwestern Beagle Club, informing me that Mr. G. A. Buckstaff has donated a gold medal to the winner of the club's trials. It may be a little late to mention this as news, but it is not too late to mention it as one fact of many showing the enthusiasm in promoting the success of the trials. B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Mr. Barrymore's Esquimaux.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had the pleasure of looking over a very rare collection of dogs which belong to Mr. Maurice Barrymore, who left this city last night for New York, where he joins Mr. Palmer's company. His collection consists of two full grown Esquimaux —dog and bitch—which were purchased from a party in Portland, Ore., at a large figure. They recently came to that city from Sitka, Alaska, and are very powerful-looking dogs. Having held on by their chain for a block, I felt this fact more forcibly then by simply looking at them. Two Japanese spaniels, a chow dog puppy, and a Clydesdale terrier, better known as a Paisley terrier. All of them very rare dogs indeed. He also had a cage of birds from China, and two pet skunks. The latter are great favorites with Mr. B. It must be understood, however, that they have been deprived of the privilege of using their "German cologne." I have never seen so many dog fanciers in any one company as there are in "Aristocracy." Mr. S. Miller Kent had a pair of Japanese spaniels and a nice fox-terrier. Mr. Faversham had a handsome bull-terrier, and, I understand, bought another here in this city the last night of the show. Messrs. Barrymore and Kent had all their dogs photographed by the Omaha dramatic photographers, Messrs. Lear & Cotton, and if you wish I will send you a copy of the photo.

While going from the theatre to the photographers we came to a fur store, outside of which there stood, mounted, a large Alaska wolf. Mr. Barrymore's dog would not go by until he had thoroughly investigated his countryman, and as I looked at them both I was reminded of what W. K. Taunton wrote in his article upon foreign dogs. The two looked so like to me that I could not tell which was 'tother. Here is what Mr. Taunton says:

"The theory that the wolf and the dog were originally identical receives strong confirmation upon a comparison between the wolf of the Acrtic region and the Esquimaux dog. The latter is so extremely wolf-like, that great difficulty is frequently experienced in distinguishing between the two animals at a distance; the principal differences being the carriage of the tail, which in the dog is curled over the back, but in the wolf is carried low, and the extra size of the last named animal. Those who have had an opportunity of inspecting the Arctic wolf will remember that it is much larger than animals of the same species found in other countries. In addition to the general resemblance between the Esquimaux and the wolf, we find the oblique eye in both—a peculiarity which I do not think is to be found in any other breed of dog. If it were possible to trace the pedigree of some of these dogs, we should probably not have to go very far back before discovering a direct cross with the wolf. It would naturally be supposed that such a cross would produce a dangerous, treacherous brute, not safe for any one to handle; but I have myself owned two Australian dingo bitches, whose dam was a cross between a wolf and dog, and they never showed the least sign of treachery or bad temper from the time they came into my possession till their death.

"In its native land the Esquimau has to undergo an amount of hardship and fatigue which would prove fatal to any other breed. Yoked together in teams they travel long distances at a high speed, and to work hardest when food is scarcest. Very exaggerated statements are sometimes made as to the size of these dogs, but the average height does not exceed 22in. at the shoulder. Nature has provided them with a dense, thick covering as a protection against the intense cold which they have to endure. This covering is formed of two distinct coats, the outer one consisting of hair about three or four inches long, very harsh, standing out from the body like bristles, especially along the ridge of the back, underneath which is to be found a second coat, consisting of a thick soft wool. Champion Sir John Franklin was undoubtedly the best Esquimau we have seen in this country for many years, and he had this peculiar coat to perfection, while his typical head, small rounded ear, short, thick neck, long body, deep chest, excellent legs and feet and well-carried tail, combined with his general wolfish appearance, rendered his superior merit as a specimen of the breed unmistakable. These dogs would probably be far more sought after were it not for the idea entertained by many that they are more like wild animals than dogs. It will be found that in disposition they are most affectionate, but are very jealous, and they cannot bear to see any other dog noticed in their presence. I have owned many imported specimens of the Esquimau, and have bred a large number myself; and although their appearance conveys the impression that they are treacherous and bad-tempered, I have never had a single instance of such being the case."—("Foreign Dogs," by W. K. Taunton, England).

I wish to add that this is a very life-like picture of the dogs I have mentioned, as I took the trouble to brush Mr. Barrymore's dogs, arranged them for the photo, and found them mild, though very savage-looking. I think the dog must stand over 22in., however. The bitch is with whelp, and, as Mr. B. said, he was not in the fancy for the money to be made on selling puppies, just to give them to his friends. It is a great pleasure to meet such an enthusiast, and the reader will think him such when he learns that, having but 36 hours' time before sailing for New York in 1892, Mr. Barrymore went all the way to Paisley, Scotland, from Liverpool, to get a Clydesdale terrier dog to mate with his bitch. I did not expect to take so much space, and trust you will pardon the length of this letter. RICHARD FRANCIS.

Collie Club Stakes.

COLLIE breeders should bear in mind the following stakes and prizes to be competed for at the Westminster Kennel Club bench show in February next:

Grand collie sweepstakes, $50 added to the stakes. Entries close Nov. 1, 1893. For blanks apply to the secretary of the club.

The President's cup for the best collie owned by a member of the Collie Club.

The Collie Club trophy for the best American-bred collie owned by a member of the Collie Club.

The silver club medal as a special prize for the best stud dog, to be judged by two of his get.

For entry blanks and further particulars address Mr. J. D. Shotwell, secretary of the Collie Club, 82 Hillside avenue, Orange, N. J.

Irish Setter Trials.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two additional special prizes are offered in the coming Irish setter trials. They are as follows: Mr. W. L. Washington, the club's president, offers a cup not less than $20 in value, to be known as the President's cup, to the best dog in any stake in the trials.

Mr. Ed. F. Badmington, of Rockville, Conn., offers a nice kersey overcoat pattern to the winner of first in the Derby stake.

The place at which the trials are to be held is Thomasville, N. C., and not Thomaston, as was printed in the advertisement. G. G. DAVIS, Sec'y.

DOG CHAT.

Grading Entry Fees.

It is about time that entry fees should be graded according to amount of prize money. It is unfair that the exhibitor of a pug or a King Charles spaniel should have to pay a $3 fee for $5 and $3 prizes, or $2 for $5 and $2, while for the same fee setters, pointers, collies, St. Bernards, mastiffs, etc., get $15, $10 and $5 for the $3 fee. It may be advanced that the larger dogs cost more to send round, and that is probable, but the little dogs should not be made to pay for the others. Besides, in many cases railroads carry dogs free, and this they reckon by dog and not by weight. For instance, the Old Colony road from Boston to New York will charge $1 a dog, no matter whether it be a 4lb. terrier or a 200lb. mastiff. It is a dog, and it goes at that. In justice to the pet dog breeders, the fees in these classes should be graded according to value of prize money offered. When $10 and $5 are given, entry fee $3, with $7 and $4 fee $2, and when $5 and $3 fee to be $1. We are confident that this would lead to much larger entries at many of our best shows.

One would think that in such a showing country as England something would be done about late entries. It has become a regular thing for secretaries to advise the exhibitors through the papers of the paucity of entries on the eve of closing date. But in almost every instance an excellent entry is found when the exhibitor goes to scoop up the prizes, as he fondly imagines he will do on reading the secretary's cry. The secretary of the recent Birkenhead show explains the seeming inconsistency of his appeal for entries and the entry that the exhibitors found. He states that the entries closed Aug. 19 and on the night of the 22d, when entries were counted, there were found to be 272, 80 of which belonged to other departments than dogs. Then the whip was used, and a fine show resulted in an entry of 700. The secretary very justly complains of this, as it retards secretarial work on catalogues, etc. While one may change the date of entry closing, the date of the show remains the same. The threat of expulsion from the A. K. C. for clubs taking late entries worked wonders at a critical period in our show history, and we should think something on the same lines must soon be done in England.

The picture of Ned which Mr. Wade publishes in the *Stock-Keeper*, England, as a typical American foxhound, scarcely does justice to the country, that can show more types of foxhounds than any other in the world. There are several American hounds of better formation known to our shows, especially so in neck and body, and the loin and quarters of Ned, as depicted, are especially faulty. American foxhounds generally have very straight, flat backs and loins.

One would suppose that the lucky prices that Mr. Tom Stretch is credited with getting for his collie stock that nothing went out of his kennels for less than "a monkey." He has a pretty long head, as he has repeatedly shown, but like most of us, he gets rusty at times. He let a puppy go for $15 two months ago, thinking he had the best left. The "sold one," however, came out at Birkenhead and took three firsts. By the way, Messrs. Smith & Baker brought out their new St. Bernard at that show. He is called La Prince and is described as a dog correct in markings, excellent head, massive bone and great depth of body and a good mover for so heavy a dog.

Mr. Reick tells us that he has a very handsome litter out of his new St. Bernard bitch Rustic Beauty, by Messrs. Smith & Baker's Country Member, she having been mated before leaving England. We are sorry that the New York St. Bernard dogs are not in better condition. The kennelman, who is intrusted with such stock as this—Sir Bedivere, Princess Florence, Marvel, Young Bute, etc., the *crême de la crême* of St. Bernard fancy—should have sufficient *esprit* to keep them at least in flesh and glossy condition. When shown, Sir Bedivere and Princess Florence looked wretched at Mount Holly. Mr. Reick is a busy man and has little time to devote to his dogs, but surely a kennelman can be found who knows his business; if not here, import one. The credit of our St. Bernarddom lies in such dogs as these, and the kennel that contains them is almost, in a sense, a public trust.

The Kennel Club show at the Crystal Palace to be held this month promises to be the most important event in English dogdom this year; 356 classes are contained in the premium list. The prizes are $20, $15 and $5 in some breeds, and $15, $10 and $5 in others. Fox-terriers have 22 classes and spaniels 22, collies 15, St. Bernards 17, setters 17, pointers 8, bulldogs 15, toy spaniels 17, and showing what a popular breed the retrievers are we note that they are given 11 classes. This is about three times the number of dogs of that breed we know of in this country, and then one spaniel judge calls them "very ordinary black setters." With sixteen specialty clubs to help things along the list of specials offered is said to be bewildering, 152 of them appearing in the premium list. The judges appointed are: Mr. W. Foster, bloodhounds; Mr. W. Norman Higgs, mastiffs; Mr. J. F. Smith, St. Bernards; Mr. R. Groom, great Danes; Mr. R. H. Wright, Irish wolfhounds, deerhounds, borzois, greyhounds, chow-chows, foreign dogs, beagles and whippets; Mr. E. C. Norrish, pointers; Rev. W. Sergeantson, English setters and retrievers; Col. Le Gendre Starkie, Gordon setters; Mr. C. Austin, Irish setters; Mr. M. Woolland, spaniels; Mr. G. R. Krehl, collies and poodles, Mr. M. Wootten, basset hounds and dachshunds; Mr. F. Gresham, Dalmatians, Welsh terriers, Bedlington terriers, black and tan terriers, white English terriers, Airedale terriers and Pomeranians; Mr. J. S. Pybus-Sellon, bulldogs; Mr. C. E. Frimstone, bull-terriers; Mr. F. Redmond, smooth fox-terriers; Mr. J. J. Pim, wire-haired fox-terriers, Irish terriers and old English terriers; Mr. H. Blomfield, Scottish terriers; Mr. S. Cameron, Skye terriers; Mr. G. A. B. Leatham, Dandie Dinmonts; Mr. J. H. Hill, schipperkes; Mr. H. Maule, pugs, and Mr. S. J. Thompson, toy spaniels. The club is not very liberal with challenge classes, mastiffs and bulldogs only getting sexes divided. Strange to say that in such a show no class is made for Yorkshire terriers. A strong breed in some parts of England, but at this show they go in the variety class. Black and tan terriers, although they have two or three specialty clubs to further their interests, get a second prize only sufficient in amount to cover entry fees. This state of things we have continually with us.

Dachshunds.

In speaking of the difference of type in dachshunds, Mr. Freeman Lloyd takes up the question of utility and fancy as they relate to the German and English types of this breed. Lately at the Spa, Belgium show, Mr. H. Jones, the largest exhibitor of dachshunds in England, had indifferent luck with dogs he took over that have taken all before them at English shows. The Germans go in for the original terrier-headed and short-eared type. Looking at it from a utilitarian point of view, they are right too. The long-eared hound type of English dog would cut a sorry figure with varmint in an earth. His ear length would afford capital hold for his adversary. Mr. Lloyd says: "It stands to reason that a dog going to ground should have physical proportions which will not impede or lay him out to a disadvantage. I have seen these dachshunds go to earth in Belgium and in Holland, and merrily they have gone to their game, and as a believer in things practical—pretty and elegant as the hound-like animals owned by Englishmen are—all that can be said of them is that they are a triumph of the breeder's art, and demonstrate how ridiculous a fancier often makes himself when he preserves and breeds dogs in no way suitable for their work. Neither in an earth nor above ground are those points sought for in English dachshund society of any use. They rather impede and place the dog at a disadvantage." From a fancier point of view, the dachshund, as we know it, exemplified by a Janet or a Jay, is infinitely more interesting and engaging than the terrier formation, and as long as these dogs are not used for their original purpose neither here nor in England, their present beauty interferes little with their present habits. In thick corn after the cottontail we should imagine they would fare badly, though Mr. Manice has, we believe, used his dogs extensively in the woods round Stockbridge, Mass., and it would be interesting, no doubt, if he could be prevailed upon to tell us how they acquit themselves, and if their fancy points affect them in any way. Mr. Lloyd says, "The dachshund is pretty as they make 'em and just about as useful as the fifth wheel of a coach." We trust some one will defend them from this imputation of superfluity. Perhaps the coming field trials will prove the falseness of this accusation.

While we are on the subject of dachshunds, we are reminded of a call recently made upon us by a dachshund exhibitor in the early 80s, Mr. Ludekins, who now resides in New York but formerly lived at Port Richmond, S. I. The uncertainty as to correct type of dachshunds that obtained at our shows at that time led to his abandoning the show ring. He now tells of a peculiar breed he has had for the past four years. He calls them Russian dachshunds. They are in color like a Gordon setter and in build are like a dachshund, with straight, flat coat, heavily feathered on legs and on tail, which is carried like a setter's, ears covered with long hair, too, and very silky. They have the dachshund front and head, and in fact are the same but for the addition of coat. His dogs stand about 4in. high and are about 40in. long. They make excellent field dogs, and can be used on fur and feather, pointing like the setter. They are a very old breed in Russia and confined to certain localities and families, and are not easily obtained by outsiders. The Russian, Mr. Ludekins tells us, on his way to and from the hunting grounds, carries these dogs in leather bags, which are slung pannier-fashion over his horse's withers, in frout of the saddle; the dog's forepaws and head alone appearing and resting on the top edge of the bags. These peculiar dogs breed true and are a distinct breed. The shows have interrupted us in our intention of seeing these dogs, but as soon as possible we will publish a picture of one of them.

Mr. A. W. Smith, the whilom black and tan enthusiast, is paying New York a brief visit, and we are sorry to have missed him, but from Huron, S. D., to New York is a wide stride. Mr. Smith was distinctly disappointed that his specials for American bred B. and T.'s at Toronto were not won by something of more merit. It was "like throwing money into the street for any good it did"—as he very sagely observed.

We gather from a letter that Mr. Fred Mansell writes us, that the etching by Richard Josey, of the red dachshund Pterodactyl, is, besides being an interesting work of art, also a good likeness of the dog. Mr. Woodiwiss, his owner, says it is "a true portrait of my dog and a charming little picture." It is not so small, however, being 15×11in. Our copy, which Mr. Mansell, according to his letter, has kindly sent us, we expect to receive shortly and can tell our readers more about it. India prints are $5.25 and can be ordered through the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. Mr. Mansell, who is making quite a feature of this sort of work, is also at work on a picture of the wirehair Cribbage, which we understand will be issued shortly.

Novice Classes.

In the Toronto show catalogue there is a rule to the effect that where novice classes are provided they shall be judged before the open classes. This is a good rule if it were adhered to. It has been so at former shows in the Queen City, but this year it was not, and the show management distinctly violated one of the rules of the C. K. C. While on this subject it might be proper to ask of what use are novice classes, anyway? Dog shows are supposed to be a medium whereby the best dogs of a district or districts are brought together to ascertain which are the best in the several breeds. Now, what is the use of a restricted class that does not appeal to the public as an educator. Lately we have seen novice classes which are simply a repetition of the awards in the open and practically saddled the management with two classes, where one, the open, would have been sufficient. Dog shows are supposed to bring out the best dogs, but a dog not good enough to win in open, perhaps is able to do so in novices. There an inferior dog is credited with a position and a sort of fictitious value that in comparison with the open class winner he is not entitled to. A puppy class, if we will give puppy classes, should be enough for the youngster, as novice dogs as a rule are. The class is superfluous and is only a drag on show committees, who might better add the money given to these classes to the challenge, which often is too poorly provided for. Instead of restricting the challenge classes to one class for both sexes, or the amount of prize money, as we find in so many cases, where novice classes are given, abolish the latter and give more inducement to the showing of dogs which presumably (of course there are exceptions) are superior examplars of their breed, and as such are public educators, and in many cases worth a dozen of the novice class winner, who very seldom get above vhc. when he competes in the open class. We should like to hear the opinions of others on this subject, as we believe it has been discussed among dogmen in a desultory fashion from time to time. Every dog that is over twelve months old, we contend, unless he is eligible for the challenge classes, should when shown take his chances with those in the open class, and those under twelve months are provided for by the puppy classes, and their status is conveyed as such to the public. The fact that they, the novice class awards, don't count in reckoning wins for the challenge class shows that they are a superfluity. If we are to have novice classes, however, let them be judged first, before the open.

The Death of Bedgebury Lion.

The demise of such a fine bulldog as Bedgebury Lion is a heavy loss both to his owner and to the bulldog fancy. Few of the bulldog men had an opportunity to see the dog that would have made His Lordship and King Lud feel that they had done a good day's work when they beat him. The particulars regarding this dog have been so recently given at the time of his importation last spring that it is not necessary to recapitulate. We sympathize with the proprietor of the Retnor Kennels in their loss, but trust they will not be disheartened and try again. Owing to his being out of condition he has had few opportunities at stud since he came over, and this adds to the loss the breed has suffered in his death. With His Lordship practically out of the way there seems to be no obstacles in the further victories of King Lud and his mates. Mr. Parker is the donor of the handsome Parker cup to the Bulldog Club, and his active interest in the breed should be better seconded.

CHAMPION PAUL GLADSTONE.

One of winning kennel at Rhode Island Show, 1893. Owned by Mr. Joseph Lewis, Moodus, Conn.

Peoria Jerry is Dead.

A correspondent, owner of a kennel of pugs at Morris, Ill., writes to our Western office as follows: "In the official awards of the Toronto dog show, as published in the *American Field* of Sept. 23, I find Peoria Jerry, owned by 'Uncle Dick' Fellows, was awarded seeond in open class. But upon reading the FOREST AND STREAM of same date I learn that poor Jerry was killed by a truckman at Buffalo. Now I would like to know—'you know'—how a dead dog could receieve second prize at a reputable show and just how it came to find its way among the 'official' awards. Our sympathies go out to 'Uncle Dick' in either event. Say, this looks like a 'scoop' to a 'fellow up a tree,' eh?" It is. That pug is dead, was dead, and FOREST AND STREAM chronicled its demise, and the mode and manner of its taking off.

Field Dog Trainers.

There should be, and doubtless are, a number of good trainers of dogs for private shooting within easy distance of New York and New England towns. If these men would only make their identity known by using our business columns we are sure their income would be considerably increased. Every week we have an inquiry or two as to where such trainers can be found.

More Pointers for Maine.

Mr. Chas. D. Roberts, of Dexter, Me., in a letter to us says: "It is with much pleasure that I inform you of the successful arrival Sept. 10 of a litter of pointer puppies, five dogs and three bitches, from my imported bitch Devonshire Pearl and by my Duke of Dexter. Pearl was imported from John Lee Bulled, Devon, Eng., last March, and is by his Devonshire Nero out of Devonshire Fan, and has won first Birmingham, Eng., second Amsterdam and third Boston, the latter when just from her voyage. In good condition I think she can do better. Duke of Dexter is now well known, having won first at New York, Boston and Lewiston in 1892, and first Boston in 1893. These pups are the finest marked I every had and if there are not some winners in this lot I shall not raise any more. As none of these are for sale I hope I shall not be accused of trying to blow my own horn. If 'like breeds like' I shall surely be 'in it.'"

As an evidence of the good and complete management at

Rhode Island show, we acknowledge with thanks the receipt of an officially marked catalogue of the show. The courtesy is none the less welcome because it is the first in our experience.

Flap Doodle.

Our contemporary, *Turf, Field and Farm*, took occasion last week to do a little crowing, stating that Mr. Tallman went to the Manitoba field trials to report the trials for them. We scarcely see where the "doodle" comes in when it is known that Mr. Tallman went specially to the Manitoba trials to act as judge, not as reporter, and his expenses were defrayed by the club. If it was worth while, FOREST AND STREAM might do a little crowing, too. It sent, at its own expense, Mr. Waters, a member of its staff, to BOTH the Northwestern and Manitoba trials at Morris and Souris respectively. Further than this it had another of its staff in Toronto doing the dog show there at the same time, and further, the week after the Providence and Mount Holly shows were covered by the New York office; and further, FOREST AND STREAM was the only paper outside of the State that had its staff representative at the Lexington, Ky., show.

The address of the old English Mastiff Club's secretary, Mr. Court Rice, is now The Limes, East Maling, Kent, Eng.

A Florentine volpino is the newest foreign breed to appear in England. *Stock-Keeper* does not give us much description of the animal further than it is about the size of a schipperke and said to make the best of pets. Perhaps this will turn out to be the Timbuctoo terrier that the English fancy is waiting to improve according to Mr. Lloyd.

Gordons for Canada.

According to a late number of the *Sporting Mirror*, Mr. Barclay Bruce, of Essex, England, took out with him to Canada five brace of Gordons, partly for sport and partly for possible sales. They have not as yet been heard from, however, on this side.

Mr. N. H. Harris, of North Wilmington, asks us to stop his adv. as he has sold all his dogs to Mr. Dole, Mr. Hanks and Mr. Symonds.

Mr. W. F. Ellis, of Manitou, Manitoba, offers a reward for the return of his Hoodoo, black, white and tan setter dog, weight 45lbs., large patch of tan on head and scar on fore foot. Should be returned to Mr. von Lengerke, 246 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

Just as we go to press comes word from Mr. Frank Windholz telling us of the death of the famous setter champion Rockingham. More about him next week.

Secretary George Laick sends notice that a field trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, on Monday, Oct. 9, at 3 P. M.

Cocker Spaniel Type.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your report of the Rhode Island show you have an admirable, outspokeu reference to their being in Bim the essentials of a sporting dog. In placing this dog first in his class Mr. Mortimer has practically, as an official judge of the Spaniel Club, indorsed much of what "Uncle Dick" has said in favor of a working cocker, and given my contention a very welcome boom. I have always held that the cockers of America are to a great extent unfit for any kind of sport, and particularly that of this country. I should like to learn whether Bim is useful in the field, and whether there are not many such that would come forward if the club would appoint judges like Mr. Mortimer without prejudices, and an insane hankering for blacks of the pet spaniel order. I think, too, that there are lots of blacks of similar build that would also take the place of the toys, and the sooner a new era comes the better it will be for the spaniel.

One of the chief reasons for the formation of the English Spaniel Club was the retention of the old cocker spaniel type, and we now find the American Club with judges that have not only caused Irish Clumbers and field spaniel classes to drop out at some shows, but are now doing their best to simmer down cocker classes to a collection of pet dogs.

EDWIN H. MORRIS.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Sept. 30.

United States Field Trials.

THE Derby entries have closed with a list of 32 pointers, 27 Irish setters and 40 English setters. The list having been received just as we go to press, it will be printed in our next issue.

Paisley Terrier Tam.

OMAHA, Neb.—Some time last fall there arrived from Scotland a Paisley terrier dog called Tam. The dog was imported by a lady of New York. As a reader of your paper, I would be pleased to know the address of the whereabouts of this dog. R. F. M.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lady Taska. By W. J. Snow, Waterbury, Conn., for rough St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 20, 1893, by Hesperance out of Sabea.

Hero. By W. J. Snow, Waterbury, Conn., for rough St. Bernard dog, whelped June 15, 1892, by Victon or Lord Malcolm out of Gipsy.

Bobotink. By Inwood Kennels, Providence, R. I., for black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 6, 1893, by Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle) out of Juliette (Captain Dan—Mollie Pitcher).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Gertrude—Count Noble. C. Patnotn's (Pawtucket, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Gertrude (Don—Cremorne II.) to Inwood Kennels' Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle), Aug. 4.

Fan—Count Noble. H. O'Reilly's (Providence, R. I.) Gordon setter Fan (Don—Fanchon) to Inwood Kennels' Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle), Aug. 23.

Minnie Belle—Happy Toby. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Minnie Belle to tbeir Happy Toby (Spokane—Nelly T.), Sept. 8.

Virginia—Patsy Bolivar. Eberbart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Virginia (Spokane—East Lake Virgie) to their Patsy Bolivar (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossy II.). Sept. 8.

Dora—Chatham Prince. A. W. Mullin's (Somerville, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Dora to Chatham Kennels' Chatham Prince (Hinks—The Shrew), Sept. 10.

Loumont Kit—Chatham Prince. P. A. Fuller's (Providence, R. I.) bull-terrier bitch Loumont Kit (Gully the Great—Kit) to Chatham Kennels' Chatham Prince (Hinks—The Shrew).

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Queen of the Dale. Chatham Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Queen of the Dale (Plunger—Nettle), Aug. 31, nine (four dogs), by H. A. Harris's White Wonder (Gully the Great—Kit).

Pepper. H. M. Tonner's pointer bitch Pepper (Bruner's Nig—Amaryllis), June 29, five (two dogs), by Sergeant Kent (King of Kent—Babe Graphic).

Nig's Hope. H. M. Tonner's pointer bitch Nig's Hope (Nig—Amaryllis), Aug. 13, seven (four dogs), by Sergeant Kent (King of Kent—Babe Graphic).

Estrella. H. M. Tonner's English setter bitch Estrella (Monk of Furness—Minnie Noble), July 4, eight (five dogs), by Shell Hudson (Gladstone—Dido II.).

Dell Roy. H. M. Tonner's English setter bitch Dell Roy (Roy T.—Jolly Fan), July 19, ten (seven dogs), by Shell Hudson.

Isca. H. M. Tonner's English setter bitch Isca (Roy T.—Los Angeles), July 23, seven (five dogs), by Shell Hudson.

Edgemark's Nellie. J. E. Borden's (Lansdowne, Pa.) English setter bitch Edgemark's Nellie (Edgemark—Lucy II.), June 1, ten, by F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone.

Bettina Bondhu. L. M. Levering's (Baltimore, Md.) English setter bitch Bettina Bondhu (Gus Bondbu—Rural Neva), June 9, seven dogs, by F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone.

May F. Bondhu. J. Feulner's (Unadilla, N. T.) English setter bitch May F. Bondhu (Gus Bondhu—Daisy Buckellew), June 9, nine (four dogs), by F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone).

Belle Buckellen. C. K. Westbrook's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Belle Buckellew (Buckellew—Vic Vic), June 20, ten (six dogs), by F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone.

Belle of Delaware. F. G. Taylor's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Belle of Delaware (Breeze Gladstone—Delaware), June 20, ten (six dogs), by his Ben Hur of Riverview.

Nicolette. J. P. George's (Concord, N. H.) English setter bitch Nicolette (Roderigo—Lady Bessie), July 9, six (three dogs), by F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone.

Fatality. F. G. Taylor's (Philadelpbia, Pa.) English setter bitch Fatality (Breeze Gladstone—Lest Noble), Aug. 2, eight (four dogs), by his Ben Hur of Riverview.

Cad's Pet. F. G. Taylor's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Cad's Pet (Moorefield—Caddie M.), Aug. 7, five (four dogs), by his champion Breeze Gladstone.

Maisie. J. L. Kinney's (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Maisie (Edgemark—Flora B.), Aug. 12, — puppies, by F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone.

Clutes. E. W. Jester's (Wilmington, Del.) English setter bitch Clutes (Plantagenet—Countess), Aug. 28, seven (three dogs), by F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone.

Til. T. Dingler's (Harrison, N. J.) English setter bitch Til (Count Noble—Lit), Aug. 31, five dogs, by F. G. Taylor's champion Breeze Gladstone.

Belle Mur. A. L. Fookes's (Columbus, O.) English setter bitch Belle Mur (Gladstone's Boy—Flame M.), Sept. 1, eight (two dogs), by champion Monk of Furness.

Flirt. O. W. Harris's (Limerock, R. I.) Gordon setter bitch Flirt (Gyp—Fan), Aug. 6, nine (six dogs), by Inwood Kennels' Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle).

Clara Barton. G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Clara Barton (Sir Bedivere—Judith), Sept. 3, ten (five dogs), by E. H. Moore's Altoneer (Alton—Hera).

Lady Lomond. G. W. Patterson's (Lake View, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch Lady Lomond (Alexander—Bessie), Sept. 6, twelve (nine dogs), by E. H. Moore's Alton, Jr. (Alton—Judith).

East Lake Virgie. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch East Lake Virgie (champion Bradford Ruby—Puss B.), Sept. 5, eight (six dogs), by their Sir Douglass (Douglass II.—Lady Verne).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Dash Noble. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped June 8, 1893, by Count Noble out of Lady Noble, by Inwood Kennels, Providence, R. I., to Mrs. E. Case, same place.

Little Lady. Fawn pug bitch, whelped May 5, 1893, by Happy Toby out of Midget Nellie, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Bishop Clay, Lexington, Ky.

Douglass II. Silver fawn pug dog, by Douglass out of June, by Bellevue Kennels, Newport, Ky., to Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O.

Oklahoma Boy. Fawn pug dog, whelped June 20, 1892, by champion Bonsor out of Lady Clover, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to F. H. Bowman, same place.

Douglass II. Silver fawn pug dog, by Douglass out of June, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to F. H. Bowman, Avondale, O.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

L. W., Columbus, Ga.—Write to Horace Smith, Monroe, N. C.; he is reliable and the most convenient trainer to you we know of.

J. A. F., Lowell, Mass.—Write to E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn. He will probably know of a good man up your way.

A. B. M., Wodmont, Conn.—Your Italian greyhound Spider is 6,024 (A. K. R.). W. H. Abrams's Daisy II. is 6,023 (A. K. R.). Both are in March, 1888 issue. Posey is not registered, the numbers you give belong to a bull-terrier. Spider won second at New Haven, 1836.

H. J. H., Fort Leavenworth, Kan.—If by staghound you mean a Scotch deerhound, you can get the very best from the Hillside Kennels, Lancaster, Mass., whose advertisement will be found in our business columns. They should prove a useful dog out your way.

W. H. V. S., Eau Claire, Wis.—If you write to Mr. J. L. Winchell, Fairbaven, Vt., he can probably supply you with bloohhound pups. His stock is of the very best and we believe are from parents trained to hunt the boot. Geo. W. Glazier, Salem, Mass., also has some of the same stock.

H. C. B, Springfield, Mass.—Dalmatians, or coach dogs, as they are usually called, are not by any means common in this country. A notice in our business columns might put you on the track of one. There were some shown at tbe Pawtucket show, we believe, but they were not very good specimens.

G. S., Yonkers, N. Y.—The beagle is considered best for hare hunting, and Mr. Ashburner's book will give you information about training. Price, 50 cents. We can supply it. Little training is required, developing a disposition to hunt and heed is about all. Consult our advertising columns for good stock.

T. A., Birmingham, Ala.—I have a pointer dog two years old that has become very deaf. There is no sign of canker rising or other trouble in head or ears. I had his ears examined to-day by a professional doctor, who says there is no obstruction and the ears are healtby looking. Can you explain cause and give treatment. Ans. Pour a few drops of almond oil (warmed) into the ear every day for a week, then syringe out with warm water and dry thoroughly with a soft cloth.

H. F. DE B. C., Detroit, Mich.—I have a litter of cocker puppies 7 weeks old. One has a lump as large around as end of index finger projecting at navel, which upon pressure slips back, only to reappear when same is removed. Another has a swelling in neck just above chest on under side, which feels like a gland and may be moved about. It is not hard, but yielding, and apparently gives no pain. Is almost as large as a walnut. Will you kindly oblige me by telling me in your interesting paper, which I regularly read, what I can do for them? Ans. Do nothing for the lump at the navel; it is a rupture, and will disappear as the puppy grows older. For swelling in neck apply tincture of iodine twice a week.

GEO. W. P., Manchester, N. H.—Nearly two years since I wrote you inquiring about a bunch that for some months had been growing on my hound bitch, directly in front of the point of the shoulder. From my description you pronounced it a tumorous growth and recommended application of iodine liniment, and if that failed, then removal of bunch. I employed the local veterinarian and he bas tried external applications, has injected iodine, has put in a seton, and all these have failed. He says tbe brachial artery is involved, and not professing experience in canine surgery fears to cut it out. The bunch has attained the size of a large orange, is about as hard as loose muscle, apparently causes no pain or soreness. It seems to me that its size must fatigue her some when on the trail, but its future is what troubles me most and I am too far up country to consult a specialist. Will you kindly tell me if it is safe to use ether on dogs, and would the severing of the brachial artery impair the usefulness of a foxbound if properly taken up? Ans. It is perfectly safe to use either ether or chloroform on dogs. The severing of the brachial artery would not impair the usefulness of the dog.

H. A. V., Albany, N. Y.—I have a pointer dog, 5yrs. old, who at times is very constipated. There seems to form in the rectum a large hard lump, which when passed and broken up is like baked sand After passing lump the accumulation behind lump is soft and natural. He is fed since this trouble soft food. Rectum seems very feverish. Fed once a day. Trouble came one year ago. Will pass lump after giving injection of oil. Otherwise dog is perfectly healthy. What would you advise. Ans. Try the following mixture:

℞	Pot. bi carb.	ʒi
	Tr. rhei	℥ iss
	Tr. lucis vom.	ʒ iss
	Tr. gent. co.	ʒ ii
	Aq. ad	℥ vi

Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day. Do not give dog any bones.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 17.—Kenmore Club meeting at Goodland, Kan. Frank L. Webster, Sec'y. Entries close Oct. 16.

The Huron Meet.

HURON, S. D., Oct. 3.—[*Special to Forest and Stream*]: Everything points to a successful meeting. There is a number of well-known coursers already here. There are no English dogs. Entries are chiefly of those from Kansas, New York and Indiana, with three from California, and several from this neighborhood. The draw took place last night in the Opera House, with thirty-two dogs, as follows:

Whiton's Lord Neverstill against Nelson's Dover. Alley's Dick Alley against Allen Andrew's Delsarte. Allen Andrew's Sir Hugo against Watson's Royal Crest. Landseer Kennels' Viola against Watson's Drytime. Allen Andrew's Fanny against Slocum's Raven. Hall's Joe McAuliffe against Landseer Kennels' Nancy. Coyne's Flying Fancy against Whiting's Touchwood. Allen Andrew's Woodford Boy against Coyne's Willis H. Coyne's Laplander against Nelson's Greenshine. Vinton's Cyclone against Busfield's Bicker. Watson's Will o' the Wisp against Lowe's Princess May. Lowe's St. Lawrence against Hall's Banboy. Coyne's Romona against Hall's Daziel. Watson's Willy Nilly against Wallace's Alake. Lowe's Prince Charlie against Landseer Kennels' Vanpeter. Nelson's Miss Dallas III. against Lowe's Voltaire.

Local interest is very great. A supper and a musical entertainment were given to visitors after the draw.

Weather bright but frosty. Judge Williams and Slipper Brett are both here. The Great Bend meeting is declared off. H. C. Lowe's noted greyhound Master Peter is dead, burst a blood vessel. H. W. L.

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A Wolf Hunt With the Faulkner Pack.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Long about the middle of last December I had word sent me that on the following day there would be a big wolf hunt, and as I am a lover of such kind of sport I was up and ready to start next morning, when I heard the hunter's horn which was about six miles away. The air was damp and just cold enough to brace one up for the sport to come. On coming up I found the party, consisting of some twenty persons and Mr Faulkner with his fifteen trail hounds and two greyhounds; also Mr. Lafallett with four of his pack of fighters. As we were all ready we started for some timber about two miles away. On entering the timber we had hardly gone 400yds., when old Lud, one of Faulkner's best trail hunters, gave tongue, in which he was joined by Little Ben, Mr. Lafallett's old reliable, and the rest of the pack. Going in a kind of circle and nearing the edge of the timber they put Mr. Coyote up to show his running qualities.

At this time of the game there was music in the air for sure. Why, I can almost hear them yet, in imagination, and the way they did run nothing could strike a hunter's fancy more. The coyote made for a deep ravine in which we lost sight of him but not of the dogs. They were well packed and straining every nerve and muscle to put him out on the open prairie. But on reaching the other side of the ravine we caught sight of him making for some small timber, three or four hundred yards away, in which there was a good deal of brush and vines. After running him several times around here, the coyote appearing not to know just which way to go, he finally made a bee-line south, keeping in cornfields or near a hedge. We were all doing our best to keep up with the pack of dogs, and by this time we were all limbered up, the dogs doing their best were determined to make the chase as short as possible. After running the coyote about eight miles he made a large circle and started for Mud Creek, some five miles away. There was considerable straggling now among both men and dogs. On seeing the move the coyote had taken those that were behind cut across to head him off, followed by most of the stragglers, among which were the two greyhounds.

We had gone about two miles, when we came in sight of the coyote; urging the dogs on so as to keep him from giving us the slip at Mud Creek, the greyhounds soon sighted him. Then talk about dogs running! Why they seemed to fly, and in no time they overtook him. They were going so fast that when the coyote turned to fight them they knocked him down, going ten or twelve yards past. Before they could get back the coyote turned and started off, only to be knocked down again. By this time Speck, Queen, Bob and Lady had caught up and made short work of Mr. Coyote before the other dogs came in. It was quite laughable to see some of the horses running, especially when they would come to a small ditch, the horse and rider would go up in the air and come down like a ton of brick, this being the first chase they had ever been in. To tell the truth, we got pretty well shook up, and almost hungry enough to eat a wolf ourselves. Thus ended one of the most enjoyable and long to be remembered wolf hunts in many a day.

G. B. L. MERCER.

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New England Hounds.

A BRIEF glance at recent foxhound history in New England may be of interest at this time when fox hunting is exciting so much attention, and so many additions and changes are being made in prominent Eastern packs. The field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club occurred in '89. This was the first public competition of foxhounds in this section of the country, and the friendly rivalry engendered at that meet has completely changed the personnel of many of our best packs.

Up to that time most of the hounds in use in New England were native bred, and were considered by their owners unequalled in all good qualities which a hound should possess. After the inaugural trials were finished, Mr. R. D. Perry, the present M. F. H. of the Brunswick Fur Club, attended the Interstate Fox Hunters' Meet in the South, and was so much pleased with the work done there that he purchased the Avent hound, Clinker. At the second trials in New England Clinker won first in the speed class, and at the third trials he won the club medal given for the highest general average in all classes, and also the American Field cup; at these trials, too, fine work was done by the Wild Goose hounds Slip and Leads All.

The great speed, and endurance, and fine hunting and trailing qualities displayed by Clinker were a surprise to most of the sportsmen who witnessed the field trials of '91, and many who had previously doubted the superiority of the Southern hound over the native, were convinced that they were mistaken in their estimate of the relative qualities of the two. These gentlemen were not slow to follow Mr. Perry's example, and the trials of '92 saw a remarkable change in the class of hounds entered for competition.

The desire to beat Clinker led to a search for the very best Southern hounds, and many splendid specimens were seen at the '92 trials. The Portsmouth Hunt Club entered the July Hendricks, the lead hound in the well-known pack of Mr. Thad Murphy, Macon, Ga.; Mr. E. J. Bates again entered Leads All, a Wild Goose hound; the Kinney-White pack had among their representatives the Goodmans, Logan and Aggie. Mr. J. H. Baird sent the English hound Duff, and the Walker Crook; Mr. M. Stewart was accompanied by Chum and Paddy, English hounds; Mr. N. Q. Pope's pack was represented by the Goodmans, Clay, French and Orange, and the July, Pealer; Mr. Richard Seely entered the Buckfield-Byron Jim.

As all the world knows, Clay won the highest generala r

age medal and the much-prized cup, and for the second time the superiority of the Southern hound was shown.

The interest in the foxhound trials is constantly increasing. New England sportsmen are progressive and are determined to have the best there are. With this end in view, a number of high-class hounds—the best that money could buy—have been purchased during the past year, and will be seen for the first time at the trials this month. Not only have these hounds been bought by New Englanders, but Nova Scotia is also coming to the front, and its principal pack will be represented by at least two Southern thoroughbreds.

The large sums of money which have been invested in high-class hounds in the last two years can but be gratifying to those who have the improvement of our foxhounds at heart, and again brings into prominence the mooted question—"Are there any hounds that can run into the New England fox?"

This question will be decided in one way or the other within a year or two. I am no prophet and will not attempt to prophesy, but I am convinced that those who watch the work done by the Portsmouth Hunt Club pack, the Popple Camp pack, the Kinney-White pack, the Oxford (Mass.) pack, and others which I could mention, will see reynard run much faster than he ever did before or lose his brush.

BRADLEY.

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The English Greyhound Stud Book.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the "Greyhound Stud Book," containing the names, colors, ages and pedigrees of greyhounds registered therein up to July 1, 1893. This is the first issue of the book under the new keeper's, Mr. W. F. Lamonby, direction, and that he has compiled a most interesting and valuable volume cannot be denied. Coursing men the world over are always interested in the big men of the leash, and the numerous excellent half-tone portraits of well-known coursers found in this volume enable one to form a much better idea of their identity. Among these illustrations are the late keeper of the Stud Book, Mr. David Brown, whose portrait adorns the first page. Then follow portraits of Messrs. Wm. Patterson, Joseph Hutchinson, A. J. Humphrey, R. M. Douglass, Harold Brocklebank, Francis Watson, Joseph Trevor, Thos. Quihampton, H. Haywood, M. G. Hale, John Coke, the Marquis of Anglesey, Col. North and Sir Thomas Lecky.

A review of the 1892-93 coursing season by "Dromas" is not the least interesting feature of the work, and will prove valuable to the student of form in conjunction with the record of all the winners, runners up and dividers of all stakes during the past season. A picture of Fullerton is also given, together with a record of his performances.

The monthly supplement to the Stud Book having in its publication incurred a loss, it was decided at the last meeting of the National Coursing Club that this feature should be discontinued. The code of rules, as revised and adopted June 28, 1893, is also published.

The number of greyhounds registered in the book is 3,674, and the number of individual owners here represented reaches 1,361.

Another valuable feature that we may allude to in closing our review of this useful volume is the "Statistics of Winning Strains" during the season of 1892-93, compiled by "Dromas." This shows that the lately deceased Greentick heads the list of winning sires. His record shows that with the aid of 43 bitches, or 48 families, embracing 82 running greyhounds, among them won 28 stakes, divided 80 and ran second for 23. Another pillar of the stud, Mullingar, just beats a no less well known greyhound, Herschel, for second place by means of 30 bitches, or 34 families, embracing 57 running dogs. With these he won 19 stakes, divided 52, and ran second for 20. Herschel's record is made with 25 bitches, or 26 families, embracing 52 running dogs, which accounted for 16 stakes, divided other 50 and ran second for 9. Another successful sire, Toboggan, makes an excellent showing for a young dog, having only one season's progeny to depend upon. With the produce of 10 bitches his record is 8 wins, 18 divided and 5 runners up, this with 22 dogs. Such a guide as this will prove almost inestimable in its value to greyhound breeders of both countries.

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Northwestern Beagle Club Trials.

Milwaukee, Sept. 25.—The Northwestern Beagle Club's first annual field trials will be held at Whitewater, Wis., beginning on Nov. 1. Whitewater is on the C. M. & St. Paul R. R. fifty-one miles southwest of Milwaukee. Parties that wish to run dogs, that can not attend the trials themselves, can send them to the Northwestern Beagle Club, Whitewater, Wis. The club will furnish a competent handler and the dogs will get the best of care. Application for membership has been made to the American Kennel Club. For entry blanks, premium lists, etc., address Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee, Wis.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. L. F. Bartels, of Denver, conveys the sad intelligence, in a letter to me under date of Sept. 20, of the death of Mann Page, of Denver, Col. Of him he feelingly writes as follows: "Mr. Page was one of the finest fellows that ever lived, a man in every sense. He was a chemist and assayer of great ability, having filled the position of assayer in chief for years at the Grant Smelters (our largest smelter) in this city, and up to the time of his death, which occurred yesterday. He was an enthusiastic friend of the greyhound and of coursing. He has owned a number of good dogs. In 1891 he entered his dogs Fleetfoot and Quebelle at Great Bend, Kan. He had a number of young ones which he was training for the fall meetings at Goodland and Leoti. Mr. Page was a Virginian by birth."

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It would be a pleasant circumstance to the winner of that cup if that cup was given to the winner thereof. Why not call it the Phantom cup? "Curious, very. Not only curious, but a trifle queer."

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Breeding greyhounds seems to be a lucrative game in England if you get the right strains. A litter by Restorer out of Harpstring, the dam of Fine Night, five in number, realized $2,155, one of them, a bitch, bringing at auction $875 and another, a dog, $500, another bitch brought $475. Speaking of large prices given for greyhounds by such fashionable sires as Greentick, Herschel, and Mullingar, we note that at the sales during the past season a number of dogs went at auction for prices over $500, and one, Bab-o'-the-Burn, a first-season bitch, brought $1,250 at the Royal Repository, Barbicary, London. She is by Herschel out of Miss Jessie II.

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During the show at Cranston, a Mr. Tarr, of New York, who is said to have a cry of beagles, in passing Mr. A. D. Fiske's team took a fancy to the winning pup, Arline, as the most likely-built one for work in the show and purchased him. Mr. Fiske also sold another one, a bitch.

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At this show there was a good deal of discussion over Mr. Mullane's beagle bitch Beauty. It was recognized by the "faculty" as Baby Deane, who was lost shortly after the 1890 beagle trials. She belonged to Mr. W. S. Clarke, who has offered to replace the bitch with another one, but we believe Mr. Mullane wants expenses for time he has kept her. The affair is slightly mixed, and how it will turn out we cannot tell. This bitch as Beauty, it will be remembered, scored at Toronto and was well spoken of in our report. She is one of the few typical ones in body, and is well worth having.

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Owing to ill health, which prevents him from keeping up with his beagles and training them as he should like, Mr. Wixom tells us that it is not likely he will compete in the trials this year, though he has some young stock that he would like to see go.

Yachting.

The races for the America's Cup have come at a most opportune time for the daily papers, when the excitement has all gone out of the silver purchase repeal, and the fall elections are still a month off. To add to this good luck the new challenger is not a mere M. P. like Mr. Ashbury, or even a baronet, or a plain sailor man, but a real live Peer, and with him have come a Peeress, their two daughters and several members of the "nobility." Even more attention has been devoted to the movements of Lord Dunraven and his party than to the two principals in the contest, Vigilant and Valkyrie, and the voluminous chronicle of their daily doings is hardly less than a liberal education to those who aim to pattern themselves after the "nobility." It is quite evident from some of the stories that the writers had based their ideal of the British peer solely on "Iolanthe" and the other Gilbertian operettas, and also that this ideal has been shattered in the most ruthless manner. No one could read the description of the dress and appearance of the Dunraven party in a certain New York paper without a keen sense of sympathy for the disappointment of the writer—in place of jeweled coronets and ermine only plain everyday garments were worn, and very little jewelry was visible. In another paper, after the exact time of the arrival of Lord Dunraven at the New York Y. C. is noted as carefully as the start of a race, we learn with surprise that he walked quietly into the house and ascended the steps, one at a time, in much the same manner that any gentleman would, instead of tripping upstairs like the lords in "Iolanthe," and afterward emulating Sir Joseph Porter and dancing a hornpipe on the big table in the Model Room.

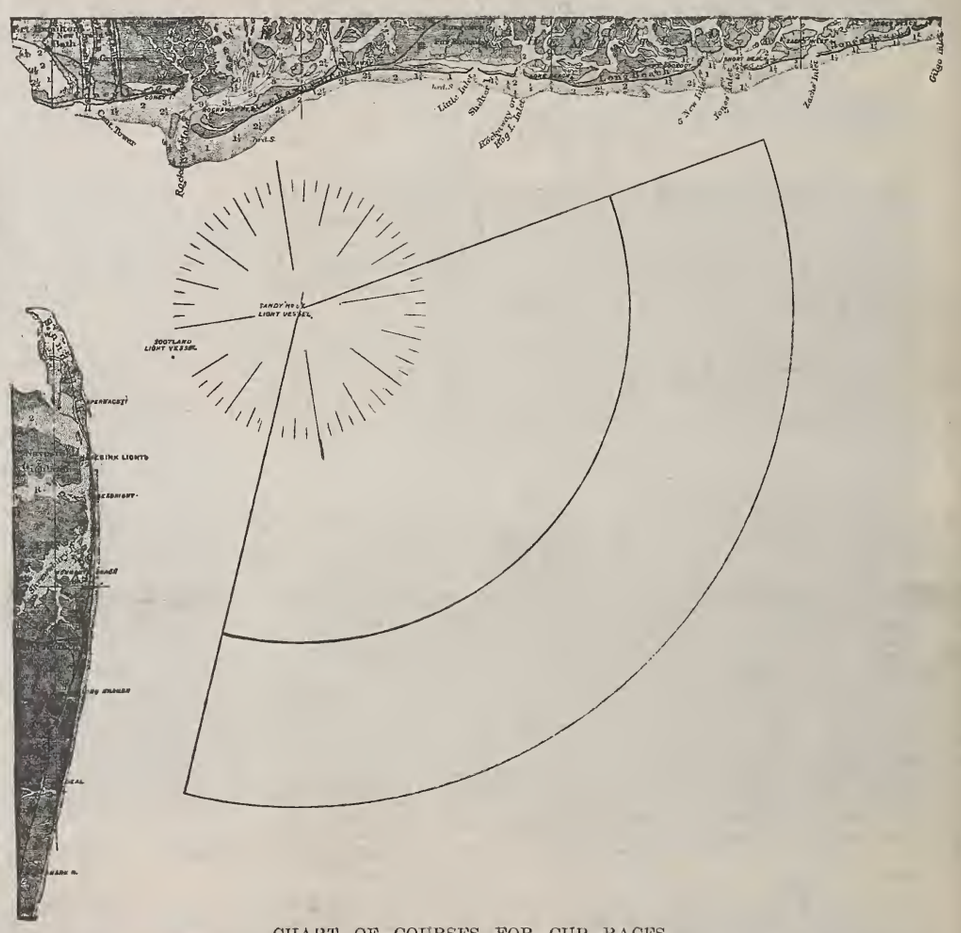


CHART OF COURSES FOR CUP RACES.

The courses, triangular and windward and leeward, will be laid somewhere within the limits indicated by the diverging lines, north by east, or south-southwest. The inner circle represents 10 miles, naut., and the outer 15 miles.

One funny accompaniment of the international contest is the doggerel in which the partisans of Vigilant and Valkyrie have sought to relieve their feelings, and which has in some way got into type. The most unconsciously funny of these is one in which a staunch upholder of Vigilant predicts that "England's defender will see but your keel." In thus inviting a capsize, the poet is evidently laboring under the popular delusion that Vigilant is really a centerboard sloop and fully capable of "turning turtle" in a race.

It is always well to have two strings to one's bow, and though the complete success of the American yacht is confidently announced in many papers, the way for retreat in case of a fairly favorable showing of the keel boat is still kept open. Not only has the term "sloop" been liberally used in connection with British boats this year, but it has been announced that Valkyrie really should be quite fast, as she is purely of American model. One amusing incident of the sloop craze which has lately broken out is the reporting of the cutter Medusa in a daily paper as a "sloop-cutter," whatever that may be.

The races of the last eight years have added permanently a new term to the yachtsman's vocabulary, and "Cup defender" is now established in general use. An attempt is now being made to add still another, and we read of Jubilee, Pilgrim and Colonia not as "Cup defenders," but as "Cup candidates."

Among the visitors attracted by the Cup races is Lieut. Henn, who arrived on Friday last on the Germanic. He has been spending his time at Larchmont.

The immediate conditions of the present races are not only far more just and liberal than have ever been afforded to a Cup challenger, but they are practically the ideal conditions for a fair race, which the Forest and Stream has persistently fought for through four successive Cup contests, dating back to 1881. Why these conditions were given to the Earl of Dunraven when they were denied to Lieut. Henn and the owners of Thistle is now of little account, the main fact is that at last the New York Y. C. has reached a standard of absolutely fair and impartial management for the races for the America's Cup.

While the immediate conditions of the races are thus established on a fair and permanent basis that should prevent all disputes in the future, the same cannot be said of the conditions under which the Cup will be delivered to a successful challenger. The statement credited to the chairman of the Cup committee to the effect that all differences were arranged when the challenge was accepted is, as we happen to know, entirely incorrect. After the long discussion of terms which began in 1889, the challenge of Lord Dunraven and the Royal Yacht Squadron was finally accepted at the end of a late meeting, and the one vital point of the holding of the Cup by the winner was left undecided, and with opposing statements on each side. Unless it was settled at the meeting of Tuesday or a subsequent one on Monday of this week, this fruitful subject for dissension and dispute still remains.

The number of people throughout the whole United States who take a keen interest in the Cup races is beyond estimate; but at the present time there is hardly a small town, even in the far West, where the possibilities of the success of the American boat are not eagerly, if ignorantly, discussed. Much of this interest is purely patriotic and sentimental, but it exists to an extent which is unknown in England. To the much smaller class of practical yachtsmen there is another point of view in all such international contests, and while their sympathies may lie in one direction, it often happens that the technical points involved incline them to the other side.

Compared with previous races, it must be admitted that the technical issues and the possible results of the coming contest are of little importance. The great point of keel vs. centerboard has been practically decided since the last Cup races in 1887, and is likely to be little affected by the present races. Minerva, Gloriana and Wasp have given conclusive proof that it is possible to design a keel yacht which, to state it moderately, is at least as good to windward as any centerboard boat ever built. The ability in racing, and the advantages and disadvantages of the keel boat in the middle and smaller classes, have been fully demonstrated, and boats of even excessive draft are in general use.

While the problem is somewhat different in the larger classes, there is every reason for the belief that if the question of convenient draft be disregarded, the 85ft. keel can be made quite the equal of the compromise model of the same length. While this fact is gratifying to those who have maintained for so long the keel side of the controversy, it amounts to little in practice, as a yacht of over 12ft. draft can be of little use anywhere save for international racing. Once the limit of 12 to 13ft. is passed, and it is exceeded even in the centerboard Cup defender, the yacht becomes a special machine and of no general use. No yachtsman would deliberate long over the real merits of such a craft as Lasca or Volunteer, drawing little over 10ft., and Vigilant drawing 14ft. or over. The success of a large keel yacht, like Colonia or Valkyrie, can only prove what many have long since accepted and others cannot successfully disprove; it certainly would not lead to the general adoption of the type by American yachtsmen. The success of Vigilant is likely to have as little effect, it cannot

overthrow the conclusions based on Gloriana and Wasp, nor will it develop in general use a much deeper or wider type of centerboard than is now found in the larger classes. Exciting as the present contest is, its technical issues are of comparatively small importance.

The America's Cup Races.

THE meeting between Lord Dunraven and the Cup committee of the New York Y. C. took place on the afternoon of Tuesday, Sept. 26, at the club house, there being present Messrs. J. D. Smith, A. Cass Canfield, J. F. Tams and Latham A. Fish; the fifth member, Mr. Philip Schuyler, being on his way home from England. The meeting lasted for a couple of hours, but nothing is yet known of the subjects discussed or the conclusions arrived at. After the meeting it was announced that the results would not be made public for the present, as they had not been "formulated;" no information of the meaning of this term being given. In answer to a direct question as to whether the terms under which the Cup should be held by the Royal Yacht Squadron in the event of a victory for Valkyrie had been discussed, the chairman, Mr. Smith, stated that these terms had been finally arranged when the challenge was accepted last winter.

One important matter settled at the meeting was that of the immediate detail of the races, which was announced by circular on Saturday, as follows:

Conditions of America's Cup Races, 1893.

SAILING DIRECTIONS.

Start—The start will be made off Sandy Hook Lightship, the Letter G—Do you assent to calling race off for the day?

If both yachts signify their assent by setting the affirmative signal (letter C), the answering pennant will be hoisted on the May. C G—Race postponed on account of fog. Letter L—The starting point will be shifted out from the Lightship.

All signals will be made by club code.

By invitation of the Commodore the committee will be on board the flagship.

GENERAL RACING CONDITIONS—BY MUTUAL AGREEMENT.

The racing rules, time allowance, and system of measurement of the New York Y. C. shall govern, with the proviso that any excess of load water-line length over 85ft. shall be counted double in calculating the sailing length, and also that the load water-line length shall not exceed 86.7ft.

Best three out of five races, outside of headlands, over courses each 30 nautical miles in length, and with a time limit of six hours.

The first, third and fifth races shall be to windward or to leeward and return. The second and fourth races shall be around an equilateral triangle, one leg (and the first, if the wind permit) being to windward.

One day shall intervene between each racing day. A race postponed or not finished within the time limit shall be decided before the next race in the series is taken up.

*The races will be started off Sandy Hook Lightship, the preparatory signal being made at 11:15 A. M., and the start (from a single gun) at 11:25. But if on the day of a race to windward or leeward, the course cannot be laid from the lightship, then the race will be started about 11:45, from some point further out to sea.

**The Regatta Committee shall have discretionary power to declare the race off in case of fog. They may also, on account of other weather conditions, postpone the start or declare the race off for the day, provided that both yachts assent.

In case of serious accident to either yacht, prior to the starting signal, she shall have sufficient time to repair before being required to start: if during a race, she shall have sufficient time to repair before being required to start in the next race.

Manual power only shall be used in working the competing vessels.

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD, } Regatta Committee.
IRVING GRINNELL,

The first race will be on Thursday, Oct. 5, and the second on Oct. 7, continuing on alternate days until at least three have been sailed. The possibility of postponement for weather or to make repairs renders it impossible to fix in advance the exact date of each race.

The accompanying chart shows the racing ground, outside Sandy Hook, and the courses will presumably be within the limit of the two lines diverging from the Sandy Hook Lightship, the circles representing ten miles, the sides of the triangular course, and fifteen miles, the length of the leeward course, respectively. As stated in the conditions, it is possible that the start may be moved seaward from the Lightship to secure a windward leg.

A very large fleet of steamers and tugs will follow the race, many of them engaged by clubs or private parties. Public steamers, carrying passengers at $2 to $5 each, will be run, full information as to the times and places of starting being given in the advertising columns of the daily papers. Some of the yacht clubs have also arranged to give notice to holders of tickets of any change of programme through the same medium.

Capt. Crocker was in New York this week, having returned by steamer. On Oct. 2 Navahoe sailed from Cowes for Madeira, with Mr. and Mrs. Carroll on board. They will visit the West Indies, returning to New York in a couple of months.

Vigilant and Valkyrie.

SINCE the trial races the members of the Vigilant syndicate here worked even harder than before in the effort to perfect the boat for the final contest, and nothing that work and money could do has been omitted. Mr. Iselin, Mr. Willard and the others who have been with the boat from the start have been constantly at work, aided by Mr. Herresboff, and many changes have been made at City Island. Spars, rigging, gear and sails have been altered and strengthened, the wire in particular being very much heavier than that first used. Piepgrass has made more new spars, including a hollow boom and topmast, and a spare mast is ready in his big shed. Sawyer has made a new jib and staysail, and all the sails have been more or less altered. So many changes of spars and sails have been made that it is not known what particular ones will be used.

Early last week a diver went down and scoured the Tobin bronze centerboard, and on Thursday the yacht was hauled out on Hawkins's railway at City Island, the faithful Hattie going out at the same time.

The yacht laid on the ways until Monday, being run off at 4 A. M. While dry she was visited by hundreds of people, Sunday being the principal day. Her bronze bottom was cleaned and then polished with Bath brick, or some similar polishing material. On Monday she was under way on the Sound for another trial of the sails. On Wednesday she will visit Erie Basin, where Mr. Hyslop will make the final measurement of both yachts.

Valkyrie was under way for the first time in racing rig on Wednesday of last week, first spending an hour or more off Owl's Head while her compasses were adjusted. She sailed down the Bay, returning in the afternoon, and on the three following days she was also out. On each occasion she was closely watched from tugboats and yachts which accompanied her, the comments on her sails and her apparent speed being uniformly favorable.

Nothing was done on board on Sunday, but on Monday morning she was towed to the Erie Basin Dry Docks. She reached the dock before noon, but the steamer Iroquois had to be floated, and it was just midday when Valkyrie was warped in. Thistle and Genesta were grounded near the outer end, but the keel blocks for Valkyrie were laid ahead of Iroquois while the latter was dry, so the yacht was grounded near the head of the dock.

As soon as she was in position, the crew left her in the two boats, then Messrs. Watson and Ratsey with Capt. Cranfield and one of the crew took the dingby and rowed round her, carefully marking the exact waterline at the bow. When they reached the long, low counter the task was far more difficult, and it was some time before a mark was made. After several attempts to reach under, the boat was heeled until her gunwale touched the water and Mr. Watson leaned out, his body beyond the boat and barely clearing the water, and by a long stretch he succeeded in making a mark at the proper point.

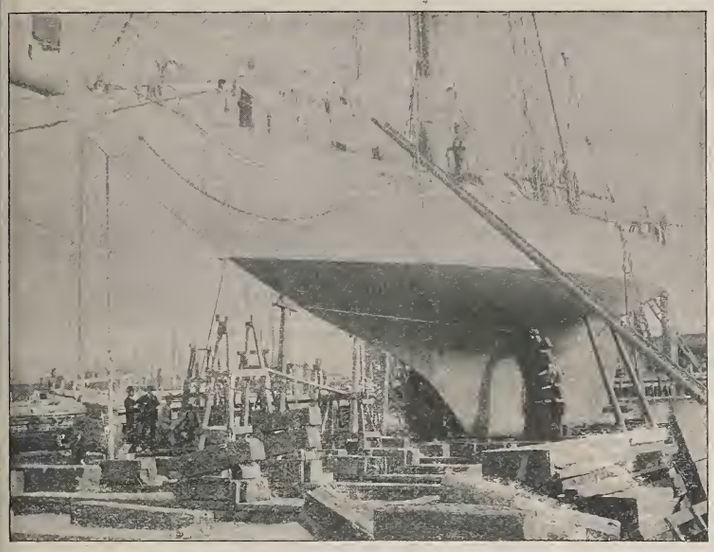
There was about 24ft. of water when the caisson was floated in, closing the docks and the pumps were set to work until the depth was reduced to about 18ft. before the yacht began to fall by the head, showing that her heel had grounded on the lowest keel block.

Owing to her peculiar keel contour the greatest care was necessary in properly adjusting her to the blocks specially built up to support her, the forward tier of blocking being at least 10ft. high.

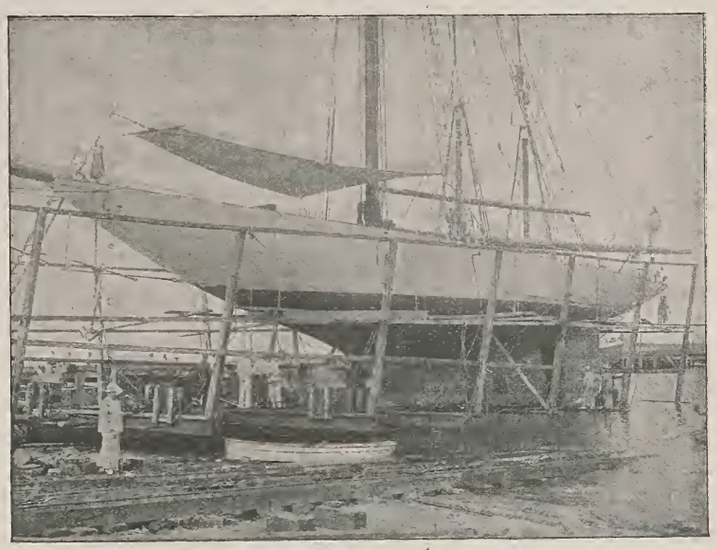
The yacht was held by four tackles from the bows and quarters. A wire rope with a short line hanging in the center was stretched across the dock just clear of her taffrail, and a lead line was hung from the center of the latter.

At the head of the dock the foreman of the yard stood by the two posts which mark the exact center line of the dock, and sighted the bow, a man on the stern watching the plumb line and the center of the wire rope. Other men on the four tackles moved the yacht slightly to one side or the other until she stood over the exact center of the dock.

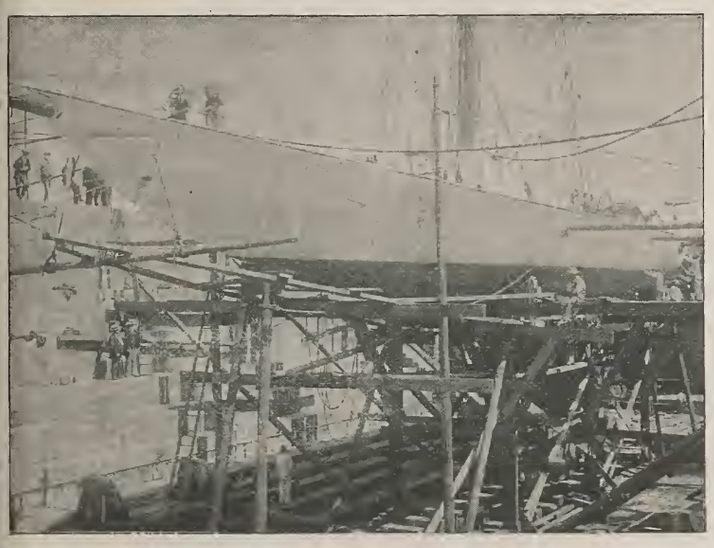
When finally adjusted, the spur shores were run out, four on each side, from the yacht to the steps of the dock, and one pump was started. The crew took possession of the two float stages, each man



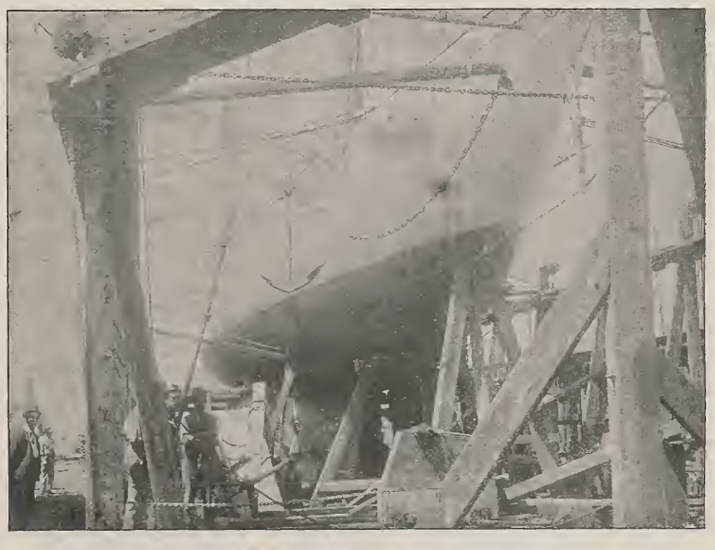
COLONIA—DESIGNED BY N. G. HERRESHOFF.



VIGILANT—DESIGNED BY N. G. HERRESHOFF.



PILGRIM—DESIGNED BY STEWART & BINNEY.



JUBILEE—DESIGNED BY JOHN B. PAYNE.

THE CUP DEFENDERS OF 1893.

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preparatory signal being given at 11:15 A. M., and the starting signal at 12:25, except as provided under *General Racing Conditions.

Courses—No. 1. (Letter B.) From the starting line to and around a mark 15 miles to windward or to leeward and return, leaving the mark on the starboard hand. No. 2. (Letter T.) From the starting line 10 miles to and around a mark; thence 10 miles to and around a second mark, and thence 10 miles to finish line, turning the marks on the outside of the triangle, to port or starboard, according as the yachts are sent around.

Starting and Finishing Lines—Will be between a point on the flagship May, indicated by a white flag and the mainmast of the lightship, or other stakeboat if the start is made further out to sea. The starting and finishing lines will be at right angles with the outward and home courses, respectively.

Compass Courses—Will be set on the maintopmast stay before the preparatory signal is made, and will be kept flying until after the start. The signals for course No. 2 must be read beginning forward.

Marks—Will be floats displaying a red flag with white stripe. The position of each float will be indicated by a tug showing a red ball and stationed about 100yds. beyond. Should a float be wrecked its place will be taken by its marking tug, which will show the club signal in addition to the ball, and in turning the tug, the directions for turning the float will govern.

STARTING SIGNALS.

Preparatory—A gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted.

Signal for the Start—Ten minutes later, a second gun will be fired, and the ball will be dropped. In case the start is postponed or the starting point is shifted from the lightship, a preliminary signal will be made by firing a gun and displaying a blue peter at the fore ten minutes before the preparatory signal and twenty minutes before the start. Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given.

Recall Signal—A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is made will be recalled by a blast of the whistle and the display of her private signal on the fore.

Postponement Signals, &c.—See General Racing Conditions.**

Letter H—Do you assent to postponing start until later in the day?

armed with a stiff brush broom, while on each float were several tubs of a black scouring mixture, composed of sand, water and an acid. The men scoured vigorously, moving the floats from end to end, while the pump was run slowly and stopped at times when the water fell too fast. The copper was in good condition, but little fouled, and showing only a few wrinkles forward, though the white putty showed plainly along the seams of the counter from the copper line to the archboard.

All the afternoon a steady stream of visitors poured into the yard, until all the yachting talent of New York was assembled within a radius of 100ft. of Valkyrie's mast. Among the visitors were Messrs. A. Cary Smith, J. Beavor Webb, Canfield, Tams, Sanderson, Gardner, Gielow, Thomas Congdon, C. H. Haswell, M. R. Schuyler and E. B. Clarke. Lord Dunraven was not present, having gone on a flying visit to Boston on Saturday, but a casual visitor with a cane and a gaff topsail hat was pointed out by some one as his Lordship. The word quickly passed through the round and many stopped to gaze, enjoying the sight just as much as though it had been really the owner of Valkyrie.

Owing to the delay of scrubbing, it was 5 o'clock before the deck was dry and the yacht was visible from her truck to the heel of her rudder. Of course her dimensions are not known, but the most reliable estimates place the beam at 22ft. 6in., and the extreme draft at three to six inches over 17ft.

In Valkyrie, in spite of much that has been said, there is not the east suggestion of the Herreshoff boats. Not only are the dimensions different, but the whole treatment of the design shows Mr. Watson's individuality; in fact, he has not even copied himself in Thistle.

Like the topsides, the bottom is very much like Queen Mab, the keel contour being somewhat different. The bow is long and more of the V-section than in any Herreshoff boats, the waterlines being straighter. The middle body is quite full, with a rather deep bilge and a thick throat to the floors, but the run is very clean and easy.

The general dimensions of the yacht are unquestionably far ahead of any other Cup challenger, she has a good amount of beam, her lead is very low, and from all accounts she carries her canvas in a way that none of the older boats have done.

What is of even more importance is that her draft is apparently enough for good windward work, her lateral plane is ample, and its distribution indicates a good balance; in other words, she is strong in those points in which all previous keel boats of large size have been notably week. Whether she is relatively as good as the modern keel boats of medium size is yet to be proved, but she is certainly not lacking, as Colonia, Thistle and the older boats have been, in draft and in distribution of lateral plane.

Her rig is far heavier than Vigilant's, but it is tried and tested, and certainly stronger. It is essentially the same as Thistle, and not as light as the modern American boats, but there is little danger of it going to pieces.

As to the probable results of the races the general opinion is all on the side of Vigilant, and while yachtsmen admire Valkyrie, the majority are looking for a decided and easy victory for the American boat as in past years.

In many respects the two are far more evenly matched than ever in the past, and while Vigilant is likely to do the best windward work under normal conditions, there are, in our estimation, two adverse factors in the great beam and the large and light rig. The possession of the Cup has in the past been decided by this same ability to windward under normal conditions, smooth or nearly smooth water and a clubtopsail, or at least a topsail breeze, and under the same conditions Vigilant is likely to win. Should it come to disturbed water, even short of a really bad sea, while Valkyrie has probably beam enough, we believe that Vigilant has too much for her best speed; and while Valkyrie has a rig that, though heavier, has been tested for three months, the lighter rig of her opponent presents a serious element of risk which must be greatly increased after two or three days of tossing even in a moderate sea.

The Cape May Cup.

The Cape May Cup, which was won in 1885 by the Genesta in American waters, is a sister trophy to the Brenton's Reef Cup, which the Royal Yacht Squadron committee on Thursday awarded to the Navahoe. The conditions also are practically identical, and the course on this side is the same. The match was, however sailed under weather conditions far different from those of the Brenton's Reef contest on Tuesday last, the vessels taking upward of 24 hours to cover the 120 miles course. They started at 12:49 P. M. on Friday, and did not finish until 12:57 P. M. on Saturday. For about 10 hours after the start the breezes were light and baffling. Then came a following wind, which took them to the French coast. In crossing the channel back they had it smart enough to bring them in about 5 hours from land to land.

A clever start gave Britannia the lead after the first tack, and she gave the Navahoe a very hollow beating, which might really have been increased, as may be gathered from the racing details which follow. Britannia can claim the credit of having come in ahead of Navahoe every time they have met, and the Prince of Wales's cutter has won the unparalleled number for a first-class yacht of 33 prizes this season. She displayed her winning flags yesterday in Cowes Roads, and the ship was decked with them rainbow fashion. It may be said that it was arranged to start and finish the Cape May cup match from Alum Bay, and that Col. J. Sterling undertook the duties of starter and timekeeper. Racing details follow:

Match for the Cape May Cup, presented by Mr. J. G. Bennett in 1872 to the New York Yacht Club for competition by yachts of all nations. (Last holder, Genesta, cutter, the late Sir Richard Sutton.) Course from a line drawn from Alum Bay Pier and Col. J. Stirling's cutter Chough, anchored off, out through the Needles, round Cherbourg Breakwater and back, distance 120 miles. New York Yacht Club rules. No time allowance. Yachts allowed five minutes to cross the line.

	Rating.
Britannia (defender), cutter, the Prince of Wales	151
Navahoe (challenger), cutter, Mr. R. P. Carroll	156

It had been arranged that the two competitors were to tow away from Cowes at 5 o'clock on Friday morning, but a dense fog prevented their getting away until 9:30, when a clearing came. It was flat calm at this time, as it likewise was when we got to Alum Bay, and as the flood tide was coming the start was delayed until the stream eased and a little breeze then drew up the Needles passage. Both vessels had lower sails, big jackyard topsails and large flying jibs, and after the fifteen minutes' signal they were working about in quite lively style. The Britannia's line of action in regard to start was a masterpiece of generalship. She led Navahoe to the flagboat and purposely crossed the line a minute too soon. The recall number was displayed and Britannia made a circle round the mark, while on the starboard tack the Navahoe was reaching down the line by the wind. Britannia actually crossed ten seconds astern, but she had a high weather berth, and when Navahoe came round she found Britannia pointing to cross her, the latter being on starboard tack. Navahoe did not seem inclined at first to go round, but had she not there would have been a collision, as the Prince of Wales's cutter claimed the right of the road. Navahoe was soon around again and Britannia, tacking almost directly, fair in her wind, made as smart a start as has been seen this season.

There was a drain of flood yet coming in the Needles passage, but both crossed it as they stood across for the Shingles. The start was made by Navahoe at 12h 49m. 59s, and Britannia 12h. 49m. 9s., and close hauled on starboard tack Britannia weathered the Needles and stood out into the Channel at 1h. 4m., Navahoe at 1h. 6m. 30s. There was but a light trickling breeze outside, with just a slight ripple on the water, and the wind did not freshen when the ebb came. Britannia kept stealing away, and at 2 o'clock held about a mile lead. At this time her big jib topsail fell down, owing to the shell of the upper blocks breaking; and she was for about a quarter of an hour without the sail, which, when set, was salt water wet, and not at its best for picking up stray zephyrs.

In baffling breezes with sheets mostly close in they worked on, making good a south-south-west course and Britannia making a steady gain. At 7 o'clock the Prince of Wales's cutter had a lead of about three miles, and there was about the same distance between them. When at 8 o'clock darkness set, the flickering air had then quite died out. A good many traverses had been worked, but at 9 o'clock Britannia was about twenty miles southwest of the Needles and Navahoe's side-lights were not discernible. It war dark, but not hazy.

At 10 o'clock, after a spell of about two hours in the doldrums, a night breeze came from the northeast, and hooms were squared off and spinakers set to port. The wind freshened fast and Navahoe astern was getting the best of it. Britannia went streaking along and at 1 o'clock made Cape Barfleur lights right ahead. She had spinaker in and hauled up a bit, but this did no harm, as the west tide was sweeping down, and on re-setting spinaker had not to hold against the stronger stream nearer the land. The wind seemed to blow home as they got in toward the breakwater, and in the gray of the morning the Navahoe was made out about three miles astern of Britannia. They ran right into the western entrance and luffed sharp to the wind at the buoy. The timing as they passed inside the breakwater as taken by the British Consul was as follows, A. M., Saturday:

Britannia	5	29 00	Navahoe
	5	50 15	

The tide was quite dead at Cherbourg Roads, and the wind easterly straight through. Jibtopsails were kept up and each made five or six tacks before getting weathering distance of the eastern end. Navahoe had brought the breeze, which was stronger by the land than ten miles off, and had got close upon Britannia, which was, however, two miles to windward, as the Prince of Wales's cutter was going out of the east end of the breakwater, while Navahoe was coming in at the west. On getting outside, Britannia came close by the wind on the tarboard tack, and went off wind jibtopsail set, going about 9 over he ground.

By 7 o'clock it had settled down to a real smart breeze a little to the northward of east, and came fresh enough for flying jibs to be pulled down. When Navahoe came out she was at first dropping under the lee quarter of Britannia, but as the American sidled away so much harder was Britannia sailed, the latter being content to keep her opponent fair in the line of her wake. The eastern stream came under the lee and the breeze got smarter, although there were lulls in which flying jibs were pulled up.

Sailing clean full, both came at a tearing pace across Channel, the weather being fine and the atmosphere clear enough for the land to be made 10 miles distant. With a little screwing Britannia might have made Christchurch Head, but through keeping Navahoe in her stream she fetched no higher than Anvil Point, where she tacked to port and stood up for the Needles, the Navahoe, now about 3 miles astern, following in her wake. They had a fine tide sweeping them to windward and settled up fast, only two more tacks being made outside the sea gates. Both stood in to the fairway of the Needles passage on starboard, then made a long leg on port up into Alum Bay, a short hitch on starboard put them across the line between the Chough and Alum Bay Pier. Britannia dropped Navahoe a good bit under the lee in beating up from Anvil Point to the winning line, and she eventually finished a hollow winner. The official times of arrival were as follows, P. M. Saturday:

Britannia (winner)	12	57 19	Navahoe
	1	33 32	

According to corrected timing, the Britannia won by 36m. 23s.—*London Times.*

Navahoe and Her Races.

The following summary of races and comments on Navahoe are from the *Field*:

Whatever else may be said of the building of Navahoe, and her competitive visit to this country, there is no doubt that her owner has sailed her in the most resolute manner, and adhered strictly to all the engagements he made for her. This steadfast, plucky way of playing an upbill game will appeal strongly to Englishmen, and all will agree that he is the good sportsman the men who knew him said he was. Whether or not Navahoe came up to his expectations we do not know; but there can be no doubt that she is very much in advance of anything built in this country or in America previous to this year of 1893. It is not her fault, but rather her misfortune, that she is not quite as good as Britannia or Valkyrie, and had these two vessels been out of the way, Navahoe's visit to our southern shores would have been a very different record. As it is, the record of her matches is as follows:

Date.	Club.	Wind	Finish.		
July 31	Royal London	Fresh	Britannia (winner)	3	46 16
			Valkyrie (second)	3	47 19
			Navahoe	3	47 39
			Satanita	3	50 06
			Calluna	2	53 52
Aug. 1	Royal Southampton	Light	Navahoe (winner)	3	55 30
			Satanita	4	06 08
			Calluna } Iverna } gave up		
Aug. 3	R.Y.S.	Strong	Satanita (winner)	1	40 30
			Valkyrie	1	49 02
			Navahoe } Calluna } gave up		
Aug. 4	R.Y.S.	Fresh	Satanita (winner)	2	31 05
			Valkyrie	2	33 14
			Calluna	2	36 37
			Navahoe	2	38 41
Aug. 5	Royal Southampton	Mod	Navahoe (winner)	4	31 29
			Calluna	4	42 54
Aug. 8	R. V. Y. C.	Fresh	Britannia (winner)	3	54 33
			Navahoe (second)	3	58 23
			Satanita	4	04 54
			Calluna	4	06 25
Aug. 10	R. V. Y. C.	Light	Britannia (winner)	2	21 26
			Satauita	2	31 23
			Calluna	2	36 05
			Navahoe	2	36 38
Aug. 14	Royal Albert	Light	Britannia (disq.)	6	41 12
			Satanita (winner)	6	43 26
			Navahoe } Calluna } gave up		
Aug. 16	Royal Albert	Light	Britannia (winner)	3	52 40
			Calluna (second)	3	57 45
			Navahoe	4	04 05
			Satanita	4	08 32
Aug. 19	Royal Dorset	Fresh	Satanita (winner)	2	06 40
			Britannia (second)	2	08 56
			Navahoe	2	11 35
			Calluna	2	13 03
Aug. 31	Torquay Regatta	Fresh	Britannia (winner)	2	00 06
			Calluna (second)	2	13 36
			Satanita	2	16 13
			Navahoe	gave up	
Aug. 25	Royal Dart	Light	Satanita (winner)	6	08 03
			Navahoe (second)	6	15 48
			Calluna	gave up	
Aug. 27	Start Bay	Light	Britannia (winner)	3	37 53
			Satanita (disq.)	3	45 09
			Navahoe (second)	3	47 16
			Calluna	3	50 37
Sept. 6	R.V.Y.C. Gold cup	Light	Britannia (winner)	4	50 02
			Navahoe	5	03 29
Sept. 7	R.V.Y.C. Gold cup	Fresh	Britannia (winner)	4	50 46
			Navahoe	5	24 57
Sept. 11	R.V.Y.C. Gold cup	Strong	Britannia (winner)	4	22 17
			Navahoe	4	44 25
Sept. 12	Brenton's Reef cup	——	Britannia	10	37 45
			Navahoe (winner)	10	38 32
Sept. 15	Cape May Cup	——	Britannia (winner)	24	12 14
			Navahoe	24	48 32

Britannia defeated Navahoe every time they met, but it is rather difficult to form an exact estimate of how much better the former is. Leaving the Royal Victoria Gold Cup races and the Cape May and Brenton's Reef races out of the question, Navahoe finished 6 matches in which Britannia was a competitor. Of these the closest finish was the first race, when Britannia led home by 1m. 37s.; and the greatest defeat Britannia inflicted on the American was 11m. 25s.; the average beating was 5m. 38s. This leaves out of the calculation time allowance due to Britannia and also any estimate for the beating Navahoe would have received in the races she retired from.

The gold cup races, as far as the first two are considered, were not entirely satisfactory, and the third was spoiled by the tremendous fluke Navahoe got in the second round. On the first day, over the triangular course in the open sea, Britannia won by 10m. 27s. On the second day, in the dead to the leeward and return to windward trial, in a good lumper of a sea, Navahoe was practically as good as Britannia before the wind On the heavy beat back, with single reefed mainsails and housed topmasts, Britannia proved to be the more powerful and faster boat, but she probably would not have beaten Navahoe by more than 7m., had not the latter met with a serious accident to her head gear. As it was, Navahoe was defeated by 34m. 11s. The third race was sailed inside the Isle of Wight, in a strong breeze, mainsails being again single reefed and topmasts housed. It is fair to estimate that in this match, allowing for the mishap to Navahoe and for her subsequent fluke, Britannia would have beaten her by at least 22m.; as it was, the actual beating proved to be 15m. 8s. The final conclusion to arrive at is, we think, that, providing Navahoe had been consistently well handled, Britannia is 10m. the better boat in any kind of weather; and in light winds Valkyrie is probably 15m. better. The estimate just made would, of course, be considerably discounted should Navahoe make another race with Britannia like the very remarkable sail across Channel, for the Cape May Cup on Tuesday.

It is much to be regretted that the foolish longshore yarns about Navahoe should be reiterated. It is now repeated that Navahoe "heeled over dangerously," and "in a strong wind is absolutely deficient in stability." If heeling over dangerously is intended to convey the idea that the yacht was likely to capsize, the statement is absurd, and equally so is the sentence about the yacht's stability. In speaking of the stability of a yacht under canvas, the term is necessarily used relatively, and to say that a yacht is "absolutely deficient in stability" would mean that the yacht had no stability at all—that is, if any meaning can be ascribed to the sentence. It must be remembered that Navahoe is a vessel 87ft. on the waterline, beam 23ft., draft of water 14ft., displacement about 140 tons, with 74 tons of lead ballast—all stowed practically at the greatest draft. To state that any floating body so contrived is "absolutely deficient in stability" is to state what is absolutely an absurdity.

An absurdity of almost equal magnitude came to us from New York on Monday in reference to the Vigilant, as follows: "The Vigilant won by the ability with which she was sailed almost within three points of the wind, keeping the angle of the keel from the direction of the wind under 34°. The advantage thus gained was reckoned to be equal to over a mile in distance and nearly ten minutes in time." This is one of the biggest gooseberries of the season, and is enough to scare off the owner of the Valkyrie.

The determined fight which Navahoe made for the Brenton's Reef challenge cup has naturally been much commented on in yachting circles. This performance of Navahoe's will show up in a glare of light the absurd libels which have been published about her capabilities in a heavy wind and sea way, and it must always be remembered that to belittle the capabilities of Navahoe is to depreciate the performances of our own yachts, as they have not uniformly beaten her by such a very large margin.

Miramichi Y. C.

A triangular race was sailed off Newcastle on Saturday, Sept. 16. There were five entries—Maude, Com. Miller; Orian, Vice-Com. Stewart; Kilbride, Rear-Com. McKane; Learig, Alex. Burr; Kittoch, Howard Williston. They crossed the line as follows:

Kilbride	3	56 15	Kittoch
	3	57 35	
Learig	3	56 55	Maude
	3	58 00	
Oriana	3	57 20	

Learig took first place from Kilbride, went of starboard tack and forced Oriana to tack to avoid a collision. They tacked again together on the Nelson shore, and Oriana had to be luffed sharply to keep her bowsprit out of Learig's mainsail.

Learig drew ahead and increased her lead to the finish, followed by Oriana, while Maude took third place, dropping a little further behind Oriana on every leg, whether windward work or running.

The times at the finish and the elapsed times were as follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Learig	4 58 35	0 56 40
Oriana	4 57 20	1 00 00
Maude	4 59 25	1 01 25
Kilbride	5 03 30	1 07 15
Kittoch	5 04 40	1 07 05

Oriana claimed the race on time allowance and asked for measurement, as Learig is over 3ft. larger and had shipped extra ballast. Learig discharged her extra ballast before being measured and no decision has been given yet as to the winner.

Live Ballast in Racing.

The size of the crew carried by Vigilant through the season, and especially in the trial races, has attracted attention even among casual observers, while yachtsmen have been quick to appreciate the true value of so many men in a beamy boat. The Boston *Herald* comments very pertinently on the matter as follows: "Fortunate it is for the Vigilant syndicate that there are no restrictions as to the number of her crew. Were the number of her crew stipulated by rule, the same as is done in the smaller classes, the Vigilant would find a bit of trouble carrying her big sails in a strong breeze. She carries nearly 70 men in a race, and as they average about 150lbs. each, the reader can easily see what the weight of 70 men means when strung out along her weather rail. Five tons of human freight means considerable in the estimate of her sail carrying ability. It is hardly probable that 'putting the 70 men to windward' entered into the calculations of the design, and a fair conclusion to draw would be that the big crew to windward was an afterthought, and was technically outside the spirit of the rule as formerly understood and established by custom. It is nothing more nor less than shifting ballast in human form—in other words, men, and not lead, are shifted."

Measurement in Altered Trim.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please reply to the following question: A yacht which has been measured claims a race on time allowance against a larger yacht, which has not been measured. The measurer postpones the measurement, and the yacht subsequently presents itself for measurement with only part of the ballast with which she sailed the race. Can the regatta committee lawfully give her the race on the basis of such measurement? Miramichi.

[A measurement must be taken with the exact weight on board, and as nearly as possible in the same trim as in the race. A yacht deliberately reducing her hallast after a race to lessen her measurement forfeits all claim to a prize].

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The large steam yacht Nourmahal, Mr. J. J. Astor, was running up the Hudson River, on the night of Sept. 27 at about 10 o'clock, when she ran aground on New Hamburgh Reef. She went clear, but began to leak, so her captain beached her further up the river. At the time she struck, Capt. W. A. Daley, who was in command, was in the chart room, second officer Johnson being on the bridge. He mistook a red light on shore for the light of a vessel under way, and steered to the eastward to clear it. The yacht was hauled off by the Merrit Wrecking Co., and taken to the Erie Basin, Brooklyn, for repairs, her bottom being badly injured in places. The second officer was discharged by Mr. Astor, and Capt. Daley left the vessel. Capt. Curtis, who has commanded the Sultana for Mr. Trenor L. Park, is now in command. The yacht will hardly be ready by the time of the first Cup race.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to Forest and Stream their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to Forest and Stream their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

One of the several causes of the present condition in canoeing is the too general prevalence of the idea that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, which in its practical application means that the very men who are chiefly interested in the success and growth of canoeing and canoe racing have ceased to express their opinions, if, indeed, they still have any decided ones, and have left matters to run themselves as chance directed. There is a promise of better things, of an awakened interest by canoeists in canoeing, in the recent letters of Mr. Vaux, and the continued discussion of important questions which we publish this week. We hope to hear still further from A. C. A. men on new questions or on either side of those already introduced, and will gladly give space to a full discussion of all the questions which may come before the executive committee at the November meeting in New York.

The question brought up by Sec'y-Treas. Burns is a very important one, as the canvassing for advertisements is a hard task to impose on any honorary officer. All that Mr. Burns urges is perfectly true, but at the same time there is another side to the question—such a publication as the annual book of the American Canoe Association ought to carry quite a valuable line of advertising; but to realize the full benefit from this source, and particularly to lighten the labor of the officers, it will be necessary to make a contract with some advertising agent for a term of several years. This can hardly be done now, as the officers in any one year have no power to make such a contract which shall bind their successors.

The proposal which is brought up again this year, for a permanent board of governors or trustees, is interesting in this connection, as one of the functions of such a permanent body would be the arrangement and carrying out of such business matters as the publication of the book on some systematic plan, rather than leaving it all to the new and often inexperienced officers elected each year. Without discussing the exact details proposed by a correspondent this week, the plan of a board of trustees is a most excellent one, and cannot be put in practice too soon.

While, for reasons that have seemed well grounded, we have always opposed the purchase of one spot for a permanent A. C. A. camp, we have never favored the constant change of location, involving a new site every year. After a long and careful study of the whole subject in the course of the last half dozen meets, we are of the opinion that a middle course between the two plans is by far the best; the selection of a desirable camp site in a central locality with the option of leasing it for a term of years, and the holding of the annual meets in this spot

so long as no good reason offers for a change. In this way the expense of a meet will be reduced about one-half, the work imposed on the officers and committees will be greatly lessened, and far better arrangements for mess, transportation, etc., can be made. If this plan should be put into practice, the best place in the United States for such a semi-permanent site is on the St. Lawrence River, within easy distance of Clayton in New York State and Gananoque in Canada.

Amendments to A. C. A. Constitution.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In accordance with A. C. A. constitution, Article XII., notice is hereby given that at the next general meeting of the executive committee the following amendments will be submitted for adoption:

BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

Board of Governors.—ART. IV., SEC. 4. The executive committee of each division, as soon after the passage of this section as convenient, shall elect one member of that division to serve on the board of governors of the Association, whose duty it shall be to have general control of the Association.

The board of governors at their first meeting shall by lot determine their terms of office, one to retire on Nov. 1, 1894, one on Nov. 1, 1895, one on Nov. 1, 1896, and one on Nov. 1, 1897, and thereafter all members shall be elected in each division at its annual meeting in the same manner as its other officers, and their terms of office shall be for four years or until their successors are elected. The commodore shall be a member *ex-officio*.

Duties.—SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the board of governors to appropriate and apportion suitable sums to the officers and committees for necessary expenses for the running of the Association and the meets, etc., from the finances in the hands of the secretary-treasurer. They shall hear and determine all questions of dispute on appeal from the decisions of the regatta or executive committees when referred to them.

Quorum.—SEC. 6. At all meetings of the board of governors three shall constitute a quorum, but in the event of the absence of any member, the executive committee of the same division from which he comes may select any member to represent him during his disability only, and in the event of a vacancy occurring, the same shall be filled for the unexpired term by the active members of the division in the same manner as for a full term.

Meetings.—SEC. 7. The stated meetings of the board of governors shall be held during the annual meeting of the Association in August and at the annual meeting of the executive committee in November, but special meetings may be held at any other time and place at the call of the president or at request of three members of the board.

Officers.—SEC. 8. The officers of the board shall be president and recorder, whose duties shall be as in other organizations and they shall be chosen annually at the stated meeting in camp.

ART. IX., SEC. 1. Amend by adding after the word "commodore" in sixth line, "but no money shall be paid out in excess of the appropriation made by the board of governors;" and substitute in sixth and seventh lines "he shall" for "and to."

ROBERT. J. WILKIN,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 26. A. C. A. No. 47.

The Next A. C. A. Meet.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The American Canoe Association has held fourteen annual meets, all but three of which have been located in the territory of the Central Division, and one of these three—Stave Island—was only a few feet over the border line. Stony Lake in Canada, 1883, and Jessup's Neck, Long Island, 1890, were the only camps in other places, away from the center of canoeing interest. Five of the meets were located on the St. Lawrence.

It is said that all roads lead to Rome. Lake George, Lake Champlain, Jessup's Neck and Stony Lake are reached by practically only one road each. The Thousand Islands are the canoeman's Rome.

The A. C. A. commodore for 1893-4, Mr. Irving V. Dorland, a member of the Atlantic Division, has a rare opportunity to make himself famous with the help of his executive committee. A permanent camp site has been suggested, and the idea meets with considerable favor. There is no need for any legislation on the matter. Let the '94 meet be held on Old Grindstone, and the Eastern men will almost certainly select that site for '95, the Central Division in '96 and the Canadians in '97, will call us back to Stave Island, just across the narrow channel.

Grindstone being selected the work of the transportation, camp site and regatta committees will be vastly simplified, as there will then be no unknown quantities to bother the workers. It is unnecessary to name the advantages of Eel Bay and Delaney Point, they are too well known.

The selection of a site is in the hands of the Atlantic Division. The members of that division can pursue a narrow and selfish policy, and try to make a successful meet near home on salt water. It may be possible to do this. The experiment of a salt-water cruise was once tried, and it succeeded, largely on account of the novely; but the cost was far beyond the means of the Association, and those from a distance would not be likely to come again in view of their trials and tribulations of 1890.

If selfishness obtains in the management of the A. C. A., its days are numbered. New life is needed now, new racing blood, and new members, who really use canoes. The next meet should be a canoeing meet, not a dudes' camp or a summer hotel picnic. Not only is new blood needed, but some of the old "bloods," too, who have drifted away these last few years. Name Grindstone and many of them will rally to the call. A RADICAL CONSERVATIVE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Something should be done to encourage more men to enter into the events of the "A. C. A." meets, as every year sees a decreasing number of entries while the membership of the A. C. A. increases. The trouble seems to be that a competitor to enter the races with any hope of success, as they are at present arranged, must spend money freely on his boat and rig and devote the entire season to constant practice. No encouragement at all is given to new men, and it is utterly useless to bring anything but a fast racing boat to a meet. Now it is well enough to have some races unlimited in every respect for the encouragement of the highest development in sails and canoes, but surely the majority of the members of the A. C. A. have a right to expect that the majority of the races should be arranged so that an ordinary boat could have the chance of competing with the prospect of success. I would, therefore, suggest that the programme this year at once two or three sealed handicap races, say 75ft. sail limit. By sealed handicap I mean: No one would know their handicap, so all would have to sail the entire race no matter what their position would be. Entries would have to be made about a week beforehand, so that the handicap could be arranged. I believe this plan would encourage more competitors than we have ever had before.

Mr. Vaux's letter of last week, suggesting that the triangle be changed to one with mile sides seems a very practicable reform, as men would have the old triangle for scrub races during the first week of the meet. His other suggestion to have the races directly to windward and return hardly seems practicable, as it would prevent all trials over the course before the races, unless the outer buoy was changed to windward daily.

There has been some discussion about the presence of ladies in camp during the past two years, and I think a much needed reform would be to compel all ladies who attend the meet and sleep in camp to become members of the Association previously. I think this would increase the ladies' camp, as they could know who each other were, and from whom to get introductions, as ladies, of course, are not like men, and cannot make each others' acquaintance without a formal introduction, as the men do. HENRY H. SMYTHE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your invitation to the members of the A. C. A. to express their views on the needed changes in the racing regulations has not met with a very hearty response, and I do not expect that the subject of this letter will elicit any more communications, but in the hope of arousing some of the old and experienced men in the Association to activity I will ask the use of your columns to speak of the duties of the secretary-treasurer, and how in my opinion they may be lightened.

It is the secretary's duty to publish the year book, and as far as collecting the statistical part or arranging what may be termed the ornamental portion, this is a pleasant enough task. It is when he begins to pay for its publication that the year book becomes a nightmare.

The Association makes no provision for payment, and of late years it seems to be expected that the year book will show a profit after deducting the cost of publication from receipts for advertising. As a matter of fact, had the year book not contained advertisements and had the other receipts and expenses of the Association been the same as they were, the A. C. A. would now be so deeply in the mire as to be almost beyond extrication.

I think it will be admitted that the advertisements are not an ornamental feature in the book. Experience has shown that it is an awful job to secure them, and so it becomes a question whether it is fair to ask the secretary, who occupies nominally an honorary position, to undertake the publication of the year book under present conditions.

The principal receipts of the Association are derived from membership dues, initiation fees, camp dues and advertisements. If you do away with the last item the other three must be made to bear the extra burden, and the questions that I would like to ask are: Would the members of the Association he willing to pay $1.50 per annum instead of $1? Can the camp dues he raised to $2 instead of $1? Can there be brought into the A. C. A. an increased number of new members each year representing $400 to $500?

Either one of these plans, combined with an economical administration, would obviate the necessity for the advertisements, and make what is at present an irksome task a pleasant duty.

KINGSTON, Sept. 28. R. EASTON BURNS.

The Site for the Meet of 1894.

ARLINGTON, N. J., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The incoming officers of the American Canoe Association have spent considerable time during the past two weeks looking for a desirable salt-water camp site with very unsatisfactory results.

It would be a matter of sincere regret to them if for lack of knowledge of whatever good camp sites we may have in or near the Atlantic Division waters the executive committee should decide to hold the met of 1894 on Lake Champlain or the St. Lawrence River. Any information, particulary that giving full description and photographs if possible of suitable camp sites that may be known to your readers will be appreciated. IRVING V. DORLAND, Commodore.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club, at its club ranges on Cator avenue, Greenville, N. J., on Friday night, was well supported hy the members. C. Boag and C. H. Chavant divided the honors for the best score, each having 241 points out of a possible 250. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds: C. Boag 241, C. H. Chavant 241, Capt. Robidoux 240, W. C. Collins 238. G. W. Plaisted 237, Geo. Purkess 235, J. Boag 230, J. Spahn 227, J. Hill 222.

The 50-shot handicap match between the members of the club, which was hooked to come off in Armbruster's Park on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 29, did not receive the support that was expected. Several of the members who had entered for the match failed to show up. The weather conditions could not have been more favorable. A cloudless sky, with a moderate wind and the atmosphere as clear as a bell, gave those who were present an opportunity to make records for themselves. The scores of the members who participated are appended:

Geo W Plaisted (.38-55-300 lub. Bal.)..	23 21 25 25 23 21 22 21 22 19	222
Scratch man.	20 18 23 24 20 25 19 21 24 19	213
	18 23 24 18 23 24 22 21 24 22	219
	21 22 22 21 22 22 24 23 20 23	220
	23 24 22 20 23 24 24 24 21 25	230
		1104
W C Collins (.32-20 lub. Bal).....	15 22 17 22 15 19 22 25 21 22	200
	23 18 25 17 19 19 20 11 25 22	199
	19 20 22 22 19 12 11 20 22 12	180
	20 17 20 19 16 22 19 21 14 16	184
	23 24 22 18 22 18 23 18 19 19	206
	Handicap.....	60
		1029
Geo Purkess (.22 R. F. short Bal.)....	11 18 19 12 17 21 23 17 15 19	172
	19 16 5 18 20 21 19 25 23 5	171
	19 21 22 21 21 16 21 22 19 17	199
	16 15 20 21 19 22 14 22 18 21	188
	8 15 16 25 24 17 21 12 19 21	178
	Handicap.....	75
		983
C H Chavant (.38-55 300 lub. Win.)....	20 16 21 22 21 19 21 22 23 17	203
	10 18 18 16 17 22 17 19 19 17	179
	20 21 21 12 21 20 19 15 20 18	187
	20 24 18 22 24 19 retired.	
	Handicap.....	40

After the close of the 50-shot match the following two 3-shot pools were shot off: C. H. Chavant 63, 71; Plaisted 63, 66; Collins 63, 58; Purkess 65, 49; Dodds —, 54; Robidoux 37, 56; Hill 45, 43.

A Trip to Paterson, N. J.

ON the beautiful banks of the well known Passaic River, which turns its course through the city of Paterson, is a delightful spot called Bunker Hill, and to this place the Hudson Rifle Club journeyed on Oct. 1. They were cordially welcomed at Paterson hy a committee of ten gentlemen from the Paterson Rifle Association, and after the regular preliminaries were dispensed with a match of ten men teams took place. The shooting on both sides was quite evenly balanced during the first half of the match, hut after that the visiting team began to crawl a little higher and at the finish they were 70 points ahead. The Paterson Rifle Association is composed of gentlemen of very amiable, sociable and good-hearted dispositions, and after meeting with a defeat in their first experience of team shooting, they still had the grit (which a good many older organizations are not blessed with) to cordially invite all present to partake of an elaborate dinner which was in waiting in the Italian Hotel. The caterer served a good meal, but he wished to make enough profit to keep him for the balance of the winter, and it was very unfortunate that the home club was compelled to pay an exorbitant price for the entertainment of their guests. Every one expressed themselves in like manner about the kind Hennessey, of the Excelsior Rifle Club, and Messrs. Chavant and Purkess, of the Greenville Rifle Club; also the old and well-known trap shooter, Mr. Al. Heritage, of Marion fame. Although the range is in a good location the Paterson boys have a good chance still to make it one of the most attractive in the country, and it is hoped ere another year passes that they will retain the pluck they have started with, and forge ahead into rifle notoriety by actual work at the butts. Appended are the scores:

Hudson Rifle Club.

H Mahlenbrock.....	20 17 17 17 10 14 16 14 17 19	161
J Rehhan.....	19 18 15 20 16 17 19 17 18 18	180
C Hutch.....	20 17 20 19 17 19 20 18 18 18	186
A Steuher.....	15 16 18 18 19 18 20 16 18 17	175
C E Bird.....	14 18 8 0 15 10 14 16 17 12	132
H L Hansen.....	18 18 19 19 16 20 18 16 20 15	177
C Staderman.....	14 7 12 17 15 11 15 15 19 9	134
G W Graf.....	12 18 10 19 15 17 18 20 17 96	162
F Sessman.....	14 0 12 17 13 17 18 19 10 19	134
A Braun.....	14 19 19 16 18 15 13 15 19 20	168—1609

Captain, H. Mahlenbrock. Scorer, C. E. Bird. Judge, E. P. Ingram.

Paterson Rifle Association.

W McCalloch.....	17 16 14 16 17 13 16 17 19 12	157
W Dutcher.....	18 17 17 16 16 15 19 19 18 13	168
J W Johnson.....	19 12 18 14 18 16 9 9 12 18	136
Jos Vonau.....	9 16 15 19 18 17 18 19 16 7	145
W S Newby.....	18 14 14 17 11 15 18 17 15 13	150
Jas Irons.....	12 18 16 15 17 10 15 20 14 15	152
Jas Welcher.....	17 17 15 16 13 14 12 17 20 12	154
Jos Fairhurst.....	13 11 8 17 14 18 10[illegible] 4 13 14	141
R McCollock.....	14 12 19 20 18 20 17 12 17 19	168
A Dietrich.....	14 16 18 18 18 14 19 12 20 18	168—1539

Captain, A. Dietrich. Scorer, F. R. Stokes. Judge, J. W. Foster.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 24.—The regular shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association took place on their range to-day. Conditions, 200yds. at standard American target, off-hand:

Gindele.....	5 7 10 6 9 9 7 8 7 10	77
	10 10 7 9 8 9 10 10 10 8	91
	7 10 7 6 10 8 9 10 9 6	82
Simon.....	6 9 8 4 10 9 6 10 9 7	78
	7 9 6 7 5 9 5 8 6 5	67
	7 9 9 6 6 6 4 9 7 6	69
Stegner.....	7 9 9 8 7 9 6 7 7 5	74
	6 5 10 5 9 3 8 6 6 6	64
	8 5 6 6 8 7 7 4 5 7	63
Topf.....	6 6 2 8 10 3 7 5 7 5	59
	7 6 7 8 7 4 3 3 5 6	56
	6 8 6 6 5 4 5 1 6 9	56
Randall.....	10 8 10 7 9 9 8 4 7 9	81
	9 9 10 8 8 9 9 7 5 7	81
	8 9 8 9 9 9 7 5 4 8	76
See.....	6 7 7 7 9 10 7 8 9 9	79
	6 5 7 6 9 8 8 10 9 9	77
	8 9 5 7 10 6 5 7 8 10	75
Ruthoff.....	8 6 8 8 4 7 8 5 5 6	65
	5 4 3 7 8 5 8 5 8 3	56
	7 3 6 5 10 5 3 7 4 2	52
Nagel.....	5 5 3 3 5 2 7 4 6 4	44
	5 4 5 4 2 4 2 4 4 4	37
	8 8 6 6 3 0 4 6 10 6	52

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE Excelsior Club opened its gallery shoot for the season 1893-4 at its headquarters in Montgomery street, Jersey City, on Tuesday, Sept. 26. Six members were in attendance and participated in the competition. The scores are appended, handicap rules, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.:

L P Hansen.....	Scratch—239	J Spicher.....	224+ 3—227
J Binns.....	207+26—233	J Hughes.....	Scratch—224
R H Duff.....	226+ 3—229		

The weekly shoot of the club in Armbruster's Park, Greenville, on Friday, Sept. 29, brought together only three of the best members. There seems to he a lack of interest among the members for outdoor shooting. Our news gatherer, Plaisted, being in attendance looking for items, was invited by Messrs. Hansen and Weber to participate in a friendly match, 50 shots per man. Being in a mood for shooting and thinking that he had a soft snap, he was easily drawn into a contest that turned out somewhat different from what he anticipated. Mr. Hansen proved to be in fine shooting form and rolled up a score that would bother some of our experts to overcome. The scores are appended:

Capt. Hansen.....	25 19 25 14 22 22 22 21 19 24	212
	21 21 21 20 25 21 24 21 19 24	217
	21 25 21 23 19 25 20 20 19 23	216
	21 19 19 25 16 20 23 21 22 22	203
	24 22 23 24 21 22 23 21 24 23	227—1075
Plaisted.....	24 21 23 19 17 22 15 18 24 25	207
	18 20 21 25 22 22 22 18 24 22	214
	22 21 21 14 20 19 22 24 22 17	202
	21 22 17 23 25 18 24 17 24 25	216
	20 22 23 00 23 55 20 22 22 23	200—1030
Weber.....	18 18 21 22 12 18 14 19 19 14	175
	19 19 21 20 22 21 17 15 20 18	192
	17 19 23 19 22 24 10 18 10 21	202
	14 21 22 16 20 21 21 23 20 20	198
	Retired.	

The official scores for club medals are as follows:

Hansen.....	21 21 21 20 25 21 24 21 19 24	217
C Ward.....	23 23 19 22 23 20 22 19 21 19	210
Weber.....	24 18 18 21 22 12 18 14 [illegible]	17—185

Greenville vs. Puritan.

THE Greenville and Puritan rifle clubs opened the season with a team match, on Friday night, Sept 29, on the ranges of the Greenville Club, Greenville, N. J. The members of the Puritan team are an enthusiastic set of shooters, and as the scores advance they will if properly handled put up some good team scores. The members in both teams showed considerable unreliability in their shooting, but much of this will disappear before the season is over. The news of the match brought together a large gathering of interested spectators from Greenville, and also from Newark the home of the Puritans. In anticipation of such gathering the Greenville Club had provided a goodly layout for the hungry and thirsty shooters and their guests. The result of the match was as expected, an easy victory for the Greenville team by 127 points. But the Puritans are not in the least disheartened over their defeat, when the result of the match was announced. Capt. Weller (of the Puritans), immediately challenged the Greenville team for a return match on the home ranges of the Puritan Club in Newark. The match to be shot off on Tuesday night, Oct. 3. The scores are appended; 10 shots per man, 10 men a side:

Greenville Team.		Puritan Team.	
Plaisted.....	243	F Weller.....	232
Robidoux.....	230	Lambert.....	212
Collins.....	228	Woods.....	207
Purkess.....	231	C Weller.....	231
Chavant.....	232	Helb.....	211
J Boag.....	231	Hanselman.....	222
C Boag.....	224	Walbrecht.....	217
Boyce.....	233	Van Berg.....	212
Dodds.....	221	Kopf.....	234
Dorrler.....	245—2318	Sauer.....	214—2191

Scorers, C. W. Agnew and F. Weller.

Buss vs. Vogel.

THE return match between L. Buss, of the Empire Rifle Club, and Louis Vogel, of the Miller Rifle Club, which was shot on Oct. 1, has been a matter of much interest to the friends of the two shooters. After the defeat of Vogel by Buss in the previous match some weeks since, many of Vogel's friends hoped that he would begin to profit by his experience. But he is one of those never inclined to quit until the last shot is fired and his own or his backer's exchequer exhausted. This spirit of tenacity when used with judgment tends to success, but used otherwise is apt to invite disaster and mortification. We would caution Vogel to use more judgment in the future in making his matches. Should he profit by his experience his friends may then have the pleasure once in a while of extending their congratulations over a victory. As to Buss, he is one of our young shooters in close touch with the best of our metropolitan riflemen; young in years, good eyesight and a moderate amount of nerve that will increase with his experience. The conditions of the above match called for 100 shots per man, to be shot on the range of Sulzer's Harlem River Park, distance about 75yds., the 18-ring target, with .22cal. rifles. The stakes were $30 a side. Charles Zetrler, Jr., was referee and stakeholder. W. Rosenbaum coach for Buss and M. Kolp for Vogel.

Scores follow:

L Buss.....	169	166	160	167	162	166	166	163	167	160—1646
Louis Vogel.....	163	160	152	156	168	163	167	158	165	164—1616

Hudson Rifle Club Prize Shoot.

The fifth annual prize shooting festival of the Hudson Rifle Club, Captain Henry Mahlenbrok, of Marion, N. J., will be held at their ranges, 35 Giles avenue, Oct. 23, 24 and 25. Programme: Shooting from 7 to 12 each evening. German 25 ring target, open to all comers, any 22cal. rifle. Tickets unlimited. Fourteen prizes from $50 to $3. Well-known shooting rules to govern. Shooting committee: Henry L. Hansen, Pres.; Chas. E. Bird, Sec'y, Aug. Steuber, Henry Boddey, Sam Middleton.

RIFLE NOTES.

Now that we are approaching the end of the season for outdoor shooting our shooting associations should turn their attention to gallery practice. A well appointed rifle gallery with the personal attention of an experienced rifleman, will make a shooter out of a novice in quicker time than the same experience will at the outdoor or long range. There has never been in the history of rifle shooting a body of expert shooters turned out equal to the Zettler Rifle Club, and the first exporience of all of these riflemen has been in the gallery with the gallery rifle. With the gallery rifle the novice in his awkwardness escapes the possibility of having his proboscis brought into violent contact with the rear sight, thereby creating a feeling of fire-shyness which only a long experience can overcome. The modern gallery rifle as used by the Zettlers and other first class gallery men is almost a *fac simile* of the outdoor or long (200yds.) range rifle. After a winter's practice in the gallery it is surprising with what ease one becomes accustomed to the use of the larger caliber. In the gallery one becomes accustomed to the proper mode of holding, sighting, etc. It is, in fact, a new acquaintance, one that to him who has been blest with those characteristics which, with proper culture, develops the true sportsman, an acquaintance that never leads to that familiarity that is sometimes styled contempt. But on the other hand it is an acquaintance that becomes as close in its affinities to our personality as nature itself.

So we say to our many shooting societies in and about New York, and in fact all over this glorious country wherever there is an organization of the kind, bring your members together in the gallery once a week or once a month during the winter, encourage those who are slow in their ability to become proficient, help them along in their efforts, and thereby create in them a desire to become shooters.

Rifle shooting requires practice, and with practice comes proficiency. It is not like many of our other sports, easy to acquire, and herein probably lies the reason why so many neglect it for other sports. They do not realize that there is a charm about it that is only to be appreciated when one has acquired proficiency.

Now we have in New York city scores of shooting societies, some whose membership reaches beyond a thousand, and out of all this membership there are not 5 per cent. that can be termed shooters, or in fact know the first rudiments of rifle shooting.

The consequence is that these societies are in a measure governed by this element of non-shooters. The real shooters are held in suspension, as it were, and the societies become simply social in their workings.

If the Bundes Fest, which is to held be in New York in 1895, is to be a success it will require a great deal of labor; and if our societies do not make an early start to create a proper interest in shooting among their members the festival will hardly be a success. We should like to see some of our city societies, like the New York Corps, Independent New York, the Central, the City, the German-American and others, make a start in this matter. PLAISTED.

The Hon. Thomas A. Logan ("Gloan") of Cincinnati and W. B Leffingwell, the talented author of "Wild-Fowl Shooting," also write in high praise of these boots, and the approval of judges as competent as these gentlemen are speaks volumes for the quality of the Hannaford Ventilated Boot Company's product. Sportsmen will find them just the thing.—*Adv.*

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Oct. 2-7.—World's tournament, Watson's Park, Chicago, Ill. Live birds and targets. John Watson, Manager.

Oct. 3.—Paterson Gun Club, 25-bird sweep, $25 entry, at Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J.

Oct. 11.—Bronx River Gun Club vs. White Plains Gun Club, team match, at White Plains.

Oct. 12.—Riverview Gun Club tournament, at Amsterdam, N. Y.

Oct. 13.—Four-handed sweepstake, 100 live birds each, Dexter Park.

Oct. 19-20.—West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association fall tournament, at Newburg.

Oct. 26.—Roseville Gun Club tournament, Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Dexter Park, Long Island.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

June 19-21.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. $1,000 added money.

June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Genial Al Spangler, of Spangler Crimper fame, is probably as widely and as favorably known as any sportsman in this country, and we consider ourselves safe in asserting that the following item from the Syracuse, N. Y. *Courier*, will be read with pleasure by all his friends and that they will feel happier in knowing that "Al" is likely to derive a big income as the result of his genius:

"With the advent of a new pneumatic tire into the 'cycling world, springs into existence the Spangler Pneumatic Tire Company of New York, its worth and magnitude to be adjudged from the fact that those prominently interested are George Gould, the railway magnate, A. Kennedy Child, well known to 'cyclers and S. Y. L Hommedieu, president of the Columbia Rubber Company. It was only last week that papers were drawn up and articles of incorporation applied for, although it was well in the wind all summer that a new tire organization would be effected with prominent capitalists at the head of it. The capital of the concern will aggregate $200,000. The inventor of the tire is a Syracuse genius, A. E. Spangler, whose name has become famous in connection with the Spangler cartridge crimper. The tire, which is of the inner tube construction, can be attached or detached to any style of a rim. The method of attachment is exceedingly simple, dispensing with cement, wires, nuts, bolts, screws and the common process of inflation. Either side of the shoe may be detached for a space of 6in. at any point, and the tube pulled out, patched at the puncture, and returned to position without disturbing any other part of the tire. It is impossible for the shoe to 'roll' or 'creep' the one-hundredth part of an inch. It weighs no more than any other pneumatic tire and is quite attractive in appearance, being much like the Dunlop in shape and breadth of surface. The outer cover is provided with flanges on either side and held firmly in place by narrow steel bands, fitted within the edges of the rim. The tire has been put to practical test. It has been ridden more than 100 miles over the roughest roads and was coasted down one of the steepest hills in the city. It was run deflated 30 miles up hill and down, over the stoniest part of the country. The tire will be manufactured by the Akron Rubber Company. Samples are already in circulation, and an order for 20,000 pairs was placed last week by a large and well known manufacturer. The inventor is a prominent sportsman and is authority on matters pertaining to gunnery. He is captain of the Syracuse Athletic Association Gun Team and was connected with the Hunter and Lefever Arms Companies for several years."

The following circular explains itself: "Shillington, Pa., Oct. 2.—I take pleasure in stating that I have completed arrangements for an open-to-all sweepstake (no handicap) at 25 live birds, $20 entry, to be shot on the grounds of the Reading Shooting Association, at Reading Driving Park, Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa., on Tuesday, Oct. 24, beginning at 10 A. M. American Association rules will govern. The division of moneys will be as follows: 7 or less entries, two moneys; 8 to 11 entries, three moneys; 12 to 15 entries, four moneys; 16 to 19 entries, five moneys; 20 to 23 entries, six moneys; 24 to 27 entries, seven moneys; 28 to 30 entries, eight moneys. If over 30 entries, one additional money to every four shooters or fraction thereof. All entries will close when the first gun is fired, and must be made to H. C. W. Matz, Shillington P. O., Pa., on or before Oct. 21, 1893, accompanied with $5 as a forfeit, which will be added to purse if person sending entrance does not appear on day of shoot. In case of any forfeits any other shooter can enter by paying full entrance fee, but no person can shoot more than one chance. Should the entries be so large that the event cannot be finished on the day named, it will be shot out on the following day, and arrangements will be made so that persons who cannot stay can shoot their score out on first day. Hoping to greet you on the above date, I reman, fraternally yours, H. C. W. Matz." A blank entry sheet accompanies each letter.

Paul North, he of bluerock target fame, called at our sanctum on Monday, looking as ruddy and hearty as ever, and reporting immense sales of both bluerock targets, expert traps and Chamberlin cartridges. Mr North is at work just now getting out an illustrated catalogue descriptive of the products of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Trap Company, along with which will be combined the programme of the first annual bluerock target tournament to be held at Cleveland, O., under the auspices of the above company on June 19, 20 and 21, 1894. The company will add $1,000 in cash to the purses during this tournament Each day there will be two contests at 25 targets each, $3 entry, competitors to use Chamberlin cartridges. In each of these contests the company will add $100, and there will be six moneys. The other contests will be at 15 targets, $2 entry, 4 moneys, and 20 targets, $3 entry, 5 moneys.

The Riverview Gun Club, of Amsterdam, N. Y., is out with a programme for a kingbird target shoot, to be held on Oct. 12 The programme comprises three 10 target events, $1.30 entry; five 15 target events, $1.95 entry, and two 20 target events, $2 60 entry. Event No. 1, at 10 targets, $1.30 entry, will be under the "Jack Rabbit" system, all others regular divisions. Events Nos. 4, 6 and 8 will be from known traps, unknown angles. For averages in all events except "Jack Rabbit," $5, $4, $3, $2 and $1. Money divisions, at 10 targets 3 moneys, at 15 targets 4 moneys, at 20 targets 5 moneys. Shooting will begin upon arrival of morning trains from East and West. As shooters are protected by an awning there will be no postponement on account of stormy weather.

The Waverly (Iowa) Gun Club, which will hold an amateur tournament on Oct. 10, 11 and 12, will add $150 to its purses. The programme comprises both live bird and target events, there being one of the former and six of the latter each day. The shooter making first average will get $20 and the one making second average $10, while a 6lb. keg of E. C. powder will go to the maker of the third average. Professionals are barred. Bluerock expert traps and targets will be used. The officers of the club are as follows: E. R. Travis, President; W. H. Bascher, Vice-President; W. H. Babcock, Secretary; G. O. Van Deveer, Treasurer; H. G. Nicholas, Captain. Directors, G. F. Hunt, Robert O'Day, G. M. Foster.

Harrison, N. J., has come to the front with the Independent Gun and Fishing Club, the officers of which are Thomas A. Gleeson, Jr., President; Charles Hinchcliffe, Vice-President; Thomas Wardell, Secretary; George J. Butler, Treasurer, and William Fagan, Captain. The club will shoot weekly at the corner of Grant avenue and President street.

An interesting four-cornered match at 100 live birds per man, $100 entry, with 75 per cent. to first and 25 per cent. to second, will be shot at Dexter Park on Thursday, Oct. 13, the principals being Wm. R. Selover, Geo. W. Forbell, John Y. Young and T. T. Edgerton, Jr.

Captain A. W. Money, of the E. C. Powder Co., of Oakland, N. J., and Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., of Fulton, N. Y., left Harrisburg last Saturday for Chicago, and passed the week shooting at John Watson's pigeons.

Louis Miller of Dexter Park, informs us that the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association will hold a tonruament on his grounds on No. 30 and Dec. 1. Keystone targets and traps and the novelty rule will be used.

Secretary James Duane of the Bronx River Gun Club, notifies us that on Wednesday, Oct. 11, his club will send a team to White Plains to compete at 25 bluerocks per man, against a team from the White Plains Gun Club.

The fall tournament of the West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association to be held on Oct. 19 and 20, is likely to attract a big crowd of shooters. The club always has a good shoot and knows how to treat visitors.

An open sweepstake at 25 live pigeons, $20 entry, will be shot on John Erb's Newark grounds, the latter part of this month. There will be three moneys for 12 entries; more than 12 entries, four moneys.

Samuel Castle, of Newark, and Eugene Pierre, of Pine Brook, have signed articles for a contest at 25 live birds each, find, trap and handle, 25yds. rise, for $100 a side, the match to be shot at Pine Brook on Oct. 24.

E. Helgans and R. Phister will shoot a match at Dexter Park next week against C. Morris and C. Ferguson, Jr., each side to shoot at 100 live birds per man, for $100 and the birds.

The Highland Gun Club of Des Moines, Iowa, will hold a live bird and bluerock target tournament on Nov. 8, 9 and 10.

The next shoot of the Roseville Gun Club of Newark, N. J., will be held on Thursday, Oct. 26.

The Virginia Field Sports Association will hold their annual shoot at Richmond on Oct. 12.

C. H. Townsend.

PENNSYLVANIA THIRD ANNUAL.

Harrisburg, Sept. 26.—This city, the capital of Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna River in Dauphin county, is one of the prettiest cities in the State. On the outskirts of the town, at Sixth and Mackey streets, is the Maple Grove Hotel, within one block of the base ball grounds, where the third annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association opened this morning under very favorable circumstances. Our old friend M. M. Grove, the genial proprietor of the Maple Grove, was on hand to give the boys a hearty welcome, a great many of whom he remembers from three years ago, when the Harrisburg Shooting Association gave a very successful three-days' tournament at this same place. The new houses, of which there are a great number just around here, show how the town is extending, and the improvement of this hotel shows that our old friend Grove has been dealt with very kindly as far as this world's business goes—over a hundred new houses built within one block of this hotel in the last six months. Speaking of the tournament of three years ago brings up some recollections, among them of the way J. A. R. Elliott, the noted pigeon shot of Kansas City, came on the grounds unknown to any one present at the time he made his entry for the shoot under the name of Dr. Gains. W. Fred Quimby, who is known to almost every shooter in the United States, as Elliott stepped to the score to shoot (when Fred's eye lit on him for the first time), exclaimed, "Why, Jim Elliott, you old rascal, this is a nice way to come among a lot of green shooters." And after a great deal of chaffing he introduced Mr. Elliott all around.

Another one whom I met for the first time then and who is here to-day is Capt. A. W. Money, who at that time was just introducing his now famous E. C. powder, which has made great strides in popularity in so short a time

The tournament is under the management of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, through the courtesy of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, and he has everything in good shape. There are two sets of expert bluerock traps, with the famous Paul North electric pulls, in position facing northwest, with blackboards for scoring, dividing the two sets. Shooting was started at 8:45, just fifteen minutes later than advertised, and from that time until dark everything ran just as smoothly as a well-oiled machine. No one could give better satisfaction than Manager Shaner, and every one is talking about how impartial he is in all his decisions. He is very ably assisted by the Harrisburg boys, who as a rule, are thorough sportsmen and gentlemen, Jas. H. and H. F. Worden, J. Dinger, Harry Dill, Dave McCormick, John Dustin and several others. We all miss the noble frame and genial face of the ex-president of the association, Mr. C. E. H. Brelsford, and many are the wishes for his good health and success in his new place of residence, which is Chicago. We also miss the noted trap shot E. D. Fulford from his old stamping ground; and there is another of the old shooters who always did everything in his power to make visitors welcome, now living in Philadelphia, J. S. Nutt, better known by the shooters as Commodore Nutt. This was a trio of good shooters and they are a big loss to the Harrisburg Club in team shooting, although others are now filling their places. One of the most conspicuous figures on the grounds is Wm. R. Fieles, of Christiana, who is also captain of the Harrisburg Club. He has on the broad-brimmed black hat that Thomas Keller bought for him at Knoxville last May and a Thurman shooting blouse, on the back of which is painted in oil a setter dog on a point, and over it the words "This is" and under it "my business;" and it is a novel idea of his to advertise his business that is very taking.

Chas. Smith ("Dutchy") of Plainfield, also cuts a prominent figure, with his ornamented hat and his jolly good nature, which makes him a favorite wherever he goes. Fred Quimby is also here; this is the only Quimby, and he is talking, or at least trying to talk everybody on the grounds to death, but has not succeeded yet; but has borrowed quite a lot of cigars already, and is likely to get some more before he goes home. Wm. and Jas. Wolstencroft and J. A. Rust, of Philadelphia, make a trio of shooters who are hard to beat and they are all there shooting in good form. Wm. H. Paddock, the gun man at J. T. Bailey & Co.'s, of Philadelphia, is looking around to-day, and he has very generously sent to this shoot a large tent for the use of and as headquarters of the Philadelphia shooters and others, and by the way it is being used is certainly appreciated

Harvey McMurchy has with him a new Smith ejector gun, made for Mr. Elliott Smith, the president of the American Wood Powder Co.; and it is a beauty. It is one of their highest grade guns, the finish of which is certainly a credit to the manufacturer.

Neaf Apgar received a hearty welcome from all his old friends; they are all glad to see Neaf at a tournament. Paul North, of Cleveland, is looking well and hearty as ever and is glad because his electric trap-pulls are giving such general satisfaction. E. K. Kniskern, of Wilkesbarre, is also making lots of friends here for his new Wilkesbarre hammerless gun.

W. H. Skinner, of Buffalo, N. Y., is showing a single barrel repeating shotgun with a very novel arrangement for taking it apart and carrying it in a victory case.

Harry Thurman is receiving a great deal of encouragement and a lot of orders for his new No. 2 shooting blouse which has a high sweater collar.

E H. Burbidge represents the little State of Connecticut at this shoot, and if all the shooters of that State shoot as well as he, they are a good lot.

L. W. Gillett, the handsome president of the John F. Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown, Pa., is taking in the shooting. S. L. Sharp, Ephrata, is shooting along at a good gait, as are several others from the same place. Among them are R. W. Bickley, L. M. Weist, J. B. Coffroth; and from the Lancaster Gun Club are B. F. Taylor, H. E. Anderson, G. and S. Hoffman and J. A. Wilson, of Franklin, Pa., who certainly enjoys himself and tries to make others enjoy themselves as much as any one person I know of.

H. A. W. Matz, president and grand hustler of the Reading Shooting Association, is shooting very well and with him are Oscar Mellott and Jim Schenck.

Emmerson Miller, Ed. Ulmer and Oscar Acker are among the onlookers from Allentown. Major E. L. Gilmer, of Greensboro, N. C., one of the ever welcome men from the South, is along with our old friend, Col Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., one of the Southern gentlemen it always makes one feel glad to call his friend. G. W. Haddox and his brother, of Winchester, also old friends of the Forest and Stream, are both enjoying themselves at the traps.

Wopsononick Bill or W. G. Clark, of Altoona, and Sheriff G. F. Bell, John Killets, Ed. Kathman, Wm. Sands, all from their mountain homes, are here in company with Ed. Banks.

E. Rohrbach, of Williamsport, and Nelson Hughes, whom your correspondent will never forget for the kindness and welcome bestowed by him when at Williamsport last spring. There are a great many others here, some shooting, and about five or six hundred looking on.

The grounds are very conveniently laid out, with a large tent. The weather to-day is cloudy and raw, and the tents are a very welcome protection which most of the shooters avail themselves of.

The main events to-day were the Wm. Wolstencroft & Son's trophy, for the individual championship of the State, at 50 targets, known traps and known angles, and it was a very sharp tussel for this same trophy which is a very handsome one. Harry Dill, Harry Thurman and W. R. Fieles tieing on 48 broken, had to shoot off, when W. R. Fieles, by the handsome score of 25 straight, or 73 out of 75, was the winner.

The next State event was the Reading team trophy, for the 5 men team championship of the State, 25 targets per man. For this only three teams entered, no other clubs having enough members on the grounds for a team. It was won by Harrisburg team No. 1, with a score of 110. Over 8,000 targets were thrown to-day. The averages for the day are: H. McMurchy 147; Skinner 143; Fieles, Rohrbach, Apgar 141; Wilson, low average, 109. The scores are:

William Wolstencroft & Son's trophy, for the individual championship of Pennsylvania, at targets, 50 single targets, entrance $3, Keystone rules, 10-gauge guns 18yds. rise; 12-gauge guns, 16yds. rise; rapid firing system. This prize to be held by the winner each year in trust, to be accounted for to the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. Should the said association at any time disband, this trophy shall then revert to the donors. This medal is of a very handsome design, and valued at $100.

A J Rust	10111111100110111011110111111110111010111010011111	38
Mellott	11110011010001101111011001110111111111111110010100	34
Wilson	01111111110101111000110111111110111111110111100111	39
Wellington	11111110111111111111110111111101111110111101111111	45
Bessemer	11111110111111111111111111111001111111111101111111	46
Sands	00110111101011111011010111010100111111010110111101	34
Duston	11111011110111000101011101111111011001110101111110	36
Clark	11011111110111101110101111111111011111111110111111	43
Schmeck	11111111011111111111101111111111110111111111111011111	46
Sharp	01111111100111111001111110111111111111111011111111	43
Henry	11111111111111011101111111111111111111111111111111	48
H E Anderson	11110011101110110111111110111001110111110111000011	36
Rohrbach	10111011111111111111111101111111111111111111101111	46
Nelson	11110111111011111110001111110111111110111101111011	41
Saylor	01100110101101110111101100011110100111101101111111	34
J H Worden	11110110011101111111111111010111111111111111110111	43
Matz	11110111111111111111010011101011111111110111111111	43
Kinzer	10111100111101011110111111011111111101111101111101	40
G Hoffman	11101111111111001111101110111111110111110111110110	41
Jas Dinger	11110011011111111110111111100110111111111111111111	43
Thurman	11111111111111111111011111111111111101111111111111	48
Waldron	10010100010001101110000111100100011000000000110001	19
Schuck	10100110110100010010110101101101010010000111111001	26
J Wolstencroft	01101111111111111111111110111111101111111111111101	45
W H Wolstencroft	11111111111111111111111101111111011111111111101111	47
Fieles	11111111111111111101011111111111111111111111111111	48

Ties:

Henry	1111111101111110111111011	22
Thurman	1111101111111110011111101	21
Fieles	1111111111111111111111111	25

For five-men team championship of Pennsylvania, prize silver trophy valued at $200, donated by the Reading Shooting Association. To be contested for annually under the following conditions: Teams shall consist of five men *bona fide* members of any club or association in the State Association. An entrance fee of $10 shall be charged each club, one-half of which shall be in payment of targets, the balance, 50 per cent., to the donors or holders of the trophy, the balance 30 and 20 per cent., to the next teams in order. Twenty-five targets per man, 125 per team, shall be shot at known angles, rapid-firing system, 10 and 12-gauge guns at 16yds. rise. A bond in the sum of $200 shall be given by the winners to the club under whose auspices this Association shoot is given for its return to the club under whose auspices the next Association shoot shall be given; provided, however, there be no Association shoot given it shall revert to the Reading Shooting Association, of Reading, Pa. No one man to shoot on more than one team.

Harrisburg Team No. 1.

W R Fieles	0101101101111111111111111	21	
Sullivan	1111111111111011100111111	22	
Wellington	1111111111011111111111011	23	
Henry	1111111111111001101100111	20	
J H Worden	1111111111111101111111111	24	110

Harrisburg Team No. 2.

Brewster	1111111011110111111011111	22	
Duston	1111111111111011110111011	22	
Kinzer	1111111111111000111111010	20	
Dinger	1101011010100011101111111	17	
Lefever	1101101111010110011101101	17	98

Altoona Team.

W G Clark	1111111110001110110111111	20	
Sands	1111101001000011111111101	17	
Bell	1111000111111111011111011	20	
Killets	1111111111001101111111111	22	
Banks	0001011111111111111000000	16	95

No. 1, 20 targets, entrance $3, known traps and known angles: Duston 18, Sharp 15, Henry 17, Rohrbach 15, Wellington 17, Apgar 16, Hoffman 15, Dinger 14, Thurman 18, McMurchy 19, Dutchy 15, Schuck 9, J. H. Worden 17, J. A. Wilson 10, Burbidge 15, J. P. 16, Fields 12, Clark 17, North 17, Brewster 12, A. W. Money 14, Miller 14, Gilmer 13, Waldron 8, W. Wolstencroft 14, Fieles 15, G. W. Haddox 17, Nelson 18, E. H. K. 16, Killets 11, Sands 14, Sullivan 16, Skinner 18, Anthony 18, Cocoran 15, Rust 15, J. Wolstencroft 19.

No. 2, 20 targets, entrance $3, experts: J. Wolstencroft 15, Thurman 16, Duston 14, Nelson 17, Anthony 14, McMurchy 20, Skinner 18, Amateurs: Fieles 15, Money 16, Worden 16, Henry 16, Kotty 13, Hoffman 10, Apgar 18, Rohrbach 17, Sands 10, Gilmer 15, Burbidge 19, Sharp 16, Killets 16, Wellington 17, W. Wolsey 17, Wilson 15, Brewster 14, Dutchy 18, Bell 10, Haddox 19, Clark 12, J. P. 12, E. H. K. 15, Hoffman 13, Brewster 14, Waldron 6, Banks 12, North 19, Dinger 15, Kinzer 19, Matz 14, Sullivan 18, Rust 19, Cocoran 15, Mellott 19.

No. 3, 20 targets, entrance $3, experts: G. W. Haddox 16, North 16, Kinzer 16, McMurchy 17, Rust 16, Mellott 14. Amateurs: Skinner 19, Rohrbach 16, Killets 18, Henry 18, Sullivan 18, Apgar 18, Schmeck 18, Burbidge 18, Bell 18, Matz 12, Duston 19, Fieles 19, J. H. Worden 18, Thurman 19, Gilmer 18, J. P. 17, Cocoran 17, Bessemer 19, Nelson 16, Clark 11, S. Hoffman 8, Brewster 14, Wellington 17, W. Wolstencroft 19, G. Hoffman 16, Banks 12, Sharp 17, Dinger 18, Wilson 14, Sands 16, Money 18, Anthony 17, Dutchy 17, J. Wolstencroft 16, Mack 13.

No. 4, 20 targets, entrance $3 experts: Skinner 17, Thurman 17 Fieles 18, Henry 17, Apgar 18, Burbidge 17, Dinger 17, Money 16, Bessemer 18, W. Wolstencroft 13, Duston 17, Killets 16, Sullivan 17, Schmeck 13, Bell 13, Worden 18, Gilmer 14. Amateurs: Wilson 16, Anthony 18, Dutchy 17, Mack 14, J. Wolstencroft 17, Nelson 18, Hoffman 14, Mellott 11, Clark 14, Kinzer 17, Brewster 15, Banks 12, Sands 17, McMurchy 18, J. P. 15, E. H. K 14, Haddox 16, Rohrbach 19, Rust 11, Kotty 12, North 17, Matz 18, Wellington 17.

No. 5, 20 targets, entrance $3: Experts, Rohrbach 17, Apgar 17, McMurchy 17, Bessemer 18, Matz 15, Fieles 18, Worden 19, Anthony 17, Nelson 12. Amateurs: Wilson 16, Thurman 16, Dutchy 19, Dustin 15, Skinner 19, Dinger 16, Coffrod 12, Rust 14, Schmeck 16, Sullivan 16, Clark 19, Burbidge 18, Matz 18, Money 16, Gilmer 16, J. P. 16, J. Wolstencroft 18, W. Wolstencroft 19, Sands 17, Haddox 18, Wellington 19, Henry 19, Brewster 19, Killets 16, Kinzer 18, North 15.

Second Day, Sept. 27.

The second day opened a little hazy, but by 9 o'clock the sun was out, making it much more pleasant than yesterday. Many new faces are on the grounds, among them Jacob Pentz, of New Jersey; Milt. F. Lindsley, sometimes known as Scarface Charley the Wood Pulp Injun, one who has friends all over the United States; in every town almost where there is a gun club, his scarred face is known, and to know him is to like him. Dutchy Smith, with an American flag stuck in his hat, which he said was his mascot, created lots of fun to-day. Col Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., says he would like to have a circus and have Dutchy and Fieles for clowns, and he thinks he could beat the world. Cashier Harry Gough is one of our old friends from several years back, and it would be hard to beat him in the cashier's box. Why, he knows how to deal with all kickers; he knocked the wind clean out of Dustin; and his assistant, George Moorehead, is as fine a fellow as you would meet anywhere.

Among the new ones to-day I see Fene Cooper, of Mahanoy City, who holds the Manufacturers' and Trap-Shooters' Association championship badge, which he won at Allentown lately; Rene T. Clayton, of Tamaqua, Pa., and there is no more popular man among the shooters in the State than this same Clayton, always happy and trying to switch his friends the same way; A. H. King, of Pittsburgh, came up to the traps to-day smiling and happy with his fresh laurels won at Jack Parker's international shoot. Will Spicer, of Danville, who is always ready for a shoot, and who told Col. Anthony to-day that the shoots that added money in the South next year would be sure to see his big Dutch face there. He is not quite as large as Dutchy Smith, of Plainfield, N. J., but he is young yet and will grow.

Much disappointment was expressed when it was found that only one team, the Harrisburg, was entered for the Harrisburg Shooting Association trophy; but there are too many in a team, the six should be made a four, or three would be better. There were at least five clubs on the grounds to-day that could have entered teams of four, but with the hard times and so many shoots going on, it is hard to get a team of six men to go any distance from home. But the Harrisburg team toed the scratch and shot for and won the trophy, and kept it in the Association for next year.

The Keystone League, of Philadelphia, came to the front and won the American Wood Powder trophy with the handsome score of 90 out out of 105 singles and doubles; the Harrisburg team a good second.

The regular programme was finished by 2:30 o'clock, and four extra events, 20 targets each, $3 entrance, the last one 10 singles 5 pairs, were shot out before dark.

Over 9,000 targets were thrown to-day. The averages were: Burbridge 149, Dutchy 148, Fieles 146, Wilson (low) 110.

For team championship of Pennsylvania, prize silver trophy, valued at $200, donated by the Harrisburg Shooting Association. To be contested for annually under the following conditions: Teams shall consist of 6 men, *bona fide* members of any club or association in the State Association. An entrance fee of $10 shall be charged each club, one-half of which shall be in payment of targets, the balance, 50%, to holders of the trophy, the balance, 30% and 20%, to the next teams in order. Twenty-five targets per man, 150 per team, shall be shot at known angles, rapid-firing system, 10 and 12-gauge guns, at 16yds. rise. A bond in the sum of $200 shall be given by the winners to the club under whose auspices this association shoot is given for its return to the club under whose auspices the next association shoot shall be given. *Provided*, however, there be no association shoot given, it shall revert to the Harrisburg Shooting Association, of Harrisburg, Pa. No one man to shoot on more than one team.

Harrisburg Team.

Henry	1111101110111111111111111	23	
Fieles	1011111111111111111111111	24	
Sullivan	1101111111111111111111111	24	
Wellington	1111111101111111111111111	24	
Dinger	1110101011101111111001111	19	
Duston	1111110110111011111111111	22	136

American Wood Powder Company trophy, silver prize cup, contested for by teams of 3 men—no one man to shoot on more than one team

—and all must be members of the same club; 25 singles and 5 pair doubles, $6 per team, the prize and 40 per cent. to the team making highest score, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third, and 10 per cent. to fourth:

Reading Shooting Association.			
H C W Matz....	1011111111111100101111110—20	10 11 11 10 10— 7—27	
F W Cooper....	1111011011110111111111111—22	11 10 11 00 11— 7—29	
R T Clayton....	1111111011110111111010110—20	00 10 10 11 10— 5—25	—81
Harrisburgh Team.			
Wellington.....	1111111111111011111101110—22	10 10 11 11 10— 7—29	
Dinger.........	1111110111111111101101110—21	00 10 11 11 11— 7—28	
Dustin.........	1111101111111101011110111—21	10 10 10 11 10— 6—27	—84
Keystone Shooting League.			
Rust...........	0111011111111111011111111—22	11 10 10 10 11— 7—29	
W Wolstencroft	1111011111111111111111111—24	00 11 11 11 11— 8—32	
J Wolstencroft.	0111111111111111011111110—22	10 11 11 10 10— 7—29	—90
Altoona Team.			
Clark..........	0111011111110110011111111—20	10 10 11 10 10— 6—26	
Sands..........	0111001110101111101111001—18	00 10 01 11 00— 4—22	
Killets.........	1111011100100111011111010—17	10 10 00 10 00— 3—20	—68

No. 1, 20 targets, entrance $3: Dustin 17, Bessemer 17, Thurman 16, Brewster 17, Burbidge 20, J. P. 14, Skinner 14, McMurchy 19, Matz 14, A. H. King 17, Rohrbach 19, Gilmer 11, Fuller 16, Haddox 13, Dutchy 19, Wellington 18, Mellott 10, Sands 17, Tredway 18, Bell 12, Rust 14, Anthony 19, Wilson 16, Apgar 18, Fieles 17, Sullivan 19, Dinger 19, Clark 17, Killet 13, Henry 19, Kotty 12, Jones 17, J. Wolstencroft 17, North 17.

No. 2, 20 targets, $3 entry: Experts, Burbridge 18, Dinger 15, Anthony 18, Dutchy 19, Henry 17, Rohrbach 16, Sullivan 16, McMurchy 13. Amateurs: Dustin 18, Bessemer 19, Thurman 17, J. Wolstencroft 17, King 16, Wellington 19, Miller 13, Clark 14, Bell 13, Money 14, Fuller 14, Haddox 14, Mellot 20, Rust 15, Wilson 10, Skinner 18, Nelson 13, Tredway 18, North 18, Apgar 18, Fieles 19, J. P. 18, Jones 19, Brewster Sands 9, Hall 16, Matz 20, Gilman 18.

No. 3, 20 targets, $3 entry: Experts: Dutchy 19, Jones 16, Matz 18, Bessemer 17, Wellington 17, Fieles 19, Mellot 17. Amateurs: Dustin 20, Haddox 19, Anthony 16, Rust 17, Wilson 14, Skinner 16, Sullivan 19, Nelson 18, Burbridge 18, E. H. K. 17, Mack 12, Fuller 19. Thurman 18, J. Wolsey 19, King 18, Money 18, North 18, Brewster 16, Hall 11, Henry 17, Quimby 16, Fry 12, Apgar 17, J. P. 17, McMurchy 17, Rohrbach 19, Dinger 17. Gilmer 15, Tredway 17, Clark 15, W. Wolsey 19. Sands 14.

No. 4, 20 birds, $3 entry: Experts, Dustin 12, Fuller 19, Rohrbach 18, Anthony 16, Dutchy 17. Haddox 15, Sullivan 19, W. Wolstencroft 18, Fieles 18, J. Wolstencroft 16. Gilmer 16. Amateurs: Apgar 16, Thurman 17, J. P. 19 Rust 17, King 17, Wilson 18, Bird 13, Nelson 17, Tredway 20, Brewster 17, Wellington 19, North 14, Sands 12, Mellot 12, McMurchy 20, Jones 18, Wilson 14, Trunk 17, Dinger 17, Quimby 16, Burbridge 18, Henry 15, Matz 17, Clark 18, E. H. K. 18.

The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association was called at 8:30 P. M. in the parlor of the Commonwealth Hotel Sept. 26. Vice-President N. A. Hughes was in the chair. The following officers answered to their names, President C. E. H. Brelsford not being a resident of the State; Vice-President, N. A. Hughes; Treasurer, J. A. Wolstencroft; Secretary, J. H. Worden; Corresponding Secretary, H. M. F. Worden; Directors, Harry Thurman, H. C. W. Matz, Elmer E Shaner, J. H. Millspaugh, W. H. Wolstencroft.

The following clubs were represented: Harrisburg Shooting Association, W. R. Fieles; Reading Shooting Association, H. C. W. Matz; Squirrel Hill Gun Club, Elmer Shaner; Pittsburg Gun Club, Elmer Shaner; Williamsport Rod and Gun Club, J Millspaugh; Keystone Shooting League, A. J. Rust; York City Gun Club, M. J. Cocoran; Ephrata Gun Club, R. W. Bickley; Philadelphia Shooting Association, H. Thurman; Germantown Gun Club, John Ecerson; Eagle Gun Club, Elmer Shaner; John F. Weiler Gun Club, W. L. Gillott; Leikens Rod and Gun Club, C. W. Williams; Fremont Gun Club, D. P. Foust; Birdshoro Gun Club, Henry Bentse; Independent Gun Club, of Reading, H. C. W. Matz; Franklin Gun Club, J. A. Wilson; Wingohocking Gun Club, H. Thurman. Secretary Worden read the minutes of the last meeting, which were adopted as read.

Mr. James Worden, secretary of the committee to confer with a committee of the Legislature and formulate new laws for the protection of game and fish, read a long report of the work of the committee. Through the efforts of the committee a hill was passed in the Legislature and a game and fish commission were appointed by the Governor. Money was appropriated to prosecute violators of the game and fish laws. Mr. Wilson, member of the committee, made a long speech, which was very favorahly received, about what should be done by the members of the State Association. Mr. Bickley, of Ephrata, also spoke on the same subject. Mr. F. P. Foust, of Pottsville, who is a member of an association that is purely a fish and game association, made a very interesting speech about the game birds that his association had imported, especially the Mongolian pheasant, about how they breed, the numher of hroods per year, etc. He also said that their association had killed twenty-six foxes in their neighborhood last winter, and he thinks the law making a tax on sporting dogs should be repealed. His speech was very interesting and well received, as he certainly knew what he was talking about.

Mr. G. Hughes, of Williamsport, gave some very good points on the game laws, as did also Mr. J. H. Millspaugh, of the same place. Mr. Bickley made a motion that the report of the committee be received and the committee be discharged and a new committee of seven be appointed to draft a new bill to be presented to the next Legislature. Mr. Foust took exception to the motion and thought the old committee should be kept on so as to have a chance to finish the work they had begun. Mr. Fahles also took exception to Mr. Bickley's motion and said that he also believed in a uniform game law, and moved that the committee be continued, which motion was carried.

Harry Thurman nominated Allentown for the next tournament, to be under the auspices of the John F. Weiler Gun Club. Mr. Fieles nominated Altoona, under the auspices of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. Mr. Wilson gave his views why the next tournament should be held in the western part of the State, and they were very good. Mr. Gillott spoke in favor of Allentown, giving some very good reasons why it should go there. Mr. Shaner spoke in favor of having the next shoot in the west and at Altoona especially, which place he thought would he convenient for every one in the State. A vote resulted for Altoona 16 and for Allentown 6; but before it was recorded H. Thurman moved that the vote be made unanimous in favor of Altoona, which motion was seconded by Mr. Gillott, of Allentown, and was carried unanimously.

Mr. H. F. Worden presented the resignation of J. H. Worden as secretary of the association, saying he had very urgent reasons for presenting it. Although very loth to lose so valuable a secretary, at the request of Mr. J. H. Wordeu, it was accepted. Mr. Jas. Wolstencroft, the treasurer, made the following report: Balance in treasury at last meeting $180.65. Received during the year $84. Paid out $142.88, leaving a balance of $121.77. New members as follows were elected: Wyandotte G. C., South Bethlehem; Mahanoy G. C., Independent G. C., Philadelphia (Jas. Wolstencroft); Wilkesbarre G. C. (E. C. Kniskern), Altoona R. and G. C. (W. G. Clark), Heron Hill G.C., Pittsburgh, and Sunbury G. C. (G. E. Rohrbach).

Mr. John Millspaugh in a neat speech nominated N. A. Hughes for president; H. Thurman nominated J. H. Worden for vice-president; J. H. Worden nominated G. Wilson for vice-president. Mr. Wilson in a very nice speech complimentary to our retiring secretary said he would rather not oppose him, and declined the nomination, but according to the rules of the association it had to go to a vote. Mr. Wilson nominated Jas. Wolstencroft for treasurer. J. Worden nominated Ed. Banks for secretary, and Elmer Shaner nominated Prof. Z. G. Zeth for corresponding secretary, Mr. Shaner moved and Mr. Fieles seconded the motion that the old directors be re-elected as follows: Harry Thurman, Germantown; H. C. W. Matz, Reading; Elmer E. Shaner, Pittsburgh; C. C. Matten, Pottsville; J. H. Millspaugh, Williamsport; W. H. Wolstencrof, Frankfort. The secretary was instructed to cast the ballot where there was no opposition. A vote being taken for vice-president resulted as follows: J. H. Worden 11 votes, G. Wilson 8. Mr. Wilson desired that the election of Mr Worden be made unanimons, which was done. After some talk for the good of the association we adjourned to meet in Altoona in 1894.

The Third Day

The first day for live birds and the third day of the tournament was all one could wish in the weather, and as for shooters, the few that shot targets only and went home last night were outnumbered by those that only shoot pigeons and they came in full force to-day. Among the first to arrive were J. F. Kleinz and Robert Welsh of Philadelphia.

Kleinz is one of the oldest pigeon shooters in the State and for a long time has been known as the champion of Pennsylvania, and to-day demonstrated that be had not forgotten how to hold a gun, although he has been shooting very little of late years.

Robert Welsh (Armstrong) is one of the best live bird shots in the country and is known all over the country as such by some excellent scores made lately on some of the best birds that could be procured. His second harrel, which he uses on most hirds, whether necessary or not, is his great hold, and is almost always pointed right.

John Rothaker of Philadelphia is also a good live bird shooter and generally holds his end up at targets when he shoots them. He is one of the good-hearted German brewers of Philadelphia, a member of the Rothaker Brewing Co., and superintendent of their works.

J. O. Denny of Pittsburg is one of the whole-souled fellows from that Smoky City that it does one good to meet; always smiling, he puts one in a good humor just to look at his pleasant face.

Isaac C. Elliott of Wilmington, Del., known as one of the best live bird shots of that little State, came out to-day to have a crack at some of the sweeps.

E. H. McWharter (Mack) of Pittsburgh, also a live bird shooter, came in to-day and shot in everything.

Mr. McMillan, of Mahanoy City, came right here from the World's Fair, which he left a few days earlier than he had intended so as to have a crack at the championship hadge, as he says he likes to shoot in this match every year, if in nothing else. He is one of the largest men in the shooting fraternity, standing about 6ft. 2in. in height and weighs ahout 200lhs. He is a Scotchman by descent and one whom any one may be proud to call his friend. His shooting name is "Macbeth." J. Honesicker and daughter Ray ("Little Hawk-Eye"), of Gloucester, N. J., are also taking in the tournament.

John Millspaugh, the first president of the Pennsylvania State Shooting Association, and president of the Williamsport Rifle and Gun Club, came down accompanied by F. P. Ahercrombie, also one of the moving spirits and leaders of the shooting circle of Williamsport. Walter Shooter, the genial honiface of the City Hotel at Williamsport, which same hotel was headquarters of the shooters at the last Williamsport tournament, and along with him is B. P. Babcock, of the same place.

The birds were a good lot of flyers, and some were corkers, as Harry Thurman said the first one he got in shooting off the ties for the championship badge, left trap No. 5 so quickly that it made the hair on his head stand on end, but it never moved his hat.

On arriving on the grounds to-day we found the target traps all away and two sets of live bird traps in position, with the 50yds. houndary marked with a string and flags, in fact everything in readiness to start the shooting.

Manager Elmer E. Shaner certainly is a hustler and deserves a great deal of credit for the way he has run the tournament, not a complaint anywhere.

The main attraction to-day was, of course, the State event which had thirty-one entries. Harry Thurman was the first one to kill his fifteen hirds, followed by A. H. King, of Pittshurg, and next in line came J. H. Worden, then Jas. Wolstencroft, J. F. Kleinz and John Rothaker in the order named as each one finished his score, when he received a good round of applause and lots of congratulations from his friends.

This event was shot off on one set of traps, while sweepstake events were being shot on the other set. In the shoot-off of the ties, which was at five birds, according to the association rules, H. Thurman, A. H. Kleinz and J. Rothaker missed their first hirds, J. Rotbaker also missed his second, J. Worden his third, and J. Wolstencroft his fourth, which dropped hardly a foot over the houndary, and this left five that killed four each still. In shooting the second round of ties, Rothaker being out, King missed his eighth, Thurman his tenth, this putting these two out and left Worden, Wolstencroft and Kleinz, who each killed five straight to fight another round, on which they each killed five straight again, but on the next round Worden dropped his first and Wolstencroft his last bird, Kleinz killing straight and securing the hadge of champion of the State for the coming year.

It was found that there would not be enough daylight to finish the programme, so No. 4 was cut, and a five dollar miss-and-out took its place. Over 1,600 birds were used to-day. The scores for the day are:

For the individual championship of Pennsylvania at live hirds. Prize, beautiful diamond badge valued at $250, presented by the citizens of Williamsport. To be contested for annually under the following conditions: Each contestant shall be a *bona fide* member of a club or association, memhers of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, or an individual memher of the same. Entrance fee, $10 (birds extra). First prize, the diamond badge to the person making the highest score, the next three highest scores to receive the 50, 30 and 20 per cent. respectively. The winner of the hadge this year to receive 40 per cent. of the entrance next year, the balance to he divided as above. Each contestant to shoot at 15 live birds, under American Shooting Association rules, with the exception of 1¼oz. shot allowed 12-bore guns. A bond in the sum of $250 shall be given hy the winner of the trophy to the club under whose auspices the Association shoot is given for its return to the club under whose auspices the next Association shoot shall he given; provided, however, there be no Association shoot given, it shall revert to the Williamsport Rifle and Gun Club, of Williamsport, Pa.

A J Rust	122212111101121—14	R T Clayton	112222112102211—14
H Thurman	212211111111212—15	Schmeck	122111221121022—14
Clark	121211201111121—14	Fieles	110111111101110—12
Denny	222220220101202—11	H A B	022010020200101— 7
Mellot	112111011110121—13	Armstrong	112022222111210—13
J H Worden	211221212111122—15	Wilson	212011112202201—12
Dinger	12211201101111•—12	P B Smith	111222012011121—13
Wellington	21•121102121112—13	B P Rothaker	000110000220202— 6
Brewster	•11112211111212—14	J Wolstencroft	212211222111211—15
Sullivan	1111•21•1211111—13	W Wolstencroft	222200220222222—12
Cooper	111012112111122—14	J F Kleinz	112221211121212—15
Mack	110212122121122—14	Spicer	122212022221222—14
A H King	111121111112221—15	Rothaker	222122122122122—15
Jones	211220101112111—13	Hall	12•020211111101—11
Duston	021111221202111—13	Macheth	202011022222121—12

Ties for the trophy, 5 hirds each:

	1st round.	2d round.	3d round.	4th round.
Thurman	01122—4	12220—4	....	....
King	01111—4	22011—4	....	....
Worden	22011—4	22121—5	11121—5	01112—4
J Wolstencroft	111•1—3	11221—5	11112—5	22120—4
J Frank Kleinz	01121—4	21122—5	11111—5	22222—5
Rothaker	00222—3	....	....	....

No. 2, 7 pigeons, $7 entry, 5 moneys:

Henry	2220222—6	Anthony	1221121—7
A J Rust	0202111—5	Denny	1002212—5
Thurman	2112111—7	F P Smith	1111001—5
Brewster	1221220—6	Capt Money	0111212—6
Mellot	1111122—7	Schmeck	1112111—7
Wellington	1102111—6	Hall	1201010—4
Dinger	1012122—6	McMurchy	2111122—7
Bessemer	2111021—6	J Wolstencroft	1001211—5
J Worden	2112122—7	Armstrong	2210121—6
Spicer	2012222—6	Wilson	2110222—6
Cooper	2111021—6	Lindsley	1212122—7
Dustin	1111110—5	Kinzer	0020202—3
Clayton	2211012—6	Quimby	1101010—4
Jones	2121012—6	W Wolstencroft	2122220—6
Mack	2221201—6	J F Kleinz	2211111—7
Sullivan	2111200—5	Fieles	2110000—3
A H King	1121111—7	Rothaker	0100212—4
J P	0122010—4	H A B	2002002—3
Esper	2212222—7	Rohrbach	0201200—3

No. 3, 10 birds, entrance $10, 5 moneys:

Bessemer	0211111201— 8	Duston	1001011112— 8
J F Kleinz	1111111101— 9	Quimby	1122221200— 8
J Wolstencroft	0101012121— 7	Cooper	1222111211—10
Mack	1111121121—10	Armstrong	1122212222—10
Mellot	1111022211— 9	Fieles	1111111101— 9
Thurman	2122112001— 8	A H King	1221101112— 9
Lindsley	2222112121—10	Jones	1110122211— 9
Denny	0221222011— 8	Estee	1101121000— 6
Money	1111221122—10	A J Rust	1212112111—10
Anthony	0012012120— 6	Wilson	0221022011— 7
Clayton	1122212021— 9	Schmeck	1201122010— 7
McMurchy	1111111122—10	Rothaker	0112002120— 6

No. 4, 7 birds, entrance $5, 5 moneys:

Armstrong	2221212—7	Wilson	2102121—6
Money	1220221—6	Quimby	2120101—5
Denny	2020021—4	Hall	2000111—4
Mellot	2111112—7	A J Rust	1121212—7
Lindsley	0201122—5	Duston	1012111—6
Tom	1121021—6	Bessemer	2211111—7
McMurchy	2122112—7	Kleinz	1122102—6
Clayton	1101110—5	J Wolstencroft	1110201—5
Giemer	0122222—6	Rothaker	0220200—3
Mack	1111212—7	Estee	0112201—5
Cooper	2111111—7	Sullivan	2112111—7
Fieles	1111211—7	Brewster	2210110—5
Thurman	2201121—6	J H Worden	11•0220—4
Anthony	1212121—7	Schmeck	0102200—3

No. 5. $5 miss and out:

Armstrong	21221210	Denny	20
Money	2210	Mellor	2111110
Rust	10	Fieles	20
Thurman	1222120	Bessemer	10
McMurchy	210	Kleinz	111211111
Mack	111212222	J Wolstencroft	112111111
Kelley	10	Clark	0

No. 1, L. C. Smith trophy. Conditions: Teams of 3 men, at 15 live birds to the man, 45 birds to the team, Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association rules to govern. Teams to be composed of *bona fide* memhers of any club or association in the State of Pennsylvania, members of the State Assaciation and residents of the State, and no one man to shoot on more than one team. To the team making the highest score 40 per cent. of the money and the trophy, to next highest 35 per cent. of the money, the next highest 25 per cent. of the money. a bond to be given for the return of the trophy, in the sum of $200, at the next meeting of the State Association. Entrance, $25 per team, including birds.

The Fourth Day

The fourth and last day of the shoot opened with a clear sky and the wind hlowing almost a gale from the northwest, which made some very hard shooting, a great many birds being lost just out of bounds.

The main event to-day was the three-men team race for the L. C. Smith trophy, for which six teams entered, each man to shoot at 15 hirds, or 45 hirds per team, entrance $25 per team.

This event was won by the Keystone League team with the splendid score of 44 out of 45, Kleinz and Welsh killing straight, Rust only missing one bird.

After the programme was finished three miss-and-outs were shot, which finished the annual State shoot for the year 1893, and with congratulations to the Harrisburg Shooting Association and a general shaking of hands with wishes to meet again next year at Altoona, the members started on their various ways home.

Pittsburg Gun Cluh.			**Herron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburg.**		
Wilson	022212221112222—14		A H King	201110121221121—13	
Bessemer	111201121121110—13		J F Whorter	222221121120112—14	
Denny	121121022112121—14	—41	W Jones	212122220122122—14	—41
Harrishurg Shooting Ass'n.			**Independent Gun Club, Philad'a.**		
Worden	122220002112011—11		Thurman	22021•110211122—12	
Sullivan	21221102•222112—13		W Wolst'c'ft	222202212221112—14	
Brewster	211111212221122—15	—39	J Wolst'c'ft	221•11122111121—14	—40
Harrisburg Team No. 2.			**Keystone Shooting League.**		
Fieles	120021102202110—10		A J Rust	212011111212111—14	
Duston	211121121212122—15		J H Kleinz	221222122221112—15	
Henry	222220021122102—12	—37	Armstrong	212211222121222—15	—44

No. 2, 7 birds, $5 entry, 3 moneys:

Armstrong	2212202—6	Jones	0201112—5
Gilmer	0222102—5	A J Rust	2111122—7
Denny	2022101—5	A H King	0222111—6
Money	0112222—6	Anthony	1210202—5
W Wolstencroft	2211120—6	Brewster	1011220—5
Tom	2112021—6	Thurman	2012021—5
Bessemer	1222010—5	McMurchy	1111120—6
Mellot	0122001—4	Wilson	0020021—3
Duston	1001221—5	Kleinz	2110211—6
Worden	1200102—4	Rothaker	2011112—6
J Wolstencroft	1121100—5	Lindsley	1202221—6
Mack	0112111—6	Quimby	2211112—7
Fieles	1211212—7	Henry	0022020—3
Sullivan	2102120—5		

No. 3, 10 birds, entrance $10:

Mellot	2122202001— 7	McMurchy	1101021211— 8
Fieles	0121111121— 9	Anthony	2020010201— 5
Armstrong	1121222211—10	Rothaker	2210202211— 8
J Wolstencroft	2210020201— 6	Gilmer	2002112210— 7
Tom	2121012222— 9	Wilson	2222022222— 9
Lindsley	2112202202— 8	Denny	2022221221— 9
King	1212111102— 9	Kleinz	2111112222—10
Mack	2222101111— 9	W Wolstencroft	2200221222— 8
Jones	2202221222— 9	Duston	1002111111— 8
Money	2211221222—10	Rust	1101222221— 9
Bessemer	2212211202— 8	P P Smith	1112001002— 6
Quimby	0022111220— 7	Hall	1001200211— 6

No. 4, 7 hirds, entrance $5:

Lindsley	0212220—5	Bessemer	1121222—7
Money	1111112—7	Rust	1111100—5
Wilson	2211222—7	Rothaker	1120211—6
McMurchy	2211222—7	Anthony	1012202—5
Denny	1111012—6	Fieles	1220011—5
Mellot	1120222—6	Gilmer	1210001—4
Kleinz	1121011—6	Duston	1220112—6
Mack	1122211—7	F P Smith	2201210—5
Tom	2012112—6	Hall	0201212—5
Armstrong	0111221—6	Sullivan	2101022—5
J Wolstencroft	1102221—6	Brewster	0111012—5

No. 5, 10 birds, $10 entrance:

Kleinz	2111211212—10	Little Hawkeye	0001201220—5
Mellot	2111100221— 8	Fieles	1021001121—7
Money	2112210111— 9	Rust	1122110112—9
Denny	1212222222—10	Tom	0120112122—8
Wilson	2002222222— 8	Bessemer	2222211212—7
McMurchy	1011110111— 8	Smith	1111111120—9
Armstrong	2221222122—10	Hall	0112000122—6
Duston	2112122002— 8	Mack	0221011121—8
Jones	1111120011— 8	Rothaker	1020020122—6
King	1111211002— 8	Anthony	2222002211—8

No. 6, miss-and-out, entrance $5:

Money	222111	King	1110
Mack	1220	Rust	0
Armstrong	212112	Denny	220
Mellot	0	Fieles	1111
Kleinz	1210	McMurchy	211221
Wilson	221220	Smith	11110
W Wolstencroft	220		

No. 7, miss-and-out, entrance $5:

Money	22212220	Denny	22222222
Kleinz	20	Fieles	12222212
Armstrong	0	Mack	12111211
Wilson	210	McMurchy	0
Mellot	0	Rust	120
W Wolstencroft	221220	Smith	10

No. 8, miss-and-out, entrance $5:

Armstrong	122111211	Wilson	1220
Bessemer	110	Fieles	21212120
Money	20	Denny	2222220
Rust	220	Mack	211222110
McMurchy	110	W Wolstencroft	110

H. T.

Bogardus—"Unknown" Match Postponed.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 30.—Heavy rain yesterday and to-day caused the postponement of the much exploited match between Capt. A. H. Bogardus and an unknown, which was to have been shot at the South Side Baseball Park to-day. The match will be shot later, probably within two weeks, possibly on the Monday following John Watson's World's tournament, and possibly not until the Saturday after, much depending on the date when these grounds can be again obtained. To-day I met Captain Bogardus just as he and John Watson were leaving the grounds, at 1:45, the hirds having then been sent back to the coops.

"I suppose you don't mind telling now who the 'unknown' is, do you, Captain?" I asked him.

"No," said he, "not now. I haven't known it very long myself. His name is Hall, and he comes from down near the Kentucky line in Illinois. He's a strapping big young fellow, very pleasant, and he may be able to shoot a bit for all I know. I hope so."

"He can't have much of a trap record."

"No," replied the Captain, "he claims that he never shot at the traps in his life until he tried a little practice on this narrow boundary race, the same conditions as Rexroat and I shot our matches under. He says he killed twenty-seven straight at this game, which is good. He is a good field shot, they say. His success in the field led him to ask Frank Butler to arrange this match with me, as you know he did."

"There is some difference between the two styles of shooting," I suggested.

"Yes," said the old veteran, "there is, of course, hut you can't tell. The first time I ever went to the trap I killed 46 out of 50. I used to think I could kill any hird that got up within 21yds. of me, no matter where it went. My field shooting was my first drill."

"It doesn't happen that way very often," said John Watson. "Usually the old field shot has to learn over again at the traps."

"We'll see," said the Captain, good-humoredly. E. Hough.

Down Town Gun Club.

Fourteen members of the Down Town Gun Club were present at the opening shoot of the season held at Dexter Park on Friday, Sept. 29. Each shot at eight hirds, club handicap, H and T traps, modified Long Island rules. L. Maisch and H. Fajen tied with seven each for the club's gold medal and first prize, Fajen winning on the shoot off. F. Goetz won the second medal, defeating W. Joost and H. Muller. Scores:

L Wolff	11100100—4	H Muller	11110101—6
L Maisch	11111011—7	W Flack	10110001—4
J W Schmenger	11111000—5	H Fajen	11111101—7
H Wiesing	00101110—4	F Goetz	11011110—6
H Lang	11010101—5	S Huff	11100100—4
W Joost	10110111—6	J Breitstein	11111100—6
W Bunger	01110101—5	C Doscher	11001101—5

Live Bird Match at Jerseyville.

Jerseyville, Ill., Sept. 23.—At Sportsman's Park in this city this afternoon, there was a match at 100 live pigeons for a purse of $500, shot between Abel Harris, of Bunker Hill, Ills., and Moses Collenberger, of this place. The hirds were only a fairly good lot, and the score was not first class. Collenberger shot an old Parker, lifter action, 10-gauge; and Harris a light 12-gauge, Smith hammerless. Charlie Strawn, of Jacksonville, refereed the match, and James Perrings and L. S. Hansell were scorers. The following is the score:

Harris	1021101112101210201101111222211110222121011221111—42	
	1212112101120111222211112211121100010021110110011 1—40	82
Collenberger	2022012202211222211122111011110121122112111222 1200—43	
	2222101111212111221112222111210112101211122 2110011—46	—89

Roseville Gun Club Tournament.

The famous "Old Stone House" shooting grounds of John Erb, on Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J., were visited by a fair-sized body of sportsmen on Sept. 28, when the rejuvenated Roseville Gun Club held an all-day target tournament. At least it was intended to be an all-day shoot, but not until after dinner were there any shooters on hand. Once the guns began to crack, however, they were not allowed any rest, and during the afternoon close to 2,000 targets were thrown from five traps.

The Roseville Gun Club formerly had a club house and grounds of its own in the rear of Mr. Erb's, but the recent West Indian hurricane tore down the house and left the entire outfit in such a state as to prompt the club to abandon all ideas of rebuilding. Hence their appearance on John Erb's grounds, where they will hereafter hold their club shoots, combined with an open-to-all tournament on the fourth Thursday of each month, targets being used exclusively. The club has about twenty members, but like all other organizations of the kind about one-half manage to absent themselves on "business" when a club shoot is being held. The leading spirits in the active work are Ben Rist, Geo. Huff, Alfred Whatton, Albert Whatton, R. Rembe and J. S. Meeker.

At the shoot held last Thursday the attendance, which was fair, would have been much larger had the affair been properly advertised. Among those present were Enoch D. Miller, Jackson Smith and Albert Sickley of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield; J. Warren Smith and Robert Youmans, of the Maplewood Gun Club; Ferd. Van Dyke, Ernest O. Geoffroy, R. Heber Breintnall, Lemuel Thomas and Asa Whitehead of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark.

The shooting was under the rapid-firing system, one old-style Keystone and four old-style bluerock traps, and United States targets being used. Benj. Rist was official scorer, while Charles Hughes performed the arduous duties of referee. The main attraction was a 50-target event, $3 entry, the club adding $10 to the purse. This called out only nine contestants, the club having only one representative. In a shoot of this kind a club should be well represented, even if the organization is obliged to enter men at their own expense. A club the members of which hold aloof from any contest where they have to take a risk of losing usually has hard work to attract outside shooters.

The scores of the day were as follows:

Event No. 1, 10 singles: Alf Whatton 5, Alb Whatton 2, L. Thomas 7.
No. 2, same: Thomas 8, Alb Whatton 4, Alf Whatton 4.
No. 3, same: Alb Whatton, Thomas 5, Alf Whatton 3.
No. 4, same: Thomas 7, Alf Whatton 3, Alb Whatton 2.
No. 5, 5 singles: Breintnall 4, Alf Whatton 3, Alb Whatton 3, Rist 2, Thomas 2.
No. 6, same: Alb Whatton 5, Thomas 4, Breintnall 4, Geoffrey 4, Miller 4, Rembe 2, Meeker 2, Rist 1, Alf Whatton 1.
No. 7, 10 singles: Geoffrey 9, Rembe 8, Miller 8, Thomas 8, Alb Whatton 7, Breintnall 7, Alf Whatton 5, Rist 4, Meeker 4.
No. 8, 10 singles: Meeker 5, Breintnall 8, Geoffrey 10, Alb Whatton 7, Rembe 6, Thomas 9, Alf Whatton 3, Rist 4, Miller 7, Huff 9, Compton 9, Youman 7, Smith 8, Sickly 7.
No. 9, 10 singles: Youmans 9, Van Dyke 7, Geoffrey 8, Compton 5, Miller 8, Smith 5, Breintnall 8, Huff 6, Meeker 3, Thomas 5, Rembe 6, Alb Whatton 6, White 6.
No. 10, 15 singles, entry $1.50:

Yoemans	111111111110111—14	Addison	101110111111110—12
W Smith	110101111110111—12	Huff	101010000000111— 7
Breintnall	111111111111110—14	Thomas	101111101111111—13
Geoffrey	111011101101111—12	Miller	011011111C11111—12
Van Dyke	111111111111111—15		

No. 11, 10 singles: Van Dyke 10, Yeomans 6, Geoffrey 7, Thomas 9, Smith 10, Albert Whatton 10, Roger 4, Breintnall 8, Addison 9, Miller 9, G. Huff 4.
No. 12, 50 U. S. targets, $3 entry, $10 added by club:

Miller	11101110111111101111111111111111111101100111110011—41		
Addison	11111101101111110111111111101111111111111111111111100—43		
Van Dyke	11110110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47		
Breintnall	11111011111111111111101111010111011011111111111111—44		
Geoffrey	10111111111001100111101111111101101101111111111011—39		
Walters	00111010010011100011000101011110111000111101111101—29		
Smith	11111101100101001111101111111111111001111011100w.		
Thomas	11110101010111111111101101011011000101111100110111—36		
Albert Whatton	11010011100111111111101111111000101010111111110011—36		

No. 13, 10 singles:

Alf Whatton	1000101000—3	Compton	1100111101—7
Yeomans	1111111110—8	G Huff	1111101110—8
Rember	1111010010—6	Meeker	1111011010—7
Breintnall	1111101011—8	Geoffrey	1101100111—7
F Van Dyke	1111011111—9	Perment	1011110001—6
Smith	1111110011—8	Albert Wbatton	1111110110—8
Williamson	1100111111—8	Walters	1101111111—9
Rogers	0000000000—0		

No. 14, 10 singles, expert rules, both harrels:

Breintnall	1111111101—9	Smith	1100111111—8
Van Dyke	1010101010—5	Geoffroy	1212111012—9
Youmans	2221200110—7	Perment	0001111121—7
Walters	1101311010—7		

No. 15, 10 singles: Compton 7, G. Huff 3, Rembe 7, Meeker 4, Van Dyke 10, Youmans 9, Rist 3, Nulty 0, Geofry 8, Breintnall 6, Albert Whatton 4, Alfred Whatton 8, Perment 6.
No. 16, 5 singles: Meeker 2, Rembe 4, Alfred Whatton 2, Perment 4, Huff 3, Rist 2, Compton 2.
No. 17, 5 singles: Compton 4, Bembe 1, Parmer 4, Huff 4, Rist 0, Meeker 2.

C. H. Townsend.

Passaic City vs. Boiling Springs.

Passaic, N. J., Sept. 23.—The third of a series of five contests for a silver cup between teams of ten men each from the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club and the Passaic City Gun Club took place on the Van Houten avenue grounds of the latter club. The first contest, as well as the one shot to-day resulted in victory for the Passaic City team, the Boiling Springs Club winning the second contest. The attendance of friends of both clubs was large. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, of Hoboken; Mr. and Mrs. and Miss W. Fred Quimby, of Newark, and Mr. Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield, and Mr. Jacob Pentz, of Bergen Point. Mr. Pentz acted as official scorer and Mr. Apgar as referee. The next contest will be on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Club.

Boiling Springs.	
Paul	1100111001011011111111011—18
Klees	1010001100101110101110001—13
James	1101110011101110011111011—18
Hiscox	1001101101100111111110100—16
Huck	1111101101011011011011011—19
C Collins	1111111110001111110011111—20
Lenone	0011111110101101101111011—16
Laue	1001001111011111011111110—18
Grieff	1111110011011111111111101—20
Hollister	1111111111111111111111111—25—186
Passaic City.	
Jelleme	1011010111101101111111111—20
Bowes	1001111011111111011111011—19
Ahhott	1111111001011100101111111—19
Kelly	1111100101110111011010011—17
Kevitt	1110010101111111111111111—21
Shaw	1111001101111111111101110—20
Coman	1100001110101101111111111—18
Gardiner	1110101010111011111010110—18
Vermorel	1101110011110011111101110—17
Wise	1110111111111111011111111—23—192

No. 1, 10 targets: Jelleme 9, Klees 9, Hiscox 5, Lenone 9, Kevitt 8, Palmer 7, Hall 3, Shaw 6, Coman 9, Wise 10, Kelly 6.
No. 2, 10 targets: Palmer 6, Kevitt 8, Lenone 6, Hiscox 8, Abbott 8, Klees 8, Kelly 8, Wise 9, Coman 4, Hollister 9, Apgar 9, Lane 5, Grieff 8, James 6, Jelleme 7, Bowes 9, Gardiner 7, Paul 10.
No. 3, 15 targets, $1:

Palmer	111111010010111—11	Klees	111010110101111—11
Hiscox	111011110111010—11	Kelly	111111101011113—13
Paul	111111101111111—14	Hollister	111111111111111—15
Lenone	110111101011111—12	Huck	110110101000111— 9
Bowes	111110011111111—13	Grieff	111111111101111—14
Jelleme	100101101100111— 9	James	010101011110011— 9
Abbott	111111110111101—13	Lane	110111010111111—12
Gardiner	011011100101000— 7	Collins	011100100100011— 7
Ferguson	000001000000010— 2	Adams	010110100111111—10
Wise	111110101111111—13	Burgess	111000010110111— 9
Coman	101001111111110—11	Vermorel	110110101001011— 9
Apgar	111111111110111—14	Jeannerett	100111101110110—10

No. 4, 10 targets: Lenone 7, Vermorel 6, Klees 7, Paul 8, Grieff 8, Hiscox 8, Palmer 7, Gaston 8, J. Hemion 6, Beatty 6, Apgar 10, Peak 3, Huck 9, J. R. Hemion 2, Wise 9, Ferguson 1, Bowes 9, Abbott 8, Gardiner 8, Hollister 8, Coman 5, Kelly 8, Burgess 6, Jelleme 7, Collins 7, Quimby 10, Lane 8, Hall 2, Adams 10, Vermorel 5.
No. 5, 15 targets, $1:

Lindsley	111110011111111—12	Paul	111101010010011—10
Quimby	110111101011101—13	Klees	110111110111111—13
Lenone	111110000111111—11	Abbott	111000011111001— 9
Palmer	101010001111111—10	Collins	111110001111111—12
Grieff	111111111101111—14	Apgar	111111111111110—14
Kelly	101101111111110—11	Hollister	111111111111001—13
Wise	111111111111111—15	Ferguson	000000010010000— 2
Gardiner	111111010110001—11	Hemion	010010110111111—10
Bowes	101110110111111—12	Huck	011111010100111—11
Vermorel	001100010110111— 8	Beatty	110101111111110—12
Lane	011111000100111— 8		

No. 6, 10 targets: Apgar 8, Lindsley 9, Lenone 9, Grieff 8, Hollister 10, Gardiner 9, Abbott 4, Jelleme 7, Hemion 8, Wise 9, Paul 9, Vermorel 10, Bowes 6, Ferguson 4, Beatty 5.

W.

INDIANAPOLIS VETERAN TOURNAMENT

A clear sky and continued good weather were a possible factor in the success of this shoot. the crowd was quite large, and to say that the pace set by most of them was quite "hot" is not over-stating the facts. They were Dr. S. T Vincent, Messrs. Greene and Scott, of Evansville; Messrs. Grube, Lockwood and Gentle, of Southport; Messrs. M. Whitney Thompson, J. T. Park and Nathan Long, of Lafayette; J. M. Hershey, of Noblesville; Ed. Vories, Crawfordsville, Ind. Those from Ohio were Messrs. Slyh, Ballenger and Money, of Flint City; C. W. Tway, Milford Center; James L. Ward, Columbus; "Shorty" Bacon, Miamisburg; Mr. J. D. Gay, of Lexington, Ky., Mr. Adams, of Chicago, and others. Among the locals were Drs. Britton and Moore, W. T. Fugate, J. W. Hughes, James Anderson, Chas. E. Field and others.

Mr. H. S. Humphrey and Dr. J. A. Martin managed the grounds and Mr. G. M. Sanborn handled the cash in good shape.

Mr. W. T. Hill was on hand with the sparrows and also furnished traps for same. They were prompt flyers and a good lot. Dr. Martin won the gold badge for the sparrow championship of the United States. The contest was the best average in all events regularly on the sparrow programme Sept. 8. Bluerocks were used on the first two days, and all arrangements worked smoothly, and a good time was had by all concerned.

First Day, Sept. 6.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1: Lockwood 9, Willis 7, Tway 9, Shorty 10, Tag 5, Allen 7, Slow 6, Parent 6, Lincoln 8, Scott 7, Vincent 7, Gay 10.
No. 2, 10 singles, $2: Tway 7, Gay 8, Scott 8, Tag 6, Allen 6, Lincoln 10, Lockwood 10, Shorty 7, Partington 9, Vincent 10, Willis 7, Slow 6, Parrent 3.
No. 3, 15 singles, $2.25:

Gay	111011010111111—12	Slow	110111111110111—13
Shorty	011101111111111—13	Allen	010110111111111—12
Partington	111101110111111—13	Willis	111111111011110—13
Vincent	011111111100110—11	Lockwood	011111111111110—13
Tway	111111010110111—13	Scott	111111111111111—15
Adams	110111111111111—14	Green	011010101110011— 9

No. 4, 5 pair, $1.50: Partington 9, Lockwood 8, Grube 5. Gay 9, Scott 6, Vincent 7, Tway 3, Fisk 3, Lincoln 9, Shorty 7, Willis 5.
No. 5, 15 singles, $2: Partington 13, Park 14, Lockwood 14, Tway 11, Tag 6, Vincent 12, Scott 13, Gay 12, Grube 15, Slow 13. Willis 11, Green 12, Shorty 12, Lincoln 11, Adams 14. Lockwood, Vincent won fourth in shoot off.
No. 6, 10 singles, $1: Lockwood 9, Tway 5, Vincent 8, Grube 8, Partington 8, Scott 6, Lincoln 10, Adams 6, Park 8, Willis 8, Shorty 7, Gay 8, Thompson 8. Willis, Gay, Thompson, tied for third. In shoot of Partington wins third.

Park	011110111101111011111—16	Long	110111111111111111011—18
Lincoln	111111101111111111101—18	Green	10000011w
Gay	111111111101111011011—17	Willis	100111111111101110l—16
Tway	100011101101101101111—18	Lockwood	110111111111111111111—18
Scott	101111011011011111111—17	Adams	111101111111111111101—18
Humphrey	011101000111111111111—15	Martin	111111111111111011011—18
Thompson	111111111011111111111—19	Vincent	011111011101101101111—16
Partington	110111111010101111111—16	Shorty	101111101110111111111—17
Grube	111111111111111111100—18		

No. 8, 10 singles, $1.50: Tway 4, Scott 8, Gay 6, Thompson 8, Lockwood 8, Vincent 10, Adams 8, Partington 9, Grube 10, Shorty 9, Park 9, Willis 9, Lincoln 9, Martin 8, Long 9.
No. 9, 25 singles, $3: Tway 15, Park 22, Partington 21, Gay 18, Thompson 21, Lockwood 25, Shorty 23, Gruhe 24, Long 19, Vincent 23, Lincoln 21, Martin 22, Willis 19, Jack Snipe 19, Adams 17.
No. 10, 10 singles, $1.50: Long 7, Lockwood 10, Willis 10, Thompson 10, Vincent 9, Partington 9, Scott 7, Tway 8, Park 10, Gruhe 9, Jack Snipe 7, Shorty 8, Lincoln 6.
Several extra events were shot during the day.

Second Day, Sept. 7.

No. 1, 10 singles, $1: Hooney 7, Thompson 9, Willis 9, Lockwood 9, Anderson 5, Park 10, Hershey 8, Scott 7, Ballenger 8, Partington 8, Slyh 9, Tway 8, Long 8.
No. 2, 10 singles, $1.50: Mooney 10, Tway 7, Willis 9, Ballenger 8, Lockwood 8, Slyh 9, Partington 10, Hershey 9, Park 8, Thompson 9, Long 7, Grube 9.
No. 3, 15 singles, entrance $1.72; $25 guaranteed:

Money	001111111100111—11	Park	111111111111110—14
Slyh	111011101110111—12	Hershey	111011111111011—13
Thompson	111011111111111—14	Anderson	101111010001111—11
Willis	101011011111111—12	Littler	001011011101110—10
Grube	101111111111111—14	Hughes	111111110000w
Ballenger	111100010111001— 9	Long	101011100111101—10
Tway	111011110110111—12	Martin	111111111111111—15
Partington	111111111011111—14	Scott	111111101111100—12
Lockwood	111111111111111—15	Vincent	10001110w

No. 4, 20 singles, $2: Lockwood 13, Willis 17, Thompson 16, Ballenger 12, Mooney 16, Grube 18, Slyh 17, Partington 10, Tway 8, Vincent 16, Scott 18, Park 19.
No. 5, 10 singles, $1.50: Mooney 8, Lockwood 8, Park 6, Partington 7, Tway 7, Slyh 9, Martin 8, Thompson 10, Grube 10, Scott 7, Field 7, Vincent 7.
No. 6, 10 singles, $1: Lockwood 10, Park 9, Partington 7, Slyh 7, Grube 7, Thompson 7, Ballenger 8, Vincent 8, Scott 9.
No. 7, 10 singles, entrance $2, $30 guaranteed, three equal moneys: Partington 9, Vincent 7, Scott 6, Lockwood 3, Thompson 9, Park 9, Slyh 6, Ballenger 8, Grube 10, Tway 5, Martin 7, Humphrey 8, Sanborn 6.
No. 8, 20 singles, $3: Vincent 15, Thompson 14, Grube 19, Lockwood 17, Partington 17, Park 17, Martin 16.
No. 9, 15 singles, $1.50: Grube 13, Partington 9, Lockwood 15, Thompson 14, Park 14.
No. 10, two-men team shoot, 10 singles per man, entrance $2:

Grube	10	Thompson	10
Lockwood	7—17	Park	10—20

Third Day, Sept. 28.

No. 1, 10 English sparrows, $2: Thompson 9, Martin 10, Lockwood 9, Partington 8, Tag 9, Willis 8, Hersbey 6, Park 7, Vincent 8.
No. 2, 10 sparrows, $2.50, one barrel only: Martin 7, Thompson 7, Partington 7, Lockwood 6. Willis 8, Vincent 6, Park 4, Tag 7.
No. 3, 15 sparrows, $3: Vincent 13, Martin 13, Willis 11, Partington 14, Thompson 13, Lockwood 12, Grube 11.
No. 4, 10 sparrows, $3: Lockwood 10, Martin 9, Partington 7, Vincent 8, Thompson 8, Grube 8, Willis 10.
No. 5, 5 sparrows, $1.50: Thompson 4, Viucent 5, Martin 5, Grube 4, Lockwood 3. Tag 3, Partington 2, Trout 4, Moore 3, Willis 3, Snyder 3.
No. 6, 10 sparrows, $3:

Thompson	1111101121—	Willis	1321111112—10
Voris	1200112111— 8	Martin	1111111101— 9
Partington	0111111111— 9	Grube	2111102100— 7
Lockwood	2211111111—10	Vincent	2211111221—10

No. 7, 5 pair sparrows, $2.50: Thompson 8. Martin 6, Voris 9, Willis 5, Partington 7, Vincent 6, Lockwood 6, Bohwhite 6.
No. 8, 20 sparrows, $5:

Lockwood	12111111220102211l—18	Voris	11111111111011101l—18
Partington	11211211111112111l—20	Vincent	02121212210121111l—18
Martin	11112221212121211l—20	Willis	12111011111112110—18
Thompson	10201112001100100110—11		

No. 9, 10 sparrows, $3: Martin 7, Parington 8, Thompson 9, Moore 3, Vincent 8, Voris 10, Lockwood 9, Willis 9.
No. 9, 5 sparrows, $1.50: Thompson 5, Martin 5, Voris 5, Partington 5, Jacksnipe 3, Willis 4, Lockwood 3.
Extra at close of programme, 10 sparrows, use of one barrel only, entrance $3: Thompson 8, Voris 7, Partington 3, Martin 10, Jacksnipe 4, Vincent 3.
Several other extra events were shot at sparrows before the regular programme began. Mr. W. T. Hill, the "sparrow man," furnished the sparrows and traps.

S. S.

Nassau Gun Club.

The second regular monthly shoot of the Nassau Gun Club was held at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Sept. 26. Thirteen members were on hand to shoot for the club's monthly prize, at 10 live birds each, 28 and 30yds. rise, American Association rules. The birds were good fast flyers and not a straight score was made. T. T. Edgerton and E. Helgans tied for the prize with 9 each; the latter won on the shoot off. Two sweepstake contests were shot off, W. Lair and J. Bennett being the principal winners. The scores:

T T Edgerton	0112211211—9	P von Dreele	121100●00●—4
J Bennett	0001010222—5	J A Still	0000303000—2
E Helgans	2210121221—9	C Magee	2220211200—7
J Young	0110011200—5	W Lair	0111112012—8
R Woods	0121121100—7	J Ochs	0000100002—2
H Selover	1102011110—7	G U Forbell	1102010000—4
W R Selover	2210212●●2—7		

Sweepstakes.—No. 1, 3 birds: T. T Edgerton 3, J. Bennett 2, E. Helgans 3, J. Young 2, R. Woods 2, W. R. Selover 2, J. A. Still 1, W. Lair 3, J. Ochs 2.
No. 2, same: T. T. Edgerton 3, J. Bennett 3, E. Helgans 2, J. Young 2, R. Woods 1, H. Selover 2, W. R. Selover 3, W. Lair 3.
Referee, C. A. Dellar. Scorer, F. Dettloff.

Mehl Defeats Lenone.

Match at 100 live pigeons a side between C. T. Lenone, of Newar N. J., and J. Mehl, Jr., of Jersey City. First 50 birds Long Island rul second 50 Hurlingham rules. Shot on grounds of Bolling Springs G Club, at Rutherford, N. J., Sept. 30. First bird shot at 10:45 A. M., la shot at 2:10 P. M.:

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J Mehl, Jr.....1121111122000110021111●101—18
0101011O●●021●2011011010101—13
1210120111212211212101001—20
0211112101221121111112111—23—

C F Lenone....1211112011112101010O●011—18
1211111121111200202112000—19
0122111212122101111111●21—22
1●1211●0012111111111111112—21—

Live Birds at Morristown.

The Morristown Gun Club, which holds forth on Frank Class's dri ing park, advertised a tournament for Sept. 27 with prizes for 60, 7 80 and 90 per cent. men. When the appointed time came only seve shooters appeared, and the shoot resolved itself into the usual op sweepstake affair. There were nine events in all, two of them bei at 4 birds each, $5 entry, and the others at 5 birds each, 5 entry, wi two moneys in each. Among those present were T. W. Morfey and C. Wright, of the Paterson Gun Club, and John Riggott, of Rockawa

The scores were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Wright	21210—5	02212—4	....	....	20222—
Decker	02002—2	12001—3	1020—2	0101—2	20120—
Class	12201—4	21121—5	1002—2	1111—4	21111—
John	21122—5	01111—4	....	....	....
Timmons	12112—5	11211—5	2111—4	2211—4	00221—
Morfey	21111—5	.....	0221—3	1111—4	01101—
Leonard	000w.	00w.	....	....	....
	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	
Wright	22211—5	01102—3	02120—3	22011—	
Leonard	11110—4	12021—4	2001w	.....	
Timmons	21201—4	01001—2	0000w.	11111—	
Class	12121—5	11012—4	11121—5	11210—	
Morfey	01022—4	.....	.....	.....	
Decker	11221—5	10012—3	.....	.....	
John	.....	12120—4	.....	10212—	
Riggott	.....	.....	10211—4	.....	

Hell Gate Gun Club.

There was a large attendance of the members of the Hell Gate Gu Club, at the regular monthly live bird shoot, held at Dexter Park, Monday, Sept. 25. Twenty-nine entered for the club's annual priz according to their class handicap at 10 birds each. The birds furnish by Miller were a fine fast lot, but the majority of the members ma good scores. E. Doeink, J. H. Voss, P. Woelfel, C. Weber, F. Trost J. Stradtman, E. Foerster, made straight scores of 10. J. Sehm, Schaefer and J. Linck, scored 9 each for second place. The weath was cloudy but warm with a fair light until near the close of the la squad shot off their birds. It was dark when the shooting finishe This was the biggest crowd of members that has yet attended the H Gate Gun Club shoot. The score:

E Doeinck	1211112221—10	H Roonekamp	1021100002—
J H Voss	2121111113—10	F Trostel	1222111112—
C Rieger	1122110101—8	J Strahman	1112222122—
P Woelfel	2211121212—10	A Daniels	0020111120—
A Hoffman	0001200212— 5	H Thau	0111001111—
J Sehm	1121011111— 9	E Foerster	1211212111—
G Schaefer	2110122211— 9	A Knodel	0101211011—
S Schaefer	2110122211— 9	E Peterson	2020012220—
C Rabenstein	0212221110— 8	A Kiechler	2011001221—
A Moeller	2122012010— 7	J Linck	1221112101—
J Brode	2121201120— 8	F Benz	1002110212—
C Weber	2212121121—10	H Schmerek	2100120221—
J Newman	0200101000— 2	J Dannefelser	1000212212—
W Hogan	1220001022— 6	C Linder	1012022012—
H W Voss	0121010021— 6		

Referee, Col. J. H. Voss. Scorer, C. A. Dellar.

New York German Gun Club.

The regular live-bird shoot of the New York German Gun Club w held at Dexter Park on Thursday, Sept. 28. The attendance was n as large as usual, only eighteen going to the traps to shoot for t two gold medals of the club at 8 birds each, American Associati rules. The birds were not up to the usual standard and bothered t shooters by not getting up quickly. P. Garms, Jr., and J. Goerli killed all of their birds and tied for the medals. P. Garms again w the first medal on the shoot-off and J. Goerlitz the second. T scores:

P Garms, Sr	00011000—2	C Lenone	11210111—
P Huff	01010211—5	J Goerlitz	1212211l—
M Bonden	21100110—5	H Thomford	2212120l—
F Sauter	21111012—7	D Schreke	00001002—
P Garms, Jr	11111121—8	E Stadtman	00010010—
G Winter	00100000—1	A Schmitt	01011011—
J Wellhrock	11120101—6	W Muller	12210211—
S C Edwards	00110021—4	G H Smith	22111110—
J Frazer	20200212—5	A Busch	01101110—

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

Owing to the races at Gravesend on Thursday the attendance at t regular monthly shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club at the We End grounds, Coney Island, was very small Seven competed for t two silver cups given by Judges Newton and Sutherland and fi money prize. R. J. Sutherland and C. Furgueson, Jr., killed straight, but the latter won the first cup and money on the shoot-o The scores:

C D Morris	1211101221— 9	C Mohrman	1111121110—
R J Sutherland	1121222111—10	S Jamieson	0022202020—
H Knebel, Jr	1121212202— 9	C Furgueson, Jr	1112211211—
Ira McKane	2220001112— 7		

Referee and scorer, C. A. Dellar.

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

Only six members of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club were prese at the regular monthly shoot, held at Dexter Park, on Wednesda Sept. 27. Each man shot at 7 birds for the club's monthly prize, cl handicap, American Association rules. T. T. Edgerton, E. A. Vroon and W. Levens killed 6 each and divided. A sweepstake shoot f lowed at 3 birds, $1 entrance. Scores:

T T Edgerton	1221201—6	J E Kay	1101001—
E A Vroome	1201221—6	J Flynn	1011102—
W Levens	1202222—6	J Gastieger	1120101—

Sweepstake, $1 entrance, two moneys: T. T. Edgerton 3, E. A Vroome 2, W. Levens 3, J. E. Kay 2, J. Gastieger.

A Great Shoe House.

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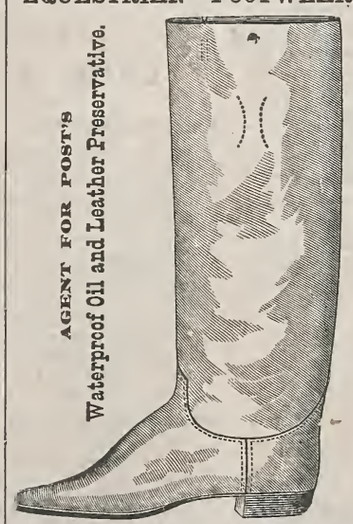

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From the opening of the World's Fair to these last October days of the great exposition, the FOREST AND STREAM's exhibit has been an occasion of pride and pleasure, for it has brought out as nothing else ever did before, and in wholly unexpected measure, day by day and week by week, the hearty good will and honest esteem and sympathy which are held for the paper by its circle of readers. Our gratification at the winning of such recognition as is betokened by the committee's award is more than doubled by the assurance that the giving of this medal will be acclaimed by all these hosts of friends old and new.

He who sees in the prize medal FOREST AND STREAM exhibit at the World's Fair only a material display of hunting trophies and pictures, with the forty bound volumes of the paper's twenty years, and the bric-a-brac of the craft, has not caught its true meaning. It stands for the field sportsmanship of the age. It typifies the sensible, manly, upbuilding recreation of fields and woods and running streams and shimmering lakes and briny billows. It signifies that in these last years of the century, the rod and the gun have large place in the lives and activities of the people of the New World.

When one comes to think of it, the World's Fair would have been incomplete without FOREST AND STREAM.

ANIMAL PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS.

THIS issue is accompanied with a supplement portrait of the Moose drawn by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson. The illustration is the first one of the series of four. The others will be: Nov. 4, Woodland Caribou. Dec. 2, Coon. Jan. 6, White-Tailed or Virginia Deer. The dates of the former series (of which copies can be supplied) are as follows: Sept. 8, 1892, The Panther. Oct. 6, The Ocelot. Nov. 3, The Canada Lynx. Dec. 1, The Bay Lynx. Jan. 5, 1893, Gray Wolf. Feb. 2, White Goat. March 2, Coyote. April 6, Antelope. May 4, Fox.

THE MOOSE.

THE moose is singular among existing deer for its great size and its ugliness. It has also the reputation of being the most keen and wary of any of its family, and its size and the difficulty of hunting it make it the most desirable of all deer to the sportsman.

An adult male moose considerably exceeds a horse in height, usually measuring at least six feet at the withers, and sometimes much more. Its legs are very long, and the long, loose, mane-like hair on the neck, shoulders and back being usually slightly raised gives the animal an appearance of still greater size. In the autumn, when his coat is new, the body color of the moose is black, with tan muzzle and legs, and a grayish belly, but as this coat grows older and the tips of the hairs wear off, it loses its glossy blackness and becomes a grizzled brown.

The general appearance of the moose is well shown in the accompanying picture, which is the result of Mr. Thompson's study of many living animals. The points about it which are most striking are the great size of the head and horns, and the great size and power of the fore-as compared with the hind-quarters.

In the United States east of the Mississippi River the range of the moose is at present confined to two or three localities. It still exists in northern Maine, but is believed to have been extinct for thirty years in the Adirondack region of New York, where it was once abundant. In Michigan and Wisconsin a few moose are still to be found, and when one reaches the dense forests and tamarack swamps of Minnesota they are still more abundant. The great plains are unsuitable to their mode of life, but in Montana, northern Wyoming, Idaho, Washington and possibly Oregon they are still found in small numbers.

All through the British possessions, from the Province of Quebec to central British Columbia, and from the United States boundary line north to Hudson's Bay and Peace River, moose are found wherever there is a country suited to their habits of life.

The food of the moose consists largely of the smaller shoots of trees, and it is more dependent on this browse than any other of the deer kind. It is said to prefer especially the young and tender shoots of the birch, mountain-ash, maple and poplar, but sometimes eats also those of some coniferous trees. In summer it feeds much along the streams and the shores of lakes, browsing on the willows and various aquatic plants, and also feeding to a considerable extent on the roots of the water lily, which it digs up from the bottom. In winter, besides eating the shoots of the trees, it often peels off the bark from young saplings, and also rides them down to bring their tops within reach.

The horns begin to grow in April and are usually hard in September, at which time the rutting season begins. The bulls are fierce fighters at this time of year and are apt to lose their natural shyness and to become extremely combative. A number of instances are on record where wild moose have attacked unarmed men, who have been forced to take to the trees to escape with their lives. Advantage of this disposition is taken by hunters, who call them up to their place of concealment by imitating the cry of the cow moose. The young are said to be born in June, and to vary in number from one to three.

As is well known, the moose is readily broken to harness, and becomes a very speedy beast of burden; but as they have never been regularly domesticated, those which are driven are often very uncertain in temper and action, and are likely to do unexpected things.

While the moose are yearly growing less abundant in the United States, there is no special reason for thinking that in the vast Canadian region which lies north of us any serious inroads are being made on their numbers. The moose does not go in herds, but is found only singly or at the most a family together. This prevents any general slaughter like that which has taken place in the case of the elk, the caribou, the buffalo, or even the musk-ox.

There is no doubt that in early times the range of this animal was very much more extensive in the territory which is now the United States than it has been of late years, and yet we know of but few records to show what that range used to be. It is very desirable that this material should be brought together and published, and readers who may have any facts bearing on this question are requested to send them to us.

Because of its great size and its wariness, and the magnificent trophy afforded by its antlers, the moose holds a high place among the game animals of the continent. Men make long pilgrimages to the moose-haunted bogs in calling time, and when the tracking snow comes they follow the trail of the bull for days. Moose hunting is a favorite theme of hunting story; our files contain scores of readable and re-readable accounts of adventure with the game; only the other day we published a story of the "Museum Moose," which has deservedly attracted much attention.

HARD TIMES AND THE GAME FIELDS.

AT first thought it might hardly be considered that there was any close relation between the business situation of the country and the game supply, or that the hard times would lead to an increased destruction of game and fur. Something of this, however, is likely to take place this winter.

The business depression which prevails over the whole country—not only in the shops of the East but in the mining regions of the West as well—has thrown out of work a very large number of men, many of whom will spend much of the autumn and winter in hunting and trapping. Most of these men, in ordinary times, have steady employment all through the year, and are only able to take a few days annually for their recreation afield with rifle, gun and dog. This year, as they are out of work, many of them will spend all their time afield, in many cases making a business of hunting. This season—because of their necessities—men will hunt for the market who never did so before. They will sell their birds, or if they hunt in a section where big game is plenty, the meat which they kill will reduce their winter provision bills, while the hides will give them a little ready cash—enough probably to pay for their cartridges and their grub stake while in camp.

In like manner and for the same reason the trappers will be out in force, and many streams long undisturbed, and where the beaver have made a little start again, or where mink are plenty, will be trapped from end to end, until all the fur on them is destroyed.

The destruction of game likely to result from this great addition to the already large army of gunners and hunters must be very great and will have a serious effect on the game supply, cutting it down in some places to nothing, and making serions inroads on it even in those localities where it is now abundant.

It is doubtful if there is any present remedy for this state of things, but it ought to teach to every thoughtful man its own lesson—that of recognizing the importance of moderation in the field, remembering that the season which has just opened is to be terribly severe on game of all descriptions.

VIGILANT AND VALKYRIE.

THE success of Vigilant in two races and especially the display of her superior speed under normal racing conditions in the second race make the final result almost a foregone conclusion. In order to retain the Cup, Vigilant has now to win but one more race, while to take it Valkyrie would have to win three straight races. After the display of Vigilant's speed in Monday's race, and the probability of similar conditions in the next trial, there is hardly a possibility of Valkyrie winning in the end. Such is the outlook at the time of our going to press on Tuesday.

While the speed made by Vigilant on Monday, under the favorable conditions of a reach in a good topsail breeze, is not up to the wonderful reports of the early season, being just 12 knots, she is unquestionably faster than any of the older Cup defenders, and than all the new boats of the year. It is quite probable that Valkyrie may return home without an opportunity to show herself under any different conditions of weather, but though a thorough test of the rough weather abilities of the two would be interesting and valuable, the winning or losing of the America's Cup is still, as it always has been, a matter of absolute speed under the prevailing conditions of our summer racing, and in such a test Vigilant is by far the faster boat. It is a matter for general congratulation, however, that the conditions of the races have been as fair as it is possible to make them, and also that the weather, after two days of disappointment, has at last given such a breeze as was wished for by both sides.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE SAGINAW CROWD.

Pilgrimage of 1892.—I.

I SUPPOSE that as a sportsman grows older the more certain he is to keep a diary. I have noticed of late years that a good many of my hunting companions have produced, at different times, a small and well-worn book from some inner pocket, and have withdrawn to the quiet seclusion of a corner of the car or by the flickering camp-fire to note down the exploits of the day just passed.

When the "Old Saginaw Crowd" began its annual pilgrimages, we thought it would be a good plan to keep a record of our doings. One of the first and earliest efforts in this direction was noted some four or five years ago in FOREST AND STREAM, under the title of "The Pilgrimage of the Saginaw Crowd to the Indian Territory." Since then, each year has furnished its quota of good times to the majority of the same "old crowd," who have been together somewhere each autumn.

I have this morning taken down the old record book; and, on opening it, have run across a good many odd memoranda, some recording notable shots and bags; and nearly all bringing forth pleasant recollections of the good times we have had. In fact, three-quarters of the fun derived from shooting and fishing trips is in anticipation and retrospect.

Among the scraps of paper dropping from the opened book is one written on the back of some haberdasher's billhead, as follows: "Write to Dick Carter for dog for the Judge." Short, and to the point. Probably I could write something that would be entertaining, or at least I fancy it would be entertaining to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, either on Carter, the Judge or the dog, separately, or on the combination. I do not intend to do so; but the dog came, and was a daisy, with a good nose, and lots of quail to work on. She was also the means of developing a 20-horse-power voice in the Judge. You could hear him across a 50-acre lot, yelling at the dog, as soon as she began to show signs of game, or, in fact, was doing just about what she ought to do. It probably was his first setter; and as he had recently joined our "Saginaw Crowd," coming from the north, from near where, as Bing used to say of his Duluth experience, "about four miles this side of where Greely's party was found;" he is excusable. The Judge was out only twice before he learned that it was not necessary to talk to the dog; that she could do the work just as well without a political oration.

Then comes a list of things on the car Oct. 26, 1892; stuff left over from other trip, tomatoes, mustard, sardines, ox-tail soup, etc. This reminds me that an inventory was taken on the return of the last trip, and said inventory shows we had run very close on the larder.

Then here is another, dated Monday, written on the back of a "Star Soap" letterhead, without other date, and, from the fact that "Dad" Cross is mentioned, it must have been during the shoot of '91. It starts with: "Monday morning. Eight of the party went for a morning shoot, Briggs and Cross remaining in the camp; returning at 10:30 in the morning, bringing in 66 geese, 14 sharp-tailed grouse, 18 ducks and 8 snipe." It shows that the boys evidently were in the right spot that morning.

I imagine that I would not as readily run across the slips of paper recording the many days on which a similar party went forth and came back "skunked." We do not tell of these days; it is only the men who strike it right that we hear of; failures are not noted. However, on the opposite side of the sheet is a record for ten men for two weeks that is pretty good; it savors a little of hoggishness, but when you consider that twenty-one days elapsed from the time we left home till the time we returned, and that there are ten in the party, it divides it up, after all, to a pretty small average for each man per day. We always give our birds away; that is, those we cannot eat, and we eat a good many, for Bigelow always has a good appetite, and our friends at home can testify to the fact that young goose fed on wheat is a very toothsome morsel.

Then I strike a list of ammunition for last year, and in fact for the year before. The boys sent me a list of their shells, and we ordered of the Chamberlin people together. For the trip of 1892 we stuck to E. C. powder, and it was great stuff; we never had more satisfactory ammunition.

Then there is the expense account, footing up $1,300. This is something that may interest some of the readers of this article, for many times the question is asked, "What do you have to pay for taking along a private car?" It simply means that you have to pay for fifteen or eighteen regular tickets, whether you have eighteen passengers or half that number, but then there is no charge for hauling the car in addition to this. You are also furnished with wood, water, coal and ice as needed. Buying your own provisions, and having your own cook and porter makes it a very economical trip. It amounted to $144.43 each last year; there were nine in the party. This included transportation and supplies. We also put up $5 per day for a sinking fund for the car. It also included our bills for liveries and men, both in the Bad Lands and for the week when we were shooting east of the Missouri River, and a day at the World's Fair grounds.

Last, but not least, I come across a letter from the editor of FOREST AND STREAM reminding me I promised to write up something as a result of some of these shooting trips, and as I have repeatedly promised I would do so, and business is a little dull this morning, I will make a start at it anyhow.

When the edge is worn off from our trout fishing in May and June, we begin to think of getting together the "Old Saginaw Crowd" for its annual October outing. Since 1883 not one fall has been missed that some of us have not gone somewhere in the West together, almost always to Dakota; and though the Crowd has changed some in all these years, yet a good many old and familiar faces respond to the roll call regularly each new October.

In 1888 we made a trip into the Band Lands, the party then consisting of Bob S., Barnard, Briggs, Ferd. A., McGraw, Bob, Jr., Mores and the writer. (Four of the party of 1888 went last year.) Since that time McGraw, the man with the ginger whiskers, has married; and it was owing to the continual advent of little McGraws that he did not go with us last year, for he feels that it is his duty to take the youngsters out behind a trotter that is well in the list, on the first outing. It is told as an actual fact, that when his first boy was two weeks old he was seen giving him a spin, holding him on his lap in the sulky, behind one of his fast trotters.

Ever since the experience of the 1888 outing in the Bad Lands we have wanted to "do it again." We had an idea that to put in a light draft boat in the Little Missouri, at Menora, and float down stream to a point near the Kildeer Mountains and there arrange for our teams to meet us, would be a great trip—in fact, it would be. I wrote Theodore Roosevelt about it, and asked his opinion as to whether it would be possible. His reply was that we could not do it with an ordinary state of water; that it would be a dragging instead of a floating trip. The shallows and sandbars are so numerous that it would probably not be possible; so we reluctantly abandoned the idea.

Not until last year have circumstances been such that we could undertake it. Correspondence was opened with the Northern Pacific agent at Dickinson, and a guide secured in the person of Paddock. Our experience with guides has been varied and interesting; mind the word, however—I did not say satisfactory; consequently we had not taken much stock in Paddock; but we were happily disappointed. He did not say, like the ancient mariner on the Erie Canal, "Fear not, but trust in Dollinger, and he will fetch you through;" but whenever there was a sentiment of doubt as to the final outcome broached, the quiet and confident look on Paddock's face reassured us at once, and it was not long before we found out that he understood his business. Later on I hope to relate some of his experiences as he told them to us one evening as we were lying on the grass under the shade of a spreading cottonwood, on the banks of the Little Missouri River.

On Saturday, Oct. 1, 1892, the "Crowd," nine in number, met in Saginaw. The good car City of Saginaw, which has carried us on many successful and pleasant journeys, was side-tracked at Mershon Station, and all were busily employed during the day in packing and getting things stored away. We take no trunks with us, but each man has a locker large enough to hold all his stuff, which he can get to at any time and which is much handier than a trunk, and besides, it does not litter up the car. In one corner of the car stood a Bond sectional boat; sitting against it is a barrel of apples, nice big Northern Spies, that we are taking with us as a present to Lee. Tents are slung up in the turret, blankets and sleeping bags keeping them company. In one corner of the car is the ammunition in nice fresh boxes, just as it came from the Chamberlin Co.; above the ammunition is a newly-contrived shelf, on which rests the car hand organ with a good supply of new music; while several cases of Milwaukee beverage and two or three boxes of decoys took up the balance of the spare room. In the drawing room end two racks, well overhead, contain all the guns.

The train was to leave from the Grand Trunk depot at 9 o'clock that night. The party consisted of Bob, of Zanesville, O.; G. D. Seib, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. P. Bigelow, of New York; Dr. C. R. Sumner, of Rochester, N. Y.; the Judge, Ferd. A. Briggs, and, aside from the writer, Jack, or Brooks, of "Section 37" fame; George, our porter, and old Harrison, the cook, made up as jolly a crowd as ever pulled out of any railroad station on fun intent. Van was too much mixed up in politics, and was afraid that he possibly might not represent his district in Congress if he went with us. McGraw came up to see us off, and brought along two fine boxes of celery from the McGraw farm.

Sunday, the 2d, we were in Chicago. The car was promptly transferred to the Wisconsin Central. Then we went to Jackson Park to see what had been done on the World's Fair grounds. We returned to the car, and left for St. Paul at 5:47. The evening was spent in listening to sacred music on the herophone, mainly ground out by Jack and the Judge.

Jack, for the first time on the trip, related his famous exploit of catching a 40lbs. salmon on the Cascapedia; how, after being fast to it for an hour and running rapid after rapid, the fish was at last gaffed and thrown into the boat, and, as Jack tells it: "I placed one foot each side of him and raised my club and hit him on the head, and the fish gave a flop and jumped over the side of the boat and got away. I tell you, boys, he was a whopper, and a few days afterward we could see him in the pools with a great white scar on his back where the gaff had torn out. We christened him 'Scar-faced Charlie,' and some weeks afterward he was reported as having been seen away up the river." Jack told this story so many times before we got back that it got to be something of a chestnut; not but what it was varied from time to time; the salmon never weighed less than 40lbs., and sometimes more; and at times he had struck him with the club several times before he knocked him down, and got away. As I said, he told this story so many times that at last we paid no attention to him when he began to grind out his tale of woe about losing this big fish.

During the evening we were favored with a call from Mrs. Miller, managing editor of the *Industrial Magazine*. She was fond of outdoor sports, knew how to cast a fly, and could handle a rifle. We enjoyed her visit very much, and Jack related his famous salmon story. We kept straight faces during the recital, and Mrs. Miller afterward published this miraculous fish story in her magazine.

We arrived at St. Paul on time Monday, Oct. 3, and spent the day, as we usually do, in seeing the sights of the twin cities. Nearly every one sees something that he wants to buy, and thinks he needs—goose calls, hunting knives and other tomfoolery that you never use after you come to the hunting ground, but which always look so tempting, displayed in the store windows or show cases.

After a pleasant call on Mr. Austin in the general ticket office of the Northern Pacific, and putting on board a supply of fruit, not forgetting the usual crate of California grapes, we were willing to have the train start for some unknown region. However, we were two hours late in starting, and did not leave till 7 o'clock. We passed through Flint, our old stamping ground, at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning. Owing to Bob's being uneasy about his mother's health, he did not dare go with us in the Bad Lands, where he would be out of reach of the telegraph; so concluded to wait at Flint until our return. The friends of years met us at the depot, and boarded our car to shake hands before the train started. They also left us a nice bunch of ducks and grouse, which were very acceptable, and were at once turned over to Harrison.

Our train speeds westward. We cross the bridge that spans the Missouri River from Bismarck to Mandan, and during our brief stop at the latter point we saw the usual specimens of Sioux Indians that come up from Standing Rock Agency to sun themselves on the depot platform; a more villainous lot of savages never congregated in any one spot than you see here.

We had figured to arrive at Dickinson about 1 P. M.; and by having everything packed and ready, we had hoped that Paddock would have horses and teams at the depot on our arrival, so we could start that afternoon; and by camping that night somewhere beyond Green River, we could make the drive and get into camp on the Little Missouri on the following day. One is greatly upset at times by late trains; and in this case we did not arrive at Dickinson until 4:40, and were promptly introduced to Paddock by the Northern Pacific agent. Paddock looked well and moved slowly; and we, full of fire and enthusiasm, did not have much effect in hustling him; for when we suggested that we ought to have everything packed and start by 6 o'clock or earlier the next morning, he "allowed" that 8 o'clock would be time enough, and he would try to get around by that time. We did the town that night; that is, what there is of it to do. Jack showed us how to sharpen knives (for he is the buyer for a large cutlery house and is supposed to know all about it), and from that time on he employed most of his time in sharpening some one's knife; whether it was improved by his sharpening or not I won't say. He was rigged out in a new white sweater, broad-brimmed white hat, bran new leather cartridge belt, with hunting knife and small revolver; and when he asserted that he wanted a bucking broncho, and was prepared to ride the whole seventy-five or eighty miles, Paddock and the drivers smiled.

We took Harrison with us and left George, the porter, in charge of the car. We expected to be away about a week, and were going northwest across the divide at the head of the Knife River, down into the bottom lands of the Little Missouri; therefore it was necessary to take provisions for our party for that time, and tents, bedding and ammunition. We went to bed that night tired out with our exertions, and awoke bright and early next morning. For some reason Paddock did not come around as early as he intended; and it was half-past eight before we started. We had one double team and wagon to carry our baggage, provisions, etc. This was driven by Henry, and Harrison rode with him. Then we had one double team and three-seated wagon, driven by Ferd., and containing Bigelow, and the Doctor, and Seib, and at times, Jack. There was also a double buckboard driven by the Judge, the other two passengers being Briggs and myself. Paddock was horseback, likewise was Jack on starting, and the one extra saddle horse was led.

We made about fifteen miles and then halted near the crossing of the Green River, fed horses, and had lunch. The enthusiasm that is always present on first starting out on an expedition of this kind, found vent in numerous feats of marksmanship performed by the members of the party in trying to knock the white label off from an empty beer bottle with a Winchester. It was surprising how easy the bottle was missed.

After resting we hitched up for the afternoon drive, and before starting I snapped my kodak on the party, and called it "The Halt on the Prairie." We had by this time left civilization behind. Between Dickson and the crossing of the Green River we had passed several farms, taken up principally by Russians. In some cases not only the outbuildings, but the houses as well, were made of turf. All of the settlers seemed to be in fairly prosperous condition, with plenty of horses and cattle about, and, aside from the fields of wheat which had recently been harvested, evidences existed of a good supply of garden truck for the long, cold winter that was near at hand. A sharp turn in the road discloses a gully washed out by some stream in times past. Two farmers were digging from under the bank their winter's supply of coal, poor coal, no doubt, but yet it answered the purpose and was cheap.

An occasional sharp-tail grouse was seen, and as the Judge had never killed one, I handed him my 16-gauge, and he stepped proudly forth with a confident air. The bird arose within easy shot, but like most every one who has a sure thing, he missed it slick and clean with both barrels, and returned to the wagon crestfallen to endure the taunts and jibes of the rest of us; however, next time he did better and the bird tumbled. We picked up two or three in this way, for we needed something for the larder. Paddock rode ahead of us on his pony, and checked our ambition for fast driving. He seemed to have the idea that it was going to take about three days to reach our destination, and we had made up our minds that by nightfall of the second day we were going to have camp well established. He was evidently saving the horses and knew as much about it as we did.

The country was barren and was covered with brown, dried-up grass; even the buffalo bones had disappeared. What a great place this must have been twenty-five or thirty years ago, when these grazing lands were covered with buffalo, antelope, and possibly elk. We always comment on this whenever we are in this prairie country, and think what a shame it was ruthlessly to exterminate them the way they did. At one time we had a guide who told us that one winter, with two men to manage the skinning and packing, he alone had killed 5,000 buffalo and taken their hides only. He would travel ahead and do the shooting and the other two would follow with the outfit and skin and pack away the hides.

Our camping place that night was Indian Springs, at which place there is a horse ranch, and, strange to say, one of the owners was a Michigan man, living near Saginaw. No matter where you go, you run across some one who is from home.

The distance from Dickinson to Indian Spring is supposed to be twenty-nine miles. We made camp in good season, and our horses were being taken care of, and luggage taken out and tents put up, when two or three of the party started out after sharp-tailed grouse that we had flushed when we came to the brow of the hill. On going down to the spring we found it to be a bubbling pool ten feet in diameter, sending forth the purest, coldest water one ever saw. Near the marshy lands that took up the overflow of the spring I put up two or three Wilson snipe. They seemed as lively and contented as ever,

although they were at a place so many miles from their usual feeding grounds. Where they came from or how they happened to be out there we can only guess. The boys on the hillside were having a regular picnic with the grouse, judging from the cannonading, and soon Bigelow came up to camp for more ammunition. He said that Jack had run out and had sent him for more. It never occurs to "Old Section 37" that he can do the running for himself, but he had gotten some one else to forego the sport and come after fresh supplies of shells. The result was, however, that there was more powder burned than the game bag warranted. The boys were short-sighted, or the birds were wild, for they only had three or four all told.

The wind began to blow and we were afraid to start a camp-fire. To set fire to the grass would be a most outrageous piece of carelessness. It is something I am very nervous about; not that there is any danger to life or limb from it, nine times out of ten, but on these large ranges a fire started is very apt to burn miles and miles, and ruin the feed that the stockmen are depending on to winter their cattle. We always have with us bunches of dry wood for the small fire that is needed to cook our meals, but in this case the few dead trees in the little gully by the spring furnished ample fuel. Where the two gullies meet on the under side of the hill we found a place sufficiently protected from the wind, that after a liberal use of the spade to clear away the dry grass we could build our small fire in safety; and soon Harrison had coffee made, grouse broiled and, with the ever present can of baked beans, boiled potatoes, and some few gimcracks that we always have along with us, we had a feast for the tired and weary. You all know how good it tastes, no matter what you have cooked at such a time. This was no exception.

Before making the beds we stretched out on the dry grass, had a good smoke and swapped lies. We had no visitors that night, as the cowboys on the ranch were evidently away on a "round-up" or some other work. The wind continued to blow and we thought at one time

HALT ON THE PRAIRIE.

that our tents would surely come down as the gale increased, but about 10 o'clock it moderated and we were soon all sound asleep. I had crawled into my sleeping-bag, disdaining the shelter of the tent, and with the starry heavens above, the silence broken only by the tired horses cropping the grass near by, I as well as the rest slept the sleep of the just. The sleeping-bag is a success. I had found in previous years that hard lumps continually accumulated beneath me, and to remedy this I had brought along a piece of felt such as is used for covering steam pipes. I imagine it was about 1½in. thick. Cutting this just the size of my bed, and slipping it in a bag of unbleached factory cotton, I had a soft comfortable mattress that could be rolled up during the daytime conveniently within the sleeping-bag.

It is strange, out on the lone prairie this way, the horses, after they have eaten about all they want will come close to the sleepers in camp. I thought several times that one old spike-tailed roan would lie down with me.

We had planned for an early start, and were up before daylight. While Harrison was preparing breakfast we hastily packed the camp equipage. Each had a duty to perform, and as is the case where work is divided in this way and each understands what is to be done, and what he has to do, in no time at all everything was loaded and in shipshape order. Two dust-proof chests with hinged covers contained, one the cooking utensils and the other the provisions. Besides this we had two lunch boxes made of dry pine and tight enough to keep out all dust, in which we managed to put away a good lunch for our noonday meal.

We expected that forenoon to run across antelope, for when we were over the same ground in '88 we had seen a good many of them.

Some of the grouse of the night before putting in an appearance delayed our starting a little, but the sun had not been up more than half an hour before we were well under way, the buckboard fetching up the rear, for we intended to scout a little that day and see if we could not get an antelope. We had not gone more than three or four miles, when, on the hillside to the south of us we saw a band of eight or nine in number.

The heavier loads forged on ahead, while Briggs, the Judge and myself in the buckboard determined to have antelope. Driving so that the hill intervened between us and the game we drove as far as we could with safety, the wind blowing directly from them to us. Briggs kindly consented to attend to the horses, and the Judge and I thought that if we could reach the brow of the hill we would have a fair shot, and, crawling and dragging ourselves in this way for what seemed an endless distance, we at last reached a point where by peering through the grass and weeds we could see them. Here comes in a sample of how hard it is to judge distances in this flat country, for, instead of being a few hundred yards, as we thought, the game was still over half a mile distant, and between us and it intervened a deep gorge that in times past, or possibly in early spring time ran considerable of a stream. However, this made good ground for us to approach the antelope.

Beating a retreat, we entered the ravine and began cautiously to work toward the unconscious quarry. At one point it seemed as if they surely would see us, and hugging guns we both rolled over and over down the hillside and into the bottom of the dry run. As the Judge weighs in the neighborhood of 250lbs., he could roll faster than I could, but I noticed with some satisfaction that the extensive diameter of the man was not well balanced; in other words, he could not roll straight, and began to describe a circle. Being built more on the lead pencil order, I did not have to roll so far to catch up with him. We at last reached the bottom in safety, and found it easy traveling,

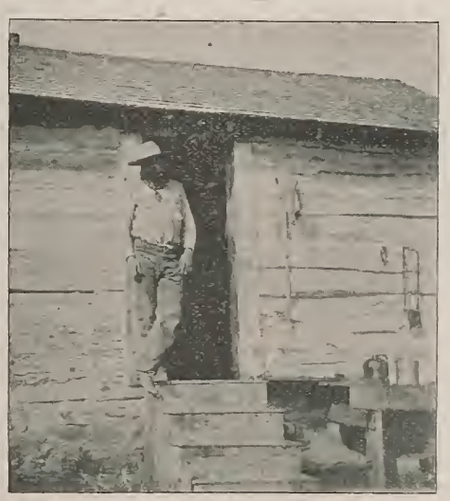
THE KID AND PADDOCK.

and for a time there was no danger of our being detected. After going some distance we came to where the gorge turned directly toward them, and it would not be safe to go much further in this direction.

After comparing notes we concluded to divide forces, I to take another small draw that went in back of the hills from the other side, while the Judge was to work his way along back of a projecting rise in the ground where he thought he could get within shooting distance. Such proved to be the case, for when he reached this point the antelope were in full sight, some lying down and others feeding.

He gauged the distance, and correctly, to be about 400yds. Adjusting his sight to that distance, he lay down and awaited developments. I found it easy going, but was obliged to go a good ways before going up on the hillside opposite where they were. Evidently a current of air was swept from me to them, for I heard Judge shoot before I reached the brow of the hill, and running rapidly forward a few paces I saw the antelope running at full speed, and though I blazed away at them two or three times, did nothing more than raise a cloud of dust among them, but a glad sight met my eyes, for there, kicking its last on the brown turf, was the victim of my companion's unerring aim. He explained to me that he saw the antelope suddenly throw their noses in the air and run round excitedly. Knowing that this was his only chance, he took careful aim at one that stood broadside to him, and we found that the bullet had broken his back. Even then we had some difficulty in getting to it, for an intervening ravine, before unnoticed, compelled us to make quite a circuit before we could reach it.

We could see Briggs in the distance, and, frantically waving our hats at him, he knew that something had happened and drove as near us as he could. In the meantime the Judge had dressed his game, and taking the carcass over his shoulders, I with both guns, we went down the ravine and up the opposite hillside to where Briggs with the buckboard was awaiting us. A more delighted and happy three you never saw; it was the first antelope we had ever killed; in fact, these were the first the Judge



THE FOREMAN OF THE H. A. RANCH.

had ever seen, and as he had made a remarkably good shot, not only was he pleased, but we were all elated.

We concluded that a tire was getting loose and something must be done to swell it, and as my flask happened to be the handiest it was produced and opened. Putting our game in the wagon we started again on the road, but it was well toward noon before we reached the remainder of the party, who were wondering what had become of us and were beginning to feel alarmed, thinking we had had a breakdown or some other accident. They were waiting for us near the head of the Little Knife River, and they, too, had seen several wolves and antelope. A little lunch, a few bottles of beer, a smoke, a few more kodaks, and we were ready to proceed. This time the buckboard took the lead, for Paddock did not believe in haste. We were destined for more adventures that day.

We had figured on reaching the "H. A." ranch about one o'clock. In the distance we descried a lone horseman riding at a rapid gait. To an Eastern man an incident of this kind always brings up pictures of robbers and bandits. The rapidly moving horse surmounted by some one who evidently was at home in the saddle, drew near, and we found that instead of a stage robber we had a pleasant-faced, jovial boy from the "H. A." ranch. He was about 18 years old, his home was in Iowa, and he was called the "Kid," all of which we learned in a very few moments. He had been kindly sent by the manager of the ranch to assist us in any way he could, and had ridden since morning from Dickinson, the entire distance we had been twelve hours longer in driving. Like all of his kind he had no mercy for his horse.

As the buckboard took the lead, the Kid concluded we were the ones to accompany, and rode beside us for some way, until a black smoke was seen to suddenly shoot into the clear sky from a range of buttes some miles to the northwest. This might mean danger to the "H. A." ranch; and away the Kid dashed, putting spurs to his already jaded little beast. Indeed, a cowboy has no mercy for a horse or steer: I believe they consider a horse only to be ridden to its death. As we drove slowly along, the rider came in sight and vanished again and again as he fairly flew over the swells of the broken prairie. At last he reaches the summit of the distant range of hill, and horse and rider are outlined against the sky for a moment only, and then at the same killing speed he turns toward us. Following the hills and valleys to the westward, he joins us ere long with the information that the fire is evidently beyond the Little Missouri, north of the "X's." We learned later that he meant by this a ranch that branded its cattle with a long slender "X;" and later on the boys from the "X's" outfit paid us a visit at our camp. As we topped a hill, far down in the valley to the north we saw the "H. A." herd dotting the prairie with brown, red and white; thousands of cattle destined ultimately for the stock yards of the World's Fair city.

"Stop the horses, Judge. What are those playing in that bunch of cattle below us there? Antelope?" "Wolves!" comes from the Kid. And, sure enough, wolves they are; two of them big gray fellows; and we quickly see they are not playing with the cattle, but mean death to a two-

SKINNING THE ANTELOPE.

year-old that they are nipping from behind at every chance. The old steers, four or five in number, are trying to protect the smaller one, and charge every now and then at the persistent wolves. It does not keep them off for more than an instant; for, dodging the thrusts of the steers again and again, they jump upon the terrified and bellowing animal. Though not over a quarter of a mile from us, so intent are they on securing a dinner that we are not noticed; and a plan of action has been adopted in less time than I am writing this in. As they disappear around a hill we drive for them, but under cover of the rise of ground. Supposing of course the wolves had continued the chase for some time, we jumped from the wagon, rifles in hand, before reaching the brow of the hill (the Kid holding the horses), and running to the top came fairly upon them not twenty rods away. They had the "critter" down and were tearing it to death. At the sight of us they started to run away, and we, blown and excited, began a fusilade that frightened them if it did little damage. One was struck twice, at least so it seemed, and the dust flew as the balls struck either just behind or just ahead of the thoroughly frightened creatures running in opposite directions. I was pumping at one, and the Judge and Briggs at the other at a lively rate until they were out of sight. Poor shooting, of course, but, in the first place, we came on to them much nearer than we expected to, and then, in the hurry the Judge lost the front sight of his gun in pulling it out of the case, and did not know it until he tried to shoot, and he was all at sea and shot by guess. We cussed a little at our bullhead exploit, and said we were each of us old enough to have known better than to rush pellmell over the hill-top in the way we did; and furthermore I wanted some one to kick me for not shooting better anyhow. Well, probably you know how it is yourself, even now we can't help a sigh of regret that we did not plan it differently, for, as Briggs admits, they were "big wolves." The poor, partially disemboweled steer had staggered to its feet during the fracas, and was slowly going away, until killed by a bullet from Briggs's rifle and its suffering ended.

We got under way once more, the Judge much disgusted at losing the sight of his Winchester, for we had carefully hunted around the wagon where the gun was taken out of its case and failed to find it. Some way must be contrived to make a new one. Later on, when we reached the H. A. ranch, we borrowed from one of the cowboys there the front sight of his Winchester, and returned it to him on our way home. This helped us out of what might have been an unpleasant situation. Old Spiketail, the roan, catches it from the Judge, for it is near dinner time and we are none of us in the best of humor, owing to the poor shooting and the loss of the gun sight. This old roan had a peculiar way of flipping his tail, which was utterly bare of hair, in our faces every once in awhile, and Judge could not resist striking at the elevated spike whenever it was so waved in defiance to our endeavors to make reasonable progress. On our return from the Bad Lands we laid in a supply of newly-cut gads, and took our revenge by keeping up a respect-

able gait on the last end of the journey if we failed to do it in the first place.

Soon we came to the petrified stump that marks the distance as only four or five miles from the ranch house. Sugar Loaf and Red Butte loom up in the distance, and the scenery becomes grand and picturesque. Another wolf slinks across the road ahead of us and gets away unscarred. The turn is made around the head of the Big Knife River, we sweep northward, and the H. A. ranch is in sight.

Another band of antelope had been seen across the Knife River, slowly going up from the spring that the Kid said was a regular drinking place of theirs; the distance, however, was too great for a successful shot.

The Kid rides ahead, opens the barb-wire gates, and passing through the horse pasture the cavalcade, now tired, dusty and hungry, draws up at a little cluster of buildings, and we are at the H. A. ranch.

This place was our stopping point for dinner four years before, and had not changed during that time. On the hillside, facing northward, stands the cook-house, at the foot of the hill is the beaver pond, in which a family or two of thrifty beavers keep in order the dam that we can plainly see in the distance. The pond is formed from an overflow from one of those pure, cold springs occasionally found in that part of the country, and which we sampled immediately, for we were thirsty and tired, and a drink of clear sparkling water was very grateful. The horses, too, enjoyed it, and after wading through the basin formed by the upper spring, old spiketail took it into his head to visit the horses in the pasture near by, and the result was that it was some ten or fifteen minutes before he was safely tied alongside of the corral, eating his noonday meal.

They seemed glad to see us at the ranch; the boss, two or three cowboys, and line riders, and last but not least the cook. The cook had a great deal to say; he "allowed" there was too much "Texas" in the outfit, and if it was not that the pay was mighty good, he would jump the whole thing to-morrow. Notwithstanding his continual grumbling and fault-finding he found time to get up a mighty good meal. He took us out to see two black-polled Angus cows that were his pride and delight. At his request I kodaked him with his "pets," as he called them, one on each side; and later on, I sent him the photograph, and received an acknowledgment and expression of his pleasure. In passing, however, I will say that he had quit the outfit, as he termed it, "Texas was too strong for him," and he was now located at another ranch not quite so far from civilization, and hoped that in another year we would come out that way, and he would keep us posted as to the best shooting, etc., etc.

Harrison rummaged through our lunch boxes, and soon a square meal was being devoured by the members of the Saginaw Crowd. After that the antelope was skinned by the Judge, who was ably assisted by Harrison; and taking up its hide and one hindquarter the balance was left with the boys at the ranch. We came very nearly being starved in consequence of this injudicious proceeding, for it was some time after that before we killed enough to supply our larder. W. B. MERSHON.

Natural History.

MOOSE IN HARNESS.

ONE span of the captured moose mentioned in my letter on "Minnesota Moose and Indians," is now owned and driven by a man in Grafton, N. D. Another is driven single by a liveryman in Emerson, Manitoba. At a recent fair or something of the sort, he was billed to trot against a certain horse. The moose, then three years old, was hooked into a sulky, and Harris, being a well-known horseman, was requested to drive him. The headgear with which the moose was provided was simply a halter, to which the reins were attached. Harris insisted on having a bit put on, but the liveryman said the moose objected; that he was perfectly gentle and tractable in the halter, but that he drew the line on a bit—he wouldn't have it. Harris mounted the sulky, but had some doubts as to the outcome of the race.

The bell sounded and the horse and moose started. The latter reached out in a style rarely seen on any race-course, his big, clumsy hindfeet fanning his ear at every stride. At the first quarter post he was more than a length ahead of the horse, and before the half-mile post was reached had doubled this lead. About this time, however, he concluded he wouldd't play and lit out for home, striking squarely across the racecourse and the fair grounds for the main entrance. There was a great jam of people, carriages, farm wagons, half-breed carts and the like, but when the moose started for them they stampeded as if a cyclone were coming their way. The way was cleared and in spite of all the pulling and sawing Harris could do the moose went out of the grounds and down the main street of the town like a tornado. He headed for his corral, adjoining the livery stable, the gate of which happened to be open, but made a bad shot and caught one wheel of the sulky on a gatepost. He went out of the shafts as if there had been none, went to the other end of the corral and stood looking at his late driver, with his ears thrown forward just as if he scented some one. Harris pulled himself out of the wreck, badly bruised and disfigured, and says that the next time he drives a moose he will put on him the wickedest ring-and-chain bronco bit he can find.

Still moose do make great drivers when properly trained and handled. Their magnificent build, their long, well formed and strongly set legs, their great strength of quarter and loin and their wonderful lung development give them such power of endurance as no horse can approach. A moose will simply trot all day, over any kind of ground bogs, wind falls or rocks, and scarcely tire. Harris says that one morning in the winter of '90 and '91 he started from his ranch, on the Roseau River, to drive to Emerson, a distance of forty miles. Soon after leaving home a bull moose, with only one horn, showed up on the Big Muskeag, trotting west, parallel with the road on which H. was driving, and only half a mile away. Harris had no gun and started out for a race. He put his horse into a run and the moose trotted easily along, keeping well abreast for about ten miles, when he veered off to the south and was soon out of sight. H. went on into Emerson, attended to his business and started home at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Before he got out of town he saw the same moose coming back from the south, still on the trot, but now with his tongue hanging out and thoroughly tired. He bolted into a street of the town and started north. H. turned and drove after him, shouting to the townspeople to turn out and capture him. A hotel man saw him coming, ran in, got a rifle and killed him in front of his house; several farmers coming in from the south, during the next week or two, reported having seen a bull moose with one horn on this same day, some of them having encountered him as much as twenty miles south of Emerson, and all stating that he was on the trot. On figuring it out it was found that the moose had trotted at least ninety miles that day after H. sighted him, and it was not known how far before. Some hunter had doubtless started him away up the Roseau early in the morning, and having encountered people at frequent intervals he had been kept in a state of alarm, only to lose his life at the end of his great race.

Nate Ellerton, who lives near the Roseau, in the east end of Kittson county, has a three-year-old bull moose, a moose calf and an elk calf, all caught in the woods near his farm. The bull has not yet been driven, but has been led and handled all his life. When I was there the rutting season was on. He was kept in a corral and was disposed to be ugly. No one, not even his owner, cared to go inside the corral just at that time.

G. O. SHIELDS.

Fred Mather's Snipe.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fred Mather's pleasant letter in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, apropos of "spring reed birds," recalled to me an incident that he has undoubtedly forgotten, but which for various reasons is distinctly impressed on my memory, and furnishes proof that a score of years ago Mr. Mather had arrived at that stage, which many sportsmen reach, when one can derive more satisfaction in observing the habits of birds than he ever did in shooting them.

If I mistake not it is nineteen years ago this fall that I made a visit to Mr. Mather at his residence near Honeoye Falls in this county. I had been informed that he was at once a sportsman and the most original and interesting resident of the region. It was promised me furthermore that I could see on his premises some fine trout and grayling, the latter having been introduced in the East from Michigan a year or two before. An old acquaintance of Mr. Mather offered to introduce me to him, and I jumped at the offer, for, to say nothing of the satisfaction a young fellow feels in meeting a fellow-sportsman, a chance to see troutlings in a brook always had a fascination for me not easy to explain.

We reached Mr. Mather's house, and when informed that the stranger had a weakness for shooting and fishing, the host lost no time in making him welcome and revealing for his entertainment every feature that could interest one of the fraternity. I well remember the trout and grayling that were basking in the pond established on the spring creek that had its origin on the farm. There was also shown to the visitors some odd examples illustrative of the taxidermic skill possessed by the master of the house. But rarest of all was the couple of half-domesticated Wilson snipe that were sojourning on a little piece of bog along the border of the brook. They had been there, Mr. Mather said, for several days and had become so accustomed to his presence that they did not resort to the usual practice of their kind on the approach of man and flit to fresh fields.

I wonder does your Cold Spring Harbor correspondent remember those birds? Whether he does or not the facts I state show that while Mr. Mather now allows himself, like the rest of us, to shoot snipe, there are circumstances under which nothing could induce him to draw a trigger on one of the brown beauties. E. R.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 4.

P. S. to the Editor: There is so little game left in this vicinity that in order to find a subject to scribble about one is forced to fall back on reminiscences, and Fred Mather's letter called up the above. E. R.

Questions About Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You know the black and white red-headed woodpecker, sometimes called "flicker." Well, he is a tough one; in other words, a bird of extraordinary vitality. I think no one ought to shoot him, but whoever has done so knows that he does not yield up his life as readily as most birds of his size do. He seems to be peculiar in another respect. During my life of forty-two years at Highland, on the Hudson, I never saw one of these birds in the vicinity of the river, but six or eight miles back they were numerous. As to a theory in regard to this fact I have none.

In the winter of '74 or '75 there appeared in Highland birds whose species were unknown to the inhabitants. The birds were gregarious and in size equal to the robin. The most of them were of a russet gray color, not at all pleasing, yet well formed. Occasionally there was one of delicate pinkish hue and altogether pretty. I was reminded of the carp, of which, while the majority of them are unattractive in color, a few are gorgeously golden. It is rightly expressed to say the people were puzzled, and not altogether on account of the novelty, but also because of their tameness, comparable almost to that which "shocked" the sensibilities of Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez. One could almost put the hand upon them. When one was caught it would at once eat from the hand. Some thought the cold, which was intense, so benumbed them as to render them thus fearless, but I do not think so. Mr. Editor, if you have any idea what kind of birds they were and where they came from, I should be pleased to hear from you.

A few years before this I had become quite interested in taxidermy, and seeing a flock of birds about the size of sparrows on the snow, I shot into the flock and killed three. They were almost as white as the snow on which they were disporting. Before I shot among them I saw that they were unlike the ordinary snow bird. Their rise on wing from the ground even when undisturbed was so sudden and simultaneous as to excite wonder and admiration. What kind of birds they were I could never tell.

N. D. ELTING.

[The tame birds were undoubtedly pine grosbeaks (*Pyrrhula enucleator*), birds which have a northern distribution and which appear pretty regularly in winter in New England and northern New York. The white birds were snowflakes or snow buntings, also northern birds, seen hereabouts occasionally in winter.]

A White Rattlesnake.

BEATRICE, Neb., Sept. 29.—A white rattlesnake was captured last week about twelve miles east of Beatrice. It is exactly like the common black prairie rattler except for the color. The body color was a lustreless, chalk white, and the diamond spots or markings were a pale ochre. It was exhibited alive in a store window for several days and attracted a great deal of attention. It was about 24in. long, had six rattles and a button and seemed to be in good health so far as outward indications went. One noticeable thing about the little serpent was the color of the eyes. In most albinos the eyes are pink, but in this snake they are the same color as the body, a dead chalk white, not gray but white. It is the first instance of the kind which has ever been under my notice during a residence of twenty-five years in the country west of Missouri River, and I am inclined to think it is one of those incomprehensible freaks of nature where she reverses the condition of things in an individual.

If it were an insect the color would be more easily explained. Take the common grasshopper, for instance, in this section of black soil and luxuriant vegetable growth their color corresponds to the color of the grass and leaves. In the sandhills they are almost exactly the color of the sand. In the Wyoming clay beds they mimic the color there, and in the red earth district of the Black Hills of Dakota, near Sundance Mountain, they are the color of the soil there. Do they, like the tree frogs and lizards, possess the faculty of changing their color to suit the surroundings, or are those of a color found only in that locality, and are they a species by themselves?

All the birds except bluejays have left this section for the south. A few meadow larks still remain, and a few woodpeckers, including the golden and the "sapsucker," both of which remain here all winter in company with the robins and some of the titmouse family. Of late years I notice numerous specimens of different species which were almost entirely unknown ten years ago, among them the butcher bird, Virginia rail, woodcock and bobolink. EL COMANCHO.

[Different individuals of the same species of insects may assume different colors, the variation being caused by the food and the surroundings, just as trout are vari-colored in different waters. Some reptiles, too, vary greatly in coloring, the tree frogs—as suggested—and the chameleons being well known for their power of voluntarily changing color. Others, like some snakes and lizards, without seeming to have the power of changing color at will, take more or less the color of their surroundings. In the red triassic beds of Wyoming we have seen horned toads (*Phrynasoma*) which were nearly as red as the soil on which they lived.]

Game Bag and Gun.

THE ADIRONDACK "CARIBOU."

SEVEN years ago FOREST AND STREAM printed sundry notes on the killing of a peculiar deer at Long Lake in the Adirondacks. This deer was generally called a caribou, but a valued correspondent put it on record as his view that it was an elk. The matter, though of considerable interest, was not definitely settled at the time, and it is only recently that conclusive evidence has been received with regard to this strange animal At the time, no doubt, most readers believed it to be a common Virginia deer which, by reason of some abnormal horn development or peculiarities of color and marking had been given the name of another species. It was not such, however, and the following notes, some of them bearing directly on the so-called "caribou," and some only indirectly or not at all, may be of interest on account of their general reference to the big deer of the Adirondacks, as well as of clearing up the "caribou" matter.

The Long Lake "caribou" was killed about the first of November, 1886, by Charles C. Robinson, of Long Lake Village. Its tracks had been seen in the snow by a still-hunter in an upland pasture west of Long Lake, but he had been unsuccessful in getting a shot. He related what he had seen, together with some peculiarities which attracted his attention. The animal had rooted with its nose to get at food under the snow instead of pawing it away. He did not, however, apparently notice any peculiarity of track beyond the fact that it was a large one.

Robinson on hearing the story decided that the tracks had been made by a wounded deer, and formed a hunting party for its capture. In the party were two of his brothers and R. J. Peck, all of Long Lake. The object of the hunters was to drive the deer into Clear Pond which lies about one mile west of Long Lake. This pond is nearly as wide as it is long, and is about two miles in diameter. It is fed by mountain streams and springs and the water is very clear. There are a number of shoals in the lake and several points project a considerable distance.

The hunt began on a Tuesday. The strange deer was easily started, but it displayed none of the characteristics of the common deer. It repeatedly back tracked and did not seem to mind the dogs a great deal. Though it was seen several times trotting through the shallow water near shore, it would not enter the deep water and swim like an ordinary deer. "He would trot ahead of a swift hound" to quote Robinson, "and cleared from 8 to 10ft. between steps." No amount of pushing would make the strange deer change his gait.

The first day's hunt terminated unsuccessfully, so far as the hunters were concerned. The following day, however, they were on the ground again. Robinson put two hounds on him Wednesday, and after a run of three hours succeeded in wounding and finally in killing the deer as he was trotting along the shore of the pond.

It was not till then, so the party assert, that they realized the fact that the animal was not a common deer. Gazing at its dead body they observed that it was a brown color growing lighter toward the hips, that its tail was short and stumpy and that its horns were very unlike what they were accustomed to see on ordinary buck deer. In speaking afterward of the occurrence, one of the Robinson brothers said that had they known that the deer was what it proved to be, they would not have killed it.

The animal was very poor and its flesh was dark and rank. None of the party could eat the flesh. The deer, butchered, weighed 320lbs. This was not estimated, but ascertained by actual weighing. Previous to the still-hunter's experience, no one, so far as was known, had seen signs of this particular animal, though this might be

accounted for by the fact that there had been no snow before or that the deer had wandered in from the wilder and unfrequented woods.

Charles Robinson and the brother above quoted say, however, that signs of similar animals have been seen since. This is an interesting assertion, but it seems unlikely that it can ever be substantiated.

After the hunt was over an old French Canadian working for one of the Robinsons, on seeing the dead animal exclaimed, "Where did you get your reindeer?" As he claimed to have killed caribou in Canada, they thought him an authority on the subject, and often referred to it as a reindeer. Others, however, said the deer was a caribou, and in course of time it came pretty generally to be called by the latter name.

The Robinsons noted that the animal had canine or eye teeth, similar to that of the male horse. The feet were very round and large, being about the size of a yearling steer.

An identification could never have been surely made by the description of the animal alone, though from the facts already given it seemed extremely likely that it was an American elk or wapiti. However, additional evidence of the most valuable character was to be had. The head had been preserved and mounted, and was in possession of Mr. James Ten Eyck, of Albany, and in addition to this the skin was secured and sent by Mr. Charles Robinson to FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Ten Eyck, who is a genial and popular sportsman, did all in his power to aid the investigation. FOREST AND STREAM consulted with some eminent authorities in Washington, and finally the identity of the strange animal was settled. Contrary to previous suppositions it was decided that the animal was a European red deer.

This head was mounted by a man who had been accustomed to set up Virginia deer, and his predilection is unmistakably shown in the result as illustrated. He has molded the face and neck and arranged the ears in a very unnatural manner for the red deer, which resembles our elk much more nearly than our common deer. Though the excellent photograph seems to indicate it, there are no white markings on the face similar to the Virginia deer. The photograph is the work of Mr. A. W. Floyd and the head is in the possession of Mr. James Ten Eyck of Albany.

In the meanwhile an explanation of its appearance in the Adirondacks had been secured. This came from Mr. Wm. Pickhardt, of New York. Mr. Pickhardt made the following statement to a representative of FOREST AND STREAM:

"Some ten or twelve years ago I imported a buck and doe red deer from Hanover. I put them out in an inclosure on the east side of Schroon Lake, hoping to be able to breed from them. Unfortunately the first year after they were in my possession, about the time for the doe to come in heat, she accidentally caught one of her legs in the crotch of a beech tree, which resulted in a broken leg and her subsequent death.

"I kept the buck with the idea of crossing with the Virginia deer of the Adirondacks, of which I kept half a dozen young does in a neighboring inclosure. After they were three years old and had grown sufficiently I let these does loose in the territory east of Schroon Lake. I also released the red deer.

"The red deer was never again seen in that neighborhood, but the young does were very tame and kept about the fence on the outside, in fact, several of them were shot by local hunters. This happened in 1884, I think, but I am not sure as to the date." Mr. Pickhardt also says that he has heard reports of large tracks that he thought were made by this deer from time to time, both in the neighborhood of Schroon Lake and further north, and that he thought a strange animal seen near Elizabethtown, of which an account will be given, was this red deer. No later than last fall a hound was found badly torn by the antlers of some strange deer, and it was argued that this must have been done by the red deer which invariably showed fight to dogs, a course which is in strong contrast to the action of the common deer.

When Mr. Pickhardt was shown a photograph of the head of the deer killed at Long Lake, however, he reluctantly acknowledged after examination that there could be no doubt of its identity with his deer. The horn development, and also the weight as given by the hunters, corresponded very closely with that of the animal he had released.

It is an interesting fact that Mr. Pickhardt believes his deer succeeded in crossing with the common deer after its release. If such a thing were possible it would perhaps serve to explain a strange deer which has been seen in the last few years in the neighborhood of Elizabethtown, and to which reference has been made.

Last fall a year ago the local correspondent of the Essex County *Republican* wrote to his paper: "Many tracks of a moose (?) have been seen, but so far the hunters have not been lucky enough to start him with the dogs. Two years ago he was seen out twice, but was not wounded, although many shots were sent in his direction."

With reference to the above Geo. H. James, a well-known Elizabethtown hunter, wrote FOREST AND STREAM under date of Oct. 31, 1892, as follows:

"I do not think there are any moose at the present time in the Adirondacks. Two years ago this fall we had a deer hunt from what is known as the Cedar Swamp on the side of Hurricane. Wm. Hayes and Chas. Root went in to 'start' the dogs. They put the dogs on an ordinary deer track. But they struck on the track of what we called a 'caribou.' It first came out in a lot near a cemetery which was a 'runway' and was guarded by Dr. Blood, who says he first heard his hoofs rattle in the stones some 30 rods away, and cou d not think what it was, but blazed away, but did not hit it, and it trotted on up the mountain toward where I was. I saw it crawl over a stone wall and wondered what it was. It must have stopped in the brush, for it was some 15 minutes after the Doctor shot before I opened. Blood motioned up the mountain with his gun. When I next saw it it was some 80 rods from me, and trotted along, not loping like our deer, and looked as long as a rail. I shot three times at it before it reached the woods. J. D. Nicholson, who was on a runway above me, left and came toward me to see what it was I was shooting at, and while he was down there the 'caribou' came across his runway, and that was the last seen of him. His tracks have been seen in the woods since, but we have never been able to get him out again. * * * Our 'caribou' makes a track very much like a 'critter,' round."

Though Mr. James gives practically no description at all of the animal itself, it being nearly a quarter of a mile from him at the time he shot, and too distant to see very plainly, he gives some interesting peculiarities which are worth noting. Chief among these were its gait and hoof impressions, which resembled those of cattle. Other hunters and men whose business takes them into the woods have reported similar tracks in this neighborhood, and among these may be mentioned Wm. Denton, who, while gathering spruce gum, came on the tracks of an animal that he would have supposed to be a cow had they not been found near the summit of a mountain, and in a location that was very inaccessible and where no cow had ever been seen. James's description bears a strong likeness to that which Charles Robinson gave of the Long Lake "caribou," and it would be interesting to know definitely what the animal he saw was. It is said to inhabit at the present time a cedar swamp on the side of Hurricane, and hunters who have followed it say that the toe half of their boots would just fit its track.

In reply to a question bearing on the subject of big deer in the Adirondacks, Charles Fenton, of Number Four, on the Beaver River, wrote:

"I used often to hear reports that some old hunter had killed a caribou. I know two old guides, now over 60 years old, who claimed to have killed caribou; one of them who had guided in the Saranac region thirty years ago. After I had a fine head, which I procured in Maine, mounted and hung up in my dining room, this guide came to my house, and some way we began talking about caribou. He positively asserted that he had seen several on the east side of the woods. I did not dispute him but only asked him to give me a general description, which he did and by which I knew they were not caribou. He did not know that I had a specimen. I asked him in the dining room to dinner. I noticed that his eyes wandered over to the caribou head but said not a word. When he arose from the table he walked up to the head and viewed it minutely and I was surprised to see him walk out of the dining

RED DEER KILLED IN ADIRONDACKS.

room without saying a word. Meeting a man on the walk he says to him, 'What head is that on the wall in the dining room?' Being fond of a joke and knowing how sure he was that he knew all about caribou, he replied that he did not know what it was, that I had put it there lately, etc. Meeting another man he made the same inquiry, who told him that he thought it must be some little cow's head fixed up with horns. The guide replied that that was just what he thought it was. Finally he asked me, and when I told him he admitted frankly and without hesitation, that if that was a caribou he had never seen one before.

"Another hunter and guide who declared that he had killed a caribou thirty years ago near Brandreth's Lake, admitted at once on seeing the head that what he killed supposing to be a caribou was no such animal as that.

"Deer have degenerated since twenty-five or thirty years ago, as would naturally happen by much hunting and the killing of does in summer, leaving the fawns to grow up stunted, and to attain at best but small size. I find that all specimens of caribou claimed to have been killed or seen in the Adirondacks were nothing but overgrown bucks of great age, as they had a chance to be at that time, and very likely had deformed or peculiar horns, as very old deer are likely to have. I see no reason why caribou should not have inhabited the Adirondack region unless it be beyond their southern limit. Caribou are made to inhabit cold and snowy regions and of course will not go beyond a southern limit. As caribou are much harder to exterminate than deer it seems to me that caribou were never found here. The northern part of New Hampshire is their southern limit. Now about moose. The last track I saw in the Adirondacks was about twenty years ago, and since that time reports have come that tracks were seen on the headwaters of the Independence River, once a famous ground for moose. But I did not rely much on these reports, as they came from young men who might not know a moose track, until, I think, about three years ago, when an old surveyor over sixty years of age and who has always had charge of the Lyon estate in the Adirondacks, and who traveled the woods when moose tracks were plenty, told me that he saw a very large moose track in the vicinity mentioned. Now, this man is reliable, and I would believe him as surely as if I had seen it myself. The track I saw was a young moose, and it is probable that it was living at that time. This is all I know about the likelihood of there being moose left in the Adirondacks.

"The last moose killed of which I have any knowledge was killed by the late Governor Seymour north of Albany Lake. I have killed over one thousand deer in the Adirondacks in the past fifty years and have seen thousands more, and I have no reason to believe that there ever existed more than one variety of deer in the Adirondacks.

"It was the prevalent idea among guides and people living in the Adirondacks that a caribou did not differ materially from the deer, and that it would really require an expert in zoology to distinguish the difference. The guide who was the most positive that he had seen caribou used to guide it in the Saranac region, and it was there he saw them. But when he saw my specimen (I have the feet, too), he frankly admitted that he had never seen a caribou, and that his supposed caribou were not caribou at all."

Mr. Jacob K. Wood, of North Elba, another widely known hunter and a man of long experience in the woods, gives the following interesting facts under date of Nov. 7, 1892:

"I know of no other species of deer than that which exists here to-day—namely, the common 'Adirondack deer.'

"I have always lived in this locality and have done considerable hunting in the last thirty-five years, and in that length of time I have not known of there being a single moose or caribou killed in the Adirondacks. One of a party with which I was hunting several years ago killed a very large buck which weighed, after hanging nine days in the woods, 270lbs. Some of the party called it a caribou, but there was nothing in the shape of the horns or the build of the animal that would indicate that such was the fact, and I thought then, as I do now, that it was nothing more than an old and overgrown deer.

"My uncle, Robert G. Scott, was with the party that killed the last moose in this part of the Adirondacks, and this was in 1841.

"We have none of the so-called 'swamp bucks' here. We do occasionally get a dark-haired, short-legged, heavy-bodied buck, which resemble in many respects the 'swamp bucks' of the South. The average bucks here will dress from 150 to 180lbs. and occasionally we get them that will dress considerably more, my son having shot one two years ago this fall that dressed 220lbs., which had it been as fat as others we have killed would have dressed 250lbs. But it is very seldom that one is killed in these parts that will dress over 200lbs. I think that the size of deer depends greatly on the age; that is, I have always noticed that large and overgrown deer have shown to be of considerable age.

"Deer are much thicker here now than twelve or fourteen years ago. I can remember then traveling all day through splendid deer country, with five or six dogs, and had great difficulty in starting a single deer, wherein for the past few years I could start the same number of dogs within an hour's tramp from home."

It will be noticed that in the foregoing letters mention is made of a belief among certain hunters that they have seen or killed caribou, and this despite the fact that caribou probably never existed in the Adirondacks. No good authority for or evidence of their appearance in northern New York can be found.

Audubon speaks of the "caribou of Newfoundland, Labrador, Canada, and the States bordering on the St. Lawrence."

Merriam, "Mammals of the Adirondacks," p. 114, foot note says, "I have been unable to find a trustworthy record of the reindeer or caribou from this region." He refers to DeKay's account of supposed caribou horns and says that measurements show them to have been elk horns.

The explanation of the application of the name is probably the following: Moose have existed in the Adirondacks within the lifetime of the fathers of the present generation of hunters, and even in the memory of some of the older men now living. This animal is consequently well known, and no one could be tempted to give its name to any other deer. The caribou, on the contrary, is an animal with which the hunters are in no way familiar, but of which, on account of its proximity in the neighboring wilds of Canada and Maine, they have heard a great deal. Naturally they give this familiar name to any unfamiliar member of the deer family, and likewise to abnormal specimens of the common variety.

In speaking of strange deer the name of elk is never used because this animal is not commonly found nowadays within several thousand miles of the Adirondacks, and its name has an unfamiliar sound.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Nebraska Game.

BEATRICE, Neb., Sept. 28.—Waterfowl are coming in in increasing numbers now and are very fat. Upland plover have come and gone, other plover are quite numerous, and a good many teal and wood duck are reported by hunters. The large ducks have not arrived as yet and the goose brigade has not been heard from.

Squirrels are numerous and in good condition.

Every little draw, weed patch, hedge and plum thicket holds its own covey of Bob Whites and all kinds of grouse are favorably reported as to numbers all through the western part of the State.

Young jack rabbits are very numerous around the stubble fields and the common cottontail is here to furnish the schoolboy with all the fun he wants.

Withal, I think the prospect for the coming shooting season in Nebraska is better than for years.

EL COMANCHO.

"American Big Game Hunting," the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club, is out this week, and a descriptive circular will be sent free on application.

You are invited

to visit the "Forest and Stream's" exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the entrance from the main hall of the Fisheries Building, in the World's Fair.

MY MILLION-DOLLAR BUCK.

AUBURN, Cal.—Bang! Ping! Bang! Spat! and a few pine needles and bits of bark rattled down around me as I stood upon the mountain side away up in the Sierra, on a September day. The shooter was in a cañon away to my right as I faced up the mountain spur, and I had no apprehension of his bullets coming too close, except by deflection, but as a bullet flying around loose in the air should always be treated with respect, I stepped behind the trunk of the big pine, in whose top the last bullet had found a lodgment. As I stood there two more shots rung out, awaking more echoes in the quiet cañon, and the hum of the flying missiles sang in the still air. The game must be coming my way, I reflected, and my friend is over-shooting. I will keep a sharp lookout and wipe his eye.

And surely enough, in a moment afterward a noble buck broke cover, coming out of the cañon and crossing the spur on which I was standing.

Waiting until he was about 30yds. distant, I sent a bullet into the center of his chest, and he turned a summersault and lay dead almost at my feet.

Standing as I did behind the tree, with only my head and one shoulder and arm showing, he had not seen me, but had come bounding straight to his death.

He was a magnificent fellow, in prime condition, with symmetrical antlers bearing eight points, and his coat was "in the blue." A finer specimen of the beautiful Columbia blacktail could not be seen in years of shooting.

I stepped forward and bled him, and gave the agreed upon signal for a "kill" to my companions.

My two companions arrived while I was still at my task of dressing the game, and as John M. came up he exclaimed, "Well, you got him, didn't you? I thought you ought to be where you could get a shot. I started him out of the bottom of the cañon, and shot at him four times as he jumped over the tops of the thick brush, but as I could only catch instantaneous glimpses I had little hopes of stopping him, and I didn't, either," he added, by way of parenthesis.

Just then the other member of our party arrived, with a pick and shovel over his shoulder, and a large gold-pan swinging from them over his back. Laying these down at the foot of the tree, he came forward and assisted me in cleaning the game. Just as we had completed the task and were preparing to hang up the carcass on a convenient sapling, to await transportation on the back of a pack horse, our attention was arrested by the exciting tones of our companion, as he stood leaning on his rifle a few steps away and gazing on the surrounding rocks and trees.

"Why, great gods, boys," he shouted, as he made a sweeping motion of his right arm, "this is the identical spot we have been looking for! See! there is the rock, above us, with the five black spots on it. There is the ditch forming a half circle around this spur. And here is the row of three pine trees, and this," stamping his heel upon the spot where he stood, "is the very spot where we must begin our work."

In an instant our game was forgotten, and jumping to our companion's side, we eagerly scanned the surroundings. Surely it was as he had said, and our search was ended. We had been out three days hunting for this very spot, and at last had come upon it by accident. The buck had been within ten yards of it when the bullet struck him.

One day in October, about eleven months previous to this occurrence, an old man of over sixty years was sitting in the office of our hospital, of which John M. was the steward, and I the surgeon. He had arrived three or four days previously, and had been told that his case was a hopeless one. He was suffering from an epithelioma, which had appeared some two years previously, and had been neglected until its inroads were so great as to leave no possible hope. Upon the day in question I had made my round of the wards, and had sat down in the office for a few moments' chat with the steward, when the old man came stealing in. He closed the door carefully behind him, approached to where we were sitting, and in a thick voice addressed us. "Gentlemen," said he, "I want to have a few moments of your attention and want no listeners."

"Take a chair, Captain M.," said the steward, "and fire away."

The old man drew a chair nearer to us with a trembling hand, and sat down. He was beginning to waste rapidly from the effects of the disease, and his face was getting thin and pinched. His eyes burned in the back of deep cavernous sockets, overhung by heavy gray brows, and he fumbled his chin with skinny fingers all the time that he was speaking.

"You know," he began, "that old Cap, as I have always been called since I came to the State in '49, has been an honest man, and what I say you can tie to."

"I came to this place in the spring of '50, went up to Iowa City in '51 and into the mountains about that place in '52, and have lived there ever since. In fact," turning to the steward, "you knew me there thirty years ago, to your sorrow, as I got into your debt when you kept store at the Forks House and have never been able to pay you."

He paused a moment, as though arranging his thoughts, and then continued: "I was an only son, of English parents, without other relatives in America, and they both dying near the same time left me free to come West. I have no kith or kin in the world to my knowledge, and as I have a great fortune to leave behind me I have chosen you two as my heirs."

Now this sounded well, but as he was a charity inmate of the hospital we did not become deeply enthused.

"I do this," he continued, "because I owe you," nodding to the steward, "money which I have never been able to pay and because I want to enlist your interest," turning to me, "and want you to do all you can to make my last days easy and comfortable."

I turned to wink at the steward, but the latter had become interested and nodded to Cap to proceed.

"I've been a mountaineer and a prospector for over thirty years, and have just contrived to live, and no more. Sometimes I would strike a good prospect and think I had the world by the seat of the breeches, but it would soon peter out and disappoint me as before. And now, just to see how luck is against me, just as I am dying, I have uncovered a fortune."

With these words he thrust his hand into his bosom and pulled out an old red handkerchief filled with broken quartz and laid them open on my knee. The specimens were very handsome and we viewed them admiringly.

Presently I remarked, "But these are all surface specimens (some thousands of dollars sunk in mining had taught me this much). How do you know that there is any quantity of such rock?"

"Oh, no," said he, "those are not surface specimens; those came from a great depth, and I have prospected the ledge for hundreds of feet, and it is all equally rich. I tell you there is a million apiece in it for you."

"Then," said I, "if it is so rich why did you not take out a few hundred dollars worth of ore, and make yourself comfortable with the proceeds?"

"Oh," he answered," it is just a part of my old luck. Just as I had fairly made sure of my find, and was prepared to benefit by it, the snow came on, over a foot deep, and I was getting so weak that I could not work, and I would not let any one else into the secret. So I just covered up my prospect, and came down for the winter, expecting to get cured and return in the spring. And now I've got to die and leave it all, without ever knowing how rich I might be," and he glared at us with burning eyes.

In a moment he went on, "I'm not going to tell you now where my mine is, but if there is surely no hope for me, I want you to tell me just when I am going to die, a few days before the end, while I am still able to talk, and I will tell you how to find it. In the meantime do all you can for me."

This ended the communication at that time, and on comparing notes, I found that John had taken stock in the account, while I was skeptical, believing that the old man had concocted the story in order to obtain favors.

However, the winter wore away and summer came again, and its heat hastened old Cap's end. One day the steward told me, on my arrival at the hospital, that Cap was very low, and we had better try him and see if he still maintained the truth of his story. Accordingly, on my rounds I stopped at his bed and examined him carefully, and then informed him that he had but a few days, or perhaps hours, to live, as the disease had reached the arteries in his neck and he was liable to die at any moment. "And now," added John, "if you stated the truth about that mine, and want us to have it, you had better give us directions how to find it."

He lay for many moments in silence, and his words could not be understood when he attempted speech. Many times he tried it, but without avail, and at last he motioned to be propped up and made signs for writing material. These were furnished him, and after many attempts he made the following memorandum, and after its completion lay back exhausted upon his pillow:

Volcano Cañon—Point—where ditch makes half circle. Up on point is big granite boulder, with five black spots on it set thus ⁘, made with black paint. Forty steps below three pine trees in row, two yellow and one sugar pine—45 steps north of sugar pine—dig!

Three days afterward old Cap was dead, without ever giving another sign of consciousness to his surroundings. So died this man of good education and steady habits, one of thousands of other mountain miners, who have spent their lives and fortunes in vain search of the yellow metal.

This solemn dying declaration seemed like business, and in about another month a third friend was taken into the scheme, as there was wealth for us all, and the expedition which resulted in the killing of our million-dollar buck was organized.

We had surely found the place indicated. There was the ditch, forming the half-circle around the point; there was the great boulder, with the quincunx painted upon it in black paint. Here was the row of three pines—two yellow and one sugar pine, and 45 paces north of the latter lay a ledge that was good for a million apiece for each member of the party.

To be sure the ledge was not in sight, but everything else was according to programme, and we had nothing to do but to dig in order to lay that bare. The spot indicated looked very unpromising, and bore no traces of ever having been disturbed, but we had no doubts whatever, and formed as happy a trio of millionaires as ever foregathered.

We carefully measured off the distance, and John and Charlie began to dig. From 6 to 15in. of loose rock, mold and pine needles covered the ground, and underneath this was hard, solid, virgin rock. We began to get anxious and to work further and further away from the spot, but without meeting with even a bit of loose float rock to encourage us. Night came on and found us still digging, but with flagging spirits. At last John threw down his shovel in disgust, and exclaimed: "Confound his worthless old carcass! He died as he lived—a bilk!"

No words were needed to describe whom he had in his mind. We all understood, and felt in the same way. Then Charlie spoke up and said, "Well, here we are, five miles from camp, without grub, without blankets, and without a million apiece; but by the Holy Poker, we've got a fine buck, so hurrah for our million-dollar buck," and we hurrahed till the cañons rang again.

Since that night my companions have gone over to the great majority, so that buck has become my sole property, and is no longer "our," but "my" million-dollar buck. Has any other reader of FOREST AND STREAM as equally expensive a private zoölogical collection as that, consisting of such scanty varieties? If so, tell us about it.

We built a good fire near by, roasted a portion of this very expensive buck, and spent the night alternately warming our backs and then our fronts, and munching steaks and liver. In the morning we resumed labor, and did not desist until thoroughly satisfied that there never had been a quartz ledge within a mile of the spot.

As the years roll by I discuss the question with myself, Was the old man deliberately lying, or had solitude and ill-luck unhinged his mind, and did he fancy he had spoken the truth? AREFAR.

Send in Your "Shooting Postals."

MATLOCK, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the shooting season is at hand, why not start a series of hunting and shooting postals, after the style of the fishing postals which have been running in the FOREST AND STREAM during the summer?

I would also be pleased to hear from some of the contributors of the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the loads used in game shooting and the results, whether satisfactory or not. In some future number I will try and give some of my experiences, and hope that others will follow suit. LONGFELLOW.

IN THE ROCKIES OF COLORADO.

HOWARD FUGUET and I started from New Castle, Col., on the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., on Aug. 31, bound for the Marvene club house, on the Marvene Creek (a tributary of the North Fork of White River), a distance of fifty-five miles, over a fair mountain road across the White River plateau. The club house is kept by Messrs. Wells & Patterson (address Meeker, Colorado), guides and outfitters. We arrived there on Sept. 1 and started the next morning with pack train of twelve horses and four bear dogs. Our guides were Wm. Wells and Byron Fenner, and Wm. Strebb, cook.

Our route lay up Lost Park Creek and across the Lost Park to the headwaters of Williams Fork, a tributary of the Bear River. Here we camped and hunted a little. We found deer very plentiful and lots of elk and bear sign. We ran a silver tip on the second day, and although the dogs stopped him we could not get in quick enough and he broke away and was lost.

Our next journey was down the Williams Fork and through the cañon to the forks of the Williams Creek. This Lost Park and Williams Creek country is in the Danforth Hills. From here we crossed to Bear River and to Creig, and thence up Fortification Creek and across to the Elk Head Creek, two days' journey on the plains. Ten miles from Creigh we began to get in among the antelope, and in California Park in the Elk Head Mountains we saw thousands of them. From California Park we went over the summit of the Elk Heads and on the other slope in Slader Basin, near the Snake River. Here we made our principal camp and did most of our hunting.

In Slader Basin the antelope are more numerous than in California Park. Here one can get shot after shot at deer, antelope and elk. It is safe to say that on this trip we saw more than 5,000 antelope and several thousand deer and more than 200 elk. We only hunted the latter three or four days and got all we wanted.

In the Lost Park and Williams Fork country one can get elk, but they are harder to get than in the Elk Head Mountains. Deer are more plentiful, but there are no antelope. At the club house on Marvine Creek one has a chance for an elk and is sure of deer not far from the house, and can get fine fishing. By going a day's journey his chances are fairly good for elk. I can honestly recommend Wells and Patterson as good guides and reliable. Byron Tenner proved himself to be an excellent hunter.

I am prompted to write this purely for the benefit of my fellow sportsmen, and I can assure them I have no ax to grind. I honestly think this is the grandest game country on the continent to-day. If one takes the trip we took he need have no fear of killing all of the three kinds of game mentioned and as many as he can possibly wish. Joe Peltrei (address New Castle, Col.) will do the transportation from New Castle to the club house in good shape. One should allow himself thirty days for this trip. We stayed in camp twenty-four.

In conclusion, I hope this may enable some sportsmen to enjoy the same sport as we enjoyed, but that they will not abuse the same. H. W. HAMLYN.

MINNESOTA MOOSE AND INDIANS.

THE Legislature of Minnesota has passed a law prohibiting the killing of moose, caribou and elk for a period of five years. This would be a good law if it could be enforced against all hunters, but it cannot be. The Red Lake Indian reservation, which lies in northern Minnesota, is 70 miles wide from east to west and 100 miles long from north to south. It includes within its boundaries the Red Lakes and the Lake of the Woods, and is in the very heart of the best moose, elk and caribou range in the Northwest. In fact, there is probably no other place on the continent where these three species can be found ranging on the same ground. They are all here in goodly numbers. Your red Indian cares about as much for a game law as he does for a gumdrop; and when he wants game he goes out, kills it and then sends his squaw to butcher and bring it in.

I have long had my eye on this moose pasture and three years ago was in it. Now I am in it again. Meantime I have been in close touch with at least two good hunters who live in it, and they have kept me posted. One of these is Burton Harris, of Pelan, Kittson county, Minn., with whom I am now staying, and what he does not know about moose and moose hunting wouldn't make even a primer. A New Yorker, college bred, then bookkeeper in a manufacturing house, his health failed and he came West. Being fond of the woods and of the rifle he fell in with the half-breeds in the Lake of the Woods region, lived with them three years, hunting and fishing for the market. During the winter of '89 and '90 he killed 15 moose. During the following winter he killed 18 moose, 3 elk, 1 caribou and many deer. In the following spring he caught 16 moose calves and 2 elk calves. These he sold and traded to merchants and others in the nearest towns at ridiculously low prices, because he was not prepared to hold them.

As stated above, a law, now in effect, makes it a misdemeanor to kill moose, elk and caribou for five years; yet an Indian reservation covers the bulk of the best range of these animals in Minnesota. Twice a year—in June and September—the chief of the Red Lake outfit sends out a band of runners selected from his best young hunters with orders to start a cordon of fires around the whole reservation and as much outside country as is good game range. At these seasons the prevailing winds are from west and south. The Indians form a skirmish line along the foot of the Lake of the Woods and Rainy River. Within a few days the fires have traveled north and east and the game is driven out to this death line in herds and slaughtered like so many beef cattle. So much of the meat as can be saved is, but thousands of pounds of it rot, and from many a carcass only the skin is taken.

Even now, while I write, I can look across to the east and see three of these fires burning, which were lit two days ago. At night they throw a red glare against the clouds, suggestive of the blood that will flow a week hence when all these fires have united and driven the poor beasts into the death trap.

Your loyal white hunter, who would kill one, or two, or three moose, or elk, or caribou, for sport, for heads, for skins, for meat, is forbidden.

It is all well enough to talk of the Indian being amenable to the game laws, but how will you ever enforce a law against these red wretches? Who would make a complaint and work up a case against one of them? Certainly

no settler who has to live near them. Certainly no game warden, made of ordinary flesh and blood. And so the slaughter will go on as long as the game lasts, law or no law. The white man is simply prohibited from killing the game in order that there may be more for the red man to butcher.

Fortunately we may go across the boundary line into Manitoba, which is but a few miles from here and where a white man is still given an equal show with an Indian, but is it just to compel us to go into the Queen's domain to hunt while there is plenty of game on our own soil?

I have lately talked with many settlers who live in and near the moose country, and they all say that they shall continue to kill moose and other game, the same as heretofore, law or no law. I heard of several moose having been killed during the past summer in Kittson county, and of many more that are to be killed as soon as there is a good tracking snow. G. O. SHIELDS.

PELAN, Minn., Sept. 27.

MINNESOTA GAME AND GUNNERS.

DULUTH, Minn., Sept. 30.—The Central Gun Club, at its last business meeting, decided to postpone indefinitely its weekly trap and monthly medal shoots, owing to the small attendance on account of the fall hunting season.

A good many complaints are heard of the violation of the State game laws, many reports having reached the club where game was killed and taken contrary to the game laws, and preliminary steps are being taken to form a protective game association in connection with the Central Club, and to offer a reward for the conviction of any one violating the State laws. This is a good plan, and it will meet with the approval of all honest sportsmen.

The past fishing season has been all that could be desired by lovers of the rod, and some remarkable catches have been reported. The latest is furnished by Mr. C. A. Pearson and his wife, who shortly returned from an outing at Deerwood, Minn.; and to Mrs. Pearson, who like her husband is an expert with the rod or gun, belongs the honor of landing the largest muskalonge of this season, having caught four, weighing respectively 20¾, 19, 16¼ and 16lbs.

The hunting season begins very promising. The northern part of the State and the West of course as yet is the source of supply of our market, and will continue to be so until the regular flight southward, when the weather becomes colder. Owing to the unusual growth of wild rice in the lakes in our immediate vicinity, large numbers of the scattering flocks that are moving, find a resting and feeding place here, and some good bags are being made by the professionals, although the amateurs are everywhere. They generally are satisfied with rice birds which are very numerous this year. There is good sport ahead for those who prefer geese to ducks and other game.

Several black bear have lately been seen within a few miles of the city, and deer also are more numerous than for some years, owing no doubt to the heavy forest fires which have been raging in northeastern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and when the prohibition is released on Nov. 1 until the 20th, an exodus of lovers of large game will no doubt occur, and a big round-up is looked for.

Mr. J. W. Nelson, president of the Central Gun Club, is the owner of a 5-year-old foxhound of local production, which he values very highly. In addition to being a first-class deer runner he will tree partridges, run rabbits and on command take to water and retrieve ducks as well as many dogs which have only the latter qualification. The owner of such a dog should well be proud of him.

HANQUE.

IN THE BOWSTRING COUNTRY.

DULUTH, Minn., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will find inclosed a clipping from the Duluth evening *Herald*, giving an account of a canoe trip a couple of friends of mine made to the headwaters of the Mississippi. It may interest some of your many readers and open their eyes to the greatest ducking and hunting and fishing country in America. Deer and moose were never so plenty, although the latter may not be hunted until 1898. The country abounds in hundreds of small lakes teeming with bass and landlocked salmon, which are seldom fished except by the Indians and land explorers. The country has just been opened up to the tourist by the Winnepeg Road, which does away with the hardships formerly endured.

A great many bears have been killed near Duluth this month, and every day ducks are shipped in by the hundred. Just fancy buying nice fat mallards at two bits apiece and teal at forty cents a brace. N. B. MCN.

On the afternoon of Aug. 30 a small party of Duluth sportsmen boarded the Duluth and Winnipeg train at the Union depot and started on an outing that lasted about three weeks. Hunting and canoeing were the chief pleasures in prospect and the "Bowstring county," Lake Winnibigoshish and other waters on the borders of Itasca and Cass counties were selected for the scene of operations. The trip was a grand success. Members of the feathered flock fell before the unerring guns; the dangers and pleasures of canoeing were most abundant; camp life was experienced in all its phases; the redman's life and characteristics were studied; appetites created; muscles toughened and a vigor of mind and body attained wholly beyond the power of medicine.

"About twenty-five or thirty miles north of Deer River, the terminus of Duluth & Winnipeg Railroad," said Mr. Nash, "lies Bowstring Lake. This body of water is the 'ricing' grounds for the Leech Lake, White Oak and Winnibigoshish Indians, who, with their families, camp from two to three weeks in the vicinity of the rice fields during the latter part of August and the first of September. Reaching Deer River, we transported our outfit over the logging road twelve miles to Little Bowstring Lake. The first day of September found us paddling our Peterborough canoes up a shallow creek to Big Bowstring Lake.

"Here 'ricing' is an occupation of great importance to the Indians in those regions, as they count on gathering a supply sufficient to satisfy the family needs through the winter. Any surplus is easily sold at the trading posts.

"The process of gathering this wild grain is very simple. Two squaws paddle their birch bark canoes well into the beds and then, with short clubs, pound the heads of rice that overhang the sides of the canoe. The grain drops into the bottom of the craft and the work is kept up until it is full. The rice is then put into an iron kettle, over a small fire, and the roasting process begins. The old squws perform this part of the work also. We found them sitting on the ground before the kettles, stirring the rice with short paddles to keep it from burning. When thoroughly roasted the grain is emptied into a hole in the ground lined with wooden slabs. Then it is pounded with long poles to separate the kernels from the shells. After that has been thoroughly done the rice is put into shallow bark trays and winnowed by the Indian girls by emptying from one tray into another until all chaff is removed. It is then put into sacks and stored away for future use."

THE EAST AND THE WEST.

CRAWFORD, Neb., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have often wondered why there is so little in the FOREST AND STREAM from this Western country, where game and fish and the various topics of which it treats, abound. New England and all the Eastern States are written up by talented correspondents, so much so that one might naturally be led to believe that the great portion of our best hunting grounds and fishing resorts were in that part of the continent. Of course Judge Greene and "Podgers" and others have done justice to the Pacific Coast, but what I desire particularly to speak about is the middle Western States. Is it because there is so little interest manifested in the sporting fraternity of this country, or rather is it because of the fact that game is so abundant and requiring so little skill to secure it that the events of the hunt are considered of so little importance that it is not worthy the space in our great family journal?

I am inclined to think that the true sportsmen, those who hunt and fish and observe the game laws, those who are everything the word implies, those who go to the woods or lake or mountain stream for the genuine pleasure of outdoor sport or recreation, to commune with nature's creatures, giving and wishing all an equal show for which they were created—these are, I am loth to confess, to be found more abundant in the East than in the West. It may be, that being confined so closely to business in the cities, or thickly settled country, it gives one more pleasure when once he does get away, so that he feels like telling the world what a good time he has had on his outing, and writes about it. While here we live in a "free and go easy" sort of way, taking everything as it comes as a matter of not much consequence, so that a habit of indifference is formed, to such an extent that our pleasures are not half known, even to ourselves. We live in a country where everything is free, comparatively, so far as game is concerned, and we make no provisions and few anticipations when we take a little shooting or fishing excursion. We know we will get all we need without much effort, and as a consequence we think but little about it.

I am a traveling salesman, strongly addicted to the use of a gun, and during my trips I have frequent recourse to that idol. Just so it is a gun, it does not matter to me whether it is a $200 hammerless or a $10 smoothbore. And that is about the case with the majority of those who shoot in this part of the West. There are exceptions, of course, be it said to their credit.

Every little village and town is full of dogs, "bird dogs," that's their pedigree, but they will hunt with anybody, and find just as many birds as one wants to shoot, and make just as many pretty points as many of the fine pedigreed stock I have seen in field trials. An owner of a dog seldom boasts of the good qualities of his canine, for he knows his neighbor has one equally as good.

A few weeks ago on my trip to central Wyoming I had the pleasure of hunting by railroad, using the locomotive of a regular train to flush the birds. In that country, the common grouse and sage hen mostly inhabit, the latter largely predominating. On this trip the conductor, as usual, had his gun aboard, and when the engine would flush a covey the engineer would shut off steam, put on the brakes and stop, while the train crew, passengers and all, would take to the grass after having marked them down. In this way we got, with one gun, enough young birds to supply the families of the entire crew for several days, and to be considered a fair bag in some localities for a two days' hunt. The train went into every station on time, too, and I dare say, my Eastern friends, if you happen out this way, and want to amuse yourself by shooting this kind of game, that same conductor will accommodate you in the same manner and be pleased to have you with him.

I take a hunt every year among the big game and in the wildest country I can find, and am beginning to realize that I have been more of a hunter than I was a sportsman. I am one of those of whom so much has been said and written in recent years concerning the slaughter of buffaloes. And when I look back now to those times, when we killed the game for the paltry amount received for the skins, I am ashamed to think that I had ever been a party to such devastation and the destruction of that magnificent game animal. I have worked by the year on a stipulated salary "and found," to shoot them down merely for the hides, which brought the owner, by the piece, less than $2 delivered at the trading post 300 miles from camp. If I had the old dried up horns now of those I have helped to slaughter they would bring more than the skins did in those times.

I was a hunter then, but far from being a sportsman. I regret it and shall aspire to be the better in every sense of the word hereafter. REME.

New Jersey Game Outlook.

COLT'S NECK, New Jersey, Oct. 2.—The prospects for gunning in this vicinity are about as follows: Squirrels are nearly if not quite as plenty as they were last year. Nearly every one who has hunted for them has succeeded in getting a good-sized bagful.

Owing to the remarkably cold and snowy winter of 1892-93 quail are scarce. But few coveys, and several of them quite small, are to be found in fields where last year were many flocks having goodly numbers. Partridges are represented to be about as plenty as usual off to the south of us, along the edges of the pines and among them, and also in the outlying brush lots.

The number of rabbits, according to nearly all statements, is remarkably large, even more so than last year, although many of the bunnies are yet small. Taking our gunning outlook altogether, we think it is fully up to the average. A. L. L.

The Usefulness of Non-Export Laws.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is highly gratifying to me to note the growing tendency toward better protection. So many articles have appeared of late bearing on this question that we feel it a fitting time to relate a little of our experience, being in a border county. Until Pennsylvania has a law forbidding the shipping of birds we will not enjoy as much protection as interior counties, for the simple reason that market-hunters are shooting the birds and carrying them over the State line to ship. The northern tier of counties in Pennsylvania are also the sufferers to the extent that a great many market-hunters go there in order to avoid the New York non-shipment law.

Rouse, ye Keystone sportsmen, and get a non-shipment law passed as soon as possible. A little circumstance that has come under our notice goes to show the wisdom of that law. At the beginning of the season two professional pot-hunters from this section packed their sawed-off 10-bores and started for a Western State said to abound with chickens. They went with the avowed intentions of staying until the season closed. What seemed like a very short time, indeed, found them back here loudly boasting that 150 birds were easily bagged by them in a day, but they could not ship the birds. Lots of sport in leaving a field of 75 birds and taking up one where six birds is considered a good day's bag. A non-shipment law was the price of sport in the former instance.

A game protective association containing some of our leading and most influential men has recently been formed here, each member being pledged to do all in his power to uphold the game laws; they also employ a private detective. May we witness as rapid growing sentiment in favor of this branch of protection as we have in the past in respect to spring shooting.

A few days since Mr. George A. Kent, a public-spirited citizen, procured and released about twenty-five English pheasants. Already the hawks have destroyed four of them. Should this come under the notice of any one who knows a remedy or preventive we should be very glad to hear from him. Would not spring be much better time for releasing them? PROTECTOR.

Vermont Game.

HIGHGATE, Vt., Oct. 6.—Reports from various sections of northwestern Vermont show that some good bags of ruffed grouse have been made, and in but one locality are gray squirrels to be found. No woodcock excepting an occasional bird. Foxes are fairly plentiful and every frosty morning our hounds are out, and one hunter has already secured half a dozen pelts.

In answer to your Rutland correspondent, we would say that we have for many years studied the habits of many of our game birds, especially the woodcock. Have shot this bird not only in many of our States but also in all of the Canadian Provinces where it is to be found, and re-affirm all that we stated in your issue of Sept. 16; and in conversation with one of our commissioners we understand him to say that in framing the late bird laws they were governed largely by the opinions received from their local taxidermist in Rutland.

Some fine catches of black bass are being almost daily made here in the river, 4 and 5-pounders being taken quite often. Deer have been recently seen in this vicinity. STANSTEAD.

Wisconsin Deer.

THE season for hunting deer opened Oct. 1 in Wisconsin, and the grand race was made from this city and other lake towns for the deer fields. Many of the parties will remain out during the entire season. Though the period for hunting deer only opened yesterday a great many men who evidently have no regard for game laws have been on the ground for several days. Well-known men from Superior and Duluth, it is said, in open violation of the law, have slain deer by the score before the season opened, The hunting this year, however, will be very good, as a great many of the deer from the forests of central Wisconsin have been driven north to the lake region by the recent timber fires. Last year in two tiers of counties along the south shore of Lake Superior a conservative estimate of the number of deer slain was 5,000. This year it is expected that the number will be larger. The carcasses of the deer slain bring if sold in the market from $8 to $12 each.—*West Superior, Wis., Correspondence Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Iowa Game Notes.

MATLOCK, Ia., Oct. 3.—The game shooting in the northwestern section of Iowa is good, though perhaps not quite up to our expectations. Both quail and chickens are fairly plentiful, but it has been very dry, making the scent poor, so that no large bags have been made yet. From six to ten chickens or quail is a good half-day's shooting. We have had a couple of fine rains the past week and shooting of all kinds will improve from this on. No ducks have come from the north yet. The few that bred here have mostly been killed. Snipe and plover are scarce owing to the drought. A party living some ten miles from here shot a bald eagle recently, wings measuring some five feet across. LONGFELLOW.

Game Near Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—Messrs. Tom Marron, Dick Mills and Bill Lanham took a ten days' cruise in the "Let-the-Bug-Hop," gunning and fishing. Sept. 20 they found rail, or sora, thick, but very small and poor. They were actually so thick that they could be knocked over with poles. Blue-winged teal and mallards were much above the average in numbers for that time of the year. These ducks were, in fact, quite plentiful. A few stiff-tails were also seen. Coot were numerous from Piscataway down. From information obtained it is safe to predict fair quail shooting in those parts. In Otterbach's woods, right back of the "White House" landing, plenty of gray squirrels were found. BART.

Iowa Prairie Chickens.

WATERLOO, Ia., Oct. 1.—There are plenty of prairie chickens here, with ducks, a few geese and some wolves.

B.

Caribou Hunting.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—I notice what "Pine Tree" says about caribou in to-day's FOREST AND STREAM. I think that where caribou are hunted much they are the shyest animal on earth and the hardest to approach, only equaled by an old black duck; but when undisturbed they are rather tame and stupid and easily bewildered by the noise of a rifle shot. It is strange they do not seem to mind the sharp report of a rifle, but the roar of a shotgun sends them flying. One trouble with hunting caribou is that they never know when to stop. When once they get started they go for miles and miles and it is useless to attempt to follow them up. They are naturally a very restless animal. Some days you cannot get within sight of them, and on others they will trot up to the sportsman, within a very few yards sometimes, exhibiting the greatest curiosity, but once they get the scent they are off like the wind. WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That Reminds Me."

Not a Grizzly.

WHEN Pete was about 14 years of age, his father brought him from California a beautiful single, breechloading 12-bore gun, and a couple of dozen burnished brass shells. Pete had dreamed of that gun for months and had become one of the "mighty hunters before the Lord" in his mind, but when he actually grasped the polished stock and rang the glittering shells his joy was unconfined. Over hill and dale he trudged, with a beautiful but unbroken Gordon setter ranging any and everywhere within a half-mile radius, and Jim, his trusty spaniel, at his heels. Chickens were plentiful, but the setter was out for fun and invariably chased them half across the county before his master could get within two gunshots of them. This sort of thing grew to be extremely monotonous, and about all our young sportsman had been able to do was to try his pattern on half the barns in the neighborhood.

As the season rolled along the father found time to take the lad out for a few lessons, and his frequent habit of "wiping the eye" of his son opened the young man's optics to their widest extent.

"Oh, dear!" cried Pete, near the close of one very unprofitable day, "if I could only shoot a grizzly bear or—or a rabbit, I'd be happy."

His father soon after told him to tramp along the edge of a stubble field until he came to the field of standing corn at the far side, where he should wait and shoot at any chickens that flew out, as it was the father's intention to go around to another wheat stubble and return that way.

Well, Pete plodded along so hot and thirsty that he did not much care what came out, just so he wouldn't be compelled to run. He reached the corn and sat down, wishing from the bottom of his heart that there was a cool, gushing soda water fountain somewhere near, when he was startled by a whirr of wings and—bang! went the gun before he was fairly on his feet. "Just my luck!" he muttered as he drew the shell, and before he had reloaded the covey was half a mile distant.

Determined to be more alert he cocked his gun and awaited developments. Looking toward the ridge of the plowed field he saw the form of some animal making off to the right and just over the crest of the hill. "Wolf, of course," he thought, so off went the gun once more, and down went the quadruped.

"Whoopee, I've got him!" he shouted, and with an exultant heart up the hill he rushed. But he suddenly halts. What sight is this that fills him with dismay? Where he thought his wolf should be, there lay a mass of glistening white wool. His gun dropped from his hand, and for a moment he stared hard at the motionless object. Fear seized him, and he turned to run but sat down hard instead. He was pale and nervous, but began to think very hard. "Now I have done it; and here comes the farmer too," he exclaimed, as he saw a burly granger coming across the field. "By ginger, I'm in for it, but I didn't know it was a sheep! Wonder if I'd better make a clean breast of it or know nothing about it! Gee whiz, how fast he comes. Won't he be hot, though, when he sees what I've done."

He tried to look unconcerned as the farmer drew near; and with trembling fingers he inserted another shell just as the man passed him and without a word marched on straight toward the fateful carcass. Pete dared not turn around, but nervously fingered his gunstock. He seemed to feel himself growing old, and a cold shiver went down his back, while a peculiar sensation as if many crawling things were under his hat made him aware of that phenomenon known as the "hair standing on end." He had never been so scared since the time he fell off the windmill and landed in the cherry tree.

What was that farmer doing behind him? What made him take so long to reach that bunch of wool? He had seemed to come across the rest of the wide field so very rapidly, but was it yesterday or last week that he had passed him? Had more than one sheep fallen at that unlucky shot? What if—but why try to think; it was all up with him the minute that sheep was found. His dear father would return and find him dead, his little life stamped out by the angry man whose prize ewe he had slain. How bright life had been to him, and now all was over. Confound it! what made that fellow so still? Why didn't he burst out in a torrent of curses at him? Anything was better than this awful quiet. Perhaps he had seen his mutilated pet, and was even now creeping up behind to strangle him while he sat there unmoved awaiting his doom. Ah, father! He thought he felt his clammy fingers about his throat. Horrible thought! He almost shrieked. But it was only Jim licking his sunburned neck. He turned his head quickly and rose to his feet, his trembling limbs almost refusing to support him. His mouth and eyes vied with each other in the extent to which they opened. What was this thing the farmer held aloft and examined so critically? So long and thin; gray above, snow-white beneath, and ears! O, such ears! Surely not a sheep. He took a step nearer, and the farmer turning to him, said: "Purty consid'rable of a jack rabbit you've shot, sonny."

"Ye-yes, sir," was all Pete could reply, as his legs nearly gave way again from sheer joy. JOHN PEABODY.

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

A SEPTEMBER OUTING IN CANADA.

"TWO 4-POUNDERS had taken my two lower flies at the very first cast, and it required my utmost efforts to prevent the upper dropper from being seized by a 6 or 7lbs. fish that made desperate efforts to secure it." This was part of a recital by Col. A. L. Light, of Quebec, of some of his experiences in September, 1892, upon the preserves of the Triton Fish and Game Club, situated about midway between Quebec and Lake St. John, and only four hours' journey by rail from the former place. I had long contemplated a visit to this magnificent territory, so extensive in its area, yet so complete a *terra incognita* except to a few guides and to Superintendent Seaton, who within the last two years have explored a few of its woods and waters. And so when Col. Light, in pressing upon me his previous invitation to run up to his splendid preserve, described the pool where he found it necessary to employ his guide in driving away a 6 or 7lbs. fish that was insisting upon impaling himself on his hook despite all his efforts to the contrary, though his tackle and his ingenuity were already taxed to the utmost, I concluded that Triton was a good enough fishing ground for me, and so Saturday, Sept. 23, found me on board the Lake St. John railway train, bound for Skroeder, the nearest station to the preserve.

This territory includes some 160 square miles of virgin wilderness, and when the whole of the immense tract is opened up to civilization it is proposed to extend the membership of the club to 300. The present membership and the list of those who have made application for shares or have visited the tract preparatory to so doing, includes the names of some of the best known and most noted sportsmen both in the United States and Canada. Among them may be mentioned the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke and Mrs. Van Dyke, of the New York Brick Presbyterian Church, who enjoyed splendid sport here a week or two ago; Mr. Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse, and his friends; Messrs. Dean and Curtis, of New York, who made marvelous catches of trout at Lake Trois Cariboux and elsewhere during their stay of a week on the tract last July, and Mr. James B. Townsend, a well known New York journalist and Secretary of the State League of Republican Clubs, who is also a vice-president of the Triton Club. The president of the club is A. L. Light, Esq., and the secretary and superintendent is Wm. C. Seaton, Esq. The position of superintendent of such a preserve is no sinecure, but to a gentleman of the natural and educational refinement of Mr. Seaton, must afford during the summer months a vast amount of the pleasure that is derived from the contemplation of nature's charms when wooed in her innermost recesses. One would naturally suppose from glancing at a map of the territory in question, or from visiting a small portion of the preserve, that years must be consumed in becoming acquainted with its leading topographical features, and in the main this is probably correct. There are, doubtless, hundreds of lakes and connecting streams within the limits of the Triton Tract that no white man has ever yet seen. From fifty to a hundred lakes are already marked and designated on the club map, apart from rivers, rapids, ponds and purling brooks—and this map, which only covers one-third of Mr. Light's territory, and that part most adjacent to the line of railway, is in large part nothing but a blank. Yet there have already been discovered and made accessible to sportsmen by means of well made connecting portages, etc., trout waters to afford ample sport for hundreds of anglers at one and the same time. Several of the lakes are from one to four and even five miles in length, and would accommodate parties containing scores of anglers. The rivers swarm with trout as well as the lakes, and contain a succession of the most beautiful pools. The remarkable catch of Messrs. McCarthy, Curtis and Dean last July was noted in FOREST AND STREAM at the time. The writer enjoyed splendid sport in many of these waters little less than a week ago, and as proof of the size to which the speckled trout run in them, may instance a catch made by Mr. Seaton in his presence, when three fish killed by him in succession and all in the space of twenty minutes in a pool at the head of one of the rapids of the east branch of the Batiscan—the outlet of Lake Traverse—ran from 3 to 4lbs. each. It may interest anglers to know that all these fish, and indeed the majority of those taken of late on the tract, rose to the Parmachenee belle, the second best killing fly having proved to be the professor, though the queen of the water was also well taken, the color of the water, in view of so much recent rain, being very dark. But Mr. Seaton's catch was as nothing compared with one made on Sept. 19, 1892, by Mr. Light in the outlet of Lake Luna, when in the space of one hour, fourteen trout weighing 45lbs. fell to a single rod.

Indications are not wanting of the great profusion of all kinds of game. State Senator Daniel H. McMillan, of Buffalo, succeeded recently in killing three caribou here, and the writer saw the tracks of several upon some of the portages over which he passed. Moose are frequently met with, and ducks, partridges and small fur-bearing animals are plentiful.

In the handwriting of a well-known New York sportsman I found inscribed just within the entrance of the pretty log camp on Lac Trois Cariboux the following appropriate lines: "This camp is like a river of water in a dry place, like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. God bless the men who built it, and damned be he—with accents loud and deep—whose hand is raised to mar it.' Above the entrance is "the sportsman's lucky bone"—a piece of caribou vertebræ, with the face of a hunter delineated upon the skull-shaped knob next the spinal cavity. Trois Cariboux is a beautiful lake, containing some richly wooded islets, looking quite ablaze in their glorious livery of crimson and gold, tipped with the burnishing rays of a September sun. But one other lake that I visited struck me as being imbedded among more beautiful surrounding than this. The solitary exception was Lake Stonewall Jackson, a crystal gem set in a framework of magnificent mountains, and producing some of the most gaudy-colored trout seen during our trip.

At Skroeder's Station is a comfortable camp house, and others are to be built at various points throughout the tracts. The portages are for the most part short and easily traveled, our Huron guides, two brothers named Maxime and Maurice Sioui, carrying the birch bark canoes and our tents, baggage and provisions over them. They were equally good in camp and in canoe and are capital cooks. Yet all we paid them was $1.25 per day each. The waters through which we passed being less turbulent than those of the rivers flowing into Lake St. John, we took but one guide each. He sat and steered in the stern of the canoe and each of us in our own canoe took charge of the bow paddle when traveling, and fished the pools from the same position. Much inconvenience and previous preparation was avoided by taking our canoes, tents and supplies from the club store at Skroeder's Station. As an instance of the facility with which sport may be obtained close at hand, it may be mentioned that we left Skroeder for the bush at 4 P. M. of the day of our arrival there, after lunching upon partridges shot close by, and when we camped at Lake Caribou at 5:30 P. M., had secured more speckled trout than we and our guides could use for supper, although we had made no less than three portages. There is little doubt that the immense number and size of the *fontinalis* in these waters are largely due to the absence of all members of the pike family and even of the large lake trout, the lunge, touladi or *namaycush*, which in many lakes feeds largely upon its smaller, though prettier and far gamer and more toothsome cousin, *Salmo salvelinus*.

Much of mountain, lake, river and forest scenery of the tract, especially at this season of the sere and yellow leaf of the birch, and of the crimson of the sumach and the maple, with the dark green background of fir-clad mountain is beautiful beyond compare. In its condition of virgin wilderness this territory—if natural attractions count for anything—is one of the most delightful of this highly favored northern land. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Sept. 30.

TARPON AT ST. ANDREWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fishing for tarpon with rod and reel being a sport of such comparatively recent origin, there are doubtless many places in which it might be followed, still unknown to the craft, and when found they should naturally reach the piscatorial public through FOREST AND STREAM.

A dozen years ago it was little known, though specimens had occasionally before then been taken with handlines. The first of which I ever heard was captured near Mississippi City, on the Gulf of Mexico, by Joseph W. Allen, Esq., now of Nashville, Tenn., who then resided in New Orleans. He had a hand-line out baited for shark, and was fishing with a float in 5 or 6ft. of water. This was on Sept. 7, 1858, and the fish when taken was 5ft. 8in. long, some of the scales of which with the date of capture he still retains, and the silver part of the scale is undimmed.

This fish is found in its season doubtless in all suitable places along the Gulf coast from Galveston to Charlotte Harbor, and many places will yet be developed to add to the pleasure of the fraternity. St. Andrews Bay, Florida, is on the northern margin of the Gulf of Mexico, between Pensacola and Apalachicola, and is a most beautiful body of water extending back into the country fifteen or twenty miles, in divisions known as East, West and North Bays. Its width varies from a mile to six or eight miles, and its depth in many parts from 30 to 40ft. The pass or entrance to the bay is about 15 to 17ft. deep, consequently vessels of large size do not enter. It may be reached from Pensacola by schooner, generally twice a week, a distance of 100 miles, or by hack from Chipley, on the L. & N. R. R., by a delightful drive over level sandy roads through the pine woods. The distance by this route is fifty miles, with good hotel accommodations on the way.

Arrived at the town of St. Andrews, board may be obtained of good quality and at moderate rates. Sailing vessels and rowboats, with good, experienced and safe sailors, are there and at prices entirely reasonable. The town has a population of 300 or 400 and some very good supply stores, two or three churches, but no saloons.

Several visits to this place during the winter season enabled me to ascertain that from May until November the tarpon, or as they are here invariably called, the silver-fish, are present in great numbers. They are destructive to seines and a nuisance to hook fishers when angling for trout or mackerel, as they invariably break their tackle if they touch it. No one had fished for them with rod and reel, and no one of the local fishermen believed they could be so taken. There are several small towns on the bay, and the principal industry of the inhabitants is fishing. Mullet, sea trout, Spanish mackerel, bluefish, pompano, and in fact all the fishes native to Florida waters are most abundant. The snapper banks are twelve or fifteen miles outside the pass, where the water is generally ten or twelve fathoms in depth. Oysters are also plentiful and of excellent quality, and from the vast beds of shells found at several points (in some places 10 or 12ft. in depth), the prehistoric man must have understood their food value.

About the middle of May, accompanied by A. B. Ewing and John B. Oliffe, a trip to the above place was projected for the express purpose of catching tarpon. So, supplying ourselves with what was supposed to be the regulation tackle we left on the L. & N. R. R. for Chipley, where the cars were exchanged for a hack and after a pleasant trip of 48 hours from home, found ourselves at the town of St. Andrews.

Securing a small sailing vessel and two rowboats, we visited a part of the bay called the Lagoon, a notch in the bay half a mile wide and running back three or four miles, with the water ranging from shallow up to 20 or 30ft. deep.

Bait was easily obtained, as our sailor with a cast-net could secure enough mullet at two or three throws to last all day. We fished in water 10 or 12ft. deep, and generally a clean or sandy bottom, with ¼ to ½lb. of mullet on the hooks. We had no difficulty in getting strikes, rarely missing a day in having two or three each from tarpon, sometimes hooking one, but oftener having them disgorge the bait, hook and all, after coming up magnificently two or three times. This experience continued during the entire trip of ten days, and we left without the scalp of a single silver fish dangling at our belts.

Many of the fish were apparently over 6ft. in length, and oftentimes the bait was taken quite close to the boats, of which they did not seem to be in fear. Large numbers

of them were seen every day, as they came to the surface, exposing the dorsal fin and part of their silvery sides.

It seemed difficult to understand why some of the fish were not landed, as our lines, rods and hooks were of the best, but we had to record a failure, and went home limping. Being in Nashville shortly after my return I conferred with Benj. B. Allen, Esq., of that city, who is a first-class fisherman and besides had had experience in capturing tarpon at Charlotte Harbor. Our conclusion was that the snoods used, which were only about 1ft. in length, were too short, permitting the fish after swallowing the bait to sever the unprotected line with his jaws, like scissors; and I think this was correct, as the line was invariably cut or broken not far above the snood.

We arranged to try it again, and on July 24 my son and I, accompanied by Mr. Allen, left for the scene of our former failure, reaching the town of St. Andrews on the bay at 12 M. on the 26th. Early in the morning of the 27th we crossed the bay to Red Fish Point, provided with a small schooner, and a small boat and sailor for each of us. One of the sailors with a cast net easily supplied us with bait. We strung out from 100 to 150yds. apart, and anchored in water 10 or 12ft. deep, but near the margin of a much greater depth. All of us had strikes the first day, and after two or three leaps in the air, the same old result would follow, the bait and hook being thrown out with great force, and once or twice with a noise loud enough to be heard at a distance of 100yds. The experience of the first day was repeated on the 28th except that my son had one hooked so fast as to make his capture appear certain, when the line broke and he was lost. This fish kept leaping in the immediate vicinity at intervals for an hour or two afterward, the snood still hanging from his mouth. The last leap came near throwing the fish into a small boat crossing the bay and rowed by a black boy.

On the next day we continued to get strikes and to lose the fish, until late in the evening, my bait was taken and the line began slowly to pay out. Suddenly a leap from a tarpon not more than 40ft. away, coming straight toward the boat with a snood visible in his mouth, followed by another leap in the same direction, brought him within 10ft. of me, when he turned toward the open bay, and I reeled up my line rapidly until I had a steady pull on him. Meantime, Hawk, my sailor, had thrown over the float attached to the anchor line and made steady and rapid pursuit. I kept up the pull without relaxation (except once or twice when the fish changed direction and came toward me) as strong as I thought the tackle would bear, and after towing me toward the middle of the bay which is here a mile wide, the fish began to show signs of weakening, and it was only a question of time when he would give up entirely. The final act in the contest, that of bringing the fish to gaff and getting it into the boat with safety in water 20 or 30ft. deep required skill, coolness and courage, with a fair share of physical strength, all of which Hawk possessed, so when the fish was led alongside by the line the gaff was passed beneath and beyond it so that by a rapid movement upward and toward the boat the point of the gaff entered on the distant and emerged on the near side, having a firm hold near the heart. This movement was continued and brought the brilliant beauty into the boat. This being the first tarpon ever caught in the bay with rod and reel. Hawk gave vent to his joy in a few fearful yells. Time required, thirty minutes; length 5ft. 3in., and weight 93lbs.

We remained until each of us had caught two tarpon, all about the same size, satisfying ourselves and the natives of the village that it could be done.

The tarpon we caught had probably spawned, as none of them had any roe, and on examination, the contents of the stomach showed crabs as the principal food. One day while waiting for a bite, I had my rod in the holder and was eating a watermelon when my line began to run off slowly; in a flash a monster tarpon leaped within 6 or 8ft. of the boat, splashed my end of the little craft with a shower of salt water, wetting me thoroughly, and by the time I could seize the rod made a frantic leap right over the bow of the boat, so close to Hawk as to touch his clothing; another frantic leap followed, the bait was disgorged and the fish was off. This fish must have been full 7ft. in length and was by odds the widest tarpon I ever saw.

There is an element of danger in tarpon fishing that should not be entirely ignored, for if Hawk had occupied his usual seat in the boat when the fish made its leap he would have been struck squarely and undoubtedly with serious consequences. When the prick of the hook is felt, or possibly when the fish realizes something out of the ordinary course from finding the snood in his mouth, a wild craze seems to beset him and no one knows where he will land or what he will do.

Many would suppose that midsummer in Florida would prove to be insufferably hot; but it was otherwise, the sea breeze being so constant as to make the temperature not only bearable, but most of the time pleasant. At night we had no mosquitoes, nor were we troubled with flies in the day time. We made no effort to take the smaller fish, but pompano, mackerel, etc., were seen in schools around us daily, and fine sport could have been had for the trial. Mullet, which seem to be the reliance for life and growth of all the predaceous fish, are in wonderful abundance, and were it not for the destruction by sharks, tarpon, porpoise, etc., as well as by man, the water would be thick with them. As it is, with all the destructive influences at work, their numbers are simply marvelous.

In fishing for tarpon, disappointments are liable to be met with, as the shark inhabits the same waters with the tarpon, competes with him for the same food, so, when you have a bite there is the delightful uncertainty as to what it is, which in case of tarpon is relieved by the invariable habit of leaping out of the water. The mackerel shark generally gives a leap after being hooked, but always comes up in a side curve and not straight, as does the tarpon. Another and disgusting nuisance is the catfish, which damages the bait and destroys its attractiveness, for the tarpon is fastidious and only takes clean, fresh bait. We killed quite a number of sharks, one of which, caught by me, measured 7ft. 5in. in length.

Should any of your readers desire to try St. Andrews or tarpon or smaller fish, full information can be obtained from Capt. L. M. Ware, who resides there, or I will take pleasure in answering any communication on the matter. D. B. CLIFFE.

FRANKLIN, TENN., September.

[As an illustration of the possible danger to be apprehended from the leap of the tarpon as noted by Dr. Cliffe, here is an item which was printed in the New York *Sun* last week: "VELASCO, Texas, Oct. 3.—While a seine was being dragged at Cedar Lake Bay yesterday, a tarpon 5 or 6ft. long jumped over the net, striking a negro in the head and killing him instantly. Another negro was stunned by the shock."]

ANGLING NOTES.

Autumn Fishing.

SPRING and summer is generally considered the halcyon time of the contemplative angler, and the crisp days of autumn are usually given over to recreations with gun and rifle; but there is a golden time just before the rods are put away for winter, and before the guns are fairly warmed for their innings over stubble, that may be considered as a compromise season, that is as charming as any time during the twelve months, and of which few comparatively in the towns know anything about. The summer visitor to the country has returned to the paved streets and brisk walls, and the counter exodus to brown woods and bare fields under gray skies has not fairly begun. This is glorious, radiant October when the great painter nature inaugurates her annual art exhibition and puts on view her choicest and rarest handiwork. It is the time of Indian summer haze, balmy air, azure skies and when the winds blow from the coast of the God Cautantowit over ripened harvests. June is the angler's month in the northern latitudes, but the poetic angler, and what angler is not poetical in his soul? has a claim upon hazy, lazy, dreamy October, which the gunner must share with him. To be sure, at this season trout and salmon no longer claim the angler's attention, for they have other duties to perform at this time besides rising to the fly, but there are other fish than those of the salmon family that are not attending to family duties; and, after all, what particular difference does it make whether fish bite or not if one can only go fishing in October, when the forests are painted and decked to be admired?

I have a friend who is the most indefatigable fisherman that I know, and he fishes to get fish, and will get up before day dawn and fish all day, and repeat day after day as though he never heard that it's "not all of fishing to fish." He went to Europe and I gave him a letter that procured for him salmon fishing on the Tay in Scotland, belonging to the Count of Paris, and when his fishing was over the veteran Scotch river-keeper said that in all his experience he never before saw a man who would cast a salmon fly with an 18ft. greenheart rod from early morning to dewy eve, without ceasing, and repeat the next day. This friend lives where the beauties of our autumn foliage is unknown, and one year we were fishing for black bass in October when the hills were in a blaze of color, and he put his rod down in the boat and lighted a cigar and seated himself in the bow of the boat as though he had come to a play instead to one of the best black bass lakes in the country. I asked if he were ill but he said, "No; but how can a man fish when there is a boquet miles long and miles wide spread out here to be admired." At last his poetic nature had risen above his desire to kill fish, and above thoughts about the market price of cotton. We fished that year until the trees were bare, and we did not get any fish to brag about, either. The next year this inveterate black bass fisherman came North in October to go fishing, at a time when black bass are turning their attention to a long winter's dream in the waters of northern New York; but we went to Canada, and as if to show that October bass fishing when the trees are in fancy dress is not to be despised, we caught more bass than ever before in the same length of time.

But autumn fishing does not consist entirely of looking at the scenery, however beautiful and attractive it may be. A few days ago a gentleman came to the town in which I live, and as he had not seen Lake George he desired to see the famous lake, and a friend went there with him, and they decided to do a little autumn fishing. They had but one day and engaged two boatmen at Katskill Bay, Frank Harris and "Warr" Harris. My friend decided to try for pike, called here pickerel, on the grass, and his friend wished for black bass, so went to rock bottom in deep water. One boat got eleven bass and the other fourteen pike. The largest bass weighed 3lbs., and the largest pike 16¾lbs., and pike from the cold waters of Lake George at this time of the year are very good to eat, as I can assure any one who doubts it. One example of the actual fish taken in autumn fishing is sufficient, for, as I have intimated, the fish may be omitted entirely without destroying the pleasure of a day's fishing in golden October.

Fall Fishing.

As a caption to the preceding note I had written "Fall Fishing," when it occurred to me that it meant something entirely different from what I intended, and therefore I changed it to "Autumn Fishing." There was a time when "fall fishing" was practiced in Lake George, and it consisted of baiting a hook with a mass of earth worms, and then wading out into the lake at the mouth of a brook and casting this ball of worms into the water where it would be taken by young lake trout, locally called "silver trout." This style of fishing is obsolete, and I mention it only to say that the enforcement of the fish laws covering the time of spawning in the lake is alone what has made it obsolete. A. N. CHENEY.

Striped Bass off New York City.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—Striped bass are running very large off Port Morris at present. James Dineen brought in a string of eleven yesterday, the largest being a beauty of 9lbs. 10oz., measuring 32in. Some good catches have been made near Phillips & Cannon's boat house, foot of East 138th street, varying from 1 to 5lbs., the writer having hooked seven on Monday. DRIVE.

The Texas Black Bass Record.

VELASCO, Tex., Oct. 2.—W. M. D. Lee and M. P. Morrissey broke the Sabbath and the black bass fishing record here yesterday, landing 76 in two hours, none under 2lbs., several over 3½. They were taken from a small lake near Velasco. R. McC.

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

POTOMAC NOTES.

TWO GENTLEMEN well known for their enthusiasm in all matters pertaining to fish and fishing called upon us the other day. Mr. Murray, of the House, to show us a pair of ova taken from the large black bass he caught in the Potomac at White's Ferry, just below where the Monocacy empties its waters into the river. The bass weighed 5½lbs. and is said to be the largest taken from the Potomac this season. The ovarian sacs are 2in. long and filled with well-rounded eggs. Mr. M. thought the fish might be thinking about laying the eggs pretty soon, but after looking up the matter in back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM we concluded that these eggs would be carried over till next spring, and that Mr. M. still remains innocent of having killed a spawning bass.

The other gentleman, Mr. William Sterritt, of Galveston, was with Mr. Murray up the river. They took 15 good bass; besides the 5½lbs. one, one of 2½lbs. was taken. Plenty of bass in the Potomac, these gentlemen say—just go and pull them out.

At McQuade's, Potomac below the Great Falls, a party caught 31 bass during one of the last days of September.

Mr. Sterritt claims that after a siege of muddy water the better is the fishing, and the longer the muddy spell lasts the better. He went up the river after a wet spell this summer and caught a fine lot of good fat fish. Mr. S. believes from what he has observed that the fish feed greedily during the muddy stages of the water.

Mr. Murray and some friends are going to Cedar Creek, lower Potomac, soon for white perch fishing. Great sport is to be had with very light tackle, using hackles and bumble bees.

Mr. Jesse Sarvis, of Washington, came up from Old Point recently with a party of gentlemen, who took the boat at Point Lookout where they had been fishing with great success for what they called salmon trout. We supposed, of course, that they were the black spotted weakfish or salt water trout of that region, but Sterritt holds that from the description Sarvis gives, they were some other fish. At Galveston the plain weakfish are known as sand trout, the spotted form as trout. The best bait for them in Galveston Bay is shrimp. *Fide* Sterritt.

From a newspaper we learn that pompano have been caught recently in the Baltimore harbor, or not far below Baltimore. In the lower Potomac perch and striped bass (rockfish) are thicker than fleas on a dog's back. There is a theory, and a plausible one, for the presence of so many fish in the fresh water and brackish estuaries. It is claimed by some that the butcher of the sea, the bluefish, drives them in. BART.

Does Freezing Kill Fish?

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few years af ago I wrote you an article under the caption of "Winter Killed Fish," which met with cavil from some persons who affected to speak *ex cathedra*. The position I then took is fully sustained by the results of practical experiments made at New Haven, as set forth in the subjoined statement published recently in the New Haven *Register:*

A number of live perch were secured and placed in water at the ice manufactory, and the water was put in the process of crystallization. It requires about 60 hours to freeze a cake of ice, and during this time the fish were watched to ascertain the effect of the intense cold which surrounded them. They kept alive and continued to swim in the water until their confines were so narrowed that they had no space in which to move.

The ice in its freezing process begins at the outside and freezes toward the center, so the space in which the fish had their liberty was gradually narrowed down until the fish were incased and the water around them frozen, pinioning them tightly in its fold.

Each fish when the cake was completed was as natural as life, its fins and tail being spread as they were while in the act of swimming. The cake of ice containing the fish was placed on exhibition, and numerous bets involving several hundred dollars were made as to the outcome of the experiment.

The cake was left intact for a day or so and then cut open and the fish taken out and placed in water. They were left for some time, and of the five fishes which were originally put in the cake none of them exhibited a return to life so far as can be definitely determined except one, and whether this one was indeed alive is open to conjecture.

Of course I am pleased to be vindicated by testimony so authentic, and hope you will print.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Dynamite is Dangerous.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On Friday, Aug. 18, one David Christian, a day laborer, living one mile east of Lynn, Pa., was killing fish by the use of dynamite, in the deep pools along the Meshoppen creek. Christian fixed his cartridges and lighted the fuse and held it in his hands while waiting for a companion to bunch the fish by splashing stones in the water. Waiting too long, the thing exploded while yet in his hands, blowing both entirely away above the wrists and leaving the flesh from the elbows down hanging in shreds. One eye was blown out and other parts of his body badly burned. The quantity of dynamite used was small, else the man would have been blown to atoms. The following morning both arms were amputated just below the elbows. At present he is out around the neighborhood. The man has a wife and two children now in destitute circumstances. BON AMI.

Striped Bass in the Raritan.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Oct. 4.—Striped bass have been biting finely in the Raritan River since last Sunday, strings of ten to forty being taken. Snappers of 8 to 11in. in length are caught in great numbers at the C. R. R. drawbridge. J. L. K.

To the World's Fair.

All roads lead to—Chicago; at least they will this summer, and will continue to until next November. But, then, there's a great difference in roads. Some people with time hanging heavily on their hands, and unthoughtful of the comforts and conveniences of travel, may say: "Any road so that we get there." To such we have nothing to say, but address ourselves to the wide-awake business folks who have a true estimate of the commercial value of time, an adequate appreciation of the conveniences of modern methods of travel in their highest development, and are capable of knowing a good thing when they see it. To such is commended the admirable route via the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. The "Central's" four-track, stone-ballast road-bed, insuring almost perfect smoothness of motion; its superb equipment in most approved and improved rolling stock; its admirable service rendered by trustworthy and obliging attachés; its maximum of speed combined with minimum of risk, its route through so many great centers of population, and so much of scenic attractions; all justify its claim of being the route par excellence to "The White City." Take the New York Central and be happy.—*Adv.*

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

FOREST AND STREAM'S nook in the Anglers' Pavilion of the Fisheries Building is a gathering point of people from all parts of the continent who love the woods and streams. It holds a place in their affection, an affection which comes from friendly appreciation and esteem. Sometimes the visitors, gentlemen and ladies, come into the exhibit by twos or threes, and sometimes there is hardly room to hold the large number who enter at one time. Such exclamations as "Why, here's FOREST AND STREAM!" "This is FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit!" "That's FOREST AND STREAM'S big fish I told you about!" are common. Then follow chatty reminiscences, pleasantly told, of the good FOREST AND STREAM has brought and brings to them weekly. All have some kindly remembrance. One has been a subscriber ten years, or since it was published, another would not be without it, while others appreciate it for its earnest efforts in game protection, or for the manly sports of land and water, and rod and gun. All praise its high literary excellence, impartiality, justness and ability. Strange as it may seem, there are many ladies who appreciate FOREST AND STREAM too, from the practical standpoint of sportsmanship. That is, they are devotees of the rod or gun themselves. Many more ladies than are known of now indulge in the gentle art of angling. They take outings with husbands or family parties, and enjoy the sports of gun and rod with quite as much or even more zest than the gentlemen do. They display more enthusiasm in their descriptions of fishing or hunting events, seemingly living them over again in the telling. And what were really more lasting and beneficial than the pleasant memories were the color of health on the cheeks, the bright eyes, active minds and elastic step, which they brought with them from the woods and waters.

The visitors come from everywhere. In the past week FOREST AND STREAM'S register has addresses of people from Iowa, Ohio, Michigan, Mississippi, Vermont, Missouri, Ontario, Manitoba, Pennsylvania, New York, Kentucky, Michigan, Nebraska, District of Columbia, Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Texas, Alabama, Maryland, Louisiana, Kansas, Florida, Michigan, Massachusetts, Indiana, New Jersey, Dakota, North Carolina, Nova Scotia, Canada, Maine, Rhode Island, California, Connecticut, Minnesota, Delaware, Virginia, Montana, Illinois, British Columbia, Arkansas, Colorado and Oregon. An enumeration of the cities would require too much space, and the names would fill a large part of the paper.

It would be pleasure indeed to mention all the visitors who have called and said pleasant things of FOREST AND STREAM. Space will not permit more than a brief mention of a few of them.

Mr. Edward Brooks, President of the New England Kennel Club, called on Friday, and told of some good fishing he had while in the West. He regretted that the West had not shown more interest in the A. K. C. meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mackey and son, of Philadelphia, arrived in Chicago at 11 o'clock Thursday, and called at FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit on the same day.

Mr. J. H. Rushton, famous throughout the land as a maker of canoes, called on Thursday.

Hon. H. S. Haskell and wife, of Derby Line, Va., left their autograph on FOREST AND STREAM'S register.

A pleasant talk over beagle prospects was had with Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh, Wis., President of the N. W. Beagle Club, during the short time he remained in the exhibit.

Fishing formed a charming topic of conversation during the stay of Mr. Charles W. Walker, of Fairmont, W. Va. He mentioned that Mr. W. H. Hall, of the same town, had assured him that catfish in a stream thereabouts would take the fly. I mentioned this incident to Col. Hough, who is something of a fish gladiator, and he treated it as being commonplace. "Why," said he, "down in Arkansaw there is a stream in which the catfish will rise regularly to the fly, and they practice rising when there aren't any, so that they can rise correctly when there are flies. Those catfish, too, sometimes rise on a fence and mew." I presume there must be yeast in those waters.

Mr. C. H. Birdsall, of Scranton, Pa., admires FOREST AND STREAM, of which he is a regular reader, for the great work it has done and is doing in the cause of game protection. Its wisdom, he says, was shown in its warnings, many years ago, of the extermination of the buffalo, and in its energetic efforts to save the noble animals from destruction.

Messrs. J. Thompson and J. P. Anderson, of Carberry, Manitoba, reported an abundant moose crop near Selkirk, and that several had been seen near Carberry. They admired FOREST AND STREAM'S energy and enterprise.

Messrs. S. C. Pirie and J. T. Pirie, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y., were enthusiastic in their appreciation of FOREST AND STREAM. They admired the numerous pictures. Their remarks showed that they keenly appreciated the beautiful in nature and the higher requirements of sportsmanship. The enlarged photograph of a dog on point claimed their special attention and recalled pleasant reminiscences.

Mr. Hough has many admirers every day, but were he a good modern dog man I feel sure he would have more of them. His ideas that a setter should hunt birds industriously and point them for the hunter to shoot are behind the times. I note the following on the register, Sept. 29; "J. B. Evans, Steubenville, O. To the FOREST AND STREAM, the sportsman's journal: Sorry not to have met Mr. Hough. His letters to FOREST AND STREAM are A1." There seems to be a current of opinion, about 3,000 miles wide, that Mr. Hough is a writer of the first flight.

Mr. Frederick R. Shattuck, Jr., of Boston, made a short visit on Thursday, Sept. 29.

Mr. Claude E. Mellen, of Dallas, Tex., is full of enthusiasm over a prospective hunting trip through Texas on his way to California next December. He takes six months each year for hunting. He thought of purchasing a launch at the World's Fair and going to Florida for the winter, but changed his mind. His love for the rod and gun never, he says, diminishes.

Mr. Waldo P. Kennard, of Boston, recently arrived from the Old World, where he has been wandering for the better part of two years, called in one day and was anxious to get back numbers of FOREST AND STREAM for three or four weeks. In Italy and England he had seen much shooting, his last experience in England afield being battue shooting, of which he had not a favorable impression as compared with sport with dog and gun. He was contemplating shooting over a spaniel in the future when after birds.

Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, of Megantic Club fame, left his autograph on the register.

Mr. H. Olsen, Adlesund, Norway, showed an interest in FOREST AND STREAM by calling and leaving his autograph.

Mr. A. F. Young, Escanaba, Mich., patriarchal in appearance but as sprightly of mind and full of enthusiasm in his devotion to rod and reel as a youngster, made us several calls, in which he reeled off most delightful reminiscences of fishing.

Mr. E. Wilder and wife, of Red Wing, Minn., specially admired the big tarpon caught by Mrs. Geo. T. Stagg, said tarpon apparently having a world-wide reputation, inasmuch as the people from all parts of the world, who stop and gaze upon its long stretch of 7ft. 3in., as it lies across the back of the case which incloses it, seem to have heard of it before. The winters of eighty years have whitened the beard of Mr. Wilder, but he was as erect, alert and active in mind as a youngster of twenty. He, too, was a tarpon fisherman, and he had a charming way of relating his experiences and describing the habits of the fish and manner of taking them. He is one of the men who bring sunshine with them.

Mr. A. C. Shallenberger, of Alma, Neb., stopped twice at the exhibit, and in his pleasant manner, discussed the events of the day.

The big tarpon caught by Mrs. Stagg, had a witness in Mr. Jas. M. Raleigh, of St. Augustine, Fla., who left his autograph on the register. He knew of it by personal observation at the time of the battle, if I remember his description of the occurrence correctly.

Mr. F. H. Beall, of Linwood, N. C., discussed the field trial prospects. He will start a dog or two in one or two of the field trials. The writer is the recipient of a kind invitation, to shoot with him in December after the trials. He says he has only a dozen dogs or so.

Mr. Chas. Kinney and wife, of Columbus, Ohio, whiled away some short moments by relating incidents of Mrs. Stagg's prowess with rod and reel. They had been at the fishing resorts in the North, where Mrs. Stagg, too, had sojourned. Mrs. Kinney described her as being perfectly fearless of the biggest fish or roughest water, and her skill in manipulating the rod and reel was that of the finished expert.

Mr. E. S. Nowotny, of Odell, Ill., member of the executive committe of the A. F. T. C., talked for a few minutes about field trials and shooting. The chicken crop, he said, was very meagre, and made still more so by illegal shooting. The dry summer checked the growth of vegetation so much, that the wheat stubbles have no weeds. Consequently, all the shooting is in corn. A dog is useless save as a retriever. Mr. Nowotny thinks of moving to Oregon or Washington.

Mr. W. H. H. Comstock, of New London, Conn., put his autograph on the register and mentioned incidentally that he had taken the paper ever since it was published. It took him some moments to realize that I was a dog man in the Fisheries Building.

These are but a few of the names. More next week.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—Brunswick Fur Club field trials, at North Acton, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE OTTAWA SHOW.

[*From a Special Correspondent.*]

OTTAWA, Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fifth annual dog show held in connection with the Central Canada Fair was not the success it has been in other times, owing, no doubt, to the want of proper advertising. The number of entries was not as large and the quality not as good. Mr. Geddes was superintendent and he was ably assisted by the committee, H. Kirby, chairman, F. H. Cunningham, W. H. Middleton, L. N. Bate, F. P. Robson, Dr. S. Davidson, A. J. Grant, F. McLean and J. Walters. W. G. Gilpin was the vet. and attended strictly to his duties. The building was well lighted and ventilated, with a large yard for exercising. Spratts food was used, with Sanitas for disinfecting. The place was kept neat and clean, at all times free from bad odors. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellsville, judged all classes and his awards gave satisfaction as a general thing, but, of course, the chronic grumbler is not dead yet. The judge's work was rendered quite easy, owing to the perfect arrangement by secretary and superintendent, Mr. Alfred Geddes, ably assisted by the stewards. The catalogue showed 136 dogs, with a few absent.

Among the visiting fanciers I noticed Messrs. A. A. MacDonald, F. Lyndon and John Bennett, Toronto; C. H. Corbett, Kingston; Philip Hart, Belleville; F. S. Wetheral, Compton; W. J. Tulk, Hamilton.

MASTIFFS.—Only two were shown. Attraction, first in challenge class, is not at all attractive, light eye, and fiddle headed, a very fair mover, but how he ever got in the challenge class is a mystery. Grimsby Caution, first in dogs, although a small dog, is much better than the challenge class winner; light eye, head and expression good; mask too light and wrinkle wanting, a good moving little dog.

ROUGH ST. BERNARDS brought out two dogs. Lord Aberdeon absent, let Sir John have a walkover; he is a black, brindle and white, nearly black but still he does show some brindle; shown much too light; which makes him appear more leggy than if shown with more flesh; light in head, weak in muzzle, ear too large, marking and expression good, and a nice mover. Bitches (5), Miss Benmore absent; Mr. Philip Hart's Queen Vic first, fairly smothered her opponents; she has a grand body, color and markings good, fine mover, but too light in head. Maypole, second, bad in head and very leggy. Stiva, third, not right in head, shown heavy in whelp, should have been left at home. Bridget, c., bad in head, short in body very common.

GREYHOUNDS.—Dogs (3). Lord Torrington, first, a very nice headed dog, eye too full, mouth not level, does not stand just right in front, bone rather light, neck and feet good, body fair, loin not right, quarter fair, lacks in second thigh, has been sick and was shown too thin. Justinian was beaten by age for first, all gone in mouth, showing age. Edgewood, third, common in head, snipy muzzle, skull round and heavy, good neck, shoulders loaded, good bone and front, a little weak in pasterns, good body and outline, also loin, quarter fair, lacks in second thigh. Bitches (5). Jetsam, first, shown too fat and soft; she is gray and mouth gone, a good bitch that should be retired now before she is beaten by age. Bed of Stone, second, small, nice outline, fair head and neck, front good, shoulders getting thick, bone, feet and chest good, rather flat sided, does not stand over enough ground, hocks too high, quarter fair. Meda, third, like her brother is common in head, neck, front and shoulders good, weak in pastern, body and loin good, quarters fair, lacks in second thigh. Galatea, vhc., is not nearly as good as when shown at Kingston, 1890. Pee Dee Qu, c., is light and common all through.

DEERHOUNDS.—Prince first, the only entry; a big common dog, badly overshot; should live on the seashore, as his mouth is just right to scoop clams out of the shell.

BEAGLES.—Dogs (2). Bob Krueger, first, is quite a good little dog, muzzle light and skull too round, ears a bit short, good body, feet and legs, coat scant, but good texture, stern carried like his sire's, rather too gaily. Friar Tuck, second, is not so good in head, ear too short, light in bone and high on leg, stern bad, coat scant and soft. Bitches—Effie, first, is too toyish, head fair, very cobby, good body, chest and coat, nice ear well hung.

GREAT DANES.—Minerva's Fawn, alone in challenge class, is well known; she was shown in splendid condition. Dogs, open class (3)—Royal Minor, first, is dish-faced and lacks character in head, neck too heavy, wide in front, good bone, feet too long, body good, but too long cast, stern carried too gaily; a nice mover. Royal Major, second, better in head than the first prize winner, but has same faults, and is very throaty, better bone, front and feet, but light in body and not deep enough in brisket, stern coarse. Rex, third, is very common all over, just an Uncle Tom's Cabin dog. Bitches—Ruth, first, head a good type, very throaty, short in neck and wide in front, good bone, fair body; shown too fat. Juna, second, small and light all through, but a fair type. Melina, third, is weak in head, heavy ear, lacks quality.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Lady Howard, first, is very small, but quite a good one.

IRISH SETTERS.—Dogs—Toronto Jim, first; his head lacks Irish type, ear too heavy, coat not right and feather scant; small, but quite a good one back of the head, but a trifle long cast. Bitches—Madcap II., first, is a little out at elbows and ribs not well sprung. She beats Mollie, second, in coat, color, expression, bone and feet. Madcap was shown in beautiful shape, while Mollie acted sick, dull and listless. It was impossible for her handler to get a move on her, although he showed her for all she was worth. Her head is best, but plain, her feet not right and tail short.

GORDON SETTERS.—Mount Royal Wanda first, a nicely formed one; good coat and markings, but too round in body. Floss, second, tan is too light; has good head, legs and feet. Both are fine, stylish movers.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Only one shown, Dan Rice, first; a little heavy in head, coat very fair; body, feet, legs and stern fair, topknot lacking.

CLUMBERS were not the fine lot usually shown in Ottawa. Darby, first in challenge class, is better in coat than at Toronto. His head is not right, in fact, none are right now. Quester, first in dogs, I thought much better than the Toronto winner, Rake II. Quester is light in eye and he is not large enough; coat and condition excellent. Grouse, third, is high on leg, eye light, weak in head, color good, ear well shaped, bone and feet fair; coat too open.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Queen, first in challenge bitches, a good, well built bitch; good head, legs and feet; ears well set, but not shown in good condition. Open dogs, Corktown Cupid first; head and muzzle fair; ears good length, but set too high; loin good, but too short coupled for a field spaniel; throaty, good bone, feet bad, too wide in front. Nig, second, has a cocker head; he is small, but a good mover, just the kind that could win a few years ago in the cocker class; long and low; not right in front, bone good, feet open, coat harsh. Workman, third, is good in head and ear; not right in muzzle, a grand body. Bitches—Dot Smirle is neither a field nor cocker spaniel, but wins in both classes; a nice mover; coat and condition good; a bit flat-sided and short in coupling, bone good, feet open, ears of good length and well set on. Mona, second, shows cocker type; rather short in ear, good bone, but crooked in front and feet open; coat, loin and body good.

COCKERS.—The well-known and often described Red Roland won; he was looking well but appears coarse. Open dogs, Chancellor, first, is too full in eye and is undershot, ears short but well set, skull too wide, too wide in front, feet open, a nice mover, loin not yet well developed. Roy and Ajax I could not find on bench when taking notes, but I remember that Ajax was a field spaniel pure and simple. Bitches, Doris, first, was shown quite heavy in whelp, and would not move well; too long and wedgy in head, skull not right, ears well set, but too short, bone and feet good, coat a bit harsh, a little flat-sided and not clean-throated. Raven Cryo, second, muzzle weak, ears short, too long in head, bone good, feet open, loin fair, well ribbed, a bad mover. Carrie, vhc., ears too short, muzzle and skull good but too heavy, expression bad, crooked in front, body and loin good; a very fair bitch but rather small. Rideau Reine, third, is a very good one, but shown much too fat; muzzle, skull, ears and eyes good, also bone, body, loin and action; feet open. Dogs, other than black—Red Obo, first, is a fine little cocker, a bit small, but of great quality, nice in head and eye, a bit small but of great quality, nice in head and eye, a bit undershot, too wide in front, feet open, loin and body good, a cobby little cocker and a nice mover. Hamilton Jack, second, is wide in skull and weak in muzzle, bone light, nice eye and ear; body and loin good. Sunlight, third, an active little dog, muzzle wrong, undershot, skull and ear good, also bone and feet, loin light, quarters good, eye too full. Red Justice, vhc., good in body, bone and loin, a workmanlike dog, head too heavy but expression good, undershot, a nice mover. Red Star, vhc., is poor in head and bad behind. Russet, hc., weak in head and high on leg. Bitches, other than black—Rideau Robina, first, too long in head, ears not set right nor long enough, front and bone good, ribs well sprung, feet open, loin good. Raglan Russette, second, skull well made, but heavy, weak muzzle or pinched in face; expression, bone and feet good, body fair, quarters good. Tonita, third, an old-style liver and white with nicely chiseled head, good front, feet and bone, just a little high on leg, loin and body good. Hamilton Jill, hc., toy head and too small. Caper, hc., muzzle snipy, eye too prominent, body and bone fair. Gypsy Queen, hc., weak in head and short in ear. Selling class—Rideau Rhea, first, has head of a field spaniel type, ears very good, eyes and expression fine, bad in front, but a fair mover. Mollie, second, muzzle not right, elbows out, eye and ear good, seet fair, loin good.

COLLIES.—Jack first; head coarse and ears not well carried, body too long and chest shallow, loin fair and coat of good

texture. Homer, second, is not a good type; coat soft and no undercoat, he is leggy, stern well carried. Bruce, third, is not at all a good one. In bitches Auchairnie Judie won first; quite a good type with a fair head, body and loin good, overcoat of good texture, but no undercoat. Otterburn Lassie, second, not at all a good one.

BULLDOGS.—Lady Winnie, first, is not a showy bitch, she is well out at elbows, is plain in face, body and legs fair.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Slick, first, has butterfly nose, is thick in skull and weak in jaw, stands on good legs, bone and loin good, stern carried too gayly and is sandpapered too much. The well-known Vesper Bell was alone and won in bitches; she is quite a good one.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Blemton Trump won in challenge class; he is a bit coarse, but a good one that has been greatly underrated; he also won special for best smooth fox-terrier. Tom Tom, first, has good coat, legs and feet, but his ear is heavy and skull thick, shoulders bad. Tallyho, second, is a nicely marked, stylish little dog, mouth not level, body and coat quite good, a very stylish dog. Calchas, third, is quite thick in skull and heavy in shoulders, but still a fair dog. In bitches Stardale Belle was first; a nice little bitch, but weak in face, eye too full, ears good, mouth not level, wide in front, bone light, a good mover, body, coat and loin good. Vixie second; mouth not level, skull thick, ears well carried, but heavy, body and loin good, feet open, coat of good texture, an active, stylish terrier. Policy, third, not level-jawed, head not right, heavy in ear, coat soft, body and loin good. Cambridge Girl is very common.

In wire-hairs Undercliffe Cornet won; coat good but too much of it, a large dog with good head and jaw, bone and feet good. Compton Venom, second, is a good puppy, not deep enough in chest nor just right in front, good coat, bone and shoulders. He was closely pressed by Dark Eye, who loses in front and hocks, his ears, coat and expression being good. Tinderbox, hc., not right in front and head. Compton Bruiser is round in skull and light in body, his ears are not right. Marksman is not a good one in any particular. In bitches Bonet won first, ears not well carried, muzzle light, also light in bone, loin and body good, quarters fair.

IRISH TERRIERS.—Carleton Blarney, first, is much too large and a bit light in bone, head rather heavy, but he has a good front and expression, he is a little too long cast, and ribs could be better sprung. Carleton Pat, second, is also too large, and his head is heavy, coat good, front and body good. Canadian Ambassador, not improved on his Elmira form, is of good size, but he is weak in muzzle and thick in skull, good bone and front, feet not just right, ear too large. Jack, vhc., is light in bone and wide in front, weak in head, elbows out, good in body, coat and loin. Jack, hc., a bad 'un." Bitches: Ballymoney, first, is a very good type, she is a bit cheeky, and head is not just right, front and feet good, bone a little small, body very good, coat all gone but texture good. Bissie, second, should have changed places with Biddy Flynn third, but both lack in type and character.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—Only one shown, Compton Belle, 1st, quite a good little bitch, but not a flyer.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—Stadacoma, first, is too large, and his skull is heavy; feet, bone, body and loin good, stern a little coarse, tan smutty and markings poor. Vortex, second, is worse than the first prize winner in size, skull too wide, stands good in front, but feet are bad, body and bone fair, rather long cast and stern coarse, tan smutty, markings bad. Darkie, third, uncropped, ears large enough for boat sails, Roman-nosed, but head is really better than the rest of the class, bone good but not just straight in front, well ribbed, stern coarse.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Four entries, but I could not find them when taking notes. They were common. Bitches: Mona, first, won just by a hair, as she showed herself well, she is a bit weak in muzzle, good bone, front, feet and stern. Tan good but lacks thumb marks. Rochelle Majestic is small but neat, she is in whelp and when in the ring appeared soft and listless, teeth not level and eye a bit full, good drop ears, nice front, good bone and feet, but one is a squaw foot, markings first-class.

TOY SPANIELS.—In challenge class the well known Toronto Royal Duke was alone and won. In open dogs Bleu, first, is a good cobby dog but shown too fat, good in head and markings, ears not well feathered. Bijou, a Blenheim, and Romeo, a Prince Charles, are both too long in muzzle. Bitches—Ruby, also well known, won well over Yum Yum II., who is small and a little pet; her ears lack feather. Sulby Glen III., fair in head and muzzle, good coat and color, but it should not be ticked. The others are all too long in muzzle.

PUGS.—Two poor ones shown; first prize withheld and second given to Sport, who is best in body. First in bitches also withheld. Cherub won second; she is not a good one.

DACHSHUNDS.—Frida, first, weak in muzzle, wide in skull, body too short, crook not right. Hulda, second, is better than Frida in color and style but has same faults.

BEDLINGTONS.—Tibbie, the winner, is not first class, out of coat and what she has is linty; her head is also heavy.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. Falconer's Attraction.—OPEN—*Dogs:* W. D. Forbes's Grimsby Caution.

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Fred. Hatch's Sir John. *Bitches:* 1st, Philip Hart's Queen Vic; 2d, M. M. Fenwick's Maypole; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Stivia. Com., Robert McNair's Bridget.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Barker's Lord Torrington; 2d, J. W. Wurtele's Justinian; 3d, L. N. Bate's Edgewood. *Bitches:* 1st, J. W. Wurtele's Jetsam; 2d, Shirley Stewart's Bed of Stone; equal 3d, Hamilton Greyhound Kennels' Pee-Dee-Qu and L. N. Bate's Meda. Very high com., L. N. Bate's Galatea.

DEERHOUNDS.—1st, Dr. L. Duhamel's Prince.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. P. Robson's Bob, Krueger and Friar Tuck. *Bitches:* 1st, F. P. Robson's Elfie.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Minerva's Fawn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Royal Minor and Royal Major; 3d, Jean B. Duhamel's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, H. P. Breay's Ruth; 2d, Dr. Hurdman's Juna; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Melina.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Apted's Toronto Jim. *Bitches:* 1st, C. H. Corbett's Madcap II.; 2d, Douglas & Chambers's Mollie.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Mount Royal Wanda and Mount Royal Floss.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, T. A. Carson's Dan Rice.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, G. Bogue Smart's Darby.—OPEN—1st, W. H. Middleton's Quester; 2d, W. A. Fleming's Rake II.; 3d, J. T. Bartram's Grouse.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. A. Spracklin's Queen.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Corktown Kennels' Corktown Cupid; 2d and 3d, J. A. Spracklin's Nig and Workman.—OVER 28LBS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Corktown Kennels' Dot Smirle; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Mona.

COCKER SPANIELS.—NOT LESS THAN 18 OR OVER 28LBS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Roland.—BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Raven Cocker Kennels' Chancellor; 2d, F. H. Cunningham's Ajax; 3d, H. Hartnett's Rav. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Raven Cocker Kennels' Doris and Raven Cryo; 3d, A. Laidlaw's Rideau Reine. Very high com., F. H. Cunningham's Corrie.—OTHER THAN BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. McK. Robertson's Red Obo; 2d, T. Clappison's Hamilton Jack; 3d, Raven Cocker Kennels' Sunlight. Very high com., Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Star and F. Flynn's Red Justice. High com, W. B. Palmer's Sturdy, and W. C. Niblett's Russett. Com., H. Quinn's Kip *Bitches:* 1st, A. F. Grant's Rideau Robina; 2d, J. G. Mitchener's Raglan Russette; 3d, A. Laidlaw's Tonita. High com., T. Clappison's Hamilton Jill, J. S. Allen's Caper and W. C. Niblett's Gipsy Queen.—SELLING CLASS—1st, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Rhea; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Mollie; 3d, F. H. Cunningham's Ajax.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Daubney's Jack; 2d, C. D. Fripp's Homer; 3d, W. G. Larmouth's Bruce. *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Auchairnie Judie; 2d, V. Moyle's Otterburn Lassie.

BULLDOGS.—1st, A. D. Stewart's Lady Winnie.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, B. Guimond's Slick. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Hammall's Vesper Bell.

OX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—1st, A. A. Macdonald's Blemton Trump.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Clover Hill Kennels' Tom-Tom; 2d, Brodie & Lyndon's Tally Ho; 3d, A. A. Macdonald's Calchas. *Bitches:* 1st, J. C. Bennett's Stardale Belle; 2d, A. A. Macdonald's Vixie; 3d, A. D. Stewart's Policy. High com., Clover Hill Kennels' Cambridge Girl.—SELLING CLASS—1st, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Rosebud.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com, A. D. Stewart's Undercliffe Cornet and Marksman; 2d and high com. (2), Compton Kennels' Compton Venom, Compton Bruiser and Tinder Box; 3d, A. A. Macdonald's Dark Eye. *Bitches:* 1st, Compton Kennels' Bonnet.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. N. Bate's Carleton Blarney; 2d, A. Geddes's Carleton Pat; 3d, J. B. McLean's The Canadian Ambassador. Very high com., R. Northcote's Jack. High com., R. Kirby's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Geddes's Ballymoney; 2d and 3d, R. J. Graveley's Bessie G. and Biddy Flynn.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—1st, Compton Kennels' Compton Belle.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. McLean's Stadacona; 2d, J. Walters's Vortex; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Darkie. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Geddes's Mona; 2d, F. McLean's Rochelle Majestic.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Mrs. J. A. Pitt's Little Pop and Bill Nye. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Mrs. J. A. Pitt's Baby Bunting and Minnie.

TOY SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. Trebilcock's Royal Toronto Duke.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, E. Bradford's Bleu, Bijou and Romeo. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Trebilcock's Ruby; 2d, reserve, very high com. and high com., E. Bradford's Yum Yum, Belle, Topsy and Minnie; 3d, J. Gordon's Sulby Glen.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* Equal 2d, M. Bennett's Jack and Sport. *Bitches:* 2d, H. Falconer's Cherub.

DACHSHUNDS—1st and 2d, C. W. Ricketts's Frida and Hulda.

MISCELLANEOUS (Not over 30lbs.)—1st, Mount Royal Kennels Tibbie.

Special prizes for best: St. Bernard, Queen Bess; greyhound, Jetsam; cocker, Red Obo; Irish terrier dog, Carleton Blarney; Irish terrier bitch, Ballymoney: black and tan terrier dog, Stadacoma; black and tan terrier bitch, Mona; Yorkshire terrier, Baby Bunting; brace fox-terriers, A. A. McDonald and Compton Kennels divided; fox-terrier, Blemton Trump.

MINNEAPOLIS DOG SHOW.

THE first bench show of the Minneapolis Kennel Club, held in connection with the Minneapolis Industrial Exposition, on Oct. 3 to 7, four days, was far from being a success. That it was not can be attributed to the mismanagement which comes from inexperience in bench show matters on the part of those having it in charge. The preliminary arrangements which the secretary had in charge had not received much attention, that is, beyond the mere announcement of the dates and the sending out of a few circulars nothing of an energetic character had been done to secure a good entry. As to the mere routine details of running the show, the same inattention was observed as in other matters. There were no catalogues, thus there were no means of identifying dogs or learning their pedigrees and ownership without the most troublesome inquiry. There was no bulletin board to announce when the judging would begin or what were the winnings of the dogs. There were no books for the judges in which to record their awards. In short, the management was much as it happened and it was most primitive in every detail. Had the show been a large one there would have been inextricable confusion and irritation. No management could well be more inefficient or inattentive to preliminaries.

All information was inclosed between the covers of the secretary's book, a narrow memorandum book of pocket size, modest in cost, which contained merely the owners' names and addresses and the names of their dogs. It served in its way a multiplicity of purposes. It was a reference book for the ring steward, but as it had the names of the dogs without also having their numbers, it was an imperfect reference book for him. The omission was remedied by a dog to dog inquiry for numbers as the classes were brought into the ring.

The same little book served for the judges to record their awards in.

It served, too, for a reference volume for the reporters.

In the matter of breeder or pedigrees, it was necessary, however, to refer to the original entry forms, which were in a loose pile conveniently at hand. That undignified little book was in demand.

As the records grew with the judging, the little book grew in popularity. It was then needed constantly by the secretary, the ring steward, the judges and the reporters. Sometimes all wanted it at the same time, other times but two or three wanted it. Had the little book been lost, the gathering, for a while at least, would have been purely informal. That little book preserved the formality and the dignity and the usage. It was the keystone. It was all there was between order and chaos.

At other shows, which follow what is considered the proper procedure, there are two special books made out alike for each judge and his steward, that is, a like book for each. Each book contains duplicate lists of the numbers of the competitors in a class. Then the judge and steward have everything in their own hands and can work intelligently, independently and quickly. There is no need of the secretary to be on hand to manage the classes by painful reference to the records. When the judge enters his awards in his book the steward quickly copies them into his own book in duplicate lists. He tears out one list, which at most shows is tacked to the wall in a convenient place for the information of the press or public. Often in addition a bulletin board is placed in the ring. On it the awards and numbers of the dogs are marked as the classes are judged. Thus the judge has uninterrupted possession of his book, the steward has his own book, the public gets the information promptly and systematically, and the secretary is free to attend to the other duties which are in direct connection with other interests of the show. Concentrate all the records and routine business in one little memorandum book, and the book then simply becomes a big monument to awkward management.

There being no catalogue the public had no fixed data to refer to. The floating gossip or what was visible to the eye made to them all the particulars of the show. They were not educated in what makes up a show or what a well conducted show really is.

There were about 75 dogs in the competition, of which the beagles, greyhounds, pointers and setters were the only classes noticeable for merit above the ordinary, and their classes were not well filled. Minneapolis being in the midst of the great game bird section of America ought to have shown a magnificent collection of setters and pointers.

The dogs were benched comfortably on wooden benches in a corner of the first floor of the Exposition Building. Spaces two or three inches wide were left between the boards on the sides and back of the stalls, which greatly relieved the heavy appearance of this benching as compared with the solid board benching commonly used, and it afforded better ventilation and light to the occupants. The show was kept sweet and clean, which was not a difficult matter considering the few dogs and the small space occupied by them. Yet as a mere local show it was quite a fair one.

Mr. John Davidson judged the sporting classes. Mr. Gustav Hansen, of Osceola Mills, Wis., a gentleman famous as a dog breeder and owner, and also as a fisheulturist, judged all other classes. *En passant*, it may be mentioned that in the fish exhibit in connection with the exposition, there were many small and large trout which were furnished by Mr. Hansen.

The judges were ready to begin their task on Tuesday, the first day of the show, but the management did not have the classes ready for them; therefore, the judging was postponed to the following day, when it was begun shortly after 10 o'clock A. M. and was finished in the afternoon.

Mr. H. E. McCullough was superintendent. Mr. H. Y. Van Dusen, the secretary, attended to the general management of the show. It is but fair to state that he was most willing to do all within his power to promote its interests; but, not being familiar with the duties of his office, he did not know what action was necessary or what was required to proceed properly. Running a dog show is not a matter of inspiration. Practical knowledge is as necessary as it is in any other enterprise.

The show had very little advertising, that important matter having been quite neglected too. Some owners, while the show was running, were inquiring as to whether they could then enter their dogs They could not have easily learned differently. Information on that and kindred subjects had not been properly advertised in the journals specially devoted to dogs, nor had the local press been engaged in publishing the merits of the show. The sportsmen's journals gain the interest of the exhibitors, while the local press has a mission in bringing in the attendance. Yet, with all the inefficiency displayed, the dog show corner proved to be one of the greatest attractions of the exposition.

The club is composed of excellent material. I believe that it can hold a first-class show in Minneapolis, but better management is necessary. The criticism offered hereinbefore is with an intention to point out errors, to the end that the club will know hereafter how to avoid them. They should strive to have a show worthy of the club and the locality. It would be unjust to them and the public to assert that the recent efforts were good, or even the best the members could make. There are kennels in every direction, containing good material for bench show purposes. Out of such abundance it would not seem to be within the power of any one man to make a tiny showing.

As many of the classes had but one entry and the others but a few, consequently the actual competition being little, the comments on the dogs will be as brief as possible. There was but one prize in a class. Though ribbons were given out as representing second and third prizes, they were more as reserve and vhc.

MASTIFFS had but two competitors, Victor Hugo, a rather leggy specimen, alone in the dog class, and Queen, light in bone and muzzle, alone in the class for bitches.

ST. BERNARDS had, compared to the others, well filled classes. There were ten in the open class, and of these there were but three or four which were in the competition, the rest being poor specimens. Major Pendennis, light in muzzle, poor head, undersized, took first. Prince Arthur II., second prize winner, I liked better than the Major. He is a larger dog though inclined to legginess, or rather he is not heavy enough in body, and he moves better. His legs and feet are good and he has good color and markings. The third dog, American Ben Hur, was quite ordinary. Margie Daw had a walkover in the puppy class. There was but one smooth coat, Me Too, a bitch of ordinary quality, and she had no competition.

GREAT DANES, six in the dog class, were in quality from fairly good to downright poor. First went to Duke, a dog lacking in symmetry. He does not stand squarely on his legs, nor is he without blemish in his knees. Pluto, a large brindle, won second. His head is coarse, ears badly cropped and he shows some throatiness. In bitches Minka, high behind, coarse stern, took first. Dora, a light-boned, ordinary specimen, took second, and Coaxmer II., an inferior specimen, took third. Mr. Hansen sent his fine bitch Nevezel out of the ring, he refusing very properly to allow her to compete under his own judging.

GREYHOUNDS.—A good pair were shown in the dog class, Bounce, winner of first, being a well built dog. He was shown too high in flesh. Bruno, Jr., second, was more than an average good specimen. There were two bitches in their class. Innocence, a pretty small bitch, light in bone, took first, second going to Frances Cleveland, an ordinary good bitch. In the puppy class Boston won easily over his two competitors.

FOXHOUNDS.—Two puppies, apparently having a bloodhound cross, were the only competitors. They were not noticeable in possessing good quality. Cap was first and Major was second, yet there was very little difference between them. It was said that they were under six months of age.

POINTERS had one competitor in the open dog class, Jack, a good small dog. Two bitches appeared in their class, Devonshire Jennie winning easily, though too thin in flesh, from work afield, to show at her best. She is a symmetrical bitch of muscular development. Lady Bell, second, was too fat, and was lacking in symmetry as compared to her competitor.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—There were two out of the four in the open dog class which were really good ones. Count H., first, had the better muscular development and was better in head and front. Monk, second, is a very superior setter also. Sport, third, had a profusion of feather and a good coat. He is quite a handsome, fat dog, but is more after what is considered the Laverack type. Queen Noble II., quite a superior bitch, had a walkover in her class. A symmetrical, well developed puppy, Al. C. Furness, had a walkover in its class.

IRISH SETTERS had two, both dogs of superior quality. Peko, better in knees, head, coat, color and muscular development, won over Duke Elcho, Jr. The owner of the latter felt quite indignant at the decision and entered a protest, the data of which was his own opinion.

GORDON SETTERS brought out two in the dog class, Highland Kent and Highland Killbride, first and second respectively. The latter is light in bone, but both have merit above the average. There were two competitors in the bitch class, Highland Yula and Highland Nellie, first and second in the order mentioned. The latter is a small bitch. Both are above the average in quality.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS had one dog and one bitch in the one class provided. Gabe was first and Juno second. The former was fairly good, the second quite ordinary.

DACHSHUNDS had one ordinary bitch, Tressie, which was awarded first. A large dog, Feldmann, of excellent quality, was for exhibition only.

COCKERS.—Lady Toots had a walkover.

FIELD SPANIELS.—Shamrock had a walkover.

BEAGLES had one class. Three good ones competed. The dog, Troop, winner of first, has good bone, type and symmetry. The bitches were a bit light in bone. Mattie was second, Fannie third.

COLLIES.—Shep, a rather coarse dog, won first in the dog class. Jim, ordinary in quality, won second. Two competed in the class for bitches. There were two bitches, of which Queen, the first prize winner, was a good one, while Cactus was but fair.

SKYE TERRIERS had but one entry, Toodles, which had a walkover.

PUGS were very ordinary. Nickey Boy and Judy B. had a walkover in the dog and bitch class respectively.

BULL-TERRIERS.—There were two, ill-conditioned, thick set specimens with coarse heads, more of the "business" dog in appearance. Jesse had no competition in the dog class nor Daisy in the bitch class.

BLENHEIM AND KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—This class produced the first open unpleasantness of the show. The owner of the two Blenheim spaniels insisted, notwithstanding that the judges and the management ruled against him, that the King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, being of two different breeds, should be in separate classes, notwithstanding that they were put in one class in the premium list. These breeds never have many entries at shows, hence nearly all dog show managements provide but one class for them. The entry fees rarely equal the prize money. It was most unreasonable in the instance cited, to insist on a special class being made for Blenheim spaniel, against the ruling of the management, particularly when said spaniels were required to pay but $1 entry fee, when the premium list specifically designated their

class, and more particularly when they were owned by the vice-president of the club. Under the circumstances, the matter looked in exceeding bad taste, in addition to being wrong. Bentick, the King Charles, was awarded first.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS were an ordinary lot. The two dogs were both rather large, Frank winning first, Stanley second. Pink had a walkover, and hardly merited the prize she received.

MISCELLANEOUS CLASS.—There were three competitors in this class, one of which was called a Japanese pug. The other two were Ruby spaniels, owned by the vice-president of the club. Again there was a long wrangle, the arrangement of the class not pleasing Mr. Eastman. The judges and managers held that, as there was no regular class provided for the Ruby spaniels, they would necessarily and properly under the rules compete in the miscellaneous. Mr. Eastman, not being permitted to have his own way, wouldn't play, and took his dogs out of the ring, an act which didn't seem very amiable or dignified or exemplary for the vice-president or any one else to do.

THE PRIZE LIST.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. S. Babcock's Victor Hugo. *Bitches:* 1st, M. Dwyer's Queen.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs*: 1st, F. A. Ingalls's Major Pendennis; 2d, John S. Barnes's Prince Arthur II.; 3d, Chas. Lovatt's American Ben Hur. *Bitches:* 1st, John S. Barnes's Margie Daw.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Bitches:* 1st, C. T. Whiting's Me Too.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. W. Eastman's Duke; 2d, R. Kohlman's Pluto. *Bitches:* 1st, R. Kohlman's Minka; 2d and 3d, Dr. Kern's Dora and Caxmer.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, B. H. Barrison's Bounce; 2d, T. Hay's Bruno. *Bitches.* 1st, N. P. Whiting's Innocence; 2d, Mrs. M. M. de la Barre's Frances Cleveland. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Mrs. M. M. de la Barre's Boston and Minneapolis.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st and 2d, Chas. C. Smith's Cap and Major.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mr. Alexander's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, Highland Kennels' Devonshire Jennie; 2d, Fred Kleis's Lady Bell.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. S. Menkey's Count H.; 2d, J. P. Balsam's Monk; 3d, Joe St. Marie's Sport. *Bitches:* 1st, Ad. J. Klofanda's Queen Noble II. *Puppies:* 1st, Al. C. Anderson's Al. C. Furness.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs;* 1st and 2d, Highland Kennels' Highland Kent and Highland Kilbride. *Bitches:* 1st, Highland Kennels' Highland Yula and Highland Nellie.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st and 2d, J. T. Cook's Gabe and Juno.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, E. Brunhoff's Tressie.

SPANIELS.—COCKERS—*Bitches:* 1st, W. C. Browning's Lady Toots. FIELD—*Dogs;* 1st, Adam B. Patterson's Shamrock.

BEAGLES.—1st, Percy Vittum's Troop; 2d, R. Wood's Mattie; 3d, Stephens & Wennberg's Fannie.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* Chas. Stone's Shep; 2d, C. McV. Tobey's Jim. *Bitches:* 1st, F. W. Eastman's Queen; 2d, Chas. Stone's Cactus.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, E. A. Wheatley's Toodles.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, John S. Barnes's Nickey Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, John S. Barnes's Judy B.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. W. Eastman's Jesse. *Bitches:* 1st, F. W. Eastman's Daisy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, James J. Koehn's Frank; 2d, A. H. Upsell's Stanley. *Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Upsell's Pink.

B. WATERS.

Danbury Dog Show.

[*Special Report.*]

THE dog show given last week by the Danbury Agricultural Society in connection with their fair, was the twelfth annual, and as American Kennel Club recognition had been secured, it was of greater importance than usual. For years past, the exhibition has been one of the most important of the fall fixtures, and though Providence with a more liberal premium list and Mr. Comstock's influence, combined with a popular superintendent in John Read, outdid it this year, still the wise policy of Mr. Geo. Sears (manager of the deparment) in gaining A. K. C. recognition, insured a good show. The best specimens from Providence and about all the first class dogs from Mount Holly came on, so in point of quality it must have excelled the Canadian events and it certainly maintained its position.

To secure a circuit of such shows in the autumn in the Eastern States is highly desirable, and though in many cases the winnings cannot exceed expenses, exhibitors are willing to do their share in view of the benefit to kennel interests. From conversation with those present, it would seem that the managers of such shows ought to understand that on their part some system and adherance to the A.K.C. rules are necessary, as well as competent judges, because of the greater importance of the winnings, if not for other reasons. If these matters are overlooked for any length of time, there will soon be many evils demanding remedies and the American Kennel Club will soon have something more tangible than the Western bogus cyclone calling for legislative action.

It must be clear to the Fair authorities that dog shows are of far greater interest to those who visit such affairs than any other similar attraction, and that in comparison poultry shows are far in the rear. This was evident at Providence and Danbury, for sometimes the dog shows were crowded when the poultry only secured a meagre throng. There were about 230 dogs on hand, which were fed on milk and bread under Mr. Lewis Reed's superintendence, and as the handlers present remedied the lack of attendants, by exercising many dogs that were not as well cared for as their own, all went smoothly. Dr. James E. Hair judged the sporting division and James Watson took all other classes, and in remarks on the awards it will be necessary to point out some flagrant errors which may do harm to good specimens, or make it appear from wins at an A. K. C. show, that the winners are really worthy of such distinction, and thus bring contempt upon records and reflect upon the policy of the American Kennel Club. Dr. L. C. Knox carried out the duties of veterinarian with his usual attention and skill, and Mr. Geo. Sears did all in his power to make it a pleasant time for exhibitors. Unfortunately, the catalogue was very incomplete and full of errors, and the A. K. C. Secretary should demand something different in future.

MASTIFFS.—Challenge class, first prize went to Ethel, shown in good condition, and as Kaiser William was the only other specimen on exhibition he also secured a blue ribbon. These dogs are of average merit.

ST. BERNARDS.—The country folk had never before witnessed such a grand exhibit of these dogs as Mr. Fred Schmidt had on hand, and it was at their benches that the crowd gathered. Otos, first in the challenge class, has often been described, and was shown in first class condition. Roland, Jr., first in open dogs, was also looking well; he has not lost any of his activity and beat Lord Walbeck, second, in legs, action and shape of head. Pontiff II., vhc., is a dog of substance, good in color and marks, but too long in head and lacking stop. Milton, unnoticed, was worthy of some attention, for though being orange tawny, which looks black on the head, and therefore worthy of nothing but condemnation in the judge's estimation, he is a sturdy, well-proportioned dog, with character, agility and no very bad point, and as Alton was his grandsire, and there have been many fine St. Bernards of a dark tint, the judge's dread of black was not well founded, and an injustice was done this dog. In bitches a class was made for smooths, Guess Noble taking the blue ribbon in this division, with size, bone and character in her favor. Miss Wrinkles, second, is a white with orange marks, without enough size in head, eyes rather close together, and inferior to the winner in every respect. In roughs El'Ory won, Lady Bountiful second; as the latter has length, height, legs, skull, muzzle, stop and agility in her favor we cannot see wherein a bitch like the one with the curious name, that is only superior in color, could be justly placed before her, and it was quite interesting to hear the way the judge tried to avoid explaining it to Mr. Schmidt afterward. He had no reason, and it was a great mistake. Of the pups Rollo, a son of Roland, Jr., seemed to have fewer faults, and enough promise to have secured the blue, but he went without notice, and first was given to Veragua, a light orange, with eyes rather close, and a badly carried tail, Donna Maria coming second with lack of character and a light body.

GREAT DANES.—Bismark, a big dark dog of little character and aptly described as a "veed" by one of the Fatherland present, won first. Shult Nero coming second, with some little merit. In bitches, Emilie won over Shult Flora, both being of but moderate worth.

NEWFOUNDLANDS were represented by Rex, a black dog of medium size, fair head and good eye, and hence something of a Newfoundland, and though firsts have been given at larger shows for specimens with very little of the Newfoundland in their composition, this dog only took second Mr. Reed's Carlo, which the judge gave a prize to last year, was not good enough this time, and another Carlo owned by Mr. J. Walsh, of some little merit, was also sent out without a letter.

GREYHOUNDS.—In the challenge class Pious Pembroke was alone and was looking well. In open dogs the best dog was again sent out of the ring without a letter; this is Cheeky. He is a fawn of unusually grand outline and form, his size is about right, he has a good head, with capital expression, which needs but better carried ears to place beyond a fault, his neck is of good length, strong, set into a good front, showing depth of chest, spring of ribs, oblique shoulders, legs as straight as gun barrels and feet of good shape, well padded, in loin he is well arched, well muscled, in quarters he is also good and he has a well-bent stifle, with plenty of muscle. In fact, he is a superb hound, such as one rarely sees, and if a fault can be found it is in ears (but they do not prevent a dog reaching the game) and, perhaps, in the muscles which unite the hindlegs with the loin, but it does not seem to interfere with his action. Imperator, first, is a well-made dog throughout, but rather bitch-like in size and other respects. Sir Launcelot, second, is the Gem of the Season—Lady Clare sapling that has been frequently at the top. The others in this class were Baritone, vhc., and a few ordinary specimens, and little better were those in the bitch and puppy classes.

WOLFHOUND classes were made up of excellent specimens sent from the Seacroft Kennels and were correctly placed. Sowanets, the first dog, is a comparatively new dog; he is white and dark orange in color, symmetrical, strong, well muscled, good in depth of cheek, fair in spring of ribs, better than usual in shoulders and legs, he has a powerful neck, long strong head, with capital expression; in feathering he is also good and is one of the best, if not the best, specimens of the breed we have seen in America. Peter the Great, second, though a noted winner, was far below his excellent rival. In the bitch class Flodeyka won over Obrouga, and is a better one in nearly every respect

POINTERS.—In challenge class Duke of Dexter met Launcelot and won the blue, Glenmorgan being the unfortunate in such company. The open dog class brought forward for first place Rock II., which it was said had not been entered. I Dare came second, with fair quality, and Perry third, of hardly average merit. Dash A. and Royal Dan took vhc., but hardly rank together. The open bitch class was much better, but for some reason no third award was made. Wild Eilly, the first prize winner, is a liver and white of a somewhat racy outline, without enough depth of chest, and plenty of length to loin. Moderation, second, is a lemon and white of the cobby order, of more than average merit throughout, and whose chief fault seems to be a short neck. Countess Vernon, reserve, was below these in most points, and is a liver and white, with dash and style, but hardly enough quality. Kathleen Kent, vhc., needs improvement in pasterns.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—In the challenge class Daisy Foreman was alone, and carries her years well. In open dogs the well-known Glendon came first. He has improved somewhat in loin, which is well muscled and arched, so it cannot be as great a defect as some critics would have it appear. Garry, second, is a dog of strong head, showing pronounced characteristics, but in body and quarters he is not as good as Benzine, reserve. Canadian Lockley, vhc., has seen better days, and would certainly have been higher were it not for weakness behind. In the corresponding bitch class Spectre came first. She was looking fairly well, and is well known. Doretta, second, might be better in shoulders, and Nora Gladstone, third, is a bright, active belton, with good chest, loin and quarters fair. Roi Di and Nellie Bondhu both got three letters, but surely it was not difficult to see a fault in one to make a distinction. In the puppy class Daphne was alone, and is quite a promising youngster.

IRISH SETTERS.—These classes contained some very excellent specimens with champion Tim at the head of the challenge dogs. He was shown in excellent form, but there are signs of age not only in his appearance but in his action. Pride of Patsy, reserve, in this class needs a better head to be on an equality with the old champion. In the corresponding bitch class champion Elfreda beat Blarney, Jr., and the award needs no comment. In open dogs Montauk, Jr., took the blue, and in size, shape of head and general conformotion beats Jim's Dandy, the second prize winner, he being more rangy perhaps, and certainly stands high enough on his legs. Chinchquin was given third, but as he lacks chest development, and needs fitting up throughout, as well as a more characteristic head, it is hard to find a reason for an additional prize, and in the interest of the show it may be wise to put such awards in the premium list on future occasions, Clonmel, reserve, has good color and coat, but is somewhat leggy. Bantry, hc., is a coarse one, and Gyp needs a general toning up for such company. In the open bitch class first went to Coleraine, the English field trial winner, and she deserved it, for she is a good all-round bitch, more of the cobby than the rangy order, of excellent color, capital legs and feet, ribs well sprung and chest deep enough, quarters in proportion, and well muscled, head of good shape, well moulded, and a true Irish setter eye; if any fault can be spoken of as worthy of mention, it is that she is light in bone, but her quality throughout would seem to call for this tendency. Lady Cleveland was second. She is a trifle light in color, and a plain one far below Coleraine's standard. Mollie got the reserve and is somewhat of the same order. Biddy, vhc., is also but moderately good.

GORDON SETTERS were from two kennels, Dr. Dixon's, and a team from the Mont Kennel, and represented the old type, and a modern Gordon built on more racy lines, and minus the lumber some critics have condemned in this breed. The judge liked the ancient, so Dr. Dixon did best, beating Brillmont—second to Ranger B. at Providence—with Duke of Wellington and Homer S., but being defeated for second place in the bitch class by Fairmont, a young bitch that has a score of four firsts already to her credit.

SPANIELS.—Irish water spaniels and Clumbers were not provided for, and entries did not come in to secure classes. Though field spaniels had three classes there were only two entries, one dog that was sent out without notice and Dainty, the bitch that secured first by default. In cockers the challenge class had Middy and Bambo, and the result was a win for former, shown in excellent condition. In open dogs Branforth Jet secured the blue, with front legs of the dachshund order, favored by a few judges, condemned by a few, and yet sufficiently near the standard concocted for the club from the field spaniel Beatrice to afford an excuse for the award. Cloudy, Othello and Jay Jay each got vhc., and yet if one is right the others are wrong, according to the field spaniel-cocker standard. In the bitch class Miss Chip got the blue, and as she has been spoken of so glowingly by those who doubtless know what is wanted for the woodcock haunts of America, and have also correct ideas of the true cocker type and the qualities required for ladies' pets, it would be folly to more than hint that it is just as well to have it decided what is really to be expected in the future, for to breed for all those purposes may be found a somewhat difficult undertaking Woodstock Dora and Corktown Cleo both seem to have had a struggle with this question in their puppyhood, and as a result got a regulation dachshund twist in front, thereby they avoid being taken a-shooting, and are nice and small and so suitable for a lay's lap. Both of these took equal second, perhaps as field dogs, because their front legs make them particularly adapted to paw the earth from the furry vermin like the dachshund, or perhaps because they are only somewhat less attractive that the pet spaniel family, certainly not because they could come out of a woodcock haunt, if they got in, or could lift a bird from the ground in retrieving it.

FOXHOUNDS were very much superior to those generally exhibited, and the beagles were well represented by Doctor and Snowflake, though not numerically strong.

FOX-TERRIERS.—These classes were well filled, Grouse II. being alone in the challenge class. In the open dog class Poverina secured the blue, but it is a mystery for what, for he could do with a longer head, deeper chest, and there were better terriers in the class besides the better bodied second prize winner Arrandale Mixture; in Seacroft Bourbon c., is a good all around dog, fit to get vhc., if not higher, in the best of company, when other things besides color are looked at, he is rather too heavily marked with black, but color is but ten points, and does not make the terrier. Venio, Jr., vhc., is thick in head. Spot, hc., has a rounded skull, and a poor front, and Fire Tail, c., is well—just a little below the rank of Bourbon that was placed equal, and has been referred to. In fox-terrier bitches, Lady Rosebury secured the blue; she has a round skull. Trim, second, is light in bone, has poor ears and is not strong enogh below the eyes; hence if Seacroft Myrtle, unnoticed, had come before the other two, she would be where she will be if she meets them again under a terrier judge, for she is a very promising youngster, with little that can be found fault with. The pups were placed, Seacroft Rachel, first, with full eyes and better head and body than Seacroft Jessie, second, that has not yet filled out. Poverina took a special for the best terrier in the show, but why, is a mystery.

COLLIES.—In the challenge class The Squire, looking well for his years, scored another first. In the open dog class Curzon got the blue, and Royal Monarch came next, giving way because of Curzon's better head; in build the first is light and the second is sturdy, and in coat the second has a slight advantage, though neither is good. Royalston Chief, vhc., has good body and legs, but is thick in head. In the bitch class Highland Floss won. She is a remarkably sweet bitch, with a good head, capital body, legs, feet and coat. Had she a more wideawake than sweet expression, and were the curve out of the end of her tail, few of her breed could surpass her, and it is very doubtful whether she can find her equal in America. Mattie, second, is of quite a different order, and to compare them would be like comparing the fine lady with the servant girl.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Starlight had the challenge class to himself. In open dogs Cardona won. This is Frank Dole's latest importation of Gully the Great get, and it is a fine dog, good in head, body, and without any more conspicuous fault than being a trifle close to the ground. Topsparkle, second, is faulty in front and his feet are not good, besides he could do with more jaw, or rather it is a bulldog that has this dilated upon, and it is more correct. Topsparkle could be longer and stronger in muzzle, and as Lord Blandford, hc., is not weak in either of these places, and Young Marquis, vhc., is also right in these respects, we should have preferred either of them for second place. The bitch class was divided by weight, thus Kit and Edgewood Fancy II. had to fight for honors, and Kit secured the blue rightly enough. There is not much to choose between them in head, but is better on her feet, less cloddy, stands higher from the ground, and is more bull-terrierlike. She was hardly in the best condition in skin, and Fancy had one of the pads of her foot cut, which may account for some little awkwardness. In the light-weight bitches Lady Rochester beat Pearl of Rochester; the latter has the better body of the two, but she loses in head somewhat.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—The black and tan terrier classes were stronger than usual, for in addition to the Rochelle Kennels' team, Henry Bartow, a new exhibitor, had some capital specimens on exhibition, and as they were placed in order of merit, no remarks are required.

There was but little provision and poor accommodation for pet dogs, yet some very good specimens were on hand. In Yorkshire terriers Mr. Henry Bartow, the new exhibitor, had some capital specimens, and with Phebe, a very promising pup, won first in open as well as puppy class, and in Ursula, second in pups, has a sure winner. The pug classes were quite showy, Bob Ivy and Midget coming in this order in the challenge class, and Attraction and Treasurer being correctly placed in open dogs, but Penrin Boy scarcely got all he deserved in c. In the bitch class it was quite a close thing between Bess and Lady Bonsor.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—It was to be expected that if the judge made so glaring an error in English greyhounds he would be at fault in the pet order of the graceful and symmetrical, and such was the case, and it was such a curiously mixed up judging that it will be best to take each dog in order, and afterwards give ideas of how it would have pleased us to see them placed. Vito, first, is a dull fawn, not good in arch of loin and shape of hindquarters, therefore not of excellent symmetry, moderately good in head and other respects. Folly, second, is a rich, dark fawn, the best for color in the class; in symmetry she was almost perfect, in size the best in the show, being smaller than the rest, and in chest and arch of loin distinctly beat Vito. Flossie S., the vhc. dog, is a little apple-headed specimen, without any points worthy of much praise. Trinkets, hc., was the largest of the class, had white on the breast, and was scarcely an average specimen. Souries, also hc., was good in color, symmetry, size, and has a fairly good head, and should have come second to Folly, with Vito third, Flossie S. next and Trinkets last.

The King Charles spaniels were Royal Roy, the well known winner, and Twinkle, a bitch with some very good points, and they were placed in this order.

Schipperkes were fair and dachshunds much below those seen of late at our shows.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. B. Lewis's Ethel.—OPEN—1st, G. E. Sears's Kaiser Wilhelm.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Fred. Schmitt's Oltos.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Fred. Schmitt's Roland, Jr.; 2d, S. Miller's Lord Walbeck. Very high com., Thos. M. Burke's Pontiff II. *Bitches:* 1st, Shutt & Thiman's El'Ory; 2d, Fred. Schmitt's Lady Bountiful.—SMOOTH—1st, Fred. Schmitt's Guess Noble; 2d, McCarl & Cataneo's Miss Wrinkles. *Puppies:* 1st, Thos. M. Burke's Veragua; 2d, J. W. Churchill's Countess Melrose.

DEERHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Frank F. Dole's Douglass.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. W. Purbeck's Lewis Rembuke.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, D. B. Lemley's Imperator; 2d, Edwin H Morris's Sir Launcelot. Very high com., Harvey M. Nelson's Baritone High com., Bronx River Kennels' Bronx. *Bitches:* 1st, A. W. Purbeck' Lady of Northcroft; 2d, G. R. Hair's Maud. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, M. T. Mason's Spinster and Ben Bristol

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st withheld; 2d, John Calihan's Rex.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. D. Roberts's Duke of Dexter

Res., M. T. Mason's Launcelot.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Conell's Rock II.; 2d, A. George's I Dare; 3d, M. T. Mason's Perry. Very high com., G. W. Lovell's Dash A. and Palace Kennels' Royal Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Lovell's Wild Lilly; 2d, J. H. Winslow's Admiration. Reserve and very high com., M. T. Mason's Countess Vernon and Kathleen Kent.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, G. W. Neal's Daisy Foreman.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Wilson Fiske's Glennon; 2d, James McGaun's Albert's Garry. Reserve, W. C. Downing's Benzine. Very high com., Wild Crow Kennels' Canadian Locksley. *Bitches:* 1st, Wm. Bryce, Jr.'s Spectre; 2d, Rosecroft Kennels' Doretta; 3d, Dr. Littleton's Nora Gladstone. Very high com., M. T. Mason's Roy Di and William Knott's Nellie Bondhu. *Puppies:* 1st, Rosecroft Kennels' Daphne.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, Seminole Kennels' Ch. Tim and Pride of Patsy. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Ch. Elfreda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Seminole's Montauk, Jr., and Tim's Dandy; 3d, Wm. Knott's Chinchquin. Reserve and high com., L. W. Barnes's Cloumel and Bantry. *Bitches:* 1st, Mr. Bishop's Coleraine; 2d, Dr Dixon's Lady Cleveland. Reserve, B. F. Lewis's Mollie. Very high com., Seminole Kennels' Biddy.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Dr. Dixon's Lady Waverly and Duchess of Waverly.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. Dixon's Duke of Wellington and Homer S. Reserve, E. H. Morris's Brillmont. *Bitches:* 1st, and reserve, Dr. Dixon's Princess Louise and Katherine; 2d, E. H. Morris's Fairmont. *Puppies:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Reedmont.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* Prizes withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Thomas Turner's Dainty.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. B. Field's Brantford Jet; 2d and very high com., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Jack of Clubs and Cloudy. Very high com., E. W. Fiske's Jay Jay, and F. F. Dole's Othello. High com., M. T. Mason's Say Boy. *Bitches:* 1st and equal second, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Chip and Miss Chloe; equal 2d, E. W. Fiske's Corktown Cleo. High com., H. B. Field's Lady Phyllis. *Puppies:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cloudy.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* Equal 1st, Seminole Kennels' Ranger and R. C. Williams's Commodore; 2d, M. T. Mason's Felix. *Bitches:* 1st and and 2d, M. T. Mason's Fancy and Norah.

BEAGLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Doctor. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Childs's Snowflake.

FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Seacroft Kennels' Grouse II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, B. F. Lewis's Poverina; 2d, C. D. Purroy's Arrandale Mixture. Very high com., F. F. Dole's Venio, Jr. High com., B. Pinder's Spot. Com., Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft Bourbon and Mrs. A. L. Churchill's Fire Tail. *Bitches:* Equal 1st, T. Turner's Lady Roseberry and H. W. Smith's Sister Janet; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Lansdowne Lady *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Seacroft Kennels' Seacroft Jessie and Seacroft Rachel.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Seminole Kennels' The Squire.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Royal Monarch and Curzon. Very high com., J. R. Horne's Royalston Chief. *Bitches:* 1st, Lambert & Stanfield's Highland Floss; 2d, Seminole Kennels' Mattie.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's Leonidas.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Symond's Romance.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's Starlight.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Cardomo and Topsparkle. Very high com., W. J. Higginson's Duke of Rochester, Mrs. J. N. Henry's Young Marquis. High com., W. J. Higginson's Billy Bulger, Castle Point Kennels' Lord Blandford. *Bitches:* Equal 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Kit and W. J Higginson's Lady Rochester; equal 2d, W. J. Higginson's Pearl of Rochester and F. F. Dole's Edgewood Fancy II. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, W. J. Higginson's Duke of Rochester and Lady Rochester.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Shin's Sir Stafford; 2d, Samuel Barr's Sir Thomas.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. T. Foote's Broomfield Madge.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Bastow's Lord George II.; 2d, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Lord. *Bitches:* 1st, T. Turner's Rosette; 2d, H. Bastow's Ophelia. Very high com., Mr. Brushheimer's Rochelle Silk. High com., Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Topaz. *Puppies:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Lord.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Rochelle Kennels' Unnamed. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Bastow's Phebe; 2d, Mr. Foster's Unnamed. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, H. Bastow's Phebe and Ursula.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Boby Ivy. Reserve, Seminole Kennels' Midget.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Seminole Kennels' Attraction and Treasurer. Com., J. Bowden's Penrice Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, M. H. Cryer's Bess; 2d, J. Bowden's Lady Bonsor. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, J. Bowden's Flossy B. and Paver.

MISCELLANEOUS —Equal 1st, Dr. Sherwood's Toom and Jewel; 2d, T. Turner's Scotch Hoyt.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st and very high com., C. F. Smith's Vito and Flossie S; 2d, C. Lohmann's Foley. High com., C. F. Smith's Trinkets and C. Lohmann's Souries.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Bronx River Kennels' Nora; 2d, Palace Kennels' Shult Nevo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Palace Kennels' Shult Flora and Emilia.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Berri.—OPEN—1st, B. F. Lewis's Mercer.

SCHIPPERKES.—1st, 2d and high com., M. T. Mason's Prince, Jr., Flossie and New Yorker.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, E. H. Morris's Royal Roy; 2d, Miss Albert's Trinkle.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Wise's Penderick Rae; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Galton. *Bitches:* 1st, T. Wise, Jr.'s Coleen Rue; 2d, H. O'Conner's Mary Jane. *Puppies:* 1st, T. Wise, Jr.'s Mickey Rue; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Mick.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, 2d and high com., Dr. Motishenbasher's Daches, Nellie and Ruby.

WOLFHOUNDS.—*Dogs;* 1st and 2d, Seacroft Kennels' Sowanets and Peter the Great. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Seacroft Kennels' Flodeyka and Obrouga.

SPECIALS.

Handler having most dogs, Ben Lewis; second, O'Connor. Gordon setter first in open class, Princess Louise. St. Bernard, Altos. Greyhound, Lady of Northcroft. Mastiff, Kaiser William. Newfoundland, Rex. English setter dog in open class, Glennon. Fox-terrier, Poverina. Bulldog, Leonidas. Collie, Curzon. Bull terrier, Cardona. Cocker spaniel, Branforth Jet. Irish setter, Montauk, Jr. Greyhound dog, Imperator.

New England Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With your kind permission I would inform the public and especially those having entered and those intending to enter dogs in the New England Field Trials, something concerning the facilities offered at Oxford, where the trials will be held and the ways in which it may be reached. Oxford is situated in the central portion of Massachusetts, and has a population of some 2,600. It is twelve miles from Worcester, on the Norwich division of the New York & New England R. R., and about forty-five miles from Norwich, Conn. Parties from Providence and Fall River change cars at Webster five miles below Oxford, and those coming from Boston and vicinity change at Worcester. An excellent hotel, the Bacon House, will furnish ample accommodations, and the cuisine is excellent. Hotel rates will be $1.25 per day, for those who stay out the entire trials, and slightly more for transients, who remains only for one or two meals. Barges will meet every train and the fare to and from the grounds will be 25c., 12½c. each way, and this includes carriage of dog also, which are boarded and housed at the club's expense. The entries to our "all age" classes close Oct. 14, and as we have $400 in cash prizes offered and have at considerable expense secured two of the most competent judges in the country, we anticipate a large entry. I would especially call the attention of dachshund and basset owners to the fact that a class has been provided for these breeds and to urge them to come forward and embrace this the first opportunity, I believe, in the history of the world, to publicly test the rabbit hunting abilities of these breeds. Further information regarding the trials as well as entry blanks, running rules, etc., can be obtained of Mr. W. S. Clark, Secretary, Linden, Mass.

F. W. CHAPMAN, President N. E. B. C.

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

United States Field Trials Entries.

SECRETARY P. T. MADISON sends us the list of entries for the U. S. Club Derby, as follows, all having been whelped in 1892:

POINTERS.

ALICE LESLIE—E. M. Beale's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Belle Randolph), June 24.

RHET—W. J. Wilson's liver and white bitch (Dan—Martha), Aug. 13.

DON—D. P. Ritchey's liver and white dog (Trinket's Coin—Moulton Patti), March 17.

BUD ROGERS—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Meally IV.), July.

RIDGEVIEW CAVALIER—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (Lad of Kent—Ridgeview Lass), June.

DELMAR—C. G. Stoddard's black and white dog (Osborne Ale—Croxey), May.

KENTZO—H. G. Smith's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Croxlill), April 8.

STRIDEAWAY—Geo. E. Gray's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot), Feb. 14.

VENTURE—F. R. Hitchcock's liver and white bitch (Rip Rap—Lapford Pearl), July 8.

NOT NAMED—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white bitch (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), July 27.

NOT NAMED—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), July 11.

NOT NAMED—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), July 11.

NOT NAMED—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), July 11.

LAD'S RUSH—T. H. Gibbs's liver and white dog (Rush of Lad—Devonshire Belle of the Ball), July 11.

HESSEN'S BOY—Louis McGrew's black and white ticked dog (Duke of Hessen—Barmaid), Oct. 8.

HOP'S HESSEN—Lewis McGrew's black and white ticked bitch (Duke of Hessen—Barmaid), Oct. 8.

KENT'S RUBY—Dr. E. C. Michel's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Zero), Nov. 12.

KENT'S PEARL—Dr. E. E. Michel's black and white bitch (King of Kent—Zero), Nov. 12.

FLY B.—L. W. Blankenbaker's black and white bitch (Buck—Jilt II.), June 4.

PRIDE OF AVONDALE—T. W. Clelland's liver and white bitch (Rush of Lad—Graphic's Pride), Sept. 19.

FRED OF IDSTONE—Idstone Kennels' liver and white dog (Shotmaster—Pearl of Idestone), March 21.

THE FRIAR OF IDSTONE—Idstone Kenuels' liver and white dog (Shotmaster—Pearl of Idestone), March 21.

KING OF LYNN—Robert Leslie's lemon and white dog (Tempest—Madge of Naso), March 18.

WRECKER—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' black and white dog (Rip Rip—Croxie Wise), April.

RIPPLE—Charlettesville F. T. Kennels' black and white bitch (Rip Rap—Croxie Wise), April.

TIP C.—W. B. Stafford's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Keeswick II.), March 12

KEESWICK III.—W. B. Stafford's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Keeswick II.), March 12.

KENT H.—W. B. Stafford's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Duchess), June 10.

BLACK BEAUTY—A. T. Latta's black bitch (Rex II.—Fanny), March 14.

LULA K.—G. R. Howse's liver and white dog (Ossian—Pearl's Pride), March 17.

NOT NAMED—B. M. Stephenson's liver and white dog (Tribulation—Lalia), March 17.

NOT NAMED—B. M. Stephenson's liver and white bitch (Tribulation—Lalia), March 17.

IRISH SETTERS.

DAKIN—F. E. White's red dog (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore), June.

MAID—F. E. White's red bitch (Duke Elcho—Aurore), June.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

GLEAM'S PRIDE—W. W. Newson's black, white and tan dog (Gleam—Pride's Bell), March.

LITTLE SISTER—D. G. Rowland's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), July 4.

HARRY MANDAN—Jeannette Kennel Club's black, white and tan dog (Jerry Mandan—Lady Pitts), August.

JEANNETTE—Jeannette Kennel Club's black, white and tan bitch (Jerry Mandan—Lady Pitts), August.

ROD'S CLIP—West End Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Rod's Ace—Rosa Noble), March.

BLUE RIDGE MARK—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.), March.

ALLIE BRYAN—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Dan Gladstone—Belle of Blue Ridge), March.

ANTON—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Fanny M.), March.

LILLIAN O'B.—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Pegbid—Miss Nelly Y.), March.

ALLENE—Chas. P. Stokes's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl), May.

BESSIE SHARPE—Chas. P. Stokes's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush), May.

COUNT RODERICK—Charles H. C. Mills's black, white and tan dog (Toledo Blade—Grace M.), July 8.

ROD'S MARK—Greensboro F. T. Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Mark's Maid), April 29.

MISS HATTIE—E. L. Gilmer's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble), Jan. 4.

JEFF BROWN—Porter & McGee's black and white dog (Darby T.—Lucretia), July 29.

MARKELL—Chas. F. Field's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Field's Cossette), July 28.

MISTY MORNING—Chas. F. Field's black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Field's Cossette), July 28.

MARY EARLY—Capt. Patrick Henry's lemon and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl), May 3.

BOUNDLESS—Capt. Patrick Henry's lemon and white dog (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl), May 3.

GLEAM'S SAM—H. J. Smith's chestnut, white and tan dog (Gleam—Scamp S.), Aug. 5.

MAY—A. L. Finney's lemon and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl), May 3.

OPEL—Geo. E. Gray's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Diamond), July 1.

FUTURITY—Herbert Merriam's black and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Eve), May 10.

SOLITAIRE—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), Jan 2.

JE S—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Molly), Sept. 24.

SANDSTONE—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond), July 1.

AMETHYST—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond), July 1.

TOPAZ—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond), July 1.

ROD—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Roi d'Or—Tory Petrel), June 18.

CALLIE WHITE—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Georgia Bell), March 22.

NELLIE GLADSTONE—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black and white bitch (Dan Gladstone—Queen Novice), May 17.

LIVINGSTONE—J. W. Schriver's black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Cossette), June 3.

DAME DURDEN—Bevan & Moss's black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers), Jan. 16.

LOOKOUT—Bedford & Bryson's lemon and white dog (Fremont—Sue II.), June 10.

FLUKE SKILLMAN—E. C. Payne's blue belton dog (Doctor M.—Fussy), May 2.

JUNO M.—P. B. Mosby's black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Bess of Hatchie), July 23.

IGHTFIELD MUKAT—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Farfuin—Maggie), April 22.

IGHTFIELD ROSALIE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s orange and white bitch (Fred—Rosa), July 6.

ANTOINETTE—P. Lorillard. Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Daisy Hunter), Feb. 28.

BERYL—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), July 17.

ALMONTA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Gloster—Mopsa), Feb. 10.

VELMA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Gloster—Mopsa), Feb. 10.

OPHELIA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Gloster—Mopsa), Feb. 10.

LEONA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Bess of Hatchie), July 23.

LADY ARAMINTA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers), Jan. 1.

LONGFELLOW—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Blade—Maggie Gladstone), Jan. 1.

FANNY RICE—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gladstoue's Boy—Manitoba Peggy), May 23.

EARL PALMER—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Frank Whitley—Dulcenia), Jan. 7.

DUKE OF VERAGUA—L. W. Smith's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Fannette), June 1.

NOT NAMED—James H. Trezevant's black and white bitch (Roderigo—Parepa Rosa), March 1.

DAISY CROFT—Charlotteville F. T. Kennels' lemon and white bitch (Antonio—Daisy Hunter), Feb. 28.

MAY WIN—S. E. Corbett's blue belton and tan bitch (Prince Lucifer—Lady Gladys), April 12.

SCOTT'S WOOD FAUST—W. B. Stafford's blue belton and tan dog (Pembroke's Grouse—Blue Fan), May 1.

BOWDRE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' blue belton and tan dog (Roderigo—Novelist), March 23.

CIGARETTE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' blue belton and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), May 17.

HESTER PRYNE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' blue belton and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), May 17.

TOPSY'S ROD—Avent & Thayer Kennels' blue belton and tan dog (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), July 4.

THALID—Avent & Thayer's blue belton and tan bitch (Val Jean—Lucy Avent), March 4.

PRAIRIE LAD—Avent & Thayer's blue belton and tan dog (Val Jean—Zazel), May 15

SAN ANTONIO—John A. Gude's (agent) blue belton and tan dog (Antonio—Nelly Hope), May 23.

HOPE'S PRIDE—W. A. Hinesley's blue belton and tan dog (Gath's Hope—Lula Hill), Aug. 17.

LOTTIE H.—W. A. Hinesley's chestnut, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Lula Hill), Aug. 17.

HOPE'S GLIDE—G. T. Kerr's black and white dog (Gath's Hope—Lady Lit), April 23.

SADIE ROSS—Bob Cooper's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Tempest), February.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Canada —It may serve to settle a disputed point when I say that Mr. Stone positively assures me that he was not informed as to the conditions of competition for the Ashmont trophy, but of course he had a general idea of what these conditions were. As far as the bench show committee is concerned, the special was awarded according to the published rules, for which see FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 12, where Mr. Stone says, "Dr. Perry has kindly donated the Ashmont trophy to be competed for at our coming show, the same being for the best dog in the show and to be judged by Mr. C. H. Mason."

Mr. H. Bedlington's Bedlington terrier Sentinel, a winner of several prizes, has gone to the final "dogs' home." Death was evidently due to a fit.

We are about to lose one of the landmarks of Canadian dogdom in A. A. MacDonald's smooth fox-terrier champion Blemton Trump. He has been sold to Mr. Waterman of Santa Barbara, Cal., and will remain but one month longer in his old home to fill engagements. Any puppies the product of service while in Mr. MacDonald's possession will be eligible to compete for the special prize of $100 offered by him at the Toronto show of 1894, but of course not afterward.

Mr. Waterman also bought a nice bitch puppy of the Dark Eye—Bonnet litter. H. B. DONOVAN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

M. J. W., Hartford, Coll.—Can you send me the address of any reliable man who has brown French poodles for sale? I want to find some one near New York, where the dogs can be seen. Ans. Write to Hill Hurst Kennels, Wellesley, Mass.

G. E. J., New York.—1. Beagles are considered the best for rabbit hunting, although dachshunds are also used to good purpose. 2. The two parties you mention first are reliable and have good stock; the other we know nothing of but suppose they are all right. 3. If you want to register the beagles you purchase, you can do so by writing to the secretary of the American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, New York, for blank forms, giving full particulars. The fee is $1 per dog for registering. 4. Write either to the president, H. L. Kreuder, Nanuet, N. Y., or secretary, Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., and they will attend to your election at the next meeting of the National Beagle Club, due notice of which you will find in our Hunting and Coursing column.

J. G. H., Emporia, Kan.—I again address you for help. I am down here in Kansas from Idaho, and want your advice, which I have had several times. I have a well-bred Gladstone bitch 4mos. old. She is covered with warts—some say the mange, I say warts. The mouth and rectum the worst; if I can cure her I shall take her back to Idaho with my spaniels. Can I cure the ailment, and how? Is it contagious and will my spaniels catch the disease? I keep them separate. She eats well and is improving under the treatment. I am giving Sargent's pills and dressing with carbolic soft soap twice a week. Ans. Dress the dog all over with a mixture of sulphur, oil of tar and cottonseed oil, and give internally the following mixture:

℞ Ferri phosph.
Liq. arsenicalis.....ää ʒ i
Aq. ad..... ʒ vi
Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

"No Other Paper Could Take Its Place."

FOREST AND STREAM is among the welcome weekly visitors to our rooms. When we were making up our list of papers for the year, one of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, expressing his desire to have it continued another year, said, "No other paper in the United States could take its place in my estimation." In this part of the country where the rod and gun is used so much, such a periodical is of inestimable value.—*Y. M. C. A. (Bath, Me.) Magnet.*

Business.

HOPE, Ind., Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased with my last adv.; will send you another adv. before long.

C. A. PAETZEL.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 17.—Kenmore Club meeting at Goodland, Kan. Frank L. Webster, Sec'y. Entries close Oct. 16.
Oct. 24.—American Coursing Club. Ira D. Brougher, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—The Cowley County Coursing Association, Winfield, Kan. J. R. Ballard, Secretary.

INTERNATIONAL COURSING MEETING.

ANY one who has an ounce of sporting blood in him must concede that conrsing in such a country as that around Huron, S. D., is glorious sport. The plains stretch far away to every point of the compass, and only dotted at wide intervals with little clumps of trees, which shelter some lonely farm home. There is scarcely any wire six miles from town. It is an ideal coursing country, and the Huron Coursing Club must be congratulated upon bringing such an important meeting to a successful conclusion. When we arrived on Monday (Oct. 2) afternoon a number of coursers were already there, Messrs Watson, Williams, Lowe, Van Hummel, Page, Bradbury and others having arrived several days ahead. We had the slipper, John Brett, in our party, so we felt quite indifferent over the slowness of the train or whether it ran off into the prairie somewhere.

Huron is an ambitious town of about 3,000 people, and they seem to be all fond of coursing. Several fine brick business blocks adorn the town. The accommodations at the Depot Hotel are very good and a great improvement on anything of the sort we have ever had at field trials. The town has electric lights, postal delivery, and almost every modern convenience. We speak of this because we wish to bring this place to the favorable notice of coursing men; for if they are seeking a locality to run a meeting off, no better could be found.

The meeting commenced on time, Oct. 3, and was concluded on Friday afternoon. The local interest in the meeting was very keen, and at no similar sporting event have I seen such a crowd and their bearing at all times was orderly. In fact, it could not be otherwise; the hoodlum element was absent, the spectators being chiefly the solid citizens and citizenesses of Huron.

The hares can be seen nearly all the time when running, there being very little grass a foot high. The only trouble is the scarcity of water and the quality of it, and the alkali dust, which at times is rather annoying, creating a thirst which cannot be assuaged. Among those we met who were interested in the coursing besides those mentioned were W. J. Alley, Mr. Allen, A. P. Slocum, Tom Hall, all the way from Merced with three dogs, Banboy, Joe McAuliffe and another; F. B. Coyne, E. H. Mulcaster, C. H. Vinton, J. A. Busfield, A. C. Bradbury, Mr. Charlton and Harry Eller. Of the ladies present we noticed Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. Eller, Miss E. Ingham, Miss K. Fayant, Miss B. Bick and Mrs. G. McEathron.

Throughout the meeting there was nothing to mar the general good feeling among the coursing men, excepting perhaps in the Ramona-Flake course, after which the owner of the latter rather questioned the decision, but there was nothing in it. The last day, after the Touchwood-Princess May course, Judge Williams fined Mr. E. H. Mulcaster $5 for running into him dnring the course, as he stated it was the third time he had done so. Mr. Mulcaster handled Messrs. Allen & Rew's dogs. Mr. Mulcaster afterward apologized and the affair ended with the remittal of the fine. Mr. Roger Williams showed conclusively that as a coursing judge there are few to equal him. The riding is hard and at times dangerous in the extreme, on account of the hidden badger holes. One of the judge's horses broke a bone in the pastern, and his two other horses were knocked out by the first day's work.

Mr. Williams is a hard and vigorous rider for a heavy man, and there is no hesitation whatever in giving his decision directly the dogs stop. Another important officer must also be praised. We in New York poked fun at our friend at Closter when it was announced that he would slip. Those who didn't know him thought he couldn't walk it out. All a mistake; he went a bit duckey in his hindlegs the second day, but Friday he was going stronger than ever and was told repeatedly to go slower. Except for the accidents mentioned below, which he could not help, the slipping was well done and gave general satisfaction. The officers of the club did their duty well. There was no undue assumption of authority, they treated every one firmly but kindly while out in the field and thus kept excellent discipline and their lines in almost martial precision. The flag steward was Mr. Clarence Pratt, of Huron, a good rider, and only once did the judge get away from him, in the Fanny and Drytime heat.

Mr. Page, as slip steward, was always there when wanted, and in the language of the dog show, "the rings were well served." The field stewards were Messrs. C. R. Huntly, the president of the Hnron Coursing Club, formed in April last; John Longstaff, the secretary and treasurer; E. H. Aplin, John A. Sauer, R. O. Richards and F. B. Coyne, and these also constituted the active members of the club. Mr. J. Herbert Watson was chairman of the committee and the committee itself, for his fellow members did not put in an appearance. Mr. Horatio Nelson, one of the committee, was sick, and his enforced absence must have been a great disappointment to him, as he had a number of dogs entered. Mr. Watson was here, there and everywhere, and attended to the whole business generally. The coursing men owe him a vote of thanks for the trouble he took in the whole affair, and all who know him were pleased to see his plucky efforts at last rewarded by snbstantial wins. Mr. A. C. Bradbury had his dogs in hand for a month before the meeting out here, and the running of his dogs show that he was not lazy, and he was particularly handicapped by having the two dogs in a course several times, running three out of the four last dogs left in the purse, a capital record. He had Mr. Watson's dogs as well as the Maybrook Kennels'. The fact that H. C. Lowe and Dr. Van Hummel divided the principal honors must be particularly gratifying to them, especially Mr. Lowe, as he bred the winner and runner up, besides Sir Hugo, Ramona and Voltaire; they have kept at the game in spite of every setback, and the result was a popular one.

In the large number of courses run off many of them must of necessity become more or less indistinct to the memory, but there are several that stand out prominently on the mind's tablets. Notably the Van's Peter—Willy Nilly course, where Peter gave such an exhibition of dogged pertinacity and pluck when thoroughly pumped, and killing his hare after all. Then the course between Willis H. and Voltaire was one to remember in years to come. Voltaire always seemed to have the luck to get a hare that gave a long, grueling course.

There is little more to be said when we relate that the occasion of the draw was made quite interesting and spectacular. In the pretty opera house, main floor, covers were laid for 200, but before the performance with the chop sticks a musical entertainment was given, and then the draw took place on the stage, the president opening the slips from the hat. Then followed the supper and the speeches. Mr. Longstaff was the toast master, Mr. E. H. Aplin welcomed the guests on behalf of the city, and Mr. J. Herbert Watson, of New York, responded. The following gentlemen made speeches appropriate to the occasion: Rev. A. S. McGogney, Huron; Dr. Q. Van Hummel, Indianapolis; Wm. Sterling, a lawyer of prominence in the city; C. G. Page, Aurora, Ill., and Basil Hayman, Chicago. The coursing cards were well gotten up, accurate and moderate in price.

TUESDAY.

This the first morning of the meeting dawned clear and frosty, but the sun coming out before we started just dampened the surface of the ground snfficiently to promise good going. A crowd of wagons and horsemen had assembled round the headquarters when a late start was made for a part of the prairie three miles from town. The whole sporting element of the town seemed to have turned out, and there must have been over a hundred teams on the ground. Several ladies followed the sport throughout the day and lent an additional charm to the scene. During the day we had a taste of pretty nearly every kind of weather but rain and snow. Toward afternoon a stiff wind came up which must have been chilling to those compelled to sit in wagons, and it made the tears come to the eyes of those who had to follow the dogs. The crowd was orderly and very different from those at Great Bend judging from reports. Good discipline was kept, the line dressing well nearly all the time. There were several weary tramps during the day, as jacks were not very plentiful, but when found were fairly strong. The judging was well done and so was the slipping, with the exception of one or two of the early ones, which circumstances excused. The courses throughout were never very close, and there was no questioning the correctness of the decisions.

Columbus Cup.

First Round.

LORD NEVERSTILL AND DOVER.—This opening brace was put into slips at 10:12 A. M. A hare was soon up, and the slipper holding the dogs a trifle too long, Lord Neverstill became unruly, finally breaking away and indulging in a short course, losing the hare on the hill. Brought back, they were slipped again to a rather weak hare. Neverstill led in the run up, scored, placing Dover, who never let the other in again, the hare getting clear away with Dover, after Lord Neverstill quitted. Dover won.

DICK ALLEY AND DELSARTE.—This brace in slips 11:05. It took a walk of 30 minutes to find puss, and when slipped Delsarte was unsighted, but following Dick Alley he soon sighted, and passing Dick led to the hare and running right in for a good kill in full view of the crowd, beat the other dog pointless. Another hare got up before Dick was collared and he killed.

SIR HUGO AND ROYAL CREST.—These were sent off to a good slip, and after a sharp burst Sir Hugo led, and turning with the hare shot in and killed cleverly within 300yds. of the crowd. Sir Hugo won. An unfortunate course for the black dog.

VIOLA AND DRYTIME.—A clever looking brace. Slipped at 12:06 with Drytime leading to the hare a couple of lengths. Drytime held possession for half a mile and then placed Viola. Rapid exchanges followed, till Viola, giving the other the go-by as they turned to the hill, worked puss alone until it sought safety in a friendly earth after a rattling long course. Drytime was outpaced, though she kept to it gamely. Viola won.

FANNY AND RAVEN.—In slips at 1 P. M. Hare soon found and from a good slip Raven led up and did the greater part of the work, working close to the scent and finally clinched her advantage with a good kill. Raven won. Lunch was then in order at 1:40 P. M.

JOE MCAULIFFE AND NANCY were put in slips, but a half an hour's walk ensued before a hare was started. Nancy led to the turn, and placing Joe, a ding-dong exchange followed, in which Nancy showed the cleverer, and working the hare toward the spectators finally ran puss to earth. This was a capital course. Nancy won.

FLYING FANCY AND TOUCHWOOD III.—The bitch led to the turn from a good slip, but falling, Touchwood gained possession, rattled up several points to the fence, where Fancy joined issue and reduced the score one-half, but puss holed or was lost in the corn, leaving Touchwood a good winner of a fast course.

WOODFORD BOY AND WILLIS H.—In slips at 2:33. After two hares had escaped the dogs were slipped to a good one and Willis leading, scored several points, and though the brindle was well placed for a couple of turns Willis always had him well in hand, and bustling his game to the woods puss sought refuge and escaped. Willis H. won and showed himself a smart hound.

LAPLANDER AND GREENSHINE.—In slips at 3:02. This was a one-sided course, Laplander piling a handsome sequence, scarcely allowing the black dog a look in, and after a bruising course of about three miles puss vanished in a hole just in time to save its cotton.

CYCLONE AND BICKER.—In slips at 3:25. A jack was soon up and a burst of half a mile took the dogs from view with little advantage to either; when seen the hare was favoring Bicker; he turned her sharply and placed Cyclone for several exchanges, Bicker being far the smarter of the two in recovery; running over the mound the blue dog was seen to be doing all the work and using his teeth cleverly, never left the result in doubt. Bicker won.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP AND PRINCESS MAY.—In slips at 3:45, In ten minutes a moderate hare was started, and after a short run-up in favor of Will-o' the-Wisp, Princess May took possession on a strong outside, scored several points, and bearing the hare round ran rather slovenly into her game, killing after a short course. Princess May won.

ST. LAWRENCE AND BAN BOY.—Put in slips at 4:08 Ban Boy acted very meanly, breaking from slips. Caught and tried to repeat when returned. Finally they were sent off in single slips and Ban Boy sighting a hare first shot to the front, while St. Lawrence, being unsighted, held back so that Brett was strung out like a cross roads sign post. To a bad break Ban Boy led several lengths a faltering hare. St. Lawrence having made good his ground tried to kill and coming again he accomplished his object with the help of the other. No course. Slipped again in a much better manner the hare led them a merry dance, neither being able to get on terms at first, till puss favored Ban Boy, he improving the opportunity for several points, and St. Lawrence falling he further increased his score, finally losing puss in a corn patch a half mile from crowd.

RAMONA AND DAZIEL.—At 4:40 slipped to a long run up, Ramona first to score after running even for some time. Placing Daziel hot exchanges followed, but Ramona always having the foot of the other held well to the scent till she lost puss in a corn patch.

WILLY NILLY AND FLAKE.—In slips at 5:03 P. M. A hare was found quickly and from a good slip they were soon on terms of intimacy with puss, and a give and take course ensued, both doing good work, till Willy was unsighted in corn and came back. Flake kept to it and ran some time after her flag went up. A rather unsatisfactory course.

PRINCE CHARLEY AND VAN'S PETER.—This was one of the best courses during the day. Charlie led to the hare and placing Peter neither had any advantage in the exchange work that ensued, puss being pressed hotly all the time. The pace began to tell on Peter and Prince Charlie forging ahead soon ran into puss for an easy kill. Prince Charlie won.

MISS DOLLAR III. AND VOLTAIRE.—This was another good course that must have covered three miles at least. They were sent off at 5:55 to a good hare. In the run up Miss Dollar had the advantage, and bearing the hare back to crowd some smart work on both sides took place. Getting among the wagons it looked all over Miss Dollar's course, but the hare drew right away afterward, led them a buster over the rising ground till, having gone nearly a mile, Miss Dollar gave it up, leaving Voltaire to carry the hare a couple of miles further, working most of the time.

This finished the card and as it was past 6 P. M. a start was made for town. The wind had died down and a 10 mile drive gave us plenty of time to ruminate on the vastness of this country and the glorious sunset.

WEDNESDAY.

Second Round.

When we pulled up our blinds this morning the weather seemed anything but promising. Heavy clouds hung over head and the air was raw, with a drop or two of rain falling now and then. A start was made for a different part of the prairie where hares were said to be more plentiful, and this was found to be the case. There was a large crowd out to-day. At noon I counted 147 carriages, besides a number of horseback riders, including several ladies. A good deal of the work done was sharp and decisive, hares being plentiful.

No time was lost in getting to business at 10:25, Dover being drawn, owing to a lame shoulder.

VOLTAIRE ran a bye with Little Climber, and was indulged with another long, grueling course.

DELSARTE AND PRINCE CHARLIE.—Put in slips at 10:43. These two were sent after a strong, fast hare at once. Delsarte was the quickest away, but Prince overhauled him and getting up with his game scored and placed Delsarte for some rapid exchanges, Prince having the advantage. The latter turned the hare toward the crowd, and when 100yds. away puss was so hard pressed she ran to earth, and the white flag was raised denoting Prince Charlie's victory.

SIR HUGO AND VIOLA.—In slips at 11. Starting a hare to one side of spectators from a fair slip, Sir Hugo led to the hare. Viola, being unsighted, made a wide circle and lost twenty lengths; but making this up, both dogs worked the hare very prettily. Presently Viola carried puss on alone several lengths ahead of Sir Hugo, who seemed in trouble; but, coming again, he nipped in for possession and killed, bringing a two-mile course to a fitting close. Sir Hugo won.

RAVEN AND NANCY.—In slips 11:25. A hare was soon up, but got a long start before Brett let them out. In the run Nancy had a slight advantage, and turning placed Raven for a wrench; both scored well in subsequent exchanges till, Raven bearing the hare to the left, Nancy shot in and killed handsomely. Nancy won.

TOUCHWOOD III. AND WILLIS H.—In slips 11:40. Slipped shortly after, and Willis proved superior in the run up; the hare ran back through the crowd, Britt handling the dogs very cleverly, for they were quite wild. Willis H. scored and then placed Touchwood, who could not hold his advantage, but bearing the hare to right let Willis in, and he never gave the other dog another chance, but keeping close to the scent the hare dodged back, and Willis working close to the ground nabbed her as she passed and it was all over, and a clever kill was the verdict. Willis H. won.

LAPLANDER AND BICKER.—In slips 11:51, and a hare getting up under the dogs they were sent away on even terms, but the hare turning sharply to right by a fence both dogs were unsighted. Laplander was quickest in sighting and gained twenty-five lengths on his opponent, scoring a capital turn before letting Bicker in. Lap then pressed the other for possession again, handling the game cleverly, scored repeatedly and bringing the hare in front of the crowd killed nicely. Laplander won. This was a very pretty conrse, most of it in view of the spectators.

PRINCESS MAY AND BAN BOY.—Brett took them in hand at 11:55 and a hare was soon up. Princess led and getting possession held it for several points; placing Ban Boy he reduced the score but falling at the fence he lost sight, besides cutting himself in both forelegs, but nothing daunted he came again and gave the other a go-bay, scored and placed Princess, who carried puss to rough grass in a fast course. Then ensued a procession, the hare leading Ban Boy three lengths and Princess some distance behind; this kept up for a mile, when, getting to farmhouse, Princess stopped and the flag went up for Ban Boy. This was a long, bruising course.

RAMONA AND FLAKE.—In slips 12:25. Ramona led from a good slip and turning puss toward the crowd she hustled her so smartly that she took refuge underground, the course ending with most of the work in favor of Ramona. This concluded the second round of the cup ties.

It was now time for lunch and we were all quite ready for it; the air on these prairies must be conducive to good appetites and digestion judging by results. The first round of the

Columbus Purse,

For dogs beaten in the first round of the cup, was now started at 1:40 P. M.

LORD NEVERSTILL AND DICK ALLEY.—After the slip both dogs were unsighted, Lord Neverstill soon sighted and getting on terms with the game, scored rapidly at first, Dick had now come in to take a hand and was well placed when puss suddenly ran to earth which unluckily for Dick left the verdict in favor of Lord Neverstill.

ROYAL CREST AND MISS DOLLAR III.—In slips 1:50. When game was started it got well ahead of the dogs before Brett let them go and they were unsighted for a short time; Royal Crest got the line first and had it all to himself for several turns and wrenches before Miss Dollar made up her leeway, and reduced the score on a couple of turns. Royal Crest coming again took possession and never giving Miss Dollar a chance, took the hare over the hill and down toward the ravine, Miss Dollar stopping. The dog was seen to be working his hare for a mile or more and ran a strong resolute dog.

DRYTIME AND FANNY.—It had now become very warm and trying to all those engaged in active work and especially so for the dogs. At 2 P. M. they slipped but lost view of the hare at once in the long grass, but catching on shortly, Drytime closed up and turned puss twice before it went through the crowd, seeming to hold the other well in hand. Doing all the work she tried twice to use her teeth; leading Fanny five lengths she hustled bunny over the hill, but the pace told and her bolt was shot. Fanny took possession but finally lost in a cornfield after some good work, but not sufficiently so to wipe out Drytime's score. The latter won.

JOE MCAULIFFE AND FLYING FANCY.—In slips at 2:40. After a capital slip Joe showed in front and put a couple of turns to his credit before placing Fancy, who turning hare, Joe got possession again and shot in for a good kill. Joe McAuliffe won.

WOODFORD BOY AND GREENSHINE.—From a capital slip at 3:20 on a marked hare, Woodford led to the quarry, turned and placing Greenshine several exchanges were indulged in, Greenshine having the best of it till the hare made straight away over rising ground, and was finally lost in corn, Greenshine stopping at the edge. Greenshine won.

CYCLONE AND WILL-O'-THE WISP.—Found hare at 3:36, and in a short run up Cyclone had the best of it, and one of the prettiest courses of the day followed. Round and round went puss, the dogs alternating at the scut. Will-o'-the-Wisp soon proved smarter in this clever work, Cyclone being too big, and giving him a go-by he never gave Cyclone but one more chance to kill and then he finished the course with a clever death. Will-o'-the-Wisp won.

ST. LAWRENCE AND DAZIEL.—Slipped at 4:31, Daziel dwelling in slips allowed St. Lawrence to get well ahead, when he rolled up a big score, and although Daziel got in for once or twice the issue was never in doubt, even had the white and black dog not made a nice kill. St. Lawrence won.

WILLY NILLY AND VAN'S PETER.—This was expected to be a good course, and they did not disappoint us. In slips at 4:10. In the send-off Van's Peter led and knocked together several points before Willy could get placed. Giving Van's

Peter the go-by he rapidly evened the score and put something to the good before he got unsighted, and gave up, coming back to us. Then Van, though pumped, gave an exhibition of pluck, working the hare alone in a potato patch up and down, back and forth, then out into the open where he turned the hare to Willy, who was looking for it. He flecked, but Van got up to the scut again and nearly ended the course several times unaided. Another turn in the patch and then he shot out and nabbed his game. This was the most determined, plucky course of the meeting on Van's Peter's part. The latter won, of course. This completed the card for the day, seven miles from town.

THURSDAY.

It was raining as we came from breakfast this morning, and the outlook was dreary in the extreme, while the air was far from being warm. About 10 o'clock it cleared, however, and a start was made in the same direction as yesterday. Though few comparatively turned out this morning, by noon there were quite as many as yesterday. A number of ladies on horseback graced the proceedings, to say nothing of a bevy of "schoolmarms" who came to see the fun in a large wagonette. The stewards kept good order, though toward the finish this evening a lot of young fellows on horseback renounced all authority and followed the courses contrary to rules. With this exception all through the meeting so far the people have been most amenable to the field discipline. The card commenced with the

Columbus Cup—Third Round.

SIR HUGO AND NANCY.—In slips at 11 A. M. Sir Hugo had cut himself pretty badly on the near hindleg but it did not seem to affect him much. Putting up the first hare entailed a forty-minutes walk. Nancy hung fire when the word came and Sir Hugo got a lead of ten lengths. This Nancy closed on the run up but Sir Hugo scored the turn, and placing Nancy she knocked together several points and finished with a good kill, aided by Sir Hugo. Nancy won.

WILLIS H. AND VOLTAIRE.—There was considerable interest in this heat, Willis H. being a local dog. In slips 11:47. A hare was put up at once and the higger Voltaire led and turned, placing Willis H. for a turn and two wrenches. Taking puss to the crowd, some long grueling runs took place, first one having the advantage, then the other; in a sharp rally Willis H. rolled over, but placed himself again on Voltaire's turn. After working the hare upward of three miles puss saved his fur by dodging into an earth, with Willis close to his scut. Willis H. won a bruising, clever course.

LAPLANDER AND BAN BOY.—This was the only course where there seemed to be room for doubt as to the correctness of the judges' decisions. Ban Boy wore the white collar and my eyes are good for nothing if I didn't see that white collar in front most of the time. They were off with a good slip at 12:06 and Ban Boy scored a turn and two wrenches before Laplander could place. Ban did most of the work in front of the crowd and kept close to the hare the most of the time and finished with a good kill. The red flag went up and Laplander won. Ban Boy had the speed of the other at all points of the game. If Laplander did that work then there must be something in second sight. We may have been mistaken, as Mr. Williams is equally certain of his part and he must know best.

RAMONA AND PRINCE CHARLIE.—These are two very handsome dogs. A hare got up at 12:30 and dogs sent on the journey on equal terms. Ramona proved the speedier and was first to score, placing Prince nicely, who cut the score down and added some for himself. Some rapid work on both sides followed, and Ramona tried for the kill but missed, placing Prince Charlie, who did the rest of the work, finishing with a smart kill. Prince Charlie won.

It was now lunch time, and Mr. E. H. Mulcaster afterward took occasion to sell by auction a draft of pups from his kennel, particulars of which sale will be found elsewhere.

After lunch the

Columbus Purse—Second Round,

was run off, commencing with

LORD NEVERSTILL AND ROYAL CREST.—A move of two or three miles was made to other grounds to get out of the way of wire fences, and at 2:35 the first brace were put in; but this ground would not do and we moved still further out, and they were finally slipped about 3 P. M. The dogs were unruly in slips, Lord Neverstill behaving, as usual, very meanly. Straightened out they broke badly, Lord Neverstill being unsighted, but following Royal Crest, he got up in time to see the black dog turn the hare. Royal Crest always had the foot of the higger dog and rapidly increased his score, Lord Neverstill getting one or two wrenches in the sharp exchanges. Royal scored several go-bys and finally pressed puss to seek refuge in a hole after a bout of three-quarters of a mile. Royal Crest is a smart performer, works low and close to his game, and has lots of speed at command.

DRYTIME AND JOE MCAULIFFE.—This was New York versus California. Mr. Watson as usual had his dogs follow on in their courses. A hare was found at once, in slips at 3:14. Drytime scored in the run up and turn, and puss coming through the crowd put for the open, Drytime working close up tripped, thus placing Joe for the kill which they managed satisfactorily between them. The hare getting off a few yards and falling. Drytime won.

GREENSHINE AND WILL-O'-THE-WISP. — Game was soon found, but Greenshine was unsighted at start and made a wide detour, letting Will in for first points. Then he joined issue and working the hare through the crowd made several minor points, when the hare put for the rising ground, Greenshine working him all the time till puss holed. Greenshine won.

ST. LAWRENCE AND VAN'S PETER.—In slips at 3:50; getting a hare quickly Van proved the faster in the run up, placing St. Lawrence on the turn for a minor point, but Van's Peter giving him the go-by, worked the hare with little chance for the white and black, finally shooting out and using his teeth to good effect, after a two mile course. This ended second round of the purse.

Columbus Plate—First Round.

DELSARTE (A BYE).—This dog ran a good course and was doing bustling work, as they disappeared over rising ground.

VIOLA AND RAVEN.—In the slip at 4:12. Viola started best, but Raven shot across, made a strong run up and scoring placed Viola, who rattled up several points before they got out of sight over a ridge of grass, running puss to earth and winning handily enough.

TOUCHWOOD AND BICKER.—Sent off at 4:27 to a fair slip, but Touchwood proved the speedier to the hare by several lengths and turned his hare, keeping well to the scut, and after going a half mile tried for the kill, flecked and then the black was placed, and nearly turned a somersault in his efforts to nab puss. Touchwood then gave him the go-by and killed smartly. Touchwood won.

PRINCESS MAY AND FLAKE.—Put in slips at 5:48 P. M. Princess proved the speedier, and never letting the other dog in tried for the kill, but tripped only; starting out again she nabbed puss this time and was an easy winner.

A match race was then decided, the brace being Mr. J. Herbert Watson's The Judge vs. Dr. Van Hummel's Rhea. The course was one sided, The Judge having the speed of the other, and working his hare well in a burst of half a mile to the corn when he lost.

FRIDAY.

This morning opened bright and clear with a touch of frost. A large number of spectators was expected out to see the finish in the different stakes, and we were not disappointed. During the day it became rather warmer than comfort demanded, but going to the place where we left off last night, about eleven miles from town, rabbits were found in quite sufficient numbers to allow of good coursing and in only one or two cases had the dogs to walk much distance in slips. The crowd was the largest during the meeting, over 600 people watching the sport from wagons and horseback, and they seemed to come from all points of the compass. They were very orderly, too, the field stewards having no trouble at all in keeping the line. It was not necessary to hurry in starting, as we had all the day before us, so that it was 10:56 when the first brace in the closing ties of the cup were put in slips.

Columbus Cup—Fourth Ties.

NANCY AND WILLIS H.—The crowd was much excited over this course, as Willis H., having run so well through the stake, was thought by the Huronites to have a fighting chance for the money. A hare was soon started, and to a good slip Nancy held well to her course, but Willis somehow was unsighted for a few seconds, losing many lengths which he found it hard to make up against so speedy a one as Nancy. The bitch turned smartly and, keeping close up she pressed puss for a couple more points, where Willis now being on terms with the game shot in and turned very handsomely placing Willis for a couple of scores. Nancy coming on the outside tried for the kill, but it resulted in a trip, placing Willis, who accepted the favor and killed too soon to equalize the score. Nancy won.

LAPLANDER AND PRINCE CHARLIE.—In slips 1:10 and getting away from one of Brett's best efforts; both ran as if coupled for some distance till Prince Charlie drew out and getting to puss worked her for several points back and forth, his recovery being marvellous for a dog of his size. The hare nearing Laplander the latter reduced the score a point or two bearing puss toward the crowd, and the hare thinking it too warm in every way made for Jack's Harbor, as the old well is now called. Prince led the other by a couple of lengths in a long run, but he could not prevent puss from seeking safety in the well. This was a grand course and must have been two miles, both dogs showed their good condition. It now looked, with ordinary luck, all over Prince Charlie's cup.

Final.

NANCY AND PRINCE CHARLIE.—Though, this of course did not follow we might as well close up the cup. In slips at 2:40 P. M. From a capital slip to a quickly found hare Charlie's stride gave him the advantage of the little bitch and L. was first to score, keeping possession for a nice sequence when turning puss abruptly the judge's horse ran right into the dogs, Nancy narrowly escaping death, the horse jumping over her. She lost ground, but nothing daunted, was soon on terms with Charlie and in the sharp work that ensued helped herself to a few points and being cleverly placed made a capital kill. A bruising course and a good deal of it in sight of the crowd. Prince Charlie won the stake and deservedly so. He ran a good greyhound right through, has lots of speed and for a dog of his height works very close to the ground, and is extremely quick in recovery. He is a handsome black and white dog, weight about 60lbs., and can win on the bench so well formed is he, especially from ribs back. Nancy is a smart looking brindle of 46lbs., well put together. There were no freaks at this meeting. Nancy is very quick in recovery and has an even snaky glide that is dangerous to the smartest hare. Laplander and Willis H. are also well made dogs of about 60lbs. weight, all black and seem to know the ways of puss at every point. They are a dangerous brace in any stake, and Huron should be proud that it owns such dogs. Congratulation over, we return to the

Columbus Purse—Second Ties.

ROYAL CREST AND VAN'S PETER.—In slips about 11:25. In a long run from a good slip they ran head and head, but nearing the hare Royal Crest drew out and pressing puss for the turn, followed up his advantage, and keeping close to the scut forced a wrench and placed Peter, who scored, and Royal Crest soon getting possession tried for a kill, went by, but recovering on Peter's place used his teeth effectively for a good kill. A hard course of about 1¼ miles. Royal Crest won, and Mr. Watson's stock was high in the market.

DRYTIME AND GREENSHINE.—This course was enough to make any man's heart bleed for poor Drytime. She was put in slips at 11:55 with one leg up—a pad and a toe-nail torn off. There was quite a little walk before puss was found, and this did not improve matters for the bitch. Eventually when slipped the cord broke and Drytime was seen to be running as if she had all her toes and a few others besides, but the slips were fast to her neck. The slip was, barring this, a good one and the hare strong. The cripple led to the hare and keeping possession worked it through the plowed ground, scoring several times, placing Greenshine for a couple of turns and a wrench or two. Then the hare went clean away down to the bottom and was holed. Drytime won, a hard, rough course at any time, but handicapped as she was she showed herself a wonderfully game hitch, and now that she has earned her brackets she should be retired. She is in her fourth season, and Mr. Watson says this will be her last appearance. It was lucky the bitch did win or it would have been declared no course. Mr. Watson owning both dogs left in for the final, they divided.

Royal Crest is a black dog of about 60lbs. weight. He is well made and a clever, improving dog. With more experience he is bound to do even better, for he seemed to get smarter every day, and needed his first day's work to tune him up.

Drytime is a light fawn-colored bitch, and has been seen on the bench, where she won second at Boston a couple of years ago. Royal Crest has also been favorably mentioned at New York.

The Columbus Plate.

First Ties.

DELSARTE AND VIOLA.—In slips at 12:18. A hare was quickly found and from a good slip Delsarte got into her stride the quickest, but Viola followed the judge instead of the hare, and had to make a wide circle before getting up to the other dog again, who meanwhile had been pressing the hare for several points that did him no good. Placing Viola, she soon made good the little *contretemps* at the start and knocking together a nice sequence, working close to the scut and never giving the hare much leeway, placed Delsarte well, who made the best of his opportunities in some rattling exchanges, when Viola tripped, and before they recovered the hare had a good start, and quite a course ensued before Viola, making no mistake this time, shot in for a clean kill. Viola won with something to spare in a rattling course of over a mile.

TOUCHWOOD II. AND PRINCESS MAY.—Sent off to a good slip Princess led to the hare over the rising ground and turned to Touchwood, who got in a couple of good turns, then placed Princess who pressed Jack so hotly that he was fain compelled to go straight away for Jack's Harbor, when he disappeared as Princess's jaws were closed on his cotton. The flag went up for Princess May.

A match race was then run off between Maybrook Kennels' Miss Dollar III. and Dr. Van Hummell's Black Bess, in which, after a pumping course, Miss Dollar was declared the winner, both dogs going out of sight of crowd.

Luncheon was then the order and several photographs of the dogs and officers of the club, judge, slipper, etc., were taken by Mr. Bushnell, a photographer from Huron. After this the final in the Cup Stake was run off as described above and then the dogs were put in slips for the last course of the meeting to decide the Columbus Plate.

Final.

VIOLA AND PRINCESS MAY.—This was a sharp course on a strong dodging hare. From an excellent slip Princess May showed the faster and scored the turn, placing Viola, who put in some good work. Getting over to the rising ground she pressed Jack again for a good score in a lot of dodging work, in which Princess May got a share of the honors. Finally Viola, running in for the kill, flecked and placed Princess May, who picked Jack up in a smart, straight run in. The red flag went up, denoting Viola's victory, and the finish eleven miles from town of notably the most successful coursing meeting ever held in this country.

Puss was presented to FOREST AND STREAM.

SUMMARY.

COLUMBUS CUP.—For 32 greyhounds of all ages at $50 each, to which was added $1,000. Winner, $1,000; runner-up, $500; third and fourth, $125 each; 4 dogs $40 each.

First Round.

May Brook Kennels' b e d Dover (Greentick—Buxton Lass)	beat	Woodhaven Kennels' bd d Lord Neverstill (Lord Neversettle —Partera).
Allen & Rew's bd w b Del Sarte (Lord Neversettle—Partera)	beat	W. C. Alley's be d Dick Alley. (Carter—Nell).
Allen & Rew's bk w d Sir Hugo (Lord Neversettle — White Lips)	beat	J. Herbert Watson's bk d Royal Crest (Greentick—Royal Rate).
Landseer Kennels' bd b Viola (Babazoun—Verdure Clad)	beat	J. Herbert Watson's f b Drytime (Britain Still — Haytime).
A. P. Slocum's bk b Raven (Major Glendyne — Humming Bird)	beat	Allen & Rew's bd b Fanny (late Retzel's Fanny (Keno—Jennie).
Landseer Kennels' bd b Nancy (Lord Neversettle—Partera)	beat	Thomas Hall's bk d Joe McAuliffe (Pat Molloy — Banshee).
N. P. Whiting's f d Touchwood III. (Thornwood — Burning Shame).	beat	F. B. Coyne's f b Flying Fancy (Norwegian—Buenaritero)
F. B. Coyne's bk w d Willis H. (Lights o' London — Little Nell)	beat	Allen & Rew's bk w d Woodford Boy (Lord McPherson —Jessamine).
F. B. Coyne's bk d Laplander (Trales—Dick's Darling)	beat	Maybrook Kennels' bk d Greenshine (Mullingar — Greenfinch III).
J. A. Bushfield's be d Bicker (Carter H.—Nell)	beat	C. H. Vinton's r d Cyclone (Brindle Duke—Nell).
H. C. Lowe's bk w b Princess May (Lord Neversettle — White Lips)	beat	J. Herbert Watson's bk d Will-o'-the-Wisp (Burnaby—Drytime).
Thomas Hall's bk d Banboy (Benelong—Banshee)	beat	H. C. Lowe's w bk d St. Lawrence (Lord Neversettle — White Lips).
F. B. Coyne's w r b Ramona (Lord Neversettle—Partera)	beat	Thomas Hall's bk d Daziel—(Monarch—Mischief).
Thomas Wallace's f d Flake (Joe—Nell)	beat	J. Herbert Watson's bk d Willy-Nilly (Burnaby—Drytime).
H. C. Lowe's w bk d Prince Charlie (Lord Neversettle —White Lips)	beat	Landseer Kennels' r d Van's Peter (Babazoun—Carmine).
H. C. Lowe's w bk d Voltaire (Lord Neversettle — White Lips)	beat	Maybrook Kennels' bd b Miss Dollar III. (Eden Castle — Miss Harkness).

Second Round.

Voltaire a bye, Dover withdrawn.	Willis H. beat Touchwood III.
Prince Charlie beat Delsare.	Laplander beat Bicker.
Sir Hugo beat Viola.	Ban Boy beat Princess May.
Nancy beat Raven.	Ramona beat Flake.

Third Round.

Nancy beat Sir Hugo.	Laplander beat Ban Boy.
Willis H. beat Voltaire.	Prince Charlie beat Ramona.

Fourth Round.

Nancy beat Willis H.	Prince Charlie beat Laplander.

Final.

Prince Charlie beat Nancy and won.

COLUMBUS PURSE—For sixteen dogs beaten in the first round of the cup. Winner $150, runner-up $50, third and fourth $25 each.

First Round.

Lord Neverstill beat Dick Alley.	Greenshine beat Woodford Boy.
Royal Crest beat Miss Dollar III.	Will-o'-the-Wisp beat Cyclone.
Drytime beat Fanny.	St. Lawrence beat Daziel.
Joe McAuliffe beat Flying Fancy.	Van's Peter beat Willy-Nilly.

Second Round.

Royal Crest beat Lord Neverstill.	Greenshine beat Will-o'-the-Wisp.
Drytime beat Joe McAuliffe.	Van's Peter beat St. Lawrence.

Third Round.

Royal Crest beat Van's Peter.	Drytime beat Greenshine.

Final.

Royal Crest and Drytime divided.

COLUMBUS PLATE—For eight dogs beaten in the first ties of the cup. Winner $100 and runner-up $40.

First Round.

Viola beat Raven.	Princess May beat Flake.
Touchwood III. beat Bicker	Delsarte a bye.

Second Round.

Viola beat Delsarte.	Princess May beat Touchwood III.

Final.

Viola beat Princess May and won.

Ten per cent. was deducted from the winnings in the Cup and Purse, and five per cent. from the winnings in the Plate for expenses.

H. W. LACY.

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Commendation.

AT a meeting of the Huron Coursing Club, held at the close of the International Coursing meeting, the following resolution was presented and adopted and signed by the persons present:

Whereas, The International Coursing Meeting just held in this city has been conducted with great success, and great satisfaction is manifested at the outcome of the meet;

Therefore be it resolved, That we hereby express our sincere thanks to Mr. Roger D. Williams for the eminent fairness and impartiality with which his decisions have been rendered, and commend him as a just, fair and upright judge.

That we likewise commend Mr. John Brett for the care and discretion manifested by him as slipper at said meeting and for the ability manifested by him in said position. F. B. Coyne, N. P. Whiting, C. R. Huntley, H. C. Lowe, C. G. Page, Tom Hall, A. C. Bradbury, J. A. Sauer, E. H. Mulcaster, Q. Van Hummel, H. W. Lacy, E. H. Aplin, J. Herbert Watson, A. Melrose, C. H. Scott Durhen, Basil Hayman.

The Huron Coursing Club also passed a resolution thanking Mr. Page, who acted as club field steward, for the able manner in which he handled the spectators.

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Brunswick Fur Club Trials.

DORCHESTER, Mass.—The fifth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at No. Acton, Mass., commencing Oct. 23, and continuing till the various classes shall have been run off. These trials are open to the world, and all the best known strains of foxhounds in this country will be represented among the entries.

The club headquarters will be at the Nagog House, which is one mile from No. Acton station on the Framingham and Lowell Division of the Old Colony Railway; and the rates will be $1 per day.

All foxhunters are requested to bring their best hounds with them. Entries close at 9 P. M., Oct. 23.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Secretary.

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

Yachting.

The wind in the first two trials has been too light for any satisfactory test of the yachts, even in light weather, the gain in each trial being due to a fluke. At the same time enough has been seen of the two yachts to make possible a comparison of some important points. It is generally conceded that Vigilant's sails are the equal of any yet produced on this side, and represent the highest progress in the weaving of canvas and the making of sails. Compared with them the sails of Valkyrie are quite as good, not only much better than those of Thistle, but of Volunteer as well. The materials in the English and American sails are different, but we have the word of one of the leading sail makers that the canvas used on Valkyrie is superior to that made in this country, the much vaunted Sea Island cotton included. The experts profess to see slight differences on one side or the other; for instance, we hear that Valkyrie's headsails are better than Vigilant's, while her mainsail is not quite as good. This may or may not be so, but on the whole there is little to choose between the two rigs.

In the matter of rigging, the Herreshoff gear of Vigilant is generally commended as lighter than that of Valkyrie, yet strong enough and the appearance is certainly in its favor; on the other hand it has not been tested through a whole season as Valkyrie's has, nor does the supposed extra weight aloft have any apparent effect on the stability of the narrower boat.

The handling of the two boats is another important matter over which there are differences of opinion, but thus far the honors in quick and dextrous setting and shifting of sail rather rest with Valkyrie. Both boats are well handled, both at the helm and about the deck, but Valkyrie has been a little quicker in setting her sails.

The fickle nature of the public favor is well shown by the comments on Vigilant's skipper after the first race, the blame for a mere accident being thrown entirely on him by some of the papers. Had Vigilant caught the wind she looked for, he would have been praised as unreasonably and as extravagantly as the skippers of other Cup defenders have been at times; while the whole crew of Vigilant would have shared the credit of outwitting the Englishman. In yacht racing nothing succeeds like succes.

The "one gun" start adopted for the Cup races has been criticised as unfair to Americans because it is generally used in British racing, and the assertion is even made that the committee recognizes that it made an error in acceding to Lord Dunraven's suggestion, and that this mode of starting will not be admitted in any future international races. While the "one gun" start is almost universal in England, it is by no means unknown here, and there are very few American yacht sailors who have not started in this way at times. Of course it takes more skill to make a good "one gun" start than to lumber over the line any time within ten minutes and in any chance position, as may

MANEUVERING FOR THE START.

be sometimes seen on the New York cruise; but it takes no more skill to make such a start than it does to place a boat properly in a large fleet for a start with a limit to cross in. Any one who has watched Volunteer or Titania in their races must appreciate the skill with which each boat was berthed just where she should be, according to the wind and tide and the positions of the other boats; and must realize that the task of deliberately making the first start in one race or the last in another is as difficult as getting over the line with the gun.

The "one gun" start is fair in that it compels all boats to start in the same wind, and prevents the boat from laying back five or even ten minutes for a fluke and yet being credited with all the time saved. That it penalizes the tardy and slovenly skipper is no argument against it, and if it were more general the standard of skill in racing would be raised still higher.

The allowance of 1m. 48s. given by Vigilant to Valkyrie over a 30 mile course has been a matter of complaint among many of the outside spectators of the races, and even some who consider themselves yachtsmen, cannot understand why one boat should give another time. If it were a matter of horse racing or prize fighting, they would readily admit the justice of a handicap, or an equality of weight, but in yacht racing they fail to see why "their" boat should allow a minute and three-quarters merely because she is 8in. longer and carries 1,200sq. ft. more sail.

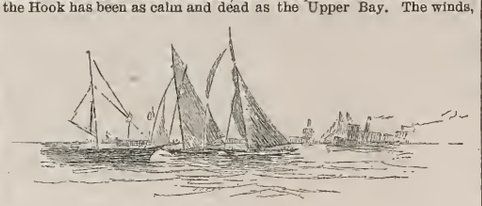
The attendance and interference of a very large fleet of steam vessels is nothing new here, but it is a surprise to Lord Dunraven and Captain Cranfield, and an unpleasant one, too, though the attentions of the tugs and steamers have been divided very impartially between Vigilant and Valkyrie. Most of the harm done has been unintentional but even with the greatest care the wash and windage of such an immense concourse of steamers is hurtful, and especially in light weather. The suggestion has been made that it may be necessary in the future to sail the races away from New York; and Newport and Marblehead have been mentioned out we fail to see what is to prevent the excursion fleet steaming to either point, certainly a profitable charter in the dull season would pay well for a trip of a couple of hundred miles.

Unusual efforts have been made this year to keep the course clear, a number of special police tugs being on hand, but unfortunately there is no legal punishment for the captain or pilot whose hoggish instinct leads him to place his boat where the wash or windage must hurt the yachts. One of the worst cases thus far was that of the Sandy Hook steamer Monmouth, which lay on the line to windward of the yachts in the start on Saturday, and again after Vigilant had finished ran to the line just ahead of Valkyrie, giving a heavy wash to the cutter, and then stopped on the line, so as to shut out the view of the committee on the flagship. The captain of the Richard Peck has also made himself unnecessarily obnoxious in another way. The boat is the largest and probably the fastest that has followed the races, and all on board have been on the lofty upper deck, where they could overlook all the smaller steamers. In spite of this advantage the Peck has been handled so as to shut off completely the view of many of the smaller steamers with no gain to her own party.

AMERICA'S CUP RACES—1893.

While the ultimate end of the great series of international races now being sailed is the possession of the America's Cup, the two contestants are so thoroughly the representatives of the highest progress in yachting that a fair and satisfactory test of their real merit is desired by both parties. Unlike many previous Cup contests, the conditions of the present one have been planned with the view of favoring neither boat, but of affording the fairest possible test in open water and a good sailing breeze. Up to the time of writing, however, the efforts of the committee have failed completely, and the races have been sailed under the same light and paltry conditions which so often spoil the June regattas and the races of the August cruise.

In spite of the cold and stormy weather at the end of last month, and of the serious storms along the coast, the days of the first three races have been warm and sunny to a degree that suggests the real rather than the "Indian" summer, and the open sea 20 miles outside the Hook has been as calm and dead as the Upper Bay. The winds,



THE START—"VALKYRIE" LEADING.

too, have fitted the weather—warm and light, dying out at times, shifting in direction, and bringing disappointment to many thousands of eager spectators, as well as the crews of the two yachts.

With an outside course in October and a time limit of 6 hours for a 30-mile course, it is only reasonable to expect a moderate breeze, if not a strong wind or a storm; but until the third day nothing of the kind was seen, and the conditions of the "inside course" races of 1885-6-7 have been repeated outside.

The first day, Oct. 5, offered nothing better than a very light breeze, from the north, with a smooth sea, the course being laid out to leeward, or due south. Starting close together, Valkyrie a little in the lead, the two ran for nearly two hours with no material change, then a sudden shift of wind occurred, and good luck, backed by quick and skillful work, gave Valkyrie a lead of a mile in a very few minutes, she finally turning the outer mark with Vigilant 26m. astern. So much time had been lost, however, in this long drift, that the race had to be called with the yachts far from home.

The second trial, on Saturday, was little better, the start was very similar, in the same wind and weather, Vigilant this time going fast, and the course being east by south, 15 miles naut. For the first half hour, with both drifting under spinakers and jibtopsails, there was little change of position, then of a sudden, and from no visible cause, Vigilant ran up to Valkyrie, passed through her lee and ran rapidly ahead until she had a long lead. Although the whole change was as much of a fluke as on Thursday, the cause was not as clear, the two yachts were within 200yds., and with the same wind to all appearances, but one moved much faster than the other.

The last five miles of the outward course and the whole of the reach in were made under more even conditions, but the expectations of leeward and windward work were not realized, and after the shift of positions the race was a reach out and in, the gain and loss being little. After once getting the lead, Vigilant sailed faster than Valkyrie over the balance of the outer leg, adding a little to her accidental gain; but on the inward course the times show a gain of half a minute for Valkyrie. The actual sailing, such as it was in these two races, shows only that the two are very evenly matched in very light weather.

The weather on Monday differed from the preceding days only in being warmer and even more like midsummer, the afternoon and night being hot in spite of the breeze. The wind, however, was very different, blowing from the southwest with a force of over ten miles at the start, and increasing, according to the reports from the observatory at Sandy Hook, to 23 miles in the latter part of the race. How such conditions might suit Valkyrie was a matter of conjecture, but with a good club topsail breeze and practically smooth water Vigilant was presumably at her best. The direction of the wind just allowed of the first leg being laid to windward, making a free reach on each of the other two legs, the wind heading, however, at times, especially toward the finish. Vigilant carried her second club topsail and Valkyrie her largest all day, and jib topsails were set at times.

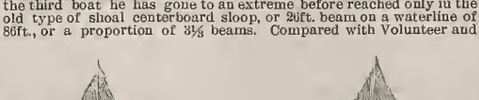
After starting in the weather berth, Vigilant was pinched for a time, and Valkyrie outfooted her, but she began to gain as soon as she was eased a little, and finally turned the first mark with a lead of about 5m. This she increased by 4m. on the second leg and 3½m. on the third, making her lead at the finish over 12m. There were no flukes, and both boats were well handled; the race being a perfectly satisfactory test under the best conditions which prevail in summer racing, fresh to strong breezes and smooth water.

That Valkyrie was beaten by Vigilant, in spite of her reputation as a light weather boat, is not in itself surprising; but the remarkable point is the extent of Vigilant's victory, as 12 minutes is a great deal between two new boats in a 30 mile race.

The course of designing during the previous races for the Cup in 1885-6 and 7was a very rapid one compared with previous years, but, looking back over the three years since Gloriana first appeared, the work of Mr. Burgess and Gen. Paine seems but a slow and gradual course of evolution after the first bold step was made in Puritan. Great as the advance was from the existing yachts of 1884 through Puritan and Mayflower to Volunteer, compared to the striking features and radical experiments of the last three seasons, it seems but a slow and gradual growth.

The return of Mr. Herreshoff to the field of sailing yachts has been marked by a bold disregard of the traditions and customs of designing that has best shown itself in the carrying to an extreme of several features that heretofore had only been handled carefully and experimentally by other designers. The value of a full and even convex waterline had been demonstrated by others before Gloriana was built; but in her Mr. Herreshoff proved that this fullness could be carried to an extreme, not only without disadvantage, but with positive gain. The canoe hull and the fixed fin had been gradually evolved before the advent of Dilemma, but it rested for her and her sisters, Wenonah and Wee Win, to prove the superiority of the extreme fin form in which the lead ballast is concentrated in the bottom of the fin rather than distributed through the whole depth.

Bold and radical as Mr. Herreshoff's experiments have been, the greatest extreme of all is reached in the third of his large yachts, the successful one of his two Cup defenders. While in the first of the three large boats he has been content with a moderate beam of 23ft., the same as Volunteer, and in the second he has taken another foot, in the third boat he has gone to an extreme before reached only in the old type of shoal centerboard sloop, or 26ft. beam on a waterline of 86ft., or a proportion of 3⅛ beams. Compared with Volunteer and



THE PROCESSION BEGINS—12 M.

Priscilla, with a proportion of nearly 3¾, this is a material increase of beam over the best standards of modern American practice, and the contrast is still greater when the form of the hull is considered.

While not a "fin-keel" in the common acceptance of the new term, Vigilant, in common with Wasp, Gloriana and Colonia, approaches so closely to the type that the hull proper may be considered as one distinct member, and the deep keel or fin as another. Looked at in this way, the hull is comparatively wide and shoal, with a high center of buoyancy, and having more in common with the old American type than any successful yacht of the past ten years. On the other hand, this resemblance is largely destroyed by the immense keel or fin, deep and thick, which makes the extreme draft of the yacht something over 14ft. Seen from abeam, there is not the faintest indication in keel contour or the ends above water of the old sloop; but viewed head on, the extreme beam, high bilge and great bollow of the floors are all suggestive of the old Shadow, and the view of the yacht under way, with a crew of sixty to seventy men to windward, a weight of five tons on a wide boat, is even more suggestive of the successful racing which Mr. Iselin did many years ago in the old sandbagger Mary Emma.

The Forest and Stream has always opposed the misapplication of the term "sloop" to the great singlestickers with cutter rig, deep hulls, English sheer plans and lead keels, which yachts having little in common beside the centerboard and a part of the beam with the American sloop as she was for ten years preceding the advent of Madge. Even her greater beam, centerboard and laced mainsail have failed to place her in the category of sloops when the innumerable points of difference in design, construction and rigging are carefully summed up. In the case of Vigilant, the rig is utterly unlike any ever seen on a sloop, the extremely full waterlines find their greatest opposite in the very hollow bows of the old Arrow, Fanny and Gracie, the centerboard is a mere auxillary to an extravagantly deep keel, while the method of ballasting is the exact opposite of that of the sloop.

Whether she is to be classed as cutter, sloop or fin-keel, the one important point is that she is an attempt to apply the principles of the small sailboat to a large vessel, and whether successful or not as a racing yacht, the type cannot be regarded as a desirable one, and compared with the Burgess Cup defenders she represents anything rather than progress.

The general type of yacht now common in the larger classes and best represented in Volunteer, though primarily designed for racing and the defense of the America's Cup, has proved the most satisfactory union of all-around good qualities on a moderate and practicable limit of draft that has ever been attained by yacht designers, especially for American waters and uses; and in the sizes above 30ft. it is unlikely that such craft as Volunteer, Lasca, Ariel and Iroquois will soon be replaced by anything better in general good qualities. The possible success of Vigilant in the present races, and the adoption and imitation of her peculiar features which is certain to follow such a result, must be regarded as anything but a desirable advance in yacht designing, however speedy the new type may prove in normal racing weather.

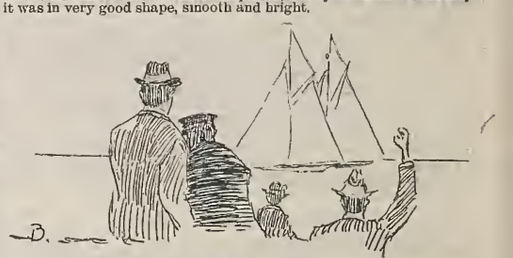
All that has been urged against the old cutter on the score of excessive draft applies still more forcibly to this type, and it is yet to be proved that great beam and extreme low weight make other than a very bad boat in real sea-going. Much has been said of late about the machine-like nature of the fin-keels, but from a sailor's point of view, of a strong, safe and seaworthy vessel, it is hard to see any advantage of Vigilant over Jubilee.

When called upon last fall to define the most desirable requirements of a modern yacht, the council of the British Yacht Racing Association declined to attempt this difficult task, and for want of such a definition as a starting point for comparison, their long and thorough conference with the designers failed of any result.

The task would probably prove quite as difficult for American yachtsmen; but such a definition hardly enters into racing, and certainly not into the great international races. The sole requirements are speed, with only such a fair limit of safety in model and construction as to satisfy the underwriters in the event of an Atlantic voyage such as Navahoe and Valkyrie have made. For home racing, speed alone is considered, and in the present races the contestants must be judged from the point of speed alone, with little regard to any influence they may have on designing at large. The success of Vigilant would lead no one to build other than a racing yacht from her model, and no possible speed of Valkyrie can make her draft of practical use in American waters, while even at home it must prove a serious disadvantage.

The question of type has been worked out to a fairly conclusive and satisfactory answer in practice: omitting the craft of extreme shoal draft in use in special localities, the prevailing type of racing and cruising yacht in the small classes is the keel boat, from Wasp and Gloriana down to Minerva, Pappoose and the 30-footers, while in the larger classes it is the compromise type, of about 10ft. draft, and with a centerboard. Undoubtedly the success of one boat or the other will have a certain influence on the next challenger and defender, whenever they may be built, but so far as yachting at large is concerned, it matters little which type wins, or whether the final result depends on fair sailing or flukes.

There had been some talk of docking Vigilant and Valkyrie together in the Erie Basin Dry Dock, and the dock company had offered the dock free to Mr. Iselin, but he declined, and the opportunity to compare the two directly was lost. Many, however, made the long trip to City Island to see Vigilant, and later went down to South Brooklyn to inspect Valkyrie. The yacht was docked at noon Monday and was dry late in the afternoon. Early on Tuesday men were at work replacing some of the copper sheathing that was a little damaged, while the whole surface of the copper was carefully hammered smooth with blocks of hardwood and with paddles made of a sheet of copper folded into a broad flat end. Mr. Congdon, Lloyds surveyor, visited the yacht and made a survey, pronouncing her in good condition. The copper was fouled and a little wrinkled in places, but by noon on Wednesday it was in very good shape, smooth and bright.



"VIGILANT" PASSING "VALKYRIE."

From morning to night on each of the three days the sides of the dock were crowded with yachtsmen, ladies, workmen from the yard and sailors from other yachts. Comments of all sorts were passed on the strange cutter, so unlike Genesta or even Thistle. As she lay, below the level of the top of the dock, and with the spectators looking down on her, the bow and forebody stood out in relief, looking very long and lean as it projected beyond the highest of the tiers of keel blocks, with only a light shore under the fore end of the waterline. The comment was frequently made that the whole bow was too fine and would bury itself in a sea, some going so far as to say that there was but half a boat, a good after body, but no bow. The view from above, however, was misleading, from the dock below the bows showed plenty of bulk, both above and below the waterline.

The yacht's form is of a shape that is difficult to describe without lines or photos, and no one was allowed to bring a camera into the yard. Compared with the Herreshoff boat, it must be said that Mr. Watson has carefully avoided extremes and has selected the crude quantities of the design with moderation and judgment and combined them with an artistic taste which is entirely lacking in all of the Herreshoff boats. Judged by past practice, the draft, at least 17ft., is extreme; but judged by the smaller keel boats it is no more than experience justifies. The beam, 22ft. or more, is considerable for a British yacht, but rather less than the American average. The overhang forward is much less than in Vigilant, both in actual length and in fullness; and the waterlines, while full, are much less round than in Vigilant and marked by a straight piece near the fore end.

The sections of the bow are nearer to a V, and those of the afterbody and counter are also of the general V form rather than flat and then round on the outer end, as in all Herreshoff boats. The freeboard is moderate, in fact, low, and the bow is shorter and lower than in Vigilant. The boat has the Watson sheer, rather straight forward and rounded aft, and the counter is much like Thistle, long, with nearly square corners and straight across, while Vigilant's is more nearly round. While the odds are with Valkyrie's counter in looks, that of Vigilant is probably more serviceable for sea-going.

The side amidship is nearly straight, running down into a hard bilge, and below the section is very much thicker through the floors, between the keel and the bilge, than any of the Herreshoff boats. The keel is very thick, probably 3ft., but it is beautifully tapered into the stem and cutwater. The curve of the stem above water is quick aloft, making a shorter overhang than in Vigilant, but the line of the stem makes the same small angle with the water. Below water the line is straight for a long distance, then it curves downward quickly and meets the straight line of the keel. This line is probably 20ft long from the heel of the sternpost, and in this length it rises perhaps 1½ft. The post rakes at an angle of under 50°.

At noon on Wednesday the bottom was ready and the staging was removed, the water being admitted first from one of the big sluice gates in the caisson. A dirty, turbid stream flowed slowly over the floor of the dock, gradually reaching the keel blocks; then, as the other gates were opened, the water rushed in rapidly, swirling and frothing until half of its surface was covered with a pretty brown and white foam that drifted back and forth. The water lapped the keel and then covered it for a foot, showing clearly the exact curve of the waterline at this lowest point, and indicating a very strong swell near the fore end, tapering aft to the thickness of the sternpost. As the water slowly rose each waterline in succession was cut from the hull, and a beautiful view of the whole form was given. The lean appearance of the bow rapidly disappeared as it lifted a little to put the yacht at her proper waterline, and the full nature of the line was disclosed.

First the head lifted a little and then the yacht left the last of the keel blocks and was fully water-borne. With shining, bright copper and glossy black topsides, she was a different-looking craft, all the stains and scars of her long voyage being carefully removed. The spur shores were dropped and floated away, and she lay freely afloat once more.

Before the dock was full Mr. Hyslop, the official measurer, went on board with an assistant, and the measuring began with the spars. When it came to measuring the boom, beauty gave place to utility, and the circular piece of inch board with its carved and gilded star was removed, leaving the bare wood. The spars were all measured, and then the fun began. Up from below came beds, bags and duffle, tossed hastily over the side into boats and on to a big float, until the scene suggested a fire on the east side of the city. The yacht was designed

with a large forecastle and a ladies' cabin, the intervening space, as in Vigilant and Colonia, being given up to sails; but for her home racing this space was divided into several rooms by light temporary bulkheads. These were removed at Bay Ridge, leaving one large space amidships. The after cabin, however, was left intact, with its two berths and lockers, and the companion stairs remained, of permanent build and with moulded balusters and rails. A large throng had gathered, partly to welcome Vigilant, and the amount of stuff sent over the side attracted some comment, but though bulky, it was all light, such as bedding and clothing, the crew all living on board. As the yacht is insured, she is obliged to carry a *bona fide* equipment of ground tackle even in her races, and on the starboard bow was a heavy cast steel Smith anchor, with a common "pick-ax" anchor of good size on the port bow, both having their regular iron cables shackled on.

After the yacht was stripped her crew left her and there remained on board only Lord Dunraven, Mr. Kersey, and those engaged in the measuring. A long batten was floated under the stern, two bits of yarn being fast to the forward end and led in over each side to the deck, where the ends were held by one of the crew. This batten was adjusted exactly in the center of the counter and then all hands entered the dinghy and pulled under the counter, leaving only Lord Dunraven on the deck. The batten was adjusted after some time by Mr. Hyslop, resting against the end of the waterline, and a mark was made by his assistant where it met a plumb line hung over the center of the taffrail. Mr. Watson then went under the counter and inspected the batten and waterline, while Mr. Hyslop watched the mark on the other end of the batten. This ceremony was then performed at the bow, after which all rejoined the yacht and her crew came aboard.

It was now after 3 o'clock and the crowd, larger than ever, was eagerly discussing the non-arrival of Vigilant, the arrangement being to measure her in the still water of the dock. The work was nearly over on Valkyrie when a series of loud whistles in the distance announced that Vigilant was passing the city and receiving the salutes of all the craft on the East River. A little later, and across the mouth of the dock appeared the big new tug Commander, on her forward staff a big burgee with the red and black Iselin diamonds, on each side of the pilot house smaller burgees, and over the stern the American ensign. Astern of her towered an immense tapering mast, and as she sheered aside the bows of Vigilant appeared in the opening of the dock. The two yachts had never been within hail before, and the crew of one had never seen the other, and the meeting in this way was not a little picturesque and stirring.

The first move of the Briton might be taken either as a welcome or defiance; just as Vigilant swept into view the red and white burgee of the Royal Yacht Squadron was masthead, while from the jackstaff over the counter of Valkyrie flew out the white man of war ensign which only the yachts of the Squadron are permitted to carry. Vigilant set no colors, but Capt. Hansen mustered his men forward and called for three cheers for Valkyrie, to which all responded with the usual "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah." Now came Capt. Cranfield's turn, and as the crew in their blue and yellow caps or their ugly light felt hats crowded aft, he called for three cheers for the American boat. They were given with a will, but in a way unfamiliar here, the cry being "Hip-hip-hip-hurrah," three times repeated.

After these sentimental greetings were over, Vigilant came back to practical yachting, and as a preparation for measurement one cable was dropped to the bottom of the dock, only one anchor and cable being kept aboard. Valkyrie warped out of the dock and Vigilant passed her and warped in, the operation of measuring being performed on her in the same manner. As the two met and passed, the strong contrast in almost every respect was most striking. The eye wandered from the hulls to the lofty spars, finding points of difference rather than of resemblance in every detail. In rig Vigilant is much larger, her mast overtopping Valkyrie's, but at the same time being smaller in diameter and much lighter to the eye. The whole method of rigging in Vigilant is different alike from that in Valkyrie and in the older Cup defenders, the general result being more stays and shrouds and less weight. In the hulls the difference is so marked as to dispose entirely of the assertion so often made that Valkyrie is a copy of any American boats, Herreshoff or otherwise.

While waiting for the racing to bring out the true merits of each design, such a meeting as this invites a comparison in all points of appearance, both as to utility and beauty. For three years we have been accustomed on this side to a fullness about and above the water that was never before known in yachts having any pretensions to

"VALKYRIE" IN PURSUIT OF "VIGILANT."

speed, and not only has the eye accepted the new standard, but the sailing of the various new Herreshoff yachts has carried conviction with it of the real value of such a fullness. The present season has seen this extreme feature carried to a still greater extreme in the four big yachts, and of them all Vigilant outdoes the rest. Judged by each other on the cruise, the effect was not so striking, but compared with the finely moulded form of Valkyrie, set off by the contrast between black paint and burnished copper, the huge white bows of Vigilant looked clumsy and awkward in the extreme. As they entered the dock they gave the impression of a huge white barrel rolling over the water, in fact, one might compare the two to a road roller and a plow, the one massive, powerful and lacking in form and grace, the other clean, sharp and beautifully curved. The two passed side by side, Valkyrie towing to Bay Ridge, where Vigilant joined her after she had been measured. The result of the measurement was as follows:

	Valkyrie. Feet.	Vigilant. Feet.
Length, loadwaterline	85.50	86.19
End of main boom to forward side of mast	92.60	99.37
Fore side of mast to jib stay	66.16	73.80
Fore side of mast to jibtopsail stay	66.16	73.80
Fore side of mast to forward point of measurement	66.16	74.85
Fore side of mast to outer end of spinaker boom	72.00	74.62
Deck to upper side of main boom	3.03	3.08
Deck to topsail halliard block	114.86	125.96
Deck to hounds	63.30	69.08
Length of topmast	51.56	56.88
Length of gaff	55.57	54.76
Sail area	10,042	11,272
Square root of sail area	100.21	106.17
Racing length	93.11	96.78
Allowance	1m. 488.	.....

Valkyrie is measured for 6ft. of excess of spinaker boom.

First Race—Windward and Leeward.

First Day—Thursday, Oct. 5.

The crowd of workers and idlers that pours into New York by rail and ferry every day is so vast in numbers that changes in its volume or composition are rarely noticeable, save on some general holiday; but on Thursday it must have been evident to the dullest observer that something more than ordinary business or even pleasure was responsible for the new element that was visible everywhere. On the ferries, in the cable cars and the elevated, and in the streets, was a distinctively yachting crowd that elbowed aside impatiently the unfortunate ones who had nothing better to do than to make a living, regardless of yachts and cups. The talk everywhere was of yachts, and there was a distinct current of city travel toward the lower part of the city and West street, where most of the excursion boats started.

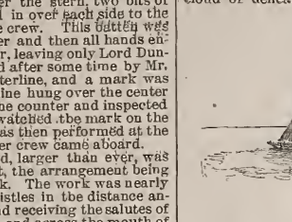
The attendant fleet numbered about 150 vessels, many being large steamers, coasting vessels of two or three thousand tons, or the river and Sound steamers; from them the fleet graded down to the smallest tugs and steam yachts. But few sailing yachts were out, and several of these were in tow of tugs. The estimates as to the number of people present at the start, and finish as well, vary considerably, but there were probably 25,000.

The day was just right for an excursion off shore—and just wrong in every way for a yacht race; warm and sunny, wraps and light overcoats being donned only on the return at night, with a smooth sea and hardly a draft of air off shore or in the Bay. Early in the morning there was quite a haze, but this cleared before the start. The yachts were off the Sandy Hook Lightship early, having towed down from Bay Ridge; the May came down about 10.50, and set the course signals a little later for a course due south, what air there was being from the northward, and the Luckenbach ran off to log the course and set the outer mark.

Both yachts set their club topsails, Vigilant dropping her second topsail yards over, and the Commander, her tender, picking them up. She first set a second size of balloon jib topsail in stops, but lowered it and at the last minute sent up her regular ballon jibtopsail of yellowish linen. Valkyrie ran up flying a large jibtopsail of light colored material, setting it flying. Near the Vigilant lay the Commander, while the tug Louis J. Pulver followed Valkyrie closely. Spinaker booms were set to starboard, Valkyrie dropping hers while Vigilant ran hers out from the deck and swung it aft, sending the sail up in stops. The preparatory gun fired, as arranged, promptly at 11.15, and the two began to work about the line a little later. The steamers and tugs as a rule kept at a reasonable distance, but it was impossible for them to be there at all in such numbers without hurting the yachts in such a light air.

The minutes passed slowly, nine, eight, and so on—"one to go," and Vigilant is just running up her balloonер, a band on one of the steamers strikes up "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-wow;" Vigilant runs for the line but luffs along it, awaiting the gun, while Valkyrie, further off, comes for it with greater headway—the gun fires and Vigilant goes over first, breaking her spinaker as she does so, while Valkyrie has not yet mast-headed hers. Everyone cheers as the American boat takes the lead with all her kites set, while the Britisher astern has not even run up her spinaker.

Another moment and there was a shout of surprise and admiration through the fleet, as there rose from the fore hatch of Valkyrie a cloud of delicate bluish white that spread as if by magic upward to



ROUNDING THE MARK.

the topmast head and outward to the end of the spinaker boom. It is no new trick to set a spinaker flying, but it is seldom done on American yachts, and then such a spinaker as this was never seen here before; unlike the "Union silk" of the Thistle year, even handsomer and more delicate in appearance, and with a gloss as though it had been ironed.

The official time was of course taken from the gun at 11:25:00, but Vigilant crossed 24s. later and Valkyrie 53s. It was an open question whether Vigilant led through choice or necessity; but it was clear that with 1,200ft. less sail Valkyrie was as well off just astern as ahead. She made a move to blanket Vigilant, but the big sidewheel steamer St. Johns was too quick for her, starting just after the yachts, she swung around directly in the wake of both and but a short distance from Valkyrie, completely shutting off what wind there was. Two men on Valkyrie held up a long cloth, on which was painted in large letters "Keep Clear Astern," but it was some little time before the clumsy steamer fell into line and gave a clear space astern.

When Vigilant broke out her spinaker the head stops held, but the topman soon cut them and the sail was drawing from head to tack.

The two were now under way, though with little wind, Vigilant about 100yds. in the lead, and when every sheet was trimmed for the run the great difference between American and British methods was clearly shown. Vigilant had her main boom squared well off, while Valkyrie's was at a much smaller angle; Vigilant carried a large balloon jibtopsail, while Valkyrie had only her large jib topsail; and while Vigilant had her spinaker carried forward around the forestay so as to spill the wind into the jibtopsail, Valkyrie had her spinaker sheet carried aft to the mast, making a bag of the sail and holding all the wind which reached it.

According to accepted theories, Vigilant carried the better sails, and set them in a way to do the best work; but, as a matter of fact, for the next two hours there was no material difference in the speed of the pair, first one would seem to draw ahead and then the other, but in all this time it was impossible to say that either had made a material gain or loss.

The sails of one boat or the other would fill or hang flat, and many wise comments were passed as to the merits of make, material and setting, but altogether the differences were more imaginary than real. The attendant fleet kept clear of the yachts, but at the same time there was a little unavoidable washing and blanketing, though it was divided very impartially. The sun came out hot, and spectators began to grow cross and hungry, some went below to dinner, and some went still further below in search of refreshment, in ignorance of what fate had in store.

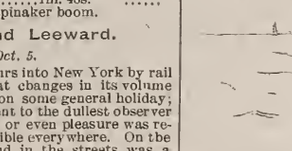
At 1:15 the wind, which had about died out from the north, came suddenly from the southwest, and Vigilant, true to her name, was quick to take advantage of it. Her crew worked nimbly in lowering the spinaker and balloon jibtopsail and setting the lower headsails; then sheets were trimmed and helm altered for a reach. Alas, the promised breeze was but a wandering and delusive puff, that left her motionless as soon as it had tricked her out of her big balloon sails.

From his berth astern, seated easily on the rail of Valkyrie, with the tiller lines between his fingers, Captain Cranfield had been watching all day for a chance and now made the most of it. His jib had been broken out when Vigilant set hers, and now holding the last drain of the northerly wind in his spinaker he luffed a little and quickly ran clear by Vigilant, blanketing her as be covered her starboard bow; then at 1:20 the white spinaker came in, the staysail was broken out, the sheet of the large jibtopsail was flattened and Valkyrie was reaching with a light breeze for the outer mark.

While still deadened by Valkyrie, Vigilant had set a large jibtopsail, but with no result other than to throw her head off, and now she lay dead and motionless, slowly turning her bowsprit away from the departing Valkyrie, just as Genesta, Galatea and Thistle have years since been left in the Upper Bay by Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer. Such flukes have been of common occurrence in past races, especially inside the Upper or Lower Bay, but they have invariably been at the expense of the British yacht. This year, for the first time, the luck had changed; Valkyrie was a mile ahead before Vigilant had gathered way and headed again on her course.

The effect of this change on the fleet was nothing less than dire consternation, to see the British yacht a mile ahead and the American to all appearances headed for home. All sorts of theories were broached to account for the miracle; one man of a statistical turn of mind collected nine different ones—Vigilant had dropped a man overboard, something had gone wrong with her hoard, and others equally interesting and convincing. If those who had seen the whole manœuver were perplexed, the ones who had business below, who had gone below in the comforting belief that Vigilant was at least holding Valkyrie, were still more perplexed when they returned to the upper world to view one boat from the bows and then to walk aft and look amid the following fleet to pick up the other.

Though light, too light to make a race within the limit of six hours,



NEARING THE FINISH.

the wind was now strong enough to keep the boats under steady way and with sheets trimmed for a reach, Valkyrie was fully justifying her reputation for speed in light weather. As it passed her in hurrying for the mark, the fleet divided, hurting her but little. On the other hand, Vigilant's full bows felt the wash of the whole fleet as she made her way astern.

The mark was indicated by the big tug Luckenbach, lying by it with a red target aloft; but the float and flag were concealed at times by the big fleet of tugs, and Valkyrie had some trouble, in spite of clear weather, in locating it exactly. She failed to fetch it, and at 3:27 went on port tack, whirling quickly about without losing headway. At 3:54 she tacked again, and then after a couple of minutes she made the last hitch and weathered the mark amid a babel of steam whistles. She turned at 3:37:20, her spinaker boom dropping and the sail hursting out on it in a little more than a minute.

Vigilant had finally lowered her large jibtopsail and set a small one and was now on starboard tack for the mark. With the big fleet about it and no chance of fetching she would have done well to have tacked before coming in with the fleet, and where the wind was stronger and truer, thus coming down easily for the mark among the tugs and steamers. Instead of this she followed Valkyrie's course, holding the one long tack until 3:45, tacking again near the mark at 3:55 and for the last time at 3:59, finally turning at 4:03:40, or 26 minutes astern of Valkyrie. The greeting that the first yacht had received was nothing compared to that accorded to Vigilant, and the noise was little less than deafening. She set her balloon jibtopsail and balloon foresail, but no spinaker, and headed to the westward, inshore rather than in the wake of the distant Valkyrie.

The wind was so light that there was not the least chance of the race being finished within the limit. Valkyrie carried her spinaker until about 4:20, when she took it in and set her balloon jibtopsail. Vigilant set her spinaker but took it in and the two moved slowly on until 5:15, when a signal from the May announced that the race was abandoned, when each took a tow line for home.

So far as any test of speed is concerned, the result was negative rather than positive; it was proved that the British boat was quite the equal of the American in the conditions which have prevailed in the majority of Cup races, a drifting and fluking match. In this respect she is far ahead of the other challengers, not one of whom was smart enough in her movements to have got away from her competitor in such weather. Both boats were well handled, the odds being in favor of Valkyrie, her crew working better together and showing the result of steady practice and drilling.

A great deal has been said about the mistakes of each boat, but as a matter of fact each was well handled under the most trying conditions of racing, when a boat must be made to go somehow without wind, and when the least error is serious in its results. The Vigilant party, and in particular Capt. Hansen, have been severely blamed by their friends for something which they could not help; and had the wind come a little quicker and stronger they would have been praised extravagantly for their superior smartness by these same excursion boat critics. The principals on each yacht were thoroughly and systematically interviewed in the evening by the daily papers, both Lord Dunraven and Mr. Watson agreeing that the sail was an accident and no fair test.

First Race—Windward and Leeward.

Second Day—Saturday, Oct. 7.

An easterly wind and rain on Friday, with the news of a severe and fatal cyclone on the Gulf coast, gave promise of better racing weather for the second attempt at the first race, but Saturday morning, after a rainy night, broke as imperturbably bright, warm and clear as any picnic party could wish for. The sea was smooth save for the long roll which is always found off the Hook, and even this decreased a few miles off shore. The wind was a mere draft from the west, and in the hot sun and clear sky there was no promise of much better conditions.

When off the Lightship, both boats swung their largest clubtopsails, Valkyrie having replaced her hollow yard used on Thursday with a solid one. The hollow spar bent just enough to throw a slight curve in the head that was pretty to look at, but the solid spar stood straighter, like the American. The course given from the flagship was E. by S., a dead run, and at 11:15 the preparatory gun was fired.

The conditions of Thursday were repeated as regards sails and weather, but this time Valkyrie got away first, with Vigilant close astern, the two crossing almost together. Vigilant set her second balloon jibtopsail, but was a little too soon with it, and it was taken aback for a moment. The spinaker, also set in stops, was broken out as she crossed the line, while Valkyrie set hers flying, afterward setting a balloon jibtopsail. The roll of the sea, slight as it was, seemed at first to bother Vigilant a little, as her sails slatted and lost the wind.

For the first half hour the pair sailed very slowly, not more than four miles an hour, and as on the previous day, there was little change of position. Vigilant steered to the north, inshore of Valkyrie. Apart from the steamer Monmouth, which had laid just above the line at the start, regardless of the yachts, the fleet gave no trouble; but each boat was provided with various signs, such as "Keep Clear Astern" and "Your Wash is Hurting Us." A fleet of tugs bearing the New York Y. C. flag and also a white flag was on hand to police the course, as on the first day.

As they moved slowly along various changes of sheets were made on each boat in the effort to coax a little more speed out of the lagging wind, but with no result for a time. Almost at noon, however, Vigilant, now just inside of Valkyrie, began to pick up, and with no

THE FINISH—AS SEEN FROM THE ST. JOHNS.

indications of a better breeze, at once began to close the gap between them. At this time the roll was less than at the start, and Vigilant was steady enough, but Valkyrie showed a slight tendency to roll and spill the wind. Although not so sudden and rapid as on the first day, the gain of the following boat was as certain, Vigilant came up abeam of Valkyrie, their masts were in line for a moment, then the higher mast passed ahead and soon the big white hull was clear of the smaller black one. The whole maneuver was watched by thousands, but we have not yet heard a satisfactory reason for the sudden difference in speed from no visible cause after half an hour of even sailing. The only explanation lies in a stronger current of air, though the boats were hardly 200yds. apart, aided perhaps by a little better trim of the sails.

Whatever the cause, the effect was that Vigilant soon turned the tables on Valkyrie for Thursday's work, and ran ahead until she had a lead of half a mile. About 12:25 the wind headed enough to bring in both spinakers, while the balloonjibtopsails were trimmed a little for reaching. At 12:49 Valkyrie set her spinaker and Vigilant followed at 12:52, the wind being still very light, though the yachts were moving decidedly faster than for the first three miles or so. Spinakers were carried until 1:23, the wind working to the south all the time.

The boats were now just under the conditions at which, according to theory, Vigilant begins to show at her best, smooth water and a steady though very light cluhtopsail breeze, and she increased in actual sailing the lead she first made through a fluke until she led Valkyrie by a mile. When she luffed around the mark the time stood 1:50:50, or 2h. 25m. 50s., while Valkyrie was not timed until 1:58:56, or a difference of 8m. 6s. The average speed over the whole 15 miles would thus be for Vigilant about 6 miles per hour, but during the first three miles it was much slower, this distance was probably sailed at 4 miles per hour and the remaining 12 miles at an average speed of about 6½ miles. At no time on the way out were the two yachts close together and in the same wind except in the first drifting.

The wind at the turn was about south by west, or abeam, but it drew ahead until the two were laying their courses nicely and heading a safe distance to windward of the line in case of the inshore breeze breaking them off at the finish. The reach in was made with a varying wind, the two yachts, a mile apart, getting it differently. At one time Valkyrie had closed the space considerably, but toward the end she fell back and the time finally showed but a slight gain on Vigilant. When near the line balloon jibtopsails were set and carried to the finish. Vigilant was timed at 3:30:47 and Valkyrie at 3:38:23.

The steamer Monmouth had made herself conspicuous at the start by blanketing the yachts, and as Valkyrie came for the finishing line she again loomed up just ahead of the yacht, running on to the line itself in front of the May, so that it was impossible for the committee to time the yacht as accurately as is desired, while Valkyrie was given the wash of one of the biggest steamers of the fleet. An order from the committee to keep off the course brought an impudent reply from the captain, who otherwise disregarded it. Apart from this incident no intentional harm was done to either boat by the attendant vessels.

The official time of the race was:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vigilant	11 25 00	3 30 47	4 05 47	4 05 47
Valkyrie	11 25 00	3 38 23	4 13 23	4 11 35

Vigilant wins by 5 min. 48 sec. The average speed home was 9 knots, which is hardly enough to justify the descriptions of the "strong wind" in some of the accounts. As a test the race is hardly more conclusive than on the first day, even admitting that Vigilant gained a little in the sailing after the first fluke, the gain would be very small and the two were never under the same conditions. On the only part of the course which was accurately timed, the reach home, Valkyrie showed a little better speed than Vigilant.

Second Race—Triangular Course.

Third Day—Monday, October 9.

Monday morning was clear and warm, with a light haze over the water, which cleared before the start, and a light S. W. wind from the Jersey shore. The attendant fleet of steamers, tugs and yachts was still large enough, though smaller than on the previous days. Among the yachts under sail were Queen Mab, Ariel, Dauntless, Peerless and Oweene.

The two racing yachts were under way in tow from Bay Ridge before 8 o'clock, Vigilant towing into the Horseshoe, where her main-

sail was hoisted, while Valkyrie went straight out to the Lightship, setting her sails when well down the Bay. After sending up her largest club topsail, the sail was lowered and the halyards bent on anew, after which it was again sent up. Vigilant set her second club topsail, throwing over the big topsail yard to be picked up by the Commander.

A thick haze covered the water at 9 o'clock, but it lifted before 11 and the sun shone from a clear sky. The wind had been increasing all the morning and ranged from 10 to 12 knots at the time of the start. The three strings of course signals set on the May read: Southwest by south, east ½ south and north northwest ½ west, each 10 miles, naut.. the first leg being dead to windward. The May anchored east of the Sandy Hook Lightship and the Luckenbach was sent away to log and mark the first leg, another tug starting for the second mark. Lord Dunraven's elder daughter was on board of Valkyrie, while the younger, with Lord Wolverton, was on board the Luckenbach.

With a start to windward, the weather herth was worth working for, and after the first gun fired at 11:15 the pair circled cautiously around, with headsails set and small jibtopsails aloft in stops. Vigilant ran along on port tack above the line, with Valkyrie just to leeward, and as she ran ahead Valkyrie passed under her stern and out on her weather. Vigilant jibed over and Valkyrie, crossing her bows, went on starboard tack near the Lightship with about 3m. to go. As Valkyrie ran ahead Vigilant swung about on her weather quarter and the two headed for the line together, with Vigilant in the coveted weather herth. The times over the line were:

Vigilant.....11 25 19 Valkyrie.....11 25 21

Both broke out haby jibtopsails and the windward work was fairly begun. Vigilant was held very high, her headsails shaking and the head of her staysail showing very badly. Valkyrie was sailed a little freer and her sails showed full and hard, without a flutter or a wrinkle. From the time she crossed the line she began to foot ahead, all the time holding a good wind. In a few minutes she was clear ahead, and a little later she had opened quite a gap. For twenty minutes this slow but certain gain continued, and then Vigilant was eased a little and her staysail began to do better work after a man was sent up the leech in a bo'swain's chair to do something to the sail.

At 12:05 Vigilant took in her jibtopsail, and a couple of minutes later Valkyrie went on port tack, Vigilant at once going about with her, being now to leeward but ahead. Vigilant could have forced Valkyrie about, being on starboard tack, but she made no effort to do so. From this point on Vigilant's gain was steady and rapid; she drew clear and at the same time held better to windward. The sea had an easy roll and the wind was freshening, the two were heeling to nearly the same angle, each carrying her sail easily; but in spite of lower freeboard, Valkyrie showed quite as much side to leeward. Neither was now carrying a jibtopsail, but at 12:42 Vigilant again sent up her baby, taking it in at 12:48, when she went on starboard tack, Valkyrie having tacked a minute before.

They had now gone about 6 miles, and the mark was plainly visible under the Jersey shore off Long Branch. Valkyrie went on port tack at 12:52, half a mile astern of Vigilant, the latter tacking a moment later. At 12:58 Valkyrie made a short leg on starboard tack, only holding it for three minutes, and then she stood on in Vigilant's wake for the first mark, around which the steamers aud tugs to the number of at least 50 were lying. Vigilant made her last tack at 1:04:30, jibing around the mark at 1:06:35. The large jibtopsail was set in a couple of minutes and then the balloon foresail.

Valkyrie made her last tack about a minute before she rounded the mark, her time heing 1:11:20. In the beat of ten miles, with a wind increasing from 10 to 12 miles per hour at the start up to 15 at the turn, Vigilant had beaten Valkyrie just 4m. 35s.

It was now a reach hefore a strengthening breeze and in a little lop of sea on the weather beam. The steamers kept further from the yachts than on the previous days, and there were fewer of them; while no intentional harm was done, the following hoat probably suffered some from the wash on each side. Valkyrie was for once slow with her sails, the jibtopsail was sent partly up the stay and hung there for some time, heing broken out six minutes after she had turned; two minutes later the hallon foresail was sheeted home.

Vigilant took in her jibtopsail at 1:26, but set it again at 1:45, sending it up flying. When near the mark, at 1:53, she lowered the sail again, jibing round at 1:59:55. Valkyrie was now a long way astern and losing steadily, taking in her jibtopsail at 2:02 and jibing around at 2:05:52, or 8m. 57s. after Vigilant, the latter having gained 4m. 12s. in the reach. The wind had now got up to about 20 miles per hour, and was still increasing, hlowing about 25 miles on the last half of the third leg. Vigilant set her haby jibtopsail at the turn, but took it in at 2:16 and shifted to balloon foresail. The wind had been drawing to the westward for some time, and on this leg was about S.W. by W. Valkyrie set her jibtopsail at 2:09 and carried it for over half an hour, until well up with the finish. Over the last five miles Vigilant was heeled well down, and the wind was more puffy, her jib was shaking at the head but the other sails were sitting well, and she was traveling very fast. On she came, crossing the line at 2:50:01, and leading Valkyrie hy 12m. 23s. elapsed time, having gained 3m. 26s. on the last ten mile leg. Valkyrie fuished at 3:02:24, making the official times:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vigilant	11 25 00	2 50 01	3 25 01	3 25 01
Valkyrie	11 25 00	3 02 24	3 37 24	3 35 36
			1st Mark.	2d Mark.
Vigilant			1 06 35	1 56 55
Valkyrie			1 11 20	2 05 52

VIGILANT'S GAIN.

First leg	4m. 45s.
Second leg	4m. 28s.
Third leg	3m. 26s.

The elapsed times of Vigilant were:

	Time.	Average Speed.
First leg to windward	1 41 35	6 knots.
Second leg free reach	50 20	12 knots.
Third leg reach	53 06	11.3 knots.
Whole course	3 25 01	8.7 knots.

After the race it was announced that Vigilant had sprung her bowsprit, though the extent of the injury and when it occurred was not given out. The tug Commander towed Vigilant to Bay Ridge and then started for City Island for the duplicate bowsprit. She returned to Bay Ridge at midnight, and Mr. Wintringham with a force of ship carpenters went to work to finish and fit the spar, which was only roughed out. It was completed and shipped on Tuesday morning, so that the yacht was ready for the third race on Wednesday. Lord Dunraven, Messrs. Watson and Ratsey and Captain Cranfield conceded very freely the merit of Vigilant's performance and her great speed, the only complaint made being against the wash and interference of some of the tugs and steamers with the second hoat.

The illustrations are from photographs taken from the steamer St. Johns on the second day.

Canoeing.

The A. C. A. Board of Trustees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"The proposal which is brought up again this year for a permanent board of (A. C. A.) governors or trustees" by Mr. Wilkin in your issue of last week is certainly "interesting." Personally I did not know it had ever been brought up hefore, and therefore I was somewhat surprised to find no explanation from Mr. Wilkin of the reasons which led jhim to propose the amendment. This amendment, if adopted, would radically change the methods of managing the American Canoe Association, and before heing adopted it should he carefully thought out in every detail and the reasons for making such a change fully explained. In your editorial, Mr. Editor, you mention one advantage of a permanent governing body, viz: the power it would have to make a contract for the publication of a year book for a period of three or more years. This point I fully appreciate.

It is less than a month to the time of the executive committee annual meetin,, certainly a very short time in which to fully digest so important an amendment. I presume an earnest desire for the permanent good of the A. C. A. is alone responsihle for this proposed change, and therefore I would call attention to the fact that the executive committee is an unwieldy body even now. I have believed for years that the work would he better done if there were fewer hands to do it. If there are good reasons for the establishment of a board of trustees with terms of four years each—and there may be excellent reasons for it which have not as yet appeared—why not economize in men by making the vice-commodores or the rear-commodores the trustees?

The amendment as it stands is a reflection on the management of the recent commodores. It says in so many words that they should not have been trusted. Adopt it without modification, and it seems to me nothing hut confusion will follow. Certainly some changes must be made in other articles of the constitution if this amendment is passed in its present shape—the article covering duties of commodore, for example. If the board of governors is "to have general control of the Association" what is the use in electing a commodore, vice-commodores and an executive committee? I ask the proposer of the amendment this question. C. Bowyer Vaux.

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

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Zettlers at the Target.

The hi-monthly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Cluh, at Wissel's Cypress Hill Park, on Oct. 8, brought together the usual quota of the regulars. The weather was fine, and the air of just that temperature to make the day's outing one of extreme pleasure. There was not enough wind to carry off the smoke from the rifles, and the consequence was the shooters at times found it hard to get a clear view of the hull's eye. The two lay members, Schmidt and Plaisted, who met defeat at the hands of the two experts, Messrs. Ross and Holges, in the 50-shot match two weeks ago, were on hand again looking for satisfaction. The satisfaction which was tendered to the two worthies was of such a nature as to encourage them to look for something easier in the future. Ross's score of 1106 points in 50 shots was good. Harmann made a fine score of 229, his lowest shot heing 22.

The next and last shoot of the present season will he on the 22d inst. Ross has a safe lead for the first prize for the best 50 scores. Harmann, Holges and Plaisted are rushing each other for the second position on the prize list; there is at the present time only 19 points difference between them on a total of over 10,500 points. The next meeting will be of interest to these three shooters at least.

The scores of the 50-shot match are appended, 10 shots, German target:

G Plaisted	196	211	204	220	222	—1053	F C Ross	226	228	218	223	211	—1106
F Schmidt	212	192	212	201	199	—1016	H Holges	218	214	212	202	275	—1061

The scores of the competing members for the club prizes are appended helow, 10 shot scores, German target, three scores to count:

F C Ross	223	226	223	L P Hansen	220	209	206
G W Plaisted	222	220	216	B Zettler	216	209	208
H Holges	218	215	214	F F Schmidt	212	212	211
C G Zettler	218	216	215	M B Engel	207	206	199
R Harman	229	212	209	G W Downs	193	191	179
Dr J A Boyken	226	212	211	Jos Gunther	165	164	153

Championship Shoot.

On Election Day, Nov. 7, at Cypress Hills Park, Long Island, there will he an individual sweepstake match with the rifle at 200yds., between our prominent riflemen, residing in and about New York. Chas. Wissel, the proprietor of the park, in order to forward the interests of shooting and also to bring together the best shooters in an individual match, has kindly donated a trophy for the shooters to compete for.

The management of the shoot will he left to a committee of the riflemen engaged in the contest.

The match is open to any rifleman who desires to enter the race. The entrance fee will be $5, and after deducting the expense of the targets and one of Mine Host Wissel's first-class dinners for contestants the halance of the cash will he divided among one-half of the contestants. Or, in other words the match will he half winners and half losers.

The Wissel trophy will be presented to the rifleman making the highest 10-shot score in his hundred shots. The match will call for 100 shots per man at the German ring target (12in. bullseye). We trust that many of our prominent riflemen east and west of New York will avail themselves of the opportunity to enter the competition. The conditions of the match are such that even the non-winners will feel that they have had a good day's sport. In fact, it will he a match that will be worth going a long way to witness. It will he an opportunity for a rifleman with aspirations to get his proper measure. All who desire to enter can do so by communicating with the Zettler Bros., No. 219 Bowery, New York.

A Match at Paterson.

A match between the East Sides and the Columbias was shot on the Bunker Hill East Side range on Oct. 8 at 100yds.:

East Side.		Columhia.	
C Gallagher	140	R McColloch	171
C Vermorel	162	J Irons	170
T W Murphy	161	J W Johnson	169
J C Weiler	162	W Greeg	162
B Maskell	144	T Kelly	162
A T Newhy	155	H Wolffe	149
A McKenzie	138	R Gunn	132
F M Gallagher	157	C Bradley	116
W S Newhy	154	W McColloch	167
J H Foster	172—1545	W Dutcher	163—1555

Greenville vs. Puritan.

The return (Gallery) match between teams of ten men each from the Greenville and Puritan Cluhs, was shot off on the range of the Puritan Club at Newark on Tuesday night Oct. 3. The previous match which was shot on last week on the Greenville range resulted in a victory for the Greeuville Club hy a margin of 127 points. The Puritans professed to have some hope of defeating the Greenvilles when they got them on their home range, but the Greenville team would not have it that way. The scores are appended: 10 shots each, gallery distance:

Greenville team: Kaiser 226, Rohivoux 235, Purkiss 241, Chavant, 234, J. Boag 226, Dodds 226, Agneu 215, Collins 235, C. Boag 239, Dorrler 243. Total 2,320.

Puritan team: Hauselman 222, Helb 238, Miller 232, C. Weiler 213, Lambert 219, F. Weiler 232, Tauer 213, Woods 208, J. Kopf 209, C. Kopf 240. Total 2,216.

Greenville Rifle Club.

The weekly gallery shoot of the Greenville Cluh, for class medals, on Friday night, Oct. 6, was fairly well attended. Capt. Rohidoux is getting hack into his old form and is making some good scores. Collins keeps on rolling up first-class scores, and as a consequence at the beginning of the next series he will receive the promotion to which he is entitled. Geo. Purkess retainsa lead of only 5 points over the next best man. He feels comfortahle, however, with even this small margin. The scores are appended: 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25 yds.: Capt. Rohidoux 241, W. C. Collins 240; Geo. Purkess 239, G. W. Plaisted 239, Colin Boag 237, John Spahn 230, C. H Chavant 229, Jas. Dodds 227, J. Boag 226, John Hill 223, A C. Agnew 223. Scores of Oct. 6 at Greenville, also of gallery shoot of Oct. 3: Long range, 200 yds.: L. P. Hansen 223, W. Weber 204, C. Thomas 200, Jas Hughes 199. Gallery: L. P Hansen 238, C. Thomas 238, I. Speicher 235, R. H. Duff 237, J. Binns 224.

New York Rifle Club.

Only three members of the New York Rifle Club put in an appearance at Cypress Hills Park on Saturday, Oct. 8, for the regular practice. Dr. Chadhurne has just returned from his summer vacation at his old home in the Pine Tree State. Major Geo. Shorkley was out Saturday accompanied with his pet .25cal. rigged out with the telescope. In a string of thirty shots on Saturday he made seventeen consecutive (8in.) bullseyes. Dr. Chadhurne tried a new .38-55 Sharps-Borchard, but it heing unfamiliar to him he did not give it much of a trial. The scores are appended, Standard American target: George Shorkley, 87, 88; Hamilton, 86, 74; Dr. Chadburne, 76, 82.

Miller Rifle Club.

The members of the Miller Rifle Cluh of Hoboken are doing some good shooting on their gallery range. At the weekly practice shoot on Tuesday the following appended scores were made, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 75ft.: Geo. Schlicht 246, Capt. Fisher 229, Kloepping 229, D. Miller 237, Meyer 239, Kruse 233, Leill 233, Goel 230, Vanderheyden 221, H. F. Meyer 218, Peters 232, Dewey 213, Will 213.

Trap-Shooting.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The annual meeting of the Parkway Rod and Gun Cluh was held at the cluh house, corner of Van Siclen and Belmont avenues East New York, on Oct. 6. The secretary and treasurer of the club hoth reported that the organization was in good condition, and has just closed a successful season. The election of officers for the ensuing season resulted as follows: President, Henry J. Bookman; Vice-President, James Bennett; Secretary, David J. Cummings; Treasurer, Elias Helgans; Captain, H. J. Selover; Scorer, Thomas Short. Executive Cammittee; A. Lehman, E. Scheeler and Louis Miller; Steward, Martin Meyer. It was proposed to donate a handsome gun valued at $100 to he competed for as the first prize for the highest number of birds killed during the next twelve shoots. E. Helgans was the winner of the last season's prize, with 78 killed out of 84 shot at. J. Bennett was second, with A. Botty third. It was proposed to incorporate the club, and the following were appointed as a committee to carry out the arrangements, E. Helgans, David J. Cummings and Thomas Short.

Lynn, Mass., has been selected for the last tournament of the season of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Being but a short distance from the metropolis of Massachusetts, with which it is connected hy both steam and electric railroads, and as it is one of the largest towns in the State, it offers unusual advantages to visiting sportsmen of New England. The city of Lynn has long been celebrated for its famous shoe factories, while among its many other industries are the large works of the Thompson-Houston Electric Manufacturing Company, the products of whose plant are in use in various parts of the civilized world. The heautiful grounds of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association, where the shoot will take place, are located on the Lynn and Boston Turnpike, near the old Turnpike House, Saugus, Mass., and the accommodations and means of reaching them are unsurpassed. A hearty welcome is extended to all marksmen hy the Lynn Association, in the expectation that their visit will be one of pleasure as well as profit. The programme is practically the same as those used at the other shoots during the season, and the same rules will ohtain. The Oxford Hotel, on Monroe street, will he headquarters for the shooters.

Crack shots among hall players are few and far hetween, hut what a few there are may come together shortly in a match of unusual interest. Tim Keefe called at the *Sun* office last night and said he would back Billy Herhert, the old Metropolitan catcher, against Roger Connor or any member of the New York Club for $100 at shooting quail, woodcock, or partridge, in the woods. He also expressed a desire to meet Roger Connor himself in a similar contest. As German and Baldwin are hetter marksmen than Connor, either or both of them may accept Tim's challenge. Keefe and Holbert begin a hunting trip in a few days so that they may be ready to meet their rivals. Keefe stipulated that if Connor would meet him the contest should not take place in the woods near Waterbury, as Roger has things fixed there.—*The Sun.*

The Iroquois Rifle Cluh of Pittshurgh, Pa., announces a rifle and trap tournament to be held on Oct. 24, 25 and 26. On the first day there will he a members' match of 50 shots each on the gallery range in Pittsburgh. On the second day the attraction will be a contest at 50 bluerock targets for the club championship, this to he shot at Howard Station, Monon Division, Pennsylvania Railroad. On Thursday the third day there will be a 100yd. rifle contest and 10 target events at Howard Station, these events being open to all.

The O. K. Gun Club of Kansas City, Mo., held its monthly club shoot at Bennett's Park on Oct. 3, the birds being a fair lot. In the competition for the first and second class trophies, the first went to J. Keene on 10 kills and the second to Dr. W. K. Jones on 9. J. Granger killed 8, F. J. Smith 8, W. Williams 9, "Judge" 7, J. H. Thompson 6, F. Mason 7, L. Ross 7, H. B. Preston 6, J. Bradley 6, H. P. Stewart 6, W. Mayor 5, J. Huhbard 5, E. Hickman 4.

An interesting three-cornered match at 50 live pigeons each, for $50 a corner, will take place at Willard's Park, Paterson, on Tuesday, Oct. 17, the principals heing Thos. W. Morfey of Paterson, Chas. Vermorael of Paterson and J. Frank Class of Morristown. The match will hegin at 2 P. M. The Paterson Gun Club will hold its monthly shoot on the same day and there will he a supply of pigeons for sweepstake shooting.

We have before us a neatly arranged and well-printed catalogue, descriptive of the leather goods manufactured and sold by M. Isenstein & Co., of 424 Broome street, whose advertisement appears on another page. The pages show about everything needed hy a sportsman, and the prices are reasonable while the goods are all of fine quality. A postal card sent to the above address will secure one of these catalogues.

J. Frank Class of Morristown, wishes Forest and Stream to state that he stands ready to shoot a match at 100 live birds for $250 a side, against any man in New Jersey (J. L. Brewer excepted).

The Helgons-Phister vs. Morris-Ferguson team match, mentioned in our last issue will be shot at Dexter Park on Monday.

The members of the Parkway Gun Club are competing for a $100 gun, to be awarded for the best out of 12 shoots.

The monthly shoot of the Essex Gun Club will be held on Al. Heritage's Marion grounds next Thursday.

The Boiling Spring Fishing and Gun Cluh have arranged a team match with the Newhurg Gun Cluh.

The usual open sweepstakes will take place on John Erh's Newark grounds, on Saturday afternoon.

WATSON'S WORLD'S TOURNAMENT.

Monday, First Day, Oct. 2.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 2.—When John Watson calmly announced to the shooting world that he was going to undertake the hard task of holding a world's shoot after all, and hold it right at Chicago during the World's Fair, it seemed that he had put up a hard game for himself as well as for the shooters. Yet he went right on, and to-day it really seems as though he was to be fortunate or lucky or wise enough to win on his undertaking. One does not find many shoots in this neck of woods this summer, where there are 27 entries in a live bird event the first day, especially when that day is as unspeakably abominable as to-day has been by way of weather. The Chicago climate—hut of course Chicago would not have a climate unless it were the greatest on earth. The climate outdid itself to-day. It shook out a loop or two and let go about seventeen different sorts of weather, all worse than any other weather in the world. The aggregation was too much for the exuherant spirits of even John Watson's hard hirds, and some few of them acted as if they didn't care whether school kept or not. The shooters were merry in spite of all, and a great lot of shooters they were, too. A good contingent of Western cracks were on hand, and more will be in to morrow. Capt. Money appears from New York. Mr. A. F. Delecroix, of Monte Carlo experience, is another face not yet very familiar in the West. Mr. Crittenden Robinson, of San Francisco, is another, not a stranger here, hut too rarely seen.

The live hird arrangements require little comment; John Watson of course refereed. The only new feature was the use of the two retrievers, a pointer, Cyclone, and Mr. Watson's older field dog, a setter, Hector. The latter is slower and more methodical, from long work on the marsh. Cyclone is only 15 months old, hut though he is crazy to retrieve, he waits for the word and has made no mistakes. This is the prettiest way of retrieving at a pigeon shoot, and the speediest, when the dogs are good as these.

A HARD TARGET GAME.

Carrying out the traditions of the park, John Watson makes the target game a hard one too, and shows his contempt for the old walk-around by giving it no place at all in his programme, and making every event at unknown traps. The target programme is to be the same for each day, all bluerocks, North electric pull. Under this system John Watson will throw perhaps a third as many targets as he would under the old walk around, known angles, but he isn't figuring on that. If there is any one man in the country who has done more than John Watson, to make good shooters shoot their hest, I do not know who he is. Actually, the first one knows, one will he taking an interest in some of this shooting of his week, because it may have had some finishes, some gameness and therefore some sporting interest to it, and he a hit free from mechanical monotony. If so, let us thank the Chicago Scotchman, who isn't afraid to stand in his own light when the time comes; and who, let us hope, will cast a long shadow in the opening of a better day in the history of trap-shooting than the old mechanical, sure thing days against whose regime there is now prevalent mutiny and rebellion. And so, prosper Watson's Park, and may it live forever, the home of hard hirds and hard games, and the meeting ground of the hardest of hard shooters. Scores:

THE LIVE BIRDS.

Preliminary shoot, 5 live birds, entrance $3, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.: B. White 5, G. Kleinman 3, H. W. Eager 2, A. Willey 5, C. Robinson 4, E. A. Kimhall 5, C. H. Burbidge 5, A. W. Reeves 4, C. W. Budd 4, F. Parmelee 5. J. W. Batcheller 4, R. O. Heikes 5, C. A. Young 5, M. F. Cook 4, F. S. Mead 4, A. E. Mead 3, J. S. Sedam 3, A. Kleinman 4, W. Money 5, B. Jack 4, M. Collenherger 5, F. D. Alkire 4, A. Harris 4, L. Willard 4. Ties on first decided in 7 hird shoot following, and divided hy B. White, R. O. Heikes, W. Money. Ties on second decided hy 7 hird shoot also, and divided hy C. Budd, B. Jack and A. Kleinman.

Seven live birds, entrance $5, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.: F. S. Mead 6, E. A. Kimhall 6, A. E. Mead 4, C. A. Young 6, F. Parmalee 6, W. Money 7, J. S. Sedam 6, C. H. Burbidge 5, A. Willey 4, M. Collenherger 6, R. O. Heikes 7, B. Jack 7, J. W. Batcheller 5, B. White 7, G. Kleinman 7, F. D. Alkire 5, L. Willard 7, A. W. Reeves 7, A. Harriss 5, A. Kleinman 7, A. Thomas 7, A. L. Bennett 5, C. Robinson 5, H. McMurchy 6, C. W. Budd 7, C. Grimm 7, M. J. Eich. Ties on 7 shot off decided on first 6 hirds in the following shoot, and divided hy A. Thomas, G. Kleinman, L. Willard, A. W Reeves, C. Budd and C. Grimm. Ties on 6 decided in the same manner, and divided hy Collenberger and Parmalee. Ties on 5 same, divided hy Harris, Bennett and Robinson.

Twelve live birds, entrance $10, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10:

W Money	222221102212—9	A W Reeves	211212122012—11
F Parmelee	111121011122—11	B White	221210221210—10
C Robinson	111121111112—12	R Heikes	011021122111—10
B Jack	102211112112—11	F S Mead	211113002120—9
J S Sedam	011211212222—11	McMurchy	001111121012—9
A L Bennett	212211122012—11	C Grimm	221122211122—12
A Thomas	221222122222—12	M J Eich	121110112110—10
M Collenberger	112221012122—11	F D Alkire	120122221212—11
A Harriss	112112220112—11	G Kleinman	112112222212—12

C W Budd.....222211112011—11 Batcheller.....121122112000— 9
L Willard.....111112211222—12 R Armstrong.....222221232200—10
A Willey.....211021101112—10 A F Delecroix.....102012020112— 8

Thomas, L. Willard and G. Kleinman drew pro rata. Grimm and Robinson shot tie out in first shoot following morning winning. Second tie shot similarly, Parmalee, Collenberger and Harriss dividing it. Third and fourth dividing.

THE TARGETS.

No. 1, 10 singles, 5 unknown traps, known angles, $2 entry: Eager 6, Kimhall 4, F. S. Mead 7, Parmelee 7, Budd 9, A. E. Mead 7, Alkire 8, Courtney 8, Lewis 6, Anthoney 6, Lockwood 8, W. M. Thomas 6, Heikes 8, Batcheller 7, Young 8, White 9, Money 4, Robinson 7, G. Kleinman 7, N. A. Kleinman 8.

No. 2, 15 singles, 5 unknown traps, known angles, $2 entry: Eager 10, Budd 14, Courtney 8, Heikes 12, L. Willard 12, Lockwood 12, G. Kleinman 12, Alkire 12, Anthoney 13, W. M. Thomas 9, Batcheller 12, Parmelee 11, B. White 12, F. S. Mead 14, E. A. Mead 10, Young 13, Grimm 12. McMurchy 13, Robinson 11, Money 8, Krisher 10, A. Kleinman 9, Norton 11.

No. 3, 9 singles and 3 pairs, 3 traps, unknown angles, $3 entry: Grimm 14, F. S. Mead 9, Anthony 14, Eager 9, Lockwood 10, A. E. Mead 8, Courtney 12, Alkire 12, G. Kleinman 11, Parmelee 13, Young 15, McMurchy 13, Budd 13, Heikes 13, Kirsher 6, Money 13, Thomas 12, Norton 11.

No. 4, 25 singles, 5 unknown traps, $5 entry: L. Willard 20, Budd 25, Parmelee 22, Eager 20, G. Kleinman 16, Harris 20, Grimm 24, McMurchy 18, Anthony 20, Heikes 18, Young 20, Frank 15, Alkire 18, Money withdrew.

Tuesday, Second Day, Oct. 3.

The climate kept up its reputation also and put up a hard game. Rain fell much of the day and the air was chilly and raw. Nevertheless it became apparent to-day that the tournament was to be a success. With 42 entries at targets and 35 at the live bird traps, the showing could mean only one thing. The numerical feature was not the most notable one, however. It was the class and the grade of the shooters, John Watson admitted that he had never had on his grounds such an aggregation of expert shots, and added that he never expected to see such another. From East and West alike they seem to have come, and each section contributes of its best. Eager and Dickey, of Massachusetts, Alkire and Young and Pumphrey of Ohio, Robinson of California, Budd and Grim from Iowa, Elliott from Missouri, Parmalee from Nebraska, the Kleinmans, Heikes, Rexroat and others from Illinois, McMurchy and Courtney of the gun trade, Capt. Money and Geo. Work from New York, Mr. Welsh from Philadelphia, etc., etc. Where does one find a greater lot of experts, professionals, high grade amateurs and generally hot ones all around, whether it be in targets or live birds? The entire East and West championship teams are here in training for their final go next Saturday, all carrying chips, and the Westerners confidently declaring that the Eastern boys will have to walk back home. G. F. Hall, the "Unknown" who is to shoot Bogardus, participated in the live bird festivities to-day. Indeed, when one looks over the list of names, he feels that there must be a dearth of shooting talent just now everywhere except at Chicago. It is indeed a gathering of the shooting clans, the like of which we have not seen recently, and it warrants a clear title in John Watson's announcement of a "World's tournament." It is probable that there has not ever been any shoot for years back so hot a class of shooters as went into the 35 entry shoot here to-day. A study of names will convince the most skeptical of this.

"It was you sporting newspaper men that made this shoot," said John Watson to-day. "I never expected to see any such an attendance. I would have been satisfied with an average entry of 18 or 20. As to the class of the shooters, I never saw anything like it."

The day's scores follow:

THE LIVE BIRDS.

Preliminary contest, 5 live birds, $3, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.: Bennett 5, Armstrong 5, Jack 3, Elliott 4, Walport 3, Grimm 5, Money 4, Cook 3, Hall 4, Parmelee 5, Collenberger 5, Loomis 5, Harris 4, Budd 5, Reeves 5, G. Kleinman 4, B. White 5, Climax 3, Barrett 4, W. Jones 4, Heikes 5, Eager 3, Dickey 4, Desmond 4, Robinson 4, F. S. Mead 5, A. E. Mead 5, Rogers 5. In the ties on 5 Collenberger, White and Heikes drew pro rata, and in shoot-off for balance Parmalee and Armstrong divided.

No. 3, 10 live birds, $7.50, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.: Grimm 10, Bennett 9, Armstrong 10, G. Kleinman 10, Harris 10, Collenberger 10, Jack w, Parmalee 10, L. Willard 9, Reeves w, McMurchy 10, Sedam 9, Money 9, Lansing w, Elliott 10, Walport 9, F. S. Mead 9, Loomis 7, Robinson 9, Barrett 9, A. E. Mead 7, Dickey 8, Heikes 10, White 10, Cotter 10, Merrill 8, Rogers 9, Lindsley 8, Budd 9, Nason 8, Desmond w, Batcheller 10, Young 8, Barton 9, Rex 9. In the ties on 10, Collenberger, McMurchy, Heikes, White, Cotter and Batcheller drew pro rata, and in shoot-off Armstrong, G. Kleinman, Parmalee and Elliott divided balance. In ties on 9 Willard, Sedam, Walport, F. S. Mead, Barrett, Rodgers and Barton drew pro rata, and in shoot-off Budd, Robinson and Rex divided the balance. In the ties on 8, Dickey, Merrill, Lindsey, Nason and Young divided.

Not having time to shoot the regular No. 4 event of the programme, a straight freeze-out was shot instead, the entrance being $5. At live birds the following named took part: Penrose, Work, Armstrong, Grim, McMurchy, Sedam, Money, Parmalee, G. Kleinman, Elliott, Robinson, Bennett, Heikes, Harris, Collenberger, Delecroix, Jock, Budd and Rex. After shooting 18 birds each the following divided $51.75, darkness preventing further shooting: Armstrong, McMurchy, Parmalee, Robinson, Collenberger and Rex.

THE TARGETS.

No. 1, the opening event, a 10 bird sweep, at 5 unknown traps, $1.50 entrance, had 36 entries. Parmalee, Norton and Budd were the only three going straight.

No. 2, 15 singles, 5 unknown traps, $2 entrance, 42 entries: Grim 12, Budd 13, Barrett 10, McMurchy 12, Young 13, Climax 13, Wm. Thomas 6, G. Kleinman 10, Leroy 12, Eager 11, Walk 14, Heikes 12, Lansing 11, Woodherry 8, Loomis 10, Dickey 11, Anthony 12, Courtney 9, Parmalee 12, Rogers 13, Walpert 13, L. Willard 10, W. Jones 9, A. Kleinman 13, Norton 11, Read 10, Robinson 9, Lockwood 7, Shorty 13, G. T. Hall Alkire 11, Desmal 10, A. E. Mead 11, Barton 10, Wheeler 8, T. A. G. 6, A. W. Reeves 7, Sedam 11, Batcheller 13, Brelsford 9, B. White 12.

No. 3, 9 singles and 3 pairs, 3 traps, $3 entrance, 32 entries: Eager 10, Barrett 8, Parmalee 13, Lansing 12, Anthony 8, Climax 13, Grim 14, Courtney 11, Loomis 9, Leroy 12, McMurchy 13, Woodherry 8, Heikes 14, Walpert 11, Alkire 13, O. R. Dickey 13, Barton 12, Shorty 14, Budd 14, Mason 11, Young 14, Thomas 11, Rogers 13, Money 12, Brelsford 13, Delecroix 6, G. Kleinman 9, Smith 12, Walt 12, Rex 14, Harris 15, Hollenberg 11, Bennett 10, Norton 10.

No. 4, 25 singles, 5 unknown traps, $5 entry, 28 entries: Lansing 18, Heikes 21, Smith 22, Barton 20, Grimm 18, Loomis 15, McMurchy 20, Young 21, Leroy 15, Anthony 20, Eager 22, Shorty 18, Bennett 18, Dickey 21, Barrett 18, Climax 19, Money 17, Budd 23, Brelsford 19, Parmelee 20, Rogers 19, Harris 20, Bob White 19, Wheeler 11 Norton 16, Courtney 21, Thomas 17, Alkire 19.

Wednesday, Third Day, Oct. 4.

The great Chicago climate shuffled the cards again, and to the surprise of every one dealt out an elegant day for the shooters. The sky was clear, and the temperature higher than for some days past. A four o'clock wind blew across the score, but it was neither a cold wind nor a strong wind, and could claim no kinship to the genuine Lake Breeze of Chicago. It was not a good, regular Burnside day, but a sort of New Jersey day, with a peach orchard in the background, and a squirrel cracking nuts in the front ground. The pigeons provided were thought to be good, but owing to the New Jersey weather they turned out only fair to medium. The J. Watson game was not nearly so hard as it often is. Yet out of the aggregation of talent here, there were only a very few who made the scores which they should have made, the Easterners especially being in poor form, and leaving scores which ought to indicate screaming hot birds and a gale of wind.

The crowd of spectators in the afternoon was the largest seen here for a long time. The character of the shooting attendance was never better at any event in the West. You could not swing a cat around, if you had a cat, and felt disposed to use it in that way without hitting a noted or noteworthy lover of the gun, and it would be the toss of a copper, if you had a copper and cared to toss it, whether said lover was from the West or the East.

Miss Annie Oakley came over and shot a few practice birds and a few targets early in the morning, before professional duties called her back to the Wild West. Miss Oakley, by the way, fired the first gun in the tournament on Monday morning.

Mr. Armin Tenner, who has been for the past three weeks conducting, at Watson's Park, the most thorough, the most scientific and exhaustive tests of powders probably ever inaugurated in this country, was here for a part of the day. He leaves for New York to-night, and in a week or so will publish in FOREST AND STREAM a full report of the test, which will be a long and interesting document. Mr. Tenner told me the names of the two powders which ranked highest, it being a near thing between them, but asked that all mention be deferred until his report. "It is an odd thing," said Mr. Tenner, "what a difference there is in the action of powders here and in the old country. The climate surely makes a difference. I find, for instance, that black powder is altogether stronger here than in the old country, very noticeably so. Indeed, there were several discoveries in these tests for me. After we have the American testing house well established I think we shall have two branches to it, one in New York and one in Chicago."

Mr. M. F. Lindsley, of the American wood powder, accompanied by Mrs. Lindsley, watched the afternoon's sport with interest.

Mr. Edgar Murphy, Mr. Yale Dolan and Mr. J. Seaver Page, increased the New York contingent worthily to-day. They did not conclude a four-men team, East and West shoot, at 100 birds the man, as was suggested, but talk of this may be taken up later.

Capt. A. H. Bogardus was on hand to-day, and out of the corner of his eye sized up the husky "unknown," G. T. Hall, of Sangamon county, Ill., who is to shoot him the croquet race a week from next Saturday.

Col. Maximus Lucius Crooker, one of the early fathers and legal lights in the history of the Illinois Association, watched the sport and told stories in the sunlight.

Tee Kay, the Climax mandarin, was in the midst of things, and so also was H. A. Penrose, of the U. M. C. shell. The gentlemen of yesterday's record were again present almost to a man, and there were other visitors in abundance, to say nothing of one of the most representative gatherings of Chicago shooters called out since last winter. All in all it was a notable shooting assemblage.

Cyclone, the retrieving pointer puppy, was in it all day and at every station, winning more applause than anybody else. Cyclone seems to have one eye on the grand stand, but he has the other on the bird, which is always a good thing in grand stand work.

All of this crowd and even more belonged here, for they were to witness one of the most genuine sporting events at the trap which it has been possible for some time to see, an event in which the only thing to protect the shooter's money was the shooter's own skill; in which, in short, the shooter would really have to shoot and not make signs. The only thing wrong about this shoot was that it ought to have been one money instead of three, as the entry brought it out. Perhaps in that case it would not have had so large an entry, but those who did go in would have been worthy of the Grand Prix de Burnside, which trophy, let us hope, will at length be established when there shall have arrived a day when one shoot is shot to a finish. Our shooting to-day is much unfinished. But we will let it go at that. As it is, it is likely that several hearts got throatwise to-day as the fateful marks accumulated on the blackboard, and many a heart will be broken ere the red sun sinks to-morrow in the weeds back of Watson's Park.

Shooting did not begin in this chief event until 11 A. M., the time till then being put in at small freeze-outs. After the talking and the hesitation was all over, and the money all up, it was discovered that there were just 35 entries, and all sorts of propositions prevailed as to who would win. At dark to-night each man had shot at 50 birds.

Before the shooting began there was some talk among the Eastern men to the effect that an Eastern man would win. Some money was placed that a score of 95 would be made, but this found very ready takers. The Western favorites were Budd and Parmalee. Budd is always a favorite, and Parmalee has shot so well lately that it seemed no one could beat him. Budd was known to be in bad health for the past few weeks, but this was not considered to injure his chances fatally in just this kind of a race. Geo. Kleinman was not thought to be in good health and good form enough to be a prime factor. McMurchy openly avowed he was only donating. Mr. Crittenden Robinson had not shot here long enough for the Chicago men to learn just how good he is, though he was in the estimate. Elliott had some admirers of course, but was not called a probability by any in such a competition, as indeed who could be? Welsh, of Philadelphia, was mentioned well by those who had seen his work here the past two days Grim, Bennett and Ruble, the remaining ones, were possibilities, not first money men, in the average slate.

But pigeon shooting is full of uncertainties, and at the end of the first 50 to-night all the shooters were in bad order, and new guesses had to be made all around. Grim "had nerve to sell," as one bystander remarked, and scored 47 out of 50. McMurchy shot in form such as he had in '85 and '86, and did brilliant work on his 47 scored. Robinson, whose carefulness and judgment make him resemble George Kleinman more than other shooter that ever shot here, tied the top score of 47. Money and Work, the New York men, seemed to go hopelessly to pieces, and their friend from Philadelphia, while steadier, was still 3 birds back of the front rank, scoring 44. Bennett came out strong, and scored 46, and so did George Kleinman. Ruhle killed 44. The dark horse cavalry were prominent at the 50 hole. Budd had showed himself in bad condition, getting only 41, and Parmalee, who was at the start the safest man against the field, sagged down by reason of a splitting headache, and only scored 45.

The prettiest and most remarkable feature of the entire shooting was the performance of Elliott. In his first 7 birds Jim lost the last 5 straight, and it really seemed too bad. Rolla Heikes stepped up to him and asked him to change his cases and take some of his, Heikes's, load, in the U. M. C. trap cases. Elliott was shooting 3½drs. of American wood powder, in Belgian cases. Heikes gave him a load of 3¼drs. of the same powder in the U. M. C. cases. Now, let no man say what was the reason, but certain it is that Elliott, puzzled and almost despairing, took up the change, and from that time on was another man. Out of his next 11 birds he killed 10 with the first barrel and lost one dead out. Then, shooting in elegant style, he killed his next 37 straight, not missing another bird all the afternoon. This beautiful uphill run brought him up to 46, right next to the first flight, and left him as dangerous a customer as any in the race, all chance for which he seemed to have lost entirely. Grim's longest run was 42.

Thus it may be seen that even to-day the big World's Fair contest had assumed a condition of interest bordering on the problematical. The entire score follows in to-morrow's report.

THE TARGETS.

After a little sweep or so, in which there was only one straight made, that by Heikes in the opening 10-bird sweep, some of the shooters concluded that John Watson's target game was too hard for them, and kicked for something they could hit. To accommodate this mechanical contingent the rules were suspended and the walk-a-heap plan taken up. Rolla Heikes didn't suggest this, but he smiled softly and didn't say nay, but sailed. When he went home to-night he waddled when he walked, his pockets were so bulged out with easy money. He must have won somewhere between $100 and $200 to-day. He didn't do a thing to 'em, as the old song says.

The highest entry of the day was thirty-four. Scores:

Sweep, 20 singles, $3, walkenphast system: Eager 14, Burnett 18, Barton 16, Anthony 16, Climax 18, Courtney 18, Dickey 19, Whyte 12, Young 17, Wm. Dixon 13, Heikes 20, Rogers 18, Veneman 14, Ward 18, Woodberry 15, Crockett 12, Evans 18, Heinold 12, A. E. Mead 13, Miller 15, F. S. Mead 18, Leroy 18, Hall 17, Harris 18, Curtis 10, Desmal 16.

No. 3, 9 singles, 13 pairs, three traps, $3: Eager 10, Barton 11, Barrett 14, Rogers 13, Heikes 14, Climax 13, Courtney 10, Young 11, L. S. Mead 11, Miller 10, Ward 8, Anthony 13, Dixon 10, Leroy 8, Whyte 5, Dickey 12, Evans 11, Harris 8, Brelsford 10, Rex 12, Curtis 5, Walpert 13, M. J. Eich 12, A. H. Thomas 9, Nason 10.

Sweep, 25 singles, $5, walkenphast, unknown angles, unknown traps: Barton 19, Eager 23, Heikes 23, F. S. Mead 15, Miller 22, Barrett 21, Dickey 20, O. E. Mead 18, Brelsford 17, Bingham 16, Dixon 21, Whyte 22, Anthony 21, Leroy 22, Wolfert 17, Nason 15, Rex 22, Courtney 21, Climax 17, Young 23, Eigh 19, Harris 21, Ward 19.

Sweep, 20 singles, $3, walkenphast, unknown angles, known traps: Whyte 16, Barton 15, Barrett 17, Crocker 12, Heikes 18, Miller 19, Walpert 18, Willey 16, Climax 17, Skinner 16, Young 16, Courtney 18, Dixon 15, Anthony 16, Brelsford 12, Eager 15, Dickey 15, Rex 19, Eich 15, Leroy 18, Harris 12, Collenberger 17, Bob 17, Conner 8.

Sweep, same as above: Barton 17, Heikes 18, Conner 15, Miller 15, Bingham 19, Courtney 16, Skinner 16, Barrett 18, Roll 12, Willey 15, Anthony 18, Dixon 11, Whyte 12 Tee Kay 16, Walpert 17, Rex 18, Vangilder 13, Dickey 15, Climax 16, Young 18, Eich 18, Leroy 17, Alkire 18, Bob 19, Brelsford 10, Park 18, F. S. Mead 12, Collenberger 18, Loomis 20, Smith 15.

Sweep, same as above: Barton 17, Miller 19, Heikes 19, Young 17, Dixon 13, Bingham 17, Anthony 16, Roll 17, Walpert 15, Tee Kay 20, Rex 18, Climax 17, Dickey 16, Alkire 16. Eich 17, Penrose 18, Skinner 14, Courtney 18, Harris 18, Lindsley 14, Conner 14, Smith 15, Eager 11, Leroy 19, Woodberry 16, Collenberger 18, Whyte 14, Loomis 18, Rush 10, Barrett 19, Bob 17, Park 16, Bruff 12, Robbins 17

Thursday, Fourth Day, Oct. 5.

The greatest climate on earth took another turn out of the wheel and let go another New Jersey day, a sort of sweet cider and hickory nuts sort of a day, when a fellow thinks he don't need to lay in his fall stovepipes for the sitting-room just yet. The wind was a trifle stronger, but still from right to left across the traps. The birds—well, now, don't let's talk about the birds. They made John Watson swear, and I can't hear to hear a man swear.

Time was, and will he again, when John Watson's birds were so tough they fought each other after their heads and wings were cut off and they were packed for shipment to market. They were such hot birds they made the icehox smoke, and indeed, often set it afire, when they were thrown into it. But that is in the winter season. This fall the birds are moulting late, and it seems hard to get good flyers, though all the birds trapped were old enough to vote and fat enough for aldermen. Yesterday the birds disappointed John Watson, and he determined to get a lot of corkers for to-day, so he sat up all night catching the best birds he had in his coops, excepting none but the high roosters.

If you put a lot of pigeons in a big coop, the strongest ones will always roost the highest, and the weakest ones the lowest down. The cock pigeon of the lot will roost on a nail higher up than the highest roost, if he can find one. Last night John Watson and his boys took step ladders, and caught only the strong birds at the top of the big coops. I know this, because, to save time and he on the grounds, I slept down at the park a couple of nights, in Mr. Watson's house, and right next to the room where Mrs. Ike Watson had eighty-seven pies set out to cool for the next day's lunch for the boys. She had eighty-seven when she left them, when the sun was low, but as in the fight at Hohenlinden, there was, "Oh, what a difference in the morning." Well, as I was saying when interrupted, the boys told me this morning they had been catching good pigeons and nothing but good pigeons, and the whole park contingent allowed as how there would be trouble in the last twenty especially. Much to the disappointment of John Watson, the birds did not prove so very fast as a whole. There were about half of them very good, among these some lightning ones, as fast as any one would see; but as to the other half you could in candor only call them a mixed lot of flyers. Probably half a dozen or more had to be flogged. It was not much like a day in winter on these same grounds.

This was the only thing which detracted from the quality of the big event. The shooting was good but gritty, each and all of them; but Charlie Grim made a score of 96. Everybody would just as soon see Charlie Grim do this as anybody else, but to make a score of over 95 is kind of tough on the reputation of the grounds, and Charlie mustn't let it occur again, probably won't. He did it to-day, and did it clearly handsomely, shooting in perfect time. As things stood, he couldn't have been beaten to-day, for he only missed one bird out of his last 50, and stopped some just as hard as you ever saw. That was a finish for you, and no wonder everybody applauded when he grassed his last one in rapid style.

SOME SURPRISES.

The last half of the race had nearly as many surprises as the first half. Elliott continued in his elegant long run in which he so magnificently recovered ground lost early in the race. He ran 49 straight before he let down, losing a twisting incomer which fell dead in the scoring stand. Then he ran 22 and lost another dead out, and from there killed straight, landing second in the race after all, with 92 scored. After drawing his shells he killed every bird he shot at. He shot a magnificent race, though Grim doggedly held on to his big lead, and walked out with 4 to spare over the Kansas City crack.

Br'er Gawge Kleinman was in it, and shot a better race than his state of health seemed to warrant. An inch more of luck he might have been second, but the fates of pigeon shooting wouldn't let it be so, and his steady and even work only netted him 91, and third and last money.

Frank Parmalee was not in his usual shape. He was off, for some reason, and only got 88, which he ought to beat under these conditions.

Charlie Budd was right peart again to-day, and ran 35 straight at one stage, losing a high twister over and back, but he couldn't close the gap. He could have closed it, if he and Frank Parmalee hadn't done the Midway so thoroughly night before last. Last night Charlie was a good boy and went to bed. He shot much more like himself to-day, and was not perturbed anyhow. "This ain't the first $125 I ever lost," said he, "nor maybe it ain't the last."

Geo. Work withdrew at 50, not appearing on the grounds to-day. W. Money kept on in his wild career of crime, and went out with probably the lowest score he has made for a long time—70 out of the hundred. Mr. "Armstrong" (R. Welch) of Philadelphia, a very nervy and very good shot, too, held on to the end, and tied plenty of good people. McMurchy run out of shells, and had to change his load this morning. It changed his luck also, and he fell out of it, though his work was clean and brilliant to the end. Can it be that Mr. McMurchy has had things up his sleeve? He did not always shoot like a young colt in a timothy patch, if so be that colts go in for firearms and timothy also.

Mr. Robinson was a surprise, too. He went wrong in his last 20 string but one. He lost 4 out of 5, 7 out of 11, and 13 out of the 20. Then, perversely, he gathered and ran the remaining 25 straight, though it was then too late. Bennett of Kansas City shot a workmanlike race, and certainly drew as hard birds as anybody, but he could not get over the 90 line. Ruble lost three hot ones, one right after the other, his stomach sagging perceptibly at each. This left him no hope, and he only accumulated 86.

CYCLONE'S PERFORMANCE.

The pointer dog, Cyclone, deserves a collar with a diamond in it. He proved a retriever of wonderful judgment, and his sneak on a dangerous bird was as well timed and careful as any man's. He caught birds no man could have caught, and was the idol of the day. He caught Ruble's 51st bird on the fly and saved it for him. Ruhle's 59th he missed, but saved another for the same shooter later. On Mr. Welch's 68th bird Cyclone made a great sneak and at last got it, but spying another cripple near by which had flown in, he caught that also, and then tried to bring them both in at once, which was too big a problem for his bright doggy brain. Cyclone is the greatest grand stand dog in the business, and he certainly does liven up a match a great deal.

GOT HIS.

Just as George Kleinman was stepping to the score on his 87th bird, a flock of golden plover appeared in the distance. Several shooters began to call them, and they drew in over the grounds, passing a trifle higher but directly over the score. At once all eleven of the shooters arose and poured a volley at the flock, while back of us at the target score a similar scene was enacted. One lonesome little plover, frightened at the noise, succumbed and was later picked up dead. As it fell there was a roar from about twenty voices, "I got mine!" This was quite a lifelike incident.

A GREAT ASSEMBLAGE.

During the early hours of morning the boys put up Milt Lindsley's American wood powder teepee, in which that affable genius held open court. Shooters are built criss-cross and different from other folks. Now, Milt Lindsley carries cigars in a gun case. "Why, I can't pack a sideboard around with me," he said, when he was queried as to this. Mr. Lindsley always has a good word for the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and there are many here who join in the hope that Mr. Townsend's health will rapidly grow better.

It was a great assemblage, considering it as only a gathering of shooters resident outside of this city, and not mentioning the representative congregation of Chicago men. Any list of the visitors would be incomplete. I have already named a few. There were present today, perhaps among many others, the following:

Walter Huff, Macon, Ga.; H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass.; H. H. Eager, Marlboro, Mass.; J. E. Burns, Lowell, Mass.; O. R. Dickey, Boston, Mass.; C. O. Barrett, Boston Mass.; Leroy Hoodward, Brockton, Mass.; E. L. Gilmer, Greensboro, N. C.; Col J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, Nor. Car.; W. P. Perley, (Barton) Columbus, O.; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; J. E. Pumphrey, Columbus, O.; R. Van Gilder, Knoxville, Tenn.; John Connor, Knoxville, Tenn.; Meade Bros., Knoxville, Tenn.; Dr. R. B. Miller, Mattoon, Ill.; Nelson, Miamisburg, O.; J. T. Parks, Brook, Ind.; Geo. Rogers, Lincoln, Neb.; I. W. Batcheller, St. Joseph, Mo.; G. D. Rexroat, Virginia, Ill.; G. M. Loomis, Omaha, Neb.; W. K. Park, of the Wilkerbarre Gun Co., Wilks-Barre, Pa.; Paul Weise, Detroit, Mich.; John Parker, Detroit, Mich.; C. W. Walton, Grand Rapids, Mich.; J. N. Dixon, Muskegon, Mich; Wm. Dixon, Muskegon, Mich.; Thos. Reller, (TeeKay) Plainfield, N. J.; C. E. Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn.; A. G. Courtney, Syracuse, N. Y.; C. H Dimick, Boston, Mass.; J. Reiger, Kansas City, Mo. H. McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y.; R. E. Welsh, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. Robinson, San Francisco, Cal.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; Chas. Grim, Cedar Lake, Ia.; M. F. Lindsley & Wife, West Hodoken, N. Y.; G. Spring, Dayton, O.; Geo. Suydani, Denver, Colo.; D. C. Braden, Beaver Falls, Pa.; A. W. Gore, Cambridge, Mass.; A. J. Wert, Peoria, Ill.

After all, there may be individuals who care to see the scores of this big shoot. For those who care more for scores than they do for pure English undefiled, I would suggest a jump direct over all the fine print, which is only used to fill up with, anyhow. Indeed, I would advise anybody to look at the FOREST AND STREAM score of this big race, or any other big race, because you can't find such a score anywhere else on earth. If you are chained to business and can't get away, read the FOREST AND STREAM north, northwest and by north, south and by southwest graphic trap scores. This will do just as well, and in some respects a great deal better than if you were there yourself. It doesn't cost so much, for one thing, and you can get a better idea of a shoot from it. Any trap-shooter who is privileged to read one of the FOREST AND STREAM scores of a big event like this, and also the glowing pen picture which goes with it without extra charge, that man may go home and step on the baby in pure thoughtlessness and exuberance of spirits, hut he won't lick his wife, and he won't kick if she invites her folks in to dinner. Thus the FOREST AND STREAM trap reports may be seen to exert a great moral influence in the land. Score:

THE TARGETS.

John Watson and I have about given up our attempt to elevate the trap. It can't be did. Out of 20 shooters at the target score, 27 wanted to shoot the walkenfast system. John Watson sighed and shrugged his shoulders, and may be swore a little softly, but he let it go as they wished. They left it angles unknown, however, which is an improvement over the old known angle, cast iron style of so-called marksmanship. After a hard day's work, the target shooting gentlemen accomplished certain results, which are set down below.

The first sweep of consequence was at 10 angles and had 28 entries. It was shot at 5 unknown traps and there was not a straight.

Sweep, 15 singles, $2, sprinting system, but unknown angles: Dickey 13, Rex 13, Heikes 14, Walk 11, Barton 13, Young 14, Barrett 11, Tee Kay 12, Leroy 11, Climax 11, Walpert 13, Loomis 11, Anthony 7, Rogers 15, Dixon 11, Wheeler 11, Alkire 10, Conner 7, Miller 14, W. M. Thomas 10, Shorty 15, Courtney 10, Jones 10.

No. 3 programme contest, 9 singles and 3 pairs, $3: Dickey 11, Barrett 13, Barton 8, Miller 12, Alkire 15, Rex 14, Anthony 12, Climax 9, Dixon 11, Walpert 12, Heikes 15, Leroy 14, Loomis 10, W. M. Thomas 11, Young 15, Wheeler 10, Courtney 11, Walk 13, Money 10, Conner 10, Shorty 11, Brooks 9.

Sweep, 20 singles, $3, sprinting system, unknown angles: Dickey 18, Barton 15, Loomis 17, Anthony 19, Heikes 18, Tee Kay 18, Miller 17,

Young 19, Barrett 17, Van Gilder 17, Penrose 13. Walpert 17, Climax 15, Alkire 20, Dixon 20, Leroy 19, Conner 18, Brooks 11, Shorty 18, Roll 17, Rex 20, Wheeler 14. Fink 14, Courtney 15, Winfield 16, Mall 15, Eich 17, Wm. Thomas 15, Park 19, Walt 16.

Sweep, 25 singles, $5, same as above: Dickey 24, Miller 23, Heikes 25, Young 25, Walpert 24, Penrose 22, Anthony 18, Barrett 20, Conners 23, Tee Kay 24, Climax 22, Roll 21, Rex 23, Dixon 19, Alkire 21. Leroy 22, Wheeler 19. Shorty 23, Perley 20, Money 20, McMurchy 20, Bennett 22.

Sweep, 20 singles, $3, same as above: Barrett 16, Anthony 17, Conners 19 Penrose 16, Alkire 17, Miller 18, Clay 12, Park 17, Climax 14, Leroy 19. Walpert 19, Courtney 14, Loomis 14, Money 18, Jackson 17, Dickey 20, Woodberry 16. Van 17, Bennett 19, Shorty 19, White 17, A. Kleinman 18, Heikes 17, Milt 14, Young 18, Barton 17, Dixon 16, Budd 15, Rex 20, Roll 18.

Sweep, same as above: Alkire 18, Young 20, Walpert 17, G. Kleinman 19, Wheeler 16, Courtney 19, Bennett 19, Heikes 19, Grim 20, Hall 18, Leroy 17, Dickey 18, Roll 19. Rex 20, Loomis 20, Budd 20.

The highest entry of the day was 30.

WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST.

Guns in this contest limited to 12-bore weighing 8lbs., the rise 30yds. for all guns, 100 live birds. entrance $125. Highest scores to win. No class shooting Under 5 entries one money; 5 to 8 entries, two moneys; 9 to 12 entries, three moneys, and over 12 entries four moneys. Note: The winner of the first money in this contest to be presented with a handsome and appropriate trophy significant of the event. In order to create a fund for the purchase of the trophy, badges of admission to the park during the week of the tournament will be sold at $1 each and the entire proceeds from the sale of these badges applied to the purchase of the trophy. That the value of the same may not be altogether an unknown quantity the management guarantees $100 for the purpose and all moneys secured from the sale of admission badges in excess of that.

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J A R Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo. (Greener gun, Am. wood powder)
2 2 2 5 4 1 4 2 2 2 2 2 2 3 4 3 1 3 1 4 5
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2 1 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2—19—92

F A Parmalee, of Omaha, Neb. (Greener gun, E C powder)
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1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 • 2—18—88

Geo Work, of New York, (Greener gun, E C powder)
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Thirty-nine out of 50.

C W Budd, of Des Moines, Ia. (L C Smith gun, E C powder)
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Chas Grim of Deer Lake, Ia. (L. C. Smith gun, E. C. powder)
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Geo. Kleinman, Chicago, (L. C. Smith gun, Schultze powder)
1 5 3 5 5 1 5 2 2 3 4 5 3 3 4 4 4 4 3 1
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4 3 3 3 5 2 3 5 4 4 4 1 5 5 5 1 1 3 3 5
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2 1 1 1 2 1 • 1 • 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1—18—91

R 'Armstrong," Phila. (Greener gun, E. C. powder)
5 1 3 3 5 4 5 4 5 4 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 2
↓↙↖↰HH⇞↰⇞↘↖↰⇞←↙←H↖→→
1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—18

5 5 5 5 5 2 4 3 3 3 4 4 2 1 3 5 2 3 2 3
↑⇞↘⇞↗↗↗↖←↑↖→←←↑↖⇞↙↑↘
2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—18

4 1 3 5 1 5 5 1 3 1 2 3 4 5 3 5 4 4 4 5
↖↖↗↘←↘→↗→↙↘↑↰↰H↑←↖H→
2 0 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 0 1 2 2 1—16

3 5 1 4 2 1 2 1 5 4 5 3 2 2 1 1 3 2 4 4
↖↖↰↓↗↙⇜←↖↑↰↖↑←H↖↙↙↖↰
2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 0—17

1 5 4 5 4 4 1 3 5 1 1 2 5 5 1 3 3 3 4 3
↖↰↑→↑↖←←↘↰↙HH↑↖↓↰H⇜←
2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 2 1—19—88

W Money, New York (Parker gun, E. C. powder)
3 3 5 4 5 5 4 4 3 3 3 1 2 5 1 2 3 5 3 3
←⇞↗↑⇞↑⇜↗↖↖↑↰↓↖↗↓→↰↖↗
1 0 1 0 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 0 1 0 0 0 2 0 2 0—11

5 4 5 2 5 3 3 4 2 3 2 5 3 4 1 5 4 3 2 3
↖↑↘⇞↗↑↖↘H↖←↰⇞↰⇞↑↗↑↑←
2 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 0 2 0 2 1 1 1 1—16

3 4 5 4 3 5 2 1 5 1 5 1 1 2 3 4 5 3 4 1
←↘↗↓↖↑↖↗→↑↰↰↖←↖↰↰↖↙←
0 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 0 • 0 2 2—15

4 2 3 5 3 1 3 4 1 5 1 4 3 2 3 3 3 4 4 5
↗↑↙↘⇞⇞↑↗↖↰↙↖←↖←←↑↓↗↓
2 2 1 2 0 2 1 1 • • 2 2 1 2 1 1 • 1 0 1—15

5 1 5 3 5 4 5 1 5 1 3 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 1 2
↰↖⇞⇜↙↰↖↓↰↙→↓↑←↑⇞H↘↙↓
0 2 0 2 2 0 1 • 2 2 1 1 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 0—13—70

H McMurchy, of Fulton, N.Y. (L.C Smith gun, Am. wood powder)
5 3 5 3 3 1 3 2 5 3 3 4 2 5 1 1 2 3 3 3
↖↖←↑↗↗↖↑↓→↖→↖↑↑↙↰↖↖↗
2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2—19

4 3 1 2 4 3 5 5 3 1 5 4 3 5 1 5 5 3 2 2
↖↖⇞↖⇞↑↗↖↖↗→⇞↑↗↖↙H←↑→
1 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1—18

3 2 5 3 4 5 5 4 3 5 5 4 5 3 4 4 1 4 4 3
↙↑→↑↑→↑↗←←→↓⇞↰H↑←↖↑↰
1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 • 1 1 2 2 1 0—17

4 3 3 2 4 3 4 5 3 3 2 5 4 3 1 2 1 5 5 3
↑←↘⇜→↑↙↑↖↰←→↰↖←↖↙↑→←
2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 • 2 1 1 0 2 1 1—17

1 3 5 2 1 5 2 3 3 4 5 3 2 2 4 5 5 4 4 5
↰↰↗↖←↓←↰↖↑↰←←H↓⇞←→↙↗
2 2 2 1 1 1 1 • 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 2—18—89

C Robinson, S. Francisco (gun by R. Liddle, San Francisco, Schultze)
4 4 5 3 4 4 2 2 4 3 3 3 2 5 1 1 4 2 4 4
↘→↰↓↑→↖→H↑↑↑↑↑↰↖↖↑↖H
2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 1—19

1 2 2 2 1 3 4 5 3 4 5 1 3 4 1 5 5 1 2 2
↗↖↙←↓⇞→↘←↓↖⇞→↑↙↑↗↑→↖
1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 2—18

2 5 4 2 3 3 4 5 1 3 2 5 2 2 1 5 3 5 1 3
↓↙↑↖↘↑←⇞↙↑⇜↰↖↙↙↑↑↖←↖
2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 2 ⁝ 1 1—19

1 4 3 3 1 4 5 1 4 5 3 2 4 4 4 4 4 1 3 3
←H↑H↰↑↰↖↗↰↙↙↖⇞↰⇞←↑↑↑
1 1 1 1 0 • 0 0 1 2 1 0 1 0 0 2 1 2 1 1—13

2 3 1 4 4 5 3 5 4 5 1 4 5 3 1 4 1 1 5 5
↑←↰⇞↙↖↙↙⇜→→↙⇞↓↓↘←H↓↓
1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2—20—89

A L Bennett, of Kansas City, Mo. (Greener gun, S. S. powder)
1 4 5 4 2 4 2 2 4 4 3 4 3 4 1 1 4 2 3 4
←←↙←↖↗↖↖H⇜↖↑↗↑H↗↖↗↙↑
2 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 • 0 2 2 2—16

3 2 2 2 4 3 3 5 3 3 5 3 5 3 5 5 5 5 3 5
↗↖→↑↑↖↓⇞←←↙↖↙↑↘↑↑→←↑
2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—20

3 5 4 2 2 5 1 4 5 5 5 2 3 4 4 5 5 2 4 4
↖↗↗↓↖↑←→→↘↰↰←↖↰↰↓↙↰←
2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 0 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 1—17

4 1 3 4 5 4 1 4 5 1 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 3 4 3
⇞↑←H↗↖↰↰↘←←←↙↰↘↘↑↗↑↖
1 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 2—18

4 4 3 5 1 5 5 3 4 2 3 1 5 4 4 5 5 1 5 5
↑↰←↑↰→⇜←↑←↖↙↘↓H↓↘↑↘→
2 2 1 1 • 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2—18—89

B White, of Chicago. (Lefever gun, Schultze and soft coal powder)
2 2 5 4 5 5 2 2 4 4 3 3 3 3 1 3 1 4 1 4
↖←↖↑↓↰HH←↓↖↖↖↑↗↑↖↑↑↑
1 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 0 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1—17

3 1 2 2 3 2 3 1 1 4 1 4 4 3 4 5 4 5 3 5
↑←↙↖↑↖←↑↙↗←↘↘↑↓↑→↑→↑
2 1 1 0 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 2—17

1 4 5 2 3 5 3 1 1 3 4 2 5 5 2 5 1 5 5 1
↙↙↗↖↓→←←↙↖↑↖↖←→↙↙⇞↖
1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 2—19

5 1 4 4 4 4 4 3 1 4 1 4 3 1 5 5 2 4 5 5
↙↑H↑↑H↓↑←↑↙←H↙↙↗↗↑H↗
2 1 1 2 0 1 1 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 • 1 1 1—17

5 4 2 5 3 2 1 3 5 1 3 3 1 5 5 1 1 4 3 2
⇜↰↰↖←↰←→←↖↘←↙↓↖←↑↗←←
0 0 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 • 1 1 1 1—16—86

Chas. Grim won first, $600, and the special trophy. value $100. This must be an actual trophy, though the winner can select the style.

J. A. R. Elliott won second, $360.

Geo. Kleinman won third, $240.

And then everybody said they would have gone into this race if they had had their shells ready, and that it would have been a gift to them, because they could easily have killed, etc., etc., because, look at their last score in, etc., etc., etc. Mr. Watson ought to have held this race open for entries till about 80 birds had been shot. Then he would have had a lot more entries—if they could have gotten there in time.

The gentlemen then shot a freeze-out till dark. Score:

Robinson	11221211121	Bennett	10
Delecroix	0	Suydam	21222221220
Heikes	2210	Jack	0
Eich	0	Elliott	21112222211
McMurchy	21111111121	Harris	11121221121
Lindsley	20	Young	112
Parmalee	2222120	Walpert	0
Budd	2220	Parker	12111111121
Grim	12212212	Rill	22112
Dayton	211110	A Kleinman	0
Collenberger	11121112111	A E Thomas	22122222222
G Kleinman	212110	Barton	0

Friday, Fifth Day, Oct. 6.

The Climate looked thoughtful for a few moments and then turned out another sort of weather, the kind of weather that makes a man think it is time to get the cabbage and turnips down cellar, and have the stove put up in the sitting room. There was some rain and the Chicago air was in action. It humped itself from the score toward the traps at about leventy-five miles a second, so that John Watson had to put guy ropes on the shooters when they went to the score.

And the birds? Well, the Climate thought it was a shame the way the birds had acted for a few days and resolved to save undimmed the pristine reputation of the park. To-day the birds were harsh and heartless as of yore. We will draw a veil of charity over these birds and hope for the best. A great many went over the bounds; so many that the shooters stood in a row at the score and sang softly the old air, "Willie, we have missed you." This kind of a Willie bird was very frequent. The wind was a gale and many birds killed stone dead simply blew over the boundary. Scores:

THE LIVE BIRDS.

No. 4, 12 live birds. $10, 4 moneys:

G Grim	222221201112—11	Lindsley	220222012100— 8
Parmlee	111021102212—10	A Thomas	212222022222—11
G Kleinman	100102122012— 8	Walpert	221000222222— 9
B Jack	102000012111— 7	Wanda	100021020222— 7
Collenberger	111122122112—12	Young	111112112110—11
C Robinson	122201201211—10	Rex	102221211122—11
Crockett	002022110012— 7	Parker	211121202012—10
McMurchy	221022112102—10	Bacheller	121011021110— 9
Elliott	020012222222— 9	M J Eich	112200211202— 9
Budd	210201211121—10	W Money	001110120101— 7
Wadsworth	220112222222—11	Thompson	112201121201—10
Harris	021112020110— 8	Bessemer	0211200010w
Heikes	200122210012— 8	Suydam	002011210222— 8

Collenberger first, $70; second, third and fourth divided.

No. 5, 7 live birds, $5 3 moneys: McMurchy 7, Grim 5, Gore 6, Robinson 6, Jack 4, G. Kleinman 3, Suydam 7, Walton 3, Collenberger 7, Dickey 7, Money 6. Thomas 6, Barrett 5, Budd 7, Parmelee 7, Lindsley 6, Eich 5, Batcheller 5, Young 7, Walpert 7, Harris 6, Wadsworth 6, Elliott 7, Rex 7, Walt 6, Thompson 7. Dixon 4, Bessemer 5, Rogers 7, Bennett 5. McMurchy, Suydam, Collenberger, Dickey, Young, Walpert and Rogers drew pro rata of first, and in shoot off for balance Budd and Elliott divided. Gore, Robinson, Lindsley and Thompson drew pro rata of second, and in shoot off for balance Thomas and Wadsworth divided; third divided.

No. 7, Star sweep, $3, one re-entry, $2:

Parmalee	120221121	Walpert	111221201
Harris	110220	Rex	0111120
Young	222111112	Collenberger	112120
Grim	0110	Thomas	212222222
Wadsworth	121112122	Elliott	212222222
G Kleinman	222122212	Bennett	122222221
Budd	111112111	Buckellew	111121112
Money	0111220		

The ten remaining divided on account of darkness.

THE TARGETS.

The traps in front of the target house were kept smoking all day. The aborigines who infested this part of the landscape still refused to be elevated by John Watson and myself, and so continued to walk. They would not join the great popular movement of Mr. Watson and myself. They would rather stay at home and shoot by electricity, if they could, so they could break them all without bothering about aiming or anything of that sort. It was a good, swift lot of shooters, but the wind simply toyed with their reputations. Don't make any matchs with any of these people on account of the low scores, you may note. 'Twas but the wind Scores:

Sweep, 15 singles, $2. walk-a-beap system, known traps, unknown angles: Dickens 6, Eager 5, Bessemer 11, Conner 8, Kleinman 10, Rogers 12, Barrett 7, Rex 13, Tee Kay 7, Budd 12, McMurchy 7, Jackson 7, Dixon 11, Woodberry 9. Courtney 10, Terry 12, Young 8, B. White 10, Anthony 11, Whyte 8. Heikes 11, Money 11, Harris 9. Park 8.

Sweep, 15 singles, $2, same: Dickey, 10, Tee Kay 11, Kleinman 9, Conner 11, Barrett 13, Courtney 10, Eich 8, Bessemer 11, Rogers 12. Heikes 12, Dixon 8, Money 11, Anthony 11, Wulpirt 11, Budd 11, Leroy 10, Alkire 13, Rex 13, Grim 13. Parmalee 14, Walt 10 Whyte 13.

Sweep, 20 singles, $3, same: Dickey, 16, Money 12, Dixon 15, Anthony 14, Parmalee 20, Bessemer 12, G. Kleinman 18, Budd 14, Hy. Right 9, Heikes 17. Rex 13, Grim 16, Rogers 17, White 8, Leroy 15, Walpert 15, Barrett 17, Gore 16.

Sweep, 25 singles, $5, same: McMurchy 24. Heikes 19, Grim 20, Walpert 23. Rex 20. Parmalee 20, Whyte 15. Budd 18, Bessemer 15, Rogers 17, Barrett 24, Kleinman 16, Dixon 14, Dickey 20, Gore 19, Money 13, Leroy 19.

Sweep, 15 singles, $2: McMurchy 11. Heikes 7, Kleinman 11, Rogers 7, Leroy 9, Barrett 11, Parmalee 13, Walpert 10, Grim 10, Whyte 5, Gore 10, Batcheller 9, Budd 13, Dickey 12.

Saturday, Sixth Day, Oct. 7.

The Climate was right in line again, and it didn't dispense any more New Jersey weather, either. It turned loose a sunny, snappy day, with a wind that would jerk the masts out of some tall Admiral, not made by a trust, and it murmured to the boys at Watson's, "Now play ball" It was the kind of day where a man wishes fall trowsers didn't come at $22 or $4, and when he goes home and gathers his family about his knee, or his both knees as the case may be. I don't believe in playing favorites in knees any more than anything else. Anyhow, he goes home, and gathers his family about him in front of the great roaring fire place, or the stove filled with coal at a roaring great high price, same thing except in poetry, and he orders, as Mr. Digby Bell would have it, a hot pousse café with an egg in it, and sends down stairs after some apples for the children, and he says to himself, says he, Let her blow, I have a roof over my head to shelter myself and the loved ones, unless this wind gets a little stronger, and the rent won't be due till 30 days after I pay this section of it. Well, this is about how the weather was to-day. I don't consider it professional to say it was clear, with a strong 4 o'clock wind. The Chicago Climate is not to be handled lightly.

The shifting crowd showed new faces, but the attendance continued large. The shoot has sustained itself remarkably well The number of good shooters was so large that there was no lamb element to speak of, and no one man nor any combination of men was getting the lion's share of it. As an interesting and satisfactory tournament it showed itself on this closing day to be a perfect success. Perhaps in these times we can not hope for any tournament which will exactly fill our ideas as to what is purely businesslike. but as tournaments go we sball, in all probability, wait a long time before we see in any part of the country another one so representative of the whole country or so far above the criticisms which lie naturally against so many tournaments, whether or not concealed by the timid or good-natured sporting press. In short, without being accused legitimately of flattery, eulogy or even of plain taffy, we may safely and concisely say that, on the face of to-day's summary, this tournament has been a great one. It was a corker, likewise a bird, also a James dandy. Scores:

THE LIVE BIRDS.

No. 6. 20 live birds. $25, four moneys:

Parmalee	01121222110021111122—17	Barton	12002200220101002212—13
Wadswo'th	22222222120021021221—17	Robinson	11121220012010101212—15
Kleinman	12212211202112212112—19	Wright	11112020110001221112—15
Bennett	21111222121121212200—18	Suydam	22012022210221122222—17
Lindsley	20012011010112212201—14	Budd	11212220222122212201—18
Heikes	11202122100222122112—17	ParmaleeJ	10222122122212220 11—18
McMurchy	21020021112011110211—15	Harris	12122211122001122002—16
Grim	00211221112101220212—16	Jack	01220112212100121122—16
Parker	11010112112010221012—15	Dixon	01120122212201102211—14
Walpert	12002001022212121222—15	A. Thomas	2200202202202w
Esterley	01120202220122002121—14	Elliott	02022110121211112222—17

Br'er Gawge Kleinman won 1st, $176. He also won a special prize, $25, offered to the winner of this event by E. D. Fulford, who was so sorry he couldn't be here that he contributed his check with his letter of regrets to John Watson Other ties divided.

Sweep, straight freeze out, $5. There were 16 entries. At the 12th bird Young, Robinson, Suydam and Parmalee divided $42. This was the last live bird event of the programme.

In the above miss-and-out shoot Mrs. M. F. Lindsley ("Wanda") shot in with the others, shooting for the birds only, and killing 6 out of the 12, a feat a long ways harder than it looks on paper.

In the morning before school took up Miss Annie Oakley again came over and shot a few practice birds. She killed 9 out of 10 very cleanly, dropping the other dead out of bounds.

THE TARGETS.

To-day was set for the decision of *Shooting and Fishing's* championship team race All through the week the Western men have felt that they had a sure thing, and the Eastern men went to the score to-day admitting that they were beaten and would have to walk home. It came to them in the nature of a surprise when well along in the race they found they had a lead They gathered, and administered a nice walloping to their Western rivals. The scores were by no means high, but scores don't run high under such hard conditions. The result was a general surprise, but the surprises of results are what make sport. The Eastern men perhaps shot poorly early in the week on account of the fatigue following a long journey. To-day they were too good for the Ohio boys. To-night they have a banquet. Their winning was $500, the defeated team taking $250. The total purse of $750 was contributed by 30 firms prominent in the sporting trade of the United States. They paid the freight. I notice the big dailies and big weeklies mostly pay their own freight, but I confess an open admiration for the Boston paper which got the trade to pay such a good husky freight bill for it. That is genius which can only mean one thing, namely, a great surgical success. Such a paper may never be able to set a leg, but it certainly could pull it hard. I hope the Boston paper will forgive us for publicly toying with its whiskers in this familiar way. Scores:

East and West race, 5 men teams, 50 singles and 25 pairs per man, 5 traps, one man up for 10 birds, known angles, unknown traps:

Eastern Team, of Boston, Mass.		Western Team, of Columbus, O.	
B L Woodward	35 28—63	J L Ward	34 21—55
H W Eager	31 23—54	Dr G M Waters	35 28—63
J E Burns	32 26—58	F D Alkire	30 31—61
C O Barrett	39 27—76	J E Pumphrey	34 35—61
O R Dickey	35 38—73—324	C A Young	39 25—64—312

Eastern team, of Boston. Mass., won.

Sweep, 15 singles, $2, pedestrian system, known traps, angles unknown: Grim 15, Dickey 13. Climax 11, Parmalee 13, Barrett 14, Loomis 8, Budd 12, McMurchy 10, Esterney 10, Cbingren 11, Leroy 12, Eager 10, Robinson 11, Walpert 8, Bessemer 6, Harris 13, Courtney 13, Dixon 10, Heikes 16, Pumphrey 9, Gore 10, Young 12, Alkire 9.

Sweep, 20 singles, $3, same: Lansing 13, Heikes 14, Chingren 15, McMurchy 2, Grim 19, Penrose 14, Wright 18, Budd 20, Parmalee 18, Barrett 13, Bessemer 19. Barton 15, Esternoy 13, Gore 12, Walpert 19, Courtney 16, Mill 9, Cleinman 16, Pumphrey 13, Money 16, Dixon 14.

The last above closed the shooting of the day. There may be some shooting here next week, but the forces will break up to-night. Frank Parmalee may get on a race which he is looking for next. Mr. M. Collenberger, a shooter whom the Jerseyville, Ill., boys will back against almost anybody, he having defeated Haggerty of St. Louis and others, thinks that he may come up later and shoot a race or so with the Chicago boys. He will be welcome. During the week that Collenberger shot at 100 birds in all and lost only 4. He uses a 10 gauge lifter action Parker. Having no 12 gauge, he was unable to enter the big World's Fair sweep. He may remain and shoot a race with Parmalee, but this is only a possibility.

Closing, there remains a thing or two to be said. Perhaps this can be done well enough by quoting Capt Money, of New York, who went up to John Watson this evening and said heartily. "Mr. Watson, I want to congratulate you on this tournament, and especially in your big World's Fair race. This has been the best managed and the smoothest running shooting tournament in every respect, it has even been my pleasure to attend. I do not see where a fault could be ascribed to it."

Capt. Money's verdict is that of all. It was a finely managed event, and of proportions beyond the thought of the promotor. In actual news interest, it was of more worth than any shooting event ever held here, a fact to which the dailies and most of the other sporting press may awake next week or later. Apropos of this, I wish to say a word to prove that the heart of the newspaper man is not altogether harsh, discordant and unkind. John Watson and his boys, George and Ike, never were kinder to the press men and never gave them better opportunities to do their work Other managements might do well to follow this example. For these things this paper owes its thanks, as well as for a man's tournament, laid at least on lines original and thoroughly sportsmanlike.

E. HOUGH,

903 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

MICHIGAN LEAGUE TOURNAMENT.

Battle Creek, Mich., Sept. 27.—The last tournament of the Michigan State Trapshooters' League was held in this city Sept. 26 and 27. Owing to various reasons the attendance from the State was not as large as it should have been, but we have no doubt the excuses will be satisfactory. We were honored by the attendance of a number of well known shooters from abroad, among whom were the following: Rolla O Heikes, of Chicago; C. A. Young, of Springfield, Ohio; A. G. Courtney and his Lefever ejector; G. C. Coachman, Jacksonville, Fla.; W. N. Rosenthal, East Las Vegas, N. Mex., sec'y of the Sportsmen's Association of that country. Among the Michigan shooters were H. L. Gaskill, of South Bend; President W. W. Holt, of Manchester; S. E. Kirk, Geo. C. Erwin, G. A. Magoon and Wm. Dixon. The Muskegon contingency, as Joe Marks would say, showed John "Only" Parker. W. Butler, W. Renwick and Joe Marks, of Detroit, who came to win the diamond buttons in the team race and incidentally won nearly everything in sight, including the buttons, the silver trophy, the expert championship and the amateur championship. Then there were M. K. Walton, the sole representative of Grand Rapids, whose Indian name is Never-Miss-a-Shoot; Caspar Shilling of Lansing, Wm. O'Byrne of Kalamazoo, J. R. Cotton of Bay City, Wm. Spicer of Vicksburg and F. C. and L. E. Marantette of Mendon.

Nearly all the shooters arrived the night before and the morning opened clear and bright, but a strong, able-bodied wind sweeping across the traps made the scores much lower than they would have been. The principal league event of the first day was the team race, which was won easily by the Detroit team. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, amateurs:

Heikes	0101111111—8	Renwick	1110111111—9
Young	1111010111—8	Desor	1111110111—9
Smoke	1110101111—7	Spicer	1001100011—5
Carpenter	1111111101—9	Parker	0010011111—6
Holt	1111110010—7	Marks	1001111010—6
Magoo	0011111111—8	Howes	1100011111—7
Walton	1011111100—7	Butler	0,11011111—8
Erwin	1111001010—6	P Byrne	1101010111—7
Court	1011111111—9	Halladay	1011110110—7
Coachman	0000100001—3	Willard	1110111100—7

No. 3, 12 targets: Experts

Courtney	110110110110— 8	Renwick	110101100111— 8
Carpenter	111111111000— 9	Dixon	111111111011—11

Semi-Experts.

Butler	111110110110— 9	Young	111011111111—11
Heikes	111101101111—10	Magoon	110001101001— 6

Amateurs.

Spicer	001111111111—10	Coachman	111110011001— 8
Burns	111111111111—12	Smoke	111101011111—10
Erwin	101001100111— 7	Marks	011101110101— 8
Parker	100111111111—10	Howes	111101110011— 9
Walton	001010101110— 6	Hubbard	010110110111— 8
Holt	111110011011— 9	Bock	011100011101— 7

No. 3, 15 targets: Experts.

O'Byrne	111110110101010—10		

Semi-Experts.

Young	111011110111101—12	Dixon	110011111111111—13

Amateurs.

Holt	011101111110111—12	Heikes	111111111111111—15
Marks	111011111011101—12	Erwin	110011000001111— 9
Parker	111111001110111—12	Walton	010111100100011— 9
Courtney	111111111011111—14	Howes	000111111101110—10
Coachman	101010111100010— 8	Spicer	110011011110110—10
Renwick	011111111100100—10	Carpenter	011111111110111—14
Magoon	111110110111111—13	Butler	111111111110110—13
Smoke	101101110111111—12	Hubbard	101111000110011— 9

No 4, 13 birds: Experts.

Heikes	0011101011111—9		

Semi-Experts.

Courtney	1111110111111—12	Carpenter	0011011111110—9

Amateurs.

Erwin	0011101000111— 7	Renwick	1011110111101—10
Youngs	1110111101111—11	Coach	1011100100110— 7
Walton	1000000011111— 6	Dixon	1011110111100— 9
Holton	1100011011100— 7	Parker	1101111111110—11
Smoke	1111110110100— 9	Hubbard	0111001101110— 8
Osgood	0011010000000— 3	Marks	1100111110011— 9
O'Byrne	1011101011101— 9	Butler	1110101100111— 9
Magoon	1111110111111—12	Spicer	0111110111110—10
Holt	0111011001111— 9		

No. 5, miss and out: Irwin 0, Walton 9, Young 5, Renwick 2, Magoon 1, Coachman 1, Holt 0, Parker 5, Dixon 4, Heikes 5, Courtney 3, Hubbard 0, Smoke 0, Howes 5. Shoot-off: Parker 0, Young 5, Howes and Heikes 6, and divided.

No. 6, team race, emblematic of State championship, 25 singles, entrance 75 cents, entrance to sweep in connection with this race $3. The League has purchased three beautiful individual buttons, to be held by the members of the winning team under the same conditions as the former team trophy. Teams may enter in the sweep in connection with this race at their own pleasure.

Battle Creek Team No. 2.

Granger	1101110111001101011111110—18
Hubbard	1110111101111111111111101—22
Bryant	1001000100111100001100110—11—51

Battle Creek Team No. 1.

Halladay	1010111111101111111111011—21
Howes	1111101100110111111100110—18
Carpenter	1111101101111110111110111—21—60

Muskegon Team.

Magoon	1111000010100100110001110—12
Dixon	1011011110111101111111011—20
Irwin	1111010011011110111101001—17—49

Detroit Team.

Parker	1111111011111111111111111—24
Renwick	1111111110101111111111110—22
Butler	0011101111111110001111111—19—65

No. 7, 15 targets: Experts.

Courtney	110110101010111—10	Magoon	000001101110011— 7

Semi-Experts.

Parker	011111111111111—14	Young	111111111111111—15

Amateurs.

Coachman	100100100111111— 9	Schilling	101110111111101—12
O'Byrne	111111110111110—13	Bramble	100111001110111—10
Walton	010000111011001— 7	Butler	101001111111111—12
Marks	110010100110101— 8	Carpenter	011110011011111—11
Holt	111101101111110—12	Heikes	111111110111011—13
Erwin	110010110010100— 8	Renwick	110101111101000— 9
Smoke	101100011001101— 8	Osgood	010100100000010— 4
Howes	111101110110111—12	Weickgenant	001000001100011— 5
Hubbard	010100101100011— 7	Willard	010111010111101—10

No. 8, 10, targets: Experts.

Young	0111111111—9		

Semi-Experts.

Parker	1110111110—8		

Amateurs.

Magoon	1111011001— 7	Holliday	1111111111—10
Walton	1010100101— 5	Marantette	1111111111—10
Erwin	1101001100— 5	Courtney	0100101111— 6
Spicer	0101011011— 6	Schelling	1101111111— 9
Howes	1111111111—10	Smoke	0101000001— 3
Dixon	1001100111— 6	Renwick	0101111011— 7
Holt	1011010110— 6	O'Byrne	1111111110— 9
Coachman	1110011101— 7	Butler	1011111111— 9
Bramble	1001011001— 5	Carpenter	1010111111— 8
Marks	1010110101— 6	Grenger	1010111111— 8
Heikes	1110101111— 8	Hubb	1000011011— 5

No. 9, 12 targets:

Young	111111110101—10	Courtney	111001011001— 7
Heikes	110111111111—11	Carpenter	100011111111— 9
Howes	000001111010— 5	O'Byrne	101011110111— 9
Magoon	001011110101— 7	Hubb	010010010010— 4
Holt	111010011110— 8	Butler	111100101111— 9
Parker	010101011101— 7	Renwick	110110000111— 7
Dixon	011010010001— 5	Walton	000001000111— 4
Bramble	100001000111— 5	Erwin	011000010101— 5
Schelling	111011010111— 9	Willard	001000000110— 3
Marks	010011010100— 5	Spicer	101110101111— 9
Coachman	001010111101— 7	Cotter	100011000001— 4
Marantette	110011100111— 8		

No. 10, 15 targets: Experts:

Howes	110111110110001—10	Marantette	111001111110110—11

Semi-Experts:

Young	111111111011111—14	O'Byrne	011111111100101—11
Schilling	111111111111110—14	Butler	110011110111011—11

Amateurs:

Magoon	111100101101010— 9	Erwin	111000000011000— 2
Courtney	111011111111101—13	Schilling	111111111111111—15
Holt	110111110110001—10	Smoke	001100110101011— 8
Marks	010011110010111— 9	Parker	011111110111110—12
Bramble	101110000101011— 8	Carpenter	111111011101001—11
Heikes	111111111111111—15	Hubb	110100101000000— 5
Dixon	010100101000101— 6	Granger	110001101011111—10
Bock	001000111010011— 7	Cotter	111111101111111—14
Walton	110101110101110—10	Renwick	111110111110111—13

Extra No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $1.50; Heikes 15, Walton 9, Erwin 6, Howes 12, Magoon 8, Holt 11, Schilling 14, Dixon 10, Courtney 12, Parker 13, Cub M. 15, Cotter 10, Spicer 10, Bramble 8, O'Byrne 13, Bock 13, Butler 11, Young 14, Carpenter 9, Halliday 13, Willard 10, Bamble 8. Bock 12.

Extra No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Holt 13, Young 14, Burns 14. Magoon 9, Howes 14, Heikes 15, Schilling 12, Cotter 13, Erwin 6, Walton 12, Parker 12, Courtney 14, Dixon 9, Spicer 12, Marantette 13, Carpenter 12, Bock 8.

Extra No. 3, same: Halliday 14. Walton 9, Erwin 10, Howes 11, Heikes 12, Courtney 13, Magoon 13, O'Byrne 12.

The Second Day.

The second day was a "dandy," clear and bright and with no wind. The League events of the day were the 25-bird race for the silver trophy, which was neatly won by Wm. Butler, of Detroit, who ground up 24 with his little Lefever. The individual class championships were hotly contested. John R. Parker won the expert medal. Joe Marks of Detroit won the amateur medal, surprising himself by breaking 25 straight. Ed Halliday, of Battle Creek, also broke 25 straight, but as be was not entitled to shoot in the amateur class Mr Marks won the race. Both Mr. Marks and Mr. Halliday shot Lefever guns, as did Sam a Howes, who won the semi-expert championship. In consequence Mr. A. G Courtney's smile covered his face from view for some time. Following are the scores:

No 1, 10 targets:

Smoke	1111011101— 8	Howes	0010100111— 5
Schilling	1111111111—10	Hubb	0110010111— 6
Holt	1111101111— 9	Marantette	1111111100— 8

No. 2. 13 targets:

Schilling	1101111110010— 9	Howes	0101111111111—11
Holt	0111011111111—11	Hubbard	1010011100101— 7
Marantette	1111011111111—12	Young	1110111111111—12
Smoke	1111111111111—13	Halladay	1101111111111—12
Carpenter	1111101111010—10	Spicer	0111110011110— 9
Cotter	1110111111001—10		

No. 3, 13 targets: Experts.

Smoke	1100101111110—9		

Semi-Experts.

Marantette	0011111111111—11	Halladay	1111111111111—13
Young	1111111111111—13		

Amateurs.

Schilling	1111110101111—11	Courtney	1111111111110—12
Cotter	1111001101111—10	Heikes	1111111111101—12
Holt	1111011111101—11	Erwin	1001101101101 – 9
Hubbard	1011010101101— 8	O'Byrne	0111111111111—12
Carpenter	1111111111111—13	Magoon	1111111101110—11
Howes	1110011111100— 9		

No. 4, open to members of the league only, winner of this race will receive the beautiful silver trophy formerly known as expert class championship trophy, the club will deduct only one cent each in this race, giving the balance toward the purchase of a medal for the expert class, individual championship:

Schilling	1111111111110101010111101—20
Marantette	0011011111111101111111011—20
Magoon	1010010110100011001011011—13
Erwin	1111011110000010010110101 14
Carpenter	1000101111111111010011011—17
Howes	1110111100000001111111111—17
Hubbard	00100w.
Smoke	1111111010111110111100101—19
Holt	1110110011110111111111111—21
Dixon	1111101111100111011111111—21
Parker	1010100111111111111110111 —20
Renwick	0111111011111111011110111—21
Willard	0011110000010111101111110—15
Cotter	1101011010111110111100111—18
Bock	0011010001001111010100000—10
Halladay	0111111111011110100111110—19
Marks	1111111101111111101010110—20
Butler	1111111111011111111111111—24

No. 5, 10 targets:

Carpenter	1110100111—7	Smoke	1111111110—9
Halladay	1111111110—9	Holt	1111111101–9
Young	1110111001—7	Hubb	0000000110—2
Courtney	1110111011—8	Howes	1101001011—6
Heikes	1111011111—9	Dixon	1110110111—8
O'Byrne	1011110111–8	Marantette	1110111110—8
Erwin	1110110111—8	Walton	0011011111—7
Magoon	1101011001—6	Parker	1110111110—8
DeWolf	1100000010—3	Cotter	1011110001—6
Schilling	0001111111—7		

No. 6, 15 targets. Experts.

Halladay	111011001101011—10	Smoke	111010100010100 – 7
Heikes	111011111101110—12	Holt	111111110111010—12

Semi-Experts.

Marantette	111111110111111—14	Dixon	011000110111111—10
Courtney	101111101111111—13	Erwin	101111110010000— 8
O'Byrne	111011011110101—11	Parker	111111110111111—14

Amateurs.

Carpenter	011111100100100— 8	Magoon	101110011101111—11
Young	111111111011111—14	DeWolf	010000000001111— 5
Schilling	111111011111110—13	Cotter	111111111011110—13
Walton	010111101001110— 9	Renwick	011110111111111—13
Howes	111111011110011—12	Erwin	110101111010w.
Butler	011111110101111—12		

No. 7, 25 singles, medal race, emblematic of individual handicap championship. Experts:

Schilling	1010110011111000011101111—16
Parker	0011111111111011111111100—20
Marantette	1111101010111111110101011—19
Cotter	0110110100111110111101101—17

Semi-Experts:

Marantette	1111100001101100001101111—15
Holt	1011100110000011110111001—14
Howes	1110111111111100111111101—21
Dixon	1111111111010110011011111—20
Magoon	1101111001111101100111101—18
Erwin	0101011110101111110001011—16
Walton	1111111110111101111111111—22
Carpenter	000000w.
Holliday	1111111111111111111111111—25
Young	0111111111111111111111011—23
Courtney	1111011101011111111110111—21
Heikes	1111011111111111011110111—22
Butler	0111111110111101111111111—22
Barringer	0001111101010111000110010—13
Marks	1111111111111111111111111—25

No 8, 12 targets: Experts.

F C Marantette	101111111111—11	Parker	111111011111—11
Young	111111111111—12		

Semi-Experts.

Renwick	111111111111—12	Schilling	111111110111—11
Courtney	111111111100–10	Cotter	110110111101— 9

Amateurs.

De Wolf	100111000010— 5	Marks	111111111111—12
Smoke	111011100001— 7	Halladay	011101111111—10
Heikes	110111101111—10	Carpenter	100101011011— 7
Dixon	111101111111—11	Butler	111101011111—10
L E Marantette	101111001111— 9	O'Byrne	111011101100— 8
Holt	010111111111—10	Willard	001111111011— 9
Walton	011011011101— 8	Howes	111111101111—11
Spicer	111011011111—10		

No. 9, 20 targets:

Young	11111111011101110 10—16	LMar'tette	01111000111011111110—13
CMar'tette	11111111111111111111—20	Smoke	10111101110111111100—15
Parker	11111111111111111110—19	DeWolf	11110000100010101100— 9
Schilling	11111110110111101111—17	Courtney	01111111111111111101—18
Dixon	11111111111111111011—19	O'Byrne	11101111001111111110—16
Howes	11010001011101100111—12	Butler	11011111101111111101—17
Heikes	11111111111111111111—20	Carpenter	11110010111011011110—15
Halladay	11111111111111111110—19	Cotter	11111010111111110111—17
Holt	01110111011111001100—13	Willard	10110001001111101111—13

ECHOES.

A meeting of the league was held in the Williams House parlors the evening of the 25th inst. and the date for next shoot was decided upon, the last week in April at Mason, Mich. The State shoot will be held early in in the spring at Grand Rapids.

No one ever heard of a shoot in Michigan that George Searles, of Mason, was not in, but George met with a painful accident at Jackson while wrestling with John Parker, breaking both bones of his leg, and he has been laid up ever since. Every one missed him and the league adopted resolutions of sympathy. He will hold the next meeting at Mason and not a Michigan man will miss it.

The traps and targets (bluerocks) worked without a hitch and scarcely a bird was broken by the traps; electric pull was used.

Rolla Heikes and C A. Young stayed over and took a day's fishing, but the wind was wrong and they had indifferent success, although they enjoyed a pleasant day under the care of Mr. George Marsh, who knows just how to go fishing and furnish a pleasant thing even if the fish don't bite.

We trust that all the visitors will think well enough of Battle Creek to come again.

S. A. H.

Where, oh where were all the crack foreign shooters last week? We mean the ones who were "steadily practicing" for a year or more to get in trim to defeat our American cracks during the World's Fair tournament. Can it be possible that they were afraid to measure strength with our shooters?

Ferd. Van Dyke is a Winner.

The ways of trap-shooters are beyond comprehension. Give them a chance to shoot for a big pot on a small outlay and they may show up in force, then again they may not. Give them a chance to put out a good-sized stake for the privilege of winning a cheap trophy and the above also holds good. In fact, the majority of them are creatures of impulse who shoot only when the spirit moves them.

When it was announced that on Oct. 3 the Paterson Gun Club would hold an all day tournament at Willard's Park, that the principal event would be at 25 live birds, $25 entry, with an addition of $50 cash for the high gun, it was expected that not less than 25 entries would be made. The grounds are known to be second to none, while the club captain, Thos. W. Morfey, is well-known as a lover of the sport and one who will see that every man gets a fair showing on his grounds. When the day came, however, the big sweep called out only 10 entries, although these represented the *creme de la creme* of the shooting strength of New Jersey.

The day was an exceedingly favorable one for trap-shooting, the sun shining clear and bright and there being just enough wind to make the birds feel lively. The shoot was announced to begin at 9:30 A. M., and for once within the history of live bird tournament shooting the fun began within an hour of the appointed time. At that time there were on the grounds T. W. Morfey, Henry Wolf, R. Ernest and T. C. Wright, of Paterson; J. R. Richmond, of New York; E C. George, the sporting boniface of Pompton; John Riggott, another hotel keeper hailing from Rockaway, and J. W. Hoffman, of German Valley.

The opening event was a $1 miss and out, followed by a sweep of 10 birds, $10 entry, and this in turn by one at 7 birds, $5 entry. By this time the party had been strengthened by the arrival of Ferd. Van Dyke, the expert shooting representative of VonLengerke & Detmold; John Leonard, John Timmins and J. Frank Class, of Morristown. A little later came Fred Class, of Pine Brook; R. H. Breintnall, of Newark; the well-known Col Lenone, of Passaic; Ed Collins, of Hoboken, and last but not least, the great international live bird and target champion Charles (better known as "Dutchy") Smith, of Plainfield. Of spectators there were probably a couple of hundred on the grounds during the day, about one-third of these being half-grown boys who proved to be a nuisance on account of their noise and unruly conduct. Below are the scores of the first three contests:

No 1, miss and out, $1 entry:

Wright	2221212	Morfey	221110
Riggot	212121●	Boyle	210
Ernest	1211120	George	0
Wolf	122110	Richmond	0
Hoffman	211120		

No. 2, 10 live birds $5 entry, three moneys:

Richmond	2121102271— 9	Hoffman	1111111111—10
Morfey	1011112121— 9	Riggott	1121212112—10
Wright	2222122211—10	Ernest	1012112●12— 8
Wolf	2121211222—10	George	●021100111— 6

No. 3, 7 live birds, $5 entry, three moneys:

Morfey	2112111—7	Richmond	1211011—6
Wolf	1121211—7	Hoffman	0112121—6
Van Dyke	1111221—7	George	1221●12—6
Class	1111211—7	Wright	20●1210—4
Timmons	1212112—7		

Then came the main event of the day, the big sweep at 25 live birds, $25 entry, American Shooting Association rules to govern. In this contest the Paterson Gun Club added $50 to go to the high gun. R. Heber Breintnall of the Newark Gun Club was chosen referee and C. H. Townsend, trap editor of Forest and Stream, was official scorer. A new departure was made in this contest to prevent shooters from choosing their own positions on the score, each man's name being placed on a card, all the cards being placed in a hat and drawn out separately, the position of the shooter being determined by the order in which his name appeared. The birds used in this contest were a curiously mixed lot, some being as good as the best, others good to fair and still others veritable "duffers," just the class of birds, in fact, to fool the most expert shooter by their variations in speed. E. C. George had decidedly the hardest lot of birds of any man in the contest, in fact he had only five birds out of his twenty-five that could be called at all easy Of his nine lost birds five fell dead out of bounds, two of them falling less than a yard over the line. For the others the luck of the birds was more even.

J H. Richmond was in decidedly bad form, seeming to be unable to properly get on to his birds.

After the first few rounds the old veteran, John Riggott, pulled himself together and shot in his old form.

Frank Class is as lively as ever in the use of his second barrel, and he manages to put it about right.

J. W. Hoffman had all the luck of the birds, not over half a dozen hard ones falling to his lot.

Henry Wolf will "get there" after he becomes more proficient in the use of his second.

E. C. George should certainly do some experimenting with ammunition. To lose 5 birds out of 9 dead out of bounds does not speak well for a load.

T. W. Morfey is sure to smile whether his bird goes to grass or over the fence.

T. C Wright wants to know by what right his eighth bird fell dead on the shed.

Ferd. Van Dyke and his Francotte were in good form, and the quality of the birds made little difference to them.

"Dutchy" Smith says he tried to kill his twenty-fifth bird. Oh, yes, Charley, we know you did (?)

First money, including that added by the club, was $143 75, second money $56 25, and third money $37.50. Such a pot with a $25 entry fee should draw not less than a quarter of a hundred shooters. Perhaps the next attempt will be more successful than the last.

The detailed scores of the big contest follow:

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Morfey (E. C.)	1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 ● 2 2 1 2 0 0 1 1—21
Richmond (Walsrode)	0 0 1 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 ● 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 0—17
Riggott (Schultze)	2 2 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2—22
Wright (E. C.)	1 2 1 2 2 2 0 ● 0 0 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2—21
George (E. C.)	● ● 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 ● ● 1 2 ● 2 1 1 1 1 2 1—16
Hoffman (E. C.)	1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 2—23
Class (Schultze)	2 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2—23
Wolf (E. C.)	2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 0 2 0 0 2 0 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 1—19
VanDyke (Schultze)	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 2—24
Smith (Am.Wood—E. C.)	2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 0—23

The winding up shoot was at 10 live birds, $7.50 entry:

		Ties.			Ties.
Abbott	2101221201— 8	0	Class	2222121220— 9	
Vermorel	2012022221— 8	210	Morfey	1112111111—10	2
Money	1011121212— 9		Hoffman	1121111111—10	1
Lenone	1111221101— 9		Van Dyke	●2●1111112— 8	112
Wright	1222211212—10	0			

C. H. Townsend.

Virginia Field Sports Association.

Richmond, Oct. 5.—The eighth annual meeting of this Association will be held in the office of the *Southern Planter and Farmer*, in Wilkinson's Hall, at 10 o'clock on the morning of October 12.

The association shoot for prizes will take place at 12 o'clock on the same day, at the fair grounds.

I trust that this meeting will be well attended, as an effort will be made this winter to make some needed changes in the game laws of the State, and we would like to have the benefit of advice from members representing every section of the commonwealth. Charles P. Stokes, Secretary.

Polk Miller, President.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anonymous communications are not replied to by newspapers nowadays.

C. S. W., Highland Mills, N. Y.—Is there any law to prevent capturing gray squirrels for pets, not to sell? Ans The New York law forbids taking in any way, gray squirrels between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1. There is no law forbidding the capture of squirrels for pets in the open season.

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

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I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and not decreasing the quality, it increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at $1.58 until all are sold. Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, silk wound, complete in wood form and will give satisfaction
Length and weight of the Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. Reel seats below hand.
Length and weight of the bass rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz., 10½ft., 14oz. Reel seats above hand.
A special lot of Hard Rubber and Nickel, Raised Pillar, Multiplying Reels with Balance Handle and Side Spring Click, 40yds., 90 cts.; 60yds., $1.00; 80yds., $1.10; 100yds., $1.20.
Any of the above reels sent by mail for price and 10 cts. extra for postage.
Brass Click Reels, 40, 60, 80 or 100yds., 28 cts. each; 5 cts. extra for postage.
One lot of Multiplying Raised Pillar Reels with Balance Handles and Lifting Drag: 40yds., 38 cts.; 60yds., 48 cts.; 80yds., 58 cts.; 100yds., 68 cts.; 150 yds., 78 cts.
A special lot of Trout Flies at 30 cents per dozen assorted, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.
A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5 cents each sent by mail, 1 cent extra for postage.
All kinds of Hollow Point best quality Hooks snelled to single gut 10 cts. doz.; double gut, 15cts. doz.; treble, 20 cts. doz.; four ply, 25 cts. doz. 1 cent extra per dozen for postage
300ft. Braided Linen Reel Line on Block, 41 cts.; 300ft. of Hand-Made Linen Reel Lines on Block, 9 thread, 38 cts., sent by mail 3 cts. extra for postage.
Brass Box Swivels, all sizes No. 1 to No. 12., 15 cts. per dozen, sent by mail 1 cent per dozen extra for postage.
Single Gut Leaders, 3ft., 4 cts., 45 cts. per dozen. Double Gut Leaders, 40in., 5 cts. each. Treble Gut Leaders, 32in., 7 cts. each. Four-ply Leaders, 32in., 8cts.
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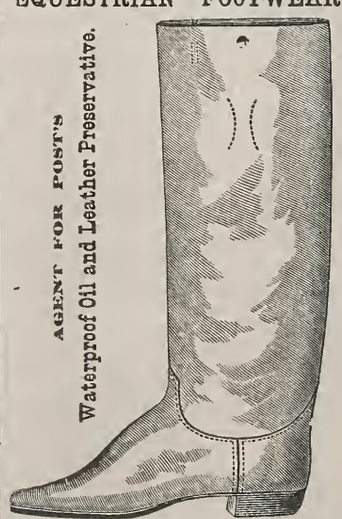

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THE CANTANKEROUSNESS OF FATE.

FATE is proverbially capricious. It is more than this, it is progressive, enterprising, Edisonesque in ingenuity and invention to devise new ways of imperiling, maiming and killing humankind. Thus, only the other day, a ship's docter, who had braved the perils of Atlantic storms and been buffeted about in the hurricane lo these many years, came at last to grief with a leg broken in the giddy mazes of the dance on board ship.

The sportsman, whether on land or sea, is usually credited with undergoing a certain degree of peril in following his chosen pursuit. If a gunner, his gun may explode, or he may be in continual danger from a fool of a companion's gun pointed full at his devoted head, or some other fool gunner may shoot him for a woodchuck or a partridge. If a fisherman, he may get lost in the woods, or a snake may bite him. If a yachtsman, he may tumble overboard, or his yacht may capsize and he be drowned. These are old-fashioned casualities, the commonplace fatalities of sport; but as has been said, froward fortune has a way of demonstrating her originality and impatience of precedent by manifesting herself in some unlooked for and unprovided against happening. Such, for example, was the killing of the Gulf Coast fisherman, recorded in our columns last week, who met his death by the blow of a tarpon, which leaping from the water dashed full-tilt upon him in his boat. Such too was the untoward experience of Mr. Charles Arns, of this town, one day during the yacht races of last week.

When we consider the vast multitude of pleasure-seeking spectators who attended the Vigilant—Valkyrie contests, and the thousand and one perils which beset them, our wonder is excited, not that there should have been this one mishap or accident, or visitation or casualty, or catastrophy, or calamity, by which Mr. Arns suffered, but that the mishaps should not have been more in number and of graver nature. It is estimated that on the first day of the races not less than 35,000 spectators were afloat on the Atlantic, on all sorts of craft, from great sea-going steamships to tiny and toppling pleasure boats. For the four races there must have been far more than 100,000 people thus carried to sea in heavily-loaded and over-crowded craft, subject at all times to danger of collision, of capsize, of foundering, or at the very least, of tumbling overboard. Such emergencies were not unexpected. Ample provision was made for them by the police. The patrol steamer Aurora was at hand, having a complete equipment of life-saving apparatus and a trained crew of fifty patrolmen. She had on board lifeboats manned by crews who were stationed constantly at the boats ready for immediate response to call. Other squads of the crew stood by, ready with life-lines and life-rings. Five police surgeons were on the *qui vive* to render their services. Taken all in all, this thoroughly fitted out and disciplined life-saving police contingent constituted an admirable and noteworthy feature of the great international occasion.

But police patrol, boat, crew, surgeons and life-lines availed nothing for the protection, the succor or the resuscitation of the unfortunate Mr. Arns. While this enthusiastic yachtsman was watching the race, eagerly scanning the progress of the two boats, his heart beating fast with joy as the Vigilant lengthened the space which measured her lead, he was overtaken by disaster and sorely wounded in body and in spirit. Just here it was that the elaborate system devised by the police to protect a hundred thousand pleasure seekers broke down. In the words of the political orator, it was protection that did not protect. It did not, at night after the race was done, restore him to the bosom of his family, whole in body and joyful of soul, crowing as so goodly a proportion of the hundred thousand was crowing at the victory of the brave Yankee craft over the Britisher. For one reason, Mr. Arns was not within the reach of the life-lines. He was not one of the multitude of the hundred thousand on the sea. He did not venture out on ocean's troubled breast on that eventful day. He remained on the hard, solid, substantial *terra firma;* and watching the races from afar, noted the fortunes of the day and followed the progress of the competing craft as set forth in mimic representation high up on the front of the *World* building in Park Row. A vast, surging crowd was there, and Mr. Arns was in the crowd. It was just at a most critical moment in the uncertainties of international yacht racing, that, if we accept his story, he was hit over the head with a club by Policeman Baker; or, if we accept the policeman's version of it, somebody in the crowd threw a missile which hit the unfortunate Mr. Arns over the eye. Just what did actually happen may perhaps be determined, when on Mr. Arns's complaint the Police Commissioners shall try Policeman Baker; or, baffling inquiry, the incident may go down to posterity arm in arm with that famous mystery bequeathed to us by our forefathers, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Be that as it may, whoever dealt the blow or heaved the missile was but the unwilling agent of capricious Fate, the chosen instrument through whom, in that week of perils of the deep courted by the ten times ten thousands who went to sea, she elected to exhibit her cantankerousness by bringing calamity only upon this dry land sailorman, who was following the fortunes of the race amid the presumably safe, secure and tranquil precincts of Newspaper Row.

VIGILANT AND VALKYRIE.

ONE good to both sides that has come from the Cup races is the renewal of a discussion over technical points of design, construction and handling; there is ample material for thought and study through the whole of next winter. This year the English are fairly ahead in the material and making of their sails. Mr. Ratsey may go home with the consoling thought that his part of the work has been well done. While the superior speed of Vigilant is freely conceded, there is much about Valkyrie, in particular in her ease of handling and in her construction, which is worth copying.

One of the most striking points of Vigilant's superiority is in her rigging; Mr. Herreshoff has departed from all conventional ideas, and, it must be admitted, with complete success, the mast being far better supported with less weight. The great fault of the rig, the extreme lightness of its component parts at the outset, was effectually remedied before the Cup races; the general arrangement of shrouds and stays has proved entirely successful, and is likely to be generally adopted by designers.

In the matter of handling many points of comparison present themselves, and both parties are likely to profit by the experience of the five races, but taken altogether it is difficult to say which crew has done the best work. Although Mr. Herreshoff's sailing has been criticised in some quarters, each of the boats was beautifully handled, though the details of working are quite different. Capt. Cranfield's work in starting and in maneuvering his boat through the race has been generally praised, and the perfect drill of the English crew has been admired by all who have seen it. At the same time Vigilant has been boldly and skilfully handled at all times, and if her crew has shown a lack of drill and discipline it has made up for it by quick and energetic work, as in the final race.

In the method of setting sails, especially the spinaker, and in the use of the balloon jibtopsail, the American crew was distinctly superior, and Capt. Cranfield will have some new tricks to carry home with him. Taken altogether, the present races are likely to be of material benefit to both parties in the future.

THE ELIXIR OF OCTOBER.

THIS is a day of hard matter of fact and common sense practicality; the age of magic philtres and wonder-working elixirs has passed by and been forgotten. But has it? Every town dweller country bred will tell you better than that. Every such an one, we mean, who has not utterly lost his freshness of spirit, whose heart has not been wholly withered and incrusted with the parching heat and the dustiness and mustiness of time and toil and turmoil of business. Every one, we mean, too, who shall confess the fact, concealing nothing and freely revealing to you his true self. He will own to the elixir of October days and testify to the magic of their spell on the man of the town who was the boy of the country.

Such an one may look up into the deep, mysterious blue of October heavens only through the narrow rifts of city streets; the floods of golden sunshine may gladden him but for a moment in the noonday rush; the glory of the sunset glow he may behold only as it flushes the towering summits of business blocks; of the zig-zagging fall of flaming autumn leaves he may catch but a glimpse as his elevated railway car speeds past the city parks; the tracery of bare October branches he may perceive only by down-bent gaze at night as their reflection is painted on the pavement by the high-poled electric light; yet slight as is the impression of the senses, momentary the glance, fleeting the picture stamped on the retina, all these manifestations of the changing year speak to him with their thousand tongues of the stretching fields, the wooded hillsides and the running waters; carry him back to boyhood days, and overwhelm him with heart thoughts of the old home.

Blessed is he—more blessed indeed than he can ever know while the blessing itself shall last—to whom the intimations and suggestions of October days are not of the sacred past alone, but of the present, too; to whom they bring thoughts not only of the old home that was, but of the old home that is.

A prosy, practical, matter-of-fact age? Not yet, nor ever shall be, in the season when the elixir of October is in the air and the magic of October blue in the sky.

SNAP SHOTS

THE New York Forestry Commissioners are engaged in an attempt to restock the Catskill Mountains with deer. Last week sixteen deer, captured in Indian Lake in the Adirondacks, were transported by rail to the Catskill State Park, at Big Indian in Ulster county. With what have been put out there before and with the natural increase, it is expected that there will be nearly a hundred deer in the park next spring. With wise management this Catskill deer enterprise should prove successful; and there is no reason why the game may not become a permanent feature of the mountains.

Another and more important deer stocking experiment is the introduction of reindeer into Alaska, to furnish a food supply for the coast Eskimo. This work, undertaken by the National Government on the suggestion of Rev. Sheldon Jackson, gives promise of proving a very great success. Recent advices from Mr. Jackson report that of the original herd of 110 reindeer imported from Siberia last year none died during the winter, while the stock has been increased by the accession of 72 surviving fawns. A further addition of 37 reindeer was brought from Siberia in June of this year, and 150 more will be imported this fall. This is a beginning which appears to assure the establishment of the deer in Alaska.

A convention of Georgia sportsmen was called to meet last Tuesday in Atlanta to organize a State association and to consider needed amendments of the game laws. Georgia is one of those States which rejoice in game codes consisting for the most part of local county laws, each one differing from the rest, and the whole collection so various, diverse, complicated and uncertain that not one lawyer in ten can tell what it all means. If the sportsmen of Atlanta, Columbus, Americus, Savannah, Macon, and the other cities represented in the new movement shall set about the codification of the Georgia game statutes into an orderly, consistent and intelligible law, they will have made the first movement toward efficient game protection. Such reform is needed in a dozen other States, where codification of the laws is one of the essentials to a comprehension and respect of them.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE GLADNESS OF AUTUMN.

Who sings of sadness in this happy hour
When he is blest who can but breathe the air
Of this October day! Who sings of death
And melancholy days, and woods all sere;
Of withered branch and leaf returned to dust,
Of blight, and frost, and sombre autumn skies!
I sing of joy, of that supremest mood
When all-exalted, man and nature reap
Fruition from a cycle's earnest toil!
Who that can gaze upon New England hills
Clad in their cloth of gold, the lambent air
Pulsing with softest haze, the scent of leaves
And all the forces of the autumn wood
Distilling philtres sweeter far than June—
Who can so look and feel no leaping stir
Of all that sluggish tide which gives him life,
A sense of living, working, conquering all
The petty obstacles that hedge him round!
Who talks of lying down to rest, and longs
For all the sad and wasting panoplies
Of self-afflicted woes—to him say I,
Rise up! Fill all thy lungs with gladness full,
Make thou thy name upon the walls of fame;
Achieve, and put thy strength to earnest test!
For nature lies not down to unearned rest,
Nor does the soft susurrus of the wind
Lull her to well deserved repose until
Her work is done; then gently breathes o'er all
A final benison of falling leaves!

WEDWORTH WADSWORTH.

THE WOMAN FROM SITTING BULL'S.

In the fall of 1879, Paul Sandusky, Jo Hamilton and I built our winter quarters on Flat Willow Creek, about twenty miles east of the Snowy Mountains. The country was still infested with roving war parties from the different tribes, some coming from Sitting Bull's camp, then on the Big Bend of Milk River.

As we intended to do some trading with the friendly tribes, especially the Crows and Blackfeet, we built commodious quarters, consisting of two buildings facing each other and about forty feet apart, and containing altogether five rooms. Joining on to the "Fort"—as we called it—we constructed a high stockade corral for the horses.

Game of all kinds was then very abundant, and bands of elk and antelope could be seen almost daily within a mile or so of our place. Glad to have company, we gave free quarters to all hunters and trappers who cared to stop with us, and by March 1 we numbered eleven men, including our cook, "Nigger Andy."

A few hundred yards below our "fort" a little creek, which we named Beaver Castor, joined the Flat Willow. For some miles above its mouth it flowed through a deep cut in the prairie, bordered with sage brush and willows. At its junction with the Flat Willow, in the V formed by the two creeks, was quite a high butte. It sloped up very gently from the Flat Willow side, but was almost a cut bank on the Beaver Castor side.

This butte was our watch tower. From its summit we could see miles and miles of the surrounding country. One morning in March most of the men went out antelope hunting, leaving four of us in camp—Jo Healy, laid up with rheumatism; Harry Morgan, the herder; the cook and myself. About 10 o'clock this morning I concluded to take a hunt, and before catching up a horse I climbed the butte to see if I could spy a band of elk or antelope near by. As soon as I reached the summit I saw some moving forms on the prairie not far off, near Beaver Castor, and adjusting my glass, I found that they were a large war party of Indians afoot. They also saw me, for I saw several of them stop and level their telescopes at me. I took pains to let them know I was not an Indian, for I strutted about with long strides and faced them with arms akimbo. Finally, as they came close, I backed down from the summit, very slowly, and placing a buffalo chip on top of a bush, so as to make them think I was still watching them, I dashed for the fort.

I found that the horse herder had caught up an animal and gone out hunting; so grabbing a lariat I ran out to drive in the band, which was grazing nearly a mile from the house. I went down as fast as I could run, but found that I couldn't get within roping distance of a single animal. They had been in the corral all night as usual, and in spite of my efforts they kept straggling and feeding along, and every minute I expected the war party to swoop down on me. However, I finally got them home and into the corral, and my clothing wet with perspiration I sat down to get my wind.

In the meantime Andy had not been idle. He had placed all our spare arms and ammunition by the loopholes, had dragged Healy, bed and all, to a place of vantage, where he could shoot without hurting his rheumatic legs, and had then gone on preparing our dinner. So we waited and watched, expecting every minute to be attacked. But no Indians came. We had our dinner, and as the afternoon passed the boys kept straggling in by ones and twos, until by 5 o'clock all were home. None of them had seen any Indians.

Finally I proposed that two or three of us get our horses and make a reconnoissance.

"We don't want no horses," said Sagebrush Charlie, "just you and me go up on the butte and take a look from there."

I didn't like the proposition, for I surmised that the war party were concealed in the brush on Beaver Castor, probably near the butte. But on the other hand I didn't care to be bluffed, so I went with him.

As we neared the top of the butte we proceeded very cautiously, moving only a step at a time. Only a few yards more and we would have reached the summit, when we saw that an Indian on the opposite side of the butte was looking at us. We could see nothing of him but his head, and of course he could see only our heads. Thus we stood facing each other for what to me seemed a long time. "Shall we shoot?" asked Sagebrush. "No," I replied. "If we advance to shoot he will have the best of it, and if he advances we will have the edge on him." So we continued to stare at him. After a while I saw that the Indian was beginning to back down out of sight, so I did the same. I made only a step and he had disappeared, but I kept backing away, watching the top of the butte, with rifle cocked ready to shoot in an instant. When half way down I turned to run and saw Sagebrush just disappearing around the corner of the fort. Until then I had supposed that he was at my side. So calling him some name, I fairly flew down the hill, expecting every minute to have a shower of bullets about my ears. But I too reached the fort without any sign from the enemy.

When I got inside I found the boys joking "Sagebrush" about leaving me, and seeing that he was ashamed of himself I said nothing to him, although I was quite angry at him.

As soon as it was dark we put on a double guard, and kept ourselves in readiness for an attack. Late in the evening we concluded that the Indians would make a daylight raid on us, so we arranged about guard duty and slept by turns. However, we heard nothing of our dusky friends, and at 6 o'clock the cook called breakfast as usual. The horses had now been in the corral nearly twenty-four hours and were very hungry, so four of us saddled up and went out to make a big circle and find out if our friends had left us. We went down Flat Willow a mile or more, then swung up on to the prairie, crossed Beaver Castor and headed home, but could see no Indian signs. Finally we went up on top of the butte, where Sagebrush and I had seen the Indian the night before. There in the loose shale we found his tracks, and saw that after backing down a little ways he had, like us, turned and run by mighty leaps to the bottom. There we found a great number of tracks and a lot of moccasins, some meat, etc., and following the trail we found that the Indians had crossed Beaver Castor and gone up on to the prairie, where in the thick dry grass we lost all traces of them, and concluding that they had left we went home and turned the horses out to feed, with the herder and one other man to herd them.

After dinner, perhaps 2 or 3 o'clock, we saw a person on foot come down on to the creek from the prairie, about half a mile below the house. I went down to see who it was, and found to my surprise that it was a lone Indian woman, and as soon as I came up to her she began to talk to me in a language which I at once knew to be Nez Percés, but which I could not understand. I replied to her in Sioux, and found that she understood and could speak a little of that tongue, and by piecing it out with signs we got along very well. I told her to go up to the fort with me and get something to eat, and afterward she could tell us her story. When we reached the place the boys all crowded around and stared at her, and asked all sorts of questions, but I told them to wait, and we would hear what she had to say.

The woman didn't seem to be at all embarrassed. She sat at the table and calmly and slowly ate the food the cook set before her, not heeding the ten or eleven pairs of eyes that were intently watching her. After she had finished eating I asked her to tell us where she had come from, where she was going and all about herself, and I interpreted her tale, sentence by sentence, to the boys. She said: "I came from Sitting Bull's camp on Milk River, when some of my people, Nez Percés, are living with the Sioux. Two years ago, my son went with some Sioux and Nez Percés to war against the Crows. They had a big fight on the Yellowstone, and it was supposed that my son was killed. But not long ago I heard that the Crows had captured my boy, and that he is still living and in the Crow camp. Having no relatives and no husband, I made up my mind to go and live with my son, and started out; this is the twenty-third day since I left Milk River. I have been starved most of the time and am very tired."

"Hush!" said one of the boys, "That's too durned thin. I move that we hang her right now."

At this, every one began to talk at once. Some said she was a spy, others that she was all right.

Finally I said to her, "The boys, some of them, think you are not telling the truth. Yesterday a big war party was here, and they think you belong to that outfit."

"How they lie," she interposed. "I haven't seen an Indian since I left Milk River."

"That may be," I replied, "you cannot blame the boys for being a little suspicious. However, they will not harm you. You are as safe here as you would be among your own people. Just as soon as this snow goes, one of our men will start for the Yellowstone with a four-horse team after some provisions, and you can go with him. From there it is only a short distance to the Crow camp. In the meantime you can stay with us here and rest up. Throw off your robe and make yourself at home."

"I like what you say," she replied, "but I am afraid of all these men. Let me stay close by you."

Wherever I went that afternoon she followed me, and when it came time to turn in I made her a bed of buffalo robe behind the counter. Some of the boys spread down in the room and others in the cook house.

"I don't like this," the woman said to me. "I am afraid to sleep there; let me make my bed down beside yours."

"Don't fear," I replied, "no harm will come to you. No one in this place cares for you or wishes to harm you."

"Well, then," she said, "if that is so I will step out a minute and then go to bed."

Now the door to this room was fastened from the inside, when we wished it, by two wooden bars; outside we closed it merely by a rawhide thong and pin. Some of us were always at home, and when we all left this room we fastened the door with the thong to keep the dogs and the cold air out. As the woman started to go out I went up to the counter and took my six-shooter, intending to follow her out, but quicker than a flash she darted through the door, and closed and fastened it with the thong and pin. Of course all the boys in the room made a rush, and two of us getting our fingers between the door and the jamb gave a strong jerk, snapped the fastening and we all ran out. The woman had disappeared in the darkness, but we could still hear her footsteps as she ran toward the brush. Suddenly she gave a peculiar kind of a whistle and from all around in the brush she was answered by the hooting of owls. We all rushed back into the fort, put out the lights and made ready for an attack.

After an hour or so the boys began to talk. "I knowed," said one, "that she was a spy."

"Didn't I say to hang her," exclaimed another. "You fellers that thought she was all right are sure soft."

We all sat up until long after daylight, and not until 8 or 9 o'clock did any one turn in. But we were not attacked, nor did we see the woman again.

Several weeks afterward, when Hamilton went to the Yellowstone after supplies, he learned that this woman had stopped at the "Circle N" ranch and that they had lost 140 horses.

WM. JACKSON.

PIEGAN, Montana.

Natural History.

FACTS ABOUT THE OPAH.

In his interesting article entitled "The Opah," which was published in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 7, my friend, Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, has—probably inadvertently—made some statements which, I am sure, he will be glad to have corrected.

"Years and years ago," he says, "a specimen was taken near Sable Island, Nova Scotia, and ichthyologists predicted then it would probably some time be captured upon the immediate coast of the United States. This has recently been done by Captain Wm. T. Lee on the La Have Bank in 280ft. of water (42° 49' N. lat., 63° W. long.)."

This statement is in error in the following particulars:

First, the specimen of opah referred to by Dr. Shufeldt was not taken "upon the immediate coast of the United States," as an examination of the position will show, but nearly south (or off) of the center of Nova Scotia. Second, it was not caught on La Have Bank, but on the southern slope of the depressed ridge that extends eastward from that bank to the Western, or Sable Island, Bank, and is commonly known to the fishermen as "La Have Ridges." Third, the depth of water where the fish was caught (on a halibut trawl line) was about 280 fathoms—1,680ft.—instead of 280ft.

I may, perhaps, be pardoned for writing of these matters somewhat *ex cathedra*, when it is stated that I am entirely familiar with the fishing ground referred to, having been there many times, and also that the fish in question was sent to me by Capt. Lee, since, at that time, I was preparing the exhibit of the U. S. Fish Commission for the Columbian Exposition.

The "aid to science" which has been given by the New England fishermen is worthy of all praise, and it is specially gratifying to me to see public attention called to the contribution of one who, for years, was on the crew list of the vessel I commanded in the Atlantic halibut fishery, and who has since then been on the lookout for rare things from the depths of ocean.

J. W. COLLINS.

In Oct. 7, 1893, issue of FOREST AND STREAM (p. 293) in referring to the classification of the opah, I remarked that it "has been grouped with the dolphins or the *Coryphœnidæ*, but by others, and more properly, it has been placed among the *Stromateidæ*, as the family *Lampriditæ*." This should read, "placed among the stromateoid fishes," instead of the *Stromateidæ*, as above. Otherwise the statement is correct.

DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

Nut Hiders.

The recent article giving an account of the chipmunk planting corn, reminded me of an afternoon spent with the gray squirrels in the park in Quincy, Ill. These squirrels are tame enough to take nuts from one's hand. I fed them liberally, and noticed that after eating all they wanted, they buried the nuts, and were as eager to get them for that purpose as they were to eat them when hungry. It was curious to see how particular they were about getting a place that suited them for the burying. The ground was apparently all alike, covered with a thick short turf of green grass, but the squirrel frequently examined a dozen places before deciding to plant. The planting was done by digging a hole about 2in. deep with the forepaws. The nut was then pushed tightly down, the dirt pushed into the hole with the nose and packed by the fore paws; then the grass was carefully pulled over the spot, and in a number of cases a dead leaf was carelessly thrown over it. The concealment was so deftly done that not a trace of the work was left. Doubtless the nut was buried to conceal it till it was needed for food, but it is probable that thousands of these buried nuts are never dug up and grow to be trees.

A friend once told me that he noticed a flock of crows making constant trips between some pecan trees and a plowed field, and going to the field he found that the crows were burying pecan nuts. In this case it would seem to be an instinct for planting, as it is not likely that a crow could use a pecan nut for food, the shell being too hard to crack and the nut too large to be eaten whole. The crow seems to have a sort of mania for hiding things any way. Our pet crows would carry away and hide combs, thimbles, bits of glass, and other small things that they could not eat.

O. H. HAMPTON.

A Grouse Escapade.

AUBURN, Susquehana County, Pa., Oct. 15.—About 6:30 yesterday morning one of the ladies of the house heard a commotion among the chickens. Stepping out on the back porch to ascertain the cause, she was surprised to find a grouse behind a screen door that swings back across a corner and had been fastened back, but not so close but it allowed the bird to fly into the trap. When discovered, the grouse was trying, with raised ruff and expanded tail, to get out through the wire netting. The lady released the door and picked up the bird, but her grasp was not secure enough to hold so slipery a customer, and it fluttered from her hands and went whirring away. All who have pursued this noble bird well know its ability in getting off and doing it slick, too.

To-day I flushed one from a grapevine not far from the house. It flew across fields some sixty rods to cover.

BON AMI.

Yellow Rail.

On Saturday, Sept. 30, George Richards, of Hackensack, New Jersey, shot a yellow rail on the meadows near that place. This—although we have not examined the specimen—was probably *P. noveboracensis*, a species which is usually regarded as rare, but which is probably more abundant than is commonly thought, its shy secretive habits making it very hard to find.

THE ARROW-HEAD.

A Post and Pre-Columbian Autobiography.

EDITED BY CLARENCE B. MOORE.

A FAMILY in Norway can to-day trace its descent, in unbroken line, to Eric the Red, the great Scandinavian navigator, who flourished about the year 1000, while some Roman nobles claim an origin still more remote, though upon less reliable authority.

It is related of the great Napoleon that upon meeting Prince Massimo, of Rome, he sneeringly remarked to the Italian, "They say that you have as ancestor the great Fabius Maximus."

"I could not prove it," replied the Prince, "but the report has been current in our family for the last thousand years."

An old family indeed!

But I come of one compared to which the Roman or the Norwegian is but of yesterday. I am almost coeval with the world. I belong to a branch of the Quartz family—the Flints. I am an arrow-head.

I shall not speak of the long ages before the coming of man, of the upheavals of the earth, or of the strange animals that roamed around, animals long since gone, whose remains are now fossils and phosphates.

A long, long time after that I lay upon the surface of the ground, and saw the red Indians pass me single file, on their war expeditions, or heard the twanging of the bow, as some dusky hunter sent his arrow after the fleeing deer. I thought my life would go on forever thus, upon the ground, in the northern part of what is now the State of Florida. But it was not to be. One day a party of squaws in search of flint passed along, and one stopping picked me up (for I was not much larger than her closed hand) and carried me, with one of my relatives who had lain near me for ages, to the home of her lord. The other squaws also had a number of my family connections, and I gathered from the conversation that a party of braves was soon to start for a country further south, where stone was seldom seen, a land bordering on a mighty river. There it was their intention to trade me and my relatives for fish, which, when dried, they could readily bring back to their inland home.

The journey to the great river was neither long nor arduous. The trade was satisfactorily concluded, and after a grand feast the braves returned to their home, as did also the various river and coast Indians, who had gathered there with their sun-dried fish.

My new owner, who, it turned out, was a chief in his tribe, tossed me and a number of my relatives into the bottom of his canoe. This craft was made from a great log of cypress, sharpened at either end, and hollowed out by repeated blows from chisels and gouges of shell, after previous treatment by fire.* With four braves, his companions, the chief started up the river for his island, distant a five days' journey. We usually traveled at night, for it seemed that unfriendly tribes peopled the banks, tribes only too eager to vary their diet of periwinkles and mussels by a meal from some luckless prisoner. Whenever my owner could distinguish the great heaps of shells which marked a village, he with his companions usually hugged the further shore, but whenever they felt sure of a friendly reception they halted for a brief visit.

My new owner was of powerful build, though no taller than some among the white men whom years later it was my fortune to see. His head, however, was small and round, with massive jaws, from which no tooth was missing. During the long years I passed among his people I seldom saw a missing tooth, and never one showing signs of decay. His powerful legs, upon which the muscles stood out in knots, were well fitted to bear him for long days' journeys in the chase or in war. His dress was of skin and his weapons consisted of a bow and lance, and arrows tipped with flint†. The arrow-heads were about one-third the size of the ordinary lance-head, and sometimes had a shank projecting from the base. The head was fastened to the body of the arrow by inserting the shank in a cleft and binding it around with sinews of the deer, while the lance-head often had no shank, its base being put within the split end of the body of the lance.

Our journey was uneventful. As we progressed, the river grew narrower and narrower. At length we crossed a great lake, and soon after leaving the river and traversing another lake much smaller in size, we followed a narrow creek for a short distance, to my master's island home. The party was joyfully received, and many of my relatives were distributed to various warriors whose fish had been intrusted to the travelers.

My new home on the island was built of palmetto thatch, and many similar houses were to be seen in every direction, for the tribe was a large one. Lofty palmettoes were abundant, impressing me as peculiarly graceful, since I had seen none in my former home, and but few on my journey up the river. Near and under the village lay great heaps of periwinkle and mussel shells, formed by the continual emptying of refuse from the daily repasts, together with fragments of broken pots and earthenware vessels of all sorts; in fact, everything no longer of use, and therefore of no value to the owner. Beyond these great ridges of shell which covered acres of ground lay a swamp where the people had raised a huge conical burial mound of sand. To this mound and to the great shell heap then in use ran causeways of shell through the swamp, insuring easy access in wet seasons as well as dry. Upon the side where the causeway joined it the burial mound sloped down more gradually, thus making easier the approach to the summit.*

My doubts as to why I had been brought this long distance were speedily solved. I soon learned that I was to become an arrow-head, for my owner took me to one of those who made weapons of stone for a living. The arrow-head maker sat before his hut industriously plying his trade. Business was apparently good, as was to be expected, considering the quantity of stone recently received by the warriors. The weapon maker was very skillful. Taking me in his left hand, and striking repeated blows with an implement of flint held in his right, he soon separated from the rest a piece of stone about double the size of the arrow-head desired. From this piece I am descended. The same process was then repeated on the other side of the mass of flint, but owing to an imperfection the line of fracture was so irregular that the fragment thus obtained was useless, and with the portion that remained—a core too small to be of any further use—it was tossed into a heap of cores, broken arrow-heads and chippings of stone which each night were emptied outside the entrance. This duty fell upon Kakola, the daughter of the maker of arrow-heads, and with Kakola, as I soon learned, my owner was in love.

When my twin was discarded the weapon maker turned his attention to me, and putting aside his heavy hammer of stone he began to chip small flakes from me with a lighter implement, and so deftly did he work that under his rapid blows I soon assumed the outline desired, though my thickness had to be reduced by still further careful chippings. At length I was completed, and proud was the armorer of his triumph when I lay before him, an arrow-head of graceful outline, twice the usual size, and fashioned from flint of a deep red, alike useful and beautiful.

That evening my owner came to the home of the maker of arrow-heads. As Kakola met him her cheeks assumed a hue as deep as mine, though in her congratulations on his safe return she was not so warm as had been many of the other maidens of the tribe. My owner received me with an exclamation of approval, and paying over a string of shell beads put me in a pouch of deer skin which hung at his belt. Speedily returning to his home he selected the straightest and strongest shaft in his possession, and bound me to it with the tough sinews of the deer.

Was it chance that took him toward the lonely burial mound that night, when the moon had risen? I never knew, but as my owner passed along the causeway to the swamp, a long, wailing cry arose, and then a woman's shriek. There was no mistaking either. The one was the cry of a panther, the other came from Kakola. In an instant my owner was at the base of the mound. Above him stood Kakola, while between them crouched the yellow beast ready to spring. Twang! went the bow. Passing clean through the panther's neck I came out on the other side. The beast staggered and fell; its sinewy limbs twitched for a moment, then all danger was over. Kakola stood pale and motionless, but in an instant her preserver had her in his arms, and there, on the huge mound of sand, with the moonlight shining through the palmettoes and the dead panther at their feet, their vows were plighted.

Before returning my owner pulled me from the neck of the beast and vowed that since I had done him such a service in time of emergency he would never use me again save in the direst need.

As they walked toward the village he hung around the neck of Kakola a charm made from a pebble of quartz brought from the ocean, a pebble with a groove cut around the smaller end to afford a more secure hold for the deer sinew by which it was suspended. By these charms of quartz the Indians set great store, and I thought nothing could be more highly prized; but years after when I saw what the white men would do and endure for a yellow stone they called gold I realized of how little comparative value were the quartz pebbles to the Indians.

The adventure with the panther made a great stir in the tribe, and I was pronounced a bearer of good fortune. The resolution of their chief never again to use me save in case of imperative necessity was highly commended by all, as was the betrothal of Kakola. No, not all, there was one exception. The chief's cousin and nearest of kin looked upon the girl with a covetous eye, but it was not in his power to interfere, and my owner took Kakola to his home.

A period of rest in the affairs of the tribe followed the nuptials, the chief hesitating to make any move that might separate him from his bride; but one day, being over on the mainland in pursuit of deer, he unwarily planted his foot upon a large serpent coiled in his way. Quick as lightning the snake struck at his leg, driving in both fangs above his ankle. Of little service was the circular charm of shell he wore, the gift of his bride, and equally vain were the incantations of the medicine man, for swelling immediately set in, and fainter and fainter beat the heart until at last it ceased. Poor Kakola!

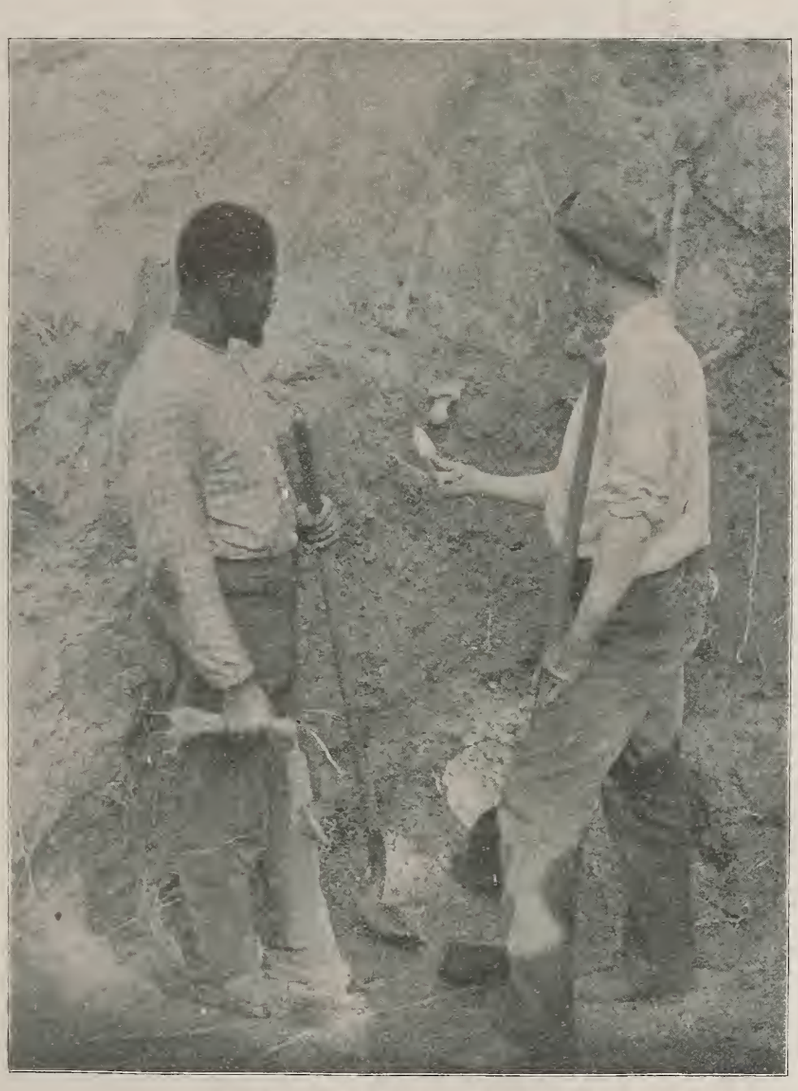
The rival cousin succeeded my late owner, and decreed a funeral befitting the dead man's rank. First of all an expedition was sent to the river, where an attack was made upon a passing canoe containing three warriors of another tribe. Of these one escaped, the remaining two being brought back as prisoners. These unfortunate wretches were promptly slaughtered and cooked, and upon them the whole tribe feasted, until nothing but the charred bones remained. Having thus, after their fashion, honored their departed chief, the funeral was solemnized. Along the causeway, through the swamp, marched the whole tribe, the warriors in full war regalia, the women wailing piteously.

When the slope ascending to the mound was reached they halted, and the principal braves mounted to the summit. The body was then placed upon the ground, no pains being taken as to any particular arrangement of head or limbs, such being their custom, and while it lay thus in a heap poor Kakola, knowing full well what fate awaited her, took her last farewell.

With the remains were placed the charred bones of the victims, a chisel of stone, two strings of shell beads, and a gauge fashioned from a conch shell. Beneath the head were laid two pieces of broken pottery, and lastly, upon the breast I was placed, to serve my owner in the future life, as I had done upon earth. The suspicion of a smile flitted across the new chief's face as he saw me, and glancing toward Kakola his eyes for an instant only flashed triumph, and then resumed the downcast expression that befitted the occasion. Last of all a mass of sandy loam was heaped upon the dead man and myself, and we were left alone.

The mound had been formed by successive burials. It had been begun, tradition ran, hundreds of moons before, after a great battle, when a round shell heap was selected and the slain, placed side by side, were covered with a mound of white sand. Upon this first interment others had been made, until at last it had assumed its present shape and size.

We had lain in our grave but a short time when I saw a flat instrument of wood strike the body on which I lay,



"LOOK, ZEKE, HERE'S A FINE LARGE ARROW-HEAD."

* The Huguenot Le Moyne saw these implements in use.

†The Florida Indians used chert, hornstone or chalcedony, varieties of flint.

*This mound is on Tick Island, Volusia county, Fla.

and a little later the new chief, with a covetous smile visible in the moonlight, lifted me from my resting place. Quickly filling the hole that he had dug, he returned to his home where poor Kakola sat disconsolate. His cousin's wife and his cousin's favorite weapon were now the property of the new chief.

Affairs went along quietly enough for a while in the tribe, but a storm was brewing. The sole survivor of the warriors attacked upon the river had wasted no time in returning to his people, a powerful tribe living to the north, by the sea. At once a large force had been organized, which, marching over to the river, was joined by many allies from friendly villages on the banks, where canoes were provided for the journey up the stream.

The island of which my new owner was chief was safe from surprise in the portions surrounded by the lake, and by the broad stream running into the lake beyond; but on the west a narrow and winding creek alone divided it from the mainland, which in that place was densely wooded.

Late one night, without sound of warning, a great cry arose from the woods, mingled with the shrieks of our women and children. The foe was among us. Rallying almost immediately, the chief and the fighting men of the village fell furiously upon the attacking party, but were driven by degrees to the burial mound, and into the surrounding swamp. The chief's lance was broken and of his arrows the one of which I formed the head alone remained; while the supply of missiles among his warriors was almost exhausted. The chief of the attacking forces, lance in hand and heading his braves, charged upon the party on the mound. The braves behind us began to waver, and a stampede was imminent, when my owner fitted me to his bow, and exerting all his force, loosened his grasp on the string. Away I flew through the air, then all was darkness. Reeling back, the chief of the invading forces, with me buried in his chest, fell heavily to the ground. Panic seized his followers. Hastening to the water, bearing their disabled leader, they leaped into the canoes and swiftly paddled away.

I next saw the light when, having arrived at their village, the medicine man, pulling with all his force, withdrew me from the body of the wounded chief. My new home was by the sea, and for full a hundred summers, descending from father to son, I remained with the tribe by the ocean. The people lived mainly upon oysters and fish, cannibalism being unknown to them. Their scrapers for removing the fat from skins were of shell, while piercing implements for all uses save war were made from the inside of the conch. They, too, had great heaps of shell near their villages, but with them the oyster and clam took the place of the periwinkle and mussel.

One day a wonderful thing was seen. Far out at sea enormous canoes with wings were descried moving toward the town, and were observed to stop at a distance from the shore. From them came many smaller canoes, filled with men of the most wonderful description.* Their faces were white, and many wore garments of a polished stone which they call steel, their weapons being of the same material. Some carried tubes from which came lightning and thunder and hailstones that gave death to those they touched. Rumors of such people had reached us long before, and in fact, it was reported that white men had for a short time been living near the great river bucar the point where it entered the sea.†

Our people and the new comers soon made friends, and land was given the white men upon which to build a town, our people in return receiving many presents of a nature quite new to them. My owner, who had ceded to them the town, which they named St. Augustine, became an object of envy to all the braves. Around his neck he now wore a string of beads made of silver, as the strangers called it, and from it hung a round charm of yellow gold. This gold piece they called money, and it bore the likeness of their great chief beyond the sea.

The leader of these white men was named Menendez, and they all came of a race called Spaniards. One day great preparations were begun, and I learned that an expedition was on foot to attack the white men on the river. These white men, though they worshipped the same great spirit as the people of Menendez, differed somewhat in the form of worship, and hence the Spaniards wished to kill them. Crossing swiftly to Fort Caroline on the River May, or St. John's, as it is now called, Menendez with his men surprised the fort, and putting nearly all of its defenders to the sword, speedily returned to St. Augustine. After this the Spaniards had full control.

They now began to abuse the chief, my owner and his people, and by harsh treatment gained their enmity, though for a time they suffered in silence. Our tribe even moved away, settling in new quarters on the coast, not far from where the great river flows into the ocean. But the time of vengeance was at hand. One day three ships, as the winged canoes were called, arrived, and from them landed many men like those slaughtered by the Spaniards, under a gallant leader.‡ The great chief of these people, I heard it said, being of the same religion as the Spaniards, had not taken amiss the slaughter of his heretical subjects, and had turned a deaf ear to the cries for vengeance that arose from the widows and orphans of the murdered men, and from so many of his nation. Such being the case, the noble-hearted Frenchman had taken it upon himself to avenge his countrymen. Joined by the Indians, who were now panting for revenge, he attacked and took the Spanish fort. Many of the defenders were slain, while those who surrendered were put to death. And as the Spaniards had posted an inscription to the effect that they had slain the prisoners "not as Frenchmen but as Lutherans," so the French leader, de Gourgues, explained that his reprisals were not on Spaniards but on murderers.

In the attack on the fort the chief received a mortal wound in a hand-to-hand conflict with a gigantic Spaniard, upon whose breast-plate his lance-head was shivered. He lived only long enough to receive the thanks of his allies before their departure for their home beyond the sea.

I was buried with him, lying on his breast, with the ornaments of silver and the talisman of gold. This time I had a long, long sleep, over three hundred summers I have since learned, but at length a time of waking came. One day I heard the sound of digging, then of voices, and soon the sunlight, from which I had been so long hidden, burst in upon me. In a trench dug in from the sloping side of the mound, upon the surface of which great live oaks were now growing, stood two men, one much lighter than any Spaniard, the other darker by far than the people among whom I had passed so long a time, and with clothing differing greatly from that of the whites whom I had seen before my burial.

When he saw me, the white man eagerly picked me up exclaiming, "Look, Zeke, here's a fine, large arrow-head," and held me out for the inspection of the black man, who, with an indifferent "Yes, sah, I reckon hit are," resumed his digging.

Many of the chief's bones had crumbled away, but such as remained were carefully removed from the sand, packed in moss and sent, with others from the mound, to a large building in a city far away to the north, where it seems such things are kept, and where many people in queer costumes, some wearing before their eyes oval pieces of glass, which I take to be charms, come and gaze down upon me as I lie in my case. But alas, no notice sets forth my ancient race, or mentions the chieftains I have served so well, or the strange things that I have seen. I lie upon a plain white card bearing only the words:

FOUND WITH SKELETON 6.

* Landing of the Spaniard, Menendez, 1565.
† The French Huguenots at Fort Caroline on the St. John's River.
‡ Dominic de Gourgues, 1568.

THE AUTUMN FEVER.

DAY before yesterday I was standing in front of the hotel at a little town on the Missouri, when a covered wagon stopped in front of the opposite store and began taking on part of an outfit. On the wagon cover was painted "Cherokee Strip or Burst." Behind the wagon was tied a white bulldog and a sorrel mare in a blanket, evidently the running horse that was to do the racing on the opening day. I soon saw that about all the adventuresome young men in town belonged to the outfit. They had two covered wagons and about six riding horses besides the runner before mentioned. They were going for a lark and I envied them their trip. There was a good deal of lively talk with those left behind. One young fellow called out to a blushing young lady as the ferryboat pushed off:

"If you see my girl tell her to take good care of herself while I'm gone.

"Where will I find her?"

"Oh, just inquire around. Most anybody can tell you who she is."

"Have you any other message for her?"

"Yes, tell her I'll be back all right and do what I said I would."

Another older member of the crew was called out to in a jeering way by some man on shore.

"That's all right," he replied, "but say, if your wife seems to grieve from now on don't be surprised. In fact, I shouldn't wonder if she left here in about two or three days now."

An old darky hobbled to the river bank about the last thing with a basket filled with divers jars of preserves and pickles, a parting message from some fond mother. You could tell they had not made such a trip before from the way they had their wagon loaded—one of them, at least.

When I came back to the city and was waiting in the depot for my suburban train, I got talking with a man from Coffeyville, Kas. After a while we drifted around to hunting, and he said with a twinkle in his eyes that showed his love for the chase, "Of course I don't know you, but ef you're just the right kind of a fellow and you come out there I'll show you some orful good shootin'. * * * Oh, yes," as the talk progressed, "we got plenty of good tough horses. Our ranch in the Nation is just in easy riding distance." * * *

"Them Dalton boys 'r' orful good with a rifle. You know Bob, the murderous scoundrel, he did nearly all that killin', and he shot all the time from his hip. End he ne'er missed."

Little fishes! Think of getting into a fracas with a man who didn't even have to take aim, but could just hold the gun at his side and when he pulled the trigger knew it was going to hit you.

But that is neither here nor there. I don't know just exactly what is either. Only that Cherokee Strip outfit and this encounter in the depot and the talks of the chickens and deer and turkeys makes my trigger finger sort of feverish and my scrawny little legs itch to get straddle of a cow pony.

This autumn fever! I suppose the better part of the Anglo-Saxon race gets it about this time. Those big wooden stirrups, and the neat little horses that are never gun-shy!

GEORGE KENNEDY.

AMONG THE PINES.

THE opening of the season found me in northern Vermont. Here is a veritable sportsman's paradise. Cover is abundant, consisting mainly of pine, interspersed with hemlock, birch and oak. The surface of the country is quite uneven, cut up by many ravines well hidden under the pines, the most selected recesses of which, with their sombre shades and soft carpet of brown, are the favorite haunts of the ruffed grouse.

A blessing, indeed, to the overworked toiler at the desk are these weird nooks and the saucy feathered game that dwells therein. What a source of recuperation for the weary brain is to be found in the pure air, the happy sunshine, the restful soughing of the pines.

A glorious time we had of it, my faithful spaniel and I. Now stopping to admire a bit of scenery, or a giant tree, the growth of a century, now hastening after an old cock grouse, a wild and wily fellow, who had completely outwitted us at first attack. Up and down we went, along deserted wood roads and forgotten paths, as chance or inclination might direct, until the shades of evening warned us that we must hasten homeward, that another happy day afield was ended; destined long, however, to live in memory.

B.

Sebois Sportsman's Lodge.

PATTEN, Maine, Oct. 8.—One day last week J. D. Cooper of Patten, left this place for a day's hunt in the woods at 7 A. M., and returned at 3 P. M.; having killed on his trip one moose, two deer, one fox and six partridges. This is a record to beat.

G. WM. COOPER.

A MAN lately caught a big black snake under a pile of cord-wood on Mount Tom which was 9ft. long. It had 5 red squirrels in its stomach. He took the whole family.—C. H.

THE SAGINAW CROWD.

Pilgrimage of 1892.—II.

(Continued from page 316.)

JACK went off over the hill after grouse, and our early start for the afternoon was a failure on account of his prolonged absence. We did at last get under way after bidding the boys good-bye, for we were bound to be in camp on the Little Missouri that night. The distance was variously estimated at anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five miles. The Kid and Paddock made a mistake and took the wrong road, which delayed us another half hour. Pulling back across the country behind the "lone corral" we gained the right road, but it was nearly half-past two o'clock before we were straightened out, and then we were only two miles from the ranch. The Kid had told us about an antelope buck that seemed to make his home around this corral; and sure enough there he stood on the hill to the right. As we came in sight he bounded away like the wind, and after that kept a good distance from us. The only other opportunity we had whereby we were in reasonable distance of shooting antelope was some hours later, when we came to the pitch of a small rise in the ground, and in the valley below us not twenty rods away stood an antelope with head thrown back looking at us. Instantly, though, he was in motion; and how they can fly when they set out to do it. Before we could throw a shell into the chamber and jump out of the wagon he seemed to be a half mile away; and though we cracked away at him two or three times we failed to bowl him over.

The buckboard continued in the lead, and looking back with the glass we could see that the large wagon had stopped for something or other, and then we saw them working at the wheel; and when they did finally overtake us at night time, they related that the box in one of the wheels had become loose, and it looked as if they were destined to leave the wagon there; but Jack, with an ax and one of his sharpened knives, succeeded in wedging it in place in a most artistic manner, and as is always the case, when it was fixed it was better than in the first place. We had no more trouble with a loose box on the entire trip. When we saw they were ready to proceed we drove on, and by this time the trail had become very indistinct, for the only travel over it is the outfit from X.'s, and they don't use it often.

A branching road creates indecision in our minds as to which one to take; the country looked the same in every direction, and one road seemed to be traveled as much as another. One turned to the north, the other to the west. There was but one point that we knew of where we could descend to the bottom lands of the river from the high breaks of the plateau. To miss that meant that we have to camp without water and on uncertain ground. There seemed to be landmarks that were familiar, and though I had been over the road merely going and coming once, and that years before, yet I was quite positive that the road to the left was the one we should take. There was no use hesitating; Paddock knew no more than we did; so, putting on a bold front, we took the left-hand road to the westward and bowled along at as rapid a rate as the much-used-up persuader would affect spiketail and his mate. It was growing late, and yet the Little Missouri seemed to be as far away as ever. Far to the north and westward we could see a line of buttes, which meant the boundary of the Bad Lands; to the south the breaks of the Magpie, and far to the northwest the Kildeer Mountains.

Drive though as we would, the distant hills came nearer very slowly. In a case of this kind, when there has been indecision as to which road should be taken, time and distance both seem long; and an uncertain feeling pervaded the entire party as to whether we were right or wrong. At last the prairie dog village was reached that I had been telling the boys about all afternoon. I remembered that about three miles to the eastward of the point where we made the descent into the bottom lands was a very large prairie dog village; and it was a great relief to us when this landmark came in view. As far as the eye could reach we could see prairie dogs on the little mounds at the entrances to the burrows. They would chipper at us as we drove along, and, with a quick jerk of the head, disappear in an instant, giving us a parting salute with a quick wiggle of their stubby tails; and as one went down another came up near by. One cannot resist a shot or two at these innocent little fellows, for they do make a mighty tempting mark for the rifle, and the occupants of the buckboard were no exception. After knocking over one or two our ambition in this direction was satisfied, and we were again on the road. Some two or three miles in the distance, with the aid of the glass, we could see the rest of the party coming.

The three miles between prairie dog village and the breaks was about the longest three miles I have ever driven. A covey of grouse rose in front of us and scurried down the hillside into the scrub oak and chaparal in the valley far below. The road wound to the right and left among the high buttes; and then, suddenly topping one grand old fellow, there, at our feet, spread out like a thread of silver, shone in the setting sun the Little Missouri. I am aware that the expression "thread of silver" does not apply to every one of these muddy rivers; but it did in this case, for the shallow stream runs over beds of burned clay and scoria, and there is an absence of that red, muddy deposit that is so noticeable in most of the Western rivers. The water is clear and seemingly pure, and, as the sun painted the buttes with every shade of red, terra cotta, orange, green and gray, we sat and watched in the fading light the shades creep from out the gorges and fill the hollows, until the others joined us. Paddock seemed quite crestfallen to think we had set the pace, for he had been bound to camp some way back. After all, his alarm as to whether the horses would stand the trip or not was needless, for they were in good condition and had not had hard driving. Now, there was nothing for it but to plunge down the mountain side to the river bed. Standing where we did, I pointed out, some two miles down the river, the place where we had camped on our previous trip, it was at the edge of a grove of cottonwood trees, which, later on, we found had been the camping ground for a band of Gros Ventre Indians, and the next morning, when exploring in that direction, we found the remnants of their camp, and a recently improvised mud smoke-house where they had evidently smoked their venison.

Once before, in going down this decline, we had a very

narrow escape from going over the ledge, and taking a fall of several hundred feet. Ferd was driving then, and the wagon was heavily loaded; and we were strung out behind pulling back. Somehow or other it got the best of us, and though we hung on like grim death, in making a sharp turn, the marks in the dirt in the road showed where the wheel had missed by about 2 or 3in. the edge of the cliff.

This year we were better prepared, our wagons had breaks that would hold; and though the descent is very steep and risky, yet we made it in safety; but it was dark by the time we reached the fringe of cottonwoods by the riverside. We had marked about the spot we had wished to camp, but it was some time before we could find the right place; for we wanted to be where we could get water for the camp easily, have plenty of wood, and at the same time find a spot well shaded where it would be clean. This country is regularly overflowed in the spring, and it leaves a slimy deposit, that on drying makes a palpable powder that is most disagreeable in camp. We found a place at last that was fairly satisfactory, and kindling a fire for light, we set to work establishing our camp.

Henry, Paddock and the Kid took the horses to water, and then back into the hills to look for good pasturage, where they could be picketed until morning. Some gathered wood, Harrison began to get supper for the hungry crowd; and antelope steak was soon sizzling over the coals. Tents arranged in a semi-circle the right way of the wind from the fire soon completed camping arrangements. What scene is finer than the white tents before a camp-fire on a cool October evening? The crackling fire and the shower of sparks shooting up into the moving leaves above, coupled with the sounds one always hears in a new country, make a quiet, picturesque scene, that to me is the ideal of a sportsman's life. The first night in camp in a strange country, and after the evening smoke has been regaled by stories of Indians, bears and mountain lions, does not produce the soundest sleep.

Finally our preparations were made for sleeping. Judge and Jack had the little tent all to themselves, and kindly consented to give the Kid sleeping room at the tent door; I found a good place for my sleeping-bag near the fire, while the others, with the exception of Seib, had the large tent. Seib was bound to sleep outdoors, the starry heavens above and wrapped in the stillness of the night—that was

"THERE AT OUR FEET SHONE THE LITTLE MISSOURI."

all he cared for. Before morning he changed his tune. Whenever I awakened he was up building a fire and stamping around to keep himself warm, for it had grown cold and his bed evidently was hard. In the morning he had great stories to tell of a screaming mountain lion somewhere back of the camp. Ferd too had heard it and said it was a most unearthly sound, and whether it was a lion or a she wolf with a litter of young pups out for a moonlight frolic we never knew. I have strong suspicions though that it was the wolf, yet lion tracks were seen every day somewhere on the soft sand by the river bed.

Before going to bed that night I had whispered in the Judge's ear that I would call him before daylight and we would slip down the river about a mile to a spot I knew we could reach before the deer had gone back into the woods, and we would be sure of getting a shot at something. He was agreeable, and as the stars began to pale I patted him on the shoulder and without disturbing any one in camp but Harrison (who was already putting over the kettle) we slipped down the winding trail, passing the deserted Indian camp, and came out at a big bend of the river, facing high bluffs on the one side and flanked with a heavy growth of cottonwoods on the other. Deer tracks were seen at every step, and at one place the deer had worn a runway where they had crossed and then gone up the steep bank on the opposite side, which told us we were in a game country and that hundreds of them must have crossed there recently. Dividing our forces, I took the lower bend and he the upper one, and hiding ourselves in the thicket patiently awaited the expected game. It was not our morning though, for nothing showed up, and after waiting for an hour after sunrise we went back to the camp, where breakfast was ready. A lone wolf howled in the distance as we neared camp, and the Kid and Henry told of running on to three or four when they went after the horses to bring them to water.

The river is crooked, and at each sharp bend, between the bank and where the clay cliffs tower hundreds of feet high, is a strip of level bottom, anywhere from 500 to 1,000yds. in width, which for two-thirds of its width on the river side is covered with thickets and open timber; and between that and the cliffs is nothing but sagebrush or prairie. Our idea was, that by posting some of the party on the river edge, the others starting in from the lower side would breast the thicket, and drive the deer across the river, and some one would surely get a shot. Our experience before had been that these thickets were full of white-tailed deer, and it was simply a question of marksmanship as to whether we were successful or not. Stretching out in line we entered the brush.

Before long we caught glimpses of deer breaking cover, and going in the direction where some of the boys were stationed, an occasional snap shot was made by the beaters, but with poor success. They would run around behind us instead of crossing the river; and none of those stationed at the water had a shot, though we started a dozen or more deer. The thicket where they were resting was very dense; and, though we could hear the startled animal spring from its grassy bed in front of us, possibly not 50ft. away, yet nine times out of ten we could not even get a glimpse of it, much less a shot. Some of the more fortunate, in the open parts of the woods, caught distant views of the fleeting forms; but it was a morning of disappointments. Briggs wounded one, but did not get it. If we had only had a slow old hound, the wounded deer could not have escaped; and it would

A BUCKING BRONCHO AT H. A. RANCH.

have been a much more humane way of hunting, and at the same time have been easier for us. The bullberry bushes and thorns were almost impenetrable; and, when we emerged in the open glade beyond, we were a tired and hot crowd, with scratched and bleeding hands and faces.

After resting we concluded to beat back over the same ground. On the start, I got out of line and was afraid to follow, for the arrangement was that we should all keep in line to avoid accidents in shooting at anything that might come up in front of us. I heard a fusilade from those ahead, and, taking a stand by a large cottonwood, saw a doe coming full tilt from the cover, about 200yds. off. I took careful aim and knocked her down, breaking the right foreleg. She whirled and flew away from me. I again shot, and the animal disappeared entirely. I hunted the ground high and low, but could not find her. I am glad to say, though, that we found her the next day, and Jack was fortunate enough to put a bullet in the right place.

We saw many bear tracks; in fact, they seemed to be everywhere, denoting that there were lots of silver-tips in that country, and that the Judge would have a chance to use his trap, which he had lugged from home with him. In the afternoon the Kid went back to camp and brought the trap on horseback, and we, following along the bar to Bend No. 2, came upon tracks so large that the Judge gave up in disgust, and said he would have to have a trap made to fit that kind of a bear. Measurements taken of one impression showed that the wearer of that moccasin had a foot 13in. long and 8in. wide. Just think of it, he must have weighed nearly a ton. We were none of us such ardent bear hunters after that time. Places where they had been breaking through brush and trees and pulling down bullberries showed that the reach of some of them was very high, and that a tough withe, the size of a man's arm, was no obstruction to them, for these were broken 10ft. high and pulled down in every direction.

We were tired out that night on reaching camp. The Judge had forded the river two or three times with the Doctor on his shoulders, to avoid his getting wet. The rest of us were not so tender-footed, and did not object to wading the stream, which was not over six to eight inches deep at the fording places. We were disappointed in not getting deer, of course; but we had seen lots of them, and knew better how to get at them next time, and all of us resolved to shoot better at the next opportunity.

Paddock proved to be a brick, and thoroughly understood the country and its game. He was willing to go

"JUDGE AND JACK HAD THE LITTLE TENT ALL TO THEMSELVES."

through the thickest brush and stir them up for us; and we were confident that when it did come his time to shoot something would drop. In this we were not mistaken, for later on we found him to be a most unerring rifle shot, and on the two deer he killed during our stay but three cartridges were used.

After stripping and bathing in the clear stream and partaking of a good square supper that Harrison had ready for us, the programme of the night before was repeated. Of course the usual batch of stories was told as we sat around the camp-fire. I remember one I told about Charlie Bellinger and his spittoons. Poor Charlie was one of those fellows who, no matter how hard he worked, never seemed to get ahead. He had a shiftless, good-for-nothing wife, who probably used up what money he earned as fast as it was paid him. Something was wrong, anyhow, for Charlie worked hard and had good steady work; at least he had had for a number of years. He spoke with a drawl and a distinct nasal twang that heightened the interest of his narrative. In his palmy days, before he was married, he had invested in a muzzleloading shotgun, which cost him $45; for Charlie was a sportsman, or at least he liked to shoot; and whenever he could get away for a day, or a Sunday morning in pigeon time, he used to whack away at them with as much spirit as the rest of us. Through all his stages of poverty and misfortune he had hung on to his shotgun. It was before the breechloader had come into general use, and was a pretty good gun of its kind. Toward the last, though, he had frequently threatened to sell it, as he could not afford to go shooting, nor to own so valuable a gun; and he vowed that the first chance he had he would sell it and buy some furniture for his house. But the months went by and Charlie did not part with his treasure. Once or twice I asked him in a joking way if he had sold his gnn yet, but he would drawl out some excuse or other. Finally he came in smiling and said: "Well, by gum, I have sold my gun. I made a great trade for it." "Well, Charlie, what did you get?" "Well, by gum," he said, "I went down to the second-hand store and got one of these here folding chairs and a bed and two of the dandiest, nicest spittoons you ever see. By gum, they set that high," and he made a motion with his hand that would indicate that the new acquisitions stood at least knee-high. He looked upon them as articles of ornament rather than of use. Now, to think of his swapping off a $45 shotgun for a second-hand chair and bed that combined were worth about $2.50, and concentrating three-quarters of the value in these two useless spittoons was laughable, knowing, as I did, the contents of his house—a little shanty without lath or plaster, consisting of one room and a woodshed, and containing a tumble-down cook stove—not even a piece of rag carpet on the floor. Old soap and candle boxes constituted the chairs; and for a bed he had constructed a rough box on four legs out of pine boards he had taken from the mill. What possible use these two ornamental spittoons, that stood 2ft. high, could be to him the Lord only knows; but he had made the swap, the shotgun was gone and also any hope he might ever have of a day's outing or a chance to get away from the miserable, dirty, shiftless wife of his, and his entire hope of

THE THICKETS WHERE WE HUNTED DEER.

the future was concentrated in these two "dandiest, nicest spittoons you ever see." Charlie's end was a tragic one. One day there was trouble in the fire room, where Charlie was stoking the boiler, and he turned up his toes in an apoplectic fit. Whatever became of the household ornaments that he had set so much store by no one knows.

About this same time, we had working for us here in the mill a Dutch lumber sorter, who was a great philosopher. He came down one day and told about painting his house. In his broken English he said that it wasn't exactly brown, or most any other color; it was just a sort of a friendly color. He had a pretty good little place, and wasn't afraid of burglars, for his wife was "the loosest sleeper you ever see."

He also had an old shotgun, and occasionally would go down near the millboom to shoot at the divers. He came back all smiling one day, and told the boys at the mill that he had shot two divers-to-hell (getting the cart before the horse). In pigeon time he would use up quarts of ammunition; but always said that they flew so "sidling" that he could not shoot them.

A few more reminiscences of like nature put most of the audience to sleep, and it was time to hunt cover.

This time, Seib too concluded to sleep in the tent; and we all slept the sleep of the tired and weary. No tuneful lion disturbed our slumbers, and at daybreak we were ready for the second day with our deer.

W. B. MERSHON.

The Remington .40 Trajectory.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in the report by your correspondent "H.," in your issue of Sept 9, of the trajectory of the .40-65-330 Remington rifle at a range of 500yds.; also the remaining velocities at various points. Will your correspondent kindly give us further information, and thus add to our obligation to him, to Lieut-Col. Farley and to Capt. Clark? Was the curve in the vertical plane established by actual measurements from a base line, or was it computed from experimental velocities at different points? If the latter, at what distance from the muzzle were the times of flight taken? What is supposed to be the maximum error of the instrument used in measuring the times of flight? Was the factor known as "vertical drift" taken into consideration in making the calculations of "drop" of projectile? If not, please state whether or not it has been proven that, in cases similar to the one under discussion, the vertical drift is so small as to be of no practical importance in the computation of a range table.

Have any reliable experiments ever been made with a view of establishing the character of the resistance of the air with reference to "clipped point" bullets, such as are ordinarily used in sporting and target rifles of small caliber?

E. A. LEOPOLD,

NORRISTOWN, Pa.

FOREST AND STREAM IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As Seen by Our Staff Correspondents.

Chicago and Xerxes.

Oct. 10.—The World's Fair progresses, and it progresses after Chicago fashion. You can't guess big enough, or lie down and go to sleep and dream big enough for this daring, dirty, dear old town. She breaks the records.

Yesterday was Chicago Day, and there assembled a crowd. It was not merely a large crowd, nor the largest crowd of this country, nor the largest crowd of this century, but the largest crowd of any country or of any century. That is the way Chicago does business.

The papers are comparing this crowd with the famous army of invasion gotten together by Xerxes, the Persian king, who marched on Greece to put an end to the banana monopoly. Xerxes is said to have had 5,000,000 in his army—a lot more than he needed. Which I beg to say Xerxes has not handed down his turnstile records, and maybe he didn't have any turnstile. In all probability about half of that 5,000,000 was a bluff, which, big as it was, didn't work on the Greeks. In all probability, too, the actual part of the army, not the Oriental imagery of it, was scattered over 100 or 200 or more square miles of country, or over country that far across. Yesterday, on a piece of ground not twenty miles across there were somewhere between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000, and over 750,000 of them, paid and unpaid for, were on a piece of ground not one mile square. There never was such a crowd as that in the history of the world. Chicago has the documents to prove this. Xerxes was a good fellow in his way, and he meant well, but he is a trifle vague, and he won't do any more. Chicago has the record.

Such a crowd as that is a wonderful, a fascinating, and a terrible thing. It is unthinkable, except one sees it. Fortunately it was American, one of the wonderfully good-natured crowds which make the most remarkable feature of this exposition. It swarmed along the narrow aisle of the Angling Pavilion, and would have broken down the railing, turned over the furniture, and swept away the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit entirely had it not been for the efforts of the guard, Emil Walters, and of the FOREST AND STREAM men who rallied to his aid.

Meantime, the crowds continue at the Fair, at the rate of two to two and a half million people a week. The tax on the business resources of the town is inconceivable. Everybody is coming. The FOREST AND STREAM men are hurried and busy day and night now, trying to meet all the paper's friends. Let them all come. There is only one World's Fair, and only one Chicago. We may get tired, but after the Fair is over we can go to New York, or some other quiet place, and rest up again. Let 'em come.

A Fine Mascallonge.

Oct. 12.—Mr. Gardiner M. Skinner of Clayton, N. Y., maker of the celebrated Skinner spoons, wrote me on Oct. 7 that he had just taken in the St. Lawrence River a fine mascallonge, weighing 42lbs., and that he had sent it on for display near his section in the Fisheries Building. When the fish was received here it was not in condition for display, and Dr. Henshall took it in charge, skinned it and sent the skin down town for mounting. The specimen was well worth preservation. It measured 4½ft. in length and weighed, as stated, 42lbs. If Mr. Skinner does not look out that fish will get into the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit yet.

A Lovely Trout.

Early in the season I remarked upon a beautifully mounted brook trout displayed in the Government Building by Mr. Farrington, of Lowell, Mass. It was really the most beautiful little bit of trout poetry I had ever seen. Well, through the courtesy of Dr. Bean, representative of the U. S. Fish Commission, Mr. Farrington has out of the kindness of his heart presented to the FOREST AND STREAM for its exhibit another specimen of his delicate and dainty taxidermy, another trout, as beautiful as the first one, and bigger. All the FOREST AND STREAM fish are bigger and better than anybody's else. This new and lovely addition to the paper's treasures is 12½in. long, and the inscription says that it was caught in Maine. The half skin is mounted on a convex oval plaque of light wood, and shows a perfect profile, eye and all. The coloration is preserved perfectly, the outline is not distorted in the least. The whole effect is not less than beautiful. This is bric-à-brac, *vertu*, *objet d'art*, and we think so much of it that we keep it out of the dust and under glass. Mr. Farrington has the thanks of the paper for supplying it with just what is wanted—a nice brook trout. The unique and beautiful specimens of his amateur handicraft are not common in the land. I know of no professional who can equal them in their fidelity and carefulness.

Some Persons.

Mr. Carrington Phelps, of Phelps Island, Lake Minnetonka, Minn., in the summer time, and of Minneapolis in the winter, spent some moments in the FOREST AND STREAM corner this week. He speaks very highly of the charms of Minnetonka. Mr. Phelps was a classmate at Yale of Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell, the President of the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., to whom, however, he applies a classmate name and title rather less dignified than the above.

Messrs. W. F. Ellis and C. Ellis, brothers, from the cold land of Manitoba, have now departed for the north part of the world.

Mr. R. S. Cox, of the justly famous firm of Haller & Cox, attorneys at law, Seattle, Wash., is back in Chicago for a look at the Fair. Dick went to Seattle, as near as I can learn, because the duck shooting is better there. When the firm of Haller & Cox go duck shooting they leave a card on the door saying, "Back in half an hour." They may be back in a week, or maybe in two days. You couldn't expect a fellow to stay if the flight was no good. I never saw Teddy Haller, but I believe I am acquainted with him.

Mr. Geo. A. Winn, of Arlington, Mass., the other side of the continent, was here looking at the recent shooting at Burnside and enjoying the Fair also.

Mr. A. J. Peaper, secretary of the Mobile Light and Railway Co., of Mobile, Ala., pretty well toward the south edge of the country, dropped in often but I missed him.

Hon. H. S. Winslow, of Newton, Iowa, which is very near the center of the earth, called and left a card whose owner I wish I could have met. He is one of the biggest hearted men on earth, and would rather fish than plead. In days of old, before I went wrong and became a newspaper wreck, I used to read law in Judge Winslow's office. If he had met me now, and gazed into my innocent face, it would have astonished him to see how much law I have forgotten. I had a narrow escape from greatness, because I came very near being a lawyer, once, and I will leave it to Haller & Cox, attorneys, if I wouldn't have been a corker.

Mr. C. C. Carpenter, of Chicago, pauses and asks if the editor of FOREST AND STREAM is in. No. He has gone back home, but if he and the whole force were out here in line, they could all be busy meeting friends.

Mr. John R. Schneider, of Evanston, Ill., came in and gazed with awe upon the Kekoskee championship medal and then sadly shook hands. "I guess I'm sort of losing my grip," said he. "I can't lie like I used to could." Mr. Schneider spends each summer in camp in Lake county, fishing and practicing.

Messrs. Edwin C. Gibbs and John Griffith, of Cincinnati, O., parleyed with local demons, or *locum tenens*, or whatever the servant girl called it, at the FOREST AND STREAM prize exhibit for a time this week.

Mr. J. M. Boyce and wife, of Wellsboro, Pa., "Nessmuk's" old home, left their names on the FOREST AND STREAM register and spent some time examining the FOREST AND STREAM'S perpetuations of that odd character. Mr. Boyce knew "Nessmuk" well. "'Nessmuk' would go hunting when he felt like it," said he, "no matter how business was. 'I can attend to business when I can't go hunting,' he would say, and away he would go."

Castalia.

Mr. J. W. Fenner, of Cleveland, O., paid a pleasant call, and so did Judge Cummings of the same city. The latter is a member of the Castalia Club, which sent on the big brown trout to FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. John A. Waite, of Toledo, O., also a member of the club, called and looked at the "King of Castalia." Lastly, Andy Englert, the man who caught the King, came in and cast a loving eye upon the case. Andy tells me that in September he caught another brown trout, which tied the record, 7lbs. 6oz. The latter is the weight of the King of Castalia, shown by FOREST AND STREAM. This last fish was taken on a 4oz. rod, at night, and without a landing net. It was then determined to net out these great brown trout for fear they would eat all the fish and drink all the water up. Andy says that he has gill-netted fourteen of these fish in the Castalia stream since then, whose total weight was 48lbs. He got one of over 6lbs.

Unclaimed Letters.

There are at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit unclaimed letters for F. O. Cloyes, Newton B. Stone, Wm. Richardson and Miss Grace Armitage. E. HOUGH.

Mr. Norvin T. Harris and wife, of St. Mathews, Ky., called at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit on the 12th inst. No pleasanter information can be told to field-trial supporters than that Mr. Harris will attend some of the field trials this year and will also have some of his dogs in the competition. I am heartily glad it is so, and I am sure that every one else will be glad, too. To the fame of Kentucky as a land which produces the finest horses, of which he himself has largely contributed, he also was one of the first to bring the glorious State into prominence in the records of field trials.

Wun Lung, the little giant which swept victoriously through the competition so many times in so many different sections, will be represented by his progeny in some of the forthcoming events of like character. Of the little wonder, Wun Lung, Mr. Harris still has a lively recollection, and a keen regret at his loss. He was a wonderful little dog afield and a companionable one in home life.

Connecticut Day brought Mr. Arthur B. Calkins, of New London, Conn., to the World's Fair in general, and to FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit in particular. His card indicated that his profession is "attorney at law," but his sunny manner and frankness would indicate the true gentleman and sportsman. On the following day he introduced his friend, Mr. S. B. Manwaring, of Waterford, Conn., and his autograph, too, was duly inscribed in FOREST AND STREAM'S register.

Mr. W. W. Holmes, of Waterbury, Conn., and Mr. Ben O. Bush dropped into the exhibit together. Mr. Holmes, as the readers know, wields a shotgun with great force at the tournaments. He assured me that Mr. Hough has libeled Waterbury in times past, inasmuch as the chief industry of the people of that city of different times does not consist solely in winding up their time pieces. Blarney Castle, in the Midway Plaisance, excited Mr. Bush's praises for its historical greatness and goodness.

Mr. Maurice D. Wilt, Philadelphia, praised FOREST AND STREAM'S yachting department and wished there was more of it. He seemed to be of the enthusiasm which makes true gentlemen and sailormen.

Chicago Day brought a troop of FOREST AND STREAM friends to the fore. Of them was Mr. J. Ingersoll, of Cleveland, O. He gave some most interesting descriptions of the trout waters near his city, the manner in which the streams have been stocked and the present status of them. In his experience he said that the brown trout would bite best at night. They were trying to clear the stream of them.

The "Nessmuk" canoe is of special interest to every visitor, and it is marvelous how many people know of it and its late owner, of whom all speak in terms of praise. Many of the visitors knew him personally, but none seemed to have such an intimate knowledge of him as did Mr. M. D. Packard, of Canton, N. Y. He dwelt at some length on "Nessmuk's" fondness for life in the woods, his nobility of character and his rare mentality. In respect to the little 10lbs. canoe, the Sairy Gamp, he gave some most interesting history. That canoe was not the result of speculative experiment. An importunate solicitation on the part of "Nessmuk" for something lighter than anything at that time in existence in the way of a boat stimulated the builder to action. "'Nessmuk'," said he, "had matured his ideas concerning the size and weight of canoe he wanted. His then lightest canoe, the Bucktail, weighed about 18lbs. He wanted something still lighter. He told his wants to Mr. Rushton, but the latter had many misgivings as to building so light a craft, fearing that in practical use it might result in a catastrophe. He so expressed himself to 'Nessmuk.' The latter had no fears of that sort, but on being shown that a canoe which proved unserviceable would reflect on the skill of the builder he admitted the gravity of the undertaking. However, the canoe was built and it proved not only light but serviceable. The sides did not come together as skins would do as some people had predicted. It was thoroughly tested by weights before it was permitted to be practically used. It proved a most serviceable canoe and met 'Nessmuk's' wants. That canoe is the Sairy Gamp."

Of FOREST AND STREAM he said he had taken it almost from its first issue and that it was clean from the first page to the last, and fit for any ones' wives or daughters to read.

In regard to the name, a lady who stopped at the cosy corner one day remarked, "Why did they call that canoe the Sairy Gamp? She was the most unlovely of Dickens's characters. She stole the medicine from her patient and took something to cheer her heart when she was 'so disposed.' There are too many Sairy Gamps."

I could not explain the matter. Sairy did not like water, she did not weigh 10lbs. nor was she 10ft. long. The name seemed to be a mere sentiment without any reference to the Sairy of old, and it so, perforce, had to rest.

Mr. Bert Ainsworth, of Madison, Wis., admired FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit and described some yachts and boats he had built for the lake fishing and traffic on the waters near his home. He closed a pleasant interview with an invitation to call on him and enjoy his boats and the fishing, for which a grateful feeling still lingers.

Mr. Geo. F. Wright, cashier of Iron City National Bank, Pittsburgh, a member of the Pittsburgh Rod and Gun Club, made a most pleasant call, chatted about game matters and spoke of FOREST AND STREAM'S high merit.

Mr. John S. Dumsers ("Occasional"), of Elgin, Ill., after his autograph wrote, "One of the oldest friends and readers of FOREST AND STREAM." A delightful conversation with Mr. Dumsers on game and fish interests satisfied me that he and the paper were friends of each other. From another source I learn that he is a most charming and sound writer.

Mr. A. B. Cole, West Stockholm, N. Y., registered and said FOREST AND STREAM is the best paper in the world. Its newsy columns and high literary excellence won his admiration and patronage. Ruffed grouse shooting, his favorite sport, afforded an interesting theme.

Mr. Austin T. Quirk, Secretary and General Manager of the Globe Accident Insurance Co., of Indianapolis, and his wife, stopped at the exhibit for a few brief moments' conversation. Mr. Quirk is an active member of the American Field Trial Club, and, until a few months ago, lived in Columbus, Indiana. He regretted that circumstances prevented the club from holding field trials this year.

Among the names of celebrated dogmen which serve to give an added effulgence to FOREST AND STREAM'S register, I observe that of Mr. H. W. Lacy, who writes himself "one of us," and gives his abode as being in an Eastern hamlet somewhere on Manhattan Island. Mr. Lacy saw the World's Fair and is now proud to be one of the vast congregation of Chicago admirers.

Messrs. Theo. E. Gatz and Mr. Ewing, of St. Louis, Mo., add yachting to their accomplishments. They bestowed much praise on Mr. Stephens for his skillful editing of the yacht department. The descriptive matter, they said, is technically accurate and the conclusions just and impartial. I hear many similar comments, and, were I to relate them all, I feel sure that Mr. Stephens would realize that his admirers are not limited by any horizon.

The ladies, it should always be remembered, are naturally as enthusiastic in a healthy fondness for delightful sports appertaining to the rod, dog and gun as are the lordly lords of creation. But, bless them, they are satisfied with the sport for its own sake, and such praise and fame as are bestowed and have their limits within their home circle. In his public writings, the husband has a proclivity to remember his own big catch, forgetting that of his wife and her keen enjoyment of it. But it was not so in the reminiscences of camp life told in a few pleasant moments by Mr. Carrington Phelps, of Minneapolis, who called at FOREST AND STREAM corner on Oct. 13, with his wife and son. Memories of the pleasant outing brought an animation of manner which denoted the true sportswoman. It appears that Mrs. Phelps carried the honors through several consecutive outings of "high hook" till this year, when the scales turned slightly against her. But there is another year coming. Mr. Phelps began taking FOREST AND STREAM in 1875 and has taken it ever since. His good opinion of it seems to grow with the years. An invitation was extended to the writer to join in their fishing next time, which the aforesaid writer hopes to do.

Speaking of ladies and their fondness for field sports reminds me of a visit of a group of Kentucky ladies to FOREST AND STREAM'S corner on the 11th inst. That Kentucky is deserving of its eminence in one of the three specifications, namely, beautiful women, no one will now more stoutly maintain than myself, and I will further add that they have a nobility of character and a charm of manner which win admiration from the most phlegmatic Northerner.

But that is not what I intended to say, nor is it all that their merit deserves. In conversation with one of them I learned that she owned a dog, was fond of field shooting, admired good horses, but had never learned to fish, for want of opportunity, yet took a keen interest in fishing as set forth in the experiences of brothers and other male relatives. They remained but a short time, and somehow after they left the cosy corner did not seem so bright the rest of that day. I believe that Chicago would be a better city were it situated in Kentucky.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Game Bag and Gun.

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

PLUMED QUAIL FROM THE SADDLE.

PASADENA, Cal.—"The biggest thing in the way of sport I ever heard of," said an old Californian, "was some years ago down in the arroyo—by Los Angeles—a friend of mine wrote me that he was entertaining an Englishman who was anxious to bag a few snipe, and asked me to come down, so I went. The Englishman was as jolly a gentleman as one would want to meet, but young, and a trifle fresh, to put it mildly. His ideas about America were a little vague, and he was inclined to accept almost anything that came along. So one evening a dozen of us met at the bend of the arroyo, and our English friend was provided with a large linen bag. 'You see,' said our host, 'we each take stations at certain positions and hold the bags just over the water, and some one will creep around and come down stream and drive the snipe. You see, the birds fly low, just above the stream, and will pop into your bag before you know it.' The Englishman took his place, and the rest of the party went home and to bed and we heard that early the next day a Mexican coming along saw him and brought him into town. He had held the bag over the little stream until he could hardly move, but he didn't see the joke until the Mexican began to laugh. There were several bottles opened the next day, you may be sure, yet 'bagging snipe' is still indulged in when a very anxious sportsman is found."

Quail shooting in the San Gabriel Valley is a sport well worthy the name, and requires harder work and quicker shooting than in the East. Again, the flocks, though large, are often separated by a number of miles, and he who walks all day, by night has covered more ground than is conducive to strict enjoyment. I think I have reduced the sport to a science by shooting from my horse, only leaving the saddle to pick up the birds. It might be claimed that this was taking undue advantage of the birds, some of which will not fly from a horse, but all the quail that I have killed from the saddle were honest wing shots when the bird was humming through the air at full speed.

An idea of shooting in this valley may be obtained from a trip taken on the 22d of February last. There was snow in the air. For several days previous it had been raining in the lowlands and snowing on the Sierra Madres, so that the entire range was capped with snow of dazzling whiteness; and the great pines that grow upon the peaks were loaded with the downy covering, appearing in strong relief against the blue sky. Yet as we rode up the valley and entered the great arroyo, headed for the Linda Vista trail, the air was redolent with orange blossoms, flowers springing up everywhere, and the bare limbs of the peach trees were here and there dotted with blossoms, which from a short distance resembled great flakes of snow blown from the distant mountain. Our objective was a cañon that cuts into a range of hills, a spur of the Sierra Madres, just to the west of Pasadena, and to reach it the very crest of the hills had to be reached—a climb of no little magnitude. But the horses had been over such country before, and by judicious tacking the summit was made in two hours. If game was not found, the view quite repaid the climb, as probably several hundred square miles of country were stretched before us, orange grove and vineyard succeeding each other as far as the eye could reach, only ending, so it seemed, against the whitened slopes of San Gorgonio. The descent upon the other side was by a "hog back" or ridge about four feet wide, sloping away to cañons into which the horses would roll if a slip was made. It was something like sliding down the side of a house, and my faithful little mare, that has carried me over many such a place, slid a part of the way, simply settling back on her haunches and going with the gravel, coming out of the dust further down in good shape. In this manner the cañon bottom was reached, and found to be, owing to the recent rains, full of water; so that we had to wade perhaps half a mile, which brought us out into the open country. We had just stepped upon the sod when there came from far away a note, so curious that it would have attracted the immediate attention of any one. It was a musical whistle, but seemed to say, "Po-ta-toe." This was repeated several times, and then came the answering note, "I-love-you," and if we had been nearer a soft chipping would have been heard. It was the call of the plumed quail coming down the cañon on the breeze. In a moment guns were in hands, and two mischievous deer dogs that would have stampeded the flock were made fast to the saddles, and separating gradually we pushed in the direction of the sound.

We had gone perhaps 200yds., when I heard a low whistle, and looking in that direction saw one of my companions motioning me to come. We had entered a greasewood patch that grew about 4ft. high, abounding in the sharp yucca, or Spanish bayonet, and it was slow work for the horses, but in a moment I was at my friends' side. Both were peering through a little window in the bush upon a sight likely, as it did, to cause a "revulsion of feelings" and a rush of blood everywhere. But 40ft. away was a covey of plumed quail of unheard of size. They literally covered the little field in which they were feeding, and were running about, bobbing their heads in a comical fashion, and showing off their points to the best advantage. It was a beautiful sight, and one not often seen under the most favorable circumstances. It would have been murder to have fired, so for a moment we watched them, then rushed the horses at them, and amid the roar of wings took them right and left from the saddle—the air seemed full of black balls—darting here, there and everywhere, some dropping, the wounded scudding for cover, while the turf was dotted with fallen plumes. We estimated there were over a thousand in the entire flock, and the roar of their wings as they made for the little side cañons was startling. The spoils were soon gathered, the wounded fished from gopher holes, where they had crawled, and the main body followed up.

The work was more difficult now, as the birds were fired into almost invariably separate, and in this case had divided up into several small cañons and hiding in the greasewood on the slopes, so that the only method of reaching them was to dismount and climb over the ridges and take the birds on the fly, with the chances of their dropping into the bush at the cañon's bottom. This was hard work, and holding a gun in one hand and hauling yourself up by the greasewood with the other has its disadvantages. In the midst of this performance a bird flushed immediately in front of me. To drop the bush was to fall over backward. So clinging with one hand I fired with the other, making the cock's feathers fly, but he landed in the bush and crawled off. Every "hog back" crossed provided several birds that darted off with remarkable rapidity and afforded fine shooting when we were fortunate in being on the ridge. Finally the birds were driven over into the mouth of a broad cañon, and numbers were running in the stubble. The only way was to run for it; and run we did. Once in range, they began to rise and bombard the air everywhere, the reports of the guns coming thick and fast, the firing being to the right and left as quick as possible.

When it is remembered that the country here was the dry wash of a stream filled with stones, prickly pear and other cacti, it will be seen that it was no child's play. In fact, I consider quail shooting here, looking at it from all sides, as hard work, and one of my companions, an old sportsman in the East, who has tried all game, told me that he considered that the little birds called for shooting entirely different from their allies in the East. This is owing in some measure to the cunning of the cocks. I have seen their tactics on many an occasion, and when hiding they show many tricks which would be amusing if study was the object instead of game pie or quail on toast. If a cock is certain that he is not observed he will lie low within 3ft. of the sportsman. Walking rapidly along some time ago, following a flock, I saw a fine plump cock not 3ft. from me, crouching under a bush. I had come upon him so suddenly that he concluded to stay. I was too near to fire so I kept on, then turned. When seeing that he was caught he shot away, only to fall. In thick cover birds will often take to low trees, and to see four or five of these little creatures climbing a tree, always keeping upon the opposite side, just their tips or plumes occasionally showing, is a comical sight. The hens are less venturesome and are exceedingly shy.

The bag we secured in this cañon would have delighted the eye of an artist, the birds forming an attractive picture. In fact I never went out with a new hand, no matter how ardent a sportsman, but regret was expressed that sport should demand the destruction of such beautiful birds. There are two species very much resembling each other, so much so that if they rise together it would be somewhat difficult to distinguish between them. They have, however, quite distinct ranges, the California variety or species, *Lophortyx californica*, is found in this State up into Washington Territory, probably following the bases of the Sierra Madres up to the Sierra Nevadas, and so on, and probably some are found well down toward Mexico; but the favorite ground of the little birds is southeast of central California, the San Gabriel Valley, especially about San Bernardino, abounding in them. The other species is *L. gambeli*, the quail of Arizona, New Mexico and northern Mexico. I have recently had opportunities for examining numbers alive, and it is difficult to determine which is the most attractive.

Both species have black throats, and the sides of the head are decorated with marks or splashings of white; the breast bluish, and from the top of the head springs a jaunty plume, made up of several feathers—springing from the same spot and spreading out; when running, this is thrown forward, giving the bird a curious appearance; the tops of the plume feathers curl over forward, and the webs bend backward, folding over the succeeding feather, so that only a single plume is seen. In the hen the crest is much smaller and brown instead of black. In the lower portions the greatest difference between the species is noticed. The Arizona quail has a wide buff-coloring in the upper part of the abdomen, while the lower portion is black. In *L. californica*, the upper part of the abdomen is a golden brown, the feathers being a rich chestnut edged with black. It is difficult to adequately describe these beautiful birds, as their attractiveness is the result of nature's wonderful grouping of shades, colors and tints, and in the make-up they constantly remind one of diminutive pheasants. When running they do not make rapid headway, but once flushed they put themselves out of range in remarkably short time, having a way even when wounded of pouncing into the brush and escaping. It is evident that in the well conditioned birds flying is difficult work, as the wings are small in proportion to the weight of birds, and some that I have taken were so fat that they broke open as they struck the ground.

Regarding the quality of the quail in a gastronomic sense, in my estimation it does not compare with its ally of the East. It lacks the delicate flavor and is often strong—offensively so—when dieting continually among sage brush. Yet the little bird is, when properly cooked, a delicacy not to be slighted. For the table, as far as my experience goes, I prefer Gambel's quail, or the Arizona variety, but it is evident that, as with other birds, proper feeding would vastly improve their flavor.

There is still another quail in this country, of which a friend said the other day: "I would give $25 to flush a covey." The bird is the shy mountain quail, or plumed partridge (*Oreortyx pictus*), found only in the darker recesses of the upper range. It is much larger than its ally of the mesa and is a noble bird of fine carriage. Instead of a plume the head bears two long attenuated feathers, which look like pens pushed behind a hidden ear and give the bird a rakish appearance. The general color is dark blue, the throat chestnut, the sides and abdomen rich chestnut, while the coloring upon the feathers alternating black and white is quite attractive. They are rarely seen in large flocks, ten and twenty being the average. They are confined to the ranges of this State and Oregon. As a table delicacy they exceed the plumed quail. *Callipepla squamata*, the blue quail of Arizona and Mexico, probably sometimes strays into the Sierra Madre foothills, but the ones previously mentioned are the true lords of the mesa lands. C. F. HOLDER.

Washington Ducks and Deer.

NEW WHATCOM, Washington, Sept. 30.—Duck and deer hunting is good in this section, also fresh and salt water fishing. W. E. H.

A WEEK AT CAMP BLAIR.

THE North Wakefield Fishing Club, whose camp bears the above name from respect to one of its members, is located in the township of North Wakefield, about thirty-five miles northeast of Ottawa, Canada, in one of the wildest and most picturesque regions I have ever seen east of the Rocky Mountains. The membership of the club is limited to twenty, and at present is composed of gentlemen from Brooklyn, N. Y., and Canada.

The property of the club consists of 100 acres of land on which stands the club house, a substantial building 30×40ft.; two stories high, suitably divided into dining and sitting rooms, and sleeping apartments, with a large extension for a kitchen; also an ice house, and boat house for storage of boats in the winter. The club has a long lease from the Canadian Government of five lakes, and has purchased one rod in width of land surrounding each lake, thus being able to legally protect their leased property. The club house stands but a few feet from and overlooks Clear Lake, the dimensions of which are from a half to three-quarters of a mile each way, with small bays or inlets crowding in between the hills here and there and the crystal waters of which mirrored with the lofty rocks, hills and forest by which it is surrounded, make a lovely view from the veranda of the club house. Clear Lake is indeed a beautiful lake, but not more so than the others. They are all beautiful, but like beautiful maidens they are not all alike, but each has a charm peculiar to itself. They are all gems nestling in a deep setting of the everlasting rocks and hills. And yet to a votary of the rod and reel they possess another charm which crowns the whole with glory, and makes this locality an ideal haunt for those who follow the ways of good old Izaak Walton. They teem with trout as fine as ever took a fly, in weight from 4lbs. down to ¼lb., and very few are caught weighing less than ¼lb.

Now I am sure that the pleasure I enjoyed with four other members of the club during a week's sojourn at Camp Blair will gain me pardon for so minute a description of it as I have given. A country boy is always to be pardoned for the pride and importance which fills him with the possession of his first pair of boots; and though a lad of sixty-seven summer, I must declare that this was metaphorically my "first pair of boots" in trout fishing, and yet do not for a moment imagine that my delight depended on the great number of fish that came to my landing net, for this would be far from true. My experience in fishing with the fly had been in following it down some shallow brook, occasionally "snaking out" a 4oz. trout, but oftener catching a stick with my fly while another stick gave my "weather eye" a jab, and still in this I had found some sport and a wonderful school for patience and perseverance. I knew little of the subtle art of fly-casting, hence had to content myself in seeing others more skilled reap the merited reward of their proficiency, but ask the other boys if I did not cheer them every time they landed a 1, 2 or 3-pounder? and I know they cheered me to the echo for every fish I caught. We were not fishing entirely for quantity, but for sport, and that sport was mutual, generous and very pleasant.

Our cook, a French Canadian, was well skilled in cooking fish and game, and our table was well provided with both, and our appetites did honor to the cook and his table.

Partridges were quite plenty, but there was no sport in shooting them, for they were always in thickets, and when disturbed would generally jump on a log or flutter into a bush or tree and sit there till shot down. Late one afternoon as we were returning to camp from the day's fishing we met an old man and his son going down the lake in a canoe, and who when questioned by the guide in regard to their destination and object, said they were to meet a party with hounds on Oct. 1 for a deer hunt, but the guide told us he thought they had a net with them and would use it that night; so after supper and it had become dark the guide and one of our party started down the lake to investigate, and were rewarded by finding a net set, which they took up and brought to camp with six trout, one of which weighed 2¾lbs. The net could not have been set an hour, and it is probable that the poachers would have got in the neighborhood of 100lbs. of trout if the net had remained undisturbed till morning.

It being against the law of the Provinces to use nets for taking fish in the lakes, whether private or public, when we came out of camp we gave the net, with all information, to one of our Canadian members, who will proceed against the poachers in the courts.

The poaching incident was the only unpleasant one during our stay, and this even had a sort of adventurous charm about it which made one think of self-defense in its broadest and most honorable sense. The foliage of the forests when we first arrived had scarcely begun to take on its autumn tints, but ere we left nature's wonderful artist had painted the landscape in a thousand glowing shades, rivaling even our boasted New England autumnal scenes. Amid such surroundings, with genial and whole-souled companions, I know I am a better man for the week I spent at Camp Blair. A.

HADDAM, Conn., Oct. 13.

Moose and Deer in Maine.

KING AND BARTLETT CAMPS.—P. O. Eustis, Me., Oct. 8.—Large game and partridges are more plentiful in Franklin county this season than at any time for the last eight years. David Haines, a guide at this camp, shot a fine 2-year-old bull moose the other day (since Oct. 1). In a "drive" near Gus Douglass's Spectacle Pond Camp, in which ten men took part, a moose passed within 25ft. of where Mr. Dana J. Flanders, of Boston, Mass., had been stationed, but he thought the "drive" was over, so had left his position and by so doing lost a fine chance. Mr. Flanders's party took out four deer on the buckboard, having shot them at Gus Douglass's camp, near Hurricane Pond. This party sighted nineteen deer while in camp. Dr. P. W. Bamber, while at W. W. Douglass's Blakesley Camp, had a good shot at a cow moose, but to his credit did not shoot. He afterward shot a nice doe and Mr. Rome, of his party, shot a fine buck near last named camp. So far I have seen six deer and have shot two, one being a 3-year old buck and the other a 5-year-old doe. Any sportsmen who visit Gus Douglass or W. W. Douglass's Camps, can count on having shots at large game. Either one can be reached by letter or telegram at Eustis, Me. CLARENCE HOWLAND.

IN A QUICKSAND.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Plover are ripe and plenty in and about this section of the State, and hunters are having splendid sport. It will be some little time, however, before Mr. Dan M. Ryan, a cousin of the ex-Secretary of State, will indulge in the sport since his experience of yesterday while hunting along the waters of the Sciata River.

He killed a particularly plump bird which fell in the water about 10ft. from the bank. The water was shallow and clear, and the sandy bottom easily discernible, and Mr. Ryan unhesitatingly walked in after the dead bird. He had not taken many steps when he felt himself sinking. The thought of danger did not occur until he made an effort to extricate himself. Then he found that his struggles to release himself only sank him deeper in the treacherous sands. A branch overhead, which he might have caught had he known his danger in time, only bent down in mockery now a foot beyond his outstretched hand. He looked about, but no one appeared to help him. He shouted, but there was no reply. Slowly he sank until the shallow water was about his waist. He took off his heavy hunting coat and put it between his legs to make his downward progress as slow as possibly.

Just as hope was disappearing, the sinking man saw a farmer on the brow of a hill across the fields. He called, but the farmer did not hear nor heed. Again and again he called with the desperation of death staring him in the face, but the man paid no attention. At last, just as he was giving up hope, the man turned and came toward the river. He seemed ages coming, but he got within calling distance just before Ryan's head went under water. For a time the farmer hesitated as to the best and safest method of rescue, but a happy thought struck him just in time to save the doomed man's life; and reaching the overhanging limb, he bore it down until Ryan could clutch the branches. Then going back to the house he secured a rope, and by a good deal of exertion pulled the man out. By way of reward, Brother Dan presented his rescuer with his fine 12-gauge gun. WICK.

The St. Paul, Minn., *Pioneer Press* of recent date reports an incident of this nature and of fatal termination: "Charles A. Lindberg, forty years old, foreman of James J. Hill's farm near White Bear, met with a terrible death yesterday afternoon. About 1 o'clock he left home, telling his wife he was going to Mud Lake, on the western boundary of the farm to shoot ducks. Two hours later one of the farm hands passing along the edge of the lake heard the faint halloo of some one out on the water. Peering across the lake he saw near the middle of the sheet of water an overturned boat and could dimly discern the outlines of a human being struggling in the water. There was no boat near in which the farm hand could go to the assistance of the drowning man, and he hurried off to Mr. Hill's residence and spread the alarm among the other employees. When finally a boat was secured and rowed to the spot where the overturned hunting boat floated on the surface of the water, nothing could be seen of its former occupant.

"The boat was recognized as the one Lindberg was accustomed to use, and search was begun for the hunter's body. It was found within 3ft. of where the boat had been capsized, in about 4ft. of water. The bottom of the lake is an oozy mass of mud and treacherous quicksand, out of which shoot thousands of water lily stems. Evidently Lindberg had shot a couple of ducks—the dead birds were floating near by on the water—and in attempting to pick them up had capsized the frail boat. His feet became tangled in the web of water lily vines, and he could not extricate himself from the quicksand, into which he sank inch by inch until he was drawn under the water and drowned. The body was nearly buried in the mud when the searchers recovered it."

CAMP LUCKY.

IT was in the latter part of September, away back in the seventies, when with Joe P. for partner I started for the woods in northern Maine to build a camp where we were to hunt the ensuing winter. Early in the summer we had cruised for and found a desirable location. Our aim was to find a good pitch in the vicinity of a caribou runway, so that meat could be gotten near camp, delivered as it were, on the hoof. It was desirable also, in fact, of prime importance, to have a good chance for water and firewood; and such a spot was found where a spring brook emptied into a large stream. There was a level of about one-fourth of an acre in the lower angle formed by the streams, on an elevation of 10 or 12ft., which would be dry, besides having a pleasant outlook toward the south. Our journey was by team forty miles, then by batteau as much more and occupied seven days. We lost no time, but worked early and late, so that the last week in October found the camp completed except some inside work to be done as odd jobs in stormy weather. A good supply of white birch saplings and dry cedars were closely stacked up in the yard.

Camps, hunters' camps particularly, have an individuality, emphasized by names, usually selected because of some novel or noted feature of the country or from some incident connected with its construction. Several names had been suggested, none of which suited, so this was held in abeyance.

The work ended on a Saturday, and the next day was to be put in in washing and mending and cooking grub to be ready for a start Monday morning to establish trapping lines and build deadfalls. We had been too busy to look for game, but had shot a few partridge near-by just for a change.

When night shut down there were indications of storm which boded snow, a desideratum wished for. It was fairly light when I awoke, and a glance at the window disclosed a mantle of snow already melting from the rising temperature, and a misty drizzle. Going to the window overlooking the path to the brook I saw a young bull caribou standing across the path where it descended to the water. Without speaking to Joe I stepped lightly to the door, opened it and stood with one foot outside, took a quick but careful aim and fired. Owing to the humidity the smoke hung like a blanket, but not doubting the shot I turned to get my knife just as Joe reached the window, saying as he looked, "What's the matter? You can't hit a barn this morning unless you are inside of it." Then, as I looked, there stood the caribou just as before, except that his head was lowered and he seemed snuffing at something. I was mortified with such an exhibition of poor shooting, but hastened to make amends, and so stepped out as before and fired. As I did so Joe sang out, "You downed him that time." Going to the spot, I found two caribou lying there side by side dead. It seems that the second caribou was hidden by a thicket of small cedars a rod or so behind, coming along the path immediately after the first one fell, and both were following a well trodden caribou path. We soon had one skinned and cut out for immediate use, the other being grolloched and hung head up in the camp yard on a tall tripod. By this time we were as hungry as bears and soon as possible got ready a breakfast of broiled cutlets, after which the pipes were going and conversation turned on the event of the morning, Joe remarking that "it was mighty lucky getting the meat, as it would save the supplies," meaning pork and beans, "besides giving us meat for bait." As he spoke the word "lucky" I had an inspiration and asked, "What's the matter with 'Camp Lucky' for a name?" Joe sprung up swinging his hat as he declared, "That's just plumb center!" PINE TREE.

ADIRONDACK DEER SHOOTING.

SOME years ago a younger brother of the writer started one morning in the fall for the Adirondacks on a deer shooting trip, and the morning of the second day after it began to snow and continued snowing until the railroads in northern New York were blocked, and for a time the trains were almost abandoned. We at home were thinking that he started at just the wrong time, but late the evening of the first day of the storm—for the storm continued most of two days and nights—he turned up with two deer, having been gone from home just three days. The first morning he went to Saratoga and up the Adirondack Railway to North Creek, then to be exact he stopped at Indian River, and there turned off from the beaten path and walked into Harvey Bonney's camp on the Third of the Seven Chain Lakes. Harvey met him at Indian River and packed his duffle in to camp on a horse. The next day he shot the two deer and the following morning he took the back track and reached home the evening of that day. It was snowing when he started from camp, but he passed over the nine miles to the stage road before the snow got too deep for fair traveling, and the stage and railway brought him home with his venison before the blockade began. A friend of his from Albany was on the train as he went to North Creek, also bound on a deer shooting trip, but his destination was miles beyond Indian River, or as my brother said, he had gone so far and into a country where everybody was looking for deer, that if he was successful the law would expire before he could get home with his game. In these days of activity and money grubbing I presume there are men fond of shooting who do not find an opportunity to enjoy it, chiefly because it takes too much time from their business to reach the shooting grounds, engage in the sport and return, and the object of this article is to show how deer shooting may be indulged in without waste of time in journeying to remote places.

There is still good shooting to be found at the Seven Chain Lakes, perhaps as good as at the time to which I have referred, and at Lewey Lake, twelve miles from Indian Lake P. O., in an opposite direction, Governor Flower and his party killed four deer recently. In this section, too, Tom Powers, the State Forester, and his men secured eight deer for the State breeding park in the Catskills. They are all does two years old and over, and at this writing are confined in a barn at Indian Lake. They were driven to water with hounds and then roped. But the place for deer shooting that I have in mind is nearly fifty miles south of Indian Lake, and only about forty miles from Saratoga Springs. One can leave New York city at midnight and it is possible to have a shot at a deer the following afternoon. From Saratoga go up the Adirondack Railway to Stony Creek Station, twenty-nine miles, and drive to Harrisburg, in the town of Stony Creek, and there, if a man can hold a rifle straight, he will be pretty sure to get a deer. Forty-two deer have been killed there this season, and not a sportsman has been there and failed to get a deer, and most of them have killed the limit—two. I saw one buck—the largest killed this season—from there that weighed 307lbs. Last year, what is believed to be the largest deer ever killed in the Adirondacks was killed at Harrisburgh. It weighed 388lbs., and from tip to tip was 9ft. 7in. long. Its antlers were 32in. long, and one beam had ten prongs and the other nine. Myron Buttles, forester of the Adirondack Club, told me that the largest deer he ever saw weighed 317lbs., but that he had heard of one that weighed 325lbs. I know of another deer for which a weight of 325lbs. was claimed, but I also know that it actually weighed only 315lbs. Last year twelve deer were killed in one day at Harrisburg. There is a small but comfortable hotel at Harrisburg, kept by Oscar W. Ordway, father of Henry Ordway, who killed the big buck, but the place is not generally known as a deer shooting resort except among local sportsmen.

When I was writing of near-by deer shooting I did not imagine that deer would make their appearance within rifle shot distance of my desk, which happens to be situated about in the middle of a village of over 12,000 inhabitants, but such is the truth. This morning (Oct. 13) about 5 o'clock a man residing on Sherman avenue in the village of Glens Falls, N. Y., opened the door of his house and stepped out on to his piazza, and was surprised to see two deer, a doe and fawn, in his yard. He called his wife to see the deer, and some of his neighbors had in the meantime discovered the strange visitors, and all watched them as they played about in the gardens and jumped the fences from one lot to another. No effort was make to kill them, and for a wonder no dog discovered them and finally the deer disappeared in the direction of the race track on the north edge of the town. There is no cover for deer within five miles from the place where they were seen. Luzerne Mountain is five miles away on the west, and it was in the western part of the town, inside of the corporation limits, that they were first seen. French Mountain is five miles away on the north. Upon making inquiries I found that a deer was seen ten days ago in a field a mile from the base of Luzerne Mountain, and another or the same one at Long Pond (Glen Lake, where the record-breaking small-mouthed black bass have been caught) four miles north of the village. The deer came, in all probability, from the mountains on the east side of Lake George, wandered south to French Mountain and then followed the hills around to Luzerne Mountain and so to town. Last week two deer were killed on Tongue Mountain, which divides the Narrows of Lake George from Northwest Bay, near Bolton. Another was killed on the main Bolton shore a few miles north of Bolton. Still another hunter shot a horse which he mistook for a deer.

Members of a shooting club returned here yesterday from the Kunjamuck region, which I have described in FOREST AND STREAM as affording fine trout fishing and deer shooting, and tell me that in nine days' shooting 14 members killed 26 deer, and, tell it not in Gath! shot, during the same time, at 46 other deer which they did not kill. A large proportion of the deer killed were bucks. Members of another deer shooting party also returned yesterday from the Boreas Ponds, at the head of Boreas River. There were 11 men in the party and they killed 21 deer in 10 days. There are deer left in the woods yet, for a friend of mine, a veteran newspaper editor, shot 13 times at one deer, and another friend shot 27 times at 6 deer, and the 7 deer are alive to-day unless some other man has killed them. As if to emphasize the fact that game is abundant this fall, a partridge flew into a tree in front of my house yesterday and remained some time, although a gang of 50 or more Italians were at work in the street, building a sewer. A. N. CHENEY.

CALIBERS AND RANGE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In last week's issue there is a good account of the wonderful shooting qualities of the .22 short cartridge, and your correspondent gives this little cartridge a wonderful amount of credit. Whew! Killing at 303yds.! Now, our friend is evidently a Westerner, and no doubt in the West that distance is not so great as it is East here. But we doubt very much if such a little cartridge would do such execution at 303yds. I will confess I am a little surprised at the shooting of the .22cal. cartridges. I recently purchased a little Stevens arm, in which could be used either the short or the "long rifle" cartridge, intending to use the arm this winter for indoor practice shooting. Well, we took it down cellar the other night for the first time, and the way that little ball bored through soft pine was a caution. We finally set up an iron plate, and the balls flattened themselves out almost as thin as tinfoil. But we were only using it at about 20yds. We didn't suppose it was good for more than that, and the Stevens Arms Co. in a recent letter in reply to one addressed to them regarding the range of the ball, etc., say that the .22 is not reliable beyond 100ft. Now, who is right and who is wrong? We don't pretend to know much about it and don't want to criticise any one, but think of it a moment. Suppose we want to shoot squirrels with the smallest possible caliber. If the range of that ball (.22cal.) is good to kill at over 300yds., it won't be safe around this part of the country. And we don't dare use any more the .38cal. Winchester on Connecticut woodchucks. I wonder if those huge .45 balls that we used some time ago in the wilds of Maine shooting at a bottle (empty) are still traveling.

But there are some who insist that the .22 is big enough for them. Several years ago one of us was on a sheep ranch way out in the "woolly West," where there were grizzlies. Old Jack W., the guide thereabouts, always carried a heavy .45 Winchester, Jim B. (who tells this part of the tale) a .44, and the rest— well, they are not in the tale, excepting the principal character, a man from the East, a good shot and a crank on rifles and the theory of shooting. He could drive you crazy with his calculations as to the range, penetration, etc., of the rifles used, and brought out with him a little .22 that he said was plenty big enough for him. Of course the boys all laughed at him. But he insisted that if a grizzly, no matter how old and tough he was, got a dose of lead from that little rifle in his head he would be sick enough to lie down and give up. And no one could tell him anything different. He was going to kill bear to prove it, too. Well, he went out early one morning, and that night he didn't come back to the ranch. The boys waited half the night, but he didn't materialize. Next morning Jack and Jim B. started out to find him. They knew about where he would go and had no trouble in following his trail. And it wasn't long before they heard faint calls for "help! hel-p-p!" and down by the side of the cañon was a sight. They didn't have kodaks then. Up in a good-sized scrub was our friend. Waltzing around the tree to his own time was a huge grizzly, scornfully gazing up at the half dead fellow at the top of the tree.

Well, to make it short, Jack used the big .45 to good effect, that is, he started the old fellow up, and he galloped off into the brush (I don't know why he didn't make it interesting for the boys, but they say he didn't). They took the .22cal. man down from the tree. His boot was torn off, and his trousers leg and the leg itself badly torn. But he don't tackle a grizzly any more with a .22, and his faith in that little gun is badly shaken.

Now, of course, all this yarn is going to the very extreme, and I can hear you all say, "Oh, well, we don't suppose any fool would think he could kill a bear with a .22." But the point I wish to make is, that I believe the.22 is very much overestimated.

The Winchester people only say that their .38 and .44 are reliable to 300yds., and I am a little inclined to doubt that the .22 is good for that distance. The Stevens people say that the "long rifle" cartridge will do fine work at 200yds , but we are talking about the .22cal. short.

Our old friend "Iron Ramrod" may be able to give us some tips. I was thinking of using the Stevens .22 on ducks down the Bay this fall and winter, where a heavier caliber would carry across and make it dangerous for people on shore; but if the .22 is such a formidable weapon we'll have to go without our ducks. We have hard work to get on to them with a shotgun and the little rifle seemed to be a good thing to use; but from the experience of our Western brother it looks as if we couldn't use rifles at all.

Up in York State a couple of years ago I was present at an old-fashioned turkey shooting match. All kinds of rifles were used, range about 450yds., and even the .32 calibers didn't get there, probably on account of the wind. They would reach, but one could see the dust kicked up on all sides, and the men were good shots, too. The heavier balls got the turkeys.

But pardon the space I have taken. TODE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

The Saginaw Crowd.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 13.—This week's FOREST AND STREAM contains the first of the records of the "Saginaw Crowd," which seems mighty good stuff. It is, however, stuff just a year old. The "Saginaw Crowd" is at this writing out in search of another year's record for FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Mershon, the crowd's chronicler, wrote to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM that the special hunting car of the Crowd would be in Chicago Oct. 7, leaving the same evening for the West over the Wisconsin Central. Being on that date engaged in framing burning thoughts about eleven miles south of here, I could not see the car nor meet the Crowd, both and all of which I should have liked to do. We will not have to wait a year, I hope, before hearing of this year's doings.

A Hunting Car Disaster.

Not all hunting parties of this season, it seems, are to be careless and happy. It was a sad disaster which overtook the merry party out in Dakota this week. In regard to this the dispatches have the following to say:

"NEW ROCKFORD, N. D., Oct. 11.—A car attached to a Northern Pacific train, containing a hunting party from Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin, was derailed two miles south of here this morning and twenty persons injured. Three of those hurt will probably die. A. J. Patch of Dubuque suffers terribly from internal injuries and the physicians hold out little hope of his recovery. W. C. Earl's spine is so injured that should his life be saved he will never be able to walk. Mr. Moody, of Colmar, has not regained consciousness and is suffering from concussion of the brain.

"The party was bound for the hunting grounds south of here and were in the highest spirits. They occupied a private car which was attached to the accommodation train. It was fortunate that they were not with the express, which travels at a much higher rate of speed. The manner of the disaster was such that had the speed of the car been greater, nearly all of the occupants of the car must have been instantly killed."

Around Chicago.

Mr. H. B. Young, of Chicago, wishes to go for a short trip within 100 miles of Chicago, to a point where he can get some fishing, also some shooting on ducks, squirrels, grouse, etc. Queries for sporting localities come in all sorts of shapes, and all sorts of combinations are asked for, it being a very common requirement that the desired spot must be "within 100 miles of Chicago." I cannot supply, as an Eastern reader requests, "good big-game shooting near Chicago," but for our friend above we can, fortunately, take a location out of the box. If Mr. Young will go up to Mukwanago, on the Wisconsin Central, he can get bass and pickerel fishing yet in the lakes near by there, possibly catching a few fish, I should judge from reports of this week, from Twin Lakes and other Wisconsin waters. At Eagle Lake, six miles west of Muckwanago, he may get a little duck shooting—almost certainly he could get shooting there this rainy, stormy weather. He can, in the hills not far from there, once in a while get up a grouse, and if the squirrels have not migrated since summer, he can go out northwest of Mukwanago and get a few. All of these things are possible and probable, but if Mr. Young does not get all or any of them as wished, I beg he will not come back and revile the writer, for bills like the above are not altogether easy to fill.

Messrs. J. M. Jones and E. C. J. Cleaver asked to-day where would be a good place to go duck shooting—it is dry, very good duck weather to-day. The flight must be working down in this rough storm, but just how far down it is hard to say. I left them hesitating between Spring Lake, on the Illinois River, below Peoria, and Koshkenong Lake, Wisconsin, with a leaning toward the latter, at which place some very good bags have been made this fall.

Some Thoughts.

I often hear great admiration expressed for the editorial page of FOREST AND STREAM, which has been kept up, invariably excellent, invariably fearless and fair, all these years. This comes to my mind again as I find the following, from the Louisville *Post*, about editorials and newspapers in general:

"The *Evening Post* believes that every properly conducted newspaper will properly discuss every public question—will discuss it freely, fully and intelligently, and will faithfully express public opinion, and force it on the attention of all concerned. Then if we turn to New York we find that the most signally successful newspaper of recent years makes a special feature of its editorial work, and numbers among its greatest achievements work that has been distinctively editorial work. Further, it will be found that the newspapers which give most attention to the editorial page have the most perfect and complete news service. You find the best newspapers in Chicago and excellent newspapers in St. Louis. New York has no better newspaper than the Chicago *Tribune* or the Chicago *Herald* or the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Every one of these journals is stronger to-day than ever in its history in its editorial discussion of current events."

The above remarks certainly apply in force to the sporting journals. Sporting journalism has changed in its requirements in the past few years. Its journals have to be better now. They need be little models of the great dailies. The old ways are not good enough. I have in mind a *passé* Chicago sporting journal, which never has dared to have any opinions or beliefs, and which, singularly coincident therewith, has not for a long time dared to have any editorial page. Perhaps it was afraid to, for fear it might say something. I don't see why it should be afraid of that, and am disposed to think rather that it didn't have any editorial because it didn't have anybody who could write any. But still that is a small matter, and what I wanted to call attention to is the truthfulness and accuracy of the quoted statement that the "newspapers which give the most attention to the editorial page have the most perfect and complete news service." This index does not fail in the case of FOREST AND STREAM, certainly, which is head and shoulders above the others both in the one respect and the other.

Times Have Changed.

The sporting journal which stays in the race to-day must have belief and opinions of its own and by itself. It must not be afraid of its clientage. It must be able to stand alone and to think by itself, and therefore be able and eager to protect the best interests of its clientage, and to do it highly, fearlessly and unselfishly. You pick out a paper of which this is not true, and you find left of it only a common quarreling ground, and a news service unworthy of the name. On the other hand, pick out a paper of which it is true, and you find—well, you find FOREST AND STREAM.

FOREST AND STREAM took the World's Fair award, diploma and medal.

It Would Break Them.

Last week FOREST AND STREAM, which is published in New York, had out in the West (for which alone I am speaking), aside from the attendant of its World's Fair exhibit, a staff man at Huron, Dakota, reporting one event, another staff man in Minneapolis, Minn., reporting another event, and another staff man at Burnside, Ill., covering a third event. This was all the same time, and in only one part of the country. It would break the staff of any competitor of FOREST AND STREAM to do this, and no other competitor did do it.

FOREST AND STREAM took the World's Fair award, diploma and medal.

Rather Western.

Once upon a time there was a man who said he didn't read FOREST AND STREAM because it was an "Eastern paper." He reads it now and he knows better. He knows so big a paper can't be sectional.

This morning I took out of the Western mails subscriptions to FOREST AND STREAM from Fort Wrangel, Alaska; Portland, Ore.; San Francisco and Pasadena, Cal. Rather Western.

FOREST AND STREAM took the World's Fair award, diploma and medal. It will be a swift hand that takes down that ribbon from the FOREST AND STREAM'S eagles.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

VERMONT SMALL GAME.

WATERBURY, Vt., Oct.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The only live game warden in this section has at last been heard from. He resides in a neighboring town, and bobs up serenely with the following letter, addressed to one of our local sportsmen, who has recently "imported" a pointer and counts on making sad havoc among the grouse:

Mr.—

I hard that you Was coming out here To hunt patridges With that Western Dog but it is a Gainst they law To hunt paridges With a dog for I am Fish and game warden. I don't care how much you hunt round here but don't hunt with that Bird dog I thought that I would let you Now so you would not git In to any trouble. If you had been A friend of —— I would not a warned you of your danger.

Yours truly, ——, Fish and game Warden.

It may be well to state that the law referred to was repealed some years ago, but news evidently travels slowly in the particular neck o' woods presided over by this warden. The game law is generally well observed hereabout, for the simple reason that few care to do any shooting before the opening of the season. Our birds are found in thick cover, as a rule, and no good shooting can be had until the leaves are falling. For this reason light bags have been the rule so far during the season.

The grouse are never plenty here, but we seem to have about an average supply this season, and fairly good shooting may be expected by those who know where to go. Squirrels are unusually scarce, and I have not heard of one being killed. Foxes numerous, and those who have hounds are getting down to business.

Last season's trout fishing was poor, as of course must be expected in a region where the streams are stripped of anything they hold in the shape of trout, without regard to size, as regularly as the season opens. Of course no streams can stand such fishing, and we consequently look for the early extermination of the trout. I am aware this view may seem wrong to residents of more favored portions of the State, but it is a cold fact here, and one not pleasant to think of. ROD.

Rochester Shooters.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 16.—In a late issue I referred an Oswego correspondent who signed himself "W." to a Mr. Truesdale, of this city, for good locality for gray squirrel. Since my notes appeared I met Mr. Truesdale one evening as he was mailing a letter. He hailed me and remarked that I was "to blame for that letter being mailed," and said that five or six others on the same subject, but to different addresses, had preceded it. I offered to settle for the postage, but this was not accepted, he remarking that he preferred to get even in some other manner.

He then told of a morning which he put in at Buck Pond recently, failing to secure any ducks, but bagging seven mudhens and five hell-divers, all of which were retrieved by a small, part cocker bitch. I am reliably informed that a Mr. Hartman, of Union Hill, about six miles from this city, brought in seventeen woodcock as the result of one day's shooting last week. Mr. Hartman is about sixty years of age, and shoots a 14-gauge muzzleloader; is a crack shot and evidently knows where to look for the birds, as this is the heaviest bag heard from this season.

A party of Rochester gentlemen, A. Erickson Perkins, Geo. Wilder and Haywood Hawkins, started for North Woods Oct. 10. Harold P. Brewster and L. L. Allen have since joined the party.

Another party started for Muskoka region Oct. 9 for a three weeks' shooting and fishing trip. This party will stop at Cunningham's Inn, Lake of Bays, and includes Charles E. Cunningham, John P. Calihan, J. A. Bryant and Thomas Hammond. At the same time Charles W. Voshall, Willard Upton, Joseph Seigfried and James Wood started for Mr. Voshall's place, Idlewild, on Rice Lake, Canada. O. S. BEE.

Rank Growth of Wild Rice.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 11.—Letter from my old hunting companion, Newt Martin, states that the northeast corner of Honey Creek Lake, Iowa, has grown over with wild rice so thick that he and his friend found it necessary to carry their boat over the island in order to get to our favorite spot where Newt and I killed so many ducks three years ago. He also states that he killed thirty-two bluewing teal from my old stand which I built on that particular trip. There was little or no rice at all in this lake before this season. F. B. MAGILL.

NEW ENGLAND GAME NOTES.

THE open game season is on in most of the game sections in New England, and to some extent the hunters are abroad. But the great exodus to the World's Columbian Exposition is interfering with hunting trips to a considerable extent. Even those who annually make a pilgrimage to favorite game sections are going to Chicago instead this fall. But occasionally a sportsman is found with a plenty of means and more of leisure, and such will spend a good deal of the autumn in hunting, having already been to the World's Fair. Others are so fond of hunting that they have stifled the desire to see the White City at Chicago, and are spending their short vacation in looking after the game birds. A number of trips will also be made into Maine after large game this fall by Boston hunters. Indeed, some of them have already been there, and one of the party has got into trouble, if we are to believe a special Bangor dispatch to the Boston *Herald*. That dispatch is dated Oct. 14, and says that E. E. Smith, W. H. Butler, E. E. Sabin, George Kendall and A. Kittenhiel, of Boston, were arrested the day before by Game Warden Corlis for dogging deer near Nicatous Lake. Each has been fined $40 and costs by the Municipal Court. Their guide, A. H. Macpheters, was fined $100 for keeping and using dogs for deer. It is said to have cost each man about $100.

Mr. Westley Jones of Roxbury has just returned from his annual hunting trip to the Adirondacks for deer. The trip was a delightful one. Ten deer are said to have been killed by his party, who were quartered at the Kickabuck Camps. The party also report that Mrs. Jones shot a handsome buck with a .32cal. Winchester. As far as reported she is the first lady to have brought down a buck this season, and she is justly proud of her achievement, provided it was fairly done. But if the poor brute was driven into the water by hounds and held by a guide while the lady shot him, it was simply unladylike and cruel. Mr. L. W. DePass, Assistant Secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and C. W. Hodgkins have returned from their shooting expedition to the Cape. Their friend the Doctor was prevented from accompanying them, at the last moment. They report the birds more abundant than they had anticipated, from the reports others have brought about game being very scarce. They shot 314 birds in all, these including only a moderate number of birds as small as peep. In the lot were eight ducks. They were rather too early for duck shooting, those birds having just begun to fly as the hunters came away.

Local sportsmen have occasionally been out after partridge, but generally they report the birds very scarce, in spite of the fact that the all-round writers for the Sunday papers are covering these papers in spread-eagle style, with yarns about the abundance of ruffed grouse this season and the fun of hunting them. Such writers take a dash each season at the game subject, and the way they overdo it reminds one of the patent medicine advertisement; every case is a success. There is no such thing as failure or moderation. To read these writers the novice is led to suppose that the woods are full of game ready to be shot, while the experienced hunter is simply disgusted with the untruthfulness of such writings. So far as the editors of the daily and Sunday papers are concerned, they are not particularly interested in the amount of fact or fiction the writers use, provided their stuff seems to be interesting and promises to sell papers. In one of these articles published in a Boston paper on Sunday, Oct. 8, the writer mentions a great many "rough" grouse shot by a Boston sportsman, but also acknowledges that he did not get any very big bags of quail. Probably he did not, and it is not likely that he would have been fool enough to have told of it if he had killed any quail, since the open season on these birds did not begin till Oct. 15. If any quail were kilied, and the writer of the article will furnish information concerning the shooting to either Geo. W. Higgin, president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Associatson, 27 School street, Boston, or to Richard O. Harding, secretary, 304 Washington street, the person shooting them will be punished according to law. The fine is $20 for each offense. So far as birds seen are concerned, the prospects for quail shooting in Massachusetts are not good this fall.

Late reports indicate that the big-game season has started in with a rush in Maine. On the first day of the open season, Monday, Oct. 2—Sunday being a legal close day on game at all times—eight deer are reported to have been brought into Bangor. On Tuesday, half a dozen more were landed, and venison is a drug in that market. The woods are being scoured by men and boys with guns; some with dogs. H. P. Perkins and Sid Robinson of Bangor, brought in the first moose, from Little Sabois. Since that time there are reports of four other moose taken in Maine, with any number of deer. Again the game wardens are busy looking after deer and game birds being illegally shipped to the Boston and New York markets. Every possible means is adopted to get the game to market. Boxes of birds go as personal baggage, while deer and partridges are headed up in barrels. So far no illegally shipped game from Maine has been seen in the Boston markets. But later it will come in. It is next to impossible to keep it out entirely; but such shipment is greatly checked.

On the subject of enforcing the game laws in Maine it is nothing more than the truth to mention that at several of the fishing resorts, in the vicinity of Rangeley, deer have been served regularly on the hotel tables nearly all summer. I have it from positive sources that such is the case. I am not writing this because I believe it to be the worst form of illegal game killing for the proprietors of camps to permit of the shooting of deer out of season for the use of their tables, but to show how poorly the game laws are enforced by the wardens in some sections. Indeed to take deer enough for table use in the woods would not work much harm to that game in Maine, and there is nothing detestable about it, compared with the shooting of such game in hot weather by sportsmen who have no use for it and only leave it to rot. But in spite of all the illegal shooting done there are more deer in Maine for those who propose to take them legally in the present open season than ever before. But concerning moose it is doubtful if the report can truthfully be made as good, while concerning caribou the reports make a positive scarcity. SPECIAL.

Dry Ducking Grounds in Iowa.

ALGONA, Ia.—This is a poor season for ducks here, it is owing to the general dried-up condition of things. S.

Massachusetts Out-of-Season Quail.

BOSTON, Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In "Woodcraft" "Nessmuk" quotes from one of his own poems in "Forest Runes":

"And lungs are poisoned and shoulders bowed,
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And death stalks in on the struggling crowd—
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine."

With "Nessmuk's" word's ringing in my ears, I started for the 8:35 train on the Providence road one day last week. I had my usual accompaniments—dog and gun—and intended to enjoy the company of the oaks and pines, even if the pockets of my shooting-coat did not bulge out much at nightfall. I had with me a young man from the office who had not been in the woods for a number of years, and to witness the pleasure and joy beaming o'er his face at the sight of hills and valleys would do one good. His exuberance was almost childish.

We tramped about through briers and swamps without getting a shot. I noticed that his courage was failing him and endeavored to cheer him. He admitted that he expected to see grouse or something else spring up every five minutes. And to make matters worse he sank in a bog hole almost up to his knees and I laughed until I cried. He will never go there any more.

We found some gray squirrels toward the afternoon. They are in very poor coat as yet. In fact, the tail of one came off in my pocket. In another fortnight or so their covering will be in fine form.

Close to a farmhouse I heard Bob White and proceeded to investigate. I was led into an almost impenetrable thicket, very wet and boggy. I put up about fifteen birds which I may have a chance at later on, that is if the farmer in the adjoining house does not have them before opening day.

I called at the house for some milk and the conversation turned to shooting, when the housewife informed me that her husband had shot some quail that morning. If he has quail for breakfast every morning up to the 15th I will stand a poor chance for a shot.

We found grouse pretty well scattered and too smart for us to get a shot at them. Cover is too thick as yet. We require a good heavy frost to strip the small growth of its foliage.

My friend Brann, of Revere, has lately returned from down East, and reports fine shooting on spruce partridge and hemlock partridge, rabbits and other small fry. A ten-days' trip only cost him and his chums $15 each.

J. P. W.

[If our correspondent will communicate his information about illegal quail shooting to the Massachusetts Association he will doubtless have their thanks and do his part toward enforcing the laws and protecting the birds.]

Notes from the Blackfoot Land.

PIEGAN, Mont., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The weather for the past month has been simply awful for this season of the year. Early in the month it began to be squally and went from bad to worse and did not clear up until the 30th. More moisture has been precipitated in the past twenty days in Montana than in the past two years.

Dr. James and Dr. Draper, of New York, have returned from their annual outing along the summit of the Rockies, and in spite of the bad weather had a good time. The first day's hunt they killed a very large ram, and from that on always had plenty of meat in camp They made a trail into a certain valley never before hunted, and found there plenty of elk, sheep, goats and deer. They set a certain Saturday for climbing "Flinsch's" peak, but ere that morning arrived the mountains were covered with 2ft. of snow and ice, and they have been obliged to defer the attempt for another year. Half of the time the storm kept them in camp. But that was not so unpleasant after all. They had a lodge. That is the kind of shelter we all use in this country; why should one be cooped up in a cold tent, or open camp, or stand shivering around a smoky fire, when a lodge is more convenient, and so much more comfortable. Let the north winds blow, and drift the falling flakes; the lodge is up, and within the hunters sit around the genial blaze, and smoke and dream the tedious hours away.

Coming back across the summit the party experienced considerable difficulty in getting their horses through the snow, which in places was 5ft. deep. No one, however, is better able to handle a pack outfit in a bad place, than their guide, Wm. Jackson. I believe he could take a train over a wall mountain if necessary.

Oliver Sanderville killed a large female grizzly at Heart Butte last week. He had a .44cal. Winchester carbine and fired six shots, all of which hit the animal. She did not show any fight but tried her best to get away.

Thomas Bird has killed quite a number of sheep at St. Mary's lately. He has a dog that will bay them, and he is thus enabled to choose the rams and let the females go.

A late editorial in FOREST AND STREAM speaks of the good influence the Boone and Crockett Club has exerted in various parts of the country. It has certainly done a good deal toward preserving the game in this section. Members of the club who have hunted here, have by word and example induced guides and hunters to stop useless slaughter of game, and to kill only enough for camp use, and then nothing but males if possible. The guides in turn have impressed these views on visiting sportsmen, so that to-day, no matter how much one would like to make a "record," his guide will not countenance it.

The autumn flight of waterfowl has not yet begun. There are a good many ducks here, but they were bred in the vicinity. Chicken shooting continues good and some good bags have been made.

J. W. SCHULTZ.

Game Notes from Monroe County, Pa.

THE heavy frosts of last week have changed the summer green of the woods to the most brilliant autumn coloring, which pen cannot describe; though the looker on seems enchanted by the hour at the grand display of varied hues interwoven in the miles of forest.

My attention was called to this place by an advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM, and it is strange that more New Yorkers do not choose this charming country for an outing for trout fishing in the spring, and for hunting during the fall months. The Mountain House is kept by Mr. Thos. H. Stites, situated on the banks of the east and west branch of the celebrated Brodhead's trout stream, known as the Anomalink, only three hours from New York, on the D., L. & W. Railroad, to Sprague ville, ten miles above the Water Gap; three fast trains each day make the trip short and enjoyable.

Several parties from New York come here every fall to enjoy the hunting, and it is a favorite resort at that time for ladies, who enjoy the walks and drives, or the rest which the place affords.

Mr. Stites owns 1,000 acres of wood and meadow land, which he now protects for his hunting guests. The grouse shooting is good, birds are more plenty this year than for some seasons, and after the leaves are off the sport will be satisfactory. Quail are not plenty, there are fair covers near the place, and last fall the farm was stocked, another year should show good shooting. Woodcock are abundant during the fall flight at end of October. Rabbits are plenty and afford one considerable sport in a tramp through the woods.

Fox hunting after Nov. 1 is one of the enjoyments of the place, and as Mr. Stites has then one of the best hounds in the State, one can well spend a morning in this exciting chase.

The present outlook for shooting is much better than for some years.

VERITAS.

Adirondack Deer Hounding.

NUMBER FOUR, Adirondacks, Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The open season for hounding deer which closed yesterday has been by far the most disastrous to the deer in this section of any previous year. It is reported from every locality on the west side of the Adirondacks, unless it be in St. Lawrence county, that there were not more than half as many deer at the commencement of the open season for hounding as there were last year, and I think that nine-tenths of these have been slaughtered this season. Within a radius of three miles from Number Four, ever since the open season commenced, there have not been at any time less than 100 and at times 300 men, and 100 hounds and dogs of all kinds have been constantly on the ground. Not only has every water been watched, but the hunters spread themselves all through the woods, and being such a multitude of them there was hardly a chance for a deer to escape.

Fifteen to twenty deer were killed every day at first. But as the deer got scarcer not so many were killed. Thirty were killed last week in the two little lakes within one-and-a-half miles of the Fenton House. Yesterday, the last day, they made a grand rally and killed eight in the two lakes mentioned. Wagon loads of deer have been taken out most every day. Fully 300 deer have been killed in this immediate vicinity, and I think that 400 would come nearer the figure. Ladies have participated in the slaughter, and the meat hunters have been abundantly rewarded. How long shall this slaughter go on under the sanctity of law ostensibly for the protection of the deer? How long shall our State continue to sacrifice her noble game by legalizing a method of hunting deer compared with which crusting or any other method of hunting would be protection?

MUSSET.

Nova Scotia Hunting License.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the last three years I have spent part of each season hunting large game in Nova Scotia and I found that there were a few resident sportsmen who were very much opposed to non-resident hunting on their grounds, and the increase in the price of the license is doubtless due to their influence. The majority of the natives, however, were against a non-resident license, saying it kept a great deal of money out of the Province, and money which would be spent where it was needed.

As for the license being a protection to the moose, the game needs protection ten times as much from the native as from foreign hunters. On one of my trips I met one of the natives who had killed in less than ten days five moose—two cows, two calves and one bull; and he had only commenced hunting and expected to be in the woods for three months or more. Not over one-half of the non-resident sportsmen who go to Nova Scotia moose hunting even see the game they are after, and not one moose in every ten killed each season is shot by them, while they will leave at a low estimate at least $350 in the Province for each one they get. The native hunter gets on an average about $35 for the meat of each moose he gets out.

C. M. STARK.

In White Mountain Forests.

CAMP DORSET, Lincoln, N. H., Oct. 4.—I have been camping in the Franconia Mountains since June 21 alone, excepting for stray fishermen and tourists who happened along. I have been photographing and picking up health; gained over 15lbs. in the time I have been here. Trout do not average very large, but I have seen many a creelful taken out of the East Branch of the Pemigewasset and Franconia branch. I have some views which I think much of, for the beautiful forest is doomed. The axe is at work on my hills, and in a few years the views I have and expect to take will be an impossibility. I am pretty well posted in these woods now and know just where to look for a deer, of which there are some. I got within 20yds. of a fine doe before the season opened; she was lying down, and I had a good chance to inspect her full round glossy form. I was close enough to see the sun glittering on her moist muzzle and could see her eyes shine. She was very tame. I did not attempt to harm her and am not sorry for it. Now is nature in her glory of completion and content.

N.

Gray Squirrel Shooting Wanted.

MERIDEN, N. H., Oct. 8.—Can some of your readers tell where gray squirrels abound this fall? It is a rather old-fashioned game, I presume, these days, but as I am very fond of rifle practice it is my favorite game, and it would give me great satisfaction to have a good squirrel hunt this fall in some of the Atlantic States. I came here from the Pacific Coast this fall expecting to find them here as in former years, but was disappointed.

Thinking you would be likely to hear from some of your correspondents, I take the liberty of addressing you, hoping you will favor me with an early answer, and I hope to learn of some place in the States south of here on the coast. Possibly Virginia would be a good place for this game.

H. B. C.

[A Washington note in last issue named White House, Va., on the Potomac, as a squirrel shooting point. We hope that readers having knowledge of good ranges will advise H. B. C. and others through these columns.]

The New .25cal. Shell.

IN regard to the new .25cal. rifle shell to hold 25grs. of powder, designed by Mr. Carpenter, permit me to record my note along with "Barrister" in its favor. The shell, if right in other respects, will be a great improvement over the small shell we are now using and which holds about 20grs. of powder. I have been shooting the .25cal. exclusively for more than two years, and have used bullets weighing from 65grs. up to 115grs., the latter being four calibers in length. One of the difficulties in using the heavy bullets has been a lack of velocity, resulting from the small powder charge. These extremely long bullets show a decided tipping tendency when using 21grs. of powder, and this tendency was much reduced when loading at the muzzle with 30grs. of powder, besides the accuracy was improved and the trajectory curve much reduced. The new shell will be a step in the right direction, not only on account of its capacity for h[illegible]g a reasonable powder charge, but on account of its cylindrical shape inside, allowing the bullet to be seated to any depth desired, and insuring accuracy when using any charge within the limits of the shell. The advantages of this feature are apparent.

If not too late I would suggest that the Winchester No. 2½ primer would probably give the best results in the new shell, as it does in the 20grs. bottle-neck shell now in use. The first shells put on the market used the small primer, and with these I always got more or less escape of gas around the primer; but the new Winchester shells taking the large primer are absolutely gas-tight.

I should like to hear further from Mr. Carpenter about the new shell, and especially what primer it will use.

NORRISTOWN, Pa. E. A. LEOPOLD.

Big Bores for Ducking.

ELMWOOD, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Of late I have heard several reports from various gunning stands where large-bore guns are used. I will not say used, for I have not heard of any birds being shot with these guns; but if the reports are true, they are at the stands and without doubt are kept for use. Several stand owners have 8-bore guns, which seem large enough, and in my opinion too large for any true sportsman to use.

One gentleman having several of these large guns, argues that if he doesn't get the birds some one else will; and so he goes on with his slaughter every fall, keeping but few for his own use and sending the rest to market.

The greatest outrage on ducks and geese in the gun line, if used, is a heavy firearm, which, I should say from the description given me by two gentlemen who saw it at a certain gunning stand, was a sort of blunderbus, half octagon barrel, 1¼in. bore, and so heavy that it is all a man can do to hold it to his shoulder long enough to take aim. The parties owning this weapon claim they have a right to use any firearm they can hold to their shoulder. Will you kindly inform me what the law is in regard to the size bore allowed?

R. C. STEVENS.

[The Massachusetts law does not limit the bore of a gun for duck shooting, but prohibits the use of "swivel or pivot gun."]

Game Near Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 7.—Quail are fairly plentiful around here this season, and there have been some good bags of ducks made at the various lakes and sloughs. They are all home bred ducks, however, as the northern birds have not come down as yet.

The season for quail and ducks opened one month earlier this year (Sept. 1) than last, just about one month too early, as the majority of the quail are not full grown till Oct. 1. and you occasionally find young birds as late as this month. I went out after ducks last Monday, to a certain lake near here, and found plenty of young teal and some mallards. This lake is a favorite resort of wildfowl in the winter, and I had fine sport there last season. Good luck to "Our Paper."

CULPEPPER.

One-Armed Shooting.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Oct. 10.—A mention of the one-armed grouse hunter induces me to tell of a sportsman of this city. Every time I see him I simply stare in open mouthed wonder. He has lost both his right arm and right leg. The arm is off at the shoulder and the leg at the knee. He uses a wooden peg-leg and it takes a good man to walk with him all day. Although I have seen him in the field, I have neve seen him shoot; but I am told that he can load and fire his 10-bore as quickly as the best. I must confess the first time that I saw him I was overcome with a sense of sorrow and sympathy for his great misfortune; but since I have seen some of his bags of ducks I have gradually gotten over that feeling.

A. B. W.

The Sinking of a Dead Bear.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Sept. 8.—I saw in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 29 J. G. Rich speaks of some bears sinking at once when shot, while others float. My experience with most animals is that if shot just as the breath is drawn in they will float, if just as they blow it out they sink.

If salmon don't feed in fresh water, will "Podgers" kindly explain how he gets the hook into their mouths?

A.

[Some say that the salmon takes the fly for sport; others say in anger; others have other theories in which the food consideration does not enter].

Western Massachusetts.

WILLIAMSBURGH, Mass., Oct. 7.—The stage from Worthington this morning brought in a bunch of 12 woodcock and 11 partridges, with express tag attached. Wm. Taylor, of New York, shot 2 quail, a male and a female, ten days ago in Goshen; this is unusual. A bevy of 9 birds had been previously seen by several persons. Guess this was the only brood in the township? As a whole, grouse and game birds of all kinds are not numerous this fall.

C. H.

About Clubs for Deer.

I HAVE helped to rope deer alive in a lake for stocking Blooming Grove Park, but I never pounded the life out of one with a club. It saves ammunition, but it don't seem right. It used to be a method of market butchers only to knock down cattle with an axe; but I think they are more humane now. In some abattoirs they use electricity, don't they?

H.

Sea and River Fishing.

Visitors to our Exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the World's Fair should not fail to examine the stock of "Forest and Stream" books which will be shown by the attendant.

VOLCANIC ASH FROM MT. SHASTA.

Report to the U. S. Fish Commission concerning the injurious effect of the volcanic ash beds on Mt. Shasta, on the waters of the McCloud River, California. By Livingston Stone. Printed in advance of its publication by the Commission through courtesy of Commissioner Marshal McDonald.

NEARLY fifteen years ago a peculiar cloudiness was noticed at times in the summer in the McCloud River, which at others was as clear as crystal. This somewhat mysterious appearance in a pure mountain stream, fed by the melting snows of Mt. Shasta, not only excited curiosity, but also created some alarm, as it was feared that it might have an injurious effect in turning away the ascending salmon from the mouth of the river. An investigating party was sent to the head of the McCloud at that time to ascertain the cause, and they reported that a creek called Mud Creek or Ash Creek had overflowed its banks and was discharging mud into the McCloud River. They changed the channel and for a time the evil was remedied.

Recently, however, this cloudiness has very much increased, so much so that after very hot days the usually clear waters of the McCloud look almost as white and muddy as the Missouri at St. Louis. In response to a recent report of mine to Washington on the subject I received instructions to go to the upper waters of the river and again investigate the causes of the trouble. Accordingly, on May 26 I left Baird Station for the upper waters of the McCloud, taking with me Mr. Seymour Bass, the foreman of the station. On arriving at Sisson's Camp on the McCloud we took a guide and proceeded to make examinations. We found a very interesting state of affairs, though from a natural history point of view a very discouraging one as regarded the practical future of the McCloud River

We found that far up the mountain side, there was a vast bed of volcanic ashes, doubtless deposited there in remote ages past when Shasta was an active volcano. In the heat of summer quite a considerable stream of water is formed by the melting snows on this peak of perpetual snow. This stream takes its course directly through this bed of ashes just mentioned, and as it flows at present, deposits them in the McCloud River and causes the mysterious cloudiness which the salmon fishery interests now make it desirable to avoid.

The question now arises, "Why is the river any worse off at the present time on this account than it was twenty years ago?" This appears to be the explanation. Twenty years ago and previous to that time, the stream familiarly known as Mud Creek, flowed over a tract of table-land from twenty to fifty acres in extent, where it distributed itself in various channels or deltas and in which it deposited the fine ashes, which it held mechanically in its waters. This plain or table-land acted as a great settling-box (to use the phraseology of the miners), and caught by precipitation the fine asby sediment which is now carried into the McCloud River.

This plain or natural settling-box has now been completely filled up with the ash deposit, united with the fine sand which occurs with it, and no longer acts as a catch-box to receive and detain the fine ashy sediment, which comes down from the side of the mountain. One effect of this has been to turn the once fertile plain into an absolute desert of sand and ashes, and another effect of it has been to carry some of the deposit already made on the plain into the McCloud River.

The stream flowing from the mountain side, as it cannot distribute itself any longer on the plain below, now simply cuts a channel for itself through the accumulated deposit that it has made, and carries with it into the McCloud not only the ashes it took along with it from the mountain, but also what it gathers on its way through the vast deposits on the plain.

This explains why the turbid appearance of the McCloud has increased to such an extent so very recently. How long this state of things will last no one can say. The ash deposit is far above the timber line in perpetual snow and has never been thoroughly examined.

Certain it is, however, that the sedimentary deposit is increasing to an alarming extent in the McCloud River. We were informed at Sisson's Camp, about forty miles up the river and a short distance below where the asby stream at present comes in, that the deposit was so great there, that all the deep trout fishery pools of the McCloud were filled up by it last year to a level with the higher portions of the bed of the river, and that the trout fishery was completely ruined. The river being rapid at this point, much of the ashy sediment is carried beyond Sisson's Camp and distributed in pools and eddies along the channel of the river for many miles.

Before it reaches Baird Station, which is two miles above the mouth of the McCloud, almost all, if not all, of the heavier sediment has been deposited; but there remains in the river countless millions of exceedingly fine particles of ashes, of apparently about the same specific gravity as the water, which give the river the cloudiness which has been mentioned. One cannot say for a certainty that this turbidness actually prevents many salmon from coming up the McCloud, but as it is well known that salmon prefer clear streams to turbid ones, it is safe to say at least that the ashes in the river are very undesirable. And not only do they possibly prevent salmon from coming into the river, but they actually destroy many miles of spawning beds, where the salmon have been accustomed to swarm in great numbers and deposit their eggs.

To obviate the trouble and keep the asby deposit out of the McCloud is a difficult problem to solve. It appears to be one of those instances where the migbty agencies of nature mock at the power of man. No human power can prevent the sun from melting the snows on Mt. Shasta, or the water thus created from pouring down the mountain side. Only one possibility remains and that is to turn the melted snow stream on to other level places, using them for temporary settling receptacles and thus doom other fertile plains to deserts—and this at present seems exceedingly impracticable. Some of the efforts that have been made for temporary relief are rather ludicrous. For instance those interested in the trout and salmon fishery at Sisson's Camp, on the McCloud, turned the stream at one time into the dairy farming valley of Squaw Creek, which joins the McCloud below Sisson's Camp. The dairy farmers on Squaw Creek who, very naturally, did not want their dairy farms turned into a desert, any more than the fishermen wanted their trout pools filled up, immediately turned the stream back into Elk Creek, which, emptying into the McCloud a short distance above Sisson's Camp, brought the dust and ashes back to the Sisson trout pools again.

There is, however, one method which if resorted to every year will for the present bring temporary relief, and that is to take back the stream (Ash Creek or Mud Creek) from Elk Creek into which it has been turned and restore it to its orignal channel, and then to distribute its ashy waters through several smaller artificial channels or deltas, in which they may precipitate most of their sediment before they reach the McCloud.

This would of course create more new deserts on a small scale, and would necessitate the presence of some one all summer on the spot, where the streams could be watched. While land is no more valuable there than it is now, this plan for temporary relief would doubtless be practicable, and by engaging the services of some person living in the vicinity the expense could probably be kept within reasonable limits, say $100 a year.

In conclusion, allow me to add that the subject presents a new and very interesting field for scientific inquiry, and it is to be hoped that some geological or other scientific party will sometime voluntarily undertake a thorough study and examination of the situation which promises such fruitful results.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

THE SEDUCTIVE SMELT.

I wish I were a fish!
Oh, wouldn't that be neat?
Made into a sweet bouquet,
Laid at some lady's feet?
For when she picked me up,
If so inclined she felt,
And put me to her little nose,
Why, then I'd be a smelt. —*Pollock's Rip.*

SMELTS are running bravely now; or if they don't they ought to, for there are hundreds of fishermen after them in earnest. Smelt fishing is all the vogue. Down East is the place to catch them just at present, although their geographical range is from the Potomac River to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, including both salt and fresh water locations, three varieties being represented in the distribution. They are a beautiful fish of silvery brightness, with a lateral stripe of silver running from shoulder to tail, which Senator Stewart might envy, and are almost translucent. They are much prized for the table, and when cooked and served the backbone cleaves to the flesh unbroken, and all the little bones are chewed up and swallowed incontinently, while a fresh cucumber flavor lingers in the mouth in a grateful sort of a way which epicures appreciate. At this season they afford much sport to the angler, and are taken in tidal currents along the coast with a light rod, hooks and line, baited with shrimp, two 6-inch snoods, with their hooks attached, being bent on to the ends of a wire spreader shaped like a letter A. Quantities are also netted (illegally) at the outlets of creeks where they are inclined to congregate, and in winter multitudes are taken through holes cut in the ice, sometimes as many as 200lbs. per man per day, which at the market price of twenty-five cents per pound makes a good showing in dollars for a single day's work, though we are not at present writing considering work, but sport.

Portsmouth, N. H., is a favorite winter resort for smelt fishermen. In February and March they are in their prime, for they are essentially a winter fish, spawning in those months. They seldom exceed a foot in length and the average is hardly more than 5 or 6in., the latter size being yearlings and more highly prized, as the large ones are coarse and tough. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence they are often taken with small scarlet (ibis) flies while fishing for sea trout. In Maine and Massachusetts they are protected during the months of April and May.

One of the favorite smelting grounds near Boston just at present, and for a fortnight past, is at Nantasket, where one will see at every tide from two to a dozen skiffs anchored at chosen places best known to experts. Weir River and the vicinity of Bumkin's Island and Paddock's Island are good places, the Boston *Herald* tells us, and so are Strawberry Hill, near Hull, and the little bight, or "hook," which makes into the land between the Hull Y. C. pier and the steamboat landing. Smelts also like to gather around the lobster cars and under the floats at the boat houses. In every skiff there will be one or two fishermen and every man intent on smelts, all eager. Every newcomer is regarded as an interloper by those already on the ground, and if he happens to drop his kelleck into the water with a "kerchunk," so as to scare and scatter the fish, curses and thin-spaced imprecations from the other boats drop like hot shot all around him, for it will take fully twenty minutes for the school to gather again, which is longer than most country schoolmarms allow for recess. From half flood to full and half ebb is the best time of the tide, though one is often apt to catch more pollock and haddock than smelts until the tide begins to turn. When the waters commence to run out of the estuaries and inlets the smelts are on their feed. Voracity drives out caution then, and suspicious fish which have been wary until now lose all their shyness snatching the tempting bait with avidity, and without reserve. Every boat is provided with a bait car filled with sedge grass or seaweed, which keeps the shrimp fresh and active. The shrimp cost $2 a quart at the market, but if one wishes, and knows how, he can net his own shrimp in the creeks with a long-handled scoop. A gill of shrimp will answer to start in with, but it will take about $5 worth to stock up a bait car for an afternoon's fishing. Hooks are put on lengthways, the point into the tail, through the body and out at the head. Shrimp prefer it that way. By the time the novice has learned the trick most of the bait is gone. Just then the fish begin to bite sharp and he has to borrow. At the finish, after reckoning up all expenses of the outing, the boat hire, the bait, the rig, the car fares, the luncheon, and the Waukesha water, the amount of fun and fish required to balance the account is considerable.

Upon the whole smelting may be regarded as a high art. It engages all the perceptive faculties. Something else besides nose is requisite, as will appear upon the face of it at the outset. Much, of course, depends upon the shrimp, but an adept will take two smelts to a tyro's one, especially if the latter is fishing with a single hook. One should feel repaid for his time and outlay if he boats no more than a dozen fish at the first attempt. Time and tide will serve, again, and perserverance must bring eventual reward. Sententiously speaking, "*Pas de lieu Rhone que nous.*"

CHARLES HALLOCK.

HADLEY, Mass., Oct. 7.

SUSQUEHANNA "SALMON."

CLEARFIELD, Pa. Oct. 9.—My wife and myself left Clearfield Monday Oct. 2, for a few days' salmon fishing on the west branch of the Susquehanna River and Pine Creek in Lycoming county, bordering on Clinton county. We took the early morning train at Clearfield via P. R. R. for Lock Haven, and there we changed cars to the P. & E. R. R. and got off at Pine Station on the Susquehanna River, six miles below Lock Haven. At this point Farmer Rodabaugh met us with a team, and at 12:15 we were enjoying a good country dinner such as only Mrs. Rodabaugh knows how to cook with the assistance of her daughter and daughter-in-law. After dinner we were joined by Ash Rogers, one of Jersey shore's crack fishermen, who never fails to catch fish when he is allowed to fish; but on this occasion Ash was elected to row the boat for Mrs. Clark. About 2 P. M. we were ready with our trolling lines, spoon hooks and lamper eels for bait. At this point on the river Pine Creek empties into the Susquehanna, and there is a stretch of deep water for at least one mile and a half. The depth of the river here is from 5 to 15ft., and at least one-fourth of a mile from shore to shore. It was in this water that Mrs. Clark caught a salmon on Aug. 28, measuring 29in. in length and weighing 6½lbs. It took at least fifteen minutes to land him as no landing net is used, and we generally row to shore to land our fish, having lots of sport in the deep water. We use light bass rods with lots of line from 150 to 200ft., which makes the sport very exciting when a big fish is hooked and landed. Well, we will return to this trip. We trolled the river on Monday from about 2 P. M. until a late supper or as long as we could see, and did not get a strike, and we gave up thinking we had caught all the salmon in this water on our last trip, and returned home to supper.

Tuesday morning we were up at daybreak, but the weather looked threatening. After breakfast we seated ourselves in the boat, and we had made but one turn in the river when it commenced to rain in torrents, and while rowing for home at the rate of at least five miles an hour with my spoon hook spinning on top of the water, I hooked a pike (some people call them pickerel) 23in. long, weighing 3½lbs. This ended our Tuesday fishing, as it rained all day and we were kept indoors.

Wednesday morning it did not rain, but was cloudy throughout all of the day. Farmer Rodabaugh hitched up his team and took us up Pine Creek about three miles, and we struck a nice strip of dead water, in the middle of which an old bridge pier was visible. After getting a boat, Rogers took the oars and we started in to troll. We had not gone over 50yds. until I had hooked a salmon and landed him safely, and in less time than it takes me to write it I hooked four, the largest measured 26in. and weighed 5 lbs. strong. This was enough sport for one day and we returned home. Rogers dragged our fish in the water in order to keep them alive, so that we could put them in our live box until we went home to Clearfield.

Thursday morning we got up at day break, and Farmer Rodabaugh hitched up his team and took us back to this same water where we got two boats, Rogers rowing for Mrs. Clark, and Ernst Rodabaugh rowing my boat. We trolled for two hours faithfully, and never got a strike. Rodabaugh said, "We have paddled this water until it is so thin that the boats will hardly float." We then went to shore and visited John Nepley, who owns a small farm on the banks of Pine Creek. John told us all about farming and how he whipped the Beech Creek Railway Co. in a lawsuit for right of way through his lands, while we ate his grapes and pears, which he had in abundance. I suppose we visited Mr. Nepley for about two hours, when Mrs. Clark and Rogers commenced to troll again. I heard Rogers hollow, "Come in out of the wet," and looking down the creek I saw Mrs. Clark tugging and wrestling and her 8oz. rod almost bent double, and I knew she had a good big one hooked. Rogers would say, "Reel in and keep your line stretched, he is a dandy. Come in out of the wet, it is too damp for you out there." When the shallow water was reached, I could see by the splash that it was a big one. After seeing them land their fish, I started in fishing myself, and in the shortest time imaginable, Mrs. Clark landed three—one measuring 28in., weighing 7½lbs.; one 27in., 6½lbs.; one 20in., 3lbs. My catch was four, weighing from 2½ to 4lbs. each. They then quit biting just as suddenly as they commenced, and we returned to our quarters.

One of the peculiarities of the salmon in our streams here is that when they bite they bite fast and wicked, and when not in the humor, a fisherman might as well go home.

Friday we returned home to Clearfield with eleven salmon and two pike, the total weight being 51lbs.

THOS. E. CLARK.

Spawning of Quebec Trout.

IT was quite dark Saturday evening, Sept. 30, when I took my last trout for the season and laid away my rod for nearly eight months to come. The close season commences Oct. 1, but in some of our waters I had stopped fishing two weeks sooner, finding the eggs far advanced. In the lake where I was the trout spawn very late, never until after the ice has taken. We have had good fishing all the season and the trout, though never attaining extra size have averaged larger than I ever knew them before—as well as plenty. One pleasant evening while rowing about half a mile to the camp I counted fifty-two "rises," visible from my boat, in perhaps eight or ten minutes.

X.

Basswood Lake.

SOWERBY, Algonia, Oct. 7.—The lake trout are taking first-rate just now. Was out yesterday for a couple of hours, caught seven, varying from 3 to 4¼lbs.

G. F. DYER.

ANGLING NOTES.

A Defective Fish Law.

When the fish and game laws of New York were printed after the passage of the Game Code in 1892, I noticed that Sec. 110 read: "Black bass or Oswego bass shall not be fished for, caught, killed or possessed between the first day of January and the thirtieth day of May, except as provided by Sections one hundred and forty-four and one hundred and sixty-eight." I underlined "one hundred and forty-four," and wrote in the margin, "This probably means Sec. 143." I did this because Sec. 143 relates to special seasons for black bass in certain waters in the State, and Sec. 144 does not, as it refers only to the Consolidation Act of New York city. At the time I thought Sec. 143 was so specific that it would care for itself, and I called the attention of one of our lawmakers to the evident error that it might be corrected as a mere matter of form, not suspecting that it might interfere with the enforcement of the law. The error was not corrected by the last Legislature, and a few days ago my attention was called to a violation of Sec. 143, in that black bass had been caught out of the season provided by the section. Then only was it discovered that there was no penalty for violating Sec. 143. The penalties for violating the sections of an article are contained in the concluding section of each article. Sec. 110 is in Article V. and Sec. 143 is in Article VI. In the first the penalties are given correctly, but in the second there is no penalty for violating Sec. 143, although there is a penalty for violating Sec. 144, and thus the error in Sec. 110 is perpetuated, for there can be no doubt that in each instance 144 should read 143. In following up the case referred to as being a violation of Sec. 143, a curious muddle regarding the nomenclature of our fishes was developed which emphasizes the need of reform in this respect.

The section provides a close season for black bass in Lake George until August 1, and information was obtained that a hotel keeper on the shore of the lake had been serving his guests with black bass caught in the lake in the month of July. There were three witnesses to the transaction, the cook in the hotel, a man of all work about the place, and a resident nearby. Upon examination under oath not one of the witnesses would swear that the fish were black bass, but one and all did swear that they were Oswego bass. As a matter of fact, there is not a large-mouthed bass, the so-called Oswego bass, in the lake, and never has been; but as long as I can remember the bass of the lake, which are all the small-mouthed species, have been called by a large number of people about the lake Oswego bass or "Swagoes." More than ten years ago I was subpœnaed as an expert by the district attorney of Essex county, who had a case against a man for taking black bass illegally in Lake George. The man contended that he had not caught black bass, as charged, but had caught Oswego bass. I had to send to Greenwood Lake to get a large-mouth bass to show to the jury, and of a great many Lake George fishermen that I showed the big-mouth to not one had seen its like before. On one occasion the New York Fish Commissioners "resolved" that the name "Oswego" applied to black bass should not be recognized by the Commission, but it still has a place in the statutes. They also "resolved" into disuse the name "salmon" trout as applied to lake trout, but salmon trout yet has a prominent place in the fish and game laws of the State.

October Black Bass Fishing.

In the autumn black bass fishing, if there are plenty of bass, is good, bad or indifferent, depending largely upon the temperature of the water. As the water becomes cold the bass resort to broken rocks in deeper water than any in which they are found during the summer. I know of "shoals" in water over 50ft. where the best fishing is to be found at the tail end of the season, although this is deeper than the fish go as a rule.

On Monday of last week Mr. D. P. McQueen of Schenectady joined Mr. Gilman Mason of Sandy Hill at Kattskill Bay, Lake George, to wind up the fishing season with a day's black bass fishing. They caught seventeen black bass, the largest one weighing 4½lbs., and all were caught in water from 12 to 15ft. deep on rocky shoals. A few weeks ago when there was a week of cold weather the bass were deeper than they are now. Black bass fishing in Lake George reached a very low ebb owing to years of illegal fishing (chiefly by taking them on the spawning beds), and a legal open season that did not cover their spawning operations. A rigid enforcement of the law as to the means of taking bass, and a close season that permitted the bass to spawn unmolested for the past few years has done wonders for Lake George in the way of improving the bass fishing. A few hundred black bass have been planted in the lake, but the planting of such bass as can be obtained from the State will not do as much for the lake as the close season covering the spawning period, and the enforcement of the fish laws.

Minnow-Casting Records.

In compiling the best fly and minnow-casting records for the World Almanac I investigated a printed statement that the longest minnow-cast on record, 148ft., was made in Wisconsin in 1891. I knew that 148 was not the longest cast on record, but I wished to know why it was called so. To my surprise, I found that the cast was one of five in a competition, the average of which did beat the best average of five casts on record. At the National Rod and Reel Association tournament at Central Park in 1888, Mr. A. F. Dressel averaged 137ft. in five casts, and with 33 points for accuracy, or a total of 170, he took first place from Mr. Sidney Fry with an average of 140⅘ and 20 points for accuracy, or a total of 160⅘. Mr. Dressel made three casts of 156, 161 and 168ft., and Mr. Fry made two casts of 159ft. each. At a tournament held at Camp Lake, Wisconsin, July 4, 1891, Mr. E. C. Sturges made five casts of 131ft. 9in., 140ft., 147ft. 3in., 137ft. 10in. and 148ft. An average of 140ft. 11in. Mr. Sturges, who is secretary of the club, writes that the conditions were as follows: "Each man to have five casts. Rods not to be over 8ft. in length; casting to be done single-handed with a *quarter ounce weight;* line to fall within stakes set 10ft. apart. At the time of contest the wind was blowing from the side." Mr. Sturges used a rod 7ft. 3in. long and weighing 8oz. I hunted up the old score book of the National tournament of 1888, and I find that Mr. Dressel used a rod 8ft. 4in. long and 9oz. in weight. Mr. Fry used a rod of same length, but a quarter of an ounce heavier. Both used a sinker weighing ½oz. The score book gives Mr. Fry's average of five casts 140⅘ft.; but I am satisfied that this is an error, for upon footing up the five casts they make make 140ft. 4in., and every other record is given in feet and inches.

A. N. Cheney.

NEW JERSEY COAST POUNDS.

Asbury Park, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my former article on our coast pounds I endeavored to outline the abuses of that system. But after five months of assiduous study and hard work I realize that there yet remains much to learn. In order to secure such facts as are necessary for proper enlightenment on the subject I have enlisted the services of several men who are directly connected with the fisheries, men who have been compelled to give up their boats and hire with the pound owners; for their former vocation is gone, and they have no other trade. Pound fishing is for them a last resort. I now wish publicly to thank these men for their kind offices, and the valuable assistance they have rendered. In every instance letters addressed to them have been answered promptly and intelligently, and in every case where the same questions were propounded to ten or more parties the answers have been so uniform that no possible room is left for question regarding their accuracy; and the fact is established beyond cavil or doubt that it is a serious condition and no idle theory which confronts us regarding the future supply of our food fishes.

There is no State perhaps in the whole Atlantic seaboard of more importance to our large cities than is our own as regards the necessary supply of fish; and there is none whose laws are more lax and certainly none which is not better provided with fish wardens and other much-needed protection. It is contiguous to two of the largest cities in our Union and with a population increasing rapidly. It becomes the duty of every citizen to foster and protect our fish in every available manner. Southern Europe years ago felt the need of stringent measures regarding this subject, and acted accordingly with her Mediterranean fisheries, imposing the severest of penalties for the wanton destruction of fish, and subscribing immense sums of money for the erection and maintenance of hatcheries, even far-away Russia appropriating large sums in order that she might have fish sent within her borders, until now that body of water is teeming with the life that at one time threatened to become extinct. Our Pacific Slope, with only a tithe of the Eastern population and with advantages far superior to our own for the successful spawning and growth of fish, has found it necessary to make a close season for all food fish, particularly the salmon; and pounds are not allowed of smaller mesh than a given size. Fishermen must return alive to the water all small fish that may be taken; and their nets and fish wheels must be out of the water during Saturday and Sunday of each week during the open season.

Note the difference here in New Jersey. There is no close season for any variety of salt-water fish, our pounds are down every day in the week, including Sunday; they use a mesh less than 1in. square, and fish the entire season, beginning with the running of the shad, until the supply is either exhausted or has left our waters.

Examination and inquiries fully convince me that nine-tenths of all early caught fish of all varieties are females endeavoring to respond to nature's prompting to reach their spawning grounds. Between Barnegat Inlet and Sandy Hook there are but two streams which fish can enter and spawn in, viz., Manasquan and Shark rivers. These two streams heretofore poured out annually millions of the young of all kinds of fish, but now, as matters stand, every approach to these streams is shut off by pounds, so that they might as well not exist so far as propagation is concerned.

We must, however, give our State Commission credit for honest and earnest endeavor to maintain and increase our supply of shad by placing annually millions of fry in the Delaware River and protecting them all along its course until they have attained sufficient size to be able to care for themselves. But it simply exemplifies the case of building a house on the sand. Let us follow these same fish and see what becomes of the vast majority of them. Of course they reach the southern waters, wintering there, and start back with the large fish; in the spring they have attained the size of a herring, and their numbers perhaps as fifty to one. Compared with adults, every pound along the shore gathers its quota. Of course they are destroyed, being gilled in the small meshes, and as they are not of marketable size they are thrown away. Thus we see that perhaps one-half of all shad fry that are planted find their way in the pounds, and are wasted after they have reached the age where all would become mature fish. One fisherman, of whose integrity there is no question, assures me that the pound in which he fishes caught and destroyed a great many thousands of these valuable fish in the spring of 1893, and he adds, "I would not be surprised to learn that each pound on the entire coast is equally destructive." Is it for this that our State spends vast sums of money, honestly endeavoring to promote public welfare, only to have the results of their labors thwarted by a reckless disregard of public benefaction?

The injury to the shad supply does not stop with the destruction of the small fish, however. In the summer months, when buck shad are running, great catch of these also are made. These are mature fish; and as they are not allowed to be sold in the markets they go overboard with the rest, dead, an expensive bit for dogfish and skates and a sorrowing monument to the honest endeavors of our Commissioners of Fisheries. I have positive information that in July, fully one month after the season was closed, shad was offered and sent to our retail dealers from the pounds, thus making themselves amenable to our State law, advantage of which will undoubtedly be taken.

Again, our law of last winter makes it a misdemeanor to fish with hook and line or in any manner on Sunday. The pounds are down and open during the entire season, Sunday and weekday alike, and as this is positively a manner of fishing they must as a matter of course stand open to conviction.

Great stress has been placed upon the menhaden fishery, and State laws have been passed prohibiting that iniquitous system from being pursued within the three-mile limit. But destructive and disastrous as this is, when compared with former fishing it is of but small import. While we know that at times they make great catches of food fish, yet they do not hover around every small inlet on the coast; they do not fish at night nor Sundays, and their nets are only down periodically when they discover a school of fish. They do destroy the menhaden, upon which our fish depend largely for food. I would not say one word in support of the menhaden fishery; it is reprehensible, but I use it only to draw comparison to show how necessary it is that we have immediate legislation against the pounds.

The venerable Geo. W. Childs, in a strong editorial on this matter recently, pointed out how important this subject has become to our State, showing conclusively that when great catches are made they ship a small quantity to the markets, carting them through our streets as a blind, then employ a tug or smack to take away the vast remainder to the fertilizer manufacturers to be converted into that product, while the residents of inland towns and the farming population would gladly pay good prices for them could they have the chance. But, of course, it pays the pound men better to dispose of them quickly and in bulk, even at small price, so they can get their nets ready for another day's catch and so avoid the delay and work of landing them on the beach.

To show how every subterfuge is adopted to deceive the people in this matter, a prominent pound owner announced publicly that an agreement had been made between pound fishermen not to land on the beach smaller fish than those of marketable size, under a penalty of $250 for each offense. (Nothing, of course, was said about throwing them away at sea or allowing them to hang gilled in the net until they rot and drop out.) His boat was watched, and on the morning following the statement great quantities of small bonito and mackerel were landed whose individual weight would not exceed 3oz. Demand was immediately made upon him through the newspapers for the money, but up to the present writing he has not kept faith with his promise nor offered explanation of any sort.

According to United States statistics, completed June 30, 1889, the hook and line industry of New Jersey was the most important of the States in the Union, giving employment to over 5,000 men, who supported their families and provided plentifully, of whom the majority owned their homes; and winter always found them with a goodly sum laid up and ample larder provided. Now how different. They can catch, if very fortunate, about fish enough to provide a living only during the fishing season, and when that is done they are compelled to do any odd job which presents itself the remainder of the year. A great many work in the pounds at the pittance of $50 per month, glad even to stroke the hand which smites them, so pressing are the demands of little ones and hunger. And all this that a few men may grow rich, little caring how hard the lot of the line and net fishermen becomes, heeding not the fact that three to five years at best will see even their vocation gone; for at the rapid rate of decimation now going on all the gregarious fish of our coast will have been practically exterminated. One significant fact points this plainly. The fishermen all say that of their entire catches of bluefish all they now take are of very large size. None of the medium weights are met with, thus conclusively showing that practically all the spawning of the past two or three years have been destroyed by the pounds during the great southern migration in September and October, when 20,000 to 50,000 to each net is about the average daily destruction. This, indeed, assumes a serious aspect and threatens a national calamity unless stopped and at once. Protection is thrown around the quail, the rabbit, the insectivorous and song birds. The oyster and even the humble hard clam all have their welfare guarded. But our most important product, the salt water fish, is left open to every system of vandalism that can be concocted in the brain of man and a ruthless and wanton waste heretofore unheard of in the annals of civilization. As a menace to navigation these pounds stand paramount to all obstructions on our coast, stretching as they do over one-half mile seaward and supported by an immense chain cable. Small mercy will be shown the occupants of any ill-fated light craft which may be caught in a sudden squall and temporarily unmanageable become entangled in that labyrinth of ropes, nets and chains. Will not our board of lighthouse supervisors investigate this matter and satisfy themselves that these assertions are true.

The entire population of our State is aroused and on the alert regarding this matter. Protective associations are being formed along the whole coast, represented by our best citizens, all demanding redress from this overshadowing grievance which enriches a few and impoverishes the populace in many ways. There are no extenuating circumstances to be held out in favor of the pounds; it is simply a game of present wealth to the owners and extermination in the near future of the fishes. And he who wantonly and without excuse or reason wilfully destroys so valuable a gift of our beneficent Creator, lowers his status of citizenship and should be held accountable by his fellow man.

Leonard Hulit.

A Big Fish for Chicago Day.

Clayton, N. Y., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Friday, 6th inst., in company with Lew Marshall, oarsman, I had the good fortune to capture one of the handsomest maskalonge I have ever seen. This fish weighed 42lbs., and measured 4ft. 7½in. in length. Desiring to afford others an opportunity of viewing such a magnificent specimen, I expressed it, with my compliments, to Capt. J. W. Collins, Chief Dept. Fish and Fisheries, and Dr. J. A. Henshall, in charge Angling Pavilion, with the request that it be placed on exhibition in the Angling Pavilion, during Monday, 9th inst., which I believe is Chicago Day at the Fair. Among other parties in Chicago, whom I advised accordingly, was your Mr. E. Hough.

G. M. Skinner.

Queen City Fishing Club.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 14.—On Oct. 8 the Queen City Fishing Club, one of the largest organizations in the State, will formally dedicate its new club house, situated at Oak Point, Put-in-Bay, where the club, which is a stock company with a capital of $12,500, owns eleven acres of land. The building is a model one, consisting of eighteen rooms and kitchens. Accommodations are prepared for from fifty to seventy-five persons. Among the members are Messrs. G. T. Sterritt, W. B. Smith, Mayor Masby, City Treasurer Ziegler, Hon. Geo. R. Griffiths, Gen. Frank Kirchner, Jr., Norman J. Kenan, Dr. T. W. Graydon, A. Howard Hinkle, Hon. H. B. Morehead, John Hetherington of New York, H. M. Little, James Finnegan and railroad magnate W. W. Peabody.

Dick.

WITH THE CHANNEL CAT.

EXETER, Neb., Oct. 10.—I had come down from my ranch in Wyoming to spend a few days with the old folks in Nebraska whom I had not seen for a number of years, and as a matter of course had brought my fishing outfit along, for I intended having a try at the channel cat for which the lower "Big Blue" is noted, and where I had caught many and many a large string in my boyhood days.

I had been at the old home two days and decided that on the morrow, weather permitting, I would again try my luck in the old familiar places. So telling father to call me early, I turned in.

It must have been near 5 o'clock the next morning that I was awakened by the well known call which used to bring me out of bed in days gone by, when I was a youngster going to school. After a hearty breakfast, I donned my waders and taking my split-bamboo "buggy whip" from its case, I started for the river, a mile away. It was an ideal morning. A southeasterly breeze came singing over the hills and through the trees, which had commenced donning their fall colors. I again hear the old familiar roar of the water falling over the dam, and catch a glimpse of the stream through the undergrowth.

It does not take me long to reach the little strip of sand below the dam, and putting my rod together am soon wading to the center of the stream where the water is not over 3ft. deep, for miles below the dam. I have reached a favorite spot, and putting on a couple of fat hoppers, I make a cast toward the bank where the current sucks in under a bunch of willows and old dead stumps. My line has run through and has come to a dead stand in an eddy just below, the cork bobbing up and down in the quiet water, when all at once the cork is gone and I feel that heavy tug-tug at the line that only a channel cat knows how to give. The reel is singing its first song for a long time, and how pleasant it sounds. He has started for the bank and I have some 50yds. of line out when he turns and makes for up stream in a zig-zag course, keeping a taut line on him. He soon tires of that and makes a shoot for the center of the river below me. I now have him with head up stream and soon tire him out, reeling him in, still fighting feebly. I soon have him on the string and the pocket scales say 3½lbs. Not so bad for a starter.

After a few more casts and no rises, I start on my way down stream, casting in all likely looking places, until I have traveled nearly a mile and am at the head of a series of rapids where in days gone by I had taken strings of "cats" that I could hardly carry home, and where many a "tip" had broken, letting that "large one" go free. My line has hardly touched the swiftly running water before it is as taut as a bowstring, and the reel is again singing that song which is such music to the ear of the angler. By the way the line is going out and the heavy strain on the rod, I know I have a "whopper." He is working down stream, and in that swift current with my light tackle down he must go to smoother water with me following close behind, floundering over slippery rocks and into washouts until the end of the rapids are reached. Then the fun commences. He has headed for that pool of deep still water that I know is full of snags and sunken logs. Once there good-bye to my line and prospective fish. Giving a few turns to the reel, I gradually work his head up stream and he soon commences that zig-zag work that I know means he is tiring. Soon I have him within reach and am just going to net him, when he recovers and away he goes' nearly breaking my tip; but it is his last run, for that has expended his energy, and he comes rolling over and over into the net. He weighs 6lbs. even, and as I am no "fish hog," I limber up and start for home, well satisfied with my morning's work.

DIAMOND WALT.

Onondaga Anglers' Association.

THE Anglers' Association at their meeting last evening transacted some important business, which has for its object the bettering of the condition for fish in some of the waters in Onondaga county. The new dam which the State is about to build at Baldwinsville will, unless steps are taken to prevent it, become a barrier to the passage of fish up the Seneca River. After discussion of the question it was decided to appoint a committee to secure legislation next winter for the construction of a fishway past the dam. The expense is estimated at $1,500 and an appropriation by the State for the purpose is sought. John N. Babcock, Henry Loftie and George B. Wood were selected as the committee. The great spawning ground of the fish is in Cross Lake and its vicinity, the fish passing up the river to that locality, and the fishway proposed will prove of inestimable value.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.*

Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10.—The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held this evening at their rooms, No. 1,020 Arch street, Philadelphia, and was well attended. A communication from the Pennsylvania Commissioner of Fisheries requesting permission to establish an office in the rooms of the association was considered, and a motion to accord that privilege was unanimously adopted.

The action of the Pennsylvania authorities in proceeding to remove the fish baskets in the Susquehanna River was commended and also the work of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission in removing the wing walls recently erected in the Delaware River during low water. Preparatory measures were taken to celebrate the eleventh anniversary of the Association in November.

W. G. SELLER, Sec'y.

Lake Gogebic Bass.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—Our agent at Gogebic, Mich., advises me that on Oct. 5 Mr. J. Edmund Strong, of Chicago, caught in Lake Gogebic eight small-mouth black bass, weighing 29½lbs. He, and the guide who accompanied him, also caught a deer that was swimming across the lake, and succeeded in killing it and bringing it back to the hotel in the boat. On the same day Messrs. A. M. Fuller and Geo. W. Pitkin, of Chicago, caught fourteen black bass weighing 49lbs.

W. A. THRALL.

Inning of the Faithful.

FT. DODGE, Ia., Oct. 8.—Fishing in this part of the country is now at its best. The summer fisherman has quit. The small boy is in school or on nutting expeditions. The granger who spears and dynamites is busy picking corn, and so a few of the faithful who have been "skunked" on some trips and poorly rewarded on others, are now reaping the reward of our patience. Small-mouth black bass are biting freely, and the big ones have broken their summer's fast and make the strings average up well. I saw a string of ten black bass which weighed 25lbs., not a bad average for our stream, the Des Moines. Bait is scarce; frogs are either too small or just the opposite, and the bass don't seem to take even those of proper size freely. Minnows are scarce, as many small streams are dry. Small bullheads, about 3in. long, are the best bait we get. These are tough and lively and eagerly taken.

CONVIS.

Merrimack Salmon.

HADLEY, Mass., Oct. 10.—An October run of heavy salmon, some of them estimated to weigh 40lbs., have been trying for several days to get up the Merrimack River at Sewall's Falls, but were prevented by the low water and the absence of a fishway. Fish have also been lying at the mouth of the Suncook, a tributary of the Merrimack, but have been unable to get over the dam at Garvin's Falls. The State Fish Commissioners propose to capture them and take them to the State Hatching House at Plymouth, where the spawn will be secured.

C. H.

Fishing in the Gulf.

BILOXI, Miss., Sept. 27.—As fine a catch of fish as I have ever known caught was made on the Horseshoe Bar, about two miles in front of Biloxi, last Tuesday. Messrs. C. N. Golden, Louis Hahn and F. Fayard caught with hook and line 110 Spanish mackerel, one jackfish of 28lbs. and one lemon fish. The catch weighed 240lbs., and was the largest known to this coast for many years. These parties were in one boat. Other boats caught from 10 to 75 mackerel each. The fishing all along the Gulf coast has been excellent, and the outlook for the winter is very promising.

ANODRAC.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 21 to 24.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—Brunswick Fur Club field trials, at North Acton, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.
Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.
Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.
Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.
Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.
Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
Nov. 27.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at Thomasville, N. C. All-Age entries close Nov. 1. G. G. Davis, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 1.—Southern California Field Trials, at Ontario, Cal. H. C Hinman, Los Angelcs, Cal., Sec'y.
Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials. Grand Junction, Tenn. Second payment in Derby due Nov. 1. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

A Fishy Matter.

THE two judges of the Minneapolis dog show conspired together in rather a fishy matter, which I am sure will lead to the destruction of some fish. Mr. Hansen took Mr. Davidson as his guest to his home at Osceola Mills, which invitation included some trout fishing in Mr. Hansen's private waters. Mr. Davidson surrendered easily. The writer, too, was the recipient of a similar generous invitation and felt like surrendering easily, but owing to busy days, inclination gave way to duty. May they "cast their lines in pleasant places."

By the way, I regret to observe the proclivity and growing practice of erstwhile good dogmen of "going fishing." They have a hard-earned reputation for veracity to cherish, and with such in possession are in trust for posterity, one cannot be too careful these days. Still I do not anticipate any alarming defection, since no dogman of proper sentiments will ever take any thrilling pleasure in catching trout till the latter are bred true black, white and tan in color, of that there is no question. Trout which are orange-ticked, or red ticked or roan, can never hope to hold a firm place in the seething corner of the true dogman's heart, in which repose his large store of pure affections. The dogman is a keen stickler for the refinements in the fancy, and when he goes fishing or angling—or both—he should not forget that he has a mission, namely, to improve and elevate his brethren of the fly. Never neglect true art, and this cannot be done without a conscientious observance of details. For instance, it is now quite as bad form to shoot a quail, snipe, woodcock or grouse over a liver-colored setter as it is to catch a trout with a worm, or, rather, to catch a trout by inducing him under various cloaks of kindness and friendship, to bite a worm with a concealed weapon about its person. To the rude barbarian, who shoots to kill or fishes with a pole, the delicacies of true art are naught; yet the little refinements, after all, are what fill the longings of the spirit of the true sportsman for something nobler and higher. If a sportsman feels that his pleasure rests solely on possessing a dog whose color matches his own complexion, or whose happiness consists in wearing a costume which harmonizes with the foliage, the sky, the birds or the eternal fitness of things, who, by a single word, would deny the happiness to him?

But it is useless to get fish and dog mixed—even the Indian would not so fancy them. Yet I dislike to see man's best friend deserted for the tinsel and glitter of speckled beauties.

Mr. Geo. E. Gray, the well-known trainer and field trial handler, stopped over at Minneapolis to attend the dog show. The summer sun and prairie winds had left a healthy bronze on his cheek, and the firm grip of his hand denoted that he is no weakling. He was en route to Indiana with a string of twelve dogs. The southern part of the State will be the section in which he will give his dogs work on quail and put on the finishing touches preparatory to the fall contests.

The sportsmen who are interested in field trials should keep in mind that the All-Aged Stake of the International Field Trials closes positively on Nov. 1. Address W. B. Wells, Secretary, Chatham, Ontario.

At the Minneapolis show I met Mr. Paul H. Gotzian, who still admires his old fancy, although he is not so materially interested as an owner as in months not far in the past. There, too, was Mr. Al. C. Anderson, always amiable and affable. He, the present year, took a trip to the Pacific coast, but did not take an active interest in canine matters while there.

I read with much pain of the destruction of the entire plant of the *St. Laudry Clarion*, a weekly paper published at Opelousas, La. Mr. J. W. Jackson, a gentleman well known as a sportsman and breeder of fine dogs, is the editor. All the circumstances indicated that the fire was of incendiary origin. The paper was fearless and independent in its policy, which undoubtedly made it some enemies. It is just such papers as the *St. Laudry Clarion* that the South needs to stir it to action and to strive for progress. With an energy which is supposed to be limited to the boundaries of the North, the paper came out the following week, but undismayed and unflinching. Out of the ashes of that fire, I believe, will grow a larger paper with the loyalty of a large constituency clustering about it. So let us hope it will be.

In a brief note Capt. C. M. McMurdo informed us that he would pass through Chicago about Oct. 4 on his way to his home in Virginia. It will be remembered that he has been enjoying the bountiful chicken crop in Manitoba. A pleasure was lost by being absent from Chicago in attending the Minneapolis show at the time Captain McMurdo was in the city. When speaking of a genuine gentleman and sportsman, one can never go wrong in mentioning the Captain.

Mr. H. W. Lacy, kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM, stepped off the train in Chicago Sunday morning, Oct. 1, and the two Western representatives of FOREST AND STREAM met him simultaneously after a wait of about two hours in the ghostly morning hours for his arrival on a late train. We felt much solicitude for him, as we greatly feared he might be lost in this great city. He was en route to Huron, S. D., to dally with the gay greyhound and giddy jack rabbit. As he did not leave till evening there was time for a trip to the World's Fair, which was made by boat. It is considered the proper caper on seeing the Fair to look awe-struck or interested and to remark that it is a great and glorious enterprise, a grand monument to American enterprise in general and Chicago in particular, etc, *ad infinitum*, but Mr. Lacy did neither. He gazed upon it as calmly as if world's fairs were as common as cobblestones. He greatly admired FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit in the Fisheries Building. But we were pressed for time and hurriedly walked through the middle of the grounds and the Plaisance I believe that Mr. Lacy was not quite in his usual good form, as he only talked dog about eight-tenths of the time.

Mr. Anderson Retires.

I regret to learn that Mr. H. B. Anderson of Glen View, N. J., will retire from the profession of dog training; that is, I regret it is to lose a man who was an ornament to it. I rejoice that he will be in a better occupation, and my wishes go with him for his prosperity and happiness. He writes to me, under date of Oct. 9, as follows: "I drop you this note to say that I am going out of dogs entirely. I am returning to the practice of dentistry, and after the 15th inst., my office address will be Franklinville, N. Y., where all communications should be sent. I look over my three years as a professional handler with pardonable pride, as I have been instrumental in landing six winners in three seasons, viz., Ready II., Nugget, Bedford, Lady Alice, Nanon and Ben Hur of Riverview, who I prepared for last year's Members' Stake, Philadelphia trials. I am also out of red setters entirely, and no more need apply. The only dog I keep in retiring is a Rowdy Rod ex Prima Donna puppy." He, too, has an enviable record as a gentlemanly handler.

B. WATERS.

Westchester County Fair Show.

THE dog show of the Westchester County Fair was held at White Plains, N. Y., Sept. 25 to 30. The undersigned did the benching and superintended the show. There were 165 dogs on exhibition. Mr. George Laick, secretary of the National Beagle Club, was judge. Mt. Morgan Kennels of St. Bernards had a fine string of dogs, two fine Yorkshire bitches being with them. Palisade Kennels had smooth-coated St. Bernards; and mastiff dog Ray took second prize. Herman Kruger of New York city showed some St. Bernards, also Dr. James of Rye, N. Y., had seven St. Bernards. Foxhounds were fine; Hall, Brown & Co. won first in the dogs and first and second in puppies. Sixteen beagle dogs and puppies were shown. Sunnyside Kennels, owned by Beck and brother, showed six dogs; two won first and two second. Brier Cliff Kennels first in dogs. This dog won at Yonkers, N. Y., and he at New York city. Mr. Laick was at home among these little hunters. Pointers shown by Mr. W. J. Gormley of Yonkers were a fine string. H. McCarty of Tarrytown showed two good pointer puppies. There were only three English setters shown and they were nothing extra.

Three collie bitches were shown; the first and second were good. In great Danes two showed up The first prize dog, Hannis II., owned by Ernest Hoig of New York city, stands 32in. and his weight is 160lbs.; he was admired by all who saw him. Three greyhounds were shown; the first and second dogs were fine. There were only three Irish setters and Mr. Laick was some time judging them as both winners were very good.

Terriers were out in force and there were many good ones. The bull-terrier prize winner was above the average. In pugs one entry took first. French poodles had two entries, and the first prize winner in dogs, owned by H. McCarty, was a good one. The judging was done more systematically than ever before, Mr. Laick giving general satisfaction.

D. C. PAULDING.

NORTH TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Mr. Barrymore's Spaniels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my letter to you of recent date, and describing to you the spaniels which Messrs. Barrymore and Kent have, I fear I made a mistake, as these toys were obtained on board a China steamer at San Francisco, and as the description given by W. K. Taunton answers exactly to the dogs referred to, I am of the opinion that they are the genuine Chinese toy spaniel, as hereafter described: "China also possesses a small breed of toy dogs very much resembling the Japanese spaniel, with which the public are familiar from the specimens exhibited from time to time at our different shows. They are about the size of a small Blenheim spaniel, with long, silky, wavy coats, black and white; the nose is not so short as in our modern toy spaniels. These dogs come from Pekin and thereabouts, and are obtained through the Napaulese traders, who go to Lhassa in Thibet and get the dogs from the Chinese caravans which go there."—(W. K. Taunton, "Foreign Dogs," 1888, England.)

The spaniels which I mentioned are black and white, with long hair, although they are not over five to seven months old. To give you a better idea I send you a photo of them, for which we must thank Messrs. Lear & Cotton. I have never been an admirer of toys, but after seeing these beautiful dogs I am converted and I hope to see a class for them in these United States.

RICHARD FRANCIS.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 10.

New Jersey Kennel League Meeting.

At a meeting of the league held at Newark, N. J., Oct. 9, the following were present: Edward H. Radel, W. O. Kuebler, Dr. W. F. Seidler, Edwin H. Morris, E. R. Christopher, A. A. Eisele, August Harne, M. A. Hanchett, Frank Link, Dr. L. R. Sattler, W. J. Whelan, C. F. Lewis, Dr. G. A. Van Wagenen, J. E. Eisele, C. C. Brandt, Chas. Kuschler, Dr. Guenther, J. N. Sinnock, Theo. L. Lenthauser, Dr. E. Guenther, F. McCue, L. Dumphey, J. Mitchell, H. Johnson, A. Harrison.

The executive first made a report of the progress made in regard to the dog show, Thanksgiving week, at the Industrial Hall, adjoining the Grand Opera House, Newark, N. J., and received the most flattering commendation of the members.

The following judges were nominated and appointed by a unanimous vote: St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and pugs, Miss Anna H. Whitney; mastiffs, a judge to be chosen by the Mastiff Club; great Danes, A. H. Heppner; deerhounds, greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds and all setters, John Brett; pointers, J. H. Winslow; collies, Martin Dennis; beagles and foxhounds, Jos. Lewis; whippets, poodles, Yorkshire and toy terriers, King Charles, Prince Charles, Blenheim, ruby and Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds, schipperkes and Mexican hairless, Edwin H. Morris; bloodhounds, dachshunds, all spaniels used for sport, bulldogs, bull, fox, Boston, Irish, Dandie Dinmonts, Scotch, Skye, Bedlington, Clydesdale and black and tan terriers, miscellaneous and selling classes, James Mortimer.

A change was then recommended in the premium list, from $15 and $7 in open classes, to $12, $6 and $4, which with additional classes for puppies in fox-terriers, and a division of American and English foxhounds, were sanctioned.

Mr. John Read, of New York, was appointed as superintendent, and Mr. Frank Link, of Newark, assistant superintendent. Dr. C. R. Sattler was made veterinarian of the show. Messrs. Kuebler, Whelan, Christopher and Winter were selected as a committee to secure the presence of the Governor of the State.

A first list of local specials was read, which includes a valuable award for best St. Bernard given by Ed Radel, the president.

A special for best pointer in the open class, by Charles Bassini. A piece of furniture for a class he selects by Mr. Kuhn, of Kuhn & Co. A handsome table for best toy dog, by Miss Augustine Hahn. By a friend of the breed, $10, for best open class mastiff. For best Irish setter, $15 cash, by Mr. Quimby. For greyhound, $10 lamp, by Emil Hoffman. Assemblyman Joseph M. Byrnes offers $5 in cocker class. Mr. Sparkes, of Rockridge & Co., a valuable collar. Another list with $40, given by the Fox-Terrier Club, medals by the Collie Club, a cup and flask for bull-terriers, two specials for poodles, several in the pet dog division, a picture by Muss-Arnolt for the best open class pointer; a wolfhound special, and several kennel specials, was also read.

The meeting was then adjourned until 17th inst., when the premium list is to be ready for issue.

Pugs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the "Dog Chat" of your issue of Sept. 23 is an item announcing the arrival per steamship Spain of my pugs Dong and Haughty Madge; and as the information is somewhat misleading I may be allowed space for a correction. The dogs were shipped from London Sept. 3 by that steamer and she reached her dock at New York on the evening of Sept. 18. Madge endured the fifteen days' trip well, and came ashore in very good condition, but I regret to advise you that Dong did not survive the voyage, having been found dead in his box on the morning of Sept. 16. As the steamer officials could assign no satisfactory explanation and neglected to bring his body to port the cause of this sudden demise of one of the best pugs of his day may ever remain a mystery.

Dong (E. 30,104) was by champion Loris ex Pooty, and was born Feb. 21, 1890, consequently was in the very prime of life and usefulness. He was the possessor of a great show record, having been the winner of over sixty prizes, and gold and silver medals, at all the best shows in the Kingdom. He has repeatedly beaten Fairy King, champion Mayor of Leeds, Royal Duke of Rozelle, Royal Darkie, Drummer and others in the front rank. It has been claimed for Dong that he was the best-headed pug living, and as a sire he knew no superior, being prolific, sure, and potent in begetting high quality. He gave promise of great usefulness in this country, and his loss is a sad misfortune to the pug fancy of America.

Haughty Madge (E. 35,148) is by Bentley ex Sea Gull, and was born March 13, 1891. She also has made a remarkable show record on the other side, being the winner of 46 firsts, 21 specials, 4 gold medals and 8 cups at the leading shows, and having meritoriously defeated champion Mayor of Leeds, Royal Duke of Rozelle, champion Confidence, Haughty Major, Drummer, champion Princess Rose, Aline, and all other competitors. Indeed, she is quite generally considered in England the best pug alive, and it is hoped that her excellencies may be as apparent in America. F. C. Nims.

Painesville, O., Oct. 3.

A Police Dog.

Rochester, N. Y.—I append a clipping from the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* which tells the tale of a dog without a pedigree: "Police Jack, the dog who has been known to every policeman on the night force for over five years, met with a fatal accident shortly after midnight this morning. He went with Special Officer Ned into the *Union and Advertiser* building, and when on the fifth floor fell through the elevator shaft to the basement, six stories below. He died instantly.

"Police Jack, or Copper Jack, as he was sometimes called, was a small, brown, insignificant looking dog, who came to Sergeant Frank Allen in East Rochester five years ago, and has been with the night force ever since. Every night after that as the night force went on duty he appeared, and followed some officer along his beat. Where he came from when first he appeared nobody has been able to discover. There was not a man on the night force who was not his friend. Whenever a prisoner was refractory, when the dog was near, he would bite him on the legs and help the officer in every way possible. The death of the little dog will bring genuine sorrow to the entire force."

O. Stewart Bamber.

A Badger's Invitation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the article in your paper of Sept. 23, in which my friend Mr. Geo. Thomas says that Paddy Doolan "can do" my badger. If he can do her (George being in the terrier business), he can sell Paddy to advantage. I do not sign my real name, but that George may know that his dog will have good care while in my possession (I don't vouch for what the badger will do with him), I refer to Mr. Lacy, of your paper. The badger and I are both waiting for Paddy, and George if he will accompany his tyke. Badger.

[We can vouch for it that the "Badger" on the outside will take good care of Paddy before he goes in and afterward, should he come out. But "between whiles" he must take his chances.]

Dr. O. S. Bamber has purchased a pointer pup 11mos. old by Billy Beaumont—Lady Monte, that is said to show excellent field qualities, as well as being pleasing to look upon.

DOG CHAT.

Sir Bedivere Goes West.

Things are very quiet in St. Bernard ranks just now, and the St Bernard Club seems to have pulled down the blinds altogether for the nonce. We are able, however, to give a little news that will startle St. Bernardom from its lethargy. We have heard little of Arthur Trickett since he went out to Little Rock, Ark., to take charge of Mr. C. A. Pratt's kennel. Arthur is a pretty quiet sort and mysterious at times, and especially so when he is freighted with important news. In this mood he seems to have strolled into the Forest and Stream office on Monday, much to our surprise, and it was some time before we learned that the great Sir Bedivere leaves us to take up his quarters in the Argyle Kennels. We did not suppose that Mr. Reick was in earnest when he placed all his dogs on the sale list, and that the gem of his collection should be the first to go surprised us no little. Such is the case, however, and the crack is said to be in good health, though out of coat and flesh. Mr. Trickett starts with him to-morrow (Tuesday) on his 2,000-mile journey. The price paid is private. Mr. Pratt has Alton II., Wyoming Belle, etc., in his kennel, besides several very fair bitches, and one smooth pup is said to be quite a good one. In all he has about twenty St. Bernards. The kennels are situated near the station at Little Rock, and as the latter is on the line of travel to and only sixty-five miles from the Hot Springs, it would seem a good location for a kennel, though the weather is rather warm for St. Bernards we should think. Whether Sir Bedivere will he shown East will all depend upon how he improves in condition between now and spring. Mr. Trickett tells us he is well pleased with his new quarters, and with the aid of another good bitch which they expect to purchase, can now put down a team that will compare favorably with former teams Arthur has had in charge. Mr. Reick has still Marvel, Young Bute, Kingston Regent, Princess Florence, Rustic Beauty, etc., from which he can choose a formidable quartette for the kennel prizes. It is not unlikely that A. M. Hughes will take hold of this kennel, and if he does we shall hope to see the dogs in good shape once more. We congratulate Mr. Pratt on his plucky purchase and trust he will have the success he deserves. Little Rock may now lay claim to having the best of the breed.

Dandie Dinmonts.

There is quite a discussion going on in English papers on the question of training Dandie Dinmonts, and Mr. Rankine in the course of a letter to the *Scottish Fancier* drops some ideas gained from his experience of thirty years' breeding that may be useful to our breeders this side of the water, as we have noticed the same things that he complains of in some of the terriers shown lately at our shows In speaking of the coat standing out—staring—and making a certain dog look much heavier than in reality he was, and almost like anything than one would expect a working Dandie should appear, he says: "It has all along and still remains to be my firm and distinctive conviction that a Dandie should have what is known as a 'pily coat,' composed of a mixture of hard and softish hair—the hard, however, predominating over the soft; so as to give, when handled, a crispish feeling—and its length may run from 1½ to 2½in., but as above indicated, when it exceeds the latter figure it may be said to have grown to an unnatural length, which it often does under what may almost be termed artificial or unnatural circumstances, for it is not by any means the Dandie's nature to be made a pampered house pet. Now, I hazard the further remark that it has long been an established fact that where a Dandie is pampered in the house—as too many undoubtedly are—and insufficiently exercised, and not groomed with a pretty hard brush, the soft hair seems to grow considerably more profuse and to a much greater length than the hard hair, and eventually the soft hair predominates over the hard, giving the coat a soft, silky feeling and the dog a false appearance, neither of which are characteristic of the breed."

N. E. K. C. Meeting.

The New England Kennel Club selected a good list of working officers at their annual meeting, Oct. 5: President, Edward Brooks; Vice-President, John E. Thayer; Secretary, David E. Loveland; Treasurer, George A. Fletcher. Board of Governors, Edward Brooks, John E. Thayer, David E. Loveland, George A. Fletcher, James W. Newman, J. P. Barnard, George H. Eddy, Harry W. Smith, Samuel Hammond, Jr. Bench show committee, Edward Brooks, David E. Loveland, George A. Fletcher. Delegate to A. K. C., Edward Brooks. There have been rumors that Mr. Brooks was going to retire from active interest in dogs and dog shows, but we can ill afford to lose such men in the fancy, and his election to the presidency of such a prominent kennel club as the N. E. K. C. will, we trust, draw the bonds still tighter.

Dachshunds.

Mr. John Matthews, the well-known bulldog exhibitor, did so well at the pet dog show with the dachshund bitch he bought from Mr. Manice that he has purchased another one, a dog pup this time, by Jay ex Sister. Mr. Manice thinks he has a coming dog in the queerly named Ichyosaurus, second at Boston, though it is a hit coarse. We do not know whether Mrs. Cleveland's new fancy will turn the fashion toward this quaint breed, but at any rate dachshunds are coming to the front. A well-bred dachshund or two round the house lend a quaint charm that is absent in many of the more popular breeds. Mr. Manice this week places some of his stock at prices that are ridiculously low.

Pug Dog Dong's Death.

We very much regret that such a good pug as Dong must have been did not live to take his part in our dog shows. The disqualification of Sprake, the death of Bonsor leave a gap in the pug ranks here that should be filled by something as good, if not better. A good pug or two are sadly needed just now, as, outside of Bob Ivy, there is really not a good one going the rounds at present. Half a loaf is, however, better than no bread at all, and we are glad that Mr. Nims has at least one good one in Haughty Madge, who will probably, if all goes well, be seen at Chicago next February.

New breeds are cropping up every day. In the New York *Herald* we see an inquiry for a very small white Puerto Rician poodle, about two years old, with abundance of hair. *Stock-Keeper* this week tells us of a new one that Mr. Morrison of England has just introduced at the Edinburgh show. Yozo, as it is named, comes from the interior of Japan and is coal black, his head in formation and expression is exactly that of a black pug's, so are his ears, and his tail has the curl; his legs are shorter and he has more bone, but he has a rough long coat like a Pomeranian. It is the first that has ever been seen in England, but Mr. Raper found no difficulty in putting it first in the foreign class, and the above journal pertinently asks how he came by his knowledge of the breed.

A gentleman living in Philadelphia writes us as follows: "Can you give me the name and address of a good man to break in a young setter dog, who lives near Philadelphia?" This is the third request of this kind that we have received within a week from persons living in cities not very far from New York, and such inquiries are constantly coming to us. We know of many good dog handlers, but most of them devote all their time to preparing dogs for field trial work, and so reside at a distance from the larger cities, and in places where inhabitants are few and birds abundant. While persons who have dogs to be trained for field trials are usually willing to send them far away to the best handlers, there are a great many others, having young dogs to be broken for their own shooting, who much prefer to keep the animals within reach, where they can occasionally see them and judge with their own eyes as to how their education is progressing. We have no doubt that many excellent handlers are to be found within easy reach of Philadelphia, New York, New Haven and Boston, but we do not know their names and are not able to learn them. It would certainly seem worth while for such handlers to register their names at this office, sending in at the same time references from sportsmen with whom they have had dealings. In this way we should be able to recommend such handlers and to benefit them and such of our readers as may wish to obtain their services.

Mr. C. C. M. Hunt, of Palmyra, N. Y., called last Friday on his way to Mr. Bradley's place at Greenfield Hill, to enjoy a little shooting. He tells us he will run his pointer Grouse in the All-Age at the Eastern field trials next month. Mr. John Lewis, who is now at Reidsville, N. C., will have him in hand and also educate a young setter of Mr. Hunt's.

Mr. Angus Cameron goes South shortly with the Hempstead Farm Kennels entries in the Eastern.

We have received several letters commenting unfavorably on the late awarding of the "Ashmont" trophy, but as they are over *noms de plume*, it would serve no good purpose to publish them, anonymous communications carrying no conviction or weight. The prize has been awarded, and the lesson learned, so let the sore heal up as best it may,

At a meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club held Oct. 4, the treasurer reported a balance of $891.

We have received a letter from the owner of the bull-terrier Young Marquis, questioning Mr. Watson's decision at Danbury show and asking for information of the relative merits of Cordona and his dog Topsparkle, etc. We do not wish any controversy on the subject, but if the judge sees fit to give reasons for his decision, all well and good, further than this we are not interested in the matter.

Mr. C. W. Tway, of Irwin, O., left Tuesday week for Bloomfield; Ia., where he will locate to train some dogs for private shooting, and prepare his entries for the field trials. He also advises us that he will accept two more dogs to train for private shooting and one for trials.

Mr. W. L Washington's Irish setter bitch Ownie met her death through the burning of Mr. J. C. Heinz's business building, her owner having loaned her to Mr. Heinz for sporting purposes. Mr. Washington valued the bitch highly and we sympathise with him in his loss.

The annual meeting of the National Beagle Club will take place at the Krueder Homestead, Nanuet, N. Y., Oct. 30, at 7 P. M. Officers for ensuing year will he elected.

Mr. Tulk tells us that the Hamilton Kennel Club propose holding another local show some time during the winter and are trying to secure the old post-office building. There is also some talk of starting a boarding kennel on the outskirts of the city.

The postponed executive committee meeting of the A. K. C. will be held Oct. 27, at 3 P. M., at 44 Broadway, New York.

Field trial men should not forget that the All-Age Stake entries for the International Field Trials close Nov. 1. In addition to the 40% of entrance money for first the winner will also take the cup for one year, presented by Messrs. Cassimir Gzowski and Christopher Robinson, Q. C. The forfeit is $5 and $5 additional to start. Mr. W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont., is the secretary.

The noted collie bitch Elgin Bawdor Vida was recently shipped to this city on the Ethiopia, consigned to a gentleman who is starting a kennel of this breed. The bitch has won several prizes in England and before sailing was bred to Fife Keith Mark. With her came Bowdor Mayflower, by Ormskirk Chris ex Blundellsand Benie, and she was bred to Ormskirk Amazement. She is also a winner of prizes.

Detroit Will Have a Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The second annual dog show of the City of the Straits Kennel Club, Limited, will be held at the Auditorium, Detroit, Feb. 14 to 17, 1894, under A. K. C. rules.

We would like to hear from breeders and handlers that may have suggestions to make, as we wish to prepare premium list as soon as possible. There will be classes for all breeds same as at last show, with puppy classes added. The regular list will show fully as much money as in '92, and if possible will be larger, while our list of cash specials, cups, etc., will excel. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 3.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Love's Kent. By W. I. Love, Birmingham, Ala., for black and white pointer dog, whelped June 10, 1893, by Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang) out of Mack's Juno (Rex Morgan—Fleet).

Pudge. By W. B. McBride, Birmingham, Ala., for silver fawn pug dog, whelped June 18, 1893, by imported Drummer (Bruce—Patience) out of Pitti Sing (imported Othello—Jule).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Devonshire Pearl—Duke of Dexter. C. D. Roberts's (Dexter, Me.) imported pointer bitch Devonshire Pearl (Devonshire Nero—Devonshire Fan) to his Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski), July 10.

Uno King Don—Duke of Dexter. R. W. Pope's (Gardiner, Me.) pointer bitch Uno King Don (King Don—Patti M, II.) to C. D. Roberts's Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski), Sept. 22.

Lady Vixen—Duke of Dexter. F. R. Page's (Orland, Me.) pointer bitch Lady Vixen to C. D. Roberts's Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski), April 23.

——*—Romulus.* David Dows, Jr.'s, Irish terrier bitch —— to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Romulus, July 3.

Westminster Gladys—Duke of Hessen. Philip Daly, Jr.'s, pointer bitch Westminster Gladys to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Duke of Hessen, July 15.

Minnie Sefton—Conrad II. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Minnie Sefton to their Conrad II., July 25.

Westminster Blanche—Sandford Druid. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) pointer bitch Westminster Blanche to their Sandford Druid, July 24.

Suffolk Rarity—Suffolk Trimmer. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) fox-terrier bitch Suffolk Rarity to their Suffolk Trimmer, June 26.

Merryleys—Sandford Druid. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) pointer bitch Merrylegs to their Sandford Druid, April 13.

Suffolk Venus—Suffolk King. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Suffolk Venus to their Suffolk King, April 8.

Roslyn Eileen—Romulus. Harry Jarrett's Irish terrier bitch Roslyn Eileen to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Romulus. Sept. 3.

Gypsey—Woodmansterne Trefoil. B. E. Valentine's collie bitch Gypsey to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil, Aug. 29.

Gem—Conrad II. Woodlawn Park Kennels' collie bitch Gem to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Conrad II., Aug. 16.

Nellie—Fenian Boy. Valentine Mott's Irish terrier bitch Nellie to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Fenian Boy, Aug. 17.

Flora—Woodmansterne Trefoil. Woodlawn Park Kennels's collie bitch Flora to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Woodmansterne Trefoil, July 28.

Quern Dare—Lad of Kent. A. Gedge's (New Haven, Conn.) pointer bitch Queen Dare to champion Lad of Kent, July 29.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Queen Dare. A. Gedge's (New Haven, Conn.) pointer bitch Queen Dare. Sept. 28 four (three dogs), by champion Lad of Kent.

Devonshire Pearl. C. D Roberts's (Dexter, Me.) pointer bitch Devonshire Pearl (Devonshire Nero—Devonshire Fan), Sept. 10, eight (five dogs), by his Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski).

Lady Vixen. F. R. Page's (Orland, Me.) pointer bitch Lady Vixen, June 28, eight (four dogs), by C. D. Roberts's Duke of Dexter (Duke of Vernon—Boski).

Florence. M. J. Flaherty's (Providence, R. I.) English setter bitch Florence (Roi d'Or—Nellie Bly), Oct. 1, nine (four dogs), by T. M. Aldrich's Gene (Druid—Ruby).

Miss Nelson. W. M. Wood's (Pittsfield, Mass.) English setter bitch Miss Nelson (Tacomic—Kameela), June 25, five (two dogs), by E. O. Damon's The Corsair (Dan Gladstone—Haydee).

Miss Russell. J. D. Faley's (Washington, D C.) English setter bitch Miss Russell (Gath's Mark—Princess Joy), Sept. 24, five bitches, by Blue Ridge Kennels' Antonio (Roderigo—Bo-Peep); entire litter dead.

——. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) pointer bitch ——— (Duke of Hessen—Queen Fan), July 28, nine (five dogs), by their Sandford Druid.

Gem of Kippen. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) pointer bitch Gem of Kippen, July 29, eight (five dogs), by their Sandford Druid.

Zmeika. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) Russian wolfhound bitch Zmeika, July 8, ten (five dogs), by C. S. Hanks's Groubian.

Ormskirk Julia. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Ormskirk Julia, June 30, seven (two dogs), by their Conrad II.

Merrylegs. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) pointer bitch Merrylegs, June 15, two dogs, by their Sandford Druid.

Suffolk Venus. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) wire-haired fox-terrier bitch Suffolk Venus, June 11, two (one dog), by their Suffolk King.

Countess. W. L. Davidson's smooth fox-terrier bitch Countess, Sept. 20, six (two dogs), by D. J. Rogers's Ebor Larchmont.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Nellie Mac. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Feb. 3, 1891, by Beaufort H. out of Fannie, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to J. C. Stiver, Boston, Mass.

Strebor Frank. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 13, 1892, by Duke of Dexter out of Uno King Don, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to J. S. Cross, Lawrence, Mass.

Ring. Black and tan foxhound dog, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to W. E. Tibbatts, Amesbury, Mass.

Strebor Deblois. Liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 13, 1892, by Duke of Dexter out of Uno King Don, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn.

Strebor Martha. Liver and white pointer bitch, whelped July 13, 1893, by Duke of Dexter out of Uno King Don, by C. D. Roberts, Dexter, Me., to John McElwee, same place.

Arline. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 13, 1893, by champion Fitzhugh Lee out of Lady Novice, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to A. Wood Pawtucket, R. I.

Eva. White, tan and black beagle bitch, whelped March 13, 1893, by champion Fitzhugh Lee out of Lady Novice, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to H. G. H. Tarr, New York city.

Claude. White, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped March 13, 1893, by champion Fitzhugh Lee out of Lady Novice, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to E. P. Butler, Pawtucket, R. I.

The Deuce. White, black and tan beagle dog, whelped March 13, 1893, by champion Fitzhugh Lee out of Lady Novice, by A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., to J. E. Dawson, Pawtucket, R. I.

——. Bull-terrier dog, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempsted, L. I., to J. McCormick, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Duke of Hessen- Queen Fan whelp. Pointer dog, whelped July 11, 1893, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game whelp. Liver and white pointer, whelped July 27, 1893, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to F. E. Lewis, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Grove Tipster—Ridgefield Nettle whelp. Fox-terrier dog, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to H. S. Brooks, New York city.

Woodmansterne Trefoil—Green Mountain Lass. Collie dog, whelped May 20, 1893, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to Col. H. Le Grand Cannon, Burlington, Vt.

Drummer—Fitti Sing whelps. Silver fawn pug dogs, whelped June 18, 1893, by T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., one each to W. B. McBride, same place, and W. W. Hobson, Clinton, Ia.

Kent Elgin—Luck of Raby whelp. Black and white pointer dog, whelped June 18, 1893, by T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., to W. B. Townsend, Lewisburg, Ala.

Love's Kent. Black and white pointer dog, whelped June 10, 1893, by Kent Elgin out of Mack's Juno, by T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., to W. I. Love, same place.

Kent Elgin—Mack's June whelp. Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped June 10, 1893, by T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala., to W. B. Townsend, Lewisburg, Ala.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

F. B. Z., Gloversville, N. Y.—The owner of the collie Sefton Hero is Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, whose kennels are at Highland Falls, N. Y.

J. M. N., Albany, N. Y.—Would you be kind enough to give me the pedigree of the rough-coated St. Bernards Blucher and Madeline. Ans. Blucher (A. K. R 3,577), by Thor out of Myrtle, by Leo (E. 7,461), Thor by Thor (E. 2,462). Madeline (A. K. R. 5,532), by Hermit (E. 11,757), out of Mochin's Rab, by Bailey's Hob (Roy—Duchess, E. 6,429), out of King's Juno, by champion Oscar out of Luna.

Nearing Perfection.

In the growth and perfection of appliances which make railway traveling luxurious and comfortable, the people of the United States have noted with much pride the progress that has been made in recent years. We have been for many years much better off in this regard than have the people of Europe. In the old countries the tracks have been so much more solidly and substantially built that until recently we have been behind Europe in the speed at which trains could be moved over the rails. This state of affairs has, however, been remedied. The great four track New York Central & Hudson River Railroad has been patiently spending enormous sums of money upon the improvement of its road-bed, till to-day, with steel rails of massive size and weight, bridges and culverts of steel and solid masonry, block signals and tracks ballasted with broken stone, it can challenge any country in the world to compete with it. In point of fact, the traveler in America to-day, going west from New York via the New York Central, has his choice of Five Great Limited Trains, on each of which he may enjoy all the luxuries of a palatial home, or a completely equipped business office, and be whirled over the country at a rate of speed uniformly higher than is known anywhere else in the world, while at the same time he can keep thoroughly informed as to the state of the market and on all essential matters pertaining to his business. Truly, we are a luxurious people.—*Adv.*

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 23.—Brunswick Fur Club Trials, at North Acton, Mass. Bradford S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., Sec'y.

Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club Trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Sec'y.

Oct. 31.—The Cowley County Coursing Association, Winfield, Kan. J. R. Ballard, Sec'y.

Nov. 1.—Northwestern Beagle Club's Trials, at Whitewater, Wis. L. Steffen, Sec'y.

Nov. 1.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting, at Leoti, Kan. W. D Allphin, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club's Trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y.

Coursing in Colorado.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A jolly party of enthusiastic coursers was that which took the Union Pacific train out of Denver on Saturday evening, Sept. 20. After five hours' ride the party left the train at Kit Carson, 152 miles east of Denver, where they were met with a team and wagon and taken to the Bartels Brothers' stock ranch, seven miles southeast. The whole party at once unfolded their blankets and then took several hours' rest. A good breakfast was served, after which the party all went out in the pasture to witness the trials of the dogs belonging to the St. Patrick Kennels, preparatory to the Goodland meet. The first pair put in the slips were Boomerang and Border Ruffian. The former is well known, having made quite a reputation for himself at Great Bend last year. The latter is a black and white puppy sired by Dingwall out of Miss Kitten. Jacks being plentiful one was soon put up. The invincible Boomerang had no difficulty in disposing of the Dingwall puppy. He ran with all the fire and determination which characterized his running at the Bend. Bon Bon and Bonny Belle, both litter sisters of Border Ruffian, were next on the card. To a poor slip Bonny Belle reached the jack a scant length in the lead. After the first turn a number of exchanges, in which it was "give and take" were made before Bon Bon dashed in and killed.

Then a pair of the ranch dogs, old St. Patrick and Bracelet, furnished the party with a good course, the puppy Bracelet getting the better of the old dog, who has lost none of his speed, but has learned to be "cunning." The course finished the party adjourned to the house, where several hours were spent in recalling reminiscences and telling yarns over the dinner table.

Dinner over, fresh horses were saddled and the same dogs taken out for another trial. Boomerang and Bon Bon made a good course of their trial. Boomerang led, turned to Bon Bon, who once in possession, worked the jack very quickly, and was hard to displace. Boomerang, however, was equal to the occasion and fairly crowded the bitch out of his way, wrenched twice, flecked and killed. Then came the race of the day. Border Ruffian and Bonny Belle were slipped on a blacktail at about 75yds. The run up was the prettiest and most exciting one ever witnessed by any of those present. The pair left the slips on even terms and both seemingly getting into their stride at the same time, neither could get clear of the other. A blanket would have covered the pair until within a few yards of the jack, when the rabbit swerving in favor of the dog he pulled out and gained the turn by half a length. Then it was give and take until the kill was effected, and all in all was a very near thing.

These trials over, the above dogs were taken back to the kennels and the ranch dogs turned out. The party then rode out on the flats east of the ranch toward "First View" (so named because in traveling west you can get your first view of the Rockies from this point). About five miles out, one of the party sighted a band of antelope. There proved to be eleven in the band, but in spite of all the precautions taken they were unable to get near enough to start the dogs. Several coyotes were seen in the distance, but they too avoided being chased by "lighting out from the word go."

On the ride back to the ranch, several jacks were run, some killed and others allowed to live to run another day.

After a hearty supper the courses and the sport in general were discussed and run over again.

The following day the party returned to Denver well satisfied with the sport furnished. A vote of thanks was extended to the Bartels Bros. for their hospitality and to the ranch hands, who did everything in their power to make the trip a pleasant one. That they all look forward to these annual trials with great pleasure, goes without saying.

KEPPEL.

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"Huronites."

ANY ONE who wishes to indulge in a sport that stirs the blood, and that has a slight touch of danger in it, should try a little coursing on the prairies. We have followed the hounds in good countries; bushwhacked it in Australia when an "old man" kangaroo has been our game; but for breezy, clean and exciting sport commend us to a hot burst after a strong jack on such ground as South Dakota affords. Coursing as conducted at Huron affords a sport that should be welcomed by sportsmen in the East or anywhere. If this sport was only given the attention it deserved we are certain that many of our wealthy young men would start a kennel of greyhounds, and soon, instead of a few isolated meetings, we should have a list of fixtures that would increase with every year. Coursing men are proverbially good sportsmen and we may take the Huron meeting as a criterion. Coursing cannot be properly indulged in in the East, but there is no reason why clubs cannot be formed which can hold their meetings at different localities in the West in the same way that the field trials clubs bring off their setter and pointer trials. The expense is no greater; and the excitement and fun beats comparison.

Mr. H. C. Lowe must feel content with his efforts as a greyhound breeder. The winners and runners-up in Cup and Plate were his breeding, and his dog Lord Neversettle, in the first round of the cup, had six of his progeny left in. A feature of this meeting was the excellent shape and build of the greyhounds that came to slips in the finals. There was not one that could not be shown with confidence of getting well up in any bench show company. Viola and Van's Peter are winners, Viola winning firsts at Nashville and Chicago shows. Princess May is a beautifully formed greyhound from shoulders back and has a good front. No such absurdities as a 35-pound greyhound, all legs and wings, as one might say, were seen at this meeting. The names of the parents of nearly every dog that ran are well known, and probably the parents of those unknown to us, such as Mr. Hall brought on from California, are just as good.

Several New York dogs have run in coursing meetings at Great Bend, but never done themselves justice because they were not prepared properly. The result of this meeting shows that Eastern dogs can be sent out here and put in the hands of good trainers, who will crop up in time, just as the field trial trainers did.

Mr. Thos. Hall takes back with him to Merced, Cal., a four months old pup by Royal Crest—Drytime that should give a good account of itself when he gets on his legs. His breeding is good enough anyhow.

Dr. Van Hummel and J. R. Cochran, of Winfield, Kan., with whom he has gone into partnership in running greyhounds, started for Goodland, Kan., on Saturday morning, on a train that carried east a crowd of the visitors to the Huron meeting, including Messrs. Watson, Page, Williams, Hayman, Hall, Allen, Brett, and the FOREST AND STREAM man, and although the train simply scrambled through the intervening territory between Huron and Chicago and left us to forage in the open for victuals, a very enjoyable journey was experienced. The courses were run all over again and though the slips did not break there was lots of fun.

Mr. H. C. Lowe will take his dogs on to Goodland and there is little doubt but that success will be his again.

Mr. A. C. Bradbury stayed over in Huron till Monday, when he also started for the Goodland meeting. It is a pity that Dover, his best dog, went wrong, as he tells us he can run rings round any other in his team. The dog developed rheumatism in the shoulder after being out on Tuesday, the first day, and he was drawn from the rest of the stakes. As evidence of the good going in the Huron country, there were few, if any, dogs beyond Drytime that were seriously affected in their feet, all going to slips, seemingly, in good shape. Sir Hugo, Ban Boy and one or two others were cut by wire, but not to incommode them much.

The stakes were all paid by check to the lucky winners on Friday evening, and although the amounts were not as large as anticipated they were in advance of anything yet given east of the Rockies. Afterward the visitors adjourned to the Huron club room, where with dog chat and song the company passed the time till an early hour next day.

Mr. Longstaff, the secretary of the Huron Coursing Club, is the publisher of the local paper *The Huronite*, and also holds down the postmastership. He devoted a column each day to the coursing and served up several paragraphs that pleased the boys greatly. Here are a few of them:

"A few years from now some of the jacks that were chased and holed will say to the younger generation, 'Oh, yes; you're swift. Or at least you think you are, and that is just as good as long as nothing but our dogs chase you, but you ought to be put against the dogs that chased me at the great International of '93. I am glad you don't get such races, for your folks would be awful sorry to see you killed. Run! why, when I was your age I could do up one leg in a gum overshoe and outrun anything that went on four legs.' And then the young jacks will wink at one another and say, 'Grandad is talking through his hat again to-day.'"

"There should have been a dog race here in June. It seems a great rain producer." Alluding to the rain on Wednesday and Thursday nights. "For prodncing rain dynamite isn't in it. One healthy jack and two dogs will make a bigger hole in the atmosphere than a ton of dynamite."

[The above paragraphs were intended for last week's issue, but were unavoidably crowded out.]

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National Beagle Club Trials Entries.

DERBY CLASS C.

BILL NYE II.—W. H. Hyland's dog (Rip Van Winkle—Queen Nellie), July 17, 1892.

TRIX—John W. Rusk's bitch (McGinty—Nellie Bly II.), April 17, 1892.

MELODY IV.—H. F. Schellhass's bitch (Glory—Marvel).

LITTLE LEE—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Dill), June 24, 1892.

MOLLIE DEAN—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' bitch (Sam—Baby Dean), January 15, 1892.

CLIO—Forest Beagle Kennels' bitch (Bannerman—Twin Two), March 25, 1892.

LEE III.—H. L. Kreuder's dog (Fitzhugh Lee—June Rose), April, 1892.

BLANCHE—H. L. Kreuder's bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Ina), September, 1892.

QUEEN OF THE FOREST—H. L. Kreuder's bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Una), September, 1892.

OPEN CLASS A—15IN.

TRIFLE II.—Geo. Laick's dog (Leader—Jenny).

ORACLE—Waldingfield Kennels' bitch (Orator—Likely).

LUFRA—Waldingfield Kennels' bitch (Orator—Lonesome).

JOE—Guy D. Welton's dog (Billy—Kate).

MODLE—Middleton Kennels' dog (Stormy—June M.).

SNOW—Middleton Kennels' bitch (Stormy—Lucy).

HALCRYON—E. J. & F. W. Becker's dog (Frank Forest—Maud R.).

WANDERER—P. Dorsey's dog (Lee—Fairy).

RAMBLER—P. Dorsey's dog (Lee—Fairy).

BUCK—P. Dorsey's dog (Tecumseh—Mary).

VENUS II.—P. Dorsey's bitch (Lee—Venus).

GLORY—Thos. H. Terry's dog (Storm—Una).

MILLARD—Thos. H Terry's dog (Burk—Little Fly).

GYPSY A.—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' bitch (Kennealy's Lee—Tone).

MARGUERITE—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Dido).

VICK R.—Forest Beagle Kennels' bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Nell).

FANNY RACER—H. L. Kreuder's bitch (Racer, Jr.—Nellie).

GRAYBURN DAISY—H. L. Kreuder's bitch.

JACK BANNERMAN—H. L. Kreuder's dog.

OPEN CLASS B—13IN.

INA—Hermann Mann's bitch (Dan—Jolly).

SPOT R.—George F. Reed's bitch (Kenealy's Lee—Skip).

ADAM—Middleton Kennels' dog (Sport—Trill).

PADE—P. Dorsey's dog (Ned—Flora).

LITTLE LEE—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Dill).

MOLLIE DEAN—Glenrose Beagle Kennels' bitch (Sam—Baby Dean).

GYPSY FOREST—Forest Beagle Kennels' bitch (Frank Forest—Sue Forest).

LOU—H. L. Kreuder's bitch (Keno—Fly).

CHAMPION CLASS D—15IN.

LEE II.—P. Dorsey's dog (Lee—Juliet).

CHAMPION CLASS E—13IN.

ZILLAH—H. L. Kreuder's bitch (Racer, Jr.—Nellie).

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Sale of Greyhounds at Huron.

On Thursday Mr. E. H. Mulcaster, of Fox Lake, Wis., well known as a coursing man of experience, sold by auction a draft of 11 puppies in the field after luncheon. They were very well bred, the blood of Misterton, King Lear, Canaradzo, King Death and Chloe, and many others, including Contango, running in their veins. Considering this, the prices realized were ridiculously low. The following is the list. The first eight are by Glenkirk out of imported Gilda:

H. Munroe, one dog	$12 50
A. C. Bradbury, one dog	6 50
B. Hayman, one dog	10 00
Mr. Allen, one dog	8 00
A. C. Bradbury, one dog	16 50
Melrose & Durban, one bitch	9 00
C. H. Vinton, one bitch	21 50
Dr. Van Hummel, one bitch	15 00
J. H. Longstaff, one bitch	9 00
By Miller's Rab out of Gilda:	
Melrose & Durban, one dog	13 50
C. H. Vinton, one dog	10 00

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A New Coursing Club.

A new coursing club has just been organized in San Francisco at a meeting where about thirty lovers of the leash were present. The officers elected are: D. Shannon, Pres.; J. H. Perrigo, Vice-Pres.; Hugh McCracken, Sec'y; T. Tiernan, Treas. The club will probably open the season at Newark, Cal., on or before Thanksgiving Day, and it is thought will hold a more pretentious meeting at Merced before long. The club starts with a membership of about fifty,

Vermont Foxes and Beagles.

BARTON, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will give you a few notes for Hunting and Coursing columns; and I must thank you for the same column, for I think we lovers of the hounds are deserving of one.

Well, I hate to run up against any such airy writer as "F. J. H.:" but we are having some nice weather for fox hunting; heavy frosts and still days—and I have had the good luck to credit myself with five cases of murder in seven hunts; and "F. J. H." may rest assured that it was no place for him and his steed with wings to be fooling around where these hunts were run.

Foxes are plenty this fall, but soon the fellow with his traps will be around.

My beagles are doing finely. Sport R. that won reserve in Boston '93, and that you spoke so highly of, has six nice-marked ones by Ned (Flute M.—Pride). Pride was a 13in. bitch bred by Dorsey and was as good a dog on fox as you would wish to see work, and would stay up all day. Haida has six by same dog, but what I am looking forward to is a litter from Flash (Bannerman—Lou). These pups are sired by Rattler, a son of Flute M. and Skip and I am in hopes there will be another Frank Forest in the lot. Old Skip is looking fine and takes her hunt alone or in company two or three times each week; she is quite deaf. I think I shall take her to Oxford just to show the boys what a good old beagle is. She will be 12 years old in March. Sport R. I shall run at Nanuet. GEO. F. REED.

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The Northwestern Beagle Club's Trials.

THOSE who are admirers of the miniature foxhound and are interested in his advancment in the appreciation of the public should not neglect such opportunities as are offered by the trials of the Northwestern Beagle Club of America. The sportsmen of America as a class are not informed of the practical qualities of beagles. One field trial in the open fields will accomplish more to enhance the value and appreciation of the breed than a thousand trials on paper. Only by real work can their value be demonstrated. The merry ring of voices, the scurrying closely to a trail through open or cover, the intelligence displayed in solving puzzling problems left by the fugitive rabbit, will all form a part of the work afield and a lesson for the spectators. Goodfellowship, new acquaintance and a better understanding will attend and follow a trial. For every reason, the beagle fancier should strive to give the trials his personal and material support. B. WATERS.

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N. E. B. C. Meeting.

A MEETING of the New England Beagle Club will be held at the Bacon House, Oxford, Mass., Nov. 6, at 7:30 P. M., to nominate officers for the ensuing year. Members are earnestly requested to attend.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The entries for the National Beagle Club's coming trials show that interest in the sport is spreading. Mr. Thomas H. Terry's name is a new one in this particular field, and that he enters two such good dogs as Glory and Millard proves that he takes more than a passing interest in the sport. Beagle men will also be pleased to see Mr. George F. Reed's name among the entries. The Waldingfield Kennels, owned by the Appleton brothers, are welcome additions to the ranks of the "practicals," as are Messrs. Welton, Schellhass, Becker, Mann, Hyland and Rusk. The number of entries from the principal kennels is not so large this year as last, the club in New England evidently having some effect in this respect. Last year the sexes were divied in both 15in. and 13in. classes, and polled four more entries than this year, but we trust that when the draws take place a large number will stay in this year, and this is very likely to be the case. The Derby shows an increase of two entries over last year. Taken altogether the list shows a healthy progress, especially when we remember that there are two other trials in prospect.

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The Bartels Brothers, of Denver, Col., take down a good string of greyhounds to Goodland, Kan. It will consist of Bon Bon, Border Ruffian, Bonny Belle, Billy Taylor and Beau Brummell for the Puppy Stake and Boomerang in the All-Age. They also intended to take Monk Bishop along for the All-Age, but he went lame a week or so ago, and his training was stopped. Mr. Sam Vidler will take Buenarita for the All-Age, and Breakaway (one of the Bartels' dogs), for the Puppy Stake. E. H. Shaw, of Wallace, Neb., will have Beaconsfield (Brabazoun—Daisy B.), a greyhound he bought from Bartels Brothers, for the Puppy Stake, and Hart Boals, of North Platte, Neb., will take two more of the St. Patrick Kennels' breeding—Boal's Hope and Miss Cody (both litter sisters to Breakaway and Beaconsfield), for the Puppy Stake. Mr. Bartels writes us that they are pinning their faith to Bon Bon and Border Ruffian for the Puppy Stake, while Boomerang, if he runs in his Great Bend form, is expected to more than hold his own in the All-Age.

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The business meeting of the American Coursing Club will probably be held at Goodland, Kan., during the coursing meeting there this week. The club may hold a coursing meeting next spring at Great Bend, Kan. Although the affairs of the club have not been managed as well as they might have been it will be a loss to coursing interests to see its fixture abandoned. There are other localities, and probabably better suited for the purpose, where they can hold their annual coursing meet. Now that coursing is taking such root among sportsmen it would be too bad for this club to give up.

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Owing to our execrable chirography one or two typographical errors crept into our report of the Huron coursing. The worst was when we were made to say "scent" instead of "scut." Greyhounds do not follow by scent, but they know a good thing when they see it.

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Mr. John Brett had to hurry home after the coursing at Huron, S. D., to get his kennel in shape for a long absence, as he intended starting south in a week or two. He will take with him his Derby entries Maid Marion and Cactus, who will be put through their final preparation for the trials at Newton, N. C.

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It has been deemed advisable by the executive committee of the Cowley County Coursing Association, to change the date of its second annual meeting to Oct. 31, 1893, instead of Nov. 7, as has been advertised. Mr. J. R. Ballard, Winfield, Kan., is the secretary.

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Mr. W. H. Sweet, president of the Wallace County Coursing Club, and E. H. Shaw were to leave Wallace, Neb., Oct. 10, and go overland to the Goodland meeting. It is 90 miles across country.

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Mr. H. A. P. Smith, of Digby, N. S., before running his foxhounds at the Brunswick Fur Club trials, will have a week with the New Hampshire reynards at North Dunbarton.

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It is not unlikely that before long a National Coursing Club will be formed to include the different coursing clubs of the country. There is a feeling that it is rather ridiculous that these clubs should owe allegiance and be governed in any way by a specialty club, whose officers, in most part, are not practical coursing men, and whose affiliations are rather with the dog show than the field. The officers of such a club should be men who are thoroughly familiar with coursing.

Yachting.

Now that the eighth contest for the America Cup has gone into history, it is pleasant to note that the races have passed off without the least disagreement or ill-feeling, and with satisfaction to both sides. In all of the immediate conditions of the races, the Cup committee, representing the New York Y. C., has displayed every consideration for the wishes of the challenger, and the arrangements have been perfectly fair to both sides. It has been proved, however, that there are two things beyond the power of any committee, however able and fair it may be; it cannot insure wind for the races, and it cannot control completely the host of excursion boats that will crowd the course, whether at New York, Newport or Marblehead. The police arrangements this year were more extensive and successful than ever before, but both boats suffered at times from the ignorance or carelessness of the skippers of outside craft, tugs, steamers, and even yachts.

CONSIDERING the immense numbers of vessels present, there has been no more cause for complaint than might naturally be expected, but the captains, and in some cases the owners of some steamers have

"VALKRIE" ROUNDING THE MARK.

shown themselves in a very bad light. The main cause of the crowding is the keen competition among the rival steamers which carry passengers at from $5 00 to $1.00 per head. These boats have been extensively advertised, and West Street has been alive with runners peddling tickets for them.

One conspicuous offender has been the steamer Monmouth, owned by the Central R. R. of New Jersey, one of the largest boats which has followed the races. Her interference with the two racing yachts was so marked that the influence of the New York Y. C. was at once exerted to stop it; but her handling was no less objectionable in another way that the club was not called on to take cognizance of. From all appearances she was so maneuvered as to cut off completely the view from smaller boats, her rivals for passengers, a proceeding which netted additional dollars to her owners on the next race.

No fair-minded man would justify the interference with the racing boats, or even with the rights of other spectators, but a steamer which has the reputation of running the closest to the yachts is sure of a full load of passengers; and after a man has spent a part of a day in watching the side of a big steamer which cuts off his view of the yachts, and has expressed at length his private opinion of the captain thereof, he must be more than human if he does not make up his mind to pay his money for a place on that very boat in the next race, thus encouraging the selfishness which he condemns.

One petty swindle on the part of another steamer has come to our notice. Two steamers took their passengers from the same pier, one boat charging $2 and the other $1. The $2 boat left the pier promptly on time, but stopped in midstream. After her impatient passengers had speculated some time over the cause of the delay, she put back to the pier and took on board the passengers from the $1 steamer, and after all this delay reached the Lightship too late for the start, to the double disgust of those who had been tricked into paying $2 for a $1 ride.

THE criticism has several times heen made by British yachtsmen and yachting journals that the weather conditions are habitually exaggerated hy the American papers, and that it is quite well grounded is proved hy the reports during the season in the New York *Herald*. Anything more than a drift has been magnified into a fine sailing breeze, while a wind in which clubtopsails were easily carried becomes a cyclone or at least a gale of some appalling description. In the same way a tide rip on the Sound is pictured as really rough water, while a lop outside the Hook that sends an occasional dash of spray over a tugboat's bow gives excuse for paragraphs of fine writing, descriptive of a storm at sea.

The weather conditions of the last trial race were grossly exaggerated, and the weather in the final race of Friday figured in big type as "A Smashing Gale." After such an introduction, it is ridiculous to read that the yachts carried topsails to windward, and that Vigilant safely carried home before this "smashing gale" her clubtopsail, balloonjibtopsail and largest spinaker. It is true that there was a gale a thousand miles down the coast, and that in the evening after the race was finished, the wind rose very rapidly, approaching a gale during the night; but at the start the wind was not heavy, the shortening of sail was due not to existing conditions at the start, but to the weather reports and a falling barometer, and even after the wind had increased, near the end, all kites were carried on Vigilant. Compared with the Sound in August, there was quite a sea, but by any sailor's understanding of outside conditions it might have been classed as fairly smooth water; the yachts rolled and pitched some, but there was no breaking sea. Once on a time the *Herald* was deservedly rated as an authority on yachting, and such yarns as have appeared this season would never have been tolerated in its columns.

THE increase of wind in the latter part of the final race seems to have marked the breaking up of the light summer weather which has prevailed since Valkyrie reached New York. That night and the next morning the wind blew very heavily, and since then there has been a strong westerly breeze and much colder weather. There would be no trouble this week in finding wind enough to suit all parties

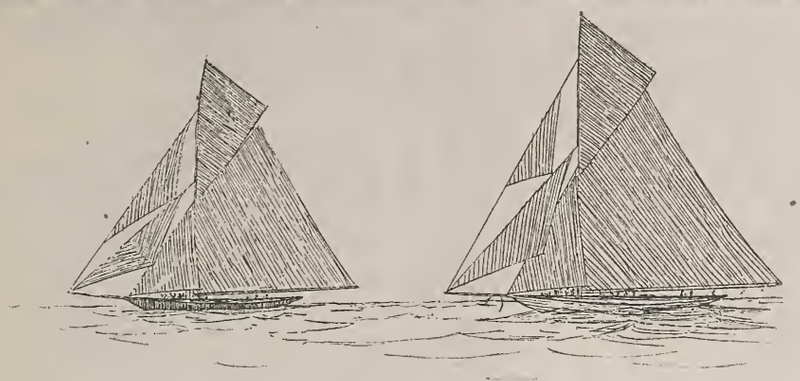
ONE hardly looks for an international race without the accompaniment of a lot of fossilized old fables, and the present one is no exception; already three old and familiar friends of this sort are travelling far and wide over the country in various guises. The chief of these is the touching incident of the Queen and the Quartermaster, or "Your Majesty, there is no Second." Next to this is the report industriously circulated after every Cup contest that Mr. John Jameson, owner of Irex and later of Iverna, is positively about to challenge with a new cutter. In this same company is also found the explanation of various British papers and would-be authorities, to the effect that the centerboard did it all, and that the next challenger for the Cup must be a centerboard craft.

It is sad to shatter these fondly cherished myths, but not one of the three has the slightest foundation in fact. In the race in which the America won the Royal Yacht Squadron cup, since known by her name, there not only was a second, but a very close one considering the course and weather, the little cutter Aurora, of 47 tons, which finished but 22 minutes after the America, and would have won under

"VALKYRIE" IN TOW.

any modern time allowance. As for the chances of a challenge from the owner of Iverna, nothing is more improbable; we would as soon expect to see the Queen building a yacht and challenging, coming out in person to see the races. Mr. Jameson finds too much pleasure in the home racing to leave it for a season, with the strong probability of being beaten in the end.

The centerboard story is hardly less absurd than the other two, and this year in particular there is even less ground for it than of old. Those who ascribe more than a tithe of Vigilant's success to her centerboard are likely to go very far astray in the future; the centerboard has played a very small part in the present races, and any attempt to win the Cup by the mere adoption of this detail is likely to lead to far worse defeat than that of Valkyrie.



"VALKYRIE" AND "VIGILANT."

AMERICA'S CUP RACES—1893.

Third Race—Windward and Leeward.

Fourth Day, Wednesday, Oct. 11.

THE mishap to Vigilant's bowsprit in Monday's race occurred somewhere near the first mark, the heel splitting about the fid hole, just outside of the inner of the two large tubes which serve as gammon iron and bitts, while the outer end was also split, and extra care was used in the rest of the race. As soon as the yacht reached Bay Ridge the Commander started for City Island, a telegram being sent to Mr. Piepgras, and when she reached the yard late in the evening the spare bowsprit was ready on the dock.

After taking it on board she hurried back to Bay Ridge, where Mr. Wintringham, with fifteen of his men were awaiting her, arriving at midnight. The damaged spar was sawn in pieces, for convenience in unshipping and handling, and taken ashore for a pattern; and from it the new stick, which was already roughed out in octagon, was finished off, and the ironwork fitted. Late on Wednesday afternoon the stick was shipped and the rigging set up; Vigilant getting under way afterward for a short turn around the Bay. During the day Valkyrie's shrouds were slacked off, and her forestay set up, throwing the mast a little forward.

Wednesday morning was rather cooler and sharper than any of the preceding days, but before the time of starting the sun was shining brightly over a calm, dead sea, while the air was like summer. Early in the morning there had been a light westerly air over the Upper Bay, and when the big fleet steamed out the wind shifted to the east for a time; but at 11 o'clock there was no wind at all. Vigilant and Valkyrie were near the Lightship with clubtopsails set, and the May lay drifting, waiting for some change of weather. No signals were sent up at 11:15, and at 11:30 there was so little wind that a line was passed from the Commander to Vigilant, and she was towed about. Valkyrie, swinging a very handsome new clubtopsail, without a batten in the head, was under way and working about, the Pulver, however, sticking closely by her.

Just before noon a faint zephyr drifted in from the south, but it soon died away, and a little later the letter G went up on the May, asking whether both parties would consent to a postponement. Vigilant hoisted the assent signal, but Valkyrie made no reply, showing that she preferred to wait longer.

During the next hour the wind came in at times from the southwest, and at 1:25 the May anchored and set the signals for a course S. by W. Vigilant cast off her towline and Valkyrie sent up flying a large jibtopsail, both standing along the line toward the west on port tack, when the preparatory gun fired at 1:35.

The Lightship made the weather end of the line and the May the lee end, the maneuvering being done just west of the Lightship Valkyrie was to leeward of Vigilant as they stood off on port tack at the gun. Vigilant made a sweep and jibed when there were still over six minutes to go, Valkyrie tacking between her and the Lightship immediately after. Valkyrie was now to windward, both on starboard tack heading for the line with five minutes to go. Vigilant bore off a little and Valkyrie followed, the two at once luffing up again, with two minutes to go. Vigilant was to leeward, her bowsprit end abeam of Valkyrie's mast; Valkyrie tacked and Vigilant followed, being just to leeward. The starting gun fired as they filled away, Valkyrie on the instant and Vigilant quite slowly. They crossed the line, Valkyrie at 1:46:13 and Vigilant at 1:47:19, the latter so close to the Lightship that she tacked as she crossed, Valkyrie going about instantly on her weather bow and taking the honors of the start.

Once away, both on starboard tack, there began some beautiful work as Captain Cranfield undertook to hold by still more clever maneuvering the advantage he had thus far gained. After seeing the two boats together on previous days, there was little question that Vigilant would ultimately come out ahead; but the way in which Valkyrie fought to stop her was none the less interesting from the fact that it was likely to be futile in the end.

The number and variety of kites and special sails carried on the two yachts is known only to those on each boat, and the outside spectator is likely to be puzzled very often to know what particular sail is set. Vigilant has, we understand, eight different jibtopsails, including two sizes of balloon jibtopsails and two "baby" jibtopsails, the smaller of the latter being a very small sail made for her, while the second size is a larger and better sail, borrowed from Jubilee. At the start Vigilant was carrying her own small "baby," while Valkyrie had a much larger sail, probably the "intermediate," to use a common but indefinite term.

Vigilant started to foot at first, not holding as high as Valkyrie, but she gained nothing at this game, Valkyrie footing quite fast for the light air and certainly pointing well. At 1:50 Valkyrie came about and stood in toward the south point of the Navesink Highlands, Vigilant also tacking. The difference in the two was most marked, Valkyrie came about like a weathercock, and was off without losing way, while Vigilant turned slowly and then took some time to regain her headway. Every tack piled up seconds of gain for Valkyrie, and it was a question how long she could make Vigilant follow her at this game.

For half an hour as they held a long tack inshore Valkyrie continued to gain, until she was a clear 300yds. on Vigilant's weather beam. At 2:55 the position being still unchanged, Vigilant luffed up for a short time; the wind was still light, but was drawing more off the land, and in flaws and streaks. At 2:55 Valkyrie went on port tack and crossed Vigilant's bow easily, tacking again at 2:57:30. The coasting steamer Yemassee, bound in from the South, came along up the beach and crossed the bows of the pair, her swell setting them to pitching a little in the smooth water. Both were now heading about SW. by W., the wind shifting from time to time as it came over the low Jersey shores.

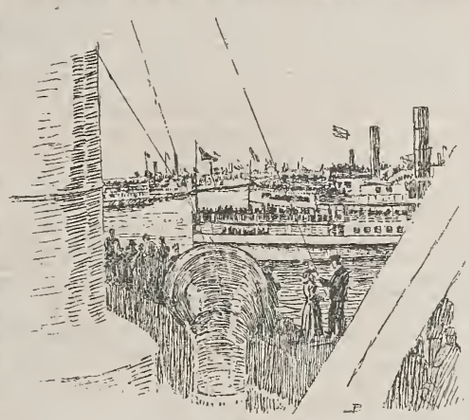
When Valkyrie went on starboard tack at 3:13, Vigilant was at least one-third of a mile astern, tacking at 3:15. A few minutes later Valkyrie made a short hitch inshore, then stood out; at 3:21 Vigilant tacked inshore, Valkyrie tacked ahead of her two minutes later, Vigilant then coming about again, losing a little in each tack.

Whatever gain Vigilant had made thus far in footing as the wind strengthened a little, she had lost in the frequent tacks through her slowness in stays, and her small baby jibtopsail was also hurting her. At 3:31 she lowered this sail, and in about four minutes broke out the "Jubilee's jibtopsail," a larger and better sail, though well skewered with battens.

The benefit of the change was apparent from the first; the conditions were much the same as before, absolutely smooth water and very little wind; but Vigilant began to foot faster and to pick up her losses. She had footed clear ahead by 4:10, though still to leeward; Valkyrie went on port tack at 4:23, and when Vigilant tacked a minute and a half later she was to windward of Valkyrie's wake and fast lessening the distance.

Valkyrie went about at 4:26 and Vigilant came very close, but could not cross, tacking half a minute later. Again Valkyrie went on port tack at 4:30:30 and stood inshore, but if she expected Vigilant to follow her she was mistaken. While she moved rapidly up past the objects on shore, apparently feeling the flood tide square abeam, Vigilant held off to seaward and gained materially. Six minutes Valkyrie held her long tack and then stood off. Vigilant had been for ten minutes on the same off shore tack, and she held it for six minutes longer, when she came about and stood in toward Valkyrie. Though there was no doubt of her great gain, it was still a question to those on the steamers off shore how the two would cross, but about 4:48 there came a salute of whistles from some boats close in shore and on a line, indicating that Vigilant had crossed Valkyrie's bows. Vigilant went around at 4:49 to stand off shore, while Valkyrie again stood in shore a minute and a half later.

The sun was now dropping low over the Jersey shore and the wind was lighter, while the mark was a long distance off. Slowly the pair drifted and there was little chance of the race finishing within the limit. Several more tacks were made, Vigilant now gaining slowly all the time, and long after dusk had set in she rounded the mark, timed at 6:07:17, and slowly set her spinaker. Valkyrie came up and made her last tack near the mark at 6:12 and turned at 6:14, setting her light spinaker. Balloon jibtopsails were barely discernible as they went up in the darkness a little later, and the steamers started on the thirty-five-mile course for New York, the finish within the time limit being plainly impossible.



THE STEAMER FLEET.

After running until all doubt of a finish was at an end, the yachts were taken in tow by the Pulver and Commander, sails were stowed, and they towed into Bay Ridge.

In such weather the racing counted for nothing, but Valkyrie did good work on the wind, pointing and holding on well, Vigilant's gain only beginning with the setting of the larger jibtopsail. Captain Cranfield held the lead for so long by clever work at the stick, winning the windward berth at the start and doing some very fine maneuvering afterward in keeping on Vigilant's weather, and giving her as much back draft as possible.

Third Race—Windward and Leeward.

Fifth Day, Friday, Oct. 13.

That Lord Dunraven made a mistake in sending Valkyrie over so late in the season is now generally admitted, the result being that she had no time for trial sailing after being refitted, but went into the racing at once. It is hardly likely that she was enough off her proper trim and form to have affected the final result in any of the four days' sailing, but not unnaturally her owner and friends ascribed her poor performance alongside of Vigilant to the alterations designedly or accidentally made in her ballasting and fore and aft trim. She had been lightened considerably by the removal of interior fittings and ballast for the lighter wind looked for on this side, and it is also stated that she was trimmed more by the head than in her home races.

So far as stability goes, she carried her sail well enough in all the races, being apparently under-rigged, and she could have sufferedsa me sail she has set off the wind in the previous races. Vigilant was little from the change in this respect. At the same time it is quite likely she handled differently in her lighter trim, and her crew had not had time to understand her and get the best out of her. The same thing is very often seen on the New York Y. C. cruises, a yacht winning easily in her class in the cruising runs and being beaten when completely stripped for the Goelet Cup race. Whether rightly or wrongly, Lord Dunraven concluded that the yacht would be better for more weight and a little more trimming by the stern, and on Thursday two tons of lead, loaned by Com. Sutton from the schooner Loyal, were taken aboard and stowed as low as possible.

This change of waterline and trim, of course, necessitated a remeasurement, and in the afternoon the yacht was towed to the Erie Basin, where her waterline was measured by Mr. Hyslop, the new figures being 85.92ft., or a lengthening of just 5in., making her sailing length 93.57ft., and reducing the time allowance from 1m. 48s. to 1m. 33s.

Thursday night brought news of another severe cyclone in the South and of a storm on its way up the coast, the predictions being cloudy weather and southeasterly breezes of 12 to 20 miles velocity during the day, increasing at night, with rain.

Friday was warm but overcast and cloudy, the wind in the morning being N. E. and shifting to S. E., blowing moderately off the Lightship, an oyster sloop being out at the line under full mainsail and jib and carrying them easily. There was more sea than in any previous race, the conditions being similar to the final trial race in September, though with less wind at the start.

Vigilant was under way early off the line, with one reef in and a jib-headed topsail set, and her large jib. Valkyrie came out in tow, but when below the Narrows her mainsail was lowered, and one of the throat halliard blocks brought down on deck for some repairs to the shell. The block was fitted up and replaced and the mainsail set, but it was 11:15 before Valkyrie neared the Lightship, with a small reef in the mainsail and a jibheader set over it, and her headsails in stops.

As she cast off her tow line at 11:20 the course signals, due East, were set on the May, but by this time Vigilant was hove to, and the "wig-wag" flags were at work on board, signalling to the May that she needed time to make repairs. The signal C. G., "Race postponed on account of fog," was set on the flagship, though the horizon was clear and the sun was trying to look through the clouds; but no other signal for a postponement had been arranged.

Vigilant lowered her staysail and ran off to the eastward, her crew being busy with the centerboard. The board had jammed, and in trying to raise it the cogs in the winch had been broken. The board was finally lowered about 11ft. and carried this way on the wind. Off the wind it was raised by a tackle until but 5ft. projected. When Vigilant stood back about 11:45 one of the club tugs spoke her and ran up to the May, and at 12:07 the blue peter went up, signifying a start.

The two were now under the same canvas, each with jibheader set over a single-reefed mainsail, and jib and staysail. The wind was moderate, the schooner Yampa being out under lower sails and maintopsail, and the sea was easy.

The course was dead to windward and the two ran off southwest of the Lightship just before the preparatory gun fired at 12:17. With the gun there began some of the prettiest work seen in a very long time as the great vessels chased each other like a pair of kittens in the effort to get the weather berth on the line. Vigilant was standing away on port tack when the gun fired and Valkyrie, just by the Lightship, ran down toward her. After a little maneuvering, at 12:20, with 7m. to go, Vigilant hauled her staysail to windward and ran toward the Lightship, with Valkyrie turning and following her. Valkyrie crossed Vigilant's wake and went to windward with 3m. to go, but as she forged ahead Vigilant slipped in astern, and between her and the mark, getting to windward. Valkyrie came round like a bicycle, jibed over, and slipped in alongside the Lightship and to windward, with less than a minute to go, but Vigilant, further ahead, was obliged to reach along the line, going so fast that when the gun fired she was almost aboard the May and barely shaved over the line by a sharp luff. Valkyrie cut the weather end of the line at 12:37:10, while Vigilant crossed the lee end, with headsails shaking just 8s. later.

As it proved, the first tack was a long one, at least six miles inshore from the Lightship toward the Long Beach Hotel, on the Long Island shore, Valkyrie pointing for the big hotel when half way out. The sea was abeam and the two yachts were pitching some. Of the two, Valkyrie was carrying her sail decidedly the better, in a way that suggested that the half reef in the mainsail was hardly necessary, or that she might even have done as well without the extra ballast. At no time in the races has she shown any tenderness, and to-day, in the strongest breeze, she was notably stiff. She pointed fully as high as Vigilant, and what is much more, she had none of the appearance of sliding off, but seemed to hold her windward berth easily and comfortably, both footing and pointing as she did so.

Vigilant had all the sail that she wanted, if not a little more, and heeled to a greater angle than Valkyrie, though in doing so she does not bury her lee side or show much less of it; the effect seems to be to roll out the weather side when pressed, rather than to bury to leeward. She was well sailed, but in open boat fashion, luffing out all the time, and though she footed quite as fast or a little faster at times, she was doing no better windward work with a centerboard than Valkyrie with a keel. From her performance in the trial races one would naturally look to see her side up to windward in her peculiar way, but this time she seemed to hold on hardly as well as the keel boat. Her jib seemed large and may have hurt her some, but her performance altogether was inferior to the keel boat.

At 12:50 Vigilant had not improved her weather position, but was footing faster than Valkyrie and had gone clear ahead. Captain Cranfield had devoted all his skill to blanketing his rival, but by her footing Vigilant had finally gone clear ahead and got the wind unbroken, but at the expense of a weather position.

At 1:12 she tried a tack off shore, evidently expecting to weather Valkyrie, but in this she was very much out; after standing on for two minutes and a half she had to go back to starboard tack in a worse position than before, well under Valkyrie's lee. So much had she lost that she could now afford to tack across Valkyrie's wake, but as she came up in the wind at 1:18:30 Valkyrie swung around and was at once under way on her weather bow. To add to Vigilant's loss, a jib sheet was adrift for a short time.

The wind was now stronger than at the start, and the sun showing through a fairly clear sky, the promised cyclone not having materialized as yet. The yachts were now heading into the seas, and the result was visible on the wide boat, as she lost more than in the first hour with the seas abeam. This tack, too, was a long one, lasting nearly an hour; when they came about near the outer mark at 2:15 Valkyrie had a lead of three-eighths of a mile.

She luffed around the mark at 2:33:40, and her boom swung over to starboard, a big white spinaker going up just as Vigilant rounded at 2:35:35. In the beat of fifteen miles Valkyrie had gained just 1m. 55s. on Vigilant.

The wind had been increasing, and there was too much of it to set a spinaker flying; but Valkyrie's crew are used to no other way, and up it went, quickly and in good shape, but with sheet and tack far off, the big sail way up in the air. Vigilant was just five minutes in running out her spinkaker boom from its position on deck, mastheading the sail in stops and breaking it out; but like Valkyrie, she kept the sheet and tack well off, and the sail mounted skyward like a balloon.

At 2:47 the largest jibtopsail went up flying on Valkyrie's stay, the

"VIGILANT."

in trouble with her jibtopsail, and a man was sent down the topmast stay before the jibtopsail could be sent up in stops. In hoisting the sail, the spinaker fouled one of the banks, and had to be cleared before the jibtopsail could be fully hoisted. When it was finally broken out at 2:50, however, it proved to be a ballooner, and not a working sail. Meanwhile her big crew had not been idle while one man worked aloft, but though the boom was squared the reef was shaken out at 2:55 and the working topsail hoisted higher, to the topmast head. In shaking out the reef, a man was hung from the masthead in the bight of a gantline, and hauled along the boom by an outhoal, casting off the stops. At the same time Valkyrie set a balloon foresail and mastheaded her working topsail, but made no attempt to shake out the reef, though she was losing steadily to Vigilant.

For over a quarter of an hour a man was visible at the topmast head of Vigilant and another at the gaff end, lashing the head and tack of the topsail and casting off the halyard and sheet, and when this was done the second club topsail was sent up over the working topsail, which was left in place.

Vigilant had all this time been gaining steadily, and at 3:30, just before the clubtopsail went up, she ran through Valkyrie's weather and the white spinaker of the latter, which had been torn a little in setting split clear across. Almost on the moment the sail was taken in and the light linen one set, but this too split before it was sheeted out, going in two pieces from head to foot. The first spinaker was of strong and heavy Scotch linen. In setting it, the foot was torn on the bitts, in two places. Later on the sail went over the topmast stay and caught in a hank, making a tear which spread clear across just as Vigilant ceased to blanket Valkyrie.

Valkyrie's chance was now gone, with the finish but three miles away, and Vigilant, in spite of the rising wind, carrying spinaker, balloonjibtopsail and clubtopsail, twice the area of canvas. Her crew worked on in spite of such discouragement, and at 3:38 set up a large jibtopsail as a spinaker, but it was too late, a dozen minutes more and Vigilant was over the line, winning the race by only 40s. corrected time, the official times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vigilant	12 27 00	3 51 39	3 24 39	3 24 39
Valkyrie	12 27 00	3 53 52	3 26 52	3 25 19

On the windward work Valkyrie led by 1m. 55s., and off the wind Vigilant gained 4m. 8s.

The attendant fleet was smaller than on any previous day, but still there was a very large number of people present at the start, turn and finish. The steamers and tugs kept clear of the yachts all day and gave no trouble. There was comparatively little whistling at the turn or finish, but on the way home cannon were fired and whistles blown. As Vigilant passed and her signal was sent up on the May, the steam yacht Corsair sent up the American ensign at both mastheads and on howsprit and gaff ends.

The wind at the finish was much stronger than at the start, but it is hardly necessary to state that yachts do not carry balloonjibtopsails, large spinakers and clubtopsails in a living gale or a cyclone, and that the reports of the wind and sea are mostly exaggerated; at no time during the day did the accompanying steamers roll badly or become uncomfortable, and one could walk about the upper decks without serious trouble from the wind.

The worst came just after the finish, the sky clouded over, the wind piped up and the sea ran higher, even in the Lower Bay; and all bands were glad enough to hear the jingle bell and to watch the start of the steam fleet, many of them racing in pairs. Fast as they went, the two racing yachts were but little astern, fairly flying up the bay under shortened canvas, in fact this was the finest sight of the day.

Valkyrie's defeat may be ascribed to the loss of her two sails, as she would probably have saved her time by a small number of seconds had the first spinaker held, and might even have won had the second one not got under her bow after splitting. Vigilant's victory, however, is by no means laid to this account alone, but to the bold and skillful way in which the kites were piled on to her all the way home. With a strong following wind, increasing all the time, she spread all of her kites and ran the risk of losing her topmast and being badly beaten, rather than that of Valkyrie saving her time by a small margin. The work in shaking out the reef and reeving sheet and halliard, and setting the clubtopsail was very creditably done and won her the race.

Taken altogether, the race was an exceptionally fine one, and the honors are very even. Many have expressed their astonishment at the good showing of Valkyrie compared with her previous work on the wind; but there is really nothing contradictory about it. Mr. Watson has turned out a boat that is far and away superior to any keel yacht of large size ever floated, a boat that would probably have done well alongside of anything built to meet her of the Volunteer type improved up to date. She is not only fast through the water, but she carries a large rig with ease, and holds to windward in the same way that the smaller keel boats do. Her ocean voyage bears testimony to her strength and sea-going qualities, and in the detail of quick working she is ahead of anything on this side of the water. From a scientific point of view, the perfection of her model is shown in her speed in very light weather and her quick working under all conditions.

At the same time it is quite evident that in a topsail breeze, light or heavy, she is outclassed and overpowered by Vigilant. The third and last of the three large Herreshoff boats of the year is very evidently intended to make the most out of the New York Y. C. rule and the prevailing conditions of American racing, when a clubtopsail is the rule, at least a working topsail being always carried, lower sails being an exception and reefing unknown, the race of Friday being the first in which one of the large single-stickers, from Puritan to Vigilant, has reefed her mainsail, and even then she carried a working topsail over it.

With the power due to great beam and draft, carrying 1,200ft. more sail than her opponent, and with a great hollow in her floors, Vigilant stands as the latest representative of a type that has long been recognized as very fast in moderate weather. Compared either with Volunteer or Valkyrie, she is much nearer to a racing machine, and her influence on designing is likely to be for the worse rather than the better, but at the same time in producing her Mr. Herreshoff has clearly worked within the literal limits laid down by the clubs, and his latest boat is but the logical production of the present rule which we predicted several years since during the battle of the 40-footers.

On a limited length he has built the most powerful yacht yet seen in the larger classes, paying for his large sail plan the price set by the rule; and with no limit to the number of crew, he has used to the full est extent the privilege accorded by the rule in designing a yacht which, in spite of her size, could profit materially by the use of movable weight to windward. While the tendency of this advance may be deprecated, it must be admitted that the fault lies with the clubs which have made and retained the rules, rather than with the designer who has produced an extreme boat under them, and until the clubs, American and British, see fit to define and limit the racing machine as a distinct type from the all-around yacht, it would be absurd to raise any such distinction in the present case

The conditions of British racing call for a certain type of boat and Valkyrie must be considered a perfect craft for her home racing, as well as a very fast boat on this side. The prevailing conditions of American summer racing call for a very different type, while the rules allow an extreme latitude to the designer. After three years of experiment in the direction of the fin-keel and a very hollow section, Mr. Herreshoff has carried the same principles to an extreme in one of his three large yachts, and it must be said, with complete success. Under all the conditions which she has met in her various races, Vigilant has proved very fast, and though these conditions do not include the whole range of yachting weather, they quite cover the average in the 86ft. class.

Opinions differ as to her performance in a strong breeze and rough water, conditions under which she has never been tried, but has only approached in two races, the last trial race and the last Cup race. A great deal of nonsense has been printed about the furious gales and breaking seas on each of these occasions, but neither day approached the proportionate weather for an 86-footer to that in which many of the 40ft. races are sailed.

While Vigilant has given every indication of speed and ability in a reefing breeze and a sea, our own opinion is that she reaches her best conditions in smooth water and with first or second clubtopsail set; her advantage over Valkyrie, beginning, for instance, when the two cease to drift and begin to sail, as in the first part of the triangular race of Monday, and ending in such a strong breeze as blew on the last leg of the same race. Then, in practically smooth water, heeled well down under her second clubtopsail, Vigilant traveled very fast, and was probably near her best point of sailing. Within this range of conditions she beat Valkyrie fairly and very badly, about four minutes on each ten mile leg, and this in fair sailing and with no flukes.

There is in this performance, however, nothing to justify the popular assumption that she should do as well under the widely different conditions of Friday, a much stronger wind and more sea; on the contrary, the good performance of Valkyrie, with less beam, a fuller section and even more stability, is quite in accord with theory and practice

It would be interesting to see more of this same work, nothing finer has been seen here in a long time than the hard close fight to windward; but at the same time it must be conceded that Vigilant, is very much faster in ordinary racing weather and over long straight courses.

It is quite in order that the annual agony over rules and restrictions may be renewed this fall on both sides of the water, and the questions of fin-keels and their allied types of racing machines vs. all-round yachts, and of a limit of crew in the larger classes, may be discussed with renewed vigor, and the usual failure to reach any definite conclusion, pro or con,

Although such quick working as Valkyrie displayed, is not called for on this side as in England, it has won the admiration of thousands of yachtsmen who have followed every race, and it is quite probable that this quality will be more highly appreciated than in the past, and greater effort made to obtain it.

On Saturday Vigilant, in tow of Commander and following by the triumphant Hattie, left Bay Ridge for New Rochelle, where her crew will be paid off. She will lay up at City Island. Valkyrie also will winter at the same place, Lord Dunraven having decided not to attempt the long passage home this fall.

Miramichi Y. C.

THE Miramichi Y. C. is the only one in New Brunswick. St. John has as large a squadron, but it is so badly tainted with professionalism that organization and racing for sport's sake are impossible. The Miramichi Y. C. closed its eighth season on Monday, Oct. 9, with a splendid race. The addition of two yachts to the fleet gave this season's races a public interest they would have lacked if only the old ones had been in the contests.

Com. Miller's Maude, the champion of last year, easily beat Vice-Com. Stewart's new boat of equal size in the first three races, but was herself beaten by another new one of over 8ft. greater length, the Learig. The latter, besides being so much larger, is of good model, but lacks the lead keel which makes Maude stand up to her work in the stiff squalls that roar down the gulches.

Oriana is a graceful, low-powered, narrow and deep centerboard, with inside ballast, designed by Mr. H. C. McLeod, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Chicago, an amateur designer of considerable fame in Canadian and Minnesota waters. She lacked power to carry her sail plan and was badly beaten in all the earlier races of the season. Her sails and masts were cut down and the bowsprit lengthened 2in., and she has not only led everything of her size in two races, but beaten the big new boat twice on corrected time

The closing race was her greatest victory. The race was 13 miles, half of it windward work and half ruuning. The wind was moderate, at times very light, with a few heavy squalls to give spice to the race. The start was made in the following order:

Oriana, J. L. Stewart	2 07 55	Learig, A. Burr	2 08 15
Starling, B. R. Bouthillier	2 08 00	Kittoch, A. Williston	2 08 38
Maude J. C. Miller	2 08 10		

Learig got the lead a mile and a half from the start, and was three minutes ahead of Oriana, and four and a quarter ahead of Maude, at the turning buoy off Newcastle.

It was a run of 5¾ miles to the lower mark and a beat of ¾ to the finish. Oriana gained steadily on the run down, particularly after the wind grew lighter, and was only 55 seconds astern of the big fellow at the finish, while she had left Maude 10 minutes in the rear. The following are the times:

	Last turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Learig	4 19 00	4 28 45	2 20 30
Oriana	4 20 00	4 29 40	2 21 45
Maude	4 31 40	4 40 30	2 32 20
Kittoch	Did not finish.		
Starling	Did not finish.		

As Learing allows 4m. 30s., Ariana wins by over 3m.

The finish was in a rain squall, but the wharves were black with cheering crowds. Mr. Stewart had tuned up his beaten boat until she had beaten everything, big and small in a fair race; and his pluck, persistence and success were rewarded by the cheers of the people.

A bulb fin-keel, or a housing fin, such as the yachting editor of the FOREST AND STREAM has given in one of his designs, would give Oriana the power she lacks and make her a dangerous rival for anything of her size. She is non-capsizable with her half-ton board down, and answers the least touch of her helm. She will stay under either jib or mainsail alone, and is the driest boat in a river chop that her owner ever sailed in. He has sailed her in the river, where wind against tide makes the water boil, and in the inner and outer Miramichi bays in dirty weather, and two small splashes of water are all that have reached him over her rail. She is 31ft. over all, 7 2ft. beam and 2.6ft. draft. Her designed load waterline is 23.6ft., but heavy construction and extra ballast have put her down 3in. and lengtbened her load line to 25ft.

Canoeing.

THE selection of a site on salt water for the 1894 meet, which is demanded by many members of the Atlantic Division, is likely to resolve itself into a choice between Chimmon's Island, off Norwalk, where the Division meet of this year was held, and the site of 1890, at Jessup's Neck. Serious objections exist to each of these places, but out of the multitude of sites suggested, they are the only two which are not clearly out of the question. A final decision must be made by the executive committee on Nov. 4, and the time for further examination of sites is very short. This week Com. Dorland will visit Croton Point, above Sing Sing, on the Hudson River, which, though not on salt water, is in the Division, and will fill many of the requirements of a "back yard meet." Apart from the feeling of many that the meet should be held near New York, there are some obstacles to a return to the St. Lawrence, but in our opinion the continued success, if not the existence of the A. C. A., rests in the abandonment of the Division scheme in part, and a return to the original plan of one general meet, and that at a semi-permanent site.

CANOEISTS everywhere will sympathize with the New York C. C. in the great loss which has befallen it in the storm of Saturday, the club house being sunk and destroyed, and nearly all of the canoes badly wrecked.

The A. C. A. Executive Committee.

WITH the first of the present month the new general officers of the American Canoe Association, Com Dorland and Sec'y-Treas. Douglass, assumed office, Com. Cotton and Sec'y-Treas. Burns retiring.

Dorland has set Saturday, Nov. 4, as the date of the annual meeting, which will be held in New York. The meeting will be called to order at 10 A. M. sharp at Clark's, No. 22 West Twenty-third street, and in the evening a dinner will be given at 7 P. M. Com. Dorland has appointed the following dinner and reception committee, and tickets may be obtained of them:

Mr. William Whitlock, chairman, New York C. C.; Gilbert B. Crowell, Jr., Arlington C. C.; Robert H. Peebles, Bayonne C. C.; C. V. Schuyler, Brooklyn C. C.; L. Kretzmer, Hoboken C. C.; Barron Fredericks, Ianthe C. C.; E. C. Griffin, Knickerbocker C. C.; W. S. Elliot, Marine and Field Club; Schuyler Schieffelin, New York C. C.; Dr. Kitchell, Ompoge C. C.; C. W. Borroughs, Orange C. C.; Frank McLees, Rutherford C. C.; Daniel Goodsell, Yonkers C. C.; E E. Booze, Park Island Canoe Ass'n.

The incoming officers of the Association are as follows: Executive Committee Americau Canoe Association, 1893-94:

Commodore, Irving V. Dorland, Arlington.
Sec'y-Treas., Geo. A. Douglass, Newark.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne.

Eastern Division: Vice-Com., E. H. Barney, Springfield; Rear-Com., C F. Shuster, Jr., Holyoke; Purser, E. C. Knappe, Springfield; Ex. Com., G. L. Parmele, Hartford; Paul Butler, Lowell; R. Appolonio, Winchester.

Atlantic Division: Vice-Com., C. V. Schuyler, New York; Rear-Com., Barron Fredricks, Newark; Purser, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn; Ex. Com., J. R. Lake, New York; F. W Noyes, Philadelphia; J. K. Hand, New York.

Central Division: Vice-Com , W. C. Witherbee, Port Henry; Rear-Com., C. G Belman, Amsterdam; Purser, C. E. Cragg, Port Henry; Ex. Com., C. V. Winne, Albany; W. R. Huntington, Rome.

Northern Division: Vice-Com., H. M. Molson, Montreal; Rear-Com., Geo. Schofield, Peterboro; Purser, H. R. Tilly, Toronto; Ex Com., W. H. Macnee, Kingston; W. L. Scott, Ottawa; C. E. Archbald, Montreal.

The above list may be shortened when the exact membership of each division, and the representation to which it is entitled shall be fully known.

Com. Dorland has appointed the following committees: Camp Site Committee. R. J. Wilkin, Chairman; Raymond Appolonio. Regatta Committee, H. L Quick, Chairman; C. B. Vaux, Emil Knappe.

In order to be acted on at the meeting all amendments to rules and all proposals for honorary membership must be published in the next issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. The following candidates for associate membership have been proposed: Miss M. E. MacKerras, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Miss Constance Braine.

On Saturday night the large house of the New York C. C. at Bensonhurst, on Gravesend Bay, was swamped by the heavy seas and sunk. The house itself was wrecked while under water, and the canoes and much other property of the club and its members were destroyed. On the following night the house of the Detroit Boat Club, at Detroit, Mich., was destroyed by fire,

Palisade C. C.

At the regular meeting of the Palisade C. C. held on Tuesday, Oct. 10, at the club house, foot of 10th Street, Hoboken, N. J., the following committee was appointed to obtain estimates on a war canoe: P. Hildebrandt, H. Hall and T. Finn. The Palisade is a young club, having organized on June 1, with three members: P. Hildebrandt, Max Franz and George Shields. These three members fought a hard battle for over a year, but at present the club is well organized, now having a membership of twenty, and enrolling eight new members at the last meeting. The members are all training hard and expect to make a fine showing at the canoe races next spring. Mr. P. Hildebrandt has received his new canoe yawl which he had built at the Enterprise Boat Works, Hoboken. She is a very handsome boat, 18ft. long, built of the finest white cedar, finished with mahogany and will carry a sail of 176 sq. ft.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

THE canoeists' fall camp at Bend View, on the Passaic, was opened Friday about noon, and the committee was accompanied by the crew in the Orange war canoe to Bend View. The camp was located on the lawn south of Bend View Hotel, a very pretty portion of the Passaic. It was about one-half mile from Avondale Station. The river at this point is about one-quarter of a mile wide, and the camp was situated on a well wooded slope running down to the water's edge. There are no sand beaches in that portion of the Passaic, so the large float of the Bend View Hotel was placed at the canoeists' disposal. By Saturday noon there were twelve tents pitched and about fifty canoeists in camp. Saturday was spent in the general arrangement of camp and short cruises, and Sunday was spent very much the same way. On Saturday night a large camp-fire was burning, and it was midnight before the boys broke away from the camp fire. The mess was attended to by Mr. Orcett the proprietor of the Bend View Hotel. The open canoe is the ideal boat for the upper Passaic, and a goodly number were tied to the float and scattered along the grassy bank. There were only three or four sailing canoes. Those who have not visited the upper Passaic made a mistake in missing this little wind up of the season, as the trees were decked with their fall coloring, making the river and its banks a very pretty sight.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 8.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the Standard target. Two weeks from to-day, this association will hold its annual prize shoot, to which all are welcome. Remember the date, Oct. 22.

Gindele	7	7	9	8	8	10	8	9	8	7—81
	9	7	7	9	7	10	6	7	8	8—78
	9	9	8	10	8	7	6	7	6	8—78
Payne	9	8	9	8	9	7	8	8	9	4—78
	6	8	7	9	8	8	9	8	10	6—79
	6	8	7	5	8	10	10	7	9	8—78
Welnheimer	3	8	0	6	7	10	7	9	7	8—76
	6	9	7	5	9	9	5	6	9	6—71
	4	10	7	7	9	7	6	10	7	9—71
Drube	8	8	7	8	8	10	6	8	9	7—79
	9	8	7	10	6	7	6	6	8	9—76
	7	7	8	8	9	6	6	10	7	5—73
Simon	8	6	8	9	8	10	8	8	5	8—78
	7	8	8	8	5	7	5	7	10	8—73
	7	6	8	9	8	6	8	5	7	8—72
Stegner	6	7	7	6	8	4	7	7	7	6—66
	6	8	6	6	3	5	8	9	5	4	9—63
	2	8	5	4	9	9	8	10	6	6	4—62
Topf	5	8	8	8	8	8	8	7	6	7	9—74
	4	6	8	8	3	5	8	7	10	8	5—62
	7	3	9	5	7	8	6	4	8	1	58
Martin	4	9	4	4	6	4	9	6	8	5	60
	5	10	0	3	6	5	3	6	10	7	55
	10	5	10	4	3	4	5	5	3	4	53
Ruthoff	5	3	4	7	5	2	8	4	4	7	49
	5	7	6	2	6	6	7	4	6	4	52
	5	3	6	3	4	4	4	3	5	6	43
Nagel	3	6	0	5	2	5	7	9	10	7	54
	7	4	4	5	3	3	6	5	6	4	47
	3	0	0	5	6	5	4	7	4	4	38

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE attendance at the weekly shoot in Armbruster's Park Oct. 14 was light. It was expected that M. Dorrier would be on hand to enter the 50 shot race for the chicken dinner and other fixings. The 50 shot match was carried with Messrs Collins, Chavant and Plaisted as the only contestants. The weather conditions were decidedly unfavorable for high totals. A heavy southwest gale was sweeping over the Newark Bay and across the range, sometimes at 10 miles per hour and at others at 30 miles. Collins with his little .32-125cal. was not in it with his competitors shooting their .38-80Gs:

Plaisted, scratch	1055	Collins	896+60— 956
Chavant	984+40—1024		

Club scores, 10 shots, possible 250:

Plaisted	24	22	25	21	24	21	25	20	21	25—228
Chavant	25	21	23	16	23	23	17	22	20	23—218
Collins	23	18	17	21	23	21	18	18	21	20—199

The weekly gallery shoot for class medals Oct. 13 brought out the usual competition. Colin Boag was high with 243, but he is a litt'e late to land with the winners in his class. One more shoot winds up the series. Geo. Purkess is 15 points in the lead for first prize in the first class. The result of the season shoot will be forwarded to FOREST AND STREAM next week.

Scores, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 75ft.: Colin Boag 243, Robidoux 238, Purkess 237, Collins 237, Dodds 234, Chavant 232, Spahn 228, Agnew 220, John Hill 217.

Turtle Bay Rifle, Gun and Pistol Club.

THE annual outing took place at Woodside, Oct. 8. While the membership is light, the energy and vim of the members is of the heavyweight order Captain Geo. E. Jantzer as executive has to keep hustling in order to set the pace for his followers. On this occasion Henry Wolter pushed his leader hard for first position His score published in another column of 59 out of a possible 60 was first-class, and speaks well for the gun and ammunition, as well as for the holding ability of the shooter. Five prizes, 5 shots per target, 3 best to count, distance 150ft., 22cal. rifle:

Geo E Jantzer	55 54 52—161	C H Plate	42 43 39—124
Hy Wolter	50 51 59—160	W Lubeck	40 44 40—124
J Ochs, Jr	51 51 49—151	J Eldt, Jr	31 33 33— 97
O G. Fuchs	50 48 46—144	C Ulandherm	33 33 30— 96
J Oberle	52 46 44—142	H Zubiller	30 30 30— 90
H W Tanner	45 50 43—138		

Champion (bronze) medal, 1 target, 5 shots, small 25 ring target, distance 150ft.: J. Ochs, Jr., 108, O. G. Fuchs 107, J. Oberle 107, C. Ulandherm 105, Thos. Fitzpatrick 105.

Revolver Shooting in England.

THE season at the North London Rifle Club is drawing to a close. There are only two more days for revolver shooting, ending Oct. 18, when the result will be known. The only one who can now catch Mr. Winans, that is, if he makes highest possible scores each day, and Mr. Winans does not compete any more, is Mr. Andrews, but such a contingency is very improbable, as the latter was only able to make a score of 37 on Oct. 4. Below are the leading scores for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club to date:

Walter Winans	41 41 41 41 41—205	T Andrews	42 40 40 37 35—194
C F Lowe	41 40 39 39 39—198	Capt Cowan	39 39 39 36 36—189
Lieut Varley	42 40 38 37 37—194	Maj Munday	39 38 38 37 36—188

The scores for the South London Rifle Club's revolver championship competition are much lower, owing to its exposed range. Below are the leading scores to date:

Walter Winans	41 41 40 40 40—202	C F Lowe	40 39 39 38 38—194
Lieut Heath	40 39 39 38 38—194	F H Frost	40 38 37 37 36—188

Italian United Associations.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—I send you the report of the shooting match held by the Italian Shooting Associations of New York, at Lyon's Park, Oct 12, for the benefit of the Italian hospital.

Target of Honor, 2 shots, possible 54: First prize, Muzio, 32; second, Reali, 50; third, Gandolfi, 50; fourth Selvaggi, 49; fifth, Abarno, 48.

Public Target—First prize, Selvaggi, 53; second, Reali, 51; third, Muzio, 51; fourth, Gandolfi, 51; fifth, Abarno, 50; sixth, Hennery, 49; seventh, Dr. Fanoni, 49.

The Italian Shooting Association will hold a live bird, bluerock and rifle contest, open only to members, on Oct. 19, at Woodridge, N. J.

ALFRED MAZZORATI, President.

Empire Rifle Club.

The representative of Forest and Stream having received a cordial request to be present at the weekly shoot of the Empire Club, at its headquarters No. 12 St. Marks Place, on Tuesday, Oct. 10, had a most hospitable reception. This young club is fast making a reputation for itself among the fraternity of rifle shooters. A few more years may see it in position to successfully compete with its Alma Mater (Zettler Rifle Club) for honors at the butts. In gallery shooting they are at the present time second only to the Zettler Club. The St. Marks Place ranges are full 100ft., and the light is first-class. It is the longest gallery range in New York, outside of the armory ranges of the National Guard, and is consequently a difficult range upon which to put up high scores. We are informed that the club intends to hold a three day's tournament on this range the first week in November.

The competition on Tuesday night for club medals developed the following appended scores:

10 shots, possible 250: Chas. Zettler, Jr., 240, Wm. Rosenbaum 240, L. Buss 230, Henry Zettler 230, W. Maisenholder 227, J. Wilkinson 220, W. Buss 220.

Joseph Zaengle Light Guards.

The annual shoot at Cypress Hills Park on Wednesday, Oct. 4, was highly successful. The company contains many of Brooklyn's prominent shooters. Capt. Peter Kunzweiler is known and highly esteemed among the pigeon shooters of Long Island. Joseph Günther, the secretary, is another shooter high in the esteem of the fraternity. M. Bookman, the real estate man and one of the Eastern District heavyweight shooters with both shotgun and rifle, is also an officer in the guards. Josepb Link had charge of the shooting. The park was well filled with the friends and families of the shooters. Among the visitors we noticed Louis Miller, of Dexter Park, and Pres. Henry Bookman, of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club. The shooting of the members of the guard was on a 3in. bullseye, 50yds., 3 shots per man, string measurement. The scores of the fifteen best are appended:

F. C. Ross 41_{16} inches, N. Gentzlinger 4^9_{16}, Chas. Wohler 5^4_{16}, Ed Neff 6, Anthony Fluegel 6^4_{16}, Charles Wissel 7^1_{16}, M. Schottler 7^3_{16}, C. W. Horney, Sr., 7^6_{16}, Joseph Banzer 7^8_{16}, Henry Brack 7^{10}_{16}, Thos. Short 7^{13}_{16}, Theo. Becker 8, Adam Schaff 8^5_{16}, P. Kunzweiler 8^{10}_{16}, William Schindler 8^{13}_{16}.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

At the monthly outing in Washington Park, Oct. 12, the competition for the class medals was spirited. Gus Zimmerman led the group, as usual, on the champion target with a score of 132 out of a possible 150. In first class Henry D. Müller was first with 127 points. In second class Joe Jordan led his competitors with the score of 117. In third class Martin Fiecken went to the front with the fine score of 131 points. In fourth class W. Schneeweis was high with 110 points.

Five shots, German ring target, two scores to count: Gus Zimmerman 132, M. Fiecken 131, F. Luhr 130, H. D. Müller 127, Jos. Jordan 117, N. Holsta 117, Emil Berkman 116, F. Schmidt 108, W. Schneeweis 110, J. Dux 107, F. Jatgens 107, J. Eisenhardt 106, H. A. Ficke 104, J. Lowie 102, Fred Schraeder 95, F. Baumann 89, W. Wiebold 74, Capt. Richter 73, W. Teschmacher 69.

Man and Best, 5 shots, possible 50: M. Fiecken 57, F. Schraeder 56, Gus Rimmerman 56, J. Jordan 53, H. D. Müller 52, F. Baumann 50, F. Schmidt 50.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

The weekly gallery competition for class medals, at its headquarters No. 78 Montgomery street, Jersey City, Oct. 10; 10 shots, possible 250, distance 75ft.: James Hughes 238, L. P. Hansen 234, R. H Duff 3 points handicap 232, John Speicher 3 points 228, C. Thomas 2 points 227, J. Bins 26 points 216.

Miller Rifle Club.

Weekly gallery shoot Oct. 10.—Kloepping 241, Capt. Fisher 239, Miller 239, Meyns 233, Leihl 233, Sohl 230, Caragher 229, Murphy 227, Vanderheydcn 227, G. Will 219, H. Meyer 217.

RIFLE NOTES.

The invitations to participate in the champion rifle match at Cypress Hills on Election Day seems to have hit local riflemen in the right spot. The idea of giving the trophy to the man making the best 10-shot score in his 100 shots is an inducement to the lay shooter to enter the contest, and already we hear that many riflemen are going to enter the match with the hope of putting up a winning 10-shot score. To make the winning total in the 100 shots is said to be sufficient honors for the expert, when it is considered that there is always an opportunity for a good liberal bet on the outside for any man who thinks he is in championship form.

The programme of the Greenville Rifle Club, for its first annual gallery prize shoot, speaks well for the enterprise of this young club. Our local shooters should give this shoot a liberal attendance and enter early and often.

The Zettler Rifle Club will wind up its out-door shoot at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, to-morrow. Mr. Wissel has extended an invitation to all the members of the club, who have participated in the season's shoot to be present at the dinner which he will prepare for the occasion. Those who have had the pleasure of dining with mine host, know what an invitation of this nature contains.

The Hudson and Greenville rifle clubs, of Jersey City, have another team match on at 200yds. The date has not as yet been settled, both clubs are sure of the $100 purse.

Messrs. Robidoux, Dodds and Collins, of the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club, will take a week off, in quest of quail and partridge. They start on Wednesday, for Sullivan county, N. Y.

The Greenville Rifle Club will have the programmes of its prize shoot, Nov. 11 and 12, out this week.

Any rifleman or lover of rifle shooting within reach of Cypress Hills Park on Election Day, Nov. 7, should make it a point to attend the championship match, for it bids fair to be highly interesting.

At the monthly meeting of the Zettler Rifle Club on Tuesday, Oct. 3, it was decided to open its winter gallery shoot on Tuesday, Oct. 24, $200 in cash will be put up for prizes.

At a meeting of the New York Schuetzen Corps last week, the club decided to hold a gallery shoot twice a month during the coming winter.

Trap-Shooting.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Pittsburg, Oct. 12.—The regular weekly trap shoot of the Iroquois Rifle Club took place yesterday, and the results were as follows: No. 1, 10 singles: Colteryahn 9, Degelman and Goldstrom 8 each, Udick 7. No. 2, 10 singles: Degelman and Ganter 9 each, Colteryahn 8, F. Miller 7. No. 3, 10 singles, expert system: Colteryahn, Udick and Ganter 8 each, Hofmeister 8, Miller and Dietz 5 each. No. 4, 10 singles, expert system: Udick, Dietz and Miller 7 each, Hofmeister and Pifer 5 each, Colteryahn 4. No. 5, 10 singles: Udick 10, Colteryahn 8, Ganter and Dietz 7 each. No. 6, 15 singles: Dietz 13, Pifer 12, Hofmeister 1. No. 5, 10 singles: Ganter and Goldstrom 10 each, Dietz and Udick 7 each, Miller and Colteryahn 5 each. No. 8, 10 singles: Ganter and Goldstrom 9 each, Dietz 7, Colteryahn 6. No. 9, 10 singles, unknown traps and unknown angles: Colteryahn, Udick, Dietz and Ganter 6 each, Goldstrom 5, Langhorst 4. No. 10, 25 singles: Goldstrom 21, Colteryahn 17, Degelman and Ganter 16 each.

*Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 12.—The regular semi-monthly shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club for the Parker hammerless gun, donated by James McCullough, came off yesterday afternoon at the Monroe avenue grounds. The score for twenty-five singles was: Class A, Mann, first string 20, second string 19; Babcock, first string 18, second string 19; Smith, first string 20, second string 22; special class A, Hadley 19; class B, Hicks, first string 21, second string 22; McVean, 15; Burton, first string 16, second string 17; Richman, first string 14, second string 17; special class B, Borst 17; Foley, first string 19, second string 20; class C, McGuire, first string 18, second string 20.

That 25 bird sweep to be shot at Henry Matz's Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa., on Oct. 24, should attract a big field of entries. Mr. Matz is not only an open-handed entertainer, but is as well a thoroughly competent manager and a good judge of good birds. In the coming sweepstake there are not likely to be many squabs put in the traps. The shoot will open at 10 A. M. The entry fee is $20. Should the entry list be so large that the event cannot be shot out on the first day it will be shot out on the following day. Arrangements will be made, however, so that those who are unable to remain over can finish their scores on the first day.

The grounds of the Lynn (Mass.) Fish and Game Protective Association will be the Mecca for Eastern target shooters next Wednesday and Thursday, and they will have another opportunity of deciding as to whether they like or dislike the Novelty rule. The programme, the same each day, comprises four 10-target events, $1.25 entry; three 15-target events, $1.50 entry; two 20-target events, $2 entry, and one 25-target event, $2.50 entry. Targets are included in the entry fees. Shooting will commence at 9.30 each day, and after the regular programme is shot out the shooters may enjoy themselves shooting sweeps.

In another column will be found a letter from Mr. W. Tell Mitchell, of Lynch's Station, Va., anent the Virginia target championship. Being perfectly familiar with all the details of the controversy between Messrs. Mitchell and Summerson, we are free to assert that the action of the latter has been anything but sportsmanlike. When he failed to meet Mr. Mitchell in a competition for the cup he forfeited, according to the rules, both cup and title, and the alleged match shot between Mr. Summerson and Bowman on July 28, went for naught.

In a recent match between the Wawaset and Nonesuch Gun Clubs, of Delaware, 12 men to a team, 25 targets per man, the scores were as follows: Wawaset—R. Miller 25, G. Miller 24, C. Springer 22, Geo. Huber 22, White 22, Maule 19, J. Huber 18, W. Buckmaster 18, C. Buckmaster 18, Wright 18, Springs 17, Caldwell 17; total, 250. Nonesuch—Allen 21, Groome 20, King 20, J. R. Lynam 20, Myers 18, Q. Lynam 18, Young 18, T. Lynam 18, Wamsley 18, Wright 17, Shaw 17, Sinclair 15; total, 220.

The third of the series of shoots of the Massachusetts Trap-shooters took place at Lakeview on Oct. 10. In the team championship contest at 10 targets per man the scores were: Lowell No. 2—Burt 10, Colt 9, Crown 6; total 25. Worcester—Gilman 8, Muscroft 8, Dana 7; total 23. Lowell No. 1—Rule 8, Bates 8, Dock 5; total 21. Middlesex—Melcher 6, Wadsworth 6, Snow 8; total 20. Individual championship, at 20 targets each: Wadsworth 19, White 17, Gilman 16, Davis 16, Muscroft 16, Bates 15, Crown 15, Snow 15.

We had a pleasant call last week from Mr. A. V. Rittenbury, a well-known sporting goods dealer of Towanda, Pa., and one of the leading shots of the Towanda Gun Club. Mr. Rittenbury says that the bird prospects in his section are exceedingly promising, and that he and partner expect to exceed their record of last season, when they bagged 860. Mr. Rittenbury uses a Colt gun which has seen 12 years of service and is still as tight as when it left the factory.

The Third Ward Gun and Fishing Club, recently organized in Harrison, N. J., have elected the following officers: President, Wm. Duffy; Vice-President, Jacob Rassner; Recording Secretary, Geo. O'Donnell; Financial Secretary, Wm. Coyle; Treasurer, Harry Wardell; Sergeant-at-Arms, Oscar Sandford. Harrison now boasts of three gun clubs, and it is time for them to do some shooting.

The Parkway Gun Club of Brooklyn and the Newark Gun Club have had several friendly contests at the trap and these have gone a long way toward cementing the friendships between the members of the clubs. Another of these interesting affairs will probably take place at Dexter Park on Oct. 26, and while the match will be purely friendly each team will put forth a special effort to win.

Quite a party of Newarkers will go to Pine Brook on Oct. 24 to witness the 25-bird match between Samuel Castle of Newark and Jean Pierre of Pine Brook. This will be a find, trap and handle match, 25yds. rise for $100 a side.

The Yale Gun Club has elected H. G. Miller, '96, President; F. S. Franklin, '95, Captain; Secretary and Treasurer, B. B. Kaufman, '97. The annual shoot with Harvard will probably be held on the morning of the football game in Springfield.

The monthly open tournament of the Roseville Gun Club will be held on John Erb's Old Stone House grounds in Newark next Thursday. The shooting will be at targets, under the rapid-firing system, and all sportsmen are cordially requested to be present. The fun will begin at 10 A. M.

The following scores were made in 10 and 6 bird sweepstakes shot at Reading, Pa.: No. 1, 10 birds: H. O. McGinness 10, Cyrus Kauffman 9, John Becker 9, Oliver Hinnerschitz 9, Wm. Schraader 8, Harry Seidal 7. No. 2, 6 birds: Brooke Harrison 6, D. Kauffman 6, I. Berg 5, C. Kauffman 4.

At the practice shoot of the West Shore Gun Club, of Syracuse, on Oct. 12, the following scores were made, each man shooting at 50 targets: Barrett 47, D. M. Lefever 42, H. Jones 39, D. Walters 35. J. Herman 34. C. H. Townsend.

Keystone vs. Ravenrock.

Oct. 14.—The Keystone Shooting League defied the weather to-day, that is, 14 out of the 20 chosen to represent the club did, and took the 8:20 A. M. train on the Belvidere R. R. from Philadelphia to Ravenrock, N. J. (formerly known as Bull's Island), about 9 miles north of Lambertville, to spend the day and shoot a team match with the Ravenrock Gun Club. They were given a warm reception on their arrival at the station, and at once escorted to the grounds of the club, which are on Bull Island, in the Delaware.

When we left Philadelphia this morning the clouds gave us every indication that we would have a stormy day, but by the time we arrived at our destination the sun was out and the indications were that we would have a good day, although the way the wind blew at times made sad havoc with some of the scores. The match was made for 20 men a side, but as the Keystone League only had 14 men, and on an even match of that number shot previously they were 12 birds ahead, the Ravenrock boys were not satisfied, and claimed that it was no match unless we shot the same number of birds as they did. As there was no way to choose the 6 that were to shoot that would be fair to both sides, on a suggestion of Capt. A. J. Rust it was decided that the Keystone boys should each shoot at an equal number of targets to make up the 150, or the number that six men would have shot at. Ten men shot at 11 extra and four men at 10 extra, as the score will indicate:

The reception and treatment that the Ravenrock Club gave the visitors is something they will remember for a long time, what with a sumptuous dinner served at the Lumberville Hotel, where our old friend J. Thompson gave us all a warm welcome. Lumberville is on the Pennsylvania side of the river, about half a mile from the grounds.

Before the team contest a 10 target event, $1 entrance, was shot off, just to warm up our guns. And after the team race, which resulted in favor of the Keystone League by a score of 383 to 373, we had a couple of live bird matches, one 10 bird race and one miss and out, $2 entrance, as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets: J. Wolstencroft 10, Pack 8, David 8, Rust 10, W. Wolstencroft 10, Thurman 9, Wilson 4, Moore 7, Bloom 4, Ridge 8.

Team shoot:

Keystone Shooting League.

W Wolstencroft	1111111111111101111111111101111111111—34
N Swope	1111011001001000100101100101010101100—17
E David	1101111101101101101100111011111101110—27
J Wolstencroft	1111111111111101111111111111111111—35
Wade Wilson	1000100101011110011100100011000100001—16
W H Pack	1011101011111111110110110111111111001—28
H Thurman	1111111110111010110111111111110111—31
H Jacobs	1111111111111101100110111010111111—30
A L Lumb	1111101111111111011111111111111110—32
H Ridge	1111111111111111110101101101110—30
E Ridge	0000101100110100100001000001000111 —12
A J Rust	1111111111101111010111111111001 —29
J Thurman	1111111111101100011111111111101011 —29
H Landis	1111111111111111111010111111111111 —33—383

Raven Rock Gun Club.

C Moore	1101111111111101111111111—23
R B Reading	1111111101011111101010001—19
S Van Camp	0011111010100111111111101—18
Jos Thompson	0111100101110101101101110—16
G Allhouse	1111111111111101111011111—23
W Killner	0100011111101111111001100—16
W Wagg	1100101101010011111101011—16
J Brillman	1010010011111101010101110—15
James Garner	1111010001010011110110000001—18
E B Hann	1111110001101110101010111—17
J Kilner	1110111112111111001111101—21
W E Kugler	1101110001011111011111100—17
M Rupell	1111111110111011111111111—23
H Elsenbury	1011101111111111111111001—21
W Apgar	1011011110111101111110010—18
Geo Arnwine	0111001101010011011011111—16
Wm Quick	1111110111001010101111110—18
C Bloom	1110111111110110111111110111—21
J Warford	1111111111101111111101111—23
C Heist	1111111001111111010101001—19—373

No. 4, 10 live birds, $5 entrance:

Apgar	0111111111— 9	Garner	2011121110— 8
Heist	1221211121— 9	J Thurman	1120021212— 7
J Wolstencroft	0021212112— 8	Brillman	1100120121— 7
Pack	1101111112— 9	Landis	1220110111— 8
H Thurman	1111211211—10	Rust	0201111121— 8
W Wolstencroft	1111221122—10	David	1220211011— 8
Wagg	1121110022— 9	Fox	1211222011— 9

No. 5, miss-and-out, $2 entrance:

Rust	1111	J Garner	210
Redding	1220	W Wolstencroft	10
Wagg	2111	J Wolstencroft	1220
Landis	1210	Apgar	220
H Thurman	1210	David	1111

H. T.

Towanda Badge Shoot.

Towanda Pa., Oct. 7.—The following scores were made on Oct. 6 for County and Club Badges, three traps, American Association Rules, ten targets, rapid firing system, nine targets, unknown traps and three doubles: Montanye 16, Dittrich 14, Shiner 12, Ward 8

W. F. Dittrich, Secy.

Bogardus—"Unknown."

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14.—The postponed race between Capt. A. H Bogardus and the "Unknown" (G. T. Hall), took place to-day at the South Side Baseball Park, in the presence of a small and not very orderly crowd, a great part of which consisted of small and tough boys who climbed the fence. These covered the grounds in every direction, and in spite of the efforts of the policemen crowded about the score in such way as to hinder the progress of the match. The grounds are in the heart of the city and firing in certain directions was not allowable. Add to this the skirmishers who adorned the fence, and the young toughs who chased every cripple across the ground, and you have conditions trying enough. Such conditions made the match far from pleasant. Had either shooter been less cool, careful and self-possessed, an accident must certainly have happened, and it was a close call for the score line crowd more than once. How the fielders escaped unhurt is a mystery. Both shooters were admirable under these hard surroundings, and deserve compliment for their carefulness; but it is to be hoped that no more matches will be shot at this park. It is not a suitable place by any means.

The weather was cold and the wind, which blew direct from the score to the traps, was strong enough for a fine pigeon wind had it not been broken by the fence and the clustering crowd. The peculiar conditions of the race gave the birds quite a start and before firing was allowed, and this, with the wind, made an unusually large number of twisters out of them. Neither man lost a bird by dropping it too close to go over the inner boundary. Both did some good clean work, and each made some long kills at birds which, owing to the short rise, decoyed into the dead birds and coops and then circled back, twisted off before the wind.

The old Captain can shoot a good deal yet, in fact, he can shoot about as well as he ever could at his style of a race, if the light is good. Much of his work was snappy as that of any youngster, and he centered many of his birds in such way as to fairly cut their pieces.

Hall showed himself to be a fine shot, and in the field he should go a good one. He is a great, strong, big and muscular young fellow, much as Bogardus when his age, he takes to the work naturally. At the 50th bird. Hall changed his 12-gauge to his heavier 10-gauge, with consent of Capt. Bogardus, who originally agreed to let him use the 10-gauge throughout. He had only had his 12-gauge a few days.

Bogardus or the "Bogie man" as he was more familiarly called, held the race in hand from the start till the last dozen birds, when he came back startlingly, to say the least, losing 7 birds out of his last 15, this tieing the race. At the close of the shooting the men agreed to shoot off the tie at Springfield, Ill., Thanksgiving Day, the same conditions to prevail, 100 birds, the winner to take both races. Gate money will be charged as it was here I do not know how much money was up or will be posted for the next match. The Springfield location is desirable for both parties, as Capt. Bogardus lives at Lincoln, and Mr. Hall at the little town of Loami, not far below Springfield. This village is an old one, and runs back into the early history of the State. It once consisted chiefly of a mill, and once upon a time, years and years ago the mill burned down. The owner of the mill, who had little other property, surveyed the ruins with despair on his face, and he murmured to himself, "Low am I! Low am I!" The neighbors caught the phrase, and called the place Loami, and so it has remained to this day, in spite of a government attempt to re-christen it as Lebanon. If Mr. Hall keeps on he may yet bring into renown the odd name of this little hamlet.

John Wats n furnished and handled the birds to-day, also refereeing the race. A good many birds did not start well, the style of trapping not being so apt to make quick starters as the King automatic traps, but any bird that got under way in the wind was a hard bird to stop. Capt. Bogardus thought a score of 70 would win.

John Watson's pointer puppy, Cyclone, earned new laurels for himself, doing some pretty, indeed phenomenal work in retrieving. Without Cyclone, the scores would not have gone over 70. He is two birds better in the hundred than any human retriever that ever walked. Score and conditions: To shoot at 100 live birds each. Fifteen yards rise, from H and T traps; the referee to toss up a dollar for the man who goes to the trap first, "heads up" to take H trap and "tails up" the T trap, other contestants to use the trap left, this to continue throughout the match; the traps are to be set 2ft. apart, with the stake driven in center between the traps and a circle to be drawn 10yds. around the traps, and every bird killed inside the ring to be scored a lost bird, every bird shot on the ground to be scored a lost bird and only one barrel to be used; butt of gun must be held below the elbow or the same as man would if in the field when his dog is on point of game. Birds to be retrieved by a dog. Boundary 80yds. Both contestants to use 12-gauge guns.

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

G T Hall.....1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0—18
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 • •—18
• 1 1 1 0 0 • 1 1 1 1 1 1 • 1 1 1 0 • 1 1 1 1 1 0—17
1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0—19—72

Capt Bogardus.1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1—21
1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 • 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—21
0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 • 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0—18
0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0—15—72

Hall used an L. C. Smith gun, S.S. powder, No. 7 shot. Bogardus used an L. C. Smith gun, black powder, No. 7 shot. E. Hough.

Sweepstake Shoot.

The four-cornered sweepstake, at 25 birds each, between J. J. Edgerton, Geo. W. Forbell, W. Selover and J. Young, for a purse of $400, $300 to go to the first, $100 to the second and the last to pay for the birds, was shot off on the Dexter Park grounds on Friday afternoon, Oct. 13. Knowing that Louis Miller had taken pains to get together an extra good lot of birds, and the fact that the match called for strictly Long Island rules, induced a number of Brooklyn's prominent shotgun shooters to attend and to see what the farmers could do with good birds under the old style rules. All but Young shot 10-bore guns and each contestant stood at 25yds. The weather was overcast, with a heavy northeast gale blowing across the grounds. The birds proved to be as expected, "corkers." There was no necessity for the rope to put them up. Straightaways, right and left-quarterers, and quartering incomers were the order. The quartering incomers when hit went over the line by the force of the wind and were lost to the shooter. Edgerton had a little the best of the birds, although his gun was somewhat of a handicap to him from its many missfires. The scores are appended:

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

J J Edgerton.....1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 • 1 1 1 0 • 2 1 2 1 1 0 •—20
Geo W Forhell.....2 1 1 2 0 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 0 2 2 0—18
W Selover.....0 2 2 • 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 2 0 0 1 0—15
J Young .....1 1 • 2 0 0 2 1 2 2 0 1 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 1 0 • 2 2 0—16

C. A. Dellar, referee.

The Wauregan's Monthly Shoot.

The monthly shoot of the Wauregan Gun Club which took place at Pahaunville on Friday, Oct. 13, called out a fair number of members, who had an opportunity of trying their hands on a first-class lot of birds, which had a strong northeast wind to assist them.

The club event was for a gold medal at ten live birds each, club handicap rises. D. Volinti and W. H. Hogan tied for the medal on eight each and on the shoot off at two birds each Volinti won. J. H. Mills refereed the various events.

Club shoot for prize:

W H Buckner	2•12•10111—7	D Volinti	1102011121—8
J H Mills	2200001220—5	J Dietzel	2011201120—7
R Darling	1001201101—5	G W Silberhorn	2020000102—4
J W Spencer	20•2100201—5	F Knof	•0210021001—4
M F Buckner	2201020200—6	F Lyon	11•0121220—7
A Dietzel	20•1201111—6	W H Hogan	2122021120—8

Second event, 3-bird limit, $1 entry:

F Knof	000	J Dietzel	000
R Darling	212	A Dietzel	002
W H Brickner	012	Gaboline	101
Picken	001	M Dietzel	001
G W Silberhorn	102	W H Hogan	211
D Volinti	211		

Third event, miss and out, one barrel:

F Knof	10	A Dietzel	0
R Darling	10	Gaboline	11
W H Brickner	11	M Dietzel	10
G W Silberhorn	0	W H Hogan	0
D Volinti	0	J W Spencer	10
J Dietzel	0		

Fountain Rod and Gun Club.

On Wednesday, Oct. 11, while all New York and its surroundings were intent upon the outcome of the third event in the contest between the English and American yachts, fourteen members of the Fountain Rod and Gun Club were busily engaged in a contest over the possession of the diamond trophy, presented to the club by Charley Plate. Prominent among the contestants were "Boss" Hugh McLaughlin and his son Fred; Excise Commissioner John Schliemann, Fred W. Pfaender, C. Plate, Dr. Van Zeil, Adam Eppig and the only "Ike" (Hyde). The Plate trophy is something out of the ordinary as club trophies go, and naturally there is a strong competition among many of the members to win it. Up to the present time the honors for winning it are divided as follows: Dr. Van Zeil twice, Wm. Lair twice, and Fred W. Pfaender once.

This meeting being the sixth of the present season, those members who have already secured a mortgage upon the trophy, by one or more wins, were naturally interested to add another in order to advance themselves one leg nearer the goal. Those who have failed to win even once were doubly anxious to secure a bracket, in order to feel that they were yet in the swim. Of the members present on this occasion it was expected that the race would develop between Messrs. Pfaender, Lair and Van Zeil. These three were grouped in the first squad that went to the trap. Messrs. Pfaender, Van Zeil and J. E. Orr, each killing their 7 birds, using the second barrel only once. Mr. Lair, up to and including sixth bird had used his second barrel only once, his seventh bird was an easy one and everybody expected to see it cut down, but for some reason the bird and the shot failed to connect and the result was a goose egg for Lair. The next group to go to the score contained some good shooting material among whom may be mentioned Hugh McLaughlin, C. Plate, Ike Hyde, M. Elssasser and others. It was expected that some of this group would come in with a clean score, but as each one finished up his score there were found to be one or two goose eggs mixed into each one; young Fred McLaughlin was in this latter group, but no one had really looked upon him as a trophy winner, and up to his fifth shot, but little attention had been paid to his shooting.

However, when some one recalled the fact that Fred had killed five, then Ike Hyde in his happy way advised him to go for the old fellows and get that trophy.

His fifth bird was a hummer, and the second barrel that Fred gave him was so well timed that the other shooters could not but help giving the young man generous applause for his well executed shot. His sixth and seventh birds were both good; the sixth required both barrels; the seventh he cut down with the first barrel, completing his score with 7 kills.

On the shoot off Pfaender, Van Zeil and Orr led off, each with a kill. Young McLaughlin followed his competitors by also making a clean kill with this first barrel. Dr. Van Zeil was the first to drop out on the second round, followed by Pfaender and Orr in the third. When McLaughlin went to the trap, where to kill was to win, to miss meant a continuation of the tie, everybody seemed to think that he would break up, but such was not the case. Although the bird was a good one the shooter was equal to the emergency and the bird went to grass on the first barrel.

It is doubtful if Hugh McLaughlin ever felt more proud than he did when that last shot was fired and the bird retrieved, to outshoot such men as Pfaender, Van Zeil and Orr, requires shooting ability found only in the first class of amateurs. The birds as a whole were only ordinary, but sandwiched among them were some strong, hardy birds that were capable of carrying away large quantities of shot. After the closing of the trophy incident a 5 bird sweep was started, with 12 entries. In this race J. B. Voorhies, Pfaender and Fred. McLaughlin went out with a clean score. Lair, Plate, Van Zeil, Hyde and Koenig tied with 4 each. In the shoot off after retiring Plate and Koenig, the others finally divided.

This was our first visit to the Woodlawn pigeon grounds, and aside from the inconvenience of the long walk from the station we were very much pleased with the grounds. The shooting house is sadly in need of repair. In its present condition it would be decidedly a most uncomfortable place on a stormy day. The scores are appended:

F W Pfaender	1211111—7	M Elssasser	2120211—6
Dr Van Zeil	1112111—7	W Scheelje	1111010—5
A J Eppig	1021102—5	H McLaughlin	2112002—5
W Lair	2111110—6	F McLaughlin	1211221—7
J B Vorhies	2101121—6	C Plate	0222211—6
J E Orr	1211111—7	S DeFraine	0111•02—4
Ike Hyde	0210211—5	J Schlieman	0110021—4

Tie: Pfaender 2, Van Zeil 1, Orr 2, McLaughlin 3.

Five-bird sweep, entry $1, three moneys:

Wm Lair	22120—4	J B Vorhies	11111—5
A J Eppig	10012—3	F W Pfaender	11111—5
Chas Plate	10211—4	F McLaughlin	22221—5
Dr Van Zeil	01112—4	Ike Hyde	11011—4
M Elssasser	20201—3	J Schlieman	1001•—2
W Scheelje	00222—3	B Koenig	02211—4

Anent the Virginia Championship.

Lynch's Station, Va., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time last year, in an open tournament at Winchester, Va., a cup was shot for emblematic of the championship of Virginia, at target shooting. This cup was won by Mr Haddox, who was subsequently challenged for it by Mr. Wm. F. Summerson, of Staunton, who broke 41 to his opponent's 37 out of 50 targets. The conditions were that each contest for the cup should be at 50 single targets, known angles, the cup to be won five consecutive times before becoming the property of the winner.

Immediately after the above match, shot at Shendon, I asked the winner to name a day when he would shoot against me for the cup. He replied that he could not do so then, as others were ahead of me, but that as soon as he was through with them he would give me a date. As time went by without any shooting between Mr. Summerson and his alleged challengers I assumed that he had merely resorted to a subterfuge to keep from shooting a race with me, as he knew defeat would be inevitable.

Last May we met at the Charlotte tournament, and there in the presence of your trap editor and several others, Mr. Summerson again agreed to give me a date for a match, stating positively that there was no one ahead of me. As the time drew near for him to name a day for the race or forfeit the cup, he was taken with a bad case of heart failure and used every means possible to induce me to let him out of the match, but upon my insisting on my rights to shoot for this cup and he found nothing short of a race would satisfy me, he positively refused to set a day, forfeiting the cup and title under the rules governing the same. Then what was my surprise to see in a recent issue of your journal an account of a race for this cup between him and some local friend of Staunton, in which he had changed the conditions from 50 singles to 12 pairs and 30 singles, divided into known and unknown angles. No doubt this change was made to enhance his chances of winning, but the result proved he had underestimated his opponent's skill. He should have changed the conditions from targets to spring chickens, when by throwing same from plunge traps and reserving the right to chase down all he could not kill, he might have posed longer as a champion and thereby satisfied an unsatiated ambition, which he lacked the skill to sustain at targets, as he had unquestionably the same right to make that change as the one he made. What right he had to shoot this party for this cup is more than I can understand. In square sports is it customary, Mr. Editor, for cup-holding champions to ignore challengers after accepting them and select their friends to assist them in holding on to their emblem?

I have thought I would like to win one of these Britannia plated emblems and pose as a mighty shooter, but if like my illustrious predecessor the possession would take all of the shoot out of me I am glad he has shown the necessary grip and cheek to brave public opinion and save me from such a fate. W. T. Mitchell.

Prize Shoot at Lansdale.

Lansdale, Oct. 7.—The match advertised by the Lansdale Gun Club came off this afternoon on their grounds, which are located in Edgewood Park, just on the outskirts of the town. Lansdale is twenty-four miles north of Philadelphia on the North Pa. R. R.

The shoot was at live birds, and a good lot of country birds being on hand a fine day's sport concluded with darkness.

The members of the club that took the most interest in the match were Jos. Henry, one of the old pigeon shooters of the county; W. Quintrel, Mahlon Jones, H. Zearfoss, W. Metz, B. F. Henry and J. Houpt. The weather was pleasant and every one enjoyed the shooting.

Five targets: J. Henry 5, A. Peterman 4, A. Yeakel 4, J. Peterman 5, F. Henry 2. Jones 2.

Three live birds: J. Henry 1, A. Peterman 2, D. Yeakel 1, J. Peterman 3, F. Henry 3.

Three live birds: J. Henry 3, A. Peterman 3, D. Yeakel 1, J. Peterman 2, F. Henry 2. Jones 2.

Ten targets: J. Peterman 9, J. Houpt 9, D. Yeakel 8, F. Henry 2, J. Henry 9.

Ten targets: J. Peterman 10, D. Yeakel 6, Thomas 10, Thurman 7, Brillman 7. J. Houpt 9.

Live birds, miss and out: Thomas 9, Thurman 1, Brillman 8, Hallman 4, A. Peterman 2, J. Peterman 8, D. Yeakel 0.

Match for gun, $1 entrance, miss and out: Thomas 7, Thurman 0, Brillman 6, J. Henry 2, F. Henry 0, R. C. Lowrie 0, G. Franklin 1, Thomas 1, Houpt 6, J. Henry 1, Kelly 0, Thurman 4, J. Ritter 3, W. Morrison 1.

Miss and out: Thomas 8, W. B. Moyer 0, W. Metz 0, Thurman 8, F. Henry 3, Kelly 7, Metz 0, Brillman 1, J. Henry 0, Quintell 2, F. Henry 0, S. Swartz 3, Deavees 3.

Live birds, $2 miss and out: Thomas 2, Thurman 2, Brillman 0, Franklin 0, J. Ritner 0.

No. 2, miss and out: Thomas 0. Thurman 3, Brillman 2, Franklin 1, Ritner 0, Swartz 0, Morrison 0, J. Peterman 3, D. Yeakel 2.

No. 3, miss and out: Thomas 5, Thurman 5, Franklin 1, J. Retner 6, J. Peterman 3, D. Yeakel 0.

No. 4, miss and out: Thomas 3, Thurman 3, Franklin 2, J. Retner 2, Morrison 2, Peterman 2, Yeakel 1. H. T.

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

The Parkway Rod and Gun Club opened its season shoot for 1893-4 at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Oct. 11. Sixteen members were on hand to enter the competition for the class prizes and also the annual prize for the best average during the season. The custom which this club has of appropriating funds for the purchase of prizes for each class at each monthly shoot seems to be a good one. We notice that as a general thing the shoots of the Parkway Club are well attended by its membera. This speaks well for its management, for in shotgun shooting as with the rifle, class and handicap are two elements of discord, and it requires the finest kind of adjustment and extreme good judgment to prevent friction among the members of the different classes.

At the shoot on Wednesday we find the result of the club event to be highly interesting. In Class A are three men tied with clean scores. In Class B are two. In Class C is one. In the shoot-off the Class C man, Archie Andrews, shoots out his five competitors and secures one leg in the race for the annual trophy. If the management of our other shotgun and rifle cluba in and about New York will go into this class and handicap system with the same intelligence and care that the Parkway seems to have applied to its membership, there will soon be found a large increase in both interest and attendance on the part of their members.

Class A, 28 and 30yds.:			
Bernett	1112212—7	Botty	0111211—6
Helgans	2222222—7	Woods	1222211—7
Class B, 25 and 27yds.:			
Short	1121212—7	Mueller	0022100—3
Edgerton	0111112—6	M Meyer	2100120—4
Bookman	2110012—5	H Lainair	1111211—7
Warldin	1102010—4		
Class C, 23 and 25yds.:			
J Wooly	2122101—6	A B Selover	0200100—2
A Andrews	1121111—7	J Young	1112220—6
H J Selover	2111011—6		

Ties: Bennett 2, Woods 2, Lamair 1, Helgans 11, Short 6, Andrews 12. Greenville.

First German Gun Club.

The regular monthly shoot of the First German Gun Club was held at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Oct. 4. Sixteen members were present to participate in the competition for the club medal. This shoot being the last of the present series the leading members were on the ragged edge over the probabilities as to who would be the final winner of the trophy. The rules called for 10 birds per man, club handicap, gun below the elbow.

The majority of the birds were good strong flyers, and all the competitors found it a hard matter to stop them inside the boundary; but between those members who stationed themselves in and about the field and the pot-hunters on the outside, but few birds survived the furious fusilade that was made against them.

This leads us to remark that we have in the past visited a good many pigeon shoots, but for reckless and promiscous shooting on the part of the outside shooters this shoot takes the palm. One member had a pellet lodged in close proximity to his eye which placed him *hors de combat* for the remainder of the day. That no one was riddled with shot was simply a matter of good luck.

We would caution the First Germau Gun Club to revise its shooting rules before it becomes necessary to call in the services of the Coroner. When the last man had finished his score it was found that Philip Neusch and P. Wannamacher were tied for first place with seven kills each. On the shoot-off at three birds each Neusch won with one kill to three misses on the part of Wannamacher. The scores are appended:

W. Soll 3, J. Brandhorst 1, A. Stolzenberger 6, J. Schmaeck 2. P. Wannamacher 7, C. Pfaff 5, G. Ronig 4, A. Goetz 2, P. Neusch 7, F. Schell 3, W. Bord 2, J. C. Reiser 0, H. Sturcke 5, C. Deitz 3, P. Moersch 6, A. Nensch 2.

Acme Gun Club.

The regular monthly shoot of the Acme Gun Club, at Dexter Park, L. I., on Tuesday, Oct. 3, brought together nine members to compete for the diamond trophy. While the membership does not seem to be as large as of yore, still the energy and vim of the present coterie of active members seems to keep the club in a decidedly healthy condition. The change of the club in their shooting from live birds to bluerocks cost the club some of its best members, but as live bird shooting is an expensive luxury it was a question of moment to many of the members whether they would give up shooting a together or resort to targets. A majority being in favor of the targets the club has for the past year confined its official events to bluerocks.

The club trophy presented by Louis Miller, which by the way is a handsome affair in the form of a locket for the watch chain with a very pretty diamond setting, is the pride of the club, and all the members whose shooting ability warrant the assumption are making every effort to capture the prize. Up to the last shoot Fred W. Pfaender was in the lead, but the shoot on this day brought Thos. Short to the front as a prominent candidate—as a possible winner.

A sweep at live birds was shot off after the club event. The scores are appended:

Club shoot, 20 bluerocks, three traps, known angles: Thos. Short 18, F. W. Pfaender 14, Antony Batty 14. Chris Monk 12, Chris Dettloff 11, Wm. Vorback 10, C W. Horney 10, Chas. Stuetzle 9, Chris Krabbe 8.

Five live birds: F. W. Pfaender 5, Thos. Short 5, A. Botty 4, Chris Dettleff 3, C. W. Horney 3.

Hamilton Gun Club.

Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 9.—There was a large attendance at our regular shoot at the new club grounds to-day. The weather was fine, and considering the high wind some good scores were made. W. Strand won the Cowie cup for the third time, and only succeeded in beating Parker by his handicap, who made 20 out of his possible 21. To-day was A. Smith's second win for the Hopkins medal, and considering that he was shooting a new gun, the score was a good one. James Crooks defeated Parker for the challenge medal, 15 singles and 5 pairs, by 15 to 14. We have decided to hold our annual tournament in November, and a committee has been appointed to complete arrangements for programmes, etc., a copy of which will be sent Forest and Stream in due time. Our first live-bird shoot of the season will be held at the Halway House on the afternoon of Oct. 18. There will be plenty of Strand favorites and all are welcome. Following are the records of to-day's shoot.

Hopkins medal, handicap, 21yds., each pull his own trap:

Wilson (15)	001001011110001 — 7	Parker (15)	111110011011110—11
Crooks (18)	101110111000100111—11	Bowman (15)	011001010101000— 6
Hamilton (18)	101111010010101000— 9	W Stroud (15)	101011100011110—11
J Stroud (15)	110100101101101 —11	Reardon (15)	001011001100111— 8
C Hunt (15)	100110111001111 —10	Graham (15)	111110011000110— 9
A Smyth (15)	011101011111111 —12	J Smyth (15)	001101100011111— 9

Cowie cup, handicap:

Parker (21)	111011111111111111111	—20
Bowman (21)	111111011011111111110	—18
W Stroud (24)	110111111111111111111100	—21
C Hunt (21)	110110010110011010110	—12
Reardon (21)	110111100111011111111	—17
Graham (21)	101111110111011111111	—18
Clifford (21)	010101011011111111111	—16
Crooks (24)	110111100111011100101111	—17
G Stroud (26)	00000101001010110100101001	—10
Wilson (20)	11010011111110111110	—16
Smyth (21)	000011001000110000100	— 6
Hamilton (24)	001101111111111111100111	— 9

No. 1, $1 entrance: Smyth 9. C. Hunt 7, Parker 7, Crooks 7, Wilson 8, Graham 9, W. Stroud 7, Clifford 7.

No. 2, 10 birds, $1 entrance: Crooks 6, Bowman 8, A. Smyth 4, Parker 8, W. Stroud 5, Hunt 8, Wilson 8, Graham 8, J. Smyth 8, Hunter 5.

No. 3, 10 birds, $1 entrance: W. Stroud 8, Bowman 9, Wilson 9, Graham 9, Hamilton 9 Crooks 9.

No Interstate at Dexter Park.

New York, Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue of your paper, you made a statement that this association is to hold a shoot in November, at Louis Miller's Dexter Park, Brooklyn N. Y. I would advise you that Mr. Miller has been informed that this is not so, and that any correspondence leading up to a matter of this kind was entirely unauthorized by the executive committee or the classification and tournament committee. Yours truly,

J. A. H. Dressel, Chairman Executive Committee.

The Newark Gun Club.

Half a dozen shooters reported for duty on Oct. 12, the regular date for the Newark Gun Club's shoot. The showing is a weak one for an organization of this size, as nearly every prominent pigeon shot in the northern part of New Jersey is a member. Probably the stringency in the money market is responsible for the poor attendance.

The weather was delightful and the birds as a whole were a good lot. The retrieving was done by Mr. Erb's Lem and Pomp, and as usual they worked splendidly. Among the shooters was Howland Gasper, of Eastport, L. I., this being his first appearance on these grounds since last spring.

The first event was at 10 live birds, $5 entry, two moneys; No. 2, club shoot, at 10 live birds; No. 3, at 10 live birds, $5 entry, two moneys; No. 4, at 4 birds, $2 entry, two moneys; No. 5 and 6 at 4 birds, one barrel only allowed, 25yds., and No. 7, a go-as-you-please at 4 birds each, the shooter with gun on shoulder starting from shooting house toward traps, and the puller being privileged to pull any trap after the shooter had passed at the 30yds. mark. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3	Ties.
Castle	1111111•10—8	1111121201— 9	1111111121—10	....
Hedden	0121021111—8	2121112211—10	1102111111— 9	1111121111 0
Hollis	2111121011—9	1111111111—10	11221•2112— 9	11111122121
Erb	1201121211—9	2010021111— 7	212211•121— 9	11111110
Breintnall	2121111010—8	2111001211— 8	....	....
Gasper	0200202221—6	....	....	....

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Castle	0102—2	0011—2	111•—3	2100—2
Hedden	1111—4	0111—3	0011—2	1002—2
Hollis	1112—4	1000—1	0110—2	2210—3
Erb	0100—1	010•—1	1110—3	1122—4

During the afternoon a communication was receved from the Parkway Gun Club, of Brooklyn, extending to the Newark Gun Club an invitation to send a team of fifteen men to Dexter Park on Oct. 26, 27 or 30 for the purpose of shooting a friendly match at 10 live birds per man against a like team from the Parkway Club. Those members present were, of course, in favor of accepting the invitation, and while the date was not definitely fixed Oct. 26 seemed to be the one preferred. It was decided to ask Mr. Jacob Pentz to choose the men to represent the Newark Gun Club.

Vernon Gun Club.

The monthly shoot of the Vernon Gun Club at Dexter Park, on Oct. 10, brought together a baker's dozen of the members and their friends. The membership being made up largely of disciples of Esculapius, they are somewhat erratic in their hours of attendance. On this occasion they were strolling into the grounds in twos and threes from 1:30 to 3:30 P. M., so that by the time the shoot was opened the pigeons, when the traps were opened, instead of hieing away to places of safety, strolled around the traps looking for stray grubs or other good things, thinking no doubt that it was time to grub. Some of the birds, seemingly with a sense of the true situation of affairs, the moment the traps were opened sped away for freedom; but sad to relate, the band of pot-hunters who were hovering about the outer ground filled the air so full of flying shot that the birds could not get through the barrier thrown about them. The club event for the possession of the gold medal, which called for 7 birds per man, developed a good race between four of the contestants, viz., Messrs. Greiff, Little, Jones and W. H. Thompson. Each man killed his 7 birds, and as the medal could not well be quartered, they decided to make it a "go" to a finish. For eleven rounds it was nip and tuck, when Thompson quit, preferring to retire rather than to go on with the contest. In the next round Dr. Little was unfortunate in his bird, and was retired with a miss. The next round proved to be the last. Greiff leading off grassed his bird in good style, while Jones, although apparently filling his full of shot, was retired, the bird carrying away both the shot and his aspirations for the medal as well. Scores:

G Greiff	1111111—7	C Boeroum	011•011—4
Dr Little	2111212—7	Binns	0002200—2
Collet	21•0210—4	Hackett	1002122—5
W H Thompson	1221211—7	Dr Lamadrid	1221210—6
Jones	2212211—7	Dr Wischerth	0211212—6
G Osterhaus	0201112—5	F A Thompson	2011020—4
Dr Huskinson	0020012—3		

Garfield Gun Club.

The club held its semi-annual meeting on the evening of Oct. 7, in the Sherman House, Chicago. The secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were approved. An informal report of the treasurer showed a balance of $122.41 clear of all indebtness. A motion to appoint a committee to investigate the status of the club was carried. Following are the totals and percentages of the best ten scores of each men. O'Neil, 201, 80.4%; Drake, 221, 88.4%; Patterson, 191, 76.4%; Hicks, 227, 90.8%; Palmer, 212, 84.8%; Pilz, 174, 69.6%; Northcott, 147, 58.8%; Adams, 203, 81.2%; Mott, 189, 75.6%; Lauterbach 202, 80.8%; Dr. Hudson, 169, 67.6%; Coppernoll, 230, 92%; Richards, 202, 80.8%; Tefft, 226, 90.4% Bowers, 189, 75.6%; Young, 201, 80.4%; O'Brien, 219, 87.6%; Dr Meek, 212, 84.8%; Will Northcott, 188, 75.2% Will Palmer, 196, 78.4%. The names of some delinquent members were mentioned and action preferred to the Board of Directors. Mr. Thos. L. Stephenson's name was mentioned with the others, and he was admittedly a most objectionable person. Mr. O'Brien tendered his resignation, which was laid on the table. The matter of awarding the medals was referred to the Board of Directors with full power to act. The meeting was suspended while the Board of Directors met. Thos. L. Stephenson was expelled from membership. Carried that shooting be held next Saturday, and live bird shooting following Saturday, and target shooting the following Saturday thereafter in October.

B. Waters.

Crescent Gun Club.

The last monthly shoot of the Crescent Gun Club at Dexter Park on Oct. 5 was poorly attended. We used to attend the shoots of this club when the attendance was anywhere from 12 to 20 members besides the visiting shooters and invited guests, but things do not seem to be as they were. The club contains as good material as any in Brooklyn, and with such leaders as Messrs. Hopkins, Shepherd, Gilmore and others, we cannot understand why there is not more shooting interest displayed by the members.

In the club event at 5 live birds, 6 entries, Hopkins, Shepherd, Morey and Mohrmann tied, each with a clean score.

Club event, 7 birds: Hogkins 5, Shepherd 5, Morey 5, Weir 4, Mohrmann 5, Passmore 3.

Gilbertsville.

Inclosed you will find scores of a shoot held at Gilbertsville (Pa.) Hotel, Henry G. Herbs, proprietor. Five events were shot at 10 targets, $1 entrance, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and after the shoot we had a fine chicken supper. Any brother sportsman wanting a good time he should attend one of Herb's shoots There were shooters from Pennsburg, Boyertown, Pine Iron Works, New Berlinville and other places Our friend Mr. Benner, from Pennsburg, carried off the honors of the day by making the best average, breaking 41 out of a possible 50. Boughter second by 37 out of a possible 50.

	1	2	3	4	5		1	2	3	4	5
N W Benner	8	8	10	7	8	J N Boughter	6	7	9	6	9
W Imbody	6	6	7	6	4	P Stangler	3	6	6	..	2
H Herb	3	5	4	4	2	A Ritter	7	6	6	6	4
H Wein	6	9	6	..	..	D Ritter	..	..	7	7	4

Remington.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

H. L.—We do not know of any party requiring a camp helper.

Geo., Toronto.—The "speckled trout" and the "brook trout" of the Ontario law are identical.

D. R. C. is advised that Danvis Folks have not yet finished their engagement on the boards of Forest and Stream. Other chapters will be printed.

S. P. C.—Could you inform me through your columns where I could get some deer hunting this fall within two or three hundred miles of New York city? Ans. Write to Price Bros., Canadensis, Pa., or C. M. Barrett, Old Forge, N. Y.

Reynard, Littleton, N. H.—Would a reynard ever live to run 15 rods before falling with a .38-56 ball put through his heart? Ans. It would not be beyond the realms of possibility, for such instances of vitality have been recorded with respect to various animals.

Florida Camping.—Would some brother sportsman tell me of pleasant, healthy spot near some village on the Gulf Coast of Florida where I could camp this winter and get a fair chance of salt and fresh water fishing. Would like to know about Homosassa and Anclote.

C. B. W.

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to visit the "Forest and Stream's" exhibit in the Angling Pavilion at the entrance from the main hall of the Fisheries Building, in the World's Fair.

THE MINNESOTA WILDFOWL SEASON.

REFERENCE has been made to the blunder of the Minnesota Legislature in the last session relative to the close season for wildfowl. The framers of the bill intended to forbid killing "except between" Sept. 1 and April 25 following, but the text of the law when enacted omitted the word "except," and made the intended open season the close season and the close season the open season. However, the Commissioners, of whom Mr. W. P. Andrus, of Minneapolis, is the executive agent, did not propose to be balked even by a statute so seriously defective as this. They secured from the Attorney-General a ruling that the intent of the law would be to permit the killing of wildfowl from Sept. 1 to April 25, and they determined to observe such intent and to permit duck shooting in that period. But they gave it out early in the year that they should keep an eye on all persons who were inclined to take advantage of the legislative blunder, and that should any such persons kill game in what ought to be the close season they would not be allowed to kill it in the season actually forbidden by the statute. As a matter of fact, whether owing to the threat of the Commission, or because of the influence of the growing respect for game protection which now prevails in Minnesota, very little duck shooting was engaged in prior to Sept. 1. The intended close season was generally respected by all classes of gunners, and the sportsmen of Minnesota who have been with easy consciences shooting in the legal close season since Sept. 1 have enjoyed excellent sport. So the defective statute has not worked great harm after all.

The Commissioners report that game protection is gaining popularity in Minnesota. They say that they have found the sportsmen generally throughout the country—those resident in the State and coming from outside—willing to co-operate with them in keeping down the quantity of game that could or should be killed, and in that way to protect the birds. Owing to the energy exerted in the past two or three years in the protection of game, they now find that this season there is a greater abundance than at any time heretofore. The efficacy of a good law well enforced has been demonstrated in their work. The farming community, which heretofore was very much averse to the enforcement of the game law, now, since they understand what it means, are of the greatest aid in making the law effective. This is only another demonstration of the truth that a right public sentiment is more effective than stringent laws, and we see here that while without the support of such a sentiment good laws may accomplish nothing, with it even bad laws may protect game. It would be gratifying to know that Minnesota enjoyed a perfect game code; it is even more gratifying to be assured that public opinion in the State is growing for the conservation of the fish and birds and mammals.

PORTRAITS IN INK.

I.—THE MAJOR.

IF you live in or near a certain little town and are one of the brethren in the bonds of the rod and gun, you must know the Major, for he is the self-constituted and generally accepted oracle in all matters pertaining to the ruder or the gentler craft.

His neat little shop is the place where those who would be considered true sportsmen most do congregate, and you, desiring such recognition, go thither also.

A huge watch hangs above the door, symbolic of the owner's regular occupation and modestly hinting that you may here find proper weapons wherewith to kill time as well as to mark its course.

It is not the place for cozy chat and is too neat to be comfortable, and without a seat to invite ease. There is but one, the stool at the window where the Major's assistant sits, mending and cleaning watches, and you cannot sit on the show cases which cover the counter.

Under the polished glass of these are displayed, besides watches, rings, pins, and trinkets, an array of shining trolling baits, gaudy flies, flimsy reels, hooks and coils of line, the one split-bamboo rod that is never sold, and some unsafe pistols. In a rack near the other window are a few choicely kept guns and jointed rods, cheap to look at, but dear to the purchaser.

There are a few stuffed birds here and there, which the Major will tell you casually were mounted by himself, but there are never any additions, though some rare specimens are brought to him for identification and he never hesitates to name them at the first glance of his twinkling eyes.

Standing behind the show cases, in immaculate linen, venerable with his bald head and white locks and neatly trimmed mustache, he smiles blandly at your ignornance while he benevolently enlightens it with his wisdom.

How learnedly he discourses of guns and charges, rods, tackle and bait, of game and fish and methods of taking them, exemplified by relations of his own phenomenal exploits.

But if you are so honored as to be permitted to accompany him on a fishing or shooting trip, you do not find him exceptionally skillful, only anxious to take all the fairest shots without regard to turn or courtesy, and to be first at the most promising points. These privileges, generally accorded him by reason of his venerable presence and position as first sportsman in the land, are likely to give him good scores to boast of, but however large, they are shared with no one else.

He is a wordy supporter of game laws, loud in his denunciation of violators of them, yet he never enters a complaint against such law breakers nor subscribes a cent to aid in their prosecution. It might injure his trade. He consorts suspiciously with well known poachers and it is inferred that he sometimes anticipates the open season by a day or two. Indeed, to whom but him should belong the cream of this sport?

The Major's chosen companion is some poor fellow, who, wise in the ways and haunts of fish and game, deems himself well paid for days of rowing or paddling or lugging a heavy bait kettle along a stream, by the honor of such exalted comradeship and a gift of a cast-off shooting coat or worn out wading boots or worthless reel or frayed line. This is a cheap arrangement for the Major and gives him all the tangible proceeds of the day's sport. Yet it may be that the poor comrade has the best of it after all, and takes home with him something that cannot be possessed by the Major, to whom the woods are but cover for game, the streams and lakes only the homes of fishes.

Your cheeks tingle with the blushes that ought to mantle his serene countenance, when he tells without shame, nay with pride, how he and one of his brother sportsmen, wormed themselves into the confidence of an old farmer, partook of his hospitality and then sneaking into his orchard, drove his pet bevy of quail into some neighboring cover and killed them all.

As you look at his bland cunning face and take just account of him, you wonder how with his sham honor, sham wisdom, sham sportsmanship, sham title, all so transparent, the venerable old fraud can maintain his position. Yet you help him to do so. You go and listen to him, thinking that there is an air of respectability conferred upon the frequenter of his place, and you buy your sportsmen's furnishings there rather than at a shop where you could get as good for half the money, because it sounds well to mention incidentally that you bought your ammunition or your tackle at the Major's, though the one fouls your gun abominably and the other lost you the biggest fish you ever struck. And so you philosophically conclude that humbugs are a convenience, if not a necessity and shout with the others—"Long live the Major."

SNAP SHOTS.

THE sportmen of Georgia met in Atlanta last week and formed a State association, with the expressed purpose of improving the game law and securing its enforcement. The very first thing for the new association to undertake is to do away with the numerous county laws, which are as diverse as they are numerous, and to substitute for them a consistent law of general application to govern the entire State.

The purpose of a close season is to afford the game immunity from pursuit during the breeding, rearing and maturing periods. These periods do not differ, one from another, in adjoining counties; and no more should the periods of protection differ. The quail law, for example, should be uniform throughout all Georgia. If between the upper and the lower divisions of the State there is any perceptible variation of breeding habits, the birds should be given the advantage of this, the one uniform close season being provided to give ample protection throughout the State.

One of the funny incidents of the Atlanta convention the other day was the reading of a letter from the promoter of the National Sportsmen's Convention scheme. The notion that these Georgia sportsmen, who have not yet succeeded in getting a uniform game code for their own State, may, might, could, should or would do anything to help on the project of a uniform game code for the whole continent—this is very funny or very pathetic, just as you may view it.

The settlers of Uinta and Fremont counties in Wyoming are petitioning the authorities to abate the depredations of invading Indians, who stray from agencies in the vicinity and slaughter game for their skins only; and the Phœnix, Arizona, *Republican* finds something to clamor about in the hunting exploits of the Crown Prince of Austria; "it is about time," says the Arizona editor, "Americans grew tired of having foreigners come over and slaughter our few remaining representatives of the noble animals that once crowded the plains and filled the mountains." Game butchery is bad enough, whoever may be the agent of it; but the average white American is possessed of human nature enough to regard these outrages as particularly atrocious if they happen to be perpetrated by Indians or foreigners.

Now that the shooting season is in full sway, correspondents are invited to send notes from the game fields, reporting the success that crowns the day's pursuit and telling of good grounds for gunners to visit. It is by such interchange of experience and information that the FOREST AND STREAM can serve the greatest number.

What have been the practical results of quail stocking enterprises when the birds have been imported from distant States? Has the stock remained in the country where put out, or has it emigrated? We would like to have reports from some of the quail importers, for the information and benefit of others who are proposing to undertake such work.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE SAGINAW CROWD.

Pilgrimage of 1892.—III.

(Continued from page 339.)

We got up that morning feeling stiff and sore. Before leaving camp we made our plans for the morning shoot. Henry, Paddock and the Kid were to take the saddle horses and keep abreast of those of us that were to beat the thickets. At the ford we were all to wait until Ferd, Bigelow and the Doctor could get to their stands on the upper side of the cover of the river's edge, for we were certain that this time in driving bend No. 2, coupled with the racket made yesterday, the deer would surely desert the cover and attempt to cross to the opposite patch of woods, that much resembled the one we were to drive.

Jack had cultivated a wind-gall on one knee, from his long ride on the broncho, and was too lame to beat the brush with the rest of us, and so claimed the right to join the fat men's contingent, viz., a good soft seat somewhere in the open or on the river, while we athletic sprinters drove out the deer for the sedentary marksmen to slaughter. To prove his lameness he had limped a great deal, and groaned more from the time he took in the lay of the land and saw the amount of manual labor needed. What he exhibited as a dangerous blister we promptly labeled "alkali dust markings of the purest type." As he could draw no sympathetic tears he devoted his spare moments in camp to the medicine chest. Arnica and vaseline, interspersed with liberal applications of Pond's Extract, soothed his injured joint for the time being.

Our plan was upset somewhat by Jack, who groaned and limped more than ever, and declared that he would not go with us; but after waiting long enough at the ford for the others to get their stands, and Henry not appearing, we started out to find out the reason, for we wanted all the help possible to do the driving, when Jack appeared on Henry's horse, having concluded that though he was too lame to walk he was not too lame to hunt if he could ride. We left him to pick out any place he wished, and went ahead without regard to where he would go. It seems he followed the bluffs; and, fastening his horse to a sapling, mounted the hill, where he could command a most excellent view of a large strip of the timber land below.

I had no sooner worked my way through the first patch of brush than a deer jumped up before me and disappeared in the opposite thicket. I did get a snap shot as he tore through the opening, not 20ft. wide, and, as usual, missed; but by the time we had worked our way pretty well into the thicket, cannonading became quite general along the line. We called to one another so that there would be no mishaps in the way of stray shots, and by the time we had reached the open glade in the center, seven or eight deer had been jumped. Those on horseback, and at the extreme right, had not come out yet.

Standing with Seib and Henry, we suddenly heard cannonading over toward the bluffs, and then the most unearthly screeching and hollering one ever heard. We could not make out who it came from, until we thought of Jack. We were uncertain whether he was being devoured by a bear or was simply trying his lungs to produce the echoes that reverberated from cliff to cliff and from gorge to gorge. He certainly was not lame in his lungs if he did have a lame knee. Knowing that something was wrong, we hurried in that direction, and when we arrived the balance of the party were there and having a drink with Jack. The pretty little flask, gold-lined, that his wife had given him for his birthday, held about enough snake antidote for a full-grown man for one snifter; but it demonstrated that Jack's heart was in the right place, if there was not enough to go round. The Judge, with sleeves rolled up, and arms covered with blood, was cleaning a nice big buck that had mounted the hill in Jack's face, literally attempting to run over the invalid marksman. He was a nice fellow, and we were glad of Jack's good luck, but cussed a little bit to think it had come to him so easily while the rest of us had been drawing ourselves through almost impenetrable thickets. Jack told just how he did it; he said he saw him break cover and come directly toward him. He put the rifle to his shoulder and kept sight of the old fellow until he started up the hillside, and when he came within 40yds. he shot and hit him hard; this we found out to be true, for he shot him in one of the front feet and broke off a part of the hoof. He said the deer kept right on until he was opposite, when a second shot knocked him over. There was no doubt about the second shot being a good one, for it went through the buck's heart. It was the first deer Jack had ever shot at, and the inartistic attempt to bleed him with the fancy hunting knife was not a glowing success. He did cut his throat, but right at the roots of his tongue, disfiguring an otherwise handsome antlered head.

We were all in better spirits; we now had meat in camp, and Jack could have the best the earth afforded. Henry volunteered to pack it to camp, and we knew that that night, when we came in tired and hungry, Harrison would have a haunch of venison for us, roasted to a turn. New life was imparted to us, and we were ready again for the fray. Jack was not nearly so lame, but concluded he would wait until Henry came back with his horse, and then follow along the bluff so as to be on hand by the time we drove out the next deer. He stated this arrangement as a matter of fact, and the rest of us acquiesced. Forming into line again, we started back to go over part of the same ground diagonally, at the same time taking in a strip of territory we had not before driven, and that would, we thought, send some of the deer to the fat men we had guarding the runways by the river. This wooded island seemed to be literally alive with deer, they were like rabbits, and would run out ahead of us, circle round, and go into the thicket again; but it seemed impossible to make them leave cover. Strung out as we were in a long line, we could catch glimpses of a deer from time to time, as they stopped for an instant before going out of sight; and, in fact, they succeeded in keeping out of sight very fairly anyhow, for the thickets were dense, with small openings that the deer would cross in an instant. We all of us had several snap shots in the brush, with no result, and at noon we gathered at the far side of the strip in a nice open glade shaded by the cottonwoods that here were very large.

Our lunch was spread on the grass, and we were all enjoying it, when Jack jumped up and said he saw a deer pass a little way from us, and he was certain that he saw where it lay down in the tall grass. We laughed at him, but he took up his gun and hobbled in that direction. We paid no attention to him, but suddenly a report rang out, and then two or three more shots in quick succession, and then another of those wild Comanche yells broke the stillness of the forest, and we knew Jack had done something desperate again. We jumped to our feet in an instant, and found that Jack had succeeded in killing the doe that the day before I had wounded by breaking its foreleg. Sure enough, the deer was lying down where Jack imagined, and as it jumped up his first shot clipped a hole through one of its ears, the second shot probably missed, and the third was fatal. Here was this lame duffer, who had never fired a rifle or seen a deer before, doing all the execution. Two or three members of the party were old hands at deer shooting, and none of us were chickens in that line, and we felt rather chagrined to have a tenderfoot, with his new and unsoiled paraphernalia, do us up in this way. As Jack's thimble was empty one of the old stand-bys was produced, and we all drank to "old Section 37's" health. The Kid volunteered to take the deer to camp, and after resting, and smoking, and snoozing for an hour or two, we concluded to make a drive in bend No. 3, the next wooded patch further up stream. Jack said he had had glory enough for that day, and that he would take the beach and slowly wend his way back to camp. That night he told us his experiences, for we had hardly got under cover on the opposite river bank, nor had he more than got around the bend of the river when we heard two or three shots from him in quick succession.

Seib. Bigelow. Ferd. The Judge. Jack. Doctor. Briggs. Harrison.

CAMP ON THE LITTLE MISSOURI.

It seemed that as he rounded the little point he saw a deer standing in the shallow water drinking. He said to himself, "Now, here's my luck. A dead open-and-shut on this one. Won't I have the boy's green with envy tonight?" The deer had not yet seen him; and, lying down full length on the sand, and taking careful aim, chuckling to himself all the time, he let go. The deer gave a sudden start, threw its head in the air, and came directly toward him on a slow walk. It was not 10yds. away, and Jack plumped three more bullets at it before it turned. It then sprang into the woods; and, strange as it may seem, turned and looked back. Jack blazed away at him, seemingly near enough to touch him with his hand; but he had done his good shooting earlier in the day, and this was such an easy one that he missed it slick and clean. It took the conceit out of him a good deal, and, though the roasted venison that night tasted mighty good, there was a little unpleasantness in its flavor to Jack whenever we reminded him of the last deer.

But about our afternoon drive. More bear tracks were seen in the sand, and the bullberry bushes on bend No. 3 were stripped and broken more than at any other place we had yet seen. There must have been a dozen bears recently feeding on this ground. A mountain lion track, too, showing where, in the soft mud, one of these panthers had crossed the river, made it rather uncomfortable traveling in the brush that was higher than your head, and so thick that you could scarcely see an arm's length ahead. Once through the thicket, however, the ground was better, open grassy glades interspersed with growths of heavy timber. We knew we had started deer, for we had heard them but had not seen them. One big buck a little later came up in front of the Doctor, or, in other words, slunk out of the thicket and sneaked away through the tall grass as though he was crawling on his knees. They have a way of doing this if they think they are not seen, so that they crouch to half their height. Here was the Doctor's opportunity, and he regrets to this day that he did not count three, and see hair a little more plainly through the sights before he fired. Soon a shot near the bluffs, and a welcome "halloo" tells us that some one has bagged something. It proves to be a deer killed by Paddock, who, in company with Briggs, is hunting near the outer edge. As Paddock has the saddle horses near by, later in the day the deer is easily taken into camp. This is the third and last of the afternoon; in fact, we are all satisfied that we have enough, and know that, aside from having all we will want to eat, we have plenty of venison to take back to the car to gladden the hearts of some of those who have not been with us except in memory.

The Judge, Seib and myself had been through the cover toward the center, and in going through an especially thick piece of cover we suddenly come out upon an opening, and, lying in the center, are the remains of a full-grown steer that has recently been killed by the bears and devoured by them. What great big fellows they must have been. On either side they have scooped out hollows so that they could lie down and gorge themselves to their heart's content. They must frequent these covers during the night time, and at break of day go back into the mountains through the draws and cañons that everywhere seam the frowning crags back from the river. We have no desire to penetrate this solitude after a silver-tip, the impression in the sand left by "old Moccasin Joe" has cooled our ardor as bear hunters. Even the Judge, who has killed dozens of the black fellows in Michigan, has lost no bear. He had a good deal of conceit up to this time in what he would do, and what he would not do; he has not much to say on the subject now.

We came across runways every little while that denoted that the timber was full of deer, and at certain crossings of the river the tracks were as thick as sheep tracks in a farmer's barnyard. The country was literally alive with them, and it was simply a question of how many we wanted to kill, not how many would we see. That night, in camp, stories were told by all of us on the remarkable shots and misses of the day. If we had killed all the deer we shot at we should have had four times as many as we could use, and after all, we were better satisfied that it had turned out as it did, three deer in one day, and without dogs or "tracking snow," is good enough for a Michigan man.

That evening, lying on the grass beneath the fire-lighted trees, Paddock told us a few of the incidents of his life. Like most really brave men, he was reserved, and had very little to say regarding anything he had done himself; in fact, he had not commented on our shooting, or told us what he could do or had done; but, from the way he knocked over the one deer that day we knew he saw no good in wasting ammunition. We were in good spirits that night, and the feeling pervaded all in camp.

In substance the following is as I remember Paddock's story. The old man was quite a picture as he sat, weather-beaten and bronzed, before the camp-fire, with his back propped up against the saddle. Puffing away at his pipe, he started in with the remark that the Indians would not bother him much. "They always leave me alone," he said, "in fact we don't get along very well together, and consequently keep apart. I have not been west of the Mississippi for thirty years or thereabouts. I was quite a young man, living at a little town on the western frontier of Wisconsin, when news came of the massacre at New Ulm. My oldest sister had been married but a few years before, and had moved with her husband to that place, and I knew that I was needed at the front. I started at daybreak and rode till I overtook General Sibley, in command of the militia, making the ride without a rest or barely stopping. As I rode down one horse I either exchanged with the consent of some farmer, or, if I could not do this, I took a horse anyhow; I was bound to get through in the shortest possible time. When at last I did overtake the soldiers I learned the story of the terrible affair. My heart sank within me, for my sister was among the captives, and her husband had been killed. The troops were moving as rapidly as possible to overtake the Indians. I helped bury over 500 of the victims of the massacre. One that has not seen the work of these red devils knows nothing about it. It makes my blood boil when I think of how some people in the East stick up for the Indians. Little children were found that had been nailed alive, with outstretched arms, to the sides of buildings, while their fathers and mothers, killed and horribly mutilated, were found around the burned buildings, and all we could do for them was to give them the best burial possible. Aged and infirm females were killed by the roadside, and those that were able to be taken along were carried off into a captivity worse than death."

I do not remember all the details; the number of troops or who was there, but his criticism of General Sibley's manner of fighting Indians was not at all favorable to him. He said: "He employed West Point tactics too much, and when the Indians found themselves hard-pressed, a few Indians would appear in front as if to make an attack. Immediately the wagons would be drawn up in a circle to be used as breastworks, and then, if the Indians did not attack, as they certainly would not, some of the soldiers would be sent out against them, only to find that it was a ruse to delay the pursuers till the main body, with all the camp supplies and captives, could get another start; and it would be several days before they could be overtaken. The militia chafed under this military restraint, and the volunteers, composed of farmers and settlers of the frontier, frequently dashed ahead, and had a skirmish on their own account. I believe it was a detachment from the Minnesota 8th, that was sent north with some prisoners of war; for this happened at the time of our little unpleasantness down

South, and, after leaving the prisoners at Fort Snelling, they were ordered to report to General Sibley. These regulars, fresh from Southern battle fields, did not relish the inactivity any more than the frontiersmen did, and after a skirmish, when some Indians had been captured, General Sibley sent them back to Fort Snelling under escort of these Minnesota soldiers, and they had been gone but a day when they returned with the information that the prisoners had all died on the road. Finally, the Indians were overtaken, and brought to a stand where they had to fight. My sister was re-captured; in fact, we got back nearly all of the women, and gave the Sioux a thorough thrashing, destroying their camp equipage; and not many of them got back across the Missouri River. The experience of that campaign I have never forgotten, and since then I have never been back to the other side of the Mississippi. I have a ranch down here on the Little Missouri that I like well enough, and even during troublesome times, somehow or other, the Indians stay away from me."

If I only could tell the story as Paddock told it, it would be very interesting reading. He said that he had known General Custer very well, and probably would not have been there to tell the story that night, but would have slept with the heroes of the gallant 7th, on the Little Rosebud, had he not been detained by some special business about two days behind the command, for he was to have been with Custer on that expedition, and was two days behind.

After this gruesome narrative, we heard more strange sounds on the mountain side, and Seib's mountain lion or old she wolf (whatever it was) screaming again, sort of sent cold chills up and down the spinal column of nearly every member of the party. The camp-fire was growing dim, and the sparks no longer whirled high among the quaking leaves, and as we had had a hard tramp and were all tired out, it was not long before we slept the sleep that the tired sportsman only knows how to enjoy.

W. B. MERSHON.

Natural History.

TAXIDERMY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

(Judge of the Exhibits.)

On Sept. 13, 1893, the writer received the appointment of a judge at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and upon reporting for duty was at first instructed to examine certain collections of mounted birds and mammals that had been placed on exhibition by Brazil, New South Wales, New York, Maine, Colorado, Pennsylvania and other States and countries. This duty gave me ample opportunity to study and compare a great variety of exhibits that represented the various methods adopted by taxidermists of the present day of preserving animals of all kinds and the means employed by them of placing the same on exhibition for the public.

Among the lessons afforded by this experience was first the fact that as a rule the finest examples of the art of taxidermy came from institutions situated at civilized centers, where science, art, literature and culture had made the most progress, and where the great proportion of the people were interested in the cultivation of such pursuits.

One surprise was presented in the collection sent by Brazil, a country so rich in its natural resources, and which always has been and still is one of the great paradises of the earth for naturalists to explore in every department of nature.

It was represented by a miscellaneous collection of mounted mammals, birds, skeletons, reptiles, fish and other objects. As for the specimens themselves they were as a rule species most commonly met with in any

FIG. 1. GROUP OF RACCOONS (*Procyon lotor*).
Exhibited at the World's Fair by the U. S. National Museum.

Brazilian collection of animals, and of the most abundant forms occurring in that region. There were no rarities that I saw. Objectionable attempts were made in the direction of the grotesque in taxidermy, as a sloth sitting in a chair playing upon a violin, and similar pieces. Whoever is responsible for the taxidermy it represents, certainly belonged to a school, as compared with the modern methods of that science, now nearly extinct, and which was at its height fully a century ago. No regard for anatomy; no recognition of habits; no attempt to properly portray nature. *Sans* this, *sans* that, *sans* everything; *horrible* throughout.

The taxidermy of the majority of the State collections was extremely indifferent, and I saw but two instances where conscientiously an award could be given. One was to the State of New York for a scientifically mounted and labeled collection, and including quite a number of very creditable pieces of taxidermy; and another to Maine, rejected by me at first, but reconsidered upon request, and finally given for the effort made by that State to show its mammalian fauna. The taxidermy and mode of exhibition were both objectionable. In the case of New York, the specimens are neatly mounted upon hardwood stands, and a clear label informs the student in regard to locality and name of specimen. They also showed many animals now extinct in New York, as the buffalo, the beaver, the elk and others. Good as it was as a whole, however, we even found in that collection a number of unnaturally mounted specimens. Maine has her collection of mammals, some hundred pieces in all, mounted on separate stands and surrounded by a rustic fence, or inclosure. A few loads of earth partially conceal the stands and is introduced with the intention of giving the animals the appearance of standing upon *terra firma*. In this object it signally fails. I saw but a single specimen in the collection that at all pleased me—it was the mounted one of a fawn of the moose. It was not badly done and was withal at least interesting. Professor H. A. Ward, of the Natural Science Establishment, of Rochester, New York, had, as usual, some magnificent things in his grand collection of fossils, skeletons, mounted animals and restorations. They are, with the other collections mentioned, in the Anthropological Building. New South Wales has her small collection of mounted mammals in the Woman's Building. Australia, as a whole, has a finer one to be found in the same place.

Pennsylvania has made a very striking effort to present

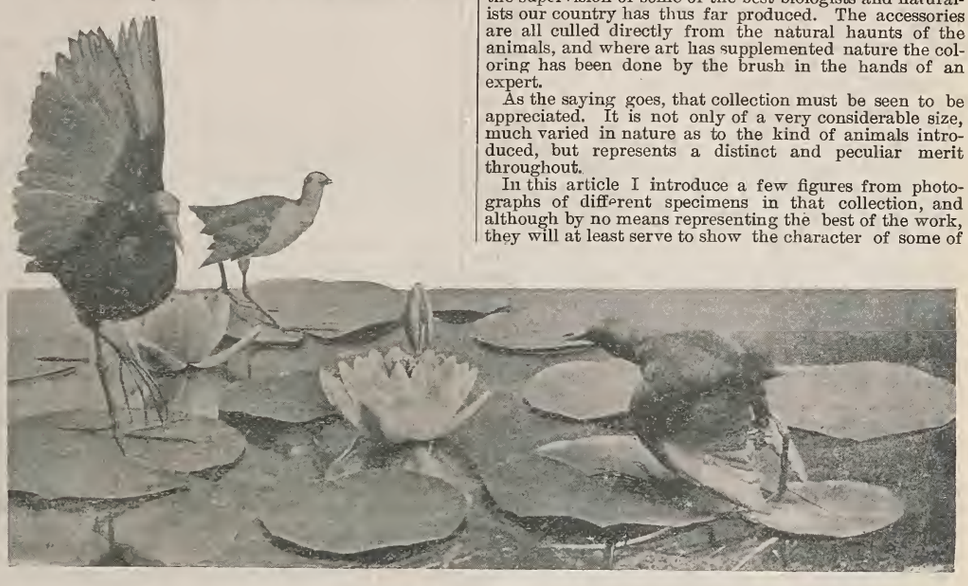

FIG. 2. GROUP OF JACANAS.
Exhibited at the World's Fair by the U. S. National Museum.

a grand display. The makeup intends to represent the side of a mountain, with trees, fallen trunks, rocks, caves and other accessories in the fore and backgrounds, with a running stream of real water in the valley. There are nearly 300 birds and 100 mammals in the piece, with a few reptiles, etc. From a taxidermist's standpoint the work is by no means up to the mark, though the idea as a whole is admirable had it been well executed. It was not considered by me as being entitled to an award. Indeed, in the consideration of giving awards to such exhibits one should not be controlled by either the size of the piece, the expense and effort it required on the part of the exhibitors to bring it to the Fair, nor even the idea it represents, for these all go for nothing if the workmanship is markedly indifferent. A parallel case would be that of an artist in oil colors who had placed himself at a great expense to transport an enormous piece of canvas to the Exposition, made a great outlay in material, had a fine idea, but after all reproduced it upon his great sheet of canvas in a manner absolutely calculated to paralyze its beholder, who is only able to find in it the violation of everything that is natural.

I saw the famous taxidermical exhibit in the Kansas Building by L. L. Dyche, of which so much has been said in the press. And in fact it has a great deal to recommend it. The pieces are principally mammals and fairly represent the mammalogy of the State of Kansas. In general both the effect and taxidermy are good, the latter being well above average. Moreover, the accessories or natural surroundings are worked in with a more or less pleasing effect, and from its study something can be learned of the habits of many of the animals. In execution it represents an idea that is fast becoming to be the one generally adopted by large museums and other educational institutions to show "regional zoölogy." By this I mean that it is not only possible for us to accurately show the nature of the country which our mounted specimens inhabit, but also, in the specimens themselves, the numbers and kinds found in any particular region, as well as their correct forms, and in many cases their habits.

Great government museums, commanding skilled artists, and with the requisite amount of space and an adequate appropriation of money, should now fully adopt this idea and put it into execution.

Many specimens of mammals, birds, reptiles, fish, and so forth, are to be found scattered throughout the exhibits of the various States of the Union, as well as in those of foreign countries. Some pretty good things exist in this line in the exhibit of Manitoba that have not generally been seen, inasmuch as the managers of the Fair crowded their very worthy collection off the grounds to a building they were compelled to occupy outside. In that collection I noticed a very fine skeleton of the musk-ox or sheep (*Ovibos moschatus*), well mounted and a very valuable specimen. It is from an adult male,

But the collection of all collections of mounted animals of every kind—most excellent in every particular to be seen at the World's Fair, is the one sent thither by our own Government from the U. S. National Museum and Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D. C. This we say from our own unbiassed convictions prompted by the truth only in the premises, and not intending any dis-

FIG. 3. PLASTER CAST OF A BOX TORTOISE (*Cistudo carolina*).
Exhibited at the World's Fair by the U. S. National Museum.

courtesy or disparagement to others. There is every reason for it, moreover, inasmuch as no small pecuniary outlay was entailed to make it so, but what is more to the point skilled taxidermic artists performed the work under the supervision of some of the best biologists and naturalists our country has thus far produced. The accessories are all culled directly from the natural haunts of the animals, and where art has supplemented nature the coloring has been done by the brush in the hands of an expert.

As the saying goes, that collection must be seen to be appreciated. It is not only of a very considerable size, much varied in nature as to the kind of animals introduced, but represents a distinct and peculiar merit throughout.

In this article I introduce a few figures from photographs of different specimens in that collection, and although by no means representing the best of the work, they will at least serve to show the character of some of the smaller groups and pieces. In a general report upon this subject, which will appear some time this winter, I have nearly 100 plates which will illustrate the larger part of this exhibit. Those here offered do not form a part of that report, but are special photographs for which I have to thank Dr. G. Browne Goode, of the National Museum, they having been taken by his permission by Prof. Smillie at the photographic gallery of that institution.

Fig. 1 shows a pair of coons in a persimmon tree, and without exception is one of the most life-like things of the kind that I have ever seen. The fruit is so true to nature, that in several instances it has deceived the closest of observers. The attitudes of the two animals

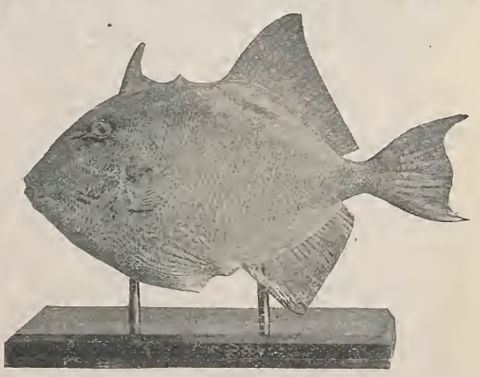

FIG. 4. PLASTER CAST OF A TRIGGER FISH (*Balistes caprisens*).
From the collection of the U. S. National Museum.

composing the group are absolutely correct studies from life, and it is unnecessary to add that the trunk up which they are climbing was cut from a persimmon tree.

The larger groups in the national exhibit are represented by various species of deer; mountain sheep and goats, numerous carnivores, opossums, walrus, seals and a perfect host of smaller mammals.

Among the birds we find an equally superb representation, and the objects being smaller greater latitude is allowed for surroundings and the exhibition of special habits. This has been taken advantage of to the fullest extent, and we find whole bevies of grouse and ptarmigans in their native haunts; flamingoes on their nests; Carolina parraquets filling the hollow trunk of an old tree;

woodpeckers at work; and many other most interesting species too varied and numerous to mention. I select here one of the smaller groups as an illustration, and one that I saw attracted universal attention at the Fair, as well it might. It is a group of jacanas disporting themselves on the lily pads of a placid pool. The reproduction of the water, the pond's bottom, the lilies and their leaves, are all masterpieces of that kind of work. The surface of the water is in glass, and gives a very realistic idea of the real element.

Many fish and reptiles are cast in plaster of paris, and two good specimens of these are given in Figs. 3 and 4. They but faintly give an idea, however, of the original, as the latter are so skillfully colored to imitate nature, that they are in many instances very deceptive. Fish, reptiles and many species of invertebrates are likewise cast in gelatine and subsequently colored, and such pieces have even a far more natural appearance than when made in plaster.

But it would be impossible in a short article like the present to pretend to enumerate even the pieces by name in the national collection, and the best way for the art student in taxidermy and the lover of nature is to repair to the great Fair and study them for himself; the Government Building alone is worth the journey to Chicago.

[*From our Staff Correspondent.*]

FOREST AND STREAM BUREAU, WORLD'S FAIR, Aug. 16.—Few things at the Fair are of more interest to the sportsman than the displays of taxidermy which show mounted heads or full-size specimens of wild animals. This art has now been brought to such perfection that to see it at its best is fairly to meet the actual animal in view. Too often the captive animal seen in parks or menageries has lost its character, its quality, if not its proper contour. Upon the other hand the mounted specimen, if prepared by artistic hands, upon lines established by measurements of the normal wild animal, is justly typical of that animal as it actually appeared when in the state of wildness and unreduced freedom wherein centers the chief interest of the sportsman. If you will stand in front of a captive deer, even in front of a captive lion, you will not feel the wish to kill it. Look at a perfectly mounted specimen of either, and your rambling eye is searching for soft spots for a possible bullet. Try this, and you will find the proof of what I have said, that a dead and mounted wild animal is wilder than a captive wild animal, and has more of a sporting interest. The interest in the captive is that of the naturalist, therefore largely one of curiosity. To trophies of the chase there attaches as great and also another and keener interest.

The sportsman who wishes to attain a knowledge of the actual appearance of wild animals never had so good an opportunity in all his life as he has at this World's Fair. Since it is not likely that another exposition of this magnitude will ever be held, it is probable that he will never again have a like opportunity. This is true especially in regard to the American and North American animals, but applies also in great measure to the wild animals of every country, as we shall duly show before leaving this interesting field of news. The branching head, the fierce front, the soft skin, the rugged coat, the stately form—any and all the shapes the trophies of the chase may assume—even to-day we are men enough to realize the value of these in the purposes of ornamentation. The artist spirit recognizes the hunter spirit dormant in nearly every man. Of this idea the most lavish use has been made at this great assembly ground of the nations. Never in the full history of the world has there been so varied and so complete a showing of the trophies of the chase as may be seen at the World's Fair of 1893.

The Greatest Exhibit on the Grounds.

Without any sort of question, the greatest taxidermic exhibit on the grounds, and probably the greatest one ever gotten together, is that of Ward's Natural Science Establishment, of Rochester. N. Y. It belittles this great exhibit to call it a display of taxidermy, or to call it a collection of trophies. It is far more. It is a display of the animals of the earth, not alone of this continent, but of all continents, not alone of the earth but of the sea, not alone of this age, but of ages gone. More than this one cannot say, and to describe the display fully would take more than a whole issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and more than whole books of natural history. Probably you never saw or heard of an animal which you can not find here. The total is astounding. To see it needs a week. To bring the exhibit, required a train of freight cars. To put it in place required months. To install it took the whole south gallery of the great Anthropological Building, and part of the space downstairs. These facts must be the excuse for brief mention, but nothing should serve as excuse for a brief visit to this interesting part of the Fair. College professors who have been glorying in the appointments of the "museums" of their institutions would better stay away, for it will make them feel very ordinary.

Start on a Mastodon.

You go up the stairs and meet a robust mastodon, full size but quiet. Suppose you start on this and go around toward your left. You will see a number of familiar American wild animals, some elk, whitetail deer, a gaunt gray wolf, a remarkably large puma, panther, cougar or mountain lion, a wolverine, a fisher, a fox, an army of small gnawing animals, and a rare thing, a white porcupine. Near by are a black bear, a big-footed bay lynx, a large elk, two grand specimens of the moose, some beavers nicely shown at work, and a pair of buffalo, a six-year-old bull and a three-year-old cow.

Already you have had a good look at American animals, but here you strike exhibits of other firms. Let us pass on around to the left through these, clear around through the gallery, until we strike the Ward exhibit again at its further extremity on the other side of the building.

A Wilderness of Cases.

We are now in a wilderness of vast glass cases, twice as high as one's head, arranged parallel, covering thousands of square feet, and holding all the creatures of the sea and land. The lower orders of life have their full showing in their proper departments, but we must pass the low organisms, the sea things, the crustacea, the reptiles, and we must even pass with merest mention the great cases full of common, rare and foreign birds in all their wondrous colorings. We can mention only the things which strike us saliently as we go. Thus, one remembers the rare specimen of a mounted giraffe, and reverts with unusual wonder to the great wild boar of France, high as a man's waist and six feet long, far more monstrous and more savage than an American would have thought this animal capable of being.

If one has a taste for further foreignism, he can find, arrayed beyond this specimen of our prong-horn antelope, many creatures foreign even to the literature of the circus poster. I am speaking now, let it be remembered, not of mounted or preserved skins, but of animals mounted entire, animals perfect and unpatched, complete and actual to the life. In procession come a gaur ox of southwest India, a zebra of Africa, a tapir of South America, and a sambur of India, the latter looking more like a thin-necked and inferior elk than anything I can think of. Then we have an alpaca (llama), a guanaco, a vicuña, and two more of this same llama family, marked llama plain. Then there is a full-sized dromedary, facial expression and all. Bear in mind these are all full-sized and entire specimens, showing the whole form of the animal.

A husky little goat is the ibex of Switzerland. Beside him is a "ravine deer" of Africa, and near by is a *Sus papuensis*, much like a peccary, but blacker. Then there is an ovis "nahoor," of the Nepal, much like our mountain sheep; and an oryx of West Africa, and a white-tailed deer of Uruguay, and two of the savage little Mexican hogs, peccaries. If you like not these, you may gaze upon a *Nemorhedus crispus*, from Japan, much resembling our mountain goat except in coloration, it being darker in coat. Then there is a European roebuck and a southwest Indian deer, and a little Mexican deer, and also a chamois (the second one I have found in the Fair. These are probably the only two here). Then there is an odd little creature, a coney, from Cape Colony.

A Region of Birds.

Now we have fallen upon a region of birds, but we can only touch upon the whole in general. The ordinary case of stuffed birds is one of the most tiresome things on earth. For instance, here you can see the great condor of Peru, of which you have read so much but know so little, and which you never saw before in all your life. Then there is the great Alpine eagle, and all our eagles; and a Japanese eagle, as big and vicious as any of them; and also the king vulture of Venezuela. But we fly hence, leaving hundreds.

More Quadrupeds.

Take a look at the 25ft. python, from Natal, Africa, and you will be ready to go on down among the cases and look at more quadrupeds—not that the python is one. There is a nylghau, of India, and a great anteater, and a fine case of marsupials, showing all the Australian animals. Then you meet a monkey-bear, with funny little wobbly ears, and a wombat, and a capybara, and a European porcupine, which latter, I am bound to say, is prettier than our porcupine, and has longer quills.

You are at the end of a case here, and you turn to the left and look over the fence and see a monstrous India elephant, a male, mounted perfectly, and near him a baby elephant, the two such a group as one will hunt long to see elsewhere.

You turn back to the cases and review a parade consisting of a fisher or "black devil," a Polar bear, a grizzly bear (and a great one), a mountain goat, a series of small bears, of wolves, etc. At the end of this case is a large white wolf (*Lupus occidentalis*), of snowy whiteness. Then you turn to a sun-bear of Borneo, with claws like those of a little grizzly, and look at a European badger, and a sea otter, which isn't like a cheap otter and a sort of ring-tailed marten-looking thing whose existence most people never dreamed, but which is marked as a cacomixle, of southern California. Near by this unknown is a *Nasua socialis*, of Central America, and a ring-tailed badger also. On the other hand one finds a spotted hyena and a striped hyena, and a beautiful big cat, an ounce (*Felis irbis*) of Thibet, and an African wild hunting dog, and a grand black leopard, a beautiful fierce creature, whose like we shall not see again, at the Fair at least. In the same case are a pair of superb Bengal tigers, and also a grand lion and a lioness. These are not stuffed animals, but mounted animals, and they show the distinctive quality of each subject. Beyond these again is a group of mounted lions, a male and female put up in spirited fashion, and a pair of kittens, which, however, from the difference in shade of their coats, I think did not come from the same actual litter.

Faults of Mounted Elk.

Just beyond the great musk ox which surmounts one case, you see a beautiful pair of very dark, nearly black, moose, which accord with the popular notion of moose very well. Near at hand are a pair of elk, nicely handled enough, and yet not good enough to suit the eye of our friend Mr. Hofer, the Yellowstone Park guide, who has charge of the Hunter's Cabin.

"These elk are pretty good," said Billy Hofer, "but they have a fault very common in specimens of mounted elk. You see the top line of the back is nearly straight, clear up to the base of the neck. Well, that isn't right. An elk has a sort of roach or raise just above the top of the shoulder blades. It isn't a hump, but is a distinct rise above the line of the back. Very few specimens show it right. Nearly all elk are mounted too full and round, too. Indeed the tendency is to stuff out the skins too full in nearly all animals."

This I submit to the taxidermists willingly, for Mr. Hofer has not only killed many elk, but studied them, photographed them, and lived among and with them.

Mr. Hofer also told me the ages of the group of four buffalo in a case near by, one old bull, one five years old, one yearling and one three years old. Near these one can study the difference between a Maine caribou and a Norway reindeer.

Department of Paleontology.

I was about to explain the difference between zoölogy and paleontology by stating that in the former you get bones and hair, and in the latter bones and no hair; but this is not strictly correct, for one of the first specimens in the department of paleontology has hair all over it, although it is artificial hair. This is the mammoth, or *Elephas primiginius*, before which there was no elephant, and whose footprints no degenerate elephant of to-day can fill. This original elephant lived before the age of billiard balls, and he wasn't scared to let his tusks grow. They grew to be 18ft. across, and curved out, northeast and northwest, after reaching the point where tusks stop to-day. The height of this old-timer (by which term I mean to convey no disrespect) was about 20ft., and in load waterline he was in the neighborhood of 30ft. His feet were 3ft. across, and his trunk was built according, and was likewise corrugated and plenty hairy. In general, he looked like a circus elephant, only he was huskier and hairier. The hair of this one is perhaps made of mohair, but others have been found with real hair on them, and have been pronounced good to eat, too.

This specimen, which is really magnificent, is a reconstruction on the tusk and bones found near Stuttgart, Würtemberg. The outer covering is copied from the specimen in the Museum of the Imperial Academy, St. Petersburg, Russia. The card further says, "This was a mammoth among mammoths, at least one-fourth larger than the average mammoth." There were giants in quaternary days.

The Irish Elk and Others.

Now you shall pass a case of genuine mastodon bones, and pause before the skeleton of a giant elk, the extinct Irish elk. The palmated antlers (actual) spread over 10ft. and the frame resembles that of our moose, though the head seems small. If you are not interested (as you should be) in the Irish elk, perhaps you might prefer the skeleton of the New Jersey hydrosaurus near by, or the tusks and skull, 16ft. long in total, of the Miocene representative of *Elephas*. Or would you prefer the dimotherium of the same day, or the *Mastodon giganteum* whose head and tusks rest near by? If hard to please, you may fancy the soupful-looking glyptodon of early Uruguay.

Ranged end to end are further cases of teeth, tusks, tracks, traces, bones and other properties of ancient animals, which set a fellow thinking. The skull of a virbas, from the Big-Bone Lick, Kentucky, reminds one that horned cattle were not always what they are, nor yet buffalo, for here is a buffalo head where the horns turned down. Cheek by jowl herewith junkets a megatherium come to see the Fair, and a *Colossochelys atlas*, which has shaken off the dust of Miocene times, and come from southwest India.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Skin-Shedding of the Rattlesnake.

DOUGLAS, Wyo., Oct. 16.—In your issue of Oct. 14 I notice an article from El Comancho, describing what he calls a white rattlesnake. Allow me to suggest an explanation of the phenomenon other than albinism. In all probability the specimen was one of the common species of rattlesnake in process of moulting or shedding its skin. This shedding takes place at all seasons of the year and with no regularity as to intervals. Specimens under observation have been determined to shed their epidermis in almost every month of the year, if not in every one. When the snakes are on short allowance of food it is noticed that shedding is much retarded. When a rattlesnake is about to shed its skin the eye and the button are the first to whiten, then the whole skin becomes gradually paler and the markings less distinct, till just before shedding the general color is a dirty milky white. It takes a rattlesnake, as far as I have been able to determine, about twenty days to complete the process of moulting, dating from the time the eyes begin to change. The actual shedding, or getting out of the skin, I have seen done in less than half an hour from the time the first crack was seen at the back of the neck. If El Comancho's specimen was not killed I should like to hear whether it shed its skin, coming out in its true colors and dispersing the inference that it was an albino.

DR. JES.

Those Iowa Birds in the Woman's Building.

CORALVILLE, Ia., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please accept my sincere congratulations on the success of FOREST AND STREAM in having been awarded the diploma and medal, in recognition of its excellence, by the judges at the Columbian Exposition. I am always interested in anything pertaining to the FOREST AND STREAM, as it has been a weekly visitor to our home for a number of years, and is enjoyed by every member of the household.

I greatly regret that I shall be unable to place my name upon your register or see for myself the exhibit of which all patrons of your paper are justly proud. I think I can say, however, that I have seen a portion of your exhibit though I have not visited the Exposition.

In the Science room, in one corner of the Woman's Building, there is a small collection of our native Iowa birds. These would never have been placed there had not the FOREST AND STREAM most graciously presented the writer hereof with Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer." This furnished the instruction, and the FOREST AND STREAM the inspiration which resulted in the exhibit.

If there is any credit in the achievement, I feel that we ought to share it conjointly, as it is all owing to the FOREST AND STREAM.

VIOLET S. WILLIAMS.

Greene County (Pa.) Summer Birds.

MR. J. WARREN JACOBS, of Waynesburg, Pa., has sent us a brief annotated list of the summer birds of Greene county, Pa. The list includes about ninety species, and the short notes which accompany it have to do principally with the breeding habits of the birds. We learn that the pileated woodpecker, which was formerly a common species, is now rare, but still breeds occasionally in the large forests. The worm-eating warbler is occasionally found here, and the Kentucky warbler is common. Greene county lies in the southwestern corner of Pennsylvania, and West Virginia forms the southern and western boundaries of the county. The elevation is not far from a thousand feet, some points reaching 1,300. Mr. Jacobs's list is not without interest.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* new subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

Game Bag and Gun.

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

A TREED FOX.

BACK in the forties, "when I was a boy," in old Orange county, famous for its golden butter, and paper money of the same color, I was tramping home from the country school over my two-mile route through the mud and slush of a January thaw, when my meditations on the problems in Dabol's Arithmetic were scattered to the winds by the familiar voice of old Vick, announcing that he had a fox up and going along the red ridge.

As I had passed his master a half-mile back busy cutting his night wood, it was evident that the hound was having a little hunt on his own hook. The prospect was good for me to get a shot.

The remainder of the route was made at a pace never reached by a boy going after the cows. The "old gun," with its 40in. barrel and record of scores of foxes slain while it was in the hands of its former owner, a noted fox hunter, had come into my possession after long negotiations with his spendthrift heir, in exchange for my hoarded wealth of $7, mostly in Spanish sixpences and shillings. It now came down from the hooks over the kitchen fireplace, and was loaded with powder poured from the horn into the palm of the hand, a charge of No. 1 shot measured in the same way and well rammed down with a liberal piece of the *Independent Republican* for wadding. A G. D. cap, pressed down on the nipple while rushing for the familiar runway, completed my preparation, and I was soon beside the big maple, panting to avenge the untimely death of my mother's gray goose and her five innocent goslings.

But the red-coated robber failed to put in an appearance. When the dog came along it was plain to be seen that he was running a back track. I called him off and turned him back. He slowly retraced his steps but would not go out of my sight. After following some half mile the dog come to a steep side hill covered with heavy hard wood timber where the snow was melted off.

Here he lost the track and could not pick it up again. About this time the owner of the hound appeared in the neck of woods, and after taking the evidence in the case, decided that as it was almost dark and as this was the third time he had lost this fox at this identical spot, we might as well go home. We had started to do so, when chancing to look up, I saw sly reynard in bold relief against the evening sky, seated in the top of a straight black oak, 40ft. from the ground, looking down at us with a smile that was "childlike and bland."

At the crack of the "old gun" he tumbled from his lofty perch as gracefully as a gray squirrel; and we picked up a fine dog fox in full fur, as dead as Julius Cæsar; whether slain by the shot or the fall the intelligent jury could not decide.

On examining the tree we found that the fox had entered at a hole near the root and had come out at another near the limb on which he was sitting.

The owner of the hound claimed the pelt, and as I was "only a boy" his claim was good.

Much to my regret the market value (seventy-five cents) did not go to swell my ammunition fund for the ensuing campaign against the squirrels and pigeons. C. B. S.

ELMIRA, N. Y.,

"PODGERS" MORALIZES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not very long since I read a thrilling account how a gushing young thing of a girl, aspiring to be an Amazonian sportswoman, shot a deer, and drawing her hunting knife cut its throat in the most approved professional manner. The article made an impression on me from the fact that it seemed a terribly cruel thing for a presumed tender-hearted young woman to do.

I once witnessed the shooting of a deer and cutting its throat, and I shall never forget the agonized, pitiful, reproachful expression of its large, lustrous eyes as, held down by one knee of the hunter, the sharp blade entered its throat. The eyes plainly said, "You are human beings and I am a poor little wretched animal. You prate of humanity. How can you do it?" I turned away. I could not stand it. I felt as if I had participated in an atrocious murder. The pitiful last look of that poor thing haunted me for months, and although years ago I can see it as distinctly as if it had happened yesterday. It is needless to say that from that hour to this I have never pulled a trigger on a deer.

It is of course the proper thing to ridicule all such, as it will be called, mawkish sentiment in a person indulging in any kind of sporting, and inconsistent to select one kind of game for sentimental exception. Consistency is not the sort of jewelry I am after. I am only thinking about that cruel, hard-hearted female who could deliberately stoop down and cut the throat of the poor wounded or helpless animal. To have shot and killed the deer in the legitimate way I could reconcile to the accepted order of things. Why not stop there? Thus far she had in the eyes of the average sportsman done a very creditable thing. But what necessity of so unsexing herself—so departing from any claim to femininity as to emulate the butcher and proceed to cut its throat? I doubt if the animal was any better for it, and the woman was in my estimation a great deal the worse. It was so unfeminine. And so was the shooting, some will say. Granted, but that throat-cutting act. Ugh!

I should like to see the young woman. I should like to gaze on her and get an idea of what manner of young woman she was.

On general principles I would not care to have any personal differences with a young woman who carries a knife and cuts deers' throats. She might, or may, some day cut that of one in addressing whom in writing she would omit an e and substitue an a. I can't help thinking the young person must be of that peculiar breed and kind that reporters alone discover who are always a little "more so"—very remarkable, very stunning and always beautiful. The reporter's heroine is something unheard of elsewhere, and I am trying to make myself believe it was all a hoax, and that no such "nervy" young female exists. I think the achievement came off "up country" where things are always coming off of a most remarkable character. "Up country" with us is equivalent to that with you vague location of "out West."

I observe that there is quite a falling off recently in the bear stories. How is that? Is the repertoire exhausted, and are bears becoming scarce? We will have to go back to that original first one, about the bad little boys that jeered at Eliza for his loss of hair and requested him to "go up, old bald head!" and the retribution that followed for such unseemly conduct, as scripturally illustrated by a bear standing on his hind legs with a paw on each boy's head. This speedy punishment as depicted in our Sunday school book was impressively pointed out to us boys as a warning, and a lesson for our guidance. It was a subject to me of grave reflection then, and gave me rather a poor opinion of two such foolish boys who had not more sense than to so conveniently put themselves into the bear's reach. We youngsters discussed the question, and the opinion was generally that if it had been our own case we would have cut and run. Such was the impression that original bear story made on me. I have read a good many since that did not impress me as much, not being on scriptural authority.

We have two shooting clubs here, one called the Cordelia, the other the Teal, that have each under lease a large tract of marsh land adjoining. Hitherto they have carried on their winter shooting in harmony, but have now got by the ears. The Cordelias have leased the ground previously occupied by the Teals. The lease having expired the Teals, seeking to obtain a renewal at a lower price, made an offer that the owners of the marshes declined. But the Cordelias offered it and obtained the lease. This stirred up the Teal people and the war commenced. The Teals owned a small strip on which their club house stands, that commands the entrance of the only means the Cordelias had of reaching their grounds by boats. Seeing this advantage the Teals promptly closed the entrance and shut out the Cordelias and gave notice that any one and every one who chose could shoot over the marshes. This brought out the fighters in the Cordelia Club, who hired a lot of roughs to paddle around from pond to pond wherever they saw any shooters and bang away at any duck that came that way long before he came within shooting distance. The consequence was that there was no sport for the interlopers. And so the fight goes on. The last phase of the conflict is the hiring of a party of "toughs" by both clubs to stand off the shooters of each. The result is likely to be serious and may result in some one or more of the hired sluggers becoming targets and getting peppered with duck shot, as there are men on both sides who are very careless with guns and are not over particular as to the size of the game. It is still a peculiar phase and condition of things in this country that you can hire more men at less price to take service that promises a scrimmage than for a legitimate object. They won't all fight, but some will, hence we who have no immediate interest in either club deprecate such a condition of things between sportsmen.

In the present instance the membership of both clubs includes men of means and high social standing, and we may quote from the old nursery lines:

"Children, your little hands were never made
To scratch out each others' eyes."

PODGERS.

OREGON NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among our sportsmen the opinion prevails that Commissioner McDonald's recent brief visit will bring forth an abundant harvest of good results affecting the fishing interests of the Northwest. While from a business standpoint his visit was only in the interest of the economic species of fish, and ostensibly for the purpose of aiding us in the solution of some important problems concerning the same, the beneficent influences of his visit among all classes interested in the subject, whether they be cannerymen or sportsmen, are quite manifest. His presence among us seems to have stimulated and encouraged broader views, and possibly quickened our consciences a little. He was a very busy man while in Portland, but found time to pay an official visit to the salmon hatchery up the Clackamas River, and also to meet our State officials at Willamette Falls in consultation about the much needed and much talked of fishway at that point.

Our sportsmen had counted on entertaining him right royally, and had planned a banquet. But he came so unexpectedly, his stay was so brief, and so many things of a business characted monopolized his time that we were forced to forego all these pleasures and hope for a more favorable opportunity in the future when we may be permitted to manifest our appreciation of his conscientious devotion to our cause.

Many times heretofore, in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, I have referred to the abundance of game and its close proximity to our city. What other city of a hundred thousand population in the whole world can boast so much and such a variety of game within its corporate limits? Ruffed grouse, blue grouse, quail, Mongolian pheasants and even deer have been killed right here in the city within the last year. Snipe are quite abundant in season along the south shore of Guild's Lake, which is entirely in the city, and during the winter months great numbers of ducks feed along the wharves in the business portion of the town. A week ago Mr. J. Roberts Mead, the three Murhard brothers and Mr. Crook within a hour's drive of the city killed a magnificent buck and a fine doe. Expert deer hunters estimated the weight of each at about 150lbs. I have never seen finer or fatter deer, and the boys have good reason to feel proud of their capture. The doe was shot right in the road leading from Portland to St. Helens. The buck took to the water and swam across the Willamette above the breakwater to Sauvie's Island, where the boys followed him by boat and killed him. Sam Douglass, our taxidermist, prepared the buck's head, and it now adorns the east wall of Mead's drawing room, and is a beauty. Of course the elk, bear and cougar no longer roam our streets. But reports from the outside districts show them to be quite plentiful this fall. Indications point to a wonderful flight of wild water fowl, and the boys are correspondingly happy.

When a good man dies we proclaim his good deeds and perpetuate his memory. We extol his virtues and smother his faults under the silent sod. But then white man claims, and generously concedes to himself, both in life and death, superiority over other beings. Even the Indian is less selfish, for his dog and his horse go with him into the valley of death, and are given an equal chance to reach the happy hunting grounds over on the other side.

A dog died in our town the other day—H. T. Hudson's old Boss. He was just a plain, helpless, blind old dog. Being only a dog, of course, he had no soul, and so his virtues and his faults died with him. But the history of his life would be the history of field sports in the Northwest for the past eighteen years. There are solemn moments in every sportsman's life—moments when he loiters in the present to dream of the past and contemplate the future. What sportsman has not looked down into the honest eyes of his faithful dog and wished in his heart that there was a dog heaven where the simple love and devotion of such creatures might find eternal recompense. But "Out of eternal silence does he come! Into eternal silence does he go!"

Like many another good dog, Boss laid no claim to pride of ancestry. He was a sort of mongrel Irish setter without a pedigree, but his energy (indicated by the extreme age to which he attained) and other good qualities placed him in the front ranks of Oregon's practical sporting dogs. No one knew better than old Boss when the time arrived for the hunting boat to sail, and he was always aboard whether Hudson went hunting or stayed at home. If he had no master, he would invoice the gang and select one for the trip and stay right with him through thick and thin; and he could stand more hardship than any other dog I ever saw. He was the hero of many harrowing tales and hair-breadth escapes too numerous to mention. However, I would like to relate one of his escapes, which may be taken as indicative of his energy and perseverance under difficulties. Something like nine years ago Billy Newman came down from the hurricane deck of the old hunting boat Gold Dust one dark night, and, calling me aside, confided to me the secret that old Boss was dead. It seems that while we were steaming along at a good rate Billy had accidentally or otherwise ran against Boss (who was always under foot and not generally liked by the crew) and knocked him overboard and into the wheel. I distinctly remember how sad I felt until we reached Hudson's landing, five miles below, where we found Boss patiently awaiting the arrival of the boat and ready for business at the old stand.

But as the years multiplied he became rheumatic, almost blind, and toward the last entirely helpless. His end came. Chloroform, administered by his lifelong friend Jim Carraher, sent him peacefully and painlessly to his eternal rest. So ended the life of one of Oregon's best dogs; and I feel that even the great FOREST AND STREAM would not compromise its dignity in printing this humble tribute to his memory from one who for many years knew him well and loved him dearly. Poor old Boss! Your life and your death only exemplify the truth of the old stanza:

"When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old dog do but die?"

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 13.

GEORGIA ASSOCIATION

A CONVENTION of sportsmen from various cities of Georgia met in Atlanta, Oct. 17. Dr. McHatton of Macon called the meeting to order and explained the object of the assembling. He expressed his pleasure at being present and said he hoped to see an association formed which would not only last always, but would be productive of much good to all who became members of it. He declared the object of the association would be the obtaining of laws by which game would be protected and by which the waters of the State would be protected from devastation by the trap and seine. Those present were: A. L. Waldo, G. W. L. Powell, H. C. Brown, H. M. V. Jones, A. A. Murphey, Atlanta; Dr. H. McHatton, Macon; J. H. Allen, Hal Morrsion, Atlanta; Col. W. H. Luttrell, Waverley Place; F. L. Rousseau, Manchester; G. M. Corput, W. F. Moss, S. Z. Ruff, Alex W. Bealer, Atlanta; G. H. Plant, Macon; H. H. Summerhour, Warsaw; M. W. Almand, Atlanta; H. A. Andrews, Ohio; J. H. Nunnally, Litt Bloodworth, Jr., Ernest Woodruff, Atlanta; R. F. Jones, Dan Joseph, J. P. Turner, T. M. Oliver, Columbus; F. H. Cook, Clarkston; J. S. Doyle, Atlanta; F. M. Akers, Nickajack; J. S. Baxter, Macon; R. B. Baxter, Sparta; B. H. H. Roan, Atlanta; Geo. C. Price, J. H. Burr, Macon; E. F. Colzey, J. H. Edwards, Columbus; W. Woods White, Atlanta; W. C. Edwards, Hamilton.

Captain Harry Brown, of Atlanta, was elected permanent president; Dr. McHatton, of Macon, vice-president, and Mr. T. A. Brown, of Talbotton, secretary. It was Captain Brown who has done so much to bring about the organization, and the association could not have selected a man who will give more time and attention to the work and who will do it better than he. His election to the position was only a just recognition of the work he has done.

The association was named "The Georgia State Sportsmen's Association." Messrs. T. W. Baxter, Mr. Hal Morrison, Mr. J. H. Nunnally, Mr. S. Z. Ruff and Mr. H. McHatton were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws.

Mr. Hal Morrison moved that the president appoint a vice-president in each county in the State, so that each of the counties might be more deeply interested in the matter. The motion went through. President Brown, however, did not make the appointments, but will take the matter under consideration and name the vice-presidents as fast as he can secure the names of persons in each county who will take an interest in the work.

The greater part of the afternoon session was given up to the discussion of the law which the legislature will be asked to pass, giving equal protection in all counties against the potters, but the paper could not be perfected, and President Brown was instructed to appoint a committee to prepare the bill, covering the points which he and the members of the committee may think advisable. President Brown will appoint that committee in a few days, and the committee will prepare such a law as the sportsmen of the State will want. The association will meet in Atlanta again next year.

EXPERIENCE WITH PANTHERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had some experience with panthers or cougars, and submit a few of them.

In 1868, in company with two partners, I wintered on our mining claim on the South Fork of the Clear Water, Idaho, fifteen miles from the nearest settlement. There was quite a number of beaver along the river near our claim. I had a No. 4 trap, and one night I set it about a half mile below the house, just at the edge of a thicket of thorn briers and swamp dogwood. The next morning after breakfast I set out to take a look at the trap; and went up on the high bank, not wishing to go near the trap on the shore. I found that the trap was gone. I could see blood on the ice. I went down, and there lay my trap with a beaver's foot in it; and from the way things looked there had been a terrible struggle. I thought I could see other tracks, and concluded that a wolverine had found the trap. I started to go around the thicket to examine for tracks, and had gone not more than 10yds. when I saw some black object moving in the brush to my left. I thought it was the bunch of black feathers on the neck of the ruffed grouse, for those birds were very plentiful along the thickets. But in less than ten feet I came out face to face with a very large panther. He was crouched down flat, and I thought was just in the act of springing on to me. It was the black tip on the end of his tail that I had seen as he moved it from side to side. I stopped, looked him in the eye, slowly drew my revolver, raised it and fired, but shot a little too high. The ball struck just above and between the eyes and glanced out between his ears. At the crack of the revolver he sprang high in the air and floundered back into the thicket. I ran out on to open ground and hollered for my dog, which for some cause had not followed me. He came running; and so did the boys, thinking I had caught a beaver.

I took the dog to where I had shot the panther and told him to catch him. He ran through the thicket and crossed the ice about 100yds. below, ran through a small thicket on the other side and up on to a small bench, where he treed the panther and began barking. We ran over to where he was; and there, in a small pine not more than 10ft. from the ground, lay the panther, an immense fellow, watching the dog. The boys wanted to go and get my rifle, but I told them no, I would take my revenge out of him with my revolver. I told them to hold the dog; and then I went up within about 10yds. and shot him in the eye. He rolled out dead. It was the largest panther I ever saw, and measured 9ft. 11in. from tip to tip; and although very poor weighed 130lbs. His neck was one mass of scars, his tusks were worn down fully one-half, and from all appearances it must have been very old.

The next time I met a panther was in that fall, when a party of four of us were up on the mountain back of the house. Roll Brown and I were together. Roll was then only fourteen years old, but a good shot. He and I started three deer, and as the snow was about 4in. deep it was nice tracking. We followed them to a white fir thicket. Here they had done some tremendous bounding around; and upon examing closely we found where a panther had made a spring from the root of an old upturned pine. But he had missed and had given chase.

I had a young dog, one that had never been after any varmints, but was fond of running deer or elk. We followed, and coming in about 200yds. to where the panther had given up the chase and turned quartering down toward the river, we put the dog on the track as soon as we got a little way from the deer tracks. Away he went and we after him as fast as Roll could go.

Pretty soon back came the dog. We kept on to where the panther had been treed, but when the dog had left him he had come down and kept on. I urged the dog on again and soon we came to where the brush was not so thick. Then we saw the dog trotting around as if hunting for a track. We went down and after looking around for a few minutes I told Roll I would go back about 100yds. to where I had seen the track last, and follow the track. As I was starting back the dog reared up on to a small fir, and on looking up it we saw our animal lying on the limbs near the top. I went around to where I could get a good view, and saw it was a cougar instead of a panther, as we had supposed. I called the dog away from the tree and told Roll to shoot the cougar in the eye or head. He did not want to shoot, but I insisted, and told him if he missed I would shoot. He raised his rifle and fired, when out rolled the cougar, and when it quit wiggling its tail I let the dog go, and he was very fierce and fought it as long as we would let him. It was not more than two years old, and was not very large.

I was once up on Canvas Prairie and stopped at my friend Henry Johnson's. I was in a hurry, but nothing would do but I must go down into Rocky Cañon and take a Thanksgiving hunt with him, as a band of deer had been seen down there a number of times lately. So Thanksgiving morning we got in the buggy and drove down about three miles, unhitched our horses and tied them up, and I started down a small cañon that puts into the main cañon. I had gone but a short distance when I noticed quite a number of deer tracks, which had been made that night. Henry kept around to the right higher up. When I saw the tracks I motioned to him and he motioned back that they had been around where he was. I kept on down around, crossed a ridge to another small cañon and saw six black-tail deer run out of a small bunch of brush about one-half mile below me. They had got scent of me, but could not tell where I was. I slipped over a small ridge and ran down about half way to where they were. They wheeled around and tried to run back over the ridge I had just passed. As they were climbing a very steep hill I opened fire on them; I fired twelve shots, killed three dead and badly wounded two bucks. One was a fine fellow and had a splendid pair or horns, the other being small. One got away unhurt. I dressed the three I had killed and went up on to the ridge, when I saw the big buck lie down. I got within less than 30yds. of him, when he jumped up and passed out of sight before I could shoot. I saw the well one and I tried to get a shot at it. I kept following it until nearly back to the wagon. The time was then getting late, and I let the deer go and went to the buggy, when I found Henry waiting for me. When I told him my luck he said, "Good for you. We will go back home, and to-morrow we will come and get your wounded ones and pack the others in."

The next morning bright and early we were on the road to where we had left the buggy the day before. We had brought along a saddle so we could pack our deer up out of the cañon; after we unhitched Henry insisted on our hunting a little while before we went to packing out the deer. He said he wanted to go down to his left. I told him I would go and follow up my wounded ones as I wanted their horns and hide, even should the meat be spoiled. So I went down to where I had jumped the big buck, and followed his track. He had made straight for a cliff about 20ft. perpendicular, and looking over I saw him lying on the rocks below. He must have been dead when he struck the bottom. Looking up to my right I saw the other buck lying near the cañon; and almost straight down, about 150yds., I saw an animal lying down, but I could not tell what it was. It was too red for a deer when they are red, but as deer were all in the short blue I could not tell what kind of animal it was. While I was sitting watching it, I saw two small animals playing about 50ft. from the mysterious creature in the cañon. They were about as tall as coons. I had never seen such playful things. They were spotted, the spots more square than round. I watched for a while, then I slipped back out of sight, made a detour and came up on the other side of the cañon, and about 50yds. from the two small animals. I crawled up carefully to the crest of the ridge, and had a splendid view of them as they were still playing.

I must have watched them for half an hour, and yet I could not make out what they were. Finally they stopped. I raised my rifle, fired and killed one. The other started to run in to the brush. I shot and wounded it, and it gave a little holler. When it hollered I saw the mysterious animal I had seen lying in the cañon rise out and jump up on to a large boulder. As soon as I got a look at her in her new position I knew it was a panther and that these were her kittens. I raised my rifle and intended to break her neck, but I shot her fair on the point of the shoulder, the ball smashing the bone all to pieces. She fell back off from the boulder and disappeared in the thicket, which was about 150yds. long. I ran out and around to head her off from the main cañon, but as she did not leave the thicket I went clean around it once, and threw rocks in and hollered, to try and get her to come out, but this was of no use. So I went down to the lower end and started through up under the brush keeping my rifle ready. I had gone up about 50yds. when I came to where some one had cut a small cottonwood which had fallen across the cañon and smashed down the brush. I crawled through up on to the tree, and just as I straightened up I saw, not more than 15ft. away, a panther rise up and growl. I raised my rifle very carefully and taking pains drew a bead on one eye and pressed the triger. The panther rolled back under the brush and kept up a big threshing around for a little while, then all was quiet.

I tramped around on the brush, and made as much noise as I could, for I could not tell but what there was a pair, and one might still be unhurt. Finally I tore away the brush and there was her den. The dead panther was the one I had wounded. I dragged her out and skinned her, threw the skin on to the cottonwood log, crawled on up through the brush and found the wounded kitten, killed it, dragged them both to one place, skinned them, went and got the old one's hide, went to the buggy, got a horse, packed out two deer and was after the third one when Henry came back.

The two bucks were both spoiled. On Henry's coming up he said: "Well, Lew, what luck to-day?" I told him I had got my two wounded deer. "What luck did you have?" "Bad," he said, "I wounded a big black-tailed doe, but she got to Salmon River and I could not get her." "Well," said I, "how many deer are equivalent to a panther." "Oh, five." "Well then, give me credit for fifteen." "Have you killed three panthers to-day?" I told him of my fun. "Well," said he, "I am worse beat than ever." On examining the bed where the kitten had been playing, I saw a deer's foot sticking out from under some grass. On pulling it out, there was a yearling doe, and not a mark on it, except on its neck, and only a little had been eaten out of the back of that. Such was the last Thanksgiving hunt I have had with that prince of hunters, H. C. Johnson. LEW WILMOT.

[What is a cougar as distinguished from a panther in the Northwest?]

A Washington Cougar Hunt.

TACOMA, Wash., Oct. 12.—Below please find account of cougar hunt taken from this morning's *Ledger*. The four cougars are displayed at McNaughton Gun Co.'s store. I learn that two were killed with No. 7 shot, being hit from below between the forelegs. The animals making the hardest fight were shot with buckshot, but not so well placed as the light ones. Their stomachs contained a quantity of meat, tallow and deer hair. G. H. G.

John Northover and George Crate, a neighbor of his, killed four cougars last Sunday in the woods not far from the former's house. They were all of good size, but not as large as are sometimes found. Northover and Crate were hunting bear, three of which had been located by Crate in a densely wooded valley. On the way there their dogs crossed the cougars' trails and soon had three of them treed. Northover shot the first one, the cougar jumping 20ft. to the ground below. A lively scuffle between the beast and the dogs ensued, during which one of the dogs was badly used up. The cougar crouched once to spring at Crate. He fired at it but missed the animal, when an opportune shot from Northover killed the beast. The other two animals were found in trees near by and soon killed. As the hunters were returning in the evening from a fruitless bear hunt, the dogs started another cougar at the same place and ran it up a tree. It was a cedar tree and the cougar was about 35ft. up from the ground. The animal was springing from limb to limb in excitement and rage, and several times appeared to be on the point of springing on the dogs. Crate shot it in the breast. The cougar sprang up in the air from the limb it was on and came whirling over and over to the ground. The four dogs jumped on it. The cougar clutched one of these and was killing it when Northover shot the animal again and it loosened its hold and sprang on another dog. It was shot four times before it would yield to its fate. One of the animals, when shot, fell straight to the ground, grabbing its own foot as it landed and nearly biting it off in the agony of death. This is said to be the best day's record for cougar hunting that has ever been made in this section. Mr. Northover said that he had never heard of that many being killed by any hunter in a day's time before. The animals were killed about twenty-five miles south of Tacoma.

A BAY DUCK SHOOT.

THE black duck are beginning to come into the bay again, and good shooting is anticipated this fall.

Of course this "reminds" us of a shoot we took a couple of years ago. It was later in the fall, rather cold, and the ducks were pretty wild, having been shot at considerably. But Dan W., that famous Maine bear and lady killer, came into the office three times a day and teased so hard that we finally agreed to go.

"There is a fellow up the Seekonk who has the slickest little steam launch you ever laid eyes on, and we can get him to go easily enough, because he is a thoroughbred."

"Thoroughbred" was one of Dan's pet terms, and applied to anything that pleased him, be it dog, gun or man. We let him arrange matters. We were to be on hand at the wharf next to Washington Bridge early the next morning. The launch was to come from P——. When we reached the wharf with guns and duffle we found the blustering Daniel pacing up and down like one of those famous admirals we used to study about in school. Dan was taking the part well. No launch was in sight.

We won't attempt to describe the cold, crisp morning. Such was too true to be enchanting. We danced around and boxed until the bridge policeman woke up; and his sleepy eyes probably thought we had been up all night. But the launch at last "hove in sight," as Daniel said. She had been detained by high tide and a long smoke stack, which somehow couldn't agree, and the draw tender wouldn't open the draw for the launch, and she had to wait until the tide and smoke stack came to an understanding so she could come through. Such was the explanation of the "thoroughbred."

So we got under way, steamed swiftly down the river and out into the bay. The big red sun, just showing above the fog banks, gave promise of a good day, and like all outings of this kind, the little discomforts of the morning gave way to the pleasant anticipations of the day before us. A couple of big white gulls skimmed lazily across our bow, and one of us couldn't help reaching for the neat little 12-gauge that has done its work well beside its larger brothers. But we were after duck, and the challenge of the gulls passed unanswered. It gave us warning to limber up, however; and it wasn't long before the stubby Parker and the boasted slayer of countless bags, Dan's ponderous 10-bore English side-snap, with both hammers that drop when the uninitiated pull the wrong trigger, were ready with the 12-gauge.

"Now, John," began Daniel, "you are the biggest in the crowd, and the bow isn't big enough for two, you just situate yourself up there and keep your eye peeled for a flock. We will stay down here and take anything that comes our way, and, sonny (to the writer), don't you on your life fire across me."

Now, it happened that Dan was lazy and wanted me to load his shells the night before. His special request was that I put in plenty of powder, but it wasn't until I had loaded a half dozen that I remembered he said nothing about ramming down the shot. We did not tag these special shells either.

"Mark right," came from the bow, and a couple of ducks whistled past. Dan turned and fired the 10-gauge, or plainly speaking the gun fired him. There was a confused mass of gun and Daniel in the stern, and the "thoroughbred" forgot his engine and indulged in a sort of hilarious encore, till the launch ran her nose into a big wave, and caused John to imitate Daniel in speech, and the rest of us to attend more to business.

"Just as soon as I get home you can bet I'll have that lock fixed so both hammers won't slip," was Daniel's quiet remark, as he righted himself, and without condescending to face his appreciative audience "situated" himself for a chance shot, for we were nearly to Prudence now, a good place, with its little coves, for a flock to be found.

"There's a flock," came from the bow, "start us for the middle and then shut off the racket."

Our launch was a neat little 25-footer, fitted with the kerosene oil apparatus for making steam, and the racket she would make when the power was on was enough to frighten the bravest duck that ever came into the bay; but give her a good start, shut off steam and she would glide upon a flock in good shape. Five hundred yards to the right and front was a goodly sized flock and for them we headed. We were nearly upon them when Dan opened the ball, and up they got, making the air whistle. We tried to drop more as they rushed past, but if any of the readers have tried duck shooting from a little narrow launch in a heavy sea, they probably know why we didn't get more the first rise.

John brought his gun to bear on a loon that was coming down like a fire engine to join the flock, but he joined the dead instead, and Dan in his eagerness to secure the ducks, nearly capsized the whole outfit.

Like a slim black cloud the ducks rose and fell, headed for some of the little coves off Barrington; and then we started slowly around the island. Three more got up near by on Dan's side. He banged away and never stirred a feather; and as they came past the stern, the little 12-gauge spoke and one dropped, badly crippled. A shot with the left and he was picked up.

Dan was beaten in the boat, and suggested we go ashore and work around the shallows. We went, Dan to the point and the rest in various directions. After bagging a few we returned to where we had heard Dan cannonading. Not a duck did he have, but a loon, bobbing up at a short distance from the shore, seemed to be the especial object of his attention. "I've shot at him a dozen times, but he only '*waughoos*,' dives and comes up again. There he is now, right by that rock," and Dan slips a couple of shells into the big gun, wades into the water and takes up his position on the rock.

With a loud, mocking cry, the loon springs up not 15ft. from the frightened Daniel, who half by instinct draws on him and falls off the rock and picks up the floating debris of the departed loon. "There, I've got all there is good of your carcass, anyway. You ought to be ashamed of yourself a-scaring gentlemen in that way. Any of you fellows ever see a loon?" he inquired, holding the mass up by the remaining leg.

"We're glad you know what it is," we replied, and it wasn't until we had gone down in Maine and seen Safford shoot spruce partridge with a 10-gauge, distance 10ft., that Dan could say he wasn't the only one who liked short-distance shooting.

"It shows the killing power of this gun, just as hard," was the retort, as he tenderly laid the battered specimen

on the sand, and we all went aboard the launch and turned toward the Warren River. Here we had good sport, Dan retrieving his old time "style" by a double on a black duck and a big white fellow that no one could tell the name of.

It began to grow late and the water was giving out, so turning toward the Point we obtained a supply and steamed home.

Lots of fun, a fair bag and—good day, brothers.

TODE.

OCTOBER IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE most beautiful October weather has fallen to the lot of the hunter who is so fortunate as to have been in the woods. Not a drop of rain has fallen in New England since the 6th, and then only a mild drizzle. The trees have shed their coat of leaves unusually early, and in the mild mid-Indian summer air the hunter is abroad. If we read the Sunday papers, we shall be led to believe that the woods are literally running over with game, all eager to be killed. There is no such thing as disappointment, according to these papers. Not a spot or place is mentioned where there is not an abundance of game, and if the hunter does not get it, it is because he is no hunter. Such twaddle! No one at all familiar with the woods and accustomed to the uncertainties and the disappointments that beset the pathway of the man who goes forth after game, would write it.

In spite of these articles, I am aware that there are a number of sadly disappointed Boston gunners, who have been to a good deal of expense for hunting trips already this fall. Were it not that they do not care to have their misfortunes mentioned, some racy reading might be made. Some of them have met drunken guides and even drunken camp owners, and have had the only few days' outing they get for the year spoiled by this drunkenness. Mr. Charles H. Cook, with the dry goods house of Bliss, Fabyan & Co., can tell a doleful story of this drunkenness, and there is nothing but Mr. Cook's kindness of heart that prevents the name of the camp where he went being published in full. He does not desire to hurt the reputation of a well-known Maine hunting and fishing resort, though he found a bad state of affairs there. The wife of the proprietor is working like a slave, and has been since early in the spring, and her husband is drinking shamefully. On the way to the camp the stage driver told Mr. Cook and his friend that if they were out of rum up there, the hunters would have a good time, but if the proprietor and others were on a drunk, they would have a hard time and get no game. Alas! They found the worst to be the fact. The proprietor was the worse for liquor. Their guide was drunk, and kept so for several days. When asked to go out and hunt, he would say that he would do so, but on attempting to start he would suddenly declare that he would not go, and again fall back to his cups. At last the hunters were discouraged and disgusted. They applied to the wife of the camp proprietor, apparently about the only sober person about the premises. She tried to get a man to go out with the hunters and show them to a pond some distance away, where they hoped to get a deer. She found a wood chopper who would go. He showed them the pond. Got into the boat in order to paddle them across. He proved to be so much the worse for liquor that he upset the boat, to the extent that he fell into the water, and the hunters had to pull him out and do all they could for him in order that he might not get chilled to death. They had to lay in the woods that night, the wood chopper being unfit to show them the way back to camp. Their trip ended in misfortune, as it had begun. They got no game, though the only man responsible for their troubles did apologize to them on their way out, after charging them full rates at his camps.

Mr. W. H. Fisher, another favorite in the Boston dry goods trade, and who shot the great moose in Maine last year, an account of which was in the FOREST AND STREAM, has returned from his trip to the Katahdin Iron Works region. But he got no big game this year. The falling leaves were too thick. Mr. W. B. Hastings has returned from the Megantic Club preserve with his three deer. Report says that he could have shot as many more. Mr. John Bartleman, of Boston, who has spent several summers with his mother at the Mountain View House at Rangeley Lake, has shot a deer this season at Kennebago. A letter from Mr. Phillips, superintendent of the Megantic Club preserve, mentions ten deer already killed there this season. Peter Jones, of Boston, is back from his hunting trip to Tim Ponds, in Maine. He brings home a deer. One moose was seen. He reports seeing the head of a moose that weighed over 50lbs. being brought out from that section by a guide. The name of the sportsman who killed the animal he did not learn. Dr. W. G. Kendall has returned from the Megantic Club preserve with his full complement of three deer. He is a member of that club and also of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

As already mentioned, the record of big game killed in Maine this season is something for that State to be proud of. More than a dozen deer have already been brought over the Sandy River Railroad, with two or three moose. At Bangor the record is a most remarkable one, and exceeds anything ever dreamed of. Venison is very cheap in all the Maine markets. It is a little singular that it has not yet reached the Boston market. Doubtless it will soon begin to be smuggled through. Partridges are coming through to some extent. A deer has recently been shot by local hunters at Webster, Me., a town a few miles below Lewiston. There were three in the herd and the buck was shot. A deer has not been killed in that town probably for fifty years previous. A handsome doe is also reported to have been shot in China, Me., a town not far from Augusta, the State capital. The hunters of Maine are actually wild after the big game. Every man and boy has his gun, and he proposes to use it. The presence of deer in the settled farming towns, and near the cities has excited them. The trade in guns and rifles should be excellent.

Even Massachusetts hunters are fond of inviting their friends to share the sport in some cover they have kept in mind all summer, but have not dared to mention. Mr. John A. Falconer of Lowell, of the firm of S.W. Falconer & Sons, and always one of the Harry Moore party to the trout lakes in the spring, last week invited his friends to help him hunt a section in Lowell where he believed that there must be a good many birds. Harry Moore was there, as ready for a joke as ever, and also Mr. Ethan Allen Smith, another member of the spring fishing parties. Mr. Geo. C. Moore, Harry's cousin, who is always on hand, was also with the party. Mr. Falconer had a fine, new setter, and all expected rare sport. They hunted a swamp some four miles from the home of Mr. Falconer, but in that very swamp Mr. Falconer, leaving the rest of the party for a moment, got turned around and finally wandered back to his first starting point, after he began to be aware that he did not know where was, anyway. Around he went, always coming back to the same point. At last he sat down to collect his senses. Then he heard a railway train and made a beeline for it. This was taking him directly from home, but it gave him his bearings and he trudged two or three miles home, where he met the rest of the hunting party a good deal anxious about him. It was 6 o'clock in the evening and they had begun preparations to raise a posse of men and search the woods.

Cases are numerous in the newspapers concerning the number of hunters that have been lost in the woods this fall. One man wandered miles and miles, in the vicinity of the Katahdin Iron Works, and it was a couple of days before he was found by his companions. He was exhausted, too lame to walk and had to be carried out of the woods. Money would not tempt him to go through another experience of the kind. One little rule is of great advantage for the hunter to stick in his hat. First, never suffer yourself to stray away alone. Secondly, if you have been so foolish as to stray away from the rest of the party and are lost, always remember that water runs down hill. Then the first running water you come to follow it down stream. Continue this and you are sure to come to your bearings or a large body of water, the lake or river of that part of the country, and once there you will find it easy to reach camp, or find other people who can take you there. When the sun is shining the direction can always be known by calculating the time of day. Always carry a compass, and in trying it take it away from the influence of your gun barrels. SPECIAL.

MICHIGAN GAME AND FISH.

LANSING, Oct. 20.—Shooting and fishing on Grand River and Pine Lake is excellent. Pension Examiner Maxwell takes his tackle and boat about 4 o'clock most every afternoon, and after being out a couple of hours shows up with half a dozen fine bass of from 2 to 6lbs. each. Maxwell is a great fisherman and he knows all there is to the business. He makes his own rods and tackle, and he has as fine an outfit as can be found in Michigan, and with all due respect to our good friend Herb, of the Bailey House, Ionia, we just think that Maxwell takes the cake. I don't want to whisper too loud about the matter, for if I do, A. H. Whitehead, the champion of Pine Lake, just walks me up to his friend Charlie Davis, and points with pride and keen delight to an 8½lbs. bass that hangs suspended over the mantel in Mr. Davis's dining room. I do not want to take it all back, so I just say, well, there is a pair of them, anyway.

At the Whitehead cottage, on Old Comfort Island, Mr. Farrand and Mr. Whitehead took thirty dozen frogs one day last week, and on Saturday last, in one of the most severe storms that has visited Michigan in years, Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Shank and Mr. Robinson shot eighty-one ducks, mostly lesser bluebills, with a few helldivers and three or four velvet scoters that chanced to be caught away from home.

Pap Fillmore is authority for the statement that while fishing at Oar Lake one day last week, one of the boys left his line for a few moments, and when he returned and hauled in the line he found a pike that weighed 8½lbs., and a blue gill that weighed 1½lbs., had taken the bait; but the funny thing of it was that the blue gill had taken the bait first, and then the pike had swallowed the blue gill, which made a very interesting combination.

Mr. E. Jemison, one of the best shots in Michigan, shot an albino robin on the college grounds a few days ago, and the robin is now in the hands of Mr. C. J. Davis, for mounting. By the way, Mr. Davis has one of the finest collections of birds and animals in the State, and some day when opportunity presents I will tell you something of it.

Mr. S. T. Smith, of Detroit, is taking in the big Fair, but he has telegraphed that he leaves to-night for Aberdeen, Dakota, for a chicken hunt. If there is a man on earth who is entitled to a good thing, it is Mr. Smith, and we hope he will get it.

"Diamond Walt," of Exeter, Neb., in FOREST AND STREAM, of Oct. 7, gives us lots of light on the shooting ability of the .22 short rifle, but he is a dandy, and his rifle is a good one. I can take it all in but the penetration, and it does go a little hard to get that part of it down nicely. Yesterday I shot a yellowhammer with my .22-45, and there was not enough of the bird left to pick up, so I am prepared to believe that if my 45 had bored its way through an antelope as it did the bird, the antelope would have dropped on the spot. I can't quarrel with Walt about the .22cal. rifle, for I do think it is a very excellent gun, and I am going to test the gun thoroughly when I have time.

Grouse and quail are nearly ripe, and Nov. 1 will see the dance open in Michigan. Birds are scarce compared with what we had two or three years ago, and it will be hard work to get even a fair bag.

Senator Pascoe, of Republic Mine, Lake Superior, was in town last week. The Senator is one of the early pioneers of the great mining country. He is now retired from active service, but as a reward for faithful services his pay is to continue during his life time. He lives at the Mine, but his principal business is trout fishing and entertaining his many friends. He has enjoyed the past season greatly and reports that the fishing gets better every year. He has taken over 500 trout this season.

Senator Chamberlin, of Iron Mountain, also reports that trout fishing is excellent. The hard times in the mining country has driven lots of unemployed men to the trout streams and a great many trout have been taken. I told the Senator of the great yarn told by J. B. C., of Ashland, in FOREST AND STREAM, of Sep. 9, and his experience at Thousand Island Lake, and his reply was that the atmosphere of that northern country was so rare that fishermen had no difficulty in getting all the big fish that they wanted—in their minds. I thought that explained the situation exactly.

The people of Grand Rapids are having quite an excitement over the pearl fishing in Grand River. A large number of pearls have been taken from the fresh water bivalve, which is so common in the river. Hundreds of people are constantly wading the stream, and raking the bottom, searching for the hidden treasures. Several fine pearls have been found, but they are of little value generally.

Mr. C. J. Davis, of Lansing, has succeeded in getting a copy of the elephant edition of Audubon's great work. It is a work of great value, and very few are fortunate enough to own the work.

Mr. J. W. Teevin, of the City Marshal's office, Grand Rapids, was in town a few days last week. Mr. Teevin is a member of the Jolly Eleven Boat Club. They have a nice boat house at North Park, and one of the finest little steamers on the river. The club has been in camp this summer at Bailey Park, about four miles up the river, and they have had a great time. Fishing, boating and camping out is the object of the club and they follow out the constitution to the letter.

Mr. Perry, the Pontiac beagle man, also spent a day with us, and we enjoyed his visit hugely. We are going to visit Mr. Perry at his home and spend a day with him in hunting bunny, and in looking over his fine kennel. When we do, we will give you lots of pointers in the beagle business, for a man cannot talk with Mr. Perry for five minutes without wanting to buy about all of the beagles that he can get hold of. Mr. L. S. Hudson, of Lansing, is a great friend of Mr. Perry and a lover of beagles, and when the pair get interested on the beagle question they can make it red hot for outsiders.

JULIAN.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S ARMY.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Oct. 16.—"A nice day." How that phrase so commonly expressed strikes home to the heart of the unfortunate lover of field sports, who is obliged to toil at desk or bench fifty-one weeks out of every calendar year, for his own support and of those dependent upon him. How a pleasant October morning will bring to his mind the things that might happen, if otherwise situated in his business relations, and yet, when an exception in his routine of life does occur, and the birds or other game are not to be found as plenty as he had pictured to himself, how constantly, on the following morning, our same friend will resume the everlasting grind of existence, thankful that he is not obliged to shoot game in New Hampshire for a living, even though his salary may be small.

The hunting season thus far has been a disappointment. Birds were never so scarce here as now. Squirrels are more plentiful, though not as numerous as one year ago. Said a prominent wing shot the other day. "Where six years ago I could bag sixteen birds in a day, I think I am doing well this year, if by hard work, I secure four in a day's hunting, and although various reasons are advanced for the decrease in number, there really is but one—too many gunners. There must be something done toward restocking our game lands, as well as our waters with fish, or wing-shooting will soon be an unknown quantity in this locality."

Such is the whole story. When five thorough sportsmen and three trained dogs put in a full day in our best bird covers, around Winnipiseogee Lake, as they did last month, and get but two birds, the reason is obvious, and the end is near at hand. Laws for game protection are excellent, but what we need now, and the matter should be brought before our next Legislature, is restocking, that the laws may have something to protect in the game line. A complete prohibition of shooting, although a bitter medicine, would do good in a three years' dose, and I am not sure but what it will prove the only effective remedy. Expert handlers of the shotgun and bird dogs are so common that the chances of our feathered game to escape the bag and pot are reduced to infinitesimal proportions.

I am writing the feeling as frequently expressed in this immediate vicinity, and hope it does not apply to all other parts of the State, though I know it does to many localities, particularly where the work of legitimate sportsmen is supplemented by that of the summer boarders, who hunt in season and out, shooting everything that moves, from deer down to mosquitoes, paying no attention to law or regard for the property of others. A farmer living near where those of the latter class make their summer homes told me last week that during the past summer such vandals had on several occasions been within ten rods of his house and had shot his chickens, and once came so near hitting him as to put several shot through his hat. Who can blame landowners for posting notices excluding gunners? Such conduct, together with the black and inexcusable lies hunters and fishermen of the same class are guilty of concocting in reporting their doings, should be a complete bar to recognition by law-abiding and self-respecting sportsmen.

Coon and fox hunters are getting in their work quite successfully. Lovers of those sports will never see their wily game exterminated.

Assistant Marshal John F. Cassidy and Mr. Fred. James, of this city, have returned from a trip to the Adirondacks, reporting two deer killed by the former and one by the latter, and an excellent two weeks' vacation so well enjoyed that they say they are already making preparations to repeat the trip next season. One thing they speak of as particularly pleasing is that while there they were not being continually "jewed," charges being reasonable, and the hosts and their employees not being greatly offended if their guests succeed in having a dollar left in their pockets when coming away, as at most such resorts.

Considerable interest is being taken in the hunting match of the Franklin Fish and Game League, which takes place Oct. 25 and 26. Messrs. M. D. Woodward and G. O. Thompson choose for one side and Messrs. P. C. Hancock and G. G. Fellows the other. The losers pay for a supper. A mistake of their announcement is the counting of yellowhammers and woodpeckers, such birds being protected by the laws of the State. At the same time they offer a reward of $10 for the conviction of any person who shoots a bird contrary to our laws. Evidently all the members of that league are not as familiar with the bird and game laws of their State as they should be.

PAYSON.

Dingman's Ferry Game.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pa., Oct. 16.—Partridge, quail, squirrel and rabbit are very abundant. Deer very scarce.

P. F. F

CLIMBING FOR BLACKTAILS.

Southern California offers to the deer stalker or hunter after large game in general, certain peculiarities that would, perhaps, satisfy the most ardent or enthusiastic member of the Alpine Club. I have wandered over the White, Green, Adirondack, Rocky and other mountains, but the Sierra Madres for difficult climbing exceed them all, and what in other ranges is, perhaps, a pleasure, is here, to the pioneer at least, or the one who breaks the trail, labor of the most fatiguing kind.

From a distance of five or six miles the range presents the appearance of a great wall, cut into innumerable gulches that radiate one from another in an interminable manner, showing plainly the work of the rush of waters in the winter seasons. The wall of the smaller cañons is a divide or "hog's back" which, to the eye, seems a gentle rising slope, a natural pathway from the valley to the summit of the range. Nothing could be more deceptive; once upon the ground the slope is found to be covered with a growth of greasewood, scrub oak and other brush about 4ft. in height, little less than impassable, while in the underbrush you have the yucca, or Spanish bayonet, with its lance-like leaves, to spur the horse and rider at odd moments, a quiet reminder of *Crotalus* that lurks in the rocks hard by. The divide which appeared so easy to climb, is now seen to be in many places almost perpendicular, and if followed for any length of time ending in a blind lead, bringing the climber to a deep cañon, to enter and reascend which would occupy two or three hours, and weary a strong man. In short, the Sierra Madres are an almost endless maze of cañons stretching away in every direction, crossing and recrossing each other and presenting a labyrinth unequalled, at least in my experience.

Water must be carried by the would-be hunter, as it is found only in the cañons, so that besides the rifle a canteen is an absolute necessity. Thus accoutered and mounted on a horse that was known as a "butter," a term, it should be explained, which means that the animal will lower its head and butt through the bush, I entered the narrow cañon of the Verdugo Hills and commenced the ascent, for it is in the upper regions where the manzanita flourishes that the blacktailed deer and large game is found. Hunts are organized here on a principle that affords the animal the best opportunity for the display of its powers. The Verdugo Cañon is about a mile long, and forms at its upper end a basin, around which, sentinel-like, are several peaks. Each of these is occupied by a hunter, while the dogs are sent into the cañons that branch in all directions to drive the game up.

The sun was just creeping over the mountains from Arizona, its rays starting the shadows in the cañon, as we reached the foot of the trail. It had been a cold morning ride even in this perpetual summerland. My own mare was a good climber, but not quite heavy enough for the work, so I exchanged her for a horse whose climbing powers are not excelled by any goat living. The trail assigned me led directly through the cañon through a most attractive bit of scenery, a silvery thread of water winding its way upward, skirted by low trees and bushes, with here and there a lofty sycamore. The path followed the stream for a while, then branching off skirted the mountain until I stood upon a little shelf over the cañon. Down into it again, across, and the main trail was reached that led in a most extraordinary manner directly to the summit. My companion, who preceded me on foot, an old Virginia hunter, had been up before, but the rains had washed away all evidences of his visit, and it was indeed a butting process, the horse lowering his head and taking things literally as they came. One moment I was lying flat to avoid a branch of manzanita, the next slipping off quickly to hold the animal and prevent him from going backward down the steep incline. Progress on foot was almost impossible except to the trained climber. The dry soil rose in clouds at every step, and the trail finally became so steep that I was about to give it up, when the horse gave a rush—slipped, and I slid off just in time to see him roll partly over. For a few seconds what I deemed the wreck of horseflesh was hidden in an impenetrable cloud, but in the parlance of the ring, the animal came up smiling, and as the dust blew away stood two or three yards down the mountain patiently waiting for its rider. I now led the way myself, and soon was upon a spur at an altitude of perhaps 2,000ft., and directly between two cañons.

"Here," said my companion and guide, wiping the dust and greasewood leaves and twigs from his face, "is one of the best spots for shooting I know of in the hills. Just look at it! You can fire into this cañon, wheel and let go into the other. I've done it before this. Now, I'll put the dogs down in here, and you take the rise just above."

The "rise" was a small hill above the one upon which we were standing—a huge mound or rock jutting out into the abyss. I had almost reached the top when I heard the welcome, quick, oft-repeated bay of the dogs, such music to the ears of the lover of sport. A final scramble and we were on the mound. I had just turned toward the cañon when the sharp report of my companion's Winchester echoed down the gorge, and my own Colts was soon sending back echoes as fast as the magazine would work. In the East it would never have occurred to me to attempt the shot, as the deer was so far away on the other side of the cañon that it appeared about as large as a foxhound, and was dashing along the almost perpendicular side, sending a perfect avalanche of stones and earth down to the lower level, where the dogs were making music loud and furious.

Shooting at so small an object in rapid motion and at such a distance was a matter of chance; but the deer went down, and I could just see it lying beneath a yucca, occasionally moving its head. "That new dog will eat it up if I don't go down," shouted my companion. "Keep it in sight, and fire if it moves," and with that he dashed into the bush and went falling, rolling and leaping down the almost perpendicular descent.

To take my eye from the deer would have been to lose the spot, so I sat with my rifle sight an inch above it, expecting to keep it up, or until my companion had reached the bottom; but the deer hearing the approaching dogs was soon again dashing along the side of the cañon, seeming to my excited imagination to dodge the bullets I was sending after it. I could hear every one hit the rocks, but finally rounding a jutting corner the gamy animal went down, this time out of sight, to be found by the other hunter a short time after, and shot again in a desperate effort to escape. It was a fawn weighing under 100lbs., and its beautiful skin was penetrated by five or six shots of a .44 Colt and Winchester, telling of the animal's tenacity of life. That it had been hit so many times at such a distance, off-hand, firing as fast as the magazine could be emptied, was somewhat surprising to me, and while my guide constantly insisted that it was partly due to my Colt, I am rather skeptical, and only claim a single shot made when the animal started a second time. My guide and companion was one of the finest shots in this way I have ever seen. There was no time for careful aim in his work; it was intuitive, and in firing at a deer so far away that it looked like a dog, and at full speed, he could hit at nearly the first fire. Rabbits at full run were taken by him with a rifle, quite as difficult shooting as one can conceive. The game was shouldered and taken to the lower cañon, the news shouted from peak to peak, and an hour later the dogs were started over the west side of the range. But a broad track on the trail soon explained the lack of game; a grizzly had stampeded the herd.

My horse had taken me to the very summit of the range, and as I had scored a point, I sat there and watched the others follow the hounds down the hog backs. The view alone repaid me for the labor of the climb, as the whole of southern California seemed at my feet. To the west and south sparkled the waters of the Pacific, Santa Catalina Island rising from it like a grim sea monster thirty miles off shore, and sixty away as the crow flies. Beneath me to the west was Los Angeles, the city of the angels, looking like a scattered town rather than the large city that it is. Turning to the east I looked down the fair valley of San Gabriel, environed on one side by the Puente Hills, and rising imperceptibly to meet the lofty Sierra Madres. Pasadena, El Monte, Duarte and the ranches of many town were spread before us like a map, the rich greens and browns telling of orange grove and vineyard—a veritable checker board in the flashing contrasts of color, while above all loomed, sentinel like, the lofty peaks of Santa Ana, "Old Baldy," San Jacinto and San Bernardino.

"I'll never forget," said my guide, who had again joined me, "the last time I looked off the main range. I had been over ten miles in following up the yarn of the lost mine, and came out just above the tallest peak you see over yonder. The black spot is a clump of trees that are three feet or more in diameter, though it don't look it from here. I was coming down, and had just got where I had a view of the valley, when as fine a buck as I ever clapped my eyes on came trotting out of the bush in front, and before he knew what the trouble was I had him.

"Well, I packed him to where I had left my burro. You know they call them narrow-gauge mules over in Arizona, but this old burro was rather the pride of my heart, the light of my eye, so to put it, and the pet of the band. I packed the buck on her and started down the trail, having a long rope fastened to her neck wound about my waist. I reckon we had gone a third of the way down when we came to a place where the trail was cut in the solid rock, a big piece hanging over and in the path. When the old burro came to that she stopped short. I gave her a push; then I took the stick and talked Spanish to her, but it wasn't any use, and go she wouldn't. She evidently thought she couldn't get around the place with the buck and concluded not to try. It was a fall of perhaps a thousand feet there, but I went ahead and began to pull, and the more I pulled the madder I got, until finally I hauled her on. She made a rush, and—well, it all came in a minute. I saw the buck hit the rock, and over she went. How I got the rope off my waist I don't know; but as I chucked it over the burro was out of sight and I fell back trembling on the rock. I never even looked over, and never went down, and I never drove a burro on a bad trail after that. That was my last deer on the main range, and the coyotes got that and the burro, and had a close call on me."

The black-tailed deer (*Cervus columbianus*) is the one most commonly found here, ranging the greasewood and manzanita patches of the cañon slopes, and its trails along almost inaccessible regions show it to be a timid and retiring animal. In size it resembles the Virginia deer. The tail is ornamental, cylindrical and conspicuous, black above and white beneath. The face is strikingly marked with a horseshoe in front of the eyes, certain old hunters considering it good luck to kill them on this account. Some of the natural histories state that the meat is poor, but the finest venison I have ever eaten was black-tailed deer, the flavor being of extreme delicacy.

The black-tailed deer ranges all over California and is found in the Oregon Mountains. The Mexican or Sonora deer (*C. mexicanus*) is sometimes, though rarely, found in southern California, while the whitetail or mule deer are others more or less frequent in the State.

The black-tailed deer has few enemies in the Sierra Madres except the mountain lion and the human hunter. The former lies in wait, and often gives chase to the agile animal, and at one of the falls in Millard Cañon a friend of mine found a fine buck in the stream. It had taken the terrific leap of 40ft. over the fall. C. F. H.

Pasadena, Cal.

Rhode Island Ducks.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 16.—Ducks are coming in, and the boys anticipate some good sport in this line. Game in general, especially the little Bob White, is pretty quiet. A party went down near Westerly a short time ago, but returned nearly empty-handed. Our new preserve club is well started, and we anticipate some good from it. The boys are all taking hold well, and as the majority of them are already members of the Rhode Island Game Protective Association, we have no doubt but that it will be a great success. The *Journal* reports: "During the past week sportsmen of this vicinity have been afforded ample opportunity of enjoying sport in the lower bay. It is reported that below Rocky Point, especially in the vicinity of the islands, there are large flocks of coots, canvasbacks and black ducks, numbering several thousands, which as yet have not been rendered shy by innumerable sportsmen, although the past week has witnessed the visitation of large numbers of marksmen in row boats, yachts, launches and small steamers, and many large bags have been obtained. The ducks have arrived in local waters nearly a fortnight earlier than last season and in considerably larger numbers, and the sportsmen are highly elated at the possible indication of the revival of a sport which for several years has been possible in only a limited degree in this vicinity. Last fall a very large flock made their favorite feeding grounds just above Fuller's Rock Lighthouse, near Field's Point, favoring the east shore at the mouth of Bower's Cove." Todd.

A POT-SHOOTING POT-POURRI.

While there was an unlimited supply of mutton at the ranch table, it was accursed in our sight from this very fact. Too much of a good thing makes it proverbially a bitter pill ere long. Hence, to come at the gist of the matter on the instant, we decided for a change; and domiciled in the wilds as we were, of course pot-shooting of the more indiscriminate order became our readiest resource for the securing of this end.

If, according to the super-sensitive way of looking at it, this proceeding was declared to be somewhat irregular and wanton, let it be duly affirmed that we were not disciples of this particular school of reasoning. According to the natural run of things, the scrimped inner man and a tender conscience pull apart without any great regard being paid to formalities. It was not for us to dispute the propriety of this. We dealt with the case with unreserved frankness.

The site of the ranch is on the shore of Big Klamath Lake, in southern Oregon; and consistently with the general topographical make-up of the district at large, wooded mountain slope, arable plow land, intervale and marsh are all included within its area. Marked amplitude is a distinguishing feature of the property of course, as otherwise its titular appellation of a ranch would never have been its boast. In fact, its spaciousness is such that our field of operations covered but an insignificant fraction of it; a feature of the situation that took the mete and bound-harried Easterner immensely, and which he enthused over with unsparing breath.

Almost every afternoon while the period of our stress lasted saw us abroad, guns in hand. By "us" a trio is signified, consisting in addition to the writer of two urchins, one Walt, his associate shooter, and the other Cholly, on whom devolved the work of retrieving, carrying the bag and whatsoever other plunder more legitimately proper to the occasion the child could be persuaded to lumber himself with.

Summer was well advanced, and in due order the wheat harvest was over, leaving us free to range the stubble, a broad expanse of which adjoined the ranch dooryard. Here we could count on a never-failing tussle with the blackbirds and turtle doves, as well as an occasional bout with the quail.

The turtle doves, I need not say, were the same identical creatures going by this name in the East. They were somewhat chary as to the selection of their associates, rarely being seen in aggregations numbering over four or five individuals. It seldom paid us to attempt to get within range of them by stalking, as they were too sharp to be approached in this way. We tackled them to the best advantage as they flew by us or over us as seeking fresh resting places subsequent to being put up, and which was wont to result from a drive being made at them by Cholly, who was liable, among the multifarious offices he was called upon to fill, to be made to perform this function.

Under these circumstances the birds were now and again so reckless in their reading of the points of the compass as to come within striking distance of us and so drew our fire. It would be a delightfully gratifying thing to be able to say that we dropped every bird that we shot at. But super-swift as this particular style of shooting is we could not brag of so doing. "Super-swift? Bosh!" one hears the boss shooter of the gun club exclaim. Unanswerably true nevertheless. Turn to Wilson and see what he says of the wild pigeon as a speeder and then recall the fact that the dove is nearby related to the wild pigeon. If the winner of money at competitive shoots—tossed-up coop pigeons and clay chunks being the targets be it remembered—has never had actual experience in this department of marksmanship, the discovery of its deeply exacting character will astonish him not a little, and his clod-hopping rural brother who is master of it is his master also, incredible as it may seem to him.

Being as we were shooters of a quite unpretending grade our success in this line of endeavor was but moderate. If we brought down three or four birds during one outing we counted ourselves quite lucky. As for the eating furnished by the creatures it was genuinely of the strain of the race a little dry, but aside from this fault very good.

The blackbird world here went in for amity and good will in a way that another bipedal kingdom believing itself to be illimitably its superior in the disposition to honor the finer dictates of the spirit might creditably pattern after. Intertribal differences had no place in it whatever, and all its members met on the common ground of an easy-going and familiar comradeship. If one could trust his powers of identification there were some five or six sorts of the creatures thus lovingly mingled, the chief and most conspicuous kinds being the red-winged, the red and white-shouldered, and the yellow-headed.

The family, as all know, has a strong predilection for meadow lands and low swampy coverts, and in keeping with this innate proclivity, the birds in whose pursuit we were enlisted, located their quarters in a patch of cat-tails adjoining the wheat stubble, where they lodged, loafed, gossiped, and in short fulfilled every function of their lives save that of replenishing themselves inwardly. For this purpose they turned, of course, to the most convenient source, and just now the wheat gleanings met their need in this direction to a charm. Several times a day they fortified themselves with the delicacy in question, and when the multitude was fitly represented at the banquet it was a multitude in very fact.

As with the doves we did for the creatures to the best purpose and effectiveness when they were on the wing, and hence whenever we came upon them, whether on the stubble or in their cat-tail retreat, our preliminary step at the juncture was to flush them. The first move made by them as thus routed, was to withdraw to a willow thicket some 200 or 300yds. distant, where they passed a good little interval in vilifying and berating us in a polyglot chorus and all they knew how. While this was going on we took the precaution to hide ourselves at convenient points awaiting the next proceeding in their programme. This, with more or less meandering and uncertain tacking hither and thither on their part, was to return to the cat-tails, and at the last stage of which maneuver we rarely failed to be given the chance to pepper them soundly.

As the birds were of different lineage so they were found to be of diverse flavor. The yellow-headed variety was the least taking in this particular of the entire lot. The red-winged and the red and white shouldered were far more savory. Still, when all is said, the pie in which

the birds figured, needed a plentiful admixture of thinly sliced salt pork—that *magnum bonum* in the seasoning line—to fill the bill perfectly.

Gorgeous swells in their way, the quail here were indeed something very fetching to the Easterner. And it was the distinguishing boon of the locality to be stocked with both sorts of the representatives of the race common to our middle Pacific Coast, and which as all men know, head the quail roster in point of grace of contour and charm of costume under the names of the mountain and the valley quail.

Of these two exquisites the former was the more plentifully met with, the generally sub-alpine character of the district suiting its idiosyncracies to a dot. But the latter was no stronger in the locality, although the lead numerically was decidedly with its rival; lower latitudes and regions of the true valley stamp (as its name would imply) being its special choice in the residence line. Both species were emphatically birds of the cover. If they sought the open it was in furtherance of some fresh scheme edible or potable in its bearing, which in a way took them out of themselves. It was of course while on their rounds undertaken in this spirit that they took the stubble in. But in doing this they kept their minds well on the alert to study prudence in connection with their comestible venture, and so restricted their visitations to the place to one particular part of it where a closely contiguous thicket of plum brush afforded a readily reached secure asylum from inimical attack.

As yet the bevies of either species were made up of the old birds and their progeny for the year. In point of growth, however, the juveniles were almost the equals of their elders. It was only when their attire was studied, that the young fry were observed to figure in a less telling way than their papas and mammas.

The quivers of the mated pairs of either breed were abundantly full in the true family fashion, the broods numbering at the lowest from twenty to thirty buds and sprigs. Strict non intercourse was the abiding rule with these tribes and on which score the blackbirds read them a signally improving lesson. Sociability of the franker sort, as it must be conceded, is a flower needing a trustier form of gentleness to give it birth. The subjects of our present notice had evidently a long road before them to travel ere they would have done with feral offishness and distrust.

Whether as runners or flyers, there was no shortcoming on the part of the birds of either kind, of whatever age. But be the reason what it may, they preferred to leg it in parting company with us as we sought to entreat them cartridgewise. This unaccommodating and foxy mode of dealing with us as good as spoiled our game. What we were required to hit might be likened to a lightning streak fleeting across a few yards of the earth and then suddenly breaking off and vanishing utterly. Is it any wonder, then, that we came out a long way scond best in the tussle? Yet in spite of the fearful odds against which we strove, we now and then succeeded in making a shot count, and scored even the smallest of these triumphs with not a little hullabaloo, as the eating afforded by these bipeds at this particular stage of the season was simply ravishing.

Our quest usually wound up with a side stretch of about half a mile in length, made from the stubble to the lake shore. The hopes of getting in a little telling work among the blue-winged teal was the incentive by which we were moved to this proceeding. The fowl in question as everybody knows, is a genuine delicacy, gastronomically speaking, more particularly when its development is due to fresh-water influences.

The species is an abundant summer resident in Big Klamath Lake, being seen here in all stages of its career, from a small ball of yellowish fluff to the well known suit of buff and blue. In these riper summer days the juveniles of the race were just passing out of the flapper stage, which is equivalent to saying that they made a first-rate dish, if not altogether as good as they would be later, when they had reached their full growth and were fatter.

Our pursuit of the creatures gave us lots of fun. The scene of the chase being the body of the lake, we took after them of course in a boat. The labor of rowing fell to the lot of the boys, the writer putting this job on them very coolly, holding it to be his special privilege to take his place majestically at the stern and do the popping.

We generally found the birds feeding among the lily pads; abundant growths of which were distributed in many parts of the lake, and constituting a singular interesting feature thereof. As the creatures noted our approach they, of course, scuttled off. The old birds withdrew in due order on the wing, while the younger fry sought to be rid of us by a natatorial scramble.

It was most generally the latter that were to be most opportunely attacked by us. The closing in upon them of necessity involved a deal of racing on our part, and which always had its hot incidents of turning the boat in the space of its own length in a hurry, being stranded on a snag and getting off again all in a fume, partially upsetting, and so forth. When the quarry was at last brought within range, as it offered a mark zig-zagging in every conceivable direction, and at the best with but its head in full sight, a direct crisis, as is obvious, was reached, that in a small way, but decidedly for all that, put the shooter on his true nerve to make good his aim.

Now and then in the pursuit of the teal here, we came across other ducks—the spoonbill and ruddy ducks among them—but none in sufficient plentifulness to invest us with the honor of a genuine acquaintance with them either prandially or in any other guise. The lake was also the summer home of other fowl not generally held in esteem as a form of sustenance with civilized humanity. These were gulls and terns of sundry sorts, cormorants, and over and above all pelicans. These latter dignitaries are worthy of an amply free notice commensurate with their breadth of character and bodily bigness. But here is no place for the work, and we have no option but to conclude. W. L. TIFFANY.

Arkansas Promises Well.

LITTLE ROCK, Oct. 15.—Our quail crop is unusually large this year, but birds are small yet. Our fall flight of ducks is on now. Also large flocks of geese are seen going south. Have enjoyed some fine wood duck shooting, and have bagged a number of mallards, teal, sprigtail and bluebills. We have good mast this year and expect good duck shooting. JOS. IRWIN.

A VIRGINIA TURKEY HUNT.

SYCAMORE LODGE, Va.—Thinking that one of your many readers might be interested and some of the unitiatad instructed in one of the sports that is so fast becoming rare, I give a short account of a turkey hunt which took place in Brunswick county near Lawrenceville, the county seat, on the southern border of the State. There is an abundance of large game, deer and turkey, as well as quail, all through that section. Accompanied by three friends I started out one December morning, our intention being first to bag a buck. The weather was crisp and clear (just suited for the sport), with frost to make it damp enough for the dogs to scent well.

We found no trouble in starting the game, but as all deer hunters will testify, the buck often runs the wrong way—which was the case with us, the deer coming nearly close enough for a shot to two of our party, and the hounds taking it to the river in short order. So at 1 o'clock we turned our attention to turkeys with more success. We hunt turkeys with setters or pointers, which are the best because they do not open on the track, and are able to get well on to a flock of turkeys without being heard, so that they can the more effectually flush and scatter them, which is absolutely necessary for success.

We started out on horseback, separating in a short while, and going two and two, more easily to cover the ground, and giving our dogs a wider range. We had proceeded a little over a mile through woods and fields when we heard our friends call to "look out." We knew they had found the game, and about the same time our dog started a flock of five gobblers close to us in another direction. Our friends had come up with about 20 hen turkeys feeding in a cornfield, and as a turkey needs never to be told of your presence when you are in sight, they immediately rose and flew across a field about 400yds., and not scattered, coming down all together. We quickly put our dogs, Bob and Topsy, after them, and they got them up again in fine style, putting them up in the big pines in every direction.

It being then about 4 o'clock, and knowing the birds would not call together before morning, we began preparing for that time by making new blinds for our visiting friends, in the direction we thought most of the flock had flown. Our friends did not know the use of a call, so we purposed placing them so as to get shots at turkeys coming to the calls of Mr. B. and myself. After finishing the new blinds we made arrangements for our meeting the next morning. Just as we separated a very fine turkey dashed out of a tree almost over our friends, but it being so unexpected he got out of range of successful shot, though one of us fired at it as it went off.

The following morning we met our friends at the appointed time, 6 o'clock sharp, and went to the positions chosen the previous evening. I made a blind on the line of a fence in a corner, stopping the cracks with dried leaves and pine bark. Mr. B. went on about a quarter of a mile from me on the same fence. I had not been in the blind more than five minutes before, making a call, I was at once answered by a young hen, which ran up in easy range, and which I bagged after a little run with my dog. I broke a wing, and without a dog would have had to give a lively chase.

I continued calling at intervals, and in about half an hour was again put on the sharp lookout by hearing a well-known *cluck* or *put* close at hand. Looking carefully out I discovered two turkeys coming rapidly toward me, but so far apart as to make a single shot kill both impossible. Quickly deciding (as must always be done in turkey shooting), I shot down the one furthest off, intending to get the other on the rise; but there was so much smoke that I could not see; and both turkeys got off together. Knowing that the range had been all right, and seeing feathers, I listened for a fall and thought I heard it. I had then had two shots with nothing heard from my friends; and it seemed that they "would not be in it." But I did not have to wait long before a turkey flew directly over one of our visitors, about 30ft. above his head; but being engaged in eating his lunch he missed it. After another short interval I heard a shot in the direction of Mr. B., and counted on another turkey, and not in vain, as he had called up and killed the old hen of the flock. After waiting patiently for half an hour I heard another call; and quickly answering laid down my call and got ready to start, which I had to do in about a couple of minutes, another hen coming up directly in front, which I killed dead in her tracks.

I then had two turrkeys in the blind, and after waiting some time and hearing no more calls, we whistled ourselves together and began search for the turkey which had flown off after being shot. Having gotten the course pretty well and feeling confident that she had not swerved, we went straight for about 150yds., when one of our friends a little in advance called out: "Here she is." And sure enough to my delight there she lay, having fallen dead, as I thought I had heard at the time.

After dividing spoils, having a turkey each, we made our way home, well pleased with our day's sport, and promising to repeat the same about Christmas.

Some of your readers may recognize my friend Mr. B. and his dog Old Bob, as their companions in some of their past visits to our parts. VIRGINIAN.

One of the Incidents that Linger in Memory.

FOREST AND STREAM has had many accounts of first shots at game. The fond recollection of that event in my own experience is as fresh in my mind to-day as if it had occurred but yesterday.

My musket was not a celebrated one, in fact it was *sans* tradition, *sans* pedigree, *sans* almost everything—even a ramrod. This I remember distinctly; for I could not load the old thing until I had manufactured one with my old "Barlow." If that particular gun had been through any celebrated battles I never heard of it; but it possessed just as many attractions for me then as if it had been a relic of Bunker Hill. But this it might have been for all I know, 'twas certainly old enough.

I lived near the little town of Camden, Ohio, and was about ten years of age at the time of this exploit. That was many years ago—I don't just like to tell how many, for fear I might be considered an old man now, and I had been brought up, as most well-regulated boys were in those days, to keep my hands off firearms of all kinds. But, like all boys, my memory was very short when my mother's back was turned, and I lost no time in sneaking that old musket and making for the woods. I loaded it with great ugly slugs of my own make; and the ramrod, as a matter of convenience in carrying, was left inside the barrel. As I went marching up the lane and feeling very big and very brave, I soon spied a solitary yellow-hammer and quickly squared myself into position to fire. As the musket was entirely too heavy for me, big as I was, it had to be supported across a rail of the old worm fence. Then I pulled. In the excitement of the moment I had forgotten to remove the ramrod, and when I pulled the trigger the gun refused to go in the right direction, but set up a mighty back-action sizzle that frightened me nearly out of my skin, and, throwing the thing upon the ground, I went off myself, and I was not at all slow in doing it either. I waited a long time to make sure that it would be safe, then went back and picked up the musket. But the yellowhammer wasn't there; I never saw him afterward. The ramrod was all right, just where I had left it, inside the barrel, and it required the services of the village blacksmith to extract it. H. R.

SEEN AT THE FAIR.

YOUR very good Mr. Hough has much to say about the Fair, but may a word not be said by some of your readers about it? He says So and So has been at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit, annexed to which is the Fisheries Building, but of course he cannot know what So and So has been a-doing. Now, when I left home Mrs. Kennedy who had already been to the Fair, said to me, "Now George, keep off the Midway." And so, as soon as I got inside the grounds, I went to see what there was about the Midway that made my presence there inimical to it. I found nothing. I mean that I found nothing that I could harm or destroy. I was put out at about 12 o'clock that night, and before seeking my cot (N. B.—Recent visitors to the Fair will understand this is no poetic allusion), I snatched time to write a postal home to assure my family that I was off the Midway. I also observed that as I was only to remain a week I hoped to finish that department of the Columbian celebration in time to devote the last day of my stay to what was on the other side of the track.

I believe I have never yet put my awkward pen to paper in the interest of anybody's firearms, and I never will, because I have nothing against any of them. But wandering through the gun precincts my eye fell on one of the repeating shotguns, the merits of which you devote some space to in your paper, possibly for hire, and I feel called upon to warn all your "gentlemen of the hunt" against them. You can put one up to your shoulder and pull a little on the pistol grip after you have pulled the trigger and the miserable thing gets itself loaded and cocked again and you never get off your aim a fraction of a second. All a person (I say a person) would have to do would be to wave the muzzle around a little while he was a working it and it would cover all the territory in range of his vision. You could turn an organ-grinder's bald-faced monkey loose with an arm like that and he would be killing jacksnipe and green-wing teal with it in two days' practice. I can't see why some real intelligent man don't patent a wood duck twine binder that can be driven along the township roads and harvest all the wood ducks on either side for two miles back and do them up in family and restaurant bunches. Separate gear wheels for total quail or chicken extermination. Fellow Foresters (and oh, the alchemy of the name of our national patron saint of the gentlemen of the hunt), I speak in seeming jest, and yet I leave it to each of you to decide how much foolishness there is in my thought. You have in a few short years killed the destructive 10-gauge as dead as though you had used an ounce and a quarter of shot and five drams of powder. Kill the magazine shotgun.

Hunting rabbits with ferrets; chasing deer into lakes with hounds and then shooting them while the guide holds them by their tails; making glue out of eggs stolen from mother wild ducks; shooting prairie chickens in July—are all characteristic methods of slaughter by that vandal called by the more truly distinctive title of game hog. He needs two things more—an electric motor to hurry him from one holocaust to another and a shotgun mitrailleuse. It is not my province to speak for the FOREST AND STREAM, nor its to apologize for me. It advertises guns. It caters to sportsmen. But it is not to its advertisements it owes its prestige, nor yet to its catering to sportsmen. It owes it to its adherence to certain principles; and it will not let go of them if it knows it. One's principles are the essence of one's vitality. But if we are to have a perpetual class of American sportsmen to keep alive the blessed gospel of rest, we must try and enable the general public to properly categorize the game hog and his weapons. Sometimes he is a foreigner to our soil, in his fatherland accounted too low caste to be intrusted with a gun, whose swelling New World freedom finds vent in prowling the suburbs with a fowling piece and killing a rabbit in season and all things else out of season. Sometime he is a titled and gentlemanly-appearing foreigner who leaves elk to rot in Colorado cañons or a barrelful of grouse on the platform of a Northern Pacific station.

Sometimes it is a pure and free-born American who says in his heart, "There is no law, or at least nobody obeys it." And about as often as not he is of high degree. I recant that. He is as often as not a rich man. But whether the ignorant emigrant, the enlightened aristocrat from Europe or the misguided son of our own beloved country, he is of earth earthy, and his name is game hog. You cannot poison him, as you do the wolves that pursue the timid deer. You cannot trap him, as the weasel that steals the eggs of the grouse and woodcock. You can fine him, but you cannot refine him. You can only scorn him and his methods and his means, until he understands that the world is looking at his deeds with disgust and aversion. I have no fight with the proprietors of these new guns, only I don't care anything about them one way or the other. If it is as good as I think it is as a repeating arm, and if they confine it to the legitimate and reputable field of magazine arms—the military and hunting rifle—they will sell them as fast as they make them. If they are, on the other hand, in the business of manufacturing exterminating fowling pieces, then God help the fowl, unless we can give their exterminator a bad name in decent communities. GEORGE KENNEDY.

Long Island Ducks.

DUCK SHOOTING has been the order of the day in the Great South Bay, and parties from Sayville have made some great strings.

Partridge, Gray Squirrel and Ducks.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 14.—I presume that many of your numerous readers are desirous of obtaining information where a reasonable amount of game may be found. I have been in doubt on the subject many times, and that I have been misled by articles in the papers which I found to be untruthful. Very few places within 200 miles I have not visited, and in the majority of instances only to meet with disappointment. Now it is my purpose to give to our hunting friends a locality where they can obtain the best all round hunting of any place I have found. It comprises partridge, gray squirrel and duck shooting, and even fishing if taste tends in that direction. In reference to partridge, it is possible that the number will be very much scattered as the past winter was so severe, but quite a number will be found by a good dog. This will be an off year on partridge in every place with but very few exceptions, and besides, the game law permits the shooting of these birds altogether too early in this State—Aug. 15—when the young are only little more than two-thirds grown, but I presume the summer hotels must be supplied, or at least their guests so inclined must have amusement.

I have recently returned from my short vacation and I desire that all good people may have a chance to get rid of their dyspepsia.

Take the cars of the D. & H. Canal Co. for Delano, Lake Champlain. It is only about seven hours' ride from New York. This stopping place is near Ticonderoga. About a quarter of a mile south of the imaginary depot is a hotel kept by Henry Blomhard, who will be found very kind and obliging. He supplies very good quarters and meals furnished at a very reasonable price, also boats, decoys and guides. It is my opinion that the guide I had is the best I ever had. His word can be depended on and he never gets tired of hunting, and he would rather hunt than eat. His name is Charles H. Morrison. He has a good boat which is perfectly safe even if there is a little wind. When I was there last week it was too early in the season for good shooting, but from this time on ducking will be in full bloom. The kind of ducks to be obtained are the black, green and blue-winged teal, redhead, lakers (local name), canvasbacks, butterballs and whistlers. Some large snipe on sandy beaches are to be seen, which the natives call plover. On the hills near by there is good fox hunting, and good foxhounds can be obtained at "Ti." Blanchard will attend to all the sportsman wants in that direction. J. CORBIN.

Little Reelfoot.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 16.—Word has been received here that a section of land, about a quarter of a mile, caved in not far from Reelfoot Lake, Union City, Tenn., several nights ago. People who viewed the terrible slide next day were astonished almost beyond belief to see the land sunken out of sight, the treetops and water about 100ft. below what had been dry ground the day previous. The sink was partial on the northern extremity, gradually getting deeper and deeper toward the southern side until it obtained its greatest depth. It appeared as though this tract of land had been resting on a shelf rock, which, having been partially destroyed by the action of the water for an untold length of time, had suddenly given way and formed this lake. The strangest thing concerning the occurrence is that there are hundreds of catfish, perch, buffalo and other fish swimming around among the débris. It is almost impossible to be convinced that such a body of land could fall without producing something on the order of an earthquake that would have alarmed the surrounding country. When Reelfoot Lake was formed in 1812 the occurrence took place in almost exactly the same manner as described above, except heavy earthquake shocks preceded the sinking of the land. WICK.

Game in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 19.—The hunting season is now open, and the outlook is indeed very good; notwithstanding the heavy winter, partridges have done very well, though they are yet very young. Squirrels and turkeys are very plentiful in the northern part of the State. Rabbits abound everywhere and there are more this year than ever before; the hard winter must have done them good.

There is one class of sport I never see mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM. That is possum hunting. Of all the hunting I ever indulged in, the pursuit of the opossum is in my opinion the greatest. Except chasing the wily fox I know of no sport so exhilarating as to go out at night with a good pack of hounds, torch in hand, and follow the sullen possum till he is treed. I was out Friday night with four hounds, and caught six averaging 9lbs. each; that is considered a pretty good catch for one night.

The Georgia State Sportsman's Association met here yesterday, and after transacting business adjourned to meet in Atlanta next year. Georgia will soon be as well protected as any State in the Union, and then woe be it to the pot-hunter who is now the curse of the State.

W. L. H.

Much Game in Nebraska.

EXETER, Neb., Oct. 16.—All the birds with the exception of the robin, and a few meadow larks and snipe have left this section. Bob White was never more plentiful; every hedge, thicket, or any place offering the least shelter has its covey, riding in the country one can hear the little fellows calling on every side.

Yesterday a flock of sixteen flew into my corral and stayed quite a while round the straw stacks. Ducks and geese have not shown up so far, although they would not probably stop on account of the water holes being nearly dry.

One can get a jack rabbit by just walking across the fields, while the little cotton-tail can be shot from one's doorstep. Chickens are also quite numerous, more so than for years past. Five wolves were seen about two miles south of here yesterday. DIAMOND WALT.

Rhode Island Game Birds.

ALL reports this fall are not very encouraging. Woodcock are fair, partridges scarce and very wild. Few bags are being made. Of quail there are scarcely any to speak of. Of the several hundred turned loose hereabouts last year, but very few are being bagged. It is thought probable that our last severe winter killed them off. Some of our best men went off a week ago and were gone several days in the southern part of the State, but bagged scarcely enough birds all told to speak of.

We don't see so many snared birds in our Providence markets this fall, thanks to the good work of the Game Protective Association, but we still see that they are snared. Keep at them, boys, and you will not regret your hard work.

When the boys go into the brush why don't they knock over all those little sinners, the red squirrel and chipmonk, they come across? Did it ever occur to the majority of our shooters that these little rascals are sometimes the cause of the scarcity of birds? Well, they like fresh eggs as well as the fox, and we might as well wage war on all the tribe. Give the grays a chance, weed out the reds and it will help a little.

If you want to make sport of it, try them with the little .22 rifle. Don't despise the game or the gun. We may have to come to it some day round these parts.

We shot a cock partridge up in northeastern Rhode Island yesterday that appears to have been the original partridge settler of this State. He is a big one and flew several hundred yards after being hard hit. We would have lost him if it hadn't been for old Sam, that old veteran of a dog. The bird was marked down as dead and Sam came near getting a licking because he insisted on going further on. But he had his own way and later came down the cart path with the old settler in his chops. The old dogs know a thing or two. TODE.

"Chained to Business."

WHAT a joy (and one, too, that never cloys) is the dear old FOREST AND STREAM to one chained to work, day after day. And on Saturday night, after reading it through, I sit in my easy chair and through the tobacco smoke gaze dreamily at shotgun and rifle, fishing rod aud spurs, that hang on the deerhorn rack facing me. Again I see the buck bounding past and hear the crack of my old rifle. He's down! No, up he gets again, but only to fall for the last time. What memories, O, FOREST AND STREAAM, do you recall; I cannot wring them from my heart. Years may roll on, hand wax weak and heart grow old, but never till both grow cold can I forget the past pleasures of the chase. I would not, for thee would I remember. In reading your columns my spirit mounts upon the wings of fancy and once more I stand with gun or rod in hand. But the clock strikes ten; the dream is broken. In passing to my room I cannot help holding the light close to the shining barrels and giving them a loving glance. The portrait of the moose recalls old memories. I was once so fortunate as to kill a bull moose, but unfortunately I spoiled his horns with a 550grs. ball. Your animal portraits in neat frames add a good deal to my dining room.

BRIAN THE STILL-HUNTER.

What Should the Squirrel Season Be?

THOMPSONTOWN, Pa., Oct. 20.—In a number of your journal three or four dates back I was gratified to find one writer protesting against the open season date for squirrels, Sept. 1. Why have not decent, intelligent squirrel shooters written in support of the view expressed. At that date and for weeks the squirrel is lean, has fleas, and as many females are suckling young, there are of course many baby squirrels. Forty years ago I shot squirrels—a few last and this season. I cannot realize that it is sport, but many do enjoy it, and I am sure every decent one would be in favor of a later date, if his observations correspond with mine. Speak out, squirrel shooters. Oct. 15 I should say was the earliest date allowable. Each season I am more emphatically convinced that but one date for opening and closing on all game would be the best for Pennsylvania. Then the lawless would have no pretext for huntiug, and the law abider no temptation to overcome. JUNIATA.

Florida West Coast Resorts.

BRISTOL, Conn.—In "Answers to Correspondents," "C. B. N." asks for a pleasant, healthy spot near some village on the Gulf Coast of Florida, to camp this winter and get a fair share of salt and fresh-water fishing. I would advise that he go to Indian Beach or Sarasota. This, I think, is one of the best places to camp on the Gulf Coast. Sarasota Bay is the paradise for an expert fisherman, and there are many streams flowing into the bay that are well stocked with fresh-water fish. This is also one of the best places for game in Florida. Deer, wild turkey and grouse abound in great numbers. C. S. Y.

Michigan Is Over Shot.

IRVING, Mich., Oct. 20.—Quail and partridge are not very plentiful. Squirrels and rabbits ditto. Hunting in and out of season, and the ferrets will soon play out the best game. As you remark, the closing of mannfactories in city and village fills the fields and woods full of men and boys, while in every place are those who kill, kill, kill. I have not found the time thus far to use my old Remington and see no chance in this month. Y.

The Winchester "Take-Down."

THE new Winchester "take-down" model of '93 repeater fills a long felt want among sportsmen, and is sure to prove very popular. It can be taken apart almost as easily as a shotgun, and as it only requires a trifle over 2ft. of carrying space, can easily be put into a trunk or large valise. A simple readjustment guards against looseness of the joint and inaccuracy resulting from wear of the mechanism.

Gray Squirrels in West Virginia.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19.—I see in your issue of Oct. 21 a letter from H. B. C. asking for information as to some locality where he can get good gray squirrel shooting. I have just returned from Capon Springs, W. Va., where I found the squirrels very plentiful. Two of us got 18 in one morning. Rabbits are abundant and the quail shooting promises to be good also. Capt. W. H. Sale, of Capon Springs, can give any information desired. T. W.

READY NEXT WEEK.

"The Complete Sportsman."

BY HOWLAND GASPER.

A manual of scientific and practical knowledge, designed for the instruction and information of all votaries of the gun. Price $2.50. Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

Sportsmen and Farmers.

FLINT, Mich., Oct. 10.—I do not wonder that farmers "kick" at sportsmen. I have seen hunters go across farms, and when they came to a pine board fence or large wagon gate they would empty both barrels through the boards and spoil the gate. I cannot see for my life what could be their object in this except for "pure deviltry."

I cannot afford to pay 40 cents a pound for powder and then use it up in that way, besides making the farmer look daggers at me the next time he sees me. I have seen hunters throw down the rail fence and never stop to put it up. Well, I dont' put it up either, for I am too lazy to throw it down. I crawl through a hole in the fence; that saves throwing it down; then no one "kicks" at me.

W. H. W.

Grouse in Town.

SOREL, Can., Oct. 15.—On Sept. 30 a ruffed grouse was shot in the public square here, about 30yds. from the express office. On the 14th inst., another was seen in same locality, which accommodatingly awaited the arrival of a man with a gun, who made short work of it. Sorel is a city of nearly 7,000 people, and the square, which is 400×400ft., is in the middle of the town. The appearance of ruffed grouse in such a place is the more noteworthy from the fact that these birds are very scarce in the immediate vicinity. I have been out for them frequently, but have only killed some fifteen or twenty in the past four years (of course, I didn't think of hunting so near home as the square). F. W. G. J.

Game at Umbagog Lake.

BETHEL, Me., Oct. 20.—Sheriff C. M. Wormell, with a party of Portland friends, have just returned from a deer hunt on the Magalloway. They shot five deer and brought out four of them in the hides. Birds are fairly plentiful. Dr. C. D. Hill, of Bethel, has shot a large lot of woodcock this fall, and partridges are abundant. Around Umbagog Lake bear, moose and deer tracks are seen every day, and it only needs a sharp, persistent hunter to secure a good share of large game. This place is reached by Grand Trunk R. R. from Portland, Me. J. G. RICH.

Minnesota Moose and Indians.

RICE LAKE, Wis., Oct. 18.—Looking over FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 14 I came across the article "Minnesota Moose and Indians," by Mr. Shields. He certainly speaks the truth when he says the moose of those parts are being butchered. I spent July and August at Grand Rapids, Minn., and think I am safe in saying that not a few of the inhabitants of that country make a living by killing game, and selling it to hotels and boarding-houses the year around. OBSERVER.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE HURRICANE AND THE FISH.

THROUGH the kind invitation of friends on Murrels Sound (or "Swash" as it is locally called) I found myself one bright morning on the way to the coast of South Carolina, where, several years ago, I have enjoyed rare sport with the rod and deep sea line. The great storm of August, which caused such widespread devastation and loss of life among the Sea Islands, had been over for about two weeks, but I little thought that its effects would influence the sport that I eagerly looked forward to.

My course lay through the historic little city of Georgetown, on Winyah Bay, and from that point I proceeded up the Wacamaw River about thirty miles to Watchasaw, where a conveyance met me and carried me to my destination on the Sound, a distance of about three miles. The Wacamaw River takes its rise in North Carolina, in Lake Wacamaw near Flemington, and its short course of about 200 miles, including its many curves, lies at no time more than ten to fifteen miles from the ocean, after approaching as near as one and one-half miles. A careful survey of the river, from the shores of the lake, which are thickly covered at certain points with oyster and clam shells, to its mouth, leaves very little doubt that it was at one time a sound with many openings to the ocean. At present it is affected by the tide for nearly 100 miles from its mouth. Along the banks are the rice fields, which prove a paradise to the duck hunter during the winter months.

The first object that attracted my attention to the late storm was the extremely high tides which prevailed, and as I proceeded up the river the sight of mullet jumping around in the fresh water was a sight I had never seen before. I then noticed that, though only September, the vegetation had all the appearance of the dead of winter, not a green leaf being visible on the beautiful cypress trees that line the rice field banks. And this state of affairs, I was informed, prevailed far inland, where the salt spray from the ocean seems to have acted on the vegetation as boiling water might have done.

From the point where I left the river steamer to proceed across the neck of land separating the river from the ocean, the effects of the gale were evident in the thousands of uprooted pine trees, which in many places were piled 10ft. high. These trees had been a source of revenue to the owners, as they formed an extensive turpentine farm; but now all that was destroyed. So densely were the fallen trees packed that it would be next to impossible for the turpentine hands to get about among them, even had there been enough left standing to operate upon.

Arrived at the coast, the scene of desolation was still more heart-rending, for the giant live oak trees, of which every resident on our coast is justly proud, looked as if their last day had come. Such as were not uprooted, had their mighty limbs torn and twisted from the parent trunk, and here again the salt spray had destroyed everything green except the salt marsh grass.

While regretting all this, and rejoicing that the lives and property of my friends and their neighbors had not met the sad fate of the people around Beaufort, S. C., we consoled ourselves with the belief that though the wind might ruin the trees on the land, it could not hurt the ocean and the fishing therein. But, alas! there we reckoned from ignorance.

Every day (Sundays excepted) for ten days, with choicest bait and carefully prepared tackle, we scoured the sound from inlet to its furthest points, and nowhere could we find anything but the smallest kind of blackfish and

"pig" fish. Where in times past, and up to the time of the gale, it was no trouble to capture hundreds of fine whiting, weakfish, bluefish, cavalli, and in fact, all the varieties for which our coast is famous, nothing was now to be found but the small fry mentioned. Not even the excitement of a fight with a shark, or the strong pull of an ocean cat, which have hitherto proved a nuisance to anglers, occurred to vary the monotony.

Now, what was the cause of all this? Where had the fish gone? This we were unable to determine; but one thing we certainly did know, that whereas the waters of the ocean and sound have always been of the clearest, being far removed from the mouths of any of our great muddy rivers, they were now so thick (and the yellow mud boiled and churned in them as thoroughly as it does in the Mississippi during a flood) that nothing but accident could cause a fish to stumble on our bait. For a brief fifteen minutes at dead low water the ocean would clear up, and then the advancing tide would sweep in yellow mud like the overflow of a "clay hole." And this, too, almost four weeks after the gale. Reliable information reached me that the clear coral reefs five miles to sea had taken on a thick coating of this same mud, and of a consistency that would adhere to the lead of a deep-sea line. Where did this mud come from? Could it be possible that while the winds were spreading destruction over the land some submarine eruption was going on?

One noticeable result of the storm was that hundreds of thousands of sea fish found their way far up the Wacamaw River, where they died and rotted in the swamp. In the disturbed condition of the ocean they undoubtedly mistook the river mouth for the sound inlet.

After ten days of hoping for better luck next day, without that hope ever being realized, it became necessary to bid farewell to my kind friends and the unkind ocean, but before leaving I had the satisfaction of seeing nature reasserting herself and the apparently blasted oaks putting out their bright yellow buds for another coating of green. It was certainly a strange sight to see spring in all its glory at the latter end of September. But there it was, trees budding, weeds springing up through the dead leaves, and peach, apple and plum trees in blossom; and so ended my fishing for this year.

Before closing, it is with regret that I have to relate that the last storm of Oct. 13 has swept from the face of earth the many beautiful homes of my friends and acquaintances around the sand, and caused the death by drowning of fifteen of them. Happily the family with whom I spent my fishing trip escaped with their lives, but their beautiful summer home is a ruin.

South Carolina, October. W. M. Brown.

ANGLING NOTES.

An Editor.

The biped man is a natural kicker! Some men kick from what they consider principle, some kick because they are made that way, some kick for exercise, and some kick—just to kick. Some kick a feeble, one-legged kick, some kick with both feet, some kick with their "hind legs" only, and some kick as if they were centipeds instead of bipeds. Some men kick at their dinner, some kick at the moon, some kick at the weather, some kick at their luck, and everybody kicks at the editor. Not all kick for the same reason, but all kick, just the same.

If there is any living man, who can read, who has not had his kick at the editor, it is because his turn has not come yet; but it will if he will take the papers, read them, is patient and in readiness to kick when, in his opinion, the occasion is ripe. Most bipeds kick with their "hindlegs," and for the same reason that a long-eared quadruped kicks—they were built that way, ground plan and hind elevation. The kick may not be sighted for the editor, but if it is aimed at the proof-reader or fired at the compositor's range, the editor gets it finally. The editor who edits a paper for sportsmen gets fewer kicks, perhaps, than his brethren, because very few sportsmen have "hindlegs" to kick with, and if anglers kick less than dogmen or gunners it may be because they are a sort of amphibious animal that, if they develop anything, develop wavy, yielding, soft-rayed fins, like the wings of a cherub, instead of rudimentary hindlegs. I shall not pretend to deny that a properly adjusted, perfectly calculated kick, if applied at the right time, in the right place, and in a proper frame of mind on the part of the kicker, may not do the kickee a world of good. Few kickers ever become artistic as such, and great care should be exercised that the habit may not prove chronic and as incurable as the opium habit, for I have read:

> "But as some muskets so contrive it,
> As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
> And though well aimed at duck or plover,
> Bear wide, and kick their owners over."

This train of thought was started from reading what an angling editor said very recently about himself and his newspaper. The editor was Mr. R. B. Marston of the *Fishing Gazette*, and he was on a fishing expedition with Mr. G. Yarde, of the Fly-Fishing Club, London. This is part of Mr. Marston's story: "I fished with G. Y. long before the *Fishing Gazette* was heard of; I first saw it at his house. 'My dear sir (a favorite expression of his, even when talking to an old angling chum), if you took up this paper you'd make a fortune by it.'

"Well, I took it up, and if I have not made a fortune I have made countless friends, which is far better, for if you have enough to struggle on with and pay the poor's rate it's all right. I have, as our friends across the water say, 'run' the *Fishing Gazette* simply from a deeply-rooted love of angling, and a keen enjoyment of the companionship of the lovers of angling. I have endeavored to give offense to no man, but, as dear old Izaak Walton said, over two hundred years ago, 'there are offenses given, and offenses not given but taken,' and I long ago found that it was a sheer impossibility as editor of *Fishing Gazette* to please everybody." For *Fishing Gazette* substitute the name of any other paper, and in the last quoted sentence I imagine the experience of every editor will be found, given in a nutshell.

Ouananiche.

Last summer my friend, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, asked me if the ouananiche of Lake St. John had ever been examined by our ichthyologists, and if not he would send specimens to whomever I might suggest, "for life is too short to be spent in wrangling out the question of identity." It is so well known that the ouananiche is the landlocked salmon, so-called, and that the landlocked salmon is no other than the sea salmon, *Salmo salar*, with its home in fresh water, that my first thought was that the ouananiche had been examined, but I could not find that any of our authorities had ever passed upon this particular fish from the waters of the St. John region. It is true that Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, of Ottawa, in perhaps the best paper that has been written upon "The Landlocked Salmon or Wananishe," has said, "Nothing in the range of observed facts relating to the *Salmonidæ* is better established now than the existence in certain parts of the United States, Canada and Sweden of a salmon which inhabits lakes and is anatomically indistinguishable from the salt-water salmon." It is quite proper to note in this connection that Mr. Creighton also said in the article from which I have taken the above extract: "In British Columbia, too, a lake salmon is found concerning which my information is at present too meager to enable me to say more than that it is highly probable that under similar circumstances some of the Pacific salmon, admittedly quite distinct species from *Salmo salar* of the Atlantic, have acquired a fresh-water habitat." A year after this was written Dr. Jordan described a new landlocked species of salmon from Kamloops Lake, B. C., and Mr. Creighton wrote me that this was the fish referred to. Dr. Bean has also described a new landlocked salmon on the Pacific coast, *O. kennerlyi*, distinct from *O. kamloops*. As Mr. Creighton's article is found only in an expensive book, I thought, with Mr. Chambers, that it might be well to have a Lake St. John ouananiche examined by one of our ichthyologists for the benefit of such anglers as maintain that this particular fish is different from the landlocked salmon of Maine, and at my suggestion Mr. Chambers sent two fine specimens to Prof. Samuel Garman, at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge, Mass. Prof. Garman writes me briefly that the ouananiche of Lake St. John is not different from *Salmo salar* of New England, or to quote him more specifically: "In regard to specific identity, I see nothing by which to distinguish the fish of Lake St. John from *Salmo salar* as represented by specimens from New Brunswick and Maine, or other New England States. It may prevent misunderstanding if it is explained that I take the fresh-water individuals, including of course those truly landlocked as commonly designated, to be the better representatives of the species *S. salar*. As you are well aware, no distinctions are made between young born of parents that have returned from the sea and those of others which have never been there. Propagation takes place, so far as now known, only in the fresh waters, and the fact that some individuals leave them for a time, becoming somewhat modified by so doing, neither gives rise to a different species, not even a different variety. The change is simply variation of an individual, which variation is not at all a necessity for the continued existence of the species." Referring to the landlocked salmon of Maine which are known as *S. salar*, var. *sebago*, Prof. Garman says: "In reality there is no variety *sebago*, it is the species itself; the variation occurring in the individuals that get to sea, but being individuals that do not reproduce the variation—their offspring being the landlocked—there is no variety." In other words, it will be well for anglers and others to bear in mind that the life history of the sea salmon begins in fresh water and ends there, except for such individuals as cultivate a desire for salt water.

A. N. Cheney.

ANDROSCOGGIN ANGLERS.

Angler's Protective Club.

Rangeley, Maine.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Angler's Protective Club of the Androscoggin Lake, has been engaged in rearing salmon and trout for these waters for a long enough time to convince us that the restocking of these waters can be accomplished if proper support is given to the undertaking. The club has now a hatching house, large enough to hatch annually 1,000,000 fish. The water supply is satisfactory in flow, purity and temperature. During the past season we hatched, with a very small percentage of loss, something more than 200,000 salmon and trout. Our facilities for rearing the young fish after they are hatched, are yet too limited to permit us to rear more than one fourth of this number. We were therefore compelled in June last to plant three-fourths of our young fry in the brooks, though it would have been far better to have kept all our fish until fall, had we been able, as one fish 2 or 3in. long is worth more than ten 1in. in length. The fish now in the hatchery, all salmon, are in the best possible condition, are growing fast and the average daily loss at this time, does not exceed seventeen fish in all.

We should be in a position to hatch and rear till fall not less than 1,000,000 fish. To do this we would be compelled to construct small ponds or troughs on the open grounds in which the young fry can be placed as soon as they are old enough to be removed from the hatching troughs. There they must be carefully tended and fed daily. To provide a flow of water for these troughs or ponds a second dam must be built on the stream. It is essential also, if we would secure tangible results, that we should have constantly in our employ a competent man conversant with the business, and personally interested in the success of the enterprise. Such a man could be obtained at once if we were in a position to pay the necessary salary. Our income, about $500 a year, is derived from the voluntary contributions of guides, business men in Rangeley and its vicinity, the railroads and visiting anglers. Of necessity, our receipts are variable and uncertain and the managers do not feel inclined to make any expenditures or engagements without the prospect of being able to meet the expenses from the income. Clearly it is better for us to do our work thoroughly for a short time rather than to do it poorly for an indefinite period. We should spend $500 on increasing our hatching plant.

To provide a fund for this purpose it has been deemed best to ask the friends of fish propagation and protection in this region, to become life members of this club on the payment of a fee of $25. If one-hundred members respond favorably to this call, we will be able to make all necessary improvements, to secure the services of a competent man and to be assured of an adequate income for two or three years to come. With this fund we would be able to put 3,000,000 well grown fish in these waters within three years, and with the streams closed to all fishing and the fishing in Rangeley dam maintained as at present, we may confidently expect as a result of our expenditure to see better fishing in this locality than has been known for a generation. Brief as has been our existence, and hampered as we have been in many respects, good results may already be observed. The spring fishing of 1893 was undeniably better than it has been in five years or more, and more large fish have been seen and caught in these lakes during the early part of September than for some years past, while Hinkley Brook, at the hatchery, never tenanted before but for a few small trout, is now full of fish, some of which weigh certainly not less than ¾lb. Surely it is worth while now to make a systematic effort to place this worthy enterprise on a business basis.

We are sending out a form of subscription which provides that payment of the life membership fee is not due or payable unless at least fifty members subscribe thereto. A prompt reply to this appeal will enable us to accomplish much during the present season.

All subscriptions should be sent to Mr. Arthur L. Oakes, Treasurer, Rangeley, Maine, to whose order all checks and drafts should be made payable.

The Angler's Protective Club.
Frederick S. Dickson, President.
Arthur L. Oakes, Sec'y and Treas.

"FISHERMAN'S LUCK."

Have your readers ever studied the problem of "Fisherman's Luck"? Can they guess why fish do not always bite? Why they bite one day and not the next? And why small ones almost invariably come to the creel and big ones are the exception? Is it because the wind is easterly? because the day is cold? or the sun too bright? or the weather disagreeable? It has been so argued by those who have observed the phenomena. But are there not more cogent reasons?

Quite recently I have observed the habits of fishes in the public aquaria, and I notice that the black bass and various other game fishes feed most freely at early morning, which is a suggestive pointer for the somnolent angler who goes forth tardily. And I have observed how the fishes in the tanks are apt to gorge themselves to repletion, and how they often lie off after a surfeit, frequently for days at a time. Bass no larger than 2lbs. in weight will swallow from ten to fifteen 2-inch shiners at a meal. Do the small bass have equal chances with the big ones? Not much! They have to stand one side until the heavy fish have fed. Again and again the big ones will charge on the smaller ones to hold them back unti their own wants are satisfied. So the big fish are pampered and the small ones are always hungry. It is the little fish that anglers for the most part catch; for while the big ones are sluggish with repletion, they are on the alert, improving their opportunity. This is a wise providence in nature, too, because the intervals of quiescence give the shiners and other live food a chance to develop and multiply. At least they improve by accessions from other localities, for it is notorious that they do not seem to diminish from year to year as a rule. Another reason may be added to explain good fishing one day and poor fishing the next, to wit: The nomadic habits of the minnows, which shift their locality from time to time, the big fish of course following them. Good judgment would, therefore, instigate an observant angler to try a different stand in another part of the fishing ground, if he gets no bites to-day where success was signal the day before. And as to morning fishing, I will say that of late years I have wasted no hours between 11 o'clock A. M. and 3 or 4 o'clock P. M. There is usually a good evening spurt about sundown when the fish bite freely.

Charles Hallock.

Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club.

That very flourishing organization the Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club held its annual election last evening, and selected the following admirable staff of officers: President, F. D. Crandall; Vice-President, C. B. Lapham; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank Christian; Shooting Master, Lewis H. Adams; Assistant Shooting Master, A. P. Wilber; Chief Angler, Herman Van Vechten; Assistant Chief Angler, Wm. H. Fox. The executive committee comprises all the above, and in addition Messrs. Wm. M. Spangler and Alex. Grieve. The president and Prof. J. C. Norris act as an auditing committee.

After the election the members to the number of about seventy-five repaired to the Canandaigua Hotel and partook of a sumptuous dinner, served by "mine host" Murphy. The tables made a very pretty appearance, being profusely and artistically ornamented with flowers in great variety. The intellectual part of the feast was most enjoyable. T. C. Parkhurst acted as toastmaster, and was both graceful and happy. The speeches were of a high order and greatly enjoyed. Space will not permit even a synopsis of the "pat" remarks, and it must suffice to say that Hon. John Raines, Judge Metcalf, Homer J. Reed (a poem full of pith and points), Dr. Chas. A. Vanderbeck, Frank Christian, ex-Senator Hicks, as well as F. J. Amsden, of Rochester, all contributed much to the pleasure of a most enjoyable evening. An alarm of fire (which did not materialize into much of a blaze) unfortunately brought the festivities to a close at about midnight, and deprived the happy diners of the privilege of hearing from Royal R. Scott and Dr. Charles T. Mitchell, which circumstance was greatly regretted.—*Rochester Union and Advertiser, Oct. 20.*

Does Freezing Kill Fish?

In your issue of Oct. 14 Mr. Hallock writes on this topic.

Some years ago I kept in a large foot-tub a small golden perch. One day of a very cold winter I left home and was away several days. On my return I found the water in the foot-tub solid ice, and I was told that the fish had been frozen fast the first night of my absence. I placed the tub by a fire and thawed the edges of ice loose, then upset it in the yard. The perch was in the center of this cake of ice. I broke the cake with an axe without injury to the little fish, and my sister took it in her hands and letting it lie in the palm of one hand gently stroked it. She must have held it thus half an hour, admiring its beauty of shape and colors. She said she was sure that she had felt a slight tremor pass over the little fellow. I laughed at this, but she insisted; and sure enough in about an hour our perch came to life in her hands, and after being placed in water was none the worse, so far as we could see. It lived several years with us, but fell a victim to a cat at last.

J. C. Y.

A WEEK IN THE TRITON TRACT.

On the last day of June, in accordance with plans made when together at Lake St. John the previous year, our party of three met in Quebec, en route for the grand fishing in the Canadian Adirondacks. Bert and I were prepared to remain a month, but poor Clarence had only a week to spend with us.

During our meetings in the previous winter, when July seemed a visionary myth too far distant to ever materialize, we had arranged and re-arranged the programme for the month. How great was the anticipation; but how much greater the realization of our trip.

During the early spring my friend Mr. A. L. Light, president of the newly formed Triton Club, had extended a pressing invitation for myself and friends to visit this great tract, and test the quality and quantity of sport that it afforded. As this was our nearest point, and easily reached, we concluded to go there first. Leaving Quebec at 8:30 A. M., on the Quebec and Lake St. John Railroad, we reached Skroder's Mills, where the temporary club house is situated, at 1 P. M. We were warmly welcomed by the president, and secretary, Mr. Seaton, and found guides, provisions and camp equipment prepared for us. Mr. Seaton advised us to go to Lake Trois Cariboux, making our headquarters there. This lake is located about ten miles from the club house, and has a fine trail leading to it. The trail intersects some six or seven lakes of fair size, all of which are crossed by canoe, giving us a good opportunity to rest off the effects of the fifteen to twenty-five minute portage intervening.

A few rods distant from the club house, and paralleling the railroad, runs the Batiscan, the western boundary of the tract, a large, fine trout river, the outlet of Lake Batiscan, a large lake included in the tract, and affording magnificent trout fishing. Fish of 8 and 10lbs. weight have been taken from this lake.

We made our start down the Batiscan in mid-afternoon, and soon reached our first portage, twenty minutes in length. Fresh from our desks, how this first tramp did pull on us. It was a warm day and the perspiration came in streams, and our load increased in weight with the miles. That is, the twenty minutes seemed to represent as many miles. Then came a rest, and a welcome one, crossing Lake Coteau, followed by a fifteen minute portage, and Lake Caribou. Here we camped for the night. We spent half an hour on the lake with our flies, and returned to camp with 36 of the most beautiful red brook trout that I have ever seen. Average ¾lb.

Early the following morning, we commenced the day with a fifteen minute portage to Lake Licht. In crossing, we picked up a few trout trolling our flies, and Bert secured the largest loon I have ever seen; a good shot with a .44cal. at 400yds. Another twenty minutes portage and another lake. Here also we had good success trolling our flies in crossing. A lunch in the shade, and another portage of twenty or twenty-five minutes, and Lake Trois Cariboux came into view.

This is a beautiful sheet of water about three miles long, with two long arms extending to the west. Midway down, on a beautiful point, in the midst of spruce and birches, is located an eighteen-foot-square log camp. Securely and warmly built, it is provided with a log floor, a small stove, tables, benches and all things necessary for comfort. Log camps of this description have been, or will be, placed at various points through the tract, so that comfortable quarters can be had at any location desired.

With our arrival commenced our first rain storm, the forerunner and a foretaste of rank humidity that we experienced almost daily through the entire month. All this, too, on account of a blamed owl that commenced its carols on the opposite side of the lake as soon as we arrived, and kept up his monotonous tune for a week. What a pity it was that we did not make a sortie and kill the rainmaking *hibou*.

Plenty of boughs were procured for our bed, mosquito netting stretched, everything arranged handily, and then arose the question of where to fish. July is a peculiar month for fly-fishing in lakes, and the fish must be found. A few were secured at a small *l'eau froid* (spring hole) across the lake before dark. The following morning we all started in different directions to find the best fishing. Acting on the advice of one of my guides, I took a course across the lake to the outlet, through which we paddled for a few rods, and came out into Lake Travers, a lake about two miles along. We started to search along the shores for a large inlet, and experimentally I trolled my flies back of the canoe. The result was astonishing. A perfect succession of strikes followed, and numberless were the trout I secured of about ¼lb. weight. This was indeed sport; but I wanted size as well as quantity, and requested my guides to go faster. Even then the speed interfered but little with the fish being hooked.

We made nearly a tour of the lake before we found the inlet wanted; it was fully a rod wide and came in from the east. Entering the lake through a bed of lilypads it formed an ideal spring hole. I cast my flies with but moderate success, and I became convinced that the fish were in deeper water and must be gotten by deep fishing. We went into shallow water and with a small net soon secured a quantity of small ouitouche, or chubb. I had been using No. 4 flies, and hooking on an ouitouche let the cast sink without a sinker in some twelve feet of water. In a moment I had a good strike and after a ten minute battle I brought to net a 2½-pound trout. In a few moments I had another of 1¼lbs. For two hours this sport continued until my bait was exhausted and I returned to camp at 5 P. M. with 24 trout taken from this hole, with an average weight of fully 1¼lbs. Bert and Clarence had not succeeded as well, securing 24 between them by trolling their flies in various parts of the lake. For the morrow we planned a trip of a couple of days to visit Hunter's and Stonewall Jackson lakes. That "man proposes" but does not dispose was true in our case, as we awoke to find a heavy rainstorm in progress. In fact, we were not able to make this trip at all, much to our regret. The daily rains were too heavy. Fortunately, they always let up late in the afternoon so that we could have the evening fishing. Mem., the owl continued his rainmaking cry.

Between showers Bert made a trip to the spring hole across from the camp, and observed two caribou feeding. As the law and club rules forbade shooting he was obliged to finger his rifle nervously, imagine what he could do, and let it go at that. Fresh moose signs we found on several occasions, notably on Grant Lake. This lake, about a mile long, is connected with Lake Travers by a stream about a quarter of a mile long, and is a fine body of water full of trout, and is, I believe, a great resort for moose. In fact, the guides advised us that they never made a trip to any part of the tract that has been opened, but that they saw moose, caribou and bear. It was not our good fortune to meet bruin in the flesh, but we found his tracks on almost every portage that we crossed. This occurred probably because we were always prepared to meet him.

Being prevented from making the trips mentioned, we confined our fishing almost entirely to Lake Travers, and during the five days at Lake Trois Cariboux, the weather allowed a total of only 10 hours' fishing for the party, with a grand total of 282 trout. The last day at the lake we had 2½ hours of good weather. Result, Curtis 28, Clarence 40 and the writer 25.

Mosquitoes we were not bothered with, and the black flies were as numerous as they always are in July and early August, but no more so than at any other point either in the American or Canada woods. After fully twenty years of experience, I find a solution of tar and vaseline, 60 and 40 parts respectively, will if applied twice a day, afford perfect immunity from their bites.

From our own experience, and from the knowledge of others who have fished the Triton tract, I have yet to hear of anything except brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) being taken in any of the waters. Lake and mountain trout as reported to exist in the tract by "Silver-Doctor" in FOREST AND STREAM's issue of Sept. 2 are not "in it."

On July 7 we made our return trip to the club house, and with much regret, as we wished to see more of the tract.

On the return journey we took another trail leading northwest. This we found fully as easy to cross as that followed on our journey in. We made five portages, in length from ten to twenty minutes, crossing four lakes, three of which were alive with trout. The fifth portage brought us to the Batiscan River, at a point some six miles above Skroder's Mill. Here the river widens out, forming a small lake, simply perfect in its surroundings, an ideal spot, and one that has been selected for a permanent club house site. It is but fifteen minutes' trip from the railroad by canoe via Indian River that crosses the railroad and flows into the Batiscan at this point.

Our trip down to the temporary club house was beautiful, varied by shooting two rapids, and a stop for lunch. At 3 P. M. our trip in the Triton tract was ended, and we could not otherwise claim but that we were more than satisfied with everything except the weather. A good cleaning to get the tar coating off, and we sat down to talk about the tract. We entered the tract as guests and left as members of the club. The president advised us that the original tract had been increased from 162 square miles to 750. Truly, a magnificent preserve, and over three-quarters of it virgin territory and waters. We were also advised that there are more than 500 lakes over a mile long contained in the tract. Smaller ponds are numberless, and all full of trout.

Owing to the great length of the tract, it has been thought best to erect two club houses, one at each end. Both are near the railroad and easy to reach. Any point in the tract is readily accessible, and can be reached in less than twenty-four hours from the club houses, and that by canoe and easy and short portages.

Clarence left us for civilization on the night train with an immense box of trout to show our prowess with the rod. Bert and I accepted the hospitality of the club, remaining over night, and on the morrow took the train for Lake St. John to continue our outing in seeking for more trout, and the wonderful ouananiche in that vicinity.

EUGENE MCCARTHY.

FISHING IN CANADIAN WATERS.

SATURDAY afternoon, Aug. 5, found the writer leaving the windy, smoky city of Chicago on the C. & G. T. R. R. for a several weeks' outing, which I had decided to spend in Canada, my native land. My life-long friend and old partner Mr. Stanly M. Clapp, of Toronto, had extended a kind and urgent invitation to join him in the season's pleasures. It is needless to tell with what impatience I covered that thousand miles, for my mind was constantly reverting to the pleasures I had experienced in more youthful days. Nine years ago in August, this very month, I had taken between twenty-five and thirty muscalonge and hundreds of black bass in the waters that I was now hastening to. How vividly I recalled the day, when after a fifteen mile cruise (for we trolled from a sail yacht then) we returned to camp and displayed five beautiful muscalonge. The largest of those fish weighed 37½lbs. and the smallest 19¾lbs. The figures I personally had forgotten, but obtained them recently from my old friend Mr. E. K. Bowen, of Napanee, Ont., who was with me at the time.

I cannot refrain from relating a portion of our experience in landing the "big fellow." Our gaff, which was the best we could purchase at that time in our country stores, had a way of straightening out on us or nearly so when we were landing a muscalonge, but we would bend it back again and go on prepared for the next. When this "whale" struck he took the hooks in such a way that he could keep his mouth closed, and after towing him around the bay for nearly an hour we decided that it was impossible to drown him, as he was apparently as lively as ever, so we concluded to risk the gaff the first chance we got. It came soon. E. K. B. got him alongside the yacht, where he lay sulky and quiet for a few seconds close to the keel. I reached over very carefully and quickly put the gaff in him from under, near his forefins. One mighty splurge and away he went with about 100ft. of line, also about half the malleable iron part of that gaff, which had become weakened from so much straightening and bending. We were in a query now how to land him, and on looking around the boat I found that the only weapon we had was a 12ft. pole used for pushing off shore. The fish was still fighting, but showed signs of weakening, and I proposed to Ed to get him alongside if possible again, and I would try hard to hit him in the right spot with the pole. He acquiesced and shortly had the gamy monster parallel with the stern and about 8ft. out. I stood ready with uplifted pole and as he rested a few seconds, his head and back partly out of water, I gave him a mighty and fortunate blow across the neck, breaking the hooks from the line, but turning our game belly up, where he floated serenely. We came about alongside and lifted him into the boat. After eyeing the beauty with much pride, Ed asked me if I could do that every time. I replied, "Certainly, that's nothing." Then he insinuated that I must have been taking lessons in the stockyards at Chicago, for he said that such a blow would certainly have killed an ox.

But now to come back to this summer's outing.

Monday afternoon, the 7th, found me at the pretty little town of Napanee, Ont. My friend Stanly and one or two companions of former years were there to meet me with a beautiful little steam launch; and they told me that old "Camp Comfort" was waiting and ready, as they had been out for two weeks.

Tuesday morning early, we were steaming down the beautiful Napanee River, which empties into the Bay of Quinte. As we glide swiftly along this lovely August morning, out of the river and into the bay, my heart is thrilled with nature's charm, and it seems that during my nine years of absence the wooded shores and islands have grown more picturesque and beautiful still. Fifteen miles we have passed, drinking in the grandeur of the scene and breathing the fresh pure air, while we round Sherman's Point and enter the head of Hay Bay. Stanly points to the opposite shore and announces, "Camp Comfort." I look and descry about a mile distant two white tents glistening in the morning sun. A few more minutes and we land. Surely the appellation is no misnomer, for we find everything to make camp life a joy, and comfort included. A commodious tent for sleeping (12×16ft.) and one for dining (10×12ft.), are situated in a beautiful shady grove, on the farm of our genial friend, Mr. Chas. Curlett, who for the past ten years has given my companion the sole right of camping on his land, and would be offended at an offer of remuneration. He is a big-hearted, whole-souled gentleman, who enjoys fishing and appreciates a true sportsman.

Dinner time soon came, and such a repast I have not enjoyed in years. Fried black bass, baked pickerel (or pike, as they are called in the United States), evergreen corn, new potatoes, tomatoes and cucumbers. Dinner over, we lounged about, talking of bygone days, of pleasure afield with dog and gun, and of duck shooting trips, waiting for 4 o'clock to come, when George would steam up and we would start for a favorite cove, where Stan had a muscallonge "marked down," which he said would weigh 40lbs. He had had it hooked over a week ago and within 20ft. of the boat when it had broke loose and disappeared; the fish broke water twice and he had a good opportunity to judge its size. He says, "I have tried every morning and evening for a week since to get that fellow or his mate again, but I cannot persuade him to reciprocate my affection."

"I'll give him a twirl this afternoon," I said, and proceeded to select from my kit a double spinner, two spoons size 2-0, which play one above the other, and have always been a favorite bait with me. Presently George's "all aboard" sounded pleasantly on our ears, and we lost no time in getting there. I had just seated myself nicely in the stern, when glancing up I saw Stanly walking out the plank, tackle in one hand and a hammerless gun in the other. To my inquiry "What are you going to do with that gun?" he replied, "Shoot the stuffing out of that fish if he strikes again to-day. I'd have had him last week if my gun had been in the boat." I emphatically declared he'd shoot no fish that I got hold of, as I wished something more than the head to bring back with me.

We ran four lines, one from each side of the yacht and two from the stern, I attending the left and Stan the right. One trip up the cove was a blank, but on our return, and when half the distance had been traversed, I felt a faint tug and then a stronger one at my stern line, and I knew in a few seconds that I had hooked a large fish and began playing him. I remarked to Stan that I had his fish, and he at once got the other lines out of the way and George shoved on more steam. In thirty seconds the fish broke water 150ft. below and I saw that he was only about 18 or 20lbs. Stan went for his gun and stood on the stern deck ready, when I bade him put it away and get the gaff, which he did. In five minutes I had the fish coming straight in on top of the water without a kick. But here comes the ridiculous part of it. I supposed that Stan knew how to gaff a mascalonge and did not instruct him; but he told me after that he had shot every one taken for years back after tiring them out and had really forgotten how to handle the gaff. Well, I had scarcely got the fish alongside when Stan made one mighty overhand grab, and actually yanked the fish from my hooks and let him slide off the gaff and disappear in the depths. He looked around, a sickly grin on his palid features, and said, "I told you so, why didn't you let me shoot him?" and gave the gaff one big pitch overboard and vowed he'd never take another one in his hands.

Well, I enlarged on his stupidity considerably, for he had gone at that fish as some farmer would at a hill of potatoes with a hoe. I gave him a lesson in gaffiing a few days later on a 15lbs. one, and he readily admits his error now, but he is still the object of much ridicule.

A word about black bass fishing. We are having great sport with the gamy fellows. Every morning from 5 to 7 o'clock and evenings at the same hours we repair to one of the many splendid bars which abound in Hay Bay, and only a few minutes' sail or row from camp, and here catch them until we are nearly weary of the sport. One week ago Friday evening my friend and I landed forty-two black bass in one and one-half hours, weighing from 1½ to 6lbs.

Yes, this is a paradise for fishermen indeed. We use for bait green frogs, minnows, crawfish and grasshoppers, any of which can be procured in close proximity to our camp. I have taken some very large fish this season on angle worms also. We have kept our farmer friends and acquaintances in neighboring towns quite well supplied with fish of late. We never return from a still-fish after bass without a good big string. I am using a 7oz. Bristol steel rod and an aluminum automatic reel for my bass fishing, and when I hook on to an old "slab-sider," as Stan calls the big fellows, I have sport indeed.

If some of my old Pennsylvania friends chance to read this article, and doubtless they will, for many of them, like myself, are lovers of FOREST AND STREAM, I would say to them, don't waste your time whipping the old Susquehanna as we used to do, day after day, and often return home with an empty creel, but get over here for only a couple of weeks, and you will return home much happier and more contented fishermen.

There are hundreds of acres of rice beds and marsh in some portions of the bay, and wildfowl abound and breed there in countless numbers. My friend killed forty-eight ducks from 4 o'clock in the morning to 10 o'clock A. M., with one gun, on the opening day last season, and indications are good for splendid shooting this fall.

Our fleet consists of a steam launch, a large sail skiff with centerboard, etc., and two rowboats. We have a couple of wheels in camp, and in the lovely moonlight nights my friend and I often take a run of eight or ten miles to get the kinks out of our legs.

Altogether the days are passing only too quickly, and it is with earnest regret that I think of my departure. Even now, as I write, an American steam launch passes the door of our tent and salutes us with three shrill whistles. They are bound further down the bay after the gamy mascalonge.

Since the advent of the shiner or shad in our waters mascalonge fishing has been sadly impaired; yet for any reasonable-minded angler a goodly amount of sport can be had here yet. During the month of August, 1884, an American yacht from Clayton, N. Y., with a party of four, took in one week over 100 mascalonge from these waters, and thousands must have been taken that season, for the bay was full of boats almost constantly.

I may write up an account of our success at duck shooting later on. Old Sol has dropped behind the horizon; insect life is at its highest; I hie me to my comfortable bed, where I am lulled to sleep by the dreary monotone of the crickets. Good night. Good night. J. W. S.

NAPANEE, Ont., September, 1893.

A Rubber-Banded Mackerel.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Sept. 23. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose the tintype picture of a fish which represents a literal curiosity. I received the picture through the courtesy of Mr. Fred L. Stacy, manager of Cape Ann Fish Market, Gloucester, Mass. It represents a mackerel with a rubber band around the body. The band had been put on when the fish was quite small, a tinker probably. The fish's body under the band did not grow, which caused a depression in the full-grown body of about three-quarters of an inch in depth. The depression was covered with a healthy skin, in no ways unlike that on the rest of the body. I measured the fish and the figures are: Length, 14in.; diameter of body each side of depression, 7¾in.; diameter of depression, 5in. The fish was undoubtedly in a healthy condition. The rubber band was sound and could be stretched like any other rubber band. Now, if the person who put this band on a young mackerel will report to FOREST AND STREAM the date, etc., it will add interest to this singular case.

HERMIT.

Perch and Bass in Bay of Quinte.

OTTAWA, Oct. 14.—A party of three, consisting of Mr. Alexander Salvini, Mr. William Redmund and myself, had a good day last Wednesday with the yellow perch and rock bass in the Bay of Quinte. Although by the inhabitants of Belleville such small fry are looked upon with eyes of scorn, they gave us all the sport we wanted hauling them in, and caused our long bamboo rods to bend almost double. The rock bass fought right gamely, and as they generally came two at a clip, it was very exciting. Yellow perch were more than plentiful, and I have yet to learn that they lack gaminess. The day was a perfect one, the bay just rippling enough to break the sunlight into myriad gems. Our catch amounted to 125 all told, about 50 being rock bass of small size. For sport let me commend the Bay of Quinte. W. A. D.

Dingman's Ferry Pickerel and Bass.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pike Co., Pa., Oct. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Meeker, guests of the High Falls Hotel, were out on the river fishing this morning, and brought in one pickerel weighing 3½lbs., and 7 black bass, one weighing 3¾lbs., 2 4lbs., 2 3¼lbs., and 2 1¼lbs. They were caught in the eddy almost opposite the hotel. They were fishing 4 hours.

PHILIP F. FULMER.

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

In the "Forest and Stream" Corner.

Mr. L. B. Smith, Great Falls, Mont., says that most of the hunters in his country assert that the panther does scream, and to his own personal knowledge it wiggles its tail when prepared to attack its prey. His name is duly enrolled in the list of FOREST AND STREAM'S admirers.

Mr. H. C. Culberson (of the "Kingfishers") of Cincinnati, O., was the first one to inscribe his name in the register on Friday, the 17th inst., which is against all superstitions of Friday being an unlucky day. His friend, Mr. P. E. Roach ("Ned") of the same city, set his autograph next thereto. Some inquiries in respect to others of the party and a mention that still others of it would grace the FOREST AND STREAM nook later on, and they were gone.

Mr. A. K. Keating and wife, of Fon du Lac, Wis., chatted pleasantly of duck shooting. The latter enters into the spirit of the sport with all the enthusiasm of her husband. Mr. Keating is a member of one of the clubs which own the shooting privileges of the Horicon marshes. He made a charming little woman glad by giving her an invitation to shoot on the club's preserves. Who is she? Why, Miss Annie Oakley. He gave me an invitation, too, but, while I felt deeply thankful and grateful, I will have to remain here and help the World's Fair along. By the way, an invitation to shoot ducks on that ducking Bonanza, the Horicon marshes, is never given to other than distinguished people. Nor are they given with oppressive frequency to even such people.

It is the unexpected which always happens—sometimes. While riding in the street-car to the World's Fair I happened to hear a voice which had a familiar ring. Glancing down the row of gentlemen who were standing like myself in the middle of the car with a hold on the hand straps, I saw in conversation with an aged gentleman Dr. R. I. Hampton, of Athens, Ga., a gentleman quite prominent in field trial matters a few years ago. The last time I saw him he acted as judge at the field trials at Amory, Miss., in 1888. His dogs all died recently, but with commendable energy he will try again. He still loves sport with the dog and gun.

B. C. Hinman, secretary of the Southern California Field Trial Club, a resident of Los Angeles, Cal., dropped into our corner on Friday, the 13th, and we have him on the list. He spoke of good prospects in sportsmen's events in California. He promised to call again.

Jos. Hemphile, West Chester, Pa., has taken FOREST AND STREAM since the very first number. He gave some most interesting accounts of fishing.

Mr. D. F. Stillman, of Westerly, R. I., mentioned the death of the two capercailzie which he had endeavored to preserve and perpetuate, his intention being to stock his section of country with them if possible. He is not dismayed nor discouraged at the failure, but will probably make another effort to accomplish his purpose.

Mr. G. W. Rexroat, of Virginia, Ill., whose proceedings with the shotgun have been many times chronicled in these columns in connection with trap-shooting events, left his card at the corner where all true sportsmen's feet turn toward.

Mr. J. N. Porter of Salt Lake City, but recently of Denver, Col., inscribed his name on the register, a name which is mighty in the annals of wolf slaying and coursing. Mr. Porter was dismayed at the great magnitude of the Fair, and said that it could not be done justice properly in three months, much less in three days he had to devote to it. He was right. Goodland and the coursing meeting thereabouts drew him Westward on Saturday, 14th.

Mr. J. B Battelle, editor of *Business World*, Toledo, O., stepped calmly into the exhibit of FOREST AND STREAM and in a deliberate and careless-like manner spread his name over the register. He was disappointed in not meeting Mr. Hough and left his regards for him. The latter gentleman forgot that he was dealing with a newspaper man when he said Mr. Battelle daresen't come and went again.

Mr. Geo. J. Atkinson, Columbus, O., gave some information of the Castalia waters.

Frank Campbell, St. Paul, Minn., put himself down as one who admires FOREST AND STREAM.

Under date of Oct. 14 I find in the register the name of W. R. Post, Detroit, with the legend, "Fishing too good at St. Clair Flats to come to the Fair before."

I observe a goodly sprinkling of the autographs of clergymen in the register.

Mr. John D. Losecamp, Billings, Mont., with his friend, Mr. J. W. Vaughan, of the same city, called on Saturday, the 14th inst. The former is active in the cause of big-game protection, and has been a contributor to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. The descriptions of the bountiful trout fishing near their home are enough to make any trout fisherman look to it as the trout Mecca of the guild.

Words of earnest praise for the excellence of FOREST AND STREAM were bestowed by Mr. Frank E. Davis, of Baltimore, Md. He said that participation in healthy field sports made a man morally and physically better. FOREST AND STREAM is his favorite journal. So earnest and yet so gentle a sportsman cannot fail to bring honor on the fraternity. B. WATERS.

New York's Innings.

Oct. 22.—Yesterday was Manhattan day at the Fair, and it was a great day, as one need not say. The Old Guard was here, and it surrendered. All the old Knickerbocker families were here, and the 400 were a prominent feature of the parade. They were just ahead of Buffalo Bill in the procession, an honor not granted to many. The New York building was the home of music and oratory, and 318,283 persons passed through the gates and filed by the building, and claimed that they either came from New York, or wished they did, or had relatives who lived in New York, or best girls who bought or wanted to buy their hats there. FOREST AND STREAM, being published in New York, was a great feature of attraction on Manhattan day, and was affected very much by the crowd, who recognized it promptly as an old friend.

New York has long arms and no American need feel out of reach of New York so long as he keeps on the Continent. New York is Chicago's elder sister, and yesterday she borrowed Chicago's new hat, and gloves, and gown, and showed that giddy young thing that she could go a pace or two herself when she felt like it. And Chicago, with true family pride, looked on approvingly. On account of its being Manhattan day the FOREST AND STREAM men put on brand new neckties and invested in bright, new, glittering shines for their shoes. FOREST AND STREAM presented an imposing front and was right in it at every stage. In this way the day was brought to a pleasant and successful close.

Fish Commission Congress.

The World's Congress of Fish Commissioners, which has been in session during the past week, met for a very *recherché* banquet at the New York Building on the evening of Oct. 20. President T. W. Palmer presided, Mayor Gilroy, of New York, being unable to attend. They had a very fishful *menu*, as follows:

Blue points.
Celery. Olives.
Clear green turtle soup.
Duff Gordon sherry.
Hors d'œuvres.
Sea urchin paste sur canapé. Japanese porphira.
Puget Sound sardines. Japanese sardines.
World's Fair sardines.
California sauterne.
Boiled striped bass, sauce Victoria.
Pompano au Vin Blanc. Red snapper au Gratin.
Japanese oyster sauce at discretion.
Parisian potatoes. Cucumbers.
Lobster farcie. Lobster à la Newburg.
Japanese sea ear à la poulette.
Moet & Chandon (white seal) champagne.
Filet of beef à la Chéron.
Sorbet au kirsch.
Breast of partridge with truffles.
Salad. Mishimer Nori.
Japanese kan-ten jelly.
Japanese papyrosa miriflora.
Ices and creams. Cakes, csssorted. Fruit.
Coffee.

The following, from all over the world, were present, commissioners, fishermen and gents:

Don F. Atristain, Dr. S. P. Bartlett, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Eugene G. Blackford, A. Booth, W. H. Bowman, James H. Breslin, D. R. Cameron, Morton Chase, Capt. J. W. Collins, Robert Dunlap, E. P. Doyle, R. Edward Earll, Dr. Ernst Ehrenbaum, William Edwards, R. E. Follett, Mr. Foley, John Ford, Herbert A. Gill, G. Brown Goode, T. J. Griggs, D. G. Hackney, Edward Hamilton, Robert Hamilton, Carter H. Harrison, L. W. Harvey, J. C. Hendrix, Lewis M. Howland, Dr. W. M. Hudson, L. D. Huntington, Calvin J. Hudson, Dr. S. J. Jones, George F. Kunz, R. E. Lewis, Mr. Macdona, C. Matsuetaira, Col. Marshall McDonald, Frank Muir, T. W. Palmer, Ferd W. Peck, Fernando F. Perez, Dr. Emile Ponissie, Anton Pregler, J. J. Quelch, W. deC. Ravenal, Dr. J. E. Reighard, Frank R. Sommins, Sakaye Sawatari, Edward Schultz, J. B. Schofefel, Harry G. Selfridge, Mr. Shears, John T. Starin, Capt. E. N. Symonds, C. Swartz, C. H. Taft, K. Tawara, R. O. Taylor, J. W. Titcomb, C. H. Townsend, H. B. Vincent, W. C. Williams, H. D. Wyllie, John C. Wyman, Y. Yambe, P. T. Wall and J. Balfour Murray.

Visited.

Mr. John W. Titcomb, State Fish and Game Commissioner of Vermont, from St. Johnsbury, of that State, paused and made examination of the attractions of FOREST AND STREAM'S display of record fish.

Mr. Fred. Mather, of Newark, N. J., assistant to the U. S. Fish Commission, etc., flew down the Appian way which leads to the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit, and asked if the lady of the house was in. Mr. Mather, of course, is here at the congress.

Mr. Frank M. Gilbert, another member of Congress, proprietor of the *Tribune*, of Evansville, Ind., and for ten years game warden of first district of Indiana, also left his card with us. Mr. Gilbert constitutes a combination which certainly ought to do good in the world, and I hope he may long continue to succeed in both his hard jobs, of warden and newspaper man.

Mr. C. O. Bingham, of Toledo, O., ex-president of the Erie Duck Club of that city, and a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM ever since the first six months of its existence, made a brief, but very pleasant call. "The paper has improved every year of the time," said he, "and shows no sign of faltering in its purpose. I have watched its Western work with much pleasure and can't approve enough of the paper at the Fair."

"The Kingfishers."

A pilgrim from Cincinnati blew in the other morning, a man with blue government coat, and a cap, and an innocent eye, and a quiet manner, and a low tone of voice. He set these down in the exhibit, and said he was J. H. Hickman. I asked him if he was "Kingfisher," and he allowed he was, and I didn't like to tell a stranger he lied, so we let it go at that, although I was clear in my own mind all along that "Kingfisher" was a man about 10 feet high, with a bass (pronounced "base") voice, and a laugh like the sound of thunder in the hills. As corroboratory of his assertion that he was "Kingfisher" Mr. Hickman later introduced Col. H. C. Culbertson, president of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, (the "Colonel" of the Kingfisher yarns), and Mr. P. E. Roach, secretary of that body (the "Ned" of Mr. Starbuck's North Shore stories), and also spread documentary evidence in the shape of a card showing a boat and a lone fisherman, sitting under a tree surmounted by a kingfisher bird rampant. Finally we concluded Mr. Hickman was "Kingfisher" and then we all had a good time. The party left too early in the week to see their friend "Bill," of Grand Rapids, who asked for them later. Colonel Culbertson took home with him a $20 Swiss coffeepot, made of carved block tin, of which we may hear later; and "Kingfisher" himself bore away from the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit one of its chief gems, the Col. Gay brown trout (*Gayensius finnan haddius*), which has illustrated so long and well the taxidermic skill of the FOREST AND STREAM Western staff. May these folk ever know only halcyon days.

Others.

Mr. A. R. Mead of Ashland, Wis., attracted my attention when he came in because he carried a lunch in a trout creel. I have seen a camera carried in a newspaper, and a baby carried in a strap, at the Fair, but this was the first time I had seen a lunch carried in a trout creel. Mr. Rose reports good trout fishing not far from his town, and says deer are abundant to the south of that point.

Com. G. Harry Gardner of Cleveland, O., paused long enough to say good morning and to look at the boats and say good bye. The Commodoress was waiting elsewhere for him, and he was under orders.

Mr. Ezra E. Howard, of Edgar, Neb., sends his two boys, 10 and 12 years old, bright, hearty young fellows, albeit a bit shy, and they leave their father's card, which says, "Chained to business. Can't come, but send the youngsters." Fraternally and paternally, Mr. Howard is all right, I know, though I have only a white paper acquaintance with him.

Mr. Paul Irving Clarke, of New York, who signs himself an admirer of FOREST AND STREAM, was with us only briefly, but there is no law against wishing he could have stayed longer.

Mr. John F. Randall and Mr. A. T. Hawley, Jr., both of Alton, Ill., left their names and got away when I didn't know it, though I discovered their footprints early. Mr. Randall has long been interested in the acclimatization of Mongolian pheasants and other foreign game birds. He must love his Excellency, with a little x, John P. Altgeld, Governor of the State of Illinois, the World's Fair Governor who doesn't believe in protecting any wild thing, or in leaving a murderer in jail.

East and West.

Mr. Henry E. Mayo, of Salem, Me., might have shaken hands with a sportsman friend from the other side of the country, for the very next registry below his reads "C. J. Waldman and wife, New Whatcom, Wash."

The Old World.

On this same morning Mr. Benjamin Fordham, of 130 Kilburn lane, Queen's Park, W., London, England, left his name only about four inches from that of Mr. George H. Draper, of 39 rue Galileo, Paris, France. Mr. Fordham is a fancier of dogs, and Mr. Draper was inclined to favor boats and fishes. E. HOUGH.

Her Great Trouble.

"WHAT a love of a dog!" exclaimed a caller at a Jefferson avenue mansion, as a bundle of hair and ribbons trotted into the room.

"Yes, but he is a dreadful care," sighed the mistress of the household sadly.

"What do you mean?" asked the visitor in surprise.

"Why, you know I bought Bijou in Paris last summer and he doesn't understand a word of English, so I had a French maid for him all winter, but last June she insisted on marrying some horrid creature, and now we have a French Canadian girl and she worried me dreadfully."

"Does she abuse him?" asked the visitor indignantly.

"Oh, dear, no; she's as kind as can be, but these Canadians speak such poor French—suppose she should ruin Bijou's accent. It makes me sick to think of it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 28 to Dec. 1.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.

Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

Dec. 20 to 23.—Northern Ohio Pet Stock Association, at Akron, O. H. F. Peck, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Secretary.

Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.

Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.

Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.

Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 27.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at Thomasville, N. C. All-Age entries close Nov. 1. G. G. Davis, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 1.—Southern California Field Trials, at Ontario, Cal. H. C Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal., Sec'y.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials. Grand Junction, Tenn. Second payment in Derby due Nov. 1. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

United States Field Trials Club All-Age Entry.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed herewith I hand you a list of entries to this club's All-Age Stake, trials A. Pointers 29, English setters 29.

P. T. MADISON, Sec.-Treas.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

DAVY W.—Gen. W. B. Shattuc's lemon and white dog (Gath's Mark—Daisy F.).

MAIDA—J. C. Irwin's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Paxie Maid).

PAUL DOMBEY—Glen Rock Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Nettie Bevan).

LADY GAIETY—C. P. Mingst's black and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade).

COLUMBIA—C. F. Hartmetz's chestnut and white bitch (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade).

BONNIE BONDHU—L. Rausch's black, white and tan bitch (Count Wakefield—Pearl Bondhu).

SPOT CASH—H. K. Devereux's black, white and tan dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).

DAN'S LADY—Theo. Goodman's black, white and tan bitch (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burges).

LITTLE MISS—Poindexter & Maclin's black, white and tan bitch (Vanguard—Rhet).

FLEETY NOBLE—Grand River Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (King Noble—Elsie Beltou).

PAUL REVERE—Grand River Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Paxie Maid).

CECIL H.—J. L. Adams's black, white and tan dog (Dr. Maclin—Cossette).

DIRECT—Jack Adams's black, white and tan dog (Gun—Victoria Lavarock).

LILLIAN RUSSELL—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Phillip Gladstone—Lou G.).

CAP TOUGH—A. J. Gleason's black and white dog (Roderigo—Dashing Dixie).

COUNT GLADSTONE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black,white and tan dog (Count Noble—Miss Ruby).

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

KINGSTON—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent).

LOCHINVAR—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent).

BETTIE S.—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

CRICKET GLADSTONE—Robt. M. Riley's orange and white bitch (Rusk Gladstone—Quail).

DASHAWAY—Edward W. Watson's black and white dog (Leo—Julia).

MISS RUBY—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).

LAVERNA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Count Noble—Emma B.).

GLEAM'S SPORT—Manchester Kennel Club's lemon and white dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).

GLEAM'S PINK—Manchester Kennel Club's black, white and tan dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).

TEAL SCHWINGE—Henry Schwinge's black, white and tan dog (— — —).

DAN BURGES—J. M. Freeman's black, white and tan dog (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burges).

NELLY HOPE—J. M. Freeman's lemon and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Lady May).

POINTERS.

RENA B.—E. M. Barkley's liver and white bitch (Volney Hall—Leta).

BOUNCE—G. W. Amory's liver and white dog (Bob—Sal).

MAINSTAY—G. W. Amory's black and white dog (Mainspring—Barmaid).

SPOTTED BOY—Chas. Proctor's liver and white dog (Trinket's Bang—Nellie Bow).

BROWN BANG—Lawrence Pointer Kennels' liver dog (Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang).

MAME S.—R. L. Shannon's liver and white bitch (Brown Stout—Pearl's Pride).

WINOWING—Will Laird's liver and white bitch (Ranger Croxteth—Cannie).

DUKE OF KENT II.—Glen Rock Kennels' liver and white dog (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso).

BESS B.—A. Boyce's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Devonshire Jilt).

FANNIE RUSH—J. T. Barron's liver and white bitch (Rush of Lad—Topsy L.).

DAME BANG—W. W. Peabody, Jr.'s liver and white bitch (Trinket's Cash—Van Bang).

JINGO—Charlotteville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Mainspring—Queen II.).

WILD DAMON—Charlotteville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Damon—Flora).

FRANKLIN—Allen P. Houston's liver and white dog (Robin Adair—Blossom).

ROD GRAPHIC—N. T. Harris's liver and white dog (Lord Graphic—Winning Ways).

LEHMAN—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' lemon and white dog (Gordon—Fanny).

LITTLE NED—W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton).

FLOCKFINDER III.—Maj. J. R. Purcell's lemon and white dog (Old Staunch—Flake of Flockfinder).

LADY MARGARET—Maj. J. R. Purcell's black and white bitch (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang).

PRINCESS II.—C. C. Paddock's lemon and white bitch (Shot—Forest Queen II.).

MAID OF OSSIAN—J. B. McGuffin's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Pickwick).

TUXEDO—J. B. McGuffin's liver and white bitch (Ossian—Cornelia G.).

KENT ELGIN—T. T. Ashford's black and white dog (King of Kent—Vera Bang).

MIDGET—J. H. Kerr's black bitch (Harrop—Frankie).

HOPS II.—P. T. Madison's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Hops).

HAL POINTER—B. E. Quick's black and white dog (King of Kent—Daisy).

MAXIMUS II.—Grand River Kennels' liver and white dog (Maximus—Jane).

PLUTE—Castleman Kennels' lemon and white dog (Fritz—Tilley).

NELLIE S.—Castleman Kennels' lemon and white bitch (Fritz—Tilley).

Another Original Dog.

WHEN the sealing schooner Columbia arrived at Seattle Sept. 26, in addition to a cargo of skins it brought an interesting curiosity in the shape of a dog. According to the Seattle *Telegraph*, "It was found on an island in the North Pacific Ocean that was not inhabited by any human beings and never had been, from all signs that could be found. While the Columbia was cruising off Whale Bay on the Alaskan coast the fresh water supply ran short. A small boat was loaded with barrels, and three men sent to one of the neighboring islands in search of water. As they landed they noticed an animal that resembled a fox in appearance running up and down the shore. One of the men had a gun with him and took a shot at it. His aim was bad and he did not hit it, but the animal did not run away, and came directly up to the boat and expressed delight at their arrival. The animal was evidently a cross between a fox or wolf and an Alaskan dog. It would play around them, but it would not allow itself to be caught. They found a spring of water, and after they had filled their barrels they were ready to return to the Columbia. A storm came up suddenly, which drove the sealer out to sea, and it was three days before she could return to take the men on board again. During these three days this strange wild animal became their constant companion.

The next morning after their arrival the quadruped, after

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS FROM THE EMPEROR'S KENNEL.

From *Le Chenil* (France).

having disappeared for several hours, returned covered with blood. It jumped around them and then started up the bank into the woods. They followed it out of curiosity for some distance, and less than half a mile away they found it over the body of a recently killed deer, which it was viciously tearing to pieces. The next morning the animal acted in the same way, and following it again they found another deer. The third morning the Columbia cast anchor near by and took them on board.

They had by this time made good friends with the animal and had little trouble in taking it with them. For some days they had trouble in keeping it from jumping overboard, but finally it became reconciled to its surroundings. Several weeks afterward they had to go ashore again and took the animal with them. It started away in great glee as soon as the boat reached shore. One of the sailors, fearing it would not come back, ran after it. As soon as it reached the cover it began to act like a hunting dog. Suddenly it lay down on its belly and began to creep through the grass like a snake. After going a short distance in this way it made a spring and caught a grouse in its mouth. Within half an hour it caught a number of grouse in the same way. When they returned to the Columbia the animal went with them without any persuasion. The animal is now called a dog and is a fixture on the Columbia. It is perfectly gentle, and from an examination of it made by several gentlemen it was pronounced principally dog with a cross grain of wolf or fox.

On the Chesapeake Shores.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay and adjoining rivers for the purpose of securing some good specimens of the ducker's friend, *i.e.*, the Chesapeake Bay dog, with a view of honoring the standard and securing a type principle in their progeny.

I am sorry to see the careless form in which most all of the seemingly leading breeders select their stock for the purpose of breeding.

This careless, haphazard way of mating will never produce a uniform type, and the quicker the start is made in the systematic way of breeding with a view of a type principle the quicker the breed will attract a world-wide reputation.

Their working qualities have been exemplified ever since the year 1807, and at this recent date have spread far westward.

I have made my selections in regard to type from advices obtained of the active members of the Chesapeake Bay Dog Club, and find that body very amiable and accommodating, and I should advise all Chesapeake Bay breeders to seek their advice in regard to type, should they chance to come that way to select stock, as they should regard type as well as working qualities.

I hope to see the day when the Chesapeake will be bred to show standard requirements, but not, however, to lose his noble working faculties.

B. ALTON SMITH.

NORTH ATTLEBORO, Mass.

The Irish Setter Club's Derby Entries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Derby Stake of the coming Irish setter trials closed with six entries. They are as follows, all whelped in 1892:

BRONX II.—Jas. B. Blossom's dog (Manus—Rye Lily), Sept. 12.

NUGGET II.—Jas. B. Blossom's bitch (Finglas—Betsy Crafts), January.

GEM—Geo. H. Thomson's bitch (Shaun—Nora), January.

IRISH BOY—Geo. C. Nutting's dog (Blue Rock—Romaine), May 11.

PATRICIUS—J. J. Mannions's dog (Duke Elcho—Red Rose), May 23.

HATTIE—C. B. Rutan's bitch (Redstone—Lady Alice), March.

Newark Dog Show.

THE premium list of the New Jersey Kennel League's first annual dog show to be held in the Industrial Hall, Newark N. J., lies before us. We have already outlined the form the list would take, and our suggestion that a third premium of cash should be given has been followed in some cases. The principal challenge prizes are $10 and diploma and others $5 and diploma, and in the principal breeds the open prizes are $12, $6 and $4. Puppy classes are confined to mastiffs, $8 and $4; St. Bernards and great Danes $7 and $3, and fox-terriers $3 and $2. Other breeds get $10 and $5 and diploma in open classes. Rough terriers, the toy spaniels, poodles, pugs, Italian greyhounds, Mexican hairless, Boston terriers, Clumber spaniels and dachshunds get $7, $3 and diplomas.

The classification is liberal, most of the challenge classes being divided by sex. The League offers a kennel prize of $10 for best four in mastiffs, rough-coated St. Bernards, smooth-coated St. Bernards, great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters, beagles, cocker spaniels, collies and fox-terriers.

Spaniels get classification No. 1. Mr. Radel offers $10 for best dog or bitch in the show and the club will have a picture of the prize winner taken at its own expense, which picture shall be used as the League emblem. The best mastiff bitch with three of her get will win $25. Mr. Reick offers $15 for best rough St. Bernard barring Sir Bedivere, and Mr. Radel encourages protection by giving $10 for best of that breed owned in New Jersey. The Pointer and Collie clubs have done well, and the American Fox-Terrier Club offers prizes to the amount of $40. A number of other specials are donated and the list will be materially increased by the time the catalogue is issued.

The show bids fair to be one of the best held this fall and as those connected with it have expended much enthusiasm and worked hard to give Newark a good show, we sincerely hope their efforts will be so well rewarded that the fixture will become, in reality, an annual one. The show will be held Nov. 28, and three following days. The entry fee is $3, and entries close Nov. 18, with Dr. W. F. Seidler, 784 Broad St., Newark, N. J. In the additional rules we find this proviso: "In the event of Thanksgiving Day not being Nov. 30, as anticipated, the dates of closing of entries and of the show will be one week earlier." The League might have made a popular move if it had acted on FOREST AND STREAM'S suggestion to grade entry fees according to prizes. It is too much to pay $3 for a $7 prize in the smaller breeds; $2 would have been better. The following railroads will carry dogs *free* when accompanied by owners or caretakers: Central Railroad of New Jersey, Pennsylvania Railroad, D., L. & W. Railroad, Erie Railroad, Lehigh Valley Railroad, Reading Railroad, B. & O. Railroad.

The judges were announced last week.

International Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although you have had nothing from these parts lately, do not imagine that things are at all dead in the dog and gun line. Arrangements are about completed for the International trials beginning Nov. 7.

The past severe winter was very hard on the birds, except in a few places where they were well looked after. On our old trial grounds up the river, birds were not found in sufficient numbers to warrant the trials being held there, and it was thought the club would have to accept the invitation of the Big Point Club to hold the trials on their grounds. There was considerable objection to this on account of some of the dogs being worked there. The difficulty, however, has been overcome, the club having secured permission from the farmers in the vicinity of Mitchell's Bay to run the trials on their lands; 1,200 acres have been secured. Mitchell's Bay is a great duck resort and has two good hotels; it is about twelve miles from Chatham.

Twenty-five out of the thirty-four Derby entries have paid their second forfeit. The All-Aged Stake closes on Nov. 1, and everything points to a good entry.

Word has just been received from Mr. Thos. Johnson that he has a cable from Mr. Lonsdale to send his two crack pointers, Ightfield Musa and Ightfield Dogwood to the International; they will be sent down in charge of "Sef" Hallam, who ran them at the Northwestern Trials.

There has been a call from a number of amateur sportsmen for a renewal of the Amateur Stake, and the committee have decided to run a stake after the regular trials, open only to dogs broken and run by amateurs, provided a sufficient number of entries are received. The names of the judges will be published next week.

Ducks and snipe are in good numbers. The redheads are coming in for the first time in a number of years. The low water in the marshes bordering on Lake St. Clair for the past few years seems not to suit them. On the Big Point preserve, seven or eight hundred were usually killed, but of late years only a few were seen. The big ducks, however, have been plentiful and this year more so than ever.

W. B. WELLS, Sec'y I. F. T. C.

CHATHAM, Ont., Oct. 16

The Ashmont Trophy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to announce that the Ashmont diamond trophy, which was won by my Irish setter champion Tim, has been delivered to me. It is without doubt the handsomest special prize of its kind ever offered in the dog world. It must be admitted by all that the rivalry that the competition for the trophy occasioned certainly brushed up interest in dog matters, both among the regulars and amateurs, and in this end fulfilled the wish of its most generous donor.

L. C. SAUVEUR.

CHESTNUT HILL, Pa., Oct. 16.

How is This?

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reading your report of the Danbury dog show I notice you give my Newfoundland second and special, first withheld, which is correct according to the records. I went into the assistant secretary's office to see about my prize money, and he (Lewis Reed) told me that Ben Lewis of Philadelphia took second and he (Reed) took special. Mr. Reed's dog is not eligible to enter.

JOHN CALIHAN.

DANBURY, Conn., Oct. 18.

Death of Champion Bellegarde.

St. Bernard breeders the world over will regret to hear of the death, Oct. 9, of this well-known St. Bernard. Some time ago, according to *Stock-Keeper*, she showed signs of suffering from an incurable internal complaint and her owner, Mr. Norris-Elye, mercifully had a term put to her suffering by a painless death. Bellegarde was born July 10, 1885, and was by champion Bayard out of Crevasse II., a winner at Crystal Palace, etc. Bellegarde had a distinct influence on the St. Bernard breed in England, though peculiar to relate only her female progeny survived, her most promising dog puppies being born dead, excepting one by Sir Bedivere, which afterward died from distemper. Among her distinguished daughters may be mentioned the noted champion Alta-Bella, who once beat Princess Florence, and Abbess, and her granddaughters Beautiful Abbess and Albula. Bellegarde was noted for her gentle and affectionate expression. Her winnings include premier honors at the best shows and once she was reserve for the St. Bernard Club's 100 guinea cup.

DOG CHAT.

The Irish Setter Trials.

All field sportsmen, whether English setter men, pointer men or others, will regret that the efforts of the Irish Setter Club in trying to show what the Irish setter can do in the field do not meet with better response. Six entries for a Derby seems almost ridiculous. Still, as Dr. Davis tells us, there is some excuse for this. Messrs. Perry and Hamilton lost their five Derby entries through McLin's dastardly work. Mr. Bishop, always a mainstay where Irish setters were concerned, was compelled through ill health to dispose of his kennel, and, adds the energetic secretary, "hard times, lack of time on my part, and the lack of interest on the part of the owners of eligible puppies will, I suppose, account for the poor showing." The All-Age Stake, we are pleased to note, promises better. Irish setters hold their own in English trials in mixed competition, and the owners of Irish setters here are alone to blame for the poor showing of their breed. The dogs have shown they can do good work, all they need is more attention on the part of the best trainers, and this will be accomplished when a trainer finds that it is as much to his interest to get the Irish setter to the front as it has been to place the English setter in the prominent position it now occupies.

IO, THE WINNING ST. BERNARD AT CHICAGO AND LEXINGTON, KY., 1893.

U. S. Trials at Bicknell.

The number of entries in the U. S. Field Trials Club's All-Age Stake produces a peculiar result, one that is without precedent in this country. That the pointer entry should be equal to the English setter marks an advance in which pointer men should take especial pride. The club's enterprise and daring in holding two trials in one season seem to have struck the public fancy, and we trust that their conduct of the trials will be such that they will always merit the good opinion they now seem to hold among field trial men. The outlook for successful trials at Bicknell seems very bright, Mr. Madison informing us on his return from Bicknell that they will have plenty of birds. He found seven large bevies on 200 acres.

Mr. E. O. Damon, whose interest in kennel affairs has hitherto leaned toward setters, has purchased from Hon. John S. Wise the young pointer Soult II., by Robert Le Diable out of Pomps, by Romeo out of Nebula. Romeo is a son of Graphic and Seph G., and Nebula a daughter of Meteor and Beulah, so his breeding is *sans reproche*. This young dog combines, we are told, high class bench form with exceptional speed, and as Mr. Damon's ambition tends toward the sort of dogs known as "high class" and not "plug hunters" he intends to develop and run Soult in the U. S. trials for pointers at Grand Junction, Miss. Mr. Damon is now looking out for a light weight dog that is a field trial winner and also a winner at the best shows in England. This blending of merit may be difficult to find, still we applaud Mr. Damon's resolve, and trust he will be successful.

Bulldog Stud Book.

We have received copies of "Bulldog Pedigrees," which is a list of all known bulldogs and their reputed ancestors complete to Aug. 1, 1892, by Messrs. Cyril F. W. Jackson and E. H. Bowers. This is a volume which no bulldog breeder should be without. The names of almost 6,000 bulldogs are indexed in this volume, comprising the particulars of every bulldog registered at the English Kennel Club since registration was required 12 years ago; of every bulldog exhibited at any one of the Kennel Club's 36 shows, at the 30 shows held at Birmingham and at the 19 Bulldog Club shows, as well as of most bulldogs exhibited at less important shows. It also contains the particulars of every ancestor entering into the pedigrees of any of these dogs. The price of the work is $3.75, and can be obtained from this office.

Surrey Janet Arrives.

Mr. H. W. Smith tells us that Cribbage is now in perfect health, and the same may be said of his other wire-hair fox-terrier importation, Surrey Janet, which arrived on the Paris last week, through Spratts Patent. The advent of these two crack wire-hairs should be followed by both an increase of interest in the breed and a general improvement in the home bred stock. Surrey Janet about a week before she sailed visited Carlisle Tack, and the result of this union should enhance the value of Mr. Smith's kennel. Imported so soon after mating, there should be no danger of losing the litter, as has happened so frequently before when shipment has been delayed.

The Maternal Instinct Strong.

A curious incident is related by *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.), about two St. Bernard bitches in the kennels of Mr. F. Stewart Sandeman, Stanley, N. B. "A 17mos. St. Bernard bitch had a litter of six puppies. Shortly after they were born, whilst the mother was away from the litter for a little while, the grandmother of the puppies, who had not had a litter since the mother was born, went to the pups and commenced suckling them, her milk having returned. When the mother came back there was a fight for possession, but the old dame would not give way, and eventually for the sake of peace, she received three of the puppies which she continued to suckle. A further development in this dual family arrangement is that now the dam and granddam feed each other's lots indiscriminately.

Instead of saying that the news of Bedgebury Lion's death "reaches us from New Jersey *county*," it would perhaps have been more correct in the *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.) to have given FOREST AND STREAM the credit, as the news appeared in this paper alone. For three weeks previously it was known to only the owners, kennelman and FOREST AND STREAM.

The story comes from Camilla that John Joiner and several others were out hunting some time ago when Mr. Joiner's dog fell into an old well. It was not known at the time where the dog was, and no hunt was made for him, Mr. Joiner thinking he would come home in a short time. Eighteen days after the dog was lost Mr. Joiner was out hunting again and heard his dog howl. At first it was hard to locate the sound, but the dog was finally discovered in an old dry well, where he had been for eighteen days without food or water. The dog was drawn to the surface, and is now as well as ever.

Important.

Our friends seems to forget that FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on Tuesday now instead of Wednesday, and all communications intended for insertion in "Dog Chat" or other columns in this department should reach us not later than Monday. Such letters should be marked "Kennel," so that they may be opened in the kennel editor's absence at shows, field trials, etc., and the news be published in proper season.

Business.

To insure prompt attention, all communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Pub. Co. When sent to members of the staff, who are frequently absent from the office, considerable delay occurs before such business is attended to. In the case of advertisements especially would we draw the attention of our friends to this fact; also, to insure insertion in the current week's issue advertisements should reach us not later than Monday morning, and Saturday would be still better.

Akron, O., Will Hold a Show.

The Northern Ohio Pet Stock and Kennel Association claim the dates Dec. 20 to 23 for their dog show at Akron, O. The association intended holding its show in February next but changed their plans at their last meeting. Mr. H. A. Peck, Mr. John A. Logan, Jr.'s, late kennel manager, is the secretary.

In its issue of Oct. 7 the Toronto *Globe* published several pictures of winning dogs at the late Toronto show. They are half tones and are better than anything of the kind yet published in a daily paper, and reflect great credit on the manipulator of the camera, in this case a lady, Mrs. M. G. Bowman. The Irish setter Tim occupies the place of honor, surrounded by collie Wellesbourne Charlie, bulldog Lady Winnie, great Dane Lord Wolverton, bull-terriers Edgewood Robin and Katherine Mavourneen, Scotch terrier Tiree, St. Bernard Lord Dante. English setter The Sultan, beagle Royal Krueger, and mastiff Lady Coleus. Such illustrations are educative and worth a cartload of the pen and ink abortions one generally finds in the newspapers.

The fair owner of the Mount Zion Kennels, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson, of Albany, has been following the fashion of late and reducing her stock, but reports prices at panic rates.

Mr. Munhall, whose distressing accident we chronicled some time since, writes us that the great number of letters he received from his many sportsmen friends throughout the country assisted greatly to pull him through the trying ordeal which he has just passed. He is now at home, and with good care is gaining rapidly. "I hope soon to be out, and with a foot that won't get cold hope to be myself again." And this wish we know his friends will echo.

A Time for Everything.

Mr. A. W. Smith, of Buffalo, known to the fancy as an enthusiastic black and tan terrier fancier, thinks his business demands all his time and he cannot afford to devote any more time to dogs, etc. In informing us of this decision, he remarks that as he cannot keep out of dogs if he reads the FOREST AND STREAM, he must give it up. This is one of the things we can never understand. Are we returning to the old days when the iron bands of business held men so chained to the desk that no moment could be spared for relaxation in the way of sport? We see no reason why a man cannot devote sufficient time to his business, and still, if his inclination tends that way, take pleasure in the companionship of a few dogs. Mr. Krueger probably travels further during the week than any man in the fancy, still he finds time to return home at the end of the week and take the pleasure that a large kennel of beagles affords him. Take August Belmont, for instance, Thos. H. Terry, Clarence Rathbone, H. W. Smith, C. S. Hanks, L. C. Whiton, H. W. Huntington, J. H. Winslow—we could name a score—all men who are "up to their ears" in business, as the saying goes; still they find time to devote more or less attention to breeding dogs and presumably derive benefit from it. Pleasure should not interfere with business, nor should we let business interfere with our pleasure when the time is up; and the FOREST AND STREAM exists just to show and teach men how they can best employ such leisure time as they have in a way that will bring them the health to better bear the chains of that business they seem so devoted to. Our apologies are perhaps due to Mr. Smith in using his case to point a moral, but this is how the thing struck us when we read his letter of resignation.

Messrs. Luckwell & Douglass have sold the red cocker spaniel Gold Ring to Mr. H. Herbertson, of Detroit, Mich.

Fits or Hydrophobia.

No better example of the ignorance through which the poor dog is made to suffer can be advanced than that given by a correspondent in our query column. He describes very intelligently the symptoms which led him to suppose his dog had hydrophobia, and the dog paid for the mistake with his life. Such a fit as this dog seems to have had is familiar in different degree to those who have kept large kennels of dogs. There is little doubt but that the fit was caused by worms, and the dog no more had hydrophobia than the nearest gate post. Some cold water thrown on the back of the head at its juncture with the spinal column would, as is usually the case, have quieted the pup, and a dose or two of bromide and afterward treatment for worms would probably have saved to Mr. H. C. DeP. a useful member of the English setter family. Of such happenings as this are the mad dog scares of our cities generally manufactured.

Mr. Tulk Selling Out.

We trust that the desire of Mr. W. J. Tulk, Mr. Stewart's able coadjutor in his duties as secretary of the Hamilton Kennel Club, to sell out his kennel does not mean a desertion of the fancy altogether, but simply to make room for something better. Last Monday he sold his greyhound Master Memnon, well known in Canada, to Shirley Stewart, of Toronto; and also a black dog pup by champion The Scavenger out of Bed of Stones, to A. Fraser, of Ottawa. The same day Mr. Tulk shipped a brace of cockers to Mr. W. H. McCord, of Omaha, Neb., a red bitch by champion Red Roland out of Golden Duchess and a black dog by champion Red Jacket out of Topsy. These he had purchased previously from Mr. W. B. Palmer, of Woodstock.

We have received a picture of the champion cup won by Mr. Thos. Johnson at the Northwestern field trials. The trophy seems to be quite a work of art. At the base is a model of an English setter on point, and this is surmounted by a handsome vase. Chickens are also represented on the base of the trophy, and the handle of the cover of the vase represents the Manitoba game bird. It is a handsome trophy and Mr. Johnson should feel proud in claiming it.

A winner of the National Greyhound Club's medal inquires: "Did the custom authorities admit the English production, if so, what are the medals like and when are they to be distributed to the long-waiting owners of the lucky dogs?" We understood from the secretary and so stated some time since that the medals had been received by the club and that they had been sent to the winners.

THE WINNING KENNEL OF FOXHOUNDS, AT LEXINGTON, KY.
Owned by the Strodes Valley Kennel Club, Winchester, Ky.

Mr. R. B. Morgan is located at Humboldt, Tenn., with his string of dogs, and tells us that he has never seen such a large crop of quail in Tennessee as he finds this year.

On the front page of *British Fancier's* issue of Oct. 13, which we find on our desk a couple of days sooner than usual, is a capital picture of a fox-terrier. Oakham Veracity is the dog's name. He was lately claimed by Mrs. E. Lawrence, a lady residing in Wales, at $500. This fair fancier has not been at all shy in her bargains, for previously to this she had given $1,000 for Rowton Warrant, an evidence of pluck and enterprise not usually found among fanciers of the fair sex. In the above journal's notice of Oakham Veracity we also find something which can be indorsed by experiences over here. We have not so many fanciers among the fair sex as one could wish, but the sentiment expressed by our contemporary is equally applicable on this side of the water: "The fancy nowadays, fortunately, is rich in the possession of a large sprinkling of the fair sex, which fact we cannot but regard as an unmixed blessing, for the softening influence of

woman is a source of the greatest good in whatever walk of life that influence is exercised. Passing, however, from the sentimental to the serious side of the matter, women who have espoused the fancier cause have invariably made their mark, and while among the males we could mention many weak-kneed devotees who have given up the pursuit, some in disgust, we cannot recall a single failure among the fair sex."

A dog may trespass on one's land and incur due penalties, but according to a decision recently given by Judge Van Wyck in the City Court in Brooklyn, trespass on one's legs doesn't count. A Miss Williams was standing outside McCormick's large store waiting for a car, when Mr. McCormick's cocker spaniel ran out, jostled against her legs and upset her. She alleged that she suffered much from the fall. Suit was entered for $10,000 damages, but the judge took the same view of the matter that Mr. McCormick did—that the dog was not a trespasser, and that there was no negligence on his part, and dismissed the case.

Gordon Setter Field Trials.

The FOREST AND STREAM exclusively announced the week after the Rhode Island show that the Gordon setter men in New England intended holding some field trials. Now we are pleased to say that the inaugural field trials of the Gordon Setter Field Trials Club will be run at Freemont, Mass., on Monday, Nov. 20. The All-Age and Derby entries close Friday, Nov. 10. The forfeit is $5, which must accompany each nomination, and $5 additional to fill. The judges are Mr. J. W. Lawrence of Providence, R. I., and Mr. A. R. Sharp of Taunton, Mass. The secretary, to whom all entries must be sent, is Mr. Chas. R. Taylor, whose clever and intelligent articles on field sports in the Providence *Journal* have done much to help this branch of sport in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. His address is Box 1,313, Providence, R. I. There are many men who still think the Gordon setter the equal of any breed in the field, but will not run their dogs at open field trials, believing judges are prejudiced. Here is an opportunity in a country adapted to the pace and range of the Gordon, and there is no excuse why a good entry should not be made by Gordon men from New York, Baltimore, etc. The entrance is low, the judges are practical sportsmen and the country is suitable and conveniently situated, so there is no excuse. If the Gordon men do not come forward on this occasion they must henceforth hold their peace, but we do not believe they will allow the flags of their favorite breed to trail in the mire this time.

Raby Palissy Changes Quarters.

The manager of Mr. Hanks's Seacroft Kennels, W. T. Turner, in sending us a batch of kennel notes, which are, however, too late for this issue, shows that the kennel is doing good work. Recently they purchased Raby Palissy from Mr. Harris, together with three pups by that dog. Palissy will shortly be advertised at stud, and as he is strong in Pitcher blood and has already done well as a stock getter, his services should be in demand. They send notices of sixteen sales alone of fox-terriers and wolfhounds. They have sold the well-known fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Myrtle, served by Warren Duke, Sept. 20, to Mr. E. Holden, Los Angeles, Cal., also a brother of his by Raby Palissy ex Damson, to Mr. A. C. Bradbury, of the Maybrook Kennels. Seacroft Boaster goes to Mr. H. C. Cutter, Hull, Mass. We note also that the wolfhound bitch Obrouga was mated to Servanates Oct. 5, and the noted Svodka to Leekhoi Oct. 2. The well-known fox-terrier bitch Grouse II. visited Blemton Stickler Oct. 7. All things considered, these seem to be busy days at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

We have not had space lately to chronicle the many new advertisements in FOREST AND STREAM, but we should have drawn attention to Rinada Pointer Kennels' list of bargains in the way of pointers for any purpose. This week Shrewsbury Kennels offer some well-bred beagles; A. P. Griswold, choicely bred pointer pups; R. L. Smith, rabbit dog broken to ferret; L. Dart, English foxhounds; E. W. Fiske, cocker spaniels; Forest Kennels, coon and fox dog; Thasmo Kennels, pointers. At stud: Meadow City Kennels offer The Corsair and Rod's Chaff; E. W. Fiske, St. Bernard Hamlet and cockers Jay Kay, Bambo, Brantford Rufus, all well known. Wants: A. J. Thomas, good English setter; D. A. Wells, Jr., foxhounds.

Collie Club Sweepstakes.

It is the intention of the Collie Club to have a grand collie sweepstake, open to all, at the New England Kennel Club show, next April, provided sufficient support can be guaranteed. The conditions will be $5 for each dog, and to this the N. E. K. C. is expected to add $50, for collies whelped during 1893.

The September issue of the A. K. C. *Gazette* contains no mention of the coming A. K. C. meeting.

The new Ashmont trophy will be offered for the first time at the Newark show held by the N. J. K. L., that is of course, supposing the entries number 400. The Boston Terrier Club also offer their silver medal.

Dr. Heffinger has presented a July pup by Wheeler out of Kate to Mr. L. O. Dennison.

"Fancy" at the Fair.

IT was our good fortune on "Chicago Day" to see the largest crowd ever gathered in an enclosure, and while we rested in the cosy corner of the FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit several well known dogmen dropped in from the crowd that steadily passed the railing from morn till night. We were pleased to meet Mr. N. T. Harris and his wife. Mr. Harris was fresh from a hunting trip near the Cherokee strip, where he had made one of a party of gentlemen in a special car. He reported lots of sport, but a great lack of water, which made it hard for the dogs. The party also saw the grand rush of "boomers" that entered the strip last month. Mr. Harris will attend the Southern and United States trials and enter some dogs.

Another dogman was Mr. Beck, of Scranton, Pa., who used to own Othello, a cocker spaniel that won several prizes in 1887. Another was Mr. Line, of Providence, who showed the setter Prince L. Of course Roger Williams could not pass us by, and he dropped in for a few minutes' chat and a review of the coursing the previous week. Judging from the way the Register has been patronized, FOREST AND STREAM must have many, many friends, and the majority of the names we found to be of readers in the West.

In the United States Building we found, in the osteology department, an interesting exhibition of dog skeletons, among them a skeleton of Mr. James Watson's collie Clipsetta, by Eclipse out of Nesta. It is beautifully set up and is quite a lesson in collie formation though "a little short of coat." There was also a skeleton of a great Dane, though unfortunately yclept a Siberian bloodhound. The skeleton of a dachshund was also an interesting study, and the battered frame of the Esquimaux dog showed every evidence of the cruel treatment these poor animals experience at the hands of their sqnatty masters. Several ribs were broken. The heads of a number of breeds, such as a bulldog, pug, Newfoundland, different breeds of terriers, etc., were interesting as showing how poor the specimens must have been from a fancier's view when in the flesh.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Ivanhoe and Talisman. By F. K. Pidgeon, Saugerties, N. Y., for liver and white and ticked pointer dogs, whelped April 12, 1893, by Wary (Fleet—Lady Pearl) out of Chloe (champion Tammany—Bertie).

Small Hopes. By F. K. Pidgeon, Saugerties, N. Y., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped April 12, 1893, by Wary (Fleet—Lady Pearl) out of Chloe (champion Tammany—Bertie).

Saddleback. By F. K. Pidgeon, Saugerties, N. Y., for white, black saddle, black ticks pointer bitch, whelped April 12, 1893, by Wary (Fleet—Lady Pearl) out of Chloe (champion Tammany—Bertie).

Banshee. By F. K. Pidgeon, Saugerties, N. Y., for white, lemon ticks, spotted ears, pointer dog, whelped April 12, 1893, by Wary (Fleet—Lady Pearl) out of Chloe (champion Tammany—Bertie).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Chloe—Graphic VI. F. K. Pidgeon's (Saugerties, N. Y.) pointer bitch Chloe (champion Tammany—Bertie) to his Graphic VI. (champion Graphic—Daisy II.), Sept. 8.

Lina K.—Hundesport's Bergmann. W. Loeffler's (Milwaukee, Wis.) dachshund bitch Lina K. to his Hundesport's Bergmann, Sept. 18.

Lady Olga—Diamond Joe. W. Loeffler's (Milwaukee, Wis.) dachshund biteb Lady Olga to his Diamond Joe, Sept. 27.

Milwis Hilda—Hundesport's Bergmann. W. Mariner's (Milwaukee, Wis.) dachsbund bitch Milwis Hilda (Windrush Rioter—Lina K) to W. Loeffler's Hundesport's Bergmann, Sept. 19.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Princess Avon. Grand View Kennels' (Danbury, Conn.) rough St. Bernard bitch Princess Avon (Prince Barry—Countess Sequa), Oct. 12, thirteen (six dogs), by McCarl & Cattaneo's Milton (Tartar—Lady Gair).

Ivy. Miss Marion E. Bannister's (Springfield, N. J.) pug bitch Ivy (champion Bob Ivy—Yuma-Yuma), Sept. 23, four (two dogs), by her Saxon).

Cricket. F. K. Pidgeon's (Saugerties, N. Y.) cocker spaniel bitch Cricket (champion Jersey—Rockland Belle), Aug. 4, four dogs, by C. G. Browning's Cherry Boy (Ebony—Fanchon).

Chloe. F. K. Pidgeon's (Saugerties, N. Y.) pointer bitch Chloe (champion Tammany—Bertie), April 12, seven (five dogs), by John A. Hartman's Wary (Fleet—Lady Pearl).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Barney B. White bull-terrier dog, by Barney O'Hea out of Grove Duchess, by W. D. Brereton, Allegheny, Pa., to J. C. Mahler, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

H. C. DE P., Minton, N. D.—I was the owner of an English setter puppy four months old, which, prior to yesterday, was the strongest of the litter and had never shown any signs of illness. Yesterday morning I noticed that he was uneasy and fidgety, and at the same time dull and gloomy. However, as I had fed the larger dogs the night before with raw meat, and where tbe puppy could have obtained some, I laid his strange actions to the eating of raw meat, to which he was not accustomed. I paid no furtber attention to his inquietude until this morning, when, upon liberating him from his kennel, I noticed he was very dull and uneasy. He commenced scratching the ground with his paw, and then suddenly pitched headforemost, crying piteously. Instead of falling at once, for several moments he remained with the side of his head lying on the ground, while his hind parts were erect and perfectly rigid. He then fell over on his side and his legs stiffened out, in which position he remained some little time, when his limbs relaxed and he commenced working his legs as though he was running at the top of his speed, still lying on his side. While acting thus he suddenly gave a number of short, sharp barks, after which he remained a few minutes comparatively quiet, still lying on his side and shaking from head to foot. He then struggled to his feet and staggered around in a circle, when he again fell on his side and commenced snapping his jaws, while his legs twitcbed violently. At this time a white foam gathered about his mouth. Throughout his sickness his eyes remained wide open. Having several other dogs around, and fearing the disease to be hydrophobia, I shot bim. Will you kindly explain this sickness? Ans. Probably a fit, but certainly not rabies (hydrophobia).

G. M. B., Arkadelphia, Ark.—I have a fine setter pup 6mos old. The inside of his flews on one side are literally covered with excrescences like warts, even extending to the gum about tbe roots of the teeth. They are of various sizes and seem to be increasing in size and number. When the lips are parted, a fetid odor escapes, though there is no visible evidence of tumefaction or abrasion. What is the trouble, is it dangerous and what can I do for it? Have read "Ashmont," but find notbing that touches the case. Ans. Cut off the warts and touch the stumps with nitrate of silver. Remove a few each day; give the following mixture:

Sulph. precip.	ʒ ii
Liq. sodii arseniatis	ʒ ii
Mucilage	ʒ iss
Aq. ad	ʒ vi

Mix. Give two teaspoonfuls twice a day.

E. H., Marietta, O.—Will you publish a cure for mange in dogs? I bave a Gordon setter that has it bad and it is of some 15 months' standing. The skin is dry and has the appearance of dandruff. The disease appears in red blotches about the size of buckshot to that of a one-cent piece. Hair is thin on the ribs and dry to the touch, as if there was no oil in it. Dog is poor in flesh, although he has all he wants to eat; has acquired the habit of running away from home for a day at a time, sort of "tramp" dog, as it were. Ans. Rub sulphur and whale oil all over the dog every otber day for two weeks, then wash off and repeat in a few days if necessary. Treat the dog for worms.

G. D. B., Boston, Mass.—You will find working beagles advertised in our business columns. We should advise you to attend the coming beagle trials, where you could possibly pick out a pack that is properly trained and see for yourself how they work.

R. M. P., Northampton, Mass.—At the time of registration in A. K. C. MacD. was owned, in 1886, by Dr. L. R. Taylor, Elsie, Mich., and probably he has a photograph of the dog. Pansey Mason was also registered by Dr. Taylor in 1887, but his address is given as Bancroft, Mich. We should advise you to write to him.

F. W. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Laverack setter is a strain of setters originally from the kennels of Mr. Edward Laverack, Whitchurcb, Shropsbire, England. It comes under the head of English setter, and a Laverack would be registered under that head.

W. S., Germantown, Pa.—Can you give me the name and address of a good man to break in a young setter dog, who lives near Philadelphia? Ans. We do not know of one and attention is drawn to our paragraph relating to this in last week's issue.

E. S., Oswego, N. Y.—We do not know of any one who trains and sells dogs for treeing partridges. A few lines in our kennel special columns would probably bring you the desired information.

J. W. P., Wilkinsburgh, Pa.—The breeding of Rip Rap from a field point of view compares favorably with any pointer now in the stud.

RICHMOND JOCK, Hoosick, N. Y.—If the local autborities have an ordinance that dogs shall be licensed, you will have to abide by it.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 24.—Northwestern Beagle Club's Trials, at Whitewater, Wis. L. Steffen, Sec'y.

Oct. 30.—National Beagle Club Trials, at Nanuet, N. Y. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., Sec'y.

Oct. 31.—The Cowley County Coursing Association, Winfield, Kan. J. R. Ballard, Sec'y.

Nov. 1.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting, at Leoti, Kan. W. D. Allphin, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club's Trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y.

KENMORE COURSING MEETING.

OUR report of this meeting did not arrive until just as we were going to press, and the full report of the running must lie over till next week. The meeting seems to have been a great success in every particular. The grounds were good, and the citizens of Goodland enthusiastic in the sport. At the business meeting of the club the officers elected were: President, Dr. Van Hummel; vice-president, M. B. Tomblin; secretary, C. F. Weber; treasurer, H. C. Lowe; Ex committee, J. Hubert Watson, H. C. Lowe, T. W. Bartels. The constitution and by-laws of American Coursing Club were adopted. They also adopted the rules of the National Greyhound Club, with this alteration that instead of using that name the National Coursing Board is named, composed of the following:

From the American Conrsing Club, Dr. N. Rowe and J. Herbert Watson. Cowley County Coursing Club, J. R. Ballard and Ivan A. Robinson. Western Kansas Coursing Club, W. O. Alphin, R. Howard. Huron Coursing Club, John Longstaff, E. H. Allin. Kenmore Coursing Club, Dr. Q. Van Hummell and H. C. Lowe. This puts the authority of the management of all matters to be referred in the hands of practical coursing men, where it should be.

Mr. E. H. Mulcaster judged satisfactorily and Mr. Ralph Taylor, Emporia, Kan., performed well with the slips.

Touchwood, who ran at Huron, after his course with Battle Royal was taken ill and died in a few hours. He was imported and owned by Nelson P. Whiting of Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Bradley lost the pup he bought from Mr. Mulcaster at Huron, through an accident. The running was as follows:

SUMMARY.

GOODLAND, Kan., Oct. 17.—Goodland Stakes, for sixteen or more all-age greyhounds; $100 of citizens cash and 50 per cent. of entrance money to winner, $50 cash and 50 per cent. of entrance money to runner-up, balance of entrance money to be equally divided between dogs equal at the fiuish; entrance $10.

I.

American Coursing Kennels' light fawn dog Laughed At (Norwegian Buenretero) *beat* Goodland Kennels' black dog Rook.

American Coursing Kennels' red dog Light Foot (Major—Chipper) *beat* Landseer Kennels' brindle bitch Viola (Babazoun—Verdure Clad).

Goodland Kennels' black and white dog Rear Admiral (Major Glendyne—Lady Alice) *beat* J. Herbert Watson's fawn bitch Drytime (Britain Still—Haytime).

H. C. Lowe's black and white dog Battle Royal (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* Nelson P. Whiting's fawn dog Touchwood III. (Thornwood—Burning Shame).

H. C. Lowe's black and white bitch Princess May (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* American Coursing Kennels' black bitch Lady in Black (Trales—Dick's Darling).

St. Patrick Kennels' black and white dog Boomerang (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* Sam'l W. Vidler's brindle bitch Bennaritta (Norwegian—Buenretero).

J. Herbert Watson's black dog Royal Crest (Green Tick—Royal Rate), *beat* Goodland Kennels' black and white dog Jeff (Don—Nell)

Maybrook Kennels' brindle bitch Miss Dollar III., *beat* Allen & Rew's brindle and white dog Woodford Boy (Lord McPherson—Jessamine).

Goodland Kennels' white and brindle bitch Rbea (Major Glendyne—Daisy Dublin), *beat* American Coursing Kennels' white dog Living Yet (Trales-Dick's Darling).

Landseer Kennels' red dog Van's Peter (Babazoun—Carmine) *beat* H. C. Lowe's black and white dog Voltaire (Lord Neversettle—White Lips).

Maybrook Kennels' brown dog Greenshine (Mullingar—Green Finch III.) a bye.

II.

Laughed At beat Greenshine.
Light Foot beat Rear Admiral.
Battle Royal beat Van's Peter.
Princess May beat Boomerang.
Royal Crest beat White Lady.
Rbea beat Miss Dollar III.
Nancy a bye.

III.

Nancy beat Laughed At.
Light Foot beat Battle Royal.
Princess May beat Royal Crest.
Rhea a bye.

IV.

Light Foot beat Princess May.
Nancy beat Rhea.

Final.

Nancy beat Light Foot and won.

Kenmore Derby.

For puppies under 18mos., $50 cash and 50 per cent of entrance money to winner, 50 per cent. of remainder of entrance money to runner-up, balance of entrance money to dogs equal at finish.

I.

St. Patricks Kennels' brown and white dog Beau Brummel (Dingwall—Miss Kitten) *beat* Scout's Rest Kennels' brindle bitch Miss Cody (Babazoun—Daisy B.).

H. C. Lowe's white and brown dog St. Lawrence *beat* Goodland Kennels' brindle and white bitch Fanny (Jeff—Jessie).

St. Patrick's Kennels' red bitch Bird's Eye (Babazoun—Blue Belle) *beat* Nelson P. Whiting's brown dog Willis H. (Lights o' London—Little Nell).

Scout's Rest Kennels' brown and white dog Billy Taylor (Dingwall—Miss Kitten) *beat* St. Patrick Kennels' black and white dog Border Ruffian (Dingwall—Miss Kitten).

Scout's Rest Kennels' brindle bitch Boal's Hope (Babazoun—Daisy B.) *beat* E. H. Shaw's red dog Beaconsfield (Babazoun—Daisy B.).

H. C. Lowe's brown bitch Melitta (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* St. Patrick Kennels' brown and white bitch Bonny Bell (Dingwall—Miss Kitten).

St. Patrick Kennels' brindle and white bitch Bon Bon, a bye.

II.

St. Lawrence beat Beau Brummel.
Bird's Eye beat Billy Taylor.
Bon Bon beat Boal's Hope.
Melitta a bye.

III.

St. Lawrence beat Bird's Eye.
Melitta beat Bon Bon.

Final.

H. C. Lowe's St. Lawrence and Melitta (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) divided.

There will also be held a large open meeting at Winfield the week following Oct. 31, and we understand that there will be a meeting held in Corticana, Texas, Nov. 7. At the Leoti meeting, Oct. 24, Mr. Mulcaster will judge and Mr. Cockran slip.

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Brunswick Fur Club Field Trials.

NORTH ACTON, Mass., Oct. 23.—The fifth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will begin here to-morrow morning with the running of the Derby. Many sportsmen have already arrived, and among the hounds present are representatives of the Portsmouth (N. H.) Hunt Club, the Popple Camp pack, of Phillipston, Mass., the Firgrove pack, of Digby, Nova Scotia, the Oxford (Mass.) pack, and the Sandy Spring (Md.) pack. Others are expected this evening, among them the pick of the White Oak Hill Kennels' pack, of Poland, Me.

As I write the rain is falling fast and there is every prospect of a northeast storm, but the weather-wise predict clear skies for to-morrow, and all are hoping that the prophets are not mistaken. The entries will be made and the judges selected at the club meeting this evening, too late to catch the last mail from this little village. With good weather the trials promise to be a success. BRADLEY.

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Mr. W. F. Lamonby, who is the keeper of the Greyhound Stud Book, is the well-known coursing reporter who covered Scotland and the North of England for the *Field* up to 1882 (seventeen years in all) under the *nom de plume* of "Skiddaw." After this he went to Australia on an engagement which lasted ten years, finally returning to England he accepted an appointment on the *Field*, which was followed by his election as keeper of the Stud Book on the death of Mr. David Brown (Maida).

New England Beagle Club All-Age Entries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed find All-Age entries of the N. E. B. C., which closed Oct. 14 with 21 entries, which, with the 11 Derby entries, make a total of 32 in all classes:

CLASS A, DOGS AND BITCHES, 13 TO 15IN.

LONIE FITZ LEE—H. A. P. Smith's dog (Fitz Hugh Lee—Maid).
DAISY—Thomas Shallcross's bitch.
KITTY—E. O. Comforth's bitch (Rowdy—Music).
SNOW—Ed Marshall's bitch (Stormy—Lucy).
MODEL—Ed Marshall's dog (Stormy—June M.).
JACK BANNERMAN—H. L. Kreuder's dog (Bannerman—Kate).
GRAYBURN DAISY—H. L. Kreuder's bitch (Joe—Grayburn Gyr).
FANNY RACER—H. L. Kreuder's bitch (Racer, Jr.—Nellie).
GYPSEY A.—F. W. Chapman's bitch (Kenneally's Lee—Tune).
MARGUERITE—F. W. Chapman's bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Dido).
JENNIE OF ORLAND—F. W. Chapman's bitch (Spot of Orland—Fannie S.).
VICK R.—H. V. Jamieson's bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Nell).

CLASS B, DOGS AND BITCHES, 13IN. AND UNDER.

ADAM—Ed Marshall's dog (Sport—Trill).
LADY NOVICE—A. D. Fisk's bitch (The Rambler—Lady Vic).
CHAMPION LOU—H. L. Kreuder's bitch (Keno—Fly).
MOLLIE DEAN—F. W. Chapman's bitch (Sam—Baby Dean).
LITTLE LEE—F. W. Chapman's dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Dill).
GYPSEY FOREST—H. V. Jamieson's bitch (Frank Forest—Sue Forest).

CLASS E—CHAMPION CLASS, 13IN. AND UNDER.

ZILLAH—H. L. Kreuder's bitch (Racer, Jr.—Nellie).
CLYDE—B. S. Turpin's dog (Frank Forest—Sue Forest).

CLASS F—BASSETS AND DACHSHUNDS.

ROCADER—F. W. Chapman's dog (Mauprat—Lottie).

W. S. CLARKE, Secretary.

LINDEN, Mass.

Make the N. G. C. a Coursing Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice your paragraph in regard to a proposed National Coursing Club and also your remarks about coursing men not being inclined to have their affairs controlled by officers of a club which has little affinity with coursing. The idea seems just, too.

In England the principal coursing meetings are held under the jurisdiction of the National Coursing Club, whose officers are men identified with coursing. We find the same thing in racing circles. I don't think it right that a party of men in New York who are not conversant with coursing in the West should be a court of last resort and adjudicate upon important points, which are bound to crop up when coursing becomes more general. I would suggest, instead of organizing a new club, that the name National Greyhound Club be retained, but at the annual meeting elect only such officers as take part in coursing and let the list be largely composed of Western men, such as the Bartels, H. C. Lowe, C. G. Page, Dr. Van Hummel, and other men connected with the coursing clubs out West, together with Messrs. Nelson and Watson in the East.

To preserve the bench element in the club I would suggest that a dog show executive committee be elected composed of those members who are principally interested in dog shows and who take no practical interest in coursing. In this way the whole ground could be covered, the club be kept intact and its membership greatly increased. At one of the principal coursing meetings the club could hold its annual meeting, etc. The dog show end of the club could hold its meeting any time in New York and attend to what little business there is in this connection. The club could issue its own stud book and conduct its affairs exactly on the lines of the National Coursing Club of England.

The reports of coursing meetings past and notice of those to come show that we may expect a boom in this particular sport, and I think it would be well to take time by the forelock and organize now. I have only given my own impressions on the subject, but perhaps some other greyhound man or courser can suggest something better. CORSAIR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 19.

Northwestern Beagle Club of America.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 18.—The following entries were made for the Northwestern Beagle Club's field trials, which take place at Whitewater, Wis., on Nov. 1:

Class A.—Dillingham & Rummele enter Base; G. A. Buckstaff, Royal Rover and Ilwaco; Chas. Niss, King Lead.

Class B.—Dillingham & Rummele, Panic; Chas. Niss, Queen Singer; Truman Sears, Nannie; F. W. Bender, Lottie.

Class C.—Truman Sears, Rags; Theo. Zschetzsche, Judy.

Class D.—G. A. Buckstaff, Ilwaco; Edward Bender, Little Coony Duke; Dillingham & Rummele, Mayfly and Dot D.; Louis Steffen, Tony W.

Hotel accommodations have been secured for all that wish to attend the trials. LOUIS STEFFEN, Sec'y.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

James Ellis, Hyannis, Mass., one of the best known fox hunters in southeastern Massachusetts, is dead at a good old age.

Mr. H. W. Smith, of Worcester, Mass., is at Mount Morris, where he is staying to indulge in ten days' hunting with the Gennessee Valley hounds.

An adjourned meeting of the new San Francisco Coursing Club was held Oct. 13, Dominick Shannon in the chair. Ten new members were elected and the whole membership is now twenty-three, instead of fifty as stated last week. An open meeting will be held at Newark Park on Thanksgiving Day for all-age dogs with a $5 nomination, also a puppy stake for members at $2.50 entrance. The stock of hares already in the park will be increased by a strong lot from the plains of Merced.

Yachting.

THE letter from Col. Norton in another column is interesting in bringing to light a certain foundation of which we, in common with many others, were ignorant, for the story told after every international race. At the same time the fact remains that the origin of the Cup is unknown to most Americans, and they still cling tenaciously to the royal flavor with which Time has incrusted the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup. The letter, which we reprint from the *Sun*, gives a new and picturesque version, for which we believe there is not even the foundation of a comic cartoon.

IN view of what we have repeatedly written about the America and the first race, Col. Norton's charge of belittling the part played by the American yacht is hardly called for. Leaving aside all heroics and patriotic feeling, the first race was on its technical merits a drifting match, and no fair test, one way or the other; and it would have been nothing out of the common if one of the small cutters had drifted in an hour ahead of the big schooner. The mere story of this one race gives no proof of the America's superiority, and no justification for the buncombe which has been printed for nearly half a century. Even if she had lost the race, the fact would have been none the less patent that she was years ahead in design of the whole British fleet. In order to understand fully the America's superiority, which was fully conceded in England, it is necessary to follow her history from the time she arrived at Havre until she was finally sold after the race. On this showing it will be found that she represented a new departure and distinct advance in designing. Important as they are, the great points of difference between the America and her British competitors are unknown to most Americans, and her fame rests on one drifting match and on the fondly cherished delusion that the America's Cup was once touched by the hand of Royalty.

THE America's visit to England, her great superiority of model, her freely conceded speed, and the immediate attempts to imitate her, all mark an important epoch in yachting. The winning of one drifting race sailed without time allowance at the request of her owners is of itself a trivial incident that in no way merits the fame which has attended it.

THE question of the merits of Valkyrie and Colonia has been raised in the course of the Cup races, and the Atlantic Y. C. even went so far as to offer a prize of $500 for a race between them, which offer, however, was not accepted. After the last Cup race, however, there is little ground for doubt that Valkyrie would easily defeat the Herreshoff keel.

DURING the week the *Sun* has published two contributions to history, which we allude to elsewhere, both being incorrect. The best story of the America's visit is that told by Mr. G. L. Schuyler many years ago, a story that is presumably correct.

How easily errors occur in matters of history is shown by the letter of Captain Beckwith to the New York *Herald*, which we reprint this week. Twenty years hence this same letter may be unearthed from musty files of the *Herald* as conclusive evidence concerning Vigilant and Valkyrie. The letter in itself is a curious instance of inaccurate observation, but what is most remarkable is the *Herald's* course in the matter. After publishing a statement which could not fail to arouse general denial, it disposes of the whole matter as follows: "The *Herald* is in receipt of scores of letters taking exception to Mr. L. F. Beckwith's communication, 'Won Fairly by the Vigilant,' published in the *Herald* of Oct. 20. While the *Herald* would like to oblige all its correspondents, it does not care to open a controversy on the subject."

VOLUNTEER is now at Lawley's yard, where she is being altered back to the cutter rig which she carried before being lengthened in 1890. It is not known whether Com. Forbes will race her regularly next year, but with a full racing rig her possible performances with the fleet of 1893 would be of the highest importance.

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.

NOT only are the races for the America's Cup finished, but the two competing yachts have been laid up, their crews have been disbanded, Lord Dunraven and his friends have left for home, and the yachting world, with a feeling of relief that the excitement is at last over, has settled quietly down to talk first and think afterward through the winter. The contest has been marked by the best of feeling on each side, the visitors have made many friends here and no effort has been spared in making their stay in New York a pleasant one. The Atlantic Y. C., with its very convenient house and station at Bay Ridge, has been in a position to render special courtesies to Lord Dunraven and his party, and by invitation of the club they have made their head quarters during the races at the club house. Messrs. Watson and Ratsey staying there all the time, while Lord Dunraven slept and dined there very frequently.

The New York Y. C. has not been lacking in its accustomed hospitality, and on the Monday after Lord Dunraven's arrival a dinner was tendered him by Mr. J. D. Smith, of the Cup Committee, at Delmonico's. There were present the Earl of Dunraven, Marquis of Ormonde, Vice-Commodore Royal Yacht Squadron; Lord Wolverton, Hon. Hercules Robert Langrishe, Hon. Arthur Paget, Com. E. D. Morgan, N.Y.Y.C.; Vice-Com. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., N.Y.Y.C.; Rear Com. Archibald Rogers, N.Y.Y.C.; Sec'y J. V. S. Oddie, N.Y.Y.C.; Latham A. Fish, J. Frederic Tams and A. Cass Canfield, of the America's Cup Committee; Charles Kerr, brother-in-law of Lord Dunraven; ex-Com. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell, the Regatta Committe, N.Y.Y.C.; Gouverneur Kortright, Fleet Captain, N.Y.Y.C.; C. Oliver Iselin, Charles J. Paine, R. Suydam Palmer, H. Maitland Kersey, Fleet Surgeon M. J. Asch and E. T. Gerry.

On the following Sunday Admiral Belmont, of the Corinthian Y. C., gave a dinner on board the flagship Ituna to Mr. Watson, at which were present Messrs. N. G. Herreshoff, A. Cary Smith, Geo. A. Stewart, Wm. Gardner and John B. Paine. On Oct. 10 Messrs. Watson and Ratsey were the guests of Mr. John Macrea, of Bensonburst, at the Montauk Club in Brooklyn, there being present J. Rogers Maxwell, Col. Ketchum, vice-commodore Atlantic Y. C.; Major J. Fred Ackerman and H. J. Gielow. On Oct. 12 Vice-Com. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., gave a dinner at the Union Club to Lord Dunraven and his friends. On the evening of Oct. 17 Lord Dunraven was the guest of Mr. C. Oliver Iselin at the Knickerbocker Club, a number of yachtsmen being present, and after dinner the party repaired to the New York Y. C., where a reception in honor of Lord Dunraven was held. On Oct. 14 three of the visitors, the Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Wolverton and Hon. Hercules R. Langrishe, sailed for Liverpool on the Lucania, and on Oct. 18 Lord and Lady Dunraven, with their daughters, and Mr. Charles Kerr sailed on the Majestic. Messrs. Watson and Ratsey have been on a trip around Lake Ontario during the past week, and will sail on Oct. 25.

On Oct. 21 Captain Cranfield and Valkyrie's crew spent the evening at the Union Square Theater, by invitation of Mr. Keith, the manager. On Monday night a grand dinner was given in their honor by the Yachtmasters' and Engineers' Association, of South Brooklyn, and on Wednesday they sailed on the Teutonic.

On Oct. 16 the New Rochelle Y. C. held a reception in its club house in honor of Mr. Iselin, a large number of yachtsmen being present. In spite of the modesty of Vigilant's designer, it is quite probable that an attempt will be made to do him honor through a public reception in Providence.

Lord Wolverton is reported as a part owner with Lord Dunraven in Valkyrie. The full list of the Vigilant syndicate has only lately been made public, as follows: E. D. Morgan, C. Oliver Iselin, Perry Belmont, August Belmont, Oliver Belmont, Charles R. Flint, Chester W. Chapin, George C. Clark, Henry Morris (representing the late H. Astor Carey), E. M. Fulton, Jr., Cornelius Vanderbilt, Dr. W. Barton Hopkins, A. Iselin.

In the races Mr. Charles Kerr, Lord Dunraven's brother-in-law, sailed on Vigilant as the representative of Valkyrie. Rear-Com. Archibald Rogers sailed on Valkyrie in the first four races. Mr. R. S. Palmer representing Vigilant in the final race. Mr. Lloyd Phœnix was originally requested to act as referee in case of any dispute, but declined to do so and no other was chosen.

The management of the races was entirely in the hands of the regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Irving Grinnell and Chester Griswold, but with them on the May were the four members of the Cup committee, Messrs. J. D. Smith, A. Cass Canfield, J. Frederick Tams and Latham A. Fish.

Vigilant was taken to New Rochelle on the Saturday after the last race; she was gaily decorated with colors from truck to boom and bowsprit end, and both of her tenders, the Commander and the Hattie Palmer, were similarly attired in her honor. All the way from Bay Ridge to the Sound she was greeted by whistles and lowered colors.

It has from the first been Lord Dunraven's intention to send Valkyrie home as soon as the races were over, but at the last moment he changed his mind and decided to lay her up here for the winter and to fit her out in the spring for the regular races on this side. This decision is likely to prolong the brief life of the four American boats, or at least of three of them, and to lead to the racing of the class in the club regattas of 1894, a matter for general congratulation, as in the ordinary course of events the class would probably have disappeared even more rapidly than after former races, the various syndicates naturally having no interest in racing other than for the Cup. As matters now stand it is probable that Jubilee will be properly rigged and that Colonia will be deepened in some way, by more keel or a centerboard, while Vigilant will be kept in her present form.

With them and Valkyrie, the racing next year should be far more exciting than in the present season. Thus far the four Cup defenders have been handicapped by late completion and faulty construction, and all will be in far better condition next spring. It is very doubtful whether any attempt to improve Pilgrim will be made.

It was decided by Lord Dunraven to lay ap Valkyrie at City Island, hauling her out on Hawkins's ways, but thus far she has laid at Tebo's, beside the new wharf, where she has been stripped by Capt. Cranfield and her crew.

There is so much to be learned from the series of races, each yacht displaying so many points of excellence, that any waste of time over idle excuses is to be deprecated as obscuring the real facts, but each side seems intent to have its say. Lord Dunraven has made a most favorable impression by his conduct throughout the whole negotiation and the subsequent races, but this good opinion has not been improved by the following statement, left by him to be given out after he had sailed:

"The first races, which ought to have been to windward and back, were reaches. On the first day the Valkyrie had a fluke and came out ahead. On the second day the Vigilant had a fluke and came out ahead, winning the first race.

"The first day's race was void and the second day's was won by Vigilant. That made a vast difference in the contest for the Cup, but the merits of either boat were not determined. Looking at it from that point of view the first and second races should not be considered in judging the merits of the ships.

"In the third race Valkyrie was fairly beaten, but Valkyrie was out of trim and had not enough of ballast. In our desire to conform to the 85-foot limit we sacrificed too much. We need not have been so sacrificing, for Vigilant was practically 87ft. long and we should have increased the length of our boat. This would have helped us much. Further, we were greatly interfered with by steamers, not being able to sail Valkyrie at times as we wanted to sail her. But Vigilant would have won anyway, it is my opinion, yet if it had not been for all this the difference in time at the close would not have been necessarily so great as it was.

"The fourth day's race was a single-reef breeze race and I think Valkyrie would have fairly won the race if our two spinakers had held out. This was very unfortunate, and it was very singular, too. Such an accident seldom happens. In fact, I have never known it to happen in England.

"As a total result, I don't consider that the relative merits of the two boats have been determined. I shall leave Valkyrie over here with the intention of racing the yacht next spring in America, if I can make arrangement for yacht races. I understand quite a number of cups were not raced for this year. For these I will try. The course from here to Marblehead is most excellent and Valkyrie, I think, would do more than well on them.

"I have been asked if five out of seven races would not be fairer in the matter of contest for the Cup. To be sure the element of chance would be lessened in five out of seven races, but I consider this of insufficient importance.

'To refer to the recent races again, I think the majority of them should he to windward and back. Only one race complied with that condition, and that was the last one. But nobody was at fault. Permit me also to say that I was never over-confident, although I thought Valkyrie had a good chance, and I think so still.

"Jubilee, Colonia and Vigilant—any one of them, or all—should come to England to race. In fact, I am anxious that they should do so. I do not know which would win, but it would be splendid sport, and it is for the sake of sport that I desire it."

On the other hand, while many Americans are willing to give Valkyrie credit for her performance in the last race, there are some who are busy making excuses for her coming so close to Vigilant as she did. The following letter to the *Herald* from a member of the New York Y. C. deals with one important point of the race:

To the Editor of the Herald:

In to-day's issue of the New York *Herald*, in the editorial article entitled "We Shall Keep the Cup," you say most correctly and appropriately:

"It is claimed that the Valkyrie would have won but for the splitting of her spinaker. While this is not certain—for only nine minutes elapsed between the first split and the final setting of her balloon jib as a spinaker—it does not detract from our victory. If the spinaker had not been so light it would not have split, but it was made light purposely for such advantage as might be gained thereby, and if Lord Dunraven chose a light sail when a strong one was needed he must take the hitter with the sweet."

With the single exception of the splendid article in your valuable paper and the account of the New York *Tribune*, the entire daily press of New York have hastily taken the ground that the accident to the Valkyrie's spinaker lost her the race. This universal inference could only come from people who did not see the race, as it is false as to the facts and hasty as to the erroneous conclusion.

I was present on the steamer St. John during the whole race and carefully observed every course of the two boats.

When the accident occurred the Vigilant had some time previous to it passed the Valkyrie, taking the lead which she kept to the end of the race. She was about a mile ahead of the Valkyrie at this moment, and the accident to the English boat in the rear could not have any possible action whatever as affecting the Vigilant, which had already taken the lead in a glorious victory.

It is absolutely necessary to dispel at once the erroneous general impression of the public, and I respectfully ask your assistance in setting forth its correction and calling the attention of the public to it through the editorial columns of your great paper. It cannot be done too soon before the wrong impression becomes established.

Every person who attended the race cannot, if his testimony is called upon, do otherwise than support my statement of the facts, and as a yachtsman myself, owning a sailing yacht, the sloop Vixen, I am fully competent to give my opinion.

LEONARD FORBES BECKWITH,
NEW YORK Y. C., Oct. 18. Captain sloop yacht Vixen.

Unfortunately for the observer who would correct so many others equally well placed and equally competent, his statement of the occurrence is contradicted by well-established facts; he is doubtless perfectly honest in his belief, but he saw very imperfectly the various incidents of the race. Our own observation is borne out by many printed accounts, as well as by the testimony of many spectators. Referring to notes taken with great care from a position just abeam of the two yachts, we have recorded that at 3:29 Vigilant ran to windward of Valkyrie, the latter's spinaker coming in as Vigilant came on her beam. At 3:32 a spinaker was set on Valkyrie which instantly split, falling into the water and dragging under the bow, and not until 3:38 was the third spinaker set. From our position to leeward of the big jibtopsail, it was not possible to distinguish just which spinakers were set, and the tear in the first one was not visible, though the whole performance of taking in the first sail and setting the second and third was distinctly seen.

The exact order of events, as determined afterward by careful inquiry was as follows: The first spinaker, set at the turn, was of heavy Scotch linen, and very strong, quite the equal of anything used on this side. The sail was set flying, in English fashion, a serious mistake in so strong a wind, and the foot caught on the steel bowsprit bitts, making two tears each about a yard long, and close together. Each of these tears was hastily lashed with twine at the hem and the sail sheeted out, but one lashing slipped off, and with such a strain on a raw edge of cloth, the sail could not be properly sheeted down, but was constantly lifting and bellying far out.

Valkyrie ran for some 50 minutes with the sail holding, but when Vigilant covered her the spinaker lifted and went over the stay, catching in a topsail hank and starting a tear half way up the leach. When the sail filled suddenly after Vigilant drew ahead, this tear ran across, rendering it useless. It was instantly taken in and the only other spinaker, the very light one, of a finer grade of Scotch linen, was set in a manner that does credit to the crew, but almost as a matter of course it hurst under such a strain, for which it was never intended. Some time was lost in getting it aboard, and in all nine minutes elapsed before the third sail, the "bowsprit spinaker," or what is called here a "balloonjibtopsail," was set.

This we believe to be the true statements of the facts; but if any proof be needed of the incorrect judgment formed by Captain Beckwith it may be found in his estimate that Vigilant was about a mile ahead when Valkyrie's spinaker split. The average speed of Vigilant down wind was 12 knots, or say 13 for the last few miles, at which speed she would cover one mile in about 4½ minutes. She crossed the line 2 minutes and 13 seconds ahead of Valkyrie, or less than half a mile in distance, and yet Captain Beckwith claims that when Valkyrie's spinaker split, some twenty minutes before, Vigilant was a mile in the lead.

The mere winning or losing of a race by a few seconds more or less speaks little for the merits of a yacht, and the present question has received so much notice only from the fact that this was the closest race ever sailed for the Cup. While the matter is hardly worth disputing, it does seem that 40 seconds might very easily be lost to a yacht for 9 minutes without a spinaker, a torn sail dragging under her bows for a part of the time and her crew running about the deck.

The *Herald's* statement that the first spinaker split because it was too light is all nonsense; the two sails were probably confused by the *Herald* writer. While we believe thoroughly that Valkyrie would have won had her spinaker held, we are just as firmly convinced that if Vigilant had been handled in the same way as Valkyrie she would have never passed the other. We did not at first credit the statement that

Valkyrie sprung her mast on the windward work, and that Captain Cranfield did not dare to put sail on; but such has proved to be the case, as the mast has been condemned and a new one ordered for next season, the stick having split just below the hounds. Further than this, we understand that Valkyrie dropped her topsail yards overboard before the start, not expecting to use them, a refinement of racing which has mainly come in this season and which is not to be commended.

We cannot speak as to the exact condition of Valkyrie's mast, and the possible danger of a serious disaster in carrying it away; but there are some instructive points of comparison which present themselves in connection with the latter half of a race that promises to be historical. Valkyrie set her first spinaker admirably, taking barely two minutes to do it, but the sail should have been set in stops and broken out, in which case it could have been better tacked down. She should, had her mast permitted it, have set a balloon jibtopsail at once, instead of the large jibtopsail; and she should then have set a clubtopsail, even though her small reef might not have paid for the trouble of shaking out. The work with the torn spinakers was beyond criticism, the crew worked rapidly and dextrously under very discouraging circumstances.

Vigilant was very slow with her spinaker, taking at least 5m., and then the sail was not tacked down. She was also in trouble with her balloon jibtopsail, the spinaker fouling on a hank, just as in Valkyrie, and being cleared after some delay by a man who went down the stay. Apart from these two blunders, or mishaps, the work on the run was deserving of the highest praise. Every chance was taken in piling on light sails in a strong and rising wind, and the work of shaking out the reef, lashing the working topsail and setting the clubtopsail over it was done rapidly and skillfully.

It is also a question as to the exact merits of the rigging on the two yachts, that on Valkyrie is certainly strong and heavy enough, and yet her mast sprung, the result, probably, of a long and heavy gaff. Opinions differ as to the exact merit of the rigging which Mr. Herreshoff has put on Vigilant and Colonia; it is novel and ingenious, and has stood the test of this season successfully, but there is a question yet as to its durability, and more than eight or nine races, nearly all in light weather, will be required to settle it. The mastlead shrouds and the double stays down the foreside of the mast certainly hold the spar perfectly to all appearances, but it is a question with many experienced sailors whether the large number of stays and the necessity for the perfect adjustment of the strain on each is not in itself a serious element of weakness.

On behalf of Vigilant's performance in this race, it has been urged by her friends that the centerboard was not working properly, but there is good ground for doubt as to the material loss from this cause Mr. Iselin states that the board could only be lowered 11ft., but this means a total draft of at least 25ft, which it is claimed is inadequate for proper windward work. Just how deep Vigilant's board can be dropped we do not know, but it would seem as though a draft of 25ft. should be nearly enough for an American centerboard sloop to work with, and that the lack of greater draft could hardly be a serious hindrance. In many of the large centerboard boats, such as Volunteer and Lasca, the best windward work is done with much less than the whole drop of the board. Off the wind the board was raised by a tackle until but 5ft. projected below the keel, and as this is of polished Tobin bronze the resistance could hardly be serious in view of the wide keel which Valkyrie managed to carry to leeward.

To our mind the remarks of the *Herald* concerning Valkyrie's light spinaker, as quoted in Capt. Beckwith's letter, apply very closely to the loaded centerboard of great size. A weight of three or four tons, loosely hung beneath the boat, supported by a chain which is inaccessible save by the aid of a diver, is a most undesirable and unseaworthy appliance, and puts a new aspect on the question of the centerboard in seagoing vessels. Both Navahoe and Vigilant have experienced trouble with the lifting gear or chain, and it is easy to imagine that the parting of the chain, even in such a sea as in the last race, while not a remote contingency, might be a most serious one, involving even the loss fo the vessel.

In the various comments both in England and America, on the result of the races, there is evident quite a general disposition to make the centerboard, as of old, the great point of difference. In the case of the English, who know little or nothing about centerboard boats, as has been repeatedly proved, this may be excused; but American yachtsmen have had before them for some years a far wider series of practical demonstrations, which should have disabused them of ancient fallacies, and of theories which, though once correct, are now obsolete.

Leaving out the question of rig, which has disappeared in the universal adoption of a modified and improved cutter rig by both sides, the original issue of centerboard *vs.* keel involved two vital points of design—power and lateral resistance. The centerboard sloop embodied the idea of an excess of power at all moderate angles of heel, derived from excessive beam, and of ample lateral plane in a most effective form in the centerboard. The keel cutter, on the contrary, through her narrow beam and low lead, possessed a very moderate amount of power at normal sailing angles, though coupled with an unlimited reserve for purposes of safety; and her lateral plane, dependent on the form of the hull alone, was but moderate in area and ineffective through its curved form and the great angle of heel.

It requires no deep knowledge of designing or naval architecture to perceive that these old and extreme points of difference no longer exist in the two vessels now under discussion. Both possess ample power for match sailing, as well as reserve stability for mere safety from capsize, through their great beam and extreme low lead Both also possess a very large and effective lateral plane in the hull alone, apart from the centerboard; even in Vigilant the board is not required for windward work in cruising or ordinary sailing, but only in racing, and with the centerboard fully housed, or with the slot filled with lead, she would unquestionably defeat any keel cutter built before this year, such as Thistle, Iverna, Irex or Genesta.

In the old type of boat the board was everything; with it jammed, lost or otherwise disabled, the boat was a helpless hulk so far as windward work was concerned; but in Vigilant the board has shrunken to the position of a mere auxiliary, intended to give a necessary but very moderate increase of weatherly ability. While Vigilant would unquestionably be slower than Valkyrie without her board, just as is Colonia, it is by no means the case that Valkyrie could be made in any way better to windward by the addition of a board; in fact she stands nearly or quite even with Vigilant to-day in pointing and in holding on, in this respect presenting a very marked contrast with all of the older cutters that have raced for the Cup. There is no denying the equality, if not the absolute superiority, of the keel over the centerboard in the 30, 40 and 46ft. classes, and Valkyrie has shown herself as a boat of remarkable weatherly power in the largest class.

Valkyrie certainly would not be improved by the addition of a centerboard; and on the other hand, there is good proof that Vigilant, if deprived of her board, could be made quite as fast and weatherly by the addition of a deeper keel.

Assuming for the moment that with an increase of draft of about 3ft., making her as deep as Valkyrie, Vigilant would be as fast as she now is with a centerboard, the main points of difference are more clearly visible. In the first place Vigilant's driving power is greater by 12 per cent, a radical difference in the average racing weather. No less important is the extra beam of 3 to 4ft, coupled with an extreme hollow section with its higher center of buoyancy and an equally low center of gravity.

It is no longer a case of moderate beam and ample power against narrow beam and insufficient power; but of extreme power and extreme high power against moderate beam and absolutely high power. In short, the superior speed which we freely concede to Vigilant in topsail breezes, is not due, as in the case of Thistle and Genesta, to marked deficiences as compared with the new American yachts of their class; but solely to the fact that in her the designer has gone to far greater extremes in dimensions and power than his predecessors have deemed necessary or expedient; and in doing this he has produced a vessel that, while very fast under certain conditions, is nearer to the machine and further than anything of her size before floated from that vague ideal which we all cherish of a sailorman's yacht.

Whether such an advance is either legitimate or desirable is hardly a matter for discussion in the present state of yachting, when the best of authorities either have no opinions on the question of restricting design and encouraging or discouraging certain types, or else are afraid to express them. With perhaps certain reservations in the matter of unlimited crew and the measurement of the waterline, we are content to assume that Mr. Herreshoff has acted fairly and wisely in introducing in the largest class a type which, by general consent, has heretofore been confined to yachts of 40ft. and under; but we do wish to point out clearly and emphatically to English and Americans alike, that in these great modern racers the question of keel or centerboard is solely one of detail, and that the real essence of the discussion lies in the application of extreme power on a given length, to meet certain conditions which generally, but not invariably, decide the winner in American racing.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

The first general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York at 10 A. M., Thursday, Nov. 16, 1893. Through the courtesy of the president and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the meetings will be held in the rooms of that society, No. 12 West Thirty-first street, the sessions extending through Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16 and 17.

The society was organized last winter with every prospect of success, the leading men in shipbuilding circles being interested in it. At the coming meeting some fourteen papers will be read,

How a Yacht Race is Reported.

The problem of publishing in an evening newspaper on the days when they were held accurate descriptions of the races for the America's Cup, sailed as they were on the ocean, for the most part out of distinct sight, at least of land, was solved by the *Evening Post* by recourse to rather unusual means. The progress of each race was related in the successive editions up to the point reached a few minutes before the appearance of the paper on the streets, and in an extra edition, issued in as short a time after the finish gun proclaimed the result, the story of the whole race was told, in some detail.

The races, as is well known, were begun at Sandy Hook Lightship, which is anchored eight miles from the point of Sandy Hook—the nearest land—and about the same distance from the Navesink and Atlantic Highlands of New Jersey the highest points within sight, and eleven, nine and twelve miles respectively from Coney Island, Rockaway and Far Rockaway—the only available place for observation from the Long Island shore. At all of these places it was necessary to establish the best obtainable means of observation, so as to provide against the chances of failure at any of them on account of fog, interference by passing vessels or the attending fleet, or any other of numerous possible causes of mistake or delay. To make the most of these coigns of vantage, such as they were, it was essential to have at each of them telescopes of great power. Even from Sandy Hook or the hills at the Highlands the naked eye, under the most favorable conditions, was useless at such a distance. These glasses are not easily obtained; they are very costly and of such size that the transportation of them, nicely adjusted and fragile as they are, is a difficult matter, especially to places so comparatively inaccessible as are those mentioned, most of them being used chiefly by the marine observers, who report the arrival of the incoming ships. These men, by the way, have strong glasses for their work, but even they have been found inadequate for following these yacht races with distinctness; the marine observers are satisfied if they can make out large steamers after they pass the lightship; the reporters had to distinguish small yachts starting from the lightship from among a great fleet of other boats, and keep track of them fifteen miles further away, that is, for a distance in one case of nearly twenty-three miles from the Highlands.

One of the glasses used there was an astronomical telescope, requiring the services of three men to carry, and with a maximum magnifying power of 400. Lower-power lenses could be substituted in case of fog or haze. An observer thoroughly accustomed to the use of the glass and calculations of distances by means of it is the best effective use of this fine instrument. As an instance of its power it may be mentioned that in one of the races over the course, fifteen miles to windward and return, the time of turning the outer stakeboat, twenty-one miles from where the glass was mounted, as taken through it, was within six seconds of Vigilaut's official time and nine seconds of Valkyrie's, stop-watches being employed to obtain the record as accurately as possible. The apparent horizon from this elevated point was about twenty-three miles distant. To insure safe carriage of this telescope it had to be conveyed from its owner's house near this city to the Highlands by wagon.

In addition to these places, which were useful principally for viewing the start and finish, other stations were set up further along the coasts of New Jersey and Long Island, so as to make sure of having observers constantly as near to the racing yachts as practicable. The direction of the two courses over which the races were sailed alternately was governed by the wind prevailing at the time of the start, and the line followed by the yachts might at any time be affected by changes of the breeze, as it actually was on more than one occasion. Course No. 1, for instance, fifteen miles against the wind and back, might be from the Lightship to a stakeboat at a point more or less off shore from Long Beach on the Long Island side or from Asbury Park on the New Jersey side, or it might be straight out to sea. In the first case Rockaway, Far Rockaway, Long Beach and Fire Island were the points from which to see it. In the last the progress of the race was most distinctly in view from Seabright, Long Brauch and Asbury Park. In the event of a course straight out to sea each of these points might at times be found successively the best, as the yachts in going to windward must tack first toward one shore, then to another. The same was true of course No. 2, thirty miles around an equilateral triangle beginning at the same place as the other, except that for this course no observers were needed as far away as Asbury Park or Fire Island, as the stakeboats would not be anchored far beyond Far Rockaway near the one shore or Long Branch near the other.

But while it was of prime importance that the reporters at these points should have the best possible means of seeing the race, their observations were worthless in New York unless their reports could be transmitted here without loss of an instant that could be saved. To guard against this the men had command of special rapid telegraph operators, with telegraph instruments as near to them as they could be set up, and assistants ready to carry to the wires each sentence as it was written. In some instances long-distance telephones were pressed into the urgent service with good results.

By these means every movement of the yachts was flashed to the office in New York as quickly as what was seen could be sent, by fingers deft in writing and telegraph ticking, or by voice over the electric wires.

But experience had taught that the best observations from shore, no matter how powerful the glasses or how numerous the lines of vision, were not absolutely to be relied upon. When the yachts were running along a straight line before the wind or on a broad reach, their relative positions and speed might be determined with fair accuracy, but in the fight against the wind, where short tacks were the order and windward position rather than speed through the water was the measure of advantage, only those who followed the race on boats could properly describe its progress. Formerly this was left to the newspaper of the next morning to do. This time the evening newspaper, whose object it is to publish all the news of the day that can be secured, wherever it originates, before the paper goes to press, determined that the yacht races, in which public interest was so great, should be no exception to its rule of forestalling the belated morning paper.

Two of the fastest ocean tugs in the harbor were chartered, boats able to steam at a high rate of speed in any sea. They were provided with surf boats, a life-line cannon for throwing a projectile ashore carrying with it a rope, twenty homing pigeons of tested speed, and telegraph operators who could be landed at any point along the Long Island or New Jersey shores. It was the duty of one of these tugs to follow the yachts from their anchorage at Bay Ridge to the starting point, and thence over the course from start to finish. From time to time a pigeon was sent off, bearing a message telling of the race, to cotes at Tompkinsville, S. I., and Seabright, N. J. The birds had been trained to this work during the month before the races by being taken out every day and released near Sandy Hook. In this way they became accustomed to the routes they had to travel during the races, and by the time of the first race had improved greatly in speed and precision, one of them which took forty-eight minutes to fly from Sandy Hook Point on its first practice flight to Tompkinsville having covered the distance the day before the race in twenty-four minutes. So as to make the most of these swift carriers, a typewriter was used on the tug, by means of which as many words as possible might be put on the single sheet of tissue paper with which a bird may be safely freighted. The best work done in this way was by a pigeon which bore a sheet containing 821 words from a point six miles east of the Lightship to Tompkinsville in forty-eight minutes. From Seabright and Tompkinsville these messages were telegraphed or telephoned. By one of these pigeons news of the accident to Valkyrie that delayed the start of the last race was brought to this city before the committee on the flagship knew of it.

The second tug was employed as a tender to the other. Its part was to carry "copy"—that is, the accounts of the race written on the first tug—to the nearest point of land. A watertight tin can was used for making the transfer from one tug to the other. The manuscript was wrapped in canvas and placed in the tin box, to which was attached a strong line. This line was thrown from the first tug to the tender, as it was generally impossible to bring the tugs together in the heavy seas, and by that means the box was hauled aboard the tender through the water. All steam was then made by the second tug to a point as near land as possible, whence, if the surf permitted, the manuscript was sent ashore by the surf-boat. If the waves were so high that the boat could not safely be landed, the cannon could be brought into play, the projectile being shot across the high waves, and by means of the line it carried the tin box containing the "copy" once more pulled through the water, this time to land. If the surf-boat could be used, the telegraph operators were sent with it so as to insure speedy transmission of the message to New York. More than once the surf-boat barely escaped being swamped, and some of the men in it had a more practical taste of salt water than they bargained for when they set out for the races. Serious accident was guarded against by men stationed at places along the shore where the tug would be likely to go in. They stood by with surf-boats ready to be launched in case of emergency or to haul in the line carried to them by the projectile. A system of Morse code signals on the tug's whistle was devised to apprise the men on shore of the intentions of those on the tug, so that there might be no misunderstanding.

The same signals conveyed messages from tug to tug, when they were far apart, in case of urgency, and in this way it was found possible to report the final stages of the races from the tug which was following the yachts to the other while the latter was near shore, thus saving time in getting the news to the wires. Signal men expert in the wigwag system were also found of service for this purpose between the tugs and thence ashore, but they were only effective at comparatively close range.

The men stationed along shore were obliged to keep bicycles in readiness so as to lose no time getting to the nearest telegraph station with "copy," finding them faster in most cases than horses, where the roads were good. Once, when neither bicycle nor horse was procurable between the Atlantic Highlands and Navesink, an unattached locomotive on the Jersey Southern Railroad was found of good service in getting a report from the tug to the wires in quick time.

The attempt of an inventive genius to use kites flown from a tug to signal the position of the yachts proved impracticable.

With such numerous sources of information it will be readily imagined that the office in New York was besieged with reports while the races were on; and as the points of view along the line from which they came varied, so frequently, did the purport of the messages that came in. As the full description from the tug was received it superseded the less dependable bulletins from shore. In this way, for every column published despatches that would have filled ten probably were received, involving no little assortment and condensation. But that is an ordinary part of making a newspaper.—*Evening Post.*

More Myths.

The New York *Sun* has discovered the inventor of the centerboard in the person of a New York boatbuilder, as told in an interesting article last week. While the story may be in part correct, it is certain that the first use of the centerboard dates back some fifty years prior to the alleged date. The story brought forth the following reply, which covers all the essential points:

To the Editor of the Sun: In the *Sun* of yesterday appears, under the heading of "A Cherry Street Device," an interesting account of what purports to be the origin of the "centerboard," in which account it is claimed that this device was first brought into use by Salem Wines shortly after the year 1820. I would not detract from the merits of any man who may have assisted in the introduction of this useful feature in the modern sailing craft, and very likely much credit may be due Mr. Wines for this introduction; but for the interest of verity in history, let me say that the use of the centerboard in vessels about half a century previous to the date named for Mr. Wines's invention appears to be sufficiently well established. In the *Field* for Oct. 15, 1887, and again in the number for the week following may be found detailed particulars of the introduction of the centerboard into several vessels by the British Admiralty from 1774 onward, through the suggestion and advocacy of Admiral John Schank, the earliest of which were used upon the American lakes during the war of the Revolution. The account in the *Field* gives extracts from magazines of the period, which extracts furnish particulars of trial trips made in the summers of 1791 and 1792, with small vessels built with centerboards in them by the Government for experimental purposes. One such experiment was with the Trial, cutter, and was made off Gravesend on July 3, 1792. The same account states that the sixty-ton brig Lady Nelson, fitted with centerboards, left the Thames River for Australia, in January, 1800, and that her model is now in the Naval Museum at Greenwich. The results of these different experiments seem to have given satisfaction, but do not seem to have led to the common use of the centerboard in transatlantic vessels, and indeed for coast service, in yachts or trading vessels (excepting, perhaps, for certain ports and localities), the centerboard doubtless better meets the requirements of these waters than it does those of Europe. Very respectfully yours, John Hyslop.

The following letter is interesting merely as another erroneous version of an old tale:

"*To the Editor of the Sun:* Having a vivid recollection of the trip of the schooner America to England to capture the Queen's Cup, and that she won the said cup, and never having heard it contradicted, I submit the following: On the night preceding the race the owners on board the America were notified that the schooner America was ruled out and could not contend for the cup, as it was a rule of the club that competing yachts must be owned by but one owner, and as the America had several owners she was therefore disqualified. The next day (Aug. 21, 1851) the America sailed from Cowes at the moment the regatta sailed from Ryde, and although the distance sailed by the America was nine miles longer she beat them with ridiculous ease. Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and young Albert Edward paid a complimentary visit, however, to the winning yacht that did not get the prize. When the Queen took her leave she gave a polite invitation to the yachtsmen to visit her at Osborne. The Queen presented them with another Queen's Cup, an exact duplicate of the Queen's Cup for which they had not been allowed to compete. This is the cup that was brought home by the schooner America, and deposited by Mr. John C. Stevens and his friends in the hands of the New York Y. C., and which has ever since been the bone of contention. Respectfully submitted, T. B. Tompkins."

The First Race for the America's Cup.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Oct. 21, I notice an irreverent editorial allusion to "the touching incident of the Queen and Quartermaster. or 'Your Majesty, there is no second,'" followed by an intimation that the story had not the slightest foundation. While this may be strictly true in one sense it is not quite so true in another. If I were to assert that the story was published in good faith by a reputable London paper in 1851, I should be telling the truth, but not quite the whole of it.

If I am not mistaken it was a paper called *The Illustrated London Journal* (I quote from memory, so please do not accuse me of wilful misrepresentation), that published shortly after the America's victory, a cartoon representing the dining room of the Royal Yacht, with the Queen and her family at luncheon. To them appears the quartermaster, or as I remember the types—the "signalmaster," and the little dialogue occurs as stated.

There are a great many people even in this enlightened age, who believe that the cartoons of the comic papers are from sketches of real life. "I seen it all drawed out in *Puck* or *Life*" you may hear them say, and it is not inconceivable that certain of those who saw the original "quartermaster" accepted it as literal fact. Thus it easily began its career in the papers, and even Captain Coffin reprints it apparently in good faith in his history of the America's Cup.

A "myth" you may not improperly term the story, but like most myths it has a foundation—however slight.

By the by, since you went out of your way to belittle the margin whereby America won the Cup, wouldn't it have been just as well to mention that the race was largely a drift, and that of the seventeen English boats entered against her not one, save Aurora, was in sight at the finish. America's fame does not rest upon this race, but upon her unofficial performances in British waters, which gave her such prestige that matches could be arranged only by courtesy and to save the reputation of British yachtsmen. In those days small pains were taken to keep a yacht's powers *sub rosa*. America sailed freely about Cowes, accepting brushes with any chance craft that came along. The effect of this free and easy policy was to give the Royal Yacht Squadron such an idea of her prowess that it took a general howl of indignation from press and people to remind them that, for the credit of their flag, they must voluntarily sail to certain defeat. When once their attention was called to this, they came forward like men and took their beating with a good grace. Chas. Ledyard Norton.

A Voyage of 2,500 Miles.

W. S. Rogers and A. M. Bower, too Lansing, Mich., young men who are embued with more or less of the spirit of adventure, are about to enter upon an outing trip which if carried out as planned will, because of its length and the manner in which it is to be accomplished, prove a novel one and furnish fit material for a book of modern adventure.

Tampa, Fla., is their objective point. Starting on the Grand River, the course of that stream will be followed to its mouth, thence south and west along the coast of Lake Michigan to Chicago, where egress from the lake will be made by way of the Chicago River. From the Chicago River they will utilize the canal that forms connection with the Illinois River, which stream, when reached, will be followed to its mouth, the Mississippi. Having reached the Mississippi, that river will be made to carry them to New Orleans, where they hope to make connections with the Gulf of Mexico by way of Lake Pontchartrain. The gulf having been reached, the coast will then be followod to the end of the journey, making in all a route of nearly 2,500 miles. Messrs. Rogers and Bower are printers and are well known in this city. On several occasions heretofore both successfully made shorter journeys in a small boat, and are therefore somewhat prepared for the unexpected turn of events which always enter into a trip of this kind. Their journey, which they begin on Monday next, they hope to complete in time to take their Christmas dinner among the everglades of Florida.

The boat that is to withstand the trials and hardships of this long journey was built expressively for it. It is 18ft. in length, of the clinker pattern, with a small cabin in the stern, and is rigged with a sail at the bow which, with a pair of oars, will constitute the only means of locomotion. That the voyagers mean to enjoy their trip is shown by the variety and quantity of the furnishings of the boat. Besides the usual amount of fishing tackle, hunting outfits and the paraphernalia for camp life, they will take with them a goodly number of live fowls and other articles which will come in handy when the hunting and fishing is poor.

After spending the winter in the South, during which time some of the famous hunting grounds of Florida will be visited, the voyagers will return to Lansing by rail.—*Lansing, Mich., Exchange Clipping, sent by Dr. Julius A. Post.*

Floating a Stranded Yacht.

A PECULIAR case of wreckage and of clever salvage was that of the schooner yacht Priscilla, of New York, which went ashore two miles west of Watch Hill, Conn., in a fog on Aug. 28. The yacht has a draft of 9ft., and struck on the rocks at Napatree Point, dragged over them and went ashore on Napatree Beach, inside the point and toward Watch Hill. The ladies were landed through the surf by the lone captain of the life-saving station, as he then had no crew, and on the following day a severe storm landed the yacht well up on the beach, where it was supposed she would become a total wreck. Being a strong vessel, however, she stood the "racket" first rate, but the wreckers wanted a large sum to get her off.

The owner, Albert A. Wright, of Plainfield, N. J., with the aid of implements furnished him by Messrs. Maxson & Co., of Westerly, and others, decided to save her himself if possible, and on Sept. 28 she again slid into the water apparently as sound a yacht as ever, but at a point 1,000ft. away from where she had landed and into the Narragansett Bay instead of the ocean. By the use of jacks she was raised and a cradle placed under her, and by means of rollers she was moved over the bank to the bay side of the beach and along the shore 1,000ft. to a convenient location, where she was righted up and launched into deep water. Before launching, her seams were recalked where necessary, her bottom painted and sails again bent, and the following day she left for City Island under her own sail to have her cabin refitted. No little credit for the work is due Mr. J. Irving Maxson, who took a very practical interest in its execution.—*Marine Journal.*

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

More About Camp Sites.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If "all roads lead to Rome," and the Thousand Islands is the canoemen's Rome, as your correspondent "A Radical Conservative" would have us believe, then there are many A. C. A. men in the Eastern Division who will never see "Rome." The Thousand Island district presents many pleasant features to the tourist, or cruiser, but it is far too remote for the majority of the A. C. A. men in the United States. The ideal camp site for a camping and racing meeting should be upon waters without tides or currents, and without islands to chop up the winds. Lake Champlain has every advantage that the St. Lawrence enjoys, and has none of its drawbacks. Your correspondent before alluded to remarks that Champlain, among others, is reached practically by only one road. On the west side this is true, but that one road reaches the north fairly well, the south excellently, draining, as it were, the most populous portion of the Atlantic and Central Divisions. From the Eastern Division there are three distinct roads at least, covering that entire division. The "narrow and selfish" policy has never obtained in selecting the sites for previous meets, and probably never will. Champlain is on the extreme boundary of the Eastern Division, ditto of the Central, and is entirely away from the Atlantic Division. Canada has never been better represented at an A. C. A. meet than at that held at Jessup's Neck, excepting, of course, those held in her own waters. Champlain is central. Champlain is desirable in itself, and it is easily reached without transshipment except when the Eastern men cross the lake. My word is for Lake Champlain, and my fellow men in the eastern limits of the A. C A, will not go five or six hundred miles to a meet when the necessity does not exist. Our radical-conservative friend must be a mugwump, as the two terms do not gibe in the same breath, any more than Champlain and St. Lawrence are to be mentioned in the same category. The former is "in it," the latter is "not in it."

Now, a word about the camp. I will give my reasons for the decrease in canoeing interest at the meets, if you will have it. The deadly "dude" is responsible for it, and the women in camp are responsible for the presence of the D. D. "We don't look gay in our camp array, but we're dudes when we're in town," as that charming camp song puts it, that's a pretty sentiment, but the trouble is that we *do* look gay in our camp array. Canoemen are, as a rule, fond of getting away from the conventionalities of city and summer hotel life. Your real canoeist likes to "wear a grease spot on his pants," and when he strikes one modern meet with its spotted flannels, its "clean shaves," and its hotel mess, he never goes to another. I am speaking now of that which has fallen upon my ears about the healths of several clubs in the East. "We're dudes when we're in town," that no one will find fault with, but as for going to a "swell" A. C. A. meet the idea is incompatible with true canoeing sentiment. I want no more of it, and as it seems likely to continue as long as the women run the camp, my face will long be absent about the camp-fires of my fathers. Sorry? Sorry is no name for it, for no more enjoyable time can be imagined than a true canoeists' camp. Joy is unconfined at such, and entertainment is spontaneous and contagious. Why, we will be having printed programmes for camp-fires if this state of things continues. Stop it! ILEX.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In connection with the matter of a camp site for the '94 meet and your recent remarks as to the objectionable features of both Jessup's Neck and Chimnon's Island, it would seem a difficult matter to find a suitable site for a salt-water meet. My first A. C. A. meet was at Jessup's, and though I had trouble getting there, I enjoyed it from beginning to end. I have always thought that with good transportation facilities and a good caterer, I should be glad to go there again, and I have heard other A. C. A. men voice the same sentiments. It surely was a big meet in regard to attendance, and the interest in the racing was very notable. To be sure, it would mean lots of work for the officers. At Willsborough last year I spent two weeks. One was rainy and the other wasn't; but I enjoyed both so much that I cannot tell which pleased me the most. Every one was good-natured even in the rain—for Winne was there—and appreciated the good weather which followed; and even the "pirate" at Jessup's caused no more excitement than many of the squalls which came and went so suddenly on the lake. I received a letter from a well-known canoeist recently, and venture to quote his ideas: "As regards the big meet for '94, my views are fresh but my taste is salt. Somewhere near Norwalk Islands, if possible. New York is a good base of supplies and Norwalk is far enough away away to give us the privacy we desire. Champlain is a very satisfactory site, too, and a choice would be hard to decide upon." His views agree with mine perfectly, except that I have that lingering fondness for Peconic Bay. In connection with the last, I would add that New London has daily communication with Greenport and Sag Harbor by steamer. F. B. LEWIS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read with a good deal of interest the discussion of the next A. C. A. camp site in the last few numbers of the paper I would like to say my little say in the matter. Though an Atlantic Division member I do not like salt water meets. Jessup's Neck was bad enough according to description (I wasn't there), but if anything worse can be imagined than a bald, uninhabited island like Chimmons, with no shade, a bad beach, 6 or 7ft. rise and fall of tide, and mosquitoes galore, as a place for a canoe meet, I haven't seen it. The St. Lawrence, to my mind, cannot be beaten, especially in the neighborhood of Clayton or Gananoque. I have been there, and I know. It is a pretty far cry from anywhere south or east of New York city, but it is a case of go further and fare very much better.

I like the idea of a semi-permanent place for the camp very much. Going back to the same place, while it may lack novelty to some members, will be an added attraction to others, especially to the racers, who will be better acquainted with the waters. Add to this the greatly lessened cost and trouble to the division having the meet in charge, and the better arrangement possible, and you have such an array of advantages as completely offsets anything to be said against the idea. MAURICE D. WILT (Red Dragon C. C.).

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12.

The Racing Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Although a recruit in the ranks, I am now ready to concede the truth of the unwritten law that all canoeists are cranks, and with a desire to gain another step toward the 32d degree, I beg to express my opinions upon the subject of racing and the amelioration thereof.

In the columns of the recent editions of your paper have appeared various articles from the pen of a man, who by virtue of his years and experience possesses the ability to discern the causes of the present lack of interest in canoe racing and who is also good enough to suggest the proper remedy. I mean Vaux. His arguments concerning the changes in the A. C. A. racing rules and the gentle manner in which he handles the men who have long and loud complaints to make at the meet, and still make no effort to right the evil, are certainly to be commended.

I have never had an opportunity to attend any of the meets, but it seems to me that additional interest in the racing programme at camp can best be attained by stimulating the racing at home. The point has been raised by many that the cost of the present racing machine is enough to discourage the junior element from building. This is true enough to a certain extent, but what about the reputable canoeists of to-day who are building cruisers? La Gloria, Scarecrow, Infanta, et al. Now, Mr. Editor, I personally know a gentleman who admitted that he could not possibly have squandered (if the expression may be permitted) more money on his cruiser unless, perchance, he had utilized gold or that much abused metal, silver, for fittings.

As a matter of fact, these men are evidently not the individuals who have complained of the cost entailed in building a *fin de siècle* canoe; neither have I any desire to speak disparagingly of these rakish craft now becoming so popular. But I do contend that the genial owners of these boats are responsible for the evil, as it were, resulting from their inviting canoemen on board. Three men can be comfortably accommodated on one of these new creations, and it is easy to understand how few men, if any, are left for scrap canoe races after the various cruisers have been manned.

I am now dwelling on the affairs of the New York Canoe Club as the conditions exist to my eyes, and while I do not wish to be personal, I cannot help expressing my belief that the cruisers of this type are not a little to blame for the absence of racing men from the club house this summer. Nor does the interest in this style of craft show any signs of diminishing. On the contrary, within the last few days, I might say, there was an animated discussion at the club as to the difference between an 18-footer and an 18-rater, and as to whether or not unanimity of action in the establishment of an 18ft. class would not be advisable. It is quite possible that I am wrong as to the correct definition of the class, but the enthusiasm aroused certainly had nothing to do with canoes. What will become of canoeing if all of our racing men encourage this style of building?

Now, if I am mistaken in my theory that home racing will incite active competition at the meets, I hope some one will be kind enough to give me the tip and I will subside. In the meantime I must express my feeling of regret that interest in racing has reached that point when it becomes conspicuous by its almost total absence in such a representative organization of canoeists as is the New York C. C. And this is particularly discouraging to new men, more so in view of the fact that the location of the club at Bensonhurst affords its members every opportunity to increase their experience in sailing under such conditions of weather as exists on the St. Lawrence. Gravesend Bay is a superb body of water; the New York C. C. has among its members many prominent racing canoeists, a fleet of boats embracing the old type of cruising canoe and the modern racing machine, and still there has been no meritorious work done this year. Verily, therefore, instead of scoring the regatta committee of the A. C. A. why not start up the regatta committees of the individual clubs and give us some inducements at home and then see what happens at the meets, A. C. A. rules to the contrary. And will not the races outlined by the regatta committees keep canoeists on their sliding seats rather than on board the cruisers? J. C. MOWBRAY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.

The New York C. C.

THE accompanying picture shows the house of the New York C. C. on Oct. 15, after the storm. Fortunately the damage, though serious, is much less than at first estimated. The house has been raised, the

scow, framework and roof being in good condition, and the chief damage being to the siding. The house is now at the Erie Basin for the winter. The chief loss is to the individual members, the property in the lockers being damaged or totally spoiled, while many of the canoes are more or less damaged.

Canoeing as an Amateur Sport.

WHEN you have become discouraged over the prospect of amateur sport maintaining the hale vigor of other days, with the pernicious influence of racing bicycling on one side and the danger of degenerating into a mere tail to fashion's kite on the other—when, indeed, you have been taking yourself rather seriously, and reached the conclusion that your doll is all sawdust—pack up your grip instautly, and make a beeline for the camp of the American Canoe Association. If you happen to have this attack at a time of the year when there is no meet, hunt up the nearest canoeist of your acquaintance and "talk it over" with him.

If there is any surer or more thoroughly delightful manner of driving dull care away than idling a few days at the canoe camp, it needs a discoverer. Here the sportsman revels in the races, and rejoices that for at least a couple of days he has escaped the element of greed, becoming, alas, too apparent in so many branches of our sport; the layman saunters about the camp, attracted hither and thither by the picturesque flag decorations and the trim, graceful canoes, wondering, perhaps, at the uniform good nature that prevails everywhere.

A visit to the camp is a wholesome tonic of which our draughts cannot be too deep. It is one big family of from two to three hundred men and women on the very best of terms with one another. No one seems to have a thought for the morrow, except that it may bring forth successful races in the day, and a jolly camp-fire at night. If these enviable canoeists have cares—and where is the happy mortal free of them?—at least they are not *en evidence;* they are put aside until after camp breaks up.

And these are pure sportsmen, these canoeists; none of your mug-hunting, rule-evading variety we all know too well. No occasion here for elaborate definitions of what constitutes an amateur. Every man is a sportsman, and a sportsman requires no legislation to prompt him on such questions, any more than does an honest man need an officer of the law at his heel to keep him from stealing. As a matter of fact, the honest man is the same whether posting accounts in a banking house, paddling a canoe, riding a bicycle or playing football; the athlete who is dishonest in his sport only lacks the opportunity, or fears the consequences, to be likewise in his business. The bicyclist who evades the amateur law, makes false affidavits that he may continue to hoodwink the League of American Wheelman officials, and cheat the public, would tamper with his employer's accounts with equal complacency were the occasion offering.

The only legislation touching an amateur in the American Canoe Association official book is where it provides that "any member who is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct, or of racing for money, shall be liable and may be expelled from the A. C. A.," and it is enough.

I had come near saying that canoeing is the only competitive sport absolutely pure, but while I will not go so far, I will certainly assert that it is the farthest removed from any unwholesome tendencies. Every man pays his own expenses and the trophies are flags presented by different members of the Association, sometimes provided for by subscription among the more enthusiastic, and not infrequently the wives and sisters of the canoeists make and present them to the A. C. A.—*Caspar W. Whitney in Harper's Weekly.*

A. C. A. Membership.

CENTRAL DIVISION: Fred L. Smith, Rochester, N. Y.

The following ladies are proposed for associate membership: Mrs. A. Arnois, Miss Lou Bond, Miss Katherine F. Smith; Mrs. Howard Gray, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. C. G. Belman, Amsterdam, N. Y.

How Dr. Douglas Won the Victoria Cross.

THOSE members of the A. C. A. who have attended the meets are acquainted with Dr. C. M. Douglas, of Lakefield, Canada, the famous canoe cruiser and paddler, and inventor of the Douglas folding boat. It is generally known that Dr. Douglas is the possessor of that coveted trophy, a Victoria cross, but the story of how he won it, told as follows by a fellow canoeist, will be new to most of our readers:

When the 24th Regiment was in Burmah a detachment was dispatched to the Little Andamans Islands to rescue the captain and some of the crew of a British vessel who it was too truly surmised had fallen victims to the savages. About 20 men formed the small force under Lieut. Much, who was accompanied by Surgeon Douglas and Lieut. Glassford, the last-named as a volunteer. On arriving at their destination they landed under a discharge of arrows, and soon found conclusive evidence that their unfortunate countrymen had been barbarously murdered. When they wished to return they found that their boats were so seriously injured as to be useless. Efforts were made to get off on a raft, but the nature of the coast made this impossible. Seeing the evident plight of their companions Dr. Douglas and Privates Murphy, Cooper, Bell and Griffiths, of the 24th, manned the second gig and made their way through the surf almost to the shore. Finding their boats half filled with water they returned, but only to make a second attempt, which proved successful. Dr. Douglas and his crew managing to convey five of the party which had landed safely through the surf to the boats outside. On a third trip he removed the remainder, all being rescued except Lieut. Glassford, who was drowned. The official report eulogizes the "intrepid, cool and collected" manner in which Dr. Douglas and his comrades achieved their heroic task, and it is satisfactory to record that the statutes of the order were for this occasion strained a little to enable these five gallant men to receive the guerdon of the "Victoria Cross."

Amendments to A. C. A. Rules.

IN order to be voted on at the coming meeting of the A. C. A. executive committee on Nov. 4, all amendments to the constitution and sailing rules must be published in the present issue of the FOREST AND STREAM. The regatta committee offers the following suggestions: A rule is needed for defining whether a man may use more than one canoe at any meet, as in a special race, say for open canoes. The rule in the combined race should be made more explicit, so as to bar all standing rigs that do not permit of the sail lowering on the mast, or in which the mast has to be unshipped to lower the sail.

The retiring secretary-treasurer, Mr. Burns, calls attention to the limitation to the centerboard in Rule I. as now printed, and suggests that it be removed.

The following amendments have also been suggested:

Rule IX., third line, after word "appeal," strike out words "and the decision, if unanimous, shall be final; if not unanimous."

Rule XII., second line, after word "disabled" add "for back strokes."

Rule XIX., second line, strike out words "with the wind free."

Rear-Com. C. G. Belman suggests the following amendment to the constitution, Article 4, Section 1: Honorary members may be elected by a unanimous vote of the executive committee, providing that they have been in attendance at a regular A. C. A. meet no less than three years.

A proposal is made by Mr. F. R. Webb to correct an error in the boundaries of the Atlantic Division, making the reading, "Along the middle range of the Alleghany Mountains."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE Zettler Rifle Club brought its summer shoot at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park to a close on Oct. 22. The attendance during the season has been rather unsatisfactory. Only 13 members filled out their scores, leaving three prizes to fall back into the treasury. When the programme was made up it was expected that there would be an average attendance of at least the full number of the prizes on the programme. But bad business and want of interest upon the part of the members, has caused the unsatisfactory results. On the last shoot Fred. C. Ross made the brilliant score of 234 points out of a possible 250. Henry Holges was also in good form, and shot himself into the second position on the prize list. Chas. C. Wissel, the proprietor of the park, after the close of the shoot invited those present to partake of a venison dinner which he had gotten up for the occasion. The energy with which the hungry shooters attacked Mr. Wissel's layout showed that these same shooters were at home with the knife and fork as well as in front of the target. The scores are appended, 10 shots, 3 scores to count:

R Harmann	24	23	23	14	21	21	24	22	22	21—215
	24	22	24	23	24	4	22	20	22	20—205
	25	18	20	24	12	21	23	19	19	22—203
J A Boyken	14	21	25	23	22	24	18	21	19	23—209
	20	18	22	22	23	21	18	24	21	19—209
	24	24	20	22	18	18	23	19	20	17—205
Geo W Downs	16	21	18	17	19	24	22	22	22	23—204
	20	16	17	14	19	21	22	20	17	24—190
	17	22	24	21	20	0	23	22	13	18—180
F C Ross	23	22	22	23	24	23	24	24	25	24—234
	20	24	22	23	20	25	22	23	19	22—220
	19	25	19	25	25	19	22	24	22	19—219
H Holges	24	21	18	24	21	23	25	24	24	22—226
	23	25	24	25	10	20	24	19	24	21—224
	22	24	22	18	22	18	24	24	23	22—219
C G Zettler	23	20	22	23	22	21	18	24	21	23—217
	22	25	21	20	21	21	21	19	24	21—215
	12	24	25	25	18	24	21	17	22	24—212
M B Engel	21	23	24	24	19	18	22	25	21	22—217
	24	20	22	20	20	21	22	24	22	20—215
	22	18	24	22	20	22	22	19	20	24—213

Rifle Note from the Golden Gate.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 8.—In issue of your journal of Sept. 23, it is stated that a report is in circulation that the California shooters would like to have another go with the Zettler Club, who defeated the 15-man team of the California Schuetzen Club, two years ago in a match at 200yds., 50 shots per man. I was one of the prime movers as well as a participant in that match. The contest was very close; 750 shots were fired by each team on the German 25-ring target. The Zettlers won by a very small margin—72 rings only. If it were possible for teams from each club to meet on a common range, I think the Californians would "try, try again;" though this proposition has not been agitated here, notwithstanding the aforesaid rumor.

The San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, our local oldest rifle organization, has definitely decided to put up a couple of thousands to be shot for during the continuance of the coming "Mid-Winter Fair." The final details of the programme are not yet definitely decided upon, though I am informed the objectionable system pursued by Chicago will be adopted here, viz., two shooting days of each week (Sundays and Mondays) during February and March, '94. However, as the round trip rates from eastern points are to be very low, we confidently expect that some of our eastern fellow-riflemen will visit us.

The Rifle and Pistol Club, held its monthly medal contest at Shell Mound Park to-day. This is the second shoot of the rifle department and much friendly emulation was shown among the riflemen participating. Scores were as follows:

All comers' 10 shot record, re-eutry; distance, 50yds.. Standard American target, any rifle: W. Glinderman 90, E. Hovey 88, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 87, J. Utschig 85, A. Heeth 83, F. O. Young 82, P. Bohr 81, Col. S. J. Kellogg 80, H. Heeth 76, F. Fay 70.

Rifle, 200yds. Standard American target, medal for members only, no re-entry: E. Hovey 86, A. Heeth 82, Dr. Rodgers 80, H. Heeth 80, F. Gebret 79, A. Mocker 79, F. O. Young 75, Capt. Klein 73, F. Fay 70, H. Hellberg 70, Col. Kellogg 68, P. Bohr 57.

Pistol, 50yds., standard American target, medal, 10 shots for members only, no re-entry: H. Heeth 88, C. M. Daiss 88, F. G. Young 87, E. Hovey 86, Dr. Rodgers 82, A. Heeth 81, T. Bohr 79, F. Gehret 77, Capt. Klein 76, G. Ungerman 75.

All comers' pistol record match, conditions as above, re-entry: F. O. Young 92, E. Hovey 92, H. Heeth 87, C. M. Daiss 85, F. Gehret 84, Dr. Rodgers 82, P. Bohr 64.

Thirty-shot, all comers' State championship pistol match, no re-entry: E. Hovey 257, F. O. Young 255, F. Gehret 243, C. M. Daiss 234, Col. Kellogg 234. ROEEL.

Empire Rifle Club.

THE Empire Club held its regular weekly shoot for medals at headquarters, No. 12 St. Marks place, on Thursday, Oct. 17. Wm. Rosenbaum was in good shooting form and led his competitors with a score of 243. The scores are appended, 10 shots, 25-ring target, distance 190ft.: Wm. Rosenbaum 243, B. Zahn 239, H. Zettler 238, C. Bayer 235, Wm. Miller 233, Chas. Zettler 229.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

THE members of the Turtle Bay Club held a 2-men team match at headquarters of the club on Thursday night, Oct .19. The scores are appended:

J Ochs, Jr.	248	246	245—739
J Oberle	240	242	242—724—1463
H Walter	241	245	244—730
J Krampert	239	242	242—723—145

Lancaster and North End.

EPHRATA, Pa., Oct. 20.—The much-talked-of rifle contest for the championship of Lancaster county, between the Lancaster Schuetzen Verein and the North End Rifle Club, came off on the range at Ephrata last Thursday and was won by the Lancaster team. The members of the Schuetzen Verein left Lancaster on the morning train and were met at the station here by a committee from the North End Club, who conducted the visitors to the Ephrata House, where they were entertained for some time before going down to the range in the outskirts of the town. The sighting of rifles occupied some time, and by the time everything was in readiness for the match the hands of the watch pointed to 11 o'clock. The home team led off, followed by the Lancaster boys, and when the match was ended, which took about two hours or so, the following scores and totals resulted:

Schuetzen Verein.											
D W Wentzel	8	6	8	9	8	10	8	9	10	10—89	
C C Franciscus	5	10	9	8	10	8	8	9	10	8—85	
T A Anderson	8	10	10	10	7	8	10	10	9	9—91	
Benj F Bihl	8	8	6	9	9	9	10	7	10	9—85	
J H Wentzel	7	7	9	9	10	10	6	7	8	10—83	
Jacob F Wolfer	6	7	9	10	8	8	10	9	9	10—86	
Otto E Weber	10	10	8	9	10	10	8	9	9	7—90	—609
North End.											
D B Lefever	5	7	9	9	10	10	10	8	8	7—83	
W D Winters	10	8	8	10	6	7	10	10	10	10—92	
S L Sharp	10	10	8	9	8	8	9	6	10	7—85	
I N Lightner	5	6	5	6	3	8	4	6	9	9—61	
L M Weist	9	7	7	7	7	6	7	7	10	9—76	
C H Obreiter	4	9	8	9	9	10	8	8	5	8—78	
J A Stober	7	7	5	5	10	10	8	9	9	6—76	—551

Peter Donnel, one of the oldest members of the Schuetzen Verein, was not in the contest, but shot along to try his hand, and made a score as follows: 9 8 9 10 10 7 10 10 5 3—81.

Although the members of the North End Club tried hard to retain the championship they so long held, an inspection of the results will show that they were "not in it," but that the Schuetzen Verein carried the day by a very fair margin. Of the 70 shots fired the visiting team made 59 bullseyes. Of the same number of shots fired the Ephrata team made but 43. The highest score made was 92, by W. D. Winters of the Ephrata team. Thomas Anderson, of the Lancaster team, was the second man, and scored 91 points.

After the ending of the match sweepstake shooting was indulged in for the rest of the afternoon, good shooting also resulting. During the forenoon a table was set in the main room of the club house where lunch could be taken by anyone and at any time during the day. In the evening the visiting club was escorted to the Ephrata House, where an excellent supper was partaken of. The event was greatly enjoyed by all participants, and was witnessed by a large crowd of people.

Revolver Shooting in England.

IN spite of a desperate struggle on the part of Lowe, Varley and Andrews to overtake him, the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club and gold jewel have fallen to Walter Winans.

Below are details of his scores:

April 5	7	7	7	7	6	7—41	
April 22	7	7	7	6	7	7—41	
May 27	7	7	7	7	7	6—41	
May 30	7	7	7	7	6	7—41	
Sept. 30	7	7	7	7	7	6—41	—205

The winner used a Smith & Wesson "Winans Model," .45cal. and U. M. C. ammunition.

Lowe, with a total of 198, and Varley and Andrews, with totals of 194 each, have to shoot for the second and third places on Oct. 18.

The South London Rifle Club's championship, which does not finish till the end of the month, looks also like a certainty for Walter Winans.

Greenville Rifle Club.

AT the weekly shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club at its headquarters, No. 112 Cator avenue, Greenville, N. J., on Friday, Oct. 20, the club brought the half yearly gallery class competition to a close.

The competition in the first class was somewhat close. Geo. Purkess, the leader, was, however, able to retain his position to the end. The scores of the shoot on Friday night are appended. 10 shots, ring target, possible 250: Purkess 242, Plaisted 241, J. Boag 240, W. C. Collins 235, C. Boag 234, John Spahn 233, Chavant 227, John Hill 220, Agnew 223.

The regular Saturday outing of the club on Oct. 21 called out seven members. Ex-Capt. Robidoux and Jas. Doods, having just returned from a hunting trip in the mountains, did not enter the competition, but entertained the others with stories of the large bags of game they did not bring home. In the competition for the 50-shot handicap match Messrs. Collins and Chavant caught the scratch man napping and covered up the defeat of last week. The scores are appended, 200yds., 10 shots per score, German target:

Collins	205	206	197	207	199—1014+60	—1074
Chavant	207	195	198	204	209—1013+40	—1053
Plaisted	211	221	203	197	210	—1042

Lady Miller Club.

THE members of the Lady Miller Club met at headquarters of the club in Washington St., Hoboken, N. J., on Monday night, Oct. 16. The appended scores show that the ladies are still in shooting form. May their scores never grow less. Scores: Miss M. Miller 229, Mrs. Meyns 220, Mrs. Boardman 215, Miss Born 214, Mrs. Weber 215, Mrs. Ahrent 213, Mrs. Fischer 210, Miss A. Begerow 201, Mrs. D. Miller 209, Mrs. Stine 209, Mrs. Stadler 210, Miss Mannheimer 201.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Excelsior Club at its headquarters, Montgomery St., Jersey City, on Tuesday night, Oct. 17, brought four members together for competition for the club medals. Here is another club that needs a little shooting interest pumped into its dormant membership. The scores of the members present are appended: C. Thomas 240, John Speicher 238, L. P. Hansen 232, R. H. Duff 222.

RIFLE NOTES.

The Empire Rifle Club, with headquarters No. 12 St. Marks place New York city, is out with a programme for its opening shoot, to take place on its headquarters ranges on Nov. 4 and 5. Twelve prizes ranging from $24 to $1, will be put up for competition. The shoot is open to all comers.

The New York Schutzen Corps, will occupy the Zettler Bros. gallery ranges for practice and the instruction of its non-shooting members, twice a month during the winter.

The Italian Shooting Society, will open its winter gallery practice next month on the St. Marks place ranges.

The Lützon Co., No. 12, D. A. S. G., will hold its winter gallery competition on the ranges of the Zettler Bros., No. 219 Bowery.

The Greenville Rifle Club hope that the Hudson Club, has not gone to sleep over its challenge to the latter, for that team match at 200yds.

The Zettler Club, brought its out door season shoot at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park, to a close on Oct. 22. A full report of the shoot and the list of prize winners will appear in our next issue.

Barney Zettler, reports that the entries in the champion match which comes off on Wissel's Cypress Hills range on Nov. 7 [Election Day], are coming in fast. It is expected that every target on the range will be in use. Don't forget that no entries will be received after Nov. 4.

The Zettler Rifle Club, opened its winter gallery shoot for the season 1893-4, at the club headquarters, No. 219 Bowery, on Tuesday night Oct. 24. The club has put up $200 divided into fifteen prizes, which the members will compete for during the winter.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Oct. 24.—H. C. W. Matz's live bird tournament, Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.

Oct. 25.—Silsby Gun Club tournament, Syracuse, Nebraska.

Oct. 25-26.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, under auspices of Lynn (Mass.) Fish and Game Protective Association.

Oct. 26.—Roseville Gun Club tournament, Erb's grounds, Newark N. J.

Oct. 26.—Iroquois Rifle Club's sixth annual rifle and trap tournament, Howard Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Oct. 31.—East End Gun Club's amateur tournament, Cleveland, O.

Nov. 8-10.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Iowa.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association tournament, at Dexter Park, Long Island.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

June 19-21.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. $1,000 added money.

June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

At the October shoot of the Stock Yard Gun Club, at Kansas City, Mo., there were eighteen members present, each one shooting at 10 live pigeons. The winner of the first-class medal was C. K. Carmean who made a clean score. Second honors were tied for by Mike Steele, Geo. Wasson, J. M. West and B. R. Bridgeford on 9 each, Wasson winning on the shoot off. Other scores were G. W. Keeney 8, G. W. Walden 8, R. R. Campbell 8, Bob Monroe 8, L. J. Gillespie 7, J. F. Fry 7, C. J. Mills 7, J. Young 6, A. W. Gillett 6, Ed. Scoville 6, C. P. Baldwin 6, J. W. Olander 5, B. F. Baldwin 1. This club is six month's old and during its six medal contests 1,450 birds have been shot at, 840 of them being scored. Each shoot was at 10 live birds per man, and the average kills were 5.75 per score. C. K. Carmean won the club medal in four contests. He heads the club average with $9^4{}_{10}$ per shoot George Stockwell having $8^8{}_{10}$ and T. J. Gilliam 8.

What has become of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League? It was understood that a new series of team contests would be arranged for as soon as the last series was ended, but several weeks have passed by without a call for a meeting. Secretary Hobart should issue a call for a meeting at an early date, and not allow the interest in the league to flag. FOREST AND STREAM office is at the disposal of the league whenever they choose to hold a meeting. The sooner one is called the better for the sport.

Our recent statement that the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, would hold a tournament at Louis Miller's Dexter Park, on Nov. 30 and Dec. 1, was based on a positive assertion from Mr. Miller, that said tournament had been arranged for. We are informed by Mr. Dressel that no association shoot will be held this season in Brooklyn, the Lynn shoot ending the season.

Opinions are divided as to the outcome of the two matches between J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., and J. Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J., the first of which was to be shot yesterday. So far as skill is concerned the men are fairly well matched, and both have had experience enough in match shooting to harden their nerves. Each match is at 100 live pigeons for $250 a side.

Samuel Castle and Chas. M. Hedden, of Newark, N. J., are still awaiting an acceptance of their challenge to shoot a team match against any two men over 63 years of age, 50 or 100 live pigeons per man, for from $250 to $500 a side, Hurlingham rules to govern. Any veterans wishing to test their skill will find worthy competitors in the above gentlemen.

Last spring Louis Miller requested the sporting press to announce that during this month there would be held on his Dexter Park grounds, an open sweepstake at 25 live birds per man, $25 entry, he to add $200 to the purse. Up to the time of going to press we have been unable to find out whether or not Mr. Miller intends to run this shoot.

At the monthly shoot of the Washington Park Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., each member shooting at 10 live birds. Durant won the medal with 9 kills, Williams scored 8, Fernkas 7, Herson 7, Moore 6, Buckner 6, Scott 4, D. Elliott 4 and Rickmers 3.

The West End Rod and Gun Club, of Newark, held their monthly medal shoot on Oct. 21, each man shooting at 20 bluerock targets. J. C. Young won the medal with a clean score, E. F. Astfalk breaking 17, J. Kolbenschlag 15 and T. Freund 15.

There will be open-to-all shooting at live pigeons on John Erb's Old Stone House grounds in Newark on Tuesday, Nov. 7 (Election Day). If enough shooters appear there will be a contest at either 15 or 20 pigeons per man, $15 or $20 entry.

The Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club will have an all-day tournament at targets on Election Day, Nov. 7. The events will be open to all, and there will be plenty of lunch and ammunition at hand.

What has become of the proposed team match between the North End Gun Club, of Philadelphia, and the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J.

At the Riverview Gun Club shoot at Amsterdam, N. Frank Northrop, who averaged $93^1{}_{10}$ per cent. used a Wilkesbarre hammerless gun.

It is said that the Coney Island Athletic Club will soon inaugurate a new series of cup contests for Kings county clubs.

Franklin, N. J., is to have a new gun club.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Jeannette Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club at Dexter Park, on Friday, Oct. 20, did not have that attendance that is usually seen at the monthly shoots of this club. The fine weather and the fact that we are in the midst of the game season no doubt has drawn many of the club members to the country. The monthly shoots of the club usually bring together from twenty to thirty members to compete for the medals in the different classes. Messrs. Kroeger and Steffens tied for Class A medal with scores of 9 kills each. In the shoot-off Kroeger won on the third bird. H. J. Chester won the Class B medal with a score of 9. Louis Lehing was the only member to shoot in Class C, and he got his medal on the score of 2 kills. After the club event was shot off several sweeps were shot, and the shoot was brought to a close with an individual match at 15 birds between C. Meyer and C. Mohrmann.

H Otten	0022122000—5	C Steffens	1101102112—8
J Vogt	1012202201—7	J Kroeger	1101101111—8
C G Offerman	1001112111—8	C Mohrmann	0111101122—8
L Lehing	1102200202—6	C M Meyer	2222021010—7
A J Chester	1011122221—9	C Meyer	1111010111—8
C Discb	0202120112—7	P Reichert	1022112002—7

Sweep No. 1, miss and out:

H Otten	21222222	J Vogt	20
C Mohrmann	220	J Kroger	11110
C Meyer	22112111	C Steffens	22122110
C Offerman	0	A J Chester	0

Sweep No. 2, miss and out:

H Otten	222	J Kroeger	120
C Mohrmann	110	A J Chester	10
C Meyer	0	Reichardt	0
J Vogt	0		

Match, 15 birds:

C Meyer.......211011111202101—12 C Mohrmann...120111121110001—11

Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Oct. 11.—The following is the score made here to-day by South Chicago Gun Club, 20 live birds, Illinois State rules for club medal:

A Reeves	12012111111211121211—19	I Watson	02210221222211202221—17
J Watson	01000222100111010110—11	L Willard	20212121122101110121—17

Same day, 30 targets for target medal: L. C. Willard 26, A. W. Reeves 19, Ike Watson 24, John Watson 16.

Oct. 17.—Chicago shooting for club medal, miss-and-out: R. B. Wadsworth 2, Geo. Kleinman 3, L. M. Hamiline 2, M. J. Eich 1, John Watson 1.

10 live birds, $5 entrance:

R B Wadsworth	0212112212—9	M J Eich	2021112122—9
Geo Kleinman	2111112010—8	John Watson	1111211110—9
L M Hamiline	0201221102—7		

Oct. 18.

Miss Annie Oakley.......2111122121111222112111 2102—24

Cannon.......0222212022122221222012122—22

50 live birds, $100 a side, Illinois State rules, J. M. Franks and R. J. Stevens:

J M Franks.......02222011002022220221000200222020101011221—26

R J Stevens.......22100109212222121211112222122221121110211—36

J. M. Franks withdrew as the match was won at 41 birds.

Audubon Gun Club Handicap Medal Shoot.

G Hoffman	020111111102110 —11	C B Dicks	021112211221121+1—15
Wadsworth	211022222121021+2—15	W Shepard	110121221002102+4—15
L Hamiline	0210210022w	*Von Lingerke	211212122210222—14
F A Place	111211021101222+3—15	*R J Stevens	111201221222220— 9
F R Bissell	202021220200102+4—13		

* Not members.

RAVELRIGG.

Coney Island, Not Fountain.

THROUGH an error in the transfer of the copy, the report of the shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club on Oct. 11 was credited to the Fountain Gun Club.

Shooters Fail to Materialize.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—A more perfect day would be hard to select for a tournament than Thursday, Oct. 12. In the selection of dates the Riverview Gun Club have always been exceptionally lucky. The day being fine for trap-shooting it was expected it would bring out a fair attendance at least. The morning trains came and went, only bringing Frank Northrup, of Johnstown, and J. Betts, of Troy. "Where's the Saratoga, Albany and Canajoharie shooters?" was asked on all sides. No one knew. After talking over the situation Mr. Northrup proposed that sweepstakes be shot instead of the regular programme, as the club could not afford to pay the average money as announced in programme with such a small attendance. This was concluded to be the best thing to do under the circumstances. D. A. Devendorf, of Fort Hunter, and "J. Peck," a familiar face to nearly all league shoots, with a new shooting name, arrived about noon and helped to make things lively for Crutty's kingbirds. About 1 o'clock Dr. S. A. Wessels and Chas. W. Sharff, of Canajoharie, joined our small squad of shooters. Some of the boys were wondering why there was so small attendance on such a fine day. "Peck" replied to them that "the boys haven't money to spend at tournaments this fall, you know we are having those good old Democratic times they told us so much about last fall." And I believe every one present believed he had hit the nail square on the head.

Shooting was kept up during the afternoon, only stopping long enough to replenish pockets with shells and allow the gun barrels to cool somewhat. The following are the scores:

Sweep No. 1, 10 kingbirds, entry $1, American Association rules: Northrup 10, Hartley 8, Briggs 7, Betts 9.

No. 2, 10 kingbirds: Northrup 9, Hartley 8, Briggs, 8, Betts 10.

No. 3, 10 kingbirds: Northrup 9, Briggs 8, Devendorf 9, Hartley 7, J. Peck 8, Betts 10.

No. 4, 15 kingbirds:

Northrup	111111011111111—14	J Peck	111110111111111—14
Devendorf	111111110001111—12	Betts	011111101101111—12
Hartley	111111101111011—13	Briggs	101101101001110— 9

No. 5, 10 kingbirds: Northrup 10, Devendorf 9, Hartley 9, J. Peck 10, Briggs 6, Dr. Wessels 8.

No. 6, 15 kingbirds:

Northrup	110011111111111—13	Betts	101111111101110—12
Devendorf	011001110110011— 9	J Peck	111111010011111—12
Hartley	110100101111111—11	Wessels	111101111111111—14

No. 7, 10 kingbirds: Northrup 10, Devendorf 9, Hartley 8, Betts 8, J. Peck 7, Wessels 9.

No. 8, 15 kingbirds:

Northrup	111111101111111—14	Betts	110111111111111—14
Devendorf	111011111111101—13	J Peck	101111111111111—14
Hartley	110111111110011—12	Wessels	101111111110111—13

No. 9, 10 kingbirds: Northrup 9, Devendorf 9, Hartley 8, Betts 9, J. Peck 10, Wessels 7, Scharff 6.

No. 10, 15 kingbirds:

Northrup	111111111111111—15	Betts	111111101111111—14
Devendorf	111111100111110—12	Wessels	111111111111111—15
Hartley	110011111111111—13	Scharff	011111000101111—10

No. 11, 10 kingbirds, expert rules: Northrup 8, Devendorf 7, Hartley 9, Briggs 8, Wessels 7, Scharff 8.

No. 12, 10 kingbirds, expert rules: Scharff 7, Barkhuff 3, Hartley 9, Wessels 10, Hamilton 5.

Northrup shot at 130 targets during the day, breaking 121, or $93^1{}_{13}$%; Betts 120, breaking 108, or 90%; J. Peck 85, breaking 75, or 88%; Dr. Wessels 85, breaking 73, or $85^{15}{}_{17}$%; Hartley 140, breaking 115, or $82^1{}_{7}$%; Devendorf 110, breaking 89, or 80%.

CHUCTENUNDA.

Emerald Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Emerald Gun Club at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Oct. 17, brought together 22 of the members. To the most of our gun clubs an attendance of such magnitude would be considered remarkable. To the Emeralds it is nothing unusual. In fact, it is so every month. The membership of the club is made up of as bright and agreeable a lot of sportsmen as can be found anywhere about New York. Louis Miller always looks upon the Emerald's day at his park as a sort of elixir to his system. With "Shorty" for an ("emory") cushion Messrs. Hudson, Nowak, Leveridge, Voss and others are enabled to keep the (needles) of their wit at a sharp point, and as a result there is never a lack of amusement for the members and guests.

On this occasion the weather conditions were all that could be desired for a day's outing, and every member made the most of his opportunities.

The birds were a fairly good lot of flyers, and while there were only two clean scores made in the club event, the average shooting was good. Dr. Hudson shot in hard luck, having two of his birds fall dead out of bounds. Eugene Doenicke and Gus Greiff by good shooting and a little good luck made clean scores. Col. Voss, Klein, Moore and Hogan completed their scores with a total of 9 each. The latter was highly complimented by his competitors for his good form.

Late in the afternoon Capt. Money, of E. C. fame, accompanied by Major Pence, came into the park. The captain, after the close of the club shoot tried his hand at 20 selected birds at 30yds., 19 of which fell to his gun. The birds were all good strong flyers. The scores in the club event are appended, 10 birds, club handicap rules:

M Quinn	2020122101— 7	P Butz	2210221101— 8
F Klein	2012112122— 9	N Maesel	0011020200— 4
J Woelfel	1122021201— 8	G Greiff	1211211221—10
T Leveridge	0111200100— 5	T F Russell	2120010201— 6
J Hodge	0010000202— 3	J H Moore	2011122222— 9
E Doenicke	1211121112—10	P Fitzgerald	2011212021— 8
Dr Hudson	1•1111•102— 7	H Thau	2001112211— 8
C Maesel	1100211012— 7	Henry	0202222212— 8
G Nowak	1021112202— 8	F Codey	1022110001— 6
J H Voss	2220111112— 9	T McKenna	1010200210— 5
R Regan	0120020212— 6	W E Hogan	2121212120— 9

With the close of the club event a sweepstake at 15 bluerocks, $1 entrance, was shot off with the following results:

Greiff	110111111111111—14	Fitzgerald	100011101000010— 6
Moore	111100101010000— 7	Hogan	011101011000000— 6
Woelfel	101110111001001— 9	Money	010010110010001— 6
Codey	001111110101011—10		

New York German Gun Club.

ON Wednesday, Oct. 18, the New York German Gun Club held its shoot at Miller's Dexter Park grounds. The day was devoted to sweepstake shooting. The attendance was light, many of the regulars being prominent by their absence. Fine weather and good birds enabled the members present to put in an enjoyable afternoon's sport. The sweeps were all at three birds, American Association rules. Fred Santer, M. Goerlitz and P. Garmes, Jr., led the group with the most kills. The scores are appended:

P Garmes, Jr	021—2	101—2	201—2	2•1—2
F Santer	212—3	111—3	1•1—2	220—3
N Bondon	001—1	001—1	...	022—2
F Winter	020—1	100—1	220—2	100—1
P Garmes, Sr	000—0	001—1	000—0	...
J Bosenecker	111—3	010—1	0•0—0	100—1
J Welbrock	202—2	112—3	201—2	010—1
W Thomford		...	...	210—2
Stuernagel	001—1	101—2	111—3	112—3
G Smith	202—2	100—1	010—1	100—1
Goerlitz	111—3	120—2	021—2	112—3
Thomford	121—3	...	...	...
Santer		111—3	121—3	201—3
Basenecker		000—0	...	...
P Garmes, Sr		110—2	112—3	120—2

Falcon Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Falcon Gun Club, at Dexter Park, on Thursday, Oct. 19, brought together ten members in the club event. The Falcon, while one of the oldest gun clubs on Long Island, is, like many of the others, in need of the injection of new blood into its ranks. John Vagts was high in the club event with 9½ birds to his credit. The club shoot under the old rules of gun below the elbow, a bird killed with the second barrel to count as one-half a bird. After the club event was shot off a team match was made up at 5 birds per man. Team shoot follows, 25yds.:

C Meyer	1	0	1	½	0—2½		Vagts	1	½	½	1	1—4	
J Meyer	0	½	1	½	0—2		J Moller	1	1	1	0	1—4	
J Bohling	1	1	0	1	1—4		J Herrmann	½	0	1	0	1—2½	
A Voege	1	0	1	1	1—4	—12½	Van Staden	1	0	½	0	0—1½	—12

Club shoot:

John Vagts	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	½	1	1—9½
E M Meyer	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1—9
John Moller	1	1	½	1	1	½	0	0	0	½—5½
John Bohling	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	½	1	½—7
A Voege	1	1	1	½	0	0	½	0	1	1—6
Van Staden	½	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0—5½
Chas Doscher	½	0	0	½	1	1	0	0	1	0—4
John Meyer	½	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1—8½
C G Moller	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	1—5
John Herrmann	1	1	½	1	1	0	1	1	0	0—6½

Shooting at South Hatfield.

South Hatfield, Pa., Oct. 11.—This is a new place for a shooting match, but Lukens Swartz, the prime mover in this match, is an old shooter and one of the good ones, too, and the fine lot of birds that he got together to have a match this afternoon for a fine pair of three-year-old ponies were good enough to make any shooter's mouth water and trigger finger itch just to look at them. It would be hard to find a better lot even in midwinter, and when they were put into the traps they showed that their looks did not belie them; for as soon as the traps were opened most of them were off in a hurry, as if they had an errand in some distant town. For one, I am sorry some of our good pigeon shooters were not on hand so that the pony match could have come off, but as there were not enough shooters on the grounds, it was decided to have a few sweeps. Two miss-and-out sweeps were shot off when the dinner bell at the South Hatfield Hotel sounded, and as boys will eat, every one adjourned to the hotel; and many a straight score was made at the table, where a good country dinner was served.

After dinner and a smoke all were again ready to try a shot, but the way Thomas, of Ambler, was cutting down the birds discouraged the shooters from around here, and very few of them would go into a miss-and-out. But Pop Miles was on hand and ready to take the lead, as he always is at a shoot. Whether he is shooting good or bad he is always ready to shoot a match. He is not made of the stuff that takes water because he misses a bird, but tries again, and says if he does not kill his birds he does not expect to win. Some people want the purses fixed so they can win whether they kill or not.

The traps were set in a large level field, about 200yds. from the hotel, and the boundary staked off with white flags. All shooting was under Hurlingham rules, with 30yds. rise for both 10 and 12-gauge guns.

Among those present were W. H. Thomas and A. Clemens of Ambler; D. Aimen, one of the crack shots of the Jenkentown Gun Club; M. L. Moyer, G. Hunsburger, W. A. Freed and Dr. Ritter of Souderton; J. Hildebitel of Telford; W. B Moyer and E K. Dowling of Lansdoer; P. Slough of North Wales; H. D., Geo. B. and Wm Rous of Hatfield, three brothers, as fine built and as genial fellows as could be found in any family; three of them would make 18ft. if laid out head to feet, and can pull the scales at almost 600lbs.; they are great bicycle riders, and one of them tells me he has ridden all over this part of the State this summer, and riding here among the hills is not as easy as some places I know of. They are also great game hunters during the season and own some of the finest dogs in Pennsylvania.

The shoots were all miss and out, $1, birds extra. No. 1: Thomas 3, Moyer 2. Kile 0, Swartz 0, Clements 0.
No. 2: Thomas 4, Moyer 3, Swartz 3, Clements 0.
No. 3: Mills 0, Thurman 3, Thomas 2, Hildebitel 1, Aimen 2.
No. 4: Mills 2, Thurman 3, Thomas 2, Hildebitel 1.
No. 5: Mills 1, Thurman 1, Thomas 2, Smith 0.
No. 6: Mills 1, Thomas 2, Thurman 1, Aimen 0, Swartz 1.
No. 7: Mills 1, Thomas 2, Thurman 2, Swartz 1, Moyer 0, Slough 0.
No. 8: Mills 0, Thomas 3, Thurman 6, Swartz 5, Moyer 0, Smith 0, Hildebitel 1.
No. 9: Mills 4, Thomas 4, Thurman 4, Hildebitel 2, Cramer 0, Moyer 2.
No. 10: Mills 1, Thomas 9, Thurman 1, Hildebitel 2, Cramer 0, Moyer 3, Hunsburger 8.
No. 11, last event, miss and out, last bird at 40yds. rise, all others at 30yds., Hurlingham rules: Mills 3, Thomas 7, Thurman 6, Ruth 0, Tredway 6. H. T.

West Newburgh vs. Boiling Springs.

Newburgh, N. Y., Oct. 21.—The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association has just finished its fall tournament and has chosen the following dates for its spring and fall tournament of 1894: May 17 and 18 and Oct. 4 and 5. Scores of team match:

West Newburgh.

Rayland	1111011111011101111111111—22
J Rhodes	0110011010110100100111111—16
Higginson	1111111011111011011111100—20
T Rhodes	1101111110001011011011111—18
Taylor	1111111111100010111111111—21
Likely	1111101111010110011111011 - 20—117

Boiling Springs.

Van Dyke	1111111111111111111111111—25
Apgar	1100111110011011111111111—20
Collins	0111011111100111111111109—19
Hobart	0111111111101011011011—20
McAlpin	1111010111111011111011—21
Dutchy	1111111101111111111111101—24—129

Oct. 19.—No. 1, 15 targets:

Stansbro	1111011110000111—12	Taylor	1011101011111111—12
Rags	1100011111111111—12	Lindsley	1121011011010011—10
Donohue	1020011110110111—10	Likely	1111110010111110—11
Harris	1100000100110110— 6	Seymore	0011101010111111—10
H G H	1110111111110110—12	Lindsley	0010111010000110— 7
Taggart	0100011000101001— 6	Seymour	1111111101011110—12
Sutton	1011111111111111—14	G Sutton	1111111101111011—13
Wood	1110101000000000— 5	Taylor	1111111111111111—15

No. 2, 15 targets:

Higginson	1110111110111100—11	Donohue	0101110011000001— 7
Stansbro	0111011101111101—11	Taggart	1110001010000000— 5
Rayland	1111111111111111—12	Harris	0011901011111001— 8

No. 3, 20 targets:

Stansbr'gh	10110010010011111111—13	Orr	0101101110011001110—12
Harris	0110111011110011100—13	G Sutton	1111111111011101101—17
Rayland	1111111101111111111—19	Seymore	0001111111101111111—16
Higginson	1100111011111111111—17	Taylor	1011111111101111111—18
Likely	1111110111111111111—19	Dutchy	1111111111111111111—20
Lindsley	0001011101111000111—12	Van Dyke	1111111111111111111—20
Crane	1100111111111111110—17		

No. 5, 25 targets:

Lindsley	1100111101111110011110111—19		
Taylor	0111101111111011110110101—19		
Rayland	0111111111111111111111111—23		
Dutchy	1011011011111111111111111—21		
Van Dyke	0111111101111111111111111—23		
Higginson	1011101111111111111111110—22		

No. 6, 15 targets:

Rayland	1110111101111111—13	Dutchy	1111111101110011—12
Lindsley	1100101100111011— 9	Van Dyke	1111111111110111—14

No. 7, 5 live birds, $5:

Lenone	01010—2	H C H	01111—4
Taylor	10111—4	Brown	11101—4
Lindsley	01101—3	Apgar	11111—5
Van Dyke	11111—5	Blue Rock	11101—4
Wolfe	01111—4	Dutchy	11011—4
Harris	00111—3	Wood	01110—3
Rags	11111—5	Collins	00101—2

Oct. 20.—No. 3, 15 targets:

Taylor	1111111111111111—15	Dutchy	1111111111111111—15
Post	1101010100110 — 9	Hobart	1111110111011111—13
Rags	1111011111010011—11	Apgar	1011110111111111—13

No. 4, 20 targets:

Taylor	1111111110111111101—18	Collins	1101111101111111111—18
Post	1111111111111011111—19	Abbott	0111111110001111111—16
Apgar	1110111000111011011—14	Sutton	1010111111100111111—16
Dutchy	0110111111111111011—17	H C H	0110100011100111101—12
Rags	1111011011111110101—16	Likely	1011111010111011111—16
Hobart	1111111110110111111—18	Kissam	0110101000001111010I— 9

Ten live birds:

Taylor	0111111101— 8	Brown	1100111010— 6
Abbott	0100011111— 6	Rags	1102111001— 7
Likely	0111111110— 8	Lenone	1001111111— 8
Higginson	0011110011— 8	Dutchy	1110111010— 7
Post	0111111001— 7	Apgar	1111111111—10
Wood	1111010111— 8		

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

J. L. S., Chatham, N. B.—So far as we know, there is no difference, but there is a popular belief that a vessel is faster with hatches off.

T. S. R., Salem, Oreg n.—A scow of 45ft. waterline, 12ft. beam and 5ft. depth of hold would be large enough. The Ketch rig, a modified yawl with a larger mizen, would be preferable to a schooner.

Sareault, Eddy, New Mexico.—1. What tools and materials are the best for taking lead and rust out of shotgun and rifle barrels? 2. What remedy is effectual for removing the pitting in shotgun barrels? 3. Are nitro or newer smokeless powders injurious in any way to shotguns? 4. Are rifle cartridges loaded with any of the smokeless powders obtainable in the market? 5. If not, of whom can I obtain information as to the loading of the same? 6 Am I right in supposing explosive bullets are not adapted to repeating rifles? 7. What is the construction of explosive bullets and the material employed? 8. Have they ever proved successful in as small calibers as .32? 9. Can the amateur make his own explosive bullets with any chance of success? Ans. 1. To remove lead use mercury, plugging up the barrel to prevent its escape and shaking so that it will come in contact with all parts of the bore. For rust use any good gun cleaner. 2. Send your gun to a gunsmith and have it emeried. 3. If properly loaded, no. Especial care must be taken, however, to clean thoroughly after shooting, as nitros are more corrosive in their action than black powders. 4. Not that we know of. 5. Write the manufacturers of smokeless powders. 6. Explosive bullets are not used in repeating rifles. 7. The bullet is hollowed out and the cavity filled with some explosive compound, commonly black powder, which is ignited by a percussion cap or detonating powder. 8. No; their use is almost entirely confined to the very largest calibers. 9. An explosive bullet may be made by taking the bullet from a .22cal. b. b. cap and inserting the cap and charge of fulminate into the hollowed point of the bullet. We would recommend rather the use of split or hollow point bullets.

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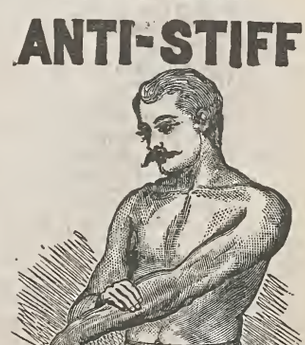

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Because of Election the next issue of "Forest and Stream" will go to press on Monday, Nov. 6. Advertising copy should be in hand by Saturday, Nov. 4.

GOOD LITERATURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the hard times which have prevailed during the past four months, the FOREST AND STREAM has sold during that time more books than ever before in a like period. This increase in its book sales is no doubt due in part to its exhibit at the World's Fair at Chicago, which enabled a vast number of people to make personal examination of volumes which up to that time they had never seen and knew only by name.

There can be no doubt that this wider diffusion of sportsman's literature is a good thing, nor that it has a tendency to elevate the standard of sportsmanship throughout the country. While all books are not equally good, it is yet true that in each one of the publications issued by a reputable house there is to be found a certain amount of good either in the way of positive additions to, our knowledge or in a general elevation of tone. This is an age of progress, of development, and this development, on the whole, is in the right direction. Examples of this are seen on every hand, and one of the most striking of these, in the line of sportsmen's books, is to be found in "American Big-Game Hunting," the recently published book of the Boone and Crockett Club. We venture to say that there has never been published a volume on big-game hunting which dealt so little with the coarser aspect of this sport, the mere butchery of game, and whose tone as a whole was so decidedly in favor of the rights of others. For this, after all, is what game protection means; a little putting aside of self, a keeping in mind that there are other people in the world besides ourselves who will want to shoot and fish, a recollection that there are others to come after us.

The FOREST AND STREAM, as is well known, is the largest publisher and importer in this country of books on the outdoor sports with which it concerns itself, and while, as a business concern, it conducts its book business on business principles, it is a well recognized fact that the tendency of the publications issued from its press is good, and that a wider distribution of this literature not only gives pleasure to those into whose hands it comes, but also teaches the gospel of game protection to those who stand in need of such teachings, and encourages and strengthens those who are already workers in this cause.

As the interest in outdoor sports increases, the importance of such work is constantly becoming more fully recognized by the public, but this recognition does not keep pace with the additions to the ranks of the anglers and gunners; and as novices in sport—like all new converts—are full of enthusiasm, they are likely, from their very ignorance on many points, to prove far more destructive to fish and game than men of more experience, even though the skill of the latter may be much greater.

It is worth the while of every man who takes a sincere interest in the better forms of sport to do what he can to inculcate in others just ideas on these topics. He should do this not only by his precept and his example, but also by informing others of less experience where information on these points may best be obtained.

PORTRAITS IN INK.

II.—THE TRAPPER.

BILL, the trapper, is a figure so out of place in the midst of the civilization that has swept away forests and game, that you almost wonder if he is not an Indian who happened to be born with a white skin, fair hair and blue eyes, or a pioneer hunter who drank at the fountain of youth in middle age and so has been preserved since the old wild days when the unmeasured wildness stretched out into unknown lands and sheltered countless game. He has many of their traits, many of the qualifications that would fit him to live their lives amid their befitting surroundings; and is as out of place as they would be in this latter day tameness of men and nature.

His tall, spare form, full of inert vigor and strength, clad in garments that befit his calling and that bear odorous witness of it, shacking leisurely among restless, busy men, on whose incessant bustle he casts wondering eyes alert through all their dreaminess, is as incongrous here as would be a betailored, becurled dandy in the heart of the wilderness.

He has that instinct, or sixth sense, possessed by few except Indians aud dumb animals, which enables him to make his way to any desired point without any apparent guidance, though, save of dark night, he has little use for it in these narrow and many pathed woodlands.

He treads their rustling carpet as silently as a panther, the sere leaves do not stir, nor the dry twigs snap beneath his feet, the bent boughs sway to their places behind him without a sound. You are not aware of his coming till he appears before you like an apparition, nor of his going but as you watch him like one dissolving in the shadows of the woods.

His casual glances discover things which are not revealed to directed gaze, and he translates records that you cannot read.

Where you see only a knot or wisp of brown leaves, he discovers the bird under the grouse's disguise of movelessness; on what is to you only a blank page, he reads the story of some remote or recent presence or passage.

He knows every kind of tree and its varieties, all the medicinal and poisonous plants by odd and homely names that often have a tang of folk lore or hint of forgotten use; and it is as instructive as a professor's discourse on natural history to hear him talk of the habits of wild things, for all his quaint superstitions concern some of them.

You could find no arguments to shake his firm belief that eels are generated in mussels or that skunks have power to absorb their own spent effluence, nor do you care to.

He would not kill a nesting partridge or trap an unprime fur-bearer, yet he holds all legislative protection of game and fish to be an infringement on his rights, and is as cunning as a fox in persistent violation of all such statutes. All wild things are his by natural inheritance, and what does a week or month matter, and whose affair is it if he desires fish, flesh or fowl to-day?

He is somewhat conceited and boastful and envious of another's renown in his craft, to be foremost in which is his highest ambition,

You confess it is a poor ambition to be most skillful in a trade that is obsolets and unrequited. With a slightly different bent, with one omitted trait, he would have had a higher aim and have been an Audubon or Thoreau, performing useful if ill-paid labor work, making a name honorably remembered.

But as he is what he is, he slouches into old age and down to his last sod-roofed shanty, a shiftless, lazy, good-natured, disreputable old trapper, hunter and fisherman, who will be only by a few kindly and briefly remembered.

Yet as you see him stealing through the second growth woods, tame and puny successors of the wild, majestic forests, or plying the noiseless paddle of his skiff in the nakedness of a shrunken stream, he is so like a lingering spirit of the old days, that you are thankful for the picturesque figure which gives one touch of remote half savage past to the commonplace present.

THE "Saginaw Crowd" have returned from their 1893 outing, and Mr. Mershon promises to tell us of it.

SNAP SHOTS.

FOR the past week the FOREST AND STREAM has been receiving from many points in foreign countries complaints that its subscribers were not receiving their copies of the paper on time. An investigation showed that our foreign mail was being tampered with, and we have reason to believe that a portion of it failed to reach the post-office for some weeks. Steps have been taken to remedy this irregularity, which occurs now for the first time in the paper's history. We have also duplicated their copies to all those who may have failed to receive FOREST AND STREAM in the regular mail and at the usual time. We greatly regret the inconvenience that has been caused to our foreign readers through these irregularities.

Too late for its place in another page comes this timely message from our Chicago staff correspondent, written Oct. 29: "The last words for the Fair are still to be said, and are not out of place even in these columns. Last night Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, was shot and killed in his own home by a crazy assassin. This closes the career of one of the most prominent figures before the Western public. The Harrisons were vigorous men always and sportsmen, the family being especially well known in this capacity among the gentlemen of Louisiana and the South."

The World's Fair is over. Our corner in the Angling Pavilion has been dismantled. The Pavilion itself will soon be a memory. But the satisfaction of the FOREST AND STREAM over its part in the Exposition will be lasting. Among all the exhibitors at the Fair, we verily believe, this journal has held a place altogether unique; for its representation in the Fisheries Building has been taken advantage of by thousands of friends old and new to put themselves into closer touch with their favorite paper. May the pleasant relations thus manifested never be broken.

Our pages this week admirably illustrate the successful use of the camera in the woods. To have secured such admirable pictures of one's moose, as those which accompany the story of "L. C. I.," affords satisfaction second only to that which attends the final capture of the game sought for so many seasons. One of these days some enterprising amateur photographer will go into the moose bogs with a birch-bark call, a camera and a flash-light outfit, call up his moose and take a snap shot which will astonish the world.

The fact is that no one can ever tell just when a sports man's outing really begins, nor when it really ends. He would show himself an alien to the craft, who should reckon only from time of start to time of return. For the beginning may have been weeks and months before the actual going; and as for the ending—does not the vision of the camp present itself so vividly amid the pauses of every-day humdrum and prosaic routine, for weeks and months afterward, that one actually lives his woods life anew?

The day of profitable trapping has not gone by, particularly in parts where tending traps may be combined with killing game for market. A Cascade Mountains skin and meat hunter is said to have taken in about $3,000 for his last season's work of trapping mink, otter, sable and gray fox, and killing elk and deer for market.

A glowing grate fire, a fire engine and a shotgun are all excellent in their way these frosty autumn days. But the fool who pokes his hand into the fire will get burnt, the fool who stands in range of the hose nozzle will get drenched, and the fool who draws his gun muzzle foremost will get shot.

An item is going about the press that two sons of Andrew Carnegie have been hunting in Wyoming and report game plenty. What about that Wyoming law which prohibits the killing of game by non-residents? Does it amount to anything?

It strikes us that the name of Mr. Charles Piscator who runs a gunsmith shop in this town is a misfit. If Mr. Piscator dealt in sandworms for bait or in fishing rods or other piscatorial supplies, the appropriateness of his patronymic would be more pertinent to his occupation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE SAGINAW CROWD.

Pilgrimage of 1892.—IV.

(*Continued from page 359.*)

WE did not make a very early start next morning. It was Sunday and we felt more like exploring. There was lots of meat in camp and we knew it was not necessary to get game to prevent our going hungry; so about half of the party stayed in camp. We concluded to go into bend No. 3 on an exploring expedition. Bigelow and the Doctor took turns in riding the horse, and as we had but one pair of saddle bags the lunch for the party was carried in them, and the plan was to meet at the upper end of bend No. 3 for lunch between 1 and 2 o'clock. Separating, Paddock, Briggs and Seib were to hunt through the river side (for the bend was a large one), and I went with the Doctor and Bigelow from the other direction.

The thicket was almost impenetrable for some distance, and bear tracks and trails abounded. After getting into the thicket we kept track of each other by frequent calls. Once, when I was in a place so thick I could scarcely stand upright, I was suddenly startled by hearing a terrific crashing some distance in front of me, and listening, heard that it was coming in my direction. Some large animal, that I could only conjecture to be a bear, was tearing along at a great rate before me. The cover was so thick that I could not possibly see to shoot until the animal, whatever it was, came directly on me, and my feelings were none of the pleasantest, I can assure you. I looked for the best opening I could find and made all ready, and it seemed as if the next bound would bring the creature right on to me. It had veered a little to my right, and, not 20ft. from me, passed, at as great a speed as it could make through the tangled thicket—a full grown steer that had wandered away from some herd, and had been feeding in the open glades beyond, and, frightened by the Doctor and Bigelow, had bolted in my direction. I breathed easier when I saw what it was, and was soon out in the more open part of the woods. One or two deer sprang out ahead of me, but it was so thick I did not get a shot. The same thing happened to the Doctor.

On coming into the thicket the Doctor had tied his horse near the bluff, leaving the lunch and his vest fastened to the saddle. It was but a few steps across from the point where we intended to take lunch by following the open. After thoroughly beating the cover without success we came out on the river bank and threw ourselves down under the spreading boughs of an immense cottonwood to await the arrival of the rest of the party. Paddock could be seen, not a great way ahead, coming up on the river bottom; and the Doctor concluded that he would go back for the lunch. We smoked and took it easy for nearly an hour, and the Doctor did not appear, neither did Briggs nor Seib. We began to be anxious, for he surely should not have been away more than half that time. Thinking that something must be wrong, I fired my revolver four or five times and waited. Another half hour passed, and yet no Doctor nor lunch, and nothing was seen of Briggs or Seib. Then we began a general fusilade with the rifles and revolvers, and another wait of half an hour. Pretty soon, far down the bank, we could see Briggs and Seib hurrying along. The sun was high in the heavens, and the day was frightfully hot, and they seemed to be hurrying as if they had business. When at last they reached hailing distance Briggs wanted to know what the trouble was, and when, warm, tired and cross, he had climbed up the bank, and we explained the situation, he was about as mad a man as one ever saw. He thought surely we were in trouble, had struck a nest of bear or something equally dangerous and ferocious, and were signaling for help. He had missed his bearings in coming out and had struck the river about a mile from where he intended to, and, as it was so warm, had given up the idea of having lunch with us. Seib said he had come across the Doctor's horse; and, pointing in the direction, we judged it must have been a good way from where the Doctor had fastened him. He said the horse was loose, and he had fastened him to a tree on the river bank, and had also left his vest with the Doctor's on the horse. We now knew that if we had anything to eat we would have to get it in camp, but we were a little alarmed at the non-appearance of the Doctor. It seemed, however, that our firing had had some effect, for he thought we had found the horse; and soon he appeared, puffing and sweating, out of the thick chapparal.

There was plenty of water and plenty of tobacco; so we spent another hour smoking and drinking the pure water, and telling stories. It was too warm to hunt, and we concluded we would wait till the sun sank a little lower before starting back to camp. Paddock said that some years before he had been nearly down to that point on the river where we were then lounging. He said that he and two others were out after some lost horses, and it was at a time when the Indians were a little troublesome. One or two men had been killed in that country, and several horses stolen. He had helped bury one of the men who had been shot on O'Fallon Creek a few weeks before. In each case they counted the tracks of seven Indians; and as they were looking for their horses they also kept an eye out for suspicious characters. They were careful to camp at night in some secluded draw; and after they had cooked their evening meal they would move a mile or two down the river and go into camp for fear that some lurking, horse-stealing Indian had seen their camp-fire.

At one point where they stopped one of the party went up on the high bluffs to see what could be seen, and came back with the information that a white pony was feeding on a little patch of prairie some distance beyond, and he was going to catch it. Paddock cautioned him and said he knew no stray horse was there and that it was a ruse of the Indians, who undoubtedly had been watching them, to draw them into ambush if they should go after the horse. The young fellow, though, was new at the business and would not believe what Paddock told him, but was bound to go for the horse; but Paddock convinced him by going up to the top of the bluff with him, and carefully looking over the ground with the field glass, they soon discovered that the horse was picketed and that there was no doubt but that the Indians were near by.

They moved camp that night after dark, and took a good long stretch of it. The next morning they went up to the crest of the butte again, to look round to see what was going on; and they came right into the Indian camp. There they were, seven of them; and they were just saddling their horses. Paddock said they concluded to give the Indians a scare, and all three of them were to fire at once, "over their heads," as he put it, "just to see what they would do." My impression is that they were not intending to fire very far over the Indians' heads; but the old man never admitted that he had killed an Indian in his life, and may be he never did. He said that the report of the three rifles caused about as lively a scampering on the part of the horse-thieves as one could imagine; they did not stop for anything, but there was a streak of dust, Indians and horses' feet going out of sight. He remarked that they had no more horse-stealing to contend with from these fellows after that; and it was the end of finding a dead ranchman minus a scalp. I often wondered whether Paddock and his two companions had shot into the air, and if so, why the horse-stealing should so suddenly cease.

A little patch of woods near by suggested that there might be deer in it; and as it covered but a few acres, we concluded we could breast it, and see what we could find. Briers and chapparal were thicker and thornier than ever, but only about waist high. A deer broke cover and made for the bluffs. It was the first blacktail we had seen. It got away safely, for it somehow or other seemed to keep some of the trees and thickets between it and us, though two or three of us fired at long range as it scurried away. Seib knew right where he had hitched the horse, and we reached the place in the course of the next half or three-quarters of an hour. There was nothing left but the bridle; the horse had gone, and the Doctor and Seib were bemoaning the loss of a vest apiece. When we reached camp at dusk, we learned that the pony had come in some time before minus bridle, saddle-bags, saddle and everything; and it seemed almost like hunting for a needle in a haystack to look for the missing articles. Next morning, however, the Kid started out; and as luck would have it, found everything on a sandbar, where the horse had evidently stopped to drink.

The camp that night was a repetition of the previous one; a steaming hot supper on our arrival, a rousing

SUNDAY MORNING IN CAMP.

camp-fire that was reflecting its ruddy hues on the baked-clay sides of the neighboring buttes, the shower of sparks that eddied and whirled high among the leaves and branches of the overspreading cottonwoods, the lonesome howl of the timber wolf and the echoing answer from his neighbor on the next hillside, the hooting now and then of an owl, and the fluttering of a bat as it passed through the firelight, all made an ideal camp scene; and stretched around the fire, in nearly every imaginable position conducive to individual comfort, was each smoking his pipe in full contentment and happiness, as you all have probably done many times.

Jack's knee had limbered up a good deal and we planned to hunt near by the following day, which was to be our last on the bottoms. The very bend in which our camp was situated Paddock said was full of deer. We had seen tracks in the morning where they had been in the night not ten rods from our tents. In the soft dust of the road, as we followed it away from camp, we always came upon tracks where two or three deer had trotted along the night before. So this morning, sending the heavy men to guard the river in front of us, we spread out, fan-shaped, directly from camp to drive the thickets. At the furthest point, where Briggs was guarding, the distance was not over half a mile from our tents; next Jack was stationed, then Ferd, then Bigelow and the Doctor, and the rest of us were to do the driving. Paddock was near the bluffs on the left and I was next to him, and the others were strung out toward the river. We started seven or eight deer that morning in going through that little piece, and I will guarantee there were five times that number in there that we did not see or hear. A shot on my left as we neared the edge denoted that Paddock had seen game, and we were pretty certain he had bagged it. Later on we learned he had. This was the second shot he had made since he had been with us and in each case had killed his deer. Pretty soon a rapid fusilading on my right denoted that Jack had had another streak of luck, and as we came out on the river bank we found him and Humphrey skinning the deer that he had killed. Two deer had come along and Jack had killed the first one, which blatted so that he had not shot at the second one. He says now he has not the heart to shoot at another deer, for as he went up to bleed it it blatted and looked up at him with those melting eyes that he swears he can see to-day. We were but a little way from camp, so the game was soon taken in and hung up.

We concluded to make one more attempt in the opposite direction; that is, we were to beat the thicket on the other side, but equally near. Some of the boys hurried along the river bank, where they could watch for anything that came out; the rest of us went through the thickets. Crack! and Paddock's gun speaks; and an instant later, another report; and as we come up to him, we find him with the deer. He had missed with the second shot; but, strange to say, his first had gone completely through the deer's heart, but it ran as much as 50yds. through the thicket before falling. As it disappeared after the first shot, he took a second snap at it, which we afterward found a little bit high, where it had splintered some of the twigs. Continuing on, some more deer were started, but none of us had shots, owing to the unfavorable ground. Going in this direction, we came upon bear tracks; and, a little later, two wolves slunk away ahead of us.

About noon the others returned to the camp for dinner, but I was desirous of climbing the high buttes on the south side of the river. I knew there must be blacktail up on the mountain side; and the day before one of the party had seen a mountain sheep in that direction. Seib decided to accompany me, and we started out for a long and hard climb. The buttes and bluffs were rugged and steep, but we enjoyed it immensely. Everywhere we came upon paths where the deer had gone up and down the mountain. We expected every thicket we came to to start blacktail. Once a stone rolled down the hill ahead of us; and on reaching the summit fresh tracks were found, where the deer had evidently scurried away unseen.

At last the crest was reached; and far down in the bottom we could see the tents and the men moving around them like specks no larger than flies. The view to the northward was grand in the extreme, butte after butte, cliff after cliff, as far as the eye could see, and as varied in color as the hues of the rainbow. Shapes most fantastic had been seamed and woven through the hard clay by the storms of time. Looking in another direction a great stretch of level prairie extended as far as the eye could reach. A flock of sharptail grouse started from the juniper bushes in a little crevice near by, but scattered at our approach, and now we could see them ahead of us, first one and then another popping up its head and looking at us with curious eyes, with seemingly no fear of danger.

So far no game, but we had been repaid by the glorious view and the exhilarating air, and know that we will have appetites for dinner when we reach camp. We take another route to descend that will bring us a little nearer camp. Down we go, from ridge to ridge, and across one craig to another. Suddenly, from the thicket far below us, a blacktail deer bounds down the hillside, appearing and disappearing as it turns hither and thither among the cedars. It is several hundred yards away when it starts, and the distance rapidly increases, yet both of us shove up our sights and take snap shots, and really two or three of them are very good ones, for the dust is thrown seemingly against the fleeting game, but it gets away unharmed and we continue the descent. It has grown cold as we near the bottom, and some heavy clouds are coming up in the west. When we reach camp about 4 o'clock all is bustle and confusion. The tents are down and nearly everything packed. We are met with the information that Paddock had decided it was going to storm, and that if it should rain or storm before we reached the plateau top, we would have hard work getting our teams out of there all winter.

Certainly this was not a pleasant prospect; we have families at home and do not care to stay in this place during a long, cold Dakota winter, you can rest assured.

The hillside, as I said before, is very steep and covered with this fine clay, which, when once wet with a hard rain, or still worse, by snow, would be so slippery that it would be impossible to drag the wagon to the top. It is just as well to start to-night anyhow, for if we reach the top in safety it will make a much better drive home to start from there at daybreak on the following morning.

Harrison has left a good, square meal out for us, the rest is all packed in boxes. Seib and I enjoy our repast, and by the time we have finished, the cavalcade is ready to start. It is after dark when we reach the top; it has been a tedious, hard pull, and we have had to double up on the teams, sending one back to help another. The buckboard is gotten up quite easily compared with the others, and we have been ahead and picked out a camping spot about half a mile from the hilltop at the edge of a little bunch of cedars; but as the grass is high, it will have to be cleared away for some distance before it is safe to light a fire. The wind has risen and the clouds thickened, and it is already dark as midnight and growing cold. The tents are gotten up after we have lighted a fire, which has been no easy task. Standing around with our coats, forming a circle, we have beaten out the fires that ran back in the grass, and at last have burned a spot sufficiently large to render it safe. From the mess chest supper is brought, beds are made and we turn in.

Whether we are nervous from Paddock's stories, or are made anxious by the oncoming storm and the rushing wind, I cannot say, but suddenly there rings out on the night air three reports in quick succession, like the booming of a heavy cannon. We are all out of the tents in an instant, but nothing more is heard. The Judge swears that it is artillery we have heard; even Paddock wonders what it can be; the rest of us are guessing as well, but finally conclude that some of the bluffs must have fallen into the river bed below and made the noise. It certainly was very much like heavy guns, and not a great way from us, either. What occasioned it we probably will never know. It was not long, however, before we were all snoring, and aside from the pattering of the rain and the flapping of the tents nothing disturbed us till Harrison's call for breakfast aroused us the next morning.

W. B. MERSHON.

Some Thoughts.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Oct. 23.—I was much interested in Mr. Hough's notes in your last week's number on the editorials of newspapers. I have often had "some thoughts" on this subject, but could not put them in writing so happily as Mr. Hough has done. I always read the editorials of FOREST AND STREAM entire before looking the paper through. I recall to mind a Christmas editorial published some eight or ten years ago, that was an honor to the best sportsman's paper published, and would have been to any religious paper. FOREST AND STREAM without its editorial page would be to me like forests and streams without birds and fishes. J. L. DAVISON.

"Danvis Folks."

EXETER, Neb.—Am glad to be associated again with our old "Danvis" friends, as my wife and I have been with them from "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovell's Camps" down to the last Danvis chapter, and are still waiting for more. W. B. F.

Game Bag and Gun.

MY FIRST MOOSE.

SEVEN or eight years ago, late in the month of August, I called at the office of a friend in the Mills Building, and found him writing to his guide up in Maine. Our conversation naturally turned upon hunting, and my friend told me that in about two weeks he would be off to the Maine woods for his annual fishing and hunting trip, and he extended to me a cordial invitation to join him.

Now, from early boyhood, I may say from babyhood, there has always been something about a fishing rod or tackle, wherever seen, that chained my attention, and as to a pistol, gun or rifle—well, the mere sight of these has always stirred to life a something within me that I cannot quite describe, but certainly a feeling quite different from that aroused by the sight of other familiar implements. I think my very earliest recollection of and love for a gun (I could not have been more than eight or nine years old at the time) was a long single barrel 10-gauge gun, which had been altered from a flint lock to a "percussion cap," and which we used to keep "loaded for hawks" upon the farm where my boyhood days were spent. I recall the day I crept along a fence, armed with this weapon, which was far too heavy for me to poise at my shoulder, poking it through the rails and firing at a crow which was industriously un-planting our newly planted corn. The result is vivid in my mind to-day. The gun almost kicked my head off. I went one way, the gun another, and the crow another. It hurt me, but not the crow. Well, from that day to a few weeks ago, when I again found myself prostrate—this time in a black muck ditch after firing my .45-90 Winchester at the grandest game on this continent—I have loved a gun.

And so the invitation of my friend to join him on his trip immediately stirred to life that old love, and having obtained a two-weeks' leave of absence, a fortnight later saw me on my way to the Maine woods, to try my hand at "big game." I must not here trespass upon your space to tell you of that first trip, for this paper is simply to answer your question of how I got "my first moose." It is sufficient for me to say that a new world, and a new sphere of pleasure was opened to me by what I then saw and learned.

Our destination was Danforth's Camp on Parmachene Lake. I shall never forget my arrival at that quaint little town of Phillips, after a ride over the odd little 2ft. gauge Sandy River Railroad from Farmington. Something in the very air of the place tells you that here is the dividing line between the artificial customs of society and the broad, honest, untrammeled life of nature's domain. You feel that behind you is left progress, with its books and newspapers, its telegraph, its steam whistles and its hurry, bustle and toil, and that just beyond is nature, with her lakes and streams, her mountains and forests and dense solitude.

The picture we looked upon the next morning as we drove from Phillips to Rangeley Lake, was something entirely beyond my powers of description. The early autumn frost had just begun to tint the wooded hills, the maple and birch vieing with each other as to gorgeousness of apparel. The air was crisp and clear, an indefinable woody odor pervaded the atmosphere. Often a strutting partridge would appear in the roadway, eyeing critically the invaders of his domain, and then whir away into the thicket. On such a morning the weak feel strong and the depressed feel buoyant. Here I was introduced to the guide and his ways, to the birch-bark canoe, the lakes, with their musical but often unpronouncable Indian names, to the "carries," and to life in camp. With what wonder I beheld the skill of the guides in the use of the paddle, with what superb grace they cause the canoes to glide like things of life through the clear waters of the lakes, and with what wonder and amazement I saw them direct their frail craft through the "quick" water and "rocky rips" of the rivers, for skill and muscle, too, here come into full play, where a single false stroke of paddle or pole means an upset into the rushing waters, and possible serious consequences. How my imagination took flight when I beheld in Danforth's Camp the deer, caribou and moose heads with which his place was adorned. Each told its tale of the skill, endurance and patience of the hunter. Each said to me, "You can do it, too."

Can I ever forget that first experience up at Rump Pond, when I went out at night to "jack" deer? The evening twilight falling upon the camp as we carefully made all snug in the canoe. The jack lamp on its stick in the bow lighted, but closed, and not a ray of light shed from it, but ready to open silently and flash its bright beams upon the deer. I in the bow, the guide in the stern. My rifle across my knees and everything in readiness for a quick shot. How noiselessly we glide up the stream! What deathly stillness! How we listen for a sound in the bushes. A musk-rat leaps from a log just ahead, and with a splash dives into his hole in the bank. How loud it sounded! We glide into Rump Pond and silently, stealthily start along its shores. How awfully still! You breathe and hear the folds of your coat rub each other. You never heard the sound before. You never before knew stillness could be so still. Not a word nor a whisper passes between you and your guide. The canoe moves, but you are hardly aware of it. The skill of the guide with the paddle is consummate. Not even a drop of water falls from it. A reed rubs along the side of the canoe. How loud it is! You never dreamed that a single reed could scrape so loud. It tells you, though, that the canoe moves. A beaver starts from shore, and with great flaps of his tail upon the water, swims away. You are sure he will scare the deer you are listening for.

And so the minutes and the hours pass. Not a word has been spoken, not a sound made by yourself or guide, your feet are numb, a mist has risen from the surface of the water, cold chills begin to creep down your back and you feel that you are covered with "goose flesh," but you never move. Your ears have strained for a sound until you begin to imagine them. A twig snaps. What is it? A bush swishes—no "goose flesh" now! A dead stick cracks, no numb feet now. You know it is an animal. Will he hear us? Your heart begins to thump so loud you think the deer, or whatever it is, must hear it. Will he come into the water? Yes, you hear a step in the water, you hear the swash of two or three steps. Now is the time! The canoe has swung around, bow pointing toward the noise. Now open the "jack!" Noiselessly the string is touched and the padded lid falls. A path of light shines dimly through the mist and reaches the bushes on the bank. But it takes a practiced eye to discern the deer. He is there though, you only see two balls of fire about six inches apart. They do not move. Now if you have a good nerve, a steady hand and a true eye, and hold your rifle so that the sight rests about ten inches under and on a line directly in the center of those two balls of fire, and press the trigger, you ought to bag your game; but I shall never forget that I tried it on that first trip and failed. But that first trip, as I have said, taught me new delights, and my natural instincts for rod and gun were quickened, and each successive year has found me, during my short vacations, somewhere in that vast wilderness of forests.

"WE AGAIN STARTED NORTH."

It is a good many years since I missed that crow with the old single barrel 10-gauge, and it is seven or eight years since I missed that deer on Rump Pond, but since the Rump Pond failure I have always had one object in view, and that has been to get a bull moose. Various parts of Maine have been tried during this time, and many a good day's sport has fallen to my lot. With my 6oz. "Leonard" I have had some rare hours of fun with the trout. Armed with my 5×7 camera, I have "spoiled much glass," but secured some very good pictures of camp life, and hunting and fishing scenes. I have also to show some nice deer heads from among the Pistol Lakes. But still the one object uppermost, has been to get that bull moose. "Walt"—my camp companion, friend and chum, Mr. W. L. P.—but whom we will call "Walt" for short—called down a fine bull moose three years ago, on Spider Stream, Churchill Lake, but lost him through a defective rifle. This is the nearest we ever came to bagging our moose until this season.

A year ago we were advised to try the country northwest of Ottawa in Canada, and accordingly we opened a correspondence with Mr. Rankin, the agent of the Hudson's Bay Co., at Mattawa, a point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, about 200 miles west of Ottawa. It has been our practice heretofore to buy all our supplies and camp outfit in New York, and ship them to the railroad station nearest to our intended hunting ground, but fearing trouble and delay with the customs authorities of Canada we concluded to ask Mr. Rankin to furnish everything—canoes, tents, camp utensils, etc., and we sent him a detailed list of the supplies needed, all of which, let me say, *en passant*, he filled to our utmost satisfaction. The guides, three in number, one for each of us, and a cook and "general utility man" were also furnished by him, and, together with the supplies, were at Deux Rivieres, a station fourteen miles below Mattawa, where we met them.

George Crawford, a half Indian of Mattawa, was our chief guide, and it is but justice to him for me to say, that a better all-round man, in my opinion, never espoused his profession. Fortunate, indeed, is the sportsman who secures his invaluable services. Our other guide was a young Indian, also of Mattawa, named Seymour, though where he received his patronymic was a fruitful source of conjecture both to Walt and myself, and as he spoke very little English, and as one must occasionally exchange an idea or two with one's guide, our conjecture as to the origin of his name was very soon coupled with regret for our "rustiness" in regard to his vernacular. He was a hunter, however, and, as he is young yet, let us hope he will improve some of his spare hours in an endeavor to master our "mother tongue."

Joe LeClaire was the name of the man Mr. Rankin furnished us as *chef*. Joe proved to be an excellent man, handy with the paddle, whether it was applied at the stern of a canoe or in the batter pan, and the extraordinary quantity of his flap jacks and most excellent bread (baked in his little pan in the hot ashes of the camp-fire) consumed by Walt and myself, is the best testimonial I can give him as to his proficiency in the culinary art.

Deux Rivieres is a small village on the south bank of the Ottawa River in Ontario, the river being the dividing line between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. There is a small hotel in the place, kept by Joseph Richardson, and here on Sept. 11 we left our trunks, doffed our store clothes, and donned our woods attire, which by the way always should be, everything, all wool. Heavy, hob-nail, natural tanned leather shoes, and a rubber coat are also indispensable. A large mackintosh bag affords the most convenient mode for carrying a change of underwear, and the score or so of "necessities" one must have in camp. Such a bag will keep everything dry, and it is "a place for everything and everything in its place."

From Richardson we procured two teams to take our camp outfit, canoes, etc., into Hurdmann's lumber camp, sixteen miles north from Deux Rivieres, at which point we were to put the boats into the water. There is no bridge across the Ottawa River at Deux Rivieres, and no regular ferry, but what they have there is certainly very picturesque—a scow, large enough to transfer across the two teams and our belongings. The current is very swift and the river is full of floating logs. The mode of propulsion is to row with two mighty oars. A third oar pivoted upon the stern is used as a rudder, and at this our landlord, Richardson, took his place, the rest of us manned the side oars, and the voyage commenced. All went well until midstream was reached, then came that mighty current and those wayward logs. We got across, but how I shall never be able to tell. At one time I thought we were in a fair way to strike the opposite shore about down at Ottawa. And Richardson's language as he shouted his orders to us, well, I simply decline to record it here, and let us hope, for his sake, that it is recorded nowhere else. Walt secured a very good picture of the boat with its load and crew.

From Deux Rivieres to Hurdmann's, as I have said, is sixteen miles, and I further say without hesitation or fear of contradiction from any truthful man that they are the worst sixteen miles of road on the habitable globe. It was my intention, and I believe it was Walt's also (though he has never admitted it to me) to ride in one or other of the wagons, but when it comes to driving over stones and logs and things two or three feet high, of going up hill at an angle of 45°, and of seeing horses squat and slide down from shelving rocks, to see one wheel up on a stone and the other down to the hub in the mire, one changes his mind about riding, and walks, and walk we did the whole long seemingly unending sixteen miles.

We reached Hardman's at about 6 o'clock, a little footsore, perhaps, but a good night's rest repaired all physical damages. Unfortunately one of our canoes had been broken on the way in; is it any wonder? and part of the next day was consumed in mending it. At 3 o'clock, however, on Tuesday afternoon we put our boats in the water and started for the woods, leaving, at last, all signs of civilization behind us. It being already late in the day we made camp for the night at the foot of the first lake we came to, which is Russel Lake, about four miles from Hurdmann's. At this point an incident occurred which had the effect of greatly encouraging us. It was nothing less than that a moose had actually passed within a rod of our tent during the night. There were his tracks, unmistakable and plain, when we arose in the morning. By sunrise we were at breakfast, and by 8 o'clock our tents were packed, canoes loaded, and we again started north, our destination being Hamilton Lake, some twenty miles in that direction. To reach this point several carries are necessary, as the way lies through a number of disconnected lakes of varying sizes, and which are mostly nameless upon any maps that we were able to procure. The weather, which had been almost perfect, now became stormy, and continued so, almost constantly during the two weeks we were there. I think we had not two consecutive days of fair weather during the whole of the time. Occasional nights suitable for moose calling did, however, come, and these, you may be sure, were utilized to their utmost. On such nights we always separated, one of us going off to some promising place in one direction from camp, the other in the opposite direction or at least to such distance that danger of interference would be avoided. We always tried to arrive at the place selected to "call" at or before sundown, for I have

noticed that very often what has been a blustery day, becomes a perfect evening for moose calling, the wind going down with the sun. It was so the day I got my first moose. Probably a more unpromising day could not have begn imagined. A strong east wind had prevailed throughout the morning and cold rain was intermittent until afternoon. The lakes were lumpy and at times quite a "sea" was running. Crawford and I had spent the day paddling about the lakes, looking for fresh moose tracks, and incidentally to make selections of likely places to "call," when a favorable evening should come. We had paddled many miles, but saw but few signs, and no places that we thought suitable for "calling," and it was therefore with not a little fatigue, and considerable discouragement that we arrived at camp about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. We were encamped on Line Lake at this time, and as we approached camp, Crawford with his canoe over his head, and I, with my rifle across my shoulder, we met Walt and Seymour similarly equipped, striding through the carry. In answer to my interrogations Walt informed me that he was tired of waiting for suitable weather, and that he was going to paddle across Hamilton Lake to a place he had spotted, and there should call, wind or no wind. This may have seemed to me, for the moment, like folly, but Walt's courage never flags, and like a true hunter that he is, he never allows a chance to go by, and so this windy, unpromising afternoon he was willing to tramp and paddle several miles for the mere chance of an opportunity to call. I think his example and resolute purpose really were the cause of my going out that evening, for when I reached our tent I found myself thinking about Walt and pondering over his words. Did he think the evening would be a still one? The fact of his going so far argued that that must have been his idea or at least his hope, despite his defiant words about "wind or no wind." "Then I'll go too!" was my mental decision. "Crawford," I said, "if it is just the same to you, unlikely as it looks at present, I think I should like to go down to the foot of the lake and 'call' for a while this evening." "Very well sir, just as you say," replied Crawford, as he laid down my rifle, through which he had been running a greased rag, and looked up at the sky through an opening in the hemlocks, which were then swaying and moaning in the stiff wind. "It don't look good, but may be the wind will go down—can't tell, might try it." "Yes, let's try it anyway, Crawford," I replied. "You get yourself a little 'snack' if you feel hungry, and we will start at once, for I would like to get there by sundown, we will take our regular supper when we return, for if this wind continues we will be back here by 7 or 8 o'clock." I don't know whether Crawford took his "snack" or not, I slipped a half dozen cartridges (carefully greased) into the magazine of my rifle (and incidentally a sardine sandwich into my "Department of the Interior"), pulled on my heavy shoes which I had hung before the camp-fire to dry, handed my .44cal. Smith & Wesson revolver to Crawford, and in a few minutes we were upon the lake heading for the outlet.

I should say the distance from camp was about two or two and half miles, and we both put our muscle to the paddles with a firm determination to cover the distance in the shortest possible time, for the sun was fast approaching the mountain top to the west of us, and night comes quickly among those mighty hills. Our little birch bark fairly flew through the water, and at every stroke I could feel upon my face the spray from her pointed bow, as she split the waves with which the surface of the lake was ruffled, but before the first mile was covered I noticed the spray was less frequent, and before we reached the outlet I had the satisfaction to note that the wind had gone down and the lower part of the lake was as smooth as a mirror.

Somehow I felt that fortune was with us that evening. The fact that within the short space of time it had taken us to paddle from camp the wind had gone down seemed to argue that things were going our way; and when at last we ran the nose of our canoe silently on a little sandy beach and I stepped out, I felt that we had not come there in vain. Crawford pulled the canoe carefully up upon the shore, while I made sure my rifle was all right, sure that the cartridge was in the barrel, sights right, and everything clear and in perfect order. Then I advanced about 20ft. to a slightly rising piece of firm ground covered with bushes waist high.

Let me describe the spot as I stood there. Behind me, Line Lake, some eight or nine miles long, dotted with many islands. A most beautiful body of water, as pure and as clear as crystal—ahead of me—looking south, an impassable bog of many hundred acres in extent, across which nothing in the shape of man or beast could possibly make its way. To my right and left tall mountains covered with a hard wood growth well up to their summits. But for a hundred paces immediately in front of me, and extending from mountain to mountain on either side, was a sort of natural dam to the lake, and across this bit of *terra firma* any animal in going from one mountain to the other must necessarily pass. An ideal place, truly, for calling moose, for, should you be fortunate enough to call your animal down he must pass within rifle shot. I had "called" here the previous evening, but a light wind was stirring the trees and bushes, and getting no answer, had returned early to camp.

"WE ADVANCED SOMEWHAT CAUTIOUSLY."

Selecting a stout bush against which to lean my rifle, I raised my moose horn for the first call. I have forgotten, by the way, to describe this instrument, which I may say is simply a horn made from birch bark by twisting it into shape very much as a confectioner makes a cornucopia by winding a sheet of paper about his hand. Mine is about sixteen inches long, five inches in diameter at the large end, tapering to a diameter of three-quarters of an inch at the small, or mouth, end. With one of these horns, upon a still clear evening, among mountains and across lakes, I am quite sure a good caller can send his voice (which must imitate the "calling" of the cow moose) a good three miles or more. To my first call there was no answer, Crawford was just behind me crouching in the bushes. Our ears were strained to catch the faintest sound as the echoes died away among the mountains. Stillness reigned. A small bird fluttered in a bush near at hand, a trout rose to the surface of the lake, just back of our canoe hid in the bushes, gulped his poor victim of a fly and with a little splash was gone, leaving a swirl upon the smooth water, glimmering, but silent.

A second and a third call, reverberating echoes, then dense stillness. Nature seemed hushed in slumber. I thought as I knelt there listening to the echoes of my calls from far across the bog and lake that surely I must be answered. But not a sound broke the almost painful quietude. A pair of ducks came with a whir just over our heads and settled in the water a few yards away. They had not seen us, but at the next call of the horn rose with a great splash and flutter and rapidly flew off up the lake. I think it was the fifth or sixth call (I had been calling at intervals of about five or six minutes, and a half hour or so had passed) when I thought I heard a sound not quite like an echo. Could it be an answer? I felt, rather than saw, Crawford half rise to his feet. Ah, he too had thought he heard it.

"Did you hear anything, Crawford?" I asked in an undertone. "I thought I did, over there on the left," he answered. "Yes, yes, that's right," I whispered, and immediately I called again. Listen! There is no mistake this time. Sure as there is a sound upon earth, that is the deep guttural grunt of a bull moose. I could feel my heart leap and the blood rush through every vein in my body, but the sound was far off, to the left of the bog, and up the mountain side. I knew considerable time must elapse before he could come within rifle shot of us. A thousand thoughts chased through my mind at this moment, but I think the foremost of these was as to where I should first see him.

A thick growth of alders fringed the bog, and back of them a dense growth of small fir, mountain ash, birch and tamarack extended well up upon the rising ground. Somewhere through these he must approach. Would he come where I could get a fair shot, or would he scent us, and with that keen and wary instinct for which these animals are so famous, turn and seek safety in retreat? But listen! Now we can hear the thrashing of the bushes as he rushes down toward the bog. I would never have believed that a single animal could make so much commotion. It was as if a whole drove of cattle were rushing toward us. Then stillness again. He has stopped to listen. I call again, not so loudly this time, and with a short quick grunt. Great heavens, hear him now! He is only a hundred rods away, hear the snapping of the trees and the thrashing of the branches as he carries everything before him in his wild rush! Hear him grunt and snort, and hear the blades of his antlers ring against the trees! He is coming with a thundering rush, and it is a moment to fill a hunter's soul with delight.

Crawford whispered just one sentence, as the moose came tearing toward us, it was this, "Golly, he's a big wan, hear them shovels agin the trees," and the words were scarcely uttered, when I saw the moose come to a full stop just to the right of the nearest bunch of alders.

What a magnificent sight! There he stood in all his glory, antlers thrown back, nose high in air, his nostrils dilated and his great mane erect, uttering quick, short grunts, and occasionally looking from one side to the other for that cow he had heard calling! "A full minute he stood thus," I was about to write, but I presume it was actually some five or six seconds, while I gazed upon the sight I had so long wished to see, and for which I had spent so many patient hours. Now had my supreme moment come! Was I excited? When I first heard him answer, yes. Now that he stood before me, no. I had had time to think what to do, and in another instant I was prepared to do it.

Some moments before the moose had appeared from behind the alders I had laid down my moose horn and taken my rifle from its place against the bush. Again I carefully but quickly looked it over to assure myself it was all right (I have had two friends miss their moose through defective rifles, and Walt's experience on Spider Stream flashed through my mind), and then rising to my feet I quickly brought my rifle to my shoulder, and settling my eye carefully into the sights aimed for his heart and pressed the trigger. I do not think the animal saw me, and I had a fair shot into his right side as he stood broadside to me.

At the report of the rifle I saw him rise upon his hind-feet and, as I thought, fall to the ground behind the clump of alders, and I started to run forward, but had advanced but a few paces when I saw him moving back in the direction from whence he came. As he passed an opening between two bunches of the bushes, I again had a fair shot, though necessarily a quick one, this time into his left side.

The smoke had not cleared from the muzzle of my piece before Crawford was past me like a flash, and clearing with one bound a ditch of soft black muck some 8 or 10ft. in width, fired two shots from my revolver through the bushes in the direction of the retreating moose. Crawford is a fine specimen of an athlete, and his splendid jump across the ditch must have aroused within me a spirit of emulation. However this may be, it is a fact that while he cleared it at a single bound, my attempt was a most miserable failure. At a single bound I landed plump in the middle of it. I may be wrong, but from the way I settled down in that muck I shall always believe it to be the veritable channel leading to the "bottomless pit." I think I should still be settling in that slimy ooze had not a friendly tree trunk, which had fallen long years ago into the inky channel, offered me a little temporary assistance, and over it I was fortunate enough to hook my right arm, in the hand of which I still held my smoking rifle.

Crawford heard the splash and turned to see what had happened. I am of the opinion that the spectacle I presented struck him as unsportsmanlike and undignified, but to his credit be it said he displayed no emotion of any kind. He reached for my rifle, and with the simple remark, "Let me give him one or two with this," quickly fired two shots through the alders at what I think we both feared was an escaping moose. Then to lend me the grip of his brawny hand was the work of an instant, and the next moment I was once again on my good pair of legs with comparatively dry land under my feet. I say "comparatively dry land," but the comparison refers only to the ditch, for we had now advanced toward the edge of the bog and were in mire almost knee deep; but with whole pocketsful of the contents of the ditch, I was in no mood to be critical or particular about the spotlessness of my clothing, and with all possible speed we pushed and splashed our way through the alders that grew thickly along the edge of the bog.

Crawford was the first to emerge on the other side and after a single glance he turned to me with the glad shout, "He's down!" Sure enough, there he lay in the grass a hundred yards from where we stood. We advanced somewhat cautiously, for as he had run some two or three hundred yards after being shot we were not certain that he might not again take to his feet. Crawford advised a bullet through his heart from the revolver or rifle to make sure, but I had by this time approached his head and looking into his eye saw he was dead. Yes, dead; and as I looked at the noble fellow stretched there upon the grass, helpless now, but a moment ago so full of life, so magnificent in his strength, I confess to a momentary feeling of regret. How handsome he was, how mighty in appearance even in death. He had never harmed me, not even in the remotest degree, and yet I had slain him in cold blood. Tricked him, too, and now he lay lifeless at my feet. You will call it weakness, perhaps, but I here confess that as I stood there in the fading day, looking upon that noble form, my triumph over this poor brute was not without a shadow of pain.

Examination proved that my first shot had been fatal. The ball penetrated his right side, just back of the fore-shoulder, passing clean through his body but missing his heart and lodging under his skin upon the other side, where I found it when we were skinning him the next morning. I have it in my pocket at this moment, and, battered as it is out of all semblance to its former shape, it is, to me, quite "a thing of beauty."

"SAW HE WAS DEAD."

Crawford suggested taking the antlers and head with us to camp, but to this I could not consent, for, as I explained to him, for the amateur photographer here was a subject of a lifetime, and I must "spoil some glass" on this fellow in the morning, just as he lay, and in truth I must say he was a worthy subject. His antlers, which are the best balanced set I have ever seen, measure 3ft. 7½in. in spread, with 10 prongs on one and 13 on the other. Crawford said he was a seven year old animal, which is a full grown moose, and though thin in flesh, as is usual during the rutting season, we estimated his weight as fully 1,200lbs., an estimate I should say rather under than over the true figure. He stood full 7ft. high at the shoulders by actual measurement.

Next morning after an unusually early breakfast we started out to photograph and "dress" my moose. We were accompanied by Walt and his guide, and several good pictures were secured, a few of which are inclosed for your inspection, and for the better illustration of the events, describe should you wish to use them. It is to Walt I am chiefly indebted for the photographs: for while we both carry our cameras upon all of our hunting trips, on this particular occasion I had left mine many miles below (we having come up to Line Lake "light"), and not to have photographed "my first moose" would have been a calamity second only to missing my shot. These same pictures I fear, however, have cost my friend Walt another moose. Upon the night of the happenings above narrated it will be remembered that Walt and Seymour were off in another direction moose-calling, as were Crawford and myself. I was fortunate enough to secure my moose while there was yet daylight sufficient for accurate marksmanship. Not so, however, with Walt. He called a moose the same evening, but not until near 9 o'clock, and the darkness was such that accuracy of aim was impossible. The result was a wounded animal which they followed as far as possible in the darkness, but pursuit of which was finally abandoned for that night.

A return to camp followed, the intention being to renew the pursuit at daylight the following morning. A natural desire, however, to see the moose I had killed, together with my earnest request for his assistance in photographing, caused Walt to first visit the scene of my conquest, resulting of course in great delay to the resumption of his hunt for his wounded animal, and it was nearly 10 o'clock when he and Seymour arrived at the spot where they had abandoned the trail the evening previous. Signs showed that Walt's shot had broken, or at least injured, th animal s right foreleg. This was indicated by the absence of that particular footprint. The trail also showed considerable blood upon the bushes on that side and four separate and distinct pools of the red fluid told where the moose had lain down as many times during the night. Walt's theory is that the animal did not move from where he last laid down until daybreak, which is probably correct, and that if they could have been there at that time, the chance seemed favorable that they could have readily bagged their game. In this theory I am certainly inclined to share. At all events I shall always feel regret that circumstances were as they were, and shall believe that I might have closed this sketch with a record of two moose for the trip instead of one, for although we had one or two suitable evenings for calling afterward they were without result.

Two black bear were shot by Walt a day or two later, and I had the pleasure (?) of seeing one at a very long distance, but as I was moose calling at the time, considered it unwise to pursue him.

It took Crawford and me a whole day to properly prepare my moose head for shipment to a taxidermist in the city, where I am having it mounted, and a large part of the work I did with my own hands, for when one secures a head such as the one of which I write, it becomes very precious to the owner. Upon our long journey back to Hurdman's I found there was a sentiment attached to those horns which would hardly permit of their being touched by "profane hands," and certain it is that I lugged them on my own shoulders every inch of the way out. Thus does sentiment ever attach itself to trophies of the chase, for who that has ever tasted the delights of the hunt has not some trophy in his possession upon which his eyes love to linger as he recalls days of freedom from care spent in the pursuit of game? Thoughts such as these I suggest will, I am sure, often occur to me when I look upon the proud head of the subject of this narrative, and, imperfectly as I have related them, the mere recall of the incidents connected with this trophy has been to me a renewed pleasure, and I will only add that the primal object sought has been attained if, by that recall, I have satisfactorily answered your question of how I got "my first moose." L. C. I.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.

CRAWFORD.

"I LUGGED THEM ON MY OWN SHOULDERS."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Oct. 20.—Mr. C. F. Johnson of the Waltonian Manufacturing Company, Chicago, is just back from a month's trip in Oregon and Washington, and he is wild with enthusiasm for the sport and sportsmen of the Coast country. He went there a stranger to both, and came back acquainted, which was enough to raise his ardor. In company with Mr. Fred Tritchelar, one of Portland's anglers, and "Doc" Wheeler, of doggy fame in the same city, he enjoyed sport at the Mongolian pheasants and grouse till he wished no more, and then went on a five days' trouting trip in the Cascades, in which the party took 700 trout. Then, with a party of five, he went on a fourteen days' hunting trip in Washington, in which time he killed to his own gun nine deer, a bear and two cougars. The bear was small, but the cougars (mountain lions) were full grown. They came past his station on a runway for deer, being started by the drivers, one about three-quarters of an hour later than the other.

Such luck as this does not fall to very many mortals; and no wonder Mr. Johnson wants to go back there. He says that a city like Portland, where you can, as he did, take the street cars almost out to where you can kill two 18lbs. salmon of a morning, is good enough for him. Mr. Johnson says he never knew before what it was to see shooting with the rifle and revolver until these Western men showed him, and according to his story, the streets of every Coast city are tenanted by nothing but good shots and good fellows, all ready to take a stranger out and show him the sport of the country. I don't know when I have seen a man come back off a trip so pleased clear through as Mr. Johnson is, and it creates no surprise to hear him say that he is going back again this fall.

Hard to Supply.

Mr. Geo. A. Rose, of Cleveland, O., asks for a place hard to supply when he sends the following:

"Being one of the many readers of Forest and Stream who enjoy what you write about the sport had in the Northwest, and as a party of us are going on a short shooting trip next month, I write you to see if you can tell me of some one I can write to in regard to a favorable locality for quail, partridge and larger game. We want to find some place not too far away either in this State or Michigan, as our time is limited to a week or ten days. If you can do this I can assure you it will be appreciated, as I have made many a trip with the same result, a light, very light, game bag."

There is no place in Ohio or Michigan that I know of where one can find large game and also partridge and quail. Deer and ruffed grouse go together in the pine woods, but not quail. A ten days' trip after deer in northern Wisconsin or the upper peninsula of Michigan might or might not be successful. One could get deer and quail on the same hunt in Arkansas or in the Indian Nations. He can certainly get quail in abundance, and perhaps a few grouse, in northern Indiana, say about Newton, Ora, Huntington, or almost anywhere west of Fort Wayne along the Panhandle road, or east of Chicago 100 miles on the Erie road. If I wanted a pleasant ten days' fall trip I would rather spend it in the latter country than search further for bigger possibilities in the shooting line. One could be almost certain to get all the sport at quail a gentleman should wish. E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

BIG GAME IN MAINE.

Fully 100 deer are being shot weekly. It is too common a thing to particularize; most sportsmen now are after something larger; deer shooting is mere tenderfoot business. It is like rabbit hunting in the past. Any ambitious lady hunter can capture a deer, even "Fly Rod," our famous woodscraft writer and trout fisher, is looking for something more worthy of her steel.

The woods of Maine are filled with the beaten paths of deer, and it is a daily occurrence to see deer feeding in pastures and in company with domestic cattle.

We are done eating that sort of steak; if venison we must eat give us a bull moose's nose or shin marrow, or a cutlet from a 700lbs. big-footed bear, roasted on the shore of a distant lake, far from the haunts of man, seasoned with the cry of the Indian devil echoing through the distant mountains—*sine qua non*.

The papers are full of reports of the slaughter. Our old bear hunter of Roxbury, Oxford county, has just killed his forty-fourth bear. G. W. Dunbar of Concord, Me., killed last week a bear weighing 376lbs., and whose foot measured 6×9in.

A party of three men from Whitinsville, Mass., were badly frightened last week in the Rangeley woods by some wild animals making fearful screams and driving some deer in the night time near their camp, probably wolves. They called the noise terrible yowling.

The middle of October Emery Burbank of Whitinsville, Mass., shot a large bull moose near Flagstaff, Me., whose head weighed 54lbs.

J. C. Havemeyer of New York and Herbert C. Brownell of Providence, have shot two moose on the Penobscot waters.

Mr. Henry Young, of Greenbush, Me., shot a bull moose which weighed 825lbs. dressed weight, on a bog in that town, only one mile from a railroad and twenty-one miles from Bangor.

J. H. Howard Gibson and Frank G. Rogers, of Philadelphia, killed one moose and two caribou lately. W. F. Montgomery, of Boston, and Philip Richmond, of Providence, killed one moose, two caribou and three deer in October, the whole weighing a ton.

A hunter came into Bangor last week with a 900-pound moose, killed up near the Canadian Pacific, having a fine head, which he sold for $100, and another hunter sold a bull moose for $87.

J. Manchester Haynes, of Augusta, Me., has killed a moose. S. H. Watts, of Berwick, Pa., brought in a moose, and Oliver Prescott, of Cambridge, Mass., a bull caribou.

A young man nineteen years old, in Somerset county, Maine, still-hunted and killed a large bull moose in a small thicket, and in an instant after the moose fell a bull caribou leaped out of the thicket at the boy, who hit him with the butt of his gun, spoiling the gun but stunning the caribou so that he cut his throat.

There were over 500 deers' heads mounted in the State of Maine last year, and this month of October there has been one-half of that number killed already. It is just as easy to kill a deer as a sheep after you get to where they live; and it is wicked to drive them with dogs, as the manner of some is. Public opinion is none too soon coming to the rescue. That practice belongs to the Dark Ages.

The present laws are good and sufficient to protect the game of the State, and if lived up to, we shall have good shooting and big game will increase for years to come.

J. G. Rich.

Bethel, Maine.

A STILL DAY.

The day is still. There is hardly a ruffle of the water that spreads its unbroken calm to the horizon, where it blends so perfectly with the blue sky that it is hard indeed to say where the one ends or the other commences. An ideal day for dreaming! A poor day for sport! How often I have whiled away the golden hours under such conditions. There is always the hope that a breeze may spring up and start the fowl moving, and again you cannot tell at what moment some wandering duck may swing to investigate your decoys. Half dozing, one sits motionless, conscious only of a delightful sense of contentment, when suddenly, with a swish-h-h of wings a duck flashes over the decoys. To seize the gun and fire instinctively is the work of an instant. Still he speeds away, apparently untouched, save for a single downy feather that floats through the haze of powder smoke and settles on the water, light as a thought.

Wilmot Townsend

How could I miss him? you mentally exclaim, as your eyes follow his receding form. Ah! At full five hundred yards his wings go up, and down he pitches—"dead," dashing the spray in a shower as he strikes.

Have you ever been there?

Bay Ridge, New York. Wilmot Townsend.

"LOTS OF BIRDS."

Speaking of quail, my son Aleck and I took a run last winter down to the southern part of North Carolina for quail, intending to shoot the last ten days of February, when the law goes on. We had heard of such splendid shooting, we went loaded with 600 shells. On the way down nothing of importance happened, except that I lay awake all night. The fellow in the next bunk pointed himself the wrong way, which brought his head next to mine; just as soon as his head touched his pillow, he started his saw mill and ran it till daylight. On the branch line we had quite an exciting little incident. On board was an officer, having in his custody a negro, who he was taking to Asheville to be examined in a murder case. The darky was so frightened, for fear of being lynched, that he jumped through the car window, while the train was running at a speed of forty miles an hour. He did it so quick that the officer just had time to catch him by one foot as he disappeared through the window. The officer held on until the train was stopped, and the man taken in again by help from the outside. The prisoner was not hurt in the least after bumping along on the ties, but the poor officer was terribly cut up by the broken glass.

On arriving we were greeted by a little colored tot, "Goin' gunnin', Massa? Lots er birds." The next person we met, a negro, greeted us with the same salutation. At the hotel the landlord kindly informed us that there were lots of birds. While sitting in the hotel office preparatory to going to dinner, the better class of the population began to drop in. Every one put the same question, "Goin' gunnin'? Lots of birds." One party told us that a friend of his had flushed twenty-five bevies the day before. Another that two of his friends had bagged 115 birds. I looked at Aleck; he is not very strong; and it did my heart good to see the peaceful smile that crossed his countenance. He must have been thinking of how we had struggled through life and at last had reached the happy hunting grounds.

Dinner over, we were introduced by the hotel proprietor to the nice young man who was to be our guide. For the afternoon shoot I did not think it worth while to don my shooting clothes; for if quail were so plenty, I would take it easy, go as I pleased, and do a good deal of resting—perhaps whistle them up, as we do the yellowlegs at home. But, alas! how we are doomed to disappointments. We traveled the whole of the afternoon up hill and down, across mud holes and through briers on which I left some of my covering. We flushed just one bevy of about a dozen birds, out of which we bagged six, when our guide called us off. I think we could have brought them all to bag, but the guide told us that he did not want the bevy killed up too close.

That night the guide came to our room, and suggested that by hiring a team he could take us where there was good shooting. We told him by all means to engage a team for the morrow. Then we turned to meditating how we were going to get rid of those 600.

Breakfast over the next day, we were soon on our way with fifty shells each in our pocket. After two hours drive over the worst road I ever traveled, we halted, made the horse comfortable and started in. It was the same old story—a tedious tramp before we found any birds. To make a long story short, after a walk of about fifteen miles we put up three bevies and got ten birds. Then we started for the hotel disgusted.

The kind-hearted proprietor was on hand to meet us on our arrival, and to know of our success. You cannot imagine how sad he looked when he inspected that bunch of game, which it had taken a team, a guide, two good dogs and two good guns to gather in, ten little quail. Our hotel man said he felt very bad, but perhaps we would meet with better success on the morrow. I begged and pleaded with him not to feel bad. I told him our lives were made up of disappointments. After he got over feeling bad and I thought it safe, I sadly, but gently, broke the news to him that I was home-sick, and would take the evening train for the North. We reached home tired out after being on the road two days and a night.

I would rather bag one dozen of our big strong Long Island quail, with a pleasant country to tramp over, and the comfort of being at home, than to bag 50 of those small Southern quail and put up with the inconveniences that we met with. Heretofore when I brought to bag 100 or 200 of our birds during the fall shoot I did not appreciate it, but I feel now that I have a big privilege.

Alfred A. Frazer.

MORE ABOUT THE .22.

Exeter, Neb., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In Forest and Stream of Oct. 21 I see that "Tode" is doubtful of the qualities of the .22cal. short cartridge that I upheld in your issue of three weeks back, being used in the .22 short Winchester repeater, and laughs at its killing at 303yds. True, I am a "Westerner," as he says, and again that distance counts as merely nothing to one long residing in the West, where the broncho is generally our mode of locomotion. "But truth counts with us and at all times." In the first place he acknowledges his surprise at the shooting of the little cartridge, trials of which he has been carrying on in his "cellar." Now then, just take that little Stevens gun into the open air and give it a chance to breathe good, fresh autumn air and see what that little gun can do. If it is a 24in. barrel or longer I will warrant you can put a .22 short in a target at 303yds. or further. If not go to your gunsmith and get one of the best .22 short Winchesters he has—"the best," mind you, for that is what my gun is—and mark off 325yds. Throw the hind sight up into the last notch, taking a coarse sight and let her go. If you are not surprised then I'll stand treat. Just try it, "Tode," and let us hear the result in our "family paper."

Citing an incident of the .22's force, I was visiting a friend eight years ago who had a .22 short Winchester single shot rifle. One evening we were on the lawn shooting at a large sunflower stalk. There were no houses nearer than four blocks and we had no idea of the little ball's going so far when a man came running up and stopped us. It seems one of the balls had gone 400yds. and into the leg of his little boy playing in the yard. This stopped our shooting and caused us a doctor's bill.

This spring in company with a citizen of this place I stood four blocks away from a windmill and to see if the balls would cut through the vane fired five shots at it and all five balls not only hit but cut "clean" through. True, the wood is thin, but the blocks are 100yds. in length. I put the hind sight up into the last notch and caught the bottom of the front in the slot of the rear sight.

I am not like the "man from the East," anxious to shoot a grizzly with a .22 or with anything else for that matter. My experience has been when a grizzly was sighted to go about my business—and he will do the same. But if one should ever corner me I would not hesitate to try "my" .22 on his bearship, for a .22 Winchester in the hands of one who can handle it and knows what it is capable of "can do wonders." Diamond Walt.

SQUIRRELS AND BASS IN TEXAS.

Waco, Tex., Oct. 23.—In your last issue, "H. B. C." of New Hampshire, wants to know where good gray squirrels abound this fall. I will tell him thiswise. Some two weeks ago I heard of a black (fresh water) bass that was caught in Montgomery county, southern Texas, that weighed 22lbs. I went there with tent, tackle, squirrel gun and not forgetting an 18oz. greenheart rod. We stopped at New Caney, twenty-seven miles east of Houston, and took a wagon for an eight-mile drive through pine woods and magnolia groves to East River, one of the tributaries of the San Jacinto River. We crossed over, however, in half this distance, two streams so beautifully pure and clear, in which we saw so many moderate-sized bass as to induce us to ponder over the fact of going on further. We camped on a bluff of sand in the midst of a large magnolia grove, the river just within a few rods of us. Nature never made to run a more beautiful river, without rocks, in the South, than this East River. Our tent was soon up, and while our cook was getting dinner I just slipped off less than 100yds. and killed four gray squirrels—only moving under two or three trees. It was all we wanted for supper. The difficulty was to keep from killing the squirrels. I am certain I could easily have got 100 each day I was there.

But I was not after anything else but bass and channel cat. The latter, by the by, is superior in fighting and eating qualities to the former. The water was too clear for large bass, but the channel cat we caught, and returned to the water what we could not use. The bait was grub worms and minnows. The woods are full of deer and bear, but as I only went to squirrel hunt and fish I made no effort for larger game—one large deer walked past our cook within 40yds., and as leisurely walked off.

Our stay was one week. Each day too short. It was enjoyable. Bacon for breakfast, boiled or old-fashioned barbecued squirrel for dinner, and fish for supper.

Tell H. B. C. to go there. Let him take good tackle, shotgun for squirrels and .45cal. rifle for bear and deer; for he will need each. While there I inquired into the weight of that 22lbs. bass; I was told that several gentlemen will qualify as to its accuracy. I am certain that there are in South Texas fresh-water bass that will weigh 22lbs., and I expect to take one such in the next twelve months.

J. Walter Cock.

Nebraska Game.

Beatrice, Neb., Oct. 21.—Wild ducks of all kinds are here in goodly numbers now, and hunters bring in good bags of quail. Not many chickens are killed now, as they are full grown, strong flyers, and hunted so close they get up a long distance away. Lots of squirrels and plenty of mast for them to feed on. Pike are beginning to bite, though no large catches are reported up to date. Good game outlook here for the coming season.

El Comancho.

Two Hundred Miles in a Skiff.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—I started on my trip to-day, which will be from here down the Des Plaines, Kankakee to the Illinois, then down that stream to Spring Lake, something over 200 miles, in a skiff 12ft. long. Expect to have lots of sport with bass and later with ducks. Will write you full account later. Spring Lake is one of the finest places for duck shooting in the State. F. O. S.

A TRIP TO THE GURNET.

BOSTON, Oct. 26.—My friend Brann and I not having succeeded in getting many quail up to date, we thought a trip to the Gurnet might afford us some shore shooting. So we checked our baggage for Green Harbor, which is not far from Brant Rock. Half an hour's drive from the station brought us to the Webster House, whose jolly proprietor, Mr. Ma Dan, is well versed in shooting lore. Before our traps were unpacked he told us we would find some quail just back of his hen house.

Four A. M. found us on the beach with our dory, with decoys to imitate the dusky coot, and just as effective as a more expensive article. We thought we were early and likely to obtain a good position, but we found that dozens of boats were anchored long before our arrival. We were forced to take an outside position and not a very favorable one. The boats inshore clearly had the best of it, as the gunners were keeping up a running fire. The coots seemed inclined to follow the shore line that morning. We anchored for three hours and brought in 19 birds— butterbills and graywings.

We lost quite a number of cripples, the birds diving and causing us some very lively work when giving chase. A retriever would have been of good service to us, but our dog had been left at the hotel, we thinking he would be a nuisance in the boat.

We had arranged for a sailboat for the afternoon, hoping for better shooting. In the meantime we started for the Gurnet, which is about seven miles from Brant Rock and is very hard tramping. We saw just one flock of white-breast plovers and they were so wild we could not get within gunshot. We found a few ring-necks and some peep, and three beetle-heads. The birds have disappeared, and the tramp over that beach was a dreary and lonely one.

One o'clock found Ben—who was formerly on the Gurnet light—waiting for us. We were not long in running out under his skillful handling of the boat. Soon we located a bunch of butterbills and ran up to within easy gunshot before they began to dive. We had some of the best and most exhilarating sport all the afternoon, running on to the ducks in this manner, that we ever enjoyed. We would lean far over the side to pick up a cripple, when just as we were about to seize him by the neck he would dive; then we would have to wait for him until the next tack. Thus it was all the afternoon. And to say we enjoyed it would be very tame. Thirty-seven ducks made our score for the first day.

The next morning we heard the quail back of the hen house but thought we would leave them for later. We went to the beach at high water and found the ducks scattered all along in small bunches feeding. By careful maneuvering we picked up eleven more for our string. Right here is where our Irish setter came in on the scene. Without him we would not have got one bird. The wind was off shore and was almost a half gale, so that it was almost impossible to get what you would kill. Old Flash was battling with the rollers and high winds for over twenty minutes at one time before he captured his crippled duck. When he brought the duck ashore we bestowed enough praise and pats upon him almost to turn his head.

On our way back to the house we knocked over seven yellowlegs, but began to fear of having a chance at the quail. The trip was an enjoyable one to us. We had all the ducks we cared about and we intend going again next week. The quail will hear from us next. We also found an abundance of loons, but they were high and shy.

JOHN P. WALLACE.

BOSTON GUNS.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—I have to mention a good many unsuccessful sportsmen if I keep on the side of truth. Indeed among all the hunters who have been into Maine from the section of Boston this fall, not one in ten has succeeded in getting large game, so far as my knowledge goes. Mr. W. P. Tenney and his brother, Harry Tenney, and Mr. William Gray have just returned from a hunt in Maine. They are usually successful hunters and get their share; but good fortune was not with them this time. They went some thirty miles back from Houlton into a good game section, but they got no four-footed game whatever, though they hunted very faithfully. They got a fair showing of partridges, but even these birds they did not find as plenty as they expected from the reports they had read in the papers.

Mr. Geo. H. Lamphier has recently returned from a successful hunt in Maine. He is reported to have killed a cow moose and a dozen partridges on a hunt at King and Bartlett lakes. A party of six Boston hunters have made a successful trip into the woods of Washington county, Me. They are reported to have killed a deer a piece. The papers say that Game Commissioner T. H. Wentworth, of Bangor, Me., has just returned from Sebois Lake with a fine deer. He was accompanied by his son. This is the gentleman who was appointed to take the place of E. M. Stillwell, deceased. He is very highly spoken of by his colleague in office and by all who have had to do with him in fish and game protective matters. There is one feature of deer hounding that it is very hard for these commissioners to control. The State of New Hampshire permits hunting deer with hounds. There is a very long border between Maine and New Hampshire, heavily wooded, and a natural home for moose and deer. The very worst sort of advantage is taken of this border by those who desire to hound deer. In fact the whole Magalloway region is badly infested with hounds running deer this season. On certain waters in Maine, but near the borders of New Hampshire, guides are regularly employed to put out hounds, ostensibly in New Hampshire, but they run the deer into Maine waters where they are shot. In fact there are already a number of suspicious cases of deer taken at these waters. Dogs have come this fall clear over the mountains to the borders of Richardson Lake and the ponds above. The only remedy for sportsmen and the owners of camps on Richardson Lake and Umbagog, who do not believe in the hounding of deer, is to take the law into their own hands —which thing they have a legal right to do—and shoot the dogs. The game laws of Maine empower any person to destroy any dog found hunting deer in that State.

Another deer has been killed in the town of Durham, Me., but a short distance from Lewiston. So much for game protection and the non-hounding of deer in Maine. It is within the recollection of thousands of the older residents of that section of the country when a live deer in the woods about there would have caused about as much excitement as would the advent of a live wolf in the streets of Lewiston or Auburn. Venison has been cheap in the markets of both those cities of late. Local and resident hunters have killed a good many deer and brought them home, and having more venison than they could use in their own home it has found its way into the markets.

A Mrs. Dwyer, of New York, has beaten the record of lady sportsmen this fall. She has shot a caribou at Portage Lake in Maine; at least, so the guides say. They came upon the animal apparently asleep and the rifle was handed to the lady. Her husband, who was with her, was greatly pleased with the trip. A party of Worcester sportsmen are in the Moosehead Lake region. They are Messrs. A. L. Gilman, T. M. Harris, M. H. Roche, O. C. Ward and W. B. Gage.

Some of the Boston hunters are having pretty good sport in New Hampshire this fall. Mr. A. S. Atkins has killed 8 partridge and 4 woodcock in the vicinity of Newmarket. Mr. William Lunt has shot 75 birds, including 20 woodcock, during a two weeks' hunt. These gentlemen are very careful about mentioning the locality where they have their success, and who can blame them?

Quail shooting on the Cape this fall is not yet much of a success. A number of good shots have been hunting in the vicinity of Wellfleet for several days, but they got very few quail. They complain that local gunners have broken all of the coveys, and they darkly hint that this must have been done before the open season begun. Good shore bird shooting has lately been reported at Chatham. The gunners have been few there since the recent gale, while residents mention good flights of birds. SPECIAL.

DUCK SHOOTING NEAR MONTREAL.

MR. D. DENNE writes thus in the Montreal *Star* of a September day's duck shooting not far from that city:

At 2:30 we were aroused, our lamps lighted and in a quarter of an hour we were dressed and looking out to find which way the wind came. There was little of it and the worst we could have had, but enough to lift the mist. A good drink of milk and a slice of home-made bread and butter composed our first breakfast, and very soon we were in our boats, each accompanied by his favorite guide and dog. There was just light enough on the water to enable us to direct our different courses up or down the river. The blackbirds in the rushes were just beginning to welcome the coming morn. A cock crowing on the shore, a bell at the village church, a plash of a fish or sometimes a muskrat, were the sounds we heard as we paddled along under the still starlit sky. In about an hour we are all hidden away in our various "blinds," our live decoys quacking as innocently as possible, and feeding away quite contentedly, being well accustomed to being anchored out as lures.

The "roseate streaks of dawn" were appearing in the east. The finishing touches were just complete about the blind, I was preparing to load my gun. My guide sitting behind me had just got one shell of No. 3 in his, and was feeling in his bag for another, when we heard the ducks coming, and from behind. Joe did not hesitate. Up went his gun, a No. 10, and how it did speak right over my head, then down splashed three black ducks out of the twenty-five or more who took that early peep at us. I was more than disappointed at losing my chance at this flock. They were so near, but it's always that way with duck shooting. Be off your guard at any moment, filling your pipe or something else, just then you lose the best chance of the day. However, it's no good "crying over spilt milk." We are both ready now. Our dog has brought in the ducks, and we are pleased with the result of the first shot. In a few minutes five black ducks are seen coming up the river; our decoys quack well. Nearer and nearer they come; up goes my 12-bore for a right and left. Down drops one almost among the decoys, another falls well over the other side of the river, and being only wounded, goes ashore there, and hides till our retriever looks him up later on in the day. Then follows a flock of teal, a long shot, but we get one bird. Then a bittern's curiosity costs him his life.

Afterward a long wait, and nothing moving we start for breakfast with astonishing appetites considering we had not gone out fasting. The other boats also return, finding the day too fine for duck shooting. They bring a few birds and relate their experience while we enjoy our second meal. About 10 o'clock it is suggested we try the different snipe grounds in the neighborhood. We are soon ready again, but only to be disappointed; the birds are not to be found near the river. They must be up in the fields, but where, none of the party can say. Then it is proposed we try for three woodcock, known to be in a certain cover just outside a big swamp. These woods are so thick, and the walking such hot work this lovely bright day, that we are not over-quick in responding to this last suggestion, but we do go and have a walk that we won't forget in a hurry. We hear the birds as they rise and fly toward the middle of the swamp. We cannot follow them, so return to the farmhouse to await the evening's flight of ducks. This does not amount to much, the weather is not favorable. We are too early in the season for fall ducks, and the summer ducks won't fly till too late on this particular night.

Once more we return to the house, change our "things" and that gladly, as rubber boots were uncomfortable to walk in, especially on a hot day. We have some good roast chickens, pies, etc., for dinner. Then drive back to the "station," and in a desperate hurry, for we have taken too long over our meal listening to some wonderful stories of the day's sport. My guide, Joe, is a marvelous *raconteur* and amused us by telling us that last week he had a fine fat heron for dinner. He liked it better than duck. The only fault he could find with it was that his wife could not wash the smell of this "gamy" bird off the knives and forks, although she had tried her best ever since. "*Chacun à son gout.*"

Montana Doings.

PIEGAN, Montana, Oct. 24.—The water fowl have been going south in immense flocks for the past ten days, and the flight is nearly over. Capt. Cooke, Dr. Martin and the writer were out a few hours last evening and bagged twenty-five geese, five ducks and twelve sharp-tail grouse. Twenty-one of the geese were wavies (*Chen hyperborea*) and four were the rare Ross's goose (*Chen rossii*).

In comparing these four I find that the warts on the base of their bills are of irregular size and shape, no two birds having them alike. When going north or south, to or from their breeding grounds, these geese are always found mixed with the wavies, and never in flocks by themselves. They seldom alight in the lakes here, preferring the open prairies, where they eat the tender shoots of the prairie grass. They, of course, do go to the lakes for water, but only remain in them a few minutes.

John Monroe came in yesterday from the headwaters of Badger Creek, and brought with him the head of a very large bull moose which he killed up there. He says there are quite a number of elk, deer and bear in that vicinity, and is going back there to-morrow to have another hunt. Monroe is said to be the best moose hunter in the Northwest. In the early days, when he was employed by the Hudson's Bay Co., way up in the Saskatchewan country, he was far and away the most successful hunter of this game. He is getting pretty old now, and his eyesight is poor, yet it seems he still knows how to "get there."

No one in this country, Indian or white, knows how to call moose, and they are not much hunted. As near as I can learn, Monroe finds the track, and then instead of following it he keeps circling until he locates the animal.

Our Indian police and several employees of this agency had a hunt after a band of train robbers the other day. They were a desperate set of men and killed one white man and wounded one policeman. A party of Kalispel people were also out after the robbers, and as they had a reporter with them, the press despatches gave them all the glory of the affair. I take pleasure in stating here that Wm. Jackson, well known to many FOREST AND STREAM readers, was the leader of our party, and chased the robbers up over the summit of the mountains, exchanging shots with them every few minutes. Jackson drove them so fast that they had no time to eat, and finally the men were headed off by the Kalispel party, two of them killed and two captured. J. W. SCHULTZ.

Game Notes.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 23.—Shooting in this section has been poor this season. It has been unusually dry all the summer and up to the present time, and the woodcock have left. There are some grouse, but most of those I have found were old birds.

In Nova Scotia the moose hunting has been poor as far as I have heard. Several parties who went in from Bear River returned without any game. A gentleman to whom I gave some points regarding grounds I had hunted in the Province, recently returned from a three weeks' trip. During that time they saw the sun on two days, and had no weather fit for calling. The party killed one three-year-old bull moose and got shots at some caribou.

From the northeastern part of Maine I hear that big-game hunters have been unusually successful. Several men I know have each killed a bull moose. From the grounds, where I usually go every winter, I hear that caribou have been plenty. Quite a number have been killed, two of them having exceptionally fine heads. I hope to start for this region about Nov. 20. I had a companion who intended making the trip with me, but owing to sickness he will be unable to go, and it looks as though I should go it alone. After reaching the grounds I prefer to hunt alone, but it is pleasant to have a companion on the trip. I happened to find this place one winter when cruising about in Maine, and I think it a good place to spend a few weeks each season. I stay in a comfortable house, and often find deer and caribou tracks within a quarter of a mile. It is not a place where deer are as plenty as I have found them elsewhere, but there are a fair number; generally caribou are quite numerous, and with good still-hunting weather I am quite sure of getting shots. It is also much cheaper than going to any of the hunting camps, and in the present financial condition this is quite an item to some sportsmen. C. M. STARK.

Texas Quail and Ducks.

VELASCO, Tex., Oct. 25.—Though we have had no frost yet, the weather has been and continues perfect for field work, and contrary to the prognostications of some local nimrods, who saw last season's tremendous slaughter by nomads from far Northern and Western cities, quail and prairie chicken are as thick as "in Indian times" or "durin' the war."

The three Ohio shots, W. L. Gardner and C. H. Stewart, of Norwalk, and John A. Waite, of Toledo, who during three mornings last January bagged 980 quail near Velasco (and most powerfully astonished some of the natives with their "trick dogs," for which the Buckeye sportsmen refused liberal offers of mustangs and cows on the range), write J. W. Moore and W. P. Morrissey that they will return next month and take in the Brazorian and Matagordan lakes neighborhoods, a few miles distant, the greatest winter resort in Texas of ducks and geese, and already black with fleets of birds. The long dry spells of central and western Texas, where the first flocks touch, have made mud holes of the shallow prairie ponds and streams up there, and have hurried the returning Arctic voyages to the coast, where lakes and creeks are wide, and forty feet deep, with plenty of rushes and seed grass on their shores, and where skilled sportsmen are yet few. R. McC.

Florida West Coast Resorts.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla.—You may refer any one making inquiries about hunting and fishing in Florida to me. I will take pleasure in answering all letters inclosing stamp. I think I am competent, as I have spent the most of the past ten years in looking up the hunting and fishing, and locating the desirable camp grounds. Quail are more than plenty here. Please accept my congratulations on FOREST AND STREAM's record at the World's Fair. You are not only always doing well, but continually doing better. All of which pleases no one more than yours fraternally, S. D. KENDALL.

Pennsylvania Game.

SCRANTON, Pa., Oct. 28.—Pheasants are more numerous on the hills around the city than usual this fall. I heard of a Frenchman who bagged twenty-one woodcock and ten pheasants near Newton. Clem. Marsh shot over forty pheasants in three days' shooting west of Dunnings. A two hours' drive from the city will take one among pheasants almost any time. They are rather wild and the leaves are still pretty thick. The shooting will be better in a couple of weeks. J. H. FISHER.

A Tragedy of the Bowstring.

RARELY has the wilderness outing of a party of sportsmen ended in a more deplorable tragedy, than that in which Maj. C. W. Wells, of Saginaw, Mich., lost his life in the Bowstring country of Minnesota. The party consisted of Maj. Wells and Mr. C. H. Davis, of Saginaw, Mr. R. H. Bennett, of Minneapolis and Mr. Michael Kelly, of Duluth. The story of Maj. Wells's death is contained in a letter we have received from his friend Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, who writes: Mr. Wells was with an old and experienced canoeman, who had been with him on these trips a number of years. They were returning to their camp on the Big Bowstring Lake, and either the guide was not looking or something was wrong, for Mr. Wells fired at a passing duck and the boat capsized and remained bottom side up. The guide told Mr. Wells to keep perfectly quiet and rest lightly on the bottom of the canoe, and he could work them to the shore, about 300ft. distant. After going about three boat lengths, Mr. Wells threw up his hands and died, as the newspaper clipping states. At that time they were just able to touch bottom with their feet. I learned from one of the party whom I have seen to-day, that McIntosh placed a paddle under each of the arms of his dead companion. He then worked the boat to shore in the icy cold water, emptied it and went back in the dark and succeeded in getting the body, unaided and alone, into a Peterboro canoe. How he did it, without capsizing and in his exhausted condition, only he can tell. He then paddled to camp and fell exhausted on the shore. Kelly, another member of the party was the only one in camp and was horrified at discovering his companions in this condition. McIntosh could not speak above a whisper.

The death of Mr. Wells has cast a gloom over us all, as he was an old friend of ours, one of the nicest men in the world, a thorough sportsman and one of the original owners of our car, "City of Saginaw." In the old days, the Wells-Birney deer hunting party was well known when Michigan was full of deer, and hunters came from the neighboring States. They, all of them, have heard of the exploits and perfect camps of the Wells party. There is no doubt that he died of heart failure, for at no time was he under water, but became thoroughly chilled and this caused his death.

Gunning Experience.

HARTFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is the month that all lovers of dog and gun are out after the wily grouse, quail and woodcock, and much experimenting is being done with the different kinds of powder now in the market. I have tried three kinds of the nitro powders, and while they are very pleasant to shoot, somehow I do not get the birds with them that I do with the old black powder, and wonder why this is so. Am using the E.C. this fall. This powder makes more noise than the American wood or Schultze, but after all it does not seem to get there like my old Hazard powder. I presume I do not load it right; but I try hard to follow the manufacturers' directions. I notice one writer says of American wood powder, that the wadding should be driven down with two smart blows of a two-pound hammer to get good results, although the manufacturers give no such instructions. I wish the brethren would send in to FOREST AND STREAM their experiences with these powders, as many of us like to load our own shells rather than buy those already loaded, and in fact those I bought loaded in New York last fall were not satisfactory.

I was out one afternoon last week after partridge (I notice that Charles Hallock calls them timber grouse) and did not succeed in stopping a couple of grouse I fired at and thought should stop, and both dog and myself were disappointed, as my old pointer feels fully as badly as I do if the bird don't come down when I fire with a reasonable chance of getting him. Just then I saw a chestnut plank lying on the ground, which I set up against a fence post and paced off forty paces, and fired a charge of No. 7 shot from shell loaded with 2¾drs. E. C. powder, one No. 12 white felt wad and one No. 12 pink-edge wad on powder, and the shot barely stuck into the plank. I then turned the plank around and fired a charge (3drs.) black powder, same size shot, and they were all buried deeply into the wood.

The only partridge I brought home that afternoon was brought down at long range with a load of black powder. I prefer to use the nitro powder but I want to stop the birds I hit, as I am never overloaded when I come home, even with the best make of black powder. Am using shells with strong primers. TATTERS.

The Proposed National Association.

THE subjoined call was sent out last week for the organization of a National Game and Bird Protective Association:

"To all shooting clubs, game wardens, sportsmen and other persons interested in the protection of game, birds and fish of the U. S.:

"You are hereby notified that at a meeting held under the auspices of the Illinois State Sporting Association at Assembly Hall, Columbian Exposition Grounds, Chicago, Ill., on Sept. 21, 1893, a temporary organization was formed for the purpose of calling together at Chicago at the close of the Fair officers and members of shooting clubs, game wardens and other persons interested in game, birds and fish protection, to organize a national game, bird and fish protection association throughout these United States.

"The rapid destruction of our game and song birds calls for immediate and united action by all lovers of the fur, feathered and finny tribes; there is a demand for a more uniform close season and better enforcement of present laws.

"Believing that a large attendance could be secured at the close of the Fair, the call has been made for all sporting clubs, game wardens, sportsmen, and other persons interested, of the United States, to meet at the Sherman House club room, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 2, 1893, at 8 o'clock P. M., to organize. Every person interested in the subject should be present and participate. Let us make this a national success. WOLFRED N. LOW, Temporary Chairman.

"P. S. BAIRD, Temporary Sec'y, 172 Washington street, rooms 1,007-9, Chicago, Ill.

New Publications.

AMERICAN BIG-GAME HUNTING.*

IN a sheet of newspaper which happens to be wrapped about the "Book of the Boone and Crockett Club," which has come to my desk, is a paragraph setting forth the hunting exploits of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Estes in India. His score for two months of this year, it appears, comprised no less than 2,800 head of game, the list including one buffalo, five elephants, forty-three black bucks, thirty-nine wild boars, twenty tigers and seventeen jackals. The Archduke is a mighty hunter, and without doubt such a record won for him great fame in the country where it was made. But India is not America. The conditions are different here. No one in the United States to-day may count on winning enviable renown by an unconscionable slaughter of wild animals. The prevailing and growing sentiment is for moderation in the taking of game. This sentiment is shared by most men who claim recognition as sportsmen. It is the sentiment which pervades the volume put forth by the Boone and Crockett Club.

"Another means by which the Club hopes to bring about a proper spirit for the preservation of our big game," write the editors, Messrs. Theodore Roosevelt and George Bird Grinnell, in their introduction, "is by frowning on and discouraging among sportsmen themselves all unsportsmanlike proceedings and needless slaughter. The Club has persistently discouraged anything tending to glorify the making of big bags of game."

That is fine for sentiment and well enough for profession. But how does the practice of the Club members in the field accord with the sentiment and bear out the profession? If for answer we shall turn to the pages of this "Book" where are recorded their hunting chronicles, we shall find that far from being the subject of insincere cant and simply profession of principle, this spirit of moderation has force in the wilderness and is a controlling factor in determining conduct. In this respect the "Book" is a credit to the members of the Boone and Crockett. In a larger sense—for a club numbering seventy odd members, from various sections of the country, may rightly claim to be representative—it does credit to the American sportsmanship of the day. And as the novice may not read these chapters without learning from them something new in practical hunting lore, so too he may not rend them without learning the manliness of foregoing wanton killing. Moreover, the stories are well told; the first one is likely to lure the reader to a second, and that to a third.

Relations of big game hunting in the West must of necessity have a historical significance, for they deal with conditions of nature and stages of civilization which are rapidly changing; many of which, indeed, as here printed, are already of the past. Thus Capt. George S. Anderson, now in charge of the Yellowstone National Park, writes of the time when his command rode for day after day in sight of hundreds of thousands of buffalo, and the particular "Buffalo Story" he tells is of an ancient bull which, fleeing before a snowstorm, early one morning, invaded the inclosure of old Fort Lyon, so that Capt. Anderson, having been awakened by his servant, and without rising from his bed, took aim through the opened window and "scored a record of buffalo killing rarely or never equalled." Col. Roger D. Williams in turn writes of "Old Times in the Black Hills," and relates how in 1875, when the presence of gold was as yet hardly known in that country, he engaged in a hunting and prospecting trip under the direction of "California Joe," long famous as a Custer scout. The old West, too, the West of yesterday, with its game herds and its Indians, figures largely in Mr. Grinnell's chapter, "In Buffalo Days," here reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*. This paper, by the way, because of its comprehensive scope and the thoroughness and intelligence of treatment, is likely to hold a permanent place as altogether our most satisfactory popular account of the American buffalo.

There is in these stories abounding humor, some taste of which the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have already been given in Mr. Owen Wister's "White Goat and His Country." Not without relaxing the wrinkles which time is bringing to us all may one read Col. Williams's description of his heroic pack horse Coffee making a bee line for camp to be relieved of the giant deer carcass he had bravely carried almost 24 hours; or Mr. F. C. Crocker's story in the chapter "After Wapiti in Wyoming" of how the "Pilgrim" gave the mountain-man a lesson in trout fishing, and with it gave him the sulks for all day Sunday; or Mr. Bronson Rumsey's story of "Blacktails in the Bad Lands," and how he trapped the ranch foreman into a contract to pack in the game, and saddled him with five deer carcasses to be carried five miles. Going to Idaho in search of big game in 1890, Mr. Dean Sage found an odd character in one Lanahan, a plausible individual, who was engaged for guide and packer, and is here described, in a chapter overrunning with humor, as "A Mountain Fraud."

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has a spirited account of "Coursing the Pronghuck," in which is illustrated anew the divergence of hunting ethics in America from those in foreign countries, where as sports are more highly developed the rules which govern them are more strictly defined. Mr. Roosevelt relates that when the dogs could not overtake the flying game it was the practice of the huntsmen to shoot it with their rifles. This will likely be scoffed at by a certain breed of British readers; no doubt it is contrary to the canons of highly organized coursing. Let them say what they will, it is the sport of the open and is followed in the game's own country. Thank heaven, we have not yet come down to hallooing after carted stags. Last week, to be sure, some "hunt" in New Jersey did attempt to take a buck out of a pen to be run with hounds; but the creature went on a rampage and they were glad to kill him on the safe side of the fence. More power to the antlers of all deer in such extremity.

Other chapters are Col W. D Pickett's "Nights with the Grizzlies," reprinted from FOREST AND STREAM, and Mr. Archibald Rogers's "Big Game from the Rockies," originally printed in *Scribner's*. The allurements, baffle ments and triumphs of "Photographing Big Game" are set forth by Mr. W. B. Devereux; and there is an intelligent and instructive presentation of the value of "The Yellowstone Park as a Game Reservation," by Mr. Arnold Hague, supplemented with a summary by the Editors of what has thus far been accomplished with "Our Forest Reservations." Other editorial contributions review "The Literature of American Big-Game Hunting;" and describe the Club exhibit at the World's Fair. The Club's constitution and the list of members follow.

Doubtless the reception accorded the first volume issued by the Club will be such as to encourage other "Books." In the next one we shall look for something treating of big game in the East. Although in the introduction of the present volume the Editors single out Maine as the most notable example of a State's successful care for its game supply, the subject matter of the book itself relates wholly to the West. New England surely deserves representation in a Boone and Crockett Club book on "American Big-Game Hunting;" for the preservation of the stock of game in the East is due to the practical application of that very principle of moderation advocated by the Club. Without such moderation in the hunting of deer, moose and caribou—a moderation provided for and enforced by intelligent law—these races would long since have been exterminated.

The volume is from the famous DeVinne Press; its handsome typography, paper and illustrations are very attractive, and it is in every way a creditable piece of bookmaking. R.

*AMERICAN BIG-GAME HUNTING. The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Editors: Theodore Roosevelt, George Bird Grinnell. New York. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. 1893. Pages 345. Illustrated. Price $2.50.

Natural History.

HAWKS AND OWLS OF THE U. S.

IN the view of the vast majority of people, the birds included in the great order *Raptores* are altogether injurious and should be destroyed at every opportunity. The farmer believes that hawks and owls destroy his poultry; the sportsman, jealous of man's prerogative, declares that these birds—big and little—make away with quail, partridges and woodcock, and is ever ready to shoot the hawk or owl which may unluckily fly near him while he himself is engaged in his destruction of game birds. The feeling against the birds of prey is an old one and almost as firmly fixed in the popular mind as the prejudice against the serpent. It may be as difficult to remove as that one. There can be little doubt, however, that this view of the relation of rapacious birds to man is erroneous. The average man derives many of his opinions from impressions gained from observations which are often hasty and ill-founded. If he sees a hawk descend into a poultry yard or make a dash at a game bird, he is likely, without reasoning it out very closely, to come to believe that all hawks spend all their time trying to catch poultry and to destroy feathered game. On the other hand, the naturalist who, when he kills birds, does it for the purpose of learning all that he can about them, when he dissects a hawk is likely to find in its stomach only the remains of mice, snakes, frogs and insects, and he may examine hundreds of specimens before detecting the remains of a game bird or of a domestic fowl.

It is a good many years since it was first suggested that most of our hawks and owls were beneficial rather than noxious, but it is only within a few years, that is to say since the establishment of the Bureau of Economic Ornithology and Mammalogy in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, that any systematic effort has been made to absolutely determine the proportion of good or ill done by any species of rapacious bird. To arrive at conclusions which should be of any value required the examination of a great deal of material, and many stomachs of each species of hawk and owl had to be inspected and studied before the observer could satisfy himself as to the actual facts, and announce the results of his investigations. When Dr. C. H. Merriam, chief of the Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy, who was much interested in this subject, determined to investigate this subject, he made a fortunate choice in selecting Dr. A. K. Fisher, the assistant ornithologist of the Bureau, as the gentleman who should conduct the investigation. The results of his studies have recently made their appearance as Bulletin No. 3 of the Division of Ornithology and Mammalogy of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Its full title is "The Hawks and Owls of the United States in their Relation to Agriculture."

It is often a difficult matter to say that a species of bird is entirely beneficial or entirely harmful. The line is seldom drawn so closely as this. Most birds perhaps do some little harm and much good, or perhaps a great deal of harm and only a little good. For example, the bobolink of the North, while with us here in summer is a useful and beautiful bird, doing little or no harm, and giving much pleasure, while, after its southern migration, when it has reached the rice fields of Georgia, it does damage to the growing crop, which is estimated to amount to a million dollars a year. In like manner the crow, most unpopular of our birds in spring, pulls up the sprouting corn and is cursed by the farmer, but as soon as the young plants have reached an age when they are no longer attractive to the crow, he ceases his depredations and becomes one our most useful birds, destroying vast numbers of insects which would otherwise feed on the farmer's growing crops.

The conclusions announced in Dr. Fisher's report are based on the critical examination by competent experts of the contents of about 2,700 stomachs of hawks and owls, a number so great as to give us a fair showing of the average food of each species which came under observation. The result of these examinations will surprise those who have never paid any attention to this subject, and prove very clearly that a class of birds commonly regarded as enemies to the farmer and indiscriminately destroyed on all occasions are really his best friends, and should with very few exceptions be preserved and encouraged to live about his home. The conclusions reached by Dr. Fisher are given substantially as follows:

First—That owls are among the most beneficial of all birds, inflicting very little damage upon the poulterer and conferring vast benefits upon the farmer. The relations which owls bear to agriculture are peculiar and important. Their eyesight is by no means so defective in daylight as is popularly supposed, but is keenest in the early hours of evening and morning. Hunting thus in dim light their food consists largely of those animals which hawks do not trouble at all or destroy only in small numbers. The work of owls thus supplements that of hawks and materially assists in preventing an undue increase of many noxious rodents. Besides this, though owls are to some extent migratory, they are, as a class, less so than the hawks, and so in winter, when the hawks have left the Northern States, the owls remain here and continue their warfare against the injurious rodents.

Second—All hawks, with perhaps one or two exceptions, are to some extent beneficial to the farmer.

Dr. Fisher divides the 49 species and 24 sub-species of rapacious birds which he is considering into four classes: those wholly beneficial or wholly harmless, those which are in the main beneficial, those in which the beneficial and harmful qualities about balance each other, and those which are positively injurious. The first of these classes includes the rough-legged and squirrel hawks and the swallow-tailed, white-tailed, Mississippi and everglade kite. The second class includes a much larger number of species, among which are many of the commonest of our hawks. Such are the marsh, Harris's, red-tail, red-shouldered, short-tailed, white-tailed, Swainson's, short-winged, Mexican black hawk, Mexican goshawk, sparrow hawk and all the owls except the great horned owl. The third class includes the golden and bald eagles, the pigeon hawk, Richardson's hawk, the prairie falcon and the aplomado falcon. The last class, including those species which feed chiefly on animals useful to man, is small, and contains only the sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, the goshawk, duck hawk, the gyrfalcons and the osprey. These last, with the exception of the fish hawk, whose only harmful quality is that it eats fish and so sometimes interferes with the labors of the fish farmer, are all hunters of game or poultry, and are really the only species that should under any circumstances be destroyed.

Of the 2,690 stomachs examined in the preparation of Dr. Fisher's report, 169 contained the remains of poultry and game birds, 463 the remains of other birds, 966 those of mice, 397 those of other mammals, and 623 those of insects.

Dr. Fisher's report of something over 200 pages is crammed with facts interesting to the ornithologist and to the farmer. It is for the latter that it has been especially prepared, and it is for him that it ought to have the greatest interest, because it gives him some entirely novel and extremely useful information as to how he may best carry on the unceasing war that he has to wage with the powers of nature. The sportsman, too, may with great advantage study the interesting pages of this most valuable little volume, and he will be wise if, abandoning the preconceived notions which he has with regard to the injury which most birds of prey do to the game, he shall hold his hand when he sees a hawk or an owl fly by, recognizing that in the vast majority of cases the services performed by these birds far outweigh the harm that they do. We are all of us far too eager to destroy life, and too glad of an excuse which may seem to justify such destruction. Dr. Fisher's volume gives an excuse for refraining from this killing, which ought to be acted on by many thoughtful people.

Dr. Fisher's report is beautifully illustrated by twenty-six full-page colored plates drawn by J. L. Ridgway and Robert Ridgway.

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Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Supervisors May Save the Black Bass.

NEARLY ten years ago I wrote an article in FOREST AND STREAM, urging that black bass should be protected in the State of New York during the month of June, because they spawn all through that month. The issue of the paper containing my letter had also an editorial supporting all that I said on this subject, and more, for it said that I had understated the case, and asked this question: "Shall the fish be compelled to change their habits to comply with the wisdom of our legislators, or shall we acknowledge that they knew best when they want to spawn and accommodate ourselves to them?" From that time to this I have pleaded for a close time for black bass that would protect them during the breeding season. No one has pretended to justify the opening of the black bass season on May 30, except from the selfish motive that Decoration Day is a holiday and there are men who wish to fish for black bass on that day. The fishermen of the lake, for which this law was ostensibly passed, were among the first to complain of the scarcity of black bass and to ask that the State take measures to restock it with adult fish. After the Codifying Commission had taken testimony from one end of the State to the other, Gen. Sherman, the president, wrote me that he fully agreed with me that black bass should be protected until July 1, but that it would be impossible to pass such a law, and as a compromise the Commission would report June 15 as the opening of the black bass season. We know how quickly this was amended and the old date, May 30, restored. The past legislation by the State is evidence that no aid is to be expected in the future from that source to preserve the black bass during the breeding season, but those who are in earnest about the matter and desire to prevent the depletion of black bass waters through the operation of the present unjust State law, have a remedy if they will but take action and put the remedy in force. Section 273 of the game laws (Chapter 488, Laws of 1892) reads in part: "Boards of supervisors may pass at their annual session such laws and ordinances as shall afford additional protection to and further restrictions for the protection of birds, fish, shellfish and wild animals, except wild deer, and to prohibit the taking and killing of the same, but no such ordinance shall be operative until a duly authenticated copy thereof shall have been filed in the office of the clerk of the county, and published in the papers in such county in which the session laws are published, and filed in the office of the secretary of State. * * *" (This and other laws relating to the powers of boards of supervisors may be found in full in the *Book of the Game Laws.*)

Columbia county has already availed itself of the privilege granted by this section and has made a close season for black bass in the waters of the county from Jan. 1 to July 1, and Madison county has made a close season during the same time for black bass in a portion of its waters. Still another county passed a similar law and complied with all the requirements to make it effectual except to file the resolution with the Secretary of State. Boards of supervisors hold their annual meetings at the close of each year, usually in December, and now is the time for all who are interested in preserving the bass to act by presenting the matter to the supervisors in their respective counties. All the black bass that it may be possible for the State to plant in interior waters will not benefit them so much as a rigidly enforced close season that covers the breeding period, and if fishing is to be permitted during the breeding season, what good will it do the waters if the State does furnish a few hundred bass annually! The remedy is in protection, not in restocking.

"A Wrinkle."

A few weeks ago, under this head, I wrote of attaching split shot to leaders in a way that would not injure the leader. I see that in the last issue of the London *Fishing Gazette* a writer answers a correspondent who desired to know how to do this very thing, and describes his method of doing the trick. The editor of the *Gazette*, in commenting upon it in a foot note says: "We noticed in FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. A. Nelson Cheney recently for himself made the discovery of this useful little dodge."

I find, however, that the English device and my wrinkle are unlike, and the former may be an improvement upon my suggestion. My idea is to put the shot on a gut length looped at each end and to fasten the leader to one loop and the snelled hook to the other, making the shotted gut length the connection between snell hook and leader. The English idea is to attach the shot to a piece of horse-hair about 2in. long, with a loop at one end (gut would answer the same purpose), and then fasten the horse-hair by the loop to the leader above one of the knots. In this way the shotted horse hair or gut length is independent of leader and snell and may be attached or detached without disturbing either. The editor of the *Gazette* says of this device: "It is a very old dodge in Ireland in worm fishing for salmon, in which style of fishing the bait is thrown out and then worked gently over the bottom of the river, and the shot being on a separate fine bit of gut attached by a loop to the gut line proper, if they get 'hung up' on the bottom you pull and they break off, thus saving the rest of your tackle." This arrangement is upon the same principle as the independent sinker and sinker line used in deep trolling for lake trout. I prefer my own idea for the reason that the shotted gut length is part and parcel of the leader, being a continuation of it, but I have given both, and anglers who are interested may take their choice.

Living Pictures.

Every angler who has a particle of poetry in his soul and possesses a love of the beautiful—and is there an angler who has not—is able to recall living pictures that are framed in his memory simply because he is an angler. It is Charles Kingsley who said: "The angler only is brought close, face to face with the flower and bird and insect life of the rich river banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has never interfered." But there are other pictures besides those of nature that the angler cherishes in memory. For years I have enjoyed a mental picture which I saw one morning on Parmacheene Lake, in Maine, of a young woman standing alone in a boat and casting a fly for trout. When my guide and I rounded a point of land in the lake and came upon the scene, somewhat unexpected to be sure, we stopped and watched it with silent admiration, for the caster was the personification of grace in all her movements, and there was a businesslike air about it all that proclaimed the caster to be a master of the art. Last summer I was fishing in a New England lake and was one day invited by two young ladies to go out fly-fishing for black bass. One of them asked that I put an extra rod in the boat that she might try her skill. On the pegs in the rod room I had, mounted, a 4½oz. rod with drawn gut leader, and flies tied on about No. 14 hooks, which I had been using for brook trout, and this I put into the boat. We rowed to a bay filled with rocky shoals, and there I put the light rod into the hand of my fair young hostess and she began to cast, much to my astonishment, like an old hand at the business, for I had understood that she desired me to give her a first lesson in fly-casting. Questioned, she admitted that she had cast a little on previous occasions without taking a fish, and I was inclined to charge her proficiency in a degree to inheritance. After a few casts, in which the leader and flies were unrolled on the water as deftly as the most fastidious fly-fisher could wish, there was a rise from a black bass of about 2lbs. and the gamy fisherwoman hooked it. Then I regretted that I had given her the light rod, for I feared disaster, as the hook was not large enough to take a secure hold in the mouth of the fish. The young lady stood erect in the boat, her beautiful, honest brown eyes fairly flashing with pleasure, and her lips parted with expectancy as the fish jumped again and again. The fish was handled skillfully until in an evil moment the hook came back empty, for the reason I had feared. I then gave her an 8oz. bass rod, with larger flies, and soon the look of disappointment at the loss of the first fish gave way to one of satisfaction as she hooked another bass, which she played safely to the landing net, all the time balancing herself in the wave-rocked boat, making a picture of health, loveliness and skill combined that will not be forgotten for many years to come. When one has the pleasure of looking upon such a picture as this he wonders why more young women do not engage in the graceful, health-giving pastime of casting the artificial fly for trout or black bass. There are women who use the two-handed salmon rod, and use it successfully, though they are chiefly residents across the sea, but here we have a good field for women with the single-handed rod and lack only the performers. However, every year finds a few additions to the number of women who realize that fly-fishing is not a masculine monopoly, and they are so warmly welcomed that I expect in time the field will be more evenly divided. A. N. CHENEY.

BASS IN THE CONESTOGA.

THIS large creek is one of many in Pennsylvania that have become more or less noted black bass streams. One of the peculiarities of the fish in the Conestoga is their distribution, occurring in marked abundance in certain portions of the streams, while between the more thickly populated parts of the creek are stretches of water that are almost without bass although the conditions are similar to the well stocked portions. Between the Wahbank Dam and Petersville Dam, a stretch of three miles, very few bass are now taken. This was one of the favorite parts of the creek for bass before the advent of the German carp. These fish are getting so large and plentiful that they are apparently driving the bass from the stream. A curious incident happened along this part of the creek last summer. A farmer was driving along the road, which touches the edge of the creek, when a lot of carp, close to the bank and apparently spawning, made such a commotion in the water that his horse took fright and ran away, breaking the vehicle to which it was hitched. The farmer luckily escaped serious injury.

Mr. H. C. Demuth tells us that from Pott's Landing to Eden, more bass have been taken this year than ever before. The carp in this part of the creek are scarce.

Anglers along the Conestoga are putting one and one together, carp plentiful, bass scarce, and the former is growing more and more into disfavor.

Bass weighing as much as 3lbs. have been caught in the Conestoga, and from the tales one hears of strong tackle broken in twain some monsters must inhabit the creek.

Speaking of the falling off of the bass fishing in the Susquehanna, Mr. Demuth gives it as his opinion that the apparent decrease in the numbers of bass in the river and its tributary during the past few years is owing to the prevalence of spring freshets, the muddy water greatly interfering with the natural reproduction of the fish. This is undoubtedly the case, for floods that will wash and carry coal of good size down stream for a hundred miles or more are sure to cause great destruction among the bass and other fishes. It takes no stretch of the imagination to conclude that by this cause millions of the eggs and young are annually destroyed.

This year has been exceptionally favorable to the spawning of the bass and good results are looked for. BART.

Lake Whatcom.

NEW WHATCOM, Wash., Oct. 23.—Eastern anglers desiring recreation and good fishing should come to Washington. Here is some of the finest fishing in the world. Nearly all the streams and lakes abound with trout. The fishing has been unusually good in Lake Whatcom this season, and especially during September and the present month. During one week not long ago, I am told that more than 1,000 pounds of mountain trout were taken there with hook and line. One man alone brought in nearly 30lbs. in one day. The trout average about 1½lbs. apiece.

Trout may be taken lawfully in this State from May 1 to Nov. 1. H.

Are the Trout Returning to the Raquette?

ONE day in August of this year at a point about one mile from the Windfall House, I took from the Raquette River 6 trout weighing 4½lbs. The largest weighed 1½lbs., the next in size 1⅛lbs. Another morning I took from the same place 10 trout weighing 5¼lbs. The largest weighed 1lb. lacking 1oz., the next in size 1lb. less 1½oz. The six largest weighed 4lbs. 5oz. I took them on a 9½oz. Bristol steel rod, and you may readily imagine what sport it was to kill them. J. M. GRAVES.

POLLOCK WITH A TROUT ROD.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Oct. 27.—Did you ever fish for "pollock" with a trout rod? No! Then take advantage of the first opportunity that presents itself and do so.

Salvini and I created much merriment among the old fishermen in Portland, Thursday, as we left the wharf in a dory, with our trout rods, silk lines and long snelled hooks. "Them chaps air a-goin' to ketch cod with trout poles," remarked one old salt; but them chaps were not after the sluggish cod, they were going out to test a couple of new rods, and they succeeded in doing so to their utmost satisfaction.

Anchoring off Bug Light in about 15ft. of water, baiting an ordinary-sized Limerick with soft clam, weighting with a couple of BBs, we lowered our bait about 4ft. below the surface and waited. A sharp pull and the clicking of the little reel announced that Salvini had "struck," and after a brief struggle the blue and silver captive was brought within reach of the landing net and started the string.

Then came my turn; a big fellow, who fought like a striped bass, taking the bait with a rush, and running with it as gamely as a pickerel. In size they averaged about a quarter of a pound. They kept us busy long after twilight, until Jupiter outshone the after-glow.

I have heard that pollock take readily to the fly, and wish some one who knows would enlighten me on the subject. They are game enough, anyway, and as we pulled homeward through the yellow light of the rising moon, we counted forty-eight good-sized fish on the string. Not bad?

Try it some time with a light rod and tackle, and I'm sure you will agree with me when I say, "It is great sport."

THE GENERAL.

Frozen Suckers Thawed Out.

NEW HAVEN, Ct.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having noticed several communications recently in your valuable paper in regard to the killing of fish by freezing I will give my experience of some forty-five years ago. On one very cold winter's day I witnessed the hauling of a seine under the ice in the Quinnipiac River in Wallingford, in which were caught about 100 suckers. It was a bitter cold day; the fish were immediately placed in the wagon, in which there was straw; and on our arrival home (some four miles distant) the fish were frozen solid. They were then placed in a tub of water, and in about half an hour's time the fish took on an icy coat. Soon the ice-coated fish seemed to have some life and began to move. Then the icy coating of the fish began to flake off, and they were soon swimming, and seemed as full of life as if they had not been frozen. My impression is, from the facts above related, that if fish are caught uninjured and immediately frozen in the open air, are kept for several days in a frozen state and then placed in cold water to thaw, they will be as full of life as before. C. B. B.

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

A STAFF STORY OF THE MIDWAY.

IT having become necessary, from a journalistic standpoint, for FOREST AND STREAM to have a thorough and authentic story on the sights and doings of that great international meeting ground, the Midway Plaisance of the World's Fair, an assignment was made which put both our Western representatives, Mr. Hough and Waters, on duty for that purpose. For reasons found best by the managing editor of the paper, during a recent visit to the Fair, it was thought advisable also to assign for the story a shorthand writer. The latter was instructed to follow the two young gentlemen above mentioned, and being unknown and unseen of them, to report faithfully what they said, it being believed that in this manner a story fully as authentic and perhaps more novel could be obtained. These three persons were all that were detailed for the work. The dog mentioned balow as one of the party was included on the motion of the two young men themselves. Our shorthand writer transcribes the following from his notes:

They Get the News.

MR. HOUGH (*reading telegram*)—This yer shorely is tough, Chief. "You and Mr. Waters take Midway tonight. Rush two columns serious next week's paper." Whatever do these people take us for, slaves?

MR. WATERS (alias Chief-with-two-Stomachs)—What, work? Do they expect us to work? Not while the fishing is good. No, sir. They can blaze with their serried columns, I will not bend the knee.

MR. HOUGH—You can't, maybe, along of rheumatism. All the same, we got to get out two serried columns of stuff before the 10:30 train. I was just going—

MR. WATERS—So was I. Say, Colonel, we can't do it. It's too much like labor, and labor is beneath two freemen who are also gentlemen and scholars. Let's decline their MS. with thanks.

MR. HOUGH—Might fire us.

MR. WATERS—Well, even so. I have got a good spot picked out in the South Sea Islands, where we can go and sit in the shade and think great thoughts and reach up and knock off a hunk of bread fruit when we get hungry.

MR. HOUGH—That an immortal snap. But I tell you what, let's just do this for them this time and tell them not to let it occur again. We can take in the Midway, you know, and then do 3,000 words on the kaleidoscopic quality and all that.

MR. WATERS—All right, Colonel. But we got to have a dog.

THE COLONEL—What for?

THE CHIEF (*scornfully*)—The dog is man's best friend and the noblest animal what there is. Besides, there's lots of things on the Midway that you want to try on a dog first.

THE COLONEL—That's so. Well, what do you say to borrowing Smedgin's great Dane Achates? Smedgin is away from home.

THE CHIEF—He'll do, I reckon. We'll get him. We can call him Katie for short.

THE COLONEL—Yes, we can whistle and wait—

THE CHIEF—Say, did you hear about the failure on the Midway?

THE COLONEL—Nope.

THE CHIEF—Yes. Fellow tried to jump over the Ferris wheel and he failed.
THE COLONEL—Aw, go 'way?
THE CHIEF—Ain't you going to settle?
THE COLONEL—Yes, I'll buy the coffee. What kind you want?
THE CHIEF—Well, I want about five kinds, but I'll begin at Guatemala. I don't think that Brazil coffee is good for my stomach.
THE COLONEL—Which one?
THE CHIEF—What which?
THE COLONEL—Why, which stomach?
THE CHIEF—Say, I've heard about enough of that. These things stick to a fellow a long time.
THE COLONEL—Sure. I knew a man once whose stomach stuck to him all his life.
THE CHIEF—Monsieur is getting gay!
THE COLONEL—Goin' to settle?
THE CHIEF—What'll you have?
THE COLONEL—Java cocoa. Come on. I s'pose we'll have to get to work, and a few cups of coffee and cocoa will go well to start on. We've got to sample everything on the Midway. This here noble perfession of journalism has its joys and its sorrows.

They Felt Better.

THE COLONEL (*an hour later, in front of Hagenback's circus*)—Well, I feel better. This is a great world.
THE CHIEF—Yes, this is indeed a bright and beautiful world. It is entirely spherical, of a uniform lovely green color, with pretty red stripes on it, all equi-distant from each other. The world is all right.
THE COLONEL—You want to keep Katie out of sight of these lions. They'll take a leg off of him.
THE CHIEF—Naw. These here are tame lions. They won't eat spring lamb with mint sauce. Say, they wash 'em with cashmere bouquet soap and manicure their teeth.
THE COLONEL—This old fellow looks as if they fed him on Wiener wursts. He's despondent looking.
THE CHIEF—Yep. After a lion has lost his grip he's no good. A tired lion gathers no moss.
THE COLONEL—Well, I guess we can cover the circus all right now. How about the Samoan village.
THE CHIEF—Wait till I buy Katie a redhot. He's hungry yet, I thought those last three cups of coffee would calm him down, but he's dead game.

South Sea Islanders.

THE COLONEL—This is the only thing on the Midway that isn't a fake. These fellows are sincere. See 'em whack that drum.
THE CHIEF—They're a prime brand of yellow niggers, and if they had heart they ought to make fighters.
THE COLONEL—They need clothes. I can now understand where my boyish Sabbath school pennies went to. I'll bet that fellow changes his costume before October is over. But see him whack the drum!
THE CHIEF—Yes. They are a simple and direct people. History recounts that when they wanted missionary to eat, they went right out and ate missionary, and were glad of it. In short, we may write them down as those who loved their fellow man. Come here Katie, sir! I'll have to put a spike color on you.

The Alpine Panorama.

THE COLONEL—I believe this here is a sort of thing like the battle of Gettysburg. That long thing his dukelets is playing is an Alpine horn. They call it a Matterhorn. That is what is the matter with him. He takes a horn every now and then. Say, that horn is so long he has to blow twice to get through it. That's what they call double tongueing.
THE CHIEF—I used to blow a cornet myself once.
THE COLONEL—I am ready to believe it of you. What do you say to going in and hearing the merry Swiss jodelers do their jodeling, and seeing the Ranz des Vaches come home in the evening gloaming?
THE CHIEF—Naw. I was through there once. It's all a spiral. You keep on going up, around a screw, and a fellow pokes you along, the way they do cattle in a chute. "Keep on the right!" he says, "keep to the right."
THE COLONEL—Yes, I've been there too. By and by you get up-stairs, and just as you got your eye fixed on a job lot of glaciers, the same fellow says, "Keep to the right and pass on down stairs." He's a relative of David Crockett, that fellow—Be sure you're right, and then go down-stairs. The Mont Cenis tunnel is no railroad at all compared to the way they railroad you through there. Come on. Here, Katie! Let go of that Ottoman.

At the Hindoo Jugglers.

THE COLONEL—I allow this is a plenty good place to go in and sit down. They make trees grow in five minutes in here, and draw baskets of flowers out of the air.
THE CHIEF—That's all right. I was in there once, and the most wonderful thing they do is the way they draw twenty-five cents out of your clothes. Come on.

At the Beauty Show.

THE COLONEL—Owing to certain reports I have heard in regard to this joint, I think two gentlemen of our character oughtn't to go in there, not for a thousand dollars.
THE CHIEF—I ain't scared. I'll go in for five hundred.
THE COLONEL—Well, you know about Ulysses and the sirens. They had to put cotton in their ears to deaden the report.
THE CHIEF—Who's Ulysses?
THE COLONEL—Prominent dogman before the war. Come on.

At the Turkish Cafe.

THE COLONEL—Here, Katie, have some of the Oriental Ormus and Ind, hot, hot, hot. It'll do you good.
THE CHIEF (*in alarm*)—Don't let the dog eat that. Do you want to kill him?
THE COLONEL—Mr. Waters, as I understand it, we brought this dog along for clinical purposes.
THE CHIEF—That's all right, but give the dog a chance. Come and have some coffee.
THE COLONEL—All right. They've got coffee in here so strong you have to wear smoked glasses while you drink it. You can get some coffee for Katie if you want to. He's only had four kinds so far. Get on to the Turkish bagpipes.
THE CHIEF—Ain't they darlin's? As John Davidson would say, a man would face a regiment of devils to the music of the pipes—that is, to get away from the pipes.

At the Algerian Bazaar.

THE COLONEL—Ah, here are the merchants of Bokharis, who are selling rugs at a bargain because they are going to New York to-morrow morning. Been going all summer.
THE CHIEF—Colonel, where do you get your Oriental pronunciation?
THE COLONEL—Always pronounce a foreign word the hardest way. I was taught this method in college, and have used no other since. Come along, we don't want any two-by-four rugs, nor any semi-silverized souvenirs. I'd buy a sandwich all around, if it didn't cost a king's ransom on the Midway. Say, I saw a six-foot roller chair pusher just now, and he said—
THE CHIEF—He must have been a high roller, wasn't he?"
THE COLONEL—Oh, quit! You ain't funny. Do you know what he said?
THE CHIEF—Nope.
THE COLONEL—Well, a lady from Indiana had just asked him which building the lagoon was in, and he said he didn't know.
THE CHIEF—I heard a fellow ask a guard what part of the Government Building he ought to visit to see 'em hatching fish out of artificial eggs.
THE COLONEL—Now, about that tall slim chair roller. You know, I expect he has to eat in the Polish restaurant.
THE CHIEF—Poland is a great country.
THE COLONEL—You say the truth. We owe to it freedom on her mountain heights, Kosciusko county, Indiana, and the small but active Pole cat.
THE CHIEF—Come here, Katie! Let go the Algerian. Let him go to New York, if he wants to. Say, Colonel, did you ever go to the Swedish restaurant?
THE COLONEL—Not if I knew it.
THE CHIEF—I did, and it was a corker. You know I speak Swede and French just about alike, and so I went in and sat down and said kind of careless like, "Sjorkss-keedjwed jorgswatzgen, ride avay!" Guess what he brought me?
THE COLONEL—Give it up.
THE CHIEF—Scrambled eggs. Then guess what he brought me?
THE COLONEL—Check for $2?
THE CHIEF—Thought you said you hadn't been there?
THE COLONEL—I've been all over. You know these restaurant men forget all about the hereafter. A fellow ought to go in with a sign card hanging around his neck which says, "Please do not touch."
THE CHIEF—They'd touch him, anyhow. But where are we now in the evening' work?
THE COLONEL—That's so. This story is getting tangled. Say, let's go see the volcano of Hawaii. That ought to be good stuff. There ought to be a lavatory there, and we can go in and wash up.

At the Panorama of Kilauea.

THE CHIEF (*as they enter*)—Colonel, do you see anything wrong about that sign?
THE COLONEL—Why, rather. It says, "No Smoking in this Building." Now, no self-respecting volcano ought to have its rights infringed on that way. If I was a volcano I'd smoke if I felt like it.
THE CHIEF—So would I, if I was of age, and I allow this volcano shorely is.
THE COLONEL—We ought to have this volcano down in the FOREST AND STREAM office. We could give a hard-boiled egg with every subscription to the paper.
THE CHIEF (*looking at the crater*)—This volcano has had a drop too much of the craythur.
THE COLONEL—Hush! There's a guard. Get on to that moon, won't you. Most over-worked moon I ever saw.
THE CHIEF—Yes, that moon ought to join the eight-hour movement.
THE COLONEL—I don't think they ought to have little fire-extinguishers sitting around here the way they have. To put a volcano out with a hand extinguisher is sort of lowering it in public estimation, ain't it? Say, let's rip this volcano up the back, it's no good.
THE CHIEF—She's already ripped up the back, I'm thinking. Who's the artist?
THE COLONEL—Don't know. He wasn't bad on mountains.
THE CHIEF—These careless ways of running things ought to be discouraged. The name of the artist ought to be blown in every mountain.
THE GUARD—Heear, heear, now! None ov that! Move an, now, will yez!
THE COLONEL—I beg your pardon, Captain, but is this where they have the Honolulus?
THE GUARD—Naw! Yere t'inkin' ov de Persian theayter, see? Move an wid yez!
THE COLONEL—Well, when we get the cold shake at a volcano I'm due to roast the Exposition. Let's go.
THE CHIEF—That fellow evidently don't known he's entertaining two sporting mahatmas unawares. Let's go across the street. Say, over in the Fisheries Building they've got an exhibit of fish glue. They make cement out of it, and they show a cracked plate stuck together with this cement, holding up a big block of granite. At night they put a piece of wood under the granite.
THE COLONEL—What for?
THE CHIEF—Why, to give the cement a rest. Wouldn't you get tired if you had to hold up 500lbs. all day long? Say, you goin' to settle?
THE COLONEL—What'll it be this time; tea, coffee or cocoa?
THE CHIEF—Suppose we hit another cup of Javanese cocoa. Katie didn't drink any cocoa and he's got to have some. Cocoa is good for mange—at least, I expect it's as good as a good many things sold for that. It also is good for canker of the ear, and rabies. Come here Katie. Let go the nigger!

At the Javanese Village.

THE COLONEL—This is the only decent place on the Midway, and I'm surprised it isn't better patronized.
THE CHIEF—That's why it isn't.
THE COLONEL—My dear sir! My dear sir! Pish, tush and tut, tut, tut! Also, fie!
THE CHIEF—Here, Katie! Come here and drink your cocoa. We'll make a newspaper man out of you yet. There are three kinds of cocoa. One you get where the girls wear yellow bodices and white caps, and one you get where they wear Dutch costumes, and this is the kind that comes right out of the cocoanut. Katie, drop the wild man from Borneo and drink your cocoa!
THE COLONEL—Let the dog alone, if he's enjoying himself. He's the only dog that ever went down the Midway, and he ought to have privileges. Come on, we ought to see the Moorish theater.

At the Moorish Theater.

THE CHIEF—I've been in there. Nothing to it but Rosa, the famous dancing girl. She's a whirler, sort of goes round and round. Makes you think you've got a wheel in your head.
THE COLONEL—It wouldn't be good for you to go in there, then, my boy. We'll pass it, and write it up as a dreamy, languorous scene of Oriental vice.
THE CHIEF—All right. Let's cross over. But say, you know why I like Rosa?
THE COLONEL—Well, no—that is—I didn't know you did.
THE CHIEF—Well, I do, because she's the only foreign girl on the Plaisance that isn't named Fatima or Maud. I don't think there ought to be too much Volapuk in proper names.

At the Persian Theater.

THE COLONEL (*gazing at the muscular dancing*)—The stories of the abandonment of this horrible spectacle have not been exaggerated.
THE CHIEF—Yes, they dance as if they had the freedom of the city.
THE COLONEL—Let us flee this wicked spot! We can come again when we aren't in such a hurry.

The American Indian Village.

THE COLONEL—We can surely do this sudden. I can go an Indian with a tomahawk, but when the same Indian carries a fan I lose confidence in the tomahawk. Let's go.

At the Dahomey Village.

THE CHIEF—These here may be genuine Dahomans, fresh from the realm of King Benzine, but to me they look a mighty lot like just plain Mississippi niggers. I kick on paying a quarter to see thirty-eight niggers. I've seen 700 for nothing.
THE COLONEL—Well, well, now don't let's have any race war here. We got to get this story, and this is part of it. Come in and see the fiery untamed Amazons that don't know nothin' but fight, see?
AN AMAZON (*to the Chief*)—How do? Chicago? Chicago? Poppie? Poppie? Me—Chicago beer! Me—Chicago beer.
THE CHIEF—The insulting creature! Is there then no nationality on earth, or even on the Plaisance, that doesn't hanker after Chicago beer! Let go of the Amazon, Katie! Come on, let's go.

At Old Vienna.

THE COLONEL—Now, here we at last have it. Isn't this the Old Vienna we have read about in the pages of our esteemed contemporary?
THE CHIEF—Yes, it is. You can write a good deal about old Vienna, or about new Vienna, or any Vienna, but the plain truth about this Vienna is that it is a big carousing ground, where at 11 o'clock you can kiss all your neighbors, and in the meantime can put in the evening at assiduously buying beer at 10 cents a glass.
THE COLONEL—Yes, and incidentally you can hear two kinds of music of the bung-starting sort, and can also smile at the waiter girls—it won't hurt 'em any. The Old Vienna of the special correspondents and the Old Vienna of harsh fact constitute two entirely distinct and separate entities, Sick 'em, Katie!

At the German Village.

THE COLONEL—As near as I can see this is pretty much the same thing—some music and some beer, and then some more beer.
THE CHIEF—It hath much moreness.
THE COLONEL—Yes. I don't know why it is, but all German band music is ulterior—it has beer in its intentions every time. Don't let Katie get in there. Suppose we do Cairo now.

In Cairo Street.

THE CAMEL GONG—Whang! Bang! Tumpy, tumpy, tum; whang, bang!
THE EGYPTIAN PIPES—Whee-ee-eek, ee-eek, whee-ee-ee!
THE COLONEL—I see they have doubled the price on this concord of sweet sounds. Costs twenty cents now to get in.
THE CHIEF—Costs you $4 to get out; but here goes.
THE DONKEY BOYS—Ride-a the donk'! Best-a good donk' in the street!
THE CHIEF—Try it on the dog.
THE CAMEL DRIVERS—Ride-a the cam'! Tirty cent backsheesh!
THE CHIEF—Try it on the dog. Say, Colonel, get on to his trousers. They're cut tandem.
THE CANDY MAN—Bum-bum, bum-bum, very good-a bum-bum!
THE CHIEF—Try it on the dog. Here, Katie, come and have some bum-bum. Let go the camel driver, and come and get some candy. Good fellow, good Katie. There now.
THE CAIRENE FLOWER GIRL—Buy flowah, nice mistah!
THE COLONEE—Hello, Mary, haven't they suppressed you yet? What makes you wear that mask? Have you taken to the veil?
MARY, THE FLOWER GIRL—Buy flowah, nice mistah.
THE CHIEF—Bet your life we're nice, all right.
THE COLONEL—Mary, raise your veil and I'll give you a dime. (*Mary raises veil, disclosing a nightmare physiognomy.*)
THE COLONEL (*after intent scrutiny*)—I thought there was something wrong with your face. You may put the veil down again. (*Mary drops veil and hastens away, swearing in Cairene dialect.*)
THE CHIEF (*to attendant of bazaar*)—Parlez vous Français?
THE ATTENDANT—Oh, oui, assurement, monsieur.
THE CHIEF—Well, I don't. How much for this bangled girdle? I think I'd look well in that.
THE ATTENDANT (*suddenly weary*)—Six-fifty.
THE CHIEF—I wanted a good one.
THE COLONEL—Let's go see the Nubians. They got two kinds of Abyssinian fuzzy-wuzzies in there.
THE CHIEF—We have to sweeten it again for ten cents apiece before we get in there; but let it go at that. (*They enter, and witness the barbaric dances.*)
THE CHIEF—I announce as the result of profound study

that the skin on all these here foreign niggers is plenty loose.

THE COLONEL—I have discovered that the wild man of the desert and also the wild woman, chews Yucatan gum.

THE CHIEF—I observe that the wild Bedouin of the sandy Sahara always builds his fire out of cracker boxes. Now where in Sahara does he get 'em?

THE COLONEL—Yes, and where do these Nubian darlings get their tallow candle hair oil? Thank heaven, they're done dancing.

THE CHIEF—After the ball is over they take up a collection. The dancing comes extra. See the Oriental houri coming for us with the derby hat?

THE COLONEL—Another sweetening? This reminds me of one of Marshall Wilder's stories. You know, a nigger got run over by a wagon. The front wheels passed over him and when he saw the hind wheels coming, he says, sort of surprised-like, says he, "What! again?"

In the Temple of Luksor.

THE CHIEF (*looking up at the inscription*)—They don't spell this thing the way my geography does, and I'll bet a hundred it's not genuine. They hang out a card announcing genuine Egyptian mummies, religious ceremonies of olden times and all that. Shall we go in?

THE COLONEL—Sure. That's good stuff, and the paper ought to have it.

THE CHIEF (*to the lady ticket seller*)—Are you a mummy?

THE TICKET SELLER—No, I came from Indiana. Tickets twenty-five cents. If you don't like our show we will hand you back your money.

THE CHIEF (*pointing to sign on temple of Yuksor*)—I see you announce Val. Blatz's Hofbrau.

THE COLONEL—Is that Col. Val. Blatz that lived in the third dynasty? Have you got a mummy of Col. Val. Blatz?

THE TICKET SELLER—You might go in and see. You can't expect me to remember all the mummies. I'm from Indiana. I'm saving my money to go on the stage.

THE COLONEL—That's right. Be a good gyurl and save your money. That's the way we got our start, and now look at us. Give us two tickets. This is on the house.

THE CHIEF (*making notes as they inspect the mummies*)—I observe, item, one Egyptian monarch, Rameses I., received in bad order.

THE COLONEL—Yes, but you want to call it Ram'-ses, not Ram-e'-ses.

THE CHIEF—What do you know about it?

THE COLONEL—I used to go with a girl that was a school teacher, and she told me this man's name was Ram'-ses. That goes. This other fellow is Tot'-mes, not Thought-mes. He's Thot-mes II. Hello, Tottie! Little disfigured, ain't he?

THE CHIEF—Yep. Love's young dream must have gone wrong with him. He looks all broke up.

THE COLONEL—Alas! Alas! Is this then the end of a greatness like his—to be put away in a linen surcingle, and exposed in a badly sunburned condition to the American public, at twenty-five cents a clatter? Chief, there's no use in our being great, after all.

THE CHIEF—We'd bring more'n twenty-five cents. Live-er matter, you know. The trouble with these fellows is, they've kind of lost news interest. They ain't in it now.

THE COLONEL—They ain't no real, orignal, mummies, you can bet on that. They're only electrotypes. Hullo, what's the fellow talking about?

THE LECTURER—Ladies and gentlemen: The high priestesses of the ancient temples of Om and Ra will now give their sacred mystic dances, including the wedding dance, the funeral dance and the mythological mystery dance of ancient days, after which all those so desiring can pass on to the right and visit the ancient tombs of the pyramids. I can recommend these tombs as faithful in every respect. Remember you can see the tombs for the sum of ten cents additional, only ten cents, or one dime.

THE CHIEF—Let's skip the Egyptian priestesses. One of 'em used to be cashier in a State street candy store, and all the dances are alike. Let's tackle the tomb.

THE COLONEL—We sweeten it for ten cents noch einmal. Can't get into the tomb without a ten cent obolus. Come, give up your obolus.

THE CHIEF—I don't know what that is, but if you mean my watch, I'll have to go you. I'm going to see the end of this Cairo game, if it breaks me. First you pay at the gate, then you buy some bum-bum candy, and some things for the loved ones at home, and ride a camel whose legs are impartial in their joints and whose teeth betray a lack of sozodont positively shocking—

THE COLONEL—Well, if you had to carry three country school ma'ams and a blame fool all at once, you wouldn't care whether your legs worked forward or backward, yourself.

THE CHIEF—Mebbe so, yes. Then you sweeten it to see the Soudan niggers, and in there they spring a collection on you. Then you pay to get into the mummy temple, and pay again to get into the tomb.

THE COLONEL—Anyhow, here goes.

THE CHIEF (*at the sarcophagus of Apis*)—So this is the tomb of the sacred ox. It'd make a nice watering trough. Say, I bet you Phil Armour could give those people pointers on preserving beef.

THE COLONEL—Chief, remember we're on duty. You can get funny, but not gay. Come on, this ox coffin is like a good many other things; there's nothing in it. Let's go.

FORTUNE TELLER (*at exit from tomb*)—Have your fortune told, gentlemen. Only twenty-five cents. Have your future portrayed by the only genuine Egyptian fortune teller from the desert. Only twenty-five cents.

THE CHIEF—Well, by the great everlasting enchanted horn spoon!

THE COLONEL—We'd better go and write up our stuff now, I reckon. But where's Katie? We might get his fortune told.

THE CHIEF—Yes, where is he? I haven't seen the dog for half an hour. We'll look for him down by the bum-bum stand.

(*Achates is found curled up, dead, near the candy stand. Expressions of horror from both young men.*)

THE CHIEF—What! So? He's gone! Sweet sir, speak but again! Wist not that great Danes will rise in price when we come to settle? Speak! Alas! Alas! He's gone. He was a dog which, take him as he ran, he would not see a night like this again.

THE COLONEL—It was too swift for him.

THE CHIEF—Yes. He couldn't stand the gait.

THE COLONEL—And still there are some who say that journalism, with a big J., is a dog's life. We can now refute this error also. But come, weh must away! (*Exit both, bearing Katie by hindlegs.*)

[At this point the notes of the short-hand writer cease. The forms have been held over an hour, but as we go to press no copy whatever has yet been submitted by the two frivolous and highly irreverent young men who had the assignment.]

Later, by wire.—Can't get any story on Midway. Nothing to it. E. HOUGH.
B. WATERS.

Mr. Clark Sintz, president and superintendent of the Sintz Gas Engine Co., had many kind words to say of FOREST AND STREAM, of its wholesome literature and clean teachings, of the welcome it received at his home by his family, all of whom read it. He is an old subscriber.

Mr. A. Solmans and wife of South Norwalk, Conn., gave the exhibit high praise. Mr. Solmans is an enthusiastic trout fisherman, and gave some most interesting narrations of trout fishing in Maine and the East.

Mr. J. W. Ten Eyck Burr, Cazenovia, N. Y., has never let his subscription expire since FOREST AND STREAM first started. From his expressions of esteem, I think that he will always be a subscriber.

This is but a mention of a few of the readers who daily stop and pay their respects to FOREST AND STREAM. Some shake hands as they pass by in the dense crowd, with a mention that they are old subscribers, and that limited time in which to see all that wonderland, the World's Fair, prevents them from tarrying.

Mr. W. F. Gray, of Fort Worth, Texas, formerly of Houston, Texas, one of the best known sportsmen of that section, visited FOREST AND STREAM at the World's Fair several times. He at one time owned some of the best setters and pointers in Texas, and, for that matter, in the country. Big game hunting now engages his consideration, and he thinks that before many moons he will have killed a moose or two. Better sportsmen that Mr. Gray do not exist.

Mr. Frank L. Epps, Topeka, Kan, set himself on record as one who admires FOREST AND STREAM.

Miss Fannie Pearson Hardy, of Brewer, Me., after her autograph wrote as follows: "Bringing regards to FOREST AND STREAM friends from Chas. H. Ames ('Ebumi')."

Mr. W. P. Greenough ("G. de Montauban"), of Canada, called and numbered himself among the enthusiastic advocates of the merits of FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. John W. Titcomb, of the Vermont Fish and Game Commission, put his name on the list, as did also W. P. Andrus, Minneapolis, Minn., Game and Fish Commissioner.

Mr. Royal Robinson, of Indianapolis, Ind., whose fame in the land as a fancier of bird dogs and field trial judge are well known, stopped during a few brief moments and uttered some words of praise for FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Gus Haywood, Hampton, Ill., said that he would not attempt to get along without FOREST AND STREAM. He narrated some most interesting personal incidents of big-game hunting in the far West in the early 50's and 60's. The head of the mountain sheep which watches with sleepless gaze from the wall of FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit recalled to his mind a mountain sheep which fell to his rifle, on Pike's Peak, in the early 60's. Long canoe voyages are still a favorite means of recreation in his outings. The years have not lessened his vivacity nor energy, though they have added to his love for the best sportsman's journal, FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Claude King, wife and sister, called and graced FOREST AND STREAM'S cosy corner for a short time. On the register Mr. King inscribed "Kate and Claude King, Denver, Col." The winsome little lady apparently enjoyed the sightseeing heartily. To Mr. King the public is indebted for that bright and clean periodical, *Sports Afield*, whose broadness and kindliness are but a reflex of himself and the section in which he lives.

A bright, eager little fellow, eight years old, trim of figure and natty in dress, stepped into the exhibit and politely asked what FOREST AND STREAM wrote about. He was earnestly attentive to the explanation and left his name, "Gustav Nadler, Chicago, Ill.," in the register in a clear even hand which would outrank by far the average penmanship of his elders. He went away rejoicing with a sample copy of FOREST AND STREAM.

As Mr. G. R. Greene, Jr., of New York city, wrote his autograph in the register, he remarked that he subscribed for FOREST AND STREAM for three years in advance, and his tone of voice and kind words implied that he would do it again.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Davidson admired FOREST AND STREAM pictures. Mr. Davidson, as the readers know, is secretary of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, but they do not all know that he is one of the true kind of sportsmen, all too rare, who love sport for its own sake. With a sunny, frank disposition and an amiability which never weakens, it is not to be wondered at that his confrères all love him.

On the register I note the name of C. M. Hampson ("L'Eclaire"), Denver, Col., who wrote his name down in black and white and vanished.

Mr. H. C. Hammond and son, of Chicago, tarried at the cosy corner a few moments. Mr. Hammond was at one time superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, at Little Rock, Ark., and is an ardent admirer of a good field dog.

Messrs. Walter M. Smith and A. S. Pitt, of Stamford, Conn., had been enjoying some most successful duck shooting on Horicon Marsh, in Wisconsin, and were making the Fair a visit in the stop-over period of their homeward journey. They seemed satisfied that Horicon Marsh is a great duck ground. They reported large bags.

Gen. W. B. Shattuc, of Cincinnati, General Passenger Agent of the O. & M. R. R., made a pleasant visit to FOREST AND STREAM'S nook, while Mrs. Shattuc viewed the live fish and other exhibits in the Anglers' Pavilion. To his fondness for sport with dog and gun, General Shattuc has added that of rod and reel, and is now a member of the guild of anglers. Hereafter, he will take more time to devote to his favorite diversions than heretofore. Of the class known as pure sportsmen he is.

Dr. J. S. Niven, of London, Ont., wrote his name in the register and chatted on bench show judging past and present. The readers will remember him as an active and popular judge in the earlier days of bench shows.

B. WATERS.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 28 to Dec. 1.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.

Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

Dec. 20 to 23.—Northern Ohio Pet Stock Association, at Akron, O. H. F. Peck, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—United States Field Trials Club's Fall Trials, Bicknell, Ind. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis.

Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.

Nov. 15.—Ohio Field Trial Club's Second Trials, Canton, O. C. V. Lellinger, Sec'y.

Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 27.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at Thomasville, N. C. All-Age entries close Nov. 1. G. G. Davis, Sec'y.

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Jan. 1.—Southern California Field Trials, at Ontario, Cal. H. C Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal., Sec'y.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. Second payment in Derby due Nov. 1. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

UNDER date of Oct. 13, Mr. Thos. Johnson, of Winnipeg, mentions that he has sent two dogs to Mr. Lansdole, and also that Sefton Hallam will handle four of his dogs in the competition at Chatham, Ont.

Mr. C. W. Tway, of Irwin, O., stopped over a day to visit the World's Fair. He left his name on the list. Bloomfield, Ia., is his destination, and his purpose is to teach the young idea of his dogs how to shoot. He was looking in good health and was as full of *bonhomie* and amiability as a mandarin. The United States field trials will receive his personal attention in a competitive way this fall.

I learn that the severe winter made the quail crop in Ohio very short this season.

Many are the earnest regrets I hear from the dog fanciers over the failure of the World's Fair dog show, the show which was run both as a public institution and a private interest. The loss is more apparent now that the real worth and scope of the World's Fair are known. With the attendance numbering hundreds of thousands each day, the World's Fair dog show would have been seen by more people than the whole dog shows of the country in one season attract. It is the more regrettable since it is a loss which can never be mended. And it is also regrettable in that the loss was from the personal selfishness of those who protested to be the best friends and advocates of the World's Fair. But it has brought its lesson, and such a mistake cannot ever occur again.

Mr. C. M. Smith, of Akron, O., a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM of ten years' standing, made a call at FOREST AND STREAM'S corner in the Anglers' Pavilion. He informed me that Mr. R. B. Morgan, the well known handler, of Akron, had gone to Mississippi, with a string of twenty dogs. He will spend the winter there training. B. WATERS.

Eastern Field Trials All-Age Entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

DASHAWAY—Ed. Watson's black and white dog (Leo—Julia), 2yrs.

CECIL H.—T. L. Adams's black, white and tan dog (Dr. Maclin—Cosette), January, 1891.

DIRECT—T. L. Adams's black, white and tan dog (Gun—Victoria Laverack), August, 1891.

BUENOS AYRES—L. D. Hargrave's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Buena Vista), August, 1892.

MECCA—T. E. Shreve's black, white and tan dog (Paul Gladstone—Latonia), 3yrs.

HOPE'S QUEEN—Greensboro Field Trials Kennels' black and white ticked bitch (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble), 21mos.

LINWOOD—W. B. Meares, Jr.'s liver and white dog (Antonio—Buena Vista), 17mos.

MISS RUBY—P. Lorillard's lemon and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), April, 1890.

ANTEVOLO—P. Lorillard's liver and white bitch (Count Noble—Trinket II.), October, 1889.

DOT RODGERS—P. Lorillard's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), April, 1891.

EUGENE T.—P. Lorillard's black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), October, 1889.

ROI D'OR—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Bo Peep), January, 1887.

BESS—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Chance—Bessie Avent), May, 1891.

WINNIPEG—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black dog (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), 2½yrs.

BOB COOPER—Hempstead Farm Kennels' black dog (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie Y.), 3½yrs.

COUNT GLADSTONE—Avent & Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), 3yrs. 10mos.

CHEVALIER—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), January, 1891.

LOCHINVAR—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May, 1891.

KINGSTON—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent), May, 1891.

BETTIE S.—Avent and Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep), June, 1887.

DION C.—W. Carr's black and white ticked dog (Roi d'Or—Mildred), February, 1890.

POINTERS.

GAMESTER—F. R. Hitchcock's liver and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), May, 1891.

WILD DAMON—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Damon—Flora), April, 1890.

KENT ELGIN—T. T. Ashford's black and white dog (King of Kent———).

SANFORD DRUID—Hempstead Farm Kennels' black and white dog (Exon Don—Sanford Quince), April, 1891.

HEMPSTEAD DUKE—Hempstead Farm Kennels' black and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Lass of Bow), October, 1890.

FLOCK FINDER III.—Maj. J. R. Purcell's lemon and white dog (Old Staunch—Flake of Flockfinder), 3yrs.

LADY MARGERET—Maj. J. R. Purcell's black and white bitch (Dick Swiveller—Countess Bang), 2yrs.

LUCKY DEAL—E. R. Bellman's black bitch (Luck of the Goat—Midget), March, 1890.

LAD'S RUSH—T. H. Gibbes's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Belle of the Ball), 15mos.

GIBBES'S MAUD—F. H. Gibbes's liver and white bitch (Rush of Lad—Topsy), 2¼yrs.

DUKE OF KENT II.—Glen Rock Kennels' liver and white ticked dog (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso), June, 1890.

RENO B.—E. M. Barkley's liver and white bitch (Volney Hall—Leta), 2yrs.

GROUSE—C. C. M. Hunt's lemon and white dog (Mainprin g—Swain's Fly), 4yrs.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

THE adjourned meeting of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club, was held at its offices, 44 Broadway, Friday, Oct. 27, President Belmont presiding. There were present: Associate Members, Dr. H. T. Foote; English Setter Club, Wilson Fiske; Gordon Setter Club, James B. Blossom; Great Dane Club of America, A. H. Heppner Mascoutah Kennel Club, C. F. R. Drake; National Beagle Club, H. F. Schellhass; National Greyhound Club, L. C. Whiton; New England Kennel Club, Edward Brooks; New Jersey Kennel League, E. H. Morris; Pacific Kennel Club, James Mortimer; Rochester Kennel Club, W. Whitney; Westminster Kennel Club, H. B. Cromwell; City of Straits Kennel Club; W. H. Muir; Pointer Club, W. Jarvis; South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association, Dr. H. C. Glover. The following credentials were presented and accepted. Rbode Island State Fair Association, Frederick E. Perkins; Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, Washington A. Coster; Pointer Club of America, W. Jarvis; City of Straits Kennel Club, W. H. Muir; Duquesne Kennel Club, John Morebead.

MEMBERS NEW AND OLD.

The Minneapolis Kennel Club, Northwestern Beagle Club of America and New Orleans Fanciers' Club were admitted. The application of the Kansas City Exposition Driving Park Association, was laid on the table, because its constitution and list of officers had not been filed. The South Carolina Kennel Club and the American Fox-Terrier Club were reinstated.

In regard to applications by the Portland Kennel Club and the Oregon Kennel Club, the secretary stated that from affidavits from these clubs as to the dates of their organization he had ascertained that the Portland Kennel Club was organized April 10, 1893, with sixteen members, and that the Oregon Kennel Club was organized on April 13, 1893, three days later, with twenty-two members.

The application of the Portland Kennel Club was accepted, and the Oregon Kennel Club was notified of the acceptance of the application of the Portland Kennel Club on account of its priority.

THE WESTERN MEETING.

The secretary reported: "As is generally known, the reported demand for a meeting of this club to be held in the West was acceded to and faithfully tried, the president going out of his way by mailing to each delegate an official appeal to either attend in person or to arrange to have his club send a representative. The attempt to hold such a meeting was a dismal failure. For the first time since June, 1886, the club failed to obtain a quorum. Your secretary talked with four delegates from Western clubs, who were unanimous in informing him that they did not demand, request, nor expect a meeting to be held other than at the permanent headquarters of the club. He would therefore respectfully recommend that the resolution providing for one meeting each year to be held in Chicago, as adopted at the meeting held May 18 last, be rescinded at this meeting." It was rescinded.

WORLD'S FAIR CERTIFICATES.

The secretary reported: "I would call your attention the abandonment of the World's Fair dog show by the directors of the Exposition, an action that the A. K. C. had nothing whatever to do with. The club, however, was put to quite some expense in having a book of certificates prepared to conform with the requirements of the Department of Live Stock. A number of these certificates were issued upon application of intending exhibitors, and in case application is made for the club to refund the fees received for such certificates your secretary desires definite instruction." The secretary was instructed to refund the money.

THE NEW RULES.

The secretary read a letter sent him by President Belmont, July 24: "I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of June 28 advising me of the result of the vote upon the amended rules passed at the meeting of May 18, 1893, under Article XIV. of the constitution. The total number of clubs entitled to vote you state to be fifty-five, but this is after striking out all the clubs dropped for being in arrears for the annual dues of 1893; also the clubs elected at the meeting of May 18, 1893, and in addition the name of Mr. Jas. L. Anthony, who resigned as an associate delegate at that meeting. It would appear, therefore, that the thirty-seven votes you report as cast constitute the necessary two-thirds ratifying the adoption of the rules. However, as the matter is of serious import and the provisions of the constitution are not clear to the right of new clubs to vote, I have decided to declare the rules not carried pending the final decision of the American Kennel Club on the subject at its September meeting, when you will please bring the matter to the attention of the club."

Commenting on this the president said: "The change in the rules has been the matter of considerable newspaper comment. There has been a great deal of criticism about the shortcomings of the American Kennel Club and various weak points in regard to its rules, and it was for that reason that I thought it important that the question should come before the club for final action. It would appear to be a bad precedent to count the votes of clubs not in good standing. A club should not vote on so important a question which within the next few weeks will not be a member of the club."

MR. VREDENBURGH: "The rules were adopted unanimously at a special meeting of the American Kennel Club. That meeting adjourned. Afterward the meeting of the executive committee convened. At that executive committee meeting there were some 10 or 12 clubs dropped from the roll, and therefore I considered they had no vote. Then there were three clubs admitted. Exclusive of the clubs that were dropped and the three clubs subsequently admitted, the necessary number of votes to ratify and carry into effect these new rules was obtained, 37, which is a two-thirds vote. We required 37 votes and received that number. There was no vote against it. The question now before us is whether these rules are ratified or not."

After some considerable discussion it was voted "that we consider these rules adopted to take effect Jan. 1, 1894, instead of July 1, 1894." It was voted that the new rules be copyrighted.

A. K. C. AND C. K. C.

The following resolutions, forwarded by the Canadian Kennel Club, were read: Extract from the minutes of the Canadian Kennel Club executive committee meeting held at Toronto, Canada, July 15, 1893. It was unanimously resolved:

"1. The abolition of the compact that has existed between the A. K. C. and the C. K. C. would tend to increase the income of each club, but would put an additional tax on exhibitors both in the United States and Canada for the registration of dogs with each club for the purpose of making them eligible for shows in both countries.

"2 The qualifications for registration in the C. K. C. S. B. are more stringent than those of the A. K. C. S. B., as only dogs with pedigrees complete for three generations, or that have won not fewer than two first prizes at recognized shows are eligible for registration in the C. K. C. S. B.

"3. Non recognition by one club of the wins at the shows held under the rules of the other would complicate records and prove confusing to exhibitors, and be apt to lead to mistakes in making entries.

"4. Non recognition of one club of the black list of the other would put a premium on wrong-doing, and would throw a great responsibility on the clubs which are supposed to use all the reasonable means in their power to prevent dishonorable conduct in connection with dogs, and dog shows and field trials.

"We are decidedly of the opinion that the reinstating of disqualified persons of either club, without due and sufficient consideration of the charges against them, is apt to have a tendency, so far as the public is concerned, to destroy faith in the management of the said clubs.

"The executive committee of the C. K. C. believe that the action of the A. K. C. at its May meeting was taken without due consideration of all the facts and interests involved, especially as regards wins and black lists.

"Moved by Dr. Niven, seconded by Mr. Bedlington and resolved that the secretary be directed to acknowledge the communication of the secretary of the A. K. C., of May 29, to forward a copy of the representations recommended at this meeting and to state that in the meantime the C. K. C. will govern itself according to the action of the A. K. C. in regard to the previously existing compact at their meeting of May 8. Carried."

Laid on the table.

THE COMMITTEE ON DATES

consisting of Messrs. H. B. Cromwell and Jas. Mortimer, reported: "After one year's experience we have come to the conclusion that the objects for which this committee was appointed are impracticable. In many cases A. K. C. shows are held in connection with State and county fairs, which are annual fixtures and must be held at certain times in spite of any conflict with other shows. Further, it is impossible for the committee to properly learn the reasons why certain clubs can hold profitable shows on certain dates and at no other time (on account of advantageous renting of proper buildings, etc.). Further, the committee has already received claims for dates from a number of clubs in all parts of the country and has thus far failed to hear from a number of other important clubs which will, without doubt, hold shows during the coming season. We therefore believe it to be impossible for your committee to arrange a satisfactory circuit, and for these reasons we beg to ask for our discharge.

H. B CROMWELL, Chairman."

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted: "Whereas, bench shows are increasing to an extent that renders the control of dates by the American Kennel Club impracticable and inadvisable. Resolved, that the sense of the American Kennel Club is to no longer legislate in the matter of dates, leaving the same wholly in the hands of the clubs and associations holding bench shows."

ADVISORY COMMITTEE AND DOG TRADES.

The secretary read this resolution offered by Dr. J. Frank Perry at the last meeting of the advisory committee, to be submitted to this meeting: "Whereas, after some three years experience in the trial of cases of alleged misconduct, this committee has come to the conclusion and belief that the American Kennel Club should not consider and render judgment in cases of complaint based on monetary transactions, unless fraud, deceit, trickery or the like is obvious, and that in complaints where legal redress is possible and these elements do not appear, this club should not act. Be it therefore resolved that a resolution be presented at the next executive committee meeting for action by the A. K. C. as a body defining its jurisdiction more specifically in accordance with the above opinion."

It was voted "That the American Kennel Club shall not consider and render judgment in cases of complaint based on monetary transactions unless fraud, deceit, trickery or the like is obvious, and that in complaints where legal redress is possible, and if these elements do not appear, this club should not act."

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The treasurer reported, under date of Sept. 18:

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1893	$5,004.20
Receipts from all sources to date	4,920.95
	9,925.15
Disbursements for same period	7,554.99
Balance on hand	$2,370.16

DELEGATE LESLIE'S CREDENTIALS.

Dr. M. H. Cryer, chairman of the committee appointed to investigate and report on the credentials of Mr. Robert Leslie to represent the Massachusetts Kennel Club as a delegate to the American Kennel Club, reported: "The papers referred to your committee embrace two totally distinct subjects, Mr. Leslie's appointment as a delegate, and secondly, a club dispute. We find that his letter of authority to act as delegate of the Massachusetts Kennel Club is in proper form, we have nothing before us other than the letter, but we are aware that its being referred to a previously appointed committee was on account of an objection raised by Mr. Anthony, because of something Mr. Leslie was alleged to have done in the way of giving Mr. Peshall information when the latter's case was being considered in executive session. The Peshall business is too dead an issue in our opinion to resurrect at this late date. We are of the opinion that disputes between club members must be settled by themselves, and the aid of the American Kennel Club cannot be involved. If the 'petitioners' of the Massachusetts Kennel Club are a majority of the club members, they surely have the remedy in their own hands; if they are a minority, they must bow to the majority."

Dr. Perry, of the committee, wrote: "My finding in the case of Mr. Robert Leslie is practically the same as that of Dr. Cryer. In my opinion his credentials are in proper form and he is clearly entitled to all the rights and privileges of a delegate. *In re* the conflict between the members of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, the minority have no case." The report was adopted and Mr. Leslie was accepted as a delegate.

PUG DOG SHOWN AS SPRAKE.

The secretary said he had entered a protest in the name of the club against the payment of prize money to a pug dog shown under the name of Sprake, for the reason that the dog was registered as I. C. P. and has always been shown under the name of Sprake. He had written to Mr. Goodman, the then owner of the dog, early in 1892, and informed him that this violation of the rules should cease. The dog was, however, again shown under the name of Sprake, and has been disqualified. The dog has changed hands and is now owned by Mrs. Davis, who showed him under the name of Sprake at Lexington in violation of the rules.

Mr. Mortimer stated that this dog had been shown and won repeatedly as Sprake, and that it might be somewhat of a hardship on an innocent owner of the dog to have him disqualified, and he moved that the secretary be instructed to write to Mrs. Davis, the present owner of the dog, informing her that she can appeal from the disqualification. Voted.

TRUNK LINE DOG TRANSPORTATION.

On motion of Mr. Morris the secretary was instructed to investigate and ascertain the nature of the compact between trunk line railroad and express companies concerning the transportation of dogs to dog shows when accompanied by their owners.

OTHER BUSINESS.

An application of Mr. H. C. Trevor, of Southampton, L. I., for the prefix "Meadowmere" was granted, also that of Mr. J. P. Davenport, of Omaha, Neb., for the use of the prefix and affix "Braska."

An application of the Northern Ohio Poultry and Pet Stock Association for a change of its title to that of the "Akron Kennel Club" was granted.

Mr. Lyman W. Clute, of the Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, requested a ruling in the matter of registering the height of a beagle upon entering a show and having such measurement bold good at the time of judging. The communication was laid on the table.

In the matter of violation of rules by the Danbury Kennel Club, in failing to publish the A. K. C. rules in its premium list, and the recognized shows, the secretary was instructed to caution said club against any further infraction of the rules.

The secretary reported that the credentials for the delegate to represent the Duquesne Kennel Club, having been referred back to that club, the secretary names Mr. John Moorhead as the regularly appointed delegate.

The charges preferred by Mr. J. B. Martin against Mr. George Bell, for violation of Rule 25, were referred to the advisory committee.

It was voted that the awards of the show given by the City of the Straits Kennel Club should be recognized.

An application of Mr. G. W. Patterson, for removal of the penalty of disqualification imposed by the American Kennel Club, was granted.

Charges filed by Mr. H. W. Huntington against the New York & New England Poultry and Kennel Club, for non-payment of a first prize won by his dog at the show held Jan. 5, 1892, was referred to the advisory committee.

The secretary reported that the Illindio Kennel Club had sent a large number of listings but that the check did not accompany it. The fees had not yet arrived, and they held their show last August. The club was suspended pending full compliance with the rules.

THE STUD BOOK COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

As to false pedigree of Stipend Regent, No. 30,351: "Mr. C. Clark, the owner of Stipend Regent, purchased the dog from T. Potter, who claimed to be the breeder. Mr. M. Wilson, owner of the alleged sire, asserts that no such bitch as Potter's Daisy visited his dog. No reply can be obtained from T. Potter, and it is recommended that he be disqualified and the pedigree canceled."

In the matter of false pedigree of black and tan terrier Betsey: "This bitch won second prize at Denver show this year, and Mr. A. W. Smith, owner of her alleged sire and dam, Buffalo General and Buffalo Lass, asserts that the latter had no bitch puppies in the litter of August, 1890. No answer can be obtained to letters sent to her then owner, and it is recommended that he be disqualified and the record of Betsey's win at Denver be canceled."

Pedigree of the Gordon setter Edgewood: "The sire of this dog, Bob H., was in charge of D. B. Holton, of Philadelphia, and he bred him to W. C. Redfield's bitch, receiving in return a puppy, the dog Edgewood. Dr. Roussel, owner of Bob H., says that if any such service took place it was a stolen one. The committee are of the opinion that it is not their business to enter into the question of the service being stolen, Dr. Roussel having another remedy for that. It is well, however, to note that Mr. Holton evidently had no fear of making public the Bob H. pedigree, as he exhibited Edgewood at the Keystone Kennel Club and Dr. Roussel resides within a few minutes' walk of the building. The committee declines to take any action in the case."

In the matter of the pedigree of the St. Bernards Old Honesty, 25,368, and Bismarck Gypsey, 24,665: "The false pedigree is that of Regalia, their dam. This bitch is a mongrel but managed to get a pedigree either from Howarth Bros. of Columbus, O., or A. M. Stukey of Mount Sterling, O. Several letters are herewith sent, the tenor of which tend to prove that Mr. T. A. Howard is not responsible for what was given through or by authority of A. M. Stukey. No explanation has been received from Mr. Stukey in response to a request for information sent to him on Sept. 15, '93, and it is the opinion of the committee that the onus of proof rests with A. M. Stukey, and pending his giving satisfactory explanation he should be suspended from all privileges of the American Kennel Club."

On motion the report was accepted and the recommendations therein contained adopted.

Badger.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue I find "Badger" presses his invitation for Paddy Doolan to make him a visit, and as Paddy is dying "for that same," if we attend the Newark show, shall certainly run down to Philadelphia. I don't say Paddy will do the badger, but he will give a good account of himself. Have also a light weight bull-terrier no heavier than his badger that can also make himself known.

GEO. S. THOMAS.

SALEM, Mass., Oct. 23.

DOG CHAT.

Field Trial Entries.

The entry in the All-Age Stake of the Eastern Field Club shows another falling off. How this is to be accounted for would be difficult to explain, unless it is on account of the abandonment of the Central Trials, though we can scarcely believe this when we were told that had it been known earlier that the Central would not hold trials this year, the entry in the Eastern Derby would have been larger. We believe that one reason may be found in great part owing to, as in dog show circles, the trials becoming simply the stamping ground for large kennels, controlled by the best or most fashionable trainers, and the one dog man thinking rightly or otherwise that he stands no show of winning. In the All-Age entry, received too late for last week's issue, we find out of 34 entries, 17 are entered from five kennels, including the one dog entered by Messrs. Avent and Hitchcock. This year we notice the Blue Ridge Kennels are conspicuous by their absence. The reason for the abandonment of the Ohio Field Trials shows deplorable lack of interest in what may be termed the amateur ranks. In this connection it would be interesting to know what becomes of the dogs that one hears so much about in the early spring as candidates for the fall field trials, but which somehow do not materialize when the entry forms are scanned. Perhaps they join the great army of plug dogs, who knows! The interest in the trials in the East seems to have been almost entirely shifted to the U. S. Trials, whose entry is the bright particular star in the field trial firmament this year. Perhaps that deliberate body the Senate has something to do with the collapse of the promised boom in field trials, we trust that this may be the only cause and that when the financial clouds roll by the entry in 1894 may make up for the deficiency in 1893.

Providence Dog Show.

The premium lists of the Rhode Island Poultry Association are now ready. The show will be held Dec. 12 to 15, in the Music Hall, Providence. Mr. J. Otis Fellows will judge. Premium lists will be mailed on application to Mr. H. S. Babcock, Butler Exchange, Providence, R. I.

While out exercising the other day Mr. Ed Brooke's otter hound dog struck a fox trail and has not been heard from since. Mr. Brookes thinks he will turn up eventually, but if he does not he still has the bitch, and she is in whelp.

Mr. Mortimer using the brush on a Yorkshire is rather a novel sight, one generally associates him with pointers or collies or wire-haired terriers. Before the meeting of the A. K. C. he showed a very dainty little silver Yorkshire that he had just secured for Mr. This. Terry, through F. Senn. It was imported recently and has a more than ordinarily long coat.

Mrs. Cleveland has an uncle running a celery farm in Michigan, and to him she ships all the dogs and other beasts sent to her as presents. The Michigan uncle stood it for a while, and then became quite generous himself in the matter of making his friends presents of dogs. He says he prefers to continue in the business of raising celery rather than to be keeper of the Administration hounds and board them himself.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Mastiffs for Holland.

It is not often we hear of American bred dogs being sent abroad and especially to the land of schnapps and of canals. Dr. Lougest, the well known mastiff breeder, has, however, recently shipped two promising pups by Ingleside Maximilian out of Gerda II., to a purchaser in Rotterdam, Holland. The doctor's kennel is evidently acquiring a world wide reputation.

Mr. W. C. Ehrman, Spratts Co.'s energetic biscuit pusher, has been making a most thorough visit to all the leading kennels in the East during the past month, and he reports the dogs doing well on "Spratts." In fact, there is scarcely a kennel in this section of the country that does not use Spratts biscuit to more or less extent, being assured of generally finding the same food at the shows which, as those who know how biscuit often affect dogs at shows, will readily admit is an advantage.

If breeding tells, Mr. N. Wallace, of Farmington, Ct., has a litter of English setter pups that should prove valuable in the field. They are by Antonio out of Maud Noble, whose parents were Roderigo and Bo-Peep and Rowdy and Pear Noble respectively. Antonio and Rowdy Rod are four-hour race winners.

We stated recently that it was probable that A. M. Hughes would take charge of Mr. Reick's kennel, and now we are pleased to state that such is the case, and from what we know of Mr. Hughes the move is a good one, and the dogs will soon be looking as their owner would like to see them. We are also more than gratified to know that it is far from Mr. Reick's intention to leave the St. Bernard fancy. Although Sir Bedivere has been sold, the New York St. Bernard Kennels still have a very strong hand, and, judging from a letter from Mr. Hughes, it will not be his fault if he does not, as he tenderly puts it, "steer this beautiful 'barque' safely to the land of promise."

It is reported that Professor Batchelder, the well-known trick dog circus man at our shows, is dead. We have an inquiry from a show secretary, and would like to know if the rumor is true; and if not, his present address.

Newark Show.

One of our oldest mastiff breeders, Mr. Herbert Mead, will be the judge of this breed at the N. J. K. L. show this month. Mr. Mead has judged before, having, we believe, officiated at New York once. He is the secretary of the American Mastiff Club, and his kennels are at Lake Waccabuc, N. Y. The A. M. Club will offer two of their cups in honor of the occasion. Mr. Mead used to exhibit five or six years ago, but of late years we have seen nothing from his kennels, so can form no opinion of the style of mastiff he favors.

We understand that Spratts Co. is making a thorough investigation into the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Nim's pug Dong. According to "Tale Teller" in *British Fancier* the dog was playing about the ship, and put into his box apparently in perfect health the night before he was found dead on the following morning. In calling to mind the case of a St. Bernard shipped to Canada recently, and in whose stead a mongrel was delivered, the idea occurs to one: Did Dong really die?

Col. John E. Thayer's coaching party of Oct. 25, came near resulting fatally. Col. Thayer and a party of friends, including his brother, Bayard Thayer, were returning to Lancaster Mass., from a game dinner at Rutland, and at Brooks Station the coach was drawn up in front of the track to allow a train to pass. The leaders became frightened and plunged on to the track directly in front of the engine, which fortunately was running slowly. A footman ran to the horses' heads and was picked up by the cowcatcher of the engine, but one of the horses was caught in the engine and hurt so badly

it had to be shot. The footman escaped with a few bruises. Mr. John E. Thayer was driving. We don't want to lose such good and true fanciers and sportsmen as John E. and Bayard Thayer, and though they say a miss is as good as a mile, in a case like this we would rather take the mile.

English Kennel Club Show.

The entries for the show of the year in England, the Kennel Club show at the Crystal Palace, London, which took place last week, numbered 2,297, which marks the record so far in kennel annals. As this is such an unusual entry we may be pardoned for giving the list by breeds. In point of quality it is expected to outstrip any previous effort of the K. C. Barn Elms show in 1887 is said to be the next largest show held by them. The large entry of fox-terriers is accounted for from the fact that it is also the show of the London Fox-Terrier Club, their classes being confined to members. That only four Italian greyhounds should be entered is most peculiar, and mastiffs do not seem to be well represented. The list is as follows: Bloodhounds 53, mastiffs 29, St. Bernards 145, Newfoundlands 50, great Danes 46, Irish wolfhounds 11, deerhounds 56, borzois 24, Chou Chous 11, foreign dogs 23, greyhounds 20, pointers 49, setters 83, retrievers 80, spaniels 125, collies 134, old English sheep dogs 26, beagles 27, basset hounds 35, Dalmatians 10, poodles 23, bulldogs 65, bull-terriers 35, whippets 18, Airedales 35, fox-terriers (smooth) 226, fox-terriers (wire) 125, Welsh terriers 52, old English terriers 12, dachshunds 90. Bedlington terriers 13, Irish terriers 121, black and tan terriers 26, white English terriers 13, Skye terriers 46, Scottish terriers 61, Dandie Dinmont terriers 56, Pomeranians 31, schipperkes 35, rugs 55, toy spaniels 66, Japanese spaniels 15, Italian greyhounds 4, toy terriers (smooth) 19, toy terriers (rough) 28. Total, 2,297.

Sale of Fox-Terriers.

Some good bargains in fox-terriers have been picked up at the Rutherfrud sales, which are generally held during the New York dog show. To make room for young stock there will be another sale at auction held Nov. 17 at the American Horse Exchange, Broadway, New York. We need scarcely say that the fox-terrier blood in this old established kennel represents the very best strains.

The Duchess Kennels have sold the well-known St. Bernard Ellen Terry to Messrs. Woodin & Hoyt, Berwick, Pa.

Ohio Field Trials Off.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A meeting of the Ohio Field Trial committee was held at the office of the secretary in Canton, O., on Saturday last, to discuss the prospects of their trials, entries, etc. In referring to the entries, it was found that the amount received for the Derby entry was far short of the advertised stake—$500. A vote was taken as to whether the members should make good the difference.

The present hard times and stringency in money matters compelled a majority to vote against the proposition. This left no alternative but to declare the trials off until next year. A vote of thanks was tendered to all patrons of the club, whose fees will be returned at once. JOHN BOLUS.

Grade Entry Fees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have just received the premium list of Newark show, and I think it about time that shows which charge the same entry for small dogs as large dogs should give an equal premium. One dog costs as much as another to bench, and no more, usually $1.25 to $1.50 per dog for benching and feeding. Why they should discriminate is beyond us. I can give a good entry but shall not, only picking out two or three.

I am not taking challenge dogs for $5 and put up a $3 fee, as $2, provided the dog wins, will not pay traveling expenses; and $7 as against $12 in various other breeds that have no more and not so many entries in other classes, is absurd.

CHAS. N. SYMONDS.

SALEM, Mass., Oct. 23.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. K., Tuxedo Park, N. Y.—Has a greyhound ever been known to follow a hare after losing sight of it? Ans. Greyhounds have been known, when put on the fresh scent of a hare to put nose to ground and hunt out the trail in all its turnings after the manner of the beagle. The greyhound has the power of scent only in a modified form, owing to the contracted formation of head and jaws and owing to the sense having been kept in abeyance by disuse. Once unsighted the average greyhound stops or makes short jumps to one side or the other in his endeavor to sight the game again. A greyhound that would use its nose is not desirable—he would be too wise and soon run cunning.

C. H. D.—Will you kindly tell me what to do for my Scotch terrier's eye? My coachman rubbed some diluted carbolic acid on the dog's head (to cure mange), and the acid has probably got into his eye. The glassy portion has a blue scum, or perhaps dimness would better express it, on it, and the eye is weak. Ans. Use the following drops:

℞ Cocaine hydchlor.....gr. vi
Atroph. sulph.....gr. ½
Aq. distil.....℥ ss
Mix. Gutt.

One drop to be placed in the eye four or five times a day.

J. M., Marlboro, Mass.—The beagle bitch Beauty was entered at Toronto and Providence under the ownership of John Mullane, Peabody, Mass., and as the rules of the shows state that all dogs must be the *bona fide* property of the exhibitor we suppose the bitch is owned by said John Mullane. It was claimed, however, at the Providence show that Beauty was really Baby Deane, who was lost by Mr. W. S. Clarke in 1890. Whether this is the case or not we of course do not know, and the burden of proof lies with Mr. Clarke. Mr. Clarke's address is Linden, Mass. We do not see the drift of your query.

SUBSCRIBER, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—I have a setter, eleven weeks old who fell one day, and now his right paw turns directly to the right, he does not limp, and his leg is not out of joint; is a finely bred dog, and I would not like to have him grow up deformed. Is there anything I can do for him? Ans. It is difficult to advise in a case of this sort. Why not consult a veterinarian? There may be a fracture or dislocation.

H. W., Monticello, N. Y.—I have a pointer pup, 11mos. old, apparently in the best of health; skin does not itch or seem unhealthy, but his hair comes out very badly. Ans. Treat for worms. Wash twice a week in a solution of creoline (1oz. to a pail of warm water).

C. H. R., Tuscola, Mich.—No. 31,001 will be published in the A. K. C. Stud Book for 1893, and of course is not issued yet. If you write to the secretary of the American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, New York, he will be able to give you the particulars.

W. C., Barnegat, N. J.—Our kennel advertising columns contain notices of foxhounds for sale that will run both foxes and hares.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 31.—The Cowley County Coursing Association, Winfield, Kan. J. R. Ballard, Sec'y.

Nov. 1.—Western Kansas Coursing Club's meeting, at Leoti, Kan. W. D. Allphin, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club's Trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y.

National Beagle Club Trials.

NANUET, N. Y., Oct. 30.—The fourth annual beagle trials of this club commenced to-day. The headquarters of the club are at the house of Mr. H. L. Kreuder, the president. All the dogs were on hand this morning with the exception of four out of the thirty-eight entries. The morning was devoted to measuring the dogs and drawing for class A. A number of sportsmen were present, among them being J. W. Appleton, H. F. Schellhas, John Batemen, H. L. Kreuder, Geo. Laick, Geo. W. Rogers, F. W. Chapman, H. V. Jamieson, Pottinger Dorsey, C. Staley Doub, A. D. Fiske, Geo. F. Reed, Mark Lewis, C. W. Quymi, H. W. Lacy and judges Bradford S. Turpin and Jos. Lewis.

The draw for class A resulted in:

H. L. Kreuder's Fanny Racer with Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsey A.

Pottinger Dorsey's Rambler with E. J. & J. W. Becker's Halryon.

George Laick's Trifle II. with Middleton Kennels' Model.

Pottinger Dorsey's Venus II. with Forest Beagle Kennels' Vick R.

Waldingfield Kennels' Oracle with H. L. Kreuder's Jack Bannerman.

Guy D. Welton's Joe with Pottinger Dorsey's Wanderer.

Middleton Kennels' Snow with H. L. Kreuder's Grayburn Daisy.

Pottinger Dorsey's Buck with Waldingfield Kennels' Lufra.

Thus 16 out of 19 filled, the absentees being Glenrose Kennels' Marguerite and Mr. T. Terry's Millard and Glory. In the Champion Stake Lee II. is absent.

After lunch a start was made near the house, and first brace,

FANNY RACER—GYPSEY A. were cast off at 1:50 in a thick swamp, Fanny handled by Mark Lewis and Gypsey by her owner. Both worked merrily in search of a trail, but were taken up after 20m. hunting without a find. Cast off again in small swamp, where Fanny jumped a hare, but they did not run long before they were at fault. Some back trailing was then indulged in, in which neither had much advantage. Judge Lewis put up a hare which, however, was soon lost in a wall. Dogs called off, and going through thick swamp Fanny started another hare, but dogs could not follow. Up at 3:10; Fanny having the best of the heat.

RAMBLER—HALCRYON.—Cast off at 3:18 in swamp. Rambler handled by owner, Halcryon by Wm. H. Hyland. Working to higher land a hare was started by Mr. Hyland. Halcryon saw it and was quickly on, but soon yielded the lead to Rambler, who likes a hot trail, which he followed at a great speed. Working hare to cornfield, the dogs were tried for gunshyness and both hesitating a little; game was soon after lost. Another rabbit was started, and Rambler carried it across a field at good pace, but lost in stone wall. Nothing more found and dogs up at 4:40 P. M. Rambler had the advantage in pace and range.

TRIFLE II.—MODEL.—Cast off 4:47, and after hunting forty-five minutes without a find they were called up and will be the first brace down in the morning.

The hares seem scarce where they were rather plentiful last year, and it is to be hoped that game will be more frequently started, or the trials will not be very satisfactory, as the short runs of a hundred yards at long intervals scarcely give the judges time to form an idea of the dog's capabilities. The weather was typical of a late October day, dull, gray, cold and without a breath of air. H. W. LACY.

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The Winners at Goodland, Kan.

THE competition at the meeting of the new Kenmore Coursing Club at Goodland, Kan., was stronger than at Huron, S. D., for the reason that the dogs had been given more time for preparation, the grounds were more even and the hares stronger. Some of the dogs, perhaps, were a bit out of condition from neglect on the part of their trainers to give them the work they actually needed. It is not wisdom to require one man to handle too many dogs at a meeting or in preparation. It is very hard work to thoroughly fit up a greyhound for a coming meeting and keep him in the pink of condition through two or three meetings. Three, or at the outside four dogs is all one man can handle.

It was quite noticeable that the Landseer Kennels' dogs, practically handled by J. R. Cochran under Dr. Van Hummell's watchful eye, were in fine fettle, also kept so through the meet. The Doctor has very practical notions about training, and this has undoubtedly carried him through to victory in so many instances.

Mr. H. C. Lowe has shown an improvement in his methods of training, and this season has brought his dogs to the slips harder and with less flesh than formerly, and as a consequence has gone to the front. In his White Lips stock he has some of the best greyhounds in America, and if they can be bred on good killing and staying stock they can beat the world. They have the speed, close working qualities and the right kind of a spirit.

The Maybrook Kennels have the blood of the best, but they need a longer sojourn in the Western country and more work on the long hares. They need more killings. Miss Dollar ran a grand course, but lost her head, as the result of too little experience. Conditions are everything for a greyhound. He cannot be pampered for ten months of the year and then be made fit to win in a bare two months in a new climate. They must in a measure be acclimated and innured to a measure of hardships. A dog lying around a kennel covered with a blanket constantly, in a climate like our Western country in the autumn, cannot be kept fit. Take some of this fast stock, let them lie about the farmers' hay stacks, go about with the farmer and be given their liberty, and they can kill off and defeat honestly nine out of ten of their pampered brothers.

The St. Patrick Kennels, of Denver, Col., are what you can call hard trainers, but their dogs stand grief all the same. They are judiciously mixing in new blood and if kept on the same line will be hard nuts to crack the next few years.

We were pleased to see a new acquisition to the ranks in the Scout's Rest Kennels from Nebraska. The practical men that brought the dogs to the front are Mr. E. H. Shaw, the Melton Bros. and Messrs. Sweet, Drummond and Cochran, all of Wallace, Neb. They have the blood of Dingwall, Miss Kitten, Babazoun, Lady Iliffe, Glendyne and Daisy Dublin, in their kennel, and no better mingling of speed, stay and beauty can be found in this country, and although they did not get a piece of glory this year, look out for them in '94. They promise a rousing meet in Nebraska another season, probably will have a spring meet. Good blood is getting plentiful and if all prejudice and jealousy could be laid aside and proper selection and mating be practiced we can jump to a level of the Waterloo winners in a very short time.

Sending across the water is proper enough, but it takes a couple of years to breed up and adapt the imported dogs to our climate and methods.

Coursing is going on gloriously and we hope to see many valuable additions the coming year. Eastern men can scarcely measure the value of a few weeks' outing in the West in attendance on these coursing meetings, and as they find out its merits, coursing will absorb other less interesting and much less honest recreation.

The Goodland people take a practical interest in the sport, and before the night of the drawing organized a kennel club, purchased four greyhounds of the Waterloo Kennel and will be "strictly in it" another year. They show the right kind of metal and their little town will get honors for her pains. It is a very suitable place to hold a meet. Rhea, by Major Glendyne—Daisy Dublin, one of their purchases, won third money, notwithstanding she broke her leg in April of this year.

The winners of the two stakes at Goodland, Kan., went to their places on merit, although we disliked much to see a dog like Light Foot take the place he did.

Nancy, the winner in the Goodland Stake, is a very plain bitch, dark brindle in color, and will weigh about 50lbs. She has a rather neat head, but a sheep neck, straight in back, with a coarse tail, badly carried. She is, however, put up strong, good bone and good legs and feet. She goes away with a sprint, keeps close on her hare and shows more stay than the average of Mr. Lowe's stock. She is by Lord Neversettle out of Partera and is a bit over two years old. She showed condition which reflects credit on Dr. Van Hummell and Mr. Cochran, who did the hard work on her.

Light Foot, the runner-up, is a plain, light red dog, weighing 60lbs., strong made and resolute. He goes out of the slips slow, but "gets agoing" after a time, and if on a long hare works down his opponents. He was bred from a brother and sister, son and daughter of Trales, out of Arthur Massey's Gipsy, a native-bred bitch. His hardness, strength and staying powers wholly disproves the theory that inbreeding is injurious. It is a necessity, and a little more of it would give something sure and not so many experiments.

St. Lawrence and Mellitta, the dividers in the Kenmore Derby, are brother and sister, same litter, by Lord Neversettle and that queen of greyhounds, White Lips. St. Lawrence is a black and white, nicely and showily splashed, strong, neat and symmetrical. He goes away in the same style as all of the White Lips stock, a sort of gallant rush that takes him to his hare in beautiful style. He holds close to his hare, and promises to make a killer if Mr. Lowe will give him a few more hares. With dogs of his spirit there is very little danger of giving them too many hares. They must have the kills to give them experience.

Mellitta is a black bitch with white toes and small splash on her breast. She is good size, probably 55lbs. in weight, rather more rangy than most of the White Lips stock, but this seems to give her a longer stride. She has the same whirlwind go to the hare, steadies herself for the kill and comes again quickly, scarcely letting her opponent in. She is probably the best bitch from the cross of Lord Neversettle-White Lips yet bred by Mr. Lowe. She and St. Lawrence only lacked a few days of being 18 months old, which probably gave them a decided advantage, as three months on a young dog tells when heavy work is before him.

The Dingwall pups were only 15 months old, but they are clippers and no mistake. Another year look well to their work. Who can predict what position coursing will take in the world of sports in the next five years?

GEORGE IRWIN ROYCE.

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National Beagle Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of this club was held at the "Kreuder Homestead," Nanuet, N. Y., Oct. 30, at 8:15 P. M. Present, President Kreuder, H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, Geo. Laick, H. W. Lacy, G. W. Rogers, F. W. Chapman, H. V. Jamieson. Treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of $131.29. Mr. Schellhass was asked to communicate with Mr. W. H. Child regarding his resignation. Mr. Kreuder reported he had forwarded the Lee II. special to Mr. Dorsey, who was well pleased with it. Mr. Henry Hanson's resignation was accepted. Application by the New Jersey Kennel League for special at Newark show was not granted owing to expenses incurred by field trials now being held. Mr. A. Wright Post was proposed for membership by Mr. Laick and accepted. Election of officers then took place and resulted as follows: President, H. L. Kreuder; First Vice-President, J. W. Appleton; Second Vice-President, H. F. Schellhass; Third Vice-President, Geo. W. Rogers; Secretary-Treasurer, Geo. Laick; Executive Committee to serve with above officers: John Bateman, George D. Post, Jr., and Edwin M. Field, M.D. H. F. Schellhass delegate to the A. K. C. for 1894.

A motion was made that the secretary should not be allowed to furnish reports of meetings to the press This was lost, and Mr. Kreuder moved that the secretary use his own discretion in this matter, but that he be instructed to ignore the first and second requests for reports from papers that can otherwise secure reports. Carried. Meeting adjourned 10:20 P. M.

Field committee then held a meeting. It was voted that a dog or bitch must have won a first in the open class before it can run in the champion class.

Voted that judges should be instructed to award "Reserve" to the next best dog to the money winners in each class. Adjourned 10:50 P. M.

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Western Massachusetts Fox Club Hunt.

THE sixth annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club will take place at Westfield, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15 and 16. The huntsman's horn will sound at 5 o'clock Wednesday morning for breakfast. At 6 o'clock carriages will be ready at Park Square Hotel, to carry the hunters to the grounds. Supper will probably be served in the Town Hall at 6:30 P. M. or after the hunt. It is expected that a much larger number of the members of the club with friends will be present than last season. Some twenty-five or more members of the Brunswick Fur Club have informed President Rorabaack of their intention of being present and participating in the hunt. It is to be hoped that the clerk of the weather will provide the club with unclouded skies, which was not the case last season, and proved quite a serious drawback to the success of that hunt. There need be no question as to the result of this season's hunt, as the woods are full of foxes awaiting the invasion of the hounds and hunters. WORONOCO.

WESTFIELD, Mass., Oct. 27.

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Fox Hunting at Worcester.

THE Worcester Fur Company will hunt the North Grounds on Thursdey, Nov. 2. The club headquarters will be established at the Lincoln House on Wednesday evening. The horn will sound the assembly of huntsmen at 5 A. M. on Thursday and breakfast will be served at headquarters. Guests and members will be transported to the hunting grounds in barges, leaving the hotel at 6 A. M. sharp. The meet will be at the historic Heywood Farm, on Burncoat, and the hounds will be cast off at 7 A. M. on Bond's Hill, Sewell's Hill and East Ridge. The annual club dinner will be served at the Lincoln House, at 7:15, Thursday evening. Visitors are asked to inform the secretary, Mr. Guy C. Whidden, Worcester, Mass., if they intend joining in the sports. The M. F. H. is Mr. Addison C White.

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Mr. T. J. Webster, secretary of the Kenmore Coursing Club, we regret to say, was taken ill the first day of the Goodland meeting, and compelled to return home. He is now better, but will not be able to do the Winfield meeting as intended.

COURSING AT GOODLAND.

The Kenmore Coursing Club's First Meeting.

GOODLAND, Kan., Oct. 17.—The initial meeting of the Kenmore Coursing Club has clearly demonstrated the fact that there are hundreds of places on the Western prairies where a coursing meeting can be brought off, and it really seems that every new place chosen proves to be a better one than the place where the previous meetings were held. The onward march that coursing is making in this country has received an impetus through this meeting that perhaps will carry it forward more rapidly than any influence it has had, not excepting the big international held at Huron.

Goodland, Kan., where the meet was held, is in Sherman county, near the western border of the State, on the grandest of all railroads, the Rock Island. It is a neat little city of 2,500 people and is the headquarters for this division of the Rock Island. Its road house and shops are quite a feature of the place, and it has waterworks and other advanced improvements. It is made up of a select element of the active young people from the eastern part of the State and many are from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, etc., which give it a refined and citified look.

The people are active, generous to the fault and have thoroughly captured the hearts of the coursing men, and unless, as at Great Bend, they eventually think that they are indispensable to the club, the meetings may be held here indefinitely.

The city was agog on the arrival of the coursing men and the citizens had arranged a reception and banquet in honor of their guests. The drawing was done at the banquet in the Opera House, preceded by an address of welcome by the Mayor. Toasts were responded to by "Our Visitors," J. H. Stewart; "Kenmore Coursing Club," Dr. Q. Van Hummell; "Coursing as a Sport," Dr. Royce; "The Sporting Press," Basil Hayman; "Goodland and her Jack Rabbits," M. A. Rush. The banquet was followed by dancing till a late hour.

The grounds where the coursing is done are the vast level prairies which extend from the suburbs, and you can course for miles without the least interruption or annoyance in the form of wire fences or other obstruction. The soil is a sort of loam which crumbles under the dogs' feet, and that with the soft buffalo grass makes a model footing for them. Fortunately the dogs incurred no injury further than that two of the dogs had a couple of nails torn off, which perhaps injured the chance of Light Foot in the last course.

The first two days the weather was delightful and cool with a pleasant breeze, but the third day it was quite hot, but not enough to distress the dogs, and barring the death of Touchwood III., the first day, none of the dogs were in the least injured. After his course with Battle Royal, Touchwood seemed to be much distressed and died in a few hours. He was owned by Nelson P. Whiting, of Minneapolis, Minn., and was imported by him. He would have been a valuable dog in the stud for this country and it was a great pity that his death had to be recorded.

Mr. Bradbury, of the Maybrook Kennels' was unfortunate in losing a very fine puppy, purchased of E. H. Mulcaster, at Huron, S. D.

While out in the yard, she jumped against a pitchfork that had been carelessly thrown into some loose hay in the yard, one of the tines penetrated the heart and she died suddenly. She was a promising youngster by Glenkirk ex Gilda.

The judging was done by Mr. E. H. Mulcaster of Wisconsin, and gave almost universal satisfaction. The courses were many of them long grueling ones, but were nearly all ended by kills or by the hares going in holes, which is quite a common thing for them to do on these open buffalo-grass prairies, while in the eastern part of the State it is a very rare occurrence. They were about equally divided—white tails and black tails—although the white tails are rather in the majority. There was no scarcity of hares, sometimes three jumping away at a time, but in no instance did they separate the dogs. They are big, strong fellows, and start away as independent as you please but soon strike their stride and are away.

Although there were at least a thousand people on the grounds each day, perfect order was preserved throughout, and great credit is given the people of this locality for their courtesy and great interest taken in this greatest of all sports, coursing.

The slipping was done by Ralph Taylor, of Colorado Springs, a son of Col. Taylor, of Emporia, Kan. He gave good satisfaction, some expressing themselves so strongly as to say he was about as good a slipper as they had ever seen. He is a great walker and fairly kept the horses on a trot the day through. He is just from office work, and how he could stand the three days' work was a mystery.

The club is looking forward to a spring meeting, and if so it will likely be held about April 15.

At the regular meeting of the club the officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, Dr. Q. Van Hummell, Indianapolis, Ind.; Vice-President, M. B. Tomblin, Goodland, Kan.; Secretary, C. F. Weber, Goodland, Kan.; Treasurer, H. C. Lowe, Lawrence, Kan.; Executive Committee, J. Herbert Watson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. C. Lowe, Lawrence, Kan.; T. W. Bartels, Denver, Col.

Action was taken whereby the constitution and by-laws of the American Coursing Club should be adopted, substituting the name Kenmore for American where it appeared, and that the executive committee be empowered to make such alterations as it deemed necessary and to report the same at the next regular meeting.

A very important step was taken in the adoption of the following:

Moved that the Kenmore Coursing Club adopt the rules of the National Greyhound Club, with the following modifications, that wherever the name of the National Greyhound Club appears in said rules there shall be substituted therefore the name of the National Coursing Board.

Some of the prominent coursing men from abroad were: E. H Mulcaster, Fox Lake, Wis.; Dr. Q. Van Hummell, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. Bradbury, of the Maybrook Kennels, Dover Plains, N. Y.; T. W. & S. F. Bartels, Denver, Col.; H. C. Lowe, Lawrence, Kan.; D. C. Luse, Great Bend, Kan.; Sam. W. Vidler, Colorado Springs; Ralph Taylor, Colorado Springs; J. R. Cochran and Dr. Miller, Winfield, Kan.; E. H. Shaw, W. N. Sweet, F. Drummond, S. Melton, A. Melton, G. Cochran, of Wallace, Neb.; M. Barrow, of Denver, and Dr. Geo. Irwin Royce, Topeka, Kan.

The meeting has proved a grand success, there never having been a meeting held with less friction. All leave for their homes to enjoy in memory the happy scenes on the prairies surrounding the pretty little city of Goodland, the home of the rain makers.

The club having done away with the per cent. plan, taken from the winnings, happily came through with $78 in the treasury, and $30 still owing them, with all expenses paid to date. There is no good reason why a club cannot be managed so that everything can be done on business principles. The future of the club is very bright.

The charter members of the club are: Dr. Q. Van Hummell, Dr. A. C. Cattanach, Denver, Col.; H C. Lowe, Lawrence, Kan.; D. C. Luse, Great Bend, Kan.; Dr. N. Rowe, Chicago, Ill.; J. Herbert Watson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. R. Cochran, Winfield, Kan.; Roger Williams, Lexington, Ky.; Nelson P. Whiting, Minneapolis, Minn.; M. B. Tomblin, C. F. Weber, Goodland, Kan. St. Patrick Kennels, Denver, Col.; Maybrook Kennels, Dover Plains, N. Y.; Scout's Rest Kennels (Buffalo Bill's), Wallace, Neb.; E. H. Shaw, Wallace, Neb.; Michael Allen, Chicago, Ill.; Geo. Irwin Royce, Topeka, Kan.

D. C. Luse, C. M. Bradbury, of the Maybrook Kennels; J. R. Cochran and F. H. Mulcaster, went to Leoti Saturday morning to attend the open meeting held there Oct. 24. Mr. Mulcaster will judge and Mr. Cochrau will slip.

Goodland Stakes.

LAUGHED AT—ROOK.—The first brace was placed in the slips at 10:30, about four miles from the city. Laughed At led from the slips three lengths to the hare, worked up several points, turned the hare, served himself, and went on working a number of points, when another dog joined in and killed, but it in no way altered the course, as the victory was a decisive one for Laughed At.

LIGHT FOOT—VIOLA.—Viola led up to the hare just as it had stopped to look around, but puss soon got away at a terrific pace, the bitch scoring several wrenches and a turn, from which Light Foot took advantage, carrying the hare away for some hot work, bringing it back toward the spectators he let Viola in for a go-by on the inner for a meritorious kill, but the dog had won handily.

REAR ADMIRAL—DRYTIME.—From a good slip Rear Admiral drew away to the hare three lengths to the good, wrenched rapidly, turned to Drytime, and she looked well to her advantage and scored like a witch, but getting pumped out let Rear Admiral in for a go-by; the bitch stopped in the course, but the hare had clearly outfooted his pursuers and escaped. Rear Admiral won.

TOUCHWOOD—BATTLE ROYAL.—Battle Royal acted badly in the slips, and several hares getting up kept Taylor busy to get them sighted, Touchwood pulling into the slips until he was quite choked, but a hare coming close Battle Royal caught sight and they went away with Touchwood well in the lead, reaching his hare four lengths before Royal. He wrenched several times and turned to Battle Royal for a good sequence of points. Touchwood, showing distress, stopped. When taken up he was in bad condition and died in about five hours, evidently from congestion of the brain—possibly from rupture of a blood vessel.

PRINCESS MAY—LADY IN BLACK.—May showed herself a whirlwind from the slips, working like a demon on a strong hare, entirely shutting out Lady in Black.

BENNARITA—BOOMERANG.—To a short slip the brindle had a shoulder the best of it to the hare, turned to Boomerang

MR. H. C. LOWE WITH PRINCE CHARLIE AND PRINCESS MAY.
International Meet, Huron, South Dakota.

and he, making a game effort for a kill, flecked the hare lightly, but coming strong made a grand kill. We would have been pleased to see the hat come off. The slip was short and the margin was very small if any.

ROYAL CREST—JEFF.—Two hares got up just as they were slipped and Jeff pulled away slightly from the one Crest was pursuing, which gave Royal Crest a good lead up and some nice work before Jeff began to score, but this country dog, hard as nails, having killed over forty hares since September, had got too wise, and after scoring strongly quit dead, but seeing his master again went up and being placed by Crest scored several wrenches and a turn, but quit again, being too cunning for public coursing. As usual in these cases Jeff's owner made a pretty strong kick, being wholly ignorant of the rules, but an explanation was taken in a good spirit and settled for all time, a good precedent. The hare went to a hole. Royal Crest won.

WHITE LADY—WILLY NILLY.—White Lady went a merry clip to the hare, having three lengths in his favor, Willy Nilly running a very erratic course. White Lady let up her speed after scoring strongly, and let Willy Nilly in for a turn, but the hare outpaced them for safety and took to a hole. White Lady won.

WOODFORD BOY—MISS DOLLAR III.—Miss Dollar fairly smothered Woodford Boy, doing some very pretty work, only letting Roy in for a turn. Again getting possession, Dollar carried the hare back through the crowd for a beautiful kill.

RHEA—LIVING YET.—To a neat slip they went away like a double team, Living Yet showing a shoulder to the front, turning his hare to Rhea. She took up the work with a vim, never again letting Living Yet in for a point and killing in capital style, won.

NANCY—BELLE OF ELTHAM.—Mr. Luse showed a confident face as he took Belle to the slips, but she was scarcely in it with the little brindle, who in a short course scored a decisive victory, killing in pretty style.

VAN'S PETER—VOLTAIRE.—Peter led to the hare in a long run-up, wrenched repeatedly, turned the hare to Voltaire for a driving course down a hard road to an old sod shanty, round they went three times, the hare looking for a safe retreat among the sods lying looscly about, but they were too speedy for bunny, and again they went away for a lot of hard work, and Peter killed and won. Peter showed an inclination to lay up his speed a bit, having a bad toe, but ran gamely on to the finish.

GREENSHINE ran a bye with Mr. LeMoyne's Lord Neversettle—Partera dog that was sent from Denver too late to enter the stake, and it was well he did for the sake of the other entries, for he simply snuffed out Greenshine. He is a *fac simile* of Master Peter, but a trifle smaller. Had he been in good hands and well fitted he would have done some grand work.

This finished the first round, and the first round of the Kenmore Derby was run off.

Kenmore Derby.

First Round.

MISS CODY—BEAU BRUMMELL.—Considerable interest attached to this stake when the first brace were placed in the slips, one of them being from Dingwall and Miss Kitten, the pair imported by "Buffalo Bill." Beau Brummell showed to the front in an instant, got over his hare and it was hard to displace him; he worked up a good string of points, when Miss worked for a go-by on the shorter circle, made a phenomenal dash to kill but missed her mark and getting back, repeatedly made most supreme efforts, but the big white-tailed hare kept them busy guessing. The dog in the meantime made some masterly exchanges, the hare carrying them away for a two mile course; in an effort to kill, the bitch fell, forfeiting her chances, the dog going up for a half dozen points, drove the hare to a hole and won. Up to the time Miss Cody fell she had a bit to the good. A wonderful game pair of pups and hard to beat.

FANNY—ST. LAWRENCE.—St. Lawrence never gave the country girl a look in, the hare going to the brush on an old tree claim, and the dogs lost sight. St. Lawrence beat her pointless. Lack of education made the country bitch act badly and they were obliged to single slip them.

BIRD'S EYE—WILLIS H.—The little red bitch went out of the slips in pretty form, made a dash for the kill and tripped, but the cute white tail fairly slipped from her jaws and led them a merry dance, Bird's Eye having the best of it in some pretty exchanges, the hare gradually drawing away from them after a pumping course of two miles.

BORDER RUFFIAN—BILLY TAYLOR.—This was decidedly the prettiest course of the meet thus far. The dogs were a very showy black and white splashed, by Dingwall out of Miss Kitten, and litter brothers. They went out of the slips like meteors, and racing up to their hare whirled him about as fast as the eye could follow them. Billy Taylor had rather the best of the run-up, but the big brother would not be denied, and taking the work from Billy's turn steadied himself and held close to his hare for a dozen wrenches; at the turn Billy nicked in, and some beautiful and rapid exchanges took place, but the big white-tail had all confidence in himself and fairly played with the whirlwinds, and after nearly worrying them down worked for a hole. Border Ruffian laid up a bit, but soon came out again, but too late, as little Billy had the best of it and won. They were a good pair of representatives of a worthy sire.

After this course lunch was served in picnic style on the open prairie, without a tree or shrub to shelter us, but nature afforded a soft velvet carpet in the short, close curly buffalo grass. It was a most enjoyable feast, the keen air and long ride giving one a capital appetite.

BEACONSFIELD—BOAL'S HOPE.—Beaconsfield led to the hare, placed Boal's Hope, she turning to Beaconsfield, and the big red fellow made a masterly drive and overran his hare. Hope getting in wrenched strongly, taking the hare to a hole near the spectators. Beaconsfield stopped with the hare in full view. Boal's Hope won.

MELITTA—BONNY BELL.—Melitta went out of the slips like a rocket, carrying the hare along like a cloud. Bonny Bell trailing on gamely, and getting an opening went in for a grand kill of merit, but the black had a long string to her credit and won. A grand bitch and no mistake.

BON BON.—She ran a bye with Buenaritta as helper, and a right able help she proved, for dashing in she killed in 300yds.

Goodland Stakes—Second Round.

GREENSHINE—LAUGHED AT.—To a slip of 150yds. the dogs became unsighted, but Laughed At getting on the line of his hare raced up, and in the subsequent work held possession and made a grand kill and won.

REAR ADMIRAL—LIGHT FOOT.—Rear Admiral drew away on the outer circle, scoring four lengths to his advantage in the run up, held close to the line of his hare and wrenched several times, placing Light Foot in the turn, the red fellow holding the gift and adding to it. Good training showed its value, and the red won with much to spare. The hare went to a hole. Light Foot won.

BATTLE ROYAL—VAN'S PETER.—The annual squabble over an accident took place during this course. It seems that Mr. Lowe had requested Mr. Vidler, of Colorado Springs, to ride the course and assist in securing the dogs. He had a rather smart little pony, and the tricky hare coming back through the riders he was making an effort to hold up his horse when Van's Peter came round on the turn and brushed his hindquarters against the horse's leg, but was scarcely checked in his speed and did not receive any injury. It came near being a repetition of the Pearl of Pekin case. Summary measures should be taken to keep down careless riding. As a rule the owners of the greyhounds running keep too close up, leaving a grand opening for an accident. Lock the door before the horse is stolen.

BATTLE ROYAL—VAN'S PETER.—Battle Royal was unsighted from the slips, giving Van's Peter a strong run-up, several wrenches and a turn; coming again, he made a game dash for a kill, but only flecked his game lightly, and going out wide let Battle Royal in for a lot of hot work, Peter's sore toe throwing him out wide in the turn, and although he drew off among the carriages could not wipe off the black and white's score. Battle Royal won.

BOOMERANG — PRINCESS MAY.—Boomerang had gotten away in the morning with the blanket on as the hare came down by the wagon where he was being held by his owner and made a strong course. In the melee he injured his ankle and as they went from the slips his crippled condition showed against him and his smart sister put it all over him in a pretty course, the hare being lost in a cornfield.

WHITE LADY—ROYAL CREST.—Royal Crest went out of the slips in his best form, beating White Lady very handily to the hare and fairly smothering her. It was a long stern chase, the hare outfooting them. The black won with considerable to his credit. He has any amount of speed and at times works pretty close, but again will go out wide and let a very ordinary dog score on him. However, he is a valuable dog for coursing men, and if properly nicked will yet be heard from through his offspring.

RHEA—MISS DOLLAR III.—This was the neatest pair yet placed in the slips and acted in model style, both are good ones and go a clipping gait, so much was expected of them. To a model slip they went away together with Miss Dollar showing gradually to the front and reached her hare two lengths ahead of Rhea, but the little one would not be denied and taking up the work, some pretty exchanges to place, Rhea carrying the hare selfishly to herself down through a ravine, and as they raised the opposite bank, Miss Dollar took a cropper and stopped; Rhea carrying the jack away single-handed for two miles to a hole.

NANCY a bye.—Nancy was placed in slips with her big brother from Colorado for a bye, and the contests were over for the day.

It was nearly sundown and we were ten miles away from the town. It is wholly unnecessary to go so far, as hares are very plentiful near by. To-morrow the management promise to course much nearer home.

THURSDAY.

Kenmore Derby—Second Round.

BEAU BRUMMELL—ST. LAWRENCE.—There was considerable interest centering in this course as the black and white son of Dingwell was thought very fast and St. Lawrence had shown a fast clip. The big fellow showed his heels to Beau Brummell and landed his hare in masterly style, bringing

him around and placing Beau, but he was unable to keep possession, and St. Lawrence taking up the work was rapidly running up the points when Boal's Hope broke away from her trainer and raced after the hare with a long piece of rope attached to the collar. The victory was most decidedly in favor of St. Lawrence, otherwise there might have been complications. The owner of Boal's Hope was promptly fined $5 for allowing the dog to escape. The rules are very strict in this respect and the management should be congratulated for taking prompt action.

BIRD'S EYE—BILLY TAYLOR.—Out of the slips they went away even, but the bitch had rather the best of it up, turned the hare to Billy, and then followed a bit of give and take, Bird's Eye making the kill and winning.

Through the courtesy of Mr. H. C. Lowe the bye was run out of the order of the running on account of Boal's Hope having gotten loose in the previous courses, and Melitta ran her bye with Lady of Fashion.

BON BON—BOAL'S HOPE.—Boal's Hope showed the effects of the extra course she had had but a few moments before, and went out of slips a bit stiff, Bon Bon leading up for a good run of points, but the little brindle warmed up and went in for a couple of wrenches and killed too soon. Bon Bon won.

Melitta ran a bye.

Goodland Stake—Third Round.

LAUGHED AT—NANCY. — In some unaccountable way Laughed At had received an injury during the night previous, the injury in the foreleg gave evidence of there having been some dispute in the barn. It was quite swollen, and he went to the slips on three legs, but when slipped he forgot that his leg was sore and went out like a rocket; but Rhea was sound and fast, and led him several lengths to the hare, and switched it about fearfully, the dog making a game effort to get in, but his leg led him out wild at the turns, and Nancy, sticking to her game like a leach, wrenched repeatedly and finally killed, beating the dog pointless.

LIGHT FOOT—BATTLE ROYAL.—Battle Royal had sprung a nail and was sore, letting the big fawn go up to the hare, but he soon came to himself and went away for some driving work, but failed to kill, and Light Foot getting in, scored repeatedly on a long-winded fellow of a hare and finally killed and won.

PRINCESS MAY—ROYAL CREST.—Princess May led up three lengths, made a game effort to kill, but missed her game and fell, sliding along on her side, but she was up and at him again before Royal Crest had scored very much, and getting in stayed in the line of her hare, bringing off a beautiful kill and won.

RHEA A BYE with Buenaritta, and receiving a good deal of help was saved from a grueling course.

Kenmore Derby—Third Round.

BIRD'S EYE—ST. LAWRENCE.—St. Lawrence went like a whirlwind from the slips, led up, wrenched several times and placed Bird's Eye, but she could not hold possession from the big fellow, who pell-mell forced bunny to a hole.

Another Dingwall pup against the stout son of Lord Neversettle and White Lips, and one by one they have gone down before him. Bird's Eye made a game effort, but it was of no avail, St. Lawrence winning a decisive victory.

MELITTA—BON BON.—There seemed to be but two strains left in, the Dingwall—Miss Kitten and Lord Neversettle—White Lips, but the White Lips blood showed its superiority unquestionably, although three months in age would naturally give an advantage, Melitta being nearly eighteen months old. She took the matter into her own hands at once, and keeping possession ran up a good sequence and won in a decided manner.

Goodland Stake—Fourth Round.

PRINCESS MAY—LIGHT FOOT.—Princess May led four lengths in the run-up, turned the hare to Light Foot, but racing by, kept possession for a lot of work, but the demon of a hare was able to stay before them, and Light Foot that Princess May had worked down to his speed took up the work, and after a hard, long weary jaunt worked the hare down, but having sprung three or four nails became very sore and quite dead, allowing the bitch to go on and finish with a kill of merit, but the dog had scored too many for her and won the course.

RHEA—NANCY.—Nancy went with her usual fire, but Rhea showed the effects of the long course she had run the day previous, and the hare coming back toward the crowd spun around in a circle looking for his hole, but Nancy gave him little rest and he was kept guessing pretty lively. His cuteness, however, brought him near enough so that by a bit of strategy he made an opening, his heels twinkling in the sunlight, and, presto! the dogs were quite astonished as the rest of us at the sudden disappearance. Nancy won.

Deciding Course.

LIGHT FOOT—NANCY.—The dog having injured himself in the course before this, there was very little speculation as to the result, the more because Nancy was quite fresh.

Out of the slips she simply flew to the hare, ten lengths ahead of Light Foot, turned and came again, scoring like the very mischief, but the hare being strong carried her away for thirty points, till the dog began to come to himself, when he took a hand, scoring a go-by, two wrenches and the kill. But the vast score Nancy had rolled up was a most emphatic victory. Heretofore some unlooked for mishap has generally marred the finishing course, but happily in this case not the least unpleasantnes marred the pleasure of the day.

Kenmore Derby.

In the deciding course of the Kenmore Derby only St. Lawrence and Melitta were in, and both belonging to Mr. H. C. Lowe, they very properly divided the honors.

Goodland Stakes.

SUMMARY.

GOODLAND, Kan., Oct. 17.—Goodland Stakes, for sixteen or more all-age greyhounds; $100 of citizens cash and 50 per cent. of entrance money to winner, $50 cash and 50 per cent. of entrance money to runner-up, balance of entrance money to be equally divided between dogs equal at the finish; entrance $10.

I.

American Coursing Kennels' light fawn dog Laughed At (Norwegian Buenretero) *beat* Goodland Kennels' black dog Rook.

American Coursing Kennels' red dog Light Foot (Major—Chipper) *beat* Landseer Kennels' brindle bitch Viola (Babazoun—Verdure Clad).

Goodland Kennels' black and white dog Rear Admiral (Major Glendyne—Lady Alice) *beat* J. Herbert Watson's fawn bitch Drytime (Britain Still—Haytime).

H. C. Lowe's black and white dog Battle Royal (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* Nelson P. Whiting's fawn dog Touchwood III. (Thornwood—Burning Shame).

H. C. Lowe's black and white bitch Princess May (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* American Coursing Kennels' black bitch Lady in Black (Trales—Dick's Darling).

St. Patrick Kennels' black and white dog Boomerang (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* Sam'l W. Vidler's brindle bitch Bennaritta (Norwegian—Buenretero).

J. Herbert Watson's black dog Royal Crest (Green Tick—Royal Rate), *beat* Goodland Kennels' black and white dog Jeff (Don—Nell).

Maybrook Kennels' brindle bitch Miss Dollar III., *beat* Allen & Rew's brindle and white dog Woodford Boy (Lord McPherson—Jessamine).

Goodland Kennels' white and brindle bitch Rhea (Major Glendyne—Daisy Dublin), *beat* American Coursing Kennels' white dog Living Yet (Trales-Dick's Darling).

Landseer Kennels' red dog Van's Peter (Babazoun—Carmine) *beat* H. C. Lowe's black and white dog Voltaire (Lord Neversettle—White Lips).

Maybrook Kennels' brown dog Greenshine (Mullingar—Green Finch III.) a bye.

II.

Laughed At beat Greenshine.
Light Foot beat Rear Admiral.
Battle Royal beat Van's Peter.
Princess May beat Boomerang.
Royal Crest beat White Lady.
Rhea beat Miss Dollar III.
Nancy a bye.

III.

Nancy beat Laughed At.
Light Foot beat Battle Royal.
Princess May beat Royal Crest.
Rhea a bye.

IV.

Light Foot beat Princess May.
Nancy beat Rhea.

Final.

Nancy beat Light Foot and won.

Kenmore Derby.

For puppies under 18mos., $50 cash and 50 per cent of entrance money to winner, 50 per cent. of remainder of entrance money to runner-up, balance of entrance money to dogs equal at finish.

I.

St. Patricks Kennels' brown and white dog Beau Brummel (Dingwall—Miss Kitten) *beat* Scout's Rest Kennels' brindle bitch Miss Cody (Babazoun—Daisy B.).

H. C. Lowe's white and brown dog St. Lawrence *beat* Goodland Kennels' brindle and white bitch Fanny (Jeff—Jessie).

St. Patrick's Kennels' red bitch Bird's Eye (Babazoun—Blue Belle) *beat* Nelson P. Whiting's brown dog Willis H. (Lights o' London—Little Nell).

Scout's Rest Kennels' brown and white dog Billy Taylor (Dingwall—Miss Kitten) *beat* St. Patrick Kennels' black and white dog Border Ruffian (Dingwall—Miss Kitten).

Scout's Rest Kennels' brindle bitch Boal's Hope (Babazoun—Daisy B.) *beat* E. H. Shaw's red dog Beaconsfield (Babazoun—Daisy B.).

H. C. Lowe's brown bitch Melitta (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) *beat* St. Patrick Kennels' brown and white bitch Bonny Bell (Dingwall—Miss Kitten).

St. Patrick Kennels' brindle and white bitch Bon Bon, a bye.

II.

St. Lawrence beat Beau Brummel.
Bird's Eye beat Billy Taylor.

A few hunters with their hounds arrived in North Acton on Sunday, but it was not till Monday that the rush fairly began. On the evening of that day the little village was fairly alive with the unwonted excitement, and not only was the Nagog House filled to repletion with sportsmen, but each house in the neighborhood held its quota of enthusiastic lovers of the hound.

The entries for the trials were made at the business meeting of the club, held on Monday evening, and both the Derby and All-Age classes showed an increase in number over any previous year. The entries were as follows:

The Derby.

TROUPE—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black and tan dog (Walker), 15mos.
TEMPEST—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's black and tan dog (Walker), 15mos.
JULIETTE—O. F. Joslin's white and lemon bitch (July—Walker), 9mos.
PEDDLER—R. D. Perry's black, white and tan dog (Robinson—Maupin), 15mos.
BILLY—C. L. Wellington's black and tan dog (Native), 17mos.
PETER—C. L. Wellington's black and tan dog (Native), 17mos.
TREAD—L. O. Dennison's black and tan dog (Native), 15mos.
STEVE—Dennison & Eddy's black, white and tan dog (Walker), 15mos.
POLAND PETWORTH—White Oak Hill Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Robinson—Maupin), 15mos.
POLAND PARAGON—White Oak Hill Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Robinson—Maupin), 15mos.
POLAND PARAMOUNT—White Oak Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Robinson—Maupin), 15mos.
POLAND PLUNGER—White Oak Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Robinson—Maupin), 15mos.
POLAND PLUNDER—White Oak Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Robinson—Maupin), 15mos.

The All-Age.

In the All-Age Stake there are five classes, hunting, trailing, speed, endurance and tonguing, and a hound can be entered in any or all of these classes.

DIAMOND—W. R. Dean's black, white and tan dog, (Native), 2yrs. 8mos.

TAKING THE HARE FROM VAN'S PETER AND ROYAL CREST.
International Meet, Huron, South Dakota.

Bon Bon beat Boal's Hope.
Melitta a bye.

III.

St. Lawrence beat Bird's Eye.
Melitta beat Bon Bon.

Final.

H. C. Lowe's St. Lawrence and Melitta (Lord Neversettle—White Lips) divided.

G. IRWIN ROYCE.

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BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB FIELD TRIALS

[*Special Report.*]

THE fifth annual field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club were held at North Acton, Mass., Oct. 23-27. Each year has seen an increased interest in these trials, and a rapid improvement in the quality of the hounds. The meet held last week was no exception to this rule, and never before in the history of the club were there so many spectators or as large an entry of high class hounds. The striking difference in the type of quality of the hounds entered in the first trials, and of those seen at North Acton last week, show the rapid progress which has been made in the improvement of the New England hound, and the club surely has a right to congratulate itself on its success in this direction.

The hunting grounds chosen for the trials this year were in every way superior to those selected in the past. The country about North Acton consists of hill and dale, mostly open meadows and farming lands with here and there a small piece of woodland or swampy cover. A better place to see the chase could not be found in New England, and on many occasions during the week the hounds ran for a mile constantly in view. Foxes were found in abundance.

This year for the first time the spotting system was used in judging, and it was generally conceded to be a great improvement over the method followed under the old rules. It simplified the work of the judges and enabled them after the first day to devote all their time and attention to the best hounds of the pack.

The judges worked hard and conscientiously and their decisions were well received by all. Their task was no easy one, for a grander pack of hounds was never seen at a field trial, and where there were so many good ones it was most difficult to pick the winners. Nevertheless, as far as the writer knows, there was not even a little "kick" or any unpleasantness. Those who lost were disappointed, but they proved themselves true sportsmen by being good losers.

A list of those present during the week would include the great majority of prominent New England fox hunters. Among those noticed were: Dr. A. C. Heffenger, L. O. Dennison, H. C. Newell, R. D. Perry, W. B. Stone, E. M. Snow, L. E. Conant, H. S. Curtis, W. R. Dean, Stephen Decatur, F. W. Eddy, E. W. Gill, E. B. Hayden, E. J. Hill, O. F. Joslin, A. B. F. Kinney, J. M. White, C. L. Wellington, Bradford S. Turpin, F. G. Stewart, Richard Seely, N. Q. Pope, C. P. and M. G Plimpton, W. S. Clark, F. T. Liveret, A. B. McGregor, J. H. Murphy, G. W. Roraback, Herbert R. Morton, F. W. Whipple, J. U. Goss, and a host of others whose names I cannot recall at the moment.

ROCK—O. F. Joslin's black, white and tan dog (Robinson—Maupin), 2yrs. 8mos.
JOE J.—O. F. Joslin's black and tan dog (Native and Wild Goose), 2yrs. 8mos.
HENDRICKS—Portsmouth Hunt Club's gray, tan and white dog (July), 5yrs. 5mos.
BARNEY—Sandy Spring Hunt Club's gray, tan and white dog (July) 3yrs. 6mos.
DUKE—H. A. P. Smith's black, white and tan dog (Robinson—Maupin), 3yrs.
CAMP—H. A. P. Smith's black, white and fawn bitch (July), 1yr. 10mos.
CLINKER—R. D. Perry's black and tan dog (Avent), 4yrs.
QUILTIE—R. D. Perry's black, white and tan bitch (Wild Goose—Native), 2yrs. 6mos.
POPPLE—R. D. Perry's black, white and tan dog (Wild Goose—Native), 2yrs.
AGGIE—Kinney & White's black, white and tan bitch (Pooler), 5yrs.
MAJOR—Kinney & White's black, white and tan dog (Native), 4yrs.
LOGAN—Kinney & White's black, whlte and tan dog (Pooler), 3yrs.
JIM BLAINE—Richard Seely's black, white and tan dog (Byron—Buckfield), 3yrs. 6mos.
GARRETT—S. Decatur's tawny dog (July), 1yr. 10mos.
NED—F. M. Whipple's black and tan dog (Taylor), 2yrs.
SPOT—F. M. Whipple's black and white dog (Taylor), 2yrs.
JIP—C. L. Wellington's blue ticked bitch (English Blue), 5yrs.
CLAY—White Oak Hill Kennels black, white and tan dog (Robinson—Maupin), 5yrs.
FLIRT—White Oak Hill Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Robinson—Maupin), 4yrs. 8mos.
STEVE—White Oak Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Robinson—Maupin), 2yrs. 4mos.
ZACH—White Oak Hill Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Robinson—Maupin), 2yrs. 4mos.
LEGGINS—White Oak Hill Kennels' black and tan bitch (Avent), 3yrs.
PEALER—White Oak Hill Kennels' black and tan dog (July), 3yrs.
SUNMAID—White Oak Hill Kennels' white, black and tan bitch (July), 1yr. 6mos.
*DAISY FORESTER—E J. Kennedy's black and tan bitch (Native), 3yrs.
*SPOT—N. Willard's white, black and tan bitch (Native), 3yrs.

*Entered only in speed class.

The entries having been completed and the usual number of fox hunting yarns spun, the party went to bed hoping that the rain which had been falling all day would cease before morning and give a fine day's sport for the Derby.

TUESDAY.

The rain fell hard all night and when the horn sounded at 6 o'clock it was still coming down in a steady drizzle. However, it was the first day of the hunt, every hound and every hunter was eager for the fray, and so despite the unfavorable prospect for sport, hunting togs were donned and 6:30 found everybody eating a hearty breakfast. By 7 o'clock the rain had ceased, and though the clouds were still thick and lowering, the Derby entries were ordered out at once.

The judges selected for this class were Messrs. F. M. Whipple, W. S. Clark, W. E. Gill, J. N. Goss and Bradford S. Turpin. The hounds were lined up for their inspection and after they had familiarized themselves with the markings and name of each entry, the long line of spectators and handlers left headquarters for the hunting grounds.

After a walk of a mile or more along the west shore of

Magog Lake the hounds were cast off on the crest of a hill in a large pasture at 8 o'clock. They went off well bunched and somewhat riotously, as puppies are wont to do. But they soon began to trail, and just as we were all congratulating ourselves on finding a track so easily it was discovered that they were working rapidly toward a bunch of young cattle. With considerable difficulty the pack was called off and worked into a strip of woods where they soon became widely scattered.

Then began a long and tedious hunt. Now we were in the dripping woods; then in the open fields; now climbing a hill and again picking our way through a swamp; but no matter where we went or how hard the hounds worked—and work they did—not a track could be found. To add to our discomfort the rain began to fall, and it was not long before everybody was drenched. Still we kept on, when good fortune brought us into an apple orchard, where there was plenty of fine fruit, and at the same time the hounds found a more promising trail than they had previously happened upon, matters began to assume a rosy hue. The track, however, came to nothing, but the rain stopped falling, and soon the sun came out bright and warm, quickly putting everybody in better humor. Finally when a good-natured farmer invited us all into his cider mill, life did not seem the dull and dreary waste which it had. But it is unnecessary to give further details of this unsatisfactory day's work. For seven hours the hounds worked industriously without making a strike, and at 3 o'clock we were all back at the Nagog House, waiting rather impatiently for dinner.

The club were unfortunate in having to start the Derby on so unfavorable a day. The hard rain had washed out all the tracks made in the night, and the difficulties of jumping a fox were too great for the youngsters to master. All worked well—some remarkably well—but without the success which their efforts deserved. The judges gave no decision, as a start had not been made.

The perfect evening, without a breath of wind and lighted by a full moon in a cloudless sky, tempted us out for a moonlight run. The pups, notwithstanding their hard day's work, were eager to go, and within ten minutes of the time they were laid on a fox was running to an accompaniment of stirring music, which kept many of the party in the open air till a late hour. Then to bed, with every prospect of a splendid day for the running of the All-Age Stake.

WEDNESDAY.

Dame Nature did her best to make a perfect day and succeeded admirably. The sky was cloudless, there was a light breeze and a heavy dew covered the ground. But though the conditions seemed favorable for a good day's sport, the scent failed to lie, and there was comparatively little driving during the day.

It was necessary to secure two more judges for the All-Age class to take the place of Messrs. Whipple and Goss, as the former owned and the latter handled hounds entered in this stake. Messrs. F. A. and C. M. Griffin were chosen, and they with Messrs. Gill, Clark and Turpin were the judges for the day.

The hunting party left headquarters at 7 o'clock and thirty-five minutes later the pack was cast off at the place where the Derby was started on Tuesday. A handsomer lot of hounds was never seen in New England than those that covered the pasture in a wild rush, when they were released at the command of the M. F. H., Mr. R. D. Perry. Away they went at full speed along the shore of Foot Pond. Some of the hounds were bewildered by the unaccustomed confusion and fell back to the judges who were struggling along in the rear; but the great majority kept on and covered the fields and woods well. There were but few stragglers, the pack held together, and it was not long before a fox was jumped, which carried the hounds along through the valley at a great clip.

With nineteen hounds pressing him hard, reynard took to a swamp where he made a turn or two. He then ran directly up a hill which bounded the valley on the east, and as he crossed the road, was seen by Mr. F. G. Stewart and other spectators. There was a bad check in the swamp, and by the time the pack had gained dry land, the fickle scent had failed and the hounds cast in vain for the line.

The majority of the pack then trailed west, and after a time succeeded in jumping a fox. They drove him almost out of hearing, but the continuous tonguing gave such promise of sport that Judges Gill, Clark and Turpin hurried after them, and a merry chase the hounds led them before they reached home late in the afternoon. The pack always seemed to be on the next hill, and when finally the hard-working judges came up with the hounds, the fox had been lost or run to earth. He had led straight away without a turn or a circle, and the judges' attempt to get into the hunt was only a dreary failure.

Meanwhile Barney had been at work by himself, and as fortune would have it found the track of the fox which had been seen by the party on the hill. He worked it along carefully and soon jumped the quarry in a meadow, but lost when the fox entered a strip of pine woods. While he was driving, Hendricks, Logan, Major and Gyp harked to him, and all cast well for the line. Hendricks hit it first, the others packed to him, and with Barney in the lead, drove the fox up the valley for two-thirds of a mile in plain view of the party on the hill. Then the chase entered cover and came rapidly toward Judge C. M. Griffin. As he stood in the road two foxes burst from the woods directly in front of him and ran one on each side of him. One passed so near Mr. F. G. Stewart that he threw his hunting horn at him and turned him sharply back. The pack were at fault when they reached the road and did not immediately hit the trail of either fox. In casting Logan caught the scent near the point of loss, and Barney making a long swing struck it further away. On they all went, but soon were at fault again. Barney once more worked the loss and this time followed the track at a great pace without tonguing, and soon lost the fox or holed him.

The driving all through the day was jerky and unsatisfactory, and it seemed quite impossible for any of the hounds to follow smoothly. Yet a number of them managed to have considerable sport regardless of the miserable scent. Clinker had great fun driving a fox by sight for a quarter of a mile or more; Ned and Spot hustled another along the shore of Magog Lake, and Garrett and Jim Blaine drove a third so near a man who was hunting ruffed grouse that he killed him with small shot.

The sport was disappointing. Many returned early to headquarters and by 4 o'clock all the hunters were in. The judges held a consultation and ordered out for Thursday's hunt the following hounds: Diamond, Rock, Joe J., Hendricks, Barney, Duke, Comp, Clinker, Popple, Aggie, Major, Logan, Jim Blaine, Garrett, Ned, Whipple's Spot, Jip, Clay, Flirt, Leggins and Pealer.

At a business meeting held in the afternoon the following gentlemen were elected to membership: Mr. Frank Hartwell, Berlin, Mass.; Mr. A. H. Cutting, Worcester, Mass., and Mr. Geo. E. Hawes, North Bellingham, Mass.

THURSDAY.

Thursday morning was clear and cool; the ground was covered with a white frost, and there was not breeze enough to ruffle the calm surface of Lake Magog, everything pointed to a good day's sport, and it proved to be the best of the week thus far.

The party were off for the hunting grounds a little earlier than usual. The pack was considerably smaller than yesterday, as seven hounds had been "spotted out" and two, Popple and Pealer, had not yet returned from their first hunt. As the long line of men and hounds followed the familiar road beside the lake, the puppies that had been taken out for a moonlight run on Wednesday were heard driving in the distance and rapidly coming nearer. Suddenly their fox jumped upon a stone wall but a short distance from the road and stood staring at the crowd for some moments. Then he turned back and trotted away. The judges hurried to the wall to await the Derby pack. Only three remained in the chase after their twelve hours' run, Tread, Tempest and Troupe. Tread was leading and tonguing, the others followed mute. The endurance and trailing displayed by these three pups in this long chase is worthy of note.

When the youngsters reached the fence they were caught and the All-Age class, that was already crazy with excitement, was loosed on the hot track. Then came a chorus that was worth going miles to hear. At tremendous speed the splendid pack drove the fox through the woods and into the open fields. There he made a short circle and then discovering that he no longer had a pack of tired pups behind him he ran to the westward, carrying the pack almost out of hearing. Soon he turned toward his burrow and now it was a race for life. As the fox came over the open fields hard pressed by the pack, which was now somewhat strung out, he ran close by judges Gill and Clark. The pack was then led by Logan, who was followed close by Hendricks, Jip, Clay, Clinker and other flyers, all striving for the lead. It was a grand picture and one long to be remembered. None too soon the fox gained his den close by the spot where the pack had been put on his track. The first judge to reach the burrow found Hendricks, Major, Logan and Rock digging madly at the entrance. The other hounds had scattered and a number of them were already hustling a fox toward Nashoba Hill, where he was lost or went to earth.

The hounds were now well separated. Soon a burst of music in the pines on the shore of Long Pond told that another fox was afoot, and in a moment he was seen running in the open fields. Not far from the woods he lay down in the grass and watched so intently for his pursuers, that Mr. Kinney walked almost to him before he was seen. Then his foxship lost no time in disappearing, and his departure was accelerated by the cry of the hounds, who were now hot upon his track. He ran the open pastures closely followed by the pack, headed by the fleet Logan, with Rock and Spot good seconds, then Ned, Joe J. and Major. The pack was soon at fault in a plowed field, where all the hounds cast well for the track, but Rock, making a wide swing, caught the scent near the shore of Long Pond, and led away, carrying the fox around the pond to the hills on the opposite shore. The rest of the pack followed some time later, and for a half hour or more the driving was fast and then all was still.

During the next hour and a half but little was done and many thought the fun over for the day. But soon after 12 o'clock a pack composed of Aggie, Logan, Rock, Major, Clay, Clinker, Diamond, Hendricks and Barney did some good work. For a time the pace was fast, then scent began to fail, and finally the fox was lost in a long and narrow strip of woods. This ended the hunting for the day.

The judges announced that the following hounds would be ordered out on Friday morning: Diamond, Rock, Hendricks, Barney, Duke, Clinker, Popple, Aggie, Logan, Garrett, Spot, Jip, Clay and Pealer.

FRIDAY.

The uneasy fox hunter who peered from his window at dawn found a southerly wind and a cloudy sky which, as everybody knows, proclaims a hunting morning, and as this was to be the last day of the trials he congratulated himself on so auspicious an outlook. Only twelve hounds appeared at the starting point, for Popple and Pealer were still missing from the kennels. This small pack contained the best of the hounds that had been entered, and though the names of all of them are not found among the winners, yet it is no small honor to have been chosen to run on the final day.

At 7:20 o'clock the pack was cast off at the point where the hounds had been put on the hot fox track the previous day. They worked rapidly through the little strip of woodland, but before they had found a trail for themselves they all harked to a local hound that was driving but a short distance away. This hound quit and ran ignominiously when he heard the fierce music of the pack behind him, and then the flyers drove the fox through the open field into the birches beside the road; then to a peach orchard, with Hendricks in the lead, and there in some unaccountable manner the track was lost. A few moments later the whole pack swung back, streamed over the pastures to the only large piece of cover in the region, jumped a fox, and drove him at a terrible pace out of hearing and into Texas. This is an immense tract of wild country, crossed by a labyrinth of blind roads and wood paths. Here the pack drove for hours, and in vain Judges F. A. Griffin and Turpin strove to see the running—only one glimpse of the race did they get and that near its conclusion. It was most unfortunate that this great run should have taken place in cover, and in the only locality where it could not be seen.

While this chase was going on in Texas, Jip, Logan and Hendricks were having a little hunt by themselves. They drove a fox into the open close by Judges Clark and Gill. The trailing was difficult; Logan did not for the moment run in his usual fine style, Hendricks seemed indifferent and Jip distinguished herself by taking the fox away from both these flyers.

It was now 12 o'clock, and as the Derby entries were to be taken out for a final run in the afternoon, the horns sounded the retreat.

After a hasty lunch the youngsters were cast off not far from the Nagog House. The hunt proved to be a dull one. Some of the pups ran rabbits, others tongued here and there, and a few distinguished themselves by doing work worthy of old hounds. Prominent among these were Tread, Troupe, Tempest, Billy and Juliette. At sunset the pups were called in, and a long and weary walk to headquarters ended the field work of the meet, which can justly lay claim to being the most successful in the history of the club.

At a club meeting in the evening Mr. F. M. Whipple, Newtonville, Mass., was elected to membership, and the judges announced the awards as follows:

THE ALL-AGE.

Hunting—First to Sandy Spring Hunt Club's Barney; second to O F. Joslin's Rock; third to Kinney & White's Logan.

Trailing—First to Kinney & White's Logan; second to O. F. Joslin's Rock, third to C. L. Wellington's Jip.

Speed—First to Kinney & White's Logan; second to O. F. Joslin's Rock; third to S. Decatur's Garrett.

Endurance—First to N. Q. Pope's Clay; second to Kinney & White's Logan; third to W. R. Dean's Diamond.

Tonguing—First to Kinney & White's Logan; second to N. Q. Pope's Clay; third to O. F. Joslin's Rock.

Style—First to Kinney & White's Logan; second to N. Q. Pope's Clay; third to Sandy Spring Hunt Club's Barney.

The *American Field* Cup and Mr. N. Q Pope's Highest General Average Medal were awarded to Kinney & White's Logan.

Dr. A. C. Heffenger's Speed Medal to Kinney & White's Logan.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney's Hunting Medal to Sandy Spring Hunt Club's Barney.

Mr. O. F. Joslin's Trailing Medal to Kinney & White's Logan.

Mr. Richard Seeley's Endurance Medal to N. Q Pope's Clay.

Rod, Gnn and Kennel's specials for "best all-round hound owned outside New England and New York," and "hound showing most speed and endurance owned outside New England and New York" to Sandy Spring (Md.) Hunt Club's Barney.

THE DERBY.

Best all-round puppy, L. O. Dennison's Tread; Mr. R. D. Perry's special for best all-round puppy, L. O. Dennison's Tread.

Rod, Gun and Kennel's special for "best Derby entry bred outside New York and New England," Dr. A. C. Heffenger's Troupe.

Hall & Snow's special for second best puppy, Dr. A. C. Heffenger's Troupe.

Hall & Snow's special for third best puppy, C. L. Wellington's Billy.

Logan, the winner of the highest honors in the trials, is owned by Messrs. A. B. F. Kinney and John M. White, of Worcester, Mass. He is a handsomely marked white, black and tan, three years old, and was bred by Mr. R. H. Pooler, Serena, Ill. In the trials he displayed in a marked degree the qualities that go to make the perfect hound

Rock, whose record shows him to be the second best hound in the pack, is owned by Mr O. F. Joslin, of Oxford, Mass. He is by Logan (a Kentucky hound) out of Muse, and was bred by Granville Smitha, Athens, Ky. The record he has made at these trials is a proud one, and he undoubtedly has a great future in store for him, as he is now but two years and eight months old. Rock was prepared for the trials and handled by Mr. F. G. Stewart, whose record with Clay last year and Rock this shows him to be a remarkably successful handler and trainer of foxhounds.

Tread, the Derby winner, is a small black and tan hound. He was bred by Mr. L. A. Dennison, Waltham, Mass., and is by Bonnie out of Maggie. He displayed wonderful endurance, fine trailing qualities and is as good a Derby entry as the club has ever seen.

In a driving rain on Saturday morning all but a half-dozen hunters left for home, and by evening North Acton had again fallen into that blissful repose which comes only to a town which has no store, no church and the nearest post office two miles away. BRADLEY.

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American Coursing Club Meeting.

THE officers elected at the American Coursing Club's business meeting at Goodland, Kan., are: President, Dr. N. Rowe; Vice-President, Dr. A. J. Cattanach; Secretary, Louis Zudervan; Treasurer, J. V. Brinckman; Executive Committee—Ira D. Brougher, J. H. Watson, Dr. Irwin Royce; Ground Committee—H. C. Lowe, J. H. Rew, D C. Luse. The club accepting the decision of the National Greyhound Club in the Pearl of Pekin case, it was decided that Mr. Edmonds should be requested to refund the difference between first and second moneys, that was wrongly paid to him in 1891 Pearl of Pekin fame. The *American Field* $100 will now be paid to Mr. Bartels. The same rules as those adopted by the Kenmore Coursing Club were adopted and the same Coursing Board elected. Dr. Cattanach acted as secretary and Mr. Hayman presided, representing Dr. Rowe.

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Western Coursing Club.

AT the Leoti coursing meeting the principal stake was divided by S. W. Vidler's Buenerita and American Coursing Club's (F. B. Coyne's) Willis H. Miss Dollar II. and Royal Crest ran well up but Drytime was again beaten in first course. Home Stakes divided by R. S. Howard's Bolivar and W. O. Allplin's Jerry. Royal Crest, Maybrook Kennels' Greenshine, was sold to Mr. Allplin of Leoti, Kan.

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New England Beagle Club.

THE following gentlemen have been nominated for office to serve the coming year, election takes place Nov. 6, at 7:30 P. M., at the Bacon House, Oxford, Mass.: For president, F. W. Chapman, H. S. Joslin: vice-president, H. S. Joslin, F. W. Cielfeld, F. W. Chapman; sec'y-treasurer, B. S. Turpin, W. S. Clark; executive committee, Henry Hanson, F. W. Cielfeld, A. D. Fisk, B. S. Turpin, H. V. Jamieson.

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A Local Meeting at Great Bend.

MR. ZUTEVARN, of Great Bend, Kan., visited the FOREST AND STREAM World's Fair exhibit recently and discoursed pleasantly on coursing matters. Among other things he mentioned that the young men of Great Bend had arranged to hold a coursing meeting with such material for running as could be gathered in the immediate vicinity of Great Bend.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The perils of coon hunting were illustrated in a startling way by a fatal accident to a hunter in Monroe county, N. Y., one night last week. Two hunters had discovered the coon crouching far out on a large limb. One climbed the tree and sawed the limb to tumble the coon to the ground. When the limb began to sag and crack the coon jumped to the ground. The man on the ground sprang forward to get at the coon just as the limb fell. It struck him on the head, smashing it, and killing him almost instantly.

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There is some talk of cutting down the prizes in N. E. B. C. trials on account of the entries not numbering as many as anticipated. With an entry of 32 they should feel elated instead of the other way, and unless the fees are reduced in the same ratio the change would beget lack of confidence in the future.

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The Royal Crest-Maybrook Kennels are now under the joint proprietorship of Messrs. J. Herbert Watson and Horatio Nelson. Mr. Bradbury, who did so well for both kennels out West will be the trainer. This combination is a strong one, and doubtless the stock already in the kennels will be materially increased.

Yachting.

THE comments, questions and suggestions which are coming in from all quarters, American and English, are remarkable mainly for the ignorance displayed of the history of the Cup and of the rules and circumstances of the present races. One exception is the *Field*, which gives two independent accounts of the races, with some very sensible comments on the questions of centerboard, type, sail area and measurement, which might be read with profit by many who are wasting time and ink in thrashing over old straw.

THE New York *Herald* of Oct. 29 contains a very thorough review of the late international races, written by Mr. Irving Cox, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. While Mr. Cox is evidently a strong believer in Vigilant, his critique is marked by an intelligent observation and fair judgment, which is refreshing after the many crude and prejudiced opinions which have appeared on both sides.

AS A ram, the fast steam yacht Feiseen can hardly be considered a success; but she will soon make her second début as a commerce destroyer, having been sold to the Brazilian Government, which will convert her into a torpedo boat after rebuilding her.

THE *Marine Journal* describes Valkyrie as a "keel sloop," but fails to give any reason for thus classing her.

THE Boston *Herald* of Oct. 29 contains a very fair comparison of Colonia and Valkyrie, the conclusion being that Valkyrie would have beaten the Herreshoff keel. One important point is overlooked by the

Herald; Valkyrie represents Mr. Watson's ideal of what a keel boat should be, while Colonia does not represent Mr. Herreshoff's ideal keel boat, but merely the deepest yacht which could be conveniently launched at the Bristol shops; a very different thing. To test fairly the ability of the two designers, it will be necessary to deepen Colonia to the limits which her designers have themselves indicated as necessary—some 16 or 17ft. at least. The *Herald* also makes an interesting and probably correct comparison of Vigilant and Jubilee.

ALREADY four yachtsmen are mentioned as anxious to challenge for the America's Cup, but there is hardly a possibility that any of them has the least intention of doing so. They are John Jameson, James Coats, T. B. C. West and the Emperor of Germany. There are good reasons why each of these yachtsmen is not likely to challenge, and the prospects of a race next year are very far from encouraging.

Vigilant and Valkyrie.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the contest is over once more for the much coveted America Cup it may, perhaps, interest your readers to hear what a Britisher has to say about it.

To begin with, I will not refer to any of the races except the last, on Oct. 13, which, in my opinion, was the only really fair test they had. On that day there was plenty of both wind and sea to show what both were capable of doing, the only things to be regretted were the unfortunate accidents to Valkyrie's spinakers and also to Vigilant's centerboard. Which of them was most affected by these accidents it is of course impossible to tell exactly, but the general opinion on this side is naturally that Valkyrie was the greater sufferer, and even on your side of the pond the opinion seems to tend rather in the same direction. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt about its having been a grand race, and even if the result was not quite satisfactory to us on this side, it seems to be admitted on all, that though you may be able to teach us something different as to build, sails, etc., still as to the handling of a racing yacht our boys have not much to learn from yours.

Another unfortunate thing was the fact of Valkyrie having been altered from the trim she sailed all her twenty-four races in on this side; in every one of these she did all that could be expected of her, so why her owner was induced to lighten her so much as really to make quite a different vessel of her, is what no one here can understand, and in comparing the speed she made here, one cannot avoid the conclusion that if she had done as well on Oct. 13 she would have had a good chance of winning the Cup.

The fastest races she sailed here were from the Nore to Dover on June 10, and at Cowes on Aug. 3. In the first of these her times were: Nore to Tongue, 20 miles to windward, 2.18.00; Tongue to N. Sand Head 14¾ miles, broad reach, 1.03.05—34¾ miles in 3 21.05—or an average of 10¼ miles an hour. On Aug. 3 at Cowes she did the 45 miles course, close haul and run about equal, in 3.49.02, or an average of 11⅝ miles, while in that of Oct. 13, her time for 15 miles to windward and 15 miles run was 3.26.52, or an average of 8¾ miles.

One cannot, of course, say exactly whether there was more or less wind here on these days than in your match, but from the fact of her not being able to carry her topsail at Cowes to windward it would seem as if there was even more wind there than in New York. The reports say it was blowing a gale, but if Valkyrie can carry her topsail in a Yankee gale it is certainly more than she could do in a strong breeze on this side; in what we call a gale here she would require to close reef and house topmast, just as Navahoe and Britannia had to do in the match for the Brenton's Reef cup.

Another point is, it is well known that Valkyrie is not quite the best heavy weather craft we have on this side, her best point of sailing being to windward in a light or moderate breeze. Every one who has seen her in such weather, must admit this, and if she had been in the same trim as she was here, I rather think she would have made a very different display of light windward work in the matches of Oct. 7 and 9; in fact, it may fairly be said that you never saw her in her proper trim in any of the matches, not even the last, and if she had only had another two or three tons of lead on Oct. 13, the opinion here is, that she would done even much better on that day than she did.

As it was, I see on working at the calculation, that if they had carried on to The Needles in the same breeze, Valkyrie would have been something like 45 miles ahead of Vigilant, as for instance she beat her 1m. 55s. in the 15 miles to windward, so on the 3,000 miles over to this side, at the same speed, 7 miles an hour, she would have beaten her by about 6½ hours, equal to 45½ miles.

Another point we have to complain of here is, that the New York rules do not put our vessels on equal terms, this is clearly seen in the fact af Vigilant being allowed to carry about 1,200sq. ft. more canvas, without any penalty; this would never be allowed in Britain.

AN OLD YACHTSMAN.

[It is quite possible that the changes of ballast immediately before the Cup races threw Valkyrie out of trim and hurt more than they helped her; but so far as stability is concerned, she was stiff enough at all times, and would have carried her sail well on the last day without the extra ton of lead. Our correspondent is in error as to the New York Y. C. rule, as it does tax sail, as well as length; in fact it is in principle identical with the Y. R. A. rule, though easier on sail. It must be remembered that Valkyrie paid for 6ft of excess of spinaker boom, thus making her nominal sail area proportionately larger than Vigilant's.]

Yacht Captains as Hosts.

CAPT. CRANFIELD and the crew of the English cutter Valkyrie were feted by the Yachtmasters' and Engineers' Association of Tebo's yacht basin last night. The yachtmasters and engineers thought that to entertain the visitors would help to establish the feeling of good fellowship between the sailors of England and America, and at the same time they wanted to show how they appreciated the brilliant seamanship shown by the Englishmen in handling the Valkyrie in the Cup races.

The dinner was served in Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, and although the hall is as large one its seating capacity was taxed to the utmost. More than 200 sat down to the dinner. The hall was tastefully decorated. The ensigns of England and America were draped together at each end of the room, the international code of signals was placed all around the room, and palms, cut flowers and greens helped to make the scene a very pretty one.

The Valkyrie men were on hand in time and attracted lots of attention as they went from the yacht at Tebo's to the hall. They wore their blue jerseys with the word "Valkyrie" and the initials "R. Y. S." embroidered on the front of each. Capt. "Willie" Cranfield led the men, and when they arrived at the hall they were received by Capt. Wicks, Capt. Betts, Engineer North and Theodore Krombach. Each man was decorated with a big yellow chrysanthemum. The hue of their jerseys and the yellow flowers helped to make Lord Dunraven's colors more conspicuous.

About 8:30 o'clock dinner was announced, and Capt. Wicks, the chairman of the association, escorted Capt. Cranfield to the seat of honor at the head of the table. Mate Ponder, Navigator Harvey, and the thirty-five sailors of the Valkyrie followed, while the orchestra played "God Save the Queen," and the American sailors cheered. The Englishmen occupied a long table in the center of the room, with Capt. Wicks at the head and Capt. Cranfield on his right.

There were about 200 present at the dinner, and among them were old shellbacks who have sailed yachts for years and have won many races. All were loud in their praises of the Englishmen, and of the ability shown by Capt. Cranfield. There was Capt. "Nick" Dand, of the steamer Stranger, a skipper who has handled yachts for a quarter of a century; Capt. Bowen, who has grown gray at the wheel, and who is now in charge of Manning's Basin, was there; so was Capt. Cooley, of the steamer Radha; Capt. Betts, of the schooner Miranda; Capt. Wicks, of the steamer Electra; Capt. W. A. Pressey, of the Vamoose; Capt. Roberts of the steamer Emu; Capt. Kelleher, of the schooner Triton; Capt. C. E. Bailey, of the steamer Corsair; Capt. Collamore, of the steamer Wadena; Capt. G. T. Webster, of the schooner Orywbea; Capt Charles E. Woods, of the sloop Rose Marie; Capt. Charles Belmont, of the sloop Sagitta; Capt. J. W. Stafford, of the schooner Siren; Capt. E. L. Rowland, of the schooner Elma; Capt. Richards, of the steamer Ladoga; Capt. Fish of the Vesta; Capt. Frank T. Acker, of the schooner Cavalier; Capt. Matthews, of the schooner Brunhilde; Capt. Crosby, of the schooner Corotest; Capt. C. Percival, of the schooner Republic; Capt. Gulley, Chief Engineer Sand, of Tebos; Superintendent C. E. Brown, Chief Engineer Frank Broughton, of the steamer Spindrift; Superintendent Walford, of the Iron Steamboat Company; Superintendent Gregory, of the boats belonging to the Jersey Central Railroad; Chief Engineer Porter, of the steamer Nourmahal; Chief Engineer North, of the steamer Electra; Assistant Engineer F. Hummel and Mate Johnson, of the Nourmahal; G. W. Lyons, Gus Basch, Alderman R. T. Blume, T. S. Sprung, Capt. Thomas Avery, Chief Engineer Baker, of the Stranger; Steward Petersen, of the steamer Oneida; David Clark and W. Bisbop. All these men are well known in the yachting world, and the yarns they spun of past contests on the ocean would make good reading for months.

When all were seated Capt. Wicks welcomed all present and told how they had met to honor their visitors, the Englishmen. Capt. Wicks has evidently taken a good lesson from ex-Commodore Gerry, and that efficient officer is to be congratulated on having a skipper who can handle a yacht so expertly and so gracefully occupy the position at the head of a banqueting table.

When Capt. Wicks had finished, every one set to work to study the menu and enjoy the dinner. The cards were very tastefully arranged. Old Glory and the Union Jack were painted at the top, and under them were the words, "Valkyrie Dinner. Our Tribute." The various dishes were facetiously named after prominent yacht skippers. One was "Brand" new salmon, Hansen sauce and Dunraven potatoes. Capt. Nick Dand recommended this to every one. Then there was "Johnson" filet of beef, Crosby sauce and Fish peas. There were four salads named "Porter," "Sberlock," "Wicks" and "Sam Slicks," and as no one wished to hurt the feelings of any of these skippers all were declared good.

With the dessert came bonbons. Each one present had to snap his, and wear the paper cap it contained. Capt. Cranfield's face is tanned red and his beard is of the fiery hue. His cap was a green one, and a general laugh was caused when he put it on his head by one jolly sailor remarking, in a stage whisper, "The green above the red."

During the dinner the Menlo Quartet, composed of Messrs. E. and C. Senne, J. H. Jackson, and G. B. Knobloch sang. Then came the toasts and speeches. Capt. Betts gave the first one, "Our Guests," and Capt. Cranfield, in a few well-chosen words, replied. He thanked every one on bebalf of the Valkyrie's crew for the entertainment, and invited all to visit them in England. He said he hoped to be back again and meet every one next year.

Then came the toasts, the President, the Queen, the New York Y. C. and American yachting fraternity, and the Prince of Wales and the Royal Yacht Squadron. Several of the Englishmen spoke, and Sailor Roper sang some songs. It was early in the morning when the sailors left the hall, and every one declared he never had such a good time.—*New York Times, Oct. 24.*

Sailing in Home and Foreign Waters.

YACHTSMEN as a rule are inclined to underestimate a factor in international yachting which, in our opinion, is one of the most serious handicaps which a challenger must submit to—the fact that he sails amid new and strange surroundings. It is not the material difficulties of local pilotage and weather conditions, as these may be largely overcome by open courses, as in the present races, and by a good local pilot; but it is in the moral effect of sailing among strange yachts, with unfamiliar surroundings and with the unavoidable conviction that the sympathies of the spectators are with the other boat. At the same time, the responsibility of sailing a challenger in a great international race is something very different from that in the regular home events, however important they may be. Both Navahoe and Valkyrie have felt the effects of this moral handicap this year, and no change of conditions can entirely remove it from future races. Valkyrie would unquestionably have profited by being here a month earlier and being sailed for a time in her new trim; but even then she would have been at a certain disadvantage beside the home boat. The *Field* makes the following pertinent comments on the subject:

"It is not surprising to find an impression prevailing that our yachts do not sail as well in American waters as they do at home; in fact, that directly they enter upon a contest for the America Cup they 'go all to pieces' in their sailing. The mere effect wrought upon the imagination by the defeat of the yacht which had been successful at home is sufficient to account for this impression, but in reality there is good reason for its existence. In the first place, it must be remembered that, so far as the sailing master is concerned, he is placed in a novel situation; that is, the courses are fresh to him and so are the whole surroundings—including the phalanx of steamboats and their hideously distracting greetings. With regard to the yacht herself, she usually undergoes some alterations in hull, ballasting, trim, and sail plan at the last moment before starting to cross the Atlantic, and in the end has to enter upon the contests without proper trials to determine the value of such alterations. To what extent Valkyrie was altered we do not know; but she is now 15in. shorter on the waterline than she was in the contests at home: her topsailyard and jackyard are much longer than those used in English waters; her spinaker boom is about 12ft. longer, and, of course, greater in diameter. We are not saying that any of these conditions could be avoided, but they at least are sufficient to cause a difference in the performance of a vessel either for better or for worse. We cannot say that it is altogether satisfactory from a sporting point of view, that a yacht should visit a foreign country, and sail herself out in a number of open matches, like Navahoe did here, and finally compete for international challenge cups; but it is at least more satisfactory for the challenger; and we cannot help thinking that any future British yacht which challenges for the America Cup should get over to the other side early in July, and take part in every available race."

A Cruising Sloop.

AT Drake's yard in South Boston, the cruising sloop that is being built for Mr. J. F. Small is timbered out. Her exact dimensions are: Length over all 37ft. 6in., length on waterline 28ft. 6in., beam 13ft. The overhangs are about 3ft. aft and 6ft. forward. Although she is a centerboard boat, there will be 6ft. of headroom in the cabin.

The cabin itself will be 17ft. 6in. long, and will be fitted with two double and two single berths, a wash room, clothes press and large china closet, while the space under the transoms will be utilized as a store room, being divided up into drawers and lockers. Forward will be the cook stove and a roomy forecastle with two folding berths in it. She will have a large water-tight cockpit with seats on the sides. There is 2ft. of deck between the sides of the house, or trunk, and the rail. Her mast is to be stepped 7ft. aft of the stem head. This will leave a place for the windlass and also give a fine chance for her crew to work forward. With her centerboard hoisted she will only draw 3ft. of water.

The sail plan is very small. The main boom will be 36ft. and the mast will only measure 34ft. from the deck to truck. A boat will be carried on davits at the quarter. The keel is hewed out of a massive oak log, and will be protected by an iron shoe running its whole length. The timbers are heavy and only spaced 9in. apart on the centers. The planking is to be 1¼in. hard pine.

When she is completed Mr. Small will have probably the most comfortable cruiser of her size ever seen in these waters. The boat is from his own designing board, and does him much credit.

By this building of a cruiser it looks as if small boat yacht racing was soon to lose two amateurs who have been remarkably successful in the last few years. Mr. J. F. Small is the designer of many of our flyers. The 21-footer Exile, the fastest wide centerboard boat in Eastern waters, is of his design. He has also made a wonderful record with his mosquito boats. The Enigma, now Banjo, was a sure prize-winner, while the Tantrum has been king pin of the fleet for several years, though Mr. Small's new "skeeter," Katydid, has defeated her the only two times they ever came together. An amateur designer, who sails his own boats, and even built the Katydid, yet he has a record in small boats that many professionals would be proud of. His brother, Mr. S. N. Small, who will accompany him on his cruises, is also a crack amateur skipper and designer. The 22-footer Ustane and the mosquito boat Transit are his productions, both fast and with good records, but it is his latest boat, the 23-footer Hiladee, that has brought him the most fame. The Hiladee has pushed the Beatrice very hard for her laurels this season, and is a splendid all-round boat.

If these two amateur yachtsmen leave the ranks of the racing men it will be a long time before their places are filled, for they combine a thorough knowledge of both yacht designing and sailing with a spirit sportsmanlike fairness that makes them popular even with those they have beaten.—*Boston Herald.*

More About the Centerboard.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Transcript* writes as follows of the early history of the centerboard:

"Referring to the article in your issue of the 18th, taken from the New York *Sun*, I beg to say that in 1870 I wrote for the New York *Herald* a paper entitled 'The Origin and History of Centerboards,' the statements made in which have never, so far as I know, been controverted or even openly doubted. In the year mentioned I ran across a book in possession of a friend which gave descriptions and diagrams of two centerboards vessels, which I venture to believe were the first ever constructed. The book was unfortunately destroyed in the fire of 1872, and I am unable to recall the title. It was published in London in 1801, and is well known in England, as I have seen from time to time several allusions to it in the *Field* and other papers. The original centerboard, then called a sliding keel, was invented in 1774, by Capt. John Schank, a captain in the British Navy, and the boat to which it was applied was built in this city.

"In 1789, after Capt. Schank had returned to England he built a boat at Deptford with three sliding keels. In the following year the Trial cutter was constructed on the same principle at Plymouth, and afterward several others, three of which, Trial, Cynthia, sloop-of-war, and Lady Nelson, were at the beginning of the century still in the service of the British Government. The Lady Nelson went on a voyage of discovery to New South Wales, and proved to be an excellent sea boat.

"Folkard's 'Sailing Boat' says the present form of board, then styled the revolving board, is the invention of a British Navy captain, while a prisoner of war at Verdun, about 1812. The original model was said to be in the museum at Ipswich, England, and a copy was deposited in the Adelaide Gallery in London. I have no particular point to make or any theory to establish, but I suppose all yachting men want to learn the facts, and as these points appear to be clearly made out, I submit them for criticism or correction. H. B. J.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Arthur B. Cladin, son of John Cladin, the dry goods merchant, is trying to recover $10,000 from Caldwell H. Colt, of Hartford, for alleged damages to the steam yacht Puzzle. The action was begun in the Supreme Court in 1891 by lawyer Robert H Griffin, with Col. Robert G. Ingersoll as counsel, and yesterday Justice Barrett appointed a commission to take testimony in Florida. The Puzzle was built by Jacob Lorillard to be used as a house-boat in the shallow waters of Florida. The boat is 90ft. long, 12ft. wide, draws 4½ft. of water and has a single screw. Mr. Cladin purchased it of Mr. Lorillard, and by a contract made in November, 1889, he chartered it to Mr. Colt. The latter agreed to pay $2,600 for the use of the boat, of which he was to take possession on Nov. 1, 1889. He agreed to pay all operating expenses and to return the Puzzle to Mr. Cladin on a certain date in the harbor of Brunswick, Ga. In his complaint Mr. Cladin alleges that Mr. Colt tried to sail the Puzzle in waters so rough that the machinery was injured and the hull was strained, and that he deserted the yacht at Punta Rassa instead of returning her to Brunswick. Mr. Colt rejoins that the plaintiff knowingly deceived him with regard to the qualities of the yacht; that the Puzzle is unseaworthy and that experienced seamen refused to take her to sea after March 15, 1890. Mr. Colt denies that he deserted the boat and says he left her at St. James City, Fla., in charge of a watchman, after notifying Mr. Cladin that he could find the Puzzle at that place. Mr. Colt adds that he was the one who suffered damages, because he had to hire another yacht for $700 after he found the Puzzle to be unseaworthy.—*New York Sun.*

At a meeting of the New York Y. C. on Oct. 26, Vice-Com. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., presiding, Lord Dunraven was proposed for honorary membership by Com. Morgan, seconded by Vice-Com. Duncan, and unanimously elected, subject to ratification at the next meeting of the club, as required by the rules. The following new members were elected: Charles Carroll, Walter C. Tuckerman, John Corwin, Anthony J. Drexel, J. W. Phillip, J. Herbert Ledwith, Robert Hartshorne, J.V. Wright, Francis H. Davies, Howard Gould, Alexander M. Griswold, Clarkson Potter, Orme Wilson, the Hon. Cecil Baring, Frederick Rodgers, E. M. Shepard, Walter Luttgen, John M. McCurdy, John Jameson, John H. Sanderson, Joseph H. Kernochan, E. Le Roy Stewart, Prescott Hall Butler, Wells L. Fields, F. Edwin Elwell, Edwin K. Johnson, Frederick A. Johnson, Alfred C. Harrison, John R. Drexel, C. McR. Winslow, John N. Masury, Lewis F. Chanler, Dr. George Trowbridge and J. C. Watson. The America's Cup committee and the regatta committee presented their reports in parts, and received permission to print them and present them at the next meeting. The committee on a new club house reported progress. The following nominating committee was elected: William P. Douglas, Ogden Goelet, C. Oliver Iselin, Henry C. Ward, George L. Rives, Gouverneur Kortright. John R. Platt, Edward E. Chase, John G. Beresford and Fordham Morris.

THE following papers will be read at the first meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers on Nov. 16, at No. 12 West 31st St., New York:

"Transatlantic Navigation:" Charles H. Cramp, Esq., President Wm. Cramp & Sons' Ship and Engine Building Company, Philadelphia, Pa. "Steel Ships of the United States Navy:" Theodore D. Wilson, ex-Chief Constructor, U.S.N. "The Development of Shipbuilding on the Great Lakes:" Jno. F. Pankhurst, Esq., Vice-President and General Manager Globe Iron Works, Cleveland, Ohio. "Notes on the Machinery of the New Vessels of the United States Navy:" George W. Melville, Engineer in-Chief, U. S. N. "Comparative Performances of American and Foreign Freighting Ships—Our Superiority:" Wm. W. Bates, Esq., late Commissioner of Navigation, Treasury Department. "United States Treasury Rules for the Inspection of Machinery and Boilers," James T. Boyd, Esq., General Manager George F. Blake Manufacturing Company. Papers are also expected from the following gentlemen, but the exact titles have not yet been decided upon: Col. Edwin A. Stevens, President Hoboken ferries; A. Cass Canfield, member America's Cup Committee, New York Y. C.; Joseph H. Linnard, Naval Constructor, U. S. N.

Norman L. Munro cannot dispose of the yacht Vamoose pending the litigation which is now in progress over the vessel brought by Frank T. Morrill, to compel Munro to give him a bill of sale of the yacht for $10,000. Justice Bartlett decided yesterday to grant the injunction pending the suit in order to preserve the status quo of the matters until the hearing of the case on the merits, otherwise Mr. Morrill, even if successful on the trial, would wholly fail to secure the object of his motion. The Vamoose was formerly owned by William R. Hearst. Morrill wanted Munro to purchase the yacht for him and agreed to pay $12,000 or less for it. Morrill offered him $2,500 on account of the purchase, but he would not accept this. Afterward, when he learned the boat was more valuable than he thought it was, he offered the $10,000, which Munro declined to accept.—*New York Herald.*

An interesting race of steam launches took place on the Ohio River at Pittsburgh on Oct 14. Numerous entries were made, but there were only eight starters on account of the cyclone which was blowing on that day and which prevented the smaller launches from starting, owing to the heavy sea. The race was over a measured course of six miles, and the winner was the Gwendoline, belonging to Messrs. Geo. E. and Chas. A. Painter, of the Pittsburgh Iron Works. Notwithstanding the heavy sea and strong wind, the Gwendoline covered the course in 18m. and 35s. She has the reputation of being the fastest boat, regardless of size, on the Ohio River. Her success is due to the Robert's boiler, which carries 250lbs. of steam and has been in use several years with the muddy Ohio River water, and has never needed repairs.

The finest yacht photos we have seen this year are those taken by Messrs. West & Son, Palmerston Road, Southsea, Eng. They are of large size, 15×12 and 11×9, and show Navahoe, Valkyrie, Britannia, Satanita and other yachts of the year. The positions of the yachts are spirited in the extreme, and the work is excellent from an artistic standpoint. We understand that Messrs. West have sent a representative to this country who has secured photos of the Cup races.

At its election this month the Ohio Y. C. re-elected Com. Gunckel, the other new officers being: Vice-Com. Henry Tracy; Rear Com., Henry Marshall; Sec., Gus Keip; Treas., Rufus Long; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. T. Woods; Fleet Captain, George Craig; Measurer, Denison Steele; Directors—F. N. Quale, D. W. Stroud, J. W. Sanfleet, J. H. Southard.

A yacht club has been recently organized at Pittsburgh, Pa., with the following officers: Com., C. E. Painter; Vice-Com., G. Boland; Fleet Captain, N. M. White; Regatta Committee—C. W. Hodgson, C. Rodgers, C. Clarke; Fleet Surgeon, H. Jones; Asst. Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. B. Keaggy; Treas., S. C. Lighthill; Trustees—G. E. Painter, W. C. Galbreath, J. Praeger. The name will be the Pittsburgh Y. C.

The Old Colony Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Wm. Fessenden; Vice-Com., W. V. Baker; Rear-Com., C. V. Greenlaw; Treas., E. K. Pratt; Sec'y, Geo. A. Hall; Meas., M. M. Torrence; Regatta Committee: Samuel Ware, M. M. Torrence, C. V. Greenlaw, Geo. A. Hall and Robert Gregg.

It is reported that the Stewart & Binney fin-keel Pilgrim will be altered to a passenger steamer, to run about Hull and Quincy, her fin being removed and engines with twin screws substituted, with cabins on deck. Messrs. Stewart & Binney have made the plans for the alterations.

The Atlantic Works at East Boston have the keel blocks laid for a steel steam yacht of 163ft. over all, designed by J. H. Dahl, designer of the steam yacht Seneca. The yacht is said to be for Mr. George F. Fabyan, of New York, for whom the Seneca was built.

David Hall Rice, a successful Boston lawyer, died recently at his home in Brookline, aged 50 years. Mr. Rice was an ardent yachtsman, the owner of the yawls White Cap and Orgo, and a contributor to the FOREST AND STREAM.

On Oct. 25, Messrs. Waton and Ratsey sailed on the White Star steamer Teutonia. On the same vessel were Captain Cranfield, Navigator Harvey and Valkyrie's crew.

Jessie, schr., Mr. McDonough, of San Francisco, will be greatly altered in rig this winter, the excessive rake of her masts being reduced, and the single jib replaced by a double head rig.

Navahoe arrived at Madeira on Oct. 20 and sailed on Oct. 23 for Bermuda. Her racing spars were shipped to New York by the Berlin on Oct. 14 and her sails by the New York on Oct. 21.

White Layde, steam yacht, under charter for the summer to Mr. Ogden Goelet, sailed for England on Oct. 31, her charter having expired.

Pastime, schr., F. E. Whitney, is out at Frisbie's yard, Salem, for a new counter, and a lead keel in place of inside ballast.

Chrystal, cutter, has been hauled out at Lawley's and 2,000lbs. of lead have been added to her keel.

Wasp, 46-footer, has been sold by Archibald Rogers to F. J. Lippett.

A Record Breaker.

THE advertisement I placed with you *three years ago* has held good up to date, for I have not had to advertise in any paper since—a good, paying investment and a stayer. GEO. F. REED, Barton, Vt.

The "Double Cat" Boat Squinx.

THE term "double cat" is not known in the East, but is peculiar to the lakes in the vicinity of Detroit, Mich., the rig itself being that of the noted "Mackinaw" boats. Just as the familiar "cat yawl" of the Eastern coast is a yawl without a jib, in the same way the "double cat" is a ketch, the after sail being proportionately larger than the cat yawl's mizen, and stepped further forward. The rig is much used on the rough waters of the lakes.

Squinx, for whose lines we are indebted to the designer and owner, Mr. Richard P. Joy, of Detroit, Mich., was designed for use on Lake St. Clair, where shoal draft and seagoing qualities are equally essential, and in this season's use she has proved very successful, being both fast and able, while her rig is very simple and easily handled.

She was built by the Detroit Boat Works, and is well put together; the keel, frames, sheerstrake and plankshеer being of oak. The frames are spaced 8in., and the planking is double, an inner skin of ½in. white cedar, laid diagonally, with an outer of ⅛in. cedar laid fore and aft. The deck and bulkheads are of mahogany. The hull is divided into five watertight compartments by the three transverse bulkheads and the centerboard trunk.

The method of hanging the centerboard is similar to that used in canoes, and was devised by Mr Fred Ballin, manager of the Detroit Boat Works. The centerboard is of ⅛in. iron, and to avoid any damage through the breaking of the pendant, space is left at the fore end of the trunk, so that the board may drop to a vertical position without straining the pin. The board and pin may be readily lifted out at any time. The dimensions of the hoat are as follows:

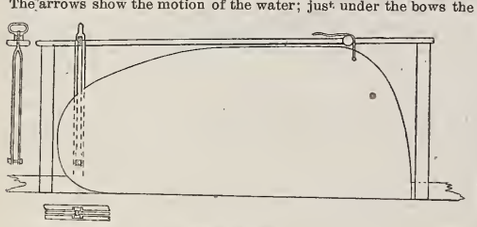
"DOUBLE CAT" SQUINX—DIMENSIONS.

Length over all	24ft. 7in.
l.w.l.	21ft.
Beam, extreme	6ft. 6in.
l.w.l.	5ft. 10½in.
Draft without board	2ft.
bow	1ft.
Sheer, stern	4½in.
Least freeboard	1ft. 4½in.
Ballast, iron, keel	1000lbs.
inside	1000lbs.
Total	2000lbs.
Foresail	243sq. ft.
Mainsail	123sq. ft.
Total	366sq. ft.

The wave lines shown in the smaller drawing are the results of careful study during experiments conducted in the summer of 1893 in actual sailing and are only formed, as shown, when the boat is on an even keel before the wind.

The wave lines in the drawing are of the most extreme type, being formed at a very high rate of speed—for a small boat—in shallow water, but the same results are achieved, only to a less extent, in deep water.

The arrows show the motion of the water; just under the bows the



CENTERBOARD.

water is given a forward motion and the waves of displacement, or bow waves, are thrown off, leaving a hollow for the middle body to travel in, causing the boat to settle deeper in the water by the change in the waterlines, although the displacement must remain the same. If the boat's bow be very bluff, and the bow waves thrown off excessive, the hollow in which travels the middle body will be greater, causing the hoat to settle still deeper in the water, with higher wave of replacement.

From the wave of displacemet the water appears to pass underneath the boat, on her diagonals, with a strong current toward the stern, increasing the skin friction of the middle body, and forms the wave of replacement, or stern wave. If in very shallow water this wave will break, forming a comber from six to ten feet long on either counter.

It is apparent that although the displacement must always remain the same, the waterline has become much longer and more narrow, giving the hoat a greater tendency to roll.

Concerning the boat's performance in heavy weather her owner writes:

"Since writing you last I have been through a 40-mile gale with Squinx, having been caught out in the storm of Sept. 16, which did much damage to our lake shipping. I was obliged to beat to windward 12 miles in the teeth of the gale and in a terrible sea, to reach a harbor. I had three reefs and then had too much sail, but the boat worked to perfection and handled perfectly. I can truly say that the double cat is as weatherly a boat as I have ever sailed in an experience covering all kinds of craft on salt and fresh water."

Canoeing.

"Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs."

THE following letter was not intended for publication, but we trust that the writer will pardon the liberty we take in laying it before our readers, as such an unsolicited testimonial to the merits of the design mentioned, and also of the hook as a whole, cannot fail to be gratifying to us. The letter is dated from Victoria, Australia:

W. P. Stephens, Esq.

About eighteen months ago I thought I would try to build a boat. As I had no experience at that sort of work I looked about for a book on the subject and in Melbourne I found two books, — and also your "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs." I have found the latter book invaluable, and must thank you for producing such a work.

I may say my business is sheep-farming, and I have had no training in the use of tools, but carpentry is a favorite pastime of mine.

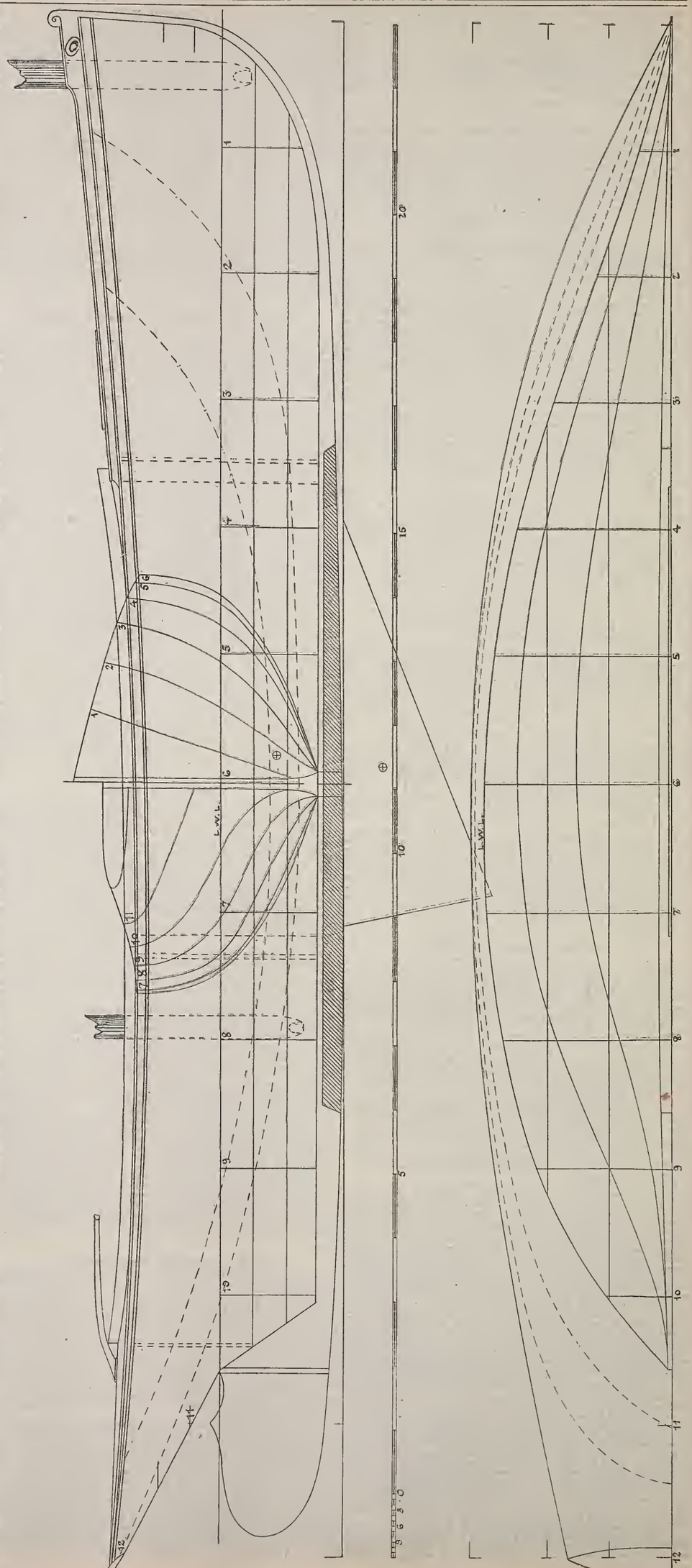
With the assistance of a friend I built your canoe Raritania, choosing this design as being most suitable for our river, the Glenelg, which is quite unsuitahle for sailing, being narrow and winding in our locality; a chain of water holes in summer, but subject to floods in the winter.

I built the Raritania from your instructions and dimensions, and met with no insurmountable obstacles. I could not procure the timber you suggest, but made the keel, stem and stern pieces of American ash; skin, decks and coaming of kauri pine, ribs of hickory and kauri pine, and deck beams, etc., from a piece of inch flooring board (pine). I used rather heavier material than you suggest, as I wanted plenty of strength The result surpassed my expectations, and my assistant builder and I had a twenty days' fishing trip at the mouth of the Glenelg, where there is a stretch of eighty miles of deep water teeming with fish. The canoe carried the two of us with outfit and provisions (for a week), about 300lbs., and though down to the gunwale streak never made a drop of water.

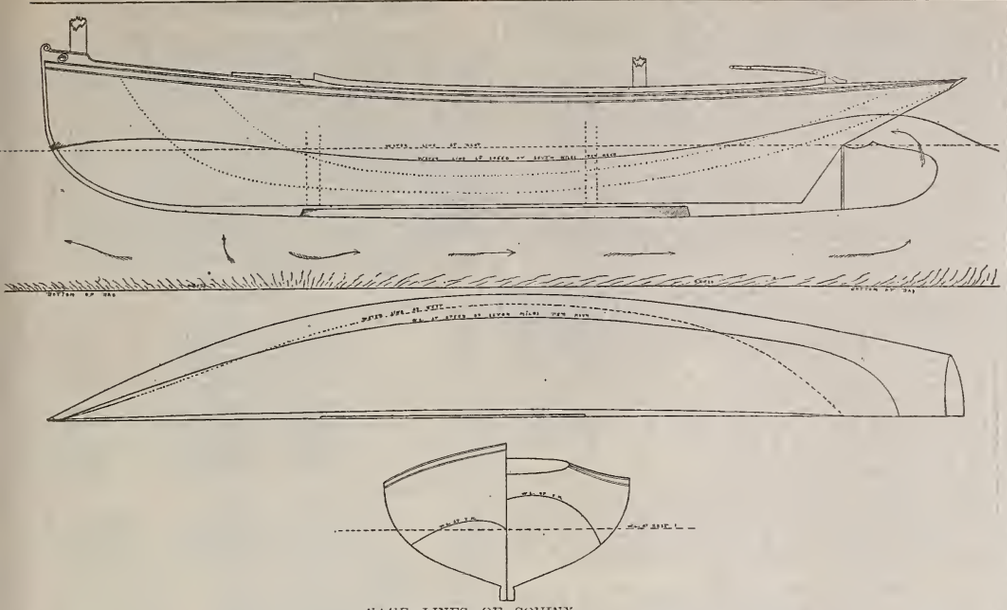
Since then I have had several trips on the River Glenelg in flood time, and I find the canoe can do anything. The river runs very fast in places, but the Raritania can go anywhere. Six months ago I built a light canvas canoe, 10ft. 6in.×30in., weighing 56lbs., and my mate and I went down stream last flood forty miles, in four and a half hours and then took matters easy, so you may imagine the current.

I built the canvas canoe frame of kauri pine throughout, but put no decking on, but instead have covers of American cloth buttoning on to studs on the gunwale.

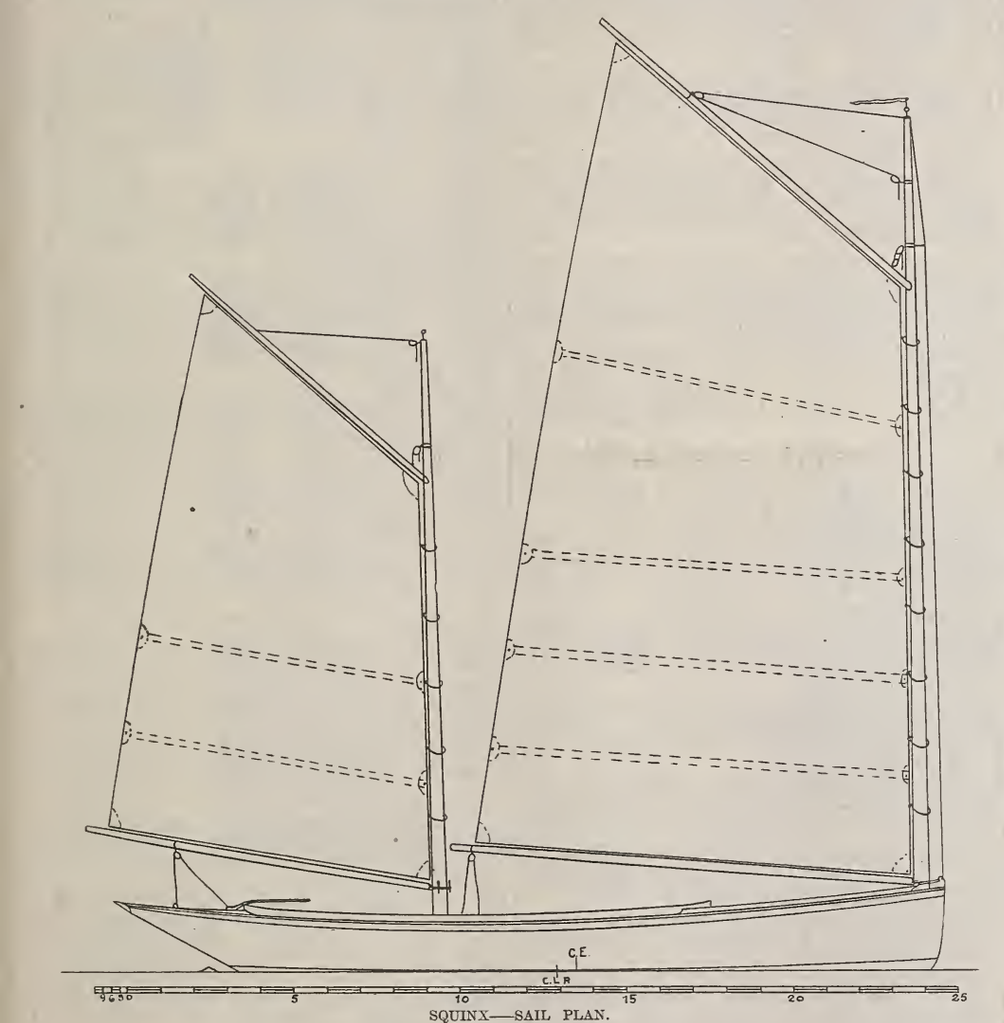
I put a mast and lateen sail on the Raritania and a few days ago put on a temporary keel 3in. deep at the center and about 6ft. long, and with it can go very close to the wind and carry more sail. I intend some of these day days to tackle one of the centerboard canoes and see what I can do to turn out a crack sailer. The Raritania cost me complete under £4.10, or I suppose you would reckon about $23, and I have had $5,000 worth of pleasure in building and using her. I find the chief difficulty here in procuring suitable timber, as all I can get is American ash from the local carriage builder, and flooring boards, and Oregon and red pine, but the pine is so full of knots as to be worthless. I had a great deal of trouble to find a piece of clear pine and at last secured a saddler's signboard, the only piece I could find. I can get any amount of kauri pine by ordering it from Melbourne. It is a New Zealand wood and a beautiful wood to work, as you can get it of any length and size you wish, and as clean as you like. It is not often you find a knot in Kauri. I do not know how it would compare with your woods for planking canoes, but I got on the skin without steaming or boiling. Kauri is very durable. I have a frame of the horseworks for a chaff cutter of kauri exposed to the weather for 15 years and partly buried in the ground, and not more



SQUINX—DOUBLE CAT.—DESIGNED BY RICHARD P. JOY, 1893.



WAVE LINES OF SQUINX.



SQUINX—SAIL PLAN.

than ¼in. of the outside is rotten. I have the 1889 edition of your book.

I do not think any of our native woods are of much use for boats, as as a rule they are heavy and apt to split easily, and it is hard to season them. Again thanking you for your assistance to amateur boat builders. C. S.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y., have obtained the highest awards at the World's Columbian Exposition for 28 boats exhibited, namely, St. Lawrence River fishing skiff, St. Lawrence combination row and sailboat, bulb-fin sailing boat Scarecrow, Thames rowboat, Champlain rowboat, yacht tender, general purpose canoe and Canadian paddling canoes.

The annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association will be held at Clark's, West Twenty-third street, New York, on Nov. 4, with a dinner in the evening at the same place.

The photo of the New York C. C. house, which was published last week, with another view was taken by Mr. Samuel Trimble, Bennett Building, New York.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Hudson Rifle Club.

THE fifth annual prize shoot of the Hudson Rifle Club was held at their club house Oct. 23, 24 and 25. It was the most successful and best attended affair the club has ever held. The first and second evenings were devoted principally to the target of honor, which were for members only. At the close of the shooting on the second evening Captain Mahlenbrock offered a few excellent remarks and presented to the assemblage Mr. Thos. A. Reynolds, king of the festival for 1893. Receiving the king medal he responded that he was glad to have the honor of the festival, and furthermore he was delighted to be able to say he had competed and won the honor from some of the most noted crack shooters in New Jersey.

Mr. J J. Evans next responded by stating a brief outline of the club's work during the past five years of its existence and said that there was no reason why it should not be as well developed and strong as other like organizations. He hoped that in the next five years the club would reach such a point with the present elements that it would be second to none in the State, and that it would have a headquarters and ranges that would be equal, if not better, than any like organization in the country. After a rousing good cheer the captain and treasurer responded with brief speeches, after which members and guests partook of the refreshments awaiting them.

The following scores were made on the target of honor, possible 75:

TA Reynolds (King)	69	H E Boddey	57	Dr Jos Autenrieth	44
John Smith	68	H L Hansen	56	John Rebhan	44
Chas Hutch	65	Jos Buch	54	Thos Welsh	32
A Braun, Sr	63	H Mahlenbrock	53	S Middleton	27
J J Evans	62	Bern Theil	51	C Schleimacher	16
E P Ingram	58	C Staderman	49		

The distribution of the prizes on this target was under the direction of Messrs. Middleton and Evans, and they were of the most elaborate ever received by the members of this club. The last evening was, indeed, well attended, and representatives of most all the well-known clubs were present. Among those noticed were Messrs. Ross, Dorrler and Flach, of the Zettler Rifle Club; Messrs. Rosenbaum, Zahn and Buss, of the Empire Rifle Club: Messrs. Hansen and Hughes, of the Excelsior Rifle Club; Messrs. Chas. Hutch, of the Harlem Rifle Club, and many others.

Shooting was indeed very lively and spirited, and much rivalry existed between the guests. This was the fifth anniversary of the organization. High scores were the order of the evening, and by referring to the list at the end it will be noticed that many tried for the golden apple at the head of the prize list.

At 11 o'clock Capt. Mahlenbrock announced that a supper was in waiting for the guests, and invited all present to accompany him to the adjoining dining hall and partake of an elaborate repast. Speeches and toasts were spoken. Meanwhile the secretaries were making up the prizes. All in attendance expressed themselves well satisfied, having spent the most enjoyable evening the Hudson Rifle Club ever held under its roof.

The distribution of the ring target prizes next took place, and these were awarded to the following riflemen:

1. Chas Hutch, Harlem Rifle Club	75	74	73	—222
2. M Dorrler, Zettler	74	74	73	—221
3. F C Ross, Zettler	74	73	73	—220
4 W Rosenbaum, Empire		73	73	—146
5. B Zahn, Empire		73	73	—146
6 J Rebhan, Hudson		73	72	—145
7. L Buss, Empire		72	72	—144
8. T A Reynolds, Hudson		72	72	—144
9. J Autenrieth, Hudson		72	71	—143
10. L P Hansen, Excelsior		72	70	—142
11. L Flach, Miller		71	71	—142
12. H Mahlenbrock, Hudson		71	70	—141
13. Jas Hughes, Excelsior		69	69	—138
14. H L Hansen, Hudson		70	66	—136

It was also stated at this prize shoot that the Hudson Rifle Club will always be pleased to receive programmes of such prize shoots and festivals and will endeavor to send representatives to return the compliments bestowed by their fellow friends at this, their fifth annual festival.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE active members of the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club are keeping hard at work at their practice both in the gallery and on the 200-yard range.

On Friday night, Oct. 27, the club opened its new half yearly handicap series in the gallery range. Fourteen members were present and participated in the shoot. C. Boag and Robidoux each got a handicap of 7 points from Dorrler and 3 points from Plaisted. Both Boag and Robidoux, with 7 points added to their scores of 245 and 244, have more than the possible 250. The scratch men are trying to figure out where they will come in. The scores in the gallery competition are appended, 10 shots, possible 250: C. Boag 245, W. H. Robidoux 244, M. Dorrler 240, G. W. Plaisted 239, Geo. Purkess 232, C. Scheeline 232, J. Boag 230, W. C. Collins 228, C. Agnew 222, J. Dodds 219, C. H. Chavant 218, John Spahn 216, John Hill 215, H. Mang 178.

At the Saturday outing of the club in Ambruster's Park seven members were present for practice, but only four entered the 50-shot handicap sweepstake match. This handicap rule has got to be quite popular with the members who have been taking part in it and it will probably be kept up through the winter if the weather is not too severe for outdoor practice. Colin Boag entered the competition today with his new .38-55 Ballard. Inasmuch as this was Boag's first appearance in the handicap match, and that his gun was strange to him, the handicapper was disposed to be very liberal, granting him 75 points. Boag started off with the modest score of 184 points; he wound up his 50 shots with the following 10-shot score:

24 23 23 22 20 21 22 23 22 20—220

The handicapper now thinks that Boag's handicap will have to be revised at the next meeting. The scores are appended, 50 shots, German ring target, distance 200yds.:

Colin Boag	184	185	205	198	220—992	+75—1067
Wm C Collins	190	188	215	203	199—995	+60—1055
Geo W Plaisted (scratch)	214	206	214	208	210	—1052
C H Chavant	187	200	203	200	185—975	+40—1015

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

THE New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. C. D. Rehm, brought its summer season shoot at Washington Park to a close Oct. 27. The attendance during the season has been rather light, but what is true of the N. Y. City Corps applies also to nearly all of our shooting societies this season in and about New York. The past year has been a most unsatisfactory one to shooting interests. But let us hope that the advent of the year 1894 will bring with it a larger measure of prosperity to the business interest of the country. For, with good business assured our sports will prosper of themselves.

The scores of the members who filled out their scores for the season on the several targets will be found appended.

In the shooting Friday, R. Busse, was high on the ring target with a score of 213.

On the bullseye target, C. G. Zettler led with 6.

On the man target Messrs. Zettler and Facklam, tied with 58 out of a possible 60.

Ring target: R. Busse 213, C. G. Zettler 200, Otto Uihlein 197, H. Radloff 189, Christ D. Rehm 186, H. Munz 185, H. Kuhlmann 161, C. Göhmann 153.

Red flags: John Facklam 4, R. Busse 3, C. G. Zettler 2, O. Uenstein 1, A. Keller 1, Otto Uihlein 1, C. Rehm 1, H. Radloff 1.

Bullseye: C. G. Zettler 6, R. Busse 4, H. Munz 3, Otto Uihlein 2, A. Range 2, A. Keller 2, John Facklam 2, C. Rehm 2, W. H. Gerdes 1, John T. Gerdes 1, H. Kuhlmann 1.

Medal winners on the results of the season shoot are as follows: Ring target: R. Busse, C. Rehm, O. Uihlein, C. G. Zettle, H. Radloff, A. Keller, J. Facklam, G. Urnstein, H. Munz (2,000 rings), A. Holzenberger, H. Kuhlmann (1,800), John F. Gerdes, C. Göhmann, C. Rothweiler (1,600 rings), Wm. H. Gerdes, H. Gerdes (1,700 ring).

For the best bullseye: John F. Gerdes 18, H. Radloff 58½, C. A. Range 59, John Facklam 74, Wm. H. Gerdes 76½, A. Keller 79, H. A. Gerdes 88, Otto Uihlein 105, H. Munz 108.

For the most red Flags: R. Busse 23, John Facklam 20, C. G. Zettler 13, A. Keller 13, H. Radloff 12, O. Uihlein 9, Christ D. Rehm 6, C. Rothweiler 3, H. Kuhlmann 2.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

THE Turtle Bay Rifle Club seem to have fallen into the practice of holding team shoots in their weekly gallery shoots. We are inclined to this idea as being a good one to draw out the members, provided, however, care is used to make up the teams in such a manner as to put each team upon an equal footing as to shooting ability. Any rule that will give the medium shooter an equal chance with the expert will conduce to the interest of shooting and the club interested. The active members of the Turtle Bay Club are all enthusiastic in the interest of rifle shooting, and we shall be pleased to note the results of their practice from week to week during the season. The scores are appended, three-men teams, 30 shots per man, German ring-target, distance 20yds.:

G E Jantzer	246	246	245	—737
J Ochs, Jr.	246	247	243	—736
J Oberle	242	242	241	—725—2198
H Walter	245	240	241	—726
J Krampert	240	241	240	—721
H W Tamm	240	240	241	—721—2168
O G Fuchs	241	239	239	—719
C H Plate	239	239	2?1	—719
J Burns	238	236	240	—714—2152

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE winter gallery shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club for the season 1893-4 was opened on Tuesday, Oct. 24, 13 members took part in the competition. The club has put up 15 prizes, amounting to $200. This amount of cash should have the effect to draw out a large number of the experts of the club. On the opening shoot we were pleased to see that old rifleman John H. Brown present as one of the contestants. His score of 244 shows that Mr. Brown, while up in years, has a large surplus of shooting ability left in him yet.

The champion medal, a trophy which has been put up by the club for a number of years for the best 10-shot score on each shooting night, will this season come up under new rules. A bullseye target will be open for the members on each practice night, upon which every member upon filling out his scores will be allowed to shoot one shot, and at the end of the season the member having the best center shot will become the possessor of the much-coveted trophy. In the meanwhile the trophy will be subject to the first best 10-shot score each week during the winter. On this occasion the first best score was a tie between Messrs. F. C. Ross and C. Percival, each having made 244 out of a possible 250. The honors for the best score for the evening were divided between Messrs. Holges and Plaisted with 247 each. The latter had a fine score of 9 centers (238) and one 22. The scores are appended, 10 shots, possible 250, distance 25yds.: H. Holges 247, G. W. Plaisted 247, F. C. Ross 246, C. Percival 244, B. Zettler 244, J. H. Brown 244, M. B. Engel 244, C. G. Zettler 243, L. Flach 243, H. Strate 242, Gus Nowak 240, R. Busse 239, H. D. Muller 237. Ross and Percival tie for medal on 244 each.

Cincinnati Prize Shoot.

INSTEAD of the regular practice shoot the Cincinnati Rifle Association had a little prize shoot; off-hand and rest shooting was indulged in for points and prizes. The following are the winners:

Point target, off-hand only: First, A. Drube; second, M. Gindele; third, W. Randall; fourth, C. Roberts; fifth, Wm. Hasenzahl; sixth, E. M. Brumback

Off-hand target: First, E. M. Brumback; second, Wm. Randall; third, A. Drube; fourth, C. B. Copeland; fifth, B. Simon; sixth, Wm. Hazenzahl; seventh, Ottomar Topf; eighth, C. Nestler; ninth, E. D. Payne; tenth, R. Weinheimer.

Rest target: First, E. M. Brumback; second, E. D. Payne; third, Wm. Hasenzahl; fourth, C. Nestler; fifth, R. Weinheimer; sixth, S. Stegner.

RIFLE NOTES.

During a call at the headquarters of the Zettler Rifle Club last week we had the pleasure to meet John H. Brown, one of the old members of the Zettler Rifle Club. Mr. Brown's name is now prominently before the American public as the inventor of the new segmental wire-wound cannon, which is now in the hands of the U. S. Ordnance Board at Sandy Hook. The reports as semi-officially given out of the working of this new gun speaks volume for the success of the American invention in the line of improved ordnance. Mr. Brown informs us that the American inventors in their investigations for the improvement of smokeless powder are in line with any of the Europeans, and that another year will probably see an American powder product on the market that in point of strength and effectiveness will be far in the lead of anything yet produced in Europe. Already the U. S. Government tests of American powders have produced some wonderful results.

"Pulling out a bad shot" is a familiar expression to most of our riflemen when on the range, and as a general thing when a shooter, after making a bad shot, comes out with the stereotyped expression that he will pull it out, the incident is usually passed by without comment. At the last shoot of the Zettler Club at Cypress Hills Park, on Oct. 22, Chas. Zettler, in leading off on a ten-shot score, unfortunately got a 12 for a starter. Zettler, in a philosophical way peculiar to him, remarked to another shooter standing near, "Well, I'll have to pull that 12 out." The individual referred to replied in a spirit of vexation and asked him, "How in Harlem can you pull out a 12?" C. Z. in reply said, "I'll show you," and proceeded to reload his rifle preparatory to his second shot. The above remarks had the effect to draw the attention of the other shooters, and when Zettler went into the stand for his second shot he was the center of attraction for those present. After an interval of time the discharge of the rifle was followed by the remark from Zettler, "There, that is how I pull out a 12," the marker at the target at the same time showing a 24. On his third shot he made a 25 and on his fourth shot made another 25. He finished his ten shots with a total of 212. In this instance Zettler showed that it was possible to pull out a shot; and it is said that C. G. cannot refrain from recalling the circumstance whenever the doubting Harlemite is near.

It is reported that a number of our prominent New York riflemen have been solicited by one of our Jersey City clubs to be allowed to enroll the names of these shooters upon the books of the club in order to secure their services in a team match against another Jersey City club. This is a practice that has been indulged in more or less by a certain class of rifle clubs in the past. We do not approve of such practices and we believe that all lovers of legitimate sport will uphold us in condemning societies or individuals who lend themselves to such unsportsmanlike tricks. Any club that cannot win its matches on the merits of its regular members should leave match making alone. If our shooting societies would unite in disqualifying or blacklisting all clubs or individuals indulging in such practices it would add greatly to the tone of this sport. Most of our shooting societies have honorary lists on their membership rolls, and these lists are supposed to contain the names of men who have won the distinction for services rend-red. To put such members on a par with the pot hunter whose only aim is to secure club privileges in order to get a chance at the honor target prizes is dragging the legitimate honorary members to a very low level, puts a handicap upon honest sports and brings into companionship a class of men that are decidedly out of their element.

Wm. Armbruster, the present proprietor of the Greenville, N. J., Schuetzen Park, is going to put the shooting house into condition so that the local riflemen can occupy the range during the winter on Saturdays. The members of the Excelsior Club have signified their intention to combine with the Greenville Club for weekly shooting on this range. Any other riflemen desiring to participate will have the privilege of the range extended to them.

In last week's issue was a report of a team match at Ephrata, Pa., between teams from the Lancaster Schuetzen Verein and the North End Rifle Club. From the report of the shoot one would infer that the match was at 200yds. on the standard American target. The scores of the Schuetzen Verein are exceptionally good if made at 200yds. off-hand. Will our Ephrata correspondent inform us as to the facts.

The Hudson Rifle Club of Jersey City held a successful three days' prize shoot on its gallery ranges last week. One of the club's New York Annex members got the first prize, outshooting such experts as M. Dorrler, F. C. Ross, Bodenstab, Rosenbaum and others. Chas. E. Bird, the popular secretary of the club, under the *nom de plume* of "Eagle," sends us a full report of the shoot, which will be found in another column.

The Greenville Rifle Club would be pleased to shoot a friendly match with the Excelsior Rifle Club on the ranges of the Greenville Schuetzen Park, Greenville, N. J., on Saturday, Nov. 11, five men a side, fifty shots per man, losers to pay for the expenses of the range. What do you say, Excelsior?

The employes of Wissel's Cypress Hills Park held a target shoot in that park on Thursday of last week. The fact that mine host Wissel had laid in a large stock of venison for the occasion bad the effect of drawing together a large gathering of sportsmen from Long Island and New York.

The championship match which comes off at Wissel's Cypress Hills Park next Tuesday, Nov. 7, will be highly interesting to all lovers of rifle shooting who may have the pleasure of being present to witness the contest. A number of our local experts have already started in on a regime of self-denial in order to get into condition. All entries close to-night, Nov. 4.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

The season shoot of the Excelsior Rifle Club, of Jersey City, N. J., was brought to a close on Friday, Oct. 27. The attendance of the members during the season has been very light, and the consequence is that from a financial point of view the shoot has not been a success. The best 10-shot scores made on Friday are appended: L. P. Hansen 221, John Speicher 201, W. Weber 200, O. J. Boyce 185, C. Thomas 170.

The results of the season for the best totals for each member participating will be found appended: C. Ward 5,452, L. P. Hansen 5,436, O. J. Boyce 5,331, C. Thomas 5,319, Wm. Weber 5,246, John Speicher 5,242.

Our Own Rifle Club.

Hoboken, N. J., has a number of rifle clubs within its precincts. Among its younger organizations which seem to be alive to the interests of rifle shooting is the Our Own Club, Capt. H. D. Stencken. At the weekly shoot of the club at its headquarters, No. 131 Adams street, on Wednesday, Oct. 25, 13 members participated. The scores are appended: J. H. Kruse 241, A. Meyns 239, G. Victoria 235, W. Dilger 230, T. Brown 229, H. D. Stencken 228, C. Feldman 219, C. Pries 218, H. Schultz 213, L. Timseck 207, O. Keller 205, C. Page 204, R. Gellhauer 204.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Oct. 31.—East End Gun Club's amateur tournament, Cleveland, O.

Nov. 8-10.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Iowa.

1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

June 19-21.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. $1,000 added money.

June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

On Tuesday, Oct. 24, Samuel Castle journeyed from Newark to Martin's Pine Brook Hotel to shoot a find, trap and handle match against Eugene Pierre, of Boonton. Each man was to shoot at 25 live birds, for $100 a side. T. C. Wright, of the Paterson Gun Club, was chosen as referee. The birds were a splendid lot of flyers throughout, so good in fact that on the 20th round each man had 15 kills only to his credit. Under the governing rules the tie should have been shot off at 3 birds each and this the referee ordered the men to do. Mr. Castle was willing, but the backers of Mr. Pierre demurred and refused to let their man shoot. After considerable unnecessary palavering the referee told the Pierre faction that unless their man came to time in a given number of minutes he should award the match and stakes to Mr. Castle. At the expiration of the allotted time Pierre still failed to face the trap and the referee decided Mr. Castle the winner. At this point the Pierre party warned the referee that they should take legal steps to recover the stake money. Under these circumstances Mr. Wright retained the money. At a later date, however, the Pierre party acknowledged Mr. Castle as the winner and waived all their alleged rights to the stakes. Mr. Wright thereupon turned the money over to Mr. Castle and the affair ended.

The expressed opinion of all sportsmen who have visited Willard's Park in Paterson is that it is one of the best shooting grounds in this section of the country. Despite this fact, however, the proprietor, if he wishes his park to retain its present popularity, will have to make some radical changes in the management during trap contests. No boys should be allowed to enter the grounds, and those adults who enter should be obliged to remain on the grand stand, no one being allowed in the field except those directly interested in a shoot. It would be a wise plan also to establish a rule (and enforce it as well) that ejectment from the park shall be the penalty for firing a gun from any part of the ground except the score. The free and easy shooting indulged in before and after the first Elliott—Class match was extremely dangerous and should not be tolerated. Sooner or later an accident will happen, and the result might possibly be more expensive to the proprietor tnan would the loss of the patronage of a few careless shooters.

The semi-monthly shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club was held on Oct. 26 at the West End Grounds, Coney Island. Each man shot at ten birds, club handicap, American Association rules. Judge Sutherland was the winner of the first cup and prize, with a straight score. C. E. Morris and J. B. Voorhees tied with nine each for the second cup and prize. The latter was divided, and Morris waived his claim to the cup, which was awarded to Voorhees. A lively sweepstake contest followed at five birds each, one prize. It was divided between J. Gavin and Capt. Hinman. The score of the club shoot: C. E. Worris, 28yds., 9; J. B. Voorhees, 28yds., 9; J. Gavin, 25yds., 8; Judge K. Sutherland, 25yds., 10; Judge R. Newton, 25yds., 6; C. Morson, 25yds., 8; A. S. Jamieson, 25yds., 6; M. Bonden, 25yds., 6; T. Buckley, 25yds., 8; Capt. Hinman, 25yds., 8; C. Fergueson, Jr., 28yds., 7; W. Henry, 28yds., 6; G. E. Nostrand, 28yds., 8.

T. W. Morfey, the well-known boniface of Paterson, and member of the Paterson and Newark Gun Clubs, will try his nerve and skill on Saturday, Nov. 11, in a contest at 100 live pigeons against Theodore Morford, of Newton. Hurlingham rules will govern, and the stake will be $100 a side. The match will be shot at Martin's Hotel, Pine Brook, N. J., beginning at 1 P. M. Mr. Martin will furnish the birds and will have enough extras on hand for sweepstake shooting before and after the match. The train arriving at Montclair at 10:10 A. M. will connect with the stage for Pine Brook.

The Riverside Gun Club held its second shoot at Red Bank, N. J., on Oct. 27, bluerock targets being used. The sky was overcast and the light bad. In event No. 1, at 10 singles, Edmund Throckmorton scored 10, Oscar Hesse 8 and Mr. Hibbard 8. The next event was at 25 singles, Hesse breaking 23, Throckmorton 19, Hibbard 18, James Cooper 17 and J. B. Bergen 17. At 3 pairs, Hesse 5, Throckmorton 5, Cooper 4, Hibbard 4, Bergen 3. At 5 singles, Throckmorton 5, Hesse 4, Cooper 4, Bergen 4, Hibbard 4.

Capt. A. C. Money, of Oakland, N. J., and T. W. Morfey and Henry Wolf, of Paterson, N. J., took a day's outing in the vicinity of Wynockie, on Oct. 26, and bagged eight partridges. Mr. Morfey's Eagle and a new dog of Capt. Money's did the work for the trio. Harry Wolf says his share of the bag would bave been better than one-fourth bad it not been that his partners "cut him out" of a number of birds by being too quick on the trigger.

The Brighton Gun Club of East Orange and the Roseville Gun Club of Newark shot a team match on the Brighton's grounds on Oct. 28, the teams comprising five men each. Each man shot at 20 bluerocks and the result was a victory for the Brightons by the following scores: Brighton—Badgley 20, O'Meally 11, Canfield 11, Gowen 16, Kutcber 15; total 73. Roseville—Huff 11, Alfred Watton 10, Ganz 14, Meeker 9, Albert Whatton 18; total 62.

The second match between J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., and J. Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J., is being shot to-day on Class's Morristown Driving Park, each man to shoot at 100 live pigeons for $100 a side. If both men are in form the chances are in favor of a close contest, as there is little if any difference in their skill. Whoever may be the winner the spectators can be assured of seeing a good exhibition of smooth-bore work.

Among the contestants at the shoot of the Roseville Gun Club at Erb's grounds last Thursday was B. C. Sutton, an old-time bird shooter, who has just opened a sporting goods store at 317 Market street, Newark, N. J. Mr. Sutton bad nearly a score of years of practice at live bird shooting but is a novice at targets. He proposes in his business to make a specialty of hand-loaded ammunition for trap or field shooting.

If J. A. R. Elliott continues to put on flesh at his present rate he will soon be able to join the Fat Men's Club. He was in ill health during the greater part of the summer, but is now coming around to his old condition. At Willard's Park he informed us that for 25 days be had gained weight at the rate of ¾lb. a day. Just imagine where this would land him at the end of a year with a gain of 273lbs.

Al Rust, of Philadelphia, is anxious to get on a match between ten Pennsylvanians and a like number from the Cosmopolitan Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J. Mr. Rust is not likely to have any trouble in arranging a match, as the Cosmopolitans are shooters "from away back," and will be only too happy to try conclusions with their Pennsylvanian brethren. Send your challenge, Mr. Rust!

The Union Gun Club held its tenth montby prize shoot at Springfield, N. J., on Oct. 24. The threatening weather was responsible for the fact that only eight contestants appeared. Each man shot at 30 singles. In class A Enoch D. Miller the only contestant broke 25. Class B—Briant 22, Williams 16. Class C—Dr. Jackson 10, Sayre 15, Soper 13, N. W. C. 13, Roll 13.

All sportsmen who desire a day's sport at the traps should visit the Maplewood Gun Club on Election Day. The club will hold an all day shoot at artificial targets and will welcome all comers. The grounds are within three minutes' walk of the Maplewood station of the Morris & Essex Railroad. Refreshments and ammunition may be procured on the grounds.

The Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., has elected the following officers: President, E. A. Jeanneret; Vice-President, C. H. Coe; Secretary, W. H. Huck; Treasurer, L. Lau; Captain, C. F. Lenone; Board of Directors—C. H. Coe, W. H. Huck, Martin Klees, L. Lau, Gus E. Greiff and R. H. Peck.

The election of officers of the Boiling Spring Fish and Gun Club, put in for Board of Directors: E. A. Jeanneret, C. H. Coe, W. H. Huck, Martin Klees, L. Lau, Gus. E. Grieff, R. H. Peck. President, E. A. Jeanneret; Vice-President, C. H. Coe; Secretary W. H. Huck; Treasurer, L. Lau; Captain, C. F. Lenone.

Some time in November there will be a contest at Willard's Park, Paterson, for a 12-gauge gun. The conditions will be 10 live birds per man, $5 entry, birds extra, 12 entries to fill. The gun is a splendid shooter and is in perfect order.

After the Castle-Pierre match at Pine Brook on Oct. 24, a four-bird sweep, $5 entry, was shot, the result being as follows: Morfey 4, Erb 4, Wolf 4, Francisco 4, Leonard 3, Hedden 3, Green 2, Castle 1. Erb won first on the shoot off.

Live bird shooters may get all the shooting they want at Erb's Newark grounds on Election Day. There will be plenty of good pigeons on hand and the traps will be in position from 10 A. M. until dark.

The Forest Gun Club will hold a tournament in Philadelphia on Nov. 30. Particulars may be procured from Wm. Morrison, secretary, 3,232 Ridge street, Philadelphia.

Ed Hill, the leading expert of New Jersey's capital city, will soon face the traps in a contest at 100 live pigeons against T. W. Morfey, of Paterson.

A number of ladies of Paterson are becoming interested in trap-shooting, and the chances are that they will soon organize a club.

The much discussed match between teams representing New Jersey and Kings county, N. Y., is not likely to be shot until January.

Miss Annie Oakley will soon take possession of her new house in Nutley, N. J., which is now completed.

The Climax Gun Club, of Fanwood, N. J., has given up the idea of holding a tournament this fall.

The Paterson (N. J.) Gun Club will hold its monthly shoot at Willard's Park next Tuesday.

The Newark Gun Club will shoot on Erb's grounds on Nov. 9.

C. H. Townsend.

Team Shoot at Pelhamville.

Four members of the Wauregan Gun Club had a team shoot on Oct. 24 at the club grounds, Pelhamville. William H. Brickner and T. A. Picken beat George W. Silberhorn and Wm. H. Picken by a score of 38 to 32. Wm. H. Picken was substitute for Remsen Darling, who did not appear. The conditions were 25 live birds each. 28yds. rise, modified Hurlingham rules, for $50 a side. Joseph H. Mills was the referee. The scores:

Brickner	0112111111110112110201220—20
T Picken	0111011•2222011101212010—18—38
Silberhorn	0112112011020203010102210—17
W Picken	0111010222221110010200100—15—32

G. F. Picken tried to beat Brickner's score of 20, but only killed 14 birds

THE INTERSTATE AT LYNN.

Lynn, Mass., Oct. 26.—The final shoot of the season under the auspices of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association closed to-night on the grounds of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association. The affair was a success despite the limited attendance. A heavy rain which lasted for two days bothered Manager Elmer Shaner in putting up tents and making other necessary arrangements; in fact, the bulk of this work was done in half a day, but it was done as well as if a week had been consumed. Elmer Shaner is a modern hustler and not given to doing things by halves.

The Novelty rule was received with favor by all who took part. This rule is now destined to be more popular than ever, from the fact that a new indicator is used, this giving each contestant in an event an equal number of incoming and outgoing targets. In 10-target events each shooter gets 3 incomers, in 15-target events 5 incomers, and in 25-target events 8 incomers. This will add to the rule an element of fairness which did not exist under the former method of using the indicator, as instance the Charlotte tournament, where in one squad in a 25-target event one man got 18 incomers while another man got 4.

Below are full scores of the shoot:

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets:

White	1010000010—3	Davis	1111011100—7
Jones	0111110010—6	Thomas	1110001111—7
LeRoy	1001101100—5	Harvey	1001111101—7
Martin	1111110110—8	Mascroft	0000100000—1
Forbes	0011011110—6	Judkins	1110011111—8
Snow	1000111010—5	Ulman	1011011111—8

No. 2, 10 targets:

White	0110101111—7	Mascroft	1010011000—5
Davis	1111111001—8	Snow	0101001100—4
Jones	0010000101—3	Forbes	0011101101—6
LeRoy	1111110111—9	Ulman	1011111111—9
Thomas	0100000111—4	Judkins	1111000101—6
Harvey	1001111111—8	Martin	1101110101—7

No. 3, 15 targets:

Davis	111111011101101—12	Thomas	111111110011110—12
White	010110101111111—11	Ulman	111101101111111—13
Jones	111001010010100— 7	Judkins	000110000001110— 5
Le Roy	101001111111101—11	Mascroft	001101111110010— 9
Harvey	001011010101111— 9	Martin	111101111011110—12

No. 4, 20 targets:

White	11111010111111011110—16	Mascroft	11110101011000111110—13
Le Roy	11111111101110101111—17	Martin	01111010111111010011—14
Davis	11010100110111111011—14	Forbes	11101101001001101010—11
Ulman	01111101110110111011—15	Judkins	01111001011111001111—14
Thomas	1100110•110010111111—13		

No. 5, 25 targets:

Jones	0010001011100110010100111—12
Davis	1001101100011111011111001—16
White	1110111110111101111011011—20
LeRoy	0000111111100110101101110—15
Ulman	0111011111001111111101100—18
Judkins	1110000101010110010111101—14
Mascroft	0100111111011110011111111—19
Thomas	1111011011100011000000000—12
Martin	1111011011011101011110011—18
Proctor	1010010101011000001100001—10

No. 6, 15 targets:

Hasman	110011111111110—12	Harvey	110110101110011—10
White	011111111010110—11	Judkins	000011001110011— 8
Davis	101100111001101— 9	Thomas	111011111101011—12
Jones	110111011011110—11	Martin	111001110111111—12
LeRoy	101101011010110— 9	Mascroft	111110010110011—10
Snow	110001111111011—11	Forbes	111010100101110— 9
Ulman	110111001111111—12		

No. 7, 15 targets:

Jones	000000101011101— 6	Judkins	010111110110010—10
White	101011101011111—11	Thomas	011111010111011—11
Hosmor	011110101011111—12	Owens	101111011010100— 9
Le Roy	011110101111111—12	Woodard	000010100101100— 5
Davis	111111111111100—13	Martin	101001011111001— 9
Ulman	011111111111101—13	Mascroft	110101011111111—12
Snow	100110111110000— 8	Harvey	010101001111011— 9
Forbes	111000111111100— 9		

No. 8, 20 targets:

Hasmann	10101000111100001111—11	Judkins	11111111100110111110—16
LeRoy	11111001111111001111—16	Thomas	01000110101100100111—10
Davis	11101101111011100111—15	Martin	01010010010111110110—11
White	11001111111101010010—13	Mascroft	11111111010110111111—17
Ulman	11111111111101011101—17	Owens	01100010110011100000— 8

No. 9, 10 targets:

Davis	1110111111— 6	Martin	0011000001— 3
Le Roy	1101010111— 7	Ulman	0100001011— 7
Snow	1110111110— 8	Mascroft	0010111101— 6
Harvey	1111111111—10	Owens	1011000111— 6

No. 10, 10 targets:

Davis	1111101111—9	Marten	1111110010—7
Le Roy	1110111111—8	Judkins	1110000001—4
Harvey	1110100111—7	Owens	0100010001—3
Ulman	1111101110—8	Mascroft	0001100110—4
Snow	0001111111—7		

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets:

Martin	1011111011— 8	Foster	1111111111—10
Waldo	1111001110— 7	Forbes	1011111001— 7
Allison	1111111111—10	Le Roy	0111011111— 8

No. 2, 10 targets:

Allison	0011111111— 8	Foster	1100101010— 5
Waldo	1110101111— 8	Le Roy	1010111111— 8
Martin	1111101001— 7	Forbes	1101111101— 8

No. 3, 15 targets:

Allison	011111111111110—13	Harvey	011010010011111— 9
Waldo	010011111011001— 9	Mulcher	110011101100100— 8
Mascroft	010010100011111— 8	Davis	010111011111110—12
Forbes	111010111011001—10	Martin	011010101111111—11
Le Roy	101101101111001—11	Foster	110011100101110— 9

No. 4, 20 targets:

Judkins	01011011111011110011—14	Jones	00111111110111111111—17
Allison	00101011110100110010—10	LeRoy	10101111001000111111—12
Mascroft	10110101101101110101—13	Martin	11111111111011101101—17
Waldo	11110110110111111010—15	Francis	11011110100111111110—15

No. 5, 25 targets:

Allison	1011000011110011001100001—12
Waldo	1001100111110000011111010—13
Judkins	1111111011111011100101111—20
Martin	0101111111101101111111111—21
Davis	0111011111101111111111111—22
Francis	1011111111100001111101101—18
LeRoy	0101111011111111111111010—20
Melcher	1101111111110101111111101—21
Jones	0011111111010110011111011—19
Mascroft	1110110011111001111111011—19
Snow	1110010101111110011111011—18

No. 7, 15 targets:

White	111101111111011—13	Poor	111110110010010— 9
Davis	111100119111111—12	Allison	011110001110001— 8
Jones	110101110111011—11	Melcher	111110000001110— 8
LeRoy	111000110001101— 8	Ulman	111110101111111—13
Judkins	110001100000111— 7	Francis	001111110011100— 9
Waldo	111100010001010— 7	Wadsworth	001100100011011— 7
Martin	011010101011111—10	Snow	011111100001101— 9
Daley	100000101000000— 3		

No. 6, 15 targets:

LeRoy	101101101011011—10	Melcher	011011100000010— 6
Davis	011011011011110—10	Davery	010010101110001— 7
White	111110111101111—13	Allison	111101011000010— 8
Jones	011001111101010— 9	Waldo	001111000001011— 7
Martin	101111011111110—12	Judkins	010101001101110— 8

No. 8, 20 targets:

White	11111001100011101101—13	Martin	01011110111010001111—13
Jones	10101111111010101011—14	Ulman	11101111110111111011—17
Le Roy	11011100010110101010—11	Melcher	11110011111100100101—13
Davis	11111011011011111110—16	Francis	11111010111111011110—16
Allison	10100011000001100111— 9	Poor	11010101110110011111—14
Judkins	11111111001100011010—13	Daley	00100010011011000011— 8
Waldo	00000111101010101001— 9	W'dsworth	10101111011101100001—12

No. 9, 10 targets:

Davis	0111111011—8	Melcher	1001100111—6
White	1101010101—5	Snow	1011011110—7
Jones	1100111101—7	Riverside	0110101110—6
Allison	0110010110—5	Francis	1111111011—9
Judkins	0110001000—3	Poor	1110111111—9
Waldo	1001101011—6	Wadsworth	1001001000—3
Martin	0011100100—4	Daly	1100101010—5
Ulman	0100011111—6		

No. 10, 10 targets:

Davis	1101001110—6	Allison	1010110001—5
White	1011101100—6	Wadsworth	0111101111—8
Waldo	1111100110—7	Francis	1111110101—8
Judkins	1010010101—5	Poor	0101110011—7
Ulman	1011001101—6	Daley	1100101011—6
Martin	1111011110—8	Brown	0001000011—3
Forbes	0100101010—4		

ELLIOTT AND CLASS SHOOT A TIE.

Elliott Wins the Shoot-Off.

SEVERAL weeks ago J. Frank Class, of Morristown, N. J., announced through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM a desire to shoot a hundred bird match against any man in New Jersey (J. L. Brewer excepted), for $250 a side. No Jerseyman seemed to have "sand" enough to meet Mr. Class in a contest and it looked as though he was fated not to do any shooting. A couple of weeks ago, however, Jas. A. R. Elliott, the well known *Field* cup winner from Kansas City, appeared in the East on business and expressed his willingness to meet the Jersey expert in one or more matches on the above terms. Mr. Class, however, was not so willing at that time to risk $250 a match against Mr. Elliott, but proposed that they shoot two matches, each at 100 birds, and the stake for each match to be $100; ties to be shot off at 25 birds each; the first match to take place at Willard's Park, Paterson, on Friday, Oct. 27; the second at the Morristown Driving Park, on Saturday, Nov. 4. These conditions were agreeable to Mr. Elliott and the matches were duly arranged.

Both men are well known to the public as expert shots, Elliott in particular, having shot against nearly all the high-class shots of America, defeating a goodly number of them. On the famous "Side Hill Park," in Kansas City, Mo., where the most of the *Field* cup matches were shot, his showing was a remarkable one, and the man who could not come close to "killing straight" had no business to face him there. During the greater part of the summer he has been in ill health, but is fast coming back to his old form.

Class is conceded to be one of the best shots in the East, if not in the country, although his shooting has not brought him up against any really hot men excepting Brewer and Fulford. He is about 5ft. 9in. in height, and weighs in the neighborhood of 200lbs. His position at the trap while not particularly graceful, is an easy one, and he can fire a large number of shots without fatigue. For a year back he has done comparatively little trap work, but before that he was in great fettle, killing an average of 93 per cent. in seven matches. In the use of the first barrel he is steady and reliable, but his second barrel is more on the exhibition order, and at times not as reliable as it might be.

Gauging the men on public form the majority of sportsmen would have had no hesitation in saying that Elliott was the better shot by three to four on a hundred, but those who saw the opening match at Paterson on Oct. 27 changed their opinions.

During the early hours of the above day the clouds were dark and lowering and looked as though they might break at short notice. Toward noon the conditions changed, the clouds broke away and 'Old Sol" showed his bright face. The match was announced to begin at 1 P. M., and it was further stated that there would be sweepstake shooting from 11 A. M. At the latter hour, however, there were only a few stragglers on hand and it was long after the dinner hour before any shooting was done. At this time the sun was shining, but 1 o'clock, at which time Class was the only one of the principals on the ground, the sun again disappeared and the clouds grew heavier than before. At this time there were a goodly number of spectators on hand, and these were kept in good humor watching the work of a few shooters in a couple of 4-bird sweeps, $5 entry. The results of these are here given, ties in the first being divided, and that for second money in the second event being won by Hollis and Timmons on the shoot off:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	Tie.		No. 1.	No. 2.	Tie
F Class	0101—2	....		Timmons	1101—3	0111—3	11111
Hathaway	1110—2	1111—4		Earnest	0001—1	....	
Hollis	1101—3	1011—3	1111	J Class	....	1111—4	
Leonard	0111—3	0111—3	0	Hedden	....	0111—3	0

By the time the above sweeps were concluded the party was ready for lunch and while this was being discussed Mr. Elliott arrived on the scene accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, of the American wood powder fame, Miss Lindsley and Edwin Collins. The number of spectators had by this time reached quite respectable proportions, and among the party were noted the familiar faces of Mrs. T. W. Morfey, Mrs. F. Class, Mrs. John Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Al. Heritage, of Jersey City; "Uncle" John Harrison, of Dover; Boniface E. C. George and Dr. Colfax, of Pompton; Capt. A. C. Money, the genial and ever popular superintendent of the E. C. Powder Co., of Oakland; "Tee Kay" Keller, of Plainfield, full of Climax, .22 short and Rapid talk; "Dutchy" Smith, of Plainfield, the great "International" expert; John Cockefair, of Bloomfield; Benny Abbott, of Passaic, who says the pace at Newburgh was pretty warm, but not hot enough to kill; John Class, of Pine Brook, a brother of Frank, and one who is a good hand at the trap or in the field; John Leonard and Robert Timmins, of Morristown, both cracking good shots and firm believers in Frank Class's ability as a first-class shot; W. H. Green, the expert shooting carpenter from Harrison; Chas. M. Hedden, one of Newark's old-time and still expert trap and field shots; "Little Neaf" Apgar, who looks after the shooting interests of Henry C. Squires, and also superintends their loading department; Chas. Harford, Mr. Morfey's partner in the hotel business, who fancies a good road horse in preference to a gun, but often takes a look at trap shoots; T. C. Wright, of Paterson, who so well sustained himself in the Castle-Pierre dispute at Pine Brook; Mr. Campbell, of Dover, and Harry Wolf, of Paterson, another of those who has an opinion of the Newburgh pace.

Both principals being ready for the fray and all preliminaries being duly arranged, T. W. Morfey, the captain of the Paterson Gun Club, was enlisted as referee, the official scorers being Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing*, Major J. M. Taylor, of the *American Field*, and C. H. Townsend, trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM. Henry Wolf officiated as trap puller.

Mr. Elliott won the toss and at 1:50 P. M. he called "pull" and grassed a fairly good left-quarterer from No. 2 trap, using both barrels. Class followed with a quick first-barrel kill of a right-quarterer from No. 5 trap and the race was thus started off.

The weather at this time was disagreeable, the atmosphere being heavy and the light extremely bad. Fortunately these ground, which have been previously described afford a good background, otherwise the shooting would have been still more difficult. The light kept getting duller and duller as the race progressed, and during the last half was miserable. Before the first quarter was ended a drizzling rain drove the scorers to shelter and caused umbrellas and waterproofs to be put to use. The rain ceased after a few minutes, but half an hour later began again. At the half there was another short cessation, when once more the clouds opened and the last thirty rounds were shot in the rain.

From the start it was seen that both men were in fine fettle and wagers were made that unless the weather made a sudden change 94 would be made or beaten. The birds were a fine looking lot, nearly all being old and well-feathered. The conditions, however, were all against the chances of seeing hard-flying birds, no matter what their inclinations might be.

Mr. Morfey's red Irish setter Eagle did the retreiving, and did it well, not a bird being lost on account of any mistake on his part. He started a laugh, however, when Elliott stepped up to shoot at his fourth bird. The bird did not rise quickly as the trap went over, and before the Kansas City man had a chance to call "no bird," or the bird a chance to rise, Eagle slipped away from his handler and gathered the bird.

The killing went along with monotonous regularity, the first lost bird being Class's seventh, a fast left-quarterer which zig-zagged out of both charges. He also lost his twenty-fifth, a rather easy incomer, under shooting with both barrels. This gave him 23 on the first quarter against a clean score for Elliott.

On the second quarter Class killed straight, while Elliott lost his fortieth, an awfully fast left-quartering zigzagger, and his forty-fifth, a right-quartering incomer, which he should have killed. Score at the half 48 each.

On the third quarter Class again killed straight, Elliott losing his sixty-third, a fast right-quartering towerer. Score: Class 73, Elliott 72.

On the last quarter Class's seventy-eighth bird, another vicious left-quartering twister, wriggled out of both charges, thus leaving the men a tie with 75 kills each out of 78 shot at. The excitement was now intense, and many expected to see the race end with a tie on 97 each, as both men were shooting in almost perfect form. The fates were against the shooters, however, as on the eighty-ninth round Class got a fast and tough driver, which got the full benefit of both loads, but went over the boundary to die. This brought out applause from the Elliott faction and a long chorus of "ohs!" from the Class adherents; but the tune was changed an instant later when Elliott stepped up and lost a not by any means fast left-quartering incomer. Score, 86 each, and 10 birds each to shoot at. These 10 were brought down in fine style. The score stood a tie at 96 kills each, and the spectators cheered themselves hoarse in recognition of the splendid exhibition of nerve given by the two experts.

According to the conditions the tie was at once shot off at 25 birds each. Elliott killed his first, but Class lost another ugly left-quartering driver, which changed direction by the yard. Elliott lost a twisting driver on his eighth round, and the tie was a tie. Ill luck, however, was in Class's wake, and his sixteenth bird, full of shot, fell dead over the boundary. Elliott killed out with a total of 24, winning by one bird one of the best contested matches ever shot in this country, and one which failed to show the slightest difference in the skill of the men. The luck of the birds was slightly in favor of Elliott, but the difference was so slight as not to call for more than passing mention.

The noticeably good shots, those on birds above the average, were as follows: Elliott 12th, 14th (twisting driver), 28th (nice second), 33d (fast driver killed at long range with second), 34th (fast left quarter), 38th, 55th (elegant second), 73d (long and quick second), 83d (ditto). Class, 18th (twisting driver killed with fine second), 23d (good second), 73d (twisting right-quarterer and fast), 91st (fast), 96th (twisting driver and fast, a fine second).

Elliott's 92d bird was a "no bird" being shot on the ground.

Class's 2d shot on ground gave him another bird as did his 39th, and his 4th tie bird. His 66th bird failed to rise and was called "no bird." "Eagle" was released and succeeded in catching the bird after a run. His 11th tie bird was undoubtedly shot on the ground, but was not called by the referee. His 14th tie bird was run down and caught by "Eagle." His 16th tie bird was fast in the trap, and he called it, being allowed another bird which he lost dead out of bounds.

Elliott used his second barrel 56 times. His longest run was 34.

Class used his second barrel 58 times His best run was 52.

Elliott's second was used a number of times when the necessity did not seem to exist.

Class did not use his second with his usual effectiveness, in fact toward the latter part of the match it seemed for some reason or other to get beyond his control.

The times by quarters were 30m., 28m., 32m., 30m. and 28m., the total time for the 250 birds being 2h. 28m. The match was shot under Hurlingham rules, excepting the boundary, which was 50yds.

Below in detail will be found the scores as only FOREST AND STREAM, the greatest sporting journal on earth, can give them. The first line of figures show the trap from which the bird was sprung. The second line shows by means of our copyrighted trap-score type the direction (from the trap) taken by each bird, while the third line shows the barrel which grassed the bird. But your particular attention is called to the second line, which can be found exclusively in FOREST AND STREAM, the g. s. j. on e.

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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               2 1 3 2 2 5 5 1 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 2 5 3 3 2 3 2 2 5 4
               ← H ↖ ↗ ↙ ← ← → ↖ → ↖ ↖ ↙ ⇜ ↗ ≀ ↖ ↓ ↸ ↑ ↙ H ← ↘ ↗
J A R Elliott..2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1—25
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               2 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 • 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1—23—96
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SHOOT-OFF OF TIE AT 25 BIRDS EACH.

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Class..........0 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—23
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Table showing how the race went by strings of 10 shots each:

Elliott	10	20	30	38	48	58	67	77	86	96	105	115	120
Class	9	19	28	38	48	58	68	77	86	96	104	114	119

After the big race, and in the same kind of a drizzling rain that bothered the shooters then, a number of miss-and-out events were shot, $1 entry. Toward the finish the light got dimmer, and Captain Money and T. W. Morfey who won the final event, proved the superiority of their eyesight by killing their birds in almost darkness. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Morfey	10	0	111111122120
Lindsley	2220	.	....
Money	0	1	111211112111
Bluerock	1111	0	0
Wolf	110	1	11220
Money (re-entry)	1121	.	....

C. H. TOWNSEND.

The Virginia Championship Cup.

STAUNTON, Va., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the issue of the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 21, there is a communication from Mr. William Tell Mitchell, of Lynches Station, Va., in which he accuses me of violating the principles of fair play, and denounces my conduct as unsportsmanlike.

With reference to the challenge, he says, he challenged me to shoot for the Virginia Championship Cup.

In reply to Mr. Mitchell, I have to say, First: There were no fixed rules governing the contest for said cup at the time it was donated. The Winchester Gun Club had charge of the first contest. The same club controlled the second and the third contest was shot at Shendun, at the same number of targets, and thrown in the same way as at Winchester. The "change of rules," as Mr. Mitchell seems to regard the alteration of the throwing of the targets, was arranged by the Staunton Gun Club, under whose auspices this shoot was conducted. There had been no fixed rules before, and the Staunton Club decided that 50 singles from known traps was no test of shooting, so the following rule was formulated, and was in force when I met Mr. Mitchell in Charlotte. "Party who challenges to pay all expenses of shoot. Eighteen singles, known traps and angles, 20 singles unknown traps and angles (indicator to be used), and six pairs, total 50 targets."

The Staunton Club may have had no right to formulate rules to govern this, but they certainly made a more sportsmanlike contest by the change. But knowing and appreciating the exceeding smallness of Mr. Mitchell's calibre as a sportsman and a trap shot, I can understand his kick at the change.

Second, Mr. Mitchell claims that I accepted his challenge. This is partly true. I did accept his challenge, but with the ptoviso, that Dr. E. F. Wayman, who had already challenged me to shoot for the cup, would resign in his favor. This Dr. Wayman refused to do.

I notified Mr. Mitchell of Dr. Wayman's refusal, and I have not received a challenge from Mr. Mitchell since the match with Dr. Wayman was shot. Mr. Mitchell wanted the match shot in Richmond, Va., which could only have been done by my consenting to waive the rule, as to place and time being fixed by the holder of the cup.

Since my return from Charlotte, N. C., there has never been a time when my health would permit me to take that trip and shoot a match.

Mr. Mitchell's insinuations in regard to my pleading the "invalid act," is in general keeping with the nature of the man, and the character he bears among the sportsmen who know him.

My health for the past six months has been such that for the greater part of that time I could not attend to my business, and certainly could not go to Richmond to shoot with any one.

Your trap editor could not have known these facts, or his comments would not have been made. However, I feel that my reputation as a shot and sportsman is so firmly established in Virginia, that no slur of Mitchell's can affect me in the slighest, and but for the comments of your trap editor, who I know would not do me an intentional injustice, I would not have given Mr. Mitchell the free advertising he so much desires by making any reply.

This statement from me of the facts in the case, is final, as I do not wish to enter into any further controversy, and Mr. Mitchell's attitude has rendered him so unsportsmanlike as to preclude the possibility of my ever again accepting a challenge from him.

W. F. SUMMERSON.

Big Shoot at Reading.

READING, Pa., Oct. 24.—The bad weather yesterday and his morning was followed at 10 o'clock by sunshine, giving us good out of door sports, especially shooting pigeons.

The shoot was held at the Three Mile House on the grounds of the Reading Shooting Association.

A surprise was in store for most of the shooters, for on the grounds they met J. A. R. Elliott, "Dr. Gano," the famous Kansas City pigeon shooter, who said he had just run over from New York for a little practice prior to his matches with Frank Class. If he shoots the same gait in these matches that he did here Class will know he has been to a shooting match when he gets through with him.

Milt. Lindsley was shooting a new gun, and has not got used to this, being only the second time he has used it.

Jack Shaaber was shooting his Smith ejector gun, and says all you have to do is to hold it right and pull the trigger.

R. Estee, a new shooter from Gettysburg, has only been shooting a short time, but if he keeps on improving at the rate he has done for the last three months, he will make everybody hustle.

Wm. Wolstencroft was handicapped by his load, which was too light for birds, as plainly shown by the fact that most of his birds that were credited as missed fell dead out of bounds. Harry Thurman also lost two dead out of bounds, one just behind the score. Jim Schmeck was just as happy as ever, missed the easiest birds he had and killed some screamers in fine style.

Gussie Kruger ("Blackbird") has just come back to the gun again, having laid it away for about a year, and says he will be on deck again all right in a short time.

Oscar Mellot started with hard luck, losing his first bird dead out of bounds, and then shooting a good race up to the fifteenth, losing four out of his last ten.

Rene Clayton came on the grounds late, but was ready to shoot as soon as he got there. Rene is always ready, but he doesn't like to tramp over the mountains after pheasants, although if any shooter goes to Tamaqua during the season Rene will see to it that he has a good day's hunting, even if he has to stay at home and send that genial, whole-souled, fond-of-shooting-or-fishing Hary Gardner along, and he will give you such a tramp it will make your heart ache.

H. C. W. Matz was disappointed, as quite a lot of men that had promised to go into this shoot failed to appear. Eleven entries when you expect twenty is discouraging; but Matz worked hard all day, and that will account for some of his missed birds, as it was Matz here and Matz there all the time he was shooting.

A preliminary match was shot in the morning, 10 birds per man, $5 entrance, two moneys, as follows:

Lindsley	1120120121— 8	Matz	0101102110— 6
Elliott	2121122111—10	Kruger	1211012111— 9
Schureck	1112211222—10	Erter	0220112122— 8

At 11 o'clock the 25-bird race was started, with Ollie Hinnersbitz as referee and Sheriff Buckwalter as scorer. Each man shot 10 birds when we all went into the hotel, where Mrs. Matz had a fine dinner set out. When all the boys had been filled up and had a smoke we started in again and had a good shoot until dark. After the big match miss-and-out sweeps were shot, the result being given:

Shoot at 25 live birds, $20 entrance:

W Wolstencroft	2122012220••22••2222202•1—17
H Thurman	2211202112121122222••22222—22
O Melot	•222111222222211021 20•0222—20
M Lindsley	0022210102011120022220022—16
Dr Gano	1122122212111122112221112—25
J Schmeck	120221211•110122111•1•212—20
R Ester	121212222220•1222221222222—23
R Clayton	02210•0211112112102210221—19
John Shaaber	2221221202212111112222111—24
H Matz	200•011111112101201202122—18
Blackbird	2020•112110111022111121121—20

Miss and out sweeps:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
H Thurman	0	10	1120	1210
J Shaaber	0	0	12220	....
Clayton	211	111220	221112	210
Lindsley	111	111222	112210	....
Gans	0	111221	211211	....
Harrison	110	0	....	....
Chriskeim	0	....	....	....
Schmeck	111	111211	211111	2121
Estee	111	10	2110	2211
W Wolstencroft	....	....	122112	....

Live birds, $5, miss-and-out:

N Johnston	121211	W M C Jones	110
A H King	112221	J O'H Denny	0
H B Rumbach	121111	E H McWhorter	0
E M Cundall	21110	S McCartney	0
J Huffman	22110		

Ten live birds, $10:

J O'H Denny	0120122122— 8	H B Rumbaugh	0212111212— 8
N Johnston	2211111010— 8	E M Cundall	1112020111— 8
W M C Jones	0112222211— 9	J Huffman	2202201002— 5
A H King	1011111111— 9	E H McWhorter	2111212222—10

Live birds, $3, miss-and-out:

N Johnston	12111112	A H King	211110
E H McWhorter	12122122	W M C Jones	1210
J O'H Denny	22122120	H B Rumbaugh	210
E M Cundall	111110		

Seven live birds, $5, 60 and 40%:

Johnston	0111112—6	Huffman	0022221—5
Denny	1022112—6	Jones	1111101—6
McWhorter	2121211—7	Cundall	1121211—7
King	2222101—6		

Ten live birds, 10, 60 and 40%:

Johnston	1211121112— 9	King	2111111110— 9
Denny	0120101220— 6	Jones	2222112122—10
McWhorter	2210011121— 8		

H. T.

New Jersey Trap Shooters' League.

THE following were the awards of prizes in the team contests of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League for the season of 1893. First prize, $16, to the South Side Gun Club of Newark, N. J., score 555 in the best five of the series. Individual prizes, E. A. Geoffroy for first average in that team; handsome leather gun case donated by the W. Fred Quimby Co., score 116. Second, R. H. Breintnall, a 6¼lbs. keg of wood powder donated by American Wood Powder Co.

Second prize, $12, to the Maplewood Gun Club, score 546. Individual, first, F. V. Van Dyke, leather shell case donated by Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, score 117; second, J. Warren Smith, score 113, a canvas gun cover donated by the same firm.

Third prize, $8, to the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club. Individual, first, Neaf Apgar, hunting coat donated by Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, score 117; second, J. H. Richmond, ¼ keg wood powder donated by the American Wood Powder Co., score 94.

Fourth prize, Endeavor Gun Club of Jersey City, score 497, $4. Individual, first, C. W. McPeck, ¼ keg of wood powder donated by the American Wood Powder Co., score 108; second, Eddie Collins, a canvas hut donated by Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, score 106.

By resolution of governing committee the balance in the treasurer's hands was awarded to the two remaining clubs who had not shared in money prizes, 60 per cent. to Myrtle Park Gun Club, of Irvington, score 470. Individual, first to F. Compton, one-quarter keg wood powder, donated by the American Wood Powder Co., score 112; second, T. Smith, 101 loaded shells, donated by Henry C. Squires, score 100. The remaining 40 per cent. to the Passaic City Gun Club, score 461, together with 200 loaded shells, donated by Mr. Squires. A tie for second place was shot off between the Maplewood and Union Gun clubs and resulted in a victory for the former. Another tie for the gold watch presented to the League by its president still remains to be decided between Messrs. Geoffroy, of the South Sides, and Apgar, of Boiling Springs, each of the gentlemen having ccored 92 4-5 per cent. in the last five contests.

The League will be continued during the coming season with probably increased membership, and secretaries of clubs desirous of joining will expedite matters by sending their names to the League secretary, Mr. W. R. Hobart, 59 Halsey street, Newark, N. J.

No better tournaments took place in the State or vicinity than those of the League, and clubs will find it to their advantage to join. It gives them a standing in the sport and enables their members to form acquaintances pleasant to make and continue. W. R. HOBART.

Cincinnati Trap Shooting.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 28.—The live bird trap-shooting here for the season virtually closed with that given by Mr. Henry Goodman, at the Five Mile House, Reading Road, Avondale, Sunday last. Hundreds of invitations were mailed the surrounding lovers of pigeon shooting, inviting them to take part. Some 300 spectators undertook the drive, and witnessed the local and surrounding experts and aspirants for trap-shooting honors bang away. Arrangements were made by the management to have served a 5 o'clock dinner with the pigeons shot and well they succeeded. Something like 800 birds were sprung; the entrance in each event being optional—in the majority of instances it was so, too. Big sweepstakes are a thing of the past, whether to or for the benefit of that sport.

Ten years ago, Messrs. Barbour and Griffith, Louisville, Ky., controlled the live bird tournament and match shooting of the Western States, and a tournament or match shoot advertised to take place in that city, meant a big attendance and hundreds of simolanus in that twain's coffers. Never in my career have I had thepleasure of recording more pleasant pigeon shooting, and how the interest died out there so awfully sudden is mysterious to me. After this, Paris (Ky.) took a spurt, through Messrs. Nip and Tuck (Nippert and Tucker), merchants at that place, but they too are no more. Then came Lexington, Ky., with that late noted deceased horse breeder Tick Herr and his coterie of friends and Lieut. Martin O'Neil, a genuine Kentucky barbecue entailing a loss, as poor Tick was wont to inform me, of hundreds, that too, with birds at 25 cents each. Dayton (O.) then experimented and succeeded, the result being the model pigeon shot, now of Chicago Mr. Rolla O. Heikes.

Not even barring Mr. John Watson, of Chicago, Ill., I conscientiously believe that the late Al. Bandle was the most successful tournament manager, and especially so in live bird events, the sportsmen trap shooters of the States have ever had dealings with. His $500 or $1,000 guarantee was always good, and his jollity and eagerness of heart sufficient for the biggest of losers to depart if not thoroughly satisfied—contented. Further it looks like his record of 100 straight birds, shot against veteran Capt. A. H. Bogardus, will stand for years to come; true he shot a 10-gauge against the Captains 12, but as the Captain said, "It's wonderful, I thought I had him beat two days before the match, but you've the score." WICK.

Forest vs. Roxborough.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 28.—The Forest Gun Club had a double event on their grounds to-day. The first, which started at 2 o'clock, was not finished until 4, and it gave very little time before dark for the second event, which was a shoot for a double-barreled breechloading gun, 12-gauge. When this match was finished it was so dark that the shooters had to do lots of guessing. The first match was between a team from the Roxborough Gun Club and Forest Club. As the Forest boys only had ten members to shoot and the Roxboroughs had thirteen, Frank Cornman, who is a member of both clubs, was allowed to shoot on both teams, and he did as well for one as the other, breaking 20 each time.

To make up the deficiency, at the suggestion of the FOREST AND STREAM representative the names of the Forest Club were put in a hat and two drawn, these two being allowed to shoot double scores. The choice fell on Morrison and Riotte. Where they shot their second round is marked with an asterisk (*) on the score.

There were quite a lot of spectators on the ground, as these clubs are supposed to be closely matched, but the Forest boys got away with their rivals in good shape with a score of 217 to 204.

The second event resulted in Landis and H. Thurman (shooting for Jackson) tieing on 20 straight. The scores are:

Forest Team.

W Morrison	10111100100111111111111011—19
J Henry	11011011111111011111111000—19
W Wetzel	11100110111111111111111110—21
W A Van Nort	11001110010111111111011000—17
C Riotte	11110101101101010101101101—16
Mills	11111010110111100111001101—18
W McDaniel	11111010101110111100001111—17
D Ezrah	01001101001111111101000101—15
F Robinson	10100010010111001000111100—11
O Rowcroft	11101111100101101110001011—15
F Cornman	11111100101111010111111111—20
*Morrison	01001101111110110111011110—17
*Riotte	11001110011100100000000011—12—217

Roxborough Club.

F Hoaglan	11101111100011111110111010—18
G Blondin	01011111100111011010101010—16
J Cowan	11110101111111111111011111—22
J McFalls	10011111010011011111111011—18
W Van Fosen	11011001111011110101010110—17
G Lancaster	01111011000010001010111010—13
R Gilmore	10101010010100011110010000—12
U Cowan	01010100111100011000110010—11
Dr Pepper	00000101011001100111100011—12
C Gregor	01101100011000100101111010—13
F Cornman	01111011111011111001111111—20
J Taggert	11000101000111001011111111—15
W Free	01000110110111110111110111—16—204

Shoot for gun, 50 cents a chance, miss and out, rapid firing: H. Thurman 18, Taggert (Hoagland) 0, Mills 6, Van Nort 3, David 0, Henry 0, Taggert (Hoagland) 3, H. Thurman 10, Wetzel 4, Peterman 4, McDaniel 5, Willard 5, Landis 1, David 2, Peterman 1, Willard 13, Van Nort 0, Henry 0, David 1, Wetzel 2, H. Thurman 5, Mitchner 0, Jay 0, Rowcroft 2, Peterman 12, Ezrah 1, Morrison 1, Waln 2, Van Fossen 10, Landis 20, Robinson (David) 4, Mills 0, Irvine (Landis) 0, Riotte 4, Morrison 0, Pepper (Hoagland) 0, Rowcroft 0, Free 9, Waln (Thurman) 11, Mills 1, Hoagland 5, Free 2, Henry (Thurman) 1, Jackson 20, Mitchner 0, David 8, Landis 2, Willard 3, Wetzel 5, Peterman 13, Taggert (Hoagland) 3, Henry 4, Rowcroft 4, Landis 16, Van Nort 2, Jackson (H. T.) 5, Hoagland 0, David 4, Watson (Willard) 9, Whitcom (Landis) 3, David 10, Free 4, Mills 2, Willard 4, Rowcroft 0, Landis 7, Strech (Peterman) 7, Henry 2, Willard 10, Rowcroft (David) 15. Landis and Thurman, shooting for Jackson, won on 20.

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Glenmore Rod and Gun Club at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Oct. 25, brought together only eight members. The regular club event calls for seven birds, five unknown traps, club handicap rules. J. Flynn was in good form and succeeded in killing his seven birds, using his second barrel only on his sixth bird. The birds, as a rule, were a fairly good lot and several of the contestants made some good long-range kills. J. J. Edgerton, with his old style 10-bore Greener, shot in good form, in a series of 20 birds losing only three, two of which fell dead out of bounds. Chas. Engelbrecht was another contestant who made a good showing, killing 18 out of his 20 birds. The scores are appended:

S S Edgerton	•111112—6	Chas Engelbrecht	1102122—6
J B Kay	0212011—5	Wm Lair	1122002—5
W Levins	1021212—6	J Flynn	1111121—7
E A Vrooms	1212200—5	W Linnington	1212000—4

Sweeps at 5 birds:

S S Edgerton	11122—5	12111—5	Wm Lair	02211—4	21122—5
C Engelbrecht	12202—4	12111—4	J B Kay	11102—4	10•21—3
Smith	21102—5	11111—5			

Sweep at 3 birds:

S S Edgerton	02•—1	Wm Lair	201—2
C Engelbrecht	112—3	J B Kay	011—2

Monthly Shoot of the Rosevilles.

THE Roseville Gun Club had a small turnout at its monthly shoot held on John Erb's Newark grounds on Oct. 26. The weather was fine for the sport and a big crowd was expected, but for some unexplained reason they failed to materialize. R. H. Breintnall and C. M. Hedden, of the South Side Gun Club, and B. C. Sutton, of Newark, were among the shooters. All the shooting was at bluerock targets, 10 in each event, the scores following:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Breintnall	1011111110—8	1001111011—7	1111111101—9	1111011110—8
Rist	0101011001—5	1110010111—7	1000111000—4	0000111000—3
Huff	1111011111—9	1101001001—5	1000000100—2	1110111000—6
Ganz	0001001001—3	0000010010—2	0011100010—4	0010100011—4
Hedden	1111011111—9	1111111011—9	0110111111—8	1111111011—8
Sutton	1110110001—6	0110100111—6	1100001000—3	0100100110—4
Meeker	.....	.....	.....	1100110111—7
	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Breintnall	1101101011—7	1111001111—8	1111002011—7	1101101111—8
Rist	1110101111—8	0111000110—5	1010111001—6	1011011110—7
Huff	1001101111—7	1111111101—9	1100101110—6	1110100110—6
Ganz	1010100000—3	.....	.....	.....
Hedden	1011111111—9	1110100011—6	0101011101—6	1101111011—8

Herron Hill Gun Club.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 23.—The Herron Hill Gun Club gave an all-day shoot on Oct. 17 on their grounds, Brunot's Island, at five events of bluerocks and the balance of the day at live birds. The scores were as follows:

No. 1, 15 bluerocks, entrance $1, expert system: A. H. King first with 13, Kelsy and W. M. C. Jones second with 12, E. H. McWhorter and McCartney third with 10, Cochran fourth with 9.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks, rapid-firing system, entrance $1: McWhorter first with 10, Kelsy and McCartney second with 9, N. Johnson third with 8, Cochran and A. H. King fourth with 7.

No. 3, 15 bluerocks, expert system, entrance $1.50: Cochran first with 14, King and Kelsy second with 12, McWhorter and Jones third with 10, Huffman and McCartney fourth with 9.

No. 4, 20 bluerocks, rapid-firing system, entrance $2: N. Johnson first with 20, Jones and McCartney second with 19, Cochran third with 18, Kelsy, McWhorter and Born fourth with 17.

No. 5, 15 bluerocks, expert system, entrance $1.50: Johnson, McCartney and Jones first with 13, Cochran second with 12, McWhorter and J. O'H. Denny third with 11, Born and Kelsy fourth with 10.

LOUIS LAUTENSLAGAR, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

B. F. C., Brooklyn.—We cannot recommend you to good gray squirrel shooting within a few miles of New York or Jersey City.

A BEGINNER, Alexandria, Va.—1. Will small rust spots eaten on the inside of gun barrels affect its shooting qualities? 2. What shall I use, as it is for my gun? Ans. 1. No. 2. Try the Winchester Co.'s gun grease.

W. C. J., Duluth, Minn.—To deodorize skunk skins or articles of clothing scented with skunk odor, hold them over a fire of red cedar boughs and sprinkle with chloride of lime. Or, wrap them up with green hemlock boughs for twenty-four hours.

J. H. B., Jackson, Mich.—1. Can solid balls, the size of the barrel, be shot with any accuracy from shotguns? 2. Is any particular gun better than another for this purpose? 3. Is a choke as good as a cylinder bore for this purpose? 4. Which is the best for shooting large buckshot, choke or cylinder-bored guns? 5. Does Greener's book give information on the above-mentioned subjects? Ans. 1. Yes, with fair accuracy up to 50yds. 2. There is little or no preference between standard makes of guns for this purpose. 3. Yes; care must be taken, however, that the ball is no larger than the smallest part of the barrel. 4. Cylinder. 5. Yes.

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Illustrated Supplement.

THIS issue contains an illustrated supplement, a portrait of the Woodland Caribou, by Ernest E. Thompson. The first portrait of this series, the Moose, was published Oct. 14. Others to follow will be of the Coon, Dec. 2, and the White-tailed or Virginia Deer, Jan. 6.

THE WOODLAND CARIBOU.

THE woodland caribou is one of the largest of the deer tribe of North America, being exceeded in size only by the moose and the elk. It is not a graceful creature, like the smaller deer and the elk, nor, on the other hand, is it ugly and grotesque, like the moose; in shape and general carriage—when not alarmed—it is not unlike a young Alderney cow. When in rapid motion, however, trotting swiftly through the forest or across the barrens, with head thrown well back and white flag conspicuous, it is a pleasing object; but when feeding or at ease, its deliberate movements and slouching attitudes remind one of a cow.

Wide differences are found in the accounts given by writers of the habits of this species. By some it is declared to be the shyest and most wary of all the deer tribe, while others speak of it as dull to stupidity, and as standing and staring about while its companions are shot dead around it. In a case which came under our own observation, something like this took place; the hunter having shot three out of four caribou, and then walking toward the remaining animal, which stood looking at him until he had come close to it, when it trotted off twenty or thirty yards, stopped and stood for a few moments, and then disappeared over the ridge. As the various shots were fired at the feeding animals, those untouched raised their heads and looked about as if curious to see whence the noise came, and then resumed their grazing. In this case the animals had not been hunted for eight or nine months. Those writers who have found caribou shy have probably sought for them in a region where they have been much hunted, and have learned that the sound of a gun or the scent of man or a moving object in the woods portends danger.

Measured from east to west the range of the woodland caribou is wide, but it is narrow from north to south. It is found in northern New Hampshire, in Maine and in Canada north to Labrador. Across southern Canada it is found as far west as the great plains. Its western limit in the eastern forest belt is northern Minnesota, for it is said to occur in the Roseau Swamp. Further west, in the Rocky Mountains, it is found again, on the further slope of the range, in western Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Capt. Chas. E. Bendire has told us of skulls that he has seen as far south as Boise City, Idaho, and Judge Greene has written of "queer elk" seen in the mountains not far from Portland, Ore., which were probably caribou. In many parts of the mountains of British Columbia woodland caribou are still abundant, though much less so now than they were a few years ago, when the country was newer.

We do not know of any direct evidence that caribou have ever found in the Adirondack region. Dekay, it is true, mentions this species in his "Mammals of the State of New York," and as evidence of its former presence there refers to a pair of caribou antlers that he had seen, but Merriam has shown that these are elk, not caribou, antlers. Mr. R. L. McGonigle, long a trader on the upper Missouri River in the early days of the West, and an entirely trustworthy person, once described to us a curious elk-like animal which he shot from the deck of a steamboat near old Fort Peck during a trip up the river, and from the description the beast seems to have been a caribou—a long way from home.

North of the range of the woodland caribou, its place is taken by the much smaller barren-ground caribou, the range of which extends north to the Arctic Sea. It is this species which is spoken of as migrating in such great droves, and whose numbers have by some been compared to those of the old time buffalo. The woodland caribou, though they consort together in herds or bands, are never found in such great companies as their more northern cousins, though in Newfoundland their numbers during the migrations are said to be very great.

The caribou is singular among our deer in that the female usually possesses small horns, which are carried much longer than those of the male, though shed and renewed annually. It was formerly supposed that the cow caribou always had these horns, but Mr. Montague Chamberlain, the well-known ornithologist, has presented evidence going to show that in a limited district in the southeastern portion of its range, the cow caribou is sometimes hornless. This is a curious and interesting fact, and further observation of caribou in Maine and New Brunswick is needed to determine the percentage of hornless females.

The color of the caribou ranges from wood brown in early summer to nearly white in winter, when the darker tips of the hair have been worn off. The mane about the neck is nearly white at all seasons, and the legs are always much darker than the body color. The calf is mottled on the sides for the first months of its life, and we have killed full-grown animals which showed traces of this mottling, which presumably points back to a spotted ancestor.

Extended and interesting accounts of the woodland caribou are to be found in most works on natural history, and those given by Captain Hardy in his "Forest Life in Acadie," and by Judge Caton in his "Antelope and Deer of America," are especially worth reading.

"PISECO" AT PORT ROYAL.

FEW older readers will fail to recall the stories of adventure in distant quarters of the globe, written by Capt. L. A. Beardslee, of the Navy, over the familiar pen-name, "Piseco." Of recent years Capt. Beardslee has been stationed in home waters. For a term, in near and friendly neighborhood of the FOREST AND STREAM, he was in command of the receiving ship Vermont, that giant house-boat moored at the docks of the Brooklyn Navy Yard; and thence he went to Port Royal, S. C., as commandant of the Naval Station at that point. From Port Royal "Piseco" has contributed occasional letters dwelling upon the charms of the old town of Beaufort, with its rose gardens and live oaks, its delicious climate, its shooting, its fishing, and other attractions, which pictured by his pen appeared to outsiders to lend an idyllic character to existence there.

But it is a truth old as story, and sung by the poets, that while others may journey round the world in quest of adventure and find it but tamely, there may come to you in your own home opportunity of worthy undertakings and noble deeds; and the seafarer in a home port may hear the call for the exercise of qualities as heroic as ever those which have carried him through hurricane and typhoon. Such an emergency confronted "Piseco" in that fateful August night when cyclone and tidal wave swept the Sea Islands of the Atlantic Coast. Paris Island, on which the Government buildings are situated, was submerged throughout its whole extent to a depth of from three to eight feet; more than one hundred houses were swept away, the crops were destroyed, the wells were polluted, and many of the dwellers on the island were drowned, while hundreds of the survivors were left without food or shelter. Amid this wreck and desolation Captain Beardslee, by virtue of his position in command of the Government station, was the natural leader to whom these afflicted people turned for succor, relief and guidance. That he was equal to the emergency we may well know, that he met it with courage and resolution and readiness of resource we may be assured. There lies before us General Order No. 419 of the Navy Department, relating to the storm at Port Royal, and we print it here in the full text, not alone for its recognition of the services of Captain Beardslee himself, but as well for the record it makes of the men of the command of humble station, who by their daring and their doing—and as for Dr. Hazel, by his death—demonstrated once again another truth, which is as old a story and is sung by the poets, that when some supreme crisis calls for heroism the heroism will be found. Here, then, is the order:

GENERAL ORDER No. 419. | NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Sept. 23, 1893.

The cyclone which recently swept over the southern Atlantic seaboard, carrying devastation and ruin in its path, visited the U. S naval station at Port Royal, South Carolina, on the 27th and 28th of August last, with unusual severity, destroying life and doing great damage to property, both within the precincts of the station and in the surrounding country, and leaving without food or shelter numbers of families of enlisted men of the Navy, and employees in the servide of the Government and others.

In view of the fury and duration of the storm, with the attendant loss of life and property, and the courage and fortitude displayed by those who were unfortunately exposed to its violence, it is deemed proper that a public acknowledgment be made of the important service rendered by officers and enlisted men of the Navy, and employees of the naval station at Port Royal, on that occasion.

But for the prompt measures adopted by Captain L. A. Beardslee, U. S. Navy, commandant of that station, to meet the dangers of the emergency when the island, on which the naval station is situated, was inundated by the sea in the midst of the storm, and the invaluable assistance, so cheerfully rendered by the ladies of the families of the two officers residing on the island, in providing shelter, food and clothing, for the homeless and destitute, and in caring for and alleviating the sufferings of the sick and injured of this demoralized community, the misery following in the track of the hurricane would have been even more widespread than it was.

It appears from a report concerning this storm, made to the Department by Captain Beardslee, that a most deplorable consequence of its fury was the death by drowning of Dr. W. G. Hazel, apothecary an old and faithful servant of the Government, whose death in a gallant attempt to save others, exemplifies his character, as shown during his long and useful career.

Israel Elliot, commandant's steward, and John Broadanax, commandant's cook, during the height of the hurricane, waded up to their necks, in the fierce sea which swept the island, to a falling house, and with a lighter which they, with others, had secured, rescued from drowning about twenty women and children, and landed them in a place of safety. Middleton Grayson, coxswain; Jerry Green, landsman; Laurence Green, landsman, and Peter Brown, first-class fireman, stayed by the steam launches in which they were stationed, endeavoring to save them, until they narrowly escaped going down in them.

The conduct of the Marine Guard, in charge of First Sergeant Michael Gallager, was most praiseworthy. When the island was inundated, the marines waded to and fro through the flood, which was driven by the wind into seas so dangerous that many people were overthrown and drowned by them, doing their utmost to preserve life and property.

The same report of the calamity shows that valuable assistance was rendered on this occasion by Civil Engineer George Mackay, Surgeon H. C. Babin, Messrs. G. B. Stratton, Juan Jiminez, J. Hardin Jones, Emil Diebitch, J. H. Disher, machinist, and L. L. Bennett, landsman, and that they, with the force of enlisted men at the station and the Government employees, without exception, behaved admirably, and were untiring in their efforts to render assistance to those in danger and to rescue property from destruction, in many cases at great personal risk.

Where devotion to duty is so general, and the response to the appeals of the unfortunate victims of disaster so prompt and efficient, it is difficult to select any individual for especial commendation, but to all those whose names are mentioned in this general order the thanks of the Department are hereby tendered

H. A. HERBERT, Secretary of the Navy.

We make this record, knowing that his FOREST AND STREAM friends will be grateful for intelligence of "Piseco" and of his part in the rescues of the Sea Island flood. But our principal object is to second an appeal which Capt. Beardslee makes for aid in carrying on the work which has fallen to him. "I am looking out," he writes, "for the feeding and clothing of nearly 400 people. Miss Barton, of the Red Cross Society, having asked me to continue as her almoner, checks to my order will be used with discretion. I know all the people of the island and just what each family most needs. I got Gov. Tillman to give me an order to have fifty fishing boats built for distribution; and over one-half are afloat and earning money. Clothing is needed; thick underwear, old shooting and fishing garments, old everyday clothes, etc., are what are wanted. I am doing what I can to reduce the misery; and it has struck me that an appeal through your columns to the friends of 'Piseco' might result in help to us. Will not FOREST AND STREAM readers lenk us a hand?"

Capt. Beardslee's address is Capt. L. A. Beardslee, Commandant Naval Station, Port Royal, S. C.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XIV.

A Morning of Song.

THE low, dark, gray sky that had seemed to threaten a bodily smothering descent upon the earth, now began to scatter down a thickening shower of flakes, which the rising wind drove far aslant, dappling with flecks of down, then padding with white cushions the windward sides of trees, fences and buildings.

A great flock of snow buntings reveling in the storm, swept along in the driven slant, like an accession of bulkier flakes and settled in a long drift among the bent weeds, as heedless of the storm as its own wind-tossed flakes.

The further hills were quite hidden by the nearer woods, and isolated trees and dwellings were vaguely revealed through the drifting veil and the snow, beating with a soft patter against the shop window, blurred it to deeper dullness with clinging flakes and the slow trickle of their melting.

No one but a shoemaker could work, and the rest of the world could only go a-visiting. Uncle Lisha futilely wiped the inside of his dull pane and stared forth, but there was revealed to him only the distorted image of a woodpecker clinging to the leeward side of the nearest tree. Sam came in to smoke a second pipe, as did his father, in violation of his ordinary custom of sitting with women folks, whose unaggressiveness was a pleasing revelation after the experience of his later years.

But Uncle Lisha was not disappointed in his expectations, the stamping of feet on the doorstep announced visitors, and Solon, Joseph, Pelatiah, Antoine and his father drifted in, in a snow-laden file, as if they had come down with the storm and were a noisier adjunct of it; and each scattered from him his burden of snow in a circle of melting moisture.

"Dis was ma fader, Onc' Lasha Pegg," said Antoine, leading his desiccated parent to the shoe bench, "he 'll gat great many hol', Onc' Lasha, he 'll gat some hol'. Ah 'll mek you intro-duce."

Uncle Lisha stared almost savagely at the old man, who bowed profusely and said: "Comme est ça va, M'sieu Pegg?"

"Hear the ol' critter callin' me a shoe peg," Uncle Lisha growled in an undertone, and roared in a voice so startling that the old Canadian recoiled before it:

"Commadgy vaw. Good airth an' seas. If it's talkin' French yer arter, I'm jest the man. Polly voo Francy, Sacree. Mushdaw. There. He's a sassy critter, a-callin' on me a shoe peg in my own shop."

"O, no-no-no, bien no, Onc' Lasha," Antoine protested. "He 'll ant call you not'ing honly M'sieu Pegg; dat was Muster Pegg, dat was all."

"O, I wanter know," Uncle Lish ejeculated in some confusion. "Wal, that comes o' speakin' in unknown tongues. I c'n talk French consid'able but I can't onderstan' it noways clear when other folks talks it. Seddaown by the stove, Ann Twine's father, an' make yourself tu hum."

The old Canadian stared at his host in bewilderment till Uncle Lisha repeated the invitation in what he considered more intelligible phrase, and with a roar that he was sure must make it understood:

"Sittey daown, smokey you peep," which being accompanied by a wave of the hand and a pantomimic sucking of the thumb, and interpreted by Antoine, induced the old man to take a seat behind the stove and fill his black pipe with rank, home-grown tobacco.

"An' now what's the news," Uncle Lisha demanded, as he laid a tap on the sole of a boot, fastened it with three pegs and trimmed the edge with his knife. "The' must be some, the hul caboodle on ye turnin' aout in sech a snowstorm."

"Wal," said Solon, not to be forestalled but with seemly hesitation, "the' is what you might call eenamost discredible news."

Uncle Lisha held his hammer suspended while he cast an inquiring glance at Solon.

"The's a feller," Solon continued, "hes come up to the village an' instigated hisself as a marchant in the Billins's saddler shop, an' he's jest cuttin' in on Clapham like all smutteration, an' is jest a gittin' his hul onmitigated trade."

"You don't say," said Uncle Lisha, driving home a peg and fumbling abstractedly for another, "An' who is the critter?"

"Feller f'm V'gennes, name o' Bascom, an' he's jest a givin' away goods."

"Humph. Won't git turrible rich at that, I don't cal'late. Just a baitin' folks. Wal, wal, tew stores tu the village, an' I remember when the' wa'nt none."

"Ah 'll tol' you, Onc' Lasha, it was be jes sem one man Canada, come to St. Ursule settlin' up store an' sol' so cheap, evree body crazy for bought it, an' dat man, he 'll borry, borry fave, ten, feefty, honded dollar evreebody, den fust dey 'll know, whoop, he 'll bus' up an' gone where somebody ant known."

"I'd know, but mebby he haint sellin' not tu say cheaper 'n Clapham, for they du say his paounds is almighty light an' his yards pleggid short, but I d' know," remarked Joseph.

"He 's a sellin' boots a half dollar cheaper 'n what Clapham is," Pelatiah ventured to offer.

"Boots," Uncle Lisha growled in deep-toned contempt, "if he gin 'em away folks 'ould get cheated. Boots! 'Tannin' begretched an' makin' bewitched!' Les' hear suthin' interestin'. Someb'y tell a story er sing a song. Ann Twine can't yer father give us a French song?"

"Dat was de honly kan he 'll gat. He 'll ant learn for sung Angleesh lak Ah 'll was."

"It's hopesin he won't," said Sam.

"Tune him up, Ann Twine," cried Uncle Lisha, and Antoine with a few words in French, persuaded his father to sing in a nasally sonorous voice and with a feeling that was better understood than the words:

"A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."*

Then without much persuasion, the old man sang "Roulant ma Boule."

"Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule."

"I like that aire abaout rollin' the bull almighty well," Uncle Lisha commented when the songs were ended, "but that aire Jimmy Jenny trouble you, I can't make much on."

"Dat ant what it said, Onc' Lasha. It was 'Jamais je ne t'oublierai,' sem he 'll said, 'Ah 'll ant never goin' fregit.' But Ah 'll goin' sing you so you on'stan," and he struck up more tunefully than intelligibly, "The girl I left behind me."

"De bee growl an' weesh for save hees store,
De dove he shall turn over
An' fall in the water, mek it roar,
If Ah 'll fregit for love her.
If ev'ree chance Ah 'll gat dat way,
An' she ant gat for sign me,
Ah 'll reckon up mah min' for stay,
To de gal Ah love behine me."

"Lord o' massy, yes, if a feller only knows the song he c'n onderstan' it jest as easy as rollin' off a lawg. Now then, Solon, give us 'Brave Wolf.'"

The swelling drone of Huldah's spinning wheel had ceased, and the shop door was softly set ajar that the occupants of the kitchen might share the musical treat.

"That aire French singin' is turrible satisfyin'," Aunt Jerusha whispered, as she sat with her ear bent to the crack of the door and a pinch of snuff half way to her nose, "considerin' you can't make aout a word on't."

Then Solon, after much preparatory clearing of his throat, struck up his doleful song in a high pitched voice.

"Cheer up your hearts, young men,
Le-at noth-ing fright yeou,
Be o-of a galliant mind,
Le-at that delight yeou."

When the hero of Quebec at last "died with pleasure" in the arms of his "Eddy Konk," Joseph Hill lifted up his voice in commemoration of another humbler and fairer victim of the great destroyer:

"It was all by the banks of a beauchiful river,
As I walked aout in the sweet month of June,
A pretty fair maid I chanced to diskiver,
As carmly she strayed by the light of the moon.
Nya—sing derry down derry,
Nya—derry daown day."

"An' neow it's come your turn, Samwil." And Sam, after such persuasion as a bashful singer needs, sang of his beloved woods:

"When the airth is kivered white
An' the trees is naked gray,
O, then 'tis my delight
Tu the woods tu take my way,
Tu hear my haoun' a-hootin', an' a-tootin',
An' hear my gun a-shootin'
When the fox goes streakin' by.

When the greenin' spring has come
Tu fetch the fun o' fishin',
Though I du enj'y it some,
Fer fall I keep a wishin',
Tu hear my haoun' a-hootin', etc.

But the yaller days o' summer
Is the season wust tu bear,
A lunsome spell o' waitin'
Fer the jolly time o' year,
That sets my haoun' a-hootin', etc.

O, it's bright in the mornin' airly,
Of a gay October day,
That I delight most dearly
To the woods to take my way,
Tu hear my haoun' a-hootin', etc.

Ev'ry tree's a painted picter,
An' the grass is green as June,
If the' haint no birds a-singin'
I shall hear a sweeter tune,
When I hear my haoun' a-hootin', an' a-tootin',
An' hear my gun a-shootin'
When the fox goes rustlin' by."

"Short an' sweet, like a spoo'f'l o' 'lasses, an' good 'nough tu hev more on't." Then Uncle Lisha burst forth in a stormy song of the sea of "Two lofty ships that from old England sailed," and went cruising round on the coast of "Barboree" in quest of pirates. The stove-pipe rang with a responsive vibration as he roared:

"'Lay aloft,' cried aour cap'n, 'lay aloft,' shouted he,
'Look ahead, look astarn, look a-weather, look a-lee,
Cruisin' raoun' on the coast of Barboree,'"

and every one was glad when at length the "Jolly Pii-ruts" were sunk in the bottom of the sea.

"Lisher c'n sing jest as pooty as ever he could," whispered Aunt Jerusha, admiringly.

"An' neow, Peltier, you come in like what the shoemaker hove at his wife, but you've got tu be heard from, just the same. Tune up suthin' lively, neow."

Pelatiah lingered diffidently on the verge of song, feeling his way here and there with an unsatisfactory pitch till at last he launched forth with the recital of experiences somewhat similar to his own:

"'Tis of a poor young man,
Distraghted quite by love,
His storee I'll relate,
Your tears all for to move,
Conven-iunt a damsel lived,
No rose it could compare
A-with the damask of her cheek,
The color of her hair."

So Pelatiah continued his doleful strain till the heart-broken hero went to sea to drown himself and his sorrow.

"That aire's a turrible lunsome kinder song, Peltier, an' I'm glad the' haint no more on 't. Good airth an' seas, the' haint no sense in a feller given' up that way."

"No," said Sam, "he'd a tarnal sight better go aout an' kill a wolf, er a fox, er suthin'."

"I swan, Timerthy has sneaked off wi'out singin'," said Uncle Lisha.

"Onc' Lasha, Ah 'll wan' gat you medjy ma fader his foot of it for mek it some boot. He 'll gat hees botte sauvage all waar hoff so hees foots mek wet all de tam."

"All right, fetch him over here," Uncle Lisha shouted, picking up a splinter of pine and splitting it to the desired size. "Gittin' on him ready tu go tu Colchester P'nt? Wal, I'd keep him here a spell yit. Folks never come back f'm the P'nt no more 'n they du f'm any other hereafter. Why, they du say 'at you c'n hear th' bones an' skins a-rattlin' 'fore you get within a mile o' the P'nt, an' sech a pollyvooin'!"

"O, Onc' Lasha, what you talk so? Frenchmans dead when he gat ready, some tam 'fore, jes sem somebody. Den le Bon Dieu call it an' he flew up an' le Bon Dieu put it in veree high roos'."

"Shets it in a coop, more like, Ann Twine. But trot aout yer father over here. Pull off yer boot, Ann Twine's father. Pulley hoff you butt." Uncle Lisha was not surprised that his meaning was comprehended by his customer, who cried, "Oui, oui," very rapidly, and at once grappled with his right boot and presently disclosed a very dirty stocking.

"Naow set your heel agin the side of the haouse. Settey up you heely. No fersten? He's so ol' he's forgot his own langwidge."

With Antoine's help, the old man was backed up to the wall with his heel against the mop-board and Uncle Lisha stooped over his foot with a sharp-pointed jack-knife poised threatingly above his toes which were instinctively curved.

"Quit a-wigglin', yer dumbd ol' toes. I haint a goin' tu jab 'em. No wiggly paw de toe. There, I thought I could make you ondestan'," and he succeeded in driving his knife in the floor at the end of old Justine's big toe. He transferred the measurement to the pine stick and marked it by a notch as he did several circumferences obtained with a string, and pronounced the preliminary labor accomplished, and the old Canadian drew on his boot with an air of great relief.

The clatter of dinner-getting was a signal for the departure of the visitors, who went forth to find the storm spent and the landscape smothered to silence in universal whiteness, and to make their way homeward by unmarked highways and by-paths.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

* "Down to the crystal streamlet
I strayed at close of day,
Into its limpid waters
I plunged without delay.
I've loved thee long and dearly,
I'll love thee, Sweet, for aye."
—From "Songs of Old Canada," translated by William McLennan.

THE SAGINAW CROWD.

Pilgrimage of 1892.—V.

(*Concluded from page 330.*)

THE morning was not promising for a fair day. The dark clouds indicated that the ride would by no means be a pleasant one. As the day progressed the storm did not increase, but the air was heavy with smoke from some distant prairie fire, that at times seemed to be quite near us. Breaking camp did not take long. About the meanest thing to pack are the kerosene lamps. We usually take one or two tin reflector lamps along to hang up on the tent pole. It makes camping more cheerful, and they are easily transported. At the same time the chimneys had to be packed and unpacked every night, and the oil emptied back into the can after we had done using them. Seib had seemed anxious to have some particular task allotted to him, and it was suggested that he be appointed cleaner and trimmer of lamps. This arrangement was made early on the start out, but he soon fell into his bad old ways of imagining he saw game on the neighboring hillsides about the time that lamps were due. He did take care of them one morning, and that was the end of it; so we excused him, and the not pleasant task fell into the hands of whoever happened to think of it.

We made an early start, and the morning passed uneventfully. A few antelope were seen, an occasional wolf, and a shot or two taken at a grouse that happened to be near the road. There are not many birds to be found away from the river and the ranch houses. We arrived at the H. A. ranch in good condition and early in the day. The horses were given a feed, and, with the kind assistance of the Texas-despising cook, Harrison set out his usual bill of fare. We left a quarter of one of the deer with the cowboys, took some more snap shots with the kodak, and were soon on our way again. Here we left the Kid, where he was to put in a long, cold winter line-riding. The more soberly inclined took him one side and gave him lots of advice. Boys of this kind are apt to sow wild oats with a very prodigal hand wherever they come to the settlements, and the Kid had boasted of several exploits that were not to his credit, but when his home in far-off Iowa was called to his mind, and a picture of his mother and the family fireside drawn in tender colors by the Doctor, we know there was a good deal of good in him yet, and that his heart was in the right place, for it brought the glistening drops into his eyes. It is not to be wondered at that these youngsters, away from all restrictions, and having only the rough amusement that they can get from occasional visits to the village bar-room, get to be, to draw it mildly, pretty tough.

We were all feeling well, the horses were in good condition, and we sped along the road toward civilization at a merry gait. Our destination that afternoon was Indian Springs, our first camping ground on the way out. It was a good long drive, but we had the entire afternoon to make it in, as we had gotten such an early start in the morning. The little wolf Briggs was contrary, not disagreeably so of coure, but still it had cropped out at odd times for the past week. Whether it is a habit he has contracted from living an unmarried life of forty odd summers and one or two more winters I don't pretend to say; but the fact exists beyond controversy that that morning he had developed a full supply of disagreement. He objected to Jack's shaving before we broke camp—said there was no use in using up our limited supply of soap in useless and wasteful ways. Now, Jack's whiskers are no disfigurement to his little "prunes and prisms" mouth, but the boys did not resent this and thought there was slight ground for Briggs's objection, knowing that this was all that Jack had used of the soap to date. But when we lunched and all partook of the raw onions with

our bread and bologna he registered his disapproval in such marked language that there were smothered murmurs of revolt. Onions are to Briggs as the red rag is to the warlike bull.

The buckboard rattled along ahead, and our driver was busily engaged watching the movements of the roan's tail to see that no skip in the usual proceeding was made as said tail took its periodical flirt. Far down the valley to our right, a full grown wolf started from a clump of weeds, and trotted away over the plain. Briggs wears colored glasses when out in the sun. He is not far-sighted, and I know he had not seen the wolf; and was equally certain that it was so far away he could not see it if I pointed it out. Very naturally, I called attention to it about as follows: "Boys, look at that big wolf down there;" and instantly, "it's not a big wolf, it's a little wolf" came from Briggs. The Judge saw it in the distance, and turned and looked at the occupant of the rear seat for an instant in astonishment, and then opened on our cranky friend. "You ornery contrary cuss. You have done nothing but dispute the words of gentlemen all morning; and if you don't own up instantly that you haven't even been able to see the wolf, much less tell whether it's big or little, we'll stop right here, and wait for the provision wagon to come up, and put you in it with Harrison." It was so ridiculous that we both laughed till we ached. The poor victim saw he had slippery ground to stand on, but would not recede from the assertion that it was a little wolf. "How do you know it's a big wolf?" he argued. "It is a little wolf, I say." I think he saw himself "as in a looking-glass," and was quite decent for the rest of the time; but, whenever one of his spells seemed to be coming on, some one would say, "Well, it was a little wolf, anyhow," and Briggs would subside. At home the story was told to some of his near and appreciative friends, so that he goes by the name of Little Wolf, especially to the pedro players at the club.

We arrived at Indian Springs just before dusk, found the ranch house at the bottom of the hill still deserted, and made camp again in the old place. Some of the boys went down into the little marshy spot around the spring hole to shoot Wilson snipe. Two or three of the others wandered off over the hills after grouse, returning with two or three. No snow yet, but a very windy night, and occasional gusts of rain.

Wednesday, Oct. 12, we broke camp at seven in the morning and were off on the home stretch. We know that the train going east arrives at Dickinson about 2 o'clock and have plenty of time to make it unless something unforeseen happens. We, in the buckboard, take the lead, and arrive at the station about 12 o'clock, the others stringing in at intervals of half an hour later. We find that the train is two hours late, so we have time to shave and clean up generally. The Judge is much disappointed that he does not find half a dozen letters from his wife, and immediately keeps the wires hot telegraphing to find out whether his better half still thinks of him, and whether the children are well. Not getting an answer before leaving Dickinson, he determines to keep on the train and go home, for he is certain that all sorts of things have happened. He receives a good deal of sympathy from the old bachelors in the party. Is in excellent spirits again when, on arriving at Flint, Bob comes aboard and hands him half a dozen letters that tell him that everything is lovely at home.

Before leaving Dickinson, Paddock comes in the car, dressed in his Sunday clothes and cleanly shaved, so that we could hardly recognize him. He, as well as the rest of us, has had a good time; and he allows that we are not the tenderfeet he feared we were at the outset. He said that usually, when he took a party from the East on a trip of this kind, he had to put up the tents, attend to the horses, etc.; and that ours was the easiest crowd to get along with that he had ever piloted. He wanted us to promise we would come again. I sincerely hope we may. May his shadow never grow less; for in all my experience I never fell in with a man that improved more on acquaintance, or was "all wool and a yard wide" to any greater extent than our good friend Paddock.

We pulled into Flint at 8:52 Wednesday night, only twenty minutes late. As Bob's smiling face is seen at the door the musician that grinds the herophone puts in his best licks, Jack's mouth organ, with an empty tumbler for a sounding board, strikes up a lively gait, and the rest of the party go through an Indian war dance. Bob reported having missed us wonderfully; at the same time he had been driving around the country very thoroughly with Lee, and had had some shooting; but said it was no fun without the boys. He had killed about 100 ducks and geese and grouse since we had gone, and reported lots of ducks and grouse, but very few geese. We stayed up quite late that night and swapped stories and made plans for the morrow.

I shall not go into details of our hunting at Flint; it is a repetition almost of many of those of previous years, only that we did not find as many geese as usual, but plenty of ducks, snipe and grouse. Whether it was not cold enough to bring the geese southward we could not say, but my opinion is that there was so much water all through North Dakota that they did not congregate in the lakes around Flint as much as in previous years; and, there being lots of grain to be had in any direction, they were feeding undisturbed in the northern part of the State.

Thursday morning we were up fairly early, but did not leave the car till about 9 o'clock. We were getting lazy in our old age, and while before this we had attempted to take a morning shoot, and also one in the evening, we are now satisfied to take it easy, and only take in the evening flight. Bob, the Doctor and Ferd went north to Scott's, about eighteen miles, and thought they had picked out a good location. A heavy thunder shower came on, which interfered with their sport somewhat, but they came back with fourteen geese, seven grouse and four jack rabbits. Briggs, the Judge and myself started south for the sand hills after grouse, but it was so stormy that we gave it up as a bad job, and returned to Lake Isabel, meeting the rest of the party, bringing in that night sixty-three ducks.

Friday, all went north, looking for a good location for geese. Six stayed on John Goodman's place, but the birds came in high and shooting was poor. At the same time we got twenty-five geese, nine ducks, five cranes and two grouse. The other three located at some distance from the balance of the party; but the geese would not decoy, and they only got three or four.

Saturday we put in hunting grouse and ducks. Two of the boys went off for geese, but had poor luck. The following four days were put in in about the same manner.

The Judge was not feeling well. He had gone on a long drive without taking his overcoat; and, becoming heated from tramping, got thoroughly chilled through on the drive homeward, and came near having an attack of pneumonia. The Doctor took good care of him; and I can yet see Judge's attempt to smile as he thanked the Doctor for saving his life.

One afternoon Bigelow and myself, after being skunked on a little trip we had taken to the north, and loafing around the car until 3 o'clock, concluded we would drive down to some little lakes three miles away, and see if we could not get some duck shooting. As we started out the wind was blowing quite strong from the west, and it increased as the afternoon went on till it was a stiff gale. We selected a point on the little sand bar between two of the small lakes, one taking each side, and, lying down on our backs, we would rise to a sitting position as the ducks passed over and give it to them. The widgeon were passing in countless numbers. They would go down the wind like bullets, and it was as much as we could do to kill them. It was great fun, even though we missed so many, for when we did tumble one over he fell with a thud and a bound on the bare sand bar, and was easily retrieved. The little 16-gauge and the smokeless powder soon began to get in their deadly work. Bigelow, with his big gun, had been beating me for some time, but when we counted birds at dusk he had 22 and I had 21. He gave it up then as being too dark to shoot, but I am a regular night hawk, and had great fun knocking down four or five more that he could not even see as they passed over. I would shoot; a streak of fire, and a thump near by would be the result. Bigelow did the retrieving in excellent shape. We felt quite jolly over our little impromptu shoot. Many times, when not much is expected, it turns out in this way, and is all the more enjoyable in consequence.

THE WAY JACK CARRIED DEER.

THE BOLD BAD BANDIT.

The cold nights had enabled us to keep our game in splendid condition and we had given away to those that wanted it. The conductors and trainmen on the passing trains had begun to regularly stop off for their daily supply of ducks and geese, and we were glad to give them whatever they wanted. The people at Flint did not esteem it much of a luxury, yet at the same time many of them were glad of a nice bunch of ducks. The appetite we brought with us from the Bad Lands also prevented needless waste. I developed about as good holding room as Bigelow. I remember well one night when we came in, Harrison had cooked two geese and roasted a duck for each one. After the second goose had been brought in, and I had carved every morsel from it, a duck was passed to each hungry hunter; and hungry they must have been, for it is an actual fact that three-quarters of the plates contained nothing but bare bones when we had finished. How good the cigars tasted! Bigelow had a box for state occasions, great big La Rosa de Santiagos, and on this night they were passed around. They were ordinarily strong enough to knock over an ox. The amount of tobacco one can use on a hunting trip is enormous; in fact, I believe we all smoked too much. No matter how many cigars you take with you you always run out before coming home, and then resort to the corn-cob pipe and the country tobacco, if you do not happen to have taken some with you. After two or three days' smoking a man who is not used to the pipe finds the inside of his mouth feeling like the rind of an orange.

The Saginaw Crowd are the best fellows in the world to be off on a carousal of this kind—they never kick. No matter what Harrison has to eat, it is always voted the best meal we have ever eaten. Briggs does object, as I stated before, to the onions, but he is not as bad as he used to be. May be the reason is that we have fewer onions. Another thing from the kitchen that never went begging was Harrison's good pancakes in the morning. How he could bake them as fast and get up the quantity of them he did on that little kitchen range was always a conundrum; but plateful after plateful of the golden brown cakes, steaming hot, came through the swinging door and disappeared morning after morning.

Finally the time comes for home. Some of us begin to think of wife and babies, friends at home, and not least, though it does come last, the duties of business. I suppose if we could hunt and shoot as much as we want to do it would not taste half as good. Thursday night the game is all packed, that is, what we want to use on the way home and take to our friends. We are in St. Paul the following noon, and in Chicago at 7:40 the next morning. Through some blunder our car does not get properly transferred from the Wisconsin Central to the C. & G. T. It happens to be opening day at the World's Fair, and we excuse the blunder on the ground that they have a great deal to do of an unusual nature. Some of us have tickets of admission to the opening, and the party divides up to see the sights. Bob and Seib leave us here, the latter to remain in Chicago a few days, Bob going directly home. Bigelow remains to come with the car on a later train; the rest of us take the regular train for home.

On Sunday morning, Oct. 22, the car arrives, Bigelow having come through all by himself, and living like a lord. Our truck is unpacked, and turned over to the man to be cleaned. The ammunition, what there is left of it, is carefully put away in the office for another year; and the trip of the Saginaw Crowd for 1892 is at an end.

W. B. MERSHON.

Postcript.—Jack was anxious to make a good impression as a thoroughly hardened Western hunter, and said it would be necessary for him to have something to show the family at home; for they might think he had not killed a deer or undergone the hardships and fatigue of camp life; so, rigged up in not only his own regalia, but what he could borrow from Paddock and Henry, he mounted his horse, and asked to have the deer thrown on the saddle with him. The head and skin of the small doe, the second he had shot, were handy by; so it was thrown across his lap (as the picture will show), in a very natural position, that is, it looked as if he had the deer with him on the horse; but it was also not a very natural position for a man with a lame knee to carry a deer. It did not occur to him that he probably could not pack the animal into camp, holding it on his lap. This fact, though, we did not point out to him, the kodak was taken; and Jack was proud of the picture.

Then came Bigelow's turn. He wanted to see what he looked like; and the contrast between this, and his usual appearance when going down Fifth avenue on a Sunday morning or stepping into Delmonico's after theater, is so startling that we immediately christen it "The bold, bad bandit." He had borrowed the Kid's shape, Henry's belt and .44 revolver; and, putting on his pleasant smile, added to our list of illustrations.

I had this picture enlarged and framed, and expressed to his wife; and, while she was very much pleased with it, I am inclined to think it is one of the reasons that prevent his going to the Bad Lands with us this year. He was afraid the example would be bad for his children.

W. B. M.

Hard Times and the Game.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Oct. 30.—I take advantage of your invitation to send a few notes from the game fields of the Alleghanies. The squirrel crop with us was an utter failure. Indeed, I do not suppose there have been a dozen big squirrels killed by our hunters this fall. I can't account for this as the crop of nuts is here to sustain them, and our woods have always been the natural home of the black and the gray squirrel.

Grouse are fairly plenty notwithstanding the long, cold winter of 1892-3, and the birds are large and in good condition.

I spent two days in the Green Woods some days ago, looking for deer and deer signs with a view to pitching our tent next month. I saw but one deer and but few signs, though I walked over some of the best territory I know of. I found more hunters and hounds than I have ever seen so early in the season. All the old camps seem to be full of hunters and many new ones are being built. The hard times that have struck us have thrown many men out of employment, and many of these have taken to the woods with their guns and traps to hunt and trap for a living. Indeed, several men whom I met in the mountains told me they were there for the season and for the money there is in it. This is a sad comment on the statesmanship of the times, and will eventually prove hard on the game supply.

After looking the ground over carefully I concluded to give the Green Woods a wide birth this fall, and our party will again occupy Camp Blue Dell in the mountains of Huntington county, where our faithful guide, Harry Hoffley, writes me deer and bears are plenty. During the past week I have noticed two bears and one deer hanging in market, having been brought in by two market-hunters who prefer to hunt for a scanty living than to work at panic prices.

I'm glad to notice a new correspondent from our town, Capt. Thos. E. Clark. The Captain and Mrs. C. are very successful in catching big salmon, and I'm sure are a valuable acquisition to the great army of readers of the best sportsmen's paper in the world. FRANK G. HARRIS.

Thanksgiving for Rain.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Burton Harris, of Pelan, Kittson county, Minn., writes me under date of Oct. 9: "Messrs. Miller and Oppold, of Sterling, Ill., and Cline, of Alexandria, Va., left here today, having killed over 700 chickens in two weeks. The rainy weather was against them. Had they not lost several days in this way they would have killed at least 1,200 birds.

All good Christians who read this will thank the good Lord who sent the rain on these sinners, and I for one regret that he did not give them several more days of it.

G. O. SHIELDS.

THE WEST OF LONG AGO.

My earliest memories carry me back to a beautiful grass country, rolling away in every direction in huge billows and hills of green. Flowers of a thousand hues bloomed all around, hundreds of varieties and countless numbers of specimens, making bright waves of color in the low draws and around the water holes.

Rattlesnakes sprung their warning, if you chanced too near, and coyotes howled, each with voice enough for ten. Occasionally too the weird, soulless howl of that gaunt spectre of the plains, the buffalo or loafer wolf, would float across the hills in a ghoulish way that made one's flesh creep. Buffalo still roamed by the thousands only a short distance to the west, and eccentric individuals clad in highly fringed and ornamental buckskins kept the settlement supplied with meat from these herds. Queer Arabs these men were, blackened by camp smoke and tanned to a leathery hue by the prairie sun and winds, free-lances who obeyed no dictates but their own will and handled a rifle by instinct.

The grass land was a pleasant place to dwell, and to me was never monotonous until the plow came, ripped the grass and flowers up by the roots and installed King Corn in their place. In the early days crystal springs gurgled and bubbled throughout the land, birds piped their gladsome notes from every bush, prairie chickens boomed and cooed from the dew-freshened hilltops in the early mornings, and the balmy southern breeze, charged with ozone, came across the millions of acres of wild meadow and made life worth the living.

Never was it so enjoyable as in the late summer when the thin blue haze hung over the land, softening the outline of distant hill and valley, and lending a dreamy air to everything. This was Indian summer, when the golden rod and sunflower bent their yellow heads to the sun, and the gold and black liveried humble-bee droned his buzzing songs among their petals. When the scarlet sumach plumes and milkweed blossoms touched the green with color, and the acres of bluestem grass waved, saddle high, for miles across the hilltops.

If you have watched the sun go down there and lingered through the long twilight, seen the crimson and gold slowly fade from the fleecy clouds, and watched the nighthawk's silhouette cross the aftermath of sundown which lingered in the deep blue dome above, traced the great horned owl's noiseless flight passing by on nocturnal hunting bent, and listened to the voices of evening come over the plain in that softly subdued way which only the grassland can conjure up, then, truly you have lived and not always existed.

There was a charm, too, as subtle but different about the mist-hung landscape of early morning when wild life awoke and began to move, the time between the first tinge of dawn and sunrise. Then there were sights and sounds which are unknown to the sluggard who waits for sunrise to wake him. Everything is bright and fresh, a crisp, new smell is in the air, and a soothing, restful feeling pervades everything. No man can be abroad at this time in any unsettled country without experiencing a sensation of delight, just from the surroundings and their influence on his animal nature, though there be nothing romantic, poetic or artistic in his composition. A feeling of quietude and self-content will steal over him, his camp smoke will have a pleasing odor unknown later in the day, his pipe will taste better and he takes a quiet, restful delight in all he sees. He watches the bath of the birds, the perch on a nearby limb, the pluming and oiling of the feathers, hears the song, of the singer's own composition, as he rises to salute the orb of day. The hum and buzz of insect life so noticeable at noontide is wanting, for only the belated moths are about at early morning, and the rest are a discord in the quiet harmony of day birth. The sun tips the hilltops, long, level beams of light hunt out the dew-diamonds and lend an opalescent gleam to the glittering array in Nature's jewel box, the fresh smell drifts out of the air and the landscape takes on an even tone as the shadows lose themselves; then a period of comparative oppression settles down and leaves you listless, and day has come in earnest.

Prairie fires were a source of great danger to the early settlers of the plains. After the frost came in the fall and the grass was dry enough to burn, some stray Indian or emigrant camp-fire left smouldering would be fanned into a blaze by the wind and miles of country would be blackened before it would burn out.

Oftentimes at night a lurid haze in the air and a red reflection in the sky would show where a long front of fire was licking up the bluestem tangle of grass. When the wind would spring up and blow wisps of burning material far in advance of a fire it would create a draft that sucked all the lighter sparks high in the air, only to drop them far in advance of the main fire and setting new points.

Then the only resource was to "back-fire" against the hades that swept along like a cyclone of flame and licked up everything in its path. No horse could outrun the flames at such times, and nothing could live a minute once overtaken by the seething, roaring mass which went by like a whirlwind and left only death in its wake. Many wild animals were caught at such times, and their shriveled carcasses left to the buzzards, which always hung on the trail and circled through the smoke of a big fire. Sometimes the ironwork of a wagon and the blackened remnants of a team and driver were found, mute witnesses to the fury of the red blast gone by.

Let a smoky haze steal into the usually clear air and far up above the loathsome shape of the prairie scavenger, the carrion-eating buzzard, would be seen; at first a mere speck, which soon developed the outline of a bird poised on stiffened pinions, slowly sailing, with funereal solemnity, toward the path of the fire. Whence came they? Ah, Quien sabe? Well, they knew by some mysterious instinct that carrion awaited them there, and from their vantage point, thousands of feet above the surface, they dropped with unfailing accuracy, down, down, down, until their hideous bulk rested beside the dead, and they commenced their loathsome work of destroying the decaying mass of flesh, nor stopped until it was done. Not alone or in pairs came the creatures, but by the score, and soon the ghastly feast was over and they mounted high again in ever widening circles, sailing, sailing, circling upward, never once flapping a pinion after leaving the surface, but floating and circling ever up, up, up, until the eye could no longer see the black blot against the sky. They are an uncanny bird, these black bits of the infernal regions, fit company for the sneaking soft-footed coyotes that snarled and fought with them for a share of their awful feast.

These things we who dwelled in the great grassland of early days were perforce familiar with, and they are some of the memories that come to us through the winding haze of tobacco smoke, when the firelight flickers and ghostly shadows flit about, when the katydids and crickets chirp in quiet unison, and the phosphorescent glow of the firefly's lamp makes light among the cobwebbed corners of our memories, and we brush the dust from things belonging to by-gone times.

What charm is there about a quiet smoke with some congenial soul beside a flickering camp-fire that brings these old memories crowding back so vividly that you live over again, in mind, the scenes of long ago? Sunshine and storm, daylight and darkness, excitement and peace, flash through your mind and quicken your pulse, yet you sit immovably gazing into the fire, seeing naught but former scenes while you stolidly smoke, smoke, smoke!

The present does not exist and the past is not yet gone, you live again and cannot forget, but must think on and on until something dull, prosaic and commonplace calls you from a land of shadows, back to a world of hard reality! Yet some people say, "it is so lonesome away out in the woods!" Bah! They exist, while he who roughs it and lives a life of freedom in the open air really lives!

EL COMANCHO.

THE OLD DAYS AT BARNEGAT.

THE wind is abroad to-night. The casements rattle and the pines toss their great tops angrily as they sway before the blast. The back log sputters, sending a shower of sparks out into the night to be swallowed by the blackness.

All objects in the room are outlined by the deep gold of the firelight, and the glass eyes in the elk's head over the mantle gleam and seem to move in a very lifelike manner.

Lolling back in my comfortable chair and following the blue wreaths of smoke as they float upward from my pipe and fade away in the shadow, my eyes rest upon an old breachloader of English make.

What fond memories it recalls!

Over its brown barrels I watched my first wild duck come sailing into its fate. Its sharp voice sang the requiem of my first quail, and the English snipe has stopped short, just as he had finished his peculiar corkscrew twist and laid his course straightaway.

That was when Barnegat was undisturbed by railroads; when old Bill Chadwick reigned supreme over the sand dunes on Island Beach and the yellow meadows across the bay.

How many are there living to-day who can forget the hospitable ranch? Time can never rob me of the memory of it, and in the flickering gleam of the fire to-night memory paints the quaint old house, with its wide verandah from which hang great bunches of curlew, marlin, plover, "yelpers," doewich, robin snipe, and small yellowlegs.

I can see the little barroom with its smoke-stained walls, and the jolly crew of gunners busy cleaning guns, loading shells or indulging in "nap."

There are not many of the old time patrons left to listen to old Bill's yarns, but their places are filled by the descendants of those who frequented the place way back in the forties. The old register will show the names of such lovers of the sport as Rem Offley, Jim Lillie, Walter and Henry Fleming, Max Barretto, Jim Newton, Elias Drake, Lew Livingston, my father W. A. Day, better known as "The General," and a host of others whose names I cannot recall. Some of those I have named have crossed the silent river.

From the beach I hear the hoarse voice of the combers as they dash themselves to pieces on the treacherous coast, or perhaps some one holding up a finger, calls attention to the honking of a flock of geese flying over through the night; what a weird sound it is.

But it will be an early hour when we rise in the morning to go out to the blind, so we turn into one of Bill's cornhusk beds, and settling down between the nubbins sleep as soundly as though it were a bed of down.

To me there is always something uncanny about rising before daybreak, and those who do seem to have a sort of respect for the hour. Everyone converses in a hushed tone of voice, there is no laughter and the gunners move about noiselessly in their rubber waders. After a hurried cup of coffee we would all start for the blind that had fallen to our lot in drawing for position the night before.

Father and I occupied the "outer stand" one morning about half a mile from the house. The decoys are placed, everything is in readiness, then comes the morning pipe. Oh, that pipe! The best smoke of the day. The genii of the bowl, obedient to our call, added a zest to and mingled its flavor with that of our coffee, and kept the fierce Jersey mosquito at bay. No cigar from Havana's sleepy isle ever possessed such sweetness or gave more enjoyment to the smoker.

Gradually the cold light of morning would outline the meadows, and then the birds would commence flying. Father's keen eye never failed to "mark" them when the first bunch would appear like a minute cloud in the distant horizon. Here they come, in answer to his whistle, nearer and nearer, and we crouch, almost breathless, as they sweep in toward us and make a half circle, head up to the wind, and swoop down to the decoys. Now! And up we rise. Bang! Bang! Some drop and the call of the wounded bring the flock back again. We give them four more barrels, and few are left to resume their flight. But we are not the only ones, for over the russet and golden meadows the faint pop! pop! tells us the other blinds are doing good work, and now and then a shower of No. 10 settles down around our heads.

And so they keep coming until long after the sun has taken possession of the sky. Then we gather up our birds as the welcome sound of the horn summons us to breakfast.

Such a breakfast! Heaps of broiled birds, cooked to a turn; coffee, rich and brown; home-made biscuit, real butter, and oh, crowning glory, buckwheat cakes and New Orleans molasses. Lucullus never spread a feast that was more appreciated.

In the afternoon, with a good, stout bass rod, and a few menhaden for bait, one could seldom miss taking a few bluefish from off the pier built out over the surf on the ocean front, and I remember seeing the "General" and Jim Lillie, both weighing about 220 odd, chase through the heavy sand following a school of large blues that came along within striking distance of the shore, and as the menhaden were driven in by their voracious foe, the two anglers would pick them up, hook them on as you would a minnow, make a long cast, and ere the singing of the reel had died out upon the air, strike a fish. They were not small ones, either, but eight and nine pounders.

But since the advent of the railroad Barnegat has changed so much that I have no desire to visit there again. The memory of those halcyon days still clings to me, and will, I trust, as long as I live, to dream of them beside my fire on winter evenings. Like the old chap in Charles Dickens's "Haunted Man," I say, "God keep my memory green."

THE GENERAL.

CRAFT FOR THE WILDERNESS.

WHETHER the barge, the punt or the big canoe stands next in my affections I scarcely know. The latter we usually keep on a larger lake not far away, but the road to which is difficult. To carry a load over it is most decidedly difficult. *Experientia docuit.* From our landing place there we can make excursions in several directions. Our last one of last season was one of the pleasantest I have ever taken, albeit it was only for a single day. It is difficult to give a reader any idea of the pleasures of such excursions. It is easy enough to tell of incidents, but to bring before another person the thousands of momentary, fleeting, rapidly succeeding delights of an enjoyable day is not easy. Still, sometimes when I call such days to mind the *cacoëthes scribendi* gets hold of me.

This time, besides the two boatmen, we were just that *partie carrée* which I have said best suits the canoe, my invalid sister and myself with two others owning similar relationships. It was a morning in early September. The thinnest possible haze was in the atmosphere, there was no wind and the weather was neither cold nor hot. For an hour we were paddled up the lake under a granite precipice that towered 300ft. above our heads. The reflections were perfect, more brilliant appearing than if the sun had been bright. Every seam in the rock, every tree, twig and leaf was faithfully reproduced, exact in form and color. Once we stopped a few minutes to gum a leaky seam. The stop was not an annoyance, but only one more item of interest.

Soon we turned off to our right, passing through a narrow, weedy channel into another lake, but one hardly worthy the name. It is not a nice lake at all, for the lumbermen have made it overflow its banks, and old stumps and weird, spectral-looking dead trees line its shores. It is small and quickly passed. Then we go up its inlet, crooked and shallow, with frequent rapids. Our bowman, not fit for the place but hard to oust, lets us strike a rock, knocking a big hole in the canoe. We haul ashore, where all except the invalid disembark and scramble through thick bushes, treetops and fallen timber in search of an available place for repairing damages. We find one shortly at an old logging camp, but on the opposite side of the stream. Two of us make a "chair" and carry the lady across without dropping her, a feat I have seen attempted with a different result. And so we all came safe to land.

But, oh, my! the raspberries! I never saw them so large or so plenty. While our boat was being repaired we ate all we could hold, and my sister lined her hat with leaves and filled that also, thereby showing her enthusiasm, but not improving the hat in the least degree. "On the contrary, quite the reverse." Raspberry bushes spring up wherever the land is partially burned over or cleared; but why the berries should be so huge and in such profusion in this particular spot I cannot say. I usually find them rather small. I wonder the bears had not found these before us; but we saw no signs of them, and I have no doubt also but we were the first human beings to pick a single berry out of all this accumulated growth of thirty years. Nobody has occasion to pass that way in summer. Log drivers lodge in the old camp a night or two in the spring and then leave it to its solitude. Even I, when bound for the same point we were seeking this time, had gone by the winter portage road a hundred or two yards off. There is no summer road, and the nearest houses are miles away.

A bit of rag and a little gum soon put the canoe to rights, and having portaged it over a logger's dam close by we launched it on another lake that was a beauty. I will not undertake to say anything about it. Half an hour's paddling took us to its inlet, where we made our tea and took our luncheon in one of the loveliest spots imaginable. Rocks, trees, rapids, little cascades and everything combined to make it altogether delightful. I found the place two years ago and said then that I would some day bring a party to it. We had to cross the stream to get to our dining place. We men with our high boots didn't mind wading in the least, so we made a chair again and carried my sister over; but the other lady disdained that mode of conveyance, took off her boots and stockings, and waded like the rest of us. It was a part of her lark and she enjoyed it immensely.

Without disparaging any one else I will say—since she is not likely to read these lines—that this lady was the best "all round" member of a camping party that we ever had at the lake. Some may have been superior to her in particular points, but none in the entire combination. Never tired, always ready to go or willing to stay, able to climb over rocks or through thickets, with any of us, never out of humor, but always prompt to join in what the majority decided on, she was a model and a treasure in the woods. Women, even the best and most charming of them, have not invariably that balance of qualifications that makes the first-class camper-out.

After luncheon my sister embarked again and our men partly dragged and partly carried the canoe, often lifting it and its load bodily out of the water over some 400 or 500yds. of pretty rough navigation for a bark canoe. The watercourse was a mixture of sharp little rapids, boulders of all shapes and sizes and very deep pools. A number of the latter the men discovered quite unintentionally.

The rest of us crawled along the shore to the head of the rough water, where we all embarked. In a few minutes we came to a widening of the stream where the water was some 2 or 3ft. deep, looking black as ink and growing full of that jointed, reed-like rush, called here prelle (I do not know its English name), interspersed with thousands upon thousands of our common New England white pond lilies. The effect was wonderfully beautiful, the whole surface being starred with these lovely flowers, scattered on the black water among the green, spear-like

grass. We went on till we came to a space of some forty or fifty acres that was neither lake nor marsh, but partaking of the nature of both and called by the woodsmen Lac Rat Musqué or Muskrat Lake. It was all covered with these cane rushes and lilies, with from 1 to 3ft. of water. When I first found it one season before the water was lower and it was with difficulty we could pass in the canoe. I had been to the head of this chain of lakes—there are nine of them—but in going up we had portaged from one lake to another and had avoided Lac Rat Musqué altogether.

Coming down we followed the outlets of the lakes, and so discovered this place. It was in going up that I found, all at once, great quantities of these lilies that I had never seen before in all this region. Nor outside this chain have I ever seen any about here with the exception of one little clump of a dozen or so of flowers at a spot on connecting waters, but some miles away. None of my companions, who at that time were all Canadians, had ever seen them before. At that time we left them as suddenly as we found them, for below the discharge of Lac Rat Musqué we did not discover one single specimen. On this trip, however, we found a few further down.

At this lake, after gathering all the lilies we wanted, we turned back, passing the same lakes and streams, but making better time, and reaching camp in time for a late supper, with our invalid none the worse for her long day's jaunt.

So on the whole, Mr. Editor, even if you should find a boat combining all the qualities mentioned, I think I will not part with my good old bark canoe just yet, but live in hopes to take some other party over the same route on an equally enjoyable occasion. G. De Montauban.

Quebec, Canada.

ALLIGATORS ON THE ANCLOTE.

On the 22d of March, 1893, a party of guests of the Eavey House, Ozona, Florida, took the train for Tarpon Springs, a winter resort situated on the Anclote River, about four miles above its confluence with the Gulf of Mexico. We chartered the little steamer Belle, and commenced our voyage up the wildest and most beautiful stream that we have ever navigated.

The Anclote River, like all Florida rivers, is of a dark brown color, but the tiny caps of its mimic waves and the foam from the bows of our steamer were a bright yellow. In all of our experience we have never seen a river so crooked; indeed, from start to finish we could not see more than 200ft. ahead from any given point. Twice we saw a stream on our right and asked our captain, "What river is that?" "That's the Anclote; we shall make a big horseshoe and soon be over there."

"Why not cut a channel across here, at the nearest point, and thus save a mile that it takes to go around this big horseshoe."

"Ah! that would not only destroy the beauty of the river, but destroy our business too."

We steamed around horseshoes, and made curves and reverse curves through the tall water grasses, wild rice and palmetto chaparal, until we had gone three miles, and found that our starting point was only one half of a mile distant in a straight line. What a paradise this river must be for geese, ducks and other wild game birds, in the proper season.

We are eagerly watching and waiting for alligators. Very soon we hear a noise in the tall grass, and directly an 8ft. "gator" toddles down the bank and tumbles into the water, making a great splash.

On we wind through the tall grass, and in making a short bend, come on to a large gator standing on the

RUFFED GROUSE ON NEST.
From photo by A. C. McIntyre.

bank, and our appearance was so sudden, that he stood stock still, seeming to be too dazed to move. There he stood as rigid and stiff as if he was carved from a block of marble, and although we hallowed and blew the steam whistle, he remained stationary, and as we steamed around a bend, the last we saw of him was his enormous head, standing out in bold relief. Our captain said he was 12ft. long.

We now leave the prairie scenery and plunge into dense timber. The stately palmettoes, that grow from 50 to 80ft. high without limb or bush until the top is reached, where long, green bows hang down, looking in the distance like great umbrellas, were numerous. The tall moaning pines towered above the palmettoes and the gnarled water oaks lined the banks of the river, with their long limbs intertwined above our heads, forming a mass of foliage covered with dark gray moss, which hung in pendants and festoons, and swung back and forth, sweeping the awning of our steamer as we passed through this enchanting scenery.

A great artist had told us that there are no straight lines in nature, that her lines are all drawn on graceful curves and all in harmony one with another. These thoughts came to us as we passed a cove in a bend of the river, completely covered with the overhanging trees and moss. The water shades of the trees were well defined in the depths below; indeed, every limb, bush and leaf were faithfully reproduced, even to the many shades and tints of green and brown, making up a scene of enchanting beauty that we shall long remember. How crude and incomplete are all landscape paintings when compared to nature's own work. We hunt for straight lines and find none, for we found all the lines were drawn on graceful and harmonious arcs and curves.

We now plow into a forest so dense that the sun is excluded. The moaning pines and the water oak trees close in on each side and interlock their branches over our heads, making us think that the great king of day was about to retire for the night.

The river became more narrow but still deep and sluggish. Water snakes could be seen here and there, and numerous small mud turtles and lizards tumbled into the water at our approach.

"There's one!" said the captain. "Where?" "Right

HEAD OF BLACKTAIL DEER.

dead ahead, I will run him down, for he is sleeping on the water." Sure enough, there was a 10ft. "gator" fast asleep directly under our bow. We came near striking him with the cut-water of the steamer, but he makes the water boil in his frantic efforts to give us a wide berth.

We arrived at a point above the tide line, where the water is no longer salty. The captain takes a drink from the bilious river, and offers us a glass of the vile stuff. We decline and tell him in all gravity that water snakes and other amphibious animals lay their tiny eggs in such streams, when the heat of the sun would hatch them out, and that there were many well authenticated cases where men had drank such water, swallowing the tiny eggs, and that years afterward live snakes had been taken from their stomachs. What did the captain say? He said, "I'll take another drink, just for luck, you know," and with a broad grin he drank it. You might just as well try to drown a mallard duck by pouring water on his back, as to try to change the opinion of a Florida "skipper."

We finally reached the end of navigation, where we landed for a few moments for the the passengers to gather wild flowers and water lilies.

The scribe did not go into the jungle, for while it is very pleasant to hunt alligators and snakes from the deck of a steamer, it is quite another thing to hunt these animals on shore; besides, the scribe had lost no 'gators nor rattlers, and did not have to hunt them up.

We barely have room to turn our steamer in the narrow stream, and begin the return trip. We had "bagged" (in our minds) 10 alligators on our way up, and we saw 6 more on our way down, making 16 that we saw, ranging from 4 to 12ft. in length.

About six miles from Tarpon Springs we pass an ice factory, and make some inquiries about ice making. Manufacturing ice involves a great expense. First, a good artesian well is a necessity, as common rain or well water will not answer the purpose, as even the artesian water has to be evaporated before congealing. All rain, well or spring water contains so much air that it cannot be used in manufacturing ice; for if made from the above water and exposed to the sun's rays, it will instantly crack into small pieces; while the condensed and congealed artesian water will remain very hard, keep a long time and is as clear and white as a piece of rock crystal. The capacity of this factory is twenty tons per day, and the ice is used largely in fishing vessels to keep their catch sweet until they reach a market.

"There's one!" "Where?" "Off the port bow." We look ahead our left and see a large 'gator standing in shallow water, exposing his head and back to view. Was there ever so homely and ugly an animal created as the alligator? He looks for all the world like an old rotten log. He sees us and makes for deep water.

Soon after we pass a mammoth pine tree, and way up in the tip top we saw an eagle's nest, with the old eagle feeding the young. The eagle builds its nest in the loftiest trees, using coarse sticks, which are interlaced and woven around the upper limbs, and when done it is shaped like a large bowl, about three feet in diameter; and this home is so well constructed that one nest will last during the lifetime of the pair that build it. They continue to use the same nest year after year, and the young birds pair off and set up housekeeping on their own account.

From Tarpon Springs to our turning point, as the bird flies is six miles, but by the meandering river it is fourteen miles, thus making the round trip twenty-eight miles.

In no other river in Florida are the alligators so numerous or large as in the Anclote River. For the past ten years they have been much hunted for their skins and teeth until they have become very scarce; but on the Anclote River the steamboat men will not let their passengers shoot from their boats, and the result is that the 'gators are not much afraid of the little puffing and wheezing steamboats; but once let them hear the rattle and splash of the hunters in their rowboats and they will keep below the water and out of sight. The steamer is a friend to the 'gator and the 'gator is a bonanza to the steamer.

R. P. B.

Natural History.

PARRICO THE PARROQUET.

Parrico would sit with his white beak buried in the down on his back, and give no sign of life before I would show that I was awake. He would chirp questioningly, when I parted the curtains of my bed to look at my watch, then would settle his nose among his feathers again if I turned over for another nap. He would not utter another peep, even if half the morning passed and he was half famished, before I put aside those lace draperies and got out of bed. But he would chirp sharply the instant my feet touched the jaguar skin that served as a rug, and he would give his plumage a shake that sent flying a little cloud of white scales that had been loosened from his feathers. Then, he would shriek "café, café," until silenced by a bit of cake or of fruit, or, better still, by a sup of the coffee he so dearly loved.

Usually I opened the shutters of the high window, as soon as I arose, and let a flood of sunlight pour in, to fall on my bed and the snow white wall beyond, and light up the shelves of books, the pictures on the walls and the warm, dark red of the tiled floor. As soon as the window was opened, Paricco would drop whatever he might have in his claws, and dance to and fro along the round stick which, its end driven into a crack in the ancient post of yellow pine, served as his perch. If I did not promptly transfer him to the window ledge, he would squall vociferously. If I did put him there he would shout "café, café, café," until the girl would come from the kitchen, sometimes to scold him for making so much noise so early in the morning, and often with the tray whereon were the little pitcher of black coffee, the rolls and the tin coffee-pot of scalding hot milk.

Parrico was scarcely larger than a sparrow, and—let us hope that he is—quite as courageous, energetic and belligerent as is that dirty brown intruder on the rights of native Americans. His pet passion was hatred of Juan, my mozo, who swept and dusted, arranged books and papers, made my bed and brought water each morning.

It was a great convenience for Parrico that his perch was an inch higher than the top of Juan's head was when he stood erect; for whenever the boy would pass beneath the perch the bird would seize upon the curls, and with his wings violently beat Juan's black plate, to the great enjoyment of all beholders. Great was the joy and pride of the bird when his enemy retired, vanquished and crestfallen, as he did every morning.

Whenever I sat down to write, Parrico instantly gave up whatever occupation he might have, and begged with imploring little squeaks, to be allowed to help me. He would even leave his coffee, to perch upon the tail of the bronze lion that was my paper-weight, and from that vantage oversee my work. And when, for reasons he never explained, my work did not suit him, he would scramble down from his roost and climb upon my wrist, then with his bill seize my penholder, and most earnestly struggle to move my pen so as to express the message he

PINTO BLACKTAIL DEER.

had for the world. It is a pity that he was not taught penmanship in his early youth. Perhaps my pen was too big and clumsy; at all events his writing never was quite legible, not even when I let the pen move as freely as possible, under his guidance. But Parrico seemed to be more than satisfied with the results of his attempt at writing, and when he had done enough he would clamber up to his place on the tail of the lion, and dress his smooth, brim suit of green, then settle down in quiet content.

He had one great trouble in an otherwise happy life. We would go out on the corrider to eat our breakfasts and our dinners; and I would leave him on the table or on a chair or other place from which he could climb down to the floor. He would first protest angrily against being left behind, then piteously plead to be taken along; finally would get down to the floor by whatever route seemed the safest. When the secure ground of the tiled floor was reached, he would run to the door that opened on the end of the veranda, in plain sight of the table, the abundant food, and—more tempting, more to be desired, tanall else—the plate of yellow butter. It was wildly exciting. It was worth every possible effort and all risks. That table, that butter must be reached. There was

nothing between him and the object of his ardent desire, except some 30ft. of tiled floor and a step of exactly 5in. downard. That was a mere trifle to a bird; had he not a pair of uncut wings which had often safely borne him from his perch to the window or to my table, and even from the window ledge to ground, six dizzy feet below, when he had missed the jasmine in his flight.

So Parrico would boldly trot to the very edge of the stone step, coolly peer down on the tiles, lift his wings for the daring flight, and—back out. It was too much. He could not face the danger of so great a fall; therefore he would run back a foot, perhaps, from that giddy height, glance over his back to calculate his distance, lift his tail to clear the floor, and, like the Irishman's squad, would advance backward to the very edge of that 5in. precipice, and stop. Then he would whirl around, take another long look at the tiles below, trot away a foot or more, and try again and again. Now and then he would stop to appeal earnestly to us, and we would cruelly laugh at him, and hold out toward him our coffee cups, or even tempt him beyond endurance by the sight of the uncovered butter. I am satisfied that, if he could have given free expression to the feelings of his soul he would have declared that "I wish I were a girl, so that I could cry."

He was a good little fellow, after all, and deserved better treatment than we gave, for all his sorrows were forgotten, and all his wrongs were forgiven as soon as one of the tender-hearted little girls of the family picked him up and set him on the floor of the veranda, as one or other of them was sure to do after listening to his plaints a minute. Then he would hasten to his dearest friend, dearest to him at meal times, and seizing with bill and claws the dress of la señora would climb to her arm and so to the top of the table. Once on the table he would straightway march to the butterdish and diligently strive to reach its golden contents. Finding that the glass cover kept him from the luxury he coveted, he would turn to the nearest cup of coffee, and, after carefully eyeing it to see that it was not too hot for his comfort, he would dip his bill in and sip in a most companionable and friendly way.

After breakfast he was content to perch on a stick driven into the adobe wall of the corridor that led to the kitchen, and from that secure throne give orders to the cook and to the waitress, scold the clarineros and the pigeons that would now and then alight in search of crumbs in the patio, and chirp cheerful accompaniment to the laughing chatter of the always happy trio of girls. But the instant he heard my footstep or my voice he would begin his intolerably rasping chirp, and would not stop before I would take him on my finger. He would dance along the length of the window ledge until I had washed and was ready to sit down to read or to write, and then he would insist on being taken. When perched on my shoulder he would nestle against my neck, reaching up now and then to softly nibble at my ear, in token of his affection and contentment. EDWARD PERRY.

SEA GULLS.

READING in a daily paper of the arrival of some sea gulls for the Central Park, brought from England, I have thought that the park authorities might not know how easily the birds may be obtained in this country, at the sea shores in winter. The eighteen gulls seen last summer at Starin's Glen Island resort, were caught by Mr. John DeNyse, at Gravesend Bay.

I was accustomed when a boy about ten years of age to catch gulls on the sea shore in England, and have shown others how to catch them. To make the float or bait, take a piece of cork 4in. long, 1in. wide and 1in. deep, taper the cork from middle to each end to about ¼in., taper the depth to about ½in. Cut a groove in the bottom to receive a strip of lead. The lead acts as the ballast of a boat, and will keep the float right side up. Take two weakfish hooks, put shank of hooks together and wrap them with thread. Spread open the bowl and points of hooks. They will be like the new double Yankee hooks. Now bore in from one end of the cork, and insert the hooks as bound together, up to the bowl. This leaves the points of hooks partly down the float, also about ¾in. above the float. In the other end of the float, insert a thin wire nail about 2in. long. Leave the head out enough to tie on a piece of fine strong twine; reel line as used for weakfish is best to use. Take a piece about 2ft. long. Tie one end firmly to the two hooks, pass under the bottom in the groove, draw the twine tight, and tie to the wire nail. The head of nail will keep the twine from drawing off, and if done right the hooks will not draw out, when the bird is fast. Tie on the lead in the groove by a course or two of thread round the cork. Make a loop on the end of twine. Bait this float with smelt a trifle longer than the float. With a sharp pocket knife cut down the back of the smelt, spread it open and take out the back bone. The smelt is then of equal weight each side. The smelt laid open will cover the top and part of the sides of the float. Begin at the head part and wind spool cotton around both float and smelt, thus making them one. Pass the cotton around about ¾in. apart, from head to tail, and tie the tail to twine near the nail head. If done neatly the bait looks fit to eat.

To set this float we will want about 20ft. of weakfish line. Tie one end to loop of twine on float, the other end to a brick. We are going to try in the bay. We have a small rowboat and go out in the bay about 500ft. and put out several floats distances apart. If your float is made right it will just show the bait as barely swimming, or like a fish on the water. Go on shore and watch and we see some gulls flying away up in the air, but they are coming this way and looking for food, and now they have seen this smelt as it floats, and each one is eager to obtain the prize as his breakfast. One quicker than the rest takes the bait and attempts to fly away with it, but the brick gives the line a jerk and pulls the bait out of his mouth. It did not hook him, and now another grabs the fish and is going away with it, but again the brick snatches, and this time the gull has the hook through his bill, and now what a commotion. One gull fluttering but cannot get away, the other gulls screaming and sometimes attempting to get the bait which the caught gull is fastened to. Now take your boat and boat hook and go after the gull. As you near him, he will fly and dart many ways, but you catch the line with the boat hook and take him in the boat and loosen the hook, and now twist one wing over the other or he will get out of the boat. And now you have a live bird, not disfigured, but clean and beautiful, as in his native element.

Another plan is of catching them from the shore. Take a bluefish trolling line, about 100ft. long, and a lead sinker of about 2lbs. weight. Tie one end to sinker and about 20ft. of the twine and float. Tie end of twine to sinker and throw into the ocean as far as you can. But you must endeavor to get it outside of the break of the waves. As you have one end of the large line on shore, tie to a stick and take it up the beach as far as it will reach. Now retire from the shore and watch. We see the gulls flying along the shore looking for food, they see the smelt and make for it, take it in their bills and attempt to fly away off shore. But the sinker gives a jerk, and the bird is fast with one of the hooks in his bill, and you pull him on shore. I have caught a dozen in this way some days. I have caught them at Rockaway Beach and on the south side of Staten Island.

If this is a gull story, it is a true one. Proof, the gulls seen at Glen Island last summer. I think it is very interesting to watch several of these water birds as they were at Glen Island. In the year 1868 I caught and had Mr. Ackerst, a taxidermist of Brooklyn, set up thirty-three for me; and I presented pairs of birds to several of my customers, as I was then in business in New York. And I have some now that I caught thirty years ago.

JOHN BATEMAN.

THAT ADIRONDACK RED DEER.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The letter of Mr. Burnham to clear the mystery of the Adirondacks "caribou" has a great many points which are untenable, when we consider the habits and signs of the European red deer. I will point out only a few. I have never in my life, except when it was perfectly at ease, that is, in safety, seen a stag, as reported by Mr. Robinson, trot and keep trotting. On the contrary, when it was not leisurely walking I always noted it on a lope; and when in the least alarmed in tremendous flights, bushes of 8 or 10ft. being absolutely no obstable for any red deer to take in easy. And I should think when dogs were sent after it, as Mr. Robinson states, it never would keep trotting, unless badly wounded, when it certainly would take on the hounds, but not otherwise, if it was a European stag, which I doubt very much. His track is given of such a remarkable size that I can only remember once to have seen its equal, about the size of a yearling heifer, and this proved to be one of the strongest 10-enders, and all the foresters in the district proclaimed they had never seen the equal of his track in size. The photograph you published certainly shows the antlers of a not much over 4 to 5 year old stag, with one deformed end. But do you not find sometimes similar sized antlers of the Adirondack deer, say an old buck? As also the suggested peculiarity of some offspring of this animal near Elizathtown in its reported habits is certainly entirely contrary to the habits of the European stag, as every hunter who has hunted the royal game will bear me out.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

Mr. Wm. Pickhardt in commenting on the above said that he did not agree with the strictures the writer has made upon the article with reference to the red deer killed in the Adirondacks.

"The gentleman misses the principal thing altogether," he said. "when he attempts to argue that the head as illustrated could probably be that of an Adirondack deer. The headis that of a perfectly normal red deer which has no defects of horn development, but only the natural characteristics."

Mr. Pickhardt went on to say that if the horns had not been enough to identify the deer, the short tail and light-colored patch of hair on the rump would have been sufficient. The feet, he said, may not have been as large as a yearling heifer, but that would depend upon the size of the heifer, and at any rate, a little exageration with regard to the size of the feet was natural and of no consequence as affecting the identity of the deer.

With regard to the gait of the animal Mr. Pickhardt said that his red deer "was a beautiful trotter;" he added, "and trotted better than many horses I have seen." What his gait would be when pursued by dogs he did not attempt to say.

With regard to weight he said he was satisfied his deer weighed 300lbs. or more when released, which was about the weight given by the hunters who killed the animal.

In conclusion Mr. Pickhardt said that if the habits of the strange animal which was seen in the neighborhood of Elizabethtown, and mentioned as a possible offspring of his red deer, were not entirely in accord with those of the red deer, no proprieties would be violated, as it would only be natural to expect a cross to share the habits of both parents. J. B. B.

A Pinto Deer.

DOLORES, Col., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We mail you herewith two photographs of curiosities in our possession, which we believe, if you can reproduce them in FOREST AND STREAM, would be of interest to its many readers. One is the antlers of a black-tail deer with a symmetrical point on each side turned downward. The other is of the hide or skin of a "pinto" black-tail deer.

The animal that bore the odd antlers was killed by George H. Goodwin, of this place, on Beaver Creek, a tributary of the Dolores River.

The pinto skin we purchased of a young buck Ute Indian, who had killed the black-tail near this place during one of their regular hunts. Some of the older Indians told the writer that they had known of a similarly colored deer that roamed on Pine River, this State, and they said that it was "bad medicine" to kill a spotted deer. While the majority of the Utes are superstitious about such matters, there is now and then a young buck who will (like a white man killing cats) chance the "bad medicine" part of the business. This pinto's tail was the same in color as those indicating the natural species, but a careless New York fur dressing concern broke or wore it off in process of dressing, for which they received no extra thanks from us. This pinto, judging from size, must have been a two-year-old, and your readers will understand that the white spots were there to remain and are not fawn spots. We have bear and mountain lion skins, and other trophies of our own catch, but nothing we prize so highly as the articles mentioned herein.

JOHN J. HARRIS & CO.

"Bagging" a Rattler.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, S. D.—For many years I have lived in the Dakota country, where the rattlesnake abounds. If I have destroyed one I have killed 500. I have never observed that any of them ever ejected their venom. Out here they are very sluggish in their movements; when approached by a person they assume the circular position, with head erect and tail slightly elevated, and rattling away so that it can be heard many yards. I usually kill them with my buggy whip, and what is strange, I never knew one to jump at all nor strike out more than a few inches. If they are teased with the whip cracker they pay no attention to it, but keep their eyes on the person. They make no attempt to bite the stick or whip, but seem to know where to strike. On one occasion I had in my buggy a valise, and encountered a rattler in the road; he was a fine specimen. I alighted, took out the valise, placed it on the ground six or seven feet from the snake, secured a stick about five feet long, placed the end under his body and lifted him into the valise. With the stick I then closed the valise and fastened it, replaced it in the vehicle and returned home, some fifteen miles. On my arrival I opened the valise and jumped quickly away. I then put him in a tin cracker box, perforated, and shipped him to the National Museum at Washington.

I killed a large rattler in July with my whip, and he made no attempt to jump or strike. Still, I always keep at a safe distance, which every one should do.

I sometimes capture them with a slip string on the end of a long stick, bring them to my office, and with pliers extract their fangs. In this condition they are harmless, and it is quite amusing to see dogs or cats fight and kill them. Z. T. DANIEL, M.D., U. S. Indian Service.

Strange Tracks.

FROM earliest recollection the sight of tracks of game or fur-bearing animals possessed for me a charm only surpassed by seeing these animals themselves; and now, after passing more than fifty years in the woods, the sight of a track, either well defined or obscure, impels me to scan and determine the species tbat made it. My experience extends over a large portion of northern Maine and Canada, and until within a few years I saw no tracks that were unfamiliar. Twice, once in Franklin county and again in Aroostook, have I been nonplussed over a track which at first sight looked like that of the domestic cat. In each instance the tracks were well defined in the fresh, damp snow of seven or eight inches. The size, shape, length of step and spread and depth, all catlike. But there was no breaking of the surface, not a particle of snow was disturbed, and the depressions were nearly perpendicular, as if a smooth round stick had made them. Evidently the animal had long, slim legs, yet stepping short, also that is rare. I am not familiar with works giving the natural history of animals, and so am puzzled and more curious than ever to know about this species. Perhaps you or some of your readers will kindly enlighten me. PINE TREE.

Albino Specimens.

BOSTON, Nov. 2.—Mr. E. W. Norcross, of Boston, while spending his vacation in Vermont recently, shot a beautiful albino robin. He seemed to have been deserted by the rest of the birds, and was flying around the field alone. BREWSTER.

GREENSBURG, Pa., Nov. 2.—A few nights since the McCurdy brothers captured an albino raccoon and afterward shot it. The pelt is pure white with dim gray stripes and the eyes pinkish. The coon weighed 18½lbs. DEACON.

A Woodcock in the City.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—As I came across the platform of the Brooklyn Bridge to west side of Centre street, I noticed coming down Centre street a bird which I thought moved its wings too rapidly for a pigeon, and when it crossed the platform, which was crowded at the time, about 20ft. overhead, I recognized my old friend woodcock.

H. C. HAWES.

Ruffed Grouse on the Nest.

FOR the interesting photograph of the nesting grouse we are indebted to Mr. W. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, N. Y., the secretary of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River. The camera shows a bit of bird life which has been pictured before, but never with such success.

Mule Deer and Grass.

ELDORADO, Kansas, Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Rocky Mountain mule deer don't eat grass.

T. B. MURDOCK.

A Massachusetts Man on the "Danvis Folks."

ONSET, Mass., Oct. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read nearly every number of FOREST AND STREAM since it was published, and have ordered it from newsdealers, as my business has kept me much on the move. The journal is much improved, although it was always good.

I wish here to express my appreciation of the writings of Mr. Rowland E. Robinson. In giving us "Uncle Lisha's Shop," "Sam Lovel's Camps," and "Danvis Folks," he has been a public benefactor. But to fully appreciate these books I think one needs to have been bred and born in the "country" of New England, like myself and thousands of others who have had the great pleasure of reading and re-reading them. And if the wishes (which are prayers) of the many thousands who have read his writings prevail he will live long and enjoy what he has so beautifully and graphically portrayed in his descriptions of the "woods" and "fields" —nature. D. W. ELDREDGE.

Comforting in all Weathers.

AN Auburn, Cal., subscriber, who is none other than our well-known contributor "Arefar," writes: "During the whole course of the year there is no corresponding amount of expenditure that yields me one-tenth part of the pleasurable return that comes of my annual subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. The columns of your journal are to me as the toper's glass of whisky is to him, "they warm me up on a cold day and cool me off on a hot one."

As Viewed in Illinois.

EVANSTON, Ill.—I can drop any other reading, at any time, in a moment to read the FOREST AND STREAM, with its hunting and fishing; and I wish I were standing on a certain Michigan stream this very moment, far away from the "madding crowd," after the nimble deer and taking in great gulps of pine air, as well as "sowbelly" and "hardtack." C. A. P. G.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE LONE CANVASBACK.

As the shadows crept from the western hill,
And the wind from the lake came damp and chill,
In his lonely blind, on an ancient log,
An old hunter sat, with his gun and dog.

And the twilight stars and the plodding moon,
And the plaintive cry of the phantom loon,
Told the hunter old that the time had come
To desist from sport and to pull for home.

But the shades grew dark and the wind grew cold,
And the saucy loon had begun to scold,
While the hunter still, and his faithful dog,
Like two shadows sat on that old gray log.

In the long ago, at the same old stand,
This man with his dog had sat there and planned
How he might circumvent the proud canvas drake
That persistently stayed far out in the lake.

'Twas thoughts such as these, such reveries dear,
Made him blind to the stars and too deaf to hear
The laugh of the loon, the wind's fitful moan,
And tired nature's hints to leave her alone.

But why does he start from his dream profound?
And why does the dog peer anxiously 'round?
Did the rushes sigh or the night wind stir
The low drooping boughs of the lonely fir?

'Twas the whistling wings of a canvas bold,
That came for the night to rest in the fold.
That long years before had been a resort
For him and his friends and birds of his sort.

But to shoot his lake in the falling dew
Was against the rule, as the hunter well knew;
So he buttoned his coat and sat still to hear
What the bird might say of trips far and near.

Quoth the canvas bold: "I am growing old,
And I feel the chill of the night wind cold;
So I'll crawl behind this withered old blind,
And see what comfort an old drake can find.

'But it seems to me that here I can see
A familiar look; but it may not be,
For as I can say, 'twas a bright, still day,
But long years ago, that I came this way.

'Happy days were those when our leader chose
Pretty spots like this for our night's repose;
But the hammerless gun has taught us to shun
The best resting lakes that lie under the sun.

"My friends of the past have gone very fast
From the face of earth, since I came here last.
In fact, all alone I am left to atone
For the harmless faults of a race now gone.

"But I wish myself dead. I wish that the lead
Had gone to my heart and killed me instead.
In my lonely days there are very few rays
Of the hope that builds while the frame decays.

"In days long ago, when the Indian's bow,
With its rawhide thong, was our only foe,
We could look with contempt upon every attempt
That the red man made, or even dreamt.

"But the white man came with his leaden flame,
And destroyed our race, in all but the name.
Our love for our kind lured us up to his blind,
With its sirens in front and its death knell behind.

"And they tell me, too, that the old wapato
Doesn't grow any more on Columbia slough;
But I'll dive and see, for there's naught to me
That can take its place this side of the sea.

"But list! Did I hear a strange sound, and near?
Or was it my heart just beating with fear?
I have wandered about like a vagabond lout,
In fear and distress, till I'm all worn out.

"If I would not die I must turn and fly,
Where the midnight sun tints the polar sky;
I must steer my flight by the Northern light,
And my sad way wing in the silent night."

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 27. S. H. GREENE.

MIXED SHOOT IN CONNECTICUT.

It was about the middle of October that I got word to catch the 7 o'clock train east the next morning for a day's shoot with a friend.

The old gun had scarcely been awakened from its close season's nap, and its owner had been so busy that the usual enthusiasm of a foredrafted shoot was almost entirely wanting. Yet with some misgivings and many conjectures as to the probabilities of finding birds, I wandered to the station next morning and met my friend on the train. After a ride of about twenty miles we were dumped, dogs and all, in to rocks, brush and ruralisms, and by the way, ruralisms are the hardest things we have to shoot against, except anglicisms and dude-like fads.

After wrangling about directions for some time we reached a mean, partially understood each other and struck out for glory, feathers and sweet cider. The first was scarce, but of the last two we got a genteel sufficiency. I don't know but I've started this big enough for a bear hunt in the Sierras, but it cannot be such, for we've neither Sierras, bears nor men big enough to hold a grizzly while another bats its brains out with a sandbag from the tomb of the mighty Cæsar. Still we have a good many falsifiers, and in a future communication I will tell you of an athletic one, provided you don't discover one in this.

We followed the road nearly a mile, when we got over the fence and struck for brush. We had barely reached the edge of a maple run when I heard a partridge jump and saw it go in to the alders below; we split, Bill to left, I to right, and moved down on her for action. She wouldn't lie; jumped wild; I got a glimpse, pulled, and Dinks retrieved to my surprise. "We are not skunked anyway" says Bill, and on we go.

A little way brought my dog to a challenge and made me feel interested; he had just started on the trail to cross the swamp, when Bill's gun twice answered to his touch; but smoked without avail. We took the range and after hunting full half an hour without a jump, turned to the right and were about to give her up as too smart, when lo, I heard a sharp *whirr* above me, and looking, saw her hugging the ground along the sidehill with a sharp left angle away. I happened to drop the gun just right, and she fell without a flutter. We then crossed the road, and reaching the top of the hill, Bill tried his luck once more on a bird that started above him and went past going down the hill, failing to stop her. We followed, but she jumped entirely out of sight and we gave her up.

A quarter of a mile brought us to a good woodcock ground, but they were *non est*. On the further side, however, the dog challenged, and after crossing and recrossing the swamp on a running flock of quail, we managed to overtake them in the thickest cover Christopher Columbus could discover in five counties. Flushing, they all held low, not rising above 5ft., and disappeared in the brush. I pulled twice, killing the first dead and wounding the second hard. Dinks soon found the wounded bird, and on flushing it came directly at me and within 6ft. I let it pass, intending to shoot when it got far enough away; but it settled back on to the ground and took to its legs to my disgust. The dog soon got the trail and after following about 75yds. pointed. I could not find the bird, and he would not stir. I finally pushed him, and he picked the quail up out of the leaves right under his nose. Bill came and we hustled the rest of them as well as we could. I got five more chances and five more quail. He did some more shooting, but failed to score. Yet game still, he was happy and hopeful. There were six or seven left, but so hard to find that we gave it up.

Dropping into a swale some distance below, we started a partridge. Following, she let us pass, and as I came back to the fence she ripped out of a maple about 35yds. away, and crossed me sharp to right and well up in the air. It broke me all up to see her come out of the tree, and I shot a little too high. A few feathers told me I had hit her, and that was all. Going back into the swamp, I followed her, and was just balanced on a wing fence when she started straight to the front, crossing to left. I was going to do the job right that time, and put the gun just in front of her (but I could not get it low enough) and let it go. That was the last I saw of her, until Bill, coming up from below, picked her up dead in the exact direction she had been flying when I fired.

We then drifted on about half a mile and started three partridge together. They were cunning, and for quite a while managed to outgeneral us. Driving to the end of the run we passed them, and coming back they again tricked us. We opened fire, however, but only to mow some brush and pepper a big white birch. Driving back they dropped in the edge of the swale and Dinks got a point. Running like a redhead around a knoll, I got in above them. They knew it, and two went to the big woods without giving a single chance. The third one I was too close to, and caught him before he could reach a low-hanging grape vine that he attempted to cover with.

We then had seven quail and four partridges, and we concluded to eat dinner by a little brook up on the hill. Going up there we discovered the spot sought for, a brook, a run of scattering maples, and a plentitude of moss-covered boulders. It was a spot fair enough for any one to eat in, and it seems a partridge thought so, too, for when we were within 50yds. of it up got a bird and hustled down a swale. We gave up dinner and went after her. On the right of the brook below was large timber, on the left now and then a scattering white oak.

After hunting through the big wood we failed to find her. I suspected she was hid close to the brook. Bill would not go back so I went alone, till I reached a cart path that crossed it. I concluded (it being rather warm) to test the water there. I laid down my gun, charged the dog and had just got stretched out on the ground when there was an earthquake; that partridge had jumped not 20yds. above me and was coming down past. I jumped on to my feet, grabbed my gun and tried to straighten out, but I rolled like a ship in a heavy sea. I put in the first barrel, but it was inches over her; I managed to get the muzzle down, pulled it ahead into position and stopped her with the second. Then I took a drink of water while the dog retrieved.

We traveled down the swale looking for another good place to lunch and had just found it when Bill picked a woodcock out from between two rocks on the edge of another maple swamp. He called loudly for it to stop, but it did not seem to know him and kept right along. I started it next and fired both barrels without scoring, Bill joining in the chorus. I was ready to bet I could not hit a balloon just then; and then, well, I missed it again; I got mad then. Again it got up, this time in thick scrub oaks (with the leaves on), at very long range. I put the gun on him that time and he answered the call.

We then dined; rather late, but our appetites were with us, and they are the finest things in the world to dine with. As a relish, they discount all other kinds, despite the fact they have never become an article of commerce.

Dinner over, we crossed a range of cleared hills until we struck a long swale, through which a road runs. We had just stepped into this path when Bill's dog put a partridge out of the brush just below; and she came up the hill on our right and near Bill's position. He straightened out for action in good style, and pulled both barrels. The first struck; the second never touched her; but for all that he firmly believed that it was the second barrel that killed her. The collective enthusiasm of the party now reached summer heat, and we tackled the big swale.

The lower end was nearly reached, when a partridge jumped in advance and came back at us. I saw her just disappearing in the same copse of alders in which I was standing, and tried to stop her; but was not quick enough. I fired behind her, but near enough for Bill's safety, who was not 30ft. from the line of fire, entirely hidden by the thick brush. She flew but a short distance, and Bill soon started and fired, but failed to score. She again flew north. Dinks got a point, when I started and killed.

We soon emerged into a cornfield, and had just remarked of its fitness for quail, when Bill's dog ran down across the field to the southwest, plump into a flock of about fifteen birds, and away they went into the brush and out of range without a shot. Going into the brush my dog soon got a point, but they were running and jumped wild. A couple of shots brought nothing but a few feathers. Being nearly out of shells I gave up the main flock and followed one I wounded to the left. I had gone but a short distance when Dinks challenged and began to road. I followed just outside the brush slightly in advance of the dog and awaited developments. So closely did I watch his movements that I stepped directly over a large woodchuck skulking close to the ground. Not sighting until he rose I did not molest him, and he took one good look at me and then cantered toward his hole. I fear if I had stepped on him he would have waked me from my reflections with a jerk. Still the bird ran and I knew from my dog's actions that it was a partridge. Twice I tried to head it off but each time I was too short. It finally jumped out of sight and I followed on in the direction it flew. After hunting for half an hour I was obliged to give it up without a shot.

All this time Bill had been blasting at a terrific gait and fully expected to find him stuck fast in the mud from the weight of his catch. But, alas, for suppositions, whether liberal or conservative, they are seldom right; and, alas, for a man's reputation as a shooter when he gets nervous enough to think he must be careful and not miss.

In crossing over Dinks came to a point on a knoll with only here and there a scattering bird. "Now," I said to myself, "I've but three shells, and I must kill." As I stepped in front of the dog up got my wounded quail. I closed my left eye, squinted my sight to the proper notch and then missed that quail fair and square. I didn't try twice, but shouldered my gun and went down to pull Bill out of the mud. It was unnecessary. "How many?" I inquired. "One," was the melancholy answer. At the same time Dinks pointed and retrieved a dead quail. Bill thought that if one had flown on and dropped dead, the brush must be full of dead quail. But his hopes soon vanished in a fresh attempt. His mighty bone hunter, called Shad (in handling which I told him he should use a bone) pointed; Bill flushed and missed, and in disgust we left them to their own care, as it was fast gaining toward night. As we got over the fence in the big woods a quail started of its own accord, and I missed.

As the sun was just ducking its upper limb, we concluded to seek the depot by the nearest route. Bill was tired, and thought a team would be the speediest way. To find one we sought the first house, which lay at the head of this meadow. A narrow run of scrub oaks and alders lined its northern side, and we hunted this going up. We had nearly reached the end when up whistled a woodcock, being surprised it was some time before I pulled on him, but the dog retrieved him, and it was my last shell. Nothing more, until we were within 50ft. of the end, was seen, when both dogs pointed. Bill got wild with the outlook, and made me take his gun as his shells would not fit my own. So I stepped up to the dogs, and a woodcock jumped on my right, but kept low in the brush, which in the fast gathering darkness made it very difficult for me to see. I shot at him, but could not tell the effect. The dogs moved ahead a few feet and pointed again. Slipping in another shell, I stepped in, flushed, and it rose well, and I knocked it spinning, at the same instant another started on the other side of the run, flew but a few rods and dropped into the swamp again. I could not see it. But on Bill showing me the spot, went in, flushed and killed. I then sent Dinks in on the line of the bird I had shot at, but could not see, and he fetched it in dead, making four woodcock in about five minutes, on twenty rods of ground.

We had 7 partridge, 9 quail and 5 woodcock, 21 birds. Not a great big thing for two men, but all but one or two had been shot in very thick cover, on ground hunted by some one nearly every day in the week. We were a pair of happy gunners. It had been a grand day's sport to us. We had been in luck all day in finding. We had enough. We had both shot as well as we expected to, and had a bag beyond our wildest hopes. We now sought the farm house, but nothing would tempt its owner to try his steed's mettle for the next train, so we girded up our loins and settled down to conquer the necessary two miles or garnish the wayside with our noble bones. We wanted the 5:45 train; but we did not get it. We had covered about half-way, and had just reached the height of a grand hill, when away to the northeast about two miles, we saw the headlight of No. 27 swing into the sharp angle of the V formed by two high hills, and give us light on a subject of which we had sooner remained in the dark. We were left. We took it easy after that, and on reaching the station went over to the hotel and had a good supper and some coffee, which of all decoctions is best and mightiest. Then we boarded the next train at 7:10 perfectly happy. C. D. E.

Quail in Northern New York.

PORT HENRY, N. Y., Oct. 30.—You ask in last week's issue for reports on the success of transplanted quail. I give my mite. In the spring of 1892 I planted some ten dozen West Virginia birds in this neighborhood. They mated and thrived that summer and spread throughout the surrounding towns. Some begun traveling in October, leaving enough bevies for seed. I had good sport with them during the season and left parts of bevies for a test. Much to my surprise, I found some three or four of the bevies I kept watch of were doing well. I found in February one bevy of twenty strong birds that I had not known of before. All during this last spring and summer we have heard their pleasant calls all around us; and I have heard of them for miles around, showing that more survived than I knew of.

I have been in North Dakota chicken shooting this fall and afterward to the Fair, so that I have not had much chance to locate the birds. My wife and I took the dogs out on Saturday, however, and found in the course of a two-hours' walk two bevies, one with about forty birds in it (evidently two bevies that had got together on the stubble) and the other with about fourteen birds. On our way home we met a man who told us of three other bevies not far off, one of which he claimed had at least seventy-five birds in it. Wednesday we will be on deck bright and early. I am rather surprised at their living through last winter here and being winter-killed elsewhere, for we never lack snow and cold to test the hardiest.

W. C. WITHERBEE.

North Carolina Quail Season.

MR. W. A. BRYAN, of the Renfro Inn, at Mount Airy, N. C., writes: Our quail and game law is off in this county from Nov. 1 to March 15. It may be of interest to your readers to know the long season here in Surry county.

WIRE FENCING FOR PRESERVES.

BROOKLINE, Mass., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly inform me, or let me know where I can get the information in regard to wire fencing of game preserves? I would like to find out about the fence around the Brooklyn Gun Club's grounds on Long Island and Austin Corbin's preserve. The size and style wire, number strands, etc., also if there are other preserves or grounds so fenced. H. A. HORTON.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your inquiry of Mr. H. A. Horton regarding fences for game preserves has been referred to us.

As to Mr. Corbin's park in Newport, N. H., we would beg to state that the posts are set 12ft. apart. On the smoothest portions of the line (about twelve miles) the fence is constructed with a 2in. mesh wire netting, 6ft. high, and with five strands of our Glidden barb fencing above the netting, making the fence 8ft. high. The netting is supported by seven strands of two-ply No. 12 galvanized twisted fencing, stapled to the posts over the netting, also in each panel by vertical "cross stays," made of $\frac{3}{4}\times\frac{3}{16}$in. steel rivetted to the barb wire over the netting and also to the two-ply twisted wires, through the netting; the netting is thus held between the stays and the wires. On the balance and rougher part of the line (about twenty miles) no netting is used, as it was found that the netting would buckle over uneven ground, and it proved impracticable to use it in such places, unless the line is graded specially for it, which is expensive. On the line where the netting was not used, twenty-one strands of our Glidden barb wire was put on, spaced from about 3in. apart at the bottom, to about 7in. at the top, and the steel cross stays were rivetted to the wires, as above. These stays or binders keep the wires from spreading apart, cross-tying the fencing between the posts and thus in the union imparting more strength and stability.

We have furnished the material and built, by contract, most of the game preserve fences in this country, and among those in the neighborhood of New York we will name the following:

The New York State Deer Park, Big Indian, Ulster county, N. Y. Fence 10ft. high. Posts one rod apart, with 19 strands of two-ply No. 12, galvanized twisted fencing and steel cross stays.

Mr. Geo. Gould's game park at Furlough Lake, near Arkville, N. Y. Fence 8ft. high, posts one rod apart, with 21 strands of Glidden barb wire and steel cross stays.

Mr. C. C. Worthington's deer park, near Delaware Water Gap, Pa. Fence 8ft. high. Posts 12ft. apart, with 25 strands of Glidden barb wire and steel cross stays.

Mr. J. A. Havemeyer's deer park at Mahwah, N. J. Fence 8ft. high, posts one rod apart, with 23 strands of wire, 15 of two-ply No. 12 plain twisted fencing and 8 strands of thick-set Glidden barb wire and cross stays.

Tuxedo Park, Tuxedo, N. Y. Fence 8ft. high, posts one rod apart, with 14 strands of two point thick-set Glidden barb wire.

Mr. Magrane Coxe's park at Southfield, N. Y. Fence 8ft. high, posts one rod apart, with 17 strands of two-point Glidden barb fencing and steel cross stays.

C. W. Chapin's game preserve at Lebanon Lake, Sullivan county, N. Y. Fence 8ft. high, posts 12ft. apart, with 30 strands of two-point thick-set Glidden barb fencing and steel cross stays.

WASHBURN & MOEN MFG. CO.,
R. K. DANA, Agent.

STOLEN TIME.

GAINESVILLE, Texas, Nov. 2.—Many weeks have passed since leaving the confines of your city, and having previously given myself no indulgence, an irresistible desire possessed me to try the quail on reaching this point.

Inquiry failed to elicit the information desired until I haply engaged in conversation with the genial proprietor of the Lindsay. Arrangements are quickly made for the afternoon and he kindly loans me a 12-bore, 6¾lbs., an ideal quail gun.

Our conveyance is at the door by 1:30 P. M., and my companion is soon with me. A drive of three miles brings us to cultivated fields, where shooting privileges have been given us. Securing our "team" to a near-by fence, we hie away to the inviting stubbles, with Flossie (a pointer bitch of great beauty and endurance) quartering every inch of ground. We make inquiries of the "cullad" cotton pickers and are much encouraged. As we approach the copse that borders a lovely little stream in front, a welcome whistle greets us. We give a few answering calls and Flossie beats the old field beyond. With head high in air she makes game at the further edge.

Whirr!—a bird rises far in advance; we are now fully alive to the situation—*whirr, whirr, whirr*—they are off through the growth of alders. Two reports ring out, and but a solitary bird is secured. We raise a few of the scattered birds and two of their number are brought to bag. We "mark" the greater number away up the left bank of the stream. I knock over a couple of rabbits that dart across my path, and my companion secures a blue winged teal as we pass a small "tank" or pond.

With renewed hopes the spot is approached where birds were "marked." Flossie's instinct prompts a motionless attitude. A rise gives us two more of these rapid flyers and we bag a number of scattered birds in the copse.

Another bevy is found in a thick bed of weeds, where the heavily fruited pecan trees make welcome shade.

Almost at our feet we discover the game, but our better natures revolt against ruthless slaughter. An approach is made and the birds take wing; the cloud of feathers tells the tale of death. Flossie works to perfection and retrieves beautifully. Pursuing, we soon have birds enough to satisfy our appetites, and decide to drive leisurely along and try for ducks in the ponds along our route. We scarcely get under way before a jack rabbit apparently rises out of the prairie. Being a tenderfoot I am surprised. Never before had I beheld such a creature on his native heath. With long, sweeping strides, the ears in the ascendant, his speed would more than equal schedule railroad time in many parts of the South. I expressed a desire to pursue and endeavor to bag this creature while going at lightning speed. We drove rapidly on in the direction taken by this prairie racer, and were soon given a duplicate performance. Another attempt was made and the 10-bore Daly charged with 6s and passed to me. My companion held the reins, and we again began the pursuit. It was to me an exciting chase. We suddenly spy the jack, with head erect and all ready for business. Whizz! bang!—at this moment a prairie chicken breaks cover and darts with cannon-ball speed to my right. Quickly changing position, the left barrel speaks. Imagine my surprise to find both shots successful. Far ahead another chicken rises and is marked in a ravine fully half a mile distant. Securing our game, we lay our course and approach the locality where lies in hiding one of the noblest of game birds. I leave the wagon and Flossie assists me in beating the grassy cover. Success is ours.

We drive homeward in the falling twilight; an occasional jacksnipe makes music for us with his twweak; we are too tired for further effort, and reach the hotel at 6 P. M. with a goodly bag of quail, a brace of prairie chickens and a variety of other game.

I enjoyed the trip immensely, and will look forward with much pleasure to future visits here.

Many of these lands are posted, but gentlemen will have no difficulty in securing privileges from the hospitable Southern planters. Good bags of quail and ducks can be made near the city. I cross the Indian Territory next week and will note any items of interest to sportsmen.

EDWARD HAVENS GOODNOUGH.

A DAKOTA HUNTING WAGON.

THE object of this communication is to introduce the Great Dakota Road Runner, which was operated some fifteen years ago in the southwestern corner of Minnesota and adjoining territory in Iowa and Dakota, by E. F. Warner, Esq., of St. Paul, who was at that time a member of the wealthy syndicate which operated the Rock County Farms. A sketch of this remarkable vehicle is here given that it may not pass into oblivion.

The Rock County Farm is notable as being the pioneer of its class, antedating the Dalrymple, Grandin, Kennedy, and Humboldt, Trail and Cass county farms by several years, and its chief promoters, Horace Thompson, Erasmus Deane, George L. Hamilton and Charles H. Bigelow, leading business men of St. Paul, deserve the credit which belongs to pioneers for many ideas which were afterward adopted and put in operation by those who went into expensive agriculture on the same lines.

One of the original products of the Rock County Farm was prairie chickens, and "Doc" Warner, as he was familiarly called, although he was in no respect a medicine man *per se*, devoted much energy and inventive genius to gathering them in. This road-runner was the most conspicuous of his appliances. With his business

COMFORT IN THE FIELD.

partner and a few chosen comrades outside of the connection he carefully "scoured" (if he did not absolutely clean) the adjacent country for birds and other small game which came in his way. The location was newly settled, and horns of elk and antelope and buffalo were found all over the prairie. Perhaps it was his habitual scrutiny of the plains which prompted him ten years later to gather up and utilize this ghastly legacy of the defunct occupants, whereby he realized an income of $70,000 in a single year—the bone industry becoming the most lucrative of any in that treeless region.

The famous Pipestone Quarry was situated within three miles of Luzerne, the county seat of Rock county. It was a red cliff of jasper, aligned for half a mile with a vertical wall, which rose 70ft. above the surrounding level. For an indefinite period it had been a sort of Mecca for nomadic tribes of Indians, who resorted thither from far and near to make their "medicine" and collect material for pipes. Legends and superstitions in great variety were associated with it. Altogether it was an ideal hunting ground, and in respect to plentitude of game a "happy" one for both whites and Indians. Buzzards, crows and ravens enjoyed it too.

When the dry September south winds began to loosen the long tap-roots of the "tumble weeds" and blow them about the prairie like toy balloons, careering headlong, and the fields were bristling with the stubble of cut wheat and Indian corn, the "Do-Funny," as the wagon was styled, went forth on its autumnal rounds, sometimes into one State and anon into another. The hunters' dogs were provided with a spacious kennel which took the place of a rack in the rear of the vehicle. Guns, ammunition and provender found their place in ample lockers under the seats. There was a water butt in front with a faucet, and a pail swung under the rear axle for dipping water from the pockets of dry creeks, or any chance slough that offered. A capacious canvas canopy on two sticks made a grateful shade from the sun, which was often fervid at that season of the year. Ice could be carried in quantity sufficient to last a day, and was often the salvation of our heated dogs when the temperature was ninety-seven degrees. Altogether it was a commodious and comfortable outfit, and the like of it, I dare say, has never been seen to this day.

When "Doc" went into Montana on his bone business, the wagon passed out of commission, and eventually disappeared like a wet weather creek which sinks into the sand. Its present whereabouts is not officially known. Perhaps from the sketch herewith presented, some worthy imitation may be contrived in the interest of men who hunt the prairie stubbles and skirt the sloughs.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

North Carolina Shooting Club Site.

MR. HARVEY TERRY, of Coswell, P. O., Washington county, N. C., advertises this week an unusually advantageous site for a shooting club. It consists of a plantation of 4,000 acres on Lake Phelps, adjoining 170,000 acres of wild lands, both of which offer great attractions for the sportsman.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 27.—A gentleman asking to be known as "St. Albans," writing from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., asks:

"I should be glad to hear whether it is possible to increase the number of quail by giving them some care during the year? Can they be kept in the neighborhood where they are fed if moderate shooting is done, or do they wander as partridges do? What kind of protection in the winter against snow is it best to give them? What kind of a structure would you recommend to be made in the woods so as to protect against the snow and foxes? Is it practicable to plant some food for them in summer and fall? If so, what is best?"

I believe it to be unquestionably true that the quail sometimes migrate in large numbers, just as squirrels do. The shooters of Missouri will tell you this. The migrations usually take place just above and below the latitude line of severe winter. Bob White is not partial to snow and will move to escape it sometimes. This, however, is rare, especially in the upper North, and of all the game birds Bob White is perhaps the most purely local. The feeding and roosting grounds can be determined almost to a certainty for every bevy on a farm, and there is no bird so easily and directly helped by artificial aid in food and shelter. Buckwheat is as good food to sow as any, as it lies on the ground in such way as to be useful in the time of snow, and the birds are very fond of it. Hemp is good and so is wheat. You can always find the birds about a wheat stubble. They would riot in a field of broken down and uncut wheat. In time of heavy snow they will come up to a barnyard as regularly as chickens to be fed, if only they once learn they can get a meal of wheat, broken corn, and almost any small grain, not to say crumbs or scraps. Broomcorn seed is another thing they like a great deal, and a small tract put down to that would furnish a great deal of food. In the South a broomcorn patch is always good for a bevy or more. I should think buckwheat and broomcorn about as good as anything to plant for food, the latter to be broken or cut down.

As to shelter, it is hard to say. Lean-tos of brush and treetops might be useful, but would afford no protection against foxes, as would nothing else except houses with entrances too small for a fox. Into the latter the quail would hardly go to roost. Until the weather grows very severe they prefer to roost out in the open on a grassy knoll, sometimes in a cornfield, less often on stubble, it seeming to be their notion that they are less liable to surprise than they would be if hampered by more cover. They roost in a circle, and like to be able to spring out in every direction about the circle, when startled. As the winter deepens, they take to the hedges or to heavier cover, sometimes going to brush heaps, and in deep snow sometimes tucking themselves in under the edge of a straw stack. Sometimes again, they freeze to death, roosting in the open. Their worst time is when a sheet of ice shuts their food in on the ground from them, or when deep snow keeps them from the ground. At times like that the birds should be fed, and if feed be put along the edges of their accustomed feeding grounds, they will find it if the weather allows them to travel at all. Straw-covered lean-tos along the fences and hedges will be more apt to be patronized then than earlier in the winter, and Bob White, usually hard to hive, will then be tractable. This is the time the trapper knows so well.

If others would join "St. Albans" in his effort to protect the quail, the quail crop of the country could be increased one-third. If trapping were then stopped entirely, the supply would double, and it would be found difficult to kill the birds down too close with a month or so of legitimate shooting in a region where they were native and fairly abundant.

Sale of the Jones Buffalo Herd.

Buffalo Jones was in the city this week, and reports the recent sale of his entire herd of buffalo, numbering 52 head of full and cross bloods, to Charles Allard, of the Flathead Agency, Montana. This now gives Mr. Allard the practical, if not the actual, monopoly of the buffalo of the United States. Add these to his numerous herds of cattle and to the band of buffalo he already had, and Charlie Allard may be held a rich man. The consideration in the sale was $36,000. The Jones herd was thought to be sold once before this summer, but the sale fell through and the Allard deal was effected later. This puts Buffalo Jones out of the industry to which he has clung so long and under such difficultics. He bears this philosophically, and wishes Mr. Allard all success with his great herd. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Porcupine as Food.

IT is repugnant to the feelings of many individuals to do the crawfish act, to take back any statements that they have made, squarely, fairly and confidently. I am one of that number. But when I find I am wrong, "what I says I don't stand to."

Two years ago I wrote slightingly, in fact, disparagingly, of the flesh of the porcupine as a food. I thought I had the papers to prove that it was "strong" and rank-tasting. And I had, so far as one specimen was concerned. This fall, while I was out hunting with two members of the Catawampus Club, the dog treed a porcupine. Our Uncle Adam Moore looked the animal over, said it would "do," and ordered the animal shot. He then proceeded very cooly to dress it. I said, "You're not going to eat that thing?" He said he was, if he lived. "Why," said I, "an Injun down our way tried to eat one a few years ago and he couldn't, it was so strong." "Would you like to eat an old buck sheep at this time of year?" I confessed that I would not. "But you wouldn't object to a piece of good, fat lamb?" "Nary an object," said I. "Well, neither would I eat an old he porcupine. I couldn't if I wanted to. But you will find a fat young fellow like this pretty good stuff when you are hungry." And I did, too. But it did not "taste just like lamb," as many say it does.

Not very long ago I wrote that there was no difference in excellence between English and American guns. I still think there is none as regards shooting qualities. But I find the woodwork of the guns manufactured in one of the above countries is more liable to have small pieces chipped from it where it joins the iron, and to shrink and swell, and "bind" the action. I had no preferenc two years ago. I have a very pronounced one now. We "live and learn," or think we do. L. I. FLOWER.

Cortland County, N. Y.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Nov. 2.—The weather for the past month has been altogether too fine for the scoring of anything like satisfactory bags of ruffed grouse. Local gunners report finding the grouse in goodly numbers, but claim that the birds have thus far failed to lie well, flushing wild and indulging in light flights. Wm. Hartranft, a well known field shot, tells me that a letter recently received by him from a party at Harford Mills, N. Y., discloses the pleasing intelligence that a tract of timber near that village, dozens of grouse of this year's breeding are to be found. I also hear that good grouse shooting may be had along the east shore of Cayuga Lake, some twenty miles north of Ithaca. Around Little York, seven miles from Cortland, a good many squirrels are being bagged. The grays are plenty in the vicinity of Dryden, also. With the aid of ferrets, a big rabbit crop will be harvested. M. C. H.

Home-Made Explosive Bullets.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 28.—I am not much of a deer hunter, but I have killed three deer with explosive bullets from a .44 Winchester, and can give your correspondent, "Sareault," Eddy, N. M., a pointer. Mould the bullet with a mine in the lower end, just the size of a blank pistol cartridge (.22cal.), pull out the wire and you have the bullet ready to insert the .22 blank. If you wish to expand, fill up the empty space with powder. If you want it to explode put it in just as you get it; the open space will explode it. Load the cartridge in the usual way, but I would not advise filling the magazine, although I have done it several times. I would keep an explosive in the barrel and solid ones in the magazine. V. P. W.

More Snared Birds in Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 29.—I found on Saturday, in one of our city markets, 12 snared partridge. About a year ago this same firm had about 70 snared birds in their possession and got out of their dilemma nicely. I have reported my find to our local game constable by messenger and am awaiting the result with great interest. Birds are very scarce in this county for the very reason that we have so few "men" in it. Every foreigner here owns a shotgun, and I often find them with pocketsful of song birds. In fact, they kill everything that moves about here, in or out of season. Shall keep you posted on the result of my find. FRANKLIN JNO. KAUFMAN.

Snipe in Ohio and Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 29.—Snipe shooting is reported good at Jones's Station, O., and along the tributaries of the Big and Little Miami rivers, also in the lowlands below Fort Thomas, east of Newport, Ky. The prospects for a good season's sport at quail in and about here are poor.

WICK.

A Moose Trophy.

THE head of the moose killed by our correspondent L. C. I., in the hunt so graphically described in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, is now being mounted by Fred Sauter, the taxidermist, at his shop on North William street.

Another Museum Moose.

MR. J. ROWLEY, JR., of the American Museum of Natural History, in this city, has just secured on a hunting trip in New Brunswick a bull moose, which was required to complete a group of seven, mounted for the museum.

Summer Homes.

A BEAUTIFULLY illustrated book; list of over 3,000 summer hotels and boarding houses in Catskill Mountains and central New York. Send six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, Gen'l Eastern Passenger Agent, West Shore R. R., 363 Broadway, New York, or free upon application.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

OUANANICHE AS GAME FISH.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I read in your columns an article from the pen of Robert C. Lowery, of New York, in which he touched on ouananiche fishing in the waters around Lake St. John, Quebec, with adverse criticism as to their fighting qualities, and their right to far-fame for gaminess and pluck.

During the last week of July and the first weeks of August of this year, the Rector and I, with four Indian guides and two canoes started from Pointe Bleue, on Lake St. John, on a ten days' outing up the Ashuapmouchuan and through Lakes Pemoka, Brochét, Plongér, Clair and Lac à Jeune to the Wassiemska, down which we proceeded to the Mistassini, turning up the latter river to the first cascade above the junction of the two streams, from which we journeyed down the Mistassini and across to Roberval Hotel, where we were staying.

Our first handling of ouananiche, a fish I had heard of in recent years, was at Chute à L'Ours, on the Ashuapmouchuan, a mass of tumbling, roaring water, and extremely picturesque.

The guide paddled me to a point of rock between two falling bodies of water, where the mist from the falls rained down on one in a drenching shower, and the roar of the cataract was deafening.

I was provided with a 7oz. ash and lancewood rod, and two Jock-Scott flies on a 6ft. leader. Stepping out on a slippery rock constantly submerged by the dashing waves, I threw a 30ft. line across the white, foaming "brou," and as the swift current caught it, I let out 12 to 15ft. more, so as to reach solid water where the fish could see the fly. No sooner was the line taut down stream and I had raised my arm to make the flies skip, than a fish struck with such vigor that I almost fell off the rock in my surprise, so taken aback was I at the sudden challenge, when I had meant my first cast more as a preliminary wetting of the line than with serious intent. Up went a 5-pounder 2ft. in the air, 40ft. distant, with head and tail together, and falling back into the water, with a rush he ran down stream until checked, then another wild leap and he came straight toward the rock on which I was standing. I pressed the spring of the automatic reel, taking up the slack as fast as he gave me the line. When he stopped, I held him to see what he would do next. He went down, drawing the point of the rod under, until I feared he was making for a crevice in the rock, where the line would be cut.

Putting a strain on him, the line slacked up so quickly I thought he had vanished. Instead, to my astonishment, he appeared in front of me 2ft. in the air, and at that moment I heard in the rear an emphatic "sacre" from the guide, who had been watching the mad capers of the ouananiche. The latter again took the hook and line and ran down stream, giving one more leap when I put the strain on him. Testing the strength of rod and tackle against his indomitable efforts to escape, I held him as he fought his way inch by inch, and stepped back to the main rock. The guide took the landing net, not large enough, I found, for ouananiche, and endeavored to push it under him, but his dashes hither and thither prevented his capture at once, At last he was in the net struggling for dear life. Jim, fearing he would escape, by a quick movement turned the net over on the fish, grabbing both with his two hands against the slippery rock. A fierce scramble, four distinct images—the guide, the net, a line with hooks dangling, a fish floundering off the rock into the water—and my first ouananiche was caught and lost. He gained his freedom with a brave pertinacity that won my admiration and tempered disappointment at his loss. I thought of Mr. Lowery's stricture on ouananiche and decided that at least one individual of the species had redeemed his tribe from the charge of being, as a fish worthy of one's skill, "flat, stale and unprofitable." We caught seven that forenoon, ranging from 5 to 8lbs. in weight, and the Rector, who is quite critical on the subject of gamy fish, concluded that he had seldom more enjoyed a tussle with the finny tribe, admitting frankly that the ouananiche had fully sustained his reputation as a fighter of the first order.

When we left the Chute à L'Ours next day, we had brought to land fifteen fish, and had lost about six more from "pure cussedness" on their part, and the possession of only one small net between us. We improvised a somewhat crude gaff from two large bait hooks fastened to the end of a straight bough, not having considered it necessary to bring with us a salmon gaff left at the hotel, but which next time we tackle the ouananiche we shall certainly add to our outfit.

Seeing a fin showing above a swirl of foam that was going round and round among the eddies, breaking up into small flakes and again uniting in one large sheet, circling in wide sweeps above the turbulent waters, we got into the canoe and paddled within casting distance of the swirling "brou." A fin rising, by a quick cast the line was thrown across the direction he was going in. The flies sank beneath the foam, the line straightened, and I had him. A vigorous leap, another and yet another, and Jim's stoicism gave way with a shout of approval. He don't fight, eh? How's that, Jim? Just look at him. Away he goes with the line, leaping into the air seven times by count. He keeps one busy at the reel and —but where is he? He is making straight for the bottom if there is any, and like a flash he is coming toward us, and under the canoe he goes, taking line and rod with him. Zip! Swish! Seated as I was with my back close to the prow, with the right hand the rod was thrust behind and caught with the left on the side he came out on, on the way skyward for the last time. He must have sneered a good-bye, "When shall we three meet again?" as I reeled in a slack line, and nary a ouananiche. This happened more than once. "To the victor belongs the spoil," and the ouananiche when you catch him.

Once two were hooked at one cast. It was "the parting of the ways," they with a hook each, and I minus two. One lying in the bottom of the canoe took French leave over the side as if shot from a spring-board. They fight like black bass to which alone I give the palm, weight for weight, and they accept defeat with a bad grace. Mr. Lowery must be a blasé fisherman, seeking unusual novelty in Waltonic pursuits, somewhat resembling a gentlemen we met at Roberval, whose present mission in the world seemed to be a continual search after new experiences.

In Lac à Jeune we trolled instead of using fly, and in that peaceful abode of plenty the ouananiche get too well fed and flabby, for want of the "struggle for existence," to which are fated his more muscular, finer fellows of the seething, troubled waters of the wilder cascade. They lack in vigor and obstinacy.

Our trip to the ouananiche country was one that will live in our memory as of the most enjoyable we could well have projected, and the Rector returned to Scotland fully resolved to "repeat the dose." The guides were excellent fellows, and Fred Phillip one of the best and jolliest of the crew.

Shooting the rapids of the Wassiemska and "Mr. Sweeney" on our way down was highly exhilarating and fraught with constant danger of a capsize, but in the hands of our experienced canoemen we missed the adventure and enjoyed the excitement. We shall count the days until we again renew our acquaintance with the St. John country and our worthy foes—the ouananiche.

WILLIAM BRUCE.

Fishing at English Lake.

ENGLISH LOOKOUT, La., Oct. 23.—Through the kind invitation of Mr. P. Mallard, member of the Marshall Fishing Club, situated here and on the L. & N. R. R., your correspondent accepted the pleasure of a day's sport last Saturday, which resulted in a very good catch, counting 46 green trout (black bass), 9 redfish, 11 sheepshead, 12 croakers and 5 speckled trout.

Mr. Mallard was not only entertaining during our trip, but proved himself quite an expert at rod and reel fishing; his casting was very pretty and done with great skill.

There are three clubs at this point, all within a throw of each other, situated 40 miles from New Orleans. Their members are of the best men found in the city, and all jolly good fellows.

Good catches were made by every one. Among those who are known to have made good strings were Messrs. B. F. Glover, E. Dupre, Muster and Capt. King.

ANODRAC.

BARNEY'S POOL.

WHY it was called Barney's Pool no one—not even the oldest inhabitant—could tell. Certainly any other name would have been as appropriate. Deadman's Pool, Dismal Pond or Dreary Swamp much more so, for a more desolate, weird, dreary place it would be hard to imagine.

But he who would fish successfully in B. Lake must occasionally visit the same Barney's Pool, for at certain spots in the pool—spots well known to the old fishermen —were gravel beds over which minnows fairly swarmed. Here the very choicest bait for muskallonge could be found in the greatest abundance. Often and often have I filled my minnow pails with the most tempting bait in an incredibly short time, but I think I can say it was always with a sense of relief that I closed the lids, pulled up my anchor and left the desolate spot.

Never shall I forget my first visit to Barney's Pool and the adventure which followed it. It was a hot day early in September, hot, close and sultry, not a breath of air stirred the leaves; B. Lake lay like a vast heated mirror, not a ripple disturbed its surface. The sun was fairly scorching and seemed to dry up the grass it touched. All the morning John and I had fished with very fair success and noon found our minnow pail almost empty. We had eaten dinner in the woods at the north end of the lake and were enjoying a quiet after-dinner smoke.

"John," said I, "what shall we do this afternoon? It's too hot to go on the lake before 6 o'clock and it's now only 3. We have three hours on our hands to dispose of."

"Well," answered John, "I think we had better go after bait or we'll not have enough for this evening's fishing. A little way from here there's a creek comes down through these woods. By rowing up it we can get to Barney's Pool, and there we can soon get bait enough to last us two or three days."

A half hour later we were afloat again on the lake and a short pull brought us to the mouth of the creek, into which John shot the boat.

It was a deep, sluggish stream, running, or rather lying dead, under the trees, for current it seemingly had none. The bushes and trees grew so thick on its banks that the little sunlight finding its way through the leaves fell in a pale, sickly light.

The water was black, dead, gloomy looking—decaying logs, fallen treetops, rushes and reeds obstructed the channel. The air was damp and filled with the odor of decaying wood and leaves. Numerous black-backed turtles slipped off the logs at our approach and glided out of sight, burying themselves in the murky darkness of the water.

After following all the curvings and windings of the stream for possibly a mile, we pushed our way through a thick growth of rushes and found ourselves on a small pool of water.

"This is Barney's Pool," said John.

It would be difficult to describe my sensations on first beholding this pool. There was a sense of loneliness, of dreaminess, that entered with the very air one breathed. A feeling of depression came over me that was impossible to shake off.

The pool lay dark even in the full daylight. Its waters black like the stream we had followed. Shores it had none, but the black water seemed to lose itself in long, rank weeds, out of which rose tall, lifeless, barkless tree trunks, like grim skeletons guarding the desolate spot.

The pool seemed surrounded by a vast swamp, save at one spot where a little knoll appeared a few feet above the water, and on this knoll stood the remains of an old log cabin. Old, deserted, neglected, it but added to the weirdness of the scene.

When we left the lake the sun was shining. When we reached the pool great clouds had covered the sky, flashes of lightning were seen in the west and low rumblings of distant thunder indicated the approach of the storm that had been gathering all day.

A few pulls of the oars and John proceeded to drop the anchor, announcing that we were over one of the gravel beds, and we got ready our minnow lines, and the work of fishing for minnows soon absorbed our attention. For some reason the minnows refused to bite, although John assured me "there were thousands of them in there," and later experience proved he knew whereof he spoke. At the end of a half hour we had caught but three; we moved to another spot with no better success. It began to look discouraging.

In the meantime the storm was approaching, the flashes of lightning were more frequent, the thunder louder; a sudden gust of wind recalled us to the fact that we had better seek shelter.

"John," I said, "get up your anchor and let us pull for that old hut," and it was time, for scarcely had we gotten inside the old ruins when the rain came down in torrents. Fortunately we found one corner of the cabin protected by a remaining portion of the roof, and here we had to remain for three mortal hours listening to the rain beating on the outside.

Finally it ceased, ceased almost as suddenly as it began; and we ventured out of our prison, only to find night fast approaching.

This was an unexpected turn to our adventure. We had not anticipated spending the night at Barney's Pool, but here night was almost upon us, and how dark it would be down that stream. It would be almost impossible to find our way in the darkness through all the windings of the little creek, and even if we did succeed in getting back to the lake a strong wind was blowing up it, so that it would be difficult, even dangerous, to attempt to cross it. There was nothing for us but to remain where we were.

"John," I said, "I guess we'll have to spend the night here."

"Yes, I guess so," he answered, "and I would a good deal rather not."

"Why, John?" I asked. "Of course, it's not the pleasantest place in the land, but we have spent nights in a great deal worse places. We can find enough dry boards in the corner to sleep on, and it'll not be the first night I have slept, and slept well, on boards."

"I am not bothered about the sleeping," he answered, "but I would rather be almost anywhere else. Don't you know, Mr. Sherman, they say this hut is haunted. They say there was a man killed here once, and that he haunts the place, and that strange lights are seen here at night, and—"

Just then a terrific clap of thunder interrupted John, and another splashing shower coming on we were driven

back to our corner. I tried later on to get John back to the story of the hut, but either he knew nothing more, or did not like to talk about it. I could get nothing out of him, and he seemed anxious to avoid the subject, so I soon gave up the attempt, and we lapsed into silence. The time passed slowly away, outside the wind blew fiercely, driving great clouds across the sky; at times the moon shone out bright, then heavy clouds obscured it. The wind whistling through the chinks and crannies of the old cabin gave forth weird and unearthly sounds.

The evening was slowly passing away. There had been a longer interval of silence between us. I was beginning to feel sleepy and thinking of turning in for the night, when there came a fierce blast of wind that shook every log in the old hut. Then followed a dead calm—perfect silence—not the motion of a leaf was heard.

Then clear and distinct on the night air came the tinkling of a bell. It startled us both, it seemed so near the old hut.

"It's a stray cow," John. "Some stray cow has wandered into the clearing and is making a meal off the long grass."

"It ain't no cow," John answered, "a cow never rings a bell that way."

"Well, if it isn't a cow, what is it?" I asked.

"I don't know what it is; but I know it ain't no cow."

"Well, I'll soon see what it is," I said, making my way to the door of the cabin as I spoke.

In front of the cabin was a cleared space possibly a hundred paces in width, and beyond the clearing was a dense woods. The sound seemed to come from a point in the woods almost directly in front of me.

I stood in the doorway some time listening to it. John was right. There was something peculiar in the way the bell rang, and yet I could scarcely tell wherein the peculiarity lay.

I was trying to determine this when I was surprised to see a pale blue light shine out distinctly at the very point I had settled on as the spot where the bell was ringing. I was certain the light wasn't there when I first came to the door.

I called John to my side and together we watched the light in silence.

The moon was shining brightly, lighting up the clearing distinctly, and we could see a well worn path leading from the door of the cabin in the direction of the point where the bell was ringing.

"Come with me," I whispered, "and we'll soon find out what's going on over there."

I noticed John seemed a little reluctant at first and hesitated about going, but finally he followed me. The path was broad and well beaten, and we had no trouble in following it. We had gotten within 20 paces of the woods when suddenly the light disappeared, and at the same instant the bell ceased ringing.

We hesitated a moment, then hurried along as fast as we could and entered the woods. To our surprise we found nothing unusual. The moonlight coming through the trees gave an abundant light, yet, although we searched carefully everywhere, we could find no trace either of animal or human being.

I was just thinking of giving it up and returning to the hut when I was surprised to hear again the tinkling of the bell, and looking up I saw the light burning apparently a short distance ahead of us in the woods. "Come quick, John," I said, "we'll not let it escape us this time."

As I spoke the bell stopped ringing but the light continued burning. We hurried forward as fast as we could and apparently were getting nearer to it. We were only a few paces from it when suddenly there was a rustling among the leaves back of us, and before I could turn around I felt myself grabbed by both arms and instantly a bandage was thrown over my eyes.

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that it took us both by surprise, and our hands were bound behind us almost before we had time to think. Then a low, gruff voice whispered in my ear, "Now, Cap, if you know what's good for you you'll keep quiet and come with us without any nonsense," and I felt the barrel of a pistol pressed against my temple. I heard John say, "Mr. Sherman," but a coarse voice interrupted him with, "Shut up, or I'll blow the whole head off you." I then felt my arms grabbed by a man on either side of me, and the same voice spoke again at my ear: "Now we'll lead you, and walk along right smart, Cap, for we have no time to spare."

We then started through the woods, my captors guiding my steps so that I experienced no trouble in walking. I could not tell the direction we went nor how far, but it seemed to me we walked for miles.

Suddenly I heard the crackling of wood burning, I noticed an increase of light through my bandage, and felt a sudden heat on my face as though I was near a fire. Then we stopped and one of my captors told me to sit down; at the same time I felt a log of wood pressed against my knees and I sat down on it.

I had been studying all the time we were tramping through the woods what the meaning of all this could be, and what object they had in seizing us in this way. I listened with the greatest attention now, hoping to hear something that might enlighten me. I could hear feet shuffling about and could hear voices talking low at a little distance from me, but could not make out what was said. After several minutes of this suspense the same voice whispered at my ear: "The Captain is coming this way."

I soon heard the approach of his footsteps, and then his voice addressed me, though in muffled tones, as though he were wearing a mask:

"Well, we've got you this time," he said; "you thought you would capture us, but the tables are turned, and instead we've captured you."

"I don't understand you, Captain," I said.

"No, I suppose not," he answered, laughing. "Of course you are very innocent. Of course you are not Government officers. Of course you weren't sent out to capture a gang of illicit distillers. Of course you weren't informed that we had a still near the old hut. Oh, no, my pretty boys, you couldn't take us in. We watched you ever since you came here. We saw you hiding in the hut this afternoon."

"But I protest, Captain."

"Oh, protest all you want," he said, interrupting; "you can't fool us. We saw you sneaking about the old hut. You thought we would go there this evening and you would capture us without any trouble. But we were a little too sharp for you. We judged you had plenty of assistance within call, so we decided to tempt you to leave the hut, and we succeeded, as you are aware."

"But, Captain," I said, "we are not Government officers."

"No, I suppose not," he answered, sarcastically. "That's too old a dodge. You'll have to get something better. Why, we had a full description of you a week before you came here. We have been watching for you."

"But I will give you proofs, Captain."

"We have all the proofs we want and will not listen to any more. I have only come here to tell you the punishment the gang have decided on in your case. In the first place I will tell you that we are going to let you off very light. We are going to release you when you have taken an oath not to reveal anything you may have heard or seen either at the hut or with us."

"We'll very willingly take that oath," I answered.

"And in addition," continued the Captain, paying no attention to my remark, "the gang has a rule that any person caught spying in any way on the actions of the gang shall be branded with a red-hot iron on the right arm."

I jumped to my feet. "This is monstrous, this is inhuman!" I shouted, "you wouldn't dare!"

"Seize him!" said the Captain, "and if he don't keep quiet, gag him!"

Instantly two men caught me by the arms.

"Now take him to the fire and brand him. We'll show these fellows what we are made of."

I struggled all I could, but it was useless opposing the strong arms that held me. I was forced up close to the fire, then rough hands pulled my sleeves about my elbow. I was then forced to stoop over until my arm came so close to the fire that the heat against it was terrible. There I was made to stand several minutes, while I could hear men working about the fire, apparently heating the irons.

While all this was going on not a word was spoken, then a voice said "Ready."

"It was answered by several voices, "All ready, Captain."

"When I count three, strike both together."

There was a moment of silence that seemed an hour. Then came slowly the words "*One—two—three.*"

There was a groan from John, and at the same instant I felt a sharp, stinging pain shoot up my arm and all through my body. It was but a second, but what a second. "Bind them up quick!" said the voice; and instantly a bandage was bound tightly around my arm.

"Now take them back to their seats," and we were led back to our logs.

"Let them rest awhile." And I heard the Captain's footsteps walking away, and soon afterward the men who had charge of us followed him.

For half an hour we sat there without hearing a sound. I began to wonder at it. Could it be possible they had gone? Finally I ventured to speak. "John." "Well, Mr. Sherman." Not a sound was heard even then. No one interrupted us. "John," I said, "I believe they have gone and left us. I don't hear anything of them."

Again we listened a few minutes. Still not a sound. My hands were free, so I determined to venture on removing the bandage from my eyes. After a little effort I got it off. As I imagined, there was not a soul in sight. The fire was still burning brightly, but no one was near it.

"Pull off your bandage, John," I said, "there's no one here."

In a moment John's eyes were free, and we stood looking at each other.

"Are they gone, Mr. Sherman?" said John, doubtingly. "Oh! the villains, to burn us that way."

For the moment I had forgotten the burning. This recalled it. The bandage had been wrapped so tight that my arm was numb and I could not feel the burn. I determined to take off the bandage, and so began to unwind it very carefully so as not to injure the arm. Fold after fold came off, and when the last round came off judge of my surprise to find the arm entirely uninjured. There was not a scar or mark upon it. John had removed his bandage and was standing gazing in surprise at his own uninjured arm.

"Why, I felt the iron burning."

"I thought I did too."

While removing the bandages I had unconsciously walked nearer the fire. My attention was attracted by two glittering spots on the grass. I stooped and picked one up. It was a small piece of ice fast melting in the heat from the fire. In an instant all was plain.

"Here," I said, "are the irons that burned us and that explains why they held our arms to the fire so long. Ice would hurt as bad as hot iron on arms heated as ours were. There's some mystery about this that we haven't found out yet, but we had better get away from here before they come back. We've had quite enough of them for one night. Do you know where we are?"

John looked around a while. "Why yes, I know where we are. We're on the hill just a little ways above Somer's Point."

"Somer's Point! Ah, is that so? And the Jolly Fishing Club are camping on Somer's Point."

"Yes, and it ain't but a little ways to their camp."

"Well, they are old friends of mine and we'll go down and spend the night with them, but not a word about this night's adventure."

I never yet found a party of campers so hard to waken, or who seemed so sleepy when we did get them out; but at last we got them far enough awake to understand that we wanted to spend the night with them. We made some paltry excuse for appearing at such an hour, which excuse was accepted without comment, and they soon stowed us away comfortably for the night.

I slept in the tent of my friend Captain Blank. Before going to bed I noticed the toe of a boot sticking out from under his cot. It had mud on it that looked too fresh and wet to have been there many hours.

I said nothing, but I thought a great deal.

F. I. SHERMAN.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

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BY STREAM AND LAKE IN MICHIGAN.

THE trouting season for 1893 in Michigan has closed. The wind already sweeps cold and mournfully through the woods. The extremely hot days and remarkably cold nights have turned the leaves on the ancient oaks to varied hues of golden richness, and slowly dropping, one by one, they are claimed by Mother Earth as her own. The majestic, brilliant-colored, lofty-plumed golden rod nods gently to the passing breeze. The meadow queen is shedding its lovely flowers of dainty purple, and all nature tells us, in language unmistakable, that other days and of a vastly different character are soon to dawn upon us. The streams of northern Michigan are noted the world over as being the favorite home of the trout and of the grayling. The season just closed has been a particularly good one for the trout and grayling fishermen. Parties from all sections of the country have visited our world-renowned lakes and streams, and they have returned to their homes well pleased with their experience, satisfied with their catches, and fully determined to come again at the first opportunity.

The people of Michigan extend the hand of welcome to all comers who are honest, law-abiding, respectable sportsmen, and they will spare no pains to make the sojourn of the visiting brother sportsman enjoyable and pleasant. It is the little things, kindly extended, pleasantly received, that go to make up the sum total of our daily life. So it is with the trout fisher—the successful experience of others who are engaged in the same pastime, will ever be his guide, and the more carefully and thoroughly he studies the success or failure of others, the better and more successful trout fisher he will become.

This reminds me of the story of the last party to return from the trout streams to Lansing; and as their experience will be interesting and instructive to those who are to visit that section of northern Michigan on a like mission I will venture to tell you something of it. The little party, consisting of Frank E. Briggs, T. H. Sedina and A. J. Bradford, all armed and equipped as the most fastidious trout could require, left Lansing Aug. 7. Their destination was Baldwin, Lake county. Their headquarters at Baldwin was at the Townsend House, one of the best kept and most homelike country hotels in northern Michigan, owned and presided over by J. C. Townsend and his pleasant and obliging wife. To Mr. H. C. Rudd, one of the prominent business men of Baldwin, the entire party were deeply indebted. Mr. Rudd has the only large ice box in town, and among his many other good deeds he allowed the party to use his ice and ice box during their entire stay at Baldwin, and he refused to take a penny for his trouble. At Baldwin the party was increased by the addition of Uncle Abe Bush, Roscoe Bonney, John Updegraffe and Charles Frost. These gentlemen are old residents of Baldwin, and as trout fishermen and guides they can't be beaten. They know every inch of the country for many miles around, and they are perfectly familiar with every trout stream in that section. They can each one handle a fly-rod and cast a fly equal to the best of men, and they can land a trout with an ease only to be acquired by a lifelong experience as trout fishermen. The party here engaged a livery, and Sam, the German driver, to take them about the country as they required. The livery was good for a backwoods village, and Sam did his part faithfully and well.

Baldwin is located on Baldwin Creek, one of the most lovely little streams of northern Michigan. This stream, like many others in this section, was once well filled with trout, and one could catch a fine string of nice big fellows within a few moments' walk of the village almost any day; but, alas! the stream has been literally blown to pieces, the banks have been torn up, big holes have been gouged out of the bottom of the stream, and successful trout fishing or even fairly good catches is a thing of the past. The law-breaking wretch with his explosive dynamite bombs has put in his dastardly work, and desolation, wreck and ruin follows in his wake on any stream which he visits. I am told that fish killed by explosives are always badly crushed, the ribs are torn from the backbone, and about every bone in the body is broken.

Five members of the little party fished all of one day a few miles below Baldwin, and they only took, as the total catch, fifteen small trout.

At Baldwin the party got together their camp equipage, and taking the guides and Sam and the team, drove thirteen miles to the Little Manistee. Here the entire party camped in an old, unused log house, located near the river, slept on the ground, did their own camp work and their own cooking, and enjoyed themselves as only an old-time camper can. The Little Manistee for many years has been one of the most famous trout streams in Michigan; but here, too, the explosive bomb has been at work, and very greatly injured the prospects for extra big catches for some time to come. This stream, like most northern Michigan streams, is very deep, the water is very cold, the current runs very swift, the banks on either side are studded thickly with a tangled, rank growth of alders, and one must get into the middle of the river and wade every foot of the stream in order to do any fishing at all. The casts must all be made in midstream, with the water hip deep, as the bushes and trees nearly meet over and above the water, and there is no chance to cast a fly with any kind of success except one is prepared to wade. To wade up the stream was utterly impossible, as the current ran so swift. The party waded and fished down the stream altogether, and they covered from five to eight miles each day.

When bait was used in fishing for grayling, it took three large bullets to sink the line and keep the bait near the bottom of the stream. The entire party in four days' fishing took 165 fine trout—not an awful big catch, but enough to supply the camp, and some extra fine ones for the friends at home. In camp, they all turned in and took turns at camp work. In the way of flies they found that the professor, as a leader, with a grizzly-king and and a brown-hackle, or a grizzly-Palmer and a dull-Palmer, gave the best results. Each fished with a 9ft. leader, and about 100ft. of line. They caught a few rainbow trout, and a total catch of fifteen grayling. The trout took nothing but the fly, and the grayling took nothing but bait.

One morning early Mr. Briggs took a stroll down the stream for grayling; he had just dropped his bait near the bottom of the pool, when a monster trout caught sight of it, and, making a rush for it, turned and hit it a sharp blow with his tail, then turned again and tossed it about with his nose, then pushed it from one side of the pool to

the other, by pushing against it with his body, and after playing hide and seek with the bait for nearly half an hour, he gave a grand whirl and then retired to a quiet spot near the upper edge of the pool, and placing himself in position, in plain sight all of the time, he positively refused to budge an inch. Nothing seemed good enough to tempt him to make a strike that morning, so Mr. Briggs left him for some other, perhaps more lucky, fisherman to try his skill upon. As bait for grayling the grasshopper did the best as a rule. The small Scotch hook gave the best satisfaction of any hook used.

Mr. Updegraffe makes a very nice cast. He has no trouble when standing in midstream, water hip deep, in delivering 75ft. of line and landing his fly as softly as a feather upon the water. He uses a light, 7oz., split-bamboo rood.

Nine miles up the Baldwin, at Bradford's dam, the entire party spent one evening fly-fishing. They had extra good luck and took twenty fine trout, averaging about 1lb. each. They found it hard work to wade the stream in the dark and to make their casts to good advantage, but they were all greatly pleased with their night's work. They returned to Lansing delighted with the people whom they had met, pleased with their camping and fishing, and they would say to any really good fellow who wants a good time to go to Baldwin.

Uncle Abe Bush is one of the fixtures and old-time characters of Baldwin. He has passed the three score milestone by a number of summers, but he is hale and hearty and well preserved, and a most delightful companion in the camp and on the river. He is a competent, good guide in every sense of the word, and he knows the wants of the trout fisher and woodsman thoroughly. His home is a very modest little cabin in the edge of the village, where he lives alone. He was a soldier early in life and his army training serves him well in his old age, for he is a pattern of neatness always, and his cosy cabin home is wholesome and exceedingly well kept. A large piece of canvas reaching nearly across the front of the cabin tells the wayfarer that he has reached the headquarters of the Baldwin Fishing Club, and that Abe Bush is the president of the club. Inside of the cabin, if Uncle Abe is at home, he will receive a very hearty and wholesouled welcome, and if he likes to look over fine fishing tackle, and hear how the fishing was done a score of years ago, and about the big trout and the big catches in the early days in Michigan, he will be pleasantly and well entertained. The boys from Detroit, Grand Rapids, and from many places outside of the State, when they visit this section make their home at The Townsend and their headquarters with Uncle Abe. The great abundance of fine fishing tackle which hangs suspended by wooden pegs on the walls of Uncle Abe's cabin home, and his comfortable, home-like surroundings, seem to indicate that Uncle Abe stands in well with the boys, and that they appreciate his friendship and reward him well for his hospitality.

Cans, Canning and Canners.

Some little time ago I mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM that a party of jolly campers at our lake were having lots of fun and great sport fishing with tin can floats, and since the article was published I have been flooded with letters asking how the floats were made and how to use them. Simply tie one end of the line into the ring in the funnel end of the can, bait your hook and throw the entire arrangement overboard into the water and let it drift. When a fish takes the bait the buoyancy of the can, constantly pulling upward, soon tires him out, for it requires quite a pull to keep the can under water. As there is no line attached to the can except the short line that has the baited hook on, there is nothing to hold the can and it goes here and there, now on top of the water, and now under the water, as the fish moves along, or as the fish runs deep or shallow. You would be very much surprised to see how soon a big fish will tire out and give up to the steady pull of the can. With a dozen of these cans drifting about, it requires the constant attention of three or four fishermen in a boat to keep the cans in shipshape. It often gives the boatman a great race to catch the can and secure the fish. It makes heaps of fun for the outsiders. With one of the new style of snap hooks you get the fish every time—they very seldom get off the hook.

To make the float we take a 3-pound can, one that has had canned corn or some other kind of canned goods in it, take the can to the tinsmith and have him slice off about one-eighth of an inch from one end of the can; then have him make a long funnel-shaped cap and solder it on to the cut-off end of the cap; then take a piece of light wire and make an eye on one end of it, or take a small screw-eye, that you can get at any hardware store, and stick it into the funnel end of the can and solder it tight, and if the can is airtight you are all ready for business. As the baited line is short and the can revolves readily in the water, it does not require a swivel to keep the line from twisting up or kinking.

Jugging is one way of fishing, bottle-fishing is another, but nothing equals the tin can float if you wish to fish in that way. The can is light, durable, strong, easily handled and will last a lifetime if properly cared for, and if painted white the can may be seen on the water for a long distance. For a party, or a picnic at the lake, can-fishing will afford more amusement at less expense than anything that can be gotten up to entertain the party. The can costs you nothing and the tinsmith will only charge you a dime to fix the entire can in good shape for actual service. Attorney General Ellis, of Michigan, in his official report states that there is nothing in the fish laws of Michigan which prohibits fishing with floats.

The trout, the grayling, the pike, the bass, all find a congenial home in the waters of the streams and lakes of Michigan. I have in store for you the details of a most delightful and pleasant trip down the Au Sable after grayling, the acknowledged king of inland fish—and, to me, some equally as pleasant hours among the quail and ruffed grouse. JULIAN.

Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1.—The celebration of the eleventh anniversary of the organization of the association will be held at the rooms of the association on Tuesday evening, Nov. 14, at 8 o'clock. W. J. SELLERS, Sec'y.

"Money ain't eb'ryt'ing in dis country yit," says Uncle Mose. "People still t'inks a whole lot more ob da man dat ketches one fish dan ob de man dat buys a whole string ob em."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FISH CAUGHT IN DEEP WATER.

DENVER, Col., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept. 2, page 189, third column, there is an article entitled "On Tilefish Grounds," relating the experience of the schooner Grampus in a recent cruise in search of that fish. In the last paragraph but two a number of other fish are mentioned as having been taken along with the tilefish, two of which were taken from the stomach of one of the captives. Then the paragraph concludes with this sentence, "The fish as a rule come up with the stomachs turned inside out."

I desire to ask is this statement an error of the printer, is it a freak or is it a fact in natural history? If the latter it is news to me, no matter how well it may be known to others, and I would like to learn more about it. What fish are meant? The tilefish; all of the several species named; the swallowers or the swallowed? Were the stomachs ejected or how were they reversed? What was the cause? Was it the coming from a great depth?

W. N. BYERS.

[It is a fact that many of the tilefish, when brought suddenly from great depths to the surface, are found with their stomachs everted and protruding from the gullet. The same is true of other fish under similar conditions, notably cod, hake, pollock, rose-fish, red snapper and grouper. The fish upon which the observation has been made all have wide gullets through which the stomach can readily be forced by pressure from within.

The cause of the turning inside out is the sudden removal of the pressure of water from without, allowing the expansive force of the air within the cavities of the body to exert itself without adequate resistance. The eyes are forced from their sockets, the scales are loosened, giving the surface a blistered appearance, and the stomach is frequently everted, as described in the account above referred to.]

FISHING CLUBS OF LANCASTER.

LANCASTER, Pa., can boast of three clubs, composed in large part of enthusiastic devotees of the rod. The Tuquan Club—Mr. Kevenski, Pres.; Major Rinoehl, Sec'y. The Algonquin Club—Harry Moore, Pres.; John Black, Sec'y. The East End Club—Harry Herr, Pres.; T. A. Deem, Sec'y; F. A. Everett, Treas.

The old Iroquois Club seems to have died away; some of its members are to be found in one or another of the clubs now in existence, others have passed over the river and are beyond the finding processes of man.

The clubs above mentioned are well organized and this is especially true of the East End Club, which is a stock company, the members being limited to twenty. The regular camping ground of the East Enders is located in a very pleasant grove on Sherman Creek, about one mile from Blaine, Perry county, Pa. This is a most delightful place and an annual reunion is held by the club each summer. During the present season most of the members went into camp the last week in July. Fishing for pike was very good, but turtling furnished the fun. Pike were unusually plentiful and about eighty were taken. The total catch of turtles was forty-two, the largest of which weighed 12lbs. They were caught on hooks, baited with fresh meat. Of course turtling isn't sport, but it's mighty good fun when they're biting and one has an empty larder to fill.

Not a trace of black bass was to be seen in Sherman Creek, from whence they have been driven by the voracious pike. Mr. Justin Roddy, of the Millersville Normal School, tells us that there are quite a number of bass in the smaller streams tributary to this creek, fish of excellent quality and exceptionally bright colors for the kind. These are a remnant that have escaped the "wolves" of the larger streams. Last year the East End Club camped at Wagner's dam, three miles northwest of Landisburg. The creek here flows through a narrow gorge, formed by high hills on either side. The breast of the dam is 35ft. high, the area of water above about forty acres. Twenty years ago this dam was damaged to such an extent that the water had to be drawn off to make the necessary repairs. The creek was known to be full of fish, so before the water was drawn off, the people for miles around were notified of what was to take place and invited to come and help themselves to the fish.

The quantity of fish taken from the stream was beyond all expectation. Thousands upon thousands of well-known American forms were gathered in.

On July 8 the Tuquan Club went into camp at York Furnace, on the Susquehanna, for a stay of ten days. July 12 Mr. Sec'y Demuth, of the Pennsylvania State Commission, went down, and with several of the other members took sixty bass. Somehow or other when Brother Demuth reaches camp the boys go to fishing, and it's a bad day if they don't catch them.

Early in July Messrs. F. A. Demuth and J. Porter went to Fite's Eddy for bass and succeeded in taking twenty-seven fish, largest 3lbs., total weight of catch 40lbs.

Mr. John Kevenski, President of the Tuquan Club, caught three fine crappie while at York Furnace, about 500 of these fish were introduced into the Susquehanna at Columbia three years ago, and are now occasionally caught. It is to be hoped tnat they will thrive and multiply, and so make a desirable addition to the list of game fishes of this noble river.

To write of Lancaster's fishing clubs and overlook Major Howell would be quite as bad as to bind up an edition of the Bible omitting the Book of Genesis.

The Major is in his eightieth year, and may justly be called the father of anglers in Lancaster. The woods and banks of streams have been his rendezvous for years. He seeks and finds both health and pleasure in nature, and in his erect, sturdy carriage to-day is an example of the benefits of outdoor life. For the past 40 years Major Howell has made regular trips to the Susquehanna and other streams. Among his favorite resorts on the river are Safe Harbor and Shank's Ferry, both noted places for bass and "salmon."

The Major's tackle box is always full of light, suitable gear for the fishes he seeks, every piece in its proper place, so that there need be no time lost getting "a few more hooks, lures, leaders," etc. Rising at 4 A. M., he breakfasts, after which he is off, for there is a drive of ten miles before the fishing is reached. Man and boat ready, the Major has entered upon his fishing in good time, and if the river is in condition a fine lot of bass is his reward. The small-mouthed black bass, in the swift waters fished by Major Howell, are as game a fish as one comes across.

Messrs. Howell, Frey and Hubly, often seen together on these excursions, are a trio hard to beat. The Major in his long experiences has met with many funny things, and has had good laughs at the expense of some companion. On one of their recent trips he and Frey were fishing from the same boat. The Major landed the first bass, and soon another, when Frey said, "Major, would you care if I should cast in near your line?" To which the Major replied, "No, certainly not." Frey cast into the promising water, and the Major in a spirit of fun immediately took Frey's end of the boat, and casting in soon hooked a bass, much to Frey's chagrin.

The Major and a friend were on the river at Safe Harbor in 1891 when a large "salmon" leaped out of the water and circled right over the tip of his rod. The fish soon again appeared above the surface, this time with the hook in its mouth. The Major not trusting his light tackle with such a large fish, directed the boatman to a sandbar, where he managed to strand the fish. It measured 23in. from mouth to tail.

Maj. Howell's old bass scores ran high, as many as sixty bass a day, but nowadays the scores do not run so large, a dozen fish being a good day's catch. BART.

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

Coffee at the Fair.

The matter of eating and drinking at the Fair is for the most part to be considered in the light of a luxury. There is only one thing of that sort which you can have good at the Fair at a reasonable price, that is coffee. For this you pay the uniform price of ten cents a cup, and if you know where to get it, you can secure a beverage such as was never before known in Chicago. Rather let us differentiate the coffee question, and say beverages, for the knowing one in World's Fair coffee matters can show you half a dozen sorts of coffee there, all dissimilar and all good—as good some of them as that proverbial coffee which is made at the camp-fire. Perhaps lovers of this camp-fire cup may get a hint or a bit of knowledge out of a study of the different foreign coffees of the Fair. The Chief and myself sacrificed ourselves on one or two afternoons in the purpose of getting a comprehensive knowledge of the subject.

Between the Fisheries Building and the Lagoon, going north, is the big and ornate building of Brazil, and back of this building the Brazilian government dispenses free coffee, from 1 till 4 P. M., each day. It does this to induce newspaper men to migrate to Brazil, which isn't a very good place for the profession. Owing to the purchasing clause of this coffee being as it was, the Chief and I patronized the Brazil product a great deal. Let no one despise Rio coffee, if this be the coffee we had, albeit no Rio coffee of the corner grocery ever could produce a nectar like this. The Brazilian coffee was made by the "French drip" process, like the Creole coffee of the South, but on a larger scale. The berry, well browned, is ground fine, and boiling hot water is poured over a quantity of the ground coffee. The percolations are coffee, clear, bright and strong, aromatic, pungent, yet with no raw or unpleasant flavor. It certainly is coffee that "takes holt." There is a novel and seven poems in every pot of Brazilian coffee, and at first we came near voting it the medal of honor, until one of the coffee girls, a curly-headed, saucy thing, offended us by intimating that we could get a line on the Brazil coffee well enough without ordering more than two cups apiece. That made us mad, and we told her that we would not colonize Brazil under any circumstances.

Guatemala Coffee.

Back of the Brazil building is the Guatemala building, and out in the open air near this building they serve you coffee at 10 cents a cup, while you sit and listen to four natives play the *marimba*, an instrument which is a combination of the zylophone, the organ and the piano, and which gives forth music of just the sort that makes you want to buy more coffee. The *marimba* is admirably adapted to its purpose of outdoor music, its half barbaric melody being the natural complement to the bright native costumes of the pretty coffee girls, and to the mild sweetness of a coffee which is foreign and unknown—to that extent we could believe it a distillation born of another world. The Chief and I never could make up our minds which coffee we liked best, but we found on comparing notes that we came around to the Guatemala booths about four times as often as anywhere else, and so reasoned that this must be the best coffee. It is true, the music was good, and the coffee girls passing fair to look upon, but all adventitious surroundings aside, the Guatemala coffee was so sympathetic, so touching, so dreamy, yet so potent and so thrilling, that we could never resist its charm. Once we drank a pot of it, and then it seemed a liberal privilege to live upon a world so glorious as this. The next day, however, the Chief complained that the coffee had swelled his liver all up till it stuck outside of his ribs, "Why, I look like a poisoned pup, I'm all swole up so," he said, plaintively; and this being the first time I ever knew him to complain of anything once taken into his confidence, so to speak, I am inclined to ascribe great power to the Guatemala extract. This also is a drip coffee, and with it one is served a delicate, flaky waffle, a bit too greasy, and bearing an unpoetic native name which sounds like "guff" or "goff."

Costa Rica Coffee.

Near by the Guatemala building is that of Costa Rica, and upon the north side of this building you can get a waffle similar to that of Guatemala and a cup of coffee a great deal larger. The Brazil and Guatemala cups are just larger than after-dinner cups, but the Costa Rica cup is the kind the hired man wants to have alongside when he is eating ham and turnips. It is good coffee, better than you can buy in any big Chicago or New York restaurant, but the cup is so big it raises your suspicions. This is not a drip coffee, but is made by a peculiar steaming process. When the crowds grew so big, the last month of the Fair, this coffee grew weaker, and I suspect plain boiling, with no frills. A Costa Rica, Guatemala or Brazil man who came to Chicago to live would soon forget how to make good coffee.

The Coffee of the Plaisance.

Away up on the Midway there are some Algerian booths where you can have coffee made for you while you

wait. The be-fezzed heathen who takes your ten cents puts a spoonful of finely powdered coffee (brand unknown) in the bottom of a big copper cup, and on this pours boiling water. You can add sugar and you can have milk if you like. You would better take milk, because this is much like plain American restaurant coffee, and is dangerous if not mitigated. No one should use milk with the Brazil or Guatemala coffee, or any pure drip coffee. The Algerian coffee looks foreign owing to the copper utensils and the red fez which you see with it, but it tastes mild and domestic. Too much of it would make you hate mankind.

Turkish Coffee.

Observation led the Chief and me to think the Turks the most ill-mannered and utterly abominable people on earth, or at least on the Midway. They are insolent, impolite, indeed "unspeakable." Accordingly, when we inquired at the Turkish bazaar how the Turkish coffee was made, we might have expected the unsatisfactory answers we got. Served in very small cups, the Turkish coffee was black, muddy, strong, but rude rather than suave in its strength. A cup of Turkish coffee has the sound of brass and cymbals in it, but not the melody of soft airs or babbling waters, and not the inspiration of the lofty song of birds. When one finishes his cup he finds a spoonful of fine, pasty sediment at the bottom of it. This was what made us wonder how the coffee was made. One evening we were sitting out in the open part of one of these bazaars, drinking coffee, when we noticed that famous Oriental, Far Away Moses, talking with an American gentleman. The latter I approached, after the fashion of the Midway, and asked him if he knew how the Turkish coffee was made. He told me that he did not, but added, "Far Away Moses has told me that he will show me, and when he does, I will write you and tell you what I learn." I gave the gentleman my card, explaining that the request was in the interest of science, and that was the last we heard of Turkish coffee for two or three weeks. Then I got a letter from 17 Temple place, Boston, Mass., dated Aug. 21, which read as follows:

"I promised one night to let you know how the Turkish coffee was made. I did not find out until the day before I left Chicago, and this is the first moment I have had to write you.

"The coffee is first ground very fine in a hand mill. Then a small teaspoonful of coffee is put into a cup and a teaspoonful of sugar is put in with it, and they are thoroughly stirred. Then boiling water is poured upon this. It is made very simply. W. L. CROSBY."

I did not even know Mr. Crosby's name until I received this letter, and I wish to thank him not only for the recipe for Turkish coffee, but also for his faithfulness in the small promise he made another stranger. I should be inclined to trust him in larger matters.

The Turkish coffee is Mocha, of course. It impressed us as being a harsher berry than any of those mentioned above. The amount is very small, but even one cup is exhilarating. The method of making it leaves it muddy, and not so pleasant as the clear drip coffees we had so much fancied earlier.

Java Coffee.

Lastly, we tried, and tried often, the heavenly fluid, soft, charming, enthralling, served by those delightfully polite and agreeable little villagers, the Javanese, in their clean and quiet little town upon the Midway. Here you have the hand of iron in the glove of velvet, a coffee powerful but seductive, dreamy but compelling, languorous but inspiring. To sit on the gallery of the big bungalow, and sip a cup of this divine essence of happy dreams, and to listen meanwhile to the slow, erratic, irregular clack! clack! clack-a, clack-clack! of the laziest little bamhoo water mill on earth—I know of no situation on this earth more infinitely or innocently blessed. There is no viciousness in the Javanese coffee, not a had thought in a barrelful of it, and the brimming measure served you hy the grave but pleasant little brown man is naught but an amber draught of pure content. It bids you on not to wild deeds of visionary sort, but teaches you the beauty of a serene and tranquil hope which makes life seem another thing. If you drink one cup of coffee in the Javanese village, you think you are going to have your salary raised. If you drink two, you are certain of it. If you drink three, you don't care whether it is or not. [The Chief and I drank three.]

Java coffee is drip coffee. The cup is large and you can use milk if you like, though it spoils any good coffee. To suit the average popular taste, the coffee is weakened a shade after its first strength is developed. The berries are ground very fine, after careful roasting to a dark brown color.

A Glorious Dream.

Oct. 29.—To-morrow the White City dies. Its brief but glorious life has run its term, and, "like the baseless fabric of a vision," it must fade at the stern light of a harder day. It was a glorious dream, and that it must die is pitiful. Against uplifted hands so white and so pathetic, what can even Oblivion, the all-devouring, do? Even Oblivion, which has swallowed cities, races and centuries, says, "I will wait for a little time. This dream, so white, so pure, so good, shall not die by the stroke of measured time. It was too glorious a dream."

If it be a pleasure to look upon the dismantling of the great city, that pleasure may be indulged, for though the Exposition closes formally to-morrow, the gates will be held open for some time yet, and those who wish to see the remnants of the Fair may have that privilege.

The Spirit of the Dream.

But Oblivion relents for a time, and the spirit of this vision will remain, at least a suggestion of the perished thought. The great Art Building, the most beautiful of all the beautiful structures of the Fair, is to be retained, and it will be the home of many of the choicest treasures of the Fair. The Columbian Museum will take the place of the Columbian Exposition, and for years yet to come the great statue of Winged Victory will dominate over the defeat to which Oblivion consents. The spirit of the dream, holding still much of beauty, much of thought, much of high import, will live on, and will continue to do good to tired and grimed humanity, in manner alike, though in less measure than the majestic spectacle whose allotted hour has now arrived. Let us love the daughter for the mother's sake. For the latter, for this White City, for this inspired creation which was more than the work of man, for this lesson which came because in this time it was needed by humanity, and needed at this place and hour, what shall we say, except this? It was not respect, nor awe, nor wonder, nor humility, nor curiosity, nor even pride which the people felt for it. It was love. Therefore we can not bury it as we would a man, with slow music to the grave, a salute as the coffin drops, and a gay and lilting march as we return to await the calls for the rest of us. We can not do that. Oblivion does not ask it. So we will love the daughter for the mother's sake.

Chicago.

Chicago did it. Chicago made possible the Fair, and now makes possible the perpetuation of the Fair's memory. Yesterday one Chicago man gave $1,000,000 for this so-called museum. Another gave $100,000. This ragged Monte Christo of a town has a heart and a soul. If you come to figure on progress and accomplishment, do not leave out of the calculation the "omnivorous West," nor that city which is the heart and center of the West.

Mr. W. G. Davies, of Whittle's Depot, Pennsylvania county, Va., stopped for a good long talk. Mr. Davies bitterly deplores the negro with the gun, who has killed off about all the small game in his section except on land closely protected. He says there are more deer not far from his part of Virginia than for a long time. South of him, in the Carolinas, he says one can have the finest sort of woodcock shooting; the Congaree River being especially good. A few turkeys are still left in Pennsylvania county, Mr. Davies says. What is left still, however, and what will always be left, though Mr. Davies doesn't mention it, is the unfailing hospitality of Ole Virginny, which ought to make a cold-blooded Northern man ashamed of himself. "Come down and see me," said Mr. Davies, "and stop a while. I'll put you behind an old-fashioned big pointer, and give you some hird shooting and may be a shot at a turkey. All I ask of you is to write up the little-minded men of our neighborhood, who don't believe in protecting and keeping the game as a few of us do." Mr. Davies wanted to have some duck shooting while in the North, and I was sorry I could not go out with him.

Mr. H. J. Welch, inventor and patentee of the Welch & Graves glass trolling bait ("one minnow a day"), and also of the changeable-center inanimate bait, which latter device is less known than the former, tarried awhile on his way from Mr. Graves's one-minnow-a-day booth in the Angling Pavilion and we discoursed pleasantly for a while.

Mr. C. A. Damon, of the Burgess Gun Company, now in charge of the gun exhibit of that firm, as I understand it, left his card and made a pleasant call while the writer was absent.

Mr. F. L. Glezen, of Providence, R. I., called several times during his stay here. Mr. Glezen was disappointed about his big-game hunt in British Columbia this fall, a trip on which he had counted much, but will try to console himself with a duck hunt out in Minnesota, whither he starts this week. Mr. Glezen has killed moose and caribou in Nova Scotia, but this year his old hunting grounds were burned over and he attempted to carry out his long-cherished idea of a trip to the Rockies, only to find, late in the season, that his hunting partner would be unable to go, and that so the trip was off. Sympathy for Mr. Glezen will be ready from those who know how that is themselves.

Rev. J. H. LaRoche, author of the little poem "O, Fair White City," lately published in FOREST AND STREAM and a very pleasant gentleman, called several times at the cosiest spot in the Fair, but unfortunately the writer missed him every time, more's the pity for the writer.

Mr. Wm. N. Byers, of Denver, Colo., stopped for a little while, and asked us all to come and see him if we were in Denver. "We have still some game and some fish in Colorado," said Mr. Byers, "in spite of all the efforts of man to the contrary."

Mr. F. C. Donald, of Chicago, and his 24-karat smile, dawned on the FOREST AND STREAM space the other day. Mr. Donald's smile is surpassed by none and equalled only by that of Col. R. S. Cox, of the firm of Haller & Cox, Seattle, Wash. It is a tie between them. "I have been trying all summer to find one of you FOREST AND STREAM men," said Mr. Donald, "but they are all always been somewhere else. I don't believe any of you have been in town all summer." Mr. Donald is wrong. We have been right in the heart of the city.

Mr. Geo. L. Wilkinson, of Beloit, Wis., and an admirer of the g. p. o. e., paused and parleyed, and told us to come and see him. I wish I could accept all the invitations of this sort I have had this summer. It would be hard on national affairs, hut I wouldn't have to work for ten years.

Mr. Gardiner M. Skinner, of Clayton, N. Y., the Skinner spoon man, and the author of the 42lbs. mascallonge lately mentioned, stepped in for a time and we had a pleasant talk. "I sent a copy of our local paper," said Mr. Skinner, "to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, showing the account of my big lunge, and it happened that in the same column there was the account of the wedding of my daughter, who was married that same week. The editor man wrote back, 'Weight of mascallonge noted. Weight of son-in-law not stated. Congratulate you, anyhow.' I thought that wasn't bad."

Mr. A. R. Bechaud, of Jefferson, Wis., tarried and made converse at the white birch sign.

Mr. L. K. Liggett, of the Detroit Tigers Canoe Club, stopped for a few moments. He reports everything dull at Detroit. "Chicago is taking $100,000 a week out of Detroit," said he, "and the Fair is killing everything else." Mr. Liggett thought the W. C. A. meet next summer would go to Mullet Lake, Mich.

Mr. A. Ames Howlett (the "Onondago" of FOREST AND STREAM), and vice-president of the Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y., came into the FOREST AND STREAM corner accompanied by his son, a bright little fellow, who seemed to take a keen and intelligent interest in all things sportsmanlike, as shown in that precinct. Mr. Howlett *père* and Mr. Howlett *fils* both lean much to amateur photography, and the youngster is the hero of the picture "On the Watch," shown in the *Game Laws in Brief*. I can't imagine any pleasure greater than that of having a bright boy to bring up and educate in manly ways, and I don't know of a better way to do this last than that chosen hy Mr. Howlett, who is putting the boy through a course of FOREST AND STREAM and the things thereunto pertaining. E. HOUGH.

Echoes from the "Forest and Stream" Corner.

FOREST AND STREAM EXHIBIT, Last Days of the Fair, 1893.—Mr. B. F. West, of Wichita, Kan., a State whose citizens are justly famous for their broad views—particularly those who reside on the prairies—dropped into FOREST AND STREAM'S corner with Mr. Comstock, of Protean tent fame. Mr. J. E. Wings, of Richmond, Va., was already studying the pleasing effects of big-game heads, fish, feather and pictures hanging on the wall together. Mr. Essig, who is on the staff of Messrs. A. G. Spalding & Co., sauntered in after a while and joined the group. The conversation ran mostly on fish and fishing, with descriptions of the killing of mountain lions, Indians and bears sandwiched in hetimes in the narratives just to give a quiet bit of color to the fish stories. I remember that Mr. Essig calmly described how, once on a time when trout fishing, he held the leader motionless about three feet clear of the surface of the water and the trout would spring up and promptly take each one of the three flies. That was rising to the fly and the occasion. Mr. West then gravely explained that there were times when the trout, when not moulting, would hite eagerly at anything. He himself had taken a spear of timothy grass, reached out and placed it on the surface of the water, where it was instantly accepted by a trout. The trout were landed just as fast as the timothy grass could be whipped back and forth from land to water, the fisherman resting on a point of vantage on the bank of the stream during the thrilling ordeal.

A foreign gentleman and his wife stepped into FOREST AND STREAM corner and mentioned that both he and his wife were both constant readers and admirers of the best sportsmen's paper, then he inserted on the register, "John Soderburg and wife, Stockholm, Sweden."

Mr. H. L. Leonard, of Central Valley, N. Y., a name of mighty portent when stamped on a split bamboo, twice visited FOREST AND STREAM at the Fair. Inclusive in his purpose was a desire to see Mr. Hough, whose writings he admires. Mr. Leonard was not in the hest of health and remained but a short time.

Mr. Eddie Bingham, of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s mammoth house, walked in one day with his brother and brother-in-law, Mr. Ira Bingham and Mr. E. L. Tull, the latter from Boston, Mass. Whether the duck flight was or was not in session was duly considered. Mr. Bingham, besides breaking clay pigeons with the same ease, certainty and quickness with which a hen picks up corn, can make an epidemic among birds with his shotgun, be the birds of the water or air.

Mr. Alex. McDonald, of St. Johns, P. Q., Canada, was accompanied by Mr. Skinner of spoon hook fame, on a brief visit to FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit.

Mr. J. V. Kridt, Washington, D. C., told of tarpon being caught near Cumberland Island, near the Georgia coast, by one Captain Butts. He said that, so far as he knew, it was generally supposed the tarpon never wended his flight so far nor'ard.

Mr. E. Percy Maynard, of Chicago, placed his name on the register after a most pleasant conversation on dog and gun, pistol, rifle and boating, in the use of all of which he is interested and proficient.

Mr. Frank F. Frisbie ("F. F. F." and "Prairie Dog") honored the corner with a hrief call.

Well known to the dog fancier is Mr. Chas. K. Farmer, of Indianapolis, Ind, who tarried but a few moments, since he had much to see in the short time allotted to the Fair. He contemplated returning to Michigan to reside again.

Danville, Ky., is the home of many ardent sportsmen, said Mr. Thomas P. Flaig, of that city. Bass fishing and Kentucky reels—Mr. Flaig is an expert reel maker himself—afforded an interesting theme of conversation. His father has files of FOREST AND STREAM from the first number.

Of "Nesmuk" columns of reminiscences could be written from no other data than that furnished by the many people who knew him, and who visited FOREST AND STREAM'S corner. The dead woodsman must have had a strong individuality and an endearing character, for all speak of him in terms of praise and affection. A quiet gentleman and his wife walked into the exhibit one day and wrote on the register, "Buck" Delano, Chicago. He then opened a volume of "Woodcraft," and pointed out where he figured in it as one of the characters of the book. "I was his companion in his outings for twelve years," said Mr. Delano, "and a better companion or woodsman never lived than he. 'Nessmuk' could get up a meal out of anything. No matter how poor the prospect for a meal, with 'Nessmuk' in camp there was a certainty of something to eat. An old shoe or bark would serve if there was nothing better."

Mr. Tim Donoghue, of La Salle, Ill., dropped me a line in his cheery way and informed me that he would be in town before the Fair closed. I had about given him up, when on a cold, dreary day, the last Saturday of the Fair, he dawned on the cosy corner with the whole board of aldermen of LaSalle, or rather, as he himself is a member, the whole board visited FOREST AND STREAM at the World's Fair. Neither the cold nor fatigue had lessened his natural affahility or warm-hearted vivacity. If Tim's friends were all in one line no day would be long enough for him to run down the line and shake hands as he ran, finishing it all on the same day.

Mr. J. M. Freeman, of Bicknell, Ind., chatted over field trial matters, while Mrs. Freeman viewed the fish. He said that the field trials to be held at Bicknell would probably be the best held there in many years. B. WATERS.

"Sairy Gamp."

WESTBORO, Wis., Oct. 23.—I have read what Mr Waters, World's Fair correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, says in regard to the famous 10-pound canoe in which "Nessmuk" made a tour of the lakes and streams of the Adirondack region about ten years since. If I remember rightly it was not from mere sentiment that this name was given, but because Sairy Gamp "never took water." I think a reference to "Nessmuk's" account of the trip referred to in the files of the FOREST AND STREAM will bear me out in this. J. W. G.

There has never been any book published on big game hunting which contained among its illustrations so large a proportion of photographs of live wild game as the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. The volume is a marvel of typographical beauty.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 28 to Dec. 1.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec.

Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

Dec. 20 to 23.—Northern Ohio Pet Stock Association, at Akron, O. H. F. Peck, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Secretary.

Nov. 7.—International Field Trial Club's Fourth Trials, Chatham, Ont. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham.

Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.

Nov. 20.—Gordon Setter Field Trials Club, at Freetown, Mass. C. R. Taylor, Sec'y, Providence, R. I.

Nov. 27.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at Thomasville, N. C. All-Age entries close Nov. 1. G. G. Davis, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 1.—Southern California Field Trials, at Ontario, Cal. H. C Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal., Sec'y.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. Second payment in Derby due Nov. 1. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

IN the few moments Mr. J. M. Freeman, of Bicknell, Ind., tarried in FOREST AND STREAM'S corner at the World's Fair he informed me that already the handlers were gathered thickly about Bicknell, sharpening their dogs' noses and tonghening their legs for the forthcoming trials of the United States Field Trials Club. Among those he mentioned were Capt. C. E McMurdo and Messrs. Gillman, Barker. Bond, Tucker, Fisher, with Messrs. Johnson and Mayfield close by, and Mr. Avent soon to be in their midst. Birds he reported as being plentiful. There is every indication of a good trial, he said. The season of points and flushes will soon begin. The days will be musical with the rich voice of the handler as he excitedly stretches his arm preternaturally high in air and exclaims "Point, judges!" And the judge calmly says, "I see it." Then the handler walks forward with a bold air of apprehension to flush. If he flushes a bird to the point he says, "Betcher life I knew ther' was a bird there." If he finds nothing, he looks meek and says nothing. Still it looks much easier to handle a dog in a field trial than it really is. Few realize the mental and physical strain involved. And to accomplish the best results, a fairly good knowledge of the principles and rules of competition must have been acquired. Of course the mere fact that a man is a professional presupposes a knowledge of handling, but it is not necessarily so. A trainer may handle well in private shooting and in a field trial under the changed conditions incident to it, may handle very badly. In the near future I may give a few hints on handling dogs in a field trial.

B. WATERS.

Irish Terriers.

ANYTHING that Mr. Geo. R. Krehl may have to say on the Irish terrier is bound to be interesting, as we believe he is one of the best posted men on the peculiarities and origin of the "dare-devil" as we know him nowadays. An important point is touched upon when he says in *Stock-Keeper:*

"Dark face shadings in Irish terriers frequently form the subject of serious discussion among the breeders of this variety, and by those whose knowledge of the breed is superficial are suspiciously regarded as evidence of a taint in the pedigree, These wiseacres have as little foundation for their surmises as a certain all-round judge possesses for calling Irish terriers a made up and fabricated breed, and who in the same breath would probably be capable of considering bull-terriers to have a better claim to purity of strain. The wheaten-red is, nowadays, the orthodox Irish terrier color, but people who know the breed in the rough are cognizant of the fact that the national terrier of Ireland is to be met with in different parts of the country of various shades of color, the gray blues used to be highly esteemed, brindles are to be met with, and even black and tans, but they were always rough and Irish."

In showing what "fancy" has done for the breed he "whispers:" "Any skillful dog breeder could take a few specimens of the old rough parent stock, the big 30lb. terriers with shaggy coats and often linty heads, and by careful selection breed from them a modern bench Irish terrier. The different colors are undoubtedly in the blood of our modern specimens, and the dark colors will occasionally reassert themselves according to nature's laws of atavism. All Irish terrier breeders have remarked the gray patch on so many of their dogs' sterns, and the black eyelids and muzzle may be attributed to the same cause. But to pretend that they should be regarded as disqualifying defects is absurd; they are undesirable, and in competition with a dog equal in all other points, but even-colored all over they would weigh against their possessor. The best dogs before the public throw back to a dark union, for Killiney Boy, the very pillar of the breed, was out of a rough black and tan Irish bitch. A whole-colored yellow red dog is now orthodox, but even his ears should be of a darker shade than the rest of his coat, and they should be soft and velvety, without any linty, straggling hairs. The softer, light colored topknot, which even the best dogs will occasionally show symptoms of, is a throw-back to their early rough origin."

According to this writer a prevalent color among our dogs bred here is not desirable, but the "unfortunates" serve a purpose in the kennel though advised to "keep it dark."

"The most unpardonable color in the Irish terrier is the deep mahogany red which is so often associated with smooth-coats, greyhound heads, and a fatuous, unterrier-like expression. These are to be tabooed by the judge, but breeders have found that, matched with rough-coated sires, they invariably throw hard coats. For this purpose they may serve, but they should be guarded in the privacy of the brood kennel. The theory respecting these undesirable mahogany smooths is that they are the telltales of au early Manchester terrier experiment, and we have little doubt that when an old-fashioned rough and topknotted bitch was bred to a Manchester, the produce were likely to be clean-skulled and their coats harsher and less abundant."

Eastern Trials All-Age.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please find the following entries for the All-Age Stake of E. F. T. C., which were delayed by accident and arrived after list for publication was sent you:

HOPE'S MINT—Orange and white English setter dog, 2½ years (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady).

DICK FOX—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 2½ years (Chance—Countess Rush).

BLUE RIDGE MARE—Black, white and tan English setter dog, 2½ years (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.)

These three entries are all made by the Blue Ridge Kennels, Va. WASHINGTON A. COSTER, Sec'y-Treas. E. F. T. C.

DOG CHAT.

Canadian Fox-Terrier Club.

In publishing pictures of the principal officers of the Canadian Fox-Terrier Club, we may also give some particulars regarding the club. It was established in September, 1892, and although at present only a little over a year old, has flourished beyond the expectations of its most ardent supporters. This is mainly due to the energy displayed by its president, Mr. A. D. Stewart—whom, it might be mentioned, first entertained the idea of such an organization being formed—assisted by the vice-president, Mr. Richard Gibson, of Delaware, and the secretary-treasurer, Mr. H. P. Thompson, of Toronto.

The club was formed with the idea of promoting the breeding of pure breed fox-terriers, and to define and publish the true type of that breed in Canada. Well has it endeavored to carry out those objects, as might have been noticed at the Toronto Industrial dog show last month, where, although not numerically strong, the quality was far ahead of former years.

From the few terriers entered by the club at that show, one might come to the conclusion that the terriers belonging to members of the club were correspondingly few, but such is not the case. A great many of the members are old breeders who own good-sized kennels, but do not often exhibit, and a great many are novices and "don't know" when they have a good thing.

To give an idea of the number of terriers owned by some of the members, we might mention the president of the club, Mr. Stewart, who has in his kennel over a dozen wires and smooths. The vice-president, Mr. Gibson, of Delaware, who is well known all over the States and Canada for his particular strain of terriers, can generally place on the bench a string equal in both numbers and quality to anything in Canada and the majority of kennels in the United States. The secretary, Mr. H. P. Thompson, can count between thirty and forty terriers in his kennel, chiefly young ones. Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Toronto, has also a goodly number, among which are to be found the recent importation Dark Eyes and the well-known Blemton Trump, now a champion. Messrs. Smyth & Bell, Toronto, have a large kennel, now headed by the well-known Dusky Trap. Others we can mention are Messrs. F. S. Wetherall, of Compton, Quebec; J. J. Biggs and S. Munro, of London, Ont., and many others. The members are eager to take advantage of the services of "the best in the land," and are also to be found importing occasionally; so that a steady improvement may be looked for not only among the dogs the property of the members, but also among the whole fox-terrier interest in Canada. The secretary of the club is Mr. H. P. Thompson, 31 Mary street, Toronto, Can.

The cups which were competed for at the Toronto show were all donated by different firms and people throughout Canada, and are as handsome as anything of a similar nature we have yet seen. Each cup has to be won three times before becoming the property of any one member.

Judging at the World's Fair.

We rather think that some of the judges selected for the proposed World's Fair dog show should congratulate themselves upon the fact that the show did not take place. It is not at all likely that the judging would have been carried out in the ordinary and somewhat slipshod methods now in vogue. If we may take the experience of the poultry judges, who have been hard at work for the last ten days or more, the chosen ones are well out of it. Poultry men are divided on the merits of comparison judging and the more laborious work of judging by the score card, but the former is now the most popular mode at the largest shows, and its advocates are such well known men as Messrs. Drevenstredt, Diehl and Zimmer, all more or less known to the dog world. The comparison advocates got the ear of Mr. Buchanan and it was decided that judging by comparison should be the order. The comparison men thought they had, in classic language, a picnic, and made their plans to find out "what building the lagoon was in" and other Midway plaisantries. But they found Mr. Buchanan and his committee on awards to be birds of another feather altogether. Mr. Buchanan thought that if comparison judging was best, comparison judging boiled down fine was better. Judging began at noon on Wednesday, Oct. 18, and by the evening the 19 judges had passed upon 107 birds, and it was nearly noon of the next day before some had their reports ready for the committee. Each judge was given a class and told to go over each bird thoroughly. He must then make his award on the form then in hand, must then go to the live stock department and copy this on another form and then into a book he would find there. He must then write a detailed description of each bird to which a prize had been awarded, telling wherein it was better than others and why others had fallen before it. Substitute dog for bird in the above and one can imagine the tribulations and growls that would have arisen in the dog show judiciary. The judging may be completed by this time, but as there were 5,000 birds in all, the judges may be finished up first. Mr. F. B. Zimmer, owner of the Debonair kennels of beagles, at Gloversville, N. Y., was one of the unlucky judges.

English Kennel Club Show.

The English Kennel Club brought the largest dog show ever held to a successful couclusion Oct. 26, at Crystal Palace, Londou. We have already published the list of entries, which numbered over 2,000. We find a full account of the show in the *Stock-Keeper*, which was the first English paper received this week, aud comes a couple of days before the usual time. This journal will find the explanation of their not receiving the FOREST AND STREAM in the editorial notes in last week's issue.

To return to the big show, we find that a number of novelties were introduced, chief of which was the new benching provided by Spratts Patent. To the ordinary benching they have added a sloping wire covering which will prevent the dogs fighting, and also serves as a convenient receptacle for the prize cards, which are now out of harm's way, aud cannot be torn down by the dogs, as is so often the case over here. It is to be hoped that our own Spratts Co. will adopt the same improvement. There was no startling début unless we except the reappearance of Mr. Royle, of Manchester, in the ring, accompanied by a St. Bernard of more than usual merit for one only 19 months old. Lord Douglass is said to be a "phenomenon" and should still improve; good color, head a little long, but very deep; not enough stop yet, but excellent legs and feet, and active as a terrier, with a body of great size aud substance. The critical say he might be a little taller. He won three firsts and the championship, winning in the "winners' class." He weighs nearly 200lbs.

Among the interesting competitions was that between the bulldogs Dockleaf and Monkey Brand, the former winning. The show of fox-terriers, though large in number, was not better than ordinary. Champion Prompter won the challenge cup for his owner, Mr. Rotherham Cecil. It is remarked in the above journal that fox-terriers are gaining in size at every show, and that now an 18½lb. dog is considered by many as the proper weight. In this the breeders seem to be losing sight of the first principles regarding their practical utility.

The rough terriers, such as Dundees and Scotch, were well represented and in large numbers, Ainsty Grip and Champion Kildee played respectively prominent parts. The fair contingent, with their toy dogs, were out in full array, even to holding afternoon teas in the alleyways, which, while enjoyable enough, no doubt, to those who are in it, must prove a nuisance to those who are not, and who wish to see the dogs. An extended notice of the different breeds must be postponed to another week.

Gordon Setter Field Trials.

The Gordon Setter field trials are to be run at Freetown, Mass., and Mr. J. W. Lawson, of Providence, will judge with Mr. Sharpe. The club has decided now to run the trials on Nov. 20, but the entries will close on Nov. 13 instead of 10. The stakes are open to all Gordon setters and prizes or money are solicited from all admirers of the Gordon. All money received in entrance fees will be given in prizes. A silver goblet has been donated for the All-Age Stake and a similar prize is expected for the Derby. While we are willing to do all that lies in our power to help these trials along, as such ventures are commendable, we believe that more interest would be taken in the venture by outsiders if those who are getting the affair up would publish the names of the officers of the club and give other information that would induce Gordon owners from New York, for instance, to enter their dogs. These men will scarcely feel like taking a very active interest in these trials without knowing who composes the Gordon Setter Field Trials Club or who is responsible for its proper management. The forfeit, we understand from another source, is $5 and $5 to fill.

£100 for Eclipse.

At the Crystal Palace show, Mr. Krehl, the owner of the aged collie champion Eclipse, was offered by Mr. Megson, the Manchester collie breeder, $500 for the dog. It was refused, for it is his owner's firm intention that this celebrated "pillar of the stud" shall eat his last crust at his board. This is true fancier spirit.

Another Mastiff Coming.

Mr. W. Norman Higgs purchased at the Crystal Palace show the mastiff bitches Brampton Beauty and Stella III. The former, according to *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.), was purchased for exportation to this country. Who the purchaser is we are not told.

The noted wire-haired fox-terrier champion Quantock Nettle has been repurchased by her former owner, Mr. H. Hopkins, so that she may end her days while in his possession. This bitch is said to have won in her day more prizes than any dog now living.

Mr. W. Patterson has sold to Colonel Knox; C.R.R.A., Military Secretary to the Governor of Bermuda, the Scottish terrier Moorfoot Bodach II., winner of second, Dalkeith, second, Glamis. The dog comes out in the Campania.

Some time since we spoke of a Mrs. Lawrence, of Wales, having paid large prices for some noted fox-terriers. Now she has gone one better and given $1,500 for Mr. F. Redmond's Despoiler, who was formerly known as Belmont Terror, and is by Belmont Ranger out of Belmont Cheery. His pups are selling well, and the purchase, even at this long figure, meets with approbation.

The fox-terrier Result, probably the best known living fox-terrier, is said to have become stone blind through trouble with his teeth, eight of which were extracted at one time. In spite of his affliction the old champion enjoys good health.

The Blue Ridge Kennels have, after all, entered their dogs in the All-Age Stake at the Eastern field trials. Our readers will remember that we commented upon tbeir absence at the time the other entries were published.

The Irish terrier bitch Mr. Geo. Jamieson recently sent to Canada is named Anna and is a litter sister to Breda Gripper, and the dog she was supposed to be in whelp to is Poor Dick, who is not, however, a brother to Poor Pat. The bitch missed. Mr. Jamieson has purchased another terrier, Shargar, for his Canadian friend. This dog has won seventeen first prizes and ten specials and *Stock-Keeper* remarks that his departure is a distinct loss to the home fancy, as the dog was getting some grand-headed stock.

Mr. Bousfield advises us rather tardily that the great Dane bitch Nuremberger, now and then in their charge, was not at the Lexington show, where she was credited with second prize. We asked some time since who or what the bitch was that was masquerading under Nuremberger's name at that show and in her stall.

The Eastern Field Trials will be held at Newton, N. C., and not High Point, N. C., as we have seen it stated.

Messrs. Wright & Tallman have decided to dissolve connection in the Netherwood Kennels. Mr. Wright has the dogs and Mr. Tallman the experience.

The Grove Kennels are offering in our business columns a number of fox-terriers for sale. Among them are Raby Trigger, who when owned by Geo. Raper in England won thirteen first prizes and was shipped to this country by him for competition at New York show, where he was bought at a large figure by C. D. Bernheimer, since which he has won reserve, New York; second, Philadelphia; second, Baltimore; first, Wissahickon (last time shown, June, 1893). Another is Grove Lily, first, Pawtucket, 1892, beating the imported Blackrock Belle, several brood bitches and a lot of splendidly bred bitch pups.

Mr. Howes tells us he has bred his noted bull-terrier Grove Duchess to champion Streatham Monarch, and not without cause he is another of those who are "living in hopes."

Through a confusion in names we have done a sportsman an unintentional slight. In referring to the coming Gordon setter trials we spoke of Mr. Chas. R. Taylor as the writer who had done so much for sport in New England through the clever articles in the Providence *Journal*. It was Mr. S. H. Roberts whom we had in mind, and field trial men will remember him as representing his paper at the Assonet trials last year.

It is reported that there is some talk among the New England Field Trial Club members of running a sweepstake on the Assonet grounds. We should think that any such move would be preferable to allowing the prestige they have already won to suffer at all by inaction. New England sportsmen, for their own good and that of their dogs, must not let the commendable work already done go for naught. Such a sweepstake event would serve to bring the members together on the field even if there is not so much money in it.

Colonel Dean, the owner of tbe black and tan terrier bitch that was objected to at the Portsmouth show for alleged faking, admitted before tbe Kennel Club that the tail had been singed. The club took no notice of this admission, which is supposed to be contrary to dog show ethics, but listened to tbe affidavit of the Manchester B. and T. Club, which stated that they did not think the terrier had been unduly trimmed. *Stock-Keeper* comes out flat-footed on the subject and inquires why the judge who disqualified

the bitch was not called by the K. C. to give evidence, and deduces from this that there is something rotten in the way the Kennel Club conducts these inquiries, and it would seem so. While on the subject of black and tans, we might venture to ask who owns Rhodes Oban and Rhodes Una?

Dog Language.

Little Johnny—Dogs don't need to talk, 'cause anyone can understand their bark.

Visitor—Can you?

Little Johnny—Easy as rollin' off a log. When my dog is at the door and barks, that means he wants to get in; if he's inside the door and barks, that means he wants to get out.

Visitor—Humph! Suppose he is half inside and half outside and barks, what does that mean?

Little Johnny—That means, that there's a bigger dog than him in our yard.—*Good News.*

Irish and Gordon Setter Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your comments upon the "absurdly few" entries in the Derby of the Irish Setter field trials, to come off at Thomasville, N. C., next month, are not just.

This has been a very hard year in all business and consequently sport has suffered. *Vide* the small entries for the Eastern field trials and one or two others, while the Central, New England and Ohio Field Trial clubs have dropped out entirely. If these clubs, with the large numbers of pointers and English setters to depend upon, are compelled to "declare off" it is greatly to the credit of the Irish setter, which does not number one-fifth as many, that it can continue its field trials at all.

And so with the Gordon setter, which don't number one-half the Irish. Yet Mr. Taylor has had the courage to announce Gordon setter field trials at Freetown, Mass., for Nov. 20. It will not be a test at all of the Gordon setter's ability. The time is too short and it will be impossible to find trainers at such short notice. No prizes are announced and I don't see how Gordon setter men generally can get ready. Some who run their own dogs and live near the place of trial can do so, but if the number of entries is few it will not follow that, with fair notice given early, the trials of next year may not be very creditable. I almost regret that Mr. Taylor has made the attempt at so late a date, but perhaps it will be a prelude to proper trials in coming years. There is many a good Gordon used in private shooting, and until frequent field trials have brought him up to the standard which fifteen or twenty years of public competition have attained in the pointer and English setter, it will not be fair to the Gordon, the most beautiful of all setters, to disparage him as a field trial dog.

A MEMBER OF GORDON AND IRISH SETTER CLUBS.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 30.

Irish Setter Trials.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following are the entries in the All-Aged Stake of the coming Irish Setter Trials:

PATRICIUS—J. J. Mannion's dog (Duke Elcho—Red Rose), May 23, 1892.

CLAREMONT PATSY—Perry & Hamilton's dog (Frisco—Nellie IX.), August, 1885.

TEDDY O'BOURKE—Perry & Hamilton's dog (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont), April, 1891.

HAWKEYE QUEEN—Perry & Hamilton's bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont), April, 1891.

CURRER BELL IV.—G. G. Davis's bitch (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont), July, 1890.

ROMAYNE—Dr. Wm. Jarvis's dog (Duke Elcho—Romaine), October, 1891.

HATTIE—C. B. Rutan's bitch (Erin's Lad—Lady Alice), May, 1892.

BELLE OF KILDARE—W. L. Washington's bitch (Kildare—Red Rose), November, 1889.

LADY ALICE—J. B. Blossom's bitch (Redstone—Lady Noreen), September, 1890.

NUGGET II.—J. B. Blossom's bitch (Finglas—Betsy Crafts), March, 1892.

ROCK—C. T. Thompson's dog (Blue Rock—Elcho's Maid), January, 1892.

Mr. Abner T. Hetfield, of North Judson, Ind., the owner of the well-known Irish setter Tearaway, offers a free service as a special prize to the owner of the winner of the Derby.

G. G. DAVIS, Secretary.

Dogs as Draught Animals.

MR. N. SMITH, U. S. Consul to Liege, Belgium, who recently sent a report to the Secretary of State concerning the use of the dog as a draught animal by the Belgian people, and which Mr. Gresham published in a Government document, says that this utilization of canine power is comparatively recent, though it has become as much an institution in Liege as the mule in Louisville or Memphis. He thinks thirty years ago a dog in harness would have excited remark in Liege. We should think that they have been used a good deal longer than this in Brussels and parts of Germany. We remember seeing these dogs in harness when at school near Coblentz, on the Rhine, in 1871. They were used principally for conveying garden truck from the villages and farms along the Rhine to Coblentz.

One of these turnouts used to interest us greatly. A very tall fine looking German in a blue blouse made periodical journeys through the Rhine villages with a comparatively small black, rough-coated dog, weighing about 60lbs., which decked out in neat harness drew a small cart or rather pair of wheels between which swung a brightly polished oaken barrel containing cognac. This the owner peddled along his route, and the whole turnout was surrounded by considerable romance in our minds, for rumor had it that the brandy was smuggled. But that is neither here nor there, the fact remains that the custom of using dogs as draught animals seemed to have been in vogue for years. The dogs we saw were generally coarse dogs of great Dane, or low-legged mastiff type, and therefore generally smooth-coated. In passing through Brussels on our way to Coblentz we noted numbers of these dogs in harness. Mr. Smith estimates the canine power of "unregistered" dogs in this country at 7,000,000, and the strength of each dog at 500lbs., so that there is 3,500,000,000lbs. of dog power idle in this nation alone, "which is running to waste at the very heels of the people."

How is This?

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to Mr. Callihan's letter in your issue of Oct. 28, and if he is a resident of Danbury and his dog took the second prize then he is clearly entitled to the special which was given for best of the breed (Newfoundlands) owned in Danbury. This must be so whether Mr. Read's dog is eligible or not. As to Ben Lewis's collection of prize money, it would appear that unless he held the identification or an order from the owner the A. K. C. rules were violated.

REPORTER.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.

Business.

HUMBOLDT, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I shall send you an ad. next week. I wish to say this, I had excellent results from my last one in your paper.

R. B. MORGAN.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Belle of Surrey—Chatham Prince. J. G. Lipsett's (Roxbury, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Belle of Surrey (Comet II.—Rose) to Chatham Kennels' Chatham Prince (Hinks—The Shrew), Oct. 17.

Rose—Chatham Prince. J. G. Lipsett's (Roxbury, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Rose (Patch—Countess) to Chatham Kennels' Chatham Prince (Hinks—The Shrew), Oct. 22.

Grouse II.—Blemton Stickler. C. S. Hanks's fox-terrier bitch Grouse II. to Blemton Kennels' Blemton Stickler, Oct. 7.

Brokenhurst Queenie—Raby Pallisy. C. S. Hanks's fox-terrier bitch Brokenhurst Queenie to his Raby Pallisy, Sept. 27.

Raskeda—Leekhoi. C. S. Hanks's Russian wolfhound bitch Raskeda (Kreclat—Khratka) to his Leekhoi (Riezvee—Labedka), Sept. 25.

Svodka—Leekhoi. C. S. Hanks's Russian wolfhound bitch Svodka to his Leekhoi, Oct. 2 and 8.

Obrouga—Sorvanets. C. S. Hanks's Russian wolfhound bitch Obrouga to his Sorvanets, Oct. 5.

Damson—Raby Pallisy. C. S. Hanks's fox-terrier bitch Damson to his Raby Pallisy (Raby Patter—Maise), Sept. 25.

Seacroft Myrtle—Warren Duke. C. S. Hanks's fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Myrtle (Raby Pallisy—Damson) to L. W. Rutherfurd's Warren Duke (First Flight—Warren Dawn, Sept. 20.

Seacroft Agatha—Raby Pallisy. C. S. Hanks's fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Agatha (D'Orsey—Damson) to his Raby Pallisy (Raby Patter—Maise), Oct. 1.

Seacroft Fuss—Starden's King. C. S. Hanks's fox-terrier bitch Seacroft Fuss (Venio—Grouse II.) to J. E. Thayer's Starden's King), Oct. 1.

Trixie H.—Woodale Driver. F. H. Hoyt's (Sharon, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Trixie H. to W. F. Porter's Woodale Driver, June 19.

Belle of Sharon—Woodale Driver. W. F. Porter's (Sharon, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Belle of Sharon to his Woodale Driver, Oct. 3.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Chatham Queen. Chatham Kennels's (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Chatham Queen (champion Jubilee—My Queen), Oct. 5, four (two dogs), by Toon & Symond's Prince Gully (True Blue—Polly).

Maud Noble. N. Wallace's (Farmington, Conn.) English setter bitch Maud Noble (Rowdy Rod—Pearl Noble), Oct. 11, nine (four dogs), by Blue Ridge Kennels' champion Antonia (Roderigo—Bo Peep).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Jasper. Fox-terrier dog, whelped Jan. 20, 1893, by Blemton Rasper out of Grouse II., by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to Mr. Mason, Newton Centre, Mass.

Seacroft Assert. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped August, 1891, by D'Orsey out of Damson, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to E. A. Cook, Germantown, Pa.

Seacroft Booster. Fox-terrier bitch, whelped August, 1891, by Dominie out of Brokenhurst Queenie, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to W. H. Fendrich, Columbia, Pa.

Sorvanets—Flodeyka whelp. Russian wolfhound dog, whelped June 19, 1893, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to R. DeW. Sampson, Pittsfield, Mass.

Leekhoi—Kinjal whelp. Russian wolfhound dog, whelped Dec. 31, 1892, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to C. Hale, Elsworth, Me.

Groubian—Flodeyka whelp. Russian wolfhound dog, whelped Nov. 16, 1893, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to T. D. Dolen, Philadelphia, Pa.

Leekhoi—Vinga whelps. Two Russian wolfhound dogs, whelped Aug. 3, 1893, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., to T. H. Kellogg, Willard, Seneca Lake, N. Y.

Leekhoi—Obrouga whelps. Russian wolfhounds, whelped Dec. 29, 1893, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., one to H. Winderle, Edge Hill Village, Pa., and two to W. Price, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Leekhoi—Raskeda whelps. Russian wolfhounds, whelped Oct. 16, 1892, by C. S. Hanks, Manchester, Mass., a white, lemon spots, dog to N. M. Wanner, York, Pa.; a white, red spots, dog to Eugene Hall, Burlington, Wiss., a dog to Dr. Streeter, Chicago, Ill., and a bitch each to T. D. Dolen, Philadelphia, Pa., and A. E. Pitts, Columbus, O.

Emblem. Pointer bitch, by Fred F. Harris, Woodfords, Me., to Ed. E. Kelley, same place.

Ellen Terry. St. Bernard bitch, whelped May 10, 1887, by Jacob Ruppert, Jr., New York city, to Wooding & Hoyt, The Heights, Berwick, Pa.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

R. F. M., Omaha, Neb.—The judge was Mr. C. H. Mason, and cocker, we believe, Mr. Dole's Othello.

B., Norwich, Ct.—Cherry Lad is by Cherry Boy (16,338), out of Flossy T., by Col. Stubbs (4,676) out of Pix, by Grip out of Flirt.

J. E. S.—Write to Mr. H. W. Huntington, 148 So. Eighth street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for a copy of the National Greyhound Club Rules.

N. C. S., Newtown, Conn.—I have just lost two valuable pointer puppies, five months old, and as I have noticed my English setter bitch by champion Paul Bo has begun to show symptoms of the same trouble, I haste to describe it that you can tell me what to do for her. It comes on by a twitching in the hind legs, and I should think was a nervous trouble. It gradually gets worse, and their systems run down and the twitching increases until they suffer terribly from it, and sometimes go into spasms. Ans. Probably the result of distemper. Write again describing all symptoms more fully. In the meantime give the following mixture:

Pot. brom.	ʒ ii.
Chloral hydros.	ʒ i.
Tr. bellad.	ʒ iss.
Aq. ad.	ʒ vi.

Mix. Give one teaspoonful two or three times a day.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 7.—New England Beagle Club's Trials. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass., Sec'y.

Field Trial Committee Meeting of N. B. C.

A MEETING of the field trial committee was called at 8:20 P. M. Nov. 2. Present, H. L. Kreuder, Geo. Laick, F. W. Chapman, B. S. Turpin, H. W. Lacy.

The judges were asked to report on the classes they had judged so far, and then the objection by Mr. H. V. Jamieson to Mr. Dorsey's Pade was read, he protesting it on the ground that it was not a beagle according to the entry form of the N. B. C. Mr. Dorsey's evidence was taken informally. We would like to have given a picture of this dog, but Mr. Dorsey refused to have it taken, and would not state his reasons therefor, though asked by the club's president. On the entry form Mr. Dorsey states Pade's color to be yellow, brown and white, age not given; sire Ned, dam Flora. Ned is by Stonewall Jackson, by imported Chimer. Flora's pedigree is enveloped in shadow. In Mr. Dorsey's examination before the field trial committee he stated that he purchased Pade from a Mr. Jones, of Ellicot City, Md. Flora is understood to have been stolen and to give her pedigree might be prejudicial to Pade's former owner. Ned's dam is unknown, but Stonewall Jackson is owned by a man near Ellicot City. Mr. Jones bought Pade as a pup and he was hunted by his son. Mr. Dorsey paid $15 for him. Acknowledged he would not enter Pade at a bench show and stated that he did not think Pade a typical English beagle for show purposes. Said Pade did not look like a thoroughbred beagle. Would not breed to him for show form, but would for field qualities. Had no idea where he gets his peculiar form. The committee then decided to pay the premiums won by Mr. Dorsey with the exception of Pade's, which was held over until the next meeting of the field trial committee, which will probably be held during Newark show or sooner. Meeting adjourned.

NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB TRIALS.

ONCE more have the members of the National Beagle Club, one of the most energetic and progressive specialty clubs in the country, demonstrated that the merits of two beagles can be determined by a field trial just as well as those of a pointer or setter. It is hard work, but then the men who indulge in this sort of sport do not consider that. They may yawn and wonder what in the world they are there for when the minutes become hours and bunny is *non est*, but with the first whimper that proclaims a find all is eagerness and excitement, and when the whimper becomes a cry and is answered by the other dog, who quickly harks to his mate, and sure of the line out pours the glorious duet and away they go. Then does the beagle hunter think that life is worth living, and scratches, wet feet, tired limbs, everything is forgotten in the eager race to see the run, while the music encourages tired limbs to put their best foot first.

There was the usual grumble about the lack of rabbits, poor scent and rough grounds. But then what can be done? In the open ground and plain cover there seem to be few if any hares, so that in the end we have to go to the brier swamps to get through the trials before the week ends. For spectators it is one of the best places, for they can stand on the hillside, and in one part, where the sumacs grow, they can view all the twists and turns of bunny and amuse themselves with the frantic efforts of the judges to pick briers out of their eyes and keep track of how the dogs are working at the same time. Those who undertake to judge beagle trials must be stout of limb, have capacious lungs and plenty of patience and perseverance. These qualities the judges this year most certainly possessed in generous degree; both are well versed in field sports and were seemingly in good condition. Mr. B. S. Turpin was fresh from the Brunswick Fur Club trials of the previous week, where he acted as one of the judges, and a week after the foxhounds on the hills round North Acton, Mass., puts a man into prime condition. Joe Lewis, the other judge, is about as tough as they are made, and no run is too long or brier too thick but that he is somewhere about when the check comes and allows a minute's breathing time.

The quality of the work done in the Derby and large dog class was scarcely up to last year, but the judges think that the hunting by the winners in the 13in. class showed considerable improvement, and in this we coincide. Pade and Spot R. furnished the liveliest heat of the meeting, and kept us on the jump all the time. Snow and Wanderer did good work, too, but when they ran together it was in a poor place for scent—too dry. The Derby work was poor on the whole, though Mollie Dean gives promise of making a very useful bitch. The judges, as stated above, did their work well and conscientiously, and there was no kicking. The only unpleasant feature of the trials was the objection against Pade, and Mr. Jamieson would seem to be quite justified in the course he took. This affair, however, will be treated of elsewhere.

Although the New York papers, at least the principal ones published accounts of the running every day, there were fewer spectators than last year, and the last two days' hunting was left almost entirely to members of the club. We have already, in last week's issue, given the names of those present. The utmost good feeling prevailed and as usual the quip and joke passed around freely when the day's work was over.

Mr. H. L. Kreuder was field marshal, and it seemed that both he and his family and, in fact, everything that was his were at the service of the intruders. There are few men who would turn their homes into a semi-hotel, and subject themselves to the inconveniences that the Kreuder family must experience. A hunter's appetite is a simile commonly used, and nothing but solid viands will satisfy it. These we had in abundance, and whoever does the cooking at the "Kreuder Homestead" is a *chef* in her line. When all the hunting was over it was only appropriate that we sat down to a rabbit dinner, most excellently prepared.

There was little delay in getting the dogs up for each heat, and as far as trials go all was well arranged. The members of the Field Trials Committee are: J. W. Appleton, Wm. Tallman, Geo. Laick, E. Gerry Roberts, John Bateman, H. L. Kreuder, H. W. Lacy, H. F. Schellhass, Pottinger Dorsey, A. D. Lewis, F. W. Chapman, B. S. Turpin. We have already given the first day's work, and the continuation of the heats in the 15in. class is given below.

TUESDAY, OCT. 31.

Class A—13 to 15 in.—CONTINUED.

When we pulled up our blinds this morning it was to find the whole country covered with a white pall, and we knew that the heaviest frost of the season had been busy while we slept. Ice had formed in the ponds and ditches, but Old Sol was soon ready for business, and quickly melted the frost "crust" and then dried up the grass, so that scent lay badly all day, and as the day grew older it became quite warm. The grounds selected are about a mile from the village, and most of it is very rough, swampy and covered with briers and sumacs. Hares were plentiful, however, but naturally difficult to follow, and the scent was so poor at times, even a few yards from where a rabbit had been started, that the hounds were continually at fault. An early start was made and the first brace,

TRIFLE II.—MODEL—Cast off at 8:15. This was the unfinished heat of the previous evening. The dogs were bothered a good deal at the start; first a cat track led them astray, and then some dogs getting loose did not improve matters. At last the serious business of the day began when a hare was jumped by the crowd. The beagles drove poorly, being frequently at fault and harking back on the trails. Taken in all the work was indifferent, but Trifle had the best of it. This dog is over two years old but had never been hunted till three weeks since. Ordered up at 9:17.

VENUS II.—VICK R.—These were put down at 9:23, and both handled by their owners, P. Dorsey and H. V. Jamieson. Both started well, the ranging being in favor of Vick R. A long hunt in cover ensued before bunny was found by the spectators. Dogs were put on the hot trail and Venus hit off but Vick soon took the lead, set a good pace and showed herself much superior in driving and hunting and was at all times amenable to control. They ran for an hour and twenty minutes, being taken up at 10:43. Vick was clearly the best.

ORACLE—JACK BANNERMAN were cast off at 10:35. J. W. Appleton handled Oracle and Mark Lewis the other dog. By this time all signs of frost had disappeared and scent was very elusive. During the heat five rabbits were started in various places, and though the hounds were laid on hot trails they could not carry them. Oracle was slow and did too much pottering. This made Jack Bannerman's vigorous style of hunting more conspicuous, and he always had the speed of the other. Neither, however, came up to winning form. Up at 11:25.

JOE—WANDERER.—Cast off at 11:28. Joe had the services of Mark Lewis and Wanderer was in charge of the veteran Pottinger Dorsey. The dogs hunted till lunch time without making a good strike, and in this work Joe seemed to have the best of it in ranging, making wide casts, but always well under control; but Wanderer's turn came after we had been regaled with most appetizing chowder and etceteras. That Miss Kreuder looks well after our material comforts was the general sentiment.

After lunch a grand race took place, the hare being a corker and up to every move known to his kind to throw his pursuers off the trail, and in following him Wanderer showed his worth, for he excelled in the way he made his casts and in picking up the trail at a "loss" and then generally leading when it came to a hard drive. Joe, in the earlier part, when

pure hunting was needed, showed that his bump of hunting sense was well developed. Wanderer is inclined to loaf a bit in this part of the game. The judges were fairly pumped out in this heat, as the going was terribly rough among the briers and sumacs. Dogs called up at 2:40.

SNOW—BUCK.—Cast off at 2:55 on a hot trail where hare had just jumped, and they carried it along at a great pace, following puss up close in all her feints and turns through the briers. First one led, then the other, Snow having generally the speed of the other in straightaway drives, but when it came to puzzling work at the turns Buck showed himself superior. In hunting for game Snow ranged wider, covered more ground and worked in a sensible manner. Up at 3:35, down 40m.

GREYBURN DAISY—LUFRA.—At 3:50 they were cast off in sumac bushes where so much of the work to-day has been done. Daisy in the little driving done had the speed of the other, and also in hunting made wider casts and hunted out intelligently more ground than the other. Lufra was inclined to potter at times. No hare was started and dogs were called up at 4:45, just as the sun was sinking. A pleasant walk home and the first series of the large class was finished. To-morrow the start will be made in the second series—Joe with Buck, Snow with Wanderer, Fanny Racer with Vick R.

WEDNESDAY.

Second Series.

JOE—BUCK.—These were put down in pasture behind the "Kreuder Homestead" at 8:10. Both were willing hunters and worked out several likely places without result, until Buck tongued, but failed to work out the trail. In thick swamp he started game and carried the trail alone, turned back and seemed to be driving for all he was worth, but no game was seen. Up at 9:55. Buck had the best of it, Joe being off nose to-day seemingly.

SNOW—WANDERER.—Mark Lewis handled Snow, and P. Dorsey his own dog. Cast off at 10:05 at the edge of open cover and at once Judge Lewis started a rabbit, and dogs were brought to the trail, but neither could lift it, though they cast well and intelligently, the leaves were too dry. Wanderer then drove for a hill to one side and lost casting for the trail; he soon hit it off and a keen run took place with Wanderer in the van. Then he let down, and from that time out Snow took the "reins" and drove hard and fast; in fact, she pressed her lost hare so close that as it sought shelter in the ditch and low wall, she nearly nabbed it. There is little between these two, but Snow has if anything a slight advantage. Up at 9:35. Wanderer is better in casting for and hitting off the trails, but when it came to fast driving Snow showed to greater advantage.

FANNY RACER—VICK R.—These two beagles are probably as well known as any in the trials; they have frequently won honors on the bench. They were put down where rabbit was lost in the last heat at 10:45. Fanny Racer handled by M. Lewis, Vick R. by owner. Vick soon tongued, but overran the trail, and a long hunt ensued without finding. In swampy ground Vick spoke again, then Fanny opened, but both pottered a good deal. They carried this sort of thing on for a mile or more on an old fox trail. Then barking back, Judge Lewis jumped a hare in the open and some merry bursts ensued, short, but exciting while they tongued. They kept this up for twenty minutes, and then were called for lunch at 1:15. Vick seemed to have the best of rather poor work on the whole.

After a lunch, in which some hot baked beans, a tender compliment to our friends from Massachusetts, had played a conspicuous part, the running was resumed. In the

Third Series

SNOW—WANDERER were cast off to test their finding capabilities. Called up at 2 P. M. without starting anything, it was found that Snow beat out her ground better and was under better control.

WANDERER—VICK R.—These went down at 2:04 in woods for the same purpose. A long, weary tramp followed, in which every likely spot was hunted out, but nothing found, though Wanderer did a bit of driving by herself some distance from the other dog. At first he had to be coaxed to hunt, but finally got down to business. After an hour's walk we came up to Mr. Reed, who had marked a hare; and hounds being put on some good driving followed, in which both dogs did well. They were called up at 3:40, and after a short consultation the judges announced the results: Snow first, Wanderer second, Vick R. third and Buck reserve.

Class B—13in. and Under.

LITTLE LEE—GYPSEY FOREST.—It was getting late when these two were slipped, and the hunt was in the direction of home. Little Lee seemed afraid of briers; he is very small—11in.—and lightly made. Having hunted always in the Maine swamps, he does not like this rough country. Gypsey went the strongest and showed most intelligent hunting. Nothing started by 4:45, when dogs were called up, and we found ourselves near the "Homestead" and dinner.

These two will be put down in the morning. Altogether the day has been rather a blank and the decisions given were generally on the work done on Tuesday.

THURSDAY.

Class B.

First Series—Continued.

The morning opened cloudy and damp with a light southerly wind, which raised hopes that scent would be good today and some fine hunting take place. We were not disappointed, as about the best work of the trials was seen. The start was with

LITTLE LEE—GYPSEY FOREST in the sumacs and brier swamp down on Moe's Hillside. They were handled by owners. A hare was soon found, but they failed to take up the trail, and when another was started for them they did not do very brilliant work, though Gypsey Forest proved to be a much better hound.

INA—ADAM.—Ina was handled by owner and Adam by Mark Lewis. They were both active workers, but in experience Adam babbled so much that it was difficult to tell when he was driving and when he was just enjoying himself. In a rather poor race Ina had the best of it, both in hunting sense and the little trailing they did.

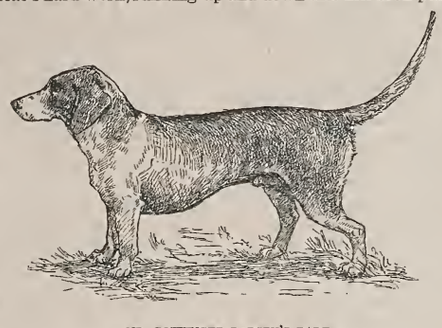
LOU—PADE.—These two were put down at 9:55 in thick, swampy cover. Lou had the help of Mr. Kreuder, and Pade was handled by Mr. Dorsey. The difference in type was very noticeable, Pade looking more like a modified basset while Lou—well, we all know that few can beat this pretty bitch in type and quality, and how she keeps up! She seemed to go stronger and looks far better in her hind legs this year than last, and she is nearly ten years old. Working up to higher ground a hare was started, but dogs had to be put on before they picked up the trail which carried them to the sumac grove where Pade drove fast, and left Lou whose heart was good, but the pace too warm. Pade ranged wide and fast and showed some of the best work of the trials. Up at 10:40.

MOLLIE DEAN—SPOT R.—These were down at 10:45 in sumacs, and Spot R. soon showed that she could run all round Mollie. Spot is a well made little bitch, an intensely busy hunter, and probably in her own country on the swamp hares in Vermont she would range wider, here the thick cover and briers made her very careful, but she never pottered, it was all hunt, and when she struck a trail she meant business. Mollie was outpaced, but she hunted well. Up 11:07. This finished the first series.

Second Series.

PADE—SPOT R.—Down at 11:20 in open ground on hill. Edge of cover, rabbit started by reporter and hounds put on, Pade struck first and they held to bunny's back trail, lost, and then Pade carried us out into the open where they were at fault again; the sun by this time being quite warm. Spot then caught the turn and took it up merrily to a loss. Another rabbit was started but trail soon lost, Spot then distinguished herself, and a short, though pretty run in open followed. After 30m. hunt Pade opened on a new trail down in cover again, lost, and then Spot led a merry burst and every one found it difficult to follow this speedy couple. Way off to the left Pade struck a trail which he followed to the swamp and lost. Up 12:35. Pade has the speed and is a wider ranger, but as beagles hunt there is little difference between them. Where Pade gets his speed is an enigma, he evidently has some of the old Southern hound in him. He drives more like a foxhound than a beagle.

LOU—GYPSEY FOREST—Cast off at 12:37 down toward the swamp. This heat afforded us a rest after the previous heat's hard work, running up and down this hill soon pumps



MR. POTTINGER DORSEY'S PADE.

every bit of breath out of an ordinary man. On a hare that was put up Gypsey led, but only carried it a few yards to a check, and Spot was put down with them. No more driving and dogs up at 1:05 for lunch. Judges consulted awhile, and decided that Pade wins first, but with the reservation that Mr. Dorsey explain his dog's breeding. Spot R. second, Gypsey Forest third, Lou reserve. In case Pade is disqualified Ina takes reserve and the others move up.

Derby.

First Series.

After lunch the first brace in this stake was called.

LEE III.—CLIO.—Dogs were handled by owners. Cast off at 1:52 in same cover where all the running has been done to-day. Nothing was found, however, and dogs were taken up to high ground over the railroad track. Cast off again at 2:40. Mr. Jamieson saw a rabbit squatting, and though dogs were brought up and saw it go away, they could not lift the trail. Lee III. did not show much interest, anyhow. Scent

PRESIDENT KREUDER WITH ZILLAH AND CHAMPION LOU.

was very poor on the leaves. Another rabbit was started by a reporter. and dogs drove well to a road, where they were at fault, and then worked the back trail to where game was started. Up 3:05. Neither hound showed up very well, but Clio had the best of it.

QUEEN OF THE FOREST—MOLLIE DEAN.—Down at 3:10. M. Lewis handled the first-named and Mr. Chapman the latter. Cast off where others were taken up. Shortly after Mollie started and drove till a gun was fired, and Queen blinked a little. Then Judge Turpin spied a hare, but neither could lift the trail on the dead leaves. Then Mollie had a short spin a few minutes after, and dogs were up at 3:32. Mollie was far the best, the little one showing little inclination or experience.

BILL NYE II.—BLANCHE.—Down at 3:37 in same place. W. H. Hyland handled Bill Nye and M. Lewis the other. We had more fun in this heat than any other. Working into open fields on high ground Mr. Hyland jumped a hare, and both dogs being laid on the trail Bill picked it up and drove a short distance, and then did some wide casting, but with little judgment. Afterward he found and carried it to open fields, but they were checked at a low wall; rabbit passed in front of them along the wall, but they did not see it and could not lift the trail. Going into the next field, where spectators marked the hare squatting on the short grass like a stone, the dogs were caught, and the sight of Hyland and Lewis holding their dogs over the hare waiting for the word go was most laughable. Hare started and both dogs went well from the slips in full view, and racing across the open field Bill led to the wall, when bunny fooled them. They made a pretty picture and conclusively proved that they could follow the hare at great speed when they saw it. They evidently think seeing is believing. Up at 4:15.

LITTLE LEE (a bye) with Mollie Dean. Lee handled by Mr. Chapman. They hunted twenty-five minutes and then were ordered up; nothing found, Little Lee, as usual, not doing much hunting.

FRIDAY.

Second Series.

This was the last day, and opened cloudy and misty. Few came out to see the work as it was about a foregone conclusion that rain would fall, and it did, just as the stake was finished.

MOLLIE DEAN—BILL NYE II.—The same old sumac grove was tried. Cast off at 8:30. A hare was up at once and Bill had a chance to distinguish himself but failed, and Mollie did no better afterward. Soon after a reporter jumped another hare and Mollie hit off the line, but Bill babbled so much that it bothered Mollie at the checks. Up at 9 o'clock. Then

BLANCHE—BILL NYE II. ran together at 9:03 and down toward the swamp another hare was found by a reporter, and though dogs were brought to the form, neither could follow the trail, though Blanche followed the line for some distance mute. Afterward they had a short drive, and as there was little between them, the judges called them up and decided that Mollie Dean should have first and Blanche and Bill Nye II. divide second. Reserve withheld.

Champion Stake.

As Zillah had forfeited, Snow was the only aspirant for the championship title, as Pade was under a cloud, and Mr. Dorsey had gone home.

Snow was put down at 9:30 to run the time out with Spot R. Rain fell heavily and nothing was done.

Thus ended the trials of 1893 without the cheers, and as much good feeling as prevailed at the same time last year, when Lee II. was hailed as absolute winner.

SUMMARY.

CLASS A.

For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any class at field trials held by N. B. C. First prize $60, second $40, third $20.

First Series.

H. L Kreuder's Fanny Racer (Racer. Jr.—Nellie) with Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsey A. (Kenneally's Lee—Tone).

Pottinger Dorsey's Rambler with E. J. & J. W. Becker's Halryon.

George Laick's Trifle II. (Leader—Jenny) with Middleton Kennels' Model (Stormy—June M.)

Pottinger Dorsey's Venus II. (Lee—Venus) with Forest Beagle Kennels' Vick R. (Fitzhugh Lee—Nell).

Waldingfield Kennels' Oracle (Orator—Lively) with H. L. Kreuder's Jack Bannerman (Billy—Kate).

Guy D. Welton's Joe (Billy—Kate) with Pottinger Dorsey's Wanderer (Lee—Fairy).

Middleton Kennels' Snow (Stormy—Lee) with H. L. Kreuder's Grayburn Daisy.

Pottinger Dorsey's Buck (Tecumseh—Mary) with Waldingfield Kennels' Lufra (Orator—Lonesome).

Second Series.

Joe with Buck.

Snow with Wanderer.

Fanny Racer with Vick R.

Third Series.

Snow with Wanderer.

Wanderer with Vick R.

Middleton Kennels' Snow first, Pottinger Dorsey's Wanderer second, Forest Beagle Kennels' Vick R. third, Pottinger Dorsey's Buck reserve.

CLASS B.

For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any class at field trials held by N. B. C. First prize $30, second $20, third $10.

First Series.

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Little Lee (Fitzhugh Lee—Dill) *with* Forest Beagle Kennels' Gypsey Forest (Frank Forest—Sue Forest).

H. Mann's Ina (Dan—Jolly) *with* Middleton Kennels' Adam (Sport—Trill).

H. L. Kreuder's Ch. Lou (Keno—Fly) *with* Pottinger Dorsey's Pade (Ned—Flora).

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Mollie Dean (Sam—Baby Dean) *with* George F. Reed's Spot R. (Kennerly's Lee—Skip).

Second Series.

Pade with Spot R.

Gypsy Forest with Lou.

Dorsey's Pade, first; Geo. F. Reed's Spot R., second; Forest Beagle Kennels' Gypsy Forest, third; H. L. Kreuder's Ch. Lou, reserve.

The Derby.

For dogs and bitches, 15in. and under, whelped on or after January 1, 1892. First prize, $20; second prize, $10,

First Series.

H. L. Kreuder's Lee II. (Fitzhugh Lee—June Rose), April, *with* Forest Beagle Kennels' Clio (Bannerman—champion Twintwo), March 25.

H. L. Kreuder's Queen of the Forest (Fitzhugh Lee—Una), September, *with* Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Mollie Dean (Sam—Baby Dean), Jan. 15.

W. H. Hyland's Bill Nye II. (Rip Van Winkle—Queen Nellie). July 17, *with* H. L. Kreuder's Blanche (Fitzhugh Lee—Una), September.

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Little Lee (Fitzhugh Lee—Dill), June 24, a bye.

Second Series.

Mollie Dean with Bill Nye II.

Blanche with Bill Nye II.

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Mollie Dean first, H. L. Kreuder's Blanche and W. H. Hyland's Bill Nye II. divide second. Reserve withheld.

H. W. L.

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The Winners.

SNOW is a bitch well known on the bench, where she has won several prizes; she has markings on head but body is nearly all white. Wanderer is a heavily-marked bitch of fine build and not so large as Snow. Vick is a well-made, good-sized bitch, bit big in head and body, nicely marked. Buck is also a fairly well-made dog, heavily marked with black. Among the little ones Lou and Shot R. are easily first in regard to build and style, and both are about the same size. Shot R. had the straighter forelegs; would be a winner in almost any company. Gypsey Forest is a stoutly-made, prettily-marked bitch, longer in body than the others. Mollie Dean is a blue-mottled bitch of racy build, little long in body and not deep enough. Blanche and Bill Nye II. are prettily-marked, well-grown beagles, and will come near the limit in height. Pade shows a mixture of basset, dachshund and beagle, is a low-set, heavy-chested, long-bodied dog, with arch of loin and quarters very much on the basset or dachshund form. A rough sketch shows the type of dog he is. His color is a sort of dirty fawn shot with dark hair, flat ears and longish head, and forelegs have almost a crook.

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The Pade Protest.

THE National Beagle Club has been singularly free from even a suspicion of unpleasantness during the three trials they have brought off, and it is particularly regrettable that anything should have occurred to mar the good feeling with which we all took this year's trials. The objection to Mr. P. Dorsey's Pade, who was adjudged the winner of the under 13in. class, seems to have been made on good grounds, but unfortunately rather late in the day. If there was doubt about the dog's status as a beagle, action should have been taken by the field trial committee when the dogs were measured for the different stakes on the first day. This was not done, but two wrongs do not make a right, and of course we can pass no opinion here as to the merits of the case, as it is still *sub judice*.

Western Kansas Coursing Meeting.

OUR report of this meeting held at Loti, Kansas, Oct. 24, did not arrive in time for last week's issue, and contains little more than the summary which follows. The meeting seems to have created considerable local interest, but the Eastern dogs failed to run into the finals. Miss Dollar III. and Royal Crest did fairly well and the owner of Drytime should not be disappointed in the poor showing she made. She should not have been slipped so soon after Goodland meeting. A number of well known coursers were present, including Dr. Van Hummell, whose partner, Mr. J. R. Cochran, was slipping; D. C. Luse, A. C. Bradbury, Goodland Kennels owners, the president, R. S. Howard and Mr. E. H. Mulcaster, who judged satisfactorily.

The attendance was quite good for a small meeting and everything passed off nicely. The club's secretary is Mr. W. O. Allplin, and he, with Mr. Howard, had the management of the whole affair, and did their work well. The summary follows:

Leoti Stakes.

Sixteen greyhounds of all ages at $10 each, 50% to winner and 25% to runner up, 12½% each to next two dogs.

First Round.

Royal Crest Maybrook Kennels' b h Miss Dollar II. (Eden Castle—Miss Harknes)	beat	American Coursing Kennels' bd w hitch Belle of Eltham (Jester—Bit of Fashion).
R. S. Howard's f h Elsie (Arkansas Traveler—Fanny)	beat	Royal Crest Maybrook Kennels' f b Drytime (Britain Still—Haytime).
St. Patrick Kennels' bk w d Border Ruffian (Dingwall—Miss Kitten)	beat	A. Massey (ns. D. Grey's) f w h What Care I (Trales—Lightning).
S. W. Vidler's hd b Buenarita (Norwegian—Buenaritero)	beat	A. Massey (ns. S. Alhart's) bd Ketchum (Major—Clipper).
American Coursing Kennels' (ns. F. B. Coyne's) bk w d Willis H. (Lights of London—Nell)	beat	A. Massey's be w d O'Rorke (Prince Patrick—Rose Macpherson).
Goodland Kennels' he b Renella (Walnut — Humming Bird)	beat	Royal Crest Maybrook Kennels' hk d Greenshine (Mullingar—Greenfinch III.).
GoodlandKennels'w hd h Rhea (Major Glendyne — Daisy Dublin)	beat	St. Patrick Kennels' bk w h Bonnie Belle (Dingwall — Miss Kitten).
Royal Crest Maybrook Kennels' bk d Royal Crest (Greentick—Royal Rate)	beat	Goodland Kennels' w hk d Rear Admiral (Major Glendyne—Lady Alice).

Second Round.

Miss Dollar III. beat Elsie. Willis H. beat Renella.
Buenarita beat Border Ruffian. Rhea beat Royal Crest.

Third Round.

Buenarita beat Miss Dollar III. Willis H. beat Rhea.

Deciding Course.

Mr. S. W. Vidler's bd b Buenerita and American Coursing Kennels (ns. Mr. F. B. Cryne's) bk w d Willis H. divided.

Home Stakes.

For local greyhounds, all ages, at $5 each, 50% to winner, 25% to runner up, 12½% to each of the next two dogs:
R. S. Howard's f w d Bolivar beat W. O. Allphin's f h Queen.
W. O. Allphin's f d Jerry beat I. G. Noble's f d King.

Deciding Course.

Mr. R. S. Howard's Bolivar and Mr. W. O. Allphin's Jerry divided.

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Cowly County Meet.

THE second annual meeting of the Cowly County Coursing Association was held at Winfield, Kansas, Oct. 31. A full report will be given in our next issue. The running resulted as follows:

The Winfield Cup.

Open stake for 16 or more greyhounds, entrance fee $10, winner 50 per cent. of entrance and $75 cash donated by the citizens of Winfield, the runner up 25 per cent., third dog to receive 15 per cent., and fourth dog 10 per cent. of entrance money:

D. C. Luse's (ns S. W. Vidler's) brindle hitch Buenarita	beat	D. M. Sidle's white and fawn bitch Lady Maud (late Maudy Luse).
D. M. Sidle's fawn dog Laughed At	beat	D C. Luse's white and brown bitch Lady Cleveland.
F. D. Coyne's black dog	beat	J. R. Ballard's (ns D. C. Luse) Nettlefield.

D. C. Luse's Living Yet, a bye.
Buenarita beat Laughed At. Willis H. beat Living Yet.

III.

Final Course.

S. W. Vidler's bdl b Buenarita (Norwegian—Buenaritero)	beat	F. B. Coyne's bk and w d Willis H. (Lights o' London—Nell) and won.

County Stake.

For dogs owned by resident members only, entrance $2 50. Winner to receive 50% of the entrance money, runner up 25%, third to receive 15% and fourth 10% of entrance money.

S. S. Raper's black bitch Juliette	beat	Ricks & Smith's black bitch Dinah's Pickaninny.
John Weakly's black dog Lightfoot	beat	D. S. Hanna's brindle dog Jack.
C. C. Stevens's brindle bitch Skip	beat	D. S. Hanna's black hitch Dicky.
E. B. Condit's fawn bitch Zip.	beat	E. A. Fisher's bitch Lady Grace.
James Ramsey's fawn and white bitch Goldie.	beat	D. S Hanna's black and white dog Jerry.
John Weakly's red dog Golddust	beat	A. E. Johnson's brindle dog Jo Jo.
Jas. Ramsey's brindle bitch Fanny	beat	E. P. Condit's fawn dog Pedro.
Ricks & Smith's black and white bitch Sailor Maud	beat	D O. Miller's brindle hitch Minnie.
Frank Sidler's white and black bitch Witch Hazel	beat	Jas. Ramsey's white and black dog Bob.
Jas. Ramsey's red hitch Meteor	beat	C. C. Stevens's white and black bitch Snowball.

II.

Lightfoot beat Juliette. Sailor Maud beat Fanny.
Skip beat Yip. Witch Hazel beat Meteor.
Golddust, a bye, Jerry drawn.

III.

Lightfoot beat Skip. Witch Hazel, a bye.
Golddust beat Sailor Maud.

Final Course.

John Weakly's red dog Golddust (Jack—Minnie), beat Frank Sidle's white and black hitch Witch Hazel (Bob—Unknown), and won.

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Quality of Courage.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the articles in a Chicago contemporary upon the "Quality of Courage," and was much edified at the manner in which FOREST AND STREAM disposed of their sophistries with regard to the quality of courage in bird dogs. Let me add some data gathered from experience with foxhounds. It is not exactly clear what the writer of those articles was driving at, but I gather a hazy idea that courage is a very undesirable qualification in a dog. With pedantic pessimism he asserts "Courage is the genius of the sulks," and he attributes to high courage the inability of race horses to repeat.

"Courage is in the nature of a stimulus, and like artificial stimulants it fails when the contestant begins to feel the effect of exhaustion. Indeed, if it asserts itself at all, when it might be useful it is only in resisting the wishes of the handler, and it matters not whether it be in dog, horse, or man."

The one qualification that distinguishes the Kentucky foxhound, that has given him the national reputation he now enjoys, that has been bred in him for generations and is as characteristic of him and as true a test of the thoroughbred as gameness in a game chicken, is courage. No matter what his extremity, no matter how long and arduous the chase, how great his weariness, he will still strive, however feeble his endeavors be. His pace may be slow, it will be forgiven him; but let him show the white feather, quit in the chase, and his life will pay the forfeit. I know of no more serious misfortune that could befall a Kentucky fox hunter at a Kentucky meet than to have his dog fail in this crucial test and brand himself a quitter. The question that instanter arises is what is his breeding, where is the outcross, for a cold cross there must be somewhere. No thoroughbred if physically capable will ever lack the moral quality of courage. This is the distinguishing trait of the Kentucky foxhound. I know of no other that possesses it in such an eminent degree.

We have had the Birdsong, the July and the best of the Southern flyers, and it is a conceded fact that they cannot stand in competition with the Kentucky foxhound the test of enduring courage. They are sprinters. They are light of muscle and build, of the greyhound type, and are perhaps the best for their country, but where hard going and long running is the rule they are physically unable to stay the pace the Kentucky dogs set day after day.

So far from courage failing a dog at the moment of exhaustion, it is then that the quality of courage demonstrates itself. It does not take courage to keep a dog in the chase when fresh and full of redundant energy. It is when the muscles tire, when the feet are sore, when weariness and exhaustion come, it is then that high courage spurs him on to oblivion of his ills and animates him to those wonderful exhibitions of endurance that no other animal on earth can parallel.

Only to-day a fox hunter of the old school who has passed the biblical limit of life was recalling the exploits of the late John Shanklin's Tap. Day after day Shanklin called upon his dogs to make not one chase, but to close the run on three or four red foxes before he considered the day sufficiently rounded out. And many a morning, my mentor tells me, he has seen Shanklin take old Tap, who was physically incapable of moving, upon his horse and carry him on the saddle until some of the fresher and younger dogs opened, when he would throw old Tap down, and at the sound, fired by that high and indomitable courage which triumphs over physical ills, the old dog would crawl away, limbering his stiffened limbs, until when the fox was up he would get away in the front flight, never to flag again that day. He was the great grand sire of a worthy descendant in the Springknoll pack who bears his name. Last winter the younger Tap was caught in a steel trap and his right forefoot terribly mutilated, the flesh being torn to the bones and the toes simply hanging. The next morning after finding him his whole leg was inflamed and swollen, and no fear was entertained of his following, but he was chained for convenience in doctoring him. He slipped the collar, and overtaking us went into the chase on three legs and stayed to the finish. Next day, as may be imagined, the dog's sufferings were intense. He was fastened in the kennel, but deliberately dug out through a hard clay floor. If he only dug with one foot he must have sustained his weight on the mutilated member. There were several inches of snow on the ground and that dog ran in half a dozen chases with that foot, leaving a trail of blood behind him. It is the quality of courage in such dogs that endear them to us. It is the product of many generations of careful breeding, and it is indigenous to the strain. If it be an undesirable quality then we and our fathers before us have labored in vain. For it is our creed that gameness is the *sine qua non* of the red foxhound.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 20.

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Coursing at Corsicana, Tex.

A FEW items of interest that Mr. C. L. Witherspoon, secretary of the Corsicana Coursing Club, sends us may be of use to some of our readers. Corsicana is a town of about 11,000 people, situated in Navarro county, and about fifty miles from Dallas, also about the same distance from Waco and Fort Worth. He says: "We have a fine country around and we have some good coursing grounds, although we are fenced up considerably with barb wire. Our main coursing ground is situated some three and a half miles from town. It is three miles square and level, with plenty of jacks. Our people seem to take more interest than we expected, and I think our prospect for success is fine. The stake is for all-age greyhounds raised in the State. We did this in order to get the Texas people to take interest in it before inviting others. We shall have a meeting in February, to which we invite all comers, and especially the Kansas coursers."

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Northwestern Beagle Club Trials.

THE report by Mr. Waters of the trials at Whitewater, Wis., has come to hand too late for publication this week. It will be given in our next issue. The trials were highly successful. The winners were in the Derby: First, Dillingham & Rammele's Mayfly; second, G. A. Buckstaff's Ilwaco; third, divided by Louis Siffin's Tony W. and E. Bender's Little Cooney Duke. All-age stake: First, Ilwaco; second, Dillingham & Rammele's Bose; third, G. A. Buckstaff's Royal Rover. Champion class: Mayfly.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

THE following item from Mr. T. B. Bartels will be of interest to coursing men. He writes as follows: "As you probably know Boomerang hurt his fore leg while at Goodland before meeting Princess May. I thought two or three days' rest would fix it up, but such was not the case. I have nursed it ever since the meeting. This morning I was obliged to have Dr. Bock fire it. He put about 15 points in it and then a strong blister on top of that. I shall do nothing with him until the spring meetings, at which time I hope he will be as good as ever."

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Mr. H. L. Kreuder leased about a half mile square of rough land about a mile from Nauuet during the Beagle Club trials last week. He takes it for five years, and as this piece includes the swamp below Mac's Hillside and is the very best rabbit country round there under protection, it is very likely that he will have rare sport by next year, and if the club elects to hold their trials on these grounds next year there should be lots of fun, as rabbits will be thick by that time. We should advise Mr. Kreuder to have runways cut through it; they would make it easer to follow the dogs and afford more opportunities to get "pop" shots at the game as it crossed.

County Nomenclature.—"Well, Mr. Duffy?" "Mornin', Mr. Stoutberry; have yez an impty bar'l o' flour, sor, ter make a hin-coop fer me dorg?"—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

"Do you own that dog?" asked Billy Bliven. "Ya-a-s," replied Gus de Jay. "Will he mind you?" "Oh, I nevah twy to boss him. I just own him."—*Washington Star.*

See advertisement on another page of "American Big Game Hunting," the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club, which has just been issued. Every big game hunter and rifleman in this or any other country should have a copy.

Yachting.

The Fife Cutter Sigrun.

THE conditions in Germany are hardly favorable to the development of yachting, the sea coast on the Baltic and the North Sea, the only available yachting water, is at a distance from the larger and wealthier cities to which yachting must naturally look for its chief support, and the rivers and inland waters afford a very limited sailing ground, even for centerboard sailing boats of the American type. In spite of natural disadvantages, however, yachting is firmly established throughout the Empire, and of late in particular it is benefited by the patronage of the Emperor himself, a keen and enthusiastic yachtsman. The formation of the new Imperial Yacht Club, at Kiel, with the purchase by the Emperor of the Thistle, now Meteor, and the building of the 40-rater Irene for Prince Henry, his brother, has given a stimulus to yachting and yacht racing that is likely to have a permanent effect.

The accompanying cuts, for which we are indebted to our enterprising German contemporary, *Wassersport*, show one of the later additions to the fleet, a racing cutter owned by Captain Rittmeyer. The design was originally published in the year book of the Imperial Y. C., but the cuts here shown were made for the *Wassersport*, which has very kindly furnished us with duplicates.

Sigrun is a racing cutter of modern type, designed by Mr. Will Fife, Jr., and in form is fully up to the most advanced ideas prevailing at the time the design was made, the winter of 1891-2, the yacht having been launched in the spring and raced with success during the seasons of 1892-3. The design is specially interesting as a step from the older type of cutter toward the fin-keel, and also from the remarkably light construction, no less than 64 per cent of the displacement being carried in ballast. The details of cost, construction and dimensions are given fully in the *Wassersport* as follows:

DIMENSIONS AND ELEMENTS.

Length over all	36ft. 10in.
l.w.l.	24ft. 3in.
Beam, extreme	6ft. 5in.
l.w.l.	6ft. 3¼in.
Draft	5ft. 7in.
Displacement, long tons	3.94
Ballast, lead keel	2 55
Ratio of ballast to displacement	64%

Spars.

	Ft. In.		Ft. In.
Mast, deck to hounds	21	Boom, diam.	4⅜
hounds to truck	10 8	Gaff	17 3
diam. at deck	5½	diam.	3⅜
hounds	5¼	Topsail yards	22 6
Bowsprit, beyond l.w.l	12 4		13 6
diam.	4⅜	diam.	3¼
Boom	28 4		2⅜

Sails.

	Square feet.
Mainsail	494
Staysail	124
Jib	140
Lower sails	758
Topsail	151
Windward sails	909
Spinaker	600

Cost.

Design	$95 00	Carving	$9 50
Hull and spars	570 00	Sails	186 00
Lead keel and bolts	240 00	Blocks and rigging	90 50
Iron work	105 00	Equipment, flags, etc	48 50
Painting	26 00		
Coppering	33 50	Total cost	$1,404 00

The cost is not very different from the 25ft. sailing length cutters, such as Nameless and Needle, built about New York.

The yacht is fitted up simply for racing, with a small cockpit aft and a companionway in the flush deck, the interior not being finished for cruising. The keel and keelson are of oak, the former 4¾in. thick and shaped to the lines of the hull; the latter 8¾in. deep, 4¾in. wide at the middle and tapering to 3¾in. at the ends. The deadwoods are of oak, 3¼in. thick. The frames are sawn and bent in alternation, the former sided 1½, moulded 2½ at beels and 1½ at heads, spaced 14in.; the latter 1¼ by 1½, between each pair of sawn frames. There are five floor knees of angle steel, 2×2×¼in., with arms 20in. long. The planking is 1in. thick, the five lower planks of pitch pine, the top sides of European yellow pine, similar to American white pine, and the sheerstrake of mahogany. The beam clamp is 5×1¼in. and the beams are spaced from 14 to 15in., to fit in with the positions of the deck openings. The partners are specially reinforced. The deck is of ¾in. thickness. Near the mast are holes through which the halliards lead below, where they are made fast. The scale of the drawing is in meters.

Vigilant and Valkyrie.

THE erroneous impression that a centerboard adds to the stability of a vessel has many times been dealt with in our columns; but it is not surprising to see it coming to the surface again amid the number of absurd ideas which have been published about English and American yachts during the contests for the America Cup. Of all these absurdities, the most mischievous of the delusions about the centerboard is one relating to the effect of a centerboard on stability, especially when we find it presented in this circumstantial form:

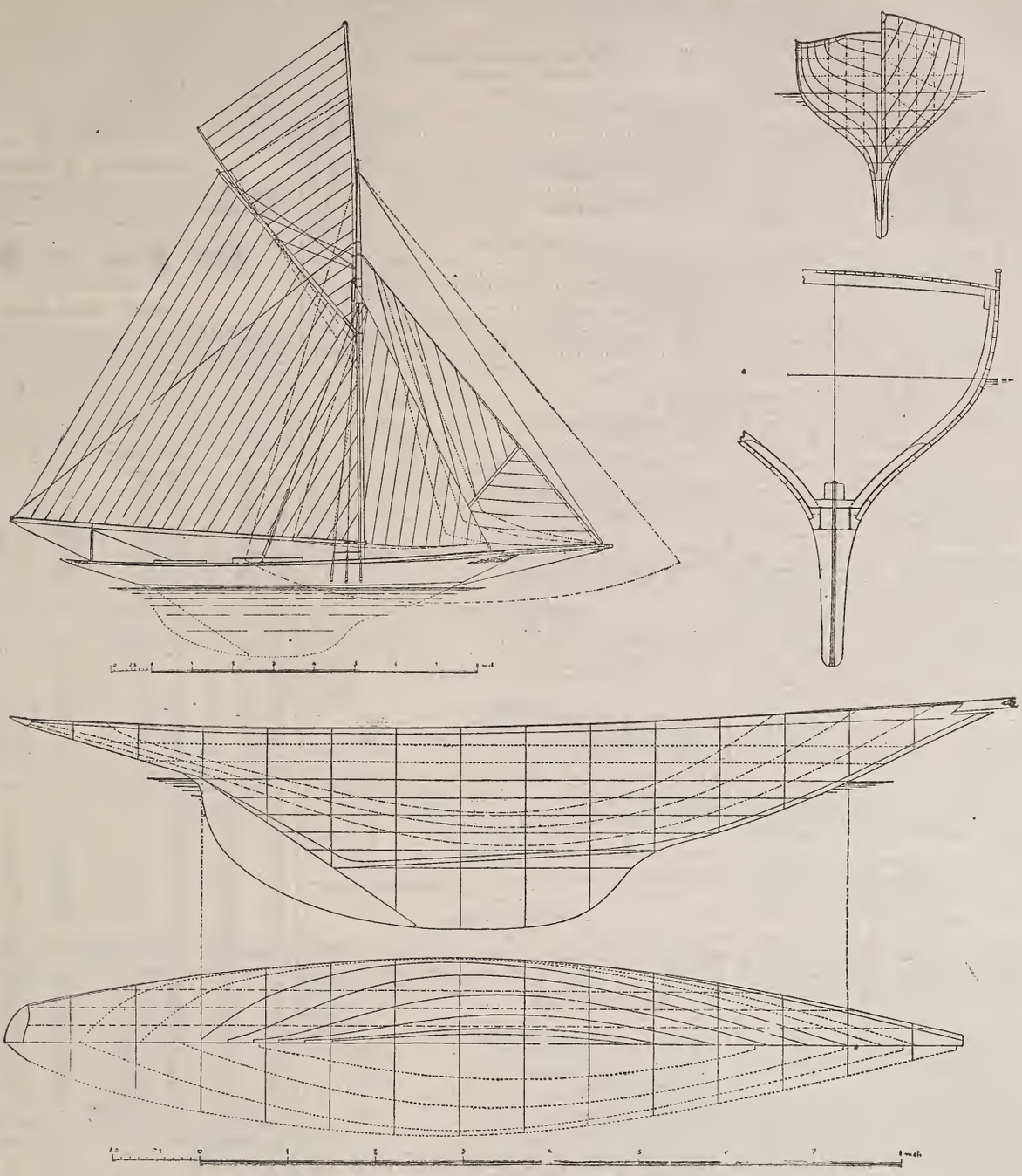
"Then she (Vigilant) has a larger sail area, which she is enabled to carry safely by means of the movable fin or centerboard, which gives her a stiffness only obtained by the English yacht at the cost of an immense weight of lead affixed to her keel. Finally, when she does not need stiffness, the fin is taken up and the frictional area is reduced, while with the fixed keel the area of opposing surface must remain, even when a large portion of it could be safely dispensed with." What a centerboard will do is to make the process of heeling slower; but if the wind force is sufficient to heel the boat to, say 40°, she will go to that angle, board or no board. Also, for the same reason that the heeling is slower when the board is down, so will be the righting slower, and this fact used to be very apparent sometimes in the old-fashioned Unas or catboats, with their cumbersome boards. It might also happen in any sized yacht in a strong breeze, and, instead of making her appear stiff, would have the effect of making her seem crank and dangerous.

"The reason why a board makes the heeling slower is simply because it has to move a quantity of water, which, of course would not have to be moved if the board were housed. It should also be remembered that a board, if made of wood which will float, will exercise an active upsetting tendency when the boat is beeling, as its exertion will be to come to the surface. If, on the other hand, the 'board' is made of metal it will have some effect in lowering the center of gravity when it is down, and will thus add to stability according to the weight of the plate and the distance it is lowered; but in the case of a plate like the Vigilant's, weighing about three tons, the effect would be very trifling, and when the contra effect of the fittings and gear used in working the plate is calculated, the addition to the stability would be about *nil*.

"Of course, a plate could be made heavy enough to produce a sensible addition to the stability when lowered, but the time when it would be most wanted for that purpose—on a close reach—would also be the time when it would be most desirable to have it up to reduce the surface friction, and, when up, it would have the effect of decreasing stability to the same extent that it would increase it when lowered. It is simply idle to attribute any of the Vigilant's success to her centerplate. She is an enormously powerful vessel, and these qualities are due to her great beam, great draft of water, and the low position in which, by that reason, she is able to carry her eighty tons of lead ballast.

"In considering the power of Vigilant, it is interesting to note that her great beam was utilized for perching a numerous crew on the weather-covering board as live ballast. Of course, this is an old-fashioned device, and one that does not much commend itself to English yachtsmen; but, if the crew has to be on board, the undoubted best place for them to be arranged is as far as possible to windward. Still, if they are carried as mere 'weight,' the weight had better be in the form of lead ballast and stowed in the keel ballast box. Some pull could, however, be obtained in the length of waterline by using live ballast. Vigilant is reported to have had seventy men on deck during her matches, and we suppose that not more than forty of these would be required to work the yacht. The other thirty would weigh about two tons, which would immerse the Vigilant about three-quarters of an inch and increase her loadline length perhaps three inches. This might be an advantage, but we should still prefer the weight (if had to be carried) in the form of lead ballast.

"There is another point of view from which to regard this matter. A deck load of men in a sea may greatly interfere with a vessel's good performance, and under such condition the equivalent weight in lead ballast, instead of the men carried as live ballast, would be an enormous advantage. At any rate, the big crew of the Vigilant does not appear to have availed her much in her trial to windward in a reef-sail breeze."—*Field.*



RACING CUTTER SIGRUN—DESIGNED BY WILL FIFE, JR., 1892.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Our New Orleans correspondent, "Anodrac," writes: I have learned that the great and fast catboat, Edna H, of Biloxi, Miss., was completely wrecked in the recent cyclone that visited the Gulf Coast.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE A. C. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Annual Meeting, Nov. 4, 1893.

THE present year marks the close of the first full series of meets in the four divisions of the American Canoe Association. The scheme of divisions of the one existing body was first begun in 1886, but it was not until two years later that the fourth division, the Atlantic, was formed, and though the meets of 1888 and 1889 were nominally held under the new system in the Central and Northern Divisions respectively, as a matter of fact the real inauguration of the scheme of a meet in turn in each division dates from 1890, when for the first time the inland waters, the St Lawrence, Lake George and Lake Champlain, were abandoned for the seacoast and salt water. While the division scheme has been followed ever since, a certain departure has been made in holding one meet outside of the territory of the division, and also of holding two successive meets in the same place, Willsborough Point, in the Central Division, though practically on the boundary line between it and the Eastern.

While opinions differ as to the success of the whole scheme of meets in the various divisions in rotation, it is safe to say that the expectations of the originators of the scheme have by no means been realized, and such serious objections have developed in the practical test, that there is now a strong and growing feeling in favor of the abandonment of an important part of the division scheme, and the selection of a central camp ground which shall be used for an indefinite time, until circumstances dictate a change of location.

The question has been discussed this year, but, as the rules stand, there are some obstacles in the way, even if such a course were generally desired; and there is also a very strong feeling on the part of a number of the members in favor of a meet near New York city.

The chief business of the executive committee at the annual meeting held last week was the selection of a site, but the circumstances were such that a final decision by the committee was impossible at that time and the location of the next camp is not yet known, though there is every probability that it will be at Croton Point, on the Hudson River, just above Sing Sing, New York. Like the previous meeting in the Atlantic Division in 1889, the meeting of 1893 was called at Clark's restaurant, in New York, for Saturday, Nov. 4. The members of the A. C. A. executive committee, including the general officers of the Association and the division executive committees, are as follows, those present being marked thus *:

* Commodore, Irving V. Dorland, Arlington.
* Sec'y-Treas., Geo. A. Douglass, Newark.
* Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne.

Eastern Division: * Vice-Com., E. H. Barney, Springfield; * Rear-Com., C. F. Shuster. Jr., Holyoke; * Purser, E. C. Knappe, Springfield; * Ex. Com., G. L. Parmele, Hartford; * Paul Butler, Lowell; * R. Appolonio, Winchester.

Atlantic Division: * Vice Com., C. V. Schuyler, New York; * Rear-Com., Barron Fredricks, Newark; Purser, F. L. Dunnell, Brooklyn; * Ex. Com., J. R. Lake, New York; F. W. Noyes, Philadelphia; * J. K. Hand, New York.

Central Division: * Vice-Com., W. C. Witherbee, Port Henry; * Rear-Com., C. G. Belman, Amsterdam; Purser, C. E. Cragg, Port Henry; * Ex. Com., C. V. Winne, Albany; W. R. Huntington, Rome.

Northern Division: Vice-Com., H. M. Molson, Montreal; * Rear-Com., George Schofield, Peterboro; Purser, H. R. Tilly, Toronto; Ex. Com., W. H. Macnee, Kingston; W. L. Scott, Ottawa: C. E. Archbald, Montreal

Mr. Noyes was not present, but was represented by Mr. R. H. Peebles.

Saturday was one of the most unpleasant days of the fall, a very heavy rain falling steadily all through the day and evening. Those who once reached the friendly shelter of Clarke's were glad to stay within it as much as possible, and one continuous session was held from about 10 o'clock until 6 P. M., a great deal of business being transacted in a very complete and satisfactory manner. Besides the executive committee there were present Messrs. Whitlock, Wilkin and other A. C. A. members, and, apart from the immediate business which appears on the minutes, the affairs and prospects of the Association were very thoroughly discussed.

Before the meeting was called to order Com. Dorland appointed a special committee, Messrs. Wilkin, Stephens, Douglas, Schofield and Butler, to arrange and formulate the various proposals for amendments to the racing rules, these proposals not being presented in such shape that they could be voted on.

The first business of the meeting when it was finally called to order was the report from the retiring Sec'y-treas., Mr. R. Easton Burns, and also the report of the regatta committee.

Contrary to the usual procedure, by which the amendments to the racing rules are taken up after all other business toward the end of the meeting, Com. Dorland called for the reports of the retiring regatta committee and of the special committee at once, and both were read.

The first amendment proposed was to the "one man, one canoe" rule, a question having arisen this year over the right of a man to use more than one canoe in the races, other than the paddling trophy. A reference to the Year Book disclosed the fact that the second clause of Rule II., prohibiting the use of more than one canoe except when specified in the regatta programme, was no longer in the book; though, so far as we have been able to learn, there is no record or recollection of the rule having been legally changed. After discussion, it was decided that, in view of the changes in racing since the original rule was framed in 1884, and of the fact that the conditions which called out the rule no longer existed, there was no necessity of amending the present reading, which does not prohibit the use of more than one canoe; and that a member may in the future enter as many canoes as he may wish to in the various events.

The next amendment related to Rule V., the record races, two of the canoes entered this year having carried standing rigs, which were unshipped and shipped at each turn of the combined race. Both canoes were disqualified by the regatta committee at the time, the common understanding and the established custom being that a hoisting and lowering rig must be used in the combined race, and in order to prevent dispute in the future the committee recommended a positive statement to that effect in the rules. After discussion it was decided to insert after the third clause of Rule V. a clause to the following effect: The same canoe and rig shall be used in each of the three record races, and the rig must be fitted to hoist and lower practically. The existing conditions are not altered by this addition, as the practice in the past has been in accordance with it. It refers, of course, only to the three record races.

The next proposed amendment related to Rule IX., the change proposed being to admit of an appeal to the executive committee from a unanimous vote of the regatta committee, such appeal being now permitted only in case the regatta committee is not unanimous in its decision on an appeal. A lengthy discussion followed, bearing less on the matter in hand than on the question of any appeal at all from the decision of the regatta committee to the executive committee, in the course of which the original proposition was entirely lost sight of. Finally Mr. Winne moved to amend the motion originally made, to adopt the amendment as proposed by the special committee, by adding the following words, "which shall consider and decide the same immediately." The result of this amendment to the original motion would be that an appeal might be made to the executive committee, whether the decision of the regatta committee were unanimous or otherwise, and that the executive committee must meet in camp and make an immediate decision. Mr. Appolonio then moved to amend Mr. Winne's motion, making it apply to the rule as it now stands, and also demanding the deposit of a dollar with the second appeal; and this motion was finally carried.

In this connection the committee recommended some minor changes of the rule to correct some obvious errors, and they were adopted, the rule as finally adopted reading as follows: Rule IX.—Should the owner of any canoe duly entered for a race, consider that he has fair ground of complaint against another, he must give notice of same to the Regatta Committee; and must present the same in writing to the Regatta Committee within one hour The sum of one dollar shall be deposited with each protest, to be forfeited to the Association should the protest not be sustained. The Regatta Committee shall, after hearing such evidence as they may deem necessary, decide the appeal; and the decision, if unanimous, shall be final; but, if not unanimous, an appeal may be made to the Executive Committee, which shall consider and decide the question immediately; and whose decision shall be final. The sum of one dollar shall be deposited with the second appeal also." The final clause of the rule stands as before.

The next amendment proposed was to Rule XII., permitting back strokes of the paddle, but it was not adopted. Rule XIX. was amended by dropping the words, "with the wind free," correcting an obvious inconsistency in the existing wording.

The question of a positive decision as to the awarding of a record prize in the case of a tie, such as occurred this year, was brought up and discussed, but was laid on the table.

The report of the purser of the Northern Division was read and ap-

proved, subject to a proper audit, being ordered returned for that purpose. In considering this report the question of division representation came up, it being evident that the Northern Division had elected more members of the executive committee than it was entitled to—one for each 100 members, after the first 100. The membership of the division being but 178, it was entitled to but one member instead of three. It was moved to refer the matter to the division committee to decide which of the three should be retained.

The report of the purser of the Central Division was then read and referred back as incorrect and not audited. A majority of the division committee being present, they decided to retain Mr. Winne as the sole representative to which the division is legally entitled.

The report of the Atlantic Division was then read. The question was raised that the Atlantic Division was not paying to the A. C. A. the legal proportion of its receipts; but on reference to the Constitution it was found that such was not the case, and the report was accepted. After a further discussion of the question of representation, in the course of which several proposals were offered but not adopted, it was decided to refer the matter to the division committee, and during the recess a little later a meeting of the committee was held at which Mr. Hand withdrew, leaving the legal number of representatives. The report of the purser of the Eastern Division was then read and accepted.

The following motion was adopted: It is the sense of this meeting that the financial membership reports of the pursers, as submitted to the executive committee at the November meeting, shall be the basis for the election of the Division executive committees for the following year. The amendment proposing a board of governors was taken up but laid on the table.

The matter of electing associate members was then taken up, Vice-Com. Schuyler offering the following motion: It is the sense of this meeting that no associate member shall be elected who has not attended one general and one Division meet. The motion was lost by a vote of 9 to 5, after which the following ladies were elected associate members: Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Miss Constance Braine, Mrs. A. Arnois, Miss Lou Bond, Mrs. Howard Gray, Mrs. C. G. Belman.

The next question discussed was that of the date for the meet of 1894, and Com. Dorland made the suggestion that July be selected in place of August. The suggestion was very favorably received, and on motion of Dr. Parmele it was decided to begin the meet on July 13. The question of a two or three-weeks' camp was then discussed, the former time being decided on.

The question of location was then taken up, and after some preliminary discussion an informal vote was taken, the majority being in favor of a meet in the Atlantic Division, and most of them naming Croton Point. The only other site in the division which was seriously discussed was Chimmons Island, and a letter was read from the owner, Mr. Warren E. Smith, making a very liberal offer; but in the opinion of all who had visited the island it was not suitable for an A. C. A. meet.

After a full discussion of the question, in which it was stated that Croton Point possessed many advantages and was practically the only available site within the division. At the same time the officers had not been able thus far to obtain permission to hold the meet there, and pending such permission no final decision was possible. A motion was made that the selection be left to camp site committee and the executive committee of the Atlantic Division, but finally the matter was left to the executive committee of the Atlantic Division.

A motion by Mr. Lake, that a committee be appointed by the commodore to consider the question of a permanent site for the A. C. A., to report to the executive committee at the meeting in camp next year, was carried after a long discussion in which the two sides of the question of a permanent or semi-permanent camp vs. a camp in each division in turn was warmly debated. The motion was finally carried.

The amendment proposed by Mr. Wilkin, creating a board of governors, was then taken up and discussed at length, the opinions generally being in its favor. A number of questions were asked as to the exact details of the plan and its probable working, and it was finally carried unanimously as follows:

BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

Board of Governors.—ART. IV., SEC. 4. The executive committee of each division, as soon after the passage of this section as convenient, shall elect one member of that division to serve on the board of governors of the association, whose duty it shall be to have general control of the association.

The board of governors at their first meeting shall by lot determine their terms of office, one to retire on Nov. 1, 1894, one on Nov. 1, 1895, one on Nov. 1, 1896 and one on Nov. 1, 1897, and thereafter all members shall be elected in each division at its annual meeting in the same manner as its other officers, and their terms of office shall be four years or until their successors are elected. The commodore shall be a member *ex-officio*.

Duties.—SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the board of governors to appropriate and apportion suitable sums to the officers and committees for necessary expenses for the running of the association and the meets, etc., from the finances in the hands of the secretary-treasurer. They shall hear and determine all questions of dispute on appeal from the decisions of the regatta or executive committees when referred to them.

Quorum.—SEC. 6. At all meetings of the board of governors three shall constitute a quorum, but in the event of the absence of any member, the executive committee of the same division from which he comes may select any member to represent him during his disability only, and in the event of a vacancy occurring, the same shall be filled for the unexpired term by the active members of the division in the same manner as for a full term.

Meetings.—SEC. 7. The stated meetings of the board of governors shall be held during the annual meeting of the association in August, and at the annual meeting of the executive committee in November, but special meetings may be held at any other time and place at the call of the president or at request of three members of the board.

Officers.—SEC. 8. The officers of the board shall be president and recorder, whose duties shall be as in other organizations and they shall be chosen annually at the stated meeting in camp.

ART. IX., SEC. 1. Amend by adding after the word "commodore" in sixth line, "but no money shall be paid out in excess of the appropriation made by the board of governors," and substitute in sixth and seventh lines "he shall" for "and to."

An amendment proposed by Mr. F. C. Webb, of Staunton, Va., to change the boundaries of the Atlantic Division so as to coincide more closely with the natural watershed, was carried without discussion. A letter was read from Mr. J. C. Massa, of the Orange C. C., suggesting that the yearly receipt for A. C. A. dues be in the form of a ticket, similar to the L. A. W. receipt, but no action was taken. Mr. Winne offered a motion that the prize fund established in 1892, and temporarily devoted to other uses be re-established, which was carried. A vote of thanks to Com. Cotton and Sec'y-Treas. Burns, was then passed unanimously, after which the meeting adjourned.

At 7 P. M., the members came together again and others arrived to the number of fifty, mostly from New York and the Passaic River. A long table was spread in the large dining room, and a very pleasant evening followed. No speeches were made, and the proceedings were very informal and thoroughly enjoyable. Compared with the meeting of 1889 at the same place, the number of old members, especially from the New York and Knickerbocker Clubs, was very small, and very many familiar faces were absent. On Sunday, the visiting canoeists were entertained by the various local clubs.

The Shy Boat.

WHY don't the Atlantic Division grow? Many reasons are given. Bicycles, fires, wrecks, etc., but really it is the "shy boat." Ask most any old canoeist how he became one and he will tell you, "A friend invited me to go with him in his canoe, and I liked it so well that I got a canoe," or "Nessmuk, Vaux, Thetis or Jabber wrote about it and I went cruising." But most of the Atlantic Division canoeists have racing canoes, and it would be ridiculous to invite a friend to go cruising with them, or to allow a novice to attempt to handle the canoe. The waters of this Division are so well adapted to fine sailing that we've all tried racing canoes and overdone it, and as not one man in ten makes a good racer, many have become afraid of their "shy boats" and large rigs, and either drop the sport altogether or go about it in half-hearted manner, not caring to go out unless the water is very smooth, sitting about the house or on the float, killing time, or making excuses. Some of the older sailors, who love the water too well to stay away from it, have gone into "Scarecrows" or canoe yawls. The Division gets almost no new members. The Northern Division grows, they had the meet this year, and that may have helped them some, but the real reason is they use mostly open paddling canoes, or roomy, lightly-decked cruisers with small rigs, which can be handled by a novice without a surety of a ducking.

Boys! Look back at the cruising and sailing you used to do when you were afloat in all weathers, and sailed races with less than 50ft. of sail, when you didn't hesitate to ask any one to "come along." Can you remember any part of your canoe life that you enjoyed as much? Would you now invite a novice (unless you owed him a grudge) to try your shy boat, and would you expect any one to become a "canoe crank" after once trying it? If canoeing in this division is to wake up and not die of dry rot the rank and file have got to get back to cruisers, roomy, comfortable paddlers or sailers, and get new men to come in or old ones to come back. Let's have some races with old-fashioned "handkerchief rigs," say not over 50ft., shy boats, open boats and cruisers together, and see if we don't have some fun. We're in it for fun and if outsiders see we enjoy ourselves they will want to join us. Use a canoe that is beamy and has little deck, but lots of room, and your friend, or even your best girl, will want to go with you, and your friend will be apt to want a canoe of his own. Let's get back to cruisers with very small rigs and see if canoeing in this division won't wake up. It's time. CANOE CRANK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.

A. C. A.—Pursers' Report.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Receipts.

Balance from Purser F. L. Dunnell	$367 61
Dues, 1892	19 00
Dues, 1893	246 00
Entrance fees, 1893	31 00
Regatta Committee from Poultney Bigelow	1 00
Trans. Com. for transporting canoes	66 86
Camp Site Com. sale of lumber, tent floors, etc.	102 00
Camp dues	55 00
Sale of Code books	1 30
Transferred to Eastern Division	1 00
	$890 77

Expenditures.

Sundry expenses Division meet	$118 75	
Regatta Committee	41 40	
Transportation Committee	188 75	
Camp Site Committee	287 70	
Office expenses	77 64	
Paid Sec.-Treas. R. C. Burns 30% of entrance fees and dues	88 80	
Transfer to Eastern Division	1 00	
Balance	86 73	$890 77

Membership.

Members, Nov. 11, 1892	323	
New members	27	
Reinstated	0— 27	350
Resigned	11	
Transferred to Eastern Division	1	
Dropped from roll	45— 57	
Total membership Oct. 1, 1893		293

Assets.

Flag poles @ $2.50, stored at South Norwalk	$57 50
Members unpaid dues (good)	45 00
Rebate from Regatta Committee, about	10 00
	$112 50

Liabilities nothing. F. L. DUNNELL, Purser.

Audited and found correct.
H. C. WARD,
WM. MCK. MILLER, } Auditors.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Receipts.

Balance from 1892	$4 03
Interest	29
Fees from former years	27 00
Fees of current year	242 00
	$273 32

Expenditures.

Balance due A. C. A. for 1892	$8 00	
Returned loan of 1892	19 00	
Postage and express	8 82	
Printing and stationery	10 90	
Incidentals	1 71	
A. C. A. treasury	220 58	
Balance	4 33	$273 32

Membership Oct. 1, 1892	126	
New members	64	
Members reinstated	33	
	87	
Members dropped for non-payment of dues	35— 52	
Membership Oct. 1, 1893		178

W. G. MACKENDRICK, Purser.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Receipts.

Balance, Nov. 14, 1892	$31 93
Dues, 1891	1 00
Dues, 1892	3 00
Dues, 1893	340 00
Initiation fees	45 00
Camp dues, Eastern Division meet	44 00
	$464 93

Expenditures.

Stationery, postage, typewriting, etc.	$35 88	
Printing	28 00	
Subscription FOREST AND STREAM	4 00	
Postage on Year Books	7 26	
Expenses, Eastern Division meet at Haddam Island, June 16-19	229 36	
30% dues to to R. E. Burns, Sec'y-treas.	116 70	
Balance, Oct. 1, 1893	42 73	$464 93

Number of members, Nov. 14, 1892	362	
New members	45	
Members reinstated	3	
Transferred	1	
	49	
Dropped for non-payment	63	
Resigned	7	
Died	1— 71	
No. of members, Oct. 1, 1892		340

Audited and found correct: John D. Parker, Willington R. Slocum, Auditors. FRED B. LEWIS, Purser.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Receipts.

By cash from W. B. Wackerbagen, Secretary	$200 00
By dues of members 1893	149 00
By back dues	10 00
By initiation fees	12 00
	$371 00

Expenditures.

To office expenses	$14 13	
To R. Easton Burns, Secretary, 30% of receipts	50 70	
To R. Easton Burns, Secretary, postage on year books	4 88	
To balance on hand Oct. 16, 1893	301 29	$371 29

Membership.

Membership Jan. 1, 1893	244	
New members, 1893	12	
Reinstated	1—257	
Dropped for non-payment dues	6	
Died	2— 8	
Total membership Oct. 16, 1893		249

C. E. WARDWELL, Purser.

The Detroit Boat Club Fire.

THE Detroit Boat Club house on Belle Isle, caught fire about 3:39 o'clock Sunday morning. The wind was blowing a hurricane at the time, and there being no protection against fire in the immediate vicinity the club house was entirely consumed, together with its contents, which included all the club's racing boats and shells, as well as pleasure boats.

There had been a dancing party at the club house on Sunday evening, but it broke up about 11:30 and before midnight every person but the janitor, George Kidd, had left the building. Kidd, according to his usual custom then made an inspection of the premises, put out the grate fires and retired to his room on the island side of the room. He was later awakened by the appearance of flames in his room and, jumping out of bed, he made a rush for some of the club relics, consisting of old documents, photographs, etc., but he found the hallway filled with flames, which rendered progress impossible. Neither could he retreat toward the island, but he succeeded in getting through one of the reception rooms and jumped into the river. He thought possibly he could save some of the more valuable boats, but the moment he raised the door the flames rushed out and in less than an hour the entire building had been burned to the water's edge. It was the first opportunity afforded the fire boat to show what it could do and it was found wanting. When it arrived at the fire there were only a few smouldering embers, notwithstanding the flames had been seen by tower watchmen and an alarm turned in. A fire engine was sent across the bridge, but it, too, arrived too late to be of any service.

The building was erected in 1890 at a cost of $10,000, and was regarded as one of the best boat club houses in the entire country. It was insured for $8,500. The furniture costs $4,000 and the boats, shells, etc., about $4,000; but this, by no means covers the entire loss. There were private boats in the club house valued at not less than $3,000, but the club will find its greatest loss in its relics, which included photographs of all its officers since the club was organized on February 18, 1839, together with prize trophies of every description. The total loss will not be less than $20,000.

A meeting of the club directors is being held this afternoon, at which it is the intention to take immediate steps toward rebuilding. President Jupp says the new building will be much larger and commodious than the burned building.—*Exchange.*

Hoboken C. C. Smoker.

AT the last meeting of the Hoboken Canoe Club the members decided to hold their first "smoker" on Dec. 2 at their club house, foot of Tenth street, Hoboken. All canoeists welcome. J. FROST, Capt.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE season shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club for 1893 at the 200yds. range was brought to a close in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on Oct. 22. The programme called for fifteen shots on practice days, but on account of the Zettler Club occupying the range on Sept. 10 for the annual fall shoot, the practice shoot was restricted to thirteen days. The attendance was not what was expected, only thirteen members filling out their scores on the programme, which called for fifteen prizes, amounting to $150, divided as follows: For the best 50 10-shot scores, first $25, second $18, third $15, fourth $14. For the best 35 10-shot scores, $12, $10, $9, $8. For the best 25 10-shot scores, $7, $6, $5, $5 $5, $4, $4, $3. The following appended scores were made by the members participating during the season:

Fred C. Ross, 50 scores.

234	232	225	225	215	
220	236	229	225	216	
219	227	219	220	218	
223	238	220	221	214	
228	222	222	218	213	
226	221	220	217	213	
224	226	219	217	213	
226	219	227	217	211	
224	220	224	215	211	
219	231	228	215	211	
2243	2232	2233	2190	2135	—11,033

Average for 10-shot scores, 220.6.

Henry Holges, 50 scores.

226	220	217	215	213	
224	220	219	214	211	
224	225	216	213	211	
222	218	215	213	211	
220	219	215	213	209	
221	218	215	212	209	
221	218	214	212	209	
224	218	214	212	209	
224	218	221	211	209	
221	217	213	211	208	
2227	2191	2159	2126	2098	—10,801

Average for 10-shot scores, 216.

Richard Harmon, 50 scores.

223	220	215	216	208	
232	221	210	216	209	
210	219	216	211	209	
236	218	216	214	212	
225	218	213	212	211	
225	219	214	210	214	
226	217	215	215	208	
220	219	211	213	208	
225	217	212	210	207	
229	215	216	212	206	
2256	2183	2138	2129	2092	—10,798

Average for 10-shot scores, 215.9.

Geo W Plaisted, 50 scores.

222	223	220	211	208	
220	216	218	211	209	
222	215	218	213	207	
220	215	220	210	207	
221	217	215	211	207	
222	217	223	211	207	
223	216	217	210	208	
224	216	216	210	208	
222	215	216	210	212	
221	219	211	209	207	
2217	2169	2174	2106	2080	—10,746

Average for 10-shot scores, 214.9.

Chas. G. Zettler, 35 scores.

219	221	207	....	....	
217	214	204	....	....	
219	214	208	....	....	
216	214	204	....	....	
216	212	205	....	....	
215	210	204	217	....	
216	209	204	212	....	
218	208	209	215	....	
216	206	207	209	....	
215	207	208	211	....	
2167	2115	2060	1064	—7406	

Average for 10-shot scores, 211.6.

Philip F. Schmidt.

207	202	204	....	....	
210	204	219	....	....	
209	224	216	....	....	
212	206	220	....	....	
206	202	212	....	....	
202	207	202	207	....	
204	208	210	212	....	
212	218	205	212	....	
209	211	201	211	....	
221	211	212	209	....	
2092	2093	2102	1051	—7338	

Average for 10-shot scores, 209.6.

B. Zettler, 35 scores.

201	210	209	....	....	
213	213	208	....	....	
217	202	205	....	....	
205	211	209	....	....	
228	210	208	....	....	
215	200	216	197	....	
208	204	215	196	....	
217	204	206	197	....	
216	200	201	195	....	
206	205	197	197	....	
2126	2068	2074	982	—7250	

Average for 10-shot scores, 207.1.

M. B. Engel, 35 scores.

215	201	213	....	....	
213	206	206	....	....	
217	214	203	....	....	
205	205	207	....	....	
210	204	197	....	....	
203	219	193	192	....	
203	212	200	187	....	
201	201	196	189	....	
219	206	190	188	....	
209	204	188	199	....	
2095	2073	2001	955	—7124	

Average for 10-shot scores, 203.5.

J. A. Boyken, 25 scores:

210	220	...	....	....	
218	209	...	....	....	
206	209	...	....	....	
204	210	...	....	....	
206	226	...	....	....	
215	211	204	....	....	
213	205	199	....	....	
218	201	205	....	....	
213	201	208	....	....	
215	200	209	....	....	
2118	2092	1025	—5235		

Average for 10-shot scores, 209-4

Geb Krauss, 25 scores:

201	209	...	....	....	
219	200	...	....	....	
211	201	...	....	....	
208	205	...	....	....	
204	217	...	....	....	
207	212	199	....	....	
205	197	197	....	....	
209	199	197	....	....	
210	192	198	....	....	
207	199	196	....	....	
2081	2031	987	—5099		

Average for 10-shot scores, 203-9

G W Downs, 25 scores.

194	190	....	....	....	
198	187	....	....	....	
200	187	....	....	....	
188	215	....	....	....	
178	190	....	....	....	
184	204	185	168	170	
180	180	176	179	177	
191	186	179	173	171	
194	199	179	192	173	
198	193	175	184	174	
1905	1931	894	—4730		

Average for 10-shot scores, 189.2.

Jos Günther, 25 scores.

183	152	....	....	....	
185	173	....	....	....	
183	169	....	....	....	
183	169	....	....	....	
198	168	....	....	....	
185	168	170	197	96	
179	177	167	176	97	
173	171	164	150	110	
192	173	166	152	112	
184	174	166	157	125	
1845	1711	833	—4389		

Average for 10-shot scores, 175.5.

F Fabarius, 25 scores.

116	125	....	....	....	
125	140	....	....	....	
120	156	....	....	....	
134	148	....	....	....	
113	136	....	....	....	
197	96	122			
176	97	134			
150	110	143			
152	112	115			
157	125	160			
1440	1245	674	—3359		

Average for 10-shot scores, 134.3.

Revolver Shooting in England.

ON Oct. 18 the ties for the second and minor prizes in the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club were shot off. Lowe and Andrews came to the score with about 198 points each, and Varley had 195 points.

Varley made a very good fight of it, making the best score, 7, 6, 6, 7, 7, 7—40. Andrews made an inferior 40 as follows: 7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6—40, and Lowe was only able to make 6, 7, 7, 6, 7, 5—38. This gave Andrews the second prize with the following scores: 40 added to 198—201. Lowe and Varley tied for third prize with 198.

In order to decide who took third prize their next best scores were taken, making Lowe 38 and Varley 37, so the former takes third prize.

The final result for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club therefore is: First prize and gold jewel, Walter Winans (Smith & Wesson .45cal. "Winans Model" revolver, U. M. C. ammunition, black powder):

First score	7 7 7 7 6 7—41
Second score	7 7 7 6 7 7—41
Third score	7 7 7 7 7 6—41
Fourth score	7 7 7 7 6 7—41
Fifth score	7 7 7 7 7 6—41—205

Second prize and silver jewel, H. Andrews (Colt .45cal. revolver, Eley's ammunition, V. R. and black powder):

First score	7 7 7 7 7 7—42
Second score	7 6 7 6 7 7—40
Third score	7 7 6 7 7 6—40
Fourth score	7 6 7 7 7 6—40
Fifth score	7 6 5 7 7 6—39—201

Third prize and bronze jewel, C. F. Lowe (Colt .45cal. revolver, Eley's ammunition, V. R. Walsrode and black powder), score 198.

Varley 198, Capt. Cowan 189, Major Munday 189, Skilton 183, Rand 182, Capt. Richardson 179, Carter 174, Capt. Thompson 160, Luff 160, Capt. Jones 160, Ridgway 156.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Nov. 8-10.—Highland Gun Club tournament, Des Moines, Iowa. 1894.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's Grand American Handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

May 22-24.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club tournament, $1,000 added money.

June 19-21.—Chamberlain Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. $1,000 added money.

June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Every sportsman in America knows personally or has heard of Rene T. Clayton, the handsome blondine who presides over the destinies of the United States Hotel, at Tamaqua, Pa., that is to say, his name is on the signboard and he "presides" when he does not happen to be away at a trap shoot. He is a rattling good shot in the field or at the trap and usually manages to "pull out whole" in either live bird or target contests. He has a host of friends in trapdom and adds to the number wherever he goes by his unfailing good nature and genial manners. He ranks as an amateur among target shooters, although at times his pace is pretty hot. Some months ago he conceived the idea that if an amateur could be provided with the means of "holding on" to quartering targets instead of shooting into space in order to break his scores would be materially improved, so he put his thinking cap on and finally evolved what he calls "Clayton's switch sight," got it patented and put a big lot on the market to catch the boys. The success of the sight exceeded even the expectations of the inventor and to-day the demand is in excess of the supply, although he will soon catch up with his orders. The invention is a simple one, devoid of all complication and does not require the services of an expert mechanic in adjusting. The parts comprise a flat, thin plate of steel on the front end of which is a bead sight, and a small screw which goes through a hole in the rear end of the plate and is screwed into the hole intended for the usual fixed bead sight. Along with each sight is a tap to thread this hole. When shooting at quartering targets the sight is moved either to the right or left, the bead held "dead on" and "a break is usually the result," says the inventor. It is useful, of course, only when shooting at known angles. It is really one of the most valuable inventions of recent date and deserving of the warm reception it has received from amateur shooters. It is sold at the extremely low price of $1.50, which places it within the reach of all shooters.

Josh Billings' saying that, "It is better not to know so many things, than to know so many things which ain't so," could be applied with force to Walter B. Peet, author of an article entitled "Handling the Shot Gun," which appeared in a recent issue of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. The article contains many points which will be of benefit to the beginner, but on the other hand it contains some glaring inaccuracies. For instance, in instructions for aiming, Mr. Peet says, referring to the front sight, "If you see too much of the sight you will shoot over, if too little your charge will go under." The effect of seeing too much or too little of the front sight, as every shooter knows, is the reverse of what Mr. Peet asserts. He also states that, "In the Hurlingham rules for trap-shooting, which is the code most used at present, the contestant is required to hold his gun below the armpit until the call of 'pull,'" which statement proves conclusively that he does not study the trap columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Had he been accustomed to doing so, he would have seen an autograph letter from the secretary of the Hurlingham Club, stating that the rules had been altered and that, as in the American Shooting Association rules, the gun could be held in any position. This letter was published in our columns over a year ago. Again he says, "A general rule, worth remembering, is that the stock should not be * * * * so short as to bend the right arm too much, and bring the right hand close to the nose of the shooter." This part is all right but in connection with the article is shown a picture (by Travis), over the caption, "Correct position for holding gun," which shows a shooter with gun at shoulder, the gun stock being so short as to bring the thumb near the ear, and the hammers alongside the eye.

It is amusing at times to hear the remarks passed in reference to the relative skill of various shooters At the first Elliott-Class match some of the spectators were heard to say that the two men could defeat any two men on earth in a live bird contest—because they killed 239 out of 250 birds on that particular day. No allowance was made for the weather conditions nor for the atmospheric effect upon the birds, the opinion being based solely upon the cold figures. The day has gone by when any man, pair, trio or quartette of men could sally forth and "sweep the deck." So far as individual skill is concerned we consider ourselves safe in asserting that there are in this country at least 100 men, the skill of any one of whom does not vary one per cent. from that of any other of the number. If all men were in proper form, all things being equal, a 100-bird contest between these 100 men would be so close that the slightest element of luck might determine the result in favor of any one. In New Jersey there are a dozen or perhaps fifteen men who shoot so closely together in regard to scores that it is not a "sure thing" to wager on any one. It is safe to say that were these men, along with J. Frank Class, to engage in a 100-bird contest, when conditions were equal and all were in form, it would be impossible to pick the winner. And yet not a Jerseyman except J. L. Brewer and John Riggott ever showed pluck enough to meet Class at the trap in an up-and-up contest.

New Jersey gun clubs should lose no time in affiliating with the State League in order that a new series of team contests may be inaugurated. The contests of this league have thus far been successful and pleasing affairs, and the only regret of the projectors is that such a small number of clubs took part in the sport. There are at least 35 target shooting clubs in the State, and it would seem as though one half of these should be able to muster teams for these contests. Clubs should consider the advantages of being able to make new and renew old acquaintances at the monthly contests of the league and promptly join. Mr. Wm. R. Hobart, 59 Halsey street, Newark, N. J., is secretary of the league and is ready to receive propositions for membership as well as to answer all queries.

In another column will be found an article under the caption of "Pigeon Shooting—Past and Present," which we commend to the careful attention of all interested in trap sports. The author is the well-known "Gaucho" (Arthur W. Du Bray), whose facile pen has made his writings popular wherever sport is known. Mr. Du Bray is personally and favorably known throughout the country as a genial, whole-souled sportsman, and one who is sure of a welcome wherever he goes. His sentiments anent the brutal methods formerly used in find, trap and handle matches will commend themselves to all who have the interests of pigeon shooting at heart.

On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, the Forest Gun Club will give an all-day shooting tournament on their grounds, Twenty-seventh street and Lehigh avenue, Philadelphia. The club intends making this one of the best tournaments ever given in Philadelphia. It is the best equipped ground and easiest of access of any in Philadelphia at the present time. Bluerock targets and expert bluerock traps will be used. WM. MORISON, Sec'y, 3232 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.

In answer to a popular demand from sportsmen for lower prices on the higher grades, that they may continue their use as against so-called smokeless powders, the Hazard Powder Co. has made a reduction in its "Electric" and "Duck Shooting" brands of from sixteen to twenty-five per cent.

The new model 12-bore single barrel shotgun made by the Remington Arms Co., of Ilion, N. Y., is rapidly coming into favor, and is used by a number of trap shots. It is a light-weight, and for this reason will soon attract the attention of the boy shooters.

Another find, trap and handle match will take place at Martin's Hotel, Pine Brook, N. J., on Nov. 16, between Eugene Pierre of Boonton, and Samuel Castle of Newark. The conditions are 25 live birds per man, 25yds. rise for a stake of $250 a side.

A private letter from Readville, N. C., reports quail in abundance all over that section. The Richmond & Danville Railroad runs direct to Readville, High Point, Greensboro, Charlotte and other prime game centers, and their service cannot be excelled.

Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, the popular and efficient manager of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, has devised a new indicator which does away with all the elements of luck when targets are thrown under the Novelty rule.

Wm. and John Dukes, of East Orange, and Lewis Dentz, of Harrison N. J., spent three days last week in Hunterdon county, and bagged 34 rabbits, 13 quail and 5 grouse. This week they were to start for the West on a hunt for big game.

Programmes of the 1894 tournament of the Chamberlin Target and Cartridge Company will be out about January 1. Bound with the programme will be the company's catalogue and price list, and advertisements of all the leading sporting goods houses of the country. It will be embellished with a large number of half-tone hunting and fishing pictures and prominent trap shots. Fifteen thousand copies will be published of the first edition. Paul North has the work in hand.

T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, and Theodore Morford, of Newton, are to-day engaged in shooting a match on Martin's Pine Brook grounds, the conditions being 100 live birds each, for $100 a side, Hurlingham rules to govern.

The entire lot of extra finished guns comprised in the Greener exhibit at the World's Fair have been purchased by Henry C. Squires, 178 Broadway, and are offered by him at regular list prices.

The heavy rain of last Saturday caused a postponement of the second match between Class and Elliott. The match was to have come off on Wednesday, too late for this issue.

Some lively work will be seen at Springfield, Mass., on Nov. 25, when the Yale and Harvard gun clubs will meet at the traps for their annual contest at artificial targets.

Wm. Lyman, he of "Lyman Sight" fame has been "doing" the trade in New York and vicinity, and met with good success. His sights are always in demand.

The shoot off of the tie between Bogardus and Hall will be shot at Springfield, Ill., on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30.

Nutley, N. J., has a gun club, newly organized, which will equip fine grounds in a convenient location.

Next Thursday will be Essex Gun Club day on Al Heritage's ground at Marion.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Pigeon Shooting—Past and Present.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Pigeon shooting as compared with many other outdoor sports is of comparatively modern origin. Prior to 1850, the shooting of birds released from traps had never been gone into to any great extent, so that as compared with football, cricket and indeed most of the leading games indulged in by men and boys alike, pigeon shooting is only a recent pastime.

Unfortunately, for the lovers of this sport the impression has arisen with many, principally ladies, that it is decidedly cruel to shoot at a bird sprung from a trap, while some men aver it to be unsportsmanlike even to go into a pot-hunting match, clearing in support of their objection that a bird should be at freedom and allowed to take care of itself, by eluding its pursuer by stealth or else flying off before he is near enough to harm it, in other words that nothing but field shooting, pure and simple, should be recognized.

It is not to be denied that field shooting is on a much higher plane than pigeon shooting could ever reach. There is absolutely nothing sentimental in the mere killing of pigeons over trap; it is purely a test of skill, and was never intended to represent anything else. On the other hand, the man who stickles on the point of allowing game to baffle the sportsman by hiding or in any way making itself scarce, ought not, logically, to shoot over a dog, for the *raison d'être* of the latter is simply to find the game, so that when it is flushed his master may shoot at it. Now, field shooting without a dog is worse than Hamlet minus the ghost, for after all the very best dogs in the one that finds the most game, or in other words the dog that allows the least number of birds to escape without being shot at. So if it is unsportsmanlike to shoot a bird confined in a trap, it is necessarily so to shoot one that has already been located by a dog, for nine times out of ten, the gunner unaided would never have had the offer.

The greatest back set trap shooting has ever had, was when "find, trap and handle" matches came into vogue. The brutality of many of these contests was simply horrible; the most barbarous methods were used to accomplish certain damnable results, and no wonder that when fiends calling themselves men, sportsmen forsooth, disgraced humanity by torturing harmless birds in order to win a few paltry dollars or acquire a degree of fame(?), no wonder, I say, that the rest of mankind looked upon pigeon shooting as a whole, making all suffer alike as a penalty for the trickery of cruel black-legs bent on winning a stake or reputation regardless of the commonest laws of decency. These "find, trap and handle" matches were in a great measure merely gambling schemes, wherein the handler performed a vastly greater part than those who actually did the shooting. In such affairs it was of uppermost importance to have at one's back a person well up in the most devilish arts, in order that he might at least keep abreast of the man trapping against one for his opponent. Two men engaged in a "find, trap and handle" match being of equal skill, it was always dollars to cents on the man's winning who had on his side the more skillful handler of pigeons—indeed the betting was governed very often solely on the handler, when it was once known who should handle against him clearly proving that the shooting was quasi of secondary consideration, so much stress being laid upon the effect produced on the defenceless pigeon, after it once left the merciless hands of its brutal captor. No one could from a demi-civilized standpoint, uphold such savage practices under the guise of sport, so naturally enough many becoming disgusted withdrew altogether, declaring it a brutal degrading pastime and censuring in no measured terms its advocates.

Nowadays, fortunately, all such butchery of birds is removed. We now shoot at the best-flying pigeons we can procure; we shoot them from five ground traps, 5yds. apart, give them a good long start, and if they are wounded with the first barrel the second generally gives the *coup de grace*, or else the trapper instantly kills the wounded bird, ending his suffering. So that as a matter of fact pigeons are much more humanely and carefully treated than poultry huddled up in coops, carried head down by the legs, bruised and banged about in a thousand ways, and eventually decapitated with a dull ax or saw-like knife at the hands of whoever has stomach enough to perform this delicate operation. Pigeons are now shipped in roomy coops, are well watched and fed, and on all first class shooting grounds are given the best care, for non-flyers are a dead loss to the purveyor, *ergo*, as purely a matter of economy everything is done to insure their being in good health and well able to take care of themselves when once released from the traps.

A great deal of discussion and condemnation has arisen from the shooter being allowed the use of both barrels when shooting at the trap. There can be nothing said against it from any rational standpoint, every one has the same privilege; in the event of a bird being merely wounded the humane shot at once kills it, if possible, with his second barrel. Many birds that would fly off and out of bounds, though badly wounded, are at once killed outright by the dextrous use of the ever ready second. In field shooting one always uses the second edition when the first has not accomplished its purpose, and as it is well known that gunshot wounds are not painful until after a certain time after being received, it is quite clear that a wounded bird that is at once killed by the trapper on being gathered cannot have suffered any more than had it been beheaded or killed in any other so-called legitimate method. Birds killed at the trap are invariably used as food, hence it is that they are well cared for, first to insure their being good rapid flyers, and secondly, so that when dead they can readily be sold for the table. The cruelty therefore of pigeon shooting is purely an imaginary, and not for a moment to be compared with that inflicted by men who habitually fire into flocks of game birds killing a few and wounding many others that wander off to die a lingering death or become a prey of carnivorous birds or beasts. It was, or has been a cruel sport, but when properly carried on there is absolutely nothing of that character about it. On some grounds, I admit, birds are allowed to suffer, wing-broken birds or birds shot so they cannot fly off are permitted to limp around the traps or lie stretched on the ground, bleeding and crippled, writhing in their agony, but that is entirely due to the want of management and cannot in fairness be charged against the sport itself. Such birds being actually detrimental to it, as they serve as decoys and materially interfere with the flight of all birds subsequently released.

Let any one who considers pigeon shooting cruel go to John Watson's Park at Chicago, and then he will, he must change his views. The same must be said of all the crack clubs of America, where thousands and thousands of pigeons are shot every year, and never a one is allowed to suffer, unless indeed those that fly off wounded—against which wounded birds afield act as an offset.

Another thing, men who habitually shoot pigeons are for the most part provided with the best guns and use the best and most expensive ammunition made. In these days of nitro powders the gathering of wounded birds, of yore an art by itself, has from disuse become almost obsolete. Now one uses a well choked duck gun loaded with a powder that instead of producing a volume of smoke so dense as to be impenetrable, emits a thin vapor, transparent and fleeting, obscuring nothing from view, leaving the bird clearly visible, admitting thereby the instantaneous delivery of the second barrel. Aside from this, either because certain smokeless powders deliver the load more compactly and with greater force, fewer birds are sent off wounded than formerly; it is now generally a clean, sudden kill, resembling the impact of an electric shock, or else a clean miss altogether, though of course some birds must be wounded and will so continue to be so long as shooting at them exists in any form.

It is to be regretted that men still continue to import pigeons long distances, generally by rail, when they come packed too solidly in crates, and where their feathers must perforce become soiled and stuck together to such an extent they cannot fly. Such shooting is entirely devoid of sport. It is at such pigeons that long runs of kills are made, and it is in witnessing such insipid slaughter that men form erroneous ideas as to the possibilities of the sport. To charge the tameness of such shooting against the sport in general is parallel to comparing a game of baseball as played by some small village club, on a ground ankle deep in mud, swimming in ice water in winter, or chasing an antelope mounted on a worn-out city hack. And yet many men who have not the faintest idea of the pace and vim latent in a cooing pigeon, who have never seen one dart out from au end trap as though each wing was trying to overlap the bill in its anxiety to annihilate space, will complacently tell you that killing pigeons is easy, that you hold the gun where you please, that you are allowed two barrels, that it is always done in an open field, and to sum it up that the bird has no chance. All I can say to such is—let them try it—at Watson's in winter, with the wind at Lake Michigan, at Larchmont in a shifty breeze, or at any crack New York club—to say nothing of hundreds of places where good strong birds are trapped, and where the wind has a fair sweep at them. One single effort will dispel the illusion, for while it is easy enough to kill 70 or 80 per cent. of one's pigeons, yet every 1 per cent. after 85 is very hard to squeeze out, so hard indeed that but few men have the power of reaching beyond as a steady average.

Pigeon shooting should always be done over two or more traps, extending at least 20yds. apart at the extremes. The strings that operate the traps should always be concealed. The traps should invariably be placed on a totally bare spot, clear and smooth, the King trap being the best, though a scoop trap makes very fair birds of only mediocre ones and scorchers of really good pigeons. The rise should never be less than 30yds., while the boundary is about correct at 50.

In the matter of guns, assuming the 12-gauge to be standard, a 16-bore ought to go in at least 4yds. instead of 2; for no 16-gauge with an ounce of shot can equal a correspondingly good 12, even with the 4-yard handicap in effect, with its second barrel. A thoroughly good 16-bore is absolutely certain, when properly loaded and held, up to say 28yds. rise with the first barrel; but on thunderbolts that vanish through the air, leaving naught for the wistful eye to gaze on but a dim, fleeting meteor frantically endeavoring to overtake its own shadow, a 16-gauge can't be compared to a 12. It is not in the gun nor in the load, though skillful, steady handling will accomplish great things. On this subject I may be pardoned for speaking feelingly, as experience is avowedly the best teacher.

Over-loading should be avoided, especially in long matches. Great scores have been made with only 3drs. to, say, 46grs. of E. C. and 1½oz. of shot. Per contra, J. L. Brewer, perhaps the greatest pigeon shot to-day, uses tremendous charges of powder, going up to 56grs. or more. Physically a very powerful man, constitutionally rugged, of a nervous organization that little feels, such a man can lead a pace on loads that few could, with impunity, follow. No amount of loading can counteract bad shooting, whereas the very best shot and holder may soon become totally disabled by over-charging his gun. It is erroneous to suppose that anything beyond the rational limit is advantageous. The speed of a charge of shot may be increased up to a certain point by adding to the powder; after that its pace is gained at the expense of the regularity of its delivery, but above all the jarring and bouncing of an overloaded gun will make flinching a certainty, will generally scatter the charge and may strain the very best gun. The writer has seen men using but 2¼drs. of E. C. kill bird after bird stone dead. He himself has made good scores with a 16-gauge using only 2¼drs. of same kind of powder. The crack pigeon-gun maker of London, a man whose name is known the world over as having always advocated large charges of black powder, advises his customers to keep under the 47grs. limit. That, coming from such high authority, ought to convince any one of the futility of attempting to obliterate time and space by using such tremendous charges that no gun can long withstand them. All nitro powders are greatly influenced by the kind and quantity of wadding used; 42grs. well wadded will actually shoot much harder than 48 with insufficient wads. So, also, does the crimp play a very important part. Velocity or penetration (synonymous terms) to the whole charge is more certainly obtained, with regularity of shooting, by a rational load well wadded and crimped than by more powder not so well confined and held down.

Close observation of this very interesting sport teaches these things—isolated cases to the contrary proving nothing. A small percentage of men can withstand continued severe punishment without its interfering with their entire nervous system—the worst that happens to them is a bruised face or shoulder—but the great majority bruise themselves less because they hug their guns less and less as the shooting progresses, dodge away from it in fact, and score less in consequence. A gun with a very crooked stock, when overloaded will kick back and hurt the shoulder; one with a straighter stock in addition to this reaches up for the jaw or cheek bones and gives these such a sudden jolt at every discharge that self-preservation soon asserts itself, and instead of facing the stock, the only way to properly align the gun, the head is bobbing away from it and the muzzle is not pointing where the shooter is looking; result, pigeon moves off gracefully and serenely and a goose egg adorns the score. The mania for overloading is very natural, especially among those who have for many years used coarse, slow-burning black powder. Of this kind four drams could be used in an 8lbs. 12-bore, and then but little recoil was felt. Indeed only a portion of the load was consumed, whereas now with nitro powder a four dram charge is tremendous, out of all reason, if properly wadded and shell crimped as it should be. Fortunately, we are becoming educated to the new powders, and in proportion to our knowledge generally, so do we decrease our charges.

It needs no vivid imagination to discover that in days when spring traps were in vogue and fated pigeons were tossed in the air to be instantly snapped out of existence by men using scattering guns—shotted to the last notch—there was not much sport in it, for then be the bird never so good, the impetus given him by the trap spring precluded all possibility of his taking flight until he had overcome the impetus of the powerful flip. In the meantime, while dazed and completely bewildered, a whirlwind of small shot came pelting at him, so large in scope and dense in volume that there was no evading it. So his aspirations were cut short, and riddled, he falls to the ground without even having spread his wings.

Nor could the 21yds. rise plunge trap be considered much better form, for here also, although to a lesser degree, the birds were pitched out of the trap and given an unnatural flight, being generally killed the moment the trap was sprung. Both styles were bad alike. They balked nature in the endeavor to accelerate motion, and neither style had a vestige of semblance to field shooting. The traps were always known ones, which is all wrong. The rise was short, though quite far enough for the guns then used; but above all, there was always a suspicion in the minds of some that they were getting a plentiful supply of harder birds than their opponents. And although this very frequently was a matter of luck, still it will always obtain where known traps govern.

Now, with good lively birds, traps further away and many yards apart, no one can be favored when shooting under standard rules; birds if in condition cannot be "extinguished" until after they have risen, it is wing shooting sure enough, and very different from popping at the Jack-in-the-box style contemporaneous with muzzleloader guns, whose shooting qualities, albeit perfect inside of 25 or 30yds., have only the halo of loving reminiscence of our boyhood days to recommend them.

GAUCHO.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club at Dexter Park on Tuesday, Oct. 24, brought together only ten members. Usually this club turns out twenty to twenty-five men at its monthly shoot, but the fact that Tuesday was bluerock day probably kept many of the members from coming out. To the ordinary pigeon shooter bluerocks are an abomination, for which he has no use. To face five targets in a twenty-target club event and break two, four or six, as the case may be, is likely to break the courage of the ordinary live bird shooter and cause him to pack up his kit and make a break for home. The Hell Gate Club has, however, a number of members who are equally at home with bluerocks or pigeons, and when the conditions are right they can put up good scores shooting at either. On Tuesday all the members were off in their shooting. Dannefelser was in extreme hard luck, breaking only five out of his twenty. H. Shortemeyer, one of the prominent Emerald Gun Club members, put in an appearance during the afternoon and helped to make matters interesting for the other contestants. A series of sweeps at bluerocks and live birds were shot off following the club event, the results of which will be found appended:

Club shoot, 20 bluerocks:

J H Voss	10111111001111101110	—15	
C Weber	11011110000000101010	—10	
Reiger	10000110101000001010	— 7	
Brodie	00000110110011000000	— 6	
H W Voss	00110111111010101111	—14	
Doenick	01001000100101001000	— 6	
A Mueller	01010000000000010000	— 4	
L Heinz	11111101101011101111	—16	
D'nnefels'r	01000100100110011110	— 9	

No. 1, 10 bluerocks: J. H. Voss 8, Brodie 0, C. Weber 7, Reiger 4.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks: J. H. Voss 7, Brodie 3, Weber 5, Reiger 4, H. W. Voss 5, Greenville 5.

No. 3, 15 bluerocks:

Shortmeyer	011101011111011	—11	
E Doenick	011110111111011	—12	
H W Voss	100101101110110	— 9	
Greenville	101011010010011	— 8	
Dannefelser	010001000101001	— 5	

Six live birds, 28yds.:

Brodie	201112	—5	
Weber	011211	—5	
Knodel	000021	—2	
Rieger	102102	—4	
Shortmeyer	212221	—8	
J B Kay	021220	—6	
Doenick	110022	—4	
Rebenstein	020201	—4	

Kensington vs. Herman Rose.

The Kensington Gun Club, of Kensington, had a clay-pigeon match on Wednesday, Oct. 25, on the Weisbrod & Hess farm, Holmesberg. The party left the headquarters of the Up-town Club, Second and York streets, in six gaily decorated wagons and numerous private carriages. The result was:

Kensington Gun Club.

Doll	1111111111111111101111110	23
Kolb	0100010011011101000001001	10
Kramer	1110110011111001001011100	15
Scheuffelen	1010000110000111011001100	11
Weisbrod	1100110110011101101001111	16
Breitting	0010000100001010101110111	11
Haeurer	0101110001010000111000100	10
Leyrer	0111001101000000001101011	11
Schauffelen	1111111010111001000010101	15
Hers	0001110011110101001101010	13—135

Herman Rose Gun Club, Southwark.

Rose	1010111101000011010011010	13
Singer	1010111111101111110111111	21
Burger	0110111100111111011000001	15
Negele	0101101100101100100100000	10
H Weinmann	0001000000001100001101001	7
Blnm	1010010110111100111111101	16
W Weinmann	0101100111100100010111011	14
Demme	0110011101100100011010001	12
Holweg	0111000001111001100000011	11
Metzger	0000101100011010000010111	9—122

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

The New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Woodlawn Park on Oct. 28, ten members reporting. The shooting was at live birds. The scores:

Sweep No. 1, live birds, all ties divided:

C Ferguson, Jr	211—3	J Foster	•01—1
J B Vorhies	112—3	J V Shields	02•—1
C Ferguson, Sr	101—2	Wm M Hall	102—2
C F Nostrand	111—3	D Deacon	212—3
P Adams	101—2		

Team race—5 live birds per man, winning team to shoot off for gold medal and 50% of entrance money:

Team No. 1.		Team No. 2.	
C Ferguson, Jr., Capt.	10211—4	D Deacon, Capt.	12102—4
C E Nostrand	12102—4	J B Vorhies	12212—5
P Adams	11020—3	W F Sykes	02112—4
J V Shields	12112—5	E Rasch	01111—4
C Ferguson, No. 2	21122—5—21	J Koster	12211—5—22

Team No. 2 shot off for the medal and money, miss-and-out.

D Deacon	011110	E Rasch	221221
J B Vorhies	120	J Koster	121221
W F Sykes	111212		

A great many birds having been shot at before the regular event, there were not sufficient on hand to finish. The tie between Sykes Koster and Rasch was postponed until the next regular live bird shoot of the club which will be held on November 11.

Tournament at Mt. Kisco.

Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Oct. 28.—Inclosed find scores made at our club grounds to-day.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1, expert rules: Platt 7, Halpin 7, C. Sutton 7, Diehl 7, G. Sutton 6, Pelton 1.

No. 2, same: Platt 8, C. Sutton 7, G. Sutton 9, Betti 4, Baily 7, Halpin 8, Gray 6. Dunn 4.

No. 3, 10 bluerocks, 50 cents: Platt 8, Halpin 8, Wood 8, Bette 6, C. Sutton 7, Gray 6.

No. 4, $1: Halpin 8, Platt 8, G. Sutton 7, Diehl 7, Bette 5, C. Sutton 5.

No. 5, same: G. Sutton 9, Platt 6, Halpin 5, Diehl 5, Baily 3, C. Sutton 2.

No. 6, rapid firing: G. Sutton 10, C. Sutton 9, Platt 8, Betti 6, Flewellin 4, Halpin 3.

No. 7, 3 live birds, entrance $2, each man to pay for his birds:

Platt	220—2	Wood	220—2
Halpin	202—2	G Sutton	122—3
C Sutton	210—2		

No. 8, 15 bluerocks, entrance $1:

C Sutton	011010111101101—10	Flewellin	111010110101100— 9
Platt	011110100101101— 9	Diehl	100011011110110— 9
Dunn	000000000110010— 3	G Sutton	111111111111110—14
Betti	010010101101001— 7	Halpin	111110110111100—11

No. 9, team shoot, White Plains vs. Mt. Kisco, 25 birds per man:

White Plains.

C Sutton	0010111011111111100111111	10
D Gray	0000010011011111101100011	13
Halpin	1001011110011101111011110	17
Platt	1111111001111011101111111	21—70

Mt. Kisco.

Betti	1011110001101000110100101	13
Wood	0011110110011101111111111	19
Baily	1101110111111100000110100	15
G Sutton	1001111111111001111011110	20—67

No. 10: Wood 10, Platt 9, C. Sutton 9, G. Sutton 9, Bette 5, Dunn 4, Diehl 3, Gray 2.

No. 11. expert rules: Platt 8, G. Sutton 7, Halpin 5, C. Sutton 5, Bette 5, Diehl 3, Gray 3, Dunn 2.

F. M. Dunn, Sec'y.

Cup Shoot at Maplewood.

Orange, N. J., Oct. 30.—Inclosed find scores of the regular monthly cup contest of the Maplewood Gun Club, held last Saturday on the club grounds at Maplewood. Conditions of shoot, 50 single bluerocks per man, Keystone system.

Breintnall	00111001101111111111111010110111101111110111011011	38
O L Yeomans	11110111111111111111101111111111111101111101111111	46
Warren Smith	11111111111111110101111111111101011111100111111111	44
W Van Idestine	10010101101111010101110101011110010010111101011001	30
Dr Fisher	01111111110110101111111111101111001100010001110 10	35

Mohegan.

Goodman Leads the Climax.

On Oct. 30, in a cold air and with a stiff wind, ten members of the Climax Gun Club met at Brewer's Grove, in Fanwood, N. J., to indulge in their usual monthly practice at bluerock targets. The shooting was from five traps, one man up, unknown angles, the number of targets shot at by each man varying according to realative skill. Goodman, with an allowance of ten targets, carried off the honors. The scores:

Smith (25)	1110001001110001111111111	—17
Keller (25)	1011101111011111110011111	—20
Brantingham (25)	1111111111010011110111011	—20
D Terry (25)	1111101111010111110011101	—19
Manning (29)	10001111111111110011000010010	—17
Goodman (35)	10100101101110111010111111111001111	—25
Monday (35)	11011111100000100101101101010011011	—20
Scott (32)	01001101101111011111011111111101	—24
J Darby (35)	10101111001101110100010100110001001	—18
D Darby (30)	010110000110110111011111101011	—18

Sweepstake No. 1, 10 singles, unknown angles, 50 cents entry, three moneys:

Smith	1101111110—8	Scott	1001111111—8
Keller	1100111001—6	Manning	1101011111—7
D Terry	1101111101—8	Pierson	1110111111—9
Brantingham	1110111111—9	D Darby	1111111011—9
Goodman	1110111110—8		

Miss and out:

	No. 1.	No. 2.		No. 1.	No. 2.
Smith	110	0	*Pierson	110	....
D Terry	110	0	*Keller	111	....
Pierson	0	10	Smith		1111111
*Terry	110	110	*D Terry		1110
Keller	0	1111110	*Re-entries.		

Answers to Correspondents.

A. G. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Is the .45-75 Sharps as good a gun at 500yds. as the .45-90 Winchester? Ans. In point of accuracy, yes.

G. S. H., Pawling, N. Y.—A few days since one of my shooting companions sent me an albino water thrush, or swamp robin as we call it here. It is without one spot or particle of color anywhere. Is this not a rather rare specimen, or is it more common to find a perfect albino than I had supposed? Ans. It is certainly very unusual, though such cases have been noted in many species of birds and mammals.

W. B., Cleveland, O.—1. Where can I buy some white powder which is in all percussion caps and in the bottom of rim-fire cartridges? I want to reload some .22cal. shells. What is the price? 2. Where can I get a book on the game laws of Ohio? What will it cost? Ans. 1. You cannot safely handle the fulminate; it can be done only by the manufacturers. 2. The *Game Laws in Brief* will probably give you what you want. See the advertisement of it.

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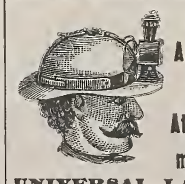

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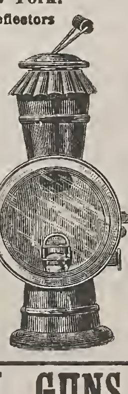

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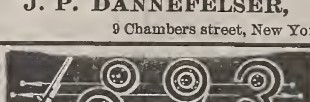

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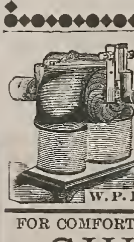

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

BALLOT BOX AND MOOSE HEADS.

As we all know, there has been excitement over the doings of certain political "bosses" in the vicinity of New York on Election Day; and public-spirited and patriotic citizens have come to the front with commendable activity and determination to insist that the purity of the ballot must be preserved. Among others, whose names are in print as taking part in the movement to enforce the election laws, is an individual of wealth and standing, who, by reason of his present and past services in this line, is held up to the rising generation as a shining example of what a good citizen should be. And yet this same man, so solicitous that certain statutes shall be respected, has a record of numerous moose killed in the summer months in Maine, in open, bold, impudent and contumacious defiance of the game laws of that State.

We would not pretend to say that the protection of game and the purity of the ballot are of equal importance; but we defy any one to show us why it is not the part of a good citizen to respect and abide by the statutes relating to them both, and we defy any one to tell us how a man, who shouts for the purity of the ballot in New York and slaughters moose out of season in Maine, can claim to be better than those Scribes and Pharisees, who make broad their phylacteries, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts and chief seats in the synagogue and greetings in the market, and of whom it was declared that they were like unto whited sepulchres.

The fact is that it is a poor brand of citizenship that cannot stand crossing a State line, and a very fragile conscience that must needs be left at home in a safe-deposit vault when its possessor goes into the woods.

THE RED FLAG AND THE PARK.

With eyes starting from their sockets and hair on end, a correspondent rushes madly into the columns of a contemporary and advocates the building of a railroad through the Yellowstone National Park. A great fear has fallen on him. The Park is in danger, he wishes to save it, and this can be done only by building a railroad through the reservation. Many schemes have been broached for protecting the National Park, but never, we think, one so novel as this.

This correspondent, a Mr. Brackett, describes the Park, as has been done so many hundred times before, and declares that he heartily desires its protection, and above all the preservation of its forests and its great game. He wants it protected, but he is in deadly fear of its destruction by the miners of Cooke City and the citizens of Montana in general.

The burden of his statement is that while the people of Montana are fond and proud of the Yellowstone Park and of the great game of their mountains, they have lately determined to burn the Park forests and to slaughter its herds of game. These methods of showing pride and affection are unusual, but Mr. Brackett—who appears to think that the shrewd and sensible people of Montana have suddenly gone mad—solemnly and repeatedly warns us that unless a railroad is allowed to be built through the Park or the northeastern corner of the reservation is cut off, the "desperate" citizens of Montana will rise in their affection and their pride, burn the Park and kill all the big game within its boundaries.

This would be a dreadful state of things were it true. But it is not. The alarm felt by Mr. Brackett is unnecessary. Old mountain men delight in relating hair-raising stories to frighten the pilgrim who will believe them, and the typical "bad man" hugely enjoys blustering and threatening and telling what a terrible fellow he is, and how many men he is accustomed to eat for breakfast. Such talk does not count for much with those who understand the people who live in Montana's mountains, but their stories are likely to scare the inexperienced.

Even if what Mr. Brackett states were true—even if the people of Montana were determined to rebel against United States law and to destroy the Park and all that it contains—they, with all other sensible men, should know that it is not by threats of anarchy and rebellion that they can accomplish what they wish. Threats do not move the American people.

It was by threats and dynamite and blood and fire that the anarchists of Chicago strove to coerce the citizens of Illinois, but such efforts did not succeed, and never will, until the character of the American people and of American institutions shall have wholly changed. To say that the honest and industrious men of Montana will become anarchists and outlaws unless they can have their way is not only the sheerest nonsense, but is to circulate as foul and evil a slander as was ever penned against a great State and a class of citizens as worthy and as law-abiding as any within the borders of this broad country.

Mr. Brackett's letter voices the sentiments only of a little clique of local speculators who believe that the passage of a bill to permit a railway to pass through the Park would enable them to sell out their holdings of land at a profit. The vast majority of Montana's citizens believe that no railroad should be built within the Park borders.

We do not believe that the Park needs Mr. Brackett's remedy, and we entreat him to calm himself.

WORLD'S FAIR AQUARIUM.

The aquarium at the World's Fair will not be maintained in Chicago after all. The contents of the tanks were transferred by the U. S. Fish Commission to the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History at the close of the Exposition. On the next day the South Park Commissioners asked to have the aquarium put in their charge, promising to assume the expenses from that date.

The State Laboratory consented to turn over the property on condition that the aquarium should be managed as a biological station as well as a living museum for the people. On November 8 the Commisssion reconsidered their action and decided that no money was available for maintaining an exhibit of the kind. Therefore the State Laboratory will take such parts of the collection as can be utilized for alcoholic preparations to be divided among schools and museums, and the remainder will be distributed by the U. S. Fish Commission.

The loss to the Chicago public will be felt when it is beyond repair.

Some idea of the extent of the work required to maintain a great aquarium may be gathered from the fact that nearly fifty loads of specimens were brought to the Exposition by the cars of the Fish Commission, about 50,000 gallons of salt water were circulated in the marine section, and in the fresh-water section as much as 38,000 gallons of water were used in one hour, the cost of the water at current rates having been nearly $100 daily.

The marine section, contrary to all expectation, was managed very successfully and with scarcely any trouble. The fresh water of the city is so charged with fungus and fish parasites as to make the care of this section a great burden. If any man, scientific or unscientific, will publish a satisfactory method of destroying fungus without injury to fish, he will be regarded as a benefactor by aquarium directors. In spite of all difficulties, however, the number of species of animals in the Aquarium when the Fair closed was about 130, and all of them were in fine condition.

SIDE-HUNTS.

Now, not to take a one-sided view of the side-hunt, here are some considerations on both sides.

For the side-hunt it may be said that it gives a play-day for a large number of participants—the more the merrier. It is thoroughly democratic; every man-jack who can muster a shooting-iron is entitled to a place in the skirmish line; and whatever may be his individual score, the participant who finds himself on the winning side may claim some share in achieving the result, and an equal participation in the feast which crowns the victory. Taken all in all the side-hunt supplies an occasion for a crowd of jolly fellows to have a jolly time.

Against the side-hunt it may be urged that its essence is competitive, and that this shooting for count and to outscore the other fellows is not a high grade of sport in the field; that it encourages the inordinate killing of game and the destruction of much wild life which is in no sense legitimate game; that it breeds the kill-everything spirit, which is unworthy and baneful; and that, in a word, it lowers the tone of field sportsmanship in the community.

Side-hunting will last probably as long as birds fly and the competitive spirit endures in human nature; but it is a tremendous pity that Yankee ingenuity cannot devise something in the way of outdoor wildwoods contests more reasonable than rivalries in wholesale and indiscriminate destruction of animal life.

MANSLAUGHTER AND SUICIDE.

We have alluded more than once to the suggestive fact that of recorded accidents with sporting firearms a large proportion may be credited to the ignorance or foolishness or recklessness of shooters who are at the moment in the act of violating the game laws. It often happens that the man, who is so hungry for venison that he cannot wait for the open deer season, is likewise so eager to get meat that he cannot stay his hand long enough to determine whether what he is about to shoot at is a wild animal or a human being. So, too, the gunner, who is not sportsman enough to observe the appointed times and seasons, is not sportsman enough to observe the rules of carrying a gun in a proper manner, and brings woe upon himself or his comrades in consequence.

If this theory be well founded, game wardens would do well to be vigilant out of season, and fore-handed in the apprehension of transgressors, to the end that the life of the game and of the unlawful gunner as well may be preserved. It is certain, for instance, that if the game wardens of Staten Island had pounced down upon a certain untimely robin shooter in their district one day last week, and had arrested him in time, they would have rescued the life which he threw away, when in crossing a fence he pulled his gun muzzle foremost toward his own devoted head.

In some States, as in Michigan, it is declared an offense to point a firearm at a human being, even in play; and certain penal codes, as that of New York, punish a futile attempt at suicide as a crime. If these killings of one another and of themselves by game law breakers shall continue, it will be in order to lock up every out of season gunner as intent on manslaughter if he shall be found with others in the field, or as contemplating suicide if alone.

A WOLF STORY.

In his interesting notes from Manitoba Mr. Ernest E. Thompson quotes from the *Canadian Sportsman* a story of a human skeleton and near by it the skeletons of five wolves, found "on the south side of the Lake of the Woods," in 1890. Near the human skeleton was a revolver; and seven empty cartridge shells told the story of a desperate fight for life.

Mr. H. W. Munson, of South Dakota, sent us the other day, clipped from the Minneapolis *Journal*, a special dispatch from West Superior, Wis., dated Oct. 24, 1893, which reads as follows:

West Superior, Wis., Oct. 24.—A very startling story has just been brought from the Rainy Lake gold country by R. C. Emmons, an explorer who has been quietly investigating the deposits there for Chicago capitalists. While following up a small stream tributary to Rainy River, Mr. Emmons came upon a deserted log cabin. Curiosity lead him to following a trail leading into the forest south of the cabin, when he came upon the skeleton of a large man. Near by was a rifle with a broken stock, and close beside the skeleton was a broadax with a rusty blade, and within a radius of 60ft. lay the skeletons of nine large timber wolves.

Now the Rainy Lake gold country is in Manitoba, south of the Lake of the Woods; and the Rainy River flows north into the Lake of the Woods. The region to which was assigned the location of the wolf story of 1890 is the region to which is assigned the wolf story of 1893. Who may doubt that the one is only a new version of the other? And no one knows how ancient the first tale may have been before it came to Mr. Thompson's attention; for this *Canadian Sportsman*, to which it is credited, is not only a most diligent literary thief, but never hesitates to steal a good yarn, even though it has been lying out in the woods a long time and is weatherbeaten with the sun and rain of years.

Here is a bit of prognostication. The beagle is a coming dog. And here are some reasons which back up the prognostication: (1) Because he is cheap, so that any one may afford to possess a well-bred specimen. (2) Because he is easily trained. The veriest know-nothing may take a beagle out into the field, put him on a track and see him go. (3) Because he makes music while at work; and most hunters having heard the music once want to hear it again. (4) Because his game is commonly abundant, and is found in regions where there is no use for bird dogs or deerhounds. (5) Because the newly devised field trials have given an impulse to beagle interests in this country. (6) Because Forest and Stream here and now says a good word for the breed. If you do not believe that this has anything to do with it, just keep your eye on beagles for the next five years.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES OF A TRIP TO MANITOBA.

In Two Parts—Part One.

THE attitude of Bohemians in New York, Paris, and elsewhere is this—we will hear anything that is interesting, and it is all the more interesting if true, but if it be uninteresting, although true, we have no use for it. In many respects my trip resembled a thousand others, and these common parts are the ones which I shall be careful to omit. I was in search of what interested me. With sufficient confidence in my instinct of choice, but in doubt of my unprompted industry. I drew up and signed

LAKE CHASKA AND BURNT HILL.

a vow that I would have a skin, a sketch and a page of journal for every day I was away. Then I set out from Toronto via the Great Lakes.

Among the passengers was a young doctor, who told me: "Early in June, 1889, near Burlington, I found a nest of a yellow warbler, building in a Tartarian honeysuckle. In the morning the male was killed by a cat, and the next morning I found the female dead and hanging from the nest by the neck in a loop of horse hair, about 6in. long. After the death of the male I had seen a cherry bird stealing the materials of the yellow bird's nest, perhaps the robber had deranged the horsehair so the unhappy female had been entangled by chance, or was it suicide?"

His other story was that "Dr. I., of Toronto, had a snipe which broke its leg, but it made for itself a sort of splint of mud and feathers, which effectually bound the breach till it was perfectly healed."

At the "Soo" I saw some ravens picking up food from the surface of the water as they flew, and at Thunder Cape I made an observation on the perfect accuracy of oral tradition, which I am sure would interest Max Müller. No one on board seemed to know its height, and the most commonplace fellow passenger on board asked me. I didn't know, but having a vague idea that it was 800ft. high, I kept on the safe side and said it was "nearly 1,600ft." He set off to air his new-found knowledge, and I heard him tell the next man it was 1,600ft. high, and the next passed it on, saying it was over 1,600ft. high, and presently one came and said, with the air of a man bursting with information, "How high would you suppose that to be?" I said I didn't know; what height is it? "Well, sir," said he, "I hear them say it's 2,000ft. sheer at the cliff, and double that a little way back!"

Recent investigation has brought to light and clearly demonstrated the astonishing fact that Dante made the preliminary studies for his "Inferno" on the C. P. R. R., along the North Shore of Lake Superior, so that the sooner we get out of it the better. I positively saw nothing at all of interest till we reached the classic precincts of Rat Portage, and here, as there was time, I got out and was surprised to see that many of the telegraph poles were bored by woodpeckers. Such ill-directed labor looked, at first blush, like pure malevolence, for the poles are cedar and have no bore worms in them, while the spruce, which abounds on every side, is full of woodpecker food. But, when more facts are arranged, it seems that the woodpecker discovers the borers by hearing. They hear this tremendous humming in the poles and conclude that the father of all the borers is in there, and would be a glorious capture, hence the excavations.

The Laurentian Inferno runs out just about where the Manitoba Paradise runs in, *i. e.*, Long. 90° W. Here we begin to have a level alluvial country with aspen forests, and to make discoveries which were both true and interesting.

At Beauséjour Station was an Indian with two young moose for sale; they were much like little calves, with short thick necks and long ears. They were dullish red in color, without spots, and stood about 36in. high at the shoulder. But the stop of three minutes was not enough, either for a sketch or a photo, so I missed a good chance.

At Selkirk the Rev. Mr. McLaughlin, a missionary from Berens River, came on board, and I got from him all the information I could about the parts of every region he had visited. He remembered the abundance of moose, caribou and spruce partridge along the east coast of Lake Winnipeg, and the total absence of small deer and elk, so far as he knew. But his item on buffalo was the most interesting. In 1889, when he resided at a station called Victoria, north of the Saskatchewan, some Indians whom he knew personally killed 5 buffalo out of a herd of 11, near the Hand Hills. He saw a part of the spoils, including a large head, which was sold in Winnipeg for $120. He said also that it is quite well known that there are a considerable number of buffalo still in the woods of the Peace River.

As new buffalo notes are at a premium just now, I give here all that I have:

The only buffalo now in Manitoba are those in possession of Sir Donald Smith in his park at Silver Heights. These I saw Sept. 7, 1892. They then numbered 10—2 fine old bulls, 3 old cows, 3 young bulls, 1 yearling calf, 1 three-months' calf. With them also is a cross between a buffalo and a highland cow, a rough, mean-looking animal.

These are all that are now to be found in Manitoba, as the famous Bedson herd is no more. Dr. Howden, of Winnipeg, related to me a curious adventure with the Bedson buffalo. While driving with a friend outside of Winnipeg some years ago, there was, on the road just ahead of them, the flaming red wagonette of an advertising tea house. The buffalo were feeding in the distance, but as the red rig approached they became much excited, and very soon came rapidly toward the tea cart with angry demonstrations. The driver tried to drive off, but they were too quick for him. The horse broke loose almost immediately and the man escaped on its back, but the offensive red cart was totally demolished.

According to Rev. Mr. McKellar, missionary to the Saskatchewan, the last year in which the buffalo came in numbers was 1878. During the latter part of that summer the herds of buffalo in the South Saskatchewan were literally countless. As far as the eye could see in a day's travel the whole country was dull brownish with their woolly coats. But that was the last of them. No more great herds ever came to the north. The last wild buffalo noted in Manitoba were three, which, according to Dr. Shaw, of Carberry, crossed the Assiniboine 4 miles north of Grand Valley about Nov. 7, 1879, traveling rapidly northwesterly, and were lost in the region west of Riding Mountain. A Mr. McFadden saw them crossing the Assiniboine, and Dr. Shaw saw their trail a few hours later where they crossed the Rapid City trail.

At Winnipeg I visited the shop of my friend Hine, the taxidermist, and saw there a very large timber wolf which had been killed within the city limits last winter. This was also the only one that had been seen near Winnipeg for years, while the prairie wolf is as common as ever. This, it seems to me, illustrates a curious sort of selection. These animals are similar in food and habits, and have the same enemies, and yet the larger and stronger animal succumbs. The sole reason for this that I can see is that the lesser one is enabled by its lighter weight to pass over the snow when pursued, while the greater weight of the timber wolf proves its destruction. Even in the timbered parts of Manitoba large wolves are very rare now, but occasionally one hears of some tragic adventure that reminds one that the timber wolf still exists and is a foe to be feared when hard pressed. Mr. Gordon Wright, of Carberry, informs me that in the winter of 1890–91 a man was attacked by wolves in the woods near High Cluff and entirely devoured.

In the Winnipeg *Free Press*, April, 1891, there appeared an account of a tragedy that took place in the St. Peter Reserve. A family of 18 Indians were in one tepee together when they were attacked by wolves and only two men escaped alive!

In the *Canadian Sportsman* for May 28, 1890, the following appeared: "A dispatch from Winnipeg states that a few days ago a party of loggers stumbled over a pile of bones on the south side of the Lake of the Woods that were the silent and ghastly record of the terrible death of some human being. The bones consisted of a human skeleton, and the skeletons of seven wolves. A revolver and seven empty cartridge shells were lying near the former, and it is supposed that the man was attacked by a pack of wolves, and had made a desperate fight for his life, killing seven of their number before being overpowered by the ferocious beasts. An old explorer named McManus, who has lived at Rat Portage for years, has been absent on the lake for a longer time than usual, and it is feared that it is he who has fallen a victim to the wolves. An Indian from Rat Portage is also missing, and it may be be who has met such a horrible death, but the revolver and remnants of clothing, it is said, resemble those worn by McManus."

I wrote to the Reverend Mr. McLachlan, of Berens River to learn the truth of the St. Peter tragedy, and received in reply the following interesting letter:

BERENS RIVER, March 9, 1893—*Mr. Ernest E. Thompson:* DEAR SIR—Your letter came to hand by the last mail, and in reply I beg to state that I have made inquiry regarding the story of which you write and find it without foundation. I heard the story last winter, and a young man at Bad Throat River is said to be its author. There is no doubt whatever of its being a hoax.

Wolves are quite numerous here this winter, but do not seem to band together to any extent, and are not, so far as I know, dangerous. Last week one of the Indians on going to his fish cache, where he had been doing his fall fishing, found a splendid black wolf in a trap. He tied his mouth with a line, took him out of the trap, and hitched him up in his dog train and made him help haul home the load of fish. The H. B. Co. officer here had him chained up at the fort, and intends trying to make a cross with one of his dogs. I have seen a number of wolves, but none like this specimen. The fur is exactly like a silver fox in color, thick and beautiful. The ears are much more rounded than usual, giving the head more of the appearance of a bear than a wolf. I have handled it, but there is never any sign of crossness, and no attempt at biting.

Foxes have been very plentiful, and some splendid black and silver ones have been taken. Deer (reindeer) have been remarkably scarce this winter. I fully believe they have migrated on account of the wolves. Ptarmigan have been abundant this season, owing probably to deep snow to the north of us.

At any time I shall be most happy to furnish you with any information in my power. I remain, yours truly, J. A. MCLACHLAN.

It is just possible that the Rat Portage tragedy may be similarly explained away.

These anecdotes refer to the great gray wolf, but the prairie wolf (*C. latrans*) figures much more conspicuously in the annals of the settlement now. They are so numerous that the skins of as many as seventy or eighty find their way to the main store at Carberry in a single winter, and one or more may be seen in almost any morning's drive.

Mr. Robt. McCullough related to me the following incident of one of these: "One winter's morning I went, with a boiler in my hand, to get some feed from the

CLAIM SHANTY, GALWAY'S LAKE, 1892.

driving shed. The door was slightly open and as I approached I saw an animal inside, which dashed about in the shed, its action showing it to be a wild creature. I ran to the door just in time to prevent its escape; barring the passage with the boiler, I rushed to the stable and back with a fork. The wolf, for such it was, took refuge under a reaper and there I speared him, but the fork only pierced the loose skin of his belly and he turned on me. I held the fork to the ground with all my strength and was barely out of reach of his jaws, for the handle was short, but I dared not withdraw the fork to strike him again and had nothing to finish him with, so that it was a deadlock. However, after a struggle, I got the end of the handle fixed under a beam and rushed off to get a club. When I came back the wolf was gone. I thought to see no more of him, but next morning I found him but a few yards from the same place, quite dead, the fork having penetrated his bowels when I speared him. But why should he return to this shed?"

And Mr. T. Kerr tells me that one winter a prairie wolf without any hair on it hid itself under his straw-stack, and although driven away it returned and ensconced

itself under the granary, where he shot it. It evidently had some disease which had entirely deprived it of its hair, except a little patch on the shoulder; it apparently had suffered much from the cold, judging from its violent shivering.

Notwithstanding the abundance of the prairie wolves, much attention is being directed now to sheep farming, for it proves to be very profitable, and a bell on the neck of each animal is found an ample protection from his traditional foe.

I scarcely stayed to see Winnipeg I was so anxious to get back to my own, my ancient hunting grounds about Carberry, so I boarded the train and sped westward. Part of my plan for the summer had been to sow wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*) in as many localities as possible, so with this object in view I laid in a supply, and whenever the train crossed a slough or pond I contrived to throw a paper bag of the seed into its deepest water. I fear it was rather late to be successful, but if it fails I shall try again at the next opportunity and do what I can to induce others to try it. At Carberry ultimately I sowed the seed in many ponds and lakes, but the lateness of the season and the fact that the seed was last year's, and therefore probably dead, was against the experiment.

At length I reached Carberry, the town that grew up after I came, the town which I felt almost my own, so well did I know every individual and building in it. Six years had flown by since I left it, and now of all the crowd about the station platform I saw not one familiar face and was recognized by no one. (I need not bother you with my personal feelings.) I went to the hotel of an old friend and found a stranger in possession, and on all the store signs were new, strange names. I was gloomy and sad when I turned in, but next morning brought a change. I did find that a few of my old chums were left and the changes in the country, it must be admitted, were decided improvements. The old prairie trails were all gone and, indeed, forgotten, for the new farmers do not know what a trail is, the Government roads are everywhere in use now, all fenced, ditched and graded in the most approved Eastern style. Virgin prairie is a thing of the past and the big plain is now a vast region of highly-cultivated farms.

In a long walk taken across the country next morning, I was surprised at several changes in the district. First—The meadow larks, shore larks and vesper sparrows seemed to have increased enormously. Second—The Missouri skylark has totally disappeared. Third—Wherever a little patch of the original prairie has been preserved, it is now covered with poplar trees (*Populus tremuloides*). Fourth—The amount of water has greatly decreased, what were bogs are now pasture lands, what were marshes are bogs, and what were great lakes with a belt of rushes are now great marshes with a little central pond, or no open water at all. So much for the changes of a few years. Another change in animal life I must not forget, viz., the striped gopher (*S. 13-lineatus*), seems to be nearly extirpated, while the yellow gopher (*S. richardsonii*) has been excessively multiplied. They have become a plague to the farmers, and I am informed that last season the county council at Carberry alone paid bounties on 40,000 gopher tails. I attribute the disappearance of the striped gopher to the plowing of the land, for this species burrows so near the surface as to be within reach of the plow, while the yellow gopher makes a burrow several feet deep. The great multiplication of the latter, however, I attribute to the destruction of the hawks, chiefly Swainson's hawk, which was once so very abundant throughout this region, and has of late been greatly reduced in numbers.

Two other changes in the wild life were noticed. First—The mourning dove, once rare in the country, and never seen on the big plain, is now abundant about every barnyard that is near trees and water. Second, and yet more surprising, is that the sharptailed sparrow (*Ammodramus caudacutus nelsoni*), never before seen so far north, is now also abundant in the great sloughs about Carberry and has also been taken at Winnipeg. The common shore lark (*Otocarys alpestris praticola*), as already remarked, has also greatly increased and manifests a remarkable partiality for breeding on vacant lots both in Winnipeg and Carberry. At the latter place I found three of their nests on the baseball ground, and although the ground was played on every evening, the young were reared.

But on this, my first extended excursion, my heart was greatly cheered with the sight of two or three unchanged ancient landmarks. One or two were simply hills, pointed cones of sand and beyond the reach of harm by human hands; but the others were ancient historic trees; great tall spire-like spruces—old Stimson's spruce north of Carberry; Castleman's spruce north of Fairview, and the Lone spruce on Sewell Hill, and my heart leaped for joy to see them standing yet. When the first settlers came on this plain in 1878, ere yet there were roads or finger posts, these spruce trees stood silent sentinels on the hills and were their landmarks and their guides.

Butler when he crossed our plain in 1870, speaks of the solemn spruce tree standing on the hill by the crossing of Pine Creek (Murphy's), and away back in the buffalo days, when Larivieres and McKenzies killed their winter's meat where Carberry now stands, these black pointed monuments were the witnesses of the slaughter and the fingerboards of their temporary camping grounds.

Long may they be spared from ruthless fire and wanton axe to be the mementoes of the past, the only visible memorials we have of the romantic days that are gone.

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

Capt. Beardslee's Heroism.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was very handsome in you to call attention editorially in your last issue to Capt. Beardslee's heroism at Port Royal. But while recognition is made officially and otherwise of this distinguished service, I trust that his equally signal efforts at Key West several years ago will not be forgotten or overlooked. It was mainly by his help and the assistance of his naval brigade on that occasion that the town was not entirely destroyed by fire. His mastery of that conflagration was a strategic piece of work, for which public credit has not apparently been given him. And if philanthropy and bravery will go still further back for illustration, why there was his efficient work in Alaska in 1878-80, and at Formosa several years before, in each of which critical occasions the sole responsibility was thrown upon him, involving careful judgment, quick expedients and prompt action; and in never a case has he scored an error or a mistake. May his shadow never grow less.

CHAS. HALLOCK.

Natural History.

THER CHIPPYMUNK.

He skipps along ther orchard wall beneath ther autumn sun,
With fluffy tail tucked on his back wile work's a-bein' done,
A pilin' heaps o' nuts, to pack um in his largest trunk,
Thet serious leetle acrobat, knowed as the chippymunk.

I seen one in ther woods ter-day, en watched him on ther sly;
He stopped off workin' ter give nuts (with twinkles in his eye)
Unto a troubled feller "monk" wat couldn't climb a bit
(Was waitin' with leg smashed up till natur' mended it).

Also he smoothed his fur, upsot like burrs up in ther tree,
En didn't show he thot he'd sunk his rustic dignity.
'Twarnt enny his own relations 'cause his coat was thin en bare,
While ther chestnuts was a-fallin' an' frost was in ther air.

Some things we need remindin' ov, a chippymunk ken tell
Erbout heart "eddycation" ef we only listen well.
W'en he stroked ther little feller on his faded, rumpled skin,
He showed thet tetch o' natur' as binds ther hull world kin.
Remarkin', "I won't notice w'at ther proud chipmunks 'ell say,
For a brudder's bin is empty an' his fur is der wrong way."

CLARENCE PINNEO.

SOME TRICKY LEOPARDS.

SHOULD any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM during their visits to some traveling menagerie question the keepers in charge of the cat animals as to which gives the most trouble in escaping, I will warrant that the answer in a large majority of cases will be "leopards," and I am forced to acknowledge that my experience convinces me of the truthfulness of the assertion. The narration of some of my leopard scrapes smacks so strongly of fiction that I dare not describe them but for the fact that there were always other parties present on each occasion who can verify every statement which I shall make.

During the early portion of the '60s I was in the habit of making Boston my headquarters, and very naturally became acquainted with various parties in the different

HEAD OF ELK.

In possession of F. W. Stobart, Esq., of Winnipeg. It bears three distinct antlers. The burrs of the two on the right side were separated by flesh and hairy skin. The base of the antlers on this side bore traces of injury as from a rifle ball.

shipping offices, sailor boarding houses, etc., where I would be most likely to pick up news of the arrival of anything in the wild animal line, that might come into port. One day one of my scouts came in with the news of the signalling of a vessel from Calcutta, and proposed that I should accompany him down the harbor in a row-boat, so that the ship could be boarded before her arrival at the wharf, thus giving him a chance to pick up boarders for his house, and myself an opportunity to bargain for a stray monkey, or anything else in the way of wild beasts. We boarded the vessel just off Fort Warren, and found that the captain and first officer had made a venture on their own account for my especial benefit. It consisted of a tigress, pair of leopards, three sloth bears and four zebras; all on deck, while a portion of the cabin was occupied by a delegation of rhesus and bonnet monkeys.

Having bargained for the entire lot, I hurried ashore and immediately telegraphed Mr. Frost, manager of the Van Amburgh Menagerie, which was just going into winter quarters in the building on Broadway, New York, just above Spring street, formerly occupied by a Chinese museum. Before Mr. Frost's arrival I had landed all the animals, and in so doing just managed to escape a clawing from the male of the pair of leopards, which was about as wicked a brute as I had ever handled.

I disposed of the entire lot to Mr. Frost. They were immediately shipped to New York, and on their arrival were shifted to the different cages which had been prepared for them in the various portions of the building. This took place at night, and the leopards were taken up to the second floor to an apartment which ran back to Mercer street, and in which there was a large gothic window, glazed with frosted glass, which reached down to the floor. In shifting them into the stationary cage some one remarked that the bars seemed rather wide apart, but Van Amburgh instantly vouched for the safety of the grating, and nothing more was thought of it. When the last animal had been properly shifted Van proposed that the entire party should accompany him into the Prescott House, which adjoined the menagerie building, and take something in honor of the occasion. Just as they had ranged up in front of the bar the menagerie watchman burst into the room and yelled out, "There's one of those infernal leopards loose." Thereupon the convivial meeting instantly adjourned and an immediate break was made for the door.

On returning to the menagerie it was found that the brute was promenading back and forth on the floor against the large gothic window, with nothing but the glass between him and the open street, on the opposite side of which was planted a gas lamp, whose light made the leopard appear like a huge moving silhoutte. Luckily the shipping cage had not been removed, and to tear off the remaining portion of the front left after transferal was the work of but a few seconds. It was then turned on its side with the open front toward the leopard. Two men crouched behind and shoved it toward him. He squatted and when it came within a short distance of him, ran into it and allowed it to be shoved against the glass. The removed boards were immediately thrust down between the case and the sash without a movement on his part, but the moment the case was turned top upward he commenced a series of charges which required a good deal of nerve and strength to withstand, and so to prevent a second escape while the boards were being firmly nailed down. After everything was properly secured Van moved a second adjournment "to see a man," and laughingly said, "I don't think the guests in the St. Nicholas Hotel would sleep much if they knew that a leopard had been loose in this neighborhood to-night."

About a year after the above-mentioned incident I went with a lot of animals by steamer direct from Boston to Philadelphia. They were stowed on the main deck forward, which was closed in and roofed by a hurricane deck. Among them was a female Indian leopard and a pair of Bennett's wallabys. On the first night out I was just in the act of turning in when one of the crew thrust his head into my stateroom door and said, "Mr. Thompson, that elephant cat of yours is loose. Will it do any harm?" I have a distinct recollection that my reply was terse. Hastily drawing on my trousers and thrusting stockingless feet into shoes, I hurried forward, and in so doing passed through the officers' mess room, a door from which communicated with the compartment in which the animals were stowed. On the table stood a lantern, which had evidently been left by the terrified seaman. Picking it up, I opened the door, stepped inside and by the dim light made out the leopard playing with the body of a wallaby, precisely as a cat would with a rat.

Immediately on my entry she dropped her prey and began to scramble toward the top of a lot of bags of potatoes which had been piled forward. Instantly placing the lantern on the deck I shouted out to her in the same unrefined language which I had addressed to the sailor. She suddenly turned, sprang down and in a twinkling was standing directly in front of me, with her nose not a foot away from my knees. I impulsively reached down, seized her neck with both hands, and as she threw up both paws to rake my arms swung her upward and slammed her down on the deck with sufficient force to knock the wind completely out of her. Just then I realized the critical position into which I had heedlessly rushed and began to call for help. The door was carefully opened for a few inches and I recognized the keeper's voice asking what I wished. I requested a rope on the instant. There was a shuffling of feet and I heard some one climb the stairs to the hurricane deck. By this time my attention was drawn to the leopard, which was reviving so rapidly that I was forced to repeat the slamming process. That being finished I again shouted for rope and was requested to exercise a little patience, as a man had gone on the upper deck to get it out of a locker. It seemed as if a full hour passed before he returned and then the keeper wished to know what I wanted done with it. In lurid language I requested him to make a halter knot in it and then join me, at which he showed a good deal of hesitation; but I finally bullied him into venturing alongside of me, when on looking down I found that the animal had again recovered, but was completely cowed by rough usage. Not daring to loosen my grip, with my feet I managed to get a bight of the rope under her chin, and by dint of sharp language forced the keeper to make fast the halter knot. He was then directed to pass the free end of the rope into the hole she had made in escaping and out again through the grating near the end of the case; from thence to take it to the parties on the outside, who were told to pull with a will when I gave the signal. All being ready, I raised one foot for a kick to hurry her, let go, and called out to pull; but she was too quick for us, as she darted into the case as if shot from a cannon, and the pulling party fell all in a heap. I instantly sprang forward and turned the case topside up, picked up the loosened bar and held it uplifted, in order to keep it cowed. The keeper was then ordered to bring in a board, hammer and nails; but the moment he attempted to close the opening her claws just missed catching him, and I was forced to do the nailing, which was finished without the slightest protest on her part.

Some months later I secured a fine male from South Africa, which was forwarded to Philadelphia, and I followed shortly after. Not long after my arrival I determined to try and mate them. The male was shifted into a small cage, which was placed on trestles; immediately in front of the large one containing the female, with only about 6in. of space intervening between the gratings. They remained in this position the greater portion of the day, without either animal showing the slightest ill will toward the other. Late in the afternoon I got up on the small cage, lifted a bar in the larger one containing the female, and then drew up one in the male's cage. The instant there was a clear opening, he sprang through like a flash, seized the female by the throat and pinned her to the floor. Impulsively I kicked the small cage off its supports, and sprang into the larger one with a piece of board in my hands, which I had picked up with the intention of using it for forcing the male to shift, if he showed any reluctance in so doing. The board was brought down on the male's head, with sufficient force to split it, whereupon he loosened his hold, and backed into a corner, while the female staggered into another, the pair spitting and snarling like demons, while I stood between them, with my back against the grating, beating a tattoo on the floor of the cage with the two pieces of board.

Calling out to the parties who had been assisting me and receiving no answer, I hastily glanced over my shoulder and found that the room had been suddenly vacated, with the door leading into the adjoining apartment tightly closed. A few strongly worded expressions caused it to

open slightly, and after some delay a few pieces of plank were brought in and arranged so as to make a temporary partition. I then backed out and slipped the loosened bar into its place. After which the small cage was replaced on the trestles, the male driven into it, and the female given the entire range of her cage. On the next day she scarcely showed any signs of her rough treatment.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Fable of the Fox and the Lioness.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Nov. 8.—In your last issue Mr. Hough describes, among other things, a group of mounted lions at the World's Fair, two of which were "kittens," which he astutely surmises (because of the difference in their color) "were not of the same litter." Now I never raised any lions of my own, and am therefore unable to speak of them with authority, but I believe there is extant a moss-grown story to the effect that the "varmints" with which the footstool is provided once had a mass meeting, and the sisters got to discussing family matters, and some of them began bragging about the number of little ones they were in the habit of imposing upon the commissary department at each impose. When all but the lioness had "filed their claims" that lady was requested to state the extent of her accomplishments in this line. She adjusted her glasses and looking haughtily upon the crowd remarked, "One, but that one is a *lion*."

HOODOO.

[This is the ancient fable of the Fox and the Lioness; but however witty, it is not true to nature; there are sometimes three or four cubs in a litter.]

The Linnæan Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Eighth avenue and Seventy-seventh street, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 28. Papers: L. S. Foster, "A Consideration of Some Ornithological Literature, with Extracts from Current Criticism. II. 1884 to 1893." Arthur H. Howell, "Birds in Our Great Cities." ARTHUR H. HOWELL Secretary (212 Madison street, Brooklyn).

A Connecticut Wildcat.

PORTLAND, Conn., Nov. 8.—An adult wildcat (*Lynx rufus*) was killed this morning in Durham, Conn., by Frank Francis. It weighed nearly 25lbs., and is now in the possession of Mr. W. P. Post, of Middletown. Mr. Post will present it to some museum. JOHN H. SAGE.

Game Bag and Gun.

"Game Laws in Brief." Revised to Jan. 1, 1894. Game and Fish laws of all the States, Territories and Provinces. Correct, reliable, handsomely illustrated. Published by the "Forest and Stream." Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

THE LONG ISLAND DEER POCKET.

THE Long Island deer season, which lasts but six days, from Nov. 10 to 16, opened last Friday. On that day about fifteen deer were killed. Judging from previous years it is probable that fifty or sixty deer will be killed before the season closes.

Few people besides the local sportsmen know of the excellent hunting afforded by this Long Island pocket. One gets a vague idea from the daily newspapers that deer are hunted and killed somewhere on the island between Brooklyn and the jumping off place, but as a rule little stock is taken in these accounts. Every one knows that there are quail and rabbits on Long Island, but it takes an exaltation of the imagination that costs effort for those who have hunted in the Adirondacks, or Maine, or Michigan to believe that deer are to be found aside from semi-domesticated specimens within inclosures.

It is a fact, however, that good deer hunting is to be had on Long Island less than fifty miles from New York city. The hunting has its limitations to be sure, and there are many sportsmen to whom these limitations would appear insurmountable, but as far as the number of deer to the square mile is concerned there is very little to complain of. There are few localities, indeed, where sixty deer could be killed in six days within two miles of a certain spot.

And yet this is the condition of affairs that exists on Long Island to-day. The hunting country is a stretch five miles from Ronkonkoma on the southeast to Central Islip in the other direction, and of less width. The deer occupy in addition to this about 7,000 acres of land owned by the South Side Sportsmen's Club, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Robert Cutting and C. Roberts; but on this latter no hunting is allowed. It is on account of the protection afforded mainly by the South Side Club that they exist to-day. Otherwise the last deer would have been killed off a decade ago.

The evening before the season opened found a FOREST AND STREAM representative quartered at Trainer's Hotel, Smithtown. In the comfortable barroom were assembled a number of representative hunters who annually come together for the deer shooting. Plans were laid for the following day, and battles in which *Cervus virginianus* figured prominently were refought. The conversation never lags in such a company of sportsmen.

One story with a curious moral was told. A hunter watching on a stand only a few rods from two others and in plain sight of them wanted to take a drink and remembered that he only had enough whisky in his flask for his own need. He did not want to share the precious remnant and he did not want to be seen drinking it by the others. So he determined to go behind the nearest bush, where he could have it all to himself without acquiring the reputation of being a hog. Scarcely had he reached the bush when up jumped a fine buck which the hunter straightway toppled over. Was ever selfishness so rewarded?

Friday morning an early start was made. Just at 4 o'clock the hotel contingent emerged from their comfortable quarters into the chill atmosphere of a frosty morning. Our team was in readiness and soon we were bowling along at a brisk rate in the direction of the hunting grounds. The distance from Smithtown is about five miles. Hauppauge, Ronkonkoma and Central Islip are all nearer. As we drove along the starlit road, conversing in low voices, we caught up with other teams going in the same direction as ourselves, and soon we were an integer of a long procession that wound snakelike among the silent farms and stretches of woods. In the outskirts of Smithtown we passed the house of a German who had reported the night before that his cabbage patch had been ravaged by deer.

Several miles further we left all signs of civilization behind. On either side of the road, which was just the width of a wagon track, rose a forest of scrub oak and pines. The procession began to move slower, and presently halts became frequent. Some distance in front, at the head of the line, we could see lanterns moving about and every now and then ghostly figures stooping down and examining the ground. The leaders of our party were looking for tracks in the sandy road.

It is a common thing when tracks are found to obliterate them, the hunters marking the place by some sign known only to themselves. Then when it is light enough they come back with their dogs and put them on the most promising track. This early start and search for tracks before daylight is the most picturesque feature of the hunt, and one peculiar to the locality.

We reached our destination just as the sky was beginning to pale in the east. The horses were drawn up a side road and then hitched to the trees, and the hunters began stamping their feet and trying by various other means to start the blood in circulation. All hands allowed that it was a cold morning.

The stars were still shining brightly overhead as we proceeded to take our stations, under the direction of B. B. Newton.

The order of the day was to line the road, and hunters were stationed along it at short intervals for half a mile or more, making a cordon that meant death to any deer. Before all had fairly gained their positions the yelping and baying of hounds was heard to the northward. The dogs were driving our way, but it was too dark to see what they had.

Shortly after daylight a large buck which had circled on the dogs and thrown them off the trail, tried to run over the FOREST AND STREAM man from behind. The newspaper representative, fortunately, was armed and succeeded in repelling the onslaught. When the smoke of battle cleared away it was found that the first deer of the day had been killed—a fine buck weighing over 200lbs. Soon after a second buck tried to run the gauntlet, but turn which way he would he was met by a volley of fire, and finally fell dead close to the road.

In the meantime frequent shots were heard to the eastward, where a party from Stony Brook and St. James were supporting the right flank of the Smithtown hunters. This party succeeded in killing two fine does. Many shots were also heard to the south, where Hauppauge, Babylon and Islip parties were guarding a stretch of railroad track. This latter point is one of the most celebrated stands on the hunting grounds. Most of the deer started north of the railroad, if they are not killed sooner will cross the railroad within a few hundred yards of the same spot. Only a short way off are the grounds of the South Side Club and safety. But few are the deer that gain this protection untouched. To do it they must mount the railroad embankment in the face of a terrible fire of buck shot.

A great many hunters argue that the deer make for the lands of the South Side Club because they know they will be safe there. Others say that most of the deer have been born and bred there, which is a much more logical statement. A third reason why they should take this direction, which would be sufficient were the former lacking, is often overlooked. That is the brook that flows through these grounds and eventually contributes to the trout ponds nearer the ocean. In the old days, when there was no protection on the South Side grounds, the deer used to take the same course. It is their inborn instinct to run to water when pursued by a swift dog, and when hard pressed no deer that ever lived would resist its prompting.

The stream enlarges as it approaches the ponds and is navigable for boats. It is said that years ago deer started at the head would run down the brook and sometimes even reach the ocean.

If the woods are full of deer it must be acknowledged also that they are full of men. This is the chief drawback to the sport. There are entirely too many hunters. It was variously estimated that from 250 to 500 hunters were out that day. These men were not scattered over a wide area, but mostly grouped in a few constricted spots where deer were known to pass. No accidents were reported on the opening day, but one could only thank an All Merciful Providence that such was the case. In large bodies of men there are always to be found some ignorant and thoughtless individuals.

In the afternoon the Smithtown party resolved to beat from the Sayville road westward toward the east border of the South Side Club grounds. A portion of the hunters got in their wagons and drove around to the low wire fence which marks the club territory, and there strung out *en cordon* to intercept any deer coming that way. The others formed a line, and with the dogs started to beat the intervening country. This country was very open. Small pines grew sparsely, but one could often see for long distances among them. The ground is flat, but intersected here and there by little valleys, which slope downward toward the club grounds. In the sandy soil could be seen many deer tracks. Some were old, and some only made the night before, but take it all in all they were more abundant than the writer has had the pleasure of seeing in localities celebrated for deer hunting.

The line of beaters extended nearly a quarter of a mile from end to end, and the hunt was what is commonly known as a breast hunt. When they had nearly reached the club fence a nice buck sprang up from a clump of bushes near one end of the line, and Geo. A. Smith, the popular president of the Smithtown Rod and Gun Club, knocked it over. It could not be persuaded, however, to give up the contest on the spot and ran nearly half a mile before the dogs pulled it down and put it *hors de combat*.

This was the third and last deer that fell to our lot. Three fine bucks should be enough to satisfy any one, however, for a single day's hunt. The last deer killed had had a hind leg broken some time before. The wound was perfectly healed, and the deer ran as well on three legs as other deer run on four. It was in good condition. Its horns, however, were mere stumps, which was probably a result of its crippled condition.

One other unpleasant result of the large number of men who congregate on the deer grounds, besides the danger to human life entailed, is the numerous quarrels that arise over the ownership of game. Our party fortunately was in no serious quarrel. Here is a sample, however, of what often happens. A party of hunters driving along the bridge road heard hounds ahead of them driving a deer. As they came in sight of the railroad they saw three hunters stationed there raise their guns and fire in succession. They hastily jumped out of their wagon and formed a line along the railroad, while one of their party took their dogs and ran ahead to where the shots had been fired. The men there reported that they had failed to drop the deer, and that the dogs had lost it. The fresh dogs were loosened and soon had the track. The deer made a short run, and then in attempting to cross the track was killed by one of the hunters last upon the scene.

All gathered around the deer and mutual congratulations were in order. The hunters who had first shot now appeared and demanded a share of the deer. They could not prove that they had wounded it, but as their dogs had been running it, although they had lost, it was finally decided to let them share, and a hindquarter was skinned out and given to them.

Scarcely had this been done when a "howling mob" from the northward, to use my informant's expression, appeared on the scene. Their spokesman advanced with his fist raised in the air, and yelled, "Where in sulphur and brimstone is our deer?" There were thirty or more in the party, and a division with them would have meant scarcely a smell for the hunters to whom the deer rightly belonged. Fortunately it had been put in their wagon, and on a given signal the driver lashed his horses, and before the invading party realized the situation, had carried the deer safely away. The last comers claimed to have started the deer.

In counting up the spoils of the chase it was found that besides the three deer killed by the Smithtown party and the two already credited to the St. James party, three had been killed by hunters from Hauppauge, one near the east line of the South Side Club and one near the spot where our first deer was killed. An eleventh deer, a large buck, was killed in a cabbage patch just after daylight. Besides these, other deer were undoubtedly secured by parties from Islip, Sayville and other points, so that it is probable at least fifteen deer were killed on the opening day.

The Smithtown hunters are generally accredited to be the leading party both in point of sportsmanship and success. It is largely made up of members of the Smithtown Rod and Gun Club, who control several thousand acres of good gunning ground. The following gentlemen belong to this club: A. E. Hallock, G. H. Newton, Luther Hallock, Chas. Otton, Andrew Lamb, Geo. A. Smith, George Strong, Frank Strong, Mellville E. Brush, Capt. L. Brush, James H. Trainer and Vail Blydenburgh. In addition to these, friends and invited guests of the club were present. One has to have an invitation to join such a party. Among the other hunters were J. W. Arthur, of Northport; Uncle "Lem" Carl and H. J. Hartman, of Huntington; Sydney Blydenburgh, Dan Sherry, Clark Waterbury, William Sheely and Messrs. Elsnerr and Detlefsen, of Brooklyn; Capt. Rogers, Wm. Rich, Capt. Low Davis, Will Jeffrey Smith and Will Jonas Smith, of Stony Brook; G. W. Smith, Devorex Emmett, Ben. Powell and D. Lawson, of St. James's, and B. B. Newton, Chas. Conklin, Louis Blydenburgh, C. Darling and Chas. Hunting, of Smithtown.

Uncle Lem Carl, who is an honorary member of the Smithtown Rod and Gun Club, is a shining example of what an outdoor life and a love of field sports will do for a man. He is seventy years young and more, but his three score and ten years sit lightly on him. His hair is still dark and he is sound as a four-year-old colt and just as full of spirit. One could look a long way and fail to find a more enthusiastic or successful hunter.

Years ago deer used to be found all over Long Island to within a short distance of Brooklyn. At that time they were generally hunted from horseback. Long and exciting chases were the rule. Now the deer are confined to a limited area and most of the hunting is done on foot, the deer being driven to the hunters by hounds.

Some time ago there was a period of ten years in which no hunting was allowed. The deer multiplied rapidly and it is reported that on the first day that the law permitted hunting no less than fifty-four deer were killed.

The season of 1892 was not a very good one so far as results are concerned, but a New York taxidermist, Fred Sauter, mounted thirty heads of deer killed on the island that year. This probably included half the total bag.

There is good sport to be had on the island if you are lucky, also plenty of chances for disappointment and some danger. If you wish to go next year you had better begin by cultivating the friendship of the local sportsmen. This is a pointer. J. B. BURNHAM.

OAKDALE, L. I., Nov. 13.—Deer have been killed to date as follows: By parties from Smithtown and Hauppauge, 11; Islip, 9; Sayville, 3; Bohemia, 2; West Sayville, 2; Bayport, 1. A. A. FRASER.

Told in One Sentence.

AT the meeting of the National Sportsmen's Association, adjourned from last September, was held in Chicago, Nov. 1, seven members present, the name was changed to "National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association;" these officers were elected: President, M. R. Bortree, Chicago; First Vice-President, A. L. Lakey, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Second Vice-President, Joseph Hunter, Washington, D. C.; Secretary, Fred E. Pond, Milwaukee; Treasurer, T. P. Hicks, Chicago; Attorney, F. S. Baird, Chicago; the annual dues were fixed at $5 for a club and $1 for an individual; and the meeting adjourned to Jan. 10, 1894.

The Louisiana Snipe Flight.

FRANKLIN, St. Mary Parish, La., Nov. 5.—Such quantities of snipe have appeared that old hunters say that this season will be unequaled since "befo' de wah." Several splendid bags have been reported. Mr. L. S. Frère sent down 10 dozen to be distributed among his friends here. He found them in the "Floating Prairie," near New Iberia. He reports ducks unusually plentiful. Mr. J. J. Pringle has arrived, and was out with his gun Saturday. I haven't learned the size of his bag, but it is always a large one. The writer spent a very enjoyable day on the banks of Mud Lake and bagged 67. CATS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE SIDE-HUNT.

"We have met the enemy and we are theirs," is the sentiment of one-half the active members of the Franklin Fish and Game League, whose first annual hunting match occurred Oct. 25 and 26 as announced. Beaten by a count of over 56,000, the unfortunate side claim, with reason, that such defeat was not administered by any art, cunning or craftiness pertaining to or associated with the use of gun or rod, nor by any means fair to them or creditable to those who accomplished their overthrow; but by that vulgar and invincible power, the almighty dollar, were they humbled. They also claim that much of the game was not killed during the two days, if within a week of the hunt, and should not have been counted. Each side chose four fishermen, and they in turn evidently engaged all the help they could, for the purpose of making a showing. P. C. Hancock captained the winning side and had on his list several "dudes"—men averse to taking life of any kind, but who proved capable of running up a score as was expected of them, procuring the goods at Faneuil Market, Boston. M. D. Woodward captained the unfortunate and sadly deluded party, who went searching the woods for what their opponents could procure in a city by the barrel with the assistance of neither dog or powder, or any established sportsmanlike methods. Game counted as follows: Gray squirrels, partridges, pigeons, woodcocks, wild ducks, rabbits, 100 each; harry wickets, crows, muskrats, 50; black squirrels, wild geese, owls, hawks, woodchucks, 200; foxes, minks, 300; raccoons 500 One amusing incident was the counting of a string from "out of town" for Woodward, when the "cart" and "expenses" were furnished by Hancock's side, through the sharp practices of the teamster. The captains did the counting, and a glance at the scores of individuals and groups, which follow, will make further comment unnecessary if one is acquainted with the New Hampshire game regions.

Capt. Hancock's Side.—G. F. Elliott: 16 partridges, 17 squirrels, 2 rabbits, 2 coons, 1 mink. C. L. Eddy: 6 partridges, 9 squirrels, 1 crow, 1 woodchuck. H. E. Colby: 6 squirrels, 1 rabbit. J. V. Goss: 7 squirrels, 1 duck, 1 partridge. G. G. Fellows: 16 squirrels, 6 partridges, 7 rabbits, 2 muskrats, 6 crows, 6 foxes, 3 woodcock. E. F. Pike: 9 crows, 9 rabbits, 1 owl. M. M. Fitzgerald: 1 fox, 1 coon, 2 crows, 3 muskrats, 1 owl, 23 rabbits, 3 partridges, 25 squirrels, 1 hawk, 1 mink. J. W. Dresser: 1 rabbit, 33 squirrels 3 crows, 2 partridges, 1 muskrat. P. C. Hancock: 4 squirrels, 1 partridge. C. N. Emerson: 14 squirrels, 4 partridges. E. A. Jones: 2 ducks, 6 partridges, 5 woodcock, 51 squirrels, 1 rabbit. The Duds: 209 squirrels. 22,925 fish count. G. W. Stevens: 2 crows, 4 partridges, 1 muskrat, 12 squirrels. C. C. Bucklin: 6 squirrels, 1 crow, 2 muskrats, 1 rabbit, 8 partridges. Count: game, 58,900: fish, 38,035; total, 96,925.

M. D. Woodward's Side.—J. W. Russell: 1 fox, 1 hawk, 2 partridges, 12 squirrels. G. O. Thompson: 8 partridges, 6 squirrels, 1 crow. W. E. Stone: 2 rabbits, 1 crow, 1 muskrat, 2 squirrels, 3 partridges. G. E. Buell: 1 partridge, 7 squirrels, 1 crow. Parker and Hoyt: 4 partridges, 1 squirrel, 8 rabbits. F. W. Gordon: 4 squirrels, 1 rabbit. Carleton, Stewart, Daniell and Emerson: 27 partridges, 2 crows, 1 woodcock, 32 squirrels, 6 rabbits. Leach and Morrill: 3 crows, 1 partridge, 24 squirrels. C. H. Hinds: 2 ducks, 1 crow, 16 squirrels, 1 partridge, 1 mink, 1 owl. C. M. Babbitt: 1 fox, 5 muskrats, 2 squirrels, 3 rabbits, 2 partridges. Davis and Morrison: 1 coon, 2 hawks, 3 ducks, 6 crows, 1 owl, 2 partridges, 18 squirrels M. D Woodward: 2 foxes, 36 squirrels, 1 partridge. Count: Game, 32,500; fish, 8,050; total, 40,550.

The supper, for which the contest was inaugurated, occurs to-night in the new Franklin Hall, furnished by the defeated side without open protest, probably because, although they are aware their adversaries got into the mud to down them, they feel that their own skirts are a trifle dusty and think "settling" the wisest course. Ladies and other guests were invited, and arrangements are made for an elaborate spread and an enjoyable affair.

The New Hampshire Central House Club, of Goffstown, proprietor F. A. Condon, captain, 15 members, and an equal number headed by Mr. O. B. Pierce, were to have had a match hunt Saturday, the 28th, but the forenoon being wet only the former party started and brought in a count of about 3,000, enjoying a supper and pleasant evening at the Central House. Proprietor Condon is a hustler and is anxious to get at Mr. Pierce's team again.

PAYSON.

ON A STAND IN WEST VIRGINIA.

The following extracts are from a letter written to a friend by a commercial traveler who, after reporting a good business trip, breaks off into this story of a deer hunt in the mountains of West Virginia:

I could not help it, but stole half a day Friday and dropped into the trough and took a turn at a deer with the boys, and as usual got a fine buck, whose branching antlers I have in my possession as evidence of the fact, and a splendid pair they are, four prongs and perfect. I took Frank Turley down with me, and told John Vanmeter I would not be there; wanted to surprise them. We left Moorfield at 6 o'clock in the morning and were on the stand nearly an hour before any of the hunters put in an appearance. I occuppied my time in building one of my old time fires, which was blazing and melting the frost for about ten feet around, when they rode up the high stand on the road to Painter's Lick, where we watched some years ago. John V. was so much surprised to see me that he kept rationally quiet all day, and John Cunningham, who was along, grinned audibly immediately, upon which I asked for his coon dog, and that brought him to.

In no very parliamentary language I abused them for being late, and hurried the starters off with ten hounds for the big mountain in front of us to get to work and run the deer in, telling them to come when I shot, for it meant venison every time.

About half an hour after I heard one set of dogs running on the Tater Row, and going straight for Zadick's Hill, but they soon doubled and made for our stand, but turned at Clifford's Hollow and took back under full cry for the Sycamore, as I thought, but soon went out of hearing and I supposed they had run in at the rear. Just then I heard another set of dogs coming over the Back Bone, heading for the pastures where old Lou and John rode so majestically the day we watched and got the little deer. Nearer and nearer came the dogs, and I knew by the bee line they took that they had a right royal buck in front, and that they were running to kill by the way they were tonguing only once in about 50 to 60yds., and they were close on him. I had watched there so often, I was sure he was coming straight to our stand, and soon I spied the buck coming through the little clump of wood over the fence fresh as a daisy about 500yds. ahead of the dogs just topping the ridge opposite. He looked every inch a monarch of the forest, and I called to Frank Turley, the dead shot of the South Branch. The buck looked to be heading for Walnut stand, and I sent Frank up the road and stood on the fence to watch the chase and to be ready for him if he should change his course and come in my direction. The hounds were now in the field, and five good ones in full cry which to me was worth all the venison in West Virginia; and the buck coming straight to Frank Turley.

The crack of a rifle was a serious interruption to the stillness of the crisp morning air, and shot after shot rang out till I counted five, and I could see the game old fellow stagger, lean against a bush and drop on his haunches, grit to the last, but struck every time. The dogs came up and he landed one of them ten feet up in the air, and dropped as dead as Hector

The hunt was over and up the road the procession came, all riding two by two, the first time I ever saw as much order on a Hardy hunt. As I had the only buggy in the party the buck was loaded into my vehicle and we started for the Old Fields to butcher the deer and divide the spoils. As we were driving quietly over the rocky road all of a sudden there was the greatest commotion, in which my old horse joined, and all was hurry scurry. The set of dogs I had heard and supposed gone to the river were coming into the Gap full cry with another deer. With the companionship of the deed deer and a prancing steed I was almost run over by the retiring hunters, and there was a babel of orders to go to the Millbery, back to the divide, to Clifford Hollow and Saw Mill Mountain, High Bank and the Tumbly Dam, Zodick's Hill and Cousin Williams's gate. The road was full of dogs, horsemen and footmen. I sat and looked on. You can imagine the melee, having seen it once.

The Sycamore was occupied by Will Wirt Harness, a splendid shot, and if he went there it was sundown for the deer. Into the woods, over the rocks, rode the hunters; and after the road was cleared I drove to the trough gate, intending to tie my horse and watch for the deer. Then just as I got there, down came a full-grown doe, not 10ft. from the head of my horse, and over the fence straight to the Sycamore. My gun was in the case and not loaded. From all quarters came the hunters, Big Ike bellowing at the top of his voice, "Open that gate, open that gate!" "Jump it, you fool," I exhorted. In the meantime the self-same gate was wide open and he and the dogs and a dozen men were through and into the fields, and the deer going over the upper end of Sawmill Mountain to the river. I sat there on the road listening to the chase. In a few minutes the rifle cracked; the soft eyed doe was stretched across the pommel of a saddle; and he continued the march to the old fields, where the decision of the day's sport was to be made.

To the starter of the dogs went the hide and the first choice of the meat; to the man who killed it second choice and the horns. For the rest of those engaged in the hunt the plan is this: Some one is chosen to put a stick on a piece of meat. The hunters all stand in a row looking to the pieces laid out. One man is placed facing them, his back to the venison, and the one chosen puts the stick on a piece and calls to him, "Whose piece is this?" "Big Ike's," he answers, and so on till the last piece is come to, which is his own. John Vanmeter held the stick while Will Harness named the receiver, and as you may imagine, neither he nor John got left. The stick was changed and I thought the voice too much like a mind-reader's who asks, "What have I in my hand?" Turley gave me the horns, and I asked for a piece of the neck, which I carefully wrapped up and gave to Joe Cunningham, who was too lazy to go, but not much elated over the venison I brought him.

The two we killed to-day make twenty-five so far this season, and they were out to-day; what luck I have not heard, but rather expect they got something.

Turley hit that deer five times in succession, and the last shot was in the head just below the eye, and the game running every inch it was able about 200yds. away from him. This same man is a capital shot at anything on the wing. Harness shot his deer through the head, and they weighed, buck 177, doe 138lbs., and both very fat and in splendid condition.

F. H. I.

WASHINGTON CITY NOTES.

There is marked activity among the hunters of the seat of Government these days. At the railway stations and steamboat wharves are to be seen men, dogs and guns destined for promising hunting grounds, near to or remote from Washington. Deer, bear, moose, squirrel, ducks and quail are the great objects of interest, and not a few parties are planning their annual turkey hunt in the mountains of Pennsylvania and the Virginias. Deer and turkey are said to be plentiful, but reports of the scarcity of quail are rather discouraging. The severe weather last winter is to blame for this state of things. Reports from further south are better as to birds, and Messrs. Jos. H. Hunter and Chas. Simpson are taking a three weeks' trip to North Carolina. With the aid of Hunter's celebrated Black Wonder good bags of the savory Bob White are sure to be made.

Col. Cecil Clay has just left Washington for Canada, not as a bank cashier, but to bank some moose. The colonel, as is well known, has an empty coat sleeve, and is one of the best one-armed shots of the country. His hobby is moose, one of the finest specimens of which, a handsome bull, shot several years ago, is now the central figure of the magnificant group in the National Museum.

Messrs. M. A. Tappan, Chas. Laird, Atkins and Lanvoigt are going to Buckingham county, Virginia, after deer and turkeys. The reports from that section are very good for the game mentioned. An occasional bear relieves the monotony there also.

Reports of deer in the South Mountain, Pennsylvania, are favorable. They are said to be more abundant than last year, and hunters claim that there has been a steady increase in the number of deer in this section for the past three years.

Considerable game is being received here from Virginia. Catlett's Station, Fredericksburg and Milboro are the principal shipping points. Deer, bear and turkeys are plentiful in the mountains, and Millboro is a good point from which to reach the game. Good accommodations, reasonable rates and no restrictions barring strangers, are to be found there.

Nov. 1 the duck season opened on the Susquehanna Flats below Havre de Grace. It is estimated that several thousand ducks, consisting of canvasbacks (very few), redheads, blackheads and coots, were killed. Ducks were there by the thousands, and the main object of the slaughter was for the pecuniary profit, most of them being shipped to the markets. Quite a number of Washingtonians go to the mouth of the Susquehanna for ducks.

The fishing rods are not all put away yet. Bass fishing for the past two weeks has been out of the question owing to muddy water. At this writing the water is just about "bass clear," and we know of several parties who are quite ready for the sport.

Messrs. Coburn, Otterback, Einstein, and other members of the Washington Anglers' Club, go to the foot of the Great Falls, fishing the river from there to Cabin John's Bridge; Chas. Laird and Ownes are trying the fishing at Tuscarora, just above the Monocacy; and Arthur McCormick and Harry Fiske go up Point of Rocks way for a bit of the same sport.

Perch fishing on the Eastern Branch is done for. Channel cat fishing furnished good sport early in October. Dr. Patten and your humble servant took a day on the Branch and caught a fair string of catties. They are very game, but the perch havn't as much pull in them as a good healthy minnow.

Bart.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our gunners were busy on the marsh, while the rail and reed-bird season lasted. But they are gone and the quail season is now at its best. Very fair shooting can generally be had in Maryland and Virginia, with still better sport as you travel further South into North Carolina and adjoining States. This year it is not as good as usual here, because of the cold weather last winter which killed many birds. Still when two gunners can bag 40 quail in half a day's work or 14 wild turkeys, as I was told the other day, it is not bad sport, for this section.

But North Carolina is the favorite resort. Last Monday morning, the Washington papers recorded the arrival of William K. Vanderbilt, the millionaire railroad magnate of your city, on his shooting trip to North Carolina. He was accompanied by three friends, in the sleeping car Idler. He had a dozen fine dogs. They live on the train during the hunt. It is well stocked with provisions and all the conveniences of a comfortable roughing trip. They will be joined by George Vanderbilt, who is wintering at his magnificent home near Asheville, N. C., where he has thousands of acres, well supplied with game, reserved for his own use and that of his special friends.

Many members of the Washington Capital City Gun Club enjoy their winter sport in North Carolina and adjoining States, where the quail are always plentiful, and the open season extends to March 15. J. M. Green, treasurer of the club, leaves to-night with Captain West for some days' shooting in the Vanderbilt resort, and other members of the club will go later.

Seventy-Six.

NEBRASKA'S ABUNDANT GAME.

Broken Bow, Nebraska.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Never before has Nebraska seen such abundance of game as this season has produced. First—prairie chicken yielded the hunter some tremendous bags in September and now the abundance of quail, geese, snipe and duck fills the sportsman's bosom with delight. Though the flight of wildfowl is no greater than in some former years, still the combination of land and water fowl that may be found in many localities in Nebraska cannot be excelled in any State of the Union and can be equalled by but few. As in former years, the Platte River from Columbus to North Platte affords shooting *par excellence* for waterfowl. At Clark's the well known hostelry of Col. West has entertained numerous parties of jolly sportsmen who have departed with well filled bags, and the remembrance of many a happy incident to relate to their less fortunate brethren who have remained at home, "Chained to business."

Cozad, Brady's Island and Gothenburg have had their quota of visiting sportsmen, and still they come. Any of the points mentioned along the line of the Union Pacific R.R. will be found *ne plus ultra* for all kinds of game, the accommodations good and the officials of the U.P.R.R. courteous and obliging to their patrons.

The variety of game that one can bag is surprising. Near Clark's I shot in one day seven distinct varieties of duck and geese, besides snipe, prairie chicken, sharptail grouse and quail. There may be localities where one can make larger bags of some particular bird, but no place where one can find good shooting on a different kind of game each day in the week as they can here.

The semi-occasional stir among Nebraska sportsmen to have the game laws better enforced has just broken out, and I hope will do some good. It is safe to say, however, that these spasmodic attempts will amount to little until an organized effort is made to protect game during the close season. The game warden system is the only one that has ever proved satisfactory, and until a fund is raised to support such system, local protection will be of little avail.

I am always willing to advise brother sportsmen who intend visiting Nebraska as to routes, locations, etc., for the best shooting, and am amply repaid in the knowledge that I have done a good turn. I will gladly answer any inquiries that may be made.

C. P. Hubbard.

Elk Hunting and Mule Trading.

One often hears of beginners, when over-anxious to shoot their first deer, having shot instead a cow or a mule, but little did I dream of such being my misfortune. We were driving a bunch of milch cows from Colorado Springs to Glenwood Springs, a distance of 200 miles, across the main range of the Rockies. When we reached Eagle River, a few miles beyond Battle Mountain, we decided to camp for a few weeks in order to let the stock, which was very footsore and thin, gain strength and flesh from the abundance of grass that grew there. The place was surely a hunter's paradise, game of all kinds was plentiful. I never failed, when watching the lick, located about a mile from camp, to get several shots at deer or elk, but did fail many times to hit one. After many unsuccessful visits I laid aside my rifle with disgust, substituting a shotgun heavily loaded with buckshot, fully determined that the next elk or deer that got in range of the buckshot should be my meat. The night the unfortunate shot occurred was a dark one, which is the only excuse I have for making such a mistake. I had not been there long when in walked what I supposed to be an elk. No one but those who have had a similar experience can imagine my disgust and madness when I found my elk to be a mule. It was a costly shot for me, but might have been worse. The mule was cured, however, and after many trades and a final sale I came out with only a $25 loss.

W. L. Jenkins.

BOSTON RIFLES IN MAINE WOODS.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 7.—Still the exaggeration continues. The papers are full of it. There never was anything like it, the noise the daily and Sunday papers are making about hunting this fall. As a rule real hunters and successful hunters are not pleased with the fact that the papers are so greatly overdoing the matter. I have talked with several of the best sportsmen I know and they unite in condemning this feature in the papers. It is believed by them all that the FOREST AND STREAM will keep out of such stuff, and continue to stick to the truth. One of them asked me Saturday if I had seen the statement in the last issue by J. G. Rich, that 100 deer a day were being killed in Maine? I had read it with a good deal of surprise, and had been thinking how utterly absurd such a statement is. The next man I met was a gentleman from Maine, and from one of the best game sections in that State. He had not succeeded in getting a deer, however. But he had just seen Mr. Crosby or his representative, the Bangor taxidermist. That house had received up to last week, 10 moose heads, 5 caribou heads and 36 deer heads. Now, does this look as though 100 deer a day were being killed in Maine? If a sportsman kills a big-game animal the first thing he does is to leave it with a taxidermist—at least the head—to be mounted. One hundred deer a day for twenty days in October would mean 2,000 deer, and only 36 heads left with the leading taxidermists to be mounted! Although admitting that deer are remarkably plenty in Maine, and being certainly very glad of it, yet I hope that Mr. Rich will pardon me if I think that his statement is too utterly absurd to be worth disputing.

Mr. Geo. H. Lamphier, mentioned last week as having killed a cow moose at King and Bartlet recently, desires me to say that it was not a cow moose at all that he succeeded in getting, but a young bull. A gentleman who saw the animals on the buckboard coming out gave me the report, honestly thinking that the dead moose was a cow. Mr. Lamphier tells me that he has no use for a cow moose and he wishes that no sportsman would shoot them. He also got a fine deer on his trip.

Mr. Mark Hollingsworth, a well-known Boston artist and lover of the rod and gun, has been spending a vacation at Billy Soule's camps at Cupsuptic Lake. He has a friend with him and they ought to get their full quota of deer. Mr. C. E. Goodrich and wife, of Boston, have been on a hunting trip to the vicinity of the Katahdin Iron Works. They are reported to have taken three deer. Marketman H. W. Pickham, of Boston Highlands, has made another successful deer hunt in Maine this year. He is the gentleman who, it will be remembered, brought out the live deer from Maine last year, a young buck, described in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time. The wonder was how the deer was caught, but when a celebrated case of selling a deer alive to parties outside of Maine came to be tried in court there it was at once suggested that this was the Pinkham deer. This time Mr. Pinkham was accompanied by M. O'Haren, the Brooklyn contractor, and David H. Power, of Tremont street. At Eastport they were joined by some other hunters and they made a journey of some 75 miles into the woods beyond Calais. Mr. Pinkham got three deer, Mr. O'Haren got two and Mr. Power one, a score of six. Mr. Pinkham's market will doubtless have venison again hanging at the door.

An excellent guide in the Rangeley region, and a man inclined to tell the truth, writes that the deer are plenty, but that it is a very poor time to hunt them now. There is a vast body of fallen leaves, dry and crisp, on the ground, and it is impossible to move without a noise that will scare the deer so that they are off, even before the hunter gets a glimpse at them. The forests are now more open, it is true, but it is impossible to move without a great noise. The weather has been dry in the deer country, and every stick cracks that is stepped upon. The great bed of leaves covers every dry twig, so that it is not possible to avoid stepping upon them. He advises "his customers," he terms them, to put off their deer hunt till the ground is covered with snow. It will then be "good tracking," and the noise of the leaves and dry twigs will be avoided. Mr. Geo. H. Cutting, of Andover, another good guide, also advises the same thing. He has known of several deer being started in the lake region, and though running only short distances, not being wild at all, yet it proved to be utterly impossible to approach within gunshot.

Messrs. F. A. and B. Fuller, with Mr. F. A. Merriam and Mr. West of Boston, have been on a deer hunt to Sherman, Me. They are reported to have secured six deer in the vicinity of Hunt Mountain, west of the east branch of the Penobscot. They had Edward Whitehouse and D. H. Perry for guides. Dr. William Appleton and his brother-in-law, Mr. Geo. De Forest, have recently returned from their annual hunting trip to the Adirondacks.

A gentleman informs me that J. B. Garland shot, at North Grafton, Mass., the other day, a prairie chicken weighing 36oz. He supposed at first that he had killed a big partridge, but was later informed by a man more skilled in natural history that it was positively a prairie chicken. Later the newspapers spoke of "several prairie chickens" being killed in the vicinity of Grafton; all doubtless coming from this one bird. The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association will doubtless be pleased to learn of this bird, since they liberated several prairie chickens in that section, or in the western part of the State, a couple of years ago. Doubtless the bird killed was one of the liberated birds or their progeny. That section of the State has thus far been rather barren of results in the attempted restocking with prairie chickens.

Mr. W. B. Phinney, well-known in the Boston coffee trade, has just returned from his annual gunning trip to the Cape. This time he was accompanied by some friends. They gunned pretty thoroughly over the vicinity of Marshfield and towns thereabouts. They found very few quail, though having good dogs along. Partridge they found to be more plenty than they had anticipated, from reports. They secured a good number. Mr. C. Z. Bassett, of Appleton & Bassett, and his friend, Mr. Thairlwall, have returned from their annual gunning trip to New Hampshire. They were accompanied, for a few days, by Dr. Langmaid—all the time that gentleman could secure from a very active profession. They hunted the vicinity above Concord, and obtained a fair showing of woodcock, bagging eighty on the trip, covering some over two weeks. The greatest number for any day was only nine, however. They were there through what might be termed the first flight, and staid till the second flight should have begun, a couple of weeks ago. But that second flight has been a mystery to gunners this fall. Mr. Bassett believes that it has gone long ago, though other gunners are still looking for the birds. Several sportsmen of Worcester county, in this State, will give the woods another trial this week, not believing that the second flight has yet gone south. The weather has been unusually warm this fall, though there have been one or two cold snaps. Mr. Bassett and his friends found it to be uncomfortably warm during a good part of their stay. This unusually warm weather leads the sportsmen to think that the second flight of woodcock may not have gone. Mr. Thairlwall will go down to his commodious camps at Plymouth Ponds this week, in order to be there for the duck shooting. Mr. Bassett will doubtless find time to join him, for a few days at least. Probably there are not two men in the country that enjoy camping, fishing and hunting more; genial bachelors that they are. They have a host of friends among sportsmen.

Nov. 10.—A party of prominent business men left Boston on Friday evening, by Pullman train, on a hunting trip, and one that they are very likely to enjoy. They go into the woods some 15 miles beyond the Katahdin Iron Works, in Maine, into a celebrated moose and deer country. The party is made up of Messrs. Calvin Austin, manager of the Bangor and Boston Steamship Co.; Geo. C. Moore, manufacturer, No. Chelmford, Mass; John A. Faulkner, Lowell; E. A. Smith, Lowell; Leroy S. Brown, of Blaney Brown & Co., Boston; and Harry B. Moore, of J. E. Soper & Co., Boston. Mr. Moore's name is mentioned last, but he is not likely to be least if there is any fun in the party, as the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM may be able to remember. Mr. Brown is much interested in the Inglewood Club, in New Brunswick, of which he has for some time been chairman of the house committee. Mr. Moore and some other members of the above party have also become members of the Inglewood this year. The party will be quartered at Gerrish's Camp on the present trip. Mr. Moore and Mr. Brown left a day in advance of the others, in order to make all camp and other necessary arrangements. They go for moose and deer, but they have hunting sense enough to be aware that they may have to be satisfied with partridges and squirrels. Still they are expert hunters enough to find the big game, if such a thing is possible.

Mr. E. M. Gillan, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, spent a few hours in the Reading woods one day last week. He found that the partridges are scarce and very wild. He got one snap shot at a flying bird, just at the edge of the opening, and was sure that he saw the game fall to the ground. But he hunted high and low, and no bird could he find. There was a stone wall just at the edge of the opening, and his setter bitch seemed determined to go over this wall. He called her back once or twice, with a sharp reprimand, and ordered her to look after the fallen bird. She would begin to nose, but would be off for the wall in a moment. At last he let her go in disgust, and continued the search for the bird alone. But his time was soon up, and he had to give up the search in disgust. He whistled his dog in, but she failed to come till he was some rods away toward home. He is now satisfied of what he did not then stop to think; the bird fell with a broken wing, and had quickly run to the wall and doubtless over or under it, and the dog had trailed it away from the spot where it had dropped.

The opening of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, which goes far up into Aroostook county, is opening a big hunting section to sportsmen, or at least making it easy for sportsmen to get to the game. Mr. Geo. C. Cutler of Boston and Dr. W. H. Simmons of Bangor left the latter city Thursday for a hunting trip into the upper Aroostook country. The region is good for large game, and has not heretofore been much visited by hunters. Prominent Bangor sportsmen seem to think that caribon are getting to be more plenty in Maine. They were more plenty a year ago than on previous seasons, and the season of 1893 is beating even that record. It is certain that more moose are being killed in that State this year than last. Mr. E. N. Dickinson of New York came through from Bangor last week with a big moose. He got him in the upper Aroostook country.

Partridges begin to come into the Boston markets by underground railway from Maine. Several boxes and other packages were noted last week, that must have come from that State, though they were shipped from a station just over into New Hampshire. Then the chances for getting the birds to Boston illegally by water are many. Once the steamer has sailed and the game wardens are powerless. Game Warden Frisbie made a seizure of game being illegally shipped at the steamboat wharf at Belfast the other day. The package was apparently a barrel of apples. Apples were at the outside of the barrel, but inside, and nicely surrounded with apples, were 17 ruffed grouse and a gray squirrel or two. The barrel was addressed to Adams & Chapman, Boston. The penalty is $5 for each bird that is attempted to be shipped out of the State, but at last accounts the shipper of the game was hard to find.

It is really wonderful how the deer have worked down into the inhabited towns in Maine. One was killed in Benton, a farming town some five miles from the city of Waterville, the other day. A boy is reported to have killed him with a Stevens single-shot rifle. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM will excuse me if I have referred to this feature of the habit of Maine deer several times, since it is a feature so remarkable. Thirty years ago a live, wild deer in the town of Benton would have been as remarkable as a full dressed native Esquimau in the streets of New York. Game protection, and especially non-hounding and non-crusting, are working wonders in Maine.

SPECIAL.

Quail in Florida.

ALTOONA, Pa., Nov. 6.—Some time ago you published some accounts of Florida camp hunts which had been written to me by my brother, who has been located down there about six years. He now writes me that quail are very numerous and that there is plenty of other game, too. He says that he can guarantee an excellent time to anybody who is willing to go down there for a good time among the deer, quail, turkeys, foxes, and later on snipe. If anybody who wants sport and does not want to pay too highly for it, will write to me on the above subject, I will cheerfully answer their questions. My brother has all the dogs necessary for either fur or feathers.

EDWARD BANKS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 4.—Mr. J. W. Redington, editor of the *Puyallup Commerce*, Puyallup, Wash., has been spending a few days in the city. Mr. Redington was one of the Government scouts in the Nez Percé campaign, starting with Gen. Howard's troops from Portland, crossing the range, and staying with the troops till the end of the campaign. He did correspondence for the Salt Lake *Tribune* and other papers on this trip, and was able, naturally, to send in some exciting stories. He says, as do all who were in that campaign, that Chief Joseph was a general of no mean sort. Mr. Redington insists that the best place left to find bear is in the Salmon River Mountains, basing this assertion on the abundance of bear found in that region when they crossed that country, in the Nez Percé pursuit, and on the fact that fur hunters have gone in there since.

Mr. J. W. Schultz, of Piegan, Mont., a well known Rocky Mountain guide, passed through Chicago this week on his way to New York, leaving regrets that he could not meet the Western end of FOREST AND STREAM, in which regrets said end unites.

Mr. H. M. Joralmon, of Denver, Col., leaves his card, and it would have been a pleasure to meet one who was once a light in sporting journalism.

A Parting View.

This week saw almost the last of the Fair, it being simply wonderful how rapidly the exhibits were packed away for shipment. One of the most interesting of these vanishing attractions was the magnificent display of furs made in the Russian Department, Manufactures Building. Seldom has so beautiful a collection of furs been seen, and the handling in the arrangement was such as to interest the sportsman as well as the possible purchaser. The skins of the bear, the wolf, the fox, the sable, the otter and many other animals were mounted and grouped in a most fetching style. This section of the great building was safe to show a crowd of admirers at any hour of the day.

Another valuable display of similar sort was that of C. G. Gunther, the New York furrier, in the same building. This exhibit showed almost all the American fur-bearing and game animals, and the mounting, without exception, was artistic in the extreme. A striking feature was the gray wolves which sat at the corners of the exhibit, as grim and gaunt as any that ever lapped a chop in life.

The Wolf & Periolot Fur Company, of Chicago, was another firm making a highly creditable display of furs and fur-bearing animals. It seems that the furrier's art to-day must include practical taxidermy. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

LUCK IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Nov. 2.—September and October furnished an unusual number of quiet and bright days, no breeze to move the faded and falling foliage; such being the ideal weather to gladden the heart of the still-hunter, and the slack business, with a large number of mills and workshops running short hours or three or four days a week, gave many who love sport an opportunity to indulge their taste, and they have seldom come home empty handed. While birds have remained scarce, gray squirrels have proved unusually plenty in every direction from the city and have been taken in strings ranging from six to above twenty. Stephen Reed, of Amoskeag, shot a beautiful one on the river bank, near the falls, Saturday, the 28th, that weighed 2lbs. and 2oz. Frank H. Lamper and Arthur P. Spiller are among the most successful squirrel hunters in the still line, and their aggregate of birds for the season is getting quite large, considering the general scarcity.

Dr. Frederick Perkins and family and Mr. Frank Heald, have returned from a five weeks' camping tour in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake, Maine. They brought two deer as trophies of their skill. They spent a portion of their time fishing for camp supplies, and it is refreshening to hear the Doctor in his enthusiastic manner tell of his exploits with the trout and land-locked salmon he encountered. He was particularly pleased with the latter, this being his first experience with them, and his account of his capture of a 6½-pounder on a fly-rod, with 75ft. of line, is extremely interesting. He declares that 60ft. of his line was taken before he could wink, and he showed a scar on his finger caused by a cut the line made by catching in a slight scratch previously there, and wearing it in deep before he could remove the finger from the coils. He thought he was an hour landing the fish, but his guide set it at twenty-five minutes. He says he was nearly as tired as the fish and greatly excited. Before going there was much discussion as to whether the party should attend the Columbian Exposition or make the Maine trip. They are now all well satisfied with their choice, and the Doctor says he not only enjoyed himself better in Maine, at about one-fourth the expense possible in Chicago, but gained 20lbs. in weight. Deer and bears were very plenty, but hard to find on account of the dry, fallen foilage.

Melvin Hall, of Auburn, and a small party, captured a coon Saturday night, Oct. 28, that tipped the scales at 22lbs. Chief T. W. Lane's dog Jack was out for the occasion. The old dog, sick and lame all summer, has recovered sufficiently to add a few more to his already long list of conquests, his record standing at 244 coons in five years, and I think is unequalled in New Hampshire.

PAYSON.

Between Press Day and To-day.

INTERESTING events of the week were the meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association in Philadelphia Tuesday night, the annual convention of the Vermont Fish and Game League at Burlington Friday night, and the hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club at Westfield, Wednesday and Thursday—all these between our press day and to-day.

Ferrets and Ferreting.

FLINT, Mich.— If there is any one nuisance in the country it is hunting rabbits with ferrets. I would not take advantage of a rabbit in that way; one might as well shoot a bird sitting still. A man who cannot get his rabbit on the run or his bird on the wing does not deserve any game. Give me a Remington and a hound.

W. H. W.

Thirteen Miles from Boston.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 5.—I have read the different articles on the amount of game in this vicinity which appeared in your paper, and agree with them on the general scarcity of it in all respects but as to woodcock.

I live some thirteen miles from the Hub and have a very fair chance to observe the comparative abundance of birds from year to year, and this season the woodcock have been far more plentiful than at any time during the past three or four years. I was away during the last two weeks in October, which are considered by me about the cream of the woodcock season, so I cannot tell how thick they were then; but despite the fact that I am not a crack shot and have been out but a few times, since Sept. 15 I have bagged twenty-five woodcock, the largest bag for a day being five, which I got inside of an hour and a half. This record will, I think, better show the amount of that particular game which has visited this section than any other method that I can think of at present. I wish that more writers would put their game statistics in a similar way, as simply saying that such a kind of bird has been "much scarcer than usual" gives me a very scanty idea of the actual amount of game in that locality. Last year I bagged seventeen woodcock, and was out about the same number of times as during the present season, my biggest bag of these birds (woodcock) being three.

Ruffed grouse and quail are unquestionably much scarcer than usual, which is greatly due to the severity of last winter and the increase of foxes, skunks, the farmer's tabby and other vermin. Last year I brought sixteen ruffed grouse to bag, while this year my record is but seven. The talk in the Sunday papers about the crowds of birds on Blue Hill is absolute rubbish, as I have been on the hill as much as most persons, I think, and if a man gets six shots at grouse he is doing mighty well, let alone getting six birds. J. H. B.

California Shooting Notes.

NORTH ONTARIO, Cal., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The shooting so far has been very unsatisfactory and many places that had abundance of birds early in the summer have been drawn blank; a state of affairs that is hard to explain except that the continual shooting at jack rabbits, stimulated by a bounty of twenty cents per head, has driven the birds into the light cover or foot hills. The weather which has been exceedingly warm may have driven the birds into the small cañons along the mountains, and as the weather is changing there may be a change for the better within the next thirty days. F. L. Lowndes of New York, and G. S. Hamilton of St. Paul, Minn., have just finished a four weeks' hunt that has not been all that could be desired, but owing to the weather they did little shooting after 10 A. M., and for the time spent did very well, averaging from ten to twenty birds. They just returned from a trip to Lower California, and report deer very plentiful in that country. There have been quite a number of sheep (bighorns) killed in the neighborhood of Mt. San Antonio, this county, recently, as well as several deer. The long close season has greatly benefited the sport on big game. What we need now is more protection for quail. As our (open) season lasts six months the quail have little chance, and unless the season is shortened it will be but a short time until we will be without birds. For gameness and cunning, our game excel, as they are swift flyers, lie well to a dog, and unless killed outright will get away in most cases, and often recover, as it is a very common thing to get birds with a badly healed wing or with one foot.

There is some good material in this county for a gun and game protective club, and we hope to soon be able to eport the organization of one. H. M. TONNER.

Wisconsin Deer Season.

MARSHFIELD, Wis., Nov. 2.—The hunting in Wisconsin this fall has been very poor, not from the lack of game, but from the warm and dry weather which has prevailed. Partridges were very wild, it being impossible to get within eight or ten rods of them, and they would not lie for a dog at all.

The deer law now makes the open season from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1. For a number of years it was from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1. The law as it stands now in my opinion is a very poor one, as two-thirds of the deer killed around here this fall were does or fawns. The old bucks are just beginning to travel good. In my opinion if the law is allowed to continue it will exterminate the deer just as quick as running dogs. We have a game warden in our town, but the boys keep running rabbits all the time, but come in with a nice big deer instead of rabbits. I suppose the deer do not run into the holes as soon as the rabbits.

The little cottontails have not got up into our new country yet; all are large white fellows, and there are lots of them. E. S. B.

A Lost Hunting Party.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Nov. 12.—Gen. Carlin has organized four well-equipped parties of United States troops, about eighty men in all, to go to the relief of his son, W. E. Carlin, A. L. Himmelwright, J. Harvey Pierce, all of New York, and their guides, who were lost in Bitter Root Mountains, in Montana. Gen. Carlin is satisfied that everything has been done for the relief the party; still, he is apprehensive that an accident, such as the stampede of their pack train, or separation in searching for the train, might endanger the safety of the members. Three of the relief parties have left points in Idaho and Montana for the head of the Clear Water. The fourth party left Fort Walla Walla last night.—*New York Times, Nov. 13.*

Minnesota Game.

MY friend Harris writes me on Oct. 31, from Pelan, Minn.: "Have just returned from a ten-days' hunt fifteen miles south. Had poor luck. All I got was a two-year-old bear and about fifty partridges. Saw two elk and the tracks of about twenty others. Since returning I killed a deer within three miles of the ranch. Moose are now heading toward the Lake of the Woods."

G. O. SHIELDS.

Gunning Experience.

OAKLAND, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We notice in your issue of Nov. 4 a letter, signed "Tatters," saying that he is not getting such good penetration with E. C., as he is with black powder. We would advise him to try the following load in a 12-gauge: 3dr. powder, one thin 12-gauge black-edge and two 11-gauge ¼in. black-edge, as made by the U. M. C. Co. Put firm pressure on the wads, with 1¼oz. No. 7 shot, thin top shot wad, and good crimp down. We recommend the 11-gauge wad, as from "Tatters's" letter we are inclined to think that, perhaps, his gun is not bored true to gauge. A shell with a No. 3 primer should be used. If "Tatters" will communicate with us direct we shall be pleased to help him out of his difficulty, and can assure him that he will get as good results with E. C. as with any black powder if he will do so. We are always glad to hear from any sportsmen who are having trouble with their load.

NOEL E. MONEY (American E. C. Powder Co., Ltd.).

An Iowa Month's Score.

MATLOCK, Iowa, Nov. 2.—Following is a partial list of game killed in this immediate vicinity and it represents about the average bag: Oct. 1, B. Flesch—4 quail, 1 chicken, 1 rabbit; P. C. Bishop—3 quail, 3 chickens, 1 chick, 2 rabbits. Oct. 9, E. J. Bishop—3 quail, 1 chicken. Oct. 18, F. Wyman—8 quail. Oct. 19, P. C. Bishop—8 chickens, 1 rabbit. Oct. 28, W. Heithetter—4 ducks, 2 chickens. Oct. 29, P. C. Bishop—1 duck, 2 chickens, 2 quail. Birds are fairly plentiful, but hard to find. Shooting should remain good for a month yet. Rabbit shooting will be excellent this winter. LONGFELLOW.

Sea and River Fishing.

AN ASTRONOMIC FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The *Uranidea quiescens* or "little star gazer," was described by James E. De Kay in the Natural History of the State of New York as a small fish not more than about 3in. long when full grown, found in a rivulet that runs into Round Pond in Hamilton county and in that vicinage.

Dr. De Kay called it "curious" and placed it in the family *Triglidæ*, which includes several species of marine fishes, some of which are rather rare in New York salt waters. The rose fish, hemdurgon or snapper was said to inhabit northern waters from Greenland to New York, its proper southern limit. This fish reaches a length of 2 or 3ft.

The American sea raven or Acadian bullhead, another northern fish of similar size, gets rather sparsely so far south as New York.

The common marine bullhead, not elegant, but good for the table, 1 to 1½ft. long, frequents Long Island Sound. The "sea swallow," a sort of small flying fish, no more than 6in. long, and the *Prionotus lineatus*, called "grunter," "banded gurnard," sea robin or flying fish, are all other members of De Kay's family *Triglidæ* occurring in the New York marine, the latter rather common and growing to the length of 18in., but seldom eaten. All these fish, like the little star gazer, have remarkably large pectoral fins, giving them the flying fish aspect.

I send you this reference to the *Uranidea quiescens* in order to learn from your readers of other localities in which this rather interesting fish is found. Dr. De Kay knew of it only in Hamilton county. It is a very singular and beautiful fish, its fins spotted, its body banded and prettily marked. Its specific name, *quiescens*, refers to its habit of lying most of the time at rest at the bottom of the pool or stream, like a sucker, but it darts quickly through the water if disturbed. The eyes af the little fish are on the top of its head, looking directly upward, whence it has received the name *Uranidea* or star gazer.

This fish in central Dutchess county exists, so far as is known, only in one or two streams. One of these passes through the farm of the late Macy Bowman in Stanford, Dutchess county. Small, lying generally close to the bottom, or occasionally darting swiftly through the water, it may easily escape notice. I shall be glad to hear of this fish, thought to be so rare, if it shall be seen in other localities.

Besides some species of stickleback and this little star gazer, there are no other members of the *Triglidæ* family found in fresh water. All the others are salt-water fishes, and the sticklebacks frequent both salt and fresh water.

JAMES HYATT.

HONEYMEADBROOK (Bangall P. O.), N. Y.

NETS IN PENNSYLVANIA STREAMS.

MUNCY, Pa., Nov. 1.—Bass fishing has been good the latter half of the season. Fishermen when they have been out generally speak of the large number of small black bass in the river. They can be counted by schools.

We noticed during the season that the catch of large pike-perch was in excess of that of previous years. The small streams seem to be full of small ones from 2 to 2½in. long. Evidently the planting is going to bear fruit.

It is gratifying to all lovers of the sport who fish honestly and squarely, that some of the worst offenders have been hauled in and fined. One man in particular who had previously looked upon the fish as all his if he could by hook or crook catch them, has changed his mind in regard to his exclusive property in them since passing over his $50 fine. There is, however, an immense amount of illegal fishing, so much that a gentleman remarked the other day that "The fishing is annually spoiled by the innumerable number of nets and outlines which are set. I sat fishing on a bridge pier of the canal near Montoursville in September, and saw a man put six nets into the water. He set these while in sight. How many he set after he turned the bend, and before he came in sight I do not know."

If the warden who lives in Williamsport sees these lines I hope he will make himself a little more useful, and take some measures to put a stop to the wholesale capture of fish in this way. There are three here in Muncy yet, three or four parties in Montoursville, and a half dozen in Williamsport that need his attention. Fishermen do not like to turn informers unless requested to do so.

Considerable comment is heard on all sides near the headwaters of all our trout streams about the abuse of the streams in fishing. It seems to be largely the warden's fault or rather the fault of not having a warden there where and when he is needed.

It is conceded by those most interested that a local warden is needed, especially during the trouting season, in each trouting district. They give as their reasons that the warden living forty or fifty miles away cannot find out who offending parties are, even if he does hear of their misdoings. It was common talk last May that Loyalsock Creek had been dynamited, and that Otter Run had been limed. These things were true; at least, reliable men who were in position to know said they were true. All the large trout in the latter stream were gone. We know this from personal knowledge, having been there in 1892 and again in 1893.

Another reason why they wish further protection is that fishermen, local and otherwise, will insist on taking every fish that bites, no matter how small. They say the law in regard to the 6in. limit is wholly disregarded. This they say is depleting their trout streams. We got a peep into the catch of two men on Wolf Run in June, 1893. They had between eighty and one hundred trout, and of all these but eight or ten would measure the required 6in.

"FROZEN FISH THAWED OUT."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 4 I notice a short article entitled as above. The same subject has been touched on several times recently in your paper. Whether a fish once thoroughly frozen and apparently dead will revive on being carefully thawed out, is a question of sufficient interest to justify any one in recording his observations who has himself fairly tried the experiment.

Mine were as follows:

On Christmas day two or three years ago we were camped in a log hut, if one might judge from the temperature, very near the vicinity of the North Pole. The thermometer was in the neighborhood of 40° Fahrenheit below zero. We were deer hunting, and the hunting was excellent. Having killed one big fellow and thus satisfied my thirst for blood, some other form of amusement was in order. Suddenly a discussion of this subject a few months before in the London *Fishing Gazette* came to mind. My temperament is such that the moment I hear any statement which seems curious or upon its face improbable, if the statement admits of the test of actual experiment I itch to try it. It is wonderful how unsuspected are the results thus sometimes directly or indirectly obtained, even in a field of inquiry supposed to be thoroughly thrashed out.

Remembering the discussion whether a frozen fish would revive on being thawed out, the temptation to try the experiment under such favorable conditions of time, temperature and locality was irresistible.

A hole was cut through the ice of a neighboring pond, and seven or eight trout of about 12in. in length were speedily caught with a small hook and deer meat for bait. When drawn from the water and thrown upon the snow-covered ice which hid the surface of the pond, the trout were almost instantly frozen as stiff as a stake. While fully alive to and appreciating the fact that one engaged in experiment cannot be too precise in his methods of procedure, it was so brutally cold that I neglected to note the period which elapsed between the time when the first and the last fish was taken, but I should say it certainly did not exceed twenty minutes.

The frozen fish were then collected as carefully as though made of glass, wrapped with equal care in a coat, and with the utmost possible care carried to camp some half mile distant. Within five minutes after camp was reached, the fish were put in a tin vessel of ample size filled with spring water. This was about noon. All that afternoon and all that evening until 10 o'clock I watched the trout, the vessel being all the time kept near enough the fire so that its contents could not freeze, yet far enough so that the water should not heat. I do not think three consecutive minutes passed during all that time when the fish were not under observation. That night the cold was so cruel that one of the guides sat up till morning to tend the fire. My orders were to examine the fish from time to time, and to be sure that the water in which they were, neither froze nor became perceptibly warm. I have every reason to believe, from my long acquaintance with the men and their interest in the experiment, that my instructions were carefully carried out.

On turning out in the gray of the next morning I at once examined the fish. The water was neither frozen nor warm. Till nightfall they were left undisturbed, their condition being examined at frequent intervals.

When first introduced into the water the fish appeared as dead as Julius Cæsar; and though they thawed out perfectly, dead as Julius Cæsar they remained throughout the experiment. Not the slightest sign of life was at any time detected or detectible.

I do not mean, be it understood, to call in question anything which has heretofore been said on this subject in your paper. I only mean to say that under the above conditions I obtained the above result.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4. HENRY P. WELLS.

Another Kekoskee Witness.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seemed to me when I read that Kekoskee fish story that I had heard something like it before from my neighbor Chase. Chancing to meet him a few days ago, I questioned him concerning it.

"Yes," he answered, "I read the story in the paper. I was there an' I can tell you what I seen. The hole was so full of bullheads that a man couldn't drive a spear to the bottom of it, an' when he pulled it up maybe there'd be a dozen on it all stuck together by the' horns. I rigged a bushel basket with ropes in the handles, an' we c'd push it just underneath the surface with a pole an' histe it right out again chuck full o' bullheads, with now and then a pickerel, till we filled a thirty-bushel sleigh box as full of 'em as it c'd hold. An' while we was there there was eighteen such sleighs loaded with 'em runnin' over full, and the road for a mile was black and read with bullheads that had spilled off and got smashed and trompled. Yes, sir, that's what I see myself; but they did tell the almightiest lies about it in that paper!" AWAHSOOSE.

A Big Bass and a Tripped Anchor.

SING SING, N. Y., Nov. 7.—B. F. Kipp, of Sing Sing, caught to-day a 16-pound striped bass with rod and reel off Croton Point on the oyster beds. The fish fought so hard that Mr. Kipp had to trip anchor to save it. W. S. S.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fish and Food.

IT is perhaps unfortunate that there are times when one lacks the courage of his convictions, and this may be because the convictions are diametrically opposite to accepted facts, and to run counter to them only subjects the man of convictions to ridicule; but what are understood to be facts are not always facts when the conditions from which they arise are changed. But, to a case in point. Some years ago in a discussion with an angling friend I contended that fish preyed upon one another only because of a scarcity of other food, that it was unnatural for trout to prey upon their own offsprings or their relatives, and that they did so only in self-preservation in the absence of other food, and that this had come to be a habit with some old fish which an abundance of other food than their own kin would correct. My friend contended that trout were born cannibals and that he could prove it. A lot of trout were placed in an aquarium, the fish being in size from fingerlings to about 6oz. in weight, and with them were placed a lot of minnows. Some of the minnows were larger than the smaller trout, but no other food was provided, which I admit was rather rough on the minnows, and not all that I desired as a test of the cannibalistic tendencies of the trout. For a time all went well, the minnows gradually disappeared and not a single trout lost its mess number. Minnows were supplied at intervals as their number grew less and the trout waxed fat. On one occasion only large minnows were left in the aquarium, and then one morning one of the little trout was missing, then another, until more minnows were put in. I saw them put in and saw every trout, big and little, go for them and eat until they were gorged. This, to me, proved that famine had stalked in the tank (come to think of it I do not know as famine could stalk in the water, but it was a shallow tank and I will let her go at "stalked") and the little trout had been eaten only as a last resort to fill empty stomachs. With fresh minnows supplied to the trout they ceased to war on one another, and this state of things continued until there was a dearth of minnows. As this occurred frequently the trout grew gradually less in number until only two remained, and they were nearly of the same size. One morning one of the two trout was in the tank alone and the other was on the floor outside dead, with marks on its body that showed that his brother had tried to eat him. I stuck to my original belief, but I did not air my views, for they were not popular. The experiment itself supported my position, only I could not convince my friend to that way of thinking, for he argued, food or no food, fish were made to eat each other, and a continued round of Christmas dinners would not change their natures.

Testimony from Europe.

In one of my notes in FOREST AND STREAM last August I made mention of a letter from a gentleman in Austria, who informed me that he had solved the food question for fish of all ages, by rearing natural food of various kinds by artificial means at slight cost. I continued the correspondence with him, and he gave me something of his method of rearing the food, and of the marvelous results obtained from its use. In a paper that I wrote for the Fisheries Congress of the World's Fair I gave an outline of what Mr. Von Scheidlin had accomplished after forty years of experimenting, but it is too long to rehearse here. This is a quotation from one of his papers: "Abundance of food still remains the very soul of all fishculture, with all its issues. A proof of this is that one with sufficient food can raise all kinds of fish, large and small, in a pond, without their preying upon one another." This is not guesswork, but the result of actual experiment. He feeds no mammal food, but various kinds of live natural food—insect, crustacea and amphibia. Of fat-producing food he feeds three parts to one part of flesh-producing food, and as a result has reared trout that in one year have weighed one to two kilogrammes each or 2½ to 4½lbs.! I have for three months been steeping myself in these papers and letters which give this new method of fish rearing, and even yet the results make me gasp, as I read them, and think them little short of the miraculous. I hope later that I may be at liberty to treat the system more in detail in these columns for the benefit of all concerned.

Rearing Trout for Market.

A correspondent at Palmer, N. Y., describes a spring that he has, and the facilities for making a trout pond, and asks if it will be profitable to build a pond and stock it with trout for market. He has a flow of water that will sustain, perhaps, good adult trout, and temperature and other conditions are favorable, but I was obliged to say that the all important food item was lacking. With Mr. Von Scheidlin's system the scheme would be feasible. One of our best known fishculturists told me of his experience rearing trout for market on mammal food. He said he hauled his liver, etc., to the pond in a two-horse wagon, and carried the trout to market in a basket on his arm.

Salmon In Fresh Water.

I believe that it is always in season to discuss what salmon may or may not do about eating in fresh water. There are those who contend most earnestly that salmon do eat in fresh water, but I think that most of the evidence is the other way. Mr. R. B. Marston is out with what he has gleaned upon the subject, and it should have a place in the testimony: "I have for many years past made inquiries in all parts of the world where salmon come up out of the sea into the rivers to spawn, viz., in our own country, in Germany, Scandinavia, Newfoundland, Canada, British Columbia and along the Pacific coast of the United States, especially on the Columbia River. * * * My inquiries were directed to ascertain if food was ever found in their stomachs after they had been for a few hours in fresh—not brackish—water. The reply was always the same: food was found in salmon caught in estuaries in salt water, but nothing whatever after they had been any time in fresh waters. Of course I know salmon will rush at a bait, for I have caught them with artificial flies, with angels, with phantoms and with prawns, and I know they will take a bunch of lob-worms in roily water. My argument is that salmon when in our rivers required good square meals daily, as pike, perch, trout and other fresh-water fish do, they would destroy every living thing, because they are the most active of all fish, and come in such vast armies that the native fresh-water inhabitants could find no escape from them. * * * I think that Frank Buckland's theory is correct, viz., that they come into our rivers provided with a rich store of fat on which they can exist for a long time; he thought that the old kelts which are unable to get away to the sea may destroy other fish now and then." This is about the position taken by Mr. John Mowat, who has had 55 years' experience on the salmon rivers of Canada, and may serve as a compromise between those who hold extreme views on this subject of salmon eating or not eating in fresh water.

Rods.

A correspondent writes me: "In looking over 'Stoddard's Adirondacks' I note your chapter on fishing, and am glad to see that you recommend an 8 or 10oz. rod. I use one of 10½oz., split-bamboo, for trout, black bass or other fish, and would like to fight a 10lbs. salmon on it. I have owned it eleven years, and it has won prizes at the tournaments of the National Rod and Reel Associotion, in other hands, and to raise over 80ft. of heavy line from the water is the most severe work that can be put upon a rod. The rod is as good to-day as it ever was. Of course, the whippers have needed replacing, and the rod is sent to the maker every spring to be varnished. Last summer when the black bass would not look at a fly, I hooked a small frog through the rudder post and cast it from side to side of the boat about 30ft. until a 2lbs. bass assaulted the frog—my frog, mind you—and I was obliged to defend my property and arrest the bass.

"I never had a liking for those viands which give no exercise to the biceps and allow a man to cast all day with one arm. My old rod compels a change and has made me ambidextrous in casting; although the left is not so strong as its fellow, yet is capable of giving its dexter brother a short rest."

It is true that I recommend such a rod as is mentioned in the letter, saying that with a short tip it would answer for both bait and fly fishing, and I believe it to be good advice for a man who does not care to burden himself with more than one rod, but I do not practice exactly what I preach in this instance, for I have no scruples about being burdened with half a dozen or more rods, and always like a rod to fit the fishing as surely as I like the line to fit the rod. I have two or three bamboo rods weighing between 4½ and 5oz., and have had good sport with them on occasions, when very possibly heavier rods would not have answered as well, but for fly-fishing for trout or black bass I confine myself as a rule to a rod that happens to weigh 8oz. It is true that I have several of the same weight, but I think that a man becomes attached to one rod even if he owns a score of rods that are similar. One thing I do not do, and that is to use a fly-rod for bait-fishing, or a bait-rod for fly-fishing; each has its place and I keep each in its place. A rod should not be judged by weight alone. If the action and balance fit the angler and he does good work with it easily, let the rod weigh what it will if it is somewhere around the 8oz. notch. A 3oz. rod will kill a big fish if there is plenty of water and no snags; and so a .22cal. rifle will kill a bear if the bear is securely chained and the cartridges hold out, but a man does not wish to spend his entire summer vacation killing one big fish or one bear. There is an eternal fitness of things even in fishing rods.

Minnow-Casting Reels.

Mr. B. A. Warner, of Granville, N. Y., writes me: "I apply to you for information in regard to reels for bait-casting. Please inform me if any practical working reel has yet been devised which in casting revolves only the spool, leaving the handle loose. I have perfected such a reel, and if no other is on the market desire to secure a patent on it. You know the advantage of such a reel over the old style, the principal of which is the ease and freedom with which the spool revolves, and especially the smooth motion with which it may be started on releasing it at the cast, no force being required to overcome the inertia of the handle as in the old-style reels. The hand e engages automatically when grasped to reel in the line, and disengages on the same principle when released. I am a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM and any information given in its columns I shall see." There is such a reel now on the market; in fact, more than one, but I have tried only one, and that is patented by Wm. Mills & Son. Mills devised the reel at the suggestion of the late M. M. Backus, of New York, as I remember the facts, and the model reel was sent to me for trial. This must have been eight or nine years ago, for the reel was patented in 1885. The reel did all that was claimed for it, and my only objection to it was that the lever to engage and disengage the handle was on the same side with it. It was not a serious objection, but one that I imagine would be difficult to overcome. The reel mentioned by Mr. Warner may differ in its mechanism sufficiently to enable him to patent it, and I judge from what he says that it does differ from any that I have seen. A. N. CHENEY.

Minnow-Casting Reels.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the top of the proof slip you sent me I notice the conclusion of an answer by Mr. Cheney to Mr. B. A. Warner, of Granville, N. Y., who says he has invented a minnow-casting reel, of which "the handle engages automatically when grasped to reel in the line and disengages on the same principle when released." Mr. Warner asks Mr. Cheney if he knows whether anything of the kind has already been devised. Mr. Warner should examine patent No. 431,142, dated July 1, 1890, to D. Harris for "Fishing Reels," which exactly meets this description. Of course it does not follow that Mr. Warner's method of accomplishing his result may not show a patentable difference from that of Mr. Harris. HENRY P. WELLS.

Pickerel of the Tioughnioga.

CORTLAND, N. Y., Nov. 2.—The pickerel fishing along the Tioughinoga and East rivers has been a surprise even to the oldest of the local anglers. Everybody has been taking pickerel during the last month or two. Bert Hartranft and W. A. Baker caught eight large ones one forenoon recently. Messrs. White, Edwards, Fuller, Hillick and Lockhart have all taken nice catches from the East River and within three miles of Cortland. The largest catch is credited to Edwards, who in one afternoon caught an even dozen ranging from ¾ to 2lbs in weight. The heaviest one I know of was taken by W. A. Baker. It weighed 2¾lbs. A few local fishermen have lately tried Lock Pond, Crooked Lake. Tisco Lake, Little York Lake and Dyden Lake for pickerel, but report discouraging luck. M. C. H.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

The Natchaug Prizes.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 10.—The interesting competition instituted by the Natchaug Silk Co., of Willimantic, Conn., and Chicago, closed Nov. 1, and the company, through their Western agent, Mr. H. L. Stanton, of Chicago, announces the following awards of prizes, in accordance with the conditions advertised in FOREST AND STREAM for the past season:

First prize, $50 in gold, for the heaviest muskallonge, was won by John J. Hildebrandt, Logansport, Ind., who caught on Oct. 26 in the Kankakee River, a muskallonge weighing 26½lbs.

Second prize, $25 in gold, for the heaviest small-mouthed bass, was won by George J. Bradbeer, Detroit, Mich., who caught Sept. 30 on a No. 1½ Natchaug silk line, in the St. Clair Flats, a small-mouthed black bass weighing 7lbs. 2oz.

Third prize, $25 in gold, for the heaviest lake trout, was won by Paul Lang, Orford, N. H., who caught May 14 on a No. 1 Natchaug silk line, a lake trout weighing 14¼lbs., in Newfound Lake near East Hebron, N. H.

Fourth prize, $25 in gold, for the heaviest brook trout, was won by R. N. Parish, Oakdale, Conn., who caught in the waters of Rangeley Lake, Me., on Sept. 15, a brook trout weighing 6lbs. 9oz.

Fifth prize, $25 in gold, for the heaviest large-mouthed bass, was won jointly by B. Waters, of Chicago, one of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, and Ben. Wolf, Evart, Mich., each having caught a large-mouthed bass weighing 6lbs. 2oz.

Sixth prize, $25 in gold, for the greatest variety of fresh-water fish caught in one day, was won by Will Cunningham, Attica, Ind., who caught 101 fish, including 11 varieties, in one day, the largest of which weighed 12½lbs.

Seventh prize, $25 in gold, for the largest fish caught on a No. 1 line, was won by J. B. Carlin, Ashland, Wis., who caught a 26lbs. muskallonge July 22 in Pelican Lake, Wis. The fish was not weighed until the fifth day after being caught. It measured 47in. in length and 19in. in girth, and no doubt would have weighed fully 28lbs. had it been weighed when first taken.

Angling Information.

I had quite a talk with Mr. Stanton when he handed me the above, and it occurs to me that among the letters we looked over together there may be some angling information of interest to the general fishing public. For instance, Mr. Bradbeer's catch of a 7 lbs. 2 oz. small mouth bass, is a fact worth remembering. This is the largest small-mouth I ever knew taken, and I should be personally glad if some one would tell us the small-mouth record. Certainly this beats the big Toledo small-mouth, which also, by the way, came from the Flats. Mr. Bradbeer's letter shows that he was tickled about to death. He was twenty minutes landing this fish.

More than twenty minutes must have been the fight which Mr. W. M. Cunningham, of Attica, Ind., had with a 22½ lb. catfish which he killed in the Wabash river, as he says himself, without gaff-hook or net. Mr. Cunningham, it will be noted, won the prize for the greatest variety. In his letter thereon he says: "On Sept. 22 I caught 60 rock bass, 3 pickerel, 1 salmon (pike-perch), a number of bullheads, not counted, 1 perch, 2 Oswego bass, 3 speckled bass, ("croppies"?), 4 black bass, one of which weighed 4¾lbs., also several dogfish, and one catfish of 12½lbs. They were all caught one day, in the Kankakee River, above Momerce.

From all accounts, that must have been Mr. Cunningham's busy day.

Rangeley Trout.

Mr. Parish's 6lb. 9oz. Rangeley trout takes the prize, and it must have been a noble fish. It is not, however, the largest trout of the season by any means. In Sept. (so it is stated, though no dates are given), Mr. J. C. Dougherty caught on the fly in the Rangeley waters, during one day's fishing, seven brook trout, weighing respectively 8lbs., 6lbs. 1oz., 4lbs. 13oz., 4lbs. 2oz., 3lbs. 5oz., 3lbs., 4lbs. 4oz. I saw a photograph of these fish. The big one, held by the gills in the angler's hand, dragged its tail on the ground. It may be asked why this fish did not take the prize, and the answer is that Mr. Dougherty is a member of the Natchang Co., and so they declared him not eligible.

Lake Trout.

A fine catch of lake trout (Mackinaw trout) was that made by Mr. J. M. Kellogg, of Manitowoc, who says that, "in twelve hours' fishing (in October) in Thousand Islands Lake, northern Wisconsin, I caught 29 lake trout averaging 7¼lbs. each, the largest weighing 13lbs." Mr. Kellogg sent in a photograph of 12 of these trout. The 12 weighed 128lbs. Yet he never got a prize.

Another man who made a good run and got nothing was Mr. L. F. Reed, of Ripon, Wis., who caught a brook trout near Wautoma, May 11, which weighed 3lbs. 1oz. Mr. Reed looks cross-eyed at the eastern catches, calling attention to the fact that the Wisconsin season ends Sept. 1.

A Fishing Conductor.

Away up on the Ashland division of the Lake Shore road there is a fishing conductor, J. B. Carlin by name, who reads FOREST AND STREAM and sometimes writes for it. As nearly as I can learn, the Lake Shore road values Mr. Carlin most as a guide when some of the officials want to go fishing. Early in the season Mr. Carlin bought him a new No. 1 Natchaug line, and sailed in deliberately after prizes. He had some magnificent fishing, as his scores show. Of his trip to Thousand Island lake he has told in FOREST AND STREAM. In his detailed scrres of his catch he notes, with railroad accuracy, the exact time when he landed each fish, thus, one 1:33 P.M., the next at 1:48, the next at 2:35, etc. On May 16 he caught nine lake trout, weighing from 2 to 8lbs. On the next day, May 17, he caught twenty lake trout, running from 2 to 8lbs. On the 18th he took 14 lake trout, from 2 to 9½lbs; and on the day following fifteen, from 2 to 12lbs, stopping at 1:10 P.M. In June he took one day 127lbs. of bass, pike and mascallonge. In July he went into commission to capture a live mascallonge for the World's Fair, and July 22 landed the famous live 'lunge which saw the World's Fair—and died. This fish, six days after its capture, weighed 26lbs. Mr. Carlin does not claim any prize for it, but lets that go to the Kankakee mascallonge (which I

would need some assuring before believing to be anything but a great northern pike), although he modestly says he thinks his fish might have weighed 28lbs. when first caught. Mr. Carlin asks how much his fish probably shrunk in its week of confinement. If killed and put on ice, it should have shrunk probably 3 to 5lbs. If it was alive and in the water all the time it may not have shrunk so much, though if you leave a 'lunge alive for a week he is safe to eat aud digest several pounds of food. This fish had no chance to eat. and so just digested, which naturally means a loss of weight. Had Mr. Carlin weighed his fish at once, he would probably now be jingling in his pockets, provided he hadn't spent it for fishing tackle, an additional $50 in gold for "heaviest mascallonge," and his little No. 1 line would have earned still more for itself.

"Forest and Stream" Was In It.

FOREST AND STREAM was in it also, of course. You can't keep it out of first money, and the best you can get out of it is a divide. Mr. B. Waters, a much better dogman than he is angler, divides fifth prize, for the largest large-mouth bass, with Mr. Ben. Wolf, of East Michigan. Of this FOREST AND STREAM bass I wrote last July, and told how we caught it in Giller's Lake, near Muckwonago, Wis. I say "we," and I say it advisedly. No dogman could have caught that bass alive, and it was due almost solely to skillful handling of the boat (for I was rowing Mr. Waters and J. B. H. at the time) that we saved the fish, to say nothing of finding the place where the fish was hid in the water, in the first place, which latter I did without word or advice from Mr. Waters. This was the second time I have piloted this same dogman to the biggest bass of the season, and he is beginning to put on airs and allow that dogmen are coming up in the world. To-day Mr. Stanton gave me $12.50 gold to take to Mr. Waters. I expect we'd better spend that money—that is, if I conclude to give any of it to Mr. Waters. At present, I am not quite clear that he ought to have it, as he did nothing but hang on to the rod, while the bass and I did all the hard work. I may say, however, that if we had known that Mr. Ben. Wolf was going to catch a bass weighing 6lbs. 2oz., we would have caught a bigger one. I know where there is a good deal bigger one, up there, and next summer we will go up and catch him.

It is interesting to say, in conclusion, two things: first, that the Natchaug Silk Co. will renew this competition next year; second, that they base the success of this year's contest largely on FOREST AND STREAM, the bulk of their answers having come in through their advertisement in that paper. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

"FOREST AND STREAM" AT THE FAIR.

Reminiscences.

THE Fair has now become a journalistic reminiscence, for newspapers do not live in the past—at least, good ones do not. They find their opportunities in the present, and recognize them, and work them to their full. Yet some reminiscences of the Fair are still in order.

The Most Pathetic Thing.

The most pathetic thing at the Fair was the Chilean angler at the Anthropological Building. Hundreds of years old he was, and here were only his bones, his mummified figure. The curious woven fibre of his time had preserved the bones of his head, also those of much of the body. The humerus and ulva, the femur and some of the bones of the foot could still be seen. He was a man of good stature for his kind, as became an angler. Here, near by him, found in his grave, were the things he used and loved. Here were his bone fish hooks, his copper gravis or fish spear, his bow, his rude arrows, his paddle, his old spear heads, even his bone and copper sinkers, the latter, singular to say, shaped almost identically as the lead sinkers we use to-day, when we take our tobacco pouch and sundry-bag, as this man did, and our water bottle, as he did, and our boat, as he did this ruined *balsa* near by, and go fishing, as he did, and enjoy ourselves, as he did in years long past. His tackle was not so good as ours is, but his heart may have been as good and simple and honest as that of any angler of to-day. Here it is, here is his story. Here is his history, exhibited with himself. This man lived, hundreds of years ago, let us say, and in him was the instinct of sport. He had his loves, his griefs, his joys, his sorrows, his sins and his punishments therefor, just as we do now. He lived, he grew, he had his keen joy in the chase, his zest in the air of heaven, his exultance in successful use of strength and skill, just as we do now. He lived his day, and he lay down and died, just as we do now, and others took his place, as others yet will ours. Yet he had, as we have, that long clinging to life, that unreasonable but imperishable yearning for deathlessness, that rebellion against oblivion, which we have now, and ever will have. He wanted to survive. His friends, loving him as ours do us, placed with him in the grave not perishable flowers, but the sterner things he loved to handle. And so, surviving yet, pathetic enough with his poor belongings to make your eyes dampen, No. so-and-so, of Prof. So-and-so's collection of So-and-sos, holds out his bony hand, as good as yours or mine, to us across the years. He was an angler, and may God and nature rest his soul. Friend from Chile, was it good fishing, and did you have a pleasant day?

The Funniest Thing at the Fair.

The funniest thing that happened at the Fair—that is hard to say, since so many funny things came up all the time. No one on earth, who has not filled an attendant's place at some exhibit at the Fair, can have any idea what unspeakable idiots there are loose in the world, or how low is the order of intelligence shown by a great mass of the total of humanity. The prize "fool question" would be worth money, but it would be hard to determine. For instance, people, and hundreds of them, would stand before the FOREST AND STREAM big tarpon—whose name, by the way, they pronounced in all sorts of ingenious wrong fashions—and would ask the most absurd sort of questions, some of them almost too much even for the 12lbs. trigger pull politeness of the urbane Chief in attendance.

"Is that the real fish, mister, or just half of it?" one seeker would inquire.

"That is half of the original fish, bones and all, madam," would be the reply, as good as any for the purpose.

"Is that fish alive?" another would ask, and the Chief, tired out with the same question, would say, "No, sir, it is not, but it once was."

"Is it good to eat?" another curious soul would ask.

"No, sir," he would learn, "it isn't good to eat now." Then there would be a grave silence.

Take it all in all, I have heard about as funny things at the sign of the FOREST AND STREAM tarpon as anywhere, but the funniest thing I saw was one evening at the Sixty-third street gate, and by the way, the Chief before-mentioned figured in it, too. He and Billy Hofer and I were coming into the Fair one night after dinner, and the Chief had a camera along. That was in the days of high-handedness in camera matters, and the guard at the gate said:

"You can't make pictures in here without a permit."

"What, got to have a permit to photograph after dark?" said the Chief, who it seems had left his permit in the pocket of another coat.

"Well, you can't take that thing in there without a card," said the gateman, and though we guyed and chaffed him a good deal he stuck to it, and it looked as though we would have to lick him if we got the camera through. At length a thought struck the Chief. He pulled out a card about four by six inches in size, flashed the blank side in the face of the gateman and said:

"I suppose that's what you want to see."

"That's good enough for me," said the guard pompously, and the turnstile clicked three times. This is what the card had on the other side of it:

WORLD'S FAIR.

MANITOBA GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT.

Visitors to the Fair should see the

MANITOBA EXHIBIT ON STONY ISLAND AVENUE,

bet. 57th and 59th Sts.

Magnificent display of the Natural History and Products of this great Agricultural Province.

Admission Free. Open from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.

When Billy Hofer and I saw the true backwardness of this wrong but successful camera permit, we joined the Chief in a fit of laughter that nearly caused our arrest anyhow. I think that the whole incident, showing as it did the stupidity and inefficiency of an absurd system, and the lofty pomposity of its agent, made up the funniest thing I saw at the Fair.

The Most Popular Building at the Fair.

Probably the most popular building at the Fair was the Fisheries. Other buildings, such as the Manufactures or the Art Building, may have held more crowds, because they were larger, but the Fisheries caught the popular heart, and was visited and revisited by incessant throngs. This is the history of every exposition showing good displays of live fishes.

The Most Popular Paper at the Fair.

FOREST AND STREAM, being next to the door of the main entrance of the Angling Pavilion, had a location of extraordinary value. It was visited by untold thousands. No one, who has not stood there hour after hour, day after day, can imagine the numbers of the throngs that passed and tarried there, or can reproduce the original impressions conveyed by such multitudes. The FOREST AND STREAM register is a rare and valuable album of autographs. Few newspapers have ever had this singular opportunity of meeting face to face so large a per cent. of their constituency, or of learning so well the people, from which all constituencies are drawn. It was one continual levee, reception and review, and it would be strange indeed if the paper were not benefitted by it all. Richer than ever in its life it is in the personal friendships, the congratulations, the handshakes of its friends. The silent friends came out, the ones of which a paper never hears, who buy the paper and read it, but never say anything about it to the publishers. These silent readers, truly by thousands, shook hands with FOREST AND STREAM at the Fair. To them all the paper could do no less than return thanks, and I should think the makers of the paper would go on in their work with an added sense of their responsibilities in trying to serve a constituency so large, so kindly and so friendly. It is easy saying that FOREST AND STREAM was the most popular paper at the Fair. One cannot believe there ever was a paper more loved by its family; and after this season's rare experiences the paper cannot help loving its family even more than ever.

The Most Beautiful Woman at the Fair.

The most beautiful woman at the Fair, and this is relevant, too, in a paper which goes into the best of families and among the best of men—blew into the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit one day last August. She didn't walk in, but just sort of floated up over the step, her feet never touching the floor at all. She cast upon the belongings of the place beams from eyes as bright, but a good deal softer than the search light on the Manufactures Building. A gentle radiance lit up the dark corner where we try to hide the carpet sweeper, and when she spoke the glass eyes of the fishes in the cases softened and grew kind. Everything kind of swam, and trembled, and grew melodious and sweet, and whether it was a case for scent. sight or hearing, I never could seem to rightly tell. The best of everything has been at the Fair, and the only way you could possibly tell what was the best was by the length of time through which you remembered a thing amid all the confusion of impressions. I mathematically figure out that this was the most beautiful woman, being, or angel there was at the Fair, because I remember her, or it, longer. I remember, too, that she, or i , was frank and courteous, and that she said she came from Kentucky, and the Blue Grass region (the same country about which Mr. Waters writes so feelingly in a late issue). Then, unfortunately, all becomes a blank, for just as I was asking her to illuminate the register with her name, her husband, or something of the sort, came along and told her they would have to hurry if they got through the Government Building before dark. So all there remained to do was to press into her hand the last sample copy left in the place, of the greatest paper on earth, and fall back exhausted into the chair, as she floated away down the colonnade. Does any gentleman in Kentucky know who this, or it, was? There can't be any doubt about it, and there's only one Helen in this competition. As to color of hair or eyes, or any details of that sort, neither the Chief nor myself can tell, for we forgot to notice. All we know is, she. or it, never touched the floor, and that when she, or it, was there, you could see the tacks on the carpet sweeper in the darkest corner of the place. So we allow as how this was the most beautiful woman, angel, or spirit, there was at the Fair. As she is strong, may she be merciful as she goes through life.

The Biggest Gun at the Fair.

There seems to be doubt whether this was the Krupp cannon, D. H. Burnham, Director-General Davis, the photograph concession man, the restaurant waiter, or the unspeakable Turk.

The Funniest Man at the Fair.

The funniest man at the Fair was the "lecturer" in the ostrich farm. He kept even the ostriches stirred up.

The Luckiest Man at the Fair.

The luckiest man at the Fair was the sportsman. He could see the whole world of sport and the most improved implements for its practice. He could see every sort of wild animal he ever heard of, big game, small game, bird, quadruped or fish, of this or any other land. He could see paintings and photographs of the wildest parts of every country on the globe. He could see the boats, the vehicles, the means of transportation, of every people on the earth. He could see collections of weapons of all times in the history of every nation on the earth. He could see the most magnificent collections of modern weapons and implements of the chase ever gotten together in the history of the world. No gun ever made but he could see it represented here or equaled, and no rod, reel, line or appurtenance of angling did he ever dream but he could come here and see it actually, and more beside it. What a chance for outfitting the sportsman had! From elephant gun to collector's toy gun, from the ducking piece of America to the blow gun of Ceylon, from the gold mounted fly-rod to the long fishing arrows of South American river tribes, from jeweled reels to Alaskan bone-headed spears, from shining racing canoe to the Amazonian balsa or the East Indian outrigger—what could he not get? He could get anything and all things he wished, and be shown things of which he never would have thought. To the sportsman also the Fair served its purpose of education. The sportsman knows more than he did a few months ago. He knows how excellent are the products made for him by the makers of this and other countries. He has had the privilege of seeing and handling these. He has selected and bought with an aided and better judgment. The impetus to sporting trade must certainly be felt. In this FOREST AND STREAM must surely rejoice, and in this widening of the sportsman's horizon take a pleasure other than a material one. Of these it was its privilege and duty to tell.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 28 to Dec. 1.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark, N. J. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec'y.
Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.
Dec. 20 to 23.—Northern Ohio Pet Stock Association, at Akron, O. H. F. Peck, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 20.—Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials, at Newton, N. C. Members' Stake Nov. 16. W. A. Coster, Sec'y.
Nov. 20.—Gordon Setter Field Trials Club, at Freetown, Mass. C. R. Taylor, Sec'y, Providence, R. I.
Nov. 27.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at Thomasville, N. C. G. G. Davis, Sec'y.
Dec. 13 to 16.—Chicago K. C., at Chicago. G. H. Goodrich, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 1.—Southern California Field Trials, at Ontario, Cal. H. C Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal., Sec'y.
Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

The N. J. K. L. Meeting.

A MEETING of the executive committee was held at Newark on Nov. 8. Present: Messrs. Radel, Kuebler, Hanschet, Eisele, Seidler, Morris, Winters, Browe, Linck, Christopher, Sattler, Hahne, Seitz and other members of the league.

The house committee reported that they had fixed up the hall ready to receive the benches and that the superintendent, Mr. Read, from Spratts Patent, had expressed an opinion that it was an excellent place for a dog show.

The printing committee reported receipt of the lithographs from the Buffalo Courier Co. and that all arrangements had been made for advertising the show very extensively.

The finance committee reported progress, that enough cash was on hand to meet all liabilities. This committee was requested to present a detailed account from the treasurer for the next meeting.

An offer from the Carbolic Soap Co., of New York, to disinfect the show was accepted. A silver cup was offered by Dr. George Hoenung and another from Harry Arthur for the best puppy in the pointer puppy classes.

Members elected: Dr. W. W. Varick, of Jersey City, and Mr. Wackmueller, of Newark. The meeting then adjourned till the following Tuesday, Nov. 14.

Give Him a Chance.

MONTICELLO, N. Y.—I have "Training vs. Breaking" and have been training a young pointer by it. I have been training him about ten months more or less. I have had him in the woods three times. He is a first-class hunter, very fast, and has a good nose; but as yet he has failed to point on scent. I have worked him as near as I could according to the instructions in the book. I am working him on grouse. I have killed two with him in order to let him know what they were and what he was to hunt for; but I do not want to kill any more unless he points them. Would you kindly inform me how to proceed with him? He is well bred, and I think he should make the best of dogs if properly handled.

A. C. A.

[You have not given your dog one hundredth part of the opportunities needed to develop his pointing qualities. Do not be discouraged if he does not point at first. There is every probability that he will do so sooner or later. If you kill a bird now and then so the dog can see it done, it will prove a great incentive to him to exert himself in seeking and pointing.]

INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

NOV. 7 TO 10.

THE fourth annual field trials held by the International Field Trials Club, were brought to a successful close last Friday morning. The trials were held on the grounds of the Big Point Club near Mitchell's Bay, about 14 miles from Chatham, Ont.

It is unfortunate that the club could not procure better grounds for their trials. Besides the inconvenience in being so far from town the country is not at all well adapted to the work. The open country is too well cultivated, and the cover is chiefly fallen timber and in this most of the birds were found. At the same time this sort of work was a good test for intelligence and hunting sense, for a dog that tried to keep up a fast gait, Dogwood for instance, in this rough stuff had to jump from one log to another, and while this looked very pretty either the dog misses the birds or flushed. Cleopatra, the winner in the All-Age Stake, proved her excellence in both styles of hunting, for she kept generally to the ground in cover, and went in and out of the nooks and crannies between the logs with a purpose that was rewarded. There were altogether too many fences for wide ranging and naturally the trials—all being on foot—had to be conducted at a comparatively slow gait. It partook more of an ordinary day's shooting than any trials we have attended, and this we believe is the aim of the club. The weather throughout, excepting the morning of the third day, was beautiful, though the warmth of the sun, was uncomfortable both for man and beast during the midday hours. The ground was dry, which made scent elusive. The judges, Messrs. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich , G. T. Guttridge, Chatham, Ont., and W. T. Tristem, Detroit, Mich., were very painstaking and conscientious in their work, and probably the unfavorable conditions under which the trials were run made them give several dogs another chance that might well have been left out of the second and third series. They seemed to pull well together and gave their conclusions promptly and with satisfaction to all. On Mr. W. B. Wells fell the burden of carrying details and he did his part well. Mr. Wells is a Game Commissioner for Ontario, and also a leading member of the Big Point Club.

Mitchell's Bay is a famed ducking resort and there is capital snipe shooting.

The scarcity of quail prolonged the running to twice the length of time that it should have taken. Last February the weather was very severe, and throughout the country the quail crop suffered. In some districts there is scarcely a bird and only on these grounds, where these birds were well taken care of, were any bevies left. It is more than probable that next year the trials will be held on the old grounds, nearer Chatham, as the grounds will be restocked.

Most of the hunting was on land about two to three miles from the hotel at Mitchell's Bay. The greater part of the sportsmen put up at Raymond's National Hotel, a sort of mixture of country grocery store, beds and a bar. The outlook was not very inviting when we reached the hotel on Tuesday night after a long day's tramp, but a good meal awaited us, and when we found we should not all have to sleep in one bed we began to take a more roseate view of matters. The beds were comfortable, at least those that Mr. T. G. Davey's forethought had set apart for the representatives of the two kennel papers, and Mr. Raymond, our host, was untiring in his efforts to make all feel at home. His charges were reasonable, and there was no disposition anywhere to take advantage of the opportunity. Mr. Wells, Mr. Baugham and others had to drive some distance from the village to the club house, where they put up. Quite a number of sportsmen followed the dogs during the four days. Among them we noticed Paul F. Bagley, of Detroit, Mich., a son of Governor Bagley; Geo. Armstrong, from the same city; Mr. Hayne, Saginaw, Mich.; John Baird, George Briggs, C. A. Stone, from Toronto; R. Baugham, Windsor, Ont.; C. L. Atkinson, S. A. Wells, W. B. Wells, Dr. Kine, Chatham, Ont.; T. G. Davey, London, Ont.; H. W. Mitchell and A. McKill, Glencoe, Ont.; Rev. Mr. Franklin, Wallacebury, Ont., with Mr. Lane, of England; Chas. Allen, Bothwell, Ont.; Ed. Warner, Woodstock, Ont., and Christopher Robinson, Q. C., one of the counsel in the recent Behring Straits arbitration case, who, with Sir Charles Gwoski, donated the cup in the All-Age Stake, and J. B. Stoddard, of Thomasville, N. C.

When all are anxious to see the work of the dogs and owing to the nature of the country a clear view for any distance could not be gained without some effort, it is perhaps excusable that there was not the order maintained that we are wont to see, spectators from the surrounding country often getting too close and in front of the judges and reporters. There is little more to add excepting that the rules say that the first and second prize winners must run together. This, however, was not done in the All-Age Stake, and this is commented on in its proper place.

The drawing for the Derby took place at the Rankin House on Monday evening, and afterward the annual meeting was held, when the officers for ensuing year were elected.

TUESDAY, NOV. 7.

The Derby.

For setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892. Forfeit $2.50 and $2.50 additional for starters; eleven starters; 40% of entrance money to first, 20% to second, 15% to third and 10% to fourth. The dogs were drawn as follows:

Thos. Johnson's English setter Sancho (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing) with Dr. Totten's pointer Warwick Nellie (Camden Dick—Windsor Fannie).

W. B. Wells's English setter Mars (Cincinnatus—Mars) with T. G. Davey's pointer Ridgeview Comet (Lad of Kent—Ridgeview Lass).

Paul F. Bagley's pointer Dick (Duke of Hessen—Abbess of Kent) with Dr. Totten's English setter Speculation II. (Toledo Blade—Cambriana).

W. B. Wells's English setter Luna (Cincinnatus—Daphne) with Forest Kennels' English setter Forest Trip (Druid, Jr.—Breeze K.).

A. D. Welton's Irish setter Fingaln (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore) with T. Johnson's pointer Paul Francke (Ightfield Upton—Genevieve).

R. Bangham's English setter Doc a bye.

First Series.

Every one was up by daybreak this morning and soon ready for the drive of 12 miles to the Big Point Club grounds. The weather was cold and crisp, a heavy hoar frost covering the ground with its white pall. Arrived at the grounds the start was made about three miles from the village of Mitchell's Bay, a noted duck shooting resort. Game was not at all plentiful, and when found was generally hidden in the thick brush of fallen trees or in the fence rows. No time was wasted in starting the first brace with

SANCHO AND WARWICK NELLIE.—Cast off at 9:27 A. M. Sancho is a small black setter and was handled by "Sef" Hallam. Nellie is a light-weight pointer of fair body formation, but not by any means a show bitch. She was handled by Jos. Spracklin. She proved herself much the best in nose, pace and range, and showed a good deal of hunting sense in working out the fence bottoms where birds had been marked. Her style on point is rather slovenly, dropping on her belly invariably. She caught the second bird she pointed, and then further on pointed the rest of the bevy. Afterward she nailed several singles. Sancho acted very puppyish, and was guilty of chasing one single that got up ahead of him. Dogs were down 32m.

MARS AND RIDGEVIEW COMET.—Down at 10:06 where others taken up, and sent off in large stubble field. Mars had the services of Jos. Spracklin, and Ridgeview Comet was handled by Charles Allen. Mars is a good-looking English setter, hunts intelligently, and while not being particularly fast, covered more ground than the pointer, who was evidently not himself, having cut a pad on each hind foot, but he did not go lame. Whether this had much effect or not we cannot say. He is said to be a very fast and wide ranger, but here he kept very much to his handler. There was little work done on birds. Mars pointed one of the outlying singles of previous bevy; the point was honored by Comet. Mars afterward pointed false. They were ordered up at 11 o'clock.

DICK AND SPECULATOR II.—Put down at 11:10 in same ground. Dick is a pointer and was handled by J. Huddleston, and the English setter Speculator had the services of Jos. Spracklin. Neither dog showed much inclination to get out and hunt, though the setter ran the best. He pointed once, but nothing was found, and a few yards further he just stopped as a bird flushed wild out of fallen tree. They found nothing else, though down till 12:20. A reporter put up during the heat a nice bevy of birds that the dogs had passed. Lunch was in order now. The keen morning air and the long drive had sharpened our appetites, and it was a pretty hungry crowd that fell to by the roadside. The next brace down was

LUNA AND FOREST TRIP.—They were cast off at 12:52 P. M. Luna is an almost white setter, marked on head and stern; Forest Trip is an English setter, white body and lemon marked head. Jos. Spracklin handled Luna and Mr. MacGregor had charge of Forest Trip. They started in very rough cover, but getting into open Trip got out to his work the best, going in a merry style and hunting intelligently. Here Luna did not do so well, but in cover Trip would scarcely hunt, and the honors fell to Luna, who seemed to be quite at home among the fallen timber. Luna pointed unsteadily once, Trip backed, but unsteady at shot. Luna pointed as bird flushed another time. Considering her better endurance and all-round hunting ability, she had the best of a rather poor race. The sun made us all uncomfortably warm and dryied the leaves and grass. The scent was poor. These two ran 57 minutes.

FINGALN AND PAUL FRANCKE.—Down at 2:22. Fingaln, handled by Jos. Spracklin, is an Irish setter, and Paul, handled by Sefton Hallam, is a big white English setter with black marked head. Fingaln was the first to score, nailing birds at edge of a wheat field, Paul would not back, Fingaln steady to shot and kill, but Paul broke a little. Again Fingaln nailed a single, but moved a little as handler flushed. Fingaln got two more further on, and followed this up by another single. Fingaln showed himself to be a careful ranger, getting out fairly well, always under good control, good nose and lots of sense. He gained many friends for the Irish cause by good work in a rough country. Paul was heedless, would not back and showed little hunting ability. Up at 3:12.

DOC (a bye).—Down at 3:20 with an outside dog. Handled by Jos. Spracklin. A great deal of varied ground was hunted out in a forty-five minutes' run, but no game was found, though Doc went out to his work well and hunted intelligently. The judges then consulted and called for

Second Series.

WARWICK NELLIE AND MARS.—Down at 4:25. These two ran for fifty-five minutes, but could not scare up a feather, though Mars consoled himself for the lack of game by pointing a black cat in a tree stump in a very stylish manner, and was steady to a wild flush. Nellie proved the speediest and wider ranger, hunting out the likely ground independently. Though Mars was not so fast he also hunted out the likely places in a busy manner. This finished the day's work, three miles from the hotel.

WEDNESDAY.

Another beautiful Indian summer's day. The air keen and frosty in the early morning hours, but genial and almost too warm, especially for the dogs, as the day grew older. The start was made in the same rough country that we hunted over yesterday. The first brace down was

SANCHO AND FINGALN, at 7:50 A. M. in a corn patch. The reason for Sancho's re-entry on the scene is not apparent, as he had done nothing in the previous heat to warrant it. He raced round as usual at a good speed, but with little intelligence or aim. Fingaln got out well and succeeded in finding a small bevy on which he acted nicely. Up at 8:18. It looked very much at this stage of the game as if there was some hope for Home Rule after all, as the Irishman had the sympathy of the crowd.

FOREST TRIP AND DOC.—Down at 8:25. Soon after starting in rough cover Doc made a *faux pas* in flushing a single from a fallen tree stump. He redeemed himself later by pointing two birds and then stopped on foot scent. He hunted industriously and with fair intelligence, quartering his ground more thoroughly and at greater speed than Trip, who, however, did somewhat better to-day among the fallen timber. Still he showed no good reason why he should have come into the second series. They ran 39m.

LUNA (a bye) had Speculator II. as a brace mate. They were cast off at 9:10. A great deal of varied country was covered, but they failed to find. Up at 9:26.

Third Series.

WARWICK NELLIE AND FINGALN.—They were put down at 9:30 in a large stubble field. While Fingaln got out to his work well and quartered his ground systematically, the pointer had the advantage in wide and fast ranging. Two points were made by Fingaln, one of which scored. Up 9:46.

DOC AND MARS.—Down at 9:58 after a two minutes' run and a half-mile walk to different ground. Spracklin handled both dogs. In a corner of cornfield a bevy flushed wild, and on the scattered birds in fallen timber some lively work ensued, though the dogs were not very steady; the nature of this cover work does not conduce to steadiness. Doc was first to score, getting a small bevy and then a single, but he also flushed once. Birds were scattered among the logs and each dog scored, though both unsteady at flush. Up at 10:44. In the style of work done and the way he ranged, Mars had slightly the best of it. Judges after a little consultation then announced Warwick Nellie first, Fingaln second, Mars third and Doc fourth.

All-Aged Stake.

For pointers and setters. Forfeit $5 and $5 additional for starters. Purse—First 40% of entrance money and cup presented by Sir Cassimer Gzowski and Christopher Robinson, Q. C., cup to be held yearly until won thrice by same kennel or owner; second 30%, third 15% of entrance money.

The dogs were drawn as follows:

A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's Dogwood (Ightfield Dick—Ightfield Beda), 18mos., with W. Hutchins's Monk of Furness Fan (Monk of Furness—Faydith), 4½yrs.

T. G. Davey's pointer Jone (Lord Graphic—Devonshire Fan), 3yrs., with Frank Smith's English setter Joker, 2yrs.

W. B. Wells's English setter Cleopatra (Mingo II.—Cambriana), 2½yrs., with T. Andrews's English setter Glencoe Lill.

Eddy & Armstrong's English setter Toledo Bee (Toledo Blade—Maggie Bee), 3yrs., with A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's pointer Musa (Ightfield Dick—Ightfield Clio), 2½yrs.

W. B. Wells's English setter Luke (Toledo Blade—Cambriana), 3½yrs., with T. Johnson's English setter Manitoba Psyche (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), 3yrs.

C. Clark's English setter Athol (pedigree unknown), 4yrs., with T. G. Davey's English setter Brighton Tobe (Locksley—Leddersdale II.), 3yrs.

Thomas Johnson's English setter Manitoba Patti (Duke of Gloster—Flora), 4yrs., with H. D. Mitchell's Gordon setter Ned (pedigree unknown), 4yrs.

T. G. Davey's English setter Brighton Clip (Canadian Jester—Lassie), 2½yrs , a bye.

No time was wasted in commencing the first series in this stake, the draw having taken place the previous evening. The first brace,

DOGWOOD AND MONK OF FURNESS FAN, was called at 10:58. Dogwood is a stylish looking liver and white pointer and was in charge of "Sef" Hallam. Fan is a white and orange English setter and was handled by Charles Allen. They started in wheat stubble and ranged out well, especially Dogwood, who goes great guns all the time, but his legs go faster than his head, I should surmise, especially when the cover is rough. Jumping from log to log at speed while very pretty is not calculated to find birds in such cover. Though both made game they failed to find birds that flushed as judges came up. Further on Dogwood scored nicely on two birds and was steady to shot. Fan dropped to order. Dogwood had clearly the best of it in pace, nose and wide ranging. Up at 11:32. A break was then made for lunch by the roadside, but no time was wasted and we soon had the next brace,

JONE AND JOKER.—Down at 12:09 in open stubble. The ground was very dry and the sun so warm that the dogs soon became distressed and their noses failed them at critical times. J. Spracklin handled Joker and T. G. Davey had Jone in hand. They got among a lot of scattered birds in rough, fallen timber, and it was hard to tell once or twice whether dogs or handlers were responsible for the birds that flushed out of the brush. Joker was the first to stop as a bird flushed, Jone dropping to order. Jone nailed a single nicely. They should have pointed some birds in cornfield that were flushed after they passed. Neither dog did work that entitled them to much consideration, though certainly they ran at a bad time of day. Up at 1:28.

CLEOPATRA AND GLENCOE LILL.—J. Spracklin brought out Cleopatra and Glencoe Lill had the services of T. Anderson. Cleopatra is a small, nicely-formed bitch with markings on head. Lill is a large, loosely-made English setter, almost all white. Cleopatra was said to be fast, and she certainly did seem to go like the wind alongside such a slow coach as Lill. She hunted out her ground very much after the style of the celebrated Wun Lung, and is about the same size as he was, makes wide casts, covering the likely spots and always has an eye to the fences. She picked up the only bevy found, Lill backing nicely. A great deal of mixed ground was hunted out. Lill needed continued urging to get out and hunt. Cleopatra soon became a favorite. Up at 2 o'clock.

TOLEDO BEE AND MUSA.—Toledo Bee, a heavily marked rather good looking English setter was handled by Spracklin and "Sef" Hallam had the English pointer, a lightly built white and liver. Cast off at 2:08 in stubble. They ran till 2:45 and threshed out a lot of miscellaneous country. Several points, on footscent probably, were taken by both dogs. No birds were found throughout the heat, though both dogs hunted intelligently and at a good pace. The pointer was the faster, more stylish on point and was going stronger when called up at 3:16, after being down 1h. 8m. A severe test in the dry warm going.

LUKE AND PSYCHE.—Down at 3:17 in fallen timber. W. B. Wells handled his handsome heavily marked English setter Luke; and Psyche, a small black setter, was in charge of "Sef" Hallam. Luke scored a nice stylish point in cover and was steady to shot, but Psyche coming up went on and flushed a single. After hunting out a lot of ground in which Luke showed the most systamatic range, he pointed the largest bevy yet seen in a stylish manner, a picture of which we hope to be able to publish shortly. Psyche is fast but has a slouching aimless style of going and by no means had the nose or ability of Luke. Up at 4:10.

ATHOL AND BRIGHTON TOBE.—Down at 4:15, edge of woods. Spracklin handled Athol and T. G. Davey Tobe. Both are rather plain looking English setters. Athol first to point, but bird got up after handler tried for it. Some birds were flushed that Tobe should have got. Athol then claimed a point, dogs were unsteady and birds flushing continually out of the old tree stumps. Neither dog behaving very well, handlers being a little too eager. Athol nailed a single nicely and was well backed. Then at finish Tobe stopped on a bird, but Athol not backing, went in ahead and flushed the bird, a bad piece of work, both steady to wing. There was little difference in speed and range, and both seemed off nose. Up at 4:50.

MANITOBA PATTI AND NED.—Patti, an English setter, nicely marked, was handled by "Sef" Hallam, and Ned, a Gordon, had the services of Tom Hallam. It was getting dusk now, and though they covered a good deal of ground no game was found. Patti had much the best of it in every way; Ned being something of a potterer, a handy dog for the gun, probably, in this fallen cover, but not a field trial dog. They will go down to-morrow. The finish was about two miles from the hotel.

THURSDAY.

On looking out of our bedroom windows this morning it seemed as if we were doomed to a day of inaction. During the night a heavy fog had come in from the bay and the mist was so dense one could scarcely see across the road. Every one had expected that the trials would close to-day, and this would have been the case could we have commenced at the usual hour. There was nothing for it, however, but to wait. Anticipation soon gave place to *ennui* as we waited for the fog to rise. It cleared a little by 9:30 and the dogs were called out. Although we could scarcely see across the fields, the unfinished heat with Manitoba Patti and Ned was continued at 9:42. They were cast off near the hotel on ground not yet hunted over. They did not find, but Patti did much the best ranging. Up at 10:02.

BRIGHTON CLIP a bye. This he ran with Ridgeview Comet, Mr. Davey handling him and Chas. Allen having charge of Comet. Clip is a heavily marked English setter with a tan head. Soon after starting it was found that the pointer had something, and Clip was brought to back, which he did stylishly. Allen put up a nice bevy, both steady to wing. Clip pointed footscent and a field further, hunting alone on scattered birds, Clip nailed two nicely. Up 10:27. Clip showed fair range, but not an over keen nose.

Second Series.

The judges then called for

DOGWOOD AND JONE. Mr. Davey handled Jone the first part of the heat, but feeling indisposed, Allen took his place. Down at 10:47 in wheat stubble. This was a more cultivated part of the country and going was good for the dogs, but birds were scarce. The sun began to show himself at this time, and the mist was quickly dispelled by the aid of a north wind, the only semblance of a breeze we have had during the trials. Both dogs started well and ranged out, but Dogwood was the speedier, and the stubble just suited his style of action. Had he a little more intelligence in hunting out the likely spots and not be so intent on covering so much territory he would be a better dog and get more game probably. Nothing was found. Up 11:20.

CLEOPATRA AND TOLEDO BEE.—Jos. Spracklin had both of them in hand and sent them off at 11:27 in large stubble field. Cleopatra as usual went a fast gait but knew what she was after and missed few likely places. Bee hunted intelligently too, but cannot cover the ground nor quarter his ground so systematically as the bitch. Bee pointed two or three times in his peculiar dropping style, but nothing came of it. He was honored by the bitch. At 11:42 they were called up and it was decided to take lunch by the roadside and then move on to the old grounds. The sandwiches tucked away where they would be most appreciated, no time

was wasted on digestion, but jumping into the wagons we soon had the next brace down.

BRIGHTON TOBE AND LUKE.—Down in cornfield at 12:26. Working into fallen timber Luke was said to have flushed. Up at 1:11. Tobe hunted out his ground more independently and always had the speed and range of the other, who seemed to loaf a bit to-day. It was a pity more satisfactory work was not done on birds, ground was fast drying up and scent lay badly.

MANITOBA PATTI AND BRIGHTON CLIP.—Down at 1:13 in fallen cover. Another unsatisfactory heat; a lot of ground was threshed out, but not a feather found. Patti got out to her work the best and made wider and more intelligent independent casts.

MUSA (a bye).—Sent off alone at 1:43 and ran well till 2:15. She goes with equal vim either in stubble or over fallen timber, and it would be perhaps more to her credit if she didn't skip the logs quite so fast.

The judges then consulted and called for

DOGWOOD AND CLEOPATRA.—A 45-minute wait for dogs to be brought up, as we had hunted away from the wagons, and these two fast travelers were sent off at 2:57 in bean stubble. This was a very pretty race, and led by Cleopatra may be termed the best approach to "high class" work yet seen in the trials. Both dogs are fast, the pointer having the advantage, but when it comes to intelligent, systematic range and nose Cleo must take the palm, and she is also under best control, though we do not mean to infer that Dogwood is at all heedless. Getting into fallen timber Cleo did a pretty piece of work among the fallen logs. Pointing and roading up to a fallen tree she located the bevy and made a most stylish point, held it till Dogwood came up, and he stiffened out a yard or two behind, completing one of the prettiest scenes we ever saw at any field trials, the surroundings lending a charming background. A large bevy was put up and dogs were steady to wing. It was a proud moment for Spracklin. If the fates and the light are propitious this scene will be published in FOREST AND STREAM. They were called up shortly after 3:32. If Dogwood would hunt between the logs in fallen timber he would stand a better chance of finding birds, Cleo's more intelligent work in this respect was very noticeable.

MANITOBA PATTI AND BRIGHTON CLIP.—These were sent off together again at 3:35 after the scattered birds. Some time after Clip pointed by a fallen log, and Patti backed, but nothing found there, though a few yards to right as dogs were sent on, spectators flushed two birds. They were up at 3:54, with the running all in favor of Clip.

MUSA AND BRIGHTON TOBE.—Down at 4:04. This was a long tiresome heat and continued till dusk. Tobe seemed off nose, and did not avail himself of several good chances on bevies. They both ranged wide and intelligently. In rough plough birds flushed in front of Tobe, but whether he was responsible or not no one could see. Mr. Davey claims that he was urging his dog on with his hat in hand and scared up two outlying birds, and they getting up caused the balance to flush, but admits his dog should have found them. None of the judges or spectators were in a position to see what the dog did. Previous to this Tobe had flushed a bevy in long grass outside of woods. There was a little talk over the last flush, and there was some little feeling displayed, but we believe all was smoothed over afterward, and it was the only hitch during the trials. Every one was disappointed that the finish must go over till another day.

FRIDAY.

Final Series.

MUSA AND BRIGHTON TOBE.—The morning broke cloudy, and the air was raw and chilly, but there was little wind. The start was made in fields by the hotel, at 8:12, but it was some time, an hour or more, before we met a farmer who put us on to a "bird district," the dogs meanwhile ranging out well. Musa is said to have flushed twice on entering woods, then both dogs pointed staunchly in different places and each had a single. Previous to this both dogs made uncertain points and moved on. Dogs were called up at 9:24 and judges consulted. There was some discussion as to interpretation of rules of running first and second dogs together, but as handlers and owners were willing and anxious for a decision at once, the judges announced Cleopatra first, Brighton Tobe second, and Musa third. The first award was entirely indorsed, Tobe's previous day's work and Musa's flushes to-day should have caused Luke and Dogwood to be tried again. These named, however, were the best dogs in the stake. Congratulations over, we were quickly in the wagons where our baggage had already been stowed away, the fourteen miles to Chatham were covered in good time in spite of the rough roads, and every one seemed pleased that the weary tramping was over for this year.

H. W. LACY.

Finsbury Duke and Finsbury Dong.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Finding myself illy reconciled to the unfortunate results of my September pug importations, I sent immediately to England for the most promising dog before the public, as well as for the best obtainable son of the lamented Dong, and the pair was shipped, through Spratts Patent, from Southampton, Oct. 21, per the fast American Liner New York, which reached her dock on this side on the morning of the 28th or in four hours less than seven days. And I would here say that, while the expense of shipping by the fast lines is slightly greater, the results are far more satisfactory, as the dogs apparently receive more consideration and care; better quarters, and the nervous tension of the passage is largely reduced by the quicker time. Had poor Dong been forwarded by a fast mail steamer, it is fair to presume that he would be alive to-day, and impressing his character upon the fancy. On the other hand, had his excellent young son, who was sea-sick the entire trip, been sent by freight steamer, there is little doubt that he would have shared the fate of his sire. As it was, he arrived in rather poor condition, while his mate, who is a better traveler, landed in fine fettle.

Finsbury Duke (E. 35121) was born Oct. 6, 1891, and is by Champion Confidence ex Ladybird, the latter being better than half-sister to Pooty, the dam of Dong. Confidence is one of the most famous and successful show dogs and sires in England, and Ladybird herself is the winner of four first prizes at the Pug Club shows in London. Duke has been seen at quite a number of the best shows in the kingdom, among his wins being first at Newcastle-on-Tyne, two firsts at Edinburg and first at the Pug Club Show, London, defeating Fair Masher, Bradford Silver King, Clarence, Bradford Chief and others. He is a beautiful little fellow, weighing only 12½lbs., and if there are any who can beat him in a single feature, there are none who can equal him in all-round quality. He is, moreover, a fine sire, and with his royal breeding, which is entirely new on this side, a successful future may confidently be expected for him.

Finsbury Dong (Reg. E.) was born Aug. 16, 1891, and is by Dong ex Mabelle, the latter being by the famous King of Diamonds ex Daisy. He likewise is a small dog, weighing under 14lbs. and of high quality, possessing in many respects the strong characteristics of his sire—the same immense head and wonderful wrinkle, the broad square muzzle, the magnificent eyes and the dense black trace and markings, while in body properties he is all that could reasonably be desired. Owing to his youth, he has never been shown, although it was the intention to bring him out at Birmingham, Oct. 26, at which time he was on the water; but his late owner writes: "I think he will do you a lot of good, both on the bench and at stud," and it is hoped and believed that this friendly prediction will be verified.

Altogether, I am well pleased with this little pair, and am sure the pug fancy will be similarly inclined on personal acquaintance.

F. C. NIMS.

PAINESVILLE, Ohio, Nov. 6.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

FROM Mr. Eugene H. Lahee, Alton, Ill., a gentleman sportsman of the true type, comes the sad information that his setter dog, which he highly prized, is dead. The photograph of the dog which he mentions is that of a handsome, upstanding fellow, with every evidence of high breeding and symmetry of form. Mr. Lahee writes as follows: "I have lost my beautiful setter Ben Ruby (No. 27,966 A. K. C. Register). Some villain poisoned him. I think it must be one of a gang of thieves and house-breakers who have been working about here. He was one of the most intelligent dogs I ever saw and I feel his loss deeply. I send you a picture of him, which is the only one I have."

The practical workings of a field dog on game, as to the manner of the performance, seem to have caused a variety of opinions among sportsmen. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Hough may be the best representatives of the different views. Mr. Hough's standard is rather high, however, even for an extremist. To fill it fully a setter or pointer must be able to jump a twelve-rail fence, taking a whirl sidewise at the highest point of flight. If run over harshly by a heavy truck wagon or folded up violently by the kick of a mule the dog should show no more emotion than mild surprise and suffer no physical inconvenience whatever. The dog should have a large head and large feet, the first for a large brain, the second because a dog with big feet is stronger than one with small feet. The dog is supposed to eat heartily at every opportunity and to work till he is choked off. I would like very much to see a discussion on the qualities of a field dog between the two gentlemen hereinbefore mentioned, and as I have been at some pains in describing the ideal of one of them it is but fair to give the views of the other. Under date of Oct. 28 Mr. Johnson writes me as follows:

"I note your little chaff *re* Mr. Hough's idea of a field dog. Mr. Hough and Mr. D. evidently have a sympathetic cord, *re* the work a dog should do and how he should do it. But men like myself, who watch a dog's every movement, who see things that create pleasure and delight in every motion—something that warms you up to think of, and who never have a thought as to whether the bag contains game or not, can never agree with men whose only interest in his dog is when some attendant or friend calls his attention to its being on "point," and the more he kills the more loudly will he bawl of the brilliant work his dog did.

"I am going on a moose hunt on Monday, so Chatham is not likely to see me this year.

"Sefton Hallam, late with A. P. Heywood Lonsdale, England, is open for an engagement either as breaker or to take charge of a kennel. Mr. Lonsdale speaks of him in the highest terms, and for the short time he has been with me I have found him everything I could wish. He is running my own and Mr. Lonsdale's dogs at the International Field Trials on Nov. 7, after which he will be at liberty. His address is care of W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont., or Thos. Johnson."

Mr. W. B. Stafford, the well known handler of Trenton, Tenn., met with an accident at the United States Field Trials which might have had serious results, but fortunately resulted in nothing worse than a general roughing and shaking up. He had a horse which was spirited and somewhat fractious. In mounting him after lunch, he slipped, the horse got out of control and dragged him by the foot 40 or 50yds., kicking vigorously in the meantime. Most happily Mr. Stafford's foot got disengaged from the stirrup and the danger ended.

The trial of the fiend MacLin, who, it will be remembered, achieved notoriety for acts of inhumanity heretofore unknown in the dog world, takes place on Nov. 16. More funds are necessary for his prosecution. While it cannot be said that there is any direct claim on the dogmen to contribute there is a fraternal claim which should not be ignored. All organizations, or fraternities, or families, etc., have a pride in the good name and the good behavior of its members. Any flagrant violation of accepted laws, written or unwritten, is followed by an earnest denouncement of the offense and punishment is possible. *Esprit de corps* is necessary if favorable public sentiment is to be held, and if the fraternity hold its own self respect and confidence.

The Maclin Matter.

In some remarks on the Maclin matter which I sent in a day or two since, I mentioned that there was not sufficient money on hand to prosecute Maclin. That was true then, but not now. After lunch on Thursday, at Bicknell, after announcing some other business, Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the U. S. F. T. Club, gave a brief mention of the incidents pertaining to Maclin's inhumanity to the dogs in his charge, and that his prosecution was fixed for Nov. 16, and the prosecution fund was short $50, and that those desiring to do so could contribute. It is a pleasure to write that there was a most generous response. Mr. J. M. Freeman for a few minutes could not take in the money as fast as it was offered. By the prosecution of Maclin there is a probability that the wretch will receive a richly merited punishment, but in any event the denouncement of the outrage is on record, and there is not the apathy among the fraternity which there seemed to be. Following is a list of the contributors: P. T. Madison, J. L. Adams, Royal Robinson, J. H. Kerr, B. Waters, Manchester Kennel Co., each $5; G. T. Kerr, $3; Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, Maj. J. M. Taylor, J. M. Avent and C. Davies, each $2; Samuel Socwell, L. W. Blankenbaker, G. H. Reed, Frank Richards, J. H. Johnsen, Geo. E. Gray and Theo. Goodman, each $1; cash, $1; total, $49. It will be remembered that Maclin's outrage was in starving to death a number of dogs which he had in training for sportsmen. He was charged with the crime and arrested. The kennel the night following was burned with both its living and dead occupants. At the justice trial Maclin was not convicted. He was indicted afterward for perjury and arson, for which he will be tried on the date aforementioned.

The Glen Rock Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog Paul Dombey (Chance—Nettie Bevan) died recently. He was entered in the All-Age Stake of the U. S. trials. He had distinguished himself in the Southern trials and, I believe, was bred by Mr. H. S. Bevan.

As far as a rabbit supply and good coursing grounds are concerned, no better place for a beagle trial than Bicknell, Ind., could be found. During the running of the field trials a great number of rabbits were found, sometimes two at a time, and one time five were found. It would strain a beagle's voice were he to attempt to follow and give full measure of tongue to each trail he could run at one time. There are rabbits by the thousand about Bicknell. They are found in the open weed fields and in cover alike.

B. WATERS.

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

DOG CHAT.

Chicago K. C. Show.

The premium list of the Chicago Kennel Club show to be held Dec. 13 to 16, comes to hand as we go to press. The list is very liberal in some respects. Mastiffs, rough St. Bernards and great Danes get $40, $20 and $10 in open classes, challenge $15. There are other prizes of $30, $15 and $10 for such breeds as pointers and setters, and collies and fox-terriers get $20, $10 and $5 in open, and no class gets less than $10 and $5. Entries close Dec. 4 with Mr. Goodrich, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn street, Chicago. The judges are: For St. Bernards, mastiffs, great Danes, beagles, E. Bardoe Elliott, Maywood, Ill.; bulldogs, bull terriers, fox terriers, collies, rough terriers, greyhounds, black and tans, Yorkshires, pugs and toys, George Wilson, Chicago; pointers, setters, field and cocker spaniels, Tim Donoghue, La Salle, Ill.; foxhounds, deerhounds and Russian wolfhounds, Col. Roger Williams, Lexington, Ky.; Irish water spaniels, W. H. Colcord, Chicago; miscellaneous will be divided, under 30lbs., E. Bardoe Elliott; over 30lbs., Geo. Wilson. Further consideration must be left for next week.

Gordon Setter Trials.

The entry blanks for the Inaugural field trials of the Gordon Setter Field Trials Club, have been sent out. The entries closed last Monday. The president of the club is the popular sportsman, E. Knight Sperry, New Haven, Conn., W. H. Tellinghast D.D.S., vice-president and secretary Chas. R. Taylor, Providence, R. I. Mr. Taylor also sends us a photograph of a handsome silver epergne that has been given for competition in the Derby, by Miss S. A. Nickerson, owner of the Inwood Kennels. Mr. C. M. Kenyon gives a similar prize in the All-Age Stake. Mr Tom Hallam was thinking of entering Ned, the Gordon, that ran at Chatham last week, but we are afraid the entries closed too soon for him to have attended to it after those trials. Mr. Taylor thinks the trials will prove a success the prospects being very encouraging.

Rustic Beauty Goes West.

Not content with taking the crack St. Bernard Sir Bedivere from Mr. Reick's kennel, Mr. C. A. Pratt, of Little Rock, Ark., has purchased at a long figure a good bitch in Rustic Beauty, that Mr. Reick imported recently. We are not surprised at this sale for, judging from Arthur Tricketts, remarks when here, we thought perhaps this might be the good bitch he had in view. Rustic Beauty besides being in the first rank as a show bitch is also a good mother, and this is almost as an important consideration these days of disappointment. Mr. Reick has a good litter out of her now. Mr. Pratt deserves every good fortune in his plucky purchases. Rustic Beauty was shipped Nov. 7.

Entries closed last Saturday, for the local dog show to be held in Hamilton, Ont., Nov. 18, in the old armory.

N. J. K. L. Show.

The committee have made several changes in the premium list: In Russian wolfhounds a puppy class has been provided with cash prizes. In pointers two puppy classes will be provided with cash premiums and a silver cup as a special will be given in each of these classes. In bulldogs and collies a puppy class with cash premiums will be given. In poodles it is probable that separate classes will be made for dogs and bitches, as well as puppy classes in the curly division. In Italian greyhounds a challenge class with a cash prize will be provided, and probably a puppy class.

The celebrated English bulldog Found It has, it is stated, been purchased by a fancier on this side.

The once celebrated Duke of Marlborough is dead, having been killed through a kick from a horse.

Mr. R. K. Armstrong, manager of the Cragstone Kennels, cannot buy the collie Rufford Ormonde, so purchases a wonderfully good seven-months pup by the crack out of Rufford Daisychain, and also two good bitches in whelp to Rufford Ormonde. This kennel should be able to show a strong team even now.

Mr. Symonds writes us that he has withdrawn from the firm of Toon & Symonds, and that Mr. George Thomas takes his place. The firm will now be Toon & Thomas. We regret Mr. Symonds's decision.

Mr. W. J. Tulk, assistant secretary of the H.K.C. and owner of the Hamilton Greyhound Kennels, has gone into partnership with John G. Kent, of Toronto, in English greyhounds and Russian wolfhounds. All the dogs will be kept by the Hamilton fancier, and the kennels will be known as the Terra Cotta Kennels. Messrs. Kent and Tulk intend to lower the flags of some of the American kennels that are strong in the same breeds, and they are negotiating now for, and intend to import, some good dogs. Among the dogs they have on hand at the present time, is the wolfhound bitch Krimena, winner of first prize puppy class New York show last spring, as well as several others, at different shows. She is due to whelp this week to Champion Argoss. Mr. Kent is well known as an enthusiastic fancier, he having at one time owned the finest greyhound that ever came to America—Champion Memnon—now dead. He also owned several other dogs, but of late years has dropped out of the fancy. However, his old love for dogs has induced him to go into them again, and he is welcome.

We regret to hear that Dr. William Mole, V. S., of Toronto, is down with typhoid fever, and wish him a speedy recovery.

There was a mistake in the N. J. K. L. premium list, regarding the special offered by Mr. W. C. Reick, owner of the N. Y. St. Bernard Kennels. It should have read, "for the best St. Bernard dog in the show, barring Sir Bedivere." This bars Princess Florence and on Miss Whitney's previous rulings, we don't see where Mr. Reick could have been accused of working a point for Princess Florence, even had the original reading of the offer been correct.

The Toronto Kennel has changed its quarters to 49 King street. The club had a sort of house warming Nov. 9, and with Pres. J. F. Kirk in the chair, a pleasant time was passed. Mr. Kirk gave an interesting talk on the troubles of recovering lost dogs, recounting many of his own amusing experiences. The rooms are supplied with all the kennel journals of this country and England. The club has done and will do much useful work in Toronto. A smoking concert will be held in about a fortnight, Messrs. Williams, Elmore and Fraser, the secretary, having the arrangements in hand.

Mr. J. H. Laroche, of Binghamton, N. Y., appeals to the aid of "The Gentleman's Sporting Paper" to recover a pointer dog that escaped from a baggage car at Oil City, Pa., last Thursday. It is a large dog, white and liver ticked, short tail, wears a nickel-plated collar and answers to the name of Bevis. If any of our readers in that section drop across such a dog we are sure they will be only too glad to give information to this office or to the owner.

THE UNITED STATES F. T. C. TRIALS.

NOV. 6 TO 11.

THE old field trial grounds at Bicknell, Ind., were used for the running of Trials A of the third annual trials of the United States Field Trial Club, commencing Nov. 6.

The trials were wonderfully successful both in respect to the number of starters and the quality of the competition. There were $2,400 in purses, of which $600 was apportioned to the Setter and Pointer Derby respectively, $250 to first, $200 to second and $150 to third; $100 additional to the absolute winner; total value of stake, $1,300. The All-Age Stake for pointers and setters respectively, had a total value of $1,100, divided into $200, $175 and $125, first, second and third respectively; $100 additional to the absolute winner.

The first payment of fees on Derby entries amounted to $790, the second to $620, the third to $300. In the All-Age Stake, the nomination fees paid in amounted to $580; starting fees, $800. Total fees, $3,090.

There were seventy starters in all the stakes, which made a remarkably large trial.

There was a large number of visitors each day, who followed the trials with close attention. Among those present were Messrs. J. L. Adams, Louisville; J. E. Isgrigg and L. Rice, Chicago; S. H. Socwell, W. A. Hinesley, T. P. Whiting, J. H. Kerr, J. B. McGuffin, B. Schwinge and G. T. Kerr, of Indianapolis; John A. Hunter, Bloomington, Ind.; Col. A. G. Sloo, J. R. Balmer, Vincennes; J. M. Taylor, New York; C. H. Proctor, Union City, Ind.; A. M. Young and Mr Atherton, proprietors of the Manchester Kennel Co.; A. J. Latta, Jr., Denver; J. M. Freeman, Bicknell, and a number of others. From thirty to forty horsemen followed the trials each day, and there were spectators who rode in carriages. Several ladies showed their interest by honoring the trials with their presence, some following on horse-back, some preferring to follow in a carriage.

The weather as a whole was remarkably pleasant and mild—too warm, however, for the best field work of the dogs.

The grounds were too limited in area for such a large trial. Four or five times as much would be none too much. The same grounds were worked over once at least every day, and sometimes twice. Then too, the same objections prevail now as in times past. The fields are too small, there are too many fences and the grounds are strung together too irregularly. There were plenty of birds in a limited part of the grounds, while in others they were scarce. On the whole, the judges did remarkably well considering the limited test afforded by the grounds and the difficult conditions of weather, that is warm and dry weather.

The judges were Mr. John Bolus, Wooster, O.; Mr. Royal Robinson, Indianapolis, Ind., and Mr. John Barker, Racine, Wis. Mr. Robinson could not remain to judge the All-Age Setter Stake. Capt. C. E. McMurdo, of Charlottesville, Va., accepted an invitation to judge instead.

It was a great trial for the pointers, as the records will show. Indeed, pointers have improved greatly. The best ones do not potter or loaf, they carry a high nose, go to their birds quickly and accurately, and have the dash and fire of their rivals, the setters. Great advances have been made in pointer breeding in the past two or three years. The improvement is not limited to field quality. It includes physical form. The average or poor pointers of this trial would be equal to the best of ten years ago.

MONDAY.

The Pointer Derby.

The dogs were drawn in the following order:

Castleman Kennels' lemon and white bitch Nellie S. (Fritz—Telley), W. B. Stafford, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black and white dog Wrecker (Rip Rap—Croxie Wise), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler.

Castleman Kennels' lemon and white dog Plute (Fritz—Telley), W. B. Stafford, handler, with Glen Rock Kennels' liver and white dog Twinkle (Duke of Kent II.—Bessie Capas), C. E. Davies, handler.

E. M. Beale's liver and white bitch Alice Leslie (King of Kent—Belle Randolph), S. J. McCartney, handler, with Geo. E. Gray's liver and white dog Strideaway (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot), owner, handler.

John H. Alexander's liver and white bitch Fayette Alexander (King of Kent—Lennie Bijou). B. W. Butterfield, handler, with G. R. Howse's (agent) liver and white bitch Lula K. (Ossian—Pearl's Dot), G. R. Howse, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white ticked bitch Selah (Rip Rap—Dexter's Dolly), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler, with W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog Little Ned (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton), F. Richards, handler.

Horace F. Wood's liver and white bitch Rose (Ossian—Forest Queen II.), B W. Butterfield, handler, with George Catlett's black and white bitch Queen (Ossian—Pearl's Pride), G. R. Howse, handler.

Dr. John R. Daniels's liver and white dog Beppo's Genius (Beppo III.—Lord Graphic's Gem), C. Barker, handler, a bye.

After the drawing took place, a start was made and the trials began at a reasonably early hour. The weather was rather warm for good work. There was but little air stirring. Birds were not moving in the midday hours, and during that time the competition dragged slowly. The trials were started about a mile from town.

On the decision for first place the judges agreed unanimously. On second and third they could not agree. Messrs. Robinson and Bolus were agreed on Little Ned for second, while Mr. Barker's choice for that place was Selah, and Ned for third. The majority preference prevailed. It was as follows: First, Strideaway; second, Little Ned; third, Selah.

NELLIE S. AND WRECKER started at 8:18. The work on birds was poor, though the opportunities were limited. Wrecker flushed a bevy which he had a good opportunity to point. Nearly all the work was in the open. Wrecker carried himself well and with spirit, though not diligent at all times. His range was wider than Nellie's. The latter was obedient, but not uniformly diligent. Up at 9:11.

PLUTE AND TWINKLE were cast off 9:18. Twinkle was a bit the wider in range. Both were industrious workers, though not wide rangers. Plute's work on birds was very faulty, he flushing three times when he should have pointed. Twinkle made a good point on a single bird; Plute refused to back, stole the point, and winding up by flushing the bird. Up at 10:26. Twinkle, while not a wide ranger, keeps busily at work and is cheerful and willing to obey. He carries himself well and with animation. The weather was quite warm at this time.

ALICE LESLIE AND STRIDEAWAY began at 11:05. Worked on some scattered birds marked down in woods. The dogs failed to find. On other scattered birds Strideaway made three excellent points. In pace, range and style Strideaway was the better, though Alice displayed high capabilities of speed and range when she exerted herself to do her best. She did not, however, maintain them uniformly. On birds she did not show the good results which the opportunities afforded. Strideaway was steady to wing and shot, staunch and true on point, obedient, works to the gun, and has a very superior range and uniform high speed, besides being most pleasant and easy to handle. Up at 11:05.

FAYETTE ALEXANDER AND LULA K. got the word to start at 11:10. The work of this brace was positively inferior. They ran till 12:10, and were again started after lunch at 12:40. Their range and speed were limited. Lula, though her range was irregular, showed in respect to it superiority over her competitor. They had not enough capability to make a further trial necessary. Up at 1:05.

SELAH AND LITTLE NED commenced at 1:05 and ran a good heat. Both were fast workers, Ned somewhat the better. The heat was run in woods and open fields. Ned pointed a bevy some distance from his handler, but moved and the bevy flushed. Ned had the better of the work on the scattered birds, and, sent on again to range, he located and pointed a bevy well. Selah pointed a bevy nicely in corn, and Ned caught the scent of it as he was called in to back; he then pointed it. Up at 1:36. Both showed good pointing capabilities, though Ned was not reliably steady at all times.

ROSE AND QUEEN began at 1:50, and after a run in the open were worked on some marked birds, which they failed to find, but many of which were flushed after them by the spectators. The conditions for good work were favorable, yet they made some points, however, not in the staunchest manner. After ranging about the open till 2:26 they were ordered up. Their performance was inferior.

BEPPO GENIUS being the odd dog ran a bye heat with an English setter, beginning at 2:39. Beppo made a decidedly poor showing, flushing repeatedly when he should have pointed. The dogs left in for the second tests were Twinkle, Selah, Strideaway and Little Ned.

TWINKLE AND SELAH were started at 3:25. A long search without any profitable results was made, during which Selah regaled herself with a rabbit chase which exhausted her somewhat for the time being. Each beat out the ground diligently and each pointed; Selah discovered error and moved on, while Twinkle afterward pointed steadily and was backed, nothing found. Twinkle was making game and flushed a single bird, and moving on into thick weeds he flushed the bevy. On the scattered birds each dog made two points. At this juncture they were ordered up and Wrecker was given an opportunity to display his abilities in locating and pointing, which he failed to employ satisfactorily. He had opportunities to make several points. Up at 3:45.

STRIDEAWAY AND LITTLE NED were ordered down at 4:23. Strideaway remained out at his work, Ned losing time and effort by coming in to his handler betimes. Their pace was fast and range wide, Strideaway being the superior in both. Both dogs disappeared over a rise in the ground and when seen again they were both on point on a bevy which flushed wild. Again sent on they sought well for bevies, each maintaining a good range. At last Ned began to potter. Near a point which Strideaway made there were no birds, but five rabbits were started. A short distance further on a bevy was raised by horsemen. Each dog got a point on the scattered birds. The judges followed the dogs into corn for a while, but darkness setting in the running ended. Time 4:55.

TUESDAY.

A light rain fell in the night and the morning air held a light mist The start was a trifle late. The Bunting farm, about one mile from town, was selected for the beginning of the day's work. The vegetation was heavy with wet. A gentle breeze blew from the south.

The Setter Derby.

The order of drawing was as follows:

Ed J. Brown's black and white dog Rock Roderigo (Roderigo—Queen Loudon), C. Barker, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s black and white bitch Callie White (Gath's Mark—Georgia Belle),

B. W. Butterfield's black and white dog Flying Jib (Max Noble—Daisy Belton), owner handler, with Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch Cigarette (Boderigo—Nora II.), J. M. Avent, handler.

W. A. Hinesley's black, white and tan bitch Lottie H. (Gath's Hope—Lula Hill), B. W. Butterfield, handler, with C. P. Mingst's black and white bitch Lady Galety (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade), J. Gude, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog Solitaire (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), J. M. Avent, handler, with J. A. Peabody's black, white and tan bitch Rod's Mollie (Roderigo—Lilly Boxer), F. Richards, handler.

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Topsy's Rod (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler, with John T. Mayfield's black, white and tan bitch Nelly H.'s Lady (Antonia—Nellie Hope), owner, handler.

Jackson & Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan dog Earl Palmer (Frank Whitley—Dulcinia), Thomas Bond, handler, with Chas. Proctor's black, white and tan dog Kenwood (Cinch—Steven's Ruby), F. Richards, handler.

C. P. Hartmetz's liver and white bitch Columbia (Gath's Mark—Queen Blade, J. Gude, handler, with Sunset Kennels' black, white and tan bitch May Win (Prince Lucifer—Lady Gladys), withdrawn.

St. Louis Kennel Co.'s black and white bitch Lady K. (Rock—Madge), W. B. Stafford, handler, with John T. Mayfield's black, white and tan dog Roderigo (Antonio—Lady Hope), owner, handler.

P. T. Madison's black, white and tan dog San Antonio (Antonio—Nellie Hope), J. Gude, handler, with J. H. & J. A. Hunter's orange and white bitch Daisy Hunter II (Antonio—Daisy Hunter), J. H. Johnson, handler.

First Series.

ROCK RODERIGO AND CALLIE WHITE began their heat about 8:24 in the open. A short run with Callie in the front resulted in the flush of a bevy, Callie showing a tendency to unsteadiness. The dogs failed to find some scattered birds in stubble, after diligent search for them. In woods, Rock refused to back Callie's point, to which there was no bird. Callie made four good points, and roaded two birds to a flush in difficult cover. Rock made one point. Up at 8:53. Callie carried a high head and had a pleasing manner of working. She was speedy and ranged well, and was more obedient.

FLYING JIB AND CIGARETTE were cast off at 8:30. After the first part of the heat, Jib fell off in the speed and range he then displayed, though he did not seem to be seeking earnestly when at his best speed. Cigarette maintained a uniform pace and was seeking birds. The dogs were ordered up at the expiration of half an hour to be put down again, for a trial of point work. At 1:15, they cast off for such trial on scattered birds of a bevy which had been found by Kenwood. No find. Flying Jib pointed a bevy which Cigarette had passed and of which she had flushed an outlying bird. In cover he pointed well twice on singles. Cigarette was then sent on alone, and although there were several opportunities, she did not secure a point. Up at 1:30. Jib did not display good judgment in working out his ground, though he worked diligently. Cigarette made a poor showing on birds; she is a busy worker with a fair range.

LOTTIE HAND AND LADY GAIETY began at 9:00. The dogs were taken to a point favorable to work up wind on a bevy which had been marked down. Gaiety flushed one. Lottie flushed intentionally and chased. Next, Gaiety flushed. Next she secured a good point. Up at 9:30 after a very ordinary performance in every respect.

SOLITAIRE AND ROD'S MOLL began at 9:45. A false point by Moll, and next a bevy flushed, which Solitaire was roading. Moll was found on point after being lost for a while. Solitaire made some listless points. Moll had a pleasant way of working. The heat ended at 10:32.

TOPSY ROD AND NELLIE H.'S LADY began at 10:45. They were both fast workers, with the best range and pace in favor of Rod. He sustained the good performance and promise made in the trials on chickens at Souris, Manitoba, this fall Nellie showed excellent qualities and will undoubtedly improve with opportunity. Rod found and pointed a bevy and Nellie refused to back; she pressed forward and pointed, showing an intention to flush, Rod maintaining perfect steadiness under the trying circumstances. Nellie has capabilities of a high order which will undoubtedly be perfected by more training. Up at 11:22.

EARL PALMER AND KENWOOD began their heat after lunch at 12:40. The work on the first birds found was unsatisfactory. The bevy on which a point was claimed for Kenwood was on the wing at the time. The bevy took alarm and flushed again before any work was secured. Kenwood pointed a bevy nicely in woods. Earl on top of a high fence on which he had room to stand made an excellent, stylish back. Earl, working alone, was next tried on singles. He pointed, then roaded to a flush. Next he made a flush and a good point. The heat ended at 1:13.

COLUMBIA AND MAY WIN were next in order. The latter was withdrawn by permission and Columbia ran a bye at the end of the series.

LADY K. AND RODERIGO were started at 1:51. Roderigo false pointed twice and Lady flushed a bevy. Roderigo next pointed where a bird had been flushed, after which he pointed a bevy. Both had superior pace and range. Lady often barked when running. She works out her ground skilfully. Up at 2:33.

The foregoing report was furnished by a competent gentleman, your reporter not having arrived sooner, owing to unexpected delay.

SAN ANTONIO AND DAISY HUNTER II. were cast off at 2:45. The latter has much the action and manner of seeking of her illustrious dam, Daisy Hunter. She displays similar intelligence and skillful searching. Her pace, too, was excellent, and San was content to follow her a great deal of the time. Daisy secured three points and two flushes. They were taken up at 3:24 and the party went to other grounds. Off again at 4:28, Daisy working with undiminished diligence. She found and pointed a bevy nicely. San refused to back, charged forward and flushed the bevy, Daisy holding her point steadily. Next she pointed a single well in open weeds. The heat ended at 4:36.

Columbia had run her bye, having Lady K. for a running mate, from 3:45 to 4:15. While she showed pace and range, she was too unsteady to wing and shot to be fairly rated in a competition. She shows qualities worthy of development by more training.

WEDNESDAY.

The temperature was comfortably warm. Clouds over cast the sky. There was a light fog which was gradually dispelled as the morning advanced, and toward midday the clouds broke away. On some sections of ground birds were found in abundance. In other sections birds were scarce. Rabbits were abundant in every field.

The judges selected Topsy's Rod, Daisy Hunter, Roderigo, Columbia and Flying Jib to run again, with Callie White and Rod's Moll to be on hand if wanted. An early start was made and the first brace was cast off but a short distance from town.

TOPSY'S ROD AND DAISY HUNTER II. commenced at 7:50. A half hour of diligent work resulted in Daisy flushing a large bevy in the open while she was going at speed. She was a shade the faster in pace. Both took wide casts and beat out a wide scope of country, searching for birds intelligently and carrying themselves with spirit. On scattered birds Topsy scored two points. Up at 8:29.

RODERIGO AND COLUMBIA were cast off at 8:32. The latter pointed a single. She broke shot. Next she pointed a bevy in a thicket and was unsteady to shot. On the scattered birds neither was able to score favorably. Roderigo was the better ranger. The heat ended at 9:15.

CALLIE WHITE AND ROD'S MOLL ran from 9:22 to 9:45 without finding, when they were ordered up and the All-Age Pointer Stake was begun, the Derby dogs thus having in the meantime an opportunity to rest.

CALLIE WHITE AND FLYING JIB started at 3:45 and ran 40m. Callie had decidedly the better of the competition in judgment in locating and pointing birds, and also in finding They were worked on a large bevy marked down in woods. Callie pointed a single well. Next both roaded birds out of the woods into the open, Callie the quicker and more accurate. She located and pointed them, Jib having turned off in the opposite direction and pointed. Both were steady to shot. Next Jib pointed some scattered birds and was steady to shot. Each flushed excusably. In the open Callie pointed a bevy and Jib backed. Jib fell off in his performance in the latter part of the heat. Callie had a decided superiority in the work done. Still Jib was placed equal with her in the awards.

In the evening the judges announced Topsy's Rod first, Daisy Hunter II. second; and three were placed equal third, namely, Roderigo, Callie White and Flying Jib.

The All-Age Pointer Stake.

Out of 29 nominations there were 20 starters, a remark percentage. They were an excellent lot of pointers.

The drawing was as follows:

C. Proctor's liver and white dog Spotted Boy (Trinkett's Bang—Nellie Bow), F. Richards, handler, with J. H. Kerr's black bitch Midget (Hannop—Frankie), J. Gude, handler.

Jackson-Denmark Kennels' lemon and white dog Lehmen (Gordon—Fanny), Thos. Bond, handler, with G. W. Amory's black and white dog Amory (Mainspring—Bairmaid), T. H. Poindexter, handler.

Grand River Kennels' liver and white dog Maximus II. (Maximus—Jane), C. Barker, handler, with B. E. Quick's black and white dog Hal Pointer (King of Kent—Daisy), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

R. C. Shannon's liver and white bitch Mamie S. (Brown Stout—Pearl's Pride), G. R. Howse, handler, with T. Tashford's black and white dog Kent Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), J. M. Avent, handler.

N. T. Harris's liver and white dog Rod's Graphic (Lord Graphic—Winning Ways), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler, with W. W. Peabody, Jr.'s, liver and white bitch Dame Bang (Trinket's Cash—Van Bang), G. E. Gray, handler.

Major J. R. Purcell's black and white bitch Lady Margaret (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang), owner, handler, with Glen Rock Kennels' liver and white dog Duke of Kent II (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso), C. E. Davies, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Wild Damon (Damon—Flora), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler, with C. C. Paddock's lemon and white bitch Princess II. (Shot—Forest Queen II.), B. W. Butterfield, handler.

W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog Little Ned (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton), with Lawrence Pointer Kennels' liver dog Brown Bang (Devonshire Sam—Nellie Bang), J. E Fisher, handler.

A. P. Houston's liver and white bitch Frankie (Robin Adair—Blossom), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler, with W. Laird's liver and white bitch Winowing (Ranger Croxteth—Cannie), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queen II.), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler, with J. B. McGuffin's liver and white bitch Maid of Ossian (Ossian—Pickwick), R. M. Riley, handler.

SPOTTED BOY AND MIDGET ran from 9:56 to 10:29, running an inferior heat. Their range was but moderate and their pace was leisurely. Spotted Boy got four points on single birds which had been flushed and marked down. Midget refused to back

LEHMAN AND MAINSTAY were cast off at 10:42 and ran thirty-one minutes. They worked fifteen or twenty minutes before finding. Lehman pointed a bevy in a ravine, which was the only bevy found during the heat. Lehman maintained a good working gait, beat out his ground well and a great deal of it.

MAXIMUS AND HAL POINTER began at 12:06, after lunch. Maximus followed up a bevy. Next he pointed a bevy in brush, and a remaining part flushed as the dogs moved forward. Maximus pointed twice; nothing found. Each mad

a point respectively on singles. Hal flushed one and Maximus pointed one. Each had good speed, Maximus the better, and better, too, in working out his ground. He pointed birds with fairly good skill, and was more intent on working to the gun than was his competitor.

KENT ELGIN AND MAMIE S. ran a decidedly one-sided heat. They were cast off at 12:40 and were ordered up at the expiration of thirty minutes. Mamie flushed an outlying single, then pointed the bevy. Next, Kent roaded to a point on a bevy, Mamie following and pointing. On scattered birds Kent showed decided superiority. He got three points and Mamie two, one of which she got by cutting in ahead of Kent, the other she divided with him Kent showed excellent range, speed, style and judgment in pointing. He was under good control.

ROD'S GRAPHIC AND DAME BANG began at 1:10. Their heat was above an average one, Rod having much the better of it. He opened the work on birds by pointing well two in a ditch, and was steady to wing. Dame pointed at a clump of brush as a single bird flushed from it. On other scattered birds she missed many opportunities. She pointed very close to a single bird and dropped to wing. Up at 1:40. Dame, when ranging, returned frequently to receive orders. Rod ranged fairly well at good speed.

LADY MARGARET AND DUKE OF KENT II. began at 1:53. Lady flushed a bevy. Next she flushed a single, after which she pointed one well and was steady to shot. Duke pointed a single. Each then flushed a single. Poor work considering their good opportunities. Lady pointed a single in open, Kent at the same time pointing on probable foot-scent to right of her, and she was unsteady to wing. Each got a point in corn, and Kent refused to back. Up at 2:23. Both ranged fairly well and had fairly good speed.

WILD DAMON AND PRINCESS II. started at 2:26. Down 26m. Damon was much the better and steadier in his point work, and more finished in his work in every way. Princess flushed repeatedly, one a bevy flush. Damon pointed a single, a bevy and made two flushes.

LITTLE NED AND BROWN BANG began their heat at 3:00 and ran till 3:40. Ned pointed a bevy in a clump of briers, and Bang backed indifferently. Bang was irregular in range. Ned had good speed and fair range and was looking for birds constantly. A large part of the ground they worked over was unpromising.

After this heat the Derby was resumed.

THURSDAY.

The day was delightfully pleasant, too warm for the best performance of the dogs, though they did remarkably well. It was a great field trial day, great in itself so far as good competition is concerned, and great in its portend of the pointer's bold ability to struggle with the setter on even terms for supremacy.

The start was made on the Horn Farm, about three and a half miles from town. There were not so many birds found as was desirable, yet on the whole there were sufficient to test the finding and pointing qualities of the dogs to a fair degree.

After lunch Mr. P. T. Madison, the secretary, called a meeting of the board of governors for the purpose of appointing a judge for the All-Age Setter Stake, vice Mr. Royal Robinson, who could not remain later than Thursday night on account of business interests which required his attention. Capt. C. E. McMurdo was invited to judge, and he most obligingly accepted.

Mr. Madison then mentioned that $50 more were necessary for the prosecution of Maclin, and $49 were contributed in a few moments.

A large, orderly crowd of spectators followed the trials all day. There were about forty horsemen. There were a number of carriages. Several ladies were interested spectators.

FRANKLIN AND WINOWING began the work at 9:02. Franklin pointed a bevy nicely in briers near a fence, and was well backed. Both were steady to shot. Started on to look for the scattered birds. Franklin pointed part of the bevy which had lit in the open. He next pointed several birds of the bevy and got two points on singles. Winowing made a good point on a single, then in the open pointed a bevy well, but, being urged on to locate better, the bevy flushed while she was moving. Next she pointed a single and Franklin backed. Both showed good range, Franklin the better, and he, too, was surer and better in locating and point work. Down 28m.

JINGO AND MAID OF OSSIAN were cast off at 9:33. Maid pointed nicely a bevy in the open. Sent on, she next flushed an outlying bird of a bevy, the latter flushing as her handler walked up. The scattered birds were followed into corn, where Maid got a point on a single and Jingo pointed a rabbit. Down 33m.

MAINSTAY AND BROWN BANG were cast off at 10:12. In the open Bang flushed part of a bevy, took a short turn, came back and flushed the rest willfully, whereupon he was ordered up, his run being 17m. Mainstay was sent on alone for 20m., when the heat ended with no find to his credit.

The party then went to lunch, the judges in the mean time holding a consultation. They announced that Mamie S., Maximus II., Rod's Graphic, Franklin, Hal Pointer, Jingo and Kent Elgin would be next to run.

MAMIE S. AND LITTLE NED were started at 12:37. Mamie in a deep ditch was near where a bevy flushed. Howse claimed point, but one of the judges told the reporters it was not. Both pointed a bevy in corn and were steady to shot. Up at 1:04 Mamie beat out her ground without any approach to regularity. Ned was the better ranger. Both were diligent.

ROD'S GRAPHIC AND MAXIMUS II. showed a fair range and speed in the 12m. in which they ran, beginning at 1:17. No birds were found.

FRANKLIN AND HAL POINTER were down 11m., beginning at 1:36. Franklin exhibited a wide range, beating out his ground with excellent judgment. No birds were found.

KENT ELGIN AND JINGO were started at 1:56. Jingo made a point on a few birds in the open weeds and was steady to shot. The birds were followed. Jingo pointed twice, but nothing was found to the points. Kent pointed a rabbit, which jumped toward him and he bit it. Each made several points to which nothing was found. Up at 2:21. Kent had the advantage in range. Both were fast and diligent workers.

MAID OF OSSIAN AND WINOWING were cast off at 2:33. In the open weeds Winowing flushed part of a bevy, then pointed and moved to get a more favorable position, when the remainder of the bevy flushed. The birds were marked down and the dogs were worked to find them, but they did not succeed. Up at 2:45.

SPOTTED BOY AND LADY MARGARET were cast off at 2:47. Spotted Boy flushed a bevy in the open. In open he next made a very stylish point, Lady, about 40yds. away, backing handsomely and steadily There was nothing found to the point. Lady was the better in speed and range Up at 3:00.

FRANKLIN AND KENT ELGIN came in competition in what proved the final heat of the stake, commencing at 3:22 in a large open ragweed field. Franklin led off in the cast, Kent following closely behind. Avent whistled to him to change his course to get on an independent cast, and Kent turned to the order. The handlers drifted apart. Kent took a cast across the field into a cornfield, and not reappearing a search was made for him and he was found pointing a bevy stanchly and accurately in the corn. He was steady to wing and shot. At the same time, about one-eighth of a mile away on opposite side of the weedfield, Franklin pointed a bevy nicely and was also steady to shot. After taking Kent out of the cornfield, and at the edge of it, Kent caught scent, roaded again into the corn and pointed a bevy. Part of it flushed. Going on a few steps, he pointed the remaining part. In the meantime Franklin had been giving an exhibition of excellent ranging. He beat out his ground with excellent judgment, had a steady gallop, went to his birds promptly and accurately, and required very little handling. Blankenbaker seldom blew his whistle. It was obeyed promptly and cheerfully. Franklin has a most finished training without in the least lessening his self-confidence. The brace was a most excellent one, and the heat was a close one. Kent's previous heat was inferior, however, and he was not equal in judgment in ranging and in skillful working to the gun as compared to Franklin.

The judges announced the winners as foHows: First, Franklin; second, Kent Elgin; third, Little Ned.

The Derby Absolute.

STRIDEAWAY AND TOPSY'S ROD, the two Derby winners, were started at 3:51. Mr. Madison announced to the spectators that the good order and quiet must be maintained. A long stretch was worked before a find was made Strideaway showed very superior quality, carrying himself in a dashing manner and going at remarkably high speed, having in those qualities some advantage of his competitor. In an open weed field Strideaway wheeled quickly to a point on a bevy, moved on to locate better, when the bevy flushed. Strideaway next pointed one of the single birds in the open weeds and was steady to shot. In the meantime, the dogs being separated, Rod pointed twice, once on a bevy and again on some remaining birds of it. He then roaded in some bad cover, the birds probably running. The judges consulted about five minutes and ordered them on again. Strideaway had had a shade better in range, showed more speed and dash. They were run ten minutes more. Up at 4:50. The work on birds was limited by too few opportunities. The brace was a remarkably good one, probably a better one than ever in a Derby ran off an absolute heat in this country, considering the excellence in both performers. The pointer and setter were both sharp and quick in point work, with skillful judgment in locating. They, too, ran in their different heats up to high class form, and therefore are reliable performers.

FRIDAY.

The All-Age Setter Stake.

Gen. W. B. Shattuc's lemon and white dog Dave W. (Gath's Mark—Daisy F.), G. R. Howse, handler, with H. K. Devereux's black, white and tan dog Spot Cash (Van Guard—Georgia Belle), Geo. E. Gray.

J. M. Freeman's black, white and tan dog Dan Burgess (Dan Gladstone—Lily Burgess), J. Mayfield, handler, with Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Lochinvar (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

J. L. Adams's black, white and tan dog Direct (Gun—Victoria Laverack), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler, with Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Count Gladstone (Count Noble—Miss Ruby), J. M. Avent, handler.

J. M. Freeman's lemon and white bitch Nelly Hope (Gath's Hope—Lady May), J. Mayfield, handler, with J. L. Adam's black, white and tan dog Cecil H. (Dr. Maclin—Cossette), L. W. Blankenbaker, handler.

L. Rausch's black, white and tan bitch Bonnie Bondhu (Count Wakefield—Bonnie Bondhu), J. Gude handler, with Henry Schwinge's black, white and tan dog Teale Schwinge, R. M. Riley, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s liver and white dog Gleam's Sport (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler, with Edward W. Watson's black and white dog Dashaway (Leo—Julia), S. J. McCartney, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co 's black, white and tan dog Gleam's Pink (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), A. P. Gilliam, handler, with Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Chevalier (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch Laverna (Count Noble—Emma B.), F. Richards, handler, with Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan setter bitch Bettie S. (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, lemon and white bitch Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), F. Richards, handler, with Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Kingston (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

Theo. Goodman's black, white and tan bitch Dan's Lady (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burgess), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Grand River Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Fleety Noble (King Noble—Elsie Belton), C. Barker, handler.

As in the All-Age Pointer Stake there were twenty starters out of twenty-nine nominations, the largest percentage of starters ever known in the stake of a prominent club.

Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Messrs. John Bolus and John Barker were the judges. The weather was delightfully clear, calm and pleasant, but entirely too warm and dry for good work. Birds were at no time plentiful during the day. Some of the heats were run without finding birds. There was a good deal of time lost in dismounting, working out small fields, going to others quite as limited, etc. As on every preceding day, there was a large attendance of spectators, of whom several were ladies.

DAVE W. AND SPOT CASH were cast off at 7:35. Spot was first to point on a bevy, Dave from the opposite side pointing it independently; a moment afterward and it looked as if it was his find, he being closer to it. Howse shot and the dogs were steady. Each got a point on singles. Each made a point to which nothing was found, and Spot wound up the work on birds by a good point on a single, which was well backed by Dave. Up at 8:13.

DAN BURGESS AND LOCHINVAR commenced at 8:20 and ran 45m. without finding. Each ranged well, Dan the wider. Lochinvar was difficult to handle, and required much whistling and loud orders to keep him under control.

DIRECT AND COUNT GLADSTONE were cast off at 9:12, the temperature then being quite warm. The grounds were unfavorable for the display of good speed. The larger part of the heat was in woods and corn. Each failed to point a bevy in corn, passing close by it. Direct made a good point on a bevy in a treetop and was steady to shot. The scattered birds were accurately marked in corn and the dogs worked over the ground without finding them, they probably holding their scent. Up at 9:35. Both ranged well, considering their opportunities. The work on birds was ordinary.

NELLIE HOPE AND CECIL H., at 9:41, were started in an open weed field. Nellie pointed a bevy in corn, then moved on. Sent on, Cecil dropped to a point on a bevy and was steady. Cecil made two points on scattered birds and Nellie backed. Cecil backed Nellie's point on a rabbit. Both showed good speed and range. Cecil showed the better work on birds. Up at 10:09.

BONNIE BONDHU AND TEAL SCHWINGE started at 10:13 on some scattered birds flushed by handlers. Bonnie pointed and was steady to shot. Teal flushed a single willfully. Teal pointed twice in woods, while separated from his competitor, and the judge who went after him reported two points to his credit. Bonnie pointed a cat and was backed. Bonnie showed the better work.

GLEAM'S SPORT AND DASHAWAY began at 11:14 and ran one hour without finding, though a bevy was seen to flush in the open. Each ranged wide, Sport the better, he having a very wide range which he maintained at good speed. It was oppressively warm at the time this heat was run.

GLEAM'S PINK AND CHEVALIER, after hunch were cast off at 12:56. Chevalier pointed a bevy in the open and was steady to shot. On the scattered birds, Chevalier was first to point, then Gleam joined in the point and both were steady to shot. Up at 1:24. Both ranged well, Gleam the better and wider ranger.

LAVERNA AND BETTIE S, at 1:50, were started in the open. Bettie roaded up wind to a point, which she left, then Laverna willfully flushed the birds. Bettie displayed but average range, while that of Leverna was narrow and her gait was slow. Down 48 minutes.

MISS RUBY AND KINGSTON commenced at 2:25. Ruby had gone about 100yds. when she pointed a bevy nicely in weeds in the open, and she was steady to shot. Kingston was off on a cast. The dogs became separated, working quite a while entirely apart. Each got a point on birds in woods and were steady to shot. Kingston made two points apparently on foot scent on which he dwelt too long. In open weeds he pointed a bevy well. It was difficult to compare their range, but so far as they ran together Ruby showed the better range and better judgment in beating out her ground.

DAN'S LADY AND FLEETY NOBLE began at 3:43. Lady had two bevy points to her credit and one single-bird point. Fleety made several false points. Each ranged wide and fast, Lady the better in judgment.

In the evening the following list of dogs for further trial was placed on the bulletin board: Dashaway, Chevalier Dan Burgess, Gleam's Pink, Lochinvar, Dave W., Dan's Lady and Gleam's Spot.

There was much discussion and unpleasantness over the selection by the fireside in the evening. The fact is that the work on birds was too limited, owing to limited opportunities, to form any decisive opinion of the merits of the best dogs. Several heats were run in areas too small to give the dogs an opportunity range and seek bevies. There too was a great deal of turning and twisting made necessary by fitting the work to the grounds. The day too was warm, which added to the difficulties. To me it seemed as if it was an impossibility to determine with even approximate accuracy, the rating of the dogs on the limited work done by them. With the exception of a few which were palpably out of the money, on the score of insufficient range and disinclination to work industriously, the rest needed further trial to determine which ones were the best.

Later.—The balance of report did not reach us in time for publication, but the result was Chevalier first, Dan's Lady second, Gleam's Sport third. Mr. Waters thinks Sport the best in the stake, and Gleam's Pink should have had second money. Chevalier won the absolute.

New Jersey Kennel League Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me, through your column, to remind exhibitors that our entries close on Saturday next, Nov. 18, and to ask for their support, considering that it is the first show of the young club and that if this one is a success, others will follow which will help to make a very desirable fall circuit.

We think it is to the interest of all to give us their general support. It will be found that our premium lists with a large addition of specials and others announced below, make an array equal to those of older established organizations, with the profits of previous successes to draw upon. We felt that we had done enough, that we should not be called upon to assume further risks, but the members of the committee are disposed to be accommodating and have divided classes in some cases, opened others for puppies and are prepared to consider all requests that are sent in before the entries close.

Above all, we are anxious to see our city on an equality with others in regard to the character of its canines, and many of the club members and their friends are wealthy, it may be expected that many will take back dollars instead of dogs. We wish to see the best specimens on hand to attract the public, and if our first attempt is a success, we will do better in the future.

We therefore leave the matter in the hands of owners and exhibitors, feeling that we have done our best, and it now remains for them to do something which virtually is of importance to themselves. W. F. SEIDLER, M.D., Sec'y.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 10.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—The Toronto Kennel Club have removed to more central rooms at King Street, West. A special general meeting will probably be held this month to revise the winter programme.

I hear the Hamilton Kennel Club proposes holding another local show in the near future, but no particulars have reached me yet. Those friendly gatherings are always enjoyable.

The inmates of Mr. A. A. MacDonald's kennel of fox-terriers will in future be recognized by the prefix of Aldon, he having registered it with the C. K. C.

Mr. E. H. Caddy, of Bedingston, Ont., recently bought the rough St. Bernard bitch Royal Mona, one of the best in Canada, from Major J. C. Guillot, of Windsor. Also a bitch puppy, one of her last litter.

Compton Vendue, the winning fox-terrier at Toronto, has been down with a bad case of distemper, but Mr. Wetherall tells me he is now on the safe road to recovery. Mr. Wetherall has prevented the spread of the disease by keeping his show dogs isolated, a wise precaution. H. B. DONOVAN.

Field Trials in North Carolina and How to Reach Them.

THE Eastern Field Trials Club will meet at Newton, N. C., Nov. 20, and the Irish Setter Club's field Trials will be held at Thomasville, N. C., Nov. 27 to 29, inclusive. The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway offers the quickest and best route from Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Detroit, Cincinnati, and the principal cities of the West and Northwest, making connection at Charlottesville, Va., with Richmond & Danville trains for Newton and Thomasville direct. The accommodations offered by this route are strictly first class, embracing solid vestibuled trains, electric lighted, steam heated, and equipped with Pullman sleepers, and the celebrated C. & O. dining cars. The physical condition of this road is second to none in America, and the scenery through the Virginias is a revelation to the traveler, presenting mountains, rivers and cañons in greater variety, extent and grandeur than can be seen elsewhere east of the Rocky Mountains. For tickets and full information inquire at nearest ticket office, or address C. B. RYAN, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.—*Adv.*

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A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum, the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

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Hunting and Coursing.

COURSING AT WINFIELD, KAN.

THE promises of a large entry to the two stakes were hardly met by those of whom great things had been expected. Dr. Van Hummell was here the week following the Goodland meeting, and in a rough estimate had made up twenty-two prospective entries for the Winfield Cup, but at the last moment he failed to materialize with even one entry. Mr. H. C. Lowe, we understand, was called to Chicago by friends unexpectedly, and several others who had promised an entry were not as good as their word, and the result was that the entry in the open stake only numbered seven all told, while it was confidently expected that there would not be less than thirty-two entries. However, the members' stake received twenty entries, and lively competition was entered by the selected dogs from last season's best, and a very interesting meeting was brought off. Mr. W. S. Vidler, of Colorado Springs, sent down his beautiful bitch Buenarita to cross swords with Willis H., owned by Mr. F. B. Coyne, of Huron, S. D., and Mr. Luse's Living Yet and D. M. Sidle's Norwegian—Bueneritero dog Laughed At.

In this stake the three States were represented, first money going to Colorado and second to South Dakota. These dogs were sent in charge of those who showed that they can act disinterestedly, even when they have dogs in competition with those in their care.

The meeting as a whole went smoothly, and several who last season were a bit loud were quite changed in their manner, and their example was well followed by others.

Fortunately there was no Prince Charlie—Meteor fiasco, and barring two or three courses we had plain and clear decisions.

Mr. E. H. Mulcaster did the judging, and he gave good satisfaction. He is quiet, intent on his work, and is considerate and courteous to all. Mr. J. R. Cochran handled the slips in his quiet and earnest way, and we perceive a tendency to add a little art to his careful work, and in two or three instances the slipping was quite a masterly effort. Not one particle of fault can be found or was found with his work. He gave up any idea of entering a dog in order to be entirely free from any entanglement in having a dog in the stake. He is thoroughly interested in his dogs and is a good fitter, but his place is with the slips, although he can illy be spared from the ranks of active coursers. Clubs could look a good while and not find as good a slipper.

The officers of the day were either negligent or entirely helpless, for the crowd was positively the most unruly that we have ever seen on a coursing ground, and in the last course broke ranks and all went at a breakneck pace, but fortunately there were no broken bones as the result. Clubs owe it to the public safety to have men of authority to control the mass of spectators that visit the coursing grounds. You can scarcely expect men to take valuable dogs where they will be subjected to the risk of injury.

The grounds selected for the running were the same as the club used last season, but more fences had to be made, and the dry weather had deprived the hares of cover, and as a result we were obliged to take more time to run the stakes through. The club contemplate a change in the grounds for another year, there being several places near where a meeting can be held.

Several members of the club have taken hold of breeding with a will, and a Derby of 32 young dogs can be made easily another year. There are over 40 young pups in sight that will be eligible to the stake. Cold blood must go is what they all agree upon, and next year an open stake and the Derby will be the two stakes.

Mr. D. M. Sidle has taken an interest with D. C. Luse, and at present has a share of them from Dick's Darling and Lady Maud. Mr. D. O. Miller has recently purchased two valuable pups of E. H. Mulcaster, by Glenkirk and Miller's Rub, and a litter brotoer of Laughed At and Buenarita and one from Lady Maud from D. M. Sidle. Others are negotiating for some good ones, so that in a couple of years the woods will be full of them. Two of the entries were by a son of Trales and Lady Graham Glendyne out of native bitches and they went well to the front.

The city of Winfield takes very little interest in the meetings, and we would not be astonished to see the meet next year held near some other live town.

There are dozens of good places where a coursing meeting can be held, and all that is necessary is for one or two active men to stir up the people and select good grounds and the active dog men will second their efforts.

The winner of the Winfield Cup, Buenarita, is by Norwegian, a half brother of the great Fullerton, four times winner of the Waterloo Cup, and out of Buenaritero, an importation from Col. North's kennel. She is the bluest of the blue blood, and is a most wonderful performer, consistent and reliable. She is a dark brindle, will weigh about 50lbs., rather lightly built, but racy looking. She goes out of slips strong and keeps coming, and is very handy with her teeth. She is fit to go in any company, and hard to beat when in condition. She is owned by S. W. Vidler, of Colorado Springs, and was given him as a share of a litter that he raised for Mr. Luse. She is about twenty months old. At Goodland she was thrown out by Boomerang in a short, unsatisfactory course, but was thought a good one for all that. She won at Leoti, and now a second win is placed to her credit.

The runner-up, Willis H., proved a good one at the Huron meet, and was sent on this circuit by Mr. T. B. Coyne, of Huron, S. D. He is a good-sized greyhound, rangy, well up on legs, and is nearly black in color. He looks racy, and certainly goes away strong and fast and is a good killer. He is by Lights o' London (Trales—Dick's Darling) out of a native bitch called Nell.

The winner in the County Stake, Gold Dust, is a native bred one, the sire being Brindle Jack and the dam Winnie. He is a rather blocky, round-backed fellow, red in color, and will weigh about 58lbs. He has a good burst of speed and keeps coming. He won by the hardest kind of work.

Witch Hazel is by Bob, a son of Trales and Lady Graham Glendyne, out of a native bitch. She is white with black markings, is a very neatly-tuned bitch and will likely weigh 45lbs. She is not fast out of the slips, but soon gets to work and keeps increasing her "lick" and stays with it. She is about twenty months old. Every course was won on merit, her bye being her hardest course. Her staying qualities will be quite an item in her breeding. She is owned by Mr. Frank Sidle, the young man who judged the meeting here last fall and a resident of the county.

TUESDAY.

It has been extremely dry in this locality for some time and in the morning there came up one of those peculiar freaky prairie winds, the air was filled with clouds of dust, and the coursing grounds being located eight and a half miles from the city made it a very disagreeable ride out, and on our return we might properly have been taken for colored men. The fields in which the coursing was done were stubble and meadow, and being so dry the dogs kicked up such a dust that it at times entirely obscured them from view. Some portion of the grounds were covered with rocks which lent a spice of danger to the sport. Wire fences were numerous, but openings had been made through them and in only one or two instances was the judge kept from following the dogs closely. Hares seemed to be very plentiful, but got up wild. There was but a small crowd of spectators for the opening day and they seemed to be more difficult to control than when they came in larger numbers. The owners of the dogs rode in ahead of the dogs at times and the admonition of the marshals seemed to have little effect. Most of the courses were good fair trials, but the hares do not work like those on the buffalo grass prairie. Open even grounds are far the best for coursing always.

Mr. D. C. Luse while riding after his dogs in one of the courses took a header which fortunately only resulted in a badly sprained wrist.

Winfield Stake.

First Round.

LADY MAUD (late Maudy Luse)—BUENARITA.—Buenarita led two lengths to the hare, turned to the white, and then before she had scored made her a racing go-by and knocking the hare about smartly, let Lady Maud in for the kill. Buenarita won.

LAUGHED AT—LADY CLEVELAND.—Laughed At led three lengths to the hare. They then chopped it between them for a quick kill. Laughed At won decisively.

WILLIS H.—NETTLEFIELD.—Willis H. seemed to be in good form, and fairly smothering the bitch, led her three lengths, turned and came back for a masterly kill.

LIVING YET.—A bye with Lady Cleveland, the hare escaping after a pumping course.

Cowly County Stake.

First Round.

JULIETTE—DINAH'S PICANINNY.—Juliette got away eight lengths ahead of the "nig," reaching the hare as he went through a hedge into a cornfield, but getting sighted raced away again; but Dinah's Picaninny was coming to herself, and gave the older black a go-by. But when again in view Juliette was working the hare, Picaninny was unsighted. The hare went through a hedge again and Juliette raced after him, but Picaninny again gave her a go-by and killed. They were two blacks, nearly the same size and difficult to judge. The little black seemed to have the best of it, but the flag went up for Juliette.

JACK—LIGHTFOOT (Weakley's).—Lightfoot led six lengths to the hare and made a vigorous effort to kill, but the hare came around, giving Jack a look-in. Lightfoot would not stay out long, and being placed, worked up a good series. The big brindle, however, was able to take a hand now and then, and finally they mixed it between them for a kill. Lightfoot had the best of it, and won.

SKIP—DICKY.—Dicky was too speedy out of slips for the big brindle; but Skip got in on Dicky's turn, and from there on carried her hare ahead, and killed and won. A good bit of work.

LADY GRACE—ZIP.—Lady Grace was too young, being but a 13mos. pup. Zip cut out the work, the little one acting as though she scarcely knew what was wanted of her; she being on one side of the fence and Zip on the other, but as they went out into a stubble field she had an opening, but Zip was too clever and kept possession till they lost sight of the hare, as it went through the hedge and directly through the camp ground and escaped.

GOLDIE—JERRY.—Jerry had the best of the out one of slips, but then Goldie was up for exchanges. Jerry took up the turn from Goldie and made two wrenches and killed. He went to the slips lame, and while the owners were securing their dogs the owner of Goldie carelessly allowed his horse to step on another foot. There seems to be little care taken among the owners of the dogs. Horses and dogs were mixed up promiscuously half the time. The course was short and unsatisfactory, and gave what might be called a chance to let them in again, but the flag went up for Jerry.

GOLDDUST—JO JO.—Golddust gave a good exhibition handling his hare nicely, working it along faster than Jo Jo could run. Jo Jo waiting for a kill and after two efforts finished the hare, but Golddust had won hands down.

This closed the coursing for the day, and it being 4 o'clock and a long ride before us, all were anxious to be away.

WEDNESDAY.

The second day was only a continuation of the first. The wind came up with the sun and continued strong all day; but the dust having been nearly all blown off the road, it was less disagreeable, though the long ride to the grounds was very unpleasant.

It was rather too warm for pleasure or for the dogs, but none of them showed distress, although some of the courses were quite long ones. There was little of special note in the day's running. The crowd of spectators had increased considerably, and were disorderly in proportion. Never have I attended a meeting where there was as much go-as-you-please as here. The marshals made but feeble efforts to keep the crowd in order, and even when they did enter a protest they were met with some uncomplimentary reply. The smoothness of a meet depends largely on the proper management of affairs, and officers should see to it that order is maintained; otherwise it becomes a haphazard scramble.

The same grounds were coursed over as yesterday, but the hares had become frightened, and those we missed had changed locations. It was after 10 o'clock when the first brace was put in for the remainder of the Cowly County Stake.

PEDRO—FANNY.—Pedro was a bit quicker to get away from the slips, but Fanny soon drew up for a go-by, but the hare was beyond reach and going like the wind, occasionally taking a sly look back to see if the turtles were coming; and finally concluding that there was very little show for any amusement, went into the adjoining county.

SAILOR MAUD—MINNIE.—Maud went out of slips quite a bit to the good, the hare rather favoring Minnie. A few feeble wrenches and Sailor Maud gave her a clever go-by, worked the hare smartly, and killed. Maud won.

BOB—WITCH HAZEL.—This brace were a pretty pair of little white ones, Bob being the sire of Witch Hazel. Bob led five lengths to the hare, wrenched several times, placed Hazel and she took the hare clean away from Bob, turned him to a piece of stubble again, drove him away over the plowed field, and reached him near a school house, the children taking in the sport greedily. In a pasture Hazel played with Bob, gave him repeated go-byes, and killed, coming off a clever winner.

METEOR—SNOWBALL.—Snowball is a rough-coated bitch, probably half Scotch deerhound, and was scarcely able to keep in sight, and after a half mile quit and came back. Meteor was a good 100yds. behind as the hare went over the stony bluffs. Meteor won with very little to his credit in points made.

Winfield Cup—Second Round.

BUENARITA—LAUGHED AT.—This course was one of importance. The brace were brother and sister, and had showed themselves grand working dogs. They went from the slips with Buena lapping the dog, but when well straightened out she drew up on the outside and would have scored a go-by, but on the instant the hare slightly favored the dog, and he being hard by gave a couple of wrenches and a kill, but he had fairly got his teeth on it when Buena was assisting in the kill. It was a short dash, and there was little chance for competition, and we confidently expected to see the hat come off, but the red flag went up for Buenarita a winner.

WILLIS H.—LIVING YET.—A good slip and Yet drew away four lengths up to the hare, and then switched him about at a merry pace, wrenching repeatedly, brought the hare around to Willis, and he took up the work, placing a few wrenches and a turn to his credit. Willis came away and raced up for a meritorious kill. For a few seconds your correspondent was interfered with by the flag steward, who got out of his place, and it was said that several wrenches were placed to his credit just before the kill, but they must have been very numerous indeed to enable him to wipe off Living Yet's score, but it may have been done. Willis H. had the decision.

County Stake—Second Round.

LIGHTFOOT—JULIETTE.—Lightfoot rushed away from his black rival and fairly smothered her, with scarcely a look in for Juliette.

ZIP—SKIP.—Zip skipped up to the hare. Neither are fast, but Zip did most of the early work, and then Skip held the place for a long course, but too late. Zip's first work carried her through and gave her the verdict. Skip was inclined to look on.

GOLDDUST (a bye).—He was placed in slips with Van's O'Rell for a bye, Jerry being drawn lame, but it being past the hour for closing the day's running, was taken out. He should have had his course by all odds, as it was the last on the card, but his owner did not lodge an objection and it went over till morning.

THURSDAY.

The wind changed to the north during the night, and by daylight was blowing a gale, which gave a very dismal outlook for the day's sport. Overcoats and gloves were in good demand as protection against the piercing wind, but by 10 o'clock it warmed up somewhat and the wind had lessened. At the camp grounds the tent stoves assisted materially in cheering our souls. Before the regular running the committee decided to run Golddust's bye, which was highly improper, as the judge had not yet arrived, and in fact did not see the course. He ran with Van's O'Rell, and the latter made an example of him, racing up to the hare three lengths ahead, rattled him about, came back quickly and knocked him to Golddust for the kill without merit. After the course it was discovered than Van's O'Rell had cut his leg, as it was supposed on a stone, but others thought that Golddust bit him at the same time that he seized the hare. It was a wonder that more dogs as well as horses and men were not injured over the very rocky corner where this course was run.

FANNY—SAILOR MAUD.—This was fairly the hardest course yet run. Fanny was unable to give Sailor any assistance whatever, Maud had a regular merry-go-round course in a pasture, into the road, back to the pasture again, and round and round, the young bitch making efforts to kill; into a cornfield they went, and back again, and finally she wearied poor Fanny out. Fanny didn't seem to be able to gallop even.

WITCH HAZEL—METEOR.—Meteor had the foot of Hazel up, and made the first turn. Hazel coming in, wrenched several times and exchanged with Meteor, Hazel getting in went from sight, wrenching strongly, and it is said threw the hare to Meteor for the kill.

Winfield Cup—Deciding Course.

Buenarita led three lengths to the hare, placed Willis H., but with little parleying raced by him, opening a gap of four lengths and making a beautiful kill, won. Her victory was decisive and unquestioned, and left the impression that she is a hard nut to crack.

County Stake—Third Round.

SKIP—LIGHTFOOT.—Lightfoot was given very little help in this course. Skip threw up the sponge and Lightfoot finished with a kill and won.

GOLDDUST—SAILOR MAUD.—Golddust scored a decisive victory over her younger rival, although Sailor Maud did remarkably well after having such a trying course but a bare hour before. The course was in a cornfield and the ground very yielding. Another year and Sailor Maud will show some strong work, she being only sixteen months old now.

WITCH HAZEL (a bye) with her kennel mate Laughed At. In a pretty long course she showed great staying powers, fairly making an example of the fast son of Norwegian and Bueneritero. The Glendyne blood kept her trotting.

County Stake—Fourth Round.

LIGHTFOOT—WITCH HAZEL.—Lightfoot led three lengths, did some merry work and letting Hazel in she rattled up a pretty scale of points, forcing the hare into a stone corral for a kill and decisive victory.

Golddust ran a natural bye with some brindle dog, and a most trying course he had, too. The work was on a very large whitetail, which I am told is rarely ever seen in this part of the State.

During the course a farmer's sheep dog joined in and made two go-bys on the very tired dogs in his efforts to kill, but he quit and let the greyhounds make the kill. It was quite amusing to see the woolly fellow outfoot the greyhounds, and was scarcely believed by the spectators, who were unable to see it in the distance.

County Stake—Deciding Course.

GOLDDUST—WITCH HAZEL.—Both dogs showed the effects of the two previous courses and went out sore, Golddust leading four lengths but was unable to score; the hare carried them nearly a mile away, then they brought him around, Hazel making several wrenches, but Golddust came by handily, but could not reach his hare for a good half mile, but bunny had spent his force and they literally tired him out; both hounds and hare were but just able to gallop when Golddust killed and won. The spectators became fairly frantic and nearly all joined in the course. A sad ending, perhaps, was averted by the voices of two or three cooler heads who called to them to desist. We would dislike much to see another sad ending like the Pearl of Pekin fiasco, but it is likely to be repeated if such unseemly breaks are made in the final course at these local meets. G. IRWIN ROYCE.

The Winfield Cup.

Open stake for 16 or more greyhounds, entrance fee $10, winner 50 per cent. of entrance and $75 cash donated by the citizens of Winfield, the runner up 25 per cent., third dog to receive 15 per cent., and fourth dog 10 per cent. of entrance money:

D. C. Luse's (ns S. W. Vidler's) brindle bitch Buenarita	beat	D. M. Sidle's white and fawn bitch Lady Maud (late Maudy Luse).
D. M. Sidle's fawn dog Laughed At	beat	D C. Luse's white and brown bitch Lady Cleveland.
F. D. Coyne's black dog	beat	J. R. Ballard's (ns D. C. Luse) Nettlefield.

D. C. Luse's Living Yet, a bye.
Buenarita beat Laughed At. Willis H. beat Living Yet.

III.

Final Course.

S W. Vidler's bdl b Buenarita (Norwegian—Buenaritero)	beat	F. B. Coyne's bk and w d Willis H. (Lights o' London—Nell) and won.

County Stake.

For dogs owned by resident members only, entrance $2.50. Winner to receive 50% of the entrance money, runner up 25%, third to receive 15% and fourth 10% of entrance money.

S. S. Raper's black bitch Juliette	beat	Ricks & Smith's black bitch Dinah's Pickaninny.
John Weakly's black dog Lightfoot	beat	D. S. Hanna's brindle dog Jack.
C. C. Stevens's brindle bitch Skip	beat	D. S. Hanna's black bitch Dicky.
E. B. Condit's fawn bitch Zip.	beat	E. A. Fisher's bitch Lady Grace.
James Ramsey's fawn and white bitch Goldie.	beat	D. S. Hanna's black and white dog Jerry.
John Weakly's red dog Golddust	beat	A. E. Johnson's brindle dog Jo Jo.
Jas. Ramsey's brindle bitch Fanny	beat	E. P. Condit's fawn dog Pedro.
Ricks & Smith's black and white bitch Sailor Maud	beat	D. O. Miller's brindle bitch Minnie.

Frank Sidle's white and black bitch Witch Hazel } beat { Jas. Ramsey's white and black dog Bob.
Jas. Ramsey's red bitch Meteor } beat { C. C. Stevens's white and black bitch Snowball.

II.

Lightfoot beat Juliette. Sailor Maud beat Fanny.
Skip beat Yip. Witch Hazel beat Meteor.
Golddust, a bye, Jerry drawn.

III.

Lightfoot beat Skip. Witch Hazel, a bye.
Golddust beat Sailor Maud.

Final Course.

John Weakly's red dog Golddust (Jack—Minnie), beat Frank Sidle's white and black bitch Witch Hazel (Bob—Unknown), and won.

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NORTHWESTERN BEAGLE TRIALS.

THE inaugural trials of the Northwestern Beagle Club of America were successful and important enough, in entries and interest, to encourage the club to further effort. It was a remarkably good trial for a first event. Next year the club intends to hold a much larger and more important one. They will furthermore endeavor to make friendly arrangements with the National Beagle Club to arrange dates so that parties who desire can enter their dogs for competition in both events. This matter is an important one and worthy of the serious consideration of both clubs. An amicable arrangement for mutual benefit in respect to dates would of itself be great encouragement for the formation of other clubs, which clubs would also arrange events to take part in the circuit.

The trials began on Wednesday, Nov. 1, five or six miles from Whitewater, Wis., a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. That town was the headquarters of the field trial party. A most restful, peaceful town it seemed to be, quiet as a country village, the only visible sign of life being a straggling pedestrian now and then or a rustic team plodding leisurely along. A 'bus and large three-seated carriage furnished transportation for the entire party.

The tiny hounds merely occupied room in the wagons as chinking. Taken as a whole, they were good in looks, most of them showing good quality and breeding.

In the party were Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, the president, who hailed from Oshkosh, Wis., a sportsman in every sense, who took victory or defeat alike with no change in his amiability; Mr. Louis Steffen of Milwaukee, the secretary, who, with Mr. Buckstaff, has worked diligently to make the trials a success, and to the efforts of these two gentlemen the success is chiefly due; there were also Messrs. Fred. F. Merrill, Charles C. Sidler, C. Niss, Jr., Rudolph Engelman, A. Hirtreiter, E. Remmele, John Mennier and L. J. Petit of Milwaukee; H. A. Dillingham and Theo. Zschetzsche, Jr., Sheboygan, Mich., and Edw. Bender and F. W. Bender, Oconomowoc, Wis. There were a few local gentlemen who were present from curiosity. The club members and those who participated directly in the trials wore the club's colors, black, white and tan. Mr. John Davidson judged, and a most laborious task it was. The running was all done in a hilly country, the cover varying much in character. Part of it was open woods, free from undergrowth, part was two or three-year-old oak suckers which grew about stumps on land which had been cleared of wood, and part of it was woods with a thick growth of underbrush. Great activity was necessary at all times, but in some beats where the rabbits would lead the bounds a good run in a wide circle, the whole party would scurry away, up and down hill, through bush and bramble, to some better point of vantage, and betimes glimpses of the judge could be caught as he flitted through the openings with a knee action like Directum's. He worked conscientiously and industriously. His decisions, too, were good and sound. As a whole they were well received, and in the few instances where they were not well received they were, nevertheless, right. To openly and persistently question the judge's decision, even after the judge was kind enough to minutely explain his reasons for it, was in shocking bad taste, aside from the fact that it was wholly wrong. Yet one of the competitors, who is also a club member, was guilty of that act I learned that he told Mr. Davidson later that he was sorry for it, and that, of course, pardons a great deal. The proper way to receive a decision is to be quiet and respectful. The day of the blatant kicker is past. There is no encouragement for him other than to stay away. As this was a first trial and a partial *amende* was made for the offense, his name is withheld.

But one thing the club ought to do next year without fail. The guide, Mr. Junius Finch, who also was a handler in some of the heats, felt that it was incumbent on himself to loudly, ceaselessly comment on the work and interpret every detail to the judge. He was most offensively impertinent, did not even have the merit of being correct in his interpretations, but was consistently a foul-mouthed vulgarian at all times.

At a recent meeting the following list of officers was elected: President, G. A. Buckstaff; Vice-Presidents, Chas. Niss, Jr., and H. A. Dillingham; Sec'y-Treas., Louis Steffen. Executive Committee, E. B. Elliott, E. H. Remmele, Fred F. Merrill. All officers of the club are members of the field trial committee, of which Mr. Dillingham is chairman.

The work of the dogs was quite good as a whole, some of it excellent. Nearly all were true workers and there was very little babbling. The grounds were not considered as being first-rate, both on account of a large part being too heavy in cover and the whole too limited in area.

The Derby.

There were four entries in this stake, which was for dogs and bitches, 15in. or under, whelped after Jan. 1, 1892, $2 to nominate, $3 to start; 40, 30 and 10%, first, second and third.

Following is the order of drawing:

Dillingham & Remmele's black and tan bitch Mayfly (Beebe's Doc—Beebe's Peg), handled by J. Finch in the first heat, by Mr. H. A. Dillingham in the second one,

against

Louis Steffen's black, white and tan dog Tony W. (champion Tony Weller—Topsy), owner, handler.

G. A. Buckstaff's black, white and tan dog Ilwaco (champion Royal Krueger—champion Elf), owner, handler,

against

E. Bender's black, white and tan dog Little Coony Duke (champion Little Duke—Lottie), F. Bender, handler.

Mayfly, winner of first, is a slender built black and tan, with but little beagle type or expression, but she is a wonderfully eager and industrious worker, follows a trail closely when the scent is good. She also has great speed and endurance. Her voice is pinched and squeaky; she was a diligent hunter, with no inclination to loaf betimes or trust to another dog to do the finding. The slender, tough little freak proved not only too formidable for anything in the Derby, but in the Champion Stake, under better working conditions, outclassed with ease her competitors.

Ilwaco, a gamy, tidily built little dog, was quite a close competitor. He exhibited great merit in hunting, following the trail closely and was fairly good in working out a loss. His voice is quite good. Little Coony Duke and Tony W. ran a very even competition, and exhibited good working abilities.

WEDNESDAY.

Rather a late start was made. It was a little late when the beaglers were ready to beagle; then it took the livery man a long time to get his team ready, and then there was more time lost in hunting up a saddle horse for the judge. Finally, a kindly faced yellow equine was secured, a conservative beast which was happiest when standing still—then its face was placid, and its eyelids half closed, bulged out with dreamy contentment. On account of the wire fences the horse could be used but little, and on the second day the judge followed the beagles afoot.

The weather was delightfully pleasant, but too dry for good work. The bounds followed the trail with extreme difficulty and losses occurred frequently; in fact, a few yards' run and a loss was the character of the running till the evening hours, when the atmosphere and ground were damper. A warm, dry, southeast wind prevailed. The grass was so dry that it soon put a polish on the soles of one's shoes, which made difficult walking on the hillsides, and in the woods the dry leaves rattled noisily under foot. The work, as can be imagined, was patchy and unsatisfactory under the circumstances

First Series.

TONY W.—MAYFLY began the competition at 8:46. Mayfly showed a decided superiority, Tony depending largely on Mayfly to do the leading and work, although he followed her closely. Up at 9:29.

ILWACO—LITTLE COONY DUKE began at 9:35. Duke was a bit too fat for active work. Duke was first to open on a track, but soon lost. Ilwaco was the sharper and better hunter, and was quicker and closer in trailing. The beat ended at 10:20.

Some heats were next run in the All-Age Stake to give the puppies a rest. The time given in the heats will indicate the order of running.

TONY W.—LITTLE COONY DUKE started at 2:50. On their first rabbit they first performed fairly well, doing work about alike, and better than that of the forenoon. Both trailed well and worked out a loss with fair skill. Up at 3:40.

MAYFLY—ILWACO began the deciding heat for first place at 3:47, Ilwaco in the mean time having run a beat in the All-Age Stake Ilwaco took the lead on the trail of a marked rabbit, Mayfly following it closely. They ran it about 125yds. to a bole. On the next rabbit both seemed over eager and excitable. The wind had subsided and the scent was better at this juncture. Mayfly took a cast and appeared to be picking out a trail, but lost it. On the trail of the next rabbit Mayfly was first to open on it, Ilwaco soon joining. Both gave tongue merrily, Ilwaco having incomparably the better voice. After a few moments Ilwaco lost the trail and took a cast in the open while Mayfly made eager pursuit on the trail in the woods. Up at 4:45.

The winners were announced as follows: Mayfly first, Ilwaco second; Tony W. and Little Coony Duke divided third.

The All-Age Stake.

The All-Age Stake had two classes, Class A and Class B, the former for dogs, the latter for bitches, each for competitors 15 to 18in. in beigbt. Prizes same as in the Derby.

CLASS A.

G. A. Buckstaff's black, white and tan dog Royal Rover (Rover—Singer G.), owner, handler,

against

Chas. Niss, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog King Lead (Goodwood Driver—Missis of Goodwood), owner, bandler.

Dillingham & Remmele's black, white and tan dog Base (Spelo—Gypsey Belle); first heat, Finch; second heat, Dillingham,

against

G. A. Buckstaff's Ilwaco.

The puppy Ilwaco, already mentioned in the Derby, won the stake with something to spare.

Base, winner of second, follows a trail well, is industrious, though not uniformly so. He has but an ordinary voice. Quite speedy on a trail, good at casting and finding a lost trail; he showed superior merits.

Royal Rover was a good third. He has a good voice, sticks well to the trail, but does not perform so quickly as his more successful competitors.

ROYAL ROVER—KING LEAD—Began at 10:30. Rover was first to open on the trail of a rabbit which was started by spectators. King was close to his handler and gave no heed to Rover for some moments, but joined in and went to the rabbit hole which Rover found. On the next rabbit Rover gave tongue, and King a moment later started the rabbit and gave chase. 12:04 and the party went to lunch.

BASE—ILWACO began an interesting heat at 1:27. Base had a record of second in the National Beagle Club's trials, and he was looked upon as the invincible competitor of the trials. Ilwaco, on the first rabbit, opened joyously and followed the trail close and well, considering the day. Base heeded him not, and, though he crossed the trail two or three times, he paid no attention to it. Sent on again. On the next rabbit, Base took the trail first, Ilwaco joined, both puzzling along 30 or 40yds; at the top of the hill, Ilwaco sprang forward and opened first, though it was most strenuously claimed and maintained by Base's supporters that he opened first. Mr. Davidson saw the matter correctly as above. The writer was a bit to one side and nearer, so he could see and hear the whole performance clearly. Base led away, following the trail closer to a loss. Then Ilwaco took up the trail and carried the rabbit in a long swing, Base not joining in again for several moments. The rabbit finally ran to earth. Up at 2:15. On the second rabbit the honors were very nearly even, while on the first rabbit it was entirely one-sided in Ilwaco's favor. The description of the beat is drawn out at some length on account of the unpleasant discussion which ensued immediately at its close.

There was but one entry, Lottie, in Class B., for bitches, same conditions governing as in Class A.

Also, there was but one entry, Judy, in Class C., for dogs or bitches, all ages, 13in. or under. Same fee to start as in the other classes.

LOTTIE—JUDY were called to run together. The former was owned and handled by F. W. Bender. She is by Drummer out of Lofty. The latter was owned and handled by T. Zschetzsche. She is by Spelo—Nell. They began at 2:20. This heat was simply a walkover heat, neither dog having any competition in her class. The little beagle, Judy, showed excellent merit, following with great dash and accuracy. Lottie was getting heavy in whelp and was rather soft in flesh. She had a good voice and showed excellent sense and judgment. Up at 2:45.

THURSDAY.

The weather was much cooler and cloudy, with signs of rain. A drizzly rain set in in the forenoon and fell for an hour; making excellent hunting conditions. The character of the work on this day was incomparably better. The rabbits too made longer runs. There were some magnificent chases. The running was on the same grounds as that of yesterday.

BASE—ROYAL ROVER were started at 8:10. Rover was first to give tongue on a trail which both dogs carried about 200yds. to a hole. Both afterward worked on a cold trail, which Base gave up and Rover followed patiently out into the woods to a find, giving tongue melodiously. Both joined in and ran the rabbit in a circle an eighth of a mile in diameter, Base leading part of the time, and he was quickest to recover a loss. It was a magnificent heat. Up at 8:58.

KING LEAD—LOTTIE ran a bye, starting at 9:10, ending at 9:80, doing barely average work on a lively rabbit.

JUDY—BASE ran a working beat merely to put the former on an equality of conditions for the Champion Stake. The beat last 57 minutes, beginning at 9:50.

The judge announced the winners of Class A as follows: First, Ilwaco; second, Base; third, Royal Rover.

Champion Class.

Class E, open to all dogs and bitches which won a first prize at these trials. No entry fee. Prize, gold medal, donated by Mr. G. A. Buckstaff.

LOTTIE—ILWACO were ordered off at 11:10. Lottie showed greater judgment and skill in hitting off the trail, and had rather the best of it in following and leading. Up at 12:11.

JUDY—MAYFLY began at 12:15. This was a well contested beat, but Mayfly showed more dash and could follow the trail better, though Judy made a most meritorious competition in a long run. Up at 12:35.

MAYFLY—LOTTIE —The former really excelled herself in this heat, which began at 12:43, and was, according to conditions, the last one home. It seemed as if Mayfly had let out all her reserve forces to show just what she could do, and she did astonishingly well, far ahead of anything previously done in the trials. She carried one rabbit at great speed in a wide circle through the brush alone, and it was really a one-sided race. This beat ended the trials, with Mayfly the winner.

The party then went to lunch, where they were photographed in a group. The champion medal was exhibited. It is designed in skillful style, emblematic of the beagle fancy, and is a trophy to feel proud of. Silk ribbons, donated by Mr. Steffen, with the prizes in gilt letters on them, were distributed to the winners. Next year the club intends to give a prize for voice, a most desirable act, as voice is quite essential to the best performance of a beagle. They may get other grounds, as those used are full of holes, which the rabbits would take when pressed the least. Several entries were lost through the death of one dog, through another being in season, etc. If signs go for anything in making a forecast, next year will prove a banner one for beagle field trial interests.

B. WATERS.

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Corsicana Coursing Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A new ambition has captured the minds of the sporting public in this section of Texas. On account of their symmetry and beauty, for many years we have kept the greyhound as pets and enjoyed the pleasure of the chase as a pastime, but until now never, in any section of this State, has there been a club organized, with money to back the respective favorites. "Miles were scattered" behind the flying jack and the pursuing hound in rich profusion, the dogs and the hare only touching a few prominent points in transit across the broad prairie.

We have had no rain since June, and the ground was rough and hard, terminating a three-days' race in one.

The drawing commenced at 11:30 A. M. on Nov. 5, with eight dogs, drawn as follows: Gibbs's Brillet against Kissinger's Queen. Queen won. Witherspoon's Frankie K. against Sheet's Fannie. Frankie won. Borden's Clark against King's Looney. Undecided. Kenner's Maud D. against Petty's Queen. Queen won.

Second Round.

Petty's Queen beat Witherspoon's Frankie K. after a hard contest, and much dissatisfaction at judge's decision. Kissinger's Queen beat Borden's Clark.

Third Round.

Petty's Queen beat Kissinger's Queen and won first money; Kissinger's Queen second, and third and fourth divided between Witherspoon's Frankie K. and Borden's Clark.

There was no jockeying in these races and very little funny business. The natural ambition and pure eagerness of the blooded dog to capture, and the liberty and even life of the bare, all combined to make the races honest and interesting to the carnivorous bipeds. Two rabbits out of eleven escaped. Frankie and Queen, I neglected to state, started first a crippled rabbit, Frankie killing, but no decision.

The consolation race was won by Maud D. There will be another meet, probably about the Christmas holidays, of which you will have due notice. The rabbits were large and well-developed, and acted on the principle that he that runs and gets away may live to run another day.

C. L. W.

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Cowly Coursing Club Meeting.

AT the meeting of the Cowly County Coursing Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, D. M. Sidle, Winfield, Kan.; Vice-President, C. M. Scott, Arkansas City, Kan.; Secretary, E. Cochran, Winfield, Kan.; Treasurer, Ivan A. Robinson, Winfield, Kan.; Executive Committee, H. E. Steinhilber, E. A. Fisher and J. R. Ballard, of Winfield, Kan.; Ground Committee, J. R. Cochran, Frank Sidle, Winfield, Kan., and D. O. Miller, Oxford, Kan.

Action was taken to name a stake for the next meeting, the Derby for dogs under eighteen months, in place of the Members' Stake, and also to have an open stake to be named by the journal bidding the highest for the privilege. Moved that the secretary be admitted as honorary member of the club without dues during his term of office. The judge was to be paid $10 per day and expenses, and slipper $5 a day for services during this meeting, with special vote of thanks for the very efficient way they performed their duties. Moved and carried that the Cowly County Coursing Association adopt the rules known as the National Greyhound Club rules, with the following modifications, that, wherever the name of the National Greyhound Club appears in said rules, there shall be substituted therefor the name of the National Coursing Board, this board is composed of the following named members: From the American Coursing Club, Dr. N. Rowe and J. Herbert Watson; Kenmore Coursing Club, Dr. Q. Van Hummell and H. C. Stone; Huron Coursing Club, John Longstaff and E. H. Alpin; Western Kansas Coursing Club, W. O. Alphin and R. Howard; Cowly County Coursing Association, John R. Ballard and Ivan A. Robinson.

Adjourned to meet at call of the president.

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Altcar Coursing Club.

Mr. L. F. Bartels writes: "We have started a new coursing club called the Altcar Coursing Club. We want to make this the banner club of this country. We have a membership now of twenty, and all of them are practical coursing men. We are going to give a meeting in the spring—probably the second week in March—at Goodland, Kas. The Goodland boys have guaranteed to hang up $400 and will try to make it more. We will dispense with the puppy stake usually given and will give the Altcar Stake for 32 or more dogs, the Altcar Plate for the dogs defeated in the first round, and if the entries in the stake warrant it will give the Altcar Purse for the dogs defeated in the second round of the stake. The Goodland boys assure us that March is usually very mild and nice with them up to the 21st or 22d. Any information desired can be had from Sam W. Vidler, the secretary, at Colorado Springs, Col. As this is the first spring meeting talked of we want your assistance to make it a good one. We want an early notice in FOREST AND STREAM so that every coursing man can make arrangements to leave his business in March and come to Goodland, and also that every one will have ample time to put his dog or dogs in condition."

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Mr. Geo. W. Roraback, of Westfield, Mass., sends us word that he has lost his foxhound Kate, blue mottled and black, 18in. high, and will pay $10 for his return or information leading to her recovery.

N. E. BEAGLE CLUB FIELD TRIALS.

THE first annual field trials of the New England Beagle Club were held at Oxford, Mass., Nov. 6 to 10, and the club has reason to congratulate itself on the number of high class beagles which started in the various events. All the classes were strong, but the work in the Derby and 15in. champion class was particularly good.

The grounds selected for the trials furnished an abundance of rabbits, but the Oxford cottontail does not run as well as his Nanuet brother, and is all too ready to seek refuge in the stone walls which bound the fields. Then, too, the cover at Oxford is in many places so thick that it is quite impossible to follow the beagles closely, and consequently only a fraction of the work can be seen by the judges. This in a close race is apt to cause dissatisfaction.

The arrangements for the comfort of the club members and their guests were admirably carried out under the direction of Vice-President H. S. Joslin. The Bacon Hotel gave us a good breakfast at an early hour, and a hearty dinner after the work of the day was over. Hot lunches were served in the field, and barges conveyed all who wished to ride to and from the hunting grounds. The beagles were comfortably kenneled in a barn near headquarters.

Among the gentlemen present during the week were F. W. Chapman, H. S. Joslin, Mark Lewis, A. D. Fiske, E. O. Cornforth, Thomas Shallcross, Henry Hanson, H. V. Jamieson, R. D. Perry, W. R. Dean, F. G. Stewart, O. F. Joslin, W. S. Clark, F. W. Cielfield, O. J. Smith, Bradford S. Turpin, Cassius Hoyle, A. W. Barber and many others.

The judges, Geo. F. Reed and A. C. Krueger, did not attempt to follow the beagles as closely as has been customary in former trials. Their decisions, however, were well received, except in the 15in. open class which is spoken of elsewhere.

Among the winers are some previously unknown to fame. Louie Fitz Lee, winner of first in the Derby, third in the open class, and specials for the most effective ranging, greatest sustained speed and best starter, is a handsomely marked, strongly built white, black and tan dog. The record he has made here has never been equalled. Buckshot, second in the Derby, is a blue ticked dog, already fit to run in any company and sure to make a great record in the future. Lady Novice, winner of the 13in. class, is a strongly built, handsome little beagle of great intelligence. The other winners are all well known and need no description.

On Monday evening the annual meeting of the club was held in the smoking room of Bacon's Hotel. President F. W. Chapman was in the chair and the roll call was auswered by H. S. Joslin, H. V. Jamieson. Henry Hanson, Geo. F. Reed, E. O. Cornforth, A. D. Fiske, Thos. Shallcross and Bradford S. Turpin; the latter, in the absence of Secretary Clark, was appointed secretary *pro tem.* After routine business had been disposed of the election of officers for 1894 took place, with the following result: President, F. W. Chapman; Vice-President, H. S. Joslin; Secretary-Treasurer, W. S. Clark; Executive Committee, A. D. Fiske and Henry Hanson.

It was voted that the N. E. B. C. should apply for membership in the A. K. C. as a field trial club, and that the time of application should be left to the discretion of the executive committee.

Bradford S. Turpin's resignation as a member of the field trial committee was accepted, and Geo. F. Reed was elected to fill the vacancy. The meeting then adjourned.

The field trial committee was at once called to order, those present being F. W. Chapman, H. S. Joslin, Henry Hanson, Geo. F. Reed and H. V. Jamieson. It was voted that the judges should name a reserve dog in each class in addition to the winners of money prizes, and that the Derby should be started on Tuesday morning.

The beagles nominated in the various classes were then called upon to fill. In the Derby H. L. Kreuder's Lee III. and Queen of the Forest, Henry Hanson's Olaf, Forest Beagle Kennels' Clio, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Ruin, and Geo. F. Reed's Flash failed to appear. In Class A, H. L. Kreuder's Grayburn Daisy and Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Marguerite were absent, but in Class B all the nominees were present.

The drawing in the various classes then took place. This completed the work of the evening, and at a late hour the field trial committee adjourned.

TUESDAY.

Tuesday morning was clear and cold, a heavy white frost covered the ground and there was no wind. The day was an excellent one for hunting, and the running in the Derby was completed. The quality of the beagles competing in this stake has never been equalled at any previous field trial, and there were at least two hounds in the class that could easily have defeated any former winners of this event. So evenly were these matched that the judges found it difficult to make a decision. One of them, Louie Fitz Lee, was run nearly six hours during the day, and his rival, Buckshot, was down for about four hours. The endurance of these pups, combined with their splendid work, made a noteworthy performance.

The Derby.

For dogs and bitches 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892. First prize $40, second $25, third $15:

H. A. P. Smith's Louie Fitz Lee (Fitzhugh Lee—Maid) with Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Molly Dean (Sam—Baby Dean).

H. S. Joslin's Jean Val Jean (Chubb—Mystic II.) with Thos. Shallcross's Buckshot (Dave—Daisy).

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Little Lee (Fitzhugh Lee—Dill) with Rockland Beagle Kennels' Blanche (Frank Forrest—Ina).

First Series.

LOUIE FITZ LEE—MOLLY DEAN.—This brace was put down at 8:00 on a side hill in Plaisted's pasture. Louie was handled by Bradford S. Turpin and Molly by F. W. Chapman. Louie covered his ground rapidly and showed great dash and hunting sense in his work. Molly did not work as well as she did at Nanuet the previous week. In thick brush Louie started a rabbit and drove to a stone wall, where the game took to earth; Molly did not get on till the run was nearly over. Soon after two rabbits were put up by the spectators, but the scent did not lie well and neither beagle could follow. Finally Henry Hanson, who has a happy faculty of jumping a rabbit whenever one is particularly needed, supplied the game. Molly took the track first, but Louie carried the rabbit under a stone wall, led off through thick brush and marked the burrow where bunny sought refuge. They were takeu up at 10:00.

JEAN VAL JEAN—BUCKSHOT.—This couple was laid on at 10:07, the former in charge of E. F. Barnes and the latter handled by Thomas Shallcross. After a long hunt in which both beagles tongued, but neither could start, a rabbit was jumped by a spectator. Jean was put on the track, Buckshot harked to him, and in a thicket where the judges could hardly struggle ahead the beagles drove to a final loss. Then Buckshot hit the track of another rabbit which had been started by the crowd, but he could not carry it, nor could Jean aid him. Judge Krueger was the next to supply a rabbit, but this was also lost, and then for variety the beagles succeeded in driving one across the field to a wall very prettily, Buckshot leading. Taken up at 11:20.

LITTLE LEE—BLANCHE.—This brace was ordered down at 11:25. Lee was handled by F. W. Chapman and Blanche by Mark Lewis. Blanche, who is a larger and stronger beagle than Lee, worked with more life than her competitor. The scent was still poor and two rabbits were lost. The second one, however, was driven for some distance by Blanche, while Little Lee struggled along far in the rear. Ordered up at 12:05.

This finished the running in the first series, and after lunch at the Huguenot Monument, erected in memory of the founders of the town of Oxford in 1687, the judges ordered down the first brace in the

Second Series.

LOUIE FITZ LEE—BUCKSHOT.—These rivals for first prize were put down at 12:45. Judge Reed started a rabbit, but on the dry leaves neither beagle could follow, and bunny was safe without the necessity of running far. Worked to a large alder swamp, Louie, who is a splendid starter, jumped a rabbit. A long and very hot race followed in the swamp, where the trailing was good. This rabbit was the very king of runners, and though pressed hard refused to go to earth. Back and forth through the swamp, now in the open and again in thick cover, he led the eager hounds. The judges could not follow the brace, and from points of vantage on stumps and stone walls saw what they could of this great run. During the first part of the race Buckshot had the advantage, but after that Louie did the better work, catching more turns and running at greater speed than his rival. They were taken up at 2:37 while still driving.

JEAN VAL JEAN—MOLLY DEAN.—At 2:42 these beagles were cast off on the track of a rabbit which some enthusiastic hunters had taken from a wall where it had taken refuge. The brace drove a short distance and then were at fault in a road, where they made a final loss. Drawn away to an old orchard, a rabbit was seen in its form, and a hot race in thick cover followed. It was possible to see only a small fraction of the work. Taken up at 3:25.

LOUIE FITZ LEE—BLANCHE.—They were put down in thick cover at 3:25. A swamp and several pastures were worked without result. Then a rabbit was bolted by a spectator. Louie hit the track before Blanche, and had the best of the race through the woods to an open field, where they lost. Up at 4:30.

LOUIE FITZ LEE—BUCKSHOT.—This brace, which had already run together for nearly two hours, was put down again at 4:30. They beat out their ground well and Louie jumped a rabbit, which was lost after a short run. At 5:12, when it was so dark that one beagle could be distinguished from the other with difficulty, they were ordered up.

THE FOXHOUND LOGAN.

Winner of Principal Prizes at Brunswick Fur Club Trials, 1893. Owned by Messrs. B. F. Kinney and John M. White, Worcester, Mass.

In the evening the judges made the awards, giving first to Louie Fitz Lee, second to Buckshot, third to Blanche and reserve to Jean Val Jean.

WEDNESDAY.

The club was again favored with excelleut hunting weather. The day was still and cool, and the sky overcast with clouds, so that the scent lay well. Game was not found in as great abundance as on Tuesday and the entire day was spent in running six couples. The first series in Class A was completed and one brace was run in the second series.

Class A.

For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any class at any field trials. First prize $55, second prize $35, third prize $25.

Rockland Beagle Kennels' Fanny Racer (Racer W.—Nellie) with E. O. Cornforth's Kitty (Rowdy—Music).

H. A. P. Smith's Louie Fitz Lee (Fitzhugh Lee—Maid) with Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsy A. (Kenneally's Lee—Tone).

Middleton Kennels' Model (Stormy—June M.) with Forest Beagle Kennels' Vick R. (Fitzhugh Lee—Nell).

Thomas Shallcross's Daisy with Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Jennie of Orland (Spot of Orland—Fanny S.).

Rockland Beagle Kennels' Jack Bannerman (Bannerman—Kate) a bye.

First Series.

FANNY RACER—KITTY.—This couple was cast off on Clark's farm at 8:05. Fanny was handled by Mark Lewis and Kitty by her owner, E. O. Cornforth. Both worked well, but Kitty was inclined to range where she pleased and paid little regard to her handler. We had a long and tedious hunt through thickets and pastures; Fanny who is inclined to be noisy tonguing now and then but failing to make a start. Finally on a swampy side hill a woodcock was flushed and at the same time Fanny trailed very prettily to a start. The rabbit was an excellent runner. Three times he circled the large pastuae and for a half hour furnished good sport and then was lost by the beagles. Much of this race was in cover where it was impossible for the judges to see more than a fraction of the work. Occasionally Fanny was seen in the lead, but more often Kitty was in front cutting out the work and setting a very fast pace. Ordered up at 9:20

LOUIE FITZ LEE—GYPSY A.—Louie, the Derby winner, notwithstanding his hard luck of yesterday was as full of life aud energy as ever, and covered his ground in the splendid style characteristic of him. He was handled by Bradford S. Turpin, and Gypsy A. was looked after by F. W. Chapman. The brace was cast off in cover at 9:25, and working through a swampy thicket, Louie made game. Gypsy was quickly with him and together they jumped a rabbit which led straight away for a stone wall, Louie driving at great speed and leaving Gyp far in the rear. Drawn away to thick cover, Louie trailed to a start and ran the rabbit to earth before Gypsy was fairly started. The beagles were then worked further into the cover and Louie again started a rabbit which almost ran over Gyp, who was 40yds. or more distant from her running mate; this fluke gave her a long start but Louie quickly passed her and drove the rabbit into a stone wall. Not long after another rabbit was seen by a spectator and the beagles were put on the track. Gypsy hit it first but could not hold her advantage and Louie ran on even terms with her, driving the rabbit to earth. Up at 10:30.

FANNY RACER—KITTY.—At 10:45 these beagles were put down for the second time that the judges might have an opportunity to see more of their work than was possible in the first race. They were cast off in a pasture and Kitty soon hit a cold track which she worked to the wall. While she was making it out the rabbit was jumped by the spectators and in the race which followed Kitty was never overtaken. She showed herself to be a clever and rapid worker. The brace was taken up after a half hour's run.

MODEL—VICK R.—These well known beagles were cast off in a pasture at 11:15. Model was in charge of Mark Lewis and Vick R. of H. V. Jamieson. For forty-five minutes they worked through a fine rabbit country without making a start, and then the judges, catching sight of the lunch wagon, ordered them up. After enjoying a hearty New England lunch of baked beans, brown bread, doughnuts and coffee, the hounds were again put down and once more the weary hunt was resumed. The beagles became widely separated and Vick jumped a rabbit, ran him some distance, and lost in an almost impenetrable swamp before Model could be got on the track. Both the handlers had to flounder through the mud and water of the swamp to get their beagles, who could not be called off. At last we all got out of the wilderness, and in a field overgrown with bushes and briers Mark Lewis kindly jumped a rabbit. Model at first ran alone; then Vick struck in with him, worked a fling handsomely at the stone wall, and led the way across the pasture to a heap of stones, where the rabbit went to earth. Vick drove at a good pace and Model was content to follow. They were taken up at 2:15.

DAISY—JENNIE OF ORLAND.—This brace was ordered down at 2:35 at the place where the last brace had forced their rabbit to take to his burrow. Both were handled by their owners, Thomas Shallcross and F. W. Chapman. For a few moments the hounds amused themselves by running the old track. Then they were drawn away to another section of the brush field, where Daisy trailed to a start. The race that followed was a short one. Jennie was the faster of the pair, but neither did well, and the rabbit was soon lost. They were taken up at 3:12.

JACK BANNERMAN (a bye). The bye, handled by Mark Lewis, was put down at 3:20 to run with Kitty. They were worked through the brush field, where nothing was found, and then away to a side hill thickly covered with alders. Here the beagles quickly jumped a rabbit for whom the hounds had no terrors, and who absolutely refused to take to his burrow. A pretty race was run in the cover, but portions of it only could be seen Kitty was the faster and seemed to have the best of it, though Jack caught a number of turns and was in the race all the time. At 4, while still running, they were ordered up and the handlers had a lively scramble in catching the gamy brace, who were driving like mad on the hot trail. This race finished the running in the first series.

Second Series.

GYPSY A.—VICK R.—This couple was put down in oak woods at 4:12 and a rabbit was immediately started by H. V. Jamieson. Vick drove alone for some time and lost, and Gypsy refused to take the track, though started with Vick. The rabbit made one circle and then went to ground in a culvert. An unsuccessful effort was made to get him out, and then the beagles were started again in another part of the woods. Gypsy soon jumped a rabbit and led through the valley and across the road into thick cover. Here another rabbit was started by the tonguing of the excited beagles. Each hound took one and both were driven to earth. Taken up at 4:40. The driving in this race was very fast, the scent lay well and the tonguing of the beagles was as regular as clockwork—a most enjoyable run.

THURSDAY.

The clouds which threatened rain on Wednesday evening disappeared during the night and Thursday proved to be an excellent hunting day. The scent lay well, rabbits were found in plenty and the running in both the open classes was completed.

LOUIE FITZ LEE—KITTY.—This brace was put down on Huguenot Hill at 8:08 and was handled as in the first series Louie, comparatively unacquainted with his handler, covered his ground at a pace which made it difficult to keep track of him in the thicket, and was under little control. Kitty worked carefully and with less speed than she displayed on Wednesday. A rabbit was jumped by Judge Krueger and the beagles were ordered to this place. There was a long wait to find Louie, and when he was brought to the starting point the scent was cold. The hounds trailed slowly through thick cover to an open field, where the track was lost, the work being very even and without advantage to either. Soon a second rabbit was jumped by a spectator. The hounds were called up and put on the hot track. Louie worked the turns and led the chase to a ledge where the rabbit went to earth. Taken up at 9:05.

This race finished the running in the 15in. class and in the evening the judges announced the winners. First went to Gypsy A., second to Vick R., third to Louie Fitz Lee and reserve to Kitty. These awards were a decided surprise and occasioned much adverse criticism and dissatisfaction. It was difficult to see in what respect Gypsy A. was superior to Louie Fitz Lee and Vick R., and no one could understand why the latter should have been placed over Louie without meeting him in either series. It was surely an injustice to the Nova Scotia beagle, and was not in accordance with the field trial rules, which provide that the first and second and second and third prize winners shall run together.

Class B.

For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under that have not been placed first in any class at any field trials. First prize $30, second $20, third $15.

Rockland Beagle Kennels' Lou (Keno—Fly) with Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Molly Dean (Sam—Baby Dean).

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Little Lee (Fitzhugh Lee—Dill) with A. D. Fiske's Lady Novice (The Rambler—Lady Vic).

Middleton Kennels' Adam (Sport—Trill) with Forest Beagle Kennels' Gypsy Forest (Frank Forest—Sue Forest).

First Series.

MOLLY DEAN—LOU.—At 9:17 this brace was cast off in a pasture. F. W. Chapman handled Molly, and Lou was in charge of Mark Lewis. Lou started off in the careful, methodical style characteristic of her, but Molly showed little spirit and interest in her work. Mark Lewis started a rabbit, and when the beagles were put on together Lou caught the scent first, but neither could carry it any distance on the dry leaves. A second rabbit was jumped by Mark Lewis and again the hounds were unable to drive. Once more they were put on the hot track and this time they succeeded in running a short race, Lou doing most of the leading and working the turns prettily. Taken up at 9:55.

LITTLE LEE—LADY NOVICE.—This brace was laid on at 10:00 where the last couple had been taken up. Lee was handled by F. W. Chapman and the interests of Lady were looked after by Mr. Morse. Lady was a merry, rapid worker under excellent control; Lee showed some interest in his work, but is too small for a field trial performer. After working through several fields Lady Novice trailed to a start and until the run was over did all the work, Little Lee being unable to come up with her in the briers. The rabbit was driven into a stone wall. The brace was ordered up at 10:33.

ADAM—GYPSY FOREST.—At 10:40 this lively couple was put down in a field covered with tall weeds. Both worked well, the former in charge of Mark Lewis and the latter of H. V. Jamieson. Gypsy soon trailed to a start and away went the game—either a fox or a rabbit—straight through the field, across the road and down into a strip of woodland, where two foxhounds joined the chase and the beagles were caught off. In this race the little hounds ran at a killing

pace, first one and then the other leading, but Gypsy set the pace during the greater part of the run and caught more turns than Adam. When they were brought back to the weed field both tongued and trailed, but failed to start, and the judges ordered them up at 11:10.

This finished the running in the first series and the judges after a short consultation ordered down the first brace in the second series.

Second Series.

LADY NOVICE—GYPSY FOREST.—These merry little workers were laid on in a weed field at 1:15. Worked away to thick cover a rabbit was started by the spectators. The beagles were called up and Lady caught the scent before Gypsy. Away they went driving the rabbit in hot haste to a stone wall, where he attempted to find refuge, but no sooner had bunny popped into the wall than he jumped out again, and once more the chase was on and finally the game was lost. Lady had the best of the race, doing more than her share of the leading and working the majority of the turns. It was a very pretty race. The hounds were taken up at 11:46.

Just as the run was over the lunch wagon came in sight and was heartily welcomed by the hungry crowd of sportsmen. While we were eating a party of eleven men straggled by, each armed with a gun, and in the rear of the procession came a mongrel dachshund. We all wondered that there was any game left in the county.

ADAM—LOU.—This couple was cast off at 12:45 at the place where we had lunch. They were worked through a number of open fields to a pasture overgrown with weeds and brush, where a rabbit was jumped by the crowd. Lou led the chase till the rabbit made a fling; then neither could carry the trail further. Adam, as usual, tongued here and there, but nothing came of it, and the brace was taken up at 1:25.

The awards were posted by the judges in the evening. First was given to Lady Novice, second to Gypsy Forest, third to Lou, and reserve to Adam.

Class C.

For bassets and dachshunds, all ages, $10 to start. First prize, 40%; second prize, 30%, and third prize, 20% of entrance fees.

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Rodeur (Maupratt—Lottie), a bye.

There was but one entry in this class, Rodeur, and he was handled by his owner, F. W. Chapman. A. D. Fiske offered Lady Novice as a running mate, and the ill-assorted pair were cast off at 1:28. A rabbit was seen in its form and started within a few feet of the hounds. Neither of them saw it, and when put on the hot track neither could follow. Both circled, Rodeur casting very wide; but all in vain. Finally the rabbit was discovered by a spectator and the hounds drove him into a wall some 20yds. from the start. This race occasioned much merriment, and the judges were so pleased with the grace and beauty of the "Chapman lope" that they divided first between Rodeur and his owner.

It was now 2 o'clock, and as the entries in the champion class had not yet been made, further work was postponed till Friday morning.

FRIDAY.

The day was the coldest of the week, but the hunting conditions were good and the running in the champion classes was most interesting.

The entries in the champion classes closed on Friday morning with six nominations.

Champion Class—13 to 15in.

For dogs or bitches, all ages, 15in. and over 13in., that have been placed first in any open class at any field trial, $10 to start. First prize, 80% of entrance fees and title of field trial champion.

Middleton Kennels' bitch Snow (Stormy—Lucy) with Forest Beagle Kennels' bitch June Rose (Frank Forest—Juno II.).

Glenrose Beagle Kennels' bitch Gipsy (Kenneally's Lee—Tone) a bye.

First Series.

JUNE ROSE—SNOW.—These well-known winners were cast off at 8:20 in Plaisted's pasture, on Huguenot Hill. Jnne was in charge of her owner, H. V. Jamieson, and Snow was handled by Mark Lewis. Both started well and showed hunting sense in their work. In a thicket June trailed to a start and led the race for some distance; checked at a stone wall Snow caught a turn, but June again took the lead and held it till the rabbit went to earth. Drawn away June tongued, Snow harked to her, and they trailed together; but before they found the rabbit it was started by a spectator. Both hit the hot scent at the same moment, and away they went at speed, June catching three turns while Snow had to be content with one. They ran to a loss on the dry grass. Soon after both trailed for some distance on what was probably the feeding trail of a fox. Meantime F. G. Stewart had caught the rabbit which had been driven into the wall, and by order of the judges it was set free on a rocky side hill. The beagles were put on and June did a beautiful piece of work trailing, slowly but surely, over the stones to the wall, while Snow followed. Taken up at 9:50.

GYPSY—a bye.—Gypsy drew the bye and handled by her owner, F. W. Chapman, was put down at 9:57 to run with Snow. Working in cover Snow gave tongue but failed to start. Then Thomas Shallcross discovered a rabbit in its form. The beagles were called up and Snow taking the lead drove the rabbit quickly to its burrow in a stone wall. Gypsy meantime circled and happened upon another rabbit which she followed for some distance and lost in an open field, this rabbit, however, seeking refuge in the wall close by the place where Snow had driven hers. Drawn away to an alder swamp Gypsy made a start and ran the game to a stone wall. Then in a weed field Mr. Shallcross once more provided a rabbit, and in the run which followed Gypsy's work was superior to Snow's. Up at 11:18. In these races with June Rose and Gypsy A., Snow did not work as well as she had done at Nanuet, N. Y., and failed to do herself justice.

Second Series.

JUNE ROSE—GYPSY A.—This brace was put down at 11:25 where the last couple had been ordered up. A rabbit was started by Judge Reed, and June got away on the trail before she could be caught, but no harm was done, for Gypsy harked to her and they ran an even, pretty race till the game was lost. Then June jumped a rabbit, but soon lost in the multiplicity of trails with which the field was now covered. Drawn away to new territory Gypsy started a half-grown rabbit; June was on at once and did some fine trailing, catching the turns and leading her rival easily during the greater part of the run. The judges now consulted and finally ordered the beagles on. Mr. Jamieson then borrowed a gun from a spectator that he might work his beagle as in an ordinary hunt, but on protest by Mr. Chapman the judges directed him to return it to its owner. Soon after this episode Gypsy jumped a rabbit some distance from the judges and ran him alone, June being too far away to get on running terms with her mate before the game ran into an accommodating wall. At 12:50 the judges announced that they were unable to agree and asked that a third judge be selected to aid them in reaching a decision. The owners failed to agree upon a third party and it began to look as if the deadlock would not be broken. Just then F. G. Stewart joined the party with a rabbit in his pocket and by request of the judges he liberated it in the middle of a large field. Bunny quickly crossed two open fields and disappeared in the woods. The beagles were then worked to the track, June took it and led across the fields to cover, doing all the work and showing her wonderful trailing powers to the best advantage. At 1:08 the hounds were ordered up and one of the most eventful races in the history of beagle field trials came to an end.

First was won by June Rose and reserve by Gypsy A.

Champion Class, 13in. and Under.

Bradford S. Turpin's dog Clyde (Frank Forest—Sue Forest), with Bradford S. Turpin's bitch Belle Ross (Ross W.—Cricket).

Rockland Beagle Kennels' bitch Zillah (Racer, Jr.—Nellie). Withdrawn.

Zillah was necessarily withdrawn. All the others filled and ran.

CLYDE—BELLE ROSS.—This brace was put down in cover at 1:15, handled by owner. For an hour and a half the beagles hunted without finding a sign of a rabbit. Then Belle gave tongue; Clyde harked to her, quickly trailed to a start and easily outstripped his kennel mate in the run to the wall. Belle drove true and steadily, but was much too slow for Clyde. Up at 2:40. Clyde won first and Belle Ross reserve.

This run brought the trials to an end, as there were no entries in the brace or pack stakes, and but one, Louie Fitz Lee, in the endurance stake. The judges then awarded the specials as noted below.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Most musical voice, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Jack Bannerman.

Most accurate trailing, Forest Beagle Kennels' June Rose.

Most effective ranging, H. A. P. Smith's Louie Fitz Lee.

Most stylish worker, Thomas Shallcross's Buckshot.

Best starter, H. A. P. Smith's Louie Fitz Lee.

Greatest sustained speed, H. A. P. Smith's Louie Fitz Lee.

Best Derby entry bred by owner, Thomas Shallcross's Buckshot.

Best All-Age entry bred by owner, Middleton Kennels' Model. BRADLEY.

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Logan.

THE record made at the Brunswick Fur Club field trials by Logan, whose picture we print to-day, places him among the notable hounds of the country. His winnings at North Acton, Mass., were first in trailing, speed, tonguing and style; second in endurance and third in hunting. He has won the highest honors in the foxhound world for '93, and his owners, Messrs. A. B. F. Kinney and John M. White, Worcester, Mass., are to be congratulated in the possession of so fine a hound to lead their well-known pack.

Yachting.

New York Yacht Racing Association.

A MEETING of the New York Y. R. A. was held at O'Neill's, Sixth avenue and Twenty-second street, on Nov. 10, Com. B. F. Sutton, the president, being in the chair. When the meeting was called to order delegates from the following fourteen clubs were found present: Audubon, Bayonne, Brooklyn, Columbia, Harlem, Hudson River, Indian Harbor, Jersey City, New Jersey, Oceanic, Shrewsbury, Staten Island Athletic, Tappan Zee and Yonkers Corinthian yacht clubs. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The report of the treasurer as submitted showed a balance after all debts were paid of $101.

The resignation of the Bayswater Y. C., of Bayswater, L. I., was read and accepted. It would seem that at a meeting of this association held just before its Labor Day regatta a resolution was introduced and adopted concerning a proposed regatta that was to be held by the club on Labor Day. The resolution disapproved of such regatta. The resignation was undoubtedly the result of such action.

The Newark Bay Yacht Club of Bayonne, New Jersey, and the North Shrewsburry Yacht Club of Red Bank, N. J., having disbanded, were dropped from the association.

The more important feature of the meeting was the report of the Regatta Committee, which was read by its chairman, Mr. George E. Gartland. A synopsis of the report follows:

The Committee says that "141 entries had been received, 12 less than last year;" that it is to be regretted that the tide did not serve the contestants on their return, that while last year everything was in its favor there being a good southerly breeze and the tide serving, this year although the start was with the tide it did not run long enough to be of much service to the large yachts that were compelled to sail the longer courses. With a breeze the race could have been finished by sunset, but the Committee were compelled to remain until after 12 P. M.

The report also calls attention to the two recent storms just previous to the regatta, ascribing to them the keeping away through partial or total loss of at least 35 starters, considering which fact, the actual number of starters, 75, was a very good showing.

It goes on to say that the preparatory signal was given at 11:40 A. M. and Classes A to H, 1 to 5 and 6 to 10 were started at intervals of 10 minutes thereafter, the handicap signal being given at 12:20 P. M. The wind at the start was west by north, weather clear, tide last of ebb. The wind gave every promise of increasing, there being a good breeze in the Upper Bay that completely died out by sunset. It also calls attention to the fact that many of the contestants turned the Bell Buoy just below Swinburne Island instead of the Swash Channel red bell buoy, and says that no excuse can be made for this mistake, as the circulars contained full, clear and complete description and diagram of the course.

It speaks of three protests having been received, the first by Mr. Louis Wunder, of Vixen, against Lurline, Mr. B Barnett claiming the Lurline did not go the full course.

The second was by Lizzie F., of the Hudson River Club, against Maud M., Harlem Club, in which same claim as first protest was made.

The third was by John A. Cameron against Clara S., both of Hudson River Club, making same claim as two former protests.

The committee sustained all three protests, and awarded the race and prizes to Vixen, Lizzie F. and John A. Cameron respectively. The committee disqualified the cabin cat Willie K. and open cat Little Dean for fouling the stakeboat at the finish, but says that the result was not affected by their disqualification. The following were named as prize winners:

Class A.—Com. B. F. Sutton's Loyal over Com. A. J. Prime's Florida by 3h. 7m. 41_{10}s.

Class E—Mr. J. G. Meehan's Fair Wind, Brooklyn Y. C. over May B. by 33m 137_{10}s.

Class F—Ex-Com. J. T. Lalor's Peerless, Harlem Y. C., over Henry Ward Beecher by 3m. 12s

Class G—Mr. C. Wunder's Vixen over Star by 2h. 6m 45^2_{10}s.

Class 1—Mr. M. Flynn's Lizzie F., H. R. Y. C., only boat sailing proper course

Class 2—Mr J. McCarthy's John A. Cameron, H. R. Y. C., only boat sailing proper course.

Class 4—Mr. W. E Elsworth's Mary, Bayonne Y. C., only boat finishing in this class.

Class 5—Vice-Com F. M. Randall's Hit or Miss, Pavonia Y. C., wins from Surprise by 21m. 37s.

Class 7—Norman, Mr. George Hansen, H Y. C., wins, her competitor, Edna, Messrs. Dickson & Kellock, Y. C Y. C., not crossing finishing line.

Class 8—J. M. Sawyer, Jr.'s, Arrow, Shrewsbury Y. C., wins from Pauline B. by 13m. 18^2_{10}s.

Class 9—S. W. Roof, Jr.'s, Gertrude A. wins from Harry C Miner by 18m. 7^5_{10}s.

Class 10—F. Fabian's Chip, Bayonne Y. C., over Crest by 4m. 45^4_{10}s.

Of the eighteen classes, there were entries in all and starters in all but class B. No boats in classes C or 6 finished, and in classes D the Avalon, H the Bessie and 1 Mosquito, sailed over, and under the rules are not entitled to a prize, but the committee have awarded them the pennant in their respective classes.

The expenses of the committee were $187.42, the principal item being $111.69 for printing. The total expenses of the regatta were $544.98, receipts from all sources $416, leaving a deficit of $128.48. This deficit may be slightly reduced. The committee say further that under the conditions this is an excellent showing when we take into consideration the absorbing interest manifested in the trial and international races, the general depression of business, and the two severe storms, all of which tended to distract attention and lessen interest, and conclude by congratulating the association on the successful termination of its fifth annual regatta. The report was signed by Mr. Gartland, Judge Charles E. Simms, Jr., and Wm. Cagger.

A motion was made to receive and adopt the report, which was amended by adopting all but that part relating to class 7. The amendment was carried. The committee were then, on motion, thanked by the Association.

Com. A. J. Prime, of the Y. C. Y. C., now rose to a question of privilege and made a statement concerning class 7 in which he claimed that the Edna had finished properly and that sufficient evidence, in his opinion, was presented to the committee to support this statement, and that notwithstanding this alleged fact the committee had thrown Edna out and awarded prize to another boat, and asked that it be referred to the executive committee by the regatta committee. The regatta committee voted to so refer it and asked that they be notified of the meeting of the executive committee and be allowed to present evidence in the matter, which request was granted.

Three very important amendments were noticed for action, but because of the absence of two-thirds of all the clubs, it requiring 16 and 14 only being present, action was deferred. A resolution was offerred by ex-Com. Prime to the effect that when this meeting adjourns it will be to meet on Friday, December 15, 1893, and that the secretary instruct the clubs and delegates. The resolution was adopted.

It may not be amiss to call attention to the proposed alteration to the Constitution. Article VIII. relating to Assessments, add after the words annual meeting "and any club failing to be represented at a regular meeting of the Association shall be fined the sum of $1.00."

Also add the following to the clause: "Any yacht club in the Association giving a race or regatta open to one or more clubs in the Association, under any rules contrary to the Association, shall be fined such a sum as the delegates of the Association shall determine."

We question whether the adoption of the above would be a wise move, as it is certainly an innovation, and tends to conflict with the individual rights of the clubs to hold races under special conditions.

American Model Y. C.

PROSPECT PARK—BROOKLYN.

Tuesday, Nov. 7.

A FAIR breeze of wind favored the model yachtsmen in their last races of the season, being from N. E., blowing about eleven miles an hour according to Sergt. Dunn.

It was evident by the late arrival of some of the yachtsmen that they were detained by voting "late" and often, and great credit must be given to Mr. Thos. Clapham in voting early and not often, thereby arriving in good time to start his boat in her class, it being a long journey from Glen Cove, L. I. His efforts were not without reward, his yacht, a Clapham model through and through, winning in three straight heats.

Neola proved that she is at the top of the heap, and it will probably be a long time before she will be dislodged from that eminence; it would be worth the while of some of our yacht designers to take a look at her.

Ampere showed her speed under the skillful handling of her owner, the little Mischief pushing her closely. Taken all in all a very pleasant day was spent.

Next year the club will have a salt water station where the capabilities of the models will be fully tested, and streaky winds will be of the past.

Course, Southwest Cove to Point of Rocks and return, in heats, best two out of three, distance one-half mile. Weather pleasant, wind N.E. about eleven miles an hour. First class:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST HEAT.				
Neola, J. E. Pfeiffer	1 23 00	1 35 50	12 50	12 50
Ohyesia, C. Van Ness	1 23 30	1 37 56	14 26	14 17½
May, H. Fisher	1 23 12	1 36 45	13 33	13 21
SECOND HEAT.				
Neola	1 40 43	1 54 10	13 27	13 27
Ohyesia	1 40 52	1 55 06	14 14	14 05½
May	1 41 21	1 55 52	14 31	14 19

Second Class.—To windward ¼ mile:

FIRST HEAT.				
Skimmaug, C. Mallory and Thos. Clapham	11 41 06	11 52 10	11 04	11 29
Marjorie, H. Fisher	11 40 45	11 51 59	11 14	11 39¾
Comet, Geo. W. Townley	11 41 03	11 52 51	11 48	12 27¼
SECOND HEAT.				
Skimmaug	12 02 32	12 11 57	9 25	9 50
Marjorie	12 02 18	12 12 28	10 15	10 55¾
Comet	12 03 03	12 13 14	10 11	10 25¼

Third Class.—Triangular. Start from buoy off club peninsula to buoy off point at Southwest Cove, to Point of Rocks, thence to finish off club peninsula, distance ½ mile, in heats, best two out of three:

FIRST HEAT.				
Dolphin, J Smith	2 35 35	2 56 20	20 45	20 45
Ampere, J. E. Pfeiffer	2 35 22	2 51 43	16 21	16 14½
Mischief, H. Fisher	2 35 22	2 53 00	17 38	17 08
Anna, J. C. Meyer	2 35 40	2 54 42	19 02	18 58½
SECOND HEAT.				
Dolphin	3 02 09	Disqualified.		
Ampere	3 01 55	3 20 12	18 17	18 10½
Mischief	3 01 50	3 19 48	18 18	17 48
Anna	3 02 10	3 25 18	23 08	23 04½
THIRD HEAT.				
Dolphin	3 29 02	3 52 05	23 03	23 03
Ampere	3 28 45	3 46 45	18 00	17 53½
Mischief	3 28 33	3 47 20	18 47	18 17
Anna	3 28 50	3 52 43	23 53	23 49½

FRANK NICHOLS.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Valkyrie is now lying alongside of Utowana in Tebo's basin, her ballast and all her fittings having been removed. The bottom inside has been cleaned and painted with red lead, and the yacht put in excellent condition for the winter. On the north side of Tebo's new pier lies Colonia, her mast still on end, but shushed down and carefully canvassed. A very large number of yachts, both sail and steam, are lying in this popular winter berth, and the adjoining section of South Brooklyn is becoming quite a yachting center. Mr. Bishop, the yacht plumber, and Mr. James Gregory, the brass worker, have established branch stores near Twenty-third street on Third avenue. The new drydock at Tebo's is now in position, replacing the old one, which has been moved to the head of the slip. The ballasting of the new one is completed and it will soon be ready for service.

At Wintringham's yard the old building shed originally erected to cover the Yama in building, and also the closed house built for the Norwood, have both been torn down, and a much larger and permanent building shed, completely inclosed and well lighted, has been erected on the spot occupied by them. In this shed the cutter Gavilan is housed for the winter. The first keel laid in the new shed will be for a cutter of the semi-fin Wasp type, designed by Mr. Charles Olmstead. She will be 35ft. l.w.l. and 56ft. over all. On the railway is the schooner Iroquois, being scaled and repainted. The usual number of yachts are laid up in the basin.

The Treasury Department has decided in the case of Mr. Geo. H. Thornton, No. 79 White Building, Buffalo, that a sailing skiff 21×4ft. beam, to be used as a pleasure boat, is, if made in Canada and brought to the United States, subject to duty according to component material of chief value. Such classification is made by the collector of customs at the port of entry, subject to the protest of the importer and ultimate decision by the Board of General Appraisers at New York and the courts.—*Marine Journal.*

Yankee Doodle, the fast launch built by McBride Bros., of Philadelphia has recently been launched after being on the dock for about seven weeks for important alterations, including a new engine, her wheel is of bronze, three bladed, 34in. diameter, and is expected to make 600 revolutions.

The wrecked steam yacht Feiseen, recently purchased by the representatives of the Brazilian Government, has been rebuilt at Wood & Sons yard, City Island, the work being hurried as much as possible, 28 men being employed on her. She is now 77ft. longer, or 85ft. over all. She has been fitted with a steel conning tower of ¼in. plates, in place of her pilot house, and on this conning tower a machine-gun has been mounted. On the deck forward of the tower is a Howell-Hotchkiss torpedo gun, carrying an 18in. torpedo, and on the deck aft is a one-pounder Hotchkiss rapid fire gnn, on a cone mount. Provision has been made for carrying two torpedoes in addition to the one carried in the gun. The steam yacht Nada, sister to Feiseen and the Javelin have also been purchased and will be similarly equipped. In addition to these three a Yarrow torpedo boat is expected this week from England.

Bouncers.

ROSLYN, L. I., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that several papers, in reporting the fall regatta of the Brooklyn Model Y. C. at Prospect Park on Nov. 7, give the name of the winner in Class 2, as "Nameless." I entered and sailed this boat as the Skimmaug. Why she is called Nameless in the reports I do not know. The Skimmaug was built by me last winter from the lines of the Bouncer, which distanced all competitors, and was the first of the "shovel-nosed" type ever designed for racing and cruising purposes. The Bouncer was a centerboard boat, and won all her races without shifting ballast. The Skimmaug was designed to test the Bouncer model with a weighted fin-keel, and her performance of last Tuesday proves it to be probably better adapted to that questionable method of acquiring power without paying for it than any other form of boat. These boats sail over the water, not through it. The Skimmaug is of the following dimensions: Length over all 59in., length on waterline 44in., extreme beam 15in., draft of hull proper 2in., depth of fin 9in She is uncapsizabl and unsinkable. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to FOREST AND STREAM their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings or descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE annual meeting of the A. C. A. executive committee was marked by a rather more businesslike mode of procedure than is usually the case, and the work of the committee was carried out very thoroughly and completely. Each matter which was brought up was very thoroughly discussed before final action was taken, all present being permitted to express their views. Apart from the various changes in the rules, the present condition and the prospects of the Association were discussed at length, the question of a semi-permanent camp receiving a good deal of attention.

THIS same question is likely to become a vital issue in the near future, as many old members hold that the moving from place to place each year, while not realizing the theoretical benefits expected from it, involves a very large annual expenditure and also an amount of labor on the part of the officers which would be greatly lessened if the meets were held for a period of years in the same place. On the other hand, many uphold the present system as fairer to each locality and as bringing new members into the Division in which the meet happens to be held. As far as the question of membership is involved, we are of the opinion that the transient gain in the shape of men who join for one meet and are not heard of again, will be more than offset by the men who will join because the Association is strong, vigorous and active, and who will come to meets wherever they may be held because they are good meets and make a most enjoyable outing at a small expense. Besides this class of new members, a meet in the same place for several years is likely to attract the old members by its convenience and low cost, thus retaining as active participators in each meet many who have found the annual expedition from place to place to be entirely too expensive. One leading feature of the fixed camp would be the construction of two or three necessary buildings, kitchen, mess shed and ice house, by the Association, and the use of one of these for the storage of members' effects, tents, tent floors, cots and perhaps an open canoe, from year to year, thus doing away with one of the most troublesome and expensive items of transportation. Many a man who now hesitates about going to a meet on account of past experience of the great expense and trouble, would decide in a moment if he knew that his tent, tent floor and cot were already on the ground and could be made ready within an hour after his arrival.

IT goes without saying that one radical feature of this plan would be the prohibition of all cottages and wooden buildings, and the rigid enforcement of the rule that tents only would be allowed on the property. Against the scheme is urged the experiences of the Western Canoe Association at Ballast Island, but the cases are by no means parallel. Ballast Island is a small summer settlement of cottages, existing as such long before the Western Canoe Association was formed. On the island there is no room for camping or camp life, and the neighboring islands offer the attractions of summer hotels and large ballrooms. In the event of the selection of a permanent or semi-permanent site for an A. C. A. camp, every precaution would be taken to secure an isolated locality, apart from hotels and cottages, and to preserve this isolation as long as possible. If it should be decided to purchase instead of leasing the property, then any improvement in the neighborhood which would make it too public for a camp would almost of necessity be accompanied by an increase of value in the land, which might be sold, and a new and more distant site purchased.

A BALANCE in the A. C. A. treasury is a novelty that is likely to be fully appreciated by the members, as it is some years since anything of the kind has been seen. The very expensive meets of the Atlantic and Eastern Divisions in 1890-91 left a heavy debt which was only wiped out by the strenuous exertions of Com. Winne in 1892, leaving an empty treasury to the incoming administration. In resigning their offices, Com. Cotton and Sec'ty-Treas. Burns turn over to their successors a sum of nearly $300, with some assets which makes the real balance still greater. A meet near New York is likely to be more than ordinarily expensive, but we hope that the financial report for 1894 will show at least an equal balance. The work of the officers this year is a matter for general congratulation, and we hope that it may be many years before a deficit is again met with.

Our Trip Down the Grand.

WE had been preparing for the trip and thinking about it and talking it over at morning, noon and night, until our respective wives were nearly frantic, and we suspect looked forward to the auspicious day with almost as much eagerness as ourselves, although prompted by different feelings. They longed for the respite from our incessant boat, river and camp talk, while we looked eagerly forward to the anticipation of our dream.

During the fall of 1892 we bought a couple of canoe yawls, 20ft.×46in., with 9ft. cockpit, a boat made by a party at Traverse City, Mich., who has lived all his life on the shores of Lake Michigan and who has studied and experimented until his boats are as near perfection for cruising these waters as it seems possible to make them. Our plans now being to invite a couple of friends and take our boats from our busy Western city of Grand Rapids, down the Grand River to Grand Haven, and thence to the small body of water known as Black Lake, some twenty-five miles south of Grand Haven, and which sets in some six miles from Lake Michigan. Ye Scribe is the happy owner of a small summer cottage situated on the south shore of the lake, and known in these parts as "The Bandbox."

What a cold, mean, disagreeable, wet spring we have had here this year to be sure, for weeks the sun never showing his welcome face, until we almost begin to despair of its ever getting warm. However, in desperation, we at length set it down that May 20 would certainly find us afloat on the raging Grand, even if we had to wear our arctic overshoes and ear muffs; and so we will pass over the time intervening until the appointed morning arrived, bright, pleasant and springlike.

The two large canoes had been stored through the winter in a dry, warm room, and they had not been in the water many minutes before the unwelcome fact became evident that they both leaked, and leaked pretty bad, too. A short trip to an adjacent tin shop supplied us with a couple of dippers, and, after carefully stowing our many baskets of provisions and bundles of blankets, etc., so as to take the least possible damage from the watery element, we shoved off, and in a moment we were swiftly rushing down with the current under one of the different bridges which span the river—a score or more of spectators waving us *bon voyage* from the railing.

Fifteen minutes of this swift current brings us well down toward the lower part of the city, and we soon steer both craft in to the shore of Robang Island, where we hale out, set sails, mainsail and mizzen on each boat, and again push out, and the hands of the town clock point to 9:30 A. M.

Oh, what a time we did have for the next three hours! What with leaking boats and the very meanest wind which ever blew, coming from fully three points of the compass in as many minutes (it is perhaps quite unnecessary to state that none of these points were over the stern of our craft) we felt a little discouraged, and at 1 o'clock ran the bows of our boats ashore below a little patch of willows up on to a green bank and just where a pretty little stream came tumbling down from the higher hills beyond. We discover one bundle of blankets are soaked, also some of the provisions, and we very soon have them spread out on the fence drying (not the provisions, but the blankets).

We then proceed to punish a varied assortment of eatables in true camper's style, after which we wait under the trees for a lull in the wind. Ye Amateur Photographer takes one or two views, and at 3 P. M. our boats are again pointed down the river. How far have we proceeded on our way, do I hear some one ask? Well, really that is a rather ticklish question; but if you must know, we are just five miles from our starting point, and we expect to reach Black Lake to-morrow night. The wind is not as vexatious now, it blows from one direction at a time for several minutes, so that during the next hour a number of miles are reeled off. The boats are not leaking quite as badly, although very far from dry yet.

The early evening finds us some two miles above the village of Lamont, which is about twenty miles from our starting place. We hold a council of war under a shady hill as to whether to go into camp at once or to proceed toward Lamont.

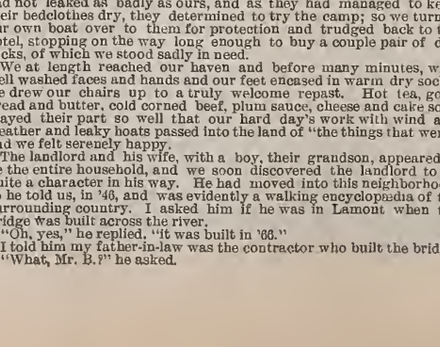
About a week before our start ye Scribe had evolved a stunning plan for a canoe tent, his idea being to set this tent over the 9-foot cockpit, and thus form a very snug little berth for two on the floor of the boat. The tent had been finished at the last moment, at a considerable expense, and safely stowed under the after deck; but when the "leaking business" commenced was transferred to the top of the deck, from whence, during some of the morning huffeting with wind and wave, it had no doubt slipped off, unobserved, into the river, as it now was very painfully conspicuous by its absence.

Adding this disaster to the wet boats and the wet bed clothes, we

CAMP AT LAMONT.

decided to push on down the river, and just before dusk our two boats are on the bank at Lamont. The inevitable youngster appeared ten seconds after our landing, and to our inquiry as to whether there was a hotel near, answered in the affirmative. Ye Scribe and his first mate at once started off under the leadership of the youthful inhabitant, and after walking in our wet shoes what seemed an interminable distance we had the "hotel" pointed out to us—a neat white building set well back from the street and surrounded by a number of apple trees, a porch, or as it would be termed in the South, a "gallery," ran the entire length of the house.

We mounted the steps, and looking through the screen door, a cosy and comfortable looking room, lighted by a kerosene lamp, met our view. Our repeated knockings, however, met with no response. "Blamed funny hotel," remarked the First Mate. Ye Scribe, who was cold and wet and hungry, said, "Yep, very funny." First Mate shinned around the house to a large barn, but not a sign of a proprietor. "Well, gee whiz," again remarked First Mate, "this is the funniest deal I ever struck. What shall we do?" I had thought I heard voices over across the street, and I started in that direction, leaving the First Mate to capture the landlord if he appeared during my absence. A short walk brought me across the yard and the wide street, where down a short distance I found three or four old men sitting on



"THOSE ONE-MINUTE TASKS."

the ground with their backs against the fence, evidently engaged in some weighty discussion.

I at once inquired if they could inform me as to who ran the "hotel" across the way.

"Why yes," answered an old man at the end of the row, "an old covey by the name of —— keeps it."

"Ah, does he live very near here?" I inquired.

"Why yes," came the reply, "fact is I'm him; thought the old woman was over there," and getting on to his feet, we trudged across the street, making arrangements as we went for supper and accommodation for four weary travelers through the night.

By this time it was about dark, so we made as quick time as possible back to the landing, only to find our companions had decided to row across the river and camp out for the night. We tried to persuade them to take up their abode at "the hotel," but, as their boat had not leaked as badly as ours, and as they had managed to keep their bedclothes dry, they determined to try the camp; so we turned our own boat over to them for protection and trudged back to the hotel, stopping on the way long enough to buy a couple pair of dry socks, of which we stood sadly in need.

We at length reached our haven and before many minutes, with well washed faces and hands and our feet encased in warm dry socks, we drew our chairs up to a truly welcome repast. Hot tea, good bread and butter, cold corned beef, plum sauce, cheese and cake soon played their part so well that our hard day's work with wind and weather and leaky boats passed into the land of "the things that were" and we felt serenely happy.

The landlord and his wife, with a boy, their grandson, appeared to be the entire household, and we soon discovered the landlord to be quite a character in his way. He had moved into this neighborhood, so he told us, in '46, and was evidently a walking encyclopædia of the surrounding country. I asked him if he was in Lamont when the bridge was built across the river.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "it was built in '66."

I told him my father-in-law was the contractor who built the bridge.

"What, Mr. B.?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "did you know him?"

"No," he said, "I dare say I have spoken to him when the bridge was being built, but I would not know him now."

After musing a few minutes he remarked, "That puts me in mind. There's an old fellow lives just a little way down the street—odd old fellow, deaf as a door-post now—makes guns—rifles—never sells any that I ever heard of, he's got a lot of 'em now. They are heavy rifles—carry a four ounce ball—about such guns as the fellers use who go to kill elephants and tigers and lions down in Africa. Can't imagine what he makes sich guns for, but I guess he is 'a little cracked in the upper story.' I asked him once what in thunder he was going to do with his guns? He told me he guessed some day he would take 'em up to Duluth or Minneapolis and see if he couldn't sell 'em. I told him there wasn't any elephants around Duluth to kill—but about the bridge—

"About the time the bridge was begun this same old feller started off to git married, he was going to marry some girl down in Ohio. He didn't though—no—cum back without her. He said the girl wanted him to be married by a Catholic priest and he didn't want to be married by a Catholic priest, and besides he said if he 'give in' to her the first thing he would have to give in right along, an' so they didn't splice, and he came back here and settled down right over where he is now, fooling along making guns. Well, about twelve years after that I was over talking to him one day and something wuz said about the bridge, when he told me he never see the bridge. 'Never see the bridge,' says I, 'why what you been doing here these twelve years?'

"'Makin' guns,' he says, 'bridges ain't in my line. I never had any occasion to go to see the bridge and so I never see it.'

"He's mighty odd, he is, sure." We thought so too and agreed with our host that the man was probably "a little cracked."

I cannot take the space to tell all the history our landlord gave us, but at length we grew sleepy listening to how he built a lumber wagon one winter which he used for two or three years and then sold, and it had been running right along for thirty-six years, and for all he could see it would last thirty-six years more—"looked pretty tough—wheels were dished some" but "it was a might good wagon yet," etc.

We had promised to put in an appearence at the landing at 6 A. M. the next day, and just one minute after that time found us hustling our boats down the steep bank where lay the boats all in ship shape, the leaks evidently swelled up and our companions waiting for us. They had erected a tent, using the mainsail of one of the boats, lashing together the handles of two pair of oars, spreading apart the blades in the dry grass and laying the boom across the crossed handles with the head of the sail sloping back to the ground, the ends filled in with brush, etc.—a good camp-fire right in front, which, reflecting its heat from the sail down on to the weary campers, they slept like lords—warm and dry. Several juvenile inhabitants crossed the river in boats and paid them a visit, lured no doubt by the fire. Boys, bonfires and boats have a natural affinity, and are drawn toward each other as naturally as the magnet draws the needle.

Again we are on the move. A light breeze comes fitfully from the way we are going, but we depend on an "ashen" or rather a "spruce" breeze for the first hour, then the breeze gradually freshens, we take in the oars and begin the rather discouraging task of "beating" down the river. However, our boats prove themselves flyers and we do not despair of reaching our destination, Black Lake, by nightfall. What a glorious morning it was—the trees just freshly clad in their spring suit of vivid green, the banks and fields stretching away back from the river; great green patches of velvet grass, the spring flowers showing along the banks—cowslips and honeysuckle, and I remember sailing along a stretch of at least half a mile where the bank rose abruptly from the river perhaps 7 or 8ft., and along the top the entire distance shone among the green grass thousands upon thousands of the pretty white "wake robin" or trillium.

And the birds, the birds, the birds! It seemed as though every tree held a congregation. The robins with their gurgling notes; the phœbe bird with his *phœbe-phœbe* ascending and descending note; occasionally the brilliant oriole with his full, deep song; and the catbird with his querulous, genuine mockingbird plus mayer. It seems to me when I listen to this mockingbird of the North that he is always just "getting ready" to sing—tuning up, as it were. Whenever we passed the low-lying meadows we would find the bobolinks in countless numbers, and yet some pessimist will ask, "Is life worth living?" To such an one we say, "Go out into the woods on a bright spring morning and get your answer from the trees and the flowers and the birds."

By 9 o'clock our breeze is pretty steady and strong, although dead against us Along the river on either side are fishermen and fisherwomen and fishergirls, all intent on capturing the finny denizens. Even if we had the time, there is not one in our party who can lay claim to even being a passably good fisherman; to use the phrase of the street gamin, the fish are all evidently "dead on to us," and our bad luck to a man is proverbial.

Our companions are perhaps half a mile ahead, and we all at once notice as they near the shore that they are holding a short talk with a large, roughly-dressed man, who is standing on a low dock at the edge of the river. He shouts something after them in German as they come about and recede from the shore, and a moment later begins to dance around on the dock and sing some rollicking German air in a rich, melodious baritone voice. We at once decide him to be, as our host at Lamont would say, "a little cracked," and so are not surprised at his actions or conversation as we direct our helm so as to bring our boat close in to where he is still clumsily pirouetting around the dock. As we approach he stops his dancing and asks earnestly, "Where you go, ah?"

"Oh," we reply," we are going to Grand Haven."

He says nothing in reply until we have come about and are leaving him, then he shouts with strong German accent:

"Going to Grand Haven, eh, vell, Grand Haven ish a pritty blace, ha, ha, ha," and he goes off into hearty laugh. Then suddenly he shouts after us, "Who vas der richest man, eh?"

My companion cries back, "Jay Gould!" and the reply comes back: "Shay Gould? Nein. Jesus Christ vas der richest man," and he stands silently watching us until we are out of sight. Poor fellow. We wonder if he enjoys with his clouded mind the glorious sunshine and the green fields and trees and birds as we do this lovely morning.

The river grows deeper as we proceed, the wind stiffens until, tiuing our boat in her reaches, we find in the narrower portions of the river we make the tack from bank to bank in just a minute. It goes without saying that at these points we are kept pretty busy and have little time in which to admire the scenery. Further on, however, when nearing Spring Lake, we come to some long, wide turns, which give us two or three long reaches of perhaps a mile or more each. We pass several abandoned saw mills where our Western lumber barons have piled up their big round dollars, even as their workmen have piled up the big stacks of pine lumber on the many docks which here line the shores.

About 1 P. M. we land on one of the slab docks and eat a hurried lunch. We are nearing Lake Michigan. The breeze is stiff, and we are anxious to get away on our lake trip of twenty-three miles from Grand Haven to Black Lake. We find, on again taking to the boats, that the breeze has grown yet stronger. We are delayed a few minutes to wait for the swinging of the bridge to enable us to pass, but are soon rapidly nearing the huge sand dunes which stretch along the shore of Lake Michigan. We now meet and pass many boats of every description, from the simple row boat to the huge lumber barge whose bow cuts the waters of all our chain of lakes. The wind is now steady and strong, and we sing out to the other boat, asking if it would not be well to reef before getting out into the big lake. They think, however, we can do it just as well when we reach the piers which form the Government Channel, and so we fly along toward the channel, through the city of Grand Haven.

As we near the channel, however, the very unwelcome fact becomes apparent that our steady breeze which we enjoyed on the river is evidently a land breeze, as Old Lake Michigan lies beyond the harbor peaceful and glittering under the warm sun, and we are actually obliged to resort to the oars to get our boats beyond the piers. As Koko says in "The Mikado," "Here is a pretty state of things."

Our boats idly toss on the sun-kissed waves, and all that, but at present we are in no mood to be "idly tossing." Here we are twenty-three miles from our haven, time 2:30 P. M. We are all business men and have made arrangements to be back in Grand Rapids before noon to-morrow, and so for want of any better occupation we still "idly toss."

We "scratch the mast" and "whistle" for a breeze, but all to no purpose, and across from the other boat comes the request, 'Isn't it time to reef?"

We at length decide to land, and as we have drifted and paddled perhaps a couple of miles down the beach, we turn our boats shoreward and slowly paddle in to the hard white sand. We hold a consultation and decide that as we have considerable time and provisions on hand we might get up a good dinner, and if a breeze should spring up in the evening we could then be in good physical condition to take advantage of it, and as it would be a moonlight night could continue on our way. So very soon a coffee pot is simmering over a beach fire, while just below a layer of hot sand with a bed of coals on top repose several "Murphys," while a table is improvised from slabs and driftwood, on it are placed our stock of eatables—bread and butter, blackberry jam, bologna, beans, bananas, corned beef, cake, crackers, eggs (hard-boiled), sardines, water. We have not been able so far to gain any believers to our statement as to carrying the latter article, but nevertheless it is a fact. Of course you know as well as we do that the sun coming down on the water does burn a person's nose terribly, but it seems as though all our relatives and friends have forgotten this fact. Well, there is no use in talking, we did have a great dinner.

"Oh, who can clog the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?"

Not we forsooth, for surely there was no need of exercising our imagination. The food was there, also the appetite, and how the victuals disappeared.

The long afternoon at length reached an end. With everything taut and trim, our dunnage safely stowed, we waited for the favoring breeze, but it came not, and so at 7:30 we pushed off with sails all set, but with a man in each craft wielding the oars. Occasionally a little breath of air would come from the land and drive us on our way only to die away again, when we would resume the oars, and thus we went until about 9 o'clock, when a smart little breeze came over our beam and we spun along merrily for about 20 minutes, when again it died away, and we had just manned the oars when we felt the breeze again freshen, and this time it stayed by us steady and strong, at times driving us ahead furiously, then settling back into a steady, wholesome breeze.

The North Star was directly over our stern. We could easily make out the line of the shore on our left as we sped southward. The moon was about half full and slowly sailed her way through the arch above us. We expected to reach the Holland Piers, the entrance to to Black Lake Harbor, before the moon sank below the horizon, and we kept an anxious eye out for the red harbor light on Holland Pier. The revolving light at Grand Haven showed plainly behind us and we could see the lights of some large steamer as she steamed out into the Lake bound no doubt for Chicago or Milwaukee. It was, of course, too dark to see our companion boat more than 500 or 600ft., and as she proved a faster sailer than our boat, we kept within hailing distance most of the time, so as to ready to help each other in case of any accident.

It must have been nearly 11 o'clock when we first sighted the Holland Light, a mere red speck on the horizon, and if we allowed our eyes to wander from it we would be obliged to search a considerable time before sighting it again. Gradually, however, the light grew more distinct as the lights at Grand Haven faded from view, but it did seem as though we never would reach the pier. From keeping my eyes on the light ahead and consequently holding my head in one position, the back of my neck at length got very tired and painful, as well as my right arm and shoulder from holding the tiller.

The moon sank lower and lower until at about 12:30 she disappeared from view in a mass of haze clouds, presenting a most wondrous and weird scene of beauty. Our companion craft occasionally falling behind us and then forging ahead, with her two white sails shining indistinctly in the uncertain light, reminded one forcibly of Maryatt's phantom ship the Flying Dutchman.

At 1:15 A. M. we made the pier, and we found it hard and dark work beating our way through the channel and up into Black Lake. It was, however, familiar waters and at just 2:15 we grounded our boats on the sand in front of the Band Box. We had now been going twenty hours since our start at Lamont and were almost too tired to tell our own name. It took but a few minutes to open up the hospitable doors of our little hotel, less time to build a warm fire in the little hox stove in the corner of the main room, put fresh sheets on a couple of beds, and just three minutes after our heads struck the pillow we were in the land of dreams.

"Who'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

The following morning when I awoke I reached for my watch, and looking at it, I nudged my bedfellow and asked him, "D., what time do you think it is?"

After getting his faculties collected, he made reply, "Well, about half-past 7."

Poor fellow, he made all his arrangements before leaving home to take the 9:40 A. M. train from Holland for Muskegon. My reply paralyzed him. "Just 10 o'clock."

We soon have the coffee pot simmering on the little stove and proceed to fish out the remnants of our various viands. We find a considerable supply still on hand, but the supply diminishes perceptibly before our campers' appetites.

We now pull the two boats up on the beach, clean them out thoroughly, stow them away safely in our 16x24 boat house, during which procedure we hail a small passing steam yacht and make a bargain with the captain to land us at Holland dock in time for the afternoon train to Grand Rapids.

Well, take it all through, our trip has been a success. The wind was certainly against us most of the time, but we had good weather, and have added another leaf to memory's pleasant pages; and none of us need have a fear of straining the covers of our book of life by binding in too many of such leaves. J. B. B.

The A. C. A. Reports.

In addition to the reports of the Divisions, published last week, we print the following reports of the secretary-treasurer and regatta committee.

Through an error the new amendment creating a board of trustees was published last week in the form in which it was first published in the FOREST AND STREAM, and not as it was passed. The correct amendment is printed herewith:

REGATTA COMMITTEE REPORT.

Dr.		Cr.	
E. H. Barney, Cash	$10 00	Oldnere & Horn, flags	$10 00
F. S. Rathbun	5 00	Mrs. Strachan, silk flags	15 00
Paul Butler	5 00	Mrs. Strachan, 5 hunting flags	5 00
Brooklyn C. C.	5 00	W. Robinson, silk flag	5 00
Yonkers C. C.	5 00	Hemenway & Son, 4 flags	15 00
Mohican C. C.	5 00	Kingston Foundry Co., buoy weights	2 94
W. R. Huntington	5 00	Oldnere & Horn, sundries	11 00
Hartford C. C.	5 00	F. A. Folger, steamer for buoys	15 00
R. S. Oliver	5 00		
Totasset C. C.	5 00		
Balance	23 94		
	$78 94		$78 94

By bal. due J. B. Carruthers 23 94

REPORT OF SECRETARY-TREASURER OF A. C. A., 1893.

Hemenway & Son's bill for $3.50 was paid out of balance, $1.58, and $5 received from one of last year's ads. in Year Book, making actual cash balance from last year (1892) $3.08.

Year Book, $424, made up as follows:

Printing and binding	$348 50
Colored plates and express charges	60 60
Music electrotypes	12 00
Expenses (trip to Gananoque to solicit ads.)	2 90
	$424 00
Receipts for advertisements	$361 00
Transportation on New York Central	25 00—$386 00
Net cost of Year Book	$38 00

There was an expenditure for stamps in soliciting ads. which it was impossible to keep separate from the general expenses; it would probably amount to $5, which would increase the cost of the Year Book to $43.

Code Signals.—Two hundred of these were procured from the Atlantic Division and paid for to J. C. Rankin & Co., the printers. Only a few were sold, $4.20 being the receipts. Some were used and the balance sent to the librarian with other property from the camp.

Camp expenses were made up as follows:

Labor	$149 35
Lumber	171 30
Badges	20 79
Hardware	18 16
Teuts (rent)	19 75
Flagpoles	15 00
Freight	18 85
Meals for postmaster and bugler	28 00
Sundry small items	20 99
	$464 19
Deduct from this	
Camp dues	$240 00
Lumber sold in camp	217 34—$457 34
Net cost of camp	$6 85

Bank commission, $6.31. This is an item which has not appeared in former statements, but as the bank would not collect drafts and checks for nothing, it appeared simpler to lump the commissions in one sum than to deduct from each payment and short credit the amounts.

The assets of the Association available for the use of Mr. Douglas are:

Cash balance	$189 40
Transportation on N. Y. Central	25 00
Amount due by Northern Division	88 74
Flags and buoys from regatta committee	15 00
	$318 14
Regatta committee	23 94

This amount may be decreased by the following items.

Flags purchased and not used	$10 00
Two barrel buoys	5 00—15 00
Making net expenditures of regatta committee	8 94

FINANCIAL REPORT OF SECRETARY-TREASURER, 1893.

To balance from former secretary	$1 58	Hemenway & Son, 1892	$3 50
Ferdinand & Co., 1892	5 00	Office expenses	52 52
Year Book	361 00	Express charges	7 45
Year Book postage	21 82	FOREST AND STREAM	4 00
Camp dues	240 00	Year Book	424 00
Lumber sold in camp	217 34	Year Book postage	21 82
Code books sold in camp	4 20	Code books (300)	16 00
Eastern Division, 30%	116 70	Code books duty	5 60
Atlantic Division, 30%	88 80	Lease of camp site	1 00
Central Division 30%	50 70	Camp expenses	464 19
Northern Division, on account	131 84	Insurance	2 50
		Transportation	15 50
		Bank commissions	6 56
		Regatta committee	23 94
		Engraving paddling trophy	1 00
		Balance	189 40
	$1238 98		$1238 98
To balance	$189 40		
Due from Northern Div.	88 74		
	$278 14	By balance (total)	$278 14

The correct amendment reads as follows:

Board of Governors.—SEC. 4. In each division at its next annual meeting the active members thereof shall elect in the same manner as their regular officers, one member of that division to serve on the board of governors of the Association, whose duty it shall he to have general control of the funds and finances of the Association. The board of governors at their first meeting shall by lot determine their terms of office, one to retire on Nov. 1, 1895, one to retire on Nov. 1, 1896, one to retire on Nov. 1, 1895, and one to retire on Nov. 1, 1898, and thereafter all members shall be elected for a term of four years or until their successors are elected. The commodore shall be a member *ex-officio*.

Duties.—SEC. 5. It shall he the duty of the board of governors to appropriate and apportion suitable sums to the officers and committees for necessary expenses for the running of the association and the meets, etc., from the finances in the hands of the secretary-treasurer, and the Association shall not he responsible for any amount in excess of the sums so appropriated. They shall hear and determine all questions of dispute on appeal from the decisions of the regatta or executive committees when referred to them.

Quorum.—SEC. 6. At all meetings of the board of governors three shall be necessary to make a quorum, but in the event of the absence of any member from any cause, the executive committee of the same division from which he comes may select any other member of the Association to represent him during his disability only, and in the event of a vacancy occurring, the same shall be filled for the unexpired term by the active members of the division in the same manner as for a full term.

Meetings.—SEC. 7. The stated meetings of the board of governors shall be held during the annual meeting of the Association in August, and at the annual meeting of the executive committee in November, but special meetings may be held at any other times and places at the call of the president or at the request of three members of the board.

Officers.—SEC. 8. The officers of the board shall he president and recordor, whose duties shall be as in other organizations, and they shall be chosen annually at the stated meeting in camp.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

EXPERT RIFLEMEN.

WISSEL'S Cypress Hills Park was on Nov. 7 the scene of the most successful and best contested rifle tournament ever shot in this country. The riflemen engaged in the contest were the representatives from the most prominent shooting societies in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Not since the summer of 1886 has New York seen so many expert riflemen engaged in a contest for championship honors as were gathered together on Tuesday.

The match in 1886 brought together twenty-five contestants who were at that time the best in the country. The match on Tuesday included the most expert of those engaged in the contest in 1886, as well as many new candidates for championship honors, who have become prominent since the last contest.

From New York, New Jersey and Connecticut came the entries, and included the best marksmen of the many societies located in these States. The magnitude of the entries was a great surprise to every one. Even our working committee hardly dared to hope for an entry equal to that of 1886. But like everything else that seems to be a success, when our local shooters found that everybody was going in then they also, even the lamentors, began to climb over one another in their haste to get in, with the result of 38 paid entries on Saturday night, Nov. 4

As early as 8:30 A. M. the expectant riflemen began to arrive in the park, and when the hour for opening the shoot drew near the shooting house was well filled and the riflemen present were busily engaged in getting themselves as well as their rifles into shooting trim.

The preliminaries preparatory to the opening of the match were very much simplified by Dr. J. A. Boyken, who after Mr. Plaisted had called the shooters to order to elect a committee to take charge of the shoot, made the motion that inasmuch as the organizers of the shoot had brought it to a successful head, that they he requested to finish their work by continuing their good work.

This motion seemed to meet the desires of all present, and Messrs. C. G. and B. Kettler and Plaisted were requested to act as the committee of the shoot.

Promptly at the time set (10 A. M.) the contest was started. The shooting house contains ten shooting stands, eight of which were occupied by the shooters in the match. They were distributed three and four on a target. At most all shooting contests there are sure to be incidents of a more or less humorous nature.

M. Harrington of the N. Y. Rifle Club on his first shot, being in a state of mental aberration, neglected to insert a bullet in his barrel, the result was a goose egg. Mr. Harrington felt that he had received what the pugilists call a knock-out blow, and he was inclined to retire from the contest then and there, but on the advice of a bystander that he still had ninety-nine shots to score with, he reconsidered the matter. Another contestant who struck ill luck on his first shot was Wm. C. Collins of the Greenville (N.J.) Rifle Club; in his case the rifle was properly loaded, and, as the shooter claimed, properly held, but the marker at the target was unable to locate the shot, and Mr. Collins was forced to accept a goose egg for a starter. To a young shooter like Collins, this experience was a decided "Douche" to his ambitions, but William has plenty of grit in his personality, and a little upset of that nature was only an incident to be soon forgotten. Collins again stumbled on his tenth shot, making another miss, here was more discouragement for him, but from this point on to the end he kept his shots on the target.

We noticed that all of the contestants from the expert down to the lay shooter were at times disinclined to accept the results of the markers' showing, but during the day there was not one who had faith in himself or his rifle to risk challenging the markers' showing.

There is a rule among the New York shooters which is enforced at all shoots, that if a shooter doubts the correctness of the marking at the target, he can, on depositing $1 with the committee, challenge the marking and have it investigated. If the shooter's challenge is sustained his $1 is returned to him, otherwise he forfeits it. If riflemen know the uncertainty and the eccentricities of the lubricated bullet in cold dry weather. It requires the best kind of management upon the part of the shooter at such times to keep his rifle in normal condition. and his temper as well. All riflemen are afflicted with streaks of crankiness in their nature, and like the cracks in the weather board, the older (in experience) the shooter the more pronounced become his crankiness. But on Tuesday the most that could be heard from any of the contestants was a quiet growl over the results of an unfortunate shot, and when the eccentricities of the bullets became too pronounced, the individual would lay aside his rifle and seek out John Wissel, who seemed to be possessed with the means to remove the wrinkles from his countenance and return him to his work with renewed spirit. And thus the day rolled on, here and there a shooter rolling up good scores and building up hopes for champion honors, and at other times cast down by the success of some other contestant in the race.

It was expected that the contest would result in a new record being made, but such was not the case. That no new record was made was due to the lateness of the season, and also to the fact that those from whom the breaking of the records was looked for were under too high a tension. The contest in many respects resembled an individual race and each contestant was sinched to the last degree. Fred. C. Ross, Brooklyn's favorite rifleman, led his competitors, and at the close of the contest he was 13 points ahead of M. Dorrler, with a total of 2194. His last single score for the Wissel Trophy was 229.

THE WISSEL TROPHY.

The hopes and aspirations of all of the contestants centered in the Diamond Locket, presented by Mr. Wissel. The first man in the group to show up as a likely candidate was C. G. Zetler. This old shooter started off in the race like the old racer that he used to be, but like many another, the pace was too hot for him, and at the finish C. G. was in the rear with the other unfortunates who had found the pace too hot and the distance too far.

The next man to show in front was Henry Holges, with the fine score of 229. Many thought that this score must remain high, and Mr. Holges was the recipient of many congratulations from those present.

Whatever Holges' inner feelings may have been, he openly expressed his belief that the Trophy would never come his way. In this he was right, for not long afterward Louis Flach succeeded in putting up 230, which proved to be the high score of the day. This score was followed by another made hy Chas. Hutch.

Fred Ross had a grand opportunity at one time in the race. He had a possible 234 on the ninth shot. A twenty-one would tie and a twenty-two meant victory. The result of his shot was a twenty; total 229, one point behind the leaders.

After each man had finished his 100 shots his scores were footed up and his total chalked up.

The tie for the Wissel Trophy between Messrs. Flach and Hutch was, after a consultation with the two shooters, ordered by the Committee to he shot off, three shots each. In the meantime the day was fast drawing to a close and the light uncertain. Hutch ruined his chances hy making a 14 on his first shot. He finished his score with a total of 57. Flach made 60, thus winning the much-coveted emblem of expert marksmanship.

With the finish of the shooting came a desire on the part of the shooters for something to stay the inner man. The Committee, however, had anticipated their wants hy a previous consultation with mine host Wissel. After a sufficient time had been given the thoroughly tired marksmen to remove the stains of the contest, they were escorted to the dining hall, the tables of which were laden with one of those game dinners for which Mrs. Wissel is so justly celebrated.

By the natural fitness of things, Wm. Hayes was placed at the head of the table, with the two champions, Ross and Flach, at his right and left. With the finish of the dinner came speeches and the presentation of the trophy, and the division of the entrance money to the winners.

Mr. Hayes in his remarks paid a high tribute to the memory of an old comrade and fellow-rifleman, George Schalk, of Pottsville, Pa., who only a few days since passed over to the great majority.

Other speakers were: Mr. Fabarius, that worthy old shooter, who, although his age is nearly four score (76), takes as much pleasure in his rifle as he did in his boyhood days; Mr. Dutcher, from Patterson, N. J.; Mr. Brooks, from the same city; M. Dorrler, Mr. Holges, from the Harlem district; L. C. Watts, of Newark, and others. As all things are said to have an end, so had this meeting of expert riflemen. Each and every man expressed his utmost satisfaction over the match and its arrangement. To mine host Wissel and his worthy wife was voted the best wishes: a long life and a happy old age. The scores of each contestant will be found appended:

F C Ross, Zettler R C	22 22 24 25 20 21 24 20 21 24—223	
	24 24 19 20 16 24 23 23 20 18—211	
	25 23 18 24 18 20 21 22 22 24—217	
	24 24 24 23 22 24 22 24 22 19—228	
	23 24 22 19 24 21 20 22 22 23—220	
	22 24 23 21 21 22 25 20 21 21—217	
	24 22 20 20 22 25 21 21 25 19—219	
	22 24 23 21 19 22 23 21 24 24—223	
	24 23 22 24 23 21 24 24 23 21—229	
	20 21 22 21 21 20 17 23 22 20—207—2304	
M Dorrler, Greenville R C	24 18 22 21 22 22 23 21 21 20—214	
	21 20 25 24 25 18 25 21 21 23—223	
	22 24 22 20 22 16 20 22 20 24—213	
	19 23 22 22 21 22 23 25 22 24—223	
	22 22 18 24 23 22 22 21 21 18—211	
	24 23 20 22 14 23 22 21 22 25—216	
	21 22 19 22 19 23 23 22 23 24—219	
	23 23 24 22 22 22 22 22 22 20—222	
	24 25 22 25 18 18 21 22 23 23—221	
	24 21 23 22 24 25 22 23 18 18—220—2181	
W Hayes, Newark S. S.	24 21 19 24 21 17 20 20 23 24—213	
	24 23 22 17 21 23 20 23 24 22—219	
	24 23 22 18 24 22 21 23 21 17—215	
	20 23 22 21 23 20 22 24 24 21—220	
	24 20 23 22 24 23 17 23 20 22—218	
	24 20 21 21 17 24 21 23 23 23—217	
	19 21 23 23 17 21 20 21 22 18—205	
	21 22 21 23 23 19 19 24 24 24—218	
	21 23 19 21 20 22 22 23 24 21—216	
	24 21 23 23 22 22 22 20 23 25—225—2166	
Charles Hutch, Harlem R. C.	18 25 18 18 24 22 22 24 20 22—213	
	21 18 25 24 23 23 18 21 17 24—214	
	20 19 22 20 25 22 19 20 21 18—206	
	25 20 23 19 15 21 16 21 19 19—198	
	25 22 24 21 22 21 20 22 21 21—219	
	22 23 22 20 23 24 20 25 22 23—224	
	24 23 23 22 24 25 24 20 22 23—230	
	18 21 25 19 25 22 17 19 18 25—209	
	23 24 25 24 23 22 23 17 23 24—223	
	24 24 22 21 21 24 23 20 22 23—224—2165	
L P Hansen, Excelsior R C.	21 23 14 22 17 21 21 21 25 22—207	
	24 18 24 18 21 17 24 22 22 25—214	
	17 25 19 19 21 23 21 23 23 22—213	
	23 21 18 21 23 23 21 24 25 18—222	
	23 25 25 18 24 18 24 23 20 22—222	
	21 22 24 21 22 24 22 25 20 24—225	
	24 18 22 21 18 18 19 22 20 24—206	
	21 19 29 22 24 21 24 21 20 21—213	
	24 24 21 24 19 17 21 23 25 22—220	
	18 23 21 25 15 22 19 22 23 20—208—2150	
Geo Schlicht, Miller R C.	22 23 21 21 22 20 19 24 23 19—214	
	22 21 22 18 22 23 23 24 23 24—222	
	24 21 24 21 18 21 17 21 21 22—210	
	24 20 23 25 22 19 23 24 17 19—216	
	23 24 22 23 22 24 23 24 24 18—225	
	20 24 20 24 23 23 21 25 24 21—225	
	23 22 18 23 24 21 20 17 23 23—214	
	23 9 16 23 23 21 25 22 22 23—207	
	23 23 22 20 22 21 23 19 20 21—214	
	22 25 19 14 17 19 21 23 23 18—201—2148	
Louis Flach, Zettler R. C.	21 20 16 19 21 18 22 21 16 23—197	
	20 30 22 19 19 21 22 22 21 20—206	
	25 22 20 19 16 21 24 25 23 18—213	
	24 23 18 22 21 23 22 19 18 18—208	
	25 21 18 23 22 23 21 22 25 22—222	
	22 21 24 17 19 25 22 20 19 23—212	
	20 23 23 20 24 23 22 19 20 24—218	
	19 24 20 25 24 23 24 24 22 25—230	
	19 23 24 23 16 22 22 22 25 22—218	
	22 24 22 23 23 22 22 18 20 25—222—2146	
H Holges, Zettler R. C.	22 21 22 19 22 15 19 21 22 22—205	
	23 25 19 22 20 24 20 22 20 21—216	
	20 23 24 20 24 18 25 23 22 23—222	
	22 22 25 24 22 25 22 22 25 20—229	
	17 24 23 23 22 20 21 15 23 19—207	
	23 24 21 18 20 19 19 24 22 20—210	
	14 24 22 21 21 21 21 20 21 18—203	
	22 22 20 21 21 21 22 22 21 24—217	
	22 24 22 23 24 24 22 16 20 18—215	
	23 21 20 21 23 18 21 24 23 23—217—2141	
H M Pope, Hartford R. C.	19 21 21 25 15 18 21 18 23 18—202	
	16 23 22 19 21 20 20 22 21 20 24—210	
	22 24 22 22 21 22 23 18 24 20—218	
	22 19 23 23 24 23 24 21 21 23—222	
	21 23 24 17 21 24 18 24 25 22—219	
	21 23 23 23 18 17 23 20 22 22—213	
	24 23 21 20 23 17 24 24 21 20—217	
	22 16 20 21 21 21 18 22 23 22—206	
	23 25 19 15 23 21 24 24 21 25—221	
	22 17 25 22 20 19 19 20 20 16—200—2128	
Geo W Plaisted, Greenville R. C.	17 20 20 24 24 22 25 12 25 23—212	
	22 24 23 17 20 22 20 23 22 25—218	
	24 21 18 25 20 20 17 23 23 20—213	
	23 22 22 13 22 22 21 23 12 21—201	
	19 24 22 22 20 24 16 22 17 20 18—202	
	18 17 24 24 22 19 17 15 17 23 18—193	
	20 19 23 19 19 24 23 22 20 24—213	
	22 21 18 21 20 21 21 22 21 23—210	
	15 21 21 21 19 22 23 20 24 22—208	
	22 23 22 20 22 21 23 21 23 17—214—2083	
R. Busse, New York City S. C.	19 20 25 22 22 21 12 18 20 21—200	
	19 22 24 24 15 20 24 23 23 18—212	
	20 20 17 17 23 22 20 21 19 22—203	
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	23 22 22 19 18 21 23 23 22 20—213	
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	15 16 19 11 21 22 18 25 21 21—192—2078	
B. Zettler, Zettler R. C.	23 24 21 19 24 22 18 25 19 20—205	
	23 18 16 25 24 21 22 23 20 22—214	
	15 16 19 18 21 21 21 9 23 23—185	
	25 15 21 22 19 20 20 23 23 20—208	
	19 23 22 24 23 24 18 18 20 24—215	
	24 22 22 22 22 23 23 21 20 20—218	
	22 22 19 22 22 23 21 19 17 18—205	
	23 23 22 19 23 25 20 17 22 18—212	
	17 24 20 19 15 19 21 24 22 22—208	
	21 23 21 19 21 22 19 21 25 22—204—2069	

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of the Cosmopolitan Gun Club of Plainfield and Charles ("Dutchy") Smith of the same town, who challenge Albert Rust of Philadelphia and Wm. Wolstencroft of Frankford to a match at 100 live birds each under American Shooting Association rules, the losing team to pay for the birds, the stake to be nominal. This affair should be a closely contested one as there is scarcely any difference in the shooting strength of the teams. If possible the match will be shot at the Fanwood grounds of the Climax Gun Club. Then there is the prospective match between T. W. Morfey and the Trenton expert Ed Hill, the date not yet arranged, and a chance for the return match between "Little" Neaf Apgar and Ed. Hill, this to be shot, if at all, at Paterson. Each of these will be at 100 live birds per man. Again W S. Canon, the one-armed expert of Newark, and Howland Gasper of New York, are likely to have another at one another, so taken all the way through there will be plenty of sport.

About fifty sportsmen went to Pine Brook, N. J., on Saturday, Nov. 11, to witness a 100-bird match advertised to be shot between T. W. Morfey of Paterson and T. E. Morford of Newton. The visitors however were disappointed, as Mr. Morford failed to appear. It transpired that neither of the principals were interested in the making of the match, the terms being arranged, and a forfeit of $25 each being placed in the hands of Mr. Frank Faber of Butler by other parties. Mr. Morford knew nothing of the arrangement until the above preliminaries had been gone through with, and then he at once put his foot on the whole business, refusing positively to shoot a match for money, his position not allowing him to do so. Messrs. Martin & Gottschalk of the Pine Brook Hotel, where the affair was to take place, received no notice of Mr. Morford's refusal to shoot, and were allowed to go ahead with advertising the shoot, procuring the birds, etc. Mr. Morfey also thought everything was correct, and at the appointed hour he was on hand ready for business. His disgust as well as that of the others who were on hand can be better imagined than described when they learned that there would be no match. The parties who pretended to be acting for Mr. Morford are of course responsible for the outcome of the affair. Mr. Faber, the stakeholder, turned over the forfeit money to Mr. Morfey, and this ended the affair.

The live bird shooters of New Jersey and those of Kings county, N. Y., know positively that they are to meet at the traps in an interstate contest at live pigeons. Mr. Jacob Pentz, the projector of the contest informs us that all preliminaries are arranged and that Dec. 5, New Yorkers and Jerseymen who wish to may wager their shekels and at the same time witness some of the liveliest kind of shooting. This match was brought about by a remark made by a Kings county expert in the presence of Mr. Pentz, the remark in substance that no State could turn out a team to defeat a Kings county contingent. As a loyal Jerseyman "Uncle Jake" could not allow such an opinion to go unchallenged, and he at once offered to show the Kings county gentleman that Jersey could put up a team to make Kings county hustle. Hence the match should be one well worth the witnessing. Each team will comprise 20 men, each man to shoot at 15 live pigeons under Hurlingham rules for honors, the price of birds and a nominal stake of $10 a man. The match will probably be started at 9 A. M., in order to finish before dark. Both New Jersey and Kings county are well stocked with expert shooting men and as a matter of course each will put out their choicest men. and that a battle royal will result.

A small party assembled at Erb's grounds in Newark on Election Day, and amused themselves with trap practice. Among them were J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, and M. F. Lindsley, of West Hoboken. The opening event was a 25-bird practice shoot between Elliott and Lindsley, the result being Elliott 23, Lindsley 21. Then followed three 10-bird sweeps, $5 entry, with two moneys in each, the scores being: Canon 8 7 7, Lindsley 10 10 9, Elliott 8 8 8, Erb 6 8 8, Hollis 9 8 9. This was an unusually light attendance for a holiday, but was doubtless owing to the absence in the field of a number of the usual frequenters.

Everybody who shoots a gun knows George A. Mosher of Syracuse, and knowing him favorably everybody will of course be pleased to learn that he has assumed the position of assistant manager of the newly formed Syracuse Gun Co., an organization which promises to put on the market the simplest high-grade hammerless gun ever made. Mr. Mosher has our best wishes as well as those of his hosts of shooting friends for his future success.

Miss Annie Oakley and her manager, Frank E. Butler, have been at the Continental Hotel in Newark for the past two weeks awaiting the completion of Miss Oakley's new house at Nutley. "Little Sure Shot" is in perfect health and spirits despite having given two performances every day for six months when in Chicago.

The monthly shoot of the Roseville Gun Club, of Newark, will be held on John Erb's Bloomfield avenue grounds, on Thursday, Nov. 23, and all shooters are invited to be present and take a hand in the sport. The shooting will be at artificial targets. Shooting will begin at 10 A. M.

Elliott and Class are to come together again to-day in a 100-bird contest at the Morristown Driving Park. The match will be called at 1 P. M. They were to have shot on the White Plains track on Thursday but were unable to do so, as the track is undergoing extensive repairs.

"L. H.," Ashury Park, is informed that under the conditions he mentions "E." would be entitled to second money.

C. H. Townsend.

Class in Great Form.

Those who visited Paterson on Oct. 27 with the intention of seeing Frank Class of New Jersey "snowed under" in his match against Jas. A. R. Elliott of Kansas City, and instead of that saw a tie at ninety-six kills each on the 100th round, were rather surprised at the skill and nerve of the Jerseyman in holding his own so gamely in a contest that was nip and tuck from start to finish. Then when he lost the shoot off—the hardest kind of a nerve tester by losing a bird dead out of bounds—they were willing to acknowledge that Class still retained his old staying powers. The birds on that occasion were a fairly good lot but the weather conditions were all against them, else the above figures would probably not have been reached. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that while Class was off in the use of his second barrel his first-barrel form was superior to that of Elliott, the latter being a shade slower.

The second match was to have been shot at the Morristown Driving Park on Nov. 4, but on that day the rain fell in torrents and it was postponed to Nov. 11, which proved to be better as far as weather conditions went than the day of the Paterson match, but far from what was desired. The light was dull during the entire afternoon, while a cold, raw breeze from the northeast blew with just force enough to give the pigeons life, clear away the smoke and send an occasional chill up and down the spine.

The attendance was fair, the more prominent among whom were Mr., Mrs. and Miss Lindsley and Eddie Collins, of West Hoboken; Al. Heritage and wife, of Jersey City; T. W. Morfey and Henry Wolf, of Paterson; Dr. P. J. Zeglio, of Warrenville; John Rothaker, of Germantown; Neaf Apgar, of Henry C. Squires & Son, New York; Chas. Smith, of Plainfield; Mr. Campbell of Dover, and a number of Morristown sportsmen whose names could not be learned.

It was 1:50 P. M. when the match began, T. W. Morfey acting as referee, Henry Wolf pulling the traps and the scoring being done by the representatives of the sporting journals. Class won the toss and went first to the score, pulling down a fast driver from No. 2 trap, one barrel doing the work. Elliott also got a fast one, a right-quarterer from No. 4 trap, which was stopped with a clever first. Everything progressed swimmingly until Elliott went to the score for his tenth shot. "Pull" was called, over went No. 2 trap, and the fall of the trap was instantly followed by two reports from Elliott's gun, but almost useless was the act of pulling the trigger, as the bird, a slim, natty blue one, jumped fully 5yds. as the trap went down, caught its wings in a trice, and must have been not less than a yard from the 50yds. boundary before the second barrel, quickly as it was pulled, was on its way. Fly! well its speed was simply wonderful, while as for being hurt we do not believe either charge flew close enough to even frighten it.

Neither men lost again until the twenty-first round, when Class got a bird which was almost identical as to form, color, speed and method of flight with the one above described. Class, however, hit this flyer with both barrels, but its great speed caused it to go behind the line to die. The round ended with 23 kills for Class and 22 for Elliott, both of Class's and one of Elliott's being dead out of bounds, and all the rest being good ones.

At this stage of the game it was plainly seen that Class was in by far the best form, quicker by several yards and centering his birds well with his first barrel. His second also was used with much better effect than in the previous match. Elliott was certainly out of fettle, being slow and draggy in the use of either barrel and not getting his birds down as cleanly as of old. At times he would for a few rounds show his usual snap, but this was soon followed by a lapse back.

On the first quarter the birds were good enough for any one to practice on, there not being a genuine "duffer" in the 50. The round was shot in 30 minutes.

On the second quarter Class was the first loser, on a right-quartering driver fast enough to get away from any one, but which got the benefit of both charges and gave up the ghost just beyond the fence. Elliott had similar luck on his eighth bird, an incomer to the right and a fast one at that. It was barely touched with the first barrel, but caught the second in full only to fall dead outside. Class lost no more in this round. Elliott's twelfth and fourteenth were lost and the half showed Class 47, Elliott 44, with everybody conceding the race as good as won by the Jerseyman.

On the third quarter Elliott seemed to pull himself together, and not until the thirteenth round was he scored against, this being a dead out of bounds of one of the ugliest flyers of the day, a right-quartering driver from No. 5 trap, which never stopped zig-zagging until its life left it just beyond the line. Elliott also lost a circler to the right and finished the round with 23 kills, Class scoring 24, his lost bird being dead out of bounds. The figures now showed 71 for Class to 67 for Elliott, with the same fine form on the part of Class and a lapse by Elliott to his slow shooting.

The final quarter was almost a repetition of the one preceding it, Class losing thirteenth bird dead out of bounds and getting the rest, while Elliott had a driving twister carry two full loads over the fence, missed another and scored 23.

This ended the race with a total of 95 kills for Class against 90 for Elliott.

The birds were a fine lot and not more than three or four refused flight when the trap was sprung, requiring flagging. Only one bird was called. Had the day been a few degrees colder and the light clearer the birds would have been veritable "hummers," and even as it was they were fast enough to keep the shooters thinking.

The Jersey crack once more surprised the talent, his score of 95 being more creditable than the 96 killed at Paterson, birds and weather considered. And it must not be forgotten that he did not miss one of his 100 birds, while his score in an 80-yard boundary would have been 98 kills. His form is now better than ever and if he retains it he should quit even with the hottest of the cracks.

Both men used Greener guns, Elliott using American wood and Class Schultze powder. The time of the race by quarters was 30m., 30m., 33m. and 32m. The longest runs were, Class 20, 32 and 26. Elliott 23. Class used his second barrel 47 times and Elliott 48 times.

At this point we might give the score of the shoot by throwing in a whole lot of 1s, 2s, 0s and •s," but Forest and Stream has got beyond that stage. Instead of using a column to explain to you the direction of flight of each bird and leaving you to guess as to whether the principals did their best work on drivers or incomers, on right or left quarterers, we show you in a neat, handy form, readily understood, the approximate direction of flight of each bird, using for this purpose our own exclusive trap score type, one of the many good things which has helped to make Forest and Stream what it is— the greatest journal on earth for sportsmen and everybody else.

Here is the score and the trap score type; the first line of figures showing the trap sprung and the third the barrel used.

Figures in third line: 1, first barrel kill; 2, second barrel kill; •, dead out of bounds; 0, missed.

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	2 1 4 2 3 2 2 4 3 4 5 1 5 1 2 5 2 2 2 4 2 2 3 1 4
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Table showing how the men stood on strings of ten shots each:

Class	10	20	27	37	47	57	66	76	85	95
Elliott	9	19	27	34	44	54	63	72	80	90

C. H. Townsend.

"Father Time" Wins a Buggy.

Philadelphia, Nov. 11.—Trap-shooting around Philadelphia has been very slow since the game season opened the first of this month, but promises to be lively in a few weeks. On Saturday next the new club at Fitzwatertown, about 12 miles from here, will have a live bird shoot for several prizes, and on Thanksgiving Day the Forest Gun Club will hold a tournament. In this shoot there will be no dividing of purses until the pro rata equals the entrance, this will make the boys shoot, and probably there will not be so much dropping for place. About the middle of December the Keystone Shooting League will give a three days' tournament, two days at targets, one day at live birds, and with such men as A. J. Rust, W. and J. Wolstencroft, H. ("Landis") David, W. Garvin, H. Thurman, Capt. Pack and the rest of the League boys as hustlers it should be a great success. One of the main events will be a team race between residents of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and as we expect a delegation of good shooters from New Jersey it will make a very interesting shoot. We have conceit enough here to think we can hold our own with any State in the Union at the traps at either targets or live birds.

The only shoot advertised for to-day was on the grounds of the Flourtown Club and for a buggy as the prize. The grounds of this club are about a mile from the town, which is just outside of the Philadelphia city limits. The club is quite a lively one for the number of members, and they have some very good shooters in their ranks who will be able to hold their own next year at the Pennsylvania State shoot. The club has just joined the Association and say they intend to take part next year and try to win some of the trophies.

The small number of shooters on the grounds compelled those that were present to take extra chances, so as to get the buggy shot off, J S. Peterman shooting for J. H. Matz, M. T. Sheets, D. D. Yeakel, W. S. Kerper and himself, A. Peterman for W. Rhodes.

These grounds are very hard to shoot on, there being a hill right in front of the traps covered with trees and bushes, and the scores were very poor, as some of the trees had their leaves on them and some were bare, making a very broken background.

Shoot for a buggy, miss and out: J. H. Matz 0, Worthington 1, H. Thurman 4, Landis 2, David 3, W. Rhodes 5, M. T. Sheetz 1, H. Thurman 0, Landis 1, David 4, David 0, Landis 11, J. S. Peterman 7, H. Thurman 15, Landis 12, David 0, Landis 13, A. Peterman 3. D. D Yeakel 3, David 8, Thurman 2, W. S. Kerker 12, H. Thurman 0, David 14, C. H. Kerker 0, J. S. Peterman 1, David 4, Thurman 3, J. S. Peterman 0.

A few one-money miss-and-out events wound up the day's sport.

H. T.

Waverly Gun Club.

The monthly shoot of the Waverly Gun Club, at Dexter Park, on Monday, Nov. 6, brought together only four members in the club event. The day's shooting was devoted to smashing the bluerock targets. In the regular club event for the club medal the honors went to O. Hillmer, who succeeded in breaking 6 out of the 10 shot at. with Pop Van Staden second with 5 to his credit. The third sweep resulted in a tie between Van Staden, Hillmer and Rugen with 5 each. In the shoot-off the old veteran's staying qualities abided with him to the end and he got the verdict. The fourth event resulted in a tie between Van Staden and Hillmer with 6 breaks each. The shoot-off resulted in another victory for the veteran. The fifth and last event of the day was a repetition of the fourth; Van Staden pulverized 7 of the 10 shot at and pocketed the pot. Messrs Hillmer, Fehliesen and Rugen tied for second money with 5 each, and on the shoot-off Fehliesen shot out his competitors. The scores are here appended:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
H Van Staden	0110010101—5	0110010101—5	1001010101—5
O Hillmer	1101010101—6	0010100101—4	0100110101—5
C Fehliesen	0101000001—3	1110011001—6	0001010000—2
Rugen	0100010000—2	0111100000—4	0101101001—5
L Grau	....	0100001100—3	0001000010—2

	No. 4.	No. 5.
H Van Staden	0000111111—6	0111101110—7
O Hillmer	1100100111—6	1101110000—5
C Fehliesen	0100001100—3	1001001110—5
Rugen	1000000001—2	0001001010—3
L Grau	....	0011000111—5

Wauregan Gun Club.

Pelhamville, N. Y., Nov. 10.—Ten live birds per man, prize cap and coat:

J H Mills	0022012201—6	A Dietzel	0202212012—7
W H Brickner	1•1212•0•1—6	M F Brickner	11•••01121—6
F Kerker	•110201•11—6	J Dietzel	120110•1•2—6
J W Spencer	02•2200112—6	J A Picken	0100002000—2
G W Silberhorn	00101•000•—2	J Harmeling	•021000002—3
D Volenti	2001201121—7	F M Lyon	2020120•02—5

The birds were a fast lot of flyers. The prize was a fine hunting cap and coat. D. Volenti and A. Dietzel tied and shot off at three birds each; A. Dietzel won with one kill. I. H. Mills, Referee and Sec'y.

Election Day at Maplewood.

The following scores were made on Nov. 7 at tournament of the Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club. Messrs. Whitehead, Hobart and Thomas, of the South Side Gun Club, were present.

No. 1, 10 birds, 50 cents: Smith 7, Hobart 6, Osterhout 6, Yeomans 7, Thomas 8, Dr. Fisher 8, Van Idestine 5, Whitehead 8, Drake 9.

No. 2, 10 birds, 75 cents: Hobart 6, Fisher 7, Osterhout 3, Yeomans 6, Van Idestine 4, Drake 10, Smith 9, Thomas 4.

No. 3, 15 birds, $1:

Van Idestine	010101101011110— 9	Osterhout	110111000001011— 8
Hobart	011111111011101—12	Fisher	011111101111011—12
Thomas	001110011101101— 9	Smith	100111111111111—13
Yeomans	011111011110011—11	Drake	110101111011111—12

No. 4, 10 birds, $1: Hobart 9, Fisher 6, Thomas 7, Yeomans 6, Whitehead 9, Drake 9, Smith 10, Osterhout 4, Thompson 4

No. 5, 20 birds, $1.50:

Fisher	11111110001101011111—15	Osterhout	00001000010100100100— 5
Smith	11110111111101111011—17	V'nId'stine	00011111111000000111—10
Drake	10111111111110111111—18	Thompson	01101101111000110001—11
Thomas	11110111000111101010—13	Hobart	11011111010101110110—14
Yeomans	11111111110110101110—16		

No. 6, 10 birds, $1: Thomas 7, Hobart 7, Whitehead 7, Yeomans 8, Smith 10, Fisher 4, Van Idestine 5, Drake 9, Thompson 5, Osterhout 5.

No. 7, 15 birds, $1:

Hobart	111111111011010—12	Quad	101110111100110—10
Thomas	101111111110101—12	Drake	111111101111011—13
Fisher	111000110010011— 8	Dr Little	010110000111101— 8
Yeomans	101011111111011—11	Thompson	101100000111000— 7
Smith	110110001111011—10		

No. 8, 10 birds, $1, expert rules: Thomas 5, Yeomans 7, Fisher 6, Hobart 8, Smith 8, Osterhout 5, Whitehead 8, Thompson 6, Dr. Little 3, Drake 5, Howard 5.

No. 10, 10 birds, $1:

Thomas	1001000111—5	Little	1011110100—6
Fisher	1110101110—7	Quad	1111100110—7
Thompson	1111111000—7	Howard	1110001001—5
Yeomans	1011110111—8	Smith	1010110101—6
Whitehead	1111101101—8	Osterhout	1100010111—6
Drake	1111011011—8	Hobart	1001101111—7

No. 12, 10 singles and 5 pairs, $1.50:

Drake	1111111111	11 10 01 10 10—16
Fisher	1111011011	10 01 10 10 10—13
Hobart	1100011101	10 01 10 11 10—12
Yeomans	1010111010	10 11 10 10 11—13
Thompson	1011101111	10 01 00 10 10—12
Thomas	0111101001	00 11 10 11 10—12
Smith	1110111111	10 10 01 01 10—14
Little	0000001000	00 01 10 01 10— 5

Mohegan.

Rochester Defeats Onondaga.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 2.—Twenty members of the Onondaga County Sporting Club, of Syracuse, came to this city to-day and tried conclusions at clay pigeons with the Rochester Rod and Gun Club on the Monroe avenue grounds in the morning and afternoon. The contests consisted of seven sweepstake events of ten, fifteen and twenty birds, and a team shot of twenty men on a side of twenty-five birds.

All of the sweepstakes were closely contested, and many excellent scores were made.

The local club had made arrangements for making the occasion one long to be remembered with pleasure by the visitors, and that their efforts were most successful the happy crowd of Syracuseans who left the city at an early hour this morning gave evidence Lunch was prepared for the guests at the grounds, and in the evening all the marksmen enjoyed a banquet at Worden's. After partaking of a sumptuous meal—for every one had a ravenous appetite—a programme of toasts was carried out.

President Fulton announced W. C. Hadley as toastmaster. Mr. Hadley proved himself the right man in the right place. He is a crack shooter, but he is also a crack at presiding over a banquet table. The speeches were not of the "cut and dried" sort. The listeners were hardly in a mood for such. Jokes at the expense of one another, lively stories and reminiscences were the order, and for several hours all had a royal good time. Letters were read from C O. Barrett, the well known Boston shooter; August Schmitt, ex-Vice-President of the Rochester Gun Club, and others.

Here are the subjects of the toasts to which responses were made: "Onondaga Sportsmen's Club," Harvey McMurchy; "Syracuse Athletic Club," C. H. Mowry; "Rochester Rod and Gun Club," President Fulton; "What About the Score at Parma?" W. J. Mann; "How I Missed That Bird," E. C. Meyers; "What I Know About Wheeling," Gus Moshier; "What I Know About Shooting Mud Hens," C. Wolcott; "Gun and Sporting Goods," G. H. Mann; "The Sword of Bunker Hill," a song, Dan Lefever; "The Laws for the Protection of Fish and Game," C. Ayling; "What Part His Bitters Took in the Convention," G. Holloway; "How I Made 79 Miles in 68 Minutes," Jimmy Wood.

The summary of the days shooting contests follows: Team shoot, 25 single Kingbird targets:—

Onondaga: H. Ayling 23, Mosher 20, Cool 17, C. Ayling 22, Dugard 24, D. Walters 19, Cruttenden 9. G H. Mann 21, C. Howell 19, Herman 16, Mowry 22, Tuttle 19, Carr 23, McMurchy 21, Holloway 20, Lefever 20, Macomber 17, Perry 21, Marble 21. C. Green 20. Total 394.

Rochester: W. J. Mann, 21, Stewart 24, Glover 19 Tassell 21, Quirk 14, Foley 21, Borst 21, Meyer 21, Hadley 24, Van Ostrand 21, Lane 23, Byer 23, Hicks 22, Babcock 15, I. Ressenger 22, Norton 20, Glover 22, Wolcott 20, Hunt 20, Newton 23. Total 417.

The Newark Gun Club.

The turnout at the November shoot of the Newark Gun Club, held on John Erb's Newark grounds on the 9th, was better attended than the preceding one, but still the members do not show up as they should. Not a resident member was on hand, those present being T. W. Morfey, Henry Wolfe and T. C. Wright, of Paterson; M. F. Lindsley, of West Hoboken; Dr. P. J. Zeglio, of Warrenville, and W. G. Hollis, of Kearny. J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, was also present and took part in the fun.

The poor attendance at the recent meets of this club are undoubtedly caused by the unsettled state of the money market, and just now the number of absentees is likely to be larger than usual, a number of the regular attendants being away in the field and covert.

The day was not an exceedingly favorable one, the air being cold and raw and the light by no means clear. The birds were fair and the handling and retrieving of the usual order, which always means good on these grounds. The opening event was a $2 miss and out; then came three 10 bird events, $5 entry, 3 moneys, the third of these events being also the club shoot. After this there were shot three miss and out events, $2 entry. The scores are detailed:

No. 1:

Morfey 1110 Wright 2211

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Morfey	0100021221— 6	1121110212— 9	11110•1011— 7
Lindsley	1222122221—10	2222021222— 9	0202202220— 6
Elliott	0212122212— 9	1211111211—10	2112121101— 9
Wright	2122012121— 9	0021111101— 6	111122010•— 7
Hollis	211020112•— 7	1121111212—10	2111011210— 8
Zeglio	2121121121—10	2111112211—10	1111222212—10
Wolf	20•2102110— 6	2121101•00— 6	0210011122— 7

In No. 3 Wright and Wolf shot off for third money, Wright winning on the second round of the miss and out:

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No 7.		No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Lindsley	2220	12	22222	Zeglio	11212	10	0
Wright	0	0	12111	Hollis	120	..	.....
Morfey	11120	10	12111				

Election Day at Fanwood.

Below are the scores made at the live-bird shoot held by "Dutchy" Smith at Brener's Grove, Fanwood, N. J., on Nov. 7. The entrance fee in each event was $3. The birds were a good lot:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
C Smith	12122 –5	02222 –4	1112 4	2011—3	1122—4
Rothacker	22211—5	22122—5	1122 4	2001—2	2122—4
Pierson	12222—5	21220—4	0202—2	0202—2	0012—2
Darby	20121—4	11222—5	2100 2	....	....
Scott Terry	201'1—4	11211—5	2012—3	2022—3	1110—3
Clark	11221—5	12221—5	2112—4	....	....
D Terry	....	01211—4	2211—4	....	....

The World's Fair Championship.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 9.—To-day John Watson showed me the World's Fair championship medal which he had just received from the manufacturers for forwarding to its owner, Mr. Chas. Grim, of Clear Lake, Ia., who left the matter of design, etc., to Mr. Watson. The medal is a handsome one, with the usual diamond, the green wreath. The face shows a miniature world for token, and the conceit of the world's championship is very happily carried out in the detail. Both front and obverse are treated simply and with reserve, and the gem is one of real value. I believe this is the finest shooting medal I have seen of its class, and one cannot escape the conviction that under the stereotyped phrase, "value $100," there is an actual and full value to the dollar. It is a sterling medal and commemorative of a sterling event.

E. Hough.

Election Day at Dexter Park.

In order to accommodate some of his regular patrons, whose political aspirations are "passe," Louis Miller opened his grounds on Election Day for live birds and bluerock shooting.

The shooting opened with a sweep at 15 bluerocks, in which Shortemeyer and Phister divided first. The second event was at 6 live birds, which went to Phister, with a clear score. The third event was a repetition of the second and resulted in a tie between Phister, Fessenden and Shortemeyer, with 5 kills each. The fourth was the same as the second and third, and was won by Fessenden with a clean score. The fifth event was at 15 bluerocks. The result was a tie between Shortemeyer and Short, each with 13 breaks to their credit. The sixth and last event of the day was at 10 bluerocks, 6 entries. In this sweep Shortemeyer came to the front with 9 breaks to his credit. The scores.

No. 1, 15 bluerocks:

Shortemeyer	111110111111111—14	Levens	110110110111011—11
Phister	110111111111111—14	Short	011111111101111—13

No. 2, 3 and 4, 6 live birds, 28yds.

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
R Phister	111112—6	111210—5	221201—5
Dr Hudson	112101—5	101001—3	.....
T Short	120112—5	010111—4	.....
W Levens	221120—5	●02221—4	.....
Fessenden	112201—5	2221●1—5	112112—6
L Shortemeyer	112202—5	022111—5	021122—5
C Simmons	022100—3	1011●2—4	.....

	No. 5.	No. 6.
L Shortemeyer	011011111111111—13	1101111111—9
T Short	111111111011110—13	0101111011—7
R Phister	011111111001111—12	0111111101—8
H Knebel, Jr	001010100010111— 7	0111101001—6
C Simmons	010101100111101— 9	0010111111—7
W Levens	100111101010011— 9	1010000011—4

Crescent Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Crescent Gun Club at Louis Miller's Dexter Park grounds, on Thursday, Nov. 2, brought together only five members in the regular club event. A match between Capt. Shephard and J. W. Coulston, at 25 birds each, both of whom are members of the club, which was shot off just previous to the club event, was robbed of much of its interest on account of Coulston's inability to give the Captain a close race. The birds were as a lot good, hardy flyers, and Capt. Shephard, although a good shot, could only bring 19 of them to grass. If Coulston will only remove the extreme drop in the stock of his gun to the normal, he will find that his birds will be more liable to receive the contents of his cartridges. Extreme drop in gun stocks is one of the failings of the novice in trap-shooting. In the club event at 7 birds, L. Hopkins was high with a clean score to his credit. He was, however, kept on the "ragged edge" by President Gilman up to the end of the contest, when the latter dropped out with a clean miss on his seventh and last bird.

After the close of the club event the members indulged in a series of sweepstakes at 3 birds, miss and out. Hopkins continued his good form by killing all his birds. John Cottier, a man prominent in Kings county politics, came on to the grounds late in the day and tried his new Diamond Daly ejector at the birds. Want of practice and the new gun, coupled with the good quality of the birds, was too much of a handicap for Mr. Cottier. The scores:

Individual match, 25 birds, American Association rules:

Capt Shephard	1022220112122101220202210—19
J W Coulston	●1120002220020012000120l2—13

Club match, 7 live birds, American Association rules:

L Hopkins	2 2 1 2 1 1 1—7	Capt Shephard	0 2 2 1 ● 2 2—5
J W Coulston	0 0 0 ● 2 0 0—1	W Gilman	1 1 1 1 1 1 0—6
Morey	0 0 1 0 2 0 1—7		

Sweepstakes, 3 birds, miss and out, 3 moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
L Hopkins	1 2 2—3	1	1 1 2—3
Capt Shephard	2 2 2—3	1	1 2 2—3
M Johns	1 2 1—3	0	.....
Morey	0 0 2—1		0 1 1—2
W Gilman	1 2 1—3	0	1 1 0—2
J W Coulston	0 2 2—2		1 ● 2—2
C Mohrman			2 1 1—3
J Cottier			.....

No. 3.	
	1 1 2—3
	1 2 1—3
	.....
	0 0 0—0
	0 1 1—2
	2 0 1—2
	1 1 1—3
	0 0 2—2

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Parkways at Dexter Park on Wednesday, Nov. 8, did not have its usual representation of class members. The election the day previous and the hunting season now on were no doubt responsible for the light attendance. Of the first class members Leo Helgans was the only one on the ground, and the result was that he had a walkover for the A class prize, on a score of five out of seven. In Class B there were four entries, and the class winners proved to be H. Bramwell, with a clean score of seven kills to his credit. In Class C Col. Selover got the bulge on his class competitors and captured the parachute on a clean score. The club appropriates a certain amount each month for the purchase of prizes to be divided between the three classes. On this occasion the prizes were three silk umbrellas. There is also a gold medal, which goes to the member who makes the best score at each monthly meeting, the same to be worn by the member winning it until the next monthly shoot. The result of the club event was a tie between Bramwell of Class B and Col. Selover of Class C. In the shoot off Bramwell won the medal with two kills out of three to Selover's one. After Bramwell had paid the penalty to which all such honors are subjected, a sweep at three birds, miss-and-out, was made up with eleven entries. The result was a victory for Lee Helgans on his ninth bird. The scores are appended:

Club shoot, class handicap:

Class A, 28.		Class C, 21.	
E Helgans	2220012—5	A Andrews	1210020—4
Class B, 25.		H Knickman	0002?2 —3
T Short	1111102—6	J Wooley	1100211—5
H Bramwell	1211121—7	A Lehman	0211102—5
H Bookman	2201110—5	H Selover	1112112—7
T T Edgerton	1211911—6		

Sweep, 3 birds, 3 moneys:

E Helgans	2?2—3	T T Edgerton	121—3
H Le Maire	201—2	H Selover	110—2
A Andrews	122—3	D Van Siclen	000—0
H Bookman	221—3	T Short	021—2
G Pebler	011—2	H Bramwell	101—2
W Schaur	020—1		

Nassau Gun Club.

THE Nassau Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Louis Miller's Dexter Park grounds on Tuesday, Oct. 31, eight members participating. The regular club event called for 10 birds per man, American Association rules. The shoot was opened at such a late hour in the afternoon that there was no opportunity for sweepstake shooting, and the consequence was the shooting was confined to the club event. The birds were a fairly good lot, and there were some instances in which the ability of the shooter and the quality of his gun and cartridges was made prominent. An interesting feature of the shoot was the shooting off of the tie between Messrs. Selover and Young. Both killed 10 straight in the regular event. Jim Bennett was also a tie with them, but in the shoot off, 3 birds, miss and out, Bennett dropped out. Messrs. Selover and Young fought it out nip and tuck to the eleventh bird, when Young slipped up on an easy left quartering incoming bird. It was one of those shots where the over confidence of the shooter plays havoc with his winning chances. The scores are appended:

E Helgans	2200212112— 8	H Selover	1211211121—10
J Young	1212111122—10	C Magee	1112201112— 9
J Bennett	2112112211—10	J A Still	1101●10101— 6
P Von Dreele	2122●12221— 9	T T Edgerton	1121112111—10

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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The Editor of the *Game Laws in Brief* prints in the *Brief* a standing offer of a reward for detection of errors and omissions. He found out for himself the other day that he had omitted a Michigan 10-years Mongolian pheasant law. For this he had a capital excuse. But excuses don't go in game law manuals, so he collected the dollar, paid it and squared up. That reward offer is not bluff. The *Brief* aims to be infallible. And that's just about what it is.

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SOME CANINE COMPLICATIONS.

THE courts have been considering a batch of canine cases lately; and some knotty points of dog law have been unraveled, which it would be just as well for us all to know about.

Thus, if one happens to be a fragile young woman, she should understand that a big powerful dog has the right of way on city sidewalks; and the owner cannot be held liable for injuries sustained by those against whom the beast runs amuck. This has just been determined in a New York case where an action was brought by a young woman, who, while walking on Sixth avenue had been thrown down, and had one of her legs broken, in collision with a dog big and powerful as aforesaid. She sued the owner for damages. The Court held that inasmuch as the animal was not trespassing, but was going along the public street, where it had a perfect right to be, the owner could not be held responsible for the results of the collision.

A more complicated dog and woman collision is now before the Vermont courts. The point to be determined in this instance is whether one man may be held in damages for injuries inflicted by another man's dog in the owner's own house and upon the owner's own wife. To the unsophisticated lay mind it would appear that at all events in this case, too, the dog was not trespassing. The cause is that of Isham vs. Dow. Dow had some sheep. Isham had a dog. Isham's dog attempted to eat up Dow's sheep. Dow had a gun. With it he set out to kill Isham's dog. Isham had a wife. Isham's dog, wounded by Dow's gun, ran into Isham's house and jumped against Isham's wife, knocking her down, and injuring her so severely that she was critically ill afterward. Isham vs. Dow for $10,000 is the result. What became of the dog is not told.

What is a person to do when a stray and friendless dog persists in casting itself upon his good graces and adopting him for a master? The Brooklyn police courts have gone so far at least as to say that he may not hurl the animal through a window. The other evening a citizen set out to make a call. On the street he encountered a wretched stray dog, which made up to him, licked his hands, and then and there, in canine dumb show, took him for better or for worse. The man responded with a kick, and boarded a street car. The dog followed him in and nestled down at his feet. Brooklyn street cars do not carry dogs, and when the conductor spied the animal, he asked the man if it belonged to him. The man looked down at the dog, and the dog, misinterpreting the glance, responsively wagged its tail in content and good will. Then the man swore some, grabbed the dog, swung it in the air and dashed it through a window. The glass crashed; the astonished dog went yelping up the street; the man swore some more; the women in the car made a commotion; the conductor called a policeman; the policeman carried the canine catapult off to the station house; the judge fined him $25 in court the next morning for cruelty to animals; and he made himself square with the car company by paying for the smashed glass. All of which teaches us that a dog, as well as a human being, may sometimes be mistaken in his man. This Brooklyn citizen was not at all the kind of person the dog took him to be.

Dogs have certain recognized legal privileges, one of which is that of proceeding in an orderly manner along the public highway unmolested by other dogs; and the courts will sustain a man who endeavors to uphold this right for a dog, even when the dog belongs to somebody else. The Massachusetts case of Matteson *vs.* Strong, damages for dog bite, is the one in point. Daniel B. Matteson, of Palmer, was out walking, attended by Albert King's dog. The quadruped was set upon with ferociously felonious intent by the dog of Homer C. Strong, Esq. Matteson attempted to restrain King's dog when Strong's dog attacked it. He was bitten by the aggressor, brought suit in the Superior Court and recovered $375 damages. But Strong contended that the plaintiff had attempted to separate the dogs after they had begun fighting and that by so doing had unnecessarily put himself in danger—had cast himself into the breach when he should have stayed out of it. He carried the case up to the Supreme Court. There the finding of the lower court was sustained in a decision which it will be well for one to note carefully for future guidance. It reads:

> We cannot say, as a matter of law, that the plaintiff was not in the exercise of due care in putting his hand on the collar or neck of the dog which was in his custody, in order to bring him along and prevent a fight. Under the circumstances it may have been a very proper thing for him to do, and at the time it may not have seemed to expose him to much, if any, danger. In cases of this kind a great deal depends on the size, the apparent disposition, the conduct and the situation of the two dogs, and upon other circumstances which are usually proper for the consideration of a jury. There was other testimony which would have warranted the jury in finding that the plaintiff was negligent, but neither the undisputed evidence in the case nor the hypothetical statement embodied in the defendant's second request for a ruling was enough to justify the court in ordering a verdict for the defendant.

THE ANARCHIST ARGUMENT.

THE letter elsewhere printed to-day came to hand last week after FOREST AND STREAM had gone to press, but before it had been published. It is written by an Eastern banker, whose connections with railroads and mines in Montana is close and has extended over a number of years. In the course of his business journeyings this gentleman has become familiar with the Park and Cooke City miners, as well as with ranchmen and miners in many localities in central and southern Montana. We are not surprised to see our correspondent take up cudgels in behalf of the good men of Montana. They are abundantly able to take care of themselves and need no defense, but it is irritating to see one's friends called bad names in print, and the impulse is strong to say a word.

Most of this ground, except where wanton attacks are made on the character of Montana people, has been thoroughly gone over in past years, and the communication of Mr. Brackett only brings to the surface old straw to be threshed over again. It would be a simple matter to take his letter, paragraph by paragraph, and pull it to pieces, showing by conclusive testimony that he has failed to inform himself on many points in connection with the National Park. It is absurd, for example, to any one who is familiar with the Park in winter, to read his statement that the game has long since been driven from the vicinity of the Cooke City wagon road and never returns to it, for it is perfectly well known that the greatest winter range for elk within the borders of the reservation is along the Cooke City wagon road, thousands of them being seen there daily throughout the winter. No one expects to find game camped along the roadside in summer, for then it has withdrawn to the higher lands and to the timber.

But it is not worth while to go over this ground, which must be thoroughly familiar to all readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Those who have forgotten the details of the case are referred to an article in this journal about a year ago entitled "Cooke City vs. the National Park."

SNAP SHOTS.

Here is a foreign minister of whom any country might be proud, and it is the privilege of these United States to take pride in him. Minister W. W. Thomas, Jr., representing our Government in Sweden, took part in the great elk hunt given by King Oscar, the other day, in the forest of Hunneberg, in honor of the Emperor of Germany. When the hunt was over the diplomatic representatives of France, Germany and Italy were all present and accounted for, but Minister Thomas had disappeared, and much solicitude was felt lest he had been wounded by the game or some other calamity had befallen him. It was not until 10 o'clock at night, and when the party was about to break up, that he came in, worn out with fatigue, all tattered and bespattered with mud; and explained to King Oscar that having wounded an elk he had thought it the sportsmanlike thing to follow it up and give it the *coup de grace*. The chase had been long and arduous, but the American had to show for his reward the finest specimen of all the forty elk killed in the hunt; and for his pluck he received the congratulations of both the sovereigns.

Nine of the Montana elk which were exhibited near the Cliff Dwellers in the World's Fair have been secured by Mr. Edward H. Litchfield, of Brooklyn, for his game preserve in the Adirondacks. The elk were last week taken to a farm in Rome, N. Y., where they will winter. With them are three black-tailed deer, also destined for Mr. Litchfield's preserve. This experiment of restocking the Adirondacks with elk, for such in effect it is, will be watched with decided interest. The elk was indigenous to the North Woods; and was exterminated only by foolishly persistent pursuit. There is much ground for believing that once again restored to its native home the species would thrive; and that with the protection accorded it by wise laws and by an enlightened public sentiment, it would become a permanent factor in the game supply of the region.

Major J. Fry Lawrence, of Louisville, Ky., who died suddenly while on a hunting trip, on Nov. 11, was president of the Kentucky Fish and Game League, an organization numbering 1,500 members, and one of the most powerful institutions of the State. He was a member of the World's Fisheries Congress, and attended some of its meetings in Chicago last month. The discussions bearing upon the protection of fish awakened his liveliest interest. The extensive distribution of fish by the U. S. Fish Commission in Kentucky waters was due largely to the personal influence of Major Lawrence, and no one appreciated more fully than he the lasting benefits to be derived from intelligent stocking of streams.

There is a clause of the New York game law which forbids one person to kill more than three deer in a season. From what we can learn this law is on the whole beneficial, but it does not restrain the raids of some of the meat hunters who live on the borders of the Wilderness and make annual autumnal forays on the venison supply. Some of these hunters take out wagon loads of game just as they did before the law was enacted.

As we go to press the meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union is being held at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The attendance is large, and many interesting papers will be presented to the Congress. The hospitalities of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, which might almost be called the father of the A. O. U., will be offered during the meeting.

The subject of the alarming decrease of food fishes in the waters of the Atlantic coast is one of importance which it would be difficult to over-estimate. The consideration of it, set on foot by the New York Commission, should receive attention from every one who can contribute suggestion or information.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XV.

The First Fox.

SAM moving about cautiously in his stockings was attempting the impossible feat of building a fire in the stove without making a noise, for it was early and he hoped that he might not disturb any of the family.

The wood tumbled about in the box as if endowed with perverse life. The griddles would slip and clatter and the doors bang as if they were made for no other purpose, Uncle Lisha being a light sleeper was roused and came forth to learn the cause of the unseasonable disturbance, with his waistcoat in one hand and buttoning his suspenders fumblingly with the other.

"What on airth is the motter, Samwil? Baby haint got the croup er nuthin', has he?" he whispered anxiously.

"No," was answered in a hollow whisper, "goin' huntin'. Thought I'd hev me a baked tater and cup o' tea tu start on 'f I c'd get 'em 'thout wakin' the hull neighborhood, but this consarned stove's ben dancin' a jig sence I fust touched it an' the wood, turnin' summersets. But I've got the taters in. Sorry I waked ye, Uncle Lisher. Drive, you ol' fool, quit yer whinin' an' caperin'. We haint goin' yit."

"I'd slep' a plenty," and Uncle Lisha drew a chair to the stove and toasted his feet comfortably on the hearth. "Where be you goin', Samwil?"

"Well," said Sam, carefully filling a powder horn while Drive watched the operation with intense interest, whining and treading the floor with his front feet, "I'm a-goin' tu take Peltier a fox huntin'. I b'lieve 'f I c'n git him int'rested in 't an' hev him kill a fox er tew it 'll git him over mopin' an' honin' himself to death arter that misible gal. The' haint nothin' like huntin' tu take a feller's mind offem trouble."

"Wal," said the old man in a draughty whisper that set the candle flaring, "I d' know but what it'll help some, but I shall reckon more on fishin'. But I tell ye, I b'lieve he's kinder taken a shine tu that aire Varney gal, 'at was here tu the apple cut, an' that's a-goin' tu cure him."

"'T wont 'mount tu shucks. Peltier haint that kind o' chap tu shift his likes sudden. I don't b'lieve he'll ever keer a row o' pins for any other gal. The best 'at can be done for him is tu git him from dwellin' on his trouble, an' I don't know o' nothin' better 'n huntin'. The quiet of the woods an' the noises which is nigh about the same thing, is mighty soothin', an' the smell o' the dead leaves an' the spreuce an' balsam is stren'thenin' tu the narves an' when you git raly woke up with the hootin' o' the haound a-drawin' nigher an' you hear the fox a-rustlin' the dry leaves an' snappin' the dry twigs, it sets your heart afire an' burns aout all the foolishness an' trouble."

"Mebby," said the other, "but fishin' is turrible soothin', I'd ruther chance it on fishin' an' that Varney gal. She's a strornary nice gal."

Sam opened the oven door and tested his cookery with a pinch. "My taters is done. Set by an' ha' some, Uncle Lisher?"

But the old man chose to wait for a more elaborate meal, and Sam hastily swallowing his tea, potatoes and cold meat and assuming his equipments was ready to depart just as Pelatiah appeared, and the two held forth in the growing whiteness of the winter dawn with the old hound sobering down to the business of his life, ranging steadily before them.

There had been a hoar frost in the night and every fence and tree was turned to misty silver and pearl, and the mountain arose before them against the paling azure like a great cloud of pearl, unstable, ethereal, as if the lightest breeze might waft it away. There was a haziness in the atmosphere giving it an apparent softness that seemed to belong to another season, and make one almost expect to hear the songs of birds coming from the silver foliage and see the stir of insect life among the feathery herbage of the frost, grown in a night upon the snow.

But the few sounds that scarcely broke the silence were all of winter. The smothered chuckle of the ice-bound brook, the resonant crack of a frozen tree, the muffled crow of a housed cock, and the discordant cries and flicker of the gay plumage of a jay early faring abroad were the only signs of life astir save the hunters and their hounds.

Old Drive soon found the warm trail of a fox that had been mousing among the snow-covered aftermath, and he presently set the mountain side and hills to bandying melodious echoes that awoke all the valley from its slumbers.

A dozen house dogs burst into vociferous baying at the distracting multitude of airy voices and as many cocks sent forth their ringing challenges, and one by one the farmhouse chimneys began to lift their slanted pillars of smoke against the pearl-gray hills and blue of the sky.

There began to be signs of choring, the creaking and slamming of barn doors, the lowing of cattle, and men calling them to partake of their brown loaves, the stacks. Then were heard the mellow notes of horns and conches, presently followed by a cessation of the sounds of labor. These, after a time, began again, with the clear, woody ring of ax strokes, the muffled thud of flails, the shouts of ox-teamsters and the drawling creak of their sleds.

The hunters gave heed to none of them. Only to the voice of the hound were their ears attentive as it tended toward the hills that buttressed the mountain side, letting here an echo fall asleep, there awakening another to wild mimicry.

"Ef he haint got him up, he will in less'n five minutes," said Sam after a moment of breathless listening to the hound's eager baying. "You pull foot for the south end o' Pa'tridge Hill. The's a big hemlock in the aidge of a leetle clearin'. Stan' there. If he gits past ye goin' he'll come back that way. Stick to 't as long as the dawg stays on the hill. I'll go to the north end."

He struck off at a swinging gait and Pelatiah in a divergent course made his way to the point indicated. He reached it much out of breath with climbing and excitement, his heart beating such a tumultuous accompaniment to the music of the hound, drawing nearer and nearer, that he could scarcely hear it.

He cocked his gun and strove to settle his trembling nerves while he strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the fox, for he could hear the hound crashing through the brush and whining and panting as he puzzled over a double of the trail. Then his heart stood still at a sudden flash of ruddy fur among the brush, his gun was at his shoulder, his finger feeling the trigger, and with a qualm of disgust he saw a red squirrel scampering along a log.

The music of the hound swept past, and Pelatiah's heart sank with the sense of lost opportunity. But he remembered Sam's assurance that the fox would come back, and took hope again. He backed into a comfortable position against the hemlock and listened half dreamily to the pulsing diminuendo of the hound's bugle notes and to the minor voices of the woods. A party of inquisitive chickadees sounded their cheery call close about him, a nuthatch piped nasally as he crept in a downward spiral along the branching trunk above. A woodpecker industriously tapped a dead tree, the squirrel dropped a slow shower of cone chips, and a company of jays attuned their voices to unwonted softness as they discoursed together.

Yet he was continually aware of the hound's mellow notes overbearing all these sounds, though faint and far away, till suddenly there broke above them all the short, thin report of a rifle, and almost with the fading out of the brief echo the baying of the hound ceased.

"Wal," said Pelatiah, letting his hopes down to the earth with a sigh. "The fox 's dead, that' ssartain, but I shouldn't ha' thought Sam would ha' cut in ahead on me an' shot him. That wan't the Ol' Ore Bed! 'Twan't laoud enough! It's some skunk that's sneaked in an' stole aour fox, an' by gol, he'll haftu hump hisself if I don't ketch him er run him in."

He pushed rapidly forward in the direction that he heard the shot. His course was lengthwise of the ledge, with so few obstacles that a half hour's walk brought him to the end of the fox's track, marked with a great blood-stained wallow in the snow. Leading straight away from it toward the little valley behind the hill went the tracks of a big pair of boots with a disproportionate stride.

"A short-laiged critter," Pelatiah remarked, as he settled himself upon the trail, "an' I guess my shanks' hosses 'll fetch him."

The trail presently led him to a narrow clearing and a little gray house that stood in forlorn nakedness of shade trees and outhouses, close to an untraveled highway. The big boot tracks held straight across the poor little garden with its feeble array of bean poles bearing their withered garlands of rustling vines, past the starved woodpile and its dull ax, to the neatly swept doorstep.

"Consarn his picter," and Pelatiah waxed hot with wrath as the trail grew warmer, "he's sneaked intu Wid-der Wigginses. But he needn't cal'late petticuts 'll save him. I'll skin 'im if the's a dozen women stannin' raound, The blasted thief."

He stepped softly upon the plank doorstep, and was about to enter, when he heard the excited voice of a boy and stopped to listen. He also heard the sibilant rush of air from the nipple of a gun and the soft pop of a withdrawn patch mingling with disconnected words and knew that the speaker was cleaning a rifle.

"Oh, ma," cried the voice with a grunt that indicated the pushing down of a patch, "I tell ye, it was fun. I popped him right plum through the head, an' sir, I dropped him right in his tracks. An' haint he a neat one. An' neow I'm goin' to skin him an' stretch him an' take him daown to Clapham's an' sell him an' git you some tea an' sugar."

"It 'll be turrible good tu hev some agin, 'specially when a body is feeling so peaked," said a feeble voice. "An' haow did you happen tu kill a fox, Billy? That's men's game."

"Oh, I was up on the hill tryin' tu git a pa'tridge, an' I heard a haoun' dawg a-comin' an' I jes' stood still as a post, an' fust I knew it, I seen the fox come bobbin' along an' up an' let him hev, an' daown he flopped, an' sir, I couldn't b'lieve 'twas treue, an' when I r'ally got a holt on 't I got dizzy an' all of a tremble, an' the nex' thing I thought on was the tea an' sugar fer you. An' then the haoun' dawg come up an' chawed him a spell, an' then I slung him on my back an' p'inted fer hum."

All the fire of Pelatiah's wrath was quenched and he was about to retire as silently as he had come, when he was arrested by the voice of the woman pitched to a tone of earnest reproof.

"O, Billy, you hedn't ever ortu done that. You'd orter waited an' gin the hunters the fox. It's jest stealin'. Father allus said so. O, Billy, they 'll be arter you, an' nob'dy knows whot they won't du tu ye. Whose haoun' dawg was it, Billy?"

"It was Sam Lovel's ol' Drive. It's the fust fox 'at ever I shot," Billy whimpered, "an' haow be I ever goin' tu git yer tea an' sugar?"

"It don't make no diffunce, you mus' take that aire fox right stret tu Samwil Lovel. You've got tu take it tu them it belongs tu. Mebby the Lord 'll pervide; but I d' know, it's long a-waitin'. Hang up the gun an' start right stret off. Take the fox an' start right off like an hones' man."

Pelatiah broke in unceremoniously upon poor Billy's mournful preparations for departure, his unannounced appearance startling alike the boy and his sick mother, who stared at him half frightened, half indignant, from her uncomfortable support of scant pillows.

"The' don't nob'dy want no fox, M'is Wiggins," he burst out impetuously. "Samwil an' me don't want him, ner won't hev him, nuther. Bub c'n take him right daown tu Clapham's a' git all he can fer him. Dollar an' a half, I shouldn't wonder. We won't hev it, I tell ye. We wouldn't tech tu take the fust fox 'at a boy ever shot. We know how he feels, me an' Samwil."

Certainly not by experience did Pelatiah know; but by sympathy, perhaps he did, to-day.

"Be ye much sick, M'is Wiggins? Bub hed better git Darktor Stone tu come up. I'll hev mother come over. Good day."

He hurried to go, in as great confusion as that in which he left the widow and her son, who found not words but only grateful looks to thank him.

He stopped at the meager woodpile and plied the dull ax with sturdy strokes till three or four armfuls of wood were ready for the stove, and then hurried away up the long eastern slope of the hill. He laughed at himself as he recalled his recent small adventure. "Poor leetle shaver, a-floppin' raoun' in his dead father's boots an' me a-bilin' myself up tu lick somebody. Gol!"

Then through the stillness of the woods the mellow cadence of the old hound's bugle notes stole upon his ears, and all his thoughts were turned to the day's purpose. Listening to get the direction, he became assured that the earnest, insistent baying was almost confined to a fixed point.

"By golly, he's started another, an' holed him, I guess. But I'll mog over and git the dawg."

As he neared the place, the steep western side of the hill, he found that the hound was moving in small circles and felt renewed hope, and his heart gave a great choking bound as he caught a glimpse of the fox dodging among the rocks and brush of the steep hillside. So steep and slippery was the footing that Pelatiah was obliged to slip his arm around a sapling to hold his position, and so standing he cocked his gun and waited, his heart rising and sinking as Drive's notes approached and receded.

Suddenly, like a ruddy blossom that had burst from the wintry hillside, the fox appeared on the top of the rock and turned to look back at the dog. The sight was drawn against the arched side, the trigger was pulled, there was a kick of reassuriug force, a responsive roar and a writhing, slowly-lifting cloud of smoke that for one moment of sickening doubt Pelatiah tried to peer through, and then he was filled with unspeakable joy at sight of the fox lying beside the rock, gasping spasmodically, while his magnificent brush was moved with tremulous undulations. And then he knew how Billy Wiggins had felt. Not till he had laid hold of his prize did he find voice to halloo to Sam, but then he did it with such repeated vociferations that there was danger of alarming all the valley.

Sam soon appeared on the scene, imperturbable but congratulatory.

"You done almighty well, Peltier, but where's your t'other fox? I hearn a shot an' the dawg come tu me."

"Wal," said Pelatiah, hesitating a little, "Widder Wigginses boy shot him, an' I hedn't the heart tu take it away from him. An' she's sick an' they're poorer 'n snaikes. No tea ner no nothin'."

"An' ye done almighty well, Peltier," Sam said, after attentive consideration of the case. "Huldy an' me 'll go over there to-morrer an' see tu 'em. An' neow le's skin that aire fox. By the gret horn spoon, he's a buster."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

NOTES OF A TRIP TO MANITOBA.

In Two Parts—Part Two.

(Concluded from page 425).

ONE day I met with a curious example of the readiness with which some people adopt and repeat the opinions of others rather than see and judge for themselves. I was out driving with a young friend, fresh from England, and he gave utterance to that stale, groundless, but too common remark, that bird life was rare in this country and bird music unknown. At the moment he was speaking, half a dozen meadowlarks were pouring out their finest strains, twenty shore larks were within hearing, and the chinks of the music were filled up with the notes of innumerable vesper sparrows, longspurs, savanna sparrows, and shattuck buntings, while crows, kingbirds and wild ducks were within sight and hearing.

In my journal, next, I find these two notes. The first relates to an extended published account of my last hunt, in which D. was a successful participant.

"G. W. tells me that on the Sunday when D. received the account of the hunt in which he figured so prominently, he spent the whole day in reading it over till he had it nearly by heart, and this was all his conscience would permit him to do on that day, though he eyed the old rifle tenderly from time to time; but he went to bed very early and arose soon after 12 to thoroughly clean out his old 'blunderbuss,' although the hunting season was half a year ahead."

Another note runs: "Two of the farmers have been out gunning after each other for some time, and I heard Mrs. D. describing them as two persons who had a great disregard for each other."

One day while driving in the hills with a friend we came face to face with a bear. Of course, we had no gun. This is the third time in my life that this has happened, and in every case I was gunless, also in every case bruin went off at racehorse speed.

On another occasion a number of the old settlers were swapping wild pigeon yarns. One had fired into a great flock and brought down eleven pigeons with a shotgun; another had fired into a vast cloud of the birds with a rifle and brought down thirteen; then another speaker had fired both barrels into a solar eclipse of billions of pigeons and brought down nothing but a wretched little sparrowhawk.

Late in August a farmer came to tell me that while driving his binder he put up a strange beast that seemed slow and stupid. He had never seen its like before, it appeared to be a cross between a deer and a lynx, as it had long ears with black tips on them, but yet had the head, tail and color of a deer. It was only 20yds. away when he started it, and it moved so slowly that he set his dog after it. But although the latter, a collie, was close at hand the strange slow animal suddenly developed into a gray streak and was out of that field (one of 100 acres) before the dog could get started. This last piece of information was enough. "My friend," said I, "you have struck a narrow-gauge mule," and sure enough when I went to the same place I put up the same mule, brought him down on the wing and went home in triumph with the first jack rabbit (*Lepus campestris*) I ever killed, and the only one I ever heard of being killed north of the Assiniboine!

I subsequently learned that since my last residence in Manitoba the species had greatly increased and is now abundant in southern and western Manitoba, with the natural consequence of occasional occurrence in the adjoining regions.

Late in August I went with a medical friend for an extended buckboard trip into the sandhills. We were far beyond the furthest settlement and not even looking for a trail, when suddenly we came upon a fresh track, and on following it were led to an Ojibway camp of two tepees. The Indians had a freshly-killed moose, and I tried to buy a quarter of it, but they would not sell any. I then tried to buy the head, but no, they still said "no sell" and even refused to sell enough for a meal. "Well," said I, "we want some meat for our dinner." To this the spokesman replied only by handing us his knife and intimating by a gesture that I was to cut what I needed. That done

I asked "how much for this?" "No sell. Give," he replied with emphasis.

Then a bright idea struck me; so, beckoning to my comrade over by our camp, I said, "Shaw, let me have your whisky flask." Then said I to the redman, "Will you have some of this?" His English before was broken and labored, but now he replied promptly, "You bet!" He then produced a little tin vessel into which I poured a proper quantity, which he swallowed joyfully. "Call your friend," said I, and the other Indian was duly made happy in the same way. Now, all this time the squaw was toiling and moiling about the fire, cutting wood and drawing water for us as well as for her lord, so I held up

MULE DEER—SKETCHED AS SHE RAN.

the still available flask and said, "Shall I give the squaw some?" Her eyes sparkled with the pleasure of anticipation. But the redman shook his head, and with an air of stern rebuke said, "No, bad for squaw."

My sitting room at Carberry had become a sort of resort in evenings for those of the inhabitants who had tastes artistic or for natural history, and the usual belt competitions in yarns were often observable. I have already mentioned briefly a pigeon match we had there, and another evening wolves was subject of contest. Two of the latter stories ran as follows: A friend of the narrator was making a trip on foot 100 miles through the Canadian woods in March, when, toward one evening, as he was drying his clothes over a brisk fire, he heard the cry of wolves rapidly approaching him. He was entirely unarmed, and there being no time to lose, although at the moment he was stark naked, he quickly shinned up the nearest tree, and there the wolves kept him until next day, when they left him. He came down unhurt, but nearly frozen, reclothed himself and got back to a settlement all right. But he died six months afterward from nervous prostration induced by the horror of that night.

The next contribution was to this effect: "We were snowed up in a shanty on the Petawawa, some six of us, and at last were about starving, when one evening we heard wolves close at hand. Then a struggle on the porch of our shanty. We rushed out with axes and firebrands, just in time to drive back a pack of wolves and secure a fine fat buck, killed, neatly bled and ready cleaned for us, and all done while one could count three; and so we were saved."

The crowning glory of another pinnacle ran thus: "Yes, I knew him; that's young McHooly; awful sight now; terribly mangled he was; the doctor didn't think he would pull through; but they are good stuff those McHoolys. Ye see, he had just got his first watch, a brand new Waterbury of the old-fashioned build, and like all youngsters, he was forever winding it. Well, that's all right for a Waterbury, you know; but it was all wrong for him. Ye see, he got it out one day on the prairie and kinder recklessly exposed the machinery, and first thing he knew the breeze blew his coat tail in among the cogs, and he never knew till he was dragged in. Fortunately, it was the hour movement; for it was twenty minutes before help came. They say if it had been the minute movement he never would have known what he died of. It seemed to affect his brain, too; so he'll never be no good only for a bookkeper or a school teacher, or somethin' of that sort."

On one occasion no one had a yarn ready and I was called on for a story. I could not think of one so gave the following excuse:

A hundred years ago a famous hunter was killed by a buck on the banks of the Ohio. His friends buried him where he fell and each one placed over the grave a pair of antlers, and each one made it a duty to bring a pair of antlers whenever he found himself in the neighborhood. The custom continued for years, until there was a vast pile of deer horns 30 or 40ft. in diameter and even more in height to mark the grave of the old deer slayer; the additional pairs were always thrown on top, and loose ones were also pulled away and piled on top, so that when last seen this wondrous pile was perfectly tightly interlocked. There they were, hundreds of antlers, but so securely intertwined that it is absolutely impossible to extract a single specimen.

"Now," said I, "that is just the way with my stories. I have hundreds of them piled up right in sight, but I'm blest if I can pull one out of the pile or find a loose one to offer you."

But it wasn't needed; my yarn set the rest agoing.

A newcomer from the land of Burns afforded us some amusement by his truly national manner of taking a joke. I am afraid I early lost all hold on his respect by asking him if Scotland was a large town, and also if it was not named after Sir Walter Scott, who first made it famous.

But on a certain day I fell forever in his estimation. He was a carpenter and I was using his saw. A nail loomed up in my plank just in the line of cutting. I stopped and said to the Scot:

"They say that there is nothing that pleases a carpenter more than to hear you sawing a nail with his best saw."

The carpenter dropped his hammer and his lower jaw; for a moment he regarded me dumbfounded. Then, with a rough ejaculation and a voice seething with scorn and disgust, he vehemently burst forth, "Well, that just shows how much you know about it, for there is nothing worse for a saw."

I groaned a little and went away to lie on the prairie for a while, but presently an Irishman came along. I related the incident to him and he fairly bellowed over it. This made me feel so much better that, like Diogenes, having found a man I was contented, and went again about my business.

On another of these evenings the subject of conversation the was difficulty of getting a decided answer out of a half breed, and I was able to contribute the following personal experience, which was to the point and also illustrated the vast size and purchasing power of a dollar in the back country, where nearly all business is done by truck and swap.

In the summer of '85 I was traveling among the back lakes of Ontario and thought I should like to take home a good birch canoe. There was a half-breed named Trueaxe, who was famous for his canoes, so I sought him out and asked him if he could build me one. He was reclining in the sun by his door, and whittling a stick at the time. He replied slowly:

"Well, I dunno, I'm terr'ble busy, what size do you want?"

"To hold two men and a hundred weight of baggage."

"Well, I dunno, there's a terr'ble lot of work about a canoe like that."

"I know that, I don't expect to get it for nothing."

"Ye see it ain't like it was twenty year ago, when I could cut a dozen canoe barks right at the door."

"Of course not," I said.

"Besides, real good cedar ain't so plenty as it used to be."

"I know all that, but what is it to cost?"

"Then I've seen the time I could just step to the swamp with a spade, and git all the tamarac ribs I wanted in five minutes, but it ain't like that now, I suppose I'd ha' to go a half a mile or more for 'em."

"I know all that, what I want to know is"—

"An' maybe you think it's no trick to git jest the right sort of gum jest when ye want it for caulking."

"Botheration! are you going to tell me or not?"

"Another thing, it ain't every man you meet can build a canoe."

"Do you think I'd be here fooling around if I thought it was?"

"Well, I dunno, there's a terr'ble lot o' work about it, it's near a two weeks' job, an' wages is away up now, it ain't like it was twenty year ago, I tell ye, canoe building was cheap then, but ye got to squeal for it nowadays, 'specially when they is built to order."

"Now, look here," I said, "I'm not beating you down, and I don't want any more explanation. Once for all, what would she cost?"

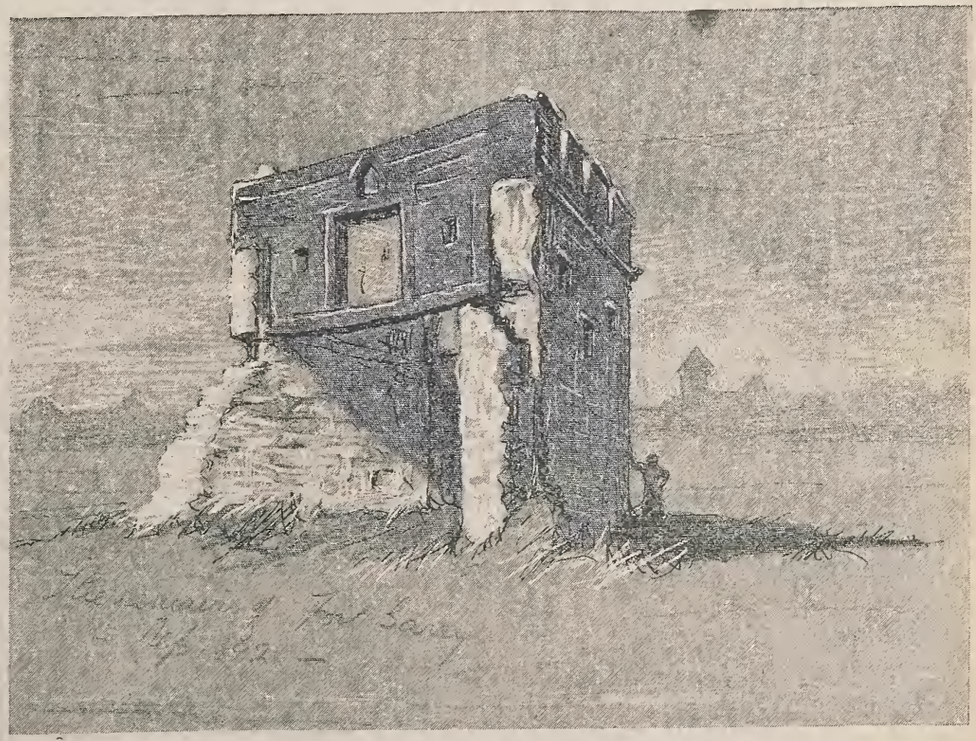
"Well, I dunno, ye crowd a man when he's busy, ye have to pay for it; I dunno, but I guess ye can't git that canoe under fo' dollars, an' I ain't partic'lar to do it at that even."

By this time, you see, I was once more quite at home in Carberry, but my visit was drawing to an end, for the summer was nearly over. I had more than carried out my programme, for I had one and a half sketches, three pages of notes and three skins for every day of my trip. Besides, I had sown wild rice in fifty different localities, and had renewed my acquaintance with the scenes of my early days. Once more the Bald Hill, the Lone Spruce, and Lake Chaska were familiar friends, and the song of the prairie lark my daily delight.

Among my sketches from life are two at least, which I prize out of all proportion to their artistic worth. They are drawings of wild deer as they stood or ran, and in one instance I might have used my gun instead of my pencil had I been so inclined.

On Sept. 6 I gathered up my accumulated treasures and returned to Winnipeg, and there proceeded to make a careful search among the taxidermists, etc., for interesting items of natural or other history.

The Albion Hotel is a place that all visitors speedily find, for the yard in rear contains, besides some bears, lynxes, etc., in cages, three moose, three elk, a mule deer and a Virginia deer, running loose, following and sniffing suspiciously at the strangers who venture near them. I had not much time for sketches, but procured a snap camera, and exposed twenty plates with the usual result, as I found out when too late, not one picture! This was the more disappointing, because the moose were very fine animals and had given me several opportunities of photographing them while they fed on grain that was lying on the ground. This, according to some books, is not possible, and, according to others, it can be done only if the animals kneel or straddle grotesquely, but these moose neither straddled to any extent nor knelt, they simply lowered their heads and fed like horses.



THE REMAINS OF FORT GARRY—SEPTEMBER, 1892.

I also went a good deal among the Hudson Bay Co.'s men, and in particular was regaled with the conversation of two old factors, whom I shall call Cumberland and Garry. We went together to the remains of the old fort, and in this, the best of company, I saw it thoroughly, and learnt much I never knew before. The old gateway is almost all that now stands, but the outlines and remains of the walls are clearly visible. The soft maples (*Negundo aceroides*) that were planted in the central courtyard twenty-five years ago—Garry told me, are still there; they are about 40ft. high, and the largest measures 4ft. 11¼in. in circumference a foot from the ground; the next in size is 4ft. 7½in., and all the rest are but little less.

Down toward the river front are the remains of the south bastion, and here as we stood together I heard the

story of the old fort for the last forty years told by eye-witnesses. "Here's where I stood" said Garry, "where Riel shot Scott. Here were we held under the rifles of the half-breeds. I could see the puff of smoke, out of the corner of my eye, but I could not see Scott without turning my head, and this we dared not do, for we did not know but that that might decide our own fate. Here's where they imprisoned the Governor, and here is where he leaped from the window to escape."

And so they talked on and exchanged little bits of gossip, and asked after this one that went to Ungava, or that one who was sent in command to the Mackenzie Delta, and remarked on the degeneracy of the present times. Yes! this was a favorite topic, and in connection with it Garry gave a brief sketch of his own life.

When a boy in Edinburgh, forty years before, he had read Ballantyne's "Young Fur Traders," and became forthwith fired with a desire to enter the Hudson Bay Co.'s service, and see this great Red River with its plains, its buffalo and its wild life. It was no easy matter in those days to get an appointment in this great exclusive corporation, but he had influential friends, and after his well backed application had been on file nearly a year he was ordered to join their ship at Liverpool, and ultimately found himself at Fort Garry as an articled clerk.

"These were the happy days," said he, "all we of the company were like brothers together, we had lots of work, but also lots of play, we lived merry lives and had as much of adventure as was necessary to vary them. The Indians in those days were never starving, they had plenty of buffalo and gave us no trouble. For thirty-five years I have roamed this region in the service of the company, and during all of that time I have never once had to defend myself from Indians, though I had to fight many times to save myself or my goods from white men.

"In books we read continually of the North American Indian, either as a 'bloodthirsty savage' or as the 'noble redman'. One description is as false as the other; we have always found them like a lot of big children, whimsical and capricious at times, but usually disposed to be kind, and always manageable if humored a little. Things went smoothly enough in those days, and the first to break the general good feeling was the advent of missionaries. I don't say it is religion that was the cause, but the fact remains, and we all observed it, that wherever a mission was established trouble began, and the Indians, from being wild men with no vices, became mere beasts, without a single manly quality, with their own vices grown rampant and every evil passion and disease of the Old World added. The reason in part was no doubt that the missionaries demolished one set of moral ideas without replacing them with others, and also these teachers exerted themselves continually to make the Indian settle down in one place to be taught. Now, this is incompatible with hunting, and being a hunting race they had no taste for agriculture, therefore they were simply reduced to destitution, and the destitute population of the village naturally became depraved and criminal. This, at least, is partly an explanation, but of one thing every trader in the company is sure, as long as an Indian remained wild, that is, a real nomadic redskin, we could give him a year or even two years' credit with perfect safety, but as soon as the missionary influence began to manifest itself and the Indian cut off his long hair and wore breeches, we knew from wide and invariable experience that we could not trust him as far as we could see him, and were not allowed to give him credit to the value of a single copper."

ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

RAILROADS AND THE PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Col. Wm. S. Brackett, of Fridley, Mont., in a letter recently published, conveys the idea that there is but one possible way to reach Cooke City by railroad, and that by way of the National Park. This statement is not correct, as a line of road has already been surveyed from Billings, on the Northern Pacific road, to a point near Laurel, where the Yellowstone is crossed, the road then following Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone River, crossing Rock Creek and Bear Creek, to the mouth of the cañon of Clark's Fork. Entering the cañon, the line of road will pass completely through and thence west by north into Cooke City. As far as the cañon of Clark's Fork the road can be built at a very low cost. That portion which will have to be built through the cañon will present the same features as the engineers had to contend with on the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Rio Grande & Western. This survey was made by Philip M. Gallaher, chief engineer of the Billings, Clark's Fork & Cooke City road, and the members of the engineering corps were one of the best set of men that have ever run a line through the Western country; so that there can be no doubt as to the feasibility of such a line, with the additional advantage of not having heavy snows to contend with.

Cooke City, as I know it, consists of a low grade silver camp, containing an immense amount of ore, also gold ore in paying quantities, and I fear that perhaps it is the fact that there being such a valuable franchise to be secured that is making it more apparent that it will not hurt the Park or tend to cause the disappearance of game, as it was considered it would do only a few short months ago.

As to the danger of fire, I think the people of Yellowstone and Park county, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, can and will testify that there is nothing more dangerous as far as fires are concerned than to have the locomotive running through that country. If they succeed in putting a line of road through the Park and should use steam—as they certainly will if successful—we may depend upon it that all the timber land will be burned.

Mr. Brackett intimates that the people of Cooke City, or at least a portion of them, threatened to burn the forests of the Park and slaughter the herds of big game within its boundaries. If Mr. Brackett pretends for one moment to say that the desperate men, as he terms them, or men who have become desperate through waiting for a road to be built in to Cooke City expect to do anything of this kind, I can assure him that any jury of his fellow citizens in Montana are perfectly competent to handle any such characters. As far as my experience with Montana men, miners and mine owners, goes, I have found them as a class to be men of a great deal higher grade than anything Mr. Brackett would wish us to believe, and far above any dirty incendiarism, and I fear that Mr. Brackett must have received his information from rather a poor source if he wishes us to believe anything of this kind.

Mr. Brackett must know as he is familiar with that portion of Montana that a road built in through the portion of the Park that is spoken of would be impossible through the winter and early spring months, the snow being anywhere from 15 to 40ft. deep along part of the line and remaining always until late in the spring. This I understand they expect to avoid by a system of heavy snow sheds, but the fact still remains that all this trouble can be avoided if the other road is built, that is the road reaching Cooke City from the east. It would seem as if this question of opening the Yellowstone Park to railroad companies should be settled now once and forever, and all corporations taught that the land given by the United States to the people, either for the protection of game or forest lands, as sanitariums for future years or as a source of protection of the water supply for the large river systems either east or west, cannot be encroached upon in any way or manner. If this could only be understood thoroughly so that the question could never come up again, it would seem as if some good work had been done this year. I trust that the Government will put the stamp of disapproval so strongly on this matter that it shall never be heard of again. There is but one objection that I can imagine can be brought against a road through the Clark's Fork Cañon, and that is that elks crossing from the Park to the Prior Mountains cross the lines of the surveyed road at a point say from fifteen miles south of Dilworth to the mouth of the cañon. This ranch, if I remember rightly, is known as Brown's, and the elk crossing over through this gap are generally on the move and are not apt to remain for any length of time between through the two hills, so that I do not think the danger of either frightening or killing would be at all excessive.

I do not know Col. Brackett, and presume that his letter was written in good faith and with a thorough feeling for the preservation of the Park, as he claims it was; but I feel that the other side of the case should be stated before anything further is done in this case. Mr. Brackett is thoroughly mistaken if he thinks that sportsmen—or "misguided sportsmen, who, as lobbyists," as he terms it—are opposing the wishes of the people of Montana. I fear "the people" to whom he refers occupy a very small portion of Montana, as the Montana people that I have met and lived with are very proud of their Park, and always, I trust, will be. I have yet to find any of these men who are, as he states, incensed against the Eastern dudes who are fighting the proposed railway to Cooke City. Mr. Brackett must remember that these men are not fighting a railroad to Cooke City by any other route; and in fact, many of us have interests in Cooke City which we would most gladly see something done with, and are only too anxious to see a railroad built from any other part of Montana into Cooke City as long as it does not interfere with the Park.

I agree thoroughly with him when he says let us preserve the forests and preserve the game of our park in an enlightened, rational and broad-minded spirit. The last clause fills the bill exactly. I trust Mr. Brackett will be broad-minded enough to see another route is possible, and let his line of road from Cinnabar along the Yellowstone to Cook City fade away, for I am sure in later years Mr. Brackett would not be proud of having had a hand in opening up our Park to the innumerable roads that would be built through it. He must know that this is a case of one out all out, or one in all in. He says that he wishes to avoid impending and overwhelming disaster to the Park, and at the same time do justice to the Clark's Fork miners. On this point I am sure we will agree and I trust he will see the justice of this course.

YELLOWSTONE.

THE QUEBEC WINTER CARNIVAL.

QUEBEC, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A winter carnival, in the historical city of Quebec, has been decided upon, and the citizens of that grand old Gibraltar of America have been heartily tendered the coöperation of the sister cities of Montreal and others who will send down large contingents of several hundred members of military, snowshoe and athletic clubs.

Quebec, with its grand old fortresses, walls mounted with cannon, and warlike surroundings; its natural toboggan slides in many directions, its imposing gates, forming arches, which may be appropriately decorated, its spacious skating rinks, covered, and in open air, where thousands may enjoy such exercise and take part in hockey and lacrosse matches on ice, its renowned curling rinks and curlers, its beautiful drives, outside and inside the walls of the city, its grand citadel, frowning forts, batteries and glacis, with the military guards and fine regimental bands, its Indian tribes from the great Lake St. Jean and Lorette district, who will be encamped in their wigwams, with their dogs and sleds; there will be also the typical Canadian trappeurs' huts, with all the accessories connected with the hunters' life.

Every foot of Quebec and its surroundings, in all directions, has seen the fierce battles and struggles of two great European powers, and the memorable disaster by which Gen. Richard Montgomery, of the Continental Army, on Dec. 31, 1775, lost his life while scaling the cliff, fighting for its possession. Its history is filled with the most important early records of America.

Although Canada, by the fate of war, was changed from a French to an English colony, a great portion of its people have retained the use of their language and love for fatherland. Thousands above and below Quebec can only speak French. Time has made but little change in their customs and habits, and there are many peculiarities connected with their life, making them a remarkably attractive and interesting people. Quebec has long been renowned for the amiability and hospitality of its citizens of all nationalities and stations in life, and has always been the favorite garrison town of the British Army.

The magnificent new Chateau Frontenac Hotel, one of the finest in America, controlled by the Pacific Railway people, will be open. It is built on a site unequaled in the world (on the Dufferin Terrace), and will be conducted in the very best style of a high-class hotel, and is now one of the great attractions of the place.

The enthusiasm shown by the Quebecers, and their united efforts to make this carnival a success, will, no doubt, be well rewarded. All the railroad companies are heartily entering into the scheme, and cheap excursions to the far-famed city during the first week in February will no doubt attract an immense number of excursionists, who will greatly enjoy their visit.

The carnival is under the distinguished patronage of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, and the executive committee is composed of some of its best citizens.

Quebec, in mid-winter, is in all her glory; the weather is cold, but dry and invigorating, and it is the gayest period of the year; every one is ozonized, full of vim, and outdoor enjoyments are in great vogue, and once enjoyed are never forgotten.

J. U. GREGORY.

Natural History.

HORNS OF FEMALE CARIBOU.

BOSTON, Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial in issue of Nov. 11 on "The Woodland Caribou" surprises me in one particular, viz., in the statement that "the female usually has horns." My own impression was that only about one female caribou in a dozen had horns. I have personally seen no great number of caribou, but of these only one female had horns. I have the head of this one now in my possession.

I think the guides and hunters in Maine whom I know and with whom I have talked about this matter have all agreed with my observation. If I am wrong in this I would like to be corrected and hope you will receive and publish enough testimony from such sources to settle this point.

The last bunch of caribou that I saw was composed of one bull and four cows, and not one of the cows had any trace of horns. Apropos of your items about "Abino Specimens," let me say that Owen Chase, of Brownsville, Me., recently showed me the skin of a young white otter secured somewhere in the neighborhood of Passadumkeag, and he reported another specimen as having been previously taken in the same region. C. H. AMES.

[As stated in the editorial to which our correspondent refers, the female woodland caribou usually has horns. All the authorities agree that in the genus *Rangifer*—which includes the caribous of the new world and the reindeer of the old—both sexes bear antlers, and if we are not mistaken it was Mr. Montague Chamberlain, who first called attention to the fact that a considerable proportion of the females of the woodland caribou in Maine and New Brunswick were hornless. We have been told by hunters of the district north of the Bay of haleurs, that, in their experience, it was the exception to find a female caribou without horns. Mr. Ames's testimony as to the proportion of horned females among those that he has seen in Maine is interesting so far as it goes. We refer our correspondent to Caton's "Antelope and Deer of America," pp. 199 to 210, and "Standard Natural History," volume 5, page 305, or to any good work on natural history or almost any work on hunting in northern latitudes.

A recent letter from Mr. Chamberlain, in answer to a request for latest advices on the point in question says: "Regarding the hornless cow caribou of Maine and New Brunswick, I still have the opinion that I expressed in my letters to FOREST AND STREAM. After the letters appeared I continued my research among the hunters, and all that I learned confirmed the opinion that very few of the cows have horns. Some hunters had not met with any cows wearing horns, some had seen many examples."]

SHARK AND REMORA.

PROBABLY none of the fishes in the Aquarium at the World's Fair have attracted more attention than the sharks with their almost constant attendants, the remoras. Many visitors have mistaken the remoras for young sharks and have expressed wonder at the wise provision of nature by which the young are carried around and protected by their mother. Some even went so far as to suppose that the mother nursed the young while attached to her body.

As a matter of fact, the remora differs widely from the sharks in structure and habits. It belongs to the spiny-finned fishes, near to the crab-eater and the mackerels in the modern systems of classification, while the shark has its nearest relatives among the skates and chimæras, fish-like vertebrates with cartilaginous skeleton and other peculiar characters.

The remoras are commonly known as "suckers" or "sucking-fish." They have a very wide range, being found in all seas, though most abundant in temperate and sub-tropical regions. Four species occur on our coasts and all of them are parasites on larger kinds of fish or other aquatic animals. Some of them are found attached to vessels, other fasten themselves by preference to sharks, swordfish, billfish and turtles. One of them is so constant in its attachment to the swordfish that it is called the swordfish sucker; another one is equally well known as the billfish sucker.

The largest of the remoras, individuals measuring 4 or 5ft. in length, according to Mr. Silas Stearns, are to be seen about vessels on the red snapper banks, in the Gulf of Mexico, where they remain to secure the bait that is thrown overboard.

The peculiar sucking organ by means of which the remoras attach themselves to their hosts, is shown in the accompanying drawing by Mr. Baldwin; it is a modified dorsal fin, moved forward to the top of the head for the convenience of its possessor. This disk is a very powerful organ, as may be discovered when a living fish is allowed to attach itself to a table and one attempts to pull the fish away.

Does the presence of the parasite worry its host? Certainly, if we may judge from the efforts made by sharks to rub off the remora by contact with the rockwork in the aquarium. The sharks often become greatly emaciated and worn out by their efforts in swimming with such impediments. It is not unusual to see too or three remoras attached to the same shark in captivity. The parasite does not feed upon its host, but darts away to consume any fragments of food remaining from the meal of the shark, and as quickly returns to its lodging place. Although perfectly able to swim well, it prefers to be carried around without unnecessary exertion.

The early discoverers of North America saw the remora and wrote about their habits, especially their use by the natives of the West India Islands in fishing for larger sea animals. The following account, from Ogilby's "America," is published in the "Fishery Industries of the United States:" "*Columbus* from hence [from Cuba] proceeding on further Westward, discover'd a fruitful Coast, verging the Mouth of a River, whose water runs Boyling into the Sea. Somewhat further he

saw very strange Fishes, especially of the *Guican*, not unlike an Eel, but with an extraordinary great Head, over which hangs a Skin like a Bag. This Fish is the Natives Fisher; for having a Line or handsom Cord fastened about him, so soon as a Turtel, or any other of his Prey, comes above Water, they give him Line; whereupon the *Guican*, like an Arrow out of a Bowe, shoots toward the other Fish, and then gathering the Mouth of the Bag on his Head like a Purse-net holds them so fast, that he lets not loose till hal'd up out of the Water."

The U. S. Fish Commission has been very successful in keeping remoras alive at Wood's Holl, at Washington and in its great Aquarium at the World's Fair, and the species has been under observation for six months at a time. Mr. L. G. Harron has been immediately in charge of the salt-water fish, and to him we are indebted for the notes on habits here recorded.

In the aquarium the remora is nearly always attached to sharks or turtles, leaving its host only when fed. It prefers to consort with the sharks, but when there is a scarcity of these animals, it will accompany turtles of suitable size. The big green turtle sent by Mr. Blackford has seldom been without a guest of this kind. The

SHARK AND REMORA.

remora is just as well contented to be on the upper side of its host, in which case it is upside down, as on the lower side.

When swimming free, it moves as easily and gracefully upside down as when upright, and it rolls over without any apparent effort. When the remora becomes sick it leaves its attachment and lies on the bottom, where it either recovers or soon dies. It is very quick in its movements, darting after its food "like a shot," and returning at once to its resting place. It is fond of beef but it is particularly devoted to clams.

In the aquarium at Wood's Holl, one of the remoras became a universal pet, and would come to the surface and feed out of the hand. Its attitude when at rest was singular, the head and front part of the body being always raised a little above the level of the tail, thus resembling the poise of some water snakes. T. H. B.

THE COMING OF THE ARCTIC SUMMER.

In his address before the Geographical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Henry Seebohm paints a vivid picture of the sudden coming of the Arctic summer, and we quote from the *Geographical Journal* for October the following paragraphs:

"The sudden arrival of summer on the Arctic Circle appears to occur nearly at the same date in all the great river basins, but the number of recorded observations is so small that the slight variation may possibly be seasonal and not local. The ice on the Mackenzie River is stated by one authority to have broken up on May 13 in latitude 62°, and by another on May 9 in latitude 71°. If the Mackenzie breaks up as fast as the Yenisei—that is to say, at the rate of a degree a day—an assumption which is supported by what little evidence can be found—then the difference between these two seasons would be nine days. My own experience has been that the ice of the Pechora breaks up ten days before that of the Yenisei, but as I have only witnessed one such event in each valley too much importance must not be attached to the dates. According to the Challenger tables of isothermal lines, the mean temperature of January and July on the Arctic Circle in the valleys of the Mackenzie and the Yenisei scarcely differ, the summer temperature in each case being about 55° F., and that of winter —25° F., a difference of 80° F.

"On the American side of the Polar Basin summer comes almost as suddenly as it does on the Asiatic side, but the change appears to be less of the nature of a catastrophe. The geographical causes which produce this result are the smaller area of the river basins and the less amount of rainfall. There is only one large river which empties itself into the Arctic Ocean on the American side, the Mackenzie, with which may be associated the Saskatchewan, which discharges into Hudson Bay far away to the south. The basin of the Mackenzie is estimated at 590,000 square miles, while that of the Yenisei is supposed to be exactly twice that area. The comparative dimensions of the two summer floods are still more diminished by the difference in the quantity of snow.

"The arrival of summer in the Arctic regions happens so late that the inexperienced traveler may be excused for sometimes doubting whether it really is going to come at all. When continuous night has become continuous day without any perceptible approach to spring an Alpine traveler naturally asks whether he has not reached the limit of perpetual snow. It is true that here and there a few bare patches are to be found on the steepest slopes, where most of the snow has been blown away by the wind, especially if these slopes face the south, where even an Arctic sun has more potency than it has elsewhere. It is also true that small flocks of little birds—at first snow buntings and mealy redpoles, and later shore larks and Lapland buntings—may be observed to flit from one of these bare places to another looking for seeds or some other kind of food, but after all evidently finding most of it in the droppings of the peasants' horses on the hard, snow-covered roads. The appearance of these little birds does not, however, give the same confidence in the eventual coming of summer to the Arctic naturalist as the arrival of the swallow or the cuckoo does to his brethren in sub-Arctic or sub-tropic climates. The four little birds just mentioned are only gipsy migrants that are perpetually flitting to and fro on the confines of the frost, continually being driven south by snowstorms, but ever ready to take advantage of the slightest thaw to press northward again to their favorite Arctic home. They are all circumpolar in their distributions, are as common in Siberia as in Lapland, and range across Canada to Alaska as well as to Greenland. In sub-Arctic climates we only see them in winter, so that their appearance does not in the least degree suggest the arrival of summer to the traveler from the south.

"The gradual rise in the level of the river inspires no more confidence in the final melting away of the snow and the disruption of the ice which supports it. In Siberia the rivers are so enormous that a rise of 5 or 6ft. is scarcely perceptible. The Yenisei is three miles wide at the Arctic circle, and as fast as it rises the open water at the margin freezes up again and is soon covered with the drifting snow. During the summer which I spent in the valley of the Yenisei we had 6ft. of snow on the ground until the first of June. To all intents and purposes it was mid-winter, illuminated for the nonce with what amounted to continuous daylight. The light was a little duller at midnight, but not so much so as during the occasional snowstorms that swept through the forest and drifted up the broad river bed. During the month of May there were a few signs of the possibility of some mitigation of the rigors of winter. Now and then there was a little rain, but it was always followed by frost. If it thawed one day it froze the next, and little or no impression was made on the snow. The most tangible sign of coming summer was an increase in the number of birds, but they were nearly all forest birds, which could enjoy the sunshine in the pines and birches, and which were by no means dependent on the melting away of the snow for their supply of food. Between May 16 and 30 we had more definite evidence of our being within bird flight of bare grass or open water. Migratory flocks of wild geese passed over our winter quarters, but if they were flying north one day they were flying south the next, proving beyond all doubt that their migration was premature. The geese evidently agreed with us that it ought to be summer, but it was as clear to the geese as to us that it really was winter.

"We afterward learnt that during the last ten days of May a tremendous battle had been raging 600 miles as the crow flies to the southward of our position on the Arctic circle. Summer in league with the sun had been fighting winter and the north wind all along the line, and had been as hopelessly beaten everywhere as we were witnesses that it had been in our part of the river. At length, when the final victory of summer looked the most hopeless, a change was made in the command of the forces. Summer entered into an alliance with the south wind. The sun retired in dudgeon to his tent behind the clouds, mists obscured the landscape, a soft south wind played gently on the snow, which melted under its all-powerful influence like butter upon hot toast, the tide of battle was suddenly turned, the armies of winter soon vanished into thin water and beat a hasty retreat toward the pole. The effect on the great river was magical. Its thick armor of ice cracked with a loud noise like the rattling of thunder, every twenty-four hours it was lifted up a fathom above its former level, broken up, first into ice floes and then into pack ice, and marched down stream at least a hundred miles. Even at this great speed it was more than a fortnight before the last straggling ice blocks passed our post of observation on the Arctic circle, but during that time the river had risen 70ft. above its winter level, although it was three miles wide, and we were in the middle of a blazing hot summer, picking flowers of a hundred different kinds, and feasting upon wild ducks' eggs of various species. Birds abounded to an incredible extent. Between May 29 and June 18 I identified sixty-four species which I had not seen before the break up of the ice. Some of them stopped to breed and already had eggs, but many of them followed the retreating ice to the tundra, and we saw them no more until, many weeks afterward, we had sailed down the river beyond the limit of forest growth.

"The victory of the south wind was absolute, but not entirely uninterrupted. Occasionally the winter made a desperate stand against the sudden onrush of summer. The north wind rallied its beaten forces for days together, the clouds and the rain were driven back, and the half-melted snow frozen on the surface. But it was too late; there were many large patches of dark ground which rapidly absorbed the sun's heat; the snow melted under the frozen crust, and its final collapse was as rapid as it was complete.

"In the basin of the Yenisei the average thickness of the snow at the end of winter is about 5ft. The sudden transformation of this immense continent of snow, which lies as gently on the earth as an eider-down quilt upon a bed, into an ocean of water rushing madly down to the sea, tearing everything up that comes into its way, is a gigantic display of power compared with which an earthquake sinks into insignificance. It is difficult to imagine the chaos of water which must have deluged the country before the river beds were worn wide enough and deep enough to carry the water away as quickly as is the case now. * * *

"The alternate marching of this immense quantity of ice up and down the Kureika was a most curious phenomenon. To see a strong current up stream for many hours is so contrary to all previous experience of the behavior of rivers that one cannot help feeling continuous astonishment at the novel sight. The monotony which might otherwise have intervened in a ten-days' march-past of ice was continually broken by complete changes in the scene. Sometimes the current was up stream, sometimes it was down, and occasionally there was no current at all. Frequently the pack ice and ice floes were so closely jammed together that there was no apparent difficulty in scrambling across them, and occasionally the river was free from ice for a short time. At other times the river was thinly sprinkled with ice blocks and little icebergs, which occasionally 'calved' as they traveled on, with much commotion and splashing. The phenomenon technically called 'calving' is curious, and sometimes quite startling. It takes place when a number of scattered ice blocks are quietly floating down stream. All at once a loud splash is heard as a huge lump of ice rises out of the water, evidently from a considerable depth, like a young whale coming up to breathe, noisily beats back the waves that the sudden upheaval has caused, and rocks to and fro for some time before it finally settles down to its floating level. There can be little doubt that what looks like a comparatively small ice block floating innocently along is really the top of a formidable iceberg, the greater part of which is a submerged mass of layers of ice piled one on the top of the other, and in many places very imperfectly frozen together, the bottom layer becomes detached, escapes to the surface, and loudly asserts its commencement of an independent existence with that commotion in the water which generally proclaims the fact that an iceberg has calved.

"Finally comes the last march-past of the beaten forces of winter, the ragtag and bobtail of the great Arctic army that comes straggling down the river when the campaign is all over—worn and weather-beaten little icebergs, dirty ice floes that look like floating sandbanks, and straggling pack ice in the last stages of consumption that looks strangely out of place under a burning sun between banks gay with the gayest flowers, amid a buzz of mosquitoes, the music of song birds, and the harsh cries of gulls, divers, ducks and sandpipers of various species."

Game Bag and Gun.

THE BUFFALO REMNANT.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.—Away up in the northern part of the Canadian northwest, almost as far from New York as London is, there are a few herds of buffalo, numbering in all between 200 and 300 head, the probability being that there are not more than 200. The Indian is still, however, their greatest enemy and is making good use of his knowledge of the haunts of the buffalo.

A law was passed at the last session of the N. W. T. Legislature to preserve this game, but notwithstanding this their numbers are fast diminishing. There is no treaty with the Indians living in the Vermillion District, where the buffalo are found, so the operation of the law does not extend to them. Even if it did there are not enough mounted police in that country to enforce it. The possibilities are that the slaughter which has been going on with more or less regularity all summer will be resumed with increased energy as soon as the snow gets deep. Then the fleet-footed Indian on his snowshoes chases the unwary animal into the drifts, where, becoming imbedded in the snow, he falls an easy prey to his pursuer. I have discussed the subject with several trappers who have come to Winnipeg from the far north and they all agree that the law cannot preserve the buffalo as long as they are within gunshot of the Indians. The scarcity of food in the Vermillion District is another thing that makes it evident that the buffalo must go.

Rod Random.

Washington Wildfowl.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 8.—Sportsmen now are paying their attention to ducks, geese and chickens. While it is unlawful to offer them for sale, we who do not "shoot" sometimes get hold of them. Four gentlemen went out a few days ago I understand, near Davenport, forty miles west, and returned with 86 geese and other game. Other parties have succeeded in bringing back 50 and upward. Sunday seems to be a big day with the average sportsman; on that day the trains leaving the city take a goodly number of people, the success is varied, but on Monday numerous families enjoy the toothsome duck. A. B. K.

THE FIRST "CLOSE SEASON."

From the new "Game Laws in Brief."

WHEN you come to think of it, that prolonged voyage of Father Noah with the animals shut up in the Ark was the first "close season" of which we have any record. Old Noah, as one might say, had the first game preserve in history. Thus it appears that game protection is an ancient and honorable institution, its origin coincident with the Deluge. The beneficent results of that close time were far-reaching even to the uppermost parts of the earth, and far-extending even to the present time. If the human race owes its own preservation to the fact that Noah had sense enough to get in out of the wet and knew enough to stay in while it rained, quite as truly do we owe all our shooting to the sagacity and enterprise of the pioneer game preserver of the earth.

As a game protector Noah was a decided success. He shut in all species of game, and the inclosure of gopher wood was pig-tight, bull-proof and horse-high, as the law demands. No poachers presumed to trespass on the preserve. There was nobody to say that he didn't know it was close season, or he didn't know that elephants were included in the law. During all the year and more that Noah was in command not a gun was fired on any kind of fur or feather.

There is nothing in the record to indicate that Noah himself had any sporting instincts or cared particularly for hunting big game; but among his claims to distinction it must be put down to his credit that he was the great-grandfather of the most renowned sportsman the world has ever known. For Noah begat Ham, and Ham begat Cush, and Cush begat Nimrod, who "was a mighty hunter before the Lord." The very fact that Nimrod's achievements in the chase are thus referred to in the chronicle of the times, and were thought worthy of record along with the story of the Deluge and the peopling of the earth, shows us that even in that primal age his fellow men accorded to an expert sportsman recognition and honor for his sportsmanship. The fame of Nimrod has endured from that day to this; his name still stands for prowess with the weapons of the field; and budding sportsmen for these thousands of years have swelled with pride when local editors have tickled their vanity by dubbing them "mighty Nimrods."

Inasmuch as Noah lived for three hundred and fifty years after his voyage in the Ark, it would not be in the least unreasonable to assume that he survived long enough to witness some of the hunting exploits of his own posterity; to take a just pride in the redoubtable skill of his great-grandson, and to hear, with the indulgence of an old man for the exuberant fancy of the young, the hunting yarns which Nimrod used to spin as they sat around the fire in the cabin at night. We may almost fancy the venerable patriarch at such times beaming on the story teller with senile smile, and making reply, "Yes, son, you are a great sportsman, let you tell it; but when I was a younger man than I am to-day, away back in my six-hundredth year, long before you were born, I had a little game pocket of my own, such as the world will never see again. And come to think of it," he would add, reflectively, "I allow it was a lucky thing, Nimrod, that a man with your true sportsman proclivities was not in the Ark along with me and the game."

For as it is now, so was it in the days of Noah. From the time of the Flood to your own, my dear sir, who shall read these pages, never yet has youngster told a hunting story that his elders could not go him one better.

ENDING OF THE FIRST RECORDED CLOSE TIME ON ALL SPECIES OF GAME.

Fac-simile from De Bry's Voyages—LeMoyne's Brevis Narratio—printed in the year 1591. Engraved for the *Game Laws in Brief* from the original in the possession of the editor of the *Brief*.

Our curious and interesting picture of the Ark is from one of the rare volumes of De Bry's Voyages, printed at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the year 1591. It has been engraved for the *Brief* from a copy of the book now in the possession of the editor. Old as is the drawing it is yet of a date some two hundred years more recent than that of the manuscript preserved in the British Museum, from which we have taken for our title page vignette the quaint picturing of the Hares leading the Dog to the gibbet.

There were artists in those days. This picture of the animals coming out of the Ark and the older caricature of the Hares and the Dog are inimitable in their way.

As Seen by a Caribou Hunter.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The picture of the woodland caribou in last week's supplement is beyond criticism; simply perfect.

PINE TREE.

The Saginaw Crowd.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that "Podgers" the Commentator has given over his commenting, and more's the pity, it appears to be in order for some of the rest of us to take upon ourselves the duty of saying that Mr. Mershon's story of the "Saginaw Crowd" has been admirably well done throughout; and for one I can testify to appreciation of it. May the Crowd gather together for many years to come and the Crowder-in-Chief be there to tell of it for the rest of us.

HENRY R. BROWN.

Mr. Mershon notes "There have been a few typographical errors from time to time, one in the issue of Nov. 11, near the bottom of page 402. The way you have it punctuated it reads, "the little wolf Briggs," whereas I meant to have paragraphed this and used "The Little Wolf" as the title to the narrative. In the eighth line from the last, on page 403, in speaking of the way Bigelow was rigged up, you have it that he borrowed the Kid's "shape." This was, I think, written "the Kid's shaps," for I meant the leather riding leggings most of the cowboys wear.

This year's trip was very successful, beautiful weather, everyone well and no accidents. While Dakota is full of hunters we had no difficulty in finding fair shooting. Sharp-tailed grouse were very plentiful, some ducks, and we had two good days of goose shooting. One afternoon five of us got fifty-five. W. B. M.

WAS HE HIT OR PLAYING POSSUM?

WE had feasted on rank bacon for more than three months and were as meat-hungry as only hunters can be, with all chances against us, when one morning old Snoozer growling savagely, called our attention to the hillside opposite camp, and I mentioned to my partner that there must be a deer over there. S. grabbed his gun, and had not gone over 200yds. when I heard him shoot and call me. Not knowing what might be the matter, I picked up a rifle and started on a run to join him. "No hurry," he calls, "I got him. Just step up and pass your opinion on that shot." I joined S. and he pointed out a large buck down on his back and beating the air with all fours, apparently in his death struggle. I could see the bullet hole a trifle above the tip of the shoulder, and the distance being nearly 200yds., praised S. for his excellent marksmanship. "I'll go around and bleed him and bring him down." My pocket knife being rather dull I told S. to go ahead and I would bring him a skinning knife. I returned to camp, got the knife, and upon rejoining S. on the spot, where I only a few minutes before had seen a large buck in his death struggle, there was nothing but a few blood spots and some hair, while S. stood scanning the surrounding brush with eyes as big as saucers.

Well, we looked for that buck for a whole day and never found him, not even with Snoozer's help, and to this day, had I not seen the fresh tracks and blood, I would be hard to convince that the whole thing was not a day dream, caused by a stomach overloaded with musty bacon. MUX.

Alabama Game Conditions.

SELMA, Ala., Nov. Nov. 8 —For a number of years following the war game of all descriptions became very scarce, as all the newly made citizens had old army muskets and blazed away at everything from a tomtit up, wild or tame. But now affairs have changed; thanks to a wholesome game law, game has again become plentiful. Squirrels and quail are found within a mile of the city limits, turkeys within two miles, ducks in the river at the city wharf nearly every morning that is cold, and on the ponds close around throughout the day; deer within 20 miles, the grounds being easily reached by rail. Ducks are coming in earlier and in greater quantities than has been known for years, consequently the market is well stocked with game killed by pot-hunters of dusky hue. The sportsmen have had but little sport owing to a long drought that makes hunting difficult. A party of gentlemen went on a deer hunt a few days ago, but it was too dry to be a success, only one deer being the result of a two days' hunt. As soon as the remainder of the cotton crop is gathered, fox and cat hunting will be in order, as there are several fine packs of hounds here, and great sport is anticipated.

Fishing for trout and perch has been excellent throughout the year, and is still fine. I shall tell you of a bear hunt that I am going on shortly. MAY.

"BINKINS went out hunting this morning." "All alone?" "Yes; didn't even take a dog." "S'pose he'll kill anything?" "No; not unless he gets melancholy and commits suicide."—*Washington Star.*

THREE DAYS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

ALTHOUGH the reports from most all of the eastern counties of Pennsylvania are that quail are very scarce, and most of the gunners are bringing in very small bags, there are some counties that still have a few left.

Two of us—Landis H. Davin and H. Thurman—left Philadelphia Oct. 31 to pay a visit to our old trap-shooting friend Wm. Spicer, at his home in Danville. And on our arrival at 6:30 the next morning Spicer was there to meet us and hustled us off to his home, where his good wife had a steaming warm breakfast ready for us. Then we were hurried into the wagon with two fine ponies attached, and in a jiffy were off along the river road almost before we had time to look at the dogs or anything else, as Billy said we were late and everything would be shot off before we got there. There were lots of gunners out, this being the first day of the season. The rabbit shooters were thick and their hounds had the birds pretty well scattered before we got at them, but we had a fairly good day and came back at night with two quail and two rabbits, and I certainly think we could have gone over the same ground the next day and doubled it. We returned with such appetites that I thought we would dismay Mrs. Spicer, but the more we ate the better she seemed to like it.

This day our team left us about five miles from town on the farm of Mr. Davis, one of the finest in this part of the country. The son of Mr. Davis gave us a hearty welcome and told us to pitch in, but that there was not much game, as a party of eighteen the day before had only been able to get two rabbits and one quail. Before we had been out a half hour a covey of birds flushed wild and went to cover along a small creek, where we marked them down, and from that time until 12 o'clock we had some good shooting. When we came in for lunch the count was thirty-three quail and one rabbit. After an hour's rest we took another short tramp and succeeded in bagging ten more quail before the wagon came for us. The bag this day was forty-three quail, one rabbit, one squirrel, two snakes. The next morning it was raining, but nothing daunted, we started for pheasants in Wolf Hollow, fourteen miles off. The day was a disappointment to Spicer and J. Kessler, who was with us with his dog, as we found that the men in the neighborhood had skinned out the pheasants very materially; in fact Mr. Crawford told us that he had killed only the day before nine pheasants over the same grounds that we hunted, and we only got four pheasants, three quail and one rabbit. Spicer and Kessler said they could have started a great many more close to town, and we would not have had a ride of twenty-eight miles, which up and down hill in this country takes considerable time. But we were more than satisfied with the trip, and hope at some future time to be able to repay our friend Spicer for his kindness. They were certainly three pleasant days. Total bag: Sixty-seven quail, four pheasants, four rabbits, two squirrels and two snakes. The best that has come into this town so far this season.

LANDIS AND THURMAN.

American Dog and Chinese Pheasants.

HOLLAND, Mich., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose letter which you have forwarded me from Mr. C. J. Ashley, Shanghai, China. As I am unable to take advantage of Mr. Ashley's excellent offer, I send you his letter for publication, if you desire, so that any one wanting Mongolian pheasants and having such a dog as Mr. A. wants, can exchange to advantage. A. G. B.

SHANGHAI, Oct. 11.—*A. G. B.:* Dear Sir—I see in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 26 that you are anxious to get the pure-bred Mongolian pheasant. It was from here that our Consul, Judge Denny, sent several lots of pheasants to Oregon. I can send the pure-bred pheasant from here to New York. I am not in the business of shipping pheasants, being a resident here many years and fond of sport. I am anxious to get a good dog, either an Irish setter bitch about two years old and well trained, especially to retrieve, as very few English dogs that we get here retrieve, or a pointer bitch of good breed and well trained, to cross with dog that I have. I will guarantee to deliver in New York city two dozen pheasants (as you may direct, so many cocks to so many hens), you to deliver the dog in New York city. Of course I should have to ship several lots of birds to insure having two dozen, but if a few more than two dozen should arrive safely you are welcome to them all. If we can agree to exchange an early answer will oblige, and the pheasants can be landed in New York in time for breeding next spring. If you look up the FOREST AND STREAM of March 16, 1893, page 230, you will see something of our shooting last winter. C. J. ASHLEY.

Pennsylvania Wild Turkeys.

MUNCY, Pa., Nov. 13.—Last week some bags of 6, 8 and 10 ducks each were brought in. Wild turkeys are reported very plenty on the Bald Eagle Mountain, west of this place. They have come down to the corn fields. Pheasants are plentier than last year. There was some fun with the squirrels, but it did not last long—the knowing ones had all the fun, the rest had the hunting.

J. M. E.

MUD AND MISERY.

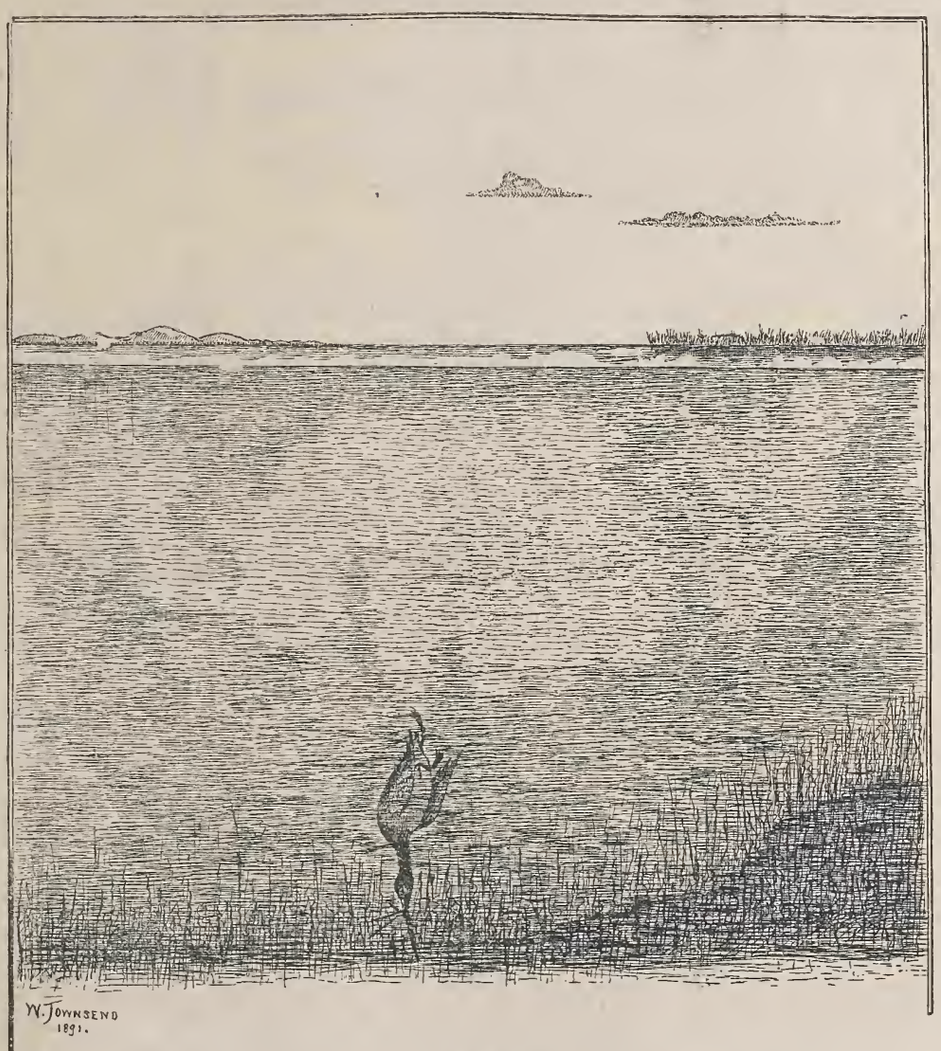
A YEAR ago this winter I was in Caddo Parish, La., building a mill. On Saturday there was to be a circus in Shreveport, and the hands all said they wanted to go. This met with my approval, as I had been wanting to work in a day's shooting at Soda Lake. So I paid off on Friday and bade the boys be on hand by sun-up Monday morning. They all returned except one, who met with a female that—but of this in future.

The accounts which I had heard of the ducks on Soda Lake were enough to cause one to adopt the creed that all men are liars. There live a civil engineer and his rodman at the house, who, when I told them of my plan, said that as it looked like a spell of wet weather, when they, of course, could do no work, they would like to go along, besides the U. S. engineers were working somewhere about the lake. I did not find out what that had to do with the case. Then there was Church, of course he would go. Church was a "dead game sport" of the sort peculiar to some sections—warm-hearted, reckless, generous to many faults, but a good shot and rider. Also, he knew the trail to Soda. The civil engineer was not just a plain engineer, but rejoiced in the title of assistant engineer. That night we found Church in his favorite seat by the big open fire at the back of the store, playing "sell out" with the Doctor. In about five minutes we had borrowed two horses and a mule and gotten down from the shelves our grub for a couple of meals. As ducks were to be so plenty we did not need to take much — just a hunk of bacon, a little salt, two bottles of pickles and some crackers. No use to fool with canned cornedbeef. However, I stuck into the sack two cans from Armour's, and as the rodman had a predilection for onions, I put in about a peck. Have you ever noticed that an amount of stuff which seems more than ample in the store dwindles down to a most ridiculously small portion when you open up the sack at dinner time? Church told us of a colored woman who would get some hot coffee and biscuit at 2 o'clock the next morning, and offered to ride and tell her to have it ready for us. In about an hour he returned, said "all right," and took up the game with the Doctor.

When I woke up at 1 o'clock and called the leveler and rodman it was cloudy and cold, the wind blew hard, and the scummy clouds dashed across the moon in a wild race. Old Uncle Felix, who held the keys to the yard, was hard to rouse, though I knew he heard me pound on his cabin door. When he came out, slowly rubbing his eyes, he said, "Youse gwine hab rain to-day," and after catching up and saddling the stock he remarked, "Boss, done fouget dat nickel!" This was the first I had heard of "dat nickel," however, I gave him one. "Got your slicker?" Mine was tied on to my McClurnen saddle. "I'm going to leave mine and wear this big coat," said the Engineer. "Guby Boss," said Uncle Felix, as his legs cast swift shifting shadows while he swings the lantern.

As we ride out of the little lane from the yard the geese hiss and scold, and some pigs grunt and scramble out of the way. The clouds cast strange moon shadows and it is cooler. In a few minutes we see the fire light showing in red streaks through the sides of Aunt Susan's cabin. She is on time with her biscuit and coffee, and as a work of special courtesy has some "salt meat" in the pan over the fire. Her husband, *pro tem.*, objects to her charge of fifteen cents and urges her to collect twenty. We settle the matter by giving her twenty-five cents. Now it is quarter after two and almost dark; the clouds are thick and heavy as we ride past the mill and take the road along the river toward "Hayti," where we expect to meet Church at the crossroads. We ride through miles of cottonfields and acres of dead cotton woods, bleached skeletons of trees. Before we are within a mile of the crossroads we hear furious riding behind us and Church comes loping along. "I had to stay and finish my game with the Doctor. When you all come to the crossroads take the right hand trail by the row of cabins and I will overtake you about the Gum Spring. I've got to ride on and get Walter Ivy's maverick." Church always called Ivy's gun "maverick," because there was no name on the rib. It had done wonderful shooting in the past, according to tradition, and I saw it bring down 115 ducks on another trip. The Engineer was armed with a Colt's 10-gauge, his rodman had an old Scott gun, and I had a Parker 12-gauge and a .45cal. Colt's six-shooter. Church had been a deputy sheriff in '84 and always had a .41cal. Colt's at his saddle horn. The rodman rode the mule, an old gray sway-backed relic of the War. His chief had a pony of which its rider stood in awe, I had a pretty good horse, the best swimmer of the lot, and Church rode a little black stallion that was always having to be hunted whenever he was not being ridden. We had been riding now for two hours or more and were past the Gum Springs. It blew harder every minute, and began to rain, the fog drifted through the trees in great clouds, every now and then a branch torn off by the wind would come crashing down.

Church had overtaken us with the miraculous gun and assumed the lead. We soon came to Red Bayou, which we could not cross, for the ford was too deep and swift to attempt before day. "We will have to ride up the bayou to the bridge at Nute Smith's and cross there." The wind had gone down but the rain descended still; there was no end of the water. We had to partly reconstruct the floor of the bridge before it was safe to cross. In the bayou were heaped up cabins and outhouses which had been brought down by last spring's floods, the water was rising fast. It was beginning to get a little light now, and the high water marks left on the trees by the last flood could be seen above the reach of our gun muzzles as we sat on horseback and splashed through the mud and water in single file.



AMONG THE WILDFOWL.—XXI.

THE DUCK THAT NEVER COMES UP

About three miles further on we were riding in profound silence except for the slosh, slosh of the horses' feet in the mud, when two beautiful turkeys sailed across a little opening in the woods just ahead of us. Church tried to fire his gun without any cartridge in it, dropped it with a withering denunciation, pulled his Colt's and shot twice, the second ball broke the wing of the last turkey, which fell floundering in the short brush. I did not know whether to congratulate him for the shot or revile him for not having his gun ready. We had been in line, so that I, who rode next, did not like to risk a shot for fear of hitting him. Unfortunately for us, when Church jumped off his horse at the exact spot where the turkey fell, no turkey was visible. It had vanished, and though we hunted for half an hour we had to abandon the foolish bird at last. We rode on again in silence, save a few mutterings from Church in reference to his luck. I noticed that our guide turned his horse's head oftener than it seemed necessary to me. We were in the heart of an interminable swamp, and still the rain fell and the water rose to meet it.

At last I hinted that we should be somewhere near the lake now as it was after 2 o'clock P. M. and we had been riding steadily for about twelve hours. Church said he could put his finger on the lake at a few moments' notice, but it was an hour later when we broke out of the willow brush and saw the lake in front of us and the Caddo hills on the opposite side. We had come in to the lake about fifteen miles from the point where the cabin was situated. Our horses were up to their knees in water now as we began our return march, skirting along the edge of the lake.

As yet we had not seen a duck. Church said it was too warm, but our fingers were numb and I don't think Church was competent to give an unprejudiced opinion.

At last we came in sight of our cabin, but there was Red Bayou between us, much deeper and almost as swift as it had been in the morning when we refused to cross it about ten miles above. As we dismounted to rest and consult, a fat mallard drake dashed out of a little clump of willows, four guns came up, and the poor old drake fell as though he had flown against a board fence. Each one asked the other "What made you fire?" and each one said, "I did not want to have any more turkey scrapes."

It was decided by a majority vote, with only one dissenting voice, that Church should swim across and get the old punt which we could see fast to a tree by the cabin. In the meantime the mallard should be picked and our grub gotten ready to cook as soon as we should be across. At the first attempt Church's pony got bogged up, and after being helped out refused to go into the water again; so Church waded out as far as he could and struck out for the other shore. The water was cold, as we all found afterward. At last the leaky old boat, which the Engineer called a "canoe," arrived; our saddles and guns were crossed safely, and I was to work up the dinner while Church crossed the horses.

The cabin had lately been under water and the inside was soft mud, not an inviting place for a banquet, but we were hungry and the Engineer and Church were thirsty.

The horses were crossed in a most unique way, the rodman made the bridle fast to the stern of the punt, and Church grasped the horse's tail with one hand and a thick club in the other. The rodman paddled and Church swam and pounded, sometimes under the water and occasionally above, until one horse was over.

The mule was the last to undergo the ordeal. Judging from the language and noise, he made it very interesting for Church. I was too busy trying to keep a fire in the smoky hut to look out at the fun. It was beginning to get dark when all were across and Church had found his pony, which he had forgotten to tie and which had wandered off as usual. The duck was devoured in a minute, the crackers (nothing but dough now) were sent after the duck, the cornedbeef was not fit to eat, having a "sort of grees pus" over it, in short, we cleaned up everything but a dozen or so of the onions.

Church removed his clothes and tried to dry them, with poor success.

"Are you sure of the trail back? If you are not, let us stay here to-night," said I.

"Certainly I am; I know every tree in the parish," said our guide.

Our horses had had nothing but water and were shivering and tired, but I made up my mind to a twenty mile ride, and we were soon in the saddle again. Still it rained, and it was "plumb" dark. I suppose we had gone about a mile when Church had the grace to acknowledge that he had not the remotest idea of where he was. We could hear the rushing of water on all sides and seemed to be surrounded by torrents.

"Here is where the old bridge used to be, we will have to swim this bayou."

"All right, guide."

We had tried the foolish experiment of loosening the bridle and giving the horses their heads; they at once made motions as though they would roll, instead of immediately taking the right course, as they should have done according to the books. The little horse swam boldly over—and back.

"The bank is too steep to land. I'll try it further up."

This time they did not return and it was my turn. I did not like it. The cold rushing water with no shore visible was not inviting, but Church yelled "Come on," and I thought of the fun of hearing the Engineer cross, so I thrashed my horse until he slipped into the water with a deep grunt. When we reached the opposite bank there were logs in such a jam that we had to swim up

stream for a good bit before finding a suitable landing. I could hear the engineer and rodman as they took the water together; neither wanted to be last.

Church said he was dead sure of the way now. "This is Black Bayou, all we have to do is to follow along this bank." We followed the bank for about 200yds. and then came on another slough, which Church called "Cow Hide."

We kept this game up until we had crossed five bayous; our horses were worn out and had to be more than coaxed before they would cross the last, which was wider than any of the others.

"Let us find a spot above water and camp until day," said the engineer.

Church said he now knew exactly where we were.

"That is a fine thing," said I; "I do, too."

It was with difficulty that we found a "high spot" to camp on. When we found it, it was only a few inches above the water level. Still the rain fell; the water seemed to be rising at the rate of an inch an hour.

We dismounted, stiff and heavy, and tied the bridles to small bushes so the horses could eat the twigs, which they did so thoroughly that a spherical space was soon cleared about each animal with a diameter twice the length of the tie line.

After several unsuccessful attempts, we made a fire by soaking lead pencil chips in whisky, and then the rodman and engineer holding my slicker over me, I used the last match and got a blaze. It was lucky that the engineer had such a supply of Fabers. At last we had a monster fire, and were warm, though soaking wet.

The rain had dwindled to a heavy fog and after a while the moon showed us a little light. We sat around the fire on rotten and soaking logs, but there were few jokes retold. Suddenly a large cur dog appeared. He was so hungry that his behavior was most friendly. I gave him the spoiled can of beef and we were friends at once.

I spread my saddle blanket for a bed (the saddle supplied an excellent pillow), made the dog lie down, and I lay between him and the fire, as close as possible to both. Only once did I wake up, when the fire burned low, and all was quiet but the rushing water and the horses as they broke off small branches and ground them up.

We had used all the available wood at hand, so I had to go some distance to find any. As I was stepping along carefully on account of snakes just in front of me I spied a bear. His back was turned and he stood up pawing a tree as I have seen them do in Colorado.

In an instant I jerked out my Colt's and was selecting a place to fire at, just behind the fore shoulder. The rushing water made such a noise that he had not heard me and the wind blew from him to me. I calculated to give him three cartridges as quickly as I could pull the trigger and have three to stop him if he came or ran.

As I finished this plan in my head the bear turned and saw me and said, "We must be on an island."

It was the engineer.

He had been gathering twigs for his horse, and making the finest image of a bear I ever saw, with his long overcoat and little wet black hat pulled over his ears. When I told him that in three seconds he might have been "too dead to skin" he became quite angry.

Do you suppose he was provoked because I had not fired? I don't know.

We carried some wood back and revived the fire. The hound had taken my place on the saddle blanket and was shivering and sad, probably the result of the spoiled corned beef. The rodman and Church slept without a turn until it was daylight. Our breakfast consisted of two red raw onions each. The derelict dog seemed to have no appetite, though he was convalescent.

We held a pow-wow and decided to follow up the bayou we had crossed the night before until we came to some known spot. All that day we floundered around in the swamp, not seeing the sun once. Every now and then the bayou widened out into a lake, which we had to skirt for fear of bog holes.

As dusk settled down again we were a sorry crowd; the clouds had vanished and it was much colder. We had no matches nor means of making a fire; our provisions consisted of about six small onions and one sick dog; our horses were worn out and we were not very fresh.

"I wish I was in my own dear back yard," said the rodman, "how quick I would go into the house."

"Shut your fool face and try and make a little fire with your gun," was all Church could say.

We tried dissecting a cartridge and strewing the powder along a log and then exploding a cap, but we had nothing to catch; every shred of clothes we wore was wet and it was of no avail to flash the powder.

The others sat down with their backs to a fallen cypress and proposed to wait for day.

I did not see the fun in this; so I skirmished about, and found a large tree long dead; and with my big jack-knife I whittled into it until I found some soft dry punk in the interior. Then I cut up four or five cartridges and moistened the powder, made a pile of punk and powder in layers and suitable proportions and snapped a cap at the mass. After several attempts I had a red coal about as large as one's fist.

After blowing until my face ached and my eyes ran on account of the smoke; it was disheartening to see the red grow smaller and smaller and the ash grow larger, until there was nothing left but a little spark which soon vanished.

At any rate my efforts had warned me a little. As I called the dog and made him lie on one side with the log on the other, I could hear a rooster crow away off to the right. The others were all asleep and strange to say I soon was in the same fix.

At day we all woke in ample time, our horses apparently had not moved during the night, but stood with heads hanging down and eyes shut.

I told of the rooster I had heard crow during the night. We saddled our disconsolate stock and stiffly moved off in the direction from which the sound seemed to have come.

In about five hundred yards we left the forest and entered a cotton field. We could see a little bunch of cabins away over across the dried stalks.

"That's Israel's store," said Church.

Israel had corn for our horses and crackers for us, also some vitrified, dark-colored bread which he called "ginger cakes," out of respect for honorable age. He also sent a woman to make us some coffee.

After eating for an hour or more our stock had advanced almost to par; we were full, warm and contented.

Church and I went again to Soda, when we brought back 208 ducks. P. B.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Phenomenally Good.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 11.—The season just closing has been a phenomenally good one for wildfowl in all this section of the West. The shooters who struck Minnesota just before the freeze up had great shooting. E. T. Martin, a market-shooter operating in that State, sent in to Van Uxem last week for 3,000 more shells, and reported very heavy mallard shooting.

Mr. Abner Price, of this city, with a friend, are lately back from Duck Island Club, below Peoria. Mr. Price is an old time duck shooter, but says he never had a better shoot. The two guns killed over 800 mallards in two weeks.

At Hennepin and Swan Lake clubs, Senachwine Lake, and the Illinois River country thereabouts, some very heavy shooting, largely on mallards, was had for over a week. Last week the weather warmed up, and the flight worked back north above Koshkenong and all over the Horicon Marsh.

Mr. L. M. Hamline, of the Diana Club, returned from Horicon Marsh Monday last. He says that he has hunted ducks all his life, and all over the country, but never in his life did he see in one flight as many ducks of all kinds put together as he did of mallards on the day before he left.

In the South Also.

Clear in the South, also, the flight has reached, as witness the following from the valued FOREST AND STREAM correspondent, "Arodnac," in Louisiana, who writes from New Iberia, Nov. 4:

During this past week I visited the towns Jeannerette, New Iberia and Abbeville. Never in my life have I seen as many snipe and ducks. I learned at Jeannerette that Mr Henry Hebert, the well-known sportsman, and the best shot of the parish, has been killing from seventy to ninety snipe a day. My friend, Mr. L. Lyons, told me that boys of 13 to 15 are bagging from twenty-five to forty ducks of a morning.

At Abbeville a number of pot and professional hunters were in town Thursday while I was there, selling teal duck at 10 cents and mallards at 25 cents per pair, snipe 70 cents per dozen. The merchants of Abbeville state that such a quantity of game was never seen before, and complain that it has cut down their sales of meat and other provisions. Mr. Ed Smiley, a thoroughly reliable gentleman, told me that a boy killed and picked up fifty-four greenwing teal with two shots.

At New Iberia the snipe are more numerous than duck.

We have had very dry weather for two months, and this accompanied by the late low tides on the Gulf, has dried up all the sea marshes, and the game has been compelled to seek the small lakes and rice ponds near the towns, which causes such a slaughter. Every man and boy who owns a gun can be seen going to or coming from a hunt.

The outlook for quail shooting is splendid, and as soon as the frost lays down the high brush I will give them a trial.

Slaughter the Right Name.

Slaughter is the right name for the way ducks have been killed along this line of migration this fall. No one can tell what made the flight so heavy here, especially as regards the unusual numbers of mallards. So far as I know, the best shooting had anywhere in the United States this fall was on the Horicon Marsh. I have just taken from Mr. Percy Stone's note book a few of the scores of the Diana Club, which I append. Mr. Chas. Wilson shot at the club nineteen days and he bagged 544 ducks. Dr. H. C. Buechner killed on one trip of four days 127 ducks, and on another trip of three days 141. One day he brought in 36 mallards. Mr. C. B. Dicks in three days bagged 131 ducks. Mr. Hamline's big day was 58 ducks, of which 54 were mallards. John Yorgey, the Diana keeper, and a member of the club, on one day killed 110 ducks, *and 104 of these were mallards.* Query: Is that a thing to be proud of? And query again: What did he do with them? Mr. Melchior in one day killed 127 ducks, many of them mallards. Mr. Barrell in six days killed 192 ducks, *and 150 of them were mallards.* Query: Is that anything to be proud of? Mr. Shailer succeeded in killing 41 mallards in one day. Mr. P. F. Stone in ten days, or parts of days (he does not shoot afternoons), killed 318 ducks, and he told me once that he got over 40 mallards one day. Walter Dupee shot ten days. His smallest bag was 23, and he ran up to 48. Others shot in about the same ratio.

The average at the Diana club house for the past thirty days, big bags and little, good shooters and poor, has been over thirty ducks to the gun, each day, and of these by far the greater number were mallards. About half the club members shoot all day, early and late. The other half shoot about half the day, usually stopping after the morning flight. At the Upper Club such bags have not been frequent, but were possible, as those who pushed down to the lower end of the upper marsh discovered lately. I have not the scores of the Upper Club.

Slaughter the Right Name.

I have always been friendly and always expect to be to the Horicon clubs, and I know personally almost every man mentioned above, and I belong to the Upper Club myself; yet, I repeat, slaughter is the right name for such shooting as that, and I know of no market shooting this year, anywhere, so murderous as that. I shot with market-hunters last winter, and I am invited to come there and shoot again, but I will say that I saw no such murdering as this, nor do I want to. Readers can frame their own opinions and their own criticisms, but these certainly are the facts. Probably the Horicon marsh bred 50,000 ducks this year, if any estimate can be made on such matters, and the members who preserve this last of the great Wisconsin duck marshes certainly are entitled to the sport for which they fight the law breakers, but if the marsh raised 5,000,000 ducks, I can conceive no sportsmanlike title conveyed through a club membership to kill every one of those birds possible. Let a few of them go. Give the poor birds a chance. It is just as much fun to kill 25 mallards in one day as it is to kill 50, and the man who has 25 of these great birds in his boat ought to start home and throw his shells in the water if he can't resist the temptation. That's enough, especially in these days. This big flight doesn't mean that the ducks have bred in unusual numbers this year. It means that they are passing south over this section this fall, for reasons known to no one.

I think the boys will be staggered a little when they see the above figures in print. It seems natural to go on shooting while one can, but it won't hurt to think this thing over. Mr. Stone, the club manager, grew serious as we looked over these figures. He says he thinks a movement will be made to establish a daily limit to the bag for each gun. He thought 50 mallards would do. Half that is plenty for mallards, though a bag of 50 mixed birds would not be so bad. Mr. Stone deprecates the habit of pounding the birds all day, and rarely ever stays out after 10 o'clock in the morning.

Of course when one shoots he want to get a bag, but there is reason in all things. Is not the matter herein worth thinking over? And is not slaughter the right name for shooting such as the above, no matter who on earth did it?

The Story Continued.

Let us continue logically the story of destruction and depletion, not croaking, but just giving facts. It's a long way to Washington, away out on the Pacific coast, isn't it? Certainly away out in Washington the game and fish never will nor could be exterminated, could they? Well, here is what comes to me in a letter from Snohomish, Wash., under date of Nov. 1:

It may interest you somewhat to hear of the shooting and fishing in this locality, though I cannot say much in favor of it. Owing to the denseness of the forest it is almost impenetrable, and it seems to be the invarlable opinion of those who have hunted elsewhere that it is the worst—the "meanest" country to hunt in that ever was. Difficult as it is one might have some sport by simply following the cut trails, were it not that they are incessantly hunted in season and out by as lawless a class of shooters as ever shouldered a gun. Three or four years ago both ruffed and blue grouse were abundant along all the trails and roads in this vicinity, but now you might go a dozen miles without seeing one. There are still a few deer not far away, but the prospect of seeing one unless driven by dogs would be dim indeed. Bears of the black variety seem to be more plentiful than any other large game, and with two or three good dogs there would be no great difficulty in getting a shot at one, especially to a person with plenty of wind and a pair of strong legs. Cougars are also occasionally met with and they seem to be of a more courageous and dangerous type than their cowardly relations of California and the Eastern States. Duck shooting is probably the finest sport to be had on this coast, at least this immediate portion of the coast. It would, however, be difficult for a duck to rest upon any of the beautiful waters of this immediate vicinity for half an hour without being shot at. Three or four years ago these same waters were full of ducks, but now they know enough to stay away. But at various points along the Sound within twenty or thirty miles of here the ducks are said to be in millions and the shooting fine.

The trout fishing is a prominent feature of this country. The treams are magnificent and have before now swarmed with trout of several varieties. But the fishers are proportionate in numbers and fully equal to the occasion of depleting the waters. Already it is necessary to go from twenty to thirty miles away to get first-class fishing. But when one does go so far it is a comfort to say that he gets it, certainly all that any one could ask. Talking about the number of people that fish here, I must say that it is something astonishing. All ages and all sexes fish not only for sport but for the pot—mostly for the pot. The State has good game and fish laws, but very few persons pay any attention to them. Yesterday was the last day of the trout season, but I think that I could safely undertake to find fifty violators of the law within two miles of this place to-day. The methods employed by these people are those which procure for them the greater amount of fish in the shortest space of time. This includes the use of dynamite, nets, spears and various other contrivances which I could describe but do not know the names of, as I never saw them until I came here. It is the finest field for a game-warden imaginable, but where they keep themselves is more than I know.

I could tell you some things about the trout, the flies which I have found to be best, etc., but I have now to limit myself in the amount of writing that I do, and consequently must refrain. Should it be desirable, however, I should be pleased at some other time to do so.

JEPTHA G. DUNLAP.

Mr. Dunlap could please the FOREST AND STREAM's large family no better than by writing more of his part of the country. Meantime, how about the continued story? If FOREST AND STREAM did not raise its voice for the sake of a different story, what would be the conclusion of this story, and how long before the conclusion came?

The South.

Mr. Wilbur Dubois of Cincinnati writes Mr. Waters of this office as follows:

A friend and I want to go quail shooting in January somewhere in the South for a couple of weeks. Can you recommend some really good point where we could find plenty of birds, with possibly a sprinkling of woodcock and mallards? (I don't know whether Mr. Hough would say this is a hard bill to fill or not.) My friend is Mr. W. W. Peabody, Jr., secretary of the B & O. S. W. R. R., and he will have a private car and can go to any locality, and we should be happy to have you and Mr. Hough go along if we can contrive to get away. We expect to have a lady with us, and I am afraid this will spoil the affair for Mr. Hough. Perhaps he could reconcile himself to his fate, however, if informed that she is an old acquaintance of his, Dame Baag by name. In the way of femininity this will be the only local demon in the car.

We hope to get off some time in the month I have named. From your wide experience in the South I thought you might perhaps know of some particularly good locality.

Mr. Dubois was advised by Mr. Waters to go to southern Louisiana. If it should come to pass that the Western force of FOREST AND STREAM could join the party, there would be a heavy jar as we all struck the sea coast country. Of that, more, or maybe less, anon, as they say in some newspapers.

This morning Mr. John E. Ennis, district passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway, invited me to his office, and asked if I did not want to join a private party in a special car, to go to Rockport, Tex., where they were invited to enjoy the hospitality of a Texas baron, a friend of Mr. Ennis's. Tarpon fishing, canvasback shooting, and later quail shooting, are among the attractions and certainties of the trip. Rockport shipped 55,000 canvasback ducks in ninety days last winter, and the tarpon fishing there is better than it is in Florida, so they tell me. The quail shooting along the Aransas Pass Railroad, north of Rockport, is notedly good. Invitations are coming in pretty well to-day, and I don't know where one could get more inviting ones than the two above. I handed Mr. Ennis the invitation from Mr. Dubois, and the former at once formulated a scheme to merge both these proposed trips into one, and will write Mr. Peabody to that effect. Should this be the event, and should the Western staff be able to join the car, there would be a still greater crash as we brought up against the deep-water improvements at Rockport. That would be, to use the vernacular, a trip for your life. Of this also some more after a while, and may Fortune throw 7-11 out of her checkered box, for I know of no man more deserving than myself, nor any man who would like a trip better than Mr. Waters.

Wants to Know.

A gentleman to be known as "H.," of Cleveland, O., writes as below:

I notice a letter from "F. O. S" on page 384 of FOREST AND STREAM for Nov. 4, speaking of Spring Lake. What county is this in and what is nearest railroad station. Do you know what accommodations can be had near the lake?

Also can you inform me where fair duck shooting in latter half of November, also in first half of December is likely to be found, without trespassing on preserves, where a helper can be engaged, distance not over 600 miles from Cleveland?

Spring Lake is an old channel of the Illinois River, not far below Peoria and only a few miles from the Duck

Island Club preserve, where Mr. Abner Price had the fine shooting mentioned above. Manito, on the branch from Peoria, is the nearest railway station. When I was last there Lawrence Haggerty was running a very comfortable hotel for shooters on a cabin boat. Quarters of some sort could probably be obtained if he has left. I found everything very comfortable and had good shooting on my trip. It is still open country, I believe.

As to the late duck shooting, one could not do better than to go to lower Louisiana, or to Texas. "H." would very likely find just what he wanted at Rockport, where I am told there is open shooting. The country back inland from the sea coast is also good. Reelfoot Lake, Tenn., would once have filled this bill more nearly. You have to stretch your 600 miles these days if you want a certainty of shooting.

Good Deer and Duck Shooting.

I am told by one of the conductors on the Wisconsin Central line that deer are very abundaht along that road this fall. He particularly recommended Gills' Landing, where the Fox and Wolf rivers unite, about 210 miles above Chicago. At almost any point north of that distance, clear up to Ashland, one is in good deer country. The crop is unusually abundant this fall, but probably more illegal deer were killed this season than ever before. This is owing to the closing down of the mines in the iron country. The miners all went out hunting, and they killed thousands of deer before the law opened, though they left thousands more—because they couldn't get them.

My same informant seemed well posted on the Minnesota country through which he ran, and named points where friends of his had had good wildfowl shooting this fall. The duck shooting was excellent at Heron Lake, Cottonwood county, also at Big Stone Lake, and at Lake Traverse. It was very good at Morris and Ashby, and near Fergus Falls. This is Charlie Burton's old country. He and his friends shot for years each fall at Seven Mile Lake, not far from Ashby.

The chicken crop in Minnesota was good this year.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Nov. 18.—Boston gunners are waiting for the flights of coot and other ducks at the best gunning resorts along shore. At Annisquam but few birds have yet been taken. A big storm is wanted to start them. Some of the gunners have been down there, but with indifferent success reported. At Essex River the shooting has yet been poor, though some black ducks have been taken. Many of the gnnners the best posted, do not wait for storms for good black duck shooting. On the contrary, they watch at the fresh-water creeks and rivers, nights and mornings, and take the ducks as they come in to their favorite drinking resorts. They claim that black ducks require fresh water for drinking, and that they will leave the salt water twice a day and fly inland for it. This they do in fair weather, but in rainy weather they can get fresh water enough in the little pools up among the rocks, just above the high tides. Mr. Fred E. Whiting, assistant business manager of the Boston *Herald*, is anticipating a duck shoot of this sort with some friends. A number of Boston gunners have been off Dennis and in other parts of Barnstable Bay after coot the past week. They report that the black duck keeps well off shore and are very hard to get. The same is true of Chatham Bay, though some good bags of coot have lately been made there. At Brant Rock there has been but little good shooting yet. No geese have flown yet, and ducks have not yet been plenty.

Gov. William E. Russell is back from his fall shoot in Maine. This year he has spent considerable time in the vicinity of Poland Springs, making that celebrated resort his headquarters. It is reported that he has not succeeded in getting a deer, though several have been seen in that neighborhood. One was killed in the town of Hebron, only a few miles away from the Governor's hunting ground, last week. A couple of noted sportsmen of the Androscoggin Gun Club, of Lewiston, Me., Mr. G. R. Hunnewell and Mr. E. L. Post, gave the Governor and his distinguished party a beautiful day's sport with their excellent bird dogs. The Governor is said to have made some excellent shots, bringing his bird down with the left barrel on a long distance. The Governor is much pleased with partridge shooting in the vicinity of Poland Springs. Messrs. Hunnewell and Post were congratulated by the Governor and is party on the fine training and beautiful work of their dogs, and the party will doubtless try the early woodcock and partridge shooting another season there, and with the same gentlemen and their dogs.

A movement is on foot in Lewiston, Me., for the formation of an association of Maine sportsmen and gunners, for the purpose of liberating different species of game birds. The association is proposed to be something like the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, in its work toward the acclimatization of game birds at least. This movement originated with Mr. G. Gay, of the John P. Lovell Arms Co., of Boston. Mr. Gay is soon to issue a circular letter to the sportsmen and hunters of that State, calling a meeting at Lewiston, Dec. 7. In the circular Mr. Gay will call attention to the success the Massachusetts Association has had in liberation of sharp-tailed grouse from North Dakota, pinnated grouse from Illinois and Iowa, and quail from the South. He will call attention to the fact that Maine is believed to be admirably suited to the propagation and growth of such birds as the black game of Norway and Sweden. But in this movement Mr. Gay, or any other enthusiast in the propagation of game birds, will find that it will require special acts of the Maine Legislature to make it legal to let loose any sort of game or fish in the woods or waters of that State. The Fish and Game Commission of Maine will be likely to look upon any such proposition as one requiring supervision, lest some sort of game be introduced that shall prove inimical to the noble game and fish already there. It was proposed in the Maine Legislature, at its last session, to take some steps toward the introduction of black game from Norway and Sweden, but the measure was killed, partly because there was a fear that the game already indigenous to the Maine woods might be injured thereby.

Still the "tracking snow" is very slow about coming, and the deer hunters, all ready to go to Maine, are waiting. Up to Nov. 19 there had been no tracking snows in the lower part of Maine, though a couple of inches had fallen in the northern sections, only to go off about as soon as it came. The body of leaves is so great on the surface that deer hunting is next to impossible. The deer mentioned in the papers as captured of late, are doubtless stumbled upon, or possibly—though I dislike to say it—taken with the aid of dogs. On the first snows deer hunting must be excellent in many sections of that State. I have a number of reports from different sections in Maine, which mention a good deal of hunting that will be done as soon as the snow comes, by resident gunners. If city sportsmen wish to accompany them, they will doubtless be welcome, providing they are willing to pay the resident hunters well for guiding and toting the game, if any is taken. The same reports say that the amount of lumbering to be done in Maine this winter is unusually small, and thus a great many men, who would otherwise have been employed in the woods, either chopping or teaming, will have the time on their hands, and much of it is likely to be used in hunting. It looks like a hard season for the game.

Indeed, Maine grows more and more in danger of being "hunted to death." Her own people are very enthusiastic over the abundance of big game reported this year, and the way that it is believed to be increasing, and every man and boy is either the owner of a rifle, or soon will be. From its own people there will be gunners enough to destroy all the game in the State, if the increase in sporting enthusiasm is continued. Then the fame of the State is reaching across the water. A London hunter, with "a plenty of money," has lately been in Bangor, and he has had great luck—so the papers say—and has killed an albino deer in the woods somewhere above that city. He is reported to be greatly pleased with his success, and to declare that he will be back another season with a big party of his friends to hunt big game. Then, the amount of reporting that the daily and Sunday papers are giving game matters in Maine is sufficient to send an army of deer hunters into that State. These reports only "score the hits;" the misses are never mentioned. Such is scarcely fair shooting, but it has its purpose just the same; a false notion of Maine hunting is put into the heads of even those who ought to have sense enough to know better. But nevertheless the tendency is greatly against the retention of a supply of game in the wilds of Maine.

SPECIAL.

MORE ABOUT THE .22.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In all probability the air must be awful thin in Exeter, Neb., where "Diamond Walt" can do such great work with a .22 short rim-fire cartridge. It may be that the yards are shorter out there, and the wood soft, because the .22 short R. F. here will not penetrate 5in. of pine nor 3in. at 200yds.

We have some good shots here, but they can't kill a woodchuck that is twice the size of a prairie dog at 303yds. with a .32-40. I do not believe that any one can see a prairie dog at 303yds., let alone shooting it.

I am a gunsmith and sell the best of all kinds of rifles. I belong to the rifle club, was champion of the county for seven years and won the medal this year, so I know a little about rifles. I have a new plug hat, if "Walt" can hit it at 325yds. off-hand with his .22 short Winchester I'll give him the hat and $10. If he does not hit it in five shots it will cost him $5 to treat; or I'll let him shoot at the hat all day and give him a dollar every time he hits it, if he will give me twenty-five cents when he misses. The .22 long rifle is the proper cartridge to use at any range over 100yds. J. OTIS FELLOWS.

TOLEDO, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Having read in recent articles of FOREST AND STREAM the experience of various brethren with the .22cal. short cartridge, I was tempted to experiment a little on my own account, which I did with the following result:

I took the side of my barn as a starting point and measured off with a line 330yds. or 60 rods, and then elevating the sights I fired several shots. Upon going to the barn I found that the bullets had gone entirely through the 1in. pine boards which compose the side of the barn; how much further they went I am unable to state. Every one of the bullets struck fairly and made a neat, round hole. The cartridges used were Winchester .22 short; the gun a Winchester single shot .22 short, having a 24in. barrel, which I have used for five and one-half years and which in that time has been fired many thousand times without having cost one cent for repairs. Thus much for the penetrating power of the .22cal. short. AUTOKEE.

NEW HAVEN, Conn. Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have used a .22cal. in outdoor shooting, more or less, for the past five or six years. My present .22 is a Marlin repeater model of 1891, with a twist in the rifling of one turn in 18in. It is fitted with Lyman front and rear sights (no middle sight), and will take short, long and long rifle cartridges indiscriminately in the magazine. I give it the best of care, particularly the inside of the barrel.

I have never made any long shots such as "Diamond Walt" speaks of; but I once shot a woodchuck sitting in the mouth of his burrow, so that I could see nothing but his head, which disappeared at the report. Walking up to the burrow I was surprised to find the woodchuck stone dead. He had been killed instantly, and had not had time even to slide down his burrow, which they nearly always manage to do, if within a foot or so of it. The distance actually measured 97yds. I have often killed muskrats, ducks and grebes at from 150 to 200yds., and am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that the .22cal. is good up to 300yds., if, as "Diamond Walt" says, "one knows how to use it."

The other morning a friend, also a lover of the .22cal., and myself went out to a small pond near here in the hopes of seeing some ducks. We arrived at the pond just before daylight and found a man with a shotgun already there, apparently also looking for ducks. When light enough to see we saw four ducks in the center of the pond. The pond is somewhat circular in shape and about 300yds. in diameter. My friend and I opened on the ducks and all four of them were being blown ashore dead before the man with the shotgun had a chance to fire once, they being out of range for him. They proved to be ruddy ducks, and a more disgusted man than he of the shotgun I have seldom seen. They now adorn our collection. Of course I do not mean to say that we only used four cartridges that morning, but our record was not a bad one considering.

The .22 long rifle is a cartridge far superior to the .22-short for range, accuracy and penetration; as I and my friends have often proved by firing at stationary objects on the water. There is not so much variation and a considerably flatter trajectory. I sincerely hope that the devotees of the .22cal. will increase as its virtues become better known. TELILLA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think I have used nearly every make of .22 rifle, and while I strongly recommend them for small game, they are far too small for deer and other large game. As regards their range, it is far greater than usually supposed. With a .22 short cartridge from a Merwin & Hulbert rifle I shot a large osprey 5ft. 8in. from tip to tip at 120yds. distance, the bullet going fairly through the neck. A friend of mine who was standing fully 200yds. further off than the bird said that the little bullet sang past him high in the air, and was traveling very fast. With a .22 Winchester I made some good shooting from a small bluff at a log in the river, some 600 or 700yds. away. The cartridge in this case was the .22 long rifle. The first deer I ever shot fell to this gun, with a long rifle bullet in the heart. On another occasion I fired four shots at a deer quite close to me without any result. Now I use the .45-90. The .22 short will penetrate about 3in. of well seasoned pine, but wood is a poor thing to test penetration with, unless the very greatest care is used in getting timber, sound, of the same age and degree of solidity. There is too much variation in "pine," as many call spruce, hemlock, Norway pine and even basswood. What we need is some invariable material. A self-registering, pneumatic target answers very well for tests of impact, and the ranges tell the trajectory and range of a rifle. I shall try sheets of felt in my next test and will write you my experience. Many of my friends say that wood seldom tells the truth. I have shot a .22 short through 4½in. of clear, sound pine, and on trying it again on similar wood (to all appearance) I have found the bullets only penetrated from 2 to 3in. A long rifle will go through a 5in. pine slab (white pine, I mean). All these penetration tests were made at 20 and 30ft. I very much doubt a .22 short going through 4 or even 3in. of very soft pine at 200yds. At least, I have never seen any one do it and never did it myself. Eastern and Western yards are so extremely alike that the error between the measurements may be disregarded, unless indeed the distance is measured by a human "pedometer." I hope to hear some more of this. L. D. VON IFFLAND.

The Ontario Moose Season.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 10.—Deer have not been killed in such large numbers as usual in this county since the season opened, and partridges and ducks have also been scarce. Writing from Bobcaygeon, however, Mr. Robt. Foy states that one day last week eight deer took the water in Concession Lake at once before the dogs, and four of them succeeded in escaping.

Incited probably by the example of other law-breakers from your side of the line whose exploits in violation of our game law have been published to the world in full detail, two New Yorkers have invaded our territory and have gone to the Mattawa country in pursuit of moose, which are protected under the laws of this country until Oct. 20, 1895. The game warden has been informed of the facts and the apprehension and punishment of these outlaws and the ruffians whom they bribe to guide them are among the probabilities of the near future. R. S. B.

Deer in the Cabbage Patch.

MT. PLEASANT, L. I., Nov. 16.—Some weeks past we noticed in our garden, which is some 50yds. from the house, quite a well-worn deer trail. Surprised that deer should come so near the house, we investigated the matter carefully, and learned that a fine buck and a doe made regular trips to our cabbage patch at an early hour in the morning. Figuring that the loss of some fine cabbages was well worth a shot at the buck, we waited until the morning of the 10th and had no trouble in securing the buck by a well-calculated shot.

This buck, so far as we can learn, is the heaviest deer taken this year on the island. Weight dressed, 275lbs.; age, 4 years; with an unusually perfect head and antlers.

F. L. SCHENCK.

To Refrain from Quail Shooting.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a special meeting of the Pittsburgh Gun Club, held Nov. 10, at W. S. Brown's gun store, 520 and 522 Wood street, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz.: Owing to the scarcity of quail in Pennsylvania at present time the members of the Pittsburgh Gun Club are respectfully requested to refrain from shooting same within the State of Pennsylvania during the season of 1893. By taking this action and securing the co-operation of other sportsmen's clubs, there is every reason to believe the quantity of quail will be very materially increased during the season of 1894.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y.

Long Island Deer and Ducks.

SAYVILLE, L. I., Nov. 20.—From the best obtainable information it is estimated that sixty deer were killed on Long Island in the season which closed last Thursday. Of these twelve were killed by local parties, including one nine-year-old buck. A pet doe owned in Sayville came to a tragic end at the hands of a so-called sportsman from New York, who bought her for a consideration of $25 and then foully murdered her. As might have been expected, his work was clumsily executed, for though shooting buckshot in a barn he missed his first shot.

Ducks are very scarce at present, owing it is said to the continued mild weather. They will probably be back again in numbers later.

Pennsylvania Game.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., Nov. 13.—Our gunning season promises well here. Birds and rabbits are plentiful, with a few wildcats thrown in. I drew a bead last week on one in Wolf Swamp, about fifteen rods off, with No. 6 shot. It did not stop him. Night coming on I called the dog off, promising to follow him up another time. O. H. S.

"Chained to Business."

GRIFFIN, Ga.—Your paper is all that a sportsman could wish. It is to those who are bound by business ties a source of pleasure, and they can, after reading it, "clank their chains" and think of pleasant things that "used to be." P. I.

Monroe Marsh Ducks.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 18.—The Monroe Marsh Club at the head of Lake Erie is probably one of the finest duck preserves in the West, as it comprises a very large amount of wild rice land, and also has a splendid bay filled with wild celery, and is the first place that the canvasbacks stop to feed coming from the north. A great many canvasbacks are killed there every year. The highest bag this season was made by Deeming Jarves, on Nov. 17, being 48 canvasbacks. The same gentleman killed on Nov. 15, 58 mallards, and on Nov. 16, 30, making 136 ducks for the three days' shoot.

Indians and Game.

MITCHELL, S. D., Nov. 14.—Word was received here from Fall River county that about 200 Indians passed through Edgemont on their return from a hunt in the mountains. The Indians say they secured over 700 deer and antelope besides other game. The people of Fall River county are protesting that the Indian agents are doing absolutely nothing to stop this fearful slaughter of game, and while the white settlers are prohibited from killing deer and antelope even for their own use, the beef-fed redmen are permitted to kill all they want and more too. H. G. NICHOLS.

Michigan Quail and Grouse.

SAGINAW, Mich.—I have been out after birds near home two days since the season opened, but find that where quail were very plentiful last year, they are very few now. No doubt they are winter killed, but am glad to say there are enough left over for seed, so that with an open winter they will be thick again another year. Ruffed grouse are more plentiful than for the last two or three years. Some very large bags have been made, I hear, though so far I have not been fortunate enough to get over half a dozen birds in a day's tramp. W. B. M.

The Gatineau Country.

ATHENS, Ont., Nov. 15.—We have just returned from our annual deer hunt up the Gatineau in Quebec; secured fourteen fine deer and over 700lbs. of salmon, besides bags of ducks, partridges, etc. Took a lot of kodak views of scenes on the trip, but the box containing plates got broken and plates were spoiled. B. L.

"Piseco" at Port Royal.

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE, U. S. Naval Station, Port Royal, S. C., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish you could be made to realize how much your complimentary editorial, in issue of the 11th inst., just received, is appreciated, not only by me, who gets the lion's share of the praise, but by the little band of whites around me who are in daily contact with poverty and distress, beyond my wish or power to describe, and who welcome every dollar or other articles sent to help us help the starving.

It is now over two months since the deluge. The little corn, peas and potatoes that, ruined for all other purposes, could be and was used as food by the hungry, is gone. Through some unknown cause the fall stock of bass and "winter trout" (squeteague) has not put in its usual appearance. I fished four hours a week ago. Where last year at this time I would have been as sure as a fisherman can be of a goodly catch of sheepshead and whiting, a few 6in. yellow-tails was my only reward—no end of toadfish my punishment. I fished for recreation. Others go out daily in the boats Gov. Tillman so kindly gave me, to get food for their families, and never now with anything like success, and in another month the small remainder will be gone, following the prawn and shrimp to Florida; and all will stay gone until that happy day late in March comes that brings the drumfish.

Houses, furniture, bedding, stock and crops are gone, and nearly 400 people on this island alone are living now on the food doled to them weekly by the Red Cross Association, and what do you think this ration is? Let me tell you, and you try to see how far it would go with you. For a family of 7 persons, for one week, 1 peck of grits, 1lb. of pork. Reduce that to the share of one crippled person, but still with an appetite: grits, $\frac{1}{2}$qt. per day, pork $\frac{1}{49}$lb. per day.

Of course there are lazy people among them who wouldn't work a stroke if they could get enough of anything eatable to keep hunger away, but the above-described ration don't fill the bill or even a small part of their stomachs. But there is not work of any kind for the large majority. The phosphate works are all stopped, dredges and flats sunk and wrecked. They would rebuild their homes, and such as have been able to save of their own wrecked cabins—"rectified" they call it—or of their neighbors' that have floated on to their land, enough lumber for a start, are without hardware and tools. The Red Cross is now issuing nails, and a worthy lumberman, Mr. Amos Cummings, has offered at cost to Miss Barton as much rough lumber as she wants, and I am in hopes of getting a share for our poor.

Of course we personally do what we can, and many a boiler full of grits and pork has gone from our kitchen; but it is a task beyond our means to begin to do what we would like to do—and feel ought to be done. So we all call on our friends to help us, and I flatter myself that among the FOREST AND STREAM clientage there are still a goodly number of friends of PISECO.

A Sick-Bed Vow.

BETHANY, W. Va.—I find myself this fall living in a beautiful wooded hill country in West Virginia, a country whose scenery is as beautiful as any I have ever seen, but which contains but little game. Three or four weeks ago I snatched a few hours from my very confining duties and tramped with dog and gun over these grand hills to see if they would yield any feathered game. I succeeded in bagging a few quail, doves and one ruffed grouse. Since then I have been suffering from a severe attack of sickness. No one but an ardent lover of sports afield can realize with what intense longing my thoughts have dwelt, as I lay in bed, on the pleasures of bird shooting. I made a vow that I would spend my two weeks' vacation at Christmas in quail shooting. Now I write to beg some fellow sportsman to tell me, either through the columns of this paper, or, better, by a letter directed to the undersigned at the FOREST AND STREAM office, where I can find good quail shooting not more than 300 miles from Wheeling, W. Va. Prairie chicken shooting would be preferred, but I suppose that is out of the question. I do not inquire about accommodations. All I wish to learn is where quail are plentiful. SHEPHARD.

"American Big-Game Hunting" Abroad.

THE hunter and naturalist will find a never-failing charm in these papers and in the beautiful illustrations. * * * There is variety of sport as well as variety of style, and bison and elk, blacktail and wapiti, prong buck and bighorn are among the wild animals whose trail is followed by the club. The scene changes with the nature of the sport and the game; and each writer proves himself something of a student of nature as well as a lover of manly exercise, while there are few who do not give evidence of a dash of the vigorous and characteristic humor of the West. *The (Edinburgh) Scotsman, Oct. 28.*

Pennsylvania Railroad Tours to Washington.

Pursuing the policy which has been so successfully maintained during the past few winters, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a series of pleasure tours to Washington for the fall, winter, and spring of 1893-4. These tours have won great popularity on account of the universal interest which attaches to the National Capital, the low rates, convenient limits, and liberal conditions which the tickets bear.

The dates of leaving New York are November 30th, December 14th, December 28th, January 18th, February 8th, March 1st, March 22d, April 12th, May 3d and May 24th.

The rate for these tours will be $18 from New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, covering all necessary expenses excepting meals *en route* The special train will leave New York at 11:00, Brooklyn 10:40, and Jersey City 11:14 A. M., and arrive in Washington at 5:20 P. M. A tourist agent and chaperon will accompany each tour and render valuable service in the welfare of the participants.

On the third day the parties will leave Washington at 8:15 P. M., thus affording considerable time in the most beautiful and interesting of American cities. Tourist agents at 1196 Broadway, N. Y. and 860 Fulton st., Brooklyn will book parties in advance for hotel accommodations at Washington.—*Adv.*

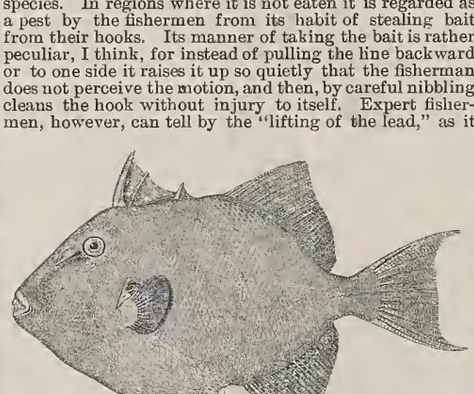
Sea and River Fishing.

THE TRIGGER FISH.

MR. P. G. SANFORD, of the Winchester Arms Co., has added to the articles of *virtu* in his cosy office, in the same block with FOREST AND STREAM, a handsome mounted specimen of the trigger fish. The curious creature rewarded and astonished that gentleman one day last October, when he drew up his line from Long Island waters, at the old wreck, about half a mile off Westport, Conn. Mr. Sanford was fishing with fiddler bait and was intent on the capture of blackfish, the wonted and prosaic fish of the neighborhood, and when this curiosity stuck its head above the surface, the fisherman did not know what to make of it, until he found that it had a trigger, and then, being a gun man, Mr. Sanford recognized it as a specimen of the trigger fish, common enough in some waters, but a rarity in the Sound. He brought the specimen to New York and put it into the hands of a taxidermist for preservation. His pride in the handsome trophy would be complete if it were not that the fish is a muzzle-loader.

Our illustration, taken from the "Fishery Industries," shows the peculiar first dorsal fin from which the fish takes its name. There are three spines which, when erect, can be lowered only by pressing back the last one behind. Pressure against the large spine in front has no effect, nor against the second one, but when the third is pulled back as one would a trigger, all will fall, with a sharp click, and lie flat, sinking into a recess in the back like the trunk of a centerboard. Mr. Sanford has been studying this natural trigger device, and one of these days probably we shall see it applied to the Winchester arms. These particulars of the species are found in the "Fishery Industries:"

"The leather-jacket of Pensacola (*Balistes capriscus*), called 'trigger fish' in the Carolinas, and at Key West and the Bermudas known as the 'turbot,' occasionally finds its way as far north as Massachusetts. It is, however, of no importance north of Florida. In the Bermudas it is considered a valuable food fish. According to Mr. Stearns, 'it is very common in the Gulf of Mexico from Key West to the Mississippi River, and lies in deep water near the coast on the ground where red snappers and groupers are caught. It is one of the most abundant species. In regions where it is not eaten it is regarded as a pest by the fishermen from its habit of stealing bait from their hooks. Its manner of taking the bait is rather peculiar, I think, for instead of pulling the line backward or to one side it raises it up so quietly that the fisherman does not perceive the motion, and then, by careful nibbling cleans the hook without injury to itself. Expert fishermen, however, can tell by the "lifting of the lead," as it



TRIGGER FISH.

is called, what is going on below, and know what they have to contend against. The usual remedy is to seek other fishing grounds where leather-jackets are not so troublesome. When one of these crafty fish has been hooked there is not much probability that it can be landed, for its sharp, powerful teeth are almost sure to cut some part of the gear, enabling it to escape. I have several times known of their biting in two the large red-snapper hooks on which they were caught. They remain throughout the year on the fishing grounds, where the water varies from ten to forty fathoms. On these same grounds it is probable that they spawn.'

"Only adult species have been seen in West Florida. More could probably be learned of its spawning habits in the vicinity of Key West, where it occurs in shallow water and quite near to the shore. At Key West it is known as the turbot, and is a favorite article of food. It is to be seen almost daily in the market.

"The skin of this species is used for scouring and polishing purposes at Key West and the Bahama Islands. In the Bermudas also the skin of the turbot is used by carpenters almost to the exclusion of sand-paper, the former being better adapted for fine work in polishing wood."

ANGLING NOTES.

Spawning of American Saibling.

THERE are but three bodies of water in the United States where the American saibling are known to exist. In one of these three lakes, Sunapee Lake, in New Hampshire, the saibling affords excellent fishing, as the fish are abundant and of good size. On the shore of this lake is the only hatchery in the United States devoted in great part to hatching the saibling artificially, and therefore it is of especial interest. A magnificently located and thoroughly equipped private summer hotel and sanitarium is in process of erection at Soo-Nipi Park, the property of Dr. John D. Quackenbos, at Sunapee Lake. The Doctor spent last week on the ground superintending important modifications in the plan. He writes me under date of Nov. 4:

Poem in Prose.

"I have just returned to New York from the dreamy haze of a New Hampshire Indian summer, leaving behind me on the Lighthouse Shoals at Sunapee the grandest sight ever looked upon by angler—the American saibling spawning on their self-selected mid-lake beds. There, in water from one to two feet deep, in all the glory of their nuptial tints, flash schools of these dazzling beauties, now circling in proud sweeps about the rocks they would select as the scenes of their loves, the poetry of an epithalamion in every motion; now offering to the sunlight in graceful leaps those gleaming sides of gold dashed with vermilion; anon, suddenly darting in little companies, the broad margin of their fins seeming to trail behind them like white ribbons under the ripples. Oh, what a wedding garment. Nature has given such to no other salmonoid; even death does not rob our saibling of it. In three hours, on Wednesday, Nov. 1, I helped to take eighty-one specimens, ranging from 1 to 5lbs. each, and on Thursday, in three and a half hours, we captured sixty-one. It is not considered advisable to keep the nets on the beds for more than three or four hours a day, lest the fish should become alarmed and desert the shallows for deeper and less accessible grounds. There seems to be no limit to the hordes that are coming up from the depths on to that three-acre reef, and if the weather prove favorable the screens in the new and elaborately fitted hatchery bid fair to be crowded with eggs to the possible capacity of one and one-quarter millions."

Cold-Featured Business.

"Already there are 300,000 brook trout eggs in situ, double the largest number ever taken before, and forty huge landlocked salmon (from 6 to 15lbs. each) await the accomplished hand of human accoucheur. Too great praise cannot be lavished upon the faithful attendants at the Sunapee hatchery—Mr. Alonzo J. Cheney, Mr. Wm. W. Hubbell and Mr. Henry C. Brown, of Hudson Center, the last-named gentleman a member of the town board of education, who has consented to give his time as long as necessary to the prosecution of the good work. No weather deters these men, no hardship. With icy hands they tenderly loose spawner and milter from the net's clutch at dead of night, up to their breasts in freezing water when the necessities of the case demand it, beaten and drenched with tempest, but even with sprightliness unchilled, always cheerful, never complaining, no half-hearted service, no profanity if things do not go exactly right. I have nowhere seen such disinterested devotion. And then the courtesy shown to visitors, who must at times be very trying. Some afternoons there are regular receptions, and over and over again to inquiring lady and wondering farmer must be told the old story—and it is always fully told without a sign of impatience. Verily one may sit on the porch of the camp nowadays and take lessons in genuine politeness—by which I mean kindness kindly expressed.

Then and Now.

"Nor can one help contrasting the success which has providentially crowned the efforts of our new Commissioners with the comparatively scanty 'take' of previous seasons. The lie has been most effectively given to malediction. The reported allegation that no new hatchery was needed at Sunapee because 'the ignoramuses appointed by the Governor could not half fill the old' ($275 woodshed), has been demonstrated to be as preposterous as it was malicious; and above all, the gentleman angler and sportsman finds, in the way business is conducted at the station of the N. H. Fish Commission, abundant confirmation of his opinion that fish catching and fish hatching may be successfullly carried on in an atmosphere of refinement and morality."

Postscriptum.

Since receiving the letter above quoted from Dr. Quackenbos I have heard direct from the Sunapee hatchery in a letter from Mr. Brown, that on Nov. 3, 148 saibling were taken in the nets; on the 4th 26, and in the forenoon of the 5th 16, making a total of 332 in five days. This catch of spawning saibling has not been equaled in any previous year. The saibling yields about 1,200 eggs to the pound of fish, and 200 at least of those already captured are females averaging 3lbs. in weight. Say that they will give 3,000 eggs each, the fish now in hand will furnish 600,000 eggs and the season is not yet over. But 600,000 is a remarkable result and one not before dreamed of at the Sunapee hatching station. Looking over my memoranda of odds and ends pertaining to fishculture I find that in 1891 the catch of spawning saibling at the Sunapee hatchery between Sept. 2 and Nov. 2 amounted to a total of 128 fish. The saibling taken in September and early October of that year must have been taken in the nets at the mouth of the brook, on which the hatchery and camp are situated, and not on the Mud Lake shoal to which they usually resort for spawning purposes. The largest catch in one day in 1891 was 61 on Oct. 31. The unusual catch of spawning saibling this year is particularly gratifying for other reasons than those already stated, as this lake must be the one to furnish saibling eggs and fry for other waters, if other waters are to be stocked with this beautiful game fish; and it is not at all probable that the N. H. Fish Commissioners will consent to sending eggs to other waters before Sunapee Lake itself is "made stiff" with the fish which is often called by the name of the lake. As I am closing these notes another letter comes to me stating the eggs already assured at Sunapee amount to over a million, and the maximum number any previous year was 300,00. A. N. CHENEY.

The Seductive Smelt.

QUEBEC, Nov. 4.—In your issue of 21st ult. that grand fisherman, sportsman and fluant raconteur Chas. Hallock relates of the "seductive smelt," and it would seem the sport is rather costly in the localities he mentions.

Here in Quebec it is now at its zenith, and all the expense attached is time, a bamboo rod, piece of cord and half a dozen small hooks, some folks put the whole half dozen on their line at once in the same manner as flies, but with a few shot for sinker, and three fish at a time is a common occurrence. Some connoisseurs use worms for bait, but the majority a bit of red meat and then a smelt cut up, which these small cannibals seem to prefer. The best time is when the tide begins to flow to about three-quarters full, and then at the finish of the ebb. The wharves are lined with fishermen of all sizes, ages and tackles. Forty rods on one barge, all catching, is not an unusual sight. Even the ladies enjoy the sport from the decks of the Quebec Yacht Squadron.

Good smelt fishing is to be had in August at all the watering places on the lower St. Lawrence, Muncy Bay, Caconne Riviere Ouelle, Kamoureska, Riviere du Loup, etc., etc., and at Quebec from the beginning of October to late in November. Fresh smelts sell at from eight to ten cents per pound, and at one time I have known the seiners to sell their prospective draw for 75 cents to $1,

the purchaser getting whatever that draw of the net might contain, the uncertainty making it interesting. Whatever may be the cause, it is a fact that within the last ten years smelts have been exceedingly more plentiful than formerly, and the quantities taken make it a boon to the citizens.

The tommy cod, although taken in quantities in the lower St. Lawrence all summer, only arrives here about Christmas, when they are taken through the ice; Cabanes built on the ice of the bay of St. Charles River, are often leased to parties for the tide, but it is tame fishing and the fish not for a moment to be compared to the lively smelt, which is a real delicacy. Both smelts and tomcods are only caught in tide waters, Three Rivers being their limit on the St. Lawrence. X 95.

"Frozen Fish Thawed Out."

MONTREAL, Can.—Previous to my last visit to the north of France the downpour of rain had been very great. The canals had overflown into the fields. Winter setting in with unusual severity gave us a solid sheet of ice on the ground both sides of the canal banks. Until the snow came we enjoyed the best of skating, and while skimming along we frequently noticed large fish imbedded in the ice, and several of these frozen fish we cut out and carried home quite stiff. I saw them thawed out before the fire. They became quite lively and would doubtless have remained so had they been restored to their element.

DAVID DENNE.

In Washington Waters.

SPOKANE, Wash., Nov. 8.—The first of the present month was a sad one for all fishermen. On that day the law regarding trout went into effect. It did not, however, affect those who are fond of catching salmon, which come up above the mouth of the Little Spokane, about twelve miles below the city. Some friends went out last week and returned with three salmon weighing 9, 11 and 12lbs. respectively, all caught with a 7-ounce rod and spoon hook. A. B. K.

Lake Minnebella Black Bass.

MR. GEO. ELMER, of Minneapolis, sends us a photograph showing a catch of 143 black bass made on June 27 and 28 on Lake Minnebella, seven miles south of Litchfield, Meeker county, Minn. The top string of 20 fish weighed 70lbs., and there are 62 fish which weighed 2½lbs. on the average. The fish were taken with live frogs for bait and used 7-0 Kirby Carlyle hooks.

The 999th Time.

AND the next time will round out the 1,000th repetition of this injunction to no-name correspondents who send notes for publication, requests for information, money for papers or books. Sign your name. Anonymous communications will not be published. Anonymous inquiries will not be answered. Anonymous senders of money will not have their orders filled.

Fishculture.

Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

THE eleventh annual meeting and dinner of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held in the rooms at No. 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia, Tuesday evening, Nov. 14, and was a most enjoyable gathering of members and their friends. President Henry C. Ford, of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, read a valuable paper, which is here printed in full, reviewing the work of the Commission; and a most gratifying and encouraging review it is. Mr. A. M. Spangler, who has the credit of being the father of the Association, and who during the eleven years of its existence has been untiring in promoting the interests with which it is concerned, read an address full of good counsel, and worthy the careful reading and reflection of even a wider circle than that to which it was immediately addressed.

The Pennsylvania Association is an organization of growing strength. It is engaged in an unselfish and wholly public-spirited work. It should have the active, hearty, co-operation of thousands where it now has the support of tens. As it shall become better known, as the people of Pennsylvania shall come to understand what it means for them and for their children, they will give it increased recognition. In these days, when for the most part every man is for himself, and when most of us appear to believe that after us is the deluge, and act on that principle, it is a duty to support and uphold such an organization as this Pennsylvania Association, a duty which belongs to every citizen of the State who is intelligent enough to appreciate the importance and necessity of putting an end to fish-basket greed and imposition.

Work of the Pennsylvania Commission.

Gentlemen of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association:

Six years ago, when the members of the present State Fish Commission succeeded the former board, the retiring president of that board extended his welcome in these discouraging words: "You will find that your task is a thankless one. No matter how earnestly he may labor for the good of the State, a Fish Commissioner will receive more kicks than blessings." Yet after six years' incumbency as Commissioners, although we have been assailed at times, it has only been after energetically enforcing and upholding the laws; and the abuse has come almost solely from that class whose interest has been to profit by their violation.

We would briefly call your attention to some of the good work accomplished by the State Fish Commission. It has fitted our rivers and streams for the increase of fish by tearing out the illegal devices erected for their wholesale destruction. It has established a cordon of wardens, who patrol the rivers and streams of our Commonwealth as policemen watch the streets of a great city, who are alike the terror of poachers and illegal fishermen. Laws are respected only when they are enforced. As a result of the Commission's work in this respect, the fishery laws are no longer the dead letter they were only a few years since. There is a universal sentiment throughout the State that renders their violators more and more the object of public obloquy. The man who takes a trout out of season or under size, is to-day noted and marked as guilty of an unmanly act, and as one capable of meaner deeds.

Your rivers have not only been cleared of destructive devices, but by artificial stocking their capabilities have been increased. We scarcely need remind you of the good work of shad restoration in the Delaware, where the production has increased sixfold in six years; or to the great increase in the yield of whitefish and pike-perch in Lake Erie through the millions of these fish planted from our Erie hatchery. The Commission has restored and kept in condition hundred of trout streams in spite of incessant fishing, and in scores of our mountain lakes new and better varieties of fish are now caught in addition to their former indigenous inhabitants. The Commission is daily receiving information of present success and future possibilities.

The pike-perch deposited in the upper Delaware have so increased that they are taken in large numbers from Lackawaxen to Hancock and are gradually increasing in the lower reaches of the river.

Large numbers of smolts, the young of the Atlantic salmon, are present in the mountain tributaries of the upper Delaware where they were planted two years ago and give promise that the day may come when the salmon angler will cast his silver-doctor and Jock-Scott in the splendid pools of our noble river.

During the past year the Commissioners have deposited in Pennsylvania waters of brook trout and other species of trout, about 4,000,000; of whitefish in Lake Erie, 25,000,000; of lake herring in Lake Erie, 1,540,000; of pike-perch, 30,000,000; a total of over 60,000,000 of these varieties of fish alone.

We hope next year to make a large addition to these figures from the output of the new shad hatchery which the Commission will have in operation next spring—an appropriation having been made for its erection by the last Legislature. And yet this same Legislature was either so indifferent to the future fishing interests of the State or so ignorant of what they were doing that they passed an act legalizing the re-erection of fish baskets in our rivers, although these had been destroyed by the Commission at great expense to the State. This, too, in spite of the special recommendation by the Governor that severer laws should be passed for their complete abolition. This act meant the obstruction of every river and stream in the Commonwealth by illegal devices, it meant the annulment of the usefulness of the Fish Commission in stocking the Commonwealth's waters; it meant the destruction of the restored industry of shad production in the Delaware. It assured the depletion of the mountain trout streams as well as the lowland tributaries of our great rivers. It meant the retrogression of fishculture and the triumph of barbaric methods. In short, it meant fish temporarily plentiful for individual profit and the lasting poverty of our waters for the people. But this iniquitous act was not permitted to become a law. Pennsylvania fortunately possessed a chief executive who had the courage to stand up for the rights of her people against the greed of a few. The hands of progress were not turned back on the dial and the friends of fish protection and of fishculture are indebted to Governor Pattison for the veto that saved Pennsylvania's good name.

This year has been a busy one in the annals of the State Fish Commission. Its splendidly illustrated report with its elaborate history of the fish of Pennsylvania, stands at the head of similar State publications, and has secured it the approval of the scientific world. The other publication of the Fish, Fishing and Fisheries of Pennsylvania, intended for the Columbian Exposition, has besides had wide circulation throughout the State. The State Fish Exhibit at Chicago was another work requiring close study and attention to perfect. Under the able management of Colonel Gay it proved one of the greatest attractions of the Exposition, and has done much to popularize fishculture.

Before closing, we would thank your Association for the assistance given the State Fish Commission. With the constant support of an association like this, and its kindred societies throughout the State, the enforcement of the laws and the protection of the spawning fish is assured. More than this, the assaults of ignorance, and the hindrances of the lawless will always yield before the might of intelligent and concerted action.

H. C. FORD, Pres. Pa. Com. of Fisheries.

A Word of Counsel.

IN an age like the present, in which progress is the order of the day, it would be an anomaly if an organization such as the Fish Protective Association of Pennsylvania should fail to keep pace with the stirring spirit of the times. It has, if not a remarkably notable, at least an honorable record and clearly merits a place in the front rank of associations of kindred character. When I retrospect its history, its quiet, unpretentious origin, its earnest doings, and what was expected of it by its founders, and how more than fully those expectations have been realized, I cannot repress a feeling of honest pride at the thought that during the eleven years of its existence it has been my privilege to have held close connection with it, shared the toils and its sometimes perplexities and harassings, as well as the enjoyment of its triumphs, so many of which it has achieved, and of which, whether because of the inherent modesty of its members or for some other reason, the general public has not the full knowledge it should have. This hiding of our light under a bushel is, I think, a wrong to ourselves and at the same time a wrong to the public.

If there has been merit in our transactions, if in any marked sense we have promoted the public welfare or even honestly endeavored to do so, it is due to us that the facts shall be made known. I do not believe there is a single member present or connected with us who will not agree with me that the widest possible dissemination of the principles upon which this association rests is a consummation much to be desired and worthy of special effort. Therefore, while there is nothing criminal or even intentional in the withholding referred to, it must be conceded that if men are entitled to approval for commendable doings, and if such commendation is comforting and calculated to encourage renewed and more earnest endeavors, as it undoubtedly is, then this Association is fairly entitled to such recognition. There is nothing egotistical in this remark. It is a simple declaration, the truthfulness of which cannot fail to commend itself to every one who gives it a moment's thoughtful consideration. It is not a trumpeting of our operations, but a plain, fair and square presentation of important facts for general information.

I fail to recall any association of equal membership, respectability and usefulness in its special line of work, that does not annually publish a full report of its operations and their results. We have done nothing of the kind, at least not in sufficient detail, but have contented ourselves with laboring for the promotion of the public good, accepting as compensation the pleasant consciousness of having, during these eleven years, been faithfully discharging an important public duty. In one sense, such compensation is ample, but would not our sphere of usefulness have been greatly enlarged, if, instead of having the impression go abroad that we were merely a company of anglers, and our organization a mere sporting club, the community at large was made familiar with the true character of the Association and naturally, would not its membership have been materially increased?

I have said that this covering up of our doings has been clearly unintentional, though none the less a wrong to ourselves and a wrong to the public—a wrong to the public for the reason that the object specially aimed at is the promotion of an interest in which all citizens are concerned. We, having given thoughtful consideration to the subjects of food fish propagation, distribution and protection, are presumed to be at least somewhat familiar with them, and to comprehend them more fully than those who have not devoted time and attention to them. Such knowledge comes not by intuition. It can be gained only by careful observation and investigation, and should therefore be as widely disseminated as possible by those who have acquired it, for it must be admitted that there are comparatively few persons in this great commonwealth who have comprehensive knowledge of the subjects named or of our restrictive fishery laws, and there are many who are not only ignorant on those points, but of the existence also of laws that relate to the fishery interests of the State.

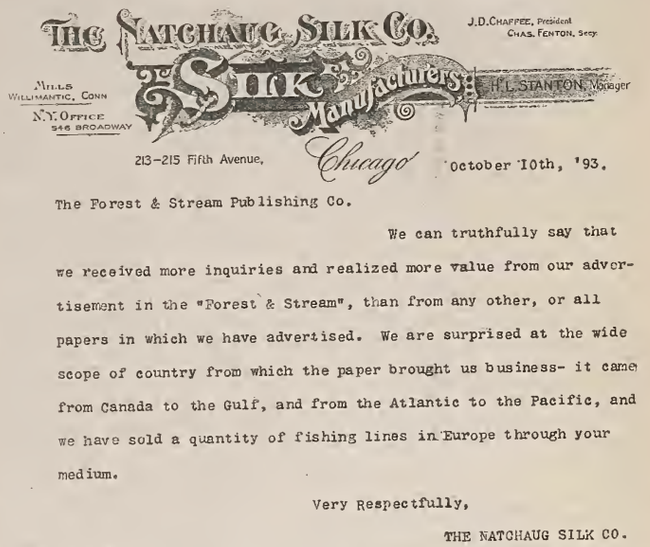
Again, how comparatively few have anything like an adequate conception of what would be the dollar and cent value of our entire fishery resources were they properly protected? And how fewer still there are sufficiently interested to make the subject a study? How small the number of those who, if questioned, could tell whether the annual shad products of the Delaware River—the now finest shad stream on the continent—could tell even approximately, whether they amount to an hundred thousand or a million of dollars! Right here in the city of Philadelphia, the intelligence of whose citizens is proverbial, how many could tell with any degree of accuracy whether these products have increased or diminished, and the probable causes for such fluctuations, and how much more productive that river would become if all citizens would agree to abide by the law's simple behests in regard to fish protection?

If such ignorance, indifference, or whatever you may please to term it, exists in the city, what probability is there that the same condition of things, or worse, does not prevail in the rural districts?

The more the subject is considered, the more apparent it becomes that lack of information and appreciation of food fish value, coupled with ignorance, willful or otherwise, of our restrictive laws, lie at the foundation of the evils we are considering, though there have been instances in which corrupt legislation was a potent factor. Take as a case in point the action of the last Legislature of this State in regard to the repeal of the law forbidding fish baskets in public streams. By a system of log rolling, in the highest degree discreditable to a number of the people's representatives from this city, the pernicious bill passed both houses, and but for the brave and commendable exercise of the veto power by Governor Pattison the profitable shad fisheries would have again been ruined, and the notably good work of the State Fishery Commissioners during the past six or eight years—not only in that stream, but in all the principal streams of the State—would have been rendered abortive.

If, then, ignorance or disregard of the fishery laws lies at the foundation of the evils we have been considering, enlightenment would seem to be the legitimate remedy. But if enlightenment were general, would the illegal killing of fish be entirely abolished? I fear not. Every man, woman and child in the community is aware that it is a violation of law to steal, and yet thefts ranging from a penny to a million are every-day occurrences. But if there were universal knowledge of the restrictive laws, naturally greater respect would be paid to them, for the majority of men are honest, if not for honesty's sake, for the fear of incurring the penalties that attach to dishonesty.

As WITH fishing tackle, so with all appliances and equipments, standard articles, novelties—everything and anything for the angler, the shooter, the camper, the amateur sailorman—the sportsman. The FOREST AND STREAM pays its advertisers and pays them not doubtfully nor sparingly, but beyond all question, and in rich measure. This is not theory, nor unestablished assertion, nor unwarranted "talk" for the purpose of getting advertisements. It is a plain statement of accomplished fact. Witness the experience of FOREST AND STREAM advertisers. We are proud of the fact—proud of the paper and its "earning capacity" for its advertising patrons.



While, therefore, it would not be reasonable to expect that the campaign of enlightenment, though carried to almost perfect success, would result in universal obedience, it would no doubt be followed by reforms that would greatly improve the present lamentable condition of affairs and afford reasonable ground for the hope that there would be wrought through the powerful agency of public opinion such salutory changes as would in a large degree make amends for past improvidence.

It only requires a little thoughtful consideration of the subject to satisfy every one that the task of restoring fruitfulness to our food fish producing waters and thereafter maintaining them in that condition is herculean in character, if not, in view of the mischief that has already been wrought, impossible of performance. It means the disabusing of the general public mind of many misconceptions which now so largely pervade it. Among those misconceptions a leading one is the belief that a fish in public waters is the rightful property of the individual who can capture it, at whatever time and by whatever means, restrictive legislation to the contrary notwithstanding. It means the inculcation of the important truth that the repopulating of food fish waters and the thereafter protection of them would be millions of value to the country, and therefore a matter of direct interest to every citizen. It means the legitimate instead of the unlawful and wicked abuse of one of the Almighty's richest bounties.

It may be asked, and the question would be a pertinent one, What has the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association to do with all this? Much, gentlemen, very much. I am led to hope that these hastily penned thoughts will have a stimulating effect upon all present. Testimony has already been borne to the faithfulness that has characterized the work of this Association, and in doing so have spoken whereof I knew. But more than that is needed. We have been laboring with a view to the accomplishment of a great end. The harvest we hope to gather is plentiful but the laborers are few. Many more are needed, and with a view to the securing of them it becomes vitally important that the work we have been doing, and the object of it, shall be more generally understood. It should not dishearten because our numbers are few compared with the many whose hearty co-operation is essential to success. We must encourage others by the widest possible dissemination of the principles that control our actions, and for that reason I would have the community at large made more familiar with them. It is enjoined that the left hand shall be kept in ignorance of what the right hand doeth. The injunction applies to works of charity, but ours is not a work of charity, though one of beneficence. I would have the community at large more fully acquainted with our transactions, not for the sake of securing flattering commendation, but with the hope of awakening a more general interest in fish propagation, distribution and protection.

Who shall say what may be the result of our example? I feel satisfied that if the unselfish work of this Association and the beneficial results that have followed were generally understood, there would be a notable increase in our membership and a consequent enlargement of our sphere of usefulness. Necessarily we have been restricted in our operations, but we have done what we could and can only hope that our efforts will stimulate others, until the reforms which we have endeavored to inaugurate will be emulated by many and the contagion spread, until our food fish producing lakes, rivers, sea, gulf and bay coasts will have the protection needed to restore their famed fruitfulness, now so nearly exhausted. If we can by united and judiciously directed endeavors convince others that what to-day seems almost impracticable may eventually be accomplished, a great step in advance will have been taken. If it is shown that we have zealously co-operated with the State Fishery Commissioners in their successful attempts to rid the streams of Pennsylvania of devices inimical to fish life, have more than quintupled the shad products of the Delaware, making it in that respect the leading stream of the country—and are still earnestly engaged in efforts to bring about like beneficial results in all the principal waters of the Commonwealth, our example will prove a stimulus to many and lead to the organization of like associations in every section of the State. Let the world know that our labors have had but a single object—the promotion of the general welfare. Such knowledge will enlighten the ignorant and dissipate unfounded prejudices so widely prevalent against nearly all associations of a kindred character. One of the most formidable obstacles in the way is the immense water area to be cultivated and the almost absolute requirement that each water shall have special gnardianship. In a word, the interests to be protected are so many and so varied, so widely separated, and each requiring the same vigilant care that has been bestowed upon those within our State, that complete success might almost be despaired of. But "what man has done, man can do." What was once decreed impossible in Pennsylvania has already been achieved in part with the almost positive assurance that eventually complete success will be attained. Why may not like results be hoped for in other States, in all the States?

If the work of repopulating American waters was not so general in its character—and if, instead of participation being a duty devolving upon every citizen, thus practically making it everybody's business, which is generally understood to be nobody's business—the ownership was vested in individual or corporation proprietorship, there would be much less indifference. Note, if you please, as an apt illustration of this, the vigor and earnestness with which the menhaden fishermen assert and defend their claimed to be rights. When legislation hostile to their piratical work is sought, they do not fold their hands and submissively await results. Having come off victors in their hitherto contests with States, they turn their attention to Congress. Their agents, well supplied with the sinews of war, visit Washington, and it needs not the saying, those sinews, on more than one occasion, have been used with telling effect. The menhadenites have millions invested, and they protect those investments with the most sturdy pertinacity, which is not surprising, when the amount of the capital is considered. Their unity of action and untiring perseverance, if displayed in a righteous cause, would be worthy of the highest commendation, and even when exerted in behalf of the interests of a vocation which, to my mind, is in deadly opposition to the food fish interests of the almost entire seacoast, it is worthy of imitation, not in the direction in which they have been exercising it, but in behalf of the more laudable work in which we are engaged.

It has been the lack of such concentration of effort that has given menhaden fishing so long a lease of life. Have you ever met an individual not directly financially interested in menhaden fisheries, or not in the employ of those corporations as lobbyists or special agents of some kind, who has not unequivocally and unsparingly denounced them? And yet with this almost universal public sentiment in open opposition, how difficult a matter it is to secure signatures to petitions and remonstrances intended to implant in the minds of honestly-disposed but over-persuaded Congressmen the conviction that there exists a vital necessity for the correction of this overshadowing abuse of public rights.

Is it surprising, in view of this most indefensible apathy, that each succeeding year these menhadenites become more aggressive and arbitrary, demanding as an inherent right, as a natural prerogative, the privilege of pursuing a vocation which all experience has demonstrated to be inimical, in the most extended sense, to the food fish interests of the almost entire seacost. Did time permit I could satisfy even the most incredulous that this is not an empty assertion, but the declaration of an incontrovertible truth.

Instead of stalwart and steady opposition to this gigantic wrong by the aggrieved public on the entire coast from Maine to Florida, the menhadenites doubtless note with great satisfaction the feeble and scattered protests, which, so far as influence upon Congress is concerned, might as well have been presented to the waves that break upon the beaches.

It affords me much pleasure to bear testimony to the efforts of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association for the suppression of this enormous evil, and at the same time am compelled to state the fact that, instead of united and hearty support from the seashore people, the cold shoulder was given them, and, as a matter of course, the result was failure. But a single failure should not dishearten. Another effort should be made, and it would greatly redound to the credit of this organization if it would again take the initiative and once more endeavor to work out a great and sorely needed reform.

During the recent sittings of the World's Auxiliary Fishery Congress a resolution was offered and, I believe, adopted, authorizing the appointment of a committee of three, whose duty it shall be to report on the subject of menhaden fisheries; and it was a feature of the resolution that—although not expressed in so many words—the committee was to be composed of individuals known to be favorable to the claims of the menhaden corporations. I have not learned the names of the gentlemen composing the committee.

As must be apparent to those who have followed me in these hastily penned remarks, my object has been not to pay compliments to the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association, but to state some simple truths and to awaken, if possible, a feeling of more general interest in our work. If our doings have been meritorious, the community should know it, if our labors do not merit such designation, the sooner we disband the better. If we have influence let it be shown. If, instead of being a mere fishing club, as many believe, we have, to the full extent of our abilities been exerting ourselves for the general good, not only in our own bailiwick but in supplementing the praiseworthy endeavors of the State Fishery Commissioners; it is our right that we shall be placed before the community in our true character. It is not risking much to assert that a concise, detailed report of our proceedings would be read with interest by the advocates of fishery reforms, and that such published reports would have the good effect of stimulating other organizations to like endeavors, and would, moreover, prove valuable vehicles of information to the many who need to be educated upon the subject.

It would cost something to publish such reports, but the expense would be more than met by the increase of membership. On that point there can hardly be any difference of opinion. I have too much faith in the public spirit of Philadelphia to doubt for a moment that when the real objects of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association are fully understood, our means for an increase of past and present usefulness will be largely augmented.

In conclusion, Mr. President, my remarks this evening have been largely of an advisory character. Presuming upon my long affiliation with the Association, I have offered a word of counsel which may or may not be acceptable. However that my be, I trust the sincerity of my motives will not be questioned. I am firmly convinced that if the largely depleted American waters are to be repopulated, now, if ever, is the time when that important work, already begun, shall be pressed with quadrupled energy by every available agency. There has already been too much halting and hesitation. Prompt, determined and persistent action is demanded. Further delay means the lengthening of the cords and the strengthening of the stakes of the despoilers of our fishery resources. The greater the procrastination the more formidable the task will become. Increased effort here and elsewhere, and those efforts combined and concentrated, is the need of the hour.

A Sea Fishery Conference.

PRESIDENT L. D. HUNTINGTON, of the New York Fish Commission, has issued the following call for a conference which gives promise of marking the beginning of a movement for the protection of the food fishes of the Atlantic Coast:

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—*Dear Sir:* The growing scarcity of edible fishes along our coast line, from Maine to Virginia, is a matter of importance that should not be overlooked by the States interested. The cause, or causes, of this diminution should be ascertained and some remedy, if possible, should be applied at once by the enactment of simple and uniform legislation in all of the seaboard States before the now reduced supply becomes further exhausted. With this object in view, and with a desire for a full, impartial and thorough examination of the whole subject, we, the undersigned citizens of the State of New York, have determined that some effort should be made to obtain a conference of the Commissioners of Fisheries, as well as other citizens of the seaboard States interested, who have made the matter a study, in order that some plan of action be adopted to secure the protection and preservation of food fishes. We, therefore, invite you cordially and request that you will personally invite such citizens of your State as may feel sufficient interest in this matter, to attend a conference to be held at the office of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York, at No. 53 Broadway, New York city, Wednesday, Dec. 13, 1893, at 10 o'clock A. M. This invitation or request will be extended to all members of the Commissions of Fisheries of the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and the Commissioners in addition will be requested to invite such citizens of their States as would be likely to take sufficient interest in the matter to attend such conference.

We sincerely hope that your State may be represented by you, as well as by other citizens, at this conference, and that the results may prove of benefit to all the seaboard States. Please acknowledge the receipt of this communication as promptly as possible, and give such expression of your sentiments on the subject as you may entertain, and advise us whether you will be present at the conference. We remain yours very respectfully, Austin Corbin, Henry W. Bookstaver, Henry P. McGown, Robert B. Roosevelt, H. C. Fahnstock, John L. Hill, W. C. Harris, Charles E. Whitehead, Henry S. Wilson, W. B. Williams, Albert E. Cochran, Jas. E. Hulshizer, Edwin M. Felt, Thos. W. Cuthbert, I. B. Williams, James W. Beers, Silas C. Force, I. F. Parker, George H. Penniman, Arthur M. Hunter, Jenkins Van Schaick, Watts T. Miller, P. Howard North, William K. Vanderbilt, Calvin E. Pratt, Phineas C. Lounsbury, Wm. P. Clyde, W. Bayard Cutting, Richard V. Harnett, Charles B. Reynolds, George G. DeWitt, Alex. Taylor, Jr., Wm. M. Fleiss, Samuel F. Prentiss, John S. W. Thompson, Timothy L. Woodruff, Paul Worth, H. A. Craft, S. W. Doubleday, Fred Mather, Ezra S. Connor.

L. D. HUNTINGTON,
W. H. BOWMAN,
DAVID G. HACKNEY,
ROBERT HAMILTON,
A. SYLVESTER JOLINE,
} Commissioners of Fisheries State of New York.

Salmon in Delaware River.

CONCERNING the interesting experiment of introducing salmon into the Delaware, we have the following information from Fish Commissioner H. C. Ford:

"I have received word from various points on the upper Delaware above Lackawaxen, in reference to the large plant of 3,000,000 salmon fry made nearly two years ago. The smolts, measuring from 6 to 8in., swarmed in the river and its tributaries in which they had been placed, and so far the stocking has been eminently successful. * * * I inclose you a letter from Dr. Bradley, of New York, in reference to the salmon fry placed in Blooming Grove Creek, a tributary of the Lackawaxen."

From Dr. Bradley's letter we extract the following: "I am happy to inform you that the salmon fry have 'panned out' fine, and last August the smolts in Blooming Grove Creek were very numerous and could hardly be kept off our hooks while fishing for trout. They were from 6 to 8in. long and in fine condition. Is there anything new about salmon? Were any taken this season in the Delaware? We have now about fifteen large pools in the Blooming Grove stream, and our fishways are in fine condition. Do you see any reason why Blooming Grove Creek should not make a good salmon stream? or any reason why the salmon should not come back to the stream?"

Mr. Ford of course has told Dr. Bradley about the captures of salmon in the Delaware, as he informed a representative of FOREST AND STREAM at the meeting of the American Fisheries Society last June. Prospects certainly appear bright now for the success of salmon planting in that river, and it would be too bad to disappoint the hopes of the anglers by lack of vigilance in the protection and increase of that splendid fish. Mr. Ford is desirous of continuing the planting and it is to be hoped he will be able to go on with the good work.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 28 to Dec. 1.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark, N. J. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec'y.
Dec. 19 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.
Dec. 20 to 23.—Northern Ohio Pet Stock Association, at Akron, O. H. F. Peck, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 27.—Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at Thomasville, N. C. G. G. Davis, Sec'y.
Dec. 13 to 16.—Chicago K. C., at Chicago. G. H. Goodrich, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 1.—Southern California Field Trials, at Ontario, Cal. H. C Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal., Sec'y.
Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

A PLAIN BUSINESS TALK.

THOSE who have dogs for sale and others who own stud dogs which they keep more or less for public service are becoming convinced that FOREST AND STREAM is excelling all other mediums for reaching the public. This fact is being continually brought to our notice. Only last Tuesday a prominent collie breeder in this country, in fact about the most prominent one, an advertiser in all kennel journals, remarked to us: "I tell you what it is though, without fooling, FOREST AND STREAM is the only paper I get business from."

And why is this thus? The answer is very easy. FOREST AND STREAM is a clean paper; its kennel columns are free from the acrid, calumnious controversies and sensationalism that have done so much to hurt kennel interests recently in the minds of the better element of sportsmen and dog owners, consequently FOREST AND STREAM appeals—and it is the only kennel journal that does appeal—to that better element. Further, the high standard which its other departments have attained, their literary merit and accuracy, combine to make this a true sportsman's paper. This is the reason why you find FOREST AND STREAM on every club table, whether literary, social, hunt, fishing, gun, yacht or kennel club. This necessarily opens up a field of readers which no other similar publication can cover. The result is obvious. When you get an answer to an advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM it generally means business. These answers come from men well able to pay for their hobbies; men who do not merely write for the sake of writing, and who when answered are never heard from again. Dogmen want the best prices for their stock, and if they are wise they will place their advertisements, as will any other merchant, in the paper that will bring them closest to the wealthiest class of readers. Dog breeders should know that a class paper devoted entirely to dogs, or chickens, or horses, is not the journal that brings the best results to its advertisers. How can it be so? Such journals circulate merely among their own class, most of whom are in the same business. The cheap rate they may give may become a very dear one if persisted in when no returns are received. It is cheaper to pay a fair price in a journal that your own common sense tells you must necessarily circulate among a more varied and larger class of readers, and where you stand twenty chances to the other one of a return for your money. This the wise advertisers in the kennel department have long known, and they show it by extending their "advts." from year to year.

The Chicago K. C. Premium List.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One is accustomed to regard anything hailing from Chicago in a progressive light; so that it is somewhat of a surprise when the schedule of the Chicago Kennel Club for 1893 is received to find among the many inconsistencies no classes provided for wire-haired fox-terriers, Irish, Scottish, Dandies or Skyes. Some of the largest kennels in the States are owned by lovers of the above breeds, and how very flattering this must be to the efforts of such fanciers as Messrs. H. W. Smith, Comstock, Edward and Henry Brooks, all of whom have spent large sums of money importing the best which England could produce. But the Chicago Kennel Club has done itself well in providing a class for that nondescript animal called the "rough and wire terrier," offering the large prizes of $10 to first (what a nice task for the judges to decide?) and $5 for second of this breed, against $200 for either mastiffs, great Danes or rough St. Bernards. Well, well, for "rough and wire terriers," and the date is Chicago, December, A. D. 1893. W. P. FRASER.

TORONTO, Can., Nov. 18.

Mr. C. E. Bunn, the noted mastiff breeder of Peoria, Ill., sends us a handsome catalogue describing his well known dogs. It is quite daintily arranged, printed on heavy board and tied with blue silk cord. Capital half-tones of Ormonde, Leamington, Rossington, Sinaloa, Caution's Own Daughter and champion Lady Colens adorn its pages. The picture of Sinaloa's head is especially a very pleasing one, framed as it is by a horseshoe, which is supposed to bring the good luck that we trust this young fancier will experience.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

The Eastern Field Trials.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 18.—The Members' Stake of the Eastern Field Trials Club will not be run this year, the necessary support not being forthcoming. Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., was the only member present who had any entries for that stake, and he preferred to refrain from entering, rather than to win it without any competition. This is a lamentable falling off in interest and support as compared with the time when the Members' Stake compared favorably in every particular with any stake of the trials, considering that the handlers were members and therefore did not have so much finesse in handling as some of the professionals. Nevertheless, there were some very good handlers among the members in the competitions mentioned. The other stakes, so far as can be judged from present indications, will not have a large number of starters.

Newton, the place at which the trials will be held this year, is forty-eight miles west of Salishury, on a branch road of the Richmond and Danville Railroad. It contains about 2,000 inhahitants, and has a much greater air of prosperity than most North Carolina towns. The dwellings are homelike, with a profusion of flowers about them which make a most pleasing and gratifying effect to the eye. Birds are reported to be moderately plentiful, and the grounds most satisfactory; but this will he more fully touched on in the report of these trials. The Secretary, Mr. Washington A. Coster, has been here several days attending to the preliminary arrangements. Mr. Edw. Dexter, of Boston, and Capt. C. E. McMurdo, arrived to-day. Others already present are Major J. M. Taylor, Messrs. Pierre Lorillord, Jr., A. T. Latta, Denver, Col., J. M. Avent, C. Tucker. Mr. S. C. Bradley, one of the judges, is here, Mr. J. B. Stoddard is at Thomasville, and is expected to arrive to-morrow, while the other judge, Mr. W. W. Titus, is expected to arrive before the trials begin, though no word has been received from him in some time.

Field Trials in General.

From a gentleman who is a known observer of field trial matters, whose judgment is sound and whose sportsmanlike interest is surpassed hy none, I received a letter recently from which I take the following excerpt: "Has it ever occurred to you that field trials are losing prestige? The bitter bickernings and personal paper controversies from those who ought to keep quiet, are the cause of it. * * * I am cosmopolitan not to get or rather take a prejudiced view, but I think I prefer the English idea of field trials, viz., to be managed and run without the professional element."

It is too true that certain papers, which ostensibly pose as supporters of field trials and dog shows, furnish every facility for the publication of private brawls, malice or vernom. Instead of drawing on the great fund of literary ahundance with which field sports are so richly endowed, their columns teem with malignant personalities or discordant themes, or with columns of the excellence of certain kennels, written by the owners of them, the advertisement sometimes cloaked under a challenge or a description of a novelty or to illustrate an immaterial point, yet all served up to the reader as good modern reading at a high figure.

To FOREST AND STREAM the sportsmen should bestow unlimited appreciation and esteem for a new and better era in sporting journalism. Its pages are clean, wholesome and instructive. Its writers are the best in the land. There is no place in its columns for the brawler, the shark and the malcontent. Not that these sorts of people do not attempt to come in, but that they can not. That FOREST AND STREAM'S good work is appreciated, no one could learn better than we did at the World's Fair, where each day brought its large number of visitors to FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit, who expressed their preference in terms of affection for a journal which gave them such healthful knowledge, fresh from the forests and streams. And there are genuine sportsmen enough in the land, men who love the sport truly for its own sake, to carry on the good work, let others pander to the disturbing element as they may.

B. WATERS.

Chicago K. C. Show.

THE premium list of the Chicago Kennel Club show seems quite a businesslike programme at first glance, and shows that the club has catered for the most popular breeds almost entirely. The show will he held Dec. 13 to 16, at the Second Regiment Armory, corner of Washington Boulevard and Curtis street, a new venue for a Chicago show, but one that is said to he well adapted. The show opens ou a Wednesday and closes on the Saturday night following, hut is not under A. K. C. rules. This should not he in any way a detriment, as many exhibitors will no doubt welcome shows of this sort where they win money with their dogs without the fear of counting for the challenge class. The prizes offered are extremely liberal in some respects For mastiffs, great Danes and St. Bernards (rough) the challenge prizes are $15, open class $40, $20 and $10 and puppy classes with $10 and $5. Smooth St. Bernards get $10 challenge prizes and $35, $15 and $5 in open classes and puppy prizes the same as the above. Russian wolfhounds and deerhounds get $15, $10 and $5 for each sex, greyhounds and American foxhounds have the same, with a third prize of $5, no challenge classes. Pointers and setters have $10 in challenge and $30, $15 and $10 in open and $10 and $5 in puppy classes. The pointers, as before are not divided by weight. Irish water and field spaniels fare alike with open classes of $10 and $5. Cockers get challenge classes with $10, and in the open $15, $10 and $5. Collies are well treated, with challenge classes $10 and open $30, $15 and $10. Bulldogs get $10 and $5, bull-terriers have a challenge class with $10, open $15, $10 and $5. Dachshunds, toy terriers, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous and toy spaniels have oue challenge class with $10 and $5. Beagles have one challenge class with $10, open classes $15 and $10.

Fox-terriers get challenge $10, open $20, $10 and $5, puppies $10 and $5, and a novice class with $15, $10 and $5. Pugs get the same except puppies have but $5 for each sex. Yorkshire, black and tan and rough and wire terriers, any variety, $10 and $5 for each class. This latter arrangement is scarcely wise, although it is stated that if four dogs of one variety are entered, special classes will be made.

The entry fee is $4 for the first three breeds mentioned and $3 for the others and must be sent off by Dec. 4 to G. H. Goodrich, room 725, Unity Building, Dearborn street, Chicago. A selling class at auction has also been instituted, the sale to be on Saturday, and an entry fee of $1.50 is charged for each dog not entered in regular classes, and 5 per cent. off amount of sale as auctioneer's fee in every case. Entries for this class will be received up to Dec. 13. The usual arrangements have been made for expressage, etc, Jas. A. Locke will be superintendent and L. F. Whitman the "vet." Spratts Patent will hench and feed. Specials will be reported later.

The show is not burdened by rules to any great extent, and we are sorry to see that the good which the A. K. C. has sought to do by curtailing the puppy classes will not prevail here. It is a great error and may prevent many from exhibiting. Litters of puppies are provided for, and puppies under six months of age may euter for exhibition only by paying the fee of $3. In fact, the club has catered to the "pup purveyor" at the expense of considering the general health of the show. The judges are drawn entirely from the West, and whether they have been chosen wisely will be shown when the entries are in. Their names were published last week.

The fact that the Chicago K. C. offer challenge classes at their coming show without providing rules that will explain the eligihility of such entries, and the compulsory entry in the same, is rather an anomaly. Challenge classes are only known under A. K. C. rules, and we do not think a show held outside of these rules could compel any one to show an A. K. C. challenge dog in their challenge classes unless they make rules that cover the point. Not owing allegiance to the A. K. C., they have no rights in the challenge ruling. Nothing is mentioned in the rules of the Chicago K. C. as to what qualifies a challenge dog.

Since the premium list was issued the club has offered the following additional prizes for their coming show: Greyhounds, challenge, bitches, prize $10; hull-terrier puppy class dogs, prize $5 and $3; bitches $5 and $3; black and tan terrier challenge dogs and hitches $10. There was a mistake in the premium list, for we are now informed that Mr. E. Bardoe Elliott will judge the spaniels and not Mr. Donoghue.

THE UNITED STATES F. T. C. TRIALS.

SATURDAY.

THE weather was much cooler than that of yesterday, though mild; clear and comfortahle. Birds were hard to find until toward the latter part of the afternoon. The grade of the work was ordinary in respect to finding and pointing and excellent in respect to ranging. There was a large attendance of spectators.

CHEVALIER AND DASHAWAY began at 7:44. Chevalier was far superior to Dashaway in range and speed, the latter being slow and narrow in his casts. Chevalier made a point on a bevy and was ordered up, he having run six minutes. Dashaway ran alone for nine minutes more without finding.

DAN BURGESS AND SPOT CASH were down seven minutes, beginning at 8:02. Dan pointed a hevy in woods. Both displayed good range and speed.

GLEAM'S SPORT ran a bye heat and showed excellent capabilities in the nine minutes in which he ran. On some marked birds he roaded and pointed, winding up the work with an excusable flush. He made a good point on a single bird. His speed and ranging were excellent. He carried his nose well.

GLEAM'S PINK AND LOCHINVAR were started at 8:27, and were ordered up at 8:43. Pink found and pointed a bevy nicely in the open and was hacked hy Lochinvar.

DAVE W. AND DAN'S LADY at 8:51 commenced and ran till 9:05. They ranged wide and fast on ground unfavorable for a trial, it heing mostly bare open ground. Dave pointed a hevy in corn.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND FLEETY NOBLE began at 9:15. There were many opportunities for points during the heat, very few of which were taken advantage of. Fleety ought to have pointed a bevy which the handlers flushed. She next made a false point and a point on a single, which Count refused to back. Up at 9:35.

CHEVALIER AND GLEAM'S SPORT, at 10:10, showed some wide, fast ranging in the open field. Sport the faster and hetter ranger, and far more sensible in beating out his ground. The judges called Mr. Avent to order for whistling and shouting too much at his dog. Up at 10:40.

DAN'S LADY AND SPOT CASH showed some excellent ranging in the seven minutes in which they ran, beginning at 10:50.

PINK AND DAN BURGESS ranged eleven minutes. They ranged fast, wide and well. No hirds found.

DAN'S LADY AND CHEVALIER were cast off at 1:32. By mistake Chevalier was cast off with her. Both ranged wide. They were ordered to go on a certain course. Sport cast back and pointed a bevy well. On the scattered hirds which were running in corn Lady pointed and was backed. Both moved on, roading, Sport the hetter. They roaded and pointed, the hirds at last flushing wild ahead.

The judges evidently disagreed in their opinions.

The prizes were awarded as follows: First, Chevalier; second, Dan's Lady; third, Gleam's Sport.

In my opinion Sport was the hest dog in the stake. He ranged fast and wide, and had the faculty called bird sense in a high degree. Gleam's Sport for first, Gleam's Pink for second, and Chevalier and Dan's Lady for third, would have been much a better placing of the dogs.

The All-Age Absolute.

FRANKLIN AND CHEVALIER were started at 3:13 and ran till 3:44. Franklin was ill and ran in poor form compared to the great showing which he made in the All-Age Stake. He appeared to be completely off his nose, and he was lacking in enthusiasm in his work. One of the judges saw him flush a hevy willfully. Chevalier made three points, two on bevies and one on scattered birds. Franklin sought well. Chevalier ranged with energy. Chevalier won. B. WATERS.

Eastern Field Trials Derby.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 20.—The Derhy had nineteen starters: Lad's Rush with Solitaire, Beryl with Topaz, Thalia with Miss Hattie, Selah with Lady Araminta, Leona with Maid Marion, Cactus with Pauliue, Blue Ridge Mark with Rod's Mark, Alene with Topsy's Rod, Bessie Shoupe with Tate, Antoinette a bye. Mr. Coster acted to-day as judge in place of Mr. Titus, who arrived at noon. Messrs. Bradley and Stoddard are the other judges. Birds are ahundant, twenty-two bevies were found to-day. The work to-day was very inferior save that of Selah, Alene, Topsy's Rod, Bessie Shoupe and one or two more. There is a large attendance of spectators. The grounds are excellent. B. WATERS.

DOG CHAT.

Philadelphia K. C. Trials.

From reports it looks very much as if the Philadelphia Kennel Club will once more hold a show. Several of the moneyed men of the club are willing to help to this end. With proper social backing and the right sort of management, Philadelphia should become a good show town yet. The Keystone Club did fairly well with wretched weather to contend with and no particular social element to lend a hand. At a recent dinner and meeting of the P. K. Club the field trials arrangements were made. The party will leave Philadelphia on Saturday evening, Nov. 25, and arrangements have been made to stop at Thomasville, N. C., where the trials will be held.

Those who are intending to go are Messrs. Alexander, Mitchell, Phelps, Finletter, Schreiber, F. S. Brown, Dr. Davis, Dr. Darby, Dr. Littleton, Col. Ridgway, T. F. Sturgis, J. B. Baker and F. G. Taylor.

The entries for the All-Age Stake are J. H. Winslow's Breeze Belton (Breeze Gladstone—Nellie Belton), Francis G. Taylor's Sandy Gladstone (Breeze Gladstone—Belle of Delaware) and Katie Noble II. (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Nohle), Dr. G. G. Davis's Currer Belle IV. (Tim—Currer Belle III.), C. H. Phelps, Jr.'s Carmen (Paul G.—Belle Ray), Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D), Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinket II.), Dr. Rodgers's (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), and Eugene T. (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), F. R. Hitchcock's Roi d'Or (Roderigo—Bo Peep), Bess (Clarence—Bessie Avent), and Annie T. (Roderigo—Juno A.)

—Mr. W. C. Reick sailed for Europe last Wednesday. With the recent sale of Sir Bedivere and Rustic Beauty in our mind it is not unlikely we shall hear something more soon.

Newark Dog Show.

The American Spaniel Club offers the following specials, open for competition to members of the club only: $5 for best brace of field spaniels, $5 for best brace of cocker spaniels, $5 for best brace of Clumber spaniels, $5 for best brace of Irish water spaniels. An open bitch class is made for French poodles, with $7 for first, $3 second, and diploma third; also puppy dog class with two cash prizes and diploma. Ruby, Blenheim and Prince Charles spaniels will be divided by sex in the event of five entries. A puppy class with two cash prizes and diploma will he made for bulldogs.

The entries are: Mastiffs 19, rough St. Bernards 70, smooth St. Bernards 24, bloodhounds 4, Newfoundlands 2, great Danes 16, Russian wolfhounds 13, deerhounds 3, greyhounds 22, whippets 7, pointers 44, English setters 26, Irish setters 19, Gordon setters 17, heagles 13, foxhounds 3, dachshunds 12, Clumber spaniels 1, field spaniels 9, cocker spaniels 18, collies 13, bulldogs 9, bull-terriers 13, Boston terriers —, smooth fox-terriers 28, rough fox-terriers 4, Irish terriers 18, Dandie Dinmont terriers —, Bedlington terrier 1, Scotch terriers 4, Skye terriers 5, hlack and tan terriers (over 7lbs.) 7, Clydesdale terriers 3, poodles 38, Yorkshire terriers 7, toy terriers 5, King Charles spaniels 5, ruby, Blenheim and Prince Charles spaniels 2, Japanese spaniels 1, Italian greyhounds 4, Schipperkes 1, pugs 6, Mexican hairless 4, miscellaneous 9, selling class 4. Total, 533.

Strideaway Changes Hands.

In a recent issue we spoke of Mr. E. O. Damon, owner of the Meadow City Kennels, of Northampton, Mass., devoting his attention to pointers. Mr. Damon did not hesitate long, and the wires have been hot between Northampton and Bicknell, Ind., lately, with the result that Strideaway (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot), which made such a grand record at the U. S. trials two weeks since, becomes his property. To win the Derby was honor enough, but to beat Avent & Thayer's Topsy's Rod and all that that means, stamps him as a crack young dog with a brilliant future if lucky, and Lad of Rush must look well to his laurels. Strideaway's work was fully commented upon in our report of the U. S. trials. He will remain in the hands of his late owner and will endeavor to repeat his successes at the U. S. trials B in February next. Mr. Damon has received Soult II. from Mr. Wise and is well pleased with him. If the Meadow City Kennels continue on the line they have started they will soon have a formidable kennel. Pearl's Dot, it will he remembered, won first in Derhy of 1889, at the Indiana trials, and is by Trinket's Bang, who is also the sire of Spotted Boy and Cherrystone, both field trial winners. We understand that Mr. Damon paid $1,000 for his new acquisition.

New York Horse Show.

Several of our best known dog breeders and exhibitors are also interested in horses, and we were pleased to see that in the keen competition during the horse show held in Madison Square Garden last week they fairly held their own. Mr. H. W. Smith, the wire-hair fox-terrier exhibitor, took several prizes for best turnouts; his noted horse Skyhigh won against 33 competitors in the class for single harness high steppers. He won other prizes during the week in tandem competitions with Skyhigh and Sky Rocket, tooling his own team in a workmanlike manner. Then the Chestnut Hill Stock Farm, owned by Mr. Mitchell Harrison, entered horses in 33 classes; hut his hobby chiefly runs to hunters, and his horses Seabreeze, Acrobat, Shylock, Escape and Gamecock showed the way over the fences, ridden hy Caffrey, and winning several competitions. Mr. A. H. Moore's Granite, a lady's hack, also caught the judge's eye on two occasions, winning a first and a second. The show was a great success, realizing something like $100,000, with a prize list of $33,000.

Saratoga P. and K. Club Show.

Mr. Lyman Clute, secretary of the Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, writes us thas the club promises to hold one of the best shows in the State at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Jan. 16 to 19, 1894. The premium list is very liberal, there heing 201 classes. All challenge classes have $5 for first; open classes $10 for first and $5 for second in the larger breeds, with $7 and $4 for the smaller breeds. Many valuable specials are offered. Classification No. 1 of the American Spaniel Club has been adopted and many leading kennels have promised their entries. Their guarantee fund is nearly $2,000 and they are hound to make the show a success. Conventional Hall, second only to Madison Square Garden, will hold the exhibit. Spratts Patent will bench and feed the show.

Jos. Lewis, the well known manager of the Oak Grove Kennels, has received a new English setter from Mr. R. W. P. Lewellyn. It arrived Tuesday last. Further particulars are not yet to hand.

One of the Yale men in a recent football match with the Pennsylvania team is said to have heen hitten in the back by one of the "Pennsy" boys. They now think of matching Handsome Dan, their mascot bulldog, against the human biter.

All signs point toward Newark next week, and it is rumored that there will be quite a gathering of the clans. Several new dogs are to come out and the pointer classes are sure to be strong in this respect. Rinada Pointer Kennels have Chancellor and one or two others ready, and Charles Heath will uphold the honor of his town and kennel with a young liver and white dog by Pontiac—Bloomo among others, and old Graphic may also he on exhibition. A new ruby spaniel is another surprise, Golden Taffy by name, by Golden Ibiz—Beauty and bred by Mrs. Jenkins, Teddingford, England. Beu Lewis will have a strong team, one of which will be the pointer Tempest.

If the Chicago Kennel Club will listen to the voice of reason they will at once make some further provision in their premium list for the rough terrier contingent. We have heard a number of complaints since the list was received. Dog show committees should realize the fact that the wire-hair fox-terrier, Scottish terrier and Irish terrier elements are hecoming very strong and quite as important in their way as the mastiff, St. Bernard, collie, and more so than the great Dane.

At the last meeting of the Pacific Kennel Club a discussion arose upon a rather novel petition from dealers in dog foods and furnishings. This asks the kennel clubs to sign an agreement binding themselves not to make contracts with any benching firm that requires the club using their benching, etc., to enter into a contract which forbids other companies from making exhibits in the show. The P. K. C. finally agreed to sign the petition.

A special to FOREST AND STREAM from our staff correspondent, Mr. Hough, dated Vincennes, Ind., Nov. 21, reports: "The case of McLin, the fiend dog hurner, comes up for trial here Tuesday morning. Much interest. Many witnesses on both sides. Prosecution's best hope is conviction for perjury."

The sale of Messrs. L. & W. Rutherfurd's fox-terriers at the American Horse Exchange last Friday afternoon was a fairly good one A number of terriers changed owners at from $20 to $45 each. Among those we saw at the sale were Winthrop Rutherfurd, James Mortimer, Dr. Glover, R. Lyons, Fred Lewis, German Hopkins, C. F. R. Drake, C. D. Purroy and others.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Grove Duchess—Streatham Monarch. Chatham Kennels' (Boston, Mass.) bull-terrier bitch Grove Duchess (champion Baron—Dutch Rose II.) to John Moorhead, Jr.'s champion Streatham Monarch (Streatham Flyer—Trentham Baroness), Oct. 28.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lady Venus. Eberhart Pug Kennels' (Cincinnati, O.) pug bitch Lady Venus (Spokane—Lalla Rookh), Oct. 26, eight (four dogs), by their Sir Douglass (Douglass II.—Lady Verne).

Chloe. F. K. Pidgeon's (Saugerties, N. Y.) pointer bitch Chloe (champion Tammany—Bertie), Nov. 7, four (three dogs), by his Graphic VI. (champion Graphic—Daisy II.).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Gem—Florence whelps. Black and white ticked English setters, whelped Oct. 1, 1893, by Martin J. Flaherty, Providence, R. I., a dog to Stephen H. Briggs and a bitch to Richard Randall, both of same place.

Trinkle. Silver fawn pug dog, whelped July 8, 1893 by Happy Toby out of La Belle Senora, by Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., to Miss C. R. Hall, Hartwell, O.

Tremont, Jr. Black and white English setter dog, whelped April —, by Tremont out of Jennie F., by E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass., to W. M. Wood, Pittsfield, Mass.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. J. C., Detroit, Mich.—Dash D. is not registered.

A. I., Tampa, Fla.—Write to Spratts Patent, 259 East Fifty-sixth street, New York, or Dr. H. C. Glover, 1293 Broadway, New York, for their vermifuge. Full directions will accompany the packet so that you will have no trouble in administering the medicine.

W. C. W., Port Henry, N. Y.—Prince Robert (A.K.C.S.B. 15,091, Vol. VI.) is by Robert le Diable (5,556, Vol. IV.) out of Ferry, by Tammany (4,114, Vol. III.) out of Erie, by Rake II. out of Browney. Robert le Diable is by cham. Croxteth out of Spinaway; Tammany by Pilkington's Tory out of Moonstone.

J. C. W., New York.—I have a ten-weeks' old fox-terrier puppy which seems to have caught cold; is troubled by a bad cough followed by gagging, and also has poor appetite. Ans. Probably distemper coming on. Give the following mixture:

Pot. bi. carb.	ʒii
Morph. sulph.	gr. 1½
Tr. gent. co.	ʒi
Aq. ad.	ʒiii

Mix. Give one teaspoonful three times a day.

B. A. D., Cambridge, Mass.—I have a pointer bitch, she is a good hunter and a good retriever, but flushes the birds and runs after them when they rise. Will you inform me how I can break her of this? Ans. The trait to which you refer is very easy to correct. There is no part of training which requires so short a time and so little exertion. Put a checkcord on your dog and when in the presence of birds, you can control him easily with it. When he flushes prevent from him chasing, and if he is persistent and hardheaded, punish him with the whip. If extremely hardheaded, use also a spikecollar. By punishing him for his errors or disobedience, you will in time reduce him to subjection. "Training versus Breaking" or "Modern Training" will give you more elaborate information if you require it. We can furnish them.

Hunting and Coursing.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX CLUB.

"I HAVEN'T shot a fox, but I've had an experience," remarked Jerome Marble, the well known sportsman, when I met him on Montgomery Mountain last Wednesday afternoon. I also have had an "experience," and but for the warm welcome I received as FOREST AND STREAM'S representative, it would have been a very cold one. This was at the sixth annual gathering of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club at Westfield, Mass., Nov. 15 and 16. On Tuesday evening the bustling little town was invaded by many men from outlying towns as far away as Worcester, who, with guns, corduroys and leggings besieged the Central House until there wasn't a bed left, and the rest went to the Foster House, kept by a brother fox hunter, Mr. Hatfield. The reception and lodging committees, composed of Messrs. J. D. Cadle, G. E. Whipple and N. A. Harwood, and R. D. Gillet, Dr. J. A. Shepard and J. T. Way, soon had every one comfortably settled, and the Business Club threw open its doors to the visitors, who spent a pleasant evening with stories of former hunts and anticipations of the deeds to be done on the morrow, while Charles F. Rice, a visitor from Worcester, kept the fun going by singing several comic songs.

"Early to bed and early to rise" is the New England fox hunter's motto, and daybreak on Wednesday found a number of sportsmen ready for the drive to the hills in the vicinity of the Montgomery Reservoir, about four miles from town. Each conveyance held a hound or two, all eager for the fun they knew instinctively was coming. The weather did not look propitious nor did it turn out at all favorable for the hunters. It rained a little and snowed a little—in fact, it was "foul weather" for the sport. Nothing daunted, the following hunters were on hand when the hounds were cast off and afterward during the course of the day: Senator John R. Thayer, Charles J. Rice, J. M. Marble, B. F. Kinney, J. M. White, Capt. D. M. Earle, E. S. Knowles, C. B. Holden, R. D. Perry, W. R. Deane, President Kennedy of the Worcester Fur Club, all of Worcester, Mass.; O. F. Joslin and F. J. Stewart, of Oxford, Mass.; Albert Hobbs, of Brookfield, Mass.; M. T. Mason, of Northampton, Mass., owner of the Connecticut Valley Kennels; G. H. Hibbard and W. C. Doane, of Chicopee, Mass.; Mr. Perkins, of Ware, Mass.; J. W. Clarke, of Montgomery, Mass.; Mr. Gibbs, C. R. Austin, O. M. Ball, P. R. Otis, J. B. Hazelton, J. R. Jeffers, F. F. Shepard, B. R. Holcomb, L. P. Lane, H. N. Kingsbury, R. H. Kneil, J. F. Way, C. E. Hibbard, W. Warren, J. S. Gross, C. D. Allen, bugler, and G. W. Roraback, president of the club. The secretary, Mr. Goodnow, was prevented from taking part in the fun this year. A number of others took part during the two days' hunt whose names I could not secure. The weather cleared toward noon, but it did not become any warmer, and it required a good deal of hardiness and "anticipation" to hold a post with the damp, cold wind blowing through one's whiskers.

About thirty hounds were cast off soon after daybreak in the vicinity of the lower Montgomery reservoir on the east side of the Montgomery range. Led by B. R. Holcombe's Prince, they were soon in full cry on the trail of reynard, even before the hunters could distribute themselves on the most advantageous points. During the day the hounds worked away from the east side of the range into the reservoir valley, and finally the fox took most of them toward the summit of the mountain. Mr. L. P. Lane, the treasurer of the club and a cashier in the First National Bank of Westfield, was stationed near the storage reservoir, and to him fell the first brush, and three sharp reports rang out, which was a signal to the other shivering hunters that a fox had bitten the dust. Mr. Lane thought sufficient for the day is the pelt thereof and returned to town early with his prize. On the level ground between the reservoirs Mr. Hatfield had stationed himself, and he was the next to stop the earthly career of another fox. Then fortune favored E. Williams, of Westfield, on the opposite side of the ridge, and soon the third brush was laid low, and J. W. Clarke bagged the last one near where Mr. Lane had potted his. This completed the score of the day, and though the hunters held on to their posts wishing and waiting for a chance to burn powder, the day was drawing to a close when the retreat was sounded, and the stragglers came in one by one to the farmhouse, where the carryalls and barges, etc., were waiting to take the cold and hungry crowd back to town.

A gathering of New England sportsmen is not complete without a feast, and the W. M. F. C. is no exception. The tired hunters quickly donned their go-to-meeting clothes and prepared for the banquet to commence at 6:30 P. M. Forming in twos at the Central House, the company, about 150 strong, marched to the Town Hall, where three long tables loaded with good things awaited them. When every one, after an hour's activity, had heaved the sigh of satisfaction, President Roraback introduced the Sumner Male Quartette, who rendered some glees in a pleasing manner. After an encore the president introduced the toastmaster, H. W. Eley,

DR. VAN HUMMELL WITH VAN'S PETER AND NANCY, AND JUDGE WILLIAMS.
International Coursing Meet, Huron, S. D., 1893.

a prominent lawyer of Westfield, who forthwith gave utterance to some very practical ideas in a very earnest manner. Among other things he illustrated a true hunter as a type of individuality and that we were in need of this individuality in every sphere of life as a check to communism, socialism and anarchism. His similes were well drawn and the speech was a blending of hunt and patriotism. He then introduced Hon. L. F. Thayer, chairman of Selectmen of Westfield, who amused the company with some witty stories about foxes and lawyers. Senator-elect Ledyard Bill, of Paxton, Mass., of whom much was expected, after expressing his pleasure in being present, excused himself from making a speech on account of a cold. Then the quartette warbled again and President Kinney, of the Worcester Fur Club, congratulated the club on the excellence of its hounds, their owners and the character of its gatherings. The Hon. Arthur S. Kneil, of Westfield, made an amusing speech; he pleaded guilty to being an original sinner and his witty stories put every one in a good humor, especially when he told the good old story of the stranger who, when asked by a fox hunter, when the hounds were in full cry, "Do you hear that heavenly music?" remarked that

"PUTTING LORD NEVERSTILL INTO SLIPS."
International Coursing Meet, Huron, S. D., 1893.

he "couldn't hear it because those d—— dogs made such a noise." Hon. H. C. Bliss, representative-elect for West Springfield, Mass., then followed with some bright remarks after being introduced as another original sinner. Representative O. F. Joslin, of Oxford, also made an appropriate speech. After this Mr. Ely presented a handsome hammerless, in the name of the club, to President Roraback, who, big, bluff, hearty sportsman though he is, was visibly affected and unable to more than thank his fellow clubmen for their kindness, which was as much a surprise to him as it was appreciated. A few words from W. R. Dean, of Worcester, and then Senator John R. Thayer, of the same town, made a very sensible speech, in which he dwelt upon the advisability of New England business men devoting more time to relaxation and pleasure in their daily life, so as to better recuperate them for their work. The quartette warbled again and was encored, of course. E. Sprague Knowles spoke briefly and then as the company was dispersing Mr. Chas. F. Rice, of Worcester, favored us with a couple of good songs, accompanying himself on the piano.

The annual business meeting of the club was then called to order by the president, and the members, without any red tape or oratorical frills, proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year, as follows: President, Geo. W. Roraback; First Vice-President, F. S. Gross; Second Vice-President, Wm. Warren; Treasurer, L. P. Lane; Secretary, C. M. Goodnow; Executive Committee, in addition to the above officers, John T. Way, G. A. Lakin and Robert H. Knell. The president, as the meeting adjourned, invited every one to participate in the hunt next day. The visitors were escorted to the Business Men's Club and an hour was passed in pleasant conversation, etc.

THURSDAY.

The weather had become much colder during the night and a heavy frost had brought ice to the ponds. Bugler Allen sounded the reveille at 5 A. M., and though it was a good two hours before Old Sol could be counted on to disperse the gloom, the hunters hurried to the hotel for breakfast, and a start was made about 6:30 for the East Mountain, several miles from town.

Before going any further we might as well relate a little joke in which a Westfield man, Mr. A. R. Brown, was the victim. This member of the reception committee, pro tem., had been indefatigable in attending to the comfort and wants of the visiting sportsmen, and it was midnight ere he sought his own roost after giving the club bugler strict injunctions not to pass him by when he made his matutinal roundup. It was still dark when tara-tara-ta-ta sounded the clear notes of the bugle under his window. Scarcely realizing that he could have been asleep five hours, he nevertheless hastily dressed himself and with the ardor of a fox hunter hurried along the deserted streets to the hotel for breakfast. Not a soul was stirring, and congratulating himself on his activity, he reached the hotel only to find it clothed in darkness. Then he bethought himself to strike a match and look at his watch when he found it was just 2 o'clock. Realizing that it was all a joke, he stole back to bed and slept so soundly that the genuine reveille failed to wake him, and it was 8 o'clock and the hunters had "gone away" two hours when he opened his eyes, and there was one hunter less that day.

But to continue our story. I luckily had no such experience, thanks to Mr. Conners, who rattled me out of the warm sheets in short order, and providing me with a "pocket pistol" of large caliber loaded to the muzzle, to be used only in case an Arctic fox came along, I was soon seated alongside Mr. C. R. Austin, who had kindly constituted himself my chaperon.

No time was lost after the company arrived at the foot of the mountain in casting off the hounds, about fifteen couple, and every man with gun in hand made his way to a point of vantage where a fox might be likely to pass. Among the hounds were Messrs. Kinney & White's Logan, the noted performer at the B. F. C. trials, and Aggie and Major, W. R. Dean's Diamond, John R. Thayer's Grover, O. F. Joslyn's Rock and Juliet in charge of F. G. Stewart, G. E. Perkins's Towser, from Ware; C. E. Brace of Lee had two, Mr. Mason three. A number of others came from the Chicopee Hunting Club. Messrs. Owen Bros. of Granby had three hounds and Charles Clark of Chester two. From Westfield there were B. R. Holcomb's entire kennel of sixteen, with Dot, Dash, Prince and Drive as leaders, J. Jeffers's two Illinois and three Southern dogs, C. D. Allen's Jeff, Jo and Dan, J. T. Way's Jake, C. E. Austin's Babe, Williams Bros.' three dogs, Mr. Tice and R. H. Parks one each.

Some of the hunters placed themselves along the sides of the steep hill, while others climbed to the very top—no easy matter—as it was almost like going up the side of a house, and the loose stones made anything but secure footing. Once on the summit, however, the glorious view amply repaid one for the loss of breath. On the west side lay a stretch of country bounded by the continuation of the Mt. Calm range, and at the foot of the hill lay the Hampton Ponds, noted bass waters; on the east side a grand panorama lay before us. About five miles away, but seemingly almost at one's feet, wound the famed Connecticut River, with the towns of Holyoke, Chicopee and Springfield nestling on its banks at the foot of another range of mountains.

There is little to be said of the hunting, or whatever one may choose to call it. Ambushing would be a more correct term. Once the hounds strike the trail they are scarcely seen by the majority of the hunters. The "heavenly music" alone is what may be termed the hunter's barometer, that warns him by its gradually increasing sound to be on the alert for the passing fox, and then all is tension and excitement, or, as proved to be our experience, the music gradually fades away in the distance and the tension is relaxed and there is nothing to do but loaf and wait and try to keep warm. We waited a good deal that day for the fox that never came. As the hours passed away we thought what a good opportunity this must be for a man to review his past and make good resolutions for his better guidance in the future, resolutions which, I fear, would be forgotten if the fox came along and he missed it. The hounds drove toward the south continually the first hour, and to a newspaper man fell the first brush, E. G. Clark of the *Times and News Letter* bowling over a handsome fellow at the southern extremity of the Mt. Tom range. Another fell to the aim of Gurdon Bill, of Springfield, and Owen Upton, of Westfield, secured the third and last one.

As might have been expected as soon as the sun had dried the frost out of the leaves and grass, scent lay very badly and the strong cold wind did not improve matters. With no music in the air to keep us up to fighting pitch, and a sense of our duty, discipline relaxed about 10 o'clock and several of us getting together at the north end of the range, a bonfire was built on the lee side of a large rock and here we sat till nearly noon, toasting our shins and swapping stories till the wee sma' voice inside admonished us that it was a long time between meals. We then broke camp and made for the wagons at the foot of the hill where we found the rest of the company assembled. Luncheon over and "pistols" exchanged, the hunters and what dogs had been secured jumped into the wagons and we drove down into the valley searching for a note to guide us to the other hounds. Nothing was heard, however, and after driving round for an hour a few of the more patient hunters scattered into the woods again to seek their dogs or wait for them to turn up. The rest drove back to town thoroughly chilled through.

There was little hunt, owing to the adverse weather conditions; but the opportunity to meet such a jolly, whole-souled lot of sportsmen amply repaid one for any physical discomfort. These Massachusetts fox hunters are jolly fellows, and I can assure "F. G. H." that far from their lonely vigils being productive of misanthropy and other brooding ills, our experience leads us to believe that in a true appreciation of the joys of this life not even a rollicking, hard-riding Kentuckian could excel them.

I cannot conclude this "tale of a brush," as one might term it, without thanking the members of the W. M. F. C. for the many courtesies extended to me during my visit. Although a stranger to all, FOREST AND STREAM was an easy passport to their good graces. Especially am I indebted to Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Conners. "Woronoca" met me at the station and insisted that I should make his house my home during my stay, and besides introducing me to the comforts of his well-appointed house, Mr. Conners did all in his power to aid me in forming the pleasant acquaintances which I hope to renew at the next meet. H. W. L.

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The Worcester Fur Club's score of foxes "assassinated" so far this season is as follows: Lyman A. Baker 8, Frank Hartwell 5, Charles H. Howe 4, E. T. Whittaker 4, Henry Newell 4, N. S. Harrington 3, A. C. White 3, John M. White 3, John R. Thayer 2, W. R. Dean 2, A. B. F. Kinney 2, J. E. Fuller 2, S. A. Smith 2, A. C. Moore 2, James Adams 2, L. E Bliss 2, George H. Waite 2, E. J. Bates 1, E. W. Gill 1, George Bates 1, Charles E. Steele 1, Henry L. Kinsley 1, L. E. Divoll 1, Albert Hobbs 1, E. H. Cate 1, D. C. Luther 1, R. D. Perry 1, Milton Rand 1, Charles Pierce 1. Total, 64.

Californian Coursing Notes.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 6.—Things in the coursing line are pretty busy now in and about this city. Most of the leashmen can be seen at early dawn exercising their dogs in anticipation of the big meeting that is to come off on the Newark grounds on Thanksgiving Day, under the auspices of the new San Francisco Coursing Club. It is pretty certain that at least from 50 to 64 dogs will enter for this stake, and as the major portion of the proceeds will be handed over as a donation to our Midwinter Fair (which, I may say, is spreading out into vast proportions and bids well to rival in many of its exhibits the great one of Chicago), the managers of the coursing meeting are expecting to see the largest crowd at Newark that was ever seen on these grounds before. All the crack dogs of the Pacific coast are sure to be nominated, and if weather suits, and of that there is but little fear, the lovers of the leash hereabouts will witness two such days' sport as has not been seen here for some time. Of course, Mr. Grace will be in the saddle and the greatest slipper in America, James Wren, will handle the leash, so there cannot be any danger of mistakes.

On this occasion there will be two stakes, an All-Aged one at $5 each for all comers and a Puppy Stake at $2.50 each for members' dogs only. The new club has now 46 members on its books and they control about 140 dogs.

There were two very fine specimens of the greyhound added to our stock of longtails last week. Mr. R. E. de B. Lopez, who has brought from Australia during the past year many fine thoroughbred horses, arrived here last week again from the southern hemisphere, bringing another consignment of thoroughbreds and the two dogs referred to above. The breeding of these dogs is of the bluest blood and if their performance in the field will be anything in proportion to their appearance they should be dangerous opponents. They will be run at Newark on Thanksgiving Day, so we will soon see what they are likely to do when pitted against some of our California cracks.

The interstate meeting, which was postponed until spring in consequence of the international event, bids fair to equal any of the meetings held hitherto on the celebrated Merced plains. The lovers of the leash in that district are already making arrangements and the purses will, as usual, be worth competing for. The meet will be held, I think, on Washington's Birthday. Indeed, this is a much better season of the year to hold a meeting on the plains than in November, as the hares will not then be such flyers and much more satisfactory coursing may be looked for. Due notice, of course, will be given before the end of the year of this great event.

A coursing club was started in the southern portion of the State last month, with its headquarters at Los Angeles, and I have it on the best authority that some young gentlemen of the millionaire class who reside about Bakersfield, also in the southern portion of the State, intend forming a club among themselves during the coming winter months, and will give good purses to be competed for. This is what is wanted, not only in California but all over the country; and if these young gentlemen with long purses and high social positions will only take to the grand old sport, it is safe to say that in a very few years the game of the leash would become the most popular, as it is the most enjoyable, of all our field sports.

The Chicopee Lass—Pearl of Pekin case evidently promises to be one of the celebrated cases of the leash in this country. I see that at the last meeting of the American Coursing Club held at Goodland, Kas., on Oct. 18 last, it was agreed to accept the decision of the National Greyhound Club in this case. This surely is somewhat singular to say the least of it, as I read in the very same issue that the N. G. Club had been most unceremoniously washed out of existence by almost the same individuals a few days before, presumably, I suppose, in consequence of their incompetency. It does not appear that even the usual cheap compliment of a vote of thanks for past services was accorded the kicked out body, yet these very men of the American Coursing Club, or at all events the greater portion of them, accept the decision of the club in the Chicopee Lass case, that upsets their own ruling of a year ago. This surely is an admitted proof that the N. G. Club knows more of coursing rules and ethics than do the gentlemen of the American Coursing Club. Why then, may I ask, are they so unceremoniously hurled from their exalted pedestal and replaced by the very men who by their own action admit that they are their inferiors in coursing knowledge? Strange work this, is it not? Judging the new organization by such methods as this it is difficult to see how they can gain confidence from outside clubs.

I see that the International meeting as reported in FOREST AND STREAM was, on the whole, a success, and that with the exception of the course between Ban Boy and Laplander, which evidently was misjudged, Mr. Williams did very well, and possibly with more experience will be all that could be wished for as a judge. But what seems a puzzle beyond all comprehension is the working of the card as published, for surely never since the first coursing match was run in the world were dogs so outrageously mixed up and made to run altogether out of their proper places. For instance, why did Voltaire in the second round of the Cup get a bye, as it clearly belonged to Delsarte. Why the former was brought up to the top of the card from the bottom beats comprehension; consequently nearly all the dogs ran in the wrong place before the card was finished for the Columbus Cup.

The same thing occurred at Goodland last week. I trust that some of the gentlemen who had charge of this department will explain how they managed or what guided them in their actions. If any of the losers in the cup had made protest I am inclined to think that the N. G. Club, or the more recent formation, the "American Coursing Board," would have a nut to crack that would throw the Chicopee Lass—Pearl of Pekin case completely in the shade, and may cause a rehearsal if not a reversal of the whole proceedings.

Of course I take it for granted that the card was run as printed in the papers above mentioned. GAZEHOUND.

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Condition of Greyhounds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper of Nov. 4, Dr. G. Irwin Royce in his remarks on the winners at Goodland, speaks of my greyhounds being in better condition this year than ever before, hence they have gone to the front. Now I am not finding fault with the Doctor having his opinion, every man has a right to that, but any one reading his remarks might suppose that this was the first year my kennel had taken honors on the coursing field.

I think the record of my kennel during the five years that I have been coursing in this country, will bear comparison with any greyhound kennel in America, as the following results show. It may be as well to mention that for seven years the only coursing meeting held in America, except in California, has been the American Coursing Club meeting, held annually in October at Great Bend, Kansas. I have had the pleasure of running greyhounds at that meeting for five years out of the seven, with the following record. In 1888, I was the runner-up in the American Field Cup, a thirty-two dog entry, with White Lips; in 1889 I was again the runner-up for the same cup, with White Lips. In 1890, I ran with the last four in the same stake, with Lancashire Lass. In 1891, I ran into the last four for the same stake, with Master Peter, and in 1892 I was the runner-up for the same stake, with Master Peter, and I think every man who was present on those occasions will admit that it was only a bit of bad luck and not the want of condition in the greyhounds that prevented my taking first honors on some of those occasions.

A greyhound must be fit to run to enable him to be a runner-up in a thirty-two dog stake, especially when coursing a Great Bend jack. The only other public coursing meeting ever held this side of California, to my knowledge, until this year, was at Hutchinson, Kansas, in 1890, when I won the National Derby with Liberty, by Lord Neversettle out of Partera, and my two greyhounds Little Climber and Line of Luck, both by Lord Neversettle out of Partera, divided the Hutchinson Stakes with Babazoun.

H. C. LOWE.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

1 2 3 4 5 6 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18

KENMORE COURSING CLUB AT GOODLAND, KAN.

1. Dr. Cattanach with Princess May. 2. W. Walker. 3. P. Dawson with Rhea. 4. C. F. Webster, Sec'y. 5. F. Robinson. 6. M. B. Tomblin, Vice-Pres. 7. D. C. I use with Lightfoot. 8. Mr. Davis. 9. J. R. Cochran with Nancy. 10. Mr. Woodard 11. E. H. Mulcaster, Judge, on horseback. 12. D. O. Miller. 13. H. C. Lowe with St. Lawrence and Mellita. 14. Dr. Van Hummell. 15. C. Barrow with Bird's Eye. 16. Dr. G. Irwin Royce. 17. T. W. Bartels with Bon Bon. 18. R. Taylor, Slipper.

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Forest and Stream Fur Club's Meet.

THE annual outing of the Forest and Stream Fur Club took place at Wakefield, N. H., Oct. 16 to 26. The weather was hot and ground dry, making it hard following for the hounds, whose occasional loss of the trail was in marked contrast to the steady driving of previous years.

An early start was made Monday morning. The hounds soon hit a hot track and trailed rapidly away, and soon had reynard on his feet. Each "assassin" grasped firmly his murderous 10-gauge and eagerly scanned the surrounding hills for a sight of the fox, but all were disappointed. The hounds drove steadily westward and soon were out of hearing. No more was heard from them for the day, in fact, one of the dogs was not found until Wednesday, and another not until after the meet was over. Ill luck seemed to follow us the whole week, for after the hardest kind of work on our part and hours of unsatisfactory trailing by the hounds we succeeded in killing 4 foxes against 9 the previous year.

Some of the boys not so enthusiastic over fox hunting as the others, gave it up and turned their attention to other game, and such a bombarding you never heard, the result of which was 12 rabbits, 10 partridges and 41 gray squirrels.

M.

FARMINGTON, N. H.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

The Los Angeles Coursing Club held its first meeting Oct. 29, and is said to have been a success. Tom Rice's Tom won first prize, and C. J. Nestor's Queen was the runner-up. The club will hold another meeting shortly.

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A meeting of the executive and field trial committee of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, on Monday, Nov. 27, at 4 P. M.

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We have received a picture of the "Buckstaff medal," awarded at the N. W. Beagle Club trials to Messrs. Dillingham & Remmele's beagle Mayfly. A beagle's head is represented on the medal, which hangs from a bar under which is a rabbit "on the run." It seems a handsome piece of work and we congratulate Mayfly's owners upon their good fortune.

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Westfield, Mass., is a pretty town, through which the Westfield River runs. The town is surrounded by hills covered with woods and brush, affording a capital hunting country. Grouse are plentiful and there are lots of foxes. The town seems to be devoted to the manufacture of whips and segars. Mr. Jeffers, who showed the foxhounds Nora and Nancy at Providence and Danbury, winning firsts and seconds, kindly piloted us through the American Whip Co.'s large factory, affording us a novel and entertaining experience. Another whip and dog man is Mr. Whipple, whose fancy runs to English setters, of which he has had a large number. He just lost a Rockingham—Donna bitch, Donna Innees, that he thought a great deal of. She was afflicted with paralysis in the hind parts, and her owner felt compelled to put her out of her misery very recently. He owns a good-looking dog, Buck II., by Buckellew out of Lady Mary.

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Mr. Dell A. Hamilton, of Worcester, Mass., has bought the foxhound Hector from John G. Sibley, of Gilbertville, Mass., and on Thursday last shot two foxes ahead of him in the Gilbertville country.

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The Worcester Coon Club is composed of Chas. S. Barton, L. N. Kinnicutt, Charles Bowker, Waldo Lincoln and George Richardson, and they have a good many skins to show. With their coon dog Ned they grassed three big "ringtails" last week.

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Uncle Nathan Harrington, of Worcester, Mass., who is said to be 76 years old, has a great reputation as a fox hunter and original character. He was expected to be present at the Westfield hunt, but did not turn up. He shot his third fox this season near Dority Hill with the first barrel. The day after this hunt a party of hunters including the veteran sportsman, were discussing the merits of black and smokeless powders in fox hunting. One hunter remarked: "I don't want any black powder in mine when I am fox hunting, any more than when I am in the brush; there is so much smoke that you can't see to put the second barrel on. What do you think about it, Uncle Nathan?" "Black's good enough for me. You don't need to see to shoot the second barrel if you can kill 'em with the first." And that's true enough.

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The Radnor Hunt has elected the following officers: Pres., A. J. Cassatt; Vice-Pres., Rudolph Ellis; Treas., George Philler; Sec'y, W. S. Ellis; M. F. H., Charles E. Mather. Governors—Clement A. Griscom, Henry L. Gevelin and Lincoln Godfrey. Charles E. Mather, M. F. H., gave a breakfast at the club house on Saturday morning last. After breakfast the members and guests had one of the finest hunts of the season. Starting a fox about 8:45 they ran him to earth after an hour and a quarter's run. Another good run followed with a fox that was lost near Haverford College. This hunt is one of the few in the country which has not to draw on the wily aniseed bag for its fun. They follow the real Simon pure with a brush on it. Frank Gillard is the huntsman, son of the noted huntsman of the Duke of Rutland's Belvoir Hunt, in England.

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President Roraback of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club, tells us that hereafter the dogs that take part in the annual hunts will be registered with the club before they run. This is a good move. It leads to greater accuracy in pedigrees and lends more interest to the competition.

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Word comes from Denver, Col., that "a nice little coursing party" will charter a special car and go to Goodland, Kas., for a quiet bit of coursing. The members of the party will put in $5 each for an eight-dog stake and run it off in a day. Mr. Ralph Taylor will go along and has kindly consented to slip. Should the weather be unfavorable the affair will be put off till Dec. 30. Coursing interests are simply on the hum out in Denver; every Sunday parties can be seen driving out in nearly every direction with from two to six hounds, going out for a course.

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The St. Patrick Kennels have matched Buenarita (Norwegian—Buenretero) against A. C. Lighthall's Buster (Goldust—Lady) for $100 a side. The race will be run off near Denver on Nov. 26.

Yachting.

THE popular interest in a contest for the America's Cup is a fairly constant quantity, varying a little according to chance circumstances, such as the personality of the challenger or defender, or the record of either boat; but it is at all times sufficient to create a stir, throughout all parts of America at least. The technical interest, on the part of experienced yachtsmen of both nations, is a far more variable quantity, disappearing almost entirely in some contests, such as those between Madeline and the Countess of Dufferin, and Mischief and Atlanta, in which both defender and challenger were of the same type; and rising to the highest pitch in such races as that of 1885, in which the wide compromise centerboard was pitted against the narrow keel.

Although the old issue of sloop and cutter, with its clearly marked line of separation over vital points of design, has entirely disappeared, and the two contestants of 1893 have very many points of design in common, the technical interest this year is quite as great and even more important than the popular, as is shown by the numerous comments and criticisms which have appeared since the last race, some of which we reprint this week. Of the British criticisms, it must be said that in the main they are remarkably fair and impartial in the statement of facts, and correct in their deductions.

IMMEDIATELY after the races there was a revival of the old clamor over the centerboard on the part of some British critics, but on summing up the races finally most of them now concede that Vigilant's superior speed lies in her power, and not in the mere possession of a centerboard. The *Field* devotes some space to an interesting discussion of both the centerboard and the extra live ballast of Vigilant, but in our opinion it undervalues the importance of the latter. Vigilant's gain in carrying a very large crew is a double one. In the first place, apart from all mathematical considerations, it has been repeatedly demonstrated in practice in this country that under the proper conditions live ballast is the best by far that can be carried, and will almost invariably defeat fixed ballast, even in the form of low lead. While it is a long step from Mary Emma, Mr. Iselin's racing sandbagger of 1875, with her draft of 20in., to Vigilant with her draft of 14ft., it is quite certain that both Mr. Iselin and Mr. Herreshoff had the old boat in mind when the new Cup defender was planned, and that in the absence of any specific limitation to the crew, such dimensions and form were chosen as would give the greatest possible effect to live ballast.

That there was a material gain in this way can hardly be disputed in the light of past experience in the same direction; but the advantage did not stop with the mere carrying of the weight at the end of a long horizontal lever, the half beam of the yacht, and the facility for trimming fore and aft by this extra weight. Under the interpretation of the measurement rule which has been followed this year, each yacht is allowed the privilege of being measured with no crew on board. What this means to Vigilant is easily seen when we consider that after measurment she takes aboard no less than 4½ tons of *unmeasured ballast*, while Valkyrie, with less than forty men to Vigilant's seventy, has but 2½ tons of unmeasured ballast. This means that the excess of sailing waterline over measured waterline is upward of one foot more in Vigilant than in Valkyrie, a clear gain of that much length.

ASSUMING the right of Vigilant, in default of any express prohibition, to avail herself of this kind and amount of ballast, there still

is a nice question of ethics whether such a course is to be considered fair and sportsmanlike. This much may safely he said. that had it been Valkyrie instead of Vigilant that thus took advantage of a plain defect in the rules. there would have been a greater clamor than was raised over the alleged over-length of Thistle in 1887; and further, that it is one of those tricks which can be played just once. It is quite probable that before next season a fixed limit of crew will he incorporated in the rules; or if this should not be done, every designer will be awake to the privileges accorded him in the tacit indorsement hy the club of Vigilant's action; and she will no longer have a monopoly of this "unmeasured increment" of power.

Those yachtsmen who first took an interest in the keel yacht through the lively controversies of 1879-80 will remember well a peculiar type of English yacht whicb attracted much attention on this side from the fact that it possessed quite a large amount of beam; the "Itchen boat," commonly called, or "lengther," at that time racing very actively about Southampton water. These yachts were unique among British craft in being one of the two exceptions to the then universal tonnage rule, the other being the racing yachts of Lake Windermere, and both were raced under a waterline length rule. Another peculiar feature of the Itchen boat was its rig, many being semi-sloop rigged, with mast very far forward and a single jih.

These yachts, to which the *Yachtsman* alludes in an article quoted elsewhere, were most excellent examples of the evil of great power on a limited length, heing of great beam and draft, with a large area of midship section, excessive sail area, fast in smooth water, had in a sea, and at all times hard to steer. Their heam, however, commended them to Americans, and several were huilt in Boston about 1880, others were imported, and the type has played an important part in the evolution of the present American keel cutter; Pappoose is directly related to the Itchen family, though of later and hetter design, and both Liris and Kathleen are closely related to Curtsey, Lil and Eclipse.

The earliest of the Boston keel yachts, ante-dating even the Itchen hoats, though different and more crude in model, had much in com mon with them, a great beam, a hollow midship section, the hull being that of a wide centerboard boat, and an excessive draft, made up hy a deep oak keel with an iron keel below.

Whether in its crudest form, of the primitive Boston keel, huilt from centerboard moulds, and with a midship section resembling a draftman's T square, or in the more elaborate work of skilled designers, with a heautifully curved section of the "wineglass" form; the type was marked by certain strong characteristics. The heam and draft were great in proportion to length, the section was very hollow, giving a minimum of accommodation below. the weight was hung very low, the sail area was excessive, requiring a large crew, the hoat was very fast under normal racing conditions—smooth water and moderate breezes—but expensive to huild and run, hard to steer, and a poor seaboat.

In the general features of her design Vigilant is closely allied to the Itchen boat, and the experience with this type on hoth sides of the Atlantic, shows pretty clearly what may he expected from her and others like her. While various circumstances, such as the defects of Liris's rig and the perfection of Minerva's design have operated at times to restrict the development of this type, there is no question that it is diretly favored by local conditions in America and existing American rules, and we do not for a moment question the right or the wisdom of a designer, who, after studying these conditions and rules produces an extreme example of the type to race under them. One question we would raise, however, at this time, and that is whether it is best for the clubs either actively or passively to continue to encourage through the rules a type which is so expensive, unhandy, and, we believe, detrimental to the best interests of yachting. No douht the experiment has paid, and paid well, this year in the defeat of the fastest yacht which has ever challenged for the Cup, but now that the whole yachting world is awake to what was hut six months since the exclusive secret of Mr. Herreshoff, this great advantage of the defender has largely disappeared. This being the case, would it not be to the advantage of all parties, in view of the prohibitive expense to which racing has been raised this year, to impose certain reasonable limits on crew and sail area, if not to make an effort to transfer the principal racing to a smaller class than 87 or a possible 90ft.

In mentioning the Itchen boats, the *Yachtsman* endeavors to prove that the value of beam was fully realized in England before the success of Puritan and Mayflower. This, however, was very far from being the case, even the victories of the Itchen hoats over some of the fast tonnage cutters of the day failed to make any serious impression in England, and it is quite probable that but for the visit of Genesta and Galatea to America, and the success of the yachts huilt to meet them, the narrow cutter and the lengther would still he racing in British waters, It was the defeat of Genesta by Puritan which gave a fulcrum to the lever which a few yachtsmen had heen using ineffectually for some time to overturn the old tonnage rule.

As the various quotations show, the lessons of the races have been studied with considerable care on both sides, and the erroneous impressions published just after the last race are likely to have little effect. It may do no harm, however, to recapitulate the more salient points developed by the races, some of which were only visible when the excitement was over, and there was time for a cooler and clearer view.

In the first place, the radical and deciding difference hetween the two yachts laid neither in the size nor in the centerboard, hut in the type, as indicated in the midship section. That of Vigilant approached the T square or the "wineglass" form of the old yachts already discussed, and of the still greater extreme of the modern fin-keel; while Valkyrie showed in her section the greater area and tbe fair and easy S curve of the modern cutter as found on both sides of the Atlantic. The inequality in this respect was most marked, far greater than in any other.

As regards actual size or power, let us assume tbat Vigilant could he reduced in dimensions and sail area, of course preserving all proportions, until her sailing length and rating exactly coincided with those of Valkyrie, and what would be the result. On the hasis of Valkyrie's actual measurement, apart from the excess of spinaker boom, the reduced Vigilant would be about 83ft. l.w.l., 10,500sq. ft. of sail. All time allowance being thus eliminated, we believe that Vigilant would still win under any conditions that are favorable to her in her present size. The best and fairest conditions in all of the races were those of the triangular course, and the very large margin which cannot be explained away out of the lead of 12m., would more than cover the reduction of Vigilant's size to Valkyrie's rating.

As regards the centerboard, if we assume that, while still of the same rating, Vigilant is robbed of her board and deepened in proportion to Valkyrie's draft; or, on the other hand, that Valkyrie has her lead raised to Vigilant's draft and a centerboard inserted, there still exists a difference in beam, form of section and ratio of sail to length, which experience tells us must make Vigilant the faster boat.

Several minor points present themselves before we leave the hull; the all-metal construction of Vigilant and the elaborate composite build of Valkyrie are nearly equal in the matter of weight, while the copper-sheathed bottom of the latter was probably as good or nearly so for the ten days following the last docking as the bronze bottom of her rival. The triangular form of Valkyrie's lateral plane aided her greatly in all the maneuvering as opposed to the long, straight keel and sluggish movements of Vigilant. The question of wheel vs. tiller is a hard one to decide, hut even many American yachtsmen concede a certain superiority for the tiller in racing.

Going now to that portion of the yacht above the deck, many interesting points present themselves. In the novel and original disposition of her rigging Vigilant was unquestionably superior to Valkyrie, the latter having the old mechanical details of the conventional cutter rig, such as all shrouds to the hounds, while three of Vigilant's ran to the upper cap and but two to the hounds, Vigilant's mast was also stayed fore and aft hy two wire rope stays, from upper cap to a point just above the deck, set up with turnbuckles, and strained over an A shaped brace, acting like the bridge of a fiddle, just where the thrust of the gaff came. The rigging throughout was more complicated, and made up of more parts, each demanding an exact amount of careful adjustment, hut it was at the same time lighter and gave better support to the spars, than the conventional shrouds and runners of Valkyrie.

No douht there was a certain element of weakness in the experimental nature of the rig, and also in the fact that a failure of one of the many members would he likely to result in a general wreck, but the fact is that Vigilant's rig kept her spars in her under the tremendous strain of the last had quarter of an hour. The comparison of the two rigs, as seen through tbe series of races, is likely to lead to the general adoption of tbeHerreshoff rig, and it is more than likely that Valkyrie will profit by a similar arrangement of shrouds and iron work next season.

In sail, so far as material and making goes, the advantage was manifestly with the English boat, the cotton of course is no better than that used here, hut the duck is more carefully made, and driven up harder in the making than in American mills. So much lies in the bending and using of the sails that it is a hard matter to say whether the hlame for a poor sail lies with the maker or user; in this case it is only necessary to say that Mr. Ratsey's work was as perfect as one would wish to see, while every sail bore the evidence of tender and careful manipulation in bending and working out to its best form. Vigilant's sails were well made, and of a special grade of very fine duck, but they by no means set as well in use as those of Valkyrie.

In the matter of sail area, Vigilant had some advantage in the prevailing light weather, in being over-canvassed; while Valkyrie would probably he materially improved for American racing hy more canvas, with possibly a litte more.

In the sail plans, however, as worked out by the designer, there was a marked difference, and all in favor of American practice. This difference was in the jihtopsails; in the first place, as in all American cutters, the howsprit extends heyond the cranse iron, in the case of Vigilant, just over 2ft., thus throwing the topmast stay well forward and keeping the jihtopsail well clear of the jih and mainsail, while on Valkyrie the topmast stay comes down to the cranse iron. With no pole outside the sails carried on this stay are different, the British fashion being to carry ordinarily a "No. 1 jihtopsail" extending the whole length of the stay, hut cut high in the clew, like the American "large jibtopsail." This sail was set on Valkyrie whenever the spinaker was used, as in the final race. The same sail was used on Vigilant, but only in reaching or on the wind; in a strong hreeze with spinaker set and also in reaching in moderate breezes, she relied on a "balloon-jibtopsail," improperly called hy most yacht skippers a "halloon jib," a very large sail of Irish linen, extending the whole length of the topmast stay and sheeting aft well beyond the mast.

This very useful sail was carried by Vigilant at all times save when on the wind, and for windward work in very light airs she had a special "balloon jibtopsail," considerably smaller, a sail not commonly used. Valkyrie bad indeed a sort of "balloon jibtopsail," her "spinaker jib" or "bowsprit spinaker," as the English terms go, but she used it very little, and never as Vigilant used one or the other of her "halloon jibtopsails."

When dead before the wind Vigilant had her main hoom well off, her spinaker with the sheet carried around the forestay, her jib and staysail lowered, and her halloon jibtopsail set, the wind from the spinaker being spilled into the latter sail. Valkyrie, on tbe contrary, had her boom further in, the spinaker was carried square across the deck, the balloon foresail was set, also the jib, and only the No. 1 jib topsail.

In connection with the spinaker two other points remain to be noticed, while Vigilant's spinaker hoom was just off the length allowed by the rule, Valkyrie paid for an excess of no less than 6ft. of spinaker boom, a penalty of nearly half a minute in 30 miles; a most extraordinary and unusual handicap for a designer to assume voluntarily for tbe sake of a little more speed down wind.

The difference in setting light sails, spinakers and jihtopsails, was also very great; on the British hoat they were set flying, no matter how hard the wind, while on the American tbey were as invariably set in stops and broken out. No douht on short courses there is a certain advantage in heing trained to set these sails without the delay and trouhle of stopping them up, but in anytbing more than a very light breeze the advantage is entirely on the side of the American plan; and in fact, in any weather it is the better. The actual handling on Valkyrie was far better than on Vigilant, hut there were times in the races when it would have heen an advantage in coming around a mark to have the spinaker mastheaded and hauled out before the turn was made, leaving only the hreaking of the stops when once on the new course. The disadvantage of the Englisb plan was plainly shown on the last day, the spinaker being first torn on the foot in setting it flying in the strong wind.

Apropos of this setting in stops, tbe *Yachtsman* remarks: "British skippers do not care to risk their spars hy such a sudden and tremendous jerk as the breaking out of a stopped spinaker is bound to cause." This, however, does not explain the fact that the spars never hreak under the same conditions on an American yacht, and that spinakers and balloon jibtopsails are invariahly set in this manner witbout damage to the sails or spars.

In this point of setting light sails in stops Valkyrie's crew was at a serious disadvantage, enough often to offset their unquestioned superiority in drill and quick working.

This drill and discipline of the English crew was shown in many ways, the quick handling of the spinakers, and the machine-like regularity and quickness with which the head sheets were bandled in tacking, but it was by no means the case that tbe handling on Valkyrie was uniformly better than on Vigilant. As long as everything ran properly in the accustomed routine, the English crew was tbe better, hut under adverse conditions and in emergencies it did not show up as well as the crew of Vigilant. The finest work done in the whole series of tbe races was that on board Vigilant in the run of the final race; ber mixed crew of Norwegians and "Sou'wegians" turned to witb a will and shook out a reef and packed on sail in a way that made one forget all about their slow and clumsy work a little before in setting the spinaker.

It may be assumed that after weeks of trial and careful working up, Vigilant was in very perfect form, and sailed as near to her best as any yacht does in her first season. So far as stability goes, Valkyrie probably lost nothing by the reduction of weight and hallast on this side, she was at all times a stiff boat, and even in the last race would have carried her whole mainsail easily to windward, and at no time did she show the need of the ton of lead put aboard before that race.

It is most likely, however, that the experiment of putting her in a new and very different trim at the last moment, and sailing her in the Cup races without a trial, resulted as such a venture usually does, to the yacht's disadvantage, and that, while stiff enough, she was off her fore and aft trim, and acted differently. Whatever the loss in this way may have been, it was not enough to influence appreciably the final result.

Looking now at the performance of the two yachts, that of Valkyrie in the windward work of the last race has been generally over-rated by British yachtsmen. In the first place, neither yacht was canvassed according to the weather conditions existing at the time of the start, hut on the hasis of telegraphic reports of a heavy gale coming up the heach and timed to reach Sandy Hook at noon. It may be said now that this "gale" proved far lighter off New York than was anticipated, and moreover it did not begin until the race was over, reaching its height about 10 P. M. instead of at noon. With a falling barometer and the telegraphic reports, both yachts shortened sail more than was necessary, but with different results.

Valkyrie turned in a small reef, setting her No. 2 jib, forestaysail and jibheader. This disposition of canvas was one she was accustomed to, and she balanced and handled perfectly under it; she could have carried the whole mainsail and jibbeader easily. though it is possihle that she might have gone no faster to windward. Vigilant, contrary to all American usage, followed Valkyrie's example in a certain way. She, too, turned a reef into her mainsail, hut her first reef is nearly twice as deep as Valkyrie's. Witb this serious crippling of her driving power she still carried her No. 1 jih, it heing hanked to the stay and difficult to shift. Her foresail was set and a jibheader over the reefed mainsail. The result of this morfydite reefing, which was strongly opposed by some of those in charge was that the yacht was robbed of the driving power of the big mainsail, so essential to the speed of a wide craft, and at the same time the big jih paid her bead off continually, causing her to work in a manner never seen hefore.

Had she followed the usual Americon practice of carrying whole mainsail and beadsails, without a topsail, she would have gone faster and easier, and would have been at the outer mark from three to five minutes sooner. Much has heen said about the poor working of her centerboard, but tbe loss from this item was probably very little, on and off the wind, the reduced mainsail and the very bad balance, however, was a far more serious matter.

Added to this error in canvassing came other evils as usual in its train, and Vigilant was never worse handled than in the first half of this race; she made a miserable start, and when she had made up a part of this loss by hard footing she was robbed of it all hy the serious hlunder of the first off shore tack, which placed her hack again right under Valkyrie's blanketing.

The handling of Valkyrie in this part of the race has been justly praised. she won the start by sheer skill at the stick and quickness of turning in the boat herself, and she was sailed heautifully, keeping her rival under her lee.

In stroug contrast to this, however, is the work of the two boats on the run in; the good work on Valkyrie ended when she set her spinaker, and the bungling stopped on Vigilant with the tardy hreaking out of the same sail. With her spinaker once drawing, though with two had tears in the foot, Valkyrie set her large jihtopsail and balloonforesail, still carrying the reefed mainsail and jihheader, and apparently settled down to a quiet afternoon sail home. Her crew worked briskly and skillfully in shifting spinakers later on, after the first one tore, but apart from this incident she sailed along in a leisurely, go-as-you-please fashion, making no effort to set more sail.

Vigilant, on the other hand, although the wind was steadily freshening, no sooner had her spinaker drawing than all hands were at work on tbe balloon jihtoptail, the larger one of the two, and this sail was set, after some trouble with a fouled hook, which made it necessary to send a man down the topmast stay. While this was doing, men were at work along the hoom casting off the rcef, and at the masthead and gaff end lashing up the jibheader and sending down the halliard and sheet for the second clubtopsail, which was set over the smaller sail. All of this work was difficult and dangerous, and in the rising hreeze carried with it a serious risk of losing everything; hut to all appearances the only thought on Vigilant was to win. On board Valkyrie no effort was made to prevent Vigilant from passing to windward, but she steered a straight course in, regardless of her dangerous opponent, the latter passing her easily at tbe last.

By way of excuse for the apparently slack work on Valkyrie, it is said that ber mast was sprung on the last of the windward work, and that no more sail was set because it might carry away and kill somebody. There is every reason to doubt that the mast was damaged at all, but if it were an occasion like this, the last possible chance after the work and outlay of a whole season, is one that justified almost any risk, and to racing men, in default of conclusive proof of the weakness of the mast, the excuse will seem a poor one. From what we know personally of the men on Vigilant, we feel safe in saying that had they been in charge of Valkyrie, with but 40s. to save, as events proved, and in the leading bertb, they would either have saved tbe time or have been towed in dismasted. As the wind blew toward the close of the race, the risk on Vigilant was no small one; but with larger spars and sails than Valkyrie, a mast smaller in diameter, and lighter rigging, and with whole mainsail, cluhtopsail and balloon jibtopsail set, besides the big spinaker, she was simply sailed to win—or to hreak down—regardless of all ordinary considerations of safe sailing.

To us Valkyrie's work to windward was disappointing, from the models and rigs of the two hoats, we had looked to see Vigilant's superiority lessen materially or disappear entirely under such conditions of sea and wind as prevailed in this race, and to see Valkyrie beat her decisively to windward. So far as we can see, Valkyrie was canvassed and sailed perfectly, from the start to the weather mark, while Vigilant was very hadly canvassed, poorly sailed, and possibly hindered somewhat by the derangement of her centerhoard. Under these conditions Valkyrie's gain is very much less than we looked for.

Apropos of the final race and that "sprung" mast, the *Field* of Nov. 4 speaks as follows: "With regard to the Valkyrie not having set her clubtopsail on the run home, Lord Dunraven informs us that it was not done because so much time would have heen lost in hauling down the jihheader and setting the 1,700sq. ft. topsail, and Valkyrie was rolling so much more than Vigilant that he did not like to risk sending a man out to the gaff end to lash the clew of the jihheader, and so be able to use the sheet without hauling the sail down. Tbe masthead had shown some signs of weakness, but that had nothing to do with the non-shifting of topsails." This is a rather humiliating confession, as in effect it admits that the British tar, with his heart of oak, stopped short at a joh that was done, and done well, hy good Yankee sailors born in Norway and naturalized on Gowanus mud and Krombach's heer. Working at the ends of these long spars is neither safe, easy nor pleasant, but if it is done on one boat it must he done on the other, and the failure to do it is a strong admission of the superiority of the opposing crew. While Valkyrie rolled more than Vigilant, the work on the latter was dangerous enough to involve serious risk to the men in tbe very probable event of the topmast going; but there are times in a great race where a heavier risk is justified by the circumstances, and this was apparently one of them. The setting of corresponding sails on Valkyrie, even after Vigilant had shown the way, would have changed the result of tbe race.

CURRENT COMMENTS ON THE RACES.

The opinions and criticisms evoked from both sides of the Atlantic by the recent international races would make in themselves a very respectable volume of current yachting history, but the bulk of them, both American and British, are not worth preserving, their chief characteristics being strong national prejudice mingled with an extensive ignorance of everything pertaining to the origin of the America's Cup, the early races and the details of the arrangement and actual sailing of the present contest. As typical of this class we may mention a correspondent of *The Yachtsman*, who asks a number of questions concerning the origin of the Cup; and on this side a correspondent of the *Marine Journal* who, ignoring the fact that it is all but a physical impossibility for a challenger from across the ocean to win from the picked one of four defending yachts, demands a return to the conditions of the first race, compelling the challenger to sail against an unlimited fleet. It is probable that very few of these comments come under the eyes of our readers, and we herewith present some of the more important ones. *The Yachtsman* sums up the whole matter as follows:

We still adhere to our belief that an extra spread of 1,000sq. ft. of sail without any alteration in hull dimensions, would not have sufficed to put Valkyrie on an equality with Vigilant, but this is a mere matter of opinion, and the main point is, as has been pointed out, that our champion yacht, although the best that could be chosen from the fleet of our large class racers, was outsailed because she was *outbuilt*.

"Now, we fancy that even patriotic experts on the other side of the Atlantic, will hardly interpret this phrase as indicating that Mr. Herreshoff has conclusively established his superiority over Mr. Watson in the art of yacht designing—this is not the sense in which we understand the verb 'to outbuild;' and it is an everyday phrase in British yachting circles.

"There have been innumerable instances in which inferior designers have turned out a craft which has beaten the efforts of the best yacht architects, simply by adopting the extreme dimensions at their disposal, and signal proof has often been afforded of the inferiority of these designs in the defeat of such boats in a succeeding year by yachts of smaller dimensions, but designed with consummate skill. We could point to very many such instances under the 1730 rule, and this is the sense in which we understand the word 'outbuild.'

"It must not be supposed, however, that we seek to disparage Mr. Herreshoff. None but a vessel of superlative quality could have sailed as Vigilant did during the last International races, and her designer's reputation is too well established to suffer from an ungenerous and untruthful attack as such an intention would cause the foregoing lines to become. We merely intend to emphasize 'Thalassa's' argument, that the extra beam and sail spread of Vigilant, went a very long way toward her victory over Valkyrie. Some journals are in the habit of calling Vigilant the 'more powerful' vessel, and by this, we presume, a reference is intended to her greater beam; for, so far as we can learn, she is the reverse of 'powerful,' and to our thinking, Mr. Watson would find it an easy task to beat Valkyrie *thoroughly* with a vessel of Vigilant's beam and sail spread.

"But the fact is simply this, that the ideas of our designers are more cramped than those of our enterprising cousins, and if we may ever hope to see the old Cup back in these waters, the challenger must be prepared to build a craft of proportions so extreme that no advance can be made on them during the period of Yankee incubation.

"We have referred in another place to Satanita as an illustration of a misdirected effort (from an International point of view) to out-Herod Herod. She has been a successful yacht this season in the waters for which she was built, but, as Mr. Leslie reminds us, the climatic conditions of Sandy Hook are widely different from those of the Solent and the Clyde, and such a boat as Satanita would be the very worst to choose as a challenger for the Cup.

"When we first published the news of Lord Dunraven's challenge and that of Mr. Carroll, we predicted both Navahoe's and Valkyrie's failure in their respective enterprises, although we confess that the former made such a very much worse display than we had anticipated that our hopes were somewhat raised as regards Valkyrie. In both cases the primary odds were fearfully against the challenger—as they will always be, until the challenger sees his way to build for one object only, leaving all other considerations in the background or until some such International arrangement as Thalassa suggests becomes an accomplished fact. The latter alternative, although by far the more desirable, will, we fear, be difficult of realization, for the America Cup has become of transcendent importance among International trophies; and although our American cousins have now shown themselves willing to take up the glove on terms as fair as in any preceding cases, yet it is perhaps too much to expect of them to grant an abandonment of what may be called their historic advantages, for it must be remembered that these have been embodied in the conditions governing races for the Victoria Cup.

"It would go far to achieve a greater degree of equality between the two countries if a uniform rule of measurement could be arranged. This is an old idea, of course, but it may be none the worse for that. Although this in itself would not by any means obviate all the difficulties of a challenger on either side, it might prove to be a boon to both countries, for it is quite possible that under the existing *régime*, a challenger fit to cross the ocean may become an actual impossibility, and this would be avoided by a common rating rule that is more sensible nature than that now existing in either country, while at the same time it would certainly tend to put new life into the classes less dignified than that of 'cup challengers' and 'cup defenders.'

"That our present rating rule is not the best that could be devised for cultivating the microbe of a successful challenger, must be patent to anyone who remembers the extinct length classes of Southampton Water. We are no great admirers of the type of boat evolved by that system of measurement, but we have not the slightest doubt that, had this primitive rule of mere load-line length been adopted instead of the present bastard scheme, our 85-footers of to-day would have been fit to cope with any sailing thing afloat. These same Southampton 'footers' are now of historical interest. They were brought to great perfection long before the era of the Genesta—Puritan races, and, that being so, they form a conclusive argument in favor of the Britisher when the question is raised as to which of the two countries, England or America, has taught the other the more in the matter of yacht designing. Prior to the Genesta challenge, the almost unballasted beamy skimming-dish, fitted with a centerboard, was the pride and joy of American yachtsmen. But it was not a skimming-dish that met Genesta, although one was fruitlessly built for this purpose. Puritan was a combination of the keel boat and the beamy centerboard. The keel boat attributes were, however, lost sight of in the crow of self-gratulation with which Uncle Sam announced his triumph. Then, when the Galatea matches were sailed, the defender, Mayflower, was endowed even to a greater extent with the features of the keel boat, and Uncle Sam crowed louder than ever over the virtues of his British invented centerboard. But the climax was reached when Volunteer—a still further advance in the keel direction—defeated Thistle. This time there could be no question about it, the American type was invincible—at least that is what the American press would have had us believe. But the new deed told another tale from experts in yacht racing—as then understood by the New York Y C.

"Now all this time we had a local class of some importance at Southampton. That it was of 'some importance' may be gathered from the fact that many owners were willing to support it at an expenditure of considerably over £600 for the mere building of a 30ft. boat. These yachts were generally (in the Genesta period) of about three beams to length—or fully as broad as any of the then Yankee centerboard cracks of the same length—and they were deep keel boats, with a very hollow midship section. How, then, did our cousins teach us the value of beam?

"Does not the blame for such a boat being even possible, lie with the Yacht Racing Association in sticking to a rule which, as the Southampton classes proved under their very eyes, did not and could not, produce what they have lately stated to be the object of their doubtful ambition—the 'fastest' yacht? We have not yet learned the full value of the centerboard, although we have invented it, even in view of Valkyrie's defeat; but this is hardly to be wondered at when one calls to mind the experience gained in our waters through Queen Mab, not to speak of Iverna and many other British centerboard boats, and also through the record of Navaboe. But we had learned the value of beam long before the time when Uncle Sam claims to have taught us our lesson. On the other hand, the Vigilant of to-day far more closely approximates to the Southampton 30 footer of '84 than to her boasted Yankee prototype of the same date. Her ancestry is not doubtful—it is British."

In the same number the *Yachtsman* suggests the desirability of square courses and no time limit, but offers no better reason for either than that it would remove all possible grounds for the criticism that Vigilant, though fast enough at home, could not win over British regatta courses. What a foreign yacht can do over had local courses is a matter of no importance whatever. No one thinks the worse of Genesta because she was beaten by Puritan over the inside course, and it will be a long day before the courses for a Cup contest will be arranged after those which, through local conditions, some of the British clubs are compelled to race over. Apart from the prevalent light winds on our coast, no better or fairer courses are to be found anywhere than off Marblehead or outside Sandy Hook, or even off Newport. This same cry for four-sided courses was heard from the Clyde after the defeat of Thistle, and was as absurd then as it is now. The day has fortunately gone by when important international matches are decided over local courses, and no time record over such courses can stand alongside of an actual trial on the open sea, as in the present races.

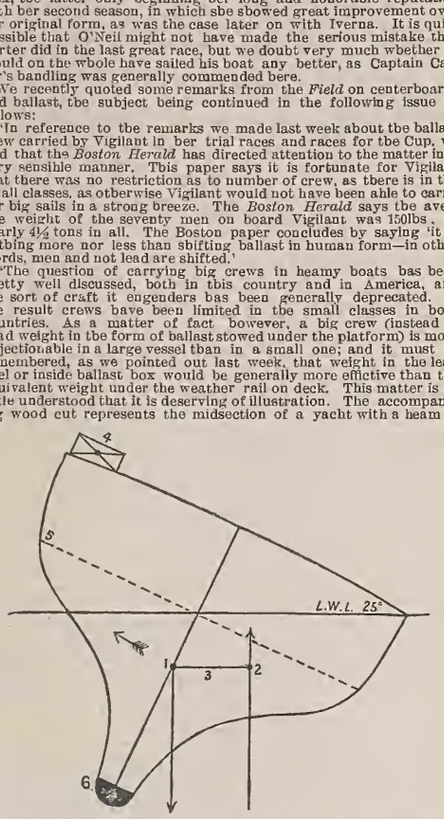
The *Yachtsman*, however, continues as follows: "Our opinion is that Vigilant would have proved the crack of this season (notwithstanding the fleet she would have been required to meet) had she been built only for racing in these waters. She likes smooth water, and she would get it, in most instances, throughout a British season. The moral of her success seems to point to the fact that *in the large class* our designers have regarded excessive sail spread with too much dread, and that Mr. Soper, in designing another Satanita, should rely on enormous initial power and a corresponding area of sail, rather than upon, as in the smaller classes, great length of loadline and small sails."

In discussing the previous races *The Yachtsman* makes the statement that it was generally admitted in America that had Irex challenged in place of Genesta, she would certainly have taken the Cup home. This will be news to Americans, as it has never been considered at all possible here that Irex would have fared materially better than Genesta. Trusting only to memory, and without looking up the records, we are strongly of the impression that at the end of 1884 Genesta had won as much prize money and was considered quite as fast a boat as Irex, the latter only beginning her long and honorable reputation with her second season, in which she showed great improvement over her original form, as was the case later on with Iverna. It is quite possible that O'Neil might not have made the serious mistake that Carter did in the last great race, but we doubt very much whether he would on the whole have sailed his boat any better, as Captain Carter's handling was generally commended here.

We recently quoted some remarks from the *Field* on centerboards and ballast, the subject being continued in the following issue as follows:

"In reference to the remarks we made last week about the ballast crew carried by Vigilant in her trial races and races for the Cup, we find that the *Boston Herald* has directed attention to the matter in a very sensible manner. This paper says it is fortunate for Vigilant that there was no restriction as to number of crew, as there is in the small classes, as otherwise Vigilant would not have been able to carry her big sails in a strong breeze. The *Boston Herald* says the average weight of the seventy men on board Vigilant was 150lbs., or nearly 4½ tons in all. The Boston paper concludes by saying 'it is nothing more nor less than shifting ballast in human form—in other words, men and not lead are shifted.'

"The question of carrying big crews in heamy boats has been pretty well discussed, both in this country and in America, and the sort of craft it engenders has been generally deprecated. In the result crews have been limited in the small classes in both countries. As a matter of fact however, a big crew (instead of dead weight in the form of ballast stowed under the platform) is more objectionable in a large vessel than in a small one; and it must be remembered, as we pointed out last week, that weight in the lead keel or inside ballast box would be generally more effective than the equivalent weight under the weather rail on deck. This matter is so little understood that it is deserving of illustration. The accompanying wood cut represents the midsection of a yacht with a beam of



23ft., and draft of water 14ft. The figure 1 represents the general center of gravity of the weight of the vessel and everything on board her; and 2 represents the center of buoyancy when the yacht is heeled to 25°. The length of the righting arm is represented by 3, the resultant of the weight of water displaced acting upward through 2, and the weight of the yacht acting downward through 1; the weight of the water is exactly equal to the weight of the yacht.

"If a weight be placed on deck at 4 it will raise the center of gravity (1) determined by the equation

$$\frac{W \times F}{D}$$

where W is the weight on deck in tons, F the height the weight is in feet above the center of gravity (1), and D the weight of the yacht in tons. Say the weight equals that of thirty men, or 2 tons (thirty men are chosen to represent the ballast men Vigilant carried in her races over and above the forty men required to work her). It will be presumed the average height these thirty men are located above the center of gravity is 10ft.; when the yacht is in the upright position they would raise the center of gravity (if the weight of the yacht equalled 150 tons)

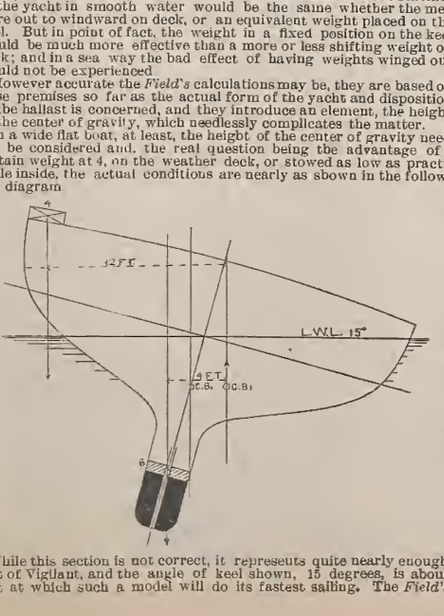
$$\frac{2 \times 10}{150} = 0.13\text{ft.}$$

A study of the figure will show that, if the center of gravity (1) is raised, the righting arm (3) will be shortened (by sine of angle) 0.052ft., and so the righting power would be decreased.

"But the weight (4) is placed, say, 10ft. out horizontally from (1) measured when the yacht is in the upright position, then (by the same equation) (1) would be shifted horizontally in the direction of the small arrow, and the rigbting arm (3) would be lengthened 0.13ft., or double the decrease due to placing the weight (4) so much above (1). Thus there would be still a gain of 0.052ft. in length of rigbting lever, or stiffness, by having the thirty extra men on deck; there would be a still greater gain if they were below in, say, the position (5). Next, suppose that, instead of having the thirty extra men on deck, an equivalent weight of lead (2 tons) is placed on the keel at (6) 11ft. below the center of gravity (1), then by the equation already cited, the center of gravity would be lowered 0.15ft., and the righting arm (3) would be lengthened 0.06ft. Thus the effect on the stability of the yacht in smooth water would be the same whether the men were out to windward on deck, or an equivalent weight placed on the keel. But in point of fact, the weight in a fixed position on the keel would be much more effective than a more or less shifting weight on deck; and in a sea way the bad effect of having weights winged out would not be experienced.

However accurate the *Field's* calculations may be, they are based on false premises so far as the actual form of the yacht and disposition of the ballast is concerned, and they introduce an element, the height of the center of gravity, which needlessly complicates the matter.

In a wide flat boat, at least, the height of the center of gravity need not be considered and, the real question being the advantage of a certain weight at 4, on the weather deck, or stowed as low as practicable inside, the actual conditions are nearly as shown in the following diagram



While this section is not correct, it represents quite nearly enough that of Vigilant, and the angle of keel shown, 15 degrees, is about that at which such a model will do its fastest sailing. The *Field's* diagram is not intended to be correct, but the advantages of live ballast depend so much on the type of boat that we have, in the second diagram, attempted to represent as closely as is possible the true section of Vigilant, the position of her lead, the amount of freeboard and the angle at which she is at her best. The lead keel if shown by the solid black, the center of buoyancy in the upright and inclined positions is indicated approximately, the weight of the crew on deck is shown at 4, and that of the same weight of lead stowed as low as possible by the shaded section at 6.

In its first position, at 4, this weight is at a distance of about 12ft. from C. B. 1, while in the position 6 it is about 4ft., its rigbting power being measured in the one case by the lever arm 12 and in the other by the arm 4, or a gain of 3 to 1.

The *Field* assumes that if this weight were not carried at 4 in the shape of crew it would be carried below the present keel in the shape of more lead; but it would be much nearer the case to assume that the designer, after selecting the extreme limit of draft possible, had still provided for his crew weight on deck, and that if denied this privilege he would be compelled to put the same weight in lead at 6 in the second diagram, on top of the existing lead keel, rather than at 6 in the first figure, below the same keel. A study of the second diagram will show that, apart from measurement of waterline and the shifting of the crew in any desirable direction, the gain through the weight of the extra crew at 4 is most important in a boat of Vigilant's section, and to it must be added the weight of the normal crew, 2½ tons more, acting on the same long lever arm.

Passing to the matter of sail area the *Field* says:

"In a clever article on the America Cup races, the *Shipping Gazette* intimates that neither the New York nor the Y. R. A. rating and time allowances sufficiently value sail spread. There is no doubt some truth in this, but under such limited conditions that it is scarcely a matter which can be adjusted without creating worse anomalies. The Vigilant has, in round numbers. 1500 sq. ft. more canvas than Valkyrie, and, according to the accepted formula, if Valkyrie's speed equalled 12 knots Vigilant's should be 12.5 knots, and the allowance on a course of thirty miles would be six minutes. But it is seldom that the conditions for 'full speed' exist, and the Y. R. A. adopted 0.45 of the full speed allowance only, the following being found by a special formula. The New York formula is somewhat different, and .5 of the full speed allowance is used. It can be supposed that the Americans discovered in the same way we did that the average time one yacht can allow another is only about half what the extreme limit would be. In considering this subject of excessive sail, the cases of vessels being under-canvassed must not be overlooked. Satanita is an example of this class of vessel, and, while small sails are in some ways to be commended, there is no doubt if a rule were framed to promote such an end, that a very undesirable type of hull would be at the same time promoted. But, leaving the rating rule out of the question, there has been evidence this season that the scale of allowances between large and small vessels is inadequate. That is to say, the 'curve' apportioning the allowances is too flat, say between 40-rating and 150-rating. This, of course, could be easily remedied by altering the scale; but it would be rash to do it on the evidence of one season's racing only."

The following, also from the *Field*, was written, we believe, by Mr. Hanay Hoe, who came over specially to report the races. What he says about the over-confidence of Valkyrie's crew is quite correct, and it is quite possible that the good showing of the yacht in the first attempt at a race was a positive hurt to her afterward. The *Field's* comments on the moral effect of racing on the wrong side of the pond among a strange fleet, are quite in harmony with our own views:

"It seems hard to have to say now for the fourth time that the crew of the English boat has become demoralized after a race or two, yet this is the case. It seems that the crew came over here too confident, and consequently are easily cast down. The circumstances and conditions have much to do with this state of affairs, as ocean sailing among a lot of steamers is very different to racing in the Thames, Clyde, or even at Plymouth. This fact must be recognized by any one wanting to win the America Cup, and it seems clear that any yacht coming out with the intention of winning this Cup should come early in the year and get used to the conditions of the case, and practice ocean sailing rather than over Isle of Wight and Torbay courses. It is the old story; the boats of the place, be it England, Ireland, America, or the Fiji Islands, are the most suitable to the place. Hence to beat them in their own waters you must accommodate yourself to the circumstances, and not think that by mere pretty work, such as starting first, tacking in no time at all, etc., you can win. No, no. That is not the game, but rather to go over the course at a reasonable speed and keep going right along; no pretty work is needed to do this. Not that this should be put down as the primary reason for defeat, but rather as one of them, since nothing demoralizes a crew more than to get a good start and then lose it. True, all the last four challengers have tried to look the same wind as the defenders. This was wrong, as the defenders in each case were heamier, hence probably closer winded. Again, one and all of the challengers have added to their sail plan for these waters, and most of them have found their trim altered for this reason, and have found the boats hard to steer in a fresh wind; this was particularly noticeable in the case of Genesta. On the last day, in a fresh wind, her helm was across her all the time; and one hears the same yarn about Valkyrie; but these are trifles; the whole question must simmer down to one of power, *i. e.*, driving power, and, plainly put, it is sheer nonsense to expect one boat to give another 10 or 14 per cent. in sail area, *i. e.*, driving power, and expect to win. This, after all, is what we have been doing for the past eight years, always, no doubt, expecting that the Yankee boat could not carry her sail; but having been wrong now four times in eight years, it seems that the time has come now when we should give in and try to equal our good friends in power to drive a given hull, etc., through the water.

"When the time allowance which Vigilant had to allow Valkyrie was declared in the New York Yacht Club the writer had the honor to be near that true and clever yachtsman, Gen. Paine, and heard him say that he would rather have the cloth (*i. e.*, 1,000 sq. ft.) than the time allowance. These few words cover it all, and show the cause of our continuous defeat, namely, our want of driving power. To put it plainly, what would the world think of a man with a steam yacht of 85ft. l.w.l., capable of developing 1,000 I. H. P., challenging another yacht of, say, 85ft. 6in. l.w.l., with 1,100, for a 30-mile race, and giving him 12Ss. time allowance? Surely the most appropriate term other than crank would come from an English rather than an American dictionary.

The last race for the Cup was indeed a surprise to many, as the majority believed that Vigilant would beat Valkyrie badly in a fresh breeze, and were surprised to find Valkyrie leading them by 1m. 55s. at the outer mark, while, on the other hand, the Valkyrie party expected that in such weather their vessel would beat Vigilant easily to windward. Both boats were perfectly handled, and a better race could hardly have been sailed. Vigilant's speed down wind was something to talk about afterward. The result of these races proves conclusively that if we want to win the Cup we must give up our foolish idea of expecting to do it with a boat of 10 per cent. less sail area, and therefore with far less power, and no doubt it would be better if the next challenger were to arrange it so that the sail area should not exceed a certain amount by 1 per cent., as in the case of the l.w.l. It was unfortunate that Valkyrie lost her two spinakers, as, but for this accident, she would certainly have won this race; but, as she would surely have lost the next triangular one, there was not so very much cause for regret, the general opinion of everybody being that in a hard reaching wind Vigilant would beat Valkyrie very badly. It was very evident that the races took place far too late in the year, and it is more than likely that they will never be sailed so late again.

"Valkyrie shipped a couple of tons of lead the day before the race, which reduced the time allowance she had to receive from Vigilant from 1m. 48s. to 1m. 33s., the reason for putting in this lead being that the vessel was not steering well, it being evident that in stripping out all her cabin fittings they had lifted her stern, and consequently she was by the head. It seems a great pity she was not sailed at exactly the same l.w.l. as the one on which she won her best races in England."

The question of the inequality of sail area, and in fact of size in general, between the challenger and defender has been discussed at length by Lieut.-Col. J. T. Bucknill ("Thalassa") in several publications; but the true gist of the matter comes down to this, that the privilege of outbuilding is one of the chief prerogatives of the defender, and one that in all probability he will be loath to resign. As long as it exists, the only one to blame for the inequality in size or sail area, in other words a deficiency of power on the part of the challenger, is the designer of that vessel. It rests with him to select his elements and dimensions for the home or foreign racing, or both; but if he would win the Cup, he must keep to the latter alone. Certainly Valkyrie comes nearer to the American ideal than any previous challenger; in fact she carried more sail than Volunteer, but Mr. Watson could not possibly know how much his opponents were prepared to outbuild him as soon as they knew his approximate power.

We fully agree with Col. Bucknill that the contest would be far fairer if the two parties were bound by the same limit of sail area or sailing length, and we can see nothing unfair in it; in fact, we are of the opinion that some reasonable limitation on sail or size would be of advantage all round, to the defender as much as the challenger, in inducing a more moderate and less costly type of yacht. In our opinion a return to the 70ft. class for Cup racing would be of the greatest advantage to the defender and it would be still better if some limit, however large, were placed on the sailing length as well.

"Spinaker," the Clyde correspondent of the Boston *Globe*, is, as usual, at sea over the centerboard, and with amusing results. In one letter he writes: "What Vigilant has again proven is that a centerboard means everything on certain points of sailing, and in a certain weight of wind." Three days after, just after the final race, he writes: "Friday's race has at least proven one fact, that the latest design in

British keel boats is more than a match for the latest American design in centerboards in anything like a good breeze of wind and a head sea; and this confirms the Clyde opinion, that the centerboard is a holiday toy, not good enough to face a race across the Atlantic, with its varied checks of wind." We are not much surprised at these opinions of our Clyde friend, but we are at the accompanying editorial opinions in the *Globe*, that: "The one thing which stands out the most prominently after the winning of the Cup is, perhaps, the triumph of the centerboard type over the keel. The improved American centerboard has again beaten not only the improved British keel but also what was supposed to be the best American keel which could be turned out." This opinion, however, is in a great measure contradicted by the remainder of the same article, which goes on to point out the radical differences in other important points between Vigilant and Valkyrie, leaving the impression on the mind of the reader that perhaps the centerboard had really little to do with the result after all.

"Spinaker" has been on this side and should be well posted in Cup matters, but he falls into the error of stating that the New York Y. C. has laid down an ultimatum that a challenger should establish a record at home before crossing the Atlantic. No such condition exists, either within or without the deed of gift.

Crossing to this side, the *Intelligencer*, of Belleville, Ont., has always devoted much attention to international racing since the days of the Atalanta challenge; and, as it proves, is possessed of an inconveniently long memory. In an editorial on the races it handles in a vigorous manner the question of Vigilant's relationship to the American centerboard sloop, quoting liberally from the old sloop advocates as to what really constitutes a sloop, and showing how far Vigilant is from the qualifications once universally accepted.

A writer over the *nom de plume* of "Pioneer," in the San Francisco *Field Sports*, discusses the two yachts very fairly, and though evidently an American, touches on the same question of the type and origin of Vigilant, as follows: "The victories have been American largely through our natural aptitude for new ideas; the main evidence of conservatism being the continued use of an almost eliminated little centerboard in a deep vessel of another type. We said some years ago that boards were better than keels, and light draft with inside ballast only, better than deep vessels with outside weight. We have taken the transatlantic rig bodily, also their depth and manner of carrying ballast; then why not honestly say we are sailing deep cutters and beat John Bull at his own hobby? Is it not more to our credit to build faster models and sail them better, than to shout eternally about the centerboard doing it all, making believe that we are sticking to skimming dishes with inside ballast?"

The *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* comments on the races as follows: "There has been a prolific crop of excuses for our defeat and numerous utterances from people who find it easy to be wise after the event. Attention has been drawn to the circumstances of Valkyrie being lightened until her l.w.l. was shortened 15in. just prior to sailing, and it is surmised that she did not sail in America up to the form she showed in her races at home. It is also noticed that Vigilant carried a lot of live ballast by having about twenty men on board that would not be required to work the ship, and there may well be something in both of these items that has contributed to bring about our defeat. The ballast taken out would probably have been useful in the second race, but not sufficient to have turned the loss into a win. In the last race it would no doubt have been of considerable advantage, and perhaps turned the scale in spite of accident. The live ballast in a beamy boat like Vigilant would count for something, it may be more than can be gauged; and we think it would be better in future races if the crews were limited, as there is no telling how far this feature can be carried with success, even in large yachts; and that the dependence, even to a small degree, on live ballast is objectionable, no yachtsman who wishes well to the sport will be inclined to deny. Valkyrie was, however, designed and built—talent and money made their effort in her—to win the America Cup, and the combination has failed. For our part we expected it would, it is a big special task, and if ever the Cup is to be won all conventionality must be set aside. The challenger must be designed, not for our waters, courses and our breezes, but those of America. It must be remembered that the time allowance is small, and consequently is not a prime factor in arranging for success; that under these conditions and the conditions of American breezes and waters, that the limiting of the l.w.l. makes it practically a length class race, and therefore that the most powerful boat of the length is sure to win. In smooth water and long heaves of sea, beam gives more power than depth of body, and whether the great beam pays over here or not, it will pay over there." We could continue these quotations indefinitely, but enough are given to show the general drift of opinion, at least on the part of the yachting press.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

INAUGURAL MEETING—NEW YORK, NOV. 17, 1893.

THE present year has been a most eventful one in this country, and occurrences that would ordinarily have attracted wide notice have been almost lost sight of in the bustle and excitement of the great Chicago jubilee. Many events of seemingly great importance just now are destined to be forgotton before they have been long relegated to the domain of history; while others that may seem small and insignificant beside the vast pageants and imposing ceremonies of the Columbian year, are destined to assume an added importance as they glide further and further into the past. To this latter class belongs the organization of the new Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers of the United States, which, as has already been told in the FOREST AND STREAM, was called into existence early this year, and which, within the present week, has celebrated its inaugural meeting in New York.

When we consider the vast interests which must be favorably affected by the successful carrying out of the new scheme, and of the work long since accomplished in the same direction by similar societies of other nations, notably Great Britain, it is a matter of wonder that the formation of such a society has been so long deferred in the United States. It would profit little now to discuss the causes of such inaction, as it is evident that they no longer exist, but on the contrary have been superseded by others which have resulted in the very successful inauguration of a body which promises to be permanent, and to have a most powerful influence on the progress of naval design at home and abroad.

The work of the society this year has gone no further than the preliminary organization and the announcement of its aims, but the roll up to the date of the meeting included 265 members and 170 associates. The meeting was called for Nov. 16-17, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers very courteously placed its club house at the disposal of the sister organization, and the meetings were held in the roomy and well-appointed lecture room. After a meeting of the council the general meeting was opened by the president, Clement A. Griscom, of Philadelphia, the president of the International Navigation Co., in the following address:

Gentlemen—You have conferred upon me the honorable duty of calling together the first general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers of the United States. While I am very grateful for this distinction, I do not accept the honor as a personal tribute, but rather as your recognition of the important interests over which I preside, and which are so intimately connected with your art.

The organization of this Society at this time and under the inspiration of such names as William H. Webb, Charles H. Cramp, George E. Weed, H. Taylor Gause, William T. Sampson, Horace See, Frank T. Fernald, Francis T. Bowles, Washington L. Capps, Edwin D. Morgan, George W. Quintard, Harrington Putnam and Jacob W. Miller, is significant of the lively interest which the busy people of this country are at last taking in the international struggle for marine supremacy.

Your articles of incorporation state that the particular object of this Society is the promotion of practical and scientific knowledge in the arts of shipbuilding and marine engineering and the allied professions, and this object is to be furthered by meetings for social intercourse among members, at which shall be read and discussed professional papers on appropriate topics, the knowledge thus obtained to be circulated by publication.

That the need of such a society as this was recognized by the naval architects and marine engineers of our country is strikingly exhibited by the immediate response to the call for members by a roll of 265 applicants duly qualified by professional standing, which roll of members includes, I can certainly say, most of the distinguished men of the profession in this country, and the appreciation of the need for this society was quite as remarkably shown by the application of 170 gentlemen to become associate members, who, although not professionally qualified as naval architects or marine engineers, are qualified by profession, occupation or scientific attainment to discuss the qualities of a ship and her propelling machinery, and this list includes experienced ship owners, gallant yachtsmen, scientific experts of kindred professions, and men interested in the development of our national and commercial navy. You are, therefore, to be congratulated that your society has been so successfully and happily inaugurated.

Societies similar to yours exist in Great Britain, in France and in other European countries, and it is admitted that their influence upon the development of the art has been invaluable. As long ago as January, 1860, eighteen distinguished naval architects and marine engineers, and otherwise scientific men, met at the hall of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, in London, and established the British Institutions of Naval Architects. These eighteen men were all distinguished and included, among others, the Reverend Joseph Woolley, Principal of the School of Mathematics and Naval Construction, Portsmouth; John Scott Russell, John Penn, John Grantham, Natbaniel Barnaby and E. J. Reed. The first meeting of this institution was held March 1, 1860, with Sir John Somerset Packington president; and surely you will all sustain me in the expression that to the knowledge disseminated by the deliberations and discussions of that society, widely promulgated during the thirty-three years of its existence, Great Britain owes much of the development of her commercial and naval power.

There can be no doubt that such a society as yours, so firmly established by your distinguished membership, should exercise a valuable influence on the future of our Navy and of our commercial marine.

Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, late chief constructor of the British Navy, and one of the organizers of the British Institution of Naval Architects, remarked in my presence a year or two ago that no nation could maintain an efficient navy without a prosperous commercial marine to support it. This is a truism from a distinguished and observant man, and when I found the rolls of this society, even now in its infancy containing the names of distinguished naval officers, naval architects and naval engineers, who have chiefly devoted themselve to the development of our merchant marine, I was reminded of Sir Nathaniel Barnaby's remark, and congratulated myself, as an American, that at last there had arisen in this country a public sentiment that is organizing to improve and to develop the art of shipbuilding, and it struck me also as significant that this society was called into existence almost with the construction of our new national navy, showing that the appropriation by Congress for a series of cruisers and battle ships not alone adds power and influence to our national flag, but stimulates throughout the land an interest in maritime affairs, without which no nation can be truly great, and has already created a public sentiment anxious to support and encourage the development of our mercantile marine.

In our country, where the national policy is to maintain no large standing army, and only a moderate navy, a Naval Reserve merchant fleet, quietly and usefully employed in the peaceful pursuit of commerce, is as necessary as are the millions of well-trained and self-supporting State militia, slumbering on their arms, unseen and industriously employed, to the support of the regular army.

It is a constant source of proper national congratulation that it is not necessary that the power and strength of our nation should be represented by its regularly maintained army and navy, but the assurance of our national safety, from foreign and domestic foe is in the reserve power of the people, ready and able and willing to respond to a national call.

Our splendid State militia is recognized as the source from which our national army would be instantly strengthened in time of war, but the nation seems to have overlooked the fact that our navy should have a similar reserve strength. The national sentiment which is now producing a new navy cannot overlook the axiom that a navy cannot be sustained successfully without a merchant marine to sustain it.

The inauguration of your society, therefore, seems to have occurred at a fruitful moment, when our new navy is well under way, meeting with a popular response; and when there is also shortly to be realized an important addition to your merchant marine and naval reserve strength. And your first general meeting occurs at a time in our naval and commercial history when its discussions are sure to have a great influence on the future of the arts which represent the building and running of ships, both naval and commercial.

I shall not detain you with a history of the decline of our foreign commerce nor with the history of shipbuilding in this country. As long as your yards were supported by orders from our merchants, your skill occupied no mean place in international competition. Circumstances forced the merchant of the last generation to abandon ship owning in foreign trades, but, being educated to transportation, his son, with the energy of the father, largely became the builder and operator and owner of the railroads of this generation.

The ship owner in foreign trade nearly passed away, the practice of the art in that field slumbered, but that the art of shipbuilding had not expired with you is shown in the magnificent types designed and constructed for the trade of our coast, our Lakes and our inland waters, and perhaps nothing is more significant than the fact that you are always able, when necessary, to build a better naval cruiser than the last, and a better yacht to defend the America Cup.

As I am one who believes the Cup is here to stay, so do I believe that with a demand for commercial vessels, your architects and engineers and mechanics will show that the skill still remains with you, not only to cope successfully with the highest talent of any country, but also to keep in advance. Gentlemen, the future influence of this society—on the art of shipbuilding and on the laws which affect the safety of life and property at sea—is in your hands.

The first paper was on the subject of "The Evolution of the Atlantic Greyhound," by Charles H. Cramp, Esq., President Wm. Cramp & Sons' Ship and Engine Building Co., Philadelphia, Pa., read by Sec'y-Treas. Capps, Mr. Cramp being present, but unable to read it himself. The second paper was on the "Determination of the Approximate Dimensions of a Vessel to Fulfill a given Programme or Requirements," by Joseph J. Woodward, Naval Constructor, U. S. N. Following this was a paper on "United States Treasury Rules for the Inspection of Machinery and Boilers," by James T. Boyd, Esq., General Manager, George F. Blake Manufacturing Co. After a recess for lunch, the afternoon session was opened with a paper on the "Production in the United States of Heavy Steel Engine, Gun and Armor Forgings," by Russell W. Davenport, Esq., Vice-President Bethlehem Iron Co., South Bethlehem, Pa. The final paper of the first day was on "Coal Bunkers and Coaling Ships," by Albert P. Niblack, Lieutenant U. S. Navy. During the day a nominating committee was appointed and an election of permanent officers held, resulting as follows: Clement A. Griscom, President; Chief Constructor Theodore D. Wilson, U. S. N., First Vice-President; Charles H. Cramp, Chief Engineer George W. Melville, U. S. N.; George W. Quintard, Irving M. Scott, Francis A Walker and William H. Webb, Vice-Presidents, and Assistant Naval Constructor Washington L. Capps, U. S. N., Sec'y-Treas.

In the evening, over 80 members met at the Brunswick, the dinner being followed by speeches.

The second day's proceedings opened with the reading of a paper on "Steel Ships of the United States Navy," by Theodore D. Wilson, ex-Chief Constructor, U. S. N. In the absence of George W. Melville, Engineer-in-Chief U. S. Navy; his paper entitled "Notes on the Machinery of the New Vessels of the United States Navy," was read by Secty-Treas. Capps. The next paper read by the author was on the "Comparative Performances of American and Foreign Freighting Ships—Our Superiority," by Wm. W. Bates, Esq., late Commissioner of Navigation, Treasury Department.

During the afternoon session three papers were read: "Some Thoughts on the Design of New York Ferryboats," by Col. Edwin A. Stevens, Pres. of the Hoboken Ferry Co.; "On the Law of Frictional Resistance," by Prof. W. F. Durant, of Cornell University, and on "The Steam Yacht as a Naval Auxiliary in Time of War," by Wm. Gardner, Esq. Owing to lack of time, the following papers were read by title only: "The Wetted Surface of Ships," by David W. Taylor, Naval Constructor, U. S. N. "The Influence of Speed and Weight of Machinery on the Determination of the Other Elements of the Design of Steam Vessels," by John J. O'Neill, Esq., Naval Architect and Marine Engineer. "The Development of Shipbuilding on the Great Lakes," by J. F. Pankhurst, Esq., Vice-President and General Manager Globe Iron Works, Cleveland, Ohio.

We are unable, owing to lack of space, to give even an abstract of the various papers and discussions, but the proceedings on both days were interesting in the extreme. Both papers and discussions will be published later on. The meeting finally closed with expressions of thanks to Lieut. F. I. Bowles, to whom the Society owes its first inception, and to Pres. Griscom and Sec'y-Treas. Capps, who have each contributed largely to the success of the first meeting.

Southern Y. C.

NEW ORLEANS, NOV. 5.

QUITE a crowd of people witnessed the race on Nov. 5 between the sloops Nepenthe, 50 6ft., and Montauk, 43.4ft. of the Southern Y. C. For quite a while there has existed a friendly rivalry between the two boats, and it was decided to arrange a race, so that the question of superiority be settled.

The breeze had been very light during the forenoon, almost from due north. At about 1:30 P. M. the wind shifted a little to the west, then began to freshen, and when the starting gun was fired it was blowing about 10 miles an hour.

The race was run over a triangular 15 mile course and under the rules of the Southern Y. C.

Nepenthe, owned by C. P. Richardson, was sailed by Capt. Young. Montauk, owned by Peter Labouise, was sailed by Commodore Dennis Ansiel, of Pass Christian, Miss.

The signal gun was fired at 2 o'clock P. M.; at 2:01:50 Montauk crossed the line and Nepenthe followed about 1¼ minutes later. The course to the first stake was a dead beat to windward, both boats were handled beautifully, but Nepenthe after turning the stake showed her wonderful speed and finished the first circuit with enough time ahead to win the race. By this time the wind had increased in velocity to 17 miles an hour, which exactly suited Nepenthe and forced Montauk to haul down her topsail.

The full times were:

	Start.	1st round.	2d round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nepenthe	2 03 10	3 00 02	3 52 50	4 41 55	2 38 45	2 38 45
Montauk	2 01 50	3 07 35	4 30 20	5 06 06	2 54 16	2 59 22

ANODRAC.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Wm. J. Leatt, Philadelphia, Pa.; Stephen Woods, Arlington, N. J. Central Division: W. H. Burtis, Rochester, N. Y.

Navahoe.

THE first heard from Navahoe after she sailed from Madeira on Oct. 23 was at Fortress Monroe on Nov. 15, the yacht arriving there with Mr. and Mrs. Carroll and all on board in good health. She reached New York on Saturday morning after a voyage of 46 days from Cowes. Very heavy weather was encountered at times on the passage, but Navahoe came through it safely. She will probably lay up at South Brooklyn.

Summer Homes.

A BEAUTIFULLY illustrated book; list of over 3,000 summer hotels and boarding houses in Catskill Mountains and central New York. Send six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, Gen'l Eastern Passenger Agent, West Shore R. R., 363 Broadway, New York, or free upon application.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE success of the club in its prize tournament has been the means of awaking the Greenville citizens to the fact that the local rifle club is of a decidedly lively character. For a young organization to dare to back a gallery programme aggregating nearly $300 against the judgment and advice of old and experienced men familiar with the management of shooting tournaments, and to carry the venture through successfully merits recognition. So the Friday night shoot following the tournament, brought out the active workers of the club, and many of Greenville's citizens who had become possessed with a desire to inspect the club house and ranges of the society. The visitors were extended the privileges of the house by the house committee under the lead of Vice-President Barr. The shooting was interesting in many ways. John Spahn, one of the second class men, made the fine score of 245, beating that old expert M. Dorrler one point. It is expected that Spahn will engrave that incident upon the memory of the little Spahns for future reference. Messrs. Tracy and Bischof, two new members brought into the club at the last regular meeting, on Nov. 13, were present and participated in the shooting. The scores, 10 shots, 25-ring target: J. Spahn 245, M. Dorrler 244, J. Boag 237, C. Scheeline 233, C. Boag 232, G. Purkess 232, Plaisted 230, Chavant 228, Collins 223, Gotthardt 221, Agnew 216, Dodds 215, Daniels 203, Graef 213, Bischof 214, Barr 196.

At 100 Yards.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose target made by myself at 100yds. offhand, that I wish to submit to you and ask you if you have any target in your memory which measures less string measure, which is 8¼in. I am unfortunate in

one subject; I have no one as witness to the fact; but it was done in good faith. I fired two other shots at the same target that were out about 1in., but fortunately they were the first two, consequently those that caught the center are consecutive. I would like to know who has made a better string. I would not object to have it published, only for the controversy it might bring up. I will let you use your own judgment about it. A. A. S.

Excelsior—Greenville.

THE Greenville Schuetzen Park, at Greenville, N. J., was on Saturday, Nov. 18, the scene of a friendly contest between two teams made up from the members of the Excelsior and the Greenville Rifle clubs. M. Dorrler and L. P. Hansen were selected as captains to represent the contesting teams, and the men were chosen without regard to their club affinities. The weather conditions were the worst seen on this range this season. At one moment the target could hardly be seen on account of the heavy banks of clouds rolling in from the southwest, and whose inky blackness was so deep that at one time during the afternoon lights had to be lighted in the shooting house in order to permit the scorers to record the shots. At times the clouds would roll by and the light would be all that could be desired; but while the luckless shooter was reloading his rifle for another shot that veil of blackness would roll back again, until it became a matter of luck as to whether one could get a glimpse of the bullseye or not. Dorrler led his team with the high score of 222. Hansen was at the head of his team with 215. The conditions of the match were 10 shots per man, distance 200yds., German ring target. It was intended to have shot a series of 10-shot matches, but the weather was such that the second match was cut down to 5 shots, which ended the afternoon's sport. Dorrler's team was successful in both events, which was quite satisfactory to the winners, at least. All hands adjourned to the Hotel Armbruster, where mine host had prepared an abundant lunch for the benefit of the tired shooters.

An hour was spent in feasting and pleasant intercourse, after which an adjournment was made to meet again on Saturday, Nov. 25.

First match:

Capt Dorrler	25	25	23	22	21	20	23	23	21	19—222
Weber	22	22	21	21	19	21	21	19	21	19—201
Collins	18	24	19	20	23	21	21	21	16	24—207
Boag	22	16	20	18	25	8	15	24	19	14—181—811
Capt Hansen	23	23	21	15	20	19	20	25	25	24—215
Plaisted	16	22	20	20	21	21	16	23	22	21—201
Chavant	24	22	17	22	22	15	20	19	16	20—197
Spicker	19	20	15	15	21	21	23	19	19	15—187—800

Second match, 5 shots per man:

Capt Dorrler	16	21	22	23	21—102
Weber	21	23	16	22	13— 96
Collins	18	9	20	16	14— 77
Boag	20	22	19	25	25—111—386
Capt Hansen	12	19	19	20	23— 93
Plaisted	19	17	14	22	20— 92
Chavant	14	23	17	18	24— 96
Spicker	18	17	20	19	22— 96—377

New York City Schuetzen Corps Team Shoot.

THE team held its opening shoot in the Zettler gallery Nov. 17, divided into two teams under the leadership of Messrs. Range and Radloff as captains, 10 shots per man, gallery distance:

Range, Captain	221	Radloff, Captain	230
Zettler	236	Busse	235
Rehm	231	Munz	203
Kuhlmann	199	Maltzer	214
Wieber	190—1077	Roedel	138—1020

Miller Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot brought together only ten members in the medal competition. The honors for the evening for the highest score fell to Geo. Schlicht, with 243 points; the old veteran D. Miller was a close second with 242, L. Schmidt was a good third with 241, the other scores are as follows: Meyers 236, Sohl 238, ex-Captain Dewy 201, Meyer 218, Vanderheyden 227, Rogers 214, Will 207

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot on Nov. 14 brought together seventeen members in competition for the club prizes and the champion medal. The champion match at Cypress Hills on Nov. 7 and the fact that the day was also Election Day necessitated the postponement of the regular monthly meeting of the club from the 7th to the 14th.

The fact that the election of a new board of officers comes off next month and other matters pertaining to the interests of the organization would be called up, had the effect to bring together more than the usual number found at the Tuesday night shoots. Speaking of the election to come off next month, in canvasing the matter with some of the prominent and more active members the general drift seems to be toward a re-election of the present board. The present officers are prominent in the board of officers of the new Bund established in New York the past year and is thought to be desirable to let matters remain as they are. B. Walther, Geb Krauss, Gus Nowak, Fred Ross, C. G. Zettler and B. Zettler contain in their personality an encyclopedia upon the ways and means of perpetuating rifle shooting interests.

The club at the present time is in first-class condition and bids fair to hold its present position as the leader among the fraternity of riflemen for many years to come.

With the close of the business before the club an adjournment was followed by a lively competition among the members present for high scores.

The champion medal was captured by Fred C. Ross with the fine score of 247. The honors for highest score of the night was divided between B. Zettler and Ross, each with 248.

Champion medal, 10 shots, first entry: F. C. Ross 247, M. B. Engel 246, L. Flach 244, J. H. Brown 243, C. Percival 242, Plaisted 241, Holges 241, Walther 241, B. Zettler 240, R. Busse 239, P. F. Schmidt 238, C. G. Zettler 238, Gus Nowak 235, George Krauss 234, R. Hamann 233, H. D. Muller 233, H. Strate 233, A. H. Kohlmetz 230, C. J. Watson 226.

Best 10-shot score, five entries: B. Zettler 248, F. C. Ross 248, H. Holges 247, M. B. Engel 246, R. Busse 245, L. Flach 245, P. F. Schmidt 245, B. Walther 245, J. H. Brown 243, C. Percival 242, C. G. Zettler 243, G. W. Plaisted 241, Geb Krauss 238, Gus Nowak 238, H. D. Muller 235, A. H. Kohlmetz 230, C. J. Watson 228.

Our Own Club.

THE weekly gallery shoots are being well patronized. Last week it was voted to present a medal to the member bringing in the most candidates for membership during the next year. This will no doubt stimulate the active workers of the club, and will result in a considerable increase in the membership. The competition for the medal is liable to be the means of bringing into the club an undesirable element, easy to acquire, but difficult to eradicate. Scores in the weekly competition, 10 shots, 25 ring target, gallery distance: J. H. Kruse 239, A. Matz 239, F. Sessmar 244, A. Struber 234, Capt. Hencken 236, W. Dilger 227, M. Heldmann 223, H. Schultz 219, W. Bohmke 219, O. Keller 212, F. Offen 209, J. D. Sinclair 209, D. Page 206, F. Vonderhayden 205.

Target shot by Henry Walters, of the Turtle Bay Rifle Club, Oct. 8, shots, .22 R.F. short U. M. C., distance 50yds., 59 out of possible 60.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot on Nov. 14 was of more than ordinary interest to the members. Twelve members participated. Another pleasant feature was the presence of Geo. C. Varick, one of the old members of the society, and whose home has of late been in Old Virginia. Mr. Varick is a native of Hudson county, and is well known to the shooting fraternity in and about New York. L. P. Hansen, the popular captain of the club, was in fine fettle and succeeded in making the highest score of the night. Ten shots, 25-ring target, distance 25yds.: L. P. Hansen 246, Chas. Thomas 236, O. C. Boyce 233, John Spicher 232, Thos. Hughes 230, C. L. Pinney 230, C. Ward 229, James Hughes 229, G. C. Varick 227, Wm. Weber 226, C. Bauchle 222, C. Reers 221

Lady Miller Club.

THE members keep up an active interest in meetings and weekly practice. On Thursday night, Nov. 14, the club opened the new series for the next six months' practice. Ten members participated. The following were medal winners: Miss Miller first class, Mrs. Ahrens second class, Mrs. Stein third class. The ladies all shoot off-hand at the same target and at the same distance as that used by the Miller Club, viz., 75ft. This being a fact, we think that the members are entitled to much praise for the good scores they make. The scores of Tuesday night, 10 shots, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Miss M. Miller 227, Miss Begerow 226, Mrs. Meyns 214, Mrs. Fisher 210, Mrs. Ahrens 208, Miss Kloepping 210, Mrs. D. Miller 205, Mrs. Stein 205, Mrs. Weber 203, Miss A. Anderson 200.

RIFLE NOTES.

The New York City Schuetzen Corps has organized a team for gallery practice during the winter. R. Busse, Captain; C. F. Roedel, Secretary; H. Radlof, Treasurer; C. G. Zettler and A. Runge, Shooting Masters. The team will occupy the Zettler range on the first and third Friday in each month.

The rifle match between F. C. Ross and Gus Zimmerman, which was booked to take place in Wissel's Cypress Hills Park on Thursday, Nov. 23, is reported to be declared off. The cause is said to be owing to Zimmerman's rheumatic afflictions which will incapacitate him from holding a rifle for some time to come.

Now that the match between Ross and Zimmerman is off, the shooting fraternity would like to see a contest brought about betwten Ross and M. Dorrler, of Greenville, N. J. It is a matter of debate between the followers of these two experts as to which is the better shot in a 100 shot race. This matter was nearly brought to a head the night following the champion match at Cypress Hills Park on Nov. 7, and it was a matter of much disappointment to those present that the match was not consummated then and there. Who will throw down the gauntlet to reopen the incident?

The Miller Rifle Club will hold a gallery prize shoot, open to all comers, on its headquarters range on Dec. 24 and 25. A programme of 16 cash prizes ranging from $30 down to $1 will be put up for the riflemen to compete for.

The regular monthly meeting of the Greenville Rifle Club, Nov. 13, was of great interest. Several of Greenville's prominent citizens who were present at the tournament two days before were so much pleased with the arrangement of the club house and the personality of the membership that they made application for membership. The personality of the candidates, nine of whom were residents of Greenville, and one from Bayonne City, were such that under a suspension of the by-laws the ten gentlemen were unanimously elected as members and instructed in the third degree of active workers. They were Edw. Wuestner, Sr., L. Schenck, Edw. Wuestner, Jr., Geo. Buyer, A. Huelsen, F. Bischof, C. W. Graef, Valentine Holzapfel, W. Charlock, Chas. Zoucada.

There is a report current among the New Jersey riflemen that the members of the Excelsior Club of Jersey City are contemplating a consolidation with the Greenville Club. If this event should take place it would bring together the strongest body of riflemen within the borders of New Jersey, and would no doubt add much to the rifle interests of Hudson county.

The Excelsior and the Greenville Rifle Clubs will have a friendly team match on the Greenville Schuetzen Park range on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 25. Each team will consist of five members selected from their respective clubs.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Nov. 28-30.—Brigg's three days' tournament, at Toronto, Canada.
Nov. 30.—Riverside (Cal.) Sportsmen's Club tournament.
Nov. 30.—Bogardus—Hall match, at Springfield, Ill.
Nov. 30.—Wentz—Bacon match, at Dayton, Ohio.
Nov. 30.—Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gun Club tournament.
Nov. 30.—Janesville (Wis.) Gun Club tournament.
Nov. 30.—All-day shoot at live birds, on John Erb's ground, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.
Nov. 30.—All-day shoot at Wiedenmeyer's Park, Newark, N. J.
Nov. 30.—Riverside Gun Club tournament, at Red Bank, N. J. Live birds and targets.
Nov. 30.—J. A. Hartner's tournament, Orangeville, Md.
Dec. 10-12.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Davenport, Ia.

1894.

Jan. 9.—New Jersey vs. Kings county, team shoot, on Al. Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.
April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Loug Island.
May 1-6.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith, Arkansas.
May 22-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club thirteenth annual tournament: first days, target, $1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.
June (second week).—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.
June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. $1,000 added money.
June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Next week J. A. R. Elliott will attend the Toronto tournament and the week following he will devote to field shooting. Then he will return to this section, unless some unforeseen accident occurs, and will shoot a match against J. Frank Class, of Morristown, under the following conditions: Each man to shoot at 200 pigeons, for a stake of $500 a side, Hurlingham rules to govern except as to boundary, which shall be 50yds., match to be shot at Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J., beginning not later than 10:30 A. M. on a date to be fixed. The birds to be used in the above match will be brought from Missouri and all "hummers" are guaranteed. After his return Mr. Elliott will also shoot a 25-bird match at Pine Brook, N. J., against Samuel Castle, the Newark veteran, the stake to be $100 a side. This will be 25yds. rise, single barrel only allowed, gun to be held below the elbow until bird is on the wing. Although Mr. Castle is sixty-three years of age he is by no means an easy mark at any style of shooting and is particularly expert at the style mentioned for this match. The parties who arranged for this match were desirous of making it a find, trap and handle affair, but much to his credit it can be said that Mr. Elliott emphatically refused to shoot any such match, claiming, and justly, that such matches should not be sanctioned by any fair-minded sportsman, as the temptation to outbird an opponent in order to defeat him was an incentive to resort to brutal methods of handling. In this stand Mr. Elliott will be upheld by sportsmen at large. Find, trap and handle matches are out of place in this age of enlightenment, and if shooters do not have the interests of legitimate sport at heart and discountenance such contests, they should be stopped by the authorities.

Destruction is being wrought among the quail in the vicinity of Lynch's Station, Va., those who are doing the most of the work being Charles Heath, of Orange, N. J., and Wm. Tell Mitchell, of the "Pocket Farm," where we spent our summer vacation. Both men are crack field shots, and having dogs second to none in the country, meet with success on all their forays. The birds are plentiful not only in that section, but all along the line of the well-equipped Richmond & Danville Railroad as far as Asheville, N. C. Northerners who are looking for good shooting and incidentally wish to meet a jolly lot of whole-souled sportsmen, cannot do better than to take this line and go as far as Charlotte, N. C., where we will guarantee that any of the members of the Charlotte Gun Club will be ready and willing to put them on the track of all the birds they care to bag. Landlord Quincy, of the Buford Hotel, will take good care of them while in town. We have put up at this house and will vouch for fair treatment for all who stop there. Another prime place for the feathered game is Mount Airy, N. C., seventy miles from Greensboro, via the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railroad. Mount Airy is situated in a picturesque locality, with beautiful scenery, and is a beautiful place to spend an outing. Game is very abundant, and W. A. Bryan, of the Renfro Inn, is always ready to direct sportsmen to the best spots for sport, as well as to take good care of them during off hours. His place is equipped on modern lines and the terms are extremely reasonable.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 15.—The monthly meeting of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association, composed of the leading trap-shooting clubs throughout the State, was held yesterday on the grounds of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. All sections of the State were represented by teams and individual competitors, and the excellent weather conditions, coupled with the large attendance, made the occasion noteworthy from a sportsman's point of view. Match for team championship, M. S. S. A., teams of three, representing only clubs belonging to the association, 10 Boston targets each man: Boston Shooting Association, Climax 8, Choate 9, Warren 9, total 26. Marblehead Club, Curtis 7, Pray 6, Marvel 8, total 21. Lowell Gun Club, Rule 7, Little 6, Burton 7, total 20. Worcester Sportsmen's Club, team No. 1, Masscroft 6, Gilman 8, Davis 5, total 19. Team No. 2, Harvey 6, Buck 7, Hoyle 6, total 19. Lynn Sportsmen's Club, Martin 4, Ullman 7, Forbes 6, total 17. Match for individual badge, M. S. S. A., 20 Boston targets, unknown traps and unknown angles, twenty-seven contestants: Climax 19, Choate 18, Buck 17, Francis 17, Davis 17, Ullman 16, Jones 15, Allison 15, Judkins 15, Burton 15, Masscroft 15, Nichols 14, Gilman 14, Rule 14, Harvey 13, Derby 12, Parker 13, White 12, Little 12, Wadsworth 11, Forbes 11, Warren 11, Hooper 10, Martin 10, Hoyle 9, Weatherby 9, Keating 6.

A letter from Roger Van Gilder, secretary of the Knoxville Gun Club, gives us the pleasing information that the tournament of the club to be held in May, 1894, will last four days instead of three as previously announced. May 22, 23 and 24 will be target days with $1,000 added to the purses, and May 25 will be devoted to live bird shooting and a championship match at targets, $10 to $25 entry. The number of targets will be announced later. The prospects are that the 1894 shoot at Knoxville will be the greatest shoot ever held in the South, and that the entries will go far above one hundred. The addition of a live bird day will attract a good many Northerners who would not go so far to shoot at targets alone, but who will do so when they are assured of a chance to ruffle feathers. Now at this point we would suggest to the Knoxville clubmen that they make their entries not less than $1 a bird, have no events with less than six or seven birds, and in no event have more than four moneys.

RED BANK, N. J., Nov. 18.—The club held a shoot yesterday afternoon on its Beach street grounds. The targets were bluerocks thrown from 5 traps at unknown angles. The summary follows: No. 1, 10 singles: James Cooper and John Cooper tied on 8 each; Mr. Gurnsey and Timbrook Davis, 6 each; C. E. Throckmorton 4, R. L. Linderman 3. No. 2, 10 singles: Guernsey 8, James Cooper and Davis, 6 each; Linderman 5, John Cooper and C. E. Throckmorton, 4 each. No. 3, team shoot at 25 singles per man: Team 1: Guernsey 17, Jas. Cooper 14, Davis 13, W. N. Little 17; total, 61. Team 2: E. W. Throckmorton 14, John Cooper 18, Linderman 17, C. E. Throckmorton 12; total, 61. This event was decided by a shoot-off at 5 birds per man, and was won by Team 2, which scored 13 to their opponents' 9.

Much to the regret of the army of live bird shooters of New Jersey and New York, the long talked of question of supremacy between the representative shooters of Kings county, N. Y., and of New Jersey will not be settled until Jan. 9. Last week we announced that teams of 20 men each as above would meet on Dec. 9, but after we were informed to that effect it appears that the Kings county men decided that they could not shoot until after the holidays. Hence the shooters of the two States will be obliged to nurse their patience until that date. When the match comes off it will be on the grounds of the well-known Al. Heritage at Marion, N. J., where so many battle-royals have been fought to a finish. The Jerseymen particularly regret the change of date, as they were all cocked and primed for the fray on Dec. 5.

The Merion Gun Club and West Manayunk Shooting Association met in a team contest at Lower Merion, near Philadelphia, on Nov. 14, the teams comprising ten men each and each man shooting at fifteen targets, under the rapid-firing system. John Heft of the Roxborough Gun Club was referee. The result: Merion—T. Barker 14, H. Kincaid 14, S. Miller 13, C. Osborne 10, Corman 10, J. Humphrey 10, Booth 9, Pyle 9, C. Freyer 8, W. Roberth 6; total, 106. Manayunk—H. Rudolph 14, P. Byrne 13, F. Ogle 12, T. Schofield 10, B. McMonable 9, W. Shields 9, S. Hoff 9, W. A. Wize 8, L. Bernard 6, F. Merkel 5; total, 95.

On the day announced for the Morfey—Morford match at Martin's Pine Brook Hotel, those who had guns with them shot a few sweepstakes, the results being as follows: Event No. 1, 5 birds, $5 entry, 2 moneys—Class 5, Wolf 4, Leonard 4, Morfey 4, Martin 3. No. 2, same—Martin 5, Class 5, Morfey 5, Wolf 4, Leonard 4. No. 3, same—Martin 4, Morfey 4, Leonard 4. This was shot off, miss and out, Morfey capturing the pot. The birds were a fairly good lot.

The Midway Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Mattawan, N. J., on Nov. 17, live birds being used. A good lot of flyers were supplied. In the first event at 6 birds James Van Brackle killed 6, John Terhune 4, E. Mulcahy 3, John Applegate 3, William Perrine 2, Charles Muirhead 1, Frank Worrell 1. At 5 birds Van Brackle took first on a straight score. F. Worrell and Mr. Gosner shot two matches at 3 birds each, Worrell winning both.

The return match between Messrs. Edgarton, Forbel, Selover and Young, which was to be shot off on Nov. 15, at Dexter Park, at 25 birds, $25, highest score to take the pot, Young not showing up, the other three contestants made a three-cornered match of it and shot it out. Lee Helgans being present shot along to keep himself in practice. Geo. Forbel killed 20 out of his 25, Edgarton 19, and Selover 17. Helgans killed 20.

Dr. P. J. Zeglio reports that game is scarce in the vicinity of Warrenville, N. J., and that bringing in two or three birds as the result of a day's tramping is about the limit. This is about the consensus of all reports received from the northern portion of the State. In the southern counties fair bags are made, although nowhere is the supply anything to brag of.

M. F. Lindsley and T. W. Morfey were billed to shoot a 50-bird match at Erb's on Nov. 17, but the match was postponed owing to the Class-Elliott match taking place at Paterson on that day. The Class-Elliott match, by the way, was to have been held on the Driving Park at White Plains, but as the track was undergoing repairs the match was transferred to Paterson.

A big list of entries is expected at the three days' live bird tournament to be held at Toronto, Can., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week. Among the shooters will be a number of well-known Americans, including Rolla Heikes, J. A. R. Elliott, Harvey McMurchy, John Parker and M. F. Lindsley, all of whom will try to uphold the shooting honors of the Republic.

There will be open sweepstake pigeon shooting at Watson's Park on Thanksgiving Day (Nov. 30), commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., and on Friday and Saturday following, commencing at 1 o'clock P. M., with lunch at the park cottage.

W. S. French, secretary of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association informs us that his association claims the second week in June, 1894, for the thirty-sixth annual tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, to be held at Utica.

At the last medal shoot of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, of Hartford, each man shooting at 25 targets, Cook won with 24 breaks, J. Melrose got 23, Risley 23, Olmstead 23, S. Hills 20, Hotchkiss 19, Pitkin 17 and Stone 14.

John Erb will have his live bird traps in position from 10 A. M. until dark on Thanksgiving Day and will have enough good birds to supply all comers. There will be no regular programme, but impromptu events will be arranged to suit the shooters.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., announces an open-to-all target and live bird shoot on its grounds on Thanksgiving Day. Shooting all day and everybody can be assured of a welcome.

The East Side-Mutual Gun Club will hold a live bird shoot at Wiedenmeyer's park, Newark, on Thanksgiving Day. The events will be open to all comers.

John A. Hartner informs us that he will hold an open to all shoot at targets at his home, Orangeville, Baltimore county, Md., on Thanksgiving Day.

Louis Miller will keep open house on Thursday, Nov. 30 (Thanksgiving Day). Bluerocks, live birds and roast turkey will be the order of the day.

J. A. R. Elliott is meeting with great success in the introduction of his new loading block among the sportsmen of the East.

The Hell Gate Gun Club will hold its monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Nov. 27.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Targets at Sardinia.

SARDINIA, N. Y., Nov. 15.—The following scores were made on the Union Gun Club's grounds at the two days' tournament given by the members on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 9 and 10:

No. 1, 10 singles:			
Kelsey	1111111101—9	Hammond	1111111111—10
Olmsted	1111111011—9	House	1110111011—8
Andrews	1111111111—10		
No. 2, 10 singles:			
Kelsey	1111111101—9	Rice	0111101111—8
Hammond	1011111011—8	Schwab	1111001101—7
Olmsted	1111111111—10	Colegrove	1111101110—8
Andrews	1111111111—10		
No. 3:			
Kelsey	1111110111—9	Olmsted	1111111101—9
Hammond	1111111110—9	Bement	1110101110—7
Andrews	1011111101—8	House	1100011111—7
No. 4:			
Kelsey	0111111111—9	Andrews	1111111111—10
Hammond	0011111111—8	House	0011111101—7
Olmsted	1101111111—9	Bement	1111101111—9
No. 5:			
Kelsey	0111111111—9	Hammond	1111110111—9
Andrews	1111101111—9	Bement	1110111011—8
Olmsted	1011011111—8		
Second day, 10 live birds:			
Kelsey	2121011121—9	Olmsted	0211012101—7
Hammond	2301122210—8	Bement	1021312022—7
Andrews	1122111211—10	House	0221012010—6
Three live birds:			
Kelsey	122—3	Bement	011—2
Hammond	100—1	Andrews	101—2
Ten targets:			
Kelsey	1111111111—10	Andrews	1111111111—10
Hammond	1011011111—8	House	1111101101—8
Olmsted	1110111111—9	Bennet	1110111011—8
Five pairs:			
Kelsey	11 01 10 10 11—7	House	01 11 01 10 11—7
Hammond	11 11 11 11 10—10	Olmsted	11 11 11 10 10—8
Andrews	10 11 00 00 10—6	Smith	11 11 01 10 11—8
Bennet	11 00 11 01 10—7		
Fifteen singles:			
Kelsey	101111010111111—12	Honse	100111111011111—12
Hammond	111110111101100—11	Bement	001111110101111—11
Andrews	111111111111111—15	Smith	111111100111111—13
Olmsted	101111111111110—13	Colegrove	101111111110111—13

E. ANDREWS.

Castle Defeats Pierre.

THE second match between Samuel Castle, of Newark, and Eugene Pierre, of Boonton, was shot at Martin's Pine Brook Hotel, on Thursday, Nov. 16. It was one of the much-to-be-condemned find, trap and handle affairs, and judging from reports the handling of the birds was in no wise gentle, nor was the cayenne pepper box allowed to get empty.

Each man shot at 25 live pigeons, under old Long Island rules, and the birds are said to have been all "corkers," which may be believed when the manner of "livening" the birds is considered. The stake was $300. The score follows:

Castle	0010111110110001111111111—18
Pierre	0000110111110111101011011—16

Class Defeats Elliott at Paterson.

ONCE more has the pigeon shooting talent been surprised and once more was J. Frank Class the one who surprised them. It will be remembered that when Class and Elliott first met in a contest it was predicted that Class was outclassed and would fall an easy victim to Kansas City Elliott's skill. There were some, however, who believed that Class not only retained his skill of former days, but also possessed latent skill and nerve which had never been called forth. Class sustained this good opinion by tieing his opponent on 96 kills out of the 100 birds, and lost the shoot-off at 25 birds each by having a bird fall dead out of bounds. When the second match was shot at Morristown, Class again took the field by storm by killing 95 to Elliott's 90. Class's 5 lost birds falling dead out of bounds. His friends simply took this as a matter of course, but there were still many to say it was "a fluke!" They did not take into consideration the fact that this self-same Class in match shooting had previously averaged over 93 per cent. at 850 birds, nor did they consider that to kill 95 of the Morristown birds required more science than to kill 98 such as were trapped for the first match.

On Nov. 17, however, those of the doubters who went to Willard's Park, in Paterson, saw Class kill 99 out of 100 fair match birds against 95 killed by Elliott, who lost three birds dead out of bounds. The day was a fair one for the sport, although not by any means clear. When the match started, at 1:52 P. M., the sun was shining brightly and the sky was clear. Within an hour, however, the sky had clouded and the air became chill and raw, making it uncomfortable to stand about without an overcoat. The attendance was light, not over fifty spectators being on the grounds, owing to lack of advertising. It had previously been announced that the match would be shot on the White Plains track, but as that place was in the hands of about 150 Italians undergoing repairs, the scene had to be shifted to Paterson at short notice.

It was just 1:52 when Elliott stepped to the score and downed a slow bird, which scarcely left the trap before catching the contents of the first barrel. Class followed by grassing a fairly fast driver, using both barrels. Previous to this T. W. Morfey, of the Paterson Gun Club, had been chosen as referee; Henry Wolf, of the same club, pulled the traps, while the representatives of the sportsmen's journals acted as scorers. Mr. Morfey's red Irish Eagle did the gathering, and did it in great form. The match progressed smoothly until the seventh round, when Class scored the first goose egg, losing a right-quartering driver, which in our judgment he should have killed. However, this was bis only lost one of the match.

Elliott grassed 15 and then lost a right-quartering driver that twisted in all styles. His 17th was similar in direction and flight, and this also went over the hills and far away. The first quarter ended with 24 kills for Class to 23 for Elliott.

The Kansas City man ran into bard luck on the second quarter. His third bird was hit hard with both barrels and seemed barely able to carry its dose, but nevertheless it managed to get over the 18in. wire fence marking the 50yds. boundary and then gave up the ghost. His 17th bird, which like tbe one above mentioned was a right-quartering twisting driver, was hit awfully hard with both loads, but this, too, died over the fence. When this bird was examined it was fouud to be hit, and hit deep at that with no less than seven No. 7 trap shot. On the third quarter Elliott's 12th bird refused flight as the trap was pulled, and before it could make up its mind whether to fly or not, wideawake Eagle pounced out and gathered it. Tuis of coure gave Elliott another bird, which turned out to be another of those right-quartering twisters, which caught both barrels full and went over the fence to die. Following this he killed 38 straight and ended with a score of 95 kills to Class's 99.

The scores sbow conclusively that both men were down to form. Class used a quick and effective first barrel, while he abandoned his slap bang style with his second, the result being some fine second barrel kills. Elliott shot in form much superior to that he displayed in the previous match, both barrels being used safely and effectively. The general opinion was tbat in his present form Class outranks Elliott, and is shooting well enough to defeat any man in the country. He is certainly doing remarkable work and improving with each contest. That he has been greatly underrated in the past is sure, and those who have persisted in placing him into the third rank will probably alter their opinions. An average of 96¾ out of 100 for three matches is a fine showing, even though the birds be not of the "genuine bluerock" order.

A glance at the detailed score will show that Elliott's weak point is on birds bearing to the right, all his lost birds taking tbis direction. The birds as a whole were not near as good as those trapped for the previous match, but still they were a fair lot of match birds. Only two birds were called on account of refusal to fly.

Elliott's best runs were 38, 19 and 15. His second barrel was used 55 times to kill. He used a Greener gun and American wood powder.

Class made a run of 92 and used his second barrel 45 times to kill. He used a Greener gun and Schultze powder, his cartridges being loaded by Von Lengerke & Detmold.

The times of the match by quarters were 24m., 29m., 25m. and 25m., a total of 1h. 43m. for the 200 birds.

The exceptional birds (the direction of flight is shown by the detailed score) were, Class's 4th, 6th (quick kill), 9th (very fast), 16th (splendid second), 34th (lightning bird and quickly killed), 40th (fine second), 63d (awfully fast, elegant second), 64th, 67th. 82d (an ugly zig-zagging driver killed in beautiful style), 89tb (a zig-zagging, right-quartering driver, changing direction by tbe yard, as fine a kill as could be made).

Elliott, 3d (good), 9th (fast and a quick second which was needed), 12th, 14th and 27th (all fast ones and well stopped), 31st (fast, hit with both barrels and quickly), 34th (same), 41st (best bird and prettiest kill of day, a lightning driver), 57th (elegant kill of extra good bird), 78th (humming driver, a great second barrel kill), 81st (fast and a good kill), 88th (good kill of fast bird).

Class's 7th bird, the only one he lost, was a bummer and could have been missed by almost any one. His 97th was shot on the ground and he was given another bird which was a fast one and well killed.

Elliott's 28th was shot on ground, referee giving him another bird; on his 32d the trap was pulled before he called "pull" and another bird was allowed, the same occurring on his 36th round. His 42d bird, which fell dead out of bounds, was hard hit with both barrels, and dropped less than a yard beyond bounds. His 62d bird was one which any one would have been excused for missing but he hit it hard with both barrels and saw it drop over the boundary. On his 83d round he called no bird on a duffer.

Below is the score in the style usually presented by FOREST AND STREAM, which style, by the way, all our esteemed contemporaries would like to copy if Uncle Sam's copyright did not prevent them from doing so.

Please note that the characters in the tbird line signify as follows: 1, first barrel kill; 2, second barrel kill; 0, missed; •, dead out of bounds. In the second line an H signifies a bird which is killed close to the traps, commonly called a flipper. T signifies a towerer.

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                 2 4 1 3 1 4 4 1 5 2 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 5 1 4 1 1 4 8
                 H↗↗↑↗H↖↖→↗←↑↗↑→↗←↗→↗←T↖→→→
Elliott.....1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 1 2 3 1 2 2—23

                 2 4 2 2 4 3 5 4 1 2 4 4 3 1 2 4 4 3 5 5 4 8 3 1 1 4
                 ←→↗↖←↗→→↗↙←→←→→↖↗→→↘H↘→→
                 1 1 • 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 • 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1—23

                 4 3 2 1 5 2 4 3 4 1 4 5 1 2 3 4 8 1 5 5 1 2 4 1 3
                 ↙H←↖→↗↗↘↘↗↘↗→→→↘→←↙→←→←
                 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 • 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1—24

                 4 4 2 5 5 1 1 4 4 5 2 4 5 4 2 5 5 2 2 2 5 5 2 4 5
                 →→↑↘→↙↑↑→↖←↘↑↖→←→↙↖↑↖→↑→↑←
                 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2—25—95

                 2 3 2 3 4 4 2 3 3 3 5 2 5 1 3 3 3 1 3 2 3 3 5 1 2
                 ↑↗↖↗←↖↗↑→→→→↖←↖→↑←→→↙↑HH→
Class.....2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1—24

                 2 2 2 4 5 2 4 2 5 3 4 4 1 3 2 2 5 1 4 4 3 1 3 5 4
                 →→→↘↗↖↓↑↗↑H↑←←→↘→HH→→←←↖
                 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1—25

                 1 3 4 4 1 2 5 2 4 1 2 2 4 3 3 2 5 4 3 2 9 4 4 4 3 4
                 →↘↘↙↙→H←↗↗HH↑→←←→→↗H↖←→←
                 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1—25

                 1 1 4 1 4 1 2 3 4 5 3 1 2 4 4 5 1 2 2 4 1 3 4 1 1
                 ←H→↙↗←↑↑←↗→→↙↗H↖←↖←←←T↘↗←
                 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2—25—99
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How the race progressed in strings of 10 shots each:

Elliott.....10 18 27 37 46 56 65 75 85 95
Class.....9 19 29 39 49 59 69 79 89 99

Saturday's Match at Morristown.

THE day following the sboot at Paterson the men met again on the Morristown Driving Park, and once more was a surprise administered, this time by the unaccountably poor work done by Class, who at one stage of the game seemed to lose both nerve and skill, losing no less than 9 birds in 28 shot at. Up to the first of these misses he led Elliott by one bird, but from this out he was as good as beaten.

During the early part of Saturday the weatber was clear and crisp, with a stiff southwesterly wind. Before the match began the conditions were materially changed, the sun had become obscured and the air became raw and damp. The wind did not change its direction, blowing at about twelve miles an hour. The attendance was light, not over seventy-five people being on the ground. Among these were Al Heritage, of Jersey City; M. F. Lindsley and Eddie Collins, of West Hoboken; "Uncle Jack" Harrison, of Dover; John Cockefair, of Bloomfield; Samuel Castle, C. M. Hedden and J. E. Wheaton, of Newark; Messrs. Campbell and Wemple, of Glen Ridge; Elliott Smith, president of the American Wood Powder Co.; S. R. Martin and John Class, of Pine Brook; J. R. Boyle, of Willard's Park, Paterson; John Riggott, of Rockaway; Dr. P. J. Zeglio and J. F. Zeglio, of Warrenville, and J. W. Hoffman, of Orange Valley.

It was 1:40 P. M. when the first shot was fired, John Riggott being referee. Elliott shot first, bringing down a fair right-quartering driver with his first. Class following with a first-barrel kill of a left-quartering driver. The first miss was by Elliott on his 11th round, when he made a clean miss with his first and put his second too far behind a fast right-quarterer. Class ran clean to the 20th round, when a left-quartering incomer flipped out of his first load and only got enough of the second to accelerate its flight. Score on first quarter, 24 each. At this stage a drizzling rain started, making everybody feel miserable for half an hour, when it stopped.

On the second quarter Elliott lost his 3d, a fairly fast one, his 12th, an awful ugly twisting driver which fell dead out of bounds, and his 17th, which was missed with the first and simply frightened with the second. It was in this quarter that Class began bis miserable work, using his old slap-bang style of firing both barrels, a style of which he was never the master. The birds that he lost were not the slowest of the day and on the other hand none of them were what could be called "screamers." In a string of twenty-three he lost no less than nine, and while three of these fell dead out of bounds the others were no more than feathered; in fact, three of tbem were simply frightened. He had been sbooting a ragged and erratic first barrel from the start, and while this streak lasted his second was little, if any, better. Of tbe nine lost six were on tbis quarter, his total being 43 to Elliott's 46.

Elliott's form was first-class throughout, his kills, as a rule, being neat and clean. On the third quarter he lost his 9tb bird dead out of bounds, this being a mean twister with plenty of staying powers, which enabled it to carry the shot out. His 20th looked like a clean miss with the first, while the second simply hurried it across the field. Class lost his 1st, cleanly missed, his 2d, which was a fairly fast twisting incomer to the left, and his 7th, a fast twisting left-quartering driver which fell dead out of bounds. At this point he seemed to pull himself together and of the next thirty-eight birds he lost only one, and that fell dead just over the fence. At tbe three-quarter mark Elliott had scored 69 to Class's 65 and the race was all over but tbe shouting.

On the last quarter Elliott lost his second, a bird which flipped up as tbe trap was sprung, and then dropped out of the first cbarge He put his second in and while the bulk of the charge appeared to enter the ground immediately under the bird's body, it took to its wings and may be still flying for all the damage it received. His 10th also went over the fence and then he killed out, making his total 92 for the match. Class's only loss on tbis quarter was his 19th bird, which fell dead out of bounds, giving him a total of 89, this being the tbird time only in three years that he has fallen below the 90 mark.

There is no doubt but Elliott could bave killed one or two birds more in the last half, three of tbose he lost being only fairly fast. His form was far above that of Class.

The time of the match by quarters was 35m., 33m., 27m. and 30m., a total of 2h. 5m.

Elliott used his second barrel 62 times to kill. His best runs were 16, 15 and 15.

Class used his second barrel 50 times to kill, it being used 28 times to kill in the first half. His best runs were 19, 14 and 36.

The birds were not the cracking good lot that they were expected to be, although several yards faster as a whole thau those trapped at Paterson the previous day. They were of the mixed order, which are likely more than any others to cause hard shooting. Some were "screamers," then would come a few fairly good ones, then a batch which were all the way from very fast to very slow, this keeping the shooters guessing on each shot.

This was the fourth match shot between these experts, and the scores have run as follows, exclusive of the shoot-off of the tie in the first match, when out of 25 birds Elliott killed 24 to Class's 23.

	1.	2.	3.	4.	T.	Per cent.
Class	96	75	99	89—379		94.75
Elliott	96	90	95	92—373		93.25

The full score of the final match is here given:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                 4 2 5 1 4 2 5 1 4 1 2 1 3 3 5 3 5 5 1 3 4 4 3 2 1
                 ↗←↖←←↗→↖↑↑→→→←§↗↖↖↙↖↗←H↙
Elliott.....1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2—24

                 5 4 2 1 1 2 3 4 2 5 2 5 5 1 5 4 5 5 2 4 4 2 2 2 4
                 ↑→↑↗↑↑HH↓↑↑§↑↗↑←→§H↗↑↗→→←
                 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 2—22

                 3 4 2 2 4 3 4 4 5 1 4 1 3 4 2 4 3 2 4 2 2 5 1 1 3
                 ↑↗↑T↖←↖↗§↑↖↗↘↑↗§↙↗↑↗→↖↘§T↓
                 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 • 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 1 2—23

                 5 1 4 1 2 5 2 3 2 2 1 3 1 1 2 3 1 3 1 4 5 3 1 2 1
                 HH↓↗↗↗←←§↖→↖↖↑↘↗↓↗↖↓↘T→→↓
                 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1—23—92

                 5 5 4 2 2 4 4 3 1 1 5 4 4 3 5 4 4 2 3 3 1 4 5 5 5
                 ↖←←↓↘→↑←←H↑↗↖↖↑↗↗§↖↙T↗↑H↓
Class.....1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 2—24

                 4 5 3 3 5 3 2 5 4 5 1 4 5 2 5 4 3 2 5 2 1 5 1 5 5
                 H↗↑H↑↖↗↖↖↖↖↓↖↑↗↓↑←→↑↘§H↖↓
                 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 • 0 1 • 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 1 2—19

                 5 1 3 5 1 3 4 8 2 1 5 3 5 3 3 5 4 3 3 4 3 2 5 4 2
                 ↓§→↑↖↗↖↖↘↖←↓→↑↘↑→↑↑↖→↑§H↖↓
                 0 0 1 2 0 1 • 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—22

                 4 2 4 4 5 3 2 2 2 1 3 4 5 1 3 3 5 4 4 3 2 8 5 4 3
                 ↘↗↖↗↓↑↖↑→↓T→H↖↑→H↓←↑↗↑H↑←
                 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 • 1 1 2 1 2 2—24—89
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The score in strings of 10 shots each:

Elliott.....10 19 28 37 46 55 64 73 82 92
Class.....10 19 29 35 43 50 60 70 80 89

The Virginia Championship Again.

LYNCH, November.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 4 I notice a reply to my article on the Virginia championship cup from W. F. Summerson. The facts I give herewith, and call on your trap editor to correct in a foot note any mistakes that I may make.

At Charlotte, N. C., in the presence of Mr. Townsend I challenged Mr. Summerson for this cup after asking him if there was any one in ahead of me, receiving a reply that there was not and that he would shoot me for it at Richmond, Va., and name an early day, also informing me of the conditions under which we should shoot, to wbich I agreed. I tben waited some time for him to set the day, but only received reply to my letters of inquiry that he would shoot as soon as able, and learning he was off shooting at country fairs and other places, I notified him he must either comply with the conditions and shoot or forfeit this cup, and was somewhat surprised to receive the following letter from Mr. E. F. Wayman, dated June 12: "I notice your challenge in the *American Field* to sboot Mr. W. F. Summerson for tbe cup. I beg leave to inform you that mine comes in first. Am only waiting for him to get in a better condition. He has been very sick."

To which I replied: "You make a mistake for these reasons, that while my challenge to Mr. Summerson was only published last week I challenged him while at Charlotte, N. C., on the 15th day of May, and if you will recollect the conversation between us on the way to Knoxville, Tenn., you will remember tbat I told you I had challenged Mr. Summerson for this cup and that I considered I had a walkover for it. This challenge was given and accepted in the presence of the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and Mr. Summerson then told me no one was in ahead of me and tbat he would name an early date for the race. But assuming you had in an earlier challenge, you nor Mr. Summerson neither had any right, under the rules governing this cup, to postpone a match over 30 days. Any other challenger has a right to force a shoot, as your agreement with him would be a waiver of your right against any one else, and hence if it were as you say, you now have no rights in the matter until after my race with him, which I shall insist upon coming off, or Mr. Summerson must forfeit the cup."

At the same time I wrote Mr. Summerson: "I received a letter from Dr. E. F. Wayman to-day stating that he had a challenge in for the State cup ahead of mine and guess that he based his opinion upon the date of my challenge that was publisbed last week, but as I challenged you while at Charlotte, N. C., May 18, you can point out to him his error, as you will recollect you told me in Mr. Townsend's presence there was no one in ahead of me for this cup; that you would shoot me and set an early day for the race, and as you now have only four days left in which to comply with the rules I hope you will do so, as neither you nor myself have any right to change tbe rules governing tbis cup. * * *

"If Dr. Wayman is so anxious to shoot we could all then shoot at once, or we could throw heads and tails for who sbould shoot you first, and tben the other shoot the winner on the same day, and it don't matter where the cup is to be shot for in this State. I only want time enough to get tbere."

Does the above look like I would not shoot anywhere but Richmond? And if he had been in such health that he could not go to Richmond, why did he write me on June 14 as follows: "Why not go to Tolchester, Md.? If you will go, I will." When I wrote him, upon seeing an account of the cup race between him and a local friend, he replied as follows: "My friends Dr. E. F. Wayman and Mr. John M. Kinney formulated rules under which it [this cup] is to be shot. In future, should you want any information on the subject, you can correspond with either of the above gentlemen." I immediately wrote Mr. Kinney, inclosing a stamped envelope, but up to this time have received no reply; and now this gentleman tells us that the Staunton Gun Club formulated the rules under which it is held. I can't see how they or any one else had a right to change the original conditions of this cup, and would like to read the code of rules that are more sportsmanlike and yet allow a man to ignore challenges.

The above is but a plain statement of facts in this case, and I leave the sporting public to judge whose course has been the more correct.

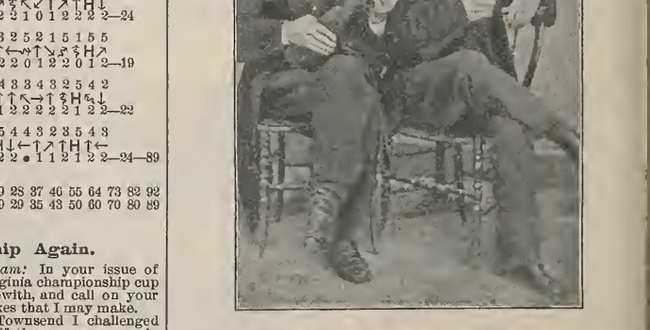
In conclusion, let me say to Mr. Summerson that, sbould he feel that he ever wishes to meet me at the score for money or glory, I will pocket my pride and take pleasure in showing him his true standing as a shot.

W. T. MITCHELL.

An Old-Time Picture.

WE publish this week an excellent half-tone reproduction of a photograph taken at Le Roy, N. Y., in 1864, during the tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association. The picture represents Mr. W. Wingert, a noted inventor and gunmaker of Detroit, Mich., and his partner, Charles Bradford, both of whom have passed over to the great majority. Mr. Wingert is said to bave been the first man in this country to transform a muzzleloader into a breechloader, and the picture sbows them in the act of examining a pair of tbe altered guns.

The guns thus altered were the Lafaucheux, tbe barrels of which (before altering) were fastened to the fore end by two pins passing through lugs on the under side of tbe barrels. The method of procedure was simple. Once the screw-end was separated from the



W. WINGERT. C. BRADFORD.

breech, the hole in tbe lug nearest the forward part of the fore end was lengthened to admit of play for the pin forward and back. The pin passing through the rear was transformed into a catch and the operation was complete. All that was necessary in manipulating the gun was to loosen the rear catch, slide the barrels forward on tbe forward pin and tip them ready for loading.

After repeated inquiries and a deal of correspondence we have failed to elicit any further information in reference to either the firm, tbe working of the altered guns, ammunition used, or in fact any points of interest beyond what is here given. We understand, however, tbat Mr. Bradford was a regular visitor to the New York State shoots and was the first one to use a breechloader at them.

We would be pleased to publish any further information which it may be in the power of any of our readers to impart on tbis interesting subject. For the photograph from which this cut was made FOREST AND STREAM is indebted to Mr. C. H. Finch, a veteran sportsman of Syracuse, N. Y., and one of the charter members of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club.

The Paterson Gun Club.

THE semi-mothly shoot of tbe Paterson (N. J.) Gun Club took place at Willard's Park on Nov. 14, there being a fair turnout. The day was fair and quite a number of spectators were present. The shooting comprised both target and live bird events. Among those who took part were "Benny" Abbott and "Charley" Lenone, of Passaic Edward Hill and Charles Zwirlein, of Trenton. In two events at 1 targets each the scores were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Lenone	1111111111111—14	1111011101111111—1
Abbott	1000010001111100— 6	1010110010010001—
Morfey	1011011101111101—11	1110111111101111—
Wright	0110111101111111—12	0101011010111111—
Hopper	0001100001000000— 3	0000011010011111—
Boyle	1000110100111111— 9	.....
Wolf	0001010101111010— 7	0100110111111001—
Hill	1011111111111001—12	1101110111011110—1

Then came the club shoot at 10 live birds each:

Morfey	2201011212—8	Wrigbt	1122211201—
Abbot	0002112111—7	*Wolf	1221112211—1
Lenone	1201211111—9	*Hopper	1111111122—1

*For birds only.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* new subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum tbe FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Inclosed find scores of the last New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club shoot. The live-bird shoots of the club will be held at Woodlawn on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, and the clay-bird shoots will be held on the first and third Saturdays of each month at Eighty-second street and Third avenue, Bay Ridge, where the club has erected a suitable building on the grounds of Mr. D. C. Bennett.

Club shoot, 10 live birds:

D C Bennett	10•1011111— 7	J Koster	2211012112— 9
J B Vorhies	21•1102•02— 6	M Van Brunt	012112•111— 8
W F Sykes	12•10112!•— 7	C M Meyer	0•21•110•1— 5
B Raach	2011•10111— 7	J V Shields	111221011— 9
G E Nostrand	1111111111—10	G W Cropsey	01111•0111— 7
C Fergueson, Jr.	0211122111— 9	A A Hegeman	1112122 — 7

Hegeman arrived late; could not finish his score owing to darkness.

In the club shoot, as above, G. E. Nostrand took the medal and first money. Ties for second were shot off as below, and M. Van Brunt took third alone.

Ties for silver medal and second money in the club shoot: C. Fergueson, Jr. 11, J. Koster 0, J. V. Shields 110.

Second event, shoot-off of tie from last live-bird shoot: W. F. Sykes 6, B. Rasch 0, J. Koster 5.

Third event, sweep, 3 live birds, tie shot off miss and out:

B Rasch	102—2	J Koster	101—2
C Fergueson, Jr.	011—2	J V Shields	212—3
C M Meyer	102—2	C W Cropsey	011—2
M Van Brunt	011—2	G E Nostrand	211—3

G. E. Nostrand and J. V. Shields divided first, and the ties for second and third were shot off miss and out, M. Van Brunt having withdrawn:

B Rasch	21111220 — 7	J Koster	0 — 0
C Fergueson, Jr.	1111211221211—14	Shields	110 — 2
C Meyer	20 — 2	G W Cropsey	1121111222110—13

W. F. SYKES.

Kings County vs. New Jersey.

A MEETING of representatives of Kings county gun clubs was held at W. D. Gilman's Saturday evening last, for the purpose of receiving report of the committee appointed to confer with the representatives of the New Jersey clubs. The committee reported having arranged that the match be shot by teams of twenty men, fifteen birds per man, under American Shooting Association rules. The officers for the team were then elected: W. F. Sykes, Captain; J. C. DeFraine, Treasurer; A. A. Hegeman, Secretary; and the following committee of seven were chosen to select the team: W. F. Sykes, C. Furgueson and G. E. Nostrand of the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club, C. Plate of the Erie Gun Club, C. E. Morris of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, J. C. De Fraine of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, and Elias Helgans of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club. Among the names submitted by the representatives of the different gun clubs present for a place on the team were:

Vernon—Gus Grieff, L. A. and H. R. Thompson.

Glenmore—Wm. Levens.

Crescent—Walter Gilman, Capt. Shepard, Chas. Simmonds, L. T. Hopkins.

Erie—C. Plate, C. Detlefsen, Hy Dohrman, Wm. Lair.

Parkway—E. Helgans, J. Blake, Jas. Bennett, R. Phister, A. Van Wyckoff.

Coney Island—Dr. Van Zile, F. Pfaender, Saml. Worthridge, John Schliemann.

Fountain—Dr. Wm. Wynn, Dr. Eddy C. Wingert, L. T. Duryea.

New Utrecht—C. Furgueson, Jr., G. E. Nostrand, C. M. Meyer, D. Deacon, D. C. Bennett, M. Van Brunt, G. W. Cropsey.

Atlantic—C. E. Morris, Hy Balzer, J. B. Voorhies.

The date appointed for the match to take place is Tuesday, Jan. 9, 1894.

Unknown Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Unknown Gun Club, at Dexter Park on Nov. 9, brought together an even dozen members. In the club event, at 7 birds, the birds as a whole were good strong flyers and gave the shooters many opportunities for long range kills.

Four of the contestants, Messrs. Vroome, Hyde, Flynn and Vagts, finished their scores with 7 kills to their credit. With finish of the club event came a 3-bird miss-and-out sweep. Scores:

Vroome	1212212—7	Vagts	1111121—7
Brown	1100121—5	Schumacher	0111121—7
Hyde	2221211—7	Plate	1121012—6
Skidmore	1210210—5	Lohden	1202011—5
Runkin	0220011—4	Deitrich	0101110—4
Flynn	1221121—7	Beomerman	2010010—3

Sweep at 3 birds:

Plate	112—3 12	Flynn	111—3 11
Beomerman	221—3 20	Lohden	121—3 20
Deitrich	120—2	Hyde	111—3 20
Brown	122—3 11		

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

S. VAN W.—Will you please state whether it is lawful to use ferrets in hunting rabbits in New York State? Ans. Yes.

SWAMPSEED.—We would like to publish your game note and more like it, but you do not give any place, so we cannot know what locality is referred to.

D. B., Rye, N. Y.—Please answer whether ducks can be shot by sail lawfully? Ans. The law provides that wildfowl must not be shot "from any boat other than a boat propelled by hand," but they may be shot from sailboats in Long Island Sound, Gardiner and Peconic bays.

G. S., Germantown, Pa.—Is there any law forbidding non-residents from shooting quail in Atlantic county, New Jersey, and if so where do I apply for a license? Ans. You will require a license, to be obtained from Charles H. Barnard, Secretary of the West Jersey Game Protective Society, 416 Royden street, Camden, N. J.

J., Grand Rapids.—I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of April 20 a report of game killed by the Country Club, of San Francisco. I see they include robins in the list. In this State, as you, of course, know, the robin is not considered a game bird, and is protected by the game law as a songster. Is the California robin referred to a different species than our Eastern robin? Ans. A variety of the same bird—*Merula migratoria propinqua.*

T. A. B., Woonsocket, R. I.—Last year while hunting at West Canada a party shot a doe which had horns, but with little thought threw the head in the stream. I was there one week after and spent nearly two days hunting for the head, but could not find it. Last spring our guide found it, and now I have the horns and part of the skull. Do you know whether any one can tell any difference in the cranium of a buck and doe? Ans. The sex could not be determined by the skull.

A. G. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—As I am going to purchase a rifle for all-around hunting purposes, and have decided on a .38-cal, I would like to know whether you consider the .38-55-255 (powder 48grs.) as good a cartridge as the .38-56-255 in point of accuracy and penetration? Not to use the 330gr. bullet in the latter, range 200yds. Also do you think it better to buy the graduated peep sight and bead combination in preference to the common sporting rear sight, *i. e.*, notched for every 40yds.? Mind, I speak of a hunting rifle not to be used at the range and where facility of reloading, penetration, etc., are considered. Ans. For hunting, we would advise the latter cartridge and either open or Lyman sights.

J. Q., Tavistock.—A writer in *Scientific American* of Oct. 7 states that the gall of the rattlesnake is an infallible cure for the bite of that reptile. Please answer through your valuable paper whether there is any foundation for this statement. Ans. We never heard of the remedy. The note in the *Scientific American* is from a Mexican correspondent, who says: "What I know from my own experience to be an infallible cure is the gall of the snake itself. One drop of it on the wound will effect a cure, even when inflammation is far advanced. I have seen a dog treated whose head had already swollen to twice its natural size, and it cured him almost instantaneously. The gall may be preserved in alcohol, or even dried, requiring in the latter case only to be moisten d, even saliva alone between two stones will do. (I have seen a case of this kind.) If preserved in alcohol, of course the whole bag of the gall is put into the liquid entire."

J. B., West Park, N. Y.—Please inform me through your Answers to Correspondents: 1. What conditions are necessary for the thriving of wild rice, and would it grow in a lake with lily-padded borders, and a muck and rotten vegetation bottom, and if so would it interfere with the black bass fishing? Will it spread from year to year or will it die out, and when should it be planted, spring or fall? 2. Can hunters come from Dutchess county and carry off our game (Ulster county)? 3. What is the lowest figure that decoy ducks can be obtained, and of whom? Ans. 1. Wild rice should be planted in the fall as soon as the seed can be obtained. It is perennial and under favorable conditions will rapidly spread. It would be more likely to improve your bass fishing than otherwise, as it would in various ways increase their food supply. We see no reason why it should not do well in your lake. 2. There is nothing to prevent. 3. Write some of the advertisers whose names you will find in our columns.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

VOL. XLI.—No. 22
No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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WE KNOW IT for we have much of the material already in hand and you believe it for you reason from the past, that the "Forest and Stream" this winter will be richly freighted with good things to read. But that friend of yours, with tastes like your own, does not realize what he is losing when he misses the paper. Give us his address and we will send him a complimentary copy. It will open his eyes.

Our harvest being gotten in, our governour sent four men on fowling, that so we might after a more special manner rejoice together, after we had gathered the fruit of our labours; they four in one day killed as much fowl, as with a little help beside, served the company almost a week, at which time amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and amongst the rest their greatest king Massasoyt, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our governour and upon the captain and others.—LETTER OF EDWARD WINSLOW, 1621.

THE PILGRIMS' THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

THE observance of a day of thanksgiving had its origin very early in the beginning of New England. Barely a year had elapsed after the landing at Plymouth Rock, when Governor Bradford issued the first proclamation for the setting apart of such a day. The Indians had shown the new-comers how to manure their lands "with herrings or rather shads, which we have in great abundance, and take with great ease at our doors," and plentiful crops had been gathered. In November the ship Fortune arrived with a reinforcement of thirty-five colonists. There was abundant reason for the Governor's command. The 13th of December, 1621, was made a day of rejoicing; and the delectable custom of feasting on Thanksgiving turkey was instituted there and then.

The Pilgrim Fathers were sportsmen—not, perhaps, "true sportsmen" according to the highly artificial code we have developed, but sportsmen according to their lights in that day and generation. "Let your shot be most for big fowls, and bring store of powder and shot," wrote Edward Winslow to his friends in England in 1621. "Bring every man a musket or fowling-piece; let your piece be long in the barrel and fear not the weight of it, for most of our shooting is from stands." No shooting flying nonsense there we may well believe. It was meat the Pilgrim Father was after when he rested his piece, braced himself for the shock of the recoil, then pulled himself together and chuckled as he saw the devastation wrought by the swan-shot. Amid the hardships and dire privations of the planting of the colony—forty-six of the one hundred and one settlers, be it remembered, died in that first winter—there was no time nor thought for the fine frills of the art. He was the best sportsman who could show the most for it; and one of these days it will be in order for some appreciative student of colonial history—Rowland E. Robinson for example—to tell us how considerable and important was the part taken by these grim old Puritan sportsmen with their heavy-weights long in the barrel, in the establishing of Plymouth Plantation.

There was game galore in those days. "And now," writes Bradford, "begane to come in store of foule as winter approached, of which the place did abound when they came first (but afterward decreased by degrees). And besids water foule ther was great store of wild turkies, of which they took many, besids venison, etc." That was written in 1621, and there you have, more than two hundred years ago, the noted beginning of game decrease in America; a subject on which, no doubt, these first comers waxed eloquent in their old age, when they took to recounting old times to their grandchildren, and one as well, upon which every descendant of the Pilgrims may wax eloquent in our own day as he tells his grandchildren what duck shooting was when he was young.

The wild turkey indeed has been obliterated, not only from the bounds of Plymouth Plantation, but from New England. Some affirm that still he may be found in the wilder parts, the skulking survival of a noble race; but no Massachusetts sportsman of 1893 would dream of going out to shoot a wild gobbler for his Thanksgiving dinner, as did the men of Plymouth in 1621. To the "great store" in those early days does a grateful nation owe the blessed institution of Thanksgiving turkey. The name of the sportsman who shot the game for that first feast of rejoicing has been lost in the lapse of time, but if ever turkey hunter hunted better than he knew it was this man whose hunting and whose home-bringing set the pattern for the Thanksgiving feasting of lo! those hundreds of years. The wild turkey of New England has perished from the face of the earth, but he has left an indelible impress upon the Thanksgiving platters of a nation, and for this achievement the bronze plumage of the Pilgrim bred will shine for all time glorified as with the sheen of pure gold.

THE COAST FISHERY CONFERENCE.

WHAT are the causes of the prevailing scarcity of food fishes in Atlantic Coast waters? What can be done to remove the destructive agencies and to restore the fisheries? These are questions which have been forcing themselves with growing insistence upon the attention of fishermen for months past. That the time is ripe for their consideration is demonstrated by the communications which are pouring in upon the New York Fish Commission in response to their circular published in our columns last week calling for a conference on the subject.

The meeting will be held in this city on Dec. 13. It will be attended by representatives of the United States Fish Commission, the Fish Commissioners of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, the last two States having been included on the suggestion of United States Commissioner MacDonald. Fish protective societies, angling clubs and individuals will be represented. It is but fair to assume that the menhaden fishermen and the pound men will be there and give their side of the case.

The investigation is one which cannot be completed in a day; this conference of Dec. 13, let us hope, will only mark the beginning of a movement which shall not be abandoned until the important purpose declared by the projectors shall have been secured.

AN IMPORTANT POWDER TEST.

WE print to-day the first portion of the report by Mr. Armin Tenner on the gunpowder tests recently conducted by him. The introductory paper is preliminary to the actual figures of the test; it deals with certain fundamen- principles of the science of shooting; and like the entire report it is deserving of careful study. The conclusion of the report will be given in succeeding issues.

These tests by Mr. Tenner and the experts who acted with him are the most thorough, intelligent, comprehensive and exhaustive public trials of sporting gunpowder ever made in this country. The conditions attending them were such as to command confidence in their impartiality of conduct and correctness of conclusions. The trials are timely and meet a recognized demand.

Popular knowledge has by no means kept pace with the introduction of new and novel explosives. Sportsmen have had put into their hands compounds, of the constituents and properties of which they know absolutely nothing, beyond the bare statements of the manufacturer. The powders have been taken on trust; and their use has of necessity been in large measure experimental and uncontrolled by any adequate comprehension of governing principles. Under such circumstances, Mr. Tenner's report published in the FOREST AND STREAM will be welcomed by the shooting public; and we may expect not only that it will materially add to popular information on the subject of explosives, but that it will lead as well to a more reasonable and intelligent use of gunpowders.

Mr. Tenner's name is not unfamiliar to the readers of our shooting columns, to which he has been a frequent contributor. Born in Thuringia, Germany, Mr. Tenner came to this country at the age of seventeen, enlisted in the 11th Missouri Volunteers, and at the close of the war took up his residence in Cincinnati, where he was connected with the German press. He was one of the organizers of the Cincinnati Acclimatization Society and the Cincinnati Zoölogical Gardens, serving as secretary of both these institutions and as manager of the Gardens. Going abroad as manager of the International Telephone Company, he secured franchises for the operation of telephone exchanges in Russia, Italy, Switzerland and other European countries.

Always interested in guns and shooting, he indulged his bent in that direction, and of late years has been active in promoting the popularity of trap-shooting in Germany. He was long a director in the German Shooting Association, and acted as manager of their tests of arms and powders. Concluding at length that, as he puts it, Germany was too small a country for him, Mr. Tenner came back to America, bringing with him a fine set of the most approved ballistic instruments of the day; and as he has already stated in our gun columns, he proposes to establish here a proof house for the test of firearms, on the plan which has proved so popular and so useful under his management abroad.

THE RACCOON.

NO LONG description is needed to introduce to our readers the raccoon, figured in our animal supplement of to-day. Almost every man and boy in the country knows the coon, and most of them have had the pleasure of hunting it in the moonlight nights of the late autumn and early winter.

The raccoon belongs to the group of split-footed carnivores known as the *Arctoidea*, or bearlike animals, and is in the same family with the coati-mundis of South America, which are often seen in menageries, and may be recognized by their peculiarly long snouts and their long ringed tails. Its nearest relation in the United States is the raccoon-fox or *Bassaris* of the Southwest. There are two species of raccoons in North America and one in South America. The two first are known as *Procyon lotor* and *hernandezii*, and the South American form, the crab eater, is *Procyon cancrivorus*. This is somewhat larger than the common North American animal, but as its fur is much shorter, it does not appear to be so large.

The coon is distributed over the whole of the United States wherever forests grow, and we have also seen its track along streams on the great plains where the only timber consisted of an occasional cottonwood in the river valley. It is especially abundant in the South, and in that section is eagerly pursued by the negroes, who hunt it with dogs, driving it into a tree from which it is then shaken out, or, if the tree cannot be climbed, shot; or the tree is felled. The same method of pursuit is followed in the New England and other States.

The coon is readily tamed and becomes an amusing pet. As it gains confidence, however, it is likely to be troublesome, for its capacity for mischief is unlimited.

Past numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM have had numerous accounts of the pains and pleasures of coon hunting, and to these the readers who are not familiar with this fascinating sport are referred.

This number contains as an illustrated supplement a portrait of the Coon, drawn by Mr. Ernest E. Thompson. This is the third in a series of four. Those already printed are: The Moose, Oct. 14, 1893; Woodland Caribou, Nov. 11. The last one will be of the Virginia Deer, Jan. 6, 1894. The dates of the former series, of which copies can be supplied, are as follows: Sept. 8, 1892, The Panther. Oct. 6, The Ocelot. Nov. 3, The Canada Lynx. Dec. 1, The Bay Lynx. Jan. 5, 1893, Gray Wolf. Feb. 2, White Goat. March 3, Coyote. April 6, Antelope. May 4, Fox.

In one of our early October issues Mr. G. O. Shields, writing from Pelan, Minn., reported, "I have lately talked with many settlers who live in and near the moose country, and they all say that they shall continue to kill moose and other game, the same as heretofore, law or no law." Senator Henry Keller called at the office of the Hallock *Enterprise* the other day and gave out that when the Minnesota Legislature met again he would introduce a bill offering a reward of $25 for the conviction of a person found guilty of killing moose or elk or prairie chicken out of season. We shall see what we shall see.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A STORY OF INDIAN DAYS.

No doubt there are some few moments in the life of every man, and of a mountaineer in particular, when he really thinks that his life is about done. And when he honestly thinks so, he acts just as though it was true, although he may really have been in no danger. At other times he may be placed in the utmost peril and danger; bullets may be flying thick around him, yet he seems to heed them not and does not get scared until the danger is over.

In the summer of 1861, I mined in Georgia Gulch in Colorado. I worked hard six days, and kept Sunday by hunting, as much for the love of it as for the meat I usually secured. Along in October we shut down our claim and began to scatter for the winter. Father concluded that he would stay on the claim; but I was too fond of hunting to want to spend another winter in the mountains so near the snow range. Some friends were going down to winter where the Arkansas River puts out of the mountain; and I concluded to go with them. Game was reported to be plenty and so it was. Snow had begun to fall in South Park and the traveling was heavy the first two days; then we got out of the snow belt. The first day out I killed an antelope, the next a big blacktail buck; and these kept the company in meat until we reached Cañon City. Here the teams stopped a few days while the men hunted around for a suitable place to winter. George and I went down on to a small stream called Hard Scrabble. Here we found game in abundance, such as elk, deer, black and white tail, antelope and turkeys, with good feed and plenty of water. We killed two deer and hung them up; went back, got the outfit, moved down, got our deer and then went to building a cabin on the Maxwell Grant for winter quarters.

I had begun to see that my friends were very stingy and thought they would get what money I had brought along, irrespective of what I was to pay for my part of the cooking, which was done by Al's wife. I made up my mind that I should leave them as soon as an opportunity presented itself. A man named Vicroy owned a ranch three miles below where we were camped; and he had started to build a mill. He wanted a man to dig out a place to set the wheel, so I took the job. I got my traps together, settled up with my friends, and went down to work. As there was no particular hurry for the excavation, I hunted more than half the time. We had all the game we wanted.

I had been in my new quarters about ten days, when one evening Vic wanted to know if I could drive oxen. I told him I could and that I had graduated in bullwhacking, and had stood up near the head of my class. Said he, "That's good. Will you take two yoke of oxen and go down to Major & Russell's winter quarters, and leave a light wagon and bring back a heavy one? It is fifty miles down on the Arkansas River. You can go down in two days and come back in two. Pueblo is half way." "All right," said I, "when shall I start?" "To-morrow."

The next morning early I yoked up two yoke of good oxen, hitched on to a light wagon, put in my blankets, some bread, a little salt, sugar and coffee, and a fore-quarter of an antelope, for I always like to have a piece of meat to roast when I am sitting around a camp-fire alone; it helps kill time.

"You can stop at Pueblo," Vic told me, "I will overtake you there."

I supposed it must be a town, but when I got there I found it to contain about a half dozen houses, all of which seemed to be filled with red pepper, or chili, as they called it, except one cluster, which was inhabited by a Mexican named Juan Chickette. A more bloodthirsty looking greaser I never met. I told him who I was and that Vicroy owned the team and would be there that night. Juan told me I could stay and put the oxen in his corral and feed them if I would pay him then. I told him I had no money, so I would go up on the creek and make camp, for I had some doubts about Vic's coming that night. I went up a short distance, camped, turned the oxen out, watched them until nearly dark, then hobbled two, and prepared camp for the night.

Next morning early I was up after my oxen, which had not gone far. I let them feed until I got through my breakfast, then hitched up and started on my road. I saw a great many antelope and a few whitetail deer, but none were near enough for me to get a shot at.

I kept hurrying up the oxen, and by three o'clock I had reached the big ranch. Here were those big prairie schooners, just such as I had used a few years before, chains by the ton, yokes by the cord, work-oxen by the thousand. It was their winter quarter for trains that had come out and could not get back before winter set in on the plains. Here I received kind treatment and was well cared for. I told the foreman who I was and what I came for; and that Vicroy had said that he would overtake me at Pueblo. "Oh," said the foreman, "he may not come, you can wait or you can take the wagon; for Vic may not come, he is one of those fellows who are always behind. I have known him for years."

When bed time came they wanted me to sleep in the house, but I would not; I was used to sleeping outdoors, and the weather was fine.

The next morning I told the foreman I would start back, as there would be no use of my waiting; so I hitched on and started. Sometimes I would get up in the wagon and ride, sometimes I would walk and hurry the oxen up, for I wanted to reach Pueblo before dark.

Along about noon I saw a small cloud of dust rising ahead. I thought it was Vic, and sure enough it was. He came up and began to apologize for not coming sooner; some teams had come down from the mines for vegetables and he could not get away. I told him that his friend Juan would not keep me unless I paid him in advance, which I would not do, for I was afraid to let them know I had a dollar.

"Well," said Vic, "you stop there to-night. I told him I would pay him when I come back."

"No," said I, "I would rather camp where I did coming down." Then we separated.

Probably an hour had elapsed. I was poking along behind the wagon when I thought I could hear Indians yelling. On looking back I could see quite a cloud of dust rising. I got up into the wagon and stopped the team so I could listen. After listening a little while I could hear Indians yelling. I started up the team, but kept watching back. I could see the dust plainer; it seemed to be coming, and I could hear the yelling more distinctly. My first thought was to leave the team and run for the river. If I could get to the brush I would be all right. But it was more than a mile. If I left the wagon there would be nothing to get behind to make a fight.

One thing was certain —they would soon be there. I had passed over a piece of rolling ground, which hid them, but the dust was rising nearer, and the yelling was getting to be very distinct. I was certain that the Indians were on the war path, that they had got Vicroy and had seen me and would soon have my scalp dangling from a girdle.

I stopped the team, got up on top of the wagon box and could see them coming. Yet they must have been a mile and a half away. I thought I could see some near the timber.

I jumped down, unhitched the oxen, turned them round, chained them to the wheel, climbed back up into the wagon, took some bullets out of my shot-pouch, laid them on my roll of blankets, laid my pistol by them, and then rested my rifle across the hind end gate and waited for them to come. And come they did. One seemed to be at least a quarter of a mile ahead of the main body. I waited until this leader got within about 200yds., when I fired. At the crack of my rifle down went the horse and rider. But in an instant the Indian was up and started to run for the river. The yelling was terrific; the Indians began leaving the road to head the leader off. I reloaded my rifle as quick as I could, but before I could get a cap on the nipple they began shooting at the dismounted Indian, and soon I saw him stumble and fall. Then they closed in around him. In a few minutes two of them started toward my wagon. They had a white handkerchief on a spear. I got down out of the wagon after sticking my pistol in my waist. They rode up within about 10yds. and spoke to me in Spanish. I could understand them tolerably well; they told me they were friends to the white man. The Indian they had killed was a Comanche and had been stealing their horses and was on the best horse they had, and if I had not killed it he would have got away.

Soon they raised the bloody scalp on to a spear and began their war dance around it. I hitched up and left. But I was so weak that I could hardly stand up. It was nearly dark when I got back to Pueblo. I put the oxen in the corral and ate and slept in the house that night, for I had not got over my scare, and old Juan's cut-throat countenance looked like the harbinger of peace compared to those Arapahoes. The next day I reached home.

When Vic came he told me that his horse had bolted to the brush as he was nearer the river, and he hid until they passed. Then he did not know what to do, for he thought it was a war party. But he ventured near enough to Big Ranch to see people moving around; and when the Indians returned they stopped and exhibited the scalp. Then he felt much better, for he was afraid they had got my scalp as well as his team. LEW. WILMOT.

TWO DAYS AT HAMMONASSETT.

WE reached the club house nestled in this remote Connecticut valley at dark. On the way thither the president and I had picked up two flight woodcock and two quail and had given the dogs a preparatory run through stubble and alders in prospect of the work of the morrow. The Doctor arrived shortly after, having shot over the club land on the way up from Madison. He emptied his game pocket of two woodcock, a quail and a partridge. We sat before the blazing hickory logs taking our *otium cum dig.* and laid our plans for the morning. Rex, Wad and May lay stretched in lazy idleness before us and the birds of other hunts looked down on us from their hooks and perches on mantel and wall, and gave us prompting for many a story of doubtful accuracy.

The thermometer stood at 28° F. as we packed the dogs and ourselves into the club wagon at 8 o'clock next morning bound for the "Episcopal church region." The sun was just topping Pea Hill; not a cloud in the sky, every leaf and twig and blade of grass glistened like silver under the heavy coating of hoar frost.

What words can paint the fall glories of the woods seen through an atmosphere so clear that hills ten miles away seem to be close at our feet.

What pen can tell of the thrill of hope and courage and strength and thankfulness for very life, that infused us as we climbed those glorious wooded hills, up, up into the blue ether, away from the dust, the worry, the turmoil, the sorrow of everyday life, up toward the blue of God's Heaven, into the arms of our dear mother Nature, with her kindly touch, which softens all our sorrows and heals all our wounds.

In the shadowy depths of the woods the frozen ferns gleamed white and ghostlike on each side of the road, or looked like coarse lace set out against the darker background of forest and glen. We have cast aside all our troubles for the time. Here in a "Happy Valley" of our own, a Connecticut Arcadia, where the silver bill and the financial situation are not, our greatest anxiety is the fear that perhaps two steaks, some chops and ham and eggs will not be enough for dinner.

The first cover visited was a buckwheat patch planted by the club and allowed to stand and "die down," affording unlimited food and good cover. Old Wad had scarcely reached its edge when he began to make game, and the pup Rex, as he came around, backed up his grandsire in handsome form. Before we were organized for our shots the birds flushed wide off, but the Doctor's gun dropped a single. Wad retrieved neatly, and before we had gone twenty paces another and smaller bevy flushed at the extreme upper end of the field and dropped into some alders near the church brook. We found them without much trouble, and from a staunch point by Rex in thick cover I winged one bird which dodged off to the left, and an instant later fired at what proved to be a large hen bird to the right. I saw a cloud of feathers drift down wind and supposed I had killed; but after following my winged bird for some distance and being unable to find it, I returned for the other. The bird was not where it should have been, but some light feathers and a half point from Rex showed me that this bird, too, had been wounded only. The pup, however, took the trail, and working down slowly and snakelike, came finally, 60yds. below, to an open spot with grass tussocks at the end and edge of the alders, where he made his final and unmistakable stand. We watched the pup and called Wad around, who backed in great shape. The scene was typical of a point on quail in cover. A hundred yards below stood an old and deserted farmhouse, weatherworn and gray. The brook, ten steps from us, babbled and gurgled on its way to the sea, and the old church of ninety years, looking strangely out of place in this out-of-the-way region, loomed up against the cloudless autumn sky to the right. The dogs stood almost at right angles to each other. Rex, with his head inclined sharply to one side, slightly crouching, and his left hindleg cataleptically poised, stood as though carved in stone. Wad at his right on a most stylish backing point, head, back and flag all on a line.

We watched them and commented on them, and on our beautiful surroundings, on hills and woods, and on the delightful excitement of the moment. What was the hurry? A few seconds, or moments, made no difference, and one don't get these sensations so often that they can be thrown away. At last I walk up and whirr goes the bird straightaway. I score a kill on an easy shot and Rex and Wad move on and point. Wad retrieves—Rex has not yet learned this senior year study.

I start to move down to where some of the birds were supposed to have flown, but missing my dog I turn and call "Rex," and see him pointing at the same tussock from which my bagged bird had flown. I walk back and say, "Why, Rex, you were a good dog to find that bird, but don't shake my trust in your intelligence by pointing again where she got up. Come away, come on, good dog, Rex; come on, don't be a fool." No reply from the graven image. I walk up and kick about the grass, but find nothing. "Rex, come away from there." Finally I take him by the collar, but as I do so he breaks his point and puts out his paw and rests it on a thick bunch of grass, and as I part the matted grass I see and lift out a fine hen quail in her last gasps. It was the bird I had wounded which had run with the other, and the sagacious brute of a dog had made his mind, or scent, up that there were two birds in that bunch of grass, and by his intelligence had added one to our bag.

We left this cover after the proper amount of caressing and good-boy-ing had been done, and went up the hill to the upper buckwheat and into woodcock and partridge cover. The Doctor had three pretty chances on the way up, two at quail and one at a woodcock. The woodcock and one quail came to bag.

I was walking through a tangled thicket of sprouts, cat-briers and alders when Rex gave unmistakable evidence of being on a partridge trail. I "got ahead," "crashing through the brash," unable to make progress without noise. The pyrotechnics went off and so did my feather-weight gun, and I saw through the scrub oak which had not yet shed its leaves, a bundle of brown feathers fall to the ground, but only winged, and in my hurry to get to the spot on account of Rex's unfinished education, I lost an easy shot at another bird, which got up when I was *hors de combat* with the gun open and tangled up in a grapevine.

The dog took the trail and I lost him, but after a time came upon him lying down beside a rock and evidently satisfied with himself. I could see no bird and the dog would not go on when ordered to. As soon as I could get the Doctor with old Wad, I explained matters and a "dead bird" "seek" to the old boy disclosed my dead partridge within 10 paces of my dog and a hundred yards from where I had fired. As soon as the bird was bagged Rex got up and began hunting again as before.

We went down the hill to keep our appointment with the president at Bunnell's Bridge. Before noon we had started four bevies of quail, but we shot indifferently and the birds acted as though they did not want to come to bag, and at noon we had but five—three quail, a woodcock and a partridge. We lunched at Bunnell's Bridge, on the banks of the Hammonassett.

At this point our president left us for the club house and New Haven, and the Doctor and I finished our day by a tramp to the club, picking up three more birds and watching the fine working of the two dogs, Wad and Rex. We had a dozen points, but in many places it was impossible to shoot. We put our eight birds—five quail, two partridges and one woodcock—in the ice box, got into our sweaters and slippers, and dropped off after supper into that gentle insouciance which always follows a day's hunt and a good meal.

We hunted half the next day and added three quail, two partridges and two woodcock to our score. After luncheon we bowled down to Madison, eleven miles, behind the club pair, and at 9 o'clock were recounting another happy outing to our wives and indorsing our statements by the present of twenty-three birds—eleven quail, seven woodcock and five partridges. INCOG.

A Moose on the Last Day.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 25 —Three weeks ago, just as I was about leaving here for a short trip to the woods, I read with interest a well-illustrated account by one of your correspondents of how he killed his first moose.

I killed my first moose on Oct. 26, 1883, still-hunting on a perfectly still day, with neither snow, rain or wind to help me. I am just back from my tenth moose hunt and report that on Saturday I killed my last moose, on a bitter cold windy day, with the frozen leaves covered with several inches of crusted snow, just the day when the sensible still-hunter stays in camp to clean his gun, boil bean soup, mend moccasins and the like.

This was my last day, however, so out I went and in the face of adverse circumstances got a young bull about five years old which measured 6ft. 3in. My measurements are those of one who has measured a good many and lived out. I have never yet seen a 7-foot moose. The head and horns weighed 77½lbs. My Indian shouldered these while I took the hide, 51lbs., and we had a two and a half hour tramp with them the next morning in a blinding snowstorm. That is what I call good work and the sort of hunting that gives the most pleasure—the hunter's wits against the game's.

Your correspondent I mentioned wondered where one of his guides, an Indian, got the name of Seymour. His name is not Seymour, it is Ignace Simon. He and his brother Hyacinthe are both good hunters, and I have employed both of them at times as far back as 1884 and 1886.

They are sons of old Antoine Simon, who was drowned five or six years ago in the Ottawa River.

The Canadians drop the nasal twang in pronouncing French, and Simon becomes Seemo, mistaken by your correspondent for Seymour. CECIL CLAY.

Natural History.

WILD TURKEYS OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY D. G. ELLIOT.

ALTHOUGH the New World has contributed but one genus to the great family of the *Phasianidæ*, yet the species that are comprised within it are the most important and valuable to man of all the known forms of gallinaceous birds, either in their wild state, as furnishing food to forest dwellers, or through the various domesticated strains which knowledge and ingenuity has been able to produce from the wild creatures themselves.

The turkey is of very ancient lineage, and existed in early geological times, various portions of the skeletons having been found both in the Miocene of Colorado and the post-Pleiocene of New Jersey. These represented species larger, as well as smaller, than those living to-day.

Very confused ideas prevailed among Europeans of a few centuries ago as to the native country of these splendid birds, and the trivial name by which they are everywhere recognized was bestowed on account of the erroneous belief that they were introduced into England from Turkey, and were indigenous to that country.

Up to the last few years it was supposed only one species of the genus *Meleagris* existed, the common wild turkey, as found in the eastern border of North America, and that from it sprung all the domesticated races in their different forms, so familiar throughout the world, and it was not until 1856 that Gould separated the bird, then believed to be found only in Mexico, from its northern relative, as *M. mexicana*. This is very distinct from the common wild turkey, and undoubtedly is the source from which the greater portion of the domesticated birds are derived. The name of the genus *Meleagris*, from the Greek *μελεαγρὶδ*, a guinea fowl, is another evidence of the confused ideas existing regarding these birds, and it was supposed to be the same species known to the ancients under that name. Externally, on a large scale, in their general form and mode of carriage, turkeys have a certain resemblance to guinea fowls, but their skeletons possess very different characters, and of course in these days there is no likelihood of any one confounding the two in any way whatever. They represent two well defined subfamilies of the one great family.

The visible characters which identify and separate turkeys from all other birds may be briefly stated as follows: Head and upper portion of neck naked, with a wrinkled skin, covered more or less with wartlike protuberances, an extensile appendage on the forehead, a dewlap present, a tarsus covered before and behind with broad scales, and armed, in the male, with a spur. The feathers are firm and smooth, and of highly metallic colors, especially in the male, which sex is also distinguished by a "beard," or tuft of lengthened hairlike feathers projecting from the breast. Turkeys are both arboreal and terrestrial, and are capable, when on the ground, of outrunning a fairly swift horse.

At the present time there are four species and subspecies of the genus recognized in North America, and one, a most gorgeous bird, fairly rivaling the hummingbird in the resplendent metallic brilliancy of its plumage, is a native of certain portions of Central America.

The four North American birds are about equal in size, having a general resemblance to each other in the colors of their plumage, but each possessing characteristic differences, which cause them to be readily recognizable. One has been known since the discovery of the North American continent, another was described, as already stated, in 1856, and the other two within a few years, one indeed only in the summer of 1892. They are *Meleagris gallopavo*, the common wild turkey; *M. mexicana*, the Mexican turkey, but not restricted by any means to that country; *M. gallopavo osceola*, the Florida wild turkey, and *M. gallopavo ellioti*, the Rio Grande wild turkey. These four may be characterized in a key somewhat as follows:

I. Plumage highly metallic.
  a. Upper tail-coverts and tail very dark reddish chestnut, the latter tipped with rusty.
    a'. Primaries white with black bars. *M. gallopavo.*
    b'. Primaries brownish black with white bars, not reaching the shaft. *M. g. osceola.*
  b. Upper tail-coverts and tail chestnut, tipped with buff. *M. g. ellioti.*
  c. Upper tail-coverts and tail tipped with white. *M. mexicana.*

It will be seen by the above that the first two species are very similar in appearance and that the main difference is in the coloration of the primaries, or long stiff feathers of the wing, sometimes called "flight feathers." In the common wild turkey the black and white are pretty equally distributed on these feathers, and they both reach the shaft, while in the Florida bird the white bars are narrow, somewhat broken, and do not reach the shaft. These markings, though apparently so insignificant and apt to be overlooked by the casual observer, are nevertheless constant, and it is by such characters, trivial as they may seem, that the subspecific forms are established and the geographical distribution of animals on our globe ascertained.

The next two, species and subspecies, have more evidence that they should be separated from the Northern and Eastern bird, and while the *M. g. ellioti* at first sight might be mistaken for the common wild turkey, by comparing the two it would be at once perceived how much they differ in the coloring of the rump, upper and under tail-coverts and tail. The feathers of the rump are black, with a metallic coppery bronze subterminal bar, and broadly tipped with dark ochraceous buff; the coverts are chestnut with narrow black crossbars, and broadly tipped with buff. The tail is mottled with pale chestnut and black, with a subterminal black bar, and broadly tipped with dark ochraceous buff. The feathers of the rump of the common wild turkey and also the tail-coverts are broadly tipped with dark chestnut, and the tail is tipped with rusty, giving a very different appearance to these parts, as shown in *M. g. ellioti*. The primaries of the last-named also are more like *M. mexicana* than those of *M. gallopavo*, and furnish an additional character to distinguish the Rio Grande bird. The female of *M. g. ellioti*, however, in the grayish tips of the feathers on the upper parts of the body and the pale buff tips on those of the under surface, differs so entirely from the females of all other species of turkey, that it raises a serious question whether this form should not be accorded a full specific rank equal to *mexicana* and *gallopavo*. Lastly, *M. mexicana*, in its white-tipped tail-coverts and tail, is easily distinguished from the other forms.

Wild Turkey—*Meleagris gallopavo.*

Meleagris gallopavo, Linn. Syst. Nat., Vol. I., 1766, p. 268.

Habitat, eastern United States, from southern Canada to northern Florida and eastern Texas, west to the plains.

Naked skin of the head and neck blue, the wattles red. Feathers of neck and body generally coppery bronze, changing with greenish or purplish reflections, and margined with black. Back and rump black, with red reflections; sides, and upper and lower tail-coverts dark chestnut, with a subterminal black bar, and with purple reflections, and tipped with dark chestnut. Tail chestnut, barred and mottled with black, with a subterminal black bar, and tipped with pale chestnut or rusty. A long, pendent tuft of hair-like feathers from the center of the breast. Bill and legs red.

It has been a moot question among writers what should be the proper name for this well-known bird, but as Linnæus gave that of *gallopavo* to the "New England wild turkey" of Ray, there can be no doubt as to its rightful appellation. The turkey was first introduced into the West India Islands in 1526 in a domestic state, and into England in 1541. In the reign of Francis I. it was imported into France, and it was first served on the table in that country on the occasion of the wedding of Charles IX., in 1570. Bred with care it increased rapidly, and was soon introduced into Asia and Africa. At the time of the settlement of America the turkey was generally distributed all along our eastern seaboard from Florida to the New England States, but it has long since become practically extinct as a wild bird north of Pennsylvania, and in that State it is confined to a few mountainous districts. Its range was given by most writers as much more extensive than is really the fact, because it has been confounded with the Florida bird on the eastern coast, and with the Rio Grande turkey in the southwest, these forms having only lately been recognized as distinct. It may now be considered as restricted from Pennsylvania to northern Florida of the Atlantic States, through the Gulf States to southern Texas, north to Canada and westward to the plains. Its habits are so well known and the methods employed for its capture so thoroughly understood, that it is not necessary to discuss them here; but no more wary, keen-eyed, alert wild denizen of the forest exists in any land than this noble bird, and any hunter may well feel proud and elated when, by methods only permissible to the true sportsman, matching his knowledge and skill against the sagacity and cunning of this thoroughly game creature, he succeeds in outwitting and bringing to bag so splendid a quarry. Long may it be preserved, the grandest of our feathered game, to ornament our woods and rouse its echoes in the early spring time with its rolling challenge, sounded from some lofty perch, in defiance of its rivals or in response to the low call of the female.

Florida Wild Turkey—*Meleagris gallopavo osceola.*

Meleagris gallopavo osceola, Scott. Auk, 1890, p. 376.

Habitat, Tarpon Springs, Florida, and about the southern half of the Peninsula. Resembling *M. gallopavo*, but differing in having the white on the primaries and outer secondaries in the shape of narrow broken bars not reaching the shaft. The inner secondaries grayish brown without bars and mottled with brown on inner webs. The subspecies is found in the southern part of Florida, but its exact range has not yet been definitely ascertained. The type specimen came from Tarpon Springs, where it was procured by Mr. Scott. It is a well marked race, easily recognized from the common wild turkey by the characters given above. It is abundant in the section of the State it frequents, and is named after the celebrated Seminole chief.

Rio Grande Turkey—*Meleagris gallopavo ellioti.*

Meleagris gallopavo ellioti, Sennett, Auk, 1892, p. 167, pl. III.

Habitat, lowlands of southern Texas and eastern Mexico. Distinguished from other turkeys by the ochraceous buff tips on the tail and its upper and lower coverts, by the deep blue black of the lower back destitute of the brilliant metallic reflections of the other forms, and in the female by the grayish tips of the feathers on the upper parts, and the pale buff or grayish white edgings of those on the under surface. The tips of the tail and those of the upper coverts are paler than in the male. This is a very strongly marked form of wild turkey, so strongly characterized indeed in the female as would warrant it, as I have already said, to be considered an independent species. There is no female turkey that I have ever seen so peculiarly marked as is that sex of the Rio Grande form, the nearest being the female of *M. mexicana*, but this bird has no gray edgings on the upper back and only extremely narrow ones on the lower surface. The general coloring of the feathers is also entirely different.

Mr. Sennett, who procured and described this new turkey, states that it is common on the coast, and in the lowlands, from about the Brazos River in Texas, to Vera Cruz, in Mexico, wherever timber and food are abundant, up to an altitude not exceeding 2,000ft. above the level of the sea. No evidence has been obtained that it intergrades with any other form, all the specimens procured being remarkably alike, and exhibiting a conspicuous difference from the other known kinds of wild turkeys. It is a large bird, frequently weighing over 20lbs., and the males are very handsome indeed in their metallic and buff colored plumage.

Mexican Turkey—*Meleagris mexicana.*

Meleagris mexicana. Gould Proc. Zool. Soc., 1856, p. 61.

Habitat, Rocky Mountains, from western Texas to Arizona, and south along the table land of Mexico, above an altitude of 3,000ft.

The Mexican turkey can always be recognized by the broad white tips to the tail-coverts and tail. The general plumage is fiery copper, with black and green reflections, and the primaries are barred with black and white like those of *M. gallopavo*, quite different from those of *osceola* and *ellioti*. This bird is undoubtedly the source from which all the domesticated strains with white-tipped feathers arose. The jet black or bronze, domestic race, were derived from the eastern wild bird, but whenever a tame turkey is seen with these peculiar white or very pale buff-tipped feathers, it is very certain it contains some of the blood of the Mexican species. This turkey is a bird of the highlands, rarely met with below 3,000ft. above the level of the sea, and from that up to 10,000ft. It is very common in the localities it frequents, often met with in large droves; I have seen thirty or forty of them together, and it does not differ in its habits from the other species. When the Spaniards first entered the City of Mexico they found extensive zoölogical gardens maintained by the Emperor Montezuma, containing nearly all the animals of his own country, as well as others brought from a distance, and to the beasts of prey, it was stated, that turkeys were supplied as food. High livers and greatly favored we must regard these pets of imperial majesty. When the turkey was first domesticated in Mexico is not known, but its introduction into Europe in the sixteenth century would show that it was reclaimed from the wild state long prior to the advent of Cortez.

The Mexican turkey grows to a very large size and it seemed to me that the average, judging from those I shot and saw in New Mexico on the borders of Arizona, was larger than that of our Eastern bird. The males are very handsome, and especially conspicuous from the amount of white, or buffy white, on the lower back and tail. They are shot mainly from the roosts on moonlight nights or in the early morning, and on account of the lofty trees in those localities and the height at which the birds perch, a rifle is the only weapon certain to reach them and bring them to the ground. They are very tenacious of life and many sorely wounded birds contrive to effect their escape amid the shadows of the surrounding woods, or in the dense brush and thickets of the mountains and valleys. I have treated this bird in this paper as a species, although in the A. O. U. List it is considered only a subspecies of the common wild turkey. Possibly the two forms may run together, but at present it is not known that they do, and so I leave it as a species.

With the last species the list of wild turkeys known at the present day to inhabit North America is exhausted; but before bringing this article to a close it would perhaps be well to say a few words upon the "noblest Roman of them all," albeit he is not a North American citizen—the gorgeous ocellated turkey of Yucatan and Guatemala.

This wonderfully plumaged bird is slightly smaller than our wild turkey, and is a native of the district lying between the base of the promontory of Yucatan and the extensive forests which overspread the northern and eastern portions of Guatemala, and westward probably to the lands bordering the Usumacinta and Rio San Pedro. It is doubtful if it is found in the republic of Honduras. It dwells in districts interspersed with open tracts and dense forests, is even more shy and wary than our own bird, if such a thing could be deemed possible, goes in small flocks, and in its habits resembles closely our wild turkey. The best description would give but a faint idea of this bird's appearance, but the following may help one to recognize it if seen for the first time: Head and neck deep blue, the lower part of the sides and front of the latter covered with bright red wartlike excrescences. A large, thick wattle between the eyes, extending to the bill, and another pendent over the bill, both deep blue, and terminating with yellow excrescences. Similar wart-like excrescences over the eyes and also between the eyes and the bill, bright yellow. Feathers of upper part of back bright metallic green at base, succeeded by a line of black and tipped with yellow. Back and rump feathers blue at base, followed by a line of black and broadly tipped with red, this last color richest on the rump. Scapulars like the back. Secondaries white, irregularly barred with grass green. Primaries white, barred with brownish black. Shoulders and smaller wing-coverts rich green, margined with black; greater wing-coverts deep red. Upper part of breast like the back. Flanks and lower parts generally black, feathers tipped with brilliant red. Upper tail-coverts and tail feathers light brown at base, mottled with black, followed by an irregular bar or broad spot of deep blue, margined above and below with black, succeeded by a line of yellowish; the remainder of terminal portions deep red. The coverts are very long, extending half way down the tail. Bill, legs and feet red. Such is the plumage of this extraordinary bird, which far outstrips the peacock in gaudy apparel, and vies in its changing tints and brilliant metallic hues, resembling the rainbow in their startling contrasts, with the hummingbirds, those fairy feathered jewels of the air. Various vain attempts have been made to domesticate it, and it is not probable that it will ever be, like its northern relative, a familiar object near the abodes of men.

THAT WHITE RATTLESNAKE.

BEATRICE, Neb., Nov. 1.—In the issue of Oct. 28, "Dr. Jes," of Douglas, Wyo., advances the theory that the white rattlesnake I mentioned as being captured near here was simply an ordinary rattler which was shedding his skin.

Mr. Chas. King, living 13 miles east of this city, has the snake still alive, and yesterday I drove out to see it. Mr. King's replies to my inquiries, I think, preclude any other theory than that the snake is an albino. I saw it a few days after he first captured it, and again yesterday, and I can see no difference in the condition of the skin, although about forty-five days, twice the time consumed in the process of shedding the skin, have gone by. I still hold to the theory I first advanced, that the snake is an albino, a freak in a specimen of the common black prairie rattlesnake. Mr. King tells me that the Smithsonian Institute is corresponding with him and will probably secure the little serpent for their collection. I hope this will be brought about, so that Eastern readers of the FOREST AND STREAM may see it too. Mr. King said:

"I captured the white rattlesnake about Sept. 20. The skin smooth and the color bright then, and I do not notice any change now in the condition of skin or in the color compared with the same at the time of capture. There is no change in any way that I can detect up to the present time (Nov. 13). The snake is perfectly healthy and livelier than is generally the case with a rattlesnake. I feed it milk and water mixed, once in two or three days. It does not lap the milk like a cat or dog, but puts its mouth down in it and drinks after the manner of a horse or cow and swallows very fast. If not disturbed it will drink all it wants before leaving the dish and then does not drink again for two or three

days, as near as I can determine. I have not noticed any change in the color of either the spots or the body since he has been in my possession. The skin is at the present time smooth and glossy, not inclined to roughness, nor does it differ from the skin of any snake except in color. I put a live mouse in the box a few days after capturing him. This one he struck and killed and then swallowed it. I have since put a number of field mice and common house mice in the box with him, but he does not molest them in any way, though they run all over him. The mice if left in the box a day or two become sluggish and die, though the snake does not touch them."

The little fellow is very lively for a rattlesnake and carries a set of fangs such as always go with the ordinary rattler; and he seems to be of a rather pugnacious disposition. If you so much as put your hand toward his box, when he can see you, he starts his "music box" and coils at once, all ready for business on short notice.

I would like to hear from other readers if any other cases of a like nature have ever come under their notice. I have killed many rattlesnakes, but never saw anything like this one. EL COMANCHO.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

THE eleventh congress of the A. O. U. was held at Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 20 to 23. The business meeting, which always precedes the public sessions, was held at the residence of Mr. C. F. Batchelder on the evening of Nov. 20. At this meeting the old officers were reëlected, as follows: Dr. Elliot Coues, President; Messrs. Wm. Brewster and H. W. Henshaw, Vice-Presidents; Mr. John H. Sage, Secretary, and Mr. Wm. Dutcher, Treasurer. The council for the year consists of Dr. J. A. Allen, Messrs. C. B. Cory, C. F. Batchelder, D. G. Elliot, Robert Ridgway, and Drs. C. Hart Merriam and L. Stejneger. Eighty-three associate members were elected, but there were no elections of honorary, corresponding or active members.

The new committee on "Classification and Nomenclature of North American Birds" consists of Dr. J. A. Allen, Wm. Brewster, Dr. Elliot Coues, Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Robert Ridgway.

The new committee on "Protection of North American Birds" is made up of Dr. Frank M. Chapman and L. S. Foster, Dr. Jonathan Dwight, Jr., Capt. C. E. Bendire and Mr. Montague Chamberlain.

The public meeting, at which the papers presented to the congress are read, was held in the Nash lecture room of the University Museum. In the absence of the president, Dr. Coues, who is detained in the West, Mr. Wm. Brewster, the vice-president, presided. On behalf of Harvard University, Dr. George L. Goodale welcomed the Union to Cambridge. The following papers were read:

Bird Migration in Chester county, South Carolina, viewed with Reference to its Cause—Leverett M. Loomis.
Brief Remarks on the Origin of Bird Migration—Frank M. Chapman.
The Survival of the Fittest—D. G. Elliot.
Protective Coloration and Natural Selection—J. A. Allen.
Protective Mimicry—J. A. Allen.
The Island of Trinidad and its Bird Life; Illustrated with Lantern Slides—Frank M. Chapman.
On the Tongue of *Dendroica tigrina*—Frederic A. Lucas.
Observation on the Ruby-throated Hummingbird—Jane L. Hine.
General Impressions of Tropical Bird Life—Frank M. Chapman.
The Labrador Duck.—Another specimen, with some additional data of extant specimens—Wm. Dutcher.
Remarks on the Nest of *Cistothorus palustris*—Louis B. Bishop.
Habits of the Double-crested Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax dilophus*) in Rhode Island—Geo. H. Mackay.
Remarks on the Fauna of Wyoming—C. Hart Merriam.
Some Mexican Notes—E. W. Nelson.
Change in Feeding Habits of the Night Hawk since the General Use of Electric Lights—A. P. Chadbourne.
Instance of Reasoning in the Scarlet Ibis—A. P. Chadbourne.

The paper which had in it most of popular interest was that by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, on the Island of Trinidad and its Bird Life. It was read before a large audience on the afternoon of Wednesday, and was listened to with great attention. It was quite fully illustrated with lantern slides and was the paper of the day. Many other of the papers were of unusual interest.

It was voted to hold the next congress of the Union in New York city, a session to begin on the second Monday in November, 1894. Sixteen active and thirty associate members were present during the congress.

The members of the Union were invited to attend an informal reception on Monday evening, Nov. 20, at the residence of Mr. C. F. Batchelder to celebrate the twenty-eth birthday of the Nuttall Ornithological Club. During their stay in Cambridge every hospitality was extended to the visiting members of the A. O. U. by the Nuttall Club.

At the close of the meeting thanks were tendered to Prof. Geo. L. Goodale for the use of the Botanic Lecture Room of Harvard University; to the Colonial Club, of Cambridge, for courtesies extended, and to the Nuttall Ornithological Club for its cordial welcome and generous hospitalities extended the visiting members.

As remarked last week, the A. O. U. may almost be called the child of the Nuttall Club, and the parent on this occasion extended to its lusty offspring kindnesses which will long be remembered by the members of the Union. These and the other pleasant features of the congress of 1893 render the meet perhaps the most enjoyable that has ever been held.

Female Caribou Horns.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Your picture of caribou I consider very fine. In regard to the female caribou with horns my experience has been that when with young they always carry antlers, sometimes so large and so well bunched that they come to an untimely end. I killed one on my last trip by mistake; a good sized cow seen with antlers 100yds. away among the bushes can be very easily mistaken for a young stag.

I am glad they are going to have a carnival at Quebec, only wish I was not so crippled, they always have a jolly time at these carnivals. I have been there and would advise all who are able to go by all means, it is a most delightful experience. WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

Game Bag and Gun.

MODERN SPORTING GUNPOWDERS

In the Light of the Public Powder and Primer Tests Carried out at Chicago and Carney's Point, New Jersey.

BY ARMIN TENNER,
Expert in Gunpowder, Guns and Ammunition.

General Observations on the Theory of Shot Shooting.

FOR centuries black powder, which, as is well known, consists of a mixture of saltpeter, charcoal and sulphur, has been used as an explosive and as a propelling agent for all kinds af weapons, from the smallest pistol up to the heaviest cannon.

Saltpeter, or nitrate of potash, represents oxygen in a solid form, one volume of saltpeter containing about as much oxygen as 3,000 volumes of atmospheric air. When raised to a certain temperature, this oxygen will easily separate and combine violently with the carbon, thus forming carbonic acid and a certain proportion of carbonic oxide; and these in conjunction with free nitrogen constitute the principal gaseous products of combustion.

The charcoal employed in the manufacture of gunpowder is generally obtained from light, spongy wood. In England and on the European continent dogwood or alder buckthorn is considered to be best adapted for all small-arm powders. Lately numerous attempts, with more or less success, have been made to substitute other materials for wood, mainly with the object of diminishing the quantity of smoke usually developed by a charge of ordinary black powder.

The quality of the charcoal exercises a great influence upon the behavior of a gunpowder, inasmuch as the rate of combustion and the hygroscopic nature of the same are to a great extent governed by the kind of wood and the mode of burning employed in the manufacture of the charcoal.

The sulphur, having a great tendency to combine with oxygen at a moderate temperature—about 560° F.—facilitates the ignition of black powder. The comparatively non-absorbent properties of black powder and non-susceptibility to age are chiefly due to the sulphur. These qualities and its comparative non-susceptibility to dry heat and cold impart to black powder its greatest ballistic value. Many of the nitro powders do not compare favorably in this respect with the old propelling agent.

Fine-grained powder, as a rule, burns quicker in a closed space than coarse-grained, and the gases are generated accordingly in the same proportion. For this reason the recoil is generally greater and more perceptible to the shooter with the former than with the latter. Fine-grained black powder also develops a higher bursting strain in the gun barrel than coarse-grained, which in some especially fine-grained kinds frequently reaches and sometimes even surpasses the limits ordinarily drawn for nitro powders only. A finer grain than FFF should not be used in shotguns.

The object sought by the gunner in loading a still finer-grained black powder is the desire to propel the pellets as quickly as possible to the destination. Many shooters believe that this can be accomplished best with the fine-grained, and that on this account they need not lead a quartering bird as much as if they were using a coarser-grained powder.

While it is true that the finer-grained powder will bring the pellets to a distance of 40yds. somewhat quicker than the coarser-grained, this difference does not practically cut any figure. A bird flying at the rate of forty miles per hour will travel about two to three inches further if the pellets are propelled by coarse-grained than if they were driven by fine-grained black powder; if, in both cases, the distance between the shooter and the bird at the moment of firing is 40yds. Considering that the pattern at such a distance shows a diameter of from 2½ to 3ft., this trifling difference will hardly increase the chances of hitting the bird.

The pellets constituting a pattern at 40yds. never reach a point simultaneously. As soon as the shot has left the muzzle of the gun it begins to spread both longitudinally and laterally, and this dispersion increases with the increase of the distance. At a distance of 40yds. the difference in time of the arrival between the foremost and hindmost pellets of a shot charge amounts to about $\frac{1}{25}$ of a second; here the shooter has to reckon with a greater difference than the one caused by a smaller or quicker combustion of the powder, consequent upon the size of the grains. Some claim that owing to the particular nature of certain powders a greater stringing of the shot is caused than by some other powder. This assumption, however, cannot be substantiated by anything like a plausible explanation.

Chokebore barrels generally throw the shot through the air in a more compact form than those of open or cylindrical barrels. So far an unimpeachable explanation of this phenomenon has not been found. That theory probably comes nearer to the truth which asserts that the pellets sliding along and rubbing against the sides of the barrel when passing the choke are directed toward the center of the shot charge; because it is a well-established fact that the pellets having been subject to the most friction are the ones generally found on the target the furthest away from the center and among the scattering shots.

To determine this very question, as to what portion of the shot charge generally constitutes the center of the pattern, I have, on a former occasion, fired over 1,000 shots, using for this purpose shots of different colors.

The causes for the occasional scattering of shots from the chokebore barrel will be explained hereafter.

There can be no doubt that black powder has rendered valuable service, both as a blasting and as a propelling agent, and that for a long period of time it has met all reasonable expectations, as regards the purposes for which it was employed; but at length it has fallen under the same law to which all human creations are subject, viz., the old and good must give way before the new and better.

As a blasting agent, it has already lost much of the ground it formerly occupied. Nearly all great military nations have also substituted for the old black powder, as a propelling agent for their infantry rifles, nitro or smokeless powder, mostly made of gun-cotton, and it is only a question of time when the former will take the place of the latter for heavy ordnance purposes.

Black powder has held its own thus far as ammunition for sporting rifles. But recently, very promising results have been achieved with nitro powder, even in this department; warranting the assumption that at an early day nitro powders will be employed for this kind of ammunition also, thus leaving for the black powder, for the present, only a use for revolver cartridges. But it can reasonably be expected that for this weapon too, a suitable nitro powder will soon be found.

As a propelling agent for shotguns, nitro powders have been long employed, among the oldest of which is the Schultze powder; formerly known in Germany as wood or Hetzbacher powder, and originally invented by the German Colonel Schultze.

The Schultze powder used in this country is of English origin, being manufactured in England under the supervision of Mr. Griffith, one of the most celebrated ballistic experts in the world, and to whom it owes many of its present valuable qualities.

The object aimed at primarily by the military authorities in introducing the nitro powder for infantry weapons was of a somewhat different nature from that which has and does present itself to the sportsman in choosing a smokeless powder.

In infantry weapons the principal aim was to create for the small caliber rifle and the long bullet a higher velocity, that is a greater penetrative force, than can be attained with black powder, thus rendering it possible to open an effective fire on the enemy at a longer range than heretofore. But all this can only be accomplished to a satisfactory extent by the aid of nitro powders, which, moreover, in case of rapid firing, obscure less the field of view.

Now, why should the gunner desert black powder in favor of a smokeless, in face of the fact that the limits for killing penetration with the shotgun and black powder can and will hardly ever be materially extended by means of another propelling agent, since black powder, summer and winter, in sunshine and rain, varies very little in its behavior, seeing that in proportion to its work, the strain upon the gun is comparatively low, that it reacts less violently under increased charges than many of the nitros, and does not create corrosion in the barrels as readily as some of the nitros, that it is less sensitive than smokeless powders to obstructions in the soul of the barrel? The answer to this question should easily be given by any intelligent gunner.

In the first place, it is the comparatively great amount of smoke produced by black powder, which, under certain conditions, especially in a quiet air, can become very annoying, inasmuch as it hinders a quick and certain use of the second barrel, rendering it frequently difficult for the gunner to determine quickly the effect of the first barrel. Then again, black powder, as a rule, produces a much heavier, and for the gunner more perceptible, recoil than nitro powders. The recoil of a service charge of fine-grained black powder, for instance, is nearly double that of a service charge of DuPont or Walsrode smokeless powders. In case of frequent shooting, this heavy recoil often compels the gunner to cease shooting, or at least effects detrimentally his shooting ability.

Furthermore, black powder is more noisy, heats the barrels quicker, and generally fouls them more than the smokeless powders.

Comparing one with the other, the advantages and disadvantages of black and nitro powders, leaving out of consideration for the present the question whether and to what extent the use of nitro powders presents a greater danger for the gun and gunner than black powder, the result would be always in favor of the nitros.

All nitro powders at present accessible to the gunner for use in shotguns, are more violent in their action than black powder. This greater violence, however, under normal conditions, can hardly be considered as an alarming element, but it can, through many causes, become really dangerous, and very few gunners are in a position to discover these causes and guard against them.

Here is the field for such instruments and devices as are scarcely at the command of the individual sportsman. Systematic experiments carried out under strictly uniform rules are necessary, and these again can seldom be carried out by the layman.

The qualities of a propelling agent, especially those of nitro powders, are more or less affected, (a) by dry heat; (b) by moisture in the atmosphere; (c) by long storing; (d) by the igniting agent; (e) by the wadding material; (f) by the method of crimping.

Now, if in any given case several of these causes which have a tendency to increase the violent nature of the powder combine, the gunner will meet with strange phenomena which will startle him, and probably induce him to discard the use of such a powder. As a rule, the gunner is thus tempted to condemn nitro powders in general, and to fall back to the noisy black powder. Several nitro powders in the market to-day, however, may be considered as comparatively safe in the hands of the intelligent, sensible sportsman.

The first requisite in the use of all nitro powders is to avoid, as much as possible, any and all excess over the standard charges, then the selection of a suitable shell and a proper wadding material.

In several of the European countries proof-houses are established and maintained, either directly by the States, or are conducted under the rules laid down by statute, where they merely test raw gun barrels and finished guns for strength. In addition to and independent of those proof-houses, there are private institutions in many of the countries maintained by contributions from the gunning fraternity. The object of these institutions is to furnish gunners on a broader scale all the information pertaining to the different branches of gunnery. Here the real qualities of gunpowders, guns and ammunition and parts thereof are determined by the aid of the most improved scientific instruments and devices, and in accordance with well established and uniform rules. The results of the work of these institutions are regularly and continuously put before the great mass of gunners through the medium of the sporting papers, or by way of printed minutes.

Of course these institutions are frequently looked upon with distrust by some manufacturers of or dealers in sporting arms and ammunition, at least from those who have good cause to fear a fair and thorough comparative

test between their own articles and those of their competitors. But that distrust has long ago given way to a better sense of understanding. The conviction now prevails that the work of these institutions not only benefits the gunners at large, but also the well-meaning manufacturers and dealers, and that they afford specially to the home industry a great assistance and help. It may be presumed that in this country also such an institution will not suit the taste of some interested parties, although an attitude of this kind would hardly conform to the general principle of American enterprise, for which it is claimed that our manufacturers willingly follow the progress of their industry. The gunners, however, can, if they follow the example set by their fellow sportsmen of the old countries, easily overcome all such unwarranted opposition or jealousy, inasmuch as they will simply patronize and bestow their confidence on such manufacturers and dealers as do not fear or hesitate to see their products subjected to a fair and honest comparison with other similar articles of manufacture.

The encouragement I received at the hands of numerous gunners from all over the country in respect to my intention to establish in this country an institution of the kind alluded to, makes it appear pretty certain that such an institution will meet with a great deal of coöperation and assistance at the hands of the intelligent and wideawake American sportsmen.

Following my request, numerous suggestions have been offered by gunners as to how the powder test should be conducted. As far as these suggestions touch a general interest, they have been taken into consideration. I have thus been obliged to dwell in my report on questions not in direct relation to these tests, and to give my report somewhat the character of a treatise on the theory of shot-shooting.

The Bursting Strain in Gun Barrels.

The combustion of nearly all gun powders takes place under different conditions in a confined space from those in the open air. In the open air most of the nitro powders burn comparatively slowly, and, contrary to black powder, without explosion. On this account, the handling of nitro powders is not as dangerous as that of black powder. As much as 300lbs. of gun cotton powder can be burned in the open air without creating thereby any serious danger for the surroundings. But when powders are brought to combustion in a confined space, their behavior undergoes quite a change. The nature of ignition plays in this case a very important part.

When a charge of powder is exploded in the gun barrel, the stored potential energy is transformed into live force. The developed, strongly condensed gases occupy about 230 times the space of the volume of the original powder charge, and, in consequence, a strong tension is created, first, in and near the powder chamber, and then along a certain portion of the gun barrel; this is termed bursting strain, or gas pressure, and imparts to the projectile, and in the shotgun to the shot charge, the propelling force. The more space afforded to these gases to spread in a gun barrel, the less the strain will be at a given point, and on the other hand this tension will increase if its spreading is for some cause made difficult, or if confined to a small space. For this reason the tension will always be comparatively low with such powders as generate their gases more slowly and gradually than with a powder which burns more suddenly, and which develops the great bulk of its gases before the shot charge has found time to move much toward the muzzle and create a larger space for the expanding gases.

The modern blasting agents develop, as a rule, their gases so suddenly that on this account they cannot be employed as propelling agents. Such a sudden combustion and development of the gases is called a detonation. Every gunpowder, the black powder not excepted, can, through the agency of a highly violent primer and for other causes, be brought to a very sudden ignition or combustion, although the black powder will, in this respect, resist many ordinary causes more effectually than the nitro powders. But this sudden combustion hardly ever assumes the nature of a real detonation, yet it may resemble the latter so closely that, especially with a powder susceptible to dry heat, it no longer conforms to the limits of safety for the gun and gunner.

The perceptible signs of such sudden conbustions are generally an extraordinarily heavy recoil, producing frequently a ringing in the gunner's ear, a marked vibration of the gun and a bad pattern, sometimes coupled with a balling of the shot.

As long as the gunner uses a well built, strong gun, he is seldom exposed to any real danger, although, in some instances, the action of the gun is more or less damaged. But the case is quite different if such a shot happens to occur in a cheap, less substantially made gun, which, as a rule, does not possess sufficient strength to withstand such a high pressure. Here the locking device will likely fail to answer its purpose, or the barrel may bulge or burst. Even with powders not affected by dry heat, such a result can be brought about merely through the agency of a violent primer.

Nitro powders, as a rule, will not stand an increase of the charge beyond the standard load as readily as black powders, but in spite of these facts, many shooters will not draw correct conclusions from them. They seem to believe that the strength of penetration will grow with the increase of the powder charge, and do not conceive that such is not the case, that they frequently achieve just the contrary from what they are striving at, and that they create a source of eminent danger.

In a subsequent chapter it will be demonstrated that many American gunners are in this respect guilty of gross carelessness, and ill-informed. They simply indulge in the luxury of wasting powder and shot.

The loads of nearly all nitro powders are measured with the dip-measure, which affords ample accuracy. Three drams by measure represent, according to the specific weight of the different powders, from 38 to 44grs. by weight, equal to 2.65 to 2.78 grams. The corresponding charges of Walsrode powder are smaller by weight and in bulk, they are for 12-bore guns, 29 and 31, or 31 and 32grs.

All propelling agents develop in summer, and especially in warm and dry weather, a higher bursting strain than in winter in a low temperature or moist atmosphere, and fine shot again creates, owing to the larger surface of friction, a higher gas pressure than the coarse or larger pellets, and the bursting strain of 1⅛oz. is less than with 1⅛oz. of the same size shot.

In America much shooting is done in summer and during warm weather. A great number of our celebrated shots prefer to load for 12-bore ammunition 3¼drs., instead of the normal charge of 3drs., or of Walsrode powder 31grs. in place of 29grs.; forgetting that these maximum charges are only suited and intended for cold or wet weather.

As a rule the pattern is always less satisfactory from the large load than from the service charge, and in some cases where powders susceptible to dry heat are used, the chances of a balling of the shot are materially increased by the heavier load.

The quantity of powder loaded in excess of the standard charge is therefore uselessly wasted, and the same rule applies generally, as will be subsequently shown, to an increase of the shot charge beyond 1⅛oz.

The gas pressure in a shotgun reaches the highest point in the cartridge chamber and immediately in front of the same in the direction toward the muzzle.

Black powder, as a rule, produces at this point less gas pressure than the nitros, but a somewhat higher bursting strain in the middle and up to the muzzle than the latter. It has been stated, previously, that the bursting strain, especially when smokeless powders are used, is influenced by several causes. The soft, elastic felt wad diminishes the gas pressure compared with the felt or any other hard wadding material, and also diminishes the chances for a balling of the shot, which occurs much less frequently in Europe than in America, probably on account of the more moderate mean temperature and the higher percentage of humidity in the air prevailing there, compared with a large part of this country.

The true causes for the balling of shot have thus far not been satisfactorily established. Some advance the theory that owing to an exceptionally sudden combustion of the powder, the temperature in the cartridge is raised to a point of fusing a portion of the shot. But since the wad has its place between the powder and shot, the effects of such a high heat would naturally leave its traces also on the felt wad. The heated gases passing the edges of the wad to fuse the shot would necessarily char these edges more or less.

In the course of the experiments at Chicago, in a comparatively large number of cases, the shot balled, and these were nearly all cartridges loaded with more than 3drs. fo nitro powder; but no charred or singed wad was found.

Again, others hold that the balling of shot is brought about by a friction of the shot differing from the normal conditions whereby the cohesive quality of the pellets is increased to such an extent that they cling together in lumps of greater or smaller dimensions. This theory likewise is not unimpeachable.

In my opinion, which is shared by many others, it appears more probable that in consequence of the sudden generation of the gases of a large powder charge and the high tension thus created in the shell, the energy developed ceases to exercise its forces in a gradually shoving manner, but more in the shape of a heavy blow, thereby causing a portion of the shot to press together. Such a heavy blow apparently is too strong for the wad to retain its quality as a buffer. As a matter of fact, the balling of shot occurs more frequently with hard wads than with soft and elastic ones; and this presumably for the reason that a soft wad more effectually deadens the force of the blow than a harder material. It was further proved in Chicago that the tendency of balling was less with harder shot than with softer, and less with pellets of a more even spherical shape than with those less regular in form. The balling of the shot occurs more frequently in the open barrels than in the chokebore. The cause for this may be due to the effect of the passage of the shot through the choke, whereby the bunches formed are again torn apart. If this theory is correct, the next question would be, why, in such a case, the choke should not show traces of bulging, since a hard and stiff top wad often suffices to bulge the barrel at the point of the choke in soft Damascus barrels.

Twelve-bore guns are generally chambered for 2⅝ and 2¾ shells. Some guns are chambered for 3in. shells. In guns chambered for 2¾ shells, 2⅝ shells can be used with about the same result as the longer ones, provided the proper wadding material is employed. In all such cases the felt wad should be somewhat larger in diameter than the bore of the barrel. An elastic wad 11-gauge will then be most suitable for a 12-bore barrel, in order to prevent the gases from passing the wad at the point between the end of the shell and the end of the chamber. The 2⅝ shells, however, should not be used in a gun chambered for 2⅝ shells, and a shell 3in. long will, in such a case, present a serious element of danger. If the 3in. shell is crimped strongly it can be squeezed into a 2⅝ chamber, but when fired in such a chamber the crimped part cannot open and conform to the shape of the chamber in the regular manner. An artificial obstruction is thus created which prevents a normal expansion of gases and, as the Chicago tests have proven, is likely to cause a bursting strain in the chamber higher than the average gun can safely bear.

At the point where the cartridge chamber ends, and the so-called "soul" of the barrel commences, there should never be a perceptible shoulder; that point should be of a conical or tapering shape and ought not to be of great length. The latest American guns, as a rule, are in this respect made in strict accordance with what experience and science have proven to be the safest and most advantageous style, so are also the Francotte and other imported guns.

Wads made of cork or other materials less elastic than felt should never be used in connection with nitro powders, for the reason that they may give occasion for extraordinarily high gas pressure, and on similar grounds the use of brass shells is not advisable.

In order to achieve a thorough combustion of the nitro powders, the shells should be crimped at least ⅛in. The strong crimp also serves to prevent the shell loaded in the left barrel from opening through the effects of the shots fired from the right barrel, or *vice versa*. But even if the shells are crimped well, it shows good judgment on the part of the gunner, if he, after firing several shots from one barrel, examines the cartridge loaded in the other barrel, or takes out the latter and loads it in the barrel for the next shot.

If the crimp of the shell becomes loose and the shot charge happens to move up a shorter or longer distance in the barrel and such a shell is fired, a bulge or burst may be the consequence, the effect being about the same as in the case when the muzzle of the barrel is filled with dirt or snow.

Shells made of very stiff paper should not be turned down more than ¼in., and for such shells the round crimp is preferable to the square-edge crimp.

Pieces torn from a shell and deposited in the soul of the barrel ought to be considered an element of danger, inasmuch as they may serve as an artificial obstruction. If a fired shell shows traces of damage, or when other strange signs accompany a shot, the gunner should in all such cases ascertain whether his gun barrel is free of all obstructions before he continues to fire.

The question as to how much bursting strain a shotgun will safely stand has been put to me by numerous parties. This question can hardly be answered in a general way, since the gas pressure still comparatively safe for one gun may prove hazardous for another less substantially built gun. It may, however, be assumed that all shotguns placed in the hands of a gunner should be strong enough to withstand the bursting strain developed by a proof-house charge of powder and shot for finished guns.

The proof-house charge for finished guns, as prescribed by law in several European countries, for the testing of finished guns, is equal to about 7drs. black powder and 1⅛oz. of shot. In order to determine what gas pressure such a load would give in this country, and to establish a standard of comparison for all nitro powders in reference to bursting strain, 6¼drs. of DuPont's FFF black powder, which appears to develop, bulk for bulk, a greater gas pressure than the European black powders, and 1⅛oz. shot, No. 7, were loaded into the gas-pressure gun at Chicago, and fired. This load developed a bursting strain of 1,100 atmospheres or 16,170lbs. to the square inch. Very few guns would prove strong enough to withstand such a strain for any length of time.

About 75 per cent. of the figures quoted is as much as the ordinary shotgun ought to be subjected to. The limit for shotguns is much lower than that drawn for the modern small-bore military rifles, which will stand a gas pressure as high as 3,500 atmospheres, or from 35,000 to 40,000lbs.

For measuring the bursting strain, a Hahn's pressure gauge for 12-bore was employed at Chicago and Carney's Point, and this caliber forms the basis for all experiments herein referred to.

The construction of this instrument, which at the present time is recognized as the most improved and reliable, differs from all the old similar apparatuses, inasmuch as with it the bursting strain can be taken simultaneously or separately on the old crusher gauge principle and by means of a spring device.

The bursting strain figures quoted herein were all determined with the spring device. The double spring taking the place of the metal cylinder on the crusher gauge is actuated by a piston plunger, reaching into the interior of the barrel and there conforming accurately to the side of the bore.

When the gases press against this piston, the latter acts on the spring, pressing it together. A pin reaching to the spring next to the barrel and resting there is driven outward in proportion to the degree the spring is pressed together, and this pin travels through a graduated screw disk, thus registering the extent of the contraction of the spring, or, in other words, enabling the operator, by means of the graduated disk, to read off the gas pressure in plain figures.

This spring is much more sensitive to low as well as to high gas pressure, than the metal cylinder, which, when pressed down to beyond a certain depth, will, owing to the increased density of the metal, offer much more resistance proportionately than it did in its original length and shape. Consequently the spring device, as a rule, furnishes somewhat higher figures than those obtained under similar conditions with the crusher gauge, but the figures secured with the former may be considered nearer the truth than those obtained with the latter. This explanation appears to be called for, since in its absence, and when the figures herein given are compared with those obtained with the crusher gauge, the former might be looked upon as far too great and therefore unreliable.

The fact that the gas pressure values as obtained at Chicago and Carney's Point seem rather high when compared with similar figures taken from the same powder charge in Europe, can hardly be accounted for simply by the difference in the instruments employed. There can be no doubt that these variations are, to a great extent, due to the difference in climate. It is certain that the majority of propelling agents will, when loaded bulk for bulk, develop a higher bursting strain in this country than in Europe, where the mean temperature is below that of America and the air less dry than in a great portion of the United States.

The gas pressure gauge plays in ballistic experiments a very important part. It is of great value and help to all gun and ammunition manufacturers, and indispensable for powder manufacturers.

In the absence of such an instrument, the ballistic properties of a powder, especially with reference to its degree of violence, can never be satisfactorily established, and, again, the causes for increased bursting strain in gun barrels can only be determined with the aid of such an instrument.

Velocities and the Method of Ascertaining Them.

The term velocity applied in a general way designates the rate of speed at which a projectile or the bulk of a shot charge travels through the air up to a certain point.

This velocity can be ascertained by various methods, but the instrument now generally employed is the chronograph Le Boulenge, originally invented by a Belgian military officer bearing that name. The application of this instrument is as follows: When a bullet or shot charge leaves the muzzle of the gun, it is obliged to cut a fine silver or copper wire stretched across the muzzle. This wire conveys a current to an electro-magnet on the upper part of the instrument to which a cylindrical rod, covered with a zinc sheath, is perpendicularly suspended and held by the attraction of the electro-magnet. This rod, which is called the chronometer, drops immediately the wire before-mentioned is broken and the current opened. The target is connected by wire with a second electro-magnet on a lower part of the chronograph, wherein a second current is created. To this second electro-magnet a shorter rod is similarly suspended called the registrar, which drops as soon as the perpendicularly suspended and sliding target is moved from its contacts and the current thereby interrupted. The shot charge having cut the wire stretched

in front of the muzzle of the gun and thus opened the first circuit, the chronometer is caused to drop. Before it has fallen below a certain point, the shot charge has reached the target and forced this away from the contacts, causing thereby the second rod or the registrar to drop. The shorter rod falls on a disk and doing so releases a spring, to which a knife is attached and which now flies horizontally to the falling first rod, thereby nicking it at a certain point the zinc cover of the latter. Now, the longer this chronometer falls—that is the longer time the shot requires to reach the target—the higher up on the long rod this nick made by the knife will be found; and, on the other hand, the quicker the shot gets to the second screen and causes the registrar to drop, the lower the knife mark on the zinc will be. With the aid of a graduated rule, which graduation conforms strictly to the laws of gravity, the time occupied by the traveling shot in reaching the target can easily and quite accurately be determined.

The velocities were taken at Chicago and Carney's Point with the chronograph at a distance of 40yds. from the muzzle of the gun. The figures quoted should be understood thus: When a velocity of, say, 804ft. is mentioned, it means that if the pellets had continued to travel a full second at the rate of speed they traveled up to 40yds., they would then have reached a distance of 804ft.

Velocities taken up to a distance of 40yds. are termed Initial Velocities, although, in a strict sense of the word, this term should only apply to the velocities at the muzzle. But it is almost impossible to take the velocities at this point, and, therefore, they are, as far as hand-fire weapons are concerned, generally taken at distances from 25 to 75yds., with the shotgun at 40yds.

Velocity represents life force or penetrative power. From the velocity figures a pretty reliable conclusion can be drawn as to the killing power of a shot charge; and no other means or methods employed for ascertaining the penetrative power constitute as trustworthy a guide as the figures obtained from the chronograph. For this reason the velocities will be taken herein as the basis for comparing and judging the penetration of the several powders.

Gunners, as a rule, use for determining the power of penetration of a certain powder or gun a cardboard or paper pad. The results of such tests are unreliable and generally misleading. Lead bullets and shot deform more or less in striking any kind of an object, and this deformation is governed by the velocity imparted to them. Shot pellets driven with a comparatively low velocity will as a rule deform less than those propelled by a higher velocity, and the former will thus penetrate deeper than the latter, although they lack in actual killing force. To illustrate this still better it may be here stated that a bullet fired from a large caliber rifle will at a distance of 300yds. penetrate a sand pile or block of wood only half as deep as at a distance of 1,000yds., although at the latter distance the real penetrative power is only about one-half of that at a distance of 300yds. It is easily explained why such should be the case, the bullet is simply deformed to a much greater extent at the shorter distance than at the greater. The same law applies to shot pellets; and for this reason the results obtained by a penetration test of such a character are of very little value.

The gunner will do much better if, in testing a powder or gun for penetration, he will employ a metal plate of sufficient size as a target. This target should be painted with white lead or any other suitable color. Pellets No. 7 fired against this target at a distance of 30yds. should make marks about the size of a three cent nickel piece; that is, flatten out that much, if they strike the target with sufficient force.

The figures obtained with the chronograph, especially when, as it was done at Chicago, they are taken in connection and simultaneously with the bursting strain, offer many valuable hints for ballistic researches. If, for instance, the chronograph registers a velocity below 700ft., then the penetration is lacking and short of sufficient killing force. If, on the other hand, the velocity of a shot charge exceeds 900ft., an unsatisfactory pattern may generally be looked for. For 12-bore guns the most advantageous velocities are those moving between 800 and 900ft.

A propelling agent maintaining, under all conditions, a velocity of 800ft. and above, affords ample guarantee for a regular and sufficient killing power. If, on the other hand, the velocity drops below 800ft., it means a decrease in penetration, and all velocities under 700ft. will not kill, as a rule, at a distance of over 40yds. Nine hundred feet velocity may be considered the maximum speed for all shot charges fired from a 12-bore gun. Guns of a larger caliber loaded with standard powder charges will give a higher mean velocity than those of a smaller bore. The mean velocity of an 8-bore gun, charged with a standard load of black or nitro powder and shot No. 7, is about 890ft., that of a 10-bore gun 840ft., that of a 16-bore gun 800ft., and that of a 20-bore gun 770ft.

Larger size shot will, with the same powder charge, give a higher velocity than that of a smaller size. The difference between shot No. 1 and shot No. 3 at a distance of 40yds. is about 30ft.; between the former and shot No. 5, 60ft.; between No. 1 and No. 7, 90ft., and between No. 1 and No. 10, 175ft.

Increased shot charges generally diminish the velocity. The difference between 1⅛ and 1¼oz. shot in a 12-bore gun is about 30ft. in favor of the smaller charge, and in a similar proportion the penetrative power of the smaller charge exceeds that of the heavier. In other words, the larger the shot charge the smaller, as a rule, the penetrative force. But this fact alone would hardly warrant the advice to gunners to use as a maximum shot charge 1⅛oz. shot in a 12-bore gun.

The object by the gunner in loading 1¼oz. of shot, is to increase the chances of hitting. He desires to obtain a closer or, at least, a larger pattern with the heavier charge. But, even in this respect, the desired end is very rarely reached, as a rule, and as the Chicago test has again proven, 1¼oz. of shot do not improve the pattern much compared with one obtained from 1⅛oz. charge, and the chances of hitting are by no means improved. Taking it for granted that one particular gun will give a better pattern with 1¼oz. than with 1⅛oz. of shot; the same as one gun will shoot one size shot better than another, and again, another gun will shoot one kind of powder better than others; all phenomena which afford the institutions for testing firearms, powder and ammunition, good opportunity for rendering the gunuer valuable services by way of establishing for each gun the most suitable kind of powder and powder charge, the best adapted shot charge and wadding material, etc.; a problem which the average gunner can hardly ever solve satisfactorily, yet, in general, the results reached in this respect in Chicago will fit the case pretty closely, and the experiments were conducted in the premises, as in all other lines, with a view only to the rule, not with regard to exceptions.

Attention has been called to the fact, previously, that the shot cloud in traveling through the air will spread both longitudinally and laterally, and that the pellets constituting a shot charge never reach a given point simultaneously. It has a so been stated that, as a rule, the shot charge fired from a chokebore barrel, retains a more compact shape than that fired from an open barrel. Similar conditions apply to smaller or larger shot charges. The smaller shot charge generally will disperse less in proportion than the larger, and the difference in the arrival of the foremost and hindmost pellets is greater with the larger shot charge than with the smaller. This very difference, however, offsets all the presumable advantages of the larger charge in the way of an increased chance of hitting against the smaller charge, for the simple reason that even when the larger shot charge makes a better pattern on a stationary target, this difference in the time of the arrival of the pellets is never taken into account.

The conditions are different when in both cases the shots are fired against a moving object. In this event, only those pellets come in consideration which arrive somewhat like simultaneously and which constitute the pattern or killing circle. Here the size and density of the pattern is about the same from both charges, and consequently the chances of hitting are alike, with the killing force always in favor of the pellets from the smaller charge.

Pellets striking game very forcibly will accomplish best what is most desirable; they will produce a violent shock, and it is a shock which makes a bird, when hit, collapse and drop almost perpendicularly to the ground.

After this deviation from the object at issue, the main theme shall again be resumed.

The velocity of shot decreases as the distance of travel increases, and this law applies in a more marked extent to finer shot than pellets of larger size.

Shot No. 1, for instance, shows at a distance of 10yds. a mean velocity of 1,142ft.; at 60yds., only of 820ft. Shot No. 5 has, in the first place, 1,130ft.; in the second place, 720ft. velocities. Shot No. 7 shows, at 10yds., a velocity of 1,085ft.; at 60yds., of 640ft. Shot No. 10 has, at 10yds., a mean velocity of 1,080ft.; at 60yds., only of about 438ft.

The length of the barrel, above 24in., does not exercise a great influence on the velocity or penetration, especially with nitro powders, which generally develop the bulk of gases before the shot charge has moved more than about 1½ft. in the barrel.

For nitro powders the maximum length for barrels is reached with 26in.

The Recoil.

The gases developed by a powder charge in the gun barrel have the tendency to expand uniformly in all directions; they act, therefore, with the same force on the bullet or shot charge and the breech or stock of the gun.

The backward acting force, push or kick transmitted to the shooter's shoulder is termed recoil. The higher this velocity creating the recoil the more perceptible the backward movement of the gun will be to the shooter, and heavier guns will give away to this backward movement to a less extent than guns of lighter weight; but the shape of the stock as such has no bearing on the recoil as long as the stock fits the gunner's shoulder. If the force of the recoil is exercised more gradually the gunner will hardly notice any difference between a light and a heavier gun, but if this force is brought to bear in a more sudden and pushing manner, the effect will be more sensible to the shooter, and in some cases it may assume such proportions that, as previously remarked, the shooter's abilities are seriously affected, or it may even compel him to discontinue the shooting for the time altogether. The extent of recoil is ascertained by means of several formulas, which serve their purpose better than the various recoil gauges or devices for measuring the recoil. Larger powder and shot charges naturally produce a heavier recoil than smaller charges, and this difference again will be more marked with lighter guns than with those of a heavier weight.

Nitro powders, as a rule, develop a lighter recoil than black powder, especially fine-grain black powder, and from this it would appear that the former generate their gases more gradually than the latter. This, however, is not the case. It is evident, therefore, that the recoil is influenced by other factors, which still await discovery.

The recoil takes effect from the moment the gases commence to develop, but it reaches its highest point only after the shot charge has left the muzzle of the gun.

The time occupied by this process is only about one-fourth to one-sixth of a second, and for this reason the shooter does not feel the effect of the recoil in accordance with its progressive development. The recoil is felt by him only after the shot charge has left the muzzle, because the sense of the recoil is not transmitted from the shoulder to the brain in such a short time as that elapsing from the moment of ignition and the moment the shot charge quits the gun.

The Effects of the Climate and Humidity Upon the Properties of Gunpowders.

It has been stated previously that all propelling agents are more or less susceptible to the influence of dry heat, moisture in the air, and low temperature, and that on this account many of them change their ballistic properties. The effect of cold, to which all gunpowders are subjected, may be presumed as being about the same in this country as elsewhere. This effect is seldom felt to any marked degree until the thermometer points to zero, and increases in extent as the temperature sinks and as the cool metal exercises a stronger chilling effect upon the gases generated by the powder charge.

All gunpowders develop in cold weather a lower bursting strain and velocity than in warm and dry weather.

This influence can never be neutralized totally, but it can be overcome to a certain extent by means of an increased powder charge. Such charges as 3¼drs. of E. C., Schultze, S. S., DuPont and Wood, and 31 or 32grs. of the Walsrode powders are then in place, and even the black powder, which is less affected by cold than the nitros, should be loaded in heavier charges.

Black and some nitro powders are very little affected by dry heat or humidity, but some of the latter are rather susceptible to these influences, and it is quite a difficult task in such a case, to find the means of successfully meeting and preventing these effects. The phenomena coupled with the effect of dry heat have been described before. The effect of moisture is especially noticeable with cartridges having been stored for some time. Generally a slower velocity or diminished penetration, an irregular combustion and a tendency for hang-fires are the perceptible signs of the influence of moisture.

Very few countries in the world can compare with some parts of the United States of America in regard to a high mean temperature and a high percentage of moisture in the air. These influences are, in all probability, the causes for the fact that several gunpowders show a different behavior in this country from that in Europe, and even act different in one section of this country than in another. It has also been pointed out that some powders developed at Chicago a higher mean bursting strain than they generally do in Europe, where the air is comparatively less dry than in the West. This difference will assume larger proportions in such localities where the moisture in the air or the temperature reaches extreme figures.

The mean temperature for the total year in Germany is about 50° F. or10° C. The highest variation is 69° F., equal to about 20° C.

France has a mean annual temperature of 58° F., or about 12° C. The mean annual temperature in St. Petersburg, Russia, is 42° F., or about 5.50° C. In New York and along the Atlantic Coast the mean annual temperature is 52° F. or about 12° C., the highest variation 108° F., equal to 42° C. Turlock, in California, reaches a mean annual temperature of 89° F., or about 31° C., while in Texas Hill, Arizona, the mean annual temperature reaches the startling figure of 108° F., equal to about 43° C. The highest variation at this point is 122° F., or about 50° C.

In California and several of the Southern States the temperature seldom drops below the freezing point, but in a number of the Northwestern States frequently much lower than in Central Europe.

In the Central European States the moisture contained in the air averages during winter 83.7%; in the spring 72.3%; in summer 65.7%, and in the autumn 79%, therefore for the total year 75.2%. At Pike's Peak, at a point over 14,000ft. above the level of the sea, the humidity for the total year reaches 81%, and at Mount Washington, 6,000ft. above the level of the sea, for the total year 90%. The Pacific and Atlantic States show about the same degree of moisture in the air for the year, namely, 71% in the former and 77% in the latter.

In Europe the air is saturated with moisture the most in the winter. In this country the highest points of humidity are reached in summer, and frequently, on a hot, bright day, the moisture of the air measures 94%, a phenomenon which accounts for the fact that the same degree of heat appears often in this country comparatively more oppressing than in Europe.

Some of the States west of the Mississippi and in the South show a remarkably dry air. The mean humidity in Texas for the year is 68%, in Colorado 55%, in New Mexico 53%, in Montana 50%, and in Nevada 44%.

The variation in the percentage of moisture is greater in this country for the single day as well as for the total year than in central Europe, and the highest extremes are found again in America.

From the figures quoted it will appear evident that such powders, which are susceptible to dry heat, must show a different behavior in those sections of the country where a portion of their moisture is absorbed by the air, than in parts where the percentage of moisture in the air is more uniform and high.

A powder doing quite well in New York and California may, owing to the effect of the dry air, prove comparatively useless in Colorado, New Mexico and Texas.

The combustion of the dryer powder will be much more sudden and the gases will be developed a great deal quicker than under normal conditions, resulting, as a rule, in an extraordinary heavy recoil, a bad pattern, and perhaps, in some cases, in a balling of the shot.

For all such sections of the country those powders are the best suited which are non-susceptible to dry heat or a dry air, and the result of the Chicago powder test furnishes, in this respect, the necessary guidance. But, if the gunner prefers for some reason to continue the use of a powder to which he is accustomed, although it does not meet the requirements just referred to, then he ought, by all means, never to load more than 3drs. for a 12-bore gun and the equivalent for guns of other calibers. He should likewise use an elastic felt wad and avoid a too strong crimp of the shell.

Gunners residing or using gunpowder in such parts of the country where the percentage of moisture in the air is high, should again consider the question if and to what extent a propelling agent is hygroscopic. A powder which absorbs moisture readily will hardly answer in this case, inasmuch as both the ignition and combustion of the powder will not take place under normal condition. The penetration will be lacking in force and hang-fires will occasionally occur.

In duck shooting, in rainy or foggy weather, and in snow, those powders will give the best results which are the least affected by humidity in the air.

At Chicago all powders were tested in regard to their susceptibility to moisture.

The Behavior of the Several Powders Toward Highly Increased Charges.

It has been observed, previously, that all nitro powders react to increased charges more violently than black powder. As long as the ordinary 2⅝in. shells are used, there is hardly any danger on account of an overcharge of powder, whether this increase has been brought about intentionally or accidentally. When the powder charge is much in excess of the standard load, the shell will either not permit the regular size wad, or the regular shot charge or the crimp or turn over will be shorter than usual. All these last named factors will counterbalance to a great extent the effect of an increased powder charge. But when longer or brass shells are used, or the Walsrode powder is loaded into shells not provided with an extra high base wad, then the reaction of the increase will exercise its full force, and in such a case more or less danger is created.

It will be shown that the various powders, as long as the

charges are only slightly increased, will still produce permissible bursting strains.

The question now remaining to be answered is: How will the several powders behave if the charges are increased, say by one-half of their bulk or weight? It has been considered necessary to solve also this question.

Clean and Corroded Gun Barrels.

The preservation of a person's teeth depends to a great extent on their cleanliness. If they are neglected, if the remnants of food are allowed to accumulate, the teeth will decay, and, sooner or later, fail to answer the purpose for which they are intended and needed. A good housekeeper will take pains to have her cooking utensils bright and clean. From a person moving in good society and laying claim to culture and refinement, it is expected that he should never allow dirt a resting place under his finger nails, and a good mechanic will always see that his tools are clean.

A gun is the shooter's tool; it is and ought to be also his pride. He should never allow the residue of powders to exercise a detrimental effect on the barrel, and this can only be prevented if the gun is cleaned immediately after it has been used, or perhaps one or two days thereafter.

A clean gun will do better service than a neglected one.

Some gunners cherish the preposterous belief that a gun with the "soul" full of rust spots and cloaked with dirt will shoot sharper and kill better than one where the interior of the barrel is spotless and bright. Occasionally a person of this type will even go so far as to create rust in the soul of his gun artificially. It is hardly worth while to argue with such persons and to endeavor to convince them that they are doing a foolish thing. Against such stupidity the gods even will fight in vain.

The residue of all gunpowders, if left in the gun barrel for any length of time, will show a tendency to corrode them. Black powder, as a rule, will corrode the metal less than some of the nitros, which all contain more or less acids of some kind, and these will facilitate the corrosion of the metal. This effect may in some cases be strong enough to show its influence even in the case where the barrels are cleaned within a reasonable time after use. Such a quality of a powder is certainly not a desirable feature.

This question, too, has been considered important enough to be made the subject of a test.

Soft or Chilled Shot.

The question whether soft or chilled shot will give the better penetration or exercise the best killing effect is one of those frequently discussed in gunners' circles. A great many gunners hold that chilled shot, owing to its being somewhat harder than the soft shot, will penetrate the skin of an animal or the feathers of a bird more readily than soft shot.

The difference in the effect of both in this respect is very small indeed, so trifling that it will practically cut no figure. While it is true that the soft shot pellets will more easily deform than the chilled shot pellets, the killing qualities of both are yet about the same, because, as previously pointed out, it is the shock brought about by the pellets striking the game which produces the most effect, and this effect is nearly the same with both kinds of shot. The chilled shot is principally preferable to soft shot on account of leading the barrels less rapidly than soft shot.

The Effects of the Primer Upon the Qualities of Gunpowders.

On a previous occasion it has been said that the primer may influence the behavior of a propelling agent. This rule applies more particularly to the nitro powders, which generally—and as the Chicago and Carney's Point tests have again clearly demonstrated—cannot be exploded satisfactorily with the common or black powder primer. These powders require a special or strong primer, such as in this country is known as primer No. 3. These primers are made with due regard to the nature of the nitro powders. The fulminate is chosen with a view to bringing about a more effectual ignition than can be produced with the ordinary primer. To accomplish this requires a great deal of skill and knowledge of the action of the fulminates; since certain fulminates may, under certain conditions, cause too violent an explosion of the powder, and thus create a serious element of danger. On the other haud, the force produced by the explosion of the fulminate may prove so powerful that instead of igniting the powder it will develop sufficient gases to start the shot charge before the flame of the primer has found time to take proper effect upon the powder.

The questiou now arises: Do some of these strong primers as such and as lately introduced for the use of nitro powders, really represent an element of danger?

This question has been considered of so great importance that, although the Chicago test has solved it pretty satisfactorily, it was concluded to arrange a special primer test, which has been siuce carried out, and the result of which is herewith submitted to the American sportsmen.

All powders tested at Chicago were subjected to another test at Carney's Point, where the new Schultze powder called Pomptou, and a new leaf powder made at Walsrode, and which reached me after the Chicago test had been concluded, were tried under the different conditions, and the result of this trial is now embodied in this report.

The velocities were taken at Carney's Point by one of the gentlemen connected with the firm named, and the bursting strain was again taken by Mr. Thomas, of the U. M. C. Co., with the assistance and under the control of myself and others. The Chicago test pointed to the fact that some of the powders would likely undergo a material change in their behavior if tried under different conditions and in another section of the country. This opinion has been fully verified by the Wilmington trial.

The primer test, as far as this problem involves the interest of the shooting fraternity, was made as thorough and exhaustive as possible, and the result of this trial in connection with that of the powder tests will, I think, settle quite conclusively many questions in the premises on which the opinions of the gunners of this country are at great variance.

In order to enable the reader not conversant with Continental European standards of weights and measures to digest all figures herein quoted, the equivalents of the various European weights and measures may here be given in American standards. One meter is equal to 3.2807ft., ten meters are equal to 32.8087ft. (In the tables of this report the meter has been reckoned as being equal to 3ft. and 3⅜in.) One millimeter is equal to .03937in. One gram or gramme is equal to 15.4233grs. One atmosphere is equal to 14.7lbs. pressure to the square inch. Ten atmospheres are equal to 147.0lbs.

All powder charges were carefully measured or weighed and the shot counted for each load with the shot-counter or trowel.

Watson's Park was selected for the Chicago tests. The proprietor of this celebrated shooting ground, Mr. John Watson, afforded us all possible opportunities for conducting the trial, and his son, I. Watson, rendered us throughout the test much valuable assistance. Both of these gentlemen and fellow sportsmen are entitled to the thanks of those called upon to conduct the test, and to those who witnessed the trial, for their complaisance displayed in the premises.

I am further under great obligations to Mr. William Thomas and Mr. C. S. Hisey, who volunteered to serve at Chicago as expert witnesses, and who devoted much time and rendered valuable assistance in the execution of the work. They controlled all experiments, and every gas pressure figure quoted in the report on the Chicago trial has been ascertained by these two gentlemen.

The primer test likewise bore a public character, and was carried out at the shooting ground of Messrs. E. I. DuPont de Nemours Co.'s gun cotton factory at Carney's Point, New Jersey, near Wilmington, Delaware. These gentlemen placed the grounds named and some of their instruments kindly at my disposal, and rendered us all possible assistance to bring the test to a satisfactory issue. The experiments conducted at Carney's Point were carried out under different climatic conditions from those at Chicago; and they constitute, therefore, a valuable link in the trial as a whole.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOSTON MEN IN MAINE.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 25.—Of late a big number of big game hunters have been happy. There has been one or two "good tracking snows" in Maine, and deer have been obtained so much more easily than had previously been the case, with the ground deeply covered with dry leaves. Hunting, up to these snows, had, in fact, become "a game of chance," with the chances against the hunter. Deer are very wild animals to approach at the best, and with the woods full of dry, crackling leaves, the chances have been decidedly against the hunter. This brings me to mention what I am asked to mention by a gentleman well known to the hunting fraternity, Mr. L. Dana Chapman, treasurer of the Megantic Club, a gentleman greatly interested in fish and game, and well posted on fish and game subjects. His name here I use, not by his authority, but for the force it carries. He is surprised at the manner in which the newspapers of the day are treating the subject of big game hunting, especially this fall. "One would think, by reading these articles, that there were herds of game around loose, and to get a moose or deer, all the hunter, even the novice, has to do is to select his location in Maine and go there and come home with a full quota of game. There never was a greater mistake. While deer are really plenty," says Mr. Chapman, "it must be remembered that it takes hard and earnest hunting to get them, and sometimes for a good deal of time. Deer are a shy game to hunt, and oftener than otherwise the chances are decidedly against the hunter. This is right and does not discourage the genuine hunter in the least."

Some good work is being done by the Megantic Club in the way of stocking with landlocked salmon, under the direction of Mr. Chapman, Secretary Arthur W. Robinson and Supt. Robert Phillips. These gentlemen have recently returned from a trip to Big Island Pond, one of the ponds of the Megantic preserve, where they went to put in their new home 1,000 landlocked salmon of last season's hatching. The little fish are some 3in. in length. They took them in cans up to Kennebago Stream. It was a job to keep the water sufficiently aerated till the cans reached the Phillips & Rangeley Railroad, when it was found that the roughness of the track gave the cans sufficient motion to keep air in the water. From Kennebago Stream the fish were carried in wire-covered pails to their home. Mr. Chapman says that not more than three or four fish were lost, notwithstanding the long carry through the woods, and he very kindly says that much of this success is due to the carefulness of their three guides, James Mathison, Will Haines and Jerry Wilbur. These guides take great interest in the restocking business in Maine waters. The little salmon were liberated in a brook that runs into Big Island Pond. They kept together for a time, but in the course of an hour or two they had all disappeared. The club, under the superintendence of Mr. Phillips, has built a hatchery at the same pond, where the location seems to be excellent, and the plan is to obtain a lot of trout eggs and hatch them. Mr. Chapman is also interested in obtaining a lot of smelt eggs from Lake Auburn in the spring and hatching them at the Big Island Pond hatcheries. This measure is proposed, in order that the landlocked salmon may have food. Commissioner Stanley is of the opinion that the success of landlocked salmon in Maine, or any other waters, is contingent upon a plenty of landlocked smelt for food. It has been found to be comparatively easy to get the smelt eggs, at their spawning time in the spring, and they hatch out in a few weeks, requiring no great care, when they are ready to be liberated.

Mr. Chapman's restocking party did not succeed in getting any big game on their trip, though in an excellent deer country. They saw them, heard them run and "heard them skulk," but the leaves were too dry to get within a gunshot. But at the same time over 40 deer have already been killed at the Megantic Club preserve this season; several since the recent snows. Dr. Heber Bishop, so well known as one of the promoters of the club, with a couple of friends is there at the present writing. They will hunt in the Kibby Valley. The Doctor usually brings out a moose.

Mr. A. R. Justice, A. W. Kelley and their friend Mr. Voorhees, of New York, have been to the Megantic Club preserve, with good success this fall. Mr. E. A. Best and friend Mr. Currier, of New York, have lately returned from Spencer Bay, on Moosehead Lake, where they got three deer. Mr. Henry V. Cunningham, attorney, with Melvin C. Adams, at 20 Pemberton Square, was to leave Sunday evening for Aroostook county, Me., on a much needed vacation. He is hoping to get a deer, though his stay will be necessarily limited. Dr. W. L. Simpson of Boston, and D. L. Sparry have just returned from King and Bartlett with a couple of deer. Mr. S. C. Dizer, of Prouty & Dizer, of Boston, is back from the Maiue woods. He got a deer.

The Harry Moore party got back to Boston on Monday. The party went away with small expectations, but the gentlemen have come back greatly pleased. They went, as the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will remember, to Gerrish's Camp some 15 miles in from the Katahdin Iron Works, in Maine. They are charmed with the region, under the very brows of White Cap Mountain, one of the larger of the Katahdin region, in a deep valley. Early in the trip the ground was bare and the leaves dry, and they found it very hard to get shots at deer. But still they did secure one doe, which Mr. Calvin Austin, who was obliged to leave for home after two or three days' hunting, brought out. About the fourth day there came 3in. of snow, and the right royal fun began. The whole party was delighted with the multitude of deer, as evinced by the tracks. Indeed the tracking of deer was almost bewildering, even on the first day after the storm. They found that the deer were amply able to take care of themselves, and had to be approached with a great deal of caution. Almost invariably the deer they were trying to approach would be behind some "blow-down," and often he would skulk; or if the hunters had got too near, he was off with beautiful bounds. Mr. Leroy S. Brown carried a shotgun. He had supposed that deer would not be plenty and that he could get a few partridges while the others hunted for deer. But when he found that deer were as plenty as partridges, his idea changed. He found it very hard to get within shotgun range of deer, though he had a number of shots that would have been easy for a rifle. At last he approached a "blow-down" with a good deal of caution, the tracks leading up to it in abundance. Out popped a handsome doe, and was off. Naturally, and earlier in the trip, Mr. Brown would have supposed that the game had all flown, but he had learned caution, and peered into the brush a moment longer. A big pair of eyes met his. His gun came to his shoulder. A beautiful buck fell at the discharge.

Mr. Geo. C. Moore got a handsome buck. Mr. Faulkner got a buck and Mr. Smith got a buck. Each of the party had a deer, except Harry Moore. Alas for him! Always the life of the party! Was he to go home without a deer? Yes; it must be so! But there is something to tell. He had shot a moose, a fat two-year-bull. Was Harry frightened when he came upon the beast? No. He had heard of the camel at the World's Fair, and his first thought was that one of them had strayed. His next thought was to shoot it. It was done. But oh, the misery of getting the camel down three miles from the side of White Cap Mountain and through dense woods to camp, where it could be transferred by teams! It was done, however, and the moose came to Boston. It was taken out to Harry's place at Jamaica Plain, and hoisted up into a couple of trees in front of his residence, where it was admired by a host of people. The next day Harry's provision man placed it standing on a couple of barrels, in front of his store, and within an hour there were hundreds of people looking at the creature. The amusing part of the story is that all the servant girls thought it was a camel sure. They had been riding in the electric cars, and "Did'nt they see the hump?" SPECIAL.

Dr. George McAleer of Worcester, H. S. Seeley of New York, Senator Risteen and Dr. Heber Bishop, president of the Megantic Club of Boston, left last week for a two weeks' sojourn near the boundary mountains in northwestern Maine. Their main camp will be in the Kibby Valley, not far distant from the headwaters of the rivers St. John, Penobscot, Kennebec and Chaudiere in Canada.

THE MICHIGAN DEER SEASON.

DAYTON, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent from Marshfield, Wis., hits the nail on the head in regard to the open season in that State, and the same applies to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. I spent the season up there this year, and talked with many hunters, residents as well as visiting sportsmen. All agree that the open season should be November instead of from Sept. 25 to Oct. 25. The change would protect the deer for several reasons. In the first place, there would not be nearly so many does and fawns killed. As any experienced hunter knows, at that season of the year the majority of the deer killed would be bucks. Whereas, under the present law, it is just the reverse.

At the lake where I was camped there were three camps, and the total number of deer killed was just fifty; and I believe there were only ten or eleven bucks, the rest were mostly fawns. This will doubtless seem a very large score. But one of the camps was occupied by two professional hunters, who killed and shipped thirty-three deer. Is it any wonder that deer are getting scarcer? I need not tell any brother sportsman, who has hunted in that country, how they got so many deer; for we all know they get them any way they can without regard to law.

And that brings me to my second point, which is, that by making the open season in November much of this slaughter of the innocents would be prevented, because then they could not hunt at night with headlight, on account of the snow and moonlight nights, but would be compelled to get their deer by still-hunting in day time, the same as the rest of us. And even they do not object to that, because, being expert hunters, they could kill their share of big bucks, and one big buck would bring them more money than three little fawns. So even if they only killed one-half or one-third as many, they would be as well off, and it would make a vast difference in the future supply of the deer. Of course this night hunting is wrong, but I have my doubts if it can be stopped. As nearly every settler in that country has a headlight and uses it to get his supply of meat, it would require an army of game wardens to enforce the law.

I have hunted a number of years in both Wisconsin and Michigan, and my experience teaches me that in both States the open season ought to be the same and should not begin before Nov. 1. I hope the sportsmen of these States who enjoy legitimate still-hunting will bring such a pressure to bear on their legislators as to change the open season in both the States to November. It would increase the supply of deer and give us all a chance to enjoy legitimate sport. Besides, then there would not be so much venison spoilt by warm weather.

BUCKEYE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Philosophy Censured by Mr. Hough.

VINCENNES, Ind., Nov. 15.—The great sage of Concord, Ralph Waldo Emerson, was a thinker, but his thoughts do not all bear investigation, and at best he must have shone more as a philosopher than a newspaper man, which latter follows much the harder calling. Philosophy is dead easy compared to news. Emerson, in one of his jagged rhymes, deprecates travel as follows:

"Who bides at home,
Nor goes abroad,
Carries the eagles and bears the sword."

This doctrine may do very well as applied to foreign travel, for we have a good enough and big enough country right here, but take it in general, it will do best for him who is out of affairs and concerned only to meditate. Travel is the best education, and had Emerson had more of it, he might have graduated out of philosophy into the higher plane of journalism, in which he likely would have been a corker, being naturally able to make it short.

I venture the assertion that, philosopher as he was, Ralph Waldo Emerson did not know how to clean a quail. Further, I will venture that a great many readers of FOREST AND STREAM do not know how to do it. Had I obeyed the advice of the philosopher whose ignorant wiseness I once loved because I couldn't understand it and didn't dare call it anything but wisdom, I should, perhaps, be now carrying more eagles in my pockets, but neither I nor the public at large would ever had known, let us say, how to undress a quail in the speediest and neatest way in the world.

Clean Quail with Scissors.

To clean a dozen quail in six minutes, and do it without even soiling your fingers, you need a pair of scissors. The long-handled, short-bladed scissors used by taxidermists are best, as they cut bones with less exertion of strength. This morning my friend had a bunch of birds before him. Taking up one of them he removed the head, wings and feet in five brief clips, cutting off the wings pretty close up to the body, and the legs above the knuckle joint, just where the feathers begin. Then he tore the skin of the breast, rolled it back from the sides, and stripped it down along the back almost in one piece. A few plucks at the remaining feathers left the bird bare except the tuft of feathers on the tail. Again taking up the scissors the artist inserted a sharp point through the flank of the bird up near the shoulder, and made a clean cut back through the ribs to the thin part of the belly, under the end of the breast bone. This was repeated for the opposite side. Of course the bird then fell nearly apart, the viscera being all exposed. The artist did not now reach in with his fingers to eviscerate the bird, but placing the points of the scissors well up in the cavity of the body, just above where the heart lay exposed, he made one neat clip and cut the ligaments which bind the upper viscera to the back bone. Then still using the scissors and not his fingers, he easily and in one movement raked back all the viscera, which hung quite free of the abdominal cavity and attached to the tail or "Pope's nose." One more clip close up to the body severed the "Pope's nose" and viscera and tail feathers all fell at a stroke, the bird remaining in the hand clean and free from blood. The fingers of the artist were not soiled. He could have worn kid gloves and not have soiled them. The bird was as clean as any I ever saw, and the whole operation was performed in one half less time than I ever saw used in doing it before. If Ralph Waldo Emerson were alive I would back John A. Balmer, of Vincennes, Indiana, against him for all kinds of money in a quail cleaning match. For my part, every time I go away from home I learn something, if I have luck. This wrinkle, which Mr. Balmer learned in course of his amateur taxidermic work, is worth remembering. You can clean quail in the parlor in this way, and properly put in practice quail cleaning may thus be made a family amusement, in which one's wife, if he has any good one at all, should cheerfully and eagerly join.

Philosophy, Field Trials and the Fair.

It all happened this way. Mr. Balmer, who is the best shot and leading sportsman of his town, was up at the Fair a few weeks ago and asked the Western representatives of FOREST AND STREAM to come down and go shooting with him after the close of the the U. S. field trials at Bicknell, which point is only 15 miles from Vincennes. According to this programme, which fortunately was found possible of carrying out, Mr. Waters and myself met Mr. Balmer here three days ago, being brought over from Bicknell by force and arms by Colonel Albert G. Sloo, whose big plantation is about seven miles out of this city. Colonel Sloo, in his large-hearted way, asked Mr. Balmer to divide time with him, and so we shot all day Monday with both gentlemen and Mr. Tom Sloo, the Colonel's son, out on the wide acres which lie around White Hall. Monday night we could not resist the Colonel's hospitality and staid over with him and his charming family, to be joined again Tuesday by Mr. Balmer. Wednesday we shot with Mr. Balmer down in the Wabash bottoms, and to-day, Mr. Waters being called South by further field trial work, I am loafing and inviting my soul, and debating whether or not ever to go back to Chicago, and whether it would not be much better to stay here and watch Mr. Balmer clean quail.

Has a Meat Dog.

Mr. Balmer has a home, and a nice wife and a fine boy. He also has a rattling four-year-old colt, and three dogs, and a great deal of leisure time. Compared to that of the city worker, his life is that of a prince, the more especially because one of his dogs, the old Gordon, Duke, is what the field trials folks contemptuously term a "meat dog." He plugs around, and finds birds, and points them, and you can kill them, and then he retrieves them. Any of these qualifications would, as I understand it, disqualify him for field trials work; but I confess they still seem useful to me. When I want to go out and get some birds, because there is a hard winter coming on, I want a plain, unvarnished meat dog, with no ruffles on him, and a disposition to point birds, and a set of legs which will work like an eight-day clock. Duke has been run over by a wagon eleven times, and he only has one eye; but he can jump a wire fence, and on the morning of your fourth day of hunting he stands up on his hindlegs and hollers for joy when he sees the guns come out. That sort of dog is good enough for me, and I don't care who knows it, and after a while plenty of shooters will think the same way. When it comes to field trials, it is another thing, for a day of trials running can in no way be compared to a day of shooting, the purposes of each being entirely dissimilar to those of the other; a fact which many overlook. When it comes to having sport at quail shooting, give me a meat dog or give me death, that's all I hope. *Vive le* meat dog.

A Good Dog Country.

There are numbers of good dogs about here, the region being a sort of trainers' headquarters, and moreover, being the natural home of Bob White. Colonel Sloo always has a good dog or two about him, and we found three in his kennels when we were there, Jack W., Stocking and a puppy. Poor old Jack! his history is approaching its end. His life has been a grand and successful one in its doggy way, but now there are few glories and few pleasures left for him, for he is growing old. Tuesday morning we had the old fellow out for a couple of hours, but he went quietly, and though he pointed and retrieved his birds confidently as ever, he was gamer than he was strong. He went lame, and when he lay down at the house soon stiffened up sadly. Dog heaven is not far off for old Jack, I fear, and he will soon repose in Colonel Sloo's illustrious canine graveyard.

Fair Abundance of Quail.

The quail crop for this section, pretty well south in Indiana, is perhaps not so good as it has been, but there seems to be a fair abundance of birds. On and around Colonel Sloo's place we put up eleven bevies the first day and eight during a part of the second. The cover to which the birds took is very rough and full of briers, the shooting trying one's skill thoroughly. Mr. Balmer is one of the best quail shots I ever saw, yet we only got thirty-one birds on our best day. Yesterday was nearly a blank. We went across the Wabash on the Illinois side, where, by reason of the singular differences in legislative wisdom, they have been shooting quail for six weeks. We only put up three bevies all day, and they were wild as deer. We are not getting a great many birds as yet, the weather being too cold for them to move much, but we are having delightful times and getting plenty for reasonable sport, and enough anyhow to practically illustrate Mr. Balmer's method of dressing quail and the ways in which Mrs. Sloo and Mrs. Balmer cook them, each and all of which is excellent in its respective way, though perhaps not so intrinsically wonderful and startling as the way in which I ate them. In this latter accomplishment I think there could be no question as between Ralph Waldo Emerson and myself. The situation being as it is, I can at present see no legitimate reason for staying here less than a year, and may condescend to write something further about it within the next six months or so, if not too busy shooting.

The Cuvier Club Annual.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—In the mail here is an invitation to be present at the annual dinner of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, an affair which I observed the Cincinnati papers mentioned as bidding fair to surpass all previous events of similar nature. The menu given by the daily papers shows that game has as large a place in the gastronomic proclivities of this body as the preservation and protection of game has in its purposes of organization. It would have been pleasure to meet so rare an assemblage, among them Col. Culbertson and "Kingfisher," through whose joint graces FOREST AND STREAM is honored. It is hard to send regrets in reply to a letter like the following from "Kingfisher," which is too characteristic to keep private:

> A few days ago "the Colonel" sent you an invitation to attend the annual game dinner of our "Cuvier Club," and I trust you will see it in the light of a duty to your "innard man" to come down and partake of the spread.
>
> It will be no "swallertail coat" affair; just a plain assembling of the club members—over 400—and a very limited number of invited guests, to eat, drink and be merry, have a good time and swap a few lies. There will be no "blowin' bole" accompaniment, except in the shape of some wine and a few gallons—60 or 80—of "nig nogg, with three g's.
>
> I have not seen the "score sheet" (menu) yet, but it will be one that will satisfy the most "facetious," as Dick Macauley would say, and I'm sure you will enjoy it all, for you will be among friends and brothers of the gentle craft. Come down.
>
> Leave Chicago Wednesday night and get here Thursday morning, 23d, and that will give you time to "profligate 'round" a little and get the lay o' the land before the festivities begin.
>
> The Kingfishers will "be thar," with the possible exception of "Kelpie," and we will all be glad to see you.
>
> Call at the office of the Superintendent of Mails and ask for
>
> JEEMS MACKEREL.

Still Another Game Dinner.

Could one have been present Thursday at Cincinnati, he must have hastened away to reach Cleveland, at the other end of the State, in time for a certain little banquet there, the invitation to which reads for Friday, Nov. 24. This comes from an ex-Chicago man, Mr. John Howley, well known in insurance and in sportsmanship. Mr. Howley is now of New York, and writes me from there, but it seems he has a custom of coming out to Cleveland once a year to eat quail, since the menu speaketh thus:

> Mr. John I. Lynch, sportsman, of Canton, Ohio, and Mr. John Howley (who is also a sportsman), of New York, will take part in an ancient custom and dine with their friends at the usual place, the Hollenden, Cleveland, Ohio, Friday evening, Nov. 24. The leading subject for discussion will be The Quail. You will, of course, be with us.
>
> JOHN A. KELLY.

Yes, of course, we would be there, all of us who had the chance, but there was no chance to get to either Cincinnati or Cleveland, and regrets had to go again to the framers of the interesting symposium above.

The Carlin Hunting Party.

The Chicago *Evening Journal* to-night, Nov. 25, reports in a dispatch from Portland, Ore.: Brigadier-General W. P. Carlin, sends to the Associated Press the following dispatch just received by him from Lieutenant Charles P. Elliott, of the Fourth Cavalry, dated Nov. 22, Falls of the North Fork of Middle Fork of Clearwater: "Carlin party found on river to-day. Carlin, Spencer, Pierce, Himmelwright are well. Colgate lost. Kelly joined them in mountains. Will work down river by boat."

Will Carlin, or Willie as his friends know him, is a friend of Capt. DuBray, of the Parker gun, who mentioned to me the trip which young Carlin was about to take into the Bitter Root country. Capt. DuBray spoke very highly of the young hunter's quality in sport, but I imagine he and many others will be rejoiced to learn news even no better than the above of a party exposed to so dangerous a hazard.

Something of a Hunter Himself.

By the way, Capt. DuBray seems to be something of a hunter himself, as witness what I find in a Memphis paper:

> Mr. A. W. DuBray, the representative of Parker Bros., the famous gun manufacturers, has been in Memphis several days. He spent two days last week at Waponoca, the guest of Mr. Robert Gallow ay, the president of the club, and was delighted with the duck shooting there. He had no difficulty in making the limit of 50 in two hours the second day. Mr. DuBray has been given a cordial reception by the sportsmen of Memphis and vicinity, and has accepted several invitations, among them one from Somerville, where he will take a bird hunt to-morrow. He has shot hundreds of deer and many buffalo on the plains, hunted ostriches and other game in South America and birds everywhere. At the trap he is among the most expert in the country, but he is a thoroughbred sportsman and at his best in the field. Mr. DuBray is an Englishman by birth, but he has lived in America many years, and now resides at Dayton, Ky. He is by birth and breeding a gentleman, whom it is a pleasure to know and a sportsman whose company on any kind of a hunting expedition it is a privilege to have.

This be high praise, but I reckon we'll have to let it go at that, as I know of no dissenting voice. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

THE HABITS OF THE CARIBOU.

NOTICING your article in a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the actions of caribou under fire, I had some experience in the summer of 1892 that may prove interesting. On the evening of July 25 we were camped on the height of land between the Great Lakes and Hudson's Bay. South of us about half a mile were the headwaters of the Spanish River, emptying into Lake Huron. North about two miles the Moose River took its rise. Our camp was on a narrow ridge between two small lakes. While the guide was preparing supper I was as usual on the lookout for anything that might be in the wilds, and I saw a caribou swimming across a narrow portion of one of the lakes about 350yds. away. We watched the animal until it reached the shore or low water bank of the lake. My companion intending to frighten the deer before it reached cover attempted to fire his .45-70 Winchester, but the cartridge failed to explode, making only a slight click. We had not been observed and the animal was quietly feeding, but when the rifle snapped it instantly sprang forward like a spirited horse from the lash of a whip, and after a few bounds disappeared in the timber. Considering the great distance and the trifling sound made the animal must have been very much on the alert. Ten days later, on the same trip, we were canoeing in an easterly direction through a lake about half a mile wide. On the north shore about a quarter of a mile off a caribou was traveling westward, sometimes on the bank and sometimes in the water. We turned the canoe in the direction of the deer, and without lifting his paddle from the water the guide propelled the canoe forward. When within 200yds. the animal sighted us for the first time, though we were all the time in full view out in the open lake. The caribou came to a stand and stared stupidly in our direction. In order to observe its gait in running I fired a shot. The deer instantly turned around and galloped off in the direction from which it had come, keeping in full view for 200yds. at least, though it might have reached cover at any time by a single bound. From the experience I have had I would advise the caribou hunter to be very careful to avoid noise and to prevent the deer from getting wind.

S. R. CLARKE.

TORONTO, Nov. 23.

An Interesting Time While it Lasted.

MESSRS. JAMES AND F. A. DUPUY returned home last night from a ten days' hunting and fishing outing on Tygart Creek, Kentucky. Their brother Dr. Van Dupuy, of Dayton, was with them during the most of the time but returned home a few days ago. Mr. George Howland, of Tygart, also camped with them. During their hunt they killed seventy-five squirrels, two turkeys, some quail and other game. They had quite a thrilling experience one morning during their encampment. About three o'clock they were all awakened by a glaring light and ominous roaring and roused up to find the entire front of their tent in a blaze. Big patches of the burning canvas were falling on their beds and among their cartridges and it looked to them on their first half-awakened gaze as if the entire universe was afire. The tent had caught from the camp fire which Dr. Van had been up some time before to replenish. By prompt work the blaze was extinguished and part of the tent saved, but not without some burns being received by each of the campers. F. A. was severely burned on the hand and had his hair, eyebrows and mustache singed, while James Dupuy received bad burns on his wrist. The Dr. and Mr. Howland also felt the hot touch of the fiery enemy. The embers set fire to their hunting coats and in two instances was found to be burning about pockets full of cartridges, but Dr. Van with a cup of water and some careful work succeeded in extinguishing the fire without any explosions. It was an interesting time while it lasted and all will remember their experience for some time.—*Ironton Republican.*

Game About Hot Springs.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As every winter and spring brings many sportsmen to this famous sanitarium, you may suggest to all the boys who contemplate coming, to bring along their guns and tog. We have very good game shooting here. Plenty of quail and gray squirrel shooting, and there is not much more exciting sport than the latter in our river bottom lands, where the frisky little fellows have to be taken on the run and leaping from tree to tree. More skill is required to bag them than quail or other wing-shooting. Duck shooting in the lowlands adjacent to this point is fine, while in the early spring we have good sport with snipe. Those who like large game may find plenty of deer in the Ozark Mountains all around this city, and some black bear. Our markets are generally well supplied with these varieties of game all through the winter season. The open season on deer in this State is from Aug. 1 to Feb. 1; on quail from Oct. 1 to March 1. Turkey may be shot till April 1. The other game I have mentioned may be taken at any time. Aside from the field shooting, I want to say to brother sportsmen that we maintain a good gun club here, with well-equipped grounds, and make it a point to entertain the best we can all shooters who visit our city. All they need do is to make their presence known to us and we will try and afford them some sport. We shoot regularly once a week, and our grounds are at the service o visiting sportsmen every day if they desire.

J. L. WADLEY.

Reminiscences.

It happened on the Ohio River steamer Mary Housten, between Cincinnati and the Coney Island of the West. The boat was jammed with shooters and their families, and a jolly crowd it was with the hundreds of sportsmen on board bound for the Coney Island shoot entertaining those present with reminiscences. The best was that of Mr. Andy Huber, of the West End Rabbit Shooting Club of this city, who has a very badly crippled hand and which by the way may be termed the moral of the story related. Some fifteen or twenty of us were bunched together having a jolly time on the lower deck. Huber was talking. "Vell, poys," said he, "you fellers talk apout sport, I don't pelieve you ever knowed what dead game sport vas. Now, I tell you. Apout twenty-five years ago, when I first come to dis gountry, dere vas a feller over the river, now where Fort Thomas is apout, what t'ought he could shoot rabbits better than anybody. Vell, anyway, we went out shooting, both of us. The first rabbit what got up he killed just so good as I or you could. Al and I t'ought my name vas Dennis, and I vas scared right there. Vell, we shot along till apout 10 o'clock, I having six and him three. We vas going along, he apout fifty yards back of me, when I t'hought 'I'll fool that duck,' like the fellers here say, you know. First thing you know I vas away from him, a little to his right, and over a little hill. I said now is my chance. I took one of my best looking dead rabbits, got behind a bush what was there and made him wiggle with my hand, just like he was playing, you know, when Peter Hans come along, and dat fool shot, and here's my hand to prove it. I yelled like an Indian, but it cost him anyhow $2 for the trinks, and we laughed at that feller for years." WICK.

How Long was that "First Close Season?"

Editor Forest and Stream:

If that reward for errors in the *Brief* holds good for all game seasons mentioned I take it that it must apply to the statement about the duration of the "first close season," which was the time during which Noah and the animals were sailing around in the Ark. The *Brief* prints this, with delightful indefiniteness, as "the year or more." Now I always supposed that Noah was shut up in the Ark for forty days. If I am right you may send me the reward. HARTFORD.

[If "Hartford" will look at the record he will find that Noah was in the Ark much longer than forty days, and if "Hartford" or any one else will tell us exactly how long that first close season lasted he shall have a copy of the *Brief* with the compliments of the publishers.]

Florida Quail.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla.—In traveling over the country around Tallahassee I have noticed that the quail are even more numerous and in better condition than they were last year; and as one sportsman scored his 2,000 long before the end of the season you will be able to have some idea of their number. The country north of Tallahassee is well stocked with quail, but the ducks are not coming in as soon as usual. The country south of the town and on the Gulf coast is as well stocked as any sportsman could wish. Turkeys are numerous; deer fair; bear scattering, and geese and ducks coming in thick. Hunting parties are going out continually, and all report good luck considering the dry weather. The hunting laws of the State have caused the game to be very abundant and residents are well disposed to strangers. G. A. L.

Of all Fools an Old Fool.

WHEN we were returning from a canoe trip my friend B., to punish me for not taking a gun, took pains to call my attention to every flock of ducks and geese passing in easy range, until his "mark," "here and there," or "be ready for this and that" became exasperating. Near home and turning a sharp bend in the river we came upon a flock of black ducks, and when my friend called my attention to them I drew my revolver and fired two shots in quick succession. "Way too high," sings out B. "Crack," answers the revolver, and "give it to them again," says B., "you knocked one's head off." There was something on me, and somebody's decoy is minus its head, please don't sue for damages. MUX.

Ferrets and Ferreting.

COMPTON, Que.—I cannot agree with your correspondent, W. H. W., under the heading of "Ferrets and Ferreting," in your issue of Nov. 18, as the title only brings to my mind the many happy days I spent on the old sod with ferrets. I think that there is not much advantage taken of a rabbit when he is bolted by ferrets, as I know from personal experience that he is extremely hard shooting, and no poor shot can shoot such a rabbit, but W. H. W. in his letter might mean with nets; in that case I agree with him, as that is as bad as poaching.

FRED. V. WETHERALL.

About Avoca.

AVOCA, N. C., Nov. 10.—I was in Chicago the whole summer and could not rebuild hotel to my notion and enjoy Chicago at the same time, therefore I concluded to give the birds and turkeys a partial rest and let them recover from the terrible winter of 1892-3. The turkeys are in abundance and birds and deer moderately plentiful. Some of our old friends are constantly inquiring, and a few beginning to put in an appearance anyway. Myself and three sisters own an old style Southern plantation house, and we are caring for such sportsmen as will come.

W. R. CAPEHART.

Louisiana Ducks.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 20.—Mr. E. J. Trenchard, one of New Orleans' leading sportsmen, returned after a very successful day's hunt at Boutee station, having killed 79 mallards and one black duck. His hunt was the result of a morning shoot. The grounds are thirty miles from this city. Ducks are very numerous all over the State. ANODRAC.

New Brunswick Deer Increasing.

DORCHESTER, N. B.—Our new game act is being fairly well enforced and with very favorable results. The protection to deer is having a marked effect in the increase in the numbers to be found in our Province to-day. E.

Beaufort Wildfowl.

BEAUFORT, N. C., Nov. 24.—Ducks are more numerous here this season than for any time in five years. Geese, too, are plentiful, and the hunting promises to be first class. Decoys and batteries can be had at any time. The climate is fine. A sailboat (Capt. Smith) meets all trains at Morehead City, which is two miles across the sound from this place. M. P. ROBINSON.

Montana Game.

BILLINGS, Mont., Nov. 15.—Chicken law goes in effect to-day. Have been quite plenty. Deer fairly good, but have had no snow yet here. Friend came in yesterday with three, the result of four days' hunting forty miles above here. Hope to have a trial at them myself soon.

J. W.

Adirondack Deer Season.

WE went to the West Canada Lakes Sept. 25, 1892 (taking in the last days of hounding). The party who killed the doe went out about one week or so before we went in. The doe was in milk; but it is often seen later than that, one of our party killed a doe this year that was in milk in October. T. A. B.

On the Grouse Moors.

BOWDON, Eng.—I have just returned from the moor; had two days' grouse driving; five guns killed seventy-five brace first day; and ninety-three brace second day. Plenty of birds and very strong on the wing. R. N.

The Musky Odor of Venison.

DE BEQUE, Colo., Nov. 20—Will not some one of your readers kindly give me a recipe for removing the strong, musky odor from venison killed in running time.

C. A. C.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fishing for Jack Salmon.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes information about the manner of fishing for what he is pleased to call "pickerel or jack salmon." Some of the questions he puts are these: What size of hook should be used? With minnows for bait do you use a sinker, if so what size and how far from the hook? When using frogs for bait where do you hook the frog, and what size should the frog be?

In the first place the fish in question is neither a pickerel nor a salmon; and furthermore it is not related to either of the fish named. The fish is properly a pike-perch, although it is sometimes called a wall-eyed pike. In spite of the fact that the word pike occurs in each of the common names given, the fish really belongs to the family of perches. In various waters it is called green and yellow pike, glass-eye, salmon, jack, dory, okow and hornfish. It has a smaller relative, very like it in appearance, which inhabits similar waters, and which is called sauger, sand pike, pickerel or pickering. Never before have I heard of the pike-perch by the names pickerel or jack salmon in the same waters, though each is common enough in waters widely separated.

But starting with the fact that the fish is a pike-perch, I will answer the questions at the beginning of this note as best I can. Nothing is said of the size to which the fish grow in the waters where the correspondent proposes to fish, but it is safe to say that hooks No. 1 to No. 1-0 will answer. I have frequently caught pike-perch on hooks of these sizes when fishing for black bass, and caught them, too, on hooks with single gut, although it would be advisable to use hooks on fine gimp if one was to fish specially for pike-perch, as it would in many cases prevent the cutting of the gut by the teeth of the fish, for the pike-perch has teeth closer set than the true pike, and more of them. In fact the pike is about the only fish that will drive the pike-perch.

Whatever the lure used for pike-perch, a sinker is required. As a rule they are bottom feeders, but have been known to take a fly on a shotted leader. The pike-perch is one of the few fishes that one does not always know where to fish for: they are here to-day and gone to-morrow. They appear to be fresh-water rovers, except at spawning time. For ordinary fishing put a sinker on the upper part of the snood, be it gut or gimp, which will bring the sinker six or seven inches above the hook. In still water with minnow bait a couple of split double B shot is all-sufficient, or even one if the minnow is not too large. The object is to carry the minnow near to the bottom and keep it there, and the sinker that does this is sufficient.

In hooking the minnow pass the hook through the skin under the back fin; a minnow so hooked will roam more than one hooked through the lips, a method used in casting and drawing, which is not necessary in pike-perch fishing. If frogs are used for bait get the small green frog about the size of a silver half-dollar. Pass the hook through the skin of the frog at the end of the spine where the hindlegs join, or pass the hook through the flesh of one leg. It requires more weight to keep a frog down than it does a minnow, and even then the frog, after being some time on the hook, will fill with air, become bloated, and come to the surface if it is not taken in hand and the air gently squeezed out of it, and many times, even then, it is better to put a fresh frog on the hook. I have spoken of the foregoing as the ordinary method of fishing for pike-perch.

There is another way, out of the ordinary, and I believe it never has been told in print until it was told to me. Lake Champlain is quite famous for its pike-perch, where, by the way, they are called Champlain pike. This style of fishing is practiced in water 20 to 40ft. deep, generally in the inlet rivers, and the outfit consists of a rod about 2ft. long, with a three-ring tip or a funnel top. Just above the hand-grasp is a wire cleat, in place of a reel, on which the line is wound. Sufficient line is unwound from the cleat, say 3 or 4ft., and the end passed through the rod tip. To the end of the line is fastened a lead sinker about the size of a man's middle finger, and if the current is strong the sinker must be heavier, heavy enough in any event to take the line promptly to the bottom. Below the sinker is a piece of fish line, perhaps 2ft. long, terminating in a gimp-snooded hook about No. 1½. The hook is baited with a dozen or so of earth worms, putting the hook the middle of each worm and leaving the ends to form a wriggling mass.

To operate this curious outfit the lead is lowered to the bottom from a boat, and the boat is rowed up and down and across the current, while the fisherman with the cleated stick exercises himself to keep the lead on or very near the bottom as the boat moves, which drags the mass of worms 2ft. after the lead. This style of fishing has procured large strings of pike-perch when other methods failed, and there was a determined effort to keep the matter secret, but a friend told me of it, without a pledge of secrecy, and now it has found a place in FOREST AND STREAM, where all good things find a place sooner or later. The Lake Champlain proper pike-perch have lately been taken with exactly the same tackle used in deep trolling for lake trout. This is an excellent method in big waters, for you are sure to find the fish by keeping at it, and I have already said the pike-perch is here to-day and there to-morrow.

Transporting Fish Alive.

Another correspondent wishes to know the best way to transport black bass alive over a country road a distance of from five to fifteen miles. The least amount of water that would be required for half a dozen fish from 6in. in length to 2lbs. in weight, and if it would be a good plan to blow air into the water through a hose while transporting the fish.

To answer the correspondent intelligently I should know the season of the year when the bass are to be transported, and if little and big fish are in one can at the same time, and if it is an experiment to see how little water may be needed to get the fish from one water to the other, or merely the least approximate quantity that would be used ordinarily. If it is only a trial a few bass can be taken in wet cloths if the cloths are kept wet and cool, but I assume that this is not the case. It is not a parallel case exactly, but a can that will transport safely 40,000 shad fry will only transport safely 5,000 trout fry, and this will show the difficulty of calculating for 6in. bass and 2lbs. bass in the same can. Fish and fish fry that may be transported safely under certain conditions will be partly or wholly lost if transportation is attempted under other conditions.

I once lost 60,000 trout and salmon fry during a night run of 200 miles on the fast mail. I had 300lbs. of ice, more than enough for ordinary purposes, but the cans were meant for 3,000 fry each, and I had 5,000 in each. I knew when I started that I had too many in each can, but I had to take them as they had absorbed the sac and there was nothing to feed them, and there were no more cans of any size. Again I received 50,000 sea salmon fry. They had been on the cars all night and the ice had given out and they were "sick." I iced them, put the cans in a wagon and drove rapidly for six miles over a rough road and planted a fair lot of fry, much recovered from their railway journey. Still, again, by direction of the U. S. Fish Commission, I took a carload of California yearling salmon for planting in New England. The last previous trip of the same car there had been a loss of about 8,000 yearling Atlantic salmon, and I had doubts about the result. The car was on an Eastern "flyer," and as we reached the station at which we were to stop we began to take the salmon from the tanks where water had been pumped by the steam pump in the car, and put them in transportation cans. I noticed that several cans were crowded and that the salmon were coming up for air. Hastily they were iced and "worked" with syringes, but still they came to the top and turned on their sides. As quickly as possible I got these cans into one of the wagons and took my seat by the driver to make the trip of three and a half miles, the next longest being one and a quarter miles from the station. I told the driver to pick out the roughest part of the road and let his horses run if the wagon would stand it. At the stream I had two dead fish, and all told the loss was less than thirty, chiefly fish caught in the gratings of the tanks under the car. The next trip the car made there was a loss of 8,000 yearling landlocked salmon.

There is a right season and a wrong season to transport most fishes, and the wrong season is during the hot months. Black bass are a spring spawning fish, and in the North hibernate during the cold winter months, but they are transported best in the spring before the weather becomes hot, or in the fall after it becomes cool. The best black bass for transporting are those weighing from ½ to 1lb. each, and fry should not be used except in case of necessity. The larger fish can be handled more easily and safely, and they will become spawning fish sooner in the new waters. In the spring or fall fifteen ¼lb. bass or ten 1lb. bass may be transported safely the distance stated by the correspondent in a common milk can holding ten gallons of water. This is not the limit, for a greater number of fish have been safely transported a longer distance in containers of this size, but what I have given is a safe number.

Some years ago 660 black bass averaging one and one-half pounds each, were transported a distance of about 300 miles and were on the road thirty hours. The time was June, and many of the fish—some as heavy as 2¼lbs. —were females heavy with spawn. There was a loss of only ten per cent. of the fish, and the water allowed them was four gallons per fish, for the entire trip. To show what may be done—a few days ago I saw two men on the Delaware & Hudson R. R. with a lot of bait fish, that they were taking from the Mohawk River to Lake Champlain. The fish were white chubs, which means the fall fish, and they had in their can over 800 fish, and at Saratoga had not lost a fish. They were ordinary bait fish, some larger and some smaller than a man's middle finger. The water had not been changed since they started, four hours before, and they did not propose to change it until they reached their destination, several hours later. In summer the same can would not have transported safely the same distance 200 of the same fish.

In transporting any fish it is better to use the water you start with than to attempt to procure fresh water on the journey. In all probability the fish are accustomed to the water they are started on their journey in, and to replace it is buying a pig in a bag. If necessary keep the temperature down with ice; if necessary to freshen the water in the can or container, do so, if it has a wide mouth, by taking out water in a dipper or other vessel and pouring it back from a height above the can. A transportation syringe is used for the same purpose, but for a single journey a make-shift will serve the same purpose. If there are two or more cans the water may be siphoned from one

to another by using a short piece of rubber hose. Any or all of these means will aerate the water. To "work" the cans is to use ice, siphon or syringe to reduce temperature and aerate the water, and to "work" the cans is attended with better results than to attempt to introduce fresh water.

Transporting Fish Fry in Hermetically Sealed Bottles.

At the very time that this question of transporting black bass came before me I was about to make a note of another way of transporting fish. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM will recall a discussion a few years ago about carrying bait fish in fruit jars that had been sealed. This matter came up at a meeting of the American Fisheries Society in Washington two years ago, after the reading of a paper by Mr. W. P. Seal upon "Transportation of Live Fishes." The discussion which followed the reading of the paper is not printed in the proceedings of the society, as it should be, but I distinctly recall that Mr. Worth said that he had made some experiments in this direction, and that bait fish in sealed jars lived little if any longer than those in open jars, the claim having been made that hermetically sealed fish would live longer.

In the History of the Fisheries of New South Wales, by Lindsay G. Thompson, Chief Inspector of New South Wales, published by authority of the New South Wales Commissioners for the World's Columbian Exposition, I find this very interesting statement: "About two years since the writer made the experiment of traveling trout fry to the several streams assigned to them in jars about three parts filled with water and hermetically sealed. This mode of transmission proved so successful that at Sydney it has quite superseded the old method of forwarding in open jars. Fry can be sent in the jars for any reasonable distance. After determining by actual experiment that it would exist so imprisoned for seventy-two hours, the method was still further tested by shipping to Wellington, New Zealand, some fry of the oru, which originally had been sent thence and hatched out in New South Wales. The attempt proved successful, and in like manner the experiment was repeated between Wellington and Sydney.

In the appendix to the history from which I have already quoted, is a paper upon "Fresh Water Fish Acclimatisation," by John Gale, Queanbeyan. Mr. Gale relates how he distributed a lot of "American brown trout and English spotted trout." The descriptive terms, brown and spotted, have evidently been reversed in some way, but the fish were from three to five inches in length—"strong, vigorous fish." The trout were placed in cans of six gallons each, 150 in each can, and all were delivered at their various destinations without loss, except one portion which was lost by taking water from a brackish stream. "As an experiment we also brought four trout, three perch, and three carp, in hermetically sealed jars, and the result was successful, only one trout—a little fellow sick from the start—succumbed. The distance from Ballarat to Queanbeyan is about 350 miles, and the fish were thirty hours in transit. Bibbenluke is another hundred miles, and Braidwood thirty-four miles; so that our efforts, so far as placing the fish in the waters of their respective destinations, were highly successful."

Something for Fry Men to Think About.

Three rivers in which 60, 40 and 60 of these little trout, respectively, were planted, became thoroughly stocked with them, furnishing fishing in a few years that is now unsurpassed. The second year after planting hundreds of little trout were netted in one river as an experiment. Mr. Gale concludes his paper by recommending to the department that instead of planting trout fry that they be kept in ponds until a year old and then distributed.

A. N. CHENEY.

FLY-FISHING FOR POLLOCK.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—In your issue of Nov. 4 "The General" wishes to hear from some one on fly-fishing for pollock. He says catching them on a light rod with bait "is great sport"; but let him take out his fly-rod and tackle, and follow my directions, and he will vote it even a greater success.

Let me give you one page from my own experience. Leaving the landing stage one afternoon in a light boat, having a good man at the oars, and equipped with a 10½-foot lancewood rod, an oiled silk medium line and one fly on a 2-foot leader at the end of it, we rowed to a narrow channel where I knew the pollock were generally to be found feeding. Getting my tackle together, we watched till we saw one break water some 200yds. away. Rowing rapidly to the spot, I made a cast, and almost immediately there was a gleam of silver and a fine fish was away with a great rush, making the line fairly hum. Three more similar rushes, and we had him in the landing net. Again I threw out my line, and again a fish. Now the school is gone, and we have to watch till another breaks water, and away we go again after the school. When we got back to our landing place there were 99 as fine pollock, ranging from ½lb. to 1½lbs., as you could wish to see. We were gone just three hours. Pretty good, was it not?

The fish go in schools; and to fish in this way a calm day is essential. However, should there be any ripple on the water, by rowing about and casting or trailing the line as for lake trout, one can often make a good catch.

They take the fly beautifully, often jumping right out of the water, coming down on top of the fly; and so sharply do they bite that a miss is almost never made by any one who can handle a rod. After they are once hooked they never break water; and afford as much sport every bit as either a trout or bass of an equal size.

A word as to flies. They are not very particular as long as you give them a light one; however, Parmacheenebelle is, I find, the best, and closely following are Jenny-Lind, gold-ibis, silver-doctor and red-coachman. Only one should be used, as the fish are so numerous and bite so sharply, that if you use more, as I once did, you will have trouble. I put four flies on a 6-foot leader, immediately hooked four fish, and almost as soon lost four fish, one leader and four flies, and all the fun I had out of it was watching the poor fish about four feet below the surface, all pulling away as hard as possible and in opposite directions. So, "General," use one fly only. Flies tied on No. 1 Sproat hooks are the best.

Should any one try this plan, I am sure they will say it is fine sport; and any more particulars any reader may wish I will be more than pleased to furnish from my past experience with pollock.

MICMAC.

THE VERMONT LEAGUE.

THE third annual gathering of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held at Van Ness House, Burlington, Nov. 17. The programme for the day called for a congress of the sportsmen of Vermont, to be convened at 2 P. M.

The meeting was attended by sportsmen from various parts of the State, regardless of membership in the League. Its object was to have an informal talk on subjects kindred to the aims of the League and the work of the State Fish and Game Commissions. The meeting was an experiment, it being the first one of its kind, and although the attendance in the afternoon did not at any time exceed thirty men, it was a pronounced success. Commissioner Titcomb presided, and Richard Rathburn of the United States Fish Commission was present and answered many practical questions. The following topics were discussed with much interest: The decrease of fish in Vermont waters and some of the causes; how to best increase the supply of fish and game; the introduction of new varieties of game; statutory limit as to length of fish—whether best form of protection; the protection of game. Three professional seine fishermen from Lake Champlain were present and contributed much information with reference to the decrease of fish in the lake. The statutory limit as to length of fish was perhaps more freely discussed than any other. Commissioner Titcomb suggested a plan to do away with the so-called "six inch law" as follows: Empower the Commissioners with authority to close up all the small tributary streams in which the trout do not grow over six inches before they work down into deeper waters. Post these streams and publish a list of them in the State papers, county by county. Have a heavy fine for the mere act of fishing in waters so posted, and allow free fishing regardless of size in the main streams. It was generally believed that such a law could be better enforced than the present six inch law, although the latter is quite generally observed by the market fishermen.

At 7 P. M. the board of management assembled, with Gen. W. W. Henry in the chair. Some recommendations for action at the annual meeting were made, and at 7:30 the annual meeting was called, Vice-President Henry still in the chair. The treasurer's report was read and adopted. Thirty-four new members were voted in. Dr. T. H. Bean and Richard Rathburn, members of the U. S. Fish Commission, were elected honorary members. The membership fee was reduced from $5 to $3 and the annual assessment from $3 to $2. The committee reported this list of officers, who were elected: President, H. R. Dorr, Rutland; Secretary, J. W. Titcomb, St. Johnsbury; Treasurer, A. W. Ferrin, Montpelier; Vice-Presidents, C. M. Wilds, Middlebury; E. C. Smith, St. Albans; J. G. McCullough, Bennington; W. S. Webb, Shelburne; F. D. Proctor, Proctor; Jas. W. Brock, Montpelier; Erastus Baldwin, Wells River. Executive Committee—Addison county, D. A. Bisbee, Bristol; Bennington, W. H. Bradford, Bennington; Caledonia, James Ritchie, St. Johnsbury; Chittenden, Wm. W. Henry, Burlington; Essex, Nathan Hobson, Island Pond; Franklin, F. J. Hawley, Swanton; Grand Isle, N. W. Fisk, Isle La Motte; Lamoille, E. L. Noyes, secretary, Hyde Park; Orange, W. S. Curtis, West Randolph; Orleans, H. S. Haskell, Derby Line; Rutland, C. A. Gale, Rutland; Washington, C. C. Warren, Waterbury; Windham, F. W. Childs, Brattleboro; Windsor, C. F. Chapman, Woodstock. Auditors, A. B. Noyes, E. W. Raymond, J. H. McIntire. Membership Committee, U. A. Woodbury, H. R. Dorr, J. W. Titcomb.

On motion, a committee was appointed by the chair, consisting of the president and the secretary of the League and one member from each county, to be known as the legislative committee; it being understood that this committee will be called to order at any time by the president or secretary of the League, or simply on the request of two members of the committee. The committee is: Addison, W. K. Peake; Bennington, M. S. Colburn; Caledonia, E. A. Silsby; Chittenden, Fred H. Wells; Essex, Nathan Hobson; Franklin, Chas. C. Gilmore; Grand Isle, N. W. Fisk; Lamoille, C. S. Page; Orange, J. B. Peckett, Jr.; Orleans, W. W. Miles; Rutland, S. E. Burnham; Washington, Geo. W. Wing; Windham, Julius J. Estey; Windsor, Wm. S. Dewey.

On motion, the president appointed a committee of five for the introduction of new game into our State, as follows: N. P. Leach, Highgate; W. Y. W. Ripley, Rutland; W. Seward Webb, Shelburne; Jerome M. Celot, Middlebury; B. R. Seymour, Burlington.

Directly following the annual meeting came the annual dinner. Just sixty-six sportsmen with their friends assembled in the dining-room to enjoy the menu prepared by mine host Clark, manager of the Van Ness. Among the various dishes named on the menu appeared the shad and wall-eyed pike of Lake Champlain and black ducks from the preserve of the Swanton Gun Club, with the compliments of which they were presented. Among those in attendance were Congressman W. W. Grout, of St. Johnsbury; Col. A. P. Childs and Wm. E. Hawks, of Bennington; Geo. Atkins, of Montpelier; Gen. W. W. Henry, Col. U. A. Woodbury, B. R. Seymour, Fred. H. Wells and J. G. Bellrose, and others representing the sportsmen's clubs of Burlington; Capt. F. J. Hawley, Col. Charles C. Gilmore and Editor T. M. Tobin, of Swanton; Hon. Nelson Fisk, of Isle La Motte; Dr. C. A. Gales, of Rutland; State's Attorney John B. Peckett, of Bradford; E. W. Raymond, of Post Mills, representing the Ompompanoosuc Valley Fish and Game Club; Dr. W. S. Curtis and John F. Mead, of West Randolph.

H. R. Dorr, the president of the League, being prevented from attendance by sickness, General William W. Henry acted as toastmaster and in his happy faculty for telling stories contributed much toward the pleasure of the occasion. Toasts were responded to by H. S. Peck, who in the absence of Mayor Hazleton, welcomed the sportsmen to Burlington. Mr. Richard Rathburn, representative of the U. S. Fish Commission and member of the joint commission to adjust differences on the Great Lakes as between the United States and Canada, responded for the U. S. Fish Commissioner

J. W. Titcomb, State Fish and Game Commissioner and secretary of the League, responded for the Commission:

Permit me to say that I believe the future prosperity of Vermont will be largely enhanced by, if it does not depend entirely upon, two essentials—namely, a careful attention to our roads and the protection of our forests, streams and ponds. The former essential, I am pleased to remark, is in good hands—a State road league recently organized; the latter is the subject which claims our attention to-night. The protection of our forests and streams in its liberal sense may be interpreted as the protection of the forests with a proper care for their wild inhabitants, and the improvement of our waters by stocking them, and wholesome laws for the protection of their inhabitants from annihilation.

In our forests the deer are increasing rapidly and promise good sport in the future under proper restrictions. Our game birds have not decreased much in the past few years, but the market-hunters appear to be on the increase, which indicates that some law restricting the sale of game in the markets may be essential. New species of birds should be introduced. The English pheasants, introduced by our esteemed member, Dr. Webb, appear to have already obtained a foothold. A flock of quail introduced last summer survived the extreme cold of last winter. While no practical method of increasing our game by artificial propagation has been discovered, the art of raising fish artificially should put Dame Nature to shame. It is a curious fact that Dame Nature is quite as wasteful in sowing the seeds of fish life as in spreading the seeds of vegetation. Take, for example, the common maple. Its seeds are blown to the four winds of heaven, but few of them come to maturity. The same waste in varying proportions occurs to the naturally deposited spawn of the various food and game fishes.

While it is estimated that only 2 or 3 per cent. of spawn naturally deposited becomes the mature fish, 90 per cent. can be hatched out as fry and the larger proportion reared until fingerlings or larger. Under these conditions it is no longer a question as to whether our streams can be restocked, provided the water is kept free from mill wash or other deleterious substances.

The speaker then gave a resume of the work done at the State hatchery at Roxbury under the immediate supervision of C. C. Warren. The capacity of the hatchery is now 2,000,000 fry, with the possibility of rearing 250,000 fingerlings. From the estimates of the U. S. Fish Commission 100 fingerlings are equal to 1,000 or more fry. But of course there is always a loss in rearing from fry to fingerlings. They have in stock at the hatchery about 22,000 trout in all; 2,000 larger trout, 2,000 averaging 6in. long, one year old last spring, and about 18,000 which are being reared from eggs which hatched last spring.

Col. Clark F. Rowell, of Keene, N. H., ex-president of the Cheshire County Fish and Game League, and traveling passenger agent of the Fitchburg road, responded for the Granite State sportsmen, and said in substance:

The cost of the New Hampshire hatcheries in the aggregate amounted to about $4,000, while this year it will be nearly $8,000. The annual income in that State from the summer visitors, sportsmen and pleasure seekers, is, carefully estimated, $6,000,000. Mr. Rowell said that his State was sometimes called the "Switzerland of America," and that they were trying to make her such in fact as well as in name. "And remember, gentlemen of Vermont," said he, "you are neighbors, so you too may cultivate this same desire to be a great summer resort; you have every qualification, with this beautiful Lake Champlain before you, one of the finest bodies of water in the world. And I predict in time her shores will be thickly populated, her islands beautified and her historic places made into national parks. I sincerely believe the water in New Hampshire or Vermont is worth more per acre than the land, and will soon pay a much larger revenue." He advised stocking the streams and lakes with trout, and where now hundreds are placed put thousands and Vermont will soon be rivaling New Hampshire for the title "Switzerland of America."

Congressman Grout said that there was no place on the continent better for the trout than the waters of Vermont. She has large natural facilities for furnishing fish of the small species. He thought Congress would sustain the hatchery at St. Johnsbury by liberal appropriations. In a few years there ought not to be a town in the State wherein there will not be summer boarders.

J. B. Peckett, Jr., of Bradford; Dr. D. A. Bisbee, of Bristol; Dr. C. A. Gale, of Rutland; Hon. Nelson W. Fisk, of Isle La Motte; A. P. Childs, of Bennington, and Col. C. C. Gilmore, of Swanton, also spoke. Gen. W. Y. W. Ripley, of Rutland, and a veteran sportsman, sent a letter, which read:

I take it that the object of your association is not only to preserve the fish and game of the State, but to make it more abundant. The first question that suggests itself is, is there a necessity? and if so, why? That such necessity exists is apparent to all. To the second question, "why?" the answer is easy. It is because the rate of destruction has been, and is yet greater than the rate of increase; unless you can increase the rate of production or decrease the rate of destruction, your fish and game are doomed to total extinction. Can you increase the rate of production? In some lines this is possible to a certain extent. You have now in successful operation a State hatchery for the propagation of fish, and the general Government is building another. Great hopes are founded on these enterprises; but in the nature of things it must be years before any marked results can be obtained, and in the meantime your native stock is steadily decreasing.

I speak now not of favored localities, but of the State at large; and not of a period of a single year, but of a number of years. It is true that some years are better than others, for trout, for example. A good breeding season, free from heavy rainfalls which create floods to wash away the spawning beds, is likely to make the fishing better in the third year thereafter. Favorable weather during the fishing season also increases the catch for that year; but taking a period of five consecutive years, most people will admit that there is a steady falling off in the supply both of fish and of game.

I do not think it is possible to increase the supply of game by any artificial means; furred and feathered game must stand or fall on its own opportunities. And taking fish and both classes of game together can see no better, and certainly no more economical method of preservation and increase than to allow each class better opportunities and more of them.

First, as to fish. I shall speak only of the trout, as I am not sufficiently familiar with bass to give an intelligent opinion. I would earnestly recommend increasing the limit of size from 6in. to 9in. Every trout should have at least one opportunity to try to propagate his species. The trout that is just under the legal limit of 6in. on the 31st of August, when the season closes, is practically, and in nine cases out of ten entirely, worthless as a breeder. Most of them are immature and incapable; those which are capable produce but few eggs, and the result is almost nothing. These same trout are of legal size next May, when the season opens, and are legally killed, and have never had a chance to try for themselves to do what we so much wish to see accomplished, namely, the restocking of our brooks.

The trout of just under 9in. in length that is put back into the water on the last day of the season is a mature fish of suitable age and size to make its efforts of some avail during the same season. Neither is it any considerable hardship to any one to make the limit 9in.; and what there is of hardship would only last one or at most two years, for the number of 9-inchers would then be nearly equal to the number of 6-inchers now and afford much more sport to the angler, to say nothing of the vastly greater value as food. I am firmly of the opinion that no one enactment would do so much for the trout brooks of the State as such as one as I have suggested, but I would go further, I would shorten the open season at least one month, making the open season commence on June 1 and close Aug. 31, or commence May 1 and close July 31—it is not very material which. But three months fishing is all the brooks of Vermont will stand at the present time.

I would also recommend a shorter season for birds. It is not possible to fix a limit of size or age for them, nor is it possible, so far as it is now known, to increase the supply by artificial means; we must depend upon the birds themselves and they will surely disappoint us unless we give them a better chance. I would advise making the open season on both woodcock and grouse (commonly called partridges) commence on October 1 instead of on September 15 as now, and shortening the season by at least 15 days at the other end. I know that many people will take exception to this, especially as to woodcock. I have heard it said by sportsmen living near the north line of the State, that their woodcock had all migrated before Sept. 15 even. I think this is a mistake; the birds have simply changed their grounds; they have left the cold, wet swamps, finding themselves more comfortable among the ferns and white birch saplings on warm, sunny hillsides during the day, returning to the lower grounds for food at night. I have shot these birds every season, probably, for 40 years, and my record shows that the very best shooting has been the last 10 days in October, and the very best bag I ever made in this State was on Nov. 5, while I have killed them, one bird, at least, as late as Dec. 5. My observation has been that they do not leave a locality till they are forced to go by weather so cold as to make boring impossible for them, or till they are driven out by over pursuit, and in this last case, that they will be found within a mile or two if the sportsman knows where to look for them and has a thoroughly good dog.

Now, to conclude where I began. The whole question is in a nutshell; you must increase the supply or decrease the demand. If you put water into a barrel through an inch pipe and draw it, with no stop - - ge, through a 2in. pipe, your barrel will soon be empty

Fishculture.

The World's Fair Aquarium.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to be allowed to comment briefly on some of the statements embraced in the editorial on the "World's Fair Aquarium," in your issue of the 18th inst., regarding the character of the exhibit and the loss of the material in Chicago.

First.—All the material required to produce 75,000 gallons of sea water was in the Fisheries Building when I resigned my position as "In charge of the Aquarial Exhibit." This consisted of all the constituents—solid and liquid—of that amount of sea water—excepting the pure water. This material cost delivered in the Fisheries Building about $400.

Owing to ignorance of the requirements in its re-incorporation with the water to restore it to its proper condition on the part of those charged with this work, this was not used, some 8 or 900 gallons of bitter residue in carboys being thrown away.

Something like nineteen iron tank cars of sea water were then transferred from the ocean, and most probably the salt alone of the original material was used to make an additional supply. Owing to favorable conditions, the shipment of sea water in bulk was successful. In warmer weather the water would have become fouled, and had it been very cold would have frozen solid in the tanks, and it would have proven an interesting and expensive problem to remove it.

I simply desire to make the point that 75,000 gallons of good, pure and genuine sea water, can be produced in Chicago for about $400.

Second.—If 38,000 gallons per hour of fresh water was used, it was out of all proportion to the necessity, 10,000 gallons being ample under proper conitions.

Third.—The great cost of maintenance was due to excessive mortality, because of careless and incompetent methods in transporting and handling the fish, by reason of which they were very much bruised and lacerated, and thus became an easy prey to fungus and also to the fact that the conditions in the tanks were not healthy or favorable. There was an entire absence of aquatic plants in the fresh-water section, and but an insignificant showing in the salt-water ones, notwithstanding that the original conception promised all the luxuriance of vegetable life common to the ornamental pond, and that the fresh-water vegetation could have been procured right here, within the range of the Krupp gun. Plant life is an absolute necessity in the establishment of healthful conditions in the aquarium, and also in producing that feeling of contentment necessary to the successful keeping of live fish.

Prof. W. H Dall criticised the unfavorable conditions and results so conspicuous in this exhibit, in the *Nation* of Sept. 14.

"Fungus" and "fish parasites" are everywhere where there is water, and are only virulent or troublesone under unwholesome conditions. During 1891 I furnished two articles to FOREST AND STREAM on this subject, but cannot remember the dates. One was entitled "Brackish water for injured fish," and the other "A curious parasite and its relation to temperature." In these articles suggestions were offered for dealing with these pests. Opportunity for extended observation and experiment in this direction was afforded in this work, but so far I have not seen or heard the suggestion of anything having been seen or discovered that would be of value in dealing with live fish.

The aquarium exhibit as a whole, was a very commonplace one, and leaving out the *Salmonidæ* of which the showing was poor, and several species not difficult to obtain, I will guarantee to duplicate the fresh-water part of it with larger specimens in fine condition from the Lagoon in Jackson Park. Of the commercial food fishes, the lake trout (one and two years old, artificially hatched), sturgeon (small or mediums pecimens), black bass and pike-perch, comprise the list. Of the salt-water commercial species, there were sheepshead, red-snapper, sea-bass and tautog, represented by medium sized specimens, and scup, spot, croaker, and a few other species represented by small specimens.

The Wisconsin Fish Commission made a vastly better exhibit of valuable food fishes under nothing like so favorable conditions—even to carrying and keeping white fish in splendid condition.

The most striking features of the aquarium exhibit were suckers, catfish, mudfish and gars, and great tanks meant to be spectacular in effect were filled with fingerling fish.

All of the salt-water specimens shown at one time could have been transported in one, or almost, two carloads. At the close of the exhibit it was stated in the Chicago papers, that the exhibit comprised 2,500 specimens. As the greater part of the collection consisted of small fish, five carloads of 500 fish each, ought surely to be a liberal estimate for transporting them. This would leave forty-three (say forty) carloads of fish to cover the losses during the six months of the exposition, on the claim that nearly fifty carloads were carried there. Was ever such mortality heard of before?

The large amount of money and labor expended on this exhibit should have resulted in the making of a grand and comprehensive exhibit as outlined in the original conception.

The aquarium is a grand one and in tank capacity, next to that at Brighton, England, the largest in the world. Although compulsorily adapted to a building already designed and for temporary use only, it had all the conditions favorable to a great success, and it is therefore unfortunate that while we claimed to be able to accomplish results not heretofore achieved in this direction, and had supposed we had made some advances in methods of transporting and handling live fish, we should have made so poor a showing before the world. WM. P. SEAL.

New York Commission.

A REGULAR meeting of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State was held Tuesday, Nov 14. The business transacted was important in that it included the acceptance of the report of the Committee on site for the proposed new hatchery in Sullivan county and the appointment of the President, Mr. L. D. Huntington, as a Committee to have the plans prepared and proceed with the erection of the building The land upon which the hatchery is to be located, was donated by the people of the neighborhood, and great interest was shown by all living at Rockland. This hatchery will get its water supply from the Beaverkill, one of the most noted trout streams in the State, and bids fair to be of great service in the artificial propagation of trout.

The following were the principal features of the report of the chief game and fish protector: In the second district, William Kidd reported that he had received $100 penalties and $20 costs in a suit against Jesse Connors and others for illegal fishing, and $20 penalty and costs against William Van Wagner for shooting song birds, and $25 and costs against Bruin Sawyer for killing quail. In the third district Matthew Kennedy reported that he had convicted Charles Nichols of maintaining a fish weir in the stream, and Nichols had been fined $75 and costs. Thomas Parker and William Brigham had plead guilty to shooting duck from naphtha launch, and were fined $35 and $15 costs. Godfrey Smith, Richard Reed, Valentine Morrissey, Jacob Weber and William Pettinger, pleaded guilty to shooting duck at night and paid $127.50 to settle the action. He, Kennedy, also brought an action against Ruppert brothers, the sons of the New York brewer, for shooting from naphtha launch, and against John Stall, Jr., for Sunday shooting and fishing. An interesting case was decided in the fourth district where a man named Harold G. Henderson was arrested for allowing dogs to run at large in the woods during the closed season. Henderson is a New York city man, and he claimed that he left the dogs in charge of one Frank Wood. The Court therefore held that Wood was the party who should have been arrested. The protector of the ninth district, Sherman F. Snyder, reported that the fish-ways on the New York side at Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania, are in very bad shape, and says that if nothing is done for them before winter they will probably go out with the ice in the spring. The fish-ways on the Pennsylvania side have been thoroughly repaired, and are all right. Henry C. Carr reported that he had secured the conviction of Joseph Barter and Charles Baker for maintaining a fish-way in the Susquehanna River, and they were fined $50 each. He also reported that he had convicted five men for spearing fish in the Susquehanna River, and that they were fined $15 each. George M. Schwartz seized and destroyed during the month fifty-two gill nets and seven fykes and valued at $150. Charles H. Barber reports that on Oct 1, three live deer were seen within three miles of Greenwich, and on Sept. 29, a deer was shot at Shushan within ten miles of Greenwich. This is the first time in twenty-five years that deer have been found in this immediate vicinity. Charles C. Clark, special protector, reports that he arrested H. Bingham for taking partridges. He was fined $25 and all costs. On Oct. 21, he arrested George Phillips and William Spencer with twelve snared partridges in possession. They were taken before a justice of the peace and plead guilty and were fined $20 penalty and costs. A great many trap nets and fyke nets were destroyed during the month. The Commissioners signed the circular already printed, which has been sent to all parties interested from Maine to Virginia, calling a conference to discuss the Atlantic Coast fisheries. It is intended at this conference to discuss the advisability of securing uniform legislation along the Seaboard States for the protection of food fishes. It is believed, that while there may be many causes for the gradually diminishing supply of edible salt water fishes, still the continued use of purse and pound nets has had much to do with diminishing the supply. It is believed that a law could be enactad abolishing the use of pound nets and providing that purse nets shall not be used in any waters the depth of which does not exceed the depth of the net used, and that valuable results could be obtained. There is no doubt but that fishermen are unanimously resolved that these agencies have had the greater part to do with the destruction of edible food fishes, and as recent investigations have to some extent at least proven, that the majority of fishes like menhaden, mackerel and others come into the shallow waters along our coast to spawn, and they should be at least protected during the spawning season. It is believed that there will be a large and representative gathering at this conference, and that many important suggestions will be made and much reform legislation influenced.

At the meeting of the Commissioners, the report of the Committee appointed to purchase the land necessary for the uses of the hatchery in Steuben county was adopted, and the Committee's purchase of land confirmed. The President was also empowered to address a letter to Hon. Edward Hannan, Superintendent of Public Works, urging upon him the necessity of providing for the repair and maintenance of the fish-ways of the State. The fish-way at the Troy Dam, the most important in the Hudson River as far as the salmon are concerned, is entirely destroyed, and the fish-way at Lackawaxen, which is absolutely necessary in order to allow the shad and black bass to ascend the Delaware into New York territory, is also sadly in need of repair. The fish-way at the Troy Dam need not be re-built, if, as the Commissioners have suggested, the superintendent will extend the apron in part of the dam so that the salmon pass over it, but the fish-way at Lackawaxen must be re-built. This fish-way has been of great value, and black bass and shad were caught above Lackawaxen in abundance during the past season as far up the river as its junction with the east branch of the Delaware. The entire power of maintaining these fish-ways is imposed by statute upon the Superintendent of Public Works, and he can use the general fund for the purpose of their support. The Commissioners of Fisheres are simply given advisory powers as to their first construction. After that they are entirely under the control of the Superintendent of Public Works and should be maintained by him. Numerous complaints have been made to the Commissioners of Fisheries and in the newspapers as to the condition of the fish-way. Commissioners have no power in the matter what ever, and reference in every case should be made to the Superintendent of Public Works. The Commissioners have called his attention to these matters frequently, but without any satisfactory reply. E. P. DOYLE, Sec'y.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Nov. 28 to Dec. 1.—New Jersey K. L., at Newark, N. J. Dr. W. F. Seidler, Sec'y.

Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.

Dec. 20 to 23.—Northern Ohio Pet Stock Association, at Akron, O. H. F. Peck, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 22 to 26.—New Orleans Fanciers' Club, at New Orleans, La. G. W. Seutell, Jr., Sec'y.

March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 13 to 16.—Chicago K. C., at Chicago. G. H. Goodrich, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 1.—Southern California Field Trials, at Ontario, Cal. H. C Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal., Sec'y.

Jan. 29.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mascoutah entries close Dec. 4.

Hamilton Dog Show.

TORONTO, Can.—The third and most successful of Hamilton local shows was held Nov. 18, and was a most gratifying success from all points of view. The entries according to the catalogue were 205, of which spaniels and terriers form the greater part. In the black cocker dog class there were 10 entries, including such well known specimens as King Raven (for exhibition only), Chandler's Beau Kay, etc. The bitch class was still stronger, no less than 16 being entered. The other color dog class had 8, in which were Hamilton Jack, shown at Toronto; Russett, Red Justice, etc. Mr. W. B. Palmer showed for exhibition only the red dog Cherry Punch, received from Mrs. Smythe, Nov. 18, and is a winner of about 20 prizes. The corresponding bitch class had 4. From Dr. Griffin's Kennel were Principio, Kathleen Mavourneen, Edgewood Robin and White Rose, not for competition, as he judged these classes. Bull-terriers in all numbered 18; fox-terriers total 39, and include the smooth bitch Bonaly Belle and Policy, the latter not for competition. Irish terriers had two new ones in Boxwood Pat and Lady Alice, both very soft coated and bad colored. Dandies had 2, Skyes 1, Bedlingtons 4, Airedales 2, white English terriers 1, and black and tans 6.

Pugs were a poor lot of seven, and Yorkshires only two. The St. Bernards and mastiffs were also a poor lot, as were great Danes. Collies had a fair class of fourteen, in which Finsbury Dude stood well to the front and won easily.

Judging was put off till 7 P. M. in order to draw the crowd. Mr. E. Tinsley took setters, pointers and all spaniels; Dr. Griffin, bull-terriers, and Mr. A. D. Stewart, advertised to judge the rest, was aided by other specialists in several of the terrier classes.

The show was held in the Drill Hall, a large, light and clean building, the dogs being tied to staples driven into the floor and placed in five long rows. Ample sawdust was provided and everything was beautifully sweet and clean.

Several Toronto men were there, including G. B. Sweetman, A. A. Macdonald George Bell, Mr. Bickford and H. P. Thompson. H. B. DONOVAN.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Arthur Garrick's Don; 2d, W. D. Croy's Tom. *Bitches;* 1st, Thos. B. Stearn's Hope.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. Edward Martin's Grimsby Jack.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, E. Jackson Sanford's Ormond and Donau. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Chas. Osler's Toy. *Bitches:* 1st, E. Jackson Sanford's Metta.

ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, D. Peace's Jefferson; 2d, J. Somerville's Laddie; 3d, T. J. Senior's Help.—PUPPIES—*Dogs;* 3d, John Rose's Sam.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, John Radigan's Nell.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. McEachren's Bute. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Lackner's Venus; 3d, C. Webster's Jess.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. A. Mighton's Finsbury Dude; 2d, J. Montgomery's Bruce; 4d, Mark O'Rourke's Kenneth. *Bitches:* 1st, E. Harris's Mayflower; 2d and 3d, J. Montgomery's Flossie and Jean.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Mark O'Rourke's Kenneth; 2d and 3d, R. Evans's Monarch and Colonel.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Steven's Guard.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. W. Bowman's Boxer. *Bitches:* 1st withheld; 2d, J. Down's Nellie.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs;* 1st, Dr. Malloch's Romany; 2d, J Down's Towser; 3d, D. Murray's Sport.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Bryant's Jack; 2d, W. R. Harper's Ponto; 3d, Geo. Flett's Duke.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 2d, H. Bryant's Dash.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Cline's Darkey Joe; 2d, Chas. Wilson's Reuben; 3d, J. D. Roach's Jacks. Very high com., J. McKeown's Jacko. *Bitches:* 2d, J. McKeown's Topsy; 3d, P. McKay's Ruby.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK—*Dogs;* 1st, 2d, 3d and high com., Raven Kennels' Beau Kay, Chancellor, Jay Kay and Sport. Very high com., John Cooper's Blackie. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and high com., Raven Kennels' Molly Bawn, Raven Cryo and Modjeska; 2d, Charles Wilson's Reba. Very high com., A. T. Malcolmson's Daisy. Com., R. J. Wood's Ruby and J. McCann's Nellie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Flynn's Black Justic. Very high com., Gilbert Clayton's Black Prince. High com., G. T. Ritchie's Dandy. *Bitches:* 2d, Raven Kennels' Modesty.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Tocher's Derby; 2d, T. Clappison's Hamilton Jack; 3d, Raven Kennels' Sunlight. Very high com., W. C. Niblett's Russett. High com., F. Flynn's Red Justice. Com., W. McLaughlin's Koko. *Bitches:* 1st, W. C. Niblett's Gypsy Queen; 2d, T. Gould's Goldie; 3d, G. T. Ritchie's Scotty. *Puppies:* 1st, J. J. Guy's Heatherbloom.

BULL TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mark O'Rourke's Pup. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Rennie's Countess of Wentworth. Very high com., Robert Aitcheson's Vixon.—PUPPIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mark O'Rourke's Pup; 2d, W. Kilby's Dixy; 3d, R. Aitcheson's Tartar. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Rennie's Countess of Wentworth; 2d, G. J. Reid's Mollie; 3d, E. Harris's Princess H. Very high com., Neil McLean's Maggie.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—*Dogs:* 1st, D. Gillies's Jack Vandal; 2d, Smith & Croswaithe's Jack; 3d, C. Turner's Hamilton Jim. Very high com., Thos. Meade's Jerry. High com., James Miller's Pepper. Com., Miss Whitcombe's Jack. *Bitches:* 1st, Hamilton Fox-terrier Kennels' Bonaly Belle; 2d, J. Hood's Iocaste; 3d, James Hughson's Sultana.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Smith's Viper; 2d, J. W. Hammond's Jack. Very high com., J. W. Pearce's Bart and F. McBeth's Dennie. *Bitches:* 1st, Fred. Henstridge's Josie; 2d, H. Bawden's Lilly.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, John Hendrie's Wentworth Twig. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Miss M. McGiverin's Sallie and Biddy; 2d, F. McBeth's Rags. Very high com., A. White's Rose.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, F McBeth's Domino; 2d, Miss M. McGiverin's Tyke. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Mrs. Cook's Vick and Nellie; 2d, Miss M. McGiverin's Nipper,

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Rev. T. Geoghegan's Boxwood Pat; 2d, J. Hood's Rugby Ben. *Bitches:* 1st, Rev. T. Geoghegan's Lady Alice; 2d, J. Hood's Rugby Kit.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. D. Steven's Dan; 2d, W. T. Ramsay's Inkosi.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. Johnston's Rats.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* Equal 1st, George Johnston's Badger and Patrick Booth's Blucher; 3d, G. T. Thomson's Danger. PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, Alex. Watt's Blue Bell.

AIREDALE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C.W. Rickett's Worry. *Bitches;* 1st, C. W. Rickett's Nell.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. W. Rickett's Freda and Hulda.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. M. Harris's Turk.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, J. E. Anderson's Grit; 2d, W. Presnail's Lady.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Perfecto Kennels' Charlemague. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Perfecto Kennels' Bon Bon and Chocolate Chip; 2d, J. Baikie's Pearl.

PUGS.—*Dogs:* 1s, Miss Annie Dingwall's Punch; 2d, W. H. Thompson's Fred. *Bitches:* 1st. W. C. H. McAllister's Lily Herb; 2d, Mrs. W. Macdonald's Juno.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* Prize withheld, *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. H. Shadel's Milly; 2d, W. H. Thompson's Nellie.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs;* 2d, Miss Harris's Cricket.

TOY TERRIERS.—*Bitches;* 1st, John Connel's Lady.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss Chowne's Prince.

BARBET E.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J. Down's Pomeroy; 2d, J. Hartley's Beauty. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. J. Down's Dolly.

FRENCH POODLES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss Annie Hendrie's Figaro.

A Russian terrier was entered in the miscellaneous class; but did not come to time.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—FOREST AND STREAM noticed the sale of the Irish terrier Shagar to a gentleman in Canada. Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, his new owner, sends me the following particulars of the dog: "Shagar (E. K. C. S. B. 35,317) was formerly owned by Dr. A. Lees Bell, Dumfernline, Scotland. He is by Ballymacarett out of Fair Lass and weighs 22lbs., whelped Jan. 2, 1892, and is the winner of twenty-five firsts and specials including cup for best dog in show. Is the sire, by different bitches, of Inverness Balfour and Lefroy, first and second respectively in puppy class, and Benbeach Biddy, second open, two thirds and one fourth, Edinburgh, last month. Considering the dog's youth and the fact that he has never been advertised at stud this record is a good one." I hope to hear a good account of him on this side.

Young stock from this kennel has been going freely, among others being puppies of the Commissariat—Tartayoter litter to the Very Rev. Dean Carmichael, Mr. Richard White and Dr. Prendegast, of Montreal; Mr. W. J. Crossen Cobourg, and Mr. J. W. Darcy, Boston, Mass. Dog puppy (Commissariat—Ballymoney) to Mr. Jas. Ferguson, Montreal, and dog puppy by same sire out of Rugby Norah to Mr. F. E. Caine, Montreal. H. B. DONOVAN.

McLin Gets His Deserts.

The McLin trial was concluded Nov. 24 and resulted in a verdict of guilty. McLin was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. The charge on which he was tried was for perjury. He swore at his trial before the local Justice of the Peace that he had only four living dogs and no dead dogs in his kennel at the time the affidavit alleged cruelty. Thus ends one of the most dastardly episodes in the history of dogdom in this country. It is, we believe, unnecessary to point out that the sentence will serve as a warning to others, for we do not think there can be another man in the business who would be guilty of such cruelty.

EASTERN F. T. CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE change of the scene of action from High Point, N. C., where the club's trials had been held for many years heretofore, notwithstanding the extortion, ill service and unsatisfactory field trial grounds which there obtained, to Newton, N. C., was a great and satisfactory gain to all concerned. There is hardly a detail or interest of the event, from the greatest to the least, but what is benefitted thereby. The Hotel Newton furnished comfortable accommodation. Compared to High Point, it was palatial.

The grounds were good enough for all the requirements of a field trial. They were largely cultivated, in a loose fashion, some of the fields with corn, others with cotton, and yet others with wheat. And there was in all a stretch of ground which gave room for the day's work. Every dog had ample room to display his range and judgment in seeking for bevies in the open fields of stubble, corn and sedge, while there was cover enough to afford shelter for the birds and test the performance of the dogs on scattered birds, and close work in cover. There were but few thickets so dense that the dogs were concealed from view when working in them. The general features of the grounds were favorable, too. Long, parallel, uneven ridges, with shallow valleys between, broken here and there by irregular, gentle hills and hollows, with broad fields and stretches of woodland intermixed, made grounds which, for the purpose, were difficult to improve on. They were threaded with small runs, ditches and water courses, in a loose, scattering way, all of which was favorable for the habitat of the quail, and quail there were in abundance. Full, large bevies was the rule.

Horses there were for all, though from the best to the poorest was a long span, with a motley collection of tempers, kinds and blemishes within it. Yet they were good enough for the purpose.

No animal, *en passant*, ever earns its $1.25 per diem more plumply than a country horse at a field trial. However sportive or buoyant he may start in, or however great his self esteem may be, on coming out at the end of the week he is sedate and careworn and tired. What with plodding wearily through soft fields and thickets, jumping ditches or sprawling through them at a hazard, and going on, on and on hour after hour in a walk, trot or gallop, is it to be wondered at if the field trial horse could not smell the battle afar off, at the end of the week, or even could not smell at all?

The regularly appointed judges were Messrs. S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; J. B. Stoddard, Chicago, and W. W. Titus, Waverly, Miss., all professional handlers, whose deeds in the thick of successful field trial competition form no small part of the annals of it in this country.

Owing to some delay caused by a railroad wreck Mr. Titus did not arrive till Monday noon, therefore Mr. W. A. Coster, the secretary of the club, acted in his place by appointment of the governors in judging the Derby, which stake was run first.

There was a good attendance of sportsmen, many of them well-known field trial men, while there were a few new comers. Nearly all were from the North, as the following partial list will show: There were Messrs. James G. Orr, Brooklyn; P. Lorillard, Jr., E. R. Hearn, Thomas Sturges, W. Pritchett and Prof. E. H. Osthaus, New York; A. T. Latta and W. A. Latta, Denver; Edward Dexter, Boston; Albert Baker, Terre Haute; T. H. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C.; P. Moeller, Nyack, N. Y.; C. H. Phelps, Jr., Walter B. Smith, Philadelphia; P. Henry O'Bannon, C. T. Joyce, Greensboro, N. C.; G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.; T. H. Beall, Linwood, N. C.; W. L. Bossa, New Canaan, Conn.; A. V. Brewster, Troy, N. Y.; Prof. J. C. Schuyler and son, Lincolnton, N. C.; Luke W. White, Fredericksburgh, Va.; J. S. Churchill, New York; E. J. Daw, Washington, D. C., and many others.

The competition was skillfully managed and satisfactorily decided. Much praise is due the judges for their painstaking industry and care. They had a perfect grasp of all the details of their duties, and could promptly estimate the value of any situation or combination of details to a nicety. They could easily understand the circumstances of any dog's work at a glance, yet a few of the handlers wasted some thought and effort in defining to them the excuses for a point which was birdless or a flush which was straight and inexcusable, yet they seemed unconscious that they made no impression on men who could not be deceived inasmuch as they were expert handlers themselves.

The new grounds and better accommodations seemed to be more satisfactory to everybody, and the prospects of the club are better accordingly for greater and better trials hereafter.

Of the winners in the stake, Miss Ruby, by steady, uniform work of good character, won first. She showed clean and quite thorough point work, besides industrious seeking for birds at good range and speed.

Dick Fox ran an excellent heat, showing dash, range and skillful point work. He ran under his hunting form in his first heat, which injured his chances for a higher place.

Third place was difficult to decide, there being several which had done good and fast work, and others which had shown possibilities of working well. Kent Elgin, on the whole, ran much under his grade of work exhibited in the United States trials, and but little more praise than that he showed good speed can be bestowed on Count Gladstone. These two divided third.

The Derby.

The Derby was for all setter or pointer puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1892. Three prizes: First 500, second $250, third $150, and Breeder's cup, value $100, to the breeder of the winner of the Derby.

There were 19 starters drawn to run in the following order:

T. H. Gibbe's liver and white dog Lad's Rush (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Bell of Bell), J. Wilson, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog Solitaire (Roi d'Or—Tory Diamond), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s lemon and white bitch Beryl (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch Topsy (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond), John White, handler.

Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch Thalia (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler, with E. L. Gilmer's black, white and tan bitch Miss Hattie (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble), F. L. Bevan, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white bitch Selah (Rip Rap—Dolly), Capt. C. E. McMurdo, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Lady Araninta (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers), C. Tucker, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Leona Eugene T.—Bess of Hatchie), C. Tucker, handler, with John Brett's blue belton bitch Maid Marion (Rockingham—Myrrha II.), owner handler.

Henry Pope's blue belton dog Cactus (Rockingham—Myrrha II.), John Brett, handler, with Eldred Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Pauline (Paul Gladstone—Kill Ray), W. H. Hammond, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Blue Ridge Mark (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.), D. E. Rose, handler, with Greensboro Kennels' black, white and tan dog Rod's Mark, F. L. Bevan, handler.

Chas. P. Stokes's black, white and tan bitch Allene (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler, with Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Topsy's Rod (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

Chas. P. Stokes's black, white and tan bitch Bessie Shoupe (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler, with Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Tate (Jean Val Jean—Mamie Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch Antoinette (Antonio—Daisy Hunter), C. Tucker, handler, a bye.

The average performance of the competitors was not noteworthy for merit, though some of the best heats were fairly good. There were a number of heats which were inferior in the quality of the work exhibited. Some of the entries were short of experience, and several showed capabilities which, with more experience, ought to result in better performance.

None of the dogs ran with uniformity. The ones which ran best did mixed work, good and bad. Saving Topsy's Rod, the competitors were in merit from fairly good down to poor performers.

Topsy's Rod won the stake easily, he excelling his competitors in every particular, excepting Allene's work on scattered birds, and a matter of style in respect to several. He is industrious, enthusiastic in his work and a good performer. He goes at high speed and beats out a good range.

Allene in her first heat seemed to be a dangerous competitor, but her first heat was far the best.

Tate was a strong competitor for second. While he had not done any work which was high class, his work had been uniform, of a fairly good grade, and had he made a spurt or two when in thick work on scattered birds, his chances would have been far greater. Selah divided third with Tate. She ran in good form in one heat, but in her other heats she ranged with poor judgment, though seeking diligently throughout the heats.

MONDAY.

The air was crisp and bracing, the sun, which shone clear and bright, not having dissipated entirely from the air the heavy frost of the previous night. The start was made about three miles from town. Birds there were in abundance, though at such times as ordinary dogs ran there appeared to be a scarcity. Yet, taking the work, good, bad and indifferent, there was by night a total result of twenty-two bevies found, which was two bevies less in count than the score of some other gentlemen who kept a tally on them. Save the work of four or five dogs, the competition of this day was inferior. Much time was lost between heats by the dogs being far away in the wagon.

First Series.

LAD'S RUSH AND SOLITAIRE began at 8:55 and ended at 9:48. Neither dog did any good work, though there were abundant opportunities. Solitaire went the wider, yet at times broke away from work to the gun and was difficult to again get in control. Rush pointed a bevy nicely in the open, and was held some minutes while Solitaire was called in to back, but he was not within call. Rush was unsteady to shot. On the scattered birds, Solitaire flushed twice, and made one point to which nothing was found. Bird after bird was flushed on ground which the dogs had worked over. They made a poor showing under favorable conditions.

BERYL AND TOPAZ began at 10:09 and ran 41m. Topaz pointed a large bevy in sedge. It flushed wild. On the scattered birds Beryl pointed one. At the same time Topaz broke away from control and was quite unmanageable during the rest of the heat. Among the scattered birds she flushed five times in succession under good conditions for clear point work. Beryl was the better ranger, though not a wide one, and worked to the gun. Topaz needs a lot of finishing in her training.

THALIA AND MISS HATTIE ran 38m., beginning at 10:58. Hattie pointed a bevy in corn, though after the first stiffening she stood in a half point listlessly, then broke in and flushed the bevy. After a short search Hattie pointed a bevy nicely and Thalia backed when cautioned. As the bevy flushed Hattie chased beyond control. Many opportunities to point on the scattered birds were not seized, though each got a good point on singles. Hattie required a lot of whistling and calling to keep her in control, and needs a good deal of training. The heat was ordinary.

SELAH AND ARAMINTA were started at 11:50 and ran 35m. Excepting a bevy flushed by horsemen, no birds were found during this time. The running was suspended and the party went to lunch. Lady made two flushes on scattered birds and Selah by the edge of a large ditch pointed a bevy well which was in the ditch. Lady flushed a bird and next she pointed a bevy well. Selah was much the better ranger and beat out the ground intelligently. She made the best exhibition of sensible ranging of any dog in the stake up to that time. The heat ended at 2:01.

LEONA AND MAID MARION.—Ran 30m., beginning at 2:06. Neither ranged wide, but the range of Maid was very narrow and her speed slow. Leona did all the work on birds, one point on a bevy, one on a single and a point on a single which she passed on and flushed.

CACTUS AND PAULINE were started at 2:41. Neither showed much above ordinary. Their range was narrow, and they seemed to be lacking in knowledge of bird work. Cactus made a point on scattered birds, and one on footscent. Up at 3:17.

BLUE RIDGE MARK AND ROD'S MARK began at 3:20. A bevy flushed suspiciously close to Blue Ridge Mark, but he evidently caught no scent of it, as he kept straight on his course. After a turn to the end of the field, the brace was worked back to the scattered birds which had settled in the open weeds. Blue Ridge Mark handled hard, constant whistling and calling being necessary to work him. Rod's Mark had found the trail of a single and was roading, when Blue Ridge Mark happened to come up on it and pointed it. The scattered birds then flushed. Moved on and both dogs soon roaded and pointed alternately. They were ordered in another direction, for seemingly they had failed to locate, but the horsemen flushed a bevy close by which the dogs had almost roaded to a find. Up at 3:55. Both dogs handled hard. Blue Ridge Mark showed speed, but did not beat out his ground with judgment. Rod's Mark was diligent too, but had but average range.

ALLENE AND TOPSY'S ROD ran the heat of the day, and a good heat it was for any competition. They began at 3:58. Rod made a point on a single in weeds. Then Allene pointed the scattered birds. Next Rod pointed and moved on and the bird flushed wild. Allene made two flushes on singles. In woods both pointed on the same single, then each got an independent point on single birds. In the open weeds Allene was roading nicely on a bevy which one of the party accidentally walked up. She next pointed a bevy in alders, and was doing good work. Next in the open she roaded and pointed alternately on the trail of a bevy which she at last pointed, standing to it in stylish firmness. Rose did not go to the right place, though near the bevy. He ordered Allene on, and Rod to one side was sent in and got the point. All the credit of the work belonged by right to Allene and it probably was so considered. Then Allene secured three good points on singles and Rod one, the latter also pointing, but nothing found to it. Up at 4:30. Rod was the wider ranger, yet he did not work out his ground so thoroughly as Allene. Both had excellent speed. Allene was the sharper and wiser in bird work.

BESSIE SHOUPE AND TATE began their heat at 4:37 and ended at 5:14. Bess pointed; nothing found. Tate pointed a bevy and was backed, then on the scattered birds Bess outworked him completely, making three good points. Her style was the better of the two.

ANTOINETTE a bye, and was started under Mr. Stoddard's charge at 4:47, and ran thirty minutes. She had Rose, one of Mr. Lorillard's other dogs, for a running mate. In a hollow they found birds, but which was first it was impossible to determine. They moved up, and Antoinette had the point and Rose was backing when we got in sight of them. On scattered birds Antoinette pointed twice in woods just as the bird flushed.

This ended the day's work. The judges in the evening selected eight dogs for further competition, namely, Topsy Rod, Allene, Bessie Shoupe, Leona, Selah, Antoinette, Tate and Blue Ridge Mark. It was quite a good selection, though in respect to Leona, I considered her work inferior to that of Beryl, though the latter made but little showing in point work, yet she could not make a good showing in competition with a partially trained dog, which of itself was not a poor reason for giving her further trial.

TUESDAY.

Heavy clouds were piled together in dense masses, shutting off every ray of sunlight. There were signs of better weather, but a few moments before the first brace was cast off a light sprinkle of rain began falling steadily, which constantly increased in volume until it became a steady rain. The temperature turned colder. After the second brace ran the judges announced that the competition was suspended on account of the rain. Then followed an uncomfortable ride of five miles or more in the rain to town.

TOPSY'S ROD AND BLUE RIDGE MARK were cast off at 9:35. They had hardly gone 50yds., when both struck the trail of a bevy, Rod in the stubble where the birds had inferentially just left and Mark in the woods, the dogs pointing about 40yds. apart. Mark was nearer the birds and roaded to a point. Rod roaded rapidly toward the weeds and showed he could follow on a trail quickly and accurately. He was running in good form, diligently and cheerfully. Mark showed good speed and quality also, though not quite equal to Rod in range. Up at 9:50.

BESSIE SHOUPE AND SELAH began at 9:54. Selah in the open roaded nicely to a point on a bevy. Rose called Bess in and brought her toward where Selah was roading, and she, too, got a point on the bevy. Aside from showing that she could point, she had no claim to the piece of work. Selah was decidedly superior in range and speed, covering a good scope of ground and working with judgment. On the scattered birds Selah pointed a single and Bess pointed footscent apparently. Selah made an excusable flush, or rather the bird was wild and flushed as the bitch was walking toward it. Up at 10:06. The rain was thickening, and no further work was attempted on this day.

WEDNESDAY.

The heavy rain had thoroughly soaked everything exposed to it, and the grass, weeds and other vegetation were burdened with heavy drops of water. A dense fog obscured the view, and there were signs which indicated that the storm might not yet be over. A late start was made, and after a three-mile drive over roads heavy with mud, the competition was resumed. The fog gradually lifted, the clouds broke away, and the afternoon was warm and pleasant. The work of the day was of a tame character. No dog ran a clean, sharp heat, or even a heat which was a uniform average grade of good field trial work from start to finish.

BESSIE SHOUPE AND SELAH, which were ordered up on account of rain yesterday, were started at 10:52 to continue their unfinished heat. Selah pointed a bevy and was backed by Bessie, and to shot both were steady. On the scattered birds, Selah made several flushes, and Bessie made two points on singles and one point to which nothing was found. Neither showed above ordinary in range, pottered frequently, and beat out the ground with little regard to regularity. Up at 11:17.

TATE AND ANTOINETTE were cast off at 11:20. The weeds were so wet that the handlers preferred to ride horseback, and, with the consent of the judges, they so rode. Antoinette flushed a bevy. Sent on, Tate pointed a bevy in the open, which flushed wild. Tate pointed on the scattered birds, Antoinette backed well for a few moments, then broke her back. She was puppyish and inattentive to her work, though she ran well for her own pleasure. With more experience she will greatly improve. Tate hunted intelligently for birds, had a fair range, and did some clean point work. Up at 11:35.

ALLENE AND LEONA, at 11:43, started in a cornfield. Allene pointed a bevy well and was backed. Both were steady to shot. The birds were followed to dense cover, where Leona secured a point on a single. Allene pointed a bevy in corn. Neither showed good range, while Leona was frivolous in her work. Allene did not work independently at times, and ran much below the form displayed in her first heat.

BLUE RIDGE MARK AND SELAH were cast off after lunch, at 1:24, and were ordered up in 33m. without finding. Neither ranged with judgment. Selah made one point, to which nothing was found.

TATE AND ALLENE began the final heat at 2:10. Allene pointed a bevy nicely and Tate backed. They behaved well to wing and shot. On the scattered birds in cover Allene was quicker and sharper in locating and pointing. Tate pointed a single and Allene backed. Allene made two points on singles. Tate in the open made a flush on a bevy, which flew but a few yards into cover. Allene got a good point on a single of it, and the heat ended. Time, 2:17. Allene outpointed Tate, while he was the better in range and judgment in working his ground.

The winners were announced as follows: First, Topsy's Rod; second, Allene; third was divided between Tate and Selah.

The All-Age Stake.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers which had never won a first prize in an All-Age open stake at the Philadelphia, Southern, United States or Central field trials. The prizes were, first $500, second $250, third $150.

It will be noted that 16 out of the 20 starters are dogs whose names have figured in field trials before. It was strictly professional in its composition, excepting one entry. The drawing took place on Monday night. The order of running was as follows:

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s orange and white bitch Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog Dick Fox (Chance—Countess Rush), D. E. Rose, handler.

W. Carr's black and white ticked dog Dion C. (Roi d'Or—Mildred), T. H. Beall, handler, with Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog Chevalier (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog Roi d'Or (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. White, handler, with C. C. M. Hunt's lemon and white pointer dog Grouse (Mainspring—Swain's Fly), John Lewis, handler.

Greensboro Field Trials Kennels' black and white ticked bitch Hope's Queen (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble), F. L. Bevan, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black dog Winnipeg (Manitoba Toss—Pitti Sing), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white pointer bitch Sanford Druid (Exon Don—Sanford Quince), A. Cameron, handler, with Avent & Hitchcock's black, white and tan dog Count Gladstone (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), J. M. Avent, handler.

T. E. Shreve's black, white and tan dog Mecca (Paul Gladstone—Latonia), John Lewis, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, liver and white bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinket II.), C. Tucker, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch Dot Rogers (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' orange and white bitch Hope's Mint (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady), D. E. Rose, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch Bess (Chance—Bessie Avent), J. White, handler, with Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog Bob Cooper (Roi d'Or—Miss Nellie Y.), A. Cameron, handler.

Major J. R. Purcell's liver and white pointer bitch Lady Margaret (Dick Swiveller—Countess Bang), owner, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog Eugene T. (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), C. Tucker, handler.

Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Hempstead Duke (Duke of Hessen—Lass of Bow), A. Cameron, handler, with T. T. Ashford's black and white pointer dog King Elgin (King of Kent—Vera Bang), J. M. Avent, handler.

First Series.

MISS RUBY AND DICK FOX opened the competition at 2:40. Soon Miss made a good point on a bevy and was well backed by Dick. To shot, both were steady. Dick flushed a single. In the thicket, a quail was heard to give three or four sharp notes of distress, and a moment afterward a small hawk rose just clear of the undergrowth and heavy-winged, flew away with the quail in his talons. Unfortunately, the guns were not loaded and the marauder escaped unharmed. The quail did not come back. Miss in a short time found and nicely pointed a bevy in the open, and was nicely backed by Dick. As Miss moved on, Dick passed close by the bevy, having the wind of it, yet he failed to recognize any scent. Each got a point on scattered birds, and soon thereafter Dick backed Miss' point on another bevy in the open field, both doing their part stylishly. A single point by Miss concluded the work on birds. Her judgment and skill were excellent, Dick had speed and fair range, but as a bird finder and in point work he was surpassed by Miss.

DION C. AND CHEVALIER were started at 3:13. Dion soon drew up on a point to a bevy by the edge of a ditch. He was steady to shot. Chevalier pointed on top of a hill, probably on footscent, as a couple of birds were flushed some yards away from the point by horsemen. At 3:30, they were taken to other grounds, a shooter having disturbed the birds in that section. In twenty minutes they were again sent on and ran till 4:12. No more birds were found. Chevalier was the speedier and wider ranger, though he started away in straight lines, or started away much as it happened without any intelligent plan in his work. Dion was diligent in hunting for birds. In pace he was moderate and his range was not wide.

ROI D'OR AND GROUSE were cast off at 4:17. Grouse soon secured a point on two or three birds in open sedge and was unsteady to shot. Roi made a half point and nothing was found to it. Grouse pointed next a bevy and two singles, and was unsteady each time. Up at 4:53. He was the wider and better ranger, worked his ground cunningly and was in a sneaky way unceasing in his efforts to find birds. Roi was diligent, a bit heavy in his gallop from too much flesh and not equal to his short-haired competitor as a bird finder.

HOPE'S QUEEN AND WINNIPEG started at 5:03. Each dog worked within a narrow limit at the start. Winnipeg pottered a great deal. Queen pointed a bevy and on the scattered birds picked up several points. Winnipeg flushed one and pointed one. The heat lasted a little over 30m., with the work of it in Queen's favor

THURSDAY.

The weather was very similar to that of yesterday; the same dense fog in the morning, the same clear warm day after the fog was dispelled, though there was a difference in the latter part of the afternoon when heavy black clouds obscured the sky and rain threatened, though none fell. The competition was on different ground from that of previous days and was west from town. There were more cover and rougher grounds, though not unfavorable to good work. Birds were not found so plentifully as on previous days.

There were fifteen dogs taken into the second series whereas seven or eight would have amply filled the purposes of the competition. Playing to the gallery or to the whims of owners is not any part of a field trial competition. Some of the dogs taken into the second series ware palpably inferior, and even the owners could not have expected a further trial of them. Encouragement to owners must be presented in some other form than running their dogs when they are palpably defeated. Moreover, there is an element of insincerity in running dogs as if they really had a chance to win when they have no chance. Up to the point of selecting the second series the judges had conducted the competition admirably and handled it well afterward, too.

SANFORD DRUID AND COUNT GLADSTONE began at 9:50 and ran thirty-five minutes. The heat was a poor one, and in point work fell far short of the opportunities. Druid was seen to leave a plum thicket, where he had been some moments, after which Count entered and a bevy was seen to flush from the thicket. The birds lit in open and plum thicket about 100yds. away, and Count was in their vicinity a few moments afterward and pointed to a flush. Next he flushed a single bird on a cast some distance from his handler, and next he pointed some scattered birds. He was self-willed and required much whistling and loud orders. Sent on after the scattered birds Count pointed one, and pointed to wing as some scattered birds flushed. Part of the time he did not work to the gun, and his handling was noisy and difficult. His work on birds was below the average. The one quality he excelled in was uniform high speed, which he largely misapplied. Druid was disposed to be overcautious and constrained when on scent, pointing inaccurately, and his speed was irregular as was also his range.

MECCA AND ANTEVOLO started at 10:39 and ran till 11:31, excepting fourteen minutes occupied in vacating the land of an irate owner or tenant. Mecca started a bit slow but gradually increased his range, sometimes searching wide and well, sometimes narrow and leisurely. In the open, Antevolo pointed a bevy and Mecca backed. Mecca got a point on one of the scattered birds. Antevolo was speedy but irregular in range.

DOT ROGERS AND HOPE'S MINT began at 11:46 and ran 34m. Dot pointed a bevy in pines and Mint pointed or backed, presumably the latter. Both were steady to shot. Dot in thicket pointed a single, and sent on in the open pointed a single and was backed by Mint. The latter made two points to which nothing was found. He ranged in a narrow scope and was not spirited in his work. Dot was fast and had a fair range, although she was running in playfulness part of the time and not seeking for birds.

BESS AND BOB COOPER started at 12:23 and ran thirty minutes, when the running was suspended while lunch was in order. Bob made a point on a bevy and Bess backed or pointed. Bob got a point on a single and was backed. Bess was neither fast nor a wide ranger, nor did she show any enthusiasm. Bob showed little merit as a competitor.

LADY MARGARET AND EUGENE T. were started at 1:51. Lady pointed a bevy well by the edge of woods and was steady to shot. Eugene showed good speed and range, while Lady, though diligent, was a bit irregular in her range, not remaining out at her work so constantly as she could have done, yet she kept up a good rate of speed. Up at 2:55.

HEMPSTEAD DUKE AND KENT ELGIN began at 2:48 and ran 49 minutes. Duke made game, but failed to locate. In woods, Kent pointed a bevy, and Duke, coming in, made an independent point on the same bevy. Duke made two points to which nothing was found. Sent on, Kent pointed a bevy and Duke backed. Each ranged very well, covering a good scope and maintaining a fast gait.

LUCKY DEAL had a bye and ran alone, Mr. Titus taking the charge of the judging of her while the preceding heat was being run. She was started at 2:49 and ran 30 minutes. She ranged irregularly, much of the time close to her handler. She made several flushes on scattered birds.

Second Series.

MISS RUBY AND DION C. started at 3:55 and ended at 4:11. Miss Ruby was the better ranger and had the faster pace. Dion pointed a bevy, then moved on resolutely, and Miss Ruby coming in pointed the bevy. To shot Dion was somewhat unsteady, and the heat then ended.

DICK FOX AND CHEVALIER, at 4:12, began their heat. Dick pointed near the edge of briers, and Chevalier, about 80yds. away in the open field backed proudly. Dick did not have the birds accurately. He took a short turn, crossed the fence into the woods and pointed the bevy. On the scattered birds each got a point. Dick took a back cast in woods and pointed, and Chevalier backed. It probably was on footscent. On the rise of the bevy, Rose had shot toward it without aiming, and wounded several birds. Each dog pointed twice on the crippled singles. Chevalier was headstrong and required a deal of whistling and loud orders in handling him. He beat out his ground with inferior judgment, and needed prompting and helping a great deal in searching for bevies. Dick was ranging fast and with judgment, and devoting his attention to hunting for birds. Chevalier followed him betimes. As the dogs were ordered up, Dick caught scent in the open field and the next moment stiffened on a point on a bevy. He made an excellent showing. Up at 4:36.

DOT ROGERS AND GROUSE began at 4:42. Dot ran in high spirits, but was not always seeking for birds in her casts. Grouse was earnestly intent on bird finding, sneakingly skirting the edge of likely places, and feeling the air carefully with his nose, which he carried rather low. In woods he pointed an outlying single, which he flushed and chased. Cast back to where he pointed, he pointed the bevy. On the scattered birds Dot crouched prettily to a point on a single. Grouse pointed to a flush, and next he pointed, roaded to locate and the bird flushed wild ahead. He made another point on two birds, Dot backing him well. Up at 5:10. This heat ended the day's work.

FRIDAY.

A sharp freeze took place in the night, sufficient to make ice and freeze the surface of the ground. The rough mud of the roads the night before was solid in the morning, and made a most lumpy surface for the wagons to run over three miles to the grounds. As the sun mounted higher the wind died away and the weather turned warmer. Birds were found in ample quantities. They lay remarkably well to the points. The work of the day was, as a whole, inferior. There was no dog which showed even good work. The judges managed the competition skillfully, and demonstrated their ability to perform first-class judging.

KENT ELGIN AND LADY MARGARET began at 9:10 and ran 16m. Lady beat out but little ground. Kent ranged wide and at good speed, but selected the easy going No birds were found.

HEMPSTEAD DUKE AND EUGENE T. started at 9:32, and Duke made a flush on a bevy. Eugene pointed scattered birds in pines. Both pointed in sedge and no birds were found. On a bevy marked down in the open Eugene roaded almost through them, then dropped to a point. Eugene flushed two. Both ranged well, but their bird work was ragged. Up at 10:10.

HOPE'S QUEEN AND ANTEVOLO started at 10:11. Queen made three points, to which there was nothing found. Antevolo was much the wider ranger and swifter in pace.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND MECCA were cast off in a cornfield at 10:43. Mecca pointed a bevy and Count coming in afterward from the side pointed the same bevy. To those who did not see the occurrence it looked as if Count was pointing and Mecca backing. Mr. Avent went forward, flushed the birds and the dogs were steady to shot. Count next made a half point on a cripple which was flushed behind him. Sent on Count broke away from control. Mr. Avent mounted a horse and after some minutes found him and brought him back. The dogs were again started together. In woods on scattered birds Mecca pointed one and was a bit unsteady. Count pointed a single and was steady to shot. Mecca made two points to which there was nothing found and Count made a similar point. Each dog then at the same time pointed separately on singles. In the walk through the woods single birds were flushed right and left by the spectators on ground gone over by the dogs. They made a poor showing considering their many opportunities. Count had greater speed and ran wider, though it could not be called a range in any useful sense. Up at 11:45.

ANTEVOLO AND KENT ELGIN were cast off at 1:01, after lunch. In open weeds Antevolo roaded up a bevy to a flush most carelessly and indifferently. About 100yds. further in the open weeds was another bevy. Antevolo pointed it and at the same time Kent, a few yards away, was half pointing and showed indecision almost in the middle of the bevy. The whole resulted in the birds being awkwardly flushed. There were two or three large bevies scattered in the open, the bevies having lit near each other. There never was a better opportunity for a dog to run up a large score of single bird points. Antevolo broke away from control and ranged elsewhere while Kent roaded through the birds and got a point on a single and a flush on another, while the spectators following flushed 30 or 40 birds by ones twos and threes. It was slobbery work. Up at 1:15.

COUNT GLADSTONE AND KENT ELGIN began the final heat of the stake at 1:20. Kent pointed up wind of a bevy in corn. Avent held him on point and whistled vigorously for Count, the latter out of sight and heedless of the importunate calls. Kent roaded up wind a piece, gave up the trail and no further effort was made to locate the birds. After the dog moved on, the birds were seen running in the cornfield near where Kent pointed and they were flushed by a horseman. In the open, Kent pointed a bevy nicely and Count backed. Both were steady to shot and wing. Up at 1:40. Count had the greater speed and ran wider. Kent showed a superiority in finding and working to the gun. Count, save in the one quality of speed, showed very ordinary field quality.

The judges announced the winners as follows: Miss Ruby first, Dick Fox second, Kent Elgin and Count Gladstone divided third.

SATURDAY.

The New Subscription Stake.

The drawing took place on Friday night, the five starters, Hempstead Duke and Topsy Rod, Miss Ruby and Count Gladstone, running in the order mentioned, with Rip Rap a bye. The latter is owned by the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels, is by King of Kent—Hops, is black and white in color and was handled by C. E. Buckle. The others have been mentioned in the preceding stakes.

The morning was clear and frosty. It was arranged that Mr. Titus would take charge of Rip Rap's competition on the grounds west of town, while the rest of the competition was run on the grounds east of town, thus saving a full day in time with no detriment to the trials. There were much fewer birds and rougher cover and grounds west of town, hence Rip Rap could not make the showing in number of bevies found and points made as his competitors on the better grounds. It was much harder for him to work alone, too. Mr. Cameron delayed the start by not appearing on time, and barely escaped being shut out.

The conditions of the stake were $50 entrance, subscription transferable. 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third. $250 added to first by club.

First Series.

TOPSY'S ROD AND HEMPSTEAD DUKE began at 8:29. Topsy beat out about twice as much ground as his competitor. The going was hard owing to the ground being frosty and frozen, so that it was the more punishing to the faster dog. He was decidedly superior in his point work. He found four bevies, and showed quickness, dash and accuracy in pointing. Of points on scattered birds he made many. He is much the easiest dog to handle of Mr. Avent's string of competitors. Duke's pace was but moderate comparatively and his range fair. He false pointed several times, and made errors by flushing awkwardly. Up at 10:39. Their afternoon heat began at 1:15. The frost had been thawed by the warmer temperature and the footing was better. Rod maintained his pace throughout, and was going quite as strong at the finish as at the beginning. Rod found two bevies and the third one was pointed by both. On single birds, he greatly surpassed his competitor, he being sharper, more accurate and enthusiastic. About fifteen minutes before the heat ended, Duke suddenly collapsed from cramp or a fit, and the signs seemed unfavorable for Duke's further stay in this world. After a few minutes he recovered and gamely tried to go on hunting, but he was too incapable to go much. There was not much go left in him at the end of the heat.

MISS RUBY AND COUNT GLADSTONE began their first two hours at 10:45. Miss Ruby got a point on the remaining half of a bevy after flushing the first part of it. Their work afterward was very clean on bevies and singles, though in this respect Miss Ruby was something better. Count made a little wider fling at times, yet their range was nearly equal, as also was their speed. The heat ended at 12:45. They were both a bit fatigued. They started on the second two hours at 1:18. Miss Ruby became very fatigued in the last part of the heat. Up to about the middle of the heat there was little difference in point work. In the last half he greatly outworked her, doing good work on bevies and singles, the latter being a weak feature of his ordinary work. He handled more easily. Miss Ruby was not prepared with a view to this event.

RIP RAP (a bye).—He was put down at 10. He started a bit slow, but soon caught an easy, swinging stride which he maintained well until 12 o'clock noon when the first heat ended. His range was but modestly wide, yet he worked his ground out cunningly, selecting such places for searching as bevies would be most likely to frequent. He located skillfully and was most reliable on point, holding every one steadily until the bird was flushed. His work, too, was nicely done with reference to the gun. Many of the bevies found were not followed. Rip showed that he could have made a large string of points on singles had he been worked on them. In his second heat he ranged slower than in the forenoon, and toward the last of the heat was easing up in his ranging betimes. The handler rode on horseback or went afoot, as he pleased. Nearly an hour was used before a find was made. Going down wind just after crossing a ditch, and flushed an outlying single, then pointed well on the bevy. By searching the likely corners well he found another bevy in sedge and made a good point on it. He got three good points on the scattered birds of it and made one flush going down wind. After more diligent searching he pointed an outlying single, and when it was flushed the bevy flushed wild shortly afterward. Next he pointed and nothing was found. He next was started after lunch, at 2:56. He wheeled prettily to a good point on a bevy in stubble. He flushed a bird in woods. Sent on, he located a bevy skillfully in woods and pointed it staunchly. He made four good points on the scattered birds and one flush. Nothing more was found before the heat ended, though much ground was worked out.

NOV. 27.—[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]—The Eastern Club's Subscription Stake was finished by noon to-day. Count Gladstone was first, Topsy Rod second and Rip Rap third. Count and Rod ran together 30m., and Rip Rap ran in better form with Ruby for one hour. B. WATERS.

GORDON SETTER FIELD TRIALS.

THE initial trials of the Gordon Setter Field Trials Club were brought to a conclusion late in the afternoon of Nov. 21. Considering the hasty manner in which these trials were arranged, great credit is due to Secretary Mr. Chas. R. Taylor for his success in bringing so many Gordons together. In fact no one who has the good of the field dogs at heart could but be agreeably surprised at the comparatively large number of entries made, especially when one considers the fact that it was entirely a New England entry. None of the better known kennels such as Dr. Dixon's, James Blossom's and others were represented, and for the good of the breed these breeders should at least have countenanced the enterprise by sending an entry or two even if their dogs were not keyed up to field trial pitch. They would not have suffered greatly by comparison, as but few of the dogs that ran seemed to have had much preliminary work in the field. Several of them were as fat and looked as trim and as glossy as if they had just roused themselves from their master's hearth rug. Owing to the disadvantages under which the Gordon labors in this country, where he is scarcely considered a quota in the field element, it would scarcely be advisable to criticise the work done in these trials with too heavy a pen. At the same time there were two or three exceptions that showed work quite on a par with the average work seen in the more pretentious field trials between English setters and pointers. Taken as a whole, however, the running was mediocre, there was altogether too much pottering and nosing out of old trails that a more practical dog would never consider for an instant. There was also a good deal of hesitation on points, and most of the dogs were deficient in nose qualities. This, combined with the great scarcity of game, made the trials rather tedious, and many of the dogs had to be judged simply on supposition, as they failed to find game. Still, I don't think the judges erred in their decisions, for they certainly picked out the best dogs in both stakes.

The trials were advertised to start at East Freetown, Mass., a very rural district some ten miles from Fall River, Mass. The headquarters were at a farmhouse about five miles from the little station, and there being little provision for the entertainment of hungry sportsmen the visitors did not fare as well as they would have liked. The provident ones had secured beds in the house before coming down, but several others were not so lucky and were compelled to put up with the soft side of a board floor in the barn. This, with the thermometer down at freezing point, could not have been a very genial experience. The grounds hunted over were very rough and totally unfit for the purposes of a trial, as may be surmised when the whole day's work in the Derby resulted in no birds being found. One of the judges, Mr. A. R. Sharpe, a member of the New England Field Trial Club, offered the new club the courtesy of finishing their trials on the club grounds at Assonet, Mass., about eight miles away. This proposition was gladly accepted, and on Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock the party drove down to Assonet and completed the trial on the old grounds. Here the prospect of finding birds was a little better, but the scarcity of game proved conclusively that the N. E. F. T. Club were wise in declaring their trials off this year. The grounds have been improved by some cultivation and if the club could only devise some means to protect the birds they turn down, next year no doubt they would be well able to bring off their trials successfully. Among the visitors who followed the dogs during the two days' work were Noyes Billings, Dodgeville, Mass.; J. J. Scanlan, Fall River, Mass.; Walter Baylis and Dr. Heywood, Taunton, Mass.; J. W. Wells, Attleboro, Mass.; C. T. Brownell and W. Tomlinson, New Bedford, Mass.; J. J. Pearle, Hampden, Conn.; J. J. Arnold, Lonsdale, R. I.; M. Medbury, Providence, R. I.; S. H. Roberts, Pawtucket, R. I.; Charles R. Taylor, Providence, R. I. The judges were Mr. A. R. Sharpe, of Taunton, Mass.; who is well known as a setter breeder and whose dogs ran well in the N. E. F. T. C. trials last year, and Mr. J. A. Lawson, of Providence, who is also an English setter man. They performed their duties well and satisfactorily, we believe, to the owners. They followed the work closely and were not afraid to go wherever the dogs went, and that is saying a good deal, for some of this swampy ground is not by any means pleasant going. They kept the dogs on the move at a good pace, in fact quicker than we walked at Mitchell's Bay.

The Derby.

For Gordon setters born on or after Jan. 1, 1892, $5 forfeit,

$5 additional to fill. There were four entries drawn to run as follows:

H. O'Reilly's Flash Noble, handled by W. Tomlinson, with C. T. Brownell's Trim, handled by owner.

J. J. Arnold's Don, handled by owner, with Mr. Jewett's Punch, handled by W. Tomlinson.

FLASH NOBLE AND TRIM.—They were sent off at 11:27 A.M. The heat was a poor one. Flash was under little control, would not range, but keeping most of the time to the crowd and finally quit business altogether. Trim covered his ground fairly well, in fact did all the hunting, but had no opportunity to show work on birds. Up 11:46.

DON AND PUNCH.—Down at 11:47. Don pointed on foot-scent or rabbit trail. Punch gave an exhibition of speed quite unusual in this breed, and did he gallop with his head instead of his legs, figuratively speaking of course, he would be a good dog. He seemed, however, to be just gallop and nothing more. The way he cleared fences, ditches, etc., was quite amusing. In a cedar swamp a point was claimed for him, but nothing came of it. Finally Punch was lost for twenty minutes in a swamp. Up 12:55. Punch showed no intelligence in his range, and though Don did not get out far he worked out his ground with some idea of what he was there for. The party then adjourned to the farmhouse for lunch, as the lunch wagon which had been ordered to follow did not turn up.

Second Series.

The second series in the Derby was then commenced with DON AND TRIM. Down at 3:39 The going was more suitable here, being more in the open, than the ground hunted over this morning. A lot of varied country was covered, but neither dog found, and called up at 4:05. Don showed better work here, but both dogs pottered a good deal. It was then decided to run a heat in the

All-Age Stake,

First Series.

for which the dogs had been already drawn as follows:

C. T. Brownell's Gordon Grouse (Ben Butler—Gordon Rose), handler, owner, with Noyes Billings' Minnie T. (Ranger B—Diana).

E. K. Sperry's Jolly G (Juke—Redfield's bitch), handler, L. A. Pearle, with C. T. Brownell's Doctor (Ben Butler—Belle).

J. J. Scanlan's Dan (pedigree unknown), handler, owner, with Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble (Ben Butler—Belle), W. Medbury, handler.

J. C. Lavin's Smut (Tom—Maud), with T. H. Hughes' Prince H. (Nat—Jessic).

As there was only one brace out, SMUT—PRINCE H.—they were put down at 4:06 in stubble. They pottered on foot scent at edge of woods, but failed to make out anything; were taken up at 4:24 and put down in different ground, but neither found birds. They had only very ordinary range and did not display any symptoms of bird sense or of much training.

The party then gave up for the day and the lunch wagon having turned up, supper was eaten in the barn, and those of the visitors that remained were soon at rest.

TUESDAY.

The start for Assonet was made about 7:45. The ground was hard from the frost over night and ice had formed in the ditches and shallow ponds. There was little wind, but the eight-mile drive was a chilly one and the sportsmen were glad to get to work at 9:50 with the continuation of the All-Age Stake in its proper order.

GROUSE AND MINNIE T.—They were cast off in the open country near the old Meeting House, and working down toward "Coster" Swamp, so named after "Wash" Coster last year, as it was here most of the birds were found in the last trial, when he judged. Several birds rose wild ahead of the dogs and were marked to cover. Here Minnie pointed one of the scattered birds nicely, but Grouse refused to back, taking no notice of the point. Mr. Billings flushed the bird, but did not kill; Minnie steady to shot and wing, Grouse cautioned. Getting into the open Minnie pointed again and bird flushed wild ahead of her. Beating out more ground without further result, dogs were up at 10:12. Neither dog ranged wide, but Minnie showed best control and was far more intelligent in hunting out her ground.

DAN AND COUNT NOBLE.—Cast off at 10:29. Both got out to their work fairly well, Dan having the wider range, but did not show much hunting sense, in fact, scarcely any, and amused himself by chasing crows. The heat was all in favor of Count; although there were no birds found, still he exhibited some speed, intelligent range and evidence of training.

SMUT AND PRINCE H.—These two ran again for six minutes, starting at 10:57. They hunted out some likely cover but failed to find. Both pottered and did not get out far from their handlers.

JOLLY G. AND DOCTOR.—These two were then ready to run, and starting at 11:08 ran for 17 minutes, covering a lot of mixed ground, but without showing trace of a feather. The heat was all in favor of Jolly, for she hunted out her ground more intelligently and was seemingly better trained.

This completed the first series in All-Age, and the final in the Derby was then called for.

The Derby—Final Series.

DON AND TRIM were put down at 11:41. Their range was very ordinary, and instead of casting and making some use of wind and likely places, they preferred to nose round a good deal. Don seemed like an aged dog, and was too fat. Trim showed a propensity to chase small birds. Getting on to hill out of swamp, Don roaded to a bevy which he pointed, but Trim came in ahead and walked the birds up. Arnold shot and killed and Don retrieved. Up at 12:18, and judges decided that Don wins first, Trim second, and Punch third.

We then went on with the

All-Age Stake—Second Series.

JOLLY G. AND DAN.—Put down at 12:27 in the same place to work toward scattered birds of previous bevy. They both soon made game in grass and briers, but pottered, nosing out their ground like beagles on a cold trail. At edge of corn Jolly roaded to a flush down wind. Neither dog showed much intelligence in casting for scent and very little method in working out the ground. Coming to cover again at the corner, Dan flushed and chased. Entering woods, Jolly pointed three birds nicely. Pearle shot and killed, Jolly retrieving well. Jolly redeemed her rather ordinary hunting by this piece of work, and showed good training. Up at 12:47.

COUNT NOBLE AND MINNIE T.—Down 12:53. Working in another direction and into very wet swampy ground both pointed a bevy, but Count Noble had the preference. Medbury shot and killed, dogs steady. Count retrieved nicely. The bird was thrown in again and Minnie sent to fetch She was scarcely given sufficient time on such a bird and place, when Mr. Billings picked bird up and threw it in another place; Minnie then pointed where bird had lain, and afterward retrieved the bird. Getting out of woods on hill, at edge of another cover. Count flushed a single in going very slowly up wind, but redeemed himself by pointing another just beyond in nice style, Minnie honoring his point, bird flushed wild. Up 1:20. We were then feeling pretty hungry and making for the barn where the barges were found one of those All Night lunch wagons so familiar to residents in the manufacturing towns in this part of the country. It was the most elaborate lunch we have yet encountered at a field trial: "red hots" were steaming in a cauldron, the coffee was hot, and besides sandwiches, etc., an array of 106 pies served to chase away one's appetite even before eating. Leaving 90 pies still on the counter, we started the next brace.

DOCTOR AND DAN.—Down at 2:10, in a cabbage patch. Getting into pines a single rose in front of Dan, cross wind. Dan started to chase, but stopped to order. Doctor ranged out much the best, Dan not showing much inclination to leave his handler, pottered around and seldom galloped out. Doctor showed better in this heat by comparison. Up 2:58. Doubtless by this time the judges had picked their winners, for

COUNT NOBLE AND JOLLY G. were called out at 3:07. The weather had been getting a little warmer and conditions were good for work if game had been more plentiful. In brush, at start, both pottered a bit on old trails, but working out into open and up the hill they moved over to the bare, open country near the Meeting House. Here they astonished us by the width and speed of their range. They really ran up to good form, the little one, Jolly G., showing the most intelligent ranging and speed, although the bareness of the ground for the most part precluded any idea of finding game. The ground here is improved to what it was last year, a good piece of it having been sown with grain. No birds were found and dogs were called up at 3:40.

The judges after a little consultation decided that Jolly G. wins first, Count Noble second and Minnie T. third.

There is little to choose between the two first, although Jolly G. has the advantage slightly in speed and his work on birds was the cleaner. Thus ended the first outing of the Gordon Setter Field Trial Club. The silver epergne for the winner of the Derby goes of course to J. J. Arnold's Don, and to L. A. Pearle's Jolly G. falls the cup for best in All-Age Stake. The lunch wagon was visited again and then we severally made tracks for home. H. W. L.

Newark Show.

THIS show opened Tuesday morning with a very high class of dogs, numbering 526. There are several good mastiffs such as Emperors William and Maximilian. St. Bernards are very strong, such dogs as Marvel, Princess Florence, Miss Anna Roland, Lothario, etc. being on hand, and a number of new exhibitors make the competition interesting. Smooths are also as good as anything outside of New York. The display of Russian wolfhounds is grand, Messrs. Huntington and Steadman Hanks showing strong kennels. The greyhound exhibit is almost up to New York form. Pointers contain capital entries from the Hempstead Farm, C. Heath's, Springside. Victoria and Netherwood kennels. English and Irish setters have many old faces, and so have the Gordon classes. Beagles are fair, and some well-known dogs are on the bench. Spaniels show up pretty strong with entries from Swiss Mountain Kennels, Dr. Bradbury, R. P. Keasbey and E. W. Fiske. Collies are rather poor, and we are disapointed not to see a better entry. Chestnut Hill Kennels seem to have a walk-over. Fox-terriers have some of the best in the country as entries come from Blemton and Rutherfurd Kennels, and Messrs. Smith and Hunnewell send some good wires. The other terrier classes are just average. Geo. Thomas is down with a team. Poodles are especially strong, and go ahead of New York entries, the Meadowmere Kennels making the principal entries. Prof. D. Burke will provide the trick dogs. The building is scarcely so well adapted for a show as it might, as many of the terriers etc. have to go upstairs. The show promises to be a success, as there is a good deal of local interest evinced. As we go to press as judging commences we cannot give the awards this week but will have a full report in next week's issue.

Akron Poultry and Kennel Club Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg leave to call your attention to the fact that we have changed our name by consent of American Kennel Club from Northern Ohio Poultry, Pet Stock and Kennel Association to the Akron Poultry and Kennel Club. Our first show, under A. K. C. rules, will be held in Akron, O., Dec. 20 to 23, and bids fair to be a grand success. We are working hard on our specials and are meeting with good success. So far specials are chiefly cash. We have secured a fine hall which will be well heated and lighted, and is situated in the business part of the city. Our specials and premiums will be paid on the last day of the show. We have secured the services of "Uncle" John Davidson to judge all classes. We hope to have some of the Eastern dogs stop off on their way East from Chicago. We will prepare a good place and take care of them until our show opens. Our premium list is now ready to mail to any one on application.

H. F. PECK, Sec'y.

AKRON, O.

Irish Setter Club Field Trials.

THOMASVILLE, N. C., Nov. 27.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Heavy rain stopped the Irish Setter Club's Derby about the middle of the afternoon. There were five starters, Irish Boy, Gem, Nugget, Patricus and Hattie. The work was poor. It is certain that Gem will win first, Nugget second and Patricus third. The All-Age had six starters, Romayne, Claremont Patsey, Teddy O'Rourke, Lady Alice, Nugget II. and Currer Belle.

Claremont Patsey was lost soon after starting and he has not yet been found. The stake will probably be finished by noon to-morrow. The Philadelphia trials will then begin. W. S. Bell, Pittsburgh, was to judge both trials.

In the evening Mr. Bell departed for home, having received a telegram informing him that his wife was dangerously ill with pneumonia. B. WATERS.

DOG CHAT.

The Hamilton K. C. Show.

There are not many kennel clubs, hampered with debt through the financial failure of their first dog show, that would indulge in further shows or hold together in the way the Hamilton boys seem to have done. There is the difference between fanciers and fancicrs, and all those interested in kennel affairs should be pleased to hear that their latest venture has been successful. Although they gave simply prize cards and ribbons, still there was a heavy hall rent and other incidentals to be met, but no entry fees were charged, and the club feels proud that it can put even $25 to its empty treasury. The attendance, we are told, in the evening was quite large, and a pleasant feature of the gathering was the large number of ladies present. Several of them exhibited, among them Miss McGivern, whose fancy runs still, we notice, to wire-haired fox-terriers. She won several prizes, in the open show of 1890 she was also successful. Miss Annie Hendrie shows poodles and her brother fox-terriers. Mrs. Cook, who seems to be a strong wire-hair advocate, entered three fox-terriers. It is always a hopeful sign when the fair sex turn their attention to dogs; they make better fanciers of their brothers and husbands. The latter are too often inclined to give up if everything does not turn out as expected, whereas the woman generally tries again. There is a "better-luck-next-time" expression about her that is wanting to a great extent among the sterner sex. When such shows as these can be held in Hamilton we may still live in hopes of a more ambitious one being held in the near future. We only wish the club members' purses were as big as their hearts. A pleasing feature of the show was the fact that the officers and managers of the show had their dogs "on exhibition only."

The clearest explanation of the new classification at English Kennel Club shows we find in the notice of the Birmingham show, and as there will surely come a change in our classification sooner or later, especially with regard to challenge dogs, we publish the new list: The old "challenge classes," in which winners of ten points in open classes at shows held under Kennel Club rules had to compete, are now abolished and "winners' classes" substituted, and in these classes competition is restricted to winners of four or more first prizes, but wins in puppy, local and selling classes do not count. The "open classes," which were formerly restricted to dogs that had not won ten points in open classes at shows held under Kennel Club rules, are now thrown open to all, no prize winner being debarred from competing. Winners in these classes will be recorded in the Kennel Club Calendar and Stud Book. As this classification permits the old champions and noted prize winners competing in both classes, "limit classes" are added for dogs which have not won more than three first prizes at shows held under Kennel Club rules, wins in puppy, local and selling classes not being counted, and a dog that has never won a prize is eligible for this class. One dog may be entered in any number of classes for which it is eligible. Novice classes require no definition. This will also serve as a handy guide for intending purchasers of English dogs when looking through the prize lists of shows held under E. K. C. rules.

We understand that some, in fact all, the entries of the Rinada Pointer Kennels are absent from the Newark show owing to distemper. This is a grievous disappointment to Mr. Pickhardt, as he had hopes to win a considerable number of blue ribbons there, and also hoped to dispose of some of the dogs. Good ones always find a market, and the dogs that were entered certainly are good ones, and had he desired to sell them they would have brought long prices.

Sefton Hero is in America.

A week or two since Mr. Freeman Lloyd reported that it was generally supposed that the collie Sefton Hero and the bitches purchased by Mr. Panmure Gordon were still in the latter gentleman's kennel, and rebuked him gently for not letting the public have the services of Sefton Hero. These dogs have long been in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's kennels, at Highland Falls, N. Y., and we have no doubt that Mr. Armstrong would be only too pleased to welcome any English bitches that may be sent to Hero. A friend of ours tells us of a capital puppy he owns by Sefton Hero out of Ormskirk Dolly, bred since the dog came over.

Mr. John Finlayson has sold his bulldog Governor, that has been mentioned at Brooklyn and New York shows, to the owner of Rinada Pointer Kennels for $150. He will be shown at Newark.

If any one wishes to strengthen his pointer team Mr. Davey affords an opportunity when he tells us that he wants to sell Lady Gay Spanker, Miss Rumor and Josie Bracket. All these are well known on the bench, as they are in the challenge class and are broken to field work. Jone, the setter he ran at the Chatham trials, is also for sale.

Death of Hepsey.

One of the most unfortunate St. Bernards that ever came to this country was Hepsey. We write in the past tense, for Hepsey died last Wednesday night at Col. Ruppert's kennels. She had been brought down that day from the country, but on arrival was seen to be very ill. Before her death she had eleven fits, dying in the last one. Dr. Sherwood was summoned, but too late. The post mortem revealed that death was due to enlargement of the heart and congestion of the lungs. Hepsey was well known on the bench and was the highest-priced St. Bernard bitch imported to this country up to the advent of Princess Florence. She cost Mr. Diffenderffer $2,500.

A Buffalo Kennel.

Perhaps our little rub had something to do with it; anyhow, we are pleased to see that Mr. A. W. Smith, of Buffalo, is not going to desert us after all; for he has gone into partnership with Mr. W. S. Patterson, and the kennels will be known as the Buffalo-Mayville Kennels. Of course black and tan terriers will be the breed, and they have one good one, known to fame—Louie—already in the kennel, besides several of Dr. Foote's strain.

Mr. C. H. Mason has resigned his position on the *Fanciers' Journal*. Disagreements in the management of the paper, it is rumored, is the cause of this step. It is not stated who will take his place.

Rather late in the day the president of the Mascoutah Kennel Club writes us that the club will hold its fifth annual dog show March 13 to 16, 1894. This show will of course be under the rules, and it will go far to solve two interesting questions. First, whether Chicago can stand two shows in four months, and second, what advantage a club having the indorsement of the A. K. C. has over a show that is held without the fold of its protection.

Old Trap or Old Jock.

We have it upon very good authority that the picture which is said to represent "Old Trap" in "Kennel Secrets," is not really of that dog, but of Old Jock. Trap had an evenly marked black and tan head with black spot on stern. His picture was published in the *Fox-Terrier Chronicle*, in the fourth number of Vol. I.

Mr. W. Tallman has taken charge of Messrs. F. E. & P. T. Lewis's kennel of pointers and setters. The kennel is strong in show dogs and will make a bid now for field trial honors. Messrs. Lewis are to be congratulated on the change.

We omitted to state last week in our remarks about the horse show in New York that Hempstead Farm Kennels' Macbeth won first in class for stallions calculated to get hunters.

Cocker Weight.

We note that in the National Dog Show to be held at Birmingham this week the following alteration has been made in weight of cocker spaniels: They must not exceed 25lbs. when full grown.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Sam Rogers's Ebor Larchmont, a promising young wire haired fox-terrier, that won first prize at Mount Holly, was poisoned last Saturday week and had a close call. Hot lard, raw eggs and mustard proved an antidote, as we should imagine it would, and now the dog is himself again, but thin, and it he probably prevented from showing himself at Newark.

There being no quorum present, the Eastern Field Trial Club held no club meeting during their trials this year.

The libel suit brought by Mr. Vero Shaw against the *British Fancier* has been settled amicably, but we see that as a result of the arrangement the manager of that journal has resigned.

The Eastern Field Trials Club have under consideration the establishing of a new stake, limited exclusively to shooting dogs, with such other restrictions as will keep the competi-

tion within the limits contemplated by the club. Such a stake ought to be very popular and well supported.

The English setter dog Rushwood and fox-terrier Raby Rasper were brought over through the firm of Toon & Thomas. Rushwood goes to Jos. Lewis' kennel and Raby Rasper to a gentleman in Los Angeles, Cal., and was purchased from Mr. Geo. Raper.

Maybrook Kennels have removed from Dover Plains, N.Y., and are now located at Englewood, N. J.

Mr. G. W. Sentell, Jr., secretary of the New Orleans Fanciers' Club, writes us that they intend to hold a much larger show than their first one, Jan. 22 to 26, 1894. They have a guarantee fund of $1,000 and expect to raise more.

Mr. Henry Huber, owner of the pointers Glenbeigh, Sally Brass II., etc., has preferred charges before the Pacific Kennel Club against another well-known San Francisco fancier, alleging that he has issued false pedigrees, etc.

Hunting and Coursing.

Beagle Field Trials.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In last week's issue of *Turf, Field and Farm* a correspondent refers to "Billy's" mild report on beagle field trials, and also comments on report of trials in a Western paper, wherein reference is made as to how the rabbit was started, *i. e.*, Mr. So and So "kicked up" the rabbit, etc. The correspondent evidently was simply killing time or filling space, and in doing so he has innocently written what might be misleading or wrongly interpreted by the public.

In the first place, "Billy's" report of the trials was simply a compliment to his paper, as they had declined to instruct him to attend the beagle trials at their expense. Out of pure love for sport he visited Nanuet one day on his own hook, hence the mildness of "Billy's" report.

Secondly, this writer draws a comparison between his system of hunting rabbits with an old foxhound and that employed during trials of having a rabbit "kicked up" and dogs put on to run it.

I believe this system is generally employed by sportsmen to permit the dog to find the rabbit. In addition to this, a sportsman puts his dog on a rabbit that he may "kick up," instead of shooting him in or just starting from his form. Now, during trials of beagles time is limited, and much must be done within the time allotted for the sport.

A brace of dogs are put down at a time and three or four dozen men are scattered about watching the dogs work. The two dogs are carefully working up on a cold trail, the three dozen men are walking about and scattered over considerable area, when Mr. So and So "kicks up" a rabbit and the judges order the dogs taken to the hot trial, and the race begins.

Does this method of testing the dogs' powers, then, present itself to him as improper? However, from a general impression and not from actual statistics, I would say that during trials the dogs themselves actually start as many rabbits as are started for them in the manner described, if an equitable handicap is allowed dogs for excess in area covered by men.

I do not make this explanation or statement as in any sense criticising the writer in question, as he frankly admits small practical knowledge of field trials; but simply to prevent a wrong impression being made on those who fancy beagles and have never attended a beagle trial.

H. L. KEUDER, Pres. Nat'l Beagle Club, Nanuet, N. Y.

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National Beagle Club Meeting.

PRESENT: H. L. Kreuder, in the chair; H. F. Schellhass, Geo. W. Rogers, John Bateman, A. P. Appleton, H. W. Lacy and Geo. Lalck, secretary. The protest against Mr. P. Dorsey's Pade was acted upon. Mr. Dorsey's statement, made at the meeting held at Nanuet, N. Y., was read before the committee, particulars of which were published in FOREST AND STREAM at the time. Mr. Kreuder then read a letter which he had written to Mr. Dorsey and also Mr. Dorsey's reply. Mr. Dorsey offered a letter from the breeder of Pade regarding Pade's pedigree, and also a letter from Mr. Jones, of whom he purchased the dog, who gave it as his opinion that Pade contained the blood of bench-legged beagles, and, therefore, he considered the dog a pure-bred beagle. Mr. Dorsey also showed a photo of Pade. After considerable discussion it was moved and carried that,

Whereas, In the question of protest filed against Pade in Class B of the N. B. C. field trials of 1893, the field trial committee of said club having taken and considered all evidence both as to individual merit, pedigree, breeding, and *ex-parte* practical opinions, be it

Resolved, That whereas we, the field trial committee, from the best information furnished us and upon our best knowledge and judgment, do consider and declare that said dog Pade is not a beagle such as is defined by the standard adopted by our club. It is therefore resolved that we sustain said protest against said dog Pade and declare his win in Class B of said field trials null and void.

It was also resolved that Mr. Dorsey be exonerated from any intent of wrong doing in the matter. The committee then adjourned at 6 P. M., and the official placing of the dogs in Class B will be considered at a meeting to be called shortly.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

THE coursing men in San Francisco all intent upon winning something in the coming big meeting, a local paper says: "To lovers of coursing it is quite a sight to see on the Point Lobos road in the early mornings the number of dogs that are now in training for the San Francisco Coursing Club's meeting, which will be held at Newark on Thanksgiving Day and the following Sunday. No less than thirty-two longtails were out in a bunch on Thursday morning last, accompanied by their various trainers. Six of the dogs, which are owned by T. Cronin, were all looking in the pink of condition. T. C. Cummings had Mr. Seal's dogs and one or two others he is training for the Newark meeting. Jerry Shea's trainer had also five or six fine dogs, among which was noticed the flyer Moondyne. They seemed to enjoy their outing immensely judging by the way they were scampering over the hills. M. Tiernan's and J. J. Edmonds's dogs Valley Queen and the old veteran Glenfarron, both looking as fresh and lively as puppies, were also taking a practice jog. News from San Jose, Merced, Sacramento and Stockton states that the dogmen of those sections are busy training their sprinters for the big meeting. It will be the first coursing event held by the San Franciscos, and as the recent rainfall has placed the ground in nice condition for dog racing the prospects of a good day's sport are first-class indeed." Petaluma is a favorite ground for the San Francisco coursers. Out there betting is indulged in to a great extent, and of course is responsible for a good deal of the interest manifested by outsiders.

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The mastership of hounds or harriers is not confined altogether to the sterner sex in England, for we find, according to the London *Times*, the names of two ladies who are masters of harriers. One is H. R H., the Comtesse de Paris, who hunts the country round Stowe. The other is Mrs. Cheape, who hunts the Bentley harriers in Essex.

Lady Ileen Hastings until recently hunted a pack in Ireland, but she is to be married shortly, and two masters in one household will not do, so her brother, the Earl of Huntingdon, takes her place with the pack. We remember that years ago Mr. James Hall's daughter "Pop" often hunted the Holderness hounds in Yorkshire, and we heard that after her father's illness or death assumed the mastership for awhile. But she was always a very manly young woman and the best "horseman" in the hunt.

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The beagle bitch Baby Deane, shown at Toronto and Rhode Island shows under the name of Beauty, was recovered by her owner, Mr. E. W. Whitcomb, on a writ of replevin. After getting her Mr. Whitcomb sold her to the man who has had her the last three years. We understand that the name in which she was entered at the shows was not the name of the man who claimed to own her.

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Some very good bargains in beagles are to be had in the new sales list Mr. Kreuder has sent out. Several prize winners, such as Fanny Racer, Fanny K. and Weenaunau are among them.

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A new coursing club known as the Noe Valley Coursing Club has been organized with the following officers: President, J. T. Kelly; Vice-President, J. Doyle; Secretary, W. Ring; Treasurer, T. Donovan; Board of Directors, J. O'Farrell, J. Moffit, D. Mahoney, T. Kelleher, D. Burfeind and J. Roche.

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The West Chester (Pa.) Hunt Club held a fox hunt last week lasting six hours. The fox went away near Glen Loch, ran through East Bradford and was finally unearthed on a farm in West Bradford, where he had taken refuge. Reynard was taken alive.

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In line with its misleading policy our Quaker contemporary would have us believe that its New England Beagle Club trials report was written by our correspondent "Bradley." This gentleman, so well known among the beagle and fox hunting element that it is almost superfluous for him to use this *nom de plume*, wrote a report of those trials for FOREST AND STREAM only. We think it only fair to "Bradley" to publish this explanation.

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It is about time that Chicopee Lass—Pearl of Pekin fiasco was allowed to rust. There is no earthly use in wasting more ink over it. Whatever the merits or injustice of the case may be the rule is plain as daylight and decision should have been given at once according to the rule with no "ifs nor buts" from anybody.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Practice.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Nov. 19.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores appended, the conditions being 200yds. off-hand at the Standard target:

Gindele	10	8	7	8	8	7	10	8	9	8—83
	10	7	8	9	5	8	7	9	9	8—80
	10	7	8	7	10	8	9	10	8	9—86
Payne	9	7	8	8	3	9	9	8	10	6—77
	6	6	9	9	10	6	10	7	8	8—76
	5	7	9	8	7	8	9	8	8	6—75
Brumback	8	5	10	6	8	9	6	9	10	10—81
	8	5	10	6	8	9	6	9	10	10—75
	7	7	7	10	7	7	9	9	8	7—78
Topf	10	7	7	6	7	6	5	9	5	4—66
	5	5	8	9	6	9	7	4	7	7—67
	6	7	6	7	7	7	3	8	7	6—64
Randall	7	6	6	6	7	9	10	6	10	10—77
	9	10	9	8	7	9	6	5	8	6—77
	10	7	8	9	6	8	8	6	8	6—76
See	4	7	9	5	6	10	9	6	4	9—69
	7	6	10	10	7	5	7	4	9	4—69
	6	3	9	6	8	9	6	5	7	5—66
Hake	4	6	6	5	10	7	3	9	5	6—61
	4	5	8	4	6	10	6	8	3	4—58
	5	3	6	3	5	6	8	8	4	8—56
Drube	6	6	6	9	7	9	10	9	9	10—81
	10	7	9	6	8	7	6	8	9	10—80
	10	6	9	9	10	6	6	8	9	6—79
Puthoff	4	10	5	10	6	7	4	10	6	5—67
	3	8	6	4	5	10	4	10	8	6—64
	5	6	6	6	7	5	4	3	8	2—52
Nagel	2	3	9	3	6	3	6	2	0	2—37
	6	7	5	4	3	2	4	10	3	7—51

Zettler Rifle Club.

AT the weekly shoot, Nov. 21, with the exception of Fred Ross, who made the fine score of 249, and Gus Nowak, who captured the champion medal on the creditable score of 246, on his first entry, all the other members seemed to be rather out of form. It is not uncommon of a Tuesday night to see twenty or thirty scores made of 245 or better, President Walther contented himself with watching the others in their attempts to put up high scores. Another old time rifleman, John H. Brown, has got to be a regular attendant at the Tuesday night shoots again this season. His return to the use of his rifle again is highly gratifying to all the members.

Champion medal, 10 shots, first entry: Gus Nowak 246, C. Percival 243, F. C. Ross 242, H. Strate 242, B. Zettler 241, C. G. Zettler 240, H. Holges 239, Plaisted 037, Kolmetz 237, J. H. Brown 236, M. B. Engel 236, H. D. Muller 236, F. Fabarius 235, R. Busse 234.

Best 10 shot score, 5 entries: F. C. Ross 249, Gus Nowak 246, R. Busse 245, H. Holges 244, J. H. Brown 243, C. Percival 243, H. D. Muller 242, C. G. Zettler 242, H. Strate 242, B. Zettler 241, G. W. Plaisted 240, M. B. Engel 240, A. H. Kohlmetz 237, F. Fabarius 235.

Greenpoint Rifle Club Prize Shoot.

THE fourth annual gallery prize shoot of the Greenpoint Rifle Club, which was held on the ranges in Knieste's Arion Hall on Nov. 18 and 19 was quite successful, both financially and otherwise. The programme called for eight prizes ranging from $12 down to $1, and an extra or consolation prize for the shooters having the lowest score, all shots to be on the target, no misses. This prize fell to Geo. Worn, with a score of 33.

Many of the Brooklyn rifle clubs were represented by their best marksmen. There were also visiting riflemen from New York, among whom were Wm. Rosenbaum and Louis Buss, of the Empire Club. The two days' competition resulted in some good scores. The Empire Club's representative, Rosenbaum, got the first prize on two scores of 74 each or a total of 148 out of a possible 150. There were six ties for the last four prizes. Tickets 3 shots, two best to count:

Wm Rosenbaum	74	74—148	M Eberhardt	72	72—144
M Gute	74	73—147	M Mason	71	73—144
Louis Buss	73	73—146	M Herbst	71	73—144
M Knoetger	73	72—145	M Albers	71	73—144
G Worn	72	72—144	M Albrecht	72	72—144

Greenville vs. Excelsior.

THE team match between teams from the Greenville and Excelsior rifle clubs was shot in the Greenville Schutzen Park Nov. 25.

The membership of the two clubs is made up of the best of New Jersey's rifle talent, and the rivalry is of that order that begets the best social relations, and stimulates a healthy interest.

The clubs are comparatively young, but the membership contains many men who have been for years known to the fraternity as good shots. The Excelsior Club, under the leadership of Capt. L. P. Hansen, has for five years been one of the leading rifle clubs in Hudson county.

The Greenville Club, sometimes styled "The Farmers," is also composed of as equally good material, and is in fact more cosmopolitan in its make-up than the Excelsiors, for its members are descendants from nearly every nation in Europe. The Greenville Club has shown its progressiveness by building a home (club house) for its members, a place where the members can come together for the enjoyment of rifle shooting as well as for those social relations which tend to good fellowship and those ties that bind together the best elements of manhood.

Since the club decided to build and own its own club house, which was less than a year ago, it has more than doubled its membership. With the club ranges for a primary school for the education of the members in the use of the rifle, and the close proximity of that old and popular shooting range, the Greenville Schuetzen Park, there is no reason why the Greenville Club and the Greenville district should not become the hub around which the rifle interests of New York and New Jersey can revolve in a healthy whirl.

But to revert to the match, the result of which we started out to chronicle. Neither the Excelsior or the Greenville club had any great desire to deplete the treasury of the other by the winning of any large stakes, so the match in question was made for a nominal sum, sufficient to cover the cost of the use of the range and such refreshments as the needs of the members of the two teams might require during and subsequent to the match. Each team was made up of five men. The Greenville team was composed of the following men; M. Dorrler, captain; Geo. W. Plaisted, W. C. Collins, Colin Boag and C. H. Chavant. The Excelsior team were: L. P. Hansen, captain; John Speicher, O. J. Boyce, James Hugbes and Wm. Weber. The conditions called for fifty shots per man, off-hand, at 200yds. It was expected that the shooting would be close and interesting, and as a consequence there was quite a gathering of the members and friends of the two clubs to see the shooting.

The weather conditions were fine considering the lateness of the season. A moderate westerly wind, the air sharp and crisp, and the light all that could be asked for. In the shooting house a good big stove with a liberal supply of coal made the shooters as comfortable as one could desire.

In the first round of 10 shots each Hansen led all his competitors. But from this point on the Excelsior team was not in the hunt, Dorrler and Plaisted struck one of those expert gaits that requires extra fine shooting to approach. Dorrler's total for the 50 shots was 1,112, an average of 22.2 per shot, Plaisted's 1,078, an average of 21.5. The nearest approaching score on the part of the Excelsior team was Captain Hansen whose total was 1,060, an average of 21.2 per shot.

W. Collins, of the Greenville team, started off in his first string in great form, but for some reason he was not able to keep up his average. Colin Boag was in hard luck throughout the match.

Greenville Rifle Club.

M Dorrler, Captain	22 20 21 18 24 18 22 23 24 25—217	
	17 24 21 20 21 24 22 24 24 22—219	
	22 22 24 22 23 23 24 21 24 25—231	
	24 18 18 24 23 23 24 23 24 21—222	
	21 24 18 24 22 25 22 25 18 24 -223—1112	
G W Plaisted	20 20 20 18 21 22 23 21 19 19—203	
	21 24 23 24 24 19 18 23 25 18 - 219	
	17 20 23 22 20 20 24 24 23 21—215	
	23 22 24 21 24 19 23 20 21 24—221	
	24 23 25 23 20 19 25 17 20 24—220—1078	
W C Collins	20 16 20 21 22 23 23 22 20 24—211	
	21 20 13 21 21 11 11 22 19 20—172	
	22 18 23 16 20 19 20 20 21 18—197	
	9 18 19 24 21 12 23 21 20 23—189	
	18 15 16 15 14 23 23 22 25 25—196— 972	
Chavant	17 17 20 17 17 17 19 21 18 22—185	
	20 23 19 18 24 22 22 19 20—209	
	19 23 20 18 21 19 23 23 21 16—203	
	23 22 24 23 23 23 12 19 20 16—205	
	23 24 17 20 19 18 20 23 22 15—2p1—1003	
C Boag	20 7 13 14 21 21 17 19 12 24—168	
	9 16 25 21 19 21 21 20 19 21—192	
	16 14 21 14 22 9 12 24 11 19—162	
	21 15 18 20 24 12 15 18 19 16—173	
	16 15 16 19 21 15 22 13 19 20—177— 877	
		5042

Excelsior Club.

Capt Hansen	23 20 22 21 24 23 20 21 21 21—216	
	22 22 21 22 24 18 17 22 25 23—216	
	23 22 20 22 19 18 21 21 20 23 23—229	
	25 23 13 18 20 19 20 20 20 18 22—200	
	23 24 23 18 22 20 19 22 17 25—215—1060	
J Speicher	24 20 22 13 17 21 17 21 20 20—195	
	18 24 21 21 15 18 23 11 20 19—190	
	20 23 22 16 19 19 21 17 23 12—192	
	22 23 19 24 21 18 19 25 19 20 -210	
	18 22 20 22 18 20 23 22 17 17—200— 987	
O J Boyce	9 18 17 13 11 10 24 18 11 17—148	
	19 16 19 23 9 15 22 24 19 23—188	
	21 19 23 01 18 14 23 24 22 21—206	
	22 24 20 24 19 23 18 19 17 16—202	
	21 20 22 20 15 20 19 23 23 22—205— 949	
J Hughes	13 14 18 21 19 0 16 0 20 19—140	
	22 22 22 18 14 18 21 16 21 16 17—186	
	24 20 17 22 15 20 19 21 20 21—299	
	23 23 22 20 23 1, 23 21 16 17—205	
	15 10 24 24 20 23 20 19 22 0—186— 926	
Wm Weber	19 22 24 14 20 24 15 22 20 18—198	
	23 17 25 14 17 17 23 14 14 23—187	
	20 23 22 24 22 24 19 21 22 17—214	
	25 21 17 17 23 18 19 17 23 14—194	
	24 18 19 16 25 22 22 22 22 20—210—1003	
		4925

Washington vs. Southern.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 20.—Quite an interesting rifle match took place yesterday between the Washington Artillery and Southern rifle clubs this city, wherein the former team was defeated by a score of 3,376 to 2,896, the Southerns winning by 476 points. Both clubs used the rifles of the Southerns, which handicapped the Washingtons to a great extent. There will be a return match at Washington Artillery Hall Dec. 2, where the Artillery boys may have a chance to get back their laurels.

The following gentlemen composed the W. A. team: Corp. L. V. Gray, Gen. J. A. Boney, Wm. Whitney, D. L. Morse, W. D. Stephenson, W. K. Nourse, E. D. Hubbel, R. A. Sigus, Lieut. H. M. Baker, Lieut. P. Underbill, Sergt. E. P. Owens, Capt. D. Selph (champion rifle shot of the South). Those of the Southern were as follows: Capt. W. R. Hutchison, Lieut. Johnson, Lieut. O. Matter, R. J. Douglas, John Maas, J. Sickinger, John Hensel, Jacob Hensel, J. J. Lemare, K. Pelago, John Hellinger and Jules Abadie. Capt. Selph, after a reception tendered his team, was presented with a picture by the janitor of the Southern Rifles, which was drawn by J. J. Lemare. ANODRAC

Miller Rifle Club.

THE Miller Rifle Club held its weekly gallery shoot at headquarters, No. 423 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J., on Wednesday, Nov. 22. Thirteen members participated in the competition for the club medal. Capt. Fisher led his members in the race for high score, making 239. The scores: E. Fisher, captain, 239, David Miller 237, Geo. Schlicht 236, F. Lain 233, A. Meyers 232, M. Murphy 231, F. Sohl 230, M. Back 229, J. Meyer 225, M. Vanderhayden 221, F. Brandt 217, M. Will 213, A. W. Dewey 211.

Lady Miller Club.

THE members assembled on Nov. 20 for their regular weekly competition for class medals. The medal winners were as follows: Mrs. Meyns first class, Mrs. Stine third class, Mrs. Anbert second class. Scores: Mrs. Meyers 220, Miss Kloepping 215, Mrs. Stadler 215, Miss Sanders 208, Mrs. Stine 210, Miss Mannheim 205, Miss Begerow 206, Miss J. Anderson 203, Miss M. Miller 219, Mrs. Fisher 212, Mrs. D. Miller 205. Mrs. Anbert 214, Mrs. Weber 204, Mrs. Richmond 205, Mrs. Bordman 205, Miss A. Anderson 203.

Empire Rifle Club.

THE weekly competition of the Empire Club for club prizes, on Tuesday, Nov. 21, brought together six members. Rosenbaum again came to the front with the fine score of 245 out of a possible 250. The Empires are looking for a series of matches in the gallery during the winter season. Scores: W. Rosenbaum 245, Louis Buss 234, Chas. Zettler 237, Maisenholder 224, H. Zettler 223, W. Buss 220.

RIFLE NOTES.

The New York Rifle Club will open its winter indoor season shoot on Saturday, Dec. 2, on the ranges of the German American Shooting Society, and will continue to hold weekly shoots during the season up to April, 1894. This is one of New York's oldest rifle organizations, and the pioneer in the building of the history of Creedmoor and the N. R. A. The New York Rifle Club is another society whom we would be pleased to see built up to its former position in the fraternity of riflemen. Its present membership contains a class of men of the highest class of respectability, ardent lovers of their favorite sport and at all times ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to a brother rifleman when he gives the proper countersign.

In the team match between the Greenville and the Excelsior Clubs recorded in another column, one of the Greenville team, Plaisted, tried the experiment of priming his shells with about eight grains (measure) of nitro powder, and using the new Winchester (No 3 w.) primer, the remainder of the shell (.38-50) was filled with Hazard F. G. powder, the result was a comparatively clean gun after each shot. His total score was the second highest of the ten men engaged in the match. Here is food for study for some of our lubricated bullet cranks, who are on the lookout for ways and means to improve their shooting.

The Empire Rifle Club, with headquarters at No. 12 St. Marks place, New York city, request us to say that they are open to shoot a team match or series of three matches, best two out of three, with any club in or about New York (barring the Zettlers) for $25 a side. The number of shots per man to be left to an agreement to be decided between the Empires and the club accepting the challenge. The Empires would be pleased to bear from the Miller Club of Hoboken, N. J. What do you say, Millers?

The Greenpoint Rifle Club, Capt. John Knieste, had a successful prize shoot on its headquarters range, No. 168 Driggs avenue, Greenpoint, on Saturday and Sunday of last week, a report of which will be found in another column. If our Greenpoint friends will take the trouble to forward to this office the results of their shoots from week to week they will find them recorded in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

During the hours in which the Greenville and the Excelsior riflemen were discussing the merits of Madam Armbruster's lunch, on Saturday evening of last week, there was quite a discussion on the shooting merits of several of our experts located in and about New York. Several of the Jerseymen present expressed themselves as willing to go down into their pockets to raise a stake to match Greenville's champion, M. Dorrler, against any man in New York, F. C. Ross preferred, for 100 shots. Now, when this news reaches the ears of the promoters of rifle shooting interests in New York and Brooklyn, we are inclined to the belief that the Jersey people will find that their pronunciamento is not made in vain.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Nov. 28 30.—Brigg's three days' tournament, at Toronto, Canada
Nov. 30.—Riverside (Cal.) Sportsmen's Club tournament.
Nov. 30.—Bogardus—Hall match, at Springfield, Ill.
Nov. 30.—Wentz—Bacon match, at Dayton, Ohio.
Nov. 30.—Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gun Club tournament.
Nov. 30.—Janesville (Wis.) Gun Club tournament.
Nov. 30.—All-day shoot at live birds, on John Erb's ground, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.
Nov. 30.—All-day shoot at Wiedenmeyer's Park, Newark, N. J.
Nov. 30.—Riverside Gun Club tournament, at Red Bank, N. J. Live birds and targets.
Nov. 30.—J. A. Hartner's tournament, Orangeville, Md.
Dec. 10-12.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Davenport, Ia.

1894.

Jan. 9.—New Jersey vs. Kings county, team shoot, on Al. Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.
April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.
May 1-6.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith, Arkansas.
May 22-25 – Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club thirteenth annual tournament: first days, target, $1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J C. Clark, Sec'y.
June (second week).—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.
June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. $1,000 added money.
June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

"EJECTOR" inquires as to the number of straight scores made in events shot under the "one-man-up" rule during the 1893 series of tournaments of the Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association. There were three of these events each day, Nos. 3 and 6 being at 15 singles each, unknown angles; No. 8 at 20 singles, 21yds. rise, unknown angles, all "one-man-up." The only straight made during the season in No. 3 was made by J. G. Wright, at Wheeling, W. Va. In Event No. 6, Harvey McMurchy made a straight at Lansing, Mich., and another at Allentown, Pa. No straight scores were made in Event No. 8. As a matter of reference, we append a table showing the highest scores made in each of the above contests during the season:

	No. 3.	No. 6.	No. 8.
Savannah, March....	1–13	1–12	2–15
Second day	2–10	2–12	1–18
Greensboro, April	2–13	1–13	3–16
Second day	1–14	2–14	1–17
Lansing, May	3–12	1–15	1–18
Second day	1–13	4–12	1–17
St. Louis, July	2–13	2–13	1–19
Second day	3–13	2–14	1–19
Wheeling, August	3–13	2–13	1–18
Second day	1–15	3–13	1–19
Allentown, September	3–13	2–14	1–19
Second day	2–13	1–15	2–19

This gives an average of 84.82 for the leading scores in Events Nos. 3 and 6, and 81.56 for the leading scores in Event No. 8 during the season.

We have received from W. R. Hobart, secretary of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., an announcement of the thirteenth annual New Year's Day tournament, to be held on the club grounds, below Emmet street station on the Pennsylvania R. R. Shooting will begin at 9 A. M., and two sets of bluerock traps will be used. Targets two cents each. Lunch and all kinds of ammunition may be procured on grounds. This club always has a big attendance and a fine day's sport on these annual occasions, and the members are always pleased to welcome visiting sportsmen. The South Side Gun Club, which was organized in 1881, has a record of which any club might be proud, viz.: That for fifteen years it had never missed having a Saturday afternoon practice on its grounds, this showing a consecutive run of 690 Saturdays. We doubt if any club in existence can equal this record. The first Ligowsky clay pigeon trap ever shown in the East, was purchased by this club and its members have used every style of artificial target ever invented. Exclusive of glass balls the club has used over 300,000 artificial targets. Secretary Hobart, who was one of the organizers of the club, was also the organizer of the (now defunct) Essex County Gun Association and of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League. It is hoped that other New Jersey clubs will refrain from arranging open tournaments for New Year's Day, which has come to be known as South Side day among shooters.

"Find, trap and handle matches are the only ones to shoot," said a prominent Jersey shooter to us a few days ago, "and if you newspaper men will keep shady and not tell the public all you know such matches will do no harm to any one." But just here comes the rub. So far as the staff of FOREST AND STREAM is concerned they can be depended upon not to "keep shady" when any knowledge of brutal handling of pigeons comes to them. As a newspaper devoted to legitimate sports we feel it our duty to tell the public all we know concerning illegal acts on the part of so-called sportsmen, as by so doing we can better subserve the interests of legitimate sports. And our opposition to this style of match, be it understood, only applies so long as brutal methods of handling pigeons are resorted to. When a handler attempts to make his opponent's birds fly the harder by resorting to the use of vitriol, pins, cayenne pepper, etc, he ceases to be a sportsman. We have seen find, trap and handle matches shot without any resorting to inhuman methods, the principals depending upon their judgment alone in selecting birds which would be too hard for one and another, and with these matches we are in accord. The style first mentioned, however, with its illegal methods will always be opposed by us.

Secretary Hohart of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, is confident of being able to complete arrangements for another series of team shoots to begin early in the new year. Just now a large number of Jerseymen are off on their annual hunting trips, but as soon as they return a meeting will be called and the sport given another boom. It is hoped that the membership will be much larger than during the last series

The members of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club competed on Nov. 22, at Dexter Park, in the regular monthly live bird shoot for the club's annual prize. Each shot at seven birds, club handicap, American Rules. Dr. Little, Gus Grieff, J. Osterhout, F. Weissenborn, F. A. Thompson and W. H. Thompson killed 7 each, and tied for the trophy and first prize. On the shoot off Dr. Little won, killing 12 more straight. Dr. Lamadrid took the second prize with 6. The scores: Dr. Little, 28yds., 7; Gus Grieff, 28yds. 7; J. Osterhout, 28yds., 7; F. Weissenborn, 25yds., 7; F. A. Thompson, 28yds., 7; W. H. Thompson, 27yds., 7; Dr. Lamadrid, 27yds., 6; Dr. Shilling, 25yds., 5; Dr. Huskisson, 21yds., 5; Dr. Wischerth, 27yds., 4. Ties for first prize—Dr. Little 12, Gus Grieff 11, J. Osterhout 10, F. A. Thompson 3, F. Weissenborn 0, W. H. Thompson withdrew.

The winners of the gold medals recently offered by the Hamilton Powder Company are: For Quebec, J. Trnax, Cote St. Paul Club; Ontario, J. Wayper, Hespeler Club; Manitoba, Sidney Fairbairn, Minnedosa Club; British Columbia, C. Minor, Union Club. One of these medals was given for competition in each Province and was shot for by one member from every club therein. The candidate was chosen by a series of twelve club matches, and to him was presented a silver medal struck from the same dies as the gold one. About ninety clubs entered altogether, and there were some very interesting matches.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., with its usual generosity, offers a Christmas gift of a turkey, duck or snipe call to each purchaser of a set of its No. 964 cleaning tools. This is a liberal offer, and doubtless thousands of sportsmen will take advantage of it. The No. 964 set, which sells for $3, comprises a cocobola cleaning rod a Budd-Petmecky cleaner, bottle of Belmontyle oil, tube of Paravasaline, cocobola-handled screwdriver, oil can and a supply of chamois and flannels. They are made in 10, 12, 14, 16 and 20-gauge. The outfit is a complete one and well worth the price charged.

Here is another golden opportunity for some of our good shooters to test their skill. Samuel Castle of Newark, and Capt. A. W. Money of Oakland, stand ready to shoot a match, 100 live birds each man, against any two men in America whose united ages aggregate 123 years. Who will be the first to take up the gauntlet thus boldly thrown down. The amount of the stake can be made anywhere from $100 to $1,000 a side. And by the way, Messrs. Castle and Hedden are still wanting for an acceptance of their offer to shoot a hundred bird match against any two men 64 years of age or over.

Harvey McMurchy's eyesight is coming back to him and along with it his old shooting skill, and at a recent shoot of the Onondago County Sportsmen's Club he broke 70 targets consecutively, including 50 in the club event. The fat, fair and forty A. G. Courtney, who looks after the road trade interests of the Lefever Arms Co., broke 43. Chas. H. Mowry, editor and publisher of the *Sporting Goods Gazette* got 43, M. Williams got 43, A. C. Ginty 42, C. Wagner 43 and C Dugart 42.

At the regular monthly shoot of the North Side Gun Club, held at the Queens County Driving Park grounds, Maspeth, eight members competed for the club's annual prizes, best average scores to count at the close of the season, at 7 birds each, gun handicap. The score: T. Ternan, 28yds., 7. J. H. Mencke, 28yds., 7; M. D. Manning, 28yds., 5; A. Duryea, 30yds., 6; C. M. Meyer, 28yds., 6; S. Lyon, 28yds., 6; H. Otten Jr., 25yds., 5; W. R. Smith, 25yds., 4.

W. H. Skinner of Chicago has severed his connection with the Burgess Gun Co. and is now general agent for the United States for the Foerband Arms Co., of Worcester, Mass. He will soon visit the jobbing trade in the South in the interests of the Forehand hammerless, and later will take in the Pacific Coast. Mr. Skinner has much to say in favor of the Burgess as well as the Forehand gun.

Charles Zwirlein of Yardville, N. J., says he is accumulating a lot of pigeons and in the near future will send out invitations for a sweepstake shoot. He says the birds will be good enough for any one to practice on without resorting to any of the brutal methods adopted by handlers during find, trap and handle matches.

Al Heritage says that on Jan. 9, the day on which the great team match between Kings county and New Jersey will be shot on his grounds, he will have stages and cabs to meet every train arriving at Marion depot. This will be the premier event of the season and is sure to attract a big crowd of spectators.

Charley Zwirlein says he has always found that pigeons which had been well-kept and were in good condition when trapped, could fly plenty fast enough to fool any shooter, and that the methods adopted in some find, trap and handle matches were useless as well as brutal.

The time is approaching when clubs throughout the country will hold their annual elections, and we would consider it a favor if secretaries would promptly forward us results for publication. Would also be glad to receive notice of changes, if any, of shooting days.

Capt. John S. Shepherd, formerly secretary of the now defunct National Rifle Association and one of the strongest military shots in the State, has developed into one of the best pigeon shots on Loug Island, being able to hold his own against any of the cracks.

A series of team matches at targets has been planned between the Maplewood Gun Clab of Maplewood and the Union Gun Club of Springfield. The first shoot of the series took place on Thursday on the Maplewood grounds.

Can any of our readers inform us where wild duck eggs can be procured? A correspondent wishes to try the experiment of batching and breeding them, and would be thankful for the above information.

A couple of Newarkers recently started a deer near the United States Powder Works at Dover, but failed to capture it. This is said to be the first deer seen in that region in twenty years.

Ferd. Van Dyke, one of the best and most popular shots in New Jersey and for several years connected with Van Lengerke & Detmold, has severed his connection with that firm.

It is the New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club instead of the Coney Island Athletic Club that is expected to engineer a series of team shoots for a silver cup, open only to Kings County clubs.

The semi-monthly shoot of the Paterson Gun Club will be held at Willard's Park, on Tuesday, beginning at one o'clock. Visiting sportsmen are always welcome.

At the last shoot of the West Jersey Gun Club, of Camden, Griscom won first place by breaking 47 out of 50 targets. Teaming broke 42 and Moore 41.

Many members of Long Island gun clubs have returned from their fall hunting trips and there is an improved attendance at the club shoots.

Geo. A. Mosher has been West looking after the interests of the Syracuse Gun Co., and reports a good trade.

The Excelsior Gun Club of Pearl River will hold an open to all tournament at targets on Dec. 14.

The Zeglio-Morfey match announced for Dec. 7 is off

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Monthly Shoot of the Climax.

THE monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club took place at Benner's Grove, Fanwood, N. J., on Nov. 22, ten members being present. The day was cloudy and threatening. The opening event was a "warmer" in the form of a team shoot, in which "Tee Kay" Keller and Thomas Brantingham were opposed to "Dutchy" Smith and J. Manning, each man shooting at 15 targets, from five traps, unknown angles. The result:

Keller..... 111101110011111—12	Smith..... 111100011011111—11
Br'ntingh'm011110011111111—13—24	Manning.....011111010111111—12—23

By the time the above match was disposed of and the "wet goods" put away the party had been strengthened by the appearance of D. Terry, M. Goodman, T. Scott, J. Darby, W. Pearson and W. Terry. The club shoot was next in order, the members shooting at from 25 to 35 targets each according to their ability. In these events the shooting is one man up, five traps, unknown angles. The results:

Smith..... 111111111101111111111111	—24
Brantingham..... 111111011101111011111	—22
Keller..... 101101111101111101110011	—19
D Terry..... 101110011101101111011101	—18
Manning (29)..... 111111111101111101111011111	—26
Goodman (35)..... 110110110111111101111000111010111—27	
Scott (32)..... 111111111010111111111011111101	—28
J Darby (35)..... 010111101111011111111111011111	29
W Pearson (29)..... 000111111100111001111010000100	—16
W Terry (32)..... 110101001011110000111101111110	—21

Then came a sweep at 10 targets, entry nominal:

Smith.....	1111111111—10	S Terry.....	1010111111—8
Brantingham.....	1111111111—10	Goodman.....	1101111110—8
Keller.....	1111110011—8	Mack	0011010101—5
Manning.....	1111000111— 7	Darby.....	1001011101—6
D Terry.....	1101010011— 6	Squire.....	0111111100—7
Pearson.....	1101111110— 8		

Final event, miss and out: Smith 3, Keller 10, D. Terry 1, S. Terry 0, Squire 8, Mack 2.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE club held a very successful shoot Nov. 24, 20 members were present and participated in the competition for the club medals.

There were no high scores made during the night, all hands seemed bent upon devoting the time to congratulating each other over the wonderful progress that the club is making in its struggle for existence. Although it is hardly a year since it ventured into the uncertainties surrounding the purchasing of land and the building of the club house and ranges, it is now safely across the divide, the trail ahead is clear and well defined, and all that is required to land the club at the end of the journey in safety is economy and good judgment on the part of its leaders. If they do this they will become the pioneers to a legion of other societies throughout the country who will start out on the same journey and in the near future we may hope to see the columns of FOREST AND STREAM recording the weekly events of a new era in rifle shooting in this great country. Scores, 10 shots, possible 250: Jas. Boag 237, M. Dorrler 237, Robidoux 237, C. Boag 234, Chavant 234, Scheeline 233, J. Dodds 233. Plaisted 230, Purkess 230, Collins 227, Gotthardt 226, Barr 225, Spahn 218, Mang 215, Agneau 203, Daniels 193, Bischof 191, Wurstner 167, Huelsen 178, Lutz 228.

Shoot for a Gun at Paterson.

Good shooting weather was dealt out to those sportsmen who visited Willard's Park, Paterson, on Nov. 23. Not clear by any means, but still not cloudy enough to seriously affect the vision, and with a stiff northwesterly wind that made fair birds good and good ones better. The shoot that attracted the party was at 10 live birds, $5 entry, for a $100 Scott gun. The shooters hailed from all over Jersey, among them being Chas. Vermorael and Chas. F. Lenone, of Passaic; Capt. A. W. Money, the E. C. powder man, of Oakland; M. F. Lindsley, of American wood powder fame, of West Hoboken; Neaf Apgar, of Evona, representing Henry Squires & Son; J. A. R Elliott, of Elliott Brothers, Kansas City, Mo.; Eddy Hill, the well-known Trenton expert; Charles Zwirlein, another noted projector of pigeon matches, of Yardville; John W. Hoffman, of German Valley, who is anxious to shoot another match against W. S. Canon; Dr. P. J. Zeglio, of Warrenville; J. Frank Class, of the Morristown Driving Park; John Leonard, also of Morristown; Ferd. Van Dyke, the popular live-bird and target expert of Newark; Samuel Castle, the Newark Gun Club's veteran expert; A. W. Du Bray, representing the Parker Gun Co.; the great international shot, "Dutchy" Smith, and his side partner, "Tee Kay" Keller, of Plainfield; T. C. Wright, Henry Wolf, T. W. Morfey, Charles Harford and August Deitrich, the champion military rifleman of the State, all of Paterson, and "Uncle" Jacob Pentz, of Bergen Point, who, along with Mr. Morfey, had the shoot in charge.

About 400 birds had been furnished for the occasion, and of these about 250 were what can justly be termed "screamers," as fine a lot of flyers as one would wish to see trapped. Quick to take wing when the traps were sprung, tricky and strong on the wing and good "lead carriers," withal they were good enough for any one to practice on.

Preparatory to the main event the party shot a couple of sweepstakes, the conditions being 7 live birds per man, $5 entry, the first having two and the second three moneys. In event No. 2 7 men tied for first money and shot off for it in the gun contest. Here are the scores of the first two events:

Sweep No. 1:

Lindsley.....	1221201 - 6	Money.....	1222211—7
Elliott.....	2221211—7	Morfey.....	1121221—7
Class.....	1110202—5	Hoffman.....	2212121—7

Sweep No. 2:

Lindsley...	1222012—6	Zwirlein.....	1111121—7
Elliott.....	1211111—7	Hill.....	1112111—7
Class.....	2211211—7	P Jay.....	1122122—7
Money.....	2112211—7	Castle.....	1121201—6
Morfey.....	2100222—5	Apgar.....	1112122—7
Hoffman.....	1120221—6	C Smith.....	1212210—6

Then came the main contest at 10 live birds, $7.50 entry including the birds. It was desired that the gun should yield $60, which would have been covered by twelve entries. The entries, however, reached nineteen, which left $35 to ne shot for in addition to the gun. This was divided 60 and 40 per cent. and high guns took all. There were fifteen men in the field, Capt. Money having two chances. W. S. Canon's chance was shot by Samuel Castle; J. Riggott's chance by Frank Class, and "Wanda's" chance by J. A. R. Elliott. The managers put out the pick of the birds for this shoot, and a rattling lot they were, with not a "duffer" among them. So good were they that of the nineteen entries only five full scores resulted Elliott was in his best form, no bird seeming to be too good for him, and on both his own and "Wanda's" entries he killed straight, scoring thirteen consecutive first barrel kills. Class, too, was in fine fettle, although using a strange gun, a Boswell 12-gauge belonging to Morfey, with which he scored 9 on each his own and Riggott's entries, his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. "Dutchy" Smith shot in his old Dunnellen form and killed good, bad or indifferent birds with equal facility. Capt. Money did some pretty work with both barrels, scoring one of the star shots of the day with a beautiful second barrel kill of an ugly and fast circler. Dr. Zeglio had his shooting clothes on and was not disposed to let any of his birds cross the fence. He got a fine chance to show his skill with the first barrel on his fourth round and grassed his bird in elegant style. Lindsley got a sky-scraper on his third round, and although he filled it with lead it was game and went away. Hill also got a "screamer" on his eighth round and found it too fast for him. On his third bird he made a beautiful second barrel play. Zwirlein's third was fast, his next still faster, and only killed by a masterly second, while his fifth got away clean. On Canon's chance Castle had terribly hard birds on his first, third, fourth, fifth and seventh rounds, and three of them got away. Apgar's fourth was a hard one and caused "Little Neaf" to put spire in the vain effort to stop it. Van Dyke's lost bird was another hot one, as was Hoffman's third, also lost.

"Tee Kay" Keller acted as referee. The scoring as usual was done by the representatives of the sportsmen's journals, while Henry Wolf pulled the traps. Eagle, Mr. Morfey's red Irish setter did the retrieving. The scores:

Wright.....	0202122212— 8	Van Dyke.....	1111021112— 9
Canon.....	0120011111— 7	Elliott.....	1111111111—10
Vermorel.....	111•12000•— 5	Hill.....	1121121021— 9
C Smith.....	1112111112—10	Zwirlein.....	1112022101— 8
Lindsley.....	2220222222— 9	P Jay.....	2121121222—10
Money.....	1212112222—10	Riggott.....	221•222222— 9
Apgar.....	1220222111— 9	Money.....	1201122211— 9
Castle.....	1112211021— 9	Hoffman.....	2101•2
Class.....	1122112•22— 9	Wanda.....	1112222111—10
Morfey.....	10102•2w		

This left five men in a tie for the gun and money, and they divided up the value. First money in Event No. 2 which was carried over to the gun shoot, was won and divided by Elliott, Money and Zeglio

The day was closed with two miss and out events, $2 entry in each. In the second Money and Morfey gave their eyes a severe test by continuing to shoot until it was so dark as to compel them to do lots of guessing. The results:

Money.....	1212222	1222221	Castle..... 1112210 10
Smith.....	10	2111220	P Jay..... 2220 220
Morfey.....	10		Lindsley.....

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Valley Gun Club's Opening.

ON Wednesday, Nov. 22, the new and exclusive organization known as the Valley Gun Club held its opening shoot on its grounds at Elmsford, a station on the Northern R. R. The club is one comprised solely of members of the "select 400" and its membership is limited to 200. The grounds are on the property of H. H. Worthington. A special car took a big party up from New York and another party drove from Tarrytown in and on a tally-ho. The weather was favorable for the birds which were a good strong lot.

In an opening sweepstake at 10 birds first money was won by Benj. Kittridge on 10 kills, B. McGregor and N. S. Smith being winners of the balance. In sweep No. 2 De Forest Manice and Edward Jaffray killed 10 each and took the cash. In the third event C. C. Worthington was first and B. Kittredge second.

Then came the main event of the day, a 10-bird contest for members only, first prize being a silver cup valued at $150. The entrance fee was $5 and to the pot the club added $50, the pot being divided 67% and 33% for second and third moneys. There were thirty-four entries and the only one to grass 10 birds was Henry Bull, the nineteen-year-old son of the ex-president of the Stock Exchange. Cup and money, of course, went to the high guns, so after some had missed three birds each it was agreed that during the rest of the match two misses should put the shooter out. The scores:

P L Theband.....	01010w.	G De Forest Grant....	20220w.
N S Smith.....	12000w.	C C Worthington.....	1110221120—8
B McGregor.....	220210w.	B F Fairchild.....	211112100w
W S Edey.....	0222222220— 8	D T Kennedy.....	101110w.
N C Reynal.....	0220202w.	A T Sullivan.....	221110110w
Henry Bull.....	1112221122—10	A M Crommelin.....	20110w.
H S Jaffray.....	22022220w.	Stuart Scott.....	02202w.
W S Cochrane.....	000w.	G Thebaud.....	2210110w.
G D Petrie.....	1010100w.	Benj Kittridge.....	02102w.
W M Wright.....	122100w.	W Whitehouse.....	10200w.
De Forest Manice...	0122302w.	Robert Graves.....	000w.
E G Whitebouse...	0100w.	W Rutherford.....	0222120w.
K Jaffray.....	0211220w.	J B Baker.....	11020w.
R Jaffray.....	22200w.	W T Alexander.....	20022w.
P Jaffray.....	00221w.	D Bacon.....	122000w
E Jaffray.....	201220w.	H Edey.....	1112222102—9
Charles E Lord.....	0200w.	C T Berg.....	02200w.

On the shoot-off for second money H. Edey won.

During the afternoon an elegant lunch was served, and taking all in all the opening was declared a grand success.

Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Nov. 3.—Chicago Shooting Club, new Illinois State rules, miss and out: Geo. Kleinman 23, R B. Wadsworth 22, A. E. Thomas 3, J. Watson 1, I. W. Dukes 17. This is the last miss and out shoot; Geo. Kleinman wins the medal for good.

Same day, 10 live birds. $5 entrance, one money:

R B Wadsworth.....1121111122—10 I W Dukes ....1220001122— 7
Geo Kleinman.......2212122111—10 A E Thomas..........2222021222— 9

Nov. 8.—South Chicago Gun Club, 20 live birds, new Illinois State rules, for club medal:

A Reeves..11101111220111222022 -17 Ike Watson01012222210111212212—17
L C Willard02011201001212121221—15 J Watson..12111002121121022011—16
P Miller....10210011110011202001—12

Ties on 17:

A W Reeves...............11111—5 Ike Watson................22202—4

Same day, 30 targets, for target medal:

L C Willard..........................111111110110011011111111111111—26
P Miller.............................111111111011111111111111011111—28
Ike Watson........................... 101111101111111111111111111111—28
John Watson..........................011010101001111101010011011111—19

Ties on 28:

A W Reeves...............10101—3 Ike Watson................11110–4
P Miller..................10110–3

Nov. 15.—Audubon Gun Club, new Illinois State rules, 15 live birds, handicap shoot, allowing birds as a handicap.

S A Place..................................122111110111112—14+2–15
C B Dicks..................................022022012222021—11+0—11
R B Wadsworth..............................112212221220212—14+1—15
C E Felton.................................212211101211202—13+0–13
L M Hamiline...............................202120220112221—12+2—14
*Lauterback................................111112111120212—14
John McCauley..............................002211221212101—12+2—14

*Not a member.

Nov. 16.—Lake County Gun Club, 10 live birds, for club medal, handicap shoot by distances:

Hastings (32yds.).....0011111020—6 Keobler (31yds.)......2022210001—6
Ford (32yds.).........1112121001—8 Cave (31yds.).........1220122211—9

JOHN WATSON.

Harvard Defeats Yale.

HARTFORD, Conn., Nov. 24.—The Yale Gun Club and the Harvard Gun Club were unable to make satisfactory arrangements at Springfield for their annual match this year, so they met on the Colts Club grounds in this city. Here the arrangements were complete and the contest passed off satisfactorily, notwithstanding the cold and windy weather. Shooting commenced at 1:45 o'clock and was ended at 3:30. The best score was made by Mr. Benedict, of Yale. The two teams were accompanied by a number of friends. The judges were C. L. Hotchkiss and Allen Willey; the referee, Fred Risley, and scorer, A. H. Pitkin, all of the Colt Club. The Harvard team won with the score of 119 to 113.

Harvard.

Gould..........................1111111111111110001011011101111–24
Lawton.........................1111101001101110111111111111111—25
Lee............................0110110011111111111111100111100—22
Sargent........................1111111111111101101011010101111—25
Heckscher......................1101111110101111100110110111111—23—119

Yale.

Wells..........................0111111111010010010010101001110—17
Benedict.......................1111111010111011111111111111101 26
W Miller.......................1101101101111111101111111111110—25
H Miller.......................0101111111111101011110011111101—23
Hanklin........................1101111011011111010010011111110–22–113

After the match the two following 50-cent sweepstakes were shot:

Gould..............1111100110— 7 Heckscher..........1111111111—10
W Miller...........0111111111— 9 Burke..............1010000001— 3
Sargent............1110111111— 9 Franklin...........0110111101— 7
Benedict...........1111110111— 9 Lawton.............1111111111—10
H Miller...........1011110111— 8 Melrose............0111101111— 8
Lee................1010111111— 9 Nelson.............1011110111— 8

Sweep No. 2:

M F Cook...........1011111111–9 Sargent............1011111111—9
Lee................1111111000—7 Lawton.............0101011111—7
Benedict...........0111111111—9 Heckscher..........1101101011—7
W Miller...........1111101111—9 Kaufman............1011001111—7
Gould..............1011000000 3

Cook won first money, Lee and Lawton divided second.

M. F. COOK, Sec'y Colt Club.

Emerald Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot at Dexter Park Nov. 21 was highly interesting. The weather conditions were favorable, and the birds were on the average a good lot. There were many instances where individual members received hearty applause for their good judgment in making kills at long range, at hard driving birds. P. McKenna was the recipient of much good-natured chaffing on the part of the other shooters for his inability to get on to his birds. He wound up his score with only two kills to his credit. Gus Nowak was resplendent in his old gold sweater. He was in good shooting form, having just returned from a successful rabbit chase on the eastern end of Long Island. Nowak spoiled his chances for making a clean score by letting his sixth bird get away. Fitzgerald was in hard luck when his fifth bird, well loaded with shot, fluttered across the boundary to die on the outside. Both Col. Voss and Doenieck shot in that hard luck that all good shots sometimes fall into, when it seems almost impossible to get on to a bird. Dr. Hudson had the luck to get some birds whose external coating seemed to be impervious to the Doctor's shot, and flew away to fall victims to the ever present pot hunter on the outside. Counselor Cody started off in great form, and up to his ninth bird made good clean work, using his second barrel only twice. His ninth bird, however, was too foxy for the worthy counselor. Its flight was as eccentric and as hard to cover as the proverbial flea, and when last seen was making a beeline for Connecticut. Messrs. Schortmier, Grieff, Fessenden and Nick Maesel shot in good form, and each finished their scores with 9 kills to their credit.

Dr Klein.............0210000110–4 J H Moore...........0011100212–6
M Quinn..............0102112211—8 Fessenden...........1012112111—9
E Doenieck...........12•0201112—7 Wm Hogan............1022022221—6
T P McKenna..........2010000000—2 Dr Leveridge........0002•11111—6
Dr Hudson............0102111220—7 C Maesel............0101022211—7
R Regan..............2210222120—8 G Nowak.............1121201212—9
J Maesel.............1110011121—8 Schortemier.........2210222222—9
Col Voss.............1002111102—7 P Fitzgerald........2202•22212—9
J Woelfel............2001022210—6 Gus Grieff..........2011112112—9
P Butz...............1101221011—8 T Cody..............1211121102—9
N Maesel.............2222101222—9

Nassau Gun Club.

THE shoot of the Nassau Gun Club at Dexter Park on Thursday, Nov. 23, brought together only eight members in the club event. The weather conditions were fine for outdoor sports and the birds fairly good. Lee Helgans was the only man in the competition who was equal to the task of having his birds collected within the usual boundary. R. Woods was unfortunate in having one of his fall dead over the boundary, leaving him one behind Helgans on his total. A series of three sweeps followed the club event:

W Hatfield...........2110000•12— 5 G U Forbell..........00•1121100— 5
R Woods..............111•221121— 9 P H Vondrule.........1110011200 – 6
M E Hayden...........•111010002— 5 C Magee..............0101111100— 6
E Helgans............2122212222—10 T T Edgerton.........0112022102— 7

First sweep. $1 entry, 3 moneys:

T T Edgerton...............121—3 G U Forbel................111—3
E Helgans..................022—2 P H Vondrule..............111—3
M E Hayden.................011—2 W Hatfield................222—3
R Woods....................121—3

Two moneys:

	No. 2	No. 3.		No. 2.	No. 3.
Edgerton	10012—3	21211	Hayden	11002 – 3	100
Hatfield	11111—5	11221	Helgans	01111—4	002

Referee E. Helgans.

Brighton Defeats Roseville.

The monthly shoot of the Roseville Gun Club was held on Erb's Newark grounds on Saturday, Nov. 25, in a strong wind, which rendered target shooting extremely difficult, the discs flying hither and thither at their own sweet will. The attendance was fair. A feature of the day was the return match between teams of five men each representing the Roseville Gun Club and the Brighton Gun Club of East Orange, each man shooting at 25 targets. The result:

Badgeley........................ 9 Meeker......................... 4
Kutcher......................... 9 Alf Whatton.................... 6
Gowen...........................10 Huff........................... 9
Canfield........................ 7 Gantz..........................14
O'Maley......................15—50 Alb. Whatton................13—45

During the afternoon eight sweepstakes at 5 targets each were shot, the results being as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Canfield	2	2	2	4	2	1	3	2	George	.	2	3	1	3	3	3	..
O'Mealey	3	1	2	2	3	3	..	..	Alb Whatton	5	1	3	2	3	1	4	3
Kutcher	..	1	2	1	..	2	5	1	Gantz	1	2	4	1	..	..	..	..
Badgeley	2	2	4	5	4	2	1	..	Alf Whatton	4	1	3	2	2	2	4	..
Meeker	..	..	2	2	2	2	1	5	1	Rembe	4	1	3	0	..	..	..	..
Gowen	..	..	2	3	..	..	..	..	Huff	3	3	3	3	1	2	3	3
Gillen	..	..	..	..	..	1	0	..	..								

Atlantic Rod and Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, at West End Coney Island, on Thursday, Nov. 23, was not favored with the attendance that one usually finds at the meetings of this well-known club There are, however, many reasons for the light attendance at this season of the year, and they all hold good with the Atlantics, as well as with the other clubs on Long Island, whose membership is largely made up of enthusiastic field shooters. November is the month to which all lovers of the shotgun look forward to for an outing in the fields and meadows, and the regular club shoots are left to those unfortunates whose environments compel them to submit themselves to the routine of office and factory. In fact, they are chained to business. The shoot on Thursday brought together only seven members to compete in the club event. This was the last shoot of the season. The prizes put up by the club (two cups) are, we believe, won by Messrs. Morris and Ferguson, and will be presented to the two gentlemen at the next annual meeting, to be held in January next.

The shooting on Thursday resulted in a tie between that old veteran Thomas Buckley and young Ira McKane, each killing their 10 birds. The shoot-off for the cash in the pool was well contested up to the tenth bird, when Mr. Buckley slipped up on an easy left-quartering bird and left young McKane the winner of the pool.

Young McKane's handling of his gun and the judgment in the use of his second barrel will make him a hard man to beat when he has had a few more years' experience at the trap.

There is another prodigy connected with the club in the person of C. Ferguson, 2d, the ten-year-old son of C. Ferguson, Jr. It was our pleasure to witness the work of this little embryo shooter in the sweepstake, competing with his sire and the other members engaged in the shoot. The little fellow used a 16-gauge 5½lbs. Francotte gun, and although he was handicapped with a disabled digit, which would not permit him to get a firm grip upon his gun barrels, he succeeded in killing 6 out of 10 in the first event, and 3 out of 4 in the second, when his cartridges gave out.

Another oldtime shooter who is well known to the shooting fraternity of New York and the West, is C. Schmidt. He shoots well, handicapped as he is with only one arm, his left being amputated below the elbow. He killed his 10 birds in the first-sweep, but two of them got over the boundary to die. In the second sweep at 5 birds he killed his 5 straight, but lost on the shoot-off on his first bird:

J B Voorhees........2221112201— 9 C Ferguson, Jr......2212110211— 0
A Schmitt...........221111••11— 8 T Buckley...........2212211222—10
I McKane............1112211211—10 C Ferguson..........2000210212— 6
C Meyer.............2120021011— 7

Sweepstake, 5 birds, 28yds.:

C Ferguson, Jr...............11111—5 A Schmitt.................22111—5
C Meyer......................20220—3 C Furgueson, 2d............21100—3

Opening of the Larchmont Season.

ONLY a small number of shooters took advantage of the opening of the 1893-94 shooting season on the fine grounds of the Larchmont Yacht Club, which occurred on Saturday, Nov. 25. While there was a lack in numbers, however, there was no lack in skill on the part of those who took part, among them being Geo. Work, Fred. Hoey, Fred. G. Moore, Mr. Williams, Arthur W. DuBray, Dr. Wynn, Capt. A. W. Money, Dave Johnson, J. M. Knapp and Henry Smith. The grounds were in fine condition and the birds furnished by Fred. Knof were a rattling lot of flyers, above the average even for these grounds, where the birds are always good.

The day's sport comprised seven events, Nos. 1 and 2 being at 5 birds each, $5 entry, two moneys; Nos. 3 and 4 at 7 birds each, $10 entry, two moneys; Nos. 5, 6 and 7 were each miss and out events, $5 entry in each, one money. In all sweepstake shooting on these grounds high guns take all the money. The results:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Williams (30)	20121—4	10211—4	2210222—6	10120w
Moore (29)	22122—5	21222—5	21020w	2202020—4
Wynn (29)	12211—5	12202—4	1022222—5	1120222—6
Smith (29)	22220—4	2101w	1220222—6	1102122—6
Hoey (30)	2210w	200w	2222222—7	2222022—6
DuBray (30)	2100w	1022w	2022210—5	1222121—7
Johnson (28)	0000w	0020w	0220210—4	0200020—2
Knowlton (29)	22221—5	22221—5	2222202—6	2122222—7
Work (30)	....	....	021002w	2122212—7
Money (30)	....	.....	122100w	1122210—6

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Williams	0	222220	1120
Moore	22222	0	221220
Wynn	0	21112112	21121122
Smith	0	1121110	12221220
Hoey	2220	2120	222219
DuBray	12210	10	1220
Johnson	21220	1110	10
Knowlton	220	....	....
Work	12222	12121222	22122111
Money	210	211110	221220
Knapp		21211110	0

In event No. 5 Moore and Work divided the money; in No. 6 it went to Wynn and Work, and in No. 7 to the same experts.

The number of birds killed and lost by each of the contestants were as follows: Work, 31, 3; Knowlton, 25, 2; Wynn, 32, 5; Smith, 32, 7; Hoey, 28, 7; Williams, 25, 8; DuBray, 25, 8. Moore, 27, 8; Money, 22, 6; Johnson, 15, 17; Knapp, 15, 2.

Erie Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Erie Gun Club at Woodlawn Park, Long Island, on Wednesday, Nov. 22, was, considering that it was called in the midst of the game season, unusually well attended. Sixteen members participated in the club event. The conditions were for the best averages for the season, handicap rules, seven birds per man. Fine weather and a fairly good lot of birds enabled the members in the competition to put in a good afternoon's sport. Of the sixteen competitors only four were able to make clean scores. Charles Plate would have been in with a clean score only for a little hard luck with his fifth bird, which had just enough reserve force left in it to get over the boundry, where it was gathered, much to the disgust of the unlucky shooter. The time consumed in the club event carried the day so far into the shades of night that there was opportunity for only one sweep at three birds, and the ties in this event had to be divided on account of the approaching darkness. The scores:

F Gref...............1220022–5 J Plate..................1122111—7
C Plate..............1121•11—6 H Dohrman................1221221—7
D Lynch..............2100111—5 H Victor.................210•000—2
G Shufeldt...........0002220—3 E Marryatt...............1222111—7
C Luhrssen...........1001102—4 M Elssasser..............2210212– 6
W Lair...............2111102—6 C Mohrman................1112021—6
J Schmidt............0202011—4 H Balzer.................1220220—5
H Jauskowsky.........0221012—5 J Schmadeke..............2111111—7

Referee and scorer, C. A. Sellar.

Vernon Gun Club.

THE club held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park Nov. 22, under the old Long Island rules of gun below the elbow, both barrels allowed.

A warm southwest wind and a clear sky made the day pleasant for outdoor sport. This was the first time that the members have shot gun below the elbow; their scores are highly creditable. It was somewhat difficult for many of the members to keep their guns in the proper position until the bird was on the wing, and as a consequence some were subjected to discipline by the referee. Another day at the trap, however, will do away with much of the desire for the old habit of keeping the gun up to the shoulder:

Dr Little.............2121121—7 Osterhout................1111112—7
Gus Grieff............1111111—7 Weissenborn..............1112111—7
Dr Schilling..........2101220—5 F A Thompson.............1211112—7
Dr Lamadrid...........1101111—6 W H Thompson.............1221111—7
Wischerth.............0201210–4 Dr Huskinson.............1201210—5

Tie: W. H. Thompson retired; Weissenborn 0, F. Thompson 3, Osterhout 10, Grieff 12, Little 13.

The Swannanoa Country Club.

As the climate of Asheville is so wonderfully favorable to outdoor exercise, it is very natural that the Swannanoa Country Club should play an important part in the social atmosphere of this attractive health resort.

Kenilworth Inn being located just outside the city limits and surrounded by a large park of 160 acres, and the valleys leading therefrom so desirable for the hunts, the Country Club have their club rooms most favorably located in Kenilworth Inn, and also, near by, a well planned kennel provided with a pack of finely bred hounds. These hounds have been carefully selected, are great stayers, and make a smart pack. Every opportunity is afforded that visitors of Asheville, as well as recidents, may enjoy the chase, and the club rooms are always the center of much social pleasure.

The regular meets are Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Occasional bear and deer hunts are made up by those who enjoy the wilder sports, while the bi-weekly opossum and coon hunts are a source of the greatest pleasure.

Reached by the Richmond & Danville R. R. in through Pullman cars from New York.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

A Coasting Trip on Lake Michigan.

IF the reader will fancy a trim built St. Lawrence River skiff 22ft. in length, 54in. beam, body of cork pine, deck of mahogany, brass trimmed, cat rigged, with her name in white letters on a blue ground, surmounted by a still fancier scarlet pennant, both the work of fair hands, a good idea will be had of the craft in which two voyagers made the coasting trip from Chicago to Muskegon.

The first idea of the voyage was evolved in the long winter evenings, and dire were the predictions and lavish the advice showered upon the projectors thereof by well meaning friends. Sunstrokes, rheumatism heat, cold, rain, squalls, inhospitable shores, murderous tramps and a thousand other cheerful disasters were predicted for any one foolhardy enough to attempt a trip of 175 miles in an open boat upon "treacherous Lake Michigan."

In the meantime the two mariners went on with their preparations. As they would be obliged to go ashore at night, or in case of storm, the Swallow was fortunately light enough to be beached with the aid of a couple of rollers, backed by a little "beef." It was also necessary to be provided with comfortable sleeping quarters, as they might be compelled by a hard blow to lay up for three or four days at a time on a comparatively uninhabited coast.

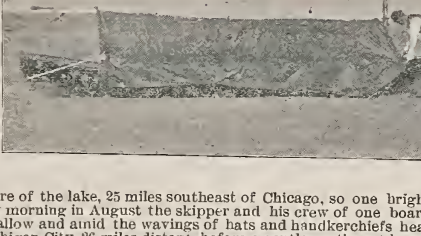
A tent was obviously too bulky for their limited storage room, hence, after some cogitation, a plan was hit upon that proved so successful that future cruisers may do well to take note of it. A gossamer waterproof covering 18ft. long and 9ft. wide, and weighing not to exceed 3lbs. was procured; to the sides and ends of which were fastened snaps to which small bags of shot might be attached to hold down the covering in case of a wind storm. At night the boom would be hoisted about 3ft. above the deck, a crutch being placed astern; over the boom was thrown the waterproof, forming a low long tent with open ends; which could be closed in case of rain, or covered with netting to avoid mosquitoes, though the latter was not found necessary on the trip.

For beds a piece of stout, yard wide canvas with a strong hardwood crossbar at each end was drawn taut for the length of the cockpit, 14ft., by means of a block and fall. A crossbar amidhips resting upon the gunwale of the boat prevented sagging, and with the addition of blankets and air pillows as comfortabe a resting place as tired men could wish was thus provided, with the added merit of occupying a very small storage space when under way.

The larder was abundantly supplied with the choicest brands of canned goods, including many delicacies, such as sardines, jellies and preserves. These, together with bacon, fresh eggs, coffee, tea, etc., as well as full liquid provision, were in the competent hands of the *chef.*

Two small alcohol stoves fitting into specially made boiling tins proved an agreeable relief from slow and smoky wood fires. All cooking and table utensils with the exception of the bulkier tins were stored in a specially fitted basket, while in another would be placed such articles as were needed for a coming meal. Right here it may be said that one great source of comfort on a trip of this kind consists in system, in having a place for everything and keeping everything in its place. Both voyagers had past experiences with cargoes stowed helter-skelter, so it was determined in this instance that everything should be get-at-able at all times.

The start was to be made from the Calumet Heights Club on the



shore of the lake, 25 miles southeast of Chicago, so one bright Tuesday morning in August the skipper and his crew of one boarded the Swallow and amid the wavings of hats and handkerchiefs headed for Michigan City, 26 miles distant, before a gentle southwest breeze.

It was the tacit understanding that the skipper was to have full control of the boat when under way, the *chef* performing the duties of deck-hand, while on shore the *chef* was supreme, and the whilom commander occupied himself as dish washer and scullion generally.

The coast east of the club house is of the most desolate character, and, with the exception of a group of fishermen's huts three miles from the club grounds, no human habitation or being was met with for a distance of 18 miles.

The Swallow skimmed steadily along these shores of solitude and sand dunes until noon, when a landing was made and the first luncheon eaten under the shade of a friendly poplar, our only visitors being the sociable little wrens, who peered and twittered inquisitively at the strangers from the branches, scarcely an arm's length distant. Our bill of fare consisted of gumbo soup, ham sandwiches, stewed tomatoes, crackers, marmalade and coffee served on white china and plated ware, for the artistic soul of the *chef* despised the rust and grease of tin and iron table furnishings.

After luncheon a delicious half hour of nicotian repose in that strange solitude of lake and beach and sky, backed by the tall sand bluffs covered with their growth of scrub oak and pine, we again embarked, but the wind falling we drifted along slowly until dark, being eight miles short of Michigan City.

We camped for the night about a mile east of a group of huts inhabited by fishermen, and a rude sort of roadhouse. Here our sleeping arrangements were for the first time tested, with much satisfaction, and in the intense stillness, broken only by the lapping of tiny wavelets, the voyagers passed into dreamland.

At daybreak the skipper had thrown aside the covering from his end of the boat and was drinking in the glory of the dawn. While musing upon the impressiveness and fascination of the birth of the new day, ever recurring yet ever mysterious and beautiful, he observed a great commotion at the little settlement a mile back; the keen eyes of the fishermen had already discovered the Swallow, apparently washed ashore, and there was hot haste to get their heavy sailboat off the beach and to embark to secure the prize. From their gestures and movements they appeared to be filled with a noisy and joyful anticipation of a rich find, for the flotsam and jetsam of the great lake forms no inconsiderable part of their scanty revenue.

It was with a feeling of lazy amusement that the skipper debated whether they should be allowed to land, that he might witness their discomfiture at finding their prize inhabited or whether he should awaken the *chef* that breakfast might be under way. The latter course prevailed and when the wreckers were still a quarter mile distant the voyagers emerged from their shelter, to the evident surprise and disappointment of the crew of the smack, and after putting about and vainly trying to beat againt the light breeze they took to their heavy oars and labored back in a dispirited fashion to their delayed morning meal.

In the meantime the sun was rising, and cloud and wave were glowing in crimson and gold, while the *chef*, enlivened by the incident of the morning, was busy preparing a famous meal, to which the fullest justice was done. A smart land breeze springing up we were soon spinning along for Michigan City, which was reached at 9 A. M.

Here the *chef* went up town to make a few purchases, and his bluegray knickerbockers and blouse, straw helmet and well-filled stockings, created a mild sensation on the streets of the burg, but after visiting all of the principal grocers he returned minus butter—"The cows weren't laying," he reported. So the skipper, who had been reading and idly listening to the enthusiastic comments of the boys on the beach upon the appearance of our little craft, whose polished decks and side lay gleaming in the sunlight, now headed her for New Buffalo, ten miles distant, which was reached about noon.

After luncheon the breeze died out almost completely, not over a mile an hour being made until sundown. After leaving New Buffalo the character of the coast changes from the sand dunes of Indiana, with their crop of stunted pines, scrub oaks and poplars, to bluffs crowned with a fine forest growth. A clay sub-soil tends to hold the moisture, the hot southwest winds are tempered and moistened by their passage over the lake, and all conditions are favorable for abundant crops of fruit and vegetables. Groves of mighty elms, maples, oaks and other trees abound, the shores are dotted with houses and settlements, and the beach with piers and boathouses; in short, the wilderness of Indiana gives way to a garden, and where for days scarcely a human being was encountered here one is seldom out of sight of a trim farmhouse, or beyond the sound of the tinkling cow bell, or the bark of a house dog.

After sunset, having made but four or five miles in a burning sun since noon, we cast about for a sleeping place, and headed for shore, where we heard the gay shouts and laughter of a bathing party.

Arriving shortly after the bathers had disappeared we found the owner of the place, from whom we received a courteous assent in answer to our request to camp out on his beach.

After the Swallow was hauled up, preparations for supper were begun, to the great interest and amusement of the lady bathers, now emerged from their dressing rooms, and who proved to be city people enjoying their summer outing at Lakeside, such being the name of the beach. After supper a stroll was indulged in, and shortly after dark the occupants of the Swallow had turned in and were about half asleep, when they were aroused by the sounds of merry voices, and the summer boarders were again on hand in the usual proportion of a half dozen of the softer sex to one male. Singing and skylarking at a camp-fire are highly interesting doubtless, but when one is sleepy and not "in it" there he other things more absorbing, so the fitful snoring of the two mariners was soon a sort of obligato to the song and laughter on the beach.

We were shortly after awakened from our doze by the sound of whispers and suppressed giggling near at hand, which proceeded from a bevy of girls, who, like true daughters of Eve, were curious for a closer inspection of the outfit of the two strangers, whom they believed to be asleep, and whose quarters they had hanteringly approached on tiptoes. Much feminine comment was whisperingly indulged in over our table, whice was set for breakfast, and we were amused at the commiserating tones in which they spoke of "two men trying to do their own cooking." It was to be feared at one time from the indignant, though smothered grunts and snorts that emerged from the *chef's* end of the boat that he was about to emerge from his shelter and argue that point with them.

At length, however, they withdrew, and we knew naught more until daylight. After an early breakfast we were favored with a visit from our host, and after a stroll with him over his grounds, the Swallow was headed for St. Joe, twenty-two miles distant.

Scarcely a breath of air was stirring and we crawled along with a hardly perceptible motion, with the sun beating down upon us with a fierce and constantly increasing intensity, until it became too much for even our seasoned pates.

At 11 o'clock, warned, in spite of moistened cloths worn inside our hats, by the throbbing of our temples and the strained fullness of our eyeballs, that the danger line was approaching, we slowly made the beach, about a mile distant, and after the temporary relief of a bath, lay quiescent under the shade of a tree and in the airiest of costumes.

The spot chosen proved to be a desolate one, the settlement being a couple of miles back from the coast on account of a long inland swamp behind the timbered sandhills. Not a breath of air was stirring, the leaves of the trees hung lifeless, the hot sand shone with a gleam painful to the eyes, not a sound was heard save the constant hum of insects and the metallic whirr of the locust—all nature seemed oppressed with the overpowering sultriness. After the lightest of luncheons, we tried vainly to read, to talk, to sleep. It seemed as if our exposure of the morning had affected our nerves, for without energy we were filled with a strange restlessness. Covering the upper part of our faces with damp cloths to shut out the fierce light, we dozed away the day fitfully and uneasily, pestered by all manner of humming, buzzing and crawling things.

All day long we lay in our retreat until about dusk, a land breeze springing up, we embarked, hoping to recuperate our wasted energies as well as to make a few miles' headway in the cool of the evening. The breeze continued to freshen, and as the Swallow sped joyously along under full sail our spirits revived and we threw off the dull lethargy of the day.

St. Joe was 18 miles away, and we reeled off mile after mile in fine style until pitch dark, when the *chef* suggested that we go ashore for supper and camp. The skipper said little, but kept right on sailing. The breeze was an ideal one and perfectly steady. Up to evening we had made but four miles. Our average was suffering, and though the night was dark as a pocket, the rush through the water and the play of the breeze were delightful after the unconscionable heat of the day.

"Keep your eye open for fish-nets and stakes, you man of pots and pans," quoth the skipper, "and you shall sleep in St. Joe this night."

"Luff her, har-r-d!" fairly yelled the *chef* in reply, and the Swallow brought up quivering in the darkness within 10ft. of a fish-pound. It was a close shave, but no damage, and on we sped for another half hour with the St. Joe light looming up in the distance. "Luff again!" yelled the lookout, and again we brought up dangerously close to a net. Fearing lest they might become more numerous as we approached St. Joe, and the breeze having materially freshened, we shortened sail and felt our way slowly till we rounded the light and at 10 o'clock drew up on the beach alongside the hathing tohoggan of the Hotel St Joseph.

A dance was in progress and all was bright and gay at this resort, and in the intervals the piazza was thronged with couples in evening costume through which the two sun-baked, travel-stained tramps passed, intent upon supper and bed, and followed by curious and inquiring glances from many a white-clad maid.

After a fine night's rest and an excellent breakfast a start was made at 9 o'clock for South Haven, distant twenty miles, with a head wind and quite a lump of a sea, the worst possible conditions for a boat of our type, which, being intended for river sailing, can make but little headway in rough water on the wind.

Soon after setting out the wind freshened and rolled up such a surf that it was not possible to land without wetting both ourselves and cargo, and the latter being well covered against spray, we settled down for an all-day beat, and we certainly had it, and most exasperating it was to note our slow progress and poor course in the big seas. His companion declared that during the entire day the skipper was half hidden in a violet haze of profanity.

But all things have an end, and after a long day of tossing and buffeting we made South Haven about dark, and, leaving our craft at the Life Saving Station, proceeded to a hotel. We must confess appearances were against us, and we were not surprised when the clerk appealed to the landlord: "Say, these fellows want a double-bedded room." "Well, they can't git it," was the prompt and somewhat alcoholic rejoinder. "Yes, begad, they kin, too; blankely blank me if I didn't clean forgit about 30: give 'em that."

Thirty proved to contain two very good beds, and the travelers were soon in the land of nod, though both confessed to tossing in their dreams in continuation of the shaking up had dured the day.

A strong N.W. wind and a heavy sea, while adding materially to the view from the bluffs, put a veto upon starling out the next day; so our time was put in doing the town and vicinity. The former has rather an unusual situatiou, being intersected by several deep ravines, giving it something of an individuality, while the view lakeward from the bluffs is very fine, reminding one of the New Jersey coast. A number of beach resorts finely situated lend an air of liveliness to South Haven, although the town is not dependent upon the summer hoarder for its prosperity, as it is in the very center of the fruit belt, and boasts a daily line of steamers to Chicago.

South Haven is a prohibition town, but future voyagers may be assured that their liquid needs can be supplied without difficulty by dint of a little quiet inquiry—at least we had no trouble in getting our orders for the "goods" filled promptly, and an excellent quality of Milwaukee brew it proved.

During the day a visit was made to the State Experimental Farm in the suburbs, and we were much pleased at the results of "Know-how" as applied to farming. We were especially struck with the fine appearance of a 25-acre field of corn this drouthy season, its condition being perfect in every respect, while throughout the vicinity the corn had either been cut for fodder or was so badly fired that not more than one-fourth of a crop can be expected. The average farmer does not seem to realize that it pays to farm with "brains," to judge from appearances.

Beyond the State Farm we came on a friendly old peach farmer, and during a half hour's gossip he kindly filled us with ripe peaches from his early trees. During our stay we were also the recipients of many courtesies at the hands of the president of the village of South Haven, but we regret to state that having neglected to lock the locker in our boat we were relieved, in our absence, of an unopened quart bottle of 3 star Monongahela. This was doubtless the work of some ardent prohibitionist who desired to remove temptation from our path, and who could not conceive that the liquor was intended for medicinal purposes only.

The next morning we started under a reef, with a strong, puffy land breeze from the S E, and made a fine run to Saugatuck, eighteen miles, in three hours, passing Ganges Pier en route. Saugatuck is a quiet village, perhaps a mile inland, on a picturesque river which widens into a lake, on the opposite shore of which is the small village of Douglas. The view from the observatory at Saugatuck, both lakeward and inland, is specially fine.

From Saugatuck to Ottawa Beach was a long, slow beat, the wind having headed us; but we arrived about 3 P. M., and found both Ottawa and Macatawa beaches populous with sixteen carloads of excursionists from interior points. Steam launches, ferry and excursion steamers, canoes, yachts and all manner of pleasure boats, together with numerous bathers and promenaders, made an animated picture equalled by few resorts on this coast.

The shores of Black Lake we found fully occupied with resorts and summer cottages. At the head of the lake, about six miles from the beach, is the thriving town of Holland. This was settled, as was most of the surrounding country, by Hollanders, who were attracted by the low lands, so like those they had left across the ocean. Lately new blood and modern methods have infused fresh life into the old town, and it now boasts a fine new hotel, kept up in good style, together with many handsome stores and buildings. Many of the signs as yet, however, tell of the presence of the De Groots, Van Trumps, De Pauws, etc., in goodly numbers.

After a night at Ottawa Beach we started next morning for Grand Haven, 20 miles, with a fine S.E. breeze, arriving about noon. After dinner we took the little excursion steamer for a trip around Spring Lake, which we found to be a beautifully situated and irregular sheet of water, upon the banks of which are found many pretty villas and resorts, the chief of the latter being the Spring Lake House, adjoining the village of that name, and three miles from Grand Haven. At the head of the lake, eight miles distant, is Fruitport, once a thriving resort, but the hotel was destroyed by fire a dozen years ago and has never been rebuilt. Throughout this locality are found magnetic springs specially valuable in rheumatic complaints, and at any of the bath houses one may see a fine assortment of the be-caned, be-chaired and be-crutched testing the virtues of the waters.

On our return to Grand Haven we found the wind had hauled to the north, and for a few hours the entire community was weeping, sneezing and snuffling from the smoke from the forest fires raging between the city and Muskegon. Fortunately, however, the wind shifted later in the evening and relieved us from what promised to be a most disagreeable night.

The following morning we headed toward Port Sherman, the harbor connecting Lake Michigan and Muskegon Lake, and distance 12 miles from Grand Haven, Muskegon being about six miles inland, on the bank of the latter lake. We had but little breeze at starting and were soon after becalmed, making three or four miles in so many hours. We could see and hear the forest fires raging and roaring about half a mile inland, but the beach being protected by the sand hills intervening, we went ashore for luncheon, after which, still being without wind, we got out a tow line and did the "mule act" for a couple of miles, the Swallow towing almost as easily as a rowboat.

A slight breeze from the north setting in, we again set sail; but could make little headway, so at 4 o'clock we decided to put up for the night at Lake Harbor and proceed to Muskegon by the Lake Harbor Suburban Railway.

We found Muskegon to be a prosperous and handsome city of 35,000 or 40,000, well built and paved, and with all modern improvement. Having friends here, invitations for luncheon, visits, etc., were plenteous; but our appearance after our trip we felt to be so transpish that we were compelled to decline in most instances. A rent in the basement of the skipper's best trousers he decided was inconsistent with a too extended social indulgence.

During the night a heavy rain fell—the first for six weeks—and the morning broke wet and cloudy, but we made for Lake Harbor on the early train with the view of having the Swallow towed up by the aid of a small oil launch, which we had observed there. We found the captain, but he represented that it would be a great inconvenience to get the launch out; he had not steamed her up this season, and she was doubtless out of order; he would have to get help to take her over the bar at the harbor mouth; it would interfere with his regular trip with his excursion boat up Mona Lake, etc, etc., at which the sagacious skipper winked significantly at the attentive

IF he is a friend of yours; if he is interested in yacht, boat or canoe; if he is not a reader of FOREST AND STREAM; if you would like to have him see it for three weeks; and if you will give us his name, we will supply him with one of the

FOREST AND STREAM'S SILVER BULLSEYE

Cards, which will make it easy for him to send for the paper. . . . . .

chef, which that functionary furtively returned, both wisely inferring that a large fee would inevitably result from all these preliminary objections.

It was now 9 o'clock in the morning and pouring rain, so it was decided to take the excursion trip around the lake with the captain before determining whether the Swallow should be towed or sailed to our destination. There was but one other passenger and the captain complained bitterly of the lack of patronage this season, as did in fact every resort keeper on the east shore. "Everybody spending their money at the World's Fair," said he. "Some of 'em here leave their hutcher's and grocer's hills unpaid, hut they're hound to go to the Fair. Goin' myself, h'gosh, a little later on!"

After sundry confidences and exchanges of Michigan Havanas with the captain we ventured to question him as to his towing charges and he replied: "Well, boys, if you can't possibly sail up I'll help you out, hut I'd much rather not if you can get along without me. You see it is five miles to Port Sherman and five miles more to the steamer dock, and there's the time lost coming back. Boys, I don't see how I could make that tow for you under two dollars!"

The *chef*, whose experience is mainly with city prices, almost fainted away, being prepared for a demand of at least five times that sum.

However, it was not found necessary to get out the launch, as the clouds lifted somewhat and a fresh land breeze sprang up before our return and we headed the Swallow for Port Sherman after a friendly handshake with the honest captain.

Arriving at Port Sherman it came on to rain heavily again and we had a wet beat up Muskegon Lake, but finally arrived at the Goodrich dock about noon, when we put the Swallow aboard the City of Racine and arrived at Chicago without incident the following morning.

Here the captain very kindly dropped our craft for us into the river and we coasted quietly past the World's Fair to South Chicago and reached the club house about sunset, thus completing our coasting trip of 175 miles without the slightest mishap or inconveuience, and so well pleased with our experience that it is planned next season to continue the trip from Muskegon to Macinac Island.

The A. C. A. Meet of 1894.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Atlantic Division, American Canoe Association, was held at No. 860 Broadway, New York, on Thursday, Nov. 23, Vice-Com. Schuyler calling the meeting to order at 5:45 P. M.

There were present, Vice-Com. Schuyler, Rear-Com. Fredericks and Messrs. Lake and Hand, of the executive committee.

Vice-Com. Schuyler stated that the purpose of the meeting was to determine on the site of the annual meet of 1894, the selection of which had been referred to the executive committee of the Division by the general executive committee of the Association at the annual meeting.

Mr. Lake stated that he with several members of the committee had visited Croton Point and found that it would answer the wants of the Association in every respect; that the proposed site had been thoroughly gone over and had been found ample for the requirements of the meet; that Com. Dorland had consulted the owner of the point, Mr. Cockroft, and obtained permission to camp on the point, to thin out the undergrowth of trees, and otherwise prepare the site for the meet. Mr. Lake further stated that Mr. Cockroft had been very obliging, and had promised to do all in his power to make the meet a success, including the use of a launch; and would further agree to have the passenger propeller running from Sing Sing to Rockland and Haverstraw, stop at the camp twice a day. Mr. Lake moved the adoption of Croton Point as the site for the meet of 1894. Rear-Com. Fredericks seconded the motion, and it was unanimously carried.

On motion, duly seconded, the meeting adjourned.

JAS. K. HAND, Acting Secretary.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Royal C. C. was held on Nov. 22, and though no report has reached us of the proceedings, it is quite probable changes of the most radical nature have been made in the measurement rules. The R. C. C. is an example of fine old crusted conservatism, and only last year it refused to recognize the sliding seat, while clinging tenaciously to the useless and illogical qualification of clinker build; but now there is a likelihood that it has swung to the other extreme, and removed all limitations on the beam of canoes. The effect of such a measure, should it be generally adopted, would, in all probability be to extermiuate the 16x30 canoe, so far as sailing is concerned, substituting a nondescript type of small sailing machine.

Mrs. Geo. L. Parmele wishes, through the FOREST AND STREAM, to thank those members of the Eastern Division, and such other members of the A. C. A. as are in any way interested; for the choice and beautiful gift, which they presented to her, through their representatives, Messrs. Knappe, Red, and Banks on her birthday, Oct. 26, 1893.

Summer Homes.

A beautifully illustrated book; list of over 3,000 summer hotels and boarding houses in Catskill Mountains and central New York Send six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, Gen'l Eastern Passenger Agent, West Shore R. R., 363 Broadway, New York, or free upon application.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

In replying to the remarks of the *Marine Journal*, we have been led to a greater length than we at first intended; but the whole question is so complicated that any attempt to discuss it in a few words would inevitably lead us into the same hasty generalizations and incorrect definitions on our side as are found in the explanation of our opponent. It would be a good thing if the question could be settled, once for all, and still better if some new term could be found in place of the clumsy expression "sloops, cutters and yawls," to distinguish these various yachts in a general way, without regard to minor points of rig, centerboard, etc, just as the term "schooner" is applied to every yacht with a fore and mainmast, regardless of model and of details of rig. The term "sloop" is no longer applicable to singlestick yachts, and the term "cutter" is not popular with Americans, though strictly correct.

The Forest and Stream recalls with pride that it was one of the first "cutter cranks," at the time when that term was considered by its inventors an opprobrious epithet, when the man who dared to say that as good a yacht could he built from a design on paper as from a model whittled from a pine block was called a fool; when he who advocated a higher standard of seamanship, Corinthian sailing and racing rules was called an Anglo-maniac dude, he who maintained the value of lead ballast and a deep hull was compassionately set down as merely crazy, and he who dared to say that the existiug American sloop did not represent the highest degree of perfection attained or attainable, was a dangerous, mischievous and evil-disposed fellow. Somehow or other we have lived through all of this opposition, we have seen one after another of the principles which we were the first to advocate in print, the deeper hull, the cutter rig, the paper design, the lead keel, and dozens of others engrafted iuto American yachting; with what result is seen in the fleet of to-day.

We have also had occasion to notice whenever any particular feature, such as the lead keel, after first being abused, has been adopted; that the cry has invariably been raised that it was either a new American invention, or that it had always been a part of the American sloop; and it is by this process that the term "sloop" has by degrees been twisted from its original meaning at the beginning of the controversy to include to-day everything fast enough to reflect credit on its designers.

In looking back, we find nothing to be ashamed of and little that we would change; time has brought an ample justification of the position which we took in matters of design, model and rig fifteen years since. Many things which we once advocated as the best have been superseded by later improvements; but in their day they were the best, and superior to the equivalent features of the sloop.

On one material point we were wrong, and we have no hesitation in admitting it, in fact have done so freely for some years. We made the error of mistaking for a law of nature, fixed and immutable, what was only a very bad rule of a yacht club and of mistaking as real the fictitious value of extreme narrow beam as shown in the racing under that rule. We have no excuse to make for this error, perhaps we should have known better; hut we have seen a similar mistake made in later years, and with added opportunities for knowledge, by experienced yachtsmen, who have recognized as a law of nature the misleading conclusions derived from the rules which restrict the length and enlarge the sail area of racing yachts. Are our old opponents also ready to admit their mistakes in deriding the yacht designer, the cutter rig, the lead keel and the flush-decked keel yacht, or will they continue to build cutters and call them sloops, forgetful of the volumes of printed controversy in which they have put themselves and their typical rig and model on record forever?

While maintaining, as a matter of technical truth, the cutter origin of the modern American singlestick yacht, we have no intention of depreciating the work of Mr. Burgess and other American designers; on the contrary, we consider them deserving of the highest praise for having led the great body of yachtsmen against their will to something infinitely better than had been known before. The sloop men died hard, they stood by their beloved craft until she figuratively speaking capsized and sank under them; but after the victory of Puritan gave them an opportunity to come down gracefully, and with characteristic modesty to adopt the new type with the claim that they had always believed in it and nothing else, they have vied with the "cutter cranks" in hurrying from one improvement to another.

While the distinctive features of yachting as it is carried on to-day, including the science of designing and the art of construction, as well as the model and rig, are all of British origin; there is hardly a detail in any part of the work that has not been improved in being adopted by Americans. At the time when the sloop and cutter first came into actual competition, the adherents of each type were equally blinded by conservatism, the American by his belief in a length rule, in childish theories of the increased resistance at greater depths and in the necessity for very light draft; and the Englishman by his unquestioning faith in the perfection of the old tonnage rule as a basis for racing measurement. The American was the more fortunate in having his beliefs rudely shattered at an early stage of the fight, and being compelled, against his will, to reconstruct them on a sounder scientific basis, while the English yachtsman continued for some years to race the narrow cutter at home, and only awakened to the faults of the type and of the rule which produced it when he tried to recapture the America's Cup and was beaten by a wide American cutter. There is so much for Americans to be proud of in the improvements made since 1885, and in the production of such racing craft as Volunteer, Gossoon, Gloriana, Wasp and Vigilant, that it seems small and mean to deny and misrepresent the true origin of all this advancement.

The New York *Herald* is rapidly making a reputation as a comic paper, and yachtsmen who tire of dry technical details will find much to amuse them in its columns. The story of Navahoe's voyage was funny enough, telling how Captain Carroll actually navigated her for twenty miles by dead reckoning, but it was surpassed a few days later by the graphic account of the sailing of Valiant. In this thrilling story it is told how Captain Vanderbilt before the "ropes were cast off," was "going down stairs" in his yacht when he fell and actually sprained his hand. After damages were repaired, Captain Morrison pulled a "rope" as seven bells were sounding, which happened to be at half-past three o'clock, and the yacht sailed away with the New York Y. C. burgee fluttering over her stern, the reporter offering no explanation as to where she displayed her ensign. After all this it is not surprising to read a few days later that the Ericson war vessel Destroyer, which has been sponsoned at the Erie Basin, has had "numerous stays put in along the outer side of the hull to give greater buoyancy." The climax was reached this week, however, in an editorial on the stability of warships in which the meta-center is defined as "the center of gravity of the volume of water the vessel displaces." In reading such nonsense one is led to think of the time when the reports of American yachting in the *Herald* were as full and accurate as those of the weather in Paris and four-in-hand-driving in Europe.

Keel Sloops and Centerboard Cutters.

A SHORT time since we commented on the *Marine Journal's* mention of Valkyrie as a "keel sloop;" and that paper, quoting our words, replies as follows:

"We have observed that our esteemed contemporary has invariably classed Valkyrie as a cutter, but for what reason we have always failed to perceive. The term "keel sloop" is distinctly perspicuous and certainly describes the yacht to a nicety. A sloop is any vessel rigged with one mast and carrying head sails. It is the rig which always determines the class of the vessel, and not the hull. A sloop does not necessarily carry a centerboard. The Colonia is a keel sloop and so is Valkyrie, while the Vigilant is a centerboard sloop. The term "sloop," as specifying this rig, is seldom heard in England, however, where "cutter" is the common expression. But the typical English cutter yacht, narrow beam, straight stem, deep hull and movable bowsprit, is not nearly so common now as it used to be. The type has approximated closely to our typical sloop-yacht in hull as well as rig. But the term cutter is also applied to a ship's boat propelled by oars, and to a swift steam vessel, as a revenue cutter. Therefore the appellation "keel sloop" is especially perspicuous and exactly describes the Valkyrie as no other words could. So far even as her hull is concerned, in beam or style, the Valkyrie does not approach the ideal cutter style.

"It is, of course, unnecessary to state these things for the information of FOREST AND STREAM, but we mention the matter merely to show that we used the term advisedly, and for the benefit of any of our readers less well informed who might be inclined to dispute the point."

The whole question of cutter and sloop is so old that many yachtsmen have lost all interest in the discussion; but on the other hand there are many who have come into yachting only since the disappearance of the American sloop with the building of the Burgess boats, and to whom the question is new and interesting. As strict accuracy of nomenclature is always desirable in technical matters, it is perhaps worth while to look closely into the discussion which has come up between the *Marine Journal* and the FOREST AND STREAM, especially as the *Journal*, from its high technical standing, may rightfully assume to speak with some authority.

Before giving our reasons for classing Valkyrie, as well as many American yachts, as cutters, let us look at some of the statements made by the *Marine Journal:* In the first place, that paper is correct in saying that it is the rig and not the hull which determines the class of vessel, though, as will appear, this statement requires a great deal of qualification and explanation in the present case; and also it points out very properly that a sloop does not necessarily carry a centerboard.

When it comes to a definition of the term "sloop," and its combination with the term "keel," the *Marine Journal* is very much at sea, or more properly, ashore, as its attempted definition is that of a landsman, as found in any standard dictionary. So far from being "any vessel rigged with one mast and carrying headsails," the sloop is but one, and the least numerous and important one at that, of the two great fleets of single-stick vessels to which the general characteristics of "one mast and carrying headsails" can properly apply.

While there are certain modifications of the single-masted rig which are neither sloops nor cutters, the great majority of the rig may be divided into these two classes, the points of difference between them being numerous and radical. Without going back so far as to determine which is the older, the cutter or the sloop, the inquirer who takes up the history of the subject about the middle of the last century, will at once remark a most radical difference. The cutter rig of that date is essentially a sea-going rig, showing plainly its derivation from the smaller naval vessels of the day; in fact, it was mainly used in the British navy. In proportions and mechanical details the rig was an adaptation of the schooner or brig to a single-masted vessel, with the same square topsails and cumbersome and complicated gear. The sloop of the same time, on the contrary, as found in the same waters, of the Channel and the North Sea, was a shoal water craft, probably of Dutch origin, and the rig, evolved from the necessities of inland navigation, was of the most simple and primitive form, derived from the sailboat instead of the naval vessel, a long mast and bowsprit rigidly set up, and with a large mainsail, one jib and perhaps a fore and aft topsail. In Holland, in England and in America the small simply-rigged sloop was extensively used for inland navigation, both for commerce and pleasure, so far as the latter end was followed at the time; while the cutter was used for all sea work, whether in smuggling, in chasing smugglers, or in the few yachts of the day.

This prime difference once noted, we may pass over almost a century, and take up the question some twenty-five years back, at the time when the single stick rig first began to compete with the schooner in American yachting. During this long period the cutter had disappeared as a smuggler or chaser of smugglers, and had come into general use in Great Britain as a pleasure yacht, first with its high sides pierced with gun ports, and its square topsails, then without its armament and with fore and aft topsails, but still preserving its main characteristics.

On this side of the water the development of a century had been exclusively confined to the Dutch sloop instead of the British cutter, and the type had attained its perfection in the noble sloops of the Hudson River, with their huge lower masts, heavy fixed bowsprits and single jibs. Wherever vessels were used in American inland waters, the sloop alone was found, the small river schooners coming in at a later date; it was the passenger boat, the carrier of bricks, lumber, hay and grain, and the pleasure yacht or the small sailboat, differing in size and finish, but almost uniform in model and rig.

It was about 1870 that the sloop yacht began to increase in size and numbers and compete seriously with the schooner, which up to this time had monopolized all of the racing at home and abroad in the sizes over 50ft., and we will take the sloop rig of that day and compare it with the cutter rig as then found in British waters.

The sloop sail plan in general outline was very lofty, but short on the base, a high narrow rig, and this sail plan was made up of a large mainsail with great hoist and short gaff, a single jib of great size, and a very small working topsail. The mast, which was stepped far forward, was very long in proportion to the waterline, the masthead or doublings was short, and the topmast was a short, light spar, out of all proportion to the lower mast. The bowsprit was a large and heavy timber, generally square, octagonal or even triangular in section and solidly built in as a part of the hull and bulwarks.

This bowsprit was supported by a heavy main bobstay and often a variety of smaller bobstays, according to the individual tastes of the builder or shipsmith. The mast was set up with shrouds and its sole support in a fore and aft direction was a heavy jibstay, from the masthead through a beehole in the bowsprit and then down to the stem, just inside of the main bobstay. The topmast was permanently shipped in two iron caps, and could not be housed when in use, and was only shipped and unshipped with difficulty when repairs made it necessary. The whole rig was as fixed, rigid and inflexible as that of a toy yacht; the spars, once shipped when the yacht was built, remained in place until they rotted or blew away.

The cutter rig differed from the sloop in every point mentioned, the outline of the sail plan was long and low rather than narrow and high, the mainsail had a long boom, a very long gaff, and a short hoist, this sail being but a moderate proportion of the total area; in place of the one large jib, carried always, and reduced in area only by reefing or taking out the "bonnet," there were two headsails, the jib proper, set to the bowsprit end as in the sloop, and the fore staysail, set to the stemhead. The topsail was much larger in proportion than in the sloop, and a greater variety of sizes was carried.

The mast of the cutter, a short stick, but with long masthead, was stepped near the middle third of the waterline, further aft than in the sloop, and was supported in a totally different manner; it was independent of the bowsprit, the forestay running from the masthead to the stem of the yacht at the deck, where it was set up with a tackle, and in addition, on each side of the masthead was a pendant and runner, set up with a tackle also, to take the strain of the jib, the weather tackle being always set up, and the lee one slacked off, when off the wind to allow the boom to swing off.

The topmast of the cutter was of great length, almost or quite that of the lower mast, and this taunt spar was so fitted that it could be readily lowered to the cap or even stowed on deck in a strong breeze. The bowsprit was a clean round spar, also fitted to run in and out easily, and to this end the solid bobstay of the sloop, with its preventers and "baby" bobstays, was replaced by a short bobstay of copper or of wire rope, and a strong tackle, by which it was set up. The two bowsprit shrouds were also rigged with tackles, so that they could be shortened and set up again when the bowsprit was "housed," or drawn in on deck in bad weather. The jibstay of the sloop was lacking in the cutter, there being no stay from the masthead to the bowsprit end.

The sloop was limited to just three working sails—a large mainsail, a large jib and a working or gafftopsail. The cutter, on the contrary, carried a mainsail, five or six jibs, two forestaysails, two topsails and a gafftrysail—a second and smaller mainsail for very heavy weather or for saving the racing mainsail in making passages. Whatever the conditions of sea and wind, the spars of the sloop were fixed and immovable, and she was limited, outside of the spinaker, jibtopsails and clubtopsail, to three working sails, with the choice of stowing the topsail entirely and of reefing the mainsail and jib. The cutter, on the other hand, could exercise an almost unrestricted choice as to the spars and sails for any particular weather, ranging from the whole mainsail and the largest jib and forestaysail of very light material, with a yard or sprit topsail instead of the jibheaded working topsail, down to the housed topmast with whole lower sails, or the reefed mainsail with smaller jib to suit it; or, further down, until her topmast was on deck, her bowsprit housed well inboard, her mainsail stowed on the boom and a small heavy storm trysail set, with its corresponding storm jib.

The sloop was a great sailboat or toy yacht, fitted for light weather and unable to adapt her spar and sail plan to more severe conditions. The cutter was essentially a miniature ship, with housing spars set up by runners and tackles, and with a large outfit of sails for all weathers, and capable in an hour's time of making a radical change in her entire sail plan.

This vast difference in the two rigs is found in the primitive craft of the last century, in the yachts of less than a generation ago, and later, some dozen years back, when had just begun the process of adaptation and improvement which has resulted in the extinction of the American sloop rig.

With these essential points of difference were some minor ones that are worth noting, though they were more matters of mechanical detail than of principle. While the mainsail of the sloop was made of cotton, usually of very light canvas, and was laced along the foot to the boom, that of the cutter was of hemp, linen, of heavier texture; and the foot was made full and rounding, not laced, to the boom, but falling below it, the clew made fast by an outhaul, allowing it to be set up or slacked off, according to the dampness of the weather, the tack being hauled down to the deck by another tackle, or triced up when it was desired to reduce sail. The boom of the sloop was usually supported by a single "toppinglift," from the masthead to the boom end, on one side of the sail; while the cutter had two similar lifts, one on each side of the sail, but running from the slings of the mainsheet instead of the boom end, and known as "quarter lifts." Then, too, the mainsheet of the sloop was rove with but one hauling end, amidships; while that of the cutter was led with one end to each quarter and along each side of the deck; one thus being to windward all the time.

The method of setting the jib was also very different, the one big jib of the sloop was permanently lashed to hanks which ran on the jibstay, the sail being stowed on the bowsprit and kept out there through the season; on the cutter each of the many jibs was set on its own luffrope, there being no jibstay; the tack was loose and was hooked to a ring which traveled on the bowsprit, and one jib could be quickly lowered, taken in, and stowed below in its bag, a larger or smaller one being set in its place. The club or jackyard topsails, too, were different, those of the sloop being set on spars parallel with the gaff and topmast, while the topsail yard and jackyard of the cutter crossed the topmast and gaff respectively.

The minor mechanical details of the cutter were more numerous and perfect than the sloop, all tending to carry out the great principle of adaptability to all possible conditions.

Those yachtsmen who watched and studied, as so many did, the Scotch cutter Madge when she came to New York in 1881, and who from constant use were familiar with the sloop of that day, such as Shadow, Mistral or Schemer, will recognize the distinctive features which we have pointed out as belonging to the two rigs. If the fact has not struck them before they may note in this connection that to-day the sloop rig has entirely disappeared save in a few old yachts of the smaller classes, so much so that when once in a while on the New York Y. C. cruise a veritable sloop with single jib, clumsy bowsprit and short topmast, falls in with the fleet for a day or two, coming from some out-of-the-way nook and disappearing no one knows where, even old yachtsmen look at her with wonder. The typical sloop yachts, those which made the rig famous, Arrow, Gracie, Fanny and Hildegard, have been so thoroughly altered that they are as near to the modern cutter rig as it is possible to make them, and the term "sloop" now fails to describe them correctly.

While many features of the cutter rig were adapted to American yachts between 1880 and 1886, the turning point in the great change of rig is marked by the building of Puritan in the latter year. She and the many Burgess singlestickers which followed in the next six years were essentially cutters in rig, both spar and sail plans being based on the principles which we have already shown were characteristic of that rig. At the same time there is no question that the American modification of the conventional cutter rig has been from the first an improvement on the original. The general proportions of the rig and the subdivision of the sails has been retained, though in applying the rig to different models and different climatic conditions many minor proportions and mechanical details have been altered, and for the better.

While the modern proportions of mast and topmast differ from the fashionable fad of 1880, the characteristic long housing topmast of the cutter is found on all American yachts in place of the stubby broomstick that served as a topmast for the old sloop. On many of the first American cutters the bowsprit was fitted to house, in the conventional British fashion, but with different models on both sides, the housing bowsprit is now almost a thing of the past in America and England. In setting the jib American practice is not uniform, the sail being sometimes set flying and sometimes on a stay; but in the distinctive characteristic of the cutter rig, the use of two headsails in place of one, the British custom is followed exclusively. The use of runners and tackles is also universal, while the fittings of spars and blocks, the hounds, masthead, gammon strap and a hundred details are taken from the cutter and not from the sloop.

It must be said that in almost all cases an improvement has been made on the original detail, but that detail was taken from the cutter rig and not the sloop.

There are three important points of American practice which have been retained on this side and adopted on the other—the use of cotton in place of linen, the lacing of the mainsail to the boom and the cutting of the clubtopsail with the yards parallel to topmast and gaff instead of crossing them.

The many changes of keel contour in both sloop and cutter, and the adoption of the length and sail area rule, have led to alterations in the position of mast, length of bowsprit and other details, but they have not affected the main proportions and principles which distinguish the cutter rig from the sloop, and the rig of the larger American single-stick yachts to-day is a modification of the cutter rig that has no relationship whatever to the national sloop rig of 1880.

We have thus far confined the discussion to the limits laid down by the *Marine Journal*, the rig and not the hull as determining the class; but most of our readers know that there is really much more involved in a thorough consideration of the question. While it is the rig, strictly speaking, which gives the name, it has happened in practice, as a mere matter of convenience, and in default of suitable terms, that the names which properly belong to the rigs alone have been transferred to the hulls which carried them. This practice has been followed in America and England for a dozen years, and though technically incorrect, it has the sanction of usage and convenience.

Under this enlarged definition the term "sloop" is understood to mean a vessel rigged as we have described, and also possessing certain marked characteristics of hull. To compare the hulls as we have already compared the rigs, it will be necessary to select some certain period, and we will take the sloop and cutter during the period of their greatest development and improvement apart from each other, the one in America and the other in England, and each entirely free from any influence of the other. This time will be from 1860 to 1880, after the latter date the two types coming into direct competition in American waters.

The yacht which carried the sloop rig up to 1880 possessed a strongly marked individuality, there was nothing of compromise about her, the sloop men had the courage of their convictions, and built their boats and argued for them boldly in many a hot discussion. The typical sloop up to that time was a vessel of great proportionate beam to length, very limited draft, small displacement, with light and bulky ballast, stone, slag, and sometimes iron, distributed over the inside of the hull, a large cockpit and trunk cabin, and a large centerboard and no outside keel. These were the essential features of the design, and to them may be added the secondary features of heavy and bulky wooden build, a low freeboard amidships, a very crooked sheer with high bow and especially a high stern, a nondescript "clipper stem," and a short, heavy counter, the steering being done by a wheel instead of a tiller.

The sloop model shows comparatively little change in shape and proportions from the primitive forms down to the yachts of a very recent period, but the model of the cutter has changed materially from time to time, according to intended use, and, in the case of yachts, to measurement rules and improvements in construction. While always much deeper than the sloop, the cutter model was originally very wide, differing little, if any, from the sloop in beam.

In the course of the peculiar evolution which British yachts underwent between 1840 and 1880 under the stimulus of racing and the old tonnage rule, the proportions of the original models were greatly changed, the depth being increased and the beam gradually decreased. Up to about 1870 the principal cutters were of moderate beam and depth, showing a hollow or S section quite similar to the section adopted here in recent years in the new keel boats. The proportion of beam to length ran down very rapidly between 1870 and 1880, as the use of a lead keel became universal, and at the latter date it was but 1 to 5, or 16ft. beam for 80ft. l.w.l., and in the next five years it ran to the extreme point, in Galatea, of nearly six beams, even going as high as seven in the smaller classes.

None of the older and wider cutters ever crossed the Atlantic, and American yachtsmen troubled themselves very little about foreign and presumably inferior models until they were forced to do so by the attacks of the early "cutter cranks," about 1878, and the actual invasion of the sloop's waters by a hostile fleet of British models, either imported or built here from imported designs.

These "typical" cutters, imported about 1880, were all small, and even more extreme in narrow beam and great depth than the larger cutters of the day, and their rig, with its preposterously short lower mast and equally long topmast represented the extreme carrying out of a fashionable fad which was popular in England only for a short time. Considering the interest which these peculiar craft excited among American yachtsmen, and the hot arguments over their merits as compared with the sloop, it most naturally followed that from that time to the present day the word "cutter" has been understood to mean exactly such a yacht as Madge or Clara, ignoring all past or future varieties of the rig and model.

The characteristic features of these cutters were narrow beam, great depth and draft, and corresponding heavy displacement, a flat side, a very straight sheer with high freeboard amidship, a plumb stem, a long counter tapering to a fine edge, a flush deck and no cockpit or cabin trunk, while the bottom of the yacht was carried down in a fair curve into a deep keel of lead, there being no centerboard. Many of these points, though characteristic, were merely secondary, such as the use of a tiller for steering, the absence of a cockpit, the sheer and contour of stem and stern; the essential principles of the cutter, distinguishing it from the sloop, being greater displacement, different proportions of beam and depth, the shaping of the hull into a keel, dispensing with the centerboard, and the use of lead ballast in place of iron, stone or slag, such ballast being placed outside the vessel. It is interesting to note also that the cutter was of much more elaborate and stronger construction than the sloop, and was built from a design on paper made by a professional yacht designer, while the sloop, as a rule, was produced by the builder alone from a half model cut out of wood.

Literally speaking, had the rig of Madge been transferred to Schemer, and *vice versa*, the first would have become a sloop and the latter a cutter; a sort of *reductio ad absurdam* which shows how faulty and inadequate is the dictionary definition according to rig. While the extension of the two terms to cover the model and hull as well as the rig has led to much confusion, it was perhaps the easiest and best method at the time of distinguishing the two rival types.

In our opinion then, the distinction between the cutter and sloop, according to the popular use of these terms, involves certain important principles of rig and hull, accompanied by a still larger number of minor characteristics, and where a question arises of the classing of a particular vessel, it must be decided not on one or two alone, but on a majority of these principles and details. The addition of a lead keel and a double head rig to an old centerboard sloop does not necessarily make her a cutter, nor does the possession of a centerboard, a cockpit, a wheel or a cabin trunk make a vessel a sloop.

Coming now to the heart of the whole discussion, let us look at the earlier Cup defenders, the great Burgess-Paine trio. Taking the sail plan first, that of Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer has nothing in common with the sloop rig of the time, as shown on Gracie, Arrow and Fanny. Not only are the proportions different, but the number and disposition of the sails is directly the opposite of the sloop. It is true that the mainsail is lashed to the boom, the topsails are cut in American fashion, the topmast is shorter than in the small imported cutters, while there are many improvements in minor mechanical details, but in spite of this it needed but a glance at Puritan in company with such typical vessels as the sloop Gracie and the cutter Genesta to show that she was utterly unlike the former and very like the latter.

Now, looking at the hull, the first point which strikes the eye is the beam of the yacht, which is thoroughly American in extent, even wider by several feet than the old cutters. The next feature, however, the form of the topsides, including the sheer, stem and counter, is merely that of the cutter, every characteristic of the sloop's topsides being lacking. Taking next the yacht out of water the broadside view shows a cutter of moderate draft, with a little drag to the keel and a moderate rake to the sternpost, but nothing at all suggestive of the straight keel, square forefoot and plumb sternpost of the sloop, while the greatly increased depth and the positive keel outside the hull, and that of lead, too, all point to the cutter rather than the sloop as the original point of departure from which all alterations have been made.

Coming to the midship section, a marked departure from the compressed beam of the extreme cutter is found, the beam and bilge suggesting the old sloop, but as we go downward into the reversed curve of the floor continued into the deep keel all resemblance to the sloop is lost, the section being really a revival of the old cutter section of the days before the beam was sacrificed to the tonnage rule. On deck and below we look in vain for the cockpit and great cabin trunk of the sloop, but we find the same centerboard trunk and board, still an essential feature of the design in Puritan.

In summing up this inventory of leading features, we find that two, and two only, of the vital ones, are derived from the sloop, the beam and the centerboard; the others are taken from the cutter, improved in some details, the form of the topsides is copied directly from the cutter, the depth, amount of displacement and midship section are each a compromise, but to an extent that was condemned by the theory and practice of the sloop men, but which finds its counterpart in one stage of the cutter's development; while the lead keel was taken bodily from the British. The construction of the early "compromise" was that of the cutter rather than the sloop, and would have been still better had it leaned even more to the former and further from the latter.

Considering not the vessel alone, but the previous training of her designer, his expressed opinions, and the long controversy over points of design which preceded her building, we have always classed Puritan as a centerboard cutter, and have denied the tardy claims of relationship put forward by the sloop men after she had proved a success, and not the failure they confidently predicted. While in no sense a servile copy of British models, and displaying in all parts of her hull and rig the skill and enterprise of her designer and those associated with him, she was essentially a cutter and not a sloop.

Whatever question might be raised over her, there was no possible ground for dispute in the later yachts, Volunteer, with still greater depth, and then the large fleet of Burgess cutters in which the centerboard was entirely discarded. In deference to national prejudices, it has been the custom of most American writers to class all of these later yachts, more particularly the successful ones, such as Pappoose and Gossoon, as "keel sloops"; but, in addition to the fact that all of these yachts possessed the distinguishing characteristics of the cutter, in hull and rig; it is also true that there has never existed in this country a class of typical keel sloops.

Although keel schooners were numerous in American waters, the sloops were almost exclusively centerboard craft, and without the least semblance of an outside keel, even of wood. The *Yacht List* of 1874, out of a total of over 500 yachts, shows but seven keel sloops of any size over 30ft. l.w.l. and only two of these over 40ft. There are in the same list a couple of dozen small keel boats, about 18 to 25ft. l.wl., mostly located about Boston, but in none of our researches have we been able to discover any well defined type of keel sloop in this country prior to the beginning of the cutter agitation and the importation of designs and yachts from England. The few keel boats other than the large schooners existing here were as exceptional as the few centerboard sloops and catboats existing at the same time in England, and it is impossible to group them into any distinct class. The American sloop was a centerboard sloop, the type which first displaced her was the centerboard cutter, and the only distinct type of keel single-sticker which this country has ever known is the cutter, whether of moderate beam like Bedouin, or great beam, like Colonia.

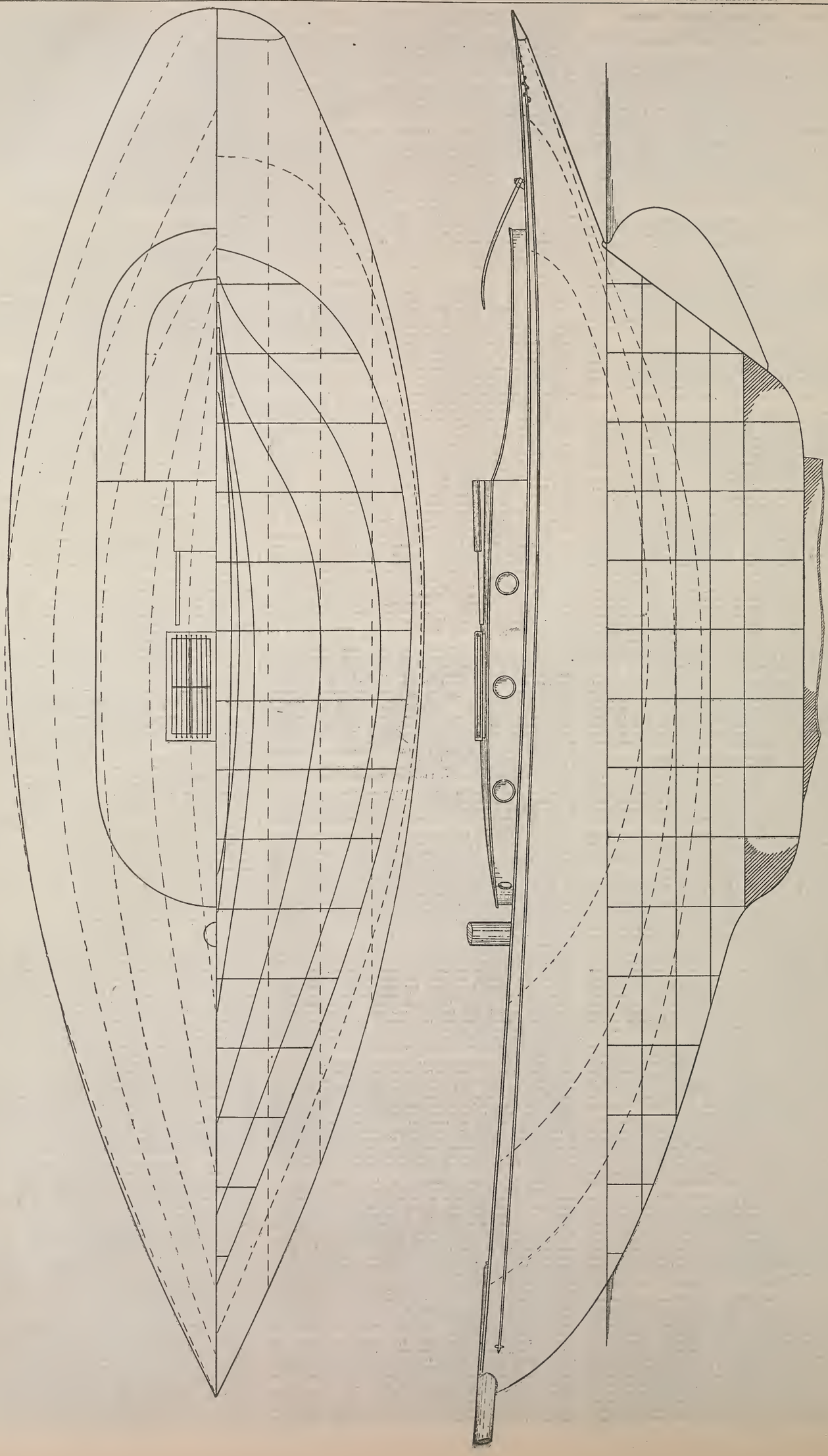
The nearest approach to a native keel sloop was found in Eastern waters nearly fifteen years ago; the vessel, in various sizes from 25 to 35ft. l.w.l., being built substantially on the moulds then used for centerboard yachts, but with a deep outside keel of oak and a sloop rig. While these were really keel sloops, though they violated the most sacred canon of the sloop men in carrying an iron shoe below the oak keel, they were few in number; and with the spread of cutter ideas they soon disappeared, giving place to the imported "Itchen boat" of about the same proportion of beam and draft, but with the conventional cutter rig and a deep body, the midship section showing a fair S curve which merged the hull proper into the wide and deep lead keel.

There have been more important changes in yachting on both sides of the Atlantic within the past ten years than in the previous half century; many and complex causes have been at work—the extreme to which the old Thames rule ran itself, the defeat of the old sloops by the imported cutters, followed by the defeat by the American cutters built to meet them of the larger cutters which challenged for the Cup, the abandonment of many old measurement rules in favor of the length and sail area rule, improvements in construction and ballasting, the use of steel and of composite build.

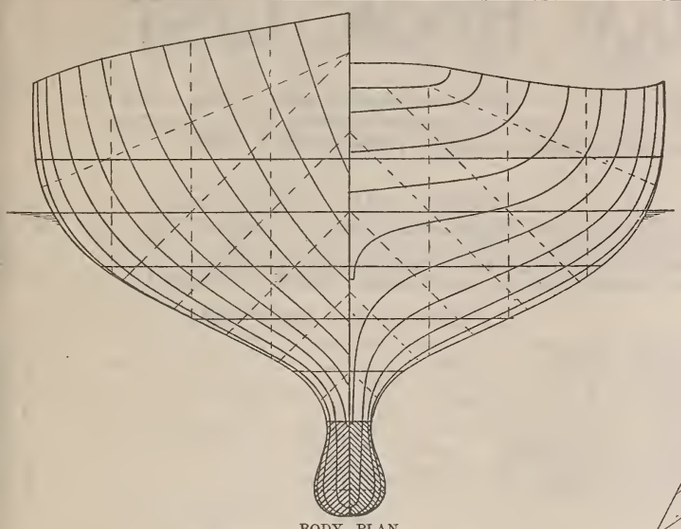
One important result has been the total extinction of the American centerboard sloop, even the existing vessels of that type having been so radically altered that they are no longer recognizable. Another important result has been the widening of the once narrow British cutter to its original proportions, with many changes of secondary details. A third result has been the construction of a new and better pleasure fleet in America, still wide, and in some cases still retaining the centerboard; but based primarily on those principles of safe proportions, low weight and seagoing rig, which from the first have constituted the great superiority of the cutter over the sloop.

If the Burgess boats are, as we contend, properly cutters, it is not necessary to discuss the later Herreshoff craft, they are identical in principle and differ mainly in having even greater draft.

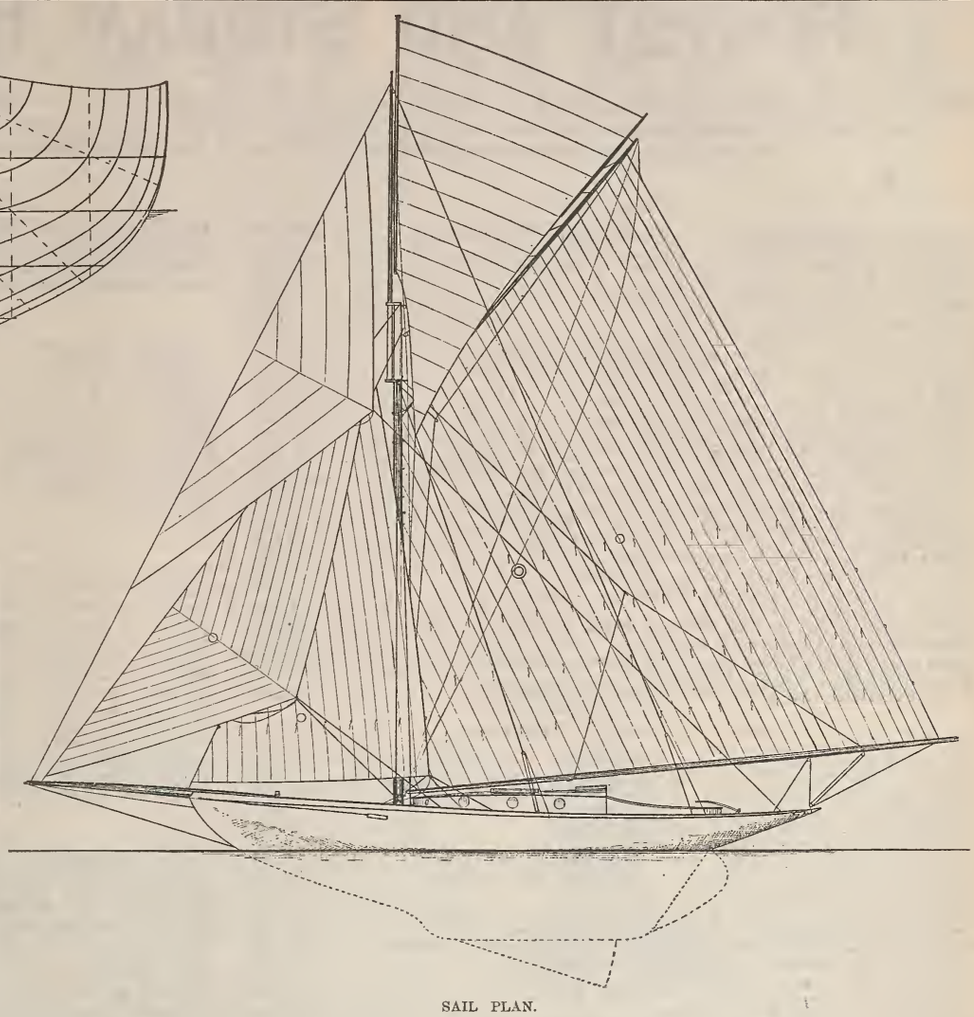
If Gloriana is a sloop in rig or hull, what, then, were Fanita and Vixen, the representatives of the 46ft. class, up to the time that Americans began to adopt the ideas embodied in the cutter? One may search in vain through the history of American yachting for anything in the past suggesting the model or rig of Gloriana, Wasp, Navahoe and Colonia; all that he will find will be in direct opposition to the model, the rig and the ballasting of these yachts. The most marked suggestion of the sloop principles in some years is found in the extreme beam, the high bilge and the live ballast of Vigilant, but the



CENTERBOARD CUTTER "NELLE."—Designed by F. W. Martin for Com. Searles, Racine Y. C., 1893.



BODY PLAN.



SAIL PLAN.

good old sloop men like Capt. Coffin and "Devoted Yachtsman," would turn in their graves at the suggestion of an American sloop with a cutter rig, a lead keel of 70 tons and a draft of 14ft.

We cannot close without an allusion to the very comical argument of the *Marine Journal*, that a cutter is not a cutter because other varieties of boats or vessels are called cutters. This multiplication of meaning in nautical terms is so common that it is understood by all, and no one but a landlubber would be in the least confused or would suppose that Valkyrie was a ship's boat because she was classed as a cutter. If the reasoning of the *Marine Journal* is correct, then a yawl-rigged yacht is a sloop because the term yawl also applies to a ship's boat, and a schooner like Volunteer is also a sloop because the term schooner is commonly applied to a small vessel used for the rapid and comfortable transferrance of beer in bulk. The term "revenue cutter," which has its parallel in "gun sloop" and "sloop of war" is one of those misapplications frequently met with; the early armed sailing cutters were used mainly in chasing the French and Dutch smugglers in the English Channel, and the term was quite naturally transferred in course of time to the steam vessels which replaced the old sailing cutters.

There is nothing in the history of yachting that is more fascinating and instructive than the study of primitive models and rigs, and of their gradual changes, combinations and improvements, with the influences such as measurement rules, local conditions and increased technical knowledge which have produced these changes. If anything is to be learned from such a study, however, it must be conducted from a purely impartial technical standpoint, setting aside all patriotic and political feeling and looking only for established facts, wherever they may be found.

The Centerboard-Cutter Nelle.

THE yacht illustrated in the accompanying drawing was designed by F. W. Martin, of the new Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, of Racine, Wis., for Commodore Jesse Searles, of the Racine Y. C., and is intended for both cruising and racing on Lake Michigan. The draft being limited by local conditions, a large amount of beam has been taken, 12ft. extreme beam on 30ft. l.w.l., giving ample stability and plenty of deck room on each side of the cabin trunk, but at the same time a very fair and easy form has been secured, both in the cross sections and the waterlines. The total overhang is quite moderate, but has been disposed to give a very shapely and pleasing appearance to the topsides, while permitting of a good ending to the diagonals. The keel will be of iron, about 7,000lbs., the centerboard of ¾in. iron plate, working through it, the frames will be of steamed oak, and the planking of 1¼in. cypress, single planked to the waterline and double planked on the topsides; the decks will be of white pine 1¼in. square. The interior will be finished in quartered oak. The depth of the hull allows the centerboard to house under the cabin floor, the after end coming into the cockpit where the hoisting tackle is rigged, leading aft, so that the hauling part is near the main sheet. The tackle will run under the cockpit grating and the chain pipe will take the drainage from the cockpit. The yacht will be commenced at once as soon as the new shop is ready; another similar design has been made by Mr. Martin for a Chicago yachtsman.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, sailed from New York on Nov. 19, on a long cruise to the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and possibly to Ceylon or the East Indies, the cruise to last ten months. On board the yacht are Mr. Vanderbilt and his family and a party of guests.

White Layde, steam yacht, lately under charter to Ogden Goelet, arrived at Cowes from Newport, R. I., on Nov. 14, having sprung her mizen mast, stove her skylights and sustained other damage in a gale on Nov. 9.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Anonymous communications are not replied to by newspapers nowadays.

WANTS A COMPANION.—Erie, Pa., Nov. 21.—I would like, through the medium of your valuable publication, to enter into correspondence with some young man with the object of planning a canoe voyage and fishing trip to be taken next summer.—HARRY N. COLE (223 West 20th street, Erie, Pa.).

C. C. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—What is the proper proportion of shot to use, using 3drs. E. C. powder in a 12-gauge, moderate choke Parker gun? How should it be wadded to produce best pattern and penetration at 40yds. and at 30yds.? Ans. 1⅛oz. Next the powder use one pink-edge, one thick felt, and one thin card. Over the shot use a thin top shot wad. For further information on this subject see Greener's "Breech Loader, and How to Use It." Postpaid $1.

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CHARLES B. REYNOLDS.

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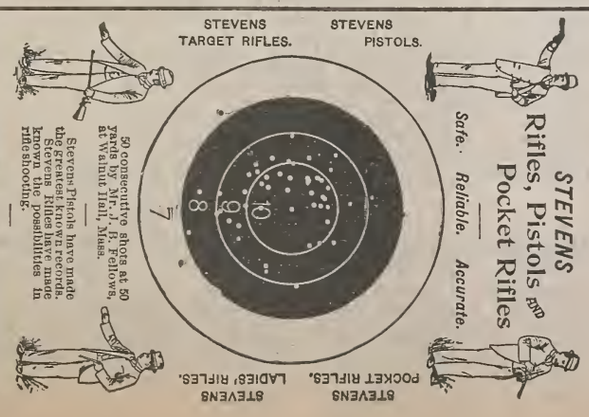

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

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

Christmas Books.

EVERY year just about Christmas time we receive by mail and telegraph many orders for books from persons who have put off until the last moment the purchasing of their holiday gifts. When these customers have finally made up their minds what it is that they want, they wish to have their orders filled at once—by telegraph, if that were possible.

This year we urge those who contemplate sending to us for their Christmas gifts to forward their orders at once, so that they may be sure to receive in time whatever it is that they desire. About Christmas time all business people are pushed to their utmost to fill their orders; the mails and express companies are overwhelmed with parcels; transportation is slower than at other times, and mistakes in the delivery are likely to occur. It will, therefore, be a real advantage to our customers as well as a great help to ourselves if orders can be sent in at once.

To facilitate this, by aiding customers to making a selection, we print in this issue a very full descriptive list of our books covering two pages of FOREST AND STREAM. To this list we refer such of our friends as may contemplate ordering books for the holidays. In it will be found standard works on all forms of out door sports, and at all sorts of prices, so that a selection should not be difficult.

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THE MASSACHUSETTS TROUT LAW.

THE proceedings instituted by Mr. Walter L. Gilbert, of Massachusetts, to test the meaning of the statute forbidding the sale of trout during the close season has just been terminated by a decision adverse to Mr. Gilbert handed down by the Supreme Court.

Mr. Gilbert is engaged in the industry of trout culture. He raises fish for the market and has long been contending for the privilege of marketing them in the close season. He was the author and promoter of a bill in the Legislature to permit the sale of artificially reared trout at times when wild trout might not be taken. The bill was defeated, its opponents contending, and rightly, that thus to open the market for domestic trout would result in the capture and sale of wild trout.

Then, throwing consistency to the winds, Mr. Gilbert claimed that the law already existing gave him the very privilege which he had been endeavoring to secure by the proposed new law. He contended that the statute forbidding the sale of trout in close time was intended to apply only to wild trout; and that in despite of it he might lawfully sell his cultivated fish. To test the case he sold one of his own trout in the close time, and induced a friend to lodge complaint and institute a prosecution. The lower courts decided against him and he appealed to the Supreme Court, which (in the opinion printed in full in our angling columns) declares that artificially bred fish are not exempt from the provisions of the statute. The court further holds that such a law is constitutional, even though "owners of property may thereby to some extent be restricted in its use," for "it has often been declared that all property is acquired and held under the tacit condition that it shall not be so used as to destroy or greatly impair the public rights and interests of the community."

This outcome of Mr. Gilbert's putting the statute to the test is just what we predicted it would be. There is a vast deal more of bed-rock constitutionality in the fish and game laws than many lay critcis give them credit for; and the more clearly the principles of protective legislation are comprehended, so much the more reasonable and constitutional do the statutes reveal themselves to be.

We have never fully shared the ferocious opinion that Mr. Gilbert should be drawn and quartered for his assault upon the trout law. We are quite ready to believe that he has been engaged in an honest fight for what he thought to be his individual rights. Now that the courts have found against him, and that his efforts have resulted only in demonstrating the impregnability of the statute he was contesting, we trust that he may still find abundant reward for his commendable enterprise as a trout culturist, with the opportunities afforded him under the law as it stands.

AN APPEAL FROM "PISECO."

THE story was told the other day of the experience of "Piseco" (Capt. L. A. Beardslee, of the Navy) and his command in the terrible storm which swept the Sea Islands last August; and some account was given of the devastation then wrought, and of the suffering which followed. But the half has not been told, nor can it be told, of the desperate condition of the survivors. The storm destroyed everything—houses, clothing, food, crops. The people, some thirty thousand of them, were left absolutely destitute of the means of subsistence, without even the opportunity of working to earn food. All that now stands between them and death by starvation, cold and disease, is the supply of rations, clothing and medicine contributed from outside and issued to them under the direction of the Red Cross.

By virtue of his position as commandant of the Naval Station on Paris Island, Capt. Beardslee has had thrust upon him the responsibility of caring for the hundreds of helpless people on the island, and, assisted by Mrs. Beardslee, he has been acting as Miss Barton's agent on the island. For months Capt. and Mrs. Beardslee have been surrounded by this misery and distress, to the mitigation of which their daily thought and endeavor have been devoted. To bear up under this constant strain, we may well believe, has called for fortitude in an unusual degree.

With the coming of cold weather the condition of the storm sufferers is more desperate than before. The demand for succor should be answered more promptly and more generously than ever before.

Because of the pleasant, and in a way intimate, relation which "Piseco," as a contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, has so long enjoyed with its readers, and because we honor him for the noble work he is doing and for the lofty spirit which animates him in that work, we second his appeal in behalf of the storm sufferers of the Sea Islands.

"Thus it stands," he writes. "There are 30,000 American citizens who must be almost entirely supported by charity until they can get a spring crop in April or May. Unless they are furnished with food they will starve; with bedding, they will die from exposure; with medicines, they will perish of fever. Everything not perishable is needed, especially money to buy lumber, nails, brick and hardware to rebuild the houses; cast-off and warm clothing, cooking utensils, pans, pots, spoons, &c. Most of the express companies send free all articles directed to

MISS CLARA BARTON,
President Red Cross Association,
For Storm Sufferers, Beaufort, S. C.

Articles sent to the Clyde S. S. Co., Pier 29, East River, New York, then to care of James E. Edgarton, Agent, will be forwarded to Beaufort free.

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA.

THE World's Fair medal, which is to come to FOREST AND STREAM one of these days, will be of bronze and in diameter a half-inch more than the width of this column. The design has been submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury by Aug. St. Gaudens and the medals will be ready for delivery in about six months. The obverse side bears a figure of Columbia, which in this particular instance is typical of the character of the FOREST AND STREAM as a national journal—national in scope, in sympathy, in influence, in warm support. On the reverse will be a figure of Youth, which on our individual medal will signify that the prize-winning sportsmen's journal of America will never lose the buoyancy, the vigor, the enthusiasm, the sprightliness and the joyance of the youthful spirit.

The diplomas will be ready with the medals. Mr. John Boyd Thatcher announces that the matter to be placed on each diploma will be limited to 300 words. Now does any one dream that it will be possible to put into 300 words all that ought to be said about the FOREST AND STREAM'S exhibit at Chicago?

THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

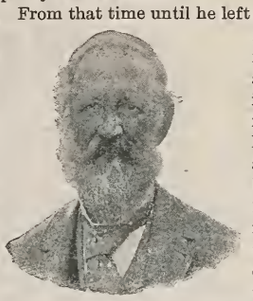
THIS ISSUE contains thirty-six pages, provision thus being made for the prompt giving of our annual list of all the field trial winners of the year.

SOME FOREST AND STREAM CONTRIBUTORS.—I.

COL. SAMUEL WEBBER—"VON W."

NO ONE who should have seen "Von W." in mature life, standing over 6ft. 2in. in his stockings, would have supposed that he was such a puny infant that his grandmother made a standing joke of having put him in the coffee-pot when a baby (in 1823); but it was, perhaps, due to that very delicacy in infancy that he owed the robustness of later years.

His father, an old physician, devoted as much care to his physical development as to his mental education, and he was brought up, like most country boys, to groom and drive the horses, take care of the cows and pigs, hoe corn and potatoes, and saw and chop wood, and encouraged to frequent holidays in the woods and fields. Like Christopher North, he became a fisherman as soon as he was breeched, and at twelve years old was the possessor of an old-fashioned French flint-lock fowling piece and was a pretty fair rifle shot.



From that time until he left home at seventeen to get a mechanical education in the mills and shops at Lowell, all his holidays were spent in the woods, and if neither fish nor game were in season he collected wild flowers and rare plants. In those boyhood days, from 1836 to 1841, the hills of the Connecticut Valley were clothed with a heavy old growth of oak, beech and chestnut, the abode of numerous gray squirrels, and it was no uncommon thing to get half a dozen before breakfast any good autumn morning. But the advent of the railroads in New Hampshire has stripped the hills of those trees, and gray squirrels are usually scarce, though "Von W." reported an unusual invasion of them last year. This was the favorite game of his early years and gave him skill with the rifle as well as with the shotgun. Ruffed grouse were always more accessible in the old woods than in the present sprout lands which have taken their place, though there are possibly more birds now than then. But as yet sporting dogs were almost unknown in the country towns; wing shooting was a hidden art, and "Von W." says he never claimed to be anything more than a fair shot on the wing, though he often took a squirrel on the jump.

His especial weakness was trout fishing, and he had the reputation among his townsmen of being able "to catch trout out of a stone wall," and in fact, some of the mountain brooks were little else in late summer.

During the first half-dozen years of his mill life his annual "fortnight's vacation" was always obtained in June and spent on the trout brooks of New Hampshire and Vermont, and in later life, when more deeply engaged in business, he always found time to slip off once in a while, for a day or even a half day, to some neighboring stream or old nook known as a haunt of ruffed grouse or gray squirrels, or perhaps to a woodcock cover, and by the active exercise in the open air keep himself in good fighting physical condition. Always very fond also of equestrian exercise, he spent many hours every year in the saddle, until he met an injury received from a fall due to the breaking of the transom bolt of a wagon in 1861 while driving in the rain to inspect a camp ground for use by the battery of artillery, which he had raised, as well as two of the New Hampshire regiments. This mishap disqualified him for service in the field, as well as for future saddle exercise. It, however, in no way interfered with his pedestrian powers, and since 1871 when he gave up "mill life" and devoted himself to the practice of his profession as a hydraulic engineer, he has been able to devote many odd days to the trout, as well as some to the birds and squirrels, and when in 1876 he was appointed chairman of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission, he visited many of the waters of the State with the view of stocking them.

In connection with his colleague, the late A. H. Powers, Col. Webber introduced the "winninish," or landlocked salmon, into New Hampshire, and built the first State hatching house at Livermore Falls, in 1877. He also planned and superintended the erection of the fishway over the Amoskeag Falls, at Manchester, N. H., one of the most successful ones ever built.

A year in '50–51 was spent in Europe, where he served

as one of the jurors on machinery, at the original "Crystal Palace" in Hyde Park, and after his return he arranged the interior of the one on Reservoir Square in New York, afterward destroyed by fire. He was one of the judges at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, serving on four groups; judge at Atlanta in 1880, and laid out Machinery Hall in New Orleans in 1884, and arranged the engines and shafting. The title of Colonel, by which "Von W." is commonly known, was earned by service as aide-de-camp to the Governor of New Hampshire in '61-2-3, in charge of camp grounds for new regiments.

A subscriber in early life to the old *Spirit of the Times*, "Von W." was well acquainted with many of the "Spirit Crowd," Wm. T. Porter, "Frank Forester," Phil Anthon, *cum multis aliis*, of the old sporting writers. His professional duties have carried him into every State in the Union east of the Mississippi, and he has been over most of the country from Nova Scotia to New Orleans, though his fishing and shooting have been confined to New England, taking in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, with whose waters he is pretty familiar.

Though fast approaching the allotted period of three score and ten, "Von W.'s" love for the woods and the waters, the fields and the flowers, and "all that dwell therein" are undiminished, and though he can not discern the sights of a rifle as well as of yore, he can still cast a fly or wield a paddle, though he prefers a mountain stream to the cramped confinement of a boat or canoe.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XVI.

Going Fishing.

AT an early hour the two anglers were behind the woodshed, Pelatiah turning the moist soil, dotted with green tufts of young motherwort and catnip, while Uncle Lisha stooped before him, turning the clods with his fingers and picking up the lusty worms as they were disclosed.

"The 's sati'faction in fishin' from the fust start," he said as he dropped a worm into the battered teapot between his feet. "More 'n there is in huntin'. You don't see nothin' afore you when you're puttin' paowder int' your horn an' shot int' your bag. But when you grab holt of a worm's head an' feel him a lettin' go of the airth slow an' reluctan', you c'n eenamost feel a traout snatchin' at him. An' there bein' worms goes to show the' must be fish, bein' that they was made for one 'nother. There, Peltier, I b'lieve we've got 'nough," and he arose, straightening his spine with the backs of both grimy hands which he then brushed on his trousers, and the two set forth.

A dappled sky, filtering soft streams of sunshine, and a constant waft of south wind invited them; the long whistle of meadowlarks called them, and a highhole on a dry stub drummed a rapid, ringing roll to accelerate their steps.

Presently they came to a thicket that bordered the brook, where gray stumps of departed trees stood half disclosed among the misty ramage of saplings and the dark pyramids of young evergreens, and where yellow beds of adder tongue mimicked sunlight, while spears of bloodroot pierced their own green shields and the first moose flowers splashed the shadows with their white blossoms.

As they entered it a partridge uttered a note of alarm and went hurtling away out of a flurry of dead leaves, and a woodchuck smothered his own querulous whistle as he retreated into his newly opened hole.

Uncle Lisha, feeling in his pocket for his knife, slowly searched for a proper rod.

"An' the's consid'able enj'yment gittin' a pole," he continued, as if his discourse had suffered no interruption. "You don't wanter be tu fast, er you'll be lierble tu run awoy f'm good uns an' git desput an' take up wi' a mean un, jest as lots o' folks du in this world, 'goin' through the woods an' takin' up wi' a crooked stick,' at last. Then agin, you don't want tu be tew slow an' perticlar er you won't never git tu fishin'. An' arter all there will be disapp'intments, Peltier," he went on, bending down a sapling and slashing it from the stump. "You pick you aout one 'at looks all right, but when you come to trim it, it's crookeder 'an a snarled waxed eend, erless it's top-heavy, er suthin', an' that's the way o' the world agin. But you don't want tu give up fer that, an' say the' haint no decent gals—fishpoles, I mean, an' say you'll be dumned if you try tu go a-fishin', fer the's just as good fishpoles stan'in' as ever was cut, an' the's lots o' fun waitin' for you, tu git your sheer."

"When you've got a holt o' the best lookin' one the' is an' it turns out tu be brittler'n dry popple, what's the use o' tryin' to pick aout another?" Pelatiah asked as he carelessly trimmed a young birch.

"It wan't nothin' but dry popple an' you misjudged," Uncle Lisha answered as he neatly trimmed the branches and knots from his pole, "an' you wanter try agin, not seddaown an' mump."

He put the finishing touches to his work, snapped his knife shut against his hip and began to tie on his line.

"I don' cal'late the' 's as much fun gittin' ready for huntin' as the' is fishin'. You buy your gun er borry it an' you do' know what it's goin' t' du, maybe kick you like all possess' an' kill nothin'. If it's one you've hed you know all abaout it, an' haint no expectations one way ner t'other. An' you don' make it er fin' it, o'ny feed it so much paowder an' tow an' shot. I don' cal'late these fellers 'at has 'em a j'inted pole, wi' a leetle brass windlass on 't, gits half the enjyment we du. They must feel allers afeered o' breakin' on 'em er suthin' an' they must feel almighty mean to be a foolin' fish wi' them feather contraptions. Fishes' feelin's orter be considered some. We give 'em the chance o' gettin' suthin' good. They offer 'em nothin' more 'n dry hus's. But le's we git tu fishin'."

The trout were as plenty and as hungry as they had been the day before and gave these simple anglers all the sport they desired, wherein, if no fine art of the craft was exercised, much good judgment and knowledge of the habits of the shy trout were displayed.

Making their slow way down the stream, they crept stealthily up to every promising place, taking here a wary old trout from his log-roofed stronghold or root-netted hiding place, and there, three or four from beneath a circling raft of foam bells that slowly wheeled and undulated at the foot of a tiny waterfall, reinforced with new bubbles as others burst and keeping ever the same.

They came to an alder-arched bit of water that looked promising, but there was no chance to make a cast. Uncle Lisha hunted the bank for a chip, which being found, he coiled his line upon it and set it afloat. It went tossing and whirling down stream among the shadows and the sparkle of rapids, uncoiling the line as it went, till it was all out and the baited hook was drawn overboard, and with a wavering plunge went out of sight.

There was a sharp tug, responded to by a too vigorous strike, and a fine trout came flying out of the water with a long, upward curve that hung him on an alder bush 6ft. above the brook.

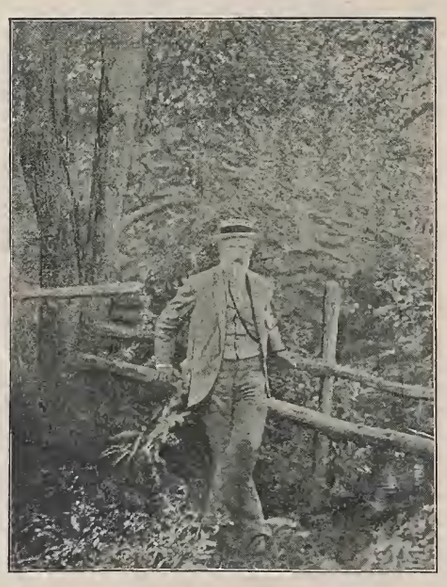
Uncle Lisha waded down stream to secure him, beginning to discourse again as he splashed cautiously along the slippery bottom.

"As I was sayin', I cal'late fishin' is better'n huntin' most any way you take it. You're more sartain o' gittin' suthin' as a gin'l thing, an' ef you don't you don't feel no wuss ner nigh so tired. An' what you git, you git, an' what you waound, goes off an' gits well, stiddy a-lingerin' an' suff'rin' an' dyin' mis'able. Then agin—"

He was reaching up for the dangling fish, rising on his toes, "it's soothiner," both feet slipped, and with a great splash he sat down, half damming the current that swirled and gurgled about his hips.

"Yes," he reiterated stoutly as Pelatiah helped him to arise and regain the bank, "It's soothiner, but I won't say I like it quite so dumbed soothin'. But I don't keer a darn, I've got the fish."

His clothes were rung out and they fared forward, the



A SNAP-SHOT ON "VON W."

old man still enjoying the sport while his trousers slowly dried in the genial air.

The brook babbled its endless story to them. From distant meadows came the songs of meadowlarks, the cackle of flickers and the long wail of a plover. On the soft breath of the south wind were wafted past them in wavering flight the first butterflies, purposeless of aught but mere enjoyment.

"It's soothiner," he repeated, "on accaount o' hunting bein' excitiner. You git more time tu sit an' think abaout nothin' an' look araound an' listen an' git tu feelin' peaceable, when the luck haint tu almighty bad. But that don't make a feller so grumpy an' rantakerous as onlucky huntin'. When I ben a humpin' over ol' boots and shoes till I do' know myself by smell or feelin' f'm a side o' so' luther, the' haint nothin' 'at fetches me tu myself agin like goin' a-fishin'. I'd livser git a mess 'an tu not, feelin' better carryin' hum a respectible string an' hevin' more pluck tu go agin female opposition nex' time the fit takes me, but if I don't git enough tu raise a smell in the pan, I've hed me my fishin'. I've seen the brook an' heard it a-talkin' tu itself an' mebby to me, I do' know, an' like 'nough seen some odd capers o' birds er animals an' got the kinks aouten my joints an' so don't caount I've lost the day.

"Ssh-h. See that pleggid mink."

He pointed out the lithe, alert dusky form poised on the verge of a brookside boulder, intently scanning the eddying current beneath, and the two watched him make a noiseless arrowy plunge, and emerge with his writhing prey and bear it into the net-barred fastnesses of the bank.

"An' he's a hevin' his leetle fishin' tu, which I don't begretch it tu him, seein' he does it so slick an' handy."

"An' naow, Peltier, I guess we might as well call it we've got enough. We might git more but we do' wanter be hawgs. You've got a string o' fish 'at ought tu make a man happy an' contented an' fergit lots o' trouble, an' I hope it does, better'n all Hamner's pizen, which it's hopesin' you've forsook. Naow, whenever you git daown-hearted go a-fishin'. You'd a leetle druther hev it a good day, but go anyway if you can't make the weather an' you're feelin' starve."

So they took their way homeward in the gathering twilight, with the vibrant purr of the toads ringing all about them, and now and then a startled bird scurrying out of the dead grass before them.

"See the pooty pooties, bubby," said Uncle Lisha, dangling his string of fish before the delighted eyes and reaching hands of Sam's baby. "No, couldn't hev 'em naow, bubby, but when he gets big an' wears trouses he shell go 'long wi' Uncle Lisher an' ketch snags on 'em, an' mammy'll cook 'em an' tell us tu go ag'in.'

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

OUR FORESTS AND STREAMS.

Their Destruction and Necessary Preservation.

NEXT to and co-equal with food, wood and water are the first necessities of life, whether savage or civilized; nor can any food except fruit, be properly fitted for the use of man, without the aid of both. The explorer, the emigrant, the miner, and the sportsman, all seek for them at the end of the day, as essential needs for the shelter and rest of the night, and the classes to which I have referred, are all well aware how essential to each other are these two great factors of existence.

The wood will not grow without the water, nor can the water be so retained and preserved as to yield its full share of blessings to man without the aid of the woods to protect the soil from the burning rays of the sun, and check the consequent evaporation in the heats of summer, while the annual fall of the leaves in autumn, aided by the mosses which have grown up under the shade, retain the water of the winter's snows, when melted by the coming spring, and yield them gently and slowly to the streams, through thousands of hidden channels, to find their way in due time to the sea, whence drawn up by the sun, they return to the earth in rain, and perform their annual and ceaseless round of beneficence.

This is no new topic, and my words may seem hackneyed and tiresome, but the questions of forest preservation and water supply form one of the greatest engineering problems of the immediate future, and I write them as one, because they are so intimately and inseparably connected that it is impossible to divide them, and because the water supply of New England, to speak of my own knowledge, is already being perceptibly diminished by the destruction of her forests.

I am writing from a quiet country village on the banks of the Connecticut River, where I was born many years ago, and to which I have returned within a few years, after a busy life, mostly spent among the great water-powers which have grown up on our sister river of New Hampshire, the Merrimac, having commenced my apprenticeship to mechanics and engineering in the then new city of Lowell 52 years ago, and having seen the first waterwheel put in motion in what is now the busy city of Lawrence. I have seen these cities grow up until the water power which brought them into existence was utilized to its full original capacity, and seen dams raised, new canals dug and extra "flowage rights" purchased, the channels from Winnesquam and Winnepesaukee deepened, and every possible means employed and precaution taken to save the greatest quantity of the annual spring surplus of nature's precious fluid, and steam engines added to keep the mills in steady operation during the year, until the amount of steam power in Lowell equals, if it does not exceed, the full provisions for water, and doubles of itself the full scheme of the original projectors.

After six years at Lowell and five years at Lawrence I spent four years on the Chicopee River, at Springfield, Mass., and then returned to the Merrimac, at Manchester, N. H., where beside some interregnums, I resided for 16 years. All this time I have seen the rivers shrink to lower and lower levels in the summer droughts, as the forests were gradually destroyed around their sources in the White Mountain region, and the spring freshets become more destructive to roads and bridges and arable land along the meadows on their banks, and the steam engines called into more constant use, until it is a question asked by many people, although I must say I do not agree with them—Is water power worth having?

It was not, however, my recollections of my experiences among the waterpowers, which have prompted this article. It was the sight of a couple of loads of huge oak logs, which I saw yesterday morning, on their way to a sawmill just behind my residence. This mill was built some thirty or more years ago, for a boot and shoe factory, and was for some years quite successful, but the death of one of the partners in the business, and the greater economy of manufacture in the region of southern New Hampshire and eastern Massachusetts, where the business has concentrated, rendering an isolated factory unprofitable, caused the abandonment of the enterprise, and a larger steam engine was put into the building, and its purposes diverted to stripping the neighboring hills of their remaining forests.

The manufacture of pargetized kerosene cans, made of sapling pine, and saturated with glue, was carried on for some years, but was finally taken to another town, where cheaper rents and a more abundant supply of second-growth pine was offered, and for three or four years past the shop has been employed in getting out chair stock, which is sawed out here in the rough and sent down into Massachusetts to some of the large furniture factories, to be put together and finished. A word or two will describe the situation. This is no new village just started in the edge of the woods; it was settled nearly 150 years ago, and was a frontier fort in the time of the old French War, and an important shire-town at the beginning of the century, and claimed among its inhabitants some of the most prominent lawyers in the State, and had at one time 1,800 population, now shrunk to barely 1,600.

It stands on a gravelly terrace about 100ft. above the beautiful meadows, or "intervale," as it used to be called, of the Connecticut, just about midway between its sources and its mouth. These meadows are here about a mile wide, and are inclosed by parallel ranges of hills in New Hampshire and Vermont rising from 35 to 500ft. above the river in the first ranges, which are backed by successively higher elevations, until they reach the Green Mountains on the one side and the backbone of New Hampshire on the other. This gravelly terrace, jutting out from the eastern hills, was probably once the bed of an old glacial lake, the ice and the waters being held back by the bold rocky cliffs which close in on the river at Bellows Falls, eight miles below. It is permeated with veins of bog-iron sand, which render the water derived from wells somewhat unpalatable for drinking, being decidedly chalybeate, and entirely unsuitable for laundry purposes, and the consequence is that the main supply of water for the village has for many years been derived from copious

springs which broke out all along the base of the eastern hills, and here, at last, we come to the point of my story. For years past the supply of water from these springs has been becoming more and more uncertain as the hills were stripped of their clothing of wood, and the difficulty became serious last year, in the late summer of 1893. This was followed by a very cold January this year, 1893, with but little snow, and the consequence was that nearly all the lead pipes from the springs froze up and burst, giving the village plumber all the business he could attend to for many weeks this spring, and freezing all the small brooks up solid, and destroying all the trout, for which this section was once famed.

Although occasional showers have kept the surface of the ground in a moister condition this year, so that agriculture has not been materially interfered with, yet there has not been rain enough to fill the springs, and many families are to-day suffering from want of their accustomed supply of water.

This may seem trivial, but the greatest results are brought about from an accumulation of small causes, and there are probably hundreds of New England villages that can tell the same story of the extinction or diminution of their water supply, due to the destruction of the forests.

"Many a little makes a mickle," as the old Scotch proverb says, and these notes of the effects of forest destruction in one New Hampshire village, multiplied by the number of instances to which it is equally applicable, show the serious dangers which threaten our water supply.

There is still another point of importance to New Hampshire which at first sight might be sneered at by the "Gradgrind" school of political economists, and that is the value of the forests to the State as an attraction to summer visitors.

Independent of the great beauty they add to the scenery, and the welcome shade they offer in the heats of summer to the mountain climber and the glen explorer, they keep the streams full and supply the lover of field sports with that most delightful of all recreations, trout fishing, which is one of the great attractions to the hosts of visitors to the White Mountains, who on a conservative estimate are said to leave in the State $5,000,000 annually.

To return to my observation of facts as a practical and pertinent illustration. Up to the time of opening the Connecticut River system of railroads, up this valley in 1847-9, the ranges of hills on either side the river were practically heavily clothed with hard wood timber, maple, oak, beech, birch and chestnut, with a few remaining pines and hemlocks.

The great bulk of the pine timber had been cleared years before, though I well remember, when a small boy, more than sixty years ago, being taken by my father to see the bonfires one evening, where they were burning the pine logs in piles, where they were cut to clear a small piece of land near the village. There were a few old Norway pines left on top of the Vermont ridge, and some small lots of white pines belonging to old estates. The Norways have long since gone, and all the white pines except a few which served to mark the boundary lines, or grew on ledges or ridges inaccessible to any mode of conveyances. The straight oaks and chestnuts were converted into railway sleepers and ties as fast as possible, and the tops and branches used for fuel for the engines. Luckily for the lovers of the forests, coal is now cheaper than wood, and the roads all burn that for fuel instead, and it is rapidly coming into use for all domestic purposes, for which, on the basis that one ton of coal is equal to two cords of wood, it is cheaper.

The destruction of the old chestnuts and oaks has exterminated the gray squirrels, of which my gun furnished many a good family dinner fifty years ago, and the trout brooks, from which my rod secured many a Sunday's breakfast in spring and early summer, are deserted forever by their spotted denizens, who have either been boiled or frozen.

A dozen or more years ago when, as a member of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission, I was examining the waters of the State with a view of restocking them, and particularly of restoring the salmon to the Merrimac and Connecticut rivers, in both of which they were once abundant, I met my old friend, the late Hon. Geo. G. Fogg, who had returned from serving his country as Minister to Switzerland, and he said to me that "our labors would be useless unless we began at the other end and restored the forests first."

He had seen in the course of his residence abroad the damages which had been caused in years past by the mountain torrents in the spring in both Switzerland and Germany, and studied the forestry laws which those nations have adopted to compel the land owners to cut only full grown trees, and forbidding them to strip the hillsides entirely of all the wood, great and small. As the result of such observation he made the remark above quoted, and the correctness of it has been proved by the fact that several brooks, which I have since then restocked in the Connecticut River Valley, have been again stripped of their trout by the dry summers, and the result of my labors entirely destroyed.

Thus, as I have said, from minor and trivial facts as illustrations, I have drawn up to my point of the importance of the preservation of our forests as the conservators themselves of our water supply.

Either by State or national legislation the cutting of "natural growth" timber less than 12in. diameter at a height of 3ft. above the ground should be forbidden, and by this I intend to exempt all artificial plantations, such as may be grown for use as "hoop, hop or bean poles," and should also compel the removal from the forests of all the refuse of tops and branches as well as of the merchantable timber instead of leaving it on the ground to be kindled by a spark from the fire or pipe of some careless sportsman or heedless boy and thus destroy miles of forest to no purpose. It may be said that the State has no right to interfere with private property, to which I reply that the health and welfare of the whole people are always considered as superior and paramount to the pecuniary rights of individuals, and that the same law of eminent domain which is exercised in laying out railways and determining many public rights is equally applicable to prevent the undue destruction of the forests, when it can be shown that such destruction is far-reaching and harmful in itself.

The State of New Hampshire foolishly sold all its "wild lands," about the heads of its principal rivers, "for a mere song," to lumber speculators twenty-five years ago, but many of the other States yet own such lands in their own right, and with them as with the National Government, there is no difficulty in enacting the necessary laws, while as above stated, it seems to me that the application of the laws of eminent domain will permit all the States to accomplish the same purpose of forest preservation. It is often said that there are more acres growing up to wood in New England than are being cleared, but I am skeptical as to the truth of the statement, for I know that from the highest hill-top in town I cannot see half the woodland which was visible in my young days, and where a tree had to be climbed then, after reaching the summit, to get a view there is now a barren quartz rock with a few blueberry bushes growing up round it, whereas the eye has a clear sweep of from twenty to forty miles in every direction.

Should this process of devastation continue, as it has within my recollection, the hills of New Hampshire will in time be left as bare as those of Spain or Judea, which tax both faith and imagination, to conceive of as ever having been the promised Canaan, "flowing with milk and honey."

So much for prevention; let us now look at another side of the question, greater economy in the use of wood, and the substitution of other material for various purposes. I spoke of the loads of "oak logs," coming into the mill, to be cut up into "chair stock." Surely here is a chance for the mechanic and metallurgist to devise chairs and tables of brass or steel tubing, as well as bedsteads, which latter can be seen any day in New York, near Union Square, imported from Birmingham, and sold if my memory serves me, for $20, as light, neat, clean and affording no harbor for noxious insects.

Another great object to be attained is a metallic railway tie or sleeper, to which purpose thousands—I know not how many—cords of wood are devoted annually. European engineers are experimenting on this matter, and it is high time we were attending to it ourselves. There are so many purposes for which wood is indispensable that we must use every effort to preserve it for them.

Another great cause of forest destruction is the manufacture of wood pulp for paper, and here nature offers a multitude of substitutes, many of them even better fitted for the purpose than wood, although at present the first cost may not be so low. The dry stalks of flax, where it has been raised only for the seed, all the plants of the nettle tribe, all the milkweeds, the stalks of the cotton plant, are all valuable paper materials, and I see in a paper before me to-day that some establishment in Kansas has succeeded in making paper from sunflower stalks! There are surely annual vegetables enough which can be grown in sufficient abundance to furnish materials for paper stock, without destroying the forests which preserve the other great necessary for its manufacture, the water!

Then again, like the inhabitants of all older countries, we must have more brick and stone houses to live in, instead of contenting ourselves with "shingle palaces." The extra first cost will in time be saved in insurance. Our ancestors found the New World an unbroken forest, and hewed their way into it with axe and saw in the best practicable manner. Their descendants, following the methods which were a necessity then, but are an extravagance now, bid fair to leave it a desert, like the Old World countries of which I have spoken already, and it behooves every one who is able, by voice or pen, to warn his countrymen in time of the dangers which may follow if the laws of Nature are heedlessly broken. SAM. WEBBER.

Natural History.

WHAT IS A SALAMANDER?

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

All sorts of opinions in history, both past and present, have been entertained as to what the nature of a salamander is. Aristotle, who wrote when science was comparatively in its infancy, believed that there were some animals so constituted that they were incombustible. In proof of this he cited the salamander, which "when it walks through fire, extinguishes it." Ælian, too, evidently believed this to be the case, and although he is careful to state that salamanders are not born of fire, nor is that their natural habitat; yet when the bellows of the forger fail to quicken the flame on his forge, there is a salamander near, and the only remedy is to find and destroy it. Pliny, another sage of early time, firmly declared that the saliva of a salamander applied to any part of the body whatever would cause the hair to fall out; consequently we find Dioscorides referring to prepared salamander oil to be used as a depilatory. According to Pliny, too, the salamander was of cold complexion, and had the power of emitting a cold, venom-like aconite, but of such a virulent nature that it poisoned the wood of trees over which the animal crept, and bread baked with such timber would kill whoever ate of it. What was mythical and fabulous in the writings of the early authors, passed down with mediæval history as actual beliefs—beliefs strongly impregnated with similar absurdities. This is seen in that remarkable work of the time, the Physiologus, which still taught that a salamander could quench fire. But the Arabic Physiologus taught that it was a stone that possessed that property. Later, asbestos proved to be the stone in question, asbestos was the salamander of Marco Polo, and a kind of incombustible cloth was manufactured from its fibres. Thus the Arabs, who knew not whether a salamander was beast or bird, and in some way mixed it up with the Phœnix, came to believe that asbestos cloth was made either from the feathers or else the hair of a salamander. So Bacon and some other writers of his time called asbestos salamander's wool. Cabalistic moderns refer to the spirits of fire as the salamanders of that element, and it is by no means uncommon even to-day to find people in plenty who still have the salamander myth in their minds, and will innocently ask if such a creature does not really exist, and possess the power to pass unharmed through an ordinary fire, quickly. I know a captain in our army whom I never could convince that those spiny-coated lizards of the west, popularly known as "horned toads," were not "some kind of a salamander, or a crustacean, that could pass unharmed through the flames of a camp-fire." And another officer of the same regiment, more open to conviction, had his mind disabused by me of the belief it had, that larval salamanders and the famous "Gila monster" were one and the same animal, and that their "breath was poisonous," and would cause certain death to the person who unfortunately happened to breathe it.

In Europe, from the very earliest times down to the present day, all the tail-bearing amphibia were considered by nearly everybody to be salamanders, and consequently popularly associated with the mythical creatures so named by the ancient and mediæval writers.

Over a century and a quarter ago or in 1768, a naturalist by the name of Laurenti designated a genus of vertebrated animals of the Class Amphibia, as the genus *Salamandra*, and to this genus biologists now restrict all the typical forms known to us as salamanders. They are most interesting creatures to study, and it is hardly necessary to add, that they are not possessed of any of the remarkable powers which the writers of the middle ages, and both before and since, would have us believe.

For the reader to fix the position held by the salamanders in the natural system, he must know that the great group we designate as the Amphibia, is primarily divided into four other chief divisions, these being known as the Urodela, the Anura, the Peromela, and the Labyrinthodonta—the last being all extinct and are known to us only through their fossil remains. In the third mentioned we classify the peculiar little worm-like or snake-like creatures of which the *Cœcilia* is an example, but their natural history cannot occupy our space here. Anura include a perfect host of animals—the tailless batrachians—of which frogs, toads, and their kind are prominent examples. Lastly we have the *Urodela*, a group created to contain such remarkable and diverse forms as the Siren, the Proteus, the Amphiuma or "Congo snake" of the Southern States, the Menopoma, and then a subgroup of the Urodela—the *Salamandrida*, and it is the first subdivision of this—the Mecodonta that contains, among numerous other genera, the genus *Salamandra*.

Salamanders are found distributed very generally over nearly the whole of Europe, especially the central and southern parts, and they occur also in Syria and in Algiers. Great Britain, or the British Isles, lack them entirely, nor are the salamanders found in the fauna of the United States. These truly harmless little creatures secrete themselves under the debris of the forest in damp and shady localities, where they feed upon numerous kinds of insects and worms. They are viviparous, the thirty or forty eggs of the female parent developing in the oviducts at one time, and the young when born being deposited in sluggish, stagnant water, where they live and grow for some time. To the biologist, the development of the young of the salamander offers a chapter in science of great interest and importance, as they pass through a series of stages, or a metamorphosis of a very instructive nature. Neither physiologically nor structurally are they for some time as high in the animal scale as the parent animals. In other words, among other things, they possess external feather-like gills, and consequently are comparable with the adults of a group of creatures lower in the scale of creation than *Salamandra*—I refer to the *Perennibranchiata*.

I have said that we have no true salamanders in the United States, but what we do have, are a number of genera of amphibians, the representatives of which are more or less nearly allied to *Salamandra*, and of these genera, the genus *Amblystoma* is especially rich in forms, being variously distributed all over the country.

Some naturalists have fallen into the habit of calling them salamanders, and in reality in external appearance, one of our American "Elfs" or amblystomas, closely resembles a continental salamander. Like the latter, the young pass through a "tadpole stage," and a "perennibranchiatal stage" before assuming the adult form. In the latter condition they live in the fresh water pools, have four limbs, and breathe by gill-slits, that possess feather-like external gills. To better appreciate the appearance of the adult of one of these creatures, I submit here a drawing of our "tiger salamander" (*Amblystoma tigrinum*) made from a photograph that I succeeded in obtaining in New Mexico. During the aquatic existence of one of these amblystomas, they are known in Mexico and southwestern United States as the axolotl, what Cuvier, the great French naturalist, for a long time thought to be an elf tadpole. He was the more certain of this, inasmuch as they can in this immature stage reproduce their kind! Axolotls were even referred by naturalists to a different genus—*Siredon*, and were there retained for a long time. Some of them were kept and studied with great interest in aquaria at the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and it was here, to the astonishment of all, that their true nature was revealed. Without any apparent reason one of the specimens one day suddenly was transformed into an adult amblystoma, and the fact threw a flood of light into the natural history of the entire group. Since that time they have been studied by biologists all over the world, and the writer of the present article had an excellent opportunity to gratify his own tastes in that direction during a sojourn in New Mexico for a period of five years. Through the Smithsonian Institution I sent upward of 300 of the living young of

THE TIGER SALAMANDER.
Natural size, from a photograph by the author.

the "tiger salamander" (see fig.) over the United States and Europe, where they were very generally distributed in the biological laboratories of the various institutions of learning. The results of my own personal studies have already been published (*Science*, Sept. 25, 1885), and are of too great length even to abstract in the present connection. Fingers and toes, and even more of the limbs, of these creatures will reproduce themselves, after having been amputated, and this is also an interesting fact about them.

Personally I have never examined the spotted salamander of Europe, but we read that the "body is covered with warty glands, which secrete a milky fluid of a glutinous

THE COWBOY—WORLD'S FAIR.

and acrid nature like that of a toad, and which, if not capable of affecting the larger and more highly-organized animals, appears to be a distinctive agent to some inferior species. Thus Laurenti provoked two gray lizards to bite a salamander, which at first attempted to escape from them, but being still persecuted, ejected some of this fluid into their mouths; one of the lizards died instantly, and the other fell into convulsions for two minutes, and then expired. Some of this juice was introduced into the mouth of another lizard; it became convulsed, was paralytic on the whole of one side, and soon died. This power is the only foundation for the long-cherished notion that the salamander was one of the most venomous of animals." The same writer asserts that "a copious secretion of this fluid might damp a moderate flame for an instant or two to which a salamander had been committed, and the animal suffer no harm," and this accounts for the other long-cherished myth!

Mind you, I do not vouch for either of the above accounts and only give them for what they are worth. They may be true, but I think it would take an heroic dose of salamander juice to kill a good healthy man, that is all I have to say on the matter.

This contribution will not have been written in vain if it succeed in convincing a score of its readers, who may have been influenced by previous and contrary ideas, that a salamander is nothing more than a small, harmless amphibian, with a history brimful of interest, and at any rate, in so far as man is concerned, its bite is not venomous, and if you chance to be bitten by one you can ignore such proverbs, as "if bitten by a salamander at once summon as many doctors as the animal has spots," or "if a salamander bite you, put on your shroud," and the like. Further, I beg of you not to put any faith in its saliva as being a sure cure for leprosy, nor in the statement of a former time that a salamander has the faculty of transmuting quicksilver into gold. Such myths are now only entertained by the hopelessly ignorant and superstitious. In the history of all that is and has been, no such miracles have ever been known to nature, and it is quite safe to predict that they never will be. Myth and miracle both have their origin in ignorance, and the only radical cure for either affection known to me, is a heroic dose of a full knowledge of the facts pertaining to any particular subject.

Another White Rattlesnake.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—I saw an article in the FOREST AND STREAM by El Comancho, about a white rattlesnake. In the spring of 1890 I was on a ranch in the southwestern part of Texas, about forty miles from Beeville; and there rattlesnakes were very thick, especially after a rain. We have killed as high as fifteen in one day; and one week we killed on an average six a day and there were only five of us. One of the boys killed a rattlesnake that was very white except his rattles, they were light brown. At that time I said it was born that way, and the skin was thick and tough as any rattlesnake's skin. It was skinned and stuck on the back of a saddle. But that was the only one I ever saw or heard of. FRED SAVAGE.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Eighth avenue and Seventy-seventh street, on Tuesday evenings, Dec. 12 and 26, 1893, at eight o'clock. Dec. 12—Frank M. Chapman, "The Mammals of the West Indies." Louis B. Bishop, M.D., remarks on the Breeding of Brewster's Warbler, with exhibition of specimens. Dec. 26—Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, "A Rocky Mountain Study." B. H. Dutcher, remarks on the Fauna of Montauk Point, L. I. Frank M. Chapman. "An Analysis of the Bird Life of the Vicinity of New York City."

ARTHUR H. HOWELL, Sec'y, 212 Madison st., Bklyn.

Game Bag and Gun.

AT CAMP LUCKY.

WHEN we broke camp the last of February it was agreed to hunt there the following season. We had taken a fine lot of fur and shot all the game we wanted near by camp, and, best of all, there had never been a cross word or jar between us during the five months we were together. The last of September found us on our return over the same route as before, making the trip in the same length of time, but working much harder owing to the low stage of water. It was near sunset when we reached the landing, a short distance from the camp, whose roof was seen above the bushy banks. Our labor was ended, we would soon have supper in our tidy, cosy camp, and turn in early to enjoy a well-earned rest.

But our pleasant anticipations were checked on entering the camp yard on seeing it littered with piles of moose hair, shank bones and scraping frames. The story it told was plain enough. After we left a pack of Canucks from from over the border had come in on their annual raid on the moose yards, making Camp Lucky their headquarters. We knew of several yards in easy distance where it was probable there were twenty or more moose. We had shot but one. All the others, doubtless, were killed by these butchers and their skins unhaired to lighten them. We dreaded seeing the inside of the camp, and found it even worse than we expected. The ground was strewn with browse, bones and hair, shreds of filthy garments, cast off mits and socks. Our pine-plank table, our pride as a nice job of backwoods cabinet work, had served as a meat block. We had partitioned off a fur room at one end with cedar splits. That had been torn out for fuel and a large pile of dry wood went with it.

When we found speech I allow it was not to breathe a prayer. After fetching up our duffle and supplies, we jumped in with a will to get out the rubbish, for it was growing late. The browse in our berth followed the rest. And when it was fairly decent Joe went to break browse while I got supper. In a few days we had the camp set to rights, including a new partition, for which we found splits at an old logging camp a mile distant.

This done, Joe started one morning to look for beaver sign at a chain of ponds, leaving me to watch for caribou at a pond a short distance from camp. This pond was about a hundred rods in length and two hundred yards in the widest part. On either side a narrow bog extended the entire length, with many caribou paths, and was a favorite haunt of that game. The wind was blowing half a gale, but I got a sheltered position in the edge of the black growth. It was about ten o'clock, and I had about decided to leave when I saw three large bulls come on to the bog on the opposite lower end. They were large, and as near alike as so many peas, with great head-works. They came on deliberately, and halted opposite me. I at once threw up, but found it impossible to hold on so strong was the wind. A few yards in front was a stub; this I gained and got a good brace. As I went I calculated on the allowance for distance and wind. Holding well up and on the wind about 18in., I fired, and down went the bull apparently stone dead. The one in front turned calmly around and snuffed of him. He offered another fair broadside, but I didn't want another.

To get to that side I started to the lower end to cross on a fallen tree. It was nearer to keep on the bog, but a

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family of beavers had built a dam that season, so it was flooded in places and I struck into woods a little way. With a parting glance at my game, which still lay quiet, I hurried so as to skin it out while warm, but I was perhaps twenty minutes on the way and only to find the caribou gone. In getting up he seemed to have swung around as on a pivot, pressing down the deep moss making a basin which was full of crimson water. I felt pretty sure of finding him, however, as his track led into a plain path which the others had taken. Evidently the chilly water stanched his wound, which perhaps revived him, as not a drop of blood was seen after a few first steps. All kept in the path till it terminated a quarter of a mile at a low, hardwood ridge. Here the whirling leaves stopped me, so I returned to camp.

About sunset Joe came in with a bunch of ducks and partridges and a good report of the beaver. The incidents of the day were talked of till bed time, and Joe allowed we would find the caribou later by following the animals that would follow and feed on it, in which case it would be worth more than if taken to camp. Carcasses of game as well as the offal where game is dressed out, offer the best chances for trapping and are always availed of. I have in mind a hunter who took sixteen sables at a moose that was shot and lost.

Some six weeks later we were assured the carnivora were feasting by seeing tracks of fox, fisher and sable leading in the supposed direction of the caribou. So one morning we started with a couple of traps in the trail of a fox. A fox has a better nose than sable or fisher, and so would take a straighter course; for until comparatively near the bait both fisher and sable tack and try back. We made no mistake, for the carcass was found about a mile in an air line from camp. The shot went clean through,

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taking the liver in its course. The antlers were fine, with twenty-seven points. These we cut off with a portion of skull and pate for a trophy; then hauled the carcass on to a knoll, chopped off legs and neck, packing them on top, and cooped all in by driving stakes closely together around it, except an open space of some six inches at either end. Next we roofed it with flakes of bark from a dead pine, with large flakes projecting well out over the openings where the traps were to be, all weighted down with cuts of green wood. Then were set two tilt-ups for the chain of each trap to be fastened to, so that when caught the animal would be swung well up from the ground, secure from injury by others, and as regards fishers, to prevent self-amputation, as is their wont. The result justified Joe's prediction, as we took off seven sables and a pair of fishers. PINE TREE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

Lost Opportunities.

VINCENNES, Ind., Nov. 23.—As I have before remarked, Ralph Waldo Emerson was a great man. In fact, he was so great that my parents named me after him, on which account I have always retained for him about the only lasting respect I ever had for anybody. I have always felt, since I was named after him, that he was right in my class. Ralph Waldo was all right, and as I have said, was way up in his business—of philosophy. Yet I have lately entertained serious doubts as to whether he knew how to dry out a rubber boot. A good many people don't. If Ralph Waldo Emerson, when he came from a day's walk in rubber hip-boots, had taken two tin tomato cans, capacity of about one gallon each, and had cut the top and bottom out of each, and had inserted the thus cylindrified cans, one in each boot leg, and had then hung the boots up in a warm place by the straps he would have had a scheme for getting the air into and the damp out of his boots, which would have been philosophically correct and useful. The trouble with Ralph Waldo Emerson was he didn't seem to catch on to his opportunities. You may search faithfully in his writings on Power, Wealth, Culture, Beauty and all that, but you will find no hint as to a method of drying rubber boots. Some men seem to just throw away their chance. Ralph Waldo had a real good start, once, but he couldn't seem to keep up with the procession, even though he did hitch his wagon to a star. This way of drying out boots I found to be practiced by Mr. John Balmer, here at Vincennes, with whom I have been continuing my quail shooting for a week or so more. I have been chained to business here.

The Second Oldest Town.

Vincennes is the second oldest town of the United States. Mr. Reynolds, the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, has written a very interesting book about "Old St. Augustine," and could make one just as interesting about old St. Vincents, which even yet has a strong French flavor, transmitted from the early days. Once upon a time, a long while ago, three French explorers, one of them, maybe, De Soto, struck the Wabash River on their way to the great unknown inland country of America. The Wabash was good enough for them and they went down it a-boiling, because she was high that year. When they had passed the submerged bottom lands for miles and miles, and seen nothing but yellow jaunders and opossums in the woods, they came to a high gravelly knoll, on the left bank of the river, and here there was the village of some friendly Indians. At this point the voyagers paused. They lived there for a year or more, and one of them married an Indian girl or so, in a fit of abstraction, and remained there when the others pushed on down the Wabash and the Mississippi, to eventually get it in the neck somewhere in Texas. Still, the fellow that staid behind didn't have any the best of it, for he died of fever and ague to a moral certainty, though he sort of made a

nucleus for a white settlement which I presume was the second stopping place or rallying ground made by the whites on this continent. The historian can put these facts into longer and better shape, and Mary Hartwell Catherwood can get incident for another early-Indian romance, than which not even any of her earlier stories shall be more interesting, more thrilling or more American.

Survivors and Descendants.

I am not sure it was De Soto who went on down the river after the building of the city, but it must have been one of the De Soto family who staid behind. Allowing for the natural changes wrought by time, one might thus account for old Sal Soda, still prominent in that region, as he who runs may read, if he tackles one of the country biscuits. Vincennes is in the heart of a very permanent and enduring sort of country. Round about her stretch green and fertile farms, to be sure, but the forest primeval still lines the wimpling Wabash, and under the walnut and hickory trees there prevail the ways of other days. Rude shanties, every other one deserted, and clearings overrun with shrubs and vines, the tears of nature at her scars, gash here and there the silent woods. Even today, there are wild turkeys in numbers in these woods, and squirrels many and many a one, and quail, and yellow jaunders, and rabbits, and feve'n-aig', and sal soda, and coffee, which you will do well to take in capsules. It is, in the woods country, all much as it was in De Soto's time. Half of the countryside obstinately clings to its age, or its youth. The other half bustles on, commercially and modern. The first half shoots still the old muzzleloading rifle. The latter half uses the hammerless shotgun, and kills the quail which the first half overlooks and unconsciously protects.

The Quail Supply.

Mr. Balmer and I have hunted in different directions about town, and he tells me the quail are far less abundant than is usually the case here. Still, this has not troubled us, for we have had all the shooting we need ask, bagging in all our trips up to date I suppose, nearly 150 birds, less than a dozen to the gun daily. Our

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biggest day was over at Bicknell, where John Mayfield took us out, leading us in part, I fear me, over the trial grounds of the U. S. Field Trial Club, for which courtesy I beg to thank the members. Certainly these preserves are well stocked. In our few hours of shooting in that day we put up 15 bevies, all large and full. Without following the singles very much, and killing only two or three birds out of each bevy, which would benefit rather than injure next year's crop, we bagged 37 birds, intending to stop at the three dozen mark. On that day Mr. Mayfield took out with him Mr. J. Freeman's field dog Nellie Hope, a very bright and snappy worker, and a young dog, St. Blaze, belonging to Mr. Charles Baggott, of Cincinnati. Mr. Balmer had along his old Duke, and between the three we got a lot of work on birds, and had really a most delightful day in every way, not the least charm of which was the dinner we ate at the Widow Horton's farm, four miles out from Bicknell. Three such hungry men I warrant the Widow Horton never fed before.

At Bicknell we saw a lot of dogs of all sorts, among these my old friend, Dame Bang, now the property of Mr. Peabody, of Cincinnati. Dame Bang, I understand, scorned to monkey with field trials, and didn't get a place. She shows much more *embonpoint* now than when I saw her last. Also in George Gray's string we saw Strideaway, just sold for $1,000 cash, a good price for a youngster.

We saw and shot over dogs and dogs, but in the end always came around to Duke, Mr. Balmer's old reliable meat dog, of whom I am constrained to say something more, because the longer I know him the more affection I have for him. Duke is the sort of dog of which we have too few—the old-time dog, with no antecedents, no records, and no limits. Duke has hunted for us now eight days, over all sorts of country and in all sorts of weather, and he is as good as new to-day, in spite of his unknown weight of years. As I said earlier, Duke has only one eye. His mother only had one eye, and his sire may have been One-Eyed Riley, for aught any one knows to the contrary, although Riley is an Irish name, and Duke is a Scotchman, being one of the despised Gordons. As if the breed of a bird dog made any difference, after he has proved that he has nose, and legs, and brains. All these Duke has. This week I saw him worry a skunk, and thereafter go right on pointing birds, just as if nothing had happened—a thing whose possibility I have heard ignorant folk deny. As to Duke's legs—well, a big mastiff mauled him up yesterday, and ate one of his legs nearly off, but on the three remaining he manages the deliberate trot which serves him as a field gait. As to brains—well now, you would only need to shoot over him one day to see that he has brains. He knows bird hunting

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as well as a man, and he will swing around ahead of a running bevy, and point them surely in his low-headed style, and then retrieve, and point another bird while he still holds the dead bird in his mouth—another thing declared mythical sometimes. He will break shot, in his old-fashioned way, because he is used to seeing meat, and loves the touch of feathers in his mouth, but his sort of breaking shot is not hard to condone, for he is always after the next bird also. Moreover, Duke is a large-hearted, magnanimous fellow. When the puppies steal his points, and monkey around and bother him, he does not resent it, but holds his point, and you can wager there is something there, too. And when the erratic and ignorant youngsters straighten out on a point, he will back any one of them as far as he can see him, though he must often know it is only courtesy on his part. I recall a pretty picture out of yesterday's day, which Mr. Adam Balmer, of Decatur, Ill., and I put in together. We had out only old Duke and Gwendoline, another of Mr. Balmer's lot, and one with a nose keen as a brier. It was a cold, windy day, and the birds were wild as deer. We had a bevy spread on dry leaves, a situation which a dog must be a good one to master. Time after time the little one got ahead of Duke and snapped up the single points, and he in his slow, deliberate way, backed her every time. At length he started on a puzzling trail of his own, and had just located his bird when Winnie sprang in ahead of him, and stole the point, crouching all twisted to one side. I know Duke was angry then, but he never flinched, though he did insist on retrieving that bird himself. The two made a pretty field scene as they crouched, motionless and eager, and I can see it keenly and sharply outlined even now, as I think it will long remain in the mind.

Duke has a bare spot on his nose. It is a mere trifle. One day he followed his master upstairs in a grocery store. Becoming lost or frightened he jumped out of the second story window, smashed through the awning and

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landed on his nose on the stone sidewalk. It is hard to down a good dog. Duke has been accidentally shot twice, this by his first master, a market-hunter. Once he was shot square in the side with No. 8, and once in the head with No. 6. This was where the poor fellow lost his eye. His remaining eye is big and soft and brown, a luminous, kindly eye, with the melancholy in it, but with no harshness in its glance. Slow, deliberate, awkward, with no style about him at all, Duke is plodding on toward the end of his life, doing his duty every day, unenvious, unboastful, charitable, kind. I meet a man like that once in a while, and I love him every time. Thes are the great characters, man or dog. By what formula, and through what type, shall we produce these characters, man or dog? What kennel Guelph or Ghibelline, my friend Waters, friend Johnson, light men all of ye, and not profound enough to love a meat dog without "type," or "quality," or what not—what one can theorize this out, and say how or why such a man or such a dog is born? Nay, I can say why myself. It is to make us love humanity and caninity the more.

Type me no types, when it comes to choosing friends. Dukes in Indiana, Dick (dead now) out in Kansas, Rex (long since dead) of Iowa, Ben of Illinois—I have known perhaps a dozen of these dogs that I call great, and never a one had a reputation. Such dogs are like gold—where you happen to find it, *sans* science and beyond the province of theory. The best of kennel science can do no more for sportsmanship than to give us more of just such dogs. Perhaps, when professsonalism, and rancorousness, and jealousy and all the uncleanliness of poor commercialism shall have had their day in the world of dog—a day now speeding to its natural waning, for we must have better ways for so great and growing an industry; we shall see or at least hear, of more dogs like these nameless ones, which you buy for $25, and wouldn't sell for their weight in precious stones. Then, my friend Johnson, my friend Waters, and all other men great in kennel wisdom, we can each declare and believe that he has the best dog on earth, but we wont necessarily despise a dog because he has cockle burrs in his tail or quail feathers mixed up with his back teeth as Duke has.

A Side Hunt.

I notice the words of wisdom the editor of FOREST AND STREAM has for the question of "side hunts." Shall it be confessed, I have just engaged in a side hunt myself. The Chief boasted of his prowess on quail, and it seemed well to sit on him some, therefore we agreed to shoot score for score on quail for two days, the low bag at the end of the second day to pay for a supper for the two, or for such friends as might be about at the time. I had along two guns, a cylinder Lefever, and a Smith, nearly cylinder right and choked left. The Chief thought he

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would rather shoot one of these than to use his own gun, a heavier Parker. We agreed to shoot these two guns, changing at the end of the first day, and the Chief allowed he would rather shoot the scatter gun first. Unfortunately for him he didn't know which was the scatter gun, and so I thought it about right to give him the close gun first, telling him it was the scatter gun. "All you have to do is to point over in the direction of the bird," I told him, "and you'll get it sure if you shoot quick enough." Well, he shoots his left barrel first by habit, and so he was trying to follow instructions with a gun whose first barrel wouldn't spread six inches in the firing distance. Somehow he didn't get very many, and I told him to shoot quicker, and he did; but still he didn't get them. The next day he said he guessed he'd rather have the chokebore after all. So I gave him the cylinder and told him to take his time. "All you have to do with this gun," I said, "is to wait till your bird gets steady on the wing, take plenty of time and don't shoot too quick." The Chief followed copy, but he had worse luck than before. He was awfully deliberate, and sometimes when we saw him waiting on a bird with that old scatter gun (Mr. Balmer was in the secret with me) we could hardly keep respectably quiet. The result of the FOREST AND STREAM staff side hunt need not be told. All the Chief said when he was enlightened was, "Well, I hadn't any too blame much confidence in you anyhow, but I didn't think you'd do a low-down thing like that."

The 'Simmon Fruit.

Down in Indiana grows a wild sweet fruit, derided, mocked at, unappreciated—the persimmon. In late November, after the frosts have taken out the pucker and brought forth the blended sweets of this odd woods product, you shall go far before you find a morsel to assail your palate with a keen savor. To walk the brown woods till lunch time and then to sit you down to rest and eat your hunter fare, beneath a 'simmon tree, with the ripe, delicate fruit about you for dessert—you first having duly counted and spread out before you for admiration the brown birds from your game pockets—now, now, now, this is not a bad world at all so long as it has this chance within it.

"Forest and Stream" was First.

Nov. 24.—FOREST AND STREAM, printed in New York, was the first paper on the ground at Bicknell with the report of the U. S. field trials. This I know because I was

there at the time it arrived. The tardier rivals had nothing to offer readers about the triais for they had already seen the FOREST AND STREAM report. It is no wonder that the sporting world turns to FOREST AND STREAM. It stands to reason. The world moves.

At Vincennes it was my fortune to attend the trial of McLin, the fiend who burned up the dogs at Bicknell. As stated elsewhere, McLin got three years in the penitentiary as a consequence of his crime. The verdict gave general local satisfaction. There are stern features if need be in sportsmanship.

About the Midway.

Mr. Howley writes further: "My Thursday evening dinner *pièce de résistance* is FOREST AND STREAM. I read with especial interest the thrilling experiences of yourself and Mr. Waters while among the natives of the Midway in search of copy."

Evidently Mr. Howley is laboring under a mistake. So also must be Mr. and Mrs. Claude King (of *Sports Afield*, Denver) whose card left for this office says: "Called to offer our congratulations on your serio-comedy, 'The Midway Plaisance.' That was, honestly, *great*."

There must be a wide-spread misapprehension out somewhere about this, because Mr. Wilbur Dubois, of Cincinnati, writes the same thing, as follows, to Mr. Waters:

"The 'Staff Story of the Midway,' in FOREST AND STREAM for Nov. 4, is truly great—one of the brightest extravaganzas I ever read, and all delicious fooling. Besides the wild fun I got out of it, I picked up a bit of information that is worth the price of the paper for a year, namely, that Javanese cocoa will cure canker in the ear. Why did you keep this back from me so long? I am fond of cocoa myself, and while treating my setter this summer I could have had him in the dining-room at the breakfast table, and could have slopped half a cup of cocoa into his ear just as easily as not. You ought to tell 'Ashmont' about this for his new book.

"It is a pity Katie foundered on bum-bum candy, or we might have borrowed him for our trip South. She had fed so miscellaneously on Ottomans, Amazons, and wild men from Borneo, however, that I fear he would have found our Christian fare too tame for her oriental appetite, and she might have died on our hands, as Mollie O'Brien did on Mr. Hough's. By the way, remembering Fidus Achates, it is a wonder Mr. Hough didn't say that Katie's other name was Fido. Katie, however, was good enough for a dog like him (I mean like Achates, not Mr. Hough), for aside from her unspeakable cannibalism, the human mind revolts at his drinking seventeen cups of heathen coffee, clear, without cream or sugar, all in a single night. After making such a spectacle of herself, he deserved to be carried out by her hindlegs at the end of the play. I see I have got the sex of this classic animal a little mixed, but I haven't been able to make up my mind whether it was male or female.

"Was Katie's life insured? After his experience with Mollie O'Brien I should think Mr. Hough would have taken this precaution, and yet, if you had suggested it to him he would have rejected the proposition with disdain."

Mr. Dubois is away off. Everybody is away off. To ascribe the wild and vaporing imaginings of a shorthand writer to two such men as Mr. Waters and myself is to lay a charge which needs no refutation. I trust our dignity and elegance of diction is too well known to permit even the momentary existence of a suspicion to the effect that such is our usual style of conversation, or our manner of conduct. Is it then always to be proven true that to be great is to be maligned?

An Echo of the Fair.

Mr. F. A. Whitman, of Macomb, Ill., writes and says he wants his name pasted in the FOREST AND STREAM register, wherever that now may be, for that in July he tried to register and couldn't, because the lady attendant was so busy talking to her best young man. It is written and it shall be posted. Names there have good company.

The Carlin Party Rescue.

Dec. 2.—In regard to the rescue of the Carlin hunting party, who were snowed in in the Bitter Root country, a special to the Omaha *Bee* had the following details:

The lost party consisted of W. E. Carlin, J. H. Pierce, A. H. Himmelwright and M. Spencer, guide. They were in bad shape when found, being out of provisions, nearly starved and barefoot, and with scarcely any clothing. They were slowly making their way down the river. George Colgate, the cook of the party, gave out a few days before the rescue and had to be left, and it is feared may have died. All possible will be done to find him dead or alive. The rescued and the rescuers are expected here on Tuesday, and General Carlin will meet the party here.

The story of suffering, desperation and hardship told by the lost hunters was frightful. Ever since the heavy snows set in in the Bitter Root Mountains, they told Lieut. Elliott, they had been making an effort to return to Kendrick. For many days they had battled with the mountain blasts and drifting snow, slowly beating their way down the Clear Water in an effort to reach civilization. Their progress was impeded by the swollen river, which was often blocked with floating ice, rendering passage exceedingly difficult and dangerous. They managed to cross the Clear Water in several places at great risk to their lives, being compelled to wade the icy current up to their necks or swim amid the floating blocks of ice and snow. Nearly all the horses died of cold and starvation

The men were put on half rations of bacon and bread. Their shoes had become worn out from constant tramping over the mountain rocks and their clothing was torn into shreds. At last the struggle became too great for George Colgate, the cook of the party. He became utterly exhausted and was unable to proceed further. Colgate realized the situation fully and advised his companions to attempt to save themselves.

When Lieut. Elliott and his snowshoers came upon the exhausted men in the Middle Fork of the Clear Water they were bravely fighting their way through the snow. The reception they gave the gallant officer and his men was more than a welcome.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

Pennsylvania Game.

MUNCY, Pa., Nov. 31.—A flock of about twenty wild turkeys was seen just across the river from this place the first of this week. The boys are after them. The 9:39 on the P. & R. the other morning scared up a large flock of quail. We made for the spot where we marked them down, when lo and behold! there it was, "No trespassing," etc., and the quail were safe. Numerous reports reach us concerning the deer hunting. A party of Williamsporters bring in five from the vicinity of Trout Run. Hon. C. W. Williamson and son have killed six on the headwaters of Larry's Creek. Some successful ones are reported from English Centre. A man by the name of Zach Clark killed a large bear near Brookside. More deer have been killed in the northern part of the county for the last three or four falls than before for years. There is little or no hounding done, and they increased immediately when this work was no longer continued. J. M. E.

DEER IN MICHIGAN.

LANSING, Mich., Nov. 28.—The deer season is closed. The woods have been full of hunters who came from all sections of the country, and it has been positively dangerous for a man to go into the woods. I have not learned of any serious accidents occurring, but it has been remarked often by those who have been in the great north woods and have returned home that it was a wonder that half of the hunters were not killed by careless shooting.

A couple of years ago Mr. F. D. Simonds, of Columbus, Ohio, came to Lansing and invested in real estate. He has a beautiful piece of woodland covering nearly forty acres. He has platted the entire property and, as Englewood Park, it is known the State over as one of the finest additions to our city. Mr. Simonds has made a handsome fortune out of his Lansing venture, and as he accumulates valuable real estate, his love for the gun and his enjoyment of a life in the woods quite overcome him. Early in November he got out his Winchester .45-70-405, and packing his grip the morning of the 5th, he started for the woods. He first put up at the Ingleside Hotel, Charlevoix, where he spent a couple of days in talking with the people who came into the village, and trying to find a favorable point to spend a few days with a fair prospect of getting a shot at a deer. His investigetion led him to East Jordan, and from East Jordan he went to a little four-corner place in Antrim county called Chestonia. Here he put up with a settler, Mr. S. C. Wilcox, and from this place he started out each morning on his hunt. This section of country is partly settled up, but there is an immense body of hard wood timber, and in the woods at several places he found hunting camps.

For three days he ranged the woods for miles around and did not even get sight of a deer, although deer was said to be fairly plenty. Getting discouraged he started for home, but the night he reached Charlevoix it began to snow, and in the morning the snow lay on the ground about three inches deep. This condition of things encouraged him somewhat so he went back to Chestonia. The next morning early he started out, and he had hardly reached the woods before a big buck bore down upon him, and, passing about twenty rods to one side, he exposed his whole side, giving Mr. Simonds an opportunity to send a 405-grain ball through his left hip high up. The big fellow tumbled to the ground with his leg smashed to pieces, but he very soon got up and started off on three legs and made good time for the Jordan River, about eight miles away. Mr. Simonds followed him to the river, and supposing that the buck had crossed the river he plunged into water and made the other shore, but as he was not able to strike the trail he re-crossed the river and, after searching for a short time, he again found the trail, and after going about half a mile he found the buck taking a rest in a little clump of bushes. The buck by this time had bled a great deal and had got so stiff that he could hardly rise, but as the hunter came up he again attempted to make off, when he received a 405-bullet through the neck, which finished the hunt. Mr. Simonds found his way out by the aid of a couple of hunters who heard his shot, and being short of meat the hunters were glad to assist him for a portion of the carcass. Mr. Simonds brought home the skin, which he has sent to Columbus to have tanned for a rug, and the head, with the big five-prong horns, he is having set up for his library. He is well pleased with his hunt, but thinks deer are too scarce in the section where he was to make it an object to go there at any great expense, thinking to get many deer. The hunters in that section use the .40-60 mostly; but one whom he met had any other, and that was a .38. Mr. Simonds got lost the first day out, and but for coming across a straggling hunter, like himself, he would have had quite an experience of a night in the woods. There is a trail in the woods which is widely known as the Simonds trail, and as he struck the big buck while on this trail he quite naturally thinks that the Simonds trail is quite a famous place. JULIAN.

WEST BRANCH, Mich., Dec. 1.—Deer were very plentiful this fall, and still there were very few shot. There was one crew of thirteen hunters who came here from Ohio who did not get a deer, and they are not the only hunters that went home empty-handed. Our local hunters had the best luck. One gentleman in this town shot six deer the past week. He shot two deer with one bullet. The number of hunters is increasing each year. Forty-three were camped on a lake near here and it is lucky that no one was killed. Rabbits are very thick but partridges are few. O. N. B.

CENTRAL LAKE, Nov. 28.—Last Saturday closed the lawful deer hunting in this State, and as far as I have learned the hunters in this region have had pretty good success, There was a good tracking snow toward the last of the season, which has seldom been the case for several years past. In fact it fell in Otsego county to a depth of three and a half feet, which was not only unusual, but decidedly too much of a good thing.

Some deer have been shot in the Jordan and intermediate swamps, but the most I think were found in the great forests of our eastern counties.

One party of eight who went somewhere in the direction of Alpena killed sixteen. They saw bear signs but had no shots at bruin.

Here the snow is a few inches deep, the lake not frozen as yet. The "boys" have planned a "side-hunt" for Thanksgiving day, but there is little game here now worth shooting. I am glad to be able to say that I never took part in one of those "side-hunts." I regard them as an abomination. KELPIE.

New York State Association.

BUFFALO, Dec. 1.—*To all Members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game:* The annual meeting of this Association will occur on Jan. 11. Your attention is thus early called to the fact that you may have ample time to prepare for it. Full and strong delegations should be selected for this meeting, for its proceedings will be important. The work of the Association becomes more and more important as the years go by, and the people of the State are looking to it for good service in its sphere of duty.

The Association now has the favor and confidence of State officials whose creation was a direct result of the agitation of the subject of protection. Those officers and the Association are now in happy accord, and with such forces combined a great power can be exercised in the work of saving fish, game and the forests from annihilation, and cheapening fish-food for the masses.

Let us rally in large numbers and with fixed determination at this annual meeting to be held at the Hotel Yates, in Syracuse, beginning at 10 A.M., Thursday, Jan. 11. It is expected that the Commissioners of Fisheries, the Forestry Commission, Chief Protector Pond and his deputies, the representatives of all the hatcheries, and men both in and out of the State who are prominently interested in the work will be present. The attendance should be very large and representative, such as to command the attention and respect of the good people of the entire State.

We feel certain that you will see to it that your organization is fully represented by earnest men.

JOHN. B. SAGE, Secretary-Treasurer.

TEXAS HAS ATTRACTIONS.

VICTORIA, Texas, Nov. 24.—We have had a protracted drought in Texas during the past summer and fall, and in consequence the grass is short and the cover for quail so poor that they do not lie well for the dogs, although we have a goodly number of them, perhaps as many as we usually have.

The best shooting is along the rose hedges inclosing the pastures, where the quail gather for protection from hawks. Several fair bags have been made by our hunters during the past few weeks. Two gentlemen went fifteen miles to the hedges and returned to our little city by 4 o'clock with sixty-seven quail. A friend and I made the same trip and returned with forty-four birds. We found them very wild and frequently had to follow them a quarter to half a mile before we got in shooting distance of them, after they left the hedges. We found the best shooting along the hedges. One of us would take one side and one the other, and thus get shots when the birds flew out no matter which side they flew. We found numbers of empty shells along the hedges which showed conclusively that a great deal of shooting had been done along there.

Besides quail there have been several deer killed in the wooded bottoms of the river near town. A party of four who went about thirty miles south from here into the O'Connor Pasture on the west side of the San Antonio River, killed four deer and report having seen more than 200. Not having any way to save the meat, they did not try to kill more, as they found ducks and geese abundant and killed a number of them.

We are short on fish however, which have died in large numbers owing to the drying up of streams and lakes during the drought, and the prospect is poor for good fishing in the near future.

With our mild winters when snow is almost unknown, I know of no place where the conditions are more favorable for winter hunting than South and Southwest Texas. In almost any one of the coast counties from the Sabine River to the Nuices, first-rate sport can be had and ducks and geese and quail are abundant. GUY.

MAINE BIG GAME STATISTICS.

BANGOR, Me., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 7, we notice "Special" states, that "there was never anything like the exaggeration of the amount of game being killed this fall." Now as he has made several misstatements, we take up our pen to correct some of them. In the first place he quotes J. G. Rich as stating that fully "100 deer are being killed daily. If he will take the trouble to look up Mr. Rich's article under the date of Nov. 4, he will find that it reads "100 deer weekly."

As we are in the best position to know about the quantity of big game that is killed in Maine, we will state that 100 deer a week is a rather low estimate of the number. We have counted between 300 and 500 carcasses of deer, caribou and moose that have come into or through Bangor alone thus far this fall; and they constitute only a part of what are killed in the whole State. We think that there will have been at least 1,800 deer, caribou and moose killed in the three months open season this year.

Now a word in regard to heads. Up to Nov. 7, we received for mounting at our Bangor establishment alone 16 moose, 13 caribou and 91 deer heads, instead of 10 moose, 5 caribou and 36 deer heads, as "Special" has it. The gentleman who informed him either had not been in our place, or if he had must have made a very poor guess. Why, for the week from Nov. 18 to Nov. 25, we have received 25 deer and one caribou head, and with good snow storms for the next month, we estimate that the total number of heads which we will receive from our two establishments, Bangor and Rangeley, will reach surely 250. Now as there are several other taxidermists in Maine who each get a few (John Clayton of Lincoln will probably get nearly 100), we estimate that there will have been fully 500 heads mounted in Maine this season, and of course quite a number of heads are carried home by sportsmen from out the State to be mounted by local taxidermists; and furthermore, certainly not more than one-fourth of the animals killed have heads that people think worth saving, so many of them are does and fawns. So you can see that 1,800 is a very good estimate. We have received heads from a great many of the people whom "Special" mentions as having killed big game. We are not writing this article as an advertisement but as a perfectly correct statement of the facts of the matter.

The weather is very cold, ponds are freezing and there is snow in northern Maine. S. L. CROSBY & CO.

INDIAN ROCK, Me., Nov. 27.—Deer are very plenty, as you already know, but from the best information I can get through guides and hunters not more than one hundred have been killed in this section, comprising Oxford, Franklin and Somerset counties. I have been in the woods a few hours (since snow came) and find tracks as plenty, or more so, than I have ever seen before. Bears are frequently found on beech ridges gathering beech nuts to prepare themselves for winter. Billy Soule killed one a short time ago and three more were seen near where it was shot. There have been but two days of good still-hunting this fall. A crust formed soon after snow fell and deer were on the alert.

C. J. RICHARDSON.

Delaware Game is Going.

REHOBOTH, Del., Nov. 19.—The ducking so far has been very poor this fall. There are a good many small ducks, teal, or what they call them here, "butterballs," being the most numerous. A party came down here from Philadelphia last week and spent three days down Rehoboth Bay at a gunning shanty; they only got two geese and about half a dozen black ducks and teal. I have only shot about fifty teal this whole fall, but I only go to a pond a short distance from my office, and only stay an hour or so. There are so many gunners that the game is very wild. Nearly every farmer and his hands have guns, and as they have nothing else to do they go and scare the game up. Rabbits and squirrels they have been shooting at ever since last August, and they are about exterminated now. I did raise two coveys of partridges early in October, but as I have not seen anything of them lately I think they are all killed. Although the game law of this State does not allow killing them at all for three years, the people here claim and take the right to do as they please on their own land, and as no one seems to care they kill off everything. C.

West Virginia Game Scare.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.—At the beginning of the shooting season, which began Nov. 1, our sportsmen soon ascertained that the severe winter had been destructive to the quail, and they did not pursue their sport with characteristic enthusiasm. This is the first season since my residence in West Virginia that I did not take up my gun and start for the fields on the opening day. Others seemed to feel as I do—that with the scarcity of the birds there should be little shooting. A few days ago I went out without a dog and started three coveys, in all perhaps 25 birds. I saw more than I expected to see. But the strangest part of the hunt was that I didn't see a single rabbit, though I beat the best of ground. Got but 3 quail, leaving, you see, a good lot for seed.

Ducks were plentiful during their migration a week or so ago, and the reverberation of gun reports told the story of effort more than of success, considering the amount of game brought in. I think our fowlers do not know the stratagem necessary in duck shooting on the Ohio—at least didn't practice it. * *

California Shooting.

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 21.—The ducks are with us. Canvasbacks are reported as being plentiful at Bear Valley Lake, about sixty miles from here, and large bags are being made by those who have the time for the trip. A well known sportsman of this city bagged one day this week sixty-three ducks in eighty-seven shots, all single birds, and he only shot from daylight till 9 A. M. His bag included eight mallards and one canvasback. I was out yesterday and killed a brace of those choice birds. I presume that the recent cold weather and high winds drove the flight down from the north. The majority of the birds bagged so far have been widgeon and green-wing teal. Quail shooting in the immediate vicinity is not what it might be, and one has to go about thirty miles to get really good shooting. CULPEPPER.

Loyalty and Disloyalty.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.—We have pot-hunters and law-breakers here just as other places have them. Some boast of their disregard of the laws. To such I have put the question, "Isn't it dishonesty to violate the game laws?" "Well, no, we can't see it that way," they answer. "But, see here, don't you defraud the honest, law-abiding citizen when you kill game before the season opens and thus take the game that was his as much as yours?" A veteran, who talked loudly of loyalty, exhibited his inconsistency in declaring his disregard of the game laws. I reproved him by telling him that disobedience to any reasonable law, especially, is disloyalty. In principle, if not in degree, unlawful shooting of game is rebellion as well as secession. XX.

Nebraska Game of 1893.

SUTTON, Neb., Nov. 29.—Quail are reported as being remarkably plentiful in this vicinity this fall and good bags are still being found within a few miles of town. Other game is scarce and no chickens at all this year, and owing to the ponds being mostly dry no ducks have been seen. Cottontail rabbits are, however, quite plentiful and this morning's light snow insures plenty of sport for those who are able to go out. Being unable to go, I have to content myself with wishing good luck to the fortunate ones. W. R. H.

In the Adirondacks.

KEENE VALLEY, N. Y., Nov. 20.—O. M. Crawford caught a small bear in a deadfall a few days ago. Bear are reported to be very plenty this fall. Deer are very plenty where we hunted now. I hope they will change the law and have it later. That is what every good hunter says. I went to North Hudson hunting partridges the other day; did not have any luck; they are very scarce and wild this fall. E. W. B.

Feathers for Bonnets.

THE veteran trapper and white egret hunter Smith left for Mexico via San Francisco Wednesday. Mr. Smith went as far south as Tepic on his last trip. He received a little over $3,500 for his skins and bird plumes, which he gathered in eighteen months.—*Yuma (Arizona) Sentinal, Nov. 25.*

Massachusetts Sportsmen in South Carolina.

BLACKSBURG, S. C., Nov. 25.—Messrs. J. H. Wesson and O. E. Hodskins, of Springfield, Mass., are registered at the Cherokee Inn, and will spend some time hunting in this section.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

MODERN SPORTING GUNPOWDERS

In the Light of the Public Powder and Primer Tests Carried out at Chicago and Carney's Point, New Jersey.

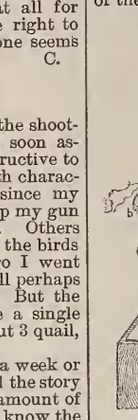
BY ARMIN TENNER,

Expert in Gunpowder, Guns and Ammunition.

[*Continued from page 473.*]

The Chronograph and its Connections.

The electric current *A* passes through a fine copper wire stretched across and immediately in front of the muzzle of the gun, as shown in Fig. *B*, and the electro-magnet *a* on Fig. *A*; the electric current *B* passes through the electro-magnet *b* and the target placed at a certain distance, for taking the velocities of shot charges, preferably at 40 yards, from the gun. The figure "*30 m.*" appearing on Fig. *B* stands for 30 meters, equal to about 100 feet.



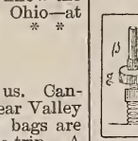


Fig. A.

The target is so arranged as to rest against a metallic contact *z* and is pressed against this by means of the spiral spring *s*.

The electro-magnets *a* and *b* on Fig. *A*, carry, as long as the current remains closed, the cylindrical-shaped weights *α* and *β*. When the two currents are opened, *a* and *b* lose their magnetism, and thus the weights are caused to drop.

In quitting the muzzle of the gun the shot charge tears the wires and thereby opens the current *A*, causing the weight *α* to drop, a certain time thereafter the pellets reach and strike the target and by their force press the latter away from the contact *z*, opening thus the current *B* and forcing the weight *β* to drop. In falling the latter strikes on a round plate *g*, releasing a knife *m* held up to this time by the hook *h*. The knife *m* is actuated by a spring which causes it to move quickly and with considerable force in the direction of the falling weight *α*, nicking the zinc-sheath of this at a certain point.

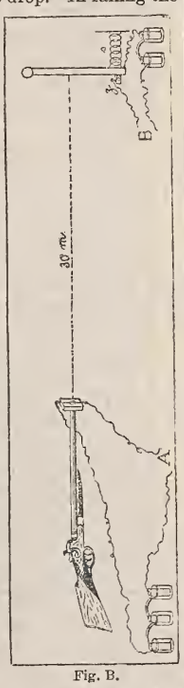


Fig. B.

If the shot cloud in traveling from the muzzle to the target has required comparatively a short time this mark made by the knife will be found near the middle of the weight, but if more time is consumed by the traveling shot, the mark will appear further up on the rod. The distance of this mark from a certain zero point on the weight shows and represents the time consumed by the shot charge in breaking the two currents, and with the aid of a graduated rule the time actually required by the shot charge in reaching the target can now easily be determined in accordance with the rules and on the basis of the laws of gravity.

A shot-cloud at 40 yards from the muzzle measures, according to the size of the pellets, from 12 to 20 feet lengthwise, and the bulk of the charge reaches the target somewhat later than the foremost or leading pellets.

It is therefore necessary to impart to the target sufficient resistance to prevent the first arriving pellets from breaking the current, and this is accomplished by means of the spring *s* in the rear of the target, which holds the latter in its place until the bulk of the pellets have reached it and exercises their force.

Table A.—Bursting Strain and Velocity Test.

Thermometer 75° F., equal to 21° C.; barometer, 29.65; hygrometer, 90%

[*The fractions quoted in connection with feet denote inches.*]

DuPont's black powder, 3¼drs. FFF, 1½oz. shot No. 7, equal to 366 pellets:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
8,055.0 lbs. equal 550 atm.	932.4 ft. equal 287 meters.
10,099.3 " " 619 "	980 0 " " 304 "
8,305.5 " " 565 "	893.4 " " 278 "
10,000.0 " " 613 "	906.2 " " 275 "
8,540.7 " " 581 "	891.8 " " 270 "
Mean bursting strain, 9,001 lbs.	Mean velocity, 919 ft.
Variation, 2,054 lbs.	Variation, 89 ft.

DuPont's black powder FFF, 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
6,850 0 lbs. equal 466 atm.	868.7 ft. equal 263 meters.
7,554.4 " " 514 "	863.4 " " 259 "
7,056 0 " " 480 "	950.0 " " 295 "
7,290.6 " " 496 "	886.8 " " 266 "
7,364.7 " " 501 "	886 8 " " 266 "
Mean bursting strain, 7,203 lbs.	Mean velocity, 890 ft.
Variation, 704 lbs.	Variation, 87 ft.

American Powder Mill's "Deadshot" FF, 3¼drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
4,292.4 lbs. equal 292 atm.	785.1 ft. equal 238 meters.
4,512.9 " " 307 "	775.11 " " 235 "
4,277.7 " " 291 "	911.6 " " 276 "
4,292.4 " " 292 "	789.2 " " 239 "
4,468.8 " " 304 "	845.0 " " 256 "
Mean bursting strain, 4,368 lbs.	Mean velocity, 812 ft.
Variation, 235 lbs.	Variation, 136 ft.

Laflin & Rand's "Orange Extra" FF, 3¼drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
4,189.5 lbs. equal 285 atm.	782.6 ft. equal 237 meters.
4,424.7 " " 301 "	785.10 " " 238 "
4,071.9 " " 277 "	782.6 " " 237 "
4,160.1 " " 283 "	795.9 " " 241 "
4,248.3 " " 289 "	775.11 " " 235 "
Mean bursting strain, 4,218 lbs.	Mean velocity, 788 ft.
Variation, 353 lbs.	Variation, 13 ft.

American wood powder, 42grs., equal to 2.72 grams, 1½oz., equal to 43.5 grams, shot No. 7, Nitro Club shell, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
6,276.9 lbs. equal 427 atm.	805.0 ft. equal 244 meters.
6,585.6 " " 448 "	871.10 " " 264 "
6,806.1 " " 463 "	793.5 " " 240 "
5,439.0 " " 370 "	766.0 " " 232 "
6,144.6 " " 478 "	802.4 " " 243 "
Mean bursting strain, 6,250 lbs.	Mean velocity, 807 ft.
Variation, 1,367 lbs.	Variation, 105 ft.

The same load in Smokeless shells:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
6,923.7 lbs. equal 471 atm.	875.2 ft. equal 265 meters.
7,926.6 " " 478 "	828 9 " " 251 "
6,762.0 " " 460 "	878.5 " " 266 "
5,644.8 " " 384 "	832.3 " " 252 "
6,497.4 " " 442 "	805.8 " " 244 "
Mean bursting strain, 6,750 lbs.	Mean velocity, 844 ft.
Variation, 2,282 lbs.	Variation, 78 ft.

American wood powder, 38grs., 1¼oz. shot No. 7, Climax shells, without black powder priming, furnished by Montgomery Ward & Co.:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
4 468 8 lbs equal 304 atm.	858.8 ft. equal 260 meters.
5,042.1 " " 343 "	No record.
4,865.7 " " 331 "	710.0 " " 215 "
4,601.0 " " 313 "	693.5 " " 210 "
4,733.4 " " 322 "	766.0 " " 232 "
Mean bursting strain, 4,742 lbs.	Mean velocity, 755 ft.
Variation, 574 lbs.	Variation, 165 ft.

American wood powder, 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, loaded by I. Watson, in U. M. C. Smokeless shells:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
6,117.9 lbs. equal 457 atm.	871.5 ft. equal 264 meters.
6,497.4 " " 442 "	812.3 " " 246 "
6,394.5 " " 435 "	795.9 " " 241 "
5,747.7 " " 391 "	785.10 " " 238 "
5,968.2 " " 406 "	799.0 " " 242 "
Mean bursting strain, 6,145 lbs.	Mean velocity, 812 ft.
Variation, 750 lbs.	Variation, 96 ft.

American E. C. powder, 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, Nitro Club shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
5,350.8 lbs. equal 364 atm.	789 2 ft. equal 239 meters.
5,924.1 " " 403 "	828 9 " " 251 "
6,938 4 " " 472 "	812.3 " " 246 "
5,394.9 " " 367 "	789 2 " " 239 "
5,203 8 " " 354 "	805 8 " " 244 "
Mean bursting strain, 5,762 lbs.	Mean velocity, 804 ft.
Variation, 1,735 lbs.	Variation, 39 ft

American E. C. powder, 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
7,066.0 lbs. equal 480 atm.	828.9 ft. equal 251 meters.
8,217.3 " " 559 "	858.8 " " 260 "
7,864.5 " " 535 "	852.0 " " 258 "
7,394.1 " " 503 "	885.1 " " 268 "
7,379.4 " " 502 "	832 3 " " 252 "
Mean bursting strain, 7,584 lbs.	Mean velocity, 851 ft.
Variation, 1,151 lbs.	Variation, 57 ft.

American E. C. powder, 38grs., equal 2.45 grams, 1½oz. shot No. 7, in Climax shells, without black powder priming, furnished by Montgomery Ward & Co.:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
4,336.5 lbs. equal 295 atm.	733.7 ft. equal 223 meters.
3,985.7 " " 271 "	660 0 " " 200 "
3,807.3 " " 259 "	733 7 " " 223 "
4,160.1 " " 288 "	669 3 " " 201 "
Miss-fire.	Miss-fire.
Mean bursting strain, 4,071 lbs.	Mean velocity, 699 ft.
Variation, 529 lbs.	Mean velocity, 73 ft.

Schultze powder, 3drs., 1½oz. shot, in Nitro Club shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
6,232.8 lbs. equal 424 atm.	805.8 ft. equal 244 meters.
6,563.2 " " 446 "	818.10 " " 248 "
5,747.7 " " 391 "	812.3 " " 246 "
6,894.3 " " 469 "	825.5 " " 250 "
7,070.7 " " 481 "	845 5 " " 256 "
Mean bursting strain, 6,501 lbs.	Mean velocity, 821 ft.
Variation, 1,323 lbs.	Variation, 40 ft.

The same load in Smokeless shells, U. M. C wads:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
9.075 2 lbs. equal 616 atm.	858.8 ft. equal 260 meters.
7,776.3 " " 529 "	875 2 " " 265 "
9,408.3 " " 640 "	845 5 " " 256 "
10,378.2 " " 706 "	852 0 " " 258 "
9,884.3 " " 669 "	871.5 " " 264 "
Mean bursting strain, 8,894 lbs.	Mean velocity, 861 ft.
Variation, 2,602 lbs.	Variation, 30 ft.

Schultze powder, 38grs., 1½oz. shot No. 7 in Climax shells, without black powder priming, furnished by Montgomery Ward & Co.:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
3,717 1 lbs. equal 253 atm.	759.5 ft. equal 230 meters.
4,424 7 " " 301 "	749 7 " " 227 "
5,835 9 " " 397 "	759 5 " " 230 "
7,100.0 " " 483 "	789.2 " " 239 "
6,982.5 " " 475 "	779.3 " " 236 "
Mean bursting strain, 5,611 lbs.	Mean velocity, 767 ft.
Variation, 3,383 lbs.	Variation, 30 ft.

Schultze powder (Pompton), 3drs., 1¼oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity*
9,672.6 lbs. equal 658 atm.	871.5 ft. equal 264 meters.
9 927.2 " " 676 "	891.8 " " 270 "
10,787.1 " " 693 "	888.4 " " 269 "
Mean bursting strain, 10,128 lbs.	Mean velocity, 883 ft.
Variation, 1,115 lbs.	Variation, 20 ft

Schultze powder (Pompton), 3¼drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
10,510.0 lbs. equal 715 atm.	895.0 ft. equal 271 meters.
11,304.3 " " 769 "	901.7 " " 273 "
11,172.0 " " 760 "	878 0 " " 266 "
Mean bursting strain, 10,995 lbs.	Mean velocity, 891 ft.
Variation, 794 lbs.	Variation, 23 ft.

S. S. powder, 38grs., equal to 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, Smokeless shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
8,261 4 lbs. equal 562 atm.	832.3 ft. equal 252 meters.
9,760.8 " " 664 "	855.4 " " 259 "
7,908.6 " " 538 "	951.1 " " 288 "
7,644.0 " " 520 "	924.8 " " 280 "
7,952.7 " " 540 "	1,069.3 " " 318 "
Mean bursting strain, 8,313 lbs.	Mean velocity, 926 ft.
Variation, 2,116 lbs.	Variation, 237 ft.

The same load in Nitro Club shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
7,996.8 lbs. equal 544 atm.	848.9 ft. equal 257 meters.
8,731 8 " " 594 "	901.7 " " 273 "
7,203.0 " " 490 "	835 6 " " 253 "
8,261.4 " " 562 "	901 7 " " 273 "
8,099.1 " " 557 "	845 5 " " 256 "
Mean bursting strain, 8,058 lbs.	Mean velocity, 866 ft.
Variation, 1,523 lbs.	Variation, 66 ft.

S. S. powder, 3drs., 1½oz. shot, furnished by Montgomery Ward & Co., in Climax shells:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
5,439 0 lbs. equal 370 atm.	743.0 ft. equal 225 meters.
5,733.0 " " 390 "	749.7 " " 277 "
5,174.4 " " 352 "	756.2 " " 229 "
6,144.6 " " 418 "	779.3 " " 236 "
6,041.7 " " 411 "	No record.
Mean bursting strain, 5,626 lbs.	Mean velocity, 753 ft.
Variation, 970 lbs.	Variation, 36 ft.

DuPont's smokeless powder, 3¼drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
9,099 3 lbs equal 619 atm.	863 10ft. equal 262 meters.
9,496.2 " " 646 "	904 10 " " 274 "
8,878.8 " " 604 "	898.3 " " 272 "
11,127.9 " " 757 "	871.5 " " 264 "
7,952.7 " " 541 "	891.8 " " 270 "
Mean bursting strain, 9,510 lbs.	Mean velocity, 886 ft.
Variation, 3,175 lbs.	Variation, 40 ft.

The same load in Nitro Club shells:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
7,423 5 lbs. equal 505 atm.	789.2 ft. equal 239 meters.
6,894.3 " " 469 "	878.5 " " 266 "
6,806.1 " " 463 "	951.1 " " 288 "
7,395.2 " " 496 "	871.10 " " 264 "
5,894.7 " " 401 "	865.3 " " 262 "
Mean bursting strain, 6,862 lbs.	Mean velocity, 872 ft.
Variation, 1,529 lbs.	Variation, 162 ft.

Walsrode smokeless powder in grains, 29grs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, furnished by O. Hesse, in Bischwell shells:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
8,198.2 lbs. equal 556 atm.	832.3 ft. equal 252 meters.
8,305.5 " " 565 "	842.2 " " 253 "
8,305 5 " " 565 "	873.5 " " 266 "
7,379 4 " " 502 "	885.1 " " 268 "
8,217 3 " " 559 "	885.1 " " 268 "

Mean bursting strain, 8,076 lbs. Mean velocity, 864 ft.
Variation, 926 lbs. Variation, 53 ft.

Walsrode smokeless powder in grains, 31grs., 1½oz. shot No. 7 (winter load), furnished by H. C. Squires, in Bischwell shells:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
9,055 2 lbs. equal 616 atm.	842.2 ft. equal 255 meters.
10,422.3 " " 709 "	957 8 " " 290 "
11,745 3 " " 799 "	918 1 " " 278 "
8,790.6 " " 598 "	918.1 " " 278 "
9,849 0 " " 670 "	845.5 " " 256 "

Mean bursting strain, 9,972 lbs. Mean velocity, 896 ft.
Variation, 2,955 lbs. Variation, 115 ft.

Walsrode powder in grains, 29grs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, brought to this country from Germany in the year 1892, and since stored in Chicago:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
7,581 9 lbs. equal 517 atm.	832 3 ft. equal 252 meters.
8,305.5 " " 565 "	875.2 " " 265 "
8,878 8 " " 604 "	871.10 " " 264 "
8,349 0 " " 568 "	878.5 " " 266 "

Mean bursting strain, 8,278 lbs. Mean velocity, 864 ft.
Variation, 129 lbs. Variation, 46 ft.

Walsrode in grains, 29grs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, furnished by O. Hesse in Climax shells, primed with black powder:

Bursting Strain	Velocity.
7,026.6 lbs. equal 478 atm.	795.9 ft. equal 241 meters.
8,437.8 " " 574 "	822.2 " " 249 "
9,055.2 " " 616 "	805.8 " " 244 "
8,746.5 " " 559 "	805.8 " " 244 "
8,746.5 " " 559 "	808.11 " " 245 "

Mean bursting strain, 8,402 lbs. Mean velocity, 807 ft.
Variation, 2,029 lbs. Variation, 27 ft.

The test for bursting strain and velocity was continued and partly repeated on Sept. 22. On that day the thermometer registered 66° F., equal to 16° C., the barometer 29.8, the hygrometer 75%.

Table B.

American wood powder, 3¼drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, equal to 366 pellets, in Nitro Club shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
6,585.6 lbs. equal 448 atm.	865.8 ft. equal 262 meters.
6,056.4 " " 412 "	848 9 " " 257 "
6,056.4 " " 412 "	888.4 " " 269 "
5,880.0 " " 400 "	954 7 " " 283 "
7,070.7 " " 481 "	825 5 " " 250 "

Mean bursting strain, 6,329 lbs. Mean velocity, 872 ft.
Variation, 1,190 lbs. Variation, 109 ft.

The same load in Smokeless shells:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
9,584.4 lbs. equal 652 atm.	865.3 ft. equal 262 meters.
7,688.1 " " 523 "	858.2 " " 260 "
6,908 2 " " 466 "	868 7 " " 263 "
6,717.9 " " 457 "	878.5 " " 266 "
8,805.3 " " 559 "	937.11 " " 284 "

Mean bursting strain, 8,845 lbs. Mean velocity, 881 ft.
Variation, 2,867 lbs. variation, 79 ft.

E. C. powder, 3¼drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
9,011.1 lbs. equal 613 atm.	914.9 ft. equal 277 meters.
7,688.1 " " 523 "	759.5 " " 230 "
7,644 0 " " 520 "	974.3 " " 295 "
7,776 3 " " 529 "	855.4 " " 259 "
6,885.5 " " 465 "	901.7 " " 278 "

Mean bursting strain, 7,791 lbs. Mean velocity, 881 ft.
Variation, 2,166 lbs. Variation, 215 ft.

Schultze powder, 3¼drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, Smokeless shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
12,936 0 lbs. equal 880 atm.	885.1 ft. equal 268 meters.
9,981 3 " " 679 "	861.11 " " 261 "
11,107 2 " " 760 "	881 9 " " 267 "
7,467 6 " " 508 "	842.2 " " 255 "
11,657.1 " " 793 "	1,027.10 " " 311 "

Mean bursting strain, 10,611 lbs. Mean velocity, 899 ft.
Variation, 5,469 lbs. Variation, 165 ft.

S. S. powder, 3¼drs., 1½oz. shot No, 7, in Smokeless shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
8,349.6 lbs. equal 568 atm.	941.2 ft. equal 285 meters.
7,423 5 " " 505 "	891.8 " " 270 "
8,393 7 " " 571 "	848.9 " " 257 "
6,629 7 " " 451 "	908 2 " " 275 "
7,599 9 " " 517 "	957.8 " " 290 "

Mean bursting strain, 7,674 lbs. Mean velocity, 909 ft.
Variation, 800 lbs. Variation, 109 ft.

DuPont's smokeless powder, 38grs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, in Nitro Club shells, U. M. C wads:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
5,747.7 lbs. equal 391 atm.	762.9 ft. equal 231 meters.
7,555.8 " " 514 "	852 0 " " 258 "
7,526.4 " " 512 "	841.2 " " 255 "
5,880.0 " " 400 "	852.0 " " 258 "
4,689.3 " " 319 "	785.10 " " 238 "

Mean bursting strain, 6,279 lbs. Mean velocity, 813 ft.
Variation, 1,808 lbs. Variation, 90 ft.

The same load in Smokeless shells:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
8,173 2 lbs. equal 556 atm.	855.4 ft. equal 259 meters.
9,408.0 " " 640 "	832.3 " " 252 "
9,555 0 " " 655 "	852 0 " " 258 "
8,526 0 " " 580 "	835 6 " " 253 "
6,321.0 " " 430 "	838 10 " " 254 "

Mean bursting strain, 8,396 lbs. Mean velocity, 843 ft.
Variation, 3,234 lbs. Variation, 23 ft.

DuPont's smokeless powder 40grs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, in Nitro Club shells, U. M. C. wads:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
8,040.9 lbs. equal 547 atm.	855.4 ft. equal 259 meters.
5,350 8 " " 364 "	808.11 " " 245 "
11,568.9 " " 787 "	878 5 " " 266 "
6,541.5 " " 445 "	802 4 " " 243 "
5,703.6 " " 388 "	818.10 " " 248 "

Mean bursting strain, 7,440 lbs. Mean velocity, 838 ft.
Variation, 6,218 lbs. Variation, 76 ft.

The same load in Smokeless shells:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
9,849.0 lbs. equal 670 atm.	852.0 ft. equal 258 meters.
8,040.9 " " 547 "	828.0 " " 251 "
11,965 8 " " 814 "	885.0 " " 268 "
12,936.0 " " 880 "	952.8 " " 290 "
6,541 5 " " 445 "	887.5 " " 266 "

Mean bursting strain, 9,866 lbs. Mean velocity, 881 ft.
Variation, 6,359 lbs. Variation, 124 ft.

Walsrode in grains, furnished by O. Hesse, 29grs., 1½oz. shot No. 7:

Bursting Strain.	Velocity.
8,349.6 lbs. equal 568 atm.	832.3 ft. equal 252 meters.
8,173.2 " " 556 "	838.10 " " 254 "
7,732.2 " " 526 "	884.4 " " 269 "
7,786.3 " " 529 "	858.8 " " 260 "
6,866.1 " " 463 "	865.3 " " 262 "

Mean bursting strain, 7,770 lbs. Mean velocity, 865 ft.
Variation, 1,543 lbs. Variation, 52 ft.

Before commenting on the results shown in the foregoing tables, it appears advisable to single out for the gunner some of the points which ought to govern a comparison.

It has been said before that one of the most desirable features of a propelling agent is that it should retain its ballistic properties *under all conditions*. There should never be any extraordinary variations in bursting strains and velocities. The latter should never drop below 775ft., because all figures below cease to represent the desirable killing force, and they should not exceed 900ft., for the reason that higher velocities generally give cause for a less satisfactory pattern, as this has been clearly demonstrated whenever the charges of E. C., Schultze, S. S., Wood and DuPont powder were increased to 3½drs.

It has been stated previously that a bursting strain of 12,000lbs. to the square inch still may be considered as comparatively safe, but such a pressure is certainly too high to be endured by the average gun for any length of time. A gas pressure of 10,000lbs. may be considered to have reached the highest point of safety for a continuous service.

As will be seen, the gas pressure of a service charge of DuPont's black powder is about 7,203lbs., the corresponding velocity 890ft.

The black powder known as "Dead Shot" developed a lower gas pressure, but the velocities were, in some instances, likewise somewhat low, and the same rule applies to the "Orange Extra." American wood powder dropped in two instances below the desired average velocity and reached only in the Smokeless shell the required figures, and this both in regard to bursting strain and velocities. E. C. powder likewise makes the best showing in the Smokeless shells, whereas it fell a little short in the two other instances, although it should be borne in mind that 38grs. in a common shell and without black powder priming hardly represent a sufficiently strong charge of this powder. S. S. powder did well in point of velocity in two instances, but in one case these figures reached a point higher than desirable for a good pattern; it dropped below the average values in the Climax shells.

Schultze Powder gave the best results in point of velocity in the Smokeless shell and as regard gas pressure in the Nitro Club shell. In the Climax shell the velocity figures approach very closely the lower normal limit.

Schultze powder (Pompton), which differs from the regular Schultze powder by a much harder grain, developed high and also uniform velocities, but the bursting strain, especially that of the increased—3½drs.—charges, appears somewhat high, which may to some extent be due to the fact that this powder was tested for bursting strain and velocity separately from the others and in a comparatively dry atmosphere. The quoted figures, however, demonstrate that the maximum load of this powder, when used in warm and dry weather, should not exceed 3drs. The increased charges of Walsrode grain powder naturally developed a corresponding high gas pressure and higher velocities than the standard charge, but the figures of bursting strain still move in the permissible limits.

The velocities of the standard charges, those in Climax shells primed with black powder included, are quite uniform and of sufficient height, and the gas pressures likewise move in the normal limits and show only slight variations.

American wood powder, as Table B shows, did not appear very sensitive to increased charges, which may partly be due to the fact that cool and cloudy weather prevailed at the time; a condition more beneficial to this powder than to any other, inasmuch, and as will be demonstrated hereafter, the wood powder is more hygroscopic than the several other powders tested.

E. C. powder unexpectedly showed great variations with the increased load, which are of less consequence as far as the bursting strain is concerned than in regard to the velocities.

The gas pressure figures prove that this powder, like all nitro powders, will occasionally re-act heavily to increased charges.

S. S. did comparatively well with the increased charge.

DuPont's smokeless powder was tested in two lighter charges, both making a good showing in point of velocity, but the variations in gas pressure appear to prove that the combustion of this powder lacks somewhat in uniformity. This powder is not yet in the market, and before it is introduced there is little doubt but what it will, in this respect, be sufficiently improved. The slight fault is probably due to an oversight in the process of manufacture. It belongs to the gun cotton powder class, and its chemical composition warrants a good prediction in regard to its future. It still lacks somewhat in point of non-susceptibility to moisture, but being a gun cotton powder, it will only be a question of time when it will likewise in this respect do as well as other powders of this class.

But the experiments teach that in its present condition the DuPont smokeless powder should not be loaded, bulk for bulk, with black powder; 2¾drs. constitute the maximum charge for warm and dry, 3drs. for wet and cold weather.

The bursting strains developed by the Schultze powder likewise show that it is unwise to load more than 3drs. of this powder for 12-gauge guns in summer.

The Pattern Test.

The pattern test commenced on Sept. 23. Inasmuch, and as previously observed, one particular gun seldom shoots all kinds of powders equally good, it was concluded to use several guns for this occasion. The guns employed were: A Francotte* gun, loaned by Von Lengerke & Antoine; a Greener gun; a German gun, with the right barrel of cylindrical bore, the left, as all the others, choke-bore; and a Smith gun. Both barrels were used by the German gun, thus making in reality five different guns.

From all powders five rounds were fired, one shot from each gun. All shots were fired at muzzle rest, and at a distance of 40yds.

The weight of the Greener gun was above 7lbs., those of the others below 7lbs. The figures quoted in Table C constitute the number of pellets counted in each case within the 30-inch select circle.

Table C.

3¼drs. DuPont's black powder FFF, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
139 205 167 107 177 — 795 Average pellets 159; var. 98

3drs. DuPont's black powder FFF, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
249 279 268 159 270 — 1221 Average pellets 244; var. 116

3drs. American Powder Mills' Dead Shot, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
230 271 241 123 241 — 1106 Average pellets 221; var. 148

3drs. Laflin & Rand's Orange Extra, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
240 268 224 147 111 — 990 Average pellets 198; var. 157

3drs. American E. C. powder in Nitro Club shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
256 245 123 161 240 — 1025 Average pellets 205; var. 133

3drs. American E. C. powder in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
220 244 149 93 187 — 893 Average pellets 178; var. 151

3drs. American E. C. powder in Climax shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
196 277 256 148 263 — 1140 Average pellets 228; var. 129

* The best mean pattern was obtained with the Francotte gun.

3drs. Schultze powder in Nitro Club shells, 1½oz shot No. 7:
284 258 108 149 282 — 1081 Average pellets 216; var. 174

The same load in Smokeless shells:
196 173 219 98 214 — 900 Average pellets 180; var. 116

The same load in Climax shells:
158 290 192 115 120 — 875 Average pellets 175; var. 175

3drs. American Wood powder in Nitro Club shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
134 152 231 176 150 — 843 Average pellets 168; var. 197

The same load in Smokeless shells:
180 192 80 101 175 — 728 Average pellets 136; var. 112

3drs. American Wood powder, by Watson, in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
246 218 254 117 223 — 1058 Average pellets 211; var. 137

3drs. American Wood powder in Climax shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
139 207 122 132 194 — 794 Average pellets 158; var. 85

3drs. S. S. powder in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
155 249 155 98 195 — 802 Average pellets 160; var. 151

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
191 206 129 113 238 — 877 Average pellets 175; var. 125

The same load in Climax shells:
242 188 278 163 283 — 1154 Average pellets 230; var. 120

3drs. DuPont's smokeless powder in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
174 280 152 88 188 — 882 Average pellets 174; var. 192

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
175 243 204 163 245 — 1030 Average pellets 206; var. 122

29grs. Walsrode powder in grains, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
178 259 258 134 237 — 1066 Average pellets 213; var. 125

29grs. Walsrode powder in grains, from Hesse, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
246 172 243 122 249 — 1032 Average pellets 206; var. 127

31grs. Walsrode powder in grains, from Squires, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
170 150 257 142 231 — 950 Average pellets 190; var. 135

29grs. Walsrode powder in grains, Climax shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
135 163 183 146 138 — 865 Average pellets 173; var. 48

3drs. Schultze powder (Pompton) in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
182 127 178 140 250 — 877 Average pellets 175; var. 123

3½drs. American wood powder in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
151 173 204 187 185 — 900 Average pellets 180; var. 53

3½drs. American wood powder in Nitro Club shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
185 180 177 84 215 — 841 Average pellets 168; var. 131

3¼drs. E. C. powder in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
219 205 230 87 258 — 999 Average pellets 199; var. 171

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
288 283 253 126 302 — 1202 Average pellets 240; var. 176

3¼drs. Schultze powder in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
189 155 96 155 121 — 716 Average pellets 143; var. 93

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
219 240 210 138 253 — 1060 Average pellets 212; var. 115

3¼drs. S. S. powder in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
190 190 189 225 186 — 980 Average pellets 196; var. 37

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
214 237 206 123 202 — 982 Average pellets 196; var. 114

38grs. DuPont's smokeless powder, in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
220 264 219 78 245 — 1026 Average pellets 205; var. 186

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
236 258 257 137 284 — 1172 Average pellets 234; var. 147

40grs. DuPont's smokeless powder in Smokeless shells, 1½oz. shot No. 7:
174 146 155 147 229 — 851 Average pellets 170; var. 83

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
249 254 237 172 195 — 1107 Average pellets 221; var. 82

The foregoing table shows the surprising result that the mean pattern obtained with the nitro powders are superior to those given by the black powders. In many cases the black powder is preferred by gunners simply for the reason that better patterns are expected from the same, and on former occasions I have often found that this presumption was well founded. In judging the values of the pattern the corresponding velocities must always be taken in consideration, since, as repeatedly observed, the lower velocities generally produce remarkably good patterns.

The figures contained in Table C could easily lead to erroneous conclusions if the given pattern values would not be compared with the corresponding values of velocities. Let us pass the black powders for the present, and direct our attention to the nitro powders.

American wood powder shows in two instances unsatisfactory patterns; in the other case 211 pellets constitute the mean pattern, and this value is confronted by a mean velocity of 812ft.

E. C. powder makes the best showing in the Climax shells, but the corresponding velocity is only 699ft. Schultze powder gives in the Nitro Club shells a mean pattern of 216 pellets, with a corresponding velocity of 821ft. S. S. powder makes in all three shells a good showing in point of pattern, among which the values obtained in the Climax shells represent the highest figures, namely, 230 pellets. But the corresponding velocity again is only 755ft., or below the permissible limit.

DuPont's smokeless powder makes the best showing as regards pattern with the 38grs. charge, which produces a corresponding velocity of 813ft.

Schultze powder (Pompton) shows a somewhat lower mean pattern, but this is confronted by the comparative high velocity of 883ft.

Walsrode grain powder gave a mean pattern of 213 pellets with a corresponding velocity of 864ft.

With the increased charges the E. C. powder has, in one instance, given the high pattern of 240 pellets, confronted by a very satisfactory velocity, but on the whole this powder, too, produces a less satisfactory pattern as the velocity increases.

Schultze powder shows with the increased charge the best pattern in the Nitro Club shells, namely 212 pellets; the velocity is about the same as that of the E. C. powder.

S. S. powder did well in both shells, giving, with a very high velocity, a mean pattern of 196 pellets. Wood powder only reached a mean pattern in one instance of 180 pellets; the corresponding velocity is above 870ft. Walsrode powder maintained in both shells the average velocity, but fell, compared with the Schultze E. C. powders, somewhat short in point of pattern.

On several occasions it has been observed before that many gunners claim to obtain a better pattern with 1⅛oz. of shot than with 1¼oz., and that they consequently would increase the chances of hitting by using the larger shot load. I have already attempted to show that even in such a case where a larger number of pellets form the 1⅛oz. charge are counted on a stationary target than from the 1¼oz. charge, this fact would by no means substantiate and prove the correctness of the assumption mentioned.

But the question is: Does the larger charge really produce on the average a better pattern than the smaller charge? The answer to this question can be found by comparing the pattern values contained in Table C with those found in the next table:

Table D.

Chicago, Watson's Park, Sept. 25, 1893.

PATTERN TEST WITH 1¼ OUNCES SHOT.

Schultze powder, 3¼drs., 1¼oz. shot No. 7:

Velocity, 841.9 ft. equal 255 meters.	192 pellets.
" 805.8 " " 244 "	214 "
	244 "
Average, 822 ft.	Average, 216 pellets.

E. C. powder, 3¼drs., 1¼oz. shot No. 7:

Velocity,	812.0 ft. equal	246 meters.	219 pellets.
"	799.1 " "	243 "	256 "
			227 "
Average,	805 ft.	Average,	234 pellets.

Walsrode powder in grains, 31grs., 1¼oz. shot No. 7:

Velocity,	845.0 ft. equal	257 meters.	284 pellets.
"	838.5 " "	255 "	208 "
			249 "
Average,	841 ft.	Average,	247 pellets.

American wood powder, 3¼drs., 1¼oz. shot No. 7:

Velocity,	746.3 ft. equal	226 meters.	253 pellets.
"	756.2 " "	229 "	250 "
			237 "
Average,	705 ft.	Average,	247 pellets.

S. S. powder, 3¼drs., 1¼oz. shot No. 7:

Velocity,	789.2 ft. equal	239 meters.	143 pellets.
"	756.2 " "	229 "	175 "
			235 "
Average,	771 ft.	Average,	184 pellets.

DuPont's FFF powder, 3¼drs., 1¼oz. shot:

Velocity,	835.1 ft. equal	253 meters.	208 pellets.
"	838.5 " "	254 "	171 "
			157 "
Average,	836 ft.	Average,	175 pellets.

DuPont's smokeless powder, 3¼drs., 1¼oz. shot;

Velocity,	845.0 ft. equal	257 meters.	232 pellets.
"	914.9 " "	277 "	259 "
			238 "
Average,	879 ft.	Average,	243 pellets.

Now let us compare the figures found in Table D with the best values contained in Table C. What do we find? We find the surprising and instructive fact that in nearly all cases a decrease in velocity and in pattern, or at least, in the last instance, such a small increase that it practically amounts to nothing.

Schultze powder has lost 77ft. in velocity and gained only 4 pellets in pattern. E. C. powder shows a loss in velocity of 76ft. and a decrease in pattern of 6 pellets. Walsrode powder lost 45ft. in velocity and gained 57 pellets. Wood powder lost fully 130ft. in velocity and gained 67 pellets in pattern. S. S. powder shows a decrease in velocity of 138ft. and a loss in pattern of 12 pellets. DuPont's black powder lost fully 190ft. in velocity and 2 pellets in pattern. DuPont's smokeless powder shows a decrease in velocity of 50ft. and a gain in pattern of 9 pellets. In point of pattern only Walsrode and wood powder show slight gains, but in the last case this gain is more than counter-balanced by the accompanying loss in velocity, because a velocity of 757ft., as the wood powder produced, hardly represents a sufficient killing force.

Among the properties excepted from a reliable propelling agent is the non-susceptibility to moisture; since all highly hygroscopic powders will be affected detrimentally through the influence of moisture in the air, whereby they will cease to produce a sufficient penetrative force for a killing effect. A powder easily affected by moisture will, as a rule, not stand storing, unless kept in a very dry place.

The so-called waterproof shells afford very little protection against the influence of moisture.

In testing and judging powders it is, therefore, necessary to establish if, and to what extent, a particular powder is hygroscopic, and at what percentage of moisture the effect of the latter begins to be felt, inasmuch as one powder may still do good service with a certain percentage of moisture, while another containing the same percentage may cease to give satisfaction. A quantity of each of the several powders was filled in open dishes and these placed in a refrigerator, showing 75 per cent. of moisture, and there kept and subjected to the influence of the humidity for 18 hours. They were then loaded in the regular manner and fired.

Table E.

Chicago, Watson's Park, Sept. 27, 1893.

MOISTURE TEST.

DuPont black powder FFF, 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7:

Bursting Strain.		*Velocity.*	
7,938.0 lbs. equal	540 atm.	1,041.00 ft. equal	315 meters.
7,908.6 " "	538 "	1 031.00 " "	312 "

E. C. powder, 3drs., 1¼oz. shot No. 7:

7,732.9 lbs. equal	526 atm.	785.10 ft. equal	238 meters.
8,173.9 " "	556 "	818.7 " "	248 "

American wood powder, 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7:

4,998.0 lbs. equal	340 atm.	723.00 ft. equal	220 meters.
4,468.8 " "	304 "	726.6 " "	222 "

Schultze powder, 3drs., 1¼oz. shot No. 7:

6,497.4 lbs. equal	442 atm.	782.6 ft. equal	237 meters.
7,622.2 " "	526 "	802.00 " "	243 "

Schultze powder (Pompton), 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7:

6,937.4 lbs. equal	472 atm.	818.10 ft. equal	248 meters.
5,688.9 " "	387 "	885.1 " "	268 "

S. S. powder, 3drs , 1½oz. shot No. 7:

7,026.6 lbs. equal	478 atm.	779.3 ft. equal	236 meters.
7,144.2 " "	688 "	808.11 " "	245 "

Walsrode powder, 31grs., 1½oz. shot No. 7:

10,598.7 lbs. equal	721 atm.	898.3 ft. equal	272 meters.
10,113.0 " "	688 "	885.1 " "	268 "

Walsrode powder, 29grs., 1½oz. shot No. 7:

7,688.1 lbs. equal	523 atm.	835 6 ft. equal	253 meters.
7,791.0 " "	530 "	852.00 " "	258 "

DuPont smokeless powder, 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7:

11,657.1 lbs. equal	793 atm.	891.8 ft. equal	270 meters.
13,127.8 " "	876 "	852.00 " "	258 "

To ascertain to what an extent the several powders were affected by the moisture, the values quoted in Table E must be compared with the corresponding values given in Table A. It will thus be found that the bursting strain of the DuPont's black powder did not change, while the velocities show a slight increase. E. C. powder shows a small increase in bursting strain, with a loss in velocity. Wood powder lost 2,000lbs. in pressure and 120ft. in velocity. Schultze powder shows a decrease in the bursting strain of about 1,500lbs., and a loss in velocity of 70ft. Schultze powder—Pompton—lost 3,000lbs. in bursting strain and 69ft. in velocity. S. S. powder shows a loss in gas pressure of about 1,000lbs. and in velocity of 133ft. Walsrode, 31grs., winter load, shows a slight increase in gas pressure and a loss in velocity of 4ft. Warlsrode 29grs.—standard charge—lost 500lbs. in gas pressure and in velocity 18ft. DuPont's smokeless powder shows an increase in bursting strain with velocities about the same as before. This test was by no means a severe one. In actual service the powders are frequently put to a much more trying treatment. This theme will again be touched in the report pertaining to the Wilmington trial.

In about the same degree as some powders are susceptible to the influence of moisture, others are again affected by dry heat. A reliable propelling agent should likewise be non-susceptible to this last-named influence.

To ascertain if and in what degree the various powders are affected by dry heat, the powders were put in a closed oven showing a temperature of 205° F., equal to 80° C., and kept there for one hour. After being taken out and given time to cool, they were loaded in the usual manner and fired.

A powder not affected by heat should show only slight increases in both bursting strain and velocity.

Table F.

Chicago, Watson's Park, Sept. 28, 1893.

DRY HEAT TEST.

Walsrode powder in grains, 29grs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

Bursting Strain.		*Velocity.*	
9,231.6 lbs. equal	628 atm.	895 00 ft. equal	271 meters.
9,231.6 " "	628 "	888.4 " "	269 "

Schultze powder (Pompton), 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

12,539.1 lbs. equal	853 atm.	1,093.10 ft. equal	331 meters.
10,025.4 " "	682 "	974.3 " "	295 "

E. C. powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

8,599 5 lbs. equal	585 atm.	852.00 ft. equal	258 meters.
9,011.1 " "	613 "	908.2 " "	275 "

Schultze powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

9,409.0 lbs. equal	640 atm.	1,031.1 ft. equal	312 meters.
8,746.5 " "	559 "	1,027.10 " "	311 "

American wood powder. 3drs , 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

6,983.2 lbs. equal	475 atm.	885.1 ft. equal	268 meters.
7,159.6 " "	487 "	828.9 " "	251 "

DuPont's smokeless powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

14,700.0 lbs. equal	1,000 atm.	951.00 ft. equal	288 meters.
14,259.0 " "	970 "	858.1 " "	260 "

S. S. powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

9,275 7 lbs. equal	631 atm.	1,037.00 ft. equal	317 meters.
10,249.9 " "	697 "	997.4 " "	302 "

DuPont's powder FFF. 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

7,908.3 lbs. equal	538 atm.	951.00 ft. equal	288 meters.
7,718.2 " "	526 "	974.3 " "	295 "

For the purpose of comparing the figures in Table F, the corresponding figures in Table A must again be consulted. This done we find that the Walsrode powder shows an increase in gas pressure of 958lbs., in velocity 27ft. Schultze powder (Pompton) gained 1,154lbs. in bursting strain, and 140ft. in velocity. E. C. powder shows an increase in gas pressure of 300lbs., in velocity of 29ft. Schultze powder gained 133lbs. in bursting strain and 16Sft. in velocity. American wood powder increased its bursting strain by 321lbs., its velocity by 12ft. S. S. powder shows an increase in bursting strain of 1,449lbs., in velocity of 91ft. DuPont's black powder gained 610lbs. gas pressure and 72ft. in velocity. DuPont's smokeless powder shows an increase in gas pressure of 4,969lbs., in velocity of 29ft.

An increase of bursting strain up to 1,000lbs. may still be considered natural and permissible, and an increase of velocity of 50ft. may be regarded as of no importance.

To ascertain how far the several powders differ in the way of heating the gun barrels by rapid and continued firing, equal rounds of shots were fired in quick succession from each powder, and in every case the temperature measured in the middle of the gun barrel. DuPont's smokeless and Walsrode powders showed the lowest and same degree of heat; then followed Schultze powder with increased heat, and then, with the same values, E. C. and wood powder, then Schultze (Pompton), then S. S. powder, and then, with the highest degree of heat, Du Pont's black powder.

The recoil test produced the following result: Least recoil, of even value, DuPont's smokeless and Walsrode; then followed, with increased recoil, E. C., Schultze, Schultze (Pompton) and American wood powder; then S. S. powder, and then, with the heaviest recoil, Du Pont's black powder.

In regard to the development of smoke, the several powders are governed by the following rotation: Du Pont's and Walsrode developed the least smoke, of even value; next came Schultze, Schultze-Pompton, E. C. and S. S. powder; then wood, and as last, of course, DuPont's black powder.

The barrel fouling test resulted for the several powders as follows: The least fouling of the gun barrel was found with the DuPont's and Walsrode smokeless powders; next came Schultze, Schultze-Pompton, and S. S. powders; then wood and E. C. powder. The residue of the E. C. powder proved, occasionally, to be of a quite solid form and tending to clog the locking device of the gun.

Among the black powder, Laflin & Rand's "Orange Extra" produced a remarkable small residue, much less than generally found with black powders.

With this last test, the Chicago powder trials were considered finished. It was understood and agreed, however, that a repetition on a smaller scale, and in conjunction with a primer test, should take place on some future day, and in another section of the country.

For this second test, to which all interested parties were again invited, Messrs. E. I. DuPont de Nemours Co. kindly placed their shooting ground and some of their instruments at their gun cotton factory located at Carney's Point, New Jersey, near Wilmington, Delaware, at our disposal.

Schultze powder—Pompton—reached Chicago after the test there had commenced, and I was further requested to test a new Leaf powder recently brought out by Messrs. Wolff & Co., Walsrode. Both of these powders were subjected to an exhaustive test at Carney's Point. So that the result of this trial will afford the same basis for judging these powders as the basis established for the others.

The experiments at Carney's Point commenced with the primer test. The experiments were conducted with a view to ascertain to what extent the qualities of the several powders, as far as bursting strain and velocities are concerned, are affected by the primer, and especially to determine, if, and to what degree, the stronger primer will increase the violence of the nitro powders; that is, render them more or less dangerous; and further, which primer will, as a rule, secure the most regular ignition.

It has been further determined, how much faster the stronger primer will bring about an ignition and combustion of the powder charge than the common or black powder primer.

Table G.

Carney's Point, N. J., Oct. 26, 1893.

PRIMER TEST.

DuPont's smokeless powder, 2¾drs., 1½oz. shot in Eley shells:

Bursting Strain.		*Velocity.*	
8,507.2 lbs. equal	576 atm.	841.9 ft. equal	255 meters.
9,261.0 " "	630 "	828 9 " "	251 "
10,143.0 " "	690 "	818.7 " "	248 "
10,922.1 " "	743 "	818.7 " "	248 "
9,318.8 " "	634 "	802.4 " "	243 "

The same load in Smokeless shells:

10,936.8 lbs. equal	744 atm.	858.0 ft. equal	260 meters.
7,893.9 " "	537 "	828 9 " "	251 "
9,334.8 " "	669 "	852.0 " "	258 "
9,437.4 " "	642 "	858.8 " "	260 "
6,350.4 " "	432 "	795.9 " "	241 "

The same load in Rival shells:

8,517.9 lbs. equal	579 atm.	828.9 ft. equal	251 meters.
8,114.4 " "	552 "	822.0 " "	249 "
5,909.4 " "	402 "	766.0 " "	232 "
8,055.4 " "	582 "	825.5 " "	250 "
6,394 5 " "	435 "	812.3 " "	246 "

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:

6,615.0 lbs. equal	450 atm.	812.0 ft. equal	246 meters.
5,909.4 " "	402 "	779.3 " "	236 "
7,673.4 " "	522 "	766.0 " "	232 "
7,938.0 " "	540 "	799.9 " "	242 "
8,996.4 " "	612 "	799 9 " "	242 "

The same load in Bischweiter shells:

9,162.8 lbs. equal	624 atm.	822.0 ft. equal	249 meters.
13,891.5 " "	945 "	842.2 " "	255 "
8,070.3 " "	549 "	928 0 " "	281 "
11,234 8 " "	840 "	858.8 " "	260 "
10 010 7 " "	681 "	828.9 " "	251 "

The same load in Bachmann shells:

10,759.4 lbs. equal	732 atm.	822.0 ft. equal	249 meters.
10,495.8 " "	714 "	842.2 " "	255 "
6,776.7 " "	471 "	795.9 " "	241 "
9,481.5 " "	645 "	812.0 " "	246 "
10,407.6 " "	708 "	838.10 " "	254 "

The same load in Winchester shells, No. 3 primer:

8,349.6 lbs. equal	568 atm.	795.5 ft. equal	241 meters.
6,492.7 " "	441 "	785.10 " "	238 "
7,849.8 " "	534 "	812.0 " "	246 "
6,041.7 " "	411 "	782.6 " "	237 "
6,570.9 " "	447 "	676.0 " "	223 "

The same load in Nitro Club shells:

8,996.4 lbs. equal	612 atm.	832.3 ft. equal	252 meters.
6,174.0 " "	420 "	795.5 " "	241 "
7,364 7 " "	501 "	818.0 " "	248 "
7,982 1 " "	543 "	828.9 " "	251 "
5,953.5 " "	405 "	785.10 " "	238 "

The same load in Creedmoor shells, Winchester No. 2 primer:

6 394.5 lbs. equal	435 atm.	756.2 ft. equal	229 meters.
5,997.6 " "	408 "	.....	...
6,129.9 " "	417 "	743.0 " "	225 "
7,100.1 " "	483 "	782.6 " "	237 "
7,011.9 " "	477 "	782.6 " "	237 "

The same load in Kynoch's Grouse shells:

5,071.5 lbs. equal	345 atm.	766.0 ft. equal	232 meters.
7,364.7 " "	501 "	812.0 " "	246 "
7,585.2 " "	516 "	805.8 " "	244 "
7,364.7 " "	501 "	.....	...
6,526.8 " "	444 "	769.4 " "	233 "

The same load in Climax shells, common:

4,851.0 lbs. equal	330 atm.	704.4 ft. equal	214 meters.
4,938.2 " "	336 "	733.7 " "	222 "
4,630.5 " "	315 "	.....	...
4,762.8 " "	324 "	.....	...
5,247.9 " "	357 "	.....	...

The same load in Sporting Life shells:

6,262.2 lbs. equal	426 atm.	782.6 ft. equal	237 meters.
6,394.5 " "	435 "	772.7 " "	234 "
7,408.8 " "	504 "	766.0 " "	232 "
6,749.3 " "	459 "	921.5 " "	279 "
7,673.4 " "	522 "	822.0 " "	249 "

Oct. 27—Continuation of the Primer Test.

Thermometer 69° F., equal to 20.5° C.; hygrometer, 90%.

Walsrode leaf powder, 31grs.. equal 2.1 grams; 1½oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells:

Bursting Strain.		*Velocity.*	
6,009.4 lbs. equal	402 atm.	792.5 ft. equal	240 meters.
8,055.6 " "	549 "	841.9 " "	255 "
7,717.5 " "	525 "	825.2 " "	250 "
6,571.6 " "	447 "	795.9 " "	241 "
6,659.8 " "	453 "	805.0 " "	244 "
Mean bursting strain, 7,002 lbs.		Mean velocity, 812 ft.	
Variation, 2,046 lbs.		Variation, 49 ft.	

The same load in Vienna shells:

Bursting Strain.		*Velocity.*	
6,953 0 lbs. equal	473 atm.	848.4 ft. equal	258 meters.
9,966.6 " "	678 "	818.7 " "	248 "
10.054.6 " "	684 "	848.4 " "	258 "
9,966 6 " "	678 "	885.1 " "	268 "
8,995.4 " "	612 "	828 9 " "	251 "
Mean bursting strain, 9,186 lbs.		Mean velocity, 845 ft.	
Variation, 3,101 lbs.		Variation, 77 ft.	

Walsrode leaf powder, winter load, 32 grs., equal to 2.2 grams, 1½oz. shot No. 7, in Vienna shells:

Bursting Strain.		*Velocity.*	
10,407.6 lbs. equal	708 atm.	868.7 ft. equal	263 meters.
11,466.0 " "	780 "	875.2 " "	265 "
9,790.0 " "	666 "	852.0 " "	258 "
10,231.0 " "	696 "	865.3 " "	262 "
10,201.4 " "	762 "	865.3 " "	262 "
Mean bursting strain, 10,419 lbs.		Mean velocity, 871 ft.	
Variation, 1,676 lbs.		Variation, 23 ft.	

DuPont's smokeless powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7 in Rival shells, common:

Bursting Strain.		*Velocity.*	
6,438.6 lbs. equal	438 atm.	700.3 ft. equal	211 meters.
7,893.9 " "	537 "	852.0 " "	258 "
9,393.3 " "	639 "	871.10 " "	264 "
8,555.4 " "	982 "	835.6 " "	253 "
7,805.7 " "	531 "	712.6 " "	212 "

The same load in Smokeless shells:

9,393.3 lbs. equal	639 atm.	861.0 ft. equal	261 meters.
11,025.0 " "	750 "	885.1 " "	268 "
8,158.5 " "	555 "	852.0 " "	258 "
9.702 0 " "	660 "	891.8 " "	270 "
10,672.2 " "	696 "	855.4 " "	259 "

Schultze powder (Pompton), 3drs . 1⅛oz. shot No. 7 in Eley shells:

8,952.3 lbs. equal	609 atm.	838.10 ft. equal	254 meters.
9,304.1 " "	633 "	828.9 " "	251 "
8,820.0 " "	600 "	785.10 " "	238 "
9,922 5 " "	675 "	835.6 " "	253 "
8,952.3 " "	609 "	836.6 " "	254 "

The same load in Smokeless shells:

9,348.2 lbs. equal	636 atm.	858 8 ft. equal	260 meters.
9,613.8 " "	654 "	875.2 " "	265 "
9,084.6 " "	618 "	831.10 " "	252 "
9,878.4 " "	672 "	878.5 " "	266 "
9,834.3 " "	669 "	885.1 " "	258 "

The same load in Rival shells, common:

6,339.9 lbs. equal	417 atm.	808.11 ft. equal	245 meters.
5,733.0 " "	390 "	802.4 " "	243 "
6,394.5 " "	435 "	812.3 " "	246 "
7,408.8 " "	504 "	818.10 " "	248 "
8,423.1 " "	573 "	828.9 " "	251 "

The same load in Sporting Life shells:

8,114.4 lbs. equal	552 atm.	802.4 ft. equal	243 meters.
8,158 5 " "	555 "	808.11 " "	245 "
5,688 9 " "	387 "	766.0 " "	232 "
6,041 7 " "	411 "	782.6 " "	237 "
6,262.7 " "	426 "	785.10 " "	238 "

The same load in Nitro Club shells:

7,408.8 lbs. equal	504 atm.	802.4 ft. equal	243 meters.
6,085.8 " "	414 "	831.10 " "	252 "
9,084.6 " "	618 "	815.4 " "	247 "
8,952.3 " "	609 "	808.11 " "	245 "
7,364.7 " "	501 "	838.5 " "	254 "

The same load in Bachmann shells:

9,702.0 lbs. equal	660 atm.	842.0 ft. equal	255 meters.
9,569.7 " "	651 "	835.6 " "	253 "
9,496.2 " "	666 "	838.10 " "	254 "
9,172.8 " "	624 "	691.0 " "	209 "
9,304.1 " "	633 "	785.10 " "	238 "

The same load in Bischweiler shells:

7,408 8 lbs. equal	504 atm.	828 9 ft. equal	251 meters.
8,298.8 " "	564 "	825.5 " "	250 "
8,202 6 " "	558 "	818.10 " "	248 "
7,629.3 " "	519 "	828 9 " "	251 "
6,923.7 " "	471 "	795.9 " "	241 "

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:

5,999 6 lbs. equal	408 atm.	812.3 ft. equal	246 meters.
7,188.3 " "	489 "	812.3 " "	246 "
4,983.3 " "	339 "	775.11 " "	235 "
4,542.3 " "	309 "	712.6 " "	212 "
7,188.3 " "	489 "	815.7 " "	247 "

The same load in Winchester Rival, No. 3 primer:
10,759 4 lbs. equal 732 atm. 828.9 ft. equal 251 meters.
7,879.2 " " 546 " 795.9 " " 241 "
7,805.7 " " 531 " 825.5 " " 250 "
6,526 8 " " 444 " 802.4 " " 243 "
8,202.6 " " 558 " 812.3 " " 246 "

The same in Climax shells:
6,262.2 lbs. equal 426 atm. 795.9 ft. equal 241 meters.
4,894.1 " " 333 " 694.9 " " 210 "
5,203.8 " " 354 " 795.9 " " 241 "
....
....

The same load in Kynoch Grouse shells:
8,775.9 lbs. equal 597 atm. 821.11 ft. equal 249 meters.
7,330.6 " " 498 " 805.8 " " 244 "
5,953.5 " " 405 " 802.4 " " 243 "
9,172.8 " " 624 " 845.0 " " 256 "
8,952.3 " " 609 " 789.2 " " 239 "

The same load in Creedmoor shells, Winchester No. 2 primer:
5,556.6 lbs. equal 378 atm. 795.9 ft. equal 241 meters.
4,674 6 " " 318 " ....
4,894.1 " " 333 " 736 6 " " 223 "
4,718.7 " " 321 " 713 9 " " 216 "
4,851.0 " " 330 " 683.0 " " 205 "

At this juncture a heavy rain set in.

Schultze powder, 3drs , 1⅛oz sh t No. 7 in Smokeless shells:
8,580.1 lbs equal 583 atm. 802.4 ft. equal 243 meters.
7,8 5 7 " " 531 " 789.2 " " 239 "
7,320.6 " " 498 " 795 9 " " 241 "

The same load in Eley shells:
7,276.5 lbs. equal 495 atm. 785.10ft. equal 238 meters.
7,629.8 " " 519 " 795.9 " " 241 "
8,334.9 " " 567 " 795 9 " " 241 "

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
5,865.3 lbs equal 399 atm. 766 0 ft. equal 232 meters.
4,938.2 " " 366 " 746.8 " " 226 "
8,864.1 " " 603 " 825.5 " " 250 "

The same load in Winchester Rival shells, No. 3 primer:
6,659.1 lbs. equal 453 atm. 782.6 ft. equal 237 meters.
5,556.6 " " 378 " 762.9 " " 231 "
5,762.4 " " 392 " 775.11 " " 235 "

The same load in Kynoch shells:
7,232.4 lbs. equal 492 atm. 789.2 ft. equal 239 meters.
5,512.5 " " 3 5 " 756.2 " " 229 "
6,938.6 " " 468 " 723.6 " " 219 "

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:
5,203.8 lbs. equal 354 atm. 766.0 ft. equal 232 meters.
6,521.8 " " 444 " 762.9 " " 231 "
5,865.3 " " 399 " 775.11 " " 235 "

The same load in Winchester Rival, common:
5,821.2 lbs. equal 396 atm. 766.0 ft. equal 232 meters.
5,865.3 " " 399 " 726.9 " " 220 "
4,851.0 " " 330 " ....

The same load in Creedmoor shells, Winchester No. 2 primer:
4,806.9 lbs. equal 327 atm. 717.0 ft. equal 217 meters.
4,542.3 " " 309 " ....
4,674.6 " " 318 " ....

The same load in U. S. Climax shells:
4,454.1 lbs. equal 803 atm.
4,410.0 " " 300 " 743.0 ft. equal 225 meters.
4,336.5 " " 295 " 717.0 " " 217 "

E. C. powder, 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7 in Smokeless shells:
6,350.4 lbs. equal 432 atm. 815.7 ft. equal 247 meters.
8,790.6 " " 498 " 808.11 " " 245 "
8,658.3 " " 489 " 825.5 " " 250 "

The same load in Eley shells:
7,144.2 lbs. equal 486 atm. 808.11ft. equal 245 meters.
5,071.5 " " 345 " 792.5 " " 240 "
5,159.7 " " 351 " 799.0 " " 242 "

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
4,762.8 lbs. equal 324 atm. 756.2 ft. equal 229 meters.
5,909.4 " " 402 " 733.6 " " 219 "
5,566.6 " " 378 " 782.6 " " 237 "

The same load in Kynoch Grouse shells:
5,247.9 lbs. equal 357 atm. 772.9 ft. equal 231 meters.
4,938.2 " " 336 " 752.10" " 228 "
5,247.9 " " 357 " 782.6 " " 237 "

The same load in Rival shells, common:
4,674.6 lbs. equal 318 atm. 828.9 ft. equal 251 meters.
4,630.5 " " 315 " 733.8 " " 221 "
4,630.5 " " 315 " 723.6 " " 219 "

The same load in Winchester Rival, No. 3 primer:
4,806.9 lbs. equal 327 atm. 756.2 ft. equal 229 meters.
5,027.4 " " 342 " 772.7 " " 234 "
4,894.1 " " 333 " ....

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:
4,806.9 lbs. equal 327 atm. 736.6 ft. equal 223 meters.
4,674.6 " " 318 " 723.6 " " 219 "
4,718.7 " " 321 " 736.6 " " 223 "

The same load in Climax shells:
4,586.4 lbs. equal 312 atm.
4,498.2 " " 306 "
4,851.0 " " 330 " 681.0 ft. equal 209 meters.

The same load in Creedmoor shells, Winchester No. 2 primer:
4,630.5 lbs. equal 315 atm. 743 0 ft. equal 225 meters.
4,601.1 " " 313 " 710.6 " " 215 "
4,542.3 " " 309 " 759.5 " " 230 "

Walsrode leaf powder, 31grs., equal 2.1 grams, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
7,791.0 lbs. equal 530 atm. 874.9 ft. equal 265 meters.
7,570.5 " " 515 " 858.3 " " 260 "
8,158.5 " " 555 " 881.9 " " 267 "

DuPont's smokeless powder, 2¾drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
8,158.5 lbs. equal 555 atm. 888.4 ft. equal 269 meters.
5,115.6 " " 348 " 815.7 " " 247 "
8,246.7 " " 561 " 861.11 " " 261 "

Walsrode powder, granul., 29grs., equal 1.90 grams, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
8,511.4 lbs. equal 579 atm. 815.4 ft. equal 247 meters.
8,423.1 " " 573 " 812.0 " " 246 "
7,011.9 " " 477 " 785.10 " " 238 "

3½drs. DuPont smokeless powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
9,657.9 lbs. equal 657 atm.

34grs. Walsrode leaf powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
6,615.0 lbs. equal 450 atm.

34grs. Walsrode powder, granulated, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
7,893.9 lbs. equal 537 atm.

3½drs. Schultze powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
7,982.1 lbs. equal 543 atm.

3½drs. Schultze powder (Pompton), 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
11,510.0 lbs. equal 783 atm.

3½drs. American wood powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
7,188.3 lbs. equal 489 atm.

3½drs. S. S. powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
11,518.8 lbs. equal 894 atm.

3½drs. E. C. powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
8,379.0 lbs. equal 570 atm.

34grs. Walsrode leaf powder in Smokeless shells, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
6,923.7 lbs. equal 471 atm.

Oct. 23—Continuation of the Primer Test.

S. S. p wder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7 in Eley shells:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
7,364.7 lbs. equal 501 atm.	766.0 ft. equal 232 meters.
6,791.4 " " 462 "	789.2 " " 239 "
6,952.5 " " 405 "	726.9 " " 218 "

The same load in Smokeless shells:
7,438.2 lbs. equal 506 atm.
8,158.5 " " 555 " 749.7 ft. equal 227 meters.
6,967.8 " " 474 " 703.3 " " 213 "

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
7,542.1 lbs. equal 513 atm. 706.6 ft. equal 214 meters.
5,071.5 " " 345 " 772.7 " " 234 "
5,953.5 " " 405 " 687.9 " " 208 "

The same load in Winche ter Rival, No. 3 primer:
6,660 1 lbs. equal 453 atm. 792.5 ft. equal 240 meters.
5,292 0 " " 360 " 671 6 " " 203 "
5,071.5 " " 345 " 700.0 " " 212 "

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:
6,218.1 lbs. equal 423 atm. 696.9 ft. equal 211 meters.
5,865.3 " " 399 " 720.3 " " 216 "
5,071 5 " " 345 " 693.6 " " 210 "

The same load in Climax shells:
5,512.5 lbs. equal 375 atm.
4,674.6 " " 318 " 736.9 ft. equal 218 meters.
4,630.5 " " 315 " 703.3 " " 213 "

The same load in Winchester Rival shells, common:
5,600.7 lbs. equal 381 atm. 687.0 ft. equal 208 meters.
4,983.3 " " 339 " 720.3 " " 216 "
4,851.0 " " 330 " 678.0 " " 205 "

The same load in Kynoch Grouse shells:
7,011.9 lbs. equal 477 atm.
4,894.1 " " 333 " 703.3 ft. equal 213 meters.
5,292.0 " " 360 " 696 9 " " 211 "

The same load in Creedmoor shells, Winchester No. 2 primer:
4,718.7 lbs. equal 321 atm. 720.3 ft. equal 216 meters.
4,851.0 " " 330 " ....
4,674.6 " " 318 " 700.0 " " 212 "

American wood powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7 in Eley shells:
6,085.8 lbs. equal 414 atm. 762.9 ft. equal 231 meters.
5,512.5 " " 375 " 713.9 " " 214 "
5,292.0 " " 360 " 789.2 " " 239 "

Same load in Smokeless shells:
6,085.8 lbs. equal 414 atm. 749 7 ft. equal 227 meters.
5,494.3 " " 369 " 713.9 " " 214 "
5,247.9 " " 357 " 772.7 " " 234 "

Same load in Nitro Club shells:
5,953 5 lbs. equal 405 atm. 746.6 ft. equal 223 meters.
5,159 7 " " 351 " 769.4 " " 233 "
5,292.0 " " 360 " 691.0 " " 209 "

The same load in Winchester shells, No. 3 primer:
6,129.9 lbs. equal 417 atm. 687.9 ft. equal 208 meters.
5,836.1 " " 368 " 723.6 " " 217 "
5,159.7 " " 351 " 691.0 " " 209 "

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:
4,674 6 lbs. equal 318 atm. 723.6 ft. equal 217 meters.
4,498.2 " " 316 " 687 9 " " 208 "
4,454.1 " " 303 " 678.0 " " 205 "

The same load in Climax shells:
6,997.6 lbs. equal 408 atm. 743.0 ft. equal 225 meters.
5,292.0 " " 360 " 691.0 " " 209 "
5,292.0 " " 360 " 735.10 " " 338 "

The same load in Winchester Rival shells, common:
5,865.3 lbs. equal 399 atm. 722.9 ft. equal 220 meters.
5,292.0 " " 360 " 678.0 " " 205 "
5,336.1 " " 363 " 722.9 " " 220 "

The same load in Kynoch Grouse shells:
5,292.0 lbs. equal 360 atm. 691.0 ft. equal 209 meters.
5,203.8 " " 354 " 703.3 " " 213 "
5,071.5 " " 345 " ....

The same load in Creedmoor shells, Winchester No. 2 primer:
5,380.2 lbs. equal 366 atm. 691.0 ft. equal 209 meters.
5,600.7 " " 381 " 736.9 " " 218 "
5,909.4 " " 402 " 696.9 " " 211 "

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Forest and Stream as an Educator.

ONLY a few weeks ago I pointed out in these columns that boards of supervisors had it in their power to protect black bass during the month of June; protection that the State law denies them, although they spawn through the entire month. The note was copied into a Warren county paper and the supervisors of the county were urged to take action upon the suggestion at their meeting then near at hand. One of the first things they did when they assembled was to introduce a resolution making a close season for black bass in all the waters of Warren county from January first to July tenth. The extra ten days beyond what was advocated in FOREST AND STREAM, namely, January first to July first, will benefit the fish undoubtedly, but it will cause some confusion, doubtless, as other counties, so far as they have shortened the season, have fixed upon July first as the opening day for black bass fishing. I suggested this to one of the supervisors and he adopted the suggestion.

Catching versus Stocking.

DURING the past few years occasional notices may have been seen in the country papers that such and such lakes have been restocked with black bass by the planting of a certain number of bass weighing from one-quarter to one-half pound each. I have in mind one such lake that was restocked with 200 bass, and this is a big plant as they average. For a year or two the bass furnished by the State have run in numbers to each applicant from 60 to 300 and formerly the number was much smaller. Of course the waters are improved by just so many fish, but they will not restock the lakes if June fishing is permitted.

There is another view of the case besides the June fishing. Last week I went into the smoking car of a railway train to smoke a cigar and found a lawyer distinguished all over the State and who is as fond of fishing as he is versed in law. When our cigars were lighted the conversation turned to fish and fishing and among other things he told me that one day last season while fishing with a friend in the same boat on the St. Lawrence they caught together 235 black bass. At night there was a question as to who caught the greater number of the fish and it was decided to try it again the next day, each man in a separate boat. My friend caught 163 black bass that weighed 207 lbs. and his friend caught 183, weight not given, or a total of 346 bass in one day and 581 in two days, or about, judging from weight given of one lot, 725 pounds of fish. As he told how he caught all his fish on a single hook, and that hook as good as new after two days' fishing; and how his friend took an unfair advantage, considering that it was a fishing match, and used a bait hook with minnows and above it a fly on the leader, and in this way made 21 double catches, I became so interested in this recital that I forgot to ask what he did with so many fish. As I look back now I realize that I neglected to put a very important question to him. If he owned a fish market I could understand what became of the fish, but as he is a lawyer I am still in the dark concerning the disposal of over a quarter of a ton of black bass. However, another question arises: Will 200 black bass per annum do more toward stocking a lake 36 miles long, than 581 much larger black bass taken in two days from the St. Lawrence will do toward unstocking that stream.

A Story About Two Mascalonge.

While my lawyer friend was yet telling us of his black bass fishing he incidentally mentioned that after years of fishing in the St. Lawrence he never had captured a mascalonge. I considered it a pertinent question to ask how it came about then that not long ago two mascalonge were exhibited in the city where he lives, and duly chronicled in the newspapers as being the fruit of his skill as an angler. That did not phase him in the least; he only laughed and said: "I only claimed that I 'hooked' them, and now I will tell you the truth. I stole them. I found a net set contrary to law, where I had previously found others and destroyed them, and in it were two mascalonge of about twenty-five pounds each. I hooked out the two big fish, cut the net in pieces, and let the other fish in the pound escape." A. N. CHENEY.

FROZEN FISH THAWED OUT.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 19.—Some years ago a friend made up a party for a day at ice-fishing in Laconia, N. H. Procuring a good supply of bait at the Quincy Market (I am not certain whether they were "mummychugs" or shiners) he took a late train and spent the night at a hotel. Next morning was a perfect fishing day with the single exception of the thermometer being 28° below zero. As there was no wind and they were ardent lovers of this winter sport they soon found themselves on the ice, notwithstanding the cold. Having cut a few holes through several feet of ice they decided to bait up, but met with a disappointing obstacle in finding that the contents of their bait can had become tired of waiting and had frozen solid. As nothing was to be gained by standing on the ice they returned to the hotel, and, for experiment, put the can on the stove to thaw, which it soon did. To their surprise a large number of the fish were swimming around as if nothing out of the way had happened. All the fish were then put into a tank with running water in it where all that had been doubtful of recovery were soon as well as the others. I wish I were sure that the fish were not "mummys" as, if they were, the above would not be at all strange.

The other case was when a jar of fish was sent to the house in which my mother was staying while in France. As it was too late to cook them when they arrived, the cook left them outside the window thinking that they needed plenty of air. During the night the thermometer dropped to several degrees below freezing, and, very naturally, the contents of the can were a chunk of ice in the morning. This the cook reported with great consternation, but was told to put the can on the stove and see how it worked. This he did, and left it until almost entirely free from ice, when he took it off and found the fish in perfect health.

As regards leaving fish out of water until they freeze solid and then thawing them, I have tried it many times myself and they have never lived. This is, I believe, due to the fact that their lungs are devoid of water at the time, although I am not at all certain. J. H. B.

SILVER BAY, Lake George, N. Y., Nov. 28.—In the latter part of October I went out for a day's fishing with Capt. Harris of the steamer Ticonderoga. Early in the forenoon we caught a few perch, which froze almost as soon as we got them in the boat. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Capt. Harris suggested putting on one of our perch and trolling. This we did, spinning him on an ordinary gang. After trolling about half an hour we took in the line and found that the perch had revived and was flopping quite vigorously. H. S. PAINE.

WALTHAM, Mass.—Last winter while catching chubs for live bait I caught a small salt water perch or cunner. He was kept alive for over two months in a cold outhouse. Every night the water, fish and all, would freeze to a solid cake, every day he would be melted out, and in a short while be as lively as ever. He must have been frozen and thawed out at least forty times without the slightest injury to him. FONTINALIS.

Croton Oil and Bullheads.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed with deep interest an item in your journal on the remarkable catch of two fishes on one hook at one time.

I have had an experience in this direction, only a little more so. It was back in the early seventies that good old Deacon William H. Phillips of Chagrin Falls, O., and the writer, went one balmy evening in May to the head of Adams & Co.'s pond to angle for the festive bullhead.

It was late when we arrived, and, after baiting up, setting our rods and building a fire, we opened the lunch basket and made way with its contents, after which we lighted our pipes and took a smoke, conversing the while on the degeneracy of the times, the cussedness of inanimate things and matters in general.

Knocking the ashes out of our pipes we went to our rods and pulled up, when a very great surprise was in store for us. Deacon Phillips had thirteen bullheads strung on his line and I had twelve.

We had used fat pork for bait, and, hearing that the oil of rhodium would attract fish, we went to a drug store and purchased a supply, which was freely poured on the bait. An analysis showed that the druggist's clerk had made a mistake and sold us croton oil.

This incident was related at the meeting of the American Fisheries Society in Detroit in 1891 by Hon. A. C. Williams, at the time Fish Commissioner of Ohio, and I regret to say that it was received with doubt, if not derision, but good old Deacon Phillips, well along in the eighties, is still alive and active in both mind and body, and you cannot make him mad quicker than to smile when this remarkable incident is related. FLY FISHER.

PUT-IN-BAY, O., September, 1893.

Izaak Walton Club.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 23.—This place boasts another anglers' club recently formed called the Izaak Walton Club. I was the guest of Mr. Hustin at their lodge on Lake Ontario, Four-Mile Point, four miles east of Youngstown. It is an ideal home for the fisherman and is loved equally well by the bass. Fully 1,000 of the gamy beauties have been captured on the grass beds, 300yds. from shore, during this season. On Oct. 4 W. E. Hustin and William H. Case, expert anglers of Lockport, put in a full day's fishing there. They captured 29 black bass. Mr. Hustin captured 10 of these and twice landed two at a time. Of the first pair one weighed 2¼lbs. and the other 3¼lbs. M. E. H.

Some Michigan Fishing Notes.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Dec. 1.—The herrings visited our river after their usual fashion somewhere about the 12th of the month. I was sick in Grand Rapids at the time and did not see them.

The trout fishing hereabouts was very poor last summer. My luck was about the same as that of "Von W.," I caught about half a dozen. I think that overfishing and the non-observance of the six-inch law explains the wherefore.

There seemed to be a disease among the black bass last summer which also affected the sunfish. Many were seen dead. No explanation is offered. KELPIE.

SALE OF TROUT IN CLOSE SEASON.

THE Massachusetts trout law, Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 53, pro vides: "Whoever sells, or offers or exposes for sale, or has in his possession a trout, land-locked salmon or lake trout, except alive, between the first day of September and the first day of April shall forfeit for every such fish taken in this Commonwealth between said dates, ten dollars." [A subsequent enactment changes the dates].

Mr. Wm. L. Gilbert, a trout culturist, having caused himself to be prosecuted for the sale of a trout reared by him, carried his case up to the Supreme Court to determine whether the statute quoted applied to trout artificially reared, and to test its constitutionality. The full text of the decision is here given:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, Dec. 4, 1893.

I certify the annexed to be a true copy of the opinion of the Supreme Judicial Court in the case of Commonwealth *vs.* Gilbert, decided on the 28th day of November, 1893.

GEO. F. TUCKER, Reporter of Decisions.

ALLEN, J.—There are two questions in this case, namely, whether the defendant's act was within the true meaning of the statute forbidding the sale of trout; and, if so, whether the statute is constitutional.

1. The defendant contends that the penalty imposed by Public Statutes, Chap. 91, Sec. 53, for selling trout does not extend to the sale of trout which have been artificially propagated and maintained. Whatever force this contention might have if Sec. 53 stood alone, a reference to other sections of the same chapter and to the history of this legislation makes it clear that such trout are not exempted. The chapter contains many provisions for the protection of trout and other useful fishes, and amongst them are those for the encouragement of their artificial propagation and maintenance. No question is made that Sec. 53 is applicable to all other protected trout except such as have been artificially propagated or maintained; as, for example, to trout found in such small or great ponds and such streams as are specially protected by the provisions of Secs. 10, 12, 14, 23, 24, 27. By Sec. 26 it is provided that "fishes artificially propagated or maintained shall be the property of the person propagating or maintaining them; and a person legally engaged in their culture and maintenance may take them in his own waters at pleasure, and may have them in his possession for purposes properly connected with said culture and maintenance, and may at all times sell them for these purposes, but shall not sell them for food at seasons when their capture is prohibited by law." A close season for trout was fixed by Sec. 51, which has since been changed by Statutes 1884, Chap. 171. Sec. 53 by its terms imposes a penalty upon every person who "sells or offers or exposes for sale, or has in his possession a trout" except alive, during the close season. Statutes have long existed restricting the modes of taking trout, but the first provision making their sale punishable is found in Sts. 1869, Chap. 384, Sec. 28. This, after modifications in Sts. 1874, Chap. 186, and 1876, Chap. 221, Sec. 1, was re-enacted in Pub. Sts. Chap. 91, Sec. 53. The object of all these statutes was to protect and preserve the trout. The same statute which first forbade their sale also contained the provisions upon which the present statute is founded, to encourage their artificial propagation and maintenance. In order to make the protection of the trout more effectual, it was deemed necessary by the Legislature to punish [prohibited?] the sale, during the close season, of all trout except those which are alive. This was probably on account of the difficulty in distinguishing between trout which had been artificially propagated or maintained and other trout. On the construction contended for by the defendant the law could not be so well enforced. In view of the provisions of Sec. 26, it seems to us plain that the penalty imposed by Sec. 53 extends to artificially propagated trout.

2. Nor have we any doubt that the statute is constitutional. The importance of preserving from extinction or undue depletion the trout and other useful fishes in the waters of the Commonwealth has been recognized and illustrated in many familiar statutes and decisions from an early time. Such protection has always been deemed to be for "the good and welfare of th's Commonwealth," and the Legislature may pass reasonable laws to promote it. Such laws are not to be held unreasonable because owners of property may thereby to some extent be restricted in its use. It has often been declared that all property is acquired and held under the tacit condition that it shall not be so used as to destroy or greatly impair the public rights and interests of the community. Many illustrations might be cited where such restrictions on the use of property have been held valid. But the cases are familiar. The limitation is that the restrictions must not be unreasonable. The Legislature may "make, ordain and establish all manner of wholesome and reasonable orders, laws, statutes and ordinances, directions and instructions, either with penalties or without; so as the same be not repugnant to this constitution, as they shall judge to be for the good and welfare of this Commonwealth." Constitution Massachusetts, Chap. I., Sec. 1, Art. 4. The Legislature may forbid the catching or selling of useful fishes during reasonable close seasons established for them; and to extend the prohibition so as to include such as have been artificially propagated or maintained is not different in principle from legislation forbidding persons from catching fish in streams running through their own lands. The statute under consideration falls within this power. Commonwealth v. Look, 108 Mass., 452; Commonwealth v. Alger, 7 Cush., 53, 84, 85; Commonwealth v. Tewksbury, 11 Met., 55, 57; Cole v. Eastham, 133 Mass., 65; Rideout v. Knox, 148 Mass., 368; Blair v. Forehand, 100 Mass., 136; Phelps v. Racey, 60 N. Y., 10.

Verdict to stand.

The Little Star-Gazer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At this date I fancy I shall hear no more of this curious, rather rare and pretty little fish in consequence of the publication of my letter in FOREST AND STREAM Nov. 18.

A very intelligent correspondent, Mr. H. Allender, of Greystone, Conn., writes that this fish was quite abundant in a brook in Cedar Hill Cemetery in Hartford county sixteen years ago; that he had it in an aquarium for six months, that these fish by their pectorals would sustain themselves at times almost vertically on rock work, and that they fed on animalculæ and scraped beef.

It is evident that the alimentation is peculiar, as they are so quiescent, do not notice bait, or very seldom take the hook. They lie still until touched, when they dart very quickly. Sometimes they move about slowly. They must feed naturally on minute organisms.

Mr. Allender mentions that Fred. Mather has published in a pamphlet issued by FOREST AND STREAM the fact that the *Uranidea quiescens*, as testified by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, occurs in various streams of the Adirondacks.

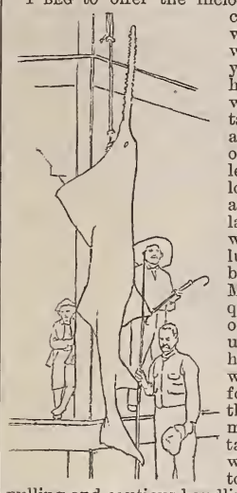
Two other correspondents seeing my letter in FOREST AND STREAM have written to me about this fish. Mr. Geo. S. Holmes, of Pawling, Dutchess county, N. Y., says the fish is in several streams thereabout. Also Mr. J. M. English, of Muncy, Lycoming county, Penn., has frequently caught it in his minnow net.

Altogether, therefore, we know of two localities in this county, one in Connecticut, one in Hamilton county, another in the more northern Adirondacks and one in northern-central Pennsylvania. Is this all?

BANGALL, N. Y. JAMES HYATT.

The Record Sawfish.

I BEG to offer the inclosed photograph of a sawfish



caught by myself in Florida waters during April, 1893, which is said to be the largest yet landed with rod and reel, having been gaffed in deep water in the manner known to tarpon fishermen as permitting a record. The fish weighed over 500lbs., and was 14ft. in length, the saw being 3½ft. long, on which were 48 teeth, all in perfect condition after landing. The manner of catch was as follows: While I was lunching at midday in a row-boat three miles above Fort Myers, the bait was taken, quietly at first, but after a run of 20ft. the reel sang merrily until over 500ft. of No. 18 line had gone out, when the chase was in progress that kept up for six hours and a half, when the boat had been towed six miles from anchorage. A stout tarpon gaff was used in 7ft. of water, with which he was towed ashore after much hard pulling and cautious handling. The rapid movements of the saw were at times uncomfortably close to the boat, but no damage was done, and the claim is made for a record for landing with rod and reel the largest fish in Florida waters. E. H. TOMLINSON.

A Fly-Casting Challenge.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading over an article in the Chicago *Tribune*, I see that Mr. R. C. Leonard of New York is designated as being the champion fly-caster of the world. I am prepared to make a match with him for any reasonable sum that may be agreed upon, in salmon fly-casting. Rods limited to 20ft. Length of casts, accuracy and delivery to count. Shooting the line is prohibited, as that is considered not a fair cast. The competition to take place on still water, which is the only way to facilitate accurate judging on each individual cast. JAS. KRESS.

Protector Northrup's Net Haul.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., Aug. 29.—Protector J. Northrup has just returned from a trip up Black River Bay and Sacketts Harbor, with a capture of eighteen hoop and gill nets. The weather was boisterous all the time he was away or he would have gotten many more. They set at night and draw by daylight. We find that the netters are getting afraid of the law and dodge every point possible. W. H. THOMPSON,

Sec'y Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River.

Fishculture.

Spawning of Rainbow Trout.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—In issue of Sept. 2 I see Mr. H. Stewart, of Highlands, N. C., speaks of the rainbow trout crossing with the *fontinalis*. Now, with us the rainbow (*Salvelinus iridcus*) commences to spawn about March 7 and the *fontinalis* not till Oct. 10. (These dates are from the Paris State hatchery). Do the fish change their times of spawning in different parts of the country? I can readily see how the brown trout (*fario*) and the *fontinalis* may cross as they spawn here at nearly the same time; but the crossing of the *irideus* and *fontinalis* is a sticker to me. Please give me what information you can on the subject.

Although the rainbow are said to commence spawning here in March they certainly are not all through by the first of May, for May 1, 1892, I took a rainbow in the Pere Marquette River, a male fish that contained quite a quantity of milt. He weighed 3lbs. 7oz. dressed. The largest I have known taken there weighed 5lbs. 6oz. dressed, and was 21¼in. in length, 5¾in. in depth. We have the best success as we do in the brown trout fishing, at night, either with fly or bait.

If we can only stop the dynamiters, spearers, etc. (and we have just convicted some of them), I think the Pere Marquette River and branches will be the finest fishing waters in the country, with its game fish—brook, rainbow and brown trout and the grayling. HENRY PERKINS.

In reply to a Michigan correspondent who asks about the spawning time of the rainbow trout, I have to say that the second year after these fish were introduced into the waters of western North Carolina, I noticed the males on the spawning beds with the common brook trout in the month of January, which is the end of the season for the spawning of the latter fish, who are on the beds from November until a few days after the new year. The next year I saw them again together still earlier, and the next year I and one of my friends both took some fish that were evidently hybrids, having distinct marks of both kinds.

I mentioned this to Colonel McDonald, the United States Fish Commissioner, who thought I was mistaken. As the rainbow trout have left the upper part of my stream and have gone below a perpendicular fall of 90 feet, above which, of course, they cannot return, I have seen no more of them in this part of my waters, and consequently have had no further opportunity of investigating this matter.

But in the more recent reports it has been stated, just now from memory I cannot state precisely where it has been said that the rainbow trout have changed their spawing season in the East and go on the beds about the same time as the common brook trout do, and thus the question of the mixing of the two species seems to have become simplified and made quite possible.

As environment has very much to do with the habits of all kinds of animals, and especially in regard to the season of propagation, I think there can be little doubt that in such a climate as that of North Carolina the hastening of the spawning season of fish may very likely be accomplished, just as with our fruits, the winter apples of the North are fall apples here and cannot be kept in good condition nearly as long during the winter as in the North.

Every student of natural history will have discovered, if it has not occurred to him as a necessary corollary of the vital functions of both animals and plants, as regards their reproductive methods, that what may happen to one may equally happen with the other, and thus, while our fruits mature earlier than those of the North, so do our animals, not only fish but birds, and I have noticed the same with sheep, whose lambs arrive often before the end of the year and may be seen skipping about the pastures on Christmas day, when in the North the ewes have all they can do to keep themselves alive without burdening themselves with the support of precocious progeny. It will also occur to the minds of your scientific reader that even the human race partake of this precocity in warm climates and are prepared for marriage some years earlier than in northern climates. HENRY STEWART.

For Central New York Waters.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 4.—Mr. Henry Loftie has placed orders for fish fry in lakes and streams of this vicinity as follows: For Oneida Lake, 50,000 muskallonge. Onondaga Lake, 25,000 muskallonge. Otisco Lake, 25,000 muskallonge. Otisco Lake, 50,000 pike. Seneca River, 50,000 pike. Seneca River, 25,000 black bass. Onondaga Creek, 25,000 California trout. Oneida River, 25,000 black bass. Peck Brook, Onondaga Valley, 15,000 brook trout. Mr. M. J. French has placed orders for the Tully Lakes as follows: 50,000 pike, 25,000 muskallonge, 1,000 black bass. All these are for waters in Onondaga county.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.
Dec. 13 to 16.—Chicago K. C., at Chicago. G. H. Goodrich, Sec'y.
Dec. 20 to 23.—Northern Ohio Pet Stock Association, at Akron, O. H. F. Peck, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 23 to 26.—New Orleans Fanciers' Club, at New Orleans, La. G. W. Sentell, Jr., Sec'y.
Jan. 16 to 19.—Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, at Saratoga, N. Y. L. W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y., Sec'y.
Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y.
March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.
March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 20 to 23.—St. Louis Kennel Club, at St. Louis, Mo.
April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1894.

Jan. 1.—Southern California Field Trials, at Ontario, Cal. H. C. Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal., Sec'y.
Jan. 15.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Salinas, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y, San Francisco, Cal.
Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

NEWARK DOG SHOW.

Nov. 28 to Dec. 1.

THERE are several men in Newark to-day who look back upon a week such as they never experienced before, and if asked the question if they liked it would scarcely know what to answer. That the first show given by the New Jersey Kennel League was a success they know and feel pleased thereover, but whether the game is worth the candle is another thing. It means much mental tear and wear for a few heads, but we must say the Newark men stood up well, and had a due appreciation of their position. The New Jersey Kennel League is a club of workers as the way they went about with determination proves.

The show that opened Nov. 28 was a good one; we won't say it was the best ever held in Newark os far as quality of dogs was concerned, but in management, and up to date regulations, and results it was far ahead of any previous efforts when the old New Jersey Kennel League held the helm of dogdom in New Jersey.

In spite of cold water thrown liberally by some who should have known better, it was well proved last week that Newark must take rank as a show town, and the Germans a good lot of fanciers. There was during afternoons and evenings a capital attendance, and they were good people, too, the sort of people that give an *éclat* to any gathering. The first three days the weather was all that could be desired, but Friday was a wet day, most of it, though in the afternoon and evening it cleared and the crowds came back again. The rain did not trouble the management a great deal, for by that time they were on the safe side, though of course they wanted all the "velvet" they could get. But when all was over they looked happy—about $500 worth the president surmised.

The Industrial Hall is a poor building for the purpose; the middle part where you cannot put any dogs is all right, but the sides where most of the benching was is dark, and towards 4 P.M. it was almost impossible to see the dogs. Why not light the lamps? one would say at once, but unfortunately the hall is situated outside the day circuit of the electric lighting system, and nothing could be done till the night current flowed. The benching of course was done by Spratts Co. in their usually efficient manner, and, contrary to previous experience in Newark, there was lots of straw and plenty of food. It was a bad hall to disinfect as there was no "lift" for the vitiated air, but Buchan's carbolic disinfectant did its part well and did not make itself offensive in doing it, as is too often the case at shows.

There is one thing we must grumble about and that is the benching of the dogs. The numbers were terribly mixed and created great confusion. It is time this custom became obsolete. It annoys every one, except the owners of dogs who should give way in their selfish desire to make things easy for themselves. The public demand an alteration. In taking our notes we were often asked by visitors which was the winner in a kennel grouped all together, without regard to their proper numbers even there. This system, or rather lack of system, delays the judging. We say nothing of the trouble it gives the reporters; they are never considered in

the question. Mr. John Read superintended with his accustomed ability. He is a host in himself, and a show cannot go far wrong when he is about, and, besides, he always helps the poor reporter in every possible way; still, he should put his foot down for rotation of numbers.

The quality of the dogs was on the whole excellent, but this part is treated more fully in our critical report. We cannot refrain from saying a word about the catalogue; it was well and completely arranged and printed in attractive style; there were, of course, some errors in entering, in fact, rather too many, but this is accounted for by not going to press till the Thursday before the show. The catalogues furnished the press were the best we have ever seen; between each printed page were two blank sheets securely fastened in and not, as is too often the case, just gummed in to fall out at the first turn. A number of the A. K. C. pictures of noted dogs adorned the pages.

The members of the executive committee, President, Edward H. Radel; Vice-Presidents, Edwin Field, M.D., Charles Heath, W. O. Kuebler; Secretary, W. F. Seidler, M.D.; Treasurer, R. R. Moore; Edward R. Christopher, Chairman; Walter Browe. A. A. Eisele, August Hahne, M. A. Hanchett, Frank Linck, E. H. Morris, Dr. L. R. Sattler and W. J. Whelan, were untiring in their efforts to make every one satisfied. There is such a thing as killing one with with kindness, and the president came very near committing murder in this respect. Luncheons, dinners, etc., were enjoyed by nearly every visitor at one time or another during the show; in fact these men could not do enough for the "regulars." A pleasing feature of the first day was a luncheon given by the following ladies' committee to Mrs. Whitney and her friend: Mrs. A. Hahne in the chair, Mrs. M. Hanchett, Mrs. A. A. Eisele, Mrs. E. H. Radel and Mrs. W. O. O. Kuebler.

The regular judging was all completed by the first day, and considering there were only three rings this was pretty good. The big dogs were bunched on the ground floor and smaller ones upstairs. Judging gave in most cases satisfaction, though in one or two instances that we allude to in the proper place there was some little kicking.

Who was there? Well, pretty nearly all the fanciers round New York. Among the best known we saw James Mortimer, R. L. Banks, Jr., Dr. Lougest, R. P. Keasby, A. C. Wilmerding. E. M. Oldham, C. H. Mason, Ed. Booth, A. M. Hughes, E. W. Fiske, Fred. Schmitt, John Finlayson, W. H. Thomas, Dr. Arbery, A. H. Heppner, C. D. Bernheimer, H. W. Huntington, H. S. Pitkin, A. L. Page. Joseph Lewis, H. M. Nelson, W. Tallman, Major J. M. Taylor, C. J. Peshall, A. D. Lewis, H. D. Cromwell, A. C. Pickhardt, Mr. Hooper, Geo. W. La Rue, C. A. Bradbury, German Hopkins, Gus. W. Lovell, F. S. Webster, George H. Thompson, J. Phelan, R. C. Lyons, R. A. De Rusey, H. L. Krueder, Dr. Krantz, Dr. Guenther, G. W. Whelan, George S. Thomas, Ben Lewis, J. R. Gilmore, F. F. Dole, Henry Jarrett, F. Stern, George W. Runton, H. C. Græf, W. Turner, Dr. Foote, H. G. Trevor, James Bowden, H. Mann, W. G. Hobbie, Mrs Smyth, Mrs. Meacham, Mrs. Van Wagener, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Gilmore, Mrs. Buckle, etc.

MASTIFFS (*H. Mead, Judge*).—With the exception of Dr. Lougest's entries there was little quality shown, and the entry was therefore poor, all things considered, the Mastiff Club members not coming to the front, as they should do when their secretary judges. There were no challenge dogs and Ethel was not in shape, and as she is not really up to challenge form Mr. Mead cannot be blamed for withholding first. The dog class (6) had two good ones, improving all the time, Emperors William and Maximilian, that were fully described at Providence; third went to Duke IV., whose faults are straight stifles, poor body, faulty ears, but head fairly well shaped. Jefferson needs depth of body, has good legs, head well shaped, but a bit long. Open bitches (4) saw a repetition of Providence, and the winner, Lady Diana, is coming along all the time. Her hindlegs are her worst feature, too straight. There were no puppies. The specials all fell to Dr. Lougest's kennel.

ST. BERNARDS (*Miss A. H. Whitney, Judge*).—There was quite a gathering of these handsome dogs, and of course with our best kennels represented there was lots of quality, but on the other hand some of the classes were made up of rather poor stuff. Several of the best dogs were not in good condition as to coat and flesh, and should really have been kept in their kennels. The challenge roughs were represented by Otos and Princess Florence in their respective classes. Otos looked in full bloom, but the Princess was dead out of coat, with a tail like a rat. It is not justice to the bitch to show her at a disadvantage in this way, and she clearly lost the other half of the special for best in the show through this. Excepting coat she looked as well as hands could make her, and Mr. Hughes has now a chance to keep the curls down. In open dogs (19) Marvel and Roland, Jr., held their New York positions, but Marvel was dead out of shape and should not have been shown. This dog requires to be shown in full coat or not at all. His genuine St. Bernard quality, bone and head pulled him through. Roland, Jr., an improving dog, looked well, but is not in the same class when quality or type is considered. Lord Walbeck, third, has a very pleasing head—deep and square and well marked; good bone, body dips a bit, and was shown light. Ashland Jumbo is light in body, should be stronger in pasterns, have more blaze, but has improved in head on his spring form. That typical good little dog, Lothario, I think might have been higher up, and no mistake would have been made if he had been second or at least third. Of the others I liked Royal B.; had he more stop his head would be a very good one, excellent bone, nice body, coat and hindlegs; he is a big dog, too, and will do to watch. Ben Butler is another typical dog and well deserved his letters, muzzle a bit narrow, skull good and in other parts and condition he is above the average; he is a bit narrow behind. The others call for no particular mention. Open bitches (12) were not so good on the whole. Between Miss Anna and Sunray there is little to choose, for though the former excels in quality Sunray beats her in size, bone, depth and massiveness of head, body and legs, and had she shadings would be near the top, having improved in head considerably. Lady Bountiful is plain in head and out of coat and faulty behind, otherwise well shown. Surprise needs more stop, has a plain, houndy head and was out of coat, very good bone. Miss Jerome I like better in head, good legs and bone, and all things considered, can beat her kennel mate. Countess Madge, vhc., well deserved her letters; and should have been third, for Lady Bountiful has too little white and not nearly so good a head. Madge has the best shaped head in the class, in fact a splendid head, but her almost white face is very much against her, markings must be considered. Glenisla deserved another letter. Novices were a big turnout and had to judge, nothing very striking. Imperator's size and quality, bone and coat offset his faulty hindlegs and flat rib. Lausanne has a very poor long, houndy head, no blaze and was out of coat. Ashland Jumbo should have beaten her, better type all round. Sir Plinlimmon is quite a fair dog, nice head, but eye too deeply set, and is light in rib and body. Wieland is a very taking dog, rich color, head well shaped, though a trifle short, and is a bit faulty behind, was in good coat and well deserved his letters; he is a better dog than Lausanne. Vindex II. must depend on a good head, deep and massive, for his hind parts and body show his strain too much. Space will not permit of an extended notice of all mentioned dogs, but we may say Tonzo's excellent front and coat offset his faulty hindlegs and rather plain head. There were four vhc. and five hc. cards in this class. The winning dog puppies were fairly good. In bitches I liked Miss Amanda, lots of quality and a nicely formed head, with well boned legs, she was easily first.

The smooths were a mixed lot. In challenge dogs champion Scottish Leader, looking as he generally does, fit and well, seemed a rather subdued dog this show and consequently improved in expression. Empress of Contoocook gets deeper and deeper in body, but is still the same old sweetness. In open dogs (8) I hardly agree with the placings. Major Plon Plon is faulty in front, only a fair head, but shows more character than second; his worst fault is that he is not a smooth, too much coat by far. Chester, second, is a smooth, but is not at all straight in front, washy in coloring, a fair head, but houndy, no shadings, is straight behind; his tail has been shortened and it curls over. There was only one in it—Belisarius, a smooth and worth two of either of the others; his head and front alone, to say nothing of coat, entitled him to a more prominent position; though faulty behind, he is better than either of the others. Ray is straight in stifle and a light eye spoils an otherwise fair head, he is small, too. Cæsar V. was second at New York last spring as a puppy and has improved. Nemo II. is faulty at both ends, but of fair type. Rome has little to commend but markings. In bitches (6) the houndy Bellegarde won easily and was well shown. Sunol lacks markings and her muzzle needs squaring, nice skull, coat and legs. The well-known Charmion came third; she has a nice type of head, but her hindparts are not as they should be, tail and legs faulty. In novices (5) Chester won, the other not described yet, Duke of Jersey, is wretched behind and Leader of Essex I failed to find. The puppies (3) were only moderate, with the exception of Hellgate Keeper, whose rather houndy head shows, nevertheless, some character; he is not above reproach in hindlegs. The specials will be found in their proper place and the judge had evidently changed her mind about Ashland Jumbo, for I see that when judged again for special for best owned in New Jersey he beat Lausanne.

BLOODHOUNDS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—There were only two, but good ones. Our old friend Belhus, of course, was to the front and a son of Jack the Ripper, ten months old, showing excellent wrinkle, leather and length of head, but of course not furnished yet behind that, came second.

NEWFOUNDLANDS (*Miss A. H. Whitney, Judge*).—Only two and had Leo had a brush on him and coat straightened out, he could not have lost to Carlo, well known, but small and out of cost.

GREAT DANES (*A. H. Heppner, Judge*).—Quite a number of them were benched, but on the whole, quality was deficient. Many of the dogs were coarse and heavy; they were well judged. No challenge entries. In open dogs, (12) a strapping big dog in Yarrum took the blue from Hepburn Hero, better in front and shoulders but not so good in body and head, a bit coarse. Schult Hero is faulty in front and muzzle, a bit too broad in skull and has a curled tail, otherwise fair; his color is peculiar. Some well known dogs got letters deservedly. Open bitches (3) had nothing to come near Hepburn Flora Belle, a well made one all round and very typical, does not carry tail just right and her toes turn in slightly. Malta is rather a nice sort too and beats Flora in front and condition, the latter seemingly in whelp and quite fat. A fair puppy was shown in Thor.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS (*John Brett, Judge*).—A charming lot of these handsome hounds were benched, and it is very evident that America is making rapid strides in breeding specimens that, according to acceptable theories, should hold their own in almost any competition. Judged on the lines of the older importations they are immensely superior, if we are to judge them as of greyhound breed. The challenge class had Argoss, Zerry, Princess Irma and Vinga, a quartette of quality very pleasing to see. Argoss and Zerry were rightly at the head of affairs and were well shown. In fact the way John Stokes put this kennel down was a reminder of the old days when Duke of Leeds led in condition In open dogs (5) the handsome Leekhoi, full of quality and a type all his own, though not in his Providence form, won nicely over Peter the Great, who is rather coarse, comparatively, he in turn beating Nagrajdai in head, chest and ribs, but losing in bone. Alexis was outclassed among these. The bitch class (2) was poor and first was rightly withheld. This judge wants good legs on a hound. Veatka is better in forelegs than Raskeda, who has grown badly there, but from the shoulder back I think she beats the second winner, especially as the latter has such shockingly pricked ears, though this may not have shown in the ring. The two puppies, about a year old, Irmina and Riga, black and white and as like as two peas, are charming animals, well grown, in excellent shape and very sweet in quality. They are a credit to their breeding.

DEERHOUNDS (*John Brett, Judge*).—Entries here were small. In open dogs (2) a dog we spoke of recently as a coming winner, bore out his promise, for Lochiel is a well-built hound, excellent coat, legs and loin and good strong head; he won well over Douglas. Minna was alone in bitches and deserved her win.

GREYHOUNDS (*John Brett, Judge*).—A capital lot as a whole and competition keen, but they were well judged in most instances on practical lines. Maud Torrington is showing age and looked a bit soft and had to give way to Bestwood Daisy in all round quality; champion Spinaway was absent. In open dogs (11), a nice lot walked in and a capital dog, Norway Cross a brother of the noted coursing bitch Buenrita, was placed ahead of the well known Cheeky, who has now tacked Charlie to his name and lost some of his flesh, and is cleaner in shoulders but was not in condition, here Cross excelled him, a bit faulty in feet and head, but a well put up greyhound. Snowhall has grown up well too, but he is bad in feet and shoulders not oblique enough. Beeswing is a nicely made dog, weak in muzzle, but his good body and legs deserved his recognition. Dallas loses in quarters and loin and head is poor. Dakota will take a higher place when developed, he is a Greentick pup. The bitch class had three good ones, Wild Rose winning, and nicely shown, over Miss Dollar III. and Drytime, both fresh from their work on the Western plains. Nellie's Girl has also been out before, but was a little outclassed here and so was Maid, third, who should give way to Drytime, reserve, as the latter excels her in size, feet and ribs. Some nice whippets were shown, five in all and contrary to custom, they were of correct size. Newark is a center for this breed.

POINTERS (*J. H. Winslow, Judge*)—[SPECIAL REPORT].—The pointer classes had a large entry and the quality was above average. In heavy weight challenge class for dogs, Pontiac had a walk over, Tempest being absent, and old Graphic, looking very well, not being for competition. Pontiac, the winner, was in fine shape and in him Mr. Thompson, who has but lately purchased him, has got a treasure. Breeders should not neglect this dog too long, he cannot last forever. His blood is of the very best, and barring one or two faults he is as good as the best.

In challenge heavy weight bitches Woolton Game was the only entry, and she having met with an accident in being conditioned was absent.

In the open class (7) for dogs—55 pounds and over—the Springside Kennels' Hylas of Naso rightly proved the winner; he has a good head, muzzle might be cleaner, fair neck, ears nicely carried, a bit heavy in leather, shoulders heavy, loin and hind parts good, stands rather wide in front and not always true; a dog showing much pointer character, but hardly quality enough. The same kennels' Ridgeview Panic, Mr. Winslow placed second here; I differ with him; I liked Mr. Heath's Roswell for second; Panic is too wide in skull, muzzle too short and not clean enough, eyes light, neck good, slightly throaty, shoulders loaded, legs want more bone, stands back on his pasterns, feet not the best, chest good depth, ribs should be better sprung, loin and hind parts good; in these parts he has improved over his last year's form, but as a whole I don't think he is looking better. Roswell, third, by Pontiac out of Bloom, is a new liver and white with a good head, which would be improved with more length in muzzle, ears good and well carried, eyes a trifle light, expression good, neck a bit throaty, but nice length and well set on shoulders, which are hardly clean enough, legs and feet good, chest might be deeper, ribs well sprung, loin fair, stifles well bent, a trifle light in second thighs; this, however, will be improved with age and more muscle; stern fine, but too long and abominably carried. Does not handle his hindparts as well as I should like; this, however, is due, I believe, to his overgrowth for his age, he being but 12 months old. He is a dog showing good pointer character, lots of quality and is certainly a nice puppy, unless he grows coarse will make his mark some day. Dave took the reserve card; he has not got a good head, skull too broad, muzzle short, not clean enough, ears poorly hung, neck throaty, is out at elbows, feet poor, good middle piece, and hindparts good, stern carried a bit gaily. Vhc. went to Heather and Signal W. Heather I prefer to Dave in head, legs and feet, eyes light, ears not properly carried, muzzle rather snipy and not clean enough, neck good, well set on shoulders, feet fair, good legs, bone, middle piece and hindparts; too straight in stifles, stern fair. Signal W. is plain in head, ears thick in leather and not well hung, good neck and shoulders, rather leggy, feet poor, stern coarse, too long and not properly carried. Mark Anthony, hc., a liver and white, not nicely marked, and liver not dark enough, skull broad, ears thick, heavy in shoulders, wide in front, barrel too round, back on pasterns; feet poor, slack in loin, stern fair.

In open bitches, 50lbs. and over, Lady Tammany had a walkover. Bloomo II. and Westminster Ina of the Rinada Pointer Kennels being absent. Lady Tammany is too broad in skull, is cheeky, nice muzzle, fair eye, ears too heavy, shoulders fair, legs and feet good, ribs nicely sprung, long in loin, nicely bent stifles, light in second thighs, good stern—a rather nice bitch.

Duke of Hessen, looking splendidly, and Rock II., met in challenge light-weight class for dogs; the decision never was in doubt; Rock II. is hardly in the same class with Duke. Rock is too broad in skull, cheeky, eyes stary, muzzle not clean enough, neck too short and throaty, heavy in shoulders, does not stand quite true in front, back on his pasterns and not the best of feet; too long in body; if he stood higher on his legs he would be much improved in general contour. In the same class for bitches Fan N. had a walkover. She has a nice skull; with more length of muzzle she would he improved; neck short and heavy, legs good but too short for length of her body, shoulders should be cleaner, feet fair.

In open class for dogs, under 55lbs., I differ with Mr. Winslow considerably. Hempstead Luck, whom he placed first, I like for third place and Ridgeview Tenny, the reserve, I should have placed first. I however understand that at the time of judging Tenney showed up very badly. Bang I should have left second and Ridgeview Faust, third, would have beeu the reserve. Hempstead Luck is a good fronted dog. His skull is too wide, and his frontal bone too prominent, muzzle might be longer and cleaner, ears should hang better, eyes a trifle too light, has a nice neck, shoulders could be cleaner, legs and feet good, nice chest and ribs, hind parts good, but stern if finer would he improved, however, it is well made, but carried a bit gaily. A dog showing good pointer character, was in excellent condition, as were in fact all the entries of Hempstead Farm. Bang took second. A good-fronted dog, with good skull, muzzle might be cleaner and squarer, ears heavy in leather and not extra well carried, a good length of neck a bit throaty, has excellent shoulders, legs and feet, might he deeper in chest, loin long but strong, hind parts good, stifle straight, stern good. A dog showing character, but not enough quality, undoubtedly of good breeding were his pedigree known. Ridgeview Faust, third, should have had the reserve. He is too cobby in build, neck short and heavy, shoulders poor, back on his pasterns and not true in front, although better there than last year, loin and hind parts good. Advance, reserve, I do not like, too wide in front, skull broad, cheeky, muzzle not clean, eyes light, plain headed, nice neck, shoulders poor, back on his pasterns, feet fair, behind his shoulders nicely made. Ridgeview Tenny, vhc, impressed me as being the best one in his class. He is by no means, though, the good one he has been cracked up to be, good skull, cheeky, muzzle clean, hardly deep enough, ears not well carried, excellent neck, heavy in shoulders, might he closer at the elbows, does not stand true in front, back on his pasterns, feet only fair, nice body, loin and hind parts, stern well made, but carried too high. Speculation, hc, is not the right kind and Mr. Winslow treated him kindly. He has a nice ear, fair legs and feet and a well-made stern, otherwise there is not much to his credit. Chancellor, of the Rinada Pointer Kennels, was the only absentee.

Open bitches under 50lbs. (11), two absentees, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Ridgeview Lass and Brackette. Here again I differ with Mr. Winslow; Hempstead Kit given the reserve, should undoubtedly have been first. She is by far the best in the class, and I like her as well as any bitch in the show. Wild Lily who took first I should have liked for second place. Springside Nell, third, suited me. Fan Fan II. the bitch that took second I liked for the reserve. I have been told that at time of judging, Hempstead Kit would not show herself to advantage. Wild Lily is well known, she is now in the challenge class and Mr. Lovell is to be congratulated. She is not my style of a bitch and some whom she has beaten I prefer. I think when bred that she should make an excellent brood bitch. Fan Fan II., second, nice head, ears good, eyes light, muzzle would he improved with more length, neck good, shoulders, legs and feet good, barrel too round, hind parts fair. Springside Nell, third, barring a rather long body and a trifle of legginess, suits me. She has a nice head, good neck and shoulders, legs and feet excellent, wonderful bone, chest might be deeper; with more age she will let down a bit I think, and it will take a good one to beat her. Hempstead Kit, reserve, a good bitch, with a nice head, eyes a bit light, nice neck, shoulders, legs and feet, good depth of chest, splendid loin and hind parts, a bitch showing much character and quality. She beats the winner in head, shoulders, feet and loin. Vhc. Bloom, Miss Lancashire and Hempstead Duchess. Bloom, a bitch showing quality and character, is well known; Miss Lancashire, skull broad, cheeky, nice muzzle, ear poorly hung, good neck, shoulders poor, barrel too round, front legs badly turned out, back on her pasterns, feet only fair, loin and hind parts good; rightly placed. Hempstead Duchess is a bitch much the same type in body as Miss Lancashire, but has good forelegs and feet, is straight in stifle, skull too broad, muzzle not clean enough. Sally Kent, hc., not good in head, eye light and stary, nice neck, too long in body, shoulders fair, legs and feet good, stern fair should stand higher on her legs. In puppies, dogs, Count of Kent, a rather promising puppy, won first. Talisman, outside his well made head, has not much to recommend him. In bitch puppies Countess Kent, a sister to the winning dog puppy, properly won. She should have been in better shape. The specials: American Field cup for best pointer dog or bitch, rightly won by Duke of Hessen; $10 for the best dog in open classes, owned by member of Pointer Club, was won by Chas. Heath's Roswell; the same for best bitch was won by Wild Lily; the kennel prize was won by Springside Kennels. I prefer Hempstead Farm. Mr. Arnolt's special was won by Hylas of Naso.

RINADA.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*John Brett, Judge*).—Considering the time of year when the English setter man's fancy turns to field trials and the pursuit of Bob White there was a good lot of this breed benched. Old champion Paul Gladstone was N. F. C., unfortunately, or he would have booked another win to his count. In challenge bitches the pretty Spectre beats

Victress Lewellyn in quality, head and forepart only. In open dogs (15) the well known Glendon scored again, beats Netherwood in hind parts, where he is plain, but head and forepart generally are very good, though he's a bit throaty. Robin Goch looking better than yet seen, in nice coat and feather, is beaten in front by the others; they are three handsome dogs. Deceive, well known, was reserve; he loses in forelegs, and his head marks make him look a bit dished: it's a good head though. The Earl and Viscount are both good dogs, but scarcely show the quality of the others; they have been out before many a time. Drake Lewellyn is faulty in stop and droops in quarters a bit; otherwise a nicely formed dog. Kent's Rex has a rather coarse head, but should have been noticed for legs and body. Open bitches (9) saw Domminum a winner again; she was out of coat, should have more stop and she looks a bit wide in front; otherwise a well made bitch, though she moves a bit close behind. Monk's Nun, second, should have a little deeper muzzle, shows lots of quality, and with a little more time in body will beat the winner; she is shy yet, too. Prima Donna, third, well known as a good one, is getting a bit throaty, but was shown in excellent shape. Lulie, reserve, I would like better if she were truer in front, is a bit out before eye, but excellent in body and hindparts; out of coat. Lady Hope is faulty in pasterns and feet, nice head, expression and body, would do with more stop, out of coat. A nice class, well judged. A remarkable thing about these classes was the fact that the lately deceased Rockingham and Donna were responsible for the winners in each class; truly a remarkable record.

Irish Setters (*John Brett, Judge*).—Take out Oak Grove Kennels and quality was not very strong here. The kennel named showed five challenge dogs, and to Kildare and Dick Swiveller fell the prizes in dogs, and of course Queen Vic beat Norna in the bitch class; both looked, though, short of coat. Queen Vic followed this up by winning the Ashmont Trophy and dividing special for best in show. In open dogs (7) the best was the well-known Erin's Lad, but the Judge could do no better than second, withholding first, this seems a trifle hard, but holding the challenge dogs in his eye perhaps it was excusable, as Erin's head is plain, and he is none too good behind; Denny third has a big, coarse head. Bitches (6) were much better, the well-known Lady Cleveland winning, though I liked Kate quite as well, had she a little more stop, she is nicely made all round; Rosamond is a bit dish-faced and ears don't hang well, good front and color; Lucy M. is not true in front, and muzzle not square enough.

Gordon Setters (*John Brett, Judge*).—There was little new here, and classes were not as large as they seemed, as a good many entries were N.F.C. Rexmont won in challenge dogs and the well-known Ladies, Gordon and Waverly, have often been seen before. Then Duke of Wellington had no competition in the dog class. In bitches (3) first went to the well-known Katherine, who beats Bessie in front and stern, but not in head by any means, in fact it is the best head seen on a Gordon for some time, excellent expression and if a trifle larger would be almost perfect, but she is plain otherwise; Beauty is but a moderate sample. Mont Gordon Setter Kennels had nine entries N.F.C. on account of their owner being on the executive committee. Quite right Mr. Morris.

Beagles (*Jos. Lewis, Judge*).—We are surprised that with a good club judge and liberal classification, there was not a larger entry, but suppose the field trials had something to do with it. In challenge dogs, Doctor and Roy K. met and their placing is quite a matter of opinion, but I think Roy is the more typical beagle, neither are good in head but Roy has the better forelegs and shorter, more cobby head but loses a little behind. Challenge bitches did not fill. Open dogs over thirteen inches, (3) was a win for Lee III. who with more stop and squarer muzzle would be a good beagle, he won pretty easily from Mr. Winkle who never did impress us as favorably as does his owner. Trifle II. I thought, though he lacks quality and is coarse in shoulders and skull, could have come in second, as he is only beaten in head by Mr. Winkle and excels in other parts.

In bitches (2) wrongly entered in under thirteen inch class. Lady of Denmark is light in body, feet come together and muzzle should be shorter, other parts good. Lucy S. is a weedy rather leggy specimen, her skull and ears are her best points. Under thirteen inches challenge dogs had the veteran, Frank Forest, looking a trifle light but in good health. Champion Lou was absent. In open dogs (2) (small size), it was not difficult to put Laddie first, he shows lots of quality and expression, he could be improved with a cobbier body and stronger muzzle. Harper fails behind, very weak, and is coarse in skull. In corresponding bitch class, Baby Deane won once more; she is a nice beagle and with a better muzzle would be a very good one. Princess K. is spoiled by a weak, poor head, but is good behind this, excepting coat, which is too soft, forelegs good.

Foxhounds (*Jos. Lewis, Judge*).—With Commodore winning no fault can be found, for he excelled the others in every point but ribs, and he was well shown, much better than at Mt. Holly. Buckshot, second, has a rather plain head, but is well formed in body, legs and shoulders. Glenwood Belle loses very much to the others in loin and quarters, but has an excellent, straight front, head needs more stop and coat is too fine for a foxhound.

Dachshunds (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Newark is a German stronghold and we were not surprised to see a lot of dachshunds, but the terrier type prevailed and there was nothing to touch champion Janet, who had the challenge class to herself and never looked better. Ichyosaurus's capital long head and body and good forepart sufficed to beat Faustus, though I should like to see less wrinkle. Faustus is too coarse in skull and has too much stop, but beats the others in bone and body and looseness of skin. Fitz has scarcely crook enough, is light in bone, is a little too prominent in brow, but shows a lot of quality. Nig, Jr., reserve, is short-eared and short-headed, but is a nice specimen of his type. Pantus, vhc., I like better in length of body and head, but is rather weak at the knees and ears are not set on so well, and Pirshman could well have had another letter. It was a good class all round. Bitches (4) had Cherry for winner; she is too full in eye and a bit faulty in muzzle, and ears are flat and short, but her body is of good length and has plenty of skin. Nellie is light in bone and knuckles over, feet open and flat and faulty in tail. Dachsy, third, has poor ears and is too flat in loin. Nellie, hc., carries her tail too high and has too much stop.

Spaniels (*James Mortimer, Judge*)—The entries were not numerous, but there was a lot of quality. The cockers especially were good, and little fault can be found with the placing. The Irish water spaniel, so-called, is something of a spaniel and that's all. He didn't get anything. The only Clumber has a pretty good head and nice body. In field spaniels Newton Abbott had here to succumb to Brantford Mohawk, who beats him in head a good deal and front, but loses in body and condition. In open black dogs (5) the well known Warwick again beats Echo in front and body, with Sorry Jake coming between, all have been out several times before. The bitch class was drawn blank, and in livers two turned up. Ilfracombe, the winner, had a sore on eye and is throaty, nicely formed head, good body, but is not quite high enough on leg. The Shrew loses in bone and muzzle.

Cockers.—Those two excellent cockers Middy and Miss Waggles furnished the challenge winners, and with the exception of Middy being shown a little light were in their customary form. Open black dogs had four entries, and first fell to King Raven, Jr., from the same kennel, shown a bit fat his body looked dumpy, but is well formed, and with a little more stop his head would be a good one. The well-known Jay Kay came second. Woodland Count, third, is too coarse in head, though its formation is good, nice coat and feather. Wildfire, vhc., is also coarse in head, otherwise he will do There were five in the bitch class; and the well known Miss Phyllis, nicely formed all round, beats Rideau Rhea in head, which should have more stop, but is well formed from the head back, but not yet quite in the Swiss Mountain bloom, though she shows feather and coat. Woodland Kitty is too full in eye and has a low, crooked front. In other than black dogs (4) the good looking Othello was at the head, with Brantford Rufus, the red, second, faulty before eye and muzzle, and losing in forelegs. Denver, third, is a bit coarse in head, coat should be flatter, has a good set of legs though. In the bitch class Ruth S., faulty in head, won from Red Niobe, but it is a near go, there is little between them. Fan is too round in skull, in fact her head is plain, her good body and legs will, however, always command attention. There is little to choose between these three. Swiss Mountain Kennels took the kennel prize without any trouble.

Collies (*Martin Dennis, Judge*).—There was not a very strong showing here and the judging was not such as one can commend. There is not much trouble in picking the winner when Wellesbourne Charlie and Ormskirk Shep meet in the challenge class and Charlie won. He was not in such good coat as at Toronto, but had enough of it to carry him over everything here. We were pleased to see old champion Luella once more on the bench. Mr. Jarrett must have quite a company of old stars to draw upon; Luella looked well, too, and can down lots of them yet. In open dogs (4) the judge was not quite so happy. There were only two in it, Prince Wilkes and Yorkshire Surprise, and they should have been just the other way. Prince's head is coarse compared to the other. Both are well made collies, but neither have much under-coat, and Surprise gets his tail up too gaily, but his head and ears should have pulled him through. Cawdor Dan is very coarse in head. Bitches (3), Deepdale Madge, first; should be a little stronger in muzzle; carries his ears well and is nicely made, but soft in coat. Scottish Girl is scarcely is not as good in formation of head, but was in better condition, is more truly a curly, is a regular dandy in deportment and is without such a fault of conformation as seen in Rajah.

In the open class for curly bitches, Mrs. Van Wagenen had Rosa on exhibition, but as she did not consider the dog in prime condition, criticism may be out of place. Dinah, first, is a cobby, well coated specimen, bright, stylish and good in his proportions. Victoria, second, has greatly improved since the pet dog show, but is not equal to Dinah in curl, nor is she as stylish and elegant, she was shown too fat, but in splendid condition otherwise. Listelle, third, is a very pretty little dog, cobby, well coated and has a gay carriage, and pressed Victoria very closely. Black Maria, reserve, is of this same order, and scored over Jeanne vhc., for gay carriage, both being about equal in other respects Juno, hc., was only inferior in build, therefore deserving his letters.

In curly dog pups Mrs. Van Wagenen again met the Meadowmere Kennels and had it not been for the fact that the classification was again disregarded and her pups appeared in coats of a woolly nature, rather long for curls, she might have done better. Jumbo, first, is a bright, well-made pup, with a coat that showed evidence of care. Ami, second, was selected as the best of the fair exhibitor's team, and though about the poorest shown in the class, being very shy, he is really a pup of much merit, beating even Jumbo in shape and length of head, as well as in eye; in body he was not as well matured, and this, with his coat, prevented his taking the blue. Nigger, third, is also inferior in these same respects, yet he is a capital little poodle, with many good points, and though more developed than Ami, and more correct in coat, still the other deserved second on head and eye alone. Solo and Fidele, both V. H. C., also have good head and are very promising. Jabot and Paris, both H. C., were the poorest of their respective kennels, but neither was unworthy of notice.

Of the bitch curly pups Jeanne and Black Maria were about on an equality, and Juno but a little inferior in conformation.

CHAMPION PONTIAC.

First Challenge Class, Newark Show, 1893. Owned by Mr. G. H. Thompson, New York.

up to Chestnut Hill form; should be longer in head, fair coat and stands on good legs. Cawdor Mayflower has prick ears, but a nice head, good length, shape and expression; short, open coat. In puppies a most miserable and barefaced attempt at dropping the ears of a very good bitch was very apparent, and after getting the vet's opinion that the ears had been cut the judge should have withheld the prize. The bitch was afterward protested and disqualified. Can't Tell, second, is a rather plain sort; skull faulty, forelegs not the best, though plenty of bone; good coat. She afterward stepped into first place. Chestnut Hill Kennels took the kennel prize. But how Prince Wilkes came to beat Wellesbourne Charlie for best in show is a puzzle—we give it up.

Poodles (*Edwin H. Morris, Judge*) [Special Report by the Judge].—In respect to both quality and quantity these classes surpassed any previous exhibition in America. One entry more and there would have been forty. In the challenge class Lion and Berri met, and were placed thus. Lion was in capital form, although less dirt and oil on his coat would have been better. Berri was not in good condition, was low in flesh, which made his length of loin and other faults conspicuous. It is here, in a more cobby build, in closeness of cords, in squareness, but not in length of muzzle, in a dignity of bearing, and in ear and eye, that Lion beats Berri, and as condition on this occasion was also in his favor, the win was an easy one. Berri's coat was more clean, he has a longer muzzle, better skull, and were it not for a certain staleness, might in arch of neck and style make good the other deficiences. Champion Dexter was for exhibition only.

In the open class for cordeds Bismark was the only one in competition, and was given first. This dog is cobby and stylish, but in bone, muscle, topknot and head he is not a model.

In the open dog class for curlies there was not a poor specimen, and Tabor, hc. is a bright, stylish, fair coated dog. Nigger, vhc., is rather better in loin and conformation generally. Jumbo, reserve, is also good in these respects, and his curls are fairly close and thick. Max III. has that great desideratum, brightness, activity and proudness of carriage, but unfortunately on the end of his tail were cords; on his body during the judging was a fluffy, straplike coat, and his expression and disposition were not in his favor; when I took notes this dog appeared in excellent curl, and his fair owner said, "Why did you not say you wanted curls, for a bucket of water was all that was needed." He also needs more bone, which cannot be supplied in this manner. Rajah II. is the dog the judge put over Milo at the Pet Dog Show, and in reversing his decision he was quite aware of this. The classification at the former show said "other than corded," and he appeared in the newest Parisian style with coat combed. On this occasion he had a close curly coat like that of a curly retriever rather than of a poodle. It was a clever piece of work on the part of the manager of the kennel in order to get the dog to fit the classification, but the Frenchman who owned and exhibited him at the Pet Dog show was more clever in one respect; he trimmed his dog and kept him in motion so that the faulty formation of the bone just above the hock could not be detected. The short curls make this fault apparent and do not suit his build; besides, the dog was evidently recovering from some skin disease. Rajah though is an excellent poodle, large, yet cobby, strong in limb, stout in frame, yet active and bright, if not elegant in his new coat. He is very good in muzzle, skull, expression and texture of coat., Milo, first, on the other hand, has too prominent an eye,

In the other than black curly class three excellent red specimens were entered. Diamont, first, being unusually good, with capital curly coat, good in texture, thickness and closeness, in build and elegance, as well as shape of head, beating Poo Bah, second, in proportions, coat, style, head and expression. Vivette, third, is inferior to Poo Bah in mouth and expression; in build she has a slight advantage, and there is but little to choose between them. These dogs were shown in splendid form, as were most of the curlies.

Diamont took the special for the best red and Lisette the special for the smallest, in the judging of which age had to be considered, it being the intention to bring out the small order now favored in Paris.

Bulldogs (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—There was a pretty fair showing here and a new one made his bow. Leonidas, looking well, took care of the challenge class dogs, no bitches entered. In open dogs (5) a good one in Reve Royal, by Rustic Swell, was easily first; good head, especially in skull and ear, shoulders well out, lots of bone and a nice tapering body, with good swing, and is dark brindle in color. Romance, shown at Providence, was second and Governor, probably better known to all the "boys" than any other bulldog in America, came in for third; we admire him for his winning ways and not his good looks entirely—he has a long head—has Governor. Bathos was on exhibition only and looked well. Dolly Tester and Queen Mab furnished the winners in the bitch class; Dolly loses the other in head, body and bone. A promising pup in Daisy Belle took first in puppies.

Bull-Terriers (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—There was a mixed lot here, some of the best and a lot of others. Champion Attraction, looking well, was the only challenge entry. In dogs Cordonna upheld his Providence form, beating another good one in White King, whose broad skull, cheekiness and long pasterns spoil an otherwise well-made dog; he is also a bit faulty in hocks. Lord Blandford, third, was at the Pet Dog show. Diamond King arrived too late for judging. In bitches (3) Kit won again; she beats Edgewood Fancy II. in muzzle, feet and loin, and is also better behind. British Queen is not true in front, faulty in head, nice body and condition. These were all heavy-weights. In lightweight dogs (3) Ted Pritchard and Tarquin were placed as named; Ted beats in head and front. In bitches (3) Newy, coarse in head, was second at the Pet Dog show; she won, but the others were too poor to count. F. F. Dole won the kennel prize.

There were no Boston terriers, although the club gave a special.

Fox-Terriers (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—These classes filled well, but the prizes went to old faces. Blemton Victor II. furnished the only challenge dog, he was fairly well shown. In open dogs (16) first and second went to Blemtons, Stickler and Rasper, the same as at Providence; they were better in heads, cleaner in shoulders and had a little more quality than the other winner, Tip Top, who was well shown. Warren Layman was also at Providence. Blemton Rattler, vhc., is also an old face; he showed too much daylight under him and is full in skull. Raby Palissy, vhc., I thought a better dog, his ears are big but head good and shoulders might be cleaner, but he's a terrier all over. Raby Domino could do no better than hc. in this company; plain head, soft coat. In open bitches (9) the Rutherford Kennels had their revenge with Warren Captions, and but for weak muzzle and soft coat she is a nice terrier; the well-known Blemton Vindex coming next, she struck me as a bit light all round. Warren Dorothy next, faulty before the eye, good houlders,

body and forelegs, but coat very soft. Richmond Jesmine, reserve, I would like better were she shorter in pasterns and harder in coat. Arrandale Sybil is full in brow, light in pasterns, and muzzle should be stronger, nice stamp outside of this. Dame Primrose should have a stronger and longer muzzle, her coat is also not hard enough. Seacroft Empress is a nice little pup, feet could be better, and skull is round and full yet.

Wire hairs were few but choice. Oakleigh Bruiser was the only dog shown, short of coat and light, but he is a nice stamp of terrier with a good long head. Suffolk Tassel beats Sister Grit in head and body, but is beaten in texture of coat by Sister. The latter was the only pup shown and won. Blemton Kennels took the kennel prize.

IRISH TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Only a fair lot all round. Galtees was the challenge winner. Open dogs (4) saw Crib the winner again. I don't agree with his forelegs, but his head, body and coat are good. Killarney is broad in skull and muzzle not strong enough, forelegs not just straight, a nice stamp of terrier though behind the head. Daddy Murry is leggy and droops in quarters, good long head. Paderih Rhu is a nice type of terrier but has too much stop. Bitches (5) and a daughter of Jackanapes came to the front, her muzzle is too sharp and coat not wiry enough. Ballylisbreden is too thick in skull, good coat. Erin has too much brow and coat should be harder. A poor puppy was shown and given third. There were no Dandies and but one Bedlington, the Torouto winner Tibbie.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Challenge dogs had Tiree, not in as good coat as I have seen him, and only Scotch Hot in open dogs. In bitches, Bella II 's badly crooked front, knuckling over too, was I suppose the cause of the weedy Glenshea being placed over her, as Bella is a far better terrier otherwise.

SKYE TERRIERS (*James Mortimer, Judge*).—Sir Stafford and Endcliffe Maggie were the challenge aspirants and the judge could not separate them. Sir Stafford looked light in loin and out of coat; here Maggie beat him, but length and head and front and bone were much in Sir Stafford's favor. Sir Thomas easily vanquished Prince Charlie in dogs, that is almost black in color and had a short, snipy, foxy head. Nellie, the Gloversville winner, was the only bitch shown. The black and tan terriers are all well known and properly placed. Broomfield Sultan for a wonder failed to show up, and so near home, too. Some so-called Clydesdales were shown but were not up to the stamp that were shown some years back.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (*E. H. Morris, Judge*).—Many of these have been seen, and this year Young Ted in good coat was alone in the challenge class. In open dogs (5) Duke, rather light in body color but in excellent coat, won nicely from Ben, who is bigger and not so true in tau. Prince, third, is quite big enough and light in coloring. Bennie is smutty in tan. Bitches had two; Lady Nell, the winner, has been seen before, a rather nice sort, bright tan. Baby Belle is beaten in color, length of coat and ears.

TOY TERRIERS (*E. H. Morris, Judge*).—I did not agree with the decision that put Sport first over Prince, as the latter has a much better head and tan markings, the others are poor. Dot, not entered in time, would have beaten the lot, weighs 1¾lbs., and is well marked and coated.

TOY SPANIELS (*E. H. Morris, Judge*).—In King Charles spaniels Romeo, well shown, was the only challenge entry, and a son of his in open dogs, Romeo's Own, had no competitors, has a capital head, nice tan and when let down a bit in body will hold his own with any of them. A ruby spaniel, Dorothy, was judged later on in the week, and I did not see her. Mrs. Senn showed a nice Jap in her Tokio, in excellent condition.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS furnished no surprise, as the winners are all well known.

The Shipperke Mickie took a turn once more, his mustache in grey now. In Mexican Hairless Jewel, the Pet Dog Show winner, was alone and in excellent show condition.

PUGS (*Miss A. H. Whitney, Judge*).—All the entries are well-known winners, though their previous order was changed in one or two instances. Lady Bonsor beat Bess this time and rightly, better head and body.

MISCELLANEOUS (*Mr. Mortimer. Judge*).—A motley crew, and no wonder a boy on the outside asked when the performance commenced. Chimo, an Esquimo, was short of coat, perhaps some of our critics will say we don't know anything about coat in this breed, but it's a cold fact that in the lang syne Tuctoo, a noted winner in England, hailed for several years from the Hebden Bridge Kennels; Little Bill, a Welsh terrier, got second, but I liked the smooth collie, though it had a little too much coat, for the top position—true bred and something we all know about—Sheffield Lad; the "Pom" was all out of coat and should not have been shown.

In selling class Blue Belle won. H. W. LACY.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st withheld; 2d, B. F. Lewis's Ethel.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William and Emperor Maximilian; 3d, Mrs. A. G. Winter's Duke IV. Very high com., W. Arnot's Jefferson. Com., G. Osborne's Rover. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana and Gerda II.; 3d, H. Schierloh's Torfrida.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED — CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Fred Schmitt's Otos. *Bitches:* 1st, New York St. Bernard Kennels' Princess Florence.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, New York St. Bernard Kennels' Marvel; 2d, F. Schmitt's Roland, Jr.; 3d, S. Miller's Lord Walbeck. Reserve, F. Linck's Ashland Jumbo. Very high com., C. Kirschler's Ben Butler and E. Booth's Lothario. High com, G. Schmitt's Major Hector, C. C. Brandt's Roland and E. W. Fiske's Hamlet. Com., A. Hahne's Lord Essex, J. F. Lutz's Gladie and J. C. Dillon's Kilmeney. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., Duchess Kennels' Miss Anna and Countess Madge; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sun Ray; 3d, F. Smith's Lady Bountiful. Reserve, and high com., New York St. Bernard Kennels' Surprise and Miss Jerome. Com., M. Sellinger's Lyda, J. M. Bennett's Gleniska, W. J. Whelan's Miss Nellie —NOVICE—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Imperator; 2d, E. Wagner's Lausanne; 3d, F. Link's Ashland Jumbo. Reserve, F. Wiemann's Sir Plinlimmon. Very high com., Grace Decker's Tonzo, E. H. Radel's Wieland, E. W. Fiske's Hamlet and H. F. Mager's Vindex II. High com., L. D. Ward's Pluto, A. Hahne's Lord Essex, Leon Rose's Duke and F. Linck's Beda of Essex. Com., J. Rayser's Caro R. and Barbara Schmitt's Colonel Major.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. A. Reiker's Bruce and Rector. Reserve, P. F. Flanagan's Sir Noble. Very high com., F. Schmitt's Guido. *Bitches:* 1st, Duchess Kennels' Miss Amanda; 2d, F. Waldmann's Cleopatra; 3d, W. V. Ruckelshaus's Daisy. Reserve, P. F. Flanagan's Lady Esther.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Scottish Leader. *Bitches:* 1st, Duchess Kennels' Empress of Contocoock.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Louis Faure's Major Plon Plon; 2d, M. H. Thiman's Chester; 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Bellsarius. Reserve, Rivermount Kennels' Ray. Very high com., Rivermount Kennels' Nemo II. and Guido Hunneshagen's Cæsar V. High com., J. W. Lushear's Rome. *Bitches:* 1st, Duchess Kennels' Bellegarde; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunol; 3d, Henry Schierloh's Charmion. Reserve, Fred. Schmidt's Guess Noble. Very high com., Chas. H Baker's Lady Leeds. Com., S. M. Baker's Susan M.—NOVICE —1st, M. H. Thiman's Chester; 2d and 3d, Rivermount Kennels' Ray and Nemo II. Reserve, L. D. C. Wood, Jr.'s, Duke of Jersey. High com., Frank Linck's Leader of Essex.—PUPPIES—1st, Fred. Schmidt's Hellgate Keeper; 2d and very high com., Duchess Kennels' Franciscan and Heroic.

BLOODHOUNDS.—1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Belhus and Vigilant.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—2st, Phil. J. Walsh's Carlo; 2d, Warren L. Hoagland, Jr.'s Leo.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Fritz Von Bernuth, Jr.'s, Yarrum; 2d, Hepburn Kennels' Hepburn Hero; 3d, M. Schult's Schult Nero. Reserve, Martin Hahnie's Pasha. Very high com., Mr. Preckmueller's Leo, New York Pug Kennels' Duke, Ernst Hug's Hannes II. and Dr. A. J. Hahn's Tyras. High com., Fritz Von Bernuth, Jr.'s, Yenoh and Dr. Arberg's Bismarck D. *Bitches:* 1st, Hepburn Kennels' Hepburn Flora Belle; 2d, Chas. Busch's Malta; 3d, Martin Hahnle's Flora.—PUPPIES—1st, New York Pug Kennels' Thor.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, H. W. Huntington's champion Argoss and Zerry—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Chas. Stedman Hanks's Leekhoi and Peter the Great; 3d, H. W. Huntington's Nagrajdai. Very high com., Frances B. Jennings's Alexis. *Bitches:* 1st withheld; 2d, Lenox Kennels' Veatka. Very high com., Chas. Stedman Hanks's Raskeda.—PUPPIES—1st and 2d, H. W. Huntington's Irmina and Riga.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Albion L. Page's Lochiel; 2d, Frank F. Dole's Douglass. *Bitches:* Albion L Page's Minna.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, A. W. Purbeck's Bestwood Daisy; 2d, Albion L. Page's Maud Torrington.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Walter S. Gilson's Norway Star; 2d, Phil. J. Walsh's Cheekey Charlie; 3d, Woodhaven Kennels' Snowball. Reserve, S. Wellman Clark's Beeswing. Very high com., Berlin Kennels' Dallas. High com., Maybrook Kennels' Dakota. *Bitches:* 1st, Joe Lewis' Wild Rose; 2d and reserve, Maybrook Kennels' Miss Dollar II and Drytime. 3d, W. Tallman's Maid. Very high com., Rudolph H. Wolf's Nellie's Girl. High com., Miss M. Travers's Beulah.

WHIPPETS.—*Dogs:* 1st, D. E. Douglas's Peeping Tom; 2d Frank Farrow's Prince; or Robert the Devil. *Bitches:* 1st, James E. Douglas's Firenzi; 2d, Richard Thompson's Bess; 3d, Fred. Thompson's Young Peggy.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, George H. Thompson's Pontiac.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st and 2d, Springside Kennels' Hylas of Naso and Ridgeview Panic; 3d, Charles Heath's Roswell. Reserve, A. S. Hoffman's Dave. Very high com., Stanton W. Pentz's Heather and Netherwood Kennels' Signal W. High com., James J. Faye's Mark Anthony. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, Springside Kennels' Lady Tammany.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Duke of Hessen; 2d, Charles E. Connell's Rock II. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Red House Farm Pointer Kennels' Ch. Fan N.—OPEN—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Luck; 2d, G. T. Hollister's Bang; 3d, Victoria Kennels' Ridgewood Faust. Reserve, George W. La Rue's Advance. Very high com., Netherwood Kennels' Ridgewood Tenny. High com., Red House Farm Pointer Kennels' Speculation. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, George W. Lovell's Wild Lilly; 2d, Charles E. Connell's Fan Fan II.; 3d, Springside Kennels' Springside Nell. Reserve and very high com., Hempstead Farm's Hempstead Kit and Hempstead Duchess. Very high com., Cyrus P. Wilcox's Miss Lancashire and George H. Thompson's Bloom. Com., A. M. Hopper's Sally Kent.—PUPPIES—*Dogs;* 1st, George H. Thompson's Count of Kent; 2d, Frank R. Pidgeon's Talisman. *Bitches:* 1st, Clifton Kennels' Countess of Kent; 2d, M. A. Hanchett's Lillian T.; 3d, Frank K. Pidgeon's Saddleback.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, William Bryce, Jr.'s Spectre; 2d, Joe Lewis's Victress Llewellyn.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Wilson Fiske's Glendon; 2d, Netherwood Kennels' Netherwood; 3d, Dick J. Peters' Robin Goch. Reserve, Bronx Valley Kennels' Deceive. Very high com., Victoria Kennels' The Earle and Joe Lewis's Viscount. High com., Joe Lewis's Drake Llewellyn.—*Bitches:* 1st, Netherwood Kennels' Domminum; 2d, F. C Fowler's Monk's Nun; 3d, E. J. Myers's Prima Donna. Reserve, Netherwood Kennels' Lulie. Very high com., Josh F. Lane's Lady's Hope.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. C. Fowler's ch. Kildare and champion Dick Swiveller. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. C. Fowler's champion Queen Vic and champion Norna.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, Redstone Kennels' Erin's Lad; 3d, C. B. Rutan's Denny. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Cleveland; 2d, F. C. Fowler's Kate; 3d, Dr. William Sarvis's Rosamond. Reserve, M. A. Hanchett's Lucy M.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Smith Bros', champion Rexmont. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Gordon and Lady Waverly.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Katherine; 2d, Mr. Griffin's Bessie; 3d, C. B. Rutan's Beauty.

BEAGLES.—OVER 13IN.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Doctor; 2d, H. L. Kreuder's champion Roy K.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. L. Kreuder's Leo III.; 2d, Oakview Kennels' Mr. Winkle; 3d, George Lalck's Trifle II. *Bitches:* 1st, D. F. Sumner's Lucy S.; 2d H. Hanson's Lady of Denmrak —13IN. AND UNDER—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. L. Kreuder's champion Frank Forest.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, N. A. Baldwin's Laddie; 2d, W. A. Dukes's Harper. *Bitches:* 1st, John Mulane's Baby Deane; 2d, H. L. Kreuder's Princess K.

FOXHOUNDS (AMERICAN).—1st, Roger D. Williams's Commodore; 2d and 3d, F. A. Oatman's Buckshot and Glenwood Belle.

DACHSHUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Windrush Kennels' champion Janet.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Windrush Kennels' Ichtyosaurus; 2d and very high com., Carl H. Schultz's Fanstus and Pantus; 3d, Dr. Emil Guenther's Fritz. Reserve, T. J. Bissell's Nig, Jr. High com., G. Krantz's Pirschmann. Com., Dr. C. Motzschenbacher's Dachs. *Bitches:* 1st, G. Krantz's Cherry; 2d, Dr. C. Motschenbacher's Nellie; 3d, T. J. Bissell's Dachsy. High com., Dr. Emil Guenther's Nellie.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—Prizes withheld.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—1st, Owahgena Kennels' Glenwood Flossie.

FIELD SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR—CHALLENGE—1st. Edward Wilson's Brantford Mohawk; 2d, Rowland P. Keasbey's Newton Abbott.—BLACK—OPEN *Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S J. Bradbury's Warwick; 2d, Owahgena Kennels' Sorry Jake; 3d, Rowland P. Keasbey's Echo. Com, C. A. Young's Don —LIVER—OPEN—1st, Owahgena Kennels' Ilfracombe; 2d, Dr. S. G. Bradbury's The Shrew.

COCKER SPANIELS.—ANY COLOR—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Miss Waggles.—BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss M. Ks' King Raven, Jr.; 2d and very high com., Edwin W. Fiske's Jay Kay and Wildfire; 3d, Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Count. *Bitches:* 1st, Joseph Kay's Black Cherry; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Rideau Rhea; 3d, Luckwell & Douglas's Woodland Kitty. High com, Miss Marie Antoinette Elsele's Gypsey.—OTHER THAN BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C.T.Sackett's Othello; 2d, Edwin W. Fiske's Brantford Rufus; 3d, W. Tallman's Denver. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ruth S.; 2d, Edwin W. Fiske's Red Niobe; 3d, James H. Black's Fan.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellesbourne Charlie; 2d, J. Livingston's Ormskirk Shep. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Luella.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Prince Wilkes; 2d, J. Ellice's Yorkshire Surprise. High com., W. B. Focher's Cawdor Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, Frank Bourne's Deepdale Madge; 2d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Scottish Girl; 3d, W. B. Focher's Cawdor Mayflower. *Puppies:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Can't Tell. Central Park Kennels' Lassie Gowrie disqualified.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, R. D. Winthrop's Leonidas.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. R. Gilmore's Reeve Royal; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Romance; 3d, J. A. Finlayson's Governor. Very high com., J. R. Gilmore's Cameron. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Matthews's Dolly Tester; 2d, Central Park Kennels' Queen Mab. *Puppies:* 1st, Central Park Kennels' Daisy Belle.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's champion Attraction.—OPEN—*Dogs* (30lbs. or over): 1st, F. F. Dole's Cardonna; 2d, W. J. Owen's White King; 3d, Castle Point Kennels' Lord Blandford. Very high com., F. Senn's Derby Dutch. *Bitches:* 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Kit: 2d. F. F. Dole's Edgwood Fancy II.; 3d, Retnor Kennels' Diamond King —OPEN—*Dogs* (under 30lbs.): 1st, F. F. Dole's Ted Pritchard; 2d, Castle Point Kennels' Tarquin. *Bitches:* 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Newy. Other prizes withheld.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Chief Blemton Victor II.—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st and 2d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Stickler and Blemton Rasper; 3d and reserve, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Tip Top and Warren Layman. Very high com., C. S. Hanks's Ralp Pallisy and L. B. Banks's Blemton Rattler. High com., J. M. Dale's Raby Domino. Com., H. W. Lincoln's John Ridd and H. C. Graef's Suffolk Surprise. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and very high com., L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Captions, Warren Dorothy and Arrandale Sybie; 2d, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Vindex. Reserve, C. S. Hanks's Richmond Jesmine. High com., H. C. Graef's Dame Primrose. *Puppies:* 1st, C. S. Hanks's Seacroft Empress.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Oakleigh Bruiser. *Bitches:* 1st, G. M. Caruschan's Suffolk Tassel; 2d, H. W. Smith's Sister Grit. *Puppies:* 1st, H. W. Smith's Sister Grit.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. O. Conner's Galtees.—OPEN *Dogs:* 1st, Dr. W. F. Kenny's Crib; 2d, F. Senn's Killarney; 3d, W. L. Morgan's Daddymurry. Very high com., M. Bruckheimer's Paderih Rhu. *Bitches;* 1st, G. G. Hammill's Hill Top Surprise; 2d, Huguenot Kennels' Ballylisbredan; 3d and com., John Welsh's Erin and Briar. *Puppies;* 1st and 2d, withheld; 3d, Huguenot Kennels' Caragh.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, C. W. Lougest's Tibbie.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Tiree.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Scotch Hot. *Bitches:* 1st, T. H. Garlick's Glenshea; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Bella II.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—Equal 1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford and H. K Caner's Endcliffe Maggie.—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st, Samuel Barr's Sir Thomas; 2d, John Parker's Prince Charlie. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. Heritage's Nellie.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Rochelle Kennels' Broomfield Madge.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Jasper; 2d. Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Lord. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Gipsy Girl; 3d, Rochelle Kennels' Rochelle Topaz.

CLYDESDALE TERRIERS.—1st, J. McCue's Grover; 2d, Central Park Kennels' Belle of Clyde; 3d, John Vaugh's Bright Bess.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Central Park Kennels' Lion; 2d, L. A. Biddle's Berri.—OPEN—CORDED OR RUSSIAN—1st. Dr. S. N. Duer's Bismark.—CURLY OR FRENCH (Black)—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, reserve, very high com. and high com., Meadowmere Kennels' Milo, Rajah, Jumbo, Nigger and Jabot; 3d, Mrs. G. A Van Wagenen's Max. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d, reserve, very high com. and high com., Meadowmere Kennels' Dinah, Lisette, Black Maria, Jeanne and Juno; 2d, J. D Wade's Victoria.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, 3d and high com., Meadowmere Kennels' Jumbo, Nigger and Jabot; 2d, very high com. (2) and high com., Mrs. G. A. Van Wagenen's Ami, Solo, Fidele and Paris. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Meadowmere Kennels' Jeanne, Black Maria and Jumbo.—OPEN (other than black)—1st, 2d and 3d, H. H. Hunnewell's Diamont, Poohbah and Vivette.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. Senn's Young Ted.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Senn's Duke; 2d, J. Foster's Ben; 3d, J. A. Finlayson's Prince Reserve. Mrs. G. A. Van Wagenen's Bennie High com., F. Obert's Tip. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Foster's Lady Nell; 2d, J. A. Finlayson's Baby Belle.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE—1st, F. Senn's Sport; 2d, J. Bowden's Prince; 3d, New York Pug Kennels' Bounce. High com., J. Meyer's Clytic and C. B. Getchius' Dandy.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Romeo.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs F. Senn's Romeo's Own.

RUBY, BLENHEIM AND PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, F. R Jones's Dorothy.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—1st, Mrs. F. Senn's Tokio.

PET SPANIEL PUPPIES.—ANY VARIETY—1st, Mrs. E. H. Radel's Pansy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. Lewis's Spring; 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Byron.—OPEN—*Bitches;* 1st, J. Lewis's Lady Lee; 2d, C. Lohmann's Folly; 3d, F. H. Hoyt's Trixie.

SCHIPPERKES.—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Mickie.

PUGS—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bob Ivy; 2d, New York Pug Kennels' Nellie Bly.—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st, J. Bowden's Treasurer; 2d, E. Adams's Medlar. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Bowden's Lady Bonsor; 2d, Dr. M. H. Cryer's Bess.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Sherwood's Jewel.

MISCELLANEOUS—1st and 3d, Central Park Kennels' Chimo and Chow Chow; 2d, J. Moran's Little Bill. Very high com. Toon & Thomas's Sheffield Lad and Chestnut Hill Kennels's Bluebelle.

SELLING CLASS.—1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Bluebelle; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Sheffield Lad; 3d, R. Buckle's Douglas.

SPECIALS.

MASTIFFS—Best American-bred dog, Emperor William; best bitch ditto, Lady Diana. Best bitch with three of her progeny, Gerda II. Best kennel, Dr. Lougest. Best bitch in open class, Lady Diana. Best bitch with three of produce from the same litter, Gerda II.

ST. BERNARDS—Best kennel, New York St. Bernard Kennels. Best dog in show barring Sir Bedivere, Scottish Leader. Best rough or smooth owned in New Jersey, Ashland Jumbo St. Bernard Club medals—Best American-bred dog, rough or smooth, Franciscan; best bitch, ditto, Empress of Contocoock. Best smooth dog, American-bred, open, Major Plon-Plon Best kennel smooths, Dutchess Kennels. Best smooth dog or bitch in open classes, Bellegarde.

GREAT DANES—Best great Dane, Hepburn Flora Belle, also president Great Dane Club challenge cup.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS—Best kennel, H. W. Huntington's. Best puppy, Irmina. Best in show, Argoss.

DEERHOUNDS—Best in show, Lochell.

GREYHOUNDS—Best kennel, Maybrook Kennels. Best owned in New Jersey, Miss Dollar III. National Greyhound Club medal—Best in show, Wild Rose. Norway Star, reserve.

WHIPPETS—Best owned in New Jersey, Peeping Tom.

ENGLISH SETTERS—Best in open classes, Domminum.

IRISH SETTERS—Best kennel, Oak Grove Kennels. Best owned in New Jersey, Major (2).

GORDON SETTERS—Best kennel, Dr. S. G. Dixon. Best in show, Katherine.

BEAGLES—Best kennel, Rockland Beagle Kennels.

FOXHOUNDS—Best bitch, Glenwood Belle.

DACHSHUNDS—Best brace, Windrush Kennels.

SPANIELS—Spaniel Club specials—Best brace field spaniels, Warwick and Shrew. Best brace cockers, Middy and Miss Waggles Others did not fill. Best kennel of cockers, Swiss Mountain Kennels. Best cocker in open classes, Miss Phylis. Othello, reserve.

COLLIES—Collie Club medals, for members only—Best dog in open class, Prince Wilkes; best bitch ditto, Scottish Girl. Best collie in show, Prince Wilkes. Best kennel, Chestnut Hill Kennels. Best bitch in show, champion Luella.

BULLDOGS—Best in open classes, Reve Royal.

BULL-TERRIERS—Best sired by Gully the Great, White King. Best pair under 20lbs., Tarquin and Newy. Best in show, champion Attraction.

FOX-TERRIERS—American Fox-Terrier Club specials—Best three American-bred in open or puppy classes, Blemtons Rasper, Stickler and Vindex. Best wire-hair in open classes, Oakleigh Bruiser. Best wire-hair puppy, Sister Grit. Best smooth puppy, Seacroft Empress. Best kennel, Blemton Kennels.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS—Best bitch in show, Glenshea.

POODLES—Best red poodle, Diamont. Smallest poodle, Lisette.

TOY SPANIELS—Best in show, Romeo. Best pet spaniel puppy, Pansy.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS—Best in show, Spring.

Ashmont trophy for best American-bred dog or bitch in show, Irish setter Queen Vic.

Mr. E. H. Radel's special picture to be used as the N. J. K. L. emblem, Princess Florence and Queen Vic will both appear, prize divided.

IF he is a friend of yours; if he is interested in field or pet dogs; if he is not a reader of FOREST AND STREAM; if you would like to have him see it for three weeks; and if you will give us his name, we will supply him with one of the

FOREST AND STREAM'S SILVER BULLSEYE

Cards, which will make it easy for him to send for the paper. • • • • • •

Saratoga Dog Show.

THE Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club show to be held January 16 next is expected to be the largest in the State outside New York City. This show, no doubt, will be the first one held under the new A. K. C. rules, and the premium list has been revised in accordance with the new rules.

In all challenge and open classes the first prize will be $7 and second prize in the open classes $5. The puppy classes have $5 in nearly all classes. They will compete by sex. The American Spaniel Club has donated the "Bell Cocker Cup" and four other specials.

The secretary, Lyman H. Clute writes: It is earnestly hoped that all breeders and owners of dogs and especially of foxhounds, will honor us with their entries, as there is a possibility of organizing au American Foxhound Club and in due time draft a standard by which they may be judged. The secretary's address is Ballston Lake, N. Y.

THE BULLDOG.

With the single exception of the fox-terrier, it can confidently be asserted that the old English bulldog is the popular dog of the world, notwithstanding the fact that it has for very many years past been the most maligned animal of the *genus canis*. Having been unfairly stigmatized as a ferocious dog and "incapable of any education" whatsoever, the bad name has stuck to the bulldog like glue, and even in these enlightened days people are to be found who entertain the most absurd notions respecting a bulldog's character and disposition, and which, needless to relate, are quite the reverse of the real truth.

Whatever degree of ferocity the dog which was employed for baiting the bull may have possessed, its savage fierceness does not appear to us to have been directed against mankind, but against its foe, the bull, and we find very serious fault with the historians of the past for not having made this perfectly clear. From the language employed by most of the old writers on bulldogs the student is left with the strong impression that the bulldog was akin to a man-eating tiger, and this solely in consequence of the dog's valiant deeds of daring when engaged in combat with a mad bull. According to the *Sportsman Cabinet*, the first well authenticated bull-baiting took place during the reign of King John in 1209 at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and originated in the following circumstance: "William, Earl Warren, Lord of Stamford, standing upon the walls of the castle, saw two bulls fighting for a cow in the castle meadow, till the butcher's dogs pursued one of the bulls entirely through the town. This sight so pleased the Earl that he gave the castle meadow, where the bulls' combat began, for a common to the butchers of the town, after the first grass was mowed, on condition that they should find 'a mad bull' the day six weeks before Christmas for the continuance of 'that sport for ever.'"

Bull-baiting seems to have flourished at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, from 1374 to 1778, while it went on very extensively in London, Birmingham, Stafford, York, Sheffield and Crediton down to the passing of the act for the prevention of cruelty to animals in 1835.

The bulldog appears to have been in favor all over the world long before the present century, and the "furriner" seems to have been as keen in the year 1800 to acquire specimens of the English bulldog as he is in the year of grace 1893, for a writer of the former period says of the bulldog: "The breed is not so numerous in consequence of the great number purchased and transported to other countries, for which the most enormous prices have been given."

The same writer, in describing the characteristic attributes of the breed, says: "It is a distinguishing and invariable trait in the true bred bulldog to attack the animal in front, and never to make a cowardly attempt at the extremities. The dog whose breed has been preserved genuine and uncontaminate aims at, and makes most ferociously for, the face of the bull, and, sinking to the ground the nearer he approaches, makes a desperate effort to seize upon the lip, as the most tender seat of irritability and excruciating pain, if he succeeds in the attempt; failing in which he relaxes not in his efforts, but with the most incredible and determined fury fastens upon the tongue, the eye, the underjaw, the throat, or some part about the head or face (never degrading his character by making a pusillanimous attempt behind), where, having secured his hold, he retains it beyond the power of description, in opposition to every energetic and desperate effort of the bull to get himself disengaged."

Although very few of the present day bulldogs have been permitted by their owners to try their luck with a bull, there can be no manner of doubt that a large number of our best show specimens would sustain the reputation of their ancestors if encouraged to attack a bull. The heart is still in them, but as a good bulldog is now worth on the average about three or four sovereigns per pound weight (the sum paid for Dockleaf was equivalent to six sovereigns for every sixteen ounces), the value acts as a deterrent to sport of any kind with them for fear of their receiving a disfigurement which would operate to their detriment in the show ring. But, as we said before, some bulldog men know that the heart is still in the breed, for they have tried their dogs at big game. Not so very long ago we were strongly of opinion that the breed had lost its proverbial pluck, but experiences (which for obvious reasons cannot be made public) have disabused the erroneous impressions we had formed, and we now are strongly of opinion that several of the best show specimens of to-day would, if required, emulate the prowess of the old bull-baiters from whom they are descended. A large number of the dogs on view this week at the Aquarium can claim as their ancestor the dog whose owner was wicked enough to make a wager "that he would, at four distinct intervals, deprive the animal of one of his feet by amputation; and that after every individual deprivation he should attack the bull with his previous ferocity; and that last he should continue so to do upon his raw stumps."

The recorder of the above fact says, "The experiment was made and the result sufficiently demonstrated the truth of the prediction." Strange to say, the scene of this shocking experiment was the site where the Royal Aquarium now stands, *i. e.*, Old Tothill Fields, Westminster. Doubtless owing to the fact that the old writers failed to properly express their meaning when writing of the bulldog, the breed fell somewhat into disrepute, and we are bound to confess that about thirty or forty years ago the bulldog was not associated with—well, let us say—the aristocracy of this country, whose companion it is our pleasing duty to record the national dog of England to-day. Somewhere about the year 1875 a body of gentlemen, of whom the prime movers were (*inter alia*) Messrs. J. A. Berrie, Vero Shaw, C. F. W. Crafer, J. Sandell and others, formed a club for furthering the interests of the bulldog, and since that date the breed has steadily grown in popular estimation until it occupies the proud position in the kennel world that it does at the present time. The Bulldog Club has spent large sums of money in bringing the virtues of the bulldog prominently before the public, and by dint of a plucky perseverance and holding of a grand exhibition of the breed at frequent intervals in the principal public resorts, one of the quaintest and most amiable species of the canine race has been rescued from sinking into oblivion, and the true nature and character of the bulldog have been firmly implanted upon the minds of those who, through the shortcomings of past historians, were wont to regard this ancient breed as one of the most repulsive and dangerous animals in the whole of the animal creation. The bulldog is admirably adapted as a townsman's dog, as it does not need galloping exercise like most dogs do, and a daily walk with its master is sufficient to keep a bulldog in form. As a playmate for children we can positively assert from experience of many years' duration no dog can excel the bulldog. Kind and gentle in its every action, it enjoys a romp on the carpet or grass as much as would the greatest tomboy that ever lived. There can be no doubt whatever that, as a protector of life and property, our friend the bulldog will take some beating. Few if any strangers but what have a wholesome dread of a bulldog, and therefore it is quite easy to believe the old Staffordshire farmer who, writing to the newspapers, said that "he had found from long experience that two good bulldogs loose in his yard did much more toward making his neighbors honest than did all the parson's preaching." That acknowledged authority on dogs, "Stonehenge," paid the bulldog a high compliment when he wrote "that not only was it the most courageous dog, but the most courageous animal in the world," and when to this character it is added that the bulldog is at the same time gentle, amiable, devoted to its master, and never known to snap or snarl unless urged by it master or mistress so to do, it will readily be realized that the bulldog is indeed a staunch and useful friend to man.

The following rhyme, which appeared in the *Stock-Keeper* so long ago as the year 1885, very cleverly and correctly describes the bulldog's character, and that, combined with its humorous and pathetic tone, entitles the poem to the highest place in the bulldog man's memory:

EPITAPH ON OLD CHARLEY,

A BRINDLE AND WHITE BULLDOG, BY HIS OWNER, THE REV. JAMES ADCOCK' SEPT. 1, 1859.

This lowly spot, inscribed with Charley's name,
Acquires fresh interest from his well-earned fame.
For while he lived no sturdy rogue or thief
Approached the house to supplicate relief;
And many a time has laughter made me weep
To view his horror of an unwashed sweep.
Yet had he not the shadow of a fear,
Nor heeded odds when other dogs were near;
Venus and Mars held o'er him equal sway,
And either call he scorned to disobey.
His knotted shoulder and his vise-like jaw
Serv'd well to keep the mongrel curs in awe;
But when some worthier rival grac'd the stage,
Full of high mettle, void of needless rage,
He'd dare the onset, nor would seek retreat
Till prostrate lay that rival at his feet.
His pluck and bottom were above all praise,
And scars the prowess told of bygone days;
Yet was he ever faithful, ever true—
Gentle and playful as a kitten too.
Curious in food, how fond was he of cake!
And every sort of biscuit one could bake!
Whilst with a nut to see him was a treat—
He'd crack the shell and then the kernel eat.
But now at length invidious disease,
In league with time, has wrought his health's decease,
And chemistry, in shape of prussic acid,
Hath stopped his breath, and rendered him quite placid.
Charley, farewell! and as thy looks no more
Shall scare the beggar from thy master's door,
So all who knew thee best shall fondly tell
How kind a heart did in thy bosom dwell.
Peace, then, to his remains! Here Charley lies,
And if his race can claim a Paradise,
May he the best of kennels there obtain,
And live to bark and play and fight again.

The bulldog which was used for baiting the bull had the unsightly habit of invariably showing its teeth, in consequence of the lower jaw protruding to so great an extent that the lips could not cover them. We are rather inclined to think that

this natural "showing of the teeth" came to be regarded by the uninitiated as indicative of rage and anger, and it assisted in keeping up the bad name which the bulldog has been most unfairly given for ferocity. The Bulldog Club, therefore, when it drew up a standard description of a perfectly-formed pure-bred old English bulldog, made it essential "the teeth should not be seen when the mouth is closed." The bulldog, as described in the standard drawn up by the club, portrays a dog beautiful in outline of body and with head and facial details of surprising quaintness and interest. It was soon found that the task of breeding bulldogs to accord with the standard was a very, very difficult one, and not so many years ago it became the practice of a few men who could not breed a perfect bulldog to endeavor to manufacture one, and to this "art" the term "faking" was applied. Thanks to the Kennel Club, "faking" of dogs is now almost extinct, for the severity of the penalty for the practice of the "art" is so great that it has acted as a complete deterrent to those who were not above the commission of the crime of faking. It may possibly interest not a few readers if we recapitulate a few of the faking dodges which used to be practiced on the unfortunate bulldog in order to make him capable of winning a prize.

The chief dodges employed by the "faker" consisted of beating or punching the top lips of the dog a day prior to the show in order to make the flesh swell and so improve the size of the muzzle, an alternative method for this being the application of an irritant medicament which would similarly cause a swollen state of the lips. Plugs were employed for fitting up the dog's nostrils—the size of the nostril being a point of importance in the breed; one nostril was "plugged" one day and the other the next. The muscles of the ears were cut in prick-eared specimens in order to obtain the correct "rose" shaped ear. The most fiendish act of all, though, was the process of shortening the nose, for which purpose an instrument of torture called "jacks" was employed. This consisted of a perforated plate of metal which was shaped so as to fit the whole of the nose; this plate had two strong cords attached to it, which passed to a specially constructed collar. The metal plate being applied to the nose, was tightened up each day until the cartilage of the nose was squashed up close to the forehead. This inhuman practice started when the victim was about five months old, and the process of shortening the face generally lasted for several months. Huge pads were employed for putting under the pup's shoulders for the purpose of causing them to stand well away from the ribs in the orthodox manner, and the way of getting the low-to-the-ground appearance consisted in compelling the pup to sit in a pen in which, from its height, it was impossible for the dog to sit upright, and by this means the pup's legs were given a bowed appearance, and consequently the adult did not have too much daylight under him.

The faking of the tail was probably the most frequent torture the bulldog had to endure. According to the club's standard the tail of a bulldog should not from its shape be capable of being raised over its back. Now, for some years cock-tails were the rule rather than the exception, and in order to drop the tail one method was to cut the muscles of the tail close up to the rump, and then sear the incision with a hot iron, while another was to disjoint the tail and pull it every day for months, until it was impossible for it to ever get into union again.—*Licensed Victuallers' Gazette.*

The English Kennel Club Show.

It is always interesting to hear what the judges say of the dogs they pass upon, and in the case of the show recently held by the E. K. C. at the Crystal Palace it is especially so, as in a majority of the breeds it was a show of England's best.

Bloodhounds, Mr. William Foster, the judge, avers in the *English Kennel Gazette*, were the largest entry and the best lot ever exhibited. The well known Burgundy, owned by Mr. Brough, was beaten by Bowne's Statesman, a grand young hound, though the judge in seeing Burgundy on the bench afterward thought him hardly used, and from this Burgundy's owner derives his sole consolation in defeat.

"Mastiffs, taken as a whole," says W. Norman Higgs, "I thought a great deal better than what we have seen lately at our large shows, and cripples were conspicuous, I am pleased to say, by their absence, although in one or two cases some did not move so well as I could have liked." Open dogs was the principal class here, and the fight lay between the old champion, Mr. Taunton's Beaufort and Dr. Turner's Ayrshire, the winner in "limit" dogs. Mr. Higgs writes: "Considering that Beaufort is now in his tenth year, I think it is simply wonderful to see how well the old dog looks. He certainly moved a little faulty in the ring, but I put this down to, in a great measure, a nasty running kennel sore. With this exception and his age, I could not find much the matter with him, and I consider him to be the most perfect mastiff I ever saw." Beaufort, it will be remembered, spent a year or two of his career in this country in Mr. Winchell's kennel, and although he was not used by breeders as freely as he should have been, it will scarcely be gainsaid that his influence on the breed in this country, though unfortunately not so extensively used as Minting or Ilford Caution, has been very great, an influence that is now being carried on by his son, Beaufort's Black Prince. Osburga II. won in the corresponding bitch class and also the O. E. M. C. Breeders' Challenge Prize. Beaufort took the Dog Championship medal, but not being eligible for the O. E. M. C. Dog Forty-Guinea Challenge Cup, having already won it six times, this fell to Ayrshire.

Irish wolfhounds do not interest fanciers on this side so we pass them over.

In deerhounds the winner in the novice class, Rossie Byron, was also first in limit class, but the best in the breed is W. H. Singer's champion Swift, who had a gala day. Of him Mr. R. Hood Wright says: "He is built on grand lines, shows himself full of dash and fire and it will take a good one to lower his colors." Of the best bitch, E. W. Bell's Rossie Blue Bonnet, the judge remarks, "She is just about perfection. When younger she was too narrow, but since she has been bred from she has altered in this respect, and may divide the honors with Swift as being one of the two best of the present time."

In Russian wolfhounds the Duchess of Newcastle's Golub and Milka were the bright particular stars of the competition. Golub was in grand form and showing his beautiful neck. This dog has been accused of being wanting in that point owing to the heavy covering of hair. Of the winning bitch Milka Mr. Wright says: "The lovely and large Milka was alone. She has such a perfect formation both in body, head and feet that one forgets her want of coat, and what I do like is a big one, full of quality, and she comes up to this standard, and to her I awarded the champion medal." A new one appeared here in open bitches, "the beautiful Sudarka," whom Mr. Dobbelmann brought over from Rotterdam, Holland. She is only beaten by Milka in skull formation and the least bit in outline.

Evidently it is about time the English fanciers founded a chow-chow club and arranged a standard. There were a dozen specimens shown here and the judge acknowledges that he did not feel at home with the Chinese. There are as yet no rules laid down as to the best color or nothing to guide one in other points. In the foreign dog class, always a puzzler to judges, Mr. Wright bunched the prize winners, divided the dogs into four groups and picked the best from each. Yezo, the exponent of the new breed, that Mr. Raper gave first to at Edinburgh, was soon picked out for repetition.

Greyhounds. Here the same judge felt more at home, and Mr. Raper's Real Jam seems to have been aptly named, for she took the cake; in fact, all of them nearly—limit, open class and the champion medal. She is described as a "simply lovely bitch, covering a lot of ground, with grand neck and shoulders, perfect feet, and shown in the pink of condition."

Beagles, also judged by Mr. Hood-Wright, do not seem to have called for much enthusiasm. Mr. E. B. Joachim's Reader appears to have been the best, taking the championship. He is full of quality, with lovely ears, good body and feet. There were some rough-coated ones shown, too. Mr. Nutt's Pulborough Trusty proving the best here, "nice and level, with good ears and expression." We should like to have given more particulars in this breed, but the judge devotes little space to them, and his descriptions are not very instructive. He judged them by gaslight, and acknowledges he did not satisfy either himself or the exhibitors in this breed and in whippets. He gets in a good grumble on the stewards, and as it is applicable to some extent in some of our shows, we quote him: "Not a single committeeman or ring steward came near me after lunch, and I had to do both ring steward's and judge's work. Now, if one is judging breeds not perhaps so popular as some, it is not courteous to leave a judge at the far end of the Palace entirely to his own devices, while in the, well, say most popular class, half a dozen ring stewards and committeemen assisted, not only in their own legitimate work, but were so anxious lest the judge should reverse, that they told what this particular exhibit had done in the previous class or classes. Now, I call that real kindness."

Pointers were an average collection. About a dozen new faces appeared. There was, however, nothing among them with sufficient merit to lower the colors of previous winners. Sanford Bang and Sanford Graphic, old winners, were on hand.

The judge, Mr. E. C. Norrish, gives a very good report from which one can gather an excellent idea of the more prominent dog's good points and faults. The winner in the winner's class for bitches, Mr. Chapman's Heather Bee, had to give way in the open class to R. S. Bryan's Molton Bronte, of whom Mr. Norrish writes: "Looked at as a show bitch, Bronte is very nearly perfect, although her neck would have a more stylish appearance if a trifle longer and cleaner in the throat." She captured the champion prize for best pointer of all classes, and also with Molton Belle divided with Mr. Brough's pair of bloodhounds the honor of being the best brace of sporting dogs in the show.

The judge of Irish setters, Mr. Charles Austin, delivers himself of some opinions relative to this breed that are interesting in view of the marked improvement the Irish setters have made in this country. Mr. Austin says: "The most noticeable point in the Irish setters seems to be the great variety of types one sees, and the variety is more marked in the heads than in anything. In spite of the Irish setter description, one does not see many heads with stops or deep square muzzles, etc. In fact, one of the prevailing types seems to be a head in which the top of the skull and the end of the nose were in the same plane as it were, making a long, flat head without any sort of stop. And as this sort of head is usually tapered off to the muzzle the general effect is that the animal has a sort of sheep-dog-like look. Then there are Roman noses and very much-cut-away underjaws. All these points are most objectionable in any setter, but I regret to say I saw several of them in the ring. The majority of dogs I had before me were good in coat, body and color, but in several instances the feet and legs were not all that could be wished."

RECORD OF FIELD TRIALS OF 1893.

Bexar Field Trials, at Floresville, Tex., Jan. 16 to 17.

PUPPY STAKE—2 Starters.

Prize.	Name of Dog.	Owner.	Color	Breed.	Sire.	Dam.	Amount.	Handler.
First	Rod's Deuce	West End Kennels		Eng. setter dog				C. M Rounds.
Second	Rod's Clip	West End Kennels						C. M. Rounds.

THE DERBY—7 Starters.

First	Modoc	F. F. Myles		Eng. setter dog				
Second	Waif	Mrs. C. M. Rounds		Eng. setter dog				C. M. Rounds.
Third	Argentine	A. J. Ross		Eng. setter dog				

ALL-AGE STAKE—9 Starters.

First	Manitoba Frisk	West End Kennels		Eng. setter dog				C. M. Rounds.
Second	Duchess of Kent	West End Kennels		Pointer bitch				C. M. Rounds.
Third	Jesse James	F. F. Myles		Eng. setter dog				

(Judges' and handlers' names, breeding, etc., were not given in report.)

Pacific Coast Field Trials, at Bakersfield, Cal., Jan. 16 to 21.

Judges—R. T. Vandevort, Pasadena; D. M. Pyle, Bakersfield; W. Dormer, San Francisco.

THE DERBY—18 Starters.

First	George P	Jas. E. Watson	Black	Pointer dog	Old Black Joe II	Black Bess		D. M. Walters.
Second	Countess Noble	H. T. Payne	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Stanford	Lilly C		Owner.
Third	Jim P	Jas. E. Watson	Black	Pointer dog	Old Black Joe II	Black Bess		D. M. Walters.
	Doctor P	Jas. E. Watson	Black	Pointer dog	Old Black Joe II	Black Bess		D. M. Walters.
	Johanna	California Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Gladstone II	Janet		R. M. Dodge.

ALL-AGE STAKE—9 Starters.

First	Starlight	T. J. Watson	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Dan Gladstone	Miss Alice		M. De Motte.
Second	Old Joe II	Jas. E. Watson	Black	Pointer dog				Mr. Allender.
Third	Pelham	California Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Harold	Sunlit		R. M. Dodge.

Southern Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss., Feb. 6 to 10.

THE DERBY—21 Starters.

Judges—F. I. Stone, Chattanooga, Tenn.; P. H. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.; Dr. M. F. Rogers, New Albany, Miss.

First	Sport	Manchester Kennel Co	Liver and white	Pointer dog	Vanguard	Georgia Belle	$400	A. P. Gilliam.
Second	Dick Fox	Blue Ridge Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Chance	Countess Rush	$250	D. E. Rose.
Third	Lochinvar	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Chance	Bessie Avent	$66.66	J. M. Avent.
	Chevalier	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Jean Val Jean	Lucy Avent	$66.66	J. M. Avent.
	Lillian Russell	Jackson—Denmark Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Philip Gladstone	Lark	$66.66	Thos. Bond.

ALL-AGE STAKE—19 Starters.

Judges—Dr. M. F. Rogers, F. I. Stone, A. M. Young, Manchester, Tenn.

First	Whyte B	H. S. Bevan	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Roderigo	Florence Gladstone	$300	Owner.
Second	Antevolo	Pierre Lorillard, Jr.	White and lemon	Eng. setter bitch	Count Noble	Gladstone's Girl	$200	C. Tucker.
Third	Novelist	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Roderigo	Bo-Peep	$150	J. M. Avent.

(Major J. R. Purcell's Flockfinder III. awarded Pointer Club's special of $100 for best pointer in the Trials.)

United States Field Trials, at New Albany, Miss., Feb. 13 to 18.

Judges—Col. A. G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind.; P. H. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.; B. M. Stephenson, LaGrange, Tenn.

THE SETTER DERBY—13 Starters.

First	Lillian Russell	Jackson—Denmark Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Philip Gladstone	Lou K	$250	Thos. Bond.
Second	Lochinvar	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Chance	Bessie Avent	$200	J. M. Avent.
Third	Sport	Manchester Kennel Co	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Vanguard	Georgia Belle	$150	A. P. Gilliam.

Absolute Winner—Lillian Russell; $200 additional.

ALL-AGE POINTER STAKE—13 Starters.

First	Lad of Rush	J. L. Adams	Liver and white	Pointer dog	Rush of Lad	Topsy L	$200	L. W. Blankenbaker.
Second	Ben A	Dr. D. W. Yandall	Black and white	Pointer dog	Stoddard	Jet II	$175	Ed. Garr.
Third	Ridgeview Beppo	Graphic Kennel	Liver and white	Pointer dog	Beppo III	Revelation	$41.66	H. M. Short.
	Rex	G. A. Castleman	Liver and white	Pointer dog	Mainspring	Dell	$41.66	W. B. Stafford.
	Bounce	G. W. Amory	Liver and white	Pointer dog	Bob	Sal	$41.66	T. H. Poindexter.

ALL-AGE SETTER STAKE.

First	Novelist	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Woodhill Bruce	Novelty	$200	J. M. Avent.
Second	Bettye S	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Roderigo	Bob-Peep	$175	J. M. Avent.
Third	Eugene T	A. P. Gilliam	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Count Noble	Ruby's Girl	$72.50	Owner.
	Zulu M	Whyte Bedford	Lemon and white	Eng. setter bitch	Toledo Blade		$72.50	A. P. Gilliam.

Absolute Winner—Novelist; $200 additional.

Northwestern Field Trials, at Morris, Man., Sept. 4 to 6.

Judges—W. Hamilton Spencer, Grand Forks, Dak.; John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.

THE DERBY—12 Starters.

First	Ightfield Dogwood	A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale	Liver and white	Pointer dog	Ightfield Dick	Cowslips		Sefton Hallam.
Second	Dolly Shaw	R. W. Shaw	Black and white	Pointer bitch	Ightfield Upton	Genevieve		Sefton Hallam.
Third	Selah	Charlotteville F. T. Kennels	Liver and white	Pointer bitch	Rip Rap	Dolly Dexter		Capt. C. E. McMurdo.

ALL-AGE STAKE—15 Starters.

First	Dick Bondhu II	John Wootton	Black and white	Eng. setter dog	Dick Bondhue	Manitoba Belle		Owner.
Second	Brighton Tobe	T. G. Davey	Black and white	Eng. setter dog	Locksley	Leddersdale		Thos. Hallam.
Third	Cleopatra	W. B. Wells	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Mingo II	Cambriana		Joseph Spracklin.

CHAMPION CUP—5 Starters.

First	Manitoba Shot	Thos. Johnson	Black and white	Pointer dog	Ightfield Coton	Ightfield Psyche		Thos. Johnson.

Manitoba Field Trials, at Souris, Man., Sept. 12 to 14.

Judge—W. Tallman, Plainfield, N. J.

THE DERBY—13 Starters.

First	Topsey's Rod	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Roderigo	Topsey Avent	$160	J. M. Avent.
Second	Tate	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Jean Val Jean	Mamie Avent	$115	J. M. Avent.
Third	Thalid	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Jean Val Jean	Lucy Avent	$37.50	J. M. Avent.
	Hoodoo	W. T. Ellis	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Duke of Manitoba	Cora	$37.50	Owner.

ALL-AGE STAKE—17 Starters.

First	Count Gladstone IV.	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Count Noble	Ruby's Girl	$225	J. M. Avent.
Second	Chevalier	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Jean Val Jean	Lucy Avent	$125	J. M. Avent.
Third	Bettye S	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Roderigo	Bo-Peep	$100	J. M. Avent.

AMATEUR STAKE—8 Starters.

First	Zero	J. B. Roberts	Red	Irish setter dog	Rover	Rose	[*]	Owner.
Second	Joe	J. B. Roberts	Orange and white	Eng. setter dog	Cabel	Fan	[*]	Owner.
Third	Zuleika	W. F. Ellis	Liver and white	Eng. setter bitch	Duke of Manitoba	Cora	[*]	Owner.

[*] First prize, $50 silver cup. Second prize, doublebarreled shotgun. Third prize, pair of slips.

United States Field Trials, at Bicknell, Ind., Nov. 6 to 11.

Judges—John Bolus, Wooster, O.; Royal Robinson, Indianapolis, Ind.; John Barker, Racine, Wis. In All-Age, Capt. C. E. McMurdo judged in place of Mr. Robinson.

THE POINTER DERBY—13 Starters.

First	Strideaway	Geo. E. Gray	Liver and white	Pointer dog	King of Kent	Pearl's Dot	$250	Owner.
Second	Little Ned	W. N. Kerr	Liver and white	Pointer dog	Ridgeview Dazzler	Kate Claxton	$200	F. Richards.
Third	Selah	Charlotteville F. T. Kennels	White and liver ticked	Pointer bitch	Rip Rap	Dolly Dexter	$150	C. E. McMurdo.

THE SETTER DERBY—18 Starters.

First	Topsey's Rod	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Roderigo	Topsey Avent	$250	J. M. Avent.
Second	Daisy Hunter II	J. H. & J. A. Hunter	Orange and white	Eng. setter bitch	Antonio	Daisy Hunter	$250	J. H. Johnson.
Third	Roderigo	J. T. Mayfield	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Antonio	Lady Hope	$50	Owner.
	Callie White	Manchester Kennel Co	Black and white	Eng. setter bitch	Gath's Mark	Georgia Belle	$50	A. P. Gilliam.
	Flying Jib	B. W. Butterfield	Black and white	Eng. setter dog	Max Noble	Daisy Belton	$50	Owner.

Absolute Winner.

	Strideaway	Geo. E. Gray	Liver and white	Pointer dog	King of Kent	Pearl's Dot	$100	Owner.

ALL-AGE POINTER STAKE—20 Starters.

First	Franklin	A. P. Houston	Liver and white	Pointer bitch	Robin Adair	Blossom	$200	L. W. Blankenbaken.
Second	Kent Elgin	T. T. Ashford	Black and white	Pointer dog	King of Kent	Vera Bang	$175	J. M. Avent.
Third	Little Ned	W. N. Kerr	Liver and white	Pointer dog	Ridgeview Dazzle	Kate Claxton	$125	F. Richard.

ALL-AGE SETTER STAKE—20 Starters.

First	Chevalier	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Jean Val Jean	Lucy Avent	$200	J. M. Avent.
Second	Dan's Lady	Theo. Goodman	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Dan Gladstone	Lilly Burgess	$175	J. H. Johnson.
Third	Gleam's Sport	Manchester Kennel Co	Liver and white	Eng. setter dog	Vanguard	Georgia Belle	$135	A. P. Gilliam.

Absolute Winner.

	Chevalier	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Jean Val Jean	Lucy Avent	$100	J. M. Avent.

International Field Trials, at Mitchell's Bay, Ontario, Nov. 7 to 10.

Judges—John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; G. T. Guttridge, Chatham, Ont.; N. T. Tristem, Detroit, Mich.

THE DERBY—11 STARTERS.

Prize.	Name of Dog.	Owner.	Color.	Breed.	Sire.	Dam.	Amount.	Handler.
First.	Warwick Nellie	Dr. Totten	Liver and white	Pointer dog	Cambden Dick	Windsor Forest	$82	W. Huddleston.
Second.	Fingaln	A. D. Welton	Red	Irish setter dog	Finglas	Ruby Glenmore	$60.50	Jos. Spracklin.
Third.	Mars	W. B. Wells	Black, white and tan	Eug. setter dog	Cincinnatus	Daphne	$30.75	Jos. Spracklin.
	Doc	R. Bangham	Black and white	Eng. setter dog	Bangham's London	Nell	$20.50	Jos. Spracklin.

ALL-AGE STAKE—15 STARTERS.

First.	Cleopatra	W. B. Wells	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Mingo II	Cambriana	$62 & cup.	Jos. Spracklin.
Second.	Brighton Tobe	T. G. Davey	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Locksley	Leddersdale	$46.50	T. G. Davey.
Third.	Musa	A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale	Liver and white	Pointer bitch	Ightfield Dick	Ightfield Clio	$23.25	Sefton Hallam.

Eastern Field Trials, at Newton, N. C., Nov. 20 to 25.

Judges—S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; J. B. Stoddard, Chicago; W. W. Titus, Waverley, Miss. W. A. Coster took Mr. Titus's place in the Derby.

THE DERBY—19 STARTERS.

First.	Topsy's Rod	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Roderigo	Topsey Avent	$500	J. M. Avent.
Second.	Allene	Chas. P. Stokes	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Gath's Mark	Ruby's Girl	$250	Dr. Rose.
Third.	Tate	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Jean Val Jeau	Mamie Avent	$75	J. M. Avent.
	Selah	Charlottesville F. T. Kennels	Liver and white	Pointer bitch	Rip Rap	Dexter's Dolly	$75	Capt. C. E. McMurdo.

(Breeders' Cup, value $100, to breeder of winner—Avent & Thayer Kennels.)

ALL-AGE STAKE—20 STARTERS.

First.	Miss Ruby	Pierre Lorillard, Jr.	Orange and white	Eng. setter bitch	Gladstone's Boy	Ruby D	$500	C. Tucker.
Second.	Dick Fox	Blue Ridge Kennels	Orange and white	Eng. setter dog	Chance	Countess Rush	$250	Dr. Rose.
Third.	Kent Elgin	T. T. Ashford	Black and white	Pointer dog	King of Kent	Vera Bang	$75	J. M. Avent.
	Count Gladstone IV.	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Count Noble	Ruby's Girl	$75	J. M. Avent.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION STAKE—5 STARTERS.

First.	Count Gladstone IV.	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Count Noble	Ruby's Girl	$375	J. M. Avent.
Second.	Topsy's Rod	Avent & Thayer Kennels	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter dog	Roderigo	Topsey Avent	$75	J. M. Avent.
Third.	Rip Rap	Charlottesville Kennels	Black and white	Pointer dog	King of Kent	Hops	$50	C. E. Buckle.

Gordon Setter Trials, at Assonet, Mass., Nov. 20 to 21.

Judges—J. W. Lawson, Providence, R. I.; A. R. Sharpe, Taunton, Mass.

THE DERBY—4 STARTERS.

First.	Don	J. J. Arnold		Dog	Tom	Floss		Owner.
Second.	Trim	C. T. Brownell		Dog	Dixey	Beulah II.		Owner.
Third.	Punch	L. C. Jewett		Dog	Pete	Judy		W. Tomlinson.

ALL-AGE STAKE—8 STARTERS.

First.	Jolly G	E. K. Sperry		Bitch	Jake	Redfield's bitch		L. A. Pearle.
Second.	Count Noble	Miss S. A. Nickerson		Dog	Ben Butler	Belle		W. Medbury.
Third.	Minnie T	Noyes Billings		Bitch	Ranger B	Diana		Owner.

Irish Setter Club's Field Trials, at Thomasville, N. C., Nov. 27.

Judge—P. Lorillard, Jr.

THE DERBY—5 STARTERS.

First.	Gem	G. H. Thompson	Red	Bitch	Shaun	Nora	$75	F. M. Beall.
Second.	Currer Belle IV.	Dr. G. G. Davis	Red	Bitch	Tim	Currer Belle III.	$50	Owner.
Third.	Patricius	J. J. Maninon	Red	Dog	Duke Elcho	Red Rose	$25	J. Lewis.

ALL-AGE STAKE—6 STARTERS.

First.	Currer Belle IV.	Dr. G. G. Davis	Red	Bitch	Tim	Currer Belle III.	$85	Owner.
Second.	Romayne	Dr. Wm. Jarvis	Red	Dog	Duke Elcho	Romaine	$63	John Cassidy.
Third.	Teddy O'Rourke	Perry & Hamilton	Red	Dog	Claremont Patsy	Nora of Claremont	$35	G. W. Hamilton.

Philadelphia Kennel Club Trials, at Thomasville, N. C., Nov. 28 to 29.

Judge—S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

THE DERBY—4 STARTERS.

First.	Antoinette	Pierre Lorillard, Jr.	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch				C. Tucker.
Second.	Ightfield Rosalie	Pierre Lorillord, Jr.	Orange and white	Eng. setter bitch				C. Tucker.
Third.	Zoe	John Lewis (agent)	Liver and white	Pointer bitch				John Lewis.

ALL-AGE STAKE—10 STARTERS.

First.	Miss Ruby	Pierre Lorillard, Jr.	Orange and white	Eng. setter bitch	Gladstone's Boy	Ruby D	[*]	C. Tucker.
Second.	Dot Rogers	Pierre Lorillard, Jr.	Black, white and tan	Eng. setter bitch	Roderigo	Gladstone's Girl	[*]	C. Tucker.
Third.	Antevolo	Pierre Lorillard, Jr.	Liver and white	Eng. setter bitch	Count Noble	Trinket II.	[*]	C. Tucker.

[*] Prizes were equally divided between first, second and third.

PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE trials of the club began on Tuesday, immediately after the Irish Setter Club's trials were concluded, and on the same grounds.

Mr. Bell was to have judged these trials in addition to the Irish Setter Club's. His sudden recall home on account of illness in his family has already been mentioned. Mr. S. C. Bradley was invited to judge. He performed his duties admirably, and gave satisfaction.

The Derby.

There were but four starters, and of these three were owned by Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr.

—— —— pointer bitch Zoe, handled by John Lewis, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan setter dog Almonta, handled by C. Tucker.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch Antoinette, with his orange and white bitch Ightfield Rosalie, both handled by C. Tucker.

ALMONTA AND ZOE showed but ordinary range. The former pointed a bevy in the open, then intentionally flushed it. Sent on. Almonta was roading slowly on a bevy when Zoe came in and made a point on it. On the scattered birds the dogs and handlers made a jumble of it. Almonta flushed an outlying bird of a bevy and chased. Up at 3:34. Down 31m. The heat was a poor one.

ANTOINETTE AND IGHTFIELD ROSALIE started at 3:45. Antoinette made a stylish point in a roadway in woods, and Rosa backed quite as stylishly. They were steady to shot. Rosa pointed on footscent and was backed. At 4:15 the heat ended. Antoinette had decidedly the best of the heat.

IGHTFIELD ROSALIE AND ZOE were started, after a few minutes' rest, at 4:22. Rosa false pointed. Going down wind, she flushed a single, then pointed the bevy. Zoe backed. Save a point of Rosalie, the work on the scattered birds was ragged, both scoring flushes.

The winners were announced as follows: First, Antoinette; second, Ightfield Rosalie; third, Zoe.

The All-Age Stake.

This stake was begun and finished on Wednesday. The weather was uncomfortably warm. The grounds were most unfavorable and difficult to work. Dense thickets, steep hills, rough cover and bare fields were the prevalent conditions. Birds were scarce.

There were ten starters, Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr., took all the prizes, first, second and third. As in the Derby, this stake was a sweepstake, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Following is the order of drawing:

Dr. G. G. Davis's Irish setter bitch Currer Bell IV. (Tim—Currer Bell III.), J. Cassidy, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s liver and white bitch Antevolo (Count Noble—Trinket II.), C. Tucker, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog Eugene T. (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl), C. Tucker, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan setter dog Roi d'Or (Roderigo—Bo Peep), J. Cassidy, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s orange and white bitch Miss Ruby (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.), C. Tucker, handler, with Murray Mitchell's orange and white dog Sandy Gladstone (Breeze Gladstone—Belle of Delaware), W. P. McClure, handler.

F. L. Hitchcock's black and white bitch Annie F. (Roderigo—Juno A.), J. Cassidy, handler, with Francis G. Taylor's lemon and white bitch Belle of Delaware, W. P. McClure, handler.

F. G. Taylor's Katie Noble (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Noble), with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s Dot Rogers (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl).

CURRER BELLE IV. AND ANTEVOLO started at 9:06. Belle soon made a good point on a bevy. Antevolo was lost during some minutes. Brought together, they were sent on. Antevolo flushed two birds, then pointed the bevy. On scattered birds Antevolo pointed, then roaded the birds up. Bell pointed twice on singles. Antevolo made a point and a flush. She next pointed, nothing found. Antevolo pointed a single. Antevolo was speedier, but her range was faulty, though she ran wide. She was lacking in judgment in beating out her ground. Up at 9:50.

EUGENE T. AND ROI D'OR started at 10:02 and ran till 10:34. Roi ran a bit heavy. On a bevy he made a flush. Eugene got three points on the scattered birds. He was the better in speed and range.

MISS RUBY AND SANDY GLADSTONE ran 59m. without finding, and then they were ordered up. Both worked diligently. Sandy carried too much flesh, yet he made a good showing. Had he been properly prepared there is little doubt but what he would have been in the money.

ANNIE F. AND BELLE OF DELAWARE were started at 11:58 and up at expiration of 30m. They ran a poor heat. Annie pointed a bevy and one single, and each flushed.

KATIE NOBLE II. AND DOT ROGERS started at 1:38 and ran 44m. Katie made a false point, then passed close by a bevy which the handler afterward flushed. She flushed on the scattered birds and chased, and Dot made a point or two, he having a decided advantage in the heat.

Sandy Gladstone in the heat with Miss Ruby showed the effects of his previous long heat and was not working so well. Ruby pointed a bevy and was nicely backed by Sandy, though the latter was a bit unsteady to wing. Each got a point on the scattered birds. Miss was the better in speed, range and bird work.

ANTEVOLO AND MISS RUBY were cast off at 3:18 and ran 11m. Antevolo flushed two outlying birds of a bevy, then pointed and Ruby backed. Antevolo flushed a remaining bird. Ruby made three good points on single birds, one of which was quite a distance above ground in a tree.

CURRER BELL AND DOT ROGERS ran 10m., beginning at 3:35. Dot pointed a bevy and flushed a single. Dot was the speedier and wider ranger, and showed greater skill in locating. Bell was faulty in pointing on footscent.

SANDY GLADSTONE AND EUGENE T. ran 13m. without finding.

Miss Ruby, easily the best dog in the stake, won first, Dot Rogers second and Antevolo third, the latter two not showing specially good work.

B. WATERS.

The movement to which we alluded a couple of weeks since is a petition signed by the prominent dog-furnishing and dog-medicine firms of the country, asking kennel clubs not to bind themselves to exclude all exhibits in this line but those of the firm doing the benching, etc. Some ten or twelve clubs have already signed the agreement. It is not right that any one person or firm should monopolize all the privileges of a show to the exclusion of all others engaged in a similar business. Competition is the life of trade.

IRISH SETTER CLUB'S TRIALS.

THERE was a light attendance, and, as the record will show, the stakes had meagre support. The diligent efforts of the secretary, Dr. G. G. Davis, should have met with better appreciation and better encouragement. His unceasing efforts in promoting the success of the trials during many months past, with no reward other than advancing the interests of his favorite breed and the cause of sportsmanship. With such a competent and indefatigable worker in establishing a healthy competition of Irish setters, it is strange that owners are so apathetic to their own interests.

It is certainly true that the advancement of the Irish setter as a field dog can never be attained on such lines of neglect and indifference as obtain at present. And granting that owners have an active interest in promoting competition, it is not every day that such an earnest and competent secretary can be engaged.

The Derby.

MONDAY.

As a competition it was not keen nor high in its grade. Following is the list of starters, the drawing taking place on Monday morning.

Mr. W. S. Bell of Pittsburgh judged on the first day and won much praise by his skillful managing and judging. A message received in the evening informing him of the severe illness of his wife caused his immediate return to his home.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard accepted an invitation to judge in Mr. Bell's place. He concluded all the competition save the heat between the two winners for the special prize.

First prize was $75, second $50, third $25.

Geo. C. Nutting's dog Irish Boy (Blue Rock—Romaine), H. Smith, handler, with Geo. H. Thomson's bitch Gem (Shaun—Nora), F. M. Beall, handler.

Jas. B. Blossom's bitch Nugget II. (Finglas—Betsy Crafts), H. Smith, handler, with J. J. Mannion's dog Patricius (Duke Elcho—Red Rose), J. Lewis, handler.

C. B. Rutan's bitch Hattie (Redstone—Lady Alice), a bye, J. Lewis, handler.

The morning was cloudy, with an uncomfortably rawness and dampness. A start was made about four miles from town at the Melburne place. The grounds were rough, narrow hills, ridges and small valleys and draws, with frequent ditches and small water courses. Birds were not found in abundance. About noon, a light drizzle of rain began to fall, which gradually thickened to a heavy downpour.

IRISH BOY AND GEM were cast off at 9:31. Boy soon flushed a bevy in woods. On the scattered birds, Gem roaded but crossed up wind of them. Boy coming in closer and up wind of them got a point. Gem pointed a single, and Boy refused to back. Next Gem pointed a bevy in the open and on scattered birds in woods got a point nicely on a single. Boy backed when cautioned. Gem made another point on a single and soon thereafter the heat ended. Time 10:10. Gem was much the better in every particular.

NUGGET II. AND PATRICIUS were started at 10:24 and ran till 11:15 without finding birds. Their range was narrow, although they showed some speed and sometimes took a moderately good range, which was not maintained long at one time.

HATTIE ran a bye, beginning at 11:16 and running till 11:58. She pointed a bevy well. Her range was narrow and her manner puppyish.

GEM AND NUGGET were started at 12 and ran 9 minutes. Nugget flushed a bevy. Gem made two good points on scattered birds and Nugget made one. Gem had the better range.

Patricius was run a few minutes without finding.

In the evening Mr. Bell announced the winners as follows: Gem first, Currer Bell second, and Patricius third.

The All-Age Stake.

After lunch the All-Age Stake was drawn. It had six starters.

Dr. Wm. Jarvis's dog Romayne (Duke Elcho—Romaine), John Cassidy, handler, with Perry & Hamilton's dog Claremont Patsy (Frisco—Nellie IV.), G. W. Hamilton, handler.

Perry & Hamilton's dog Teddy O'Bourke (Claremont Patsy—Nora of Claremont), G. W. Hamilton, handler, with J. B. Blossom's bitch Lady Alice (Redstone—Lady Noreen), H. Smith, handler.

J. B. Blossom's bitch Nugget II. (Finglas—Betsy Crafts), H. Smith, handler, with Dr. G. G. Davis's bitch Currer Bell IV. (Tim—Currer Bell III.).

The prizes in this stake were $170, divided in 50, 30 and 20 per cent., first, second and third respectively. The cup presented by Mr. Fitzgerald was also for the winner of first.

The grounds were difficult to work and birds were scarce.

ROMAYNE and CLAREMONT PATSY started at 1:45, and ran about a half hour, when in woods Patsy was lost. Nearly a half hour was unsuccessfully devoted to searching for him. Rain was falling steadily. The judge decided to end the trials for the day. Patsy was found next day.

TUESDAY.

The morning opened clear and balmy. The day was mild, with a gentle breeze. The conditions were favorable for good work in every way.

TEDDY O'BOURKE and LADY ALICE were cast off at 9:55. Both dogs were near a bevy when it flushed. On scattered birds of the bevy marked down in woods they lost several opportunities to point. On other scattered birds of a bevy flushed by a cur dog, Teddy made three good points and one flush. His range was not wide, though better than that of Lady.

NUGGET II. and CURRER BELL IV., at 10:37, began their heat. Bell pointed, Nugget backed, and nothing was found. Bell flushed a bird, and next she found and pointed a bevy, and Nugget backed the point. Both were steady to shot. Nugget pointed twice on singles, showiug some unsteadiness. Bell pointed three times. Each had speed and good range, Bell the better. Up at 11:12.

ROMAYNE had a bye. He was started at 11:35, and worked over some rough ground, finding and pointing a bevy. He beat out his ground systematically, though his range was narrow. Up at 12:23.

Four dogs were kept in the competition, aud were run in the order given below.

NUGGET II. AND TEDDY O'BOURKE ran 14m., beginning at 12:35. In weeds Teddy made a good point on a bevy and was well backed. On the scattered birds Teddy made two flushes and one chase. Nugget made a flush and soon afterward the heat ended. Teddy had a wider range, though he was irregular in his casts.

ROMAYNE AND CURRER BELL IV. began at 12:56 and ran 14m. Some scattered birds afforded good opportunities for point work, which were not taken advantage of. Their range was near alike, though Bell had more dash in her way of going, and the advantage was with her.

After lunch Mr. Lorillard announced that Currer Bell IV. was first, Romayne second and Teddy O'Bourke third. Nugget had done work quite up to the grade of Teddy's and was more obedient. A division of third would have been more correct.

This concluded the stake. As Mr. Lorillard had not seen the work in the Derby, he objected to judging the heat between the winner of the Derby and the winner of the All-Age for the best setter in the trial. Major J. M. Taylor and B. Waters were invited to judge the heat, and they accepted.

GEM AND CURRER BELLE IV. were started at 1:58, after lunch. They were worked in some dense weeds down a valley, then into a broad stubblefield. Both showed speed and ranged wide, Gem covering more ground and beating out her range with judgment. On a bevy she located and pointed it accurately, Belle about 20yds. behind pointing on the trail. Gem maintained a better pace. An effort was made to find the scattered birds, but as a young man informed the party that they were trespassing the dogs were ordered up. The heat and prize was awarded to Gem. This ended the rials. Up at 2:34. B. WATERS.

The McLin Case.

VINCENNES, Ind., Nov. 23.—As stated earlier by wire, the McLin dog fiend case came up for hearing in the District Court at this place, Tuesday morning, Nov. 21.

The statistics of the case is as follows: McLin starved the dogs left iu his charge, which fact was discovered by John Mayfield, whose quarters at Mr. Phillipi's farm house in the edge of the village of Bicknell, were not far from the so-called kennel run by Mr. McLin. Some of the dogs were starved to death, one was so weak it could not cross the step at the door. McLin was needlessly careless and cruel. At one time he had a good reputation as a trainer and handler, and always started plenty of dogs. His future seemed assured, and had he been of a normal moral nature he would not now be where he is. The excuse of drunkeness does not seem available to explain his conduct, and it is hard to understand why he neglected the dogs as he did, for in training his dogs he was never known to be very severe. At any rate, he did neglect and starve them, and when he saw himself detected he burned down the kennel in which the dogs were confined and destroyed dead and alive alike. Then he fled the town, going to the timber country of the bottoms to live for awhile.

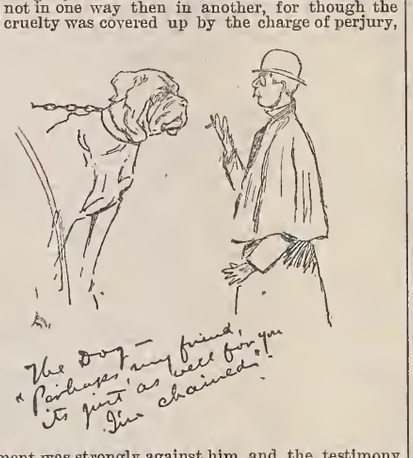
McLin was first arrested on the charge of cruelty to animals, but the information on which he was brought before the justice's court was proved too specifically, alleging that McLin did such and such acts on one certain date. McLin sent for a bright criminal lawyer of Vincennes, Charles Pritchett, promising to pay him his fee, but never paying it all. Pritchett went through the information, held the prosecution to it literally, proved that the charge did not hold for the date named, and then, by the beauties of the law cleared his man, McLin testifying that he had not committed the acts charged.

At the meeting of the Grand Jury McLin was informed against again, and it was sought to have him indicted for cruelty, for arson and for perjury. Mr. Pritchett, never having been paid by McLin, or even thanked by him for his services, now in resentment went over to the other side and was instrumental in getting his ex-client handsomely in limbo, with an excellent chance for a trip over the road. Although the cruelty charge could not come up, and although the crime of arson could not lie, since the value of the building was not proved to be sufficient thereto, McLin was indicted for perjury, and failing to secure bonds went to jail, where he has lain for a long time.

It is legally difficult, in most cases, to make the charge of perjury stick, and although the popular belief was that McLin deserved some sort of puuishment, the lawyers admitted that there was a good chance for him to escape again from justice. The case attracted much local attention as it was set forward on the docket from day to day, and John Mayfield, to whose patience and persistence the final success is very largely due, was constantly besieged by inquiries as to when the trial day would come. On last Sunday no one knew this, and Mr. John Balmer and myself spent much of the afternoon amoug the court officials endeavoring to learn when Indiana *vs.* George McLin would be called. We found out, after being persistent for an hour at a Salvation Army prayer and song service in the couuty jail (in which service McLin took a prominent part, and lifted his voice joyfully and fervently) that the case was set for Monday at 1 P. M. We then telegraphed Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the U. S. Field Trials Club, at Indianapolis, and Mr. Mayfield at Bicknell, to be on hand. Mr. Madison could not come. Mr. Mayfield was on hand, and with him were twenty-eight witnesses from in and around Bicknell, all for the prosecution. Defense had seventeen witnesses. Bicknell was about deserted, about the only man left being Riley Gillmore, the justice before whom McLin was originally tried. Riley had a cold and didn't want to come till later, but as he and his records were necessary, Mr. Pritchett asked that the case be continued on till the first thing Tuesday morning, meantime asking an attachment for Mr. Gillmore and one or two other witnesses who were not on hand.

On Tuesday morning the witnesses were all on hand, and the selection of a jury was completed with less than its usual delay. McLin was seen to be nervous and concerned, making marks on a bit of paper with a pencil, and not as cheerful as he was during the Salvation Army meeting at the jail. He is a smallish, wrinkled, old sort of appearing bony man, not prepossessing and not handsome, though much bleached by long confiuement in jail. His father, brothers, and friends were with him. He called in his defense many of the witnesses used by the State.

Tuesday closed with only a portion of the witnesses examined, and the record of Weduesday was the same, a red hot neighborhood interest meantime developing. The toils seemed gradually to tighten, and it appeared that McLin was about to get punishment for his moral unfitness as a citizen, if not in one way then in another, for though the charge of cruelty was covered up by the charge of perjury,



the sentiment was strongly against him, and the testimony confirmed the popular hope that he would receive a heavy sentence.

On Thursday the examiuation of witnesses closed, and by evening of that day both prosecution and defense had practically closed.

Chicago, Nov. 25.—On Thursday night I was obliged to return from Vincennes. This morning I have a telegram from John Balmer, of that city, which says briefly: "McLin gets three years in penitentiary. Perjury proved."

There are not many men like McLin, but every owner of a dog may feel safer after reading of this verdict. Whether motion for new trial will be made does not appear, but this is not likely, and in any case the result would probably come in the nature of a severe rebuke to McLin and all of his like who are of the mind that because a dog cannot talk it is safe to be inhumane and monstrous with it. Certainly all sports men should be congratulated on this verdict. In turn also they should thank the gentlemen who have contributed to the fund for this prosecutiou, and especially should they acknowledge indebtedness to the men like John Mayfield and Mr. Freeman, who took time and trouble and risked neighborhood animosities, doing the work and sticking to the thing until the fit and proper end. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

DOG CHAT.

American Kennel Club Meeting.

The regular quarterly meeting of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club will be held on Thursday, Dec. 21, at 3:30 P. M., at the office of the club, No. 44 Broadway, New York city. This being the last meeting of the year a full attendance is earnestly requested.

The Columbus Fanciers' Club Show.

The Columbus Fanciers' Club will hold their dog show Feb. 28 to March 3. The premium list will be ready for distribution not later than Jan. 15. They have provided the usual classes for all breeds and prizes will in the aggregate amount to more than $1,000 exclusive of liberal kennel and numerous special prizes. They will also offer a handler's prize of $75 on the usual conditions.

The club have secured a commodious ground floor room on the most prominent block in the city and can conveniently bench 400 dogs. Judges have not been selected as yet, but as Mr. Geo. F. Money, the secretary writes us, they will endeavor to choose those who will be acceptable to the greatest number and "keeping in mind that harmony and contentment among exhibitors is the para amouut question, we will hope to receive their liberal patronage." Secretary's address is 276 N. High street, Columbus, O.

New Irish Terrier.

A new Irish terrier makes his advent this week from the other side. This is Hazard, who was purchased by Mr. Geo. M. Weld from Mr. R. Walker. Hazard is said to be a good one and a winner of numerous prizes. He is by Master of Arts out of Miss Jenny.

There are several important features in our kennel business columns this week. We draw attention to the Hempstead Farm Kennels' array of good things, and their high reputation in the fancy is a guarantee that the best of blood can be obtained from them. Anyone who wants a collie that has beaten the hitherto invincible Wellesbourne Charlie should look at Mr. Jarrett's announcement. Then Geo. S. Thomas is well known in the fancy as a smart handler and conditioner of show dogs; the Maybrook Kennels are also ready to condition dogs for the coming shows. C. T. Brownell offers Gordon setters for sale; C. D. Roberts, partridge and woodcock dogs; S. A. Pcarle, English setters; C. F. Kent, foxhounds; J. H. Miller, foxhounds; H. Bisby, pointer bitch; King Don Pointer Kennels, pointer pup and brood bitches; M. H. Ranlett, greyhounds; J. M. Schaffer, coon dogs. Exchange: Setter dog for setter bitch broken.

We draw attention to the fact that we have several copies of "Bulldog Pedigrees," by Cyril W. Jackson and E. H. Bowers. Every bulldog breeder should have one. Rawdon Lee's work on "Modern Dogs (Sporting Division) of Great Britain" is receiving a good deal of attention just now. Every setter or pointer man should read it. It's useful. We can supply it.

"Listening to the Argument" and "Thinking it Over" are the titles of two pretty artotypes received. The former represents six Irish setter puppies in various attitudes of attention, and the latter is certainly a happy delineation of the wise look a puppy puts on when his "thinker" is working. The puppy at the end of the group looking as if he was whispering in the other one's ear is very cute. The size is 22×28 and are published by W. T. Higbee, Cleveland, Ohio.

Pointer Club Meeting.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Pointer Club of America, held Nov. 27, at 2 P. M., in the office of John S. Wise, the following gentlemen were elected members: E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass.; Wm. Hawkins, Monterey, Mass.; James Mortimer, Hempstead, L. I. aud I. Bijin, New York. Mr. A. A. Savage, Newtonville, Mass., was dropped from the roll of membership. Mr. C. L. Wright of New York, was proposed for membership but was not elected.

Douglas Will Try the Wolves.

Frank Dole did not care to take a big dog like the deerhound Douglas, second to Lochiel, home again, so Mr. Jarrett stepped in as a friend and some more money and dog changed hands. The Chestnut Hill man broke for the telegraph office and now Mr. Mitchell Harrison owns Douglas and will take him to Colorado Springs in a week or two, where he goes to recuperate from the illness that succeeded his recent accident in the hunting field. We are pleased to hear he is almost himself again.

There is one man who is glad there was a dog show in Newark. This is Mr. Charles Bassini, the well-known horse owner. There is another man who is sorry he entered a dog at that show. This is Mr. Frank X. Ammann, also of Newark. He entered No. 21, Courage, but it did't get anything, still it was the dearer to the heart of Mrs. Bassini than any of the champions when she discovered that it was her long lost Zero. Zero showed his affection warmly, and compelled Mrs. Bassini to come and look at him while standing aimlessly near the St. Bernards' benches waiting for her husband. Then she found it was her Zero. The pseudo owner was hunted up and he, appreciating Zero's feelings in the matter, released his claim, although he had paid $80 for the dog to a horse dealer, who will be dealt with later. Mr. Ammann thinks it a cold snap all round for him.

Field Trial Record.

Recognizing the importance to breeders and field trial men geuerally in having a concise record of the field trials, we publish in this issue the record for 1893. The foxhound and beagle trial frecord will appear next week.

Great Danes Change Hands.

Mr. Glynn did not have to wait long for his advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM to give him good results. He has sold to Mr. J. A. Lawrence of Columbus, O., the great Danes Lord Wolverton aud Sentas, winners at Toronto last September. Mr. Lawrence has also purchased from Mr. Berusheimer, who has ordered a pair from Germany, the noted great Danes Hepburn Hero and Hepburn Flora Belle; with these he has a strong kennel indeed. Flora Belle is in whelp to Hero.

Sales were slack at Newark to outsiders, so the fancy did a little bargaining among themselves. Mr. Henry Jarrett proprietor of Chestnut Hill Kennels, sold his collie dog Can't Tell to the great Dane enthusiast, Mr. A. H. Hepener, of New Brunswick, N. J. Cau't Tell took second to Lassie Gowrie but can now claim a first, as Lassie had to step down.

When Mr. Charles Heath buys a collie it is a subject for wonder, as we generally associate him with the pointer section. He took a fancy to Yorkshire Surprise, however, second at Newark, and recently imported by Mr. John Ellice, and the chains changed hauds. Mr. Ellice had to take something home, so "Billy" Tallman parted with the greyhound Maid third in open bitches. There were several offers for the Maid.

The noted bulldog King Lud is now owned by Mr. James E Condon, of Providence, R. I., who is likely to own some more cracks shortly.

Mr. E. H. Morris sold the Gordon setter Fairmont to Mr. E. H. Johnston, ex-secretary of the N. J. K. L. Fairmont has won firsts at New York, Washington, Elmira and Boston this year as a puppy.

Paddy Doolan waited anxiously for that badger. Was it sick? We believe that this is the first engagement he has missed.

During Newark show the noted Irish setter Lady Cleveland visited champion Kildare, and such a union of quality should be productive of good results.

A Rare Accident.

While exercising in the ring at Newark the third-prize winning Gordon bitch Beauty was run into by a St. Bernard puppy and her hindleg broken. Dr. Glover was, fortunately, near at hand and set the limb.

Mr. W. J. Owen is a recent acquisition to the bull-terrier fancy. He came from Birmingham recently, bringing with him White King, by Gull theGreat, that took second to Coradonna. Others are to follow. White King is brother to the noted White Queen.

Reprehensible Practices.

There was a good joke on the "Vet." at Newark. Before the fox-terrier judging he approached the judge and in the confidential, impressive manner that judges sometimes meet with inferred how good his terriers were and the recognition he expected they should receive. The judge calmly took the numbers down on his sleeve, and the "Vet." went away happy. Of course they were the first ones fired when they came into the ring. Then the "Vet." showed the other side of his character, and grossly insulted the judge by imputation. This same man, Dr. Sattler, afterward was guilty of a most reprehensible action. During Thursday night the show he stole a service of Blemton Rasper, and this action was reported by the watchman to the committee. They acted promptly in the matter, and compelled a payment of the stud fee to Mr. Belmont's representative. This man should feel the hand of the A. K. C. for awhile. As an official of the show, his action should meet with some official punishment.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

JULIAN.—We cannot find any mention of the Irish setter Forest Corinne in any of the stud books.

IF "Young Sport" will send his name and address we shall be pleased to answer his questions about a dog license.

YOUNG SPORT.—My rabbit hound dog vomits nearly every day; otherwise in good health. What treatment would you advise? Ans. Give a dose of castor oil and afterward the following powders:

℞. Bismuth sub nit.....3 i.
Div. in pulv.....xii.
Give one three times a day.

H. L. B., New York City.—I have a small spaniel bitch about 13 months old, which until recently has been perfectly healthy. Now, however, she whines when touched roughly, and, though usually playful, she now lies still all day. Ans. Give an aperient and then the following mixture:

℞. Sodii salicylas.....3 i.
Aq. ad.....3 iii.
Mix. Give one dessertspoonful three times a day.

W. A. B., Wautoma, Wis.—I have a valuable three-year-old English setter dog that has had fits at irregular intervals of about six weeks ever since I owned him (two years). Acts exactly as though he had been poisoned with strychnia, but stands the heat well and does not show it in any other way. Don't think he has been poisoned but don't know. Fits last from ten to forty minutes. Ans. Give two compound colocynth pills and follow with this mixture:

Pot. brom.....3 ii.
Chloral. hydr.....grs. xxxvi.
Liq arsenicalis.....3 i.
Aq. ad.....3 vi.
Mix. Give one tablespoonful twice a day.

J. H., Hoboken, N. J.—I have an Irish terrier eight months old; it had mange recently and lost all its coat. Skin is quite dry and rough, also she passes blood and white slimy stuff, and I cannot get her into condition. I would like to know what to do for her. Ans. Treat for worms. Apply the following, castor oil 1 part, sperm oil 2 parts, kerosene 1 part, all over the dog every other day for two weeks, then wash off and repeat if necessary. Also give this mixture:

Bismuth sub nit.....3 ii.
Tr. cinchon co.....3 iii.
Tr. spir.....3 ii.
Aq. ad.....3 vi.
Mix. Give one dessertspoonful three times a day.

J. W. E., Baltimore, Md.—I have a setter bitch, three years old, which has been in the country since last spring and hunted all year on woodcock. She was returned to me in September in very poor condition, being very thin and mangy. I have tried everything I know, with good treatment, food and exercise to get her back in condition, but while she appears to be perfectly well and her stools appear to be healthy, she is thin and mangy as when she came home. Ans. Treat for worms. Apply the following: Sublimed sulphur 2lbs., oil of tar 10oz., cottonseed oil 1gal. Mix together. To be well rubbed all over the dog every other day for two or three weeks, then wash off and repeat if necessary. Also give two grains of citrate of iron and strychnine twice a day.

A. J. B., Ballston Spa, N. Y.—What is the trouble with my Gordon setter bitch and what can I do for her? She has got over her heat and appeared to be sick. She was all drawn up with back humped up, and I doctored her for inflammation of the bowels. I cured her of that but she cannot hold her water and there are little spots like brick dust mixed with it, but she seems to have a cold nose about all the while and is getting as thin as a rail. Ans. Try the following mixture:

Pot. citrat.....3 ii.
Tr. bellad.....
Tr. nux. vom.....āā 3 i.
Aq. ad.....3 vi.
Mix. Give one tablespoonful three times a day.

F. C., New York City.—You need not feed a St. Bernard eight months old more than twice a day. In the morning two or three dog biscuits—Spratts or Excelsior meat dog cakes are both good. For supper, the principal meal, if you have not sufficient table scraps for him, boil beef trimmings or some mutton and some vegetables, and then pour the broth over stale bread or cooked rice, cornmeal or oatmeal. Then chop up the meat fine and mix thoroughly with the soup and bread or rice, etc. On the ingredients mentioned you can change the dog's diet every day and so keep his bowels in good condition. A handy way of feeding is to pour hot soup or hot water on crushed dog biscuits, of course feeding cold.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Jan. 15.—Brunswick Fur Club's winter trials. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Buenarita vs. Buster.

DENVER, Col., Nov. 26.—The match between the above two named dogs, for $50 a side, best two courses out of three, on Nov. 26, had the effect of stirring up the coursing blood of about 200 enthusiasts. Had the weather been at all desirable, undoubtedly a much larger number would have been present. The evening previous a rain set in and continued about two hours; turning cold it froze, leaving the ground very smooth and slippery. Then an inch or two of snow fell.

At 8:30 Sunday morning, the Cherry Creek road was lined with buggies, carriages and vehicles of all descriptions, all wending their way to Gulley's Farm, twelve miles east of Denver, which had been designated as the tryst.

The business preliminaries having been adjusted the evening before, there was no occasion for delay and everything went with promptness and dispatch. Mr. Lighthall failed to bring his dog Buster, as he claimed he was not in condition and asked the privilege of substituting Lady Golddust, which privilege was accorded him by the Bartels Bros., who were backing Buenarita.

At 10 o'clock the dogs were put in the slips, when a black tail was found in its "form." Lady not having been in slips before, refused to leave them, but struggling and pulling back she succeeded in getting both dogs and slipper tangled up, while the jack made for other parts. The dogs and slipper having got untangled, another start was made and in a few minutes a second jack was put up, only to have Lady repeat her performance. The dogs were then put in single slips. To a long slip both dogs apparently sighted, but Buena losing sight, Lady quickly shot to the front for a short time. Buena re-sighting quickly, closed up the gap between her and Lady and soon passed her, taking the first turn. She served herself twice, then placed Lady several times, each time racing past her easily. As the jack went under the wire fence, Buena fell behind. Lady, however, was unable to take advantage of it, as the jack was out-footing both dogs and soon made his escape by taking to earth. Buena won hands down.

After a half hour's rest, the dogs were again put in the slips. A good sized white tail was put up, who simply romped away from both. Buena sighted and made the run up, but was not allowed to score, as Lady had not sighted. Beyond taking a few wrenches by Buena, before Lady got in, no work was done. The judge very properly called it a no-course.

The third and final course was the best of the day. To a long slip, Buena at once shot to the front and led as she pleased, turned and placed Lady, raced past and then worked her jack nicely, simply smothering Lady in the earlier part of the race. Lady, however, was not to be denied and warming up, closed up on Buena, passed her and wrenched a few times, when a third dog from a house near-by joined in the course. The rabbit escaped in the next field, Buena won course and match.

The match over, the Messrs. Bartels then treated the visiting coursers, who had arrived too late to see the match, to several courses between their Dingwall—Miss Kitten puppies. The rabbits treated these dogs precisely as they had Buena and Lady. After allowing the dogs to make a turn or two and a few wrenches, they seemed to let out another link and bid good-bye to the dogs. This finished the coursing and every one wheeled about for home. Just as we started, that genial fellow Chas. Barrow, commonly known among the boys as "Uncle Charlie," invited judge, slipper, the visiting coursers from Goodland and Colo. Springs, and a few of the local boys to dine with him. Arriving at his house we found everything in readiness for us and a right good dinner it was that we sat down to. Toasts were drank to the hostess and host, to the judge and slipper, to Buenarita and her owner, to the St. Patrick kennels and their proprietors, and last but not least to Mr. A. C. Lighthall and his lady. The evening was spent in rehashing the courses and recounting experiences, etc. Messrs. Vidler, Taylor, Barley and L. F. Bartels entertained the boys with songs, which were greatly enjoyed. A real treat was the song specially written for the occassion by Mr. Bartley and sung by him, with guitar accompaniment.

Another match between Buena and Buster has already been made on same conditions as the above. Dr. Norman, who gave complete satisfaction in the former match as judge, will officiate in the same capacity between Buster and Buena, and John Jones, who handled the slips, will again try his hand at it. The date of the match has not yet been agreed upon.

A number of other matches are being talked of, but whether anything will come of them remains to be seen.

Secretary Vidler and President Bartels, of the Altcar Coursing Club, who were both present, did not lose an opportunity to talk up Altcar and the spring meeting, and succeeded in getting a number of the boys interested. In talking up Altcar Club, they were ably assisted by Messrs. M. T. Grier and Frank Robinson of Goodland, who came up to see the match. COLO.

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Coursing at St. Louis.

THE inclosed coursing meeting held at Brentwood Park, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 30, under the auspices of the St. Louis Coursing Association, drew a large audience. Four courses were carded to be run as finals for the $100 stakes offered at the tournament held Nov. 11.

First Round.

John Bambrick's fawn dog Topper, by Jim K.—Folio, and John Egan's white bitch Ponto II., by Spring—Ponto I. The fleet-footed Jack beat both hounds, the score showing Ponto 11 points, Topper 7.

T. O'Keefe's fawn bitch Nellie K., by Jim K.—Folio, and Charles A. Robinson's fawn bitch Flirt, by Spring—Speed. Both ran neck and neck, turning the rabbit midway of the course, Flirt making a beautiful kill. Nellie K. was given the verdict on points, however, much to the dislike of the crowd. Score, 8 to 6.

Edward Burgess's blue dog Sarsfield, by Spring—Antrim, and Geo. W. Wilson's fawn bitch Nettie, by Spring—Speed. Sarsfield won by score of 12 to 7.

Thomas Young's fawn bitch Tessa, by Spring—Speed, and R. S. McDonald's blue bitch Cora, by Essex—Maid of Ennis. After undecideds Tessa won by a score of 7 to 2.

Second Round.

Nellie K. and Ponto II.—Won by Nellie K.; score, 6 to 2½.
Sarsfield and Tessa—Won by Sarsfield; score, 6 to 5.

Deciding Course.

Nellie K. and Sarsfield—Won easily by Nellie K. making a good kill in a short distance from the slip; score, 3 to 0.

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Brunswick Fur Club.

DORCHESTER, Mass., Dec. 2.—The sixth annual winter meet of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at some point in Maine during the week of Jan. 15, '94. The exact location will be announced later. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

A warm little incident, says the San Francisco *Call*, occurred early in the week past between the two well-known coursing men John Eagan and Jerry Shea as to the use of the promising hound Moondyne, and were it not for the timely arrival of D. J. Healey on the scene the probability is that one or two widows would be in the city by this time. Healy was generally supposed to be the real owner of the dog Moondyne, and as the latter is a near relative of the great English Waterloo winner he is much prized by the lovers of the leash for breeding purposes, hence the anxiety of Mr. Eagan to obtain the services of the dog and the equal determination of Shea that the dog should be jealously reserved for his own and Healy's kennels. The real ownership of the dog then came into the dispute, but by the persuasive eloquence of Healy the question was finally settled without arbitration. Healy has announced to all California that the dog is the joint property of himself and Shea.

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The Portsmouth (N. H.) Hunt Club pack, composed of July's and Walker's, ran a fox to a fair kill last week. The run lasted five and one-half hours and the death took place in an open field several miles from the jump.

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Mr. H. A. P. Smith, Digby, Nova Scotia, has challenged Mr. F. W. Chapman to run Gypsy A. against Louie Fitz Lee for $200 a side. This challenge grows out of the dissatisfaction over the awards in the 15in. All-Age class at the N. E. B. C. trials.

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Major, one of the best hounds of the well-known Kinney & White pack of Worcester, Mass., was drowned last week. He broke through the ice while driving a fox.

New Publications.

Travel and Adventure in Africa.

* Travel and Aventure in Southeast Africa. Being the narrative of the last eleven years spent by the author on the Zambesi and its tributaries, with an account of the colonization of Mashunaland and the progress of the gold industry in that country. By Frederick Courtney Selous, C.M.Z.S., Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society, Author of "A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa." With numerous illustrations and map. London: Rowland Ward & Co, Limited. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

By a curious coincidence which can hardly be other than accident, Messrs. Rowland Ward & Co., of London, have chosen a most opportune time to publish Mr. F. C Selous's book on, "Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa." Since it made its appearance, the papers have been full of accounts of fighting in Matabililand, and in this fighting Mr. Selous himself has taken a prominent part, having only a short time ago been wounded in a battle with the tribesmen of Lo Bengula. Mashunaland, Matabililand and the names of Forbes, Ross, Jameson and Rhodes and of the chiefs Khama and Lo Bengula have lately become words familiar to all our eyes, and this leads a special interest to the book in question, which tells us, and very fully, about the places and the people of that little known country and about hunting and explorations in it, at a time when but few white men had penetrated its borders and the products of the white men were almost unknown.

Africa has always been a country of great game. Its beasts are great in size, great in their numbers and many of them great in their ferocity. Through the southeast portion of this continent and the practically unknown country which lies between the Limpopo River and the territory north of the Zambesi, Mr. Selous has traveled for many years, and this volume gives the story of what he has done during the last eleven. His occupation was that of hunter, natural history collector and trader, and these occupations naturally led him into parts of the country where game was plentiful and so the book abounds in simply told and interesting tales of the hunting of lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, and in fact of all forms of South African game. The first nine chapters of the book deal with his experiences from the beginning of 1888 to the end of 1887, during which years natural history collecting occupied most of his time, but mingled with the hunting stories will be found a great deal that is interesting touching the character of the country, his personal experiences among the South African hoers, accounts of natives and their modes of war, as well as some ethnological material which is most interesting. Later chapters treat of journeys to the north of the Zambesi, where the author very nearly lost his life among the fierce tribes which inhabit that country.

Although the title of this volume is "Travel and Adventure in South Africa," the book is much more than this. It is in large part—that is to say, from Chapter XIV. to Chapter XXIV. inclusive—history, and a history of absorbing interest, which gives the story of the past and the present of that Mashunaland which the British are now occupying. The author relates with a great deal of detail the sequence of events which led up to the occupation of this territory by the British South Africa Company's pioneer expedition, and tells about the early history of the colonization of that country, his narrative carrying us into the present year, and he tells us that "Before this work is through the press, the first section of the railway from the east coast of Mashunaland will be completed through the district invested by the deadly 'tse-tse' fly, and will, it is hoped, be carried on from there into the heart of the country without delay. Mining machinery will then be poured into the gold producing districts, and it is not too much to hope that before the end of this century large mining towns will have sprung up in each of the gold-bearing districts. Each of these mining centers will support a large farming population, so that as the mining towns grow so will the land be occupied and cultivated until at no distant date the homesteads of British and South African settlers will have been scattered throughout the length and breadth of the breezy downs of Mashunaland." How important a part has been played by the author in the occupation of this new country is shown in the present volume, and the story is told in a most simple, modest and attractive style.

It is impossible in the space of a review to give any just idea of the contents of this large volume of over 500 pages, but the book is full of interest to the general reader, as well as to the ethnologist and the sportsman. One point of great interest to the big-game hunter is treated by the author. It has been supposed that for African hunting, tremendous rifles carrying large balls and enormous charges of powder must be used, but Mr. Selous's experiences show that a .45 caliber rifle is extremely effective even on the largest game. He has used such a rifle on giraffes, buffalo, rhinoceroses, hippopotami and even on elephants, and the first day he tried it on these last, he killed six of these animals, using a long, solid, hardened 540grs. ball and a powder charge of 75grs. He believes that under many circumstances, especially in thick bush, a large heavy bore rifle will be more effective than a small bore for shooting elephants, but that when one is going on long journeys where the weight of his outfit is an important consideration, it is not necessary to carry anything larger than a .45-caliber rifle of the right kind. The ball will penetrate the elephant's heart or lungs, or even his brain, and where it penetrates a vital part, it will kill. Many instances are given where men have hunted elephants with great success, using rifles no larger than .40 or .45. This advice, of course, does not apply to the professional elephant hunter. He concludes by saying, "Should any of my readers acting on my advice determine to try a .450 bore rifle, let them be very careful about the kind of bullet they use. For large game, as I have already said, you want a long heavy solid bullet, and for large antelopes and lions the best kind of bullets is one weighing about 360grs. with a small hollow at the point and thick walls around the hollow part and a heavy solid end. Such a bullet will mushroom on striking an amal, but will also have great penetrating power. The small light express bullets with scarcely any base, a large hollow in points and thin walls are useless for anything but very small animals; being driven at an immense velocity by a heavy charge of powder, they break all to pieces on impact, and merely inflict surface wounds on such animals as the larger African antelope."

It is an open secret that Mr. Selous is the original of the Allen Quartermain, whose name has been made familiar to many thousands of people by the stories of H. Ryder Haggard. The adventures given in this book are some of them strange enough to deserve a place in fiction, yet the whole story is so simply and honestly told that it bears the unmistakable impress of truth. Not since the publication of Gordon Cumming's book, we think, has there appeared a volume on African hunting which is at all comparable for interest to this one.

The volume is handsomely illustrated by more than twenty full page engravings and there are more than thirty large and handsome cuts in the text. Many of the head and tail pieces and the cuts in illustrations are devoted to wild animals and shooting scenes, but many others are of great interest because they give forms of houses, utensils, modes of dressing hair and other things, which have a hearing on the habits of the strange people who occupy the region through which the author passed.

All that pertains to the mechanical part of the book has been wel done. The volume is issued on this side the Atlantic by Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Canoeing.

IN commenting on the changes of the A. C. A. rules the *Field* points out that a man is now at liberty to select one of several sailing canoes for the trophy race, according to the weather. While such a literal interpretation of the rule may be possible, no such construction has been contemplated, the idea being to allow a man to use one canoe, in each of the various classes. We doubt very much whether any regatta committee would recognize a construction of the rule by which a man might bring two or more canoes for the unlimited, club and trophy races, sailing either at will, and no fear of such treatment need deter British canoeists from challenging for American cups.

American and British Rules.

THE American Canoe Association executive meeting was held in New York on Nov. 4, and the rules for racing and the date of the annual meet were settled for 1894. Several minor points of administration, such as fines for unsuccessful protests, were discussed at considerable length, and more or less decided upon; but strange to say, the growing unsatisfactory state of sailing racing in canoes, which was clearly demonstrated at the divisional as well as the principal meets of the year, was not touched upon by any motion or alteration of existing legislation. A pleasant sensation of balmy drift, hopeful of brightness for the coming season, and not burdened with unpleasant twisting of the neck in looking back upon the past, is the only frame in which the picture can be set and exhibited.

In this state of legislation, the American canoe racing will go forward for another year of tight-laced racing; and with the experience of English racing as well as of past American racing, we should say with a high probability of a further considerable decrease in the sport of canoe sailing, and comparative exodus into canoe yawl sailing.

One very peculiar point appears to have been passed as a law in American racing, namely, that a man can enter as many canoes as he likes for any race; therefore, unless there is some further wording left out of the report, it would seem such a man could before the starting time pick such canoe of his plural entry as he considers best suited to the circumstances then supervening. This, of course, would be a choker to international racing, as the visitor would probably have but his one canoe and rig, and therefore no choice of weapons to meet his antagonist with.

The American annual meet is fixed for July 13 to 27, and will probably be on the Hudson river near Sing Sing.

With the Royal Canoe Club's general meeting coming off as late as Thursday night, we are, of course, at the time of going to press, unable to say whether English canoeing in the senior club will remain for next season in the same old groove as the Americans have determined to glide in; we trust, however, that, if not all, at least a sufficient amount of the proposed reforms will be passed at the general meeting, and new life infused in the sport.—*Field.*

Summer Homes.

A BEAUTIFULLY illustrated book; list of over 3,000 summer hotels and boarding houses in Catskill Mountains and central New York. Send six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, Gen'l Eastern Passenger Agent, West Shore R. R., 363 Broadway, New York, or free upon application.—*Adv.*

Yachting.

THERE is always a satisfaction in having an antagonist who will fight until one side is defeated, and then, if he proves the loser, will own up squarely that he is in the wrong. How this applies to our controversy with the *Marine Journal* may be seen by the latter's brief and evasive reply to our criticism of last week: "Our esteemed contemporary, FOREST AND STREAM, has seen fit to admit the validity of our referring to the Valkyrie as a sloop. It says: 'The old issue of sloop and cutter, with its clearly marked line of separation over vital points of design, has entirely disappeared, and the two contestants of 1893 have very many points of design in common.'" Such a perversion of our words is neither a bold defense against our criticisms, nor a frank admission that no such defense is possible.

THE winter crop of paper challenges and new boats promises to be quite up to the usual standard, but thus far, outside of the racing between Valkyrie, Jubilee, Vigilant and Colonia, there is no sign of building in any racing classes, and, to judge from the statement in *The Yachtsman*, the prospect is as bad on the other side.

Of the various rumors afloat concerning the future of the Vigilant the only one which is at all probable is that the Emperor William has made an offer for her, with the intention of racing her in British waters next year. It is certain that the Emperor is looking for a new yacht, and the purchase of the Vigilant is perhaps the surest and cheapest way of procuring one. The reports that any of her present owners will take her to England next year, or that any challenges will be sent from this side for the Victoria or Cape May cups are without confirmation, and lack probability.

Some Useful Definitions.

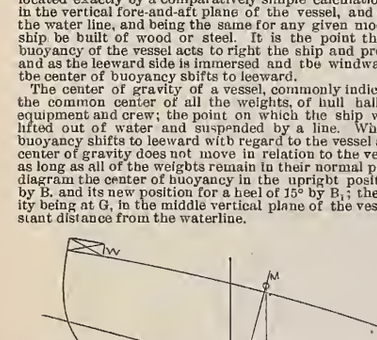
NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of the comments in your issue of December 2 on the yachting news in the New York *Herald*, will you kindly define in intelligible English what the metacenter of a vessel is? The writer was appealed to the other day and in the effort to define it found on examination that what he believed to be the metacenter was in reality the metacentric height. A reference to the dictionary left him with a rather hazy idea as to what it was, unless it be as stated in the *Herald*, the center of gravity of the volume of water displaced. The question is asked for information solely, and in the belief that the majority of yachtsmen are equally ignorant of this question and would be glad to have a clear definition of the matter. SUBSCRIBER.

A clear and full answer to our correspondent's question, the second one of the kind which we have received within three weeks, cannot be given in a few words, but necessitates the definition of several other terms used by naval architects, and the construction of a diagram similar to that published two weeks since. The subject, however, is likely to be of interest to a great many of our readers whose ideas of the metacenter are as hazy as those of our correspondent or of the *Herald* writers, and as the term, a very important one to the naval architect, is likely to be much used in connection with the new warships, we shall try to give a clear explanation of it.

The question of the stability of a vessel, always a most important one, as shown in the historic capsizes of the war vessels Captain and Eurydice and the merchant steamer Austral, as well as of thousands of other missing craft, involves the consideration of two vital attributes—the center of buoyancy and the center of gravity. The first of these, commonly designated as "C B," may be defined as the center of gravity of the volume of water displaced by a vessel, whether upright or inclined, the displacement being the same in any position.

Let us imagine a ship caught in the ice and frozen fast, then lifted bodily out, leaving a cavity to be filled with water and this water frozen in turn and lifted out, the piece of ice would be an exact counterpart in form of the ship's bottom below water, but would differ from it in that the ice would be solid and homogeneous throughout, while the ship's bottom would be hollow inside, and of different density in its various parts. The center of gravity of the piece of ice would be the center of buoyancy of the vessel, and its position will depend solely on the form. It will be understood that it is different from the center of gravity of the whole vessel, and also from the center of gravity of the actual bottom of the vessel, as both of these depend, not on the form, but on the construction and the weight of the various parts, the bottom planking or plating, armor, engines or lead keel. The center of buoyancy may be located exactly by a comparatively simple calculation, always lying in the vertical fore-and-aft plane of the vessel, and of course below the water line, and being the same for any given model, whether the ship be built of wood or steel. It is the point through which the buoyancy of the vessel acts to right the ship and prevent a capsize, and as the leeward side is immersed and the windward side emersed, the center of buoyancy shifts to leeward.

The center of gravity of a vessel, commonly indicated by C. G., is the common center of all the weights, of hull ballast, spars, sails, equipment and crew; the point on which the ship would balance if lifted out of water and suspended by a line. While the center of buoyancy shifts to leeward with regard to the vessel as she heels, the center of gravity does not move in relation to the vessel, but is fixed as long as all of the weights remain in their normal positions. In the diagram the center of buoyancy in the upright position is indicated by B. and its new position for a heel of 15° by B_1; the center of gravity being at G, in the middle vertical plane of the vessel and at a constant distance from the waterline.



In order that the vessel may be in a state of equilibrium, G must be in the same vertical as B, and when it is in this vertical the vessel will remain in a state of rest, with no tendency to move from it. As soon, however, as a vessel feels the wind in her canvas and begins to heel, the centers move to leeward, but the center of buoyancy moves much faster than the center of gravity. With a heel of 15°, the C B will have moved perhaps to the position B, while the C G has moved but a few inches from its first position.

When in an upright position, the upward pressure of the water acts through B, coincident with the middle vertical longitudinal plane, but as the vessel heels, this middle plane becomes inclined, and the C. B. at the same time shifts away from it to the position B_1. The upward pressure now acts vertically through B_1, on the line B, M, and the point in which this line cuts the vertical plane, at M, is the metacenter for that given angle of heel. As a matter of fact, the vertical through each successive position of the C. B. as the vessel is gradually heeled will not cut the plane in the same point; but for all angles of inclination up to 10 or 15°, the intersections will practically coincide, and the point of common intersections is called the metacenter.

To frame the definition in few words the metacenters of a floating body are the points in which the verticals through the various positions of the center of buoyancy as the body is inclined, intersect the middle vertical longitudinal plane. There are really an infinite number of these metacenters, but as already explained, those for all inclinations between 0 and 10 to 15° are so closely coincident that in practice it is assumed that the vessel has but one metacenter, that at some given angle of heel within 15°, commonly denoted by M.

The metacenter, like the center of buoyancy, depends solely on the form of the vessel, and in no way on the construction or ballasting, and its height above the C. B., the distance B.M. in the diagram, may be easily calculated, and this calculation is commonly made for a new vessel. Of itself, however, it is of little value and in order to reach any useful results it is necessary to know the "metacentric height," the distance G. M., and from it the position of the center of gravity.

The center of gravity may be located by two methods, first, directly, by calculating the weight and the distance from certain assumed planes of every component part of the vessel, each timber, plank, spar, etc.; and second indirectly, by practical experiment, heeling the ship by known weights, and then calculating the metacentric height.

This latter process is employed in the case of most war vessels, and has just been completed on the new Machias, with the very unsatisfactory result of a metacentric height of but 4in. The vessel, with her bilges pumped dry and everything on board lashed in place, is moored carefully in smooth water, often in a drydock, and two equal weights, such as ballast, guns or shot, are placed on the extreme sides of the deck, as at W. W. Sometimes four equal weights are used, two on each side. A plumb line and bob are suspended from a deck beam amidship, and the position marked when the vessel is upright, with the ballast equally distributed on each side. One pile of ballast is then shifted from starboard to port side, inclining the vessel, and the angle is measured by the plumb line. The second pile of ballast is then moved across to the other three, and the new angle marked. Now the two piles are replaced and the plumb line compared with its original position; then the two port piles are successively moved to starboard and the two angles noted. From the mean of these four reading the angle of heel due to the moving of a given weight is calculated, and from this angle by another calculation the metacentric height is obtained, and the position of the center of gravity located permanently as a basis for all further calculations of the effects of varying weights of coal, guns, ammunition, water, etc. The Amsler integrator, described in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 14, 1892, has proved of great service in shortening all stability calculations.

Should the vessel be heeled a little more than the 15° shown, the vertical through the new center of buoyancy will cut the line B. M. continued a little above and to the left of M., and other verticals for further additions to the angle of heel will intersect each other in succession in a series of points to the left and above M. The curved line through these points is called the "metacentric," and is used in the study of stability, but it need not be considered here, having nothing to do with the ordinary metacenter and metacentric height; and we only mention it in order that the term "metacentric" may not be confused with "metacentric height."

The nature and importance of the metacenter was first pointed out by a noted French scientist, Bouguer, in his "Traite du Navire," published in 1746; to him we owe the name and the many original investigations which have since been elaborated by others. It is supposed that the name is derived from the Greek words *meta*, change; and *kentron*, center; signifying a changing center, or as some interpret it, the limit of change of the center of gravity. To understand the exact relations between the metacenter and the center of gravity, let us look at the operation of the two forces of gravity, and buoyancy as shown in the diagram.

The position of the center of buoyancy is fixed as soon as the lines of the vessel are completed, but the position of the center of gravity may be anywhere in the vertical plane, above or below the center of buoyancy, according to the construction, weight of spars and rigging, and the material and disposition of the ballast, inside iron or stone, outside iron or outside lead. The righting power of the yacht is always measured by the horizontal distance between the lines of action of the two forces, the weight of the yacht acting downward through G to right her; and the buoyant pressure of the water acting upward through B, and forming a fulcrum.

This horizontal distance, G. Z., is known as the "righting lever," and the longer it is the greater the vessel's stability. With wide decks, a lofty, heavy rig, and inside ballast, the center of gravity must be high above the center of buoyancy; and with a light construction, a moderate form, a light rig, and all ballast in a deep lead keel or a bulb fin, the center of gravity may be brought well below the center of buoyancy, giving great reserve stability and an immunity from capsize.

In any given vessel, the lower the center of gravity can be brought by means of improved construction and ballasting; the longer the righting lever G. Z., and the greater the stability; while a heavier construction, which raises the center of gravity, must necessarily shorten G. Z. As the center of gravity approaches the metacenter, the metacentric height being lessened in proportion, the righting lever G. Z. also decreases, disappearing entirely when the center of gravity coincides with the metacenter and the metacentric height becomes 0. In this position the righting power has vanished, and the vessel is in a dangerous condition, and if the center of gravity continues to rise, or the metacenter to suddenly lowered through an added angle of inclination caused by a heavy sea, a new lever then is created, but this time on the wrong side of the center of buoyancy; the weight of the vessel now acting through the center of gravity to capsize instead of righting the vessel.

It will thus appear that the metacentric height is a most important element of a vessel, and one which the designer must have in mind from the commencement of a design. In the modern yacht, with low lead ballast, there is, in all ordinary forms, an assurance from the start of ample stability; but in a war vessel, with excessive top weight in the form of armor and armament, and with the possibility of empty bunkers, watertanks, storerooms and magazines at times, the question of the metacentric height becomes a vital one. At the present time, we are sorry to say, there is a strong probability that several of the new vessels are no better off than the Machias whose recent test, as already stated, showed a metacentric height, as reported, of but four inches.

We have at hand no figures relating to modern yachts, in fact, we are not aware of any experimental determination of the metacentric height of any American yachts: but the following figures give a rough idea of the metacentric heights of various types of vessels: The monitor Miantonomah, as rebuilt, is credited with a height of 15.8ft., the ill-fated British warship Captain had but 2.6ft., another warship, the Warrior, had 4.7ft., the Iron Duke had 3.0ft., and in the larger warships the metacentric height may vary from 2 to 14ft.

As to yachts, Mr. Dixon Kemp gives the metacentric height of the old schooner Sappho as 7.3ft., of Miranda, with six tons on keel, as 3.5ft., of the old cutter Rose of Devon, the same length as Puritan, 2ft. narrower and some 2ft. deeper, with all ballast inside, as 4ft., of Florinda as 3 7ft., and the famous yawl Jullanar as 3 3ft.

Thus far we have dealt only with an inclination of a vessel at right angles to her length, but as it is possible to incline her in any direction it follows that there must be a metacenter for each of such inclinations. In practice, however, only two positions are considered, the transverse inclination, and that in the direction of the length of the ship, depressing the bow or the stern. The metacenter already described is known as the "transverse," the other as the "longitudinal" metacenter. It is found in the same way, but the longitudinal metacentric height is much greater, approaching the length of the vessel instead of but two or three feet. In common use the term is applied to the transverse metacenter only.

While a certain amount of metacentric height is absolutely essential to safety, too much is very undesirable, as the vessel, though very stiff, is correspondingly unsteady and subject to violent and abrupt motions both in rolling and in pitching and scending. In a yacht this is merely a matter of comfort, but in a war vessel it is of great importance as affecting the aim of the guns. While the stability which attends a large metacentric height is essential in racing, it is the practice in fitting out for cruising to retain the lofty racing mast and also to raise the inside ballast on cork or by other means, thus increasing the height of the center of gravity and decreasing the metacentric height.

It will be seen that the *Herald's* definition applied to the center of buoyancy, and not the metacenter; in a later issue a second attempt was made to explain the subject, but with little more success. The whole subject of stability, including the metacentric height and the motions of a vessel under sail or in a sea is a most important and interesting one and well worth further discussion, but for the present we must rest with the attempt to answer the questions of our correspondent; we hope in a manner which will prove intelligible to the lay reader. Should we have failed in any way we will gladly endeavor to explain those points which have not been made clear.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The 10-rater recently ordered from the Herreshoffs is presumably for Henry Allen, owner of Wenonah. That noted racer has been sold, and sent to Germany, her new owner being Prince Henry of Prussia.

The coming Christmas number of *The Yachtsman* promises to excel all previous special numbers, and to be of interest to American as well as British yachtsmen, as it contains excellent pictures of Navahoe, with a design for an imaginary challenger for the America's Cup. It is advertised on another page.

The outlook for the forthcoming season is very far from encouraging. So far as racing yachts are concerned, there are practically no boats on the stocks, and no orders forthcoming. Almost all our celebrated yards are in a state of collapse at a season in which the hammer is wont to be painfully heard. The order for a 40 rater recently given to Messrs. Fife has been countermanded, and Admiral Montague has also rescinded his order for a vessel of the same class to be designed by Mr. Watson. Mrs. Schenley has withdrawn her order for a new 5-rater. No new tens, no new twenties, no new forties, no new first-class racers—a sorry report at the end of November.—*The Yachtsman*.

A Florida Cruise.

DURING the summer of 1892 a scheme was devised at Okoboji Lake, Ia., by a few members of the Okoboji Yacht Club, to take a cruise down the west coast of Florida during the following winter.

Starting from Sutherland, Fla., a winter resort situated on Clear Water Bay, and "crabbing" along the west coast, taking in the bays and bayous as far as Cape Romano, where we were to leave the mainland and steer across the Gulf for Key West, the objective point of the cruise.

It is seldom that a plan devised so far ahead is carried out; but our party carried out our scheme to the end thereof, and the following is a faithful log of what occurred:

We chartered the oyster schooner Blanche for the term of thirty days, the owner was to furnish craft, captain and cook, while we were to furnish provisions, wood and water and help run the schooner, the hire, craft, captain and cook, being $200 for thirty days.

After the bargain was made it was arranged that the captain should have five days to make one more trip to Cedar Keys for oysters. He returned in four days and was much surprised to find an order (from the owner) to deliver his cargo at St Petersburg, which would take five days' more time, and as we were unwilling to extend the time on the contract, he hauled the Blanche out into six feet of water and dumped seventy barrels of fine, fresh oysters into the bay.

The good news flew from house to house, and everybody, old and young, black and white, came with baskets, barrels and boats and "toted" off oysters until the supply was exhausted. We captured a barrel of these oysters and found them as fat, sweet, and as fine in flavor as any that we had eaten further north.

We made Ozona a rendezvous to fit out the Blanche for the cruise, and while some of the party stopped at the San Marino, the scribe and two others stopped at the Eavey House at Ozona.

Of our party of five, the Commodore, the Caterer and the "Distinguished Landsman," were from Omaha, Neb., and the "Chief Marine" and "Scribe" were from Iowa.

It was arranged that the commodore and the distinguished landsman, should occupy the two bunks in the little stuffy cabin, while the rest of the boys had "state rooms" fitted up in the hold of the schooner.

Feb. 11, 1893.—Large delegations came down to the dock from the San Marino and Eavey House to see us off. A bevy of young ladies from the San Marino presented one of our boys with a rich fruit cake, and with cheers, and much waving of handkerchiefs, we sailed out into the gulf. After sailing a few miles, a black cloud came up from the south, and the captain ran back under the lee of Anclote Light House, where we anchored for the night.

We turned into our bunks with a strange and uncomfortable feeling, as if we had suddenly lost our liberty.

There were the strange noises that one always hears on board of a vessel at sea; the bilge water swashing about under the floor of the hold, the never ceasing roll and pitch of the vessel as it heaves on the long, dead swells of the gulf, the creaking of blocks, the groaning of booms and gaffs as they swing back and forth on the masts, the flapping of halyards and running rigging, the thumping of the rudder post and the peculiar cracking sound of the barnacles on the bottom of the schooner, were discomforting noises that kept us more or less awake the first night out; but, after a few days, we became so accustomed to these sounds, that we could sleep right through the whole night, as if in our own beds at home.

Long before daylight, our captain got under way and proceeded on our course, (S. by W.), which would bring us to Egmout Light House, situated at the pass into Tampa Bay.

After sailing about fifteen miles, we hove to over a rocky reef and commenced to catch fish; taking them in as fast as we could bait our hooks. Within twenty minutes we had caught more groupers, red snapper, Spanish mackerel, and grunters, than we could possibly use. We bore away on our course, throwing nearly all the fish overboard, as fish do not keep long in that latitude.

The commodore caught the largest fish; it was a red snapper that weighed 12lbs. Our cook made a chowder of the 12-pounder, which, together with sweet potatoes, hoe-cake and coffee, made up a dinner that made the boys wild with delight.

We kept the schooner on her course until sundown, when the wind came out dead ahead and soon kicked up a nasty sea. We made tack for tack, and fought our way into the teeth of the wind, the little 40-foot schooner jumping over the seas and wetting the decks with the briny spray. We secured the hatches, reefed the sails and prepared generally for a very wild night; and kept her headed into the wind for an hour longer, when we made the Egmont Key Light, and no light was ever more welcome.

The wind was now blowing a gale from the south. And the Blanche being a flat-bottomed craft, built for "crabbing" around the bays and bayous inside, pounded the great seas, every stroke of which made her tremble from stem to stern; and we fresh-water sailors thought she would knock the plank from her bottom.

The captain held on, and for three mortal hours we fought the unequal fight. The light was getting more dim and distant, clearly showing that we were not holding our own; then came a squall, with heavy rain, shutting out the distant light. We hauled down the fore-sail and jib, thus heaving her to.

We rode the squall out, again set sail and bucked into the wind and great seas for one hour more, when the captain said that we could now make the lee of Boca Egg Shoals, which we did, and came to anchor.

We all ate a hearty supper (except the Distinguished Landsman, who not only lost his dinner, but missed his supper,) and, although the Blanche pounded the heavy rollers and tugged at the two anchors all night, we Okoboji yachtsmen turned in and slept the sleep of the just.

Feb. 13.—The late gale blew out long before daylight, and after a breakfast of ham, eggs, sweet potatoes and coffee, we got under way and very soon made Egmont Light, around which we sailed into Tampa Bay, which is about sixty miles long and from fifteen to twenty miles wide. We laid our course S. by E., which took us into the mouth of the Manitee River, which runs through a belt of land that produces fruit and garden truck in great abundance. Here we came to anchor and had a fine swim on the beach, and found by treading with our toes that we were over a clam bed. We secured a fine lot of clams, which we soon made into a chowder that was highly appreciated by all hands.

Feb. 14.—Early in the morning we left the Manitee River and sailed N.E. by N. for the city of Tampa, which we reached at 2:30 P. M. We made fast to one of the many docks, and all hands put on their boiled shirts and went ashore to take in the town. Tampa contains about 15,000 inhabitants, 6,000 of whom are Spanish, who largely work at cigar making. The north end of the city is given up to these people, and is called Spanishtown. Many of them are of the African race, but all speak Spanish, from the gray-headed old man of eighty down to the toddling little babies; and even the parrots talk and swear in Spanish, making us think we were in some foreign city.

We saw no one smoking pipes, but nearly all were smoking very long cigars; for every cigarmaker has five wrappers given him by his employer daily with enough fillers to make up said cigars, which he can smoke or sell as he may elect. The people were well dressed and seemed contented and happy.

The Tampa Bay Hotel is the largest hotel in the South. The main building is 700ft. long and 200ft. wide. The hotel and grounds take in forty acres, and every foot of this land not covered with buildings is artistically laid out in drives, walks and gardens, the latter containing a great variety of tropical trees, plants and flowers, the scent of which filled the air, go where you would.

The dining-room is a vast dome built of iron and glass, with beautiful pictures in the base panels. The inclosed courts of the hotel are covered with iron and glass roofs, and floored with mosaic tiling. These courts are adorned with tropical plants and flowers, with here and there fountains made in grotesque form, and when these courts are lighted up at night with hundreds of many-colored electric lights the effect is extremely dazzling and beautiful.

Outside of the big hotel there are no fine buildings in the city.

Feb 15.—We were up bright and early to catch the flood tide and sailed down the bay, which is about 60 miles long.

We had a free sheet, a fine whole sail breeze, and made a quick run to Palmasota Pass, the entrance from Tampa Bay into Palmasota Bay, where we anchored for the night, having clam soup and fried clams for supper.

Feb. 16.—After an early breakfast we commenced beating up Palmasota Bay. We overhauled and passed a schooner, the *Nelly Bly*, with a load of Yankees on a cruise like ourselves.

We finally came to anchor off the captain's home, which is situated near the Pass into Sarasota Bay, where we remained one day for the captain to repair our dinghy.

We went ashore and dug some clams that our cook made into a chowder that was fit food for the gods. The captain's wife sent us some native wine and one of those plain cakes that our grandmothers used to make, which one can eat as bread and not dream that you see said grandmother by so eating.

About one hour before supper we took our sea bath, which was simply delightful and luxurious. Indeed, whoever comes South and returns without taking a sea bath has lost no small part of the pleasure of a winter outing on Florida's coast.

In surf bathing it is better to bathe when the tide is coming in, as then the tide and waves are in harmony and it is impossible for the seas to carry you out; but with the tide running out there is an undertow that has a strong tendency to carry you out to sea, and many have thus lost their lives. There is no danger from sharks in surf-bathing, if people do not swim outside of the breakers, for sharks always keep outside of the breakers. When at anchor in shallow water we kept one man to watch for sharks while we bathed, but

while at anchor in deep water we bathed on deck, for a shark might be hiding under the schooner.

Feb. 17.—We were called up at sunrise for our morning coffee, and one hour later got under way and beat down Sarasota Bay until noon, when the wind and tide turning against us, we went to anchor off Tony Boat Pass, where we caught Spanish mackerel and other fish. After dinner we took the dinghy and sailed across the bay to Long Key—all islands are called keys here—where we found an old squatter sovereign.

He was an old man on the shady side of seventy, tall, lank and lean, with long, uncombed, white hair and beard; he walked with a cane, as he had a temporary attack of rheumatism.

He was a soldier, and had gone to the war from Minnesota. At the close of the war he took this ranch as a soldier's claim.

There were some old stories floating around that the gulf pirates of the last century had made a rendezvous of this key, and that much gold and silver was waiting for a discoverer. The old man had made several excavations in his unsuccessful hunt after the Spanish doubloons. He lived in a small house built of pine boards battened on the outside, with port holes for windows, which closed at night with board blinds. His chimney and fireplace were built of boards with cement lining, which was decidedly dew to us.

Pine knots were near at hand for fuel and light, clams could be dug within five rods from his door and all the fish that he could possibly use could be caught from his dock. He drank no tea or coffee, but rain water simple and pure, and occasionally a native wine, made from the juice of the grape and sugar-cane molasses, two parts of the former to one of the latter, making a fine wine, which, if taken in large doses, would soon make a man forget all of his immediate troubles.

Twenty years ago a St. Paul doctor had told him that his lungs were nearly gone and that he would not last more than one year, but he had lived on this key for twenty years and was very much alive and still kicking. He had seven acres under cultivation, the larger part of which was in string beans, which were nearly ready for market. We picked and ate oranges and bananas from his trees, and taking another parting drink of his native wine bade him good-bye.

Feb. 18.—We took an early breakfast and set sail to catch a light breeze from the northwest, which slowly wafted us on our course down Sarasota Bay.

Our skipper, a Florida cracker of the deepest dye, was the most egotistical shellback that we have ever encountered. He always leaned on a great personal pronoun; indeed, the great I was always in his mouth. We were quietly and silently taking in the fine scenery on this beautiful bay when the captain broke out as follows:

"I have sailed over this bay for many years. I know every foot of the bottom. Now you would think there was deep water to the leeward of that key, but there is not six inches of water between that key and the mainland at low tide."

We were running south and were in the middle of the bay, and as the captain ceased speaking we ran on to a sandbar and stuck fast. Everybody but the captain and cook, who dare not laugh, laughed heartily, and one of the boys told the story of the pilot on the Missouri River who said he knew every snag in the river.

The captain was much chagrined and tried to let himself down easily. "Why! I knew that bar was there, but I supposed we had water enough to let us over. I don't want any of you 'fellers' to talk to me when I'm making these bars. If I'd been looking for the bottom instead of chaffing with you 'uns, I'd steered clear of this d— bar."

We took in our sails, ran a kedge anchor out into the channel, and after waiting about two hours for the tide, we kedged off, hoisted sails and proceeded on our course.

At 2 P. M. we arrived at the village of Sarasota; which consists of one hotel, one steamboat dock, one store and a few poor houses occupied by fishermen. A steamboat lands semi-weekly, supplying the people with that they most need, and carrying away fish and garden truck to Northern markets.

While eating our supper at the dock this evening, two darkies were sitting on the dock and they looked so hungry that one of the boys suggested that we give the coon the fruit cake, that the "San Marino" ladies had given us at the send off. Said cake had been on the table every day since leaving Oona but it was too much for our stomachs; even the cracker cook could not get away with the mysterious compound. We traded off the cake for a "coon" break-down dance.

Whew!!! how those 'coons" did dance and sweat, and at the finish—which brought down the house—we passed up the cake, which they divided up and devoured on the spot.

How astonished those San Marino ladies would be could they know that the rich and expensive cake made by their dainty and bejeweled fingers had come to such a hideous and ignoble end.

As we left very early the next morning, we never knew whether the "coons" survived or perished after eating so much indigestible stuff.

We made everything ready for an outside run of fifty miles due south next day. The wind was out strong from the northwest, and we had our bedding out for an airing.

What a delightful land! We can see oranges, yellow and ripe, hanging on trees that are in full bloom, the perfume of which fills the whole street. The gardens are teeming with vegetables, ripe and ready for the table, and with strawberries ripe and luscious, it is our fault if we go hungry. The most wonderful thing about it all is that such a poor, sandy soil should produce such fine fruit and vegetables in such great abundance.

Unless it rains we have our meals served on deck, using one of the hatches for a table. We have a piece of burlaps for a tablecloth, with tin cups and plates, and iron knives, forks and spoons, which have become oxidized quite the style now, you know, by the action of the salt air. Our cook says, "'Tisn't possible to shine knives and forks at sea." We have hoe cake every meal. We watched the cook while making hoe cake. He took Indian corn meal and some salt and poured on boiling hot water, stirring at the same time, until it was of the consistency of thin cream, then he buttered his pans and put the thin mush in the bottom of each pan, making the cakes about one-half inch thick. They are then baked until they are thoroughly browned through and through, making the cakes nearly all crust. We continue to eat this cake day after day. Long before these primitive meals are ready our boys congregate around the table, proving that whatever else may go wrong with them, their appetites are all right.

We think that the millionaire who said, "I'll give one hundred thousand dollars for an appetite that will make a piece of plain bread and butter taste good," had better come down here, take a cruise on a schooner and take his meals on deck in open air.

Feb. 19.—We get under way and find a heavy N.W. wind blowing, which soon increased to a gale; but it will only drive us all the faster, so we take in the mainsail and prepare for a scud down the coast under a reefed foresail alone. We hatten down the hatches, secure the anchors, water barrels and all other loose truck that incumbered the decks, and point her nose straight for the pass, through which we can see the great rollers chasing each other down the coast.

We soon reach the Gulf and head her S. by W., and she drives along at a good pace, riding the great seas in fine shape. As the wind had a clean sweep of 400 miles the seas were immense. The little schooner would go far down between the great seas, so deep that we could not see the land, and then she would climb the next sea, and looking back, we would watch the following coamer as it chased us up with the most intense interest. Would it catch us and break over our stern?

Our captain had put up just enough sail to make the schooner outrun the waves, and we were thus saved from the coamers astern.

We held on by the standing rigging and enjoyed every moment of that exciting day's run. We would look ahead for a big roller, and when the schooner would tackle it the captain would say, "See the little heifer jump!"

The Distinguished Landsman had fed the fishes from the start, and he was now in his cabin bunk repeating the old chestnut, "If the good Lord will once more let me get ashore," etc., and then he would break out in quite a different strain, using language more forcible than polite.

We could only have a cup of coffee for dinner, as it was impossible to keep anything on the galley stove.

We offered the landsman a cup of coffee, a piece of cold pork and a hard tack. He said we could all go somewhere else so far as he was concerned, and turned his face to the back of his bunk.

About 3 P. M. we could see a long line of white water, which the captain said was Boca Grand Shoals, which ran from the shore straight out into the Gulf for eight miles.

At the seaward end of these shoals the Government has placed a large bell buoy, which the motion of the seas constantly and mournfully rings. The course or channel into Charlotte Harbor is outside of this buoy, but there are two small passes between the buoy and the shore that can be used by light draft vessels, and the captain steered straight for one of these.

"Either go below or get into the main rigging," said the captain. We all climbed into the rigging and took in the fun.

Down we went between two great breakers, and one great coamer came over the bow and washed overboard everything that was loose, and the roar of the breakers, the screaming of the sea birds, and the splash of the white caps made up a scene that the boys will long remember.

We soon pass into smooth water and come to anchor in Charlotte Harbor, making the day's run of sixty-five miles in about eight hours. After a good square meal we all turned into our bunks and slept at the rate of ten knots per hour.

Feb. 20.—We proceed on our course, which takes us down San Carlos Bay. A more beautiful bay we never saw. It is about five miles wide and twenty-five miles long, and is interspersed with small islands, that stand well up out of the water and are covered with pine, palmetto and live oak trees.

It is a paradise for yachtsmen. We think that in the near future these beautiful islands will be improved by Northern men of means, who are seeking a climate that will let them down easy in the afternoon and evening of life.

We are all on deck with field glasses taking in the beautiful scenery. The N.W. wind blows just hard enough to make it delightfully cool. We are gliding noiselessly through the clear, blue water, and can see the bottom as clearly as if looking through plate glass. We can see the great coral rocks that seem to come so near the surface that we shudder, thinking the Blanche will end the cruise here and now. "Cap, do you see that big rock? We shall strike it."

The captain laughs. "There are ten good feet of water on top of that rock;" and he is right, for we pass over with plenty of room.

We can clearly see the sea fan, as it stands up three or four feet from the bottom, swaying back and forth by the action of the tide; and the live sponges clinging to the rocks, some of which are in the form of a hollow cone, and are used by the ladies for holding house plants. There were tangled masses of seaweeds and a great variety of sea plants, very beautiful, but to us nameless. Large schools of fish were darting through this marine forest, ever trying to establish the Darwinian doctrine of the survival of the fittest by devouring the fish that were smaller and weaker than themselves.

We arrive at St. James, the principal town of the whole lower peninsula. The village of St. James consists of one large hotel with cottages, one store with a large stock of general merchandise and a long dock where the largest ocean steamer can land at low tide. The whole plant was built by a stock company from the North, the members of which soon got tired of holding such unproductive property and dropped out one after another, until the stock got into the hands of three or four men, who no doubt make it pay a good interest on what it cost them.

After dinner the boys generally light their pipes and cigars, get into easy positions and proceed to discuss and settle profound questions, that grave Senators and other profound statesmen seem afraid to tackle. We thus disposed of the temperance question in thirty minutes. We polished off the railroads speedily, and the Standard Oil Company was thoroughly handled, but not disposed of for the reason that the captain at that moment had a strike from a shark, which cut off all debate.

Yesterday at St. James there was a crowd of loungers on the dock, and among the crowd was a lot of "cracker" tarpon guides relating their wonderful experiences while fishing for tarpon.

One told of a tarpon that had jumped into and out of his boat; another had been towed five miles by a large tarpon; another had run his tarpon on to a beach and stranded him. There was a short pause, when our commodore started in with all of the gravity of a preacher at a funeral as follows:

"Two years ago the twentieth of this month a man by the name of John B. Smith started alone in a rowboat from Punta Rassa to row over to the lighthouse. When about half-way over a large tarpon jumped high in the air, and coming down head first his nose struck between two planks in the bottom of the boat, the planks sprang apart, letting the body through, but sprang back, catching the fish by the tail. He rowed quickly ashore and secured the tarpon."

Everbody howled their approval and one old Dutch skipper said, "You shust take the keg" (cake).

The hotel grounds are laid out on a grand scale, with cocoanut trees on each side of broad streets. The hotel gardens are very fine, containing tropical fruits and all kinds of vegetables. We saw new potatoes, strawberries, tomatoes, onions and cabbages, all ripe and ready for the table. We found a "curio" shop, in which we saw a great variety of animals artistically set up, among which were bears, foxes, wildcats, panthers and numerous different birds, together with snakes and fishes, all of which were killed in Florida, and all set up by an artist in a way that made them look lifelike and interesting. The said artist was setting up a tarpon that weighed 175lbs., caught by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota. This same taxidermist offered to set up a 100lbs. tarpon for one of our boys and forever declare that the purchaser caught said fish on a 200ft. line, with reel and rod for the modest sum of $30. We declined to purchase any set up tarpons, but bought a lot of tarpon scales, which are silver-tipped and very transparent and beautiful. As the taxidermist could easily catch tarpon in his net for stocking his store, we concluded that many an old fisherman had thus caught his tarpon and hung it up in his Northern home as a trophy of his skill.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

St. Lawrence Y. C. Season of 1893.

THE season of 1893 has been for the St. Lawrence Y. C. one marked by disaster unparalleled in the history of the club; of postponed and unsatisfactory races, and of little general activity. There were few new boats at the beginning of the season, and in this respect the only really new feature on Lake St. Louis has been the revival of the cat rig. Two years ago there was hardly a catboat on the lake, all the old boats of that rig having been changed into cat sloops, but this year the Water Witch, the only new boat of any size, is a cat, and several small cats have been brought in from outside points.

The 18 foot class races were in some respects the most interesting of the season, Bug repeating her victorious career of last year; and this class promises to be the fighting class of the club. Chaperon, with a little more ballast inside developed quite a new turn of speed, and to her the honors of the season belong. The usual racing and cruising on May 24 had to be abandoned, the boats not being ready, and a gale, with extremely high water, did great damage along the water front. Several boats were driven ashore, and the club pier, while it stood better than any other in the vicinity, was much damaged.

The first race of the season was sailed on June 10, and was the first series race for the A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft classes. There was a strong west wind with heavy puffs from the north, and nasty broken sea. The result was as follows:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chaperon, E. S. Clouston	30.02	2 09 55	2 09 55
Eagle, C. H. Levin	36.02	2 18 23	" " "
White Squall, Gesnor	31.01	2 25 34	" " "
30FT. CLASS.			
Mollie Bawn, W. Kavanagh	24.92	1 55 35	1 51 28
Valda, G. H. Duggan	23.51	1 58 10	1 52 34
Frolic, E. K. Greene	28.45	2 06 24	2 04 34
Unda, R. A. Kidd	26.00	Did not finish.	
Rita, C. O. Clark	28.00	2 13 25	" " "
21FT. CLASS.			
Thora, H. A. Simms	19.05	2 28 26	" " "

June 17.—Second series race, for A, 30ft., 25ft. and 24ft. classes. Eleven boats crossed the line, but at 6.40 only half the course had been covered and the race was abandoned.

June 24.—First series race for 25 and 18ft. classes; south wind with showers, freshening to a good breeze at finish:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bug, G. H. Duggan	15.08	3 09 30	3 05 42
Debutante, W. S. Clouston	18.00	3 22 20	3 22 20
Little Marchioness, R. C. Nelles	17.06	3 10 47	3 09 58
Wide Awake, H. M. Molson	16.08	3 21 33	3 20 05

July 1.—Sir Donald A. Smith cup race. The start was made at 11 A.M. and thirteen boats crossed the line. There was a light draft of air from the southeast at the start, and the day was hot and fine. Lulu, Valda and Chaperon, in the order named, went away from the fleet, but by 2:15 the wind was dead, only the first leg of the course had been covered and the race was abandoned.

July 8.—Third series race of the A., 30 and 21ft. classes.

Eagle, Chaperon, Valda, Mollie Bawn, Frolic, Coquette, and Rita started. A fresh clubtopsail breeze was blowing and the weather was threatening. On the second leg of the course, a reach from the Valois to the Chateauguay buoy, a thunder squall of unexampled force struck the lake.

Valda, Eagle, Chaperon, and Mollie Bawn were leading, and were carrying all plain sail when the squall of wind, rain, and thunder struck them. Eagle and Chaperon instantly capsized and sank within a quarter of an hour, Valda and Mollie Bawn were knocked down, but got their canvas on deck in time to avert disaster. Rita and two boats that were not racing, Petrel and Butternut, were also capsized at a moderate distance from shore. Valda under bare poles ran down under Eagle's lee and took off one of her crew, but was unable to make fast to the wreck, drifted down to leeward, anchored, put in three reefs, worked back to Eagle and took off two more of her crew, all that were still on her. She then ran down to the Chaperon, and picked up three of her crew and was the only boat in the fleet under control during the whole squall, and its successor, which was only less furious than the first.

The naphtha launch Idle Hour put off from Pointe Claire, and received the remainder of the Chaperon's and Eagle's crews, with the exception of C. H. Levin, the commodore of the club, who went down with his ship. The crews of the Rita, Petrel and Butternut were rescued from the shore. After this most unfortunate disaster all racing was postponed for one month.

Aug. 26.—Re-sail Sir Donald Smith's cup. The start was at 3:40. The day was very fine and warm, and there was hardly wind enough to carry any of the boats over the line. There were twelve starters, and at 6 P. M. the race was abandoned.

Sept. 2.—Re-sail Sir Donald Smith's cup race. There was a heavy gale from the northwest. At the start it was blowing harder than it has ever done on a racing day on Lake St. Louis. It being reported that the Chateauguay Buoy had been carried away, it was decided to sail around the Pointe Claire Buoy, a course of about seven miles to windward and return. All the boats at the start carried three reefs in the mainsail and stormjib.

Valda more than held Chaperon until Valois Bay was opened, when the wind lightened up; the sloop got into trouble in changing jibs, when Coquette passed her. The wind let up steadily all the time the windward work was being done, and at Pointe Claire all were carrying full lower sail, but on the run it freshened up until it was heavy work carrying spinakers. The time of the race was as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chaperon, A. E. Jarvis	3 31 37	4 47 40	1 16 03
Coquette, A. Hamilton	3 33 38	4 51 53	1 18 45
Valda, G. H. Duggan	3 33 11	4 55 55	1 23 45
Mollie Bawn, W. Kavanagh	3 32 00	5 00 44	1 28 44
Dream, A. Irving	3 32 10	5 02 52	1 30 42
Undine, G. Marler	3 34 30	5 11 05	1 36 35

The course was not officially measured, but Chaperon was the winner. At a meeting of the sailing committee, held on Sept. 9, it was decided that under the terms on which the cup is raced for the sailing committee had no power to alter the course, and the race was declared off.

Sept. 9.—Resail of second series race for A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes. There was a strong southwest wind, and single-reefed mainsails were carried throughout the fleet.

A CLASS.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chaperon	1 54 28	1 52 54
Coquette	2 07 39	2 05 35
Dream	1 54 11	1 54 11
30FT. CLASS.		
Mollie Bawn	1 57 44	1 52 03
Valda	2 01 02	1 53 52
Undine	2 15 13	2 08 32

Sept. 16.—Third series race for 18ft. class. Strong, squally west by south wind:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bug	2 31 03	2 28 04
Pirate	2 49 35	2 48 35
Little Marchioness	2 51 47	2 51 47

Sept. 23.—Resail Sir Donald Smith's cup. Another attempt was made to sail this race in a light air. The fleet had now dwindled to six boats, and again after the time limit had expired not half the course had been sailed, and the race had to be abandoned.

Sept. 30.—Fifth race for Sir Donald Smith's cup:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mollie Bawn	2 08 36	2 08 36

Waterwitch, Butternut and Undine did not sail over the course.

As a result of the season's racing, Chaperon wins the Honorary Commodore's cup by taking two straight races in the A Class series. She also won the only race that was sailed for the Sir Donald Smith cup. Mollie Bawn wins the 30ft. class series, and the Commodore's cup by two straight wins and the Sir Donald Smith cup by a sail over. Bug wins the series in the 18ft. class by two straight wins.

Keel and Centerboard in the Cup Races.

(From the Boston Globe.)

ALTHOUGH the result of the Cup races was the triumph of the centerboard over the keel type of yacht, yet the centerboard as shown in Vigilant was a nearer approach to the keel type than ever before, and there was a great deal both in the racing during the Cup contest and earlier in the season to encourage the strong adherents of the keel.

Vigilant, an improved centerboard, won over Valkyrie, an improved keel, yet the differences between the boats were so marked in other ways that it may well be doubted if the question of type was brought any nearer settlement than before.

American experience in the 30, 40 and 46ft. classes seems to have shown almost conclusively that a keel-boat can be designed to beat a centerboard in these lengths. The only apparent reason for not carrying the same idea into the larger classes was the excessive draft—from a cruising standpoint—which must be given a keel-boat in order to secure as good powers of holding up to windward as would be possessed by a centerboard with moderate draft of hull, but practically unlimited draft for windward work by dropping her board.

When therefore two of the Cup defenders were announced as of the keel type, it was confidently expected by advocates of the type that sufficient draft would be given, and that all considerations save those of racing would be laid aside. In one of these, Pilgrim, an extreme draft was promptly taken, but in the other, Colonia, a draft was taken which was the greatest permitted by the launching facilities at the works where she was built, only a little over 15ft.

Pilgrim did not come up to expectations held of her, but Colonia did just what was expected of her, because of her lack of draft and consequent absence of sufficient lateral plane. She slid to leeward badly in windward work, and was never in it in this line with the centerboards, and undoubtedly would have shown little better against Valkyrie.

In every other respect Colonia was the equal and in some respects the superior of Vigilant, and the question which now most naturally arises is where would she have been had she been given proper draft to do good windward work?

The answer cannot but be favorable to her admirers or those of the keel type in general, and about as interesting a thing as could happen for next season's racing would be for Mr. Rogers to have Colonia deepened as she ought to be, in order to make her the enlarged Wasp she was supposed to be but wasn't.

In Valkyrie Mr. Watson apparently had sufficient draft at 17ft., and the yacht held to windward very well with Vigilant. Her designer's failure seems not to be in that he adopted the keel type or failed to make a much better boat in windward work than Thistle, but in that he did not give her enough sail, and did not follow closely the latest approved speed patterns of shallow bodies, extremely hollow garboards and straight keels.

With a sail plan more nearly the equal of Vigilant's, and with a form of hull more nearly approaching that of the fin keels, Valkyrie would have been a much more dangerous customer than she really was.

There is more and more reason, as the science of yacht designing develops, for believing that, except in the very small classes, the centerboard is more of a question of expediency than of speed. It will not be an easy thing for Americans to confess the defeat of the cherished centerboard, but our own cutters have shown that it can be beaten in three classes previously named, while Colonia's performances have given reasons for belief in the same direction in the larger classes.

The types of boats produced by America and Great Britain are approaching each other more closely every year, and the contest for the Cup are ceasing to be the distinctive ones of type which they once were. It would be no discredit for one country to drop or for the other to adopt the centerboard, but the simple use of a centerboard by our British cousins will not win them the Cup. They will have a chance at it when they build a boat suited to American weather conditions and which takes advantage of the rules under which the defender is built, and not before.

That such a boat could cross the ocean safely no American will doubt after the cruising qualities shown by Navahoe. Neither would she be required to make a record in English waters before coming, though there is little doubt but that she could make one if she chose. Jubilee would be found a vastly different boat abroad than Navahoe, while either Jubilee or Vigilant would undoubtedly prove an eye-opener in British waters.

And both could and would be sent across if necessary.

W. E. ROBINSON.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot for the champion medal and the cash prizes, Nov. 28, brought together thirteen members. The competition for the champion medal resulted in a victory for Louis Flach on a score of 245; Ross was a good second with 244. The best score of the night was made by Ross, 248.

Champion medal, first entry: Louis Flach 245 F. C. Ross 244, Geo. W. Plaisted 243, B. Walther 243, M. B. Engel 242, B. Zettler 239, Geb. Krauss 238, H. Holges 236, C. G. Zettler 234, H. D. Muller 231, H. Strate 231, Gus Nowak 231, A. H. Kohlmetz 225.

Best score, five entries: F. C. Ross 248, Louis Flach 245, H. Holges 245, G. W. Plaisted 243, B. Walther 243, M. B. Engel 243, Gus. Nowak 242, H. D. Muller 239, H. Strate 239, C. G. Zettler 239, B. Zettler 239, Geb. Krauss 238, A. H. Kohlmetz 228.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Jersey Men at the Targets.

THE weekly outing of the Greenville Rifle Club, in Armbruster's Shooting Park, Greenville, N. J. on Dec. 2, brought together only four members in the fifty shot handicap sweep. The result of the contest was a surprise to at least one of the four. Plaisted, in his experiments of late with nitro, combined with black powder, led him deeper into the fields of experiment, and on this occasion he came on to the range with his cartridges loaded with another brand of nitro. This time the combination did not pan out a scucess and the result was that two of the three competitors buried him uuder such a total, that he has not heen able to reach the surface as yet.

Collins and Chavaut are higbly elevated over their victory over tbe old man and propose that at the next competition they will hury that other old veteran, M. Dorrler, in the same hole. Michael says he will try to be there to participate in the ceremony.

Chavaut's third and fourth scores, 221 and 220, show that he is capahle of expert work when the conditions are favorable.

Colin Boag has a habit of changing his sight, that is not conducive to reliahle work under match conditions in off hand shooting.

Many old and expert riflemen make it a rule never to move their sights after once starting out in a match, but follow the variations in their rifle by holding for it. The scores in the Saturday's competiton are appended: 50 shots, off hand, 200 yards:

W C C llins	20 23 17 19 24 20 14 23 21 14—195	
	20 21 19 17 16 21 24 19 18 24—199	
	16 20 23 20 19 20 19 22 25 21—205	
	23 17 21 18 17 18 23 24 22 18—201	
	20 18 25 20 12 20 24 21 20 19—203	—1003+60=1063
C H Chavaut	22 15 23 19 20 14 22 19 22 21—197	
	22 16 22 21 24 21 16 21 23 22—208	
	24 24 21 20 20 23 22 23 22 22—221	
	21 23 18 23 25 24 22 23 20 21—220	
	18 23 17 21 20 20 12 25 20 21—197	—1043+40=1083
G W Plaisted	20 16 24 25 20 20 19 18 24 12—198	
	20 18 24 20 17 19 21 17 18 23—197	
	22 15 18 17 21 18 18 22 12 18—181	
	20 22 17 17 24 22 24 16 21 20—206	
	20 21 23 22 20 20 21 18 23 19—207	— 989—Scratch
C Boag	23 20 21 15 20 13 20 23 15 13—183	
	14 22 22 19 15 20 18 15 20 28—188	
	18 22 20 17 17 17 20 21 19 20—191	
	24 23 22 20 17 11 24 22 24 16—203	
	20 15 23 18 25 19 21 18 22 19—200	— 965+75=1040

Port Chester Scorers.

PORT CHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 1.—The Port Chester Rifle Club had a shoot on Thanksgiving at its range "just for fun." Last year we had a turkey shoot and voted it a nuisance and a bother and made no money by it. So this year we decided upon a quiet time by ourselves and we had it. While waiting for the members to arrive we started an individual ten-shot score to pass away the time. This was shot out in due time and then having ten persons on hand we appointed the two lowest men in the individual score as captains and they picked out a team of five each and we shot a team match of five shots, which resulted in a surprise for all hands, as it was expected a different result would he the outcome. We then had another five-shot race, in which the other side squared accounts. Below are the scores; 200yds., off-hand, German (25) ring target:

Bachman	19 20 19 17 20 24 25 15 22 18—199
Rudd	22 23 18 13 16 19 17 19 20 22—189
Horn	13 14 17 17 18 21 22 24 18 19 -183
Smith	25 22 20 15 22 14 22 21 0 16—177
Townsend	13 13 9 9 18 23 22 23 12 02—164
Hess	9 17 21 22 17 20 19 18 15 0—158
Merritt	9 0 11 19 0 18 17 9 15 12—110
McNeil	12 0 12 12 12 12 9 10 12 0— 91
McQuilken	0 13 0 9 13 16 0 13 0 0— 64

First match.

Team No. 1.		Team No. 2.	
Bachmann	18 16 21 16 24—95	Smith	15 17 23 22 21—98
Rudd	20 18 12 21 22—94	McQuilken	18 17 12 17 17—81
G Rudd	20 13 20 13 18—84	Hess	14 14 19 14 12—73
Townsend	17 17 0 17 21—72	Merritt	18 0 22 10 22—72
McNeil	0 20 23 16 11—70—415	Horn	12 20 23 12 0—67—391

Second match.

McNeil	22 22 22 17 10—93	Smith	22 19 19 19 23—102
Rudd	14 16 21 21 19—91	Horn	14 21 23 18 16— 92
Bachmann	18 19 9 20 21—87	Hess	20 20 19 19 11— 89
Townsend	0 18 25 14 12—79	McQuilken	0 13 21 22 20— 76
G Rudd	18 0 0 14 14—46—396	Merritt	9 10 14 22 14— 69—428

DEC. 2—Scores to-day, 200yds., off hand, German ring target:

McNeil	23 23 24 17 25 23 17 14 22 24—212
Rudd	21 23 24 19 15 17 22 22 19 19—202
Smith	19 23 19 21 23 19 22 13 19 10—188

RUDD.

Hoboken Riflemen Shoot.

THE annual prize and turkey shoot of the Gen. Herzog Co. No. 3, Washington Rifles of New Jersey, which was held a Dierken's Hall, Hoboken, on Thanksgiving Day, was quite successful. The members came out in force, hoping that the fates would land the hoss turkey in their individual possession, and the resident riflemen in and ahout Hohoken turned out in large numbers, hoping to get a chance in the final division of the cash programme which was hung up for visiting shooters.

Fred. Brandt, the shooting master of the company, and under whose management the shoot was left, was an ever present factor in the success of the day's sport.

Captain Ernest Fisher, of the Miller Club, was present and participated in the competition on the public target. The Our Own Club and other local clubs were prominently represented by their best shooting talent. Captain Wm. Yorkel, of the Ernest August Company, while well down in the list of winners, was way up in the esteem of his fellow competitors as a promoter of the day's pleasure.

David Miller, he of the Miller Club, was on hand, and landed with the winners. David knows a trick or two with the rifle yet.

In the medal shoot, open for members only, the winners proved to be Otto Schmidt, first, witb 69, 69—138, and Charles Larsch, second, with 69, 68—137.

In the competition for the turkeys, among the members, 3 shots per man, possible 75, there was exhibited a deal of good-natured chaffing, and wen Fred. Brandt succeeded in putting up a score of 70 points the members and visiting shooters accorded him their heartiest wishes over his success.

Public prize target, cash prizes:

Capt E Fisher	74 74—148	David Miller	70 72—142
Fred Brandt	72 74—146	John Meyer	70 71—141
Wm Dilger	70 74—144	Capt Wm Forkel	67 70—137
L Schmidt	71 72—143	Otto Schmidt	66 68—134
J H Kruse	71 71—142		

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

TEN members assembled in the gallery of the Zettler Bros. Dec. 1 for gallery practice. The men were divided into two teams of five men each under tbe leadership of Capt. A. Range upon the one side and Capt. H. Kuhlman on the other. The eveuing was devoted to the shooting of two team matches. In the first contest Capt. Kuhlman's team was the victor, and the second match was won hy Capt. Range's team. Scores:

First Match.

Capt H Kuhlman	218	Capt A Range	225
R Bussse	243	C G Zettler	235
A Keller	228	H Radloff	226
M Maltzer	221	M Munz	216
A Lutwig	227—1137	Ch Rehm	222—1124

Second Match.

Capt A Range	231	Capt H Kuhlman	215
C G Zettler	232	R Busse	236
H Radloff	227	Ch Rehm	211
M Munz	233	A Keller	229
M Maltzer	221—1144	M Raedel	197—1088

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot on Dec. 1 brought together twelve members in competition for the class prizes. W. O. Collins and M. Dorrler divided the honors for high scores, each making 241. Scores: W. C. Collins 241, M. Dorrler 241, C. H. Chavant 239, W. H. Robidoux 230, Agneau 212, Hill 205, J. Boag 239, Purkess 238, C. Boag 236, Hy. Gotthardt 225, Daniels 211, Maug 202.

Hartford Rifle Club.

THE Hartford Rifle Club held their regular bi-monthly shoot at Union Grove on Thanksgiving morning, standard target, 200yds., off-hand, light good, wind unsteady from 9 o'clock, varying from one to two points. Medal match, single entry:

H A Pope	8 9 10 8 9 9 9 7 10 10—89
F K Rand	6 10 7 9 9 8 5 7 8 7—76
W J Dunbar	6 9 9 10 5 7 5 4 9 7—71
F B Covel	8 5 5 6 9 9 7 5 6 7—67

Re-entry match:

Pope (100 consecutive shots)	10 7 8 10 6 9 6 8 9 7—80
	9 10 10 9 9 10 9 6 8 8—88
	10 9 10 7 9 9 10 7 8 10—89
	10 8 8 10 9 9 10 7 8 10—89
	10 6 9 10 7 9 9 9 10 9—88
	10 9 7 8 10 7 9 8 9 9—86
	10 7 9 7 7 7 7 8 10 8—80
	8 9 10 8 9 9 9 7 10 10—89
	10 7 8 8 8 9 10 10 9 6—85
	10 8 7 8 6 9 9 7 10 7—81—855
Rand	7 8 10 6 9 9 9 9 10 8—85
Dunbar	6 8 7 7 10 9 10 9 7 10—83
Covel	7 7 8 6 8 10 6 6 6 10—74
Tyler	5 6 4 10 5 7 6 6 8 9—63

H. A. POPE, Sec'y.

Pronunciamento Not Made in Vain.

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB, New York, Dec. 4.—In FOREST AND STREAM of last and this week, we read a great deal about matches, especially from Greenville, N. J. We hope that the Greenvilles and Excelsiors do not think that we are to do the challenging; we are to he challenged, and at any time they wish to have a match or matches on tbe same conditions as tbe championship was won, and on such conditions as have been mentioned by our spokesmen at Cypress Hills, L. I., on Nov. 7, they can be accommodated at any time and for any amount. We don't throw down our gauntlet so soon. RIFLEMEN.

Miller Rifle Club.

THE Millers held an informal shoot on Thanksgiving Night. David Miller, notwithstanding the fact tbat he had only a few hours previous labored long and arduously in efforts to subjugate the old enemy, turkey, whose presence is abroad in the land at this season of the year, had nervous force enough left in him to shoot himself into first position.

Ex-Captain Dewey also seemed to have added new power to his nerve center after his day's experience, and retired with a creditable score

The scores are appended: D. Miller 240, Aug. Meyns 237, M. Meyer 236, F. Sehl 231, F. Lehl 231, J. Bach 230, M. Willis 222, A. W. Dewey 221, Murphy 219, Vanderheyden 219, Kummel 201.

Empire Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot, Nov. 28, was not up to the usual attendance, only three members participating. The scores are appended: Wm. Rosenhaum 244, B. Zahn 240, W. Bass 232.

RIFLE NOTES.

In last week's issue, under the beading of Rifle Notes, we mentioned the fact of our experience in shooting nitro priming (8grs.) in our rifle shells (.38-50 everlasting) with the new Winchester (No. 3 W.) primer, and the balance of the shell filled with F. G. powder. We risked the experiment in a 50-shot matcb and the result was a total of 1,078 points on the German ring target, or an average of 21.5 per shot. The results of this sbooting were such that we had a desire to try the rifle with the same load from the machine rest and shoot a series of shots without cleaning. The opportunity for such a trial came last week, and with the aid of our expert, Mr. F. C. Ross, we proceeded to carry out the trial. The location selected was on the range (200yds.) in Wissel's Cypress Hill Park, and the rest used was one owned hy the Zettler Bros. A few preliminary shots were fired to find the target, and then a new cardhoard was put up as a background to catch the total shots as well as one over it to catch each ten-shot string. A total of fifty shots were made in ten-shot strings without cleaning, seating the bullet in the barrel with a seater. The result of the fifty shots was a group that could be covered hy a rectangle 4x4$\frac{5}{8}$in. The first string of ten shots, using the rectangle to find a common center, measured 12$\frac{4}{16}$in., the second string 13$\frac{12}{16}$in., the third string 14in., the fourth string 11$\frac{7}{16}$in., the fifth string 12$\frac{4}{16}$in., aggregating a total for the fifty shots of 64$\frac{7}{16}$in., or an average variation of each shot from a common center of about 1.28in. Now the question comes up, how would this target he considered from a standard of (non-cleaning) shooting hased on the lubricated hullet. We would like to hear from some of the fraternity as to what they consider the merits of this target to be, based upon their experience with the lubricated bullet without cleaning. There is one feature about this target that has surprised us much, and that is that there was not a greater perpendicular variation than 4$\frac{5}{8}$in. in tbe flight of the bullets, for the shells were faulty from the fact that they were a lot of old shells, .38-55, picked up promiscously and cut down to tbe length of the old .38-50 everlasting (old style), for which the rifle was originally chambered.

A number of well-known exponents of rifle shooting being assembled together a few nights since in one of our New York rifle resorts, and the ever present subject peculiar to such cranks heing uppermost in tbe minds of all, the question of team shooting was launched by one of them probably with a desire to create a ripple upon the surface of the at present quiet sea of rifle matters. One individual expressed his belief that New Jersey could produce a half-dozen men who could hold their own at 200yds. against any that could be produced in New York and Brooklyn The New Yorker took exception to the New Jersey man's remarks and requested him to name a similar number of Jersey shooters who could successfully compete against a team of New Yorkers, made up as follows: F. C. Ross, H. Holges, Louis Flach, J. A. Boyken and Chas. Hutch. The Jerseyman was prompt with his candidates and trotted out his selection as follows: William Hayes, M. Dorrler, Geo. Schlicht, Geo. W. Plaisted and L. P. Hansen. "There," says the Jerseyman, "is a team that can do up your New Yorkers!" Then the engagement hecame warm and the patriotic spirit of the representatives of the two States was wrought up to a high tension. It reminded one of the days when the champious of State rights were abroad in the land We did not liuger to hear the *finale* of the argument, and have not heard any further in relation to the matter except that the Jerseyman departed for home firm in the helief that he had the best team.

We note with pleasure that the fraternity in Cincinnati keep on in their practice even tbough the cold season is advancing upon us. The Massachusetts Rifle Association at Walnut Hill have been the pioneers in keeping up rifle practice tbroughout the winter season. Tbe Zettler Club of New York is another of the older societies who have in the past devoted regular days through winter for out-door shooting. Chas. C. Wissel always keeps the Cyprus Hills range shooting house in condition to he made comfortable for the shooters at all seasons of the year. This winter Wm. Armbruster, proprietor of the Greenville (N. J.) Park, will have his range open every Saturday afternoon during the winter for the accommodation of the Greenville and Jersey City riflemen. With Wissel's park open on Sundays for those shooters who have no time to devote to the rifle during the week and the Greenville Park open on Saturdays the fraternity in and about New York will have plenty of opportunities to indulge iu their favorite sport. We learn, also, that Newark has, or is soon to have, a new shooting range where riflemen will find accommodatious for shooting seven days in the week at all seasons of the year.

The Greenville Rifle Club would like to kuow what the boast of the Hudson Rifle Club, made in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM many weeks since saying it was always ready to fulfil its ohligations, and that it was never at a loss for (best) members to fill up its team. In the light of past events the Greenville Club queries: What does it amount to?

The atmosphere about New York is full of rumors of challenges floating around trying to find lodgment among some of our rifle experts.

We trust that none of our experts, through an imperfect understanding of the etiquette governing rifle shooting matters, will undertake to prevent these little germs from finding lodgment.

The ideal "Perfection" mould, which can he supplied for most of the popular calibres, is designed to meet the wants of riflemen who like to vary their loads for hunting, target shooting, short range work and other purposes. This mould is so arranged as to cast bullets of great variety in weight. For instance, the .32-40 M. will cas eight different hullets, varying from 105 to 210grs. The Ideal tools have given satisfaction to thousands of rifle cranks and are eminently practical and useful.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE weekly shoot on Nov. 21 brought together twelve members in the handicap race for club medals. The good work of J. Binns in the gallery is hringing him into prominence as one of the experts of the club. Scores: J. Binns 240, L. P. Hansen 238, C. L. Pinney 238, Wm. Weber 234, C. Thomas 229, C. Ward 228, Geo. C. Varick 227, R. H. Duff 225, James Hughes 224, J. Ryer 212, Thomas Hughes 204, William Hughes 202.

The competition on Tuesday night, Nov. 28, brought together only seven members. Again Binns showed his good form by making the fine score of 246. Scores: J. Binns 246, W. J. Hennessey 240, O. C. Boyce 237, C. L. Pinney 237, R. N. Duff 235, C. Bauchle 236, C. G. Reers 230.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Dec. 10-12.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Davenport, Ia.

Dec. 25.—Union Gun Club tournament, at Springfield, N. J.; 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. live birds; 1 P. M. until dark, targets. Open to all.

Dec. 25.—Open sweep at live birds, on Erh's grounds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.

1894.

Jan. 1.—South Side Gun Club's thirteenth New Year's annual, at Newark, N. J.

Jan. 9.—New Jersey vs. Kings county, team shoot, on Al. Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.

Feb. —.—Reading Shooting Association tournament; two days targets, one day live birds, at Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

April 24 27.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neh.

May 1-6.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

May 17-18.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's spring tournament.

May 22-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club thirteentb annual tournament: first days, target, $1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 11-17.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. $1,000 added money.

June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. O. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

Oct. 4-5.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

Boiling Springs vs. Passaic City.

PASSAIC, N. J., Nov. 30.—The fourth coutest between the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club and the Passaic City Gun Club for a silver cup of the value of $50 was held on the fine grounds of the first-mentioned club at Boiling Springs on Monday last and resulted in a victory for the Passaic boys. This club has won three of the four shoots and becomes the possessor of the prize. The afternoon was dark and cloudy and the targets were thrown very swiftly, and these two things made the shooting hard and accounts for the low scores made all around. Mr. Gardiner, of the Passaic team, was suffering greatly with neuralgia, which explains his low score. As Mr. Palmer fired at his seventeenth target his gun burst, about 6in. off the muzzle of his right barrel being blown asunder and tbe two barrels torn apart for about 18in. One peculiarity of the accident was tbat he broke his target. Tbe event rather unsettled his nerves, I judge, although finishing his shoot with another and heavier gun may have had something to do with it:

Boiling Springs.

Paul	1110110111110110110111000—17
James	1111111111100110101001101—18
Huck	1011011011110010110110011—16
Lane	0110000011101110101011111—15
Bergen	0101110111001110011111000—15
Griffith	1011011111110111111111110—21
Lenone	1110110011101011111100011—17
Collins	0010100001011110111110011—14
Grieff	0111110101101111100011011—17
Hollister	1001111101111101101011101—18—168

Passaic City.

Bowes	1011101011110101101001111—17
Kelly	1010111011110011011100111—17
Gardiner	0011011110001000010010010—10
Shaw	1111110011011100110101111—18
Palmer	0101111110010101110011001—15
Jelleme	1010011011101101111111110—18
Abbott	0111111110111110111110111—21
Gaston	0111111011011111101111000—18
Wise	1111011111111001111111110—21
Kevitt	1110111111111111011110111—22—177

	1	2	3	4	5	6		1	2	3	4	5	6
Abbott	8	7	8	6	8	9	Kelly	..	5	7	7	6	..
Wise	6	9	8	6	7	11	Bowes	..	8	6	7	7	..
Hemion	6	..	..	8	..	..	Pau	..	..	6	8	8	8
Kevitt	5	..	7	..	..	..	Grieff	..	..	8	6	7	..
Griffith	6	6	8	5	8	9	Gardiner	..	..	7	8	5	10
Lenone	5	6	7	5	6	..	Gaston	..	..	7	7	..	..
Apgar	..	9	9	10	10	..	James	..	..	8	5	..	..
Hall	..	4	4	4	..	..	Jelleme	..	..	7	..	..	..
Burgess	..	2	..	..	..	..	Lane	..	..	7	7	4	..
Shaw	..	9	9	..	..	..	Collins	..	..	..	7	6	..
Palmer	..	7	5	9	6	..	Huck	..	..	..	6	6	..
Blauvelt	..	6	..	..	..	..	Hollister	..	..	..	..	7	11

N. B.—All the above sweeps were at ten birds each, except No. 6, which was at fifteen birds. W.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

TWENTY-SEVEN members of tbe Hell Gate Gun Club, of New York city, assembled in Dexter Park, Long Island, on Tuesday, Nov. 28, for the final shoot of tbe season of 1893. The club event called for 10 birds per man, club handicap rules, 5 traps. The prizes consisted of four merchandise prizes put up by the club to be competed for during the season, tbe best averages to count. The weather on Tuesday was such as one meets with at this season of tbe year, atmosphere clear as a bell, a cold north wind that might have heen stored in the Arctic regions for a long season, with a cutting edge that would penetrate the heaviest clothing. It was a day in fact that required one to keep well in motion when exposed to tbe sweep of the wind in order to keep his circulation in a normal condition.

The birds were an average lot and the consequence was that only one of the 27 members in the contest, H. Thau, succeeded in making a clean score.

One member, J. Newman, succeeded in making a clean score of goose eggs; he should be entitled to recognition for a trophy at the annual meeting in January. Four finished their scores with 9 kills. Among them was Wm. Hogan, who slipped up on his tenth bird. It was a case of over confidence on Hogan's part. A little more care would have enahled us to record a clean score for William. Col. Voss was another one of the quartette in the 9 hole. The Colonel was forced into his position by the good staying qualities of his third bird, who when once on the wing kept going until he got beyond the reach of the Colonel as a counter except at the final round-up, when it counted as one in the heap to he divided for tbe final debut in the kitchen pot. Eugene Doeinck in his fifth bird got one of those birds that one sees now and again, one tbat when once free from the trap seems to fill the entire distance from trap to boundary in one elongated streak; one of those birds that the shooter never seems able to lead, but is always a little behind him.

The prize winners for the season, as given to us hy Mr. Doeinck, are as follows: First, Eugene Doeinck; second, C. Weber; third, P. Woelfel; fourth, J. Linck. Scores:

E Doeinck (28)	1121021121—9	F Mahlenbrock (25)	0000222120— 5
A Maeller (25)	1001101110—6	R Lludner (28)	01●0020022— 5
J Sehm (25)	0100220110—5	H W Voss (28)	0201210101— 6
P Woelfel (25)	1000122222—7	A Knodel (28)	0220220111— 7
F Fraenzkinck (28)	0000121020—4	A Kiechle (25)	0010220222— 6
J Newman (25)	0000000000—0	F Benz (25)	1000002020— 4
C Rieger (28)	0111021200—6	F Fay (25)	0202111222— 8
J Strahmann (28)	22●●120211—7	Daniels (28)	0011100021— 5
F Trootel (28)	2012012020—6	H Thau (28)	2111211111—10
T Rasmus (30)	2011111000—6	R Regan (28)	2210000010— 4
C Weber (28)	2010122201—7	W Hogan (25)	2212212120— 9
J Brode (28)	2202110121—8	J Linck (25)	0110220201— 6
J H Voss (28)	1111111212—9	E Peterson (28)	00101220●0— 4
Ch Rabenstein (28)	1212101221—9		

The Toronto Tournament.

TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 1.—Mr. George Briggs's tournament at the Woodbine Park, Toronto, Nov. 28, 29 and 30, was not as great a success in the way of attendance as could have been desired, but, to use the stereotyped expression for such occasions, those present had lots of good shooting and seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly; and as Mr. B. is a good loser, and paid out the guarantee without even a frown, we will conclude that the affair was a success all around. The universal prevalence of the grip kept a good many Canadian enthusiasts away and the last day of the tournament falling on your Thanksgiving Day, when about every gun club in the States held a local shoot, which kept a good many Americans from coming over whom we know would otberwise have been here.

The birds were far above the average in quality. Mr. Briggs had gone to considerable expense to provide good roomy lofts in which to keep them and as a consequence a duffer was a rare exception, and generally when the trap was pulled there was a crack of wings and a streak through the atmosphere, that required a very quick shot and a hold just right to secure the desired mark on the score sheet.

The weather was fair and it was very bad, the first and third days were clear, but a very strong wind blew across the traps, assisting many a bird over the boundary that on a quiet day would have been scored dead. The second day's shooting was started with the snow falling heavily, but before noon it turned into rain, and it rained so persistently and hard that though those shooting knew it made the birds slower in starting from the traps and slower in flight, yet it also made them—the shooters—so wet and uncomfortable that about 3 o'clock they asked for a postponement, which was accordingly had till the next day.

Mr. C. W. Miner, of the Union Gun Club, Victoria, British Columbia, won first money in the guarantee with the only straight score made. He has made himself very popular among the boys in Toronto, and no one begrudged him his success. He shoots a 7½lbs. Greener with E. C. powder in both barrels. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 20 pigeons, entry $10, $600 guaranteed:

McMurchy..11110110222211200212—16	R Smith...21220202120011012111—15
W Stroud..22222000120012122222—15	C Hardy...12211112122221210112—19
D Munson.10201201100102122000—11	M Reardon.01211101010122310101—14
W Dorland11102200111100121110—14	C Ayre....21011101221210010001—14
W Stricker11020200021001022021—11	W Emond .11211120111211212121—19
W Fitch...'0002221101102220223—14	C North...21102011222011011221—16
A St John..11201120010201111003—13	J Stanton..00201021120110112222—13
J Townson22112210111021121001—16	D Nogood.11000201121210019w.
D Blea.....01011212111111121121—18	P Wordley.11201021110021000112—13
A Dixon...10122111022020221111—17	J Davis...10122201102010022220—13
J Stroud..20221221012220202025—15	T Hanson..11111101221111000012—15
D C.....00221111022021110002—13	J Rice....20200111002w.
D Black...01111211112211121010—17	Chambers..10101002l200w.
D Casey...11101121120200w.	W Heath..20211212111000100w.
Moorcroft.02202000202000120011—10	J Brown...12001102212220121222—16
F Herbert.20111221022200002012—18	C W Miner.12211121122221211112—20
J Bellamy.11011102110022110022—14	A Emond..21112010022121102121—16
A C Eddy..11112200121002111210—15	T Margetts01122122120211200111—16
H George.21222222222122000022—16	J Blackall.02011001111211111122—16

No 2, ten pigeons, entry $7:

George	2111000112— 7	Dixon	2100101211— 7
Blea	2122201121— 9	McMurchy	2221111111—10
Roger	1111112021— 9	M. D.	1200221212— 8
Emond	2101111212— 9	C. W. Miner	1210011122— 8
R. Smith	2220111111— 9		

Extra No. 1, 5 pigeons, entry $2: H. George 4, W. Emond 5, H. McMurchy 5, W. H. Skinner 4, W. Fitch 3, W. Stroud 4, C. W. Miner 5, A. St. John 4, D. Munson 5, M. D. 4

Extra No. 2, 5 pigeons, entry $2:

Lewis	22200—3	Beldam	11221—5
Emond	11212—5	McMurchy	11012—4
Eddy	11022—4	W. Stroud	02212—4
M. D.	12201—4	D. Munson	10001—2
Crozier	10000—1	C. W. Miner	12111—5
Fitch	22100—3	R. Smith	00111—3
Anderson	20010—2	Moorcroft	12120—4
D. C.	02112—4		

Extra No. 3, 5 pigeons, entry $2: Emond 3, McDowall 3, Townson 2, Bugg 3, Kemp 3, Gordon 5, Cruthers 3, Norton 2, Stiffle 3, Bellamy 4.

Extra No. 4, 10 pigeons, entry $3: Emond 8, Bellamy 9, D. Spence 6, A. Spence 6, Rogers 7, Hardy 10, Blea 7, McMurchy 10.

Extra No. 5. 5 pigeons, entry $3: Bellamy 5, Peardon 2, McMurchy 5, Hardy 5, Sintzl 3, Emond 4, Miner 5, J. W. Brown 5.

TARGET EVENTS.

No. 1, 10 singles, entry $4: Stroud 8, M. D. 8, Eddy 10, Stephens 6, McMurchy 10, D. C 6, D. Black 8.

No. 2, 15 singles, entry $1.50:

Stroud	110011110011001111—10	M D	110011110011111—11
McMurchy	101111101111111—13	Black	100110111110011—10
Stephens	111111011011111—12	Kirkpatrick	001000010101001— 5
Stark	011110101011111—11	McDowall	101101001110111—10
Eddy	111111111010110—12		

No. 3, 10 singles, entry $1: Stephens 9, M. D. 5, McMurchy 10, Eddy 8, Stroud 9, Emond 9, Skinner 9, Lewis 8, Black 5, Crozier 8.

No. 4, 10 singles, entry: Emond 8, Skinner 8, McMurchy 9, Brown 7, Stephens 9, D. C. 7.

No. 5, 10 singles, entry $1: Skinner 8, R. Smith 6, Emond 10, Lewis 6, Kirkpatrick 9, McMurchy 10, Stroud 7, Sontag 7, Black 10. M. D 10.

No. 6, 10 singles, entry $1: Mr. D. 8, McMurchy 9, Lewis 10, Bellamy 7, Kirkpatrick 7, Martin 9, Black 7.

No. 7, 10 singles, entry $1: Mr. D. 9, Miner 8, Stroud 9, Emond 10, Eddy 8, McMurchy 10.

No. 8, 10 singles, entry $1: Stroud 8, Kinney 7, Miner 8, Chapman 6, McMurchy 9, R. Smith 7, Emond 10, M. D. 9, Lewis 8.

No. 9. 10 singles, entry $1: Kinney 7, Emond 7,. Bellamy 9, McMurchy 10, D. C. 8, R. Smith 8.

No. 10, 10 singles, $1 entry: Bellamy 8, Kinney 5, R. Smith 8, McMurchy 9, Emond 9, Brown 7, M. D. 7, D. C. 8, McDowall 9.

No. 11, 10 singles, $1 entry: McMurchy 10, Emond 10, Bellamy 6, C. W. Miner 8, Brown 8, Casey 8, M. D. 9, R Smith 6, Kinney 6, D. C. 6.

No. 12, 10 singles: Emond 8, McMurchy 10, R. Smith 9, Trigger 5, M. D. 8, D. C. 6, C. W. Miner 8, Brown 6. C. G. W.

Thanksgiving Day at Dexter Park.

TRUE to his custom, Louis Miller this season again sent out his invitations to the patrons of this popular trap-shooting resort to come out on Thanksgiving Day, partake of Mrs. Miller's turkey dinner, and withal try their hands at bluerocks and live birds. Louis' programme of 10 events, 7 at bluerocks and 3 at live birds, was of a nature to draw the average Dexter Park devotee, providing he was within drawing distance. This season many of Miller's patrons are taking advantage of their opportunities to get away to the shooting resorts of the South and along the Atlantic coast too far away to be within reach of their favorite pigeon ground, and as a consequence the assemblage at Dexter Park on this day was not up to that of years gone by. Those who were able to be on hand during the day were amply repaid for their pilgrimage. New Jersey, New York, Long Island and even Connecticut sent its representatives to participate in the day's sport. The day was one to be long remembered as the mildest and most pleasant for a long line of years. From early morn until evening an overcoat was a superfluous appendage. The day's sport opened with a 10 target sweep at bluerocks. In this event G. Wood landed first on the list with nine breaks to his credit.

It was after the fifth event that Mine Host Miller said, "Gentlemen, Mrs. Miller desires your presence down at the house" (hotel). A request of this nature upon such an occasion required no repetition on the part of Brother Miller, and in short order the hungry shooters had their legs under the tables in Mrs. Miller's dining room, where all soon engaged in the discussion of the ever returning (annual) subject—outs and ins of turkey. An hour devoted to this question had the effect of putting each and all in the best of humor with himself and his surroundings. With the return to the shooting house came a resumption of hostilities with the bluerocks.

With the opening of the live bird events came the most interesting part of the day's sport to the lover of shotgun shooting. Mr. Miller had on the grounds a fine lot of selected birds that once liberated from the trap tarried not, but made haste to reach the next county. Many got away from the traps in safety, only to fall victims to the pot-hunters on the outside, while some few escaped the general fusilade and will no doubt be returned to pass through the same experience again at some future date.

Lack of space will not permit us to go into the details of the many interesting incidents connected with the three live bird events, but we leave to our readers who have seen good birds and bandy shooters combined at the traps to supply by their imagination our omissions in this case when no doubt they will live over again the events of a most interesting Thanksgiving Day's sport ot the traps. Scores:

No. 1, 10 bluerocks: G. Wood 9, W. Thompson 8, L. Schortemeier 7, W. Kattenstroth 2, T. Short 7, J. Ferris 7, G. Osterbout 6, S. Lyons 6, S. Charler 4, J. Frank 0.

No. 2, 10 bluerocks: Thompson 6, Lyons 6, Short 7, Schortemeier 7, Osterbout 7, Charles 6, Ferris 6, Wood 6, Kattenstroth 3

No. 3, 15 bluerocks: Wood 12, Ferris 12, Schortemeier 12, Osterhout 11, Short 10, Thompson 9, Charles 8, Lyons 7, Frank 6, Kattenstroth 1.

No. 4, 10 bluerocks: Schortemeier 9, Wood 8, Short 7, Ferris 6, Fessenden 6, Lyons 4. Osterhout 3 Hosford 2, Charles 2.

No. 5, 10 bluerocks: Ferris 10, Schortemeier 9, Skidmore 7, Lyons 5, Short 5, Wood 4. Hosford 4, Fessenden 3. Katttenstroth 5, Thompson 5

No. 6, 10 bluerocks: Schortemeier 10, Ferris 8, Woods 7, Short 6, Lyons 6, Kattenstroth 4, Skidmore 3.

No. 7, 10 bluerocks: Woods 8, Ferris 8, Schortemeier 8, Short 8, Skidmore 7, Lyons 7.

No. 8, 5 live birds: Ferris 5, Schortemeier 4, Skidmore 4, Knebel, Jr., 4, Edgerton 4, Fessenden 3, Floyd 3, Wood 3, Lyons 2, Kattenstroth 1.

No. 9, 7 live birds: Fessenden 7, Floyd 6, Wood 6, Kattenstroth 5, Schortemeier 5, Skidmore 5, Knebel, Jr., 5, Edgerton 5, Molineri 4, Lyons 1, Ferris 2, Neisch 1.

No. 10, 5 live birds: Kattenstroth 3, Fessenden 3, Altenbrand 3 Edgerton 2, Loeble 2, Floyd 1.

Chicago Traps.

CHICAGO, Dec 1.—The Cbicago Sbooting Club will hold its first contest for the new club trophy at Watson's Park, Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 1 P. M. Future contests will be on the first Tuesday of each month. The conditions are 15 live birds per man, the shooter winning the medal the greatest number of times during the year to become absolute owner of same.

TOO COLD.

Watson's sboot Thanksgiving Day did not amount to a great deal, a cold and heavy snow practically killing all sport. Capt. Anson, now released from baseball duties and again pestering some in trap matters, was on hand, and so was Geo. Kleinman. The rest of the crowd was John Ruble, and Capt. Anse relates gleefully that he and George skun the rest of the crowd both at birds and targets.

The Garfield Club issues a neat season card, showing the percentages of the members in each of its three recognized classes, A, B and C. F. E. Coppernoll wins the Class A medal. Dr. J. W. Meek the Class B medal and R. S. Mott that for Class C. The full percentages of leading records follow, and may serve to give other clubs a pointer on a neat and stimulating club system.

	Total shoots attended	Total Birds shot at	Total Birds killed	Percentage for season	No. killed 10 best scores	P'c'tage trophy scores
			Class A.			
F E Coppernoll	20	500	435	87	230	92
H B Tefft	16	400	342	85.5	226	90 4
T P Hicks	15	475	404	85	227	90.8
Jas. P O'Brien	12	300	255	85	212	84.8
F E Adams	10	250	208	81.2	203	81.2
Osw. VonLengerke	6	150	121	80.6		
A V Drake	19	475	374	78.7	221	88.4
W R Fleming	9	225	175	77.7		
C P Richards	16	400	306	76 5	202	80.8
J H Robbins	8	200	153	76.5		
S Palmer	18	450	338	75.1	212	84.8
S E Young	18	450	333	74	201	80.4
A C Patterson	11	275	202	73.4	191	76.4
Thos. O'Neil	15	375	270	72	201	80.4
			Class B.			
W Palmer	12	300	226	75.3	196	78.4
Geo. Lauterbach	18	450	337	74.9	202	80.8
Dr. J W Meek	17	425	317	71.7	212	84.8
W P Northcott	12	300	215	70.7	188	75.2
F S Baird	9	225	154	68.4		
M R Bortree	8	200	136	68		
M L Bowers	16	400	271	67.7	189	75.6
F E Pilz	15	375	240	64	174	69.6
			Class C.			
R S Mott	17	425	280	65.9	189	75.6
J Northcott	10	250	147	58.8	147	58.8
Wm. Scott	8	200	116	58		
Dr. Hodson	17	425	241	56.7	169	67.6

DECATUR.

Decatur, Ill., Gun Club held a Thanksgiving shoot, and that live young city furnished a good turnout.

STOLE IT.

The other day I happened to look at the "rod and gun" department of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, and saw a paragraph which seemed familiar. It was a description of the World's Fair champion ship medal which John Watson had made for Charlie Grim of Clear Lake, Iowa, who won it so bandsomely here. The paragraph was taken bodily from FOREST AND STREAM, and no credit was given. I thank the gentlemanly thief for this and other thefts, there being a silent admisson that I can write a lot better than he can. FOREST AND STREAM is liberally stolen from, but can afford it. E. HOUGH.

Union and Maplewood Tie.

ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 2.—Inclosed find scores of the shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club held on Election Day. The team shoot between the Union Gun Club of Springfield and the Maplewoods was very close and exciting from start to finish and resulted in a tie. The tie will be shot off at Springfield on Christmas afternoon. On Christmas morning the same teams will shoot a live bird race, five-men teams at ten live pigeons per man, Manager Miller says he will bave a good supply of birds on hand for sweeps.

Team match, Union vs. Maplewood, at 25 targets per man:

Apgar	0111111111111011101111111—22
Sigler	0101011111101101111111101—19
Terry	0101101101110101101110010—16
Brant	1100111010111010001100111—16
Sickley	1111111110111111111111111—24
Jefferson	0000111110001010111010010—12
Tillou	0011110111111111010111001—18
Miller	0111011110110101111111111—30—147
Maplewood.	
Yeomans	1100111110101111011111111—20
Hobart	1001101111111010110100001—14
Siggins	1101111111111011111111101—22
Quad	1101101110011001011111110—17
Van Idestine	1110111011110101110010101—17
Drake	1011111100101111111111111—20
Smith	1010110110110101111100101—17
Breitnall	1001101101111111111111101—20—147

No. 1, 10 targets $1: Apgar 8, Hobart 6, Sigler 8, Yeomans 7, Burbidge 9, Smith 9.

No. 2, 10 targets $1: Hobart 7, Apgar 7, Burbidge 8, Yeomans 7, Sigler 10, Smith 9.

No. 3, 10 targets $1: Miller 9, Sigler 10, Burbidge 5, Drake 8, Yeomans 8, Apgar 8, Smith 8, Sickley 7, Briant 6, Jackson 4.

No. 4, 10 targets $1:

Van Idestine	0011001010—4	Hobart	1111111011—9
Smith	1011111111—9	Whitehead	0111110011—7
Burbidge	1111111110—9	Drake	0100101111—6
Yeomans	0111011111—8	Terry	1110000001—4
Siggins	0111111111—9	Miller	0111111011—8
Quad	1011101010—6	Jackson	1101111101—8
Apgar	1111111101—9	Nick Smith	1010111101—7
Sigler	1111100011—7		

No. 5, 10 targets $1: Hobart 6, Burbidge 9, Apgar 8, Yeomans 9, Smith 6, Sigler 10.

No. 6, 10 targets:

Hobart	1111001000—5	Breitnall	1111111111—10
Smith	1011001111—7	Drake	1111111111—10
Sigler	1111101111—9	Miller	1111110100— 7
Yeomans	1110011111—8	Bryant	0110111111— 8
Van Idestine	0110011111—7	Jackson	0001000010— 2
Siggins	1111101111—9		

No. 7, 10 birds $1: Sigler 6, Breintnall 9, Smith 7, Yeomans 9, Drake 10, Van Idestine 7. MOHEGAN.

Hartner's Thanksgiving Day Shoot.

ORANGEVILLE, Md., Dec. 1.—Inclosed find scores made yesterday at the holiday shoot given by John A Hartner. The shooting was at standard Keystone targets The best shooting of the day was done by Mr. Hartner, who uses a 7lbs. Greener and American wood powder. Wm. A. Field also did some good work. The results:

Event No. 1, 10 targets, 5 traps, entrance $1:

Wm Field	1111011011— 8	Hartner	1111111111—10
J Catiz	1101101110— 7	Miss Theman	0010010000— 2
J Shackleford	1100111010— 6	Mrs. J A Hartner	1010110111— 6
G H Hall	1101101111— 8	Kimble	1001101100— 5
P Snider	1101101110— 7	Miss Stableford	0000000000— 0

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents: J. Catiz 7, Shackleford 7, Field 9, S. H. Hall 9, Snider 8, Hartner 10, Mrs. Hartner 5, Kimble 7.

No. 3, 15 targets, entrance $1:

Catiz	111010110101111—11	Kimble	101101110111001—10
Shackleford	110111011101111—12	Hartner	011111111111111—14
Field	111111011111011—13	Wise	110010011110110— 9
G H Hall	101100110001101— 8	Adams	110111001110111—11

No. 4, 10 targets: Catiz 8, Shackleford 8, G. H. Hall 5, Kimble 6, Wise 7, Adams 5, Lynch 7, Jackson 9, Hartner 10.

No. 5, 10 targets:

Catiz	1101111011—8	Wise	1000111000—4
Shackleford	1000110101—5	Adams	1101100011—6
Field	1101111011—8	Lynch	1011011101—7
G H Hall	1101110001—6	Jackson	1110111011—8
Kimble	1100001000—3	Hartner	1101111111—9

Forest City Gun Club Tournament.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—The Forest Gun Club Tournament of to-day was not the success anticipated, what with football matcbes and other games going on all around us made the attendance very slim at tbis shoot. Not more than three squads of six in any event in the whole day. Such old reliables as H. Landis, E. David, J. A. Mills, John W. Treadway and H. Thurman were on hand of course, and our old friends from Delaware, John Evans and John Cleaver were also there and shooting in great form. The programme called for 10 events, five at known angles, and five at unknown angles, and a surplus shoot. The club charged three cents for each target thrown and allowed one cent each for a surplus shoot, all the shooters that shot through the programme being entitled to enter, paying only the price of the targets. This event was shot off at 15 targets, known angles.

The weather to day was a surprise to every one, more like a spring day in May than a winter day. In the middle of the day it was very warm.

The afternoon brought over some of our shooting friends from Frankford; among them being Jas. Wolstencroft, Wm. H. Wolstencroft, Isaac Wolstencroft, Capt. W. H. Peck and Nat Swope.

Mr. A. J. Rust, captain of the Keystone League, I am sorry to say is lying at his home very sick with pneumonia, but we are all in hopes, from reports received, that he will soon be on his feet again.

The principal workers deserve great credit for the smooth way in which everything was allowed to glide along to suit the shooters and make a pleasant day for every one. The shooting was started exactly at the time the programme said it would be, and the programme events were finished at 2:30 P. M., after which the day was finished with extra events.

No. 1, 10 targets, known traps and angles: Landis 9, David 8, Henry 8, Mills 8, Morrison 10, Tredway 10, Whitcomb 8, Lane 9, Thurman 9.

No. 2, 15 targets, known traps and angles: Landis 13, David 11, Henry 14, Mills 10, Morrison 11 Tredway 13 Willard 13, Lane 13, Cleaver 11, Evans 14, Thurman 12, Wbitcomb 14

No. 3, 20 targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Landis	11111111111011011111—18
Davids	11111011111011111110—17
Henry	11111111111111111111—20
Mills	00011001001001110001— 8
Morison	00111101000100111011—11
Tredway	11111110110111011111—17
Thurman	11111111111111111111—20
Lane	10100111111111011111—16
Willard	11111101011111111011—16
Cleaver	11110111011111111110—17
Evans	11111011111111111111—17

No. 4. 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles: Landis 13, David 14, Henry 12, Mills 10, Morrison 15, Tredway 13, Thurman 13, Willard 12, Evans 14, Lane 10, Cleaver 14.

No. 5, 10 targets, known traps, unknown angles: Landis 9, David 8, Henry 9, Mills 9, Morrison 8, Tredway 9, Tburman 9, Whitcomb 7, Lane 8, Willard 6, Evans 8, Cleaver 8.

No. 6, 20 targets, known traps and angles: Landis 17, David 17, Henry 18, Mills 15, Morrison 15, Tredway 18, Thurman 16, Willard 18, Cleaver 16, Lane 16, Evans 20.

No. 7, 10 targets, known traps and angles: Landis 9, David 8, Henry 10, Mills 8, Morrison 10, Tredway 9, Thurman 10, Wetzel 8, Lane 8, Whitcomb 7, Evans 7, Cleaver 9.

No. 8, 15 targets, unknown angles: Landis 15, David 14, Henry 13, Mills 8, Morrison 11, Tredway 11, Thurman 13, Evans 12, Whitcomb 8, Lane 11, Blondin 7.

No. 9, 20 targets, unknown angles:

Landis	11111110111111011111—18
David	11111011101111101101—16
Henry	10010111111111111101—16
Mills	11110111101101110111—16
Morison	00110111111010111111—15
Tredway	11101111111111111011—18
Thurman	11111111101111111111—19
Evans	11111011111111101101—17
Cleaver	11111101111111111111—19
Lane	00111101111111100111—15
Blondin	11111111011100111111—17
Stillwell	01011000001101111101—17

No. 10, known angles, 10 targets: Landis 8, David 10, Henry 9, Mills 6, Morrison 10, Tredway 7, Thurman 9, Whitcomb 6, Lane 8, Blondin 7, Evans 9, Cleaver 9, Chew 6, Wetzel 5, Willard 9, W. H. W. 8, J. H. W. 9, Pack 5.

Surplus shoot, 15 targets, known angles: Landis 13, David 14, Mills 6, Tburman 12, Lane 13, David 14, Morrison 15, Cleaver 15, Henry 14, Tredway 13, Evans 14.

Extra event No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles: Landis 14, J. H. W. 13, Thurman 12, Cleaver 15, Henry 15, Willard 11, Mills 9, David 13, W. H. W. 12, Pack 9, Blondin 8, Morrison 12

Extra No. 2, 20 targets, unknown angles: Landis 16, W. A. W. 17, Cleaver 18, Lane 16, Willard 16, J. H. W. 17, David 15, Henry 17, Thurman 15, Tredway 18.

Extra No. 3, 10 targets, unknown angles: Morrison 7, Henry 10, Lane 12, Tredway 8, W. H. W. 10, Landis 9, Whitcomb 4. M. T.

Flemington Gun Club.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., Nov. 30.—The first four events were at live pigeons, the fifth was at bluerocks. The live birds were slow to start, but when they got started were "daisy cutters," all fast flyers. All moneys divided. Match at live pigeons, 28 and 30yds. rise, $1 entrance, American rules, one trap:

Shaffer	00010 —1	Lott	10211—4
Henzler	11102—4	Hulsizer	10011—3
Trewin	02020 —4		

Second, same conditions:

Shaffer	00220 —2	Chamberlin	00220—2
Lott	10211—4	Pickel	02000 —1
LaRue	12111—5	Broadhead	00100—1
Reading	00212—3	Henzler	11102 —4
D B Boss	01011—3	Hulsizer	10011—3

Third, same conditions:

Moore	22001 —3	LaRue	01211—4
Shaffer	00001—1	Hulsizer	00010—1
Broadhead	20201 —3	Chamberlin	02020—2
Henzler	01022 —3		

Third, 6 live birds:

Shaffer	110001—3	LaRue	211101—5
Broadhead	022110—4	Hulsizer	212011—5
Henzler	110121—5		

Match at 10 single bluerocks, 3 traps, unknown angles, no entrance:

O LaRue	0001111111—8	Green	0001111100—5
Moore	1011110110—7	Hulsizer	1110000100—4
Hyde	1101011101—7	Henzler	0100100001—3
Lott	1101101011—7	Broadhead	1010000010—3
Chamberlin	0010101101 —6	Shaffer	0001000001—2
Pickel	1110011001—6	P LaRue	0000000000— 0
Tennison	1100011011—6		

At Matz's Three-Mile House.

SHILLINGTON, Pa., Dec. 1.—I send herewith scores made yesterday by members and friends of the Reading Shooting Association. The day was a beautiful one and everybody had a good time. The shooting was done on the grounds of the association connected with the Three-mile House of Henry Matz, president of the association, and everything was in tip-top order. Among the visitors were Dr. Swartz of Lebanon; Oscar Melot of Fleetwood; Bob Fritcn of Kensington; George Zellers and George Gruber of Stoucbburg.

The birds were a good lot, in fact poor birds are rarely seen here. The number of dead out of bounds show that they were lead-carriers. The scores follow, event No. 1 being at ten live birds, $5 entry, three moneys; No. 2 at live birds, $3 entry, three moneys, and No. 3 a miss and out, $1 entry:

	No. 1.	No. 2	No. 3.
Fritch	01110102e0—6	12101—4	0
Meloe	1021101222—8	11211—5	122
Swartz	2201111110—8	10e11—3	21e
Zellers	2110e11001—6	01201—3	212
Gruber	2222122112—10	22210—4	0
Tchaabber	101e221221—8	02121—4	1e
Harrison	2020222222—8	22012—4	222
Smeck	1022111112—9	21111—5	212
Gechter	1011212010—7	23011—4	...
Matz	11e22121e0—7	21222—5	...
Kuensnittz	2021010221—7	...	...

SHILLINGTON.

On the East Side-Mutual Grounds.

WIEDENMEYER'S PARK, on Hamburg Place, Newark, N. J., was visited on Nov. 30, by a baker's dozen of shooters, this being a good attendance when the number of club shoots on that day are considered. The scores:

No. 1, 10 birds, $5 entry:

Koegel	0110101111—7	Yung	1101110001—6
Schork	1011110011—7	Perry	1100111011—7
Koehler	0111111110—8	Reinhard	0101101011—6
Hassinger	0011111111—8	Terment	0101101201—5
Heinrich	0110100111—6	Lenthauser	0100100000—2
Schilling	1000111001—5	Mahon	1100110000—4
Fischer	1110101001—6		

No. 2, 5 birds, $4 entry: Koegel 3, Hassinger 4, Perment 4, Koehler 3, Fischer 2.

No. 3, 5 birds, $4 entry:

Koegel	11011—4	Heinrich	10000—3
Hassinger	11111—5	Perry	01111—4
Perment	01111—4	Yung	11110—4
Koehler	11010—3	Schilling	11111—5
Fischer	11111—5		

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

There is a strong feeling among New Jersey trap-shooters in favor of forming a league of live bird clubs and arranging a series of team contests, one on the grounds of each club, a trophy to go to the club killing the highest aggregate number of birds in the series. The idea is a commendable one and should be at once brought to a successful issue. There are active clubs enough in the State to form a strong league, while as to the skill of the Jersey shooters little need be said. The most active of the live bird clubs of the State, leaving out a few of the "exclusive" organizations, are the Newark Gun Club, Paterson Gun Club, Boiling Springs Fish and Gun Club of Rutherford, Climax Gun Club of Plainfield, Union Hill Gun Club, Midway Gun Club of Matawan, Riverside Gun Club of Red Bank, and the Central Gun Club of Long Branch, a total of eight clubs. There are a number of organizations which hold occasional shoots, but the above are all that can be considered as doing regular work. If such a league were organized, Trenton would probably come in time with a club, and possibly the recently formed Cosmopolitan Gun Club and the Union Gun Club of Springfield might also enter the ranks. We should be pleased to see such a league formed and will do whatever lies in our power to hasten the formation, which cannot be effected at too early a date. The series of shoots should begin in January, in order to run out the full series before the season gets too far advanced. We understand that an effort to form a State League is to be made on the day of the shoot between New Jersey and Kings County, but see no reason why the scheme should not be started at once,

The Myrtle Park Gun Club of Irvington held a target shoot on Thanksgiving day, about half a dozen shooters being on hand. The events were at 10 targets each, and the results follow: No. 1: Compton 7, Smith 7, McCollum 4, Osborne 6,. No. 2: Osborne 7, Smith 8, McCollum 8, Compton 10. No. 3: Compton 8 Smith 6, McCollum 6, Osborne 5. No. 4: Osborne 5, Smith 10, McCollum 5, Compton 8. No. 5: Wilson 5, Osborne 6, Cummings 6, English 6, Baldwin 2. No. 6: McCollum 8, T. Smith 8, M. Smith 4, Osborne 8, Fred. Compton 10, Cummins 6. No. 7: McCollum 8, Tracy 0, M. Smith 4, Osborne 8, English 7, Cummin 7. No. 8: McCollum 5, T. Smith 8, W. Compton 4, Osborne 6, Fred. Compton 5. No. 9: McCollum 5, T. Smith 7, W. Compton 4, Osborne 8, F. Compton 8, Cummins 7. No. 10: McCollum 9, T. Smith 9, W. Compton 6, Osborne 7, F. Compton 8, Cummin 7. No. 11: McCollum 6, T. Smith 8, W. Compton 8, Osborne 8, Fred. Compton 7, Cummin 8. No. 12. McCollum 6, Tracy 2, M. Smith 8, Osborne 8, English 9, Cummin 8.

We are informed by Mr. C. H. Finch of Syracuse, who furnished us the picture of Messrs. Wingert and Bradford of Detroit, published in our issue of Nov. 18, that the article accompanying the picture contained a number of errors and omissions. Mr. Finch, who has the most complete record of the New York State Conventions of any man in the State, says: "The first breechloaders seen at a State Convention were at Niagara Falls in 1865, Jas. Myer, Jr., having a Lafaucheux pin-fire and Dr. Mead of New York having a central-fire (I think a Scott). It was at the LeRoy Convention in 1867 that the altered gun appeared, one being shown by Charles Bradford, one of the subjects of your illustration, and the other, a central-fire, by Daniel M. Lefever. At the same shoot was shown the first specimen of the chokehore, brought by C. M. Spencer (I think he was the rifle-maker). This choke was a queer-looking institution, and screwed on to the muzzle. This was a single-barrel gun and seemed to be effective."

The grounds of the Union Gun Club, at Springfield, N. J., will be the scene of some big shooting on Christmas Day, provided the weather be favorable. Enoch D. Miller informs us that there will be live bird shooting from 9 A. M. until 1 P. M., with a lot of pigeons that will make the boys hold their guns true in order to score straights. In the afternoon, beginning at 1 P. M., there will be shooting at artificial targets. The above events, both at live birds and targets, will be open to all and should attract a big crowd of contestants. During the afternoon there will also take place the second of the series of shoots between teams of five men each from the Union Gun Club and the Maplewood Gun Club, each man to shoot at ten live pigeons. Later on there will be a match between teams of ten men each from the same clubs as above, each man shooting at twenty-five targets. There will be plenty of Christmas lunch, hot coffee, etc., on hand.

The Rochester Gun Club team won the first of the series of three-cornered shoots between Auburn, Syracuse and Rochester, shot at Auburn. The scores of the teams follow:

Rochester Team: Hadley 24, Norton 18, W. J. Mann 22, Hicks 20, Stewart 19, Rissinger 17, Meyer 21, C. Smith 18, Glover 23, Wolcott 15, Lane 21, Beyer 22; total, 240.

Auburn Team: Bridgden 20, W. H. Stewart 19, Vanderloo 17, Garrett 21, Levitt 14, Stelle 14, Whyte 22, Tuttie 22, Goodrich 23, Whitney 21, Wagner 22, Carr 23; total, 238.

Syracuse Team: Le Fever 20, G. H. Mann 14, Dugard 23, C. Ayling 23, Ginty 21, Holloway 16, Hudson 20, Hookway 19, Courtney 20, H. Ayling 17, McMurchy 21, Mowry 18; total, 232.

The regular holiday shoot of the Empire Gun Club was held on Thanksgiving Day at the Flatlands shooting grounds, Dean street and Howard avenue, Brooklyn. Eleven marksmen, under the captaincy of Joseph Woolley, participated in the shoot at five birds each, twenty-five yards rise. Long Island rules. J. Woolley, J. Morgenhacher, Frank May and Joe Foster killed four each for first place; C. Bennison killed three and won second. The score: Joseph Woolley 4, John Morgenbacher 4, Frank May 4, John Foster 4, Samuel Bennison 3, Edward Gott 2, George Fassnacht 2, James Murray 2, Charles Rungert 1, Joseph Geary 1, Henry Gerken 1.

At the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Perth Amboy (N. J.) Gun Club W. F. Watson killed all the birds he shot at.

The Delancy Gun Club, a new organization of Newark, N. J. held a shoot on Thanksgiving Day on Wheeler's Point Road, each member shooting at 10 live pigeons, for a medal. The scores:

F. Maier	1112121222—10	C. Haskard	0100222201— 6
F. Farley	2220112111— 9	E. Haskard	0000112002— 4
J. Fischer	0121122112— 9	*C. Barnes	2202120122— 8
G. Smith	2111101220— 8		

The addition of a live-bird day to the programme of the Knoxville Gun Club is likely to increase their entry lists far beyond the numbers recorded at last May's shoot. Several Northern shooters have signified their intention of going down for the final day's sport, but the chances are that they will be on hand from start to finish. The $1,000 to be given away on the first three days will be a strong incentive.

Harry Matz, the genial and popular president of the Reading Shooting Association, writes us that his association will hold an open to all tournament in February on the association grounds, at the Three-Mile House, Shillington. There will be two days' sport at targets and one day at live pigeons. Mr. Matz promises a lot of birds that will fool the talent.

Enoch D. Miller, of Springfield, N. J., writes us that he has just returned from a hunt in Pennsylvania and reports as a result of four days' work a bag of thirty-two partridge, three quail, four rabbits and one woodduck. Mr. Miller hunted alone during the entire time. We doubt if any better bag has been made this season by one gun.

We learn from Mr. W. S. French that the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association had decided upon June 11 to 17, inclusive, as the dates upon which shall be held the thirty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Utica.

The West Orange Gun Club was recently organized with these officers: President, Charles Grosbung; vice-president, Frank Storms; financial secretary, S. Schwab; treasurer, P. J. Feeney. The club held its initial shoot on Thanksgiving Day and afterwards discussed a dinner given by Wm. P. Dunn at the Llewellyn Park Hotel.

At the last shoot of the West Jersey Gun Club, of Camden, the number of targets broke and missed were as follows: Griscom 35-14, Moore 32-18, Voorhees 43-15, Hanson 43-15, Thompson 47-7, Chalmers 38-14, Ridgeway 35-25, Hufly 29-81, Gitts 39-10, Leaming 34-16.

The new catalogue combined with the programme for the 1894 tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, will be ready for distribution about Jan. 1. It will be an elahorate affair and well worth procuring.

J. J. Blauvelt, manager of the Excelsior Gun Club of Pearl River, N. Y., notifies us that blue rock targets will be used at the club's open tournament on Dec. 14. Trains leave N. J. & N. Y. R. R. (Erie station) at 7.52 and 9 52 A. M. and 2 P. M.

We regret to state that A. J. Rust, captain of the Keystone Shooting League, is confined to his Philadelphia home suffering from an attack of pneumonia. We unite with his many friends in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Thomas W. Morfey, of Paterson, and Charles F. Lenone, of Passaic, were to have shot at Paterson on Dec. 1, but sickness in the family of Mr. Lenone caused a postponement.

Next Thursday will be Newark Gun Club day at Erb's grounds and it is hoped that more than the usual half dozen shooters will appear.

The West Newburg Gun and Rifle Association claims May 17 and 18, and Oct. 4 and 5 for its 1894 tournaments.

Trap scores should reach us not later than Monday P. M. in order to insure insertion in the same week's issue.

There will be all day shoots at Erb's grounds on Christmas and New Year's Day. Live birds will be used.

C. H. Townsend.

If you have a friend who is so attached to business that he cannot go shooting, but might at least like to read about it in "Forest and Stream," tell us his name and address and we'll send him one of the

"FOREST AND STREAM'S" SILVER BULLSEYES.

Thanksgiving Day at Erb's.

The fine weather of Thanksgiving Day drew about a half-dozen shooters to John Erb's "Oldstone House" grounds in Newark, and between 1 P. M. and dark 300 birds were trapped. The birds were of good quality. Among those present were W. S. Cannon, the one-armed expert; W. G. Hollis of Kearny, Dr. P. J. Zeglic of Warrenville and "Uncle Billy" Hughes of Jersey. During the day there were shot six sweeps at 10 birds each, $5 entry, two moneys. The sport only stopped when darkness prevented the birds from being seen. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Cannon	1220201012— 7	1202022221— 8	2112022122— 9	2112212200— 8
Hollis	0212110022— 7	1011122212— 9	2002122122— 8	1101101100— 6
P Jay	2220110021— 7	2111222112—10	1122121112—10	2222121100— 8
Erb	1111021101— 8	1010011012— 6	1120011202— 7	.....
Hughes	.....	1222122012— 9	0100101020— 4	1201122102— 8
John's	.....	0101010211— 6	1121101121— 9	2220011210— 7
Morris	.....	.....	.....	0010121220— 6

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Cannon	2222211112—10	2211000002— 5
Hollis	1222121112—10	2101011101— 7
P Jay	1101122111— 9	1111111012— 9
John's	1120201202— 7	0000111020— 4

On the Morristown Grounds.

Half a dozen experts visited the Morristown Driving Park on Nov. 30 and put in an hour shooting live birds. Among the party were M. F. Lindsley and J. A. R. Elliott, who came from Hoboken to arrange a match for Mr. Elliott against Mr. Class. They succeeded in doing this and yesterday were billed to settle the affair at Willard's Park, in Paterson.

The birds shot at Morristown were a good lot, as is shown by the absence of clean scores. Event No. 1 was at 8 live birds, $7 entry, and No. 2 at 10 live birds, $10 entry, and the results are here shown:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Leonard	12112012—7	2001201011—6
Lindsley	00222220—5	0220122222—8
Timmons	02112121—7	0211000101—5
Elliot	22212021—7	0101212121—8
Class	22212200—6	2121121100—8
Armstrong	02222211—7	2001021012—6

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

O. W. S.—We cannot give you the name of the dealer in Indian relics.

J. R. T., Norwich, Conn.—Can you tell me how to dress the skins of small fur-bearing animals—mink, muskrat and fox—and can you tell me where I can find any information on the subject? Ans.- The subject is too complex to answer here. Gibson's "Camp Life and Tricks of Trapping" gives full information on the subject. Price $1 postpaid.

W. L. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Under the head "On a Stand in West Virginia," page 427, Nov. 18, you give us an interesting story of hunting deer with hounds. Is this not contrary to law of West Virginia or did this incident happen prior to code of 1884, which prohibits the use of hounds? My last copy of *Game Laws in Brief* does not show that this law was changed in West Virginia. Ans. It appears to have been a clear violation of the statute.

C. H., Yonkers, N. Y.—1. Where can I get a map and guide to Long Island, one giving the railways, roads, lakes, bays and rivers, and such other information as would be useful to a gunner? 2. Being very much interested in the article on "Deer Hunting on Long Island," I would like to know if a non-resident can shoot on the grounds mentioned, or if it is owned by private individuals or clubs? 3. Where on Long Island or the neighborhood of New York would I be likely to get some duck shooting about Christmas? 4. I shot a few ducks on the Hudson near Tarrytown, but they smelled and tasted so strongly of fish that they were almost worthless as food. I would like to know if there is any way to destroy the fishy taste and smell. What kind of duck it was I don't know. It was larger than a widgeon and not so large as a mallard (such as I knew them in the British Isles). It was evidently a diver of some kind. Ans. 1. We can send you road map of Long Island for either $1 or $2.50. 2. There are no restrictions against shooting on the grounds mentioned in the article. 3. Write O. B. Tuthill, E. Moriches, L. I., or Jacob De Waal, Sayville, L. I. 4. We cannot name the duck from your description, though it was very likely a coot. To destroy the fishy taste, parboil the ducks in water with an onion in it. After parboiling them discard the onion and lay the ducks in cold water for half an hour, after which they may be roasted, broiled, fried or stewed. This receipt is from "Hints and Points for Sportsmen." Postpaid $1.50.

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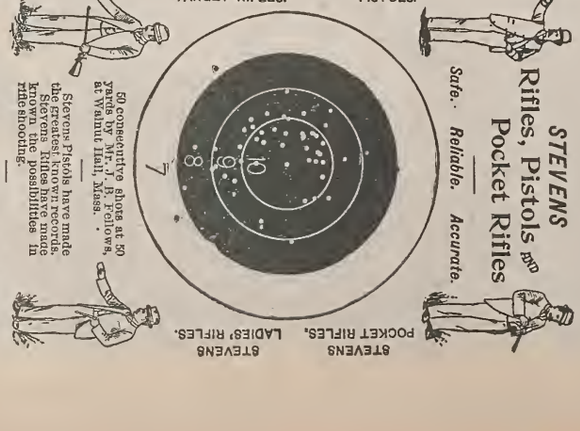

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Here you may sit at your ease or your peril on the rough little counter or on one of the half dozen rickety chairs, weak but hospitable even in the decrepitude of age.

Here you will find more genial companionship and get more useful information in an hour spent with this unassuming craftsman than in a day with the pretentious Major.

You discover that it is not altogether greed for fish and game that entices him abroad in the few days wherein are conjoined an allurement of propitious weather and slackness of work.

He admits with a laugh at himself, that he killed nothing in his last day's outing, but asserts that he had nevertheless a right good time. He got a fortnight's kinks out of his back and shoulders, a heartening smell of the woods, a feast of fresh air, and caught some of the wood folk at a new trick or uttering a heretofore unheard or unrecognized note, or he has seen some strange freak of nature. If you are interested, he imparts to you his small discoveries, a poor but hospitable host sharing his meager fare with a hungry wayfarer.

Or, you may find him just returned from a stolen half-day's excursion, rejoicing over a lucky shot, never claiming it to be more, and he relates with the particulars of circumstance and place, the finding of his grouse and how he brought it down, as it whirred and clattered almost unseen in the haze of brush.

When you desire a sight of the finest bird he ever killed, he bashfully confesses that he left it at a sick neighbor's on his way home (a mile out of it though), but as he knew the sick man would not care he stuck one of the tail feathers in his hat, and this he displays with great satisfaction. He sticks it up on the wall beside the dried head of a big bass and the plumy tail of a gray squirrel, and you know by the far away look in his eyes that it will need but a glance at these when the days of toil are long unbroken to conjure up the pleasant, restful loneliness of the woods, the glint of clear waters and the music of their voices.

He does not consort much with men in his outings, but of choice with boys, whom he delights to instruct in woodcraft and the mysteries of the gentle art. He baits the small boys' hooks with infinite care and unhooks the horned pouts and thorny-backed perch for them, untangles lines and recovers snagged hooks for them; he mends the big boys' tackle, is uncle to them all and rejoices in their luck as if it were his own.

As you listen to his kindly and interested discourse concerning the wild world and its sports that he so unaffectedly loves, and look at the homely, genial face in setting of grizzled hair and beard, beaming with genuine enthusiasm, you realize that it needs something more than an eminently respectable presence and learned talk of high-bred dogs, fine guns and fancy tackle, or even the possession of them, to make a true sportsman, for here is one in patched raiment and leather apron, who scarcely knows a pointer from a setter, nor ever owned a high-priced gun or rod, and yet is a true sportsman in the best sense of that abused title.

For is he not an ardent lover of honest sport, appreciating something in its achievements beyond skillful slaughter and the making of heavy scores? Is it not a privilege to have the confidence of this honest man and to associate with this simple and enthusiastic lover of nature?

BEARS OF NORTH AMERICA.

MR. BROWN'S article on the different species of North American bears printed in another column will be read with equal interest by sportsmen and naturalists. Persons who have traveled much through the central Rocky Mountain region will not have failed to notice that, among the captive bears so frequently seen chained up at stations, saloons and ranch houses, there are but few which are black in color. At the same time these bears are almost always short-clawed animals and thus are not of the grizzly type. No doubt many of those who have noticed this preponderancy of pale, short-clawed bears have wondered why the brown form of *Ursus americanus* is so much more common than the black in this region, for all who have noted these facts have taken it for granted that these bears—though not black in color—were really black bears. At the same time the speculative traveler will have observed that many of these captives are red in color, as a red cow is red, or rather even paler still, almost the color of a yellow dog. He will have observed too, that some of them seem unusually flat-faced and have not the cast of countenance which is noticed in the dead bears which have fallen to his rifle, or in the living ones that he has seen in cages. Mr. Brown's discovery in the Rocky Mountains of a third species of bear which is red in color, would account for some of the puzzling facts that we have referred to.

The paper is in its own field one of the most important that we have published for a long time, but additional material is needed far the confirmation of some of Mr. Brown's conclusions and for the establishment of his hypothesis. It may well enough be within the power of some of our western readers to supply skins, skulls and observations which would be welcome to the author of this paper, and we are sure that he would be glad to receive communications on this subject.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE decisions of the lower courts in the Moses Sunday fishing case have just been sustained by the New York Court of Appeals. Mr. Robert H. Moses, of this city, is a member of a club which controls the fishing of Clark's Lake, in Orange county. In the spring of 1892 the club caused the punishment of certain trespassers, and in return the trespassers instigated the prosecution of Mr. Moses for fishing in the club waters on Sunday. He was convicted, but on the ground that the statute did not apply to private waters carried the case to the highest court, only to have the conviction stand. It is unlikely that this finding will have any appreciable effect upon Sunday fishing in the State. The law will continue to be practically a dead letter, resorted to only at rare intervals as a spite measure for revenge, as it was in this case, and in the case of the net fishermen's prosecution of the Sunday fishermen at Jamaica Bay a year or two ago.

The circumstances attending the death of Wallace E. Blackford of Brooklyn, at the early age of 23 years, were pathetic in an unusual degree. It was only on the previous Monday that Mr. Blackford had been married; while returning from the church where the ceremony had taken place he was prostrated with illness, grew rapidly worse and died on Monday, Oct. 11. Wallace was the only son of ex-Fish Commissioner Eugene G. Blackford, and was associated with him in the responsible management of their establishment in Fulton Market of this city. He was a young man of proved business ability, esteemed for his sterling traits of character, and by his winning ways endeared to hosts of friends. In this sudden bereavement by the death of one in whose bright future a father's hopes were so fondly centered, ex-Commissioner Blackford will have the deepest sympathy.

Ex-Fish and Game Commissioner Elliott B. Hodge of Plymouth, N. H., who died last week, will long be remembered as one of the pioneer workers in the public interests of fish and game protection. When Commissioners Powers and Webber were exploring the State in 1877, in search of a suitable spot for a trout and salmon hatchery, they discovered Mr. Hodge photographing at Plymouth, and he put them on track of the springs at Livermore Falls, where the first hatching house was started. He was of the greatest assistance to the Commission for several years, and when Mr. Powers resigned, from ill health, was selected to take his place, which he filled with great success for several years, until he was attacked with the insidious disease which has finally carried him off. A native of New Brunswick, his early life was spent in that province and Canada, among the salmon waters, and he was wonderfully familiar with all the habits and characteristics of the *Salmonidæ*. He also proved an admirable game protector, and probably brought more men to justice for violating the laws than was ever done before in New Hampshire. After his retirement from the Fish and Game Commission he still retained the charge and direction of the hatcheries, which, now ten in number, were responsibility enough for any one man.

When Mr. Edmund Day, of the Salvini Company, who is known to FOREST AND STREAM readers as "The General," sent an invitation to the staff last week to spend an evening at the Star Theatre, he wrote: "As we are indebted to FOREST AND STREAM for locating the sections of the country where good shooting is obtainable, it will afford us no end of pleasure to unravel the mysteries of the romantic drama before the staff." It is interesting to note that of the players who unraveled the mysteries, two others besides Mr. Day are sportsmen. Alexander Salvini is very fond of quail shooting, and Miss Eleanor Moretti, his leading lady, devotes much enthusiasm to trout fishing. Sportsmen are to be found in all occupations and vocations of life, but the stage has produced one of the very finest brands. Members of this profession have unusual opportunities for observation, and are never loath to communicate what is of interest to brothers in the craft. May their writing long add charm to the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

The wholesale destruction of eggs of wildfowl, on the breeding grounds north of the United States, is an abuse which has often been commented upon in these columns, and for the correction of which it appears difficult to devise a sufficient remedy. The Indians gather the eggs for food; and vast quantities also are collected for the white part, or albumen, which is used extensively in the arts. Under the present tariff, while eggs are taxed five cents per dozen, albumen is admitted free. The Wilson Bill will make the whole egg free. President W. R. Huntington of the Ohio Fish and Game Commission sends us a letter, in which he contends that this proposed change of duty will stimulate the destruction of wildfowl eggs for commercial purposes. Just how it is to have this effect we do not clearly understand; but every one will agree unreservedly with Mr. Huntington's proposition that the importation of game bird eggs should be prohibited, if a practicable measure can be devised for accomplishing that end.

Our game columns this week contain three news items which are full of suggestion. One reports the coming of European red deer to an American game park; a second records the importation of foreign game birds contemplated by the sportsmen of Maine; and a third chronicles a movement to bring to Pennsylvania quail from the West. These game stocking enterprises are as yet in large degree experimental and tentative; but as increasing attention shall be given to such work there will soon be abundant experience to furnish safe guidance. This is the day of small beginnings. Such movements grow with tremendous rapidity in America. It is certain that we shall make test of one expedient and another, until in one way or another an abundant game supply shall be assured.

Special interest will be taken in the projected importation of black game and capercailzie into Maine. A full account of the habits and game qualities of the species, from the pen of Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., our Minister to Sweden, has been printed in the FOREST AND STREAM. Many persons who are familiar with the home of these birds and with the northern portions of the United States, have testified that American covers are suitable for the game. Their introduction on an adequate scale is surely most desirable; we trust that the promoters of the Maine movement may have support.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FROM PENOBSCOT TO YELLOWSTONE IN TEN MINUTES.

When I was a small boy I remember reading a story of a fortunate individual who possessed a pair of magic boots. "Seven-league boots," he called them, and when he wished to make a journey—there being no ocean greyhounds or limited express trains in those days—he pulled on the magic boots and strode away over hill and dale, across rivers and through lakes, covering seven leagues at each stride. Of course he had an advantage over his less fortunate townsmen, and while they were plodding around the circumscribed area of the village, he was visiting the most distant portions of the kingdom.

Seven-league boots are not common in these degenerate days. The magic of the old necromancers is obsolete and the customs of old do not obtain in the year of grace, 1893. But a new race of wizards—*fin de siècle* magicians—have appeared on the earth and things which would have been deemed impossible by our fathers are to the younger generations every day facts. The grand *chef d'œuvre* of these wise men—the White City, the Dream City, the Magic City—arose from the marsh on the shores of Lake Michigan.

This entrancing city, for six short months the acme of the world's art, knowledge and science, is now undergoing dissolution.

But during its short existence it made easy of accomplishment feats which would have taxed even the wonderful properties of the seven-league boots. The four corners of the earth were drawn together. The habitations and manners and customs of antipodal countries were brought into juxtaposition, while people of all races and complexions, jostled one another, uttered a babel of strange tongues and produced a kaleidoscopic exhibition of strange costumes and lack of costumes.

There were a hundred places in this White City where the magic of its builders was so potent that by merely entering a portal one was on the instant transported far away from the bustling, energetic metropolis of the great West to places far and near, where the rush and roar and excitement of the city were at once forgotten and one breathed the soft, languid atmosphere of the Orient, or the healthful, bracing air of our own pine-clad mountains, East or West. These illusions were so real that it was difficult to believe that outside the inclosing walls were the beautiful palaces of the Fair.

From the Penobscot to the Yellowstone is a far cry, and a journey from one to the other is a matter of days of constant traveling, even in this age of steam. That is, it is usually a matter of days, but this summer I found it only a question of a short walk, such as the owner of the seven-league boots might have taken. There was a little bit of everywhere at the Fair, and people from everywhere under the sun paid their respects to Uncle Sam, but two years ago when I said *adio* (good bye) to Nick Sockbenson, Francis Sockalexis and Gabriel on the bank of the Penobscot River after our long canoe journey down the East Branch, I did not think that a portion of the Indian Island would drop down on the shore of the South Pond at Jackson Park.

Thousands of people visited the various Indian camps which formed part of Prof. Putnam's ethnological exhibit. A group of birchbark wigwams and a house with a frame of spruce poles and covered with bark, comprised the Penobscot camp.

The little house was closed to the public, but the wigwams were open during the day and many people entered the narrow doorways. They watched deft fingers weave ash splints and sweet grass into various shapes, bought the pretty baskets, miniature canoes, bows and arrows, and corn-husk dolls, and asked all sorts of questions of the handsome black-eyed women and dark-skinned men. They examined curiously the snowshoes and paddles, and the canoes drawn upon the shore of the pond. To most of the throng the camp was simply a part of the ethnological exhibit, and its inhabitants a strange people of a different race and color from their own. But to me it was the Indian Island and the Maine woods, and when I crossed the threshold of the bark-covered house or those of the wigwams I took a step which put to shame the longest stride ever made by the seven-league boots. It was the Indian Island because there was my friend (and a good friend, too) Nikola Sockbeson to bid me welcome, "*Pokweenokzeeum uijia.*" There was his wife Katetin, a much handsomer woman than most of those among the sightseers, and there was their pretty daughter Ada. There was young Sozap Sockalexis and his girl wife Sozou, who is shy and gentle as a fawn. There was Katetin's sister Mrs. Fransway and her daughter Josie, both fine-looking women. Then there were Noel and Azon Paris, and Micel Attean and Charlie Daylight, the last so-called because that is the literal translation of his family name, *Jayquaddis*

It was the Maine woods, because there were the spruce poles and the birch bark, which had been brought all the way from the forests of the Penobscot. There were the skins of deer shot in localities where I have hunted with Nick and Francis. There was the immense hide of the big moose which Sozap Plasoa shot last winter up back of Pamedomcook, near Meelapswagamoc. In a corner of the camp were *ongamock* (snowshoes) and *nodahonga* (paddles). Through the half-open door I could see three canoes at the edge of the water. Louis Pielsock built one of the birch bark ones, Sebat Shai the other, and the canvas-covered one was constructed by Sozap Ranco. There was the fragrance of sweet grass and soft musical tones of the Wabenaki tongue.

Many pleasant evenings were spent at the camp after the labors of the day were over, and many pleasant meals were eaten when mine was the only white face at the table. What talks Nick and I had over our cigars of our wayfaring by flood and field, of our camps and tramps and long voyages in canoes. How many incidents were recalled, and how we laughed as we lived our adventures over again, and thought of the time when Andy Patterson almost broke his neck on Millinoket Carry by capsizing the sled with our outfit on it. And then of that day when I shot the buck near Lunxus Mountain and Francis got excited and put his right boot on his left foot; and the time when Gabriel made the potato soup in the rain and was ashamed to give it to us, but my wife got it and liked it so well she ate it all. We remembered how we were caught in the rain on Mud Pond Carry; and how near we came once to being smashed in the drive near the rafting-out place on the Penobscot; how we had to hustle and tug to lift the canoes over the boom with nothing but the slippery logs to stand on. The big trout we caught were expatiated on, and the still bigger ones we lost were mourned over again.

Sometimes my wife would go with me, for she has been in the woods with Nick for her especial "guide, philosopher and friend." We told the old stories over again, the old legends of the Algonquin mythology which had been told so many times around the camp fire, but which seemed new again—the stories of Ktaadn and of Gloskombe, the first man, the man from nothing; the stories *n'karneeyeh aleedebeeklunk* (of the old times).

We used to take the canoe on summer evenings, after the gondolas and electric launches were tied up for the night, and paddle through the tunnel into the grand court of honor, where we would float and gaze enraptured at the entrancing beauty of the great white palaces looming grandly against the dark, starlit sky. How the dusk softened their outlines, and how immaculate they seemed. It was sublime, and it is with no irreverence that I say it seemed as if we had drifted into the midst of the city whose streets are paved with gold.

How still it was with the people gone and no sound of voice of footfall. We would paddle around the shadowy, bosky shores of the wooded island, sometimes penetrating little coves where trees and thickets of shrubs hung over the water, shutting out all view of the buildings, so that we hardly realized that we were not sure of seeing a deer come out to drink. Then up into the North Pond, to the Art Palace and back to the camp, the canoe with those surroundings running like a wild bird in a cage. I never saw the Fair as I saw it those summer nights with Nick in the canoe. Sometimes I would sit in the stern and

PENOBSCOT INDIAN CAMP.
Amateur photo by H. A. Brooks.

paddle; sometimes he; with the other in the bow, face to face, so that we could talk, and no one who saw the Exposition appreciated its beauties more than my friend, whose forefathers were paddling their birchen craft on New England rivers long before the great Genoese sailed from Palos.

I never will forget one June night when Nick left me at the landing at the Woman's Building and I stood on the pier and watched him as he crossed the lagoon and disappeared behind the island. His paddle made no sound in the water, but with swift, sure strokes the canoe glided like a specter out of sight. There was the past and the present as I stood there alone by the water—the fairy palaces representing the highest civilization the world has attained all around me, and an Indian in a bark canoe gliding past them. That is the way extremes met at the Fair, and art and nature went hand in hand.

I used to go very often from the Penobscot camp and walk across the bridge where the Spanish caravels were moored, around the Agricultural Building, across the plaza in front of the Administration Building down the way between the Mining and Electricity halls to the bridge leading to the smaller island. Then instead of crossing the other bridge to the large island, I would turn to the left into a path bordered with trees and bushes. A few steps and I entered another doorway, which must have had magic properties, for the Columbian Exposition had once more disappeared.

Where was I? A few moments ago I had said *adio* to friends on the Indian Island, had taken a short walk and lo! I had crossed the continent. The Penobscot wigwams had vanished and I was in a hunter's log camp in the mountains of the Yellowstone. Would not the owner of the seven-league boots have been jealous of such a feat? Such a sudden translation from East to West might well daze one and make him doubt his senses, but I knew I was not dreaming, for there was the cabin and there was the prairie schooner outside the door; and instead of bidding good-bye to Nick Sockbeson was saying, "How do you do, Billy," to Elwood Hofer, who is called Billy by his friends for the good and sufficient Western reason that it isn't his name. Most exhibits were decorated with signs telling what they were, but though Billy Hofer would not have anything about his shack which detracted from its truthful appearance, he did pin up a sheet of paper (to save his own breath), which informed curious visitors what it was *not:*

> This is not Daniel Boone's, nor Davy Crockett's, nor Abraham Lincoln's, nor Uncle Tom's Cabin, but a Hunter's Camp, such as is Used in the Rocky Mountains.

And in fact, at night after the last belated caller had disappeared down the path and we had shut the door and secured it with the wooden pin, we were to all intents and purposes in the mountains without a single incongruity to dispel the illusion. The cabin, solidly constructed of logs chinked with mud, stood on the island where nothing but a green mass of foliage met the eye through door or window. The old prairie schooner, dingy with long service, stood by the door, over which was the bleached skull of an elk surmounted by branching antlers. Inside, the shaggy head of a buffalo bull was the first object seen as it looked down from the half partition; at the back of the cabin was a big fire-place flanked on either side by a buffalo skull. On the mantle were two bear skulls and over them another pair of elk antlers. On the floor were the hides of elk, antelope, blacktail deer and moose. A bear skin thrown over a box formed a convenient seat by the table on which lay a six-shooter and a pair of field glasses.

Kit Carson's rifle stood in a corner, and Villalonga's hung on pins driven into the logs. Two other rifles were supported by the elk antlers over the mantel, and under them were crossed a pair of web snowshoes. A pair of long skees, or Norwegian snowshoes stood in another corner, and near the table were other skulls of bighorns and buffalo. There were saddles, pack saddles, bridles, lariats, shaps, buckskin hunting coats, sombreros and all the paraphernalia necessary for a trip after big game. A fly-rod hung on the wall.

Two bunks and a big 7ft. settle built of round wood with the bark on were very inviting with their piles of blankets. If one cared to read, Forest and Stream lay on the table. A back door opened out to a thicket in the rear of the cabin, where a foot-path led down to the lagoon. Several large oak trees stood guard and rustled their leaves in a friendly fashion above the low roof.

I was the recipient of Billy Hofer's hospitality on several occasions and remember with especial pleasure several nights in October which I spent at the hunter's cabin.

Those were pleasant chats, long to be remembered, which we had, with the doors and windows closed to keep out the chill night air with its suspicion of winter, while a noble fire roared up the chimney. With the settle drawn up before the blaze and pipes alight, we told stories of the East and West, of the mountains and the woods, of expeditions in the saddle and afloat, of the pursuit of the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the finny denizens of many waters. Then, after throwing fresh sticks into the bed of glowing embers in front of the big back log, we would wrap our blankets about us and go to sleep.

One night I went to the cabin early in the evening; the rear door had been left ajar for me and I had three hours to myself before Billy came. I built a fire, drew the settle into place and sat there watching the blaze and the fantastic shadows which danced attendance. Through the open door the shimmer of water twinkled and sparkled through the foliage; a strain of distant music came softly to my ears like a memory, and now and then a swiftly-moving shadow flitted by on the lagoon, hardly distinguishable through the leaves, and vanishing as quickly as it came.

As I sat there the great World's Fair seemed like a dream; like something one has read of, or heard of, or experienced a long, long time ago. It seemed like other things I have thought of and dreamed about while sitting by many camp-fires, and the log cabin was, to me, at that moment miles away in the wilderness.

Some mornings we broiled our own steak over the fire and sometimes I went down to the other camp and had breakfast with my Wabenaki friends, thus making the return journey across the continent. To sleep in a log cabin on the Yellowstone with Billy Hofer and breakfast in a bark wigwam on the Penobscot with Nick Sockbeson the next morning was made possible to me by the power of the latter-day magician of 1893, and of the time I gave to the great show the hours I spent in those two camps were by no means the least profitable. W. A. Brooks.

PINCHER.

The drowsy hum of a big fly, darting to and fro amid the sunbeams which flood my room with their genial rays, almost makes me believe that summer is still with us, instead of brown November. Yet the bare branches of the trees that make a network against the cold sky, the flying leaves that now and then tap upon my window in their passage, and the small white clouds scudding across the sky recall the fact that the harvest of the year has come, and soon 'neath the white robe of winter the earth will take its long sleep.

Were it not for the huge fire of logs that crackle on the hearth in the wide old-fashioned fireplace, there would be a chilliness in the atmosphere of this room, despite the sunbeams, so I fill the brown bowl of my pipe with some "Old Virginia" and draw my arm-chair closer to the blaze.

This movement disturbs old Pincher, my English setter, who has been stretching out all morning on the deer-skin rug, but he is not a bit sulky over it, merely raps the floor gently once or twice with his tail, blinks his eyes drowsily and proceeds to go to sleep again with one eye open.

Pincher is over 15 years old now. Born in Orange county, New York State, of respectable parents, Pincher first made his appearance in our family, from father's great-coat pocket.

His puppy days were passed quietly in the comfortable old barn, in company with five or six foxhounds, a saucy terrier and a pair of pointers.

To old Isiah, my father's body servant, fell the task of breaking the puppy, and poor Pincher's life was made a burden for him. Not a meal went by but what he was compelled to stand in a very uncomfortable attitude before the tempting dish, while Isiah with uplifted finger held him in check, with "To ho, easy, doan yo move suh, To ho—easy boy"—until the word was given to "Go on."

I shall always remember the bright October morning when father and I, accompanied by Isiah, Stonewall the pointer, and Pincher, started out to give the pup his first real field experience.

Just such a day as this, full of sunlight, the air sharp and invigorating, and the earth just hard enough to make walking comfortable. Pincher at once evinced a disposition to range too widely, and of course the first break he made was to flush a big covey far outside of any possible range; but when we struck into the cornfield,

that ran along the rich bottomland of the James River, Stonewall came to a point, and the puppy wheeling suddenly behind him, stopped like a statue, his head just turned over his shoulder, and front paw raised, backing the old one up in as pretty a fashion as one would ever wish to see.

Father was to the right of me some little distance behind, and both dogs held the point patiently until he came up and gave the word. Then as they advanced into the stubble up jumped a big covey of quail with that loud rattle and whir, and Pincher tumbled over backward with such a comical expression of surprise on his face that I missed clean with both barrels through laughing at him. Father scored two birds, however, it would take a great deal to "phase" him, and we marked the birds as they scattered to the lower field. Isiah held Stonewall and allowed the puppy to retrieve, which he did very prettily; in fact, from his earliest days up to the present time I never knew Pincher to chew a bird.

On our way to the lower field Pincher came to a point on a clump of cornstalks, and as I walked up flushed a single bird, which I dropped with my second barrel.

The covey had scattered in close to the little patch of woodland that bordered the cornfield, and although we hunted all over the ground we only found one bird, which father bagged, but as we were passing through the woods on our way to the field beyond both dogs came to a stand about ten feet apart and flushed two birds; we both scored and then for the next five minutes we were kept busy. It seems that the birds had taken refuge under the leaves in the wood and we secured eight in less than five minutes.

Pincher acted like an old-timer all through it and Isiah was loud in his praises, when suddenly a big brown swamp rabbit jumped up under the puppy's nose and with an excited yelp he started after it.

Isiah almost cried with mortification. "Come yeah yo' daim fool dorg, come back yeah; wha' fo' you dun chase dat old no 'count rabbit? Come yeah, now, ain' you 'shamed; doan' you lick my haind, you all dun gwine to ketch dis yeah switch, yeah me? Lor', Marse General, I dun think I broke dat dorg from chasin' rabbits, 'deed I did, suh, but he's jus' like a common yaller houn', ain' got no mo' sense dan a woodchuck. Come yeah, you low down trash! Ain' you 'shamed?"

Well, Pincher was in disgrace, until, in the next field, he held a point at the fence corner for nearly two minutes, until we could climb over and get to him.

But since that day he has pointed many a covey, his hearing has been destroyed and age has crept slowly upon him, and now who better deserves his position upon the hearth?

But if I take the old gun down to rub up its brown barrels, the fire of other days will brighten his eye, and he runs to the door, anxious to revisit the scenes of his youthful exploits.

His old trainer dozes by the kitchen fireplace, his shining bald head circled by a scant growth of white wool, and sometimes in the evening I go in to smoke a pipe with him, and as he fills and refills his capacious "cohn cob" with my best tobacco we live over again those happy days when "Dat daim fool pup dun chase de swamp rabbit."

THE GENERAL.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XVII.

A Raising Bee.

BECAUSE of the greater inter-dependence of the people, "bees" had been much more common in the days of Uncle Lisha's youth than in these of his old age, but he had not lost his fondness for attending them. So one May morning, when Sam and his father came into the shop and told him of a raisin' at Jonathan Young's, he needed no urging to drop his tools and toss aside a boot from which he had but half ripped the worn sole, slough his apron, don his coat and hat, and declare his readiness to accompany them.

"I can't du no gret, onny help du the settin' raound, an' mebby hol' the foot of a pos' er du the spry runnin' raoun'," he said as he plied his short legs to keep up with his long-limbed comrades, carrying his hat in his hand to fan his face at every swing of his arm.

There were tufts of blue violets in the mixed dun and green of the meadows, and, like stars in the evening sky, the first dandelions shone far apart in the greening pastures which the newly turned-out sheep were overrunning, too eager for the fresh grass to heed the passing strangers.

A new-come bobolink sang before and above them, now atilt on a fence stake, now aflight on vibrant wings. Robins were flying to and fro busy nest-building, and a plover's wailing call drifted down on the breeze from a distant field. The haze on the woods was thickening with gray-green mist of opening buds, with here and there the yellow tower of a leafing poplar shining out of it.

Whatever subtle impression the changing season may have made on them, they made no sign but to say, "It's an airly spring and a fine growin' time," and after a while came to where their neighbors were gathering about the recumbent bents of Jonathan's prospective barn, and the chips of hewing and chiseling that exhaled the fine fragrance of fresh cut wood. The carpenter, as redolent of the same odor as if he were born of a tree, was hustling about with a square and scratch-awl, while the people lounged about, watching his movements with curiosity or gossiping of neighborhood or town affairs. Jonathan Young, nervously expectant, went from group to group, discoursing of the barn that was to be.

"Goin' to hev bay on the west side o' the barn floor an' a scaffil on the east, wi' a stable 'nunder it, high 'nough 'tween j'ints so 's 't a man o' my hayth won't knock his head off in 't," and Jonathan was 5ft. 4in. in his stockings.

"Haint ye 'fraid o' bein' dizzy-headed when we git 'way up on that scaffil?" John Dart inquired, anxiously.

"Hes the pathmaster warned ye aout tu work on the rhud in our deestric'?" one inquired of a distant neighbor.

"No, ner won't tech tu till arter plantin'."

"Wal, aourn hes, the 'tarnal critter, an' the rhuds haint no more settled 'n my rhud tax is," the first speaker remarked, and then directed his remarks against the fathers of the town. "Ef the s'lec'men don't spunk up an' du suthin' abaout the bridge tu the village, the taown 'll hev a lawsuit on its han's fust it knows. One o' the buptments is all cove in, an' the stringers is so rotten you c'd spit through 'em. 'Taint safe fer a dawg tu cross. Darn sech s'lec'men—slackmen, that's what I call 'em."

Uncle Lisha found a seat with others, exempted by age from an active part in the labors of the bee, on a pile of rafters where they might sit to comment and criticise undisturbed till toward the end of the raising.

Their attention was divided between the active movements of the carpenter, a group of the athletes of the company endeavoring to get up a wrestling match and a party of boys playing an old-fashioned game of ball.

"You'd better save yer stren'th fer liftin'." was Granther Hill's hoarsely whispered advice to the wrestlers. "Ye'll need all ye got, fer the' haint none tew many men. Them boys a-straddlin' an' a-yawpin' raound haint no 'caount. It's a heavy frame considerin' the way trees hes dwindled sen' I was on airth. It's lucky they hev, fer ye couldn't raise an ol'-fashioned buildin' wi' the men they've got nowerdays. Ye'd better keep yer wrastlin' till arter raisin'."

Solon Briggs slid himself on to the rafter close beside Uncle Lisha, and began speaking in a voice that could not be overheard. "That narrowtyve you was relatin' of was turrible interestin', Uncle Lisher. Du you s'pose you could designate the spot where the ol' gentleman climb, or thought he climb the tree?"

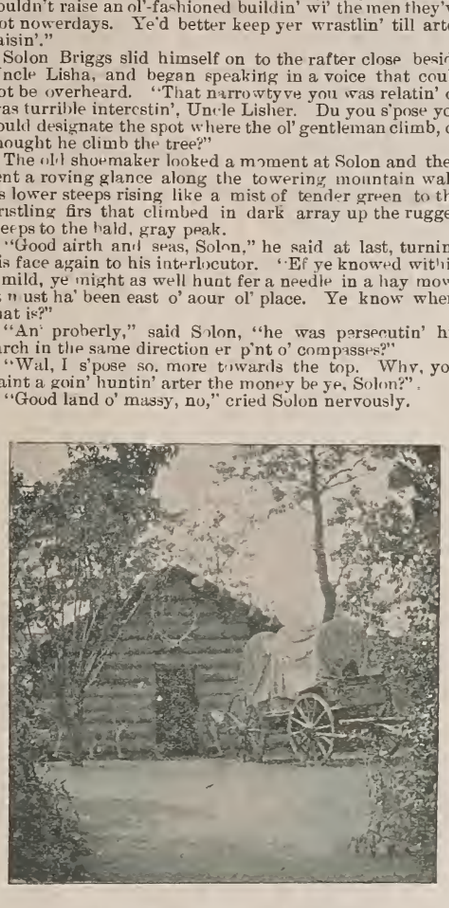
The old shoemaker looked a moment at Solon and then sent a roving glance along the towering mountain wall, its lower steeps rising like a mist of tender green to the bristling firs that climbed in dark array up the rugged steeps to the bald, gray peak.

"Good airth and seas, Solon," he said at last, turning his face again to his interlocutor. "Ef ye knowed within a mild, ye might as well hunt fer a needle in a hay mow. It must ha' been east o' aour ol' place. Ye know where that is?"

"An' proberly," said Solon, "he was persecutin' his sarch in the same direction er p'nt o' compasses?"

"Wal, I s'pose so, more towards the top. Why, you haint a goin' huntin' arter the money be ye, Solon?"

"Good land o' massy, no," cried Solon nervously.



BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB'S CABIN.
Amateur photo by .H A. Brooks

"Cause if ye be, I've hearn him say 'at he barried it by a big yaller birch, an' that's consid'able of a guide, bein' there hain't mor'n fifty yaller birches tu the acre up that way."

"Neow then, men," the carpenter shouted in an authoritative voice, "come right this way," and there was a general movement toward the place indicated.

"Take a holt o' this aire bent."

The men swarmed upon the sills and sleepers and laid hold of the section of frame.

"Be ye ready? Then up with it. All togeth r. Hang tu the foot o' them pos's you men wi' the crowbars. Up she goes."

The parallelogram of heavy timbers rose at first almost with a jerk, then more slowly, as it was reared beyond the reach of some.

"Put in your pike-poles there," cried the carpenter, and these being set and manned, it started upward again more rapidly, then more slowly as it reached the perpendicular. The carpenter was off one side squinting at it.

"Up wid her more! Don't be afeared. Put in some pike-poles t'other side. Up a leetle more. A lee-tle more. There, whoa up. All right. She's up an' daown as a clever cat's tail. Naow, stay lath it."

The bent was temporarily fastened in place with boards nailed diagonally upon it and the sills, and so in turn the others were raised and the girts entered and pinned. Then the long plates were uplifted by strong hands and pike-poles and shoved along the beams, to which the surest-footed of the company mounted and raised them to their place on top of the posts and fastened them.

All the while a running fire of jokes was kept up, not a few of which were directed against the carpenter, whose orders nevertheless were implicitly obeyed.

Now, the corps of exempts and invalids were dislodged from their comfortable post on the pile of rafters. These were sent aloft, joined in pairs and raised. Then Jonathan Young, standing apart, drawn to his fullest height and with arms akimbo and puffing out his cheeks with a long exhalation of satisfaction, looked with pride upon the gaunt, yellow skeleton of his barn and prospectively clothed it with boards and shingles and filled it to repletion with hay and grain and heard the swallows twittering under the eaves or saw them darting with unerring flight in and out of the gable swallow holes, which reminded him to call to the carpenter:

"Don't forgit to make some swaller-holes fer luck, Simeon, an' cut 'em in the shape of a heart," and he glanced back to the house door, where his wife stood with her daughters, gazing at the gaunt structure that already dominated the premises, quite overbearing the humble log house. They wished it was the frame of a new house.

Jonathan's half-grown son came along the path newly worn from the house, but henceforth to be an established way, bearing a great tin-pail of cider, bending away from his burden, with free arm outstretched, with head bent low, staggering and bracing against the weight, which he stopped often to shift from hand to hand. A tin cup voyaging to and fro on the foamy surface touched the shores with hospitable clinks, till it was swamped and went down to the shining bottom. The pail came first to John Dart, who eyed the sunken cup for a moment and declaring, "There's more'n one way to skin a cat," lifted the pail to his lips. Then some one rescued the cup with a hooked stick and drafts were more easily obtainable if less copious. The company, comfortably and conveneiently seated on the sills of the barn, were now served with cakes, pie and cheese.

"When I was on airth first," said Granther Hill, dipping up a second cupful, "the' want no cider to speak on, It was rum tu bees, New England rum er Jamaiky sperits fer high duck duins. Cider 'll du, but it haint so sartin as rum an' it's bulkier I don't cal'late a man c'ld du much fightin' wi' two three quarts o' cider a swashin' raound inside on him. Rum was what we useter du it on. When John Stark was a raisin' men fer Bennin'ton he wus in more of a pucker fer rum 'an he was fer paowder an' lead. But he got both an' the Hessians tew, er leastways, we did," and he comforted himself with another draught, pronouncing it "good for the time o' year."

Eunice Young felt flattered by the returning empty pans and plates. She was sure the supply had been bountiful, now she knew its quality was approved.

The boys rushed back to their unfinished game of two old cats." The wrestlers, refreshed in strength and spirits, tussled in "back holt," "side holt" and "arm's length" in the center of an interested ring of spectators. The oldest and most sedate kept their seats, smoking and boasting of their youthful deeds.

As the afternoon waned and the barn's new shadow crawled on its first journey toward the house thoughts of the evening chores fell upon the conviviality of the company, and they began to depart, till there were none left on the late busy scene only Jonathan, still viewing with pride his new possession, and the carpenter picking up his scattered tools and planning work for the morrow.

As Solon and Antoine plodded across the fields in company the first said: "Wal, Antwine, I've got the p'ints o' compasses from Uncle Lisher nigh 'nough so's we can make 'em corroborate wi' the place where that aire money's hid. Your useter the woods 'an what I be an' I want you tu du the engineerin' an' I'll work the divinin' rod. I've got me a superguberous one 'at I cut from the north side of a witch hazel bush."

"Bah gosh," cried Antoine. "Ah'll can injin near an' injin far. Ah'll was he prefick injin in de hwood, me. We'll go to-morrah mawnin', ant it?"

"Wal, yes, I guess we'd better, an' we'll get an' airly start an' meet up back o' the ol' Peggs place. You fetch a spade an' I'll bring a crowbar an' a bit o' suthin tu eat."

"All raght, M'sieu Brigg."

"Bone swear, Antwine," and each went his separate way home.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

SOUNDING THE ALARM.

DURING the past fall while hunting with rifle for squirrels in the heavy timber, I have at different times noticed that both birds and mammals seem to have several ways of warning others not only of their own kinds, but also of different species of the presence of a supposed common enemy. In fact, the practice might be called the warning system of animated nature.

As an illustration, suppose the hunter to be going stealthily through the woods, or quietly seated upon a stump or fallen tree, and while there to be seen, as he is almost sure to be, by some of the sharp-eyed little wood folks. Now suppose the little thing has before been giving out some notes or sounds peculiar to its species; all at once those sounds will be changed to others having a different cadence from those at first given; or as soon as the hunter is discovered the sounds may quickly cease, or even if the little thing was quiet before, some sharp note of danger will often take the place of its stillness; and other mammels and birds in the immediate vicinity will understand the warning, and take up the signals until nearly every animated thing for quite a distance around will be apprised of the danger. Then for a while they will act with the utmost discretion until confidence is restored when the wood life will resume its normal ways until some movement of the hunter again produces the same phenomenon. How far beyond the commencing point those danger signals are kept up or extended, one may be unable to discover, but I should judge by what I have observed that they extend in all directions beyond gunshot distance.

Should any one either with or without a gun while in the woods where wild life is plenty, take note of this system of cautionary cries, he would find it very interesting and instructive.

Among the causes that lead to the detection by animals of a person when still-hunting there is one that he seldom or ever thinks about, which is the effect the sight of his shadow has upon them, especially when the sun is low. No matter how stealthily one may be going along, or how carefully he may be concealed behind a tree, or even be seated, his long tell-tale shadow when slightly moving may be a greater cause of the non-appearance of game than he is aware of.

Still another cause, which, of course, cannot be obviated much, is the appearance of the face and hands in contrast with the clothes of the gunner or with surrounding objects. That often attracts the attention of animals, but more especially is their attention attracted by the movements of the hands while manipulating the gun. One cannot help but notice, should he occasionally take a look behind him when quiet in the woods, how near squirrels and other animals will come up to him from that direction, while in front he will see none of them, thus showing conclusively that the contrast made by the face and hands with surrounding objects has more to do with making the hunt other than a successful one than many gunners are aware of; consequently, we might suppose that, so far as complexion is concerned, since his color more nearly corresponds to surrounding woodland objects, an Indian would be more successful as a still-hunter than would one of us, his pale-faced brothers.

Sometimes while gunning the taking advantage of the knowledge of a few points of little consequence seemingly like these may make a marked difference in the contents of one's game bag.

A. L. L.

Natural History.

SPECIES OF NORTH AMERICAN BEARS.

For three-quarters of a century the question of how many species of bears are peculiar to North America has been a problem to zoölogists and a puzzle to all others interested in the pursuit of these noble objects of the hunter's ambition. Leaving out of consideration any questions but those affecting the relationship of our bears, among themselves, the disputed points are really three in number: First, is the large grizzly of the Pacific coast to be separated from those of the Rocky Mountains? second, what is the "cinnamon" bear? and third, what is the "barren ground bear?" The uncertainty as to the third point is easily explained by the meager description given by Richardson in the "Fauna Boreali Americana." Nor is it a long chase from condition to cause, through the confusion which has surrounded the first and second, in view of the great variability of these animals in size and color. It is comparatively of late years only that naturalists have gone beyond external appearance for their specific characters, and during the period since anatomical structure began to be considered, it has hardly been felt safe, by cautious systematists, to base generalizations on the fragmentary collections of our natural history museums, unattended, as a large part of the specimens are, by any exact data as to the accompanying conditions of claw, coat, skeleton and locality.

Within a few months specimens have come into my hands and, by a coincidence, about the same time similar material has come into the possession of Prof. E. D. Cope, which seems to settle the identity of the "cinnamon," at least. As to the grizzly—what I shall say here expresses only my own judgment for future examination of larger series of specimens, in connection with all desirable information regarding them, may possibly cause a revision of this species, but I venture the belief that the views here set down will not be materially changed.

In searching among bears for the most reliable specific characters, it has been found best to rely on certain features presented by the skull. In a general way, these are the proportion borne by the extreme breadth, across the zygomatic arches, to the extreme length from the pre-maxillaries to the posterior end of the occipital condyle, measured along the under surface; the proportion of the length of the hinder molar in the upper jaw to the length of the skull; and the contour line of the upper surface of the cranium from front to back—whether it is convex over the forehead, when looked at from one side, or what degree of concavity it presents. There are also more or less variable arrangements of the cusps of the teeth, but these are highly technical and it is not necessary to take them into consideration here.

Now, first as to the grizzly. The earliest description of this bear, accompanied by a scientific name, was that of Ord in 1815, as *Ursus horribilis*, based upon the specimens collected by the Lewis and Clarke expedition in 1804-6 on the upper Missouri River above the mouth of the Yellowstone. He was followed in 1823 by Say, who adopted Ord's name for the bears collected by Long's expedition in 1820 near the head of the Arkansas River in Colorado. In 1831 Richardson based the name *Ursus ferox* on these two descriptions and on a young male killed on the Saskatchewan by the Franklin expedition, of which he was naturalist. With one exception, which will be again referred to, all the designations which were subsequently applied to the grizzly were founded on these earlier descriptions; they contain nothing new and have no title to consideration. What we have, therefore, to do is to compare our specimens with Ord's account and with each other, in the light of such facts as have been learned since his time, to find out whether there is one or more species of grizzly.

The measurements which will be given here for the purpose of comparison, are taken from a small number of skulls in my own possession, but do not differ much from the average of a much larger series. These show the skull of the Rocky Mountain grizzly to have an average length of 13.44in., with a breadth of 7.67in., or taking the length as 1,000 the proportion of breadth is .570. The grizzly is a narrow-headed bear, with the profile of forehead slightly concave—a slight "stop," as it were, in front of the eye. The teeth in this bear are very large, the hinder upper molar being especially so, when compared with the black bear, or with the brown species (*Ursus arctos*) of Europe and Asia, the proportion of its length to that of the skull being about .107.

Throughout the Rocky Mountains the so-called "silver-tip" and the "cinnamon" of hunters are regarded as different species, and the great grizzlies of the Pacific Coast are commonly looked on as still another. With reference to the two former, it will help clear the matter to say here that the bear called "cinnamon" by hunters, whether or not it be distinct, is of the grizzly type and is a very different animal from that to which naturalists give the same name; this bear is externally, much more like the black and will be taken up further on.

I have before me now the skulls of two grizzlies, with whose obsequies I was somewhat associated, which serve admirably for comparison, each having been an excellent specimen of the supposed form which it represents; the one being an old male "cinnamon," killed on one of the heads of the White River in Colorado; the other being an adult female "silver tip" killed some years later, 50 miles or so to the northward. These skulls do not show a single character separating the two forms. The cinnamon is 13.75in. long and 7.75in. wide, a proportion of .564; with a hinder upper molar 1.4in. long, or a proportion of .108 of the length of skull. The female is 13in. long and 7.75in. wide, a proportion of .597; the hinder molar being 1.5in., a proportion of .109. A skull of an old male from California, in the collection of the Academy of Natural Sciences, gives: length 14.25in., breadth 8.33in., proportion .584; length of hinder molar 1.5in., proportion .105. The range of variation in the proportions of five other skulls taken at random, being from a maximum of .610 to a minimum of .510, it will be seen how insignificant the variation is in these three skulls, representing silver-tip, cinnamon and California bears.

In 1859, in the reports of the Mexican Boundary Survey, Baird described specimens collected in Arizona, under the name of *Ursus horribilis* var. *horriæus*. I do not see any distinction whatever between these bears and the most common form of the grizzly found in that southern region, and in fact they are not now regarded as distinct.

It has again, been said that the bears found in the region where the Lewis and Clarke specimens were procured, bear a resemblance to those from the Pacific Coast mountains. This may well be true; matter in motion, whether it be in the form of water or of grizzly bears, finds out the lines of least resistance, and a species from the west of the mountains, working its way eastward, would find its natural path up the valley of the Columbia and the Snake rivers into Idaho and Montana, but personally I do not believe that any of these skulls will show peculiarities which are constant and not dependent upon size and powerful development. Size, however, unaccompanied by other fixed points of difference, is not a sound specific character, and in any event, while it is probably true that the average size of bears from the Sierra Nevadas is greater than that of those from the Rockies, it is also certain that in the latter they sometimes reach enormous bulk. I have now in memory, days and nights spent in watching for a grizzly whose well known track covered quite as much of his native soil as would that of any California specimen which I have ever seen, and that was in a Rocky Mountain region which shall be nameless, for while as yet I have never seen this bear in the flesh, he is still alive, and in hopeful moments I have imaginings of a time when my eye may rest upon him—through the sights of my .45-125.

Size is, furthermore, quite as variable with these animals as any character can be, and thereon I am about to state conclusions, which will certainly be scorned by those fortunate followers of Nimrod who slay 1,500 or 1,000lbs. grizzlies. It is a curious fact in the geographical distribution of animals—for which an explanation might be sought among ethical rather than physical causes—that 1,000lbs. bears are not found inhabiting the same range of country as Fairbank's scales. I have seen but one grizzly actually weighed, and that was a male which died in the Philadelphia Zoölogical Garden in 1881; a larger and finer specimen than the average, and which weighed a trifle under 500lbs.

By far the largest of these bears that I have seen were one from the Sierra Nevadas, known as "Sampson," who with his owner, old "Grizzly Adams," was the delight of my schoolboy holidays, thirty years ago, in Barnum's Museum at Broadway and Ann street, New York, and the male of a pair now in the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden, which, I am informed by Mr. Stephan, the superintendent, were captured in San Joaquin county, California, in 1871. Quite recently this bear was under discussion between Mr. F. J. Thompson, the former superintendent of the Cincinnati Garden, and myself, and we independently estimated his weight at 800lbs. I am disposed to believe that he is quite as large as "Sampson." Not infrequently bears are offered to me for sale, by parties in the West, weighing 1,200 or more pounds. In such cases I always offer a sliding scale of prices, so much a pound up to 600lbs. and an increased rate for each 100 additional. It always happens that the weight finally comes down to the lower limit, and the owner acknowledges that the one first given was estimated. I confess myself profoundly skeptical as to the present existence of a bear weighing 1,000lbs., anywhere between the Gulf of California and—say the Mackenzie River.

Color, in the grizzly, is even more uncertain than size, and ranges from a deep blackish-brown to pale yellowish-brown, the last being more unusual than the first. In most cases the hairs are paler at the tip than at the base. Therefore, leaving out of consideration the differences between individuals when compared with each other, it may be easily seen that a rough-coated animal with each hair of two or more colors, or shades of color, will present a very different appearance in full winter pelage from that offered by his more or less worn and faded coat at other seasons. The hunters' "cinnamon" is a reddish-brown grizzly with little or no paler shade on the ends of the hairs; the "silver-tip" is a darker grizzly with the tips a light gray, making a striking contrast to the black-brown bases of the hairs, which plainly show where the hair is shorter—on the legs and feet. The most common form is a mixture of light and dark, giving a truly grizzled appearance to what the *voyageurs*, in their daring excursions, knew as *l'ours gris* or *cendré;* but almost any dozen of skins collected in any one locality will contain specimens which it is hard to assign definitely to either form. Color, then, falls to the ground, as well as size and skull characters, within the limits of this species.

One point there is to consider, in which all these bears agree and in which they differ from all others in America; that is, the long foreclaw. This character has sometimes been undervalued, as possessing less stability than I believe exists. During the past twenty years I have been on terms of more or less amicable acquaintance with a great many bears of this species, both dead and alive, in captivity and in their native mountains, and the large foreclaw, generally blunt at the tip, has been present and conspicuous in all colors, sizes and ages, from the cradle to the grave, which I have ever seen, and could never be mistaken for the short, curved, pointed claw of the rest of the family on this continent.

There has been less confusion surrounding the black bear, although he, too, has had his troubles. The species was first described by Pallas in 1780, under the name of *Ursus americanus*, and the black form has been so known ever since. This bear is characterized by a moderately broad skull, the width averaging a little more than .600 of the length; a profile which forms a gentle, continuous convexity from the occipital suture to the nasal orifice, although an occasional specimen shows a slight concavity of the forehead. The teeth are comparatively small, the hinder upper molar in three specimens averaging .092 of the length of skull. The foreclaw is short, curved and pointed, much as in the cat. In the Mexican Boundary Survey in 1859, Baird placed under Audubon's name of *Ursus americanus* var. *cinnamomeus* three brown bears, collected in Arizona. There is nothing in his description to warrant a separation of these specimens from the black form; as the supposed differences in the skull are trivial, and it is a well known fact that cubs of both colors are sometimes found in the same litter. Coues and Yarrow mention such a case on the authority of Mr. H. W. Henshaw in the Zoölogy of the Wheeler Survey.

These brown bears seem to be common in the Southwest, and judging from their tracks they reach a size quite up to the standard of large black specimens. I have not been fortunate enough to kill any of these bears, but in December of last year, among the dense brush at the bottom of a deep cañon in the Chisos Mountains of southwestern Texas, I picked up a good-sized skull bearing all the characters of *americanus*, and scattered around, among the bones and debris of the carcase, were a few shreds of skin with brown hair still attached, showing what the color of the original owner of the skull had been.

In 1853 Audubon and Bachman, in the "Quadrupeds of North America," described *Ursus americanus* var. *cinnamomeus*, which I believe to be a wholly different animal from that of Baird, just referred to, and of other authors, and of this bear it is necessary to speak at some length.

In December, 1873, through the kindness of the late Gen. James S. Brisbin, U. S. A., a bear was received at the Zoölogical Garden, in company with other specimens which fixed it as a Rocky Mountain inhabitant. At that time Gen. Brisbin was stationed at Omaha, Neb., and it is a fair inference that these animals came from the region most easily reached by the Union Pacific R. R.—southwestern Wyoming or the contiguous portions of Colorado or Utah. When I first saw this bear I was impressed with its want of likeness to any I had ever seen; his color, contour of head and general appearance being most striking. This animal is still living in the garden.

While coming East, over the Union Pacific Railroad, in 1884, in the possession of a saloon keeper near the station at Green River, Wyoming, I saw another bear, precisely like the first, but was unable to purchase it. In reply to inquiry, the owner said it came from "up country," which, as applied to bears in that locality, would be very apt to indicate the Sweetwater or Wind River mountains. Several years later I had the good fortune to kill a third specimen on one of the heads of the White River in Colorado, but owing to heavy snows the spoils of this bear were not brought out. In 1891 Mr. James E. Cooper, the well-known showman, now dead, brought from the West and presented to the Zoölogical Society, a bear which a single glance showed to be also of this interesting form. Mr. Cooper said he bought it out on the Union Pacific, and as it was a very old animal and had been in captivity for a long time, I have little doubt that it is the same one I saw at Green River seven years previously. This bear was happily in poor health, and his skeleton has now come under observation. Finally, during the past summer, Prof. E. D. Cope procured a somewhat broken skull in a cave in the Ozark Mountains, Missouri, which in all essential characters agrees with that of the Cooper bear.

In this skull the differential characters are very strongly marked; its length is 11.25in., with a breadth of 8in., giving the very high proportion of .710. The posterior upper molar is 1.25in. long, and is even larger relatively than in the grizzly, being .110 of the length of skull; and the concavity of the forehead is very great. All these points far exceed those of any other North American species, and are so striking that the veriest tyro in anatomy would need but a glance at the head of the one still living, to recognize that his skull must be, essentially, in proportion and contour, like the one just described. These bears are each about 5ft. 4in. long and have the claw of the black species.

The color of the specimen now living, is in autumn a rich reddish brown, almost bay; as his coat becomes worn and faded, he becomes pale yellowish brown, the color being generally uniform over the body. To illustrate how light he sometimes becomes, I may mention that some years ago the proprietor of a traveling menagerie was most desirous of purchasing him to fill a cage left vacant by the death of a polar bear. The skin of the Cooper bear is before me now, and is almost of a flaxen color, with traces of a darker shade on the nape. This bear being in bad health never had as rich or full a coat as the other one. The one which I met with in Colorado was killed in November, and was of similar color to the first, and I should say, parenthetically, that while no detailed examination was ever made of the skull of this specimen, its general character was that of the one just spoken of.

Audubon and Bachman's description relates only to external form, but in connection with the plate accompanying it, no doubt is left in my mind that it applies to these specimens as well. It cannot, however, be retained as a variety of *americanus*, the fact being that it is a strongly marked species, quite as much, if not more, unlike the black than it is even to the grizzly. From the black it differs in the greater width of the head, the greater size of the molar teeth, and the highly concave forehead, while it departs from the grizzly in an even greater relative width of head; in a less degree in the two other characters, and in having a small claw on the forefoot. It must therefore be raised to full specific rank as *Ursus cinnamomeus* (Aud. and Bach.), and we have at last a "cinnamon" bear with a distinct and decided personality.

Unfortunately, nothing authoritative can be said regarding the bear spoken of by Richardson in 1831, in the "Fauna Boreali-Americana," as the "barren-ground bear." He states that it ranges from north and east of the Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Sea, and that it differs from the black bear in "greater size, profile, physiognomy, longer soles and tail," and from the grizzly, "in color and comparative smallness of claws." His description of its color is not unlike that of *cinnamomeus*, as given above, and his reference to "profile and physiognomy" as compared with the black bear, is suggestive. In a general way he was disposed to regard his animal as resembling the brown bear of Europe and Northern Asia, and indeed, calls it *Ursus arctos* var. *americanus*. Now it is true that externally *cinnamomeus* is not unlike small light-colored examples of *arctos*; and Audubon and Bachman suggest, in fact, that their bear may perhaps be the same as Richardson's. It is worth considering also that *cinnamomeus* is certainly not common in the United States, otherwise its conspicuous characters could not so long have remained unobserved by zoölogists; a fact which might be accounted for by supposing it to be an intrusion from a northern range. However, in the absence of further material from that region, no definite opinion can be ventured, but it would not be surprising if they turn out to be the same.

It is interesting, by the way, to note that Richardson speaks of a "Ranging Bear" found in the western districts of the United States and "said to have a longer body and legs than the black bear and to be more ferocious when wounded." As far as I know, this is the first literary mention of a name which still survives as "range bear" in portions of the Rockies, as applied to certain grizzlies, long-bodied and lank from individual tendency or lack of food.

Summing up now the conclusions reached here, we have as the three known species of bear peculiar to North America:

Ursus horribilis *Ord.* GRIZZLY BEAR.

Characters: Foreclaws much longer than hinder ones. Skull narrow; breadth averaging about .570 of the length; forehead slightly concave; hinder molar in upper jaw very large, averaging about .107 of the length of skull.

Color: From blackish brown to reddish brown, generally with paler tips to the hairs, giving a grizzled appearance, especially on the back and sides.

Size: Large; from 400 to 800lbs.

Range: The Rocky Mountain region from northern Mexico into the British possessions and Alaska; Sierra Nevada and Cascade Mountains of California. Known locally as "silver-tip," "cinnamon," "brown," "grizzly," "range bear" and "bald face."

Ursus americanus *Pallas.* BLACK BEAR.

Characters: Foreclaws shorter than in the grizzly; curved and pointed. Skull moderately broad; averaging about .600 of the length; forehead generally convex (occasionally somewhat concave); teeth small; hinder upper molar averaging about .092 of length of skull.

Color: Jet black, rusty black and reddish brown, or mahogany.

Size: From 250 to 400lbs. (exceptionally larger).

Range: The whole of the United States and Alaska; northern Mexico and British possessions. Known locally as "black bear," "brown bear," "cinnamon bear," "yellow bear," and "cranberry bear."

Ursus cinnamomeus *(Aud. and Bach).* CINNAMON BEAR.

Characters: Foreclaws as in *americanus*. Skull very broad, about .710 of the total length; forehead very concave; teeth large, the hinder molar about .110 of the length of skull.

Color: Rich reddish brown or bay, to pale yellowish brown (isabella) the change to some extent being seasonal.

Size: Moderately large, about 400lbs. in the specimens observed.

Range: As far as known, the central Rocky Mountain region; perhaps much further north; the Ozark Mountains, Missouri.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

ZOÖLOGICAL GARDEN, PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30, 1893.

Bluebirds in December.

TAKOMA, D. C., Dec. 3.—Notwithstanding the fact that we have already experienced the present winter several very cold days and nights in this latitude, it has not had the effect of driving all the summer birds southward. To-day in a piece of timber adjoining my place, an unusual number of birds attracted my attention, and upon coming closer to them I found they were robins (*M. migratoria*); over a dozen bluebirds; besides juncos, sparrows, and two or three species of the smaller woodpeckers. The bluebirds were in fine plumage, and the sexes were about equally represented. DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

Proceedings U. S. National Museum.

SEPARATE papers recently issued by the National Museum contain a description of a new storm petrel from western Mexico and a catalogue of a collection of birds made in Alaska by Mr. C. H. Townsend during the cruise of the U. S. Fish Commission Steamer Albatross, in the summer and autumn of 1888, by Mr. Robert Ridgway; descriptions of new species of American fresh-water crabs, by Mary J. Rathbun; and land shells of the genus *Bulimulus* in Lower California, with descriptions of several new species, by William Healey Dall. N. H.

Horns of Female Caribou.

INDIAN ROST, Me., Nov. 27.—I notice what you say (in your issue of the 11th) in regard to hornless cow caribou. Since reading your remarks I have inquired of several of our most reliable guides and caribou hunters about cow caribou. Their estimate is that not more than one in twenty of the cows have horns. I knew of six cows killed from one drove, two of them had horns. I have heard of only one besides those. C. J. RICHARDSON.

Game Bag and Gun.

LAKE POYGAN DUCKS AND FISH.

BEING at Oshkosh, Wis., the first week in November, I asked my old friend Orson Cook if there was any duck shooting. "Why," said he, you're right in it. Get on the steamer John Lynch at 1:30 P. M. and go to Tustin, thirty miles up the river at the head of Poygan Lake. Never been there? Well, you want to go, for it is the place for ducks and fish. So much wild rice up there that the mallard's get so fat they can't fly, and the boys kill 'em with paddles. Bass, pickerel and perch so plentiful it's no fun to catch 'em." "Here, Cook," I interrupted, stop that now and tell the truth about the ducks." "So I will. The ducks are there. You can get guide, boat and decoys there, and will find an excellent hotel right on the edge of the shooting grounds. Go, and have a good time. I'd go with you but I sprained my knee launching my yacht to go on this very trip, and have had to lose all the fall shooting."

The next afternoon found me on the steamer, also there was an old trunk bearing on its outside the scars of six years' battle with the baggage men of thirty different States, its interior stuffed with an old corduroy suit, wading boots, flannel shirts and extra heavy undercloth-ing; besides these there was a 12-gauge gun that has been carried by me hundreds of days and looks like a mighty old gun, but it's just as good as ever.

A few miles up the river the boat entered and steamed across Lake Butte Des Morts (pronounced Beauty More), some twelve miles long by two miles wide, with many thousand acres of bog and rush-grown marsh on either side. When I remarked to the captain that it looked good for mallards, he said it was, but there was a gun for nearly every bird. Asking if it were so at Tustin he said, "No, for there is no cover for shooters there. The rice is all down, and no ducks can be got without decoys, so it isn't much use for the natives to hunt up there. If you can get Charlie Laubenhammer to take you out you will be all right. He knows all about the ground and is reliable. He will get you the best shooting to be had."

At 4 P. M. we entered Lake Poygan, 12 miles long and miles wide, most of its shores marshy and a good deal f it shallow water. Darkness came on when we were half-way through the lake, but before it came I was gladdened by the sight of acres of ducks on the water and thousands in the air. When within half a mile of Tustin the boat stuck on a bar, so it was 7 P. M. before the hotel was reached. The hotel was a surprise in such a little hamlet. It was strictly clean, ablaze with light and thoroughly warm, and supper could be had, even if the boat was two hours late. The hostess asked if it was a hunting trip, and being told it was and that my trunk was on the boat, she said, "It must come to the house to-night," and started a porter for it at once. She then asked if I wanted breakfast early enough to get on the lake before daylight, and whether a boatman had been engaged. Telling her no, she said, "Charlie Laubenhammer is the best one. He lives a mile from here, but I'll send the boy to get him to-night."

Next morning when I came out from breakfast Charlie awaited me. Charlie is a young flaxen-haired German, modest as a girl, and not a bit of deceit or dishonesty in him, always paying strict attention to his work, and anxious to do all he could for me. His boat house was but a few steps from the hotel, and while he got boats and decoys ready I looked at the lake. It was fringed with a growth of wild rice, from a quarter to three-quarters of a mile wide, all of it now fallen down, but easily to be traced by the thin ice that covered most of it. Here and there in the open water were large flocks of widgeon, redheads, bluebills and a few mallards, but there were very few flying. Charlie said it would not be long till the shooters and fishing boats would stir them up. By this time he had put out two boats, or rather, wide canoes, 12ft. long, 3ft. wide, sharp at both ends, with about 4ft. decked over at each end. They run very easy, are steady enough to shoot from, and except that they will ship some water in a sea, are well-nigh perfect.

We took an observation trip of two or three miles before locating, which we finally did in an old blind fifty yards outside of the rice and less that half a mile from the hotel. Decoys out and myself snug in the blind, Charlie said, "Now I'll go round and stir them up." Wherever ducks were in sight he paddled toward them, pounding the decks of his boat with the paddle, and occasionally firing his gun he soon put everything to flight within a mile of us. It was evident too that other hunters were afield. Guns were beginning to roar and clouds of ducks took wing, till there were thousands in sight. For the first half hour no ducks decoyed. They were in large flocks and were very suspicious, but as they flew about in an aimless way the flocks got broken, and after exploring our end of the lake and finding no ducks but our decoys began to pay attention to them, none, however, coming near enough to shoot until two redheads alighted two hundred yards away and swam to the decoys. It was amusing to see those two ducks swimming among the decoys, examining them with evident curiosity and plainly suspicious. At last I concluded to verify their suspicions and rose up to shoot. Oh, what a scramble those ducks did make to get right away from there, but one of them was too late. He did not get ten feet before he fell dead into the water. The other one, by some unaccountable means, got off and is probably a good duck yet.

Some time after this a lone bluebill came in and got killed, next some widgeon offered a long shot and one got a shot in the head; more bluebills came and got away; a lone mallard came and was killed; two widgeon offered a nice double and both went scot free; next came a mallard, too high, but try him once, knocked out a feather anyway; and look, he is coming down and half alights, half falls, eighty rods away. Charlie sees it and gives chase, and it turns out a long chase, but the bird is bagged. A bluebill goes down with a broken wing, goes under the water and comes up no more. Charlie says they get tangled in the rice and can't get up, which is probably true, as they frequently dive and are never seen again, although there is nothing to prevent seeing them if they did come up. Matters go on this way till noon, sometimes several good shots are had in close succession and then we wait half an hour. There is no time lost picking up the dead ones, as they drift back to the edge of the ice and stay there. The wind has been blowing a rough cold gale all day and I am thoroughly chilled, my feet ache with cold and I call Charlie to keep the blind while I go to the house for a hot dinner. He collects the dead and we find thirteen that have fallen to my gun and Charlie has managed to get a few besides.

I was gone two hours at dinner, Charlie meantime doing considerable shooting. Going out to him I found he had bagged six, and was lamentiug my absence, as there had been a nice flight soon after I left. The wind blew so cold that there was no comfort for us in the afternoon; so after bagging four more I came in, leaving Charlie to take up the decoys. Barring the cold, it was a very pleasant shoot. A first-class shot would have bagged about twenty-five ducks, but I consoled myself with the thought that seventeen ducks were enough for one man, and laid the missed shots to the water being very rough, and that I had but once in ten years fired a shot from a boat.

Next day the weather was better, and although fewer ducks were flying they decoyed better, and an average of two ducks to each three shots was made, though there was an unaccountable number of cripples, which Charlie had great fun chasing, and invariably got, if they did not stay under the water. Unfortunately for this day's sport, I had a bilious headache which soon made the shooting intolerable, and after eighteen had been bagged put an end to the sport.

Fourteen of the ducks killed were sent to a couple of friends, and the rest were given to Charlie. He charged $2 per day for himself, two boats and decoys, but said he had sold the ducks (except a few given to some poor people) at ten cents each, and insisted on deducting the money from his wages. Those who have had much experience with hired guides and boatmen will agree with me that it is refreshing to find one with some manhood, and not wanting the earth. There may be places where more shooting can be had, but there was enough there, and it is seldom that a strictly good hotel right at the ground and such a boatman can be had. The shooting time is from Sept. 1 till Dec. 1.

Lake Poygan is abundantly stocked with bass, pickerel and perch, the latter of unu-ual size. One of the fishermen told me that he and his boy had caught, from Aug. 1 to Nov. 1 this year, 200 barrels. The captain of the steamer said, "During the month of Oct. I took to Oshkosh, on this boat, 400 barrels of fish from Poygan Lake, and have this morning 21 barrels. The wonder is, that these waters are not depleted, but they are not. I've known this lake for many years, and they were never plentier than now." These figures do not sound very large, but when we consider that more than 90 per cent. of these are game fish, that more than 1,200 barrels are taken every year, and the fish do not decrease either in size or numbers, it shows that it is a good lake for fish, and a good place for the angler.

The best fishing with hook and line is right in front of Tustin. Take steamer John Lynch at Oshkosh, go to Tustin (fare 50 cents), stop with Mrs. Drummer at the Lake House (terms $1.50 per day), and if your visit is seasonable, either for fish or ducks, you can be happy. Take your wife too, it is an entirely suitable place for ladies. O. H. HAMPTON.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN DUCKING.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have just returned from a duck shooting trip on Lake Champlain. Found the shooting good, but, as I was told by the residents and my companions, not so good as it had been for several years back.

The best shooting is over stools and from points. The custom is to build a blind of the stones that abound along the shore and wait for the birds to stool. Thus we were comfortable, and the broadbills and whistlers, with occasionally a redhead, would come winging along and would get knocked over. But there was many a one that "Vainly the fowler's eye would mark its course to do it harm." Generally there was a fair brace hanging on the nails on the north side of the house.

It seemed to me that the ducks were altogether too wild for a region so remote, and on inquiring I was told that there were several steam yachts from Rouse's Point and other places on the lake that were constantly pursuing them as they rested in the middle of the lake, with rifles, and by this practice making them wild, eventually driving them from their feeding grounds, shortening their stay and preventing their return the next year.

The people who live along the Alburg and Isle of Mott shore complain of this, and say that these doings by steam yachts will surely drive all the ducks away, and spoil what would otherwise be a very fine shooting ground. I write you this that your voice may be raised to rebuke this unsportsmanlike method of killing, that drives away a thousand ducks to one it bags; for as near as I can ascertain they never have more than one or two ducks to show for a day's hunt. Two or three years ago there were a large number of wild geese here, but this banging at them with rifles has sent them on another route, and now a flock of geese over Alburg is an event to be talked of.

I trust this article will meet the eye of those who indulge in this reprehensible practice, and that they will cease chasing and will take their seats on some point and let the ducks fly up to them, and they will enjoy themselves, and while waiting for the game to come they can reflect on the satisfaction that a consciousness of doing right always brings with it. And when the evening comes they will be happier in conscience and have more birds than they would get in driving them all out of the country. J. R. LATHAM, M.D.

[As this pursuit with boats is directly against the law, why do not the aggrieved parties take steps to put the steam yacht shooters in jail?]

THE DUTY ON WILDFOWL EGGS.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the Wilson Bill, which has just been made public, you will notice that it proposes to make the yelk of eggs of birds free. The duty now on eggs is 5 cents per dozen and egg albumen is free. This bill if passed would make the entire egg free. Albumen is used very extensively in the manufacture of pepsin and other chemical preparations. It was formerly obtained from the eggs of common hens, but as albumen from the eggs of the migratory birds could be bought a great deal cheaper on account of its being admitted free of duty, it has resulted in the gathering of millions upon millions of these eggs, from which the white or albumen is taken, shipped in bulk or dried and sold in this country at about 25 cents per pound.

Egg albumen is used also as an adulteration for certain chemical preparations. The effect of this is to stimulate the gathering of eggs of all kinds of migratory birds from their hatching grounds all over the Northwest. Under the present duty of 5 cents per dozen on eggs and free albumen, the gathering and destruction has been going on at a rate ten thousand-fold more destructive than that of all the shooters in existence. Many eggs half-hatched are gathered, broken and thrown away.

It should be to the interest of all to have a prohibitory tariff put on everything of this kind, or to make it a criminal offense to gather or offer for sale in any shape or part thereof, the eggs of migratory birds.

Years ago ducks frequented our marshes by the millions. We can now say and could say for the past five or ten years, that they came here only by the thousands, which is the result of this promiscuous gathering of their eggs.

What can we do to bring this strongly before the Ways and Means Committee and our intelligent Congressmen? We must work well and fast. Will you be kind enough to enter into a correspondence with your several Representatives in Congress, showing them the importance of prohibiting the importation of these eggs. It is not a political question in the least, but one that is very important so far as the protection of migratory birds is concerned.

Trusting that you will use every effort in your power and use your influence in successfully bringing this before the public, I am with sincere regards,

W. R. HUNTINGTON,
Ohio State Fish and Game Commissioner.

Nebraska Game Grounds.

COLUMBUS, Neb., Dec. 5.—Game is reported as being very plentiful along the Platte River Valley, and judging by the number of quail and jack rabbits I have seen hanging up for sale in all the towns from Kearney east, I think it true. Hunters, however, report birds of all kinds as being very wild. An acquaintance brought in the other day as the results of one day's shooting, 23 quail, 1 chicken, 2 jack rabbits and 4 cotton tails—pretty fair bag for one gun, wasn't it? Geese are very scarce on the river and flying wild. W. R. H.

THE SQUIRE'S YALLER DOG.

"IT'S goin' to rain," croaked the Growler as he rolled out of bed and flattened his nose against the pane.

"Not a bit of it," said I, "when the fog clears off the flat the day will be glorious."

"Are we goin' to take that cussed yaller, composite, flea-bitten dog of the Squire's with us?" demanded the Growler.

"I guess so, the Squire says he's a daisy for grouse."

"Then mark my words sonny, we won't get a bird to-day."

The cheery voice of the Squire summoned us to breakfast, where a steaming pyramid of flap-jacks, fried as only they can be fried in Bluenose land, awaited our attack. The Growler alluded in dismal terms to the deadly effects in certain cases of buckwheat upon the human system, but he appeared to be stowing away his share.

The valley of the Nashwaak seemed like an enchanted land that morning as we climbed the hillside. Millions and millions of frosty diamonds and sapphires were flashing and blazing in the stubble and from every naked twig in the woodland. Jack Frost had robbed October of her gorgeous crazy quilt, but he had decked her in a garment still more beautiful.

Far to the north, the river, like a broad belt of silver, extended through ample intervales that were dotted with the white houses of the settlers and flanked by noble hills on either side. Some of the latter were cleared and offered pasture ground for a multitude of horses, sheep and cattle; others were clad to the summit in sombre firs relieved by an occasional patch of birch, beech or maple. Once over these hills we shall be out of the region of firs, and into the second growth of wood, in which are hurrying brooks, and alder swales, and sunny glades, and ancient grassy roads where lurk the furtive grouse.

There were just four of us, Flash and Jeff, the Growler and I. Flash was a pointer of peerless pedigree, valued by his former owner at a fabulous sum, but knocked down to the Growler as a special friend at a ruinous figure. Jeff was a wretched mongrel, owned by the Squire. He had a guilty, terrified aspect that suggested a career of crime and retribution, but what he had ever done or what anybody had ever done to him (barring the fox trap) was a mystery even to his intimate friends. He seemed to be especially depressed in spirits this morning and eyed our preparations for the chase in a mournful, hopeless manner.

"Don't you worry about him," said the Squire as the Growler surveyed the dog dubiously, "he'll root out more partridges 'n five minits 'n yer bilyun-dollar p'inter kin find 'n a month!"

The prophecy began to be fulfilled at once. As we left the farmhouse the spirits of the mongrel rose with a bound, he sneezed and shook himself at the prospect of the fun ahead, and darted into the first low-lying belt of firs like a flash. Not like the Growler's Flash, I grieve to say, for that stately animal had just come to a dead point on a squirrel that was perched upon the farmyard gate. We had no thought at all of finding game in these firs, but at that instant a sharp, musical yelp arose from Jeff, and out of the stubble a noble grouse went roaring up the hillside, followed by the mongrel at his topmost speed. The flight was fully 100yds., but as the bird struck the ground the dog was on him again, and up he rose and thundered across the swale into the firs. There even Jeff could not find him; we tramped around for over half an hour, but failed to discover where the cunning rascal was hidden. Regretfully we gave him up and began to climb the slope.

Is there any sight, I wonder, in all the realm of forest and field more agreeable to the eye than that of a brace of dogs, with nose to ground and tail at work (be it ever so brief a tail), scurrying hither and thither hot upon the scent of grouse? The pointer could not begin to cover a fraction of the ground that the light and agile Jeff traversed, but he was honest in his efforts, and honesty in dog or man should be respected. We followed for a while an old wood road without starting a feather, when away to the left came the mongrel's warning note, a sound of whirring wings, and a bird flew over the path ahead and treed in a clump of cedars. I saw exactly where he lodged, and, as the ethics of grouse hunting in these parts do not compel a man to lift his hat and apologize to a bird that chooses to tree, nor yet to club him out of the tree for the purpose of missing or maiming him in the air, I dropped this one out of the cedar top instanter, and had the pleasure of seeing the mongrel retrieve him in the most scientific manner. The pointer meanwhile was justifying his right to exist by burrowing for a ground hog at the root of an old rampike.

We worked carefully but without further result through the scrub until we struck an old wagon road whose grassy bottom seemed to promise birds at every turn. Jeff crossed and recrossed the road in wide, sweeping circles, but gave no sign. Then we heard his music over in a bunch of tall spruces on the right. The Growler scanned them through without success. The mongrel insisted that the bird was there, nevertheless, and barked long and furiously. Then the pointer, whose knowledge of the matter must have been limited, rushed upon the scene and set up a vigorous howling. And then—Cæsar's ghost! a big gray knot flew off the trunk of a tree within a yard of the Growler's head, and went sailing over the scrub with his trunk checked for Labrador. Startled though he was, the Growler let go at him with both barrels, and, as we emerged from the shadows a flurry of feathers fluttering down showed that the shot had told. For a quarter of a mile we waded through the brush and over the blowdowns, but caught no sight of him. We were retracing our steps sadly when the mongrel came running to us with the bird in his mouth, having found him at least 200yds. from where the Growler had fired.

We regained the road and had progressed about a dozen yards when—heavens, what an explosion! One, two, three, four, five, six! Before we could recover our wits they were all gone, and only the mournful howling of the dogs told the dismal tale. "Hello," exclaimed the Growler, dropping the final vowel in his excitement, and sprang to the right after two of the birds, while I rushed into the cedar swamp across the road. Then the woodland fairly rang with the mad music of dog and gun. When we met again the Growler smiled freely. We had made a clean sweep.

Four birds more were added to our bag while yet the morning was young—one a tremendous old drummer that was routed five times and finally succumbed to the Growler's deadly left, and another which the mongrel had actually captured unaided and quietly laid at our feet. We asked him how he did it, but he merely wagged his forlorn remnant of a tail and bounced into the bush as though nothing unusual had happened.

On a big mossy log, by the side of a clear, sparkling stream that ran across the road, we sat down for luncheon. The Growler insisted on boiling coffee in a kettle that he had laboriously carried with him, and never did choicest Moccha on sea or shore send forth more grateful odor.

In the afternoon the wind sprang up and the birds were wild; we had just three hard-wing shots during the next two hours and missed them all. The Growler grassed a belated woodcock up the brook, and a snipe on the edge of the clearing. About this time the pointer flushed a porcupine and came whining to us with his head full of quills, the extraction of which engaged our undivided effort for a season. We returned to the Squire's by way of Italy, as he facetiously termed the bush where he hunted his cows at nightfall, and here the composite treed a fine spruce cock which the Growler ventilated at once. The bird lodged in the tree and the Growler was forced to climb. He was up there so long that when he was working down the pointer regarded him as an enemy and seized him by the leg. I must have laughed immoderately, for the Growler maintained an awful silence the whole way out. He soon thawed, however, and when we took our leave of the Squire and his rosy-cheeked wife and boarded the evening train for home, the Growler was happy as a king full.

"What is your opinion of that 'cussed yaller composite' now?" I asked the Growler.

The Growler answered not, but just then I heard a rumble and jar like the collision of two heavily loaded trains. It was the collision of two trains of thought. It was the Growler changing his mind. PROWLER.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

SHORT vs. LONG BARRELS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Armin Tenner's statement "that the length of the barrels above 24in. does not exercise a great influence on the velocity or peneteation, especially with the nitro powders which generally develop the bulk of gases before the shot charge has moved more than 1½ft. in the barrel, and the maximum length of barrels is reached in 26in.," is so astonishing that I hasten to give the facts, which are just the reverse of his statement:

The editor of the London *Field* in the fall of 1889, to settle what seemed to be a never-ending discussion among British sportsmen of long vs. short barrels, made the following test, using the Le Boulengé chronograph for obtaining velocities. The powders used were Schultze, E.C. and, if I remember correctly, J. B., all nitros. Also Curtis & Harvey's black and brown powder, the latter not a nitro. Two sportsmen sent their famous 26in. guns, which were beaten by 30in. guns with all powders, *i. e.*, for penetration,

Some correspondent then suggested that a cylinder bore gun be tried with a loose fitting bullet, which would touch the wire exactly the same with each trial and cut the gun off 2in. at a time until reduced to 20in. This suggestion was acted upon and the trial proved that for every inch of reduction a corresponding loss in penetration resulted with all powders. When the barrels were reduced to 20in. the loss was 40 per cent. in penetration for the nitros, and 13½ per cent. for black. This was exactly the reverse of what sportsmen were prepared to hear in regard to the nitros, proving that its force was developed near the muzzle. Curtis & Harvey's "brown" powder was the best for short barrels.

I yet have these articles clipped from the *Field* in my possession

In the book called "Shooting" (Badmintion Library), published prior to these trials, that great sportsman Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey says, "No sane man will claim that a 28in. barrel shoots as hard as a 30in."

Recoil is less with nitros than black for two reasons. First, the charge of nitro starts slower and burns more rapidly, and second, the absence of smoke gives less square feet of striking force or vacuum in the atmosphere, also producing less recoil for the same reason.

The recoil of nitros is a push, not the sudden kick of black.

I would not give the snap of a finger for Mr. Tenner's powder test if made with one gun only, unless a cylinder bore, as various forms of choke perform best with certain powders. I have two guns by the same maker, both light 30in. 12-bores. The old one shoots most uniformly with E. C., while the new does best with Schultze.

I once owned a Harrington & Richardson full choke 12-bore that would, more than one-quarter of the time, when foul, ball No. 8 shot with the right barrel and black powder, but with other sizes the patterns of both barrels were alike. I believe it almost, if not quite, impossible to ball shot with any powder in a cylinder bore gun, and if I remember correctly there was less stringing of shot in the *Field* trial with cylinders than chokes.

I will not criticise Mr. Tenner's theory about testing guns with cardboards, as the late Mr. J. D. Dougall has said, "Such ideas would prove the weakest-shooting gun to be the hardest shooter."

I am in perfect accord with Mr. Tenner in regard to soft and chilled shot, and 12-bore charges. I have never yet found a charge for a properly bored, *i. e.*, true to gauge 12-bore, equal to 3drs. and 1⅛oz. if properly wadded. Any increase of powder and shot in my experience has been detrimental to the shooting qualities of the gun.

I strongly advise sportsmen to buy Charles Lancaster's "Art of Shooting," also "Shooting," first volume (Badminton Library).

Questions often discussed have been settled long ago, and these books give data, also much other very valuable information relating to guns and shooting. WANDERER.

The above having been referred to Mr. Tenner, he sends us the following comments:

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Wanderer" is astonished because I stated that the maximum length of shotgun barrels, especially in the case where nitro powders are employed, is reached with 26in. He cites the results of some experiments carried out by the London *Field* over four years ago to prove that I am wrong. I am familiar with the results in question and all other experiments conducted by the *Field* in the premises since 1889, but my tests and those of others carried out more recently make a different showing and warrant the statement made in my report. I have tried something like 300 guns with different lengths of barrels, and have found that, as I said, neither pattern nor penetration is improved with barrels longer than 26in., compared with the results of barrels of this length and even shorter barrels.

"Wanderer" says that he would not give the snap of a finger for my tests if they had been made with one gun only. He has learned since that I used five different guns.

But if Mr. "Wanderer" would ever have occasion to see how such experiments are carried out by the London *Field* and what instruments are employed, as it has been my good fortune to witness, I fear that he would snap his fingers quite freely.

My gas pressure gun enables me to determine the bursting strain at three different points in the barrel, namely, at the cartridge chamber, in the middle of the barrel and at a point near the muzzle of the gun. Nitro powders as a rule develop, as stated by me, the bulk of the gases or energy before the shot charge has reached the muzzle of the gun; they have therefore exercised their full propelling force at such a point; and it is to be presumed that when this is done the extra length of the barrel is superfluous and has no longer any bearing upon the effect of the shot, *i. e.*, the penetrative power of the pellets. In former time longer barrels were quite in place. The old and coarse-grained black powder develops the gases slower than the modern propelling agents, and to utilize the total effect of such a powder charge requires a long barrel.

I am pleased to know that "Wanderer" agrees with me on some points, and I venture to say if he had witnessed the Chicago tests he would not differ with me on any of the questions at issue. ARMIN TENNER.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Dec. 2.—Up to Nov. 30, there had been two snowstorms in the big-game sections of Maine. The first snow gave pretty good hunting, and a great many deer were taken. One Boston hunter, who was fortunate enough to be in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake at the time, says that he never saw better hunting. It took only a few minutes the first morning after the snow to come upon deer tracks, and these tracks immediately led to others. "We tried to select a big track and to stick to it," he remarks, "but it was impossible. We gave up the attempt, being aware that we were in the immediate vicinity of a big herd of deer. The tracks went every way; the deer evidently browsing unalarmed. I called my guide in consultation, and we made up our minds to move very slowly. The woods were full of blown-down trees and patches of dense evergreens, and we determined to look each of these over thoroughly before attempting to pass them, or to make the least noise. It was rather tedious work, and we had crept up to and cautiously around a number of thickets and windfalls before we actually came to the deer. About 11 o'clock we came near to a windfall, nearly inclosed in a thicket of spruce and ground hemlocks. The tracks of deer—very fresh—seemed to go directly into the thicket. We were pretty certain that we were near the game. Creeping almost on our hands and knees in the wet snow, we slowly, and with the greatest caution, approached the thicket. 'Hist!' whispered my guide, pointing through the thick spruces. Peering in that direction I saw the eyes—all of the head of a deer. A second glance showed me that it was a buck. I was not excited! I took in the situation calmly. Another look showed me the heads and a part of the bodies of a couple of does. They were ruminating quietly the breakfast of browse. It seemed almost a pity to shoot. My guide intimated by signs that I should shoot the buck, and he would take one of the does. I signified to him, as well as I could, that the buck was all I wanted. Very carefully I took aim, resting my Winchester over a root of the upturned tree behind which we were hiding. I pressed the trigger. There was a loud report and the does were up and away, but the buck simply dropped his noble head, and was dead—shot through the brain. It was one of the most successful shots I ever made, but only one that any hunter ought to be capable of making. Such is still-hunting, followed carefully and patiently. I had all the deer I wanted, though the guide was in for getting one of the does. He felt sure that they had gone just over a little rise and stopped. I would not follow them. But the tug of getting the game out of the woods! That buck must have weighed 150lbs., after disembowelling. But we reached the neighborhood of teams at last, and I have a fine head and antlers as trophies of that day."

The Harry Moore Party, told about in the FOREST AND STREAM last week, had a glorious hunt, on the same snow mentioned by the gentleman above. They were fifteen miles in from the Katahdin Iron Works, at Gerrish's Camp, it will be remembered. But all of the story was not told last week. There was not exactly a tenderfoot in the party, but one of those nicest of men, whom it is a pleasure to know—one that may be disturbed if his steak is not done to a turn, or if there happens to be a wrinkle in the sheets of his bed. He dearly loves to be with that party on their hunting and fishing trips, but oh the hardship, the roughing—it causes! It hurts him to the very core, and each time he calls himself a fool and vows he will never do so again. On this trip it took considerable urging to get him started, and even then he only grabbed on to the hand-rail of the last car of the train, as it were, with a thousand misgivings. But the railway ride was jolly and he felt quite cheerful till dinner had to be eaten at 10 A. M., before entering the fifteen miles of woods to the camp. "A pretty time for dinner!" he suggested. "Who can eat anything at this time of day?" But the party took hold, suggesting to the growler that it was the last opportunity for a meal till camp was reached. The buckboard was mounted, nervous man seeking the best seat. The progress was slow, and the jolting fearful. The unhappy one stood it for a number of miles, till his store of patience was exhausted. He was heard muttering to himself "Curse a fool!" On she went over logs, over stones and into mudholes. "Curse a fool! What am I here for anyway?" The end of the road where the team would be able to haul more than the provisions was reached and seven miles must now be made on foot. The growler could not walk; his shoes were too thin. But at last, thoroughly worn out by the tremendous jolting and twisting of the buckboard, he took to his legs with the others. They reached camp, but not before dark, and two hours ahead of the team on which was every scrap of provisions. A cold camp and no supper. Curse a fool!"

This from the man who is disturbed by trifles. At last the team arrived, and within three-quarters of an hour the cook had ready broiled steak, roast potatoes and such biscuits! The face of the over-particular man was wreathed in smiles once more, and he allowed that if he could have the best bunk in the camp, he should be happy again. He was told to take his choice and he did so, afterward wishing that he had taken any other bed of the lot. Not a man would change with him, however, and in a short time every man but the one who gave me this yarn, was asleep. Did they snore? Ask any nervous man who has ever slept in the camp with a lot of tired hunters and guides. The roof did not come off, but it might have, the snoring was loud enough, only that it was heavy logs. Alas, for the nervous man! His eyes would not close. He twisted and he turned. He twitched and he rolled over; all in vain. His eyes would not close. He thought the other boys were all asleep, but one lay with the blanket stuffed into his mouth to keep from hursting with laughter. The nervous man sat up in bed and looked at the boys to see if there was one awake that he could talk to. Every man but one actually snored, and that one made believe snore. No. All were asleep, and the nervous man lay down again. He went through the same maneuvers perhaps a dozen times. He twisted and he turned. At last he could endure it no longer. He jerked up in bed, he kicked off the blankets, and jumped for the floor. "This is a lot of fun!" he roared. Every man was awake in an instant, and such a laughter. It was worth a whole trip to Gerrish's Camp. Later the nervous man calmed down and drowsed a little. The hunt for deer the next day cheered him up, and he slept better the second night. Now he talks of the glorious sport, and wants to go again.

E. S. Dorr, A. D. Kidder and J. F. Desmond, of Boston, with W. F. Clark, of South Rumford, Me., have recently returned from a successful deer hunt at Clark's Pond in Mexico, in that State. They killed a remarkably heavy buck deer, which the hunters took to Boston. It is said to have weighed nearly 300lbs.

Megantic Fish and Game Club.

BOSTON, Dec. 9.—An important meeting of the directors of the Megantic Fish and Game Club was held in Boston the other day. President Alexander Taylor, Jr., was on from New York, and presided at the meeting. Superintendent Robert Phillips was just in from the preserve, and made suggestions in regard to improvements that can be made on the preserve this winter. He is to finish up the hatchery, begun this season, so as to make an experiment in the hatching of trout eggs this spring. Another important feature considered at the meeting was the advisability of reducing the price of some of the treasury stock. It was finally voted that a few shares of the treasury ssock—sufficient to bring the membership up to 300—be sold at $50 each with the assessments of 1893 remitted. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the annual dinner of the club, to be held early in January. Superintendent Phillips brought from the preserve with him two beautiful specimens of caribou, and the members of the Megantic Club are pretty sure to eat caribou at their annual dinner. They are not obliged to "first catch their rabbit;" for the caribou, right from their own lands, are already caught.

I owe Mr. J. G. Rich, a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM who is always interesting, an apology. The statement that he had claimed that 100 deer a day were being killed in Maine was an error. Mr. Rich actually wrote "100 deer weekly," and it was so published in the FOREST AND STREAM. So far as my friend Crosby, the taxidermist, is concerned, the figures he objects to in regard to the number of big game heads he has for mounting, or had had up to the date he mentions, were given to me by a gentleman who had visited Mr. Crosby's place, and I so stated in my account in the FOREST AND STREAM. My objections to the newspaper statements concerning the quantity of big game being killed in Maine this season have been founded on the complaints of sportsmen who have visited that State this season without success, and I have had no other wish than to get at the truth. To have read the Maine papers this season and many of the papers outside of Maine, a novice in hunting would have got the impression that all one would have to do would be to go to any part of that State and he would find moose, deer and caribou as thick as sparrows and to be had for the shooting. I must again add that these papers have only recorded the successes, while on the subject of the disappointments and weary days spent in hunting, only to go home empty-handed, they have been entirely silent.

SPECIAL.

FOREIGN GAME FOR MAINE.

BATH, Me., Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to a circular letter (letter inclosed) which had been sent to all sportsmen of prominence in the State, the following gentlemen met at Hotel Rockingham, Lewiston, last Thursday: E. M. Blanding, editor of the *Maine Sportsman*, Wm. Ledyard and J. C. Higgins of Bath, E. L. Post of New York, Geo. E. Thompson of Bath, Edward E. Hardy and Fred Sutherland of Boston, and Dr. Crockett, Dr. Irish, Dr. R. H. Daintree, J. A. B. Farnham, T. R. Catland, H. E. Doten, A. F. Field, D. S. West, George Gifford, J. F. Moody, H. A. Bates, W. H. Collins, E. H. Gledhill and Frank Cain of Lewiston.

Mr. E. G. Gay introduced the vice-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, Mr. Edward E. Hardy. Mr. Hardy related the experiences of the Massachusetts association since 1874. He said that in that State sharp-tail grouse, prairie chicken and Rocky Mountain quail have been found the best birds. "Our greatest difficulty," said Mr. Hardy, "has been with the shipping. In many cases the birds were not properly packed. The boxes in which the game is shipped must have cloth tops or the birds will dash their brains out, the first impulse of a game bird being to jump in the air when frightened. The boxes must be so low that the birds cannot jump high enough to hurt themselves.

"We feel that the sharptail is the best bird we can get for Massachusetts. It can stand any cold, and is not fond of the heavy timber, but prefers the edges of the woods. Great care must be taken to place the bird in suitable localities. We experimented with Rocky Mountain quail, California valley and mountain quail, and we found the Rocky Mountain quail to succeed the best. Last winter practically exterminated our native quail in Massachusetts, and our work this season will have to be repairing this disaster."

Mr. Gay said that quail was not being seriously thought of by Maine sportsmen, but the capercailzie and black game of Norway and Sweden were the birds most favorably talked of.

Mr. Thompson read the report of Minister Thomas relating to these birds; this has already been published in FOREST AND STREAM.

C. A. Brambe, of the Boston *Herald*, was called upon by Mr. Gay to speak on the black game of Sweden, where he has passed many seasons with the gun. He told interesting things about the food of the black game, showing that Maine has an abundance of birch, etc., that furnish food for the black game. He mentioned the fact that Sweden's forests were so like Maine's that the first time he visited this State he could have easily imagined he was in Sweden.

Dr. R. H. Daintree of Lewiston, who has shot the black game and capercailzie in Scotland, expressed his conviction that the birds would succeed in Maine, and went at some length into the methods to be followed in rearing the birds, which is similar to the course pursued in rearing pheasants.

Mr. E. F. Field said: "Our game birds are decreasing, and unless we do something to restock, we shall be without. Woodcock are getting scarcer each year, and partridge seem to me to be getting few and far between. If we could introduce capercaile and black game it would be a great step."

Mr. J. L. Moody said: "Maine has thirty-five acres of land for every man, woman and child, and not over one-seventh part is worked. There is no doubt about our winged game being on the decrease. It is worth our while to put our hands in our pockets, but we require legislation to protect the birds. If we do introduce these birds we must not allow our birds to be shot too soon, as has been the case in Massachusetts.

"I think our Maine people, once they are alive to the fact that protection is necessary, will make the very best game wardens in the country. We are thoroughly alive to the necessity of fish protection, and the poaching of past years is never attempted now. It will be the same with game birds. Mr. Gay is deserving of our thanks for calling this meeting."

Mr. Edward M. Blanding said: "The subject is an important one and cannot be lightly considered. With wise laws better enforced Maine will, indeed, become a sportsman's paradise. But in importing game birds we must take good care not to injure our native game, than which none better exists in the world. I think Minister Thomas's opinion is particularly valuable, as he is a Maine man. I trust we shall see you all in Bangor on Jan. 2, when the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association will hold its first annual meeting."

Letters were then read from Col. E. C. Farrington, secretary Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association; Hon. P. O. Vickery of Augusta, Hon. J. Manchester Haynes and others, expressing expressing regret at not being able to be present at the meeting, and showing warm interest in the objects of the Association, promising their personal and financial assistance. On motion of Mr. Ledyard the meeting organized by electing E. G. Gay President and J. C. Higgins of Bath Secretary and Treasurer.

The constitution and by-laws of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association were adopted hy the association. The meeting adopted as a name the Maine Game and Protective Association.

The following vice-presidents were elected: Eugene M. Hersey, Dr. C. A. Packard, George Thompson, H. A. Bates, E. L. Post, E. F. Field, P. O. Vickery. William Ledyard and E. L. Merrill were appointed an executive committee.

In order to make the society as far reaching as possible, and that no sportsman should refuse to join on account of expense, the membership fee was placed at $2, and the yearly dues at $1. The meeting showed one thing, at least, very plainly—there is a singular unanimity among those who follow the gun upon the subject of game importation, and that the Maine sportsmen will stand shoulder to shoulder in this matter. L.

CAPERCAILZIE—MALE AND FEMALE

Photo from Pair Imported in 1893 by Mr. D. F. Stillman, of Rhode Island.

President Gay has issued a circular letter dated Dec. 9, in which he suggests "that the huying of hirds and liberating them promiscuously over the State, is not feasible, on account of a very heavy expense, and the innumerable dangers that all young birds are subject to.

"My plan of proceeding in this matter is to secure a suitable place, build suitable coops, yards and pens for hatching, which can be built at an estimated cost of about $3.50. The birds can be secured at no great cost, and then you are ready to proceed to business. All game birds can be hred in captivity. The black game is bred extensively in this manner in Scotland and in England, and in my judgment it is the only plan where success can be assured. Year hy year you can liherate all of the birds that you do not require for breeding purposes, and the birds thus released will help the cause along by breeding for themselves.

"I have already perfected plans for the procuring of black game, sharptail and pinated grouse, and if these plans meet with the approval of this association, in three months' time I will have the houses and pens completed, the birds procured, and will be raising the chicks this coming spring. I would estimate the cost of all work, including the building of coops and pens, for the coming year, from $800 to $1,000, and with this a grand good work would be commenced that would he as lasting as our Maine hill. I would also like to add in connection with this that in two years' time we can make this self-supporting.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From a Staff Correspondent.*]

Arkansas.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 1.—About the game supply in Arkasas, Mr. Jos. W. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., writes: "We have had the greatest flight of ducks this year that has ever been my lot to see, and every man in the State that could rustle up a gun seems to have done so and gone duck shooting with good success.

I have just returned from a day's quail shoot with a friend. We found the birds very plentiful. From 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. we put up no less than sixteen fine bevies of full-grown, strong-flying birds, and if our shooting had been first class we had chance enough to have made a very large bag. As it was we left plenty of them for a good many days of just such shooting. Young Mr. Du Bois, of Cincinnati, could find good quail shooting in that country and mallards too, unless the winter is much colder than usual.

Spring Lake Preserve.

Lately I stated to an inquirer that, so far as known, the duck grounds of Spring Lake, Ill., remained open to the public. Last week I learned that a club or company has been organized to control these grounds also. Mr. A. H. Fahnestock, of Peoria, Ill., prominent in the Duck Island or Beebee Lake Club, is interested in the new move, and he or Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., could give information. I learn that a cabin boat will still furnish quarters to hunters, and there is talk of the sale of shooting permits, though on all this my information remains vague.

Plenty of Rabbits.

If one liked to shoot cottontails, and there are worse sports, he would do well to stay away from Bicknell, Ind., for there the rabbits are too numerous for sport. Two guns could kill two hundred in a day. Parties have gone out there and killed a wagon box full in a day. In our quail shooting near that point we often saw several rabbits moving about at once, and they were fairly a nuisance, men and dogs tiring of them.

Field Ethics.

Quail shooting, over good dogs, is the best and prettiest sport America affords, as one may have earlier recorded his belief. But quail shooting, even over good dogs, may be a pleasure or not, just as one has or has not a pleasant shooting companion, or rather one who observes the ethics of the field. The man who wants to make a big bag, the man who wants to beat somebody else, the man who is a "claimer," and the man who kicks—all of these should go into the sportsman's prayer book as things from which to be delivered by Providence. Any one of these can spoil the prettiest autumn day that ever shone.

My little quail shoot at Vincennes was very pleasant, and that to even the last degree, for we not only had plenty of birds and good dogs, but I had a pleasant companion, and one who appreciated the ethics of the field, and did not let go by the little courtesies which do so much to make or mar a day afield in company. When the dogs pointed he always found it my turn to take the shot, and when, as once in a while occurred on a bird that took a flight midway between us, we both fired into the same bird, his call was always quick, "Your bird, sir," though often I knew it was not my shot that killed, but his own far more regular work. Qualities like these one does not always find even among his best shooting friends, but when they are found, a day behind the dogs does not degenerate into a scramble or a hunt for count, but remains a pleasure unalloyed and a bit of dignified and gentlemanly sport. Wherefore I hope Mr. Balmer will forgive my saying anything about it.

By the way, my friend writes me to-day about the quail:

Yesterday I went out to the ground where Adam and you had your last day's hunt. Hitched at the Nigger's shanty, and found the first bevy just over the hill. (I had Duke and Gwen only). Got two birds, right and left, on the first rise, and following scattered birds, got two more. Here a change came over the scene. The farmer who occupies the house with the coat in place of a window, came out to greet me, carrying on his shoulder a 36in. double-barreled muzzleloading shotgun. He recognized the dogs and wanted to go hunting with me. That was enough; I was hoodooed. I don't know whether it was the fact that I was looking down those 36in. barrels all the time, or the fear that I could kill a bird on the wing once in a while; anyhow, from the time he joined me until the time he left I was completely paralyzed. In crossing a fence I would lose all control of myself and just roll over it any way. He took me a long cast away above the pond, where he reported "skads" of birds (that were not there), and after spending the best part of the day tramping we returned to the old grounds. Here he left me to refresh the inner man, and soon as his back was turned I found a bevy and immediately regained my accustomed form. I had good shooting for 15 or 20 minutes, when the fellow again returned and spoiled the remaining hour of the day.

I dared not count my birds in his presence, but waited until I got home, when I fished 19 quail out of the folds of my old hunting coat. These, with three or four rabbits that the fiend received from me made my bag for the day. I hunted from 10:30 till 4 o'clock. The day was perfect, but no man living could make a bag under the circumstances

I will not hunt in Illinois any more this season, and feel that there ought to be some birds left over.

P. S.—I don't think that long gun was loaded, for he made no attempt to shoot. If I had only been sure of this!

Mr. Balmer met the same "hoodoo" which his brother and I encountered at the same place a few days earlier, but he got off better than we did. There were two of the young farmers who followed us, and they were so kindly in trying to show us the birds that we could not think of leaving them. They kept close up with us, and had us so nervous that we went to pieces altogether in our shooting, and simply made an exhibition of ourselves, although our occasional kill of a bird highly pleased and astonished the spectators, to whom the knocking over of a rabbit on the run seemed a marvel of skill. With such an attendant our friend is to be congratulated on his bag, which was a good deal better than either of ours. Our main source of happiness was that we didn't bag one of the countrymen, they clung so consistently to the line of fire.

Billy's Lounge.

Visitors at the Hunters' Cabin at the Fair will bear in mind the great seat of honor which stood before the fireplace within the cordon which barred back the too inquisitive public. This piece of furniture was made by "Billy" Hofer, the Rocky Mountain man who had the cabin in charge for the Boone and Crockett Club. The construction was of young pine trees for legs and frame, the seat being made of a full-size beef hide put on raw and dried on tight as a drum. This great lounge is far longer than any man, and wide proportionate. It has been couch, settee and divan in general for many a visitor of note. Here Billy curled up and read papers when business was slack, and before it he sat on the skins by the fire and told stories betimes when business was good and the seat of honor had a fair occupant. The big rawhide lounge became a sort of landmark, and a good many persons wanted to buy it when the cabin effects were disposed of at the close of the Fair. It could only of natural right go to but one place, however, and there it has gone, namely, to the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM. Here it stands, as solid, as comfortable, as wide and welcoming as before, and will remain so after the White City itself has disappeared. Come up and sit on it. It won't cost you a cent, and all you have to do is to admit that Billy Hofer built on honor when he made the big rawhide settee. "I didn't want that thing to go just anywhere," said Billy, "and I did want it kept somewhere." It will stay a long time where it is, a fixture of FOREST AND STREAM, and I hope will come to be again a fixture of sportingdom as it was at the other cabin.

Princess of China.

In some reminiscences of the Fair, comment was made on the vision which broke the record at the record-breaking FOREST AND STREAM corner, and in regard to this a writer in the "Society Chat" columns of the Lexington, Ky., *Daily Leader* has something to say. It seems a certainty that the vision lives somewhere around Lexington, and the *Leader* on the data afforded has instituted a search in behalf of the recorder of the record-breaker, stating among other things that it was probably the Princess of China whom the FOREST AND STREAM men saw illuminate the carpet sweeper, and to whom they gave a sample copy of the paper. I have been through Chinatown in San Francisco and other places.

While I don't know who or what this vision was, I allow it wasn't any Chinee. Thank you very much, and none the less, good friends in Kentucky, and if you locate the vision, as I hope you will, kindly learn if possible, whether any of the gentlemen of the family remain unsupplied with sample copies of the greatest paper on earth.

A Great Season South.

Continuing the dive into the mail box I find the following from the FOREST AND STREAM correspondent "Arodnac," who writes from Welsh, Louisiana:

"Never in my days have I seen as much game as in the past two weeks. I arrived at this place yesterday evening and at the hotel met several kid drummers who wanted to go shooting ducks. We had but one mile walk to the rice field from the hotel, and arrived on the grounds at half after four and shot until dark. The result was my three dude drummers had exploded seventy-five shells and killed four mallard ducks. I shot thirty-seven shells and killed thirty-one ducks. The time we had to shoot was one hour and twenty minutes. I had agreed with them to kill only greenheads, as the ducks were so numerous one could pick and make a fine bag. I succeeded in making all drake mallards but two, which were pintails. Is there any place else that you know of where this could be done?

"I am sure that any one, a fair shot, who would take the trouble to make a blind, and use decoys and be willing to wade in water 4in. deep, could kill 100 to 150 of a morning only a mile from the hotel. I shot in my Sunday clothes.

"Several years ago there never was known to be but very few ducks in this vicinity, but the cultivation of rice here has brought them in by the millions, not thousands. The shooting, unfortunately, does not last but until Dec. 10. As soon as all the loose and fallen rice is eaten up the ducks leave for the sea coast, about twenty-eight miles south of here, and there they are hard to get, yet numerous.

"Mallards can be bought almost anywhere at 8 cents apiece. They are cheaper than meat, in consequence of which the butchers suffer.

"The quail season will be good."

Piasa Rod and Rifle Club.

The Piasa Rod and Rifle Club, of Alton, Ill., sends in a handsomely lithographed roster of the club membership, showing on one page the portraits of all its officers, and on another those of the remaining members. Gen. E. H. Lahee is president, and Mr. H. R. Wills vice-president, Mr. G. R. Hewitt filling the secretary's chair, and Mr. G. A. McMillen that of treasurer. Mr. Wills, from his portrait, one would not take to be a rifle shooter, but he is, as I have learned in many hard-fought matches here, involving the championship of Halstead street. He isn't near as innocent as he looks, and neither is Mr. Lahee.

May Move.

Dr. O. Stewart Bamber of Rochester, N. Y., a lover of that noble animal, the dog, is in Chicago for a few days, and says that he may move West this far, as the shooting about Rochester doesn't altogether suit him. There is shooting of almost any sort, one way or the other, out of Chicago, if you go far enough after you start.

Hard Year for Quail.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—The quail season in Illinois being now at an end, and the Indiana season being also practically closed, it is possible to review with accuracy the question of the supply of birds. There is no longer any question that the severity of last winter was almost ruinous to the quail in all of northern Indiana and Illinois. Around Warsaw and other points where last fall we had excellent shooting, there were this fall next to no birds at all, a party of three guns getting only 9 birds in a day over the choicest of the covers in an exceptionally good section of country. Such bevies as were found were small. Last year was the great quail year for this region, but this year is the reverse of that. It will take the best of nursing and years of good weather to bring the birds back in such abundance as that of the last two or three years. It is good counsel to all Chicago shooters and those who are accustomed to shoot in northern Indiana not to fire another gun this fall, and to go further South for the shooting next fall if the birds at that time continue scarce as now. The sportsmen of Warsaw intend to stock their country heavily with quail this coming year. Their preserves should be respected until the birds have again taken good hold, and the shooters of any locality could not do better than imitate so good an example, besides trying to feed and shelter such few bevies as may be left this fall.

It is probable that this will be another hard winter for quail in northern Illinois and Indiana. Very heavy snows have fallen and there has been much alternate melting and freezing, so that poor Bob White's daily bread must be hermetically sealed away from him by an impervious coating of ice. Unless there should be a general thaw and a passing away of this icy covering, we can hardly hope for less than a further slaughter of the innocents. You can hardly destroy the quail crop in thirty days of legitimate wing shooting, for the little fellows are wonderfully fit to take care of themselves; but when they are weak and starving there is no fun in the thought of trying to bag them. Therefore let us all leave the famine belt alone for a while in our shooting.

In the lower half of the two States mentioned the weather was not so severe last winter, and the birds were more abundant this season, but even there they were more scarce than is usually the case. Even so far south as Tennessee it was a "bad year." The worst enemy quail have is the weather. Let us hope the present winter will grow milder and not worse.

Trip is Off.

Mr. Wilbur Dubois, of Cincinnati, writes that his shooting friend, Mr. Peabody, will be unable, on account of increased duties in business, due to his recent promotion in railroad work, to take the contemplated shooting trip to the South, and that therefore the dates are off all around. Mr. Dubois adds:

"I have not yet had my annual shooting trip, and want to run off somewhere for a shoot of ten or twelve days. I am uncertain where to go, and hardly know whether it would be advisable to try so far South as Louisiana, and avail myself of your courteous card of introduction to your New Orleans friend.

"I congratulate you on your courage in denouncing the slaughter of ducks, in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 25. Wise words bravely spoken."

Mr. Dubois will do well to get pretty well South for his shoot, though possibly he can get good enough country in Mississippi or Arkansas. It is a delightful change to leave the blizzard of the North and be out for a time in the pleasant strawberry weather, which in the South they dignify by the name of winter.

For Fish Warden of Iowa.

Hon. J. G. Smith, the veteran shooter and long-time president of the Iowa Association, is out as candidate for State Fish Commissioner under the new regime. Mr. Smith is well versed in the way of legal work, is a rational and earnest sportsman, and his appointment would be a fine one. It would be finer yet if the State would give him a decent appropriation with which to work. Granted that, and the abused waters of Iowa might once again have a little of their old time supply of fish life. If Mr. Smith is appointed I hope he will, just for the sake of auld lang syne, place some fish in old Skunk River, where I used to fish when I was a boy, and where the netters and dynamiters have since made it impossible for anybody to catch a fish. That was once a glorious bass stream.

Speaking of Bass.

Speaking of bass, a good one indeed was that taken this season by Mr. Frank Lawrence of Chicago—a fish taken in Green Lake, Wis., weighing 7lbs. 2½oz. Mr. Lawrence is showing it, nicely mounted, at Spalding's store. If he had only laid his plans right he might be wearing diamonds in the Natchaug competition.

She also Shoots.

Mrs. Kate F. Miller, the bright little newspaper woman who edits the *Industrial World*, Chicago, is not only a journalist but a shooter, and at chicken or even quail can kill a mess of birds all right. Mrs. Miller favored this section of FOREST AND STREAM with a very pleasant call this week, and we talked over many things, including the wanderings of the "Saginaw Crowd," with most of whom the lady is well acquainted.

Moved In.

The clean and gritty publication *Sports Afield* this week changed its place of publication from Denver to Chicago, and its bright young editor, Mr. Claude King, is now busily squaring himself around in his new and bigger home, first taking time to come and talk fraternally with the Western part of FOREST AND STREAM.

Memoriam.

On Tuesday morning, Dec. 5, Mr. Vilroy Q. Paxon, since 1889 in the employ of Mr. E. S. Rice, general agent of the DuPont powder, this city, died after a brief illness. Mr. Paxon was, during the late war, a sergeant and first lieutenant in the 15th Infantry of Illinois. Since the war he was for twenty years in the service of the Adams and American express companies, later going in with Mr. Rice. In all capacites he was faithful, cheerful and efficient. He was a sportsman of the truest sort and leaves many friends. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Stocking Methods.

MILFORD, Conn., Dec. 7.—There have been scarcely a half-dozen quail killed in this neighborhood since the opening on Oct. 1. This is in marked contrast with the experience of former years, and the better class of hunters have determined to take some steps to remedy the evil. It is proposed to begin by attempting to restock by buying West Virginia or Tennessee birds and in the late winter pairing them off as far as practicable in separate coops or inclosures and then turn out in March. An unique plan was tried last winter by a Long Island shooting club and resulted very successfully. It consisted in fixing a number of empty barrels with long axis pointing east and west about the stubble near cover. The open end is covered with large mesh wire netting, allowing the quail entrance and egress, but keeping the larger vermin out. By baiting up to these barrels the quail became used to them and in cold weather and snow use them for shelter. I am informed that during the very severe weather of last winter the superintendent of this club found a flock of quail in almost every barrel. The Hammonassett Club, in eastern Connecticut, have ordered this plan to be tried during the coming season in order to preserve if possible the large number of birds which will be left over. This club has stocked for two years past and as a consequence there are many birds there settled for the winter. Almost every patch of "died down" buckwheat within a mile or two of the club contains a large flock. INCOG.

Game Near Asheville.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Dec. 1.—The hunting season in Asheville has opened in great shape, and those who have been in the field say that quail are plentiful. They also report a large flight of woodcock, and in the lowlands just south of Asheville, on the French Broad River, woodcock and snipe shooting has already commenced. The largest individual bag yet made in one day was sixty-five birds by a well-known hunter here. Last week a party was organized for a deer hunt, in which the week was consumed. The party went out into the Smoky Mountain range within sight of Asheville. The result of the week's hunting was four bucks and three does. They had very little trouble in finding the deer, and besides this rather large bag, members of the party killed in all twenty-six wild turkeys, one wild hog and numerous pheasants and quail. The Battery Park Hotel has become headquarters for a lot of sportsmen and the Hunt Club is the feature of the day at present in Asheville. The section immediately surrounding Asheville is without doubt the best hunting section in North Carolina. Almost any sort of game can be found easily, and this is accounted for by the fact that nearly all of the land around Asheville is posted and the shooting privileges are in possession of some members of the Hunt Club. There is no difficulty for the visitors to secure shooting privileges.

The game preserve which is being completed by Mr. Geo. W. Vanderbilt, in connection with his magnificent mansion, will be the finest game preserve in the world. It comprises about 60,000 acres of magnificent forest and good vantage ground for game. It is said that he will import almost every kind of game that can flourish in this climate, and it is expected that within the next two or three years the evtensive preserve will be completed. The preserve, of course, is within sight of Asheville, and will comprise a large portion of the Mt. Pisgah range of mountains.

Illinois Game.

NEPONSET, Ill., Dec. 3.—The game season has practically closed in this section of the State. For some unknown cause prairie chicken and quail, and even the cotton tail rabbit have been scarce. Owing to the scarcity of game, trap-shooting has been carried on to more than the usual extent. But to me the sport at the trap falls far short of a day in the stubble or in the marsh or the forest. Regardless of the favorable spring and summer, there was a great shortage in the prairie chicken crop. A bag of half a dozen birds for a man with his dog would have been considered an exceedingly good day's shoot. The quail season closed Nov. 30 with but little game bagged. We have as good a waterfowl marsh as can be found in this part of the State, but owing to the lack of fall rains haven't had the water to make shooting as good as usual. Thousands of ducks find their way into Chicago markets from the Winnebago and St. Peter marshes annually.

I have a letter from George S. Wells, an old friend of mine, of Lewiston, Mon., who, in company with another, had just returned from a deer hunting trip among the foot-hills of the Rockies. He says that heavy snows rendered it impossible for them to procure feed for their saddle horses and pack animals, and owing to this fact their trip was greatly shortened. But Wells did not return with empty pack saddles; that is not his nature. He will stay on the trail as long as any man I ever knew. On this trip Wells and his companion brought back for the result of a seven-day trip the carcasses of eight black tail deer, besides an abundance of small game. Mr. Wells reports a goodly quantity of both large and small game throughout the country they traversed. R. E. M.

Back from the Maine Woods.

DR. GEORGE MCALEER and friends have returned from their winter hunting trip. On their way from the headwaters of the Dead River to their camp in the Moose River Valley, which is only a blazed trail through the wilderness, two miles of which is along the summit of the boundary mountains, they encountered the fresh footprints of an enormous bear, which measured 7 by 8in. It was decided to go in pursuit the next morning, but 6in. of snow fell during the night and destroyed all chance of success, so this was abandoned. But what spoiled the bear hunt was just what was needed for still-hunting, and so the party turned its attention to other game. They saw forty-four deer while in camp and killed two does, four bucks and a very large bull caribou. They made several efforts to locate moose in the many mountain gorges and notches and over into Kibby Valley, but the trail picked up and followed one day would be entirely obliterated the next by the heavy snowfall that occurred every day while in camp, and so they were unable to get a shot. They speak in terms of highest praise of their cook, Herb Heal, and the extensive and elaborate menu prepared for their Thanksgiving dinner. When they left there was a depth of 15in. of snow on a level, and they describe the forest in its heavy mantle of snow as a wealth of beauty and loveliness, and the glistening of the mountain tops in the rising and setting sun a marvel of richness and splendor worth making the journey to see.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

Deer in Connecticut.

WEST WINSTED, Conn., Dec. 4.—Thinking that it might interest you to know that we still have deer in Connecticut, I inclose slip taken from the Winsted *Citizen*, Nov. 29: "The first deer seen in this locality in years was seen between Winsted and New Hartford in the town of Barkhamsted this morning. A number of farmers and railroad hands witnessed the rare object, as it disappeared in the woods. Shortly after 9 o'clock this morning near the old dam of Barkhamsted, bordered by the highway and Philadelphia, Reading & New England tracks on one side and woods on the opposite side, the deer was discovered near the old wrecked shanty situated near the dam, by farm hands. Section Boss Heaney of Winsted was a witness and says the deer was a good sized one. The farmers immediately gave chase, but the deer was too fleet footed and escaped by taking to the woods. W. B. P.

[Connecticut farmers would do just as well not immediately to give chase, for the law protects deer in that State for ten years to come.]

Genesee Valley.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 5.—The annual meeting of the Genesee Valley Fish and Game Protective and Propagating Association occurs on the evening of Jan. 10, at Rochester. F. J. AMSDEN.

MODERN SPORTING GUNPOWDERS

In the Light of the Public Powder and Primer Tests Carried out at Chicago and Carney's Point, New Jersey.

BY ARMIN TENNER,

Expert in Gunpowder, Guns and Ammunition.

[*Continued from page 498.*]

With reference to the figures quoted in Table G attention must be called to the fact that the DuPont, the Walsrode leaf and Schultze powders (Pompton) were fired in the several shells while the weather was clear and comparatively dry, and that rain set in at the time when the ignition test had reached the Schultze powder, whereby the humidity in the air was considerably increased, the effect of which is noticeable with this and the other powders, which all show a decrease in bursting strain and velocities as compared with the corresponding figures obtained under normal conditions. The velocities dropped, even with the No. 3 primer, frequently below the limit representing a sufficient killing force, considering that a velocity below 750 can no longer be regarded an equivalent for a satisfactory penetration.

The effect of the moisture as here illustrated is very instructive for the gunner. By examining these figures, he will find the explanation for the question, why occasionally, in rainy weather, the birds appear to be more tough than in dry weather? Why he will not succeed in bringing them down in the usual style? It is because the hair of an animal or the feathers of a bird are wet that the pellets do not seem to do as effective work, the gunner is told. Not a bit of it. The wet hair or feathers are not responsible for such a phenomenon. It is the powder, as a rule, which, owing to its susceptibility to moisture, fails to develop a sufficient penetrative power.

It is claimed for the gun cotton powders that they are not susceptible to the influence of moisture, or at least in a less degree than other powders. To ascertain how far such a claim is justified, it was concluded, after the effect of moisture had been felt even with the E. C. powder, to settle this question at this point of the experiments. Consequently a number of shells were loaded with the standard charges of DuPont's and the two Walsrode smokeless powders and fired, and this experiment proved, as will be seen by the figures quoted, that indeed the gun cotton powders are very little affected by an ordinary degree of moisture in the air.

Resuming the theme at issue, it is shown by the figures that the best results for the DuPont's Smokeless powder were obtained with the Eley and Smokeless shell, which gave about the same values, and, if we take the bursting strain in consideration, that the Smokeless shell takes the first place. The Winchester Rival shell produced quite sufficient velocities, with comparative moderate bursting strains, but occasionally hang-fires were noticeable, which, by the way, were experienced with all common primers, and even in some cases with the Winchester No. 3 primer, a phenomenon explained by the result of the ignition test as shown in Table L. Even the Nitro Club shell did not quite hold its own in all cases, although the velocities obtained with this primer may still be regarded as satisfactory. The U. S. Rapid shell proved to be somewhat weak for the DuPont's Smokeless which, like all gun cotton powders, requires a strong primer. The Walsrode powder can only be used in special shells or exploded with a No. 3 primer such as that of the Smokeless shell, unless the ordinary shells are primed with black powder. The most difficult powder to ignite is the leaf powder, but even this was regularly and satisfactorily exploded by the Smokeless shell.

The primer test with Schultze powder—Pompton—proves that this powder ignites comparatively easy, a quality it possesses in common with the regular Schultze powder. The velocities obtained with the Eley, Smokeless, Nitro Club, Rival, Rival No. 3 and Kynoch shells are all satisfactory, but those obtained with the other common shells are hardly of sufficient height.

When the Schultze powder was reached, a heavy rain set in, and on this account the velocities are throughout lower than they would have been if taken in dry weather. They reach the requisite figures only with the Smokeless, Eley, Nitro Club, Rival No. 3 and Rapid shells. The highest mean velocity was obtained with the Smokeless shell.

The velocities obtained with the E. C. powder likewise show plainly the effect of moisture, only those produced by the Eley and Smokeless shells are up to the standard; the Smokeless shell gave the best velocities of the two.

Toward evening of Oct. 27 a few experiments were made for determining the question to what extent the several powders react to moderately increased charges, and the result of this test is embodied in the foregoing table. The primer test was postponed till the following day.

Although the rain had ceased on the next day and all powders which were kept under roof and in a dry place over night were loaded fresh from the cans, the effect of the humidity prevailing on the previous day was still plainly noticeable, as this will be seen from the velocity figures contained in Table G.

S. S. powder developed throughout very low figures, which in no instance reached the requisite limit. The primer test with this powder proves that it can only be regularly exploded with No. 3 primer unless the common shells are primed with black powder.

American wood showed a similar behavior; it developed comparatively low velocities. By comparing the bursting strains of the several powders with one another it will be seen that the No. 3 primer, as a rule, produces a higher mean gas pressure than the common primers. This phenomenon corresponds closely with the conditions under which, with the two primers, the ignition and combustion of the powder charges take place. The stronger primer simply causes a quicker ignition and combustion of the powder, and thus by it the gases are more suddenly developed than with the common primer, which produces a slower ignition and combustion. The strain upon the gun barrel therefore is higher from the No. 3 primer than from the common primer.

This increase of strain to the gun, however, is by no means alarming, and is hardly important enough to induce the gunner to prefer on this account the weaker primer. As long as the nitro powders retain their present properties in the way of the requirements for a reliable and thorough ignition, the No. 3 primer cannot well be dispensed with.

The last-named explanation might be construed that the No. 3 primer, as such, used in conjunction with a nitro powder, constitutes an element of danger. In fact, it is frequently asserted that the common shells primed with black powder were much more safe, for nitro powders, would be less liable to bulge or burst guns, than No. 3 primers.

This assertion, like many others made every day in the year by persons believing or even claiming to have gone deep into the study of the theory of shot shooting, whereas they have, as a rule, barely touched its surface, is, of course, not based on facts. But to shed some light also on this particular sphere, tests at Carney's Point were likewise made in this direction, and the result of these experiments is shown in Table I. It has been said before that the moisture test at Chicago has been a comparatively mild one. The powders were in this case subjected to the influence of 75 per cent. humidity only. The strange behavior of some of the powders at Carney's Point during rainy weather induced us to subject all powders to a second moisture test under strictly similar conditions.

All powders were put in open earthen dishes and placed in a cellar in which the humidity measured 85 per cent., and having no ventilation whatsoever. After having remained there 24 hours they were taken out, loaded in the usual manner, and fired.

The result of this interesting test is laid down in Table H.

Table H.

Carney's Point, Oct. 28, 1893.

MOISTURE TEST.

Schultze powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
4,410.0 lbs. equal 390 atm.	below 650 ft.
4,410.0 " " 390 "	" " "
4,454.1 " " 393 "	" " "

S. S. powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

4,498.2 lbs. equal 396 atm.	below 650 ft.
4,586.4 " " 312 "	674.9 ft. equal 204 meters.
5,027.4 " " 342 "	722.9 " " 220 "

American wood powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

4,586.4 lbs. equal 312 atm.	below 650 ft.
4,586.4 " " 312 "	" " "
4,511.7 " " 311 "	" " "

DuPont's smokeless powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

below 4,410 lbs.	below 650 ft.
" " "	" " "
" " "	" " "

E. C. powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

below 4,410 lbs.	below 650 ft.
4,498.2 lbs. equal 306 atm.	687.9 ft. equal 208 meters.
below 4,410 lbs.	below 650 ft.

Schultze powder (Pompton), 3 drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

below 4,410 lbs.	below 650 ft.
" " "	" " "
" " "	" " "

Walsrode leaf powder, 31grs. 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

6,570 9 lbs. equal 447 atm.	812.3 ft. equal 246 meters.
6,394.5 " " 435 "	818.10 " " 248 "
6,789 4 " " 462 "	792.5 " " 240 "

Walsrode powder in grains, 29grs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

7,276.5 lbs. equal 495 atm.	802.4 ft. equal 243 meters.
7,452.9 " " 507 "	812.3 " " 246 "
7,452.9 " " 507 "	805.8 " " 244 "

DuPont's powder, FFF., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

5,071.5 lbs. equal 345 atm.	812.3 ft. equal 246 meters.
5,027.4 " " 334 "	779.3 " " 236 "
5,071.4 " " 345 "	772.7 " " 234 "

As will be seen from the figures quoted in Table H the majority of powders will not stand the influence of a moisture in the air of 85% under the conditions before mentioned, and that even the DuPont's smokeless and the E. C. powders, which are less hygroscopic than some of the others, after having absorbed 2 and 2½% moisture respectively, lose considerably in propelling energy.

It was found that the several powders subjected to the influence of moisture had absorbed the latter in the following proportions:

DuPont's smokeless pdr..2%	Schultze powder 3½%
Walsrode leaf powder...2%	Schultze (Pom.) powder.3.4%
Walsrode grain powder..2½%	S. S. powder.....4%
DuPont's black powder..2%	American wood powder.7%
E. C. powder, 2½%	

A portion of the Walsrode leaf powder was placed in an oven and there tried under a temperature of 205° F. =80° C., and then tested for bursting strain and velocity.

Walsrode leaf powder, 31grs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:

Bursting strain.	*Velocity.*
8,070.3 lbs. equal 549 atm.	785.10 ft. equal 238 meters.
8,379.0 " " 570 "	858.3 " " 260 "
8,820.0 " " 600 "	825.2 " " 250 "
Mean bursting strain, 8,423 lbs.	Mean velocity, 822 ft.
Variation, 750 lbs.	Variation, 73 ft.

Table I.

Comparative Test Between No. 3 Primers and Common Primers, Primed with 3grs. fine grain Black Powder.

Walsrode leaf powder, 31grs., 1¼oz. shot in special shells:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
7,893.9 lbs. equal 537 atm.	852.0 ft. equal 258 meters.

The same load in Climax shells with black powder priming:

9,172.8 lbs. equal 624 atm.	799.0 ft. equal 242 meters.
8,996.4 " " 612 "	855.4 " " 259 "

Schultze powder (Pompton), 3drs., in Smokeless shells, 1¼oz. shot No. 7:

8,246 7 lbs. equal 561 atm.	835.6 ft. equal 253 meters.

The same load in Climax shells with black powder priming:

4,630.5 lbs. equal 315 atm.	below 650 ft.
4,498.2 " " 306 atm.	" 650 "

DuPont's smokeless powder, 2¾drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7 in Smokeless shells:

9,788.2 lbs. equal 666 atm.	818.10 ft. equal 248 meters.

The same load in Climax shells with black powder priming:

8,202.6 lbs. equal 558 atm.	792.5 ft. equal 240 meters.
8,643.6 " " 588 "	855.4 " " 259 "

E. C. powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7 in Smokeless shells:

5,865.3 lbs. equal 399 atm.	815.7 ft. equal 247 meters.

The same load in Climax shells with black powder priming:

4,718.7 lbs. equal 321 atm.	746.6 ft. equal 233 meters.
4,586.4 " " 312 "	730.0 " " 219 "

Walsrode powder in grains, 29grs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, in special shells:

6,615.0 lbs. equal 450 atm.	799.0 ft. equal 242 meters.

The same load in Climax shells with black powder priming:

4,497.0 lbs. equal 510 atm.	782.6 ft. equal 2 7 meters.
7,408.8 " " 504 "	766.0 " " 232 "

Schultze powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells:

7,893.0 lbs. equal 537 atm.	825.5 ft. equal 250 meters.

The same load in Climax shells with black powder priming:

4,586.4 lbs. equal 312 atm.	687.9 ft. equal 208 meters.
4,586.4 " " 312 "	684.6 " " 207 "

American wood powder, 3drs., 1⅛oz. shot No 7, in Smokeless shells:

4,806.9 lbs. equal 327 atm.	752 10 ft. equal 228 meters.

The same load in Climax shells with black powder priming:

4,851.0 lbs. equal 330 atm.	below 650 ft.
4,718.7 " " 321 "	" "

S. S. powder, 3drs., 1½oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells:

Bursting Strain.	*Velocity.*
7,805 7 lbs. equal 531 atm.	818.10 ft. equal 248 meters.

The same load in Climax shells with black powder priming:

6,306 3 lbs. equal 429 atm.	789.2 ft. equal 239 meters.
7,011.9 " " 477 "	802 4 " " 243 "

The foregoing table shows that only four of the powders tested will stand black powder priming, and that the bursting strains of both the No. 3 primer and the common shell, primed with black powder, are about the same, whereas the velocities of the No. 3 primer are superior to those of the common primer.

The DuPont's S. S. and both Walsrode powders developed velocities sufficiently high to warrant a good killing power; they can therefore, if necessary, be used for live bird as well as for artificial target shooting, but the velocities obtained with both Schultze, E. C. and American wood powders only justify the use of these powders in common shells primed with black powder for artificial targets. To use them also for live birds would be equivalent with cruelty to animals.

All powders were again tested at Carney's Point for pattern. The gun and barrel used was a 12-bore choke. Distance between muzzle of gun and target 40yds. The shot charges—366 pellets No. 7, equal to 1¼oz.—were loaded with the shot counter or trowel. All shots fired from muzzle rest. The figures quoted in the following table represent the number of pellets counted in each case within the 30in. select circle.

Table K.—Pattern Test.

3drs. E. C. powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7. in Smokeless shells:
187 243 244 217 192—1083 Average pellets 216; var. 57; cor vel. 816ft.

3drs. Schultze powder (Pompton), 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells:
176 111 175 205 207—874 Average pellets 175; var. 96; cor. vel. 865ft.

3drs. Schultze powder, 1⅛oz. shot No 7, in Smokeless shells:
203 229 187 211 200—1030 Average pellets 206; var. 42; cor. vel. 795ft.

32grs. Walsrode leaf powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, in Vienna shells;
169 159 176 197 171—872 Average pellets 174; var 58; cor. vel. 871ft

31grs same powder, same shot and shells:
178 172 166 174 200—890 Average pellets 178; var. 34; cor. vel 842ft

29grs. Walsrode powd , gran., 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, in Bischweiler shells:
170 188 172 191 183—907 Average pellets 181; var. 24; cor vel. 812ft.

3drs. American wood powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells:
261 248 247 254 109—1119 Average pellets 221; var. 152; cor. vel. 747ft.

3drs. S. S. powder 1⅛oz. shot No 7, in Smokeless shells:
169 158 189 221 206 953 Average pellets 189; var. 163; cor. vel. 734ft

2¾drs DuPont's smokeless powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, in Smokeless shells:
214 190 171 192 177—944 Average pellets 189; var. 43; cor. vel 838ft.

In view of the fact that low velocities generally produce highly satisfactory pattern, in judging and comparing the pattern the corr sponding velocities must always be taken into consideration. Applying this rule to the results enumerated in Table K, E C., DuPont's smokeless, Walsrode leaf powder (31grs.) and Schultze (Pompton) powder make, with about even values, the best showing. S hultze powder did well in point of pattern, but the velocities are somewhat low and the patterns are irregular. It takes, therefore, together with Walsrode grain powder, the second place. S. S. and American wood powder are out of competition, since the velocities of both are below the requisite limit. The next table shows the time required by the different powders between the moment of the pulling of the trigger and the moment the shot quits the muzzle of the gun, or in other words, how much quicker the ignition and combustion of the powder charge is brought about with the No. 3 primer than with the common primer.

Although these differences only move in fractions of a second, they are nevertheless of importance in shooting at fast moving game, especially if we bear in mind that the pellets of a shot charge never reach their destination simultaneously. The chances of hitting a moving object are influenced by the slower or quicker burning of the powder irrespective of the primer and by the irregular arrival of the pellets. If in addition to these two last named factors, the ignition and combustion of the powder is delayed on account of a weak primer, then, indeed, the gunner will find himself handicapped to a great extent, if he leads for instance, a quartering bird in the usual manner. For this reason, the strong primer causing a quick, sure and thorough transformation of the powder into life energy, is preferable to the common primer for the use of nitro powders.

Table L.—Primer Test.

The figures opposite the different makes of shells represent the time which elapsed in every case between pulling the trigger and the moment the shot charge left the muzzle of the gun:

DuPont's Smokeless powder, service charge. 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, loaded in Eley shells:
1. 0.0458 sec. 2. 0.0428 sec. 3. 0 0521 sec. Av. 0.0469 sec.

The same load in Kynoch shells:
1. 0 0523 sec. 2. 0 0419 sec. 3. 0.0495 sec. Av. 0.0479 sec.

The same load in Bachmann shells:
1. 0.0489 sec. 2. 0.0443 sec 3. 0 0917 sec. Av. 0.0616 sec.

The same load in Smokeless shells:
1 0.0447 sec. 2. 0.0469 sec. 3. 0.0478 sec. Av. 0.0464 sec.

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
1. 0.0460 sec. 2 0 05 5 sec. 3. 0.0465 sec. Av. 0.0493 sec.

The same load in Winchester Rival No. 3:
1. 0.0469 sec 2 0.0507 sec. 3. 0.0570 sec. Av. 0.0515 sec.

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:
1. 0.0461 sec. 2. 0 0553 sec. 3. 0.0465 sec. Av. 0.0493 sec.

Schultze powder, service charge, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, loaded in Eley shells:
1. 0 0523 sec. 2. 0.0553 sec. 3. 0 0564 sec. Av. 0 0546 sec.

The same load in Kynoch shells:
1. 0 0411 sec. 2. 0 0569 sec. 3. 0.0519 sec. Av. 0.0499 sec.

The same load in Bachmann shells:
1. 0.0553 sec. 2. 0.0548 sec. 3. 0.0559 sec. Av. 0.0558 sec.

The same load in Climax shells:
1 0.0828 sec. 2. 0.0912 sec. ..... Av. 0.0870 sec.

The same load in Winchester Rival No. 2, common:
1. 0.1153 sec. 2. 0.1192 sec. 3. 0.1370 sec. Av. 0.1238 sec.

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
1. 0.0627 sec. 2. 0.0573 sec. 3. 0.0594 sec. Av. 0.0598 sec.

The same load in Smokeless shells:
1. 0.0506 sec. 2. 0 0513 sec. 3. 0 0522 sec. Av. 0.0533 sec.

The same load in Winchester Rival No 3:
1. 0.0566 sec. 2. 0.0629 sec. 3. 0.0614 sec. Av. 0.0603 sec.

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:
1. 0.0587 sec. 2. 0 0741 sec. 3. 0.0674 sec. Av. 0.06(sec.

The same l ad in Creedmoor shells, Winchester No. 2 primer:
1. 0.0794 ec. 2. 0.0889 sec 3 0.0 98 sec. Av. 0 0827 sec.

Schultze powder (Pompton), service charge, 1⅛ oz. shot No. 7, loaded in Eley s ells:
1. 0.0578 sec. 2. 0 0599 sec. 3. 0 0718 sec. Av 0.0631 sec.

The same load in Kynoch shells:
1. 0.0739 sec. 2. 0.0711 sec. 3. 0.0698 sec. Av. 0.0716 sec.

The same load in Bachmann shells:
1. 0.0612 sec. 2. 0.0603 sec. 3. 0.0517 sec. Av. 0.0589 sec.

The same load in Climax shells:
1. 0.0810 sec 2. 0 0961 sec. ..... Av. 0.0885 sec.

The same load in Smokeless shells:
1. 0.0543 sec. 2. 0.0536 sec. 3. 0.0449 sec. Av. 0.0509 sec.

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
1. 0.0642 sec. 2. 0.0548 sec. 3. 0.0568 sec. Av. 0.0586 sec.

The same load in Winchester Rival No. 3:
1. 0.0682 sec. 2. 0.0746 sec. 3. 0.0659 sec. Av. 0.0695 sec.

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:
1. 0 0732 sec. 2. 0.0788 sec. 3. 0 0787 sec. Av. 0.0752 sec.

The same load in Creedmoor shells, Winchester No. 2 primer:
1. 0 0934 sec. 2. 0.0864 sec. 3. 0.0933 sec. Av. 0.0910 sec.

American wood powder, service charge, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, loaded in Eley shells:
1. 0 0433 sec. 2. 0.0407 sec. 3. 0.0401 sec. Av. 0.0413 sec.

The same load in Kynoch shells:
1. 0.0301 sec. 2. 0.0436 sec. 3. 0 0458 sec. Av. 0.0398 sec.

The same load in Bachmann shells:
1. 0.0440 sec. 2. 0 0463 sec. 3. 0.0401 sec. Av. 0.0434 sec.

The same load in Climax shells:
1. 0.0658 sec. 2. 0.0640 sec. ..... Av. 0.0649 sec.

The same load in Winchester Rival, common:
1. 0.0689 sec. 2. 0.0678 sec. 3. 0.0571 sec. Av. 0.0646 sec.

The same load in Smokeless shells:
1. 0.0456 sec. 2. 0.0528 sec. 3. 0.0396 sec. Av. 0.0460 sec.

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
1. 0.0648 sec 2. 0.0614 sec. 3. 0.0591 sec. Av. 0.0617 sec.

The same load in Winchester Rival No. 3:
1. 0.0534 sec. 2. 0.0540 sec. 3. 0.0592 sec. Av. 0.0555 sec.

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:
1. 0 0611 sec. 2. 0 0587 sec. 3. 0 0737 sec. Av. 0.0645 sec.

The same load in Creedmoor shells, Winchester No. 2 primer:
1. 0.0681 sec. 2. 0 0732 sec. 3. 0 0607 sec. Av 0.0673 sec.

E. C. powder, service charge, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, loaded in Eley shells:
1. 0 0667 sec. 2. 0.0608 sec 3. 0.0636 sec. Av. 0 0633 sec.

The same load in Kynoch shells:
1. 0 0618 sec. 2 0.0601 sec 3. 0.0613 sec. Av. 0.0610 sec.

The same load in Bachmann shells:
2. 0 0575 sec 2 0 0598 sec. 3. 0.0584 sec. Av. 0.0585 sec.

The same load in Climax shells:
1. 0.0769 sec. 2 0 0 86 sec. ..... Av. 0.0777 sec.

The same load in Winchester Rival, common:
1. 0.08 6 sec. 2. 0 0956 sec. 3. 0.0789 sec. Av. 0.0878 sec.

The same load in Smokeless shells:
1. 0.0622 sec. 2. 0 0542 sec. 3. 0.0518 sec. Av. 0.0560 sec.

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
1. 0 0573 sec. 2. 0 0548 sec. 3. 0.0589 sec. Av. 0.0570 sec.

The same load in Winchester Rival No. 3:
1. 0.0534 sec. 2. 0.0584 sec 3. 0.0698 sec. Av. 0.0605 sec.

The same load in U. S. Rapid shells:
1. 0.0858 sec. 2. 0.0739 sec. 3. 0.0731 sec. Av. 0 0776 sec.

The same load in Winchester No. 2 primer, Creedmoor shells:
2. 0 0891 sec. 2. 0.0809 sec. 2. 0.0913 sec. Av. 0.0871 sec.

S. S. powder, service charge, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7, in Eley shells:
1. 0.0568 sec. 2. 0.0515 sec. 3. 0.0544 sec. Av. 0.0542 sec.

The same load in Kynoch shells:
1 0.0578 sec. 2. 0.0613 sec. 3. 0.0531 sec. Av. 0.0574 sec.

The same load in Bachmann shells:
1. 0.0409 sec. 2. 0.0541 sec. 3. 0.0598 sec. Av. 0.0517 sec.

The same load in Climax shells:
1. 0.0750 sec. 2. 0.0692 sec. ..... Av. 0.0721 sec.

The same load in Winchester Rival, common:
1. 0.0878 sec. 2. 0.0842 sec. 3. 0.0936 sec. Av. 0.0885 sec.

The same load in Smokeless shells:
1. 0.0545 sec. 2. 0 0558 sec. 3. 0.0599 sec. Av. 0.0570 sec.

The same load in Nitro Club shells:
1. 0.0616 sec. 2. 0 0618 sec. 3. 0.2606 sec. Av. 0.0611 sec.

The same load in Winchester Rival, No. 3:
1. 0 0692 sec. 2. 0.0599 sec. 3. 0.0596 sec. Av. 0.0629 sec.

The same load in. U. S. Rapid shells:
1. 0.0724 sec. 2. 0.0697 sec. 3. 0.0634 sec. Av. 0.0685 sec.

The same load in Creedmoor shells, Winchester No. 2 primer:
2. 0 0880 sec. 2. 0 0718 sec. 3. 0.0777 sec. Av. 0.0791 sec.

Walsrode leaf powder, Smokeless shells:
1. 0.0575 sec. 2. 0.0678 sec. 3. 0.0527 sec. Av. 0.0593 sec.

The same load in Vienna shells:
1. 0.0445 sec 2. 0.0436 sec. 3. 0.0463 sec. Av. 0.0448 sec.

Walsrode grain powder, smokeless shells:
1. 0.0497 sec. 2. 0.0452 sec. 3. 0.0409 sec. Av. 0 0452 sec.

The same load in Bischweil shells:
1. 0.0480 sec. 2. 0.0493 sec. 3. 0.0478 sec. Av. 0.0483 sec.

Judging and comparing the result of the test as given in Table L, we must consider all points at issue through a ballistic glass and examine at the same time the figures of the powder test in Chicago and at Carney's Point, permitting a conclusion as regards the nature and qualities of the strong primer If we do so, we come to the conclusion that the strong primer is decidedly preferable to the common primer for the use of nitro powders. We also learn that the Smokeless shell takes the first place among all the American shells and is unsurpassed by any imported shell. Both the U. S. Rapid and Winchester Rival No. 3 show meritorious points, and prove that but very little is required to make them suitable for all nitro powders; they are quite adapted for some nitro powders even in their present state.

Corrections.

THE figures pertaining to the test for bursting strain and quoted in Table G in our last issue, show errors in several instances. The table as corrected and revised is here repeated:

Bursting strain test with slightly increased powder charges.

3½drs. DuPont smokeless powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
12,936.0 lbs. equal 880 atm.

34grs. Walsrode leaf powder. 1⅛oz. shot No 7:
11,466.0 lbs. equal 780 atm.

34grs. Walsrode powder, granulated 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
11,745.3 lbs equal 799 atm.

3½drs. Schultze powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
7,982.1 lbs. equal 543 atm.

3½drs. Schultze powder (Pompton), 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
11,510.0 lbs. equal 783 atm.

3½drs. American wood powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
7 188 3 lbs. equal 489 atm.

3½drs. S. S. powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
11,818.8 lbs. equal 804 atm.

3½drs. E. C. powder, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
8,379.0 lbs. equal 570 atm.

34grs. Walsrode leaf powder in Smokeless shells, 1⅛oz. shot No. 7:
11,107.2 lbs. equal 760 atm.

Michigan Rabbits and Ferrets.

IRVING, Mich., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is there a law in this State (Michigan) forbiddlng the use of ferrets in hunting rabbits? Some say there is, some not. I looked out of my sitting room window Sunday and saw three men returning from a rabbit hunt. The first carried a box for the ferret, the other two had a stick, on which was a goodly lot of rabbits. With game growing scarce and the killing element increasing, how long will it be before we will have only a mark to shoot at? Yet the village and town stores are well stocked with rabbits. If there is no law, then if some of your Michigan readers will assist we will endeavor to have one. J. C. Y.

[There is no law whatever on rabbits in Michigan.]

Kansas Quail for Pennsylvania.

A MEETING was held recently in Reading to devise measures for stocking the covers of Pennsylvynia with quail. A committee of 15 was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the purpose. The members chosen were: William Seitzinger, Peter Texter, C. W. Potteiger, J. K. Getz, James Smeck, Frank Swartz, Fred. Gerhart, A. C. Buckwalter, all of Reading; W. D. Filbert, Womelsdorf; Thomas Bucher, Boyertown; Oscar Melot, Fleetwood; James Gougler, Leesport; G. M. Rick, Bethel; L. H. Focht, Birdsboro. The following committee was appointed to purchase birds, receive them when shipped and provide a place for keeping them until spring: A. C. Buckwalter, Frank Yost, George Ritter, Fred. Curtis and George Scheele.

The birds will be distributed *pro rata* to subscribers. The quail will probably be secured from Chas. Payne of Wichita, Kans., who has advised the Pennsylvania importers that he can supply any quantity up to 1,000doz., at $4 per dozen.

Herbert Green's motion that it be the sense of the meeting to refrain from further shooting in the county during the remainder of the season was overwhelmingly defeated. Those present organized themselves as the Berks County Gunning and Fishing Protective Association.

A correspondent writes: "It seems to me that there must be something rotten when Charles Payne, of Wichita, Kansas, can offer to furnish any number of birds desired, from one pair to one thousand dozen quail. I am all for the protection and the propagation of quail and other game birds, but I do not believe in helping to deplete any portion of the United States. If Charles Payne's offer was not so astoundingly unlimited I would not have said a word. Will you cast some light on this matter? My opinion is that it would be far better if the members present at the Reading meeting had voted for Mr. Herbert Green's motion instead of knocking it out. The example set by the Pittsburgh Gun Club in unanimously passing a resolution not to kill any more quail in the State during the present season is to be highly commended, and could be followed by all other similar organization in Pennsylvania with advantage to our future prospects."

Red Deer for America.

Mr. W. H. ROOT, the importer, exporter and dealer in living wild animals, of Laramie, Wyo., tells us that he has just sold to Mr. Austin Corbin seventeen European red red—fifteen females and two males. They will be shipped in April or May by the White Star Line from Liverpool to New York; and are destined for Mr. Corbin's Blue Island Park in New Hampshire. There are already within the 27,000 acre inclosure, 400 elk, 300 deer, with 40 buffalo and about as many moose.

Yellowstone Park Game.

A PARTY recently out from Fort Yellowstone in the National Park saw about 40 buffalo near Twin Buttes; another party saw 22 in the Hayden Valley. The last party also saw a herd of about 1,000 elk in Hayden Valley, one of which had a rope on him and was very tame. Another big band of elk estimated at 500 was recently seen back of Electric Peak.

Woodland Caribou in Montana.

JENNINGS, Montana, Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please send me the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 14 containing portrait of the moose. Have just got Nov. 11 issue with fine portrait of woodland caribou. Quite a number of the latter are yet to be found in this section of country. L. O. M.

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

Sea and River Fishing.

HOW TO CATCH PICKEREL.

IT is well known that the pickerel has neither the stubborn fighting power of the black bass nor the lightning activity and gameness of the trout, but he is a splendid fish nevertheless. Few amateur, yes, for that matter, few prosessional fishermen ever discover the truly successful way to land the best fish in any waters. Study of the habits, food and lurking places of any fish is necessary for a painstaking angler who would make the most of his opportunity.

Bait-fishing has long been favored by conservative sportsmen and backwoodsmen. They have always fished in that way and shun improvements and resent innovations. You cannot call the attention of such a man to the fact that fully seventy per cent. of the fish that strike get off; that many others slyly steal the bait and leave him with an empty hook without once tauteuing the line; that live bait are a nuisance, hard to procure and very short-lived. It is no use. He prefers to broil in the sun and feed ungrateful but sophisticated pickered which lie under the lily-pads and dine at his expense.

Trolling is par excellence the real way to fish. Neither skittering with a spoon or bit of dead fish, nor still-fishing, nor bait-casting can be compared with it. It is restful, exciting and profitable to a high degree. But if you troll you must have some lure. Here again the conservative man doggedly comes to the front with a piece of perch strung on a gang of hooks that trail out behind like so many ice tongs. He will not believe that the pickerel see through his little game, and that though he may deceive a few small ones, their older brothers will winkingly scorn his wilted carrion.

The over-progressive man on the other hand frequents the shops ever on the lookdut for some new patent bait. Nothing is too impractical, too gaudy, too ridiculous for him to try. Like the novice, he procures the shiny silver and vermillion affairs, the typical spoon hooks, highly recommended by dealers, and named with considerable accuracy by a veteran lakesman of my acquaintance "fish alarms."

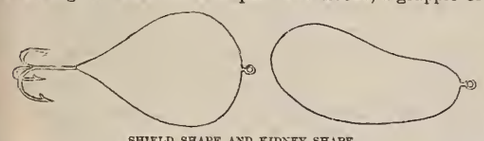
Of course any one who has ever used a trolling spoon will never return to bait and will grow to love the sim

plicity and neatness of this tackle. But its failure to kill will surely disappoint many, many times, when wind and weather are most propitious and the locality known to be a good one. I long puzzled over this, and tried all manner of changes, but the nickel and red combination remained unsuccessful. In some waters it was better than others, however, and I wondered why.

A few seasons ago I fell in with an old angler, a hermit, who had devoted much time to fishing, and particularly to fishing for pickerel. His cabin was on the shore of a small lake, well shut in by high wooded banks, and wild enough to be but little frequented. It was at his invitation that I bunked in the cabin during my stay, and on the first night he told me more of pickerel ways and pickerel lures than I had ever imagined a human being could learn.

In the first place, he said, a man must realize that the fish most numerous in a pond will, as a rule, be food for the pickerel. According to what those are the lure must vary in different locality. He always used a spoon, he said, but made it himself, and the line and sinkers as well, though this latter for a casual fisherman would be impractical. The chief trouble with the market spoons was their undeviating sameness in coloring and shape, and their unscientific construction. Long research had taught him much as to the effectiveness and results of different tones and tints in spoons. On a lake where yellow perch breed plentifully they are apt to kill off the other young fry and baitfish, and their own young in consequence become the prey of the pickerel. In such water an all copper spoon will be always attractive and will be reliable if rightly made. Sunfish in other lakes are the only food and here solid brass spoons are the only kind to use. In still other localities the common "shiners" swarm, and because of their feebleness and tender flesh are highly prized by the pickerel. Here you will use a spoon of German silver—with no red anywhere about it. The beauty of these devices is at once seen. The reddish metallic luster of copper suggests the ruddy fins and scales of the perch as no red paint can, and it is a steady flash not intermittent, red and white like the painted traps. The brass takes off well the lighter gold of the roach or sunfish, and the silver is a perfect substitute for the glittering shiner.

All of these spoons were small, not over an inch and a quarter in length by three-quarters wide, and of an even regular shield-like shape. The hooks, a grapple of



SHIELD SHAPE AND KIDNEY SHAPE.

them soldered together, must hang on a short shank so that the end of the spoon just plays over the points of the hooks without catching. This remedies a striking defect in the store spoons when the distance between the spoon and the barbs invariably allows cross-coming fish to bite and fling off before being struck. Then, too, the even shape makes the spinning perfectly regular, the effect being that of a shining, but not of a wobbling object, as the other kidney-shaped ones appear. The hanging on a spindle must give a perfectly free swing and the revolutions will be fully twice as quick as those of the old-fashioned kind.

The line should be dark-colored, grayish if possible, heavy as curtain cord and braided. You will see many out trolling with 200ft. of it trailing behind the boat and even then their spoon has not sunken well. These human rope walks do not realize the miles of cord they handle, pulling in every time, grass clogs the spoon or it fowls. And these long strungout clumsy manufactured spoons will catch in the pickerel-grass twice more than old "Tom's" do; let your line be of only 40ft. length, 35 is enough, and on it place three heavy buckshot for sinkers. One 6ft. from the spoon, another 14 or 15ft. from that, in the middle and the third 6ft. from the boat end. Cut on the bank a short pole of a thumb's thickness, not over 3 or 3½ft. long, and fasten your line well to one end. Select light bouyant wood always, and then when you suddenly strike a bad snag, you can at once let it go overboard and your pole will float the line till you can back up and pull loose. Rigged thus your spoon will play about 4ft. deep and then the pickerel bite. Bigger fish lie deeper. For them use twice as heavy weight and play about 10ft. down. Such fish seldom frequent the shallows even to feed and will not rise for to bite.

Never strike with the pole; just hold it motionless near the surface and braced firmly. Let the rowing be gentle, even and slow, and make no motions in the boat. Every movement there is plainly shown by the spoon in its vibrations and tends to alarm the fish. When one strikes, the spring of the pole will hook him firmly and you will fling the short pole into the bottom of the boat and land your fish. No kinks nor snarls to bother you, for your line is short, and no losing a valuable spoon every time you hook a sunken log. On the lake where old Tom lived, we used only the copper, for it was a yellow perch ground and the spoons I noticed for another thing were, before use, polished, even the hooks themselves brightened and scoured. Our catches there and the unusual luck that has followed me since with my home-made tackle, convinces me that if others will try these ideas they will enjoy some rare sport on the lakes and ponds this season.

HARRY PRESCOTT BEACH.

The Little Star Gazer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 9 Mr. James Hyatt notes the fact that in my "Adirondack Fishes," published as an extract from the Report of the Adirondack Survey in 1883, I insert the *Uranidea* on the authority of Dr. C. Hart Merriam. I considered the authority sufficient, as Dr. Merriam had more experience in that region than I, but a year or so later Mr. A. R. Fuller sent me a pint jar of them taken from a stream emptying into Meacham Lake, near his hotel. There are nine species of this little fish, according to Jordan (Manual of the Vertebratas), ranging from Canada to Georgia, and will, no doubt, be found in most small, cool, stony brooks. They are plenty in the streams flowing into the Genessee River, south of Rochester, but I have not met them on Long Island.

FRED MATHER.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.

THE ONONDAGA ANGLERS' YEAR.

THE annual report of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga County was presented to the Supervisors this afternoon as follows:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Onondaga County:

"We have the honor to present this annual report of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga County:

"The active work of Game Protector Jackson this year did not commence until March 28. It was not deemed necessary to incur the expense during the winter months, but since the Legislature, at its last session, amended the game laws (section 136), allowing the use of fyke nets of not less than 1¾in. bars, in Seneca River between the first day of October and the first day of May to catch bullheads, catfish, sunfish, suckers and eels, it will be necessary during the time which this legalized netting may be allowed, to keep a protector on duty most of the time during the winter months, so that no fish are caught and killed, other than those named; also that illegal fyke nets of less than 1¾in. bar are not used in the Seneca River. Some concerted action should be taken, to the end that this amendment to the game laws shall be repealed, to the next session of the Legislature. It is impossible to prevent illegal fishing and the killing of game fish if nets are allowed to be used at any time.

"The following amount of fish fry, obtained from the State hatcheries have been put in the streams and lakes of the county during the year: 100,000 pike in Seneca River, 100,000 pike in Tully Lake, 100,000 muskallonge in Tully Lake, 50,000 muskallonge in Oneida Lake, 50,000 muskallonge in Onondaga Lake, 25,000 California trout in Onondaga Creek, 50,000 muskallonge in Otisco Lake, 8 cans black bass in Tully Lake 6 to 12in. long. This was done under the action of the association at a cost of $70.99 for the distribution only, which was paid from the county appropriation.

"The total amount paid this year to Protector Jackson and assistants for salaries and expenses to Dec. 1, 1893, is $756.87. Of this amount $433.81 was paid from the funds of the association, and $323 06 was paid from the amount of $500 appropriated by your honorable board for the protection of fish and game pursuant to Sec. 274, Chap. 31 of the General Laws approved May 5, 1892, subject to expenditure by the District Attorney in his discretion. The unexpended balance of this appropriation is $105.95.

"It has been our aim to administer the funds of the association and of the county in such manner as to obtain the greatest possible efficiency, with the least possible outlay of money, to protect the public waters of this county from the depredators who, without such protection, would soon deplete the waters of its food fish which add so greatly to the economy, comfort and enjoyment of the people.

"The importance of increasing the quantity and cheapening the price of fish food increases as the years go by. Fish protection is for the benefit of the masses, not the few, and it would seem to be a duty which official representatives of the people owe to its people to provide them with an abundance of fish at the smallest cost, whether obtained in the markets or as the proper result of days spent in life-giving recreation.

"The thanks of the people of this county are extended to your honorable Board for the assistance you have given the cause of protecting the public waters.

"This association has a membership of 305, of which number 61 joined the present year. All of the revenus are strictly applied to the protection and propagation of food fish in the waters of Onondaga county.

"The efficiency of the work done during the year cannot be estimated solely by the number of nets, etc., captured, or of parties arrested and convicted for illegal fishing. The fact that a game protector is constantly on patrol of the waters deters many parties from illegal fishing.

"We respectfully petition your honorable Board to appropriate the same sum of money as last year, promising that our efforts shall be devoted to an economical administration of the same.

"Annexed hereto is the detailed report of the work done by the Protector for the year ending Dec. 1, 1893.

D. H. BRUCE, President.

GEORGE B. WOOD,
AMOS PADGHAM,
M. J. FRENCH,
WILLIAM EVERSON,
} Executive Committee.

SYRACUSE, Dec. 5.

Addressing the Board after the reading of the report, Gen. Bruce said that the great object in view was the cheapening of fish food by increasing the possibilities of supply. The Anglers' Asssociation had only one paid officer; the reward of its members generally was in the feeling of having done something for the public good. As a result of the appropriation made last year, and in recognition of the enterprise shown, the Fish Commissioners of the State, the General was authorized to say, had determined to establish a hatchery somewhere on the northern shore of Oneida Lake, and the consequent advantages could not be too highly estimated. What had already been done had made the lake an especially good fishing ground this year, more fish having been taken from it with hook and line than in any five years previous. Gen. Bruce concluded with an earnest appeal for the renewal of the appropriation.

The Breaking Strain of Gut.

WE are often asked by tackle dealers, and have also had several letters from anglers, asking us to give them the breaking strain of gut of different thicknesses. The names given below are well known in the trade. The gut tested was perfectly dry, and of course would stand a much greater pull if soaked in water for a short time.

SALMON GUT.

	1/5	2/5	3/5	4/5
Sizes.....				
Strain.....15lbs.		12lbs.	10lbs.	9lbs.

LAKE AND TROUT GUT.

Padron.	Regular.	Fina.	Refina.	1x Drawn.	2x Drawn.
8lbs.	7lbs.	5lbs.	4lbs.	3lbs	1lb.

S. ALLCOCK & CO.

Summer Homes.

A BEAUTIFULLY illustrated book; list of over 3,000 summer hotels and boarding houses in Catskill Mountains and central New York. Send six cents in stamps to H. B. Jagoe, Gen'l Eastern Passenger Agent, West Shore R. R., 363 Broadway, New York, or free upon application.—*Adv.*

Fishculture.

Note on Spawning Conditions of Sturgeon.

By BASHFORD DEAN, Columbia College, New York.

OF the breeding habits of the sturgeon (*Acipenser sturio*) little has been recorded either by practical fishculturists or by students of embryology. In the following preliminary paper a few notes are given as to the movements of the fish during spawning and as to the natural conditions under which the eggs are deposited and hatched.

Along the eastern coast of the United States a rich sturgeon fishery has been becoming very generally depleted. And in view mainly of cultural needs an experimental study—during the spring of 1893—was carried on by the writer in behalf of the Governmental Commission of Fisheries. The station chosen for the experiments was in the region of the mouth of the Delaware at Delaware City, a point especially favorable, as the work of Prof. Ryder* in 1888 had demonstrated.

During the writer's visit about 50 fish were brought in daily to the wharves of the fishermen, and during the spawning time there was abundant material for cultural studies.

As to the mode of occurrence in this locality of the adult fish a few notes might be given. They are usually taken as they pass up the river in "schools." These "schools" or "runs," as the gill-netters state, comprise as many as 30 or 40 individuals; they occur at brief intervals, are usual at the beginning of the tides and as frequent by day as by night. During the season of well-marked "runs" the earlier fish are of unripe ovaries ("cow fish"), valuable, therefore, in the making of *caviare;* these, accordingly, might well be expected to pass further up the river to spawn. From a few days to a fortnight later occur spawning fishes ("runners"), a "run" that is surprisingly brief, often at a particular point not longer than one or two days A great number of spawning fish is then usually to be taken. The fishermen maintain that these spawning days occur regularly each year and at nearly corresponding times; and it is of interest to record that the writer, three months before his visit, was told by Mr. Reuben Anderson of Delaware City the exact day when ripe fish were to be taken. Thereafter, although "runners" are brought in intermittently, it has proven most difficult to secure at the same time the spawning males and females. The later fishes are in the majority of cases spent ("slunkers"). The breeding habits of the sturgeon have been observed in a locality a few miles below Delaware City. Here, when formerly very abundant, the fish were known to come into shallows noted for swift-running current and clean, shelly bottom, and would be seen depositing their eggs. This would occur, according to fishermen, about the beginning of May and continue for three or four days. The spawning fish is said to have been attended by several "bucks" (males) and frequently pressed on its side as the eggs were extruded. This testimony appears trustworthy, as the males are clearly to be distinguished by their smaller size; and the fishes' white abdomen might rea lily be conspicuous. This habit is the more probable since spent fishes, in every case as far as the writer is aware, are abraided, often severely scratched, on the ventral side. On these grounds the eggs were repeatedly found, sometimes glued to submerged twigs, often to stones and shells, in patches, sometimes string-like, but never in masses. Recently, however, no spawning in shallows appears to have been observed. The eggs that are occasionally taken are attached in stringy patches to sunken nets or water-soaked brush fragments from the region of the river's channel. The channel region seems accordingly best adapted for trials in artificial propagation, and this influence the results of the writer seem strongly to emphasize. In one experiment, for example, where a half dozen hatching boxes containing eggs similarly conditioned were arrayed from river margin near the mark of low water out to near the channel, the eggs of marginal waters speedily died, while those of deep water in large part 90 95%) were safely hatched.

The arrangement of the eggs in their layers, moreover, was found a condition necessary for aeration. This mode unfortunately is not easily attained. The eggs soon after fertilization become viscid, and unless speedy cure be given, will shortly glue together in a dense jelly-like mass. Of this the inner and poorly aerated eggs speedily die, and their disintegration appears to cause the destruction of all. It is clear, therefore, that in the disposition of the adhesive eggs upon the hatchery trays the greatest promptness is required. As a detail of this process the eggs were found to be most conveniently spread when under water; a mass of eggs placed upon the submerged tray a few minutes after fertilization is readily to be rolled out in a single layer, and may thus be held till attached (about twenty minutes later). In the experiments of the writer the most favorable material for tray bottom proved to be a coarse mosquito netting. On this a single layer of eggs was easily arranged, the meshes of the netting proving sufficiently large to allow eggs to enter and become favorably attached, but not large enough to allow the eggs to pass through; a well prepared tray bottom thus received on either side the best conditions for aeration. Floating hatching boxes with bottom and ends of fine metal gauze were found to give satisfactory results. Space was economized by making the box a deep one, placing the hatching trays almost vertically, allowing four or five to a box. If the trays be slightly inclined downward against the direction of the current they are naturally less apt to suffer from deposits of silt. Under natural conditions the hatching of eggs took place (water temperature 60° to 73° F.) between 92 and 100 hours.

* Prof. John A. Ryder, U. S. F. C. Bulletin, 1888.

Spawning of Rainbow Trout.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.—In issue of Dec. 9 this question is raised. Not only can Mr. H. Stewart, of North Carolina, cross the rainbow with the *fontinalis*, as far as the simultaneous spawning is concerned, but I could do it on Long Island if I wished. On Dec. 7 of the present year I took eggs from brook, brown and rainbow trout and could have crossed them if so desired. Outside of the knowledge that this can be done there seems to be no reason for bastardizing fish unless when there is a lack of males of the species which is spawning. Just how far hybrid fishes are fertile is not known, and it seems that there must be a barrier somewhere, as in the case of other animals. I have seen trout labeled "one-sixteenth" of one species, but confess to being skeptical about it. Such crossings would require more careful isolation than is possible in the State establishments in the outdoor ponds where screens of wire cloth is all that separates the ponds, and surely the eye could not detect the proportions of blood in such a fish.

That the rainbow trout has changed its habit of spawning when brought East is sure, and as all animals modify their habits in a changed climate or die out, this is not surprising.

FRED MATHER.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

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The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 12 to 15.—R. I. Poultry and Pet Stock Ass'n, at Providence.
Dec. 13 to 16.—Chicago K. C., at Chicago. G. H. Goodrich, Sec'y.
Dec. 20 to 23.—Northern Ohio Pet Stock Association, at Akron, O. H. F. Peck, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 23 to 26.—New Orleans Fanciers' Club, at New Orleans, La. G. W. Sentell, Jr., Sec'y.
Jan. 16 to 19.—Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, at Saratoga, N. Y. L. W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y., Sec'y.
Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.
Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y.
March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.
March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 20 to 23.—St. Louis Kennel Club, at St. Louis, Mo.
April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.
May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1894.

Jan. 1.—Southern California Field Trials, at Ontario, Cal. H. C. Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal., Sec'y.
Jan. 15.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Salinas, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y, San Francisco, Cal.
Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.
Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Southern Field Trial All-Age Entries.

THIS stake closed with 32 English setters and 6 pointers.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

——— —J. W. Murnan's orange and white bitch (Vanguard—Floyd).
CLIO II.—J. A. McCargo's black and white bitch (Duke—Clio).
PAUL DOMBEY—Harry Dutton's dog (Chance—Nettie Bevan).
GLEAM II.—J. W. Renfroe's bitch (Gleam—Tube Rose).
GLEAM'S PRIDE—W. W. Newson's bitch (Gleam—Pride's Belle).
FREEMONT—Bryson & Bedford's dog (Gladstone's Boy—Speckle Gown).
ACOLYTE—W. C. Duke's dog (Toledo Blade—Sue II.).
DOT ROGERS—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl).
EUGENE T.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s dog (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).
ANTEVOLO—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Count Noble—Trinket II.).
MISS RUBY—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).
MATTIE BURGESS—W. J. Baughn's bitch Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burgess).
ROCK GLADSTONE—W. J. Baughn's dog (Dan Gladstone—Nellie Y.).
BOMBAY—Will Wilson's dog (Chance—Nettie Bevan).
CECIL H.—J. L. Adams's dog (Dr. McLin—Cosette).
DIRECT—J. L. Adams's dog (Gun—Victoria Laverack).
DESOTO—Whyte Bedford's dog (Count Noble—Florence Gladstone).
ZULU M.—Whyte Bedford's bitch (Toledo Blade—Rhett).
DICK FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog (Chance—Countess Rush).
HOPE'S MINT—Blue Ridge Kennels' bitch (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady).
BLUE RIDGE MARK—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.).
BESS—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch (Chance—Bessie Avent).
DASHAWAY—Ed. H. Watson's dog (Tern—Julia).
LILLIAN RUSSELL—Jackson-Denmark Kennels' bitch (Philip Gladstone—Lou G.)
COUNT GLADSTONE IV.—Avent & Thayer Kennels' dog (Count Noble—Ruby's Girl).
CHEVALIER—Avent & Thayer Kennels' dog (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent).
LOCHINVAR—Avent & Thayer Kennels' dog (Chance—Bessie).
KINGSTON—Avent & Thayer Kennels' dog (Chance—Bessie).
BETTYE S.—Avent & Thayer Kennels' bitch (Roderigo—Bo Peep).
GLEAM'S SPORT—Manchester & Watrous Kennels' dog Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
GLEAM'S PINK—Manchester & Watrous Kennels' bitch (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
HOPE'S PRIDE—Manchester & Watrous Kennels' bitch (Gath's Hope—Georgia Belle).

POINTERS.

LAD'S RUSH—T. H. Gibbs's dog (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Belle of the Ball).
LEBANON—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' dog (Gordon—Fannie).
FISHER'S NERO—Geo. D. Fisher's dog (Fenwick—Cricket).
KENT'S MAID—John E. Till's bitch (King of Kent—Galena).
LADY MARGARET—J. R. Purcell's bitch (Dick Swiveller—Countess).
FLOCKFINDER III.—J. R. Purcell's dog (Old Staunch—Flake of Flockfinder).

DERBY ENTRIES—SECOND FORFEIT.

The following entries have paid second forfeit in the Derby:

THE BOY—W. D. Taylor's dog (Gladstone Boy—Echo).
SOLITAIRE—F. R. Hitchcock's dog (Roi D'Or—Tory Diamond).
AMETHYST—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond).
TOPAZ—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond).
SANDSTONE—F. R. Hitchcock's dog (Count Gladstone—Tory Diamond).
ROD—F. R. Hitchcock's dog (Roi D'Or—Tory Petal).
CALLIE WHITE—Manchester & Watrous Kennels' bitch (Gath's Mark—Georgia Belle).
NETTIE GLADSTONE—Manchester Kennels' bitch (Dan Gladstone—Queen Novice).
FANNY RICE—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Manitoba Peggy).
EARL PALMER—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' dog (Frank Whitley—Dulcina).
MAJOR THOMAS—W. E. Smith's dog (Gladstone Boy—Bell Foster).
BLUE RIDGE MARK—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog, pedigree not given.
ANTON—Blue Ridge Kennels' dog, pedigree not given.
ALICE BRYANT—Blue Ridge Kennels' bitch, pedigree not given.
LILLIAN O'B.—Blue Ridge Kennels' bitch, pedigree not given.
SALLIE ROSS—Bob Cooper's bitch.
OPAL—G. E. Gray's bitch (Count Gladstone—Diamond).
MARY EARLY—Patrick Henry's bitch—Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl).
RUTH OBERLY—Patrick Henry's bitch (Gath's Hope—Gladstone's Girl).
HOPE'S PRIDE—W. A. Henesley's bitch (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).
LOTTIE H.—W. A. Henesley's bitch (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill).
ROD'S MARK—Greensboro Field Trial Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Mark's Maid).
MISS HATTIE—Greensboro Field Trial Kennels' bitch (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble).
IGHTFIELD ROSALIE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, bitch (Fred—Rosa).
ANTOINETTE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, bitch (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).
BERYLE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, bitch (Gladstone Boy—Ruby D.)
LADY ARAMINTA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, bitch (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers).
LEONA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, bitch (Eugene T.—Bess of Hatchie).
MONITOR—J. W. Shreiver's dog (Gath's Hope—Clio E.)
MAY—A. L. Finney's bitch (Gath's Hope—Gladstone Girl).
LOOKOUT OR MISS B.—Byron & Bedford's bitch (Tremont—Sue II.).
DAME DURDEIN—H. S. Bevan's bitch (Eugene T.—Dell Rivers).
LITTLE DORRITT—H. S. Bevan's bitch (Whyte B.—Andromeda).
MISTY MORNING—Chas. T. Field's bitch (Field's Antonio—Cosette).
GLEAM'S PRIDE—W. W. Newsome's bitch (Gleam—Pride's Bell).
BESSIE SHOUPE—C. P. Stoke's dog (Gath's Hope—Countess Rush).
ALLENE—C. P. Stoke's bitch (Gath's Mark—Ruby's Girl).
PAULINE C.—M. F. Rogers's black, white and tan bitch (Breeze Gladstone—Katie Noble).
BOWDRE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Novelist).
CIGARETTE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).
HESTER PRYNN—Avent & Thayer Kennels' bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).
TOPSY'S ROD—Avent & Thayer Kennels' dog (Roderigo—Topsey Avent).
THALID—Avent & Thayer Kennels' dog (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent).
FUTURITY—Herbert Merriam's bitch (Gath's Mark—Roe).

POINTERS.

WRECKER—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' dog (Rip Rap—Croxie Wise).
RIPPLE—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' bitch (Rip Rap—Croxie Wise).
LAD'S RUSH—T. H. Gibbs's dog (Rush of Lad—Devonshire Belle of the Ball.)
ALICE LESLIE—E. M. Beale's bitch (King of Kent—Bell Randolph).
KING OF LYNN—R. Leslie's dog (Tempest—Nadjy of Naso).

UNITED STATES FIELD TRIAL ENTRIES.

Derby B.

THE following named dogs have failed to pay second forfeit in Derby B. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

POINTERS.

BUD ROGERS—C. G. Stoddard's dog.
KENTZO—H. J. Smith's dog.
VENTURE—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch.
——— —Hempstead Farm's dog.
FRED OF IDSTONE—Idstone Kennels' dog.
THE FRIAR OF IDSTONE—Idstone Kennels' dog.
BLACK BEAUTY—A. T. Latta, Jr.'s bitch.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

ROD'S CLIP—West End Kennels' bitch.
COUNT RODERICK—C. H. C. Mills's dog.
GLEAM'S SAM—H. J. Smith's dog.
JESS—F. R. Hitchcock's bitch.
SANDSTONE—F. R. Hitchcock's dog.
LOOKOUT—Bryson & Bedford's dog.
IGHTFIELD MUKAT—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s dog.
ALMONTA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s dog.
VELMA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch.
OPHELIA—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s bitch.
DUKE OF VERAGUA—L. W. Smith's dog.
——— —J. H. Trezavant's bitch.
BOUNDLESS—Captain Patrick Henry's dog.
SCOTT'S WOOD FAUST—W. B. Stafford's dog.

All-Age Stake—Trials B.

POINTERS.

BOUNCE—G. W. Amory's liver and white dog (Bob—Sal).
MAINSTAY—G. W. Amory's black and white dog (Mainspring—Barmaid).
KENT ELGIN—T. T. Ashford's black and white dog (King of Kent—Vera Bang).
JINGO—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Mainspring—Queeny II.).
HOB NOB—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (King of Kent—Hops).
ROD GRAPHIC—N. T. Harris's liver and white dog (Lord Graphic—Winning Ways).
SOUTH II.—E. O. Damon's liver and white dog (Robert le Diable—Pomps).
LAD'S RUSH—T. H. Gibbs's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Devonshire Belle of the Ball).
MAME S.—R. L. Shannon's liver and white bitch (Brown Stout—Pearl's Pride).
LOHMAN—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' lemon and white bitch (Gordon—Fanny).
STRIDEAWAY—Geo. E. Gray's liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Pearl's Dot).
WINNOWING—Will Laird's liver and white bitch (Ranger Croxteth—Cannie).
FLOCKFINDER III.—Maj. J. R. Purcell's liver and white dog (Old Staunch—Flake of Flockfinder).
LADY MARGARET—Maj. J. R. Purcell's black and white bitch (Dick Swiveler—Countess Bang).
KENT'S MAID—John E. Gill's black and white bitch (King of Kent—Galena).
SANDFORD DRUID—Hempstead Farm Kennels' black and white dog (Econ Don—Sandford Quinn).
HEMPSTEAD DUKE—Hempstead Farm Kennels' black and white dog (Duke of Hessen—Lass of Bow).
HEMPSTEAD LUCK—Hempstead Farm Kennels' black and white bitch (Duke of Hessen—Merry Legs).
REX'S BELLE—C. A. Cooledge's black and white bitch (Rex—Bird).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

CAMILLE—D. G. Rowland's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Topsy Avent).
DAVE W.—Gen. W. B. Shattuc's lemon and white dog (Gath's Hope—Daisy F.).
CHEVALIER—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Jean Val Jean—Lucy Avent).
LOCHINVAR—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent).
KINGSTON—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Bessie Avent).
BETTIE S.—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Bo-Peep).
COUNT GLADSTONE—Avent & Thayer Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Miss Ruby).
PAUL DOMBEY—Harry Dutten's black, white and tan dog (Caance—Nettie Biven).
BONNIE BONDHU—L. Rausch's black, white and tan bitch (Count Wakefield—Pearl Bondhu).
DASHAWAY—Edward A. Waters' black and white dog (Leon—Julia).
DESOTO—Whyte Bedford's black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Florence Gladstone).
ZULU M.—Whyte Bedford's lemon and white bitch (Toledo Blade—Rhet).
BESS—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Chance—Bessie Avent).
DICK FOX—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Chance—Countess Rush).
HOPE'S MINT—Blue Ridge Kennels' orange and white dog (Gath's Hope—Dashing Lady).
BLUE RIDGE MARK—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Gath's Mark—Ollie T.)
LILLIAN RUSSELL—Jackson and Denmark Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Phillip Gladstone—Lou G.).
CECIL H.—J. L. Adams's black, white and tan dog (Dr. Maclin—Cossette).
DIRECT—J. L. Adams's black, white and tan dog (Gem—Victoria Lavarack).
MISS HATTIE—Greensboro F. T. Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble).
HOPE'S QUEEN—Greensboro F. T. Kennels' black and white bitch (Gath's Hope—Queen Noble).
GLEAM'S PRIDE—W. W. Newsom's black, white and tan dog (Gleam—Pride's Belle).
BOMBAY—Will Wilson's black, white and tan dog (Chance—Nettie Bevan).
DOT RODGERS—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl).
EUGENE T.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s black, white and tan dog (Count Noble—Gladstone's Girl).
ANTEVOLO—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s liver and white bitch (Count Noble—Trinket II.).
MISS RUBY—P. Lorillards, Jr.'s liver and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Ruby D.).
TREMONT—Bryson & Bedford's black, white and tan dog (Gladstone's Boy—Speckle Gown).
BOB COOPER—Hempstead Farm Kennels' liver and white dog (Roi d'Or—Miss Nelly Y.)
GLEAM II.—Major J. W. Renfroe's dog (Gleam—Tube Rose).
DAN BURGES—G. M. Freeman's black, white and tan dog (Dan Gladstone—Lilly Burgess).
GLEAM'S PINK—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
GLEAM'S SPORT—Manchester Kennel Co.'s lemon and white dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
HOPE'S DIRECT—Manchester Kennel Co.'s lemon and white dog (Gath's Hope—Georgia Belle).
SPOT CASH—A. Smithnight's black, white and tan dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).
TENNESSEE DICTATOR—B. M. Stephenson's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Pet Gladstone).
TENNESSEE AXTEL—B. M. Stephenson's black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Pet Gladstone).
TENNESSEE ROD—B. M. Stephenson's blue belton dog (Roderigo—Pet Gladstone).
PEMBROKE'S GROUSE—A. L. Rice's black, white and tan dog (Pembroke's Don—Sue of Hatchie).
RODSTONE (formerly Rodrigo)—P. T. Madison's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Nelly Hope).
ACOLYTE—Dr. W. C. Duke's black, white and tan dog (Toledo Blade—Sue II.).

Dogs for Private Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I mean the same class of dogs which have been most unfortunately and untruly referred to as "plug" dogs. The term was first applied by a distinguished field trial man in the heat of a personal controversy about individual dogs and would show, if accepted literally, a want of truth and candor which I feel sure that the originator is incapable of. The dog for private shooting not only cannot be belittled, but cannot be overrated; and it is only for his improvement that field trials are encouraged. The invidious distinction is a mistake. It would be as just to call a horse a "plug" because his trotting was under a 2.10 gait, though as a fact the useful and desirable road horse is the more desirable animal and it is entirely for his sake that the educated trotter is useful. Of course this line of statement is true of the breeding and running of the racehorse, and is its only reason or excuse.

Entertaining these views as to the true and valuable shooting dog, I was very much interested in a statement in your last week's paper to the effect that the Eastern Field Trial Club contemplated offering a prize for private shooting dogs to be handled by their owners. It will be necessary of course to hem this stake in with restrictions to define the term "private shooting dogs" or whatever term may be adopted. It should exclude all dogs that have been ever run or entered in field trials, and also the employment of professional handlers. Of course I am not elaborating details, which must be the work of the club. I think the stake would be a very popular one.

There is now a feeling among owners of, say, one or two dogs, that they have no chance against large kennels, assisted by professional handlers, and judged by rules and standards unfitted for private shooting dogs. That the field trials show the capabilities of dogs as races do those of the horse, but that after all the desirable dog for use is still the dog our fathers shot over and for whose sake trials were instituted.

Of course the rules of judgment of merit should be changed for shooting dogs. Moderate but steady range, bird sense or knowledge of the ways and habits of the game, perfect breaking and obedience, and retrieving might well be substituted for the speed and wide ranging now justly required in our field trials, while the generous rivalry of the owner-sportsmen managing their own dogs will add very much to the pleasure of field trial meetings. Let us all indorse the scheme and make it the favorite stake. The field trial men I have seen are unanimous in its favor. It will conduce toward good judgment in all the stakes and goodfellowship. Let the club offer generous stakes, good cheer and welcome, and many pleasant times in the future are before us. NIL.

DEC. 4.

American Spaniel Club Meeting.

A MEETING of the above club was held Nov. 24 at 63 Broadway, New York city. Present: Messrs. A. C. Wilmerding in the chair, E. M. Oldham, R. P. Keasbey, Albert E. Foster.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Voted that the committees on trophy for World's Fair show and medals be discharged.

Moved and seconded that the communication from Mr. H C. Glover be answered by the secretary to the effect that while the Spaniel Club is in accord with the proposition submitted by him, yet as they do not give dog shows, they hardly think they are in a position to sign the same.

Voted that the Bell cup be offered at the coming Saratoga show, provided one of the club's classification be adopted.

It was then voted that Mr. Foster having won the Field Spaniel cup the required number of times, it is now hereby officially awarded to him, and the secretary be ordered to return his bond for the same and this fact be duly published.

On motion the president appointed the following committee to obtain specials for the coming New York show: A. C. Wilmerding, R. P. Keasbey and A. E. Foster. Meeting adjourned.

BEAGLE FIELD TRIALS RECORD OF 1893.

National Beagle Club Field Trials, at Nanuet, N. Y., Oct. 30 to Nov. 4.

Judges—B. S. Turpin, Dorchester, Mass., and Joseph Lewis, Moodus, Conn.

CLASS A—13 TO 15 IN.—16 STARTERS.

Prize.	Name of Dog.	Owner.	Color.	Sex.	Sire.	Dam.	Amount.	Handler.
First	Snow	Middleton Kennels	White and tan	Bitch	Stormy	Lucy	$60	Mark Lewis.
Second	Wanderer	Pottinger Dorsey	Black, white and tan	Dog	Lee	Fairy	$40	Owner.
Third	Vick R.	Forest Beagle Kennels	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Fitzhugh Lee	Nell	$20	H. V. Jamieson.
Reserve	Buck	Pottinger Dorsey	Black, white and tan	Dog	Tecumseh	Mary	.....	Owner.

CLASS B—13 IN. AND UNDER—8 STARTERS.

First	Spot R.	Geo. F. Reed	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Kennealy's Lee	Skip	$30	Owner.
Second	Gypsey Forest	Forest Beagle Kennels	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Frank Forest	Sue Forest	$20	H. V. Jamieson.
Third	Champion Lou	H. L. Kreuder	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Keno	Fly	$10	Owner.
Reserve	Ina	H. Mann	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Dan	Jolly	.....	Owner.

Pottinger Dorsey's Pade was awarded first, but afterward disqualified.

THE DERBY—7 STARTERS.

First	Mollie Dean	Glenrose Beagle Kennels	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Sam	Baby Dean	$20	F. W. Chapman.
Second	Blanche	H. L. Kreuder	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Fitzhugh Lee	Una	$5	M. Lewis.
	Bill Nye II	W. H. Hyland	Black, white and tan	Dog	Rip Van Winkle	Nell	$5	Owner.

Reserve withheld.

CHAMPION STAKE.

First.....Snow .....Middleton Kennels....(Walkover.)

Northwestern Beagle Trials, at Whitewater, Wis., Nov. 1 to 2.

Judge—John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.

THE DERBY—4 STARTERS.

First	Mayfly	Dillingham & Remmele	Black and tan	Bitch	Beebe's Doc	Beebe's Peg	$8	J. Finch & H. Dillingham
Second	Ilwaco	G. A. Buckstaff	Black, white and tan	Dog	Royal Krueger	Elf	$6	Owner.
Third	Tony W.	Louis Steffen	Black, white and tan	Dog	Tony Weller	Topsy	$1	Owner.
	Little Coony Duke	E. Bender	Black, white and tan	Dog	Little Duke	Tottie	$1	F Bender.

ALL-AGE STAKE—CLASS A—FOR DOGS—4 STARTERS.

First	Ilwaco	G. A. Buckstaff	Black, white and tan	Dog	Royal Krueger	Elf	$8	Owner.
Second	Base	Dillingham & Remmele	Black, white and tan	Dog	Spelo	Gypsey Belle	$6	J. Finch & H. Dillingham
Third	Royal Rover	G. A. Buckstaff	Black, white and tan	Dog	Rover	Singer G	$2	Owner.

CLASS B—FOR BITCHES—1 STARTER.

First	Lottie	F. W. Bender	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Drummer	Lofty	$2	Owner.

CLASS C—UNDER 13 IN.—1 STARTER.

First	Judy	T. Zschetzsche	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Spelo	Nell	$2	Owner.

CHAMPION CLASS—4 STARTERS.

First	Mayfly	Dillingham & Remmele	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Beebe's Doc	Beebe's Peg	Gold med.	J. Finch & H. Dillingham

New England Beagle Club Trials, at Oxford, Mass., Nov. 6 to 10.

Judges—Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt., and A. C. Krueger, Wrightsville, Pa.

THE DERBY—6 STARTERS.

First	Louie Fitz Lee	H. A. P. Smith	Black, white and tan	Dog	Fitzhugh Lee	Maid	$40	B. S. Turpin.
Second	Buckshot	Thos. Shallcross	Black, white and tan	Dog	Dave	Daisy	$25	Owner.
Third	Blanche	Rockland Beagle Kennels	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Frank Forest	Ina	$15	Mark Lewis.
Reserve	Jean Val Jean	H. S. Joslin	Black, white and tan	Dog	Chubb	Mystic II	.....	E. F. Barnes.

ALL-AGE STAKE—CLASS A—13 TO 15 IN.—9 STARTERS.

First	Gypsey A.	Glenrose Beagle Kennels	Tan and white	Bitch	Kenneally's Lee	Tone	$55	F. W. Chapman.
Second	Vick R.	Forest Beagle Kennels	Tan and white	Bitch	Fitzhugh Lee	Nell	$35	J. V. Jamieson.
Third	Louie Fitz Lee	H. A. P. Smith	Black, white and tan	Dog	Rowdy	Maid	$25	B. S. Turpin.
Reserve	Kitty	E. O. Cornforth	Black, white and tan	Bitch	The Rambler	Music	.....	Owner.

CLASS B—13 IN. AND UNDER—6 STARTERS.

First	Lady Novice	A. D. Fiske	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Frank Forest	Lady Vic	$30	Mr. Morse.
Second	Gypsey Forest	Forest Beagle Kennels	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Keno	Sue Forest	$20	H. V. Jamieson.
Third	Lou	Rockland Beagle Kennels	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Keno	Fly	$15	Mark Lewis.
Reserve	Adam	Middletown Kennels	Black, white and tan	Dog	Sport	Trill	.....	Mark Lewis.

CLASS C—BASSET AND DACHSHUNDS—1 STARTER.

First	Rodeur	Glenrose Beagle Kennels	Black, white and tan	Basset dog	Mauprat	Lottie	$4	F. W. Chapman.

CHAMPION CLASS—13 TO 15 IN.—3 STARTERS.

First	June Rose	Forest Beagle Kennels	Black, white and tan	Bitch	Frank Forest	Juno II	$30	H. V. Jamieson.

CHAMPION CLASS—13 IN. AND UNDER—2 STARTERS.

First	Clyde	B. S. Turpin	Black, white and tan	Dog	Frank Forest	Sue Forest	$30	B. S. Turpin.

Special Prizes.—Most musical voice, Rockland Beagle Kennels' Jack Bannerman. Most accurate trailing, Forest Beagle Kennels' June Rose. Most effective ranging, H. A. P. Smith's Louie Fitz Lee. Most stylish worker, Thomas Shallcross's Buckshot. Best starter, H. A. P. Smith's Louie Fitz Lee. Greatest sustained speed, H. A. P. Smith's Louie Fitz Lee. Best Derby entry bred by owner, Thomas Shallcross's Buckshot. Best All-Age entry bred by owner, Middleton Kennels' Model.

Brunswick Fur Club Trials for Foxhounds, at North Acton, Mass., Oct. 23 to 27.

THE DERBY—13 STARTERS.

Judges—F. M. Whipple, W. S. Clark, W. E. Gill, J. N. Goss, B. S. Turpin.

					Strain.	Age.
First	Tread	L. O. Dennison	Black and tan	Dog	Native	17 months.
Second	Troupe	Dr. A. C. Heffenger	Black and tan	Dog	Walker	15 months.
Third	Billy	C. L. Wellington	Black and tan	Dog	Native	17 months.

ALL-AGE STAKE—SIX CLASSES DESIGNATED AS BELOW—27 STARTERS.

Judges—F. A. and C. M. Griffin, W. E. Gill, J. N. Goss, D. S. Turpin.

Hunting.

First	Barney	Sandy Spring Club Hunt	Gray, tan and white	Dog	July	3 years 6 months.
Second	Rock	O. F. Joslin	White and tan	Dog	Robinson—Maupin	2 years 8 months.
Third	Logan	Kinney & White	Black, white and tan	Dog	Pooler	3 years.

Trailing.

First	Logan	Kinney & White	Black, white and tan	Dog	Pooler	3 years.
Second	Rock	O. F. Joslin	White and tan	Dog	Robinson—Maupin	2 years 8 months.
Third	Jip	C. L. Wellington	Blue mottled	Dog	English blue	5 years.

Speed.

First	Logan	Kinney & White	Black, white and tan	Dog	Pooler	3 years.
Second	Rock	O. F. Joslin	White and tan	Dog	Robinson—Maupin	2 years 8 months.
Third	Garrett	S. Decatur	Hare pie	Dog	July	1 year 10 months.

Endurance.

First	Clay	N. Q. Pope	Black, white and tan	Dog	Robinson—Maupin	5 years.
Second	Logan	Kinney & White	Black, white and tan	Dog	Pooler	3 years.
Third	Diamond	W. R. Dean	Black, white and tan	Dog	Native	2 years 8 months.

Tonguing.

First	Logan	Kinney & White	Black, white and tan	Dog	Pooler	3 years.
Second	Clay	N. Q. Pope	Black, white and tan	Dog	Robinson—Maupin	5 years.
Third	Rock	O. F. Joslin	White and tan	Dog	Robinson—Maupin	2 years 8 months.

Style.

First	Logan	Kinney & White	Black, white and tan	Dog	Pooler	3 years.
Second	Clay	N. Q. Pope	Black, white and tan	Dog	Robinson—Maupin	5 years.
Third	Barney	Sandy Spring Club Hunt	Gray, tan and white	Dog	July	2 years 6 months.

Best all-round hound owned outside New England and New York, and hound showing most speed and endurance owned outside New England and New York, Sandy Spring (Md.) Hunt Club's Barney.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[*By a Staff Correspondent.*]

Professionalism vs. Sport.

I THINK that the reader will grant that when professionalism invades the realms of sport that the latter suffers from the effects of the invasion. The man, or men, who follow the sport for its own sake become steady contributors to those who follow it for the sake of the revenue derived from

The lovers of the sport may tolerate a reasonable or unreasonable degree of professionalism, but there comes a time when the amateur public has had enough of contributing to the coffers of the professional under the guise of a competition.

When the amateur is confronted with an array of professionalism at every turn, an array so formidable that there is almost a certainty of his losing in a competition, what, as a sensible man, is he to do? And what does he do? The history of competitions will readily afford the answer.

At the outset let me state that there is nothing intended in this communication to reflect on the standing or value of professionalism. To professionalism the world is indebted for its best advancement. In the kennel world the professionals have bred the highest class of dogs, and perfected systems of training and conditioning which are of lasting benefit. They, too, have attained a wonderful degree of skill in their specialty. The need of it is conceded. Its value is unquestioned. The only particular under consideration is the inability of the amateur to cope with professionalism and the consequent harm it does to sport.

Professionalism in Field Trials.

To those who have noted the development of field trials from the tentative beginuings to the present time, it has been apparent that the drift of the competition has constantly been toward professionalism.

The beginning of field trial competition had a simple and direct object in view, namely, to determine which dogs in a competition were the best. The purely commercial features were few and relatively insignificant. There were then no regularly organized kennels which bred puppies in dozens to supply the public demand. The stud service of a dog in most instances was a matter of asking. The trainer commanded no large fee on the score of having a successful field trial record. Puppies did not sell for higher prices than horses.

Through all the intermediate changes which mark the evolution of field trials through their years up to the present, the professional has grown constantly more skillful and more formidable, and the amateur of to-day is much the same amateur as those amateurs of the intervening years from the beginning of field trials. The amateur of to-day, however, has been gradually driven out of competition by overwhelming force and superior skill. He has learned by expensive experience that he can not successfully or creditably compete, hence he wisely holds aloof from participation as a contestant. And why should he do otherwise? Why should he match his fondness for sport against the trained professional skill of an expert, who has only an interest measured by the possibility of gain? But the question is hardly necessary in view of the fact that the amateur is not coming in competition with the professional very frequently in 1893. The classes are differentiated.

The Inducements to Amateurs.

What are the encouragement and inducement to amateurs? In the first place, he has opposed to him as handlers men who have made a profession of dog training and handling for years; men who have been in dozens of field trials and know how to take advantage of every circumstance, and who know what to avoid; in short, how to make the best of everything. These men are thoroughly conversant in the matter of rules and field trial requirements. They know to a nicety what quality of dog to select for a field trial competition. Many of them have a large kennel from which to select their dogs.

It needs no argument to establish that a man who has 100 well bred dogs to select from can produce a better lot than the man who has but two. The man who has the 100 can enter five or six or ten picked dogs in a field trial where the other man can enter but one or two at the most, and with a probability that they are inferior. With five to one or ten to one chances against him, how much less, then, is his chance of winning? With the success of the five or six or ten entries of the big kennel come a good win of prize money and a ready sale at remunerative prices of the remainder of the 100 puppies on the score of relationship to the ones which won. The amateur is so far surpassed in skill and material that there is not even a forlorn hope left to him The purely business phase of field trials, that is, to win purses which, being quite large, are worthy of keen effort to capture; to make reputations for dogs with a view solely to fees for stud services or sales of puppies, and to win a wider reputation and prestige which go to make up that invaluable feature of a business called the good will—all these are well known to the field trial supporters.

No field trial club, whose environment is such that it must draw its chief support from amateurs, can survive if it throws open its trials to the competition of the world, if it puts up sufficient money to tempt the professional At this day, there is no place in any game section of the United States but what a professional will go to if a field-trial event is inaugurated and money enough offered in prizes. This is particularly true if the competition is largely amateur.

For Instance.

I have in mind a club which this year held a field trial. There was a good deal of enthusiasm in its membership. It offered good cash prizes, enough to make them attractive. A professional took a string of dogs to those trials, and won all in two stakes except a trifling division in third. He made a trip of 1,800 miles, more or less, as near as I can estimate the distance. He won the prizes all right. He had a perfect right to compete. There is no question whatever in that respect. But from the point of the amateur, what is the result? That club will probably never hold another trial. Some of the members expressed admiration for a man who would go so far to win their money. Others said that they were willing the money should go, in return for the knowledge of what constitutes a good dog.

But they have now the knowledge. They have a stock of admiration. They have a knowledge that there is no chance to win against the professional, and that knowledge keeps them in future out of the trials, and wisely so. If that club holds another trial, and that or a similar win is repeated—as it probably will be—the fate of that club is a certainty.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club threw its competition open to the world last year. What was the result? From having been a gathering which was the embodiment of goodfellowship and friendly competition, it assumed all the stern earnestness of a competition on one line, a competition straight to the money without any embellishment or sentiment. There were the usual unpleasant features and unpleasant responsibilities foisted on the men who followed it for the love it; by the men who followed it as a business. That ended the open-to-the-world feature. This year it returned to the previous conditions, *i. e.*, a restriction to membership. It was a wise move. Though urged to again reopen its competition to the world by apparently disinterested field trial supporters, the club had the firmness and good sense to refuse. There is no very good reason why it should devote its energies and its revenues to something in which it is not particularly interested.

Several clubs which had arranged to hold field trials this year withdrew from the venture. Nearly every one of them had some special reason for withdrawing. Undoubtedly the hard financial year had some effect in producing such results.

The Distinction.

While professionalism has grown steadily and has been energetically encouraged, the amateur has received very little attention. Once in a while an amateur stake has been arranged, which, being run with a large element of spectators who were professionals, was largely an event for amusement or derision.

The solution of the problem is the holding of trials similar to that of the Philadelphia Kennel Club. The members own their dogs and in the competition handle them themselves or engage professionals to handle them.

The great trials of the United States, the Eastern field trials, the United States and the Southern trials, are almost exclusively supported by professionals or semi-professionals. They afford every opportunity for a professional competition.

For a new club of amateur membership and support, to frame its existence and policy on the same lines as the great clubs aforementioned, is to court failure. Each club in its policy must be governed by its support and its environment.

Clubs can be organized and their competitions arranged for limited prizes. It is a great mistake to attempt to offer prizes which will equal those of the great clubs which are better known, which have the prestige which comes from years of success and good name, and which have trained and skillful managers.

There is one thing certain. The man who owns one dog and in whose nature there is a fondness for the sport in a pure form, is worth considering and encouraging. When the competition is reduced to the great kennels alone field trials are in their decadence. In the competition between the great kennels some one or two kennels are sure in the end to defeat the others, and the great kennels alone can not maintain field trials, interest the public at large or meet the true demand of field trial competition. After all is said and done it is the man who owns one dog or two for the love of them and of field sports who is the foundation of the superstructure. He should be properly recognized, first because he is engaged from a love of sport, second because without him there is sure to be a cramp or a break, and third because the whole interest would be better with him as a member and supporter.

Dr. R. H. Tullis, of Columbiana, Ohio, writes me that the shooting in his section is poor this year. He is fortunate in owning a sister to Strideaway, the pointer which made such a phenomenal competition in the U S. trials at Bicknell.

Manitoba Shot.

The following, in a letter from Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, followed me around a part of the field trial circuit, hence was received too late for last week's issue. It recounts the loss of a valuable dog, a dog great in the qualities which make a companion and a worker. Under date of Nov. 27 Mr. Johnson writes:

"You will sympathize with me I know when I tell you that Manitoba Shot died a week ago to-day. In Shot I had the most pleasant shooting companion I ever owned in dogs and I hardly ever hope to have his equal for our prairies. He was different in disposition from any other dog I ever owned. He had any amount of courage, yet from the first time he went afield, if he through accident or down wind made a flush, even if he was a half mile away from me, he would feel so mean that you had to give him a friendly slap and a word of encouragement before he would again go with his peculiar style and dash.

"I have seen him scores of times this fall turn around on his point to see how far I was away, and if I was a long distance, he would drop until I got near him, when he would rise to his point again. I feel his loss very keenly, so much so that I shall probably not take any part in field trials this year.

"I have returned Mr. Lonsdale's dogs to England, but my own are still at Chatham. Our mutual friend Mr. Wells will likely keep them until the end of the shooting season there."

I do heartily sympathize with Mr. Johnson in the loss of so great and valuable a dog. He was that great combination in the best sense, a great field-trial competitor and a great field dog, terms which are now commonly believed to be contradictions. The same good sense, industry and pleasure in working to the gun, were traits, if I remember correctly, which were possessed by the whole litter of which he was one.

I well remember Shot's first field trial competition last year at Morris, Man. When he was placed in the Derby there was a wail long, loud and harsh from some present who had an interest in setters. The following day Shot ran in the All-Age Stake, and there was a full attendance of spectators to see what was to be seen. They saw Shot go with a dash, an intelligence and a skillful beating out of the grounds which either silenced completely his detractors or excited their admiration. On birds he made that day some brilliant performances. He was nearly a model of what breeders should strive for in field performance, good sense, endurance, industry and good temper.

Mr. John Davidson, in a letter of recent date says: "My loneliness was relieved by a little accident lately, just by way of variety, I suppose. A runaway team, dragging the front wheels of a lumber wagon, dashed into my buggy, starting me on an excursion toward the moon and reducing part of the buggy into kindling wood. The bystanders stated that I came down with such force as would have killed anything but a mule or a Scotchman, and I am not prepared to dispute them. I was badly bruised, but was feeling recovered in about 20 minutes. No bones are broken, and the soreness and stiffness are gradually disappearing."

There was but little difference between that accident and meeting a disappointed exhibitor. I am glad it was no worse.

B. WATERS.

900 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Akron Show.

It seems as if the Akron Poultry and Kennel Club is making every effort to get up a nice show in this busling Ohio town. Mr. Peck, the secretary, writes us that everything is looking bright, and they have secured a fine hall that will be lighted with 100 electric lights, and will be well heated. It is located in the center of the business part of the city, and street cars run past the door every five minutes. In addition to cash specials that are in the premium list, $10 cash is offered for the best kennel of four American foxhounds, and $5 cash for best kennel of four beagles. The committee is still at work on specials, and hope to secure more cash; all arrangements have been made to take care of the dogs that come from the Chicago show.

We received the premium list too late to be of much benefit except to those of our readers who receive FOREST AND STREAM on Wednesdays. The show will be held Dec. 19 to 23. The classification is very liberal, there being 148 classes, but as the prizes are on the percentage plan, 60 and 30 per cent. of the entry fees, the club has no direct interest in the matter as no club money is at stake. No doubt several of the Chicago entries will take the show in on the way home and wins will count. The entry fee is $1 and entries close Dec. 13.

Irish and Gordon Setter Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In their remarks on the unsatisfactory results of the various field trials just finished, in the way of entries and attendance, it seems to me that the papers have ignored the most potent influence of all, viz., the last summer's silver panic and subsequent "hard times." Considering the fact that most of us have had grim business necessities to attend to, and but little heart or time for the indulgence of our hobbies, it is a matter for congratulation that we have done as well as we have.

As regards the Irish setter field trials, when we reflect that the Central, Ohio, and New England field trial clubs gave up entirely this year, and look at the sparse entries of the Philadelphia and other strong clubs, it don't seem to me that six Irish Derby and eleven All-Age entries show up so badly. It must be remembered that there are at least five broken English setters and pointers (combined) to every field trained Irish setter, and that it is much easier to get ten very good performers from fifty entries than two such from an entry of ten. Lovers of English setters and pointers have had twenty years of field trials to train up to and compete in. Long before that time we Irish setter men will have the satisfaction of seeing our favorites compete successfully in open trials. Business ought to improve before another year rolls around, and next autumn see a better state of affairs. So let us hope that Dr. Davis will look at matters in this light and continue his efficient and almost indispensable services as secretary of our Irish Setter Club, for it was not indifference that made him the only member that attended the late field trials at Thomasville, N. C.

I may be allowed to remark here that I sent my red bitch Nugget II. to the trainer in North Carolina as soon as I became her owner, last October, and ran her in the trials, although she had then been only a short month in trainer's hands, and was suffering from an abscess on her neck, which has been lanced. Perhaps that caused her to get only second in the Derby, as she had shown, previously, great speed and good powers for such a green pup, and, afterward, hearing that there were likely to be so few entries in the All-Age Stakes, I sent my red bitch Lady Alice, which divided third last year with Currer Bell, to a North Carolina trainer, although she hadn't seen a bird since then and was very fat. As she had only two weeks' preparation she wasn't placed this year.

Doubtless others acted from like motives, endeavoring to help the Irish setter field trials. If the owners of the large Irish kennels, which now contain the best bench show winners, Mr. Fowler and Dr. Sauveur, would also enter their dogs, the field trial entries would foot up a goodly number. Let us hope that they will next season.

So with the Gordon setter field trials at Fremont, Mass., on Nov. 20 last, which seem to have been the result of labors of Eastern owners of Gordons who probably disliked to have the season pass without an effort to do something. And so they formed a Gordon Setter Field Trial Club. But they started too late, and didn't announce their intention until October. A month is not enough time to prepare in; trainers and handlers are hard to get, especially in the North and East, and the result was that the entries had to come altogether from kennels near the place of trial. Allusion has been made in some of the papers to the fact that the well-known Gordon kennels of Dr. Dixon and Mr. Blossom were not represented.

I can't speak for the doctor, but I know that I was not indifferent. Gordons are my favorites, even over Irish setters. It was not possible to run my own dogs; and, after vain endeavors to get a handler, I had to give up making any entries. The two which I intended to enter were as fat as a miller's hogs, and hadn't seen a bird since last year. As it was, so short was the notice, some of the dogs made a poorer showing because handled by strangers or anyone that could be gotten. Pets, taken from their owners' fireside almost, are not ready for a creditable appearance in the field, especially if that field be bare of birds.

Let all credit be given to those that took so much trouble in the cause of the Gordon setter; but let us hope that ample notice will be given next time. Doubtless those present at the field trials had "a good time; but so many excuses have been made heretofore for the comparatively poor showing by Gordons that I think we, their owners and advocates, should endeavor to start them for public competition, with such training and other timely preparation as shall give them a chance for creditable performances as other breeds have had.

Gordon setters are probably only half as numerous as the Irish, and while many are used for private shooting, very few are prepared for public competition.

Cannot we Gordon owners join our forces, and instead of desultory and divided efforts, endeavor to get together in time for field trials next year that shall be properly prepared for and at timely notice?

If anything which I have said shall encourage owners of Irish and Gordon setters, or be the means of getting them together for united efforts for next year's trials, I will be very glad. JAMES B. BLOSSOM

A Member of Irish and Gordon Setter Clubs.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 9.

Death of Rioter.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I write to inform you and your readers of the death of that well-known dachshund, champion Windrush Rioter. This great dog was found dead in his kennel this P. M., evidently having died from a fit, though I never knew him to have one before. Champion Windrush Rioter has met every dachshund dog (except champion Jackdaw) of late, and to his honor, it may be said, his list includes nothing but firsts.

Champion Windrush Rioter was whelped Nov. 29, 1887., and bred by Mr. J. G. Ravenor. Mr. F. F. Dole imported this dog for me in the spring of '91. He was probably the best known dachshund in America, he and champion Janet having always been kennel mates and shown together. He was sired by champion Maximus out of Polecat. His wins are as follows: In England, first open Birmingham 1889; first open Liverpool, Gloucester, Southampton and Stockbridge 1890; in Canada, first Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto 1891; in this country, first Danbury, Gloversville 1891; first Albany 1892; first challenge Chicago, Jackson, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg and Brooklyn 1892; first challenge New York, 1893; specials at every show where they were given. These are the only times shown. We feel his loss keenly, as he was a pet as well as a show dog.

EDWARD A. MANICE.

DEC. 4.

Southern California Field Trials Abandoned.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been asked to notify you that the trials that were to have been held here on the 4th have been abandoned and am exceedingly sorry to have to write it, as I had hoped there would be a good meeting. There are plenty of birds on the grounds, and in fact the shooting during the past week has been better than at any time since the season opened. There was, however, a lack of interest evinced lately by the very men who should have taken the keenest interest in the trials.

The entry, which was none too large, suffered by the death of C. J. Miller, who would have had five starters, and were withdrawn after paying the second forfeit. Again, the changing of dates had an unwholesome effect. Had they held to the first date chosen they would at least have received the credit of being firm in their decisions.

It is to be hoped that the northern meeting will be successful, but as it has suffered by Mr. Miller's death the prospect is not charming.

At best the number of starters on the Coast is small, and when four or five are withdrawn it is hard to keep the interest from flagging.

There are numbers of birds all around us, and the duck shooting has been better than for years. A party returned from the Santa Anna River on the 27th and reported ducks in great numbers. The reports from Elsimere Lake are very flattering, so that the sportsmen are at least having good sport afield. Dr. Green, of Hesperia, informs us that the mountain quail are a perfect pest in his town, and as the report is reliable a party from Los Angeles and Ontario will try them next week.

We will give you a few items of interest shortly on the kennel question, as there is a very good outlook for some A1 material in pointers and setters. J. C. Collins, sheriff of Los Angeles county, is going into pointers, and has started with the bitch Brown Betty, who did so well at the trials last year, though not in the money. There is not a single good specimen in southern California of either bulldog or bull-terrier, and a kennel of either should do well. T.

Ontario Beach, Cal., Dec. 2.

Smoking at Shows.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed in attending dog shows, outside of New York, that smoking has been allowed in all parts of the show building. Although the chances of fire originating from a segar being thrown on the floor, may be small, it seems hardly worth the enjoyment of a smoke to run the risk of such a thing happening when there are so many valuable dogs on exhibition.

Take the Newark show building for instance, there was not much to the building itself, it is true, but there was plenty of inflammable material in it, and I would venture to say that out of the 500 odd dogs exhibited there, not one-half could have been removed in case of fire, to say nothing of the loss of life to those attending the show.

That the attendance is affected by it is certain. The New York show would never have been what it is to-day, if smoking had been allowed in all parts of the building, and the sooner kennel clubs make a rule against it, and have it enforced, the better it will be for all concerned.

I do not say this against the managers of the Newark show alone, it is allowed almost everywhere, but I do say that there is a place for everything, and that a dog show is not the place to smoke. An Exhibitor.

New York, Dec. 7.

[As far as we could judge the Newark managers were very strict in regard to smoking in the show building.]

DOG CHAT.

Imperator Sold.

While at Newark show Mr. Pitkin, of Hartford, Conn., was nibbling at Imperator (25,411), by Alton out of Hilda, winner in novices, but the deal fell through. Now Mr. Frank Linck, of Newark, N. J., has purchased Imperator. Besides this handsome dog, Dr. Lougest sold a mastiff bitch pup by Beaufort's Black Prince out of Gerda II., to Mr. Wm. Arnot, of Newark, and a young mastiff dog by Ingleside Maximilian out of Gerda II., to J. H. Goldberg, of New York. It will therefore be seen that the Newark show is already exerting a beneficial influence, and that Newark citizens and fanciers will not be content until they can show some of the best. Mr. Linck already has a very fair dog in Ashland Jumbo, who should have been second to Imperator at Newark.

A Newfoundland Saves a Life.

The Newfoundland scores again. It is only human nature on our part to attribute the following to a Newfoundland proper: the vicious escapades we naturally attribute to the big, black, curly dogs that roam about under the same category. On the morning of Dec. 3, about half past three, Meuer's grocery store in Kingston, Ont., was found to be in a blaze. The owner of the store was in the country and only his aged mother was in the dwelling rooms at the time. She was awakened by the dog, a large Newfoundland, howling and throwing himself against the door of her room. The faithful animal succeeded in saving the life of his mistress, but was smothered himself in the smoke.

We are indebted to Mr. R. S. Bell, of Bedeville, Ont., for the particulars in the case.

According to an account of the occurrence which we find in *Le Chenil* it is almost as much as a man's life is worth to kill a dog in Turkey's capital. Major Marini, military *attaché* at the Italian Legation in Constantinople, having killed by accident one of the dogs that infest the streets of that city, was pulled from his horse by a Turkish soldier, roughly handled and eventually taken before a police officer. There, having established his identity, he was given his liberty with profuse apologies, but he promises to respect hereafter, in the same light as he would a human being, the life of the canine pariah in the streets of Constantinople.

Saratoga Show.

The premium list of the Saratoga dog show, to be given by the Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, comes to us in good season. The early issue gives exhibitors plenty of time to choose their entries and condition them properly. Challenge classes divided by sex are given in almost every breed with $7 and diploma as prizes. In open $7 and $5 and diploma is the rate for mastiffs, St. Bernards, all setters, collies, great Danes, greyhounds and foxhounds, both strains. Puppies get $5 and diploma. Other breeds have $7, $4 and diploma. The kennel prizes are club diplomas. Spaniels have Classification No. 1. Collies, spaniels and beagles are already nicely treated in the way of specials and American foxhound have $10 for the best. The entry fee is $3, which is rather too much for the amount of money given, but as wins will count this perhaps will not be considered so much. Mr. W. A. Coster is the superintendent, and we have not seen him in this capacity since the old show at Cincinnati, when Hugh Dalziel judged and Mr. Coster's patent-homemade-stick-to-the-ribs all eat-it food soured on all of us. Mr. C. H. Mason, Philadelphia, Pa., is the judge. Spratt's Company will bench and feed. Mr. Lyman W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y., is the secretary.

A man has just completed a journey from San Francisco to New York on foot. The feat becomes interesting to our readers from the fact that he was accompanied by his dog, which, under the conditions of the wager, he was to deliver in this city within six months. The quadruped, however, did not pay that strict attention to stomachic conditions that it should have done and for some distance after leaving Toledo, O., his owner was compelled to trundle a wheelbarrow containing the dog, as the animal had fed not wisely, but too well, before leaving that city. The distance was to be covered within six months and this was done with some days to spare.

The rumor that Mr. F. Redmond had sold his crack fox-terrier champion D'Orsay to the plucky Welsh lady, Mrs. Lawrence, for $2,500 is denied by the *Stock-Keeper*. Mr. Redmond still owns the dog. This gentleman had quite an innings at the fox-terrier show at Wolverhampton, winning no less than $400 with his team. This team, besides the individual prizes, won the team prize and Mr. Redmond also took the brace prize with D'Orsay and Dickon II. In the competition for the team prize, Mr. Stephens spoiled his chance by including Stipendiary, whose size marred the levelness of the lot. Stipendiary, however, had his revenge in the stud dog competition, for with his celebrated sget, D'Orsay, Hunton Justice and Acton Blanche he was enabled to beat Rowton Warrant, who is himself a near relation of the great stud dog. Speaking of the team prize reminds us that many of our exhibitors in showing and making up their teams for the kennel prize attach too much importance to the individual wins of the dogs in their previous competitions. This should not enter into consideration so much as the general "sortiness" and leveluess of the team, and if exhibitors would bear this in mind there would be less grumbling when a judge with a proper conception of his duties places a kennel ahead of another whose individual members have perhaps won more firsts than the other. And another point is often lost sight of, the mere fact of a dog winning a first should not be considered alone, but the competition it had to contend with in doing so.

One of the Sefton Hero—Ormskirk Dollie pups bred over here was sent to England on the Majestic Oct. 25.

There must be a bad link in Geo. Bell's long chain of luck, for the other day his noted fox-terrier champion Dusky Trap was run over by a trolly car in Toronto. Dusky Trap is, however, a tough member and a terrier all over, for he escaped with some bruises only.

The charges and counter-charges between Mr. H. Huber and E. P. Schell, both of the Pacific Kennel Club, have not yet been considered by the club because at the last meeting a quorum could not be had. A peculiar feature in kennel club legislation was the appearance of counsel for both parties. This is by no means a desirable innovation, and is one that should be discountenanced at once. A man's case must be poor indeed when a lawyer is needed for a private investigation that it not in any way a court of law. The presence of lawyers in such a case is a trespass. We understand that as yet no charges have been preferred against Mr. Huber by Mr. Schell with the A. K. C.

A ROYAL FLUSH.

Collie Puppies by Christian out of Ouida, Christian by Christopher.

M. K. C. Club.

The Maryland Kennel Club has gone up Salt River, we understand, as far as giving another bench show is concerned. The unpleasantness arising from the action of an irresponsible scribbler last year determined those who had the best interests of the club at heart and made good the losses not to expose themselves to any more of the same sort of thing. The game is not worth the candle they say, and it is not when the reputation of such men can be attacked by any disgruntled scribbler that comes along and can find an empty column to fill. Mr. W. S. Diffenderffer has resigned as secretary, member and delegate to A. K. C., and Messrs. Will Farber and C. Diffenderffer have also resigned. So it's very probable that we must count Baltimore out of next spring's circuit.

We are pleased both for the paper's sake and that of the dog public to see Mr. V. M. Haldeman's name once more at the top of the *Fancier's Journal's* editorial page. A gentleman will always rise to the surface, though meteoric blackguardism may become rampant for awhile, it cannot last, and the clean man comes to the top once more. We look for an era of cleaner kennel journalism now throughout the fancy. It is needed goodness knows.

Mr. R. P. Keasbey, the genial secretary of the Spaniel Club, had a smile of large dimensions with him at the Newark show. It was all on account of Madge. Madge is a cocker spaniel bitch, and she brought joy to the kennel of Keasby when she whelped eight pups to Little Nig. That three of these are reds and one fell in the milk has nothing to do with this tale. Mr Keasbey has had diabolical luck, for although he is one of our oldest exhibitors he has never been able to breed any young stock. It never rains but it pours, and last week a litter of six field spaniels arrived by Echo out of his Bess. These pups are all well and hearty, and it looks as if the worst is over. Mr. Keasbey is joining the beagle ranks, but even here his ill luck pursued him, for after buying a Royal Krueger dog last September he had two days' hunting with it, and it hunted so well that somebody thought he would like it, too, and that is the last he has seen of it. He is not disheartened, however, and will probably, ere this appears, be the owner of the well known bitch Prudence, now in the Shrewsbury Kennels.

As a means to securing that sprightliness of action so much desired in the ring, especially when collies and terriers are under judgment, a mouse in a cage was brought into the ring at the Cambridge (Eng.) show recently held. This was during the competition between Rufford Ormonde, the collie, and Jack St. Leger, the wire-hair fox-terrier, for best in show. At the supreme moment the mouse was released and Rufford Ormonde scored the run up and kill, much to the discomfiture of both the wire and his owner, Mr. Clear.

Some of our judges who are in mortal terror when the novice classes come in of reversing some previous decision, may take heart of grace from the fact that such an old hand as Geo. Raper, at this same show, withheld first from a wire-hair fox-terrier puppy, and then in novices a few minutes afterwarc awarded it first prize.

We find in *Stock-Keeper* that the railway authorities have decided that if a dog's fare has been paid he is as much entitled to a seat as any of the carriage's two-legged occupants. We do not know how these things are arranged nowadays, but years ago one could purchase dog tickets on the railroads, and one's canine companion was allowed to travel along in the same compartment. This has since struck us as a most landable concession on the part of the railroad companies. Would that the same authorities over here had some such milk of canine kindness in their corporate systems. There are many people who would like to take their dogs with them when traveling, but rather than consign them to the dirt and tender care of the baggageman in a crowded baggage car, leave them at home. But when our railroad and express companies combine to charge double rates for less attention than they give other freight, we cannot hope for such a millenium as this.

The English *Stock-Keeper* does us the honor of publishing extracts from Forest and Stream's National Beagle Club field trial report. We also note that the journal coincides with us in our estimate of Pade from the rough sketch we published, and which estimate was unanimously borne out by the decision of the field trial committee which disqualified Pade.

Mr. C. A. Shinn, well known as the owner of the Skye, Sir Stafford, is coming out largely in this breed. During the Newark show he arrived from Europe with five Skyes.

All the boys seem to take a little pleasure in giving a dab at Mr. Morris. Perhaps he may be a little ahead of the times, or the other way, but when there is some solid helpful work to be done, there is no one who gives his time and energy more willingly than Mr. "Dexter" Morris. At Newark for instance, he must have been an invaluable aid in giving time and labor that he could ill afford, besides the benefit of his experience in show matters, to the interests of the N. J. K. L. in the preliminary work of their late show. The rather vicious communication in the daily on his work in the ring were entirely uncalled for and unnecessary. The old saying crops up here whether we like to own up or not.

New Jersey Kennel League Meeting.

This club has acted with commendable promptness in disciplining their "vet." reference to whom we felt compelled to make in our last issue. At a meeting held Dec. 8, Dr. Sattler was expelled from the N. J. K. L. on Artice VI. of the constitution, which reads: "The executive committee may suspend or expel any member for conduct prejudicial to the League," etc. The other business done was chiefly the passing of accounts, one of which was for a large sum for service rendered by the veterinary, who was supposed to be a volunteer, which will help to curtail the balance on hand.

The Akron people seem to have a just conception of the value that the kennel journals are to shows and other ventures connected with dogdom. The fact is too often lost sight of, and the accompanying acknowledgment which we find in the premium list is as rare as it is gratifying: "To the Journals.—We desire to specially acknowledge our appreciation of the favors conferred upon our association by the various fanciers and sporting journals who have so kindly noticed our exhibition in their columns and by the donation of specials, and to all such we have to say it will be a great pleasure to us to afford them every facility for distributing sample copies, taking subscriptions and otherwise enlarging their circulation, and if they will visit our exhibition or send samples we will be pleased to render them all them favors within our power. *No fancier can*

reach a high standing in the fraternity without the aid of such journals. Their aid is invaluable and they are always worth more than their subscription price." The italics are ours, but the man who concocted that is imbued with considerable horse sense, even if he be a chicken man.

Puppies at Shows.

It may be well to draw attention to the new A. K. C. rule regarding puppies at shows which goes into effect Jan. 1, 1894. "Rule 10—No entry shall be accepted of any puppy under six months of age, either for competition or exhibition, subject to a penalty of $10 for each under age puppy placed on exhibition." We have several times drawn attention to the fact that the intention of the old rule to exclude puppies under six months old from dog shows was frustrated by entering such puppies for exhibition only, which meant really—for sale only, and both exhibitors and buyers suffered in consequence. The Saratoga show next month will be the first show held under the new rules, and we trust for the sake of exhibitors that the rule will be rigidly enforced.

It is a pity that the Providence show, at least the kennel part of it, has not been put in the hands of a practical dogman, one used to show usages. This office has never received a premium list, and even the A. K. C. only received its list within the week. There is no intimation or instruction to exhibitors about listing excepting the remote notice in the A. K. C. rules, and in an irregular manner. We are told that unless there are three entries in a class the first money advertised will not be paid. This is poor cheese paring policy and not at all fair to the judge, Mr. J. Otis Fellows. A number of fanciers who wanted to show there failed to do so because they did not know the secretary's name nor obtain a premium list.

Birmingham Dog Show.

The Birmingham show, held Nov. 25 to 29, was not a success in the non-sporting division, but in the sporting division there was a good gathering Space forbids our commenting on the show this week, but we may say that America was represented by Mr. W. C. Reick, who unfortunately, in rousing the beautiful St. Bernard Lady Mignon from her slumbers, received a slight bite on the hand. Mr. Reick is now a full-fledged fancier, dogman or whatever the correct term may be.

The next English Kennel Club show will be held April 10 to 12 at the Crystal Palace, London.

Detroit Dog Show.

Owing to the conflict of dates with the Columbus Fanciers' Club and to assist in forming a Western circuit, the City of Straits Kennel Club have had to change their dates to March 7 to 10, 1894. So the club will hold its second annual bench show on those dates at the Detroit Auditorium. The premium list will be ready Jan. 15, and will be mailed to any address on application. There will be about $2,500 in cash prizes and specials, besides the club's cups medals, etc. The show will be under A. K. C. rules, and awards will count. The dogs will be judged by Messrs. John Davidson, James Mortimer and Chas H. Mason.

Detroit will be well represented at the Chicago show this week. The well-known Tom Blake leaves that city with a string of ten winners, which include John Mandt's English setter Washtenaw Grouse, Fred. Moe's Irish setter Nona, W. Howie Muir's deerhound Bruar II., Mr. Predhomme's English setter Dick, Guy Welton's beagles champion June M. and Pomp, Mr. Parkinson's beagle Jennie Lind, Blake & Herbertson's cockers Pickpania, Lady Dufferin and La Dina. From Chicago Mr. Blake will go to Akron, O.

The Sussex spaniel Ilfracombe, first Newark, did not live long to enjoy the sweets of victory. Shortly after the show she was taken sick with a throat affection that would not yield to treatment. This is quite a loss to the Ohwahgena Kennels, who imported her through Mr. Morris.

Death of Champion Harper.

Champion Harper, one of the cracks of the bulldog fancy, has fallen a victim to the poison fiend at Mr. Mariner's kennels at Milwaukee. The Graven Image was also poisoned, but beyond destroying her unborn pups, of which King Lurd was the sire, no further harm was done. This is most unfortunate, and we trust that Dr. Mariner will be able to protect himself in future and get a line on the wretch who did the work.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Jan. 15.—Brunswick Fur Club's winter trials. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

San Francisco Coursing Club's Meeting.

(*Special Report*).

THE meeting which I mentioned in my last communication which was to take place at Newark, under the auspices of the newly organized San Francisco Coursing Club, was commenced yesterday, and in every respect surpassed the most extravagant expectations of the club, or indeed of the whole coursing community.

Sixty-four dogs were entered for the All-Aged Stake, and twelve for the Puppy Stakes. All the crack dogs in the State were entered for the former, and never, I believe, since coursing was inaugurated in California was such interest taken in any meeting.

The weather for the past five or six days was certainly anything but what was desirable, as the rain fell in torrents, and continued until early yesterday morning. Nothing daunted, however, fully 200 people and about 80 dogs put in an appearance at the railway station determined to brave anything rather than postpone the meeting. Fortune favors the brave, however, for no sooner had the train gone beyond the neighboring city of Alameda than the weather cleared up, and on arrival at the park we found that the rain had just fitted it for the most perfect coursing, making the sward springy and elastic and perfectly safe for dogs to run over.

It was noticeable, too, that the great proportion of the crowd, in their enthusiasm for coursing, did not forget that it was Thanksgiving Day, for large hampers were to be seen in all directions, and few, I think, will gainsay the assertion that the leg or wing of a good turkey is a thousand times more toothsome when partaken of under conditions such as surrounded the crowd at Newark than if taken at the family table, however highly polished the surrounding furniture or costly the ware on the mahogany dinner table may be.

The card for the day's work was a heavy one, and no time was lost, as it was settled that the first round must be finished by 5 o'clock. The officers of the club had taken every possible precaution to have everything in shipshape order, and consequently everything moved like a piece of machinery, not a single hitch occurring during the whole day. The fact that 32 regular courses and four undecideds was got through in just six hours is ample proof of how smoothly things worked.

The field officers were: Judge, John Grace; slipper, James Wren; slip steward, J. R. Dickson; flag steward, J. H. Perrego; field stewards, J. W. Butterworth, John Eagan and P. D. Nolan.

Just as the first brace of dogs were handed to the slipper Mr. D. Shannon, president of the club, stepped on to the stand and addressed the crowd, telling them of the beauties of the chase and the unalloyed pleasure that is attached to coursing when carried on strictly according to rule and free from petty or unfair motives. He trusted that no such charges could ever be fairly brought against any of the members of the club or those who may course within its folds, and the public could depend on it that no unworthy actions would ever be tolerated within it. Mr. Shannon was loudly cheered on resuming his place.

The coursing during the day was without doubt the greatest that has been seen outside of Merced. The hares were regular flyers, and many of the courses were more than sufficient to try any pair of dogs in the world. Nearly all the great cracks went down, such as the great Skyrocket, Long John, Moondyne, Nelly Bly, Twilight and others of less fame.

But assuredly the most astonishing course of all was the run between Long John and Pride of the Park. The former dog is a large, heavy dog, weighing about sixty-five pounds, and has a wonderful dash of speed in him and has won many good stakes, while Pride of the Park is the most diminutive greyhound I have ever seen go to slips. She weighs but 35lbs. and is much more like an Italian greyhound than anything else, and as both dogs passed into the park in charge of Wren, considerable was the chaff and badinage that greeted his ears and that of the owner of the beautiful little creature—Pride of the Park. In the very height of the fun a big jack jumped up, and on the dogs being loosed, to the utter astonishment of all the crowd the little fellow shot right to the front, and do his utmost, the big brindle could not get within a length of her while she closed steadily up to the game and eventually brought it round, and before Long John could steady himself she was round again like a top and took second turn; indeed she was all round both hare and dog and scored every point in a long course. The crowd went literally frantic with excitement, but when the little thing grabbed the hare and it was seen that she was not able to hold it, the cheering was louder and longer. Long John, however, came gallantly to the rescue and without showing an atom of jealousy at his discomfiture by so insignificant a rival, prevented the longeared jack from running away with her into the escape, by grabbing it by the neck, finishing its earthly career in an instant. Never before was victor—quadruped or biped—so vehemently cheered. One enthusiast rushed out as she was being led back to the kennels and lifting her up over his head called for three cheers for the "little fairy." It was given three times over.

Another event, too, that caused some excitement was the course between Skyrocket and Dark Rustic. It was looked upon as such a certainty for the former that $20 to $1 could be had in the pools on the course, but no one would even risk that much on the event, so certain did every one feel that Rustic could not beat the great Skyrocket; but on this occasion the unexpected occurred with a vengeance, for in a good course the only thing he scored was the run up.

The following is a summary of the day's running:

All-Age Stake.

First prize $100, second $60, third $25, fourth $25; next four dogs $10 each.

First Round.

JACK DEMPSEY—LITTLE ROSE.—T. J. Cronin's white dog Jack Dempsey and Dowling and McCormack's black and white bitch Little Rose were the first pair called to the slips. A hare was soon started and there was seen a course worth traveling miles to see. Both dogs went as if locked in the slips for 500yds., and then Jack drew out for first turn, which he got, and the balance of a long course was in his favor, but he had to put his best leg foremost, as Little Rose was constantly at his side. He eventually killed and won.

SWANEE—FLIRTATION.—W. Creamer's black and white bitch Swanee and George Dougherty's brindle bitch Flirtation were next handed to the slipper, and a hare was soon started that put the pair of longtails at their best to take a turn out of him. They eventually succeeded, however, and after this Swanee had the balance of a fine course almost to herself. The bitch will be heard of yet, as she is both fast and clever. Swanee won.

MARY ANN—GEM.—P. Tiernan's fawn bitch Mary Ann and D. O'Connell's black dog Jim had the next spin, and a most determined one it was, for though Mary Ann won she had to put forth her very best efforts, for Jim is no slouch and showed well in a long course. The bitch killed and won.

GLEN FARRON—SALVATOR.—The same owner's well known red dog Glen Farron surprised most people, and certainly his owner, by the way the old veteran polished off D. J. Healy's nomination, the brindle dog Salvator.

DEPEND ON ME—WATTLE BLOOM.—T. J. Cronin's white and black dog Depend On Me and R. E. de Lopez's fawn bitch Wattle Bloom were then placed in the slipper's hands, who had some difficulty in getting the latter sighted, as it was the first time she was ever in slips. Three hares passed by before she could be got to look at one; but eventually they were let go and the little youngster shot out and led Mr. Cronin's fine dog until nearing the stand, got first and second turn and then got a cropper. This completely threw her out of the balance of a long course. Depend On Me won.

WHITE CLOUD—ELECTRIC.—A. Seal's white and brindle bitch White Cloud and Eugene Gray's white and brindle dog Electric had a fine course, but the former proved too much for her handsome opponent and won a fine course.

LONGFELLOW—MOONDYNE.—J. Perigo's black and white dog Longfellow, to the surprise of the crowd and the disgust of the talent, completely shattered the high pretensions of D. J. Healy's brindle dog Moondyne by giving him a thorough thrashing.

FAIRY—BLACKSTONE.—J. Reilly's fawn bitch Fairy was altogether too much for Dr. Proctor's black and white dog Blackstone, and simply ran round him.

COOMASSIE—OVERLAND.—W. Perry's white and brindle bitch Coomassie ran clean away from M. Culligan's white and brindle dog Overland and won with ease.

STING—NELLY BLY.—P. D. Nolan's brindle dog Sting and James Byrnes's fawn bitch Nelly Bly had a fine undecided course in which both dogs showed up well, both as runners and workers. But in the second attempt Sting won a one-sided course.

LONG JOHN—PRIDE OF THE PARK.—P. Tiernan's brindle dog Long John and J. J. Edmond's brindle bitch Pride of the Park furnished the first real surprise of the day. The latter is the smallest greyhound that has ever gone to slips in this State. She does not weigh more than 35lbs., but she can run and work, and Tiernan's great crack, Long John had to strike his proud colors to this wonderful little specimen of the greyhound. Never was surprise so great, and never before was a dog awarded such unmeasured cheering by an enthusiastic crowd.

SHORTSTOP—CAPTAIN.—P. C. Curtis's brindle dog Shortstop had a sharp, short course with H. McCracken's fawn dog Captain, which he won easily.

SKYROCKET—DARK RUSTIC.—The next pair sent out was P. C. Curtis's white and black dog Skyrocket and P. D. Dolan's black dog Dark Rustic, but great as was the surprise of the course between Long John and Pride of the Park, this course was a still greater one, for the greater dog fell completely before this utter and complete outsider. Fifty dollars to $1 was offered, but no one would accept of it. On being slipped the great crack led up, as usual, and took first turn, but that finished him, for Rustic did all the rest and won cleverly. Such cheering has not been heard on a coursing field for years.

QUEEN OF THE VALLEY—LADY H. GLENDYNE.—J. Dowling's brindle bitch Queen of the Valley beat H. McCracken's white and black bitch Lady H. Glendyne handsomely in a long course.

GARROWEN—RAMBLER.—J. Buckly's white dog Garryowen had an easy thing with J. P. Burke's black and white dog Rambler.

VALLEY QUEEN—SIR JOHN.—J. J. Edmond's white and black bitch Valley Queen easily beat Dowling & McCormack's brindle dog Sir John.

BARRY F.—GOVERNESS.—James Byrnes's black and white dog Barney F. had a short, sharp course with J. Wren's fawn bitch Governess, and won.

WARATAH—GLENADE.—R. E. de Lopez's black and white dog Waratah beat P. Tiernan's Glenade after a good course. This dog showed a fine dash of foot and he is also a good worker.

BLUE JACK—CHIEF OF THE VALLEY.—P. Ryan's black and white dog Blue Jack beat J. Dowling's brindle dog Chief of the Valley easily.

SPOKANE—LADY NAPOLEON.—Carney's white dog Spokane and W. Dalton's fawn and white bitch Lady Napoleon had a very fine course, the latter portion of which the judge could not see, as it was behind the stand and the crowd was so great that Mr. Grace of course could not get even a glimpse of the work done by the dogs. Of course he had to decide on what he did see, and sent the flag up for Spokane, which certainly had the best of it in the first part of the course.

MAGPIE—ROLL ALONG.—P. Ryan's black and white dog Magpie and James Grace's black and white dog Roll Along had a sharp course; the former won. This course was judged by J. R. Dickson, as Roll Along is owned by Mr. Grace's son.

SCULPTOR—WHITE RUSTIC.—Thos. McHugh's black and white dog Sculptor, after an undecided heat, beat Dowling & McCormack's white dog White Rustic easily.

DOTTY DIMPLE—ACTIVE.—T. J. Cronin's white and fawn bitch Dotty Dimple and D. J. Hendy's black and white bitch Active ran a great course, which the former won, but it must have been a very close thing.

OLYMPIC—BLUESTONE.—P. Tiernan's brindle dog Olympic easily beat Dr. Proctor's black and white dog Bluestone.

WEE LASSIE—OCCIDENTAL.—J. Perigo's fawn bitch Wee Lassie had a good run with J. Byrne's fawn dog Occidental, the former winning.

TOM HAYES—LAZY GIRL.—P. Tiernan's black and white dog Tom Hayes had a good course with John Lucy's brindle bitch Lazy Girl and beat her well.

BAN BOY—HOME RULE.—T. McInerney's black and white dog Ban Boy and T. Cooney's brindle and white dog Home Rule had one of the finest courses of the day, Ban Boy winning by the "skin of his teeth."

VIDA SHAW—DOMINO.—J. J. Edmond's white bitch Vida Shaw ran away from H. M. N. Spring's black and white dog Domino and won.

RUSTIC MAID—PRESTO.—Dowling & McCormack's white and black bitch Rustic Maid beat A. Seal's white and black dog Presto easily.

NATTY—TWILIGHT.—M. Kerrigan's black dog Natty (the Evergreen) beat in a good course Dr. Wadan's beautiful black bitch Twilight, which certainly was another astonisher to the talent.

LITTLE BANSHEE—SWEDE.—J. McInerney's black bitch Little Banshee had it all her own way in her course with J. Moory's brindle and white dog Swede.

OLDEN—RED PRINCE.—J. Healy's black and white dog Olden W. beat A. Merrill's fawn and white dog Red Prince in the last and certainly not the worst course of the day.

The balance of the stake and the Puppy Stake will be run off on Sunday next, when an enormous crowd may be expected.

GAZEHOUND.

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In the Good Old Way.

THE Valley Hunt Club had their first run of the season Dec. 24. Starting with twenty-two riders, Reynard was found on the wooded hill west of Wawa Station, and he gave a lively chase, crossing the railroad with the hounds but a short distance behind. After a short but spirited run he took to earth in the rocky hill on the Wolf Farm.

Another fox was soon started, however, in a bush pile in the centre of a large field on the same farm and afforded the best run of the day. Starting not more than 100ft. in advance of the hounds he gained rapidly at first, and crossing a marshy meadow on Charles Dowd's place the hounds were thrown off the scent, but after a short delay they again took up the trail, and a hard run was given for several miles, but the hounds succeeded in overtaking him soon after he crossed the road on the south of Barclay's Woods.

The brush was captured by Cooper Sickel, and close behind came John Everhardt, the master of hounds. While crossing a field on the Struther's Farm the horse that Cooper Sickel was riding stepped into a woodchuck hole and was thrown, but nothing resulted except a skinned nose and a broken stirrup leather.

Those who kept up well during the chase were Harry Shortridge, Clinton Wells, George Price, Frederick Y. Allis, Geo. Yarnall and Edward Mayhew.—*Philadelphia Times.*

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

One of the gayest fox chase witnessed in East Bradford township, took place near West Chester, Pa., Dec. 7. The start was on the farm of C. Heller. There were present the West Chester Hunt, the Garfield Avenue Hunt, the Gibson Hunt, Cream Ridge Hunt, Green Hunt, Mortonville Hunt and Strode Hunt—in all over seventy hunters with their packs, aggregating over one hundred dogs.

While waiting for the hour for dropping the fox to arrive a lunch was served by Farmer Heller, and by 1:30 o'clock there were over five hundred people present, some in the saddle, some in carriages and many on foot. Councilman Shaner, of the West Chester Hunt, brought forth the fox, which had been captured by his hunt some weeks ago. He was a fine, large fellow, with lithe limbs and big brush. He was given a start of five minutes, which he made good use of. The hounds started in hot pursuit, and in their wake the horsemen followed in a mad scramble and much blowing of horns. The dogs soon divided. One portion took a Brandywine course, against the efforts of the hunters, while the other and main portion stuck closely to the fox's trail, and soon riders and pack were out of sight and hearing over the hills toward Glen Loch, the old hiding place of the fox before he was captured weeks ago. The chase was continued into the afternoon, and terminated by the fox eluding his pursuers in a cavern near Downingtown.

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The Rose Tree Hunt, of Media, Pa., had a bad turn of luck a week or two since. Some of the hounds while at exercise were bitten by a presumably mad dog and the most of the pack were destroyed, as symptoms of rabies had developed. The hunt has now received ten couple chiefly from Virginia we believe, and these will be entered at once.

The members of the Hoboken C. C. held their first smoker on Dec. 2 at the club house foot of Tenth street, Hoboken. Every one was provided with pipes and tobacco and there were plenty of refreshments on hand. An excellent musical programme was one of the features of the evening. Mandolin, L. Kretzmer, P. Gottschalk, P. Muller; guitar, J. Warnecke; banjo, G. V. Strahan, E. Muller, Bart. Allen, the Texan; vocal solos, Com. J. R. Lake of N. Y. C. C., G. P. Douglass, Ianthe; humorous reading, P. Muller; T. Cameron, a Yale College student; pantomime, silent art, Dr. Hertel, and imitations, G. Metz. The following clubs were represented: New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey Yacht Club, Vixen crew, Ianthe, Arlington, Orange, Rutherford, Knickerbocker,

Canoeing.

WHILE the rules of the American Canoe Association were based originally on those of the Royal Canoe Club, the two have for some years differed greatly, the American rules having been amended from time to time to keep pace with the advance of canoe racing, while the R. C. C. has clung most tenaciously to several absurd and obsolete restrictions. At the last annual meeting, in 1892, a strong effort was made to revise the rules to meet modern conditions, recognizing the Butler sliding seat and remodeling the definition of the second class, but it failed entirely through the opposition of the more conservative members.

This year, after another dull season of racing, the movement for a change has not only been more general, but the change itself has been radical in the extreme, and after declining for years to go as far as the Americans, the Royal C. C. has now at one jump far outstepped them; with what results remains to be seen. The continued existence of a bad rule has, with other causes, brought canoe racing to a very bad state, so much so that even a decided improvement of the rule may now fail to restore it.

WHETHER the new rule, published elsewhere, will prove a success is a matter of conjecture, and for our part we doubt the wisdom of thus destroying the distinctive features of a canoe, as established by long use. The increase of beam, if accepted by canoeists, will tend to a larger and clumsier canoe, and one more difficult to transport; a very serious consideration where canoe meets are an established custom, as in this country. The limit of sail is still retained at 112sq. ft. for 16ft. length, with the probable result of a waterline of less than 14ft., in order to get at least 130sq. ft. of sail. The remaining 2ft. of over all length allowed will be put into a raking sternpost, which is evidently permitted by the rule, and into a bow like the modern fin-keel racer.

WITH the same limitations of depth and centerboard, the canoe built under the new rule would be an inferior craft to such American canoes as Wasp, Bee and Glenwood; but as we understand the *Field's* report, all restrictions on ballast, centerboards, depths and draft have been swept away, and the path left clear for a bulb fin racer without the least semblance of a canoe.

THE former recognition of the canoe yawl class is not new in England, and little change has been made in the old rule. The class would be a good one here, but all efforts of the A. C. A. to bring out a definite class of larger and wider canoes have proved failures, owners have not indicated any desire for a racing class of this type of canoe; The paddling classes call for no comment, they are similar to those which have worked well in practice on this side, and probably will answer perfectly well. While the change has on the whole much to commend it, we have grave fears of the "canoe" of the future which must result from the new R. C. C. rules.

THE LOG OF THE FRANKIE.

The '92 Cruise of the Shenandoah C. C.

BY THE COMMODORE.

Pro Log.

"WHY is it," asked Capt. Jim one evening last June as we sat smoking our pipes around our evening camp fire on the banks of the Greenbrier, after a successful day's fishing. "That you fellows, in your summer cruising, always go down the Shenandoah? Aren't there other rivers just as beautiful and just as accessible that would afford you as much sport and give you more variety than you get by always, year after year, going down the same stream? don't you ever get tired of it?"

"Well, Captain," I replied, "why is it that you always make this same Greenbrier trip year after year? Aren't there other good fishing streams that would do as well, and give you more change—more variety? Don't you ever get tired of this same old Parkersburg pike? of climbing these same mountains? of fishing this same stream? of—"

"Great heavens, man!" he broke in impatiently. (That wasn't exactly the expression the Captain used, but it looks better in print). "Have you no eye for the beautiful! Can a man ever get tired of such a magnificent trip! such grand, varied and beautiful scenery! Such a lovely stream! to say nothing of the fishing! Why, if I had a hundred years longer to live, I should grudge every year missed from this trip and count it as much lost to me; a man who has the love of nature in his soul, and who can admire and appreciate beautiful scenery can never tire of such a trip. I grant you there may be other rivers where the fishing is as good, and other trips where the scenery is as beautiful, although it is hard for me to believe it. But life is too short for me as it is, to exhaust the possibility of this trip and—"

"Precisely, Captain," I exclaimed in turn, interrupting him. "That is just why we cruise the Shenandoah, year after year. There may be other beautiful streams, in fact I know that there are, but there never was a finer all around cruising stream in existence—one combining so many good points, such as grand, imposing and beautiful mountain and pastoral scenery; fine, bracing, beautiful climate; bold, dashing rapids; good fishing, accessibility, etc., and the more we cruise it, the more we love it and want to cruise it again, and we really have no more desire to lose a season in exploring some new and undeniably beautiful and desirable stream than you have to lose a season from the Greenbrier in exploring some new and no doubt really excellent fishing grounds, see?"

"I see," said the Captain as he lit a fresh cigar.

The Log.

Wednesday, July 27.—The party this trip consists of Col. C. L. Cooke in a new canoe Mary Lou, George Bell in the canoe Shenandoah, Lacy Gibson in the canoe Clyde and the Commodore (F. R. Webb) in the canoe Frankie, all members of the Shenandoah Canoe Club of Staunton, Va.

We drove down to Bowlings on Middle River, yesterday evening with the four canoes, loaded in as many express wagons, and each canoe loaded to the guards with camp duffle. I brought Frankie (my small boy, not the canoe—although as before stated the canoe was along also) down to stay all night with us at the first camp.

We went into camp without wetting a keel or a paddle, right under the big willow trees just below the bridge at Bowlings, where I have often had a desire to camp; and the four canoes, each with its picturesque little Mohican tent of striped awning cloth over it, were soon in position for the night, while I fixed up a tent for Frank by rigging up our dining fly close to the ground on short poles, and filling it with straw, over which I placed my rubber sheet and one of my blankets, closing up the open end of the fly at his heap with a rubber coat.

Capt. Jim Bumgardner and Rick Bell drove down at 6:30 and took supper with us, and I got up a royal supper of fried ham, fried potatoes and onions and cheese omelette, flanked with biscuits and pot of hot coffee, to which the party did full justice.

The night was hot, but with the flaps of our tents up on both sides we passed a very comfortable night, soothed by the drowsy roar of the big dam but a few yards above us, and were out betimes in the morning, and after Bell had photographed the camp with his fine, large Anthony camera, provided especially for this kind of work, the tents were quickly struck, the canvas packed and we were ready to start.

The weather is intensely hot and the river very low, so low that at our camp pretty much all the water in the river passes down the millrace, and we were obliged to carry the canoes fifty yards or so below the camp before finding water enough to float them, and then make another carry over the reefs under the railroad bridge, but after passing the mouth of the millrace the water improved and we were able to step into our canoes and paddle carefully and slowly along.

Frank rode in my canoe until we reached the carry at the railroad bridge, when I set him out and kissed him good-bye and left him standing in the middle of the river, fishing rod in one hand, his luuch basket in the other, and his preposterous big straw hat on his head, a forlorn little figure, looking wistfully after the canoes and watching them out of sight (He will fish all the forenoon and go up home on the noon train).

We found the water discouragingly low, and had to get out at every riffle for the first few miles and ease the canoes over. In shooting one promising-looking rapid Lacy, whose canoe is an old one, ripped a big hole in the bottom of it, through which the water rushed in a torrent that threatened to swamp him instantly. He promptly sprang out into the water, which was nearly waist deep and hastily rushed his boat ashore, beaching it just before she filled, and we had to lie up here for an hour while the disabled canoe was unpacked and turned bottom upward in the hot sun to dry out. Once dry, a canvas patch was quickly and easily plastered over the break, and she was all right again.

A canvas canoe may be more easily injured than a wooden one, but the injury is not apt to be so bad as in a wooden boat, for there is no wood to splinter and shatter and repairs are very easily made.

Our detention here was a pleasant one, as we had a nice shady gravel bar to lie upon, and while doing the repairs George took a snap shot of the proceedings with his Kodak.

As the day advanced the heat became excessive, and about 11 or 12 o'clock in the long open reach of river above Laurel Hill we felt it keenly, and the large sponges which we kept saturated with water in our helmets proved to be a great comfort as well as an undoubted protection. We were glad to note that the water improved as we got further down the river, and the cruising became more pleasant and less troublesome.

At noon we reached the place where Beall and I camped last year; and as it was a nice shady place with a spring house only a short distance away we laid up here for several hours for lunch and rest, and then pushed on down for our evening camp ground, which Cooke and I had selected as long ago as last May.

We had a very pleasant afternoon's cruise, as the heat of the sun was tempered by the clouds all the afternoon and reached our chosen camp ground—a beautiful turf-covered bank, shaded by several immense willow trees, near Baily's farmhouse—at 5 o'clock, where as soon as we had the canoes drawn up on the bank under the trees, we proceeded to take a good refreshing plunge in the river.

The river at Bowlings is quite red, while as we go further down it gradually clears, and at our evening camping place it is clear enough for bass fishing.

The evening was quite blustery, with a high wind and several rain storms visible at different points, but beyond an occasional sprinkle we had no rain. The wind dislodged several large limbs from the old decaying willows, which crushed down in our immediate vicinity during the evening, causing us some uneasiness lest some of them might smash in a tent or a canoe, but fortunately none of them fell quite so close to us. Wrote a short letter home before turning in for the night.

Thursday, July 28.—It didn't rain last night for all the bluster, and we passed a pleasant night, and were up early this morning, and after a good breakfast of bacon, eggs and boiled potatoes the camp was struck, the canvas packed and we were afloat by 7:30, the camp first being photographed by Beall.

Our day's cruise was a delightfully pleasant one, but not specially eventful. This part of the river is quite interesting to me, with its numerous reefs and falls, all on a mild, easy scale; good to get our hands in, as it were, before tackling the serious business of the Shenandoah. The water continues to improve as we descend, and we had but little difficulty at the reefs and rapids, although Col. Cooke had to do the bullfrog act quite occasionally.

We passed the mouth of Christian's Creek not far below our camp, and its added volume still further improved the water. The stone fish dam below it could not be shot, but was easily portaged, while the next one, a little below, was jumped at the expense of a thump or two. We portaged the big dam at Humbert's Mill by sliding the canoes over the crest at the right hand end, with Beall in the water below to ease them down. Our letters were left at the mill here to be carried over to Mount Hope and mailed.

A party of young people (including several "jerney mansions," as the Colonel with his somewhat limited and imperfect knowledge of the German language is accustomed to designate the pretty girls we see from time to time along the river) hastily collected on the bridge to see our flotilla pass under, and were promptly gathered in with the Kodak by Beall as we came down. Not far below the bridge we reached the beautiful, shady bank at the Miller place, where George and I lunched last year, and we laid by here for a couple of hours for our usual noonday lunch and siesta. We found a party of Staunton boys encamped here on a fishing and loafing trip, including among others, Ed. Baker, Ben. Fultz and George Haines.

Fortunately for us, the afternoon was again cloudy, so we took advantage of the temporary obscuration of the intensely hot sun to start again as early as 2 o'clock. The Kline Dam was portaged in the same manner as the Humbert Dam, and the afternoon's cruise was like the morning's, pleasant but uneventful, and we made an early camp at the Grattan place—a nice camping place and one I have often marked as a good place for a canoe camp. I did not feel very well this evening, having smoked once or twice too often during the day, and so retired early. The evening was again threatening and blustery, so the boys put up the dining fly over the mess table before supper, but the impending rain evidently went some other way, for we got none of it.

Friday, July 29.—To-day's run was a short one, only five miles, but a most eventful one. It was a beautiful morning, the threatening storms of the evening before having all vanished, and after George had taken a couple of good photographs of the camp the tents were struck, the canvas packed, and we were again afloat upon the lovely little river, which down here meanders through a most attractive and interesting section of old Augusta. To our left, up on the bluff, was the fine old Finlay mansion, and not far away was the ample residence of Col Crawford, with Wm. Bell Crawford's comfortable and handsome home also in sight just above us up the river.

For a couple of hours our cruise was delightful, the river scenery was lovely, the water good, affording us fine sport in shooting the numerous stiff little rapids and falls which abound along the course of the stream.

At the snug little fall a mile below our camp the Colonel hung up badly on the ledge which constitutes the fall, and George got a couple of excellent Kodak snap shots at him while he was doing the bullfrog act. The bullfrog act, it may be said in passing, consists in straddling the canoe, when it sticks on the rocks, one foot out on each side, and standing up and lifting the boat over the rocks in a series of jerks and shoves—a most ludicrously ungraceful performance, and one that is quite hard on the canoe, as well as more trouble and work than quietly stepping clear overboard alongside the canoe and lifting the stern end up and shoving it gently over the obstruction—a regular lazy man's act in fact.

We passed smoothly on down to the big dam at Hoy's mill, where the canoes were easily portaged by sliding them down on the rocks at the right hand end into the deep water below. The other fellows did the work while I manipulated the Kodak; in other words, I pressed the buttou and they did the rest. The set of pictures obtained here we regarded especially interesting and valuable.

The dam several miles below at Mount Meridien is broken out and we found that the consequent lowering of the water in the mill pool had uncovered a particularly rough series of reefs, 100yds. long, just around the bend below the Hoy dam, resulting in a particularly nasty, stiff little fall The chanuel is close under the left bank and the water very strong, swift, rough and rather deep, while a couple of overhanging trees just above the surface of the water a little below the head of the rapid made the passage an ugly and risky one.

Lacy went down and promptly hung up in the trees, while the Colonel, without waiting for Lacy to get out of the way, came right down on top of him with an alarming smash which stove a hole in the bow of the Mary Lou, fortunately above the waterline, and threatened more serious damage, if not destruction to both canoes. They broke their way out of the trees and went drifting and bumping together sidewise down the rest of the fall until they finally reached the smooth water below, while George and I remained quietly back paddling in the pool above the verge of the fall, waiting for them to get through and laughing at their tribulations.

I followed, and by laying my canoe a little across the current as I shot over the upper edge and by a strong, dexterous shove against the tide with my paddle, as I reached it, which threw me out around the overhanging branches, I made the shoot safely and passed on down the rapid to the smooth water below, where I rounded to and waited for George.

I badn't long to wait, I saw him enter the fall and disappear behind the trees; then I heard a yell and a splash and the next instant his canoe came rolling out from under the trees bottom up with George waist deep in the furious torrent holding manfully on to the stern painter which he had instinctively grasped in the capsize, and struggling to maintain his footing and right the boat, while the surface of the water was strewn with his most cherished belongings bobbing serenely along down the rough choppy waves of the rapid. My first thought was oh! for the Kodak! what a picture for the collection! my next thought was alas! the poor Kodak! the valuable Anthony camera, the large and expensive collection of glass plates and Kodak rolls! the numerous valuable exposures already made, alas! submerged in the now righted but water logged canoe and all irretrievably ruined.

I did not stop long to mourn or moralize over this irreparable loss, but quickly drove my canoe back up the rapid current toward the scene of the disaster to render what assistance I could, and picking up the floating articles right and left as I went, while George waded ashore, towing his water logged canoe after him, while the air grew sulphurous with his remarks; indeed the natives down in that section can smell brimstone yet, and I think it quite probable that the river will not be able to freeze up this winter in that vicinity.

I reached the bank as soon as he did and Lacy and the Colonel were speedily on the scene, and his canoe was hauled up on the rocks and the water baled out of her, and his blankets, mattress, clothing, etc., spread over all the adjacent territory to dry out in the hot sun, while the air resounded with the smashing of ruined, useless glass plates (accompanied with plenteous choice scriptural quotations of an objurgating and denunciatory character), as he took package after package from their dripping wrappers and smashed them on the rocks. The cameras as well at the plate-holder were badly warped and twisted and rendered useless for the time being, even if there had been a fresh supply of films and plates, and the whole outfit was afterward boxed up at Mt. Meridien and sent home by express. This catastrophe had quite a dispiriting effect on the entire party, any one of whom would gladly have assumed the capsize if thereby the loss of the photographic equipment could have been avoided.

We tarried here for four hours, from ten until two o'clock, waiting for Beall's things to dry out, and while here we took our nooday lunch of cold boiled ham, sardines, hard-boiled eggs and bread and butter, spiced with olives and pickles and washed down with a pint of lemonade apiece, and the Colonel and I improved the opportunity to go a-fishing, easily securing a supply of helgrammites for bait by simply turning over the rocks in the swift water and scraping in the creatures with a small-meshed landing-net as they loosed their hold on the rocks and drifted away in the rapid current.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Royal C. C. Rules.

THE following report of the annual meeting of the Royal C. C. on Nov. 23 we take from the *Field*:

The autumn annual meeting of the Royal C. C. was marked, and will long be remembered as a most business-like meeting. The failure in first class canoe racing during the past season, the death of the second class sailing (long foretold), and the dissatisfaction in the paddling classes had roused up the real leading spirits in the club and they came to the meeting in agreed form of mind to do or to die, and they "did." Each motion for reformation was carried by well over the required majority of two-thirds; indeed some were carried *nem con.* The opposition was weak in numbers and still more feeble in argument; and therefore, so far as the senior club is concerned, the gate is open for a big revival of canoe sailing next season. What the other clubs of the country may elect to do cannot yet be known; they are undoubtedly in the same straits as to slackness of sport and stoppage of progress as was the parent club, but we have little doubt that one or two of the most go-ahead clubs will see the wis om of the changes in the R. C. C., and will probably follow the lead and finally will acknowledge the advantages of simple untrammeled rules, and will also accept the advisability of common adhesion to one set of classification rules among the whole of the clubs.

Months ago, and for months past, we have advised a clean sweep away of the old complex rules. They have now been swept away, and in their place three simple rules for yawls, canoes and paddling stand, allowing the greatest latitude in model, rig and ballast, in fads or fitment, and yet conserving thoroughly the genus canoe. The novice at canoeing, and the professional boat builder, need no longer quail at the idea of attempttng to enter the lists of canoe designing for competitive sailing, as was commonly the case under the complex limitations of the past. All is now clear, and almost anything as to model or fitment may be constructed within three simple, but very necessary limitations of class.

The classes now stand thus: I. Canoe-yawls; II. canoes; and III. paddling canoes.

Canoe-yawl. Rating $\left(\frac{\text{length of L.W.L.} \times \text{sail area}}{6000}\right)$ not to exceed 0.5.

Beam not less than 3ft. No transom or counter stern. Rudder shall be hung abaft the stern. No deck seat shall project beyond the perpendiculars of the sides of the canoe. The certificate of such rating granted by the Y. R. Association, or by the Thames Boat Sailing Association (if same rule) shall be deemed the yawl's rating, subject to verification by R. C. C. if necessary. The l.w.l. length shall be marked at each end, and such marks shall be above water when the yawl is lying in smooth water in complete and usual racing trim (*i. e.*, with crew on board).

Sailing Canoes.—Rule 23: "No transom or counter stern shall be allowed: the rudder shall be hung abaft the stern," and length over all shall not exceed 16ft.; beam shall not exceed 3ft.; rating (as for yawls) not to exceed 0.3; a sliding deck seat is allowed in a canoe. Certificate of rating and the marking of waterline, see canoe-yawls rule.

Paddling-canoe.—First class, any canoe. Second class (Rob Roys) Any material or build, decked with wood; not to exceed 16ft. in length; greatest beam not less than 26in.; minimum depth from level of top streak to under side of garboard, 8in.; and from inside of center of deck to garboards, 11in.

Taking yawls first, it will be evident to the expert that the new definition permits any form of hallasting, even to a bulb fin keel. Overhang to any extent is permitted, but the rudder must be hung abaft the stern; and no transom or "sawn off" stern is permitted. The minimum beam limit of 3ft. was retained as a mark line between the canoe and the yawl. The sliding deck-seat was barred in yawls, in that, where maximum beam is unlimited, the permission of sliding seats was unnecessary, and would foster an undesirable narrow acrobat-balanced craft, which would probably bring into yawls as much uncruisable nature as ever appeared in the smaller canoes; and, as yawls are intended for open water cruising and racing, it may truly be termed a life-saving clause.

It might have been fairly ruled that, where a bulb fin keel is carried, it shall be liftable, so as to allow of shallow water work and of landing without the assistance of a dinghy or a waterman's boat; but, on the whole, it is probable that the disadvantages attendant on the fixed bulb fin, or, indeed, any fixed deep draught keel, will speedily enforce their weight in each owner of the craft so fitted. A moderate amount of outside or keel ballast will enable a shallow center-plate to be housed with but a very small amount of case or trunk within the yawl, and will thus permit of comparatively good clear sleeping space; and, at the same time, will furnish that essential feature for sea work, a large range of reliable stability, reliable as compared with the dangerously shiftable quantity known as crew stability.

As to sailing canoes, the scope for new design is very wide and there is ample latitude in which to build a craft able to compete with a fair chance of success in racing, and at the same time to be a comfortable and roomy cruiser for open water canoeing. The existing fleet of first class boats of 26in. beam are not driven out of existence, and many of these, we know, would come in well on a comparatively inexpensive rebuilding, *i. e.*, by replanking, framing and covering boardiug out to the 30in. now allowed for beam. The heavy expenses of building come on in the center plate and rudder construction, hatchways and other fittings; these are all in place and can be left untouched.

In paddling, the old-time single streak canoe, commonly known as the cedar pencil, will again be admitted, and the fastest possible time will be attempted; useless though they are for any work but fast racing, still they are much in favor with the paddling athlete and will furnish true sport at the regatta.

Canadian canoes are not specially named or legislated for, and this we think a grave oversight, but seeing that the wording of the second class rule is very slack, merely stating that they are "to be decked with wood," and no definite amount of such decking being stated, a Canadian canoe which has end decks can come in. The old rule, from which the wording is taken, was intended and used to prevent oiled linen decks being put in competition with heavier wooden decks.

On the whole, there is flowing freedom in the new legislation which should have a beuficial effect on the racing in the coming season. The new leaf which the club has turned over should, however, be faced by a new scheme of racing programme; convenient courses and bunched fixtures should be coupled with somewhat more substantial prizes. Inter-club racing should undoubtedly be the aim, not only of the Royal Canoe Club, but of each club in the country, and the first move in that direction is about to be taken by the executive of the R. C. C., in compliance with the decision of the general meeting that the executive officers shall use their best efforts to approach the other clubs with the object of creating an Inter-Club Canoe Racing Council.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

The Sing Sing Y. C. has tendered the American Canoe Association the use of its club house during the meet of the organization at Croton Point next summer. The yachtsmen's quarters are just across the stretch of water known as Crawbucky Cove, which lies between Sing Sing and Croton Point, and will prove very convenient for the canoeists in many ways. Some of the members of the yacht club are old canoeists, the most prominent being Messrs. J. Herbert, William M. and Harry Carpenter, and George Fisher Secor, and the organization will do its utmost to show every courtesy to all visiting canoeists. The officers of the Sing Sing Y. C are: Com., Ralph Brandreth; Vice-Com., Francis Larkin, Jr.; Rear-Com., Charles S. Raymond; Sec., Robert T. Dennis: Treas., Joseph Thompson. Some of the prominent members are John V. Cockcroft, who owns Croton Point, where the meet is to be held; Col. Franklin Brandreth, Col. Edwin A. McAlpin, Col. Henry C. Symonds, Wm. Clinton Mead, president of the village of Sing Sing; B. Stuyvesant Gibson, Samuel V. Lane, Wm. J. McCaffrey and Clement C. Moore.

The Hartford C. C. has sent out invitations for a camp-fire on Dec. 16 at Hartford.

We regret to learn that Mr. Woodward T. Norgrave, a member of the Red Dragon C. C., and one of the oldest canoeists on the Delaware River, was instantly killed by an express train on the Philadelphia & Reading R. R.

Yachting.

OUR comments of last week have brought out a reply from the *Marine Journal*, which we reprint in another column. Those who have followed our side of the dispute will recognize that we have not denied the existence of the sloop down to the present day, and we are content to leave with them the decision whether we have established the two main points of our argument that the two types, sloop and cutter, are each marked by certain characteristic principles; and also that the modern American yacht possesses the characteristics of the cutter, and not the sloop.

THE course of development which we have traced in singlestick yachts, by which the modernized and modified cutter has replaced the old sloop, is also found in the case of the schooner yacht, the circumstances being almost identical. The old American schooner rig, used up to 1885, with a large foresail, single jib and flying jib-boom, has given place to theEnglish rig made famous by Miranda in 1876, with a very large mainsail, small foresail and the head rig of a cutter, with pole bowsprit and double headsails. This rig, by the way, was known for a long time as the "two-masted cutter," a nickname often given to Miranda in her early days. It is the basis of the modern American schooner rig, the old-time schooners having disappeared almost as completely as the sloop.

A LITHOGRAPH of the famous Marla is still extant, printed in New York in 1852, which shows the yacht, with the America in the background. The rig is essentially a sloop, with single jib and very short topmast, but the title of the picture is "The Cutter Yacht Maria, owned by John C. Stevens, Esq., Com. New York Yacht Club."

THE exploits of the hogus "Charles Herreshoff" and "Dixon Kemp, Jr.," are quite obscured by those of Mr. Howard W. Ream, which have just come to light. The English swindler, with his heggarly haul of a few pounds in England and a few dollars in New York, has no place beside the American genius who actually induced the Herreshoffs to begin the construction of a costly yacht without showing them a dollar.

A Florida Cruise.

(*Continued from Page 509.*)

FEB. 21.—We sailed out and anchored under the lee of Sanibel Light, but did not go outside, as there was a head wiud.

For dinner to-day we had clam soup, sheepshead fried, new potatoes, hoecake and coffee; and we had the appetite to get away with the whole outfit. After dinner we went ashore and made the lighthouse a visit.

Sanibel Lighthouse is built of boiler iron, in tubular form. A winding stairway conducts you to the lantern, which is 120ft. from the level of the sea. A very fine view of the Gulf and Bay can be enjoyed from the top.

There are two keepers who stand watch and watch every night, year in and year out.

The Government has built two substantial houses for these keepers and their families These houses stand on piles 16ft. from the ground, for a tidal wave once passed over the key, sweeping everything from the island. One of the keepers had been fifteen years on that lonely key with wife and children. They seldom saw visitors and heartily greetcd all who came.

We put a small sheepshead on a shark hook and threw it out from the dock, tying the shore end of the rope to a snubbing post. In about fifteen minutes the slack of the line began to move off, when our commodore ran up and gave the line a sharp jerk, and then the fun commenced. We had struck our first shark, and right lively did he make it for us. The strong manilla line would whirr through the water this way and that, then he would try to run under the dock and thus to entangle the line around the piling; but the commodore held a taut line on him until we got him near enough to use a harpoon, which was driven into his back; then with a pull all together we landed him on the dock with three cheers and a tiger. He was 8ft. long, with a mouth large enough to snap a man's head off at one bite.

The "Distinguished Landsman" had the captain strip off a piece of his skin for a knife sharpener. The skin of a shark is very rough, like emery paper and makes excellent knife-sharpeners.

Feb. 22.—We left San Carlos Bay at daylight, sailing down the Gulf on our way to Cape Romano. With a smooth sea and a fair wind, we had a delightful run outside. On our way down we saw three very large devilfish; the largest was about 8ft. long by 6ft. wide. They are wide, flat and very ugly and black, hence the name A few hours later we saw a large loggerhead turtle, that the captain said would weigh about 400lbs.

We made Cape Romano at 3 P. M., and come to anchor in a snug harbor, where we shall remain until we get a fair wind. From Cape Romano we shall run straight across the Gulf for 150 miles, which will take us out of sight of land for about 10 hours, when we shall see Key West, the objective point of our cruise.

We are now among the 10,000 islands, and from the masthead we can nowhere see a house or habitation, for the whole country, as far as the eye can reach, is one vast "howling wilderness," covered thickly with pine, palmetto and water oak trees.

Feb 23.—At 4 P. M., we sailed out into the great Gulf of Mexico and laid our course S. by W. for Key West. The wind was fair, and we went gliding over the long swells at a six-knot speed. The receding land became so distant that it looked like a long, low cloud just above the horizon, and then the king of day sank into the water, looking like a great ball of fire.

The Distinguished Landsman was loath to take this outside run, and long and regretfully did he gaze on the fleeting strip of land. He wanted the captain to crab clean around the keys, thus ever keeping one piece of land in sight; and he argued that we could then anchor under the lee of a key every night, where the water was shallow and safe. He said, "In case the vessel should sprlug a leak at night the water would be so shallow that we could stand on the deck of the cahin until morning. Suppose a S. E wind should spring up to-night and blow us 800 miles and land us on the coast of Texas or Mexico and drown the whole party. How can you sleep with only a 1¼in. plank between you and the bottom of the Gulf?"

Precious little did the Landsman sleep that night. Several times did his night-cap appear above the companion way, asking the captain about the direction of the wind, the prospects of a gale, and what would the captain do should thus and so happen; and, after comparing the compass with the North star, he would again turn into his uneasy and sleepless hunk

Feb. 24.—We are all on deck early to see the sun rise from the water, which was far more beautiful than the sunset of the previous night. We had made a fine run during the night, and the captain said we would see Key West by noon. We found one schooner in sight, and, as she was hound for Key West, we had her company during the run. About noon the cook went to the masthead and soon sang out, "Land! oh!"

He said he could see no land, but could see trees and the tall masts of the shipping. Finally we saw the land. and it looked so low and near the surface that we came to the conclusion that a great tidal wave would sweep it out of existence. We anchored off the fort, and went ashore to see the city.

Key West is a city of 25,000 inhabitants. It is situated on an island, or key, bearing the same name, and the city covers a large part of the island. The island is composed of coral rock, and the highest part is not over 8ft. above the level of the sea at high tide. The streets run from heach to beach at right angles, and one can see the blue ocean from any of the streets, look as you may. A street railroad runs around the city, making a circuit of about 15 miles.

The stores are largely built of wood, and many of them only one story high, with the old style sash fronts, holding small paues of glass All of the stores are closed on nights and Sundays with tight board blinds, thus giving a burglar a good chance to work without interference from the streets Many of the store keepers live in the rear of their stores, and the customer is forced to smell the odors from the kitchen stove. The prices of all Northern made goods are tremendously high, but all sponges, fish, shells, cigars and fruit are sold very low.

The greatest industry is the manufacturing of cigars. About 12,000 men, women, boys and girls, black and white, work in the cigar factories. All of these people speak the Spanish language, and we think that three-fourths of the whole city speak Spanish alone. The names on the cigars are largely Spanish. We saw on a hat store this sign, "El Sombrero Blanco." The little toddling pickaninnies talked Spanlsh, even the parrots swore in Spanish, and to all intents and purposes Key West is a Spanish city.

We visited a large cigar factory that employed 1,000 hands. In one large room were 50 girls stripping the stems from the tobacco leaves. The room was full of steam that is used to keep the leaves moist, and the air was stifling with the moist nicotine. The girls looked thin, yellow and prematurely wrinkled and old. We watched one Cuban darky dude, who was making a $65 cigar. He had long, dainty fingers, and used them deftly in his profession. We noticed that he put the pointed end of each cigar in his mouth to moisten it for the final twist. The cigarmakers hire a Spanish reader, who reads Spanish newspapers to them while they work. They are a well-dressed lot of men, and seem contented and happy.

The first day —Saturday—that we arrived at Key West our captain got on a spree and all day long he kept the path warm between the Blanche and the nearest saloon, and all day long he swore at the cook and abused the crew. About sundown he came aboard and moored the Blanche out between two slips, and laid down on the forecastle, using some stove wood for a pillow. After a while he roused up and said, "Keep her S.S.W. and let her go," then he again fell asleep and snored like a quarter-horse.

After about an hour he got on his feet and started aft, but stubbed his toe, made a frantic effort to save himself by catching at the stove-pipe, when in he went with the pipe in his arms, making a great splash. We ran to the rail to give him aid, for the water was deep and contained many sharks. He came up blowing like a porpoise, and struck out for the dock, which he reached, and hanging on to a pile with one hand he looked up with a drunken leer and said, "Why, what's the matter up there" We finally got a line under his arms and fished him out on deck, and put him to bed, where he sang sailor songs, like Black-Eyed Susan and others that would not bear repeating, until near midnight, when he went to sleep, giving us also a chance to sleep.

The next day he was very penitent and put in the whole day listening to a Salvation Army preacher, and came home very devout. How ludicrous, and yet how much like the old shellback.

All the fresh water used in the city comes from the clouds in rain or heavy dew, all being stored in large cisterns No other water is obtainable unless it be evaporated sea water, which is too expensive. All the houses, small or large, are built with verandahs, and much of the time both day and evening is spent on these verandahs, where they have their parties and entertain their friend and relations No one thinks of going to bed before midnight, and no one thinks of getting up before 9 o'clock in the morning. The business houses open very late and close very early

On Sundays all business houses are religiously closed and everybody goes to church in the forenoon, after which everybody indulges in a big dinner, and then the afternoon is given up to social visits on the verandahs, or the carriages are brought out and the little ponies are whipped up and down the streets until evening, when all go to church again, after which they finish the Sabbath on the verandas.

The colored people outnumber the whites, and outvote the latter by a large majority; but the whites have gotten to windward of the blacks, by having a State law made, wherein all sheriffs and mayors are appointed by the governor, thus cutting the blacks out of all offices within the appointing power of sheriff or mayor.

Feb 27 —After taking on wood, water and fruit, we proceed to sail N. by E., keeping within sight of the Keys; we thus sail until sundown, when we came to anchor under the lee of a key. We jump out of our beds and go over the side for a salt water bath, finding the water about three feet deep with a fine sandy bottom, making it pleasant for our feet.

We sail on our course for about fifteen miles, when the wind goes down and all hands soon have fish lines over the side. We caught Spanish mackerel, and red grouper, and then came the sharks and drove the fish away. The Gulf is our fish market, for we have only to anchor over a bed of rocks, when we can in a few minutes catch all the fish that we can use. We have passed many fishing boats from Key West. They are constructed with a well to keep their catch alive until they get to market.

We have seen several spongers plying their vocation as follows: Each schooner carries four small boats, which carry two men each. Each rowboat contains a jointed pole from forty to sixty feet long, with claw-hooks secured to the bottom of the pole, and a water glass, for viewing deep water. One man keeps his head in the water glass over the side, looks the bottom over for sponges; and when a sponge is found, his mate adjusts the pole until the proper length is had, when the first man takes the pole and runs the claw-hooks under the sponge and tears the same loose and pulls it into the boat.

R. P. BELL.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Another Yachting Swindler.

THE following letters, for which we are indebted to the Providence *Journal*, tell a story which has afforded no little amusement to yachtsmen during the past week. Mr. Howard B. Reaui, as told in the extracts alluded to in the second letter, has a very shady career, having been in jail in Chicago. He has just been under arrest in Boston on charge of theft, but was released on the confession of one of his associates.

The letters are as follows:

THE WALDORF,
Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Street,
New York, Oct. 23, 1893.

Messrs. Herreshoff Bros, Bristol, R. I.:

GENTLEMEN—I am contemplating building a steam yacht. Will you kindly inform me as to the length of time you would require to build a boat of the following rough description. Just when you could guarantee to deliver her in New York.

I want a steel hoat about 185ft over all, which is, I believe the maximum length of a boat which will pass through the St. Lawrence into the Great Lakes.

Beam in proportion to length. Draft accordingly. About six staterooms, bath room and closets, cabin, small office or library and pantry forward of engine room and boilers. Aft of boiler and engine room have chart room, galley, captain's and engineer's room, crew's quarters, etc. Of course this is a rough idea, but can be detailed later. I want her finished and furnished as fine as she can be, especially cabins and staterooms, and large cabin and deck over lower cabin. Best of engines and boilers. Electric lights throughout in abundance. Steam heat. Electric calls and every modern improvement in yachts up to date. In short, what I want is a 185ft. boat built in the best shape of steel, combining comfort, luxury, speed and safety. What I waut to know at ouce is when could you guarantee to deliver her, providing you got my order between now and Nov. 15, and a rough maximum cost of such a craft. I inclose a simple sketch of cabin and stateroom plans which I think could be workedin a boat of that length. If you will reply at once, stating when I could receive her and probable cost, I will run up to Bristol and consult you further. I remain respectfully yours, HOWARD W. REAM.

(Care The Waldorf, New York.)

Editor of the Journal:

DEAR SIR—Regarding the 185ft. steam yacht we had contracted to build for one "Howard W. Reaui," and on which we have stopped work, we beg to make public the following statement:

In the early part of November last, we were approached by Mr. Ream, by letter, regarding the construction of a steam yacht, and later he came to Bristol to confer with us about it. The outcome was that he entered into a contract with us for the construction of what was to be the finest steam yacht afloat, its bottom plating to be of Tobin bronze and the topsides of best mild steel and the sides of deck houses of aluminuum.

This contract was dated Nov. 9, and was entered into by us upon the representations hy Ream that he was in the stock brokerage business in Wall street, New York, having an office at 136 Liberty street, and that he was then fitting up new offices at 40 Wall street, for the purpose of doing a general hanking business, and was then on his way to Boston to arrauge for the opening of a branch house in that city. He (Ream) also stated that he was the owner of a fine residence at Little Neck, L. I., which was worth $50,000, also property in One Hundred and Eighty-sixth street, New York, valued at about $40,000. No expense was to be spared to make this yacht the most luxurious and finest afloat.

It is a rule with builders to have a certain sum payable upon the signing of a contract, which in some cases is waived, or deferred, for a short time, and which was done in this case, he (Ream) requesting it to be deferred until Nov. 20, the request being made by him in order to allow him time to dispose of some securities, the proceeds of which were to provide for the first and succeeding payments. Upon the payment becoming due, and after the time going hy, we requested payment, and were put off from day to day, which aroused our suspicions as to the reliability and the truthfulness of his former statements, and we instituted further inquiries, which brought out that he has no property in New York or, in fact, anywhere else, and is, what is vulgarly termed, a "dead beat" of the worst type. Our contract was signed by him as "Howard W Reaui," and he figured in New York as "Howard A. Reaui." Further search brought out his career at Chicago in the fall of 1892, and the following extracts from Chicago newspapers show him up there:

* * * * * * * * * *

Having learned the above, we stopped work on the yacht, the loss on which, to us, will be not inconsiderable at the present time, as considerable material has already been purchased and much preliminary work done, but this may be of benefit to some yachtsman who may wish, at short notice, a handsome and very roomy steam yacht of about the dimensions which were, or are, 185ft, over all, 160ft. water line, 23ft. beam with 8½ft. draft of water, to be driven by triple expansion engines working twin screws. Respectfully,

BRISTOL, Dec. 4. HERRESHOFF MFG. CO.

The *Journal* continues:

"The preliminaries were arranged in good time, and as Mr. Reaui wanted his yacht as quickly as it could possibly be built, designer Nat Herreshoff set to work on a model. Mr. Reaui had sent in his original letter a sketch of what he thought would be the proper thing in the way of the interior cahin of a modern yacht. Mr. Herreshoff, therefore, had Mr. Reaui's idea in mind when he went to work on the model. He started in on Nov. 9, and when he finished his labors he had turned out what the Herreshoffs consider the finest model of a steam yacht that he or anybody else ever created. The firm was proud of it and Mr Reaui was satisfied. The specifications of the proposed yacht called for the following:

"Length 185ft. over all, 25ft. beam, having a draft of water of 8ft. 6in. Hull plated below water line with Tobin bronze and steel above. Yacht to be fitted with twin screws, driven by triple expansion engines, and two boilers. To have six state rooms, saloon and bath room forward of machinery, dining room, galley and crew's quarters aft of machinery. Large deck saloon, with sides of aluminum Complete electric plant, steam steering gear and steam capstan, rigged and equipped complete, and furnished in crew's quarters and galley. One steam launch and three rowboats. Regular speed sixteen miles per hour. Completed on or before June 1, 1894, and delivered at New York for the sum of $140,000, same to be made in ten equal instalments.

"Mr. Reaui further stipulated that the yacht was to be two-masted and schooner rigged. In the matter of detail Mr. Reaui said that his yacht should have a search light; that the deck saloon should be finished in mahogany, and the quarters of the officers and crew in butternut.

"The company, at Mr. Reaui's request, began to rnsh work, and contracts for materials and labor were made without delay. When the work was stopped on Saturday and telegraphic communication had with the parties having the contracts, a summing up discovered the following as the progress of the work on the yacht: The shop in which it was to be built was 20ft. shorter than the required length of the yacht, and as a preliminary to lengthening it, piles had been driven for the additional foundation; a number of patterns had been prepared; one-third of the beams had been fitted of material on hand; all the steel angle frames were rolled and were at the Bristol Railroad depot awaiting unloading; castings for a duplicate engine were made, and work on the engine was well progressed, even to the forging of the shaft; a number of the Tobin bronze plates were rolled; one-half of the steel plating was finished; all the deck beams and other deck parts were rolled and cut to size; the shop had been cleared of other boats and machinery, and a number of steel-workers had been employed for some time. This was practically all, but in addition a large gang of steel-workers had been engaged to start in yesterday. These men were, of course not put to work, and the others were laid off"

Mr. Reaui's bill for two days at the Waldorf is not yet paid, and the proprietors of the Adams House, Boston, are also looking for him.

The Rig Proclaims the Vessel.

(*From the Marine Journal.*)

THE matter of improvements in rig, as well as in design of hull of yachts and all other vessels is and always has been a very important one. It is pleasant to find that our worthy contemporary FOREST AND STREAM recognizes the fact that the detailed history of such improvements, so many of which have been made in recent years, constitutes a valuable record, never, perhaps, hitherto perfectly compiled, and it has therefore in its own province as a popular weekly among yachtsmen, devoted a page and a half in its issue of Dec. 2 to a review of the development of yachting types. It is certainly gratifying that the incentive for such a lengthy and attractive article was supplied by an incidental remark in the *Marine Journal*. We referred to the yacht Valkyrie as a "keel sloop." FOREST AND STREAM took exception to the term and, though it admits among other things that we are "correct in saying it is the rig and not the hull which determines the class of vessel," it avers that "it would be a good thing if some new term could be found in place of the clumsy expressions 'sloops, cutters and yawls,' to distinguish these various yachts in a general way, without regard to minor points of rig, centerboard, etc." It also remarks that "the whole question is so complicated that any attempt to discuss it in a few words would lead to hasty generalizations," and then proceeds to elahorate and explain the "complications."

This, if our yachtsmeu friends will calmly consider the matter, is exactly where the mistake is made. Our contemporary explains extensively how the present types of yachts have been evolved, both as to hull and rig, but is inclined to misrepresent the fact that because of these evolutions the sloop-rigged vessel is none the less a sloop than her more clumsy predecessor of a century ago—that a vessel rigged with one mast and carrying headsails is just as much a sloop now as she ever was. It is the rig that always does and inevitably must determine the name of the type of vessel, be her hull of the finest clipper model or flat and full like a barge. The Valkyrie when spoken at sea by a passing ship was entered in the ship's log as a sloop yacht. So was the Navahoe. So would any vessel of similar rig be referred to by a sailor. If a man went to an American shipbuilder and said: "I want you to build me a cutter," the shipbuilder would get at his intentions by asking: "You mean a keel sloop?" and the yachtsman would answer, "Yes." The term "cutter" is the common term in England. As applied to yachts, it was originally imported into the fact that specimens of English cutters The sloop-rigged vessel is none the less a sloop than her more clumsy predecessor of a century ago—that a vessel rigged with one mast and carrying headsails is just as much a sloop now as she ever was. It is the rig that always does and inevitably must determine the name of the type of vessel, be her hull of the finest clipper model or flat and full like a barge. The Valkyrie when spoken at sea by a passing ship was entered in the ship's log as a sloop yacht. So was the Navahoe. So would any vessel of similar rig be referred to by a sailor. If a man went to an American shipbuilder and said: "I want you to build me a cutter," the shipbuilder would get at his intentions by asking: "You mean a keel sloop?" and the yachtsman would answer, "Yes." The term "cutter" is the common term in England. As applied to yachts, it was originally imported into the fact that specimens of English cutters "That the English themselves deem the term wholly a designation of the vessel's rig is shown by the fact that though other and larger vessels may have hulls on exactly the same lines, the qualification of "cutter" is never applied to them. Who ever heard of a "cutter schooner" or a "cutter ship?" Neither does any one hear of a sloop yacht in England except the "American sloop." An illustration of the fact that modifications in rig do not affect a vessel's class is shown in the adoption of four and five masts, of double topsail yards and other innovations of comparatively recent date on square-rigged vessels. They are none the less ships, barks or brigs, however many yards or patent appliances they carry. A yawl-rigged yacht always has a jiggermast aft and a sloop has a single mast with headsails. We quite fail to see what necessity there is for attempting to complicate the matter, and we fear that FOREST AND STREAM has not the sympathy of the shipping or the yachting world in its demand for greater particularity of definition. Wherein lies the necessity for any complications? A sloop is a sloop all the world over, and so is a ship or a bark, barkentine, brig or schooner, according to the rig of the vessel.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The new yacht Columbia, built by the Messrs. Cramp for J. Harvey Ladew, of New York City, left their yard on Dec. 2, under the command of Captain Sergeant, for Long Island Sound, where she will have her trial trip over the American Club course, from Larchmont to New London, a distance of eighty miles. The quickest time over this course is held by the late Mr. Gould's yacht, Atalanta, with a record of 17.21 knots per hour. This boat, it will be remembered, was also built by the Cramps, hut the Columbia will to a certainty make a better record. She is certainly one of the handsomest steam yachts afloat, and much skill and care have been used in the design of her hull and in her construction, which is of the stanchest character. The principal dimensions of the yacht are: Length, 180ft.; beam, 23ft.; depth, 15ft.; and displacement 400 tons, with a draft of 10ft. Her engine is of the four-cylinder triple-expansion type, the high pressure cylinders being 21½in. in diameter; intermediate cylinder, 31in.; the two low pressure cylinders each 32in. diameter, and the stroke of all pistons 20in. With a steam pressure of 160lbs and a piston speed of about 930ft. per minute, her engine are expected to develop about 1,800 horse power, which will make her, in proportion to her displacement, the highest powered steam yacht afloat, and will certainly enable her to make her guaranteed speed of 18 knots an hour. In all her fittings and upholsterings the utmost care and taste has been the principal point, combined with excellent ideas as to comfort. The electric light installation has been splendidly carried out, and presents certain features of excellence not hitherto applied to marine work. She is also fitted with the Williamson Bros' steam steerer and the American Ship Windlass Company's windlass. Her rig is regular steam yacht rig and gives her, with the fine lines of her hull, an exceedingly graceful and speedy appearance, and she will doubtless be awarded the honor of being called the finest yacht in the large fleet composing the New York Yacht Club. After the trial trip she will be ready to go in commission in a very short time.—*Marine Journal.*

The report of the purchase of Vigilant by the Emperor William had origin in a silly joke, and is untrue.

Mr. Clapham is now busy with two racing craft of the Bouncer type, a cabin cat 26ft. long, 10ft. beam and 12in. draft, for a member of the Douglaston Y. C., and a sloop 20ft long, 6t. beam, for a Canadian yachtsman. Mr. Clapham states that the prospects for work this winter are very good.

Mr. Thomas Manning, of the Yacht Agency and the American Yacht List, has received from the Committee on Awards of the World's Fair the medal for the best arrangement and display of yachting records.

The Yonkers Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., William H. Blackmore; Vice-Com., John O'Leary; Fleet Captain, O. L. Bloomer; Recording Sec'y, George L. Bolwell; Financial Sec'y, Chas. E. Williams; Treas., H. Van Alen; Meas., George Warren; Steward, Herbert James; Trustees, A. K. Shipman, T. C. Poole and Thomas Luckey.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Army Shooting Record.

SINCE 1889 the details of practice in rifle and carbine firing by the U. S. Army has been practically unchanged, and the following data are interesting as showing the best record reached in the several yearly competitions held in the various Division and Department contests. It is fair to assume that with the number of men at this drill and the number of years over which the records reach, that these figures represent all that there is in a shooting way in the regular issue of rifle and carbine.

In rifle shooting, using the Springfield Cal. .45, the best individual record in competitive firing including known distances and skirmish, was made by Sergeant R. N. Davidson, Company G, 16th Infantry in the Department of the Platte rifle competition, held at Bellevue, Nebraska, in August 1892. The score was 630 out of a possible 800, equal to 78.75%.

The best individual record in known distance firing, was made by Lieut. C. H. Muir, 17th Infantry, in the Division of the Missouri rifle competition, held at Camp Douglas, Wisconsin, in August 1890. The score was 348 out of a possible of 400, equal to 87%.

The best individual record in skirmish firing, was made by Sergeant T. O'Rourke, Company G, 15th Infantry, in the Department of the Missouri rifle competition, held at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, in September 1893. The score was 308 out of a possible of 400, equal to 77%.

The best team record (the team consisting of ten men) is 5950, this being the total of the Department of the Missouri rifle team for 1892. The possible score of the team was 8000 points, so the above named total is equal to 74 38%.

The shooting in the competitions is at 200, 300, 500 and 600yds.; at the first distance the position is off-hand and standing; at 300yds. kneeling or sitting; at 500yds. lying down prone; at 600yds. lying down prone or on side or back.

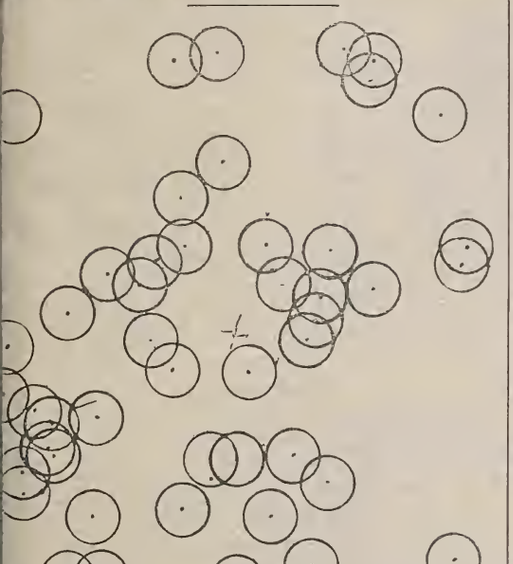
In skirmish firing the shooting is at silhouettes target; distances from 200 to 600yds. and the men are permitted to assume any position they please in firing.

In the Cavalry arm where the Springfield carbine Cal. .45 is the arm, the best individual record in competitive firing with the carbine (including known distances and skirmish practice) was made by Blacksmith A. Kelser, Troop H, 6th Cavalry, in the Cavalry competition held at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, in August 1890. The score was 646 out of a possible 800, which is equal to 80 75%. In this same competition Blacksmith Kaiser also made the best individual record at known distance firing; his score being 339 out of a possible 400, equal to 84.75%.

The best individual record in skirmish firing was made by First Sergeant F. E. Toy, Troop G, 7th Cavalry, in the competition held at Fort Levenworth, Kansas, in August 1892. The score was 323 out of a possible 400, which is equal to 80.75%.

The best team record (the team consisting of ten men) is 5765, this being the total of the Department of the Missouri Carbine team for 1892. The possible score of the team was 8000 points, so the above named total is equal to 72 06%.

The distances fired over and the manner of shooting are practically the same as those prescribed for the rifle.



FIFTY shots (full size) from a machine rest without cleaning, distance 200yds., with Ballard Schuetzen rifle .38-50, lubricated bullet weighing 298grs. Powder charge, 6grs. (weight) nitro, and balance of shell filled with Hazard's FG powder.

Best When He Is Alone.

INDIO, Southern California.—California is a much larger State than most of our Eastern friends realize; in fact, most of our Californians themselves have only a hazy idea of its size. This station is over 600 miles southeast of San Francisco, and still it is many miles from the outer limits of the State. The many degrees of latitude thus embraced within her borders imply a vast variety of climates. It is, I believe, a general impression in the Eastern States that all of southern California affords a fine winter climate for invalids. This is true to a certain extent, but different portions vary extremely in climatic conditions; for instance, Los Angeles and Riverside are towns famous for their healthfulness, and still asthmatic; consumptive and rheumatic patients are fain to get further away from the moist winter weather of the coast region.

Having suffered within a year two attacks of grip I found it very desirable to come to a warm and dry climate, hence this letter is written in the midst of an oasis which gems a truly desert scene. Passing seven miles west over a flat plain overgrown with sage brush, mesquite and cactus, one reaches the sheer front of the San Jacinto Mountains, which culminate about 25 miles northwest in the snow bearing peak of the same name, rising over 10,000ft. above sea level. Twenty miles northeast of this uplift (though seemingly in this clear atmosphere only five miles) rises Old Baldy, the dominant sentinel of the San Bernardino Mountains, whose altitude surpasses that of its mighty neighbor. The plain between the ranges is very dry—about 3in. annual rainfall. To-day, Nov. 15, an average specimen for this time of year, temperature at 6 A. M. was 60° F.; at noon, 76°; at 6 P. M., 74°; this in the coolest part of the premises.

Upon deciding that a temporary stay in the wilds was necessary, I began to consider what "shooting irons" would afford me most pleasure on my trip. After consideration I decided first to take a Smith & Wesson .22 single shot, 8in. barrel target pistol, and secondly to rig up a .25-20-86 W. C. F. single shot 28in. barrel 5lbs. shotgun butt, set-trigger, Lyman rear wind-gauge and Winchester interchangeable disk front sight. I had some years ago thought a .38 the best caliber for 200yds., but soon discarded it for the .32-40. This I still use in the rather windy climate around San Francisco; but in the still atmosphere of this vicinity the cute little .25 "gets there" delightfully at 100yds., though I have not tested it at any greater range. I don't much like the .22 for general shooting, though realizing that for a moderate range it is very accurate. The shot that gives me satisfaction is not one at 40 or 50yds., but at distances much beyond that, distances that would be well in reach of the .25. As a minor point, the little .25 cartridge (W. C. F.) is to my eye a thing of beauty. My pistol experience is not extensive, but I am well able to hold my own with the best revolver shot I have met here. He is a middle-aged man most of whose life has been spent on the frontier. He uses a heavy .45 Colt. Of course he and all the locals look with considerable contempt on the little .22 S. & W. They can see no good in anything that doesn't make a big hole. They like to "feel" a pistol or rifle when it goes off, and certainly with their big jumping .44s and .45s their desire in this direction is gratified.

Some fair rifle shots are to be found in all frontier towns, but I infer from what I see and hear that the average backwoods rifleman is at his best when he is alone. When he is put before a target for a string of a dozen or so shots off-hand he isn't "in it" with the experienced club rifleman. Unfortunately there is no game in this vicinity to occupy the sportsman's attention. ROEEL.

Pennsylvania Teams.

EPHRATA, Pa., Dec. 2.—Thursday last, Nov. 30, our club (North End Rifle Club) was at Lancaster City to participate in an all-day shoot, a report of which I clipped from the Lancaster *Intelligencer* of Friday, and inclose to you: The shooting was at 200yds., standing rest, American targets, ten for the center, and Jacob W. Balz was scorer. The North End club showed the best shooting of the day, and the result of the five-shot and three-shot matches was as follows:

North End Club.

W. D. Winters	10	9	9	9	10—47	28	28	26
J. W. Lightner	6	7	7	4	6—34	12	14	25
L. M. Weist	6	5	7	10	6—33	24	20	25
D. B. Lefever	10	9	9	8	8—44	25	30	27

Coatsville Club.

J. M. Entriken	7	7	5	7	8—34	24	23	25
J. Pugh	7	6	7	6	9—35	21	20	24
G. W. Brooks	8	4	10	7	9—38	17	25	24
H. Thorn	5	8	6	9	9—37	24	24	16
H. Brenninger	7	5	4	4	8—28	23	22	17
H. A. Thompson	9	10	8	9	10—46	24	18	27
H. T. Gordon	7	5	7	6	10—35	29	24	27

Lancaster Schuetzen-Verein.

Howard Wentzell	9	7	5	7	8—36	25	25	27
T. Anderson	6	9	10	5	6—36	21	22	15
B. F. Biehl	7	9	10	7	7—40	19	15	24
O. E. Weber	8	6	10	10	7—41	28	25	..
D. W. Wentzell	9	8	7	7	9—40	25	24	17
C. H. Ohrelter	0	4	7	9	8—28	15	17	20
J. F. Wolfer	7	7	7	7	9—37	19	26	27
Peter Dommell	7	5	7	0	5—24	19	22	..
H. Breiter	..	..	..	..	..	18	26	15

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 3.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot to-day and made scores appended. Conditions 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target:

Gindele	8	9	8	10	9	10	10	8	9	8—89
	9	8	7	9	9	9	8	10	8	7—84
	8	7	8	9	10	9	8	9	9	5—83
Louis	9	10	8	7	10	9	9	6	7	7—82
	9	7	6	8	5	7	8	8	6	9—73
	7	6	6	10	9	8	5	7	5	8—71
Wellinger	5	8	6	6	10	9	7	8	10	8—77
	8	6	8	6	6	5	9	7	8	10—73
	9	5	8	5	6	10	3	10	10	7—73
Payne	6	7	7	8	8	7	9	7	7	8—74
	5	6	7	7	9	7	6	10	9	7—73
	4	8	7	7	8	5	7	8	9	10—73
Brumhack	8	7	7	8	7	9	7	7	10	8—78
	6	5	9	9	8	8	9	8	6	8—76
	7	6	6	8	8	8	5	9	7	8—72
Hake	7	5	8	8	8	10	9	7	5	6—73
	5	6	9	10	7	8	10	4	3	8—61
	7	5	5	9	5	4	5	5	4	9—58
Drube	10	10	9	8	7	9	9	8	8	9—87
	10	10	7	6	10	8	9	10	8	9—87
	9	5	9	9	9	10	7	7	10	8—83

Greenville Rifle Club.

TWENTY-ONE members of the Greenville Rifle Club on Friday night of last week kept the four club ranges in constant use until a late hour in competition for the club prizes. The excellent arrangements which are to be found in the headquarters of this club are such that on nearly every night of the week a large number of the members may be found there busily engaged in perfecting themselves in the use of the rifle, and on regular shooting nights the headquarters are crowded with the members and their friends. Ex-Capt. Robidoux was in fine fettle and succeeded in putting up the high score of the night. The scores are appended, 10 shots, 25-ring target, distance 82ft.: Robidoux 241, C. Boag 238, Geo. Furiess 237, J. Boag 236, M. Dorrler 235, Plaisted 235, Scheelne 234. Dodds 233, Spahn 232, Collins 228, Lutz 229, Chavant 224, Gotthardt 227, Bischof 218, Agueau 209, Graef 209, Daniels 208, Holzapfel 206, F. Wuestner 202, Hill 200, E. Wuestner 199.

A small contingent of the regulars ventured out in the fog and rain on Saturday last and endeavored to make themselves believe that there was sport in rifle shooting under the conditions present at the time. The atmosphere was so heavily charged with mist that it was hard to discern just where the bullseye was located. Messrs. Boag, Collins, Plaisted and Chavant shot through the regular 50 shot handicap sweep, Boag with his liberal handicap landing on top:

C Boag	190	206	202	188	197+75—1058
W C Collins	178	206	192	210	197+60—1043
G W Plaisted	212	199	213	201	207 —1032
C H Chavant	212	186	198	185	203+40—1024

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE annual meeting of the Zettler Rifle Club for the election of officers for 1893-4 took place at the headquarters of the club on Dec. 5. The old board was re-elected, viz., B. Walther, Pres.; Geh Krauss, Vice-Pres.; Gus Nowak, Sec'y; Chas. G. Zettler, Treas.; B. Zettler, Shooting Master. The close of the business before the club was followed by an adjournment, after which the members gave their attention to the work of putting up big scores on the prize target and for the champion medal. Messrs. Holges and Flach divided honors for the best score for the medal target, and Messrs. Ross and Flach on the prize target. During the evening there was much interest evinced over the rumors of the many matches that are said to be brewing between some of our local experts. There is no doubt but that rifle shooting interests in and about New York have of late taken a decided turn for the better, and it is expected that when the season of 1894 opens there will be plenty of sport for our riflemen. Scores:

Champion medal: Henry Holges 245, Louis Flach 245, R. Busse 244, F. C. Ross 244, C. G. Zettler 242, B. Zettler 239, Gus Nowak 238, H. D. Müller 237, H. Strate 237, M. B. Engel 236, H. H. Kohlmetz 238, Geb Krauss 230, R. Harmann 236.

Best 10-shot score, five entries: F. C. Ross 247, Louis Flach 247, H. Holges 246, M. B. Engel 245, R. Busse 244, B. Zettler 243, C. G. Zettler 242, H. Strate 242, Gus Nowak 238, H. D. Müller 238, A. H. Kohlmetz 238, Geh Krauss 236, R. Harmann 236.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THIRTY-SEVEN members of the New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. Offerman, assembled in the gallery of the Zettler Bros. on Friday night for gallery practice and team shooting. This corps has inaugurated a series of bi-monthly shoots for the coming season, and while it is the first attempt of the corps in gallery practice, the prospects are that the venture will be highly successful.

The evening was devoted principally to team-shooting, the members being divided into teams of fifteen men each, ten shots per man. First match:

Capt Tbolke's team.....3,176 Capt Lemcke's team.....3,097

Second match:

Capt Webrenberg's team.....3,316 Capt Offermann's team.....3,296

In an individual contest between six of the members, ten shots each, the following scores were made: Henry Strate 239, Fred Facompre 239, Dr. Chas. Grosch 238, Fred Feigle 238, John D. Wilkins 237, Aug. J. Christian 237.

New York Against New Jersey.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ever since the championship match at Cypress Hills on Election day, the air has been full of championship talk. The Ross-Zimmermann match being off next is a much desired match between Ross and Dorrler. But last and greatest of all is New York vs. New Jersey. "Whoop her up, boys," there are lots of people looking at you and waiting to see that match materialize. In figuring on the possible result and taking the championship shoot on Nov. 7 as a base of calculation, I find the total number of points made by the five men on the proposed New York team (Ross, Holges, Flach, Hutch and Boyken) to be 10,712, while for New Jersey representatives (Dorrler, Hayes, Hansen, Schlicht and Plaisted) we have a scote of 10,728, or a lead of 16 points. Again, taking the best 10 shot scores of each team we have New York 1,145, New Jersey 1,116, or 29 points in favor of New York. The best possible way to decide is to have a match before the weather gets too cold. All those "Jersey Skeeters" in the above list are of the non-migratory sort and can be found congregated on the eastern side of Newark Bay any sunny Saturday should any one be looking for them. Who dares knock the chip off? R. R.

Lady Miller Club.

AFTER a week of busy work in preparing for Thanksgiving and its many cares, the members of the Lady Miller Club came out Monday night prepared to put up their customary good scores in regular club practice. The ladies shoot in three classes for medals, and on this occasion one of the members, Mrs. Mannheimer, presented an extra prize suited to the boudoir, for the member making the highest score of the night. Mrs. Mannheimer's prize was won by Mrs. Meyns on the creditable score of 231. The scores are appended, medal winners being marked with an asterisk: *Mrs August Meyns 231, Miss M. Miller 218, *Mrs. Boardman 218, *Miss Begerow 210, Mrs. Ahnert 209, Miss Sanders 207, Miss Kreiger 200.

Our Own Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Our Own Club of Hoboken on Dec. 4 brought together twelve members in competition for the club medal. Captain Hencken, J. H. Kruse, W. F. Dilger and Wm. Bohmcke, had a close race for first position, and the result was undecided up to the last shot. Kruse succeeded in pulling himself into first place over Bonicke and Dilger by one point, and the two latter came in one point ahead of Captain Hencken. Scores: J. H. Kruse 235, William Bohmcke 234, W. F. Dilger 234, H. D. Hencken 233, H. Malz 233, Otto Schmidt 230, C. Feldmann 228, Hy. Schultz 227, O. Keller 226, J. D Sinclair 215, H. Moser 215, D. Page 214.

New York Rifle Club.

Six members of the New York Rifle Club assembled in the St. Mark's Place Gallery on Saturday P. M. for weekly practice. The honors for high score of the day went to A. H. Isbell with 241. The scores are appended, 10 shots, 25 ring target, distance 100ft: H. H. Isbell 241, M. Herrington 238, C. E. Fensch 238, R. J. Young 238, E. R. Chadbourne 236, F. C. Hamilton 227.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

THE weekly shoot of the Excelsior Club on Dec. 5, had an attendance of 8 members. The shooting was not up to the average of the weekly shoots. The absence of Captain Hansen may have had a depressing effect upon the nerves of these present. The high score of the evening was made by L. A. Ryor. J. Hennessy 238, W. Weber 237, R. H. Duff 232, W. Hughes 198. J. Bims 225, Bryce 230, J. Hughes 222, L. A. Ryor 239.

Beideman Rifle Club.

BEIDEMAN, N. J., Dec. 6.—The following shows the weekly scores of the Beideman Rifle Club, conditions 25yds., strictly off-hand. Targets ½2in. bullseye, ½in. ring, possible 250. Week ending Nov. 25:

H. J. Mehard 245, E. L. Gardener 245, J. L. Wood, 237, A. Schmittman 235, A. McGowan 235, W. Gilbert 232. Week ending Dec. 2: W. Gilbert 238, J. L. Wood 232, E. Gardiner 231. Pistol score, 50yds., possible 100:

H. J. Mehard..... .....10 10 10 10 9 9 9 6 8 8—92

WALT GILBERT, Secretary.

RIFLE NOTES.

Reproduced in another column of this issue will be found a facsimile of the fifty-shot target, of which we made mention last week. Our purpose in using a combination load of this nature was to overcome if possible the extreme fouling of the rifle barrel one gets when using black powder by itself. Our reader mays query as to why we did not use nitro full charge and done with it. Our answer is, that having had considerable experience with nitro in shot guns and a little with the rifle, and knowing somewhat as to eccentricities of the nitro explosives we did not care to venture too deep with the Ballard action and the old style shell, and then agr in the sample of nitro supplied to us was too small to have loaded enough shells for a series of shots. All of our lubricated cranks are well acquainted with the many perplexities met with in shooting black powder without cleaning and how we have all been looking forward to the time when our powder manufacturers would come forward with a powder that after combustion would not leave the interior of our rifle barrels like a Pittsburgh chimney long in use. One of our old riflemen, John H. Brown, whose name is familiar to the patrons of FOREST AND STREAM, some years ago gave considerable time and study to the use of nitro in the rifle. His experience was much the same as that of many others in the fact that reliable work could not be done with the nitro using the shells and primers then on the market. It was the advent of the new Winchester (No. 3 W.) primer that brought us back again to the subject of nitro powder in the rifle. A few trials with the new primer from muzzle rest and off hand gave good results, these were followed by the fifty shots published in this issue. We are expecting new supplies of nitro for experimental work on or about Christmas. When the new powder comes to hand, we shall proceed to take a little deeper dip into the mysteries of it, and if we are lucky enough to come to the surface again we shall be pleased to give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a little further light upon what we found.

WE note that the War Department has at last decided upon a smokeless powder. Report says that the Leonard Powder Co., of New York, is the successful bidder for the first order to be placed by the Government for 10,000lbs. of powder for ordnance and small arms purposes. The success of an American company in securing the Government patronage for smokeless powder is a matter of congratulation to all true Americans, and we congratulate President John H. Brown and his co-workers in the Leonard Powder Co. for their enterprise in pushing their American powder to the front. Mr. Brown is one of the veterans in the fraternity of rifle shooters and is best known to the American public as the inventor of the Brown segmental tube wire gun, now in the hands of the Ordnance Board at Sandy Hook.

At the annual ball of the New York Central Corps in Terrace Garden on Thursday night of last week, many of our prominent German shooting societies were represented. During the night a group of the several societies represented became interested in the topic of team shooting and the result was that a match was made to shoot a gallery match on the Zettler Bros. ranges early in February between teams made up from the New York Schuetzen Corps, the New York City Corps and the Harlem Independent Corps, each team to consist of ten men, the losing team to pay for the expenses of the gallery and the usual refreshments.

The report of the Hartford Rifle Club shoot in last week's issue, in which H. M. Pope is credited with a total of 355 points in 100 shots on the standard American target is highly gratifying to the many friends of this popular sportsman. With his bicycle and his rifle Pope has got an acquaintance that extends from Maine to the Pacific.

—The Zettler Rifle Club will hold its annual gallery prize shoot at the headquarters on Jan. 20, 21 and 22. On the prize target there will be fifteen prizes ranging from $25 to $1. On the bullseye target there will be ten prizes, from $10 to $1. Tickets will be three shots, 35 cents each, or three for 1$.

At the monthly meeting of the New York Schuetzen Corps last week three prominent riflemen, Messrs. B. Walther, Gus. Zimmerman and Capt. A. Knobloch were made members of the society.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Dec. 10-12.—West End Gun Club tournament, at Davenport, Ia.

Dec. 21.—Elliott vs. Class, 100 live birds each, on Erh's grounds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J., beginning at 10 A. M.

Dec. 25.—Union Gun Club tournament, at Springfield, N. J.; 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. live birds; 1 P. M. until dark, targets. Open to all.

Dec. 25.—Dexter Park live bird and target shoot.

Dec. 25.—Open sweep at live birds, on Erh's grounds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.

Dec. 28.—Team of three shoot, at Willard's Park, Paterson, beginning at 10 A. M. Three men from any club, $30 entrance per team, 15 live birds per man.

1894.

Jan. 1.—New Year's tournament, Towanda (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club at Towanda, Pa Live birds and targets.

Jan. 1.—Dexter Park live bird and target shoot.

Jan. 1.—South Side Gun Club's thirteenth New Year's annual, at Newark, N. J.

Jan. 9.—New Jersey vs. Kings county, team shoot, on Al. Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.

Feb. —.—Reading Shooting Association tournament; two days targets, one day live birds, at Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

April 24 27.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neb

May 1-5.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, a Fort Smith, Arkansas.

May 17-18.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association' pring tournament.

May 22-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club thirteenth annual tournament: first days, target, $1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. $1,000 added money.

June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona.

Oct. 4-5.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

After the Elliott-Class live bird match at Willard's Park, Paterson, on Dec. 8, the Class contingent seemed to be still in doubt as to the fact of their Morristown favorite being the inferior in point of shooting ability to the expert from Kansas City. As a result, Mr. John Leonard ot Morristown, who has financially backed Mr. Class in all his recent matches, held a consultation with his principal, and then proposed to Mr. Elliott a match on the following terms: Each man to shoot at 200 live pigeons for a stake of $300 a side; match to be shot on the grounds of John Erb, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J., on Thursday, Dec. 21; Hurlingham rules to govern except as to the boundary, which shall be governed by the rules of the grounds; the difference between the price of the birds and the gate money to be paid by the loser. The above was agreeable to Mr. Elliott, and he and Mr. Class placed $50 fofeit money each in the hands of Mr. T. W. Morfey of Paterson, to be turned over by the latter to Mr. John Riggott of Rockaway, who was decided upon as stakeholder and referee. In case, however, of Mr. Riggott refusing to act as referee, a referee shall be selected by the contestants on the day of the match. The match is to be play or pay, barring rain. This match is one which should attract a big crowd of spectators, as it will be a fine exhibition of the art of shooting, and besides will be shot strictly on its merits. John Erb, as is well known, can furnish as good pigeons as any man in this country, and for this occasion he will try to get them as good as can be found. The trapping and retrieving on his grounds is done by experts, and there are never any tedious drags to test the patience. Under these conditions there is no reason why the match should not be run off in four hours. The chances are that the match will be exciting as both men are shooting in their best form, and many who have watched their recent work are of the opinion that, all things equal, there is not a difference of one bird on 100 in their skill. An analysis of the shooting of the two men fails to show even the above difference. In their five matches they have shot at 525 birds each, Elliott killing 495 and Class 493, this making Elliott's 94.285 and Class's 93.904. Counting in the birds which fell dead out of bounds with those scored we find that Class bit 96.761 of his birds, against Elliott's 96.190. These figures do not seem to leave much margin of skill on either side of the ledger, and were we asked whom we considered the better shot we should be unable to cast a vote on either side. The coming match will be the first affair at 200 birds a side shot in Newark for many years, and those who miss the opportunity of seeing it will miss what cannot fail to be a fine exhibition, no matter which man wins.

Thursday, Dec. 28, will be a great day at Willard's Park, Paterson, when there will occur a contest between teams of three men each, comprising some of the best shots in this section of the country. The affair was projected and will be managed by Mr. Jacob Pentz of the Newark Gun Club. The teams will comprise three men each from any one gun club, fifteen live pigeons per man, Hurlingham rules except 50yds. boundary, $30 entrance fee per team, five entries two moneys, over five entries three moneys. Shooting will begin promptly at 10 A. M. in order that all may have the benefit of a good light.

Up to the time of going to press six teams have entered, but there is a strong chance that more will fall in before the day of the shoot. Entries are expected from the Riversides of Red Bank, Centrals of Long Branch, Union Hills of Guttenberg, Emeralds of Brooklyn and others. Below are the teams already entered:

Newark Gun Club, Team No. 1—Samuel Castle, Charles M. Hedden and Ferdinand Van Dyke, all of Newark.

Newark Gun Club, Team No. 2—Milton F. Lindsley and Eddie Collins of West Hoboken, and Dr. P. J. Zeglio of Warrenville.

Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield—Neaf Apgar, of Avona; Enoch D. Miller, of Springfield, and Charles Smith, of Plainfield.

Trenton Gun Club.—George Cubberly, of Long Branch; Eddie Hill, of Trenton, and Chas. Zwerlein, of Yardville.

Cosmopolitan Gun Club, of Plainfield.—A. W. Money, of Oakland; John Rothaker, of Philadelphia and Thomas W. Morfey, of Paterson.

New Utrecht Gun Club, of Bay Ridge.—C. Ferguson, G. E. Nostrand and C. E. Morris, all of Long Island.

On Saturday Dec. 9, some interesting shooting was indulged in on the race track at Guttenberg, N. J. The afternoon was disagreeable for sport, the light being bad and the rain coming down at times in torrents. The event of most interest was the shoot in which M. F. Lindsley the famous wood powder man and J. A. R. Elliott the *American Field* champion, were pitted against Berkery and Charles Woolmington, of Hoboken. Each man shot at 25 live pigeons under Hurlingham rules, except boundary which was 50yds., for a stake of $100 a side. The birds were a good lot and would have been still better with clear weather. All the shooters were in good form and it was only by a narrow margin that the wood powder team won. The scores:

Lindsley	1011111•1•111110111111111—21	
Elliott	11•111111101111101111111—22	—43
Berkery	1011001111111101111111101—20	
Woolmington	0011111111111110111111101—21	—41

"Ned" Banks, the genial secretary of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, notifies us that the club claims August 21, 22, 23 and 24 1894, as the dates upon which will be held the annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. The shoot will be held on the summit of Wopsononock Mt., near the present club grounds of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. Mr. Banks says: "Our club will spare nothing to make the shoot the success of the season and I believe we can show visitors something in the way of skyline that they never saw before."

The first of the series of shoots for the championship medals of the Riverside Gun Club, of Red Bank, N. J., took place on Dec. 8. The scores: Event No. 1, 25 targets, John S. Hoey 22, J. C. Cooper 21, E. M. Cooper 20, James Cooper 17, A. Whymer 11, T. L. Davis 19, Oscar Hesse 21, C. E. Throckmorton 10. No 2, at 15 targets, E. M. Cooper 14, Hesse 12, Hoey 12, Jas. Cooper Jr. 11, N. Campbell 8, J. P. Cooper 9, Oscar Hesse Jr. 8, L. S. Campbell 6.

The West End Rod and Gun Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., made the following scores at their last shoot, each man shooting at 15 targets. Fred Klock 11, Vince Case 9, Lewis Simpkins 14, Edward Klock Jr., 10, David Papworth 12, John Flannery 12, James Breen 7, Marshall Hall 10, John Goodrider 8, George Steves 10, John Kelly, Edward Church 7, P. H. Bellinger 9, H. L. Blye 8, Frank Klock 10.

The new 100-page catalogue published by Henry C. Squires & Son, is a marvel in its way, both as to the number of articles described and the low prices quoted. There is scarcely an article in the sporting goods line that is not mentioned, and besides the book shows prices on many articles useful to others than sportsmen. Copies are sent to all who apply.

It is about time for the public to hear something about the lately proposed live bird match between T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, and M. F. Lindsley, of West Hoboken. The conditions were to be 50 live birds per man and the stake $50 a side. This match could be shot at Erb's on the 21st inst., previous to the Elliott—Class match.

The Stroudsburg Gun Club will hold a one-day shooting tournamen on the club grounds near Broad street, Stroudsburg, Pa., on Dec. 25 A programme that is up to date in every respect will be arranged. Stroudsburg is on the D., L. & W. R.R., N. Y. S. & W. R.R. and W. B. & E. R.R. You are invited.

Our list of fixtures for 1894 is growing apace, but there is a marked scarcity of events previous to April. Send in your announcements as soon as possible, so that shooters may have plenty of time to arrange for attending your tournament.

Wm. Tell Mitchell, of Lynch's Station, Va., says in a private letter that game is not as plentiful as was anticipated thus far this season. He says his best bags thus far have been 48 and 38, respectively.

Don't forget that open to all tourament at live birds and targets to be held on the Union Gun Club grounds at Springfield, N. J., on Christmas Day.

But a few weeks more to roll by and then will come that great team match between the experts of New Jersey and of Kings county, N. Y.

Louis Miller announces open to all shoot at live birds and target, to be held at Dexter Park, on Christmas and New Year's Day.

Don't miss the Elliott—Class 200 bird match at Erb's, on Thursday, Dec. 21.

Don't forget to send in the result of your club elections.

C. H. Townsend.

Elliott Wins the Fifth Match.

Once more have J. A. R. Elliott, the *American Field* champion, of Kansas City, Mo., and Frank P. Class, champion of New Jersey, met at the traps and once more has Elliott been victorious. This contest, the fifth of the kind shot between these closely-matched experts, took place at Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J., on Friday, Dec. 8, and there were on the grounds just 92 people, including the shooters. Surely it looks as though it were useless to try and attract a crowd to see a shooting match in Jersey. These matches between Elliott and Class, though not for fabulous amounts, are nevertheless "on the square," and our firm belief is that in each and every one of the five matches each man shot to kill as many birds as possible. This being the case, and there being only a slight difference in the number of birds killed by the two men, it seems curious that the attendance at this match should have been so light.

The day was an ideal one for early winter, the air cool and crisp, the wind blowing lightly from the northwest, its keen edge being nicely tempered by a clear sun. The grounds were rather heavy and sloppy from the melted snow. The birds can be disposed in few words as an extremely indifferent lot, in fact, there were only 22 birds noted by the press representatives at all above the ordinary. They were the poorest lot as a whole trapped in the series. Forty-four out of the lot were "flippers," which merely jumped from the trap and attempted to alight within a few feet, but were killed too soon to get the chance. In the score these are designated by an "H".

It was 2:20 P. M. when the match began, C. M. Hedden, of Newark, being chosen as referee, T. C. Wright, of Passaic, as trap-puller and the representatives of the sportsmen's journals doing the scoring. Elliott won the toss and shot first, killing a left-quartering driver. Class followed by killing a "flipper." Neither man lost until the ninth round, when an incoming right-quarterer got away from Class, although it was by no means fast. On this round Class's twelfth and fifteenth, both left-quartering drivers, carried their lead over the boundary. Elliott 25, Class 22.

On the next round Elliott scored another straight, while Class's first and eleventh fell dead out of bounds. At the end of the round Elliott had scored 50 to Class's 45.

The third round opened with a kill by each. Elliott, who was in splendid form, centering his birds beautifully, kept up his killing until the twentieth round, when a right-quartering driver only moderately fast got away from him. This left him with a straight run of 69 kills. His twenty second bird, a fast driver, was hard hit but was tough. When Eagle started for him he managed to evade the dog's mouth, and finally gathered strength enough to get close to the rear boundary. Here Eagle made a jump for him, but just as the dog's jaws were about to close on the bird he struck a slippery spot and slid over the line, grabbing the bird not more than six inches from the line. This bird could have been gathered by a man. On this round Class lost his third and twelfth birds. The round ended with a score of 73 for Elliott to 69 for Class.

On the fourth round Elliott killed 25, while Class lost his eleventh and twenty-fourth, the race ending with 98 kills for Elliott to 91 for Class.

We do not consider that we would be justified in adversely criticising Class on the form he displayed, which was miserable. At least two-thirds of his kills were "slobbers," he showing very few of the clean, centering shots made by Elliott, who was at his best. For Class's work there was an excuse. Early in the week he knocked the skin from the middle joint of the middle finger of his right hand, put thereon a piece of black courtplaster and supposed that would end the matter. On the following morning, however, he was obliged to remove the plaster, the finger having become badly inflamed and swollen. As it continued to grow worse he finally consulted a physician, who said he was afraid the finger had been poisoned by the black courtplaster. On this day the finger was extremely painful and was still badly swollen. With this handicap a fine exhibition from him was not to be expected.

The match was an extremely uneventful one, the shots above the average being here noted: Elliott 34th and 35th (both fast drivers), 43d (left-quarterer), 46th (a very fast towering driver, a nice kill), 48th (a quick kill), 51st (ditto), 54th (ditto on fast bird), 72d (awfully fast driver and a pretty second, but dead out of bounds by action of dog as before explained).

Class's 9th (twisting incomer to right, dodged both loads), 23d (fast driver and neat first), 40th (left-quarterer, behind with first, got swift and brought down by pretty second), 53d (fast driver, lost, shot behind), 63d (fast left-quartering driver, good second), 69th (fast right-quarterer and a clean second), 72d (elegant second on driver that was awfully fast), 75th (the star shot of the day on an extremely fast driver that was yards away before the trap settled), 86th (an ugly zig-zagger of a left-quartering driver and extremely fast, did not course a yard and got clean away from both barrels) and 94th (fast right-quarterer, quick first).

Class's 12th bird struck the wire fence and fell over. His 15th just managed to get over. His 18th and 100th were shot on ground purposely and other birds allowed. His 49th was shot on ground, but seemingly not noticed by the referee.

Elliott's 47th, 52d, 55th, 60th and 93d birds were all plainly shot while on the ground, but none of them were called by the referee.

Elliott's runs were 69 and 28, Class's 23 and 12. Elliott used his second barrel 45 times, Class 43.

The times by quarters were as follows: 35m., 28m., 32m, and 25m., a total of 2 hours.

In strings of 10 shots each the race ran as below:

Elliott	10	20	30	40	50	60	68	78	88	98
Class	9	17	26	35	45	54	63	73	82	91

Below are the detailed scores, shown as only the greatest journal on earth can show them:

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Elliott:

1 2 2 1 5 3 3 4 1 5 3 2 1 1 4 3 5 2 5 1 4 4 1 1 5
↖ H ↘ H ← H → H H H H ↖ ← ↖ ↖ H ↖ H ↖ ↑ ↗ ← ← ← H
2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1—25

5 2 4 2 4 5 1 3 3 4 5 2 4 2 3 4 5 4 2 1 5 2 1 1 2
↰ H H ↙ → → ↓ ← ↑ ↑ → ↘ ↘ H ← ← ↱ ← ↘ ↑ T H ↘ H H
2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1—25

3 5 4 4 2 1 3 4 1 2 4 2 3 1 2 1 2 2 5 4 5 3 3 5 2
↑ H ↘ ↑ ↓ → H ↘ H ↓ ↓ → → H → ← ← H ← ↗ ↗ ↑ ↗ H →
1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 • 2 1 2—23

3 1 2 1 3 1 3 4 5 5 1 4 2 1 4 1 3 4 4 2 2 1 4 4 1
↘ ← H ↓ ↓ → ← ↙ ↖ ↕ ← H ↖ ↙ ↖ H → ↔ → ↓ ← ↯ ← T ←
2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1—25—98

Class:

5 3 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 2 3 4 5 1 4 1 5 5 4 3 5 1 4 4
H ↙ H ↑ ↘ ↓ → ↓ ↰ ↖ ↓ ↗ ↘ H ↰ ↑ → ↓ ↙ ↘ ↖ ↘ ↑ H →
2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2 • 2 1 • 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1—22

2 1 3 1 5 3 2 4 5 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 4 5 5 5
→ ↓ T ↱ → ↑ H ← ↓ H ↓ H H ↘ ← ← H ↙ ↘ ↘ ↑ ↘ H H H
• 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—23

5 4 4 2 4 5 2 3 5 1 4 4 1 5 4 2 1 3 4 4 4 2 2 2 4
↱ H ↑ ↓ ← ↘ → ↑ → ↑ H ← ↖ → ↓ ↔ H → ↘ ← ↑ H ← ↑
2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2—23

2 4 4 4 3 1 1 5 3 4 1 3 4 4 4 2 4 1 4 5 4 3 5 4 5
H H H ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ → ↕ → ↰ ← ↑ H ↔ H H → ↘ → ← ↭ ↘ ↯
2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—23—91

Previous to the above contest a few of the shooters who were on hand amused themselves by shooting sweeps as shown below. No. 1 at 10 birds, $5 entry, one money; No. 2, same; No. 3 at 10 birds, $5 entry; in this second money was shot off miss and out, and divided by Morfey and Green:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	Tie.
Morfey	2221211220—9	22221•2012—8	12•1221011—8	222222
Green	0011120111—8	1111011210—8	1•21110222—8	222211
Hedden	....	....	111221•111—9	......
Lindsley	....	....	1•22102121—8	220
Elliott	1121112121	....	....	......

C. H. Townsend.

Glenmore Rod and Gun Club.

The monthly shoots of the Glenmores at Dexter Park of late have been noted for the light attendance on the part of the members. In times past this old organization used to have an attendance at its monthly shoots equal to any of the many clubs that patronize this popular resort, but things are not as they used to be. Now an attendance of half a dozen members at a monthly shoot is an exception rather than the rule. At the last regular shoot on Nov. 29 there were four men on the grounds to compete in the club event, Messrs. Edgerton, Vroome, Levens and Kay. They shot through the club event and one 5-bird sweep and then retired.

Club event:

T T Edgerton	0121120—5	W Levens	2002112—5
E A Vroome	1212111—7	J B Kay	1101011—5

Sweep, 5 birds:

T T Edgerton	20211—4	J B Kay	11122—6
W Levens	02212—4		

Waverly Gun Club.

Four members met at Miller's Dexter Park on Dec. 4. The afternoon was devoted to smashing blue rocks. The club event called for ten birds, this was followed by four sweeps of ten birds each:

O. Hillmer	1100101010—5	L. Grane	0000000010—1
P. Van Staden	1001101000—4	J. Fehleism	0010101001—4

Garfield Gun Club.

Matches shot Nov. 30 from 5 unknown King traps, 30yds., 10 live birds:

Brown	1222120110—8	1211121101— 9
Baird	2121200112—8	1211111112—10
O'Brien	2111002010—6	2112121122—10
Adams	2120121212—9	1111111200— 8
Esman	1121102221—9	2221221101— 9
Lauterbach	2200200121—6	2222112101— 9
Hicks	0211222120—8	2221110122— 9
Mott	1120110021—7	1022121112— 9
Cop	1121010222—8	2211022220— 8
Richards	....	1201012012— 7
Palmer	1102211212—9	2222110211— 9
Wescott	0020200110—4	1220200212— 7
W Northcott	1222210101—7	2202222202— 8
J Northcott	2000202020—4	0000102021— 4
McElligott	1101012011—8	1212201111— 9
Rockefeller	2021011121—8	1011101101— 7
Spane	0000110221—5	....
Fleming	11102—4	1121001112— 8
Drake	02220—3	1222212210— 9
Arnold	12010—3	1102122122— 9
Hodson	20102—3	0122011111— 8
W Palmer	022—2	2202120010— 6
S Young		2121020022— 7
Tefft		2222212120— 9
Bowers		1122112111—10

Same conditions, 6 birds:

Brown	010212—4	Rockefeller	111211—6
Adams	211222—6	Fleming	110111—5
Esman	211021—5	Drake	221220—5
Lauterbach	201212—5	Arnold	12210w.
Hicks	122111—6	Hodson	200212—4
Mott	212102—5	W Palmer	220222—5
Cop	222222—6	S Young	221021—5
Palmer	211112—6	Tefft	202222—5
Wescott	020111—4	Taylor	202212—5
W Northcott	210110—4	Baldwin	12102w.
J Northcott	110212—5	Eichs	211112—6
McElligott	110110—4		

Perth Amboy Gun Club.

Perth Amboy, Dec. 1.—The Perth Amboy Gun Club held a Thanksgiving shoot at live birds and bluerocks on their grounds yesterday, with all sorts of prizes. It was one of the best day's sport that has been witnessed in eastern New Jersey in many years, and was attended by hundreds of pigeon-shooting enthusiasts from all parts of the State, with a goodly sprinkling of New York cracks. William F. Hartman of Perth Amboy Gun Club entered in four of the five live bird shoots, and killed every bird, making a clean score in every one of the events.

The first match was with the rifle, and ten contestants faced the targets. Thomas Brantingham of the South Plainfield Gun Club was the winner on a score of 31 out of a possible 36. He won the immense turkey. Six men faced the traps in a shoot at five live birds, conditions 25yds. rise, and but one barrel to be used. James Van Brackle of Matawan killed every bird but his second. James L. Tooker killed every bird with the exception of his fourth, thus tieing Van Brackle and William F. Hartman killed his five birds straight, taking first money. The next match was at five live birds, same conditions as first event. William F. Hartman and James Van Brackle killed their five birds and divided first money. Leander B. Cambell of the Riverside Gun Club of Red Bank killed four birds and took second money. James M. Glens and O. Brown of the home club, who killed three each, divided third money.

The next event was a match at five live birds with similar condition to previous match. William F. Hartman captured first money by killing every bird. Dr. Brace of the Perth Amboy Club and Leonard Cambell of the Red Bank Club tied for money and divided the purse. There were eighteen entries in the fourth event, which was a target shoot. Each man had three shots with twelve points to a shot, making a possible 36. The prize was a young pig. William F. Hartman made a clean score and was tied by H. Jones of the Midway Gun Club at Matawan.

The excitement was intense in this contest, as Hartman had so far made a clean score in every event. In his shoot off Hartman only made 32, and Jones scored 33 and took the young porker. A match at 10 ten bluerocks followed: Conditions, 25yds. rise, both barrels allowed. Brantingham and Fred. Mason of the Perth Amboy Gun Club broke 8 birds each and divided first money. James L. Tooker broke 7 and took second money. William Manning, who broke 6 took third money. The last match of the day was at three live birds each man, 25yds. rise, single barrel. William F. Hartman won first money by killing every bird. Geo. Terry took second money by killing his first two birds.

Central Gun Club.

Duluth, Minn.—The Thanksgiving afternoon shoot under the auspices of the Central Gun Club, drew a large number of contestants and spectators. There is nothing of a novelty in a Thanksgiving Day shoot in some climates, nor here, in ordinarily warm falls, but when such a large number of entries will turn out and the thermometer registering zero all day, it shows that the sport is on the increase in this section, and illustrates to what extremes the enthusiasts will extend. While the scores were not as good as expected, nor nearly up to the standard of some of the old time regulars, the second best men came in for the most honor and surprised the best of them, altogether the scores were as satisfactory as could be expected. The severity of the weather considered, and everybody enjoyed a good afternoon's shoot. Darkness prevented the shooting of the full number of events on the programme, and they will, with a few additional ones be that on New Year's Day, weather permitting. The prizes offered in this shoot were 4 turkeys in each event. The winners in first event to be handicapped 4yds. Scores and winners as follows:

First event, 15 singles: Pastoret 11, Nelson, Day and Moork 10, Proctor and Little 9, Gunderson 8, Moore and Bakke 7, Ownen, Larson and Johnson 6, Springer 5, Jones, Stevens, Dewar and McDonald 4, Carleson 3, Heimbach 0. Winners: Pastoret first, Nelson second, Proctor third, Gunderson fourth. The first three won on shoot off.

Second event, 15 singles: Dodge and Greene 10, Day, Nelson and Moork 9, Johnson, Moore and Larson 8, Myers, McDonald and Dewar 7, Little, Owens and Wood 6, Pastoret and Springer 5. Greene first, Day second, Johnson third, Myers fourth, all on shoot-off. Nelson and Pastoret handicapped 4yds. in this event.

Third event, consolation, 10 singles, open to all not winners in events one and two: Owens, Moork, McDonald and Springer 4, Moore and Little 3, Stevens and Armstrong 2, H. Little and Carleson 1. Owens first, Moore second, Stevens third, H. Little fourth, each on shoot-off.

Live Birds at Easton.

Quite a party of sportsmen assembled on the trap-shooting grounds at Easton, Pa., on Thanksgiving Day, and enjoyed a day's sport at the traps. Among the shooters was "Big Jim" Smith, the good-natured expert from Hackettstown, to whose kindness we are indebted for these scores. The morning's shooting comprised four events at three live birds each, $1 entry, birds extra. The scores:

	1	2	3	4		1	2	3	4
Givens	001	110	...	...	Mock	111	111	011	100
Smith	111	111	110	111	Vincent	111	110	...	...
Sage	001	110	...	...	White	...	...	000	011
Brown	110	010	011	010	Bell	...	...	111	011
Mowder	111	111	110	001	Luckey	...	...	0w	...

Events Nos. 5 and 6 were at 5 birds each, $2 entry; No. 7 at 3 birds, $1 entry:

	5	6	7		5	6	7
White	10001	00111	100	Bell	11111	11011	...
Smith	11111	11111	111	Carty	11101	00111	...
Mowder	01101	11001	111	Vincent	11111	00011	...
Mock	11101	11011	...	Felker	.....	01001	...
Brown	10111	.....	...				

E. S. Benscotten's Disappearance.

Readers of Forest and Stream, more especially of the trap department, will recall the totally unexplained disappearance of the once well-known trap-shooter, E. S. Benscotten of Ohio. To-day I have the following letter from an employer who knew Benscotten after his departure for the West:

"Manchester, N. H., Nov. 27.—Nearly two years ago I saw an item in Forest and Stream written by you, telling of the mysterious disappearance of E. S. Benscotten, and so I send to you to ask if you have ever heard anything further of him since that time. While he was at Spokane he was in my employ (I was at that time chief engineer of the Washington Water Power Co.), and I liked him so well that I have tried in many ways to get some trace of him, but so far without any success whatever. Henry A. Herrick."

Nothing whatever has been heard of the missing man since that time, so far as I know, and the case bids fair to remain one of the unsolved mysteries, whether of accident or crime. E. Hough.

Close of the Climax Season.

THE Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., held its twelfth and final shoot of the season on Dec. 6, on its grounds adjoining Benner's Grove in Fanwood. The day was cold and damp, which accounts for the fact that only a dozen members put in an appearance. This being the date for the annual election there would certainly have been a good attendance had the weather been clear.

The scores in the club shoot are given below:

Brantingham (25)	1100110110011111111010111 —18
C. Smith (25)	0111111111111111111111111 —24
Keller (25)	1110111101111101011111111 —21
D. Terry (25)	1110111011101101011111111 —20
Apgar (25)	0001111111111111111111111 —22
J. Darby (35)	1111011110111100101111101111010101l—26
Manning (29)	0011111011111111111010101011 —22
W. Terry (32)	1100011111101111011111111010001 —22
Goodman (35)	0011100111010100101111111101101011—23
F. Mundy (35)	1001101001010101110w.
Trust (30)	0100111000001101111111010111010 —18
Delaney (35)	0111101110110101011w.

In the system of handicapping the strongest shoot at 25 targets each, and the others are allowed to shoot at enough extra targets to give them an opportunity to break as nearly as possible the same number of targets as the scratch man can break. All the shooting is at bluerock targets from five traps, unknown angles, 16yds. rise, one man up, shooting from the center. This system of handicap has been well received by all the members and has resulted in some close work all around. In adopting the one-man-up style of shooting the club has also pleased its members.

There is one point in particular for which the club deserves to be commended and that is in its conduct of sweepstakes, the entrance fee to which on club days cannot exceed fifty cents, no matter how many birds are shot at. This is a wise provision and gives the man with a limited depth of pocket an opportunity to shoot during an afternoon without risking a month's salary. And then again a member can enter any sweep by simply paying for the targets, this making his shooting still cheaper. In fact there is an utter absence of any chance for the strong to devour the weak.

The club has been very successful during the season, and will open the season of 1894 with a fat treasury, an increased membership and a determination to take part in all tournaments of the season, teams being entered wherever practicable.

At the annual business meeting, which immediately followed the club shoot, some enthusiastic speeches were made anent the past, present and future of the club, and all present vowed to put forth extra efforts to keep the club in the front rank.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: R. B. Manning, President; Chas. Smith, Vice-President; Daniel H. Terry, Secretary and Treasurer. The above-named officers, along with Thos. Keller, Thos. Brantingham, Thos. Darby and August Trust, were elected as a Board of Directors. The Shooting Committee, the most important part of an organization of this character, is composed of T. H. Keller, Neaf Apgar, Charles Smith, Thos. Brantingham and Jas. Darby, in whose hands the interests of the club are safe.

"Dey ver Goot Enof fur Eny Boty."

A SHORT time ago Charles Smith, the great international expert live bird, target shot and boniface, best known perhaps to the people of this and other countries as "Dutchy," sent cards to a number of devotees of the smoothbore in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, inviting them to attend an all-day shoot at live pigeons, to be held under his management, on Thursday, Dec. 7, beginning at 11:30 A.M. on the Climax Gun Club grounds, adjoining Benner's Grove, Fanwood, N. J. In winding up his invitation, "Dutchy" said, "The birds will he furnished by your humble servant, and they will be 'goot enof fur eny boty.' Charles Smith ('Dutchy')." And before the day ended the shooters who were on hand perfectly agreed with "Dutchy," some even contending that some of the birds were "too goot fur eny boty."

The day was a raw and cutting one for those who were obliged to stand about the grounds, and overshoes and great coats were at a premium. The grounds where the shoot was held have previously been described in these columns as well adapted to shooting either targets or live birds, the background being clear and there being just enough undulation to the ground to keep a shooter guessing when a bird flew low.

The attendance was good despite the threatening aspect overhead. Among those present were W. F. Quimby, senior partner of the W. F. Quimby Co., of New York and Newark; M. F. Lindsley, of West Hoboken and the American Wood Powder; Ferd. Van Dyke, of Newark, well known as an expert either at targets or feathers; J. A. R. Elliott, of Elliott Brothers, sporting goods dealers, Kansas City, Mo.; Arthur W. DuBray, the genial and ever popular advocate of the merits of the guns manufactured by Parker Brothers, of which goods he is the Southern representative; Leander S. Campbell, an old time expert from Little Silver, N. J.; Charles Zwirlein, the stalwart shooting boniface of Yardville, N. J., and his side-partner in all shooting matters; Eddie Hill, of Trenton; Aaron Woodruff and W. H. K. Davey, of Elizabeth; John Rothaker of Philadelphia, who always finds time to slip away from his brewery interests when "Dutchy" holds a shoot; "Tee Kay" Keller, of Plainfield who said Climax were "good enough;" "Little Neaf" Apgar of Avona, representing H. C. Squires & Son; Daniel Terry of Plainfield, and the immortal "Dutchy."

The birds were a crack lot of flyers and if the same kind could be guaranteed for matches they would command a good price. Quick as a flash in getting away when the traps were sprung; fast and irregular in their flight and tough and hard enough to carry any quantity of shot, they were a lot of birds, the trapping and shooting of which were well worth witnessing. They were by far the best lot of birds trapped in this locality this season and could scarcely be excelled at any time or on any grounds.

The first event of the day was a "warmer" at four birds per man for the price of the birds. The scores:

DuBray	1211—4	Keller	1111—4
Zwirlein	2122—4	Hill	1101—3

Then came a little miss and out event, with an entry fee of $1:

DuBray	111	Hill	111
Keller	210	Quimby	0
Zwirlein	0		

By this time the party had increased in numbers, and the real sport of the day began. Events No. 1 and 2 were at 5 birds each, $5 entry, No. 3 at 10 birds, $10 entry, three moneys in each. All events were shot under the revised rules of the American Shooting Association.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Quimby	12212—5	22120—4	1121202002—7
Lindsley	11020—3	22202—4	0221222221—9
Van Dyke	01121—4	02110—3	.....
Elliott	12222—5	21222—5	1212122•21—9
DuBray	102•1—3	01222—4	1012112112—9
Campbell	12100—3	20201—3	1020211229—7
Hill	12111—5	1•111—4	1012201111—8
Zwirlein	11•11 | 4	02202—3	2211111102—9
Smith	21120—4	212•1—4	00012•1221—6
Keller	11110—4	•0100—1	.....
Rothacker	.....	11022—4	1011211112—9
Woodruff	.....	.....	1121211001—8
Davey	.....	.....	001•2201201—5
Apgar	.....	.....	21•2021111—8
D Terry	.....	.....	0•02121121—7

The wind-up was a miss and out, $1 entry, with nine men in DuBray, Campbell, Pearson and W. Terry each missed and retired on the first round, and on the second round Rothaker, Lindsley, Apgar, Zwirlein and Hill divided the pot, the supply of birds being exhausted.

Soon after the party repaired to the hostelry of "Dutchy" in Plainfield, where a general jollification was held. "Dutchy" was elated over his success in getting such a rattling lot of birds to fool the boys, and worked off said elation by inviting them to partake of a toothsome lunch, which they disposed of in a graceful manner. The hour at which the last of the visitors left Plainfield has not yet been divulged.

Crescent Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Crescent Gun Club at Miller's Dexter Park on Dec. 7, brought together four members. The club event was preceded by an individual match, at twenty-five birds each, between Messrs. Jones and Coulston, the result of which was a victory for Jones with a total of fifteen kills to Coulston's thirteen. The club event at seven birds resulted in a tie between Messrs. Vogts, Hopkins and Jones with seven kills each. The club event was followed by a series of five three bird sweeps, in which the honors were evenly divided. With the close of the sweeps, there being a few birds left in the crates, Messrs. Coulston and Jones shot another race at five birds each, this contest resulted in a victory for Coulston. Scores:

Match, 25 birds.

Jones	002•0221122012012222200020—15
Coulston	01•1220•0220002112021001 00—13

Club shoot:

Coulston	1011011—5	Hopkins	2111111—7
Vaght	1122111—7	Jones	2222121—7

Sweeps, $1 entry, two moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Coulston	200—1	111—3	000—0	100—1	100—1
Vagts	211—3	020—1	217—3	011—2	.....
Hopkins	111—3	120—2	221—3	200—1	111—3
Jones	202—2	001—1	022—2	221—3	211—3

Match for five birds:

Coulston	02222—4—1	Jones	01120—3—2

Shooting at Pine Brook.

ON Thursday, Dec. 7, a couple of hundred sportsmen gathered on the shooting grounds connected with Martin's Pine Brook Hotel to witness a match between Samuel Castle and Charles M Hedden, of Newark, against Eugene Pierre and Mr. Karhart, of Pompton. The day was damp and raw, and those who were not supplied with heavy coats felt decidedly uncomfortable. The match was another of those detestable and unsportsmanlike affairs classed as find, trap and handle matches, in which each handler tries to out-pin, out-trapper, out-cuit, out-vitrolize, out-pinch, or in any other ways out-brutalize his opponent. A game of this character is an ignoble one and it is astonishing to see that a spectator is attracted by it.

Castle and Karhart shot at 15 birds each while 10 each were shot at by Hedden and and Pierre, this comprising a total of 25 for each team. The conditions were 25 birds a team, $100 a side, 25yds. rise, gun below the elbow until bird is on the wing, 80yds. boundary. The birds were classed as the hardest ever trapped, the drugs, pins, scissors, etc., having done their work well. The birds trapped for Castle and Hedden must have been attended to by a superior (?) handler, as they were much faster and more tricky than those shot at by the opposite team. The result:

Castle	1111011111111111—14	Karhart	0111111110011111—12
Hedden	1000111111— 7—21	Pierre	1001101110— 6—18

Rhode Island Traps.

WESTERLY, R. I., Dec. 8.—On Thanksgiving Day a number of sportsmen about here indulged in a trap shoot on the grounds of Mr. Alfred Chapman, near Burton's Pond. The day was perfect with a very light breeze. The boys were a little nervous in the regular shoot, as they do not come together very often, and many easy shots were missed, but considering everything did very well. After the regular shoot they indulged in scrub shooting, making much better scores. Westerly is becoming a very sporty town and before long we can have a club here as good as the best, as we have plenty of material and many brilliant shots. Keystone trap and targets were used. Appended find scores, 25 singles per man:

G E Chapman	0110111101111011011110010—17
S Rathbone	0010101000010010110101011000—11
Arnold Clark	0010001101011101101011011—14
J M Lewis, Jr	0100000001011011001011111—12
H E Sisson	0100001111111011111011111—18
J M Lewis, Sr	0000101011100010110110000—10
Ralph Hoxie	0011111000111000011011111—16
G Tingley	0111110001011010000000100—11
S A Chapman	1011101110111111010111001—18
J Gallagher	1100001001000001001100— 8
E Dolan	0010101111100001011110101—14
B C Bentley, Jr	1100011100011100111011110—15
Amos Champlin	0101110111010111100010011—16
E M Chapman	1011010111101010111010111—16
E A Morgan	1011011010111111010001111—17
T J Bannon	0111010100110101110000100—12

ONE OF THE PARTY.

Wauregan Gun Club.

PELHAMVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 8.—Event No. 1, 10 live birds per man:

J H Mills	2210201022—7	A Dietzel	2121•010•1—6
W H Brickner	1111201••0—6	F M Lyon	•2•1000022—4
F Keeker	1210212•00—6	R Wanzer	112•002111—7
J W Spencer	21211•2100—7	F Jarvis	•021001210—5
G W Silherhorn	2•2•020022—5	J Picken	2201020000—4
D Valenti	0001101010—4		

The birds were a fast lot of flyers and the snow on the ground made it difficult for the shooters to score. J. H. MILLS, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

L.B. H., South Wareham, Mass.—Can you inform me whether you have ever known quail to breed in captivity or not? Ans. Yes; it is not uncommon.

J. D. T.—Can some of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM inform me if good shooting can he had in the vicinity of Lake Dora, Orange Co., Florida? Does any reader know of a good quail county in Florida, where good duck shooting may also he enjoyed? Ans. We should think that Tallahassee would be the point.

B.—I was chatting the other day with an old gentleman, who told me the saying: "Everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high," should read: "Everything is lovely, and the goose *honks* high." The latter sounds more sensible; but is there any significance in the fact that a goose honks high? Ans. It may refer to the high flight of geese in clear weather.

FRED SAVAGE, New York.—Will you he kind enough to tell me through your paper where the best place is for all around hunting and trapping for a living and sport? Ans. Your question is so vague that it is hardly to be answered. However, we recommend the mountains lying between the northern tributaries of Peace River and streams flowing into the Llard River.

SUBSCRIBER, Temple, Texas.—I have a large white pelican—mounted—that has become soiled by exposure to open doors, dust, etc. How can feathers best be cleaned? Ans. Wash the bird with warm water, but no soap; wipe off the water with a cotton cloth and then apply turpentine, rubbing with the grain. To dry this latter application, lay the bird on a sheet of paper and cover with plaster Paris. If one application does not thoroughly clean the bird repeat several times. —From Hornaday's "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting." Price, $2.50.

J. M. H., Philadelphia.—Will you please let me know through your paper what advantage does the metal patched bullet have over the lead ball. I have .45-90 Winchester in which I used the metal patched ball which has a copper covering with lead inside. Old hunters objected to the balls saying that they being so hard would ruin the bore of my rifle in course of time, and that the lead ball was better on account of it being softer. Then again they said that if the ball should hit the game it would not do the damage that a lead ball would, as it would not flatten out as the lead ball. Ans. The metal covered balls have much greater penetration and are less likely to upset than lead balls. The copper covering in no wise injures the riding of the gun, as it is very soft and oily, and made exactly to gauge. For deer hunting the lead bullet would he preferable.

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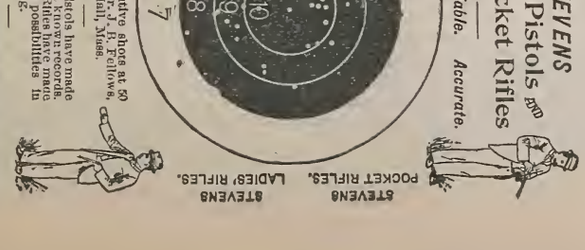

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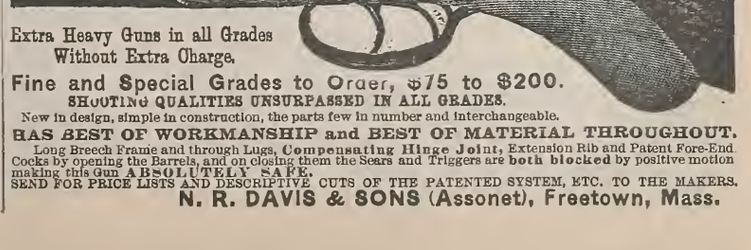

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THE COAST FISHERY CONFERENCE.

THE conference called by President Huntington and others, to consider the subject of the fish supply of Atlantic coast waters, brought together a large number of fish commissioners, commercial fishermen, rod and line anglers and others interested, at the Gerlach in this city last week. While the meeting resulted in no definite action looking toward a solution of the question it was called to consider, the proceedings were extremely interesting, and brought a mass of testimony from all sides and a wealth of opinion and suggestion. A number of papers were read, some of which had been put into type for to-day, but which are withheld, pending the publication of the full official report by the secretary in our issue of Jan. 6.

RAILROAD ROUTES TO COOKE.

THE condition of things in the National Park along the Yellowstone River, East Fork and Soda Butte Creek this winter is a good commentary on the plan—so often advanced—to build a railroad along these streams from Gardiner to Cooke City. We are informed that the contractor who carries the mail between Cinnabar and Cooke City has applied to the Post Office Department to have the Cooke City route abandoned for the winter, because the mail must be carried sixty miles on snowshoes, and the work is too dangerous. For many months in the year deep snows overlie this whole region, and no railroad could be operated unless snowsheds were built over practically the whole route. This would require sixty miles of snowsheds—a railroad running inside of a house the whole distance between the two points.

On the other hand, a route from the east, such as we have often suggested, and as is mentioned in Mr. Gallaher's letter, printed in another column to-day, would have no snow to contend with, except for a very short distance through the mountains. A railroad from Cinnabar to Cooke City, if built, would be a summer line only, and would, therefore, be of no value whatever to the suffering Cooke City miners, about whom we hear so much.

We yield to no one in our interest in the Cooke City mines, or in our sympathy for those who have so long been holding claims there in the hope that they might some time get an outlet to the world for their product, but the relief which its true friends desire for Cooke City is a real relief and not a pretended one, and a railway which could only be operated for four or five months during the year would be a good deal worse for Cooke than no railroad at all.

Mr. Gallaher is a civil engineer, a practical surveyor, whose word should carry weight.

It would naturally be imagined that Montana men and Montana newspapers would be strenuous for the honor of their own State, and would indignantly resent the imputation that any considerable class of its citizens is so lost to all sense of rectitude and decency as to destroy public property because legislation which suits them is not enacted. This is not always the case, however, for we have seen that Colonel Brackett calls Cooke City miners, and others living in the mountains to the east of the National Park, anarchists, and now the Livingston *Post*, in its issue of Nov. 30, covertly incites law-breakers to wreak their vengeance on the National Park. It says:

> Everybody concedes that the destruction of the Park by fire would be a public, a national calamity, and about the only way to avert such an impending danger is for Congress to grant the reasonable request of the people of the West by passing the segregation bill.

However natural it might seem to hear language like this in the slums of Paris, London, Chicago or New York, it is a new tone to come from the free and manly West. The *Post*, like the three tailors of Tooley street, considers itself, and a few Livingston town lot speculators, "the West," and in its eagerness to start the hoped-for railroad boom does not hesitate to bring disgrace on its own State. Truly, 'tis an ill bird that fouls its own nest, and we fancy the Montana press generally can not feel very proud of the *Post*.

THE GOOD GOVERNOR AND THE EGGS.

THERE are those who will say that if Governor John P. Altgeld of Illinois were not wanting in common sense he would not now be occupying the extremely foolish position he is in of having been blackballed by a sportsmen's club. His official record with respect to game legislation, they will say, is a bad one, so bad that he should have known better than to subject himself to the peril of the rebuff given him by the Swan Lake Shooting Club of Chicago, when he tried to get into it the other day. But this only demonstrates anew how harshly, intemperately and wrongly we may judge our fellow men; they who so reason do not know Mr. Altgeld for the man he is and we have shown him to be. If Gov. Altgeld has—to use a current idiom of the West—"run up against" thirty-one blackballs, he has done so strictly within the line of his duty as a truly Good Governor, and only in the way of carrying out his campaign against the machinations of the Wicked Doctor.

The story was told in these columns last summer, how Dr. W. O. Blaisdell, of Macomb, having imported into Illinois certain game birds, to wit, chuckor partridges, from India, had sought to obtain a law for their protection, and how the Legislature falling into his net he would have succeeded but for Gov. Altgeld. The Good Governor vetoed the bill, and at the same time pulled the mask from the plot of the Wicked Doctor. The imported birds, he declared, had been brought into the country to menace the liberties of the people; they were to be used for the purpose of inveigling the people of Illinois into jail.

The partridge plot being thus nipped in the bud, or perhaps we should say addled in the hatching, it is a significant fact that the Wicked Doctor has from that time to this kept mum about whatever became of the imported birds. And indeed he might, for well he knew that the progeny of the chuckor fowl were a horrid brood, more to be dreaded than harpy or cockatrice. If the Wicked Doctor hugged to his breast the delusion that no one but himself knew what sort of eggs he had in his basket he was hugely mistaken. The event goes to show that in Illinois evil may not be incubated by Wicked Doctors, not so long as a Good Governor holds down the executive chair. How the Good Governor came to find out about the pestilential chuckor eggs is not known. Perhaps he was told by the Indian jugglers in the Midway, who while they could not do Indian jugglery a little bit, may have known something about Indian birds and eggs. If the Good Governor got his information there he got more for his admission money than most people did. Be this as it may, whether he had it from the jugglers or whether the same prescience which had smelled out the bird jail plot told him the nature of the eggs of these fowl, he knew that the eggs themselves were lurking in unsuspected concealment, biding their time and full of malign potency to bring humiliation upon innocent and unsuspecting individuals.

In his praiseworthy search for the baneful eggs of the chuckor, Gov. Altgeld has discovered thirty-one of them in the ballot box of the Swan Lake Shooting Club. There must be many more for him to uncover. It is a wicked world and the seeds of evil multiply with alarming rapidity. All good citizens will congratulate him upon the success already attained, and applaud him if he shall continue the prosecution of the search. He will probably find more eggs by seeking membership in other sportsmen's clubs. The Good Governor must not give over until Illinois shall have been wholly redeemed from the plotting of the Wicked Doctor.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE full text of the opinion of the New York Court of Appeals in the Moses Sunday fishing case is printed in our angling columns. It is a familiar principle that the game and fish laws apply to all waters, whether public or private; but the New York statute violated by Mr. Moses is not a part of these laws; it is a section of the penal code. Its purpose is not to protect fish but to promote the observance of the Sabbath. The court holds that the statute applies to all fishing, private as well as public, even though "it does not affect the sensibilities of any one," and "does not interrupt the repose or religious liberty of the community."

The story told by the rescued Carlin party and printed in another column is a moving tale of hardship and suffering made tragic by the death of the cook Colgate. It was a terrible alternative which was presented to the members of the little band, to abide with the helpless man, when to stay was to be counted certain death; or to abandon him to his fate, and if might be save themselves. There has been some intemperate criticism of the party because of the course they took in this extremity; but the reading of Mr. Carlin's own story carries conviction that they did the only thing left for them to do.

A Denver dispatch in last Tuesday's papers reported that a deputy game warden of Colorado has discovered another small herd of buffalo, larger than the one found in Lost Park last summer, in North Park, Routt county, a region more isolated than any other part of Colorado. There are said to be two dozen in the herd; and they are very tame, being fed by some of the ranchmen of the park. It was hadly prudent in the warden to make known his discovery, although the Colorado law forbids the destruction of the game.

We print the request of a Maryland correspondent for evidence as to the effects of protracted close seasons for game birds. Maryland is talking of forbidding the killing of quail for a period of years. Massachusetts is thinking of a like measure. What have been the practical results of close periods of one, two, or three years, when tried as they have been at various times in other States? We would be glad to receive something on this point.

The annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association will be held in Bangor Jan. 2. The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will have its annual convention in Syracuse Jan. 11. The Massachusetts Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will celebrate its annual reunion on Jan. 16.

Walter Aiken, of Franklin, New Hampshire, who died on Tuesday of last week, was a representative of the best type of the sportsmen of New England. An active and successful business man, he found his favorite recreation with rod and gun, and was worthily counted among those who dignify field sports by participation in them.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DANVIS FOLKS.—XVIII.

Treasure Seekers.

THE morning after the raising, Solon and Antoine appeared almost at the same time near the site of the old Peggs homestead where Uncle Lisha's father lived and died and where he himself was born and passed his boyhood—a place desolate with complete desertion, telling yet its mutely pathetic story of the years when it was stirred with busy life.

It was told by the ruined chimney and broken hearthstone, the crumbling wall of the cellar, now a shallow, shapeless pit; the sprawling lilacs and blossoming fox lilies, long since run wild away from the sunken doorstep; told by the leaning crotched post that once upheld the creaking sweep of the well, to which no path led now; by the untrimmed, sprouty-rooted cherry trees, straggling along the fallen wall that was matted by gall-bulbed stalks of goldenrod lopped upon it by the winter snows, and by the rank tansy bed, the dry, brown heads overshadowing the young leaves that furnished no more medicine for the sick or garniture for the dead.

The treasure seekers turned their backs on the scene without giving it a sentimental thought, and pressing through the second growth that selvaged the forest began to climb the lower slopes of the mountain. The moss-patched and lichened-clad trunks of the ancient forest now rose all about them, great maples, beeches and poplars, with here and there a fir that had straggled down from its brethren of the heights, and huge yellow birches shagged with rustling manes from writhed roots to lofty branches.

Whenever Solon drew near to one of these he held his forked divining rod with the point upward, a prong in either hand, with his palms turned inward, walking slowly, while Antoine carried the grosser tools, the spade and bar.

It was laborious traveling over the ankle-deep moss and the loose rocks, and climbing the prostrate trunks in all stages of decay, and scaling ledges that barred their way.

At length they reached a little plateau where flourished a colony of yellow birches about the hoary patriarch of their tribe.

Solon studied the place with increasing satisfaction. "This looks as if it might be the very spot, an' I'm goin' tu try it thorer. You've kep' the line, haint you, Antoine?"

"Jes as straight as a bee was, Ah bet you head."

Antoine sat down upon a log, dropped his tools beside him and filled his pipe, while his companion, holding his divining rod before him and curiously watched by the Canadian, marched with slow and stately steps around the great birch.

"I know it 'll work on silver," he said, "fer I hove a quarter int' the grass in the do'yard, an' when I come over it, it most wrung the bark off."

Perfect silence pervaded the forest about them, not even the querulous cry of the ubiquitous jay or the jeer of an impudent squirrel was heard in their neighborhood, and afar off above them on the mountain, only the ceaseless surging moan of the wind-swept evergreens. It seemed, indeed, as if the invisible spirits of the under world might be guarding here the treasure so long since committed to their care by the old Ranger.

Solon had gone twice around the great tree, each time widening the circle, when uttering a joyful exclamation, he suddenly stood still and stared like one entranced on the earth before him, to which the tip of his hazel twig was pointing.

"Come here, Antoine," he cried, "drive yer crowbar right in there. My goodness me! I c'ld n't hol' it! It jest flopped ri' daown in spite on me! I du b'lieve we've faoun' the identicle place!"

Antoine drove his bar into the ground and left it standing by itself, while he stood back rubbing his hands and cried out joyfully:

"We 'll mos' gat it. Ah, Solem! Fus' Ah 'll goin' bought it hoss ah' waggin an' t'ree dog, an' watch, an' git caplock on mah gaun an' bought it hol' hwoman caleckko red dress an' kish lip [kid slippers], Ah do' know 'f he be yaller or red. An' pork t'ree time a day an' more onion Ah 'll min' to, an' mud turkey, an' Ah 'll goin' Canady vis'tin' an' Montreal. An' Ah 'll goin' built im white haouse wid green blindin', an' bought it two honded nacre lan' an' set in de settlin' room an' see de mens work, an' smoke all de tam w'en Ah 'll ant heat."

"I haint ezackly settled in my mind haow I shall investigate my funds," Solon declared when he had an opportunity to speak, "but let's duff in a-diggin' an' see what we got. But you wanter remember one thing, Antoine," he said very impressively, "if ever we du strike the money you mustn't speak a laudible word afore we git a holt on 't er it 'll slide intu the baowels o' the airth."

"Oh, no, no-no-no. Ah 'll won't spoke no more as snaikes," wherewith they fell to digging with great enthusiasm.

The ground was composed of loose rock more than soil, and the digging was slow and laborious, but the crowbar and spade clinked merrily, awaking echoes that had never before found voice in that green solitude, and at last attracted a party of jays that for a while kept up a discordant and annoying outcry above the delvers and then flew screaming away, as if to proclaim to all the forest that strange work was going on within it.

They had sunk a little pit somewhat deeper than their knees, when Antoine, driving his bar deep into a crevice, it struck something which gave forth a sharp, metallic sound.

Solon shook his open hand at Antoine to beat back the exclamation that the suddenly parted lips foretold, but too late.

"O, mon Dieu, we 'll gat it!" he cried, and the words were followed by a smothered clink and rumble.

"There," Solon groaned, sinking back on the edge of the pit and casting his spade from him as a thing of no further use. "Naow you've done it! It's moved, an' jest on accaount o' your darned, useless, onsensible Canuck gabble. Darn ye tu altermuttable darnation!"

Antoine looked dismayed, then defiant.

"Bah gosh, all feesh hooks! You s'pose mans goin' shut off hees head so long he 'll fregit de nowse of hees vowse? Bah gosh, no, Ah guess not me, not for feefty, fave honded, bah gosh, fave tausan' dollar!"

"No, you'd rather gab, gab, gab, 'an tu hev the hull world, you infernal, eternal, internal, external fool!" Solon groaned and howled in despair and wrath. "An' we most the same as hed it. Oh, by thunder! I'm as good a minter lick ye as ever I had t' eat!"

He made a half-threatening movement, and Antoine scrambled out of the hole and got behind a tree, where he looked forth with craned neck, as if expecting the explosion of a blast.

"'F Ah 'll gat mad, Solem! you'll ant leek me pretty heasy, an' Ah 'll gat mad pooty quick 'f Ah 'll tried. Den you'll wan' ta' careful, fer Ah 'll was danger mans, me. Br-o-o-o-o-o!"

He uttered a terrible growl and pranced a little way from his cover, but was disappointed that this demonstration made no impression on Solon.

"Ah tol' you Solem," he said in a more peaceful tone, "'f you can fetch back dat moneys fer givin' me leekin', Ah 'll willin'. But dat ain't gat no difference. You leek me, it gone jes' de sem. De bes' way was for come aout here an' heat aour deeny? Come."

"I guess that's a sensible idee," Solon conceded, climbing out of the hole and picking up his coat, from the pocket of which he drew forth a packet of luncheon and tossed Antoine's coat to him. Then they sat down upon a mossy log and began an amicable repast, Solon supplementing his companion's coarse and meagre fare with portions of his own bountiful supply.

"Ah an't see mah hoss an' dawg an' watch an' white haouse, an' Canady half so plain Ah was while ago," said Antoine ruefully.

"I tell ye what, Antoine," Solon said between mouthfuls and waving his jack-knife toward the scene of their labors, "when we get aour victuals eat, I'm goin' tu try the rod agin. It looks philosophicable tu me 'at if you can find it once you can agin', an' ef we du you can keep your hed shet."

"Ah 'll will, sah, Solem. What Ah 'll goin' spoke, Ah 'll mek notion. Shssh." Suddenly sinking his voice to a whisper and pointing to a little black animal moving awkwardly and aimlessly about the border of a yew thicket near them, "See dat black woodchuck. See me strike it wid a stone."

Stooping cautiously, he picked up a fragment of a rock and threw it with such true aim that it struck the animal full in the side, evoking a sharp, snarling cry of pain and anger. Almost at the same moment there was a crashing rush in the tangle of brush above as Antoine breathlessly asked:

"What mek dat nowse?" and a great she bear came lunging out of the thicket with a fierce and startling "woof, woof."

As if simultaneously impelled by the impetus of her charge, both men sprang to their feet and went tearing down the ragged mountain side at a breakneck pace, wondering at their own sureness of foot, and silently praying it might be further vouchsafed them, as they plunged from rock to rock, snatching at trees and saplings, and leaping over prostrate trunks that they had slowly climbed over in their ascent.

Never did men maintain a better pace over such a course, and it was kept up till they emerged, blown, torn and trembling, into the clearing, and sank down on the first cradle knoll. Coats and tools were left far behind, nor even remembered till now they were half rested. Antoine arose, straightening his stiffening legs, and after listening a moment shook his fist at the mountain.

"Damn dat bears. 'F he 'll come aout here Ah 'll leek it, me."

"I p'sume tu say 'f you want her very bad you'll find her up back there. I don't."

Then they made their way homeward, chopfallen, yet in a measure thankful. A few days later they made an expedition for the recovery of their things, whose disappearance was causing domestic comment, and Solon tried the magic power of his rod but it made no sign.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, November, 1892.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few years ago I wrote for the FOREST AND STREAM a short sketch of my first attempt at photographing wild animals in their home in the Yellowstone Park; and this, I think, was the first article of the kind ever published. Last winter I made another snowshoe trip after game pictures, hoping especially that I might get photographs of buffalo.

I fitted out at the Mammoth Hot Springs, not as completely as I wished, for I was disappointed in not getting a long focus camera. I had to content myself with a No. 3 Kodak, a handy little machine, but not suitable for good game pictures. Still, hampered as I was, the trip was very interesting, so much so that I think it may interest some of your readers.

The commanding officer at Fort Yellowstone kindly detailed a soldier—Private Dare—to accompany me. For him the trip was a scout, and only one of many made by the soldiers stationed in the Park. We spent one day getting our outfit in shape. We had the best snowshoes (skis) obtainable and spent part of a day heating wax, tallow and rosin into them with hot irons, making the wood very smooth and waterproof. John Fossom, who acted as mail-carrier and telephone line repairer for the Park hotels, joined us for the start to Norris.

We reached Golden Gate about sunrise and found that we must climb up over the rocks to the right, in order to reach Swan Lake flat. The snow blows from the open country, drifting over the roadway clear into the cañon, and forming an overhanging barrier impossible to pass. The climb over the rocks is not the easiest, as they are nearly perpendicular, and one is hindered by his snowshoes, pole and the pack on his back. We all reached the high ground safely and from here on our road was comparatively level to Norris Geyser Basin. As the sun reached the noon mark it warmed up the snow, making it very hard snowshoeing. I had not been on snowshoes for a long time and was quite willing to rest at the Crystal Spring Cañon when we reached it. We had intended to make this our first night's camp, but found the cabin in very bad condition, and anything but a comfortable place in which to spend a winter night without any bedding. We built a fire in the broken stove, made a cup of tea to go with our luncheon, waxed the bottoms of our snowshoes and rested for two hours. By this time the snow was very sticky, and had our shoes not been in the best possible condition we could not have moved at all. As it was, they would hang on to the snow in the shady places—the snow there being colder—and we would have to strike the sides of the shoes with the pole to knock the snow off. Often there was from five to ten pounds sticking to each shoe, and when one gets tired toward the end of a long day's tramp, he would swear that not less than a ton clings to each shoe. All the snow under the shoes clear to the grass roots comes up at every step; and the snow was ten feet deep on a level. By rubbing the bottoms of the shoes with a candle now and then we got along very well until about 3 o'clock, when we had no more trouble, for then the snow got cold everywhere, and the shoeing was easy. We reached the long hill north of Norris early, ending the day's trip with a splendid run of half a mile in about 70 seconds.

The next day we spent at Norris Hotel, resting. Here Pete Nelson was in charge as caretaker. Pete is one of the most expert and fastest snowshoers in the country. He is also always having adventures with lions, bears, and other wild animals. A short time before we reached the station he saw a lynx go in the open door of the meat house, and, thinking to secure it alive, he slipped up and was shutting the door on it, when it attempted to come out. He kicked it back, when it bit him through his boot. Pete shut the animal in, thinking he had it secure, but the next morning it was gone, having gnawed through an inch board, where it was slivered a little. Pete has more respect for the teeth of a lynx now. Here I was able to secure a very good negative of a Clark's crow during the day, shot with the camera from the window at a distance of 80ft.

Norris is one of the coldest places in the Yellowstone Park. There is hardly a day in the year when ice does not form. No matter how hot it may be during the day, if the night is clear, there is sure to be ice next morning. We were up by 4 o'clock of the morning of Feb. 26 for an early start, Dave and I for the Grand Cañon, and Pete for the Mammoth Hot Springs. He went to the door at 4:20 to look at the thermometer, and called out. "If I tell those fellows at the Springs how cold it is here, they won't believe me."

"What's the matter, Pete; what ails you?"

"Why it's 35° below zero."

"No! Let's see."

Sure enough it was —35°. I had to look carefully to believe my own eyes. There was not a particle of wind, the candle did not flicker at all, but soon began to burn dim, even while we were looking at the thermometer. It registered 33° below when we started at 5 A. M. We did not notice the low temperature much; the exercise we were taking in snowshoeing was enough to keep us comfortably warm.

Before we were 100yds. from the hotel we noticed a fresh mountain lion track along the snowshoe trail. In places the animal had left the road, passed behind trees, stumps or piles of logs that were good places to look along the road ahead for game. It was evidently hunting for its breakfast. Other fresh tracks covered the road in places; now a lynx, a rabbit, squirrel, a fox, birds for a short distance, and even mice tracks. About two miles from the hotel the lion track became so mixed up with older tracks that we could no longer pick it out. Here we found a hole in the snow that led down and under a small bridge buried under five feet of snow. The snow around the hole was patted down with the tracks of animals. The space under the bridge was probably utilized by some of them for a den. I could see only a short distance down. Further on we saw tracks of porcupine, martin, and, along the Gibbon River, mink. We could see no sign that the lion had succeeded in getting a meal. All along the road to the cañon we found a network of tracks. At the cañon we saw the trail of a small band of elk and where they had been feeding. On a point overlooking the mouth of Cascade Creek was a place that was used often by lions to look for elk. Several fresh trails led to this, and as long as we were about here we saw that it was often used, but could never succeed in seeing one of these beasts, nor could we see from any sign that the lions had ever killed anything larger than a rabbit.

Just as we climbed the hill to the hotel we saw two foxes. Quite a number of these animals hang around the hotels all winter and live on the waste meat that has been thrown away during the summer. They have to burrow through the snow after it. I have noticed some very beautiful specimens, some almost black, some silver gray and some cross foxes. The most numerous were light red.

The man in charge of the Cañon Hotel did not go out much and so could not tell us anything about what was going on in the animal world around here. The Cañon Hotel is a very interesting place, as it is on one of the greatest game trails in the Park. A great many animals of all kinds pass here winter and summer, because they cannot cross the cañon for miles and miles below.

Next morning was clear and cold. We packed up early, taking enough grub for two or three days' camping in a cabin. We had secured two single blankets, one rubber blanket and one small ax. A tin cup, each a spoon and our sheath-knives made up our camp material. We carried all the provisions we could handily. Traveling up the Yellowstone, we saw the usual number of tracks along the road and to and from the river. There was one place much used by otter. They had a slide of about 20ft., ending in the water. On a bank of snow was a place much used by them while eating fish. I passed this spot many times, but could not get a picture of the animals, though I have often seen them. The river was open most of the way; it was possible to cross only at two or three points. All the kinds of waterfowl that breed in the North were wintering along the river, including swan and geese. At Camp Creek I saw a very black fox, a few gray hairs on his breast and belly, otherwise it was jet black.

We reached Hayden Valley a short time after sunrise. A band of ten elk were feeding close to Alum Creek. We were high up in the dead timber on the side hill, cutting off a point in the trail and to get a good view of a portion of the valley. There was a cloud of mist or steam rising from the warm water in the creek. The elk saw us and made for the creek, traveling in the water, except where they could cut across from one bend to another in shallow snow. I ran down the hill to cut them off, or have them pass close by me. I reached the creek in time, but could not get a picture; the elk trotted up the creek within 50yds. of me, splashing the water over each other in showers. The steam was too thick to think of taking a shot with the Kodak; I would have got but a blurred

negative. With a rifle I could have easily killed several. They passed on up the creek and disappeared in the steam. I could hear them splashing water, long after they were out of sight.

We had to ford the stream soon after the elk passed us, it was rather cold work at the time, but one gets used to such things when hunting, either with a rifle or camera. That's a part of the programme we have to go through.

Our intention now was to make for a little cabin on what they call Trout Creek; a cabin built for the use of scouts while on their winter trips. I had never seen it, but felt sure I could find it although it was "cached." We struck out over the hills, taking a southwesterly course. About a mile from where we crossed the creek, we came in sight of the first band of buffalo; there were twenty-seven in the bunch, five of them calves. Some were feeding, others lying down; they were on ground that is not quite warm enough to melt all the snow off, but it was thin and all gone in places. To the north up a little hot creek, we saw two very large bulls. Traveling on I made for a high knoll, where I dropped my pack and shoes, to have a rest. I went to the top and sat down on the sunny side of a large boulder; just west of me and less than a quarter of a mile distant were eight large bulls, one of them mouse colored. I watched them rooting for grass quite a while, when three of them lay down. I ate my lunch and waited in the hope that they would change their position, as it was impossible to get a good picture where they were. To have any sort of a negative, I must get within 100ft. of them, I must have the light right, but as the wind was coming from the sun, I had to give up getting a negative of that bunch.

Off still further west I could see three buffalo on a point of a ridge, two lying down, one feeding. To the north I could see a large band of elk. They were just at the edge of the timber, on the north side of Hayden's Valley. By carefully counting, we made out between 300 and 400 in this band. We spent an hour on the knoll looking around. Besides the large game, we saw other things, and once what we supposed to be ravens from the way they moved around over the snow. They proved to be wolverines, however. Traveling on, we would scare up a fox or coyote every little way. I do not know what so many animals of that kind find to live on. We seldom—if ever—saw a dead animal.

After a while we got into some broken hills, where there were strips of timber. Here the snow was very much drifted. From the west and exposed side the snow would be blown to the east side, where it was in drifts from 10 to 50ft. deep. Then, too, parts of the timber would be full of snow. Only where the wind struck the western edges would there be any sign of bare ground. Everywhere we could see signs of game; their trails through the snow—even through the deep drifts and in the sheltered part of the timber the snow would be tramped down by elk and buffalo, where they had spent hours seeking shelter from some severe storm. Some of the exposed side hills were covered with snow only as deep as the tops of the rye grass and sagebrush. On these places bunches of elk were to be seen, three, four, and sometimes five in a place. Once we came up to a little basin or pot hole and on the side directly across from us an old bull elk was digging away in snow 3ft. deep. While watching him I noticed to my right two more bulls not over 75ft. away. I had not noticed them at first, as they were standing against the bare ground of the basin's rim, which was just their color. None of the bulls saw us. I was getting the camera out for a shot, although the sun had disappeared under a bank of clouds that was coming up in the west, but just then four more bulls made a run from left to right across the hole. They had not seen us, but had got our wind before they started. They passed between the single and two bulls, stopping for a second about one hundred feet from us. There was no use shooting, as it was too dark for a picture; but what a good chance it would have been if the sun had only been shining. All the bulls left except one of the two to the right. He did not notice that anything was wrong, but went on feeding while we were out of sight. At last he noticed that he was alone. This seemed to astonish him and he looked all around, but seeing nothing to frighten him he went on feeding for a time, but showed by his actions that he did not feel safe. Every few seconds he would look up, step around and move his ears in all directions to catch any sound and smell of the wind for danger. Nothing was wrong so he would feed a little more. He was a noble animal and I disliked to go without his picture, but we could not wait, so we commenced to climb a snowbank, which brought us in sight. Even then he looked for some time before he moved off. I began to think he was partially snow blind, although I am not sure this was the case.

Soon after leaving the elk we were in a violent snow squall. The air was full of snow, one could not see twenty feet ahead. It seemed as though it would smother us. We sought shelter in timber while it lasted—about ten minutes. After the squall was over we soon reached the little valley through which the wagon road runs that leads to Larry's old dinner station. Following a ridge to the right we saw five more buffalo, two on the same ridge, one off to our right and two on a side hill, none of them over one hundred and fifty yards away. All were sleeping except one on the side hill. The snow that had just fallen covered them like a blanket. The sun was still behind a thick bank of clouds, so there was no chance this day for a picture, and not wishing to disturb the animals we slid down off the ridge and turned up Little Trout Creek to hunt up the bit of a cabin.

This we found hidden under a snowbank, all except a bit of the front. Snow covered it completely, except a hole where the chimney was, as it had been occupied for two nights a month before we came. The drift hung over the front like a shed roof. We found a lot of swamp hay in the cabin and enough wood to last a few hours. We threw off our packs and set to work to make ourselves comfortable. The cabin was 7×10ft. inside and about 7ft. high, with an outside chimney, the fireplace in the corner. The door, a small one with a small window in it, gave a bit of light. We had to provide ourselves with wood enough to last all night and this was quite a task as we had only one little camp ax. I cut a dry tree down and into lengths handy for packing, Dare taking it to the cabin on his shoulders. Every move we made outside the cabin was on snowshoes; if we stepped off, down we would go to our waists, for the snow was very deep in the little gulch in front of the cabin. I could not find bottom with a 6ft. snowshoe pole.

When we fired up, the cabin was soon full of smoke, but we bettered this a little by putting pine boughs up around the outside of the chimney. The inside of the cabin was soon quite homelike, with a bright fire and our duds hanging up to dry. We squatted down in front of the fire to do our cooking and eating, and were as well satisfied, if not better, than in the great, empty, lonesome hotels. They always give me the blues. I can be contented in a hole in the ground better than in a deserted hotel. We found an old tomato can, in which we made our tea, and out of other cans we made water buckets and pans to warm up our baked beans. No fault was found with the cook, food, or service; everything went. By

THE CABIN IN THE SNOW.
Amateur photo by E. Hofer.

eight we were so sleepy we were glad to turn in. We piled up the hay in front of the fire, put a blanket down on this, and using firewood for pillows, drew the other blanket over us and went to sleep. The one that got froze out first would get up and put on more wood.

In the morning we were up before daylight. We were blackened by the pine smoke, but a wash and scrub in the snow made us clean and comfortable and able to stand any amount of cold. We left everything in the cabin except the camera, and struck out for pictures, with the cañon hotel for our next camp. Going back we took a different route. While in the open country I saw a band of twenty buffalo, but they were where I could not get at them for a picture, and did not disturb them, as I was in no hurry. We followed high ridges when possible, for these gave us a better view of the country. Away off to the east, toward the Crater Hills, were large bands of elk, mostly cows, calves and spikes. I did not care for a picture of these, and continued on toward the foot-bridge across Alum Creek. Running down a loug, steep hill, I surprised a fox. How he did "light out," with me after him. I was gaining on him every second, running down

A NATIONAL PARK BUFFALO.
Amateur photo by E. Hofer.

hill, and I would have been on top of him in a moment, but he turned sharp to the right, while I flew past. While running he lost time looking back to see what kind of an animal it was that could run faster than he on the snow. He seemed so astonished that I got laughing until I came near taking a header into a snowbank. I believe the fox would have laughed at me had I fallen. The joke would have been on the wrong party.

We found a lot of ducks in Alum Creek, and they flew as though they were very fat and heavy. I took a shot at them with the camera, but did not get anything. All Alum Creek bottom was pawed or rooted over by buffalo and elk. There did not seem to be a square yard of snow that had not been disturbed. It was hard snowshoeing along the river until we reached Cascade Creek. There the shoes would not stick. We were three-quarters of an hour getting from the bridge up to the hotel. This is a hard climb, winter or summer.

After resting a day we loaded up with provisions and struck out for the cabin. Dare went by the most direct route, while I hunted for a picture or two. I found a buffalo on the ridge about a mile from the Crater Hills, before I could approach near enough to get a shot clouds began to gather. He was on an open side hill in such a position that I could not get closer to him than 100yds. As soon as he saw me he commenced to move for higher ground. I got two shots at him as he was making his way through deep snow, following a trail he had traveled before. I spent an hour or two looking for other animals, and saw a band of buffalo off about a mile in the edge of the timber to the south of the valley. The clouds were now quite thick and the light too dull for pictures. I made my way toward the cabin, and when I struck Dare's snowshoe trail I found a mountain lion's tracks in it; he had followed Dare for half a mile, turning off into the timber to the right, when Dare's trail started up the gulch where the cabin is.

The next day I saw where the same lion, or another, had followed my trail about as he had Dare's, only he had come almost up to the cabin door.

We now made a visit to the hot country on and around Mary's Mountain, saw signs of buffalo everywhere, but could not find a band. On Mary's Mountain is the first place I ever got a photograph of buffalo.

Our provisions getting low we made another trip to the hotel. What a lot of stuff one can get away with on a snowshoe expedition. When we left the hotel the morning was clear and cool, —25°. The snow was in splendid condition for shoeing. When the sun came out the trees and everything was covered with a thick frost that shone like silver crystals, the frost was as thick on everything as though an inch of snow had fallen. I took two pictures with Dare in the foreground. They look cool and wintry.

I found another buffalo bull on about the same ground as the first one. I got a good picture this time, for I had better light. I slipped up carefully to where I had seen him sleeping, but he was not there. Going a bit further, I looked over the rim of a hill and saw him out in the deep snow. He was breaking a trail to new feeding ground. I worked around to get close to him, and as soon as he saw me he rushed back up his trail to a little hill, passing within 50ft. of me. I "pressed the button" when he was in the best position. He was going like a steam engine through the snow. I supposed I had a first-class picture, but it proved that the camera could not get there fast enough. The legs were blurred, and the negative of no use except as a memento of the hunt. Getting negatives of this kind is like wounding an animal and having it get away from you. You know it will suffer and die and be lost to everything but the bears and wolves. It always gives me a sickening feeling to have it happen. With a negative, though, that don't come until the hunt is over. The buffalo ran to the top of the knoll and stopped. Dare was between him and higher ground. The snow was not much over a foot deep where he was standing. I went around and up on the knoll with him and took three shots at about 75ft. Wishing to get better pictures and nearer views I commenced working sideways up to him, keeping my snowshoes pointed down the hill, in case I had to run from him. At first his head was turned from me, but as I got closer he faced around, shaking his head now and then. I cut the focus down to 50ft., and was just about that distance from him when he showed decided objections to my coming closer. Dare said, 'Look out, he's getting mad!"

I said, "Yes, and I'm going, too!" I pressed the button just as he started for me and then made a break for the deep snow. He came up to within 25ft. by short, quick jumps, but by this time I was where the snow was 4ft. deep. He then turned and made for higher ground, passing Dare, who had moved out of the way. I don't think the buffalo intended to attack me; he was only running a bluff. But I did not care to stand there. I thought his bluff enough for me. There was too much buffalo behind it.

ELWOOD HOFER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Natural History.

COUGARS IN THE NORTHWEST.

OKANOGAN, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 28, in the foot note to my article, you ask what is a cougar as distinguished from a panther in the Northwest.

The cougar is shorter both in body, neck, tail and legs; his head is broader and his legs larger and more muscular; he is gray and has not a red hair on him, and his tail has a black tuft on it. The habits of the two are the same. Either will kill a cow when hungry.

Jim Curley and I were riding along on Clearwater once when I noticed, a short distance ahead of me, a cougar crouched down behind a pine log watching a cow which was feeding only a short distance below. The cougar was so intent on its prey that it had not noticed us.

We stopped and watched it for a few minutes, while the unsuspecting cow kept feeding toward the log. Jim proposed to wait until it made its spring, but I told him I was afraid it would kill or cripple the cow before we could prevent it, and that we would put my dog after it.

We started to ride to it, when it soon saw us and started for a thicket up the mountain. I put my dog after it and he soon treed it. We hitched our horses and went up near the tree. I called the dog to me and Jim shot the cougar in the head. As soon as it quit kicking I let go the dog and urged him to fight it, which he did until we made him quit. We skinned it and had the skin tanned for a rug.

LEW WILMOT.

[The characteristics of the cougar given by Mr. Wilmot are not such as naturalists regard as of specific value. We have seen panthers which were stout so as to seem short-necked and thick-bodied, which had broad heads and were gray in color. These we have believed to be old individuals. The younger ones are much more slightly built and seem to be longer. They are red in color, often nearly as red as a deer in the summer coat. There are only two species of long-tailed large cats known in North America; one is the cougar, panther or puma, and the other a southern form, the jaguar, which is spotted somewhat like a leopard, and just crosses the Rio Grande into Texas. No doubt our correspondent has seen grizzly bears of many colors, but we do not imagine that he regards color as a good specific color in the bears. The deer is red in summer and gray in winter, yet although he has a coat of two colors at different seasons of the year, he is still the same animal. So, a panther may be spotted—as it is when new born—red for the next three or four years of its life, and after that, if it lives so long, gray, and it would naturally grow more muscular and heavier as it grew older.]

A TIME WITH A LEOPARD.

[Being the conclusion of the paper "Some Tricky Leopards," in issue of Nov. 18.]

I ONCE had under my care a leopard called Lucy, and she was one of the most singular animals that I ever saw. Lucy knew no one but the party who fed her, and he could do about as he wished with her. In order to test her I changed keepers, and Lucy invariably transferred her allegiance, taking every opportunity to try and claw her former boon companion. On returning to his old post the original keeper hadn't the slightest difficulty with her after the first meal had been received from his hands. I was so fortunate as to breed from her, and in the adjoining den a lioness had two whelps, which she refused to suckle any longer when they were about two weeks old. I ransacked the entire neighborhood trying to find a bitch in milk, but was unsuccessful, and while standing in front of the cage worrying and fretting, I ordered the keeper to take one of the whelps and hold it in front of Lucy, to see how she would act. He picked it up and held it far enough away to be out of her reach. She walked up to the grating, gazed fixedly at it, but made no attempt to reach for or harm it. I then directed him to advance it slowly toward her; when it reached the grating she gently thrust her nose through the bars and began to lick it. Giving a gulp of relief, I ordered it placed inside the cage, when she picked it up and softly placed it alongside the two youngsters belonging to herself. The second young lion was treated in precisely the same manner, and henceforth she acted as their foster mother, giving them the same care and attention as her own whelps.

During my connection with the Zoölogical Garden, Philadelphia, I received the following telegram from the city office: "Leopard loose on one of boats of the Clyde Line from New York. Send head keeper down to catch it." I obeyed the order literally by sending the head keeper, while I remained in the garden. From my previous experiences with leopards, I was perfectly willing that the head keeper, or anybody else, might catch the animal, and was delighted that the task had been passed to another party. But my self-gratulation did not last long, for later in the day a second dispatch arrived saying: "Come down, as Nash can't catch the leopard." On getting down on the river front, I found the pier-heads filled with people looking out at the barge Chesapeake anchored in mid-stream. Taking a small boat, I was soon alongside, and found that Nash, the head keeper, was completely at his wits' end and unable even to locate the brute's whereabouts on the craft. All that he knew was that on the night previous, while the longshoremen were unloading the barge, they came across an empty cage, and shortly afterward a leopard appeared in the midst of them. There was an instant stampede, hatches closed, and the craft towed out and anchored in the middle of the river. As it was late, I determined to make no attempt at a capture until the next day, and returned to the Garden, where I ordered the carpenter to transform a shifting-den into a trap-cage. The next morning I ordered a little Alsatian to follow me as soon as he had completed his forenoon's work. I had picked him up in Batavia, Java, as a deserter from a Yankee whaler, and selected him, as I was sure from previous experience, that dependence could be placed on him if matters came to a tight pinch.

Calling at the city office before going on board the barge, I found a thoroughly demoralized board of directors, every one of whom had a plan for capturing the animal, a major portion of which had been suggested by some acquaintance. All were anxious to know what course I intended to follow, and seemed much disappointed when they were informed that I had no fixed plan, but intended to watch and take advantage of the first opportunity that might present itself, and sooner than run the slightest risk of injury to any one, would shoot the creature. Finally, I managed to get away, but not until the society's actuary had been ordered by a member, who generally carried things with a high hand, to purchase a large jar of chloroform, and accompany me. On arriving on board of the barge, I ordered some holes chopped through the hurricane deck, so as to try and locate the beast's position below. After several trials we managed to make one directly over him, lying well aft, on a mattrass, among a lot of furniture. Gently covering the hole, my plan for capture was instantly formed, and to understand it one must recollect that the hurricane deck only reached from the stern to about three-fourths of the length of the barge, leaving the forward portion of the main deck entirely open. The main hatch ran completely across the boat and I knew that all the cargo on the main deck forward the hatches had been removed, with the exception of one or two hogsheads. Sending on shore I procured a lot of large tarpaulins and long strips of plank. Just as my arrangements were about completed for the first move, a chap with a fire annihilator strapped to his back made his appearance, and announced that the directors had sent him to capture the leopard. On asking how he intended to do it, replied:

"You just drive him into a corner, place some packages around him, so that he can't get at me, and I will turn on the gas, which will partly asphyxiate him, and then you can haul him into a cage."

"You just get him into a corner, as you describe, and I will catch him without any asphyxiation."

Whereupon the asphyxiator retired in a high dudgeon, and I prepared to go on with my own plan. Gently lifting back the hatches, so as to leave a slight opening for their entire length across the deck, I lay down on one side with the Alsatian on the other, both watching to detect the animal's move forward, when he would be disturbed, as I had planned. At a signal from myself a pole was thrust into every hole which had been cut through the deck, causing the leopard to spring forward, with an angry snarl, and seek refuge behind one of the hogsheads. Instantly the opening of the hatches was increased, the tarpaulins lowered as so many curtains, while the Alsatian and myself quietly dropped down and securely fastened them at the bottom and sides by nailing on the strips of board, while the parties on the hurricane deck secured the upper edges in a like manner. Climbing back on to the hurricane deck, I drew a long breath and mentally concluded that my spotted friend had allowed himself to be outgeneraled in the opening of hostilities.

I now began to watch for the arrival of the carpenter with the altered shifting den, when my attention was attracted to a boat coming alongside, containing a party with a terrier in his arms, who responded that he had been sent by the board to catch the leopard. His idea was that the leopard, being a male, would go into a trap, in which was placed his dog, which was a female. I told him to go down below and set a trap, with the bitch for a bait, but he declined, saying that was my business and not his, and he went ashore threatening to report my stubborness to the board. In the meanwhile the carpenter arrived, and taking him down on the main deck forward, I showed him a door which opened directly into the division occupied by the leopard. It hung on T hinges and swung outwardly, making an easy job to loosen the hinges, hoist it sufficiently for an entrance into the trap cage and then refasten it. So soon as the hinges were unscrewed and the door hoisted high enough to let the light flash in, the brute charged, and it took all of my strength to hold it against him. The carpenter clambered up the hurricane deck, and it was some time before I could induce him to return and complete the job. I then sent a messenger ashore to the agent's office, requesting the attendance of one of the tugs for a short time.

While waiting for it I received two more visitors, who had been sent by the board to catch the animal. They belonged to some wandering menagerie and professed to know all about capturing escaped leopards. They were to go down alongside the tarpaulins, and by carefully pulling aside the laps could see just the position of the animal, and lay their plans accordingly. Just as I expected, so soon as a ray of light showed through the opening there was an angry roar and a charge, which tested the strength of the tarpaulin partition, and the would-be catchers never stopped until they dropped into their boat alongside. I then warned them that if they attempted to come on board again they would be pitched into the river, and I immediately wrote a note to the directors saying that if I was bothered any more I would exercise my prerogative and shoot the animal.

On the arrival of the tug I got the engineer to rig his steam pump and pass me the hose pipe, which was inserted in the laps of the tarpaulins and the entire apartment thoroughly wetted, so as to make it as uncomfortable as possible for its occupant. During the operation he again charged, but catching the full force of the stream in his mouth, darted behind the hogsheads. So soon as the head keeper came from the garden for the purpose of remaining on board all night, I went ashore and informed the agents that the leopard was secured forward, so that the barge could be hauled in and the balance of the cargo discharged without danger. This was immediately done and the barge again towed out and anchored.

During the night the keeper did not lack for company, as nearly every newspaper had a reporter on board. They made the pilot house their headquarters, and shortly after midnight a dull thud was heard, when there was a rush down the ladder to the main deck forward, where they soon saw the eyes of the captive flashing behind the bars of the trap cage. The next morning on stepping into the agent's office I learned of my success and that the keeper had loaded the animal on a cart and started for the garden.

On going to the office of the Society to report and receive expected congratulations, I found only one director present, who gave me a fearful blowing up because the chloroform party would not be present at the transfer in the garden. It seemed that he had expressed such a wish, and was apt "to lay down the law" if matters did not go just as he wished. Inwardly chuckling at my success and the expected war of words, I hurried back to the garden and found that the animal had been shifted before my arrival. The day after the capture was Sunday, and the Society's receipts were largely increased by the notoriety given to the escape by all the city papers.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Game Bag and Gun.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

SQUIRREL shooting in the woods around Washington furnished recreation for quite a number of gunners during October and November. Two boys were out in the woods near Woodley very early one October morning, and it was not quite day when they were met by a gentleman, who asked them how they were making out. The reply was, "Oh, very well, sir." The gentleman, gun in hand, walked with the boys to a corner of the woods. On the way he received much advice on the subject of shooting squirrels, which was taken very good-naturedly from the youthful wiseacres.

The corner of the woods was barely reached, when the gentleman shot a squirrel, which one of the boys stopped to pick up. Just as he was stooping over, the light fell upon the gentleman's face, and the boy, still in a stooping posture, was fairly paralyzed on recognizing the President of the United States. He seemed quite unable to regain his perpendicular, and the President noticing the boy's embarrassment, cheered him up, said the advice he had been given was good, and wishing the boys a most successful hunt bade them good-morning.

Hundreds of gunners from this city spent Thanksgiving Day in the country, some going to Virginia, Manassas being one of the principal points—others into Maryland. Quite a number of turkeys were killed. Grouse (pheasants) were scarce. Quail unusually scarce. More rabbits were bagged than anything else.

One of our younger friends secured his bird in a very unusual, though not unheard of, way a few days since, just north of the city. With gun and Sport, this namesake of the father of ornithology in America started out. The dog got up some birds and the shooter missed. Presently more birds were gotten up, and notwithstanding the bad aim of our nimrod, one came to bag. It was one of the plumpest quail of the season, and was taken by the hand from the briers and tall grasses in which its feet had become badly entangled. BART.

A White Deer.

A SHORT time ago mention was made that a white deer was seen by hunters in the vicinity of President, this county, and afterward at Clough's Dam, near Marionville, Forest county. What is thought to have been the same deer was shot near Foxburg, Forest county, Wednesday morning by H. A. Gilson of that village. It is the first albino deer that has been shot in this vicinity for the past quarter of a century, and visitors from all parts of the country have called at the DuBois House to get a sight of the freak of nature.—*Oil City (Pa.) Derrick, Dec. 11.*

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MODERN SPORTING GUNPOWDERS

In the Light of the Public Powder and Primer Tests Carried out at Chicago and Carney's Point, New Jersey.

BY ARMIN TENNER,

Expert in Gunpowder, Guns and Ammunition.

[*Concluded from page 324.*]

The Summary of the Powder Tests.

Although the various tables embodied in this report and their annexed explanations afford to every gunner an opportunity to draw correct conclusions as to what powder made the best showing, it can nevertheless be assumed that a great number of sportsmen, who are not thoroughly versed on the subject at issue, and who are not sufficiently acquainted with all ballistic questions, may still not be able to follow these figures in all directions, and, therefore, expect me to express an opinion on this subject.

I am fully aware that this is not an easy task and that such an attempt is coupled with a great deal of responsibility. Yet, I must admit, that although I have tried to make my report as comprehensible as possible, the average reader can hardly be expected to digest all the figures as readily as those who have conducted the experiments and were thus able to follow the behavior of the different powders in every particular.

In performing this duty I shall endeavor to exercise the same impartiality and good will toward all interested, which have marked the powder and primer tests from beginning to end, and wherein every step could be and has been witnessed and controlled by disinterested, competent persons.

I am far from intending to wound any one's feelings or to harm any persons, from a business point of view; this the more so, since I am convinced that all directly concerned in the outcome of these tests are, without exception, endeavoring hard to impart to their article of manufacture the highest possible degree of perfection.

But if I wish to remain true to my original intention to serve the cause of my American fellow-sporting men, I can hardly avoid awarding, in view of the result of these tests, a higher figure of merit to one powder than to another, because it is but natural that in such a comparative trial one kind of powder should display properties not possessed in such a high degree by others.

In judging a powder from a strictly ballistic standpoint, one is compelled to pass an opinion frequently not in accord with the taste and opinion of a particular individual or a certain class of gunners, of whom many have their hobbies, and among them the force of habit and theory, unfortunately, still reigns supreme. I am further aware that my deductions will likely find opposition here and there, and that one possessing a greater degree of ballistic knowledge and experience on matters of shot shooting than I can claim for myself, even if he should speak with angel's tongue, would hardly succeed in removing with one stroke the confused ideas prevailing now in regard to what a propelling agent can do and should do, and on the point of the best method of loading cartridges, etc. But I hope I shall meet with the concurrence of all intelligent gunners if I adopt for judging the ballistic qualities of a gunpowder the following basis:

The bursting strain of a powder should be in proportion to the effect achieved; that is, when the penetration is satisfactory, the gun should not be subjected to an extraordinary strain. The bursting strain should, under all conditions, be as uniform as possible; it should be about the same in wet as well as dry weather. The velocities should always conform to a certain degree of uniformity and should move between the limits representing on one side a sufficient penetrative power, and on the other a guarantee against wild shots or bad pattern. The pattern, too, ought to be quite uniform. The powder should not be susceptible to moisture in the air or dry heat; it should not foul the barrel to a great extent nor cause corrosion if the gun is not cleaned immediately after use; it should produce a light recoil only; should develop little or no smoke; should not react too violently to highly increased charges; and ought not to heat the barrel too quickly in case of rapid and continuous shooting.

Translating these several qualities into figures or points of merit, they should be valued as follows:

	Points of merit.
Comparative lowest bursting strain	30
Evenness of the bursting strain	15
Highest velocity (penetration)	20
Evenness of velocities	14
Best pattern with a sufficient corresponding velocity	25
Evenness of pattern if accompanied by a sufficient velocity	14
Non-susceptibility to moisture	15
Non-susceptibility to dry heat	15
Least fouling of barrels	8
Least recoil	8
Least smoke	8
Least heating of barrels	5
Least liability of causing a corrosion of gun barrel	15
Least degree of reaction to highly increased charges	8
Total	200

By awarding the corresponding figures in every division on the face of the result of the tests, we obtain a pretty correct and just gauge of values.

In the comparing and judging the qualities of the several powders in regard to bursting strain, velocity or penetration, and pattern in direct conjunction with one another, all velocities of less than 750ft. have been thrown out.

To place all powders on an equal footing, only the results obtained from the Smokeless and Nitro Club shells have been taken in consideration, for the E. C., American wood, S. S., DuPont's smokeless, both of the Schultze powders, and for the Walsrode powders only these obtained with the special shells adapted for these powders. As basis for comparing the velocities and patterns, the mean values obtained with the standard (3drs. powder, 1⅛oz. shot) and the increased charges—3¼drs. of powder and 1¼oz. of shot, of the Walsrode powders 29 and 31 and 31 and 32grs., have been taken, with due consideration of the behavior of the several powders in general.

The relation of the strain upon the gun to the effect achieved is, with the different powders—taking the mean values in both cases as a basis for comparison—as follows:

DuPont's black powder, bursting strain 6,997lbs., velocity 918ft.; American wood powder, bursting strain 6,371lbs., velocity 835ft.; E. C. powder, bursting strain 7,625lbs., velocity 883ft.; S. S. powder, bursting strain, 8,319lbs., velocity 900ft.; Schultze powder (Pompton), bursting strain 8,970lbs., velocity 890ft.; Schultze powder, bursting strain 8,970lbs., velocity 846ft.: DuPont's smokeless powder, bursting strain 10,810lbs., velocity 872ft.; Walsrode leaf powder, 31grs., bursting strain 8,009lbs., velocity 836lbs.; Walsrode grain powder, 29grs., bursting strain 8,066lbs., velocity 847ft.

Dividing now the sum of the bursting strain by that of the velocities, we obtain the best showing for the black powder and then for American wood; they are entitled to 30 and 29 points of merits respectively; then follows E. C. powder, to which 28 points are awarded; next in order are, with about the same values, S. S. powder and the two Walsrode powders, which accordingly are awarded each with 26 points; then follow the two Schultze powders, each credited with 24 point, and DuPont's smokeless receives 18 points.

In reference to the evenness of bursting strains, it should be remembered that the powder showing the best uniformity *under all conditions*, ought to receive the highest recognition.

Table M.

THE RELATION OF THE SEVERAL POWDERS IN REGARD TO EVENNESS OF GAS PRESSURE.

Powder.	*Lowest bursting strain.*	*Highest bursting strain.*	*Variation.*	*Mean bursting strain.*	*Under influence of moisture*	*Under influence of dry heat.*	*Greatest difference between lowest and highest bursting strain.*
	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.	Lbs.
American wood.....	4,468	7,926	2,947	6,682	2,214	4,777	3,458
DuPont's smokeless.	7,952	13,127	5,175	10,589	6,129	4,161	10,290
S. S.....	7,203	10,249	3,046	8,726	4,228	1,536	5,751
Walsrode leaf.....	6,953	10,054	3,101	8,503	2,109	.....	3,101
Walsrode granulated	6,806	8,878	2,072	7,842	703	1,389	2,425
Schultze.....	4,938	10,378	5,440	7,909	2,499	1,499	5,968
Schultze, Pompton..	5,688	10,787	5,099	8,237	3,827	4,302	8,121
DuPont's FFF.....	6,850	7,554	704	7,202	2,175	706	2,881
E. C.....	5,303	8,217	3,014	6,716	2,300	2,301	4,601

Taking the figures quoted in Table M as a basis, Walsrode grain powder is entitled to 14 points of merit, and DuPont's black powder to the same figure (14 points); Walsrode leaf powder is credited with 13 points; American wood powder with 12 points; E. C. powder with 11 points; S. S. powder and Schultze powder each with 10 points; Schultze (Pompton) with 8, and DuPont's smokeless powder with 6 points.

For comparing and judging the penetrative power only these values are taken in consideration which were obtained in each case with the best adapted shells. DuPont's black powder is credited with 20 points of merit; S. S. powder received 18 points; Schultze powder (Pompton) is rated with 20 points; DuPont's smokeless powder with 19; Schultze powder with 18; Walsrode grain powder with 18; E. C. powder with 18; Walsrode leaf powder with 17, and American wood with 17 points.

Table N.

SHOWING THE FIGURES TAKEN AS BASIS FOR COMPARING AND JUDGING THE POWDERS IN REGARD TO EVENNESS OF VELOCITIES.

Powder.	*Lowest velocity.*	*Highest velocity.*	*Variation.*	*Mean velocity.*	*Loss through effect of moisture.*	*Increase through effect of heat.*	*Greatest difference.*
	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.
American wood.....	713	878	165	795	145	7	235
DuPont's smokeless.....	802	891	89	846	196	106	150
S. S.....	779	1,069	290	924	274	113	387
Schultze,.....	782	875	93	828	178	203	381
Schultze, Pompton.....	802	1,093	291	947	297	86	443
DuPont's FFF.....	772	1,041	269	906	115	60	269
E. C.....	789	885	96	837	187	71	258
Walsrode leaf.....	818	885	67	857	66	...	67
Walsrode, in grains.....	785	891	106	838	32	57	110

In accordance with the results shown in Table N, points of merit are awarded as follows: Walsrode powder grained and Walsrode leaf powder, each 14 points; E. C. powder 13 points, DuPont's black powder, DuPont's smokeless and American wood powder each 11 points; Schultze powder and S. S. powder each 10 points, and Schultze powder (Pompton) 9 points.

For comparing and judging the pattern, the corresponding velocities must be taken in consideration, and this done, we obtain the following gauge of rating: Schultze powder receives 23 points, DuPont's smokeless 24, Schultze powder (Pompton) 24, DuPont's black powder 21, Walsrode powder in grains 25, E. C. powder 24, Walsrode leaf powder 21, American wood 23 and S. S. powder 22 points.

Evenness of Pattern.

In regard to evenness of pattern the powders are classified as follows: Schultze powder (Pompton) is credited with 14 points, Walsrode leaf powder 14, S. S. powder 14, American wood 13, E. C. powder 11, Walsrode powder in grains 11, DuPont's smokeless powder 11, DuPont's black powder 10, Schultze powder 10.

When a powder is tested with a view to ascertain if and to what extent it is hygroscopic, such an examination must be extended in the direction of establishing as to what a degree the powder is capable of absorbing moisture and at what point the influence of moisture begins to exercise a detrimental effect, for the reason that one powder will show these signs at a lower point or percentage of moisture than will another.

The following table shows how far the several powders meet the demand made upon a propelling agent in this respect from a ballistic standpoint:

Table O.

RESULT OF MOISTURE TEST.

Powder.	*Percentage of moisture in normal condition.*	*Percentage of moisture after having been subjected to influence of 85% humidity 24 hours.*	*Increase of moisture.*	*Loss in velocity when subjected to 75% humidity.*	*Loss in velocity when subjected to 85% humidity.*	*Total loss through effect of moisture.*
	Per c't.	Per c't.	Per c't.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.
DuPont's FFF.....	1.5	2	0.5	None.	146	146
DuPont's smokeless	1.69	2	0.31	20	over 222	242
S. S.....	1.7	4	2.3	121	" 250	371
Schultze.....	1.78	3.5	1.72	64	" 196	260
Schultze, Pompton..	1.76	3.4	1.73	78	" 240	318
E. C.....	1.19	2.5	1.31	53	188	241
Walsrode, in grains.	1.68	2.25	0.57	5	38	43
Walsrode leaf.....	1.66	2	0.34	None.	44	44
American wood.....	2	7	5	112	185	297

On the basis of Table O points of merit have been awarded to Walsrode leaf powder 15, Walsrode grain powder 14, DuPont's black powder 11, E. C. powder 7, Schultze 5, Schultze (Pompton) 5, DuPont's smokeless powder 5, S. S. powder 4, American wood 0.

Dry Heat Test.

The powders increased their velocities as compared with the mean normal velocity as follows: Walsrode leaf powder 22ft., credited with 15 points of merit; American wood powder, increase 50ft., points of merit 13; DuPont's black powder, increase 56ft., 13 points of merit; Walsrode grain powder, increase 55ft., 13 points of merit; DuPont's smokeless powder, increase 79ft., 11 points of merit; E. C. powder, increase 70ft., 11 points of merit; S. S. powder, increase 130ft., 9 points of merit; Schultze powder, increase 185ft., 9 points of merit; Schultze (Pompton) powder, increase 197ft., 8 points of merit.

Test for Ascertaining In What Degree the Several Powders Will React to Highly Increased Charges.

This trial established for the different powders the following basis of rating: DuPont's black powder, 8 points of merit; Schultze (Pompton) powder, 7 points of merit; Schultze powder, 8 points of merit; Walsrode leaf powder, 6 points of merit; E. C. powder, 6 points of merit; Walsrode grain powder, 5 points of merit; S. S. powder, 5 points of merit; American wood powder, 5 points of merit; DuPont's smokeless powder, 4 points of merit.

Heating of Gun Barrels.

Result of test as follows: DuPont's smokeless and Walsrode grain powder, each 5 points of merit; Schultze, Schultze (Pompton) powder, wood and Walsrode leaf, S. S. and E. C. powders, each 4 points of merit; DuPont's black powder, 3 points of merit.

Fouling of Gun Barrels.

The result of this test warrants the following schedule of rating: Walsrode grain powder, Walsrode leaf powder and DuPont's smokeless each 8 points of merit; Schultze powder, Schultze (Pompton) powder and S. S. powder each 7 points of merit; wood and E. C. powder each 6 points of merit; DuPont's black powder 1 point of merit.

Recoil Test.

The recoil test furnished a result justifying a classification as follows: DuPont's smokeless and Walsrode grain powder each 8 points of merit; E. C., Schultze, Schultze (Pompton), wood, S. S. and Walsrode leaf powders each 6 point of merit; DuPont's black powder 3 points of merit.

Smoke Test.

This trial showed that the various powders should be rated in the following rotation: DuPont's smokeless and Walsrode grain powders each 8 points of merit; Schultze, Schultze (Pompton), Walsrode leaf, E. C. and S. S. powders each 6 points of merit; American wood 4 points of merit and DuPont's black powder no points of merit.

Now, if we apply the gauge of value somewhat different from the rule laid down herein for judging the various powders, and follow in this respect the views and fancies of the individual gunners, the ballistic properties of a particular powder will appear in a different light from that established by our standard of merits. If, for instance, a gunner lays no stress upon the question whether or not a powder is influenced by moisture or dry heat, if he does not care for smoke, recoil and heating of gun barrels, then the several powders will be credited each with points of merits as follows: DuPont's smokeless 113, Schultze and S. S. each 124, Schultze (Pompton) 125, Walsrode leaf 126, DuPont's black 130, E. C. and Walsrode grained each 132. When we pay no attention to the bursting strain and the behavior of a powder toward highly receive charges, then the powders would receive this rating: DuPont's black 117 points of merit, American wood 108, Schultze and S. S. each 112, Schultze (Pompton) 115, E. C. 121, DuPont's smokeless 122, Walsrode leaf 127, Walsrode grain 135.

To some gunner the smoke may appear particularly objectionable, he may consider the penetration of the highest importance, and he likely may regard the sums allotted for these qualities as too low. Let us see how the powders will rank if we follow his inclinations and views. Suppose we multiply the respective figures in each case by three, the result will then be as follows: American wood 194 points of merit, DuPont's black 199, S. S. 201, Schultze 202, DuPont's smokeless 204, Schultze (Pompton) 206, E. C. 214, Walsrode leaf 218, Walsrode grain 232.

For particularly timid souls the question as to what a powder will likely do when the charge is considerably increased, may be preëminent of all. He may conclude that the figure allowed for this quality is insufficient. Very well. Suppose we multiply this figure in every case by ten and see now how the powders will show: DuPont's smokeless would receive 186 points of merit, S. S. 198, American wood 199, Schultze (Pompton) 217, E. C. 220, Walsrode in grains 225, Schultze and Walsrode leaf each 226, and DuPont's black 229.

With the foregoing examples the different views nourished and presented by the individual gunners may be considered as exhausted, and it now remains to recapitulate the result of the judging from a strictly ballistic standpoint.

Table P.

RECAPITULATION OF POINTS OF MERITS AS AWARDED TO EACH POWDER.

Powder.	*For least bursting strain in proportion to velocity.*	*For evenness in pattern.*	*For best pattern.*	*For evenness in velocity.*	*For highest velocity or penetration.*	*For evenness in bursting strain.*	*For greatest degree of reaction to highly increased charges.*	*For least heating of gun barrels.*	*For least smoke.*	*For least recoil.*	*For least fouling of barrels.*	*For least susceptibility to dry heat.*	*For least susceptibility to moisture.*	*For least corrosion in gun barrels.*	*For evenness in pattern.*	*For least susceptibility to moisture.*	*For least susceptibility to dry heat.*	*For least fouling of barrels.*	*For least recoil.*	*For least smoke.*	*For least degree of reaction to highly increased charges.*	*For least heating of gun barrels.*	*Total number of points of merit.*
American Wood.....	26	13	23	11	16	12	5	4	4	6	6	13	0	12	13	5	9	6	6	4	5	4	154
S. S.....	26	13	22	10	18	10	5	4	6	6	6	9	4	12	14	5	8	7	6	6	5	4	153
DuPont's Smokeless.	18	11	24	11	19	6	4	5	8	8	8	11	5	12	11	5	11	8	8	8	4	5	150
Schultze.....	24	10	23	10	18	10	5	4	8	6	7	9	5	14	10	5	11	7	6	6	8	4	154
Schultze, Pompton..	24	14	23	9	20	8	7	4	6	6	7	8	11	14	14	5	8	7	6	6	8	4	154
DuPont's Black.....	30	10	21	11	20	14	8	2	0	3	1	13	11	15	10	11	13	6	6	6	6	2	159
E. C.....	28	11	25	13	18	11	6	4	6	6	6	11	7	14	11	7	11	6	6	6	6	4	166
Walsrode Leaf.....	26	14	21	14	17	13	6	4	6	6	8	15	15	7	14	15	15	8	6	6	6	4	172
Walsrode Grain.....	26	14	25	14	18	14	5	5	8	8	8	13	14	11	11	14	13	8	8	8	5	5	180

50 BROADWAY, Room 103, New York City.

Deer and Skate-Straps.

APPLETON, Wis., Nov. 27.—A singular incident occurred last Saturday afternoon about a mile down river from the city limits. My sixteen-year-old boy with others about the same age were skating on Fox River, when they saw a good-sized buck trying to cross on the ice, which was very smooth. Of course he got down, and the three "kids" surrounded him and in some way succeeded in tying him head and foot with skate-straps. How they did it beats me, as they said he "kicked like a mule," and "his feet were so sharp." After they had him fast they did not know how to manage him. They dared not kill him, as my boy knew enough about the game law to know that it was close season on such game. Finally a man living near by suggested that they take him home alive, which they thought was a good idea. They got a hand sled and loaded him up, but he would not stay loaded. After repeated trials they gave it up. The man then offered $5 for it. This the boys thought a good offer, but when they found he proposed killing it they told him he would be fined $100 at least, so he withdrew the offer. The boys then towed the deer ashore, cast off their lines (or straps) and bid him good-bye. He slowly ascended the river bank and then skipped. Of course he had been driven on to the ice by dogs. Thus it appears that deer are not yet all driven out of this country, when they can be found within a mile of a busy city of 15,000 inhabitants.

Hunting parties did not succeed in killing the usual number this fall. October for the open season instead of November is what beat them. Had shooting deer been allowed this month the hunting conditions would have been fine, and no doubt many deer would have been killed.

C. V. Y.

Green Mountain Deer.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Dec. 15.—It will be welcome news to many readers to know that deer are increasing rapidly in this part of the Green Mountain State. Two were seen within two miles of here this summer, and last Tuesday a fine buck was seen on a farm by the Connecticut River, by one of the men who gather cream for the local creamery. Twenty-five miles north of here they are quite plenty, and the trout streams are lined with tracks. A wildcat was shot by one of our farmer boys last Wednesday. The animal came into the yard. The heavy snows evidently made foraging a hard matter, for it was very poor.

W. W. B.

EXPERIENCES WITH DEER AND MOOSE.

THIS is for the season of 1893 in northern New Hampshire. Jacking, still-hunting and hounding are all practiced and sanctioned by law.

Mr. Bumford, proprietor of the Connecticut Lake houses, came in to Second Lake with guests for a day's hunt. Going up the long dead-water of East Inlet in mid-day they paddled slowly, silently, back toward the dam for a twilight shot. They had made nearly the whole distance, and having neither seen nor heard any game, began to tire of the monotony. The ubiquitous kingfisher was seated on the stub of a tree, and our friend, to test his skill, fired and missed. At the instant they rounded the last bend, three deer, a large buck and two does, startled by the report, as they stood quietly feeding in the stream, were springing up the bank, and sooner than it takes to tell it were lost to view behind the thick woods. They were saluted in their retreat by a couple of shots, but no damage was inflicted. It was a sad ending for that twilight shooting.

But the day, or rather the night, was not yet done. Wending their sorrowful way to the shore of the lake, the coming darkness made necessary a change of programme. Wrapped in overcoats and blankets, and seated under a brilliant head light, the guide sent the frail, but steady Indian Rock boat noiselessly along the east shore toward the foot of the waters. Shotgun had replaced rifle, as a close encounter was to be courted. The jack was closed, the ears were strained to catch the faintest sound. Several boats, in fact, were at this moment hovering about the shores in the darkness bent upon the same errand. A few ducks went scurrying through the gloom, a nocturnal water rat disturbed the surface and caused a sudden tingling of the nerves in expectation of something bigger. Boats narrowly escaped colliding in the blackness, still our redoubtable host held to his work. Finally, about midnight, after careful maneuvering in the neighborhood of a suspicious splashing and stamping, the cap of the headlight was suddenly, but noiselessly removed, and there, not eight rods away, the body and antlers of a noble buck were outlined against the sombre woods. A quick, sure aim, a loud report, a crashing in the underbrush as the quarry plunged away for a few rods, and all was still.

Yes, it was noble game—the meat alone weighing 265lbs. It was photographed, and visitors another season will see the picture if they peep into the showcase in the office, and Mr. Bumford will tell you the rest, and assist you to find as many more of the same sort, if you have the patience and the steady nerves to match.

Occasionally a moose is found roaming in these parts, and hardly a year passes but one or more are killed. One day in September Mrs. Farnsworth, whose house is situated on the shores of First Lake, while about her household duties, had her attention attracted to what she at first supposed to be a tree with roots attached floating upon the surface of the water, but on closer inspection she discovered that a bull moose was making for the east shore. Her husband, Josh, as he is familiarly called, and the most redoubtable hunter in these parts, had just gone from the premises, but the hired man was at once informed of the presence of moose. Seizing Josh's Marlin magazine rifle, which was always supposed to be loaded to the full, and the boat being at hand, he lost no time in overhauling the great animal. A moose is a swift and powerful swimmer, but he is no match for a man in a boat that is supplied with good oars. The surface of the lake was not a little ruffled by a high wind blowing at the time, but coming alongside the beast and within a few rods, he dropped the oars and taking the rifle commenced a lively fusilade. One missile lifted a tuft of hair from the back of the animal's neck, and had it gone an inch lower would have proved fatal. Another struck one of the huge antlers, which so stunned the moose that for a moment he sank well out of sight, and Mrs. F., who was an interested spectator, supposed the game was killed; but the hired man knew better, for he distinctly heard the hum of the lead as it went on its deflected course across the lake. The moose was not long in recovering from the concussion, and was soon up and at it, more determined than ever to make the bank, which he soon did with his pursuer not far behind him. When once his huge hoofs felt the solid ground beneath him he seemed in no haste to retreat further, but actually faced about, and with his ugly, fiery eye bent on his enemy stood stamping, as much as to say, "Come on if you dare." Surely his majestic form offered a sufficient target, but unfortunately the hammer fell with only a dull thud, when the further attempt to shoot was made, and no spare cartridges had been taken along. It was a bitter disappointment, but had to be borne, and the great woods of the Dead Diamond region into which he plunged still continue to be pastures new and inviting, where no doubt he has found congenial companionship, and with truth can tell of at least one "hair-breadth" escape!

Messrs. Dudley, Eustice and Shurtleff (Fish and Game Commissioners for New Hampshire) while on their annual camping expedition up the Magalloway River earlier in the season, counted fifty-seven deer during their three weeks' sojourn.

Diamond Ponds, justly celebrated for its fine trout, where a hotel is kept by our genial friend "Mort" Noyes, is also the home of the deer. The excellent marksman and veteran hunter, the Clerk of the Court, had a little vexatious experience here this season. The dogs had been put out as usual, and our friend had stationed himself on his favorite runway, standing well back in the shadow of a friendly tree, and at the time resting his rifle in the crotch of the same. Great good fortune seemed to favor him, for a great buck broke cover and stood irresolute for a moment on the shore of the pond. The opportunity was not lost; the deer, at the report, confused as to the whereabouts of his enemy, plunged in and swam directly toward the Clerk of the Court. Again and again the rifle spoke, while the game, after much tacking, finally gained the shore near where the hunter stood, only to be shot at again. When the magazine was emptied and the buck was gone, it was discovered that the sights had been raised by a fiend who had borrowed the piece to use at a long distance target and had forgotten to lower them, and Mr. Clerk, not having given a close inspection before going into action, made a sad botch of the whole business. Moral: Be sure your sights are right and then go ahead.

Speaking of moose reminds me of the experience of two hunters who got lost while on an outing, but this was further down in the country; and much nearer the White Mountains. After wandering about aimlessly for a time, they came to the shores of an unknown pond, evidently seldom frequented. On the further shore they descried the bulky form of a moose, well down in the water, nibbling at his favorite moss growing on the bottom. Being hungry, and tired of the monotony of long-continued tramping, they cautiously skirted the shore, hoping to intercept him. When they reached a position sufficiently near as they supposed to secure a good shot, cautiously they crept out to take a look, but found that the animal had spirited himself away. For a time they were greatly mystified, and began to think that their long walk and fasting had deranged their vision, but they could not account for the fact that both had seen, or supposed they had seen the moose. While they were engaged in these unpleasant reveries, their ears were saluted by a loud snort that seemed to come from above them. Hastily glancing up, sure enough, there stood the moose on the brink of a high bluff not forty rods distant. Our lost friends did not dare risk a shot; indeed, it is doubtful if they could have hit it even if they had fired. Quietly they betook themselves to the woods again, not knowing just what ought to be done next. Not a long time had elapsed when one of the hunters, happening to look off on the water, saw the moose again feeding in almost the identical spot where it had first been observed. It was great good luck, for a careful shot or two brought the moose to bag. The gentlemen were not only fortunate in killing the big game, but in bringing it into the village of Lancaster. It is not always that men getting lost are so fortunate in hunting and killing big game.

But time and your limited space would forbid the narration of the many experiences that night to be chronicled. Suffice it to say, we were fortunate in our shooting. It was Sept. 1, a twilight shot. A deer had walked up our run and fell shot through the head not 30ft. away.

These moods of killing, jacking, still-hunting and hounding, will be permissible, at least, another year. Whether the supply will hold out against the modern rifle, coupled with the keen-scented and swift-footed hound, is a question our legislators will do well to ponder.

C. H. GLEASON.

NATIONAL PARK RAILROAD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has become quite the fashion with the advent of winter and the near approach of the annual assembling of Congress, for the people of Montana, and indeed the whole United States, to be treated to lengthy newspaper articles (purporting to be written by persons of more or less prominence, and representing the Cooke City people) advocating the segregation of the northwest corner of the Yellowstone National Park for the purpose of building a railroad to that mining camp, and, in support of that project, asserting that this is the only route by which a railroad can possibly be constructed to Cooke City.

The present year, 1893, is no exception to the rule, and already several articles have found their way into print on the subject, one of them written by Col. Brackett, sympathizing with the miners of Cooke and predicting dire results to the Park unless Congress shall, this winter, consent to the aforesaid segregation. I do not doubt Col. Brackett's sincerity in the matter, but hope that he is as much mistaken in his predictions as he is in his idea that Cooke City is accessible only via Gardiner and the Yellowstone route. I sympathize as fully as he does with the miners and property owners of Cooke, but I think the time has come when the people of Cooke, as well as all outsiders who are in any way interested in the development of the camp, should stop talking about it as a place accessible only by balloon or by rail over a route that necessitates passing a bill through Congress which has always, when presented, called up the most violent opposition of a large part of the people of the United States. I do not pretend to say whether or not the demand for segregation is just, or whether or not the route is feasible. These points I do not intend to discuss. But I do think that by constantly insisting on this one proposition (*i. e.*, the impossibility of reaching the camp with a railroad, except by this one route from Gardiner) the people who do so are (unintentionally, perhaps) actually injuring the camp, by impressing Eastern capitalists and railroad men to some extent with false ideas as to the inaccessibility of Cooke City and the surrounding mineral country. As a matter of fact Cooke is much more easy of access than several important mining camps in the United States to which railroads have been built, at several times the cost of building to Cooke, and it seems to me that those interested would do much better by reaching out a hand toward the East and inviting some of the roads now pointing in this direction into their camp by way of Clark's Fork, than to sit down and pin their faith to the one idea of segregation (with all the trouble and uncertainty it entails) and by loudly and repeatedly asserting that it is the only way a railroad can possibly be built to Cooke, injure, perhaps, to some extent their chances of obtaining a proper consideration of other routes.

I do not propose to discuss in this article the merits of the Clark's Fork route as compared with any other, but having some years ago made a survey of it from Billings, I can say that it presents a route by which Cooke City can be reached by rail, which is devoid of any serious difficulties in construction, and can be built at a reasonable cost. From Billings to Cooke it is 123 miles and my estimate on its construction from a careful survey was $2,000,000, and now that the Rocky Fork Railroad is built, this distance from the mouth of Rock Creek is reduced to less than 100 miles that would be necessary to build, which would bring the cost of uniting Billings and Cooke by rail down to about one and three-quarter millions, and when constructed, the road would never be troubled by snow, would have no heavier grades than any other mountain road, and outside of about ten miles in the Clark's Fork cañon, no grades to speak of at all. This is by no means a bad proposition to present to any railroad company for their consideration, and the people of Cooke would do well not to lose sight of it in their zest for segregation, for even if successful, what assurance have the Cooke City people that the road would be built and who is going to build it? The Northern Pacific, who now control the Yellowstone route as far as Cinnabar? Certainly not. Let any one who thinks so look up the testimony of President Oakes on this subject before a Congressional committee last winter. Who, then, is going to put two or three millions of dollars into this road? Let the people of Cooke consider the query, remembering that the day of private railroad enterprise is past and that nowadays only big railroad companies build railroads. Let them consider also the present financial condition of the Northern Pacific, remembering that they are the only people likely to want to build over this route, and they must see that in all human probability it would be a long time before the line would be constructed, even if they obtained the desired segregation.

Why then not stop talking of Cooke City as being accessible only by way of Gardiner, and instead of devoting their energies entirely toward obtaining segregation assist us in publishing the fact that the Clark's Fork River offers an excellent route for a railroad and in getting some of the big railroad companies now building westward to investigate it. Both the Northwestern and B. & M. systems are within easy reach of Cooke now, and to the writer's personal knowledge both have considerable knowledge of the large resources of the region in which Cooke is situated, as well as of the country to the east, and are already much interested. Let the people of Cooke, therefore, co-operate with those of Billings and eastern Montana in endeavoring by a just representation of the Clark's Fork route to get some of these new roads to make a thorough examination of the route. They are building after business and Cooke people ought to show them that by building a branch to their camp by way of Clark's Fork business can be obtained. In my humble opinion the Cooke City people have very much more to hope for from these new roads, ready, eager and prepared to build whenever a good route and plenty of business present themselves, than they have from the Northern Pacific, burdened as it now is and probably will be for years with a ruinously heavy debt.

We invite the co-operation of our neighbors across the range. Many of our people have interests in and around Cooke, and all have confidence in her hidden resources and desire to see them developed, and to that end will endeavor to direct the attention of the incoming roads toward the camp via Clark's Fork River. There is everything necessary along this line to make a good showing. The fertile and extensive valley of the Clark's Fork, with abundance of water and the best and most extensive coal fields in the Northwest (at Bear Creek), the vast empire known as the Big Horn Basin country, now entirely destitute of railroads, and the fine mineral showing in and around Cooke, is sufficient inducement to any railroad to call for a most careful investigation. Then let the people of Cooke promptly repudiate each and every insinuation that they can only be reached from Gardiner (no matter from whom it comes), and co-operate with us in bringing the Clark's Fork route into prominence. Work for segregation if you like, and if you obtain favorable action on your bill well and good. Eastern Montana has never in any way opposed it, but we object to the assertion so repeatedly made that Cooke can only be reached from Gardiner. It is not true, and the effect is bad and handicaps us in our endeavors to unite Billings and Cooke, without really aiding the segregation project in the least.

PHILIP M. GALLAHER, C.E.

BILLINGS, Mont., Dec. 5.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Dec. 16.—The weather has disappointed two or three Boston hunting parties, the members of which have been planning for trips into the woods of Maine for big game. December has proved to be a rough one thus far. The latest reports mention snow 1½ft. and even 2ft. deep in the woods in the best deer sections. Then the mercury has been indicating 30° below zero in some of the towns in that State, to say nothing of the woods. Such reports have made the would-be hunters shiver, and they have quietly been "backing out." Dr. S. W. Green, with a couple of friends, was to have started for Maine on the 14th, but that morning the mercury in Boston was down among the zeroes, with reports of 1½ft. of snow. The trip has been abandoned. Mr. W. T. Farley, of Farley, Harvey & Co., with a friend, has been planning for months a hunting trip for deer. Andover, Me., and the woods beyond was to have been the hunting section, with George H. Cutting as guide. But the winter has shown too bold a face, and the hunt has been abandoned. All along the line there are reports of late hunts abandoned. Well, it is a great thing for the game. So much the more will be left to breed. The annual close season on moose, deer and caribou in Maine being on Jan. 1, and the "reign of terror"—to the game—is about over. Said one of the hunters above mentioned the other day: "On the whole I am not sorry. Hunting is butchery after all. Perhaps the deer we should have killed will bring forth a number more for next year. Then we will go earlier. I hardly think that I should like to be either Nick Boylston, of Boston, or one of his friends. I see by the papers that they have lately returned from the Maine woods with twelve deer, three deer apiece, all that the law allows. I have not yet found out where they are going to sell their venison. They should go into the meat business. It does seem as though a deer to a hunter ought to be enough."

At the meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association the other evening Mr. Wm. Minot, Jr., made the suggestion that the Association petition the Legislature for a close time on quail during all of the year 1894. He suggest that the quail, having suffered almost extermination by the terrible winter of 1892–3, should be given at least one year to recuperate. Gentlemen who have hunted sections of the State repeatedly this fall, where quail were fairly plenty a year ago, have not seen a bird this season. Mr. Minot's proposition was received with favor, and, doubtless, will be acted upon. It is a feature worth noting that remarkably few native quail have found their way into the Boston markets this season. There is a complaint, however, that large numbers of snared ruffed grouse are coming into the market.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has grown steadily until it numbers nearly 500 members, and has a fund of nearly $3,000 in the treasury. The sister organization recently formed at Lewiston for the protection and propagation of game in Maine, has started off with a good deal of vigor.

The report of the directors of the Inglewood Club, just issued, shows the affairs of that organization to be in excellent condition. Cash receipts for the year have been $4,373.10; disbursements $3,992.18; cash on hand $380.92. During the year a valuable fishway, 276ft. long, has been constructed at Knight's Mill. An addition has been made to the club house, furnishing dining and sleeping accommodations for the help. Other improvements have been made in the club house, and a good deal has been done in

the way of furnishing. A new shelter has been erected at Britain Steam Landing, and eight boats have been added to the fleet. Fifty thousand young sea salmon have lately been received and distributed. The club expects to receive sufficient aid from the Government to build the remaining needed fishway upon the east branch of the Musquash River, thus securing free ways for sea salmon to and from the ocean. The membership of the club is increasing rapidly, and larger and larger parties are visiting the camp, and it is suggested that it may soon be necessary to enlarge the main club house. A party visited the preserve as early as May 12 this year, and another very large party was there on the 27th.

One season is scarcely done when the other begins. Boston trouting parties are already forming for the spring of 1894. A Boston party has just written Mr. O. A. Dennen, proprietor of the Kineo House, Moosehead Lake, to engage one of his steamers for May 20, 1894.

Mr. Walter S. Hill, of John P. Squire & Co., has a letter from President C. A. Woodward, of the Ragged Island Club, Currituck Sound, saying that game is remarkably plenty there. The letter is written from Norfolk, the home of the business firm of which Mr. Woodward is the head. He urges upon Mr. Hill the importance of his again accepting the hospitality of the club for a few days of shooting. The readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will remember the account of the splendid shoot Mr. Hill had with Mr. Woodward last year at the same place. Mr. Hill will accept of the invitation if business can be made to permit, and he will urge upon Mr. Woodward the absolute necessity of his accepting an invitation to try the trout in Maine waters another season, something they planned for last season, but were both hindered by circumstances that could not be controlled.

A strenuous effort has been made this fall by the Maine authorities to break up the practice of setting nets in Jack Stream, which flows into Cobbosseecontee Lake, at the southern extremety, between Winthrop and Monmouth. This stream is the outlet of all the large Winthrop ponds, their waters flowing into the Cobbosseecontee, and thence to the Kennebec. The stream is the natural resort of vast quantities of trout and other game and food fish, especially in the autumn, and poachers have been in the habit of driving over from Lewiston and stretching a net clear across Jack Stream, at one of the narrowest places, thus capturing every fish going either up or down. They have been very cautious in their movements, setting their net by night only, and laying in camp in the daytime. Their fish they have taken to Lewiston by wagon loads, and sold them. Complaints came to the ears of Sheriff Berry, of Winthrop, recently, and he had reasons to believe that the net was set. He drove down to the stream by night and at daybreak he saw three men hauling the net and taking out the fish. Unfortunately he was on the other side of the stream, with no means of getting over, but he identified the men to the extent that he arrested subsequently Richard Sabourin, Henry Lezotte and John Denison of Lewiston. They were taken before Justice Woodward of Winthrop, who discharged them. But they were afterward arraigned in the Supreme Court at Augusta, and they have been indicted by the Grand Jury. F. L. Noble, Esq., has appeared for them and has succeeded in getting them bound over to the April term of court. There is a great deal of indignation against this illegal fishing. Cobbosseecontee Lake is one of the finest fish preserves in the State. The Fish Commissioners have endeavored to keep it stocked, while local fishermen have labored in the same direction. Several of them have contributed money to maintain a hatchery at Belgrade to supply Kennebec ponds, and are taking much pains to improve them.

SPECIAL.

NIAGARA COUNTY DUCK SHOOTING.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 29.—A New York gentleman, visiting friends in Lockport this summer, was afforded an opportunity in company with a jolly party of local anglers to try his skill on the black bass of Lake Ontario, and the monstrous pike and pickerel of Tonawanda Creek. Having fully demonstrated his prowess with the rod and reel, he confessed to his hosts that the remarkably good fishing afforded by Niagara county was (very fortunately for the home brothers of the angle, and unfortunately for the Gotham lovers of the sport), a fact unpublished in New York. Otherwise, he said, "the beautiful shire bounded on the west by the Niagara River where the most exciting black bass fishing on the continent could be had, by Lake Ontario on the north with its well stocked tributaries, and Tonawanda Creek on the south, the haunt of the great lake pike and pickerel, would be overun by sportsmen from the metropolis."

A few days ago the same enthusiast ran up to Lockport just to renew acqaintances and to talk over the fine catches of black bass off Fort Niagara at the mouth of the rapid river in which he was an appreciable and appreciative factor. In a future number of FOREST AND STREAM perhaps the editor will permit me to tell his readers what the reminiscent gentlemen had to talk about.

The hosts, Messrs. F. Howard and Arthur L. Leich, were not content with recounting deeds which made the blood of the true angler tingle at the mere relating. To the astonishment of the New-Yorker they proposed a duck hunting trip. Their guest said he would enjoy nothing better, but could not take the time necessitated by a trip to Canada.

"Not at all necessary to carry the war into Africa," exclaimed the genial Art, "we have the feathered enemy almost at our very doors. I call the teals and mallards 'enemies,' because they so often disturb my peace of mind at the thought that they fly over the old tracks and haunts in lines unbroken by my Parker. No, the birds come to our shores free of duty from the Northland by the trillions.

Mr. Leich's graphic narration of the beauty of scenery possessed by Olcott harbor and the Eighteen-Mile Creek, and of its sister harbor, Wilson, into which flowed the Tuscarora Creek, given a touch of life these bleak November days by long lines of ducks limned on the gray horizon or dipping lower until they found a background in the dark blue water of the lake, made their guest eager for the fray.

The New Yorker must have decided to go. Either that, or his friends decided for him. At any rate, he made part of the load of a two-seated wagon, well filled with the hunters' paraphernalia, which started the next evening for Olcott. The portable larder was not at all pretentious, for although all the ephemeral hotels were closed for the season in the romantic village, the local hunters had unlimited faith in Ed. Martin's hospitality. The guest felt rebuked, when demurely asking, "Who's Ed. Martin?" the reply came, "My untraveled friend, you do not know Lake Ontario; he is not the genius of a locality, but the friend of all who travel the Lakes."

Along the famous Eighteen-Mile Creek the spirited horses hurried the hunters, and after an hour's drive they were landed at their destination. Ed was soon found, and asked as to the prospect for ducks, that worthy replied, "Mornings and evenings there's no prospect for ducks—there's nothing but ducks in sight."

The sportsmen were told that the high winds made shooting out on the Lake impracticable, and were much disappointed thereat. Along the lake from Youngstown to Thirty-Mile Light excellent sport is afforded the hunter in the fall at a distance of a mile to two miles from shore. A faverite method in pursuing the waterfowl is something like this: The ducks for any one given day seem to have a fixed aerial route which they follow in flying back and forward parallel with the shore. Sometimes these paths are three-quarters of a mile out, and then again more than two miles out, varying with the weather and the more capricious birds. These routes are soon located by the shooters. By placing their boats a short distance on one side or the other of the invisible line excellent shots are afforded as the ducks come sailing along. In this way a party of four men in two boats last fall succeeded in using up 528 shells in one day, securing nearly 200 ducks. Perhaps one of the most interesting features of the sport in this locality is the variety of game that comes to the bags of the floating batteries on Lake Ontario.

But to return to our friends. Consolation was contained in Captain Martin's statement to the effect that the storm made grand hunting up the creek. Thus reassured, the two turned in for the night to dream of ducks in marshalled flight.

The morning, true to prophecy, proved windy. But in the gray dawn the Lockportians and their friend could see long lines and heavy V's of birds blowing inland on the wings of the storm. They wanted no ride in the lake so long as the game came inland. Soon the boats were ready and they pushed up the creek. The stream at no point is wider than 120yds., with high banks on either side. In coming in and going back to the lake the ducks very accommodatingly follow the creek's course. In the majority of instances, moreover, the flight is low enough to afford possible and, to the accurate shot, probable targets. So it was that the gentlemen found themselves in a shooting alley, as it were, with flying targets almost constantly before them.

Not five minutes after pushing off along came an alternated column of redheads, flying as if in great haste to reach the feeding grounds further up. As they came opposite the boatman, a broadside from three polished pieces saluted the feathered tourists from the north. They veered slightly away from the hunters just before reaching them, or perhaps more than one of the flock would have tumbled. As it was, a single shining crest only came down into the water. This first trophy was awarded to the metropolis unanimously. A quarter of a mile up stream a flock of teal were sighted feeding around the wild rice and cat-tails. The boats were pushed forward quietly but swiftly. The flocks rose hurriedly before the hunters were within range, all except one tardy drake, who seemed bewildered for a moment. This proved fatal. Truth to tell, however, both Lockportians surprised themselves by missing. They generously applauded when Mr. Drake was easily taken by Metropolis as he came down on the back track below the east bank to rejoin his rapidly disappearing comrades. This time there was no award, but the visitor took the bird by the divine right of conqueror.

And so the sport continued as late as 10:30 A. M. Again in the afternoon the sport reopened and the gunners were kept busy. The specimens were not numerous, running into the second score, but the range of varieties quite wide. Besides redheads and teal several sheldrakes and sleepyheads were bagged. Just about sundown Art made his comrades justifiably curious by bringing down she tailender of a flock of mallards. Although a half-sized gale was blowing on the lake, Capt. Martin dogmatically asserted, "The mallards hev their powder noses on to-day, and they're keepin' out on wide waters in the teeth of the wind, restin' by spells on the rockin' waves. No use goin' after 'em; we've no yacht in the harbor that could be handled to any purpose for ducks today."

At 5 o'clock the hunters started for home, reaching the city of Locks two hours later, tired, it is true, but with a happy weariness. The day's sport had been uninterruptedly fine, and they felt well repaid for their trip in every respect.

After a hearty dinner Metropolis took up the New York papers, which had left the presses at 4:30 A.M. and reachd the State's remotest city twelve hours later, with a gratified air.

"Well," said he, "this is all like a fairy tale. I have spent the day on a most romantic steamer, enjoyed the invigorating breezes of the lake, and at the climax found myself surrounded with as many aquatic birds as the coasts of Labrador could afford. After a day of superior pleasure, such as only a sportsman may know, I return to find in my friend's house the New York papers of the day at my service. All this within twelve hours' ride of my home. Astonishing!"

In a measure, old residents of the country this year, however, can share the New Yorkers' astonishment at the plentifulness of wild ducks and geese. They seem to visit this section this fall in countless numbers. Burt Green of Lockport and Will Windsor, United States plumber at Ft. Niagara, one day this week secured eleven large Canadian geese in the Niagara River. A Wilson hotel keeper, whose place is charmingly located on Wilson Harbor and overlooking the mouth of the creek and Lake Ontario, writes that on Monday morning of this week, rising at daybreak, he went outdoors to attend to his chores. He looked out upon the stream and rubbed his eyes with astonishment. He could not believe what his optics told him. The water as far as he could see was covered with ducks. That day he and a local attorney secured fifty-seven plump birds. The lawyer employed no legal entanglements with which to ensnare the game, either, but he says he used a very superior smokeless powder. No. 3 shot did the business.

A town of Wheatfield farmer sent word to a Lockport friend on Tuesday that the ducks were so thick on Tonawanda Creek his young boys were trying to knock them down with poles as they flew back and forth to the lake. Never within the momory of the present generation have the different varieties of waterfowl been so plentiful in Niagra county. This section is happily located anyhow as relates to the migratory game birds.

In the Niagara River, the county's eastern boundary, Lake Erie and Lake Ontario seem to come to a focus. The great bulk of northern waterfowl in seeking a southern home for the winter, spend at least a month along the shores and creeks of these bodies of water. The wild and almost tempestuous grandeur of the Falls, the rapids and the cliff-bound rivers undoubtedly appeal to the untamed natures of these wanderers from the North. It is a touch of nature for which these swift-winged birds whose flight simulates the speed of Niagara's falling waters have an unmistakeable liking. Great eagles soar above the whirlpool and mighty eddies, gulls skim along the waves, and far out in the more placid stretches a loon or a grebe may be seen to rise, and again as he rises on the crest of a wave. Pleasant indeed is this section in summer to the tourist, delightful is it to the angler in June, July or August, but to the fowler Niagara county is grandest in November. The noblest stanza Bryant ever penned has been answered. He presents to a waterfowl this query:

> "Whither midst falling dew,
> While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
> For through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
> Thy solitary way?"

Although not seeking a summer home, the bird doubtless is on his way "to scream among his fellows," for a brief season in the paradise for duck hunters is not for ducks, on old Ontario's shores, the land of the Niagaras.

M. H.

Emotions Aroused by a 10in. Track.

DEC. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you extracts from a letter just received from a guide with whom I have hunted in the Rockies, a man who has been in at the death of a large number of bears; and though a veteran at the game, he vividly describes a feeling that I have often experienced, and one which I think is generally shared at times by most hunters of dangerous game. It is a sort of very-anxious-for-a-fight feeling, but as the time seems to draw very close for the scrimmage, the feeling seems to take possession of one's soul that you are getting very near your game at an unnecessarily rapid pace.

H. N. M.

Dear M.: I made a trip this fall with Mr. E. of Switzerland. We hunted in the Jackson Lake country. There is a big grizzly bear in that country that makes a track of about 7½in. in width. I have had an eye on him for several years. This trip I thought to get him. It had been snowing all night. We started early in the morning, and found the track about 8 o'clock, and followed up the mountain, where we got close to our game. He had been making his breakfast of pine nuts. I had already taken three cartridges from pocket and put them between my fingers, for I knew from the signs we were very close to our game; and what a track! Did you ever notice when one gets close to a big grizzly how much larger the track is than it was a mile back, where you measured it? Well, this fellow's track was 10in. wide and getting wider every step, but at this stage of the game something happened, *of course it did*, otherwise we would have got the bear—provided, always, that the bear did not get us. Now right here, my good friend, let me tell you—of course I would not have anyone else know—that I was seriously thinking of the latter case, for there was poor D. worse than killed (I suppose you have heard all about it—an account of this brave fight was printed in FOREST AND STREAM last spring) and Jones, about the same time, was completely knocked out by a single stroke. I wondered if those bear made tracks like this one I was following. Then the new double-barreled rifle, suppose that should go back on us! That bear is just sure to be above us when we see him, and if—and if—and if—

When a man is seeking diligently for a thing, it is, at least, fair to suppose that he wants to find it. But I think there are times, especially when the track is very large, that such a presumption would be very far from the truth.

But something happened! A wolverine suddenly jumped across the track—stopped, of course, to look at us—bang! went E.'s gun. Kicked? You bet I kicked. It would not have looked well if I had not. We got the wolverine, and as we already had a very fine bear's skin in camp, Mr. E. was happy, and, of course, I was resigned. * * *

E. W. R.

Length of Barrels.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The writer was somewhat surprised at "Wanderer's" article in your excellent paper. Questions may have been settled, as he remarks, long ago in the minds of those who have answered them, and given their answers as they supposed correctly, and later investigations, and more complete and exhaustive experiments prove them far from correct. I once owned a 10-bore, 9½lbs gun that had 24in. barrels, and while I have shot hundreds of others with a weighed amount of powder and a counted charge of shot, I never saw its equal for regularity and evenness. But I would not advise any one to use such a short one, as the distance between the two sighting points is too short, and with all due respect to Mr. Tenner, I would recommend the 28in. tubes instead of the 26in. for the same reason. We all ought to thank Mr. Tenner for his useful and instructive articles.

WILL H. CRUTTENDEN.

Pennsylvania Game.

MUNCY, Pa., Dec. 14.—Reports of successful hunters reach us every day, from the Loyalsock, Little Pine, Big Pine Creek and their tributaries. In the vicinity of Barber's Mills one man killed three deer last week. Two deer were killed about three miles below English Center, on Little Pine Creek, during the first three days of this week. Another was killed in Carson Run last week. Since writing up that big flock of turkeys that were seen opposite this place, we learn that a hunter near Nesbit killed two at one discharge. Undoubtedly they were of the same flock, as the killing was done some miles up the river, on the Bald Eagle. Hunters say there is too much crust for good easy work. Mr. James Lose, the ablest angler of us all, continued to make fine catches of pike (we guess they were pickerel though) up to the first of this month. Last year he caught over 200 in October and November.

J. M. E.

THE CARLIN PARTY.

We recall nothing in recent literature of sport which parallels the experiences of the Carlin party of sportsmen who were lost in the Bitter Root Mountains as those experiences are related by Mr. Carlin himself in the Tacoma *Review*.

Following is Mr. Carlin's account given to the *Review:*

"We pitched our camp on the Clearwater Sept. 26, between two warm springs. The camp was comfortably appointed, the fishing was good, and the hunting magnificent. We stayed there until Oct. 10, and then decided to return home. We packed everything and started up the little trail toward the Lo Lo. Two-thirds of the way up we found the snow 2ft. deep. Colgate, who had been sick some time, was on a strong horse, but faring badly. Our guide, Spencer, estimated that the snow would be 4ft. deep on the main trail, and so we returned to the old camp. We found timber two miles and a half below there, at the lower lake and began the task of building rafts. In the mean time we had bought out Ben Keeley, an old trapper who had a cabin there stocked with provisions for the winter, and we hired him to come down with us. The party then numbered six in all. The rafts were 4ft. wide and 26ft. long, made of strong timbers, with bulkhead forward. We made a chair on one for Colgate to sit in, as he was by that time almost helpless, and embarked, dividing our provisions and utensils evenly. Himmelwright and myself were on the raft with Colgate. Pierce, Spencer and Keeley were on the other.

"Then began the most difficult and hazardous work that I ever heard of. We let the rafts down gradually, using ropes sometimes and then our poles, holding on with our hands to the slippery rocks along the banks. We were constantly obliged to have one man going forward to reconnoitre the river, and in places all five of us would work to let the rafts down one at a time. We made twenty-five miles that way, and then spent four days examining the river below us. It was impassable. It was then necessary for us to cross the river, and we were two days doing that. We had first to fell a tree 44in. in diameter out into the current. With ropes we let one raft out into the center of the stream. Then we paid out the line and let the raft swing against the other bank. We unloaded everything and cut the raft loose to see where it would go. It was whirled swiftly down stream 200yds. and swung into a clump of rocks. That was the last we saw of it.

"The trip that far had been attended by innumerable risks. All of us had many narrow escapes from drowning. Once when we ran on the rocks Colgate's end of the raft was submerged and he fell into the water. Himmelwright happened to be standing close enough to save his life. I was nearly drowned another time, and I guess nearly all of us owe more to good luck than anyone will know of. We started out on foot, after crossing the river, marching slowly in the hope that Colgate would keep up. We were then down to 40lbs. of flour, 4lbs. of bacon, 5lbs. of beans—a mere handful—and a little coffee. The whole question was talked over seriously.

We saw that to stand still meant sure death, while it was doubtful if we could be saved by going ahead. We finally decided to keep on, and determined that whoever fell behind must bear his own misfortune. All that was explained to Colgate early one morning. He seemed to have only a general idea of what was going on. Once he said to me, 'Well Carlin, I guess I'll be the first one to fall.' All of us were in a deplorable fix. We divided our provisions, discarded all our blankets and arms except a dozen rounds of ammunition each and two guns. Colgate could scarcely walk. Then we made the start. He soon fell behind and that was the last we saw of him. Two and a half miles further on we camped. We waited the next day until 10 o'clock, thinking it barely possible that the old man might come in, but he never overtook us. He died that night, I am sure. In fact he was dying when we left him and he couldn't possibly have put in another night. He was demented and in a stupor, and seemed hardly to realize what was going on when we left him. He weighed fully 200lbs. and we were so weak that it was out of the question to carry him.

"We traveled on that way, still suffering, slipping down at every step almost, three days and a half before we reached the cañon. Vertical walls of rock from 200 to 1,000ft. high, towered above us. I shall never forget the scene. The Clearwater River rushed into the cañon with a tremendous roar, and those great walls seemed almost to meet at the top. They cast a deep shadow on the stream, and the liquid took colors that a Tavernier could not produce. The worst part of our journey was before us. The cañon was eight miles long, and it is impossible to travel down it along the river bank on either side. We made the best of our way up and down the ridges, hanging on to clefts and protuberances on the face of the steep sidehills. In one place we were forced to go back from the river three miles to get around a little cliff that jutted out over the stream. Another day we tried to go to the top of the range and walk along the mountain tops. But the sides of the hill were lined with moose brush weighted down with snow. When you stepped on it your feet were taken out from under you, and the brush, relieved of its weight of snow tripped, you as it flew back again. The snow was slippery and we soon found that method of traveling harder than any other. We were three days and a half doing that eight miles of cañon. One day we only advanced a mile and a half.

"We did not wait when we struck the mouth of the cañon. The walking was bad enough then, but it was an improvement on what we had endured. Our provisions gave out and we stumbled along the best we could, eating berries whenever we could find them. The hills were lower and the country more open, but there was no sign of game. It rained pitchforks all one night, and the next day it was cold enough to chill us to the bone. Later we happened across some pheasants and shot three of them. Three dogs followed us all through our journey. When we shot a pheasant in the more open country all three dogs were on it in an instant. One got the breast, another the head, and the third was pulling on the legs. We had to fight hard to save part of the bird from the clutches of the starving animals.

"Three more days of that kind of progress, in which we gained perhaps two miles a day, and then we met the rescue party in charge of Lieut. Elliott. It was the dogs who gave the first sign of its propinquity. Himmelwright and I were half a mile behind eating hawberries. The dogs were in advance of our main party, when one of Lieut. Elliott's dogs saw them and barked. Spencer was in the lead, with Pierce close behind him. Spencer heard the strange barking and climbed a high rock, from which he caught sight of Rory Burke, a rancher from Smith Creek, who had been employed by Elliott to help navigate the boat. Soon afterward we met a soldier, and I recognized him as an old chum of mine, Sergeant Guy Norton. We soon joined Lieut. Elliott and his men, and I found him the kindest hearted man I had ever met. He was just in time, for we were almost starved and very weak."

From this point the return of the rescued and rescuers to civilization was accomplished without an accident. Lieut. Elilott and his command had a desperate time fighting their way through the snow until they found the hunters. When he heard about the plight of Colgate, he determined to send the hunters back and keep on in search of the cook. The members of the Carlin party explained that it would be an impossibility to find him. They talked over the situation for hours with the Lieutenant, and their weak condition and the difficulties which they described persuaded him to give up the idea of further search.

Mr. Carlin sends us the following note:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to state that the newspaper reports to the effect that Martin Spencer, our guide, was responsible for our being caught in the snow in the Bitter Root Mountains are entirely incorrect. Not a shadow of blame rests with Mr. Spencer, and all through our trip he proved himself a man in every sense of the word. Wm. E. Carlin.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From our Staff Correspondent.*]

A Bad Prospect.

The weather continues severe all through this section of the country, with alternate thawing and freezing, and a gradual increase in snowfall. It seems doubtful if the few birds left over from last season will have a fighting chance for their lives unless the elements take early a kindlier dispositson. Should this winter be as hard on quail as last, the stock will be sadly cut down all over what is naturally a great quail country, namely, northern Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, with a large portion of Iowa.

Would the Shooters Join?

Chicago is full of unemployed men, many of whom would have starved to death had it not been for the organized efforts of the citizens and the city to take care of its honest poor. To be out of work, to be able and willing to work, and yet to be unable to find work to do—there can be no situation in life as terrible as this, and no problem in society so hard of solution. For the thousands of the poor fellows so situated there can be but one feeling, that of the sincerest sympathy. Thousands of such men crowd the corridors of the City Hall every night, and pack like sheep into any vacant building where the authorities will allow them to spend the night undisturbed. In the daytime these men get what they can to eat, many of them depending altogether on the places where food is dispensed free. The relief association of the city constantly solicits donations of food for use in these open kitchens for the destitute, and many thousands of loaves of bread and tons of food of all sorts are given weekly to this purpose by those more able or more fortunate in life.

One of the city papers the other day called upon the merchants of South Water street (the great produce and game market) to contribute supplies to this charity. The gravity of the situation is such that all the papers and all the people here talk of nothing so much as of this question of how to feed starving and half desperate men who throng the city this winter to so extraordinary and alarming extent. Food, of almost any sort, is the great need, the quality being not so much the question as the quantity. As most of the food of the city comes in through South Water street, the papers call on the South Water street merchants to supply food. This they are no more able to do than any one else of equal income. And yet there seems to be a little suggestion in this call on South Water street, which I offer with much diffidence but with equal sincerity.

There is no sort of game in the country so abundant and so cheap in the market as the cottontail rabbit. Often they go begging at five cents apiece, the market being loaded down with them. Five cents is a small sum, but if one had a family and did not have five cents left with which to feed them, the food possibilities of five cents would look large. For the man so situated even a cottontail rabbit would have a value, for it would mean a meal. These men of whom I am speaking are hungry, so that food of any wholesome sort seems a blessing to them.

Now, I am not posing as a solver of economic problems and I fear ridicule for the idea I propose. Yet every one can best work along the line of activity in which he is engaged and all one can do is to do his best. The premises are that any wholesome food which can be laid down for nothing at the door of the Chicago relief association in carload loads is worth the having; that thousands of big-hearted men read Forest and Stream, and that these thousands of men could kill and ship, perhaps prepaid, thousands of the cottontail rabbits which in many parts of the country swarm in such numbers that sportsmen do not shoot them. For instance, in lower Indiana, say about Bicknell, of which point I have spoken before, a party of half a dozen guns could load a wagon with rabbits in a day's shoot almost certainly. This would be a wagon load of wholesome food. The game supply of the country would not be injured, neither could the game be put to better purpose than to give it to the poor who can not afford to shoot and who are anchored by their poverty in the mid-channel of adversity.

I do not say to the shooters of the country, Go out and kill this game and ship it to Chicago, nor do I advise a shot being fired to that purpose. But I do say that should the relief association of Chicago express itself as desirous of having this sort of food sent them, then I know these Forest and Stream men so well that I am satisfied that they would send in to this city tons of this wholesome food and be glad to do it. The shipments could be made nominally to some well known sportsmen, say to Carter H. Harrison, Jr., editor of the Chicago *Times*, he not to be troubled by it, but to act simply as nominal consignee for the association. This idea at first may seem whimsical, but study the streets of Chicago these cold days and it will not seem so whimsical, but may appear to have foundation. For the man who will not work when he can, contempt and starvation; but for the man who wants to work and cannot, all the sympathy and all the help in the world. None will help more willingly than sportsmen, for none are kinder-hearted. Sporting papers do not deal with flour and beef, but can only give as they possess. The mission of the sporting papers is not to kill off game in quantities, but to protect it. Yet I submit that the sporting papers possess here some game which they can spare, and that while the readers of these sporting papers retain strength and skill and leisure enough to kill a few rabbits each this winter, the game which they kill does not belong to them, if the poor of Chicago want and ask for it.

It would be a pleasure to hear from the relief association, and also from the sportsmen of the country on this point, and as this is written on the first thought and submitted with deference, please let us have only charitable comment. The magnitude of the existing necessity for food cannot be exaggerated. There are over 100,000 men in Chicago who are going hungry every day. It is our duty as men to turn aside from mere pleasure long enough to do some of the thinking about these men.

The Ke-sk-ee F-h St-y.

There still lives a gentlemen who seems to have a notion that the Kekoskee fish story is a fiction. This is Mr. Horace Wilson, of Columbus, O., who says he is "an old man in the seventies now, and has to hunt by proxy," but is still able to fish, read Forest and Stream, and believe the believable fish stories. He incloses a weird story about a man who killed an Indian, an elk, a grizzly bear, a mountain lion and a rattlesnake all at one shot, and suggests that that is a pretty stiff story itself. Mr. Wilson really mustn't believe everything he sees in the papers, except what he sees in Forest and Stream. That is always so. Meantime let us hope that the writer of his kindly letter will hunt and fish and read a great many years yet.

Rejected the Governor.

It is stated currently that at their private business meeting this week the members of Swan Lake Shooting Club of this city declined to admit into membership in the club Governor John P. Altgeld of Illinois, the high-handed beliefs and practices of the latter in game law matters disqualifying him from association with sportsmen.

Dame Bang Dead.

A letter from the friend with whom I lately shot in Indiana tells me that Dame Bang is dead, the property of Mr. Peabody, of Cincinnati, O., died last week at Bicknell, Ind., of what appeared to be rabies. The information came through Mr. John Barker, who could give few particulars. The owner of Dame Bang was disappointed that the judge could find no place for her, and now death makes the final disappointment. At the time when Mr. LaRue, Mr. Organ and myself shot over Dame Bang she was as perfect a shooting dog as one ever saw. Then came her weak run at the U. S. Trials, possibly due to the disease that later resulted fatally, and now at last, and all too soon, Dame Bang has gone to join Molly O'Brien, Roll Organ's favorite, late deceased.

Good Deer Trip.

Mr. Roth, with the John Wilkinson Co. of this city, had a successful trip after deer with a number of friends this fall. They hunted on the Flambeau, and had nine deer hung up at one time.

Fashions in Guns.

Friends in the gun trade tell me there is a tendency this fall toward the light half pistol-grip or the straight-hand stock of older times. The inquiry probably can be traced to the elaborate gun exhibits at the World's Fair, which showed such forms in light and graceful guns. The pistol or half pistol has its good features, but probably for a while we will have a run to the English fashion of straight-hands. American shooters also shoot straighter-stocked guns every year. This is much of a matter of habit, as if one shoots a gun with small drop he must form the habit of bending his neck and getting close down on his stock. If he shoots with a high head, he must have high barrels, and that is all there is to the question. The English habit is to drop the head. I confess I cannot see much to the modern notion that you want a gun straighter than you can sight, that is, one in which the barrels slant up full view in front of you when you throw up the gun. Yet a gun can be so built that it will "carry high" at 40yds. and still allow direct alignment by the rib, so that you can still see your bird and have a per cent. of allowance furnished you by the gun maker for the rise of the bird and the drop of the shot. But if we should admit even so much as that, there would still be fashions in gun stocks as much as fashions in hats. Just now the fashion for high and narrow bids fair to boom, with a smattering of Monte Carlo cutaway and an occasional humpbacked "rational stock," the latter a much better thing than it looks. Chan. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., shoots a "rational stock." The shooters and the makers will continue to keep each other guessing, we may depend. E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

Winter and the Game in Michigan.

Central Lake, Mich., Dec. 12.—Our lake froze over on the 2d inst. The winter has set in with unusual severity; that is, the snow is deeper than for some years, being nearly 2ft. in the woods. The temperature, however, has not, I think, been as low as zero, which is more than can be said of Central Illinois. We had last week a thaw, with rain, and when it froze the snow was left in a very solid condition, which I think unfavorable to the game. We have, however, no quail here, and the other creatures may manage to worry through the winter, especially as the sentiment against deer killing out of season is becoming yearly more patent as a factor in the preservation of these animals. Kelpie.

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

More About the .22cal.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here we have four articles in your issue of Nov. 25, in which one man, a "gunsmith," as much as acknowledges that he knows practically nothing regarding the .22, where the other three adherents to the little cartridge are very enthusiastic and support my statements regarding the .22's work.

In reply to Mr. Fellows I may say that the air is not "thin" here, but I have put a .22 short through that thickness of pine at 200yds., and can do it at any time for all the money he can raise in his county. The yards are also three feet here. And again, he must be "loco" when he says a prairie dog cannot be seen at 303yds. This dog I shot in South Dakota, and any one who has been in that country can post him on the purity of the air there. He may be the champion of his county and hold the medal for it, but that don't go to show that the .22 short can't be champion also and get the medal—not a Kekoskee medal like Mr. Hough's. I am coming East next fall on a visit, and I intend to drop in on him and take that hat and his $10. I will not take any advantage, but will give him $5 every time I miss if he gives me $5 every time I hit that hat at 303yds. I will also give him a chance to put up from $50 to $500 that I can put eight shots out of ten in an 8in. bullseye at 303yds. with my .22 short, off-hand.

Again he says the .22 long rifle is the proper thing over 100yds. I still hold that the .22 short is good up to 325yds., and to kill at that distance. Please note where "Autokee" shot a .22 through both sides of his barn, boards being 1in. in thickness, at 330yds.; does that look as if the .22 long were the only one to use over 100yds.? Again, look at the statement of "Telilla," how about the .22 short there?

Mr. L. D. Von Iffland says he killed an osprey at 120yds. and a friend of his who stood 200yds. further distinctly heard the little ball singing past and going at a lively rate. He also states that he has shot a .22 short through 4½in. of pine, also that he made some very creditable shots with a .22 long at 600 and 700yds.

I think if we lovers of the little .22 keep on we will convince in time the doubters as regards the .22 cartridge. I have used the .22 short of different makes, but find the .22 U. M. C. gives the best results. I am eagerly waiting for Mr. Von Iffland's report regarding his tests with felt.

Where is "Tode" that we hear nothing from him and his .22?

In Iowa not long since a man was cleaning a .22 short Colts repeater which was accidentally discharged, the ball going completely through his body and out through the side of the house. I can cite numerous incidents that have come under my notice where the .22 short has done equally as good work as the larger calibers.

DIAMOND WALT.

EXETER, Neb., Dec. 5.

An "Arabian Spike Buck."

HERE is a curious account of a deer that was shot lately in the Upper Peninsula woods. I would like the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to know about it, that some of them, perhaps, may elucidate the puzzle, if puzzle it is. The clipping is from the Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) *News*, and was written by the editor, Chas. S. Osborn, an enthusiastic hunter and cracking good newspaper man, who knows as much about the fauna of the North Woods as any man living. This is what he says:

"Thos. Graham, postmaster, storekeeper and expert hunter at Rosedale, killed an 'Arabian' spike buck near his home and the skin, head and legs are at Taxidermist Lines, to be mounted life size. The deer is a freak and difficult, if not impossible, to classify. It is the size of an average three-year old buck and has the mysterious 'spike' or two straight horns like the antelope, which give to the hunter or naturalist no idea of the age of the animal. The eyes were pink, like those of an albino, and the upper jaw is decidedly prognathic, while the lower jaw is equally prominently opisthognathus. The back is almost solidly a brownish gray, the sides are pure white and the legs are spotted reddish and white. It does not answer the description of the dama or fallow deer, which is smaller, and its spots are regular; neither is it like the spotted deer, or axis, of East India. In fact nothing like it has been seen by local hunters, except one killed near Naubinway a year ago by James Walker. The freak is even more unusual and prettier than the albino or pure white deer, several of which have been killed in northern Michigan and Wisconsin." W. H. J.

Birds in Connecticut.

MERIDEN, Conn., Dec. 4.—I read with much pleasure of the plan of importing foreign game for the Maine woods as set forth in your issue of Dec. 16, and let us hope it will be taken up in the States as well. Near my home in Connecticut, a few miles below Willimantic, the Liberty Game Club have been importing Eeglish pheasants, which seem to be doing well. They also have the California plumed quail, and I think that if we could get started a few more clubs like the Liberty Club we might in a few years have good shooting in Connecticut. I am sorry to say there are many who call themselves sportsmen around these parts who will oppose a game club and say that all they want is to shut out the majority of the hunters, but they themselves will go out, and if they find a flock of quail will follow it up until not one is left, and then wonder why there is not quail in the same spot next year.

I think that we need more game wardens to look after game interests in winter time. Only one flock of quail has been started in this section this year, so far as I can learn, and all that were left at last report were four birds. Let every true sportsman persuade some farmer friend of his to sow a patch of oats next spring to leave for the quail in the fall, and I believe he will feel better for it. A couple of dollars is a good persuader among farmers.

JIMSEY.

A Connecticut Swan.

REUBEN HILL killed a handsome swan below Saybrook, Conn., recently. This is the first bird of this species that has been ahot in this vicinity for over fifty years. Capt. O. N. Brooks, the famous taxidermist, has mounted the swan.—*Providence Jonrnal.*

Bears in the Catskills.

HUNTER, N. Y., Dec. 10.—Game has been somewhat scarce during this last fall and winter, although some fairly good bags of partridges have been made. Woodcock shooting was quite below the average. But bears! A perfect bear hunter's paradise! Never before in the history of the "oldest inhabitant" have so many bears been shot in this section, as during the past few days. It is nothing at all uncommon for hunters to strike the trail of from one to four bears in a bunch. Only two days ago two hunters succeeded in driving into a den and dispatching near the opening a fine fellow. One of them suggested the propriety of examining "that hole" before leaving it. Crawling cautiously in, he was almost rattled to see six balls of fire gleaming at him. A rapid fusilade, and the hunters returned to town with four splendid fellows—three yearlings and one old one. The supervisor of Hunter told me had this day issued five certificates for bounties on presentation of the skulls, as required by law. A conservative estimate places the number killed within a radius of 10 miles at 25 to 30 in two weeks. The enormous amount of "shack," beechnuts, etc., in the mountains makes them exceedingly fat. J. K.

Do Long Close Seasons Increase Game?

EASTON, Md., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a subject that will be taken up at our meeting next week that we would much like to be enlightened upon, and upon which there is a difference of opinion among the sportsmen of this section. In view of the scarcity of partridges (quail) in all this section, owing to the severity of the past winter, we are considering whether it would be best to prevent shooting altogether for say two years, or to shorten the open season to say twenty or thirty days. The advocates of the short open season claim (and I am disposed to agree with from an experience of a good many years) that if birds are not shot at all they grow very tame and become an easy prey for their enemies, and that if the coveys are left entirely undisturbed they do not break up readily and pair off in the spring. I know that in several estates here where shooting has not been allowed birds do not increase, and where some shooting has been done birds seem to keep up breeding and are more numerous. Cannot we get the opinion of some of our large family of sportsmen through our family paper? SINKBOAT.

Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Reports from almost every town in Tompkins county indicate that the ruffed grouse supply is larger than for several years past. The game supply houses of Ithaca are abundantly supplied with the birds, and sportsmen unite in saying that good grouse shooting may be obtained in most any part of the county.

The rabbit crop is big, but almost every third man you meet afield carries a ferret concealed about his person, so that it is perfectly reasonable to infer that an enormous inroad on the supply will be made.

Duck shooting on the Ithaca marsh has not been up to the average, I am told. A good many birds have been in the neighborhood, but they have invariably flown high when making their morning and evening flights. While a large number of birds have been shot by the several score and forty odd duck shooters of the town, the bags have been light compared to those of last year.

The water in the lakes and streams hereabouts is almost unprecedentedly low, and sportsmen entertain fear for the safety of trout and other fish spawn should winter set in without a good fall of rain. M. C. H.

A Word About "Von W."

COLT'S NECK, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was glad to become acquainted, as one might say, with "Von W." through the columns of your paper last week. I think his article on "Forests and Streams" was one of the best that has been written on the subject, and greatly enjoyed reading it, as it hits the nail exactly on the head. Have also enjoyed reading other articles published in your paper and contributed by him, one of which was a short poem entitled "A Midsummer Pæan," published some three years since. It was one of the grandest that I have ever had the pleasure of reading, and I have preserved it among my literary treasures. A. L. L.

FRED SAUTER, the taxidermist, 3 North William street, New York, has been very busy executing orders for mounting large game, heads, etc., shot by his friends in the Eastern and Western States. It is very interesting to visit his establishment and see specimens from sportsmen to be prepared as trophies. Mr. Sauter has on hand a large collection of choice game heads, rugs, mats, etc., suitable for Christmas presents —*Adv.*

Where Montgomery Fell.

QUEBEC, Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many of your readers in the United States have doubtless visited our ancient city in summer while en route to the many rivers and lakes of this district, but a very small percentage of these sportsmen have seen Quebec in its winter garb. An opportunity to do this is in prospect as related in that admirable and interesting letter of J. U. Gregory, Esq., in your issue of Nov. 25, inviting brother sportsmen to come to Quebec's carnival this winter. The white mantle of the Côte de Beaupré, with the dark background of the Laurentide Hills and the blue foreground of the mighty St. Lawrence, its surface sometimes clear but oftener dotted with flocks of ice, mark the contrasts of our winter landscape as seen from the windows of Chateau Frontenac. The climate is variable, but the clear, cold, bracing air is nothing any one need be afraid of. Peradventure a snowstorm may rage, and, then the cosy rooms of the chateau will be comfortable refuges till the blizzard has passed, but these varieties only make the visit more interesting. The river is crossed half-hourly by the winter steam ferry, but if so inclined our visitors may try the *ancien mode* in large strong canoes navigated by experienced men. This trip is varied by paddling through the clear water and being dragged in the canoe over the ice floes, making the voyage a novel and exciting experience

As friend Gregory has dipped somewhat into the history of Quebec, I would correct a grave error that both he and some others, notably City Engineer Baillargé have fallen into relating to that memorable night of Dec. 31, 1775. The latter gentleman, who certainly should be better informed, has published an egregious blunder on a placard which he placed on the walls of his residence in St. Louis street, built on the site of the old house in which the body of General Montgomery was laid after the battle. This placard states:

"The body of General Montgomery of the United States Army, mortally wounded while scaling Cape Diamond, endeavoring to plant the American flag on the heights of the plains of Abraham, was laid out here the 31st of December, 1775. In an old house dating 1669, demolished and rebuilt in 1890."

There is a sign board placed at a certain height on the rocks over Champlain street, so as to be visible from the river, whereon is inscribed: "Here Montgomery fell 31st December, 1775," and underneath a hand pointing downward. The diction of this inscription is certainly misleading, as the sequel will show, but not such a barefaced untruth as the Baillargé placard. This old sign still remains, seeing its renovation is nobody's business in particular.

In 1775 Champlain street was only a narrow beach road, and at this particular spot, under Cape Diamond, was a barricade and guard-house, defended by one cannon and a detachment of Canadian militia and British sailors. Gen. Montgomery being all the time in the possession of the plains of Abraham, crossed them with his command and descended the cliff, doubtless near where Wolfe ascended sixteen years before, and advanced toward the city by this narrow beach road, during a howling snowstorm on the night of Dec. 3.

The barricade and guardhouse were in darkness, seemingly unoccupied, giving no sign, and whatever the officer who went to reconnoitre it reported to his chief is not recorded, but Montgomery at once advanced at the head of his column.

The liveliness of the post was then announced by a terrific discharge of grape and musketry, instantly killing him, two officers, McPherson and Cheeseman, a sergeant and nine men. The balance of the command fled, and next morning thirteen bodies were found buried in the snow. Montgomery's sword was taken by a drummer boy, and purchased on the spot by James Thompson, Royal engineer and overseer of works, whose grandson placed it for safe keeping in the Museum of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, where it remained for many years, until he disposed of it to the Marquis of Lorne, who presented it to the Montgomery family, residing, I think, in New York.

From this misleading sign and placard, all strangers visiting Quebec are led to believe that Montgomery fell in attempting to climb the cliff, which is totally incorrect. One visitor is said to have remarked that if Montgomery fell down that cliff it is no wonder he was killed. Hoping that many of your readers will visit Quebec, this writer remains, etc. F. C. WURTELE.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISHING ON SUNDAY.

Full Text of the Opinion of the Court of Appeals.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, Respondent, *v.* ROBERT H. MOSES, Appellant.

(Decided November 28, 1893.)

Matthew Daly for appellant.

M. H. Hirschberg for respondent.

EARL, J. The defendant was convicted in a court held by a justice of the peace in the county of Orange, of the crime of Sabbath breaking. The conviction was affirmed upon appeal to the Court of Sessions of that county, and upon appeal to the General Term of the Supreme Court. He has now appealed to this court, claiming upon the undisputed facts that he was not guilty of the crime charged.

The act claimed to be a violation of the Sunday laws was fishing from a boat upon Clark's pond, in the county of Orange on Sunday. The pond is a body of water about a mile in length, and over half a mile wide. It does not distinctly appear in the evidence whether the pond is public or private property, but it may be assumed here, as it was in the court below, that it belonged to a club of which the defendant was a member. The pond is not a secluded body of water as there are public highways and occupied residences in its vicinity, and the act of the defendant was committed within the observation of a number of people. He claims that he was not guilty of the offense charged because the pond was private property, and his acts were not, therefore, public, and did not constitute "serious interruption of the repose and religious liberty of the community."

The Christian Sabbath is one of the civil institutions of the State, and that the Legislature for the purpose of promoting the moral and physical well-being of the people, and the peace, quiet and good order of society, has authority to regulate its observance, and prevent its desecration by any appropriate legislation is unquestioned. (*Lindenmuller* v. *People*, 33 Barb. 548; *Neuindorff* v. *Duryea*, 69 N. Y. 557.)

We have, therefore, only to construe the statutes and ascertain whether they prohibit the act complained of. Section 259 of the Penal Code provides that "the first day of the week, being by general consent set apart for rest and religious uses, the law prohibits the doing on that day of certain acts hereinafter specified, which are serious interruptions of the repose and religious liberty of the community." It is not the meaning of this section that every act which is claimed to be a violation thereof must, in fact, be a serious interruption of the repose and religious liberty of the community; but the Legislature in subsequent sections specified certain acts which are declared to be serious interruptions of the repose and religious liberty of the community—acts, necessarily described in general and comprehensive terms, which the law-makers believed had a general tendency to interfere with Sunday as a day of rest and religious worship. Section 263 prohibits all labor on Sunday, excepting works of necessity or charity, and it matters not whether the prohibited labor be public or private, wherever it is performed it is prohibited. In Section 265 particular acts are specified which are prohibited, as follows: "All shooting, hunting, fishing, playing, horse racing, gaming or other public sport, exercises or shows upon the first day of the week, and all noise disturbing the peace of the day, are prohibited." In Sections 266, 267 and 268 other acts are specially prohibited. It is thus seen that among the acts specially prohibited on Sunday is fishing. That is absolutely prohibited on Sunday everywhere and under all circumstances. It may be done in a community where it does not offend the sensibilities of any one; it may be done in such a manner as not to disturb the peace or interrupt the repose or religious liberty of the community, and yet the law is violated. It is quite unreasonable to suppose that the Legislature meant that whenever any of these acts are charged as a violation of the law an issue can be framed and tried as to their public, offensive or disturbing character. The Legislature has settled that matter by prohibiting them absolutely.

In reaching this conclusion we are not embarrassed by the decision in the case of *People* v. *Dennin* (35 Hun, 327), because we do not think that case was correctly decided. There the defendant and two other persons, played ball on Sunday, in private grounds, with the consent of the owner thereof, creating no disturbance and making no noise, and it was there held that to constitute a violation of Section 265 of the Penal Coda the playing prohibited must seriously interrupt the repose of the community on Sunday. That playing ball by several persons in a place open to the view of the people who may be in the vicinity, or who may pass by, is condemned by the principles which lie at the bottom of the Sunday laws, and is an act of playing within the meaning of the statute cannot be doubted.

We think the judgment should be affirmed.

All concur, except FINCH, PECKHAM and GRAY, JJ., dissenting.

Judgment affirmed.

A copy. H. E. SICKELS, Reporter, C.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fishing Conditions and Prospects.

DURING the autumn I received a number of letters from anglers in Great Britain in regard to the fishing of the past season, and all agreed that it had been bad; very bad. The following extract from a letter written by an English clergyman, known to anglers by his pen name of "Cotswold Isys, M. A.," will serve as a sample: "I have been away up in the North, fishing; but a lamentable experience my friend and myself had there, the rivers being dead low from the long drought we had had in England, and the fish absolutely refusing to rise or come out of the lakes in which they were trying to find a little water. Well, it was no use fishing under those untoward circumstances. I hope you have had a more enjoyable time and that you had good sport.

"I presume you will have heard what a terribly disappointing time our anglers have had in England, and Scotland too. We never remember anything like it. I never do. I do not remember ever looking forward to my fishing holiday in the more hope or desire. Yet I never had such a trying and disappointing one. I fished on the Yorkshire Eden, on the Yore and on the Derbyshire Wye, but all were low and wrong, and it was little more than vexation of spirit. It was enough to make one smash all one's rods and give up angling altogether. But what should we do without hope? So I did not smash mine, but said, 'It is a long lane that has no turning,' and who can tell but what, if spared to see it, 1894 may improve upon its eight predecessors?"

When I read of the conditions existing over the sea that fishermen had to contend with, I thought how much more fortunate we, in this big country, are in that respect. The fishing may be off in one section because of drought or flood, but generally there is fishing to be found in some other section, and as for a whole season of drought, throughout the country to ruin all the fishing, we know nothing about it. To be sure the conditions obtaining in the two countries are altogether different, and I need not go into that, but lately a thought has come into my mind that possibly we are not so highly favored of the gods as I had supposed, and perhaps we have reason for some slight alarm about our future fishing prospects in some parts of this country.

What will the Harvest Be.

"Cotswold Isys" means by fishing, fly-fishing, and this in turn means, as a rule, stream fishing. Let us look at our own streams in northern New York. A year ago the streams were extremely low, when winter came with frost and ice and her white fall, and later she made a record for herself for severe and long continued cold that stumped the oldest inhabitant and laid him out stiff and stark when he tried to recall a similar winter. Mountain brooks, feeders of large trout streams, and the nurseries for young trout, were frozen solid to their beds, and I know of trout of spawning size being caught in pools and frozen into the ice. This must have destroyed a number of fingerling trout and the eggs in many spawning beds, but its effect on the fishing will not become apparent for a year or two or more yet.

Now winter is on us again. After an autumn to be long remembered—an autumn without rains, the frost and the ice have "shut pan" and the snow has covered the earth, and it looks as though it had come to stay. Again the streams are low and constantly running lower, so that a water famine is threatened in some northern towns. Many trout spawned two months ago, and it is not unlikely that some of the spawning beds have become easy prey to frost and ice. There is no prospect at this writing that we will have more rain at present, and more spawning beds may become exposed to destruction. It is true that all trout do not spawn in the small mountain streams, but they are the feeders of other waters and the havens of safety for the newly-born fry that find an enemy in their own kin of larger growth. Many trout spawn in ponds and lakes where springs bubble from the bottom, and others spawn in streams where even extreme cold cannot reach their beds, therefore, the prospect is not all dark, but injury to the spawning beds in the small brooks must, it would seem, have its effect on the fishing of the future.

The Remedy.

There is a remedy for this state of affairs which can be applied to a certain extent, and that is the planting of artificially-reared trout, trout fry or older fish to fill the void that nature has made or may make, and under these circumstances we more fully understand and appreciate the value of artificial fish propagation. As it is many of the State waters owe their present supply of trout largely to plantings made by the State, and the stock is kept up in part, at least, by annual contributions from the same source. With this work of restocking trout waters there have been, in the past, some experiments looking to the making of new trout waters, or converting waters filled with predacious fish into trout ponds. Next spring will not be a good time for experiments of this kind. The Fish Commissioners will not permit it if they know it, but they cannot watch every plant. Only waters that now contain trout should be planted with trout, leaving all other waters until another time to be experimented upon.

The State is supposed to furnish fish only for public waters, open to fishing by the public. In years past many State fish have been planted by authority of the Fish Commission in private waters, owned by clubs, from which the general public had been excluded, but this custom I believe is no longer practiced by the State. Private fishing clubs, and those who lease waters for private fishing, and do not hatch fish to keep up the stock, can buy trout fry very cheaply; one trout breeder having written me within a few days that he should furnish strong, healthy trout fry in lots of 10,000 and upward at $3 50 per thousand, and he adds that he always turns out large fry. Any falling off in the natural increase of trout owing to destruction of fry and eggs caused by low water and the severity of the cold last winter, or any falling off that may be caused by similar conditions this winter, will not be felt for from two to four years hence, but those who wish to exercise good judgment will make every effort to obtain a supply of artificially reared trout for planting in the streams in the region where the drought and cold have combined to do injury, and thus discount any possible scarcity of trout in the future.

"Tilts or Set Lines."

A correspondent in West Gardner, Mass., writes that he desires to come to New York State this winter "for a few days fishing for pike and pickerel, if I have the right to use tilts or set lines. I shall attend them myself and I shall go merely for the pleasure I derive from fishing; but I do not wish to violate the law and so ask about it before I start."

The correspondent will find in *Game Laws in Brief*, to be obtained at the office of FOREST AND STREAM, that in New York angling only is permitted, and that angling is defined to mean taking fish with hook and line, and by rod held in hand, and does not include set lines. The lake he inquires about is mentioned specifically in *Game Laws in Brief*, and I would prefer that he should read the law for himself, as there is a difference of opinion about what it really does mean in regard to taking fish through the ice, but the set line clause is clear enough. There is one point that I wish to make. The correspondent mentions "tilts or set lines" as if they were different names for the same device, and I contend that they are not. The lines used in pike or pickerel fishing through the ice with the "tilt," "tip-up" or "bush" accompaniment are not set lines any more than a rod with line attached that one rests on the side of the boat while he eats his lunch is a set line. A set line is an entirely different device distinct and separate from the lines attached to tilts or tip-ups. I have referred to this on a previous occasion in these columns and then said that the Supreme Court of New Hampshire had decided that fishing for pickerel through the ice with tilts was fair angling and consequently the lines used in such fishing were not set lines.

A. N. CHENEY.

Buzzards Bay Fisheries.

IN its report for the year the executive committee of the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League says:

"The great object for which this and kindred organizations were formed was last winter accomplished, and an act of the Legislature was passed prohibiting the setting of stationary apparatus for catching fish in the waters of Buzzards Bay, and so long as the law stands unrepealed no licenses can be granted to set weirs, pounds or traps in the waters of the bay.

"The question now is whether it is worth while to attempt to keep what we have worked so hard to secure, for there can hardly be a doubt but that those who oppose restrictive legislation for the protection of the fisheries will spare no effort or expense to have the statute repealed, and leave us just where we were before—at the mercy of the selectmen of towns.

"It is unfortunate that the law as it stood gave the selectmen of towns the right to grant licenses to set pounds and weirs for a term of five years, so that the value of the legislation of last winter cannot be fully realized until the longest term license shall have expired. It is understood that while the bill of last year was under consideration and appearances began to show that it would become a law, the selectmen of Dartmouth, and perhaps some other towns, granted licenses to several persons for the full term of five years, which licenses have now four years to run.

"The bay is now protected against the use of all seines, net weirs or pounds, except where there are unexpired licenses. And we trust their use will never again be permitted, for we are more than ever convinced that they are destructive of the fisheries and productive of evil, and that continually. It is a monopoly and a benefit to nobody except to those who own them or are engaged in a business dependent more or less upon them.

Unless these associations are kept up by those who are most interested in the preservation of the fisheries, and best able to bear the expense, it will be useless to hope that the protection now given to us by law will be continued. It is idle to suppose that the menhaden fishermen and the trap and pound men will give up a battle upon which their business depends, and which they are so abundantly able annually to renew. If it is worth while to gain the victory it would be the height of folly to abandon the field we have so hardly won."

GEORGE H. PALMER, Sec'y.
NEW BEDFORD, Mass. ARTHUR RICKETSON, Pres.

The Pennsylvania Association.

ROOMS, 1020 Arch street.—There was a large attendance at the meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association on Dec. 9 at the rooms, No. 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia. The conference to be held in New York on Dec. 13 to discuss the subject of the exhaustion of food fishes along the Atlantic coast was considered and consumed nearly the entire evening. The following delegates were appointed to represent the association: Mr. A. M. Spangler, Henry C. Ford, Cyrus S. Detre, Charles B. Reynolds, James H. Miller, Bernard L. Douredoure, Harry W. Quick, Alfred A. Hand, H. O. Wilbur, H. A. Chase, Dr. Bushrod W. James and William P. Thompson. Mr. Cyrus S. Detre favored the meeting with an able and interesting address upon the destruction of food fish by pound nets along the coast.

Nominations as follows: President, A. M. Spangler, H. O. Wilbur; Vice-Presidents, Edwin Hagert, William H. Burkhardt and Dr. B. W. James; Corresponding Secretary, J. Penrose Collins; Secretary, M. G. Sellers; Treasurer, Wm. S. Hergesheimer. Executive Committee—Henry C. Ford, H. A. Chase, Collins W. Walton, R. M. Hartley, C. H. Fitzgerald, J. A. Sypher, George T. Stokes, H. A. Ingram, Col. John Gay, Robert Coleman, Jr., Wm. P. Thompson, H. O. Wilbur, Cyrus S. Detre.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

Souvenir Spoons.

WE have left a very few solid silver FOREST AND STREAM souvenir spoons made expressly for the World's Fair at Chicago, which we wish to close out. These we will send to the first applicants by registered mail on receipt of price, $2 each. Forest and Stream Pub. Co.—*Adv.*

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

This offer is to *new* subscribers only. *It does not apply to renewals.*

For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

Fishculture.

Iowa Fish Commissioner.

JOHN G. SMITH'S name has been associated with the State fish commissionership for some weeks, but his candidacy has not been publicly announced until it appeared in the *State Register* Sunday morning. But before it was announced Mr. Smith had assurances of support which warrant him in feeling very hopeful of appointment. His wide acquaintance gained in the last session of the legislature and his recognized qualifications for the office have won him a very cordial and hearty encouragement from the beginning. There is not probably a man in Iowa who has had more opportunities to acquaint himself with the work that such an office would require, or whose tastes and interests have been more in line with his official duties than Mr. Smith. As president of the State association for the preservation of fish and game he was for many years actively interested in the work of the society all over the State. In the legislature he introduced several bills reforming our game laws, and took a special interest in all legislation relating to fish and game. His writings in various periodicals and books on hunting and fishing have attracted attention, and he is well known everywhere in the West for his intelligent interest in these matters.

Should Gov. Jackson appoint Mr. Smith as Mr. Griggs's successor, the good work of protecting the fish and game of the State will be continued, and the efforts already well begun for stocking our lakes and rivers will receive special attention. Mr. Smith will give the office his undivided attention, and bring to it the fruits of long study and experience, and a lively interest in the success of the work. He has every needed qualification for the position, and if chosen will give it a still higher degree of importance to the State than it has yet held.—*Upper Des Moines, Nov. 29.*

The Sacramento Salmon Egg Record.

BAIRD, Shasta Co., Cal., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The actual number of salmon eggs taken at this station of the U. S. Fish Commission this year is 8,000,000. The number that appears on the record is 7,761,450, but such liberal measure was given in placing the eggs in the hatching troughs that the actual number easily reaches 8,000,000. This exceeds the average of the most prosperous years of the station, and may be directly traced to the efforts which the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries has been making since 1885 to restore the salmon fisheries of the Sacramento.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

A Delightful Trip South.

LEAVE New York via the Pennsylvania R. R. 4:30 P. M., Richmond & Danville's Limited, a strictly Pullman vestibuled train, composed of dining and sleeping cars, operated solid. New York to New Orleans via Washington & Atlantic, also carrying Pullman sleeping cars. New York to Asheville, Hot Springs, Augusta, Ga., and Washington to Memphis. Another train, Richmond & Danville, fast mail, leaves New York at midnight, first through sleeping car service to the South. Announcement of the opening of the new short line to Florida will be made within a few days. Schedule will be so arranged as to leave New York after business hours, 4:30 P. M., arrive in Jacksonville next evening for dinner. Write Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, P. O. Box 1287, New York city, for rates and excursion tickets on sale to Southern winter resorts.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

Dec. 20 to 23.—Northern Ohio Pet Stock Association, at Akron, O. H. F. Peck, Sec'y.

1894.

Jan. 23 to 26.—New Orleans Fanciers' Club, at New Orleans, La. G. W. Sentell, Jr., Sec'y.

Jan. 16 to 19.—Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, at Saratoga, N. Y. L. W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y., Sec'y.

Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y.

March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.

March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 20 to 23.—St. Louis Kennel Club, at St. Louis, Mo.

April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.

May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1894.

Jan. 1.—Southern California Field Trials, at Ontario, Cal. H. C. Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal., Sec'y.

Jan. 15.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Salinas, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

CHICAGO KENNEL CLUB SHOW.

ONE always associates a spirit of progressiveness and go with the Windy City, and this seems to be carried even into the realms of dogdom. Most, in fact all other cities content themselves with giving one dog show in a year, and far from feeling any great desire to repeat the venture are often glad to rest on their laurels, and sometimes, we regret to add, count their losses and vow never to give another. Not so with the World's Fair city. Somebody once said Chicago could give a show every month and still make it pay. Be that as it may, the show held last week did not seem to be affected in any way by those that had recently gone before, and though the crowds that we have seen in late years were not so evident this time, the attendance was quite large enough to place the management in a good humor.

The show opened on Wednesday morning last with a very fair lot of dogs, though it must be said there was in many breeds a falling off in quality and numbers, too. There were about 430 entries, the catalogue numbering 466, but of these thirty-six were N.F.C. The building in which the show was held is known as the West Side Armory and was situated in quite another part of the city to that in which the previous shows have been held. That the move was a happy one we are not prepared to say, but that it did not suit the dogmen so well is very certain. Hotel accommodation is not good in this neighborhood, and though the building is in the midst of a residential part of the city the crowds were not so large, nor were there so many "smart" people to be seen strolling through the aisles as we were wont to find in Battery D on the lake front. The light was not at all good and the unfavorable condition of the weather added to the gloom so much so that the lights were turned on most of the day.

The judging was carried on in a rather desultory manner, but this was caused in some part by the inability of Mr. George Wilson to be present the first day, owing to an accident, he having fallen on the icy pavement on Tuesday and sprained his arm. On Thursday, however, he turned up in fair condition and got through his classes in good order. The

rings were not served as well as they might have been; in fact the management was not such as one could wish in a show of such pretensions. The attendants were not looked after as well as they might have been, and though the aisles were kept reasonably clean, there was a lamentable lack of cleanliness in some of the stalls. There is no one in a better position to judge of this than the reporter who has to take dogs out of their stalls to examine them, he sees all of them nearly, one by one, and makes his notes accordingly. One day not ten dogs were taken off their benches in the early morning hours as they should have been, and clean straw put in where needed. In some stalls we found wet straw and "dead" feed to the depth of several inches, and the attendants, when spoken to about it, covered them up with a handful of clean straw and the eye was relieved, but not the olfactories.

The rings also were not cleaned up as they should be after exercising hours. It is no good sprinkling disinfectant when the cause for ill odors still remains and is not removed. These are the little points which when properly attended to proclaim good management. Mr. John Read, a man who knows this part of the business well, was on the ground, but as he simply attended to Spratts contract in the affair, it was not his place to interfere. Enough of grumbling. We do not like the task, but feel constrained to allude to one other feature that should be abolished, and that at once. We allude to the row of puppies that stretched across one end of the hall, opposite the pet dog cages, a direct and unseemly insult to the feminine element that usually have to put in most of their time with their pets. In this row of stalls were pointer, dachshund, great Dane, fox-terrier, St. Bernard, Irish terrier and cocker spaniel puppies, and any show-goer may imagine the atmosphere that pervaded their vicinity when not properly attended to. This was a direct menace to the health of the show, and if serious mortality does not result from it we are out in our reckoning.

To turn to more pleasant features, we were agreeably surprised to find that rotation of numbers in the stalls had been insisted upon, and the visitors and others had no difficulty in finding the dogs they wanted to see. This might just as well be done at every show. Mr. Goodrich, Mr. Hagans, Mr. John Munson and Mr. Joe Locke seemed to have control of affairs, and gave the show their continual attention. Mr. Locke acting as superintendent, though we could find no official badges to guide us as to who was who. Mr. L. F. Whitman was the "vet.," and attended well to his duties.

We cannot commend the auction sale adjunct to the show, it brings a class of dogs, for instance those puppies, into a show whose presence can well be dispensed with. Another thing, sick dogs should be removed from the main building, and not become an eyesore to passers-by. We allude here more particularly to a field spaniel sent down from Canada that was chained on a heap of old straw in one corner of the building, and one lady we know fed the dog and bought meat for it for pure charity's sake. It was in wretched condition, and had every appearance of having distemper, though an old dog.

A number of Western fanciers were to be seen round the benches. Among them we noticed C. E. Bunn, H. A. Johnsou, C. A. Pratt, A. Trickett, F. S. Anderson, F. Bedad, Mr. Elliott, T. G. Davey, R. E. Fishburn, H. L. Goodman, G. A. Buckstaff, C. G. Hawley, G. S Siddons, W. I. G. Massey, Dr. Oliver, Dr. Withers, A. Marshall, W. Potter, H. Jarrett, H. L. Hairmount, C. A. Taylor, E. A. Woodward, George H. Whitney, Tom Blake, Mr. Collins, Mrs. Lees, Mrs. Meachem, Miss McCleary, Mrs. S. E. Davis and friend, etc., etc.

The catalogue was neatly arranged. H. C. Tyler gave a fair trick dog performance. Spratts Co. fed and benched, and Sanitas was used as a disinfectant. A marked catalogue was issued on Friday, and was a good work.

MASTIFFS (*E. B. Elliott, Judge*).—Once more has the West demonstrated its strength in this breed, and I think that the display this time was even better on the whole than that of February last. As at that show so in this, the burden of distinction lay with Mr. Bunu's team, and while most of his older lot have settled themselves in the challenge classes he has some good young ones to take their places. In the challenge classes Ormonde in dogs and Caution's Own Daughter and Lady Coleus, and Sinoloa and Ethel, in the other sex were the entries. Ormonde looked well, and C. O. D. and Lady Coleus were both very much improved in appearance since I last saw them. C. O. D. has been almost completely cured of the unsightly warts and sores she had in February, and Lady Coleus is once more in her propar form and the sore in her back dried up. It is an oft told tale between these two bitches and the decision was about rightly given. In open dogs (13), a new one by Beaufort's Black Prince out of Sinoloa came up from the Peoria Kennel, Leamington, a splendidly made dog, nice length of body, good legs, especially the hind ones, good depth of chest and loin and a little more flesh on the latter would have equalled Marquis there; his head has much volume of skull and general massiveness, good square deep muzzle, nice ears and quite enough wrinkle, in fact he is a very good mastiff and between him and Ingleside Minting there will be a struggle when they meet, though the latter is a bigger dog. Marquis is also a good one, but loses behind and in head to the other, he was at Indianapolis; third went to Webster's Judge, a big plain dog that was decidedly lucky, having little but bone and size to recommend him, as his faulty ears and plain long head though deep enough lacks character and he was out of class with the other, besides, his forelegs are out at elbow and not straight. Rossington, reserve, can lay all over him for type; he is a brother of the first prize winner and has a head built much after C. O. D.'s, but with black facings, his head is scarcely strong enough for a dog, but exquisitely modeled and very short in muzzle, his feet are a bit open and he is a little slack behind the ribs, but should be easily third. Baby Bunn is misnamed, as he is a coarse-headed, very big-eared, light-eyed dog, with little to recommend but skull, and was not well shown. Ilford Dates, also vhc., is another big, plain dog, ears not close to head, long, plain head. Alarm, that did not get anything, but can beat either of the mentioned dogs except Rossington, has a dark head, but with a little less stop his head is a good one, deep and square, stands a little straight behind, but good forelegs and body, his rather smutty color is against him at first sight. The bitch class (5) was scarcely so good. The well-known Minna Minting had all she could do to beat Eole in the ring, as she carries her ears faultily and does not move well behind. Eole has a good head if it had a little more breadth in skull, nice body, with capital breadth of hips and nice legs. Persia, third, is rather long-faced, but a fair bitch take her all round, should be deeper and heavier in body. In puppies there was but one and the judge was a bit hard in withholding first and second, as the pup is a well-grown one all round; nice skull and legs, but ears faulty; he should have been higher up. Ealderman was entered in open dogs, but the "vet." strained a point, I think, and ordered him out for mange; the dog was not in very good shape, but could pass. If not fit to show he should have been removed from the benching. There were no specials.

GREAT DANES (*E. B. Elliott, Judge*).—One can always depend upon a good entry of these dogs in the Windy City, though there is a lamentable lack of quality in the local entries take them altogether. Many of the dogs are heavy, coarse, and without the symmetrical and agile appearance so much admired in great Danes of the type that should obtain. Real great Dane admirers must be pleased at the advance made in the breed lately, for there are now a number of dogs that can be pointed to as exponents of the better type; especially is this so in the matter of head and neck. There are several men now coming into the great Dane fancy who are starting right and who are bound to exert an influence on the breed if they stick to the style of dog they are commencing with; such a kennel is Mr. Lawrence's. Still there are a great many bigoted notions to be eradicated before the enthusiasts attain their object. For a first appearance as a great Dane judge Mr. Elliott had a task set him that has appalled more than one. To decide upon the merits of Melac and Imperator has always been a touchy subject, and that Mr. Hagans should have waited in late years until his dog was almost crippled before pitting him against Melac was inexplicable. He simply courted defeat this time. Melac, Major McKinley and Imperator furnished the challenge dogs, and they were placed as named, the verdict being a popular one. Imperator has an advantage in head over the other two but Melac was put down in such superb condition, better than he ever looked in his life, and hard as nails, that he simply made a show of Imperator's stilty and crippled action in loin and hind parts; the dog seems all broken up there though seemingly healthy as far as flesh and coat conditions go. In open dogs (18) there was but really one in it. Earl of Wartemburg, a dog that Mr. Lawrence imported last spring from Mr. Max Dietsch; his head is a capital one, nice length and cleanly chiseled on a good neck well set, body excellent had it a shade more swell of rib, capital legs, forefeet not quite true, but an active mover and stylish withal; he is a light brindle. In him the Kennel Lawrence should have an excellent sire, especially when mated with the same type, in which the kennel is strong in the female division. Second went to the well known Hepburn Hero, who, of course, lost from his faulty shoulders and front; this dog has a capital jaunty hind action, an action that is peculiar to the breed. Lawrence Leopard is well named; he is a harlequin, faulty in feet, which are too open, and a bit narrow in chest, is about all that can be said against him in an all round notice; very nice head, but perhaps a little too much stop, very nice eye, not a wall, like most of the color, beautiful ribs and body and good front, barring the feet spoken of. Reserve went to King William, whom I thought rather lucky, as his head is not of correct shape, too much stop, almost dish-faced, short neck and not clean enough in shoulders; his good forelegs probably influenced the judge in his favor. Anderson's Sandor, in the vhc. lot, is not improving. He is not true at elbow, stop too defined, and with his faulty loin and poor tail he could not hope to do better. Hero's body is his best part; he is not clean enough in neck, and head too short and thick. Prince, hc., is too broad in skull for correct type. The others need no mention. In bitches (17) the judge had the hardest task yet assigned a judge in this breed over here, but that he acquitted himself well cannot be gainsaid. One may have a difficult task to decide when all are very moderate, but here the winners were all very good and competition very keen. With seven vhc. cards the judge evidently thought so, too. The prize fell to Neverzell, she of the beautiful head; of course there is ample defense for the decision, for her head is a model; still, I think, considering the good lot of similar typed bitches that followed her, body and condition should have played a more important part in the result, as it evidently did in Flora Belle's case. Neverzell is showing age; her body was all too matronly, and had lost the beauty lines, and her bag hung down to her hocks nearly. Portia Melac, the New York winner, is not so clean and refined in head as Neverzell, especially in skull, but she is a well-made bitch all over if her shoulders were a trifle cleaner. Then came Senta, that we spoke so well of at Toronto; she is getting a little faulty in skull, looks too short between eye and ear; this is more apparent when excited, as her ears are too heavy and she is putting on a little cheek; here is where she loses to the winner, but behind that I think I like her better than Portia, and much more so than Neverzell in her present shape. Flora Belle loses a bit in front and tail to the others, but had she not been in whelp she might have changed places with the winner. As it is, I think Portia Melac should have won, with Senta second and Neverzell third, and Flora Belle in same place, reserve, as a penalty for showing a bitch heavy in whelp. Among the carded lot, some of which could have been left with a c. at most, when the style of the winners is considered, I liked Norimburger's nicely formed body and fair head. Bella and Phœbe both deserved their vhc.; so did Nellie B., whose head is very fair, but neck not clean enough, and her bone is light and pasterns faulty. Nearly all these were coarse compared to the winners. Flora A. was absent. Flora, hc., certainly did not deserve anything in a class like this. Ruth is another that deserved her letters, as her head approaches the correct shape. In dog puppies, Fritz, a fair one, if he didn't turn his feet out and was not faulty behind, took the prize from three others. The winning bitch, Cinderella, will scarcely get another first with any sort of proper competition. All in all the classes were well judged.

ST. BERNARDS (*E. B. Elliott, Judge*).—Excepting in the rough bitch class, there was scarcely so good an all-round lot as last spring, but competition in that class was very keen. In challenge roughs the king, Sir Bedivere, made another appearance, though I scarcely see the reason of allowing a dog to fall from his mighty estate in this way. A horseman would not think of showing a hackney, for instance, unless his coat was in perfect condition, then why should a dog, just because it is a crack, be trotted out because it isn't sick. St. Bernards, that are a fancy breed, should be shown in full war paint, and it does positive harm to a show dog to show it as some of the cracks of the breed have been shown lately. There is nothing in the prizes to call for this anxiety to bench, and no crack, not even Sir Bedivere, will draw the crowd if he is out of shape, nor add anything to his reputation. Sir Bedivere is a much improved dog over his Mt. Holly form, his coat is short yet, but looks started for something better, he is well and strong looking, and Arthur Trickett has evidently been at work on him. Aristocrat was outclassed in head and had not his full coat either. In open dogs (11) competition was not very exhilarating, except between Lord Dante and Grand Master, placed as named; there is little between them, Dante loses to the other in loin and depth of body and straightness of forelegs and feet and skull, but is slightly squarer and deeper in muzzle, and I think Grand Master shows a little more character. Prince George, third, has an excellent front, but head should be shorter, and lacks shadings; his body is a little lathy, he is of good size, but out of coat; Sir John II. is a short dog with poor expression. American Cæsar was lame, but should certainly have had vhc.; he shows lots of character and his head is improving, great depth and fairly well formed, he was also well shown in coat. In bitches (10) there was a little more trouble for the judge, and I don't think, all things considered, he did right in putting Rustic Beauty first. One can excuse a lack of coat to a certain extent, but a show dog's bones should be covered with a fair amount of flesh according to the breed. The placing of Rustic Beauty first in her present shape was a black eye for condition. That she excelled the rest of the class in shape of head, expression and general quality, and forelegs is easily allowed, but she is dead out of coat and ragged at tail and very that, her good frame was there and that's all. I know it was first or nothing, and in justice to the others it should have been nothing. Sunray rightly came in for second, stout of frame and deep of body it is difficult to tell when she is in whelp, and this time she stole a march on her owner and whelped the third night of the show. Alta Berna, third, is faulty in muzzle and stop, too much of it, was scarcely in good shape but passable as far as coat went, just over nursing a litter. Io, vhc. reserve, had an unusual experience; she looked tumbled in coat, curly behind, stood all over the ring and is going very "bowy" in front, while she never had a good head as far as type and expression go, she must be at her best when she wins. Brighton Violette, vhc., shows some character, good legs that might be stronger in hocks, tail curls over and shown in poor shape. Fernwood Rose II should have more stop and depth of muzzle, is light in pasterns, good depth of body, a nearly all white bitch, showing some type. Lady Cavan, hc., is a little houndy, not straight in front, a low set, small bitch with a fair head if it was broader, nice coat. Princess Hesper is light in body, but has a good head, nice type and markings, and taken all round should have had another letter. Pilgrim Noble, third in puppies, the other prizes being withheld, might just as well have been placed higher, as he is not a bad youngster.

Smooth coat challenge dogs was another walkover for Scottish Leader and as usual he was well shown. In open dogs (4) Alton II., another of the wonderful Judith litter, an improved dog and looking much better in body than his brothers usually do, won nicely in size, type and all round quality from Billy, who lacks blaze and is faulty in ear, good legs and bone, should be deeper in muzzle and has not much type. In bitches nothing touched Lady Judith, though she has too much coat for a smooth and is too white; she gets her tail up, nice legs and bone. Columbian Queen loses very much in head, too flat-faced and fine in muzzle, is slack behind the shoulder, thin, and tail curls up. Fernwood Goldy is the truest and really only smooth in the lot, and is much superior in shape of head and type to the second winner; ears do not lie close enough, otherwise she is a nicely made bitch all round, only losing in bone and breadth of skull to Queen; she should have been second. There were no specials so far as we could learn, at least not in the catalogue.

DEERHOUNDS (*E. B. Elliott, Judge*).—There was only one full-grown one, the well-known Douglas and two very likely pups were shown by Mr. Potter in dogs and two in bitches. Lorne, third to Rob, loses in ears, which are too big and drooping.

GREYHOUNDS (*George Wilson, Judge*).—Considering that Mr. Wilson is at home in this breed and a club judge, if we rightly remember, there should have been a stronger entry. Master Rich, not well shown, was trotted out once more and walked over again in challenge dogs. Competition in the open dog class lay between Grand Fashion and Cheeky Charley—by the way, we would like to see this dog's pedigree set forth in the catalogue. We were told the pedigree had been received, and the dog was said to be by Greentick, etc. If this is the case let the dog receive his due. At Newark we passed it over, though it is two months since the pedigree was said to have been received. Fashion rightly won; better in ribs and loin than Cheeky in his present off condition; Fashion might stand over more ground, but is a well put up dog; good legs and feet; bit strong in skull. Little Climber won again in bitches; she is getting loaded in shoulders, and unless well held up stands back on pasterns more than she used to; from shoulder back she is, however, capitally made, with a great spread of quarters and good muscling. Hasty Pudding, second, loses very much in front and feet; she is well ribbed, but falls away a little too sharp in loin and quarters, coarse tail; she was put down in excellent hard shape, and is well muscled. Chesterford Frederick, third, has bad feet and pasterns and is faulty behind, is nicely ribbed up, but should be cleaner in shoulders. I liked Lady Glendyne for the place; though faulty in front, she is better than the other, and excels in hind parts, though she falls away in loin too sharply. Queen, vhc., would do with more rib; nice neck and shoulders.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS (*George Wilson, Judge*).—Mr. Pooler, owner of the noted Pooler strain, about farmed these classes, and showed a nice stamp of hound with a good deal of bone and depth, but still having the distinctive type of American hound. A little more attention should be paid to head formation, and I don't think that they would come far from what, as far as I can make out, would about suit the idea prevalent in forming a standard for American foxhounds. Commodore, well-known and well shown, proved superior in front, shoulders and texture of coat to Pooler, he being a little too fine in this respect. Ranter, vhc., turns his feet out, but has good bone and body, modeled after the English form, good brush well carried. Rowdie, third, is too full and coarse in skull, excellent forelegs, but a bit straight in stifles, nice bone, but soft in coat. Colonel II., who was not mentioned, I liked quite well, a good exponent of the type, barring a snipy muzzle and too broad a skull. In bitches (5) Jennie won; her muzzle is snipy and she is a little long cast, but stands on good legs and feet, and is a nice stamp. Victor, second, is another good legged one, with a better than average head, but not so good behind as the winner. Kitsey, third, Mr. Pooler says is the fastest bitch he owns; she stands lower on the legs than the others, is faulty in ears, her body is deep and low set but well put together. Dart, unnoticed, is more on the English type, and was the winner last spring under Mr. Davidson.

SPANIELS (*E. B Elliott, Judge*).—In open dogs the entries are well-known, Echo being at Newark show, while Newton Abbott Torso has been repeatedly noticed. In bitches (2) Dorothy, the winner last spring, again came to the front, beating the other in coat, head and bone.

In cocker challenge dogs champion Middy had only the rough-looking Red Dock to beat; he might be in better coat and flesh, still looked well and polished. Lady Obo was absent. Open dogs (7) was a fair class and first went rightly to Pickpania, who beats Woodland Count considerably in quality and head, rib and coat. Count, as stated before, is too coarse in head. King Raven, Jr., was shown a little thin, but I thought he should have come in second; has a better head. Arnold's Dan, hc., is a little long cast and light in eye, but his bone, shape of head and coat deserved another letter. Hindoo II. has a long slack back, crooked front, a ragged curly coat and is not the type at all. In bitches I can scarcely indorse the placings. Topsy S., the winner, is too high in brow and forepart of skull, and so falls away too much at base of skull, she has good bone, coat and body, and looks as if she would show sometime a much longer coat than cockers have nowadays. Lady Dufferin, second, has a nice front, but shows too much stop, and I don't like her weak hind action, hocks too close together. Rideau Rhea, third, was at Newark and should have been second. Ruth S., vhc., with fair head and sweet expression, nice coat, good straight forelegs and action, and general cocker type, I thought, should have been placed at the top though she is a red. La Diana, reserve, is more on the field order, excellent front, nice height, but a bit too big all round. Woodland Kitty, hc., is too full in eye and was not in very good shape, she is faulty in muzzle, too.

COLLIES (*George Wilson, Judge*).—Quite a fair lot of these but the prizes chiefly went to the Chestnut Hill and Chesterford Park Kennels. The former had Wellesbourne Charlie, looking as fit as he could be made with loss of his usual good coat, and old champion Luella was again to the front in her class. In open dogs (6) there was a great diversity of type. Toronto Wonder, looking simply elegant in coat and mane, was well shown by his owner, who makes the most of his good points and leaves the rest, such as faulty front, to luck. Chesterford's Marvel and Hero were also out, and Mr. Wilson plumped for the smaller of the two for second, probably carried away by his better head, but Marvel is the better all round dog as Hero is faulty and weak-looking behind and altogether too small; these two looked much better than we have ever seen them shown before. Prince Wilkes came in for third, but if Toronto Wonder was right P. W. should have been second. Marvel took reserve. In bitches type was a little mixed, Adela Wonder, short of coat, top and under, nice carriage of ears, but rather small-sized, won from Chesterford Hattie, too big in ear, nice head but a little too much stop, light in bone, coat fair, of nice texture but no undercoat. Blossom, third, I think was entitled to first, Wonder beating her only in skull and strength of muzzle, but considering coat, ears, quality and legs and body she has it. She

is a seven-months-old bitch and only needs a little filling up before the eye to make a good one; she is a compliment to her sire, Christopher, as she is out of a very inferior bitch. Chesterfield Lily, vhc., has gone thick in skull and is long cast but was in excellent coat; she is an almost white bitch. Nancy Taylor, hc., is prick-eared but has rather nice type of head; out of coat. Donna should certainly have got some letters. Little Wonder won in puppies, beating a dog from Seminole Kennels not named in catalogue. Little Wonder has the "dingo" ear and is full in brow yet, excellent coat, in fact the densest in the show, head a trifle short; the other is short-faced, big in ear and almost white in color; nice coat. The kennel prize of three game chickens went to Chestnut Hill somewhat easily, the Chesterford dogs are nearly all too small; they should get more size and substance; they have plenty of quality. The special was not marked in the catalogue.

BULLDOGS (*George Wilson, Judge*).—Only two on hand and this we wonder at as we supposed Chicago and neighborhood a little stronghold for the breed. Duchess of Parma easily outclassed her solitary opponent, Miss Sally Brass II., too long faced and not broken up enough and as long as a door in body. The Duchess was in fair condition.

BULL-TERRIERS (*George Wilson, Judge*).—Not by any means so good a collection as we have seen before out here. In challenge dogs Crisp, looking in anything but the shape he has usually been seen in might well have been turned down, as he was bare and red all down one thigh. Open dogs (4) saw Jack, second here last year, carry off the blue, from Roscoe and Sir Monty II., the latter is heavy in shoulders and too full in skull. The other two I could not find, but they seemed of fair stamp when in the ring. Lowe and Duchess was first in bitches, her round full skull and weak muzzle spoil her head as may be supposed; her body is a bit long too, but she stands on good legs; she was in whelp, or seemed to be. White Gypsey was also in poor shape, is cheeky and too much out before the eye, heavy in shoulders and was also in an interesting condition. Burston Kit, vhc., has a short square head, too full in eye, good legs and body. A promising youngster in Croyden Monarch won easily in dog puppies, nice eye and head, good legs, but a little faulty in pasterns and feet. The winning bitch pup Fay, has a capital nice long head with small dark eye, good legs and feet and body, but will probably get cheeky and thick in neck as she is scarcely clean enough there now.

DACHSHUNDS (*George Wilson, Judge*).—There was really nothing in these classes to merit much space. In dogs Tapszur Horst, second last spring, took the blue from Knirps, the winner stands over in front, bad feet, has too much stop, a short ear and a bad tail; Knirps has a better head, but is shorter in body, and not so low in chest nor so good in skin; Hundesport Zaenker is coarse headed and out at elbow, knuckles over, is coarse in coat and not loose enough in skin. In bitches there was nothing to touch the well-known Lina L., better in length of head and body than Alma, who is a weedy, broad-skulled, short-bodied bitch, flat in ear and of no quality.

BEAGLES (*E. B. Elliott, Judge*).—Not many on hand, and these not up to form. Doctor and June M. furnished the challenge entries, and the verdict fell to Doctor, who is beaten in head by the bitch, but is better in front and shown in better shape, June M. being too gross. Adam, that ran at the N. B. C. trials, was easily first in open dogs (3), better legs and feet and far better body—cobbier than Pomp, second, who is too long in body, but excels the winner in shape of head; Mr. Winkle, looking heavier than I have seen him before, came in for third, he is bad at both ends. Jenny Lind proved the winner in bitches (4). She was second at Detroit, and is rather a nice bitch, too long in body though; Snow, second, is well known and has scarcely got back to show condition yet, I like her better as a field bitch than a shower. Snowflake is another old friend that belies her name—she is not without reproach. Spot is too long in body and coarse in skull. Our Western friends should remember we want a cobbier body, shorter, deeper and squarer muzzles than those that seem to obtain in the West. We would like to see one of the good Eastern kennels take a team out there, and if the management had seen fit to be a little more liberal in the classification Mr. Wixom would have sent on ten, but the Chicagoans would not do it, though urged.

FOX-TERRIERS (*George Wilson, Judge*).—We have seen much better displays of this breed in Chicago than were benched last week; in fact, we never saw a worse lot. Lansdowne Poverino was easily the best in the lot. No challenge dogs and in open dogs (8) Lansdowne Poverino had only Glendon Spark to beat; this he does in head and front and condition. Jack, third, is bowed in front and out at elbows, and has big, coarse ears. Black Rock, vhc., is light in body and loin, short head. Chesterford Flurry won in bitches (13). This is the best I can say for the class. Flurry has put flesh on and is much improved thereby, and was nicely shown. Lansdowne Trim, that was at Mount Holly, runs her close, though she is weak in muzzle and full in skull. Venus II. has gone to pieces, is coarse in neck and shoulders. Glendon Dixie is snipy in muzzle, round in skull, looked dirty and is light in bone. The others call for no comment, just "ordinaries." The puppies showed no future winners. In novices Columbian Victress won; she throws a nice ear, but skull is too broad, and she is a little loaded in shoulders.

ROUGH AND WIRE TERRIERS (*George Wilson, Judge*).—Galtees, the Irish terrier, and Colored Preacher, the Scotty, both ordinary specimens of their breed, won in this mixed class for dogs (5) such as we do not want to see become general. Shaun Rhue's thick skull could not hope for more than vhc. In bitches that very ordinary Scotch, Glenshea, won without let or hindrance. Having this class was poor policy.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS (*George Wilson, Judge*).—A pretty fair show of these, but there is no improvement to be noticed. Minnie York, getting light in color, but in fair coat, was alone in challenge class. In open dogs (2) Ben, getting much lighter in tan, in fact he has lost entirely that brilliant hue he had at Mount Holly, beat Prince Harry, who was short of coat. Dr. Oliver had his revenge, for he was ahead of Lady Nell, with Pinkie York, who is better in size and coat. Nell is quite smutty in tan and has only a remnant of her once brilliant coloring; it takes a little circuit business away from home to bring a Yorkshire down to its true form. *Verb sap.* We shall expect to see this dog look very different next show. Maud, vhc., is very mixed and smutty in tan, dark body color, but fair length of coat.

The King Charles spaniels Calumet St. Cyr and Calumet Alice, both winners here before, were the only two toy spaniels, and they were not in very good shape as regards coat—too curly.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS (*George Wilson, Judge*)—Things are not always as they seem, and in black and tans less so than in some other breeds. Thus Ben Lewis reasoned when for once in a long while he handled Broomfield Sultan and did not take the blue ribbon away with him. Mr. Wilson did know a black and tan, and unless the Chicago atmosphere has dimmed his vision he knows one still. He put Queen III. over Sultan. This sterling good bitch has scarcely been accorded her due meed of praise. She was shown too gross here; she is a little on the coarse side for a bitch, at least of the type that Maiden started over here, and should be shown a little light. There is no getting over her good head, in which she excels Sultan and her general terrier character; she has a richer tan than Sultan, but not so clearly defined. Sultan beats her in body, but the bitch gets it in forelegs, bone and head, especially in skull, besides, Sultan was not in the best of shape, but showed himself well. In open dogs Rochelle Oolah, never a good one, took first, beating Rochelle Sultan in body, but loses in clearness of markings. A nice one in Canada Queen, a daughter of Queen III., by Salisbury, won nicely in the bitch class, she excels Chesterford Betsy in condition, head and markings, which are particularly bright and rich. Lotta, a little goggle-eyed runt, should not have been mentioned, though in poor shape Chesterford Mab should have had the card. The toys need no mention, they were just toys, with little type of any sort.

PUGS (*George Wilson, Judge*).—Here Mr. Wilson was not so happy. I. C. P. Sprake, properly entered this time, beat Bob Ivy, as usual, though shown too fat, and Bo Peep II., decidedly obese, was placed over Sateen, who has lost an eye. In open dogs (4) first went to a clever little fellow in Drummer, rather too dark in head and body. Uncle Bob, second, loses in head and ears. In bitches (4) Toadie in her obese condition should not have been considered with Miss Decima, who has a better, deeper, squarer muzzle, nice cobby body well carried and nice curl. The other, Bess, deserved mention. Uncle Bob was the only pup on hand. In Italian greyhounds Sprite II. had little difficulty in beating Taglioni, especially in head, size, forelegs and carriage of ears.

POODLES (*George Wilson, Judge*).—These, with Skyes, had been evidently tacked on the end of the list. Berri getting into shape again won easily over the white Blanchet.

SKYE TERRIERS (*George Wilson, Judge*).—Ben Lewis had five of these terriers in hand, all from the Quaker City, and the dogs were divided by sex and a challenge class made for Sir Stafford. In open dogs Sir Thomas, the above dog's good son, won nicely from Elphiston, superior in length of body and coat. Princess May excels Lady Stafford in strength of head, length and coat.

In the miscellaneous class, judged by Messrs. Wilson and Elliott, there was nothing to attract attention but the Newfoundland Carlo, improving in condition. Second went to a curly, big fat dog that approaches a Landseer Newfoundland in color only, being white and black. H. W. LACY.

POINTERS (*Tim Donoghue, Judge*).—The pointer classes were not large in numbers, but the quality of the entries as a whole was quite good. That popular judge, Mr. Tim Donoghue, handled his classes well and satisfactorily. There was no division of classes by weight. Glamorgan in the challenge dog class and in bitches Lady Gay Spanker, had a walkover. Five dogs faced the judge in the open dog class, of which Ridgeview Comet, an excellent young dog, took first easily. He is symmetrical, stands on good legs and feet, has a well-ribbed and well-shaped body and good head, neck, shoulders and stern; a pronounced throatiness somewhat mars his appearance. Second went to Molton Banner, of heavy, stocky type, well built but entirely too heavy of limb and body; he was out of condition and bore the marks of field work. Bruce D., third, was thin and long cast, yet quite a good, large dog with a chance of improvement by better conditioning. Mack and Bob o' Naso, each hc., were coarse and not noteworthy for any special excellence. Out of the five bitches in the open class Miss Rumor was an easy winner of first. Fan Fan II. won second; she was recently described in these columns. Third, went to Brighton Leda, not in good condition. Polka Dot vhc. reserve, was short in muzzle, plain in head and of average merit. There were two large puppies in the dog class, both rather lanky in makeup. Ferris Tramp, first, aside from a tendency to coarseness, is a fairly good puppy, extremely large for his age, while much the same holds good with respect to Zip G. Rene was the only bitch in the puppy class. She was quite ordinary.

ENGLISH SETTERS (*Tim Donoghue, Judge*).—There were nine competitors in the dog class. King Gladys and Paul Bo fought their battle over again. The latter was not in good condition. He won second. King Gladys, first, is light in bone somewhat, has a fairly good head, body, legs and feet. He moves badly behind. Third went to quite a fair dog in Roy of Coleshill, cobby in build, a well shaped head, a patch of black on one side of his face marring his expression, good loin, legs and feet. Washtenaw Grouse, the reserve, is a good dog, a bit coarse. Cincinnati, vhc., was shown extremely thin in flesh and out of condition. Surprise well deserved the vhc. letters. The bitch class had twelve competitors. Esmeralda, a symmetrical bitch, well shaped head, body well shaped, legs and feet good, won first. Katie Noble II. was out of feather and coat. She won second. Third went to Liberty II., a bit heavy in skull, good neck, back, legs and feet. Brownie, the reserve, was too fat. The rest of the class was but average, except Monk of Furness Lill, vhc., a remarkably good little bitch, a bit plain in head. Puppies were but average.

IRISH SETTERS (*Tim Donoghue, Judge*).—The classes were not up to the quality commonly shown. Pride of Patsy was in good condition, as was also Elfreda, each of which had no competition in the challenge classes for dogs and bitches respectively. Montauk, Jr., was an easy victor over Conaire, the latter his only competitor; light in muzzle and thin and flat in body. Rosamond, a remarkably good bitch of excellent muscular development and symmetry, was easily first in bitches in a class of seven competitors. Lady Cleveland, second, is lacking in symmetry, muzzle pinched, neck too short and she carried too much flesh. Nona, third, is light in bone, was shown too thin, but is quite a good bitch. Nellie M., the reserve, shows some coarseness and is faulty in pasterns. Bessie Fenmore was the only puppy shown.

GORDON SETTERS (*Tim Donoghue, Judge*).—Leo B. and Lady Gordon were the winners in the challenge classes, both looking in good condition. In open dogs there were six to face the judge, of which Duke of Wellington won first. His head is a bit coarse; neck, legs, body, feet and general symmetry are good. Heather Lad, second, is somewhat heavy in shoulders, short neck and not first-rate in pasterns. His head is fairly good, and he has a well-shaped and ribbed body. Neither had first-rate tan markings. Highland Kent, third, is a fair average dog. In bitches, Lady Waverly took first over her four competitors. Her head is rather heavy. Highland Yola, a fairly good small bitch, took second, third going to Katherine, short in muzzle and a bit lathy in build. Except Heather Lad II., the five puppies were an ordinary lot. Lad is a large, rather coarse puppy.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS (*W. H. Colcord, Judge*).—Open dogs had two entries. Jack A., a large dog, a bit leggy, won first. Willy Reilly, second, is light in body, out of coat and lacking in muscular development. Biddy Malone was easily first in bitches; she is quite good in type and was in the best coat of any in the class though far from being in good coat herself. Swan Fly was fat and gross, poor head and lacks coat. The other two were ordinary specimens.

B. WATERS.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Charles E. Bunn's Ormonde. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Bunn's Caution's Own Daughter and Lady Coleus.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and reserve, Bunn's Leamington, Marquis and Rossington; 3d, Albert J. Gei 's Webster's Judge. Very high com., C. E. Patterson's Ilford Dates and J. P. Corrin's Baby Bunn. Com., Frank Godley's Nero. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Bunn's Minna Minting and Eole; 3d, Colin C. McLean's Persia. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d withheld; 3d, A. B. Dickinson's Webster's Judge, Jr.

GREAT DANES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Cumberland Kennels' champion Melac; 2d, J. M. Studebaker's Major McKinley; 3d, Imperial Kennels' Imperator.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Kennel Lawrence's Earl of Wurtemberg, Hepburn Hero and Lawrence Leopard. Reserve, Emil Estberg's King William. Very high com., W. Rodgers's Hero and Frank S. Anderson's Anderson's Sandor. High com., Oscar Seeger's Prince. Com., John Hluredson's Oscar II., Charles Schinkoeth's Melac II. and John G. Weeks's Cæsar. *Bitches:* 1st, Osceola Kennels' Neverzell; 2d, 3d and reserve, Kennel Lawrence's Portia Melac, Senta and Flora Belle. Very high com., Oscar Seeger's Pattie, John Altonbach's Nellie B., T. G. Koniff's Ruth, Bay City Kennels' Norimburger and Cumberland Kennels' Zella and Pheobe. High com., Bedrich Hornof's Bella, Anton Koehler's Flora and Frank Hurita's Bello. Com., F. C. McDonald's Fanny M.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Frank Hurita's Fritz; 2d, A. Gernhofer's Tell; 3d, Charles Schinkoeth's Hero. High com., Charles H. Bromann's Nero. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Gernhofer's Cinderella; 2d, Julius Blaschke's ——.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Argyle Kennels' Sir Bedivere.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Bay City Kennels' Lord Dante; 2d, Alta Kennels' Grand Master; 3d, Argyle Kennels' Prince George. Com., T. J. Taylor's Sir John II. *Bitches:* 1st, Argyle Kennels' Rustic Beauty; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Sunray; 3d, A. C. Shallenberger's Alta Berna. Reserve, J. B. Lewis's Io. Very high com., Camilla Roadford's Brighton Violette and Sergt. F. A. McDonald's Fernwood Rose II. High com., J. J. Maloney's Lady Cavan and Kennel Lawrence's Princess Hepsey. Com., Florence M. Rockwood's Lady Clave.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d withheld; 3d, G. H. Gil's Pilgrim Noble.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Scottish Leader.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Argyle Kennels' Alton II.; 2d, F. S. Anderson's Billy. *Bitches:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Lady Judith; 2d, F. Rommel's Columbian Queen; 3d, J. B. Lewis's Fernwood Goldie.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Douglas; 2d and 3d, Wm. Potter's Rob and Lorne. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Wm. Potter's Madge and Lassie.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. S. Anderson's champion Master Rich.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. C. Lowe's Grand Fashion; 2d, Phil. J. Walsh's Cheeky Charley. *Bitches:* 1st, H. C. Lowe's Little Climber; 2d, Mrs. B. Haymans's Hasty Pudding; 3d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Fredrick. Very high com., W. J. Massey's Lady Glendyne and J. Worth's Queen.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. D. Williams's Commodore; 2d, 3d and very high com., R. H. Pooler's Pooler, Rowdey and Ranter. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, R. H. Pooler's Jennie, Victor and Kitsey.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, L. A. Biddle's Glamorgan. *Bitches:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Lady Gay Spanker.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Ridgeview Comet; 2d, G. O. Smith's Mollin Banner; 3d, J. Dunfee's Bruce D. High com., F. Gault's Mack and C. Sparre, Jr.'s Bob o' Naso. *Bitches:* 1st, T. G. Davey's Miss Rumor; 2d, C. E. Connell's Fan Fan II.; 3d, T. G. Davey's Brighton Leda. Reserve, L. L. Munson's Polka Dot. Very high com., G. F. Mooney's Luck's Own Daughter.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Canfield's Ferris Tramp; 2d, J. Dunfee's Zip J. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Dunfee's Rene.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. T. Ward's King Gladys; 2d, R. Merrill's Paul Bo; 3d, T. G. Davey's Roy of Coleshill. Reserve, J. Mandt's Washtenaw Grouse. Very high com., A. Vandendarle's Cincinnati and Chesterford Park Kennels' Surprise. High com., Wm. Schroeder's Count Napoleon. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, T. G. Davey's Esmeralda and Liberty II.; 2d, Taylor & Mencke's Katie Noble II. Reserve, Mr. Dix's Brownie. Very high com., T. G. Davey's Monk of Furness Lill, H. B. Meyers's Phoebe and Mr. Hunter's Bessie. High com., J. Johnson' Belle Wilson, W. S. Follett's Lady Sprite and John Holm's Bonny Pegmatite.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. A. Predhomme's Duke. High com., L. T. Ward's Bonny Gladys. *Bitches:* 1st, M. E. Morgan's May Belle; 2d, South Shore Kennels' Minnie Noble.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Pride of Patsey. *Bitches:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Elfreda.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Seminole Kennels' Montauk, Jr. Very high com., Muskerry Kennels' Conaire. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. W. Jarvis's Rosamond; 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Cleveland; 3d, F. Moe's Nona. Reserve, Luzboro Kennels' Nellie M. Very high com., F. Naghten's Bamba, J. F. Quill's Rose Elcho and Muskerry Kennels' Lottie.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, W. H. Eakin's Bessie Fenmore.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Gordon.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Duke of Wellington; 2d and very high com., J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad and Heather Lad II; 3d, Highland Kennels' Highland Kent. High com., Frank S. Anderson's Dan. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Maid of Waverly and Katherine; 2d and high com., Highland Kennels' Highland Yola and Highland Heather Nell. Very high com., J. R. Oughton's Dwight Effie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. R. Oughton's Heather Lad II. and Dwight Leo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, J. R. Oughton's Dwight Effie and Dwight Rose.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, English Lake Kennels' Jack A.; 2d, Thomas W. Mills's Willy Reilly. *Bitches:* 1st, Sea Moss Kennels' Biddy Malone; 2d, very high com. and high com., English Lake Kennels' Swan Fly, Queen Vic and Meg.

FIELD SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Echo; 2d, Tim Donoghue's champion Newton Abbott Torso; 3d withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, John Smith's Dorothy; 2d, Bert Borden's Baby Flirt.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Middy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Concord Cocker Kennels' Pickpania; 2d, Luckwell & Douglass's Woodland Count; 3d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' King Raven, Jr. High com., English Lake Kennels' Hindoo Jand Mohawk Kennels' Arnold's Dan. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and very high com., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Topsy S., Rideau Rhea and Ruth S., 2d and reserve, Concord Cocker Kennels' Lady Dufferin and La Diana. High com., Luckwell & Douglass's Woodland Kitty.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Wellsbourne Charley. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' champion Luella.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Toronto Wonder and Prince Wales; 2d and reserve, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Hero and Chesterford Marvel. *Bitches:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Adela Wonder; 2d and very high com., Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Hattie and Chesterford Lilly; 3d, Thos. Godland's Blossom. High com., G. Tarbell's Nancy Taylor.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Chestnut Hill Kennels' Little Wonder; 2d, Seminole Kennels' —— ——. *Bitches:* 1st, Thos. Godsland's Blossom.

BULLDOGS.—*Bitches:* 1st, A. Woodward's Duchess of Parma; 2d, T. W. Mills's Sally Brass II.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Luzboro Kennels' Crisp —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. H. Waddock's Sir Jack; 2d, F. L. Dever's Roscoe. Very high com., Chautauqua Kennels' Sir Monty II. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., F. L. Dever's Lowland Duchess and Burston Kit; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' White Gipsey.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. F. Clarkson's Croydon Monarch; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' Admiral. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. A. Whitney's Fay; 2d, Chautauqua Kennels' Sensation.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. Froembling's Tapszur Horst; 2d, G. Riel's Knirps. Reserve, Chas. F. Gentz, Jr.'s Hundesport Zaenker. *Bitches:* 1st, Chas. F. Gentz, Jr.'s Lina L.; 2d, A. Bielenberg's Alma.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, B. F. Lewis's Doctor.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Middletown Kennels' Adam; 2d, G. D. Weldon's Pomp; 3d, Oakview Kennels' Mr. Winkle. *Bitches:* 1st, C. A. Perkinson's Jenny Lind; 2d, Middleton Kennels' Snow; 3d, Oakview Kennels Snowflake. Com. P. D. Swain's Spot.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Poverino; 2d, R. E. Fishburn's Glendon Spark; 3d, Wm. Rodger's Jack. Very high com., Kempton Park Kennels' Black Rock. *Bitches:* 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Flurry; 2d, Lansdowne Kennels' Lansdowne Trim; 3d, R. E. Fishburn's Glendon Dixie. Very high com., Wm. Potter's Fly and Flirt, and R. E. Fishburn's Venus II.—*Puppies:* 1st, John McJune's Rose; 2d, E. Ashley's Nancy Hanks. Reserve, F. W. Gilbert's Paddy.—NOVICE—1st, F. Rommel's Columbian Victress; 2d, W. F. Kender's Richmond Lil; 3d, R. E. Fishburn's Glendon Dixie. Very high com., Kempton Park Kennels' Richmond Lil.

ROUGH AND WIRE TERRIERS—ANY VARIETY.—*Dogs:* 1st, H. O'Connor's Galtees; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' The Colored Preacher. Very high com., Thomas Wise, Jr.'s, Shaun Rhue. *Bitches:* 1st, F. H. Garlic's Glenshea.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, C. A. Shinn's Sir Stafford.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Samuel Barr's Sir Thomas; 2d, C. A. Shinn's Elphiston. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. A. Shinn's Princess May and Lady Stafford.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS—CHALLENGE.—1st, Dr. N. Ellis Oliver's Minnie York.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, James Foster's Ben; 2d, Dr. N. Ellis Oliver's Prince Harry. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. N. Ellis Oliver's Pinkie York; 2d, James Foster's Lady Nell. Very high com., A. McGregor, Jr.'s, Maud.

TOY SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet St. Cyr. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet Alice.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS—CHALLENGE.—1st, Charles Wilson's champion Queen III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Chesterford Park Kennels' Rochelle Oolah; 2d, McClean & Eardman's Rochelle Sultan. *Bitches:* 1st, Chas. Wilson's Canada Queen; 2d, Chesterford Park Kennels' Chesterford Betsy. Very high com., McClean & Eardman's Lotta.

TOY TERRIERS—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRES, UNDER 7LBS.—1st, Louis Stein's Fairy; 2d, C. A. Woodruff's Dinkie.

PUGS—CHALLENGE.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. S. E. Davies's I. C. P. Sprake. *Bitches:* 1st; Cumberland Kennels' Bo Peep II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, German Howard Pug Kennels' Drummer; 2d, Cumberland Kennels' Uncle Bob. *Bitches:* Mrs. S. E. Davis's Toadie; 2d, German Howard Pug Kennels' Miss Decima.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Cumberland Kennels' Uncle Bob.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, Kennel Lawrence's Sprite II.; 2d, Hugh E. Keough's Taglioni.

POODLES.—1st, L. A. Biddle's Berri; 2d, Alphonse Vandendarle's Blanchet.

MISCELLANEOUS—OVER 30LBS.—1st, Phil. J. Walsh's Carlo; A. H. Bremer's Jeff.—UNDER 30LBS—Withheld.

A Day at Hempstead.

ANY one who is fond of animals, whether horses, cows, dogs or even chickens, may find many worse places to spend a day than at the Hempstead Farm, over whose destinies Mr. Jas. Mortimer presides.

One Thursday a short time since we felt the need of a little unofficial outing, and accepting an invitation "almost gray with age," so long and often tendered, we found much to interest one the day through. It is not our purpose to go into any description of the Hempstead Farm Kennels, as it is an oft told tale by this time. A four-mile drive from the station and we arrived at the farm, where Conrad II. and Woodmansterne Trefoil and a very likely looking dachshund pup by Jay, rushed out to welcome us. The collies mentioned are well known on the bench, and their victories have earned them the freedom of the farm, seemingly. They were not in full coat, but looked in good health.

It would be needless to describe all the dogs we saw. The kennels shelter a little of almost everything canine, though pointers and collies are the mainstays. There are, besides a number of Russian wolfhounds, among them some promising pups by Groubian out of Zmeika and a few fox-terriers, Irish terriers, poodles, etc. In a yard of pointers we picked out Hempstead Blossom, second at Providence, as an improving sort. Another good youngster is Hempstead Luck, especially from the head back. Then Mr. Mortimer took us to what may be well termed the nursery, letting out a yelping, tearing crowd of wolfhounds, collies and smooth and wire fox-terrier puppies from two to four months old. Out of the din we picked a couple of nice three-months-old collies, by Conrad II., one especially being very promising. Of course we saw the "pillars of the stud" Duke of Hessen, Robert le Diable and that good bitch Woolton Game, whose son, Hempstead Duke, was that day running well down at Newton, N. C.

Jumping into the trap Mr. Mortimer winked his "alter ego," intimating that he had a surprise in store very soon in the shape of some puppies out at walk. A drive of a mile or two and stopping at a farmhouse he whistled up some pointer and collie puppies. The pointers are by Sandford Druid out of Hempstead Kit, four months old and as handsome a lot as one need wish to see. Two of them are especially promising, and if they go on as they have commenced they will prove winners. The two collies are by Woodmansterne Trefoil out of Green Mountain Lass, and are six months old. They are well grown, and while one shows a splendid, long, thick coat, the other is the better looking and is quite a nice one. Knowing how a man continually seeing certain dogs becomes a little sweet on individual specimens, we held our peace when Mr. Mortimer intimated that we were drawing near to a *chef d'œuvre* in the way of collies. Arriving at another farmhouse, however, it did not take us the space of a wink to pick out the apple of his eye from the three young collies that rushed up to us. This is a sister of those we saw at the first place, and she is a beauty, especially well grown, in fact, a large, lengthy bitch for her age, beautiful head and expression, ears carried properly, nice coat and good loin. She is bound to be a winner if she keeps her head. The other was fairly good, and a younger one by six weeks, by Conrad II. out of an inferior bitch, is very promising. Coming home we stopped at another place, when the last one of this good litter jumped up to greet us. It has a capital head and coat, and excellent bone showed good raising. At another place we came across a very likely Irish terrier pup by Larry.

The wisdom of putting puppies out at walk was very apparent in the way these youngsters looked compared to the others who had to take pot luck in the crowd at home. Returning to the farm we saw a pack of beagles and among them Glory and Millard, that did so well at the N. B. C. trials of 1892. These are to be used as a subscription pack and hunted by several of the hunting set around Hempstead. In the house we were introduced to a well-made young greyhound, Norway Cross, by Norwegian out of Buenaritero, and therefore a brother to the noted Buenarita. Since writing the above this dog won first at Newark show.

After dinner we drove to Mr. German Hopkins's place, about a mile from the village. On the way we called at Mr. A. D. Lewis's stables, where a capital litter of beagles, by Jester, was shown. Two of them I think have a future.

Driving on we fouud "Our only German" up to his knees in terriers of all ages and degrees of quality. We have already described Mr. Hopkins's place and how well adapted it is for a boarding kennel with its excellent exercising grounds and range of box stalls. Here was Raby Trigger, looking in fine trim, and also the Forest and Stream pup (champion Raby Mixer—Burlington Diadem) had evidently found a good home, as he had grown almost out of remembrance in the last three months. Some likely cockers were also running round. They are by Red Jacket, we believe. One black and white is above the average. After a lively scrimmage between the whole crowd of terriers that at one time promised to be serious for one or two old bitches, and that reminded us when we all tried to part them, of a Thanksgiving football match when Yale tries the Deland wedge, we adjourned to the house where with terrier gossip and an examination of "German's" old country relics and mementoes train time oame all too quickly, and bidding a hasty good-bye we felt that one day at least had been well and enjoyably spent.

Providence Dog Show.

[*Special Report.*]

THE fifth annual dog show of the Rhode Island Poultry Association came to a close on Friday last. One hundred and twenty-four dogs of good quality were entered, English setters and cocker spaniels being the strong classes. C. H. Jenks and Dr. L. Burt officiated respectively as superintendent and veterinarian. The benching was of a poor sort and the dogs lacked the room they should have had owing to the poultry taking up the greater part of the hall. This was, perhaps, because the committee were chickenmen and not dogmen. This state of affairs they mean to alter next year. The atteudance was not bad considering the weather, which was very far from pleasant. J. Otis Fellows judged all classes and seemed to give general satisfaction.

Among the fanciers I noticed were Mr. Geo. W. Lovell, W. Burke, German Hopkins, Dr. H. T. Thurber, H. S. Babcock, A. H. Wakefield, J. P. Willey, F. W. Chapman, R. L. Keach, W. F. Kenney, M.D., Mr. and Mrs. Spink, J. H. Boutelle, F. Otto, Mrs. J. R. B. Hill, Miss S. A. Nickerson.

Mastiffs did not draw. Abe, the only mastiff who turned up, is not a bad dog, head fair and showing good wrinkle, feet and legs fair, coat too long and coarse, ears large, body good, and if shown in good condition would be greatly improved.

In St. Bernards the puppy Eulalie was alone in her class, and the only entry made in this breed. She is not a good one, although she is fair in feet and legs, coat and color good, but is too short in body, very snipy in muzzle and head too flat; shown in good shape.

In beagles the Glenrose Beagle Kennels had it all their own way. Diamond Tartar won first in puppies; has a bad-shaped skull, is not straight in front, but may develop into a fair dog, as he is only seven months old. Parthenia and Gypsy A. are both prize winners and have been described many times.

In smooth fox-terriers, open dogs, only one turned up, Beverwick Bobbin, a terrier showing lots of character, is light in eye, uncertain carriage of ear and a bit snipy. In wire-hair terriers Oakleigh Bruiser and Suffolk Tassel are well known. Hill Hurst Rose is too wide in skull and coat soft; she was the only puppy shown.

Mr. J. P. Willey showed a strong team of cocker spaniels, as did Mr. F. W. Fiske. Jersey Obo, who won first in challenge dogs, is better in head than Bambo, but too long in body. Bambo, second, is cloddy and bad in legs. Black Duchess is well known and needs no comment.

The balance of the classes require no mention as the winners are generally known. The English setter classes were well filled, and Miss S. A. Nickerson showed her Gordons Janet, Count Noble and Lady Noble, who all looked in the pink of condition.

Mr. Geo. W. Lovell, who had a nice kennel of pointers, had it all to himself, among them being Wild Lily and Prince Pontiac. Glen Rock Kennels showed Duke of Kent II. and Twinkle, the former a many time winner, Twinkle is a fair-looking dog, winning over Dan. Dan is a big dog and was shown in splendid condition. J. F. P.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Redman's Abe.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, W. H. Addison's Philip.

ST. BERNARDS.—SMOOTH-COATED.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Patterson's Eulalie.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, D. B. Lemley's Imperator and Vigilant; 3d, Wm. F. Warner's Springbok. *Bitches:* 2d, D. B. Lemley's Wild Idle.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Elite. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Femur.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. H. T. Thurber's Deacon; 2d, Parson. *Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Threshier's Daisy.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—UNDER 13IN.—*Bitches:* 1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Butterfly.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Paderewski; 2d, Little Lee. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Hanson's Lady of Denmark.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Shallcross's Diamond Tartar.—OVER 13IN.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Parthenia.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Sir Thomas. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsa A.

POINTERS.—HEAVY-WEIGHT—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Glen Rock Kennels' Duke of Kent II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Glen Rock Kennels' Twinkle; 2d, J. E. Lawrence's Dan.—LIGHT-WEIGHT.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Geo. W. Lovell's Wild Lilly.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. W. Lovell's Prince of Pontiac.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. W. Lovell's Prince of Pontiac—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. W. Lovell's Neal of Pontiac.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st S. B. Allen's Dad Monarch; 2d, J. M. Whipple's Gasseau; 3d, A. J. Lewis's Prince L. Very high com. reserve. Mrs. L. K. Peck's Norman. Very high com., D. J. Peters's Robin Goch. *Bitches:* 1st, T. J. Dunn's Dunn's Flora; 2d, L. N. Hamblin's Blue Dawn.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, A. J. Lewis's Harry L.; 2d, W. Regester's Pop Monarch; 3d, J. Dubuque's Reverdy II. Reserve, T. J. Dunn's Rowdy Monarch. Very high com. and high com., H. Joachim's Dan and Dick. *Bitches:* Equal 1st, A. J. Lewis's Lily L. and J. M. Whipple's Reverdy's Leah; 2d, F. J. Capron's Dot Monarch; 3d and very high com. reserve, A. D. Fiske's Gladys Kent and Singhild. Very high com., C. A. Starin's Rose S.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, N. McIntosh's Maid of Borstal.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Miss S. N. Nickerson's Janet.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss S. A. Nickerson's Count Noble. *Bitches:* 1st, Miss S. A. Nickerson's Lady Noble.—NOVICE—*Bitches:* 1st, Miss S. A. Nickerson's Lady Noble.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Jersey Obo; 2d, Edwin W. Fiske's Bambo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Black Duchess.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Edwin W. Fiske's Jay Kay; 2d, J. P. Willey's Jake W.; 3d, Mrs. H. Brownell's Smuts. Reserve and very high com., Wildfire. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Flossie Butter; 2d, C. G. Browning's Flush B.; 2d, Chas. E. Shean's Nora. Reserve and very high com., Cocktown Cleo.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Brantford Rufus; 2d, J. P. Willey's Little Ben II.; 3d, J. R. B. Hill's Spot. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Miss Bow Wow; 2d, Red Niobe.—NOVICE—*Bitches:* 1st, C. G. Browning's Daisy B.; 2d, Edwin W. Fiske's Ginger.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Lambert Stansfield's Highland Floss.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Lambert Stansfield's Highland Bobbie; 2d, Fred. J. Gregory's Mountain Rover; 3d, John R. Howe's Royal Chief. *Bitches:* 1st, Lambert Stansfield's Highland Rose; 2d, Al De Ber Collie Kennels' Maritana; 3d, Flurry.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Lambert Stansfield's Highland Bobbie. *Bitches:* 1st, I. C. Felch & Son's Sweet Russet.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Lambert Stansfield's Highland Bobby; 2d, Fred. J. Gregory's Mountain Rover. *Bitches:* Equal 1st, Lambert Stansfield's Highland Rose and I. K. Felch & Son's Sweet Russet.

BULLDOGS.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, Robert F. Keach's Charmion.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. J. W. Bond's Judy B.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Daniel J. Mahler's Lord Nelson; 2d, William H. Hunt's Major. *Bitches:* 1st, Perry A. Fuller's Loumont Kit.

FOX-TERRIERS—SMOOTH.—*Dogs:* 1st, Andrew Hopper's Beverick Bobbin.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, Dr. W. G. Kendall's Fleur.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Andrew Hopper's Beverick Bobbin.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Oakleigh Bruiser. *Bitches:* 1st, G. M. Carnochan's Suffolk Tassel.—PUPPIES—*Bitches:* 1st, H. M. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Rose.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. F. Kenney's Crib.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blarney Boy.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, Robert L. Keach's Nancy.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. W. F. Kenney's Brevity; 2d, James Flinn's Leinster. *Bitches:* Dr. W. F. Kenney's Belle of Shannon.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. C. Spink's Paddy. *Bitches:* 1st, S. D. Spink's Bridget; 2d, Esther Deffley's Buzz.

FRENCH POODLES—CURLY COATED—BROWN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. M. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Diamant; 2d, Poo-Bah. *Bitches:* 1st, Hill Hurst Kennels' Vivette.—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Milo. *Bitches:* 1st, Meadowmere Kennels' Dinah.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Rough; 2d, M. B. Alton Smith's Cleveland; 3d, Marengo. *Bitches:* 1st, Rose; 2d, M. B. Alton Smith's Minnie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Jason E. Lawrence's Pete.

Flaps from the Beaver's Tail.

TORONTO, Can.—At the annual meeting of the Sheep Breeders' Association, which is taking place in Guelph this week, I see by the programme that two of our well-known dogmen are down to read papers. Mr. Richard Gibson, who is at home in any department of live stock, has prepared an essay on "Breeding to Type" and Mr. W. Mole's, V.S., paper is on "Goiter in Sheep."

Mr. F. S. Wetherall, of Compton, Quebec, proposes attending New York show, and any Canadian breeder who has an entry or two to send could not do better than communicate with Mr. Wetherall, as he will have time to look after a few others in addition to his own.

Dr. James Lawrie, of Quebec City, is getting together a nice little kennel of dachshunds and a few months ago bought three reds, a dog and two bitches, from Mr. A. D. Smith, Beaminster, Dorset, England. They are all of the one litter, June 19, 1893, and are by Snapdragon II. (Snapdragon—Zenica) out of Nettlebury Sheila (Jackboot—Duckmanton Dina Belle). Back of this are champions Yerga and Jackdaw, and others as good.

Beverwyck Ray, a neat smooth fox-terrier bitch, by Dobbin out of Beverwyck Moonray, has been added to Mr. A. A. Macdonald's string. She was bred to champion Blemton Trump before he left for California.

Lord Aberdeen, the first prize rough-coated St. Bernard puppy at the late Toronto show, has been disposed of by the Bowmanville Kennels to Dr. Manes, of Sheffield, Ont. His dam, Maypole, first open and first novice at same show, goes to Detroit, Mich.

Mr. E. H. Caddy, Bedingston, Ont., is getting a nice dog from C. H. Akerly, of Tonawanda, N. Y., in Lord Hualpa, by Alton out of Keepsake. Mr. Caddy has also made one or two recent purchases from local breeders.

H. B. DONOVAN.

The Cumberland Kennels will sell their dogs by auction at Nashville on Dec. 21. Mr. Goodman, the manager, was busy at Chicago securing bids and, we believe, was quite successful. Mr. Goodman will sever his connection with the company Jan. 1, 1894.

English Kennel Club Show.

WE add to our remarks of last week on this great English event:

The English setter judge, Rev. W. Serjeantson, after complaining of the lack of feather and condition of many of the exhibits explained by their keepers by "You see, sir, he has only just come down from the moors," that "Small and light-boned bitches continue too much *en evidence*—scarcely the sort to produce big-boned offspring with size and substance."

In retrievers he acknowledges that he was caught napping. One of the dogs, Sapper, an excellent one, but throaty, was put second to another good one, Blizzard, on this account, but unfortunately the judge remarked to his handler that he ought to pull the collar up more. This the individual was smart enough to do when he came in again, and the judge, forgetting his previous decision and its cause, placed him first over Blizzard, who had beaten Sapper in the previous class. "How his keeper must have chuckled!" remarks the reverend judge.

Mr. Moses Woolland in writing of the spaniel entry congratulates himself on the number shown—125—and after remarking that the exhibition on the whole was excellent, but not up to last year's form, touches on the question of judging novice classes first. He says: "This is an innovation I for one do not like. Often a forward puppy stands out very prominently beyond the other juvenile competitors, the result is an easy win, and it is not at all unlikely the impression then made is calculated to give him a higher place in the other classes than he would have otherwise obtained." There is some sense in this.

Mr. Geo. R. Krehl, who handled the collies, gives us some good advice on the "Fancy—Utility" question that should prove interesting reading and valuable if heeded: "There was an exceedingly satisfactory gathering of the clans, and upon making a calm review of the exhibits after the busy judging day had passed over, I was gratified to observe that the collies at the Kennel Club bore evidence to the success of the recent crusade against Barzoi heads. The fancier was pulled up just in time, and had the sounding of the danger note been postponed, the movement in favor of long and narrow heads, with prick ears, would have gained a momentum almost impossible to arrest. However beautiful we may breed our collies, let us always bear in mind that they are sheepdogs, a working breed, and let us resist the efforts of the lucre-led crew who seek to reduce the collie to the level of a fancy breed. We can breed a good collie and show him honestly, and so have no need to acquire the petty wiles and paltry artifices that do not elevate the exhibition of some 'fancy' dogs. With pups it is different, their narrow skulls develop with age and assume the proper shape, but in the old dogs I think I was able to find winners with brain-room and intelligent collie expression. Breeders, in their craze for a very small and highly-carried ear, have nearly lost the characteristic ear of the collie, which should not be too small and only semi-erect with the tips carried sideways."

Speaking of the novice winner Gold Dust he makes use of a good expression, "Dingo ear" in describing his fashionable ear that is almost pricked. Putley Don, the new crack, is spoken of as being too short in the coupling—not having liberty enough—otherwise he would be near perfection. When Great Gun, Southport Pilot and Stracathro Ralph met in the winners' class the latter was palpably out of it, did not show himself properly—too lethargic. "Southport Pilot is a very lovely little creature, but his vanquisher has the better of him in working qualities. Great Gun's flag was afterward lowered by Chorlton Prescilla, who surpasses him in collie character and is better in front."

The dachshund judge, Mr. Montague Wootten, gives a voluminous report on his classes, but space forbids our giving more than his comments on the breed generally. He writes: "In commencing my review of this breed, I wish to point out that, as far as possible, I give the preference to dogs that are sound, and at the same time of the correct type, rather than to those that, while perhaps excelling in head properties, are such cripples that they can hardly stand still, let alone walk. I believe that knuckling over is hereditary, while being out at elbows is to a large extent dependant on rearing. Consequently the former, in my opinion, is a worse fault than the latter, though an out-at-elbows dog is not much use for a dachshund's work."

About Jackdaw he says, "I have only the usual thing to report—he was present and he won. Despite his seven years the little marvel is as sound and fresh as ever he was, and romped in later for the championship and challenge cup."

Mr. Pybus-Sellon gives a good report of his bulldog classes, and when he comes to the winners' class delivers himself of a little screed on the question of whether Dockleaf is a cripple or not. We remark, however, that he has nothing to say about this dog's failure to negotiate much distance in the recent walking match. He says: "Winners' class, under 45lbs., only contained Dockleaf and Forceps. The latter looked like a dying dog and had to be taken out of the show. The winner, Dockleaf, became famous because on his first appearance the *Field* wrote that he was a cripple, deformed in forequarters, and should never be admitted to the prize list. The value of this reporter's eccentric notices can be gauged from the fact that the dog has since had an unbeaten record, has won all possible honors under seven different club judges of the highest standing, all of which have been emphatic in condemning this extraordinary and misleading report. Whatever failings the dog may have, I unhesitatingly say that his gait, swing, roll and action are perfect, and the judge who can find any fault in this respect must indeed be hard to please. Talking of cripples, I have heard British Monarch, Diogenes and Cervantes stigmatized as such by certain fanciers and more than one well known judge. With such men it is useless to argue. These are the stamp and type of dog to be bred up to and encouraged, and long may they flourish to the discomfiture of the coarse, cabbage eared, haw-eyed, pointer-legged, terrier-bodied specimens which were so pushed to the front and held up as 'models' by the *Field* reporter a few years ago."

The most notable new appearance in smooth fox-terriers was High Spirits, the winner in novice dogs, puppy and limit classes. Mr. F. Redmond speaks highly of him, but hardly thinks he is enough terrier, and his head should be longer. In the winners' class Venio and Vice Regal came together and we let Mr. Redmond explain his decision: "Winners' class brought out Vice Regal and Venio; both were put down in the pink of condition, but the old dog, although he lost points in size, scored decidedly in feet, pasterns, shoulders and quarters, which gave him the award. Vice Regal is not the dog he was; he has deteriorated most decidedly in feet and pasterns, and he has not improved in shoulders and chest."

In wires Prompter beat Jack St. Leger and took the challenge cup also. In Irish terriers the show was a record one, and Mr. Pim speaks very highly of a new one, Brunby's Briar Paddy Malone: "First very easily; grand head, coat, color, body, legs and feet, he has only one fault, a lightish eye, but if he gets over the ills of puppyhood he may win all before him."

Mr. Clear's Breda Nuxis was the particular star of the show and won all before him. Space does not admit of our noticing the other breeds this week.

Mr. E. B. Elliott sold the well known Chesterford Flurry, first in open bitches, to a new foxterrier fancier, Mr. W. H. Collins, of Chicago, who has a small kennel of sixteen already and is getting more from the East. A good fox-terrier kennel should do well in Chicago.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

Dogs, Game and Texas.

From Mr. J. Leight, Beaumont, Texas, I received a letter recently in which there are some items of information which are interesting to the public. Mr. Leight is a dog trainer, therefore his reference to the game resources, etc., are mostly from his professional standpoint. He says:

"Kennel matters are at a low ebb here, because very few sportsmen in this State own, or have seen well bred or well trained dogs at work; and they are not willing to pay just prices. Besides, fleas, screw-worms, and most of all, ticks make sad havoc among both young and old dogs.

"Then, in the southwestern section of this State, rattlesnakes are bad. But the shooting is grand. I know of sections where I have worked dogs on chickens, quail, jacksnipe and woodcock in the proper seasons, and also where geese, ducks, deer, sand-hill cranes, squirrels, cotton-tail and swamp rabbits could be found, also some bears and turkeys, and all within a fifty-mile circle. Fair bags of any of the above-mentioned kinds can be made almost any time, except when excessive rains or droughts scatter the birds or animals or cause them to migrate to the water courses. The rains are generally the most troublesome in East Texas, and the drought the most troublesome in this section or Southwest Texas, although this season drought was as bad in East Texas as here, an uncommon occurrence. The ground became so parched and dry that great openings or cracks formed on the black sand prairies. We could not work the dogs on chickens for fear that the horses would break their legs, or that the wagons would be broken.

"The weather in this State is a great factor in the shooting and fishing. For instance, I recall a little trip I once took with a friend on or about Christmas Day. We were fishing for black bass (called trout here), about five miles out from town. We were comfortable in our shirt sleeves. To the east of us we could hear the guns of parties who were shooting quail. To the west were parties shooting squirrels and mallards in the woods among the acorns. We could hear the music of a pack of hounds in the distance running deer between us and town. Some of the deer crossed the road in front of our team on the way home. Thousands of mallards could be seen passing overhead to and fro from the lakes and ponds on the prairies, to their feeding places in the timber where the ground was covered with acorns. Within about two miles of town, we drove along a large marsh and hundreds of the longbills rose. A half mile further on, we passed by our best woodcock ground, but the big-eyed brownies were not there that day, the weather northward not being cold enough to drive them to us. In five or six days afterward, when the ground was white with a slight fall of snow, a friend and myself bagged nineteen woodcock there. The perspiration ran from every pore as we endeavored to keep up with and find the pointers after they had located the birds among the vines and thickets. We must have fired over fifty shots. Such is the weather and shooting in Texas."

From a gentleman who owns a kennel of setters for his own pleasure in sport afield, I received a letter which contained many kind words for FOREST AND STREAM, and a request to myself to write something on handling dogs afield for the benefit of owners who are amateurs, which request I will keep in mind, and comply with it at the first opportunity.

But the paragraph in his letter which I most desired to bring into notice is as follows: "I did not write this letter for publication, but if you desire to make use of it to bring out expressions from others, you may do so, although I prefer not to see my name in print, fearing that it might bring about some unpleasant and uncalled-for criticism, such as has been going on in the columns of ——— and which is so very detestable."

The columns of FOREST AND STREAM are weekly in evidence that a writer whose governing impulses are malice, ill temper or spitefulness has no place in them. The gentlemanly writer can express his thoughts without fear of attacks from vulgarians. The Western office receives, now and then, effusions which are considered good literature by some papers I could mention, but here they go expeditiously into "innocuous desuetude."

While at Newton, N. C., I had, in company with Messrs. Titus and Arnolt, a most pleasant two-hour shoot over Maid of Kent during the midday hours, while Rip Rap was laid by till the hour came for his afternoon work, he having a bye in the Subscription Stakes. To Mr. C. E. Buckle's invitation and supervision we were indebted for the pleasure. Two bevies were found by Maid, and except that she lost some of her youthful dash, she showed the abilities which had made her such a formidable competitor in field trials. As it was, she proved to be a most charming, shooting dog, and no plug either at that.

Mr. Arnolt, who was shooting a strange gun, with much execution nevertheless, wounded a single bird, which flew with unsteady wing into a small thicket close by. Suddenly a hawk appeared. Whence he came no one knew. He flew swiftly to the wounded bird, grasped it in his talons, and with labored flight started away with his prey, whereupon Mr. Arnolt paid him special attention with a well directed shot, which made a great opening out and detaching of feathers, and the next moment the hawk dropped his prey and departed hurriedly. The poor quail was badly mutilated by the hawk's talons. High up in the sky, a mere speck floating about, we saw another hawk. We presumed that its companion had from the great height seen the wounded quail and darted down to it in a twinkling.

On my return I stopped over a day at Charlottesville, Va., and was the guest of Mr. C. E. Buckle. His home—a most homelike place it is—is just without the limits of the city. I had expected to find a home such as the dog trainer of nomadic tastes generally has; that is, one which can be left for a new one at a few moments' notice, but instead there was a neat modern house of pretty architecture, a barn with good horses in it and skilfully arranged kennel building with a large yard neatly fenced in, which ran an eighth of a mile or thereabouts into the woods. Everywhere the most scrupulous neatness prevailed. Besides his penchant for dogs, Mr. Buckle is quite a chicken fancier and has some valuable specimens.

In the afternoon we drove over to Capt. McMurdo's place, which is three miles from town, and which proved to be a nicely equipped farm with several acres of vineyard which produced tons of grapes the past season. I remember my stay in Charlottesville as the pleasantest part of a pleasant trip.

Mr. Geo. E. Gray will endeavor to perpetuate the line of breeding which has resulted so successfully. He has purchased Pearl's Dot of Mr. R. L. Sbannon, and has sent her on to be bred to King of Kent. These two dogs, it will be remembered, are the sire and dam of Strideaway.

B. WATERS.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Mr. Reick returned on the s.s. Gascogne from Havre last Saturday but did not bring anything new over with him in St. Bernards. He saw nothing at Birmingham that pleased him much excepting Lady Mignon, who is held absurdly high. The day for very high prices for St. Bernards is past as far as Americans are concerned, and, considering everything, it is better that it should be so.

DOG CHAT.

Roche Tacit Arrives.

Mr. A. C. Bradbury has received Dec. 9, per s s. New York, the wire-hair fox-terrier bitch Roche Tacit. She is due to whelp Dec. 24 to Roche Talma, winner of the fifty-guinea grand challenge cup at Oxford and many other prizes. This bitch should have come out before, as noted in our columns last June, but owing to the dilatoriness of the Kennel Club in sending certificates, she whelped before she could be shipped. Therefore she stayed over for another visit and the pups were sold in England. Mr. Bradbury is also in treaty with Mr. J. W. Taylor, of Oldham, of whom he purchased Tacit, for several other dogs, the wire Daylesford Bush, winner of nearly thirty firsts and cups; Tormentilla, a breeder of winners and a winner herself, and another bitch bitch called Torture. An offer has also been made for Roche Talma. There seem to be lively times ahead for the wires, and we are sure that those who own the best over here at present will welcome the competition in store. The noted greyhound Jenny Jones is being nibbled at, and if she comes over she is sure to liven things up among the longtails. The Maybrook Kennels are also devoting some attention to Irish terriers, and some importations may be looked for shortly.

We alluded some time since to the purchase of the Irish terrier Hazard by Mr. Weld, owner of the Huguenot Kennels, New Rochelle, N. Y., and this gentleman sends a list of his winnings, which, unfortunately, we cannot find space for here. The dog won thirty prizes in England and was whelped July 4, 1889. He is said to be a good little terrier, of the racy type, nice head, legs and feet, with perfectly carried, small drop ears. His coat is red and of the proper texture; weight 22lbs. Mr. Weld will show him in the spring and place him at stud.

Raby Trigger Sold.

Raby Trigger has left the Grove Kennels, at Hempstead, L. I., and will chase cats, or otherwise indulge his game terrier propensities, in Germantown, Pa. His new owner is Mr. H. E. Cook, who is starting a kennel in a quiet way.

Mr. John H. Congdon, of Providence, R. I., sends in a capital picture of his new purchase, the bulldog King Lud, which shows this dog's grand head off to perfection. By the way, the bulldog article printed in these columns recently has created very favorable attention to the breed, and from letters received, inquiring where good ones can be obtained, we presume there will be some recruits to the fancy very shortly.

There was not much news stirring at Chicago. Sales were slack and many of the exhibitors were disappointed in this respect. Mr. Tim Donoghue sold his young English setter Monk of Furness Rap, to T. G. Davey, of London, Ont.

Mr. Jarrett, as he could not sell began to buy; a nice white setter pup out of Mr. Davey's lot took his fancy. There may be some deep scheme on foot in Chestnut Hill, Mr. Jarrett had repeatedly said he would like to breed some white collies, and this may be a move in that direction.

Seminole Kennels, through Ben Lewis, sold the collie pup, second prize winner, to a Chicago gentleman; also an Irish terrier to Gen. Miles.

Mr. Schallenberger, the owner of the St. Bernard Aristocrat, has purchased Melrose, the noted smooth, from Mr. Moore. It was entered at Chicago, but did not arrive in time.

No Let-Up.

Wearied by the damnable iteration of a certain chronic growler's outcry against FOREST AND STREAM, some one has been beseeching him to "let up on it." To this the howler very properly makes reply, "Why should I let up? Men have rights as well as dogs. A dog bays the moon, and I may howl about FOREST AND STREAM if I want to. I propose to howl." And he is quite right. No one has any call to interfere. The case finds a parallel in the story told by Henry Ward Beecher about his father's dog, Noble, which, "having once seen a woodchuck disappear down a hole, was accustomed whenever he had an afternoon off to go and bark at that hole for hours at a time." It was a perfectly harmless proceeding. It did not hurt the woodchuck; the neighbors got used to it, and it pleased Noble so much that no one ever thought of interfering with the old dog's exercise of his franchise or asking him to "let up."

We regret to learn that Dr. N. Rowe, of Chicago, is so seriously ill that he no longer has any direct hand in the journalistic work with which he has so long been connected.

A regular meeting of the Boston Terrier Club will be held at Young's Hotel, Wednesday evening, Dec. 20, at 7 P. M. Members are earnestly requested to attend.

Dr. Kenney, of Providence, not content with his Crib first at Providence and Newark, is getting another "Irishman" from the other side.

There has been considerable speculation among bulldog fanciers as to who had imported the noted bulldog Found It. We are now in a position to state that Miss Maie Byrne of New York city imported the dog. Becoming charmed with the breed while on a visit to England this summer, she commissioned a friend to buy a good one, and, to make a cheap joke, he found it, and Miss Byrne paid $400 for her fancy. Found It is a brindle and will be shown at New York. He arrived last Saturday.

Rinada Kennels, we understand, have purchased the pointer bitch Hempstead Kit since the Newark show.

The Akron show, which is on this week, closed with 130 entries.

The entry fee for Saratoga show has been reduced to $2 and for selling class the fee is now $1.

The auction sale at Chicago was a failure. Mr. Tim Donogbue was the auctioneer and tried his best. The sooner such affairs are discontinued the better it will be for breeders.

Gaining the consent of exhibitors the Chicago management kept the show open on Sunday. Several exhibitors did not agree with this innovation and left Saturday night. It is a practice that must be discountenanced. Kenneldom has enough to contend with without flying in the face of public sentiment in that way.

The great Dane Fannie M. slipped her collar during the Chicago show and made good her escape from the show building at Chicago. Up to the time we left she had not been recovered.

We are sorry to have missed Mr. Samuel Jagger when he called at this office last week. Mr. Jagger is a St. Bernard man, and the owner of the celebrated Lady Mignon, who has already won twenty-six first prizes and nineteen specials and one championship prize since April last. The parents of Marvel, Maplecroft, etc., all came from Mr. Jagger's kennel. If this gentlemen could stay over for the New York show, it would be a good move to get him to judge. It would afford an interesting change. Mr. Jagger will visit the principal kennels during his stay of several weeks.

Mrs. Smythe's St. Bernard bitch Sunray stole a march on her owner and whelped Friday night at the show. It is scarcely necessary to say that she showed little sign previously of any such untoward conduct or her owner would not have exposed her to the danger in making such a long trip. Sunray will probably remain at Mr. Elliott's kennels at Maywood, Ill., till she recovers. The poodle bitch Blanchet also became a mother during the show.

On Friday night the management had information that thieves would endeavor to raid the building and steal some of the dogs. So every precaution was taken to prevent such an occurrence and the order to shoot on sight was given the watchman and additional help was secured. This was the report, but we can scarcely understand what advantage such an attempt at theft would be or how the dogs could recompense the thieves for the trouble and risk.

Ben Lewis has bought Sall II., pointer, and Newton Abbott Torso, field spaniel, of Mr. Tim Donoghue, La Salle, Ill.

Saratoga Dog Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I regret the unavoidable delay in getting out our premium list, and I trust those who have not been supplied will write at once. The following specials have been received since the premium list went to press. American Spaniel Club offers $5 for best brace field spaniels, $5 for best brace climber spaniels, $5 for best brace Irish water spaniels and $5 for best brace of cockers; also the "Bell" cocker cup for the best cocker spaniel, any color, to be won four times before becoming the property of any one member; donor not to compete. Beverwyck Kennels offer $10 for the best fox-terrier owned in Albany county, $10 for the best fox-terrier whelped in Beverwyck Kennels or sired by one of their stud dogs; donor not to compete. J. Otis Fellows has been engaged as manager of the kennel department. This, of course, will gain the confidence of old exhibitors.

The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company have made special rates from all points on their line between Albany, N. Y., and Rutland, Vt. I again appeal to all foxhound breeders and fanciers to be present and help organize an American Foxhound Club. This breed has been neglected too long, and we should move at once in the right direction by framing a standard for this noble breed.

LYNAN W. CLUTE, Secretary.

BALLSTON LAKE, N. Y., Dec. 12.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Lady Ruth. By Rivermount Kennels, Brooklyn, N. Y., for orange and white rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, whelped Nov. 9, 1893, by Ridgewood Don (Supurbis—Thisbe) out of Princess Vic (Leicester—Princess Jura).

Duke of Rivermount. By Rivermount Kennels, Brooklyn, N. Y., for orange and white rough-coated St. Bernard dog, whelped Nov. 9, 1893, by Ridgewood Don (Supurbis—Thisbe) out of Princess Vic (Leicester—Princess Jura).

Al De Ber Blizzard. By Al De Ber Kennels, North Attleboro, Mass., for white and sable rough coated collie dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1893, by Bendigo (The Squire—Bertha) out of Patient (Charlemagne—Patience).

Al De Ber Bendigo. By Al De Ber Kennels, North Attleboro, Mass., for sable and white rough-coated collie dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1893, by Bendigo (The Squire—Bertha) out of Patient (Charlemagne—Patience).

Lucy Blade. By James McAleer, Emsworth, Pa., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 13, 1893, by Toledo Blade (Roderigo—Lillian) out of Rod's Bessie (Count Roderigo—Bessie Ray).

Madam Raven. By the Handsome Obo Spaniel Kennel, Omaha, Neb., for black cocker bitch (King Raven—Lady Raven).

Madam Obo. By the Handsome Obo Spaniel Kennel, Omaha, Neb., for black field spaniel bitch (champion Bronte—Topsey).

Handsome Obo Kennel (formerly the Omaha Cocker Spaniel Kennel). By B. B. Mather, Omaha, Neb., for kennel of cocker and field spaniels.

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Madam Raven—Chancellor. The Handsome Obo Spaniel Kennels' (Omaha, Neb.) black cocker bitch Madam Raven to Raven Cocker Kennels' Chancellor (King Raven—Lady Raven), Oct. 8.

Champion Winnie II.—Kildare Beverly. Kildare Kennels' (Allegheny, Pa.) Irish setter bitch champion Winnie (Frisco—Grouse II.) to their Kildare Beverly (champion Elcho, Jr.—Ruby Glenmore), Nov. 24.

Nellie Trissler—Kildare Beverly. M. N. Fowler's (Foxburg, Pa.) Irish setter bitch Nellie Trissler (Tipton—Patterson's Polly) to Kildare Kennels' (Allegheny, Pa.) Kildare Beverly (champion Elcho, Jr.—Ruby Glenmore), Nov. 27.

Dusky Diamond—Blemton Rattler. W. R. Mack's (Rochester, N.Y.) fox-terrier bitch Dusky Diamond to L. B. Banks's Blemton Rattler (champion Venis—champion Rachel).

Tivoli—Marengo II. Dr. W. S. Bigelow's (Boston, Mass.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Tivoli (Don—Net) to his Marengo II. (Boatswain—Gladys), Nov. 23.

Lala—Moses K. F. W. Otto's (Providence, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Lala (Black Pete—Miss Nance) to J. M. Brown's Moses K. (Obo II.—Black Bess II.), Oct. 1.

Candour—Romulus. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Chestnut Hill, Pa.) Irish terrier bitch Candour to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Romulus, Nov. 3.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Princess Vic. Rivermount Kennels' (Brooklyn, N. Y.) rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Princess Vic (Leicester—Princess Jura), Nov. 9, eight (five dogs), by J. Wagner's Ridgewood Don (Supurbis—Thisbe).

Patient. Al De Ber Kennels' (North Attleboro, Mass.) rough-coated bitch Patient (Charlemagne—Patience), Aug. 25, six (five dogs), by J. Brett's Bendigo (The Squire—Bertha).

Rose. Dr. Bigelow's (Boston, Mass.) Chesapeake Bay bitch Rose, Aug. 19, nine (four dogs), by his Marengo II. (Boatswain—Gladys).

Chicago Fawn. J. B. Wickery's (Pittsburgh, Pa.) English setter bitch Chicago Fawn Nov. 9, nine (four dogs), by Manitoba Shot.

Prairie Belle. James McAleer (Emsworth, Pa.) pointer bitch Prairie Belle, Nov. 25, ten (seven dogs), by his Rip Rap, Jr. (champion Rip Rap—Lonnie Bijou).

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Nod—Prairie Belle whelps. Pointers, whelped April 13, 1893, by James McAleer, Emsworth, Pa., one lemon and white dog to E. W. Baston, Syracuse, N. Y.; one orange and white bitch to W. T. Brainbridge, Parish, N. Y.; one orange and white dog to R. Seager, New Waterford, O.; one liver and white bitch to J. R. George, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; one orange and white dog to J. D. Bush, Peoria, Ill.; one liver and white bitch to Dr. J. G. Senour, Troy, O.; one liver and white dog to Chas. E. Fuller, Sidney Center, N. Y.; one orange and white dog to R. S. Belcher, Vienna, N. Y.; one liver and white bitch to Wm. Seager, Fair Oaks, Pa.

Buff. Lemon and white pointer dog, by Speculation out of Signa, by Red House Farm Pointer Kennels, New London, Conn., to E. H. Potter, same place.

Rip Rap, Jr.—Shenango Patch whelp. Black, white and ticked pointer dog, whelped July 12, 1893, by Rip Rap, Jr., out of Shenango Patch, by James McAleer, Emsworth, Pa., to Ed. Gibson, same place.

Lucy Blade. Black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped March 13, 1893, by Toledo Blade out of Rod's Bessie, by Dr. J. G. Senour, Troy, O., to James McAleer, Emsworth, Pa.

Prairie Belle II. Lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped April 13, 1893, by Nod out of Prairie Belle, by James McAleer, Emsworth, Pa., to Wm. Morgan, Reading, Pa.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. B. W., Mayfield, Pa.—You will find some of the best Gordon and English setter strains advertised in our business columns. We do not make selections.

A. B. M., Worthington, Ind.—We do not advise where to buy dogs. Consult our business columns or better still, advertise in FOREST AND STREAM for what you want and you will be sure to get answers.

K. G. B., New York City.—You need not draw the milk from the teats. Unless there are signs of fever simply rub them morning and night with camphorated oil and keep the bitch warm and free from draughts afterward.

H. A. R., Schenectady, N. Y.—I have a black cocker bitch, five years old; she had pups Sept. 29, and weaned them when they were four weeks old. I want to bench her next month but she has two teats which are very large. Now what can I do to draw them up? In fact her whole bag hangs; she is not ruptured but very fat, and very ravenous in her eating and drinking. Ans. Rub them night and morning with camphorated oil, and keep the bitch free from draughts afterward. Hot vinegar is also another good remedy.

E. J. H., New York.—Please give pedigree or registered number of the rough-coated St. Bernards Sentis, Cora and Solo or Zola. If none of these are registered give number of St. Bernard bitch Also. Ans. Sentis cannot be found. Cora (20,467), by Zeno (9005, Vol. V.) out of Mayo, by Mingo out of Psyche, by Bruce out of Bess; Mingo, by Mico out of Mica. We can find no mention of Solo or Zola; perhaps you mean Zora (20,400, Vol. VIII.), by Prince out of Greta (13,321); Prince, by Alp II. out of Flora, by Barry out of Righi, whelped Nov. 20, 1890. Also is not registered, but she is by The Baron out of Paw Paw.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Jan. 15.—Brunswick Fur Club's winter trials. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Finish of the Great Meeting at Newark.
Second Day.

SUNDAY, Dec. 3, was one of California's glorious days; indeed, no other clime on the earth can produce such weather at this season of the year, warm, brilliant sunshine, with sufficient soft, balmy air to prevent the rays of the sun from being oppressively hot. Such a day, surely, is the coursing man's delight, and accordingly the turnout for Newark was immense. All the surrounding cities and towns were well represented, and before the coursing commenced there could not be far from 400 on the grounds. The ladies, too, came out in full force, and it is evident that the sport of the leash has many enthusiastic admirers among the fair sex of California.

There was a big day's work before the club, for thirty-two of the seventy-four dogs listed on the card were still in, besides a puppy stake of twelve dogs, and the most sanguine never dreamt that both stakes could be finished. But the field officers made up their minds to work, and after a few minutes were spent in getting photographs of the dogs and the assembled crowd, Mr. Grace went into the saddle and precisely at 11 o'clock the first pair of dogs were handed to Mr. Wren.

The first two courses were not equal to the trials held on Thursday, and fears were at first expressed that the hares were not so good as those on the first day, but this was soon seen to be an error as course followed course. No finer sport could possibly be seen, even in the open, and many of the dogs would have thought that they were chasing an old time flyer from the San Joaquin or Merced plains. The course between Coomassie and Sting was a brilliant one, and well did the beautiful little bitch try the powers of Mr. Nelson's strong and speedy dog, but ultimately she was outworked by her powerful rival.

Great interest, too, centered in little Pride of the Park, as her overthrow of Sir John on the first day was so clever that many believed she could repeat it with the great San Jose dog Short Stop, and she went to the slips with only a slight shade of difference against her in the betting. She fell, however, after a gallant struggle.

Another fine course, too, was that between Queen of the Valley and Dark Rustic, and eventually when the white flag flew out for the Queen there was great cheering, for she won a fine course and defeated a good dog.

Another great surprise was the fall of Fairy before White Cloud in the third round, Fairy in her two previous courses showing an extraordinary dash of speed. But White Cloud literally smothered her—didn't even allow her a point. This bitch is full sister to Jack Dempsey, the runner-up for the final.

Another great course was the one between Vida Shaw and Ban Boy, and again Vida's course in the third round with Wee Lassie was a great one and brought forth rounds of applause when she sent the white flag for the third time up to her credit.

Indeed, no finer coursing could possibly be witnessed, and the fact that during the six hours it lasted no less than forty-five regular courses and four undecideds were run, is in itself a proof of the management of the whole affair. In the big stake there really were no more than three or four dogs which were out of place; all the others were fit to go into any company. The following is a description of the running:

Second Round.

JACK DEMPSEY—SWANEE.—The course was a short one, Jack getting it all, including the kill.

MARY ANN—DEPEND ON ME had a pretty run to the hare, but Mary Ann got there first, then the dog had a point and a wrench, but Mary Ann killed and won.

WHITE CLOUD—GLENFARRON.—White Cloud outpaced and outworked the old veteran Glen Farron, and most assuredly he did not show up half as well as he did on Thursday. The Cloud won easily.

FAIRY—LONGFELLOW.—This was a beautiful course, but Fairy had the best of the run up. Longfellow took the hare once or twice, but the bitch forced the work so keenly that she drove her opponent to the outside and won a fine trial.

STING—COOMASSIE were about equal favorites, and when slipped it was impossible to tell for the first 200yds. which was the fleetest. The work, too, was very close, but Sting showed great determination and beat his beautiful opponent after a great effort.

SHORTSTOP—PRIDE OF THE PARK.—A great course, the little bitch kept stride for stride with her big opponent nearly the whole length of the field, he only getting the turn by half a length. She shot in quick for a share of the work and disputed inch by inch possession of the game, but the big fellow shouldered her off several times and eventually won. On coming back to the stand the little one was cheered to the echo.

QUEEN OF THE VALLEY—DARK RUSTIC had a great race to the hare. The Queen got there first by a length, but Rustic made it warm for a time and showed up well in all the movements of a fine trial, but the Queen proved too much for him and won in fine style.

VALLEY QUEEN—GARRYOWEN.—Valley Queen showed that Garryowen got into the second round by some accident, as comparident from this course that he was in very strange

BARNY F.—WARATAH.—Barny F. and Waratah were equal favorites, and on being slipped the Australian showed at once in front and opened a wide gap, but after traveling 200yds. he seemed to let go and Barny passed him and got one or two turns, when Waratah came up again, but puss fell before he could even things up.

SPOKANE—BLUE JACK.—The former beat the latter pointless.

MAGPIE—SCULPTOR.—Magpie led Sculptor from the slips, to the surprise of all the beholders, and won a good course, though not without some good work by Sculptor before the hare fell.

DOTTY DIMPLE ran a bye. Her opponent got lost the day previous.

WEE LASSIE—TOM HAYES.—Tom is only 13 months old, but he has a great dash of speed. He led the Lass to the game, but then he was done, as he did not know what to do when he got there.

VIDA SHAN—BAN BOY.—The Boy was suffering from a broken toe, the result of his Dakota experience, and could do comparatively nothing against this clever bitch, and of course lost.

NATTY—RUSTIC MAID.—Natty picked up the game after a run of about 200yds. The Maid was never in it.

LITTLE BANSHEE—OLDEN W.—This was a splendid course. The blue dog had the run up by a short length but immediately the hare turned the little bitch shot in, and before her opponent knew that she was near him she sent puss around twice with a vim and made things so short that Olden W. must have been frequently in doubt which was the hare and which the dog. She killed and won.

Third Round.

JACK DEMPSY—MARY ANN.—Jack led Mary Ann to the hare, but she soon got to work and made things warm for both Jack and the hare for a few seconds Jack then came in turn a couple of times and killed, getting the verdict. It was a close thing and had it been undecided no one would be surprised.

WHITE CLOUD—FAIRY.—White Cloud ran away from Fairy and picked up the game in a run.

SHORTSTOP—STING.—Shortstop beat Sting with comparative ease. They had a great chase, too, but it was one-sided.

QUEEN OF THE VALLEY—VALLEY QUEEN.—The course between Queen of the Valley and Valley Queen was a surprise, as the old favorite seemed utterly unable to cope with the Queen from the Petaluma region. She was suffering, however, from sexual causes.

BARNEY F.—SPOKANE.—This was a one-sided course, the former doing all—running, working and killing, but it was no easy job for Barney as the hare was a flyer.

MAGPIE—DOTTY DIMPLE.—This was a surprise to all as Dotty is considered one of the flyers. She fell without a struggle.

VIDA SHAW—WEE LASSIE.—Vida Shaw led Wee Lassie to the hare in a long spin and got first turn, and again served herself before Wee Lassie could get a show for a point. Vida killed and won a long and severe course.

LITTLE BANSHEE — NATTY.— This was another pretty course. Natty fought well for his name, but the singular cleverness and the dashes of speed shown by this little black beauty was astonishing and she cleverly outworked Natty as she did Olden W. in the previous course.

Fourth Round.

JACK DEMPSEY—WHITE CLOUD.—Jack Dempsey smothered White Cloud both in running and working. The bitch was evidently not able to keep up the strain, as it was but two months since she had a litter of pups.

SHORTSTOP—QUEEN OF THE VALLEY.—In this course Skyrocket's brother showed that he was still a great dog, for he outpaced and outworked the Petaluma Queen that up to this point put all opponents to the right about.

BARNEY F.—MAGPIE.—A poor hare and scrambling course. Barney F. won.

LITTLE BANSHEE—VIDA SHAW.—Little Banshee beat Vida Shaw at all points; the hare escaped from the dog. In this course was clearly shown the value of good training, Vida evidently failing from this cause alone.

Fifth Round.

JACK DEMPSEY—SHORT STOP.—Jack Dempsey and Short-Stop had a short, undecided course. They were drawn out then till after the next course, but in the next attempt Jack led and beat him handsomely.

LITTLE BANSHEE—BARNEY F.—Little Banshee beat Barney F., but not without a struggle of considerable merit. This left Jack Dempsey and the handsome Little Banshee to fight out the final.

Final Course.

LITTLE BANSHEE—JACK DEMPSEY.—After the usual half hour the dogs were called up, and, amid considerable excitement, were handed over to the slipper, who, after his hard day's work, was as nimble and seemingly anxious for another run as the pretty little hound on which he had just placed the white collar. Both dogs were equal favorites in the betting. A hare was sent out from the upper end of the field, and the dogs slipped. Jack shot out to the front and led the bitch a clear length to the hare, but she instantly shot in, and before Jack Dempsey could look around him, the little bitch sent the game around, and again she drove him from his course, and just as Jack made a snap at puss she cleverly snapped up the hare from under his very jaws, killed and won unquestionably the greatest coursing match ever held in America.

SUMMARY OF THE RUNNING.

T. J. Cronin's wht. d. Jack Dempsey	beat	Dowling & McCormick's b. and w b Little Rose.
W. Creamer's b. and w. b. Swanee	beat	George Dougherty's br. b. Flirtation.
P. Tiernan's f. b. Mary Ann	beat	D. O'Connell's bl. d. Jim.
P. Tiernan's r. d. Glenfarron	beat	D. J. Healy's br. d. Salvator.
T. J. Cronin's w. and b. d. Depend on Me	beat	R E. de B. Lopez's f. b. Wattle Bloom.
A. Seale's w. and br. b. White Cloud	beat	E. Geary's w. and br. d. Electric.
J. Perrigo's b. and w. d. Longfellow	beat	D. J. Healy's br. d. Moondyne.
P. S. Reilly's f. b. Fairy	beat	Dr. Proctor's b. and w. d. Blackstone.
W. Perry's w. and br. b. Coomassie	beat	M. Culligan's w. and br. d. Overland.
P. D. Nolan's br. d. Sting	beat	Jas. Byrne's f. b. Nellie Bly.
J. J Edmonds's br. b. Pride of Park	beat	P. Tiernan's br. d. Long John.
P. C. Curtis's br. d. Shortstop	beat	H. McCracken's "ns" f. d. Captain.
P. D. Nolan's blk. d. Dark Rustic	beat	P. C. Curtis's w. and blk. d. Skyrocket.
J. Dowling's br. b. Queen of Valley	beat	H. McCracken's w. and b. b. Lady H. Glendyne.
J. Buckley's w. d. Garryowen	beat	P. Rush's b. and w. d. Rambler.
J. J. Edmonds's w. and b. b. Valley Queen	beat	Dowling & McCormick's br. d. Sir John.
Jas. Byrnes's b. and w. d. Barney F.	beat	Jas. Wren's f. B. Governess.
R. E. de B. Lopez's imported b. and w. d. Waratah	beat	P. Tiernan's f. d. Glenade.
P. Ryan's bl. and w. d. Blue Jack	beat	J. Dowling's br. d. Chief of the Valley.
P. Carney's w. d. Spokane	beat	Wm. Dalton's f. and w. b. Lady Napoleon.
P. Ryan's b. and w. d. Magpie	beat	Jas. Grace's b. and w. d. Roll Along.
Thos. McCue's ns. b. and w. d. Sculptor	beat	Dowling & McCormick's w. d. White Rustic.
T. J. Cronin's w. and f. b. Dottie Dimple	beat	D. J. Healy's b. and w. b. Active.
P. Tiernan's br. d. Olympic	beat	Dr. Proctor's bl. and w. d. Bluestone.
J. Perrigo's f. b. Wee Lassie	beat	Jas. Byrne's f. d. Occidental.
P. Tiernan's b. and w. d. Tom Hayes	beat	John Lucey's br. b. Lazy Girl.
T. McInerney's b. and w. d. Ban Boy	beat	T. Cooney's br. and w. d. Home Rule
J. J. Edmonds's w. b. Vida Shaw	beat	H. M. N. Spring's b. and w. d. Domino
Dowling & McCormick's w. and b. b. Rustic Maid	beat	A. Seale's w. and bl. d. Presto.
M. Kerrigan's bl. d. Natty	beat	H. McCracken's ns. blk. b. Twilight.
T. McInerney's b. b. Little Banshee	beat	J. Mooney's br. and w. d. Swede.
D. J. Healy's bl. and w. d. Olden W.	beat	A Merrill's f. and w. d. Red Prince.

First Ties.

Jack Dempsey beat Swanee.	Barry F. beat Waratah.
Mary Ann beat Depend on Me.	Spokane beat Blue Jack.
White Cloud beat Glenfarron.	Magpie beat Sculptor.
Fairy beat Longfellow.	Dotty Dimple a bye.
Sting beat Coomassie.	Wee Lassie beat Tom Hayes.
Short Stop beat Pride of the Park.	Vida Shaw beat Ban Boy.
Queen of Valley beat Dark Rustic.	Natty beat Rustic Maid.
Valley Queen beat Garryowen.	Little Banshee beat Olden W.

Second Ties.

Jack Dempsey beat Mary Ann.	Barry F. beat Spokane.
White Cloud beat Fairy.	Magpie beat Dotty Dimple.
Short Stop beat Sting.	Vida Shaw beat Wee Lassie.
Queen of Valley beat Valley Queen.	Banshee beat Natty.

Third Ties.

Jack Dempsey beat White Cloud.	Barry F. beat Magpie.
Short Stop beat Queen of Valley.	Little Banshee beat Vida Shaw.

Fourth Ties.

Jack Dempsey beat Short Stop.	Little Banshee beat Barry F.

Final.

T. J. McInerney's black and white bitch Little Banshee (Benelong II.—Banshee) beat T. J. Cronin's white dog Jack Dempsey (Killarney—Pheasant Girl) and won the stake, $100; Jack Dempsey $60.

Barney F. and Short Stop take $25 each; Queen of the Valley, Magpie, Vida Shaw and White Cloud $10 each.

The Puppy Stake, which of course was run in its place, between the ties for the All-Aged, produced three fine specimens of the greyhound, and are sure to be heard from again. Mr. Pitman's Lady Grissel is a most promising youngster and is very handsome, and had she been entered in the All-Aged Stake she would most assuredly have attained a very forward position; her running in the final of the Puppy Stake was wonderful and stamped her as an A1 greyhound. Lady Grisel is by Freestone out of San Jose Maid.

So also was the running of Mrs. La Cunah's dog Lion, and it is certain that when he has more age he will be a dangerous opponent. The first of Skyrocket's stock were seen in public in this stake; they are mere saplings as yet, but the way in which Rocket shot from the slips shows that she has in her composition the vim and dash of her sire and will yet make a name for herself.

Lady Grissel took first money, Lion second.

GAZEHOUND.

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HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. Chapman has declined to accept Mr. Smith's challenge to run a beagle against Louie Fitz Lee.

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Mr. Sam. W. Vidler, the secretary of the club, writes us that Mr. W. Green, better known to English coursers as "Goldborough," will judge at the inaugural meeting of the Albear Coursing Club, of Colorado Springs. Mr. Ralph Taylor, who proved himself an expert at the Kenmore meet, will again handle the slips. The meeting will be held either Feb. 20 to 22 or March 6 to 8. Letters are coming in by every mail for information regarding the meeting, and it looks as if it will be a great success.

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We have received a handsome photograph of the well-known foxhound, Rock, which shows this good dog off to great advantage. Our foxhound owners seem particularly happy in getting their dogs to stand well.

Yachting.

Lake Yacht Racing Association.

THE annual fall meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, of Lake Ontario, was held at Hamilton, Ont., on Nov. 11. We are in debted to the *Canadian Yachtsman and Canoeist* for the following report:

The following delegates were present:—From the Royal Y. C., Messrs. W. J. Grant, E. S. Ambrose and J. F. Monck; from the Royal Canadian Y. C., Vice-Com. Brown, Rear-Com. Dick and Mr. Æmilius Jarvis; from the Queen City Y. C., Com. Schofield and Messrs. W. Q. Philips and W. D. Thomas; from the Rochester Y. C., Messrs. J. E. Burroughes, T. B. Pritchard and Captain Wood, the latter gentleman being a proxy for Mr. J. H. Wallbridge.

The President of the association, Dr. Malloch being confined to his house Mr. W. J. Grant was elected chairman.

The Secretary, Mr. Geo. E. Evans, was absent on a visit to Ireland, so Mr. E. S. Ambrose was asked to act as secretary of the meeting.

After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and approved, and the reports of the treasurer and the association timekeeper presented, a telegram was read from J. T. Mott, of the Oswego Y. C., stating that they were unable to send delegates, and that their proxies were in the hands of Mr. T. B. Pritchard, of the Rochester Y. C.

A committee appointed a year ago, to report on the measurement question, was disbanded, the proposed amendments to come before the meeting taking the place of any report they might have made.

Mr. E. S. Ambrose then introduced the amendments proposed by the Royal Hamilton Y. C. The first was to define a yacht, but there being a similar amendment from the Royal Canadian Y. C., the two were considered together, and the following definition adopted: "A yacht, as defined by this association, must be a vessel of at least 16ft. load-water line, and must carry not less than 3001bs. of ballast permanently stowed, or have a beam of not less than one-third of her load-water line length. She must have standing rigging, or a fixed mast, and must be kept permanently on the water during the season, and must not be engaged in trade."

The next amendment referred to the postponement of races, and the rule will read as follows: "No race shall be postponed merely because of lack of wind, if any of the competing yachts shall have sailed round the course once within the allotted time." This reserves to a regatta committee the right to postpone a race in the event of heavy weather dissbling the fleet after the start, even when one yacht has succeeded in making a round of the course

The next amendment carried limits the crew in the 21ft. class to three hands all told, except when the regatta committee decide to add a scrutineer.

An amendment was carried to the rule enjoining yachts to render all possible assistance in case of a capsize or man overboard, extending the list of mishaps to any that involve danger to life at all.

The next amendment referred to the rule compelling a leading yacht to give an overtaking one room to pass a buoy, provided the latter has an overlap. Mr. Ambrose wanted an exception made in the case of the leading yacht being so situated owing to a sudden shift of wind, or any other cause, as to make it impossible for the leading yacht to give way. After discussion the amendment was lost, it being considered that as such cases are very exceptional, the proposed alteration would only lead to confusion and protests.

An amendment to merge the 30 and 35ft. classes into a 32ft. class was laid over until next year, when the whole question of classification will come up for discussion.

This ended the list of amendments prosposed by the Royal Hamilton Y. C., whereupon Mr. Javis introduced the amendment of the Royal Canadian Y. C., to adopt the principle of actual instead of approxi-

mate measurement of sail area. Before this was discussed Mr. Monck (Royal Hamilton Y. C.,) drew attention to another amendment further on, proposing that in the event of the new system of measurement being adopted, and the corrected lengths of existing yachts increased, they were still to be allowed to sail in the same classes as heretofore, giving time, however, according to their new measurements, providing tbese measurements have not been increased since 1893. Mr. Monck pointed out that this would be unfair to any new yachts built, in their having to come within the class limits, and yet compete against the older craft above the class limits, with the prospect of these limits being increased next year, to suit the new ratings of the fleet. After much discussion it was agreed that any new yacht might be allowed to share the privilege accorded existing yachts, provided such yacbt did not exceed the corrected length (under the new rule) of the largest existing yacht in a class. This matter being settled, the principle of measuring actual sail area was adopted unanimously and the details of the new system carefully considered clause by clause.

The percentage allowances to yawls and schooners will in future apply only to yachts exceeding 25ft. corrected length.

On motion of Mr. T. B. Pritchard, a diagram of the sail plan was ordered to accompany each yacht's certificate of measurement, to aid in checking the figures, if required.

This cleaned up the amendments to sailing rules. A motion by Vice-Com. Brown, seconded by Mr. Monck, expressing the loss felt by the association, in the death of Mr. Matt Cartwright, of the Rochester Y. C. and referring to his many social qualities and interest in yachting on Lake Ontario, was carried by a standing vote, and a copy ordered to be sent to the Rochester Y. C.

The question of next year's programme was then considered. In response to a generally expressed desire for a change from the usual annual circuit, a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Jarvis, Monck, Schofield, Pritchard, Phelps and Biggar, to consider ways and means for a rendezvous at some suitable port, and several days racing. This committee will communicate with Buffalo, Cobourg and other places which have been anxious for a regatta, and report by April 1. The election of officers was proceeded with, and resulted as follows: Pres., Com. Boswell, Royal Canadian Y. C.; Vice-Pres., W. H. Biggar, Bay of Quinte Y. C.; Hon. Sec.-Treas. E. H. Ambrose, Royal Hamilton Y. C. Executive Committee: W. B. Phelps, Z. E. Burroughes, Geo. Schofield, E. H. Ambrose, together with the president and vice-president.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned. Next year, by rotation, Toronto will be the place of meeting.

Although Dr. Malloch, Vice-Com. of the Royal Hamilton Y. C., was confined to bis house, he very courteously invited the delegates and a number of members of the Royal Hamilton Y. C. to dine at the Hamilton Club. Rear-Com. Lucas ably filled the chair, and after discussing an excellent and tasty menu, a very pleasant time was spent over the champagne and cigars. Great credit is due to the Royal Hamilton Y. C., and to Dr. Mallocb in particular, for the handsome way in which the delegates of the association were entertained.

The Sloop Eudora.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This deep centerboard sloop now building in the yard of Elmer A. Ely, the boat builder, of Middletown, Conn., is from an original design by the owner, Mr. D. T. Haines, the secretary of the Middlesex Banking Co., and is interesting as being very different from any other boat that has been built on the Connecticut River. She is to be used by her owner as a cruising yacht on the river and on the Sound, and is to have all the accommodations necessary for the rational enjoyment of life afloat.

The Eudora differs from other yachts built here in being a combination of the keel and centerboard type, and therefore has an especial interest to those who desire a deep boat but object to the narrow beam of some boats of that class. Extreme depth and displacement have undoubtedly been reached on the beam of the Eudora. More difficult dimension could scarcely exist, yet in spite of their exceptional proportions the yacht presents a clean-cut fairness of body. The dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 30ft., length on l.w.l. 24ft., beam on l.w.l. 9ft., greatest beam 9ft. 6in., depth top of deck to keel 5ft. 3in., draft without board 3ft. 3in., least freeboard to plank-sheer 2ft., displacement 12,000lbs., ballast inside 4,500lbs., area lower sails 675sq. ft., mast deck to cap 29ft., boom over all 23ft., gaff 16ft., bowsprit outboard 10ft., topmast over all 16ft., boist of mainsail 19ft., jib on luff 21ft., jib on foot 14ft.

The keel is of white oak, 12in. amidships and tapered to each end, the forward end being steamed and bent up to conform to the curve of the stem. The frames are white oak steamed and bent 2½x2in., and spaced 1ft. apart at centers. The stem and stern post are of white oak, planking is in selected cedar fastened with galvanized iron nails. Deck 2in. white pine. Cabin roof is of three layers thin boards, and has no carlines on the inside. Sails of 10oz. Woodbury duck, double bighted. The bowsprit is a bright spar curving at the end to conform to the sheer of the deck. Decks and interior of bright finish. The cockpit floor is 1ft. above waterline, caulked and scuppered. The sill to the cabin is kept high, so that in case her cockpit should take in water none could get below. She has an overhanging bow with figure-head, and an overhanging stern of 6ft., making her deck room very large for the size of the boat. Underneath the deck at the stern and along the sides of the cockpit, she is filled with zinc air tanks sufficient to float her hallast in case of accident by collision or striking a rock, so that she will be an absolutely safe boat. Her stern post and dead-wood have been made with an extra thickness and arranged for a propeller shaft to pass through, and it is the intention of the owner to equip her with a gas or naphtha engine of four horse power to be used whenever it is desirable, so that she can always make her harbor at night.

Her cabin trunk will be 12ft. long and 7ft. wide, with nearly 6ft. head room, so that any person of ordinary heigbt can walk upright in it. The after part will be partitioned off, making a cabin of 10ft. in length with 2ft. of floor each side of the centerboard well, and will have extension couches, upholstered in plush or leather, making sleeping rooms for four, with curtains to draw above the centerboard.

The forward part of the cabin and the space under the deck will be used as a forecastle, with room for an extra man to sleep, and fitted with oil stove, ice box, pantry and dishes, water tauk, wash bowl and water closet, with access to it through a hatchway in the deck. She will have large anchors and chain windlass, etc., as well as necessary lights for use at all times. The well known excellence of the work of the builder will insure a most comfortable and able boat with which to enjoy the pleasures of cruising.

X.

Middletown, Conn.

The Measurement of Sail Area.

At the annual fall meeting, held last month, the Lake Yacht Racing Association, in addition to some minor changes, made a very important alteration in its measurement rule, adopting the British or Y. R. A. method of measuring the sail area in place of the American or Seawanhaka method in use by the Association since its formation in 1884. While it has been frequently urged that the former method measures the "actual sail area" and the latter does not, we have never yet met with any demonstration of this proposition, and as a matter of fact, the aims of the two methods are identical and the results compare so closely that there is perhaps little choice between them. What difference there is, however, is so decidedly in favor of the American plan that we are at a loss for the reason of a change to the other, as in the present case. While both methods assume to measure the sail area with such a degree of convenience and accuracy as is necessary in connection with the waterline for purposes of measurement and classification they are based on different principles; the Seawanhaka rule measures the extreme length of the spars, while the Y. R. A. rule, though using some spar measurements, relies largely on actual—or assumed—measurements of the sails themselves.

So far as the headsails are concerned, there are practically but two points of difference. The Seawanhaka rule provides for the measurement of one-half of the horn outside of the cranse iron for the topmast stay, as on all American yachts, while tbe Y. R. A. rule measures to this topmast stay, which is brought down to the cranse iron, the short outside horn not being used in British yachts. The other point of difference is in the measurement of the perpendicular, the Y. R. A. rule, by measuring to the main boom gooseneck for the perpendicular of the fore triangle, offering an inducement to move the gooseneck high above the deck, thus lessening the measurement of the headsails, but making an awkward sail plan. Under the Seawanhaka rule there is no tendency to raise the gooseneck to an abnormal height.

The main point of difference between the two methods lies in the measurement of the mainsail and working topsail or jibheader; the Seawanhaka rule constructs one approximate triangle from the spars, including all headsails, mainsail and working topsail; while the Y. R. A. rule, first measuring the head triangle separately, then assumes to measure the separate areas of the mainsail and working topsail.

On the part of the Seawanhaka rule there is no assumption of absolute accuracy, but it aims to give a very close approximation to the true sail area, fully sufficient for the purpose, and also to make this measurement dependent only on points so definitely located that they may be referred to in the case of a disputed measurement. Ten years of practical use have proved the merits of the rule; changes have been made to correct defects in the original details, to meet various changes in spar and sail plans, and to enlarge its scope to include catboats and odd rigs, and even yet there are a few odd rigs which the rule fails to measure; but so far as all ordinary yacbt rigs, including the cat, are concerned, the rule is probably as close to actual truth as is practicable or necessary. No doubt changes will he needed in the future, but the correctness of the principle seems well proven.

The Y. R. A. rule, on the other hand, assumes to give the actual measurement of the sails, or at least of the mainsail and topsails, but that this is only an assumption must be clear to any one who has tried to verify the measurement of a large sail. Practically the rule ignores the fact that a sail changes in dimensions from day to day, according to use and state of the weather, and that there can be no such thing as an accurate measurement of a thing which is constantly changing in size and sbape. This method cannot give the "actual area," and further there can be no fixed points for reference in case of a dispute.

These disadvantages are serious, and quite outweigh those attributed to the Seawanhaka rule. As we understand the real working of the rule in Great Britain, the sail plan, and not the sails and spars themselves, is the real basis of measurement, and while this may be satisfactory in practicce, it is in fact as far from the assumed "actual area" of the sails as the Seawanhaka measurement. The difficulty is decreased in Great Britain by the fact that nearly all yacbt sails are made by one firm, Lapthorne & Ratsey, and the sail plans of this firm are accepted as the basis of measurement. In tbis country a similar system would result in endless confusion, owing to the number of sailmakers.

The requirements of a system of measuring sail area for use in a measurement rule are that it shall measure all ordinary rigs within a small margin of error that this margin shall be practically the same for all rigs, putting no premium on any one over another; tbat the measurement can be conveniently taken from tbe vessel, and tbat all points of measurement shall be definitely located for future verification. The Seawanhaka system of spar measurement seems to meet with these requirements very completely, better in our opinion than the Y. R. A. method.

It has been urged that the Y. R. A. rule is the better in tbat it measures the club topsail, but this is an entirely different question, and has nothing whatever to do with the merits of the two methods of measurement. Opinion is divided as to the desirability of measuring the club topsail or not, the custom in America has been to omit tbis sail, while abroad it is measured if carried at any time. There is much to be said on each side, but so far as the method of measurement is concerned, if it be decided that club topsails should be measured, tbere would be no difficulty in providing for it in some way in connection with tbe Seawanhaka rule.

The Lake Y. R. A. has always used the original form of the Seawanhaka rule devised for the old sloop and cutter rigs, and has had no experience with the present form, wbich is of wider application. Such difficulties as have arisen in practice could, we believe, have been removed more effectually by improving the Seawanhaka rule than by substituting the Y. R. A.

In making the change, the Lake yachtsmen bave taken the rule, word for word, with no effort to correct several defects. Tbe measurement of the head triangle could be improved by measuring the perpendicular from the deck, instead of from the gooseneck, as is done by the Nova Scotia Y. S., tbus removing the inducement to raise the main boom; and also by adopting the same forward point of measurement as in the Seawanbaka rule, midway between the topmast stay and the jib tack, or line of luff of jib.

Another point that must work unfairly to the smaller craft is the restriction of tbe spinaker boom. This is all right in large, decked yacbts, it puts a penalty on too long a spinaker boom and on the placing of the mast in the eyes of the vessel, both undesirable features. In the case of a 28-footer or smaller boat, racing craft only, and not intended for sea going work, there can be no objection to the forward position of the mast, which has been found essential for speed, and no reason for penalizing it. For this class of small racing craft a special provision is made in the Seawanhaka rule, the spinaker boom being limited, not to the base of tbe fore triangle, but to the sailing length of the boat, 25ft. for the 25ft. class, 21ft. for the 21ft. class, etc. This is a liberal allowance, but the spars are light and easily handled, and nearly all of the boats are intended for racing, with no thought of sea going or even cruising. We sball watcb with interest the result of the experiment of the L. Y. R. A., but we doubt whether it will be more satisfactory than the past experience.

The Origin of the Centerboard.

Whatcom, Wash., Dec. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The interest recently revived in the origin of the centerboard may warrant the publication of the following facts:

The centerboard was invented in the United States by Jacocks Swain, Henry Swain and Joshua Swain, of Cape May county, New Jersey, in the year 1811, and letters patent granted to tbem by the United States, dated April 10 of tbat year. The centerboard thus invented was designed to take the place of the leeboard, then in use. This patent brought but little revenue to its owners, as it was soon found to be advantageous in larger boats to place the centerboard at the side of the keel, rather tban through it, and thus avoid weakening the keel. I am unable to state whether or not the centerboard had been used before the date of this patent in any foreign country; but, inasmuch as no foreign or domestic use would have, if known, prevented the issuance of tbe patent named, it is a reasonable presumption that the invention was new at the date of the patent. Tbe following is a full copy of the patent:

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To all to whom these Letters Patent shall come:

Whereas, Jacocks Swain, Henry Swain and Joshua Swain, citizens of the United States bave alleged that they have invented a new and useful improvement in tbe leeboard, which improvement the state has not been known or used before their application, and have affirmed that they do verily believe that they are the true inventors or discoverers of said improvement, have paid into the Treasury of the United States the sum of $30, delivered a receipt for the same and presented a petition to the Secretary of State, signifying a desire of obtaining an exclusive property in the said improvement, and praying that a patent may be granted for that purpose. These are therefore to grant according to law, to the said Jacocks Swain, Henry Swain and Joshua Swain, their heirs, administrators or assigns for the term of fourteen years from the tenth day of April, 1811, the full and exclusive right and liberty of making, constructing, using and vending to others to be used, the said improvement; a description whereof is given in the words of the said Jacocks Swain, Henry Swain and Joshua Swain themselves, in the schedule hereto annexed and is made a part of these presents.

In testimony whereof, I have caused these letters to be made patent and the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand at the City of Washington this tentb day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eleven, and of tbe Independence of the United States of America the thirty-fifth. James Madison.

By tbe President. Jas. Monroe, Secretary of State.

City of Washington, to wit:

I do hereby certify that the foregoing letters patent were delivered to me on the tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eleven, to be examined; that I have examined the same and find them conformable to law; and I do hereby return the same to the Secretary of State, within fifteen days from the date afore said, to wit: on this tenth day of April, in the year aforesaid.

C. A. Rodney, Attorney General of the U. S.

The schedule referred to in these letters patent and making part of the same containing a description in the words of the said Jacocks Swain, Henry Swain and Joshua Swain themselves of their new invented leeboard:

"The vessel that is intended to be built witb a leeboard through the bottom, the keel must be worked wide in the middle so as to give sufficient strength after the mortise is worked through for the leeboard to pass; then there must he two pieces of timber worked the same thickness that the mortise is through the keel, and wide enough to be sufficiently strong and one set at the forward end the other at the after end of said mortise and let down into the keel two-thirds of the depth through so as to stand on a square from the keel and bolted into the keel: then a rabbet is to be cut on each side of said mortise in the keel of the same width of the thickness of the plank that is intended to plank up the sides of the sheath for said leeboard and deep enough into the keel to spike into the frame; then fit down a plank on each rabbet and spike them in the first mentioned timbers then the lower part of the sheath is formed, then after the floor ribbands of the vessel is run then fit in knees enough on each side of said sheath to make it sufficiently strong running from the floor heads to the afore sai, plank from thence by plum line high enough to tennant into a coming fitted into the beams then when the deck frame is in fit up plank on each side to the deck fitting the frame tight to beams; then in planking up the intermediate space plank may be trunneled on every other one, leaving one end of the opening an inch or two wider than the other end, and then when the shutters are put in by working them large and driving them in end foremost it may be made sufficiently tight without any caulking.

The leeboard is made as follows: It is to be made of two thicknesses of plank, laid together crossing each other enough to make it sufficiently strong and thick enough to play through the aforesaid mortise and haul up into the said sheath whenever necessary, and wide enough to fill up said sheath from near the bottom of the keel to the beam that passes across the top of the said sheath and the length agreeable to the length of the said sheath with the after end swept off on a true sweep from the bolt hole that it hangs on, said bolt hole to bang it by is to be about four-fifths from the after end and near enough to the bottom for a true sweep that strikes, the forward end to strike the bottom and worked off to tbe same, it is to be hung on a bolt sufficiently strong, passing through one pair of the aforesaid knees with a head on one side and a forelock on the other, high enough to fetch the bottom within the keel with a clasp and thimble riveted on the upper side of the after end for the purpose of a lanyard or tackle to be made fast to hoist it into the sheath when necessary the top of the sheath, the after part to pass through the deck with a check fitted at the after end of the frame, with a sheave in it for the lanyard to pass through for the purpose of hoisting it up, and to make the said sheath sufficiently strong there must be a keelson run on each side of the frame and bolted through the aforesaid knees into the keel.

Jacocks Swain,
Henry Swain,
Joshua Swain.

Witnesses: Elijah Townsend, John Townsend.

C. B. Leaming.

The use of a wide, flat board through the bottom of a craft to prevent leeway may be traced back well into the last century, and is probably still older; but when the "sliding keel" first assumed the form of the present centerboard we cannot say. Our correspondent seems to have fixed a definite date so far as this country is concerned, but Mr. Dixon Kemp, who is authority on matters of nautical history, mentions a slightly earlier date in summing up the subject in a recent issue of the *Field* as follows:

"The *European Magazine* for 1792, in discussing Captain Schank's 'invention' of the three sliding keels, as fitted to H.M.S. Trial, Lady Nelson, etc., says: 'If the discovery of the sliding keels is great the public are indebted for it to the Indians of South America, whose balsas, described in Ulloa's voyage (A.D. 1735), have these sliding keels; and from these the idea has been taken and very ingeniously improved upon.' But these sliding keels of the South American Indians were seen by Pizarro two centuries earlier (A.D. 1535). In Prescott's 'History of the Conquest of Peru' we read: 'As he (Pizarro) drew near he found it was a large vessel, or rather raft, called balsa, consisting of a number of huge timbers of a light porous wood, tightly lasbed together with a frail flooring of reeds raised on them by way of deck. Two masts, or sturdy poles, erected in the middle of the vessel sustained a large square sail of cotton; while a rude kind of rudder, and a movable keel made of plank and inserted between the logs, enabled the mariner to give a direction to the floating fabric, wbich held on its course without the aid of oar or paddle.' Whether a Chinese boat got blown to Peru, or whether a Peruvian was blown to China, and so communicated the idea, there is no doubt that tbe British have no more claim to the invention than any of the United States citizens have. Captain Schank, it is evident, as remarked in tbe *European Magazine*, merely adapted the South American sliding keels to the hulls of sea-going vessels; while Capt. Shuldham, R.N., of the English Navy, further improved on the adaptation in 1802 by pivoting the board at one corner, and it was at the time termed a revolving keel. It is also worthy of note that Evelyn, in his diary (November, 1662), records that Sir William Petty invented a 'vertical keel hung on hinges for the improvement of the sailing of sbips.'"

The patent quoted by Mr. Leaming is particularly interesting on account of the minute details of construction given in it, and though the device may have been already invented in England by Capt. Shuldham, it is quite probable that it was original so far as they knew with the American patentees, the dates being very close together. The real "centerboard," as used down to the present time, is a combination of two devices comparatively well known at the dates mentioned, 1809-11, the Dutch leeboard and Capt. Schank's sliding keel, and there is nothing impossible in the combination being made by two persons independently at about the same time. The American patentees have certainly worked out the details with a completeness which shows that they had carried the device beyond the mere experimental stage, and presented it in a practicable working form. Tbe placing of the slot on one side of the main keel, an auxiliary keel being used to complete the foundation of the trunk, is merely a variation of the mechanical details to suit larger vessels, avoiding the weakening of the main keel, and would probably be covered by the above patent

Yacht Building.

Messrs. Chas L. Seabury & Co of Nyack, N. Y., are now busy in all departments of their works, the largest craft under construction being a twin screw steam yacht 75ft. long, 11ft. beam, 4ft. 6in. draft. The bulwarks will be 10 to 12in. high, there will be a cabin trunk 22in. high arranged to extend from after end of the saloon, over the saloon and engine room, to the forward end of galley. The deck is flush. The saloon, which will he paneled in white and gold, is aft, 14ft. long. Wine locker and china closet arranged in after end of saloon. A stateroom is arranged directly forward of the saloon with a large double herth, with drawers, dressing case with drawers, mirror, etc. This room is on the port side of yacht, the toilet room being on the starboard side forward of the saloon, with entrance from stateroom and saloon. Directly forward of the toilet room is arranged a small room with shelves, hooks, etc., witb a sliding door connecting with stateroom; this apartment is used as a wardrobe.

The machinery will consist of two Seabury triple expansion engines of the latest design, and a Seabury patent safety water tube boiler, fitted with all necessary appliances.

The galley is forward of the engine room, fitted with range, sink, pump, smoke pipe connected with main smoke funnel, etc. Directly forward of the galley is the crew's quarters, with accommodations for six people Forward of crew's quarters is the toilet room for crew. All the rooms, including galley and forecastle, will have good light and ventilation. The speed is to be fourteen to fifteen miles per hour. The yacht will be schooner rigged and carry two boats on davits. Her owner is a New York city yachtsman.

The firm also have in course of construction a very fine and complete cruising steam launch for Mr. W. B. Higgins of New York, 30ft. over all, 27ft. 6in. w.l., 2ft. 9in. draft. The cabin house and engine room combined will be 21ft. long, the forward cabin 8ft. long, finished in mahogany with plate glass windows, the forward end round, fitted with a buffet, also ice box, with a mirror in after bulkbead with rack under. The after cabin is 6ft. long; in the after end is a toilet room in separate compartment; on the opposite side is a wash basin. There will be a deck around house from forward aft, with 6in. bulwarks. The machinery consists of a Seabury fore and aft compound engine, and a Seabury patent safety water tube boiler. The speed is to be about nine miles per hour. She is intended to be the most complete boat of her size and style afloat.

The 85ft. stern paddle wheel steamer building for Southern parties, to be used in connection with a railroad, is well advanced.

The 75ft. twin screw steam yacht Hirondelle, owned by Mr. C. C. Evans of New York, is being fitted with two triple expansion engines in place of the compound engines now in her. This change will make the yacht faster than she is now.

The yacht Zayda, owned by Dr. H. A. Mandeville of New York, is being lengthened, also having a deck put on, on either side of her cabin house. She will also be schooner rigged.

The high speed steam launch Palos, owned by Mr. Jarvis B. Edson, will be fitted with a new Seabury patent safety water tube boiler. The high speed steam launch Imp, belonging to Mr. J. L. Hutchinson, a duplicate of the Palos, is being thoroughly overhauled for next season's use. Mr. Frank Bement of Philadelphia is having a Seabury boiler built for a steam yacht he is having built. Mr. John S. Muckle of Philadelphia is also having a Seabury boiler built, to be arranged to burn kerosene as fuel.

News of new yachts comes in very slowly, and tbus far no sailing yachts of any size are announced, or even rumored. Messrs. Waterhouse & Chesebrough, of Boston, have completed the plans for a cruising steam yacht 164ft. over all, 138ft. l.w.l., 23ft. beam and 10ft. 6in. draft, for an unknown owner. She will have good accommodation and be fitted out in the most complete manner. The contract has not yet been given out.

In addition to the British 10-rater and other smaller work, the Hereshoffs have an order for a steam yacht 110ft. over all, 13ft. 8in. beam. Messrs. Stewart & Binney have completed a design for Don Romero Lopez de Mendoza of Havana, for a schooner yacht to be built in Cuba. She will be 90ft. over all, 65ft. l.w.l., 21ft. beam and 8ft. draft, a centerboard vessel of modern type, and with a large sail plan.

The new yacht for Mr. W. A. Slater, to be named Eleanor, is now building at Bath, Me., from designs by C. E. Houscom, of the Bath Iron Works, and will be ready by next summer. She will be 231ft. over all, 208ft. l.w.l., 32ft. beam, 17ft. 6in. depth, barkentine rigged, with engines 18, 28 and 45x30in.

Lawley & Co. are building a stock schooner of 45ft. l.w.l. from their own designs, 62ft. over all, 14ft. 9in. beam and 8ft. draft, with a centerboard under the floor. They also have three "knockabout" boats under way and a cruising 30-footer completed, and have arranged to make the alterations in the bow of the schooner Emerald.

Borden, at South Boston, is putting a new overhang and an iron shoe of 2,500lbs. on the schooner Nokomis, owned by Com. L. M. Johnson, of the Commonwealth Y. C., and is also altering the rig of the schooner Coronilla, Mr. Almon Wright; shortening the foremast and putting in a pole bowsprit.

At Frisbie's yard, Salem, the schooners Hope Leslie and Pastime are out for alterations, the former for new bulwarks and rail and general repairs.

At the Atlantic Works some repairs have been made on the Duck and the new Fabyan steam yacht is in frame.

A Florida Cruise.

(Concluded from Page 532.)

March 1.—We are steering straight for Cape Sable, the southermost point of the main land of Florida, which we reach at 2 P. M. and anchor behind a sandbar that protects us from any gale that may come from the south or southwest. We take the dinghey and go ashore, where we find an abandoned house and cocoanut grove. The land was too poor and the owner or squatter gave it up. In coming back to the schooner we saw two large blue man-eaters—we hathe on board to-day.

March 2.—We left Cape Sable at midnight, with a light but fair wind, and when we boys came on deck we found ourselves out of sight of land, which the "Landsman" did not enjoy; for he was never happy unless the land was in sight and the Blanche in shallow water. We are making four knots sailing over long swells steering N.W. by N.

Occasionally we see a skip-jack, a small fish that gets up on top of the water and with a peculiar motion of its tail fairly flies over the surface of the water for 300 or 400ft., probably fleeing from some larger fish. We often see the sportive porpoise as they come to the top to breathe and blow. They belong to the mammal species, are warm blooded and come to the surface to breath and blow like whales. The finest watch oil is taken from their jaws, and the best shoe-strings now in use are made from the skin of the same fish. Four or five times we have seen monster loggerhead turtles. Sometimes we see the much sought for kingfish, that will jump 6ft. into the air. They are fine eating but hard to catch.

Then we always have the sea gulls, with their plaintive, chicken-like cry hovering around us, ever ready to pick up the crumbs that are thrown overboard. But most interesting of all are the pelicans. They generally fly about 50ft. above the water, looking for any stray fish that swim near the surface. The pelican will poise over such a fish, and suddenly throwing up its wings will fall like a shot, straight as a taut line, striking the water with a loud report, stunning the fish, which the bird quickly secures and stows away in its immense sack—situated under the lower jaws—and sails off in search of another victim.

March 3.—We arrive at Cape Romano at 4 P. M. We caught some fish, hunted shells, bathed in the surf and retired for the night.

March 4.—We have a fair wind and go hooming along with the bowsprit pointed for Sanibel Lighthouse, which stands at the mouth of San Carlos Bay. After running about 15 miles we ran into Naples, on the Gulf. Made fast to the long dock and proceeded to look the town over.

Of all the resorts along the west coast of Florida, Naples takes the first prize. The land is high, dry and healthy, and the beach is wide, with the sand pounded down by the surf so hard that horses and carriages can be driven for miles either north or south. The great rollers come in with a sweep of 1,000 miles and break on the beach with a roar that can be heard many miles away. For purity of air, for beauty of beach and majestic grandeur of the breaking surf, it is the Long Branch of the South.

It was founded by a stock company from Louisville, Ky., but it cost so much to maintain it that the stockholders became weary of the expense and sold out for a song. The proprietor of the Louisville *Courier* now owns the beautiful resort in fee simple. Of course they have no harbor, but they have a long dock that the largest ocean steamers can land at even at ebb tide. This dock is made very substantial in order to withstand the heavy seas that come from the west and southwest. A large steamer lands semi-weekly, for which luxury the editor owner is said to pay $200 for each landing, or $400 per week. They had about twenty-five guests at the hotel. We said to the owner, "To us this resort would be a large 'white elephant'." He said, "Oh, of course it is run at a great loss, as everything has to come by steamboat, but the climate just suits me, and I can stay here through the winter without an ache or pain, and at my age cost cuts no figure."

It is a delightful place for bathing and fishing. One of the guests told us that in one day they caught two large sharks, one large jewfish and a great variety of smaller fish. "Indeed, you can catch anything but a cold," which coincided with our experience, for we have no colds since coming on the coast. The resort was peopled with Louisville folks.

We again put to sea with a fair wind and steered N.W. We soon saw a large loggerhead turtle, which the captain said would weigh at least 400lbs. We arrived at St. James again and were glad to receive letters and papers from home. We had only made the harbor when a N.W. gale commenced to blow. But we were in a snug harbor and proposed to remain here until the gale subsided.

This morning some fishermen were cleaning fish and threw the entrails into the bay from the shore end of the dock where the water was about two feet deep. A large shark—a blue man-eater—was drawn to the spot by the smell of fish blood and became partially stranded in the shallow water. The "Chief Marine" soon appeared with a grange, which he drove into the monster's back, and then there was an exciting fight on hand. He called for help. The commodore went to his assistance and they both held on to the handle of the grange with all of their strength. The shark made the water and mud boil in his frantic efforts to escape.

He finally made one fearful jump straight up out of the water, and when he fell back the pole of the grange struck the dock and broke short off, leaving about four feet of said pole sticking in his back, which we could see above the surface as he made his escape out into the bay. He was twelve feet long and was the largest and ugliest shark we had seen on the coast. We never saw such black, wicked and vicious-looking eyes as this monster had on each side of his broad, flat head. In his struggle with the boys he constantly opened his great semi-circular mouth, filled with sharp teeth, that were set with a slant backward, so made for tearing flesh and fish to pieces; and he would close this mouth with a snap, that made each particular hair of our head stand on end. We took no baths in that hay.

The wind still blows too hard for us to sail up the Caloosahatchie River, where we expect to catch some tarpon. The commodore and the chief marine are on the dock catching sheepshead. They are a gamy fish and give the sportsman great fun. They have two rows of double teeth that are the envy of any man on the shady side of forty-five. They use these strong teeth in craunching the coon oysters that cling to all salt water pilling in these latitudes. For bait we use the fiddler crab. The commodore showed me his hook when he was through fishing. The sheepshead had knicked, bent and utterly ruined said hook in one hour's fishing.

Many vessels are coming in for shelter from the northwest gale, among them being the Oriole, owned and sailed by Commodore Colt, of the Larchmont Y. C. He has a fine yacht, ketch rigged, fitted up with all the modern improvements and carrying a naphtha launch, which can tow the yacht in case of a dead calm about three miles per hour.

March 6.—We got under way this morning and ran to Punta Rassa, a cattle station, where we anchored to wait for the tide to turn in our favor. Punta Rassa consists of a small hotel, steamboat dock and cattle sheds, all of which belong to one man, who is the cattle king of Florida. He ships from this point by schooners, which he owns, from fifty to three hundred cattle per week to Key West and Havana. These cattle are grown and ranged on a large tract of land in the interior of the lower peninsula.

There are a few tarpon fishermen stopping at the hotel, waiting for the tarpon season to open. In the mean time they are catching Spanish mackerel, bluefish and now and then a large shark from the dock. They catch many fine fish, but throw nearly all away, as they have no ice to preserve the catch. No small part of the pleasure of catching game fish is the fact that they are of some value to somebody. To kill fish (except shark) for the sake of killing alone is ignoble sport.

We are now on our way up the Caloosahatchie River. In many places the channel is very crooked, so much so that the captain is much of the time at the masthead to con her through the rocks.

We arrived at noon at Fort Myers, a town containing about 200 people, who say they live upon fish and sick Yankees. There are no sidewalks and the houses badly need painting and repairing. A shingle is nailed up in nearly every lot offering to sell out dog cheap. They have fine trees, and their gardens contained ripe potatoes, tomatoes and strawberries. Indeed, we at the North can grow no vegetable that Florida cannot grow in midwinter. Fort Myers is said to be the healthiest place in Florida. In the last census the Government sent back the death rate, thinking the official had made a mistake. The last three doctors all left the town in debt, for they had no practice, and were absolutely starved out.

The county court was in session and the town was full of crackers, who had on their store clothes, and all had on broad-brimmed felt hats, though the temperature was 88 in the shade. Mr. Edison, the electrician and inventor, has a cottage and laboratory here, which his father cares for in his absence. We went over his grounds, which we found laid out in good taste. Among the trees we saw a Japanese bamboo, which grows a sprout in one season that is 2in. in diameter at the ground, running straight up in a gradual taper to its tiny tip 30ft. in the air.

We took a tarpon guide on board and steered for the tarpon ground to try our luck for the famous fish. We anchored and baited our tarpon hooks with large pieces of mullet—the tarpon bites at nothing else—which we proceed to cast as far as we can and let the bait lie on the ground with the line left slack. We fish from two small boats made fast to the schoonee.

9:30 A. M.—No bites, but every man on duty, eager and expectant.

10:00 A. M.—All are on duty, but the nerves and muscles are somewhat relaxed, and time is now taken to get into easier positions, but no bites.

10:30.—The Distinguished Landsman comes on board the schooner, ties his pole to the taffrail, retires to the cabin to read a late paper containing the inaugural of President Cleveland.

11:00.—One bite reported, causing great excitement, but after a critical examination the guide comes to the conclusion that it is a catfish. Soon after this catfish bite the guide sang out, "Cast off my painter!" He had a bite and after a few moments he strikes, and the tarpon, finding himself fast, makes frantic efforts to get away. Down the river goes the fish, with the guide holding the line just taut enough to give the boat headway, then the fish turns toward the boat and the guide reels in rapidly, then he jumped clean out of the water and shook his head, trying to get rid of the hook; but the guide held him steady.

For full one hour did the guide work him, until, from sheer exhaustion, he was towed quietly alongside the boat and pulled in with a strong gaff hook. Our trophy was 6ft. long and weighed 106lbs. The Distinguished Landsman had him set up, and we saw the taxidermist in his preliminary work.

Laying the fish down on its side he proceeded to cut out the body of the fish, leaving about one inch of the muscle all over the inside; then the cavity was packed full of soda, which hardens the tissues until they become like a piece of bone. After about six weeks this filling is taken out and another put in, and the fish is again hung up for six weeks longer, or until there is no odor from the carcass, when the glass eyes are put in and after mounting on a board the tarpon is ready for shipping. The meat of the fish is coarse, red and beefy, something like a North River sturgeon, and not used for food.

We are on our course steering for Tampa Bay, where we shall end the cruise. There is a heavy swell rolling from the N. W., the remains of the late gale from that quarter. We swing gracefully over these swells, with the shore on our right whitened by the breaking surf, which we can see and hear plainly, though four miles away. The lively skip-jack and the sportive porpoise keep us company by water, and the pelicans and sea gulls are ever near us on the wing, ready to pick up any crumbs that may he thrown overboard.

Sometimes the captain would take a piece of a string and tie a small cube of salt pork to each end, and throw it to the gulls, one of which would soon have have one of the cubes in its stomach and fly away with the other piece dangling in the air, when another gull would swallow the other cube, and the tug of war would come when both birds would fall to the water. The strongest bird would capture the string and pork and fly away only to have the same thing repeated until the pork was torn from the strings.

March 14.—We arrive at St. Petersburg at 2 P. M., pack our dunnage, haul down our flag and end the cruise. We have sailed 1,000 nautical miles without an accident, and have returned healthy and happy. We have been gone 30 days, and the expense has been just $2 per day per man.

To people who wish to get rid of the blizzards of the North, and especially those who are suffering with bronchial or catarrhal troubles during the winter months, the west coast of Florida is the place to go for relief. The time is not far off when this west coast will be appreciated by all people seeking pure air, sunshine and soft, balmy breezes.

R. P. Bell.

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

The "Yacht Racing Calendar and Review" for 1893 is a compact volume of nearly 600 pages, compiled by Mr. Dixon Kemp from the yachting pages of the *Field* during the year. American yachtsmen will find it interesting as a record of Navahoe's races abroad. The price is $1.25.

The annual meeting of the North Shrewsbury River Ice Yacht Club was held on Dec. 13, the following officers being elected: Com., S. W. Morford; Vice-Com., F. H. Ball; Sec'y-Treas., J. B. Weaver. Regatta Committee—C. E. Throckmorton, A. W. Haviland, Charles Curtis. Reception Committee—Dr. Edwin Field, W. A. Cole, C. D. Warner, T. S. Hubbard, Joseph Burrows, Sr., J. B. Weaver. House Committee—A. W. Haviland, W. T. Conover, Walter Sutphin. The club has accepted a challenge from the Burlington I. Y. C. for its pennant and has decided to put but three yachts in defense against the challenging yacht.

On Dec. 14 the Orange Lake I. Y. C., of Newburgh, elected the following officers: Com., H. C. Higginson; Vice-Com., William Kidd; Sec'y-Treas., A. N. Chambers; Meas., C. A. Dixon. Regatta Committee—Dr. E. O. Mitchell, chairman; B. B. Moore, George Beggs, Willett Kidd, Jr., and W. P. Rayland.

The Pavonia Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., David W. Kohn; Vice-Com., Frank M. Randall; Treas., Benjamin McClain; Cor. Sec., James B. Fiskel; Fin. Sec., Wm. F. Tobin; Fleet Captain, Louis W. Forhell; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Louis Baumann; Meas., Albert P. Curtis; Trustees, W. J. Kent, N. B. Pritchard, Enoch J. Smith, W. R. Adams and George A. Skinner. Com. Kohn has appointed the following committees: House—Norman L. Rowe, Louis Mittlesdorf, W. Willis, J. J. Leonard and Dr. Van Meter. Anchorage—A. F. Roe, A. J. Kreymeyer and R. H. McFarland. Delegates to New York Yacht Racing Association—F. M. Randall, N. L. Bowe and A. J. Kreymeyer.

An ice yacht club has been organized at Red Bank, N. J., under the name of the Junior Ice Yacht Club.

The first lecture of the season before the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. will take place on Dec. 21, the lecturer being Dr. Frederick A. Cook, an officer of Peary's first Arctic expedition, who, during last summer, made an independent expedition to the polar seas in a schooner yacht.

The members of the New Rochelle Y. C. are endeavoring to obtain an appropriation for improving New Rochelle Harbor by removing the reefs and rocks and constructing a breakwater.

Valiant, steam yacht, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, was reported at Alexandria on Dec. 12.

The annual meeting of the Douglaston Y. C., was held on Dec. 4, in New York, following officers being elected: Com., Hazen L. Hoyt; Vice-Com., Charles A. Gould; Rear-Com., George N. Holt; Sec'y, James Hixon; Treas., George A. Corry; Board of Governors: G. Howland Leavitt, C. F. Ahlstrom; Meas., R. F. Corry. After the election the club sat down to the third annual dinner.

Nirvana, steam yacht, a new vessel owned by W. R. Sands, of New Hamburg, sailed for Cuba, via, Charleston. She was designed and built by Dr. C. D. Miller, of Poughkeepsie, and is 100ft. over all, 18ft. beam, 5ft. draft, with engines 10, 16 and 22×16 in, and a Roberts boiler. Capt. G. W. Eaton is in command.

Columbia, Mr. J. H. Ladew's new steam yacht, has taken a berth at Tebo's, the attempt to make a speed trial being postponed until spring. She is not yet fully completed.

Clermont, steam yacht, Mr. Alfred Van Santvoord, is now undergoing alterations in New York.

The Mannayunk Model Y. C. held its annual meeting on Dec. 13, electing the following officers: Com., Dr. W. Evans; Vice-Com., J. G. Rosegarten; Treas., W. A. Worth; Sec'y, J. Hart. On motion of Dr. Evans the measurement rule of the club was altered so that it reads, "the length shall be taken between the perpendiculars, that is, from the foreside of the stem to the afterside of the sternpost. The length so taken shall be multiplied by the extreme beam and again by the mean depth. The depth to be taken forward, aft and amidships, counting from bottom of keel to deck, the mean of the three measurements shall constitute the depth for measurement purposes." After a short discussion the rule was adopted with only one dissenting vote.

White Ladye, steam yacht, has been rechartered by Mr. Ogden Goelet, who will use her in the Mediterranean this winter.

Christmas Vacation Outings via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Following its yearly custom, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company proposes running a special holiday tour to Old Point Comfort on Dec. 26, leaving New York at 8 and Philadelphia at 10:20 A. M. $18 from New York, $15 from Philadelphia, and proportionately low rates from intermediate and contiguous points will cover hotel accommodations railroad fare, meals en route, and, in fact, all necessary expenses during the period of four days which will be spent on the trip. This outing appeals strongly for the consideration of those desiring to spend a few days pleasantly and profitably, and apart from the attractiveness of the jaunt a decided educational benefit is to be derived from a familiarity with this historic spot. The Hygeia Hotel, famous throughout the land as one of the finest hostelries of this country, will be the resting place of the tourists. At the same rate will be sold another ticket going with tour proper, including hut one day's board at Hygeia, hut good to return via Richmond and Washington, and valid for stop off at those cities until Jan. 4, 1894.

Two other trips deserving attention are those to Washington on the 14th and 28th of the month. Three days will be occupied on each, affording ample time for an inspection of the most beautiful of American cities, with its wealth of interesting features. The wonderful architectural studies, and the glamor always surrounding the capital of a great country, will more than repay a visit. $13 from New York, $11 from Philadelphia, and corresponding rates from other points, are certainly low enough for the most modest purse. These last-mentioned tours will leave New York at 11 A. M., and 1:50 P. M., stopping at the principal stations between New York and Wilmington.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Secretaries of canoe clubs are requested to send to Forest and Stream their addresses, with name, membership, signal, etc., of their clubs, and also notices in advance of meetings and races, and report of the same. Canoeists and all interested in canoeing are requested to forward to Forest and Stream their addresses, with logs of cruises, maps, and information concerning their local waters, drawings descriptions of boats and fittings, and all items relating to the sport.

THE LOG OF THE FRANKIE.

The '92 Cruise of the Shenandoah C. C.

BY THE COMMODORE.

(Continued from Page 531).

We found the old dam at Mount Meridian quite broken out, as had expected, and after portaging the remains of an old pile dam above, we easily shot it. Beall's bad luck for the day was not yet for in shooting a small but ugly fish dam just in front of the village Mount Meridian, his canoe brought up all standing with a crashing in the middle of the shoot, and an investigation revealed the that the 6in. bolt of an old ploughshare had stabbed his canoe to heart!

There were no Scriptural quotations or ejaculations of a derogatory character this time; the subject was too deep for utterance, and merely remarking that he wished the nigger who had tied his fish-net to this particular ploughshare and left it in this particular place was elsewhere, he quietly stepped overboard up to his waist, lifted his canoe off of the cruel shaft that impaled her, and without a word, towed his waterlogged craft to the bank, where he hailed her out and hauled her ashore, and for the second time that day hung himself and belongings out to dry.

We had intended making Rippetoe's, five miles below—for our evening camp, but of course further progress was out of the question, so the other canoes were soon out alongside of Beall's and camp was made, after which the damage to Beall's canoe was easily repaired in the usual manner by pasting a canvas patch over the wound, and he and Lacy took advantage of the opportunity to repair a badly smashed bilge keel in the bottom of the Clyde, while the Colonel and I again went fishing. I used flies this time and did not get a rise, while the Colonel, with his helgramites, took a couple more fine bass.

We spent a pleasant, quiet evening in camp enjoying our after-supper pipes with our camp stools placed on a limestone ledge at the margin of the water, which plashed musically over the fish-dam just above us, while the tiny wavelets lapped up against the ledge at our feet, and sparkled brightly in the rays of the full moon, which smiled benignantly overhead. The murmur of voices was brought to us on the light breeze in a subdued undertone from the village store 100yds. away, which, with the twinkle of a light here and there in the little hamlet on the bank above us gave pleasant assurance of human companionship, and dispelled that sense of loneliness and solitude so often felt in our night camps along the mountain rivers.

Saturday, July 30.—We didn't have fish for breakfast this morning, as an impression seemed to prevail in the party that I was to clean the fish along with my other privileges as expeditionary cook, and as this impression was not shared in by me they were left on the stringer all night and were spoiled by this morning. We got a good start and had a pleasant five mile cruise to Rippetoe's.

This final mile and a half stretch of Middle river from Mt. Meridian to where it mingles its waters with those of the North River is peculiarly interesting to me as well as to the rest of the party, and we dallied along the still, deep reaches, overarched with great sycamores and varied by an occasional short, steep rapid, loth to leave the little stream behind us, although fully aware of what the Shenandoah had to offer as it stretched its silvery length invitingly before us, with its miles and miles of swift, rocky rapids, down whose rough and foaming chutes we would soon be plunging and tossing in an exhilarating manner unknown to the Middle River.

The big fish dam half a mile above the mouth of the river detained us an hour, as we had to portage it, and took advantage of our stop here to enlist the services of a troop of ragged and picturesque little colored urchins to secure us a good supply of helgramites for bait to use at Rippetoe's, for it was our intention to go into camp there until Monday and enjoy the fishing to he had there this morning. Our bait secured, we re-embarked and paddled down the last long still reach of the river and out upon the broad bosom of the united streams, which here at the confluence of the two make quite an imposing river in size. A heavy rain caught us as we were leisurely paddling through the mile and a half backset from the Rippetoe's dam, but with closed hatches and waterproof aprons drawn well up over our breasts under our oiled capes we rode the storm out without shipping a drop of water or wetting a thread of our garments.

We found the dam quite badly broken out at the left end, leaving a large hut very hazardous-looking shoot. The temptation to run it was great, hut as we did not like to risk wrecking a canoe or two in the operation, we decided not to attempt it, hut to let the canoes down it carefully by hand, so we took our stations along the edge of the shoot, and the canoes, lightened of our weight, were easily and safely passed over.

Before being passed over the canoes were lying strung out along the inner face of the dam some little distance from the break, just as we left them when we disembarked to reconnoitre the shoot, and Lacy was detailed to bring them down to us, one at a time, which he did by gingerly making his way along the steeply sloping and very slippery sheathing of the dam, which afforded a very precarious footing and made the operation of passing back and forth a very tedious one.

The canoes were all over but the Frankie, and Lacy had gone back after her, when the Colonel, who was stationed at the head of the break, sung out, "Give her a shove, Lacy," supposing, of course that he would give the canoe a gentle push and send her along close to the face of the dam until within reach, when he would seize it and pass it on down the shoot to George and me. Imagine our consternation, however, when he gave the canoe a vigorous push straight out into the pool, and she sailed gracefully in a broad semicircle far out and then turned and came hearing down at her own sweet will upon the foaming shoot and entirely out of reach.

Lacy saw his error when too late, and came scrambling and splashing along the face of the dam as fast as the slippery and treacherous planks would allow him, and reached the shoot ahead of the canoe, and as she approached he daubed boldly in after her. The first stride took him in up to his waist, the second to his shoulders, and the third over his head, which final lunge gave him the boat, and they both came hearing down helplessly upon the yawning shoot, down which he would have slid like a runaway sled on a toboggan slide, but that the Colonel, striking out a step or two from the dam, extended him a helping hand, which he grasped as he was vigorously swimming for shore, and was safely drawn ashore while George secured the canoe just as she made the plunge, and we eased her safely over.

We were soon nicely in camp at the big spring half a mile below Rippetoe's, where Lacy took prompt advantage of the opportunity to ensconce himself in dry clothes, and after lunch the Colonel, Patrick Rippetoe and I went fishing above the dam for a couple of hours, where we had fine sport, for the Colonel took five small bass, while I took 2½ pounder and a small one.

We hurried back to camp at 5 o'clock ahead of a heavy rain, which caused us no inconvenience of discomfort whatever, as our tents and dining fly were all in position and proved perfectly weatherproof. We had a royal fish supper as well as a good supply for breakfast, as with one accord everybody turned to with a will and cleaned fish.

Sunday, July 31.—It was a bright, beautiful morning, and we had a leisurely fish breakfast and a delightfully lazy time in camp, which, being under the bluff, is densely shaded; this, with the big spring in our midst, and the rock floor under our canoes and tents preventing any possibility of mud, making an ideal camping place, and which we have frequently camped on before. We shaved, wrote letters, etc., and at 11 o'clock the Colonel and I borrowed a horse and buggy from an obliging neighbor and drove over to Shendun, where we took dinner at Wright's Hotel and loitered around until 4 o'clock, when we drove over to Dr. Mohler's residence, where we staid to supper. We reached camp again at 7 o'clock, when I turned to and got up a supper for those two hungry mortals Lacy and George.

Monday, Aug. 1.—This morning by 8 o'clock we were again afloat and the cruise was resumed. We easily portaged the big fish dam in the bend of the river a mile and a half below our late camp, and had a successful and exciting run through the formidable falls that stretch for pretty much all of the remaining mile and a half from here on down to Port Republic. The run was made without accident, although collisions with the rocks were not infrequent, and Lacy displayed marked and commendable agility in jumping overboard at one ticklish place in order to avoid a capsize. Also the Colonel broke his paddle squarely off just as he swung around under the bridge at the foot of the falls in a tremendous endeavor to avoid smashing up on the final ledge of rocks, and we were detained here at Port Republic a couple of hours while George repaired the damage.

While here I renewed our supplies and we received and mailed letters. We took lunch on the old camp ground opposite Port Republic, and got off at 2 o'clock with Three Springs, seven miles down the Shenandoah as our evening's objective. There can be no more beautiful river in the country than the Shenandoah (which we begin here at Port Republic), with its bold, rapid current, its beautiful grassy tree-shaded banks, and most entrancing mountain scenery, and our afternoon's cruise was a most lusty and enjoyable one. The river strikes

me as being so different from either north or middle rivers above, that it is like taking a new start and beginning the cruise over again. The rapids and falls are much larger, longer and rougher than anything of the kind in the rivers above, with the exception of the mile and a half of falls in North River immediately above Port Republic, which have already been referred to, and we found our nerve, skill and address taxed in a most exciting manner in negotiating them safely.

I cannot say that we ran any great personal danger in shooting these falls, for when the water is rough and swift it is generally not deep, and as the rise is not large it would not involve much risk to wade ashore in case of serious mishap, but the principal risk is in getting our frail light canvas canoes through without shipwreck; which, with the consequent loss of stores, would terminate the cruise or seriously embarrass it.

At the present low stage of water we were unable to shoot the Port and Lewis mill dams, but portages were easily and quickly made so these obstructions did not long detain us. We passed a large row boat a little below the Governor Walker place, containing a couple of gentlemen fishing, who proved to be Messrs. Thomas and Avis, of Charleston, W. Va., who are stopping at Walkers. Mr. Thomas exhibited with much pride a 5lbs. bass he had just taken—it was the largest one I had ever seen.

We made a nice early camp at Three Springs and everybody went a fishing, but as the bass would not rise to our flies, nohody caught anything. After supper, Messrs. Thomas and Avis came down to our camp carrying between them a noble watermelon, a present from Mrs. Walker. They remained with us an hour, and then hurried back to escape the impending rain. It rained pretty much all night, but with the exception of a little spray which drifted in through the ventilators at each end, or now and then beat through the canvas roofs during a particularly fierce dash, our little tent proved dry and comfortable.

Tuesday, Aug. 2.—The rain passed over during the night, and morning dawned clear and bright and fully as hot as ever. We got a rather leisurely start this morning, as the day's run is to be a short one—only to Bear Lithia Springs, some 12 or 13 miles below our camp. While at breakfast we observed old Mr. Kyger, who lives on top of the bluff immediately above our camp, hobbling along the winding path down the hill, on his canes, looking more decrepit, feeble and rheumatic than last year, but as he approached the camp he set off a stentorian war-whoop of a hail such as not a man in our party could have delivered, and which spoke volumes for the excellent condition of his lungs, however his legs might be affected. The old gentlemen was glad to see us again, and we had a pleasant little visit with him while packing up.

We had an easy portage over the Shaver Mill dam, and in shooting the stiff rapids below I beached my canoe before reaching the foot, and, pike-pole in hand, prospected clear across the river in search of a practicable passage for the canoes over the fringe of rocks piled up at the foot of the bar; but, failing to find one, we all disembarked and led our canoes down the tail of the rapid and lifted them over the rocks without damage.

We next had an exciting shoot over the big fish dam a mile below, where we portaged last year, followed by a rather troublesome portage over the broken down Riverbank dam. The dam itself is easily shot, but the very heavy rapids below are not navigable at the present low stage, and we were forced to land and lift the canoes down. The dam a mile below it was easily portaged, and we landed just below it at the front of the bluff, upon which stood a large, fine-looking brick mansion and enjoyed our noonday lunch, smoke, etc., while George improved the brief stop to catch a few fine bass with his fly-tackle.

We had a fine run on down to Elkton, shooting the numerous rapids with ease, and deriving great sport therefrom, but were greatly disgusted to pass a couple of good sized creeks coming in red and muddy from the rain of last night, which in the course of a few miles, entirely changed our beautiful, clear, blue-tinted water into an ugly red, turbid current, utterly unfit for fishing and completely spoiling the beauty of the stream.

We easily portaged the Elkton dam and had an exciting shoot down the wild channel through the rapids below, all receiving divers and sundry hard knocks and thumps from the sunken rocks with which the chute was plentifully bestrewn, and landed at the bridge below and went to the mill for water and to the store for a few minor supplies.

The two miles to Bear Lithia were quickly accomplished, and after the usual exciting plunge over the remains of the old mill dam, we were soon in camp on the old camp ground, and in due time we repaired to the Springs, where we took supper and spent the evening. We found our Staunton friend, Frank Yates, in charge of the Springs, and he gave us a warm welcome, both on our own account and because—as is usually the case—men are rather a scarce article at the Springs. They had a very nice little dance at the Springs, at which Lacy, George and the Colonel distinguished themselves. An impression seemed to prevail that skill was not much of an object, so what they lacked in grace they made up in agility. We had a little supper up in "No. 16" afterward, and it was after midnight before we finally reached our tents.

Wednesday, Aug. 3.—The river was still quite muddy this morning, so as the mud was coming in from so short a distance above, and also as Naked Creek was coming in muddy three miles below, we decided to remain over here all day to-day, and let the muddy water run off ahead of us, so after breakfast at the hotel we returned to the camp, accompanied by Willie Compton, Mr. Bear's son-in law, and little Henry Bear, and spent a very pleasant day in camp, where our visitors took lunch with us. The canoes are lying in a very ugly place, just at the margin of the river, but just a few yards inland from them the ground is good and nicely adapted to lying-around purposes, and we read, smoked, talked and fished all day. We had no success fishing this morning, but by 4 o'clock this evening the water had cleared considerably and we made a very fair catch; the Colonel took three, while I took six. We spent the evening very pleasantly at the hotel again, and the boys made an engagement with some young ladies from Berryville and vicinity to meet us at Castleman's Ferry, on the lower river, in about ten days.

Thursday, Aug. 4.—The river is all right again this morning, and we congratulated ourselves on our presence of mind in stopping over a day until the muddy water all ran down ahead of us. After breakfast pretty much the entire population of the springs accompanied us to the river to see us start, and were all highly interested in the canoes and outfit. Our short stay here was a pleasant episode in the cruise, and the cordial, hospitable treatment shown us by both guests and management was a source of great pleasure to us.

We had a lively five-mile run to Shenandoah, as the river along here is very rough, but no one met with any mishaps beyond an occasional thump or hangup on a sunken rock, and the run was most exciting. We landed at Shenandoah, where we met Compton and little Henry, who had preceded us by wagon, and at C.'s cordial invitation we took dinner with him at Brown's Hotel. Compton is much interested in canoeing, and to-day bought the frame of Gibson's old canoe with his tent and my mattrass, and will fit himself out and join us next year. While here we exchanged mail and telegrams with the ones left at home. Much to the regret of all of us the Colonel was obliged to leave us here, as he must be in Staunton on Monday, and after leaving here we plunge into a wilderness remote from railroad stations, not to reappear on the surface again until we reach Riverton, along about the middle of the week. We were sorry to lose the Colonel and his genial, breezy, wholesome presence was sadly missed by us throughout the remainder of the cruise.

At 3 P. M. George, Lacy and I resumed the cruise without him, with Harper's Ferry as our objective point. We had an uneventful but pleasant cruise of a couple of hours, in which our colored glasses came out strong, as the western sun, reflected in our faces from the water, was unbearable, and went into camp at 5 o'clock at Grove Hill, alongside of a fine spring in the bank, and were speedily doing justice to a good hot supper of bacon, potatoes, onions and eggs. An early camp is desirable in many ways, and we always cruise to make one when possible.

After supper Lacy turned in early, while George and I remained up enjoying our evening pipes by a little blaze of a camp-fire and settling of the labor question with the foreman of a detachment of bridge builders employed on the railroad not far away, and quartered in the farmhouse on the bluff above us, who strolled down to have a chat, and who possessed decided views upon the great Homestead strike, which, coming from a laboring man, interested us, and struck us as being most practical and sensible, coinciding as they do with our own decided anti-strike views.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

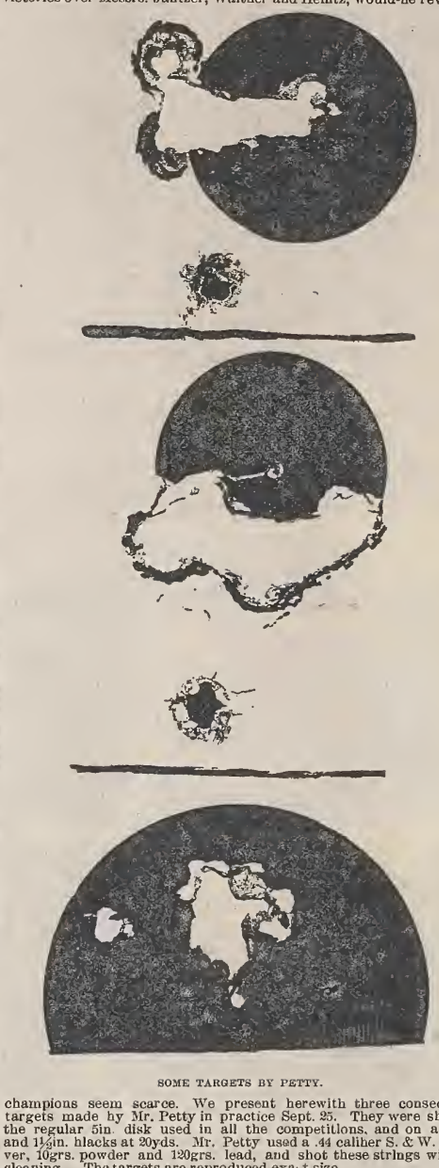
Connecticut River Canoeists' Club.

The Hartford C. C. held its regular monthly camp-fire on Saturday, Dec. 16, and besides a goodly representation from the local club, Messrs. Knappe, Banks, Mathewson and Bieloch, from Springfield, Messrs. Schuster, Metcalf and Ladd, from Holyoke, Davenport and Cox from South Hadley, and J. R. Gilfillan, of Northampton, were the guests of the club. Representatives from the up river clubs were invited to talk up the matter of arranging for an entertainment at each of the clubs on the river during the winter, and the C. R. C. C. is the result. Mr. Knappe was chosen chairman and Mr. F. W. Theis, of Hartford, secretary. The next camp-fire will probably be held at Springfield about the middle of January. This matter has been talked of for several years, as it was expected that the bringing together of the several clubs on the river would more fully develop the fraternal feeling which has always existed between them. Until now no action has been taken, but the representatives in Hartford last Saturday showed much enthusiasm on the subject.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Revolver Championship.

Roundsman W. E Petty is still in the lists awaiting a challenge for the Winans Trophy, which he has now held for one year, or half the time necessary to make it his permanently. Since his three straight victories over Messrs. Jantzer, Walther and Heintz, would-be revolver



SOME TARGETS BY PETTY.

champions seem scarce. We present herewith three consecutive targets made by Mr. Petty in practice Sept. 25. They were shot on the regular 5in. disk used in all the competitions, and on a 2½in. and 1½in. blacks at 20yds. Mr. Petty used a .44 caliber S. & W. revolver, 10grs. powder and 130grs. lead, and shot these strings without cleaning. The targets are reproduced exact size.

Pittsburgh vs. Iroquois.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 14.—It is a long time since anything in the rifle-shooting line attracted so much attention in Pittsburgh as the 25yd. gallery match between teams from the Pittsburgh and Iroquois clubs, shot Dec. 12 at the range of the former club. Conditions were made to suit the visiting team, and for the evening the home men gave up their 40yd. distance and standard American (reduced) target, substituting the old Massachusetts target at 25yds. Rounds were twenty-five per man, in five shot scores, two men (one from each team) shooting at a time. Stakes, a supper for the two teams. The Pittsburgh Rifle Club was organized in 1879, and three of its team have been members since that time, while the rest are almost all of much longer experience than their opponents; but in justice to Mr. Ittel it should be stated that he only joined the club this season, and in age and experience had no advantage over any one of the Iroquois team, yet he tied the old reliable Joe Huggins, a rifleman of far more than local reputation, and outshot every other man in the match. It is also but fair to mention that the two captains had upon their shoulders entirely too large a share of the management of the contest to do themselves justice at the score. The striking feature of the evening was the large attendance of spectators, which seems to promise a revival of interest in the sport which is most desirable. Only the totals of the five-shot scores are available, and run as follows:

Pittsburgh Rifle Club.

J A Huggins	53	54	55	52	56—271
L P Ittel	52	54	56	54	55—271
G E Painter	55	55	57	49	54—270
R W Bailey	54	50	57	53	52—266
L Stain	56	52	50	52	51—261
W C Galbreath	50	56	55	51	54—266
D W Frazee	52	50	54	50	53—259
D H Stoner, Captain	41	51	47	43	53—234
	413	422	431	404	428—2098

Iroquois Rifle Club.

A C L Hofmeister	58	53	50	53	51—265
L G Graul	47	50	54	56	52—259
A Goldstrom	50	44	49	43	44—230
Aug Colteryahn	45	43	47	52	46—233
W J Udick	49	43	53	52	42—239
Henry Egllsdorf	47	47	49	49	52—244
C B Dietz	53	45	46	46	50—240
A F Hofmeister, Captain	50	49	49	47	46—241
	399	374	397	398	383—1951

Beideman Rifle Club.

Beideman, N. J., Dec. 15.—The following shows the weekly shoot of the Beideman Rifle Club, week ending Dec. 9. Conditions, 25yds. strictly off-hand, targets ¼in. ring, 1¼in. bullseye, ½in. center, possible 250: J. L. Wood 244, H J. Mehard 243, A. J. Yergey 242, W. G. Gilbert 237, A. C. McGowan 236, E. L. Gardiner 235.

Pistol score, 50yds., possible 100:

H J Mehard	7	10	10	8	5	10	10	8	6	10—91
A J Yergey	6	7	7	10	8	8	9	8	10	8—81

Walt Gilbert, Sec'y.

Christmas Shoot.

The Empire Rifle Club will hold a prize shoot on Dec. 24 and 25. Their headquarters, No. 12 St. Mark's place, New York, will be open on both days, from 2 to 12 P. M. Sunday, and on Monday from 2 to 11 P. M. A programme of twelve prizes, ranging from $25 to $1, open to all-comers, will be put up for contesting shooters. Tickets, 3 shots each, 3 for $1, two best to count.

Greenville Rifle Club.

Twenty-three members of the Greenville Rifle Club assembled in the headquarters of the club, Dec. 15 for the regular weekly handicap shoot for club prizes. The club has, within the past two months, added some twenty new members to its rolls, and as a consequence shooting matters in Greenville are on the boom. At the last meeting of the club, on Dec 11, the club raised the initiation fee from $2 to $5. The fact that the receipts of the club for the past eleven months has been over $1,600 is one of the reasons for the raise in the dues. With a membership of over fifty, the club managers now feel that any further additions to the membership must be met with a most thorough scrutiny as to the merits of all new candidates for membership. In the competition for prizes on Friday, the honors for high score fell to M. Dorrler, with a total of 242 in ten shots; George Purkess was second with 238. Scores: M. Dorrler 242, Geo. Purkess 238, W. C. Collins 236, J. Boag 235, W. H. Robidoux 233, Hy Lutz 233, G. W. Plaisted 231, C. H. Chavant 231, C. Boag 230. M. Huelsen 223, A. C. Agneau 220, John Hill 220, F. Lauer 220, John Spahn 227, C. Scheelne 216, H. Maug 217, V. Holzapfel 214, H. Bischof 208, C. Graef 208, F. Wuestner 207, Edw. Wuestner, Jr., 206, C. Becker 203, Robt. Zeiger 200.

On Saturday afternoon four members of the club met in Armbruster's Park for the purpose of shooting off the weekly handicap 50-shot sweepstake match. It was expected that there would be a large attendance of the members to particlpate in this shoot, but the heavy storm of rain and high winds no doubt kept many of the would-be competitors away. The scores are appended, 50 shots, club handicap:

C H Chavant	24	20	21	28	23	22	23	17	23	20	—216	
	23	22	22	22	25	11	24	21	20	22	—212	
	23	20	20	15	23	22	20	24	17	25	—209	
	23	23	20	11	18	15	21	21	19	23	—194	
	17	23	23	23	19	23	25	23	18	19	—213—1033+40—1083	
G W Plaisted	21	24	20	19	19	19	24	23	21	18	—208	
	20	23	19	23	21	24	19	21	20	20	—210	
	25	21	18	19	22	25	20	22	20	21	—213	
	19	23	19	22	20	23	19	24	29	21	—211	
	18	23	22	23	13	23	24	23	12	24	205—1047 Scratch	
Collins	23	22	16	20	20	20	19	17	18	22	—197	
	21	22	18	17	18	17	21	20	20	18	—192	
	21	17	23	20	21	17	25	17	23	20	—204	
	22	22	22	24	21	19	25	18	22	16	19—208	
	25	20	16	17	23	17	23	17	24	17	—199—1000+60—1060	
C Boag	18	24	17	23	15	23	20	15	17	16	—188	
	18	16	14	19	17	20	19	25	20	18	—186	
	22	16	20	15	16	17	19	20	19	17	—181	
	7	18	21	14	20	25	22	18	21	12	—178	
	13	16	23	23	19	16	19	17	18	12	—176— 919+75— 994	

Amateur Rifle Club.

The little borough of West New York, lying between Union Hill and Guttenburg, N. J., is the latest to launch a rifle club upon what we trust will be a successful and pleasant voyage.

A letter from that prominent New Jersey rifleman, George Schlicht, which is now before us, informs Forest and Stream and the readers thereof that a new society has been organized and christened the Amateur Rifle Club of West New York, N. J., and if it gets proper nourishment it will in the "sweet by and by" be in the swim for honors in the gallery and on the range. The headquarters of the club are located in the new gallery of George Schlicht.

The first shoot of the club was held on Dec. 17 and 17 members participated in the opening contest, 19 shots, 25-ring target, distance 75ft.: Geo. Schlicht 244, Geo. Dorr 237, Fred Krobatsch 229, Fred. Esperer 225, Robert Glaser 218, Jacob Dihl 217, Frank Türck 215, Adolph Ahles 215, Wm. Schlicht 213, Capt. Krohatsch 212, Henry Rose 210, Fred. Lambrex 209, Wm. Ahles 203, Jacob Schlicht 202, Oscar Aufderhuder 202, S. Grauer 198, J. Grauer 188.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

Eight members of he Excelsior Club assembled in their headquarters, Dec. 12, for weekly practice for class medals under the handicap rules. The Excelsior Club has a fine gallery range and there should be a much larger attendance of members at the weekly shoots, but like many of our other local clubs the shooting interest of the members seems to be of that passive nature, which if permitted to go on, will eventually develop an acute dry rot. If Captain Hansen will take his members in hand some Friday night and visit the Greenville Club, they will meet with a reception that will add stimulus to their shooting energies and no doubt cause a better attendance at the weekly shoots of the Excelsior Club. Friendly or social visits between our local clubs cannot but add to shooting interests of many of the passive members. Scores: W. J. Hennessy 240, Chas. Thomas 236, R. H. Duff 231, J. Hughes 229, L. A. Ryor 216, Thos. Hughes 216, J. Bims 216.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

Ten men of the New York City Schuetzen Corps, under the leadership of Capt. Ch. D. Rehm, assembled on Friday night in Zettler Bros. gallery for their regular bi-monthly team practice and bullseye shooting. In the bullseye shooting the best center shots were made by Fred Daub, Ad Ludwig, Hy Witte, Hy Wendelken and F. Munz.

Two teams were made up under the lead of H. Radloff and R. Buss, 10 shots per man. The result was a victory for Capt. Radloff's team. Scores:

Captain Radloff	229	Captain Busse	244
C G Zettler	212	H Witte	237
F Munz	232	Captain C Rehm	223
J Facklam	234	A Ludwig	238
Fritz Daub	223—1160	H Kuhlman	214—1156

Empire Rifle Club.

At the annual meeting of the Empire Club on Dec. 5 a new board of officers was elected for the ensuing year. The Empire Club is one of the few of our local rifle cluhs who seem to be going ahead and adding new strength as each month rolls by.

At the meeting on Tuesday night the following board was elected for 1894: Henry Zettler, Pres.; Ben Zahn, Vice-Pres.; Louis Buss, Rec. Sec'y; Wm. Buss, Fin. Sec'y; C. Zettler, Treas.; Wm. Rosenbaum, Shooting Master.

The close of the business before the club was followed by the usual weekly competition for the club prizes. The following scores were made hy the members present: Wm. Rosenbaum 219, Louis Buss 236, H. Zettler 234, C. Zettler 234, H. Meisenholder 229.

RIFLE NOTES.

The 50-shot target reproduced in last week's issue, has been a subject of much interest to many of our local cranks, and many have expressed the opinion that it would be somewhat difficult to make a better one even with the patched bullet cleaning after each shot.

Armbruster's Schuetzen Park, in Greenville, N. J., is getting to be a very popular resort for the Jessey City riflemen on a Saturday afternoon. Every week finds a goodly number of rifle cranks assembled in the shooting house and the Saturday night lunches furnished by Mother Armbruster have come to he considered a sort of necessary adjunct to the afternoon's sport.

Wissel's Cypress Hills Park heretofore has been known as the Mecca for riflemen, hut jnst at the present time it is a most popular skatiug resort. The little lake that covers a good part of the park is now covered with a heavy coating of ice and the patrons of the park who possess a pair of skates are having a good deal of sport. Mine host Wissel has made arrangements to keep the ice clear of snow during the cold weather and all visitors will be welcome to the privileges of the park, shooting or otherwise.

Our local clubs must not forget the annual team match of the Zettler Rifle Club, which takes place on Feb. 22. This shoot has become a sort of fixture in the annual shooting events. The club who wins the first place this year will have to put up a good score, for several of the teams who were in the race last season propose to make an extra bid for the honors at the next contest.

"Roeel's" article in last week's issue, speaking of the average backwoodsman, reminds us of a trip to the northern part of Maine some years since. We toted a .32-40 Winchester into the woods on that occasion, and from the time we struck the first camp to the end of the trip we were the butt of the guides and native hunters. We had several opportunities, however, to remove the prejudice of the natives, and before the trip was over many of the critics calculated that the .32-40, with a good man behind it, was all right.

"R. R.'s" note in last week's issue, while it meets with a hearty response from many of our riflemen east and west of the Hudson River, will hardly be realized this season, for we are informed that one of the men mentioned in the Jersey team is physically in a very bad way, and his prospects for future participation in rifle contests is very uncertain.

At the annual meeting of the Greenville Rifle Club, held at headquarters, on Monday, Dec. 11, the following board of officers were elected for the coming year: President, Henry Gotthardt; Vice-President, Ed. Barr; Recording Secretary, Geo. W. Plaisted; Financial Secretary, Wm. C. Collins; Treasurer, James Dodds; Captain, Colin Boag; Assistant Captain, C. H. Chavant; Trustees, C. H. Chavant, John Hill, Geo. Purkess, James Boag, Wm. H. Robidoux; Finance Committee, John Hill, John Spohn, Colin Boag; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry Maug; Shooting Committee, Geo. W. Plaisted, John Spohn, C. Daniels.

Portchester Scores.

PORTCHESTER, Dec. 9.—The following scores were made by members of Portchester Rifle Club to-day, under very unfavorable circumstances for good shooting, a cold, driving rain and heavy mist during the whole time of the shooting. 200yds., off-hand, German ring target:

J Smith	23 19 23 22 20 17 24 20 22 19	—209
	23 17 21 24 22 20 18 19 23 18	—205
	21 19 14 22 17 19 20 18 18 20	—188—602
F A Bachman	18 16 24 21 21 21 21 16 22 24	—204
	17 17 17 24 20 24 22 14 19 21	—195
	22 18 14 20 19 23 10 22 17 15	—180—579
J Hess	24 19 15 18 24 15 21 19 23 20	—198
	22 20 24 23 22 20 21 16 18 17	—203
	15 21 11 20 14 18 19 23 15 21	—177—578
R Rudd	17 19 21 16 15 16 11 21 21 11	—168
	23 19 14 21 13 22 17 23 24 22	—199
	21 23 17 22 21 12 25 16 15 19	—191—558
R McNeil, Jr	9 23 17 0 15 22 19 19 19 21	—164
	14 23 19 19 20 20 21 19 18 14	—187
	21 15 17 16 15 17 20 19 13 15	—168—519

R. MCNEIL, JR., Secretary.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE weekly gallery shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club on Dec. 12 had its usual attendance, fourteen members participating. The high score of the night was made by Henry Holges, who, by a good holding, bunched his shots in the center of the bullseye, making 249 points. Louis Flach was second with 247, and Busse and Ross were tied for third place each with 246.

In the competition for the champion medal, one entry, the contest was spirited. Louis Flach succeeded in putting up the good score of 245. Messrs. John H. Brown, Holges. Walther and Strate came next, each with 243. Scores:

Best 10 shots, 5 entries: H. Holges 249, Louis Flach 247, R. Busse 246, F. C. Ross 246, J. H. Brown 245, P. F. Schmidt 245, B. Zettler 245, C. G. Zettler 244, M. B. Engel 244, B. Walther 244, H. Strate 243, Gus Nowak 243, Geb Krauss 237, H. D. Muller 236.

Champion medal: Louis Flach 245, John H. Brown 243, H. Holges 243, H. Strate 243, B. Walthers 243, F. C. Ross 242, M. B. Engel 240, H. D. Muller 235, B. Zettler 237, Geb Krauss 235, Gus Nowak 237, P. F. Schmidt 233, C. G. Zettler 236, R. Busse 232.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Dec. 25.—Union Gun Club tournament, at Springfield, N. J.; 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. live birds; 1 P. M. until dark, targets. Open to all.

Dec. 25.—Dexter Park live bird and target shoot.

Dec. 25.—Open sweep at live birds, on Erb's grounds, Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.

Dec. 28.—Team of three shoot, at Willard's Park, Paterson, beginning at 10 A. M. Three men from any club, $30 entrance per team, 15 live birds per man.

1894.

Jan. 1.—New Year's tournament, Towanda (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club, at Towanda, Pa. Live birds and targets.

Jan. 1.—Dexter Park live bird and target shoot.

Jan. 1.—South Side Gun Club's thirteenth New Year's annual, at Newark N. J.

Jan. 4.—Union Gun Club's live bird tournament, at Springfield, N. J.

Jan. 9.—New Jersey vs. Kings county, team shoot, on Al. Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.

Feb. —.—Reading Shooting Association tournament; two days targets, one day live birds, at Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

April 24 27.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neb.

May 1-6.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

May 17-18.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's spring tournament.

May 23-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tournament; first days, targets, $1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. $1,000 added money.

June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona.

Oct. 4-5.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

LANCASTER, Pa., Dec. 9.—Several weeks ago a number of well-known hunters and sportsmen gathered together and discussed the advisability of issuing a call for a meeting of all persons interested in handling the gun, and it was then decided that an attempt be made to form an organization whose object should be to populate the forests and hills of Lancaster county with quail, partridges and other game, and to protect the same until the season designated by law arrives when they may be lawfully killed. In pursuance of this decision a call was issued for such a meeting in Common Council Chamber last evening, at which officers would be elected, committees appointed, and a permanent organization formed. In response to the call about sixty well-known citizens gathered at the place designated, and at 8 o'clock the meeting was called to order. The first business brought before the meeting was the election of officers, and the following gentlemen were permanently chosen: President, John B. Peoples; Secretary, David L. Deen; Treasurer, James C. Wiley. In accepting the position as president, Mr. Peoples thanked the assemblage for the honor thus conferred and stated that he would leave no stone unturned to insure a successful healthy organization, one of which the city and county alike may feel proud. Other cities have such an organization and he believed that Lancaster was able to support one also. The next business of the meeting was to select a committee on by-laws, which resulted as follows: Messrs. John B. Peoples, I. N. Wengert, H. E. Stoner, John Snyder and Jacob F. Wolfert. The name of the organization was then adopted, which shall be known as the "Lancaster County Game Association." The amount of the subscriptions thus far received with which to purchase game and carry on the work of the association was announced at $310. This sum, it is expected, will be greatly increased in the future, and it is believed that by the next meeting over $500 will have been secured and the membership greatly extended. There being no other business the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the chairman, Mr. Peoples.

"The Parkway Rod and Gun Club would like to know why the Newark Gun Club does not set a date for the return match which is due the Parkways." On Oct. 12 we attended the monthly shoot of the Newark Gun Club and were shown hy Mr. R. H. Breintnall a communication inviting the Newarks to meet the Parkways on the latter's grounds on Oct. 26, 27 or 30, for the purpose of shooting a friendly team match. The Newarks immediately held a special meeting and accepted the invitation, deciding upon Oct. 26 as the day for the contest. Unfortunately the secretary of the club was, about this time, compelled to go South, and hence the correspondence was neglected until too late for the shoot to be held on the above date. We know positively that a number of the members of the Newark Gun Club are willing and ready to shoot against the Parkways, but the trouble seems to be that the Newarks have the misfortune to elect to office the very men who have the least time and inclination to perform the duties. If the Parkways will correspond with Fletcher Walters, secretary Newark Gun Club, Harrison, N. J., they should be able to arrange for a return match.

We would suggest to the gentlemen having in charge the New Jersey vs. Kings County team shoot to he shot at Marion on Jan. 9, the advisability of starting the contest at an early hour—not later than 9 A. M. There will be 600 birds to be trapped and on these grounds this will consume at least seven hours, which would bring the contest up to 4 P. M., an hour when the light begins to fail rapidly. It is not fair to those who shoot on the tail end of the team that they should he handicapped by having to shoot in a poorer light than those who shoot first, hence the necessity for starting at an early hour. It would be an easy matter to have on hand at 9 A.M. a squad from each team, and by the time they completed their scores another pair of squads would be there.

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 15.—The Riverside Gun Club held its regular monthly live bird shoot on its grounds this afternoon. The birds were all strong flyers and the scores excellent. A goodly number of shooters were on the grounds. Summary: No. 1, 5 birds, entrance $2: Won by James Cooper on 5 straight; James Beebe, E. W. Throckmorton and E. M. Cooper tied on 4 each and divided the money. No. 2, same as above: E. M. Cooper and E. W. Throckmorton tied on 5 each; Jas. Cooper, Jr., 4; H. C. White, L. B. Campbell and J. Beebe tied on 3 each; money divided. No. 3, same as first: James Cooper and Throckmorton tied on 3 each and divided the money; E. M. Cooper 2, W. Conklin 1. No. 4, same: M. F. Cornwell 4, W. N. Little, W. Conklin and J. B. Bergen, 3 each; money divided. No. 5, miss and out, $1.50 entrance: Won by E. Cooper, 6 birds; Throckmorton retired on 5, James Cooper on 4, Beebe on 3, White on 5. No. 6, miss and out, entrance $2: White, Throckmorton and Cornwell tied on 6 and divided money; Beebe 1, E. Cooper and W. Conklin 0.

Monday will be a great day on the grounds of the Union Gun Club, at Springfield, N. J., and Enoch D. Miller will have his hands full in keeping affairs running smoothly. There will be a series of live bird sweeps from 9 A. M. until 1 P. M., and in the meantime will be shot a match between teams of 5 men each from the Union and Maplewood gun clubs, each man shooting at 10 live birds under American Shooting Association rules. From 1 P. M. until dark there will he open to all shooting at Keystone targets and a match between teams of 10 men each from the above named clubs, each man shooting at 25 targets. Mr. Miller will have plenty of substantial Christmas lunch and hot coffee on hand. He says the live birds will be good enough to suit the most fastidious.

Teams from the Pencoyd Gun Club and West Manayunk Shooting Association contested at clay targets on Dec. 13 in Bohler's Meadows, Manayunk. Five traps were used, rapid firing system, American Association rules, at fifteen targets each, and the West Manayunk team won by a narrow margin of three targets. The score: Pencoyd—H. Focht 12, W. Matters 11, P. Anderson 11, J. Barrett 10, J Fleeker 9, D. Maxwell 8, J. Campbell 8, J. Hughes 7, J. Rakenzan 7; total, 83. West Manayunk—B. McMonagle 12, J. Miles 12, A. Rudolph 11, R. Greenwood 11, P. Byrne 10, T. Schofield 8, W. Miles 8, T. Baker 7, C. Oshurn 7; total, 86.

CATAWISSA, Pa., Dec. 14.—The Independent Gun Club, Slabtown, will hold a shooting tournament on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29 and 30, on their grounds near Yeager's Hotel. On Friday they will shoot at bluerocks from five traps for turkeys, calves, etc., and in the afternoon will hold sweepstake shoots at live birds. Shooting to commence at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. On Saturday stationary targets will be used, and a steer, fat hog, calves, turkeys, etc., put up for prizes, the nearest to the center to win. All are invited and promised a good time. Saturday's shooting commences at 10 A. M. and lasts all day.

Last week we recorded a team match which took place on the grounds of the Union Hill Gun Club on Dec. 9. After the above shoot there occurred a 15 bird sweep, $10 entry, in which M. F. Lindsley and John Berkery divided first money on 13 kills each. Then a friendly match at 10 birds each was shot between the Elliott-Lindsley and Woolmington-Berkery teams, the result being:

Lindsley	1011111010—7	Woolmington	0021111111—8
Elliott	1101111111—9—16	Berkery	1022001111—7—15

Theodore Buttenbaum was referee and Harry Balk scorer.

Next Thursday is the day fixed for the three man team match at Willard's Park, Paterson, and all the prospective contestants are wishing for a clear day. There will be 8 or 10 teams in the contest and the Messrs. Boyle, proprietors of the grounds have guaranteed a lot of first class birds so that a good day's sport is assured. Each man will shoot at 15 live pigeons, the entry fee is $30 per team and the purse will be divided 50, 30 and 20%. The sport will begin promptly at 10 A. M., in order that the shoot may be concluded before dark.

Owing to the lack of a quorum at the annual meeting of the Rome (N. Y.) Gun Club, the former officers will hold over, as follows: President, Thomas H. Stryker; Vice-President, S. H. Beach; Secretary and Treasurer, M. R. Bingham. It was decided to keep the club house open and have a weekly club shoot hereafter. It was also arranged to have a man regularly employed to attend to the requirements of visitors.

The annual meeting of the Herron Hill Gun Club of Pittsburgh, Pa., was held on Dec. 12, and the reports of the officers showed the club to be in a prosperous condition. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, A. H. King; Vice-President, J. Motz; Secretary and Treasurer, Louis Lotenschlager. The club shoots at live birds during the winter and targets during the summer.

The postponed shoot of the Atlantic Rod and Gun Club, which was booked to come off on the grounds of the club at West End, Coney Island, on Dec. 14, resulted in another postponement from the fact that only two members put in an appearance. The annual meeting of the club will be held this week, when it is expected that arrangements will be made to induce a better attendance at the regular club shoots.

Enoch Miller informs us that Jan. 14 will be a live bird day on the grounds of the Union Gun Club at Springfield, N. J., and that there will be shooting from 9:30 A. M. until dark. "Plenty of live birds, plenty to eat, no favorites played and a first-class time for all," says Enoch. A special feature will be a 15 bird sweep, $15 entry.

The success of the Vernon Gun Club with its first bluerock tournament, which took place last week, was such that the club will feel a renewed interest upon the part of its members in all matters pertaining to trap shooting. The Vernons are one of the few trap-shooting clubs on Long Island that seems to be in a decidedly vigorous condition.

Jas. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, who has shot on nearly all the grounds in this country, says that the average quality of the birds trapped in the East are fully up to those trapped in any other section. He says that nowhere in the country do the birds average better than on John Erb's Newark grounds.

Contestants in the team match to be shot at Paterson, on Dec. 28, may take trains on the Erie Railroad from New York (Chamber street) at 8:30, 9:30 and 10:30 A. M., 12 M., 1:50 and 2:40 P. M. From Newark (Fourth avenue) 8:44 and 10:36 A. M., 12:06 and 2:34 P. M. At Paterson take white cars direct to Willard's Park.

Jersey shooters are looking forward to a great day's sport at the South Side's thirteenth annual to be held in Newark on New Year's Day. All the shooting men of the Climax, Union, Passaic City, Maple wood and other clubs are expected to be on hand.

The Roxborough Gun Club will hold an open shoot on Monday at Shawmont, Pa. The proceeds of the tournament are to be applied to purchasing quail to stock the woods along the Wissahickon.

On Dec. 12, at Hazleton, Pa., Messrs. Landmesser, Fichter and Henry killed twelve birds out of eighteen, being defeated by Sunshine, Beerholder and Horan, who killed thirteen and took a $50 purse.

The Eagle Gun Club of Alleghany, Pa., will hold its annual shoot on Christmas Day. One of features will be a match between Messrs. McCrickart and French.

Louis Miller announces a live bird and target shoot for Monday at Dexter Park. The events will be open to all and there will be plenty of birds. Also plenty of turkey.

There will be the usual live bird shoot on John Erb's grounds on Monday, and those who want good practice during the afternoon should attend.

There is not much reason why a sportsman should not equip himself with a camera, now that Anthony & Co. sell for $10 one for taking 4×5 pictures.

At the annual meeting of the Canajoharie (N. Y.) Gun Club E. S. Benjiman was elected President, Charles Weeks Secretary and C. W. Shariff Treasurer.

Fred Coleman of Hegins and Alex, Shoffstall of Blackwood, Pa., will shoot a 13-bird match for $100 a side at Tremont on New Year's Day.

The West End Rod and Gun Club, of Newark, will hold a live bird and target shoot on its Grove street grounds on Monday.

Stages and hacks will meet all trains at Millburn on Monday to convey visitors to Enoch Miller's shooting grounds.

The Dauntless Rod and Gun Club, of Lancaster, Pa., will hold its annual ball on Monday night.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Something Anent Targets.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Dec. 8.—What W. T. Mitchell says may be true in regard to some targets. Nay, we know it is, for we have seen thirty-three after a ten bird event had been shot consisting of fifteen good shooters, that had from one to seven holes through them, and many had holes through both sides of the targets. Just so long as these cheap targets are made just so long will they continue to show shot marks. Neither can a reliable breaking target be made of what is called target material, for it is poor. The very best must be used and something else added to it to make them break. Anyone can see that a lamp shade is much weaker as now constructed than it would be if made solid. But to leave a hole of one inch or more makes a vast difference in the holding up of the target in its flight, far more, we think, than Mr. Mitchell is aware of, for our targets were originally made that way and we found they did not prove satisfactory after repeated trials at our shooting ground. We next tried pasteboard, and this too proved unreliable. Next wood was tried with better success, but this had many faults, even when placed in the melted pitch before putting it in the moulds. Then metal was substituted and worked to a charm, but alas, what was our chagrin the next morning after examining those made the day previous, to find seventy-three per cent of them cracked, owing to the shrinkage of the target material and the non do, of the metal part. We thought we had come to a standstill for a long time. But study and trials proved to us that this shrinkage was a blessing in disguise, for it is this very factor, coupled with the sunken creases to catch the shot and assist in breaking the target that makes the king bird such a reliable breaker. The material is made so that it shrinks sufficiently to strain the bird up to a breaking point, and the metal is nearly one-third of the diameter of target so that this makes only two-thirds of it to break. Anyone who has seen a "St. Rupert's drop" can easily see why the pieces fly when it is struck or broken at one point. Then this metal is placed in the target in such a way and to such a depth that it is knocked out and not shot through as if it was made of thin film of the black material. Twice the New York State Championship has been won on this metal center being knocked out. Take a target in your thumb and finger, gently rap the center, and you will hear a clear metallic sound, showing that it is ready to break, and to convince yourself strike the metal and see it drop out. Take another one and with the same lead pencil rap the side of target, and see it fly into pieces. If this is not proof let Mr. Mitchell examine the scores and he will see where these targets are used that more than one man averages ninety per cent. We have heard it claimed (and have printed matter to show) that the amateur stands a better show with our targets than the others, for he does not have to center his target (will some one tell us where this center is with a full choked gun) to break them, and thus outshoots the "expert." The part that he does not have to put the center pellet is true to break them, but that an amateur can outshoot an "expert" is wide of the mark. Not satisfied with these poor breaking targets they make a high screen, throw the targets with such velocity and so low (a target should never be thrown high), that it is out of the reach of any gun made, and as Mr. Mitchell remarks, it is a scratch to make a straight, for however well the gun may he poked the target is out of its reach. We have long contended that the shooting should be made difficult by acute angles, different speed of targets and some little difference in height, keeping the target within reach of the gun. We saw ninety-six men and good shooters face a set of three traps, shoot six targets, go to another set, shoot six more, and only one man make a straight, and why, because the screens were too high and not a target thrown less than 60 and many of them 75yds., and when picked up not a target had a hole in, but many showed shot marks on the outside and a thin shale about ¼in. split off from inside from the concussion. Is this shooting? Some years ago we placed three traps as usual 5yds. apart, three more in the field so that the center would throw just over the screen. Not a target was thrown out of reach of the gun and not a straight was made. This is the way to throw targets one man up; or if the walk around is preferred it can he done that way, but keep the targets within reach of the gun and a moderate shooter. Give the amateur a chance for his money. Make the entries low as consistent with the shooters' purses, give them as much as you can for the money and our word for it they will come again.

CRUTTENDEN & CARD.

Great Birds at John Erb's.

ON Thursday, Jan. 14, the weather was erratic to an extreme. From daylight until noon it was an ideal winter day, with the air clear as crystal and cold enough, despite the bright sunlight, to prompt one to turn up the collar of his ulster. At noon, however, there came a change for the worse. The sun disappeared behind snow banks, the air grew raw and cutting, and by 1 P. M. everything looked favorable for a first-class blizzard. Gradually the wind veered around to the east-northeast and increased in force until 3 o'clock, when it brought along with it a fine, dry, cutting snow, which felt anything but comfortable to pedestrians and teamsters who were obliged to face it.

But the weather, however, has little or no effect on the members of the Newark Gun Club, a dozen of whom braved the elements and journeyed to John Erb's "Old Stone House" grounds to take part in the monthly shoot. They are all men who have become seasoned to change of weather by constant exposure in search of game here, there and everywhere, and the matter of facing a snowstorm for a few hours has no terrors for them. Among those who were present from out of town were Dr. P. J. Zeglio, of Warrenville; Frank P. Class, of Morristown; M. F. Lindsley, of West Hoboken; J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City (who is spending winter in Jersey); Neaf Apgar, of Evona, and W. G. Hollis, of Kearney. The locals present were Samuel Castle, Gus L. Freche, C. M. Hedden, John Erb, R. F. Comelin, John Cockefair, James E. Wheaton and George Huff.

The birds were the best lot of flyers seen on these grounds thus far this season. Of the 250 trapped not over half a dozen had to be flushed, and even these flew well once they caught their wings. The others were quick to get away when the trap went over and were not only fast but tricky as well in their flight. The crack shots of the day were Castle's second and tenth; Elliott's fourth, fifth and ninth; Apgar's seventh; Cromelin's seventh; Lindsley's fourth and Hedden's fifth, all in the club shoot. Hollis had one bird which, loaded with two charges of shot, carried its load to the fence, but luckily fell just inside. Class also had one fall dead within a foot of the line. Lindsley and Castle went back to first principles and held the gun below the elbow until the birds were on the wing. Griffen was in hard luck, as, owing to an accident to his favorite Long gun, he was compelled to use a horrowed gun. Elliott was in good form and pulled down 23 out of 24 birds shot at. Apgar shot at 26 and scored 25.

The first event was at 10 birds, $5 entry, three moneys; No. 2 was the club shoot for points at 10 birds each, this also being made into a sweepstake by the payment of a nominal sum; No. 3 was a $2 miss and out, with re-entries on the first round. The results:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Castle	0111011112—8	1221110011—8	011210
Class	2112002102—7	0221e22022—7	212231
P Jay	1122111111—10	2012112222—8	.....
Elliott	2111121212—10	1211212122—10	2220
Griffen	0200210120—5	2110010120—5	.....
Hollis	0112121101—8	1122120220—8	.....
Apgar	2121111110—9	1211112112—10	211211
Cromelin	0210012211—7	2111102001—7	00
Lindsley	2220022110—8	1202012111—8	122212
Erb	.....	1212202221—8	.....
Hedden	.....	1111211011—9	.....

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Parkways at Dexter Park, on Dec. 13, brought twelve members together in competition for the medal and club prizes. The weather was clear but much too cold for outdoor sport, except that which would keep up an active motion. The birds as a whole were the best seen for many days, and the best shots in the club found it difficult to load them with shot sufficient to drop them within the boundary line. J. J. Edgerton, one of the best shots in the club, made a clear score of misses up to his 5th bird. Only one member in the competition was able to make a clean score of 7 kills, and this honor fell to Col. Selover, one of the class C men. Good judgment and the usual element of luck which follows live bird shooting landed the Colonel on top. Lee Helgans, up to his 7th bird had easy work, but the last one had a move on him that was far too quick for even Lee's nimble movements, and when the trap was opened the bird was up and away regardless of the shower of shot that was sent after him.

One of the members, James Bennett, met with an accident with his gun which, while it was unfortunate so far as relates to his gun, was extremely fortunate for the shooter inasmuch that he did not get his hand blown to pieces. While in the act of shooting at one of his birds his right barrel burst on the right side just in front of the fore arm and close to the shooter's hand a piece of the barrel (rectange) 8¼in. by 1¼in. was thrown out and blown away and could not be found afterward. The gun was one of our best made American guns, and had only been in use for a short time, and the powder one of our popular nitros. A peculiar feature in connection with the accident was that the shot went out of the barrel and killed the bird and the shooter did not know that his gun was disahled until his attention was called to the fact hy a member who was standing at one side of him. How did it happen? The barrel was apparently free from flaws at the point of fracture, but very thin. In fact it was much too light for the strain of nitro powder. Scores:

Club handicap, three prizes, modified Hurlingham rules:

	Class A.		
E Helgans	2221220—6	J Bennett	1102221—6
C M Meyer	0221112—6	A Botty	0112020—4
	Class B.		
T Short	2222201—6	Edgerton	00p0201—2
Bramwell	1102122—6	H Bookman	0111100—4
M Ellis	0102011—4		
	Class C.		
Wooley	0112012—5	Brower	2212100—5
Selover	1121221—7		

Sweep at 4 birds, three moneys, $1:

E Helgans	3e2—2	W Wooley	222—3
J Bennett	122—3	M Ellis	120—2
H Bramwell	221—3	J J Edgerton	010—1
A Botty	020—1	C M Meyer	1e0—1

Sweep at 3 birds, ties miss and out, $1:

C M Meyer	2e2—3		A Botty	122—3	111
J J Edgerton	122—3	120	M Ellis	200—1	
M Wooley	222—3	10	C Selover	211—3	0
E Helgans	122—3	221	J Bennett	000—0	
H Bookman	122—3	10	J Brower	102—2	

Vernon Rod and Gun Club Tournament.

The Vernon Rod and Gun Club held an open to all tournament on its new grounds, corner Enfield street and Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, Dec. 13, and had a fair turnout. The shooting was at bluerock targets under the rapid-firing system. Among those present were W. R. Hobart and J. R. Osterhout of Newark, Dr. P. J. Mason of Peekskill, Neaf Apgar of Evona, M. F. Lindsley of West Hoboken, and J. W. Hoffman of German Valley.

The shoot was in charge of the following committee: F. A. Thompson, chairman; J. G. Wischerth, John Wright, W. H. Thompson, Wallie Dorr. The state of the weather had a great effect on the nerves of the shooters, as is shown by the faet that during the entire day only two clean scores were recorded. The results follow:

No. 1, 10 targets:
Hobart..........1111010111— 8 F A Thompson......0101001111— 6
Ferris..........1110101011— 7 H Heyer..........0110011000— 4
Wood............1011111110— 8 S Lyon...........1110000111— 6

No. 2, 15 targets:
Hobart.........111111001011111—12 Heyer..........011111011101001—10
F A Thompson.111100010100101— 8 Lyon..........110111110010101—11
W H Thompson.011111110111010—11 Ferris..........110110101011111—11
Wood..........101111111001111—12 Levins..........100011000111001— 7
Bennett.........011101111111111—13

No. 3, 20 targets:
Mason.....10111010011101011101—13 W H Thompson.......11101110111001001111—14
Wood......11011011111101111011—16 Hobart....11101101110111010111—15
Bennett....10001011011111111101—15 J B H......10011110100110111110—13
F A Thompson......00000011010101001010— 7 W P R.....00111011110011101111—14
Heyer......11100110111100110110—13 Wright....10000010000100000001— 4
Levins.....01010101000101110111—11 Craft......01001111110011011110—13

No. 4, 10 targets:
Bennett..........1110011111—8 J B H..........0101111111—8
W P R..........1111101101—8 Mason..........1111101010—7
Little..........1110100011—6 Wood..........1111111100—8
Levins..........1111110101—8 F A Thompson..........1111100111—8
Hobart..........1011111101—8 Ferris..........1001010101—5
Osterhout..........1011111010—7 Craft..........1111011111—9
Heyer..........0101111101—7

No. 5, 10 singles and 5 pairs:
P R..........1111011111—9 01 10 10 10 10—14
Hobart..........1010111011—7 11 10 11 10 10—14
Apgar..........1111110111—9 10 00 00 00 10—11
Little..........1101001001—5 01 10 00 11 10—10
Bennett..........1111101111—9 00 10 00 10 10—12
Levens..........1111110110—8 10 10 01 10 11—14
F A Thompson..........1000011011—5 10 10 00 10 10— 9
Craft..........1111110111—9 11 10 00 10 14—15
Hoffman..........1101111010—7 00 11 11 10 00—12

No. 6, 15 targets:
Osterhout......110110101011010— 9 Bennett........101011000011111— 9
Hobart.........110101111011111—12 Craft..........010100100000111— 6
Wood..........010011110111110—10 F A Thompson.101110110001000— 7
Apgar..........111111111110000—11 Hoffman........001011001111001— 8
W T R..........010010110011101— 8 J B H..........001010011110101— 8
Little..........110100110000110— 7 Mason..........111101110111111—13
Levens..........111011101011100—10

No. 7, 10 targets:
Osterhout..........0111111111—9 Hobart..........0110110011—6
Bennett..........1101110111—8 F A Thompson..........0101101101—6
Apgar..........1111011110—8 H Heyer..........0101010111—6
Hoffman..........1110111111—9 J B H..........1111010111—8
Wood..........1110111111—9 Doc..........0110001111—6
Little..........1110000111—6 W P R..........0101111111—8
Bishop..........0101010110—5 Craft..........1111110111—9
Ferris..........0011000111—5 Van Sise..........0100010100—3

No. 8, 20 targets:
Hoffman..10111101111110111111—17 Lindsley...00101100101011111111—13
W P R.....10111111011110111101—16 Vansin.....11001000000000101101— 7
Levens....10111100111111111111—17 F B H......11011111101111010010—14
Hobart.....01110011001011101111—13 F A Thompson......10101011110001101011—11
Wood......10111110111110101011—15 Mason.....00111001010101111111—13
Apgar.....11110111111111110111—18

No. 9, 10 targets:
Hoffmann..........1110111110—8 Wood..........1001010001—4
Apgar..........0111110111—8 Levins..........0010101010—4
Hobert..........0100101111—6 F A Thompson..........1110011001—6
Lindsley..........1100100011—5 J B H..........1001100111—6
Osterhout..........1101011011—7 W P R..........1000111001—5
Doc..........0101100011—5 Wright..........0110100000—3

No. 10, 10 singles and 5 doubles:
Hoffmann..........0111111111 11 10 10 11 11—17
Apgar..........0010110011 00 11 10 10 00— 9
Craft..........1110001111 10 10 10 10 00—11
Dr Mason..........1111010110 10 11 10 01 11—14
Hobert..........0111011111 01 00 10 10 10—12
Osterhout..........1111010000 11 10 11 10 10—12
Levens..........0001001010 01 01 10 10 11— 9
W P R..........1111101011 10 10 11 01 00—13
Lindsley..........1101101110 11 10 10 10 11—13
J A H..........0111000011 00 00 00 10 00— 6
Wood..........0111111111 11 10 00 00 00—12
J B H..........1101010011 00 00 00 10 00— 7

No. 11, 10 targets:
Apgar..........1001111010— 6 Edward..........0111111110— 8
J J L..........0001001001— 3 Craft..........1111111111—10
Osterhout..........0110000110— 4 Hoffmann..........1111111111—10
Wesherth..........0000001000— 1 Van Sise..........0000000001— 1
Plate..........1011010010— 5 W P R..........1010111010— 6
Lindsley..........1011101101— 7 J B H..........1011011111— 8
Levins..........0011100000— 3 W H Thompson..........1001101111— 7

No. 12, 10 targets:
Hoffman..........0111110111—8 Ward..........1111111101—9
Apgar..........0111001111—7 J J L..........0111011100—6
Lindsley..........0111101111—8 W H Thompson..........0111010110—6
Hobart..........0111100011—6 W P R..........0111111111—9

No. 13, miss and out:
Apgar..........11111—5 Platt..........0 —0
Ward..........11 —2 Hoffman..........11110—4
Craft..........11111—5

No. 14, 15 singles:
Hoffman.......111111111111011—14 Ward..........110111110111101—12
Lindsley........101111110101111—12 F A Thompson.001000110100000— 4
Apgar..........011110101001011— 9 Platt..........001001000100001— 4
Craft..........110101011010111—10

No. 15, 10 targets:
Platt..........1000000100—2 F A Thompson..........0100100111—5
J J L..........1110111101—8 Hoffman..........1000101101—5
Wischert..........0111010011—6 Osterhout..........0101111111—8
W H Thompson..........1111001101—7 Lindsley..........0111010101—6
Ward..........0011111011—7 Wright..........1100110000—4
Bishop..........0001001101—4 Apgar..........1001110111—7

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

The extreme cold weather which has extended over Long Island for the past week has had a depressing effect upon the spirits of many of our local shooters. The monthly shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club fell on one of the extreme cold days of last week—Wednesday—and the result was that only ten members put in an appearance to contest for the Plate diamond trophy and the extra prizes. The Plate trophy, as we had occasion to remark in a previous report of the club's shoot, is a remarkably fine piece of the jeweler's handiwork, and naturally all the members have a strong desire to win it. The trophy will go to the member winning it the most nnmber of times at the monthly shoots during the year. Thus far it has been won by the following members: Wm. Lair twice, D. Van Zile twice, Fred W. Pfaender once, Fred McLaughlin once and Dr. Little once. The fact that the previous winning of the trophy is distributed among five men, two only of whom have won it twice, should make all future competitions to the end of the shoot decidedly interesting. On Wednesday when the members assembled on the grounds, four of the men present were previous winners of the trophy, and each of them, no doubt, had strong hopes that the much coveted prize would come his way. On the first round Fred McLaughlin scored a miss; the next one of the quartette to miss his bird was Wm. Lair, on the fifth round. Messrs. Pfaender, Dr. Little and John C. DeFraine, the popular secretary of the club, succeeded in making clean scores of seven birds each. On the shoot off DeFraine withdrew and left Messrs. Little and Pfaender to contest for the trophy. The result was a victory for Pfaender on the third round, he killing three to Dr. Little's two. Scores:

W Schumacher..........1110221–6 Dr W A Little..........1122112—7
F W Pfaender..........2122112—7 Wm Lair..........1111021—6
W Schelges..........0121211—6 H McLaughlin..........1021120—5
Dr Lynch..........0201011—4 F McLaughlin..........0121220—5
Dr Van Ord..........0021102—4 J C DeFraine..........1121211—7

Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club.

The Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, who have splendidly equipped quarters at Maple Bay, on the picturesque shores of Onondaga Lake, about five miles from Syracuse, is one of the strongest organizations, financially as well as numerically, in the State. In 1892 it engineered the New York State shoot, which was one of the most successful ever held. Included among its members are a number of the most solid business men of the city, including A. C. Ginty, Harvey McMurchy, Daniel M. Lefever, A. G. Courtney, Chas. H. Mowry, Geo. H. Mann, Geo. H. Holloway, A. C. Spangler, C. Dugard and W. H. Hookway, all of whom are enthusiastic trap and field shots.

The club holds regular weekly shoots, each member shooting at 50 targets, for medals. The last of these contests took place on Dec. 14, when the weather was miserably unfavorable, the day being extremely cold, with a heavy snow storm and strong wind. The scores, however, were fairly good despite the handicaps. A. G. Courtney, the genial representative of the Lefever Arms Co., won the medal on a score of 44 breaks. The scores:

A G Courtney..........1101111111011101110111111—21
1111101111111110111111111—23—44
C Dugard..........0111011111111111010111001—19
1111101111111111010111111—23—42
C Ayling..........0011110101111111111110111—20
1111011101111111101111101—21—41
H McMurchy..........1110111101101011011101111—19
0111110111011110110010111—18—37
D M Lefever..........1011101111011101110111111—20
1001110110100111011011101—16—36
John Cool..........1111010011110111110010111—18
0111110001110111111110011—18—36
D Walters..........0011111111000111111101011—18
1100111100110001111011001—15—33
A C Ginty..........0001111100101111110111101—17
1111011001011011110001010—15—32
D King..........0111010111011111011001111—18
1110001011011001110001001—13—31
Geo Mann..........1000100000111111101111011—15
1101011001101101111001101—16—31

Fallstaff.

North Side Gun Club.

The last monthly shoot of the North Side Gun Club, at the Queens County Driving Park, Maspeth, L. I., on Dec. 12, unfortunately came on a very cold day. The atmosphere had that crisp Arctic feeling about it that unless one's circulation was in good condition, a few minutes' exposure was sufficient to make the most enthusiastic pigeon crank break for cover. But the personality of the North Side members is of that vigorons nature that a little frosty weather only adds to their vigorousness. The meeting on Tuesday was the last for the year 1893; their shooting year, however, extends to and includes April, 1894. The club events for the club medal and other prizes call for 7 birds per man, handicap rules. The shooting on Tuesday was noted for some good, clean kills on the part of the shooters and also for some instances of the usual hard luck that one will fall in with at times. C. M. Meyer, H. Heyer and M. C. Manning seemed to find the frosty weather just to their liking, for they shot in good form and retired with clean scores to their individual credit. Messrs. Wahlen and Mencke each missed one bird. Of the others, Messrs. Smith, J. N. Meyer, Jennings and Duryea seemed to have a plethora of unfortunate circumstances to cut down their scores. Under more favorable weather conditions they will no doubt make a better showing. Scores:

Club shoot, club handicap:
C M Manning..........1212211—7 A Duryea..........1011011—5
G Sieme..........0021222—5 C M Meyer..........2122221—7
J M Menke..........1111210—6 J H Wahlen..........1112012—6
J H Jennings..........0201202—4 J N Meyer..........2110200—4
H Heyer..........2121111—7 W R Smith..........0122100—4

Sweepstake, 5 birds, one prize:
C M Meyer..........10222—4 J N Meyer..........11212—5
W R Smith..........01202—3 H Otten..........20202—3

Phœnix Gun Club.

Eight members of Long Island's oldest organized gun club, known as the Phœnix, assembled at Miller's Dexter Park on Dec. 12 for its last quarterly shoot for the year 1893. To one who frequents the meetings of the many gun clubs organized and shooting under the rules of the present day, Hurlingham modified, etc., he longs to see a return to the style of the old sportsmen of a generation now fast passing away.

Barring the few brutes engaged in the trap and handle brutalities of those days, the trap-shooting fraternity used to consider that the birds had some rights which the shooter as a sportsman was in dnty bound to consider, and one of the cardinal principles was that the bird should have opportunities to be on the wing and clear from the traps before the shooter was permitted to open fire upon his victim. But now, with improved guns, nitro powders and Hurlingham rules, the poor bird has no show whatever. The moment the trap is open the gun is off, and in many instances the bird falls dead on the trap. This is called sport, and our experts of the present day are able to record full scores under the rules now adopted by 90 per cent. of our gun clubs.

A visit to Dexter Park on Tuesday of last week to witness the shoot of the Phœnix Club brought us in contact with a small gathering of sportsmen who still cling to the old rules of pigeon shooting. We found the old club on the old stand and the old members on deck. There was John Akhurst, who has been "Uncle John" to the fraternity of shotgun shooters for the past 25 years; he is now past his seventy-fourth year. Then there was Wm. Hughes ("Uncle Billy"), from New Jersey, a man nearly as old as Mr. Akhurst, and as full of interest in shotgun matters as the youngest member in the club. The eight members were divided into two teams of four, one under the leadership of President D. Freligh and the other marshaled under "Uncle" John Akhurst, with "Uncle Billy" Hughes guarding the rear of "Uncle John's" quartette. The race was at 15 birds per man, H and T traps, Long Island rules, both barrels allowed. The weather was fine, the westerly wind tempering the atmosphere to that degree which makes outdoor exercise a pleasure at this season of the year. The birds furnished by Mine Host Miller were a good lot, and under the rules in force gave the shooters plenty of opportunities for showing their skill. Scores:

Capt Akhu't010111211111111—13 Capt Freligh101111112122111—14
E Madison..011111111120211—13 J Gardner..022020221002101— 9
H Botty....121011021101000— 9 J Smith.....011111111101111—13
W Hughes..122202022111120—12—47 J Chambers.011001112111021—[illegible]-47

Unknown Gun Club.

The monthly shoot of the Unknowns at Dexter Park on Dec. 14 brought together ten members in competition for the club prizes. The weather was altogether too frigid for comfort when facing the traps, and as soon as a member had shot his turn he sought shelter in the shooting house, where a large stove and a hot fire made it possible to keep his body in a fairly comfortable condition. Of late Miller has been able to supply some rattling good birds to his patrons and as a consequence the live bird cranks have had opportunities to test their shooting abilities to their fullest extent. The birds furnished to the Unknowns were no exception to the general run, and some of the best shots of the club had to submit to the fact that the birds at times were a little fast for the gun and the shooter. Of the ten members engaged in the club event only two of them, Messrs. E. A. Vroome and Ike Hyde, made clean scores. H. Van Staden and G. Rankin were in hard luck throughout the shoot, each getting 2 birds out of 7. After the club event a sweep at 3 birds was shot off. Scores:

Club event, club handicap:
G Rankin..........2000100—2 E A Vroome..........1211111—7
H Knebel..........1100110—4 I Hyde..........2121111—7
W Skidmore..........1011001—4 C Plate..........0111011—5
W Boyd..........2202102—5 J Ackhurst..........1011011—5
I Flynn..........0121021—5 H Van Staden, Sr..........0000101—2

Sweep at 3 birds, $1 entry, 3 moneys:
Plate..........110—2 Knebel..........021—2
Hyde..........111—3 Vroome..........211—3
Skidmore..........100—1 Boyd..........211—3

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

G. W. A., Boston.—I entered two dogs in the Bicknell trials—Bounce and Mainstay. I bet $5 that Bounce would be declared the better dog, but Bounce was sick and could not run. Who won? Ans. The bet should be declared off.

F. W. T. Massachusetts.—No shooting license is required of nonresidents in South Carolina, except in certain counties, for market shooting. You will probably find in the vicinity of Darlington quail, woodcock, hare and deer.

J. S., Boulder, Mon.—For rules upon rifle-shooting write to Gus Nowak, secretary Zettler Rifle Club, No. 219 Bowery, New York City. For targets write to Geo. Schlicht, Guttenburg, N. J., stating distance of range you desire to shoot.

E. L. S., Bath, Me.—1. Do you have for sale a book in which it tells the difference between the many kinds of targets, such as the Creedmoor, Massachusetts, German and military targets; and at what price? 2. Who is the best living rifle shot? Ans. 1. "Modern American Rifles." $2, postpaid, 2. Impossible to say.

T. A. R., Minneapolis, Minn.—1. Which of three named guns below are considered the best for balance, hard shooting and great penetration, wear, etc.: W. & C. Scott & Sons, W. W. Greener, A. Francotte & Co.? 2. Will a 12-bore shoot as strong as a 10-bore? Ans. 1. Depends on the individual preference of the sportsman. 2. In point of penetration the 12-bore, if properly loaded, will equal the 10-bore.

J. M. B., Philadelphia.—Will you kindly let me know: 1. The points of superiority—if any—an 8-gauge gun may have over a 10-gauge for duck shooting? 2. And also if its additional weight and size is compensated for by its shooting powers? Ans. 1. An 8-gauge gun shoots large shot better than a 10-gauge and will kill at considerably greater distances. 2. This is a question to be decided by the sportsman himself.

C. A. G., Louisville, Ky.—Will you have the kindness to tell me, through your Answers to Correspondents column, the best way to keep a tent from mildewing when set up on the ground in the summer for a long time. Ans. Whitewash the tent with a weak solution of chloride of lime. Add salt to make it stick. A strong solution will rot the cloth. Two pounds of slaked lime to a barrel of soft water is the right proportion.

W. C. S., Norfolk, Va.—Kindly answer the following questions through your correspondence column: 1. Which is considered the best bore of gun for canvasback duck shooting—8, 10 or 12-bore? 2. Will a 12-bore with 30in. barrels, full-choked, give as good results with No. 4 or 5 shot for duck shooting as a 10-bore with 32in. barrels, full-choked? 3. Is it possible to have an 8-bore gun to weigh 9 or 10lbs., double-barrel, with 34 or 36in. barrels, that will give good results with little recoil? Ans. 1. The 10-bore is the most popular ducking gun. 2. No. 3. We hardly think so. An 8-bore double gun should weigh 12 to 15lbs.

M. L. W., Visalia, Cal.—I desire to ask the pros and cons of the paper patched bullet; whether in a sporting rifle, or one used for a mixture of target and game shooting, a paper patched bullet has any advantages as compared with one not so treated. Will the patched bullet be more accurate, give any greater penetration or will the gun be rendered inaccurate and require wiping sooner than if a lubricated bullet is used? This is my position: I am about to buy a gun sufficiently accurate to be of use as a target gun and also to use for deer hunting, and am in doubt whether to order one using a .40-70 Ballard, patched, or a .40-65 Winchester, and desire your advice or that of my more experienced co-readers. The fact that none of the new guns are using paper patched bullets seems to indicate that the patch is either useless or a disadvantage; is that true, and in which respect? Ans. Patched bullets are considered more reliable than lubricated if the rifle is cleaned after each shot. Shooting without cleaning, the lubricated bullet gives the best results. For target shooting the .38-55cal. is the most popular among our off-hand shooters. A rifle for both target and hunting purposes used in a country where large game abounds, should be not less than .40-65cal. The .38-55 or .38-56 single loader (set trigger), would be a good all-round rifle for target or deer.

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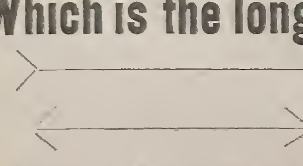

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FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE COAST FISHERIES CONFERENCE.

WE shall begin in our next number the publication of the full official report of the coast fisheries conference held in this city on the call of President Huntington of the New York Fish Commission. While the conference adjourned without having accomplished anything definite toward the object for which it was called, the proceedings demonstrated several things: First, a widespread and growing belief on the part of the rod and line fishermen that the supply of food fish along the coasts of the New England and Middle States is diminishing; second, a firmly expressed declaration on the part of the net and seine fishermen and fish dealers that food fish are as plentiful as ever.

Further, it was clearly shown that the rod and line fishermen believe in stopping the use of pounds in inland salt waters and the hauling of menhaden seines in bays, sounds and narrow waters, while limiting the use of pounds everywhere to the four months beginning July 1. The commercial fishermen and fish dealers oppose these measures as being too sweeping and destructive of the fishing industry, but declare their willingness to submit to any reasonable regulations looking toward the protection of the fish and the maintenance of the supply.

The great difficulties in the way of concerted action and satisfactory results of such meetings are immediately apparent. The interests represented are diverse and conflicting, the convention finds itself powerless to act effectively, and the data presented to establish certain important statements are found to be unsatisfactory. Few States have the means of collecting statistics, and many compilations offered in evidence are discovered to be faulty. Again, the States are usually unwilling to unite upon any legislation affecting the coast fisheries. If one of them has a temporary advantage of position it generally opposes a change of regulations. The same is true of interior waters and a case in point is the struggle on the part of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to induce the Maryland Commissioners to unite with them in removing fish traps from the lower fifteen miles of the Susquehanna River.

Statistics are often misleading unless carefully handled and adequate. There is frequently a local diminution of food fish, although the general supply may be kept up by developing the waters. Again, the supply may be maintained by extraordinary increase of the nets and pounds employed in the fishery. The Spanish mackerel, for example, is rapidly falling off in Virginia, yet the market supply is kept up by shipments from new waters in the Gulf States. The catch of shad continues uniform, but the number of pounds in some regions has been enormously increased.

There is no question that inquiries into the actual state of the fisheries should continue to be made—as they have been made year after year by some of the States as well as the United States. It is neither necessary nor desirable that the inquiry should be limited to practical fishermen and fish dealers. These classes do not themselves desire a commission so restricted. No harm can come from a study of the life history of the fishes and of the methods employed in the United States and abroad. The relation of scientific research to public economy is too well known to require explanation or defense. Let us have all the information needed as a basis of proper legislation and as a guide in the artificial propagation of useful fishes, and let all good men unite in supporting measures necessary to protect the inhabitants of the waters. Such protection may be secured without danger of destroying great industries and making fish a luxury which only the rich can afford.

QUAIL STOCKING.

THE letter from our Canadian correspodent "Cinna," printed in another column, will be read with great interest, especially by those who have in view the restocking with quail of sections where no birds are now found. We have been hearing of the rearing of quail in confinement for lo, these many years, but the authentic cases where success has been had could be numbered on half the fingers of a single hand. From the tone of the letter which "Cinna" quotes, it would seem that Mr. Duncan had little or no difficulty in rearing his birds, and he looks forward to renewed success next season. If it can be shown that the quail can be reared in confinement, one of the shooting problems of the future will have been solved.

Reports from northeastern shooting grounds everywhere show that this autumn quail have been singularly scarce, and we have in mind more than one township, where birds are usually moderately abundant, in which the total bag for all the gunners this year does not number a dozen birds. If it is true that the severe winter of 1892–93 is the cause of this scarcity, it would seem that the prospects for shooting next autumn are dismal enough.

It is apparent that before long field shooters must take some action, either by importing foreign birds, as has been done in some cases, or by restocking with native species brought from long distances. This last method, while it has been extensively tried, cannot be said to have been successful, and of the many thousands of Southern quail turned out in the Northern States within the past few years, only a very inconsiderable proportion have been shot, or have lived over to reproduce their kind. The enterprise of restocking our coverts is as yet wholly in the experimental stage, and it is safe to say that we know very little about what should be done in the matter.

PORTRAITS IN INK.

IV.—THE PROFESSOR.

YOU anticipate great pleasure in meeting the Professor of some congenial branch of natural history, for you ichthiology, perhaps, for you have long been acquainted with him through his charming descriptive writings, wherein he discourses so eloquently and feelingly of the ennobling and refining influences of field sports through the close contact with nature to which they bring one.

In season and out of season he preaches the gospel of outdoor sport, which, if followed in the true spirit, must perforce make one reverent, wise, patient, generous, self-sacrificing, modest, while bestowing the grosser gifts of health and strength.

Hunt, Shoot, Fish and Be Good, is the grand precept of life that he continually exhorts you to follow, to be guided by, and in your humble attempts to follow this saintly teacher, you have felt condemned when you caught yourself uttering a naughty word over a fouled hook or a missed fair shot, and almost despair of complete sanctification when you detect yourself rejoicing more over a heavy bag and full creel than over sky and landscape, glorified by sunset or the twilight solemnity of the woods.

But he, serenely exalted above all such weakness and vanity, must be the ideal true sportsman and gentle angler, possessing all the virtues of each, which he has so admirably set forth, and as such you have limned a portrait of him.

It is a pity to meet him and have it spoiled by comparison with the original. There is no similitude in it to this gross, arrogant, selfish, egotistic man, who takes as of right the easiest chair and the warmest or coolest place, sorts the basket for the finest fruit, disparages the fare, asserts his theories, scoffs away opposite opinions, vaunts his achievements, patronizes nature with the air of being her chief proprietor and only interpreter.

If you should attempt a more truthful portrait than your ideal one, while you are in the reaction of disillusion, you would doubtless draw it in charcoal with very few touches of white chalk, and the result would be a caricature, not a portrait, with every ugly feature exaggerated and overshadowing the gentler ones.

Really, he is not an imposter, nor is he a bad man, but one with two sides. Your first picture was drawn from the better one, reflected in his writings; that it is poorly exemplified in them does not prove that his teachings are false.

He must have felt or he could not so well describe the refining influence of intercourse with nature, though it has not perceptibly touched the baser of his two personalities. He is certainly none the worse for it, doubtless better than he would be without it.

If you have ever been intimately acquainted with a saint it is more than likely that you have found him very good and very disagreeable, the fine gold of a pious life strangely mingled with the dross of human frailties, but such a revelation does not make religion less true, nor the gold itself less precious.

A bad example does not invalidate a good precept, and if shooting and fishing have not made the Professor a perfect man it is no reason why you should forswear such pastime or cease to use the rod and gun as pretexts for going forth to nature.

THE COLONELS ARE INCLUDED.

THERE are sundry think-themselves-better-than-other men who appear to be deluded with the notion that they enjoy special immunity from the game and fish laws. These statutes, they affect to hold, are all well enough in their way as restraints upon the common herd, but we, the possessors of handles to our names, are not bound by them.

And not only this, but there are never wanting others to proffer their friendly services to back up the assumptions by these men of special privileges. Let a Chicago Doctor of Divinity kill deer in Minnesota out of season, and his lawlessness will be defended not alone by himself but by apologists who hold that the Minnesota Legislature never intended to curtail the deer slaughtering inclinations of Doctors of Divinity. Let a Connecticut Adjutant General kill deer in Maine in the close time and be brought to book for it, and he will straightway appear at the head of a regiment of titled Nutmeggers demanding the exemption of Adjutant-Generals from the game law. Only the other day, when one of the district game protectors of New York brought suit against an individual who had been shooting wildfowl in a way forbidden by the statute, the offender, or his friends for him, set up the impudent claim that he should be let off from punishment because he was a Colonel on the Governor's staff.

Now is it not about time for all of us to understand and comprehend so clearly that we may govern ourselves accordingly, that there are no privileged classes in this country with respect to game and game fish statutes; but that we were all born free and equal before these laws; and that even the Colonels among us must conform to them?

SNAP SHOTS.

The seventh annual dinner of the Megantic Fish and Game Club will take place at the Vendome, Boston, on Thursday evening, Jan. 11, at 6 o'clock. Treasurer Chapman writes us that it is proposed to make this dinner excel, if possible, all previous occasions.

A responsible and trustworthy Washington correspondent, who because of his interest in the preservation of wild ducks has taken pains to investigate the Treasury records of egg importation from the Northwest, sends us a statement which we publish in our shooting columns. It is to the effect that there is practically no such importation whatever. His investigation was prompted by the note of Commissioner Huntington of Ohio calling for a protest against a proposed modification of the tariff by which eggs would come in free; and unless the Treasury records can be shown to supply fallacious data, it would appear that the inroads of the eggers upon the wildfowl supply cannot be affected one way or the other by the Wilson bill.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, who as president of the New York Society for the Suppression of Crime, has been engaged in a crusade against the vicious classes of this city, winds up the passing year with a complaint that he has found the District Attorney's office obstructive of his efforts. If Dr. Parkhurst has been an attentive reader of the FOREST AND STREAM he must be familiar with the Delmonico woodcock case; and we commend to him a review of that affair, for it will afford abundant evidence of the encouraging truth that the unwearied prodding of obstructive officials will in the end clear the way for bringing wicked men to the bar of justice.

For the Waning Year.

THE SINGING MOUSE STORIES.—IV.

BY E. HOUGH.

THE fire was flickering fitfully, and painting ghostly shadows on the wall. It was winter, and late in winter; indeed, the season was now at length drawing near to the end of winter, and approaching that dear time of spring, which, beyond doubt, will be the eventual front and closing of the circle in the land where winter will not come.

I had drawn the little pine table close to the heap of failing embers, and aided by what light the sulky candle gave, was bending over and trying to arrange a patch on my old hunting coat. It was an old, old hunting coat, far gone in the sere and yellow leaf. It was old-fashioned now, though once of proper form and comeliness. It was disfigured, stained and worn. The pockets were torn down. The bindings were worn out. It was quite willing, was the coat, to be left alone now, hung by upon a forgotten nail, and subject to no further requisition. Nevertheless, if its owner wished, it could still do a day or two. I knew that; and something in the sturdy texture of its oft-tried nature excited more than half my admiration, and all my love. So I was gentle as I might be with the needle.

Walpurgis on the ceiling, gray coming on in the embers, symptoms of death in the candle, a blotch of tallow on the Shakspere, and the coat not half done. It must have been about then, I think, that the thin-edged sweetness of the Singing Mouse's voice pierced keenly through the air. I was right glad when the little creature came and sat on my knee, and in its affectionate way began to nibble at my finger-tips. I was right glad when it sat erect, its thin paws waving with a tiny, measured swing, and in its mystic voice, so infinitely small, so sweet and yet so majestically strong, began a song which no pen can transcribe. Thrilled and spell-bound, knowing that the awakening must come, but unwilling to lose one moment of the dream, I, who with one finger could have crushed the little thing, sat prizing it more and more, as more and more its voice swept, and swelled, and rang; rang till the fire burst high in noble pyramids of flame; rang till the candle flashed its thousand crystals; swelled till the walls fell silently apart, and showed that all this time I had been sitting ignorant of, but yet within a grand and stately hall, whose polished sides bore speaking canvas and noble marbles; swept up and around, till every stately niche, and every tapestried corner, and every lofty dome rang gently back in mellow music, all for the Singing Mouse and me!

Thou small wizard! It was cunning of thee, I declare, to paint that old mill dam on the wall. How naturally the wooded hill slopes back beyond the mill! And how, with the same old sleepy curves the river winds on back! How green the trees—how very green! Ah, Singing Mouse, they can't mix that color any more, someway. And nowhere now do wide bottom-lands wave and sing in such seemly grace, so decked with yellow flowers, with odd sweet William and the small wild rose. And nowhere now on earth, I know, is there any stream to murmur so sweetly and so comfortably, to say such words to any dreaming boy, to babble of a work well done, to whisper of a high place earned, to hint of a good, clear conscience, and of a final happiness worth all the work and all the places. All that was in the river. If I listen very hard and imagine very high and very deep I can almost pretend to hear them, those old words, heard when I was young. But it is only pretense. I fear I have lived too long. The voices are there, I doubt not. There are other boys, God keep them boys always; and may they dream not backward, but ahead!

Now, that smooth, lazy pool beneath the east wing of the dam, how smooth it looks! Yet well I know the sunken log upon its further side. I have festooned it full often with big hook and hempen line, with spoon and swivel, with small hook and airy leaders. I have taken out of that pool how many hundred bass, I would not say, nor how multifold a band of fat and fatuous goggle-eyes, nor how great a store of bullheads, when the water was too high for better game. It was here my father first taught me to loosen a hard-snagged hook, working patiently, with deft droppings of the heavy sinker, and easy twitchings of the line. It was here my brother and I caught the pailful of goggle-eyes. It was here we made that fellow throw back the bass we saw him catch out of season. It was here that we actually once slept all night, rolled upon the bank, and woke the next morning each with a sore throat, but with a heart full proud at such high deed of derring-do.

And there's the long wooden bridge. What a feat of engineering did that bridge seem to our untraveled minds! And there, at the other end of the bridge—swimming up, I declare, in the same old way—is the great silvery moon whose light served us when we used to stay late by the dam in the summer time. And those shadows of the bridge timbers are just as long and black; and the water over the middle break—out there where we speared the big sucker, you know—is just as beautiful and white; and here, right down under our feet, the moon is playing the same trick of painting faces in the water!

There are too many faces, Singing Mouse! Will you kindly make it clearer? Can you not bring them nearer to the surface? And will you not stop repeating those old lines about the "Corpus Delicti!" You make me shudder with your song about bodies coming to the surface!

What's that—what are you doing? I pray you, no Madonnas! This river is only make-believe, you know, and I'm not really a boy. There are no more angels on earth, I know, than there are bass in a meadow! That one—Pull it! Pull the slide, I say! Do you want to kill me, you heartless little wretch? You are so cruel sometimes that I know not whether most to love or hate you.

Now, that's rather a pretty picture you've got there. The autumn frosts have very beautifully touched the leaves along that winding little creek, and the cornfields sweep down to the banks in very gracious golden plenty. Do I know that little stream? Do I *know* it? Do *I* know—no wonder you are laughing, Singing Mouse. I should think I might well know that stream. Did I not shoot my first quail flying there? Have I not gralloched many a molly-cotton in those thickets? Did I not once knock a squirrel spinning out of that tree, with the rifle ball square under his ears? I'll bet the old rifle would do it to-day. That old rifle—Say, what are you painting in that picket fence for? What do you mean by that house, with the little porch in front, and the green blinds and the new look, as if it had never been lived in? What's that got to do with the brown woods, whose doors stand always wide and welcoming to a fellow, and whose rooms have no ghosts in them? Pull it! Pull it, I say! Whatever has gotten into you to-night?

I thank you, wizard. After the solemn-fronted mountains, the solemn-fronted sea. If you will listen thoughtfully enough you will find that it is not all trouble that the sea is talking about. Much more than a petty excitement, fit to blot a weak man's momentary woes, it speaks of a sterner and stranger impulse; it throbs with the pulse of a further shore; it speaks of a quiet tide making out to the Fortunate Islands, and tells of a way of following gales, and to a new Atlantis. Those are pretty lines you have there, Singing Mouse:

> Long time upon the mast our brown sail flapped;
> Our keel plowed bitter salt, and everywhere
> The ominous sky in sullen mystery wrapped,
> What side we looked on, either here or there,
> The welcome sight of land long sadly sought;
> And that Atlantis, hid within the sea,
> The city with our hope and promise fraught,
> We saw not yet, nor wist where it might be.
>
> But as we sailed as manful as we might,
> And counted not the sail more fit than oar,
> Lo! o'er the wave there burst a vision bright
> Of wood, and winding stream, and easy shore.
> Then by the lofty light which shone above,
> We knew at last our voyage sad was o'er,
> And we hard by the haven for which we strove,
> And soon all past the need to wander more.
>
> Then as our craft made safely on the strand,
> And we all well our weary brown sail furled,
> We gazed as strangers might at that fair land,
> And hardly knew if it might be our world;
> Till some one took gently every weary hand,
> And led us on to where still waters be,
> And whispered softly, "Lo! it hath been planned
> That thou at last this pleasant place shouldst see."
>
> And as those dreaming, so awakened we,
> And looked with eyes unhurt on that fair sky,
> And whispered, hand in hand, and eye to eye,
> "'Tis our Atlantis, risen from the sea—
> 'Tis our Atlantis, from the bitter sea!
> 'Tis our Atlantis, come again, oh! friend, to thee and me!"

"Say, about that Atlantis, now, Singing Mouse?" said I.

Well, well, how small the voice sounded! Bless my soul! how quickly it all snapped back to the pine table, and the dead fire, and the burnt-out candle, and the old, old coat!

DANVIS FOLKS.—XIX.

Misfits.

"It's turrible resky a-gettin' one thing 'at's a leetle cuter 'n the rest o' yer belongin's," Uncle Lisha remarked as he split some pegs off a block with his jack-knife.

"Oncte I got me a new awl 'at put me clean aout'n consait o' my ol' kit, an' cost me more'n a month's airnin's a-buyin' new tools 'at I didn't need, an' some on 'em jest useless consarns.

"I've knowed a feller tu git a patch sot on a boot 'at looked so much better 'n the rest on 't 'at he hed tu git a new pair an' then a suit o' clo's tu match, an' then his womern must up an' hev a new caliker gaownd. But the beatinest was Ros'l Drake's door, a bran new front door 'at he bid off tu Amos Wilkinses vandue. Do' know haow Amos come tu hev it, but he hed it, an' Ros'l he bid it off, an' took it hum an' sot it in the barn, and at fust his womern sputtered 'baout his buyin' of it, an' they hed a notion o' puttin' on 't in the place o' their ol' front door, but it wouldn't fit, an' they ca'lated if it did it 'ould make the hul haouse look humblier 'n ever. But it wouldn't du to waste that aire door, 'at was paneled an' hed a big brass knocker, an' so what d' they du finally but turn tu an' build them a new haouse tu fit that 'aire door, which the ol' one was plenty good 'nough."

"Wal," he continued, after brushing the split pegs from the edge of the bench into his hand, "they hed tu mortgage the' place, an' finally lost it, ol' haouse, new haouse, front door an' all, an' went off over intu Adams Gore tu live in a lawg haouse, an' glad 'nough tu git sech shelter.

"Over in the Gore, the rusters don't begin tu crow 'fore ten o'clock in the forenoon, an' the hens go to rust right arter dinner, an' you c'n allers tell Gore folks when they come daown here in dog days, by the' stompin' the' feet tu git the snow off on 'em. That's where the door landed them."

"Dat mek me remmbler one man Canada," said Antoine.

"Consarn ye, Ann Twine, what in tunket 's the reason ye don't never tell your stories fust?"

"Ah 'll save de pie an' kek for de en' of de dinny," said Antoine with a bland smile.

"Pies an' lies they be mostly," Uncle Lisha growled, and Antoine began:

"Dar was one man Canada gone off for work one mornin' hearly, an' he 'll see it one leetly waum walkin' aout on de road for smell de mornin' hair.

"Wen dat mans see he 'll say, bah gosh, Ah 'll goin' feeshins, me. An' he' ll peek it up an' go raght off an' get hees hookin line an' go on de river an' t'row hees hook, an' it ant more as two minute 'fore peckerel was took it, O, great beeg one. An' de log was slippy de man was stan' on, an' he was pull on de water an' all draown dead.

"So you see, sah, boy, jus' for leetly waum dat mans was loss hees day work, an' dat beeg peeckerel—dat was too bad—an' more as half hees laf-tam, for he'll was be young man an' was goin' be marre nex' week, so he loss hees waf too, an' all de funs of de weddin'. Ant dat good many for one leetly waum, hein?"

Pelatiah sighed wearily as he thought of the crueller fate that had cheated him of his wedding day.

"But if yer story was true, Ann Twine," said the shoemaker, driving a peg home with each blow of his hammer, "which it ain't anyways likely it is, bein' you tol' it, it don't argy agin a feller's goin' a-fishin' when he'd ort tu, an' I b'lieve I'd ort tu the fust good day 'at comes, an' I want you tu go along tew, Peltier."

As his abstracted gaze habitually sought the dusty window, the blurred panes did not shut out from him a vision of clear streams braiding the sunlight into the shadows of copses and green brookside banks, inviting the weary heart and hand to rest and quiet recreation. He felt an almost painful heart-twinge that reminded him of long by-gone boyish anticipation.

"It can't quite tech the ol' spot," he thought to himself, "but thinkin' o' fishin' an' goin' a-fishin' comes nigher fetchin' on 't 'an most anythin'." Then speaking aloud:

"It's a hopesin' 'at I won't never git so I can't go a-fishin' whilst I've got sense tu enjy it. Lord, haow many times I think o' ol' Kit Jarvis a tryin' tu go a-troutin' arter he got blind as a bat. He was a master hand for huntin' an' fishin' an' a mate o' yer father, Jozeff, when I was a boy.

"But whilst he was a tough, hearty man, he begin tu git blind. It wan't fillums on his eyes, for they looked jest as nat'ral 's ever they did, on'y when he was a-talkin' tu you, they wouldn't hit you, but p'int off tu one side mebby an' be shut when he was a-listenin' tu ye. But he would go a-huntin' arter he got so 's 't he couldn't tell a barn from a haystack, an' they said he shot a pa'tridge by the saound of her quit quitin', an' he'd go kerwack agin a tree afore he see it an' cuss a spell an' then laugh an' make fun of hisself.

"But he gin up huntin' arter he'd shot Peltier's gran' ther's yullin' fer a deer. 'Never knowed my gun tu cut up sech a caper as that afore,' says he, 'an' I won't trust it no furder.'

"But yit he would go a-traoutin', an' us boys, the Lord forgive us, uster laugh tu see him a-pawin' wi' one hand for suthin' 'at wa'n't there, an' a-pokin' his steek julluk a pismire feelin' its way 'mongst strange things, an' stan'in' harkin' for saounds julluk a hawg in a cornfiel', an' mebby tost his hook ontu a lawg or rock, an' wait an' wait fer a bite. I wonder the Lord didn't strike us mis' able leetle torments blind, but mebby 'twas 'cause we uster onsnag his hook for him an' onsnarl his line, an' led him tu the best holes, an' mebby 'twas 'cause He don't take much 'caount o' sech leetle onsignificant critters' duin's.

"Arter a spell he gin it up, just oncte in a while tu sit by the mill pawnd an' fish for chubs an' dace. 'I c'n feel 'em bite an' pull, an' hear 'em flopping in the grass, an' they smell like fish an' it's better 'n nothin' if 'taint much fun,' says he, 'an' I spect it 'muses the minnies tu see sech a ol' dodunk a-tryin' to ketch 'em.'

"When it come his turn to die I guess he was glad on't. 'I ben the same as dead this ten year,' says he, 'the world a rattlin' round me 'thout no more 'caount on me 'an if I wan't in 't, my own flesh an' blood grown up 'thout my knowin' haow they look, er seein' my ol' womern's face er my nighest friend, er seeing' the grass an' the trees leaf aout er shed the' leaves, er ever pintin' a gun er hookin' a trout, on' just a-settin' an' harkin' in the everlastin' dark. It's lunsome, I tell ye. A blind man's uselesser 'n a dead man, an' you can't bary him aout'n the way an' be perlite.'

"When he was dead he looked turrible contented, Jozeff, an' yer father says he, 'Kit, I wish 't I knowed whether you c'n see tu sight yer rifle naow.' An' I guess it's suthin' we'd all give consid'able tu know.

"Wal, it's hopesin' the dark won't overtake none o' us afore it's time tu go tu sleep fer good, an' naow I'm goin' tu shut up shop."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

AFTER TOIL RECREATION.

KALYPSO, the Concealer, I christened the Barnegat sneakboat which at one time it was my good fortune to own. She was 16ft. long, cat-rigged, and by far the most serviceable sailing craft that has ever come into my possession.

Often have I fled from the noisy, busy city to the little town on the lake shore where my boat was housed, and, having rowed out of sight of town, spread my blanket in the bottom of the boat for a couch and basked in the bright sunshine on the glassy surface of the lake; or, with a favorable breeze, skirted along close to the shore, studying the birds in their native haunts, my presence never once suspected. For days have I drifted about in this manner, exulting in the freedom and in the beauty of the wooded hills and blue expanse of water—God's handiwork, unsullied by the hand of man.

In my kit were a half dozen wooden decoys, which I would drop overboard opposite the mouth of some stream, and, concealing myself on the reed-covered bank, await the approach of unsuspecting ducks, which were pretty sure to fall a prey to my 10-bore.

On one occasion, having been carried far down the lake by a strong south blow, I pitched camp in a thick clump of hemlock on a projecting headland. All night the wind moaned in the sheltering hemlocks, and day dawned dull and lowering. I was awakened by the weird honking of geese, and at length discerned them, an immense host, feeding. Piling hemlock branches on the fore deck of the boat, I concealed myself within, and allowed the wind to drift me down upon them. Nearer and nearer I approached, like a mass of driftwood, until at length the birds took fright and rose in their clumsy manner. Instantly I was on my knees, and selecting two of the largest of the flock, dropped them, one with each barrel. Those fellows are now two of the finest specimens in my cherished collection.

Never have I failed to derive the utmost enjoyment from any of my trips. But, best of all, I have returned to my work with zest redoubled and with a zeal that has well repaid me for my outlay.

BARNABY.

The Wildfowl Egg Importation.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN the last impression of your journal I noted a letter from Mr. R. W. Huntington, of Ohio, touching the destruction of wildfowl eggs. It said they were gathered for the purpose of selling the albumen or whites, to be used in the arts, and that there was great danger of the supply of waterfowl from the Northwest being cut short in this way. I inquired at the Customs Division of the U. S. Treasury as to this matter. I do not think there is any serious occasion for alarm upon this point. The entire importation of the yolks of eggs for the year 1892 from Canada and its northwestern provinces was valued at $16. No whites were imported. The importation of the same class of products, viz., "the yolks or whites of eggs," from all sections for the current year had been brought down to November and was valued at $14.42. I have taken some trouble to be accurate in relation to this matter, and the U. S. Custom House returns ought to be sufficient to assure sportsmen that there is no danger in this quarter and by this means of game and water birds' destruction.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 21. W. H. R.

WOMAN ON THE STREAM.

SCIENCE vs. SUCCESS.

Dr Derby, pastor of the First Church, in one of the Western cities, besides being a scholar of no mean reputation and a successful city pastor, is an ardent sportsman and a devout disciple of Izaak Walton, patron saint of all good anglers. No stream so tortuous that the Doctor can not thread the thicket-hung labyrinth, and no snug retreat of the wary trout is so close hidden but that he will send a fly fluttering temptingly through the smallest opening.

Last summer when the star of vacation rose above the horizon of expectancy, the Doctor began to harangue his wife after this fashion: "Marian, I truly believe that fishing is the recreation which has in it more practical lessons, for the minister at least, than any other. Now, in fishing I must use different bait for different localities and different days. It's just so in preaching. There must be different presentations of truth in order to reach minds of totally opposite types."

Or he would say: "I store up in my mind more beautiful pictures to illustrate my sermons, that I gather in my trouting expedition, than I get from any other source."

Mrs. Derby was not so sanguine as to the exceptional virtues of her husband's piscatorial sport, and would sometimes remark that, to her, it seemed a cruel proceeding to drag a fish from the water by the mouth. This was enough to call down upon her head a lengthy scientific discourse, in which the good Doctor proved to his own satisfaction that the fish being of a lower order of creation had not the sensitiveness of nerve possessed by the higher types, and so the pain suffered was nothing, a mere trifle, etc. So when the first of July drew near and the exodus to the cooler country began the Doctor gathered together his old clothes and rubber boots, his mackintosh and slouch hat, and with what would have seemed to the uninitiated an endless array of rods, lines, reels, floats, sinkers, fish baskets and bait boxes, hooks of all sizes, and flies of every kind known to an entymologist, set out for the region of Michigan where trout do most abound, accompanied by Mrs. Derby.

They found a pleasant boarding place at an old farmhouse which was conveniently near a beautiful trout stream. The afternoon of their arrival the Doctor spent in getting his equipment in perfect working order, and by sunrise the next morning, clad in a nondescript garb that would have wrung with sorrow the hearts of his fastidious parishioners, he started on an all-day's expedition, returning at nightfall, tired but triumphant, with a basketful of scarlet and orange mottled fish.

For the next week or two he scoured the trout brooks for miles around. No day was too long that he spent engaged in his favorite sport. He made it a rule that if the fish did not bite he would stay until they did, while if they bit, of course he must stay until they stopped. The result was that his wife spent many anxious hours after nightfall awaiting his return. And there was this peculiarity about the Doctor's constitution, when he was able to report a good catch he was never tired, but if fortune had not smiled upon him, and he returned with an empty basket, he was well-nigh exhausted, and, naturally, wifely pity for his fatigue overcame any disposition Mrs. Derby might have felt to rally him on the result.

The vacation was drawing to a close, when he began to urge his wife to join him in an expedition which he promised her to be one long afternoon of delight. They would get a horse and carriage and drive to a farmhouse nearest the best fishing point, and from there follow the little river through the field to "the holes" where lurked the biggest fish. He was sure she would catch something, but if not he would show her how to catch trout scientifically!

After some cautious inquiries about snakes and mosquitoes, Mrs. Derby consented, and one afternoon when the temperature was perfect, the wind favorable, and the water "just right," they started fully equipped to play havoc with the denizens of "the holes."

A short drive and a shorter walk brought them to the desired point, and the Doctor began to fit up a cane rod for his wife with line, hook and a tempting bait of writhing angleworm. Then he drew an old log to the bank for a seat, showed her where to cast her hook, and proceeded to prepare his own outfit, an elegant steel rod, with automatic reel and braided silk line, talking all the time in this exultant strain: "Couldn't have a better day. Just cloudy enough. Water not too clear. Had a bite yet? O, well, be patient. Watch me, and I'll show you how in a minute. Here we go!" And pulling up his high rubber boots, he waded across to a favorite spot on the opposite side.

Mrs. Derby at this time thought it fitting to re-cast her bait, and in her effort to throw it as far as possible into the dark eddy that swirled under the boughs of a fallen tree, succeeded in winding her line two or three times around a dead branch that overhung the stream.

There was nothing for the Doctor to do but to wade back, and with one unceremonious jerk reclaim the rod from its unfavorable connection, leaving 20ft. of line, an Aberdeen hook and two very uncomfortable worms swinging high and dry above the water. He accepted the situation very gracefully, however, and in reply to Mrs. Derby's apology for causing him the trouble, said cheerfully: "O, that's no matter, my dear. I've done that before, myself. Only I didn't suppose you could throw so far."

Then, without causing an unnecessary ripple, he waded cautiously to the other shore and resumed fishing.

Then there was silence for a few minutes. Mrs. Derby was watching the beautiful changes of sunlight and shadow on the wooded bank beyond, and their reflection in the swift flowing brown stream at her feet; she noticed, too, the undulating flight of two yellowbirds that chased each other across the field. There was more of the artist than sportsman in Mrs. Derby's make-up. When she had occasion to think of her hook, lo, she drew it up bare and shining!

Then she called to her husband, "John." No reply. "O, John."

"Well?" came in muffled tones from the other side.

"Something has taken my bait. What shall I do?"

ON A CALIFORNIA TROUT STREAM.

Amateur photo by A. G. McFarland.

"Bait your hook," was the brief reply.

"But you know, John, I can't touch those worms. Besides, you have them all with you."

This argument was convincing, because, very unfortunately, true. So back he came, and with scant ceremony to the worms fastened them to the hook, returning again to his vantage on the other shore.

Quiet on either bank. Then Mrs. Derby called softly, "John, see how completely that grapevine has covered that old cedar."

"Yes."

"Just notice those cardinal flowers near you! What splendid color!"

No reply. The Doctor's eyes were fixed on his line, which had quivered ever so slightly. With a quick jerk he began to reel in a fish which plunged wildly from side to side and finally leaped into the air and with a vicious shake loosened the hook and was off like lightning for parts unknown. But the Doctor rebaited his hook and fished on with renewed courage.

Presently Mrs. Derby called excitedly, "O, John, I've got a fish! What shall I do with it? O, poor thing! What is it, John?"

"Sucker," was the curt reply, followed by brief directions how to remove the hook. Mrs. Derby followed them with many sighs and exclamations of pity, finally released the prisoner—and threw it back into the water.

"What did you do that for?" cried her husband, impatiently, "Why, Marian, they destroy more trout spawn than anything else! Kill them every time."

"O," said Mrs. Derby, meekly, "I did not know. I will next time." Presently she said, plaintively, "John, that fish took all my bait."

"Well," was the unfeeling reply, "put some more on. I left some worms for you in that little red box."

Mrs. Derby looked at him reproachfully, but finally decided that it was too bad to insist on his wading the stream again, and so providing herself with a small stick, she began poking around in the moist earth for a worm. They were rolled together in a snug ball and it was with difficulty she separated one from his squirming brethren. Him she held firmly to a smooth log with the stick, while with the other hand she worked the hook in as best she could, taking care that the wriggling thing should not come in contact with her fingers. This proceeding she accompanied by a sort of recitation: "Come out, there. What makes them stick together so? On, so; there's one! O, what shall I do with him? O, dear, how he wiggles! Ah-h-h, the slimy thing! I wonder which is the head. O, how it must hurt! John, I know this is wicked. Dear, dear, I'd rather not fish."

But she threw the object of commiseration into the stream, and in her relief began to chat with the motionless figure opposite, only to be interrupted by a low-voiced and ominously polite, "Marian, I must request you not to attempt to carry on a conversation just at this time. Any noise disturbs the fish."

After this left-handed compliment to her conversational abilities, Mrs. Derby maintained an indignant silence.

Presently the Doctor concluded to try fly-fishing. So he adjusted two or three gaudy specimens to his line, and standing knee-deep in the swift water, began casting to right and left with deftness and precision. Whir-r-r went the lithe rod through the air with that peculiar hum that tells of an expert hand at the butt. One, two, three—five trout rose to meet the enemy that in time overcame their struggling, and slipped them into the basket at his side.

The Doctor was flushed with victory and exercise. He beamed at his wife who had been watching his prowess with pardonable pride.

"They're here, Marian," he announced, "only they're not biting worms to-day. Too bad you can't fly-fish. Now, there's a big fellow in this hole. I saw him the other day. I think he lies under that big cedar. I'll put on a Seth-Green and try him. How's your bait? All right?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Derby, as she lifted her rod enough to see that one or two tag ends of her angleworm still remained, "Go ahead, John," and the good man began to whip the stream with redoubled vigor.

Mrs. Derby was watching him when she felt a sharp pull at her line and lifted it a little, expecting to land another sucker. Not so. With a surge to the right and a plunge to the left a fish rose to the surface, showing a broad side of shimmering rose color, and then dashed under water again. Mrs. Derby grasped her rod in both hands and began the struggle to raise him, when attracted by the splash Dr. Derby turned toward her. He took in the situation at a glance.

"Let him have it!" he shouted, "Play him! Hold him steady! Give him his head! Don't give him an inch of slack! Play him, I tell you! Give him line! He'll get off! Tire him out! Bring him up now! Oh-h!"

The last exclamation was one of positive pain. Goaded to desperation by his unintelligible directions, Mrs. Derby had lifted the gleaming fish high into the air, and with one mighty lunge it had broken the rod about a foot from the tip, and fallen again into the water. But all was not lost. The line held fast below, and with the energy of despair Mrs. Derby threw the line over her shoulder and ran up the bank, dragging her trophy beyond all possibility of escape.

Then the Doctor plunged into the stream regardless of ripples, and strode up the bank to where his wife stood, flushed and breathless above the shining fish. Not a word did he say until he drew a foot rule from his pocket and measured the splendid capture from nose to tail, and from back to belly. Then he straightened up and looked sternly at his wife. "Nineteen inches by five," said he. "Weighs 3lbs. if it weighs an ounce. Marian, that fish died of mortification at being handled so barbarously!"

And that was all the praise she got for her magnificent catch. And he never asked her to go fishing again.

Ida Reed Smith.

FISHERWOMAN.

Happily we are not all alike in our habits and tastes, or I should make fishers of all women, and the streams would soon be cleared of the finny tribe.

In these days of ambitious womanhood it is a surprise to me that more women do not fish. They shoot, ride, drive all sorts of rigs, and practice many more quite as manly sports—not excepting cricket. Why not fish?

But they do fish, some one will say. Perhaps. Let us draw a picture. A bright, hot day in July when fish should bite—a pretty girl seated by a broad expanse of water—straw hat enough to cover two—a pair of gloved hands—and by her, lounging, trying to think he is happy, lies her best young man. Is not that a sorry sight, and yet I have seen it time and time again; and she, poor child, fancies she is fishing, and tells her inquiring friend, "I never could catch a fish if I sat here a week;" and unconsciously she will tell the truth.

Now, let us change the picture to a year later. In the interval this same girl has met a fisherman, who has told her how he has a rod that only weighs 5oz., and a book of flies. Oh! such beauties that she shall see and furthermore learn to use if he may be her teacher.

The girl with the rest of her family are just now in the mountains not many miles from the city of Brotherly Love, and the young man has come to fulfill his promise of the winter.

But can this be the same girl? The very same, my dear people. Why, what has she on? Surely it is a bathing skirt. Too true. And an old one, too plain for the seashore. And look at the waders, and her shoes, twice the size of those she wore at the last ball. A dark blue Tam O'Shanter and double-breasted jacket complete the rig, and until one knows its usefulness it certainly is grotesque.

I could give a list here of things to wear under these circumstances, but the whole can be summed up in a few words—plenty of wool, waterproof foot covering, and last, but not least, a true love of the beauty and bounteousness of nature.

Then let the fisherman find some pretty pool, with the hemlocks dipping their odorous boughs and reflecting the soft new light of spring in its depths, and give into the hand of his fair companion a light bamboo or lancewood with a short line and a pet fly (each angler has his pet fly, I find) and give her her first lesson in the true sport; and I'll wager it will not be the last, and she will have many a good laugh over the experience of that hot day in July when she could not catch a fish. J. B. A.

Mr. C. H. Gleason sends us an interesting photograph of an outing group, among whom is a lady attired in a dress specially adapted to the woods Our correspondent writes: She is not strong, but delights in the wood life, and so is the sharer of these pleasures with her husband. It may be of interest to other ladies, who would like to go and do likewise, to know how a not-over-strong woman can so dress as to be able to take long tramps through the pathless woods, amid windfalls and slippery rocks and swampy ground without inviting a fall, getting the feet wet, and the like. The outfit consists of a soft felt hat, which will not catch in the limbs and dependent branches; woolen shirt over warm knit underwear; an all-wool knickerbocker suit much like her husband's, warm, comfortable and light withal; good Cordoban boots. These are made from horsehide, flexible, light, impervious to water (but need to be kept well oiled), bellows tongue and lacings, enabling the wearer to pull on and off easily, and so made as to fit tightly to the leg; also hobnailed (but not so many nails as to add much weight to boot), cost about $10. Mrs. W., who is making a long tramp (10 miles) said: "I didn't slip once."

I wouldn't do without the FOREST AND STREAM for four times the amount of the subscription. I have been an almost constant reader of it ever since 1874, and now that I am living on Lake Champlain I simply couldn't get along without it. I am a physician and among my patients is a most enthusiastic fisherwoman and lover of FOREST AND STREAM. In fact, had it not been for the paper, we would no doubt still be living in Albany, I "chained to practice," she in bed or at most up in a big chair reading of the woods and waters, and both of us wishing we could "go a-fishing." So when her husband suggested leaving the city and we had talked it over we were all very glad to make the change, and so we came to Ticonderoga. Since being here I have been fighting the net fishing. At one time I could count 30 nets within five miles of this place, but with the help of Mr. Charles Barber, of Greenwich, N. Y., and John Polley, of Vermont, the number has been lessened, and I hope before long net fishing in this part of Champlain will be a thing of the past. During the summer months we spend almost all of our time on the water, and what fights we have had with the bass and pickerel! I would like to tell you how my patient with an 8oz. rod hooked and landed a bass weighing 5½lbs. and a sheepshead weighing 9½lbs. It was fun. S.

THE HOG THIEF OF CAMAS PRAIRIE.

OKANOGAN, Wash., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having had a number of chases after bears, and my experience having been so different from those of my brother sportsmen who have given theirs, if it will not incur the displeasure of "Podgers," I will give you a sketch of a chase a party of us had after a grizzly in Idaho.

For two years a large grizzly had roamed along the base of the mountains on the east of Camas Prairie, and during that time he must have destroyed more than a thousand dollars worth of hogs, besides a good many sheep, and almost every farmer offered a reward for his capture.

The miller at Mt. Idaho had some forty or fifty large hogs which he was fattening for the China trade. Bruin found out where they were and paid them a visit; so the next night, the miller had two men watch for the bear. Along about 10 o'clock the hogs began to stampede, and then one began to squeal; but the bear soon stopped that. The boys were afraid to shoot, fearing that the bear would tear down their scaffold. The next morning one fine fat hog was missing. The miller changed his pig pen.

Then the bear changed to the other side of the prairie, and Ward Girton reported that a bear had killed one of his best sows. Ward not being very rich and having a family, Bruin let up on his hogs and began on Charley Horton's. Horton had lots of hogs, milked lots of cows, fed his pigs on sour milk, had lots of money and was an old bachelor. The bear camped near him until he cleaned him out of the hog business.

But Bruin served Bill Stilwell the meanest trick of all. Stilwell had a big family, three cows and one hog. This hog was a big fellow; he had eaten sour milk nearly all summer. One day a Chinaman came over to Stilwell's and bargained for the hog at 25 cents per pound; and they were to dress the pig in the morning. Next morning Stilwell got up early, put the water on to heat, ground his knife, took his gun and went down to kill his pig. When he got to the pen he found that a couple of rails had been knocked off from the top and the bear had left nothing but tracks. He had dragged the hog down into a thicket, and after eating what he wanted had buried the rest. When Stilwell went back and told his wife she looked and felt very blue, for it was just like losing $75. "Well," said Stilwell, "I will go get Lew to come up and bring Jim, and we will kill that bear to-night."

Here let me say a word for Jim. He was a brindle cur. I don't know what breed predominated, but he had no equal for hunting big game or varmints. I never put him after a bear, panther, cougar, lynx or wildcat that I did not get up to. The night we were after the grizzly was our first and last defeat.

Stilwell came down, told me what happened and wanted to know if I would come. "Certainly," said I, and a little before sundown I took my Winchester carbine, a .44cal. rim-fire with 24grs. powder—what I lacked in caliber and powder I made up in confidence.

When I got to his house I put my horse away, ate supper and went down to where the bear had buried the hog.

Stilwell proposed to build a scaffold. To this I objected. I said that Jim would tree the bear if it could climb; if it could not climb then he would bay it.

After supper we went down. It had got quite dark when we came near the place. We heard the bear sniff. I told Jim to catch him. We had a lantern, which we intended to light whenever the chase began. The bear had started to run, but had not got more than 100yds. before Jim caught him and made it so hot for him that he had to stop. We lit our lantern and started on the run. Jim was barking. I got within about 20yds. of where they were when I fell over a log and knocked the light out. By the time I got the lantern lighted again the bear broke. But from the noise I knew that Jim had hold of him, for he soon stopped again. This time we got within less than 15ft. of him, and had a good look at him, but could not shoot for fear of hitting Jim. He soon broke again, but did not get 50yds. before Jim stopped him again, but when we would approach with our light he would break. We kept up the chase through thickets for nearly three miles, when we had to give it up. Jim was completely exhausted when I called him off. It was after midnight when we got back to the house, very tired and completely disgusted.

But we had worried the bear to such an extent that he changed his range. The next place he was heard of was at Donald McRae's sheep corral on Craig's Mountain. Here he became such a nuisance that the Scotchman changed his range. The bear then paid Jack Crooks a visit and killed one of his biggest hogs. Then he hung up for the winter.

That winter some one killed my dog, but I had raised a thoroughbred setter, given to me by an Englishman who had gone into sheep raising on Camas Prairie; he had brought the sire and dam from the old country.

On the 29th of March I went to Mount Idaho, where I met Harry Johnson. He had a rifle in each hand. I hailed him and wanted to know what was the matter. "Well," said he, "the old grizzly has come out and has paid Charley Horton a visit." Charley had bought a very big hog, said to weigh 590lbs. gross, and put him in a rail pen. One night he heard a row out at the pen. He said the bear chased him in to the house, then went back, killed the hog and dragged it over a ten-rail pen, knocking off but one rail. The next morning early Charley went down to Ward Girton's; they armed themselves and followed the grizzly up into the snow about half a mile and rousted him out of his bed. But when he reared up he looked so big that Charley and Ward were afraid to shoot and they returned and went after Henry Johnson; and he came over to Mount Idaho to borrow a couple of rifles. Henry said to me, "Come along, we will have some fun to-morrow." Jim Curley was as eager for the chase as I. I had traded my carbine for a cayuse, but had a Remington long range in its stead, a .45-77. It was dark when we got to Charley's ranch, where we found him and Henry. They were glad we had come.

About 9 o'clock the dogs rushed out, but soon came back. We thought the bear had returned to get his supper. After a good night's rest, we were up early and had our breakfast before daylight, so as to have a full day for the chase. Each one took a lunch, and as soon as it got light enough for us to see we started. We soon found fresh tracks. Before starting the boys had put me in for boss, as I was the oldest. When we found the tracks they were going down toward where the bear had buried what he had left of the big hog. I told the boys to go up on to a point of rocks at the snow line; and I would take my dog and follow the tracks; but should they see where the bear had gone back into the snow they were to signal to me.

It was the first bear my dog had ever been after, but he tracked along as well as any dog could have done. The bear had dug up his cache, but he had eaten very little, and then had struck off east to Jake Crook's ranch, three-quarters of a mile distant. I followed on until within 300yds. of the house I saw where he had come back dragging something. I signaled to the boys, who came along the snow line, where we met. We had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when we found where he had cached his bacon. The snow was deep, the going heavy. We soon came to where Charley and Ward had jumped him, but he had made his bed under a big fir tree about 200yds. further up the mountain. We got within 50yds. of him when he broke; but as he failed to rear up or show fight we put the five dogs after him. Henry and I outran the other two. Henry was ahead of me, and we were running down a steep pitch, when Henry fell down and pitched into the snow almost out of sight. I passed him, and soon saw the bear; the dogs were baying him. I saw him throw Charley's dog more than ten feet. I could not shoot for fear of killing a dog. The bear soon broke, and the dogs wanted to quit. Henry had got the snow out of his gun, and had caught up with me; but soon he took a pain in his side and had to go slow. I kept on as fast as I could. The dogs would quit and come back to me; I would urge them on; then they would rush after the bear, then come back. I soon saw that the only chance was to keep after the bear until he was tired out, or reached the top of Mount Idaho. Then there were some open glades a half-mile wide and a mile long, and here I expected to get a long-range shot at him. But I intended to follow him all that day, and camp on his trail if necessary.

I had got very hot during the first part of the chase, but had gained my second wind and was making very good time. On crossing a fir flat I saw the bear nearly at the summit. He was wallowing through the snow; his tongue was out and he had all he could do to climb the hill. I raised my rear sight for 400yds. and fired at him. At the crack of the rifle he wheeled around and came lumbering down on his back track. I lowered my sight, put in another cartridge and started to meet him, for I thought he would bear off round either one way or the other. He soon left his back track and started around. When he got opposite to me I whistled. He stopped with his head behind a small fir and I shot him through the shoulders just a little forward of the heart. He rolled over dead. Four of the dogs piled on to him. My setter was as anxious as any of the rest. I let them wool him a little and then made them let go, fearing they would hurt the robe. I think it must have been twenty minutes before Henry came up; the first word he uttered was, "Is he dead?" After a moment's survey he proposed we shoot a few times as fast as we could, to make Jim and Charley think we were having a battle. We fired a few shots, but the boys were so far back and so tired that they could not put on much of a spurt.

We built a good fire and stripped off some bark to lie down on before the fire. It must have been nearly an hour before the boys put in an appearance. We told them it had been dead more than an hour and we would have had it skinned had we not wanted them to see him in the original shape. As he had been out of his winter quarters but a few days he was very fat; I think the fat between the hide and carcass was from two to three inches thick. The boys took a fifty-pound flour sack full, which two of them carried on a pole, while the others carried the skin. We reached Charley's house between 3 and 4, tired, hungry and wet. The skin weighed 67lbs. and it was the finest robe I ever saw; the long claws were 5½in., the tusks were 1¾in. long. The boys gave me the hide and gall; the gall I sold to a Chinaman for $5, the hide for $15.

Thus ended the career of the most destructive varmint that ever visited Camas Prairie. LEW WILMOT.

DUCK SHOOTING IN OREGON.

GEORGE plays the bass violin. In my travels over the United States I have met a great many musicians, and have observed this fact—the man who plays the big fiddle generally resembles his instrument—and George is no exception to the rule, a great, strapping fellow with a jolly red face and a kindly gray eye, a splendid shot and an honest sportsman.

When I first met him he was playing in the orchestra of the Portland Theater. I had been looking for some local gunner who knew the "lay" of the country thereabout in order to try the duck shooting, for which that section is famous, and some one sent me to George.

As we are both of the same Bohemian type it did not take long for us to know one another, and we soon arranged an expedition to his private ponds up the river.

A hunting boat left at about 2 A. M., so in order to make an early start I shared his room with him that night. A cosy little den it was, too, just such a one as a man fond of outdoor sports would arrange—nay, not arrange, for if there was anything the room lacked it was rigid order. A Parker hammerless, two Fox guns and a Marlin rifle graced the gun rack, a moose head, beautifully mounted, looked down from over the mantel, and scattered about upon the table were numbers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Over our pipes we chatted and yarned, and I must say I never met a keener or more observant sportsman. He has hunted all through the Northwestern country, fished in all its streams, slept in its mighty forests beneath the blue pines, and only accepts engagements in places where he may indulge in his favorite pursuit.

Halt-past one found us trudging along through the drizzle, comfortably clothed in our waterproof hunting coats and rubber waders, loaded down with shells and with both pockets filled with canvas decoys.

The boat was late. Quite a crowd was waiting for it when we reached the wharf. They were the representative sportsmen of Portland, and when I looked at their magnificent hammerless guns I was glad that my battle-scarred veteran was in its case. At last the little steamer arrived and was soon wending its way up stream, past high banks of swaying pine and hemlock, skirting tiny islands and running in to the shore now and then to drop some gunner on his one preserve.

Breakfast in the cabin, although not served *à la* Delmonico, was excellent bacon and eggs with "steamboat" coffee. (That is a brand you note in the issue of Nov. 11; it has a distinct individuality; in flavor it resembles none that I have ever tasted before, muddy brown in color, will not assimilate with milk, and it never gets too hot to drink—unless you are in a hurry—but with all its peculiarities it is good, and I have seen fastidious people drink it with apparent relish.)

Daylight was just showing, like frosted silver, in the east as we arrived at our landing, so hastily unloading some of our traps and leaving them in the care of the farmer from whom George rents his ponds, we climbed over the snake fence and after a short walk reached the blind, an old stump with a few branches artistically arranged before it. George took the punt, which leaked like the proverbial sieve, and poling out a good distance placed the decoys. They were mallards, and the most natural I ever shot over, as you will presently see; every tiny breath of air caused them to swim about as though they were alive.

On the return voyage the punt sank a short distance from shore, and George waded the rest of the way, towing it after him and making "remarks." Then we lighted our pipes and waited. At the extreme end of the pond a few teal and butterballs were feeding, and now and then a diver would appear from somewhere and straightway go back again.

They are curious birds; I watched one who swam about a short distance from the blind. It had an expression like Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee, "chilklike and bland," and when it caught sight of me, elevated its alleged eyebrows, looked frightened, ducked and disappeared.

Three mallards circled in at the upper end of the pond, and, hearing George's call came swooping down to the decoys. I got the leader, a big greenhead. George dropped another, the third wheeled and quartered with a startled *quack*, and as we both fired, fell wounded into the water, skimmed swiftly across the pond and disappeared in the rushes, leaving a wake behind like a steamboat. The spaniel retrieved the birds, which were as fat as possum meat, indeed all the ducks I shot up in that country were in splendid condition.

A couple of bluewing teal were our next visitors. They settled into the water before we noticed them, and as we rose in the blind they started off, giving us a good shot; one fell, the other wheeled and came back to meet its fate from my left barrel. Then came a bunch of mallards; they circled and came in, and just as they were settling among the decoys we gave it to them. Three responded, George stopped a driver, I caught an incomer, and as the remainder flew off toward the upper end of the pond one left the bunch and, with fluttering wing, settled amid the rushes. George started around to secure it, leaving me alone.

Then one lonely bird came sailing over my head from behind, and as it started to turn in toward the decoys I met it with a charge of No. 6. When the dog brought it ashore I was puzzled to know what kind of a duck it was, its bill was broad and yellow, of soft, flabby material, and it had a smile like an Irish comedian. George called it a spoonbill—my first acquaintance with that species.

George found his mallard, and also the one that had been wounded out of the first flock. I stopped the latter as it was skimming across the pond.

All was quiet, I could hear George splashing around in the swale behind the willows and the drip, drip of the rain from the branches over my head. The bobbing decoys amused me. Suddenly I realized there were seven; I had only counted six before, so I counted again. Yes, there were seven, and not until one of the seven started to swim across the pond did I realize it was a genuine, real live bird, a big green-headed drake, and he came swimming along so close to the blind that I could have shied a stone with a fair chance of hitting him. As I rose he followed suit; I hit him with the right barrel, but he kept on flying until I sent the contents of the left after him, and down he came like a spent shot.

George returned with a mallard and a pair of butterballs he had killed in the neighboring pond, and we were just preparing to take a "wee nippie" when a couple of big ducks entered the pond. Down went the flask and up went the gun; three shots and we had the brace—canvasbacks and as plump as partridges.

Later in the morning a large flock of geese went over, but, although we fired, they were too high up, and we never even disturbed them. Some of the boys below us were more fortunate, however, and managed to secure three. Shortly after we had a call from a few butterballs, and some of them remained with us. In the afternoon shoot we managed to add three more canvasbacks, five teal and twelve mallards to our string.

As our little steamer pushed her way down the river through the dusk we counted twenty-three mallards, three teal, one spoonbill, eight butterballs and five canvasbacks. The other gunners had fared even better, and we eyed the geese with envious longings.

Nearly a year has passed since that day. My business has called me to the East, and George—well, I suppose he still plays his fiddle in the West, where game is plenty. If this should meet his eye, perhaps he will be glad to know that he is not forgotten; and the vandal Time can never efface the memory of that day with the ducks in Oregon.

THE GENERAL.

HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

(Concluded from page 539.)

THE next day we packed up all our outfit and started for the northern edge of the valley, where I had seen the first large band. The day was very favorable for pictures, but the snow was crusted and rough, and our snowshoes made a great noise. We saw several bands of elk and bunches of buffalo at a distance. We were getting down to Alum Creek, when, turning a point, I saw eight buffalo moving away at a walk. I am not sure whether they had our wind or heard the scraping of our snowshoes on the crust. I took two shots at them at 150yds., as they turned a point going down hill they commenced to run. We waited for a while thinking that possibly they would stop on the creek further down. Soon we saw a long line of buffalo following a trail through the deep snow up and over a hill toward the hot country on Violet Creek. We counted eighty-five as they passed over the hill out of

BUFFALO CALF.
Photographed by John Fossom.

sight. To the east of Violet Creek, we saw a band of five hundred elk or more, making for higher ground and the same section of hot country. All these animals had been started up by the first eight buffalo. They had not seen us, but were alarmed by the movements of a few animals running.

Crossing Alum Creek and keeping to the west, we came to a high knoll, overlooking a hot creek basin. In the bottom I saw twelve large bull elk and three buffalo. We worked down as carefully as possible, but the elk saw us and left before I could get a picture. We got to the bottom and behind a grove of scrub pines without alarming the buffalo. There was no snow here except in the pines; I left my pack and shoes and walked out among some hot springs; two of the buffalo were rolling in the dust. Walking away from the steam I took three shots before they saw me. At first when they started I certainly thought that they were coming my way; they stood for a few seconds looking, while I walked slowly toward them. I wanted to get within 30ft. for a picture, and was willing to take chances on their charging me. Suddenly they broke into a run, crossed the hot creek, and were on their way up a hill in no time. I took a shot with snow for a back ground at 150ft., getting a better picture than when they were close by with bare ground all around. They ran to the top of the hill and camped. They stood there for hours, and were lying down when I saw them last. Every animal I had seen so far, ran to some knoll or bare ground when disturbed, taking up a position where it could defend itself without being hindered by deep snow. They all seemed to fear being cornered on a side hill under a drift, or where they could not move about readily. I think too that they thought we were mountain lions.

We found all the hot ground cleaned of everything in the shape of grass or weeds that an animal could eat. Usually there is considerable green stuff growing all winter on these places, even to the edge of the hot water.

We now went around the hill, to Violet Creek Basin, and looking down the hill, I saw a long string of elk following up the main branch. I ran through a clump of

BULL ELK IN THE SNOW.
Photographed by John Fossom.

timber and got within twenty feet of the passing elk. Selecting an animal, I pressed the button. At the click of the shutter they saw me and jumped to one side. Those coming up behind took to the deep snow to get past the place where I was standing. When I started to turn in a fresh section of film I discovered I had not removed the stop. I had no time to swear, as the elk were going past very fast. I got two shots in and secured two fine cows, which repaid me for all my trouble. In one of the pictures the cow was running, the other was a trotting animal. I felt very much disappointed to think I had failed to get the first shot in. It was something like not having a cartridge in your gun when you pull the trigger for a good easy shot.

Dare and I put our shoes and packs in a tree and started afoot to examine this queer section of the country. We found the trail where all the buffalo and elk had gone through the basin, and on through other hot sections, leaving deep trails through the strips of snow. Thinking it useless to spend any more time here for a day or so, we left the packs up a tree, and with nothing but our camera and shoes struck out for the hotel. I expected the buffalo to come out during the night to the open country. At the hotel we found John Fossom with a new No. 4 Kodak.

The next day we spent looking at the Grand Cañon and Falls of the Yellowstone. There was an ice bridge across the cañon, filling it to within 100ft. of the top of the falls. The frozen spray had covered all the rocks and trees with beautiful ice formation. We could hear a muffled roar from Lookout Point. Fossom took a few pictures with his kodak to get the hang of the thing. Returning to the hotel, we made a trip to the highest hill back of it for a run down. Fossom shot down, while Dare and I slid down. I am afraid to tell how fast he did go. I timed him, and know that he went in half the time Dare and I did, and I went so fast I could not see. It seemed just a wild rush. I expected to get a fall and be mixed up with my snowshoes, but did not. I have seen Fossom make some wonderful jumps, something I have not had the nerve to try.

Next day the three of us started for Violet Creek. We found our packs all right, where we had left them. Seeing two buffalo on a ridge, Fossom and I went for a picture, while Dare made a fire to lunch by on our return. We got pretty close to the buffalo. They were lying down, and when the animals got up from their bed of snow we shot. Great patches of snow were sticking to them, which made rather odd-looking pictures. The buffalo started off down-hill, and Fossom started first to head them off in the deep snow, while I brought up the rear. Fossom was soon near enough for an exposure, while I was some distance behind. While Fossom was looking on the finder for his buffalo, I made an exposure, taking man and animals, hurried up and took another picture, when Fossom was not over 30ft. from the buffalo. I got two very interesting pictures.

Fossom and I then went to the top of the hill east of where the buffalo had gone up, overlooking the Hot Creek Basin, where I had the fun with the three bulls a few days before. We saw a band of 25 buffalo, cows, calves and bulls. The two bulls in running across had started them up and the band had made a run to get up on the top of a hill. Half-way up they struck deep snow; the leaders could not break through. They tried for a while to go on, then stopped to rest, and seeing nothing to alarm them, they stood around for about half an hour and then moved to lower ground, where most of them lay down where we could not get near them for a picture. While I was looking in the finder to see how large the animals would look on the plate I heard the click of Fossom's shutter. He had shot me when I was not looking, so I returned his fire. We thought that by letting the animals alone we might get a good chance at them in the morning or later in the day, so we returned to where we had left Dare.

I wanted a good place to camp for the night and began to hunt about for a sheltered spot. This I found over a low ridge—a little basin, sheltered on all sides from the wind, and where a camp-fire could not be seen. Noticing a square pile of snow I went to it and found some one had built a brush shelter, which was crushed down. On a tree close by I found the names of Ed. Wilson, Government scout, and two soldiers, members of K Troop, 1st U. S. Cavalry. They had camped here one winter night while on a snowshoe scout a few winters before. We left Dare here to make some kind of a sheltered camp, while Fossom and I took a trip through some of the hot country. We found a great many elk, but no buffalo, got one picture of a big elk, and walked about five miles. Where the ground was not hot enough to keep the snow melted off, we traveled along deep and well worn trails tramped through the snow by game; in places they were so deep that we could not see out over the snow. These trails lead from one warm basin to another, so that we had no trouble in getting about.

We only saw a small part of the hot country, but enough to know where the game gets part of its feed and why we had not seen more buffalo in the open country. The hot country is very extensive and is found all over the National Park where the volcanic heat comes to the surface. I wish I could describe the country for the benefit of your readers. A picture can do it better, though. If they will look at the photo by Fossom of the two buffalo cows and calves published in the FOREST AND STREAM a year ago they will see a bit of hot country. No matter how much snow falls it melts on the ground. Only on detached objects can it accumulate. In the picture it can be seen piled up on rocks, logs and stumps. Where the ground is not too warm, grass, moss and weeds grow all winter. In other parts this hot country is very much broken, full of dirty sulphur springs, pools and lakes, with ridges of burnt lava rocks, weathered into all kinds of queer shapes. Tourists going through the Park see a little bit of this at Sulphur Mountain and on the old road over Mary's Mountain about a mile west of "Larry's." It was there that the picture of the buffalo cows and calves was taken.

In traveling about we found that so much game was wintering in this section that they were hard pressed for food. All the lower limbs of the fir trees were eaten off as high up as an elk could reach; quaking asps were stripped of their bark, even exposed sage brush was browsed down to stumps. Along some of the deep trails mentioned before we found patches of buffalo hair where they had hooked one another; this hair was very long and quite black.

Returning to Dare, we found he had fixed up a brush shelter, with a pile of boughs for a bed. We gathered a lot of dry stumps and logs, fixed up our camp with what little bedding we had, built a good fire, dried out our overshoes and leggins and used them for pillows. We had to melt snow for water, for, although there were several streams close by, they were full of sulphur, and the water was not fit to drink. The night was very cold, and we could hear trees popping in the timber. We had to keep the fire going all the time, and every little while one of us would be up putting on wood. We did not sleep very much, but rested well, so that by daybreak we were ready for another day's tramp.

We were early after the twenty-five buffalo we had seen the day before. Taking all our outfit with us, we struck the trail of the bunch we were after, and followed it carefully for about two miles, constantly expecting to see them over the next hill. They took a roundabout way to reach Alum Creek, but followed ridges and country where the snow was not deep. When they reached the

LIVE STOCK.
Mammoth Hot Springs.

creek they followed its bed most of the way, now and then cutting off a bend. When they reached the timber, they followed an old beaten trail to the hot country about Mary's Mountain. We were walking carefully, looking at some very large tracks recently made, when suddenly three enormous bulls started through the timber close by. Fossom and I had our cameras out as soon as one could a rifle, taking a snap shot as they rushed back down Alum Creek. This was the same place that, later in the season, Fossom got the picture of the two cows and calves. We were on the trail always used by the buffalo in moving through the hot country from Alum Creek, Mary's Mountain, down Nez Percé Creek to the Lower Geyser Basin. The old Howard wagon road follows the same trail part of the way.

After our shot at the bulls we moved very carefully for a mile, seeing fresh signs everywhere. We were on the bare ground all along this trail, carrying our snowshoes on our backs. When we crossed Alum Creek for the last time we left Dare with the whole outfit and started out for the high butte to the south of the road. We moved carefully along the edge, expecting every moment to see the buffalo, as they had gone along there only a short time before, and from the sign we were sure there were

more than twenty-five. We reached the northwest point without seeing anything but tracks. Fossom and I sat on a log talking over the situation. I had been here before with Dare and once with Scout Wilson, when I got my first pictures. I thought it useless to go further, as the light was wrong, and the wind would surely give the buffalo our scent. I was proposing that we go back and wait for the morning light, thinking the buffalo would not go far, when we were both startled by four buffalo rushing past us only a few feet away. We jumped up for a shot, but they were too fast for us. I ran one way for a shot, while Fossom followed, but I never saw the animals again. While moving down the hill I crossed the trail of two men going up. I was thinking at the time that the tracks were much larger than those Dare and I had made and of what had disturbed those buffalo to make them run so fast. They had not seen us, neither had they got our wind. I went on to where we had left Dare, got my snowshoes and pack as well as Fossom's, carried them to a good place for a night's camp, when we saw him coming.

He said he had come across a camp where two men had left their outfit. This was a surprise to us, we supposed there was no one nearer than the Lower Geyser Basin—eighteen miles or more distant. We picked up our stuff and went to the camp. There was a rude hand-sled, a pair of Canadian snowshoes and two pairs of common ones, some bedding, provisions and an ax. No gun or rifle did we see. While we were looking at it the two men came in sight. They were more surprised than we were. One was a large man, who looked like a hunter; the other proved to be a soldier from the station at the Lower Basin. I asked them what they were doing. The large man said he had heard that there were buffalo in the Park and that he would like to see them, so he had started in. One of the soldiers had found him on Gibbon River, took him to the station, and from there they had sent the soldier to see that he did not meddle with the buffalo. I sized him up and concluded he was in there for something more than the sight of buffalo. I proposed that we all camp together for the night, which we did, making a rude lodge that proved much more comfortable than the shelter we had the night before. The men told us they had seen a big band of buffalo on the Butte, that they had run down the mountain to the south. I knew then what had sent the last buffalo flying past us.

In the morning I took two good shots at the camp with the intention of getting a picture of the poacher, if such he should prove. I was quite sure he had a rifle, ammunition and provisions hid somewhere near there, but thought there was not much danger of his killing anything for a day or two, and by that time I could report to the commanding officer.

Fossom and I started out for a shot before the others were ready to move. Dare was to set out for the soldiers' station and hotel at the Lower Basin. We traveled around the Butte, found the buffalo had followed the men back to where Fossom and I had been sitting on the log the evening before, and that they had gone back by the Alum Creek trail over which we had just followed them. I saw it was useless to attempt to get a picture of that band, and so contented myself with what I had in the way of pictures of buffalo, hoping that at some other time I could have a better camera for that kind of work. Returning to the camp we found the two men away. While eating a bit of a lunch a Canada jay dropped on a chunk of bacon in the frying-pan and began to eat it. We kodaked him at 5ft. I thought it poor game, shooting at camp robbers where I had expected to be bagging whole bands of elk or buffalo at one shot.

Fossom and I went on to the Fountain Hotel, getting there before dark. We saw bluebirds, bluejays, robins and other birds, the names of which I do not know. We found the buffalo had not been able to keep the trail down Mary's Mountain open.

Next day Dare and I started for the Mammoth Hot Springs. My hunt was over with for the season. Fossom rested a day or two at the hotel and then started back for the Lake and Cañon, traveling through the buffalo country several times on snowshoes, and later on horseback. He was successful in getting some very fine pictures of buffalo and elk. In one, of a bull elk that he caught out in the deep snow, the animal was obliged to pass within 20ft. of him to get back over its own trail. He took several shots, in one case where it was very close. The bull was gritting its teeth and making a moaning noise as though in pain. At another time he rode up to some buffalo cows and calves lying down. They all ran off but one calf that tried to follow him. It was very young, not more than two or three days old. He had to push it away to get far enough off to get a good picture.

Fossom got many very fine shots, but most of the negatives had some defect, scratches in the film, dark, cloudy places, black and white spots, or were bad pictures because the object was moving too fast for the shutter.

I am convinced that I want a longer-focused instrument than any hand camera made, if I am to get first-class game pictures. Then, too, one has not to get so close, and he can take more time without trouble to himself or disturbing the game. One more thing and I'm through. I would like to know under what head a man who hunts with a camera comes—whether he's a "pot hunter," "sportsman," "true sportsman," "skin hunter" or just a "hunter" (without any handle). One who never kills for the pleasure of killing, but who can enjoy the sight of game, likes to see it all about him and would rather have a picture of it than the finest set of antlers in the Park.

E. Hofer.

A MOUNTAIN PASTURE.

Photographed from life in the Yellowstone National Park by W. H. Weed.

CAPTURING A BABY JAGUAR.

"Dat boy Ebat he cotch tigre negro, boss," exclaimed Queen as he stuck his head through the doorway.

"What's that? Ebat caught a black tiger?" I demanded.

"No, tigre cotch Ebat. He ain't dead, on'y scratched on he haid."

"Where is he?"

"He here, boss," and Ebat came forward. He was scratched, in truth. The blood from the wounds in his scalp had run down his dark face and breast and dried in scaly streaks. I soon had him washed and patched up, and ready to tell his story.

"Dat John he go troo bush so," said he, bending low as he stiffly took a few steps across the room. As he did so he exposed four holes in each hip, where the hinder claws of the big cat had sunk into the thick muscles.

"I was go 'long so," he continued, "behine. Den I go down an' my nose was in de groun' so I see nothin'. Dat tigre debbil she jump on my back and strike my haid so, and cut dem slash in my hair like four knife. My machete, I can't do nothin' 'cause it gone out my han'."

"What then?"

"John he tu'n 'round quick an' push gun at de tigre an' shoot. Dat's all."

John told about the same story. Going along hunting for peccaries, his head bent to pass under the branches, he heard a noise from Ebat. He turned and was scared out of whatever wits he may have had. The tiger had jumped on the boy as he bent to pass beneath a vine. Her weight drove him, face down, to the carpet of damp leaves. John instinctively turned the muzzle of the gun toward her and poured a charge of shot in the general direction of the beast. She was frightened off by the noise and smoke, and possibly a pellet or two tickled her ribs.

"Black debbil! She got baby tigres close by not fur 'way," John declared. "Mus' git um for pay her for tear Ebat all up." Ebat seemed to concur in this view.

Queen, John and I started a day or two later across the sandy prairie for the place where lay a young heifer killed by a jaguar the night before. Twenty young cattle had been killed near the village within a year by jaguars and public opinion was strong against these American tigers. The villagers were as a unit in crying for reform.

Curs of every degree of worthlessness frolicked before us, behind us and beside us until we had tramped some three miles. Then those in the lead turned back, tails down, looking fearfully back as they sneaked toward us. They plucked up courage and yelped along the trail when they saw us coming. A minute or two later we came upon the carcass of the heifer lying in the thicket. Her neck had been broken and her throat was torn.

"To-night she come for git um," said Queen. "She keep um for baby tigres. We wait here, mabbe she bring um baby."

But I had no intention of waiting there. It was not yet noon.

"Send the dogs after her, Queen. We can't wait here," said I.

"Boss, dem dog he no good for tigre. He nebber go."

"Nonsense. You've bragged that they were the best tiger dogs in Honduras. Now I'm going to see whether they are good for anything or not, and I tell you now that every dog of them will get a bullet through him if he flunks. If they will not hunt tiger I'll see to it that they shall feed tiger before we leave this bush; so they may as well go ahead." I spoke with great emphasis, for that pack of curs had been a howling, thieving, garden-destroying nuisance, and I was quite willing to see the last one of them properly punished.

There was no protest, but the dogs started on the trail when they saw that we were following. The younger ones were frisky and noisy, but the old dogs were unusually steady and quiet.

They led us at least five miles through avenues under arching corosos and bamboose, through thickets of thorny palmettos, and into a forest of giant silk-cotton trees and Santa Marias. They made little disturbance as they went. Perhaps the old dogs felt that the occasion was too solemn for nonsense, and the young ones may have been impressed by the example of their seniors.

Suddenly they bayed in that tone which says that a dog is in earnest. We tore through the woods as fast as the brush permitted. The Indians wore no clothing other than cotton pantaloons, and those were rolled as high as possible so that they were not much more than breech-clouts; therefore the men could slip around through thorny bushes much more quickly than I could. And many of those bushes were thorny. From root to top they were thickly set on every side, and on leaf stalks as well, with black thorns that were literally as slender and sharp of point as needles. When one touches those spines they enter the skin a little way, then break. It is well to keep away from them. The natives had quicker eyes than I had, and more skill in getting along in thorny places, and soon left me behind.

I blundered from the trail to cut off a detour, and stopped to rest and listen for the voices of the leading dogs. I leaned against the thin, wide roots of a ceiba—buttresses that spread full ten feet from the great tree which they stayed. A nest of dry leaves was close to the base of the tree, and almost hidden by incurved folds of the roots. There lay two kittens as big as house cats. They were perfectly still, but their bright eyes were fixed on mine. They knew that some strange being, probably an enemy, had found them, but their mother had no doubt told them to not stir before she came back, and they would obey her orders exactly. Still, I had little faith in their remaining quiet if I should touch them, so I lifted up my voice exceedingly. Two or three such yells brought an answer, and in a few minutes Queen joined me.

"Look there, Queen."

"Hi! I fix um! I kill li'l dibbils quick," he cried.

"No. Can you catch them alive?"

"All right. I ketch um," he responded, as cheerfully as though I had merely asked him to capture a hummingbird.

He pulled down one of the slender vines that hung from a tree near by. In one end of his liana he fixed a running noose, which he dropped over the nose of one of the kittens. It brushed the loop aside with an impatient stroke of its thick and furry paw. The noose swung back against its nose, to be again brushed away. The paw was raised ready to strike when the vine swung back again; but this time there was a quick, disconcerting dip of the loop, and when it was instantly drawn up it firmly held that paw against the kitten's neck.

At once the temper of the little beast was awake and ugly. Its forepaw clutched at the liana, and its hind-feet came promptly up and scratched vigorously at the vine, which served only to draw the noose tighter about neck and forearm.

"Hol' um so that way," exclaimed the Indian.

I held the liana with the brute dangling at the end. It spit fiercely and clawed desperately, but the thin root of the ceiba stood between those sharp, curved claws, so that they could not touch our legs. In fact we had the kittens at mean disadvantage. Queen made three other loops in as many bits of vines, and skillfully dropped one after another over the legs of the victim, until each paw was fast. Then he reached down and caught the kitten by the nape of the neck, and held it up until I made fast the lianas so that the little demon was securely bound. All this kept us busy a minute or two. Then my companion looked about uneasily.

"S'pose ol' mamma tigre come, boss, huh?"

"She's busy. She can't bother us. The dogs and boys are looking after her," I replied.

"Mebbe two old tigre. Who knows?"

I hadn't thought of that. It was possible that the male was somewhere in our neck of the woods, so I said, "Hurry, Queen, and tie the other cub. Then we'll go help the boys."

Queen did hurry. But there seems to be a great difference between young jaguars in the matter of temper. As soon as the paw of this one was caught they set up a yell, and kept it up. That scared Queen so that he couldn't work as fast as he had with the first kitten. His eyes roved about the brush and searched the treetops. Still he bravely stuck to his work, for he was bolder than any other of the Mosquitos I had seen, and we had our second captive safely tied when we heard a shout and the voices of the dogs. They were coming toward us.

"Look out, boss; ol' debbil comin'," cried Queen.

"Let her come. Pick up these youngsters and cut for the savana. She can't jump us there in the open."

That was where we blundered. We should have left the cubs in their nest and ambushed the dam. But Queen caught up the two and made good time through the bush. I hurried after, my thumb on the hammer of my rifle. The dogs hurried after both of us. We hadn't the least doubt that the tiger was between us and the dogs. She could get over the ground like a race horse, and would surely soon overhaul us. I was close behind Queen, for he was burdened by the two cats. I fancy that he was quite willing that the repeating rifle should be near him. He would be safer so than far ahead, with a raging tiger hunting the thief who had robbed her of her young.

"El tigre, el tiger grande!" he exclaimed. But I cannot see how he heard her sooner than I did.

I stopped and faced the brute, then backed up to a big tree. Queen as promptly put the tree between himself and me, and was out of sight of the tigress. Just then one of those little whelps gave a half-choked cry.

The dam heard the kitten's smothered wail. She was mad. Her eyes shone like burnished metal. Her ears lay back close to her head and her upper lip was drawn back. Her teeth gleamed white and four of them stood high above the rest. Her nose was wrinkled and the hair on her back stood on end. She looked to be as big as a cow. Her breast almost touched the ground, and her back rose in a curve that told of power to jump. Her feet were drawn forward under her belly, and her long tail swept once or twice across the leaves, then lay still and straight. Her claws pricked holes in the broad, moist leaves that carpeted the ground, and crumpled them as the sharp, curved nails were retracted. She was not more than forty feet from me. I wished she was forty rods away, for an instant.

I threw up my rifle just as the dogs came tearing and yelling up. In an instant they were all about her, and all at a respectful distance. The old dogs knew her kind too well to go at her, and the young ones were at first too wary to do so. But there was no reason why they should not make an uproar, and they made it.

At last, encouraged perhaps by the racket of his fellows and by his own brave voice, one young dog ventured nearer and barked in the face of the tigress. One of her kittens cried just then. Queen instantly choked off the sound, but in that moment the mother gave a mighty spring, caught that foolish young dog, gave one little shake of her head from side to side. Then the dog dropped to the ground, limp. His neck was broken.

Quick as the tigress was, the dogs were as quick. They had her by the legs; they had her by the neck; they snapped at the folds of skin in her flanks; they caught at every spot where tooth of dog could get a hold. There was a whirlwind of dogs and leaves, of tiger and of flying hair. Out of this suddenly bounded a lithe form and scrambled up a thick liana that hung low, suspended from the tops like a natural bridge. On the ground lay half a dozen dogs, two of them dead, all the others were badly torn and gashed. Most of the rest of the mob were scratched more or less.

"Kill um now, boss! Shoot um now!" cried the men. I could have done so, for she lay along the liana, her tail hanging down curled a little at the end and waved slowly. She looked quietly down on her panting enemies and offered an easy and certain shot as she lay ther, her broad side fully exposed. The sunlight fell full on her and plainly brought out the pattern of irregular black spots that marked the bright tawny sides, and merged into a glossy solid black along her back. We could see the black stripes that marked the upper part of her head, and appeared like tremendous wrinkles in her flat brow, as she scowled down at the foes below. A little of the breast and belly showed white against the dark vine whereon she lay. She was clearly a jaguar (*Felis onca*) and not a black tiger (*Felis discolor*), the fiercest cat in all tropical America; a big brute that often kills fully grown cattle and drags them into the bush, and that is not averse to attacking man himself when annoyed by him.

But the men were wondering and impatient, although I had probably not spent more than thirty seconds in fixing the picture in my memory. The dogs, too, began baying at their enemy again. I raised my rifle. With its crack that spotted bundle of tough muscles was down among those dogs again, and every dog that could crawl was doing his best to get out of the way of the curved claws that cut like a knife. I fired again and broke her shoulders. She could only toss about aimlessly and tear up the ground with her hind claws, nevertheless not a dog cared to go near her. They knew that they had enough.

Then Queen rushed from behind the tree, and was about to attack the wounded animal with his machete, which would have ruined her skin. I yelled to him to stop and ran to within a few feet of the writhing form. A bullet in her brain stilled her forever.

Then those barefooted beggars kicked the dead cat most vigorously, and reviled her shamefully, and cursed her for the dogs and calves and colts she had killed, and for all that her kin had destroyed in generations. To add insult to injury of her dead majesty, Queen rubbed the two kittens against the nose of the dead mother.

"Here, you li'l debbils. W'y you don' take um, huh! T'ink you make Waiha 'fraid; t'ink you mek um run 'way, huh! Waiha no 'fraid dem tigre in dat bush, no suh!"

E. W. PERRY.

SHOOTEM GOOSE ON CARAQUET SHORE

I AM often very much interested in the graphic descriptions with which your columns teem of camp life and shooting expeditions, and it has occurred to me that possibly some of your readers would like to read a story or two told me on a recent shooting expedition to northern New Brunswick.

"Shootem wild goose on the Caraquet shore"

is the refrain of an old song sometimes sung in the backwoods and lumber camps of New Brunswick. I had frequently heard it, and had a yearning desire to have a practical experience with the geese and brant of that region. I shall not attempt a description of the trip which four of us took in that direction, nor essay to depict the triumphs and defeats which attended our attempts to beguile the reserved in manner wild goose or the more confiding but all too distant brant. Still less have I a desire to tell of our struggles to secure the not-to-be-fooled black duck—or "wild Injun," as he is called by the natives of the northern counties of this Province. I simply wish to preserve two or three good stories which were told around the flickering camp-fire by our *chef de cuisine*, who rejoiced in the euphonious name of Telesphore; and by the way, we christened him Peter for short.

I need not tell the "experienced" that the incidents of each day were recounted in detail as we recliningly enjoyed the after-supper pipe, nor did the aforesaid "incidents" lose anything in the recital. The first night's experiences in this respect were particularly thrilling, not to say heart-rending. The number shot and the "might have been" were in strange contrast; each could sympathize with the others, and the confessions were, therefore, less embarrassing. Our friend Willard, who was an excellent shot, had just told us in a lamenting tone of voice of a miss with his first barrel whereby a flock of a dozen honkers had escaped with the loss of but one of their number, when we were interrupted by Telesphore, who had been busily clearing away the remains of our salt cod and pork scraps repast, saying, "Oh, you talk about de shooting now. It is not'ing, not'ing at all here like what it use' to be down in de Tabusintac Bay. I was dere once wid my fader; de blow she was big from de nor'ees; bimeby a big flock she'll come an' my fader she'll fire. Gra-acious, but de goose she'll come down, and my fader she kill sixty wid dat one shot."

There was a pause. All were silent, breathless almost, until our friend George, with significant incredulity in his tone, inquired, "How many?" I hastened to interpose, remarking to George *sotto voce*, "See here, old fellow, don't spoil a good thing by exhibiting any want of faith."

And Telesphore, who had stood in triumph watching the effect of his startling narrative, as if to nail home the truth of his statement, and by way of conclusive proof, added: "Yes, dere was jes' sixty goose kill by my fader in dat shot, as I pick dem up and count dem myself. I was dere."

Telesphore then quietly proceeded to finish his culinary duties for the day, while we gave earnestly the many causes which could make the accomplishment of such a feat easy in the days of the long-ago, when geese were as plentiful as the flakes of snow which accompany a northeaster in the black north in the month of November.

Our reception of this experience of the long ago—of "my fader"—emboldened our "water boiler" again to astonish us. The occasion presented itself a few evenings later. The subject of charges and loads, etc., was under discussion, and as is usual when such a topic is introduced, there were differences of opinion, and FOREST AND STREAM was frequently cited. The civil engineer of our party undertook to demonstrate his theory on scientific principles, when he was suddenly knocked cold by another reminiscense from the repertoire of "my fader."

"I was down on de Tabusintac wid my fader a few years before he die," proceeded Telesphore; "he had been shoot all day, and his powder and shot hes mos' all gone; he come for load de las' time an' dere was only seven shot lef'; he'll put it in on top of de powder in de musket, an' dere's good lot powder dere; bimeby a flock of goose she'll fly in very low. My fader he'll fire an' he kill jes seven goose."

Telesphore was more triumphant than ever, in view of the general acceptance with which the story was received—and believed. We had a long, earnest and serious discussion as to whether each shot took effect and killed a particular bird or whether any one shot killed more than one bird. It is needless to say that the question is still an open one. The theme is one that might be taken up in some debating society during the coming winter evenings.

Our evenings in camp were always pleasantly spent; we were far from the habitations of man, and were quite free from callers. We depended upon ourselves for amusement, and it did not prove to be very dull. A few nights before breaking camp a proposed and long cherished deer and caribou hunt was discussed. Telesphore in the midst of it suddenly broke in on the conversation by saying, "Mr. Hammersley, I 'spec' you seen a moose?"

I was forced to admit that it had never been my pleasure to see one running wild in the woods, although I had seen numberless tracks of them, and had been favored with a view of Hunter Sellick and his famous family of moose.

"Well," he continued, "I see one once. I was up de big Tricadie, and I was drive along on de wood road wid my horse and sled, de snow, she's been very deep about seven feet, I t'ink, an' on de top dere was one crus' —very hard. I'll drive along on de road, when, bimeby I see one great moose right 'longside de wood road; she's so tire she not able to move. My horse she not go by an' have to get out and take my whip and drive dat moose, an' den he seem not able to get out my way, he so tired; man chase him twenty-five mile dat day from Battus way, an' every jump dat moose make he break tro de crus' and go clear down in de seven foot of snow. I get him move at las', but by gra-acious Ise been so sorry eber since."

He paused and I breathlessly asked, "Why—why was that, Peter?"

"Oh," said he, "Ise been sorry 'cos I not take my horse chain an' tie dat moose to a tree. If I do dat, an' I not t'ink at de time, I'll have him yet!"

We all with one accord tried to console him for his thoughtlessness.

HAMMERSLEY.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

A MIGHTY HARD TRAMP.

TO THE west of Lake Michigan, or rather, to the west of Green Bay, is a vast tract of level ground, which long before the time that white man or Indian first knew it was covered with gigantic trees. These were all uprooted by a mighty wind, leaving the ground to this day full of holes and hillocks. After these trees came a thick pine forest, which in turn was destroyed by the terrific forest fires that raged throughout the Northwest during the autumn of 1871. Since then the dead pines have fallen, and lying in all directions often 7 or 8ft. deep, they present an obstacle that none but an athlete would care to attempt. After the death of the pines came a thick growth of hardwood bushes, that are now from 6 to 30ft. high, and more recent fires have burned the peaty soil of the low grounds away from the roots of these bushes in the low ground and they lie on top of the tangle of logs.

Now, when the writer of this sees long strings of ruffed grouse hanging in front of the meat markets, as he did in Green Bay, Wis., a short time ago, he straightway has visions of the gorgeous autumn woods, the delicious air, and the soft hazy sunshine of Indian summer; and dreams of brushy thickets, from which with a cluck and a flop there darts a streak of brown, followed by the crack of a gun, a handful of feathers and the fall of a plump bird into the top of a bush. Not only do these visions come, but memories of such visions realized are brought up too and all the good days and none of the blank ones are remembered. Business says, you are chained to me, so just stop that foolish dreaming. Desire says, you are getting old, and in a few years your legs will be too feeble and your eye too dim. Go now, while you can; besides your health of body and of mind demand it. Desire prevails, and decision is made to break loose from business, even if one leg has to be left in the chain.

Parties inquired of say anywhere north of Green Bay will do; better stop at Gardner, Abrams or Maple Valley. The latter sounding a little the best, is decided upon, and noon of next day finds me there, and an hour later begins the tramp through the interminable tangle of fallen logs, brush, bushes and rough ground. An hour and a half of hard work shows nothing but a few signs, and reaching a little pine grove I lay down on the soft needles to rest. A pine squirrel is greatly incensed at this invasion of his home; with much chatter and many approaches and panicky retreats he finally plants himself on a limb within 4ft. of my head, and looking me straight in the eye, let off a series of explosive barks that convulsed his whole body. Seeing this does not scare anybody, he goes off in disgust and sets to eating pine seeds, while I resume the tramp, thinking if Joe were only here, how much company he would be, and how he would find a dozen birds where I might find none. Coming to an old wagon road and remembering that the birds frequent such places mornings and evenings, I walk along it. There goes one! Got up in the road, 50yds. ahead. He tops the bushes and goes sailing off to the right. Mark him. He is down, just to the right of that tall pine stump. There goes another! It's too far away, but "if you don't shoot you won't git nothin'," so the gun cracks, but the bird comes down a hundred yards beyond the first one. A new shell is just put in, when up go two more. Let 'em have it, quick! Crack! Bang! First one gets away all right, but the last one tumbles into the top of the brush, leaving some feathers hanging on the limbs to mark where he fell. The unhurt one goes down near the others, and I start after the one that was shot. It took five minutes to climb over and through the tangle of logs, and when the spot was reached no bird was there. It was traced several rods by feathers that dropped as it ran, but it could not be found. How I did miss Joe! He would have brought the bird to me before I could get half-way to where it fell.

Going after the others, one of them got up within twenty feet and went straight away, but it was missed. Thereupon I sat down on a log and proceeded to lecture myself as follows: "See here, old man, you think because you happened to knock down a bird fifty yards away, back there on the road, that all you have to do is to shoot and knock 'em right out of their feathers. You're rattled. Next time you wait till the bird tops the bushes before you try to shoot, and then, mind, you are not to see any bushes yourself, no matter how thick the bushes are; you are not to see the gun, either. See nothing but the bird, and see it with both eyes, too. If you do this your muscles will handle the gun all right."

A little walking flushes another bird. Steady now, there he is above the bushes and still not over thirty-five yards away, perhaps not thirty. Now, up with the gun (don't see the bushes). Crack! and the bird falls stone dead.

While putting in another shell the third grouse takes wing and gets a good start, but falls with a broken wing. Rushing to the spot I find he is not trying to hide, but is walking about and making a clucking noise. I take a shot at his head, but do not see him afterward. Can't imagine how this bird got out of sight in an instant, but he did. There are shot marks and some neck feathers right where he was, but he is gone and can't be found. I next go after the bird that was missed, and get it with a very easy straightaway shot, then conclude to hunt the crippled one some more, and after a long search see it sitting by the side of a log, shoot its head and pocket it. A little ways beyond where all this sport was had the thicket joins a bit of pastureland. Skirting the thicket on this side two more birds rise, beyond gunshot. Evidently a couple of wary old chaps of the disreputable kind that Dr. Morris tells us about. One goes i. to the thicket and the other flies across the pasture and into some high bushes near the creek. Going after the one in the thicket it got up wild, and the bushes were so thick and tall it could not be seen till too far away, but a charge of shot was sent after it just the same. The one across the pasture got up wild, too, so neither of these birds were hurt.

Shortly after this, one got up 10ft. behind me and circling round to the front gave a very easy shot in almost open ground, but directly toward some cattle, and as I was not hunting cattle and did not want their owner to hunt me, refrained from shooting, and saw the bird fly away across the creek.

It looked like good ground along the creek, so I concluded to follow a cattle path that led along the bank, and almost stepped on one that was in the grass at the path edge. It tried the old dodge of flying behind a tree, but seeing what it was up to, I took a snap shot, and was fortunate enough to clip a wing, and starting for it in a hurry flushed another one, which started across the creek, but fell into the water near the far side. Meanwhile the winged one had got out of sight, and seeing that the one in the creek would soon drift into a wide pool and be difficult to get, began to pull a pole out of a pile of drift on which to cross the creek. After a few pulls at the pole the crippled bird ran out of the drift. I chased it into the creek, but it only went a few steps into the shallow water till it turned back. It started into the water several times, but always turned back and was soon caught.

Getting the one in the creek I started for town as it was sundown and the village two miles away. One flew from the roadside but was missed. After supper at the village the host remarked, "Of you always eat like dot, it vas not long till you proke me oop alretty." It was just 10 o'clock that night when I got into the sleeper, and didn't think I'd been there more than thirty minutes when a black face peeped between the curtain and said, "Seven o'clock, Judge, Milwaukee."

On getting up, the tendons in the back of my legs seemed about 3in. too short, but a few vigorous kicks and a walk to the Kirby House brought them all right, and felt fully equal to breaking up another German hotel man. No doubt the old ruffed grouse shooters will take the shooting narrated above with a good many grains of allowance, but I beg you will remember that there are some days when we can shoot, almost to perfection, and there are other days when we can't shoot just a little bit, and it so happened that this was one of my shooting days.

Then the shooting ground was not so bad as usually falls to the grouse shooter. The birds flew up above the bushes before starting away, and if a shooter could make his eyes ignore the brush they were really easier shots than if in perfectly open ground. Except along the creek, there were no trees, just the bushes.

The natives of the village say nobody in that section ever shoots on the wing, none of them had ever seen a dog point a bird and none of them use any kind of dog in hunting grouse; yet the station agent said there had been shipped this season (since Sept. 1) more than $1,000 worth at 25 cents each, and all with whom I talked said thousands had been shipped. How do they get them? Still-hunt for them; sneak along the roads, sit down in

the brush and wait for them, any way to get sight of them before they fly. Then it seems most of the population goes gunning for them. The certainty of making (for them) fair wages, with a possibility of five to ten times as much (one man made $9 in a day), sets them all at it; but as there are hundreds of thousands of acres of hunting grounds there seems to be room enough and, so far, birds enough for all. In the north half of Wisconsin there are more or less grouse everywhere. North of a line drawn from Green Bay to La Crosse they are pretty sure to be found abundant everywhere. It is not satisfactory to hunt them in the burned pine regions. One or two days of it will wear out the best of men and dogs. In selecting a place make sure that it is hardwood and not pineland. Cecil, in Shawam county, is said to be good. Some friends just returned from a deer hunt in Wood county report three deer killed and that they saw a great many grouse. During October the weather is usually perfect and often into the middle of November.

O. H. Hampton.

ALLEN BAYOU AND BEYOND.

If you will stand with me in the dawn of the morning and look northward from the Red River Hills you will look upon a scene not easily forgotten in future wanderings. This is the domain of the Five Nations, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Seminoles, Creeks and Cherokees. It is the only spot left on the American Continent that is still a barrier to the outside world. It is a land where there is so close an affinity between nature and man that nature is one hourly teacher—a land that is solemn as the sea, and where, as upon the sea, the far blue mists of the horizon bound the world. Nature is herself and spreads her feasts and indulges her caprices for her own pleasure. Acres of flowers, leagues of beauty, bloom and fade and come again unseen by man. And yet the seclusion is doomed. Already a Commission has left the National Capital to treat with the five civilized tribes for the cession of their lands. It makes no difference what the result of this visit may be, the handwriting is on the wall. It is easy to predict that within the next five years the Indians' title will be extinguished. Already the camp-fires of that restless horde of cosmopolites who form the advance guard twinkle at the border.

We who live here at the threshold of the home of the five civilized tribes will deeply deplore when it shall share the fate of Oklahoma and other reservations so long sealed to the outside world. The disciples of dog and gun, the lovers of woodland sports, men who now and then tramp and camp in the woods and escape as far as possible the requirements of civilization, have as much desire to resist the encroachments of the outside world as the Indians themselves.

On Nov. 11 a party of six, with a camp cook, crossed Red River into the Chickasaw country. The six—Henry Heath, John H. Gardner, Gerald Hughes, Chas. Peoples, George Moulton and the writer—all enthusiastic sportsmen, considered no privation too great to indulge their favorite pastime. The elements had no terrors for them; welcome rain, sleet, hail, snow, the cold, hard earth to sleep on; they accepted the situation without a murmur as long as game was plentiful.

The Chickasaw country through which the party passed is decidedly primitive. It retains the features of the backwoods settlement which might have been seen in "the clearings" fifty years ago. The houses are mostly constructed of rough, unhewn logs, notched together at the corners, and the spaces between them filled with mud and sticks. The chimney is built of sticks plastered with mud, supported at the back and sides where the fire burns by walls of stone. Earth sometimes forms the floor. A better class of dwellings is met with now and then, where the occupants, white men with Indian wives, affect "city airs." At the conclusion of the Civil War a number of white men, nearly all Confederate soldiers, cast their lot with the Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians and intermarried among them. A portion of the Creeks and Cherokees were loyal to the Government and contributed companies and regiments to the Federal army.

The most prosperous residents of the five civilized tribes are the white "Squaw-men." Stock-raising is the principal industry. Within the past few years more attention has been paid to farming. It was found profitable to invite renters who pay a royalty to the Government and give a portion of the crop to the owners of the land. The mercantile business is nearly all in the hands of white men. They direct the affairs of the five civilized tribes, they are the power behind the throne. All of the machinery of the affairs of government is manipulated by them. If they are shrewd and possess ordinary business tact, there is nothing to prevent them from getting rich.

The Chickasaw Nation is a beautiful fertile country. The land is greatly superior to Oklahoma and the Cherokee Strip. Game is abundant. The favorite season to hunt it is in the fall of the year, the months of October and November when the delicious weather of the Indian summer prevails. The spring and summer months with their glory of air and sunshine and balm, have no attractions for the hunter, like those of the Indian summer when the barbaric magnificence of dying nature is made manifest. The air is full of sweetness, the world of color.

After a two days' journey we reached the game country, and made camp on the shores of Cotton-tree Lake, where thousands of ducks on their way to the Gulf stop to feed and rest. Unfortunately the lake was so miry from recent overflows that it was not safe to venture in after the ducks killed. Charley Peoples attempted it, and a rescuing party had to be sent out. At dusk thousands of ducks came in from their feeding grounds and settled on the lake. They were vigorously cannonaded, many killed, but few recovered. The next day the party was joined by John McHenry, a somewhat noted character of this country. McHenry is a white man, a citizen by marriage, a deputy United States Marshal, and is known as a fighter. The country is overrun with desperate criminals. There is one reason why McHenry is not afraid of them. There is a certain firearm which all have seen and with which many are familiar, it is a small arsenal of rapid and sudden death, and a single man, skilled in the use of Colt's revolver is almost equal to six men each armed with a weapon which fires but a single shot. In the use of this weapon McHenry is a wonder, even among his skilled companions. They have tried for the past two years to bushwack and kill him, but he still lives to trouble and vex them. At night a light is never permitted in his house, as he is afraid that some lurker, for revenge, may creep up and shoot him through the chinks. He always rides Winchester in hand, and a pistol buckled at his side. His simplicity of character and undaunted courage make him admired of all true men.

McHenry advised the camp to move, so with him as guide we pulled out of the bottoms for the deer country. The camp was made in beautiful woods near good water. Henry Heath, a veteran hunter, and one of the most noble men who ever sat before a camp-fire, made a circuit of the surrounding country and reported deer signs plentiful. McHenry promised to give the party a drive with his famous pack of deerhounds. It was a glorious, ideal winter morning—cold, clear, crisp—that infused new life into the blood and exhilarated like sips of champagne. Everyone was happy, smiling in anticipation of the glorious sport. Over the hills, down through the valley, there was a sound a distant, prolonged note, mellow, bell-toned, pervading the great woods, shaking the air in sweet vibrations; it was McHenry's horn—the signal to go to the stands. A slight ridge was a favorite running ground for the deer; many had been killed there. The ground was open woods and it was hardly possible for a deer to run the gauntlet of guns held by men of steady nerve and unerring aim. Buck ague was unknown to these hunters There was just the faintest sound of a hound's voice, then silence reigned. It was, perhaps, a false alarm, but no, the cry of the hound became more distinct, and there was no longer a doubt that a trail had been struck. The deer, with a strange fatality, made directly for the ridge where six men, with bated breath, were awaiting her coming. It was not strange that she should run into the jaws of death. Deer have their established runway; she went to her death as many have done before. There was an avenue of escape at the river but she did not take it. There was not one hound, but several, on the trail, old Cheatam in the lead. It was told in camp by McHenry that this hound had run three days and nights without rest. The baying and yelping, the deep-mouthed howl of pursuit, was getting nearer every moment. The dogs were evidently coming on at a slashing pace. There was a crash of bushes, and the beautiful creature with great leaps clearing fallen logs passed within a few feet of where Gerald Hughes was standing. He fired and killed her. In a moment the pack of hounds, panting and lolling out their tongues, burst into view and were at the dead deer's throat.

That night a great fire was built and the hunters, seated about in the glare of the flames, told stories, spun yarns and cracked jokes until the first quarter of the moon disappeared behind the trees, leaving them prisoners of the night. The first deer is a great event in camp.

The next day McHenry was called away. Heath and Moulton went still-hunting, saw many deer, but strange to say killed none. The remainder of the party went to squirrel shooting, which is one of the most exciting sports of the woods, especially when a fox or gray squirrel is in view every moment and fairly flies from tree to tree, requiring snap shooting. I challenge all America to produce woods like these for squirrel shooting. We had been in camp three days and had done tolerably well. There were venison, squirrel, ducks and quail hanging on the trees.

Wild turkeys are very plentiful in the Indian Territory; wild turkey shooting must take the preference over all other sport.

In the midst of a beautiful landscape, composed of prairie and woodland, stretching in monotony and silence for miles away, is a sluggish stream called Allen Bayou. Eighteen years ago, when I first visited the bayou country, it was the most celebrated for game in the Indian Territory. Great troops of deer and flocks of wild turkeys literally overrun the land. Cutting loose from civilization with a kindred companion, Richard Maughs, we passed two months in this veritable hunter's paradise, living in a ranchman's deserted cabin. It was rare to see a human face. Deer were always in sight and wild turkeys fed to our cabin door. The water courses teemed with wild ducks, while the prairies afforded covert for quail and pinnated grouse. There was wild honey in the hollow trees, coons and opossums disturbed the slumber, and from out the caverns of the night the gaunt gray wolf sent his hoarse voice across the ravine dismal and harrowing. The mocking laugh of the great-horned owl answered the chorus of wolves.

Now, all this is changed. Cities have sprung up on Texas soil, and the woods were invaded by hunting parties who mercilessly slaughtered the game for the market. Wagon loads of deer and turkey were killed in the bayou country. One Christmas night sixty-one wild turkeys were killed on their roost by the light of the moon.

A greater change has passed over the land, the log cabin looks out from many a wilderness nook. The barbed wire fence is cutting the land into pastures for stock; civilization with all of its attendant evils is slowly but surely exterminating the game until Allen Bayou is but a memory of the past.

Our party reached the bayou in the evening and made camp at the crossing. The hunt here was not a success, the fates were against us. Two flocks of wild turkeys were seen, but none killed. Heath, who imitates the sound of either cock or hen, decoyed a flock within gun range, but owing to a misunderstanding one of the party fired too soon and the flock escaped to the thick brush.

It was decided to make one more move to the Eagle Lake country, where ducks at this season are plentiful. But another disappointment awaited us. The great lake was perfectly dry, the first time in a number of years. Where there were usually countless thousands, not a duck was to be seen. It is supposed that when you write a hunting article for a journal that the game record figures largely, but in this the reader will be disappointed.

The Eagle Lake country is a vast wilderness bottom, stretching away for miles. Even when the sunshine is brightest it is mantled in gloom. The most experienced hunter is liable to get lost in these woods. Many thrilling narratives are related of this wilderness which leads everywhere and nowhere.

John H. Gardner, as good a man as ever shot over dog, whose presence contributed so much to make camp-life pleasant, took his dogs to the edge of a cotton field at the bottoms and made a fine bag of quail. Charley Peoples, the most successful shot of the party, added new laurels to his squirrel record. George Moulton plunged into the woods after big game, but returned empty-handed. At night cowboys from a neighboring camp joined the circle. The cowboy seated at my side, wearing a large sombrero, with enormous spurs jingling at his boot-heels is typical of the great change going on. In a few years the immense grassy plains of Texas will be allotted to farming purposes Already the Pan Handle is spanned by a railway, and farming communities have spread out over the land. The long procession of lean and weary herds will never cross the plains again. Past the western forts over a trail which stretches like a path through hundreds of miles, they struggled toward the markets of far off Kansas, Illinois and Colorado. The cowboy was then as much of a character as the scout and plainsman, only he was more numerous. His race is about run, and in the future you will see him only on the playboards or in the Wild West shows.

On Sunday, Nov. 17, the party reached home, which all have a longing for notwithstanding the pleasures and allurements of camp life. "For he who has once experienced the fascinations of the wood life never escapes its enticements; in the memory nothing remains but its charm."

R. Polk Burhans.

Denison, Texas.

UTAH NOTES.

The mountains are grand, rather than glorious, and the days are cold, rather than comfortable. For some the days may be melancholy, especially for us poor silver miners of Utah; but there is compensation for all such trivial discomforts, and game in the hills is more abundant than I have known it for many years. It seems to me that ducks are unusually scarce, and for this fact I cannot account. Still there are deer and bears and grouse (both the western ruffed grouse, the willow grouse and the pine hen that rests lazily in the dense branches over the snow banks.

Farmers are always busy, but so many of our mechanics and professional men have idle hours at their disposal that the crack of some shot is heard echoing over the valley from dawn to dark. For big game the upper cañons and valleys of the Wasatch, especially Strawberry Valley lying between us and the Uintahs, are favorite resorts. For chickens the sportsman tries Sanpete county and the hills that fringe the Sevier Valley.

This is not supposed to be a month for fishing, but only yesterday I saw a man peddling a wagon load of fine lake trout. I imagine that some device other than hook and line had been used in their capture. Speaking of fish reminds me that the black bass planted in Utah Lake three years ago are rapidly multiplying and in three more years we will have as good black bass fishing as is enjoyed in Wisconsin. Last month Fish Commissioner Musser planted 1,000 catfish at the mouth of American Fork Creek, and, of course, the small boy of the future will be delighted with the results. For my part I am sorry to see our waters stocked with sluggish carp and slimy catfish. Naturally they do not live in the same vicinity as the trout and bass, but I should think that these gamy fish would hate to have the water they inhabit so contaminated.

Never have I experienced worse luck in fishing than I had this summer. This was due in a great degree to the use of giant powder. I see no chance of good brook trout fishing until half a dozen notable examples are made of these violators, and then the rest of the pot hunters will quit of their own accord. The secret of the whole matter lies in the lack of union among local sportsmen. I know of one mess of trout that was caught in Diamond Creek about a week before the law was up. The fisherman tied them in a sack behind his saddle and started on a twenty-two-mile ride to Provo. Stopping for a drink in an intermediate settlement, he boasted of his piscatorial exploits in the presence of the game warden, who, when the fisher's back was turned took the sack and appropriated the trout to his own supper. He enjoyed a good laugh at the expense of his victim and the fisherman dared not complain audibly.

During the latter part of June and early in July I tried every trout stream of note along the western slope of the Wasatch. Later in July I laid my rod aside and wandered up the north fork of Provo River in search of larger game. For the first time in my life I pitched camp without regard to fishing facilities. Provo River and its south fork were lined with campers, two for each fish. The wagons that were going constantly to and from town and the log drags made the dust knee deep along the river road. No wonder then that we turned away from the main stream and up an icy brook, too cold for trout, but bordered with heavy timber and grassy parks, with service-berry patches and marshy wallows, just the place for deer and bear.

So far as scenery goes our location could not be surpassed. At the base of a small, pine-covered hill, the north fork divided and each branch came from snows 2,000ft. above and about three miles distant. In feathery cascades it tumbled over mossy and fern-clad rocks down into the spruces at the foot of the cliff. The source of the main branch is a glacier a quarter of a mile long and 100yds. wide. "It has," to use the words of the guide who first showed it to me, "been thar since the time of Adam," and though comparatively short, its moraines are well defined. It is the only true glacier that I have seen south of the Wind River Mountains, but there is said to be one in the Uintahs.

I must confess that we were not on a hunting expedition. We lay in our tents or hammocks and read, gathered beetles, butterflies and mosses, and incidentally, at early morn and dewy eve, shouldered rifles and strolled away on the hillsides. On the second evening after our arrival one of the small boys of our party called me aside.

"Walt, I know where the biggest bear you ever saw is. He's an old he one—the daddy of 'em all."

I wanted all the glory myself; so, saying naught, took my gun and followed my little leader.

"Thar he is!" and in the midst of a clump of service berries the largest bear that ever I have seen so close to civilization was eating his supper. I had to beat about the bush to get him, hence I took a direction where I could see the boy and not the bear. Motioning, after the manner of a surveyor, now with this hand, now with that, he piloted me right to the bush where bruin was feeding, and the first intimation I had of my proximity to his majesty was a snort and old Eph sat up on his haunches to examine the intruder. I had plenty of time to aim and intended to break down both shoulders, but my bullet had not sufficient penetration. It shattered one shoulder.

The brute hesitated an instant and then came the charge. But the side hill was steep and and the bear in spite of his efforts swung down and then tumbled into a heap about 100yds. below. Before I reached him another shot went through his skull and I found a man from a neighboring camp watching the grizzly die. He did not claim the carcass and I gave him a piece of the meat, saving the hide for a noble rug.

The next morning we secured a deer. Chickens (willow grouse and western ruffed grouse) were abundant and the sportsman could not wish a more attractive spot. It seems to me that bears are more numerous in the Wasatch than in any other settled portion of the West.

Early in August we went fifty miles further—to Strawberry Valley on the eastern edge of the Uintah reservation. Here the trout fishing was fairly good and there was a moderate supply of game. This valley is a favorite camping spot for those who have several weeks at their disposal. SHOSHONE.

THE BOY, THE BOSTONIAN, THE BULL.

The title does not give the impression that this is a fishing yarn, but that is what it is.

NINE times out of ten when the jolly angler takes up his pen it is to regale you with a stirring account of some fierce battle waged with the split-bamboo against the gamy bass or trout, or perchance the lordly salmon, but once in a while you stumble across a good old-fashioned yarn in which the thick-headed sucker, the "beastly little sun perch," as an English friend of mine calls them, and the "homely, but good," catfish gets a hearing. This is one.

Of late years the fly-rod and artistic angling appeal very pleasantly to my sense of enjoyment, but I guess I had just as much fun when as a boy I fished—just plain fished—and used a "pole." I don't even blush as some do when I recall those days, for I havn't the slightest doubt but that little Ikey Walton made a beginning with a string and bent pin for tackle.

It was a good many years ago that I made my last raid on the succulent little New England catfish, but the details of that trip still occupy a very fresh and green spot in my memory. There was a visitor in the house at the time—a young man who hailed from the classic shadows of Boston. Mr. F., as we will call him, had just about gotten rid of twenty-one years of his alloted days and was at this time passing through the "know it all" period of his life—a time of sore affliction for all his friends—yet not without hope, for very few cases of this kind prove fatal. He always impressed me with the idea that he considered the rest of humanity as a door-mat designed for his especial use and he didn't try to conceal the fact that he considered boys of fifteen of very little account. That hit me.

He was so green, however, as concerned those things most familiar to country boys that with very little assistance he managed to get himself into all sorts of uncomfortable scrapes, and at such times I usually got around in time to enjoy his discomfiture. One day he expressed a desire to inspect the pigeon loft, which was located directly over the piggery, so I placed a ladder in position, and up he went. The door to the loft was right over the door to the pig-pen, and just as F. was about to descend I opened the door and stampeded the occupants of the sty. One sturdy porker caught the lower rung of the ladder under his snout when F. was about one-third of the way down. Something tumbled. When the last piggie had gamboled over his prostrate form F. arose and consigned the ladder, the pigs, myself and everything else within sight to a place that the "King James edition" don't call Hades.

It was as a peace offering for this bit of cussedness of mine that I invited him to go fishing with me. He accepted the olive branch and I at once set about getting things in readiness for an early start on the morrow—in fact, I usually was the working partner whenever F. and I did anything together. After fixing up two sets of tackle I took the spade and went out to dig for angle-worms. The earth was as dry as powder and I spaded up nearly half an acre of cabbage bed before I secured a sufficient supply of bait. Then I set the can very carefully down upon the seat of a rustic bench and went to put the spade away. When I returned again I found a conglomerate mass of Shanghais, Cochin-Chinas, Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns engaged in a rough and tumble over those worms. After driving them off I found that they had considerately left the can, so I got out the shovel and rounded up another half-acre of ground.

Early the next morning I got into my fishing clothes and then proceeded to get F. properly dressed for such a jaunt. The most difficult problem was how to dress his feet. F. was not exactly massive, and he had the smallest feet I ever saw on any man who wasn't in the Tom Thumb line. They were his greatest pride, and he always dressed them most daintily; but as we were bound for the boggiest, muddiest, roughest piece of land in the entire township I told him that none of his footgear would do and that he must wear a pair of rubber boots. That about broke up the trip. Finally he consented to wear a pair of my uncle's boots. They were not what one would call a snug fit, in fact, he could almost have gotten both of his feet and legs into one boot, but with a few newspapers tucked into the toes he could keep them on very well, provided he was careful as to how he walked. An old coat, also my uncle's, and fitting him quite as well as the boots, completed his list of borrowed finery. He looked quite picturesque, but I thought it just as well not to let him get in front of any mirror in getting him out of the house. We hitched old Buckskin to the side-bar, and stowing away our lunch and tackle, off we started. I knew almost to a minute how long we should be on the road, for the old horse was born with but one pace—a comfortable trot—and neither beating nor coaxing could move him one bit faster. Before we got out of the village we met several fair maids, with whom F. was acquainted—in fact every one seemed to be astir at an abnormally early hour that morning—and taking the cue from sundry smiles which illuminated the faces of all as we passed, it began to dawn upon F. that he must be cutting a very comical figure. At first he tried to hide the boots, but soon discovered that they were not built for any such games as "hide and seek" and "button, button; who's got the button?" Then he begged me to run the horse until we got out of the town, and when I explained old Buckskin's peculiarities to him, he said some real harsh things about the poor beast. His complexion also became a trifle lurid during the ordeal, but he was pretty nearly in a normal condition again when about half an hour later we reached the farmhouse where I always put up my horse on these trips.

Half a mile or so back from the house ran the stream which was our objective point. Usually half a mile doesn't look such a very long stretch, but this half mile consisted of about half and half of the roughest kind of pasture land and the softest kind of swamp, and was about as exhausting as a six-days' walking match. F. and the boots had a rough and tumble all the way through the pasture, and truth compels me to say that the boots were on top a goodly portion of the trip, but then F. spent a good deal of the time in watching a herd of cattle that were grazing in a remote corner of the pasture, so the boots had it pretty much all their own way. F. didn't care much for beef on the hoof. I also kept my weather eye on the herd, for while I dared not mention the fact, I knew that that particular bunch of cattle was governed by one of the most cantankerous old bulls that ever trod the turf. Twice had he chased me so vigorously that I only escaped into the swamp by some very tall sprinting. There I could jump from tuft to tuft of swamp grass, but he would get mired before he had gone ten feet. Before notifying his owner of his condition I found it very comforting to prod him in the ribs a few times with the butt of my fishing rod. It usually took a yoke of oxen and half an hour's work to extricate him, but he didn't seem to profit much by experience and was just as cussed the next time. F. and I were in luck, however, and reached the swamp in safety.

Then the fun began. It required the jumping powers of a kangaroo combined with the balancing abilities of a Blondin to get along in that swamp without mishap, and as F.'s accomplishments were of a very different order, and the boots were just getting warmed up to their work, he managed to give a most entertaining performance. With great effort he balanced himself on a shaky bunch of grass, and gradually worked his feet as far up into the toes of his boots as they would go. Then he jumped. He landed the toes of his boots on the bunch of grass he was trying for, but as his feet had by this time retreated to the heels of the No. 9's again the toes didn't hold, and he made his real landing on the pit of his stomach, but fortunately across the grass, and not in the mire. He didn't seem to appreciate this stroke of luck, however. His boots were imbedded nearly a foot in the mud, but his lower extremities had escaped from them in some way, so he very cautiously turned himself over, assumed a sitting posture, excavated the boots and got into them again. Then he began the act all over again, and it was in this manner, with occasional variations, that he finally got to our fishing ground. I gave him the biggest and steadiest bunch of grass I could find, showed him how to bait his hook, and in a few moments we were fishing.

We had scarcely wet our lines, however, when F. had a bite. Giving his rod a mighty swish through the air, he hurled an innocent little catfish, who let go as soon as he could, fifty feet or more back into the swamp. His sporting blood was aroused now, and before I could tell him that it wouldn't pay to go into the swamp after the fish, he gave a yell of exultation and started pell mell after it with as little caution as he might exercise in promenading up Beacon street. He left his boots at about the second stride, but I don't think he missed them until he started to return. I yelled to him to look out for the horns, and he asked where they were. I told him that they were located on either side of its head, and he immediately grasped it by the tail. He couldn't have pleased the little fellow better, and it at once showed its appreciation by giving a most vigorous flop, which imbedded a horn quite deeply in his hand. He dropped it, and made a few remarks the like of which all good books record only by a series of dashes. By this time he was pretty nearly hull down in the mud, so scooping the fish into his hat he began the return trip. The excitement of the chase being now eliminated, he found it devoid of all pleasure and demnition hard work, especially when he found himself bootless. He floundered about desperately for a few moments, and finally went flat on his back in the mud. I had given up fishing and was devoting my time to watching his antics, and at this juncture I went to his rescue. His language was of a very florid type, and he insisted upon returning home at once. He was company, so that settled it, and home we started.

Retracing our steps through the swamp was only a repetition of what had occurred in coming into it except that F. was pretty tired and very much madder, which served to make things harder for him. But the climax was not capped until we were out of the swamp. It was then that I spied Farmer ———'s bull parading up and down and waiting impatiently for us. F. saw him at the same moment, I guess, for as I turned to speak to him I discovered him executing a most precipitate retreat, but he was already so used up that he got mired before he had gone 20ft. His run, however, short as it was, stirred up his bullship a good deal. He bellowed and pawed and lashed his tail and made himself generally disagreeable, and for a few moments it looked as if he would bolt into the swamp, but he didn't quite dare or he wasn't quite mad enough; yet I braced F. up a bit and when he had gotten his breathing apparatus in working order again, I told him that I would lure the animal away from him and that he must watch his opportunity and get out as quickly and quietly as possible. He accepted the proposition so quickly and with such a matter of fact air, that I felt inclined to let him perch for an hour or so on a bunch of swamp grass before helping him out, but I thought better of it and soon had his bovine majesty 100yds. or more away.

Then F. began his retreat. He was marvelously lively for so tired a man, but he had scarcely cleared the swamp when the bull suddenly remembered him. It was a hot chase. F. went down once or twice and left one boot behind, but he ran like a sprinter and had nearly 6in. to spare as he went over the stone wall of the pasture. Then he climbed an apple tree which grew close to the wall and amused the bull by throwing green apples at him while I gathered in the boot and reached a place of safety myself. When F. had cooled down a bit he showed a great disinclination to return home before dark—he didn't care to have the townspeople think that he had taken to modeling in clay or had gone into the mud pie business. After some discussion I got him to go to the farmhouse, where he spent the balance of the day scraping off mud and drying himself out. I went back and fished.

After several "shades of night" had fallen we entered town most unostentatiously. F. swore that he would never eat fish again, but I told him that it seemed to me that it was beef that he should forswear against.

W. B. A.

TWO WILD ANIMAL STORIES.

I.

SOME years ago, while living in Virginia, I was visiting a friend who lived pretty well up among the Blue Ridge Mountains, I had been out all day after small game, when nightfall found me several miles from home. With a full game bag and not another loaded shell left, I started down the mountain feeling pretty well satisfied with my day's tramp, when I fancied I heard some animal following me. It was quite dark by this time and I was walking along a rough path partly overhung by scrub oak, etc. When I would stop to listen, whatever it was following would stop also. But as I walked I could hear the leaves rustle and sticks snap, and once a stone was knocked from its place and went rolling down. I knew bears were about as I had several times during the day noticed their signs on ground and trees, still I did not believe it could be a bear after me, but perhaps some stray dog. As the houses were very few and far between it could not be cattle. After some two miles of rapid walking, as the thing was still heard behind, I admit I got well scared. I had stopped several times to let it catch up or pass by, and called and whistled in hopes that it might turn out to be a dog, but although it came near enough for me to hear it breathe I could not see it in the darkness. What could it be? and oh, if the old gun were only loaded.

As I knew my way well, I tried a run until I was puffing like a grampus; but still I could hear it come tearing along after me, and once in a clear spot I thought I could distinguish an animal which looked like a bear. Shall I climb a tree? No, not yet. But by this time I was pretty well frightened. Anything was better than being followed by that old puff and blow behind, so I felt for some stones and found three as large as my fist; then I ran as hard as I could pelt, and pulled up quickly where there was a clear place, and soon I can hear him, she or it scuffling along. This time it must have thought I was far ahead. Any way, I could just distinguish something black about 10ft. from me. With a yell I let fly a stone, and as luck would have it knocked it over. But in a second it was on its feet, squealing and dashing down the hillside. When it let out that squeal I knew it must be a hog of some kind; so lit a match and soon saw by the tracks that a hog it was. But I own up that I felt very much relieved; and on getting to my friend's home I said nothing about my adventure.

The next morning I heard my friend Parsons asking one of his help what had become of the old black sow. "Why, boss," was the answer, "dat hog done broke out day befo' yesterday, and I reckon she is done gone to look for that mess of hogs of Mr. B.'s." Well, well, so my bear was an old sow looking up a mate.

BRYAN THE STILL-HUNTER.

IRVING, Michigan.

II.

Supper over I repair to my den for a quiet smoke. The wind is howling dismally and Jack Frost is out on a nipping trip. After stirring the fire in the grate I draw the curtains and pick up my last FOREST AND STREAM to see if I have missed anything. Then I take down from the case "Sam Lovel's Camps" and turn to the place where Antwine fooled them with "heel." After enjoying a good laugh at Sam's expense I fell to dreaming. Again I am a boy at school, the last days of which are near at hand, and the long summer vacation is before. Arrangements have been made that I should spend part of the vacation with a friend of my father in the western part of the State. I have been at the home of Mr. Hazzard for a few days when who should walk in but one of my schoolmates, who also had been invited to spend vacation here. Well, that settled it. We both had breechloaders, and as our host kindly put his powder and shot at our disposal, we were in clover. That evening our host had regaled us with stories of his frontier life, and ended by telling us that three wildcats had been killed near his place that spring, and for us to be on the lookout for another that had been seen only a short time before our arrival.

The next morning with lunches stowed away in coat pockets we stated for Rattlesnake Gulch in quest of quail or chicken, "for everything went in those days and at any season." We had tramped up one gulch, down another along the creek and across the prairie and nothing had been seen but larks and field birds. It was getting well along in the afternoon and we were on our way home, when up flew a chicken from under our feet so unexpectedly that we were both rattled. Nevertheless we blazed away, and still the chicken flew on—a clean miss for us both. As the house was only a short distance away we decided to cross over the creek and go home, as we were both tired out. Knowing there was a board fence a short distance below where we could cross, we started for that point.

While going through a dense thicket of plum trees we heard a noise we could not account for, and at once put it down as that "wild cat." That took all the sand we ever had out of us, and we started on a dead run for that fence, all the time fancying that the "cat" was close upon us. I was behind, not being as good a sprinter as my friend. He reached the fence first and was soon across; I tossed my gun to him and commenced lowering myself over the bank which here overhung the fence and soon was part way across, when a most unearthly yell seemed to come from under that bank and a great floundering in the water. Well, I was so scared I just let go of everything and fell over backward into the shallow water and mud. I had hardly struck the mud when something came rushing through the water and over me; I thought my time was up. I lay there for a few seconds afraid to move, then slowly raising myself, I crawled up the bank and there lay my companion just bursting with laughter.

It seems that an old sow with her young had taken refuge under the bank from the hot June sun, and in crossing we had scared them as badly as they had us. And that was the "wild cat" that had caused my mud bath and no end of chaffing when we arrived at the house. DIAMOND WALT.

EXETER, Neb.

A WESTERN WAIL.

In the issue of Dec. 9 I noticed that Mr. F. A. Whitman, of Macomb, Ill., asks to have his name posted in the Forest and Stream register, as he thinks that Cupid stood between him and the said register during fair time.

His appeal for justice emboldens me to voice my complaint also. When it was found impossible for me to go to the great Fair, and that my daughter (the little bear hunter) could go, I equipped her with a letter of introduction to Mr. Hough, thinking to pay my respects to the gifted Western representative of "Our Paper" in the best manner possible—by proxy.

On her return she reported her inability to find Mr. H. in the Forest and Stream department of the Fair; that the young lady in charge of affairs under the big birch sign said he had gone out somewhere on the grounds, she did not know where. There was really nothing so very formidable in the appearance of the little bear hunter that a man of Mr. H.'s known firmness should take to his heels on her approach (she does not weigh a hundred pounds, and I can assure the gentleman that she looks too much like a certain old uncle of my acquaintance to be entirely devoid of personal attractions), and the story of his mysterious disappearance was a surprise to me. Where was the young gentleman learning to spend his leisure hours?

When the "Staff Story of the Midway" came out all was clear. The idea of two virtuous and bright young men having been enticed into following that unprincipled and deeply dissipated dog Katie through all of his (or her, as the case may be) wayward wanderings through the transplanted heathendom of the White City, comes pretty near being positively shocking. A bird dog it was, too, I believe. Who will dare harbor a sporting dog around the house after this?

Turn McLin out of the penitentiary forthwith if the dogs he cremated were of the Katie breed.

Of course, it is now hinted that the short-hand reporter is responsible for the whole Midway story. Tell that to the marines! The next thing will probably be that the short-hand man will have to swallow the story of the seventeen cups of heathen coffee. I begin to suspect that it was a good thing after all that I did not go to the Fair. I might have lost my way and blundered into that same terrible Midway. Think of it! (And "coffee" never did agree with me.)

All the same my name did not go into the register of the dear old paper (which, by the way, grows more and more charming with the passing years), and I have wondered if there was not at the bottom of the last page of the aforesaid register still enough room for another of the host of lovers of Forest and Stream.

As Mr. Hough says, "Names there have good company."

Orin Belknap.

TWO GUARANTEED MOOSE.

Moose hunters in some parts of Maine have been more successful than usual the past season. Recently while on a hunting trip I saw some exceptioally fine heads. Three were killed near Atkins's camps in the Monsungun region during calling time, and Atkins told me that he had killed a bull with a fine head, which he had not as yet brought out. The largest head I saw was killed quite recently by C. R. Peavey, a guide of Oxbow. Peavey killed this moose some fifteen miles north of Oxbow when still-hunting, and hunted but one day to get him. All the above heads had fine antlers, having the following spread of horns: 48, 52, 54 and 56 inches, Peavey's being the largest with 56in. spread and twenty-two points, eleven on each horn. From my experience any one might kill twenty-five bulls and not get four heads to compare with those I have described.

I have known Peavey for two years, but have never hunted with him. He wanted me to go with him, saying we were sure of a moose. But my moose-hnnting days are over. I have killed enough, and unless some big bull runs across me and acts as though he wanted to be killed I shall probably never shoot another. Peavey has the name of being a first-rate guide and hunter. He is certainly successful in finding moose.

Some time during the past summer or early fall Peavey met Dr. C. C. Morrison, of Bar Harbor. The Doctor said he wanted very much to shoot a bull moose. Peavey said he could give him a chance to shoot one; in fact, he was so confident that he told the Doctor to make arrangements to go with him in November about the time of the first snows, and if he would put in a week's time hunting he would guarantee him a shot at a bull or he would charge nothing for his services as guide. About Nov. 25 I saw Dr. Morrison and his brother Dr. E. J. Morrison on their way to meet Peavey and another guide at Oxbow. I thought at the time that their chances of getting shots at moose were slight. I did not doubt Peavey's ability to find the game, but as the snow was very crusty and noisy, and only a few inches of it, I doubted very much their doing any successful still-hunting. The story of their hunting as told me by Dr. C. C. Morrison is as follows: The first day Peavey and his man failed to find fresh moose signs, but found the tracks of an old bear and cub, which they followed some time, but as they were leading straight away from camp and it was getting late in the day they gave it up and returned to camp. Dr. E. J. Morrison and his guide had much better luck, to a certain extent. They saw two moose at quite a distance, which they took to be a cow and calf. On the second morning they started again. Dr. C. C. Morrison had hurt his knee getting over a windfall, and it troubled him a good deal in the afternoon. He said to Peavey, "My knee is so bad that it will be all I can do to make the camp, and you must carry my rifle and go slowly." The Doctor cut a stick for a cane, and was getting along the best he could a few yards behind Peavey, when he saw the latter suddenly stop and lay the rifle down in the snow. When he came up Peavey whispered, "There is your bull," and at quite a distance in an open growth of hardwood the Doctor saw his first moose standing broadside. Peavey handed his own rifle to the Doctor, saying, "Take time and hold high, as it is a good 250yds." The Doctor raised the rifle, but finding it had open sights, whispered, "Give me mine, mine has Lyman sights." Taking his own rifle and brushing the snow from the sights and barrel he took deliberate aim, holding high, and fired three shots, at the third shot the moose staggered slightly and walked behind a fallen top. Peavey said, "You've got him, Doctor."

When they came to where the moose was standing he turned and faced them, and in a few moments began to reel, and went down. Happening to look up, there, within easy shooting distance, stood another moose, a young bull, looking at them. Peavey pointed at him, but the Doctor shook his head, saying, "No more. I have got enough." Not much attention was paid to the lame knee on the way to camp, which they reached just after dark, finding the other party had just got in, and were also in great spirits, for Dr. E. J. Morrison had also shot a bull. Now began the hardest part of the trip. The two sportsmen decided to take their moose out whole. A man was sent to Oxbow, some thirty miles away, to get a team. The team could get pretty near the camp by following some of the old lumber roads; then roads were swamped to where each moose lay. Five men worked four days to get the two moose to Oxbow.

I saw the party when on their way to Houlton to take the train. They had quite a load, the two bull moose and a caribou, which had been shot quite near the camp by Dr. E. J. Morrison one day while waiting for the team.

To kill a bull moose under favorable conditions is doing well. Getting two on such noisy snow was doing unusually well. My experience in still-hunting moose is that it is almost impossible to get a shot at your game should it be in thick, black growth or when there is much underbrush when there is a noisy, crusty snow, unless the wind blows almost a gale. The Morrisons were fortunate in finding their mooose in very open, hard wood where they could make long shots. The distances as paced were as follows: Dr. C. C. Morrison 250 paces, one bullet through middle of body, two back of shoulders rather low. Dr. E. J. Morrison 220 paces, first shot broke the neck of his moose.

I looked over both the moose; neither were what would be called very large ones. They were good-sized young bulls with pretty good heads. Every one in the party was well satisfied. The Doctors had killed their moose and Peavey had made good his guarantee. C. M. Stark.

TROUT FISHING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following by a friend may be of interest to fellow fishermen and readers of Forest and Stream:

The fishing on Salmon River has been good. The past season my largest caught there weighed 4lbs. 2oz.; and I took quite a number between 1 and 4lbs., all with the fly. There has been quite a run of parties from Moncton the past summer; some of them—the majority—doing little or nothing, the others making fair catches. A good many of what I used to look upon as my old stretches and pools have not yielded as well as usual, no doubt because of the increased number that have fished the river the past season.

Some pleasant days were spent at the Adoywaasook Fishing Club grounds in Kent county. Having arranged a trip with a couple of friends, Black and Brown, we took the Kent Northern Railroad for Kingston, where we had arranged for a team to meet us. After a fast drive over the sixteen miles of a pretty fair road, we arrived in time for the first evening's fishing. We found the club's attentive guardian Jot waiting for us, the comfortable club house clean and neat, and a good hot cup of tea ready. After a hurried bite rods were hastily put together and a start was made for the pools. While walking up, let me give you a slight sketch of the club and its grounds.

The Adoywaasook (Micmac for "trout") Fishing Club was first formed abour four years ago with W. A. D. Steven as president, an ardent fisherman and courteous gentleman, with Geo. V. McInerny, M. P., secretary. There is a total membership of twenty-five, its members coming from Richibucto, Kingston, Weldford, Moulton and Dorchester. Last year the club was incorporated, with Mr. J. H. Abbott as president and Mr. Henry Wathus as secretary and treasurer. They are as genial gentlemen as may be found in the Province. The club has some 400 acres of land, through which the stream runs, thus avoiding any trouble with neighbors. They have a good comfortable club house, ice house and stable. The stream, a branch of Black River, has a peculiarity which perhaps no other in the Province possesses, which is, that the best pools are tidal, the tide rising and falling in them as each flow, thus giving a fresh run of fish, of which there are none brighter or more lively, every springtide at least. It is only about two miles from the club house and first pool to the mouth of the stream.

To go back with us to the pools—we had a fairly good catch, none larger than 1½lbs. Owing to continued dry weather the water was low and clear. We spent Sunday about the house until after dinner, then took a stroll up the stream on, as Brown said, a "reconnoitering tour," and found there was no spring run of trout above Pine Tree Pool, the water being actually too low for them to get up.

We remained at the grounds until Thursday morning with indifferent success, the wind being easterly until the morning we left, when it changed round to southwest; therefore we had to work hard for our catch, which was some eighty odd pounds, both Black and Brown catching more than I did, both in weight and number. They are good fishermen, Black, perhaps, taking first place. Jot told me (perhaps I should not say so) we were by all odds the best three fishermen of the club, as the sequel perhaps will show.

Going in to dinner one day feeling very blue over our poor fishing, and being all too ardent fishermen with the fly to think of trying any other bait, we were talking it over when Tot said, "Try them with bait; there are plenty of worms outside by the sink drain." To sum up, consent was given, and Tot getting us a lot of worms we started for Green Bank Pool. On our arrival Black says, "Now, Green, you take the rod and Brown and I will tell you where to cast." "All right." Green was willing.

Shortly after I got orders to cast in a certain place, they having crossed the stream and getting into a position that commanded a full view of the bottom of the pool. I did as I was told, and let her sink. "Now," says Black, "don't you move your line until we say pull." "All right, I'll do the pulling." I could hear them talking in an undertone at follows: "There's one making for it—Yes, but it's not a large one—See that big one—he's getting uneasy—see, he's looking at it—yes, he's turning round—keep steady, Green, and be ready." "All ready," says I. "He's making for it. Pull!" Perhaps I didn't pull. I thought the rod was done for, hooked him all right and landed him in a few minutes, Brown having come over with the landing-net in about 3½ seconds. He was a beauty, weighed 2lbs. strong. I wanted Brown to take the rod. "No," says he. "You are a good 'puller.'" I was perfectly willing to do the pulling. It resulted in our taking two more of 1½lbs. each Then I "kicked." It was getting just a little monotonous, more especially as the flies were thick, and I dare not move for fear of moving the bait at the wrong time. Brown caught three, and then Black took the same number. By this time the small trout were making for the bait so lively that the larger fish had no chance, so concluded to go home. This was on our last day, so had not an opportunity of trying it again.

Tweedie Brook.

WITH THE DEER IN MICHIGAN.

Lansing, Mich., Dec. 10.—The hunters of Michigan have for generations been famous the world over. No more sturdy pioneers ever lived, no more untiring, successful hunters ever roamed the woods of any country, ever followed the deer or bear over hill and dale, or the wily turkey in the inland jungles, than the three generations of settlers which have come and gone and have left the native wilds of Michigan almost as productive as the garden spot of the world. Central Michigan is one of the most lovely sections of country on earth. Her beautiful forests, her charming valleys, her elegant lakes and rivers, her uplands and her lowlands please the eye of the traveler, and the ever changing scenery is so delightfully restful to the weary care-worn business man, that every year brings hundreds of hunter and fisherman pilgrims, to enjoy our woodland pleasures, and the charming, health-restoring, soul-invigorating life in the open air, by stream and lake, and in forest wild, as it abounds in many sections of the northern part of our State.

In central Michigan thirty years ago the deer, the bear and the wild turkey was to be found in almost every cover. The deer and the bear furnished the meat for the family table, and the skin and furs brought many a welcome dollar to half fill the not over plethoric family purse. The wild turkey was the same wild turkey of our Pilgrim fathers, the same, juicy, toothsome, dainty bird; and in autumn and early winter the furious gobblers of the great migrating flock could be heard in almost every tangled thicket, and if the settler was of keen perception, steady nerve, and had the energy of the thoroughbred New Englander, his table need not be destitute of this, the choicest, most delicious and most eatable of all game birds. The dismal howl of the sneaking wolf could be heard almost any hour of the night, and oftentimes the pioneer was obliged to fight these ferocious intruders, and protect his half-wild forest home from their dreadful attacks. In central Michigan, the thick grass-covered swamps, the shallow lakes, the overgrown thicket lowlands, made a congenial cover, and invited the animals of the forest to make their home there, and the wildfowl found a safe roosting place on the quiet waters of the little lakes, and the wild rice, which they so much enjoy feeding upon, was in such abundance there, that thousands upon thousands of wildfowl visited them each season, and afforded to the pioneer the choicest wildfowl shooting that ever existed in any country.

Years of internal improvement, such as the clearing away of the forests and the draining of large areas of swamp lands, and the consequent lowering of the shallow lakes and the ever constant game persecution, has driven all of the deer and bear to the extreme northern limits of our State, and at the present time it would seem but a question of a few short years to bring about the total extinction, while the wildfowl, deprived of their resting places and their needed food supply, are visiting us in greatly decreasing numbers each year.

Is it to be wondered at, cradled amid the surroundings that existed in Michigan thirty years ago, that the hereditary hunter's tact and disposition, and the taste, and the hunter's qualities of mind and body, have been transmitted to the present generation; and that each fall when the season opens for deer shooting that little parties in many sections of our State quietly get together their camping outfit, and with trusty rifle and a few chosen hunter friends penetrate the great North wilderness, and spend their vacation in deer hunting and in the enjoyment of the quiet and comfort of a wild wood life, which such a far away forest seclusion can only bring.

A few evenings since I had a very pleasant half hour's chat with Mr. O. D. Hardy, the hustling real estate man, of Lansing, and as he had just returned from his regular northern pilgrimage to the woods, and had been fortunate in getting plenty of deer, I enjoyed his entertaining report of his outing very much Mr. Hardy has lived at Pine Lake, central Michigan, all of his life. He is one of those native-born Wolverines who is a deer hunter because he can't help being one, for his father and his grandfather before him were famous deer hunters, and the hunting trait is bred in the bone, so to speak. In early manhood Mr. Hardy had plenty of the best of shooting almost at his father's door, but with the age of progress and rapid advance of settlement in Michigan, the game has been exterminated or driven to the far-away great woods of the north. As the game vanished from central Michigan, Mr. Hardy took up his line of march, and for a period extending over nearly twenty years, with the exception of one season which he spent on the great plains, and in California, and one season when sickness and press of business prevented, he has gone on his fall hunting outing as regular as the seasons came. He has everything that is necessary for his comfort while in camp and in the wood, and his camp equipage is always well cared for and in ship shape, ready for duty at a moment's notice.

He usually has a few choice friends with him, and this season his hunting companions were Mr. George Northrup of Pine Lode, Strubel Hammond of Okerwos, Charles Towner of Pine Lode, Charles Smith of Bath and C. Harrington of Pine Lode—only one tenderfoot in the party. Mr. Hardy uses a .38-56-255 Winchester. He has used all kinds of guns, from the .38-38-180 Winchester to the .45-70, and he has never handled a rifle that for good service on all game equals the .38-56-255, only that the rifle is far to heavy and is a great burden to carry when in the field in active service. He is looking for a lighter gun, say 7½ to 8lbs. weight, and he thinks that in the new high weight Marlin he has found exactly what he wants. In his experience the Winchester light weight .44-40-200 would be just about the right gun if the powder charge was 60grs. instead of 40. Mr. Northrup soots a Pieper breech-loading rifle and shotgun combination of 12-gauge and .44cal. With this same style of gun Mr. Hardy has killed many deer, and with the old Winchester .44-40 he

has done some of his best work. Mr. Hammond has a .38-56-255 Winchester, and, with Mr. Hardy, he thinks it just the gun for game in Michigan, only that it is too heavy to carry comfortably, when a much lighter rifle would do the work just as well. Mr. Towner uses a .40-60 Winchester, and excepting that the rifle is too heavy he is well pleased with it. Mr. Smith uses a .44cal., and excepting the too light powder charge he likes the rifle well and does some good work with it. Mr. Harrington is the artilleryman of the party. He has a .45-70 Winchester that wakes the stillness of the forest with thunder-like notes, as he rapidly works the lever on the flying deer. Last season Mr. Hardy used a .40-60 Colt's repeating rifle, but in a sleety storm the ice on the gun prevented the sliding forearm motion from working, and as he could not take any chances in the woods he sold the gun, for the owner, Mr. Charles J. Davis, and hereafter he will stick to the substantial old style lever.

Early in October after frequent consultation, the party was fully organized. After it was determined that they should go, and who was to compose the party, the most serious part of the work was to decide just where to locate camp with a fair prospect of getting a few deer. After a hurried correspondence with Mr. W. P. Davis, of Onalaska, Presque Isle county, it was determined to go by rail to Indian River, and have Mr. Davis meet them at the railroad station with two teams and take them to his forest home, twenty-two miles away, and after a night's rest to go into the woods ten miles further and locate their camp on the banks of the Rainy River, a beautiful stream which flows north and empties into Indian River, and for many miles flows through an almost unbroken wilderness. Mr. Davis was to receive $36 for two teams to take the entire party and their camp equipage out and back. The camp stove that had seen many years' hard service was got out and put in order. The two tents were overhauled and thoroughly repaired, ammunition brought, groceries of all kinds laid in in great abundance, and the good wives of each member of the party went to cooking and baking with such a hearty good will, that the last week in October found the supply department loaded to overflowing, and the party ready to start.

Right here let me say a good word for salt rising bread, as the best of bread for the hunter's camp, and many more words of praise for the good lady whose bread-making skill supplied the camp for two weeks with the most delicious bread. This bread was all baked before the party started. It was packed in a large box and when the camp was made the box was placed out of doors in the open air and covered with a piece of tent cloth. Three weeks later what was left of the bread was just as nice and toothsome as the day it came out of the oven.

The railroad fare to Indian River, for the party, including camp equipage and luggage, was $9 each, which made the total expense for the entire party less than $35 for each person—not a very expensive outing, by any means. As two or three of the party were good wing shots, and the prospects of finding plenty of grouse were good, they took along their shotguns and one young English setter, and a small spaniel that had developed some considerable bird-finding qualities. After leaving the railroad and before getting into the woods they purchased of a settler what potatoes and vegetables they needed, as it was much cheaper to buy them there than to pay the freight from Lansing.

The last week in October, after some delays and inconveniences en route, found the party camped on the Little Rainy, near by a nice spring of water and in a location high and dry and surrounded by some of the finest woodland scenery to be found in Michigan. Instead of pitching the tents they built a solid log wall 5ft. high all around without an opening, except a small place to go in and out of, and over this log work they erect their tent, which acted as a roof and also served as a window—a portion of this log house they partitioned off, and gathering a large quantity of hemlock boughs, they placed them on the ground in the partitioned off part of the cabin, and over the boughs they spread a quantity of straw, and on top of this they placed their blankets and made their beds. With a blanket over the doorway and the camp-stove filled with wood and burning nicely, the cabin was as warm and cosy as one could ask for. In the routine work of camp life it was decided that each person was to take his turn in doing camp work. They took a box of matches, unbroken, opened it, and began to draw out, each a match in regular order till all the matches had been drawn. The one who got the last match did the entire camp work for one entire day, then he fell out, and the remaining members again drew lots in the same way, and the one who drew the last match did the camp work for one entire day, and so the drawing and the work went on, till each had done one day's camp work, when the drawing began new again and went around as at first.

Tneir method of hunting was to drive. Two of the party acted as drivers, and the remaining members were located on what was supposed to be runways, only the camp man, and he attended strictly to his household work. The drivers made all the racket and noise that they could get up, and as they had tin horns and good lungs, the noise was, at times, almost deafening, and frighted the deer till they did not know whether to lie down or run, half of the time. The entire hunting was done within a few miles of camp, and as several other camps were located in that neighborhood, each party was to keep on their own hunting grounds. A party located on a little lake, of which there were several all joined together, and teeming with fish, sent over a basket of fish almost every day, and another party from Bath sent over a fine nice sirloin of bear, which one of the party had found stowed away in his winter quarters, and when the bear stuck out his head, to satisfy himself as to who his visitor was, the hunter opened fire on him and soon placed his bearship *hors du combat*. The bear was very fat, and was in great condition for his winter hibernation, and the Bath hunters, and the neighboring hunters' camps, were well supplied with bear meat during their stay in the woods.

There are a great many wolves in the up-country forests and roaming over the jack pine plains, but they do not go into the woods for the winter till they are driven in by the cold and snow. When the frost comes, and the snow is deep, the wolves visit all of the camping places and pick up all the refuse left in the camps, and run down all the deer that have been wounded and not brought in by the hunters. Oftentimes the wolves get to be very troublesome to the settlers, and they organize wolf-hunting parties to clean them out. This section of country is not a farming country, and when the timber is taken off the land is left to grow up to underbrush and second-growth trees. Fires run through the underbrush almost every season, and large areas are thus rendered almost worthless for any purpose. The pine barrens stretch away to the south for miles and miles, and this pine plains and north woods is now the only home of the deer in southern Michigan. Year by year, even this desolate country is being intruded upon, and year by year the hunting territory in Michigan is being brought into narrower limits, and in a few years more deer hunting in Michigan will be a story of the past. Like the Indian and the buffalo, the deer will vanish, never to return. A few years ago Mr. Hardy and his party used to camp on the Lower Tittabawasse River, and found lots of deer there, but of late years that section has been so thoroughly hunted that the game has been nearly all killed or driven out.

The next morning after our party got to camp and located comfortably, the hunt was organized bright and early, and after a hard day's work and all the hunters had returned to camp, the bag all told was one deer—so the camp was supplied with meat, a most desirable addition to the regular camp rations. Our party are early birds and hard workers, and the second day by sun-up the drive was well under way. This day's work brought to bag three fine deer, and in the evening over the pipes and while enjoying a round of camp pedro, they fought over again the battles of the day. A little joke on one of the boys, who stood on a runway and almost let a deer run him down, and then got away, without his firing a single shot, gave evidence that once in a great while even a deer hunter will get the buck fever.

The third day began, with increasing energy on the part of the hunters. The camp was deserted by sunrise, and the camp keeper was busy with his routine work most of the day, for, in addition to his camp work, he had the deer to take care of, and all the work in any way connected with the camp, and with the game brought in, and wood, and the fire, rested upon his shoulders. One of the drivers took his shotgun, and his horn, and the little spaniel along with him thinking to get some birds. Just as he passed by a brush and log jam, he thought he saw a deer laying down, quite too frightened to run, and badly scared by the noise of the horns and the unearthly racket the drivers were making. One barrel of the shotgun was loaded with buckshot, so he fired at the deer with the buckshot load, and to his great surprise the deer tumbled over seemingly quite dead. The little spaniel rushed in to the jam pile, and tackled the dead deer, while the hunter climbed over the timber and catching the deer by the ear drew his knife to cut his deership's throat. Suddenly the deer jumped up and bounded away, with the little spaniel yelping at his feet. After making three or four jumps the deer seemed to be annoyed by the little dog and he halted to give him battle. As soon as the deer stopped the dog gave a jump and caught on to the tail of the deer. This condition of things started the deer away on the bound again, but the little dog hung on, like the old time puppy to the root. After riding fifteen or twenty rods the tail of the deer gave way and the little spaniel fell to the ground, still holding in his mouth the tail of the deer. After the deer had disposed of the dog, but lost his tail, he passed into another jam pile near to a hunter with at .38-56-255 Winchester, when a well aimed shot brought the deer to the ground. This pleasing incident was enjoyed by the hunters and by the little spaniel very much. In the evening this deer was brought in, the sport of the day closed, and the hunters retired early to their bed of hemlock boughs. The next day opened in royal shape, and brought the usual returns at the evening inventory. One little incident occurred which was greatly enjoyed by all who witnessed it. The English setter while on his morning ramble had started a fawn. The fawn started through the brush as fast as he could run, while the setter ran by his side, usually keeping just a trifle in advance of the fawn, and barking continuously all of the time, and looking up into the fawn's face as they ran. The fawn and setter ran their race out of the woods and through a low swale place which was covered with a thick grass about a foot high, and as the hunters were mostly posted on the runways on the high ground, the fawn and the setter were in plain sight for nearly a mile. The setter did not attempt to catch hold of the deer, or in any way to disturb him, but seemed to make the run for the fun of the run, and to keep the fawn company. It is needless to say that the setter saved the fawn's life, for a half dozen rifles were leveled upon him as he ran, but no one wanted to break the pretty race bad enough to shoot the gamy fawn. For the next ten days the hunters continued to increase their tally till a total of eighteen deer was hung up at their cabin door, while a dozen or so quail, and a score of grouse, helped to give a variety of tid bits at the hunters' table. One day the last week in camp they brought in six deer, all shot clean and nice, and not a single pot shot in the lot. One day Mr. Hardy stood on a stump, when a fine deer came running over his way, and came within four rods of the hunter, when Mr. Hardy said stop to him. He did stop, but the next moment a yellow streak marked his line of flight, and the hunter on the stump vainly endeavored to fire his rifle—but the surly gun refused to respond to the call, and the life of the deer was saved. A little later one of the hunters shot a fine buck high up through the hips. The buck came down but soon gathered himself, and was only brought down by Mr. Hardy after a long chase, in which the little spaniel cut quite a figure. The wind and the weather were quite important factors in the work of the hunter, and the knowledge of the habits of the deer, when at home and undisturbed, and after being wounded, enabled our little party to add largely to their score of deer killed. At the close of the season the party returned home, loaded with the spoils of the chase, and thoroughly well pleased with their hunting season of 1893. JULIAN.

A NEW-SUBSCRIBER OFFER.

A *bona fide* **new** subscriber sending us $5 will receive for that sum the FOREST AND STREAM one year (price $4) and a set of Zimmerman's famous "Ducking Scenes" (advertised on another page, price $5)—a $9 value for $5.

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For $3 a *bona fide* new subscriber for six months will receive the FOREST AND STREAM during that time and a copy of Dr. Van Fleet's handsome work, "Bird Portraits for the Young" (the price of which is $3).

Game Bag and Gun.

QUAIL BREEDING AND WINTERING.

CHATHAM, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hearing from a friend, who happened to be in the village of Wyoming, Ont., that a sportsman there had succeeded in raising quail in confinement, I thought I would write him and find out his mode of operating. I inclose you his reply:

"I raised during last year a few quail. They were hatched out by a small bantam hen. I had no difficulty whatever, and would have had a larger number if the two quail hens had not been killed by a weasel. I expect to raise a large number next summer; and think they will be very much tamer, and through time entirely domesticated. It has afforded me very great pleasure feeding and studying the habits of these birds, and it will give me pleasure to give you any information in my power.—ALLAN DUNCAN."

Owing to the past severe winter quail throughout the North have suffered severely, and in some places they have been entirely wiped out. The present winter has started in as if it meant not to be outdone by the last; so it behooves sportsmen in the North to be on the lookout or they will find their favorite sport gone until another period of mild winters sets in.

I am of the opinion that with a little work on the part of those interested, a sufficient number of birds can be saved to form a fair breeding stock. Last year on our preserve at Big Point we fed the birds on their grounds and had as many as three bevies, in all twenty-five or thirty birds, feeding at the same spot, and they were strong and hearty up to the last week in February, which was a succession of drifting snow storms coupled with very low temperature. After that we could only find from six to eight birds where before were twenty-five or thirty. The supposition is that they were disturbed and scattered and covered up by the drifting snow.

Although it is against the law to trap or net it is doubtful whether the law would touch a person trapping or netting birds and having them in possession for breeding purposes. I would advocate, if the weather gets severe, trapping the birds and keeping them in coops until the severe weather is over, when they can be turned out in pairs. An old sportsman once told me that two pair put out in a good place would breed more than a whole bevy left together. I suppose the idea is that in a bevy left to themselves the cocks predominate and disturb the peace of the family by fighting.

My French-Canadian punter was in the other day and spoke of seeing a fine bevy huddled under a log, but he was sorry they were nearly all "drakes."

I have been for a long time curious to know whether our Northern quail were not larger than those I had shot in the South, and the other day when in Detroit I inquired of a wholesale game dealer, who said that the Northern birds were from two to three ounces heavier. I was under this impression myself but could not find out from any one who had shot both North and South. One man, a professional breaker, said that the Southern birds he thought were the largest. There is one thing certain that I found out, and that is they fly just as fast. I hope to be lucky enough to get a chance to try to stop a few shortly. CINNA.

Size of Horns vs. Weight.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Why is it that so many sportsmen when sending accounts of big game killed to your paper give an estimate of the animal's weight and say nothing of the spread of horns or number of points on them? Are they pot-hunters that they want pounds of dead game, or are they that other species of the same genus that kills does and cows for sport rather than go home without game to boast of to their friends? It is ridiculous to attempt to send the weight of an animal as evidence of one's prowess. In the first place anyone familiar with our great woods knows that for one animal killed near a pair of scales, a hundred are killed too far from home to get out all the meat. In the next place the true sportsmen is prouder in showing a mounted head with antlers of extraordinary spread, nay with only a small prongs, than to boast the killing in a single day of a thousand or more pounds of meat, when questioning will usually elicit the fact that it was killed so far from a settlement that only a small portion could be used.

Moreover, anyone who has killed a moose knows how difficult a job he has in dressing his game, especially a moose called into the water; and after he has labored over it until his back aches, you may be sure he will estimate the weight of the carcass high enough to satisfy any reasonable demand. The fact that such estimates are entirely untrustworthy is illustrated by the widely different results arrived at when two persons endeavor to guess the weight of a third. Measurements are exact. They give a much better idea of the value of a head or specimen and are easily marked off on some object, be it gun or paddle, and measured when a tape is handy.

My hunting has been confined to the east, mostly to Maine, and I do not feel particularly virtuous when I say that I saw ten moose at close range before I shot at one. Last October, I was so fortunate as to kill a large bull and do not regret at all the ten moose spared, because they were cows or small bulls, and are still in the woods and increasing unless some one after meat has met them.

My moose measured as follows: Perpendicular drawn from fore foot to the top of the back 6ft. 4in., spread of horns 4ft. 9in., number of points 26, width of web 14in.

SUMNER ROBINSON.

New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

THE following note has been sent out: BUFFALO, Dec. 21, —Gentlemen: Will you please mail to Walter S. Mac Gregor, Syracuse, any amendments to the present fish and game laws that you think advisable to make. Kindly do this at once, so that the law committee may make their report at the annual meeting, to be held at the Yates House, in Syracuse, on Jan. 11. It is desirable that clubs and associations should name their delegations as soon as convenient, and forward names to me. The meeting promises to be of great importance to the interest it represents. Yours truly, JOHN B. SAGE, Sec.-Treas.

The Connecticut Season.

HADDAM, Conn., Dec. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game of all kinds, except squirrels, has been unusually scarce in this locality this fall. Quail have been like the proverbial song of angel's visits—few and far between. Woodcock were not as plenty as last fall. Partridges were more plenty than either of the other game birds, but they were generally found singly and scattered over a large extent of cover. Gray squirrels were very plenty and in excellent condition, owing to the abundance of nuts. Rabbits seem to have been almost exterminated, probably by the foxes, which seem to have increased rapidly within a few years.

By the laws of this Commonwealth the open season for shooting quail, woodcock and partridge began Oct. 1 and will end Dec. 31, but by the natural law of the seasons governing such sport and in simple justice to the few game birds remaining in this State it should not begin till Oct. 15 and should end Nov. 30 in each year.

There was an effort made in the last Legislature of this State to abridge the open season for these game birds, but in the great wisdom and knowledge on this subject of the Committee on Agriculture, before which the matter came, aided by the advice of a few men who seemingly would like to shoot the last live bird on the last day of the year and of the open season, the effort failed.

It is hoped that those opposing this measure will remember how uncomfortably warm it was in this State for pleasure shooting from Oct. 1 to 15 last, and also how few leaves had fallen from the trees and underbrush even by the latter date. It is also hoped they will make a note of the severe snows and freezing weather we have had almost from Dec. 1 to the present time, and see how few have been the days in which a sportsman would care to be seen in the field with his dog and gun, but that this condition suits the market-hunter, for they can follow the tracks of the poor birds in the snow and slaughter them under the first cover they seek. It is a shame to the sportsmen of this State that these three game birds are not given a fair chance to live and increase, and it is hoped the time will soon come when they will take effective action in the matter. A.

Sport in Japan.

JAPAN, as a sporting field, naturally falls within the province of Chicago and the West, therefore I beg to borrow material as I may to hold down the field. This morning a gentleman came into the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM and wanted a FOREST AND STREAM book sent over to a friend of his in Yokohama, Japan. The gentleman is Mr. E. W. Clement, now of this city, and his friend is Mr. Jas. Ellacott Beale, editor of the *Japan Mail*, a Yokohama newspaper. Mr. Clement lived in Japan himself four years, 1887-91, and was able to tell something of the sport in that country. He says that game of many kinds, ducks, snipe, etc., was very abundant, and much cheaper in the markets than beef. Pheasants were common, and sold for low prices. Near by Yokohama was a fine salmon stream, and the salmon taken there were very fine, although it does not yet appear that salmon angling was practiced successfully. Mr. Beale, being much of a sportsman, always kept a gun and dogs, and had very fine sport. Mr. Clement was engaged in traveling, in a native school further toward the interior, and did not occupy himself with field sports, but he says he remembers very well the swift rushing salmon streams which tumbled their brief course from the mountains to the sea. This summer at the World's Fair we had many fine paintings of these mountain streams done by Japanese artists. And now comes Mr. Clement and says that he will write to his friend, Mr. Beale, whose paper, by the way, he represents in Chicago, and will prevail upon him to tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a great deal more about the shooting and fishing in that far away but pleasant land, where everybody is polite and the days go goldenly along. If Mr. Beale will kindly do this, he will give a great many readers a sincere pleasure. E. HOUGH.

Lake Champlain Ducks.

ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 16, under the heading of "Lake Champlain Ducking," J. R. Latham, M.D., of New York, in relating his experience of this sport, states that he was surprised at the extreme wildness of the ducks, and upon his making inquiry was informed that the wildness was caused by the constant pursuing of them by several steam yachts from Rouse's Point and other places on the Lake.

As to the yachts from other places I know nothing, but I do know that no such use was made of the one yacht which belongs in this port, and that none of our Rouse's Point gunners made a practice of this method of duck hunting.

I acknowledge we have a class of pot-hunters here (such as is found in most every locality), who will hunt in season and out of season, and seem to have an utter disregard of any such thing as game law, and as we have no local game constable here, they do pretty much as they please.

I agree with the Doctor that this manner of duck hunting from steam yachts is very unsportsmanlike and should be prevented, and it is my utter dislike of it that causes me to make this correction as regards Rouse's Point gunners making a practice of it, and I hope he will think twice before he again makes us so conspicuous in an article of this kind on the simple information of some one from Alburg, Vt. WILL MCCOMB, JR.

Pittsburgh's Game Fields.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 15.—Game of all kinds, turkey, grouse, quail, squirrels and rabbits, are very scarce and wild in the Laurel Hill Mountain section this season. As this is the nearest ground of any importance within one hundred miles of our city, all sportsmen in this section are interested. It is reported that considerable game is killed illegally in this section, and the sportsmen who go there in the legal season find but little left. This season there was a party composed of members of the Wilkinsburg, Pa., Gun Club up in this section for about a week. They had moderate success. Also a party composed of members of the Mutual Gun Club, of the E. E., who report very poor success; and a party composed of members of the Iroquois Gun Club, S. S., left a few days since for the same district, but I have received no report in regard to their success so far. F.

Following the Trail.

BARTON, Vermont.—We are having plenty of snow and cold weather in the woods. There was twenty inches of snow on Dec. 20 and thermometer registered 40° below. On Dec. 7 Mr. Brown, of Belvidere, was told that a large bear had been seen crossing the road the night before. Mr. Brown is 62 years and an old bear hunter. He took the bear trail the next morning, armed only with a light axe and heavy revolver. The bear passed through this town, going east, on Dec. 9, with the old man about one hour behind. Brown, when he crosses a road near a house, stops, gets something to eat and follows on. He has followed the bear steadily up to date. He has come up to him once and wounded him slightly. On Dec. 10 two of our hunters started on after Brown and overtook him on the 11th, and traveled with him until Saturday night. Brown told them they might go on if they wanted to, but that was his bear and he should claim it who ever killed it. The bear is headed for the big woods of Maine.

Dec. 4 I was intending to take my trip to Maine after my deer. Three of our hunters went and brought back a deer each, one a very nice buck with a splendid set of horns. They say that deer are very plenty and there is a nice tracking snow. Another party starts to-morrow. We go to Lenoxville, P. Q., then from there to Megantic and to Lowelltown, Maine. There is a large lumbering business down there, some 300 men being in the woods; that means crust-hunting. G. E. R.

White Deer in Pennsylvania.

THE announcement that a white deer had been killed in the woods near Foxburg, Forest county, on Bluejay Creek, has attracted much interest among the naturalists and hunters of this vicinity. The deer above referred to was killed on Tuesday of last week by A. Gilson and C. H. Dubois, and is now on exhibition at the latter's place of business in Bradford. This is the first authentic record of an albino deer being killed in this vicinity since 1838, when Joseph Gayetty, the father of ex-Police Captain J. M. Gayetty, of this city, killed a white buck deer at the headwaters of Horse Creek, about six miles from where the city hall now stands. In the same year and later in the fall, John McCool killed a white doe on Hemlock run. Eighteen years ago and near the vicinity where the white deer was killed last week a spotted deer and full grown, was seen for three different seasons, and was chased by many hunters, but could not be shot nor captured. Its mangled carcass was found one summer by one of the hunters in search of a bee tree. The deer had been dragged down by a panther, wild cat or lynx, and when found the carcass was so badly decomposed that the hide could not be saved.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Native Animals of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

MR. SAMUEL N. RHOADS of the Academy of National Science, Philadelphia, is preparing a book on the animals (quadrupeds) of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. He asks for the collection of specimens of such four-footed animals as are not commonly met with, from every county of the two States, and second, information about the habits of certain species which are little known or are supposed to have become extinct since the settlement of the country.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Landlocked Salmon in New York.

THE first plant of landlocked salmon fry made in the waters of New York was made in 1879. The fry, 9,000 of them, were, I believe, intended for Bisby Lake, but owing to hot weather and unavoidable delays it was found impossible to reach the waters to which they were consigned and they were dumped into the middle of Woodhull Lake, in Herkimer county, near the Bisby lakes. The same year 9,000 fry were planted in western New York.

Since that time 466,500 fry and eggs of the landlocked salmon have been distributed in various New York waters, chiefly in the Adirondack region. The eggs, of course, were hatched after leaving the distributing station and the fry planted; but for convenience I have placed eggs and fry together.

What is there to show to-day for nearly half a million salmon fry planted during the past fourteen years? There is not a lake in the State that has a reputation for its landlocked salmon, even if there is one that affords fishing for the fish that is worth mentioning.

It is true that many thousands of fry were planted in waters wholly unfit for the adult fish. I planted one lot of 20,000 myself that might as well have been turned into a tea kettle on a stove in which there was a fire. I obeyed instructions, but I knew the water and the one in authority who ordered the plant did not, although he had the best possible intentions. Not one of that plant was ever heard of afterwards.

In fact, except in Woodhull Lake and the Bisby chain, if any of the half-million fry have prospered I have not been able to learn about it. In Woodhull Lake, I believe that within a few years after the first plant a small number of salmon of a pound or so in weight were caught and it was afterward reported that the fish had worked down stream and disappeared. In the Bisby lakes landlocked salmon up to four pounds in weight have been caught and Gen. Sherman considers the waters there suitable for them, but the lakes are owned by a private club. I have an idea that the failures to establish the landlocked salmon in the waters of New York State have been chargeable in large part to the fact that the waters selected for the fry have not contained suitable food for the fish. The principal food in the waters where they are originally found is small fish, and the particular small fish that they thrive upon is the smelt. "Frost fish," which means the round whitefish, would seem to be an excellent substitute for the smelt as salmon food, and in Bisby Lakes this is the food that has been supplied for them, although the frost fish were not planted until five years after the first planting of salmon fry.

Landlocked Salmon for Lake George.

For a number of years past I have been impressed with the thought that Lake George, N. Y., which my friend Mr. W. H. Tippetts, editor of the *Lake George Mirror*, calls on the title page of his paper, "The Queen of American Lakes," would be an ideal water for landlocked salmon—the king of fresh-water fishes.

The water is clear as crystal and so cold that the surface water in August is but little above seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit. It is made up largely of springs in the bottom and no mountain lake can boast of water of greater purity. As for food the lake fairly swarms with whitefish. The frost fish, or round whitefish, *C. quadrilateralis*, is native to the lake. (See FOREST AND STREAM of January 14, 1892, for an article upon, and illustration of, the "Frost-Fish," in which I described them as found in Lake George), and the U. S. Fish Commission has planted (in the spring of 1887) 761,000 fry of the lake whitefish, *C. clupeiformis*, whose young may now be seen covering the surface of the lake at certain seasons.

Upon one point only was I in doubt about the success of planting Lake George with salmon. I feared that the inlet streams, which are ordinary trout brooks, might not be large enough to afford spawning grounds for the big salmon, which the fry would surely become on the rich pasturage of the lake, and this is why I halted. Some nine or ten years ago when I first conceived the idea of planting landlocked salmon in Lake George the late E. M. Stilwell, Fish Commissioner of Maine, wrote me: "In Grand Lake the favorite spawning ground for the fish is in Grand Lake stream, the outlet of the lake. In Sebago Lake there are several favorite spawning grounds, but they are all in tributary streams or inlets. * * * They require in miniature the same conditions as *Salmo salar*, viz., the ocean home (the lake) and a river of aerated, broken water and gravelly, sandy bottom to spawn on, as well as to clean themselves in. The young fish when hatched are helpless and should drift into their lake home rather than be compelled to drift away from it. The instinct of the fish teaches them to seek the inlets. * * * They will spawn in shallow water on a sand bar where the wind will give a little ripple, but few ever hatch of the eggs so deposited."

Commenting upon this the late Prof. Baird said: "Running water is not necessary to the propagation of the landlocked salmon. The landlocked salmon can be, and has been made a pond fish, provided that the lake is large enough and its water fresh, cold and pure."

Neither of the gentlemen quoted said one word about food which I have come to believe is of the first importance in establishing any kind of fish, and as they seemed to be not in accord in regard to the necessary conditions for the successful spawning of the landlocked salmon, I thought it would be best for me, like Br'er Rabbit, to lay low for a time.

Later I made several visits to Sunapee Lake, N. H., where the landlocked salmon have been planted and established, growing to twenty pounds and over, and affording excellent fishing. There I studied the conditions which existed to produce this result and compared them with conditions existing at Lake George, and was convinced that everything was favorable in a marked degree to the establishment of the salmon in the latter lake. The streams flowing into Lake George are larger than those flowing in Lake Sunapee, in which the salmon enter to spawn, or would enter if the Fish Commissioners did not net them at the mouth and spawn them artificially. In Lake George the frost fish are as abundant as the smelt in Sunapee, and other conditions are similar.

Final Action.

With these facts acquired to my satisfaction I still hesitated about taking the responsibility of recommending Lake George as a lake in which to plant salmon, for there was still the chance that the salmon might go down stream to spawn and so work into Lake Champlain; but when the U. S. Fish Commission began to plant fingerling salmon in Lake Champlain the last objection in my mind faded away.

Last month I wrote to the U. S. Fish Commission, described the lake and its adaptability for landlocked salmon, and suggested that it should be planted with fingerlings or yearlings; and said that while I was convinced that it would prove a lake second to none in the State for this fish, if they should by any chance go out they would go into Lake Champlain. Col. McDonald wrote me as follows: "Acting upon your suggestion I have determined to plant, during the ensuing season, fingerlings of the landlocked salmon in Lake George as well as in Lake Champlain. I feel very sure that both lakes will prove desirable habitats for this species, and I propose to continue the planting on as great a scale as our means will permit, until the species is well established in Lake George and Lake Champlain, or the scheme is demonstrated to be impracticable. I do not, however, apprehend failure."

I then wrote to Mr. J. W. Burdick, General Passenger Agent of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, whom I have always found most ready to render assistance to any undertaking of this kind, and he very kindly offered to haul cars of the U. S. Fish Commission and furnish transportation for the men free over his railway, which runs to Lake George and along the shore of Lake Champlain, so the way is prepared to make Lake George, as well as Lake Champlain, the home of the "ouananiche," and I believe that in a few years this will be an accomplished fact, and that the Empire State will have the very best of landlocked salmon fishing within her borders. Lake Champlain will furnish smelt food, and Lake George frost-fish food for the salmon, and their merits can be determined by comparison. A. N. CHENEY.

Trout Development in Tasmania.

THAT the European trout introduced in New Zealand waters have done well has long been known in a general way, but some facts recently published in the London *Field* give details which are interesting. The Agent General of Tasmania has recently sent the *Field* a photograph of a number of trout, of which the following details are given: They were taken in the great lake Tasmania by three rods from April 1 to April 12. The total was 53 fish, weight 470lbs., average 9lbs. The number and weights were as follows: One fish 1½lbs., one 3lbs., two 4lbs., one 4½lbs., six 5lbs., three 6lbs., one 6½lbs., three 7lbs., three 7½lbs., two 8lbs., four 9lbs., three 9½lbs., four 10lbs., eight 11lbs., one 12lbs., one 13lbs., two 16lbs., one 17½lbs. The character of these descendants of Hampshire and Wycombe fish has been often described, and the large specimen weighing 17½lbs. is a magnificent example of the short, deep, thick, well-shaped variety of the *fario*, which has now become acclimated in Tasmania.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

DOG SHOWS.

1894.

Jan. 16 to 19.—Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club, at Saratoga, N. Y. L. W. Clute, Ballston Lake, N. Y., Sec'y.

Jan. 23 to 26.—New Orleans Fanciers' Club, at New Orleans, La. G. W. Sentell, Jr., Sec'y.

Feb. 20 to 23.—Westminster Kennel Club, at New York. James Mortimer, Superintendent.

Feb. 27 to March 2.—Columbus Fanciers' Club, at Columbus, O. G. F. Mooney, Sec'y.

March 7 to 10.—City of Straits Kennel Club, at Detroit, Mich. Guy D. Welton, Sec'y.

March 13 to 16.—Mascoutah Kennel Club, at Chicago, Ill. J. L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 20 to 23.—St. Louis Kennel Club, at St. Louis, Mo.

April 3 to 6.—New England Kennel Club, at Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

April 18 to 21.—Southern California Kennel Club, at Los Angeles, Cal. C. A. Sumner, Sec'y.

May 2 to 5.—Pacific Kennel Club, at San Francisco, Cal. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

May 15.—Portland Kennel Club, at Portland, Ore. D. L. Williams, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1894.

Jan. 15.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club, at Salinas, Cal. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y, San Francisco, Cal.

Feb. 1.—Blue Ridge Futurity Stakes, at New Albany, Miss.

Feb. 5.—Southern Field Trial Club's Trials, at New Albany, Miss. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y, Marietta, Ga.

Feb. 19.—United States Field Trials Club's Spring Trials, Grand Junction, Tenn. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

American Kennel Club Meeting.

THE quarterly meeting of the executive committee of the American Kennel Club was held at the office of the club, 44 Broadway, New York, Dec. 21, at 3:30 P. M. In the absence of the president and vice-president, Mr. William C. Reick was elected to preside. Present: Associate members, Dr. H. T. Foote and A. C. Wilmerding; American Mastiff Club, George G. Stephenson; American Spaniel Club, E. M. Oldham; English Setter Club, Wilson Fiske; Gordon Setter Club of America, J. B. Blossom; National Beagle Club, H. F Schellhass; New Jersey Kennel League, E. H. Morris; Pacific Kennel Club, Jas. Mortimer; Pointer Club of America, George Jarvis; Southern California Kennel Club, Jas. Watson; St. Bernard Club of America, W. C. Reick; St. Louis Kennel Club, J. M. Taylor; Wasbington City Kennel Club, F. S. Webster; Westminster Kennel Club, H. B. Cromwell; American Bull dog Club, E. Willard Roby.

The minutes of the last meeting were read, and on motion approved.

Credentials of the following named delegates to represent the following clubs were read and accepted: American Bulldog Club, E. Willard Roby; Portland Kennel Club, W. L. Wasbington; Akron Poultry and Kennel Club, H. F. Peck.

The secretary read his report, which on motion was accepted, and is as follows:

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1893.

To the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club:

GENTLEMEN—I have the honor to report that since our last meeting there have been no new applications for membership. There is, however, one in abeyance, which was laid over at the last meeting in order that the applicant might complete its application by filing a copy of its constitution as required by our rules. I mailed a communication to the club in question, explaining the matter, and no reply has yet been received. The club is known as the Kansas City Exposition Driving Park Association, and from its title it would appear that it is not an affiliation that this club desires.

The South Carolina Poultry and Pet Stock Association tenders its resignation, and as the club is in good standing, I would recommend the prompt acceptance of the same. The Long Island Live Stock and Fair Association having been sold out we are requested to drop its name from our roll of membership. I would recommend such action.

The following credentials have been filed: Akron Poultry and Kennel Club, appointing Hobert F. Peck, Akron, O., as its delegate; Portland Kennel Club, appointing W. L. Washington, Allegheney, Pa., as its delegate; Bulldog Club of America, appointing E. Willard Roby, New York city, as its delegate in place of John H. Matthews, resigned.

You will hereby recall that at our last meeting the Illindio Kennel Club was duly suspended until it should pay its fees for listings received for its show. This office received an order on the treasurer of said club to pay the American Kennel Club the sum of $19.75 in liquidation of our claim. Dr. H Van Hummell undertook to collect said order for our account. I endorsed it over to him and forwarded it to his address on Dec. 13, and up to this writing no reply has been received. In the meanwhile we have received from Mr. F. W. Chapman a communication claiming that the Illindio Kennel Club sent him a similar draft for $30 in payment of prizes won by his dogs at its show. He deposited same in his bank for collection, which was later returned to him marked "N. G" with $2.14 protest fees charged, which he paid, and although he has repeatedly demanded payment of his claim the club has failed to respond. The club having already been suspended by the action of your honorable body, your secretary has taken no steps in the matter other than to advise the delegate of the Illindio Kennel Club of the state of affairs as above set forth. It now remains for this club to enforce Rule XXVIII.

I was directed at our last meeting to ascertain what compact, if any, has been entered into between the Trunk lines and the express companies in regard to the free transportation of dogs in charge of their owners or caretakers to and from shows throughout the United States. I addressed a letter containing this inquiry to Mr. L. P. Farmer, Commissioner of the Trunk Line Association, and quote his reply:

142 LIBERTY STREET, New York, Nov. 16.

DOGS FOR EXHIBITION.

A. P. Vredenburgh, Esq., Secretary American Kennel Club:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your inquiry of the 15th inst. beg to say that I cannot advise you what agreement exists between the several Trunk Lines and Express companies operating thereon. I beg, however, to quote the rule of the passenger committe relative to transportation of dogs when forwarded for exhibition purposes: 'Dogs for exhibition not to be carried in baggage cars and owners to be referred to the express companies.' Very truly, L. P. FARMER,

Commissioner Passenger Department.

I beg to report that agreeable to instructions I promptly returned all of the fees received by this club for World's Fair certificates. One notice and check has been returned, the party to whom it was addressed not being found by the post-office officials. I hold this amount subject to claim by the proper party.

I now beg to call your attention to several important matters with my recommendations regardiug them.

First, I am forced by circumstances to advise you that we have outgrown our present system of indexing. We have registered upward of 32,000 dogs, and the danger of duplicating names is growing more apparent each day. This is a very serious matter and its dangers should be guarded against. I believe that we owe it to our patrons to perfect our plant as far as it is possible so to do, and as a matter of justice to them and safety to ourselves, I would ask you to make an appropriation of sufficient money to enable us to purchase a card index such as is now used in nearly all of our public libraries, life and fire insurance companies, the different cattle clubs and other institutions where indexing is of such vital importance. To this end I have procured from the Library Bureau, of Boston, Mass., an estimate to furnish us with a cabinet made of hard wood throughout, provided with all of the latest appliances, with a capacity of 72,331 cards, with that number of cards of Bristol board, printed with breed, sex, number, sire, dam and owner, for the sum of $215. This company also agrees to write all registrations up to Jan. 1, 1894, for $13 50 per thousand, or $432 for the 32,000 names already registered. I would, therefore, recommend that the cabinet and cards as per specification and estimate be purchased at once, leaving the matter of the indexing of the dogs already registered to the discretion of the secretary, who believes he can obtain a lower bid for that work.

Second—I would also inform you that in my opinion this club has outgrown its present quarters. It needs more storage room and should have its electrotype plates of all its published volumes of the stud book under its immediate control, which is now impossible. I have obtained the refusal of the office adjoining, being of the same dimensions as that now occupied by me, and would recommend that this club should hire the same, placing the registration department and stenographer therein, and keeping the large room we now lease for the purpose of meetings and for extra storage space. The additional rent would amount to $225 per annum.

Third—By resolution at the May meeting the compact between the Canadian Kennel Club and the American Kennel Club was annulled. It is my opinion, however, that we should in some way control all bench shows, registrations and questions of discipline, and to that end I would recommend that a committee be appointed by the chair and a request forwarded to the C. K. C. to appoint a similar committee to confer, and try to arrive at some conclusion so that a report would be made at the annual meeting. My suggestion as a groundwork for such joint committee to work upon is as follows:

First, the C. K. C. to give up its publication of its Stud Book; second, the C. K. C. to affiliate with the A. K. C. by paying certain annual dues; third, the C. K. C. to send a delegate to the A. K. C., he to represent the Canadian dog show interests for the entire Dominion of Canada; fourth, the benefits to be derived would be one set of dog show rules, general recognition of all awards to qualify for a championship, general recognition of disqualifications and suspensions. The Canadians through their delegate having the same privileges as now accorded every member; and for the general good of the kennel interests throughout this entire country.

In closing my report I have to request that the chair appoint an auditing committee to examine my accounts for the year ending Dec. 31, 1893, and for authority to publish in the *Kennel Gazette* in the month of January, 1894, my financial statement, as has been the custom for the past years.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) A. P. VREDENBURGH, Secretary."

Mr. Schellbass moved that the chair appoint an auditing committee, pursuant to the request of the treasurer to audit his accounts.

Motion seconded and carried.

The chair appointed the following auditing committee: Dr. H. T. Foote, F. S. Webster and H. F. Schellbass.

The treasurer's report was also read, and accepted as follows:

"To the Executive Committee of the American Kennel Club. Gentlemen:—I hereby beg to submit my quarterly report of all moneys received and disbursed by me during the year 1893.

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1893	$5,004.20
Receipts from all sources to date	6,775.85
	$11,780.05
Disbursements for same period	9,211.97
Balance on hand	$2,568.08

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) A. P. VREDENBURGH, Treasurer.

The report of the special committee appointed at the last meeting to draw suitable resolutions on the resignation of Mr. James L. Anthony was read as follows:

Whereas, Mr. Jas. L. Anthony resigned as a member and an official of the A. K. C., and,

Whereas, At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the A. K. C. held May 18, 1893, the president was requested to appoint a committee to draft and present to the club a resolution of thanks to Mr. Anthony for his past services, and

Whereas, Under date of Nov. 8, 1893, the president duly appointed Messrs. A. P. Vredenburgh, John L. Lincoln, Jr., and H. F. Schellhass as such committee, therefore be it

Resolved, That the thanks of the A.K.C. are due, and are hereby tendered to, Mr. Anthony for his loyal support, his disinterested labor, and for his regular attendance at all meetings of the club and various committees of which he was a member for the several years that he was connected with this body, and to express regrets that he found it necessary to sever that connection which proved such a pleasant and valuable one to his fellow members, and

Resolved, That a copy of these preambles and resolutions be sent to Mr. Anthony, and that they be spread in full upon the records of the club.

A. P. VREDENBURGH,
JOHN L. LINCOLN, JR.,
HERMANN F. SCHELLHASS.

On motion the same was unanimously adopted.

The resignation of the South Carolina Pet Stock Association was presented, and Mr. Mortimer moved that, as the club was in good standing, the resignation be accepted. Motion seconded.

The request of the Long Island Live Stock Association to be dropped from the roll on account of the disbanding of the club was, on motion of Mr. Mortimer, granted.

MR. VREDENBURGH—As I have stated before, the Illindio Kennel Club was suspended at our last meeting for failure in complying to our rules in sending us certain moneys due the club. They sent a draft on their treasurer. I enclosed that draft over to their delegate for collection, as he had said that he would collect it for us. I have heard nothing from him since. In the meantime Mr. F. W. Chapman of Boston won $30 at a bench show held by that club. They sent him a similar draft and he deposited it in the bank, and it was returned to him marked "N. G."

MR. WEBSTER—I move that the secretary be directed to notify the Illindio Kennel Club of the claim of Mr. Chapman against it, and that the club be granted thirty days within which either to disprove the claim or to pay the same, in default of which the officials of the club shall stand disqualified and the club remain suspended. Motion seconded and carried.

MR. VREDENBURGH—As I have stated in my report the Kansas City Exposition Driving Park Association have sent in their application for membership and a draft for $10. The matter could not properly come up at the last meeting for action, but I was instructed to advise that club that it must comply with our rules by sending a list of their officers and a copy of their constitution before the matter could come before us. No attention has been paid to my letter, and, as I have said, the association does not appear to be one that the American Kennel Club would care to have on its roll.

MR. SCHELLHASS—I move that the secretary be directed to return the $10 to said association pending a proper compliance by said association with the rules. Motion carried.

MR. VREDENBURGH—Mr. Chairman, during your absence we had two applications for membership from Portland, Ore., one from the Portland Kennel Club and the other from the Oregon Kennel Club. We secured affidavits from both clubs regarding the date of the organization, and the action of this club was entirely upon the affidavits that we received, which action was that we elected the Portland Kenuel Club, because it appeared from the affidavits submitted that the Portland Kennel Club had organized three days before that effected by the Oregon Kennel Club. On Nov. 10 I received a letter from the Oregon Kennel Club, which is as follows:

"PORTLAND, Oregon, Nov. 10.—To the Secretary of the American Kennel Club: Dear Sir—Noting the proceedings of the American Kennel Club at their last meeting, wherein a motion was made to grant a charter to the Portland Kennel Club instead of the Oregon Kennel Club, the latter club immediately held a meeting in regard to the same and a committee was appointed to correspond with the American Kennel Club in reference to said charter, and in accordance therewith we most earnestly solicit your careful attention to the facts which the Oregon Kennel Club set forth. We still insist that the Oregon Kennel Club was the first to organize, and feel certain that we are able to prove such to be a fact, and that the Oregon Kennel Club are obtaining their charter by fraud and misrepresentation in claiming to have organized April 10, three days prior to that of the Oregon Kenuel Club; we have positive proof to the contrary if given an opportunity to set it before the American Kennel Club. Our club is composed of many old and reliable business men who would not lend their name or assistance to these proceedings were they not truthful and correct. We feel that we are justly entitled to the charter under the constitution and precedents of the sovereign club, and we do not propose to be underrnined by unscrupulous parties without an effort to attain that which rightly belongs to us after many months of labor and hearty effort, for we have proof that we are being out-witted by a disappointed office seeker, who would not besitate at any unscrupulous trick to supersede us in getting a charter and who wisely keeps in the dark and leaves his name unmentioned for obvious reasons. The president of the Portland Kenuel Club admitted to our secretary that he knew nothing of his own election to the office until after the meeting of said club—their motto was 'anything for a charter' and 'any way to get it ahead of the Oregon Kenuel Club.' We further truly believe that it is not so much the welfare of the dog world which these parties have at heart as it is to spite the Oregon Kennel Club, as one of their party remarked that 'any dirty work goes' in this case. Now, what we earnestly petition the American Kennel Club to do is to appoint a member of your organization to come to Portland (at our expense) and fully and impartially investigate the facts in this controversy, and we will cheerfully abide by his decision. We would suggest that an officer of the Seattle, Wash., Kennel Club be appointed to come over here, and we are satisfied that the American Kennel Club will find that these statements are truthful and correct, and we ask, in justice between man and man, that the charter, if not already granted to the Portland Kenuel Club, be withheld until such investigation can be had, and if the charter has been granted, that the same be revoked and given to the Oregon Kennel Club, provided, always, that we can prove priority of organization. The reason we suggest the Seattle Club is because of the short distance to Portland, and, consequently, less expense to us.

Trusting to have favorable consideration of our plea, we subscribe for the Oregon Kennel Club. Joseph R. Bowles, President; Fred A. Dunham, Secretary, Chairman Bench Show Committee; George A. Strow, L. A. Wheeler."

Since receiving that I have received a communication from the Seattle Kenuel Club, dated Dec. 15, as follows:

"SEATTLE KENNEL CLUB, Seattle, Wash., Dec. 15.—Mr. A. Vredenburgh, Secretary American Kennel Club: Dear Sir.—We beg to call your attention to the controversy existing between the Oregon Kennel Club and the Portland Kennel Club, said clubs being in the city of Portland, Ore., as to which club had the prior organization.

"The Portland Kenuel Club, we understand, has represented that they were organized on the 10th of April last, and from that showing were given the franchise of your club for the city of Portland.

"At a meeting of this club held this evening Mr. G. C Strowe, of the Oregon Kennel Club, was present and laid before our club newspapers containing call for organization of the Oregon Kennel Club under date of April 8, also other newspapers showing that the organization was perfected on the 13th, and that at that meeting among other officers elected Mr. D. L. Williams was elected to the position of financial secretary and treasurer. From the representation of Mr. Strowe it appears that Mr. Williams was very desirous of obtaining the position of corresponding secretary, and failing in that withdrew entirely from the Oregon Kennel Club and organized the Portland Kennel Club, though his name did not appear publicly. At the present time, however, we were informed that he holds the office of corresponding secretary of the last-named club From the showing of Mr. Strowe, which seems to us that at least there is a very grave question as to which club has the title to priority of organization, and in the interest of fair play and of honest and clean sportsmanship on the Pacific coast, we respectfully ask you to lay this matter before the American Kennel Club at their coming meeting for such action as it may be their pleasure to take.

"The Oregon Kennel Club has agreed to defray all expenses of the member of this club going to Portland to investigate the facts as he may find them and report to your honorable body.

"We would, therefore, suggest, as a member of the American Kennel Club, that it might not be out of place that you decide as to what plan to pursue in order that this controversy may be settled as amicably and as soon as possible.

"SEATTLE KENNEL CLUB, F. R. Atkins. Sec'y."

MR. MORRIS—I move that this matter be reconsidered.

MR. MORTIMER—I think before such motion is entertained it would be well to take into consideration the testimony of an associate member, a member in good standing, Mr. W. L. Wasbington, who visited Portland last summer and reported very favorably on the Portland Club. He thought that club, being the first club organized, and representing a better class of people, who really had the interest of the dog at heart, should be recognized, and he very strongly recommended their admission. I do not see how we can reconsider this unless we have some very strong evidence to act upon.

MR. SCHELLHASS—Even though we may have made a mistake in admitting the wrong club, I think if we reconsider the matter at this late date that the remedy might be a great deal worse than the evil. I move that the secretary be instructed to inform the Oregon Kennel Club that no action can be taken in the matter at this time.

Mr. Mortimer produced and read a letter from the secretary of the Portland Kennel Club, in which it was stated that that club was very desirous of holding its first dog show in May, 1894, and would like to have everything in connection with the show as near the rules and regulations of the American Kennel Club as possible.

The motion of Mr. Schellhass that the secretary be instructed to notify the Oregon Kennel Club that it is too late for the American Kennel Club to reconsider the matter was seconded.

MR. FISKE—There being charges of fraud against the officers of the Portland Kennel Club, we now have the right to investigate those charges with perfect propriety, it seems to me.

Mr. Schellhass's motion was put to vote and lost.

DR. FOOTE—I move that the matter be turned over to the advisory committee for the purpose of investigating the charges. Motion seconded.

MR. VREDENBURGH—I would like to impress it upon the minds of delegates that the true reason for the acceptance of the Portland Kennel Club was upon an affidavit that they sent here showing that they were organized two or three days in advance of the affidavits received from the Oregon Kenuel Club. Mr. Washington's letter of recommendation was also read, but the true reason for the acceptance of the club was its priority of organization. However, the Oregon Kennel Club, which was not elected, make grave charges against the Portland Kennel Club. I think it is the duty of the delegates to investigate those charges.

Dr. Foote's motion to refer to advisory committee carried.

MR. VREDENBURGH—The matter of the dog Sprake comes now properly before us. You will all remember that this dog was disqualified at the show of the Blue Grass Kennel Club held at Lexington, Ky., upon a protest entered by me as secretary of this club. At the last meeting it was resolved that the present owner of Sprake, Mrs. Davis, be given an opportunity of appeal I have her appeal here, which I submit to you, and in which she states in substance that since she was the owner of the dog she had always registered him as "I. C. P.," with "Sprake" in brackets.

MR. MORTIMER—It would seem from the appeal of Mrs. Davis that she is under the impression that she, as owner, and the dog Sprake, are disqualified permanently. I think if she was notified that the dog was only disqualified at the Lexington show, the matter could be readily settled.

MR. MORRIS—I move that the matter he left with the secretary for attention.

MR. LEWIS—The dog is now properly registered.

Motion seconded and carried.

MR. WATSON—I offer the following resolution, that the stud hook committee be authorized to recognize all wins with the exception of that at the Blue Grass Kennel Club, of Lexington, Kentucky, and if the dog is again shown as "I. C. P." ("Sprake") it be registered in the stud book. Motion seconded and carried.

The charge preferred by E. H. Morris against the Danbury Agricultural Society was on motion referred to the advisory committee.

Mr. Vredenburgh called up his recommendation in his report concerning a new system of indexing by which reference could be more readily had to registrations, and called attention to the advantages of a system such as is now used by a number of other clubs and corporations, and strongly recommended that some action be taken at this meeting regarding the matter.

MR. MORRIS—I move that the whole matter he left to the discretion of the secretary and that he be limited in his expenditures in said matter to $550. Motion seconded and carried.

In regard to the recommendation of the secretary for more spacious quarters, Mr. Schellbass moved that the secretary be instructed to lease the adjoining office pursuant to his recommendation until May, 1895. Motion seconded and carried.

Mr. Blossom moved that the secretary be empowered to look into the matter of selecting and biring some safe deposit vault where important records of the club could be stored. Motion seconded and carried.

MR. VREDENBURGH—Now comes the matter of our relation with the Canadian Kennel Club. As you all know, we had a compact in 1889 which was very much like the handle of a jug—all on one side—and this club saw fit at its May meeting to annul that compact, and we are just as wide apart with that club as we are with England. I do not think this is for the best interests of the kennel clubs of this country. Our constitution says that this club was organized for the United States and the Dominion of Canada. They formed a Canadian Kennel Club, which consists of individuals who have assumed to regulate kennel affairs in Canada. For the last five years we have recognized their stud hook registrations and their awards and their black lists. In return they have done the same thing for us. I sincerely believe that we ought to come to some conclusion with the Canadian Kennel Club whereby we may be able to bring them into the American Kennel Club. In my opinion the groundwork would be that they should abandon their stud book. They ought to affiliate with the American Kennel Club, and should send a delegate to this club to represent the Canadian dog show interests.

MR. WATSON—I move that the communication received from the Canadian Kennel Club, which was submitted at a former meeting and laid upon the table, be taken up.

Motion seconded and carried.

MAJOR TAYLOR—I move that the chairman appoint a committee of three, of which our secretary shall be chairman, to confer with a committee of the Canadian Kennel Club and devise some means of establishing a new compact between the clubs.

Motion seconded and carried.

The chairman appointed as such committee Messrs. Vredenburgh, Watson and Taylor

MR. MORRIS—I move that the secretary be given authority to publish in the *Kennel Gazette* for the month of January, 1894, his financial statement.

Motion seconded and carried.

MR. WATSON—As the decision of the executive committee at its last meeting of the case of Shillcock vs. Patterson was entered without any notice having been given to Mr. Shillcock or myself, I having acted for him, I beg to protest against this decision on his behalf. This case came up before the American Kennel Club and was referred to the advisory committee, where the whole testimony in the case was submitted. They went through it, and there was one point on which they desired further information. Our present chairman was on the way to England at the time, and he was requested to obtain information on that one particular point. The question was whether the bitch had been served, and Mr. Reick looked up the old service book and found exactly as Mr. Schillcock had said, that the service had been rendered in the manner stated. That was the only ground on which Mr. Patterson had to evade the responsibility. The case went against Mr. Patterson. At the last meeting a request was made by Mr. Patterson for reinstatement. I was practically Mr. Schillcock's attorney. I received no notice and knew nothing about the matter until I saw it in the report of the club in the *Gazette*. Now I ask, is it proper for a judicial body of this character to render a decision of that kind without full knowledge of the facts of the case? I do not think I ought to go into the facts now, because they are in evidence and can be produced. I do not think the gentlemen who voted in favor of his reinstatement had any idea of what this case was or how this man had

obtained this dog from Mr. Schillcock, and that he had notified the bankers to refuse payment of the draft, and at the same time he was telling Mr. Schillcock that it was the banker's fault that the draft was not paid. There was no one outside of Mr Belmont, Mr. Vredenburgh, Mr. Anthony and myself who were acquainted with those facts. We are in a certain sense a court of law. We give a decision. Some person wants to reopen the case. What do you do? You bring new evidence. This man owes $40. There is the protested draft. There is the statement of this man that he ordered this draft to be paid, and yet he is still writing to these bankers not to pay this draft. I protest on behalf of Mr. Schillcock against the reinstatement of Mr. Patterson, and request that some action be taken in the matter.

Mr. Vredenburgh—I would like to state for the information of Mr. Watson, that when this case was brought up I suggested that as the case had been tried by the advisory committee, this man's appeal should, out of courtesy to the advisory committee, be referred to it so that if that committee saw any good reason why it should reinstate Mr. Patterson, they could do so. The meeting would not act on that suggestion, and they stated that it was the sense of that meeting that Mr Patterson had been sufficiently punished for his misconduct, and that he should be reinstated. Mr. Patterson was reinstated.

Mr. Morris—And it was also in view of the decision of the executive committee that these monetary matters should not be acted upon by the executive committee.

The Chair—That resolution was rather *ex post facto*. I must say I thought it was one of the most amazing pieces of legislation that could be done. This man puts in circulation a printed paper in which he sought to defend himself, but which was simply an acknowledgment of that with which he had been charged. He bought this bitch and sent a draft for her, which he afterward ordered cancelled, and said the bitch had not been served. I suggest that the better way would be to appeal to the American Kennel Club as a club.

Mr. Watson—I give notice now that I will bring the matter before the next annual meeting.

Mr. Morris brought up Rule 1 of the dog show rules and moved that the secretary be appointed a committee of one to act upon dates. Motion seconded and carried.

In the matter of the investigation made to ascertain what compact, if any, has been entered into between the trunk lines and the express companies in regard to free transportation of dogs in charge of their owners, which was somewhat fully discussed, Mr. Morris moved that a committee be appointed to treat with the express companies and trunk lines in order to bring about some more equitable rates for exhibitors. Motion seconded and carried.

The chairman appointed as such committee Messrs. Morris, Webster and Dr. Foote.

Dr. Foote—Before the meeting is adjourned I desire to call attention to the action of Dr. L. R. Sattler at the Newark show recently held. According to the papers grave charges are made against Dr. Sattler to the effect that he surreptitiously took one of Mr. Belmont's dogs to serve one of his own. I understood he was expelled by his own club for so doing. I think it is a matter which the American Kennel Club should take some notice of.

Mr. Morris—I can say on behalf of the New Jersey Kennel League that on the matter coming to our attention we insisted that he should pay the fee, and then we afterward had a hearing in the case and expelled him from the club. This is as far as we have gone.

Dr. Foote—If that is all that has been done there is nothing to prevent this man from going on and showing his dogs. I think that a man who stoops to such a thing as that should not be allowed to show dogs.

Mr Schellhass—I move that it is the sense of this meeting that the New Jersey Kennel League shall prefer charges against Dr. Sattler to the American Kennel Club for investigation.

Motion seconded and carried.

The meeting then adjourned.

Field Trial Reports.

We have received a long letter for publication from Maj. J. R. Purcell in regard to alleged incorrect reporting of certain heats in the field trials of 1892 and '93 in a Western paper. While Maj. Purcell seems to have some cause for complaint according to the published accounts of the same heats in the Forest and Stream, which he quotes as bearing out his contention, we do not deem the letter sufficiently interesting to the general reader to publish it *in extenso*.

There is one part of his letter that we may allude to here. He says that at the club room at Lexington, N. C., during the Central field trials of 1892, a meeting was held by the handlers and the following resolution drawn up: "That Whereas, Published reports of work done by bird dogs running in the public trials have so often been untrue as to various dogs, misleading to the public, damaging to the reputations of handlers and injurious to the interests of owners, therefore it is Resolved, That we demand of the sportsmen's papers that such reports contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Maj. Purcell was elected secretary, but he says he refrained from making such resolutions public because it was thought that the mere fact of such action having been taken would be sufficient to correct the abuses complained of; besides, he felt that gentlemen to whom this was not intended to apply might feel that they were indirectly reflected upon. We think, however, if such feeling existed among the handlers and others that some specific action should have been taken by advising the public of the direct cause for complaint and names of the journal or journals that transgressed.

A field trial reporter has a difficult task to fulfill at the best, and handlers and others should bear in mind the fact that men do not all view the work of field dogs from the same standpoint, and that, as Mr. Waters has often contended, a knowledge of ordinary field work does not neccsarily make a man a field trial handler, judge or reporter. Field trial work is in a class by itself and should be so considered. Judging from Major Purcell's letter, however, Forest and Stream was not included in the list of transgressors. We have perfect confidence in the honesty and fairness of our own field trial reports. We have no axe to grind nor any one kennel to boom; our sole desire is to boom the Forest and Stream among field trial men and dog breeders generally, and this we are convinced can only be done by acting in a fair spirit to all. It is not our fault if another journal has shown favoritism. We are in receipt of another letter asking us to expose the same reporter and journal's alleged biassed report of certain running at Bicknell last month. Forest and Stream will always welcome any healthy discussion among field trial men in regard to the character and importance of work done in field trials or the merits of, for instance, the pointer vs. the setter, or *vice versa*. But personal contentions, of no earthly value to any one but those directly interested, and which surely lead to mutual recrimination, can find no place in these columns. This fact is well understood by this time and that is why Forest and Stream does not weary, but interest, the general reader.

Lady Mignon is Not Savage.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am the owner of the celebrated St. Bernard Lady Mignon and her litter brother Councellor Joe. The former I notice in your last week's issue was made popular through drawing blood in biting Mr. Reick at the Birmingham show. In justice to her ladyship I wish to state that she is as beautiful in temper as in appearance except on the show bench, where she has had to undergo such admiration during the past season in England, in consequence of being always the prize winner, that she never gets a chance of being rested. People are so in the habit of poking her to wake her up that she has become tired of it. I am, however, very sorry and expressed myself so to Mr. Reick, that she should select him of all people to bite. I had been busy showing her in the various classes and had left her a few minutes when it took place.

Samuel Jagger.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 7.

Death of Senta.

Mr. J. H. Lawrence, owner of Kennel Lawrence, has sustained severe loss in the death of his great Dane bitch Senta, which he recently purchased from Mr. Glynn. Senta died of pneumonia ten hours after her return from Chicago show. Earl of Wurtemburg is also down with the same complaint, but Mr. Lawrence expects to pull him through.

Akron Dog Show, Dec. 19 to 22.

(Special Report.)

The Akron Poultry and Kennel Club's first show was held last week, and while not a success financially, it was a very good start in the right direction. Next year Akron should come into some good circuit and offer cash prizes. The benching was of the old style wooden stalls, but was made of nice clean lumber, surfaced on both sides, which added to the appearance very much. The stalls were kept clean and well disinfected. Among the exhibitors I noticed Mrs. Lee, T. A. Howard, Dr. F. H. Hoyt, C. Klocke, Gale Good, Dr. J. R. Daniels, Luther Cole, F. H. Morris, A. Asire, Joe Deiter, Geo. Ratters, Fred Pastre, Geo. Mooney (secretary Columbus Fanciers' Club), A. J. C. Smith, Mr. Orr, of the Dwight Gordon Kennels.

Dr. F. H. Hoyt made a fine exhibit of Italian greyhounds, and succeeded in disposing of a couple of puppies, Mr. A. J. C. Smyth sold two Gordon setter puppies and several others made sales. Mr. Davidson judged all classes and, as usual, gave satisfaction.

Mastiffs were a poor lot with the exception of two mongrel puppies; only one faced the judge, Cæsar D., who is a shabby, poor-headed specimen.

St. Bernards were one of the strongest classes in the show. No challenge entries filled. In open rough dogs Grand Master, shown in rather light flesh, won easily from American Cæsar, who is recovering from his Chicago lameness. Rough bitches showed Io the winner; she is well known. Second went to Juliet, a typical bitch, but losing in size and substance to the winner. The reserve went to a daughter of Lord Bute and Ellen Terry, a big roomy bitch whose place is in the nursery. The open smooth class showed a good young specimen in Nero Frank, of the celebrated Keeper strain. Should he go on right he can do some winning. Pliny made rather a poor second. Lady Judith, the Chicago winner, was alone in her class and was awarded first. She is a typical specimen.

Great Danes.—All the six entries, made by the Kennel Lawrence, were absent, owing to illness.

Pointers.—There was a strong entry for a small show, and most of the winners are well known.

English Setters.—There was only one challenge entry, Zona. She was lucky to have no competition, as she is not up to challenge form. Open dogs saw MacMurdo first over Tilt; the latter is coarse and light in eye. The winner scores in type and general character. In open bitches Bessie Hill was rightly placed, I thought, over Daisy B. II., reversing a former decision. The former scores considerably in head and ear, losing to Daisy in spring of ribs and loin. She was shown, however, in very light flesh.

Irish Setters.—Kildare Beverly was the only entry in open dogs and was awarded the blue. In open bitches Bessie Fenmore scored easily over Belle of Kildare; the latter was ragged in coat and light in color. The winner is a good typical bitch, good in head and color, but light in eye.

Gordons had no challenge entries. In open class Heather Lad, a handsome specimen, won; he is well known. Second went to a new one, Judge S.; he is just in from a two month's hunt, and in no form to show. He is a good dog, but light in eye and tan. In open bitches, Heather Effie won easily over Mont Rose, who is bad in head and ear. The winner has been described before.

Cockers were a local entry, and would not give a very good account of themselves with outside competition.

Collies were a poor lot too, all Akron dogs. The best of the lot was Countess Bertha, who was awarded the blue.

Bull-Terriers had only two entries. Barney B., well known, was alone in his class, while Lady Diana held the same position in hers.

Dachshunds were a strong entry. Fritz K. was alone in challenge class. Mr. Klocke showed a strong team of four, winning in both open dog and bitch classes.

Pugs—Casina, in good condition, was alone and won in challenge class. Open dogs found the Chicago winner Drummer an easy first; he is a good pug and has been described. In bitches Miss Decima, who was rather unlucky at Chicago, scored easily over Diamond Bessie. The winner is a grand muzzled little bitch, cobby and short in body. A. L.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Dobson's Cæsar D. *Puppies:* Prizes withheld.

ST. BERNARDS.—Rough-Coated—*Dogs:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Grand Master; 2d, A. Froembling's American Cæsar. *Bitches:* 1st, J. B. Lewis's Io; 2d and very high com., Alta Kennels' Juliet and Harmonie. —Smooth-Coated—*Dogs:* 1st, F. H. Morris's Nero Frank; 2d, A. V. Asire's Pliny. *Bitches:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Lady Judith.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, A. E. Pitts's Globelis.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—Challenge—*Dogs:* 1st, R. D. Williams's Commodore.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—Prizes withheld.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. J. Viall's Coyne. *Bitches:* 1st and special, Dr. F. H. Hoyt's Martha.

POINTERS.—Challenge—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, John R. Daniels's Lord Graphic. Under 55lbs.: 1st, Glenrock Kennels' Duke of Kent II. *Bitches:* 1st, Geo. W. Lovell's Wild Lilly.—Open—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, John R. Daniels's London. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, S. S. Van Patten's Dixie II.; 2d, G. F. Mooney's Luck's Own Daughter. *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, A. F. Hochwalt and W. H. Waidle's Rush of Lad; 2d, Glen Rock Kennels' Twinkle. Reserve, Dr. John R. Daniels's Guano Beppo. High com., C. M. Oberlin's Flying Jib; Com., R. Rowland's Phil II. *Puppies:* 1st, C. M. Oberlin's K. & O.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Challenge—*Bitches:* 1st, P. D. Cheseldine's Zona.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, F. Pastre's Mac Murdo; 2d, J. F. Strockle's Tilt. Very high com., H. W. Kline's Count Kline. High com., P. B. Cheseldine's Monk of Join. *Bitches:* 1st, S. S. Van Patten's Bessie Hill; 2d, Geo. Batterson's Daisy B. II. *Puppies:* 1st, Geo. Batterson's Queen Emma; 2d, Kashner & Bonstedt's ——.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Kildare Kennels' Kildare Beverly. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Eakins's Bessie Fenmore; 2d, Kildare Kennels' Belle of Kildare. Very high com. reserve, G. W. Lang's Kildare Gladys. High com. and com., J. Mills's Mellie Whippe and Mattie Hunter.—Puppies.—*Dogs:* 1st, Kildare Kennels' Kildare Oden. *Bitches:* 1st, Kildare Kennels' Kildare Melville.

GORDON SETTERS.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st and very high com., Dwight Kenuels' Heather Lad and Heather Lad II; 2d, A. J. C. Smith's Judge S. *Bitches:* 1st, Dwight Kennels' Heather Effie; 2d and very high com., A. J. C. Smith's Mont Rose and Mohawk Fanny. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Dwight Kennels' Lad II. and Dwight Rose.

COCKER SPANIELS (under 28lbs.)—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, Joe Harrier's St. Patrick. *Bitches:* 1st, Kashner & Bonstedt's Baby.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—1st, Joseph Mills's Faro Boy; 2d withheld.

COLLIES.—Open—*Bitches:* 1st, H. F. Peck's Countess Bertha; 2d, very high com. and high com., O. H. Coolidge's Collie, L. Esmeralda and Christmas Belle.

BULL-TERRIERS.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, J. C. Mahler's Barney B. *Bitches:* 1st, J. C. Mahler's Lady Diana.

DACHSHUNDS.—Challenge—1st, L. O. Seidel's Fritz K.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Klocke's Roy K.; 2d, Arthur Froembling's Tapszur Horst. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., C. Klocke's Lovely K., Diana K. and Bessie K.

BEAGLES.—13 to 15in.—Challenge—1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels Parthenia.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Sir Thomas; 2d, O. L. Coolidge's Rex. *Bitches:* 1st, Middleton Kennels' Snow-2d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Gypsy A. Very high com., Chas. Wood; ward's Hettie.—13in. and Under—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, Middleton Kennels' Adam; 2d, Glenrose Beagle Kennels' Paderewski. *Bitches:* 1st, Middleton Kennels' Little Fraud; 2d, James Sauce's Belle III.

FOX-TERRIERS.—Wire-Haired—1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s Oakleigh Bruiser.

BASSET HOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Doc Short's Bent; 2d, C. H. Woodard's Tom Pinch. *Bitches;* 1st, D. Short's Bet.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Davis & Winters's Rochelle Rust. *Bitches:* 1st, Davis & Winters's Mizpah.

PUGS.—Challenge—*Bitches:* 1st, A. H. Baker's Cassina.—Open—*Dogs:* 1st, German-Howard Pug Kennels' Drummer; 2d, M. Manderbach's Bob. Very high com., G. Goble's Jim. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, German-Howard Pug Kennels' Miss Decima and Diamond Bessie. Very high com., M. Manderbach's Gipsy. *Puppies:* 1st, German-Howard Pug Kennels' Young Penrice.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and very high com., F. H Hoyt's Roma, Snowball and Sir Fritz. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. H. Hoyt's Idiom and Irene. *Puppies:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Ingersoll.

SPECIALS.

Best mastiff dog, Cæsar D. Best St. Bernard dog, Grand Master; best kennel, Alta Kennels. English setters, best dog, Macmurdo, best bitch (2), Bessie Hill. Irish setters, best dog, Kildare Beverly; best pair, Kildare Beverly and Belle of Kildare. Pointers, best bitch, Wild Lilly; best dog (2), Rush of Lad; best kennel, Dr. J. R. Daniels's. Best kennel, Gordons, Dwight Kennels; best Gordon setter, Heather Lad. Best cocker spaniel dog, St. Patrick. Best collie bitch, Countess Bertha. Best pair black and tan terriers, Rochelle Rust and Mizpah; best dog (2), Rochelle Rust. Best pug dog, Drummer; best pug bitch, Miss Decima. Best greyhound, Martha, Best Dachshund, Lovely K. Best beagle owned in Akron, Hettie. Best bull-terrier, Barney B. Best Italian greyhound, Idiom. Owned in Akron: best pug, Rob; best terrier, W. Smith's Dot. Best Italian greyhound dog, Roma. Best American foxhound, Commodore. Best Kennel beagles, Middleton Kennels. Best pointer bitch owned in Akron, Belle R.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

[By a Staff Correspondent.]

In the matter of the replevin suit to establish the ownership of four dogs, replevined at the Chicago Kennel Club's show by Mr. Marmaduke Woods, Mr. Wm. Potter, the defendant, won the suit.

The auction of dogs at the Chicago Kennel Club's show did not meet with the success anticipated. The bidding was very slow and the prices low. Mr. T. Donoghue acted as auctioneer. No better one could have been secured. The public, however, were not in a purchasing mood, and the auction was a failure. There is a belief among owners that an auction sale tends to the injury of breeders, since the low prices and larger number of inferior specimens offered create a false impression in regard to values or merit.

Mr. Thos. Johnson has received a letter from Mr. Wm. Brailsford, informing him that Musa and Dogwood reached Ightfield in safety. He writes: "They have arrived here looking so fresh and well that one can scarcely believe they have even left the kennels, much more that they have returned from a tramp of 10,000 miles." He further wrote: "We had a big shoot last Tuesday, 1,005 pheasants and other game." B. Waters.

DOG CHAT.

A Happy New Year.

A Happy New Year to all our readers, and may their dogs live long in the land and multiply abundantly.

Champion Fritz Dead.

We have been asked recently what had become of champion Fritz. We regret to say a letter from Mr. Wickery, of Pittsburgh, Pa., informs us that he died Dec. 17, of pneumonia. He was generally counted Beaufort's best son.

Death of Champion Novel.

Mr. C. T. Sacket, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., has lost his cocker bitch Champion Novel. She died Dec. 23, from a stroke of paralysis. Mr. Sacket will not look back upon 1893 with any great regard as far as his dogs are concerned. He first lost Eve and a fine litter by Prince W.; then Champion Rabbi went, and after him a nice little "red one," with her pups. We wish Mr. Sacket better luck in '94.

Business is usually dull during Christmas week, but there is no reason why there should not be a lively trade in dogs for presents. A reference to our business columns will afford ample choice. This week we find among the new ads. that H. L. Kreuder offers broken and unbroken beagles; 938 Prospect avenue, choice setters; A. E. Seidel, trained pointer; F. G. Tripp, small bull-terriers; E. F. Beach, rough-coated St. Bernard; E. Baldwin, pointer pup; W. P. Boyle, sporting dogs; G. P. Wiggin, St. Bernard pups; F. McGough, beagles. At stud: S. J. Rogers offers the prize-winning wire fox-terrier Ebor Larchmont; Exchange, champion Schread, beagle, for ferrets or wildcat.

Correction.

In our tabulated list of field trial winners, in Irish setter trials the winner of second in the Derby should be J. B. Blossom's Nugget II., by Finglas—Betsy Craft. While no one regrets more than we do when errors creep into such reports, there is no little wonder that more mistakes are not made when we consider the slipshod method in which some of the field trial entries are sent in for publication. There can be no excuse whatever, though, for the arrant stupidity exhibited by a Western journal which comes out a week behind our list, and withal turns bitches into dogs, as for instance in the Gordon Setter Trials' All-Aged Stake, where Jolly G., the winner, is put down as a dog when every one outside of that office knows she is a bitch. Needless to say such records are wholly unreliable.

White Wonder's Deafness.

The bull-terrier White Wonder, of whose return to his native country Forest and Stream advised its readers some time since, was disqualified at the Birmingham show for deafness, as at Boston in 1890. The case is attracting much attention on the other side, as the eminent "vet.," Mr. Sewell, has certified to the dog's owner that while the dog is deaf he is by no means entirely deaf. Mr. Pegg, the owner of the dog, has appealed to the Birmingham committee from the decision of the judge at the show named, and if a satisfactory decision is not arrived at he will take the case before the Kennel Club. Then we shall hear probably what tests, etc., have been used to prove that the dog can hear. White Wonder was never shown here after it was proved he was deaf at Boston in 1890.

At the next field trials of the English Kennel Club, to be held April 3, an innovation will be adopted by the judges which seems to commend itself. They will give certificates of merit in the Derby to dogs, other than those successful enough to get into the money, that give promise of making valuable field dogs, with a view to provide workers' classes at the dog shows and as a guide to purchasers.

According to *Stock-Keeper* (Eng.), Mr. Henry S. Loud, of Chicago, has purchased from Mr. W. J. Mason, of England, the bull-terrier bitch Flower of the Valley, winner at Cirencester and Gloucester, and dam of Lady Loo Loo, winner of challenge cup at Birkenhead, etc.

Another important sale was consummated at the close of the Chicago show. Mr. Schallenberger of Alma, Neb., disposed of his noted rough coat St. Bernard Aristocrat to Mr. Frank Anderson of Chicago. Mr. Anderson has a good dog and one that has done well in the stud, and is not too old to yet stamp his progeny with type and quality.

Death of C. O. D.

It is with great regret that we learn of the death of Caution's Own Daughter, as much for the loss which the mastiff

breed has sustained as the personal loss which Mr. Bunn must feel. During the latter part of the Chicago show the bitch seemed ailing, but nothing more serious than a cold and fever was suspected. She died on Monday, Dec. 18, and the autopsy revealed a general derangement internally. This bitch has had a brilliant career, a career so recent that it is needless to refer to it here. She was bred by Mr. Moore and was by champion Ilford Caution out of Lady Dorothy and whelped May 5, 1889. Though her markings were, in the eyes of some lovers of the breed, a detriment, her beautiful formation of head and body and intense quality sufficed to place her at the very top of the mastiff fancy.

Correction.

Mr. Patterson writes us that Abe, as stated in our special report of Providence show, is not a mastiff, but a smooth St. Bernard, and the criticism on Eulalie should apply to him. He won first in open St. Bernard dogs. The only mastiff shown was the puppy Philip, who was given first in dog puppies. Eulalie was removed the first day of the show.

Dr. Perry, who has been president of the board of directors of the *Fanciers' Journal* for some months, has resigned and severed entire connection with that publication.

The Portland Kennel Club intend holding a show about May 15. So it looks very much as though the club means business, whether organized before or after its rival. The club has elected the following officers: President, Dr. F. Cauthorn; Vice-President, J. S. Sced; Secretary, D. L. Williams; Treasurer, J. W. Keen; Directors, J. F. Carraher, W. L. Curry, E. House, I. Humason and F. Westenfelder; Delegate to A. K. C., W. L. Washington.

The Saratoga Poultry and Kennel Club have made the following arrangements for transportation to their coming show: The National and American express companies will return free all dogs that have been forwarded over their lines. The Delaware & Hudson Canal Co. will carry free all dogs when accompanied by care-takers. N. Y. C. & H. R. Ry. and Fitchburg Ry. will transport free three dogs when in charge of care-takers. Mr. J. Otis Fellows is to superintend, and we again call the attention of exhibitors to the fact that the entry fee has been reduced to $2 and that of selling class to $1. Entries close Jan. 6, 1894. Col. A. B. Hilton's dogs of the Woodlawn Stock Farm Kennels will be for exhibition only at the Saratoga show. A $10 special for the best kennel of four bull-terriers will be given.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Tiny Tobe, Trinkle, Good Boy, Dandy and Clara Belle. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pugs, four dogs and one bitch, whelped July 8, 1893, by Happy Toby (Spokane—Nellie) out of La Belle Senora (Spokane—Lady Verne).

Young Cashier, Sir Tilford, Pedro, The Captain and Cyrene. By Eberhart Pug Kennels, Cincinnati, O., for silver fawn pug dogs, whelped July 7, 1893, by Eberhart's Cashier (champion Kash—Lady Thora) out of Cashier's Daughter (Eberhart's Cashier—Flossie II.).

Cataraqui Dash. By C. E. Levey, Cataraqui, Ont., for liver belton English setter dog, whelped Dec. 16, 1893, by Onward II. (Field Trial Jester—Lassie) out of Nell (Rheulus—Lassie).

Cataraqui Sling, Cataraqui Sling, Cataraqui Blue Prince, Cataraqui Blue Rock and Cataraqui Blue Bell. By C. E. Levey, Cataraqui, Ont., for blue belton English setters, four dogs and one bitch, whelped Dec. 16, 1893, by Onward II. (Field Trial Jester—Lassie) out of Nell (Rheulus—Lassie).

BRED.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Fannie—Doctor. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Fannie (Tom—Beaulah) to his Doctor (Ben Butler—Bell A.), Dec. 4.

Queen Noble—Murkland Ranger, Jr. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Queen Noble (Ben Butler—Quail) to his Murkland Ranger, Jr. (Murkland Ranger—Beulah), Nov. 17.

Duchess—Murkland Ranger, Jr. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Dutchess (Gordon Grouse—Bell E.) to his Murkland Ranger, Jr. (Murkland Ranger—Beaulah), Dec. 2.

Bell A.—Murkland Ranger, Jr. C. T. Brownell's (New Bedford, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Bell A. (Richmond's Sam—Brownell's Judy) to his Murkland Ranger, Jr. (Murkland Ranger—Brownell's Beaulah), Nov. 24.

June—Laddie. Geo. Hatts's (East Orange, N. J.) beagle bitch June (Bob—Sallie) to N. A. Baldwin's Laddie (Royal Krueger—Midge), Dec. 9.

Kinjal—Sorvanets. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) Russian wolfhound bitch Kinjal to his Sorvanets, Nov. 26.

Vinga—Leekhoi. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) Russian wolfhound bitch Vinga to his Leekhoi, Nov. 17.

Green Mountain Lass—Conrad II. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Green Mountain Lass to their Conrad II., Oct. 20.

Roslyn Eileen—Romulus. Chestnut Hill Kennels' (Chestnut Hill, Pa.) Irish terrier bitch Roslyn Eileen to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Romulus, Sept. 4.

Kilcoran—Romulus. E. W. Roby's Irish terrier bitch Kilcoran to Hempstead Farm Kennels' Romulus, Oct. 22.

Craig—Woodmansterne Trefoil. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Craig to their Woodmansterne Trefoil, Nov. 3.

Mica—Romulus. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) Irish terrier bitch Mica to their Romulus, Oct. 18.

Thorndale—Rab. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) English setter bitch Thorndale to Rab, Nov. 13.

WHELPS.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Svodka. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) Russian wolfhound bitch champion Svodka (Khedia—Krasolka), Dec. 10, five (two dogs), by his Leekhoi (Reznee—Labedka).

Grouse II. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Grouse II. (Rational—Olive II.), Dec. 6, seven (three dogs), by A. Belmont's Blemton Stickler (champion Stipend—Blemton Trinket).

Brokenhurst Queenie. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Brokenhurst Queenie (Rational—Ytem), Nov. 28, five (three dogs), by his Raby Pallisy (Raby Patter—Maize).

Damson. C. S. Hanks's (Manchester, Mass.) fox-terrier bitch Damson (Dominie—Daphina), Nov. 25, six (two dogs), by his Raby Pallisy (Raby Potter—Maize).

Belle of Sharon. W. F. Porter's (Sharon, Pa.) fox-terrier bitch Belle of Sharon, Dec. 6, five (three dogs), by his Woodale Driver.

Lala. F. W. Otto's (Providence, R. I.) cocker spaniel bitch Lala (champion Pete—Miss Nance), Nov. 30, seven (six dogs), by J. M. Brown's Moses K. (Obo II.—Black Bess II.).

Zulu Princess II. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) collie bitch Zulu Princess II., Nov. 1, eleven (five dogs), by their Hempstead Zulu.

Brittany. Hempstead Farm Kennels' (Hempstead, L. I.) wire fox-terrier bitch Brittany, Oct. 29, two bitches, by their Suffolk Trimmer.

SALES.

☞ **Prepared Blanks sent free on application.**

Dimond. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped July 26, 1893, by Doctor out of Little Girl, by C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass., to C. G. Twombley, Cambridge, Mass.

Brenecke Tatters. Tan and white fox-terrier dog, whelped July 19, 1892, by Valeus out of Blemton Belgard, by L. B. Banks, New London, Conn., to Ralph Smith, same place.

Al De Bar Sachem. Sable and white rough collie dog, whelped Aug. 25, 1893, by Bendigo out of Patient, by Al De Bar Collie Kennels, North Attleboro, Mass., to Geo. Tills, Plainville, Mass.

Smuggler. Black, tan and ticked coon hound, by Jas. McAleer, Emsworth, Pa., to A. M. Bell, Allegheny City, Pa.

Freddie. Yorkshire terrier dog, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to Henry Graves, Jr., New York city.

Rose. Red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 6, 1892, by Duke Royal out of Sunol, by W. Harte, St. Louis, Mo., to S. N. Taylor, same place.

Bendigo—Patient whelp. Sable and white rough collie bitch, whelped Aug. 25, 1893, by Al De Bar Collie Kennels, North Attleboro, Mass., to E. Brett, Closter, N. J.

Morengo II—Rose whelp. Light sedge Chesapeake Bay dog, whelped Aug. 19, 1893, by B. Alton Smith, North Attleboro, Mass., to R. Connor, South Duxbury, Conn.

Red Duke—Harte's Bessie whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped May 11, 1893, by W. Harte, St. Louis, Mo., a dog to G. W. Powell, Belleville, Ill., and a bitch to H. J. Winn, Ogiethorpe, Ga.

Grouhian—Zmetka whelp. Russian wolfhound dog, whelped July 8, 1893, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to R. C. Stewart, Baltimore, Md.

Grove Tipster—Hallam Queen whelp. Fox-terrier bitch, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to John Auchincloss, Orange, N. J.

Conrad II—Hempstead Meg whelp. Sable and white collie dog, whelped Jan. 13, 1893, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to H. M. Hubbel, same place.

Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game whelp. Pointer bitch, whelped July 27, 1893, by Hempstead Farm Kennels, Hempstead, L. I., to A. C. Pickhardt, New York city.

PRESENTATIONS.

Red Duke—Harte's Bessie whelps. Red Irish setters, whelped May 11, 1893, by W. Harte, St. Louis, Mo., a dog each to Dr. M. C. Starkloff, St. Louis, Mo., and W. L. Anderson, Sedalia, Mo., and a bitch each to E. P. Nichols, St. Louis, Mo., and Erwin & Pyle, DuQuoin, Ill.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. M., Wilmington, Del.—Spaying a bitch will not affect her scenting powers.

SPIONA.—If the correspondent who inquired for the pedigree of the English setter bitch Spiona will write to Dr. Littleton Philadelphia, Pa., he will probably be able to get her pedigree.

JULIAN, Lansing, Mich.—Forest Corinne's A. K. R. number is 6,838. If you want the pedigree, she is by Bruce, by Elcho out of Noreen, out of Little Nell, by Elcho out of Rose. That the owner of this bitch should wish to charge you $1 for this information is unaccountable.

O. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Legerdemain (A. K. C. S. B., 9378), by Mainspring out of Merry Legs, by Champion Graphic out of Bloomo; Mainspring by Mike out of Romp. 2. He won first at Charleston, S. C., and C. at New York in 1892.

J. S. B., Montreal, Can.—If the sire's pedigree is unknown nothing can be done. You certainly cannot invent the deficiency, and the only record of breeding must come from the dam's side. If you will give us the name of your bitch and sire and dam's names perhaps we can help you.

SNAPSHOT, Atlanta, Ga.—We cannot inform you of what kennels are breeding pure Laveracks. They have been merged into the Lewellyn and fresh outcrosses sought until there are few if any left in their original purity of strain.

E. S. R., Port Richmond, N. Y.—Write to secretary American Kennel Club, 44 Broadway, New York, and he will supply you with registration blanks giving full particulars. 2. Warren Tip-Top is by Dusky Trap out of Resume. Dusky II. is not registered.

B. A. A.—I wish to invest in a dog to hunt partridge and quail, which dog would you recommend, English pointer, Gordon setter, English setter? Ans. There is no fixed data upon which to give definite advice. Each breed has its advocates and admirers. It is largely a matter of personal preference. There are good and poor ones of all breeds, and a good dog is to be preferred regardless of what breed he may belong to.

C. E. A., Salt Lake City, Utah.—Breeze is not the dam of Elsie Belton, the latter is by Laverack Chief out of Fame (1976 Vol. II.); Laverack Chief, by Belton (13 Vol. I.) out of Breeze, by Duke out of Belle, by Pontiac (3491) out of Fairy II. (354 Vol. I.). Breeze we cannot find registered. 2. Yes, 70lbs. is a rather too heavy weight for an English setter.

J. M. H., Lenox, Mass.—In 1890 Luke N. White entered two pointer bitch puppies at the W. K. C. show, Leona and Grace II., both by Sensation out of Grace, four months old. There is no mention of Lill. Grace was entered in the champion class at the same show, and her pedigree is given as by Match out of Nell, but we cannot find any further record of these dogs. Grace was 7yrs. old at that time and owned by Luke N. White.

F. H., Boston, Mass.—Please give me the best directions for the cure of canker in dog's ears and head. Ans. Use the following lotion:

℞ Liq. plumbi sub. acet	ʒ iii
Tr. opii	ʒ ii
Aq. ad	ʒ iv

Mix. Lotio. A little to be poured into the ear twice a day.

READER, Tacoma, Wash.—1. What is the best breed of dogs for hunting bear? If not a full-blood, what cross would answer? 2. What is the best remedy for distemper known for puppies four months old, English setters? Ans. 1. If not required to get to close quarters, some 15in. beagles would answer if properly entered. 2. Careful nursing and keeping the puppies in a warm place will do a great deal. Give the following pills:

℞ Quinine sulph	grs. xxxvi
Ex. gent	ʒ ss

Mix. Pill. xxxvi. Give one three times a day to each puppy.

J. M. B., Newport, R. I.—Please give me extended pedigree of black cocker spaniel bitch Black Bess, owned by Dr. J. S. Niven, London, Ont., in 1881; also of Bob III., owned by Hornellsville Kennel Club at same time; also of Sweep, a bitch I think was owned by Dr. J. S. Niven about the same time. Ans. Black Bess (A. K. C. S. B. 3141), by Brush out of Rhea, by Captain out of Rose; Brush by Rolf out of Nellie. 2. Bob III., by Bucleuch (E. 4,413) out of Nell. 3. There is a dog Sweep (A. K. R. 2900), but no bitch of that name registered in this country. Sweep was by Hornell Jock (A. K. R. 1877) out of Arma, by Whitman's Carlo, out of his Flora. Owned by Miss Appleton, New York at time of registry in 1885.

W. S. T., Toronto.—I have a black cocker pup, 4mos. old. About two weeks ago he began to shake his head a good deal, at the same time hanging his right ear. I poured in some olive oil and in a few days it seemed quite well. About four or five days ago the trouble returned and he began to cry out occasionally, scratching his ear a good deal and running around when the pain troubled him. I again applied the oil with a few drops of carbolic acid in it so as to give the oil a slight smell of the acid. The pain has again disappeared and he seems quite well, as he plays with an older dog I have and eats quite heartily. I notice to-day for the first time a little redness inside the ear and on rubbing the side of his face he presses his ear quite strongly against your hand, whining lowly at the same time and seems as though the rubbing eased the itching or slight pain in his ear. He and the old dog play a good deal, and although the old dog is very good tempered still the pup's long ears form such a convenient hold that he often gets a pretty good tug by them. As to whether such was the original cause of the trouble is a mere matter of conjecture. Ans. Treat for worms and pour a little of the following lotion into the ear twice a day:

℞ Liq. plumbi sub acid	ʒ iii
Tr. opii	ʒ i
Aq. ad	ʒ iii

Lotion. Use as directed.

Hunting and Coursing.

FIXTURES.

Jan. 15.—Brunswick Fur Club's winter meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

American Foxhounds.

THE National Fox Hunters' Association is mailing the following circular to all known fox hunters in the country:

"Believing that you are interested in the further development of the foxhound, we respectfully request that you send in your name for membership in the National Fox Hunters' Association, organized at Lexington, Ky., on Aug. 31, 1893. The object of the Association is to hold one or two meets annually, as the members may determine, where supremacy in speed, hunting and endurance may be established. The Association already has as members many of the most prominent fox hunters, nearly every State in the Union being represented. The place and date of the meets will be decided by a majority vote of the members, and the Association will make the purses sufficiently attractive to warrant hunters in attending from all parts of the country.

"The annual dues of $5 may be remitted at the convenience of the member. We inclose blanks, and trust that you will not only send in your own name, but influence your friends to become members. Asking your immediate and favorable consideration, etc."

Mr. Harry L. Means, Louisville, Ky., is the secretary and treasurer, to whom all communications should be sent.

We have received numerous inquiries as to what the Association intended to do. We recognize the fact that in an association whose members are so widely scattered it is difficult to make much headway at first. It was understood at the inaugural meeting that a more general meeting would be held in November. If the condition of the treasury admits of such a move we should think the best plan would be to hold a foxhound meet as soon as possible in some central location and in a country best adapted to bring out the best work of the different strains of hounds. This would create an interest in the Association of much more enduring effect than all the letter writing, circulars, and so on, could possibly accomplish. Nothing definite can be done until the fox hunters at large are brought together personally. The movement to form a standard at the Saratoga show next month, which Mr. Lyman L. Clute is agitating, is well enough in its way. Should such a standard be formed at that time by a few men who may be attracted to the show we doubt if it would have the indorsement such as it would be entitled to were the standard evolved and indorsed by a large meeting of our best foxhound breeders under the guidance of the National Fox Hunters' Association. There are so many different interests at stake owing to the present wide diversity of type in the different strains that only by combined personal action can a satisfactory result be obtained, and one that will be productive of the most good to the American foxhound,

Before such general meeting is called it would be well for the president of the association to appoint a committee of thoroughly practical foxhound breeders and hunters whose duty it would be to draw up a standard, and then submit this standard at the general meeting, when such alteration may be made, if requisite, that will meet with the approval of the majority concerned.

Once a standard is evolved and printed our judges at dog shows will quickly become conversant with it and judge accordingly. So many foxhounds are now being placed on the benches at our shows that this action is necessary. At present a judge who is prejudiced in favor of the English type of hound, and has had no experience with American hounds in the field, will naturally judge on English lines, and an American, whose conception of a foxhound is vastly different, will judge on the lines of the strain with which he is most familiar, and it is easy to see the confusion that this will always lead to.

There is no reason why the American foxhound should not have a uniform type.

Good material abounds, and the different trials are bringing the hunters nearer together and causing an infusion of new blood into the strains that will of itself in time even up the general build of the foxhound. Still this is a haphazard way; what is required is some definite form that combines speed lines, strength and beauty. Our experience has been chiefly with the English hound, we admit, but we are not so bigoted in our notions as not to see great merit in the American hounds we have met in the field, especially in the degree of nose and speed they display; but any one who is at all conversant with the uniformity of type to be met with in the English packs cannot but feel astonished when he views the unevenness of the American strains, and can only account for their great deeds in the field on the supposition that more attention is paid to individual than collective merit.

Our experience at Westfield led us to think that if more attention was paid to "sortiness" and general packing qualities the hunters themselves would be saved considerable annoyance and trouble. To illustrate this we will suppose a man has a pack of four couple, one of which is the hound he swears by. This hound generally leads, and, in a rough country will probably carry the fox along alone after awhile; the others lagging behind, are tempted to start fresh trails, and the consequence is the hounds become scattered and unless content to leave them to find their way home as best they can, it is a work of time attended with considerable trouble and personal discomfort to get them together again. This would be avoided to a great extent were more attention paid to uniformity of speeed. There will always be a dog in the pack with a truer and better nose than another, and the rest will hark to him, but his speed should not be so fast as to carry him away from his companions. In England, if a hound is too fast, he is drafted out, sold or used in the stud, if too slow he is of no use and is disposed of. Such is the principle that should obtain with our packs here. Where music enters so largely into the enjoyment of a fox hunt in our rough countries where the hounds are seldom viewed from the start, such packing would add to the volume of sound and thrilling tone.

An English fox hunter turns up his nose at the general run of our hounds when he sees crooked forelegs, splay feet, long loins and pasterns, shallow chests and snipy muzzles, and listens with incredulity to a story of their deeds in the field. He forgets that it is courage that sustains so many of our hounds in their great runs, and that it is the heart that is in them that is responsible for a good deal of it. A hound that is built with true symmetry of form, so that all parts work strongly and evenly, will last longer than a hound that is built loosely and with working parts at variance with true symmetrical form, and in turn the latter must draw a note on his courage to keep up the balance. This we find illustrated in the recent letters on courage in foxhounds, written by our valued correspondent, Mr. Hagans. One might spin out columns on this subject of hound build, but enough has been said above to show our meaning in calling for a more uniform type in the American foxhound. Our opinion is but a mere personal deduction, and we should only be too pleased to publish the opinions of other friends of the dog that can stir the soul to deeds of daring as no other can.

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National Beagle Club Meeting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A field trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the A. K. C. rooms, 44 Broadway, New York, on Monday, Dec. 18. Meeting was called to order at 4:25 P. M. Present were Messrs. Kreuder, Laick, Schellhass, Appleton, Lewis, Tallman and Rogers. The official placing of the winners in Class B was taken up. Voted that inasmuch as Pade has been disqualified, the remaining dogs be placed as follows: Spot R. first, Gypsey Forest second, Lou third. Voted that the dog next to reserve be not advanced to reserve. The secretary was instructed to pay the prize money in Class B. Meeting adjourned at 4:50 P. M.

An executive committee meeting was then called to order. Present were Messrs. Kreuder, Laick, Schellhass, Appleton and Rogers. Messrs. Pottinger Dorsey and C. Staley Doub offered their resignations from the club, which were, on motion, accepted. The Westminster Kennel Club requested the club to name a judge for their coming show. Voted that the official list of judges be sent to them with the request that they select a judge from the same. A letter was also read from the Westminster K. C. asking the N. B. C. to donate a special prize to their show to be held in February next. It was, on motion, resolved that we donate a special prize to the Westminster K. C. show, to consist of a piece of silver plate, the same not to exceed $25 in value, for the best beagle in the show. All bills were audited by the executive committee up to date. Mr. Thomas H. Terry was proposed for membership and elected. Meeting adjourned at 5:31 P. M.

GEORGE LAICK, Sec'y.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 18.

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The well known greyhound bitch Dick's Darling is dead. She was out of Coleraine Diamond by Daylight, and though long past her usefulness as a courser, being 13 years old, until recently she proved herself a most valuable matron. Among her best known progeny are Lord Macpherson, Lady Barton, Lady in Black, Laplander and Living Yet.

HUNTING AND COURSING NOTES.

Mr. H. Nelson, president of the National Greyhound Club, writes us a chatty letter, from which we cull a page here and there. About the late coursing he says: "Mr. Bradbury had a bit of hard luck in losing the running services of my best greyhound imp. Dover (Greentick—Buxton Lass) who had to be drawn after winning the first course in the Columbus Cup. Dover is now recovering from an operation on his shoulder, and we are in hopes he may yet do some coursing. A litter sister of his, House Treasure, has been performing quite well in England this year, having divided the Newton Stakes at Haydock in April with Black Malt; and I see by the *Daily Chronicle* of Nov. 23 she won the Astley Stakes at Brigg, beating Here and There and Point to Point in the final.

"A litter brother to our Miss Dollar, Gunpowder, ran up to Golden Gem in the Farmers' Stake at Yorkshire Club. Miss Dollar was somewhat of a disappointment to me at Huron and Goodlands, but redeemed herself at Leoti, where Buenarita only just beat her after Miss Dollar had come an awful cropper. Honor Bright, as you know, had a 'hook in' with an engine and got killed for his foolishness. Before closing, I wish to compliment FOREST AND STREAM on its adding a column on coursing, for this branch of dog sport is bound to become one of the most attractive and exciting of all field sports. It is only a question of time when we in the East will have our meeting right at home, and not until then will the sport become international. In fact, I hear rumors of a little meeting in the near future, which will be used as an illustration to educate and interest a portion of our sportsmen in this king of all sports."

Mr. Nelson has entered into an arrangement with A. C. Bradbury whereby the latter will take dogs to board and condition for the shows, and Mr. Bradbury's aptitude in this respect is too well known to need much heralding here.

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In a letter from Mr. George F. Reed, of Barton, Vt., he tells us that he is having good sport with the beagles this winter. He is running four together most of the time. "They pack nicely and are a hard team to beat on our large rabbits, and if nothing happens to them, next fall I shall try to show the boys what they can do at the field trials." The pack is composed of Spot R., that ran so well at Nanuet; Haida by Breby out of Skip; Flash by champion Bannerman out of champion Lou, and Blanche, by champion Frank Forest out of Ina. Blanche is Mr. Kreuder's Derby entry, that divided second money at Nanuet. Mr. Reed picked her out for a good one, when properly entered, and now Spot R. has all she can do to keep the lead. Mr. Kreuder wants Mr. Reed to take his Lonely II. by champion Frank Forest ex Lonely for a year to see what he can make of her.

Yachting.

THE closing of the year is marked by an unusual degree of dullness, even for the dull season, no challenges, no new yachts, large or small, and little promise for good class racing for 1894. Business depression is undoubtedly responsible in part, but hardly more than the international raciug of the past year. The racing of large yachts has now reached a point of perfection where its influence on the sport in general is the reverse of beneficial, and cup contests like that of this year tend to harm more than help that general class racing which is the heart of yachting.

A Cheap Cruise.

ARE questions of economy of interest to the cruising fraternity of yachtsmen?

I am perfectly ignorant as to the answer myself, but if a very brief account of a cruise of over 2,000 miles, sailed in a 30-tonner, which I have just finished, can help to solve the doubt, it may be worth while spinning the yarn. Perhaps my readers, if I have any, will kindly let me know their opinions afterward.

My old ship was fitted out, riding to her moorings with sails bent and all ready for sea when I arrived from London at Falmouth, Cornwall, England, on April 24, 1893. I had brought my crew down with me. He was a boy off one of the many industrial training ships which are moored in the Thames. His character was said to be good and his knowledge of seamanship fair. Within two days, however, I found discrepancies in both particulars, between statement and fact, and we parted, but not before he had nearly wrecked the ship and driven me wild. But I am anticipating.

My yacht is a large one for two hands, one of whom is a boy, to handle, but I had managed so very well the season before that I felt quite confident of being able to get on as well this year.

It is possible to obtain a fair idea of the old tub when I say that she is usually taken for a revenue cruiser. Her beam is 13ft 4in.; her length over all 49ft. and her draft of water 6ft. She has a freeboard of 7ft. forward and 4ft. 6in. aft, so that her accommodation is splendid for her tonnage. No bending of heads down below, or violent contusions, or smothered ejaculations. She has a saloon like a palace, and three sleeping cabins aft fit for an Atlantic liner.

What makes her easier to handle than might otherwise be thought is the fact that she is yawl-rigged, and none of the sails are heavier than I can manage to set myself single-handed when pushed for it, but I prefer having a little help.

Of the sailing and weatherly qualities of this tub-like edifice my imaginary, or real, readers, can judge for themselves as they follow her movements.

I spent four days in Falmouth harbor, getting things straight and finding out what my crew could do. This only took ten minutes, by the way, and was very briefly answered, but I thought I would teach him. There is no end to some people's conceit. I am sadder and wiser now; he taught me.

On April 28, the wind being strong from the N. E., and having obtained a bill of health, signed by the French consul at Falmouth, which cost me 9s. 10d., and in virtue of which I was supposed to start within twenty-four hours, I set sail for Brest, France. The distance is only eighty-nine miles (nautical) from the Lizard to Ushant Light. From Falmouth to the Lizard is twenty miles, and from Ushant to the entrance to the Goulet de Brest is about twenty miles more by the Chenal du Tour.

I counted on an average of seven knots with the breeze I had, and was already carrying on an imaginary conversation with—when crash! whirr! whirr! crack! The crew had allowed the main sheet to slip, and before I realized what was happening, destruction swooped down, and there was the main boom gone right in half and the jaws of the gaff working themselves to pieces, while the head of the mast, cross-trees and all, turned round and looked at me; I shall never forget that sad and wistful expression. We were six miles out from Falmouth, the sea was following us heavily, and it would be far worse as we got out from the land. The wreck of the boom was too heavy for me to tackle in that sea, and the boy was weeping and very sick.

I luffed up, put the helm to starboard and lashed it and lowered the mainsail. By dint of some trouble I got things fairly straight, but the heavy pitch pine boom I could only manage to clear and tow astern, there was no getting it on board. Then, when all was fairly snug, I looked about. We were heading for the land on our port quarter, and, seeing that we should fetch the entrance of a sheltered creek, I determined to run in and anchor for the night.

There was no need to set the mizzen. We stood in, under the head sails only, for the mouth of the Kelford River and holding on were able to pick up a safe anchorage in four fathoms a little above the pretty little village which gives name to the creek. In a short time a boat came alongside, its occupant, as the penny-a-liners say, turned out to be a ship's carpenter, and in less than no time I had struck a bargain with him for a new boom.

I remained in Kelford Creek three weeks. The crew and I parted a week after the catastrophe of the broken boom and I managed the ship alone for a fortnight, taking occasional cruies to Falmouth, and down the coast toward the Lizard, but I did not think it wise to cross single-handed to Brest in so large a boat, although I found her easy enough to handle provided I had plenty of time to set and shorten sail. What I did not like was the idea of entering a strange port, where a berth would have to be picked up and sail shortened with little time to look about for the one or to take in the other. Out at sea I found the size of the ship made little difference and I could as soon handle a 30-tonner singled-handed as I would a 5-tonner. It is the going in or out of port where the difficulty lies. But I have many times done this quite alone, weighing anchor and all. I am quite willing, however, to confess that I would rather have a little help.

In harmony with this desire, I induced the carpenter to come for a week's cruise with me, as I saw I should never pick up a hoy down there. I had indeed found one excellent lad, who came for one day, the next day he came off saying his mother had been told that the yacht required three hands besides a hoy and she was afraid to let him go. That is always my difficulty. In vain I sail the boat about alone, in vain I show easily and comfortably she lives. How calm and tranquil is "the even tenor of our ways." No, it is always the same—"She is too big," "She wants three hands at least." However, I have never had them, and have finished my cruise of six months and only had one other hand besides myself all the time.

The carpenter turned out a great success, but he refused to cross to France. He had a wife and children, besides he was costing me more than I wished or had ever paid for a crew.

We sailed up to Fowey and Plymouth, and at the latter port, leaning over the wall above the landing place at the dock, was a short, gaunt youth, freckled and hard-featured. Not far off was an older and more gnarled edition of the same kind. We talked a bit, did this hardy waterman and I. The conversation ended by the arrangement that the younger specimen should come aboard next day, and see if the berth would suit him—ten shillings a week and his food.

Next morning the freckled one turned up. It would suit him. We set sail and by evening were entering Helford River again, thirty-five miles. We landed the captain in the gloaming, who doubtless rejoiced the heart of his family. While the hoy was rowing the captain ashore I was cruising about in the moonlight, for I had made up my mind not to lower the sails again until I was in French waters.

It was a lovely evening, but very little wind. By the time the hoy had got on board and the dingey was stowed on deck it was 10 o'clock. By midnight we were off the Manacle rocks, and by daybreak the next day the Lizard lights were still in sight. I never knew the sea so calm. All that day we had a very light air from the north, and carried all the sail we could. By 10 o'clock that night I saw a flash light, a twinkle, then darkness, and again a twinkle. It was Ouessant, called by the English Ushant. We had made not more than eighty miles in twenty-four hours. Then there came up a haze, the light breeze dropped, and we spent the night swaying on the sea. We were in French waters.

At early dawn I saw a shadow, more shadows, many shadows. They were French fishing luggers. I hailed one, "Are we in the Chenal du Tour?"

"But yes; you have hut to look and you will see the tower in another league or so."

This was reassuring, for to be lost among the rocks of that dangerous archipelago hetween Ouessant and the French coast, where the tides run like mill streams, averaging from six to eight knots an hour, and where there are innumerable sunken rocks lying ready for the luckless at all states of the tide, is not pleasant.

We drifted on. Have any of my readers tried to make an unknown port after 120 miles run in a fog? It is exciting—especially if that shore be hedged in by rocks, and reefs of sunken rocks, with the heavy Atlantic swell always beating on them and a furious tide sweeping you toward them, and where, if you should be only a few miles out of your course, you might easily miss the land altogether and go on sailing on the same course for another 300 miles before reaching land?

This is the excitement I was now enjoying; but the freckled-faced one was enjoying his breakfast. His delight was keen when he heard me talking French and listened to the answer in the strange tongue.

He thought of the fruit, the grapes, the strawberries, the wine of that happy land, the 'baccy which could he bought for nothing, so he had been told in Plymouth. He ate his breakfast and grinned.

By 10 o'clock the fog lifted a little. Only its skirts, however, were raised, revealing what looked very like chaos, a confused jumble of dark objects, fading into nothingness, yellow patches and a definite beginning of what seemed to be a tower. Ahead was a solitary cutter. Like us she was drifting with the tide. I steered toward her, hut made little progress.

In another hour the fog had quite gathered itself up, and a hard blue line was spreading out behind us. Chaos had resolved itself into masses of wild rocks, over which the Atlantic swell was surging in booming rollers, into long sandy strands, and into a well built lighthouse standing on a conspicuous rock. It was the Tour Lighthouse—we were in the center of Tour Channel. So far our compass had led us aright. But what a tide there was running. Fortunately we were running with it.

But now we were opposite Conquet, of glorious, if of sad, memory to the Howard family. In another hour we were stemming the fierceness of the young flood off the ruins of St. Mathieu Abbey, and in a few more minutes we had slipped into the slack water on the southern side of the promontory which divides the Chenal de Conquet from the Goulet de Brest.

But I beg pardon; I have over 2,000 miles to go; I must curtail descriptions. We reached Brest by three that afternoon. The port authorities examined the hill of health. It was a month old, but they were far too polite to say anything about that. I was required to take out a passport, a French maritime one costing two francs, I think, and "valuable for a year," after which I was free to go and come wherever I liked.

Brest is a delightful place, but I must not describe it—no room in a yachting article. I explored all the ramifications of its splendid harbor and its two picturesque rivers, the Elorn and the Aulne, and by the time I again put to sea the freckled one had become quite experienced in shortening sail and getting under way. It had been a little difficult, the first time as we entered Brest he did not like going aloft to unlace the jibheaded topsail. Poor boy, he had never been on hoard a boat any bigger than his father's wherry in his life, or any further out to sea than a mile or two beyond the breakwater.

From Brest we passed through the Tanage de Toulinquet, where there are some magnificent rocks and natural arches, across the Baie de Douarnenez and out into the top of the Bay of Biscay through the terrible Raz de Sein. The tide here runs from eight to ten knots, and the rocks are more awkward than picturesque, which is saying a good deal. That night we lay off a little tidal harbor called Audierne, a place as pretty as its name.

I did not all like this anchoring in an open roadstead, and the rolling we endured was abominable, hut it was a choice of evils, and as the wind was off shore there was no risk. However, I started at an early hour next morning, and made short miles of it across the great hay of Audierne, heading for the celebrated Penmarch Rocks.

This is a very dangerous promontory, as the outlying rocks are found three miles off the shore, which is low and hard to see. The late Marquis de Blocqueville has left £1,200 to defray the expense of a new lighthouse, and the French Government has already begun the foundation of a tower which is to he 197ft. high. By the time we had reached these rocks a fairly nasty sea had got up and the waves were piling themselves over the wild reefs. Navigation began to get difficult. I was hard to distinguish the breaking sea where the rocks were, and I was very nearly making a mistake when the dark treachery uncovered itself and I saw that Penmarch rocks were still further from the coast than I had reckoned. There are no rocks as bad as these anywhere along the English coast, unless it be the Sarn Badrig in Cardigan Bay. As I skirted the dreary promontory the sea generally became quieter, and as I came more on the wind, and under the shelter of the land the old ship made quick work of it toward the entrance of the Odet or Quimper River.

All this part I was now entering is described in the Admiralty (English) sailing directions as being too difficult for a stranger to attempt to navigate. A pilot is indispensable.

Apparently it is not, for I found my way into the Odet River, and again at an ebb tide, too, without any difficulty. The berth I picked up was a good one, and I stayed here some days.

Benodet, the village at the mouth of the Quimper River, is a very pretty little place. The river is lovely, and the old cathedral town of Quimper, ten miles up, is most interesting and easily accessible. But to sea again.

From Benodet, which is some seventy-five miles from Brest, I cruised all along the coast, putting in at Lorient, and entering the Sea of Morbihan, most interesting of inland waters, where every rock almost bears marks of the ancient Druids, and where memories of the great thinker, orator and seducer of the twelfth century come floating over the rock-studded waters from the lonely ruins of St. Gildas de Rhys, the retreat of Abelard, the lover of Heloise.

From Port Navallo, in the Morbihan, I crossed to Belle Ile, and marveled as I navigated the wild archipelago of the Bay of Quiheron.

NOMAD.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

YACHT NEWS NOTES.

Clay & Torhensen, Gloucester, N. J., are building for L. E. Simon, Guantanamo, Cuba, a cabin cruising steam yacht, which when completed, will be one of the finest afloat. The dimensions are 54ft. over all, 10¼ft. beam. Many novel features are embraced and the interior finish will he unusually attractive. The saloon, which is forward, 13ft. in length, will be finished in polished mahogany, and fitted with every convenience for comfort. The cabin, which is aft, 8ft. in length, will have the interior finished in Cuban mahogany, artistically paneled and carved. The motive power will consist of a fore-and-aft compound engine and water-tube boiler, of ample power to drive the boat at a speed of 12 miles per hour without forcing. When completed she will be steamed down to Cuba by her owner.

Down Channel.

THE young Corinthian or singlehander of to-day, who finds his sport ready made to his hand, with cruising craft of every variety of model to he had at a reasonable cost from a builder's catalogue, has little conception of the trials and difficulties which beset his predecessor of forty years back. The greatest advantage however of the cruiser of the present day over him of 1850, is that he has the aid and stimulus of such able writers as the late Capt. John MacGregor and R. T. McMullen; two men who above all others have led the way to the cleanest, healthiest and pleasantest of outdoor sports. Although an ardent singlehander, Capt. MacGregor devoted himself mainly to the canoe, and in the field of small yachts and singlehand cruising must give place to his fellow Briton, Mr. McMullen. It is probable that two-thirds of the small pleasure craft afloat to-day, are traceable to the writings of these two men. In this country at least, Mr. MacGregor's works are much better known, having been republished here many years since, hut from the fact that they have never been republished here, and some of the earlier works have been long out of print in England, Mr. McMullen's cruises have been less widely read here than the fame of his work and his boats would warrant. The original book "Down Channel," narrating the early cruises of the Leo and Sirius, has been long out of print, and in republishing it with the later cruises, the name has been retained for the entire volume.

Mr. McMullen made his first cruise in the Leo, as a boy in 1850, and his last, in the Perseus, in 1891, being found dead in the cockpit of the yacht by some French fishermen. The experience of these forty years is quite without parallel, including months of solitary sailing, in all seasons, about the channel, as well as much yachting in company with friends and a paid crew. One of the chief charms of the narrative is its plain and unpretentious style, just what might he expected from the earnest and unassuming character of the man. The new volume has been compiled by Mr. Dixon Kemp, long a friend of the author, and is published by Horace Cox.

Rochester Yacht Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 19.—At the annual election of the Rochester Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., H. S. Mackie; Vice-Com., A. T. Hagen; Fleet Capt. J. W Robbins; Treas., W. H. Briggs; Sec., T. B. Pitchard; Cor. Sec., Herbert Leary. Directors, Rufus K. Dryer; J. E. Burroughs, T. G. Young, J. R White. After the election the members sat down to an elaborate menu prepared by Teall, and it was well on toward the "wee sma hours" before the list of toasts was finished. Many a rollicking yarn of life on the foaming blue billows and blood curdling tales of hairbreadth escapes along the piratical coast bordering the northern shore of Lake Ontario, were spun. The old salts refreshed the green spots in their memories and laid gigantic plans for the coming season, while the newly enrolled members sat silent and awe stricken at the abundant flow of narrative and departed for home with unhouuded enthusiasm and increasing anticipations for the new and untried sport just promised for the summer season.

The election of Com. Mackie marks a new era in the life of the R. Y. C., and the club is to he congratulated on its good fortune in securing for its commodore so genial and affable a gentleman and at the same time a thoroughly practical and competent navigator. Under the new regime, important and novel features are to be added to the club's routine of business and pleasure. Among things promised by Com. Mackie will be permanent winter quarters, with the club's banner upon the outer wall, when during the frozen months a school for the study of the science of navigation under competent instructors will be instituted. In the matter of accommodating guests during regattas and on club days, a large catboat is talked of, whereby the friends of club members will always he sure of a hearty welcome to take a delightful sail on these festive occasions. Great precaution is to he taken in the matter of appointing a committee, to select men who will not only have the time hut also the inclination to serve and the former proverbial ap thy will he forever erased from the club's escutcheon and only sunny skies and fair weather hover about the horizon of the club's future course.

HERBERT LEARY, Corresponding Sec'y.

Canoeing.

THE full report of the fall meeting of the Royal C. C., as given in the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist* shows that our understanding of the new rules is correct, and that changes of a most radical nature have been made. The coming "canoe" of the Royal C. C. may be any sort of an under-rigged sailboat or miniature yacht within the extreme limits of 16ft. length over all, 3ft. beam, and a rating of 0.3. Some trial will be necessary to demonstrate the fastest possible machine under these new limitations, hut there can be no douht on one point, that whatever else she may he, the new craft will not he a canoe in the essential points of lightness, compact form and ease of handling; nor can she he the equal in speed of the American canoes.

Without going far enough into the question to plot a trial sketch we should say that not more than 14ft. waterline could be taken to advantage, as this gives only 129sq. ft. of sail, the allowance for 15ft. being but 120sq. ft. For the average racing weather we should take a shoal saucer form of nearly the full beam limit, 3ft., and of light displacement, with a large board. With 2ft. of over all length still left it would probably pay to put on about 8in. of after overhang, with a raking sternpost and a full buttock line to give a little gain in length, while the other 16in. might well be worked into a Roman nose with little loss of weight and possibly a small gain in longer and cleaner diagonals. Such a hoat would not be far from the present 16x30 canoe, though slower than the American craft through smaller sails; but she is the most moderate example under the rule; the chances are strongly in favor of monstrosities in the form of fins and bulb fins that will be useless, save for match sailing, and difficult in the extreme to handle, house and transport.

We know not which to condemn the most, the conservatism which for years has obstructed the development of canoe sailing in England, and which is still visible in the low limit of sail, or the anarchistic spirit of change which at one sweep has obliterated the canoe and substituted the diminutive "rater."

ONE very practical objection to the new rules is the vastly increased difficulty in measuring which must result, the whole complicated system which is necessary in yachting and entirely unnecessary in canoeing being adopted. The waterline must he marked and measured, and the sails must also he measured. Nothing could he simpler, easier or more satisfactory than the old rules in the matter of measurement, extreme length and extreme beam, as proved by long experience in England and America. The new rule promises greatly increased work for the measurers and also of disputes over marking and measuring.

THE A. C. A rules are by no means perfect, and might be simplified with advantage in the matter of details, hut they work well and tend to conserve the canoe form. We have for several years advocated the removal of certain structural limitations which are capable of evasion, and also of the limit of drop of centerboard, but retaining the present limit of 30in. beam and 16ft. length over all. The non-limitation of sail area has worked well in this country, and a change in this direction would be unpopular; but a limit of length of slide would he an improvement, the point to be at 4ft., or possibly 4ft. 6in. The new R. C. C. rules tend to separate still further, instead of uniting, British and American canoeists, and to prevent even more effectually that international racing which was so beneficial to both sides in 1886 and 1888.

WE are indebted to Dr. J. Arthur Gage for the song which we publish this week, the air being composed by him to fit Miss Johnson's poem. The song was very popular in camp last year, and will be welcomed by many of our readers.

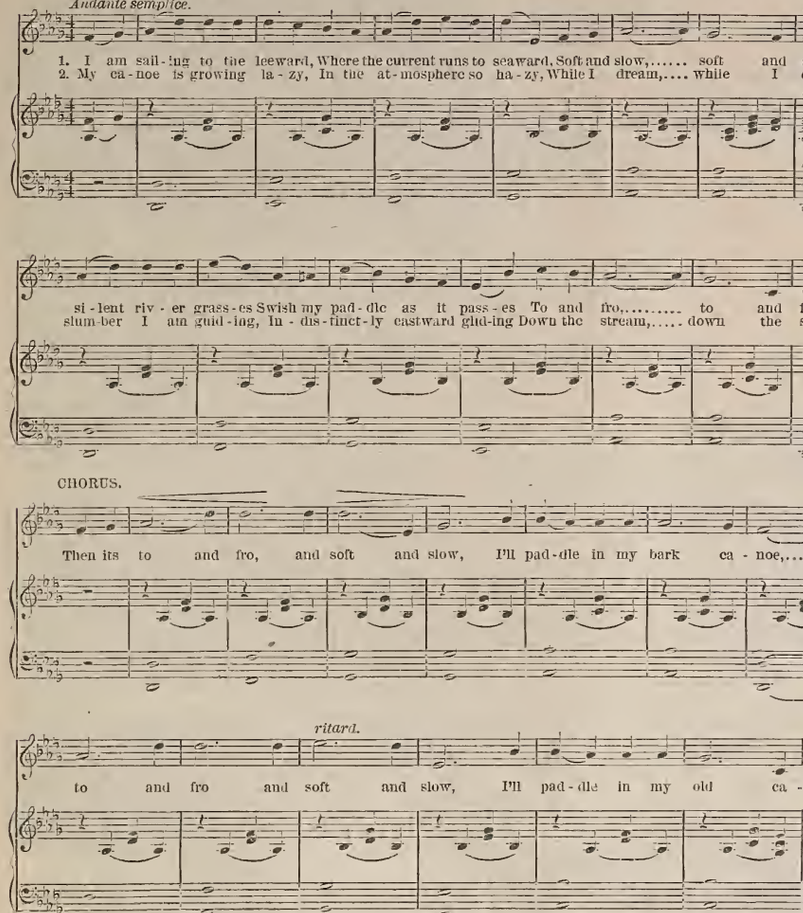
A. C. A. Membership.

THE following gentlemen, have applied for membership in the American Canoe Association: Atlantic Division—G. V. Packer, Trenton, N. J.

"In the Shadows."

Words by E. PAULINE JOHNSON. Music by J. ARTHUR GAGE.

Andante semplice.



THE LOG OF THE FRANKIE.

The '92 Cruise of the Shenandoah C. C.

BY THE COMMODORE.

(Continued from Page 554).

FRIDAY, Aug. 6, 1892.—We got an early start this morning with Kemple's Falls as our objective, which place we reached in time for our noonday lunch, after which we went into camp for the rest of the day in order to enjoy the fine fishing here. Our morning's cruise was pleasant and full of events. The wilderness of reefs above the dam at Kite's mill required great patience and skill to successfully negotiate, and the old broken-down dam was successfully shot, although the chute was very rough and full of rocks.

We had a troublesome portage over the miserable brush and stone dam a mile below, which was finally accomplished by finding some pieces of boards among the drift along the crest of the dam and placing them on the rocks to slide the canoes over. The day was intensely hot, of course, and the glare of the sun upon the water would have been unbearable but for our colored glasses.

We picked our way easily through the intricate mazes of the half-mile of reefs below the dam and landed at the spring, a mile below, where George and I lunched last year, to refresh ourselves with a good drink of water. The several dams and rapids near Strickler's were next tested, as was also the rattling little fall at the cliffs below, which finally brought us to Kemple's—undoubtedly the roughest and worst place on the entire Shenandoah, with the exception of the six miles of river immediately above Harper's Ferry.

We fully expected to have a rough time of it here, and we were not disappointed, for if ever canoeists were knocked and hanged and hustled around, we certainly were. We hadn't much trouble in threading our way through the intricacies of the reefs at the upper end, and then had the usual exhilarating rush down the "Devil's Run-path," where we received a few trifling bumps from the rocks owing to the low water.

We then followed the channel over the right, around the open end of the big navigation dam that puts out from the base of the cliffs along the left banks, and from here on down we had a rough time of it. At the end of the navigation dam, the channel twists sharply around to the left; it is very narrow and swift, and there is a big rock squarely in the middle of it right at the point where it will do the most good; in trying to avoid shipwreck on the rock, I was swept bodily ashore or aground, on the reefs alongside the channel, and had to disembark and let my canoe down by the stern painter. Lacy shared the same fate, while George, profiting by our mishaps, did not attempt the shoot at all, but felt his way cautiously along the face of the dam and slipped over through a little gap further to the left, without getting out.

A couple of hundred yards below this is a large 4ft. fish dam, lying like a huge V, with the apex as usual down stream, and with a rough shoot at the point filled with rocks, over and among which the water rushed and roared in resistless fury. I landed at the dam alone and examined the shoot carefully with my pike pole and decided to essay it. so I returned to my canoe, re-embarked, and with closed hatches and apron pulled up to my chin, I headed the Frankie down the fall; she took the plunge gallantly, but smashed up on the rocks at the foot of the fall with such force that I was nearly pitched out head first.

The rock held my keel firmly, and the boat hung fast right in the full force of the fall, while the water swept in a great sheet over my decks and closed hatches. The canoe careened until I was nearly capsized and then swung round, grinding her keel to splinters on the pivotal rock, until her bow was directly up stream and high out of the water. It was impossible for me to work her off, so all there was left for me to do was to step overboard nearly up to my waist and lift her off, which I did with as much grace as I could muster under the circumstances.

Lacy, who sometimes exhibits considerable sense, showed his presence of mind on this occasion by promptly declining the shoot and quietly disembarking on the side of the dam a short distance above, as soon as he saw my predicament, and lifting his canoe over the dam, re-embarking below, while George, who dearly loves a good stiff shoot, could not resist this one, but came shooting down by me while I was still hanging on the rock. He swerved a little further to the left, however, and missed the rocks by a hair's breadth and passed on with flying colors.

The final plunge of the falls is very bad, much the worst of all, and another big fishdam in it, the counterpart of the one just passed, didn't improve it any, and the shoot at the apex was plainly impracticable. We had trouble in negotiating this dam last year, so George, who was in the lead, when he reached it, made no attempt to run it, but compromised by beaching the Shenandoah on the flank of the dam close to the right bank, lifting her over into the swift water below and letting her drift ahead of him at the length of her painter as he waded down the final steep slope of the rapid to the still, deep water below, now and then giving her a lift or shove off the reefs as she occasionally hung.

I had a theory, founded on my last year's experience, that with a little more care and coolness I could navigate this nasty little piece of water; so by carefully hacking and filling I got around the dam at its upper left hand end and carefully slipped through the maze of reefs at hand into a clear little passage that led down along under the face of the dam to its point, and thence down to deep, clear water below. I shot down this easily without touching a rock, followed by Lacy, and the falls were run.

We went into camp a quarter of a mile below on our last year's camp ground at Keyser's, so as to have a little fishing at this unusually fine fishing place; and after lunch the tents were pitched over the canoes, and George and I went up into the falls and fished all the afternoon with very good success.

We felt our way across the river on the navigation dam and fished on the other side in the shade of the cliff, and in doing so discovered a clean, clear little channel through this very troublesome middle part of the falls, which will much simplify our passage through at another time if we can slip over the dam. With a vivid recollection of the excellent biscuit we procured here last year, I had Miss Bettie Keyser bake us five dozen this afternoon—they proved to be fully up to her usual high standard.

We brushed the sand and mud off our canoeing costumes, shaved and otherwise made ourselves as decent and presentable as possible under the circumstances and spent the evening at Keyser's, very pleasantly entertained by Miss Bettie and younger sister. They have a very nice parlor organ and I gave an impromptu musicale.

Saturday, Aug. 6.—We got a good early start this morning, and before 8 o'clock we were packed and afloat again, and the cruise resumed. Miss Bettie and her sister came down to see us start, and remained standing on the bank until we passed around the bend a short distance below and out of sight. We found the Newport mill dam, a mile below our late camp, had been rebuilt and the shoot over by the bank was no longer open, so we were forced to make a plunge, which we easily did by simply sliding the canoes, with closed hatches, over the crest of the dam and pitching them head first into the deep water below, while quite a little crowd of spectators looked on from the mill.

The stiff little rapid below the dam was easily shot and we landed at the spring at its foot for a drink, and in fifteen minutes more we were pitching and tossing down the Columbia Falls. These falls, while longer than Kemple's Falls and very rough, being fully a mile and a half long, are not nearly as troublesome to negotiate; and while we had to exercise great patience, care and skill, we experienced no special difficulty in running them, the lower half mile being the roughest and worst.

We found a gang of men and teams engaged in rebuilding and enlarging the already huge fish dam at the foot of the falls, and our jump over this dam was quite exciting and was watched with great interest by the workmen engaged on the dam. We landed at the fine spring in the bank a hundred yards below the dam for a drink and a smoke, and then had a pleasant uneventful hour's cruise to Long's.

Much to our happiness we found that the beastly old brush mill dam here, probably the meanest to portage on the entire river, had been completely removed, the mill also being torn down, and we passed this erstwhile troublesome place with no trouble at all.

Half a mile below is the little white farmhouse up on the hill, where the "jerney mansion" lives, and of course the boys could not pass without landing and going to the house for a drink of water from the big iron-handled pump in the shed, and to purchase some canteloupes. They were rewarded by a glimpse of the "jerney," who is most amusingly shy, as many of the back country girls are. The two or three smaller girls of the family—half-grown children—proved to be by no means so shy, however, as they followed us back down to our canoes to see us start, and then trotted along down to the river bank to the old stone dam a hundred yards below, to see us jump it, which we did successfully.

We soon reached Massanutton, or White House Ferry, where the road winding around among the defiles of the Massanutton Mountains from New Market to Luray, crosses the river, and where we have always heretofore camped, and where George and I spent Sunday last year, but we decided not to stop here this year, as the place offers such poor facilities in the way of a camp ground, but to drop down eight miles further to Bixler's Ferry, where there is a fine spring on the bank at the water's edge as well as better camping ground.

We didn't find Postmaster Strickler at the store and post office, but Miss Minnie was in, and she welcomed us so nicely and did the honors of the office and store so gracefully that we were quite reconciled to the absence of her father. We did not see Mr. Brubaker either, who has left the white house (which stands abandoned and empty) and moved into a fine new brick mansion a little further back from the river. We exchanged mail with the ones at home while here, and the boys wrote their Berryville friends to meet us with their picnic party at Castleman's Ferry on Thursday next, as we expect to reach that point on our way to Harper's Ferry about that time. We expect to reach Harper's Ferry on Friday evening and return home (by rail) on Saturday.

We took lunch in a light sprinkle of rain on our last year's camp ground, and at 2 o'clock pushed off from the ferry boat and turned our bows down the river with Bixters as our objective. We easily negotiated the dam at Mark's Mill, around the bend below, by running the canoes up in the shallow water at the left end of the dam, where there was an overflow running down the sloping face of the dam, until they grounded, and then stepping overboard and easing them down the slope until deep water was reached in the boat channel below.

As we progress further down the river we are struck with the number of fish jumping out of the water on all sides, and they were especially numerous below the dam. George has kept our table pretty well supplied with fish during the cruise by keeping his rod and fly tackle handy on the deck of his canoe and whipping the stream at likely places. I have done but little fishing of this kind this cruise, as it seems to be too much trouble.

New York C. C.

THE disaster of last October has proved a serious one for the New York C. C., so much so that the future of the oldest canoe club in the United States is just now very doubtful. Besides a very heavy individual loss to members, in canoes and other property, the club loss, the expense of raising the scow and repairing the house, will amount to about $1,000. Even with this heavy item covered and the house once more in good condition, the question of a safe anchorage still remains. The impossibility of securing such an anchorage at Bensonhurst has suggested the return to Staten Island, the old home of the club, but even there the anchorage difficulty is a serious one, and involves the danger of another expensive wreck.

The club has fully demonstrated, by a series of expensive experiments, that a floating house is impracticable in any location on Staten Island or the Gravesend shore which gives a suitable sailing ground, and a shore house is the only possible resort. The high prices at which the waterfront is held offer a serious obstacle in this direction, and what course will finally be decided on is still doubtful. The club is now desirous of selling the present floating house, the hull being comparatively new and perfectly strong and sound, while the roof and framework of the structure are uninjured, only the siding being damaged. After being raised the house was towed to the builder's shipyard, and the slight damage to the hull made good. The position of the club at the present time in membership and finances apart from the special expense of the wreck, is very satisfactory, the fleet is enlarging every year, especially in the direction of canoe yawls and small cruisers; and, apart from the purely canoeing features, the club is the best located and most promising of the boat sailing organizations about New York. With a suitable shore location on Gravesend Bay, and the increasing facilities for access from New York, it offers exceptional advantages to canoeists and boat sailers, and any change of location or other backward step would be a serious loss to local canoeing and sailing.

The annual meeting of the club was held on Dec. 20, the following officers being elected: Captain, H. H. Smythe; Purser, Wm. Whitlock; Trustees, F. C. Moore, Geo. H. Daley and C. J. Stevens.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

Congratulations are in order. Rear-Com. C. F. Schuster, Jr., of the Eastern Division, was married on Wednesday, Dec. 20, at Holyoke, Mass., and on Thursday, Dec. 28, Mr. Louis S. Drake, a well known member of the Newton Boat Club, of Newton, Mass., is to become a benedict.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Our Turkey Shoot at Akin.

WHEN I awoke Thanksgiving morning and heard the wind rattle the slats of the window blinds, and the rain drops pattering against the glass, I thought the prospect rather discouraging for our turkey match at Akin. But about 9 o'clock the wind lulled, the rain, with the exception of an occasional flurry, ceased, and grasping rifles and ammunition cases we hoarded an electric car for Akin. When we entered we found the car pretty well filled with a party of riflemen who had come up on the early morning train, some of them were from Albany, and some from Schenectady. It was our first meeting since the turkey matches of last winter and our greeting was rather hilarious.

Akin is only about two miles from Amsterdam, so we reached our destination before we got really quieted down. We went over to Groat's Hotel, where the match was to come off. Against the wall of the sitting room several handbills were displayed announcing that 25 turkeys and 100 chickens were on hand for the sportsmen to practice on. That was good news, though we afterward found the number of fowls was slightly exaggerated.

The first thing in order was to inspect the proposed range, a new one that had never been shot over. It ran straight away across the Mohawk flats for about forty rods, then across the Mohawk River and Erie Canal and up a slope to a lone apple tree. The distance was supposed to be about eighty rods, but it certainly looked to be nearer half a mile than a quarter.

Harry Coats took his rifle out of the case and fired several sighting shots, using the same elevation that he usually did for 80 rods. We looked closely and carefully through a good field glass, but could not spot one of his bullets. They either fell way short, or struck so dead in the soft sod that they did not throw any dirt.

This was a great disappointment to us, as it would be useless to shoot unless we could see where our bullets struck. While we were lamenting the landlord came down and asked us what we thought of the range. We told him it was no good in its present condition, with snow on the ground it might be all right. So, after some talk, it was agreed to abandon the long range and shoot over the 40-rod offhand range instead.

The firing point for this range was from the hotel piazza, and we were to shoot up against a very steep side-hill, the pitch was, in fact, nearly as great as an ordinary shingle roof, and made it somewhat like shooting game out of a tree.

The turkeys were carried up, and one of them was tied to the stake, the landlord acted as score-keeper, and called for the names of all who intended to shoot. Eleven men registered. No. 1 toed the mark, and the trouble began. The first three shots failed to score, and No. 4 stepped to the firing point. He was armed with a Winchester repeating rifle .45-90-300, and when he raised it to his shoulder and took aim the crowd of spectators who stood near, and partly in the line of fire, shrank back as far as possible, while still gazing intently at the turkey, who was then sitting down comfortably in the dead grass and preening his feathers.

The gun was fired, and an instant after the roar of that enormous charge was heard, there was a great commotion in turkey. The bird sprang instantly to the limit of his tether, then with many vigorous flops and bounds he whirled round and round, and over and over, while his great strong wings beat a rapid tattoo against his sides or the ground. The commotion soon subsided, and he turned partly over and was still. Then a mighty yell arose from the crowd, and they warmly congratulated the lucky rifleman over his splendid shot.

When the man in charge of the turkeys got there he did not waste any time looking for blood, he saw at once that the turk was very dead, so he cut him loose and tied on another bird.

The landlord gazed reproachfully on the author of the mischief, and remarked that if we kept on at that rate there wouldn't be much profit in it for him, as he had lost a dollar and a half turkey and only forty cents was on the book for shots. He was assured that it was an accident that probably would not occur again very soon, and after moving us back along the piazza a little further the match was allowed to proceed.

There were but few rules and no formality about this match; it was in fact, a free-for-all, go-as-you-please affair for everybody, and all appeard to enjoy themselves to the utmost. The spectators, of whom there were a hundred or less, walked round freely among the shooters, and crossed the range back and forth with either a total disregard of consequences or else a trust in Providence that was most touching if not startling, to an observer at all accustomed to the rules and regulations enforced on an established rifle range. It may be that for this occasion the

"Sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack,"

like some of the city police, had had his precinct changed, and been assigned to the special duty of looking out for the lives of the reckless fools who deliberately walked around in front of loaded and cocked rifles.

The shooters were mostly armed with repeating rifles, and the shooting was very rapid. Shortly before noon I downed No. 10 turkey, and stopped the match until after dinner, because that was the last one they had on hand. The landlord assured us, however, that there would be plenty more ready for us after dinner, and at once hitched up his team and started one of his men off to a neighboring farmer's to get some more, and we adjourned to the sitting-room to discuss the match and await a summons to dinner.

So far as we had gone the cost of shots and value of turkeys very nearly balanced, and as the bar trade was good the proprietor had very little reason to complain.

When we were summoned to the dining room we found as good a dinner as was ever set before hungry men, and the morning's sport had given a keen appetite for its enjoyment. Then, with the inner man well braced up and every one in the best of humor, we again gave our attention to the turkeys.

The man had returned from his call on the farmer and had brought back two turkeys with him; they were good ones; the combined weight was a little over 26lbs. No more could be got that day, and the landlord said when we had them killed he would set up chickens

for us at five cents a shot. This was not an alluring prospect, as a chicken that has been shot through the body with a .45cal. rifle bullet is not of much use to any one. There was no use of lamenting over what could not be helped, so after the proprietor had again extended the range by shifting the firing point to the extreme end of the piazza, we began.

The firing was very rapid, the men did not dwell on their aim, but pulled the trigger as soon as the sight was on the game, and as quick as one fired and stepped back, another immediately took his place. All the bullets struck close, but it was not until the 64th shot that the turkey was killed. It had been a very profitable bird for the hotel man, and his face was wreathed in smiles as he raked in his little $6.40 for the shots fired. Then the last turk went to the stake and the firing was resumed; 26 shots threw the dirt all round and over him, some passed through his feathers, others struck just under and threw him up in the air, but no blood was drawn until the 27th shot went through his neck and very nearly severed the head from the body; that ended the match.

The two turkeys brought in $9.10, and the landlord is so encouraged that I understand he is going to have another match Christmas. If he does I think I shall be there. P. PLAYFORD.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

Port Chester Rifle Club.

PORT CHESTER, Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Port Chester Rifle Club was organized Jan. 1, 1889, and has led a struggling existence up to the commencement of the present year, when some new blood was added and a tract of land was purchased for a 200yd. range. We have always used the standard American target up to within a short time, but as a majority of the prize shoots in this vicinity are held on the German ring target, we have lately adopted that target to be more familiar with it. Can any one explain why a person used to shooting on one target can't make as good a score proportionately on another target, and is undoubtedly the fact? I have seen such men as H. M. Pope, S. J. Lyon, O. M. Jewel, the late E. F. Richardson and a host of others I might mention, experts on the standard American target, who could be led many points by shooters on the ring target who could not compete with them on the standard target. Take the Newark shoot in 1888. All the high men on the standard target were mostly from New England States, while the same men on the ring target made but a poor showing comparatively speaking. There is but a little difference to the average eye, when using the black out to the 7 ring on the standard and the 12in. black of the ring target. But can any one dispute the fact?

We have some thirty odd members in the club, but the vitality, as in other similar organizations, is limited to five or six active members, who keep banging away summer and winter just the same. We have lately got the "championship" craze from reading FOREST AND STREAM, and for the past two weeks have attempted to shoot a 50-shot match for championship of the club. While we don't class with the regular article of that name, still we have a little wheel of our own to turn. It don't take the memory of the oldest inhabitant to go back to the weather of the last two preceding Saturdays, that being our shooting day. On Dec. 9 we started in for a 50-shot score, but a driving rain drove us off after firing thirty shots with very indifferent results.

Saturday, Dec. 16, dawned with about four inches of snow and something like four miles of London fog. About 1 o'clock it looked like clearing for a few minutes and we started to shoot our postponed 50-shot match again. In about five minutes after the targets were put up it began to rain in a fashion that made the target tender hunt his shanty in a hurry. We took in the targets for half an hour and in the meantime our 279-pound secretary arrived in a deluge of rain, everything wet and dripping.

As soon as he got inside the shooting house he said, "You fools going to shoot that match to-day? I can't shoot; I'm sick; guess I got the fog fever." But after getting off his wet garments and gun unpacked, he again broke out with, "Well, come, let's have the targets up and shoot anyway. Say, boy, you got on rubber boots and a good coat; you can stand it, can't you?" The targets were put up and the secretary fired the first shot, for which he got a 22. "That's all right; nothing the matter with this day for shooting." His second shot gave him a 10. "Yes, I knew it; that was a flincher." For his third shot up came a 9. "Git out; where is it?" After a look through the glass, "I can't see anything through that glass; it ain't focused right. High, is it? Had too much elevation." Fourth shot, 9 came up again. "Where in thunder is that shot, anyway?" "Down on the bottom of the target," came the answer. "Guess I lowered too much." Fifth shot, 15. "That's better; but I held low that time." The sixth shot brought up the 9 again. "That be hanged. Oh, I don't believe it. I ain't going to waste ammunition trying to shoot to-day. Now, just look at that fog; you can't see the targets." And it was even so. Still he stuck to it until he fired twenty shots, and then gave up disgusted. "No fool like an old fool," he said. "Say, I don't feel good; guess I'm going to be sick; wish I was home. Say, R., you write up the scores for me, will you? And put in what a day it was, will you?" I promised. Hence this scrawl. Below are scores made:

Rudd	25 15 18 16 9 21 19 19 19 20	—182
	19 17 10 19 19 17 15 22 20 18	—176—358
Bachmann	22 18 16 22 24 18 23 21 15 23	—202
	19 21 13 12 16 18 15 14 13	—153—355
McNell	22 10 9 9 15 9 16 18 17 9	—134
	21 15 9 25 18 15 18 9 13 19	—152—286
Smith	15 20 13 21 21 13 10 14 25 15	—167

R. R.

New Orleans Rifle Shooting.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 16.—The Broadway Rifle Club finished their annual turkey shoot with the following results:

First class: First prize, Jos. Scheffler 133; second prize, J. Roth 123.

Second clas: First prize, M. Biri, Jr., 113; second prize, F. Lettellier 113; Peter Verbeck 113.

Third class: First prize, Hy Duncos 111; second prize, A. Raymond 110.

Fourth class: First prize, L. Berthelmew 106; second prize, L. Lavie 98; Hy Montreiul 98.

The weather was good and splendid scores were made, to wit;

First class: P. Kerher 191, P. Kinler 189, M. Torpfer 188, C. Abrens 188.

Second class: A. Reuter 185, J. Lemator 185, Tim Dwyer 183.

Third class: F. Offilla 182, F. Luminer 178, P. Schulz 177.

Fourth class: J. Burkhart 179, J. Rostrop 174, Wm. Taylor 173.

Fifth class: B. Rouen 168, C. Melcher 165, H. Kinler 147.

LOUISIANA RIFLE LEAGUE.

A special meeting of the officers of the Louisiana Rifle League was held at the rooms of the Southern Rifle Club, Dec. 15, for the purpose of arranging for the presentation of the pennant to the Arnault Rifle Club, the members of which distinguished themselves by winning the last league shoot.

It has been the custom to make the presentation at some public entertainment, but the officers of the league have thought to deviate from this rule and make it at a house warming in the beautiful club house just completed and furnished by the Arnault Club at a great expense. The annual election of the league will take place in a few days. The candidates for the presidency are Messrs. R. S. Landry of the Broadway Club and Hunt Lytle of the American Club. Both men are popular and it will be heads and tails as to the result of the ballot. There are eleven clubs in the league, each club is entitled to three candidates and these candidates ballot for president. Each club has in the neighborhood of 100 members. A. CARDONA, JR.

California Schuetzen's Greeting to the Zettler R. C.

THE appended letter from the Pacific Coast riflemen was received by the Zettler Club last week, together with programmes for the California Midwinter Fair International Shooting Festival:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 14.—Zettler Rifle Club.—Gentlemen: The undersigned committee has been especially delegated by the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein to extend to your distinguished and famous organization a most pressing and cordial invitation to come to San Francisco during the Midwinter Fair and participate in the great shooting festival projected by the Verein. We are authorized by our Verein to join hands with you across the continent and give you a Schuetzen greeting, and to assure your estimable organization that such of you as will come will be received with open arms and such a welcome as will leave no doubts of the sincerity of our hospitality. Our Verein has learned to love and admire the fame you have achieved as a shooting organization, and it has endeavored to emulate you in your proud accomplishments; and it is desirous of meeting all of you personally. We have heard of your Weber, and Walther, and Zimmerman and many others, and we are anxious to see them. Come to us, as many as you can, and we will receive you and see that you are properly quartered; that social enjoyments will be prepared for you. We guarantee that you will not have any opportunity of experiencing homesickness. Do not forget your ladies, as our members are as gallant as Schuetzen are famed to be, and they will not fail to have a good time. Our ladies join with us in the invitation. Our fair will be as great as the Paris Exposition, one hundred buildings already being in the course of construction, which feature will alone repay you for your long journey. Should you come you will meet again our jolly comrades who have already visited you in the East, who are all anxious for a renewal of the good fellowship they enjoyed at your homes. Again we repeat it, come to us. Let the marksmen of the Atlantic and the Middle States embrace their Pacific brethren. Let us prove to our countrymen that German-American Schuetzen consider no distance an insurmountable barrier to friendly, social and competitive intercourse. Let our committee know when you are coming, and our Verein will do the rest. We have the honor to extend to you a most hearty and cordial Schuetzen greeting.

JOHN T. BOLTS,
GEORGE H. BAHRS, } Committee.
LOUIS BENDEL,

P. S.—We have addressed to you a number of our shooting programmes.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 11.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular practice shoot at its range to-day and made the scores as appended. Conditions, 200yds. off-hand at the standard target:

Gindele	8	8	9	10	7	7	10	8	8	9—84
	8	7	8	10	8	9	10	9	6	8—83
	6	9	8	7	10	9	5	10	10	9—80
Louis	5	9	9	8	8	8	10	9	6	8—80
	6	5	6	9	9	9	7	6	9	6—72
	6	6	7	8	10	7	10	7	9	7—77
Wellinger	9	9	9	7	8	10	9	6	6	7—80
	8	8	6	8	8	7	10	6	6	9—76
	7	10	8	9	8	6	7	5	9	7—76
Hake	6	7	5	6	6	6	9	7	6	10—69
	5	5	6	8	9	4	4	7	8	7—63
	4	9	7	9	8	7	8	8	8	5—73
Payne	9	7	8	9	8	7	10	9	10	6—83
	7	7	8	7	8	10	9	7	9	10—82
	7	6	8	9	10	8	9	8	8	5—78
Puthof	5	5	6	8	5	7	6	7	8	8—65
	4	10	9	5	6	7	4	4	5	4—58
	6	2	6	7	3	8	5	9	5	3—54
Drube	8	8	10	9	9	9	9	10	6	7—85
	4	9	7	9	9	9	9	10	7	8—81
	10	10	7	7	10	7	7	8	7	6—79

Zettler Rifle Club.

ONLY eleven members of the Zettler Club were present on Dec. 19 to participate in the weekly club shoot. The scores made during the night were of a high order. Henry Holges was in particularly fine form, and in his five official scores made the highest average that has ever been made in the gallery by any of the members. His scores were as followers: 250, 249, 247, 245, 247; total 1,238, or within 12 points of the possible. This is a fine record, and will no doubt stand as the record 50-shot score for a long time. The scores:

Best 10-shot score, 5 entries: Henry Holges 250, M. B. Engel 247, Gus Nowak 246, H. Strate 244, C. G. Zettler 242, F. C. Ross 247, Louis Flach 246, B. Zettler 245, R. Busse 243, H. D. Muller 240, Dr. Chas. Grosch 240.

Champion target, one entry: Henry Holges 250, F. C. Ross 245, Gus Nowak 243, M. B. Engel 241, Louis Flach 241, R. Busse 240, C. G. Zettler 239, H. Strate 238, Dr. C. Grosch 233, B. Zettler 232, H. D. Muller 225.

Greenville Rifle Club.

THE members of the Greenville R. C. continue to hold up their interest in the weekly gallery competition. On Dec. 23 twenty-one men were present to participate in the class shooting. M. Dorrler with a score of 246 was high; Chavant with 242 second. The scores: M. Dorrler 246, H. Lutz 236 J. Boag 233, Spahn 228, Gotthard 224, Lembeck 221, Agneau 216, Hill 210, Graef 204, Robidoux 236, Purkess 233, Plaisted Scheeline 224, Becker 222, Holzapfel 220, Bischof 212, Maug 210, F. Wuestner 198, E. Wuestner 183.

Our Own Rifle Club.

ON Dec. 18 eight members of the Our Own Club, of Hoboken, N. J., were present and participated in the weekly gallery competition. J. H. Kruse distinguished himself by making the fine score of 241. The scores are appended: J. H. Kruse 241, Sessman 236, Dilger 233, Smith 226, Keller 220, Moses 218, Schultze 236, Hartkopf 209.

Empire Rifle Club.

AT the weekly shoot of the Empire Club on Dec. 19 the following appended scores were made by the members present, 10 shots, 25-ring target, 100ft.: B. Zahn 244, W. Rosenbaum 242, C. Zettler 237, L. Buss W. Buss 231.

RIFLE NOTES.

Henry Holges, with his total of 1,238 in fifty shots made at the Zettler Club shoot last Tuesday night, feels that he has put up a record that will cause the experts lots of trouble to overcome.

The enthusiasm of Diamond Walt over the possibilities of his .22 at 300yds. strikes some of our Eastern cranks as being a little wild. If, on his projected Eastern visit next fall, he should fall among some of the New Yorkers, he would have an opportunity of making a stake or going broke. Eight shots out of ten in an 8in. bull at 200yds. off-hand is considered good work with the larger caliber rifles, and when you add 103yds. to the range and reduce the caliber to a .22 short R. F. cartridge and still keep up the average, you hit the average Eastern crank hard, for this genius thinks he knows about all there is in any of the modern target rifles. We trust that Diamond Walt will stick to his project of visiting the East and demonstrate to the Eastern cranks that his enthusiasm for the .22 is not of the wooly order.

We have on several occasions seen the confidence of the riflemen in the shooting qualities of his rifle knocked into smithereens when the rifle was put on to the machine rest and a group of shots collected on a cardboard at 200yds. We have in mind two worthy shooters whose faith in their respective rifles was of that extreme order that it was customary with them to locate a shot within the 24 circle in the German ring target, and if by chance the marker showed a 17 or an 11, it was simply unfortunate for the marker, that was all. But when the rifles were put on the machine rest, the misfortune rested with the owners. They were like the boy who, on a fishing trip, monkeyed with the hornets' nest. He wished he had stuck to his fishing.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

FIXTURES.

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

Dec. 28.—Team of three shoot, at Willard's Park, Paterson, beginning at 10 A. M. Three men from any club, $30 entrance per team, 15 live birds per man.

1894.

Jan. 1.—New Year's tournament, Towanda (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club, at Towanda, Pa. Live birds and targets.

Jan. 1.—Dexter Park live bird and target shoot.

Jan. 1.—South Side Gun Club's thirteenth New Year's annual, at Newark, N. J.

Jan. 4.—Union Gun Club's live bird tournament, at Springfield, N. J.

Jan. 9.—New Jersey vs. Kings county, team shoot, on Al. Heritage's grounds, Marion, N. J.

Jan. 16-18.—Grand live and artificial bird shoot, $1,000 guaranteed, by the Hamilton Gun Club. J. E. Overholt, Sec'y.

Feb. —.—Reading Shooting Association tournament; two days targets, one day live birds, at Three-Mile House, Shillington, Pa.

April 4-6.—Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association's grand American handicap at Dexter Park, Long Island.

April 24-27.—Central City Gun Club's tournament, Central City, Neb.

May 1-6.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament, at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

May 17-18.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's spring tournament.

May 23-25.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Gun Club's thirteenth annual tournament; first days, targets, $1,000 added money, known traps, unknown angles; last day, live pigeons. Open to the world. No handicap. R. Van Gilder, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Kansas State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, Topeka, Kansas. J. C. Clark, Sec'y.

June 11-16.—New York State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, thirty-sixth annual tournament, at Utica, N. Y., under auspices of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association.

June 19-21.—Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company's first annual tournament, at Cleveland, Ohio. $1,000 added money.

June (third week).—Atlantic City Rod and Gun Club, three days' tournament. Address R. C. Griscom, Sec'y, Atlantic City, N. J.

Aug. 21-24.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association annual tournament, under auspices of Altoona Rod and Gun Club, at Wopsononock Park, Altoona.

Oct. 4-5.—West Newburg (N. Y.) Gun and Rifle Association's fall tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Charles Smith, our own "Dutchy," the famous trap and field shot of Plainfield, N. J., recently spent a few days in and about Norfolk, Va., shooting and looking up old acquaintances and making new ones as a matter of course. When "Dutchy" gets among shooters he is hound to talk shoot, and one evening in Norfolk he struck a party that began to talk shoot and match shoot at that. "Dutchy" fell into the humor of the party and was nothing loth to shoot a match. One of the party asked if he would shoot a 100-bird match for $100 a side against an "unknown." "I don't care who you put up," said the amiable "Dutchy," "but $100 is not enough gelt. Make it $250 a side and we'll have a shooting match for keeps." This proposition suited the Norfolk contingent, forfeits were posted, Jan. 18 named as the date and Norfolk as the place. Everything was lovely, and "Dutchy" had no misgivings as to his ability to beat any one the Norfolk sp rtsmen could muster. A few days ago the Norfolk people named their "unknown," and what was "Dutchy's" surprise to learn that his opponent was to be "Little Neaf" Apgar, of Evona, a bosom friend, and for many years a clubmate. "Dutchy" was true to his colors, however, and the result is that some good shooting and at least a close contest will be seen at Norfolk on Jan. 18. The men are evenly matched, and on fair birds should run close to 86 or 88 in the hundred. The chances are that a fair contingent of Jerseymen will witness the match.

New Year's Day will be a red-letter day on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., when the club will hold its thirteenth "annual." These affairs are now looked upon as fixtures for the first day of the year, and no other New Jersey club ever arranges a shoot for that day, all the shooters flocking to the South Side grounds, which are situated opposite the coal chutes, about three minutes' walk south from the Emmett street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad. All who attend, whether friends or strangers, are accorded a hearty welcome and given all the shooting they desire. Among the most active of the club members are Wm. R. Hobart, secretary of the club; J. R. Terrill, the efficient manager; R. H. Breintnall, Asa Whitehead, E. O. Geoffroy, R. Beam and Lemuel Thomas, all of whom put forth strenuous efforts to make visitors feel at home. There will be an abundance of lunch and a full supply of all kinds of ammunition on the grounds. The house is a cosy one and will be well warmed. Shooting will begin at 9 A. M. and continue until dark.

It is rather surprising that with the number of first-class professional shots in this country so few contests are held between them. For two years Elliott, Class, Fulford and Brewer have done more match shooting than all the rest together. Looking over two years' records of these experts it is seen that Elliott shot fifteen matches, Class seventeen, Fulford fifteen and Brewer eight. The record also shows that Brewer, who shot at 733 birds, leads the list with an average of 94.270. Then comes Class, who shot at 1,600 birds, and averaged 92 973. Elliott shot at 1,425 birds, getting an average of 92 603, while Fulford, who shot at 1,403 birds, averaged 90,092. Here is a quartette who in two years shot at an aggregate of 5,161 bids and killed 4,763, an average of 92.288 per cent., and we wonder if any four men in the trap-shooting ranks could excel the showing. It is extremely doubtful and we also doubt the ability of any four men on either side of the Atlantic to defeat the above four in an up and up match at 100 or more live birds each.

Frank E. Butler, manager for Annie Oakley, was at the Class-Elliott shoot on Erb's grounds, looking as happy and hearty as ever. He was deeply interested in the shooting, and jokingly requested Elliott to name a figure for a season's exhibition of trap work, the condition being that the Kansas City man was to guarantee to kill 198 or more out of each 200 birds shot at, and all the birds to be trained. Mr. Butler states that Miss Oakley has taken possession of her new house in Nutley, and for the first time in a number of years can say she is "at home" on a hearthstone of her own. She has already signed for next season with Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, which will exhibit during the entire season in South Brooklyn. "Little Sure Shot" is in splendid health and spirits, and will rest at home the greater part of the winter.

With the adoption of the newly-designed indicator and careful observance on the part of tournament managers in seeing that no favorites are played by the trap-puller, the novelty rule of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association should become immensely popular in 1894. During the season of 1893 this rule was subjected to severe criticism, not on account of any real defects in the system, but on account of the element of luck which at times would give a man nearly all incomers and his next-hand partner all outgoers. This was due in a great measure to the use of the old-style indicator, although in some instances it was doubtless due to favoritism on the part of the trap-puller.

The Winchester Repeating Firearms Company's calendar for 1894 is a neat piece of work and reflects credit upon the designer. The affair is 14x27 in size. The upper portion, besides the firm name, shows a trio of ranchmen engaged in the laudable duty of protecting their stock from wolves, a quartet of which, seen in the foreground, are attacking a steer. On the lower portion of the panel is a scene showing two hunters, who, in a canoe, have just rounded a jutting point of land and come into full view of a moose standing near the edge of a wood. The caption of this picture is "A Surprise Party," with a doubt as to whether the hunters or the game were the most surprised.

The members of the Maplewood (N. J.) Gun Club anticipate a great time on Dec. 28, when the annual dinner shoot will take place. This affair has become a fixture with the club, and calls out all the shooting men of the club. The members who attend are divided into two teams, each man shooting at 25 artificial targets, and the team which is unfortunate enough to score the lowest aggregate number of breaks has the pleasure (?) of footing the expenses of a dinner which is attended by the entire club, usually on New Year's eve. Besides the team contest there will be a series of open sweepstakes at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, and everybody shoots as long as the light lasts.

When E. D. Fulford of Utica arrived at Erb's on Dec. 21 he was the recipient of warm congratulations from all his friends on his complete exoneration of all the charges preferred against him by the telegraph company by whom he was employed. Soon after his arrival he was approached by J. A. R. Elliott with a proposition to shoot a 100-bird match on Erb's grounds for $500 or more a side. Mr. Fulford stated that he would be pleased to shoot such a match, but that he would not be at liberty to do so until February, 1894. We are inclined to the belief, however, that these two experts will meet at the traps earlier than February.

Charley Tuttle, the hustling and popular captain of the Auburn (N. Y.) Gun Club, was greatly interested in the Class-Elliott match at Erb's, and expressed the opinion that the birds were several yards above the average match bird. Mr. Tuttle says that trap matters are moving along smoothly in his section of New York State, despite the general depression in business circles. The Auburn boys were much elated over winning the first of the series of matches against Rochester and Syracuse, and hope to capture at least one more in the series. They were to shoot the second match at Syracuse on Wednesday last.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 16.—At the last regular meeting of the Herron Hill Gun Club, held Dec. 12 at James Brown & Son's, 603 Smithfield street, the following officers were elected for one year: President, A. H. King; First Vice-President, Jacob Matz; Second Vice-President, Henry L. Born; Secretary and Treasurer, Louis Lautenslager; Board of Directors, W. M. C. Jones, S. V. D. Hunington and H. J. Levis; Field Captain, W. S. King. It was also decided to hold a shoot every month during the coming year at live birds or blue rocks.—LOUIS LAUTENSLAGER.

Thursday, Dec. 28, is the date fixed for the match between club teams of three men each arranged by "Uncle Jake" Pentz. The shoot will take place at Willard's Park, Paterson, N. J., a place which has won the reputation of being one of the best shooting grounds in the country. Each man will shoot at 15 live pigeons, under Hurlingham rules (modified as to boundary); the entry fee is $30 per team, and there will be three moneys. Shooting will be started at 10 A. M., in order that all may have a good light.

Paul North, of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co., with his usual ruddy look, was about town last week looking up the business of his company. He had along an incomplete proof of the soon-to-be-issued programme for the company's 1894 tournament, and judging from a cursory examination it will develop into an attractive souvenir. Mr. North reports fairly good business in his lines.

William Van Fosson, Charles Weinman and Charles Whittim of Mount Vernon, Manayunk, shot a sweepstake live pigeon match at Glen Willow on Dec. 19 for $10 a side, the conditions being ten birds each, Hurlingham rules, 20yds. rise, with an 80yds. boundary. Van Fosson won by seven kills to Weinman's five and Whittim's four.

One week from next Tuesday will occur the great contest between teams comprising 20 representative shooters from New Jersey and a like number from Kings county, N. Y. It will be a hot affair, with no odds in favor of either side, and will, undoubtedly, draw the biggest crowd that has ever been seen on Al Heritage's Marion grounds.

Some months ago we were told by a prominent shooter of Washington, D. C., that some time in May or June, 1894, one of the clubs located there would hold a three-day's tournament with $500 or $1,000 added to the purses. If the Washingtonians really intend to engineer an affair of this kind they should lose no time in claiming dates.

Frank Mason, an old-time attaché of FOREST AND STREAM and now connected with the *Mayflower*, was at Erb's on the day of the Class-Elliott match, looking in fine health. Mr. Mason is immensely popular among trap-shooters and received a hearty welcome on all sides. He was in company with "Tee Kay" Keller, "Dutchy" Smith and "Wild Jay Eye" Beebe, and the quartette had a great time.

To the Clubs Composing the New York State Sportsman's Association—GREETING: We return to you our best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and our sincere thanks for your great kindness in adopting our King Bird Target for seven years, and trust to meet you all next June in the city of U. T. K. Yours with respect, CRUTTENDEN & CARD.—*Adv.*

The Manufacturers' Trap-Shooting Association will, uudouhtedly, retain John Parker as their manager during the coming year and Elmer Shaner will be found looking after the interests of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. They will be the right men in the right places.

Shotgun matters have been very quiet on Long Island the past week, several club events went by default for lack of members to make up a shoot. The approaching holidays and the hard times that have been with us for some months are responsible for this unsatisfactory condition.

Copake, N. Y., has a rod and gun club. The organization consists of thirteen members. The officers are as follows: C. H. Burch, President; F. Sherman, Vice-President; F. C. Rain, Secretary and Treasurer. They contemplate having a shooting match every Thursday afternoon.

Louis Miller informs us that Armin Tenner, the gun and powder expert, whose interesting articles have of late added much to the knowledge of our American shotgun shooters, has decided to locate in Brooklyn, and will fit up his proving house upon the Dexter Park grounds.

The usual New Year's Day shoot at live birds will be held on John Erb's grounds in Newark, and as this will be a "day out" for all sportsmen, a good attendance is looked for. An extra strong lot of birds will he at hand, and good sport is assured.

John A. Hartner expects a hig turnout of target shooters at his grounds, Orangeville, Baltimore county, Maryland, on New Year's Day. These holiday shoots of Mr. Hartner's are estahlished fixtures and are invariably well attended.

The third and final match between teams from the Auburn Gun Club, Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club and the Rochester Rod and Gun Club will take place on the grounds of the last-named club at Rochester early in January.

James Dodds and R. Daniels, of the Greenville (N. J.) Rifle Club, had a successful three-days' hunt last week in the northern part of New Jersey; they report partridges and rahbits as being qnite plentiful in the locality visited.

Make an early decision as to the dates for your 1894 tournament, send them to us for insertion in our list of fixtures, and thus avoid conflicting with other clubs.

The programme of the 1894 shoot of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company will be out in about a fortnight, and will be an artistic piece of work.

J. A. R. Elliott will prohably remain in the East until spring and in the meantime will doubtless be willing to try his hand against all comers.

Tbe "consideration" for the New Jersey vs. Kings county shoot are $10 per man, losing team to pay for the birds.

The Raritan (N. J.) Gun Club has put in an outfit of electric traps.

Wesleyan and Trinity Colleges have each organized a gun club.

Don't forget to send in the result of your club elections.

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Elliott's Great Trap Work.

HE ESTABLISHES A RECORD.

IT was a great day for a shoot; a great day for the birds, which had all the conditions in their favor; a great day for John Erb, as it attracted the biggest crowd seen on his grounds for years; a great day for J. A. R. Elliott, who placed to his credit the best record ever made in a 200-bird match on winter birds; a great day for Frank P. Class, as it clearly proved to him that on good birds he was out-"classed" by his Kansas City opponent. The day referred to was Thursday, Dec. 21; place, John Erb's famous "Old Stone House" grounds, on Bloomfield avenue, Newark, N. J.; attraction, match at 200 live birds each, for $300 a side; principals, Frank P. Class, of Morristown, N. J., and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo.

This match, which was the outcome of the five 100-bird contests between these two experts, was arranged at Paterson on Dec. 8, when Elliott killed 98 to Class's 91 birds, thus winning three out of the five contests. It was stipulated that the match should hegin at 10 o'clock A. M., but it was an hour and a half later before the first shot was fired. John Riggott, of Rockaway, N. J., had heen named as referee and stakeholder, and when the match was arranged a forfeit of $50 was placed in the hands of T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, who was in turn to pass it to Mr. Riggott. Mr. Morfey, however, depended upon somehody else notifying Mr. Riggott of his appointment as referee and stakeholder, and the result is that Mr. Riggott received no notice at all. The start of the match was put off from time to time in the hope that Mr. Riggott would apper, but at 11:30 o'clock the hope was abandoned.

The day was an ideal one for the season; the wind coming down strong and cold from the direction of the Orange Mountains, its force heing sufficient to make a fair bird good and a good one better, while the clear, brigbt sun threw just sufficient heat to temper the keen edge of the wind and make it possible, with the aid of great coats, to stand about out of doors without shivering. The attendance was much heavier than during any of tbe previous matches shot between these men, tbere being close to 300 people on the grounds.

Prominent amoug the spectators were noticed Elmer E. Shaner of Pittsburgh, manager of the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association, who came East to attend the Association meeting beld in New York on Dec. 19.; Paul North of Cleveland, O., full of business connected witb tbe Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Co.'s business; Jas. I. Beehe, better known, perhaps, as "Wild Jay Eye See," who came up from Trenton "just tc see the boys and shake off a little dust;" Charles W. Tuttle, captain, prime hustler and leading shot of tbe Auhurn (N. Y.) Gun Club, down East on business and pleasure comhined; Frank E. Butler, manager for Miss Annie Oakley; W. Fred Quimhy of New York; M. F. Lindsley of West Hoboken, full of the merits of American wood powder; Eddie Collins, another one from West Hohoken; Frank Mason of Brooklyn, formerly business manager of FOREST AND STREAM and now connected with *The Mayflower;* "Tee Kay" Keller of the United States Cartridge Co. and his side partner, the great "Dutchy" Smith; Neaf Apgar, wbo looks after the cartridge-loading and shooting interests of Henry C. Squires & Son; George Raynor of Orauge, who has just returned from England, bringing along with him an attack of rheumatism; Howland Gasper, the newly fledged author, who is pleased at the success accorded "The Complete Sportsman," his initial literary venture: Hugh Leddy of Montclair, a prominent member of the Essex and Emerald Gun cluhs; Dr. P. J. Zeglio of Warrenville, N. J., who has, since joining the Newark Gun Club,, developed into one of the hest shots in the State; Al. Heritage, the well known "Old South Paw" of Jersey City, on whose Marion grounds the New Jersey vs. Kings County shoot will take place on Jan. 9; Robert Boyle of Willard's Park, Paterson; T. W. Morfey of the Paterson Gun Cluh; John Leonard, Fred Class, John R. and Frank Piper of Morristown; "Uncle Jack" Harrison cf Dover; Wm. H. Green and Fletcher Walters of Harrison; John Cockefair of Bloomfield; E. D. Fulford of Utica, the famous shot who did such great work in his series against Brewer and Elliott and against the amateurs of the Larchmont Yacht Club; J. W. Hoffman of German Valley, N. J., who is anxious to arrange another match with Newark's one-armed expert: Wm. Courter, the popular host of the American House, Bloomfield, and Frank Frye, a well known detective from Jersey City. Newark was represented hy C. M. Hedden, Samuel Castle, R. H. Breintnall, Jas. E. Wheaton, G. L. Freche, L. E. Meeker, G. O. Geoffroy, Fred. Canon, Wm. Erb, R. S. Cromelin, Abe Wheaton and Alfred Whatton.

When it was found that Mr. Riggott was not likely to appear, the principals requested "Uncle Jake" Pentz to act in his stead, and after considerable urging he reluctantly consulted to act. C. H. Townsend, trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM and Major J. M. Taylor kept the official score while W. H. Green looked after the throwing of the die and pulling of tbe traps. Class won the toss and at 11:30 went to the score and shot at his first bird a flipper, from No. 4 trap, which went to grass when the first barrel was fired. Elliott followed with a double on an incomer from the same trap and also scored. Thus the big match started and it had not progressed far when the observers arrived at the conclusion tbat Elliott was in the better form, centering his hirds in fine style and killing them clean. Class was by no means in poor form, hut was simply a little inferior to his opponent. The first miss was hy Class on the fifth round when he got a twisting right-quartering driver from No. 3 trap, not an extra fast bird but one of the kind that delights in dodging shot. This went over the fence, as did his eighth, a twisting towerer. Elliott's only loss on this round was his 14th bird which was just fast enough to pass both charges. Class's 3d was a fast driver and neatly killed; his 10th failed to fly, was called and another bird allowed, flew like a streak, but came down to a pretty first; 13th, very fast and a good second; 14th, another screamer calling for a long second; 16th, best of the round, awfully fast and needed the good second used. Elliott got a hummer on his 3d, round, another on his 7th which necessitated a good second; 9th, an ugly twister and good first barrel kill; his 13th was expected to go out, hut fell a yard inside the fence; 14th, a fairly fast one, but should have heen killed; 17th, a fast towering driver killed with a neat first; 53d, a towering driver to the left, caught the first full, twisted on second but came down in good shape for pot. This ended the first round with a total of 24 kills for Elliott to 23 for Class.

ON THE SECOND ROUND

Class set the pace by making a clean miss of a fast driver to the right, lost likewise on the third round; killed 17 straight and lost the next two, hoth incomers to the right. Elliott allowed his second, an ordinary paced tailer, to get away. Ellliott's tenth was a fast one and well killed, as was his twelfth a fast one and tricky; his seventeenth a circler and fast, twenty-first and twenty-second both fast ones. Class put in a pretty second on his fourth; his tenth and twelfth were both twisters that required skillful shots; his eighteenth and twenty-fourth were very fast. On tbe close of this round the score stood 48 for Elliott to 44 for Class and there was no betting.

The birds had heen several yards hetter than in any of the previous matches, hut this seemed to be no handicap for Elliott, who retained the good form shown at the start. Class was plodding along, shooting what was conceded to be a losing race. And yet he was killing enough birds to win a match against an ordinary shot.

DURING THE SECOND ROUND

Class braced up to fine form and ran straight. On his third bird, a lightning flyer he put in a beautiful second at long range; fourth a good kill of a circler; sixth, killed on ground and allowed another hird, which was a fast one; twelfth was another mean circler; seventeenth, very fast; twenty-first, fast and tricky and a good second. Elliott's third was a hot one, killed in great shape; eighth, fast driver to the right, which got the full henefit of hoth barrels, flew about 40yds. and fell seemingly dead. Just as the dog reached it, however, it arose as if unhurt and took flight across the fields and far away; fourteentb good first on fast bird; seventeeth, twister, brought to grass with a quick first; sixty-ninth, awfully fast incomer to rigbt, dodged first, hut was brought down with fine second. At the end of this round Elliott's total was 72 and Class's 69.

THE FOURTH ROUND

was opened by Class with a miss of a driver to the right. He made a fine kill of a very fast bird on his eleventh round, using a good second at long range, the hird towering. His sixteenth was another good one, twenty-second, ditto; seventy-eighth a fast driver to the left and missed clean with both barrels. Elliott caught a tartar on his third, a very fast driver, which got a portion of the first charge, but was missed clean and clear witb the second; he killed a hot twister with a quick first on the twelfth round; thirteenth, another fast one, which got the second in good season and died; nineteentb, a hot incomer, killed with quick first; twenty-second, twenty-tbird and twenty-fifth, all hot ones and good shots. This ended the first 100 with a total of 96 kills for Elliott and 92 for Class, and at this an intermission of 15 min-was decided upon. The time for the first 100 was 1h. 40m.

THE START ON THE FIFTH ROUND

was made promptly at 1:25, Class starting in hy losing a hard-hit driver to the left, fairly fast, which would have heen scored dead out of bounds had it not heen riddled by the army of outside bushwackers as soon as it crossed tbe houndary. His fourth was a good hird; sixth, an elegant first harrel kill of an ugly zig-zagging left-quarterer; seventh, towered out of first, hut caught the center of the second; eleventh was awfully hard hit with both barrels and went to grass, but like a flash it rebounded and went off to be a target for the hushwackers; fourteenth, another of the sort that fail to make up their minds whicb way to go, hut could not get away from the second harrel; seventeenth, fast towering incomer to right, needed second and got it full, a good kill; nineteenth, a fast one; twentieth, a towerer, got center of second; twenty-fourth, one of the fast birds of the day and stopped with elegant second Elliott's third was a terribly fast zig-zagging driver to the right, which failed to stop after getting the first, got tbe second full and fell near the fence; fifth, a fast one; seventh, towering right-quarterer, good second; ninth, fast and tough right-quarterer, got both harrels, flew to boundary, came down and hit the fence above top rail, falling dead inside, hut scored dead out of hounds in accordance with a previous agreement that any bird hitting the fence on or above the top rail should be a lost hird. This was a condition that was nonsensical but still had to be observed. His thirteenth was another of the same kind, and lost for the same reason; nineteenth, a splendid second barrel kill of a very fast zig-zagger, caught at long range; twenty-second, good kill of fast hird; twenty-fifth, another twister and finely killed. At this stage the game stood 119 kills for Elliott against 115 for Class.

THE SIXTH ROUND

was begun with a clever kill hy Class of a fast incomer to the left. His third was sbot on the ground and another bird allowed; fifth, a fast twisting driver to the right, but which he sbould have killed had he used better judgment in use of second, instead of putting it in in slap-bang fasbion, the charge heing away under the bird: seventh, an elegant second on an ugly twister and at long range; forty-second, fast enough for any one to miss; fifteenth, extra quick in leaving trap hut not fast enough to get away from first load; sixteentb, twister and very fast, long second; eighteenth, a hummer; twenty-third, a fairly fast hird, caugbt hoth loads behind and went away. Elliott's second was a vicious zig-zagging driver to the left, got out of first, caught second and carried it to within 2yds. of boundary; eighth, fast hird; thirteenth, long second on tongh twister; fourteenth, a cripple, could not fly, called and another hird allowed; eighteenth, required long second to stop it; twenty-fifth, very fast and good second. Score: Elliott 144, Class 137. The end of this round gave Elliott a straigbt run of thirty-seven kills, and neither man showed any signs of tiring, altbough hoth were under a strain. Betting had ceased long before, and the only thing to interest the spectators was the chance of Elliott killing out straight.

THE SEVENTH ROUND

was a fine exhibition by both men. Class caught a hot one on his 2d round aud anotber on tbe 5th, but in each case his second harrel did its work; his 6th was a daisy cutter of a driver, which was hit with first but overshot witb the second, getting away; 9th, fast driver to right, stopped with good second; 10th, fast and a had twister, well stopped, quick first; 12th, fast bird, well hit with both harrels, but hit the fence above the rail and scored lost; 17th, a rattling fast one, caught with long second; 21st, fast, tricky and a good lead carrier, but could not get two charges of shot to the boundary; 23d, very fast and towering enough to get over first, hut had to stop at command of the second. Elliott's 3d was a hummer; 6th, very fast and got 60yds. before second stopped it; 10tb, a twister and one likely to fool any one, but came down to a well directed second; 14th and 15th, very fast; 18th, a really double-star bird, circled to the right, then straightened and fell on the arrival of a charge from second, long shot; 21st, another of the twisting order, very fast and kept low, first harrel was enough to stop it; 24th, fast and badly needed second. Score at end of this round, Elliott 169, Class 160. A run for Elliott of 62 consecutive kills.

ON THE EIGHTH ROUND

Class caught a fast and ugly twister on his 5th, hit it hard with both cbarges, but lost it hy having it strike houndary fence ahove the top rail; 7th, fast driver and long second; 41th, another long second on a fast hird; 16tb, ditto; 17th, same; 21st, quick first on a fast starter; 22d, got out of first, but came down to second; 23d, a fast driver to the right, which got ahead of both loads; 25th, fast, to right, got first, but passed second. Elliott got a screamer on his 4th, hut got it down on the first shot; 6th, long shot on fast hird, which got ahead of first; 13tb and 14th, hoth mean twisters and well killed; 16th, a hummer and another fine first; 19tb, a circler to the right, which was hit with first, hut turned out of second and escaped. This broke his run, whicb was 80 straight to this point, a wonderful showing on these hirds.

The end of this round was the end of the match, and Elliott was declared the winner hy a score of 193 to Class's 182. Although beaten Class had nothing to be ashamed of, his average of 91 heing above the ordinary on the kind of birds shot at. During the last half the birds were a trifle hetter than in the first half. There was no cbange in the weather during tbe day, the wind blowing a steady pace from start to finish. The handling of the hirds was carefully attended to, while Lem and Duke, Mr. Erb's famous black retrievers, did tbeir work in fine form. These dogs are world-renowned, and tbeir sagacious manner when endeavoring to retrieve a doubtful hird is always interesting to spectators.

The match was one of the quickest ever shot off in this country, the actual shooting time being 3h. 22m. The time hy rounds (25 hirds each for each man) was as follows: 23m., 27m., 25m., 25m., 23m., 24m., 24m. and 31m. It is douhtful if this time has ever been equalled, and there is not much chance that it could be on any other ground.

Elliott's grand total of 193 kills out of a possible 200 is another record that is likely to stand for some time to come on this class of hirds. And bad it not heen for the foolish proviso anent hirds hitting the fence bis score would have heen two better, as would have been Class's. The expressed opinion of some of the noted sportsmen present was that on good hirds Elliott was considerably the better shot. On an extra good hird he is much more careful than Class, who is given to using his second altogether too quick to be effective. There are a few men in the pigeon-shooting ranks who can use a very rapid second, but Mr. Class is not one of them. It must not be thought that we are trying to disparage Mr. Class as a skillful shot and an exceedingly hard man to heat on any kind of birds, under any rules. We believe that he has always been under-rated, and this belief has been substantiated by his work in the six matches with Elliott, during which he shot 725 hirds and averaged 93.103 per cent.

Class used his second barrel 82 times to kill. His best runs were 18, 17, 17, 17, 28 and 21.

Elliott's second barrel was used 99 times to kill. Best runs, 13, 30, 19, 30 and 80.

Below will be found the detailed scores, shown as only the greatest journal on earth can show them:

Trap score type—Copyright 1893, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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After the big match the following sweepstake was shot, 7 live birds per man, $5 entry, 3 moneys:

Beebe	0112121—6	Fulford	2122111—7
Cullen	2200101—4	Lindsley	2122020—5
Castle	1111110—6	P J	1111111—7
Smith	0112122—6	Cromelin	2021000—3
Hedden	2210121—6	Morfey	2211211—7
Hollis	1101010—4	Griffen	0200102—3

C. H. TOWNSEND.

Midway Gun Club.

MATTAWAN, N. J., Dec. 20.—The regular shoot of the Midway Gun Club was held here to-day. Before the shoot the annual yearly meeting was held and the yearly prizes were awarded as follows: James Vanbrakle first prize, having won the gold hadge the most number of times during the year, $50. The second best score, John Terhune, $35. The following board of directors was elected for the year who elect their president: James Vanbrakle, John Terhune, P. Applegate, Chas. Muirhead and David Heyer.

No. 1, 5 live birds, $1 entrance, classified, two moneys, $9 to first, $7 to second:

J Terhune	10111—4	H Holznazle	11111—5
J Vanbrakle	11110—4	F Worrell	11111—5
H White	11011—4	W Kelsey	01110—3
A Ivans	11111—5	H Davis	11111—5

First divided, second on shoot-off Vanbrakle and H. White divided.

No. 2, same conditions, $6 and $4:

H Davis	11111—5	W Kelsey	10111—4
A Ivans	11111—5	F Worrell	01111—4
H White	11111—5		

Miss and out, $1 entrance: H. White 6, A. Ivans 5, Worrel 1, Davis Vanbrakle 4, Kelsey 5, Laird 1, Hesse 1; $8 divided between White and Ivans.

Among the large number of visitors I noticed the following oldtime shooters: Hank White, Alhert Ivans, Leander Camphell, who shoots a find, handie and trap match next Saturday at Perth Amboy with Wm. Hartman for $100, and Oscar Hesse, all of Red Bank; James Laird and Harry Davis, of Freehold; Wm. Kelsey, of Chadwicks, of clay-pigeon and glass ball fame, also the best ducking grounds in the State of New Jersey in Barnegat Bay. The birds were a good lot, going with the wind, which was blowing across the traps. The birds at these grounds are always retrieved hy F. Worrell's English setter Ned, pronounced one of the best retrievers in the State.

Colt Hammerless Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 16.—At the shoot of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club the rain fell in torrents and only five members appeared. The medal was won hy M. F. Cook. Since the Yale and Harvard gun clubs shot their match on our grounds the Wesleyan College, of Middletown, Conn., has formed a gun club and intends to prepare a team for competition with other colleges. Also a number of Trinity hoys from Trinity College, of Hartford, are intending to join our club and see if they can get a team good enough; they have several fine shots

C C Williamson	1110111101101001100011110—16
J Melrose	1101111101111111111111111—23
M F Cook	1111111112111111111111011—24
M White	0111111001111110111111111—21
A E Pitkin	0111011011110010101010101—15

Falcon Gun Club.

THE monthly shoot of the Falcons at Dexter Park, on Dec 21, brought together 6 members in the club event. The cluh event was followed by a team shoot three men a side, at 5 birds. This club is one of the few who still cling to the old style sport of gun below the elhow, and the second barrel to count ½ bird. The scores are appended:

Herrmann	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0½ 0—5½	J Moller	1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—8
Van Staden	1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0—4	C M Meyer	0½½½ 1 1 0½ 0 0—4
J Bohling	1 0 1 1½ 1 0 1½ 0—6	J N Meyer	1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 0—5

Judges, H. Van Staden and J. Bohling. Referee, J Moller.

Sweeps in teams, low team pay for hirds:

J N Herrman	0 1 0 1 1—3	J Bohling	½0 1 0 0—1¼
J Moller	1 1 1 0 0—3	C M Meyer	0 1 0 1 0—2
John N Meyer	1½ 1 1 1—4½—10½	H Van Staden	0 0 0 0 1—1 — 4½

A Begging Letter.

NUTLEY, N. J., Dec. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I have just moved into my new house here (about ten miles from New York city) I beg of all friends and sportsmen not to pass hy without stopping. They will find the latch string on the outside. No matter if they shoot a $30 or a $300 gun their welcome will be just the same. In this house I intend having one room to be known as the sportsmen's room. For it I want a collection of mounted birds, animal heads, skins or anything suitable for such a room. I am going to beg of the sportsmen to contribute to this collection, which I will prize more highly if their own shooting. The giver's name will be put on each specimen. Trusting I am not asking too much, and that you will pull the latch string when coming this way, I am, very truly,

OAKLEY HOUSE, Nutley, N. J. ANNIE OAKLEY,

Wells Fargo Express.

THE INTER-STATE M. AND D.

THE Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association held their annual meeeing at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, Tuesday, Dec. 19. The meeting was called to order by President Chas. Tatham, and the call of roll showed the following present: Messrs. Chas. Tatham, J. A. H. Dressel, J. Von Lengerke, H. A. Penrose and Noel E. Money. Messrs. George H. Sampson, O. D. Delano and Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co. were represented by proxy.

The minutes of last meeting of stockholders were accepted as read. Report of treasurer was accepted and ordered filed. Report of manager, on motion, was accepted and ordered filed.

The secretary was instructed to cast an affirmative ballot electing the old board of directors. Stockholders' meeting adjourned.

The meeting of board of directors was immediately called to order with Mr. Charles Tatham temporary chairman and Mr. H. A. Penrose temporary secretary. The following officers were elected to serve during the year 1894:

Mr. Chas. Tatham, President.
Mr. O. D. Delano, Vice-President.
Mr. J. Von Lengerke, Secretary.
Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, Treasurer.
Mr. Elmer E. Shaner was reappointed manager.

On motion the following committees were appointed:

Executive Committee: J. A. H. Dressel, J. Von Lengerke, Charles Tatham.

Classification and Tournament Committee: J. Von Lengerke, Noel E. Money, H. A. Penrose.

Club Organization Committee: H. A. Penrose, J. Von Lengerke, Noel E. Money.

After an informal discussion of plans, etc., for next season, the meeting adjourned.

Manager Shaner's report reads as follows:

The I. M. and D. A.

The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association was incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, December 27, 1892, Mr. Chas. Tatham, Mr. J. A. H. Dressel and Mr. George H Sampson being the incorporators By the name the association exists until January 1, 1942. Outlined in the charter are the association's objects: To encourage field and trap-shooting throughout the United States and territories by organizing and assisting to organize clubs for that purpose; to give shooting tournaments and to distribute to sportsmen advertising matter relating thereto. The association organized by the election of the following Board of Directors: Chas. Tatham, President; O. D. Delano, Vice-President; H. A. Penrose, Secretary; J. A. H. Dressel, Treasurer; Geo. H. Sampson, Justus Von Lengerke and Noel E. Money. Elmer E. Shaner was appointed manager.

The Great Live Bird Shoot.

The inaugural tournament for 1893 was the "Grand American Handicap" at live birds, which was decided at Dexter Park, L. I., April 5, 6 and 7. This event was at 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 21yds. boundary around each trap, handicaps ranging from 25 to 32yds., and the three highest scores to take the purse. The Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association added $200 to first money. There were 21 entries and 3 forfeits. Robert A. Welsh won first money, $477.60; Noel E. Money won second money, $166 50; George Work won third money, $111. During the tournament 1,356 live birds were trapped.

The success of this handicap led the association to decide on a similar contest for 1894, under slightly altered conditions, viz.: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 50yds. boundary with a dead line, handicaps ranging from 25 to 32yds., and $1,000 guaranteed by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. There is every reason to believe that in course of time this contest will be looked upon as the greatest pigeon-shooting event in the United States, and will attract shooters from abroad.

On Jersey's Soil.

The second tournament was given at Passaic, N. J., May 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Passaic City Gun Club, and $500 were guaranteed by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Forty-five shooters took part. There were ten events each day. Average entry first day 23^7_{10}, second day 23. 6,255 targets were trapped in regular events. Total amount of money divided in purses was $770. Total amount of surplus money was $41.99.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

Class A.	E. D. Miller, first	.77	per cent.
	Neaf Apgar, second	.76	"
Class B.	Eddie Collins, first	.71	per cent.
	Charles Smith, second	.70	"
Class C.	Oscar Hesse, first	.87	per cent.
	Noel E. Money, second	.76	"

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

Class A.	F. Van Dyke, first	$88\frac{7}{9}$	per cent.
	Neaf Apgar, second	$78\frac{3}{4}$	"
Class B.	Eddie Collins, first	$77\frac{1}{2}$	per cent.
	W. R. Hobart, second	$66\frac{1}{4}$	"
Class C.	J. R. Richmond, first	.85	per cent.
	Capt. A. W. Money, second	$76\frac{3}{4}$	"

Up Among the Alleghenies.

The third tournament was given at Altoona, Pa., June 21 and 22, under the auspices of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, and $400 were guaranteed by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association; $150 were added by the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. Forty-three shooters took part. There were ten events each day. Average entry first day 28^8_{10}, second day 28^4_{10}. 7,375 targets were trapped in regular events. Total amount of money divided in purses was $1,077.75. Total amount of surplus and added money was $352.76.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

Class A.	F. Van Dyke, first	$72\frac{4}{9}$	per cent.
	Eddie Collins, second	$58\frac{8}{9}$	"
Class B.	W. G. Clark, first	.70	per cent.
	W. M. C. Jones, Wellington, second	$67\frac{7}{9}$	"
Class C.	C. Crosby, first	$73\frac{3}{9}$	per cent.
	H. J. Levis, second	$64\frac{4}{9}$	"

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

Class A.	F. Van Dyke, first	$68\frac{8}{9}$	per cent.
	Eddie Collins, second	$63\frac{3}{9}$	"
Class B.	C. Crosby, first	$82\frac{2}{9}$	per cent.
	W. S. King, second	$77\frac{7}{9}$	"
Class C.	W. Sands, first	$81\frac{1}{9}$	per cent.
	D. Creelman, second	$71\frac{1}{9}$	"

Down the Ohio.

The fourth tournament was given at East Liverpool, O., July 12 and 13, under the auspices of the East Liverpool Gun Club. Four hundred dollars were guaranteed by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Thirty-five shooters took part. There were ten events each day. Average entry first day, 31^2_{10}; average entry second day, 18^3_{10}; 6,370 targets were trapped in regular events. Total amount of money divided in purses was $787.50. Total amount of surplus and average money was $150.55.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY:

Class B.	G. E. Snyder, first	$74\frac{4}{9}$	per cent
	Noel E. Money, second	$73\frac{3}{9}$	"
	C. A. Young,		
Class C.	W. J. Vance, first	$74\frac{4}{9}$	per cent.
	H. C. Fry, second	$65\frac{5}{9}$	"

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY:

Class B.	Noel E. Money, first	$81\frac{1}{9}$	per cent.
	G. E. Snyder, second	$77\frac{7}{9}$	"
Class C.	E. Jones, first	$75\frac{5}{9}$	per cent.
	H. C. Fry, second	$74\frac{4}{9}$	"

Three Great Days in Carolina.

The fifth tournament was given at Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 16, 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club. Three hundred dollars were added to the purses by the Charlotte Gun Club. Thirty shooters took part. There were eight events each day. Average entry first day, 21; average entry second day, $20\frac{1}{2}$; average entry third day, $17\frac{6}{8}$; 8,960 targets were trapped in regular events. Total amount of money divided in purses was $1,266.50

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY:

Class B.	Noel E. Money, first	.78	per cent.
	Jim Crow, second	.73	"
Class C.	J. W. Hoffman, first	.67	per cent.
	W. M. Thomas, second	.65	"

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY:

Class B.	John Todd, Noel E. Money, first	.83	per cent.
	G. Daniels, second	.82	"
Class C.	J. W. Hoffman, E. R. Dodge, first	.73	per cent.
	W. M. Thomas, second	.66	"

BEST AVERAGES THIRD DAY:

Class B.	John Todd, first	.82	per cent.
	Noel E. Money, second	.76	"
Class C.	A. R. Stokes, first	.82	per cent.
	E. R. Dodge, second	.77	"

GRAND AVERAGE FOR THE THREE EVENTS:

Noel E. Money, first	.79	per cent.
John Todd, second	$78\frac{1}{6}$	"
Jim Crow, third	$75\frac{1}{2}$	"

In the "Old Bay State."

The sixth tournament was given at Worcester, Mass., Sept. 20 and 21 under the auspices of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; $50 were added by the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; 30 shooters took part; there were 10 events each day; average entry first day 16^5_{10}, average entry second day 18; 5,300 trapped in regular events; total amount of money divided in purses was $590.25.

BEST AVERAGE FIRST DAY.

Class B.	Noel E. Money, first.	.76	per cent.
	J. E. Burns, second.	.74	"
Class C.	Capt. A. W. Money, first.	$76\frac{2}{3}$	per cent.
	M. Gilman, second	$71\frac{1}{3}$	"

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

Class B.	W. L. Davis, first.	.80	per cent.
	Capt. A. W. Money, second.	$79\frac{1}{3}$	"
Class C.	J. Hoyle, first.	$64\frac{2}{3}$	per cent.
	W. Allison, second.	$60\frac{2}{3}$	"

On Historic Ground.

The seventh tournament was given at Lynn, Mass., Oct. 25 and 26, under the auspices of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association; 27 shooters took part; there were 10 events each day; average entry first day 10^9_{10}, average entry second day 12; 3,420 targets were trapped in regular events; total amount of money divided in purses was $363.75.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

Class B.	W. L. Davis, first.	.74	per cent.
	B. Le Roy Woodward, second.	$72\frac{2}{3}$	"
Class C.	Ulman, first.	.78	per cent.
	J. Mascroft, second.	$52\frac{2}{3}$	"

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

Class B.	None eligible.		
	Not shooting in all events.		
Class C.	J. Martin, first.	$71\frac{1}{2}$	per cent.
	W. Allison, second.	$59\frac{1}{8}$	"

Recapitulation.

Number of tournaments given	7
" " shooters taking part	231
" " targets trapped	37,580
" " live birds trapped	1,356
Amount of money divided	$5,610.75

Novelty Rule.

All target events were shot under the Novelty Rule which is as follows: Five traps are used in a straight line, 5yds. apart, placed 14yds. from the score, with 3 traps in a straight line, 10yds. apart, placed in the field 35yds. from the 5 traps. The outside traps are numbered 6, 7 and 8. No. 1 will throw a right-quarterer, No. 2 will throw a left-quarterer, No. 3 a straightaway, No. 4 a right-quarterer, No. 5 a left-quarterer, No. 6 right-quartering incomer, No. 7 a straight incomer and No. 8 a left-quartering incomer. All traps to be pulled by the indicator and shooters get targets from any of the 8 traps. Unknown traps, unknown angles, different distances.

With Our Kind Regards.

In closing this review we would state the foregoing is an accurate transcript taken from the cashier's books.

We would also announce the Interstate Manufactruers' and Dealers' Association will give a series of tournaments during 1894.

Clubs desiring the Association to give tournaments under their auspices should make application early, bearing in mind that the Interstate Association carries all paraphernalia necessary to conduct a first-class shooting tournament. Respectfully yours,

THE INTERSTATE MANUFACTURERS' AND DEALERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Grand American Handicap

At live birds will take place at Dexter Park, New York, April 4, 5 and 6, 1894.

The conditions are 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 50yds. boundary and $1,000 guaranteed by the Interstate Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association. Programmes containing full information will be ready Feb. 10, 1894.

Trap at Watson's Park.

BURNSIDE, Ill., Dec. 5.—The following is the score made here to-day by Chicago Shooting Club, 15 live birds, new club medal, Illinois State rule:

Geo Kleinman	222212211212201—14	Dick Dead Eye	000121122100101— 9
R B Wadsworth	112232121020201—11	Jas Watson	321011120112101—12
Ed Bingham	021022221020010— 9	Capt Anson	222321002221202—12
L M Hamiline	022122220012122—12	M J Eich	222222201112012—13

Dec. 13.—South Cbicago Gun Club, 20 live birds, for club medal:

A W Reeves	12111123012112111112—19	Dr Larkin	11112101012111000010—13
F E Willard	12122221012112121000—16	Ike Watson	21110200222112222212—17
P Miller	12211200012110021112—15	L Willard	21211120101111012222—17
Jno Watson	11212121112110011101—18	DrFor'in'm	02222221202101210021002—14

Same day, 30 Peoria blackbirds, for club medal: A. W. Reeves 18, L. C. Willard 24, P. Miller 18, Ike Watson 21, Dr. Forthingham 23.

Dec. 16.—Ten live birds, $5 entrance, 2 moneys:

Abe Kleinman	2100102101—6	Tom Hall	2002200200—5
Mott	2002202211—5	Geo Kleinman	2111012212—9

Same day, match between Abe Kleinman and Tom Hall, and George Kleinman and Dick Dead Eye, 50 Peoria blackbirds per man, $2 per man:

Abe Kleinman	0011110111111101011111110011111010011111111001011—37		
Tom Hall	0000111101100111100011101111010111001010111100111—32—69		
Geo Kleinman	0111110111001111011111100110011011010111111—36		
Dick Dead Eye	0001101000100111000110111001010111011100100001000—23—59		

Mr. Mott shot 50 for practice and broke 35.

Ten Peoria blackbirds, entrance $1, one money: Mott 7, Geo. Kleinman 7, Abe Kleinman 9, Tom Hall 6, Dick Dead Eye 6.

Same: Mott 6, Geo. Kleinman 10, Abe Kleinman 9, Tom Hall 6, Dick Dead Eye 8.

Same: Mott 7, Geo. Kleinman 7, Abe Kleinman 7, Tom Hall 5, Dick Dead Eye 4.

Dec. 20.—Audubon Gun Club handicap shoot, allowing birds, Illinois State rules, live birds:

C B Dicks	2212011111111220—13+1—14	M'Cauley	0222002202101101— 9+3—12
F A Place	1021021220201112—11+1—12	*Antoine	2121212100101112—12
L Hamil'e	0212222112200012—11+3—14	*Eaton	0021000200001121— 6
W Shep'd	2222222000201010— 9+3—12	*Froth'm	0112221000202021—10
Wadsw'h	2232201022221222—12+0—12		

*Not members.

Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Place were tied in three shoots before to-day for first place. The club gives two prizes. Following is the shoot-off for first place:

F A Place	1211110101100— 9	R B Wadsworth	2121222221222—13

Ties for second place:

C B Dicks	12002220011000— 7	L M Hamiline	1211112222020—12

Mr. Dicks and L. M. Hamiline were tied for second place in three shoots before, but to-day's result was another tie at the shoot-off.

RAVELRIGG.

Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club.

SYRACUSE, N Y., Dec. 21.—No. 1, 15 bluerocks, entry $2:

M Williams	011011101011111—11	C Dugard	110111111111111—14
G Holloway	101111011111111—13	C Fredericks	111111101101111—13
J Herman	011001110011111—10	G Mann	000101001111111— 9
W Ashton	000001111111101— 9	H McMurchy	111111111011110—13
M Forsythe	100010110010011— 7	D King	110111111101101—12
Mr Hunter	110011110110111—11	G Luther	111111111011111—14
C H Mowry	111111011110111—13	D Walters	111111111101010—12
F La Strange	111001000010000— 5	N Ayers	100111111111111—13
H Jones	110011110011101—10	J Cool	011011111111111—13
J Montgomery	001111111111010—11	C Nowell	101011110000111— 9
D M Lefever	101111001111111—12	A G Courtney	011111111011110—12

No. 2, same:

McMurchy	111111011111111—14	Howell	010110110110110— 9
Fredericks	111111111111111—15	Luther	101101111010110—11
King	111011111111110—13	Barnum	110001110011111—10
Dugard	011111111105111—12	Mowry	101011011111111—12
Lefever	101101101011110—10	Hunter	010110101001010— 7
Courtney	011111111111111—14	Forsythe	101111010011100— 9
Mann	010110001111111—10	Jones	101100111111101—11
Walters	111110111101101—12	Ayers	011111001110111—13
Cool	011111010111101—11	Herman	111001110110011—10

After the shoot here our club gives the visiting clubs a nice game supper at Maple Bay Hotel in Mr. W. S. Barnum's best style.

No. 3, same:

A G Courtney	011111111111111—14	G Mann	110111011111111—13
H McMurchy	111111101111011—19	D King	110111011111011—11
C Fredericks	100101000101010— 6	H Jones	000111110111111—11
D M Lefever	001110111011110—10	N Ayres	111100111111111—13
C Dugard	011111111111111—14	F Lefever	011101111111111—13
M Williams	111011110010111—12	Hunter	101110010101001— 9

The proposed shoot between the professionals and amateurs did not occur, and sweepstakes followed with this result. Next Wednesday (Dec. 27) is the shoot with the Rochester team of 12 men, Auburn team of 12 men and Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club with 12 men, three cornered shoot. Next shoot to be at Rochester, time to be stated after this shoot. FALSTAFF.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Dec. 9.—Match at 25 bluerocks, rapid-firing system, rainy weather:

Paul	1111011000000000100001011—10
Huck	0111111111111101111101101—21
Lane	0001111111001000110000110—12
Grieff	1011111001011101001111011—17
Krebs	1101100001110111101001111—16
Hiscock	1111101111010111001111101—19

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

W. J. F., Marion, O.—Will you please inform me through your paper whether the Mongolian pheasants used for stocking purposes are the silver and golden varieties or some single and distinct variety? Ans. Silver and golden pheasants are included under the general name of Mongolian pheasants. But as now used the term refers usually to the ring pheasant (*Phasianus torquatus*).

C. L. H., Scranton, Pa.—Will you please inform me as to—1. The best time to sow wild rice in Florida? 2. What is the best way to sow it and will it grow in brackish water? 3. Do you consider wild celery as good to sow there as the rice? 4. Where can I find the rice? Ans. 1. Immediately after the crop is ripe and the seed can be procured. 2. Sow it in places where the water is sluggish and there is a muddy bottom. Soak the seed first in water, so that it will at once sink to the place selected and not be drifted away by wind or current. It will thrive in brackish water. 3. Yes. 4. If possible arrange with local parties to gather it for you.

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